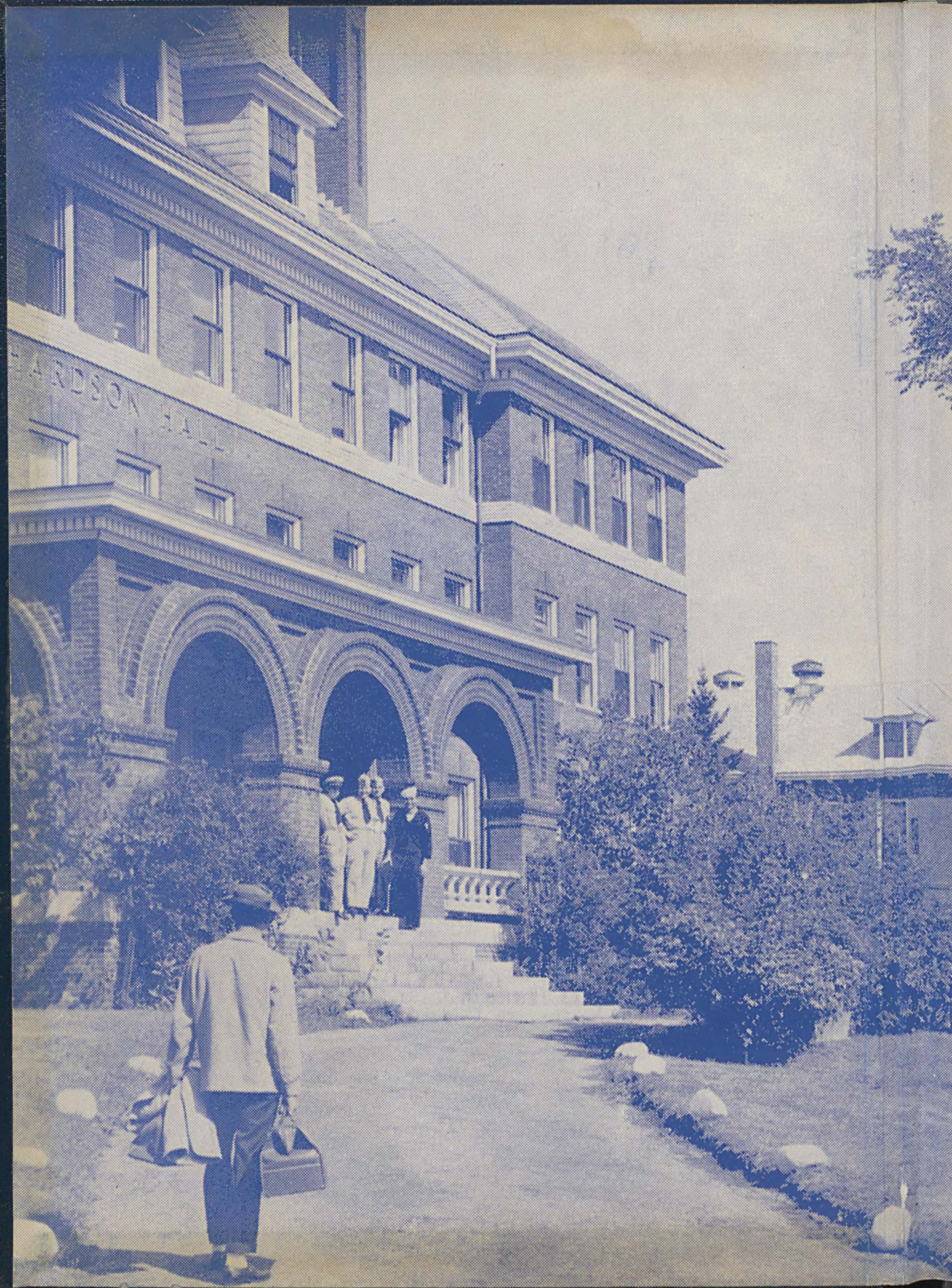


TRICK'S END





Trick's End

Class of 1950



Maine Maritime Academy

Castine, Maine



STAFF



M. D. ALPERT
Editor



G. A. CUMMINGS
Advertising Manager



LT. S. G. SAWYER
Advisor

EXECUTIVE BOARD

L. to R.: W. E. Welch, R. G. Bent, F. A. Komlosy, D. D. Rosenberg, C. G. Donahue.





Honorable Frederick G. Payne
GOVERNOR
OF THE STATE OF MAINE



Margaret Chase Smith
U. S. SENATOR
FROM MAINE

JAMES O. EASTLAND, MISS.
 CLYDE R. HOEY, N. C.
 GLEN H. TAYLOR, IDAHO
 HERBERT K. O'CONNOR, MD.
 RUSSELL B. LONG, LA.
 HUBERT H. HUMPHREY, MINN.
 JOHN L. MCCLELLAN, ARK., CHAIRMAN
 JOSEPH R. MC CARTHY, WIS.
 IRVING M. IVEY, N. Y.
 KARL E. MUNDT, S. DAK.
 MARGARET CHASE SMITH, MAINE
 ANDREW F. SCHOEPPEL, KANS.
 ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, MICH.
 WALTER L. REYNOLDS, CHIEF CLERK

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON
 EXPENDITURES IN THE EXECUTIVE
 DEPARTMENTS

July 18, 1949

Midshipman M. D. Alpert
 Editor in Chief "Tricks End"
 Maine Maritime Academy
 Castine, Maine

Dear Mr. Alpert:

May I extend my congratulations and best wishes to the members of the 1950 graduating class of the Maine Maritime Academy.

Like every other Maine citizen, I have the greatest pride in the Academy and its graduates. The Class of 1950 has made an admirable record in the finest traditions of the Academy and the Maritime Service.

I am confident that the members of the Class of 1950 will match their record of learning at the Academy with an equally fine performance in the application of that learning in the Maritime Service.

May your success continue

Sincerely yours,

Margaret Chase Smith
 Margaret Chase Smith, U.S.S.



Lieutenant John S. Little
 U. S. M. S.

WE THE EIGHTH class of Maine Maritime Academy are proud to dedicate this, our yearbook, to Lieutenant John S. Little of the seamanship department.

Under his able instruction, rules of the road, shipping economics, seamanship and a small item called maintenance became increasingly interesting. We were confronted with assignments and exams as tough as anything we have ever had, but we found ourselves coming from his classes with the confidence inspired by knowledge.

True confirmation to "regulations" was his byword. Each one of us soon found that if we did our share we could rely on Mr. Little, not only as an officer in the truest sense of the word, but as our friend.

DEDICATION

DEDICATION



Lieutenant Paul A. Stearns
U. S. M. S.

WE THE EIGHTH class of Maine Maritime Academy are proud to dedicate this, our yearbook, to Lieutenant Paul A. Stearns of the engineering department.

In our estimation Lt. Stearns is the criterion of an ideal officer. Extremely capable, industrious and eagerly concerned with his work, he manages to explain the intricacies of drafting in an understandable manner. Those engineers that have worked for him find his technical knowledge an invaluable source of practical suggestions.

We hope some day to obtain the high standards that Lt. Stearns has maintained.

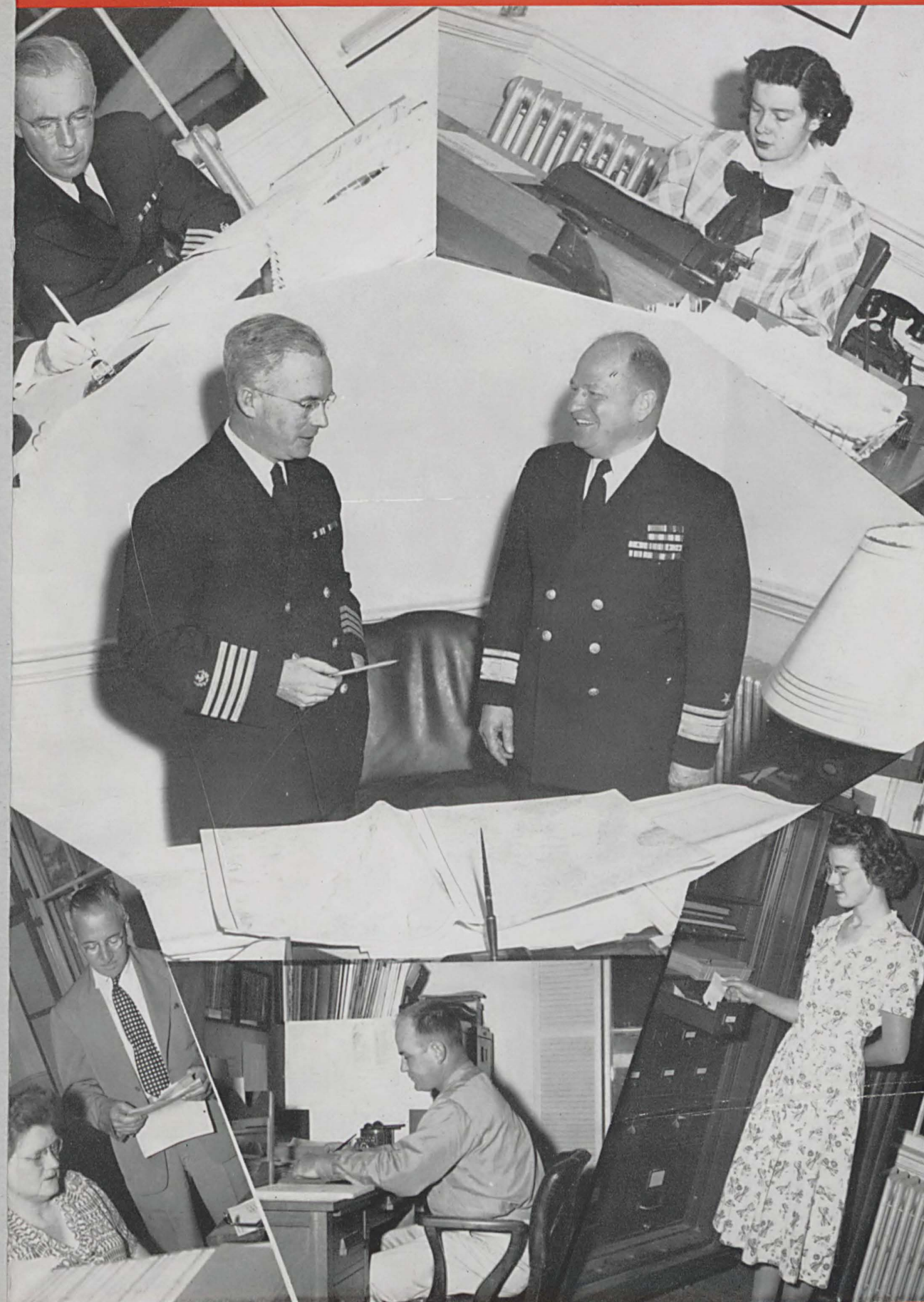
FOREWORD

TO THOSE OF YOU that follow the sea as a means of livelihood, I sincerely hope that this book may recall many happy hours spent ashore learning the tricks of the nautical trade. To those of you that find that life ashore is more secure I offer you this book, hoping that it may bring back pleasant memories passed on shipboard cruising to distant waters. To those readers who have yet to feel the call of the sea, I can offer no consolation, for when the sea sends forth its clear insouciant call only the brave in spirit should answer. Though the sea demands much of its followers, in return its rewards are truly great.

If, after time rolls by and the restless ambition of youth becomes the mellow lethargy of old age, you many pick up this dusty volume to feel once again the esprit-de-corps of the old school and remember your shipmates of the Castine campus, then I will feel that our yearbook was a success.

M. D. ALPERT,
Editor-in-Chief

ADMINISTRATION





Senator Ralph A. Leavitt

Chairman of the Board of Trustees

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

EDWIN R. ANDREWS Treasurer Hyde Windlass Company Bath, Maine	PHILIP W. HUSSEY North Berwick, Maine
HARLAND A. LADD, Secretary Commissioner of Education Augusta, Maine	CHARLES K. SAVAGE Northeast Harbor, Maine
CHARLES F. PHILLIPS Bates College Lewiston, Maine	ELERY HARRIS 188 Commercial Street Portland 3, Maine
CHAUNCEY R. ROBBINS, JR. Houlton, Maine	CLAUDE L. ALLEN, JR. Hebron Academy Hebron, Maine
OSGOOD A. GILBERT Rockland, Maine	CLIFFORD N. CARVER Searsport, Maine



A Farewell to the Class of 1950

You of the Class of 1950 have been through the difficult years of readjustment to the three-year curriculum. Under your leadership in your senior year this readjustment has been brought to completion, and stability has been established.

Thrice you have taken a dead ship and restored her to life to serve as the cruise ship. The experience thus gained will prove invaluable to you in your future duties at sea. These experiences plus the instruction you have received on the cruises and in the classrooms have given you the foundation of the complete seagoing officer. Upon this foundation you will build your career.

Remember that you have been trained for a life of leadership and that your associates will look to you for leadership. Capacity for leadership is largely a state of mind and must be cultivated. Exercise of leadership is a skill and must be developed by practice. Therefore, lose no opportunity opened to you to improve your capacity and skill in leadership.

You are the second class to graduate from this Academy to receive the benefits of three full years of training, and to receive an academic degree. The proof of the superior equipment you have thus received is yet to be demonstrated. The eyes of our Alumni and indeed the people of our State are upon you, watching for that demonstration.

Those of us who know you have confidence in your ability and in your courage to meet life, and to win success and happiness in spite of the obstacles which are sure to beset you. Our best wishes go with you.

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



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

During the three years that we midshipmen were having our "trials and tribulations" of academy life we learned to depend on our administrative officers to solve many a tough problem.

Both Admiral Warlick and Captain MacKenzie, although strict disciplinarians, could be counted on to lend a sympathetic ear when a midshipman became involved in situations both private and pertaining to academic life, that were no fault of his own.

Financial and other worries could often be dispensed with after an earnest "bull session" with either Colonel Herbert, our finance officer, or Lieutenant Hocter, our registrar and able coach. In spite of well deserved reprimands and frequent report slips, we can not but feel that the administration made the midshipmen's life, as a whole, run smoothly and purposefully to our final goal.



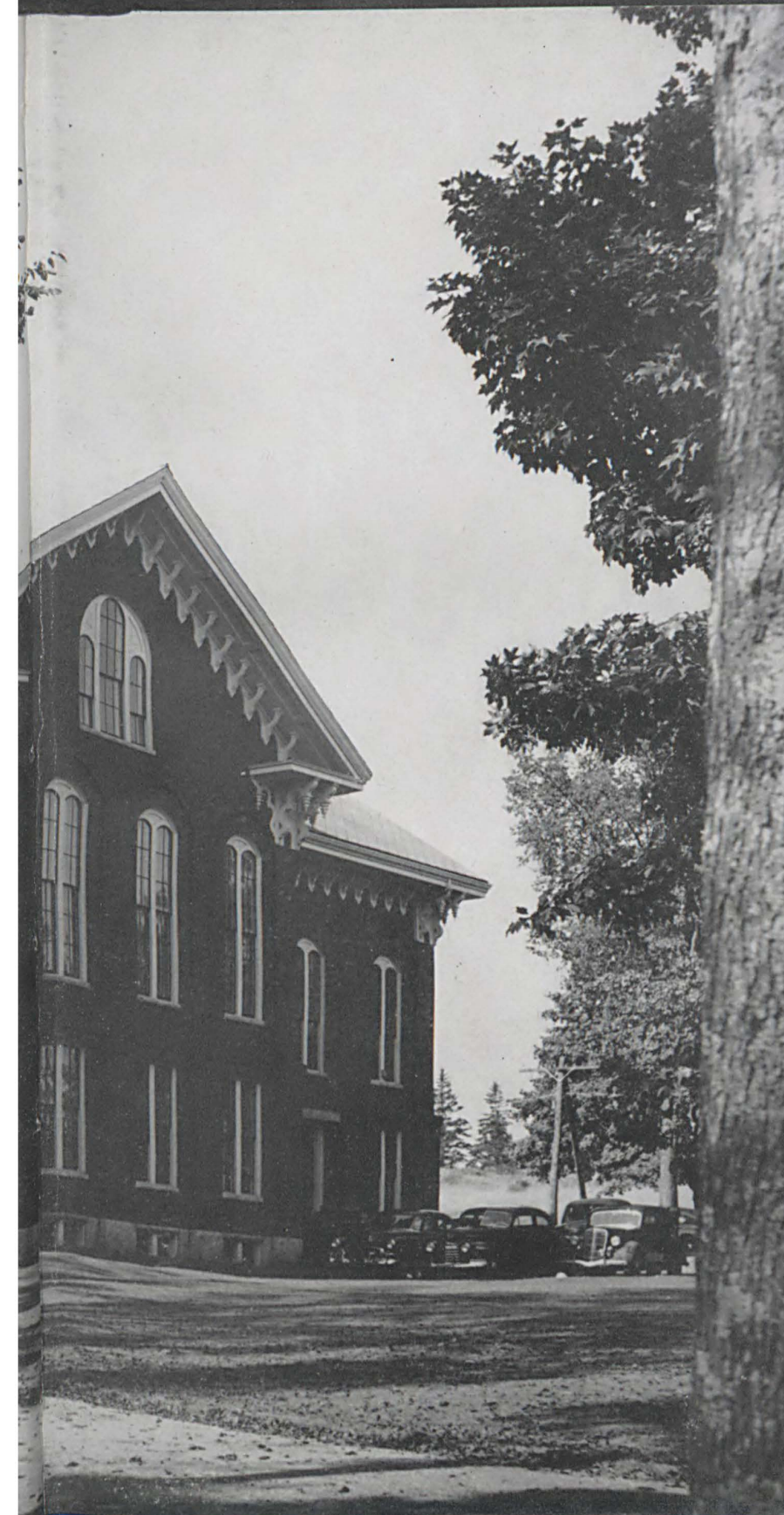
LIEUT. COLONEL C. HERBERT, U. S. A. A. F.
Finance Officer



LIEUT. J. M. HOCTOR, U. S. N. R.
Registrar, Coach



DISMUKES

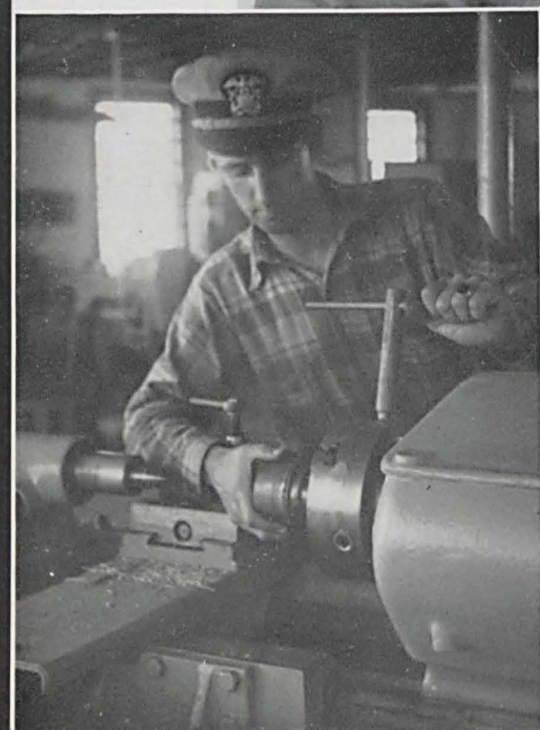
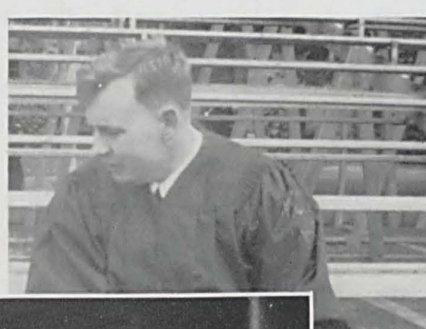


HALL

DISMUKES HALL was the scene of many a stormy classroom battle. For nine months out of the year the old building resounded with the teachings, arguments, and recitations of erstwhile merchant mariners. Although the midshipmen sometimes regarded the structure with something less than affection, this can be traced to the lonely night watches spent listening to the creaking and groaning of aged timbers. In the daytime, however, with sunlight filtering through the windows, the building seemed to relax into a less formidable appearance and await the hurried footsteps that were the harbingers of students and

THE

... FACULTY



NAVAL SCIENCE



*Lt. Comdr. Joseph S. Rose, Jr., U. S. N.
Head of Naval Science Department*



*L. to R. CPhM Pratt, CYM Scoggins,
FC 1/c Shivers, CGM Allen
Lt. White Lt. Comdr. Lyons
Lt. Comdr. Rose*



Lt. Comdr. Arthur T. Lyons, U. S. N.



Lt. Edward E. White, U. S. N.

§



SEAMANSHIP

*Lt. Comdr. William J. Brasier, Jr., U.S.M.S.
Head of Seamanship Department*

UNDER the guiding influence of Comdr. Arthur S. Fairley, U. S. N. R., the curriculum at the Academy operates on a four department basis. We are fortunate as midshipmen to have had such thought and consideration given toward our benefit and welfare for not only does such a division provide convenience, but allows the concentration of skills to be broken down into separate groups and makes possible the benefits of specialized study.

The Academic, Seamanship, Engineering, and Naval Science Departments are headed, respectively, by Comdr. Arthur S. Fairley, U. S. N. R.; Lt. Comdr. William J. Brasier, U. S. M. S.; Lt. Comdr. Richard A. Marsters, U. S. M. S.; and Lt. Comdr. Joseph S. Rose, Jr., U. S. N.



*Lt. Sherman G. Sawyer, U.S.M.S.
Navigation*



*Lt. John S. Little, U.S.M.S.
Rules of the Road, Admiralty Law*

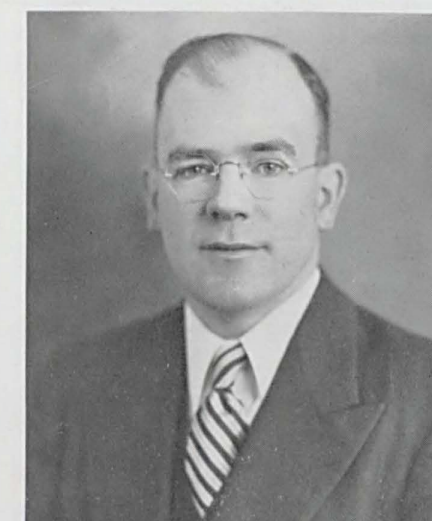
ACADEMIC



*Kenneth M. Brown, B.S.
Spanish*



*Comdr. Arthur S. Fairley, U.S.N.R.
Head of Academic Department*



*George A. Riley, A.B., M.A., S.T.B.
History*



*Lt. Warren M. Holt, U.S.M.S.
Math*



*Lt. (jg) William H. Erb, U.S.N.R.
Communications*



*Lt. Comdr. Harrison E. Small,
English U.S.M.S. Geography*

ENGINEERING



*Lt. Comdr. Richard A. Masters,
U. S. M. S. and U. S. N. R.
Head of Engineering Department*



*Lt. Paul A. Stearns, U. S. M. S.
Steam Lab., Drafting*



*Lt. Comdr. Parker E. Worrey, U. S. M. S.
Refridgeration, "Recipes"*



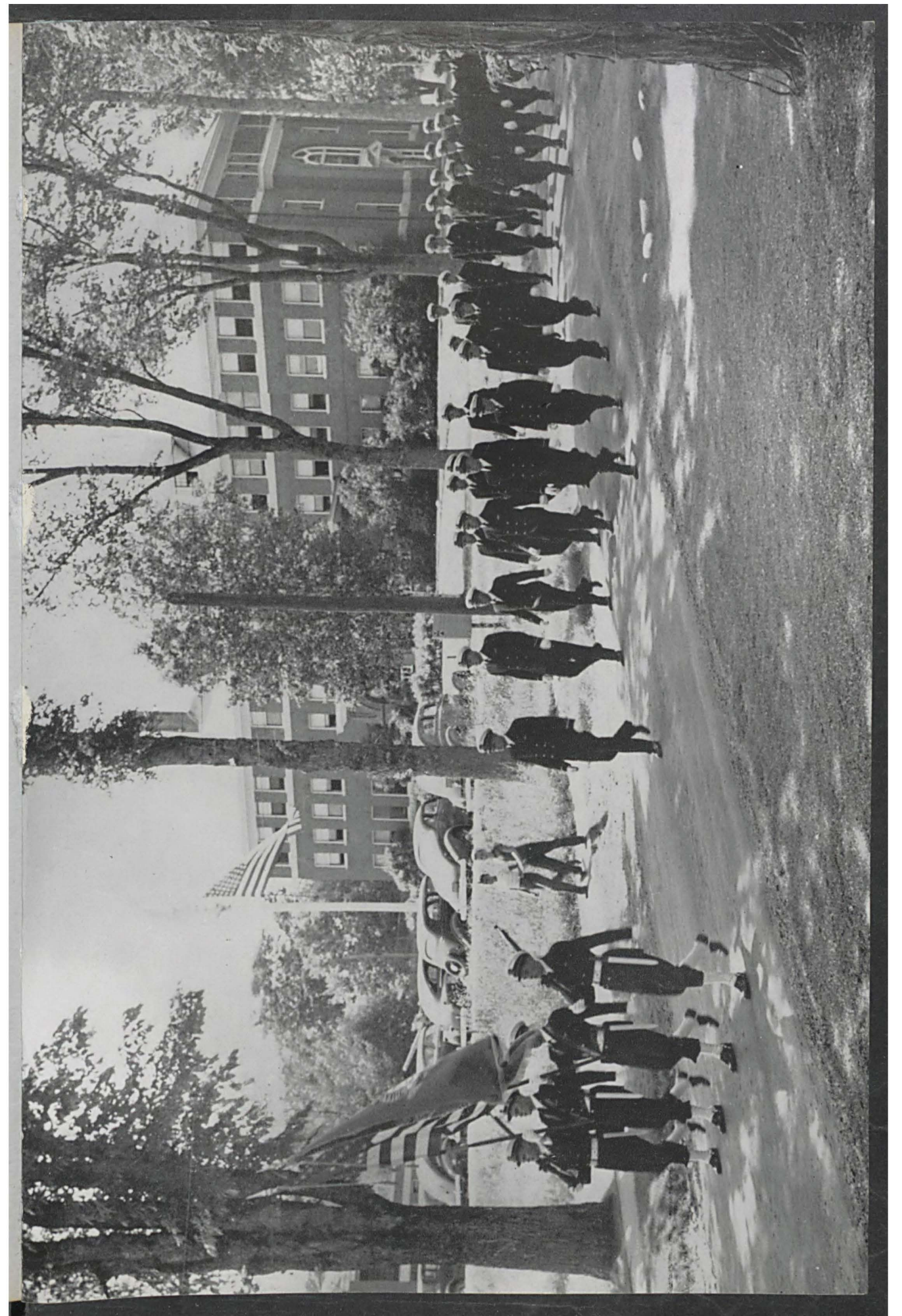
*Lt. William M. Jewett, U. S. M. S.
Electricity, Diesels*



*Lt. Malcolm C. Burbank, U. S. N. R.
Machine Shop*

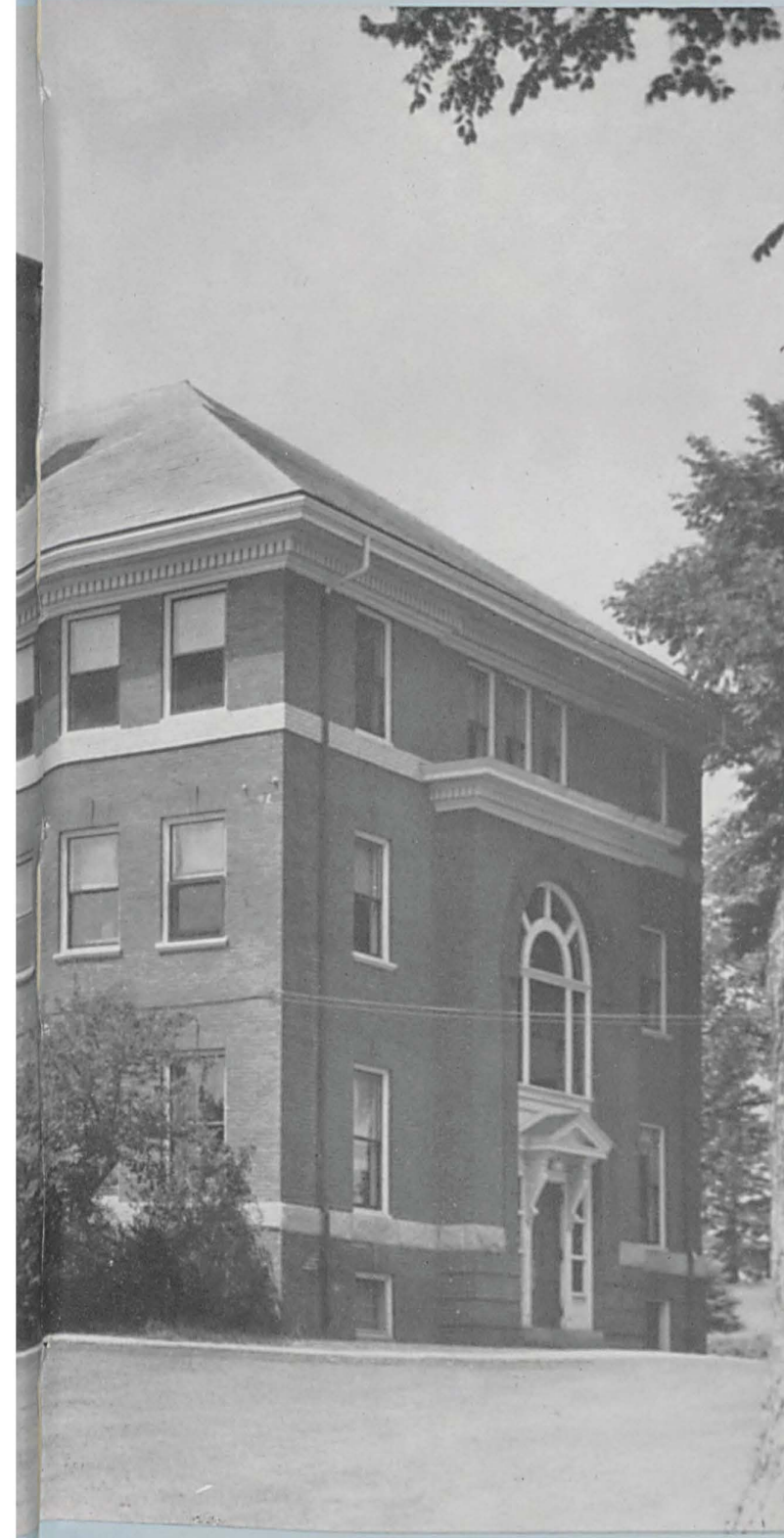


BATTALION





RICHARDSON



HALL

*R*ICHARDSON
HALL has the dubious
pleasure of being a "home
away from home" for the
midshipman complement at
M. M. A.

In the summer when the
green shrubbery softens
the harsh outlines of the
buildings and the sea breeze
comfortably sifts in, we
come to understand that
the dormitory has a life and
character peculiarly its
own. When winter rolls
around, the hearty warmth
of fire and friendship in the
hall radiates not only into
our physical makeup but
becomes essential to our
spiritual welfare. We come
more and more to rely on
this stout edifice as a sym-
bol of our work and play
during our stay at the
Academy.

Richardson Hall houses
many essentials of Acad-
emy life, such as: the mess
deck, quarterdeck, recrea-
tion hall, telephones, and
sleeping quarters; but none
of these could function
properly without the ad-
ministration of

THE

SENIORS...



DECKMEN

KOM LOSY



Maurice Donald Alpert
Brewer, Maine

A native of Brewer, Me. Jake is the class author, critic and lecturer on all subjects ranging from law through literature. At any hour of the day Maurice could be found at either of three progressive activities and no other; in his sack with his head in a law book, reading chapter 5 of Forever Amber for the 29th time, or chairman of a bull session on the Russian situation and the Siberian salt mine commercial competition problem.

Jake's progress and abilities as a cadet are comparable to the fine job he performed as editor of our yearbook. Previous to becoming a cadet Jake acquired an abundance of experience in the field of newspaper work and editorship, which unmistakably was an asset to our class.

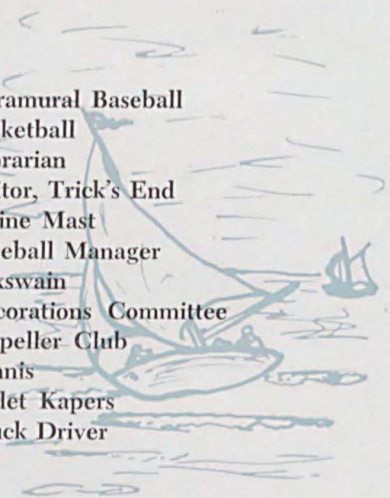
Aspiring to becoming an admiralty lawyer, Jake eagerly absorbed all the knowledge presented to him at the Academy knowing fully the degree of knowledge he must, and unquestionably



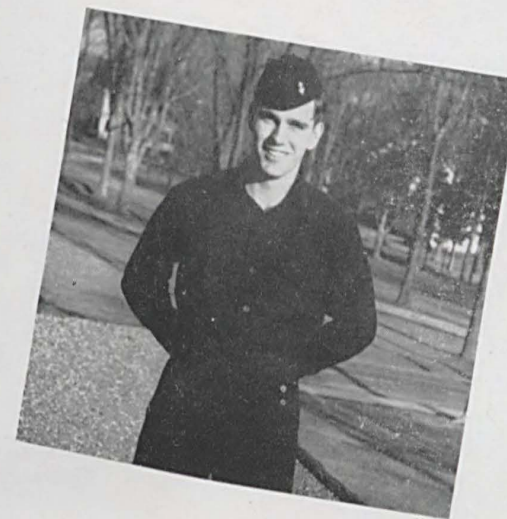
does, possess for such an ambitious undertaking.

With his friendly manner and sparkling personality we are sure Jake will fulfill his goal and if the case should arise if any of the class of '50 find themselves in an admiralty court, we're sure of a square deal from the honorable Jake (lend me a nickel for a coke) Alpert.

Intramural Baseball
Basketball
Librarian
Editor, Trick's End
Maine Mast
Baseball Manager
Coxswain
Decorations Committee
Propeller Club
Tennis
Kadet Kapers
Truck Driver



When the drill squad performed at various school functions, none of the members could find a time when Lefty Bailey was out of step. Well known for his humor and liked for his constantly cheerful character, he somehow managed to try the patience of his roommates.

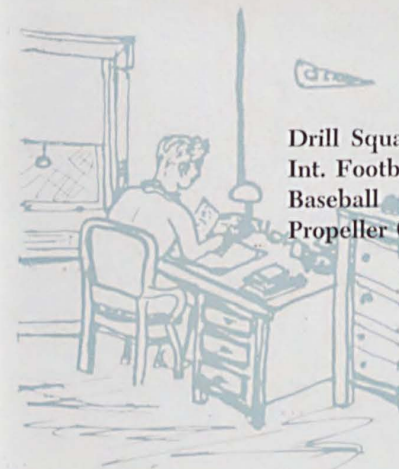


Everard Allen Bailey, Jr.
Belfast, Maine

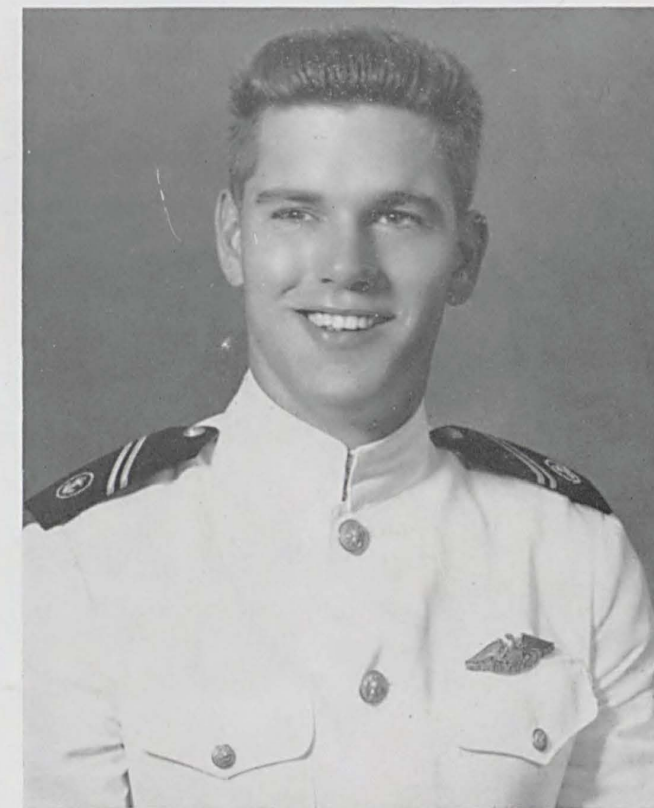
Being all from Skowhegan, they could never quite see why Lefty always considered Belfast to be the center of activities on the Maine coast.

Lefty's main interests lay in three diverse paths, first and foremost was a certain young lady that attends Bates College, next in line was his constant craving for good literature, i. e., comic books, last but not least, as the saying goes, Lefty could become quite enthusiastic about the art of photography.

Fortunately for the seamanship department he chose the deck course for his particular calling, and the class of 1950 knows that the company that gets the services of this mate will have at least one very efficient officer aboard.



Drill Squad
Int. Football
Baseball
Propeller Club



When the general confusion and disorder changed to routine and discipline back in August of '47, a few characters began to emerge from all the rest. One of whom was the short kid with thinning hair and a stack of Studs Lonigan under his arm. As time wore on we learned more of his background in New Jersey, his cars, accidents, odd jobs, his experiences on Lakers as an O. S. and lists of waiting girls.

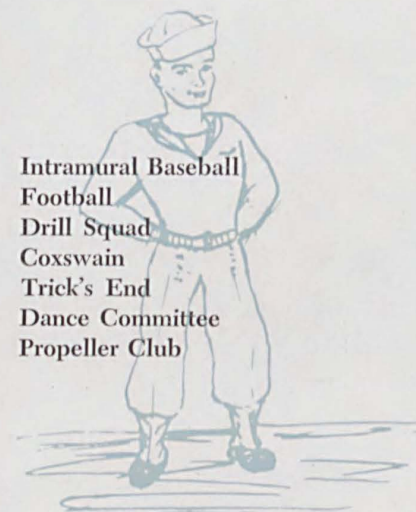
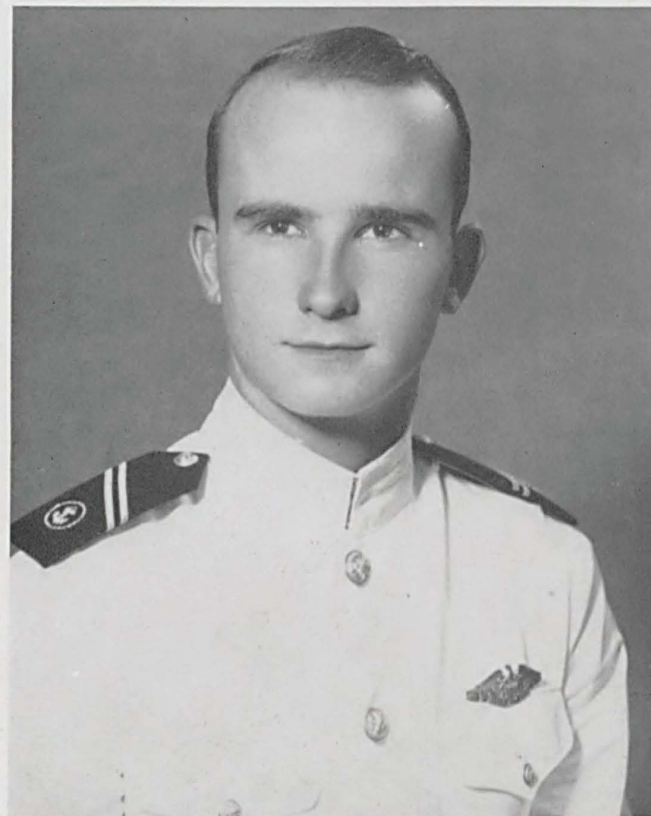
We gradually found these tales proving themselves as we saw Wild Bill sail, drive and handle girls with equal skill. Be Bop, swing and Dixieland music were among Bill's varied interests and we sweated out many an hour as he played his stack of records over and over. W. B. sported a neat blue '37 Ford convertible after the second cruise which almost became a landmark to the people between Castine and Bangor. It has been estimated that at least two-thirds of the eligible female population of

Bangor has ridden in it at one time and the other third could recognize it on sight.

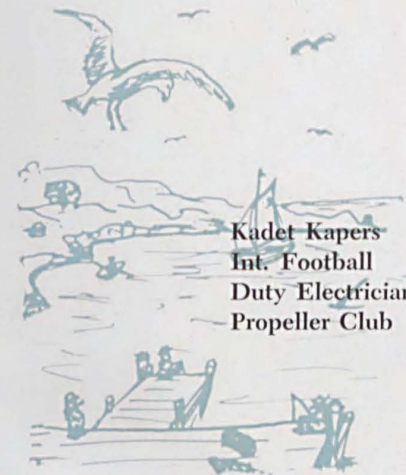
A good seaman but with a strong affinity for his inner-spring and the "realms of morpheus" Bill will always be able to create friends and we expect to see him replace his skipper in short order.



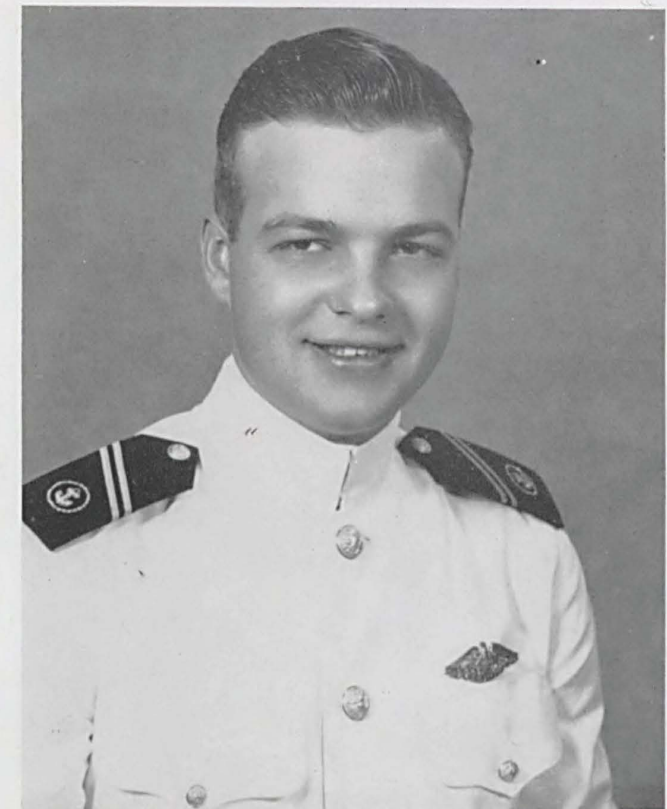
*William Bryant Bailey
Westfield, N. J.*



Intramural Baseball
Football
Drill Squad
Coxswain
Trick's End
Dance Committee
Propeller Club



Kadet Kapers
Int. Football
Duty Electrician
Propeller Club



*Rudolph William Balas
Searsport, Maine*



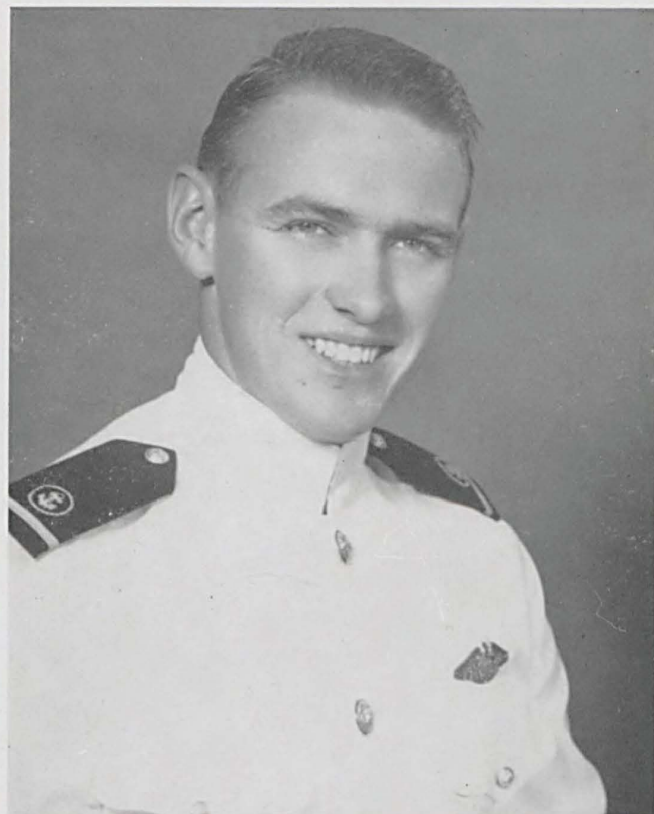
Here's the boy with one of the greatest gifts for mimicry and laughter we've seen; there's not a spot or time when he's not performing. Richardson hall will always ring with his deep bass voice and "whats-a-matter for you."

Rudy had talents in other fields as his record as duty electrician and assistant movie operator will show..

As a deckman Rudy had a well established background especially in the cargo line, his father being head stevedore for Jarka Corporation's operations in Searsport.

During the cruises Rudy was in his best form, and not a few will remember him on the second cruise aboard the Russian fishing (?) vessels, arm in arm with the crew singing Russian folk songs. Barbadian policemen will remember his performance on a bicycle and many senioritas will never forget Rudy as a calypso dancer.

However or wherever he is, we will always remember him with a chuckle and wish him good sailing for the rest of his career.



Robert Galen Bent
South Portland, Maine

If there is laughter in the air because someone has just discovered he has been short sheeted or got a bucket of water on the head when called to the window by some mysterious Middie, you will probably find that Bob is in the near vicinity. Bob is the fellow with the perpetual smile and the ability to present humor to any situation.

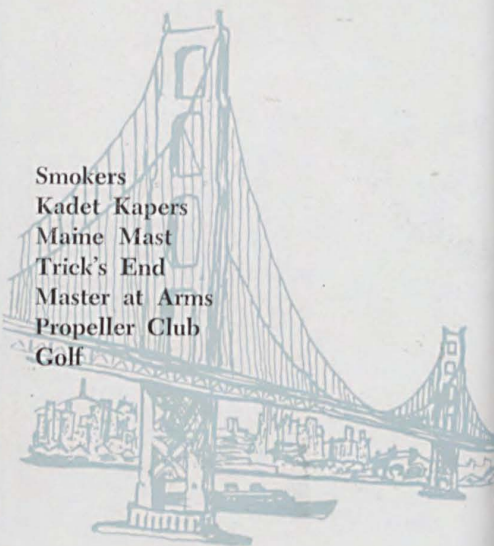
When Bob isn't performing his duty as Master at Arms on the mess deck he is probably deep in a volume of Shakespeare or Thackeray, for Bob is a lover of the fine arts and truly an authority on a great many subjects.

Bob was always the key man around the night before a history exam; his verifications for certain questions was



invaluable. Bob's intellect, together with his ability to instigate laughter (which is evident by his performances in all of our smokers) will formulate the necessities for a successful life.

Smokers
Kadet Kapers
Maine Mast
Trick's End
Master at Arms
Propeller Club
Golf



Here we have "Walt", always the first to fly into a tantrum at the sight of a new executive order and usually the last to comply with it. His room quickly turned into the "B-deck Assembly Hall" for we could not help but drop in, on our way by, to see "what Walter's raving about tonight." He, along with his roommates, could always be depended upon to



convert a dull evening into a riotous "bull session". With a speech and gait "right from the potato fields", he often terminated a serious discussion with his apparently innocent remarks.

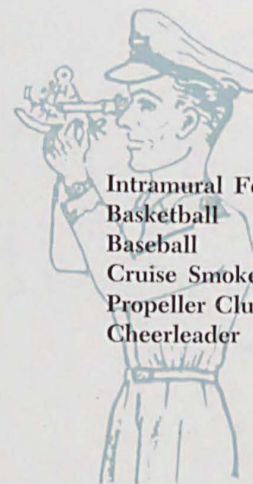
A liberty spent with Walter always began with the unusual and slowly worked its way up to the fantastic. One could always be certain of a lively evening when in the company of this amiable guy from Skowhegan and even working hours could be fun when Walt was a member of the crew. On one particular occasion he was reported as having run through the back woods of Orono in the dark of night in full dress uniform just for the experience.

Walt's best buddy was probably his sack and he carried on this friendship at all hours of the day. Many times he was seen, struggling to leave his mattress after the bitter notes of reveille had settled throughout the halls, proclaiming loudly, "this is the hardest job I got".

Walter Elmer Blaisdell
Skowhegan, Maine



Intramural Football
Basketball
Baseball
Cruise Smoker
Propeller Club
Cheerleader



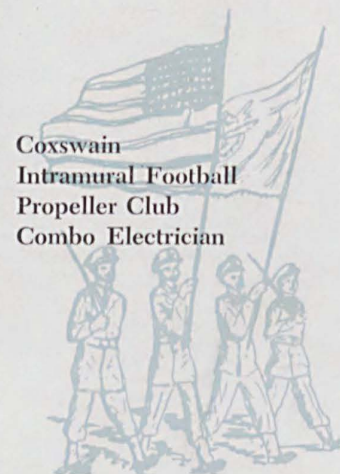
The "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" was one thing, while the "moonlight sail of Slat's Butler" was definitely another. It seems Slat's got restricted for his nocturnal sojourn into the briny deep but a small matter like being restricted is hardly enough to dampen the enthusiasm of a salt water sailor. Even at the academy Slat's always found things to keep him occupied. An ardent sportsman of the table tennis variety and an amateur radio repairman who turned out professional results; it could hardly be said that he was untalented.

His cruise liberties were usually taken with his buddy Hugo and between the two of them their escapades, which might not be termed as fantastic, were always interesting and unusual even for this fabulous pair.

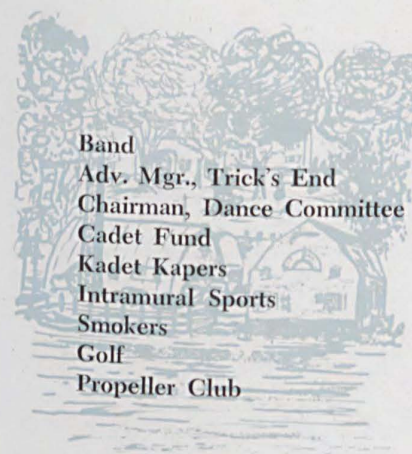
Though time and space could hardly permit to tell the "Butler Story" in all its ramifications at least we'll all know that if it's hard to keep a good man down then it will be next to impossible to keep Slat's at the bottom of the pile.



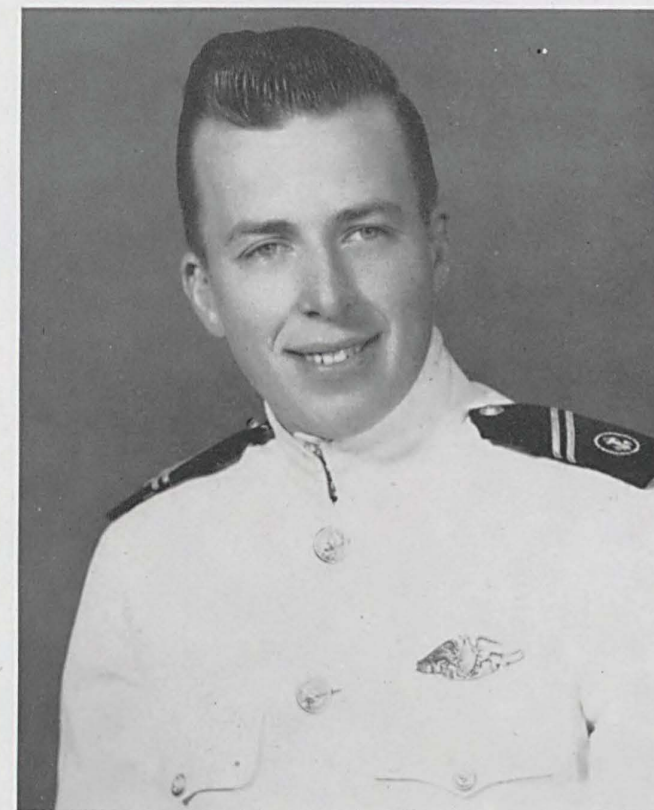
Reginald Leroy Butler
Portsmouth, N. H.



Coxswain
Intramural Football
Propeller Club
Combo Electrician



Band
Adv. Mgr., Trick's End
Chairman, Dance Committee
Cadet Fund
Kadet Kapers
Intramural Sports
Smokers
Golf
Propeller Club



Gerald Arthur Cummings
South Portland, Maine

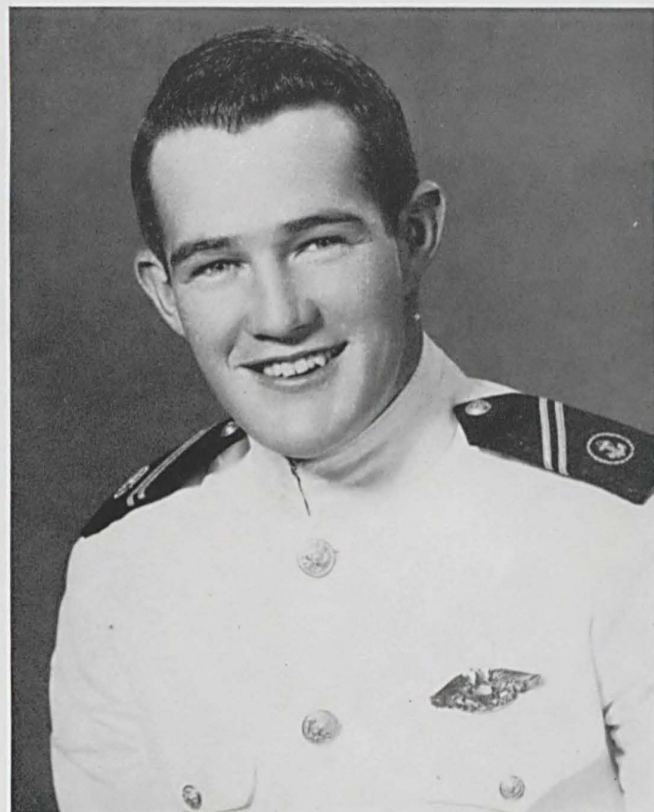


Middies of M. M. A. many happy moments. With his talent as an actor he has performed in all of our smokers. Remembered by all is the Cummings-Cameron duo of '48 and '49 that brought unapproachable entertainment.

Known for his ability to acquire a special at any hour of the day, for any reason, Jerry could undoubtedly be seen immediately after class speeding off to Bangor in his 8 cylinder Buick. These trips however were always beneficial, for as advertising manager of our yearbook Jerry's time and efforts were invaluable.

Whether Jerry finds success by land or sea we can be sure that if he continues on the same course he followed while at the Academy he'll have clear sailing all the way.

Here he is, the little king from South Portland, Maine. The man with the silk scarf, sunglasses and spats. To know Jerry Cummings is to know the latest men's fashions in Paris and the escapades of Casanova. Jerry's sparkling personality and good humor brought to the



*Harold Earl Dame
Rochester, New Hampshire*

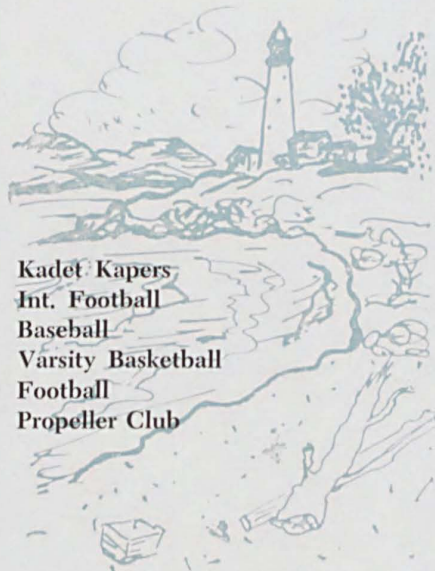
Rochester's mighty mite, also known familiarly as Gabby Dame, is easily recognized by the confusion, mirth and hilarity that is left in his surging wake. Not one to worry over the more serious aspects of life Gabby believed that the world was made for fun and frolic and governed himself accordingly. It wasn't because he disliked military affairs that he frequently disrupted morning musters but merely that his bouyant, high spirits were too hard to control.

A whiz at varsity and intramural sports, Gabby made up in fight and determination what he lacked in height and weight. Gabby's swift thrusts from the halfback slot always put the opposition into panic during our great '49 football season. He was equally adept on a basketball court or baseball diamond.

Whenever members of the class congregate they will always remember

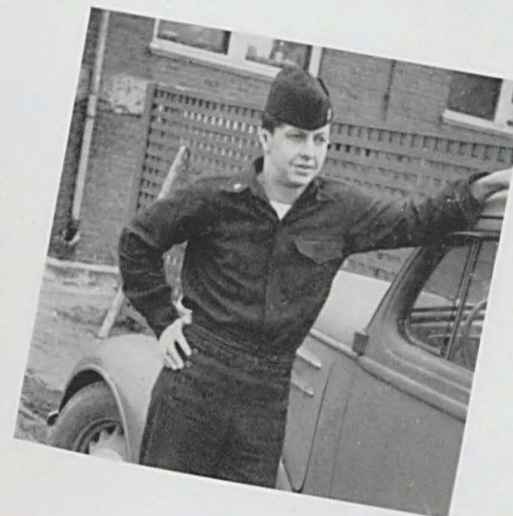


Gabby as that great little guy with a fighting heart and more jokes than a dozen radio comedians put together. A deckman by trade and inclination, he should come out on top of some shipping companies roster of deck officers.



Kadet Kapers
Int. Football
Baseball
Varsity Basketball
Football
Propeller Club

"Jack of all trades and master of none" might be a truthful axiom but there are always exceptions to the best of rules and Moulton certainly seems to be one. A past master at ping pong, sailing, boxing,

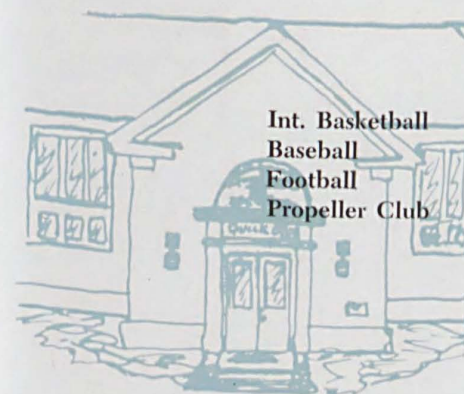


tennis and dozens of extra-curricular activities this busy deckman also manages to concentrate to a high degree on his professional subjects as well.

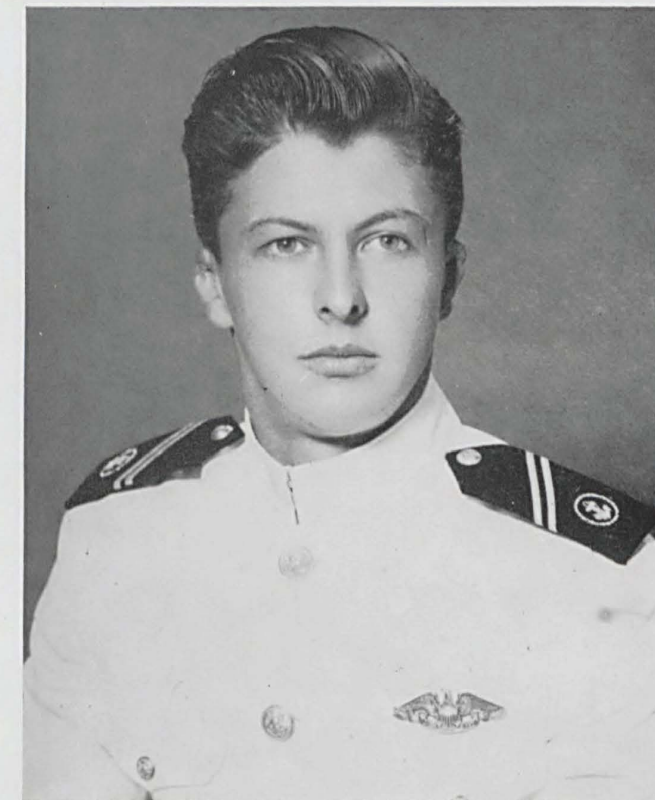
A member of the foursome of Russ, Rugger, Moulton and Luther he always managed to hold up his end of the work and play. Moulton somehow left the impression that there was a man going places and he was having a great time getting there. He became well known for his sorties into the wilds of Bucksport and particularly at the Gypsy, the Bucksport annex of M. M. A.

An able navigator and skilled as a good seaman should be, Moulton will no doubt hold down a job that requires experience and technical knowledge. This interesting fellow from Falmouth Foreside will always have the best wishes of his classmates.

*Moulton Doughty
Falmouth Foreside, Maine*



Int. Basketball
Baseball
Football
Propeller Club



Donny left the folks in Gardiner and his hockey stick behind in "47" to take up a sextant and a seafaring life in their stead. He's shown all that he can handle himself as well on a bridge as he can on the ice. A star end for three years, he never took his eye off the ball and made it mighty rough for the opposition.

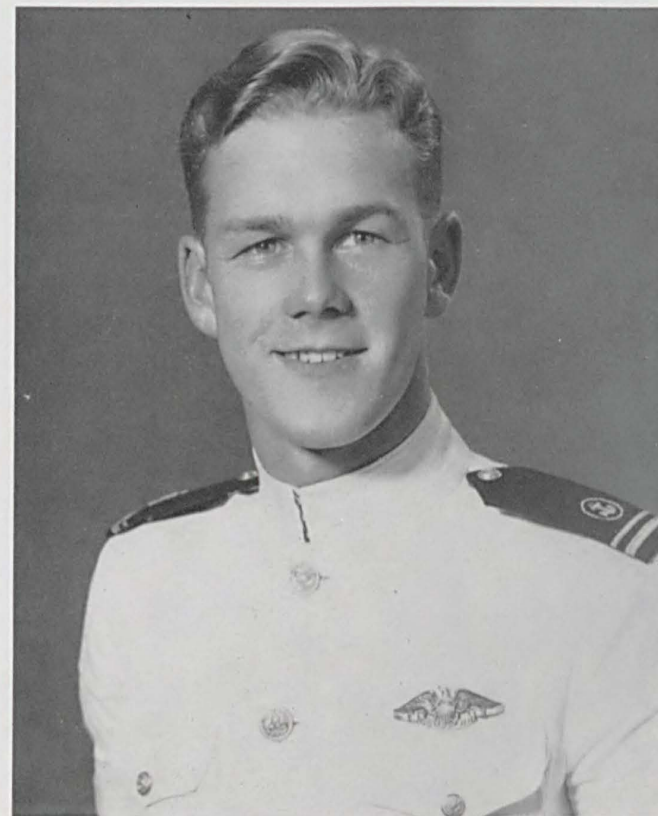
That isn't where his talents end. On dance floor, athletic field or on liberty he ably holds up his end. It is even said that he and his colleagues once penetrated the densest interior of the St. Thomas jungle.

On all occasions Don is there with a big share of know-how. Maybe that is the reason he was put in command of "B" company. Somehow he managed to keep smiling when the going got tough; perhaps, it was his ma-

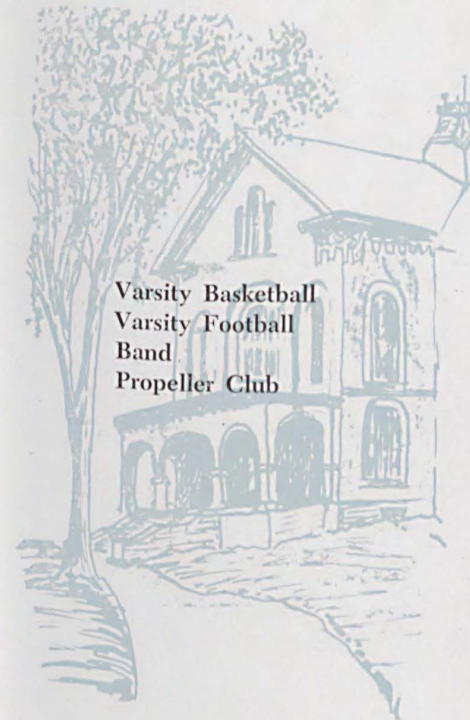
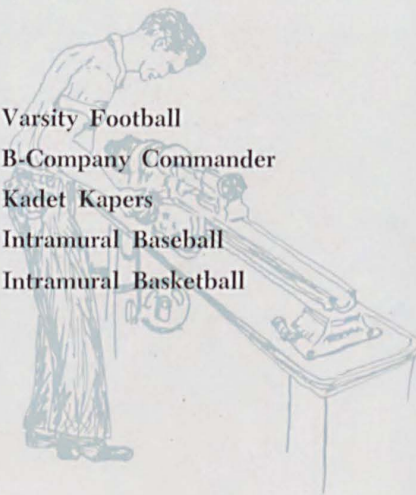
ture view of life. We all are assured that wherever he is, on the beach, or on board ship, he'll be up there riding on the crest of the wave. He is the kind of guy we're proud to know and claim as a friend.



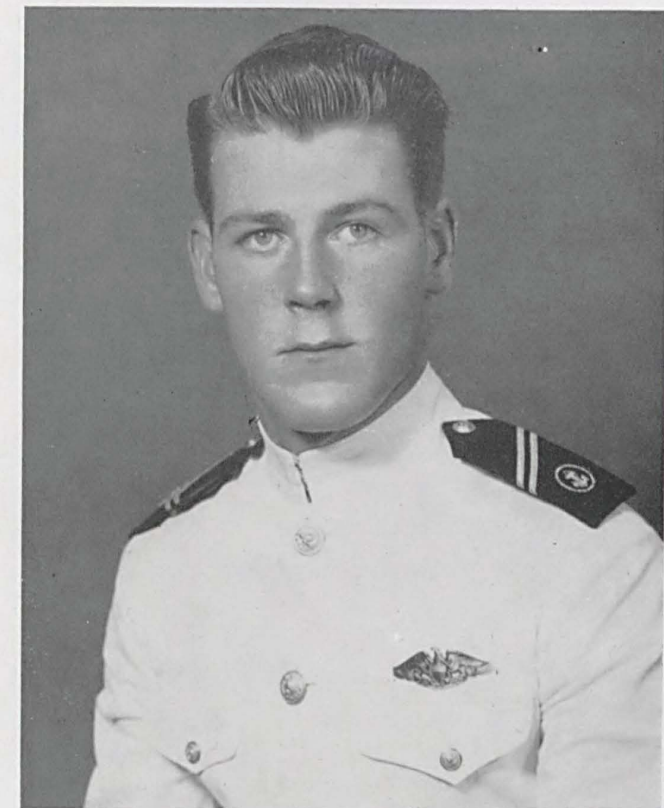
*Donald Tracy Edwards
Gardiner, Maine*



Varsity Football
B-Company Commander
Kadet Kapers
Intramural Baseball
Intramural Basketball



Varsity Basketball
Varsity Football
Band
Propeller Club



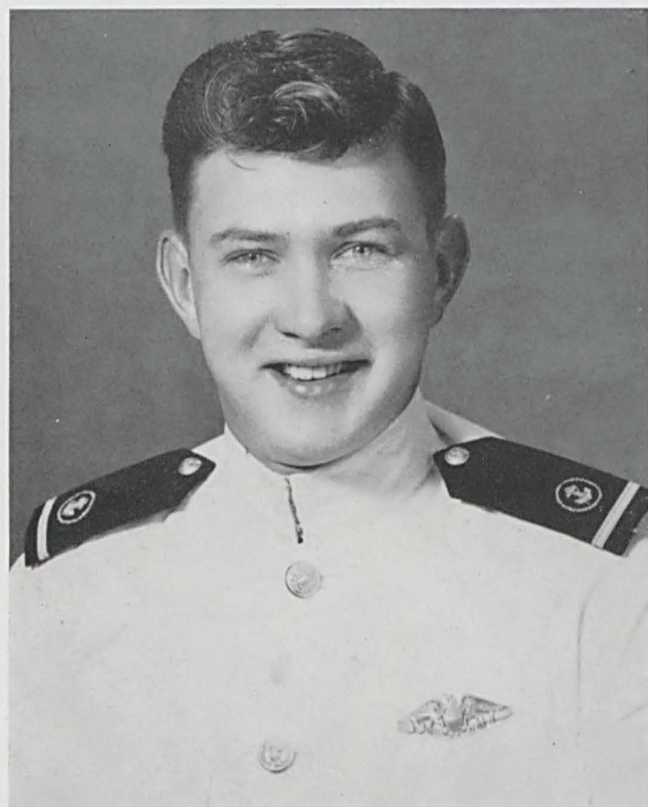
*Dorrance Oliver Evans
Kennebunk, Maine*



titled "Rugger's Choice Remarks" they would have a real job finding enough paper to print them on. His recitations usually brought down the house but always made a lot of sense.

How he could keep all his civies hidden from the Captain's diligent eye and always be in his sack for bed check there is no answer. Coffee cup in hand Rugger could invariably be seen trotting out to the gym to shoot a couple of baskets, slap leather with one of his roommates or just for a little exercise. Rumor has it that the townsfolk of Castine are going to erect a shining statue of him when he leaves to sail the seven seas. The rest of us won't need a replica of him—we'll never forget those fast balls, curves, or inshoots that brought him fame with both the town team and M. M. A. One of the most capable pitchers we've seen, whether the score was against us or not, he could be counted on to come through with a victory and a big smile.

Three loves hath Rugger: baseball, Kennebunk (167 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles south of here, or so the sign reads) and a dark haired lass. An ever ready humor that can even make the toughest of them chuckle, either in a class or bull session will always be remembered by whoever was even slightly acquainted with him. If anyone were to try to compile a book en-



Joseph Vincent Finn, Jr.
Melrose, Mass.

One of the "I used to play with boats in the bathtub when I was a kid" clan, it is only natural that Joe (better known as Joseph V. Finn, Jr.) should wander north upon graduating from Malden Catholic and join the seafarers of M. M. A. A man meant for responsibility, Joe in his 3rd year, gained a section leader stripe and took command of the S. C. On an occasional weekend, the terrible trio of "Braiser, Buz, and Finn" would journey forth from Castine in a cloud of smoke and foam.

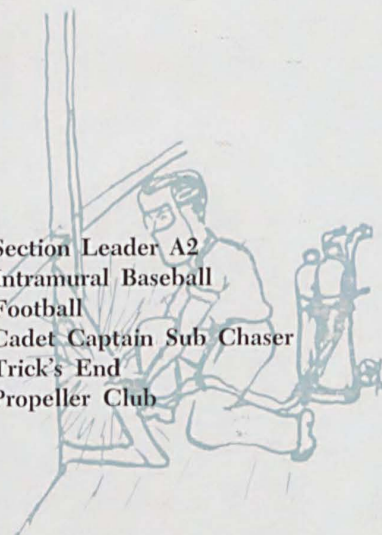
It was heart breaking to watch Joe sweating at an oar of the pulling boat in Boston Harbor. He seemed to put his all into it and volunteered for every trip. When we finally did pull out it was enough to fog your goggles the way he just stood there and didn't even move to help Bill Coombes weigh anchor.



The one question that will always remain in our minds, was how did he ever manage to acquire a southern accent while at the academy.

Joe's future is a toss-up between politics and the sea. There's no doubt in our minds that he'll be a success at whichever one he finally chooses.

Section Leader A2
Intramural Baseball
Football
Cadet Captain Sub Chaser
Trick's End
Propeller Club



"Chief" is the guy to see when you want the latest word. He can give you the scoop before it's released. Dick is a member of Room 16 where they settle, without question, the political, economic,

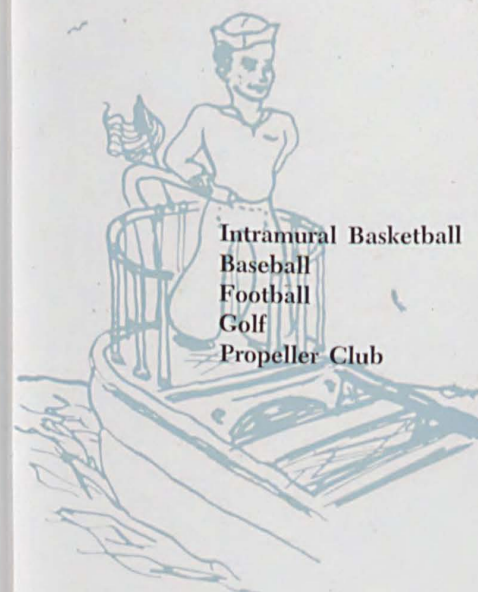
and social affairs of the world. Chief and his Skowhegan Indians usually do all their conversing from sacks while munching on apples imported directly from their fair home town.

Grief, I mean Chief, excels as a rope-choker. There's no small item that has ever slipped by him without his noting it, weighing its value, then filing it for further use. With his analytical mind there is no situation or problem he can't cope with. In all his classes he's one of the first to come up with an answer and seldom is it a wrong one. To side with "R. A." is like having money in the bank. Dick says he prefers a free life far from the delusion of women. Confidentially, we think he is just waiting for the right one to come along.

Richard Austin Fogerty
Skowhegan, Maine



Intramural Basketball
Baseball
Football
Golf
Propeller Club



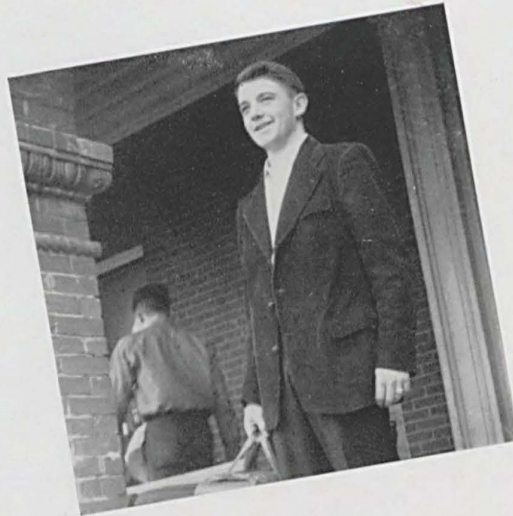
A natural seaman, from a port well known for its yachts, boats and seamanship, Dex had put in many hours of sailing professionally before he came to Castine, and has put in many hours since then in the Academy small boats.

Dex is one of the few navy veterans in our class, serving aboard the battleship Wisconsin as an air-crewman. His navy training served him well and proved itself as he marched with the first drill squad and later became a very efficient C. P. O. his middle class year.

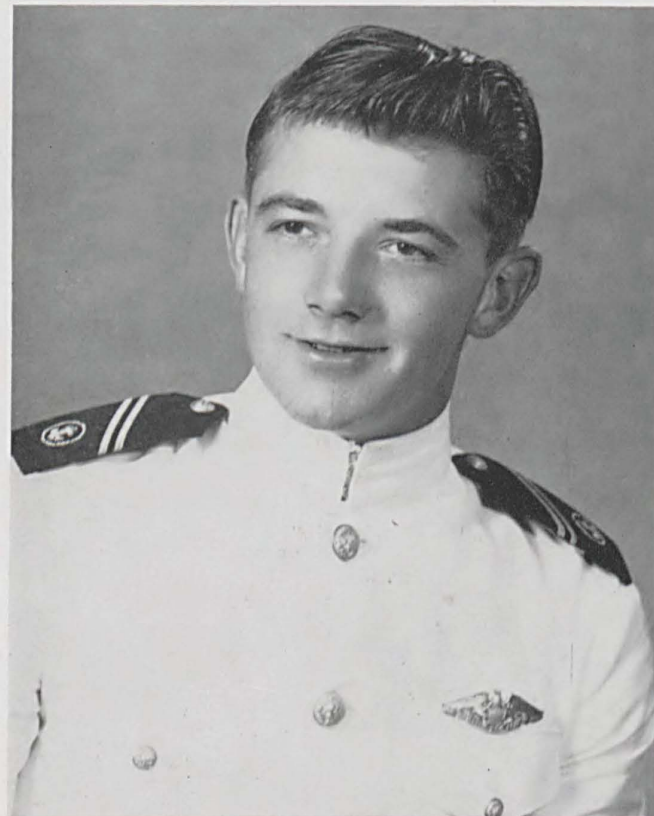
An active sportsman, Dex was right in there on his intramural teams and doing fine in tennis tournaments. His voice at varsity football and baseball games was almost as good as another man on the field. But what about this handsome lad? We were all soon to learn of Ida, the blonde beauty whose picture graced his room and whom the papers spoke of engagement.

Dex will be remembered as one of

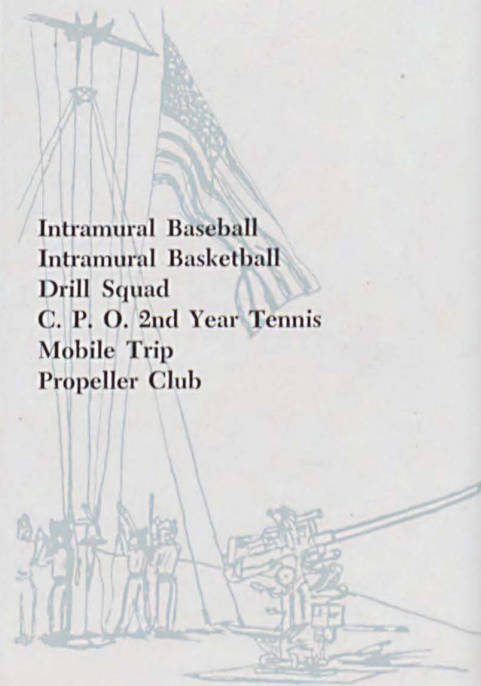
the chosen few to make the Mobile trip. There was a rumor about some P. C. that got inspected late one night much to the disgust of her chiefs down there. Well, whatever it is, Navy, Yachting, or Merchant Marine, Dex will be out there in front.



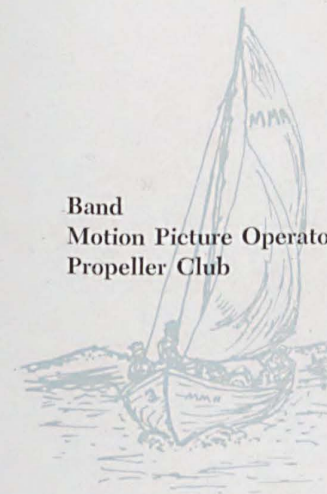
*Arthur Dexter Fowler, Jr.
Marblehead, Mass.*



**Intramural Baseball
Intramural Basketball
Drill Squad
C. P. O. 2nd Year Tennis
Mobile Trip
Propeller Club**



**Band
Motion Picture Operator
Propeller Club**



*Samuel Cresswell Gamache
Rockland, Maine*



go up continuously until the show started.

No one could hardly have a better background for the Academy and the sea than Sam with his father in command of his own ship at the Coast Guard Base in Rockland. We're not saying that Sam was any Casanova or anything but he did possess an uncanny ability to find dates. It did not go unnoticed that Sam escorted a certain Commander's daughter to Academy dances, downtown movies and was known to visit her home on occasion.

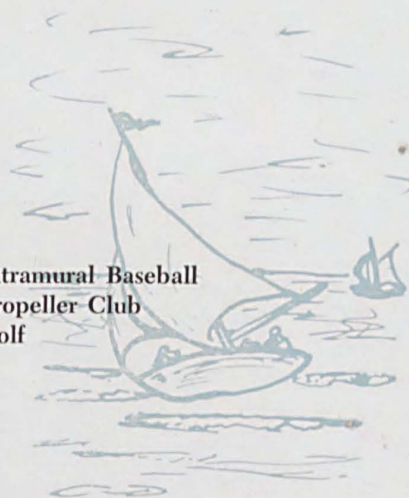
If there was ever a battle cry for the academy, it would be "Let's go Sam"—stemming from the breaks in our cruise movies. Although it was known that the equipment and films were far from the best and that Sam was working like a madman to fix the trouble, the cry would

An all-around popular man among both officers and midshipmen, respected for his abilities both on movie machines and as a deckman, and with a good word for everybody, Sam will sail along through the years with luck and fortune at his fingertips.



Edgar Jay Hall
Brewer, Maine

Intramural Baseball
Propeller Club
Golf



We heard E. Jay say in class one day that if he didn't speak his mind, how would anyone know what he was thinking? This attitude, coupled with numerous bouts with sick bay outlined E. Jay's career at Maine Maritime, one of the most hectic we know of.

Probably the only man ever to enter San Juan, P. R. hospital with a case of pneumonia, Edgar emerged to finish off the second cruise in style.

Math was E. Jay's subject and here he held his own through thick and thin, "Blue Bolt" or no, strangely enough he was quite often correct, though it was no surprise to E. Jay. Having chosen the deck as his line in a sea career, it's going to take a good Bosun to show him a thing or two once he gets started.

E. Jay spent his latter two years living with the Camden boys where he and his pipe found a natural niche for their more quiet moments. As an outlet for his



overflowing energy you could find him out on the golf links hammering out a low score. In his quieter moments, E. Jay has a self confidence that will take him far in any field he chooses.

Up in a corner of A deck, if you were to stick your head in the door, you would hear men talking in strange nasal jargon and from behind a cloud of pipe smoke, taking it all in, you'd find G. E. (General Electric) Gib Hall. He hails from Camden (by the sea) prettiest town in Maine. Gib is one of the saltier down-easters at the academy, listen to that

speech of his for awhile and you'll see what I mean.

A quiet lad by nature and not one to join an argument, Gib held his own as proprietor of the ship's store. He could really be firm about that penny candy; the cadet fund was well guarded. Though not the thinnest man in the world, Gib kept in good shape by filling the coke machine at the academy and on the cruise. The mess deck rang with his name when thirsty midshipmen wanted coke.

Although there was plenty to keep him busy running the store, going to Spanish Club, etc., Gib was well able to keep on the black side of the mark books and still write to a certain Colby inmate.

Whether Gib goes to sea or settles down as head of the Camden Chamber of Commerce, his background gained at home and at the academy will make him one of the more steadier, self assured young men around.

Gilbert Eugene Hall
Camden, Maine



Truck Driver
Spanish Club
Canteen Mgr.
Propeller Club



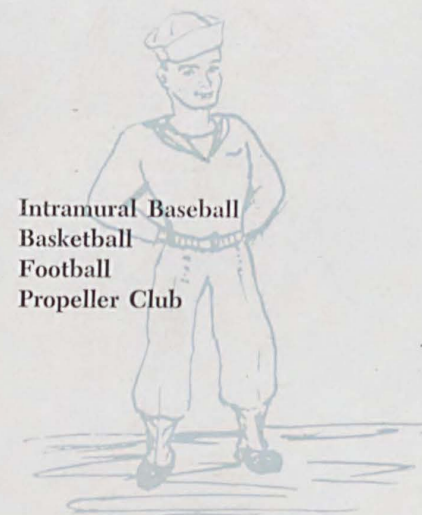
"Though a word wasn't said", yes, Emmie was quiet, but don't let that fool you. He was thinking rather than talking, which is something a lot of us might practice more. He made good use of his sack and would really hold up his end of a sack-drill contest. He played a mean eye at pool. Perhaps his Saturday afternoons at home were accountable for it.

Emmie's friends, and there were many, could invariably give a good account of this quiet unassuming midshipman. Like the rest of the boys from Camden there was a certain enviable air of distinction about him.

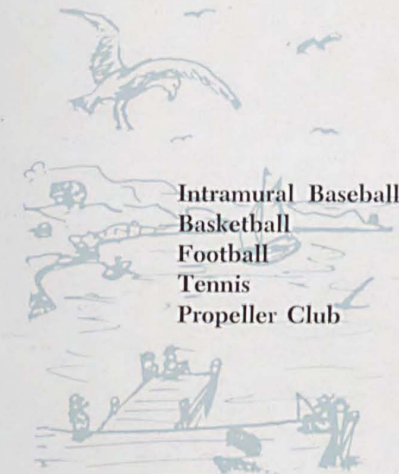
To the many mates aboard different vessels we are issuing a warning that here is at least one more formidable man from the seacoast towns of Maine to offer his excellent services as a deck officer.



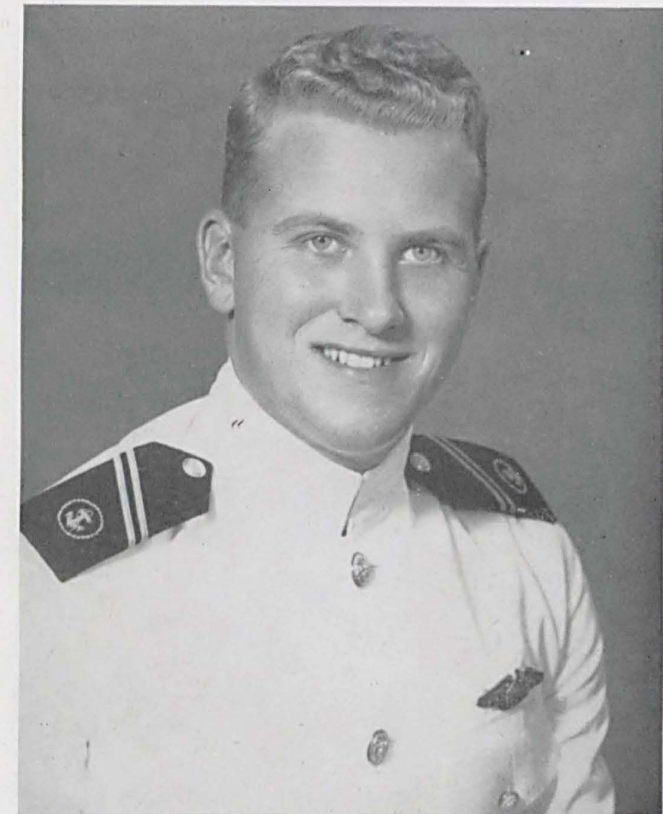
*Emerson LeRoy Hansell
Camden, Maine*



**Intramural Baseball
Basketball
Football
Propeller Club**



**Intramural Baseball
Basketball
Football
Tennis
Propeller Club**



*Donald Lloyd Higgins
Ellsworth, Maine*



When anyone asked him what he thought of upperclassmen he told them in no uncertain terms. Although this often ended in bilge parties and other sordid jobs, Don at least had the satisfaction of getting in the last word.

Always outspoken in an argument, he likewise would do almost anything to help a friend. If he didn't get along with the upperclass at least he could count on all of his classmates to uphold his point of any argument.

His first love is his work as a deckman aboard ship and those who know him feel that no matter where his ambitions lie, his lust for living an honest and useful life will be more than enough to carry him through.

"Heegans, get out those cucumbers", this long blast always identifies Don in his underclass year at M. M. A. Always frank to the point of being curt, Higgy was not revered by his upperclassmen.



Richard Burnett Hopkins
Camden, Maine

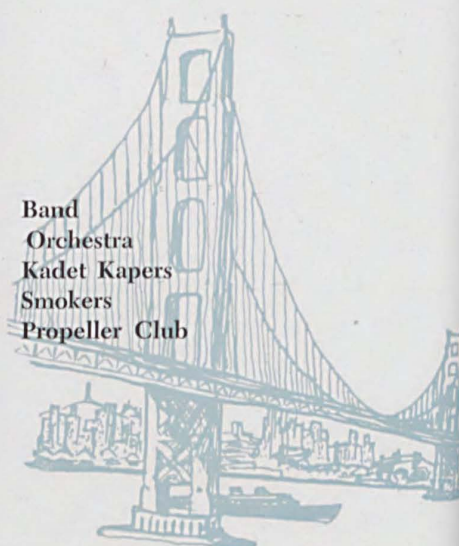
One of the boys from across the bay, Dick was Camden High's musical contribution to M. M. A. Hoppy held down a spot in the orchestra and band with his talents on the licorice stick.

We don't know what Camden has exactly, but we do know that every resident is on the Chamber of Commerce and Dick is no exception; just let him corner you somewhere and you'll get the "low-down" from the fishing on Lake Megunticook to the relative merits of its beautiful female inhabitants. It was on this last item that we feel that Dick knew more than he let on.

Though studies, namely math, sometimes proved an obstacle, Dick with his



determination won out. It is this determination combined with a certain naturalness and ability that will some day provide the means for a happy and successful career ashore or afloat.



Band
Orchestra
Kadet Kapers
Smokers
Propeller Club

Leonardo De Vinci was undoubtedly one of the most talented men of his age. He could paint, sketch, philosophize and invent. Out of every age must come some such men, and for our money Freddie KomLosy can compete with the masters any time. Not only has he ac-

complished as diverse a field as De Vinci, but he has added the guitar to his varied interests.

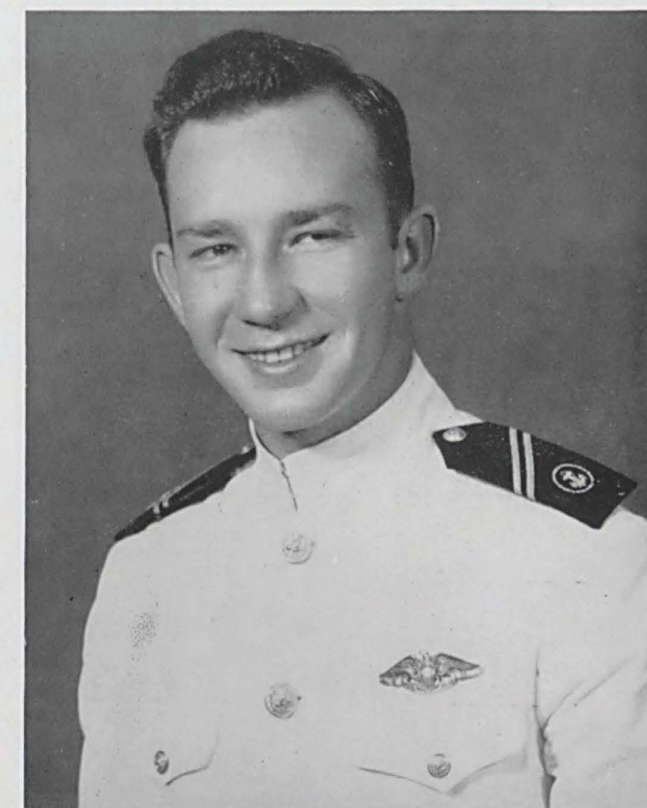
When the class of "50" becomes nothing more than a memory Fred at least will be assured of a niche in the hall of Academy "Greats". His art work for various dances has left the name of KomLosy burned into the minds of all those who have visited or attended the academy. Fred's work on the yearbook enriched the volume by a fine display of his artistic talents.

A deck man first and above all, his scholastic marks were far above average and always left one wondering how one fellow could accomplish so much. If there is a position high enough for one with so much talent and ambition we all know that Fred will fill the job admirably.



Frederick Anton KomLosy, Jr.
Chebeague Isl., Maine

Football Mgr.
Cadet Photographer
Messdeck Murals
Dance Committee
Maine Mast (Art)
Trick's End Exec. Staff
Coxswain
Drill Squad
Mobile Trip
Combo
Spanish Club
Propeller Club



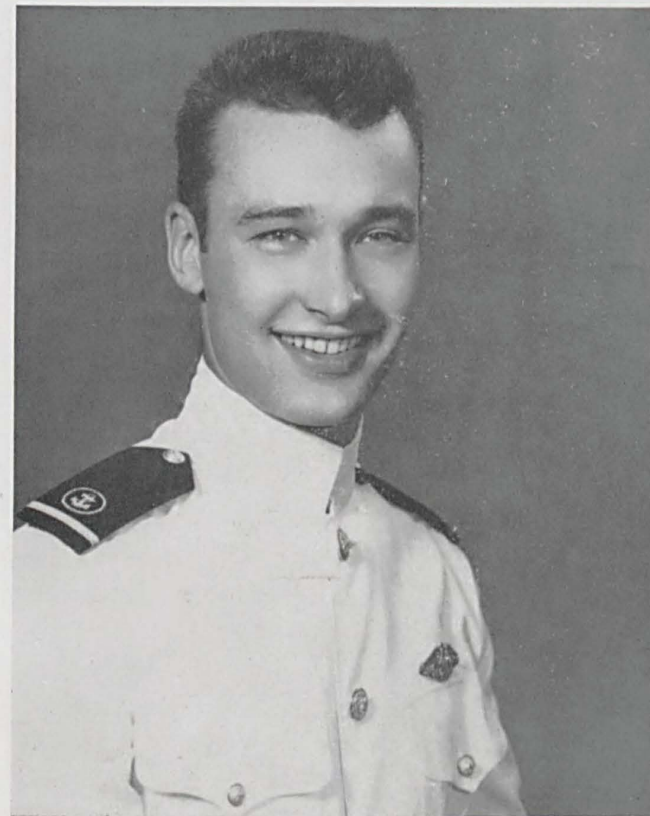
The "Windy City's" personality kid Pete Koppenberger descended on good old M. M. A. like a can of spam at a meat packer's convention, that is, he fitted into our life remarkably well. This isn't surprising however when you get to know Pete; the only man who ever withstood Pete's infectious humor without at least a smile was Mr. Riley in a history class.

With an affinity for making friends and an easy going manner he was without a doubt a social success at any dance or party. Pete's greatest frustration was the lack of swimming facilities at the academy. When at last his efforts were rewarded by his appointment as a section leader of B company, he remained the same likeable character of old much to the pleasure of his classmates. His interest in his studies were relegated to a proper perspective so that at no time did they interfere with his personal feud with room twelve.

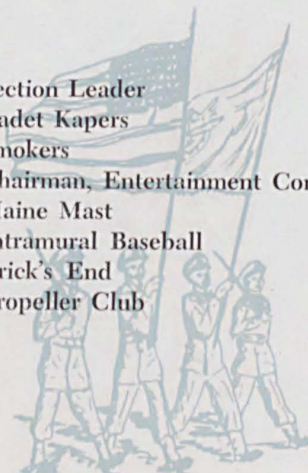
For a guy that was a little late getting into the academy he caught up and passed many in his chosen work as a deckman. As the only man that was able to out-argue Regnery, "Herr" Koppenberger should find the rest of his life a smooth road to success.



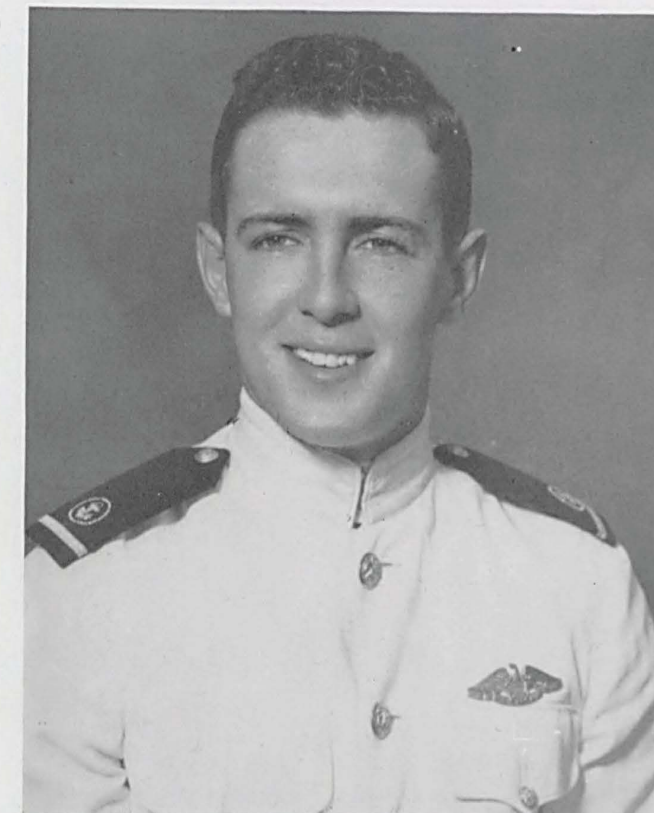
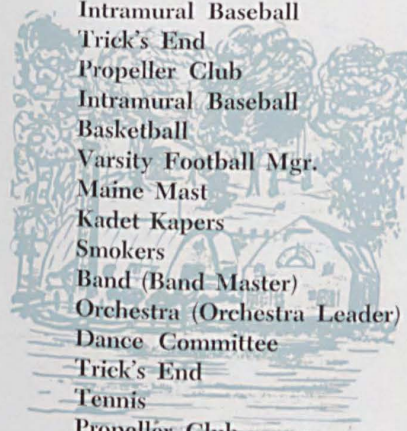
*Peter Koppenberger, Jr.
Chicago, Ill.*



Section Leader
Kadet Kapers
Smokers
Chairman, Entertainment Comm
Maine Mast
Intramural Baseball
Trick's End
Propeller Club



Intramural Baseball
Trick's End
Propeller Club
Intramural Baseball
Basketball
Varsity Football Mgr.
Maine Mast
Kadet Kapers
Smokers
Band (Band Master)
Orchestra (Orchestra Leader)
Dance Committee
Trick's End
Tennis
Propeller Club
Combo (Leader)



*Rene George LeClair
Auburn, Maine*



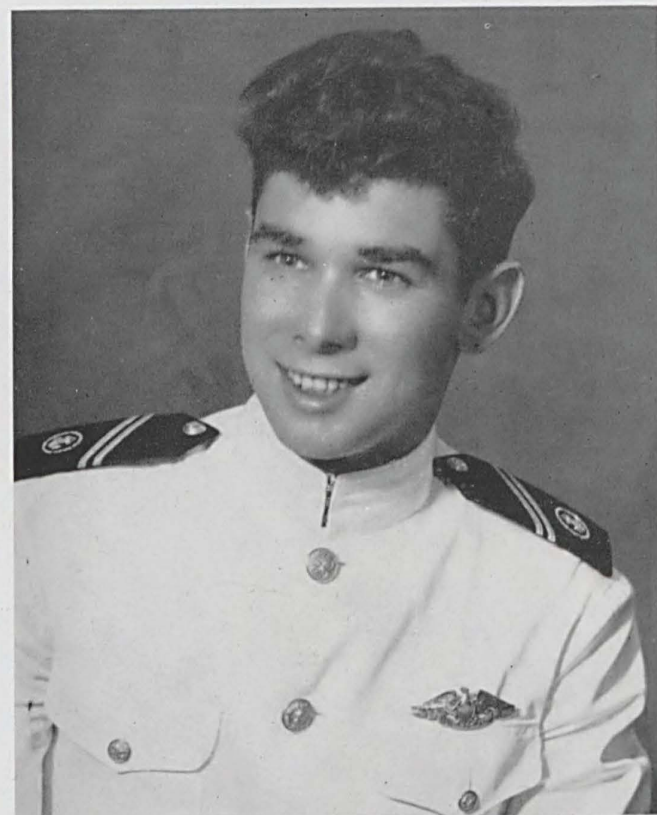
music this side of anywhere and the way he jammed reveille was enough to get anyone out of bed. His list of accomplishments will show Rene or Renois is an all-round man and he was still able to pull down some of the better marks to be had.

The female problem was no problem as far as Rene was concerned, he had that one solved long before he came to the academy. To know Rene was to know Irene. We must note that this did not mean that on occasion he did not cause many a lass to turn her head for how could anyone resist that curly hair, those dark eyes and smooth voice with just a hint of a French accent in it. We know of one fair lass in Golden Gate Park that fell under his spell.

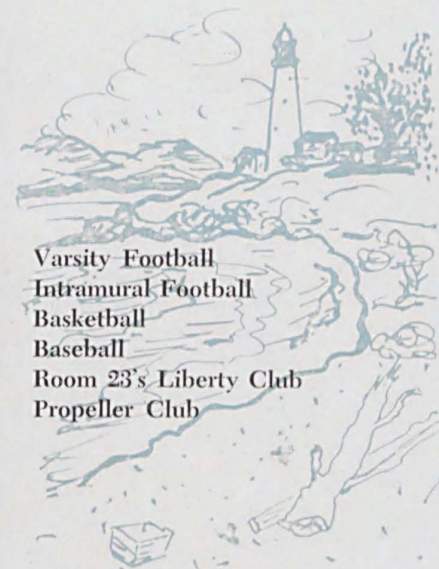
Here's to you Rene, though we don't have to worry much, for we know that with such a combination of talent and philosophy we'd never have to look hard to hear of your success.

M. M. A.'s talented maestro, leader of the band, orchestra and combo, Rene proved himself as an expert musician, arranging and writing the material himself.

This small, handsome lad from Auburn who should have had personality for a middle name made himself well known right from the start, performing with skill as duty bugler. It was argued that his rendition of taps was the sweetest



Paul Joseph Letourneau
Livermore Falls, Maine



Varsity Football
Intramural Football
Basketball
Baseball
Room 23's Liberty Club
Propeller Club



While Paul was held in check somewhat by the Captain's restricted list, he managed to avoid the brunt of his punishment by amusing himself anywhere and at anyone's expense.

A shock of unruly black hair and a flashing smile were the real trademarks of this operator. He is the only guy that we know who was engaged to two girls and going steady with three other young lovelies at the same time. How he managed to keep his date book straight and get into so much trouble at the same time will remain a mystery to most of us.

A loyal deckman with all the ability in the world, if Paul ever needs a hand he can count on at least 80 of his 80 fellow sufferers for help.

Lloyd is one of the academy's silent mainstays, though not too silent. Where an opinion is needed he is ready and willing. Up in a corner room on A deck he could often be heard in the midst of a heated argument.

One of the first to heed the call to



arms, Lloyd was a member in full standing of Pelley's first drill squad and performed with the squad through two active seasons.

When we hear the phrase "Men of Maine" we think of guys like Lloyd, who, like his namesake, represents a toughness and tenacity that will form the backbone of any organization he joins. Though sometimes he is slow in being recognized, he will, we feel sure, rise to the heights of success no matter what the odds.

Coming from a town with the distinction of being Maine's first settlement Lloyd has a natural background for a seagoing career and if loyalty and steadfastness mean anything, this lad will some day be a leading captain.

Lloyd David Lowell
Phippsburg, Maine



Drill Squad
Propeller Club



Want to know who won the 1929 Hamiltonian Sulky Racing Tournament or which horse has shown the best performances this year in the three-year-old trotter class? Just sprint down to room 30 and "Mac" will tell you—"Mac", the most ardent lover of sulky racing any of us will ever encounter.

Mac, a Bostonian, has in his 3 years as a cadet, illustrated the qualities that make up an outstanding midshipman. Liked by all who know him, he is academically beyond reproach; he has performed on the varsity football squad, and has been justly awarded Battalion Administrative officer. He has shown to us that he is unmistakably a leader. Mac doubtless will find the sea in years to come as his permanent home. As a rope-choker he is at the head of his class. His career as an officer can only be altered by one thing, his great love of horses.

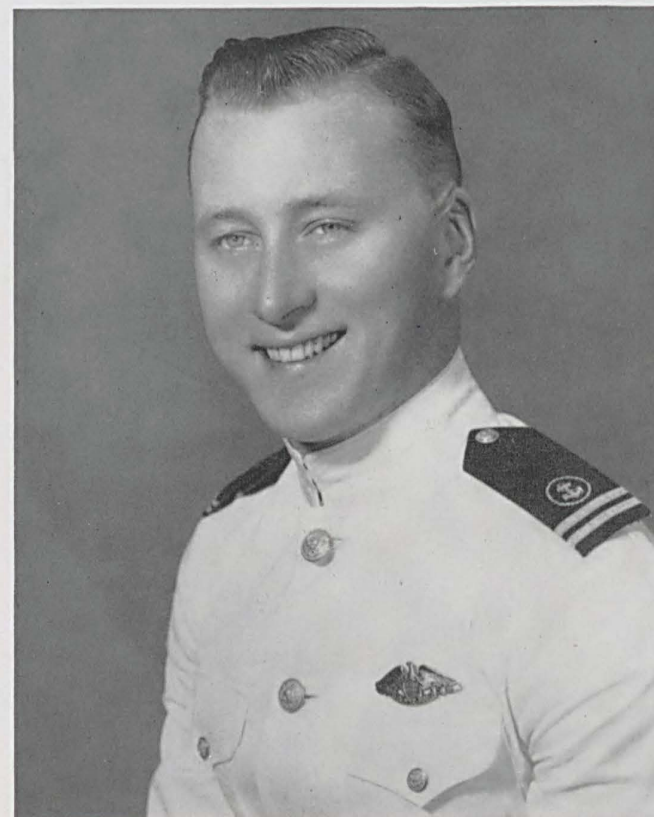
"Mac" holds, we believe, an unbeatable record; never has he in his 3 years

left the academy for a liberty weekend, except of course for a football game. "Girls and horses don't mix" says "Mac", "I'll take a horse for now. They talk less and are cheaper to feed".

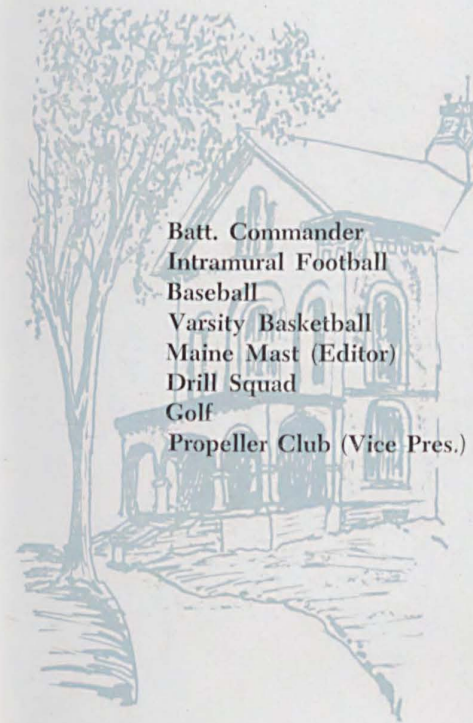
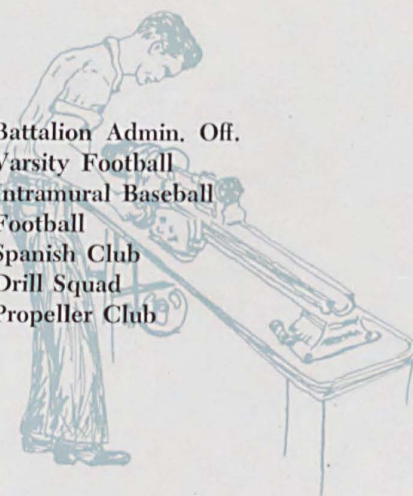
"Mac" possesses the initiative and push that is needed to be a successful officer. We all know he will undoubtedly obtain his goal.



Richard Lombard MacLean
Boston, Mass.



Battalion Admin. Off.
Varsity Football
Intramural Baseball
Football
Spanish Club
Drill Squad
Propeller Club



Batt. Commander
Intramural Football
Baseball
Varsity Basketball
Maine Mast (Editor)
Drill Squad
Golf
Propeller Club (Vice Pres.)



William Martin Maher
South Portland, Maine



through our senior year with the qualities of a real leader. The experience he acquired in the 6 years he was in the Navy previous to entering the Academy added greatly to this successful undertaking.

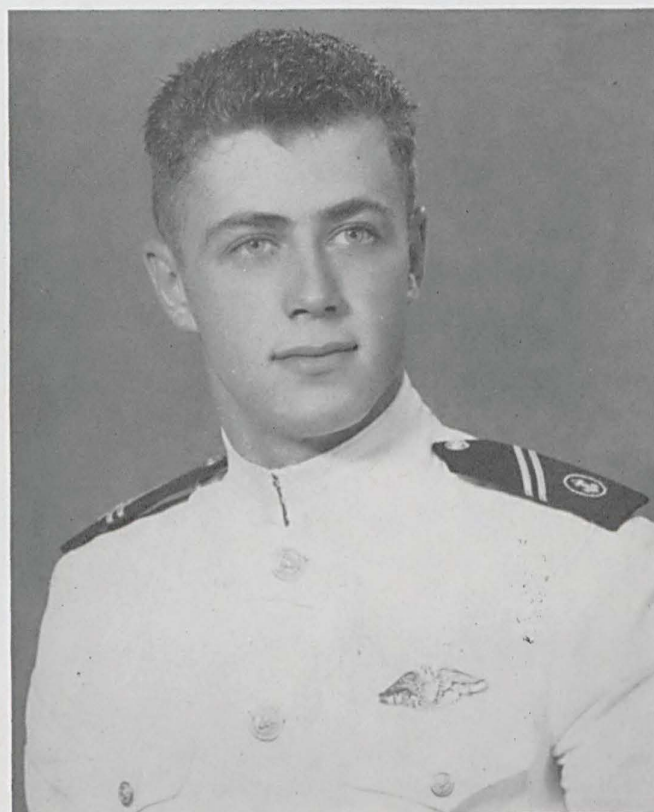
Bill was unquestionably the class valedictorian and justly so, for much of his time was given over to the textbook. Bill was well known for his lengthy explanations and discriptiveness in an exam or a bull session, but in either case it was hard to find errors in his work.

Bill's responsibilities did not hold him from sports, for three years he was a member of the basketball squad and was a favorite on the team. Some of us were worried that he was too old for the game but he showed how wrong we were. (He stayed in for 6 min. one game.)

Any of us would be glad to ship under you, Bill, and no doubt some of us will.

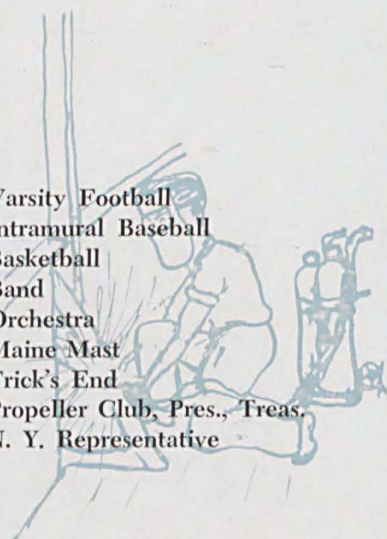
The father of our class, the owner of an irresistible personality and most of all, the man who carried the ball for the class of '50, Willie was a midshipman's midshipman.

You have undoubtedly heard the tale about Sampson loosing his hair and consequently his strength, well Bill didn't lose his strength; as battalion commander of our class he ably led us



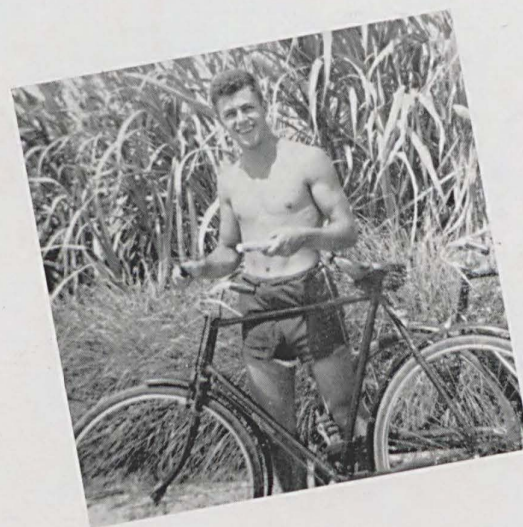
*George Gerald Martin, Jr.
Auburn, Maine*

Varsity Football
Intramural Baseball
Basketball
Band
Orchestra
Maine Mast
Trick's End
Propeller Club, Pres., Treas.
N. Y. Representative



Here we have the other half of the Martin-LeClair pair, the personality plus boy, the typical real good Joe, a kid you like to meet. We cannot say too much about Georgie as he has given the pat on the back, the smile, the needed lift to everyone. In years to come when you think back to Academy days, it's the boys like George that will stand out in your memory.

One of George's chief interests was sports, and he made a name for himself both in the backfield and in the line; nor did the interest stop there as he became sports editor for both the Maine Mast and Trick's End. To prove he was not limited to any one field he picked up the saxophone while at the Academy and became a member of the orchestra and band. It would be well to note that George didn't let that good looking face go to waste and consequently was never pressed for companionship.



Chosen by his classmates as their representative, and later as Propeller Club president we know that George, no matter what field he may choose to enter, will do as he has always done—come out on top.

If you suddenly heard a fog horn cut loose in a Rules of the Road class or a trombone moan in a history class, you could find Dick looking innocently about; but the truth is his mimicry of

different sounds and instruments were the despair of instructors and the delight of his fellow students. An apt performer in numerous smokers and a roving Romeo of the Skowhegan type, Dick seldom found his studies too pressing.

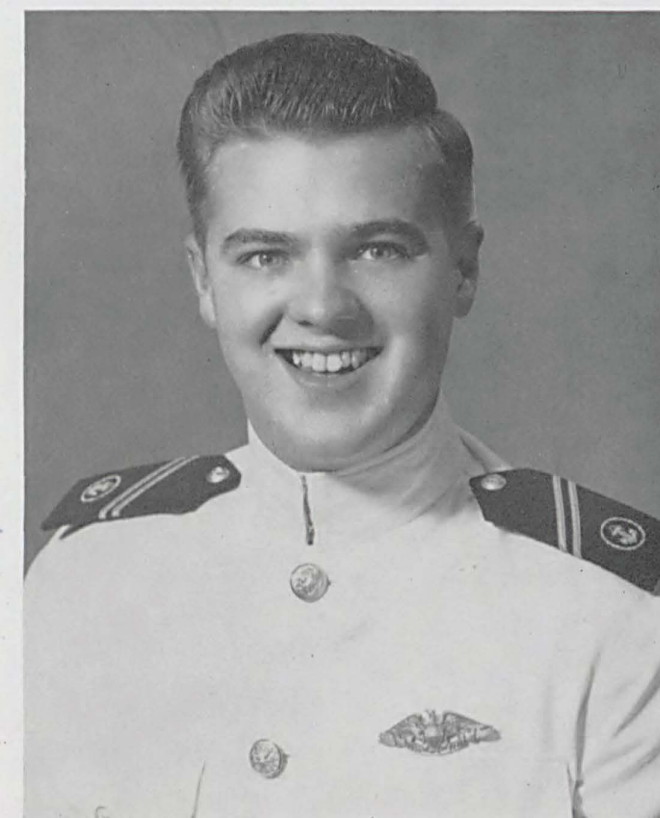
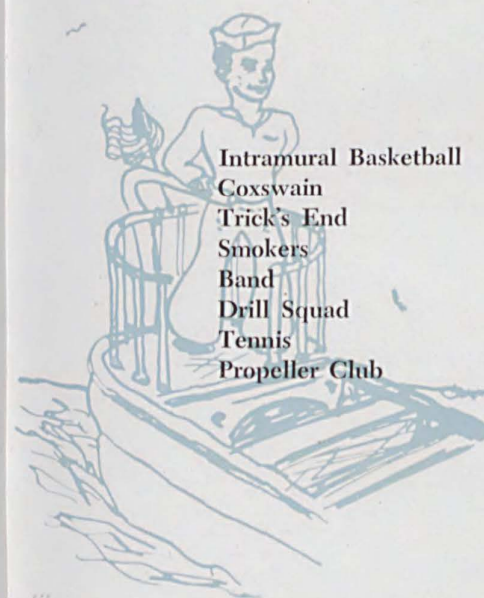
Rem often amused his roommates with a few well chosen gripes. Another of our talented artists, his cartoons of upperclassmen at the Kapers proved to be a riotous hit with the audience.

With sextant in hand and tongue in cheek, the golden apple of success should drop into the waiting arms of Dick Marriner.



*Richard Eugene Marriner
Skowhegan, Maine*

Intramural Basketball
Coxswain
Trick's End
Smokers
Band
Drill Squad
Tennis
Propeller Club



Hailing from Bar Harbor, Maine, Mickey is the Paul Bunyan of M. M. A. His family background finds few of his ancestors at sea; a record Mickey is determined to break.

Mickey with his fine physique has made many a heart throb on Florida beaches. Being a member of the crew which ventured to St. Pete to prepare the American Sailor for its voyage, his aid in seamanship was a great help to the expedition.

Mickey was always eager to grasp information which will prepare him for the fine job he will undoubtedly perform as an officer in the deck department.

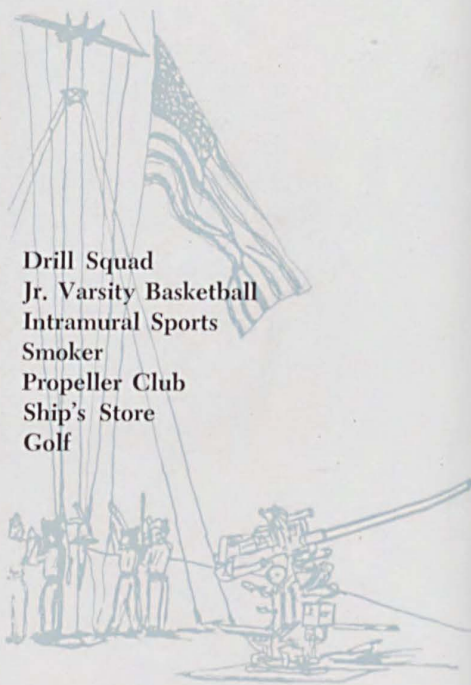
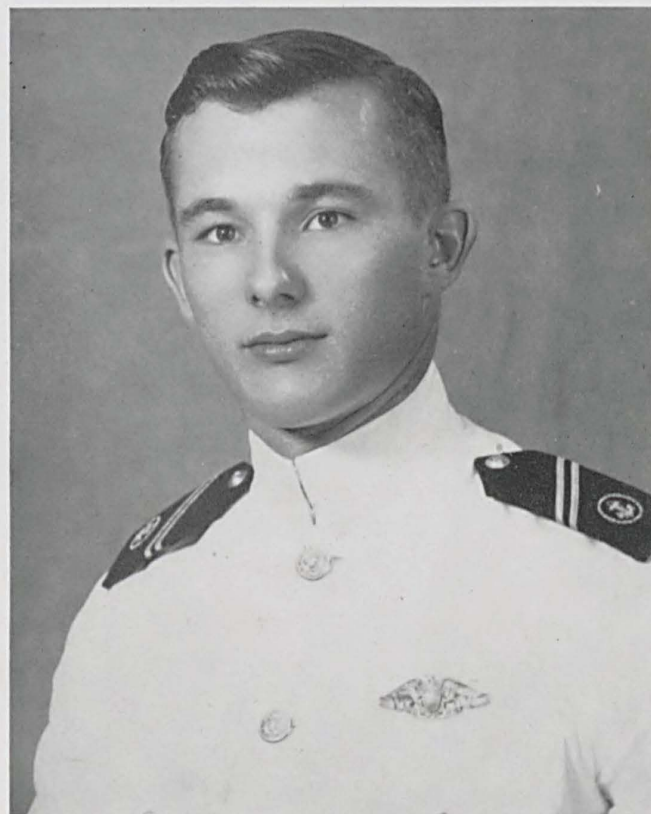
Mickey's true love is known to us all, that of duck hunting. During this season he is the center of much kidding but takes it in stride and is always quick with a comeback. Athletically, Mickey

participated in basketball and occasionally performed on the wrestling mat in exhibition bouts at our smokers, performing excellently on all occasions.

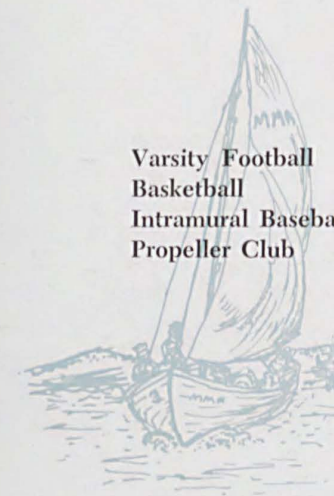
Mickey needs no undeserved send-off as we are confident of his success in life.



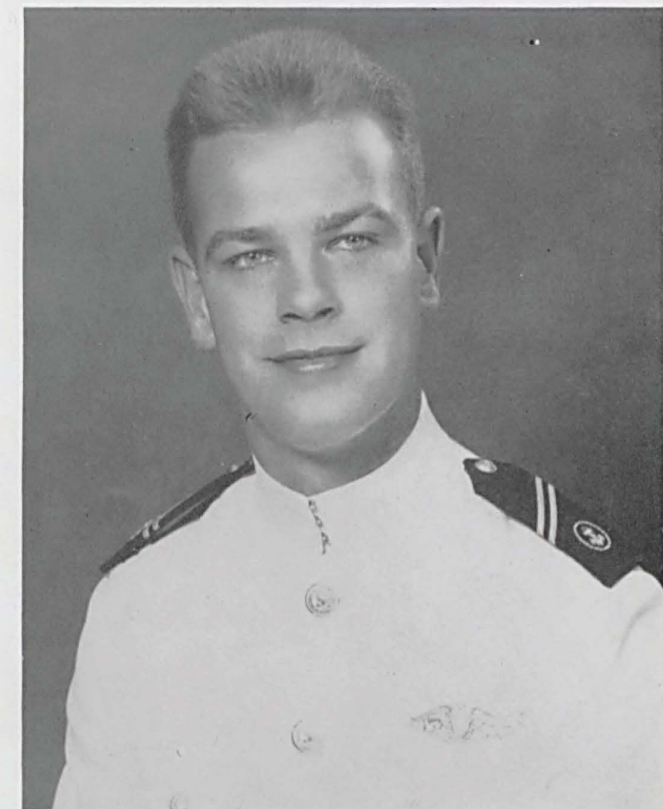
*Norman Lester Megquier
Bar Harbor, Maine*



Drill Squad
Jr. Varsity Basketball
Intramural Sports
Smoker
Propeller Club
Ship's Store
Golf



Varsity Football
Basketball
Intramural Baseball
Propeller Club



*Harold Albert Michelsen
Stamford, Conn.*



Mike, "The Great Dane" from Connecticut, majored in athletics during his three years at Maine's "Saltwater College," making the varsity in all three of the Academy's major sports. His first love was basketball and at this he toiled all year 'round. "Watch this shot," he would say, flashing his huge Scandinavian smile—and toss one in over his head from corner-court. Weeks before the football season came to an end,

Mike was putting the hoopster candidates through their paces and sharpening them up for the forthcoming season. The long hours he spent sanding and varnishing the gym deck to a glossy finish are evidence of his athletic enthusiasm. The school also owes Mike a vote of praise for organizing and managing the most efficient intramural baseball league in the Academy's history.

It did not take the midshipmen long to learn that Mike was from Connecticut and not from Maine as he was the instigator of many of the interstate feuds which were so frequent in the history of our class. His big smile and even bigger heart, however, always prevented the argument from reaching an unruly climax.

An old hand at the art of sailing, Mike dreams of the day when he can pilot his own sloop on the Long Island Sound; but, until then, we want to wish him good luck and smooth sailing on the "Steam Monsters" of today.



Alan Verne Mitchell
Rochester, N. H.

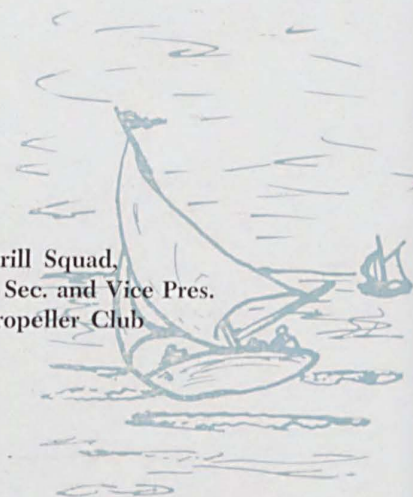
Overflowing with technical knowledge, "Mitch" was always prepared to "give us the scoop" on the latest war weapons, and the intricate functions of any passing airplane were quickly revealed to us by this former member of the C. A. P. He was sometimes seen in room 29, a scale model of a Piper Cub in one hand, an imaginary joy-stick in the other, demonstrating the theory of flight before a group of yawning listeners.

Although quiet and unexpressive when he first arrived at the academy, "Mitch" soon grew famous for the long string of impetuous phrases of which he was capable once his wrath had been aroused. He will always be remembered as the guy who had all the life-preservers in the paint-locker when our only authentic case of "man-overboard" occurred during the second cruise and as the only midshipman who returned from that



cruise with more money than he possessed when he had departed. If "A. V." can shake the sound of soaring airplanes from his brain he will be an efficient mate for some shipping industry.

Drill Squad,
Sec. and Vice Pres.
Propeller Club



Here we have "Pee Wee," the personality plus kid from Auburn, Me. The man Gene Krupa is out to get. Pee Wee was, for three years, the person who could always be found wearing that captivating smile that made the girls go wild (so reports reached us after a liberty weekend).

As a cadet, Phil participated in a num-



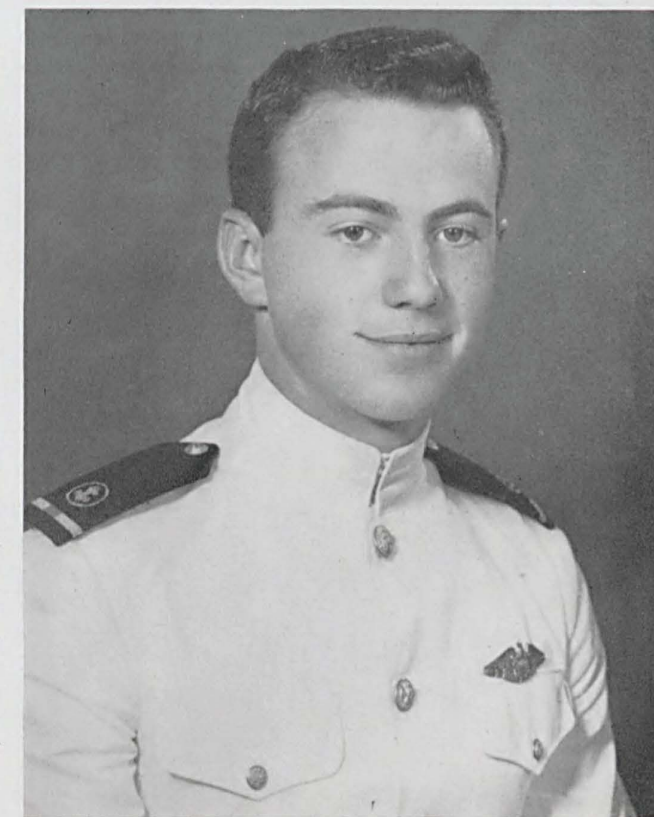
ber of extra-curricular activities; besides being our band major he devoted much of his time to practicing on the drums, an instrument which he was already proficient at before entering the Academy. With his talent as a drummer, Phil was one of the key men in our orchestra.

In his second year Phil's leadership ability was challenged when he was appointed assistant master at arms. His success was evident for at no time did the scullery or its crew appear as immaculate as it did that year. Phil's big problem at orchestra rehearsals was his lack of having a cigarette. He undoubtedly holds the record for repeating the expression "save me knuckles."

Phil's success in life is assured by his elastic personality and eagerness to learn. To Pee Wee's Captain we wish to pass on a word of advice,—look out for your job, for Pee Wee can fill anybody's shoes.

Alfred Ray Philbrick
Auburn, Maine

Intramural Basketball
Baseball
Junior Varsity Basketball
Band
Orchestra
Drill Squad
Cadet Officer
Propeller Club
Combo



At 0630 every morning, even in the most remote portions of B-deck, one could hear "Pi" shuffling out of his room in his ancient slippers en route to the washroom. This mischievous kid from Waterville was one of the most easy going and non-committing members of the class of "50." When an argument on worldly affairs began to gather steam in his room, he would roll over in his sack, open his eyes, and say, annoyed, "Who cares? Go out in the hall and argue." However, as a member of the "B-deck annex Yankee Fan Club," he was right in there pitching when the Boston-New York feuds began in the upperclass lounge.

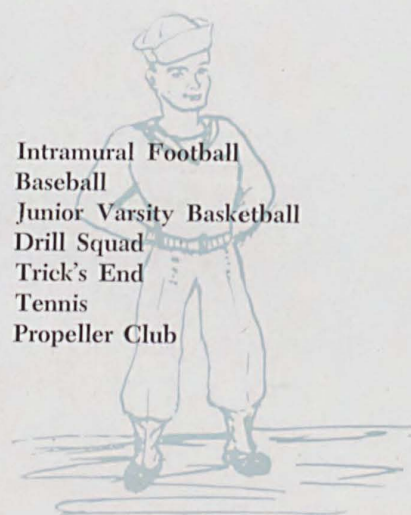
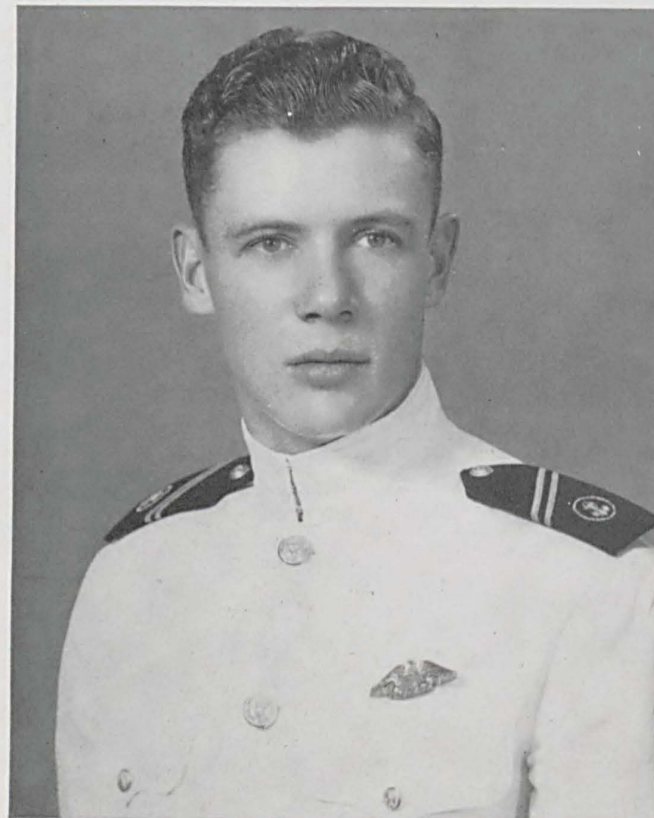
Fondly tabbed "The Spider" because of his long thin frame, "Pi" used his towering reach to sink many a tricky shot for the Jay-Vees last winter and even the best of tennis players found it a difficult task to drop one behind him when he took to the net.

"Pi" took all rebuffs and reports with an unconcerned shrug of the shoulders and his mild temperament made him a friend of

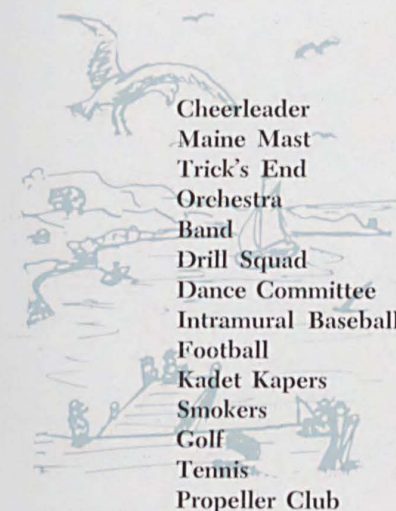
deckmen and engineers alike. Perhaps the only time he ever really grew angry was when he discovered that his roommate had left his soap in the shower-room again. His unassuming attitude, however, did not prevent him from knocking down marks far above 3.0, and his assistance was always a good thing to have the night before a history exam.



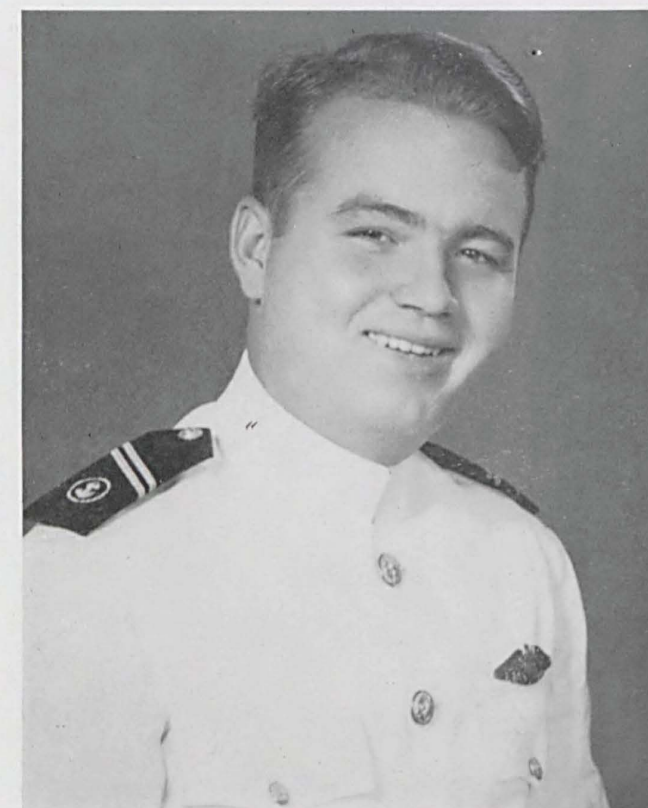
*Jerome Richard Pilon
Waterville, Maine*



**Intramural Football
Baseball
Junior Varsity Basketball
Drill Squad
Trick's End
Tennis
Propeller Club**



**Cheerleader
Maine Mast
Trick's End
Orchestra
Band
Drill Squad
Dance Committee
Intramural Baseball
Football
Kadet Kapers
Smokers
Golf
Tennis
Propeller Club**



*Willard Fayette Robins, Jr.
Newport News, Virginia*



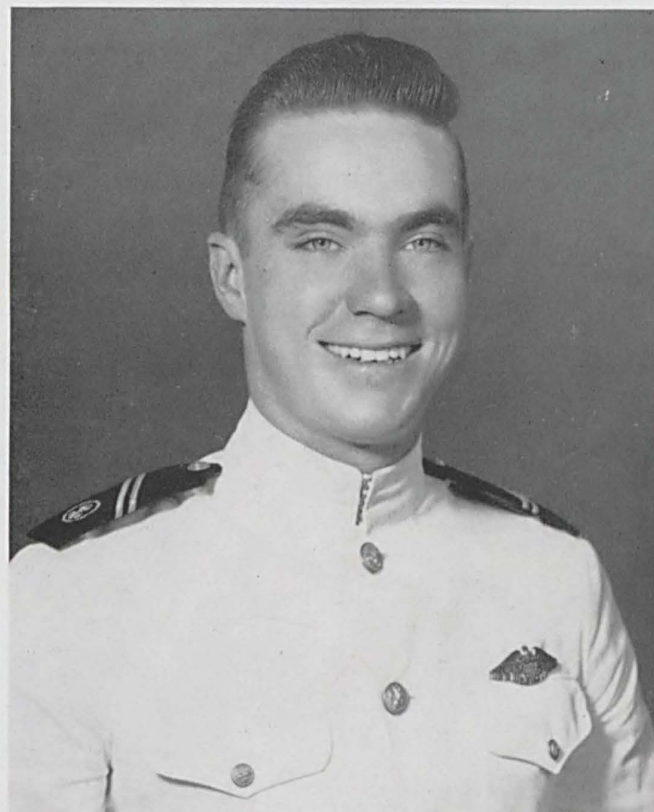
Maine Maritime's gain when Robie chose the Academy as the place to further his knowledge.

Although his Lafayette has seen better days, he manages to make the rounds about every weekend. Maybe that's why he spends the most of his spare time in his sack.

The charming young ladies of Robie's acquaