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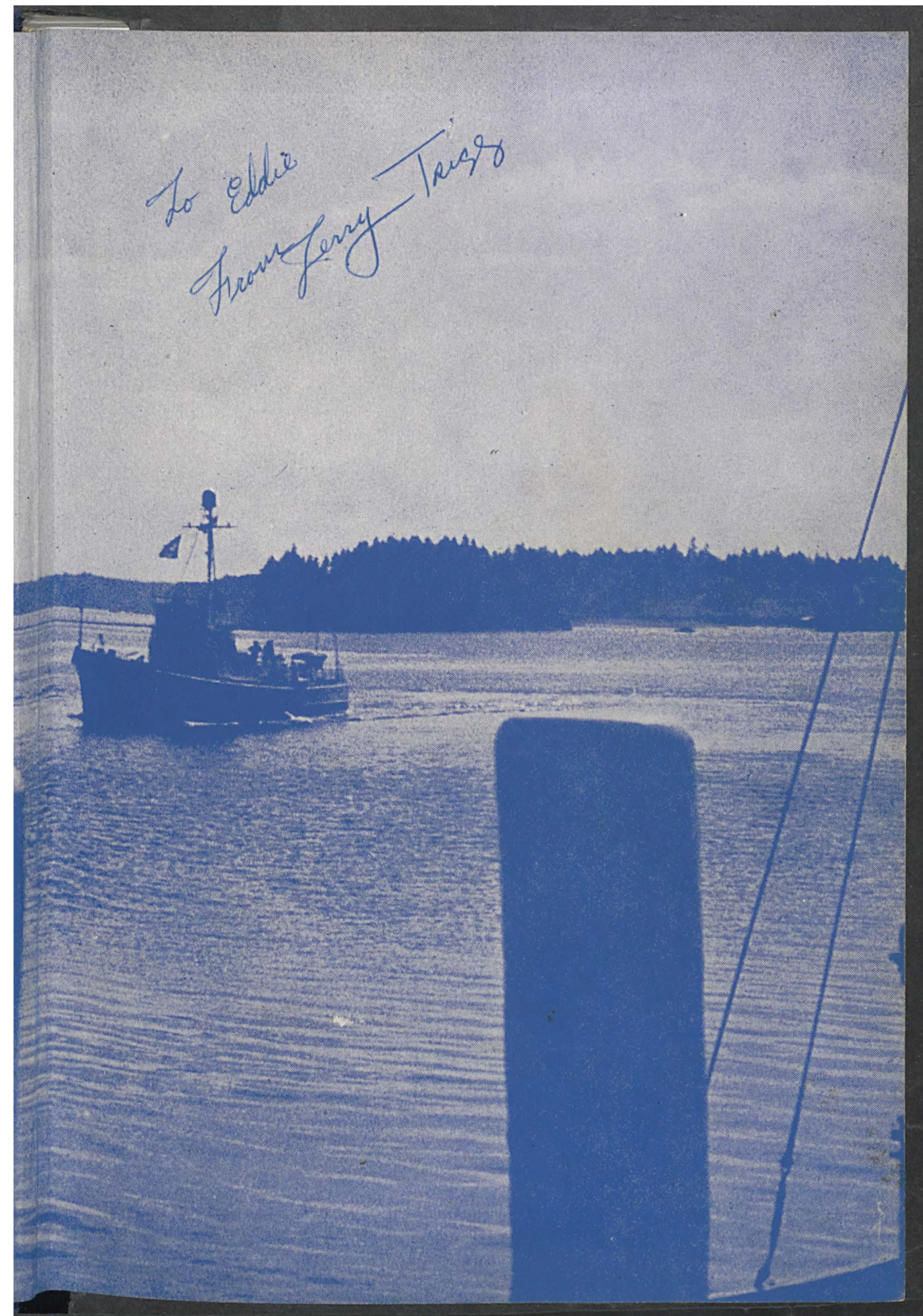
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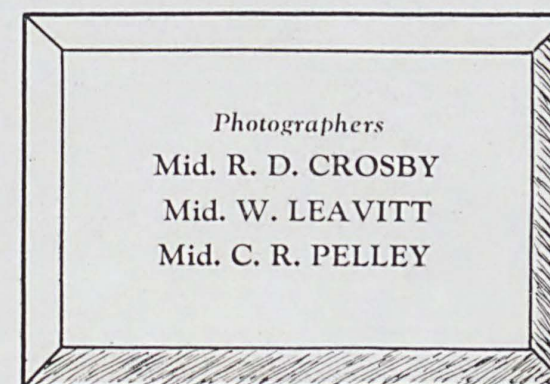
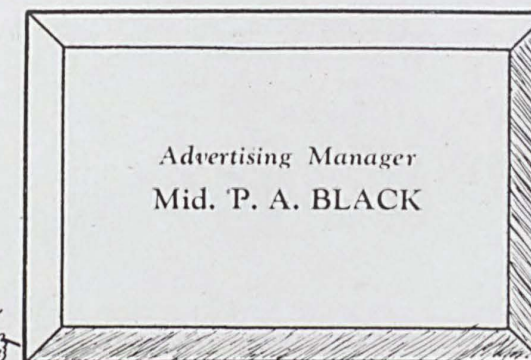
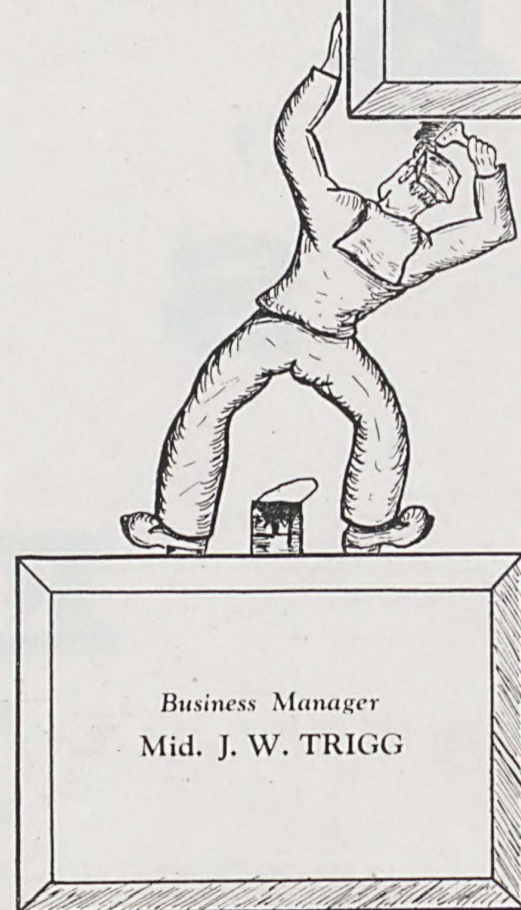
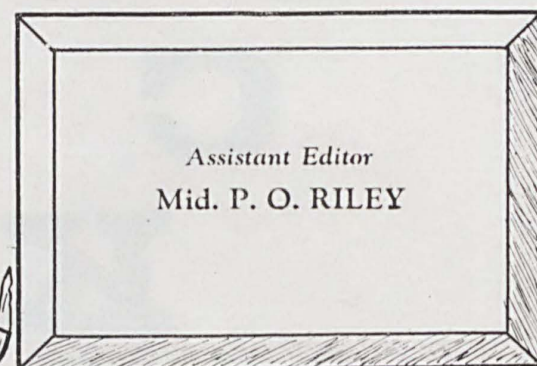
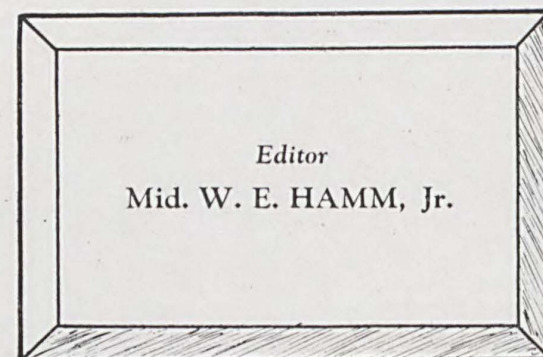




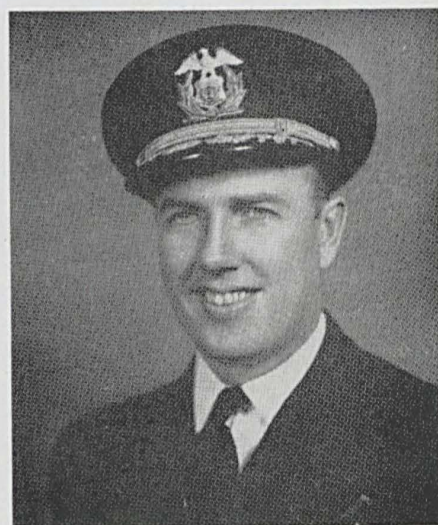
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1949



DEDICATIONS



COMMANDER MILTON H. SHAW

To Commander Milton H. Shaw, we, the seventh class of the Maine Maritime Academy, dedicate this edition of the "Trick's End". He has set us a continuous example of efficiency over our three years at the Academy that will long be remembered and followed. His salty remarks and friendly smile were as much a part of his classes as those little unexpected tests to keep us from wandering from the subject and made us burn that midnight oil trying to absorb Cargo, and Ship Design verbatim. On the bridge as Captain his quiet comments kept the lax awake and even the sharpest Midshipman watched a little more closely as he noticed himself under the Captain's surveillance. Always capable and competent to the nth degree, he set a course that was an inspiration to all. We'll long remember him and his counsel, born of years experience will not soon be forgotten.

CHIEF MACHINIST WILLIAM J. DUNBAR

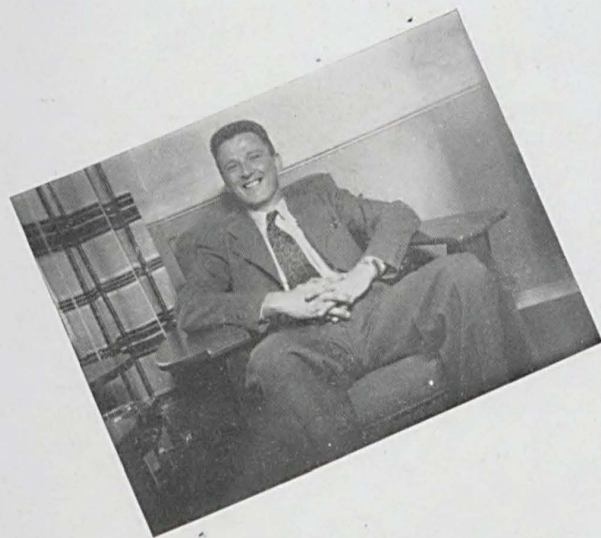
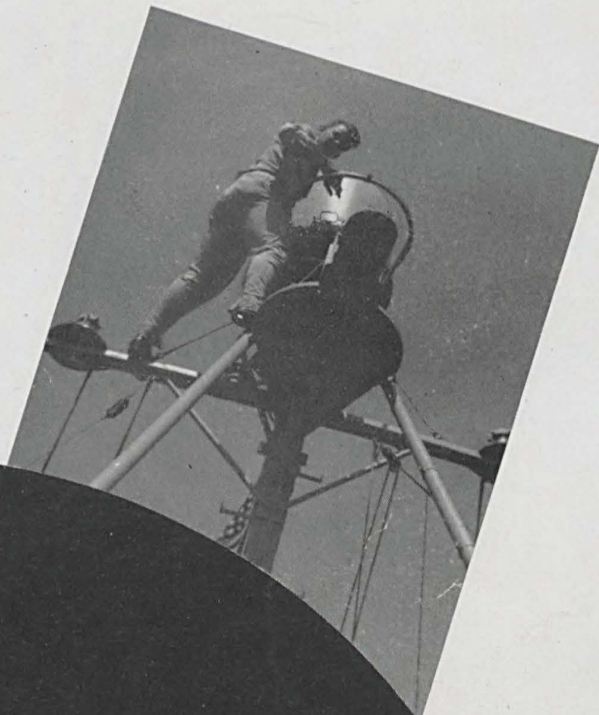
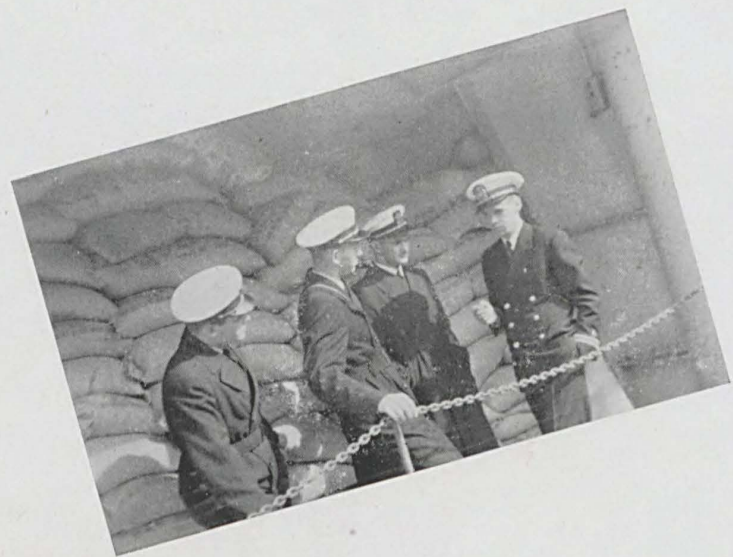
We, the students of the seventh class of the Maine Maritime Academy, are proud to dedicate this edition of the "Trick's End" to Chief Machinist William Dunbar. He has cleared up all the intricacies of lathe work, welding and general shop work for us, as for classes preceding. His patience was everlasting, and his sense of humor was always there no matter how great the boner pulled by some unthinking Midshipman. His wealth of knowledge seemed unlimited on a wide variety of engineering subjects and his answers starting with, "Well, I don't know much about it, but—" and ending with all the details never failed us. We'll always remember "Bill" and the knowledge he instilled will always be with us, as well as for countless other graduates of this Academy. In the future we'll remember him not only as a good instructor but as a friend.

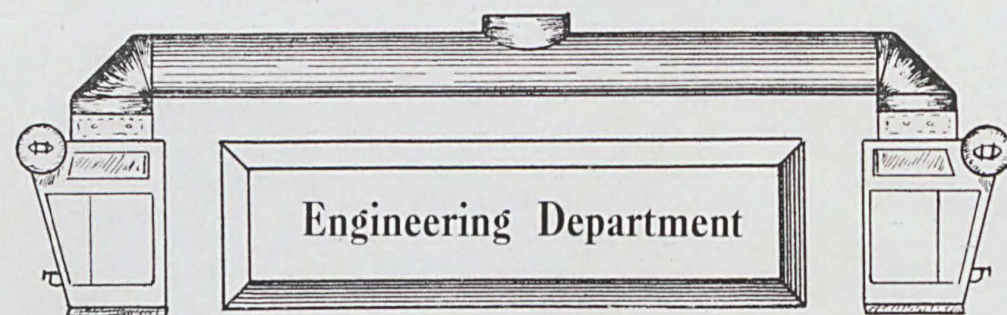


THE STRIPES

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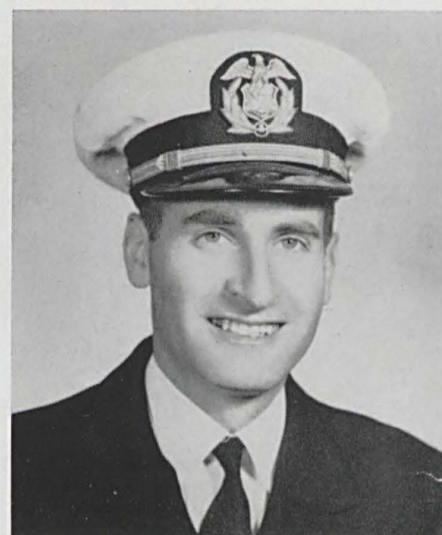
ACTION





Commander R. G. Stewart, U. S. M. S., Boilers-Turbines

Lieutenant P. A. Stearns, U. S. M. S., Drafting Lab.



Lieutenant W. M. Jewett, U. S. M. S., Diesels-Electricity-Refrigeration



Lt. Edward Gentry, U. S. M. S.
Electricity, Diesels

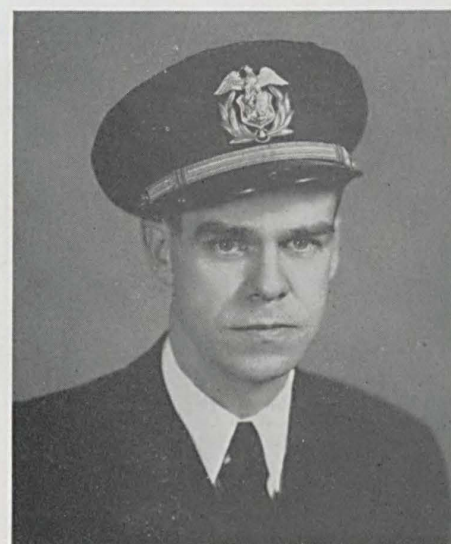
Lt. Parker E. Worrey, Jr., U. S. M. S.
Chief Engineer "American Sailor"
Rules and Regulations



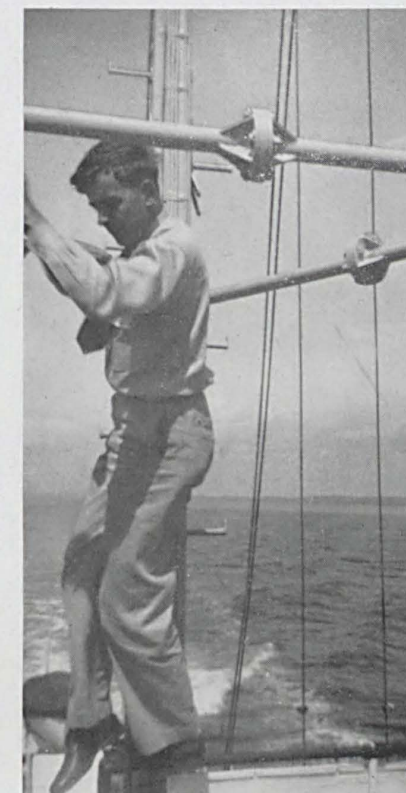
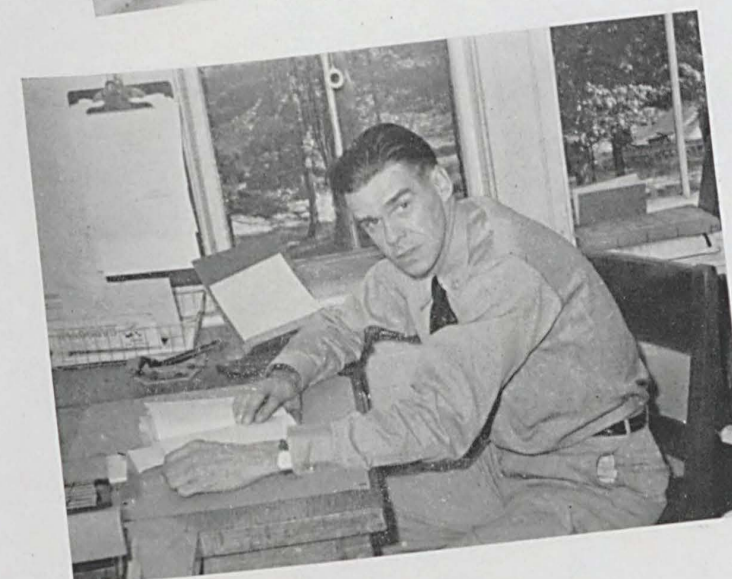


Commander M. H. Shaw, U. S. M. S., Head of Seamanship Department

Lieut. Commander W. J. Brasier, U. S. M. S., Navigation



Lieutenant John S. Little, U. S. M. S., Rules of the Road



ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT



Commander A. S. Fairley, U. S. N. R., Physics, Head of Academic Dept.

Lieut. Commander H. S. Small, U. S. M. S. (Lt. U. S. N. Ret.), English



Harold E. MacLauchlan, B. S., Math.



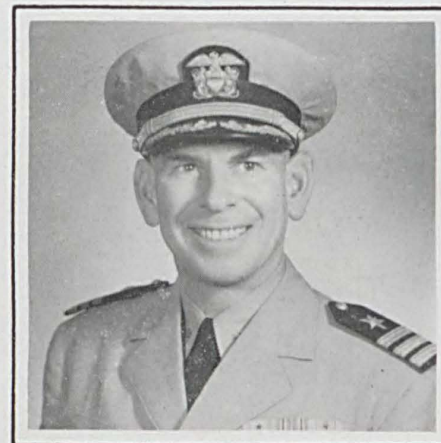
Kenneth M. Brown, B. S., Spanish



Lieut. (jg) W. H. Erb, U. S. N. R., History



Commander W. C. P. Bellinger, U. S. N.

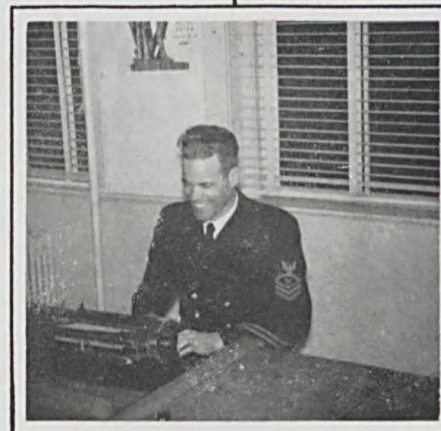


NAVAL SCIENCE

Lieutenant Edward White, U. S. N.



CPhM Pratt



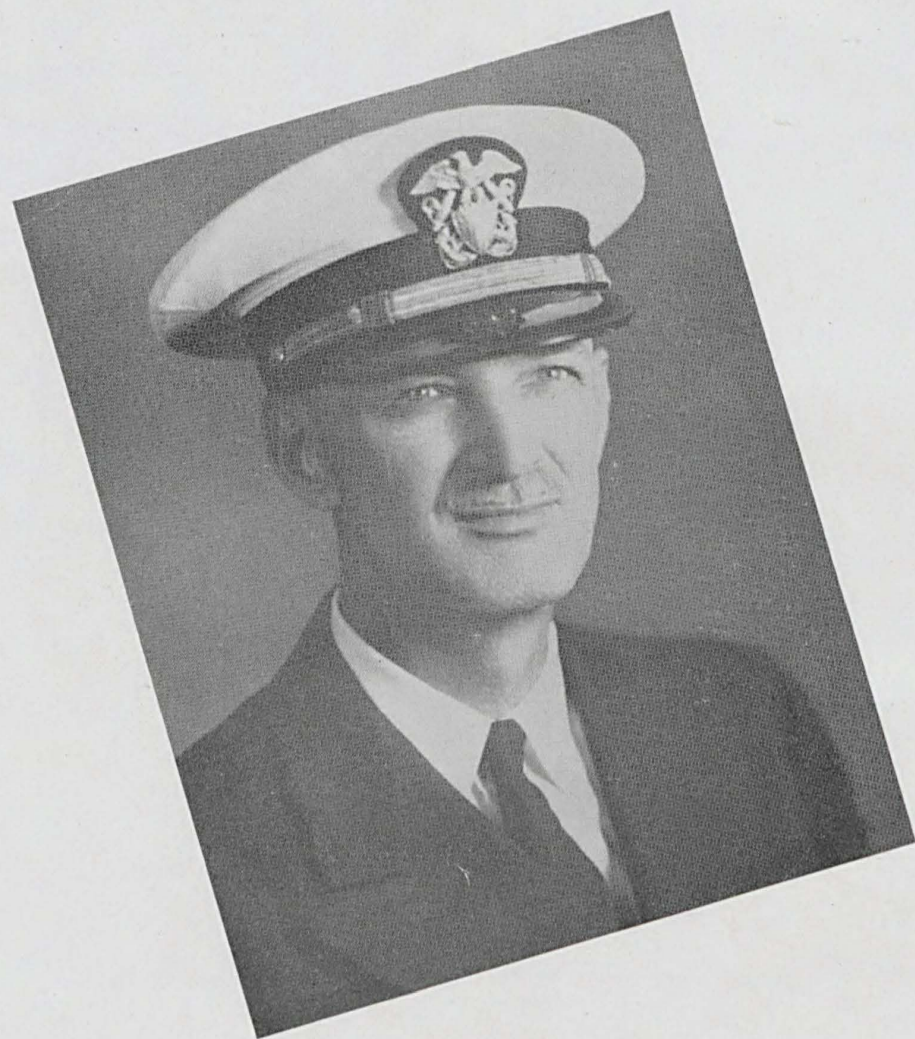
CYM Scoggins



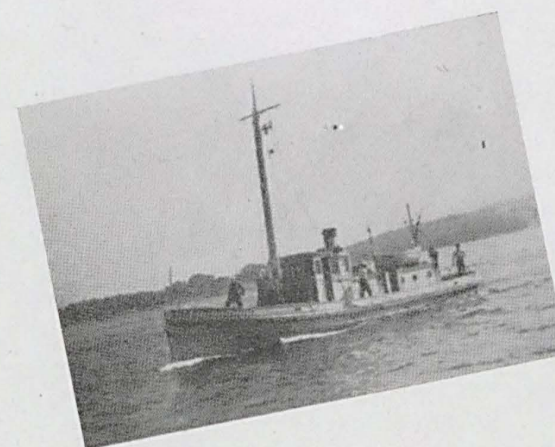
CGM Moyer



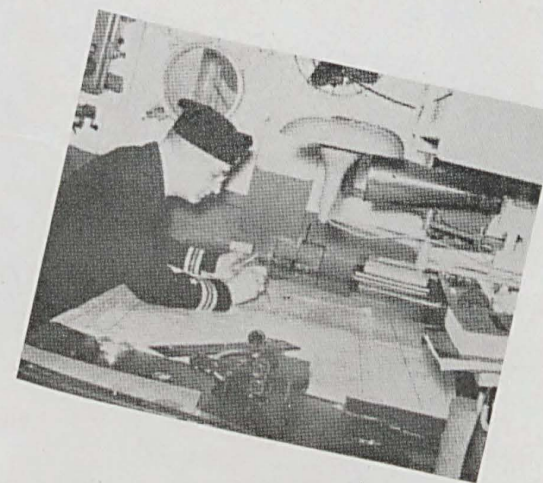
FCI/c Keelan



A Farewell to
Lieut. Comdr. C. H. Tumey, U. S. N. R.



This page is respectfully and affectionately dedicated to Lieutenant Commander Charles H. Tumey, who for many years headed the Navigation Department at Maine Maritime Academy. An officer always high in the esteem of those beneath him whose love for his subject was always first and whose early aid to future deck officers started many to the top in their profession. Mr. Tumey, though he is no longer with us, has left an indelible print on the class of '49 and his knowledge and counsel have been indispensable to us. We'll always remember Mr. Tumey with his hat turned backwards squinting through a sextant in search of a meridian altitude of Venus, quoting the phrase "put yourself on report" to some offending Midshipman, or in the pilot house of the Pentagoet charting a course to Belfast. His presence here at the Academy will long be missed but he has earned the right to a long rest. Smooth sailing, Mr. Tumey, and good luck in the future wherever you are.



ADMINISTRATION



A FAREWELL TO 1949

The time has come to bid farewell to the Class of 1949. You have been through three difficult years of re-adjustment following the war, and have experienced the change from a two-year to a three-year curriculum. During two of your three years you have led the Battalion of Midshipmen and the activities at the Academy. You have contributed more than any previous class to the development of a sound and lasting tradition for the Academy.

These years of trial and uncertainty will pay future dividends in ability and resourcefulness. Three times you have taken a dead ship and restored her to life to serve as the cruise ship. These experiences will pay future dividends in skill and confidence. Together with these qualities, the knowledge you have gained in three years of classroom instruction gives you the basic requirements for a complete seagoing officer. Upon this foundation you must build your career afloat or ashore.

You have been trained for a life of leadership. You will be looked to by your associates for leadership. Capacity for leadership is largely a state of mind and must be cultivated. Exercise of leadership is a skill and must be practiced. The Academy can give practice in leadership only to a limited degree. Therefore, cultivation of a capacity and skill in leadership must be your first objective in the years immediately ahead.

You are the first graduates of this Academy to have the benefit of three years of training. You are the first to receive an academic degree. The eyes of the world, as well as those of Maine and our Alumni, will be upon you.

We who know you have confidence in your ability, and in your courage to meet life and to build for yourselves happiness and success. Our best wishes go with you.

W. W. WARLICK
Rear Admiral USN (Ret.)
Superintendent



Captain W. W. MacKenzie, U. S. M. S., Executive Officer

In this issue of "Trick's End", we of the seventh class welcome Captain W. W. MacKenzie to Maine Maritime Academy as Executive Officer. Captain MacKenzie comes to us from our rival Academy Mass. Maritime, via a varied marine life, New York University and an extensive service in the Maritime education field. He brings to us his many years experience in marine science gained in practical work and various Training Schools. This Academy is very fortunate in gaining the services of a man so well versed in this field and so well known in Maritime circles. We shall indeed benefit through his leadership.



Lieut. Colonel C. Herbert, U. S. A. A. F.,
Finance Officer



Lieutenant J. M. Hactor, U. S. N. R.
Registrar, Coach



Senator Ralph A. Leavitt

Chairman of Board of Trustees

Dec. 10, 1948

Midshipman Corps,
Maine Maritime Academy
Castine, Maine

Gentlemen:—

Your edition of Trick's End will mean "more and more to you as the years go by. From it you will refresh your memories of what you did during your three years at Castine. Only the best memories are recorded, and those are the only memories that should live.

Your class of 1949 is a first class, in a sense that you are the first to complete the three-year course originally intended to be given when the school was founded.

The trustees and faculty of the Maine Maritime Academy have tried to give you the best education that so far has been given to any group of third mates and engineers, trained in the United States. The fact that your class is a first means that you have had to put up with many innovations. We appreciate your cooperation in adapting yourselves to unexpected shifts in the program. Our eyes will ever be upon you to see if we were anywhere near successful in achieving our aim.

I personally, have watched your progress with great interest, and will continue to do so, as you continue your life's work. The latch string, to my office and home, is and always will be out to you. I will always be glad to hear about your travels and your doings. I also will always be glad to just listen to your problems or give advice and counsel if asked. Please remember this, and feel free to call upon me.

My only advice to you, in this letter to "Trick's End" is be true to yourselves, and you will in turn be true to MMA and to the traditions of the Merchant Marine and/or Navy.

Very sincerely yours,

RALPH A. LEAVITT

Chairman Board of Trustees
Maine Maritime Academy.



Honorable Frederick G. Payne
GOVERNOR
OF THE STATE OF MAINE

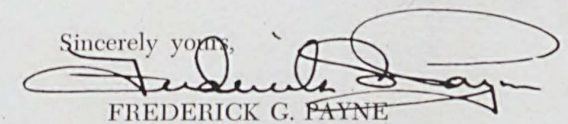
Waldoboro, Maine
November 23, 1948

May I, personally, congratulate the members of the 1949 Graduating Class for the fine record they have made while at the Maritime Academy. The citizens of Maine are proud of you and justly so.

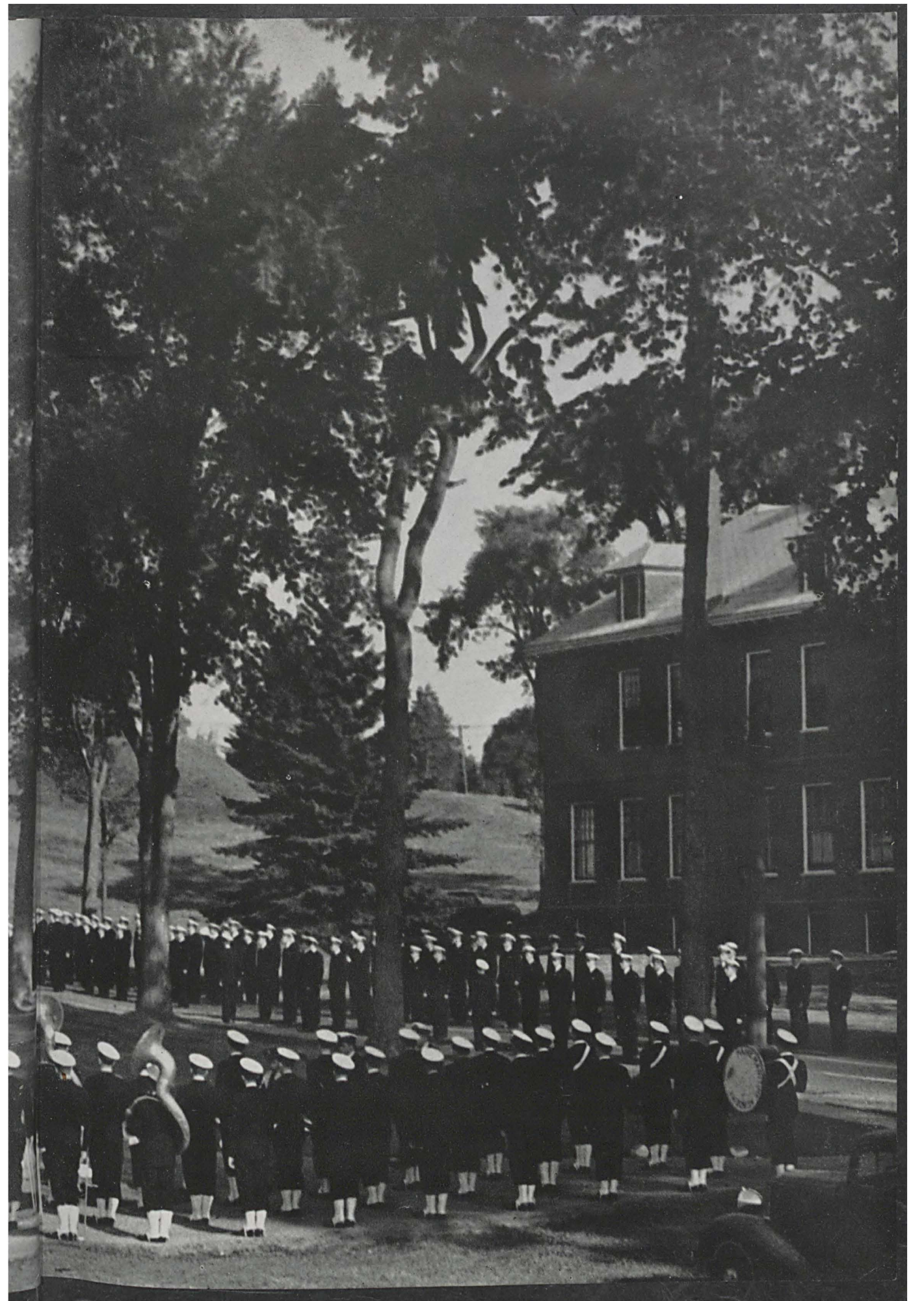
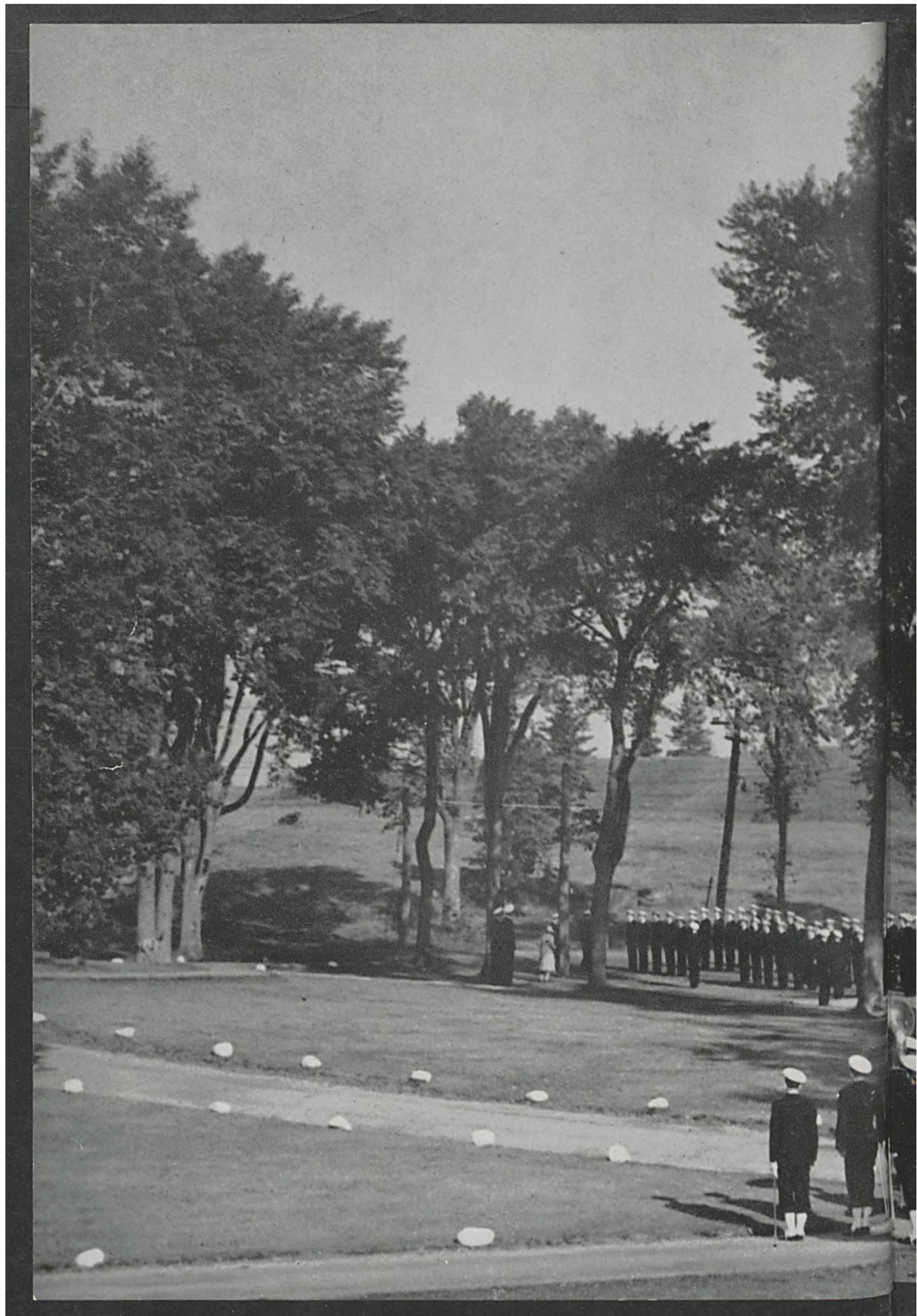
I feel sure that the training you have received here will prove to be invaluable to you in the years to come, and that your future achievements will reflect creditably both to the Academy and to the State of Maine.

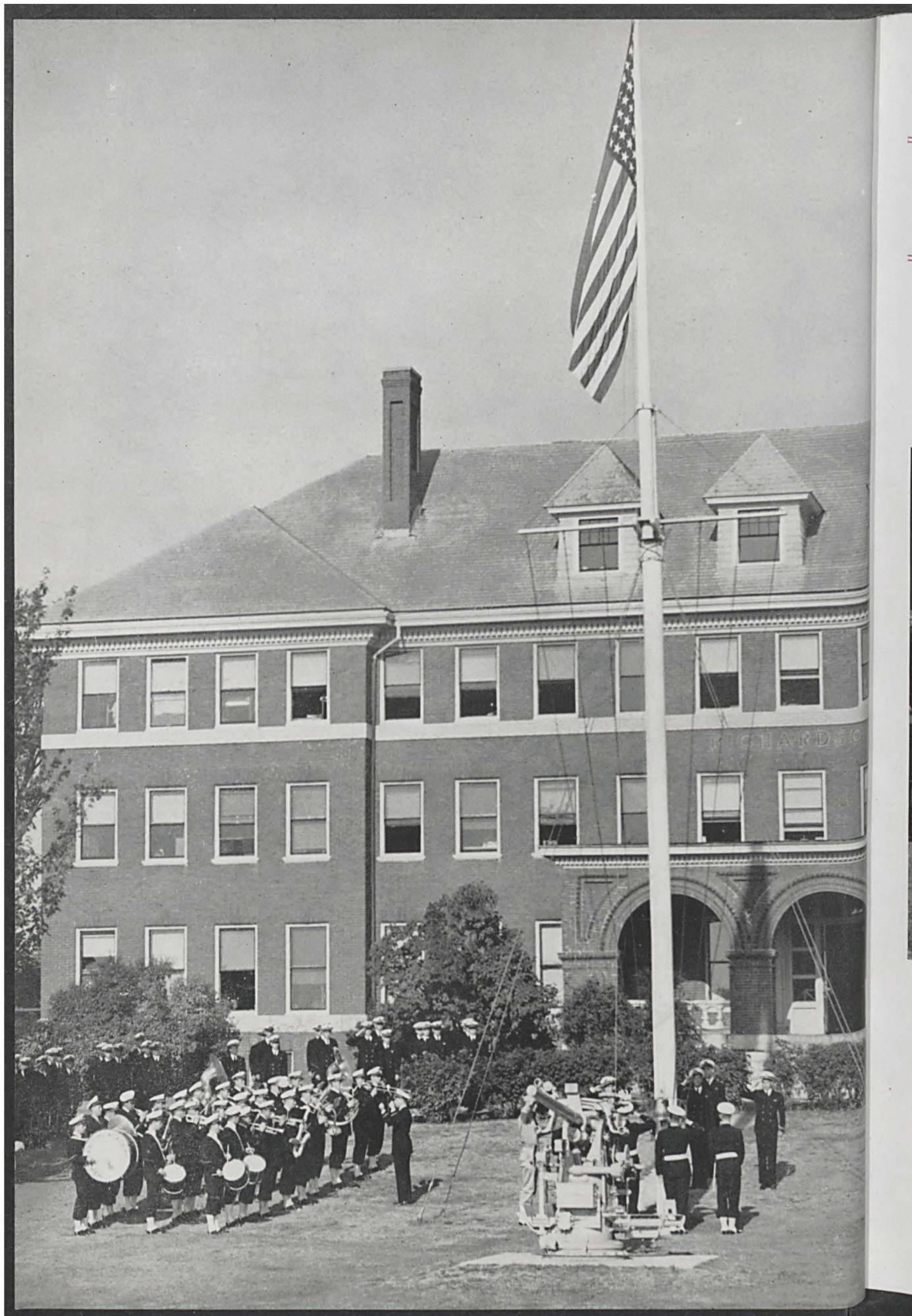
Good luck to you all!

Sincerely yours,

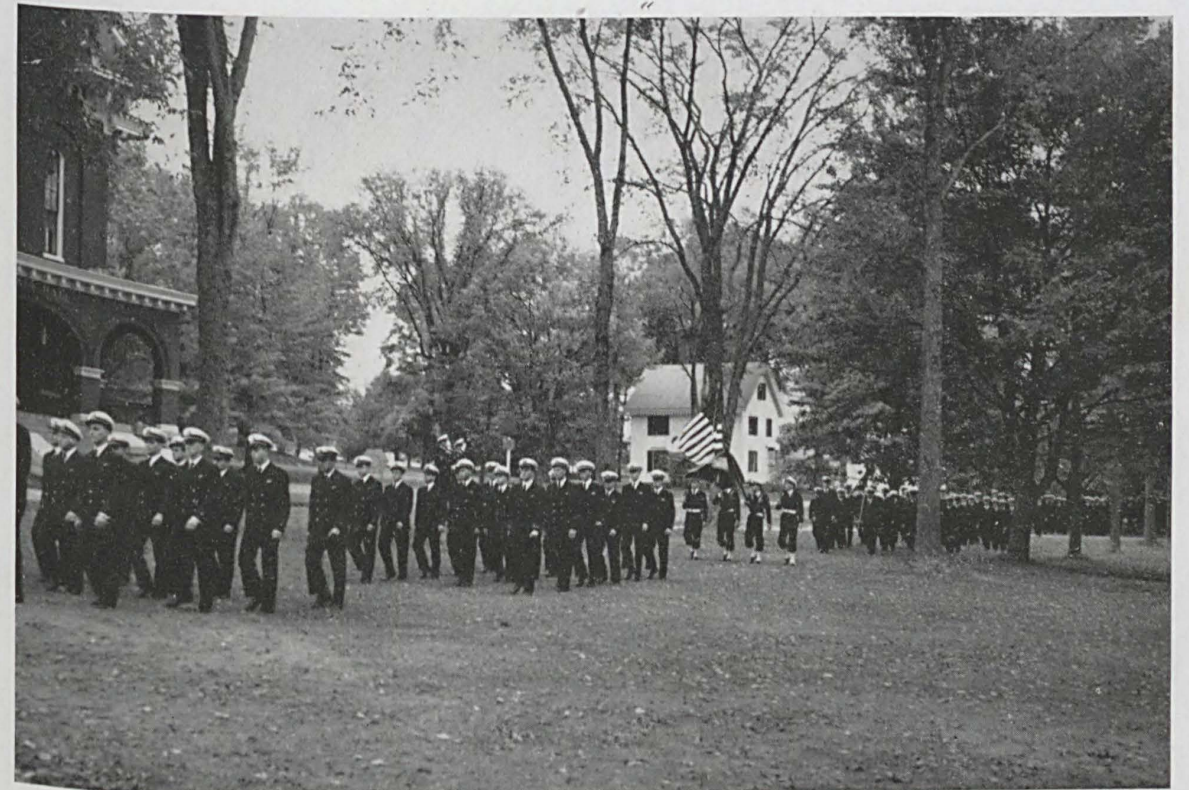


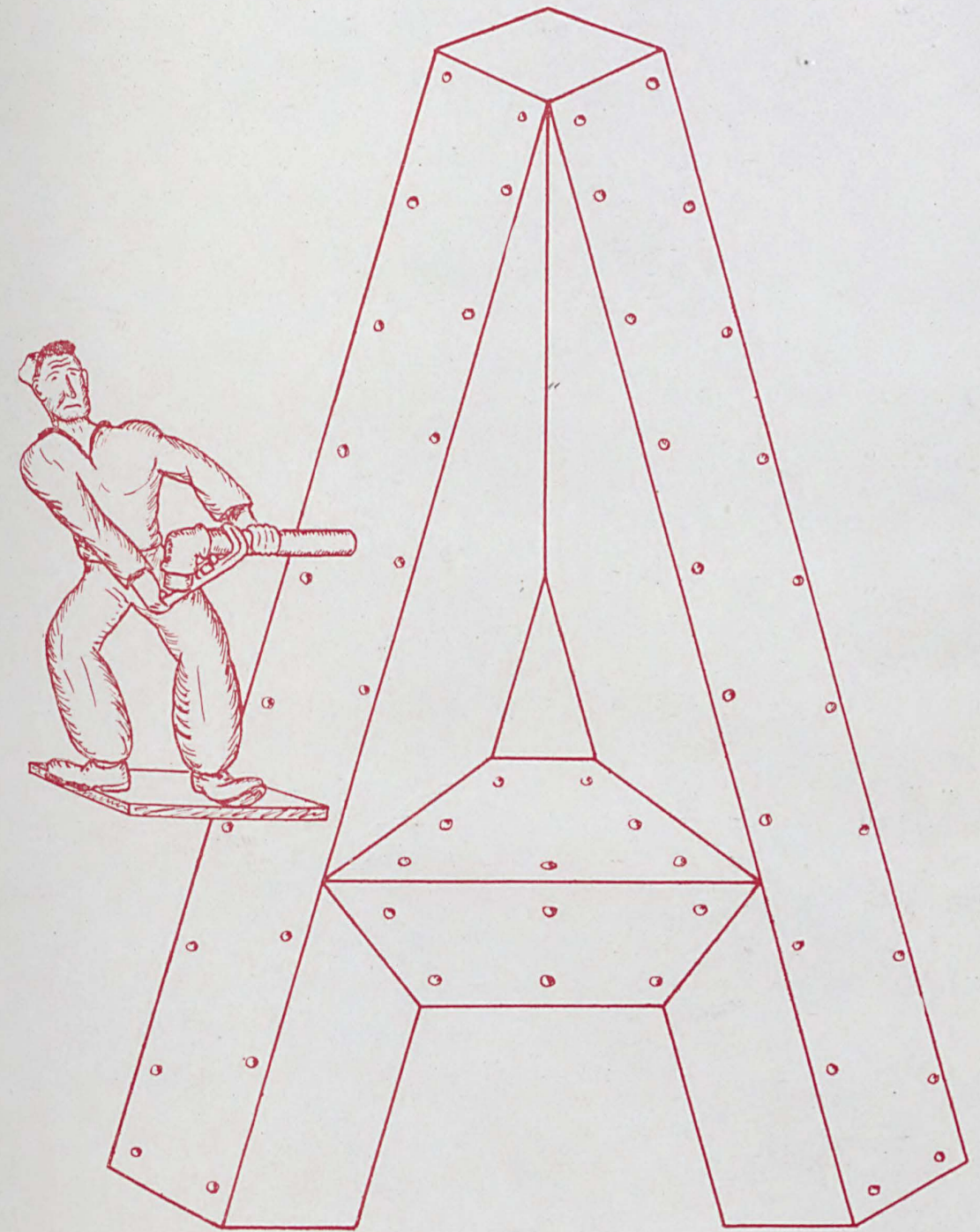
FREDERICK G. PAYNE





BATTALION





Company

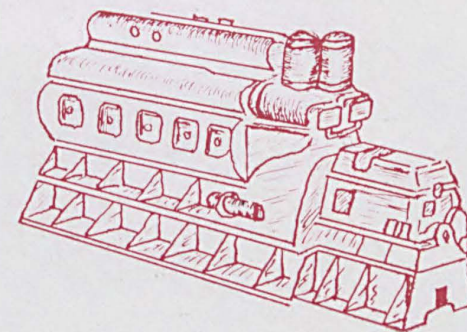
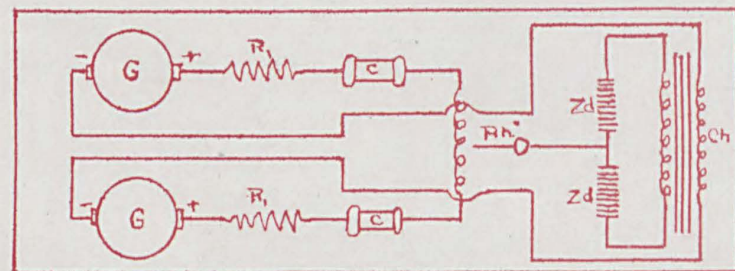


James Gordon Burney
Springfield, Massachusetts

The only time any one ever saw "Baggy Eyes" Burney awake of his own will was when he was on liberty. He had two favorite phrases, both questions: "What time is it?" and "How long before chow?" His liberties have gone down on the archives of the MMA cruises as being among the most unique. The backbone of the Hickey Burney-Zuke combo, he has done more to sever American-Brazilian relations than any three wars in history.

A guy with a heart as big as those mountains up by Sunapee, a craving for cowboy music, a voice that could be heard to the dock, and a heavy touch of sleeping sickness, NEWT will never have to worry about making friends. To show just how successful the guy can be, Jim was made mate-of-the-deck for two weeks. Here's hoping that if opportunity ever knocks Jim Burney will wake up and let him in.

Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football
Sailboat Coxswain
Propeller Club

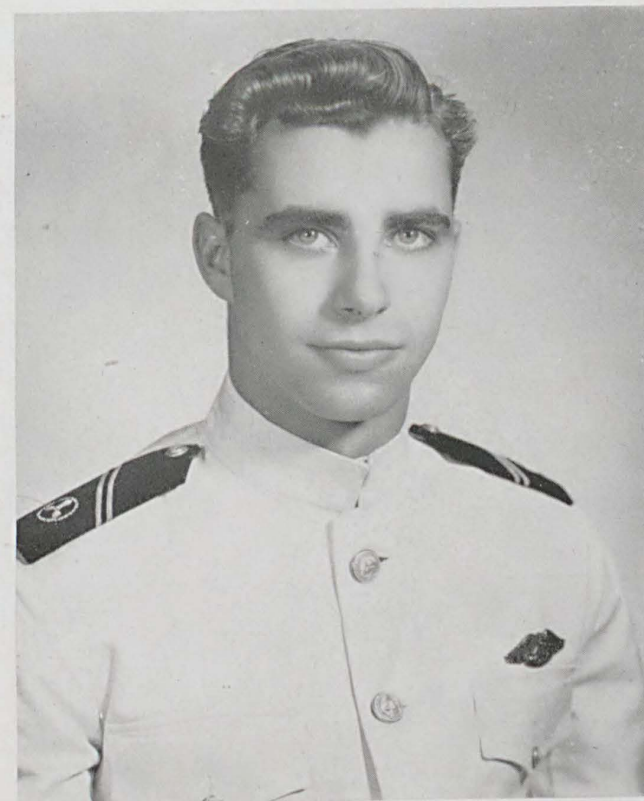


Alan David Cederstrom
Southport, Maine

Cedy was Boothbay's big contribution to MMA, and they could well be proud of this native son. His personality, big grin, and hearty cooperation mixed with a little seriousness and lots of know-how would have made any town point with pride. His hard work in the Propeller Club and in the other organizations to which he belonged qualify any ship to which he is on to have at least one good officer. He was the academy representative at the Propeller Club conference in New York, and even though some of the stories that he brought back were not completely Maritime in nature he made a mark for himself.

If he does not make a success out of his life, Section E-2 will be among the most surprised men of 1949

Intramural Basketball, Football, Baseball
Varsity Football
Propeller Club President
Color Guard



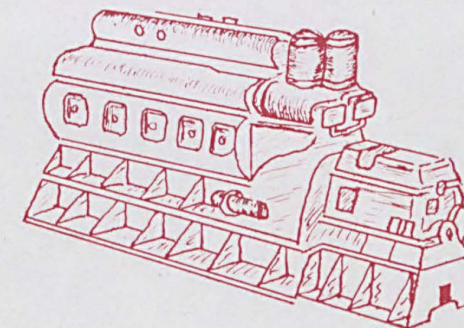
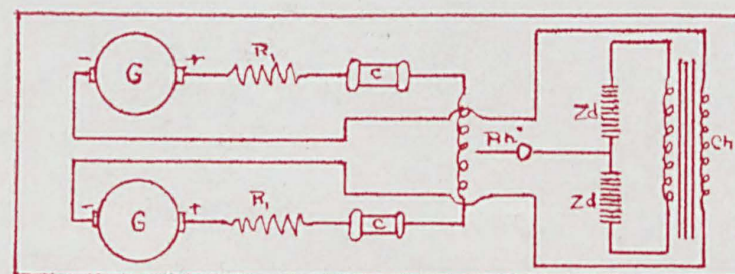


Frederick Kendall Day
Skowhegan, Maine

The tall quiet-looking guy with the positive sex appeal and the perpetual smile could have been from no other place than Skowhegan. The less boisterous member of the Carl-Day combo, Fred had the ability to call everyone a friend with a minimum of effort.

His heart was in Madison, his aspirations were lofty, and his bill at MacLeod's was amazing, (although it was rumored that one smile would have paid the whole thing). His marks were unrepachable and 4.0's were the rule rather than the exception. His ability to conquer any difficulty, with books, broken arms, female admirers, loose liberties, and Dale Lindsay was truly amazing. Ability to know one's aim in life is rare, but to know one's aim; to work for it and not step on any-one's toes is next to impossible—meet Fred Day—he's next to impossible.

Band
Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football,
Softball
Propeller Club Vice-President



Aldege Norman Joseph Edward
Dubois, Jr.
Manchester, New Hampshire

Dube, the friendly guy with the big smile and the "curly locks", (he had a lot of hair once) was the nemesis of all underclassmen no matter how insignificant. One of the darker boys at the Academy, he was frequently the boot for "Jigaboo" jokes and although he disclaimed his alleged ancestry he joined the "Back of the bus boys" and played a good Amos. His favorite pastime was getting letters from that certain one in Manchester and the answers were no less frequent.

Always quick to learn and interested in Engineering, "the Chief" took over the sub-chaser engine room early in his second year and supervised some lengthy repairs there. He was one of the best of Dunbar's dependable lathe artists, and he spent most of one summer's classes working on a project rumored to be the answer to the Atomic Bomb. We don't know if he finished it or not but he made enough starts.

A good sport always and a loyal friend to all Dube was well liked by all his class mates. His ready smile and persistence in learning will always enable him to come out on top and he should be a success in his competition for the best husband of '49 Award.

Intramural Baseball, Football, Softball
Band Propeller Club Main Mast Staff





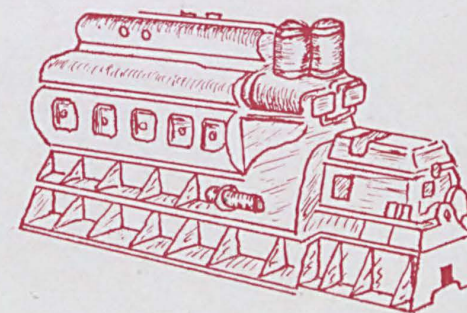
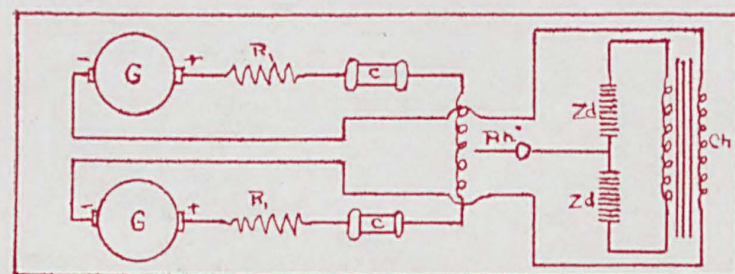
Durward Allison Emery
Palmyra, Maine

A laurel to "Bloody" Emery, captain of "Hector's Handsome Huskies" and a friend to everyone that knew him. His big lop-sided grin, his devotion to Maggie, his ready book knowledge, and his ability to overcome all obstacles, made him tops on the MMA hit parade.

The smiling threats to would-be football players on A-deck, the faith in his engineers, the leadership, and the thousands of famous idiosyncrasies, all spell Durward Emery, Company Commander, First Class.

Coming to us from MCI, Palmyra and points west, Durward has the stuff the Maritime Service needs. It is not necessary to wish him luck, he makes his own.

Company Commander
Varsity Football—Captain
Intramural Basketball, Baseball
Propeller Club

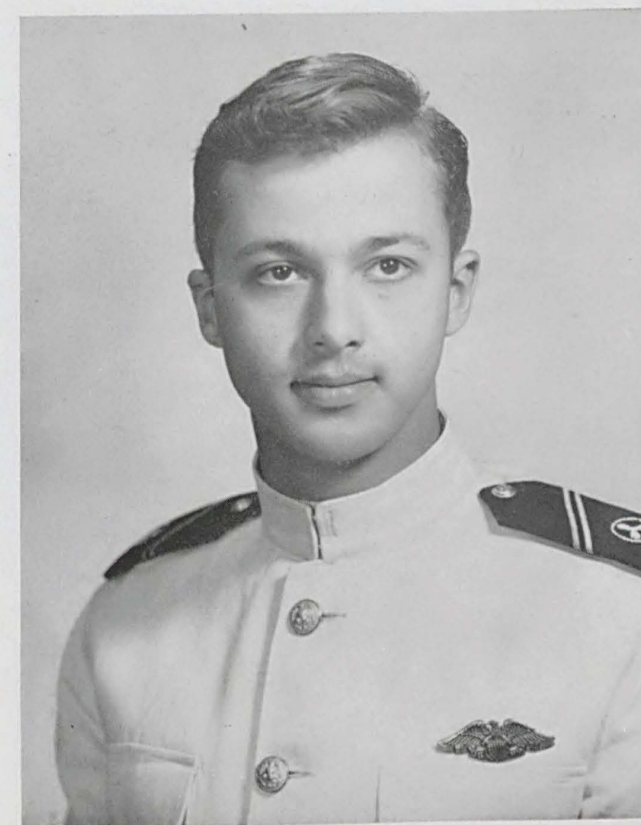


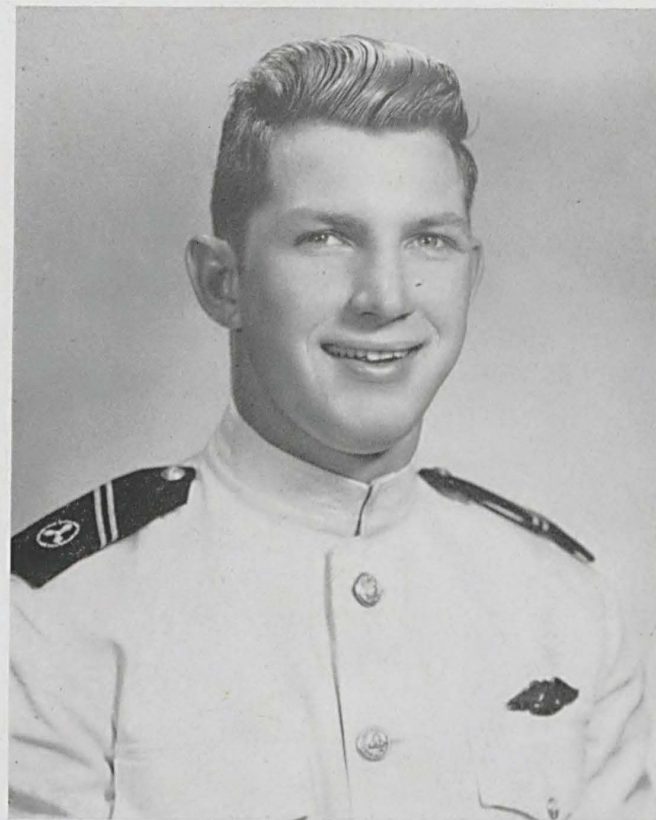
Eben Winthrop Freeman, III
Portland, Maine

Ben was one of the most natural naturals that Portland ever gave to the MMA, both in making friends and in know-how. His stories, flavored with plenty of adjectives and pantomime, and his ability to fix anyone's car at the drop of a connecting rod, greatly contributed to his friends.

Anything that was mechanical or of an engineering impossibility was Ben's food and drink, as will be attested by his two years as chief of the Pentagoet, or by his numerous experiences with Bill Carl's convertible or with any old Model "A". Ben's confidence, his natural ability, and his vast collection of stories "as told me by my father when he was on the parole board" will put him on anyone's hit parade, especially that lady Model "A" driver from Portland.

Chief Engineer, Pentagoet
Truck Driver
Propeller Club



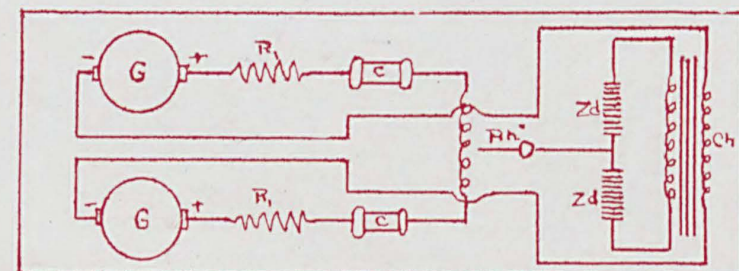
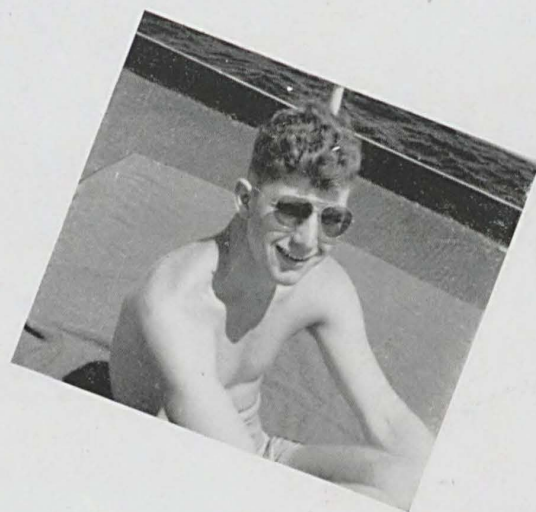


Jack Alwin Howalt
Jacksonville, Florida

One of Florida's contributions to the Academy, Jack took after the northern climate, the northern way of life and the northern women like a duck takes to water. His frequent jaunts to Portland and the numerous escapades involved therein, added coal to the fire of the northern impression of a rebel in Yankee territory. Jack's ability in engineering and his knowledge of the tools of this profession will assure him an unusually bright future. If he ever decides that deep water is not to his liking he can always renew his lease as the chief life-guard of Jacksonville beach, and devote his Maritime training to the reviving of beautiful blondes from the inland waterway system—and not such a boring occupation either.

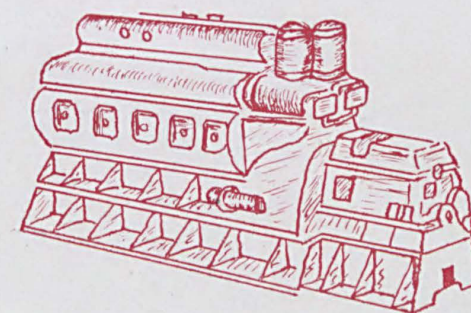
With his big pan grin, his ready laugh and the pursuance of the right, Jack will follow through to the top on any league.

Varsity Football
Petty Officer
Intramural Baseball, Football, Basketball
Sailboat Coxswain
Propeller Club



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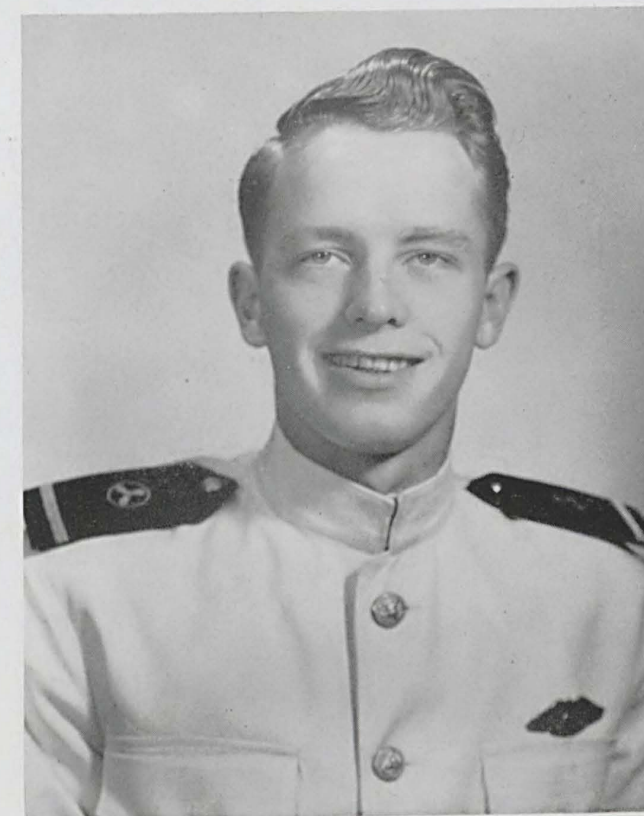
Charles Alden Kilby
Portland, Maine

Charlie, "the little king" Kilby had a mania for collecting big cars and permanent friends. His threats to the boys in E-2, his numerous phrases like "got a butt" and "put me down, I'm a Section Leader", endeared him to the engineers. He had many records tacked to his name while he was at the Academy. His greatest, although contested by Gregware, was that of successfully converting the highway from Portland to Castine into a second Indianapolis Speedway.

His relentless energy, his leadership, and his sense of right and wrong, placed him second to none on the MMA popularity list. His marks were beyond all criticism although his unruly shock of red hair was rarely seen pouring over the books while the midnite oil was being consumed.

His hard work as an underclassman hit the pay dirt in his second and third years when he was rewarded with a section leader's stripe. When that single narrow stripe is enlarged, Charlie will surely follow through with top honors.

Section Leader
Intramural Baseball
Propeller Club





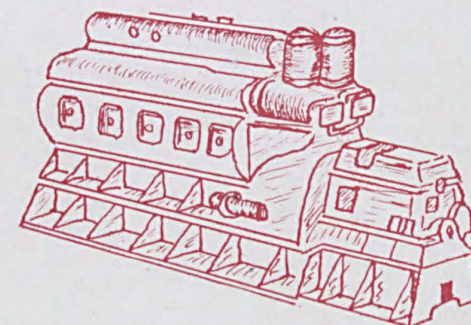
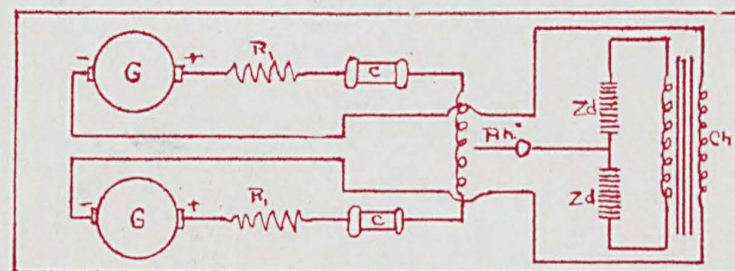
Francois Irene Lovigueur
Brunswick, Maine

Frank, of the Fighting French Forces of Brunswick, was always ready to defend his rights. His varied sense of humor, his ready answer for any remark or question, and his refusal to only half-learn any subject, be it Spanish or Women, put him in a class all his own.

His escapades with the boys on the cruises and his own fan mail system will not be soon forgotten. He had the desire to live his own life and woe unto the hapless plebe who aroused him while pursuing this desire in the sack.

By dint of hard work, refusal to let anyone stand in the way of his goals, and flavored with a cocky smile and a gay self-reliant swagger in his walk, Frank will make a success of any thing that he may tackle.

Sailboat Coxswain
Propeller Club
Varsity Football
Intramural Softball, Baseball, Basketball
Maine Mast



Donald Alvin MacVane
Long Island, Maine

Long Island's loss was MMA's gain, when Don decided to devote his talents in furthering his sea-faring knowledge. His experience as fireman on some tub running from Portland to points south plus a very good record and a very good engineering mind make Don one of the better men to graduate from the barnacled halls of MMA.

Don also had the ability to allot a certain percentage of the time to sleep (93%), another percentage to the betterment of the Academy's electrical facilities and the rest to insane liberties, and still pull down unrepachable marks.

An avid pipe-smoker with the ability to make his pipe dreams come true, one way or another, Don has us all batting on his team.

Intramural Football, Baseball, Basketball,
Softball
Duty Electrician
Propeller Club





Gurdon Raymond Mansfield, Jr.
Rochester, New Hampshire

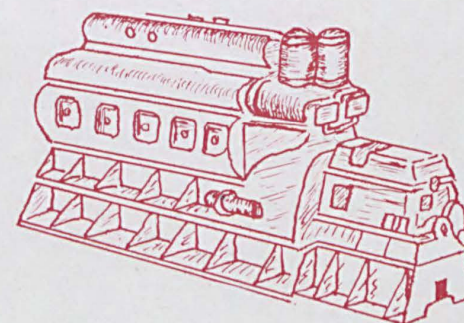
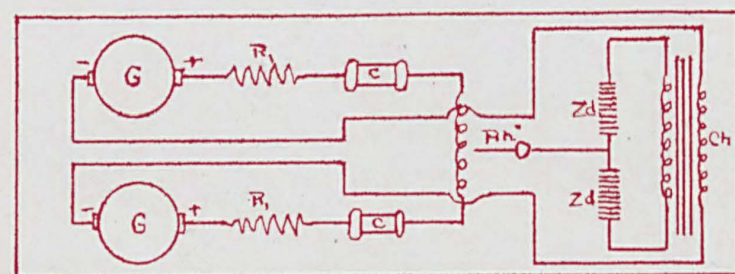
Remarkable for his coordination, be it on the football field, in transferring chow from food to mouth, borrowing cigarettes and toothpaste or in hitchhiking a ride home to that certain someone, Manny was the sparkplug in any organization.

He always had an answer to any question, be it submitted by the coach or by a plebe. He demanded and received respect from all underclassmen, even though it was by unorthodox methods from time to time.

"Geezer" had a love for argument and his ready "knowledge" of practically any subject, in combination with a voice capable of being heard all the way down to the dock, insured a good percentage of wins in any verbal fisticuffs that he entered.

Manny was really a right guy to have around and we all consider it a privilege to play on his team.

Intramural Baseball, Basketball
Varsity Football
Propeller Club
Cadet Barber



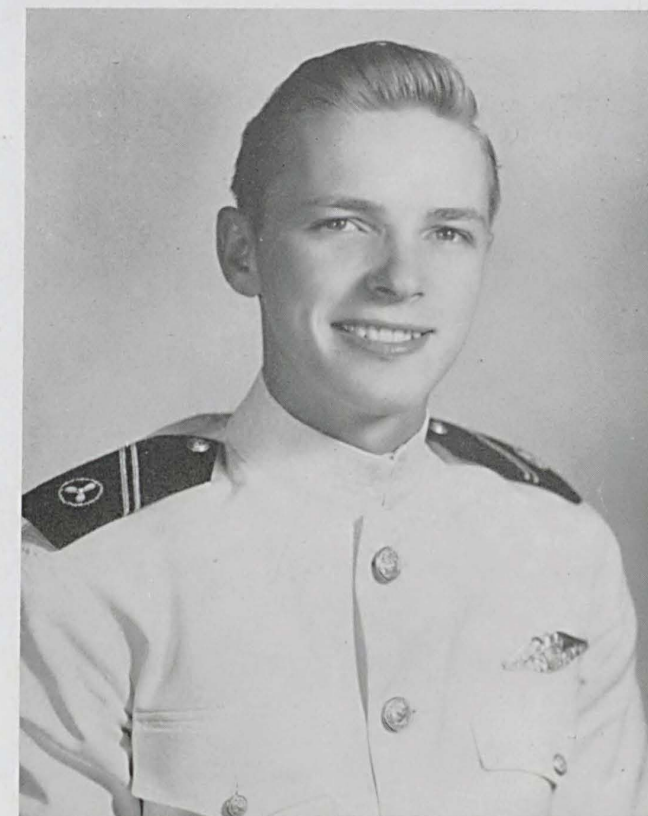
Herbert Chester McAlister
Portland, Maine

Herb was the kind of a guy who could best be made go north by pushing him in a southerly direction. His stubbornness and his love of an argument, some of which he occasionally won, were second only to his love for hard work, which may be attested by the number of Maine Masts he put out in his spare time in his second year at the Academy.

Despite his argumentative ability, Herb was a friend to everyone, always sympathetic for a five until payday, a butt, or just plain conversation on the restriction list. He was no slouch at engineering either, according to those marks on the bulletin board every six weeks.

Herb never said much about his love life at the Academy, but MacVane brought back some interesting sea stories of cruise liberties spent with him. And from the stories the Senoritas from Acapulco have a soft spot in their heart for shy, naive little American boys like Herb. Could it be their motherly instinct?????

Editor Main Mast
Intramural Basketball, Softball, Baseball,
Football
Propeller Club
Cheerleader





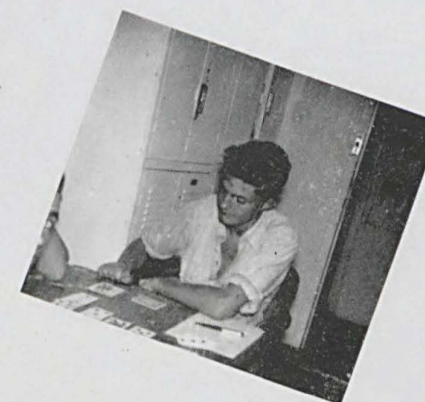
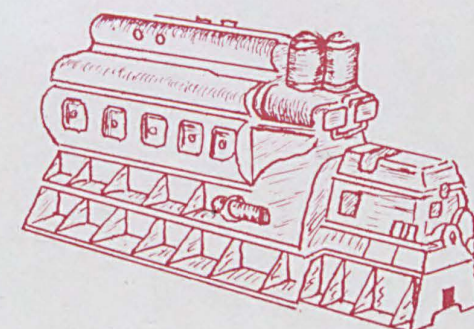
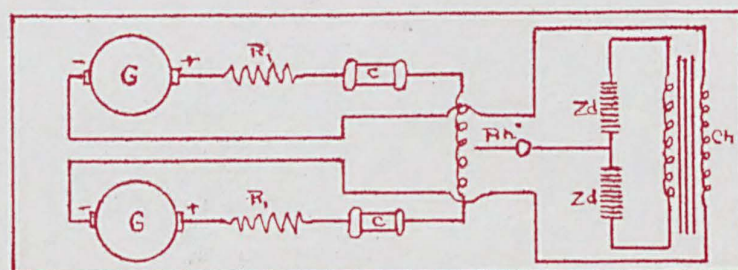
Calvin Richard Pelley
Southport, Maine

With his top-sergeant's parade ground voice and his military mind and ability to see that any order that he gave, regardless of to whom, was executed, Dick was the obvious choice for the leader of the Academy drill squad. His "expert" handling of men earned him many laurels, especially in his second year as mate of the mess deck.

Dick let nothing stand in his way. He was considered by some to be unnecessarily tough at times, but he was admired for sticking to his guns when he chose a job.

A man with guts, afraid of no person, Dick will be a world beater, even if he has to use brass knuckles to do it.

Intramural Basketball, Football, Baseball
Drill Master
Band
Trick's End Photographer



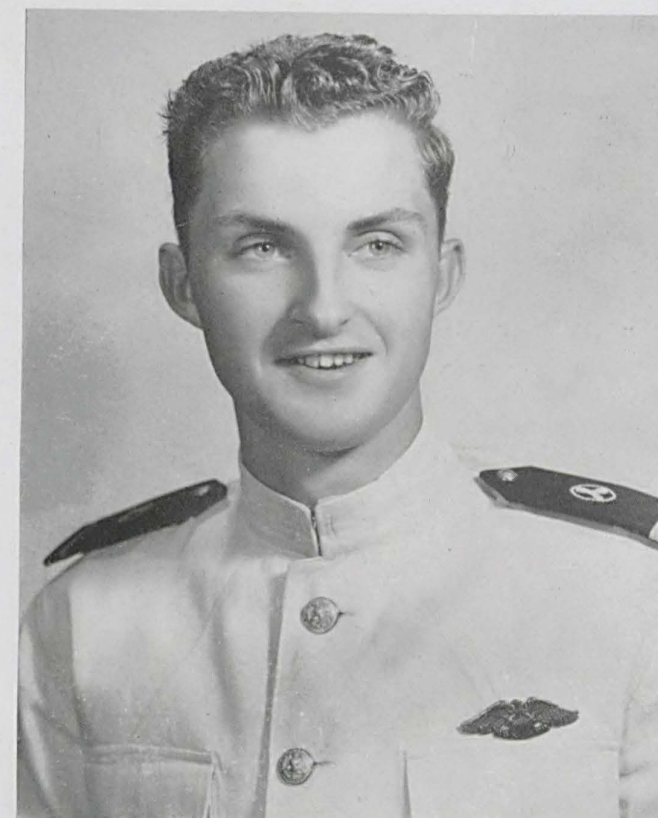
Philip Oren Riley
Pittsfield, Maine

Possessor of that deep voice and curly blond hair that placed him high on the feminine popularity list, Phil hailed from Pittsfield where "men are men and women know it". He was one of the deep stickers of the class, bringing down marks bettered by only a few. His apt leadership was noticed in his third year when he was given a stripe, a slap on the back, and a set of rules and regs. He deserved it.

Keelan rarely missed Phil at mail call and even if he did insist that those letters were the latest weather reports we all doubt it because how long has the Coast Guard been using perfumed stationery.

A good shipmate and buddy, Phil will come out in front no matter what the odds.

Intramural Football, Basketball, Softball
Section Leader
Main Mast
Propeller Club
Staff Trick's End, Assistant Editor





John Paul Richard Sirois
Pittsfield, Maine

Dick might not have been the best singer in the world, but what he lacked in quality he made up for in soul sending quantity. His mournful wailing could be heard, calling all the ghosts of A-deck from the past, at anytime of day or night.

Dick's ability as an all round athlete more than made up for any inability that he might have had in music, however, as he was the sparkplug of John Hector's smooth running football machine.

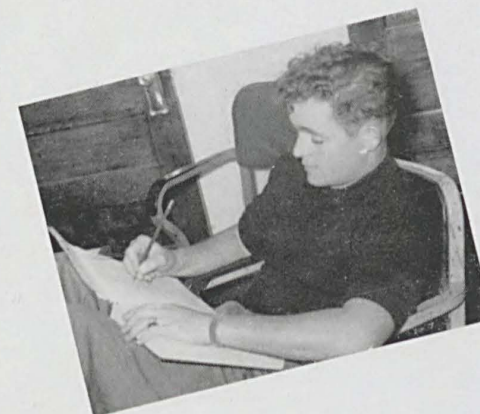
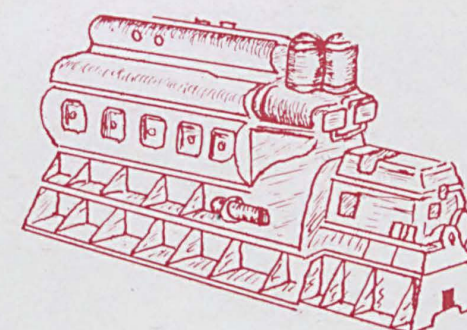
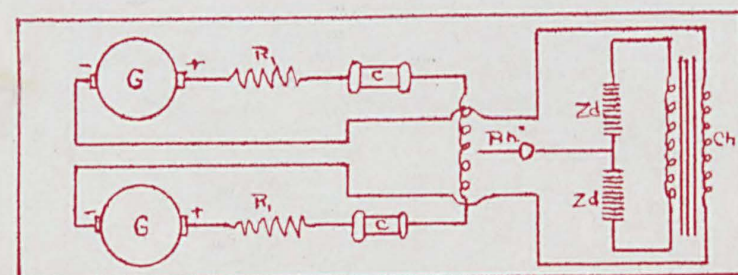
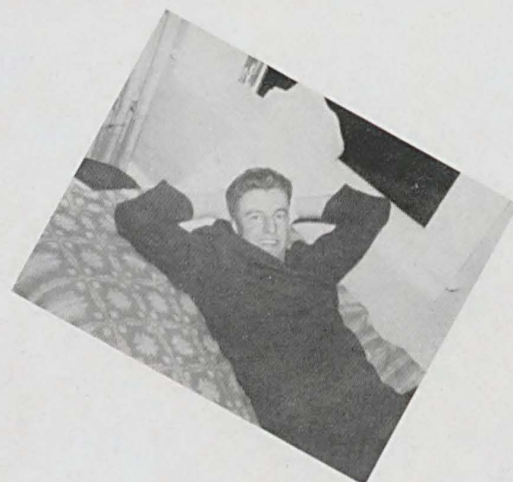
Whether he was just a roughneck at heart or perhaps he had connections in sickbay, Dick was nearly always the possessor of bandages, splints, or enough band-aids to keep him out of morning musters.

A guy whom you were proud to call a buddy, and a man who was not to be soon forgotten, Dick Sirois was one of the better "Thirds" to appear from MMA.

Band

Propeller Club

Varsity Football, Basketball, Baseball
Staff, "Trick's End" Assistant Editor



Kenneth LeRoy Webber
Matinicus Island, Maine

This is stripes, Cadet Executive Officer of the Academy. "Gus" was always working some deal that was guaranteed to make life a dream existence. His many offices and responsibilities did not keep him from being one of the boys on liberty, however. His experiences "off Matinicus in a lobster boat" stood him in good stead on the cruises, and his ability to handle a monkey wrench with the best insured the fact that executive know-how was not his only ability.

Gus was *somewhat* of a lady-killer and if he does not devote the rest of his life to that field alone, he will definitely be a success.

Battalion Executive Officer

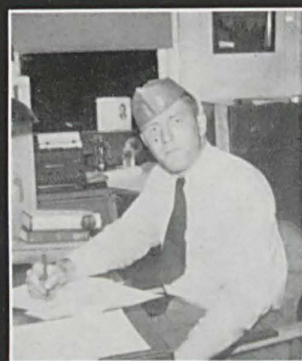
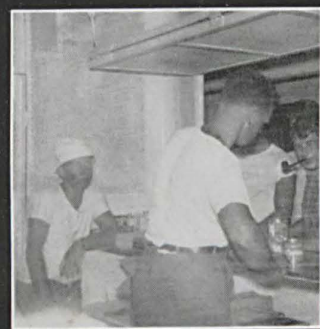
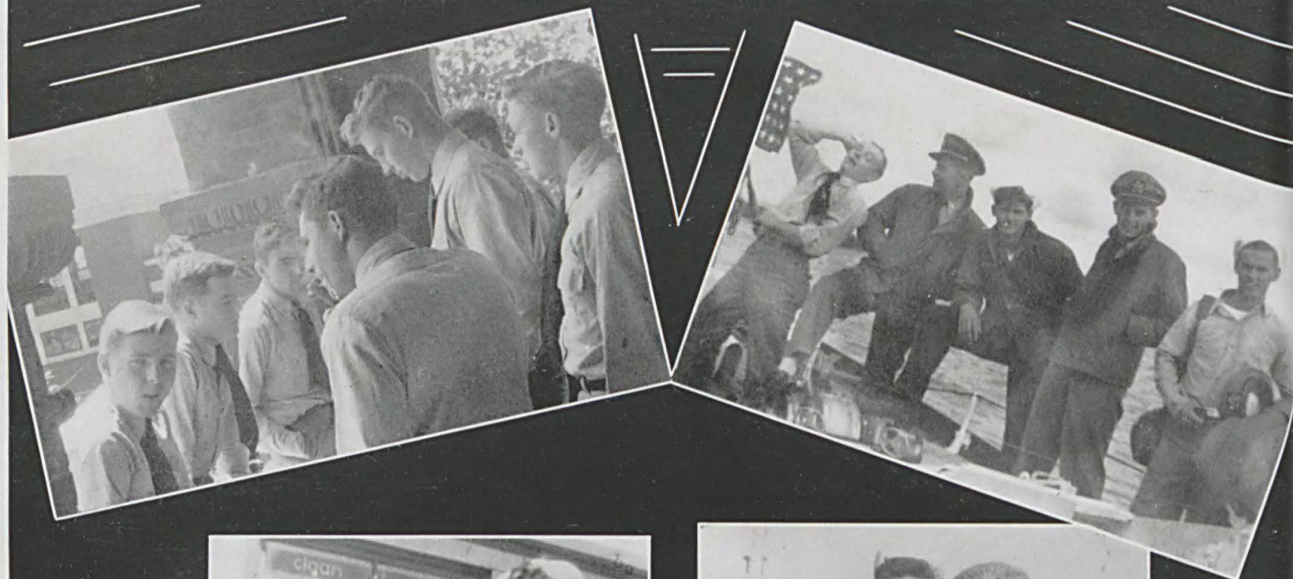
Cadet Fire Chief

Intramural Basketball, Football, Baseball

Sailboat Coxswain

Propeller Club





Company

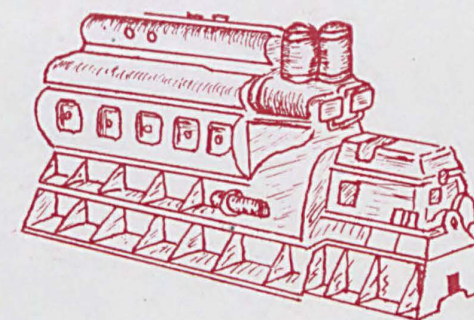
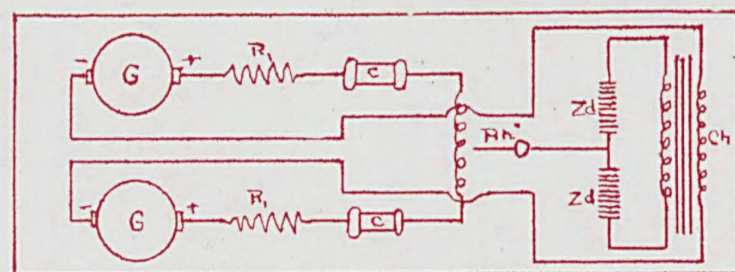


Raymond Basil Cole
Portland, Maine

It has been said that all the world loves a fat man. Although Cozy might not have been the most beloved man in the world he did OK in Portland. Perhaps it was the curly hair that made the opposite sex powder their nose overtime when he walked down Congress Street, or it might have been the ivory in his big smile; but whatever the cause the effects were obvious.

Cozy was a firm believer in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, especially the latter two, but he allowed neither to stand in the way when the chips were down and it was a case of 2.5 or else. His ranks were in the top half during his entire stay here, and except for the fact that when he and salt water mix he is usually throwing for a loss, he will make an on-the-ball engineer (if nature and cupid don't get together and foul up USMARCOM's big chance). To an OK guy, the best of good breaks.

Intramural Basketball, Football, Baseball
Main Mast
Staff, Yearbook



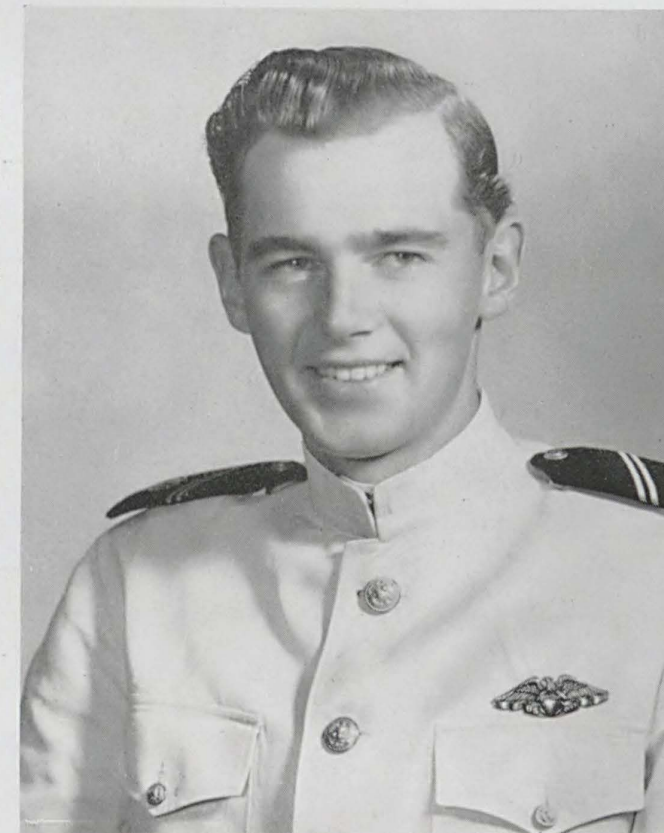
Ernest Clark Collar, Jr.
Castine, Maine

Wherever there was a bull session in progress, "Gaylord" was sure to be present and his quick wit and ready comments were an asset to any gathering. As M. C. of many smokers and affairs his jokes and good humor put him in good stead with all and his ability to roll seven almost at will kept him ahead on the cruises. The column "Bilgewater" in the Maine Mast was never the same in his absence but woe to the guy who approached him before seven in the morning.

As MMA's own Joe College on liberty his uniform (slacks, sportcoat, etc.) was always in the latest style, but at the Academy he was always the guy in the foul weather jacket and well worn greys. Hailing from Castine, Maine he was the only one who had to compete with his old man for popularity, and in this case there was competition.

His ranks were always well above average but it was readily evident from our first year English classes where "Ernie's" true love lies. No matter where he goes his personality and his ability to make and keep friends will always enable him to make out with the best. Keep it up, "Ernie" and smooth sailing.

Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football
Maine Mast Staff
Propeller Club





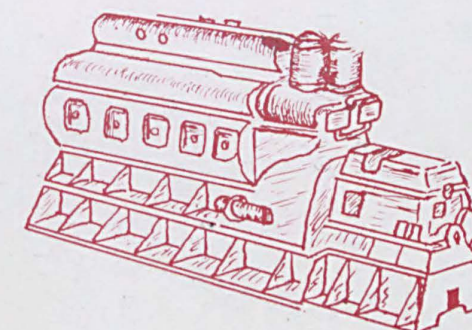
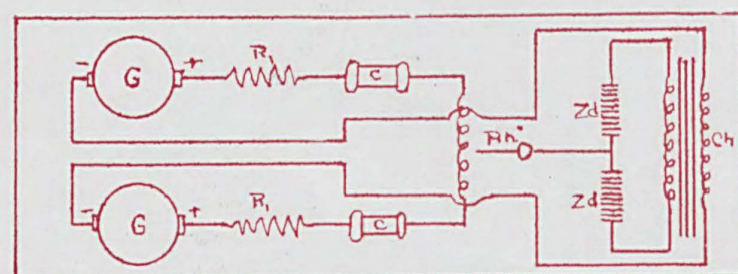
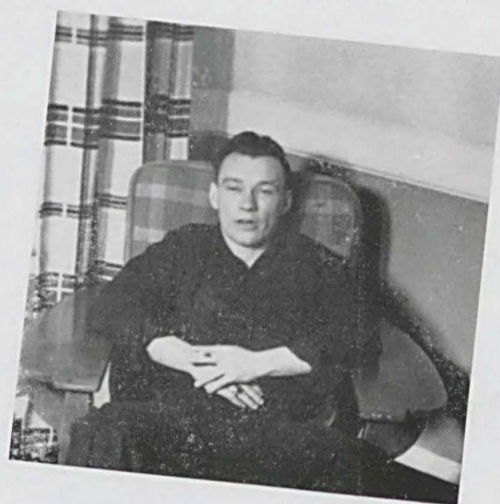
Philip Jackson Cousins
Caribou, Maine

P. J., the little guy with the big personality, who hailed from Caribou, the heart and soul of Aroostook County, was always good for a practical joke, a butt, or just a bull session. His ever present grin, and his ability for strenuous exercise (sack type) were all trade marks of Phil. To know him was to like him. Although studies never came to him with the ease that women did, he was a heavy sticker with the engineering books and came through standing up.

His cruise experiences, his weekend leaves, his pursuit of the finer things in life, and especially his trip home from St. Pete enlightened the conversation of many a study hall.

He was a diplomat in himself, probably doing more to better the good neighbor policy than any congresswoman.

*Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football,
Softball
Propeller Club
Sailboat Coxswain*



Richard Dudley Crosby, Jr.
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

While Dick was not exactly a miser, he had a knack of making a nickle go to the limit of endurance. But perhaps he was saving for a down payment on a house or a bridal gown or something. His many "casual" references to "the red headed nurse" were too off hand to have a hidden meaning. While waiting for graduation he spent his spare time talking with instructors and getting his full limit of knowledge; and practicing the manful art of insulting good music with his band, who were sometimes called "Crosby's Catastrophies".

His not infrequent questions in class, which invariably led to complete perusal of the subject involved, be it boiler tubes, hand hole covers, or the color of the main steam line in the Monitor were the constant threat hanging over the heads of E-1. Whatever can be said for Dick he was thorough in his interrogations.

In the future, Dick, we know you'll make out o.k. and all the luck in the world with that family.

*Bandmaster
Swing Band
Staff, Trick's End
Main Mast Staff
Propeller Club*





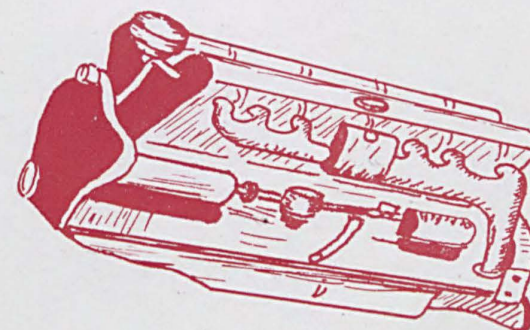
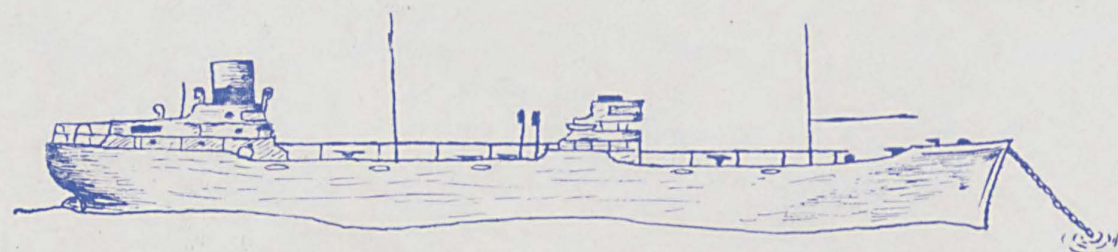
David Gardner Farrand
Rockland, Maine

"Boo" was always a quiet member of our class and much given to that Academy pastime, Sack Drill. His friendly smile and large personality were well known and any bull session he happened in on could count on a few choice comments on the subject at hand.

"Smoke Bomb" was the title somewhat dubiously awarded to him after a little incident in Frisco last year. It was a little incident but Hunter's Point and Mr. Little added grey hairs after having the San Francisco Fire Department, in almost its entirety, pay a social call with regard to the large clouds of orange smoke issuing from No. 1 hold.

Always the lady killer, his romances were the talk of the Academy until early in his last year he settled down and those letters from Ohio started coming in an even larger stream. It's rumored that Dave is settling down to a married life after graduation and we wish him all the luck in the world.

Propeller Club
Sailboat Coxswain
Intramural Baseball, Softball



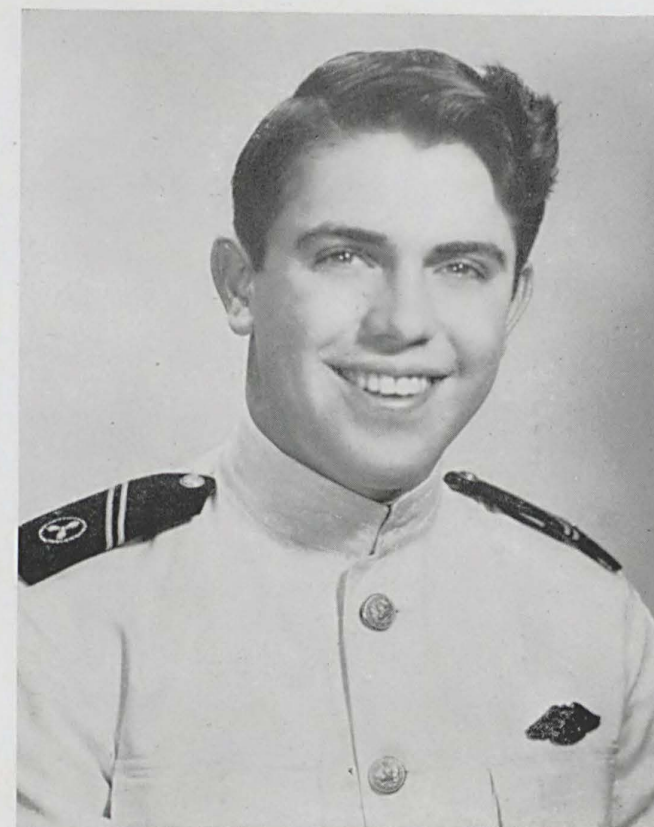
F. Neal Dow
Winthrop, Maine

"Flourescent Light" Dow, of MacVane and Dow Inc., was the self-appointed electrical engineer of the Maine Maritime Academy. His wiring jobs, although not necessarily approved by the underwriter's labs, were remarkable for their intricacy and for the fact that they occasionally worked.

Those large compelling brown eyes, the way his black hair curled over one eye, that 100 carat smile plus a good set of brains made him a top man on anyone's lonely heart totem pole. It had been said that he could have his pick of any girl on the east coast by merely winking an eye, but from the inside information and close observation at mail call, the occasional type-written letter from Winthrop gave him that wistful look most often.

His friendliness and intelligence are universal knowledge; his experiences are history and his friends are innumerable. With all that a guy can't go wrong.

Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football
Propeller Club
Sailboat Coxswain
Electrician





Richard Albert Foley
Bath, Maine

"Ma" was always noted for his strong affinity (Webster: the attractive force between atoms that causes them to combine) for his sack, and his marked absence whenever a work detail reared its ugly head. His partnership in MMA's budding clip joint, first turn on your right in the rec hall, really gave him a chance to see how enjoyable raking in the sheckels really can be, so who can predict his future. His love of golf and tennis were apparent when he forsook his sack a few warm afternoons to go a few rounds or play a couple sets on our much too inadequate tennis court.

Always happier when reading the Saturday Evening Post in study hall, Ma found plenty of good time to pull down those high marks and always made the most of all his class time with many and varied questions. One of his favorite times was mail call and those letters he could never seem to get enough of.

Always well liked he'll go a long ways on his personality; at sea he can be counted upon to put to good use the knowledge absorbed in these three years and be one of the better officers.

Varsity Football
Canteen

Propeller Club
Main Mast

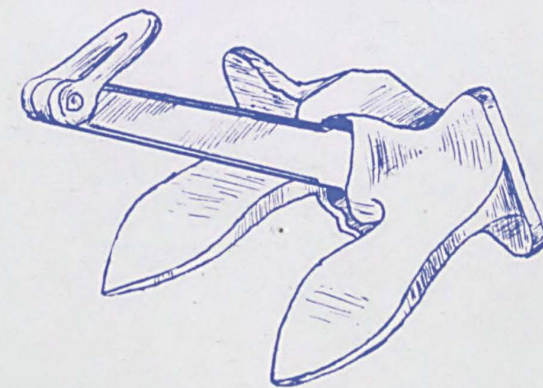


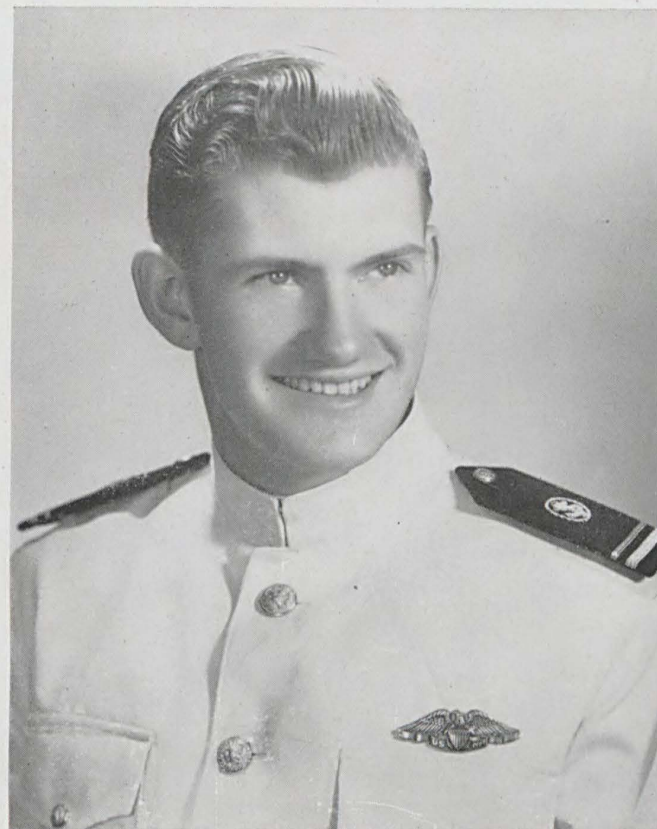
Paul Allen Gregware, Jr.
South Portland, Maine

Meet Mrs. Gregware's son Paul, the personality plus kid from B-deck. Anyone that knew this mixture of friendliness, frankness, sunshine and good spirit was his life-long friend. It was impossible to dislike him. His greatest laurels were earned at the daily 6 P. M. grouch gatherings in the B-deck washroom. His invariable morning laughs and cheery attitude gave courage to those less willing to concede, that life was worth living in the wee hours of a post-reveille world.

That boyish face and small stature was misleading. Greg could handle himself physically, mentally, and it was often said, romantically, with the best of them. He was happiest when seated behind the wheel of that "little old town and country job", and laughing in the eyes of some Portland debutante, and tearing at insane speeds through congested traffic. At these times Chuck's Pentagoet Principles and Comdr. Brasier's Navigational knowledge were vague impressions on his happy-go-lucky mind, although his Academy marks were good. Best wishes to a swell kid with a heart much bigger than his boots are small. It will take a huge man to fill them.

Junior Varsity Basketball
Lifeboat Coxswain
Intramural Football, Baseball, Basketball
Cheerleader
Propeller Club



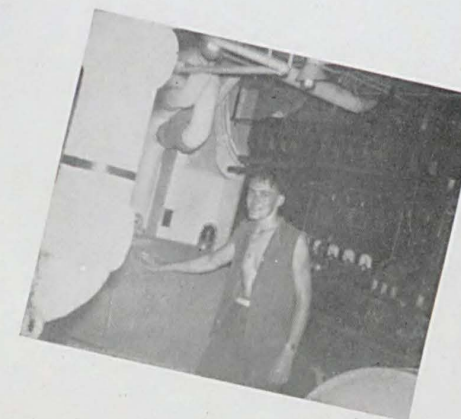
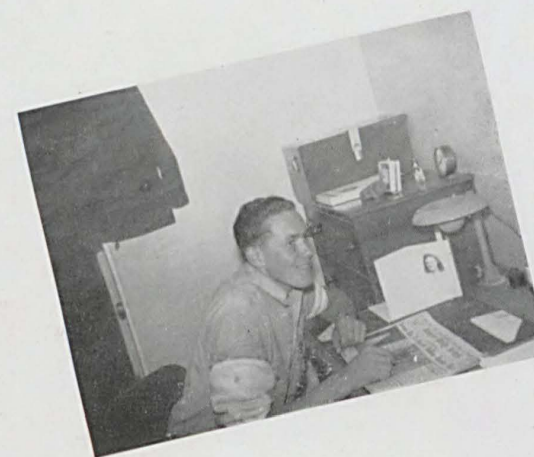
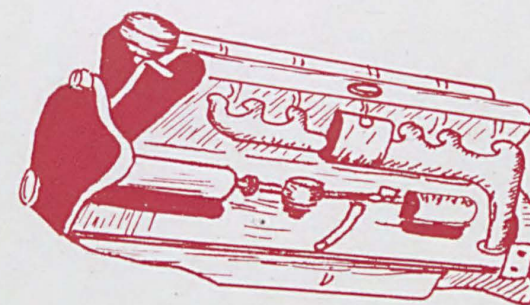
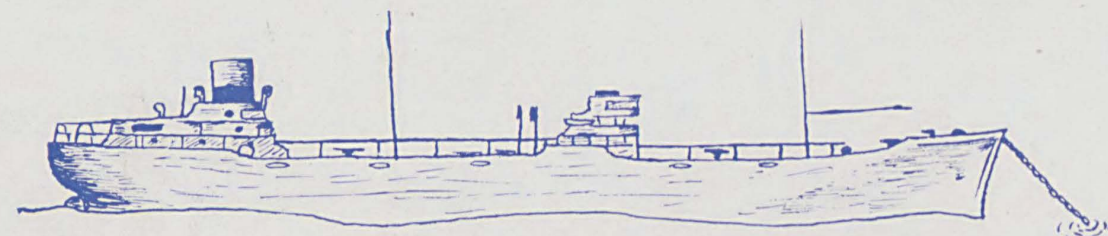
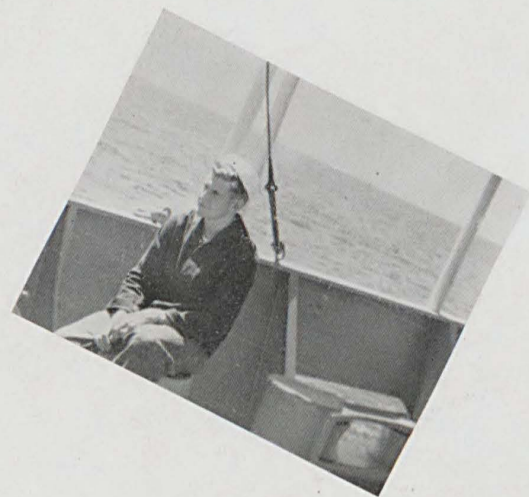


David Vanner Harding
Portland, Maine

Dave "my father is a chief mate" Harding was the very capable Company Commander of B Company in his last year at the Academy. Having grown up with half his family at sea from his early youth, he was all broken in to the ideas which seemed foreign to most of us a couple years ago and caught on fast. His numerous romances were almost too frequent for the average layman to keep track of and his liberties to Portland will long be remembered.

In his classes his primary interest lay in preparing himself for a career at sea and he made the most of them as his marks showed. Dave's future shipping out seems to be assured and with his easy intelligence and quick thinking he should distinguish himself as an officer on any ship he may sail.

Intramural Basketball, Baseball
Sailboat Coxswain
Company Commander
Propeller Club



Robert Joseph Jobin
Winthrop, Maine

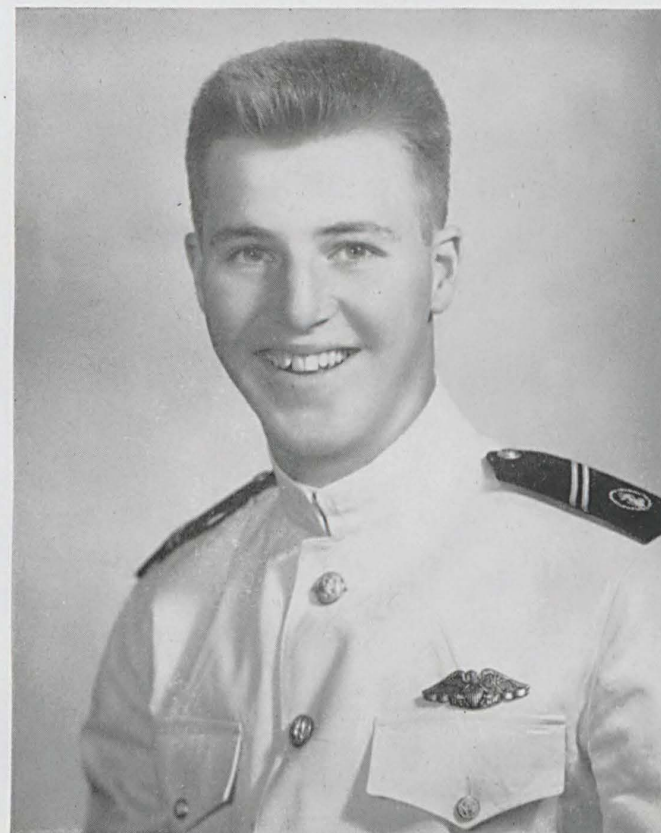
Although, maybe Bob didn't have the biggest feet in the world there were not many capable of beating his record (nor did they care to). His grin was as big as his shoes and it was rumored (occasionally by himself) that his smile topped off by his wavy hair led many a fair heart to their downfall.

Although those engineering books gave him an occasional struggle his greasy endeavors in the machine shop more than made up for the 4.0's he didn't get.

His purchase of that combo radio-vic, and the sixteen albums of Sousa's marches led to much controversy on B-deck, especially at 6 in the morning when "The Stars and Stripes Forever" came booming down the corridors. A big guy with a big heart, Bob will go places.

Propeller Club
Intramural Football, Baseball, Basketball
Band





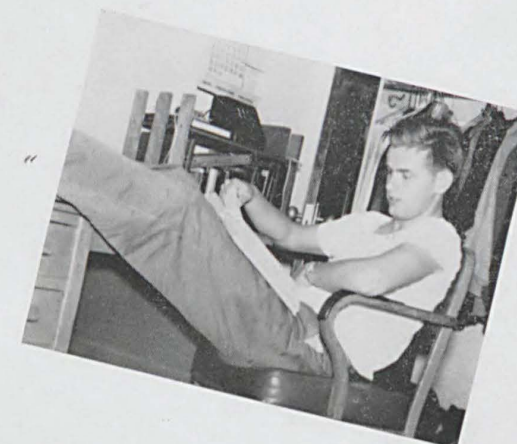
Frank Hoyt Mahan
Auburn, Maine

Frank was the happy-go-lucky kid who seldom if ever let anything more than a semester exam in Naval Science get him down. Never serious for very long, he was more at home sailing up Penobscot Bay in a stiff breeze than in a class room. His practical knowledge absorbed in his own boat and on the cruises will always be there to help him no matter where he goes or what the situation.

Known to many as "Nature Boy", Frank's comments such as "Off my ear" announced his arrival from C Deck on up and seemed as much of his personality as that big grin.

Always a good friend in his quieter moods, Frank would part with the shirt off his back if he thought someone needed it. On any ship he serves on there will never be a dull moment at least not if he can help it.

Football Manager
Intramural Football, Softball, Basketball
Band
Propeller Club
Sailboat Coxswain



William Leavitt
Portland, Maine

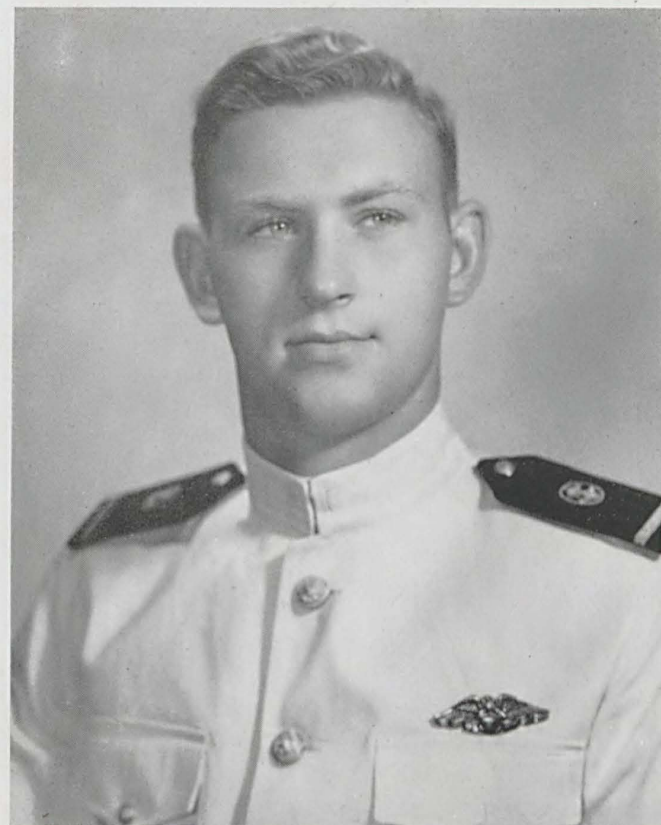
Although Bill was not a popular man at the Academy, (especially at 6 A. M.) his very presence commanded respect. He was probably the only man to know what to expect from day to day, due to his proximity to "the powers to be".

His interpretation of the rules and regulations were to the letter, and he often sacrificed personal feelings to devotion to duty. Bill's marks were always above criticism as was anything to which he devoted himself. An invaluable man to the front office, he served as a buffer between the master and the servant, often causing doubt as to which was whom.

A good man to have as a friend and a relentless opponent, Bill will undoubtedly go places.

Battalion Adjutant
Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football
Coxswain Sailboat
Main Mast
Staff, Trick's End Photographer



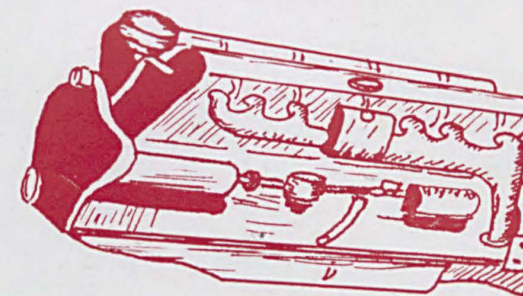
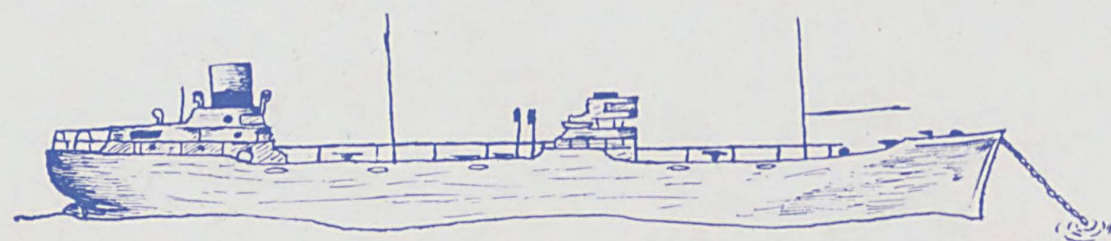


Willard Lee Robinson
Manchester, Connecticut

One of the smaller boys at the Academy, "Robbies" 6' 2", 190 lbs. frame sure took up a lot of room. Hailing from Manchester, he was number 1 on the Conn. State Chamber of Commerce, Offices in Room 10 at MMA, and on long liberty weekends there was a streak of grey as his Chevrolet roared off in that direction.

Always happy, "Robbie" never worried about a thing and his more than sarcastic comments at Cadet Officers' Meetings or in the Mess Deck were always good for a laugh. His general good nature and his love for a good old-fashioned free-for-all made him popular with all. He wasn't always the first man at mail call but when he wasn't, there was always a last minute rush and Keelan had cause to duck.

In his quieter moments "Robbie" found time to haul down some good marks and although he has wound up half way up the Yang-tze-kiang in China and four miles outside of the Kansas City stockyards on two consecutive noon sights his Navigation is well above average. With him around life need never be dull and those long days at sea will always be interesting.



Robert Lee Thompson
Lee, Maine

Meet "I'm from Lee" Thompson, one of the most likeable guys in the class. His lazy smile and easy going attitude towards life made it impossible to dislike him for more than ten minutes at a time.

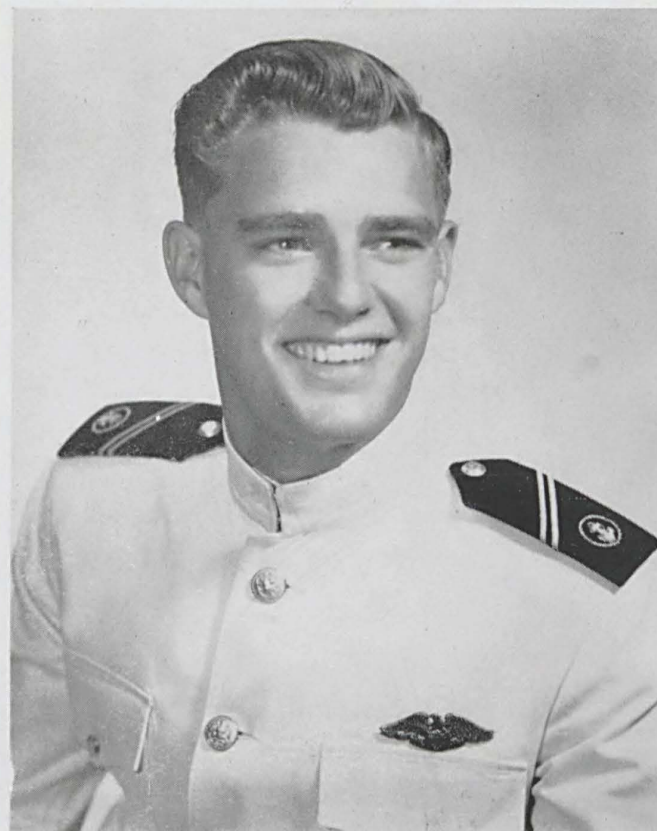
Although he considered books to be an invention that had no future in life Bobbie had the ability to worm out of them the necessary facts for passing semester exams.

His southpaw sidearm threw advantages to E-1's baseball team, and with a little more cooperation he would have led them to certain victory.

Bob had three loves: Joyce, liberty, and sleep in that order, and although he often threatened to quit the sea and buy a farm and get married, he will still make an A-1 engineer.

*Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football,
Softball
Propeller Club
Color Guard*





Jerry Wallace Trigg

Macon, Mississippi

No matter what the topic of conversation, "Marse Jerry" always had plenty to say. He was noted for his ability to make out no matter what the odds and wherever he went he always managed to either find old friends or make new ones. In Acapulco, Mexico he managed to find some practically next door neighbors of his and an invitation to a party at one of the famous resort hotels. In Hollywood he managed to win the Jack Pot question on Kay Kyser's program and walked off with a couple hundred dollars more or less to aid in seeing Frisco. In Panama he talked shop keepers into bankruptcy, and in Castine it was the same story.

Hailing from the South, the deep South that is, he came straight from a Mississippi cattle ranch, and brought his drawl and love of Julip with him. He was one of the southland's loudest ambassadors and anyone who hasn't heard of his home state, doesn't know Mrs. Trigg's little boy.

Noted for his love of Cadet Officers and able seamanship Jerry will go a long ways in the future. It may take a few years but if the president of Standard Oil knows what we know he's worrying about his job. Good luck, and let us know when that first million rolls around.

*Band Intramural Football
President Propeller Club
Captain Pentagoet*



Earle Williamson Wight

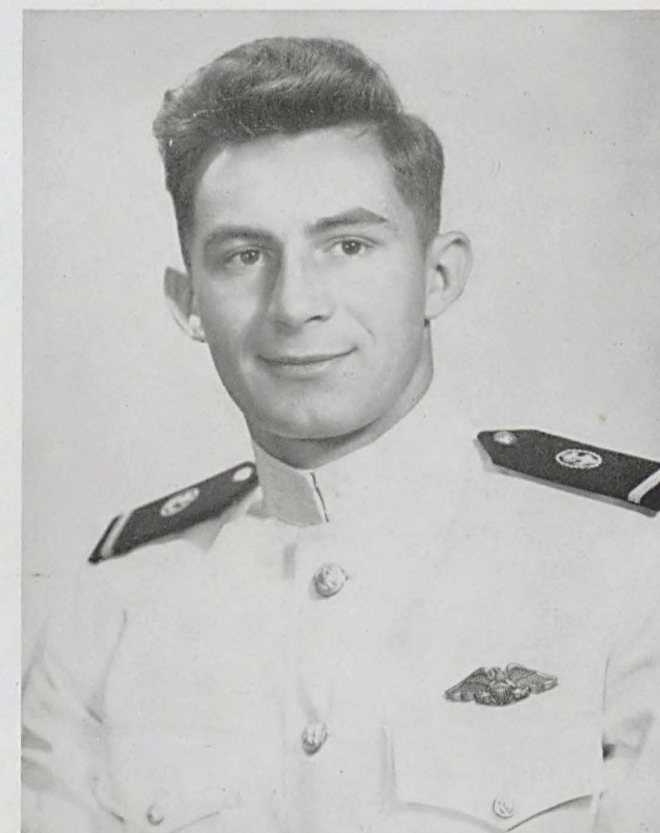
Hulls Cove, Maine

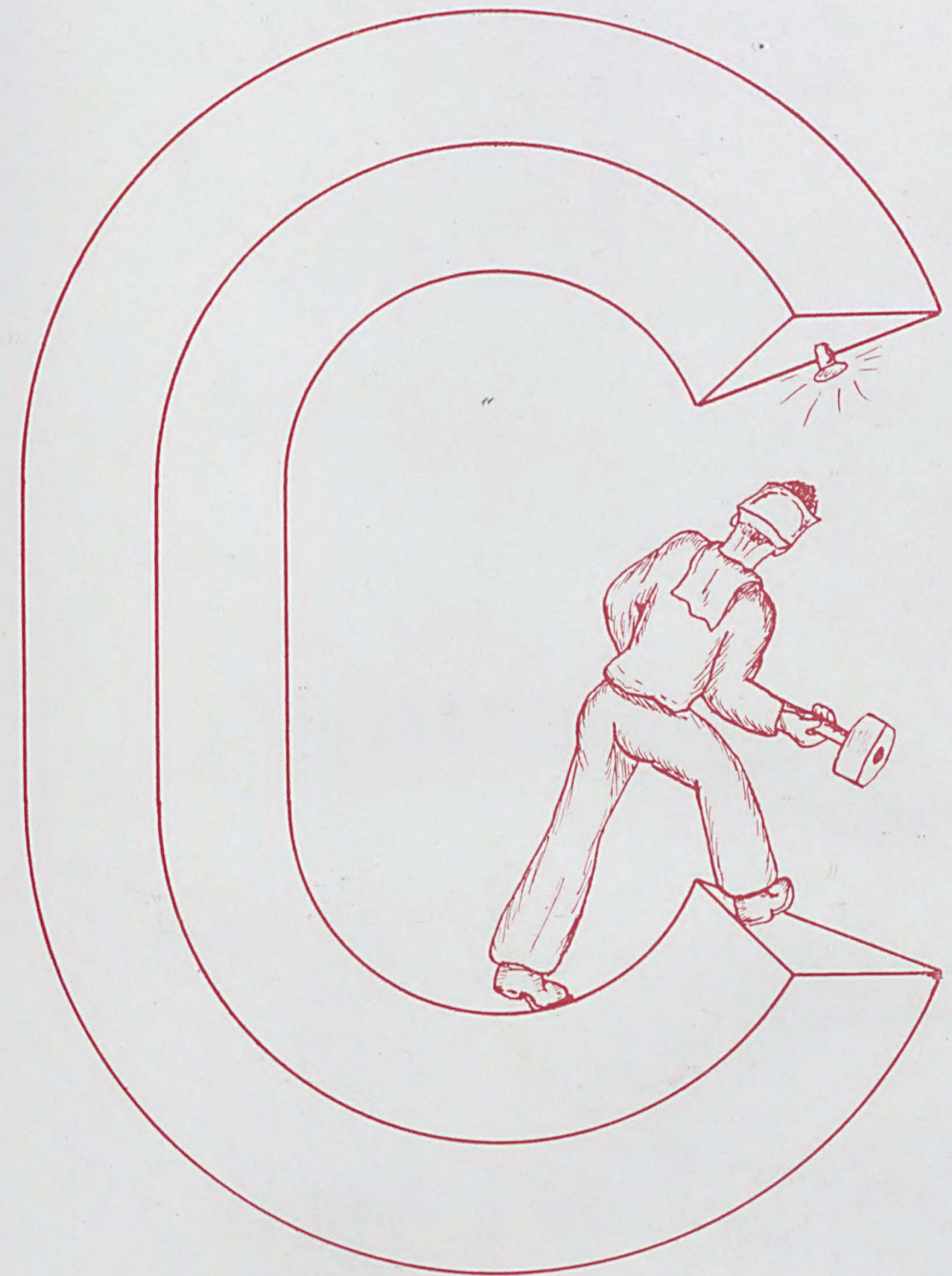
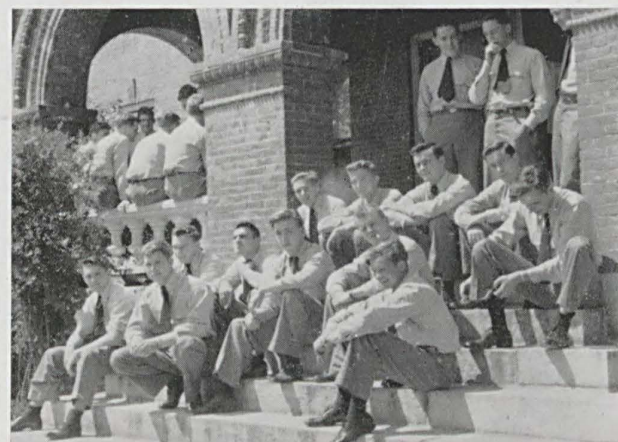
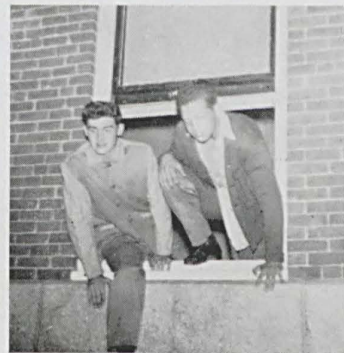
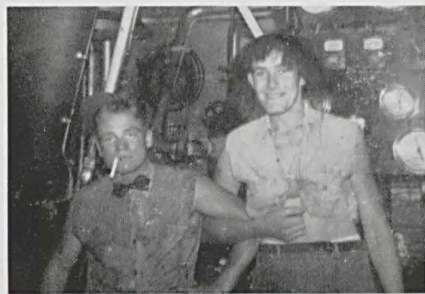
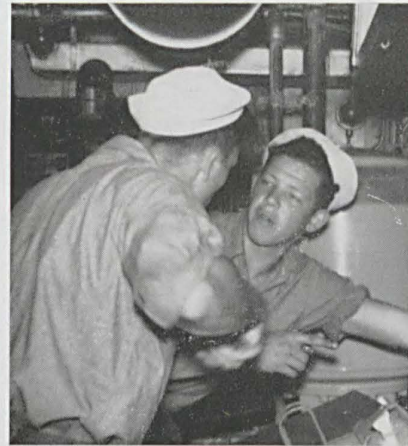
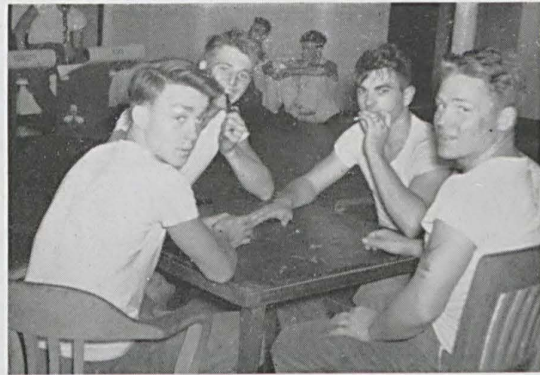
Hailing from a salt water town himself, the sea was no mystery to "Bulkhead" and he took to it easily. A veteran of twenty-eight professional fights, all but two knockouts (those dark boys are hard to knock down), he was an all around athlete. His leadership qualities and the ability to keep the boys in line were early recognized and he became Section Leader of D-2.

Easy to get along with, he was always a welcome addition to any aggregation but his real interest was on Mount Desert and liberty never came soon enough or lasted long enough. While playing football, he inevitably spent most of Saturday afternoon on the bottom of the pile but he was never one to give in when the going got a little rough. He always was a firm believer in the old adage "the bigger they are the harder they fall" and they always did.

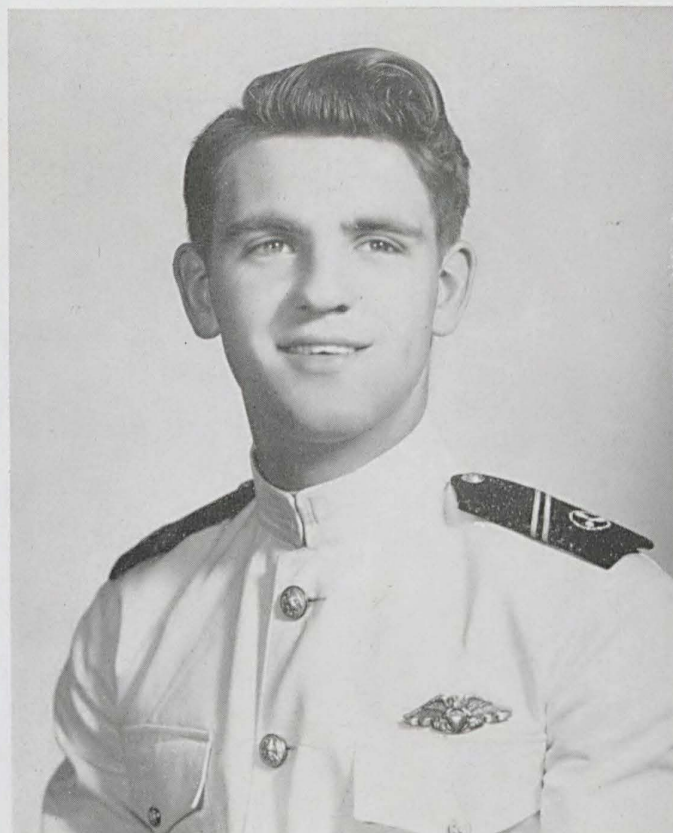
Here's to you "Bulk" whether it be ashore or afloat, in the ring or out, you'll make good. You can sail on our ship any day.

*Section Leader
Varsity Football
Intramural Basketball, Baseball
Propeller Club*





Company

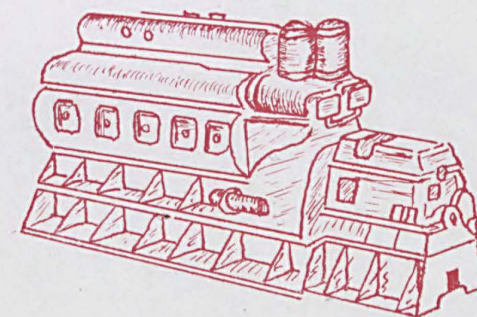
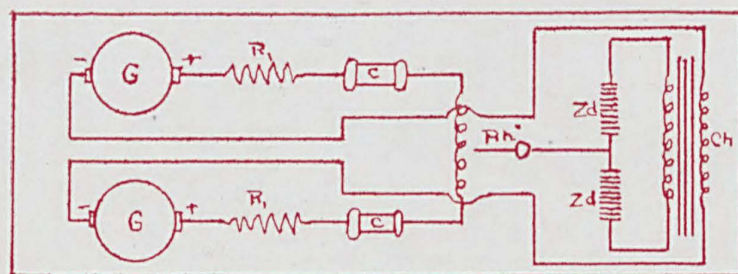


Kermit Payson Allen
Sedgwick, Maine

Kerm Allen, poker player, baseball star, athlete, lover, and wearer of yellow socks without bottoms to inspection, extraordinary, has left his mark on the class of '49 and on Maine Maritime Academy in general. It would be difficult to say if his heart was more on the ocean than in Sedgwick, but wherever it was there was always a bevy of more or less beautiful women attached to it. He is also somewhat of an actor, as will be remembered by the bathtub scene in Florida.

Although boilers, turbines, and recipis were not his outstanding ideas of finer education, his genius in math more than made up for these shortcomings. Kerm will go places if he remembers to wear his stockings, and he has double assurances of a future. If he finds that shipping out is not to his liking he can always return to his native Sedgwick and raise blueberries.

Varsity Baseball, Basketball, Football
Propeller Club
Intramural Softball
Varsity Baseball—Captain
Varsity Basketball—Captain



Philip Arnold Black
Castine, Maine

"Any you guys want to take a chance on the Red Sox, Brooklyn, Cleveland, University of Maine, or a combination radio-vic?" Such was the welcome of Phil; of the Black and Allen Gambling Co.; the big boy from the Academy's home town. He loved to sleep but would rather eat and many's the time he went without supper to finish off another poker hand.

Taking odds were not his only abilities however. His marks were very good, perhaps aided by his Kent's Hill background, and his personality, as will be attested by any plebe, was of extraordinary recognition.

His salt water savvy was one of his greater assets at the Academy, and there is no doubt that the Maritime Service and Phil will work together to eventually deposit a few million in the Black billfold.

Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football
Propeller Club
Staff, Trick's End, Advertising Manager
Sailboat Coxswain





Clifford Richards Cameron
Rockland, Maine

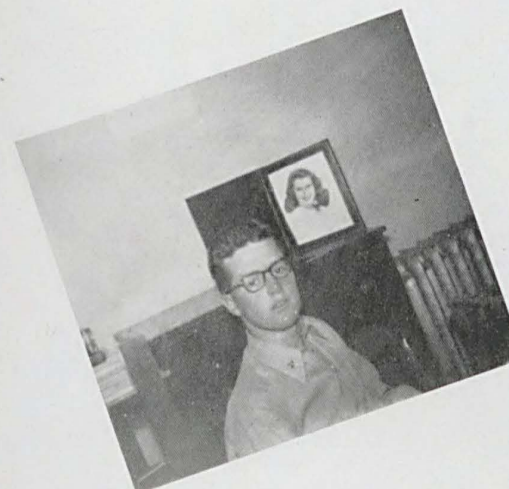
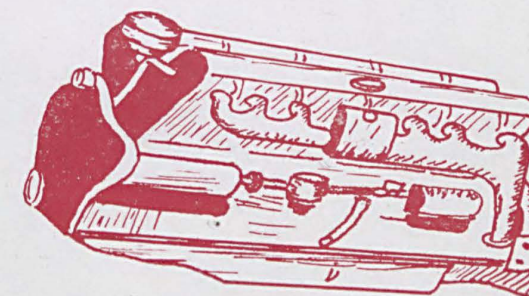
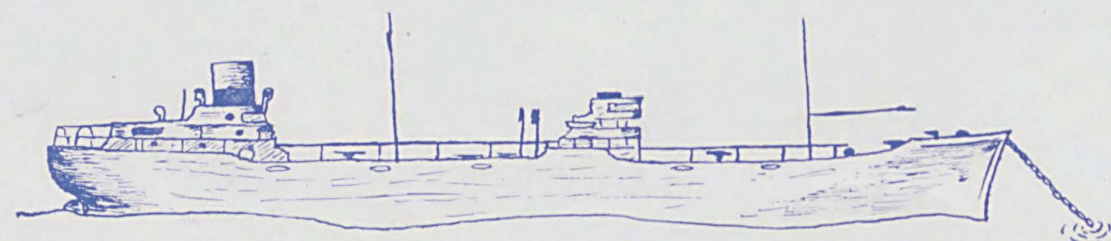
It is not difficult to see Cliff Cameron pacing the bridge as Captain of his own ship. This quiet smiling Rockland lad was the possessor of rare skill and ability in handling men as well as in handling a Bowditch and a sextant. His thinking ability was as big as his hairy chested six-foot frame, which is attested by the many 4.0's that he received. Usually quiet, he could, however be the life of the party with his famous "Ape Act" as will be remembered by the second cruise smoker.

The ship's store, the coke machine and the ensuing financial problems plus being an able platoon leader took large chunks of his spare time.

Rumor had it that he was lining up a first mate to help him set a few courses down Rockland way but he never said much about his love life—and after all, a rumor is a rumor.

Hat's off to Big Cliff, a good shipmate and a good officer.

Section Leader
Intramural Basketball, Football, Softball
Canteen
Propeller Club

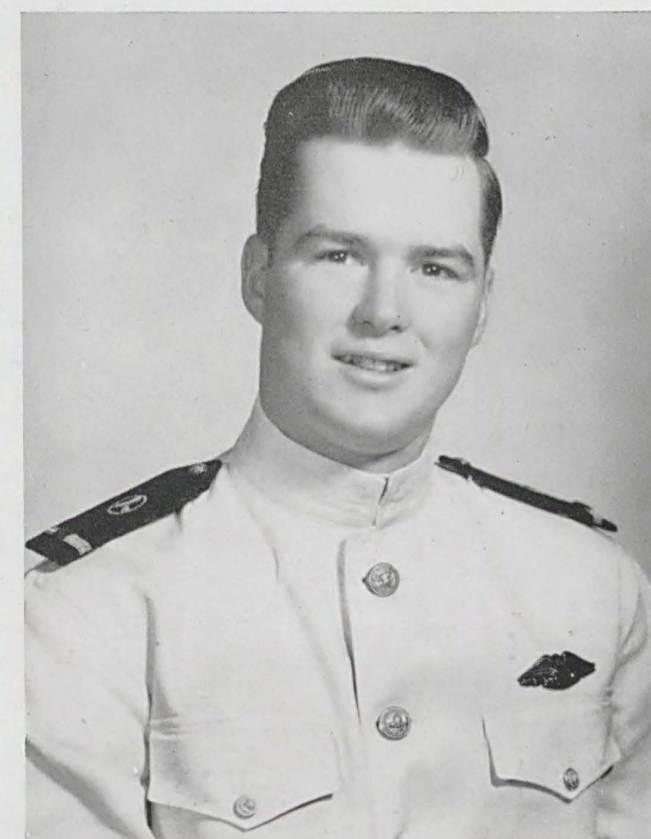


John Francis Campbell
Lewiston, Maine

"I've got a deal" Campbell was always one of the first men to get the word on any prevailing problem. His rumors varied however; a few were even logical. Jack came to MMA from Lewiston and his tales of romance and intrigue of the home town were equalled only by his cruise escapades and his ability to don and doff stripes. It had been said that the only office that John never filled was that of permanent navigator and that the only reason for that being the hesitation of any deckman to trust him with a sextant.

Even though Jack was not the highest ranking man in the class, he was always the first man out of every exam. His ability with the drawing board will stand him in good stead when he becomes Chief Engineer of the America (and have no fear that Campbell must know someone in the U. S. Lines).

Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football,
Softball
Assistant Drill Master
Main Mast
Propeller Club
Staff, Trick's End





William Clayton Carl
Skowhegan, Maine

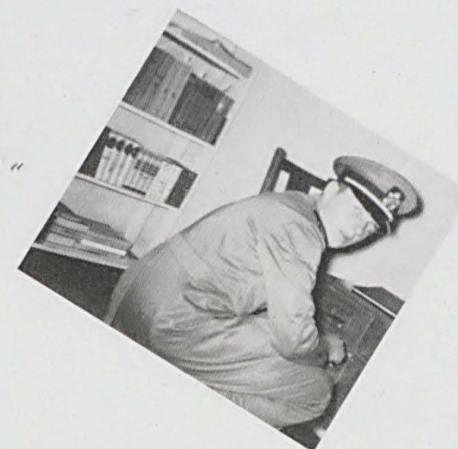
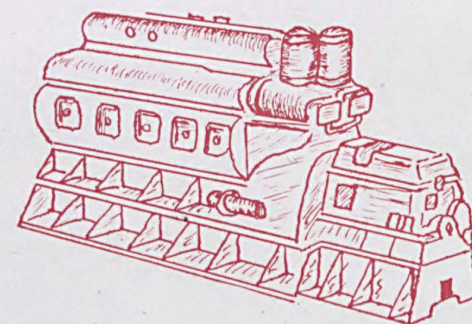
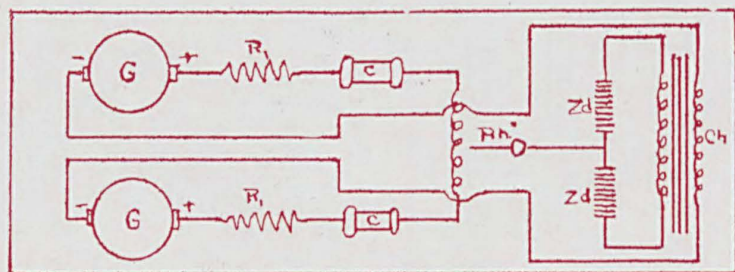
The guy that everyone loved, the crazy kid with the perpetual grin. The first owner of the 1928 convertible, the only man at muster with no belt in his coat, the only man to walk around the gym on his hands, the man who went up thirty feet of rope on his hands and then forgot to hang on—that's Will Carl.

His problems and pranks were the life of the Academy and whenever or wherever any of the class of '49 pull up a chair and have a few brews, one of the first questions that is certain to be asked is "Where's Will Carl?"

His jaunts to Skowhegan, his part in the invasion of St. Pete, his varied love life, his good humor and ready intelligence shall never be forgotten.

His only worry is not how to make friends but how to remember their names.

Intramural Football, Basketball, Baseball
Propeller Club
Sailboat Coxswain



George Alfred Chamberlain
Waterville, Maine

George, the boy from "Spankie's" home town, was one of the more outspoken members of the class. Having opinions on every subject from Hoctor's coaching to whether Truman ought to play first base for the Red Sox next year, his favorite subject was sports. Whenever he happened to join a bull session the subject was inevitably swung to that subject by a question, "Did you hear the game last night? Good, huh."

Number 1 of all Waterville press agents, he was always ready to give anyone or any team from there their full credit wherever there was a discussion though Rockland ran a close second in George's book. He was always out for sports and although he seldom played first string he was always in there fighting and his contributions towards winning a football or basketball game ranked with the best.

A good buddy and well liked by all, George should do well in the future whether it be at sea or in the field of sports.

Band
Orchestra
Varsity Football, Basketball, Baseball (Mgr.)
Trick's End
Propeller Club



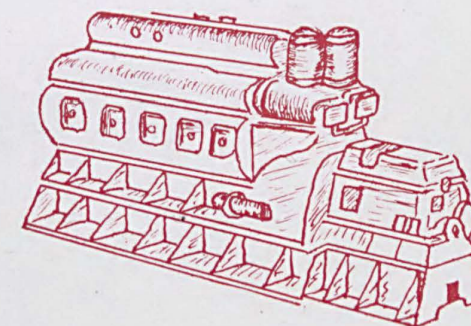
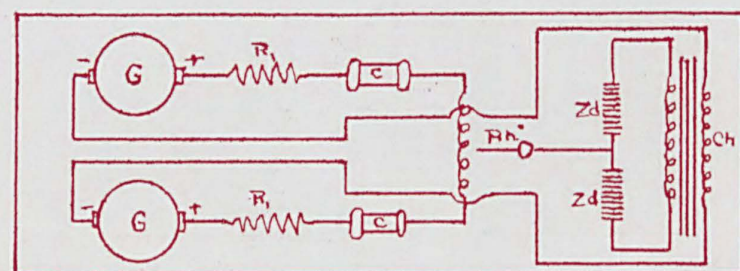


Richard Hall Elias
Readfield, Maine

"Young man, is that hat clean?" The deep rumbling voice that was the haunt of all plebes was sure to originate from Dick Elias. Possessor of many languages, he was raised in Yugoslavia, France and Germany, and spent much of his youth traveling. His tales of Hitler threatened Europe and his talks in German took up many study hall hours.

His ability with a crescent-wrench, mixed liberally with Osbourne's advice to engineers stack up to the right man to run anyone's tanker. His love life, which revolved around Oak Grove, must have been successful if we are to judge by the number of letters that he received from there. Smooth sailing and the best of luck, Dick, be it in Readfield or in Vienna.

Intramural Football, Baseball
Band
Propeller Club



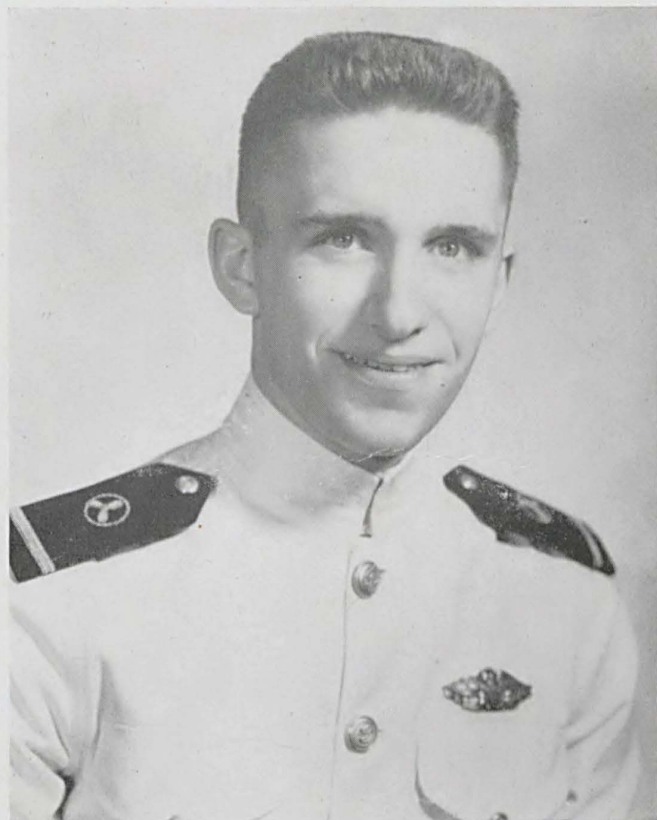
Carroll Williams Freeman
Auburn, Maine

Adjusting himself to the regimentation of military life was easy for Carroll, a firm believer in there being a time and place for everything. One of the more serious members of the class Freeman came to us from Lewiston-Auburn, where he was noted for his prowess on the athletic field. A trick knee put him on the varsity football reserve in his second year but this did not keep him from racking off intramural honors.

His many activities, including Battalion Adjutant, Company Commander, Asst. Football Coach, and his interest in the church activities combined to give him those qualities of leadership which will be in good stead on one of Uncle Sam's motor boats.

Varsity Football, Baseball, Basketball
Company Commander
Student Coach
Propeller Club
Intramural Basketball
Varsity Baseball—Captain
Trick's End





Warren Clement Hamm, Jr.

St. Albans, Vermont

Warren Hamm from old, sturdy Vermont stock was the serious man of the class. His biggest ambition and urge in life was to wear that gold star on his sleeve. His unswerving energy as mate-of-the-deck, and his regimented life, which was as neat and as correct as an order of the day did much to put him on the road to this goal.

An earnest peruser of the clothbound volumes, especially in Naval Science Tactics and Sonar made Warren high on the eligibility list for 4.0's. His father, a former World War vet, could well have been proud of his son's military ability and of his devotion to his duty. It is not hard to see the "guiding light of Room I" sitting behind some huge desk in the Navy Dept. flicking imaginary bits of dust from his rear admiral's stripes.

And on that distant day when the last muster is taken, Warren Hamm will step up, clean shaven, spotless in his dress blues, do a sharp left face and salute, while old Gabriel will say, "Well done, Hamm, well done".

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers

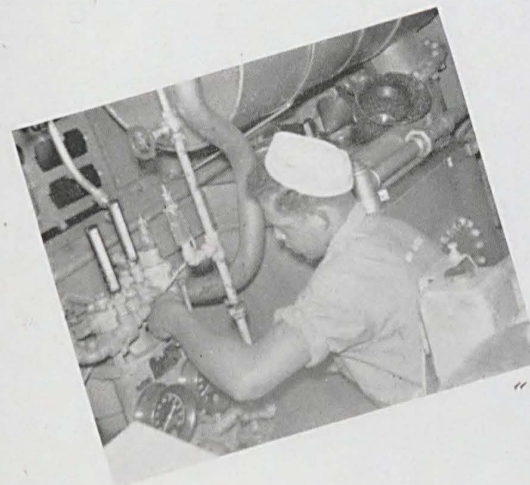
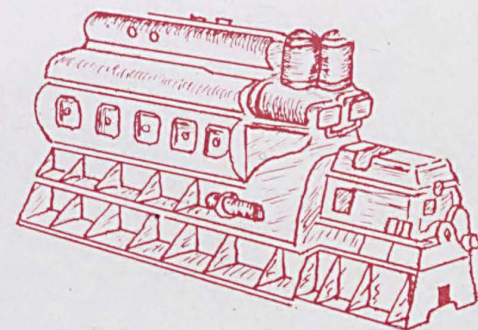
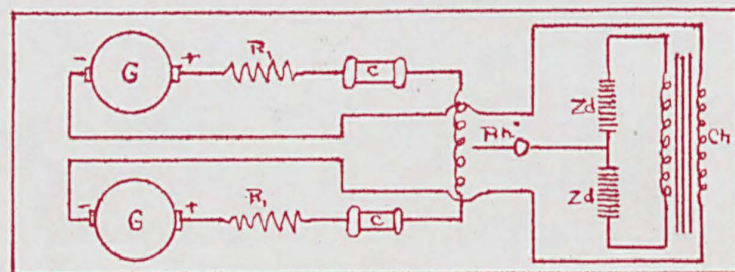
Band

Master-at-Arms

Staff, Trick's End, Editor

Secretary, Propeller Club

Maine Mast



Rudolph Frank Matzer

Jacksonville, Florida

Rudy's philosophy of life centered around the fact that anything that he didn't have could be "borrowed" from Room 19, or points south, east, or west. There was only one thing that he didn't have to leech at the Academy and that was friends. To know him was to like him, with his easy going nature and his incomparable wit and his natural understanding of human nature (he always seemed to know which guys had an extra five to lend).

A person hard to forget with a personality harder to forget, Rudy has left his mark on the Academy. His physical ability tempered by previous experience as a life-guard in Florida, his ability to make and to keep friends and his mental ability and know-how will always keep him near the top of the heap.

Varsity Football

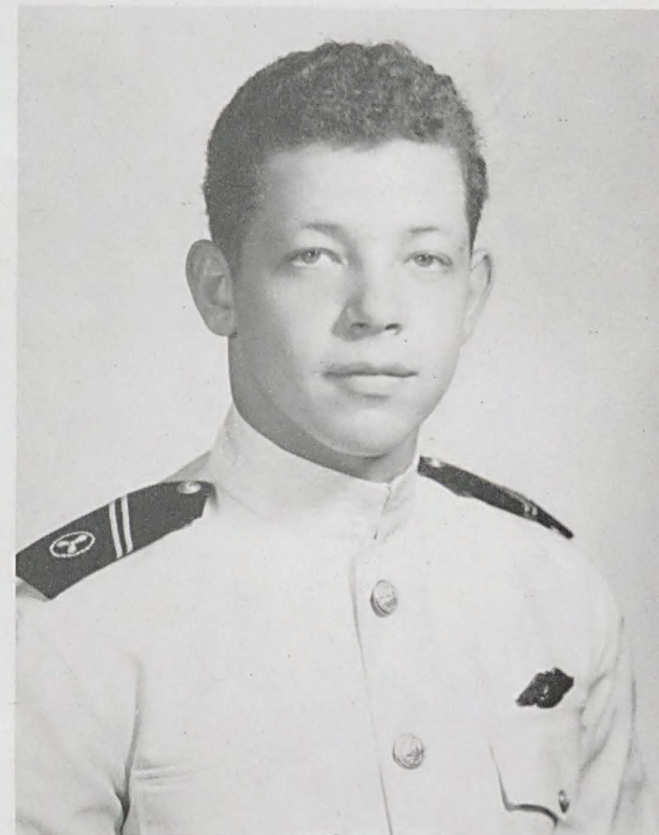
Propeller Club

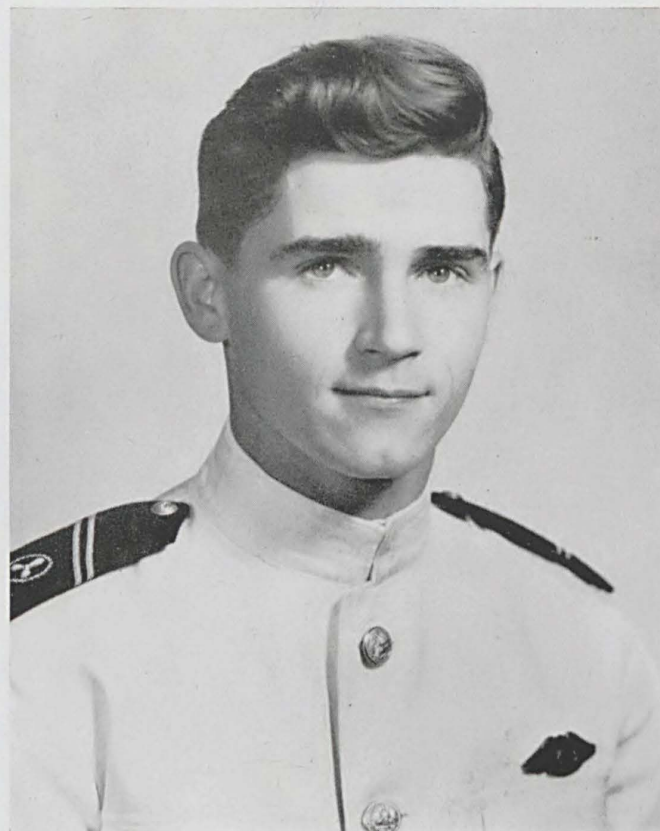
Band

Staff, Trick's End, Staff Artist

Swing Band

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers





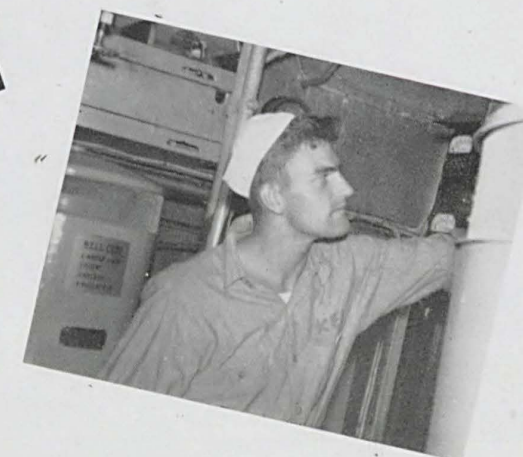
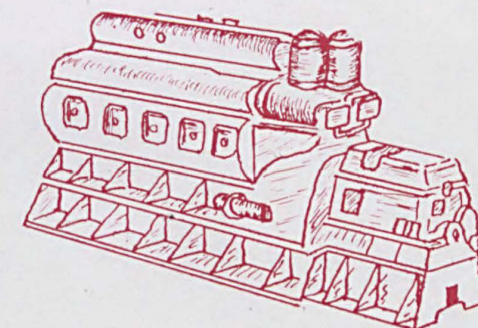
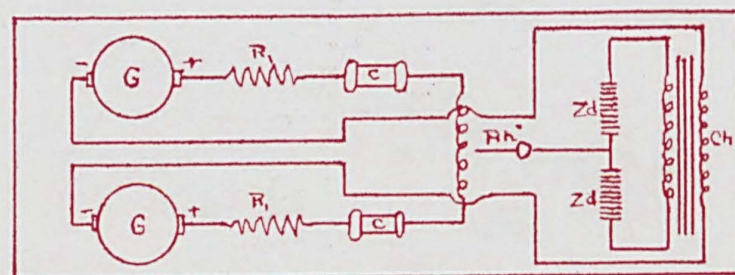
William David Murray, Jr.
Presque Isle, Maine

"Willy", with his South Philly accent and his inimitable outlook on life was one of the most popular men in the Academy. His quiet nature and his seeming disregard for the finer things of life were masks for a hot liberty pursuer and an excellently proportioned mind.

He hailed from Pennsylvania and Presque Isle, bringing tales from both places that helped verify previous conclusions of his versatility in his many various fields. Feminine hearts were at his beck and call and his Casanova personality was spread from Rio to Fort Kent.

A guy whom one was proud to call his buddy, Bill will do O.K. in anything he attempts, be it marine engineering or "digging taters" on that farm he threatened to buy in upstate Pennsylvania.

Band
Swing Band
Intramural Basketball, Football
Varsity Football
Sailboat Coxswain
Propeller Club



Kenneth Francis Olsen
Portland, Maine

One would expect someone with the name of Oly to be a blond-bearded, fair-haired Swede. But not this lad, for with his dark hair, and even darker whiskers, he looked like the original Blackbeard. Hard work and perseverance in his first two years led to that coveted stripe in his final year. He worked hard for the boys, and although his sincerity and interest in his job often led to discomfort on Section E-1, everyone admired his ability to withstand the abundance of riding that he took.

Oly's heart is in Portland, his aspirations are lofty but his feet are on the ground. Two will get you five that he does OK in carving himself a secure niche in this lopsided world.

Section Leader
Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football
Propeller Club





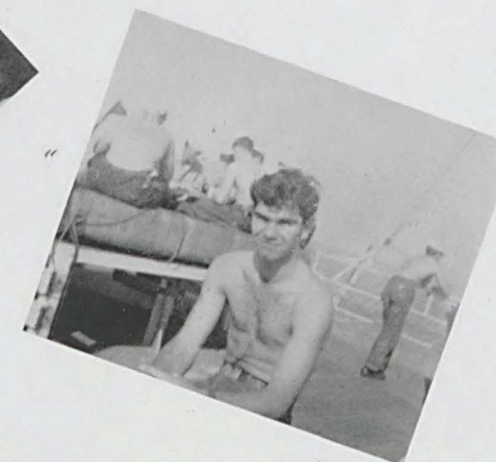
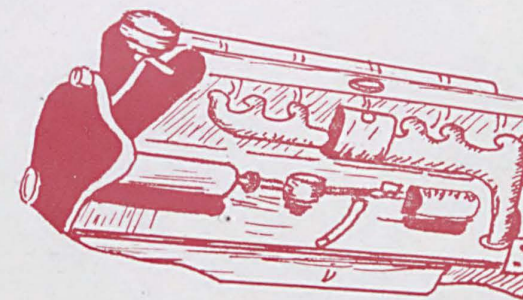
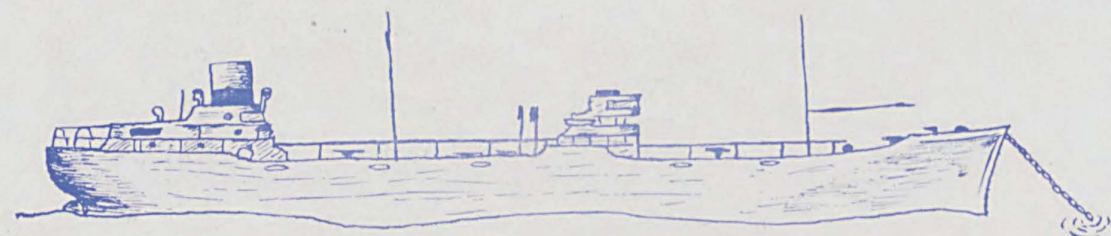
Raymond Jean Pouliot
Fall River, Massachusetts

Here's the man behind the men behind the father's who are in the State House. Meet Ray, alias Batt.—Comm., Pouliot, who wouldn't say quits when ill health forced him to leave the Academy and the Engineering Dept. in his first year. Showing the stuff that made him one of the most efficient Battalion officers at the Academy and an asset to any vessel's staff, Ray re-enlisted the next year as a middie in the deck department. Whether it was his extra long tour of duty in the ranks, or his ability both with a monkey wrench and a sextant that put him in the right place, he was a natural for the high man at the Academy when the stripes were passed out.

Although one of the highest ranking deck midshipmen, Ray still had plenty of time for extra activities (such as the nurses' home at the E.M.G.H.).

A man who was really a true buddy despite being a capable leader, Ray will make a go of his life no matter what opposition he faces.

*Band
Vice-President Propeller Club
Sailboat Coxswain
Battalion Commander*



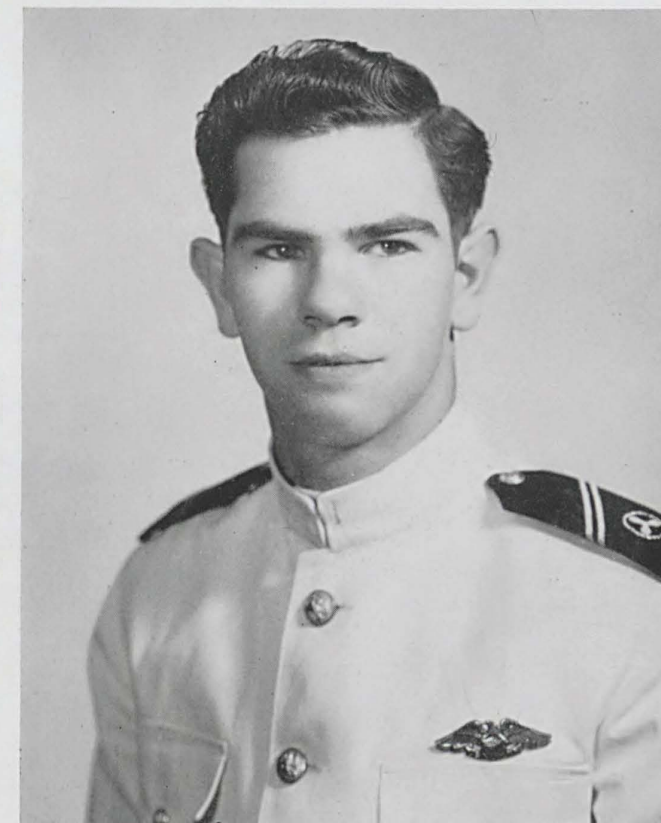
Sherwin James Sleeper
Rockland, Maine

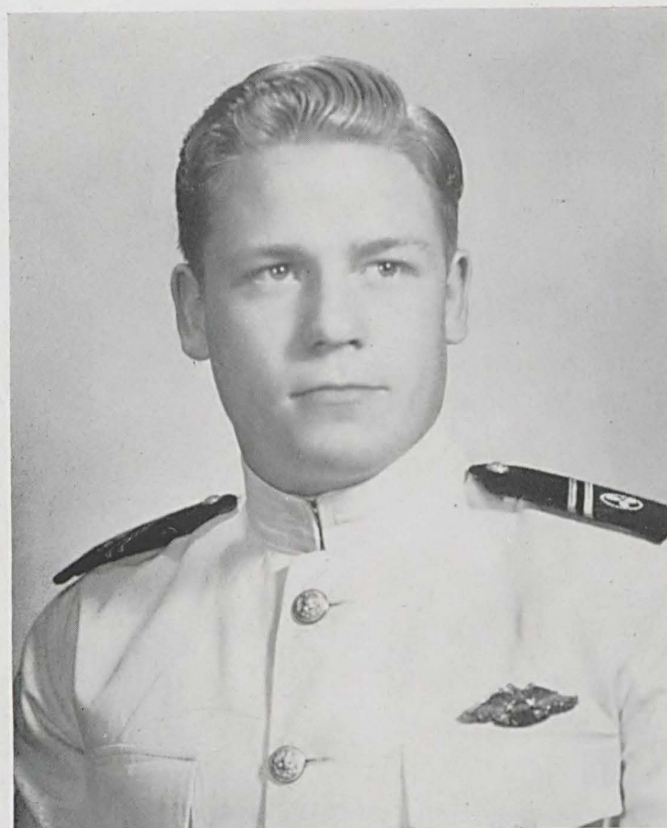
"Sonny" was one of the more serious members of the class (at least while he was at the Academy). He could often be seen pouring over engineering books, while the rest of the class was pouring over "Terry and the Pirates", although never approaching a bookworm philosophy of life. His marks proved his ability in all fields.

"Sleep" was, in cooperation with Ben Freeman, chief engineer of Chuck's Pentagoet, and an occasional outburst of vociferous vocabulary from the general direction of the dock area was a sure sign that there had been another breakdown in the ancient vessel's overburdened abdomen.

His seriousness and his ability to make jokes of same will stand him in good stead when the chips are down.

*Intramural Football, Baseball
Propeller Club
Swing Band
Chief Engineer of Pentagoet*





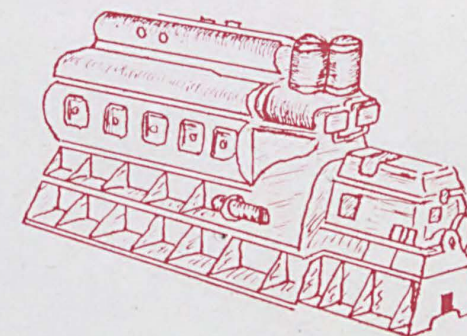
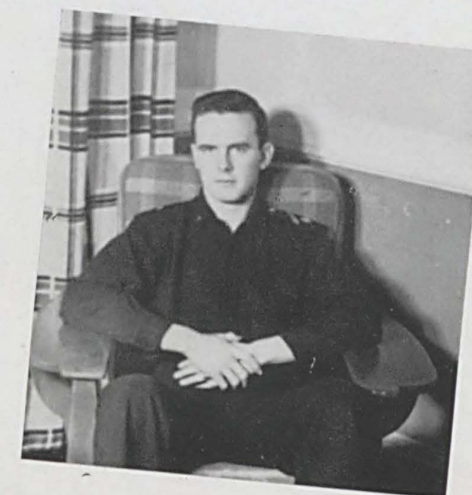
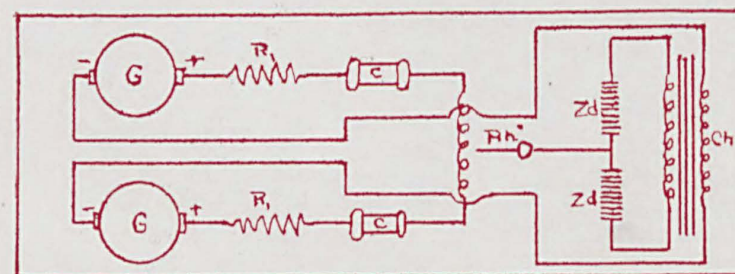
Bartlett Monroe Van Note, Jr.
Newton, Massachusetts

This short, stocky, blond Dutchman was the sparkplug of section E-1. Pete was always in there, rooting for the home team, or kicking the pedestal out from under his beloved Boston. His resemblance to "Hotshot Chazz of Boston" was startling and his continuous complaint and salty witicisms were even more characteristic of this Caniff creation.

Pete was universally popular, even when in a self-destructive mood. His love life was as interesting as the Russian situation and all hands shared his flights of happiness and woe.

To an OK guy, best of sailing and success. Any ship that has Pete Van Note on it shall never be dull, even if it be the Charleston.

Propeller Club
Varsity Football
Staff, Trick's End; Maine Mast
Dance Decoration Committee

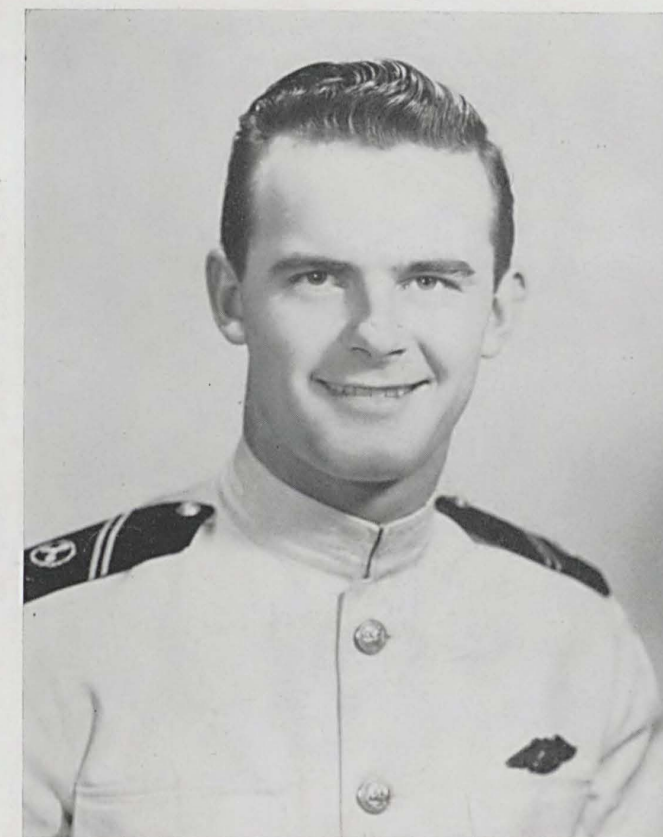


Julian Zuke, Jr.
Biddeford, Maine

Joe was the Color Sergeant, laundry man and heart breaker Cum Laude. He was the only surviving member of the Hickey-Prue-Rainer-Zuke combo, proving that action speaks louder than report slips. His many liberties were the source of many a conversation on A-deck and although flavored with stories of preposterous proportions, close observance proved some of them even close to the real thing.

His favorite pastimes were fixing radios, regardless of ownership, and of developing his skill in sack drill. His ability to get what he was after will surely make him one of the top officers of the Merchant Marine.

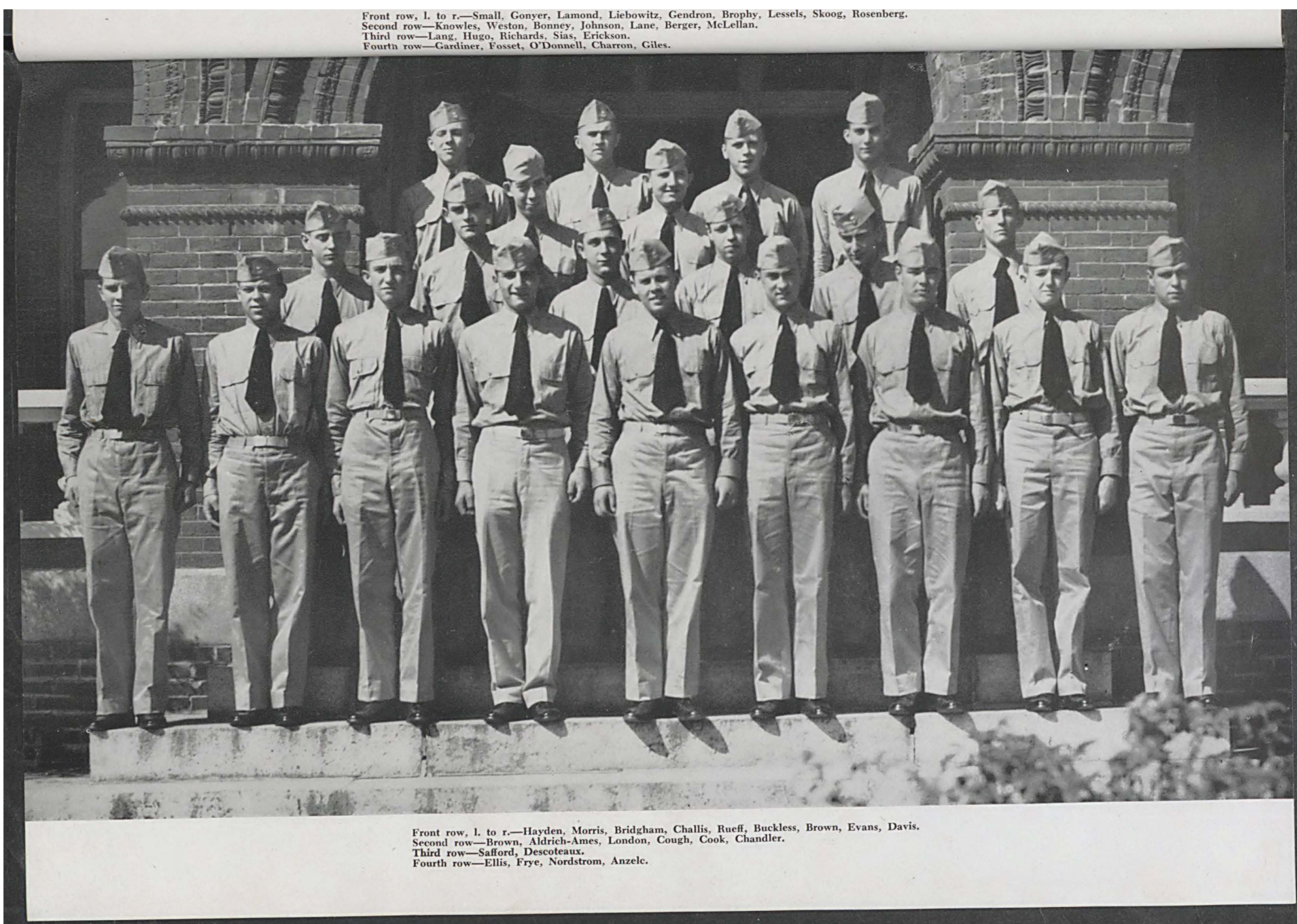
Color Sergeant
Varsity Football, Basketball
Intramural Football, Basketball
Propeller Club Member





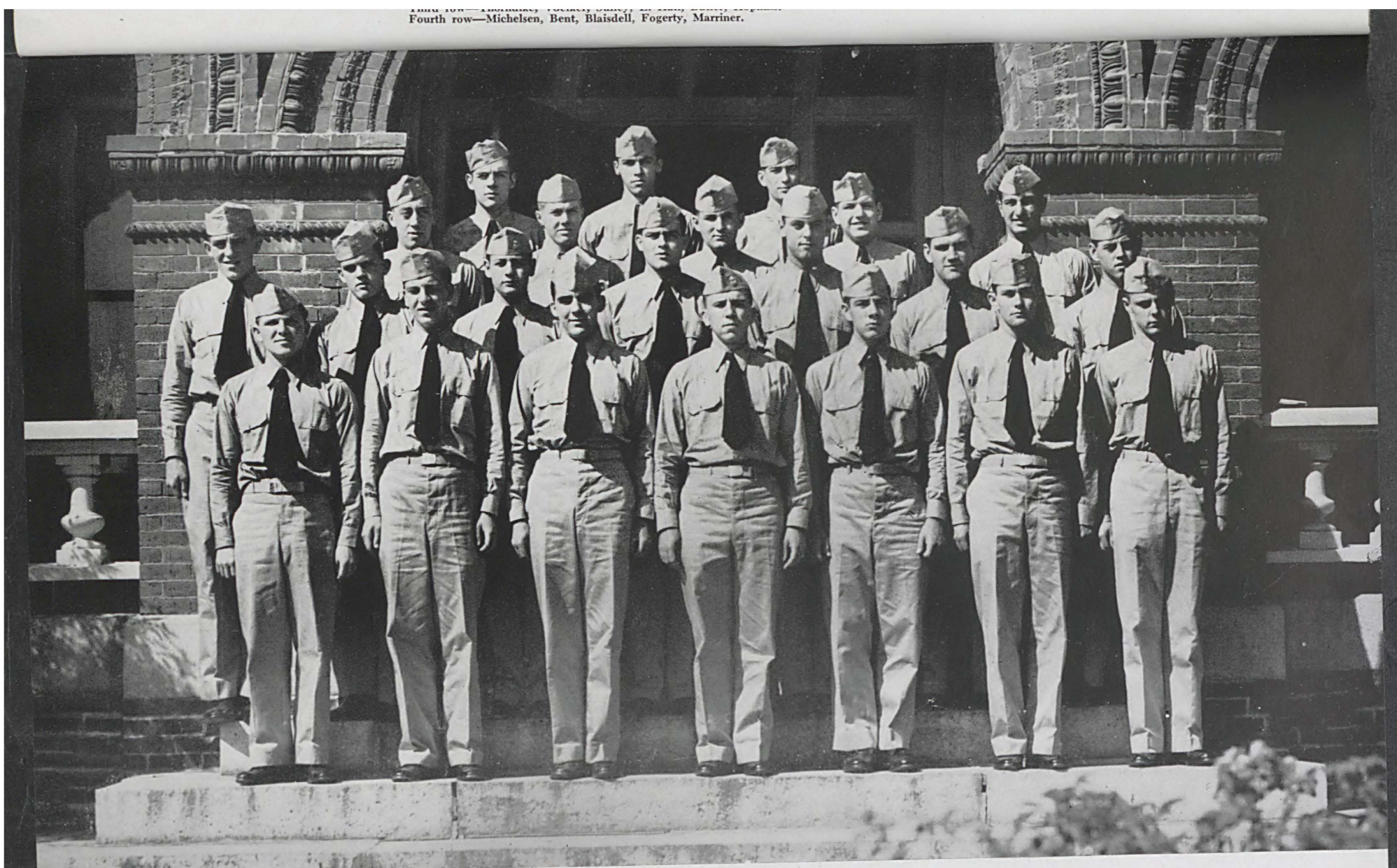
MIDDLE
AND
UNDER CLASS







Front row, l. to r.—Maher, Robins, Dame, Mitchell, W. Bailey, Kom Losy, Cummings, Gamache, Fowler.
 Second row—Lowell, Higgins, Finn, Megquier, Hansell, E. Bailey, G. Hall.
 Third row—Thorndike, Voelker, Sulley, E. Hall, Butler, Hopkins.
 Fourth row—Michelsen, Bent, Blaisdell, Fogerty, Marriner.

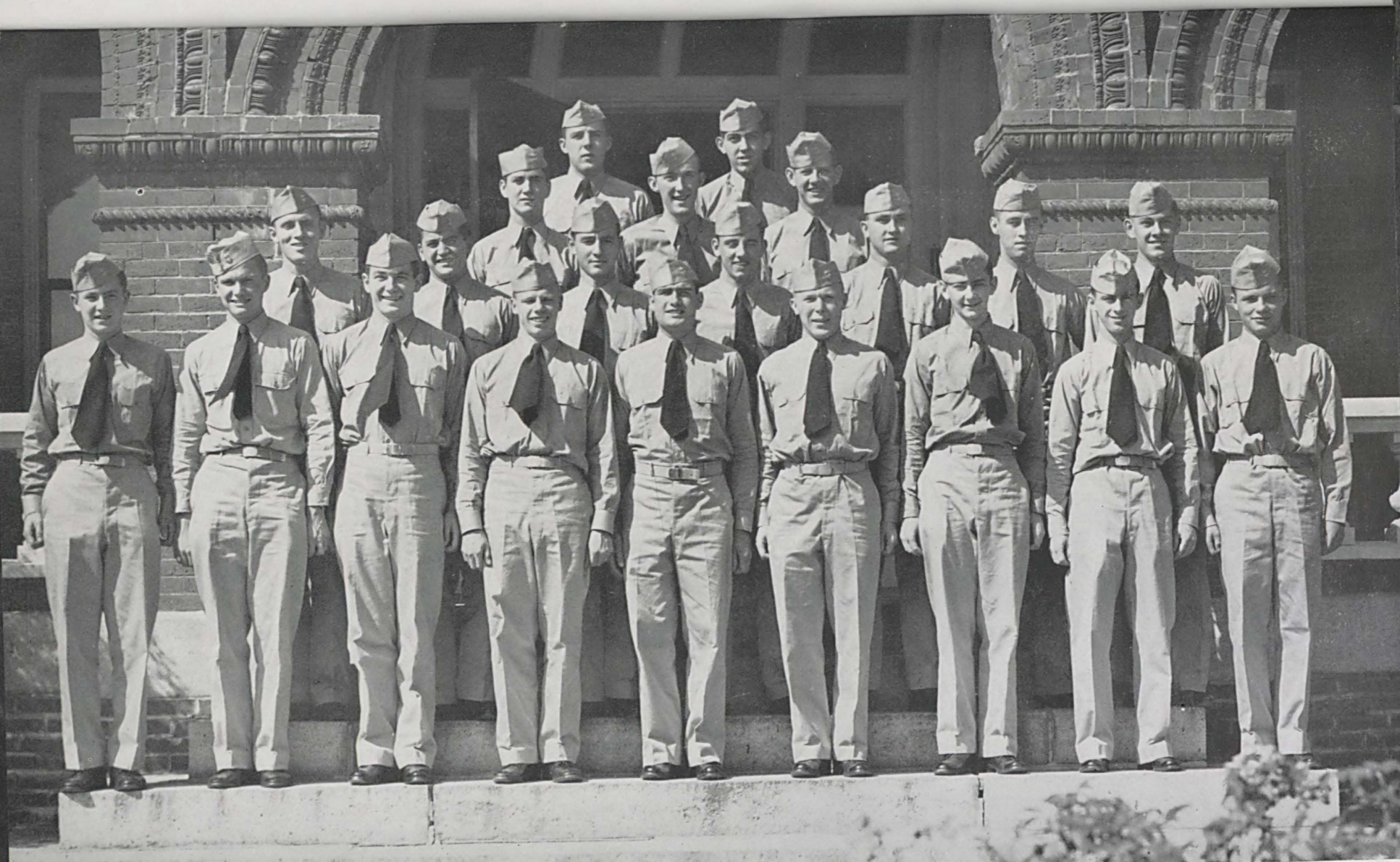


Front row, l. to r.—Levensailor, Ketchen, Mooney, Passons, Johnston, Ganter, Black.
 Second row—MacPherson, Miller, F. Legere, Ingalls, Genest, E. Legere, Gagne.
 Third row—Jenkins LaCount, Joseph, Herrick, Galanio.
 Fourth row—Holmes, Sullivan, Lunt.



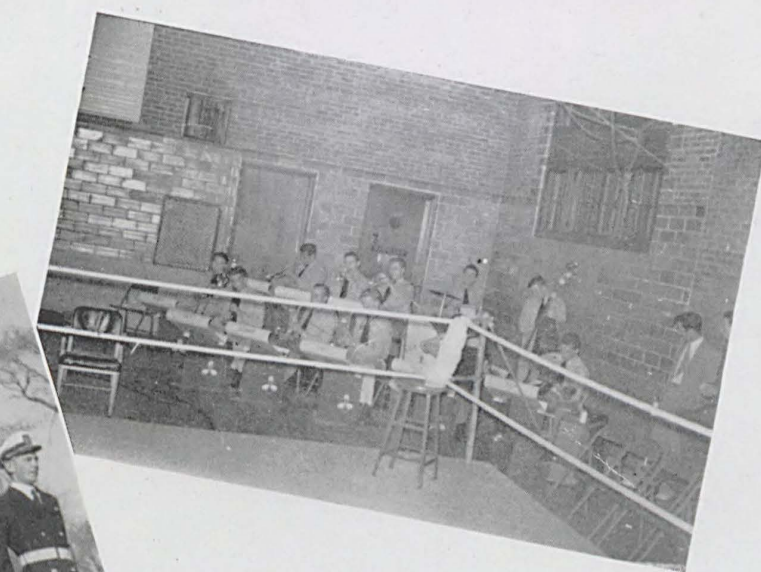
Front row, l. to r.—Zulka, Martin, Scontras, LeClair, Letourneau, Hamor, McLean, Philbrick.
 Second row—Blodgett, Edwards, Regnery, Saville, Goff, White, Pilon.
 Third row—Donahue, Schuler, Doughty, Koppenberger, Herbert.
 Fourth row—Evans, Brown, Morse, Mossman, Simone.

Fourth row—Evans, Brown, Morse, Mossman, Simone.



Front row, l. to r.—Richardson, Sones, Perry, Poulin, Pearson, Mosko, Swan, Welch, Pike.
 Second row—Phipps, Throumoulos, Orkins, Wood, Smalledge, Young, Sawyer.
 Third row—Woodhead, Trainer, Nickerson.
 Fourth row—Norbert, Wallace.

ACTIVITIES



THE RING

The Ring of '49

Stone of red, setting of gold,
The ring of '49
And its story is now told
Of how it got to be.

One eventful day in July
The class of '49 made its first appearance,
A number of boys scared and shy
But strong of heart and full of endurance.

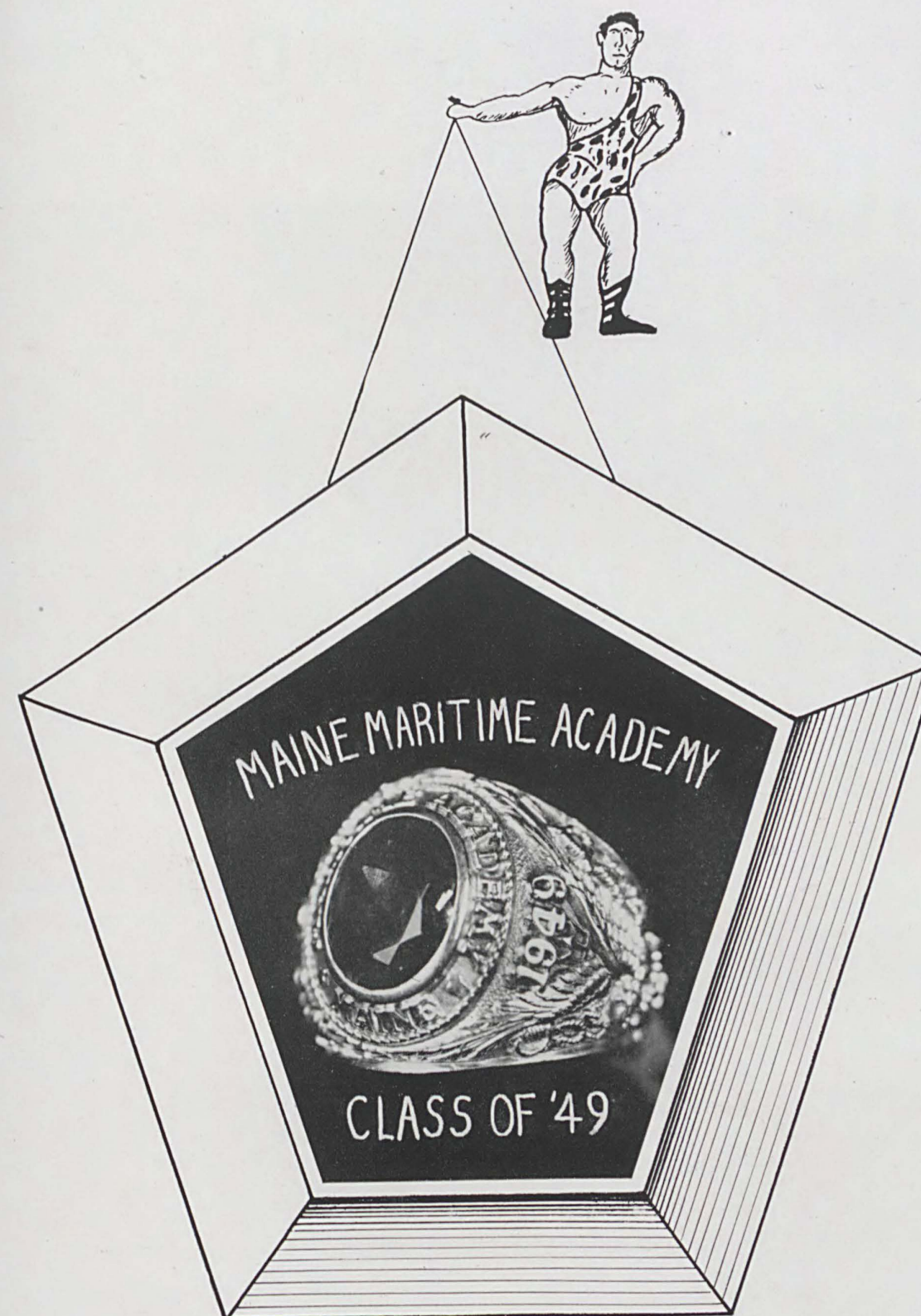
As the third year drew near
And their upperclass had gone
Tales of a symbol were brought to ear
Of a ring, for their achievements long.

The boys, now men of the sea,
If their pride is such as mine,
The honor and privilege is theirs to be
The wearers of the ring of '49.



The Ring

Our ring chairman, Midshipman E. C. Collor, should at this time be congratulated for his long hours spent in trying to bring to each Midshipman of the upperclass a symbol of his three years of work at the Academy—The Ring of the Class of '49.



THE BAND



Front row, left to right: Crosby, LeClair, Cummings, Sleeper, Evans, Hopkins, Philbrick
2nd row: Hamm, Murray, Evans, Chamberlain, Brown, Joseph, Swan, Mosko, Johnston
3rd row: Voelker, Rueff, Elias, Simes, Savelle, Robins, Ganter, Pelley, Galiano
4th row: Jobin, Mahan, O'Donnell, Marriner

Soon after the arrival of the underclass work was begun on enlarging the present Academy band. A few weeks after this had been done the air early one morning seemed to ring out with a loud sweet sound of music, it was then that we now had something to be proud of . . . A GOOD BAND.

Our feelings were soon shared with others and a number of requests were received for the band to participate in different cities for their celebrations. The band has taken part in a number of parades in Bangor, in September it took part in the State of Maine Lobster Festival at Rockland, and on V-J Day the Academy band marched in Hallowell, in the evening of the same day the band was given the honor of being asked to play for a concert; let it also be remembered that the Academy band can be seen almost any Friday afternoon marching through the streets of Castine playing that "Shipping Over Music."

ON PARADE



The band at morning muster.



The band marching at battalion inspection and review.



Midshipman Richard D. Crosby, Bandmaster



Midshipman Calvin R. Pelley,
Drill Master

Late in August of our second year a new organization was formed by Midshipman C. R. Pelley with the assistance of Midshipman J. F. Campbell: The Crack Drill Squad.

After a few weeks of practice the group put on a show for the Battalion. Ever since that time the intricate maneuvers of the Drill Squad have become a part of the Battalion inspection routine.

The history of the Drill Squad is short, but crowded with performances at Brewer, Bangor, Portland, St. Petersburg, Fla., and Castine. The Squad acted as the honor and salute squad at the Memorial Day celebration in Castine, and on V-J Day in Hallowell. The men in Navy blue dress uniforms with white caps, white belts, leggings, gloves, bayonets, and shiny rifles are well known wherever they have drilled. Those who have not seen them perform at a football game or parade, have read about them in the newspapers.

DRILL SQUAD



MEMBERS

Midshipman Calvin R. Pelley	. . .	Drill Master
Midshipman John F. Campbell	. . .	Squad Leader
R. Wentworth, Guidon Bearer	A. Philbrick, Drummer	
D. Skoog	H. Hugo	D. Rosenberg L. Richards
W. Bailey	N. Megquier	L. Zulka A. Mitchell
E. Bailey	J. Simone	D. Edwards R. McLean
J. Pilon	R. Weston	L. Lowell W. Brown



Midshipman John F. Campbell,
Squad Leader

THE KADETS



Maestro LeClair and the Kadets

Trumpets—Crosby, Charron, LeClair

Trombone—Robins

Saxes, Alto—Chamberlain, Gallanio, Martin

Saxes, Tenor—Ganter, Fossett

Clarinet—Hopkins

Drums—Philbrick

Guitar—Matzer

Bass—Murray

Accordion—Sleeper

Piano—Black



IN ACTION



The Kadets at our first Senior Smoker



The "Kadets" under the direction of maestro Rene LeClair have proved themselves as an asset to the Academy on a number of occasions. The Orchestra has been commended continuously by the parents and friends of the Midshipmen for their performance on National Maritime Day and for the number of times that they have played for Smokers, Oak Grove Dances, and our own little get-togethers. But on Graduation Day the orchestra will play the sweetest music this side of heaven for the graduating class of '49.



The Orchestra on one of our cruises

Middies Invade Land of Neptunus Rex

CASLINE MAINE MAST

Vol. 5
Number 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

Entered as second class matter April 19, 1945, at the post office at Castine, Maine, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

June
1947

COMMENCEMENT—JUNE 28th

Committees Named; To Receive Commissions

The sixth class of Maine Maritime Academy will march their last mile June 28, 1947. For them will begin a new career, new responsibilities, perhaps even a new life. For them will end two years of study, two years of comradeship, two years of musters and liberties and restrictions and reveillies.

These seventy-nine deck and engineer officers will receive their diplomas and licenses from the superintendent, Rear Admiral Joseph W. McColl, Jr., who welcomed them in 1945. At 1400 the customary procession and march by the entire battalion of midshipmen will culminate on the campus lawn before Dismukes Hall. There the graduation address by Doctor Charles F. Phillips, president of Bates College, will be heard. Addresses by other distinguished guests, including Honorable Ralph

(Continued on Page 3)

Admiral McColl to Leave Academy

By Warren Hamm

At a recent meeting of the board of trustees, the resignation of Rear Admiral Joseph McColl, Jr., U. S. N. (Ret.) was regretfully received.

Admiral McColl has been superintendent of the Maine Maritime Academy since May 9, 1945. During his administration he has accomplished a great many things for the Academy. Among the most outstanding ones are: he was instrumental in the procurement

(Continued on Page 3)

Maritime Day at Academy Big Event

Castine, May 22—The Maine Maritime Academy today paused to observe National Maritime Day—a day set aside each year for the people of the nation to honor the American Merchant Marine and "those who go down to the sea in ships." Various civic organizations throughout the State gladly gave their assistance to their Maritime Academy to observe a day set aside by Presidential proclamation. For the future officers of the American Merchant Marine the day has a special significance. For a young school whose graduates have already established for themselves an enviable reputation on the seven seas, the day has a special meaning. It was fitting indeed that the main feature of the day's program should be the presentation of a memorial plaque by the Alumni Association in memory of the three graduates "who went down to the sea" during the war.

The program began at two o'clock and was broadcast over WABI. Midshipman Elmer Leonard, USNR, sounded assembly, and quickly, efficiently, in a disciplined manner, the battalion of cadets assembled. Midshipman John Eden explained the purpose of the program and gave to the radio audience a description of the Academy campus and of the beautiful historic little town of

(Continued on Page 3)



Rear Admiral Joseph W. McColl

Cadet Officers Are Chosen

By Philip Riley

After considering several men for each position, the officers and faculty appointed the following Midshipmen as Cadet Officers for the coming year:

Raymond J. Pouliot, the new Battalion Commander, came up from Section D-3. Ray graduated from Durfee High School of Fall River, Mass., where he played baseball and football. After leaving high school, he entered Wentworth Institute and studied aeronautical engineering. He left there, after four months, because the Navy took over, and went to Northeastern Aircraft, where he completed his course in aeronautical engineering and received his C. A. A. license. After his graduation he worked for both Eastern and Northeastern Airlines. He came to the Academy in July 1945, then taking the engineering

(Continued on Page 3)

Yankee States Completes Cruise

The Yankee States left Castine for its trip to the warm South in the face of a real winter storm. It was with some difficulty that the ship cleared the harbor, but before long we were tied up at Commonwealth Pier in Boston to finish putting on supplies, and a new anchor. After a delay of several days the Midshipmen sailed for Bourne, where the rest of the ship's complement, the Massachusetts cadets, were embarked. This was only a stop of several hours, and with spirits as high as the weather was cold the "States" was off for the Caribbean. Little did the Middies know what was to happen in the following few days.

Out of Boston, the Yankee States encountered the roughest weather of the cruise, and in a surprisingly short time the "seasoned" sailors of three days at sea were trying to figure out what was the deck and what was the

(Continued on Page 6)

McAlister Selects Mast Staff

This issue of the Maine Mast is the first in what is hoped will be a monthly paper. A completely new staff, headed by Herbert McAlister, has taken over and will try to keep the paper from folding up as completely as it did this last year. Several columns will be revived, one of them a "Letters to the Editor" section, in which the editors hope the Maine Mast readers will supply the material, as there is certainly enough to discuss around the school now. So come on, Middies, and Alumni,

(Continued on Page 7)

MAINE MAST



MAINE MAST STAFF IS PICKED

The following Midshipmen have been members of the staff for the past year

Midshipman W. M. Maher	Editor-in-Chief
Midshipman D. D. Rosenberg	Assistant Editor
Board of Editors	
Midshipman P. Sias and G. Martin	Sports
Midshipman R. LeClair	Music
Midshipman E. Collar	Bilgewater
Midshipman F. KomLosy	Artist
Midshipman H. Hugo	Photography
Circulation	
Midshipman J. F. Campbell	Manager
Associate:	
Midshipmen R. Crosby, B. Van Note, R. Bent, W. Hamm, and W. Robins	
Alumni News	
Lt. (jg) Edward Langlois, USNR	
Adviser	
Lt. Comdr. Harrison Small, USMS	

The school's own dirt sheet, The Maine Mast with Midshipman W. Maher and his staff who have tried to give to the midshipmen, the Alumni and friends of the Academy all of the news at our beloved Maritime.

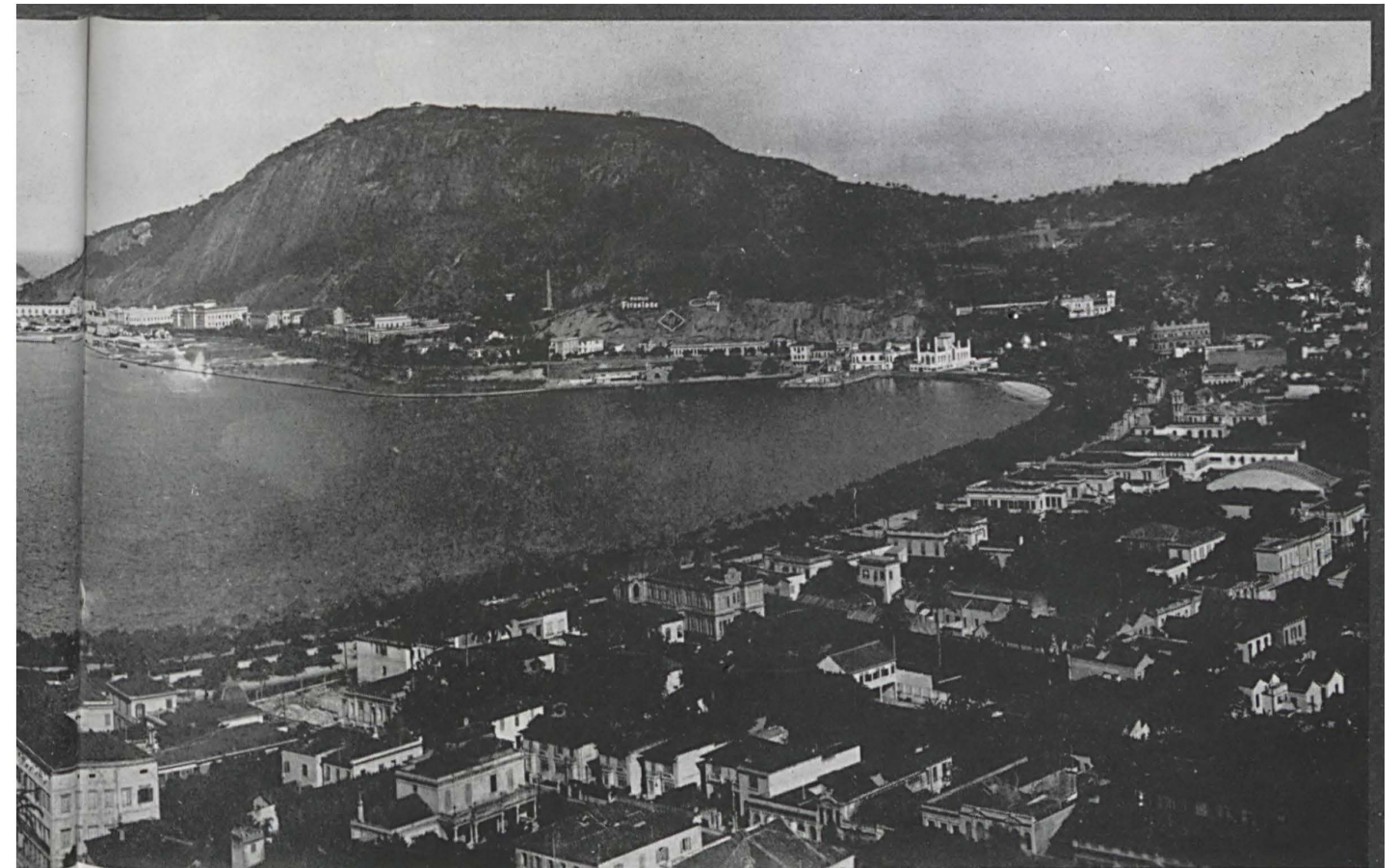
The paper is published monthly for the sole purpose of keeping us informed as to just what has been going on in the Academy and in the shipping world of today.

We have been informed of the news as a poor little Midshipman, and hope to be kept informed of the news as a man of the sea and an Alumni of Maine Maritime Academy.



IO DE JANEIRO - PANORAMA DE BOTAFOGO.

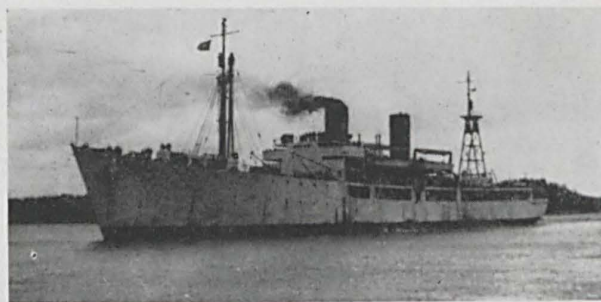
FIRST



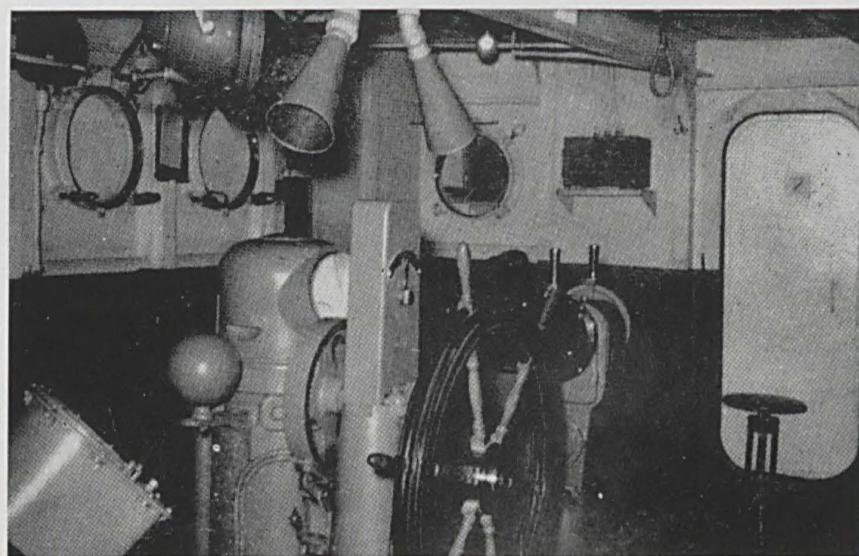
CRUISE



T. V. YANKEE STATES



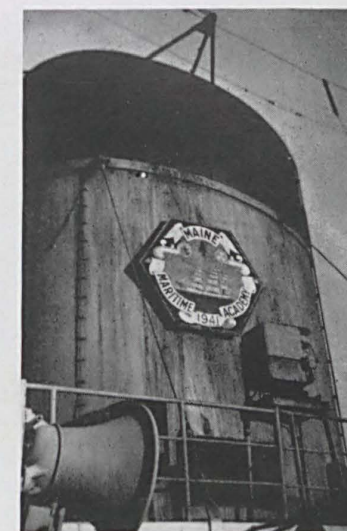
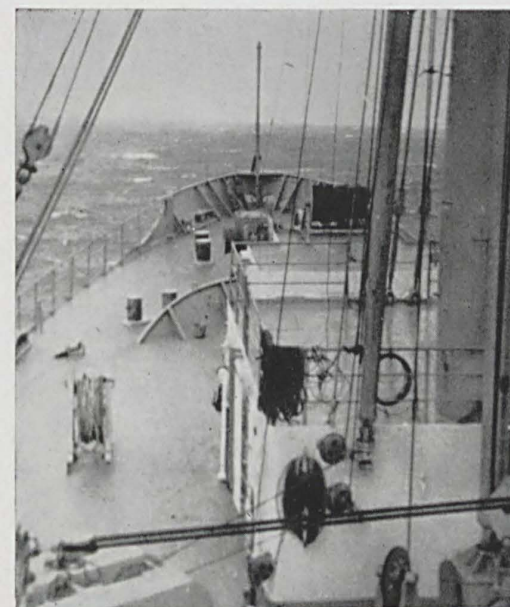
Remember way back two and one half years ago when we went on our first cruise. Were we green, in more than one way at times, and did we have a lot to learn. Of course no one could have told us that then, but now being a little older and I hope a little wiser, in the ways of the sea, we can look back at our first cruise,—as mugs.



Break Out Your Shovels

January 2, 1946, what a day, we loaded supplies on the "States" until our backs were broken. They said there were easy ways to do it, with cargo booms, but as there were more mugs than cargo booms it was faster this way using us. This had only been going on for a week by now and so it didn't matter much, what were a few hundred tons one way or another, and anyway my feet had frozen three days before. Unfortunately, for us, the Maine winter had started. But at last after being delayed by a blinding snow-storm we were finally underway and steaming down Penobscot Bay. From the amount of smoke belching from the stacks it was very evident that the upper-class engineers needed a little training.

At Sea



Sougee Needed?

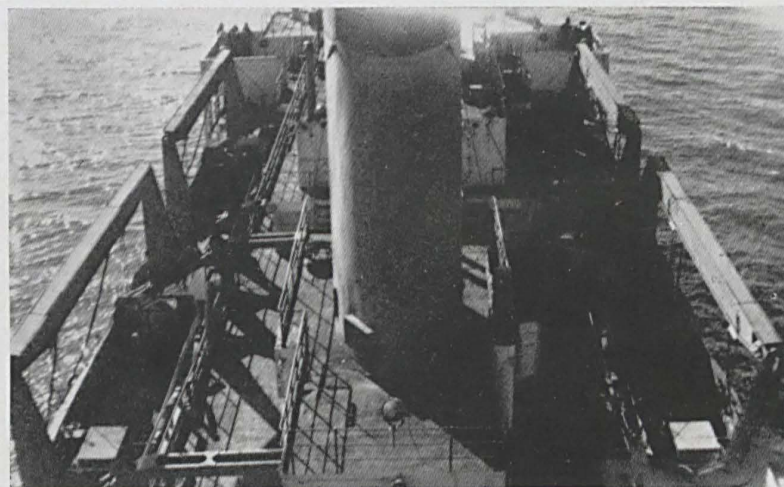
That's how we left Castine, in a cloud of smoke, off on another training cruise in warmer waters.

What a life, this was what we had missed New Year's for; yes, we were loading supplies then too; but being bow lookout that night really topped it all. Never did it get so cold, and we were supposed to be on a Southern cruise. Despite it all we made Boston without mishap and tied up at Commonwealth pier. In one night at sea, our first, already we had doubts, the group starting out as deckmen wondered what the procedure was to become an engineer and the group which started as engineers wondered why it made so much difference how you put the tips back into the burners after cleaning them.

In Boston, the liberty party was mustered and shoved off. The rest of us "mugs" turned to loading more supplies. Yes, I'd thought it was impossible to put anything else aboard but under the able instruction of Commander Shaw, the first Lt., Bos'un Beavan and Bos'un Stewart we proceeded to learn about stowage factors. However, our time came and we too were granted liberty.

For the first time in a week we were on our own, beyond the reach of the nearest and any upperclassman. We were midshipmen once again on our first liberty. Boston is a big city and we quickly scattered and disappeared, each to his own haunts, knowing that tomorrow we would be shoving off once again.

Tomorrow came fast, too fast for many; but nevertheless we cleared Boston harbor headed for the Cape Cod



Little Did They Know!!

Canal. After a brief stop at Bourne to pick up the Massachusetts Maritime contingent (more upperclassmen) we left the Canal headed for Panama, we thought.

That was the longest week's trip we ever took but we learned one thing, if nothing else. It takes fresh water to run a steam driven ship and somehow salt water doesn't work at all, especially when it gets into the boilers. But going back to where we left the canal, that night we ran into a storm. It wasn't long before the rails were lined with those unfortunates who suffer from seasickness. There was only one thing they wanted, but they were out of luck as that ship liked to roll, and continued to do so for the entire cruise. Their troubles were only minor compared to the chief engineer's. He was running out of fresh

We Needed It!!



The Wind Blew

water and the evaporators somehow were not operating. The only thing to do was head for the nearest port which was Norfolk, Virginia. But while he was worried about making port, we sailors, of three days standing, were enjoying the ever increasing crashes down below as more and more dishes, books, shoes, and everything else not secured properly went skidding from one bulkhead to the other with every roll. What a mess but we were too busy trying to keep ourselves right side up to worry about anything else. We were learning fast, by our mistakes if in no other way.

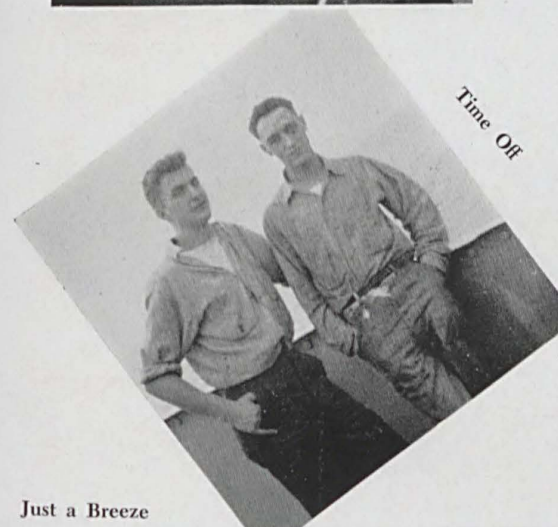
With the help of the tugboat "Relief" the "Yankee States" finally was tied up at the piers of the Army Base in Norfolk. Those aboard here were a very bedraggled, dirty, and unshaven lot, to say nothing of being a little surprised at the unexpected turn of events. With the addition of a little fresh water we almost looked like people again and were ready to go on liberty. We didn't know it then



Home for 21 Days



Someone's on the Bridge with "Buffy"



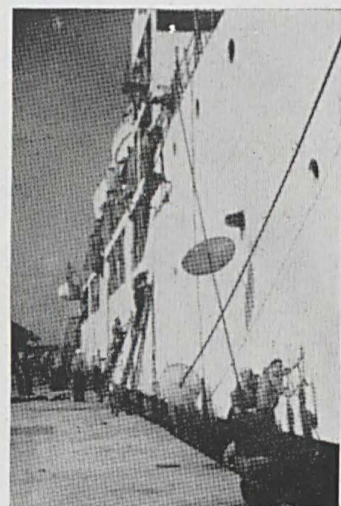
Just a Breeze



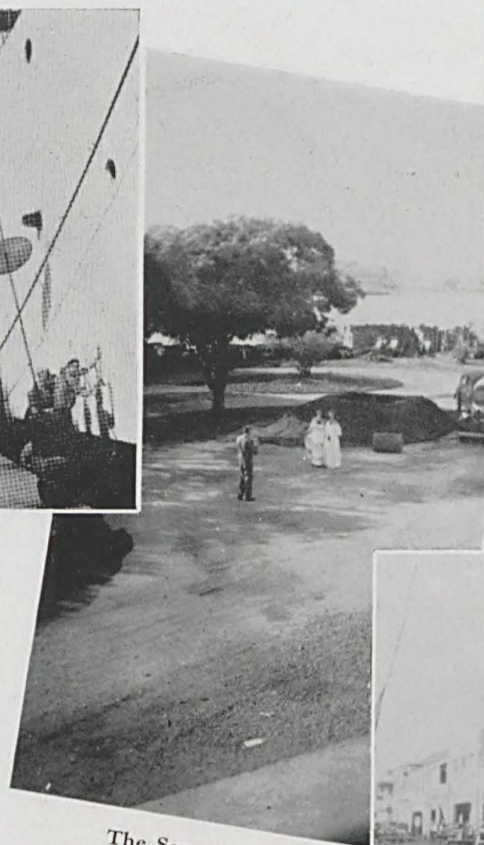
but Norfolk was going to be our mailing address for the next three weeks.

This was about the lowest point during the entire cruise as day after day dragged on and workmen seemed never to get anything accomplished. On deck there was much painting, chipping, and scrubbing of paintwork; most of the manual labor being done by us underclassmen. For the engineers it was little different, they painted, scrubbed deck plates and learned about the engine room from top to bottom. The insides of the boilers became common knowledge to all, all who were small enough to fit inside. At times it seemed as if they would never get them cleaned out and usable again. Then there was Norfolk itself, and Newport News across the bay. We were a shipload of Yankees below the Mason-Dixon line in a Navy town. Not a very desirable combination especially when we had much better uses for our money than squandering it on the amusements of Norfolk,—movie theatres and bars.

When we had all given up hope of ever leaving, the unexpected happened and we were at last at sea headed for Cristobal and warm weather. The trip down was perfect, we got into the schedule of watches and work very quickly and by the time we had passed San Salvador our ghastly white pallors were giving way to a rosy pink, in some cases as pink as the Caribbean was blue. We passed many islands, Rum Cay, Cat island, the Bahamas and finally went through the windward passage into the Caribbean. It was all the travel folders had said it would be, warm, sunny, and very peaceful. It must have been a relief to our families when they received our letters mailed from Panama. Our out-



Mudge's
Volunteers



The Senioritas



Cash Street



Panama

look on the future of going to sea had brightened considerably from our reactions to the same in Norfolk.

Captain Grey docked the "Yankee States" at the Coco-Solo Naval Base in Cristobal with the ease which comes from experience and practice. During the entire cruise we looked up to him as a fine seaman who had the touch of a real sailor. That along with his ever present smile made him a favorite with all, deck and engine alike.

Such a reception we received in Panama, a sound truck playing swing records and a couple of very attractive USO hostesses. It was a fitting reception for a good liberty port, also our first foreign port, and for many of us the furthest yet we had ever traveled. As usual one watch stayed aboard while the other was granted liberty. The liberty party headed for Cristobal and Colon and soon were lost among the mazes of shops. It was the "Yankee Trader" versus

the Panama merchants in a game to see who could buy the most and best for the least money. Alligator bags and cronographs seemed to be the most popular items for sale and then there was the night life. Few will forget the Copacabana and Florida Clubs and the Doghouse Bar. Few will forget how fast their money disappeared in a few short hours, especially when in the enjoyable company of one of the "blue moon" girls. Yes, Panama gave us a good time, and we gave Panama a good percentage of our paychecks, and very painlessly at that. On board the ship, however while one group were seeing the sights the other painted during the daylight hours and at night they too were entertained, by a USO group who came aboard.

When it came to sailing time, the "Yankee States" had one freshly painted gleaming white side, to offset the deep tans which her crew now had from their labors under the tropical sun. With a

good time behind us we were set for the long haul to Recife, wondering what lay in wait for us there.

It was a long trip but there was one incident out of the ordinary to break the routine. Everyone suddenly became very pollywog and shellback conscious, the majority of us were pollywogs or those uninitiated to the ways of King Neptune Rex, ruler of the deep. The fateful day was not long in coming and we pollywogs were to find out what all the frantic construction being done on the boat deck was for. It was all part of the preparation of the shellbacks to welcome their long lost ruler, Neptune and his swashbuckling friend, Davy Jones. At last one of the many lookouts sighted the broad white line which marks the Equator and the festivities began. It was a wild day and who can forget the court of Neptune once you have been escorted into his presence by Davy Jones with his ever ready trident. By the time we reached Recife most of us had recovered from our ordeal by water and felt fully qualified for the title of "shellback".

It was a wild ride we took into the harbor at Recife under the conn of the

pilot, and we finally tied up at the dock with no more casualties than ramming one tug which came under our stern too closely. Our arrival after this episode was no secret to the city. We had been announced by the blasting of the whistles of every ship behind the breakwater.

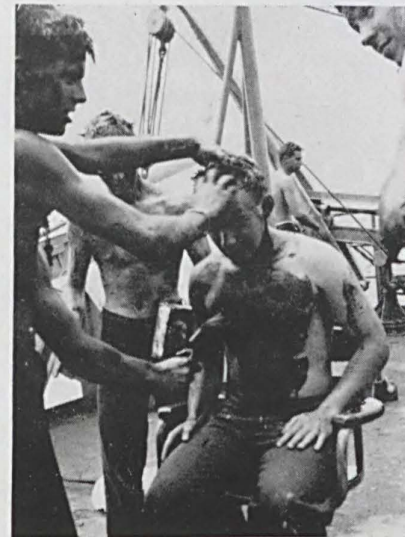
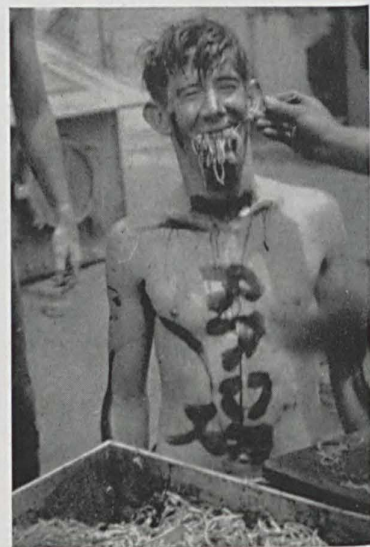
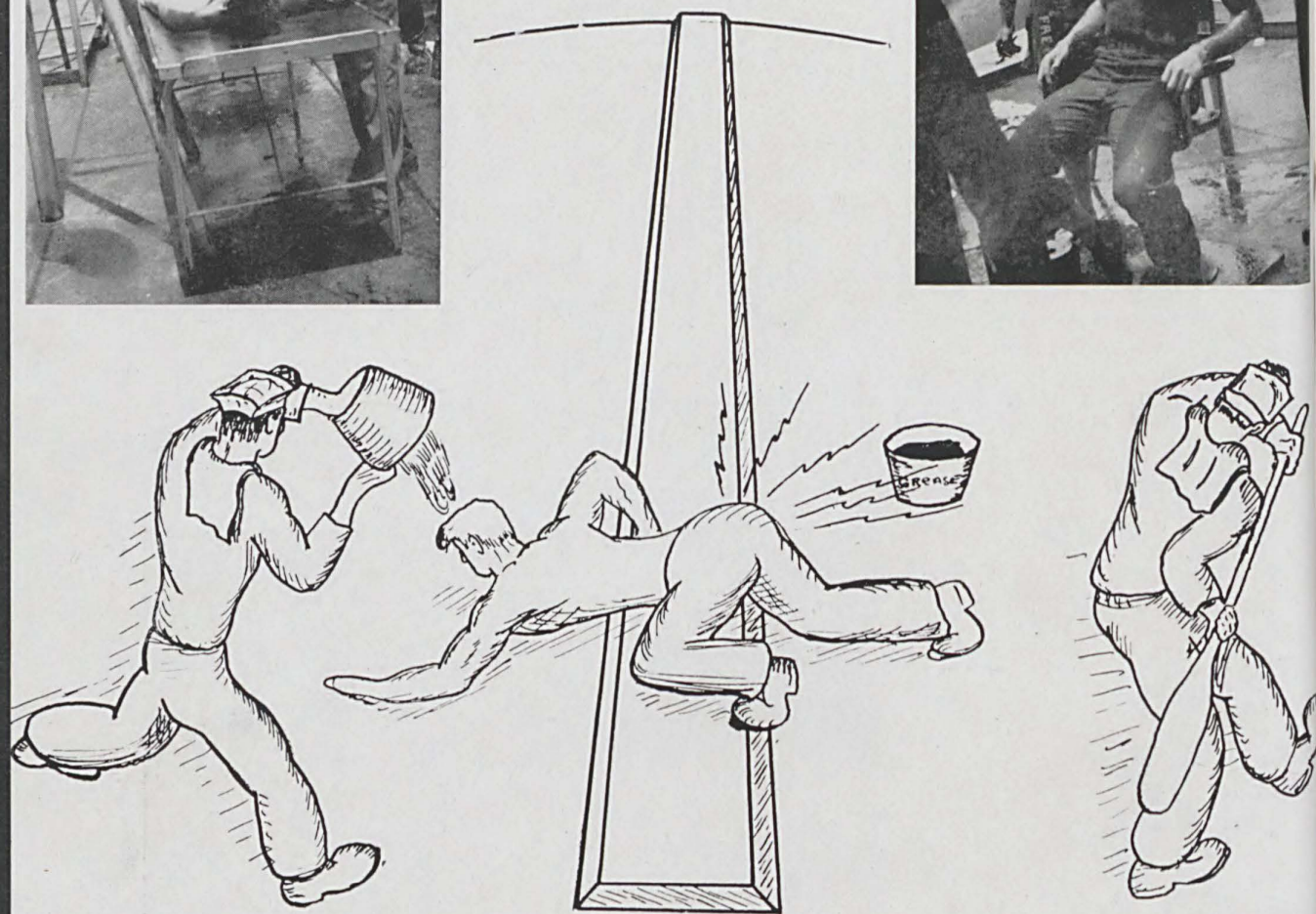
Recife, Brazil, our first encounter with the Portuguese language and a monetary system unlike our own. It was amazing to see what a collection of differently colored and sized cruzeiros a ten dollar bill could be exchanged for. But, unfortunately, they went just as fast in larger quantities as our own money did in smaller quantities. The leave party after getting their cruzeiros started their explorations. Soon little groups were scattered over the city, finding it much like any other city, except populated by a different race of people with an unintelligible language. There were hotels, stores and always the bars, dance halls, and even a zoo. But the place where everyone seemed to go at one time or another was the Grand Hotel. Here English was spoken and a good meal was served. After wandering across the numerous bridges and through the streets for a day, with a few wild taxi rides in

Rio Bound





CROSSING
THE
EQUATOR

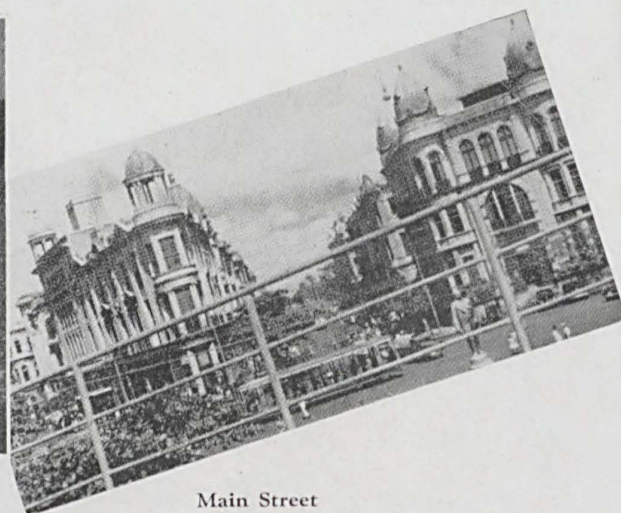




Breakwater

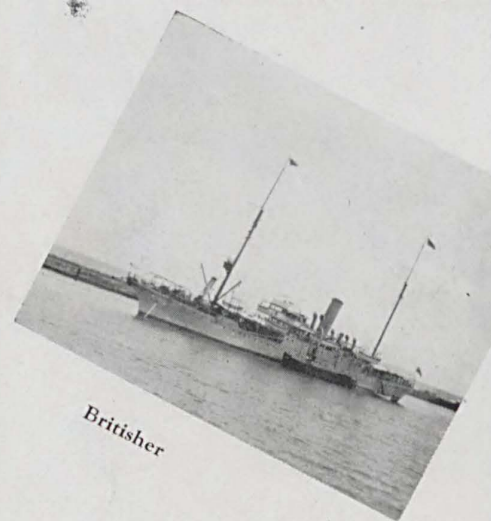
between, groups would start moving back in the general direction of the ship with tales to tell of what a carton of cigarettes could be traded for and how much their haraches had cost—in cruzieros. When liberty time was about over we would go back aboard, through the crowds which had been there since we arrived and, as it turned out, stayed until we left. Except for one tragic occurrence, the death of Midshipman Egan, Recife owed us nothing and it wasn't long before we had cleared the breakwater, headed for Rio, the Southernmost terminus of our voyage.

The trip from Recife to Rio was short compared to the preceding trip from Panama and our time went quickly. By this time drills were expected at any time and we had been through them so often that they no longer resembled the disorganized confusion they once had been. On the watches everyone had been broken in to his duties and no longer did

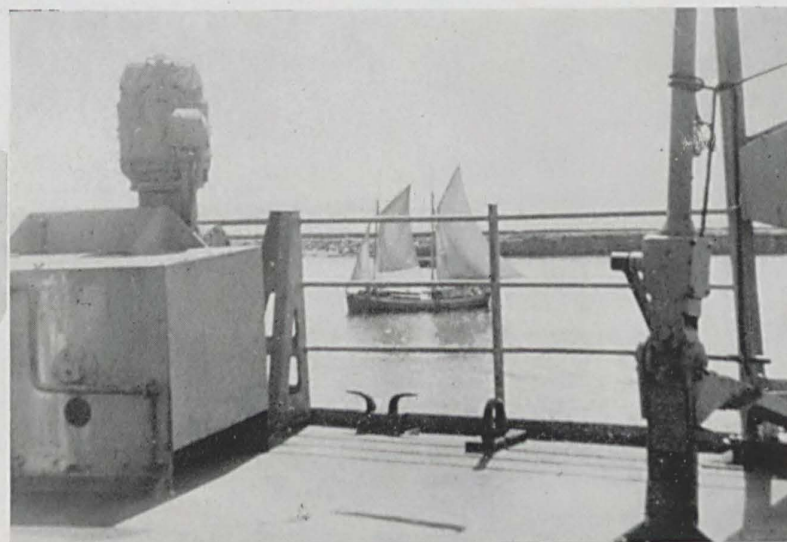


Main Street

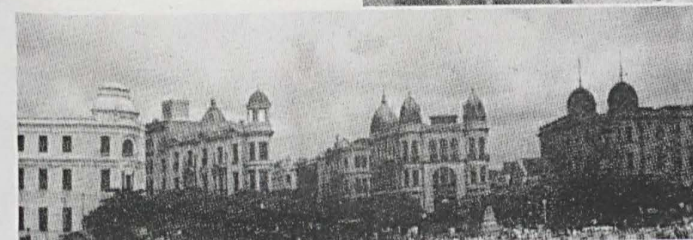
the wake of the ship resemble the path of a snake, except when occasionally someone placed his jackknife on the compass to tilt it so they could see it better. Everyone had relaxed a little, that is, except the first lieutenant, whose responsibility it was to fight the battle of the rust and keep the chipping hammers and paint brushes in constant operation. It was an endless battle and the constant racket of (dozens) of chipping hammers at work made sleeping below next to an impossibility. The weather as might be expected was still warm but each day we would have several rain squalls which would thoroughly disrupt any work going on above decks. Unfortunately the engineers were not able to take advantage of these situations. For a while the PA system with its "secure all ports on the port side" came as regularly as the relieving of the watches. Before we knew it preparations were being made for entering Rio. It was just another



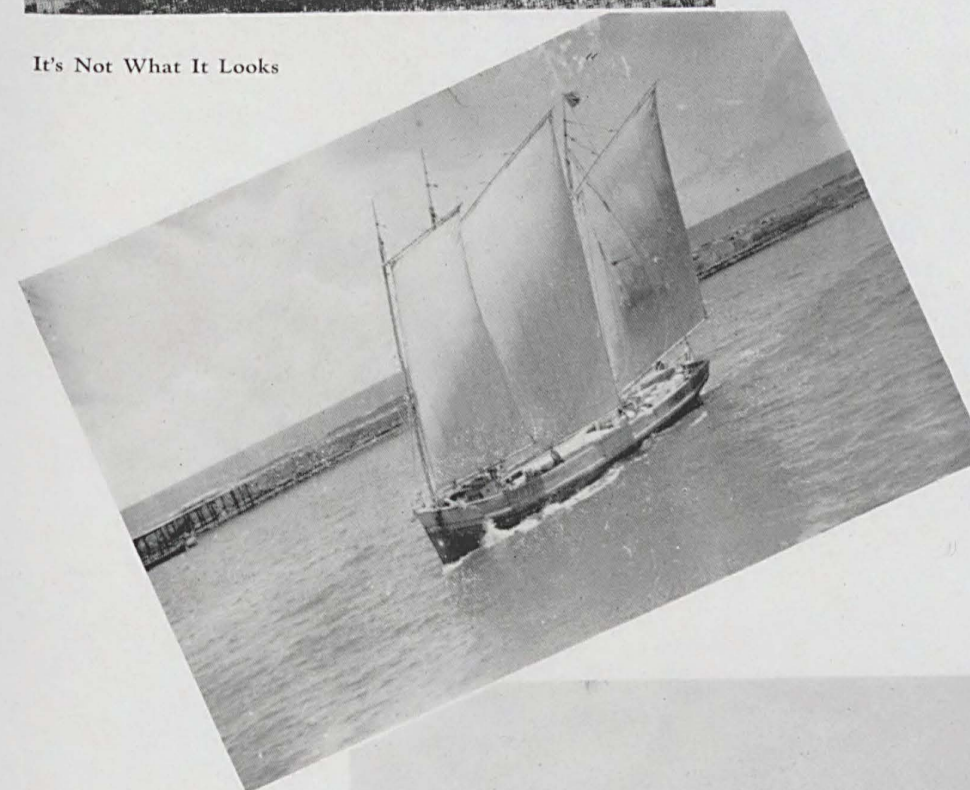
Britisher



Yankee Strangers

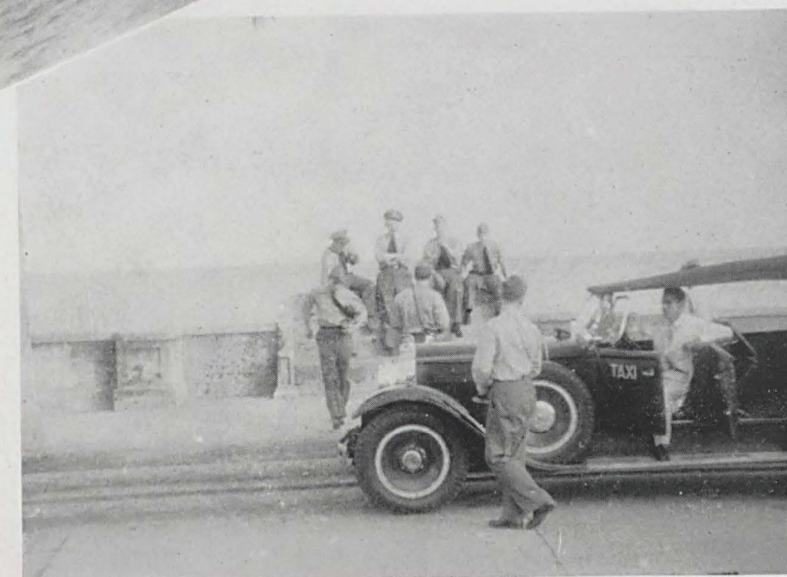


It's Not What It Looks



Latest Thing—
Columbus Style

Sightseeing To All Points



field day, but it seemed to get done faster than those before it. No one wanted to be working below decks when the lookouts finally picked up Sugar Loaf, marking the entrance of the harbor at Rio.

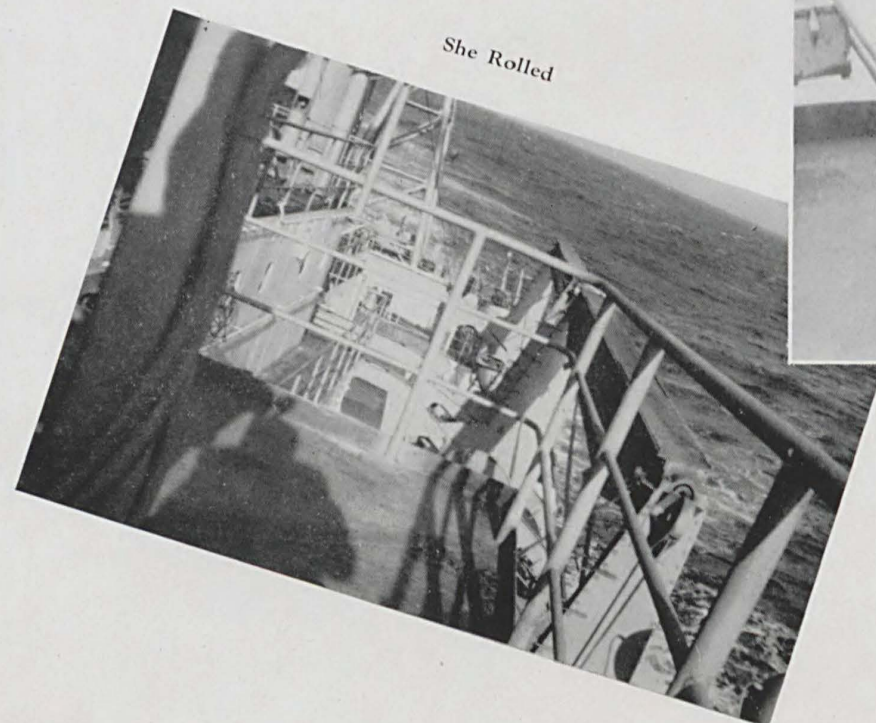
At last we entered Guanabara bay and as the "Yankee States" passed Sugar Loaf, a beautiful white city came into view. It was a sight! We moored in the bay and soon our LCV's, now being used as liberty boats, were in the water and ready for use.

There is lots to do in Rio as we all found out, some Midshipmen were more fortunate than others, meeting people who were anxious to show their city off. Others of us had to manage for ourselves but either way it seems that we all had a good time. Some went over to Copacabana beach, some up Corcavado, and others took the cable car ride up to the top of Sugar Loaf. Some went up to the mountain resorts and others explored the numerous bars and night clubs which the city abounded in. Some just walked around the city, through the tropical parks, on sidewalks made of inlaid tiles and brick, and when they got tired there was always a sidewalk cafe within the

Sunday Afternoon



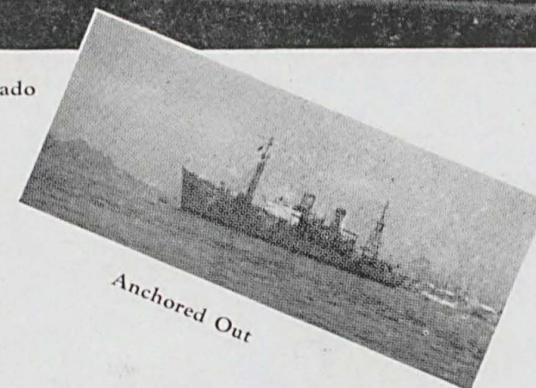
.... and She Rolled



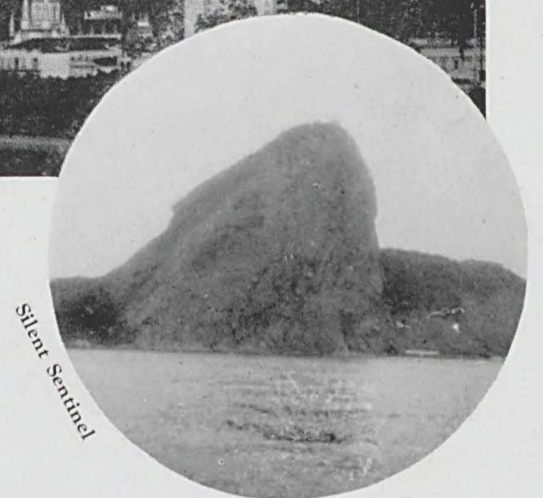
She Rolled



Corcavado



Anchored Out



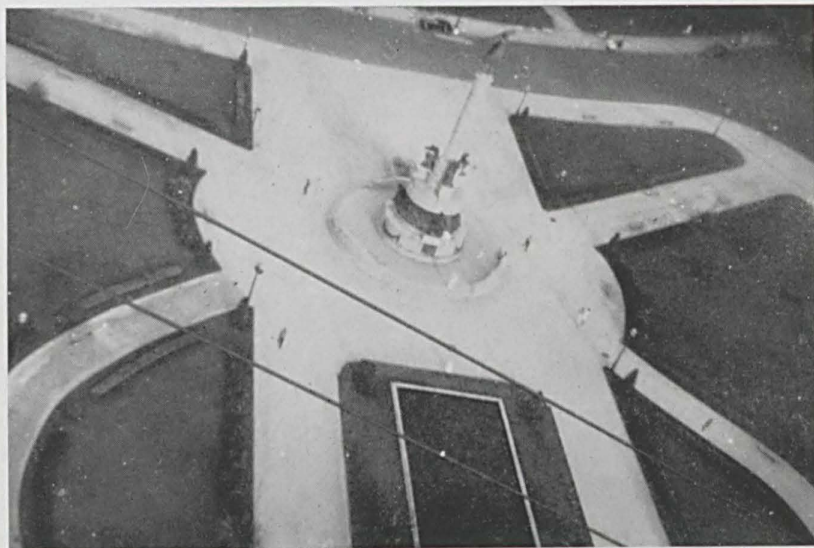
Silent Sentinel

block serving ice cold cervaza. Somewhere in our travels most of us managed to pick up a gift or two in one of the many shops, in Panama it was watches; in Recife, haraches; in Rio, Butterfly trays and rings.

The highlight of our stay was the party given in our honor by the American Ambassador and Mrs. Pawley. It was a party and dance deluxe, with all the lavishness Rio could offer. There was an enormous buffet supper and numerous young senoritas to occupy the time of those who preferred to dance. The waiters with their trays of clinking glasses were patronized by all and as the evening progressed it became easier and easier to samba to the tunes of the orchestra. But like all good things, the fun eventually had to end and after many good-byes we returned to the ship.

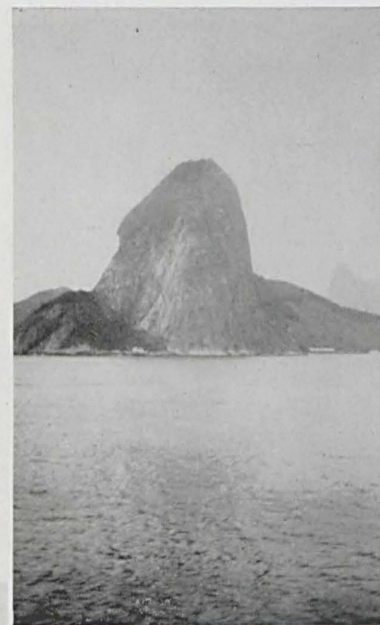
There was more to come, tours of the Bay sponsored by the Brazilian navy, and a trip to their Naval Academy for those who wanted to go. Sailing time came and we left Rio with many memories of pretty senoritas and good times, and things we wanted to do when and if we ever returned. As we steamed out of the harbor an American squadron of warships steamed in with much saluting and whistle blowing. It was their turn for a good time.

Leaving Rio meant among other things, that the time had come for the underclassmen to switch their duties from deck to engine and vice versa. So once again we were lost learning what our jobs were, in a different department of the ship. This time however we weren't quite as green and caught on a lot quicker to our new jobs. We grad-



Skyroad To
Sugarloaf

Azucar Loa



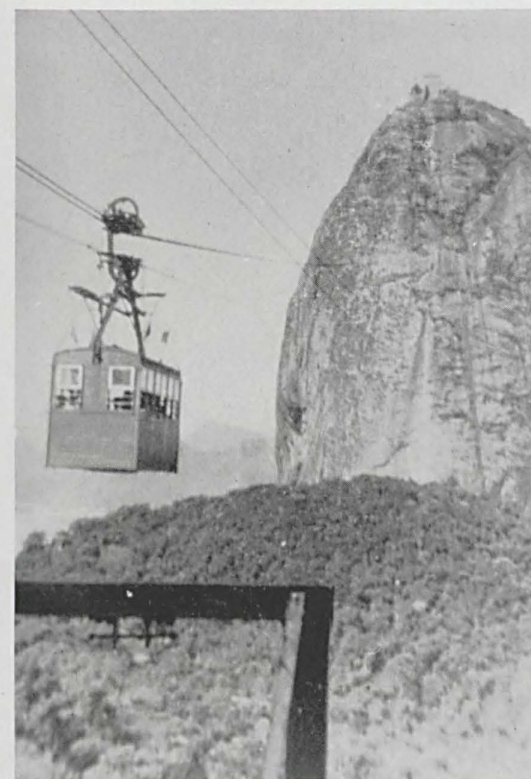
Copocabana
Beach



Looking Down

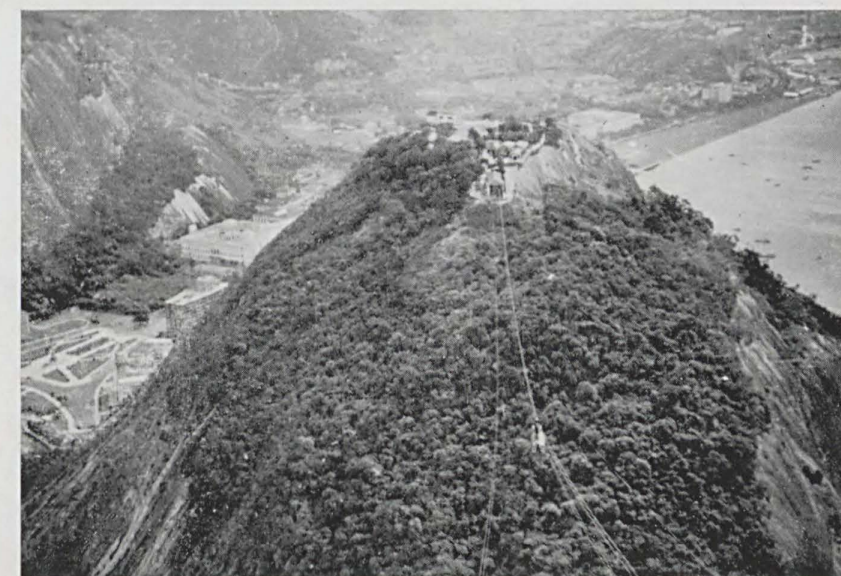
ually were learning what made a ship run.

It wasn't long after the change when someone decided that the engine room bilges needed to be cleaned and painted. The cleaning was bad enough and then we eventually put on three coats of paint. After two coats of chromate we thought a good job had been done and replaced the deck plates getting everything cleaned up in general, when someone decided that bright yellow was not the color to leave the bilges. With pots of grey paint this time, we disappeared below the deck plates into the maze of pipes and steam lines. To move around would have been an effort for a contortionist. Several days later the yellow had given way to grey, and we crawled out from down below in our paint soaked dungarees. Those dungarees as long as they lasted were a remembrance to all



Going Up?

of an unpleasant job well done. On deck they were having their troubles too. It rained so much that slickers were the prescribed uniform for painting, but despite it all the "States" began to look like a diseased animal, all covered with yellow spots. We must have been quite a sight to any ship passing us.

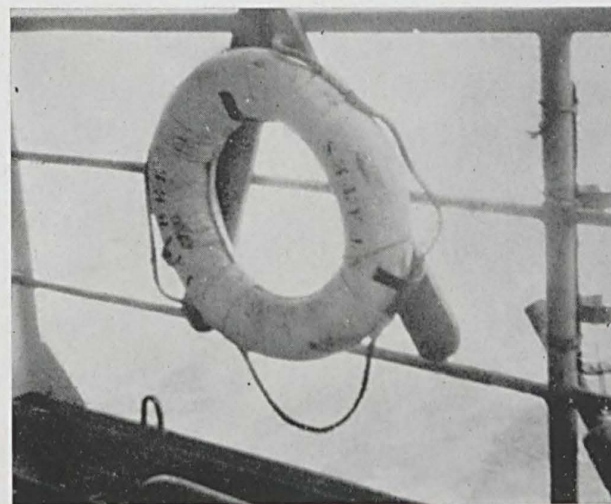


Aloft

We soon were up to the equator again and another surprise, however not quite of the same type as we had on our trip south. The weather was actually cold and it wasn't uncommon to see people wearing peacoats, where before shorts and T-shirts were the uniform. Our chief concern was that as a result of the weather we were all losing our tans, somehow it didn't quite seem right to go on a southern cruise and not come back with a tan. Eventually tan or no tan we began sighting land as we neared the Windward Islands. We passed Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Martinique and many others. Without any apparent change in the islands their white beaches or their green hills the names changed from the Windward islands to the Leeward islands and it wasn't long before Puerto Rico was ahead and on it San Juan, our next port. Fourteen days at sea and San Juan looked good to us all.

San Juan was not new to our upper-class as they had been here the previous year, but all was new to us. At least we were back to an English speaking population which made getting around a little easier. There were numerous places to be entertained ranging through everyone's tastes for types of entertainment, from the Canada Beach Hotel to the King's Club. Here also was our last chance to buy souvenirs, a case of Barcardi or a hundred pounds of sugar,

Ain't It Purty



Just In Case

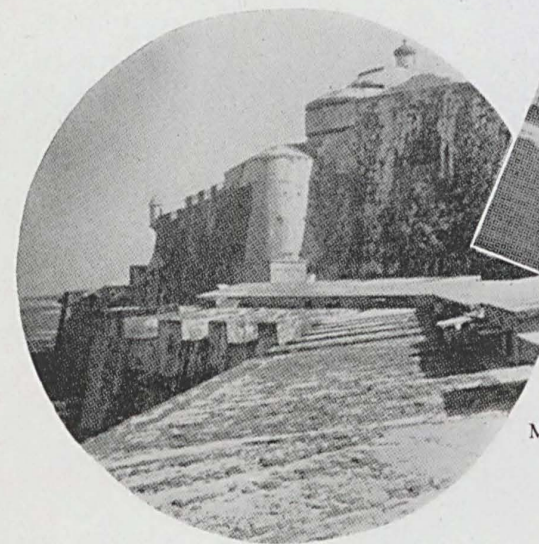
depending upon whom they were for. The Yankee traders were always open for a bargain and with rationing still on at home sugar in any quantity was bound to come in handy. The USO gave a dance for us at what formerly had been the "Casino of San Juan". The following day the ship was moved to the Navy base where she was fueled for our trip home. It seemed strange to think that Portland was going to be our next stop, and we would be home after three months of travel.

We put out to sea past the Morro Castle. It was a perfect day except for a heavy ground swell hitting us from

Muster All Underclassmen



Staged



Morro Fortress

Liberty Lines



dead ahead. Even at this late date there were many aboard who retired to their sacks "not feeling too well". Not many of us who went on that cruise will forget the antics the "States" went through even in a slight chop. Her habit of lifting her bow out of the water and crashing it back down again jarred us out of a sound sleep many a time. After each crash she would vibrate until the next. This would continue until the seas subsided a little or we changed course. And roll, that was her middle name even if not painted on her bow. But despite it all we learned a lot and grew quite attached to our ship, even if we wouldn't admit it. After all she was our first ship and everyone knows a sailor isn't happy unless he has a gripe or two.

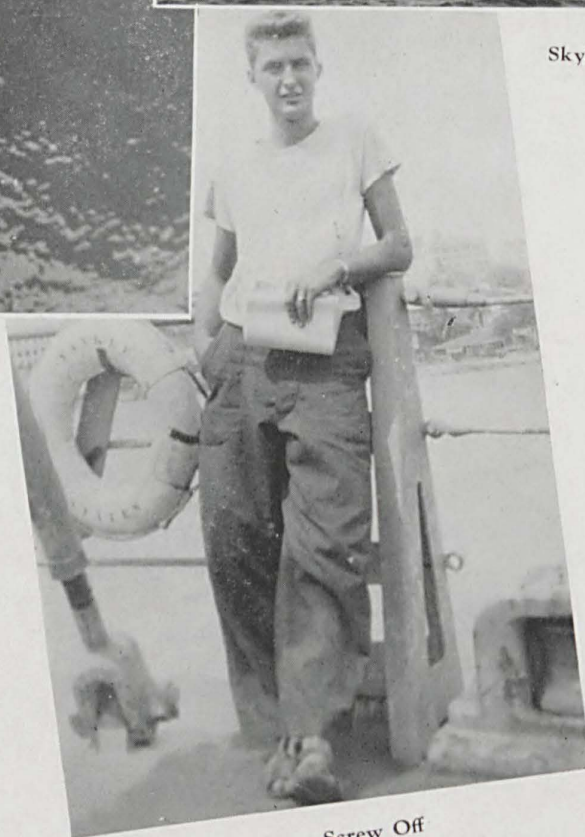
It wasn't long after we left San Juan that it began to get a little too cold for our daily sun baths and it wasn't long after that that pea coats and blues became the prescribed uniform. Even the ship could sense she was headed home and speeded up a little, maybe she too, felt the cold or then again maybe it was because the engineers were anxious to get home themselves. It was a cold night when we passed the Montauk Point light headed for the Cape Cod canal and Bourne. Arriving in Bourne that morn-



Chow



Skyline

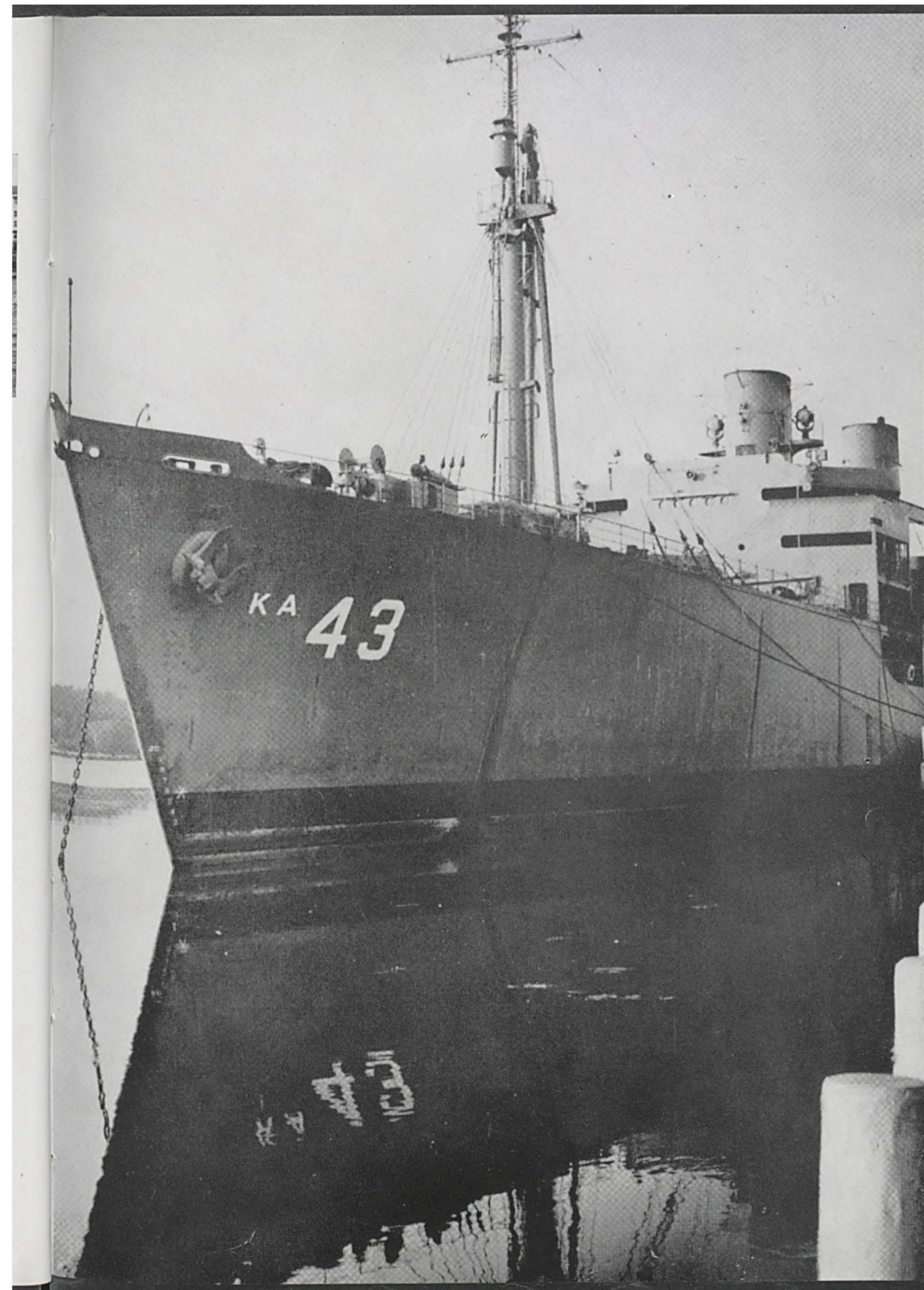


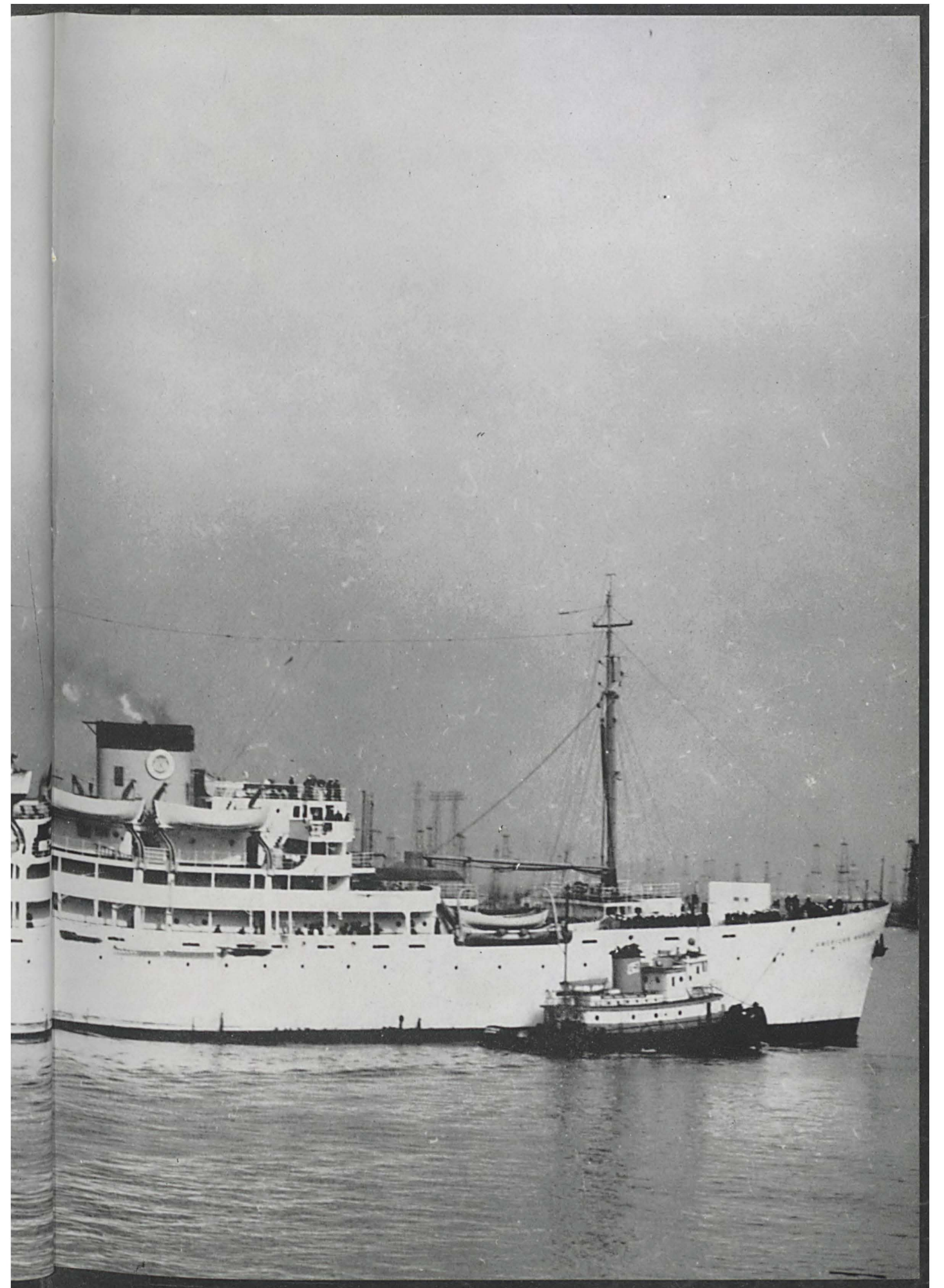
Screw Off

ing it didn't take the Mass. midshipmen long to collect their belongings and disembark. Here also we picked up a few passengers. Several members of the board of trustees and their wives came aboard for the trip back to Castine. After they were aboard and on the next tide we proceeded through the canal headed for Portland. Next morning we were greeted by the Portland lightship and then in a cold drizzly rain we docked in Portland. We looked very out of place, a white ship with a well tanned crew against a bleak April day, but if we were out of place, the right place would have

been hard to find as this was, for all intents and purposes the finish of our cruise.

In a couple of days we tied up in Castine, and with unbelievable speed the ship was unloaded and secured. With this done there was nothing left to do to keep us from our well earned ten-day leave. With home in sight the "States" was forgotten and thoughts of families and girl friends took precedent. But later as I thought it over I knew I had a lot of subject matter to last me a long time and I almost think I wasn't alone in my thoughts.





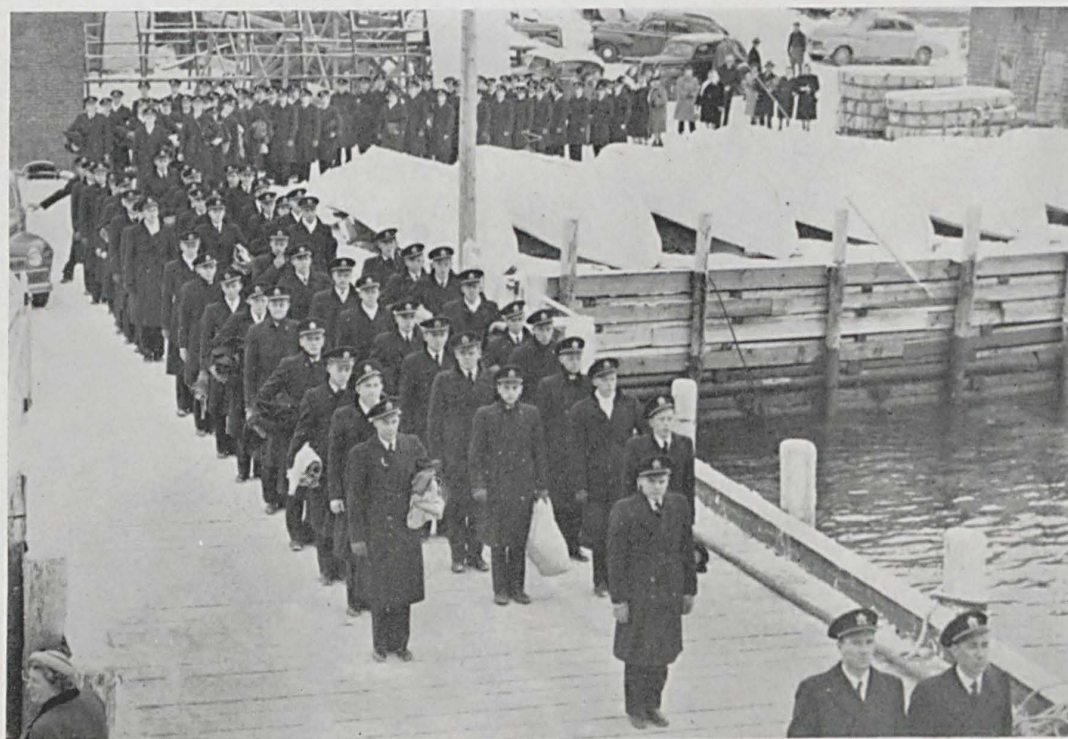
U.S.M.S.T.S. American Mariner

This is written as a collection of a midshipman's memories and not as a factual and chronological report of the second cruise of the class of '49. Some of it will produce a sigh of relief because the cruise is over, but the most of it will bring a feeling of nostalgia for the good old times. Occasionally it seemed that uncalled for hardships were forced upon us, but when reminiscing time comes around, we are inclined to smile and wish that we could turn back to those hardships (so-called) and live them over again.

Remember that January fourteenth back in '48 when the American Sailor steamed into Castine Bay? It was strictly a Castine-winter type day with the sharp wind hurling little eddies of snow over the bleak landscape and whipping the water in the bay into a cold foamed-streaked mass. Consequently we were slowly freezing as we marched from the Academy to the ship that afternoon. Nevertheless we posed on the windswept dock to have our picture taken. As it turned out, the photograph was one to be proud of,—Pouliot and Freeman standing in the fore like icicles, Warren in the rear standing by the little truck to the last, and Kerm in the middle reaching for a car door handle—ready to go home before we started.

Then we finally clambered aboard and gazed about in wonderment, unable to believe that we were on a ship because, after the "States", bless her soul, we thought a ship without rust was an impossibility let alone an improbability.

At the striking of 8 bells the lines were taken aboard and we waved goodbye to the folks on the dock. A vague sensation of loneliness swept over us as we realized that it would be three



Muy Frio

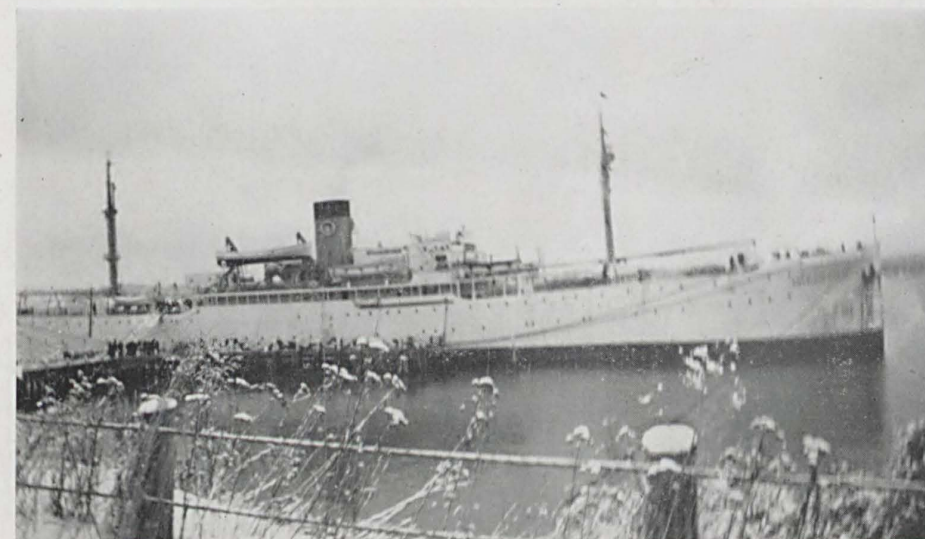
long months before we saw them again. That feeling soon left however when we looked around and saw Castine slipping far astern and turned our thoughts to three months of adventure in the sunny south.

Then Uncle Ed Gentry and Jack Little informed us that we should change into our dungarees if we didn't want to get our blues dirty. We soon got the meaning of this subtle remark.

As the engineers descended to the engine room, they could sense the skeptical and critical eyes of the Maritime trainees upon them. They proved to be friendly though, and consequently the first few watches were hardly more than bull-sessions.

At taps that first night Monhegan was off the starboard beam. The most repeated statement during our first night at sea was, "I hope I don't get sea sick this year."

The same cutting wind was with us the next morning as the Sailor lay off Portland Harbor while a detail of deckmen rowed in after a few additional life boats. Many of the Portland boys wishing they were returning instead of leaving, gazed wistfully at Cape Elizabeth. We caught Charlie Kilby as he started to leap



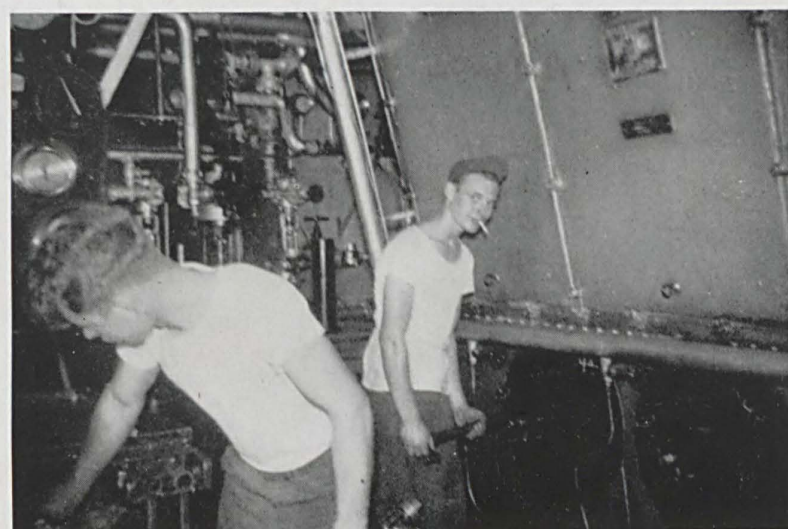
Casting Off



Fire!!



Tail End To



Hubba's Hotbox

over the rail. He was yelling, "Nancy! Nancy! I won't leave you!"

Southward again, through the Cape Cod Canal to Bourne on Buzzard's Bay where we hesitated while our buddies, officers and midshipmen from Mass. Maritime came aboard.

That night one of us overheard a remark from a Mass middle that had us salty ones chuckling in our Wheaties the next morning. It seems that said middle was bent well over in the forward head, and between spasms sobbed, "Why don't they stop this?"

The increasing friction between the Massachusetts Academy and the rest of the complement of the Sailor was exemplified by the cut-

ting reply to the Mass. "B. C." by one of our underclassmen. "Anyone would have a hard time getting work done with 115 passengers cluttering up the compartments."

As we rolled steadily southward, towards St. Pete the deck-apes kept themselves busy on the bridge, taking sights and furthering international relations with Mass. personnel, while the snipes were in the engine-room cleaning burners and tracing lines. Matzer and Howalt, the Jacksonville boys, were spreading propaganda as if they were Florida Chamber of Commerce executives, but when the weather off the Florida Coast resembled a steady down-pour, they were about as popular as Wallace in the 1948 Presidential election.

We docked at the Maritime training base in ST. PETE., "The Sunshine City", in a rain-storm. We'll be a long time forgetting the first message that came to us that night—"Lib-for all hands until 0800 tomorrow; except midshipmen." The clouds and rain that we had come to accept as part of St. Pete cleared away after a couple of days giving us a chance to sight-see. Do these things stir your memories?—Mr. Cease's inspections, Webb City, visiting relatives, The Checker Bar, and southern orange groves hospitality.

It was there in St. Pete that we transferred to our new home, The American Mariner.

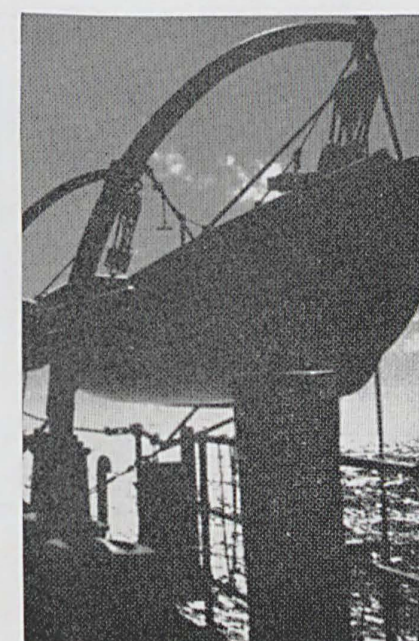


Self-Explanatory



Uniform Dress Blue Baker

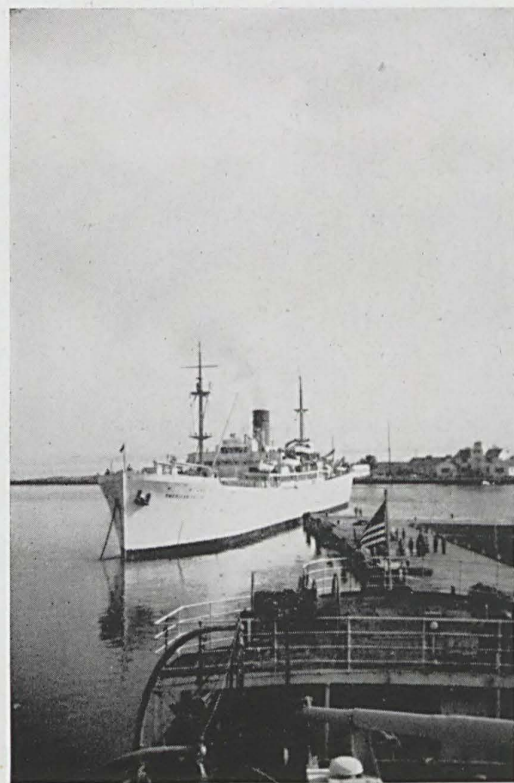
Just Like the Travel Folder



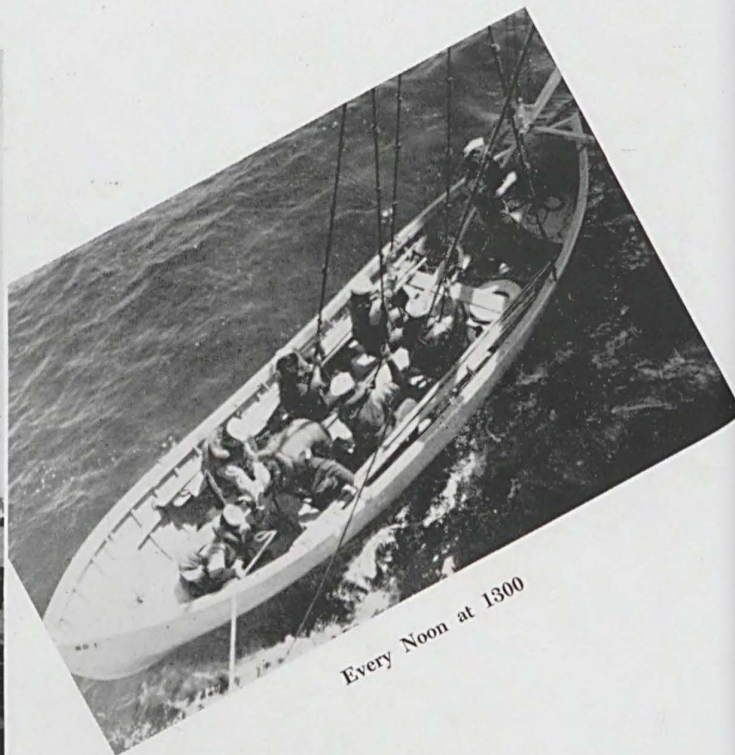
The next few days were busy ones for us as we busied ourselves with the task of readying the converted Liberty Ship for sea; and of course sneaking over to the canteen on the base to appease our mid-morning hunger pangs with sandwiches, chocolate milk and honey-dipped doughnuts.

Captain Milt Shaw piloted the ship out through the winding channel and set our course for the first foreign port of the cruise-Cristobal, Panama.

While cruising through the Carribean, we really had a chance to put our theoretical knowledge into practical use. The deckmen actually took over the navigating of the Mariner while the engineers operated the engine room. As we drew nearer to the Isthmus, all was serene in the deck department—the drills were going off with precision and our position on the sea was hardly ever in doubt.(??) IT was not so below. The ventilating system was not in full operation thus giving the engine



Clear the Way



Every Noon at 1300

room a temperature of 130 140. That is why we referred to it as "Hubba's Hot box," or more appropriately, "The Hell-Hole." It wasn't an uncommon event for two men to pass out from heat prostration during one watch. They were quickly revived and put back to work.

A strange concoction that Gil Perkins called lemonade furnished a slight relief from the heat. Jerry Leighton was a great help, too. After all, he was in charge of refrigeration so why shouldn't he have the keys to the boxes.

Engineering Watch



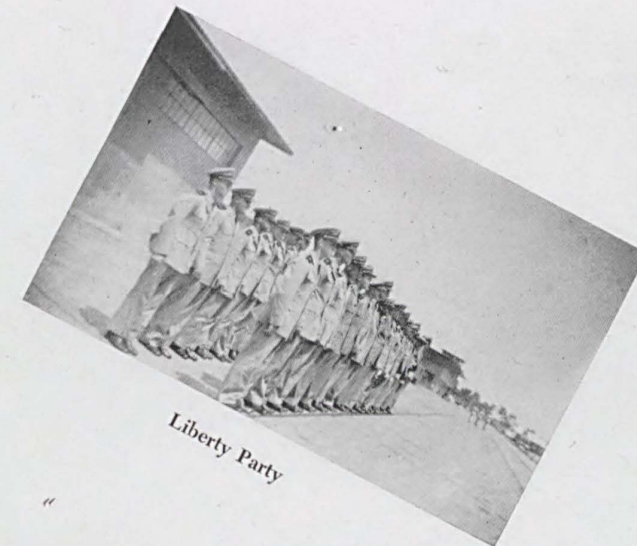
Just in Case



In a few days the struggle came to a temporary halt for we docked at Coco-Solo Naval Base in Colon.

From Coco-Solo the native busses conveyed us into our old stamping grounds, Cristobal. (There, old acquaintances at the Florida Club, The American Club, The Dog House Bar, and of course, The Copacabana, were quickly renewed.)

From Colon we put the Mariner into capable hands as we passed through one of the wonders of the modern world, the Panama Canal. All hands, except those on watch in the engine spaces, lined the rail to watch the



Liberty Party

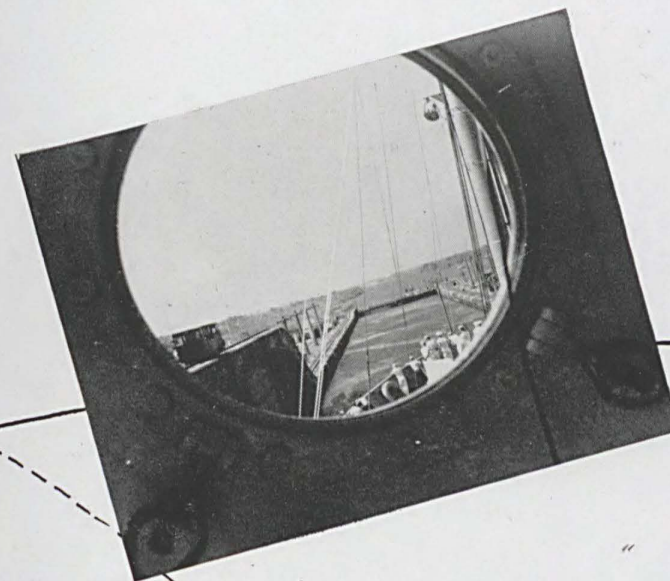
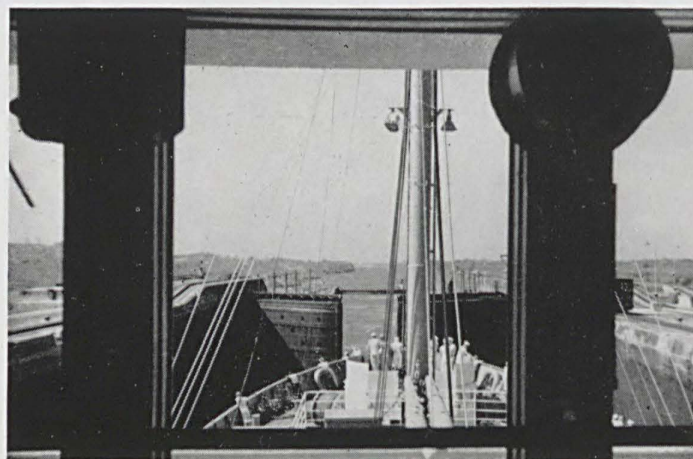
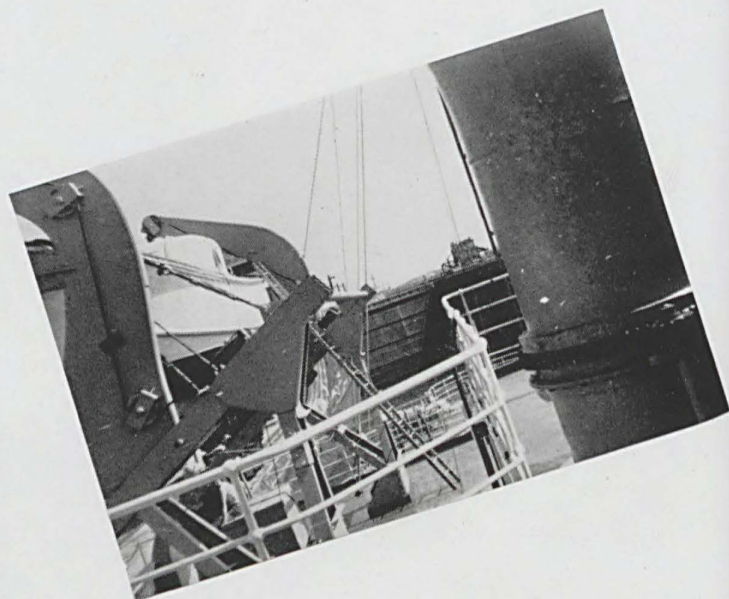
0800



What's Dis Here?



activities of the towing cars, negro workers, and the locks themselves. Perhaps the strangest thing of all is the fact that there are no pumps in the system. All the water used to raise ships from the level of the sea to that of Gatun Lake drains from the lake down through each successive lock. While going through the lake, one midshipman (not to mention any names, but his initials are Phillip Oren Riley) was enthusiastically gesticulating at the islands. When asked what the matter was, he explained that he was going to buy one of them some day and build a shack on it, spend the remainder



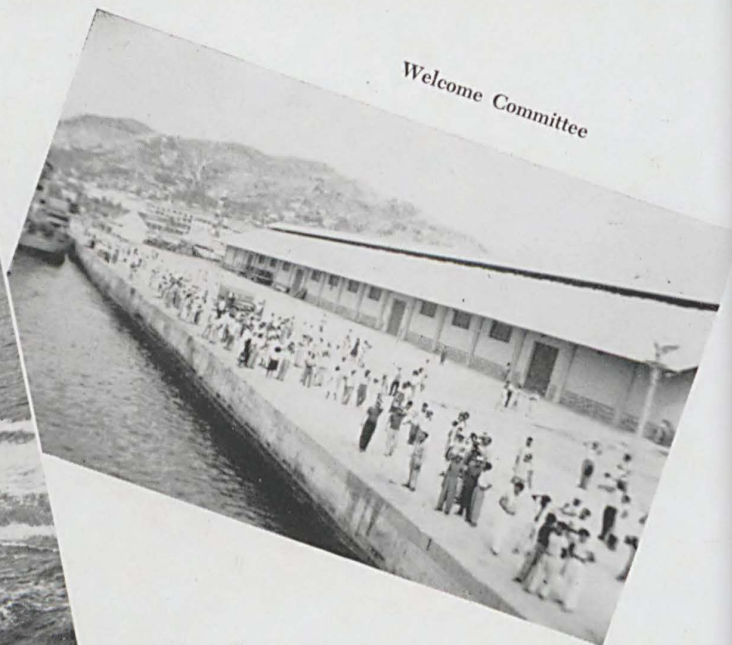
THE
BIG
DITCH

CANAL ZONE

CANAL ZONE



What a Life



Welcome Committee



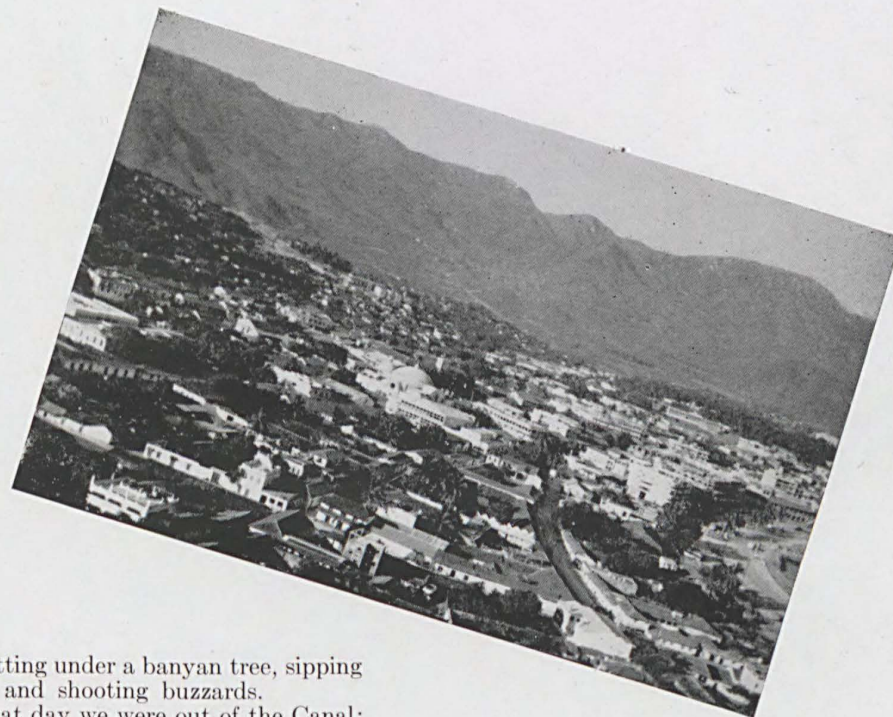
Hey, Meestair!

Cuanto Para Dos Tenedores?



From the Casablanca

Over the Hill—
The Rio Rita



of his days sitting under a banyan tree, sipping mint juleps, and shooting buzzards.

At dusk that day we were out of the Canal; headed for Acapulca, Mexico.

There is an old saying about water being water regardless of where it is, but the Pacific ocean, seemed to be different from the Atlantic.

Ah, yes, Acapulca, —the play ground of Mexico. The first signs of life we perceived as we approached the narrow entrance to the well sheltered harbor were small fishing boats searching for sailfish. The quarry was not to elusive however, for we saw some of them walk across on their tails to the surface of the sea. Wealthy Americans and Mexicans on aqua-skiis sped out to meet the Mariner and escort her to the dock. Before the lines were ashore, a dozen boys in canoes surrounded the ship yelling, "Hey, meestair, gimmee money on da watair!!!" Three or four of them would dive for one coin and descend out of sight in



Gaylord's Paradise



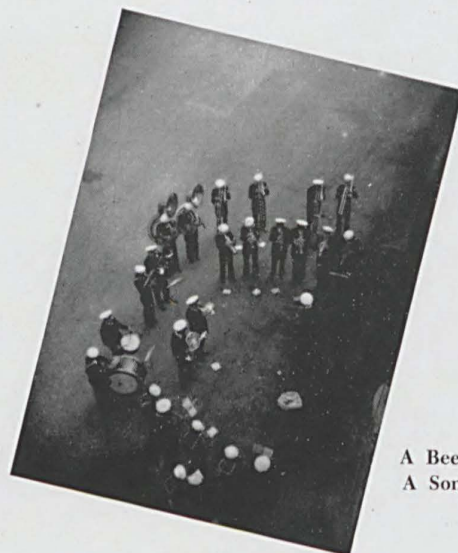
Long Beach

the clear blue water as he pursued the sinking coin. As they burst the surface, the native wearing a blazing white smile was the one that had ventured successfully.

A crowd of the townspeople quickly gathered on the dock and tried to sell us everything from sombreros to turtle steak. As it turned out, we sold them everything from white hats to the American Mariner herself.

Ashore we made our ways through piles of rubble to visit the places of interest. As for eating, Jalindo's, and the Majestic Hotel were hard to beat. As for evening entertainment, the Rio Rita couldn't be surpassed. There was a certain charm there that held us fascinated. The swimming pool at the Casablanca and the atmosphere of the Pirate Ship attracted many. Don MacVane's effort to take in as much of it as possible was in vain, —nuff sed.

Lt. Harry Small made it possible for a few to hire a bus for a trip to Cayuca Beach where good surf bathing was promised. They were not disappointed. Everyone enjoyed the rough sport until the sharks started nosing about.



A Beer
A Song

Deckmen at Work



Dime a Dance

ourselves surrounded by what appeared to be half the U. S. Fleet. Unconcerned we weighed anchor.

As we approached the dock, a Navy band on shore struck up "California, here we come" along with other snappy melodies. We could





In The Rigging

also get a close look at the oil pumps that studded the landscape. They reminded us of the perpetual motion birds that sit on the rim of a glass and tip back and forth, back and forth.

The rumor of a 48 hour leave was verified. The 1½ hour ride from Long Beach to Los Angeles on the electric train (P. E.) was tedious for we were anxious to hit L. A. for all the city was worth. And we did—Hollywood Bowl,



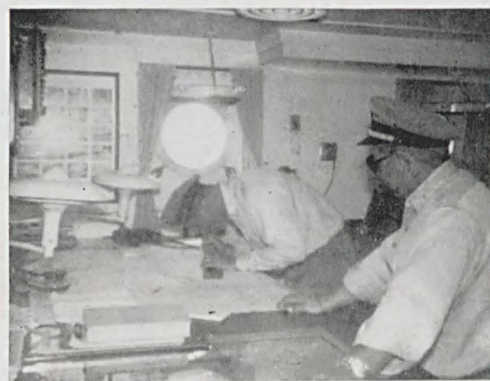
Hello? -- Steering Engine?

Grauman's Theater, the Brown Derby, Hollywood burlesque theaters, the hotels, and of course Kay Kyser's show was hit hard by Jerry Trigg. The Propellor Club sponsored bus tours and swimming parties and we ourselves sponsored our own little tours on "the Pike". Bennie Freeman followed by Manny, Jack & Tommy leaped off the P. E. everytime a "hot rod" was sighted. We left L. A. determined to return "someday".

It was a short run up to San Francisco. Dawn was just breaking when we passed under the golden gate bridge. Other landmarks were soon sighted—Nob Hill, the Bay Bridge, Alcatraz, and the Charleston. The Mass Cadets boarded the Charleston after a few days and we were left to ourselves. No more cancelled smokers; no more Lafayette type Field Days; and no more expert engineers to help us run things. We passed the liberty time during



After Hours



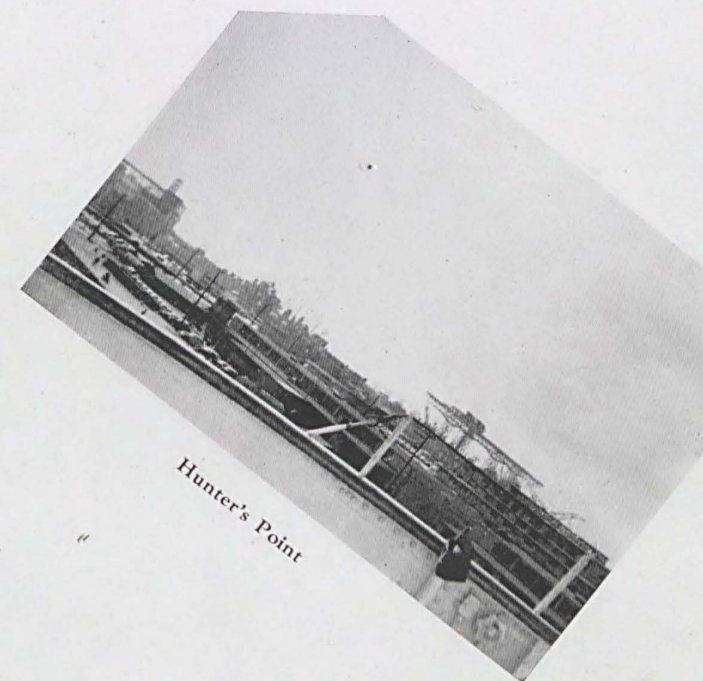
Not While I'm O. D.



Treasure Island



Sky Hook



our two week stay going to the movies, haunting Market Street, seeing movies, visiting Chinatown, attending theaters, and frequenting Peter Pans, Smoe's, and The Alley. Although Los Angeles claimed possession of all the "biggest things in the world", Hunter's Point Shipyard somehow managed to possess the world's largest crane and two 1100 ft. graving docks. We figured that we could fit





Once-in-a-While

4 ships the size of the Mariner in one of the huge basins.

On the 21st of March we headed the Mariner on the long trip homeward.

A high tailwind pushed us toward Acapulco at 14 knots making this jaunt enjoyable because we were going home fast. We were somewhere between Frisco and Acapulco when word was received from Castine that Captain Shaw was the father of a baby boy. An entire ration of ice cream instead of cigars was given to all hands by the Captain. About this time, Matzer, Murray, and Cederstrom were subtly told that they weren't supposed to sleep in CPO quarters—"You three are restricted in Acapulco" period, or rather, exclamation point.

Our second stop at "the Playground of Mexico" was much like our first except that on the third day Catholic Services were held ashore while a Mexican Minister aided by an interpreter, had Protestant services on board.

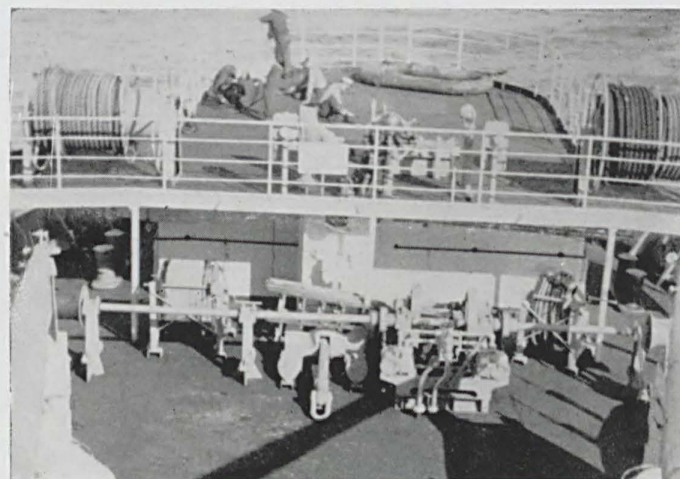
We all agreed that neither place was the right place to be on Easter Sunday.

Our stay in Balboa, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, was uneventful to the point of being boring because there were not many new things to do or see. The only difference between this city and Cristobal was the higher percentage of Americans in the population. The much-talked-about ruins of Old Panama City were merely a few fire-scarred stone foundations out in the wilderness. The only exciting happening was the presence of an upperclassman of ours, John Skolfield, on a ship passing through the harbor. As he shouted his good wishes we realized ever more the truth in the old saying "It's a small world".

We passed through the Big Ditch on a hot, sunny day, picked up Commissioner Parkhurst at Cristobal on a cold stormy night and departed from the Cristobal Colon breakwater onto a calm peaceful sea.

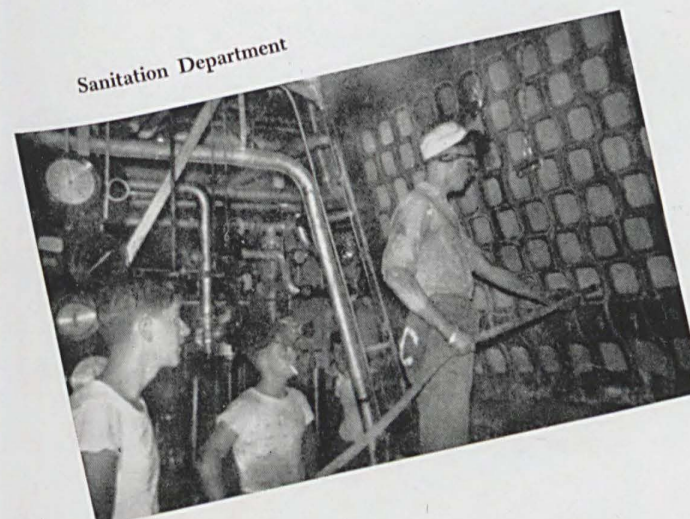
Do you remember that Panama to St. Petersburg voyage? The phrases "what's the latest word" and "Rumor of the Day" were over-worked, because we were all hoping that the Charleston would be delayed enough to make it impractical for us to go from Florida to Maine on the "Navy Boat". Word came one

Work Detail



Penthouse

Sanitation Department

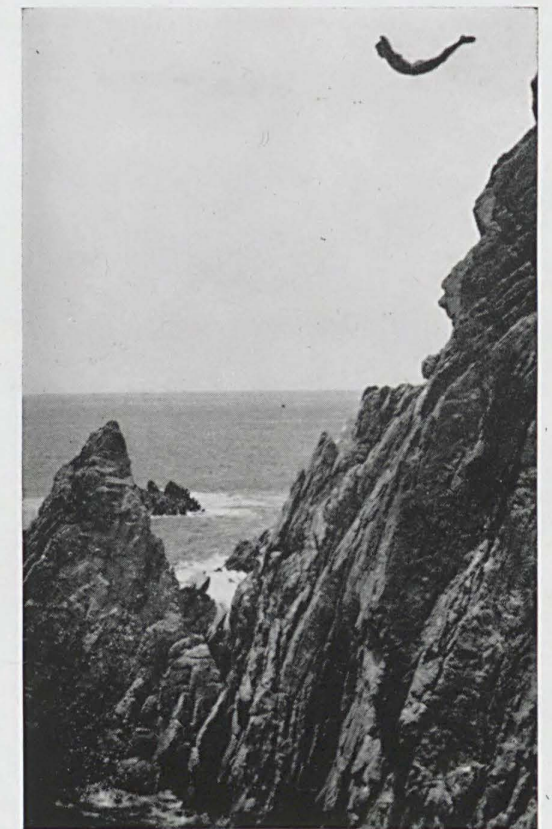


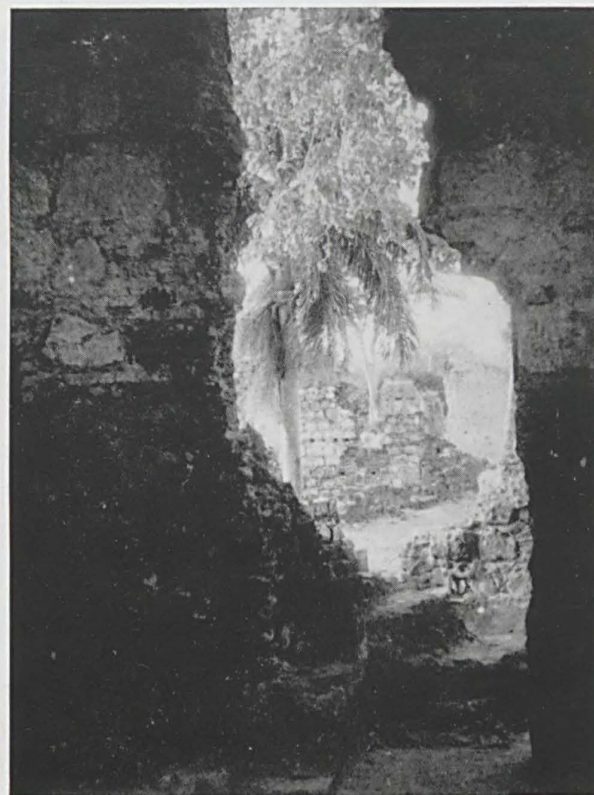
day that we were going overland a couple of days after the arrival in St. Pete. Then the rumor that we'd be granted leave right from the ship as soon as we got paid. Another report was that the Massachusetts Academy was still in Frisco and would be there for another 3 weeks.

The traditional Cruise Smoker was a huge success. Mostly so because our own inimitable Ernie Collar was Producer, Director, and of course, Master of Ceremonies.

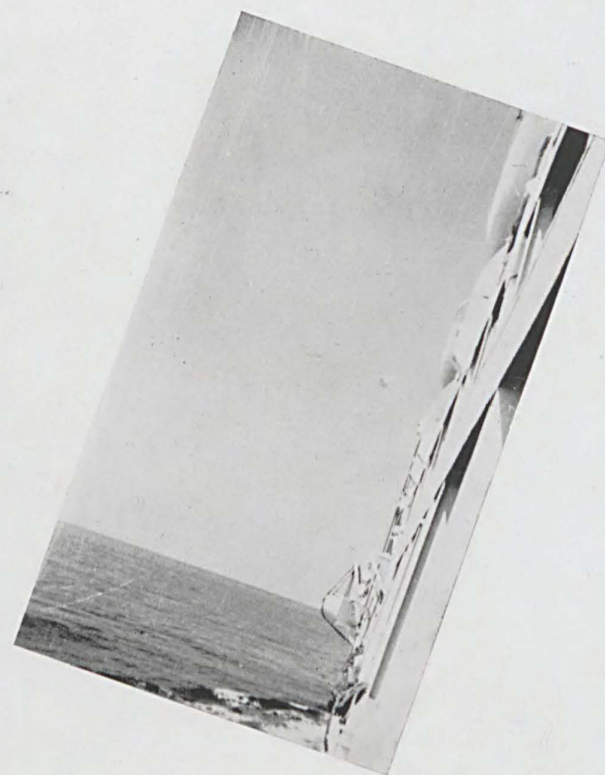
Morale was high. Prospects of a long leave were good. Pete VanNote bet \$22 we wouldn't go home on the Charleston. Pete lost his bet. But while we waited at the training base for "the old tub" to show up we drew a 48 hour liberty, parties, dated in the Festival of the

Los Chavados

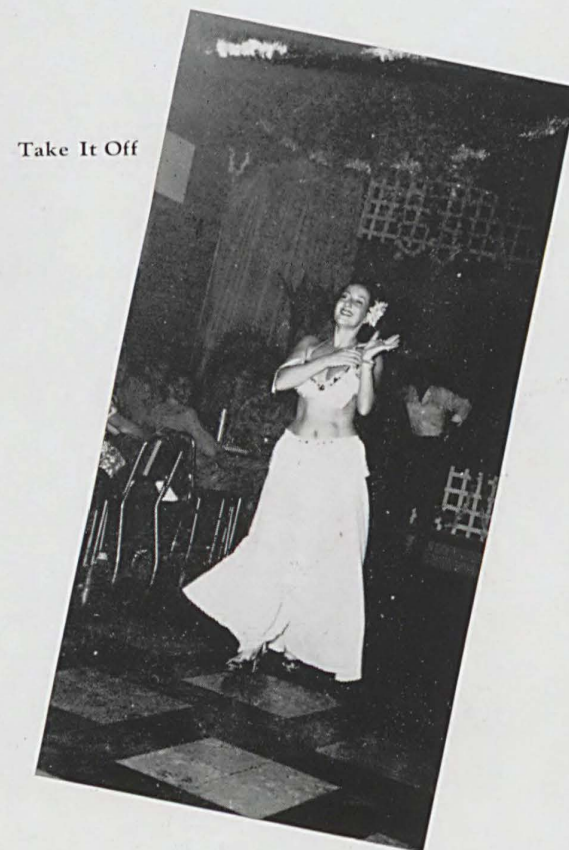




Old Panama



Looking Forward



Take It Off

States, paraded, and in general had a better time than we did on our first visit.

Over 30 of the boys had a sick grandmother or else their aunt's cat was expecting so they procured special liberty and went home. The rest of us lucky fellows rode home on the Gunboat USS Charleston. That trip is just a haze of unpleasant memories—stuffy, crowded, cold or hot quarters (depending on whether your sack was in a corner among steamlines or in the middle of the deck near a hatchway), meager meals, water drenched decks (sleeping quarters for the more unfortunate) unappetizing food, and general discontent.

The day we pulled into Castine was similar to the day we left, nevertheless all hands were on deck eager to see the faces of those we had left three months ago. Joe Zuke organized his color guard, Ray Pouliot assembled the rest of the Battalion and Commander Art Fairley led the officers as we prepared to disembark.

We wasted no time getting off that ship onto the dock. Thirty minutes later, Mr. Herbert

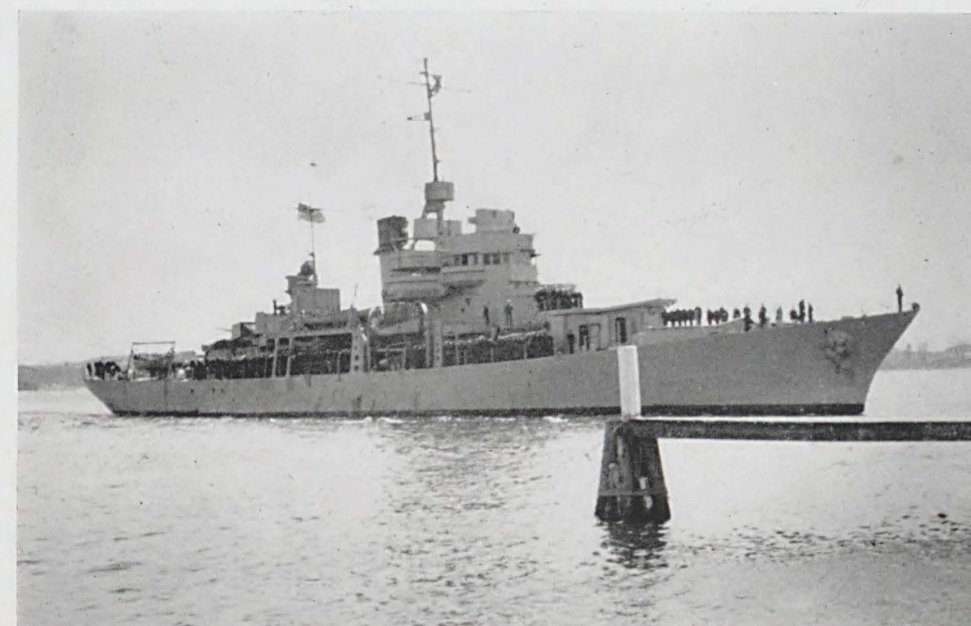


Gravity Davits

informed us that we could go home as soon as we wished, the dock was deserted and the second cruise of the Class of '49 was ended. But memories still remain—hot burners, those lonely bow lookout watches, the unique Engine Room to the Bridge conversations, Kerm's cleaning of the Engineers office, Fire Collision

and Abandon Ship Drills—but mostly as Neal Dow put it "the only thing I didn't like about the cruise was the times in between ports."

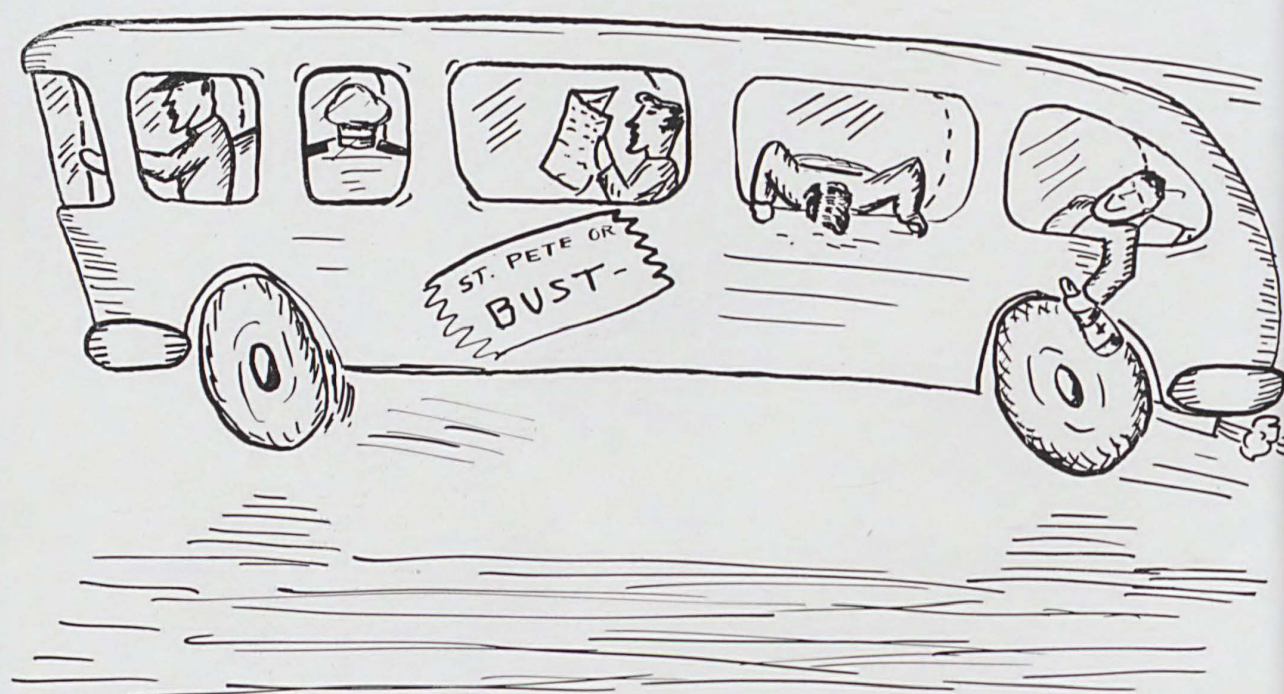
Think back now. It doesn't seem like too long ago when we were all together enjoying ourselves without realizing it, Does it? Oh for those "good old days" again.



Only 50 More Yards



U.S. MARITIME SERVICE TRAINING STATION
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA



TASK GROUP



Black Gang



Rope Chokers



Convicts

The job performed by the task group who went to St. Pete to recondition and bring the Sailor back to Castine, referred to as the "St. Pete Trip", "The Time We Went to Mobile" or "The Pre-Cruise Cruise", was an adventure whose memories are cherished by only thirty midshipmen—fifteen engineers and six deckmen from the Class of '49 and nine deckmen from the class below.

It all started on a rainy Friday, Nov. 5 to be exact, when twenty-six of us under the command of Lt. Cdr. William "Bill" Brazier boarded a bus and set out for the sunny South, the reason for



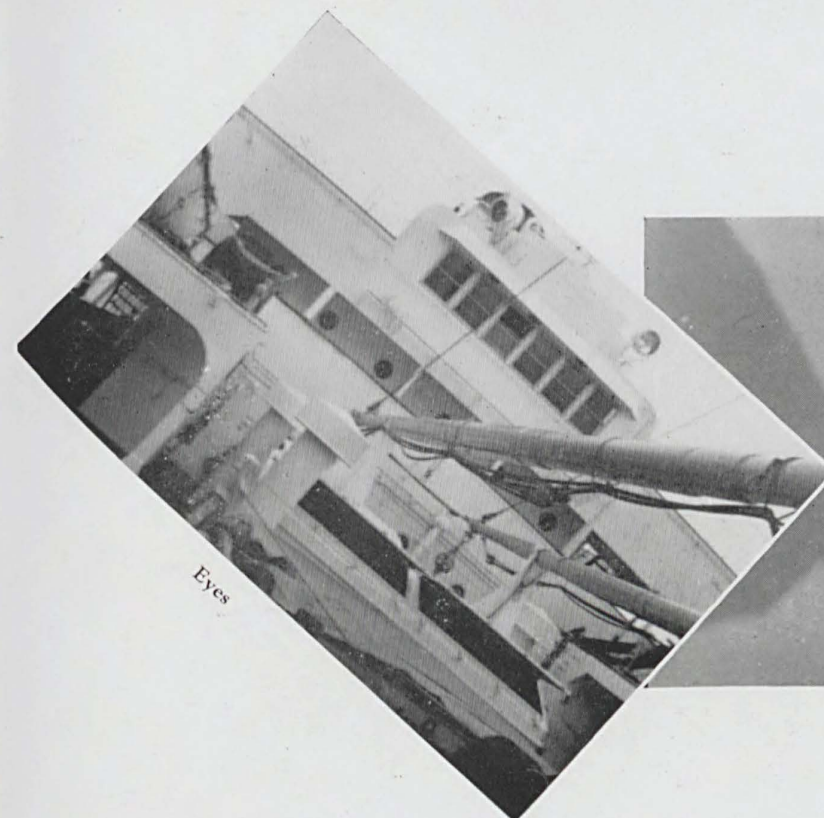
We Needed One



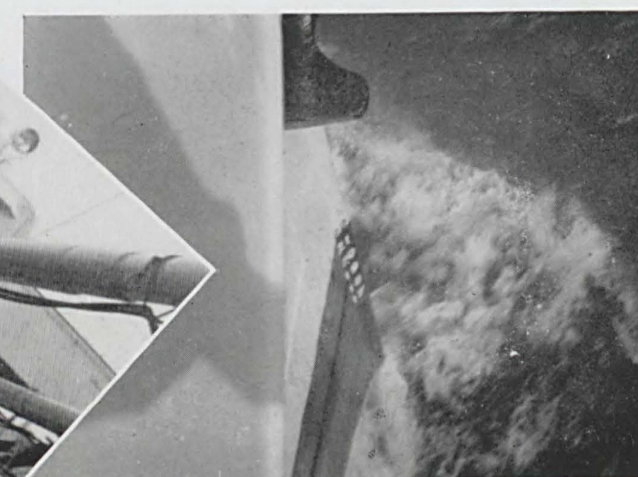
50 Proof Water



Storm



Eyes



Which Load Line?

there being only twenty-six on the bus, was because four engineers had engineered deals so that they drove to Florida in private cars. Kilby really had a set-up—he, Bennie Freeman and Jerry Leighton drove the convertible on down alone, while Dubois and Laviguer rode with Frank's folks.

By the time we had reached Bucksport, Mississippi's favorite son, J. Trigg had a bridge game under way. Final score—Jerry and Mr. Brazier 3700—Dow and Cederstrom 200.

The first major stop was at Portland where we picked up a bite to eat and Lt. Keith Brown who was to be a watch officer on the Sailor.

By the evening of the first day we were in Boston, there we experienced the first bus change.

Between Boston and New York, we held an impromptu smoker led, of course, by Ernie Collar—We were hot to go. Consequently no one slept until we changed busses at N.Y.C. at one-thirty the next morning. While in N.Y.C. a little old-wizened policeman there heard we were headed for St. Pete. He sidled up to a likely looking midshipman who, as if it could be anyone else, Bill Carl, asked him to take a message to Florida so he could be reunited with

his wife who had left him. Bill looked down at him, and wittily said "Yuh". Will never did make like Mr. Anthony, though.

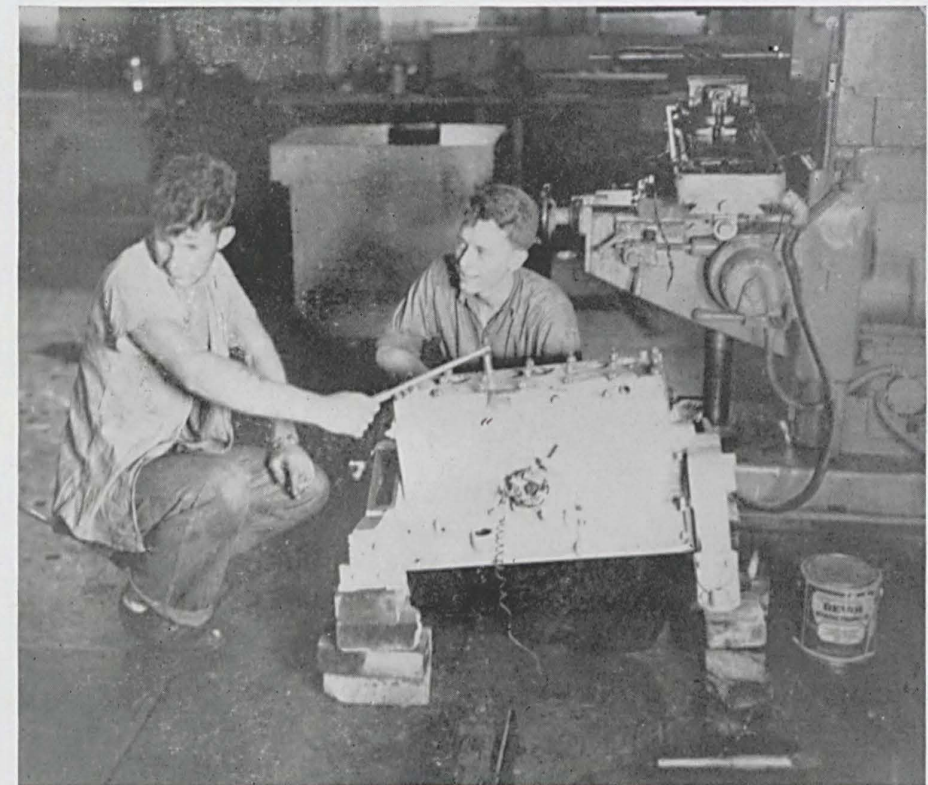
After a scenic tour eight miles up the Hudson in the wee hours of the morning, Mr. Brazier did some quick navigating and placed the bus driver back on course.

There was no place to lay down to sleep except in the aisle, so Al Cederstrom changed into grays, spread his peacoat and settled down for a few hours of "being tromped on, imitating a combination spittoon and ashtray, and trying to convince himself that he was sleeping."

From the first day on, the trip merged into one long nightmarish blur. Some of us shaved in Washington the next morning. The first and last attempt to stop the growing stubble—a few even washed up—four took a shower. Yes, we waited an extra three-quarters of an hour for Harding, Foley, Olson, and Cole to drive up in a taxi, haggle about the fare, then dash into the bus looking fresh as daisies. They soon wilted, however, the first thing they saw was a stern Brazier saying, "You men are restricted for the first two weeks in St. Pete." This sentence was later suspended.



Fore Dock



Hear That Bark?

Tired and looking it, we progressed steadily southward, hesitating here and there to change busses and catching a quick meal.

Every time a fresh bus driver stepped on the bus, Joe Finn's voice could be heard above the roar saying, "Hey, Fowler, I'll bet this one cracks inside the next five miles." Chances are he would, too. There was only one driver who managed to have a comeback for everything we could say, that was "Tad", a six-foot-four-inch Southerner who knew more jokes than Bob Hope. He was the one who stopped the bus so "you all kin git out and pick up some puh cons iffen you all want to"; we didn't know what he meant till he showed us a few pecans. He was also the one of whom Dick

Pelley, as he looked at a patch of cotton, inquired, "Yeah I see the cotton, but what is all that white stuff on the bushes?"

After two dozen drivers and nearly as many busses we pulled into Tampa in the heat of Sunday afternoon, where we had to shift our gear into another bus to ride twenty miles to St. Pete.

When we finally got onto the base and Cdr. Brazier had said that after we got squared away we didn't have to be in until eight the next morning, tired as we were, after thirty minutes, no one was around.

The next day we all traipsed over to the Sailor to see if we could possibly get it ready for the journey over to the shipyard in Mobile. Mr. Stewart, the



Looking Aloft

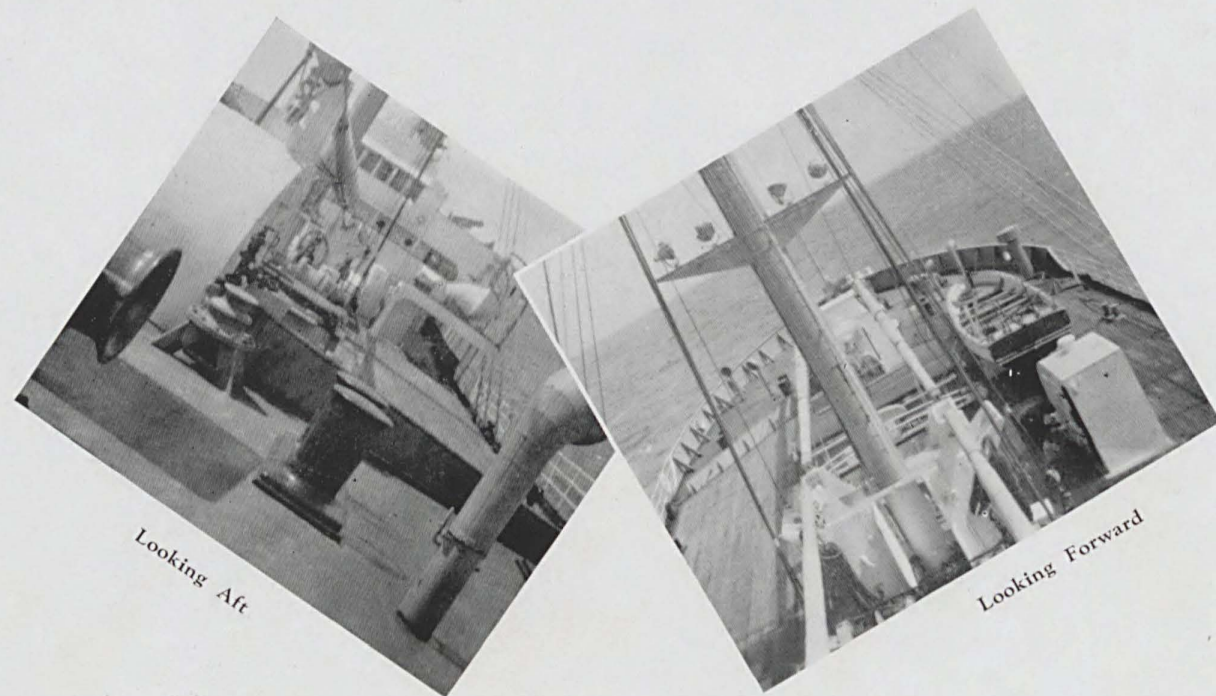
Chief Engineer, thought the task a hopeless one but with Jerry Leighton's assistance, he put the men to work.

On deck, under the guidance of Mr. Little, Trigg supervised the complete rigging of the masts and booms.

For a few days we lived on the base where we were treated like visiting royalty. Then we went "on our own" aboard the Sailor. Life was good to us during this time. Willie Carl had ample time to visit his beloved Tampa and Charlie Kilby had sufficient time to

make his infamous journeys in his "Big Six" Olds convertible. On one of these trips five of us went up to Brookville to visit our old shipmate, ex-Chief Gunner's Mate, Joe Astrab. Joe was overjoyed to see us and demonstrated his happiness as only an old navy man can. He showed the five of us the best liberty we had.

A week or so after being there, Lt. Paul Stearns showed up.



Looking Aft

Looking Forward



Navy

Thanksgiving Day came and we went to Mobile. It was quite a day—summed up by 2 people—Ben Freeman said "Boy, that's the first time I ever got up from Thanksgiving dinner and walked out underneath the palm trees." Chief Stew exclaimed, "This may be Thanksgiving for a lot of people, but it's just plain old Thursday to me."

Thanksgiving night, as we were just leaving the 7-mile St. Petersburg-Tampa Bay channel, the main feed pump decided not to pump. "Stu", "Paul" and "Jerry" all congregated in the engine room and commenced to overhaul the damn thing. By the time they finished getting the engine room into running condition all three of them were ready to drop from fatigue. Those three officers earned our respect and admiration during the 60 hours that they were constantly on their feet.

We staggered into Mobile Bay dis-

Ship Yard



playing our usual banner of black smoke (one draft fan wouldn't work) and were piloted into the shipyard.

It was hardly four hours later that the ship was in dry dock and the workers started to remove the tail shaft and the coating of barnacles, weeds and oysters from the hull. In two days the propellor was replaced, the hull scraped, sand blasted, and painted, and the vessel put back into the water.

In the engine room all hell was breaking loose as the shipyard machinists, accompanied by hordes of negro apprentices, did what was supposed to be an overhauling. During this operation all midshipmen engineers automatically became "thirds" and their main occupa-



Heading Out

tion were valve grinding and checking the work of the shipyard men.

Liberty in Mobile was not of the rip roaring type for two reasons—there was no place to carry on such a liberty without peril to life and limb, secondly the police force was very much opposed to anyone making unnecessary noise.

Charlie Kilby managed to slay a southern belle with his many charms. She "reely" went for Charles in a big way.

A few of us managed to jaunt over to New Orleans on a weekend. At the same time, Cederstrom and Freeman hike-hitched their way two hundred miles to Macon, Mississippi. There in the prairie they visited Massa Jer' Trigg's Shamrock Farms. Jerry showed the two around with true southern hospitality.

A few days before we left the shipyard there was much speculation as to whether we would get home in time for Christmas. We cajoled, threatened, and entreated the workers to increase their efforts. Consequently we left Mobile with enough time to sail to Castine and

arrive before Christmas—if we had fair weather. Of course "Paul" overflowed the L.O. gravity tanks again at 0430 in the morning.

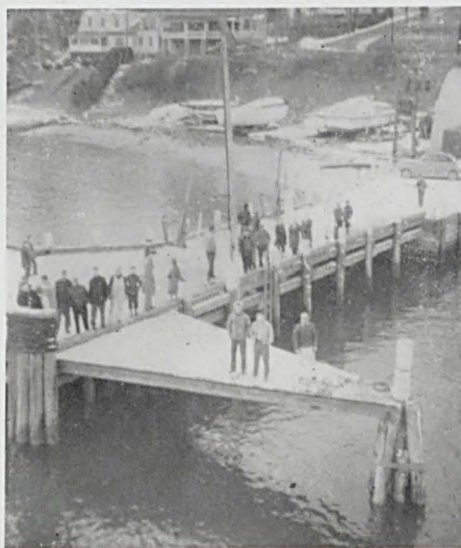
On the trip along the Gulf Coast and up the Atlantic we pushed the old American Sailor as fast as she could be pushed. Hardly a day passed but the engine room had a breakdown of some kind—water in the fuel oil or a pump crapping out.

By incessant straining and the Grace of God (the winds and currents were with us all the way) we managed to drag the Sailor into Castine Bay on the morning of the 23rd.

Most of us congregated in the mess deck to hear the bell chains rattle back and forth ringing up 137 bells to get us docked.

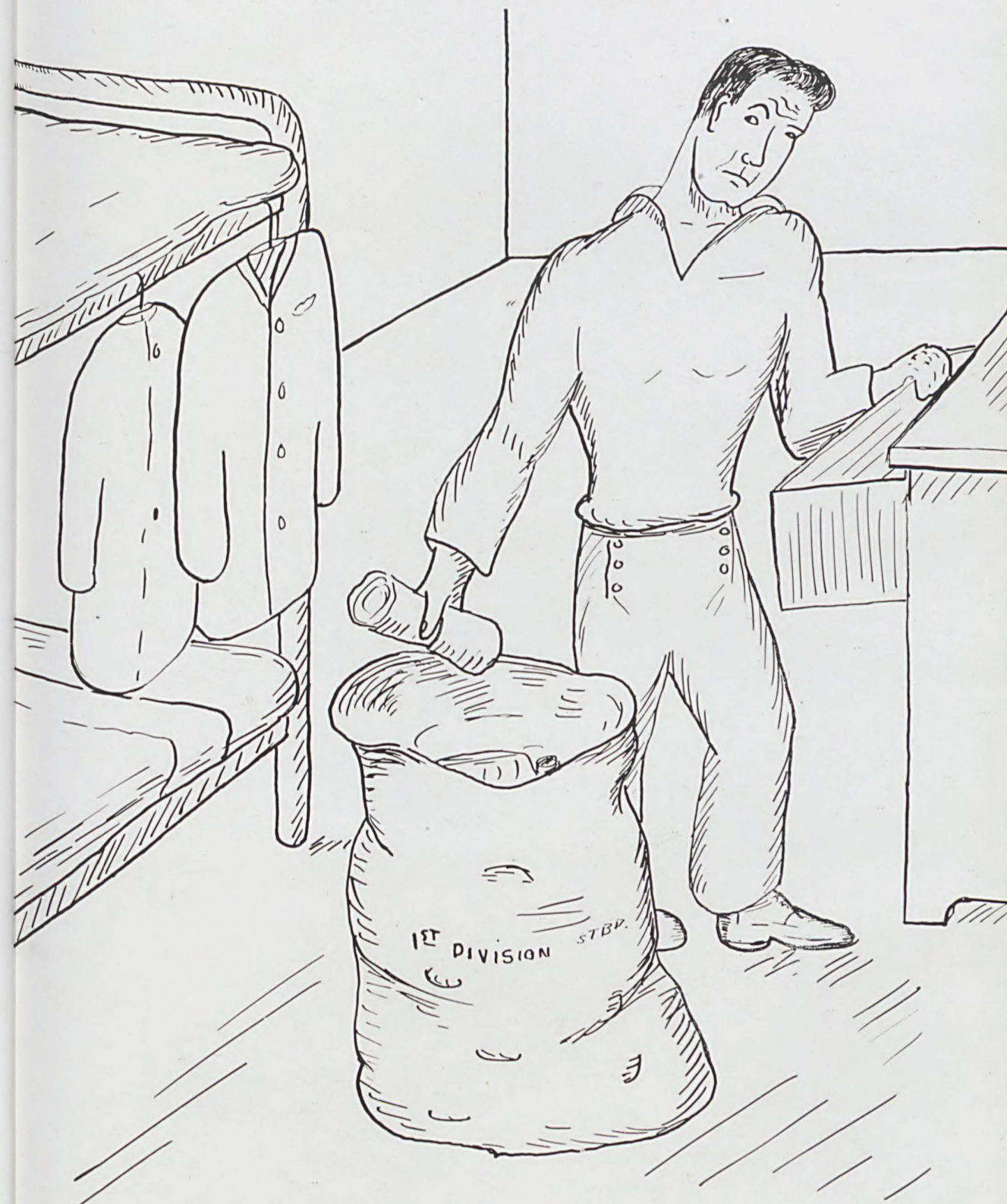
Charlie nearly collapsed with relief as his Olds, which had been sitting on the port side of the foredeck since St. Pete, was safely lowered to the dock.

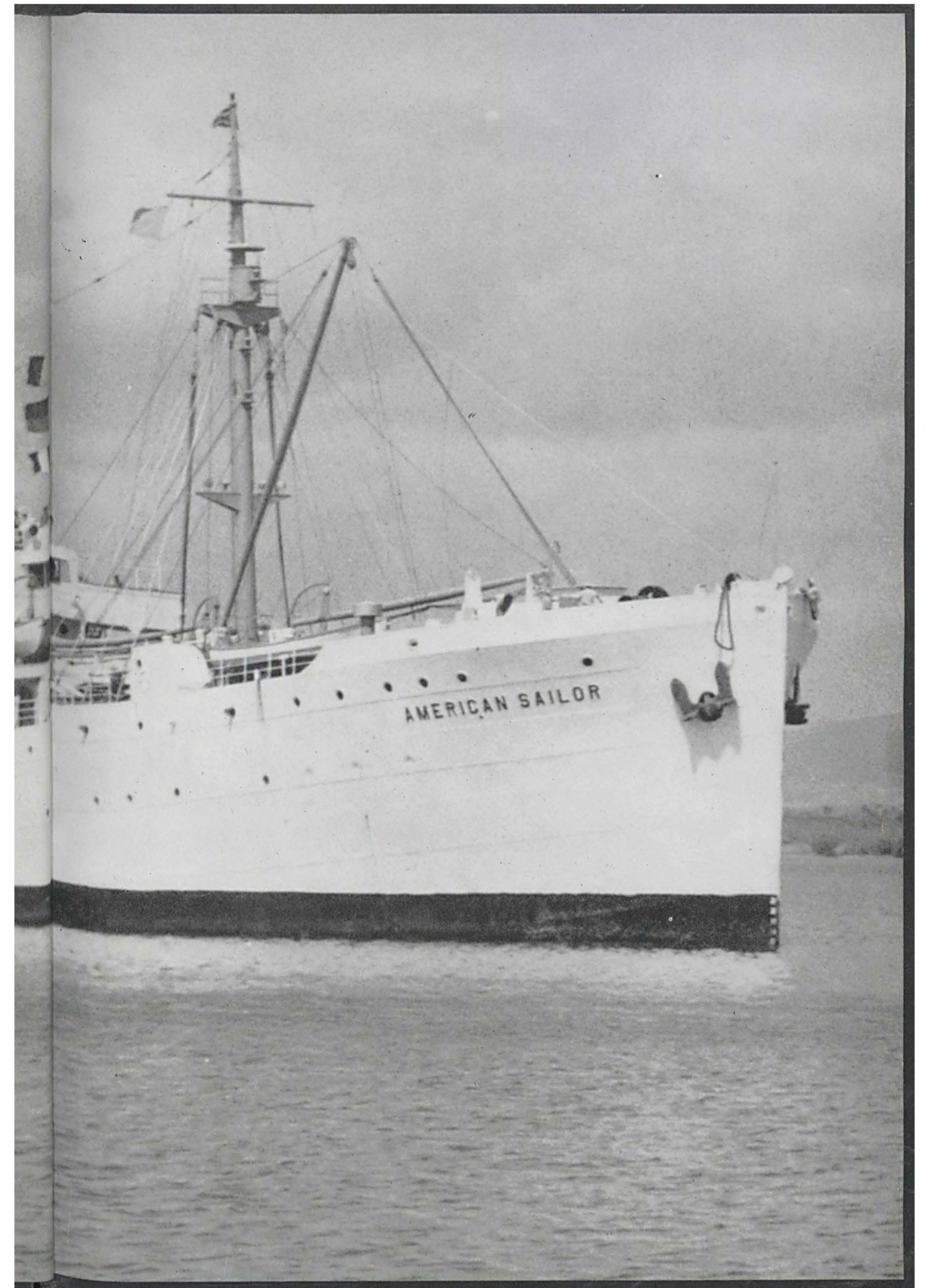
It was a great feeling to be able to say "Here it is fellows, you play with it a while now."



Home Again

Packing the Third Cruise





THIRD CRUISE

January rolled around again and we departed from Castine on our annual pilgrimage in search of Senoritas, souvenirs, and what goes best with Coca-Cola. We intended to leave January eighth and all, we thought, was in readiness with a few exceptions which could be done easily in a short while. One of these was a gasket in a flange and Joe Zuke and Bill Carl undertook a slight repair job there. We left the twelfth instead. It takes time to fly parts from Chicago.

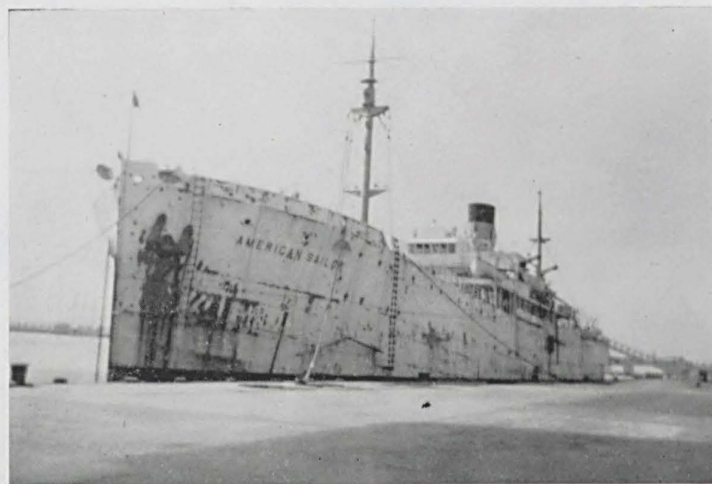
As we were leaving Penobscot Bay, King Winter, who had been very submissive until now wished us bon voyage with a snow storm and we found that throwing snowballs just isn't done aboard ship. "There's a time and place for everything men."

We set our course for Boston and got in the next day and there we sat for a week at anchor while we repaired the damage in the engine room. We, refers to McAlister assisted by a board of consulting engineers from the Bethlehem

Steel Company Shipyard. Ah! those libertys will be long remembered. Everyone wanted to get in the boat crew for those ten minute breaks ashore. The boats were rowed in well but the return trip wasn't quite right. It was the first time since the Boston Tea Party that a boat had been rowed across the Charles, sideways. Only a Midshipman could find a bar and make use of it in ten minutes ashore. The officers did have liberty there though and when they came back we started for San Juan, P. R.

The trip down was relatively uneventful and there were the usual numbers of seasick underclassmen leaning over the windward rail and wondering why gravity had taken the day off.

In San Juan it was nice renewing old acquaintances, like the King's Bar and the New Paradise not to mention El Moro Officers Club and the Officers Beach Club. We spent an interesting week there until the owner of the King's Bar ran out of glasses. The S. S. America came in and we saw some of our upperclass again and it was nice



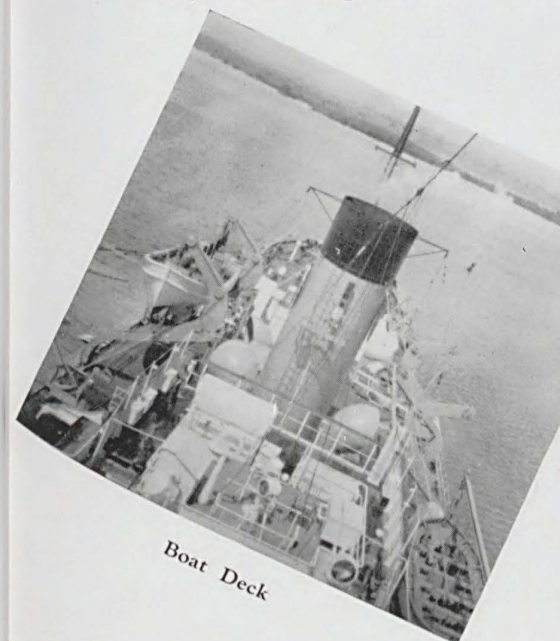
Genesis



Boston Harbor

talking over old times at the King's. We all had a good time there playing the slot machines, going to dances and buying souvenirs. "Knute" Burney bought the best one, only we thought \$200 was too much to spend on a pin ball machine. We also had a dress review for the governor which didn't look bad at all considering the lack of practice on our part. The governor seemed impressed anyway. We left one afternoon for St. Thomas followed by the America and due to the hazards of navigation (the America passed us in five minutes) our evening movie was called off.

We came into St. Thomas early one morning and tied up between a coal



Boat Deck



Raging Main

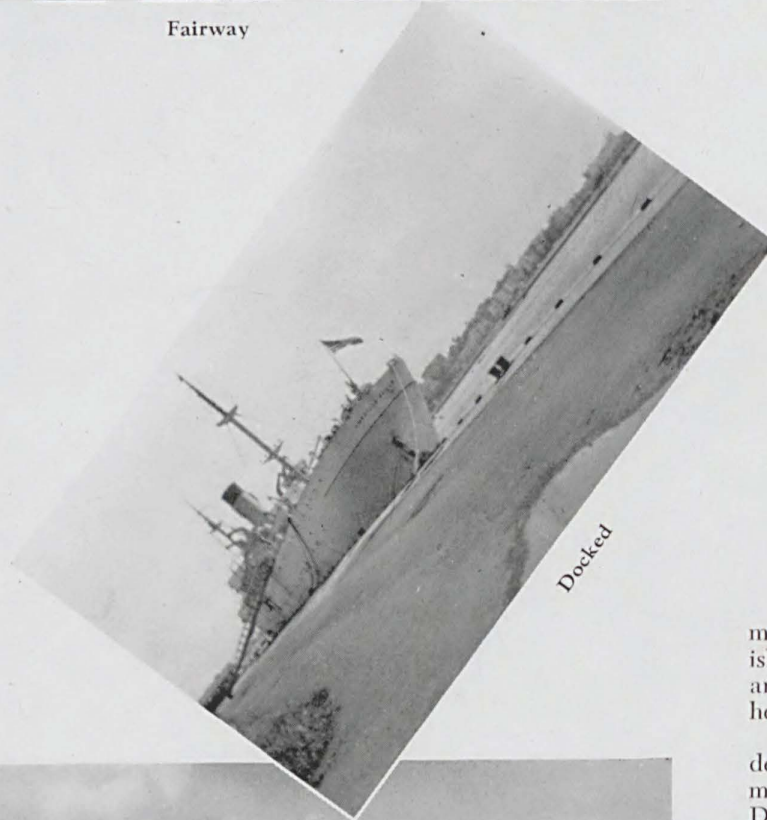
pile and a pile of beauxite. Even though it was the best dock in Charlotte Amalie it was two days before we got used to the smell when the wind was right. We combined our time there by going to the Bamboo Room and the American



Destroyer



Fairway



Docked



America



Univ. of Puerto Rico

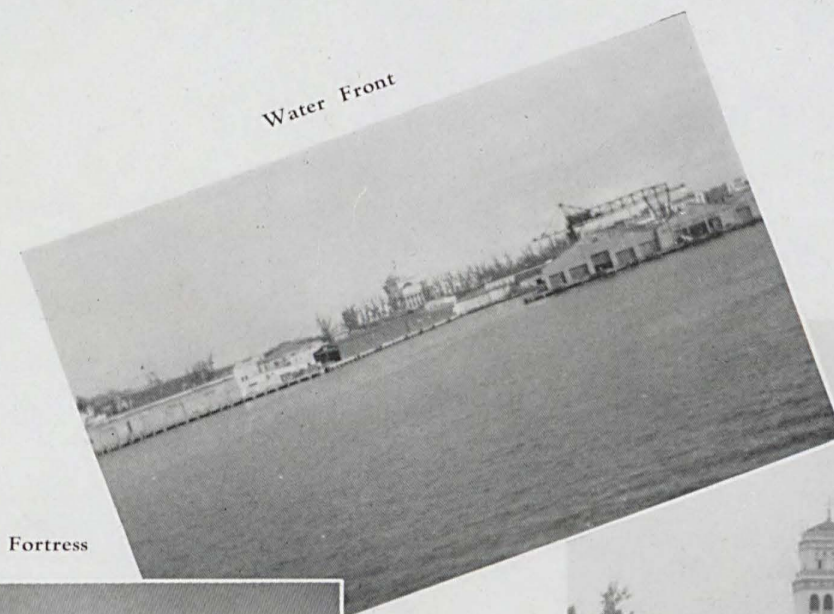
movies. The main occupation on the island seemed to be trading in liquors, and prices were never like that back home.

Our shore patrol force also made its debut here. With such stalwart young men as Dick Pelley, Warren Hamm, Durward Emery, and Gus Webber on duty, things really quieted down. We sailed the ship's boats all over the bay, and Matzer, Cederstrom, Riley, and Day decided to see what diving was like in a helmet. The "borrowed" equipment worked very well and even the sea urchins didn't discourage them from searching the bottom. They saw a lot of sharks and their amateur harpooners tried their luck with little success at all. Sporting a bleary look from the last night's liberty the Academy baseball team played there and did well until some of the sore arms took over and we lost. On the whole, Charlotte Amalie was a good port and after an emergency leave for several engineers in a lifeboat to pick up some gear we sailed for Martinique.

Martinique we found, doesn't live up to Humphrey Bogart's movie version but nevertheless we found enough to do. On entering the harbor we saw extensive dredging operations in progress and noticed the deteriorating subchasers of the French Navy. We passed the subchasers and our prop wound up in one of the chains to the buoys. While this wasn't enough to create an international incident it got all hands quite excited. Things calmed down though when Frank Mahan ably assisted by Lt. Comdr. Brasier and some middle class deckmen got out the diving equipment and took over the job. Frank couldn't quite figure out how to use the diving gear, so with underwater demolition squad equipment and a lot of diving they managed to free the propeller.

On going ashore we found a very dirty, inflated city with francs worth 20 cents a hundred and dogs by the hundreds wandering the streets. The Lido Club outside of town was the mecca for all Midshipmen looking for a swim followed by a good meal and drinks.

The swimming was really good and we had a rough game of water polo to develop our somewhat latent appetites resulting from the "banquet" style we were used to aboard ship. "Bulkhead" Wight tried a little diving from the high board but gave it up when the board went backward six feet on his first dive. We also found the market place, you could smell it for eight blocks, and went in search of whatever the American dollar could induce the French peasants to part with. Those nights in the park

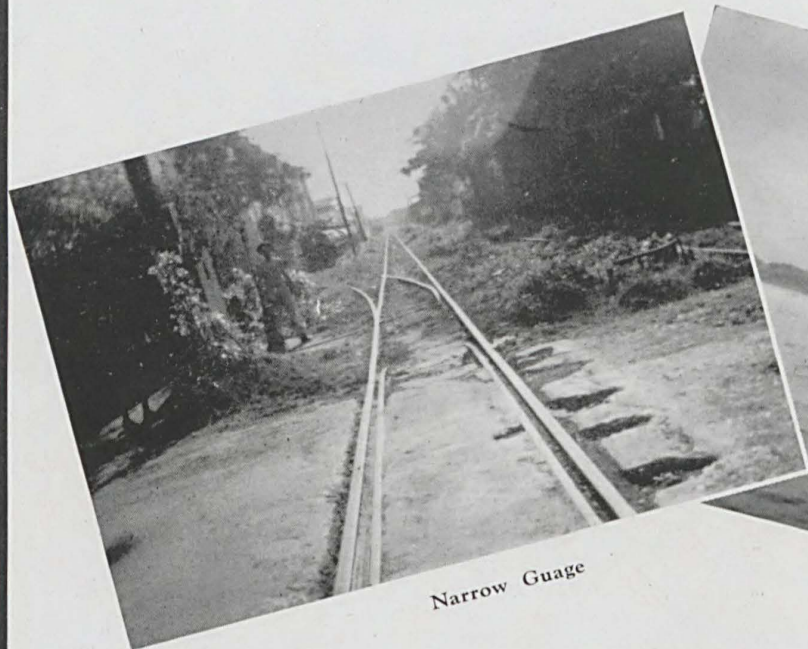


Water Front

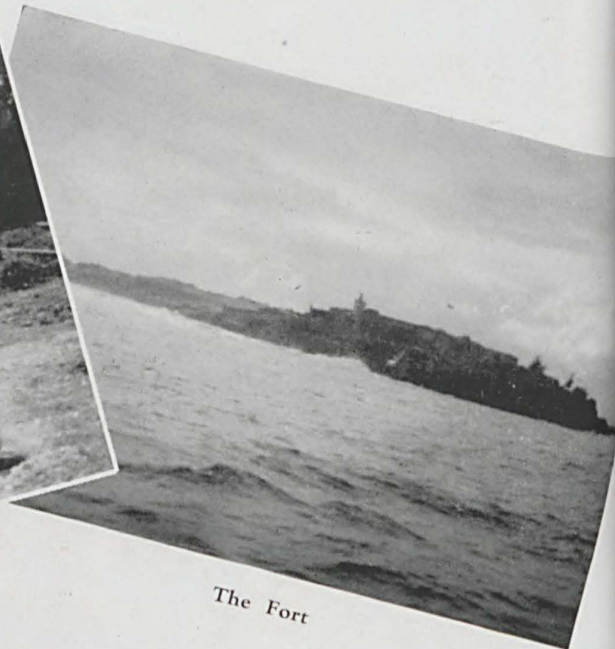
Morro Fortress



College Boys



Narrow Guage



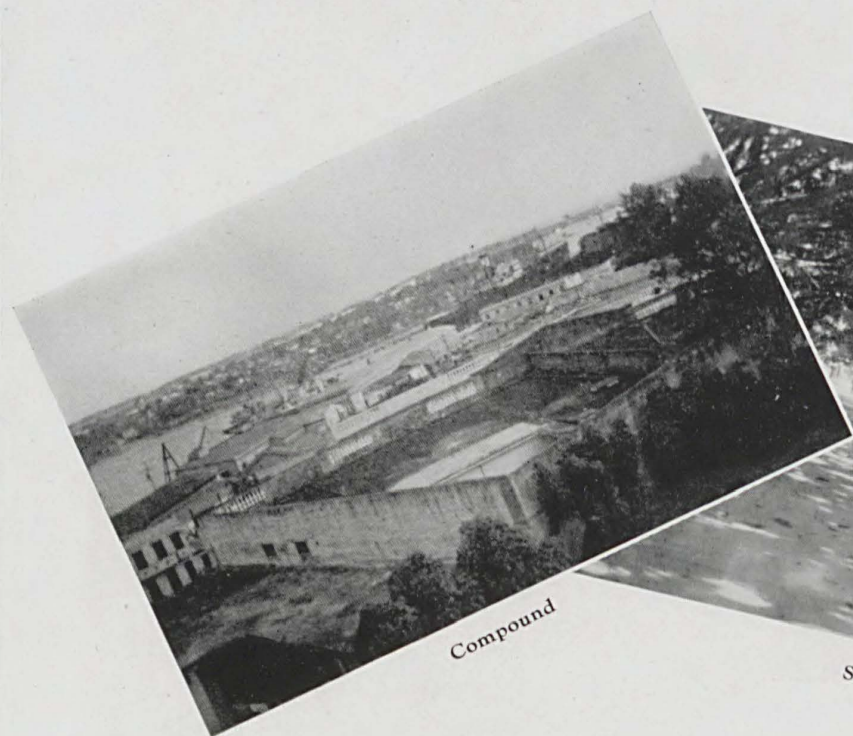
The Fort

there with the dusky Mamselles will long cause some Midshipmen's hearts to beat faster and dream of being there again with their pockets full of franc notes. Every man could feel like a millionaire for a dollar and most did. With the Governor's ball and the friendliness of the population we spent a very enjoyable time with a mixture of French,

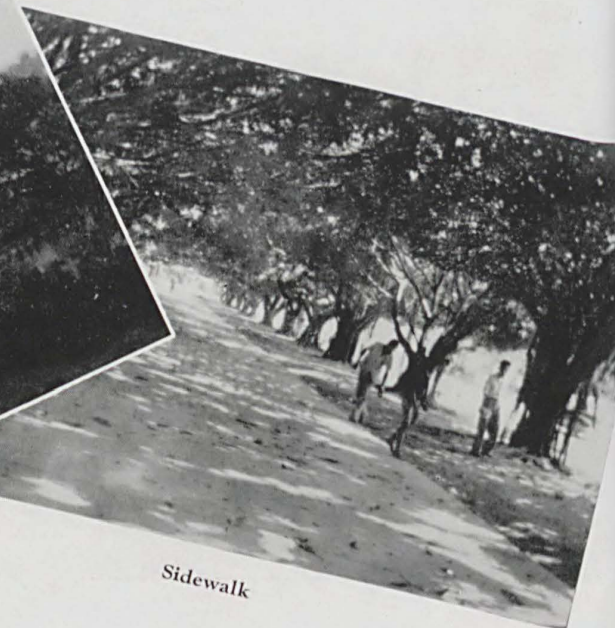
English, Spanish, and native languages to add interest to the budding linguists of our class.

We had taken on a passenger for Santa Lucia, and we made an unscheduled stop there. The officers had liberty and a dance and stayed until the early hours of the morning. Jack Howalt got ashore too, he ran the running boat all

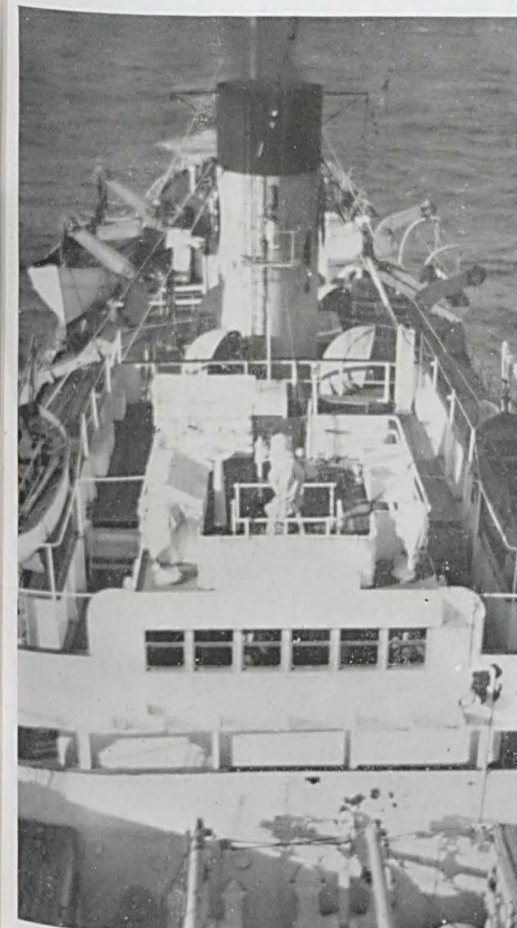
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Compound



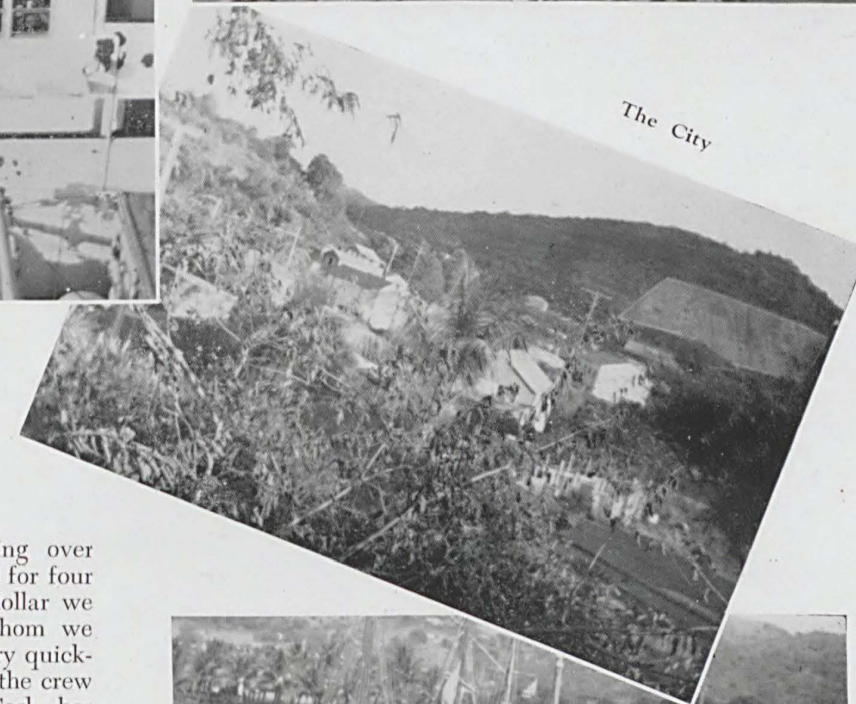
Sidewalk



Ropechokers Realm



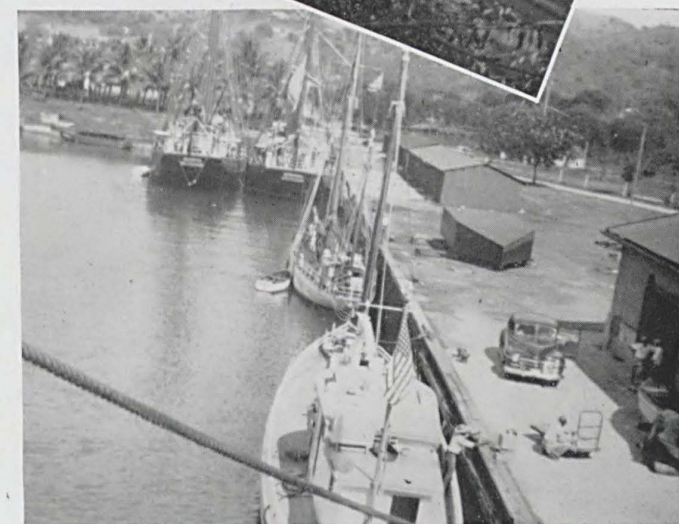
Salvage Operations



The City

night. There was much trading over the side, so by this method and for four packages of cigarettes and a dollar we got a member of our crew whom we named Lucia. Lucy became very quickly the most popular member of the crew and remained so until Bill Carl, her owner, took her home to Skowhegan from Portland. She was an awfully cute pup and gained rapidly an affection for Warren Hamm and his compartment, that lasted throughout her stay. Warren didn't seem to return her love though, but we understood.

We arrived at Barbados one morning and saw a pretty little town with white houses and red roofs nested along a beach. We anchored out and used the running boat for quick transportation ashore. We saw numerous harbor police boats about, but all looked like something out of the Katzanjammer Kids in the funnies. It was not understandable



Spys



Slums

Ware Houses

how they were expected to do their job, but they added to the tourist's scenery.

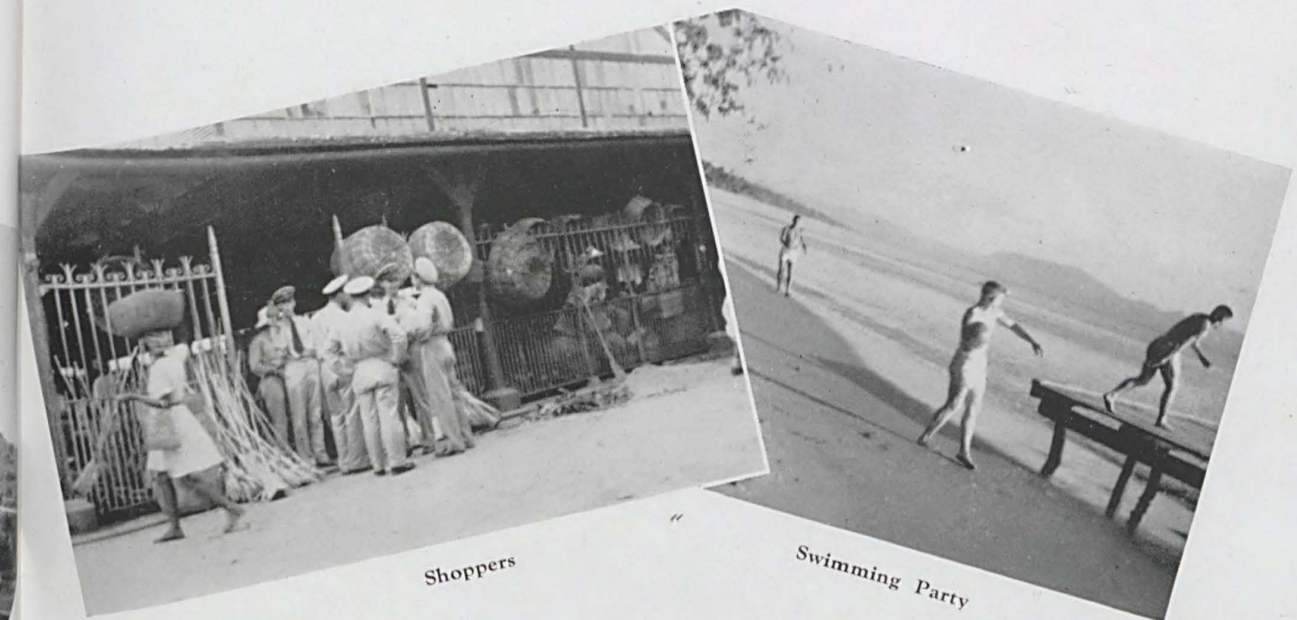
We visited all the clubs but Dave Harding seemed to get along the best. It seems he has something the rest of us don't have. For a long while we wondered, but we finally decided it's that official Shore Patrol look he gives them. We all enjoyed the dances at the Aquatic Club, the Yacht Club and the barbeque at the Club Morgan, meeting some pretty swell girls there and enjoying the swimming. We found out that even

though the British cars are small there's room inside, a lot of room, and driving on the left was a lot of fun. Our driver's licenses made good souvenirs but from the amount of mail arriving from there addressed to various Midshipmen, souvenirs aren't needed.



Junk Yard

Main Street



Shoppers

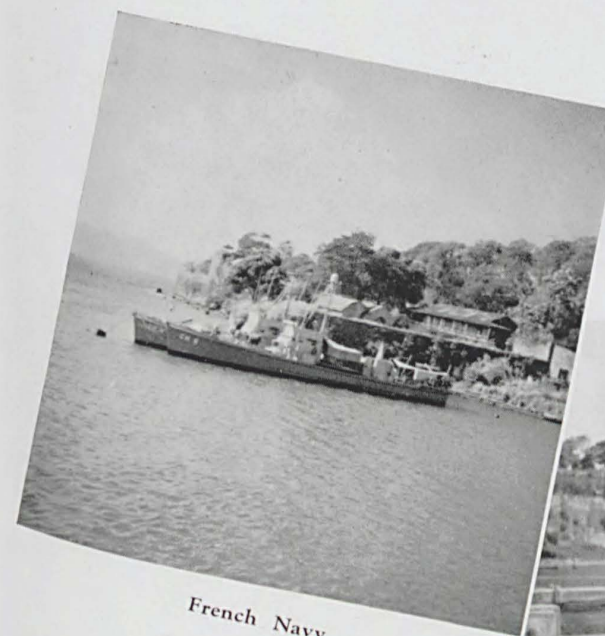
Swimming Party

Trinidad is a small island just a stone's throw from Venezuela, and we arrived there late one afternoon and dropped the hook for the night. About fifteen minutes later the Captain decided to go into the dock and 67 bells later we were right back at anchor. It seems that they had tricky docks down there. We heard that they were a new type of secret weapon designed to dodge bombs, and as we approached they moved away a

couple hundred yards at a time. It is really great to come off a long watch at the throttle and find yourself right back where you started from four long hours ago. There was a lyric written to the tune of "Don't Fence Me In" which seemed appropriate at the time:

Give me tugs, lots of tugs,
Underneath my very bow.
Just push me in.

In the morning the docks had subsided and we made it in. That afternoon, equipped with a lot of superfluous knowledge absorbed from one of Bill Brasier's father and son talks, we made another liberty. We reached the bus stop and bus after bus passed us on the way to town loaded with swabbies and



French Navy

Martinique

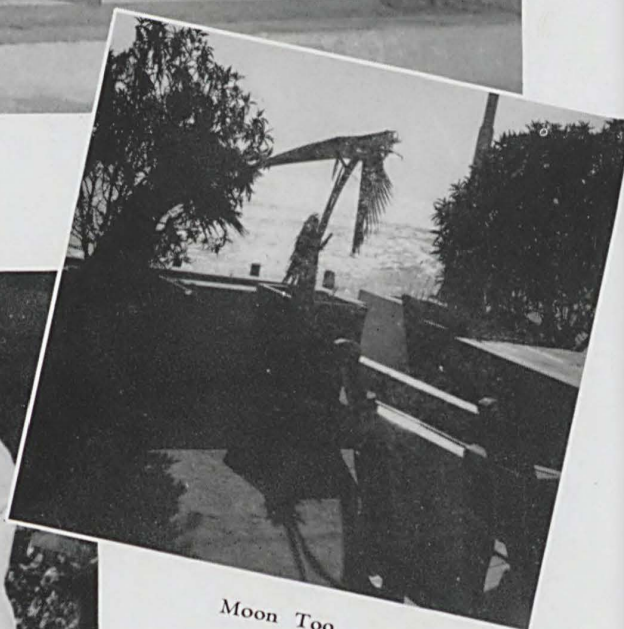




Rene's Reluctants

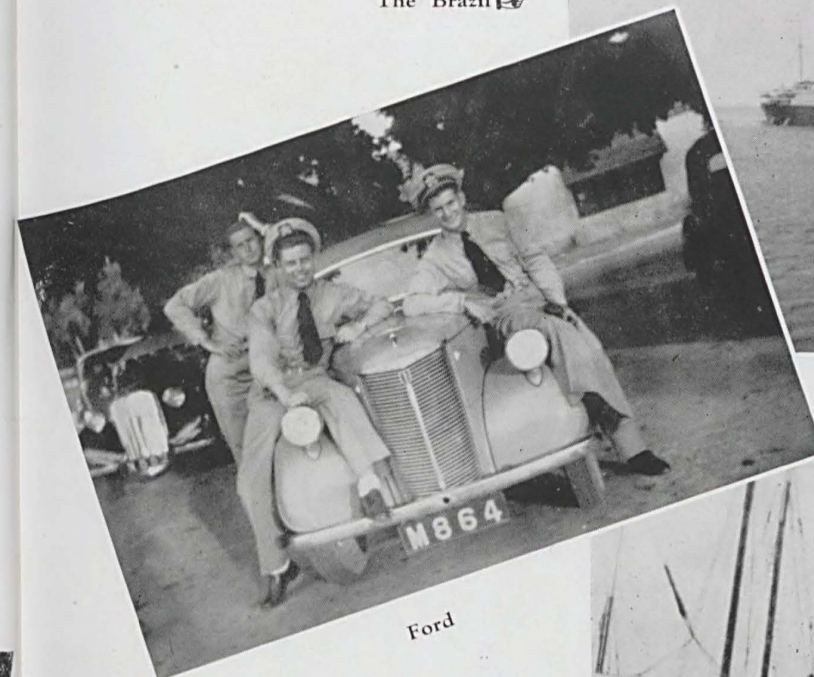


Home Was Never
Like This

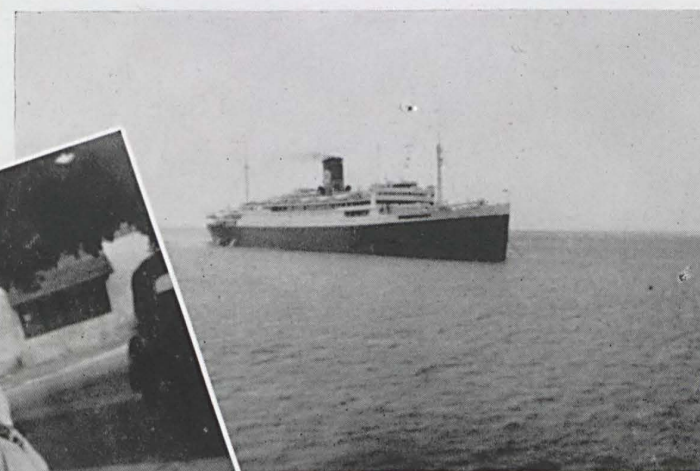


Moon Too

The Brazil



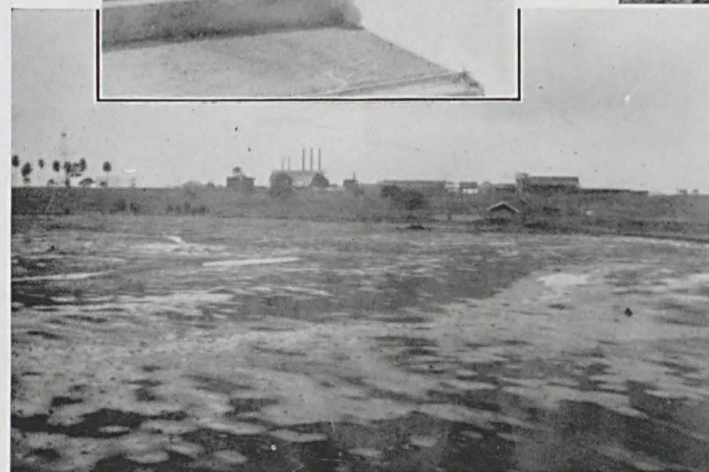
Ford



Fishing Fleet

civilian workers, until finally we had waited long enough and we stopped the next in-going bus. The driver wasn't too agreeable but we persuaded him to see things our way. Over the driver's head was printed "God is my Co-Pilot". God must be an awfully wild driver. Finally we reached town after a joust with the M. P.'s at the gate, who didn't care for the conglomeration of I. D. cards presented to them by the shore-going mid-dies. Dick Sirois didn't even bring one—he didn't think he'd need to prove he was twenty-one in Port-of-Spain. We ate supper in a small hole-in-the-wall cafe known as the Balialiaka where they served the kind of steak we dreamed about aboard ship, chased by Calypso music which was really good. We stayed and listened to the music for a while and then went in search of more interesting things. We saw some of the sights such as Columbus' anchor and the parks and clubs, all the while followed by a parade of postcard vendors and bracelet salesmen. Later we went out to the Rose Bowl where we found the Admiral

and Lt. Small firmly entrenched. "No, No, No, not tonight, not tonight dear." We had a very good time there and then went back to the ship. Next day's liberty rolled around quickly and it was a toss-up whether to go swimimng, at the Officers Club or go out to see the pitch lake. We decided on the latter as we had never seen a lake of asphalt and couldn't imagine what it would be like. It was also a good chance to take some pictures and see how the people lived away from the relatively modern cities. It was a long drive but quite a relief to get away from the ship for a whole day and forget about it. The lake was not as we had expected it to be but was interesting nevertheless and we collected some souvenirs in the coins we tarnished by the natural gases from the lake.



We left Trinidad with the aid of a tug and anchored out while Keelan caught up with us, bringing the last mail in the Navy crash boat.

It was but a short trip to Willemstad, Curacao and it seemed as though we had been transported to old Amsterdam. We began to wonder as the pilot nosed the ship for a narrow inlet at the center of town but a swinging pontoon bridge was swung open for us.

We still had seen nothing of this world's greatest oil port but as we progressed up the river we saw an inner bay. It was crowded with ships, tankers, freighters, and passenger vessels with a background of oil refineries as far as we could see. The pilot was a master at his job and put the ship about with ease and docked her. On liberty, we found a very American civilization in spite of the architecture with high prices prevailing and American beer the popular drink. Everyone had a new car and the

movie theatres were wide and spacious and more like a baseball park. We went through endless lines of jewelry and gift shops but payday was almost a forgotten memory so the Sailor kept well above her load lines. We spent our time there in the movies, in the bars talking over a beer to old sailors, and at the beach. We met an old Australian Chief Engineer who had been all over the world and back again. He aired his views to us and we agreed. He seemed more like an American than anything else. Aboard ship we were amazed at the harbor traffic which went all night and even as many as seven and eight ships an hour went out through that narrow inlet.

There was also much interest in the dock activities at night. Near our dock there was a lumber yard and the wing of the bridge was often lined with Midshipmen interested only in what the probing arm of the searchlight might uncover in the shadow of a pile of



Baker



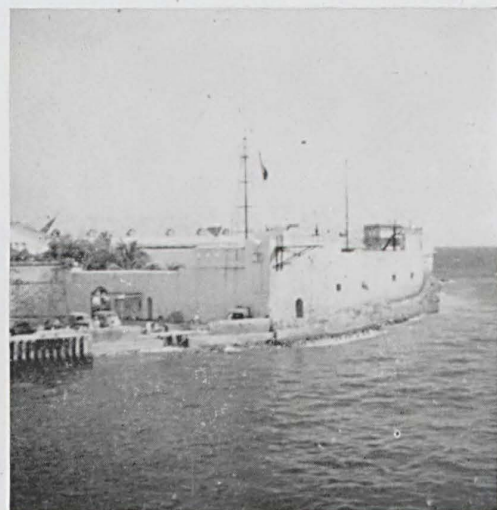
boards. It was also in Curacao that a couple of upperclass engineers, Bill Murray, and Phil Riley were seen or rather heard in the part of the ship immediately below the engine room deck plates. This part is frequently called a bilge and has often been the meeting place of large groups of mugs, but this was an unheard of precedent due largely to an excess of "Worries" aboard ship. They emerged one day, much later, much dirtier and much wiser with one idea in mind, "Don't get caught again."

Curacao vanished over the horizon to the southward as we steamed steadily in our favorite direction, crossing the Caribbean to Trujillo City in the Dominican Republic, Island of Haiti. It



was a beautiful city, clean and refined with the most beautiful Senoritas in the world. Our liberties were spent in the most exclusive hotel in the area, the Jaragua, with its pools, lounges and beautiful patio dance floor.

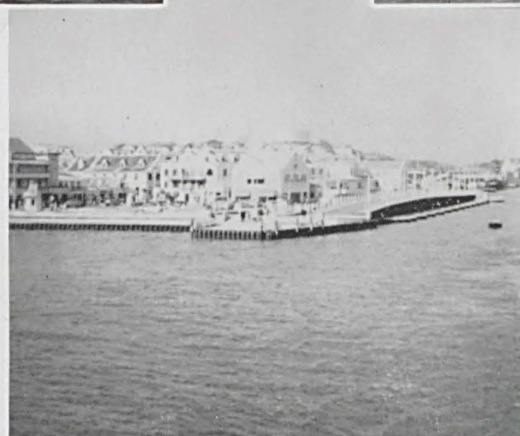
The next popular place was the Carioca which Charlie Kilby and "Manny" Mansfield made famous. Captain MacKenzie's wife fixed us up with a dance and free beer at an exclusive club and the blind dates weren't blind



Dutch Fort



Curacao

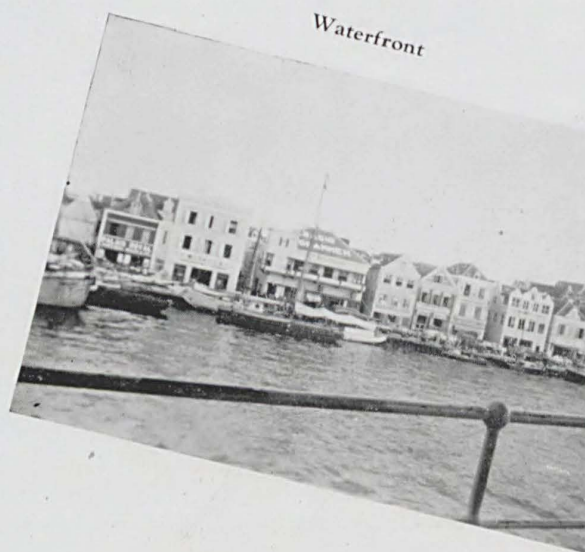


at all. Phil Riley wanted to stay and marry one and Joe Zuke made a little mistake bothering the great man's lady. He and Jack Campbell made one liberty too many there. The shops were filled with mahogany souvenirs and we also

made a tour of a factory where these were made.

Noticing all the Army officers carried guns with them constantly, we became curious. They were very friendly though and liked talking about their country

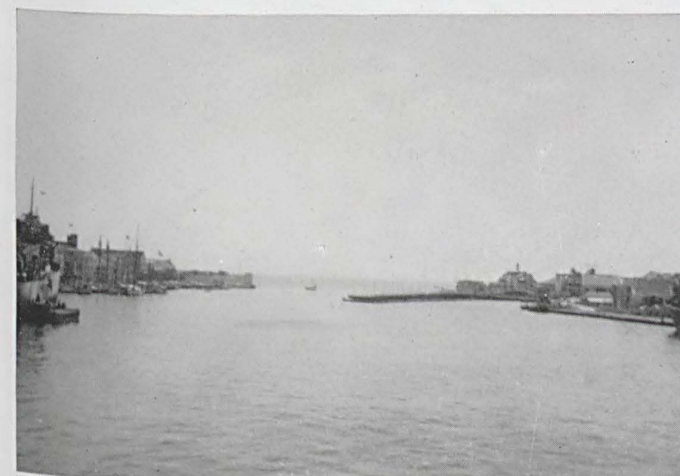
Waterfront



Flagship



and over. set u other prise food smell bus his s years the c this



Large Oil Port

and its progress since Trujillo took it over. We saw a market place there that set us back a ways. After the markets of other Caribbean ports this was a surprise. It was clean with white tiles, the food wasn't spoiled and there was no smell to the place. Christopher Columbus discovered the Island in 1498 and his son ruled it as governor for many years. Along the waterfront and around the city there were many evidences of this with old houses and forts mostly

fallen away but some in pretty good condition, including the governor's mansion.

Some of the boys went out to see Joe Louis fight, and after watching him in action against a vastly inferior opponent they accompanied him to his cabana at the Jaragua. "Manny" Mansfield came back and told us how he exchanged blows with the champ and how Joe said "Cosy" Cole might never be a fighter, but he could be a heavyweight anyway.

Bulkhead Wight went along to pick up a few pointers and came to the conclusion Joe was out of his class but we'll put him up for middleweight champ in a couple of years. Joe gave "Manny" and the boys an autographed picture with his best wishes to the class of '49 of the Maine Maritime Academy.

Trujillo's yacht was there, tied up alongside some of our navy's ships. It was beautiful and nearly as large as the "Sailor". We were sorry to leave the Island but it was one jump closer to home and a place we all wanted to be. The baseball team was glad to go though, after their two games.

Leaving the small republic, we headed west toward Santiago, Cuba. The weather was calm and we could look over to the shore, where big fires were burning in the cane fields. The moon came up that night, large and beautiful, and so bright we could hardly see the evening movies. The next day about mid-morning we heard a splash followed by "Man overboard, this is not a drill, this is not a drill." Mid'n Eames of the underclass was taking his morning swim it seemed. We never went to a drill so quickly and a boat never went over the side in less time. It wasn't long before Frank Mahan and his boat brought back the dripping specimen and he was rushed to the Captain's cabin for questioning. That afternoon it was piped that no Midshipman would be allowed on gear boxes at anytime.

Arriving off Santiago, we picked up a





Tanks

Combined Operations Ship



Hi Bill

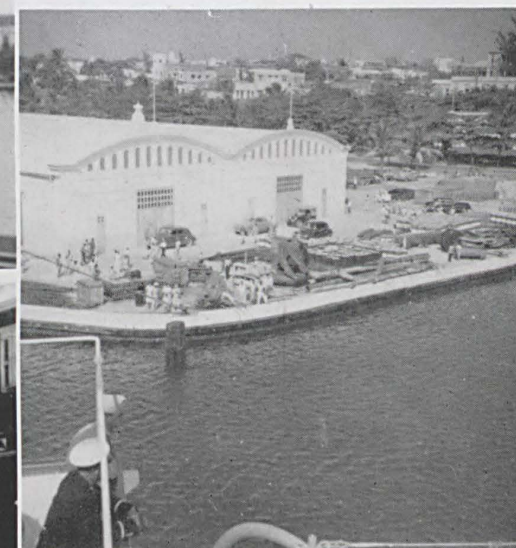
pilot who took us up a narrow river past a fortress with its menacing guns and on past numerous yacht clubs to a larger bay. The city of Santiago was here with its wharfs and oil refineries and warehouses. Bulletins were posting enumerating all of the blessings to be had on liberty here. The Bacardi people were opening their rum garden free to us and beer companies were fighting over who was to entertain us. There had also been a group of girls aboard asking the Midshipmen to a dance. Starboard watch had the first liberty so they all went ashore in search of souvenirs, rum,

cigars, and a good time which they had easily found in three hours. Then the sword fell, and an order from the United States Department of State, restricting all American naval personnel to their ships in Cuba, came through. The Shore Patrol rounded up the Midshipmen and sent them aboard and we prepared to stay aboard and wait for Saturday when we were leaving. It seemed that some American sailors had insulted a statue in Havana and the Cubans were hurt. We wondered if they'd retaliate on the Statute of Liberty, but we gave that idea up, thinking it too high to climb.

We left Cuba for Portland, literally flying along at 40 revs. We hit a little rough weather in Crooked Island Passage and most of the time we broke even, and one 2000 to 2400 watch we even went ahead a couple of miles, Worrey again. That was alright, we had plenty of time to waste and no one cared when we got to Portland, at least no one who mattered. Lt. Worrey really tried, but for every extra rev we made on his watches, we slowed two the next morning. Well, we had our orders and we wouldn't have wanted to disappoint Portland by arriving early. The upper-class engineers were kept pretty busy with their classes and watches but were learning something and that took the pain out a little when the middle and underclassmen had the last weekend off. We did the biggest field day of our three years for the last couple days be-



Inlet

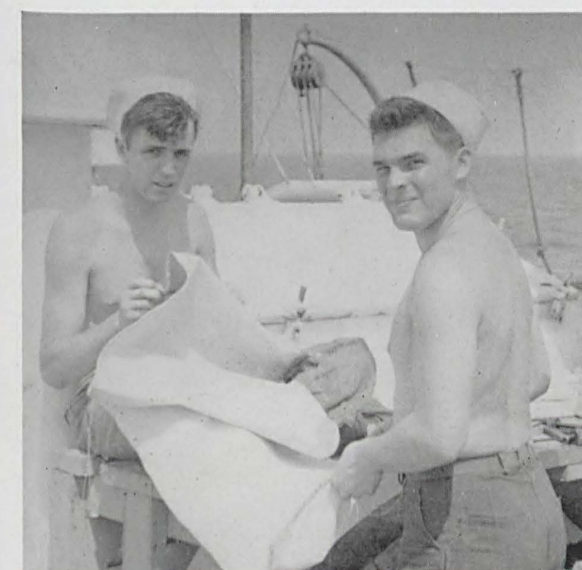


Bells and Bells



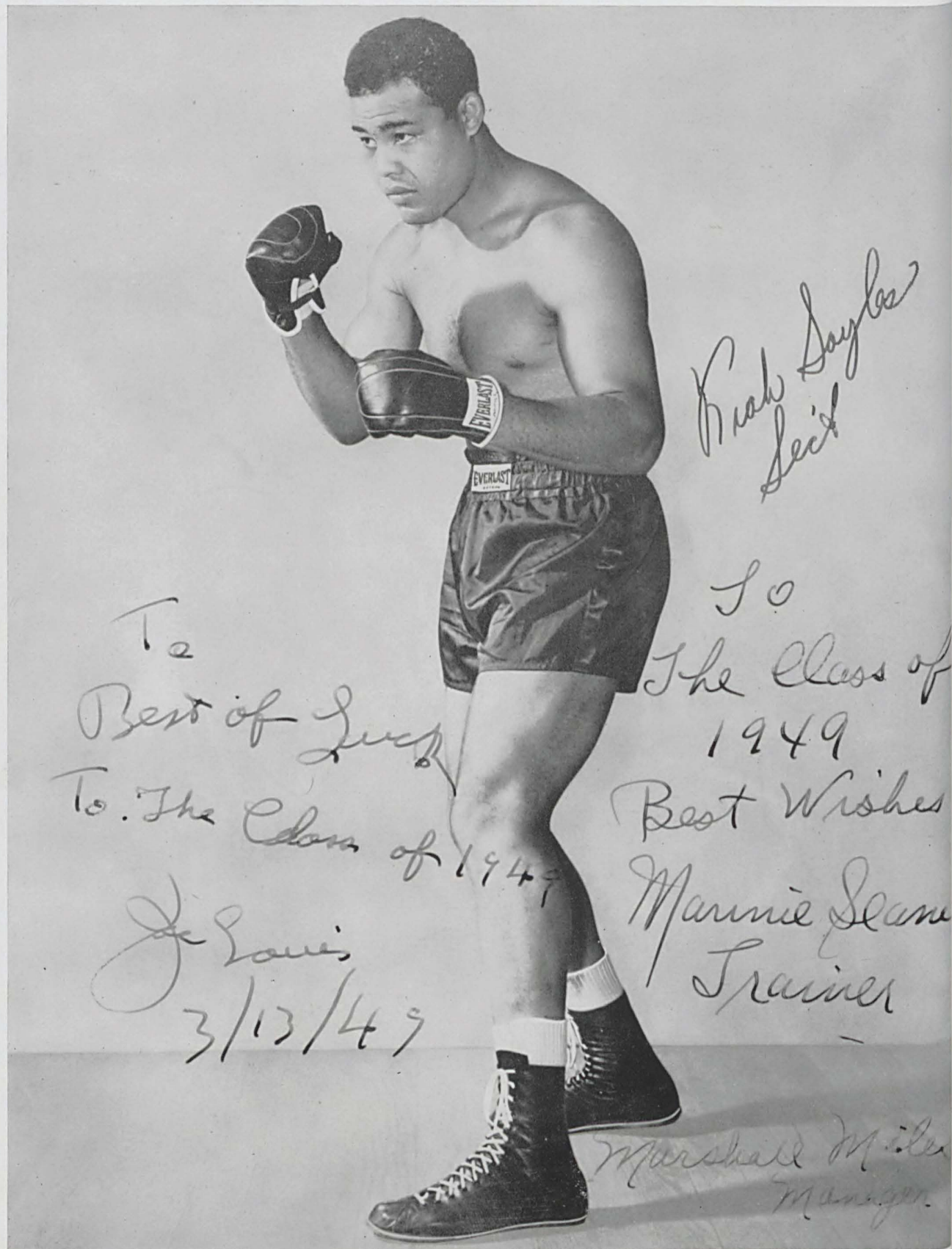
City

Inspection



Seamstress



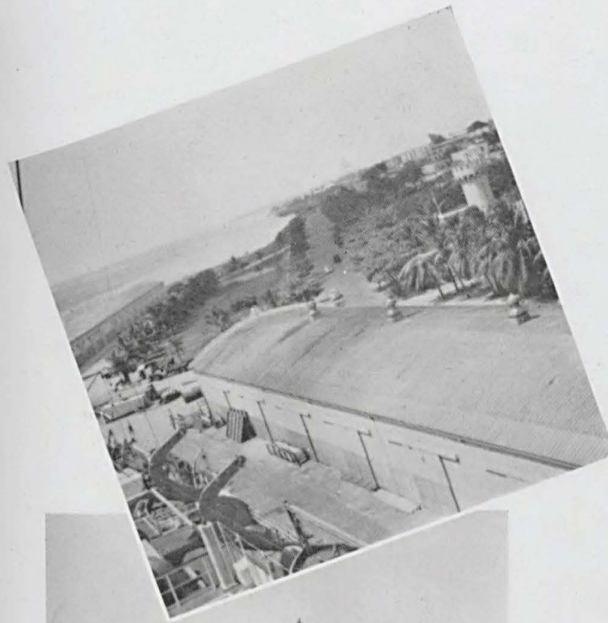


*Frank Saylor
Sec'y*

*To
Best of Luck
To The Class of 1949
Joe Davis
3/13/49*

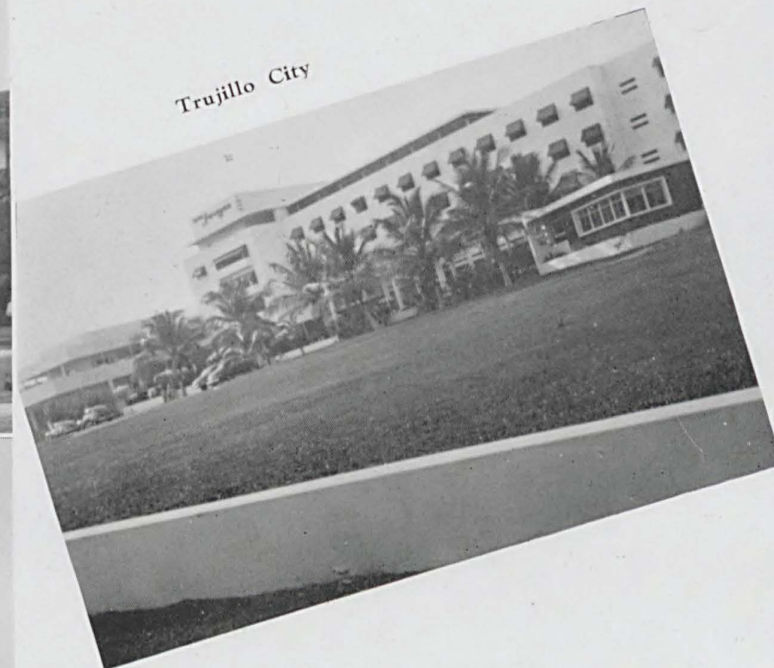
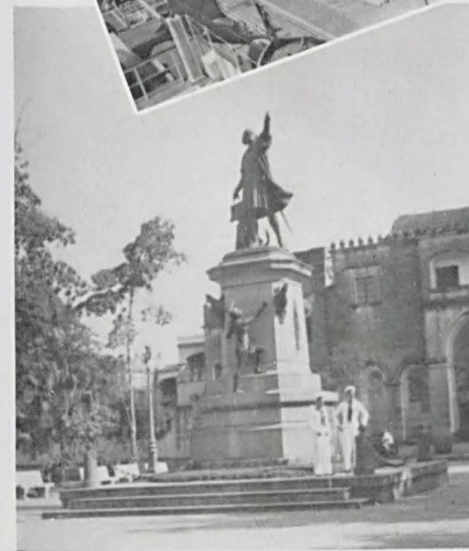
*To
The Class of
1949
Best Wishes
Marnie Seam
Trainer*

*Marshall Miles
Manager*



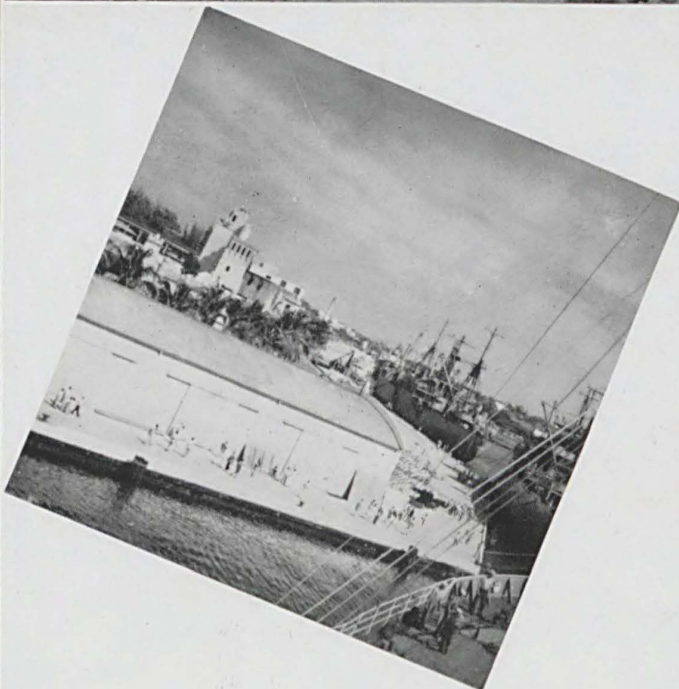
fore Portland. The ship looked good inside and out.

At long last we saw Portland lightship and Two Lights ahead; then before we knew it we were home. It was a nice feeling too, and there's no time quite like it. It's almost worth going away for. Those 36 hour leaves went quickly and then back to Portland, where we did



Trujillo City





our best to spread goodwill. Of course, we couldn't take out all the girls there, but we tried hard. Bulkhead Wight didn't seem to like Portland though and he was heard talking about their penal system with disgust. Just think, no mattresses.

The four days we spent there went almost too quickly and we left quietly Sunday morning with seventy passengers, members of the State legislature and their guests. They seemed pleased with the ship and we steamed full speed for Castine, making for the first time on the cruise, 80 RPM. We anchored in the bay that night, and Jack Howalt and "Gus" Webber shuttled back and forth in the running boat with the visitors.

Monday morning at 0930 we started for the dock and in an hour we were tied up with only 52 bells.

"Ma's" was still there, our credit was still good and Castine had remained as always. There's one thing about that place, you can go away for years and nothing will be different when you return. The starboard sections left for post-cruise leave and, as we went about our jobs, it didn't seem like we'd ever left and that the last three months was just a dream we had waken up from. We were also wondering the outcome of the next three.

Home

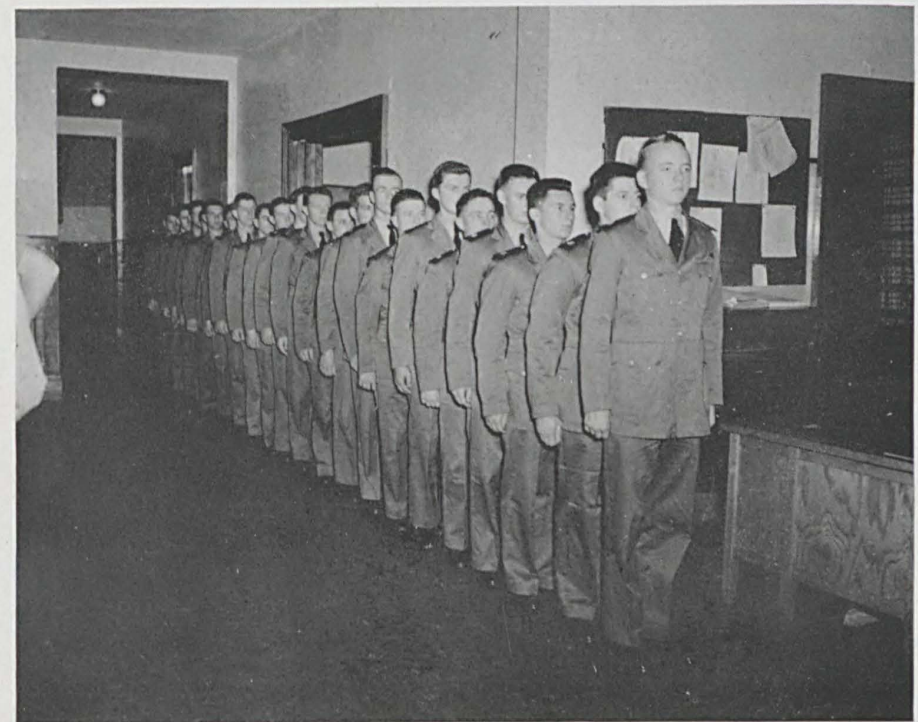


Unpacking the Third Cruise

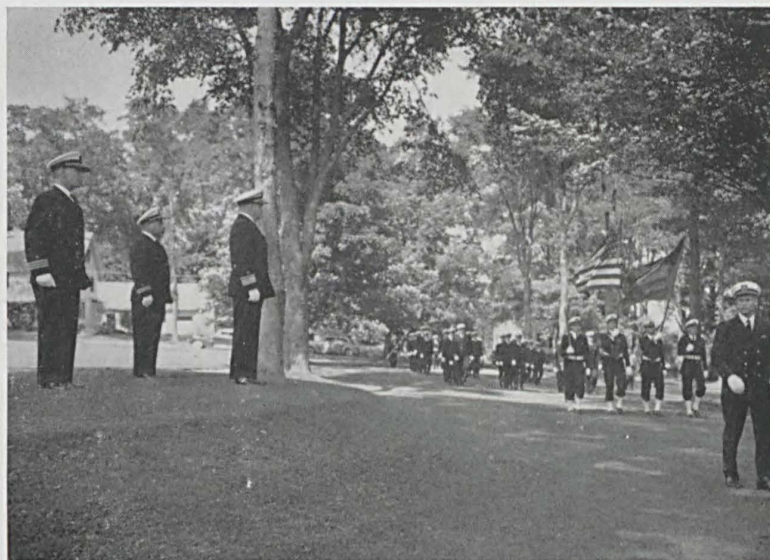




CLASS HISTORY



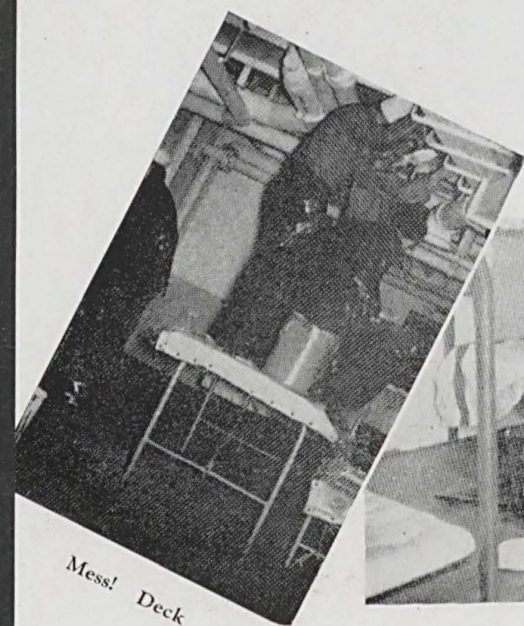
From our arrival at Richardson Hall one hot day in July of nineteen hundred and forty-six, as uncertain and bewildered civilian Midshipmen, to our graduation thirty-six months later as confident, capable officers, our days at the Academy have been filled unceasingly with working for the future and dreams of what it might hold for us. Our underclass days with their bilge parties on the "States," their classes and drills, the first letters from our girls, our first liberties and restrictions, the football team that first fall, and then our first cruise, —all these made up our first year at Maine Maritime Academy. Afterwards came our upper-class days and the first thrill of being Mister and Sir, the dances, and subchaser cruises, all combined together to form our life at the Academy, our class history.



Admiral's Revue

Looking back, July 22, 1946 is a day we'll all remember. Most of the seventh class of Maine Maritime Academy found themselves sitting in the railroad station in Bangor looking over each other with a "So you're my class, look" and wondering if the other guys were as worried as they were and wishing the bus would hurry. Then, we couldn't understand why the "Yellow Streak" took so long.

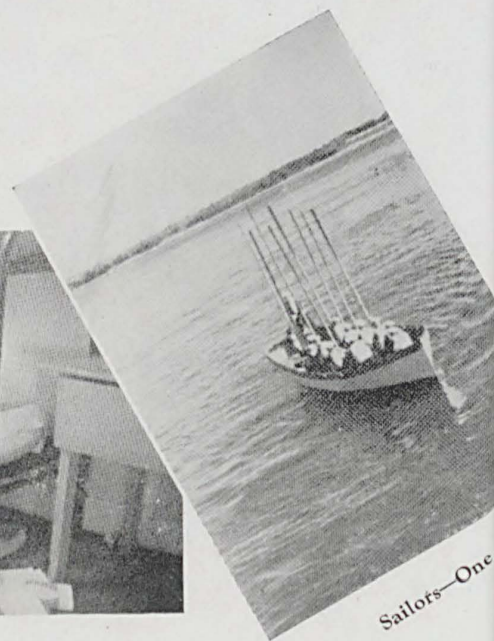
The time had gone quickly—too quickly, from the first applications to the physical examinations, the appointment, the Naval Reserve Oath and the goodbys. We arrived in Castine, a peaceful little coastal town, but as we left the bus the peace evaporated, and in its place was a horrible noise. It sounded like "Hey, mug, comere" and we soon learned that the domineering creatures that made the noise were gentle-



Mess! Deck



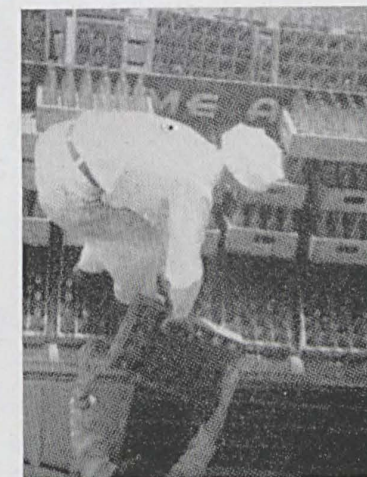
Room Inspection — Upperclass Style



Sailors—One



Doing the Deck



Coke Detail!

men from the "to be feared upperclass." That first day was one we'll long remember, making our sacks again and again, learning new terms, and Siring and Mistering everyone including members of our own class just in case. We crawled into



Warren's Pride and Joy



Libero !!

inaccessible spots in our rooms in search of elusive dust particles which always seemed to escape us, and land on the white gloves of upperclassmen during their endless inspection tours. One of the first in our class to gain distinction was Phil Black. Most of the "A" Deck boys will remember Phil as Captain of the Head.

That first week we lost most of our hair to barber Kelley of the upperclass, who formerly worked on an Australian sheep ranch, and got our dungarees and white hats, which could never be quite clean enough. We learned the rudiments of kiyis and soogie soap and were asked over and over, "Do you like it here, mug?" We'll always remember Durward Emery's quick answer to that one, "I love it here, Sir. This is my home".

The following weeks were busy ones. Classes started and we learned that a



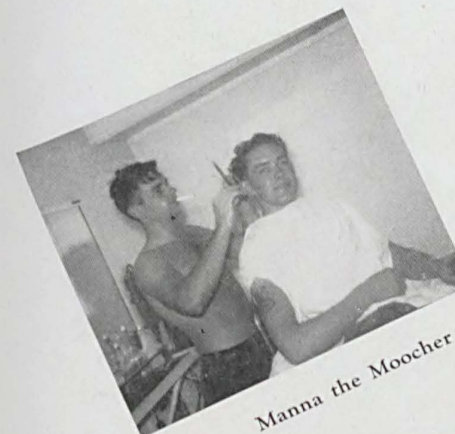
14 Letter Man



Hup! Hup!



Grab Your Sox!



Manna the Moocher



The Big Game



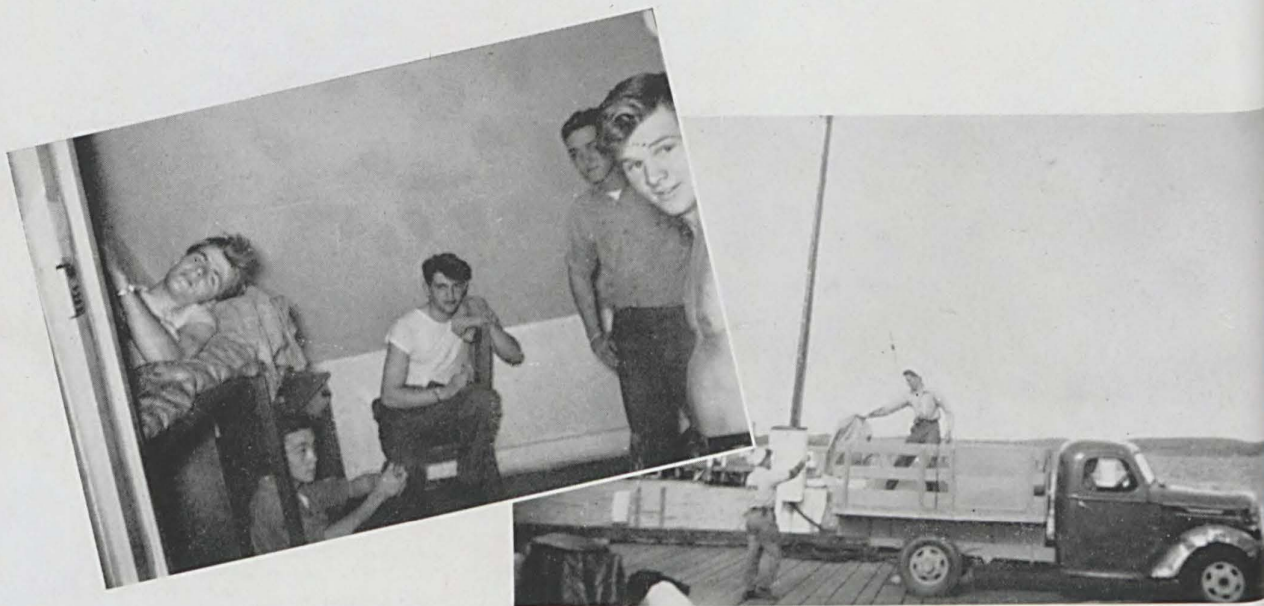
Down the Trodders Path

Scotch Boiler wasn't another kind of cocktail and that Bowditch was god to all who navigate. Some of the more budding "A" Deck boys, Warren Hamm and Bill Leavitt among them, found the coal room and proceeded to move the coal piles back and forth across them nightly at the hands of the upperclass. We also had boiler room parties. Cliff Cameron cleaned the inside of a boiler one night—honest. We also learned to get a mirror-like finish on the garbage cans. Some of our high school athletes added to tradition by shining all fourteen letters on the dorm. After diligently practicing on the bell for two weeks Dick Sirois really did a job on them.

The "Yankee States" came into its own as an evening resort. There was never anything quite like a cool dip in a pool of Diesel oil and Navy Special under the boiler in her after engine room. We all learned to like her though, rust and all.



Rust Bucket



Den of Iniquity

The first liberty came none to soon. Ah! liberty, that great equalizer. We even found out that some of our upperclass were human when we met them without their whips. It also gave a needed rest in a busy schedule and a chance to show the girl how sharp we looked in our uniforms and to tell a few choice sea stories. We were really salty by then.

The first football season came soon and was highlighted by our win over M.C.I., 3-2, and the trip to Mass. Maritime. We hated to lose to Mass. but we made up for it the next year. The upperclassmen began to slack off a little and we learned to appreciate that after chow sack drill to

the tune of "The Old Lamp Lighter." Room 39 was certainly a popular place and the "A" Deck, "B" Deck battles became a common pastime. It was not unusual at any time to crawl into a short sheeted sack with a stack of books under the mattress. Those weekend parties on the annex were something we won't forget either.

It was that fall that we first saw one of Charlie's cars and the Kilby look came to Maine Maritime Academy closely followed by Ben Freeman's smiling face behind the wheel of a Model "A" roadster. Henry couldn't have hired a better publicity agent.



Milt's Folly



Hifalutin Dinner

Before we knew it semester exams came and went and Christmas arrived with its long leave, a chance for all to go home and Rudy and Jack made the most of it. It was a long rest but when it was over came New Year's Eve and for most of us, our first night aboard ship.

The "States" was a good ship and Rio was a nice town, we had fun but we sure were glad to get home.

We all went home for a few days after the cruise, laden with souvenirs, presents, and stories to tell everyone back home. We received many comments on our dark

tans but then there were the wise guys with their sarcastic, "You home again?"

It was hard getting used to classes again but it was a necessary evil and before many weeks had gone by the cruise seemed like part of a distant past or something out of a dream and you had to ask yourself if it really happened. The upperclass was beginning to cram for their exams and had little time for us. They had changed a lot and so had we in the short time we'd been here and for most of us they were Bob, Jack, and Azio.

Graduation came and at last the campus



In Charge (Cough)



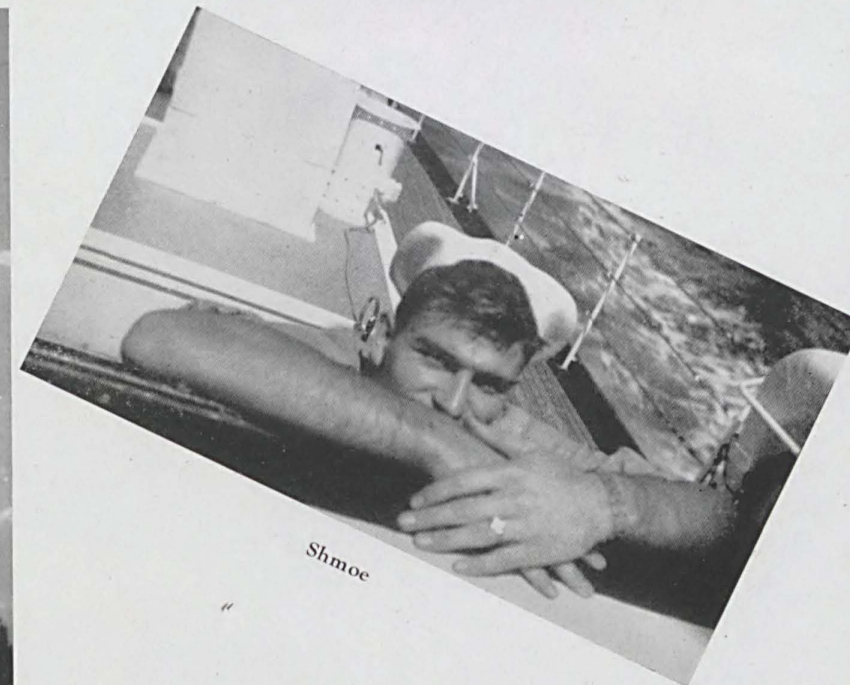
The Big Ditch



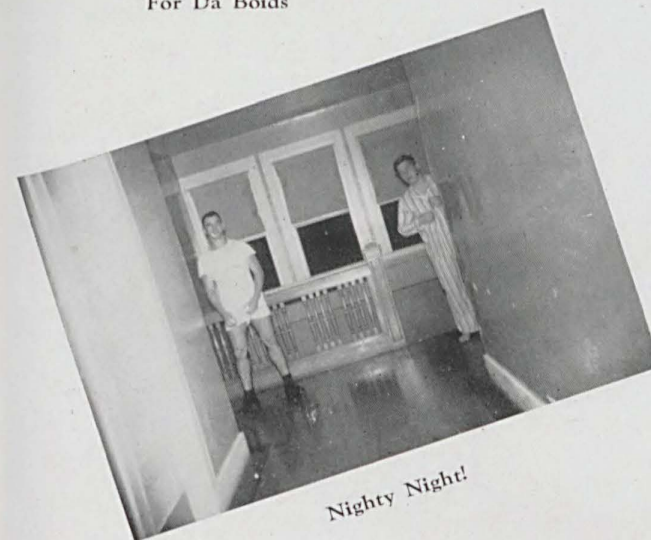
Joke!



For Da Boids



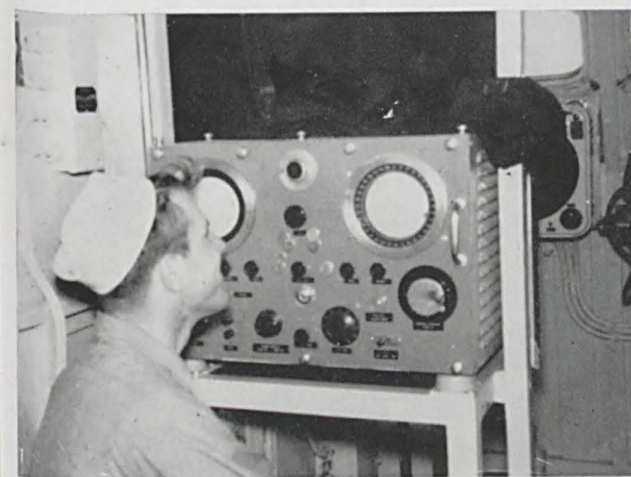
Shmoe



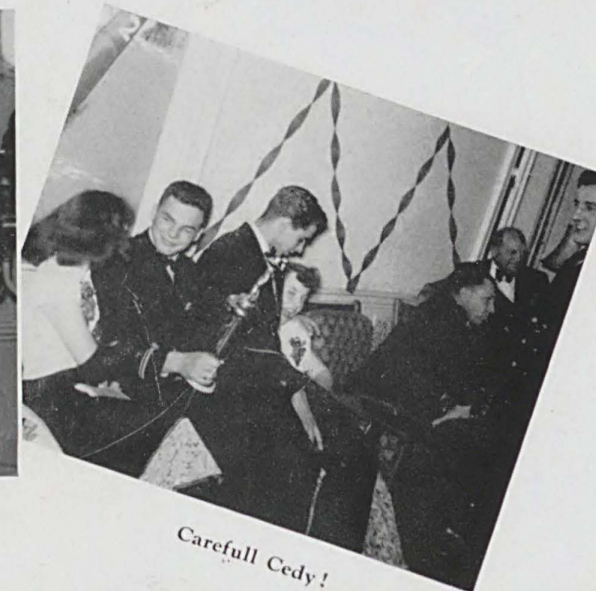
Nighty Night!



S. N. A. F. U.



Duh - h - h!



Carefull Cedy!



This Is a Posed Photo

took on a new look with more of the fairer sex than we'd seen in all our stay here before. There were banquets and dances and at last they received their licenses and left. The old place seemed rather quiet and empty as we worked until midnight cleaning up. For us, graduation had meant only waiting on tables and scullery but it gave us an incentive to work towards that goal. We had those diagonals now and were happy Misters and no longer mugs.

We had a short break over the Fourth and then we came back and tackled our biggest job, stripping the "States". It took a lot of time and a lot of hard work. We never realized how much gear a ship carried until we started removing it. Pete



Copeland's Crate

Van Note really found his calling there. At the same time we started remodeling the subchaser into an Academy yacht. We did a pretty good job of it too and we gave it an insignia destined to adorn it and much of the Academy correspondence for years to come.

At last the "States" was ready to go and we all waited for the tugs that were to take her away. They came and after waiting several days for the weather to clear they towed her off down the bay. We all hated to see her go and we felt that we had lost a good friend. She may have looked a sorry rusty sight as they towed her away but we could all remember the day in December when she sailed proudly



Hours and Hours to Get Tied Up



up the Bay in her new coat of civilian white.

With the exit of the "States" went many happy memories. We'll never forget anything about her and wherever we go we'll always be thankful for the things we learned in our three months aboard her.

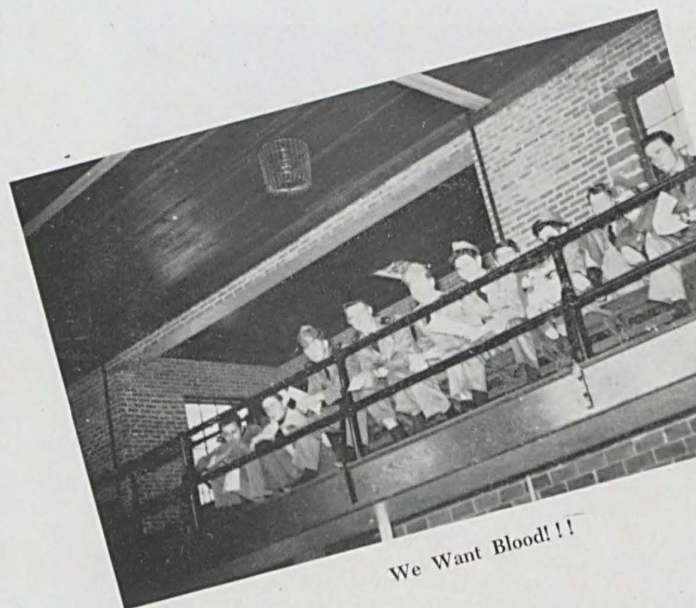
Just prior to graduation we heard a lot of noise in a southern drawl and looked up to see "Marse Jerry", Mississippi's contribution to our class. As we got the Pentagoet in shape and started our daily cruises out on the "raging main" of Penobscot Bay Jerry took over as Cadet Captain of the tug, and did a good job of keeping her in shape. Of course all of those cruises were courtesy of the engineering genius of Benny and Sonny. Without them she would probably never have left the dock. Many a cruise was taken up and down the Bay in "Chucks Gadget" and past, present and future Midshipmen have made and

will keep her as much a part of the Academy as the campus itself.

Admiral McColl announced his resignation and we were very sorry to see him go. He had given us a good administration and set an example that was an inspiration to all of us. He was a real officer and he'll never lack the respect of those under him.

The underclass arrived in early August and provided lots of entertainment for both us and themselves. It was fun being on the other side for a change and we made the most of it. Of all the friendly guys in our class, Dick Pelley seemed to find the knack of making friends the quickest. He made more friends in the new class than they liked to think about. Funny thing about his friends though, they hid when they saw him coming.

We had a big formal to celebrate the completion of the subchaser's conversion and her maiden cruise. It was one of our



Gold Braid



Like Birds on a Fence

biggest dances and for a change the blind dates looked good in the early part of the evening, "Parlez vous Francay, Mamsel". The dance was highlighted by a moonlight cruise aboard the subchaser across the Bay. Lt. Erb did the officiating as Captain. It was something new and we all enjoyed it thoroughly.

Classes started again and we were back to the old routine of get up, eat, classes, eat, classes, eat, study, sleep. We were through taking both subjects and now we were feeling that old traditional rivalry, between deckmen and engineers, in our own class. The football season rolled around again and we evened up a score with Mass. Maritime and they left the cup here that time. It was a good hard fought game and kept up a budding rivalry.



Castine Beachhead

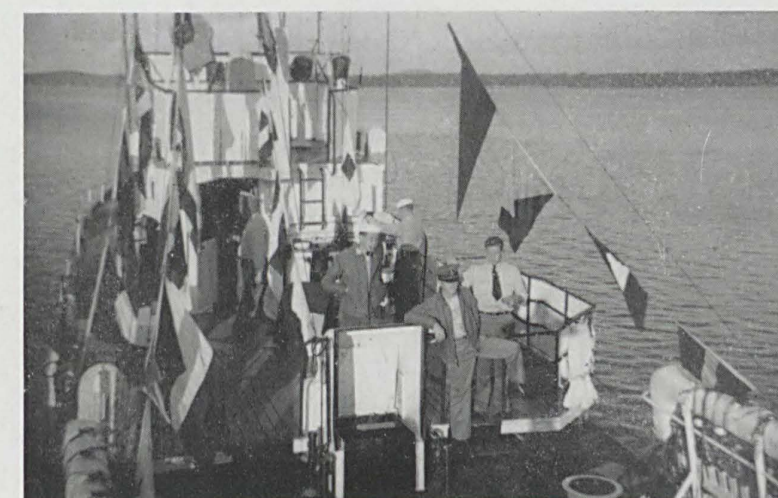


Color Guard

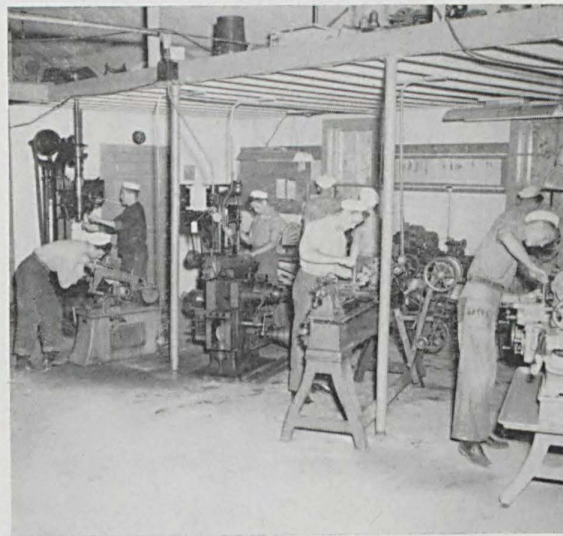
The fall went quickly and before we knew it Christmas came and went and the U.S.M.S.T.S. American Sailor came to Castine. She was on a training cruise with Maritime Trainees from St. Petersburg, Florida Training Base. We met some swell guys from there and even talked some of them into coming here. In St. Pete we boarded the Mariner, another Maritime Training vessel, and the working cruise started for us. It all went quickly, even rowing the lifeboats, and before long we were, aboard the U.S.S. Charleston, Mass., new training ship, headed for home. It was more of a work cruise than before but Earnie Collar's smokers took the dullness

out after they were passed over Mr. Rounds' veto. The cleaning job Kerm Allen did on the Log Room of the Mariner should go into the annals of M.M.A. history as one of the greatest singlehanded feats on record. What made that deck rise, Kerm?

After the post cruise liberty we came back to classes with a renewed vigor which lasted almost until that Thursday. We had a new engineering instructor and things got all fouled up in a normal way again. After a rainy start the baseball team got off to a successful season, winning most of their games. They met a few



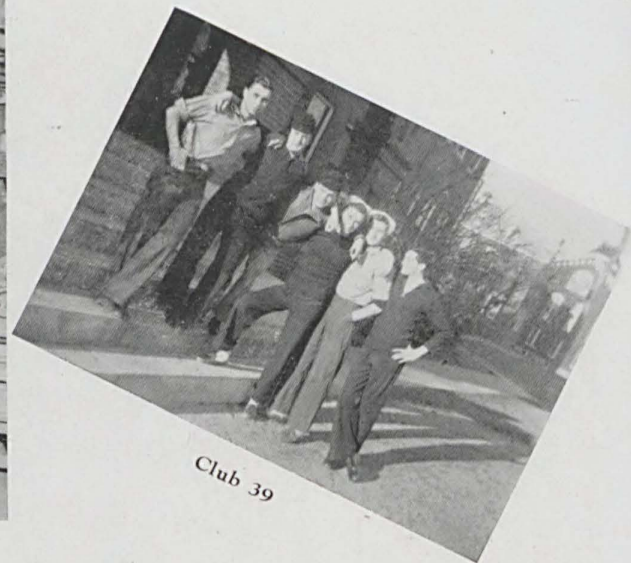
Capt. Hickey



Monday at a Fish Factory

kibitzers and one of them matriculated with the new class later on.

As spring blossomed into summer Lt. Herbert retired as head of the Engineering Department and through some coincidence Miss Burns retired at the same time. Lt. Herbert was replaced by Lt. Cmdr. Stewart, and the Engineering marks hit a new low. We've learned a lot from him since but those first weeks were hard ones. As the retiring head of the Navigation Department, Lt. Cmdr. "Chuck" Tumey was missed by all. He had grown to be almost



Club 39

a part of the Academy. Lt. Cmdr. "Bill" Brasier took over where he left off.

The summer went by rapidly with an occasional afternoon trip on the chaser or the "Pentagoet". We put the V.P.s and the whaleboats in the water and all too soon we took them out again and once more we "winterized" the dock area. That term has a really broad meaning. During August two more new officers arrived, Lts. Sterns and Jewett, both welcome additions to the engineering staff, and at long last the Academy acquired a new "Yellow



Man From Mars



Compliments of Seamanship Dept.



El Diablo



Prospector at Work

"Streak." Of course it's no more comfortable and doesn't go any faster than the old one, but at least, it's new.

Football season sneaked up on us again and again we had a good season. We'll never know what happened in that M.C.I. game but "Al" Cederstrom still hears about the score. We won six out of seven games

What We Leave





Upperclass Lounge



Gymnasium



The Armory



Da Boys!!

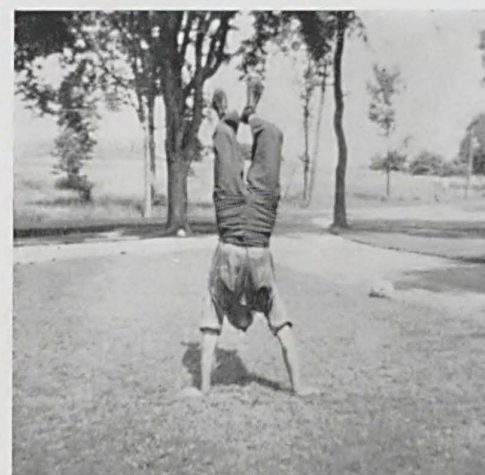
and topped it off by beating Mass. Maritime 9-8 in a thriller that lasted up until the final gun. It was the last game for many of our class and they made the most of it. In the line led by Capt. Durward Emery, "Bulkhead" Wight, Jack Howalt, and Will Robinson did their usual outstanding job while at the ends, Dick Sirois, Bill Murray, and Kerm Allen more than held their own. In the backfield Rudy Matzer did an exceptional job of packing the ball and "Manny" Mansfield did a great job at quar-



—Natch!



Guess Who?



Willie's First Love



Administration Building

terback. Manny did all right but who knows about his future after taking the "Charles Atlas" Course sent him by his girl. Coach Hoctor will miss our contributions to his teams but we should, in the future, be able to be proud of the really fine athletic teams he puts out.

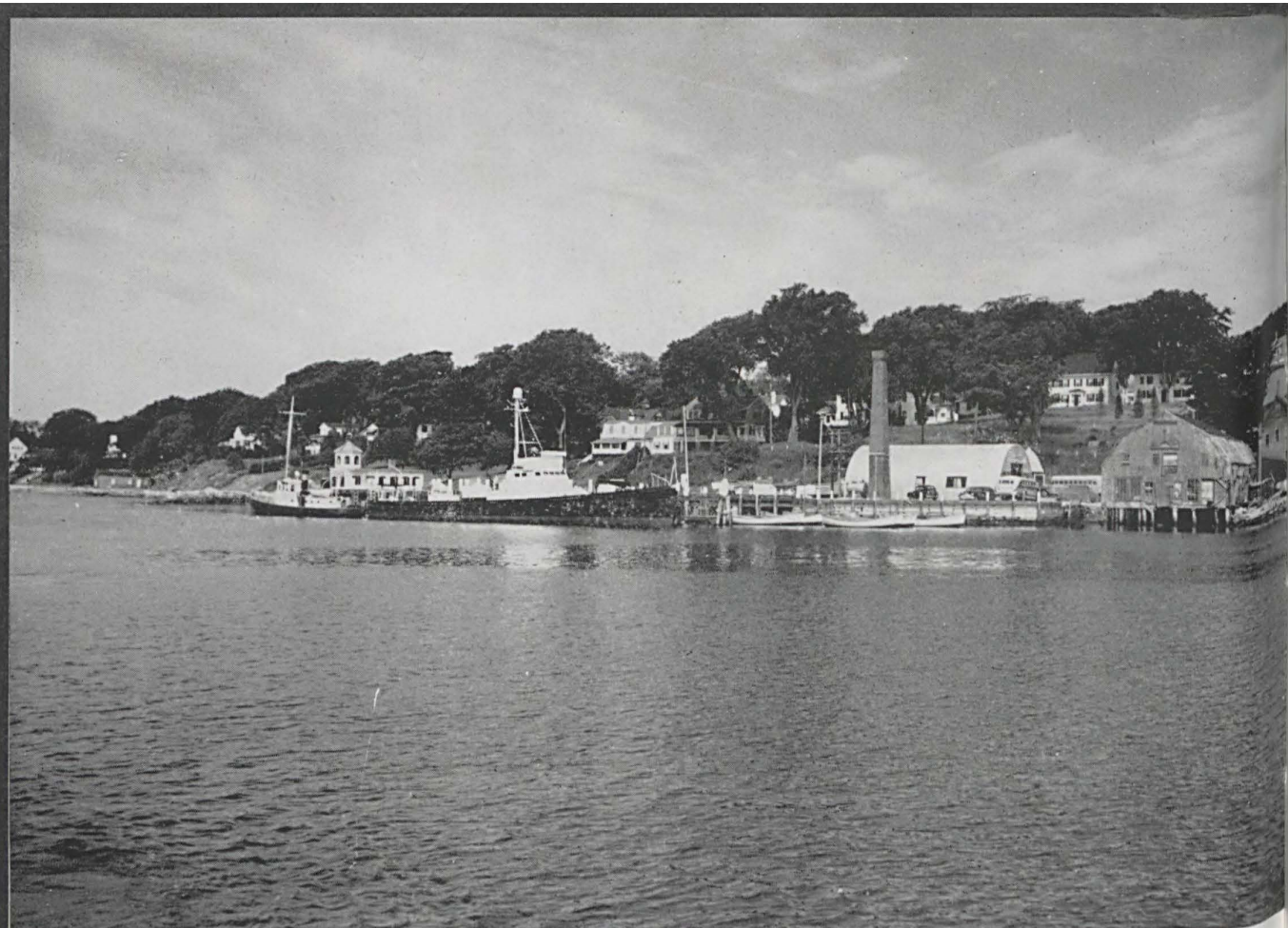


Sailing

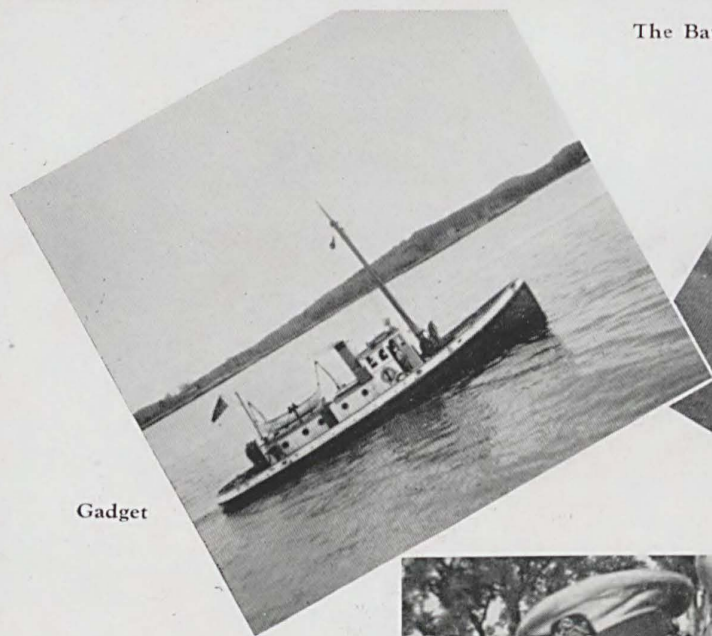


Ready for Winter

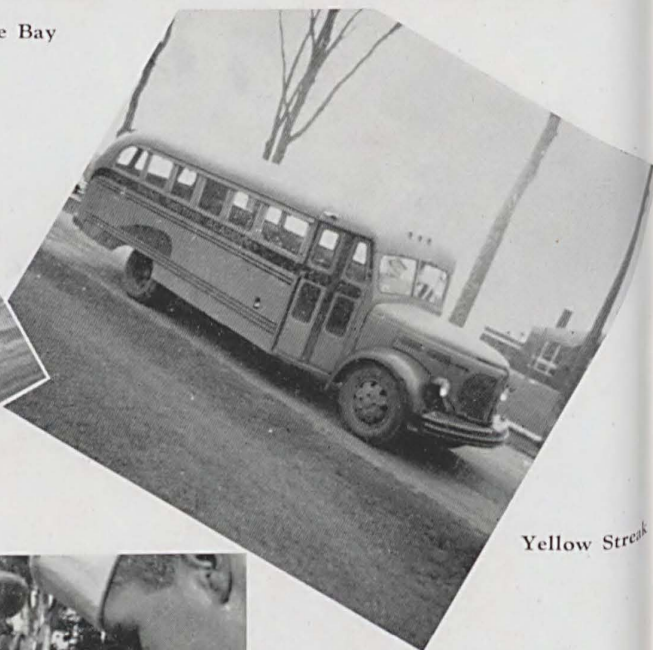
Towards the end of the season half of our class joined "MacKenzie's Volunteers" and left for Florida and the "Sailor". We chalked up another "cozy" deal for Charlie Kilby and the boys really appreciated having that convertible in St. Petersburg.



The Bay



Gadget



Yellow Streak



Errr - - Ah -

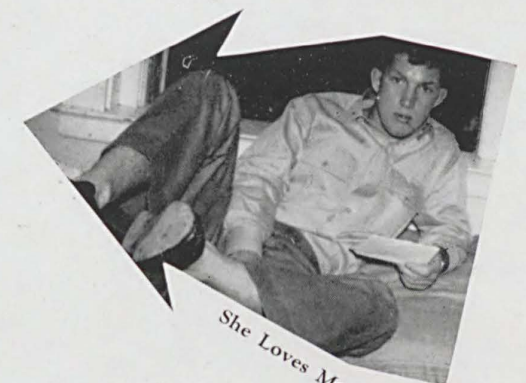


Now Put It Over There



Heading Out

Some of the boys went up to see Joe Astrab on their time off from the work on the "Sailor". They really worked hard, some of us got letters from our "vacationing" roommates. Joe was really glad to see them. We missed Joe when he left and it was nice renewing old acquaintances.



She Loves Me



Admiral's Quarters



Gym

They came back about Christmas time and after Christmas leave and our trip to Bangor for our Naval Reserve physicals we boarded the American Sailor for our winter cruise.

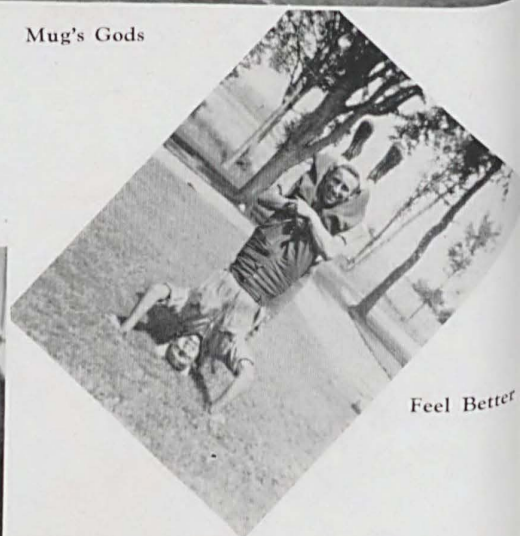
With the end of the cruise, time went by swiftly and before long the exams came and we looked back and wondered just where the past three years had gone. In the exams, we put to good use the knowledge we had absorbed in thirty-six hard



Mug's Gods



"Love That Man"



Feel Better



months of studies and practical experience, and passed. There was real relief when they were over but we were also sorry to leave and to break up the friendships we had formed during our stay.

Graduation came and went with a suddenness that was almost overwhelming. The formal, the inspection, and at long last graduation, with its long awaited diploma and license, all passed. Now it is finished and the goodbys and congratulations are all exchanged. We are stepping out with a confidence born of knowledge, and leaving behind many happy memories of three well spent years.

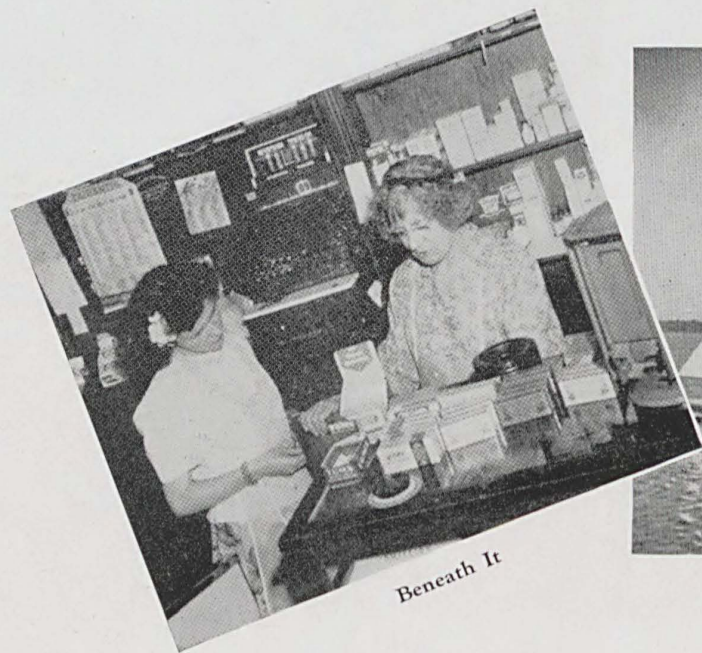


No Peanut Butter!!

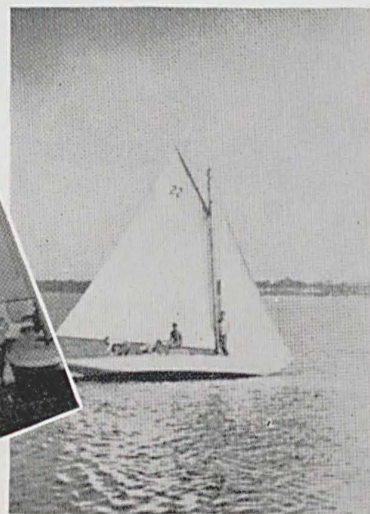
LIBERTY, CASTINE



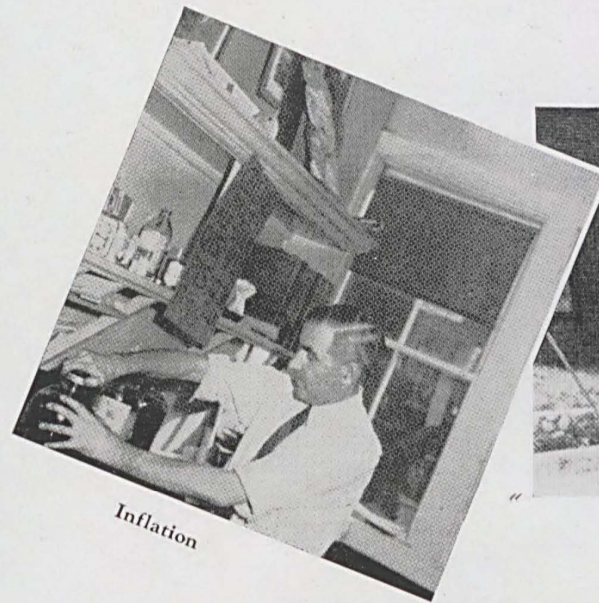
The City



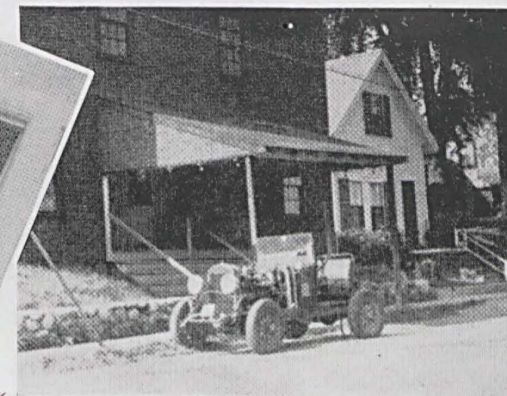
Beneath It



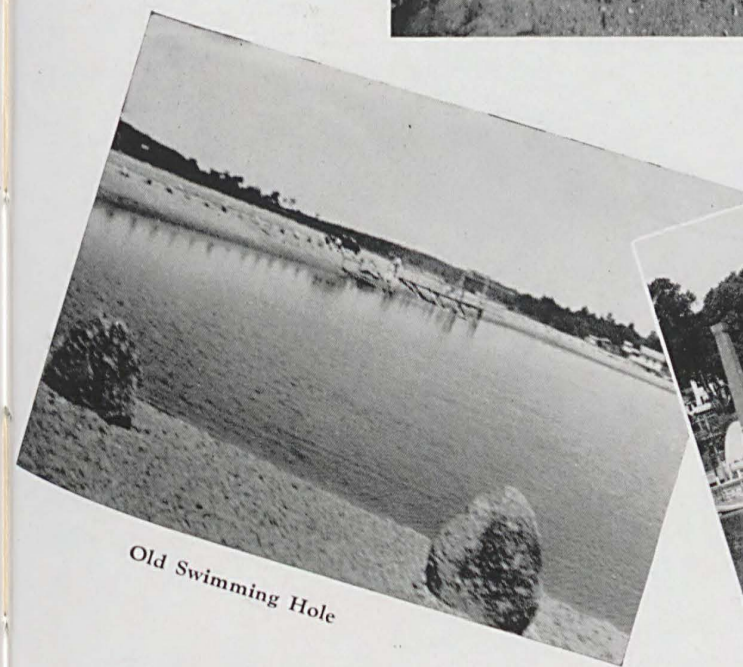
Bounding Main



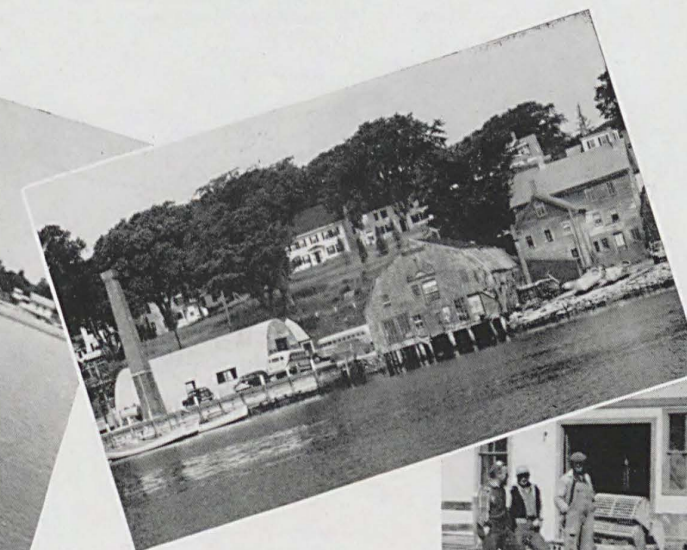
Inflation



Twice A Week



Old Swimming Hole

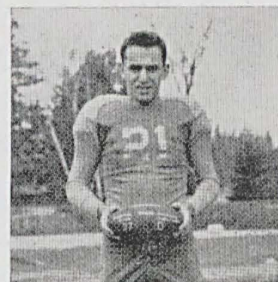


Water Front





FOOTBALL—1946



CAPTAIN FERRINI
and the Victory Ball

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.

MIDDIES VS. THORNTON

Open at Bidedford:

The first football game that an organized team representing Maine Maritime Academy ever participated in, proved to be a very costly one, with a number of injuries occurring during the hotly-contested battle, that in no small way hampered our success in the ensuing battles.

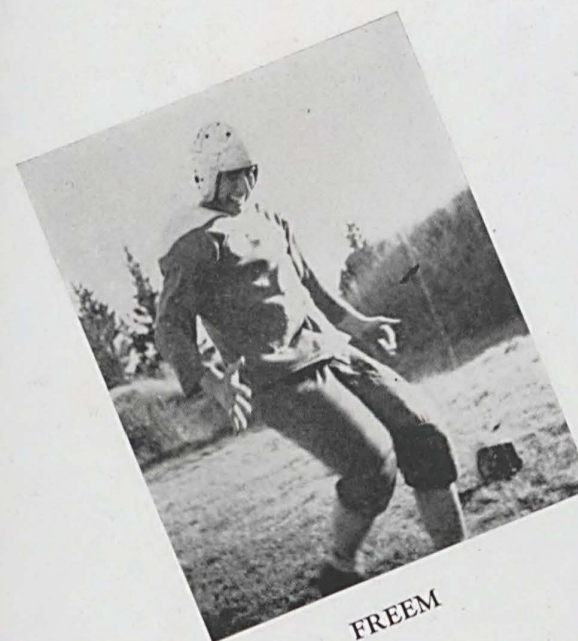
After the Middies had scored 2 touchdowns, and missed both attempted conversions, the Maroon of Thornton pushed one over and converted, but the Blue and Gold held onto their slim margin and emerged from the hot and dusty gridiron with a 12 to 7 victory—our first in football history.

MMA OVERPOWERS HCI

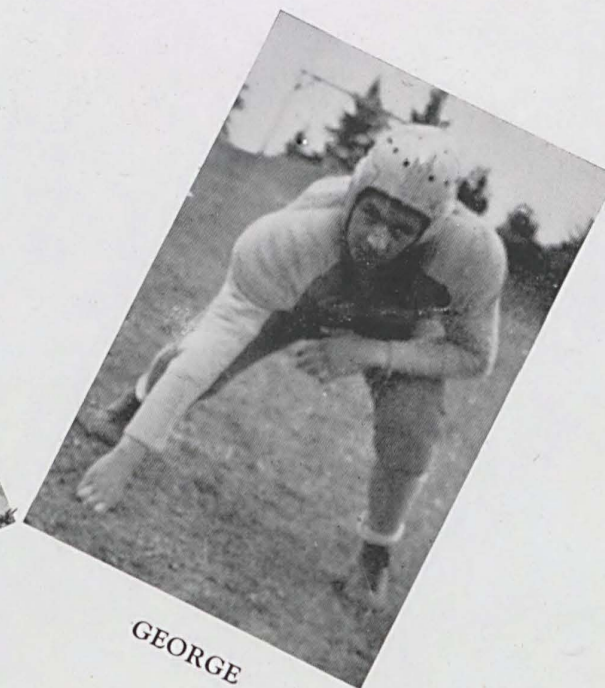
Sailing on to Charleston, Maine, the Destroyer "Middie" shelled the Higgins Classical Institute gridsters with a 4-touchdown barrage and 3 extra points, after being held scoreless the first half of the onslaught. After the rousing "pep-talk" at half-time by Coach Hector, the inspired sailors rolled on to win 27 to 0.



First Football Team



FREEM



GEORGE

MCI BOOTED

This game will go down in the annals of MMA as a "natural" and will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most thrilling games ever witnessed by the fans of this territory, made possible only by the "never say die" fighting spirit of the Middies.

After trailing 2 to 0, due to a faulty pass from center and the resulting safe-

ty, from the second quarter until the last 30 seconds of play, the Middies came out from the huddle on the MCI 20 yard line, 15 yards in from the right side of the field, and went into place-kick formation, Jack Eden kicking. With John Brophy holding, Eden kicked the ball from the peculiar angle. The ball sailed to the left and up—the whistle blew—the ball seemed to float higher and straighter and then split the up-rights!!! MMA had won 3 to 2.



Action!



Action in Fort George

MASS STUNS MAINE

At Hyannis the Middies suffered their first defeat at the hands of Massachusetts Maritime Academy 21-0, a defeat that will long remain in the hearts of the players and coach, and will serve as a reminder to future teams of MMA that to play good, clean, hard, football, although the score and odds are overwhelming, is a credit to themselves and MMA.

STAGE COME-BACK TO BEAT THE U OF M ANNEX

The MMA gridsters again posted their name on the victory side of the ledger, in a very strong comeback win after the beating at Mass., by defeating the University of Maine Freshmen of the Brunswick Annex on the Orono gridiron, to the tune of 27-0.



At Garland Street Field

SECOND LOSS—TO PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY

The Middies wound up their first season by a loss to Phillips Exeter Academy of New Hampshire, 13 to 6 in a clean, well-played, football game. The large squad of Exeter proved to be too much for the smaller squad of MMA, with few reserves, although Freddy Grondin came through with an excellent display of his ball-carrying talent. His 75 yard touchdown run, after intercepting an Exeter pass on our 25 yard line in the first period, with excellent blocking was superb, producing our only marker of the game.

At the banquet following the season's completion, Azio Ferrini was elected

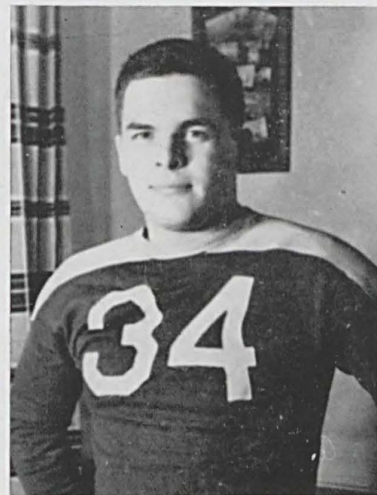
honorary Captain for the 1946 season. To be elected captain of the first Maine Maritime Academy football team can only, in part, pay him his due honor for his excellence on the playing field for MMA.

The captain, selected by all the members of the team, to lead the 1947 edition of the MMA football team was Durward Emery. Emery's play on the football field during the season completed was nothing short of sensational. Durward, a regular guard, was a stalwart on defense and a mighty good blocker on offense. The "watch-charm" guard hit with the power of a pile-driver, no matter how large the opposition. The election of the former MCI grid-great as captain was unanimous.

FOOTBALL—1947-48

FOOTBALL 1947

The second season of football at Maine Maritime Academy was completed with a record of 5 wins and 3 losses, including a post-season game with Coburn Classical Institute of Waterville, played at the Municipal Stadium in Portland, Maine.



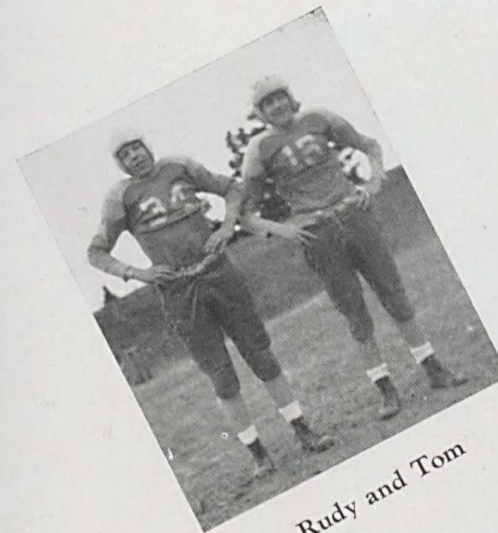
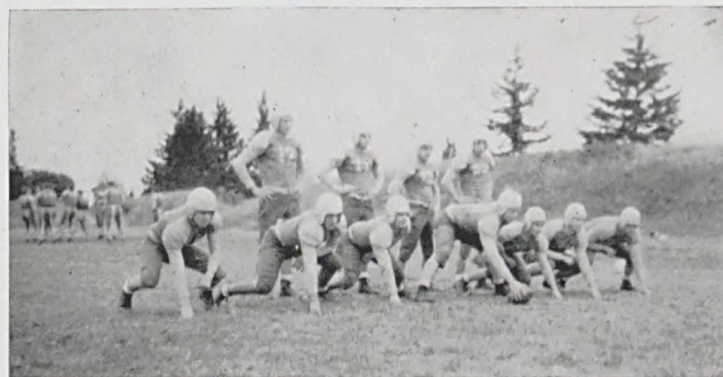
CAPTAIN EMERY

MMA DOWNS RICKER

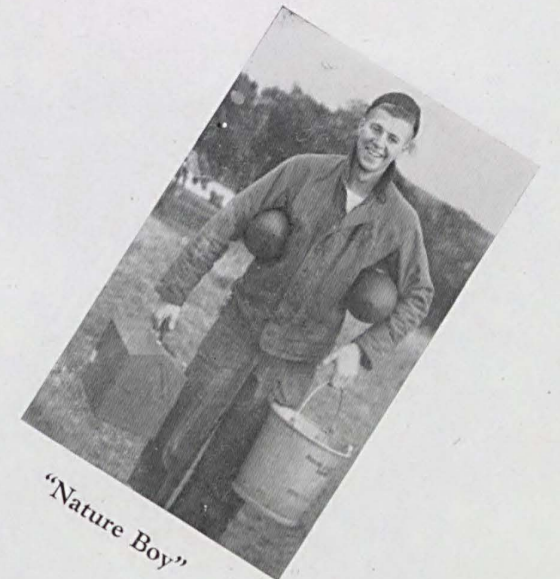
In the season's opener, the Middies proved that they were a team of excellent calibre, and a team not to be denied many wins before the season was over, by setting back a strong Ricker Junior College team, from Houlton, Maine, 13 to 6. The game was played on the Garland St. Field, in Bangor, due to the lack of facilities at Castine.

HIGGINS BEATEN AT BREWER

In a hard fought battle on the Irving T. Doyle Memorial Field in Brewer, the Blue and Gold of MMA again gained a 13 to 6 victory by subduing the Higgins Classical Institute eleven. The attack was paced by Carroll Freeman who scored both touchdowns, one a 30 yard scoot around end.



Rudy and Tom



"Nature Boy"

MCI TOPS MARINERS

Maine Central Institute of Pittsfield took advantage of our injury-riddled gridiron machine to annex an 18-13 win.

The Prep-ers fell behind in the opening period as Ray Mansfield ran back an MCI kick and George Martin bucked over from the 2 yard line. Scontras converted. MCI missed the extra point after a 20 yard touchdown pass, and the score at the half read: MMA 7, MCI 6. Another lapse in our pass defense cost us 6 points. An intercepted pass set up another MCI touchdown.

We took to the air in the final period in an effort to come from behind and a pass tossed by Bill Lamond from the MMA 20 made connections with Dick Brophy at mid-field and he raced all the way for the touchdown.

It was too late, however, for more scoring, and MCI salvaged the valuable decision.





Speeches



Cigars

13 TO 6 AGAIN

The Tars third victory was again by the score of 13 to 6 over the U. of M. Junior Varsity, played at Orono.

Dick Foley carried across the Maine goal line on a naked reverse around left end for the first touchdown from the 27. Pete Scontras kicked the point after. In the last period, Don McLellan intercepted a Maine pass on the Maritime 32 and raced 68 yards for the second score; the attempted conversion failed.

TIP BOWDOIN JV'S

The Sailors concentrated their scoring into the 2 opening periods to defeat Bowdoin's junior varsity 19-7 at Pickard Field, Brunswick. George Martin countered twice for the Merchant Sailors, streaking 15 yards on a naked

reverse for one second quarter score, and grabbing a lateral following a Mansfield-to-Herbert pass for another, on a play that carried 25 yards.

Bob Regnery recovered a Bowdoin fumble on the Bowdoin's 17 on the first play after the opening kick-off to set up the first touchdown.

BOW TO U OF M ANNEX

The rugged University of Maine Brunswick Annex team gave the Middies their second set-back of the campaign by defeating them at Brunswick 6 to 0.

In the final period Jack White's interception on the Annex 43 started a Maritime advance which ended on the one foot line, as the time ran out. Will Robinson did a commendable job, being called upon to replace the injured Wes Giles in the second period.



At the Maine Game

MAINE VS. MASS

Maine Maritime Academy gained one leg on the trophy as a result of the 22 to 12 thumping it gave Massachusetts Maritime Academy at the Garland St. Field in Bangor before a small, cold crowd.

The Castine Middies rolled over their fellow Midshipmen from Hyannis in the first half as they racked up two touchdowns and two safeties for 16 points, and completely stymied the Bay Stater's offense.

The Mass Middies who failed to register a single first down in the first half, came back in the third quarter for their first score. The try for extra point was blocked by Capt. Durwood Emery,

who led the fighting Maine eleven throughout the contest. The fourth period produced another Mass touchdown, but the extra point was smothered by the entire front wall of the Maine team.

A fumble by our own team resulted in our final TD. As Scontras bucked from the 2 yard line, the ball squirted out of his hands and into the end zone where it was recovered by an alert Rudy Matzer, giant right tackle, for a touchdown.

Before the game got under way, the crack drill squad and other Middies pitched in to clear the snow off the field. This same drill squad put on an excellent display of military precision at half-time.



After the Mass. Game

COBURN RALLIES TO NIP MARITIME 21-18

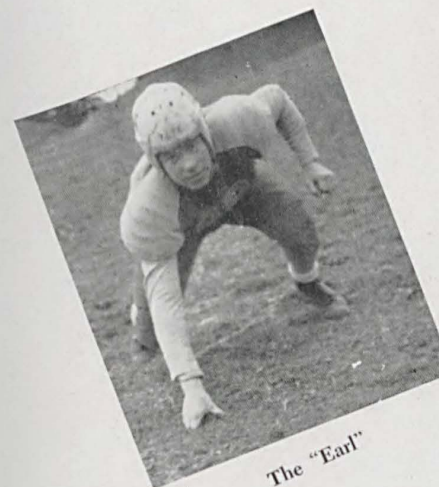
In the season's anti-climax, a post-season game, the Coburnites from Waterville overcame a 12 to 7 halftime deficit to edge the Blue and Gold.

The lead changed hands three times and the decision wasn't sealed until the final minute. Economical cashing of two Coburn fumbles and Don McLellan's 85-yard kickoff return allowed the Middie outfit to hold the 12-7 halftime lead and brief second half advantages.

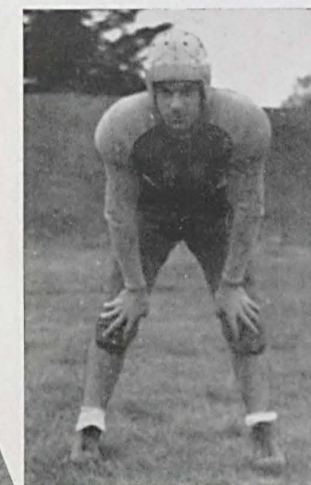
The Middies capitalized on the first break early in the first period when

guard Earle Wight recovered a Coburn fumble on their 32. In five plays the Middies were across, with quarterback Ray Mansfield sneaking over from the one.

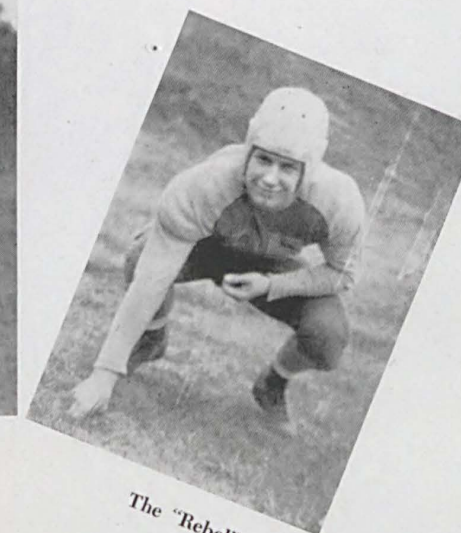
Minus its placement specialist, the injured Pete Scontras, the Academy tried the first of three incomplete point passes, which represented their downfall. Rudy Matzer, however, ably filled in with good kick-offs. Wight, Brophy, Ken Erickson, Sirois, and Capt. Durwood Emery were Maritime line stars, with Foley, White, Lamond, Mansfield and McLellan playing heads-up football in the backfield.



The "Earl"



The "Mole"



The "Rebel"

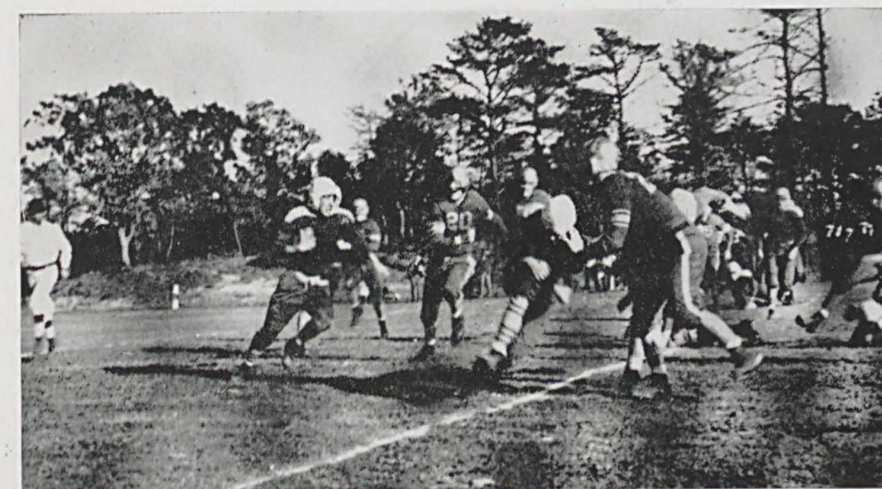
1948 FOOTBALL

Candidates for the 1949 edition for the Maine Maritime Academy grid squad reported to the historical Fort George, scene to many previous scrimmages and practice sessions of academy teams, soon after the metriculation of the class of '51, on Sept. 1st, for the start of the long grind to get into "shape" for the ensuing fall football campaign.

Heading the list of returning candidates was Capt. Durward Emery, followed by the 1947 squad, intact, except for Carroll Freeman, end; Al Cederstrom, end; and Dick Foley, halfback, who decided to end their football career with the 1947 season.

Carroll Freeman, a halfback of A-1 calibre decided to give up his football playing roll in '48 because of injuries

Maine Around End at Mass.



THE '48 SEASON

to both his knees in the '47 season, hampered his execution of this excellent brand of football he was formerly capable of performing. However, by employing Carroll as an assistant coach, his spirit and drive was in part incorporated into the 1948 team.

Mr. Brown also served as an assistant coach to head coach Lt. John Hoctor.

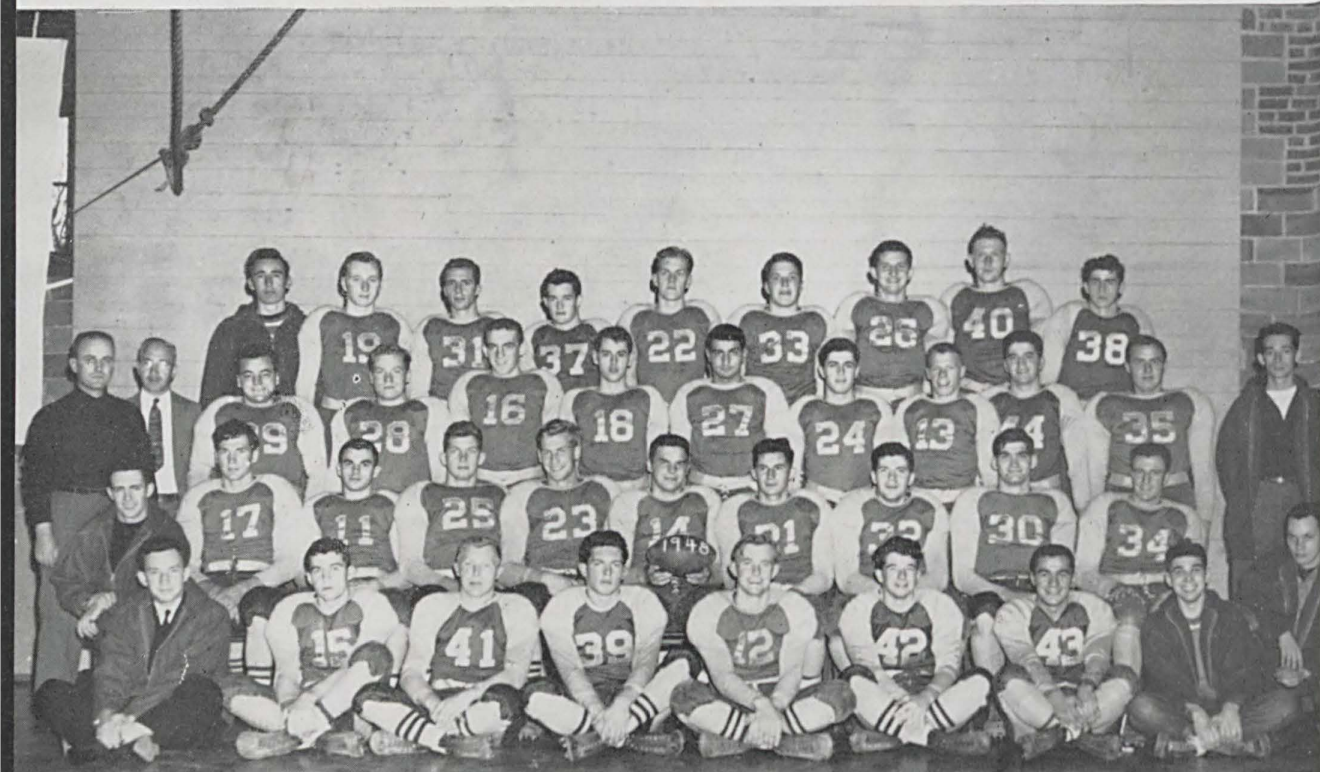
After a month of practice, Coach Hoctor had narrowed his squad down to 45

men with many of the new candidates proving to be athletes with outstanding ability.

Francis Laviguerer, a letterman, as a halfback and end, on the first Academy football squad, in 1946, elected to give up football in '47 and '48 in favor of studies, and intramural activities.

On Oct. 1st, the squad was ready to launch their 1948 grid campaign. The line averaged 175 pounds, while the backfield averaged 160 pounds.

The Team of '48



Action at Higgins

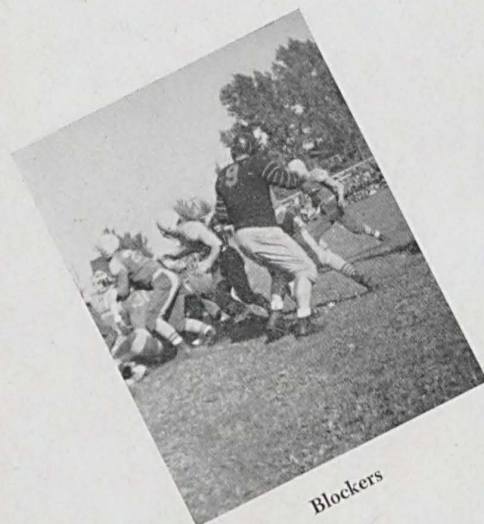
HCI BEATEN IN OPENER

The Middies overpowered a stubborn Higgins Classical Institute eleven, 21 to 0 at Irving T. Doyle Memorial Field in Brewer, to annex their first win. The Blue and Gold elected to play their home games on the Brewer field again this year because of their slowly, but surely, progressing athletic plant at Castine.

Jack White scored the season's first TD, when he circled his own right end after he faked a hand-off to Rudy Matzer, the big Academy fullback, converted from an end position in the '47 season. Matzer, in playing only 2 years

at the Academy, proved his versatility by playing a number of positions very capably, including center, tackle, end, and in his senior year the fullback slot, as well as being a bear-cat on defense.

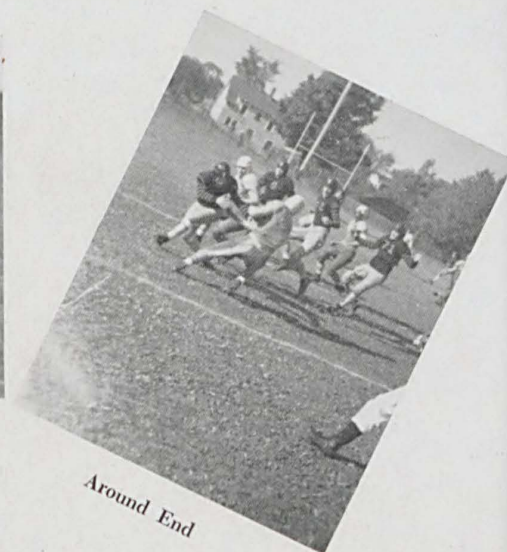
The center of the Middies' line showed up particularly well as they held the Higgins eleven to three first downs with Ken Erickson, Sirois and Capt Durward Emery standing out. End, Dick Sirois' jarring tackles and brilliant downfield blocks could be heard all over the field. His aerial snaring throughout the year was a great asset to the team. Pete Scontras place-kicked three consecutive extra points during the afternoon.



Blockers



Bulkhead

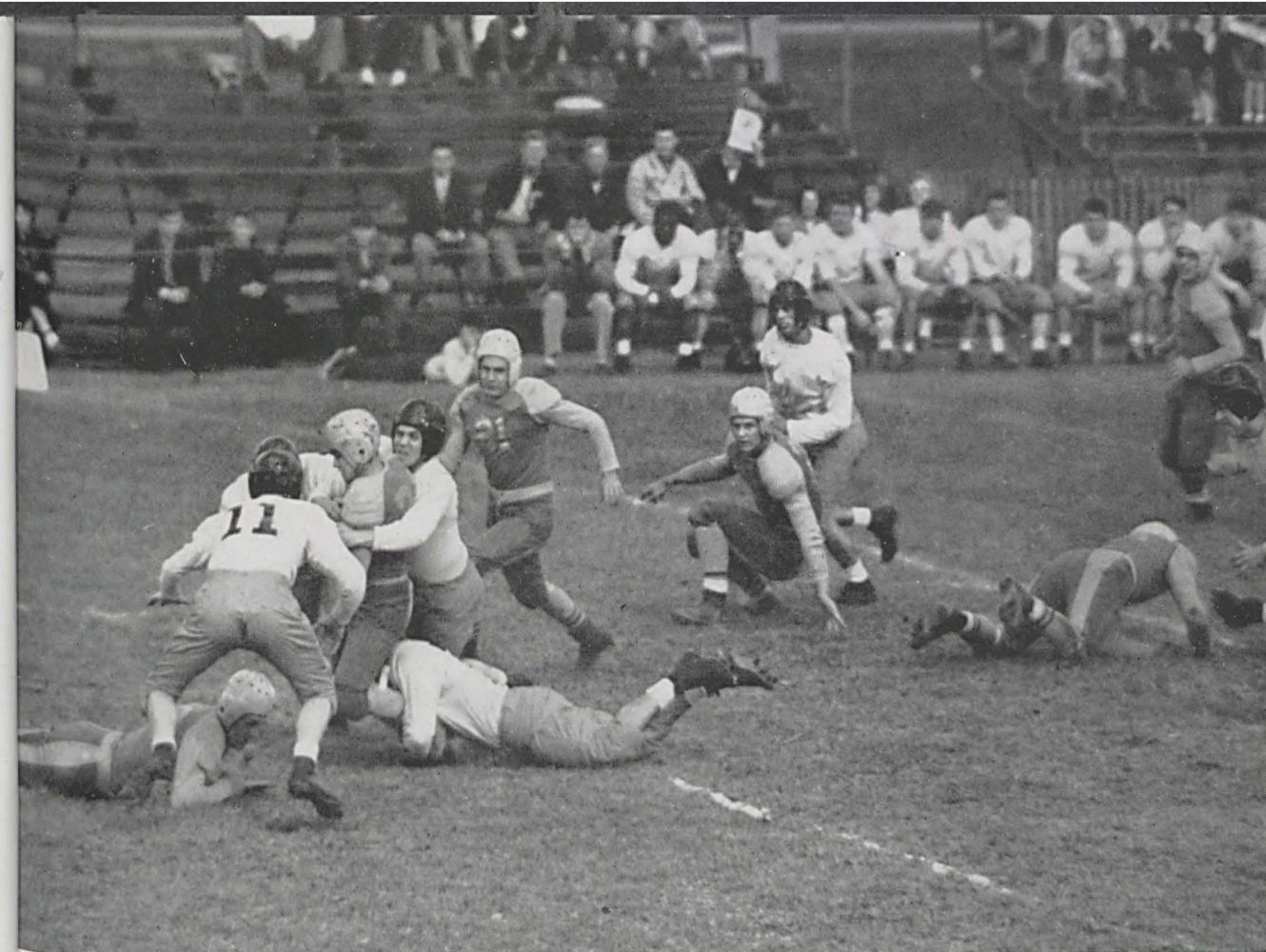


Around End

TROUNCED BY MCI

In a game played at Pittsfield the Middies were humbled by a keen, potent and aggressive Maine Central Institute eleven by a 21 to 0 score, which proved to be their only loss of the season. The Preppers surprised the Middies by running back the opening kick-off 76 yards to the Middie 4 yard line. After this stunning opener the Middies held the Prep-ers for four downs and kicked out of the immediate danger zone but after two plays the

Garnet completed an all important pass for the TD. The Middies held on until the half but after the intermission the Coreymen came back to completely overpower the Castine eleven. History had repeated itself for in the '47 season MCI had also turned passes and interceptions into touchdowns. When the afternoon was over, however, creditable performances had been turned in by Durward Emery and Dick Sirois against their old Alma Mater and also by the ever-ready Ken Erickson.



Downed

RIDE OVER U OF M JV'S

The powerful Hoctor horde rode roughshod over the Maine Jayvees by a score of 33 to 0. The Jayvees penetrated the Blue and Gold only once but were then denied a touchdown by a stubborn academy line. One Maine attack was repulsed when a pass thrown by the Jayvee quarterback was intercepted by Swede Erickson on the MMA 20. He dodged three would-be tacklers and got down to the Maine 40 where a line of Blue and Gold interference formed and Swede followed his blockers over to score standing up. The entire MMA team played well to a large crowd of graduates and Castine rooters.

FIFTH WIN

Maine Maritime Academy sounded a warning to its arch rivals, the Mass. Maritime Academy, by carding its fifth victory in six starts when it beat the Bridgton Academy team on the Brewer athletic field to a tune of 12 to 0. Bill

Murray, an end, playing his first year of football proved to be a bulwark on defense along with Kerm Akken on the other flank and with Pete Van Note at guard.



Out for Blood



Completed

WIN OVER ANNEX

Putting on a fast second half, the Middies defeated the U. of M. Annex 13 to 0, at Brewer. Art Descoteaux put over both touchdowns, one via the aerial route and the other on the ground, receiving a lateral from Mansfield. One placement was kicked by Scontras.

ROMP OVER RICKER

The Blue and Gold again displayed their ability to come back, after a severe drubbing by shellacking a hopelessly overpowered Ricker Classical Institute team, at Houlton, in a tremendous display of power and spirit, 33 to 0. Don Poulin, a new-comer, and diminutive Pete Scontras led the attack by contributing 24 points to the total, themselves. Every member on the squad saw action in a battle which saw the Middies really find their sea legs in the last half by scoring 3 touchdowns.

EDGE MASS. IN LAST GAME

The Blue and Gold of Maine won a dogged, hard fought victory over the Massachusetts Maritime Academy at

Yarmouth, Mass., under cold, rainy skies.

Erickson put the Maine men ahead 2-0 when he blocked an attempted punt by the boys of Hyannis on their own four-yard line, and the ball was recovered by the Bay Staters in their own scoring zone. Play was even at the half-way point with both teams racking up four first downs, although Mass. only threatened once just before the half ended.

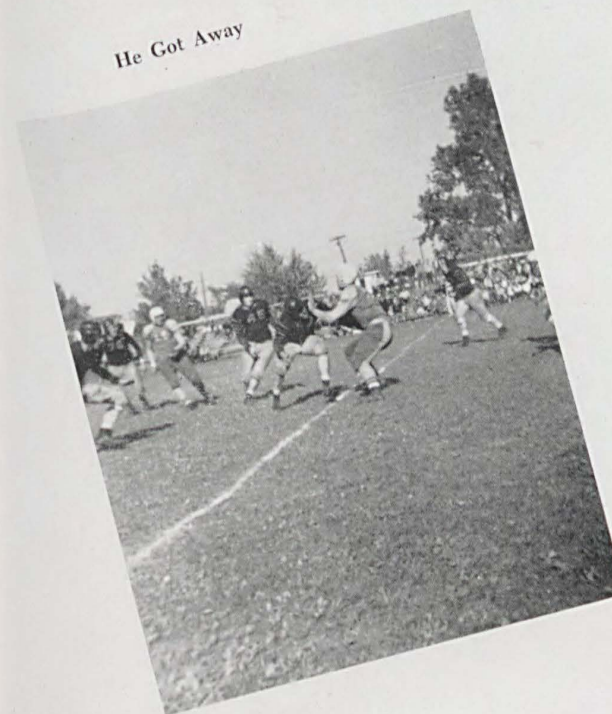
The host team capitalized on the breaks caused by the wet playing surface and winds of gale force, and in the final period scored a touchdown and booted a safety to make the score 9-8. The Maine club held when the Hyannis boys failed to rush the ninth and tying point. Maine held the edge in first downs also, leading 7-6. Outstanding in the line were Jack Howalt, Earle Wight, Don Edwards and Dick Sirois.

By winning, the Maine team retired the beautiful trophy, emblematic of two out of three wins against the Mass. adversary.

When the Maine Maritime Academy defeated its arch rival, Mass. Maritime Academy it wound up a highly successful football season. This concluded the third year of varsity football at the Academy under John Huctor, as the record shows with six wins against one loss to MCI.

The Middies' defense permitted only three teams to reach their territory and only one enemy pass was good for a touchdown. Meanwhile, alert defenders intercepted 15 enemy aerals. MCI, the only team to beat them, and the Mass. Mariners were the only teams to score against them, while the Academy team amassed 121 points to the opponets 29. All the punting, point kicking and kickoffs were handled by Pete Scontras who also developed into a strong runner from T formation.

The Middies racked up a decided edge in first downs with 73 to their opponets 31. The following named seniors who participated in varsity football during the past three years will no longer wear the Blue and Gold of MMA: Kerm Allen, Al Cederstrom, George Chamberlain, Dick Foley, Carrol Freeman, Jack Howalt, Frank Laviguer, Rudy Matzer, Ray Mansfield, Bill Murray, Will Robinson, Dick Sirois, Earle Wight and Pete Van Note. The Academy will also bid farewell to one of its outstanding players in the person of Durward Emery, elected by the coach and players to be, undoubtedly, the only football player ever to have the honor bestowed upon him of being the Captain of the Maine Maritime Academy football team for two consecutive years—an honor of which he is well worthy.

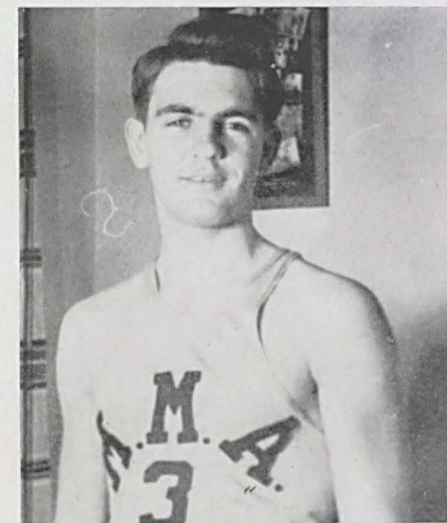


BASKETBALL



THE TEAM

1946 - 47



Captain Kerm Allen

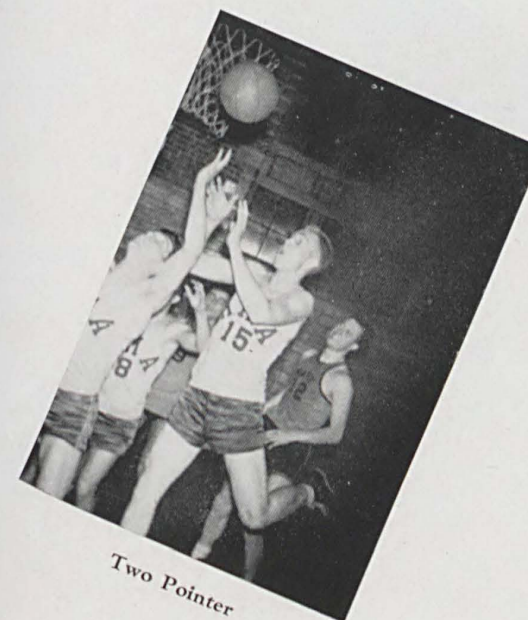
Shortly after the football season was completed, accelerated basketball sessions began in the gym, in an effort to develop the Maine Maritime Academy basketball team into a smart looking club.

The class of '49 placed six of its members on the varsity squad to bid for the starting berths, including Kerm Allen, Joe Zuke, Manny Mansfield, Dick Sirois, George Chamberlain and Walt Borkowski.

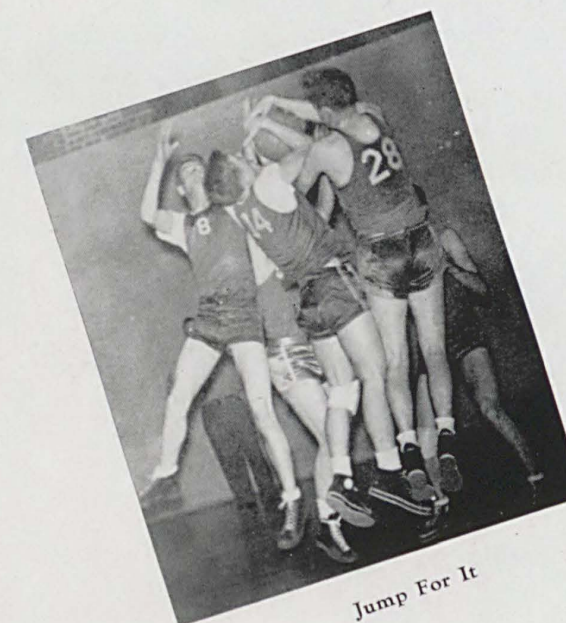
The team opened its season on November 23 against a strong Aroostook State Normal School team at Presque Isle. Faced by a team who couldn't seem to miss, the Kadets trailed from the opening

whistle. Although they threatened several times they were finally edged out by a score of 56-48. Ricker was our next game and we came back to edge out the Junior College in a thriller which was not decided until the final whistle, when the outcome was 57-56. This game was sparked by Kerm Allen and Dick Sirois, with Dick scoring 18 points and Kerm scoring 15.

With these two games serving as a starter, the boys gained valuable experience and went on to a successful season right up to the first cruise.



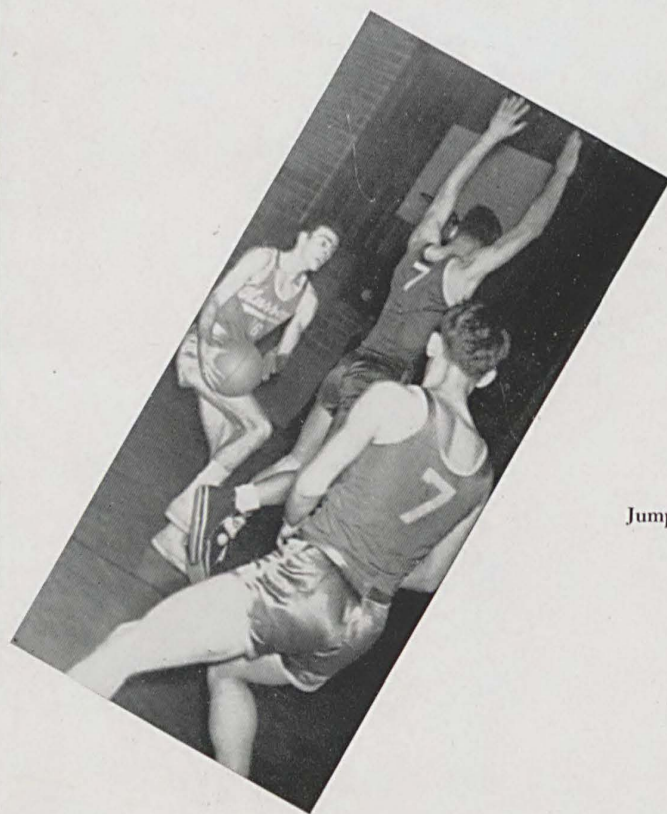
Two Pointer



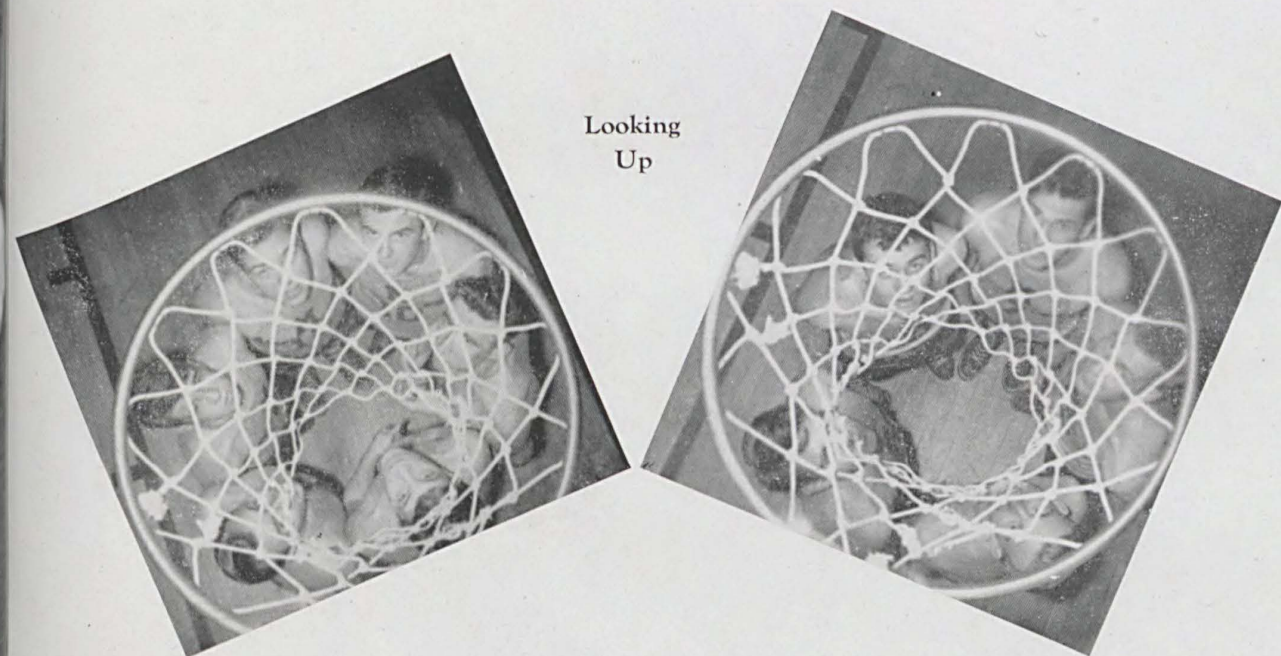
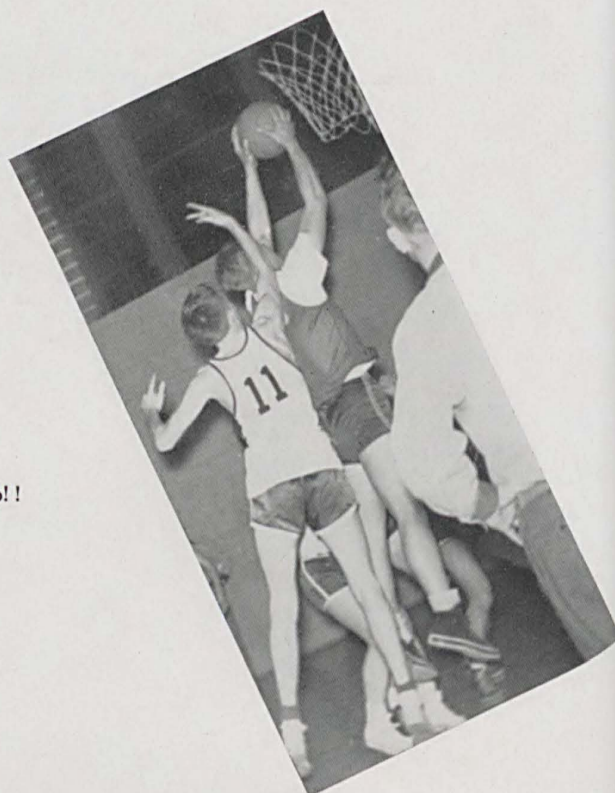
Jump For It



Led by Captain Allen



Jump!!



Looking Up

The Maine Maritime Academy basketball team, after losing three of its seniors due to graduation and acquiring the services of Don McLellan, Ken Erickson, Alan Brown, Bill Maher, Tom Herbert, Dall Small, Hal Michelson and Dick Brophy from the underclass had a very successful 1947 season. After a few weeks of practice sessions under Coach Hoctor, the team was ready to take to the floor, with Capt. Kerm Allen, and Dick Sirois at forwards, Don McLellan at center and Herbert and Erickson at guards. Behind the starting five were Alan Brown and Carroll Freeman for forwards, Hal Michelson at center and Joe Zuke, Dick Brophy, Dall Small, and George Chamberlain at guards.

The team started the season against Farmington and rolled up quite a score before the final gun sounded; MMA 75—Farmington 72.

With this victory under their belts the team went on to win over MCI, Washington State Normal, Husson College and Ricker while losing to Aroostook State, U of M. Annex and MCI on their home court.

The team's high scorer was Captain Kerm Allen, a brilliant basketball player. Dick Sirois and Don McLellan were both close behind Kerm and they both played snappy ball.

The highlight of the '48 cruise was the victory over Mass. Maritime by a large margin at the Hunters Point Naval Base in San Francisco.

Captain Allen was the high man and showed a great brand of ball during the entire season. Sirois and McLellan were close behind and received much credit during the year.

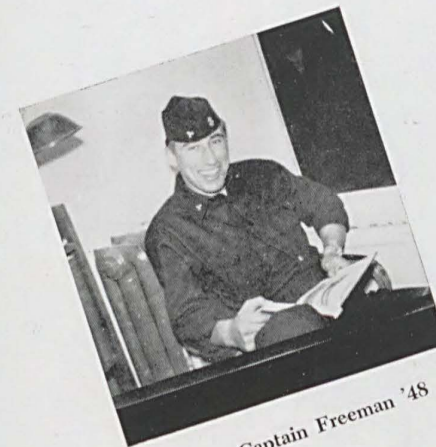
With everyone returning next year the '49 season looks very promising.

BASEBALL



AT BAT

1947



Captain Freeman '48



Heading Home

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of baseball, or so we are told. This year many faces turned towards the Fort, where our "handsome and husky" coach, Mr. Hoctor, drilled the fellows on the finer points of our national sport. The extremely heavy rains during the last part of April and the first part of May were a big handicap to both players and coach. However, all things taken into consideration, we had a somewhat creditable season.

The first two games scheduled, with Farmington and Higgins, were called off because of bad weather.

The first game at home against M.C.I. found Dick Sirois at shortstop, Kerm Allen at third and Carroll Freeman in centerfield; the remainder of the positions were filled by seniors. The op-

position came up with a little too much power and the "Fighting Middies" bowed to the more polished squad, 7-3.

Our next game was with Husson College, May 14th. We won this one, 17-9. What a day! M.M.A. unlimbered the big bats to the tune of 16 hits. The power for this game was provided by all hands with our juniors leading the field. "Spanky" Canavan did the pitching and turned in a sparkling performance for the afternoon.

The remainder of the season M.M.A. had little success, by losing six straight games. This looks bad, but it gives next year's team a challenge. With the experience gained by Kerm Allen, Carroll Freeman, Dick Sirois, and with the help of George Chamberlain our head manager next year, the 1948 team will be really one to beat.



Captain Allen - '49

The 1948 baseball season ended a very successful season under the leadership of Coach Hctor along with the help of Ken Brown and Head Manager George Chamberlain. The record for the year was 13 wins, 8 losses and 1 tie.

With only three lettermen, Dick Sirois, Kerm Allen and Carroll Freeman returning from the 1947 team, Mr. Hctor turned toward the underclass for its strength. After two weeks of hard practice the Middies came up with the following lineup: Erickson, catcher; White, 1st base; Allen, 2nd base; Sirois, short-stop; Evans, 3rd base; A. Brown, leftfield; Freeman, centerfield; McLellan, rightfield. Our pitching staff included Thompson and Freeman of the senior class with Sias, Evans, McLellan and Herbert of the junior class.

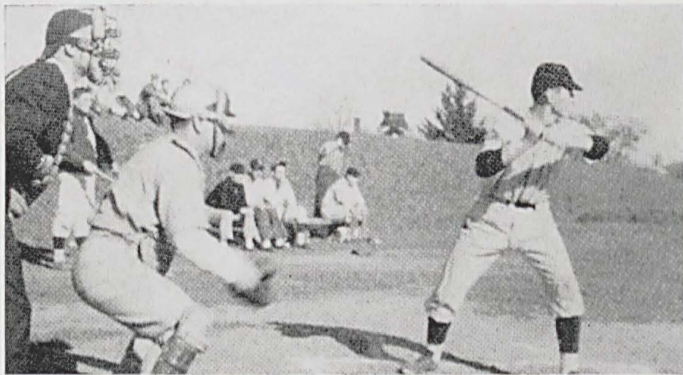
After winning our first game against Husson College 11-6 and dropping two in a row to the University of Maine Junior Varsity 14-4, and the University of Maine, Brunswick Annex 13 to 4, the team went on to complete the sea-

son with wins over Higgins Classical, Winter Harbor, Blue Hill Badgers, Bucksport Legion, Bar Harbor A. A. and other semi-pro teams in Eastern Maine.

Brown was the leading hitter for the club with an average of .376. "Kerm" Allen, Carroll Freeman and "Rugger" Evans all hit above .335. "Dick" Sirois, "Dall" Small, "Mac" McLellan played snappy ball all season as did "Wizzer" White, "Bill" Lamond and "Tom" Herbert. Managers George Chamberlain and "Bob" Regnary showed plenty of spark and really kept the team going with all their spirit.

At the end of the season Carroll Freeman was elected Captain of the 1948 team with "Kerm" Allen and "Rugger" Evans co-captains for the 1949 team.

It was with much regret that we had to end the season after Coach Hctor had moulded the team into one of the best in Eastern Maine, but one can be sure that next spring the boys will be back with lots of reserves that will tend to make a winning ball club.



Waiting For A Good One

Box Score of 1948

M.M.A.	Opponents	
11	Husson College	6
4	U. of M. Jayvees	14
4	U. of M. Annex	13
6	Higgins Classical	2
3	Higgins Classical	1
3	Winter Harbor N. R. S.	2
4	Belfast Merchants	13
6	Winter Harbor N. R. S.	9
9	Blue Hill Badgers	8
14	Bucksport Legion	6
5	Belfast Merchants	7
3	Bar Harbor Athletics	8
0	Bucksport A. A.	13
1	Bucksport Legion	9
14	Winter Harbor N. R. S.	4
1	Blue Hill Badgers	1
4	Bar Harbor Phillies	13
8	Allen's Drug	0
14	Blue Hill Badgers	7
11	Brewer Boys' Club	1
2	Bucksport A. A.	6
2	Bar Harbor Phillies	6



— CLASS OF 1949 —

ALLEN, Kermit Payson
 BLACK, Philip Arnold
 BURNEY, James Gordon
 CAMERON, Clifford Richards
 CAMPBELL, John Francis
 CARL, William Clayton
 CEDERSTROM, Alan David
 CHAMBERLAIN, George Alfred
 COLE, Raymond Basil
 COLLAR, Ernest Clark, Jr.
 COUSINS, Philip Jackson
 CROSBY, Richard Dudley, Jr.
 DAY, Frederick Kendall, Jr.
 DOW, Frederick Neal
 DUBOIS, A. Norman
 ELIAS, Richard Hall
 EMERY, Durward Allison
 FARRAND, David Gardner
 FOLEY, Richard Albert
 FREEMAN, Carroll William, Jr.
 FREEMAN, Eben Winthrop, II
 GREGWARE, Paul Allen, Jr.
 HAMM, Warren Clement, Jr.
 HARDING, David Vanner
 HOWALT, Jack Alwin
 KILBY, Charles Alden
 LAVIGUEUR, Francois Irene
 LEAVITT, William
 MacVANE, Donald Alvin
 MAHAN, Frank Hoyt
 MANSFIELD, Gurdon Raymond, Jr.
 MATZER, Frank Rudolph
 POULIOT, Raymond Jean
 ROBINSON, Willard Lee
 TRIGG, Jerry Wallace
 WIGHT, Earle Williamson
 RILEY, Phillip, Oren
 SIROIS, John Paul
 MURRAY, William David
 PELLE, Calvin Richard
 ZUKE, Julian, Jr.
 McALISTER, Herbert Chester
 OLSEN, Kenneth Francis
 SLEEPER, Sherwin James
 THOMPSON, Robert Lee
 VAN NOTE, Bartlett Munroe, Jr.
 WEBBER, Kenneth Leroy
 Sedgwick, Maine
 Perkins St., Castine, Maine
 89 Lyndale St., Springfield, Mass.
 289 Broadway, Rockland, Maine
 65 Oak St., Lewiston, Maine
 42 Main St., Skowhegan, Maine
 Boothbay Harbor, Maine
 162½ College Ave., Waterville, Maine
 Brook Road, RFD No. 1, Cumberland Center, Maine
 Court St., Castine, Maine
 16 Reservoir St., Caribou, Maine
 16 Washington Ave., Old Orchard Beach, Maine
 28 Pleasant St., Skowhegan, Maine
 19 Central St., Winthrop, Maine
 497 Hanover St., Manchester, N. H.
 Readfield, Maine
 RFD No. 1, Newport, Maine
 215 Talbot Ave., Rockland, Maine
 52 Richardson St., Bath, Maine
 121 Gill St., Auburn, Maine
 1824 Congress St., Portland, Maine
 1 Mitchell Road, So. Portland, Maine
 98 Congress St., St. Albans, Vermont
 24 State St., Westbrook, Maine
 1530 Mayfair Road, Jacksonville, Florida
 47 Bowers St., So. Portland, Maine
 63 Cumberland St., Brunswick, Maine
 382 Westbrook St., Portland, Maine
 Long Island, Maine
 24 Gamage Ave., Auburn, Maine
 RFD No. 1, Rochester, New Hampshire
 Route No. 11, Box 453, Jacksonville, Florida
 1535 Stafford Road, Fall River, Massachusetts
 23½ West Middle Turnpike, Manchester, Connecticut
 Star Route, East, Macon, Mississippi
 Hulls Cove, Maine
 78 Main St., Pittsfield, Maine
 Grove St., Pittsfield, Maine
 36 Green Mountain Drive, Presque Isle, Maine
 Southport, Maine
 163 Prospect St., Biddeford, Maine
 300 Riverside St., Portland, Maine
 32 Bowers St., So. Portland, Maine
 27 Fulton St., Rockland, Maine
 41 North Spring St., Concord, N. H.
 36 Rockledge Road, Newton Highlands, Mass.
 Two Lights Road, Cape Elizabeth, Maine

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 BAILEY, William Bryant
 BALAS, Rudolph, III
 BENT, Robert Galen
 BERGER, James Edward
 BLAISDELL, Walter Elmer
 BLODGETT, Dwight Richard
 BONNEY, Donald Robert
 BROPHY, Richard Archer
 BROWN, Wilbur Allan
 BUTLER, Reginald Leroy
 CHARRON, Paul Emile
 CUMMINGS, Gerald Arthur
 DAME, Harold Earle
 DONAHUE, Christopher Grant
 DOUGHTY, Moulton
 EDWARDS, Donald Tracy
 ERICKSON, Kenneth William
 EVANS, Dorrance Oliver
 FINN, Joseph Vincent, Jr.
 FOGERTY, Richard Austin
 FOSSETT, Chester Frederick
 FOWLER, Arthur Dexter, Jr.
 GAMACHE, Samuel Cresswell
 GARDENIER, James Theodore, Jr.
 GENDRON, Eugene Victor
 GILES, Wesley Roderick, Jr.
 GONYER, Frederick Joseph
 GOFF, Luther Merrick
 HALL, Edgar Jay
 HALL, Gilbert Eugene
 HAMOR, Russell Harold, Jr.
 HANSELL, Emerson Leroy, Jr.
 HERBERT, Thomas Joseph
 HIGGINS, Donald Lloyd
 HOPKINS, Richard Burnett
 HUGO, Harold
 JOHNSON, Richard Wescott
 KNOWLES, Robert Collins
 KOMLOSY, Frederick Anton, Jr.
 KOPPINBERGER, Peter Maximilian
 LAMOND, William Scott
 LANE, William Kenneth
 LANG, Elliot Arthur
 LeCLAIR, Joseph George Rene
 LEIBOWITZ, Martin Morris
 LESSELS, Robert Bruce
 LETOURNEAU, Paul Joseph
 LOWELL, Lloyd David
 MacLEAN, Richard Lombard
 MAHER, William Martin
 MARTIN, George Gerald, Jr.
 MARRINER, Richard Eugene
 McLELLAN, Donald Vernon
 MEGQUIER, Norman Lester
 MICHELSEN, Harold Albert
 MITCHELL, Alan Verne
 MORSE, Harold Charles
 MOSSMAN, Edward Llewellyn
 O'DONNELL, Richard Carlin
 PHILBRICK, Alfred Ray, Jr.
 25 Chamberlain St., Brewer, Maine
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 875 Bradford Ave., Westfield, New Jersey
 Searsport, Maine
 47 Ocean View Ave., So. Portland, Maine
 41 Radnor Rd., Boston, Massachusetts
 RFD No. 3, Skowhegan, Maine
 West Brooksville, Maine
 Canton, Maine
 35 Elm St., Fairfield, Maine
 Brooks, Maine
 109 Bow St., Portsmouth, New Hampshire
 105 Second St., Auburn, Maine
 31 Vivian St., So. Portland, Maine
 51 Linden St., Rochester, New Hampshire
 16 Wilner St., Kittery, Maine
 RFD No. 4, Portland, Maine
 49 Pleasant St., Gardiner, Maine
 Pine Orchard, Connecticut
 20 Bourne St., Kennebunk, Maine
 61 Goss Ave., Melrose, Massachusetts
 4 Adler St., Skowhegan, Maine
 132½ Atlantic Ave., Boothbay Harbor, Maine
 132 Front St., Marblehead, Massachusetts
 37 Spring St., Rockland, Maine
 RFD No. 1, So. Windham, Maine
 405 Alfred Road, Biddeford, Maine
 4 Byram St., Eastport, Maine
 13 Summer St., Orono, Maine
 22 Chapin Road, Barrington, R. I.
 49 N. Main St., Brewer, Maine
 2 Bay Road, Camden, Maine
 38 Adelaide Rd., Old Orchard Beach, Maine
 76 Mechanic St., Camden, Maine
 198 Fruit St., Bangor, Maine
 425 Water St., Ellsworth, Maine
 3 Sand St., Camden, Maine
 16 Grant St., Portland 3, Maine
 55 Norris St., Everett, Massachusetts
 201 Whipple Rd., Kittery, Maine
 Chebeague Island, Maine
 643 N. Campbell St., Chicago, Illinois
 355 Booth Hill Rd., Nichols, Connecticut
 East Swansey, New Hampshire
 Andover, Maine
 65 5th St., Auburn, Maine
 14A Summer St., Rochester, New Hampshire
 49 Warren St., Concord, New Hampshire
 22 Millett St., Livermore Falls, Maine
 Parker Head, Phippsburg, Maine
 12 Mead St., Allston, Massachusetts
 1337 Broadway, So. Portland, Maine
 9 Oak St., Auburn, Maine
 4 Middle St., Skowhegan, Maine
 5 Linden St., Rockland, Maine
 4 Roberts Sq., Bar Harbor, Maine
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 16 Academy St., Rochester, New Hampshire
 Star Route 1286, Belfast, Maine
 60 East St., Melrose, Massachusetts
 Searsport, Maine
 46 Highland Ave., Auburn, Maine

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PILON, Jerome Richard	61 Summer St., Waterville, Maine
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VOELKER, Robert Junior	80 Cumberland St., Bangor, Maine
WENTWORTH, Lloyd Henry	Brooks, Maine
WESTON, Robert Alton	101 Highland Ave., Gardiner, Maine
WHITE, John Alden, Jr.	576 Woodtick Road, Waterbury, Connecticut
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BLACK, John Kelvin	24 King St., Saco, Maine
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BROWN, Edward Freeman	Northeast Harbor, Maine
BROWN, Harold Oliver	31 High St. Camden, Maine
BUCKLESS, Theodore Gerald, Jr.	97 Martin Ave., Barrington, Rhode Island
CHALLIS, Richard Morrill	RFD No. 1, Kennebunkport, Maine
CHANLER, Albert Lee	Jonesport, Maine
COOK, Malcom Wayland	332 Auburn St., Portland, Maine
COUGH, Edward Gregory	3½ Poulin St., Winslow, Maine
DALLAIRE, Richard Paul	32 Walnut St., Rochester, New Hampshire
DAVIS, Raymond Byron, Jr.	Mortland Road, Searsport, Maine
DESCOTEAUX, Arthur George, Jr.	84 W. Cutts St., Biddeford, Maine
EAMES, Richard Whitman	50 Lake Ave., Melrose, Massachusetts
ELLIS, Robert Lee	4 Mayberry St., So. Portland, Maine
EVANS, Donald Clayton	26 Sewell St., Augusta, Maine
GAGNE, Rene Girard	203 South St., Biddeford, Maine
GALIANO, Leonard Virgil	84 Park St., Rockland, Maine
GANTER, Frederick Albin	1819 Vauxhall Road, Union, New Jersey
GENEST, Dana Leon	North Main St., Greenville, Maine
HARPER, Clifford Elmer	20 Chestnut St., Rockland, Maine
HAYDEN, Charles Hobart	RFD Monmouth, Maine
HERRICK, Bradford Tyson, Jr.	Northeast Harbor, Maine
HOLMES, David Ashton	P. O. Box 209, Alstead, New Hampshire
INGALLS, Richard Lewis	34 Stanwood St., So. Portland, Maine
JENKINS, Robert Henry	85 N. Main St., Brewer, Maine
JOHNSTON, Lawrence Charles	108 Cottage St., Bar Harbor, Maine
JOSEPH, John Malcom, Jr.	9 Broad St., Rockland, Maine
KENNEY, Albert Leland	Brooks, Maine

FRESHMAN CLASS

CONTIUNED

KETCHEN, Alfred Joseph	51 So. Fourth St., Old Town, Maine
LaCOUNT, Clarence Herbert	Manset, Maine
LEGERE, Ernest Henry, Jr.	30 Bryant St., Bangor, Maine
LEGERE, Francis Robert	24 Columbus Ave., So. Portland, Maine
LEVENSAILOR, Melvin Edward	205 College Ave., Waterville, Maine
LONDON, Charles Thomas	53 N. Main St., Pittsfield, Maine
LUNT, Vernon Shirley	Salisbury Cove, Maine
MacPHERSON, Richard Frederick	18 Bradbury St., Old Town, Maine
MILLER, William Leighton	5 Bryant St., Portland, Maine
MOONEY, John Thomas	33 Vine St., Bangor, Me.
MORRIS, William, Jr.	44 Rogers Road, Kittery, Maine
MOSKO, John Richard	7 Prince St., Lisbon Falls, Maine
NICKERSON, Clair Ammon	32 Thomas St., So. Portland, Maine
NORBERT, Stanley John	50 W. Bates St., Lewiston, Maine
NORDSTROM, Robert Nelson	RFD No. 2, Skowhegan, Maine
ORKINS, Lawrence Grant	P. O. Box 1072, Commonfence Pt., Portsmouth, R. I.
PASSON, Jack Stanley	21 Gay St., Rockland, Maine
PEARSON, Palmer Burton	Searsport Ave., Belfast, Maine
PERRY, Timothy John	208 Waldo St., Rumford, Maine
PHIPPS, Richard Hubbard	7 Miller Place, Baldwin, New York
PINETTE, Joseph Clyde	47 Boyd St., Portland, Maine
POULIN, Donald Noel	48 Alfred St., Biddeford, Maine
RICHARDSON, Howard Gardner, 2nd	Box 65, Readfield Depot, Maine
RING, William Colby	RFD No. 2, Box 9, West Paris, Maine
RUEFF, Eugene Carl	58 Durand Place, Irvington, New Jersey
SAFFORD, Gerald Louis	65 Berwick St., So. Portland, Maine
SAWYER, Myron Robert	36 Mackworth St., Portland, Maine
SMALLIDGE, John Nathan	Mount Desert, Maine
SOMES, Ralph Gilmore, Jr.	26 Birch Road, Melrose, Massachusetts
SWAN, Andrew Colburn, Jr.	81 Main St., Richmond, Maine
SULLIVAN, Edward Joseph	3 Commercial St., Marblehead, Massachusetts
THROUMOULOS, Theodore	28 Birch St., Biddeford, Maine
TRAINOR, George Elton	59 Starview Ave., Waterbury, Connecticut
WALLACE, Robert Calvin	211 Harriet St., So. Portland, Maine
WELCH, William Edward	245 Third St., Bangor, Maine
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WOODHEAD, Robert Anthony	47 Summer St., Lewiston, Maine
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The Maine Maritime Academy Alumni Association, Inc., was founded in 1945, and in its short time of organization, with the full support of all its graduates, it has become moulded into a strong, efficient, helpful organization for the benefit and welfare of the Maine Maritime Academy, its graduates and undergraduates.

The graduates of the Academy are proudly carrying on the splendid traditions that have been associated with the seafaring men of Maine. This is much in evidence by the fact that since the first class graduated in 1943, over 150 of the 564 graduates now hold licenses in the two top grades in the Maritime Service. Over seventy-five percent of the graduates have raised their license at least one grade. Four graduates are now, or have been, Masters of their own vessels. Graduates have sailed as licensed officers on all types of ships, including the largest diesel driven tanker in service, many large Navy and Army transports, and the America, the largest passenger ship in the United States Maritime Service.

In order to assist the graduating Midshipmen, and the pass graduates in obtaining positions in the Maritime Service, the Alumni Association has set up a very efficient Placement Bureau. During the past three years the Association has placed over seventy graduates on various ships and at shore jobs. Through the Alumni Placement Bureau, sixty-five percent of the graduates of the class of 1947 had positions on the day they received their license.

Records now show that sixty-six percent of the graduates are now at sea or gainfully employed at positions relative to their education received at the Academy.

A good criterion of what the future holds in the way of carrying on the traditions of Maine's seafaring men can be seen in the case on record of one of the graduates sailing as Master, with three graduates of the Academy on his staff.

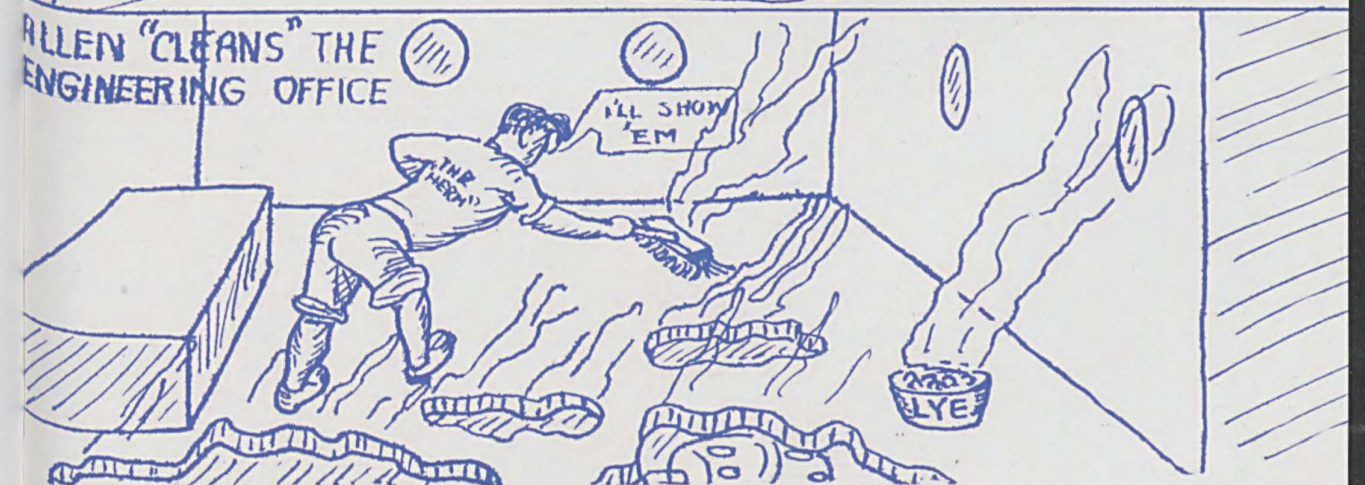
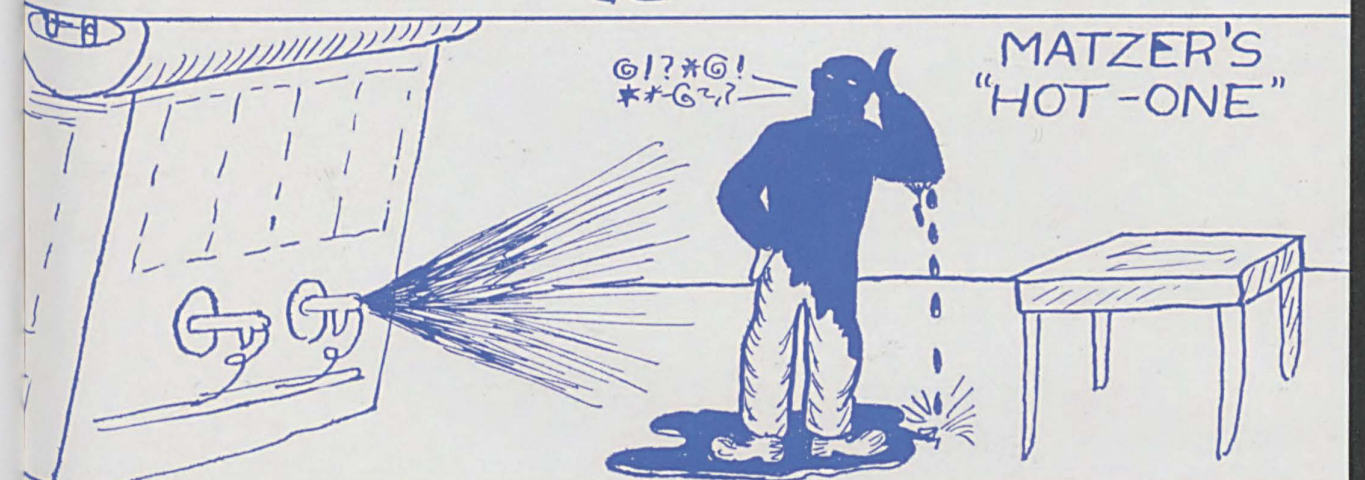


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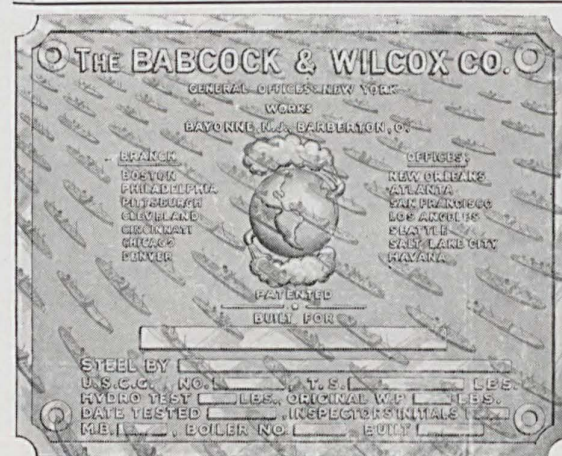
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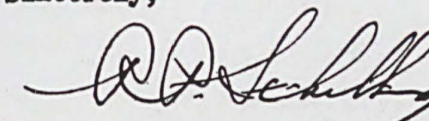
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Strangely enough there are no two companies that operate exactly alike. You will find that the instructions to the seagoing personnel of each company would fill a good-sized volume and no one set of instructions would suit two companies.

While this fact is peculiar, it is true. The study of these instructions is a course in itself, yet to be successful the instructions must be mastered. This cannot be done by "one-trippers." It takes months of practice to perform your duties in accordance with the wishes of the Company. When you change companies you must start all over again.

Some of you reading this letter will no doubt have your license in sight. Our advice to you would be to sit down and decide the run you think you would like and where you would like to live. This decided, strive to get with a good company operating from your choice of home bases in about the run on which you have decided. That accomplished, study that company's instructions and then STICK.

Sincerely,



Manager, Marine Department

RPS:KA



Alcoa

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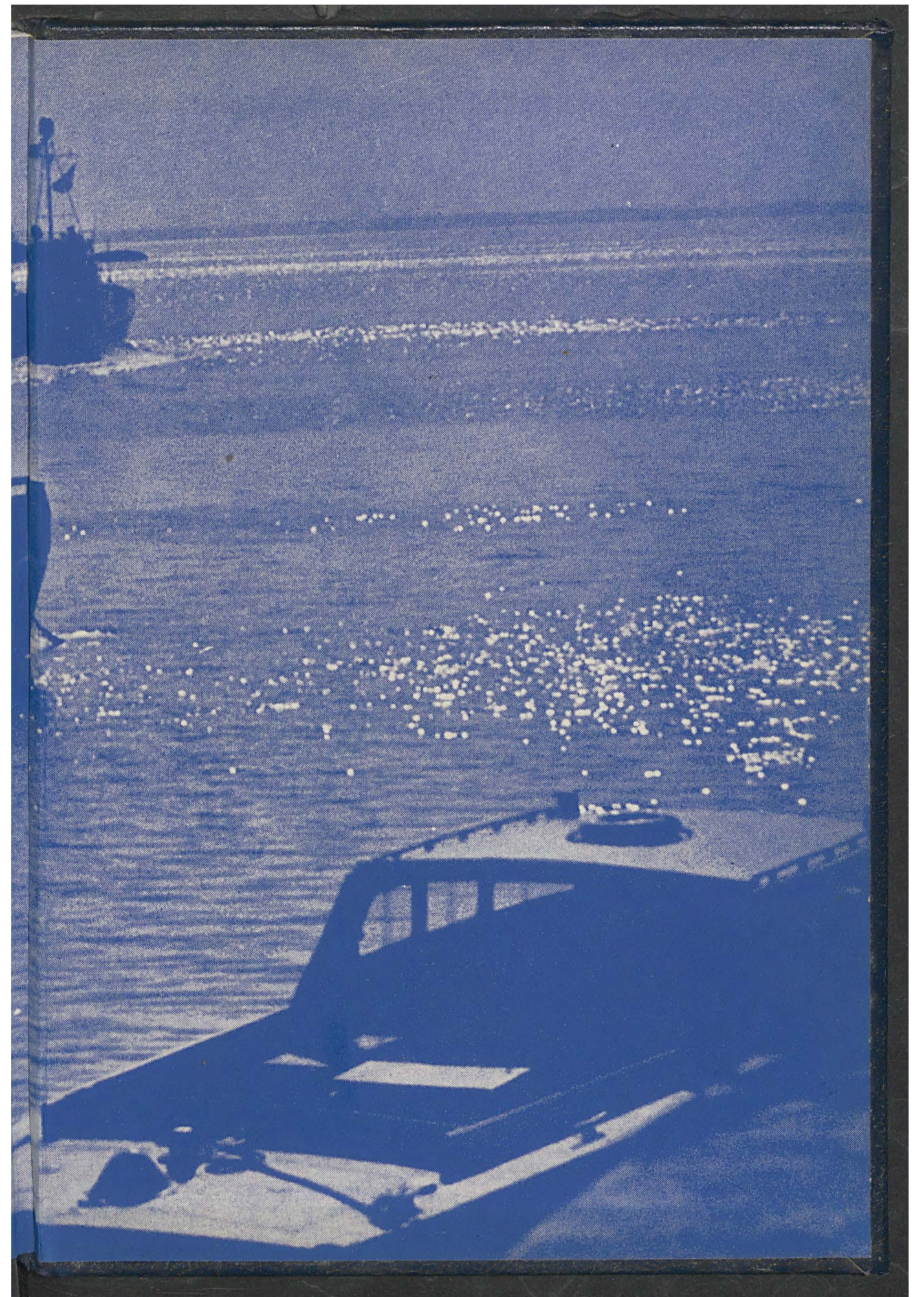
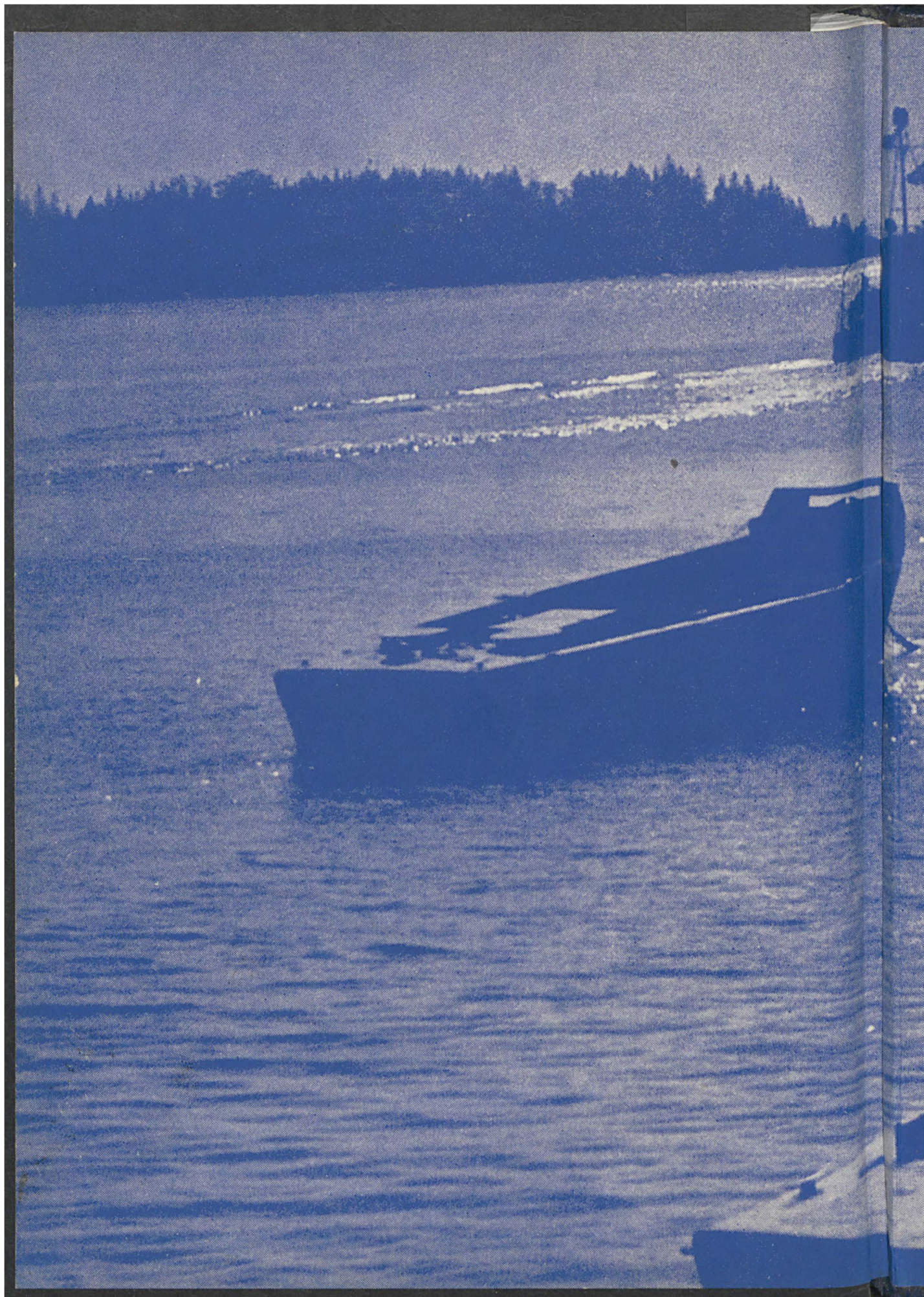
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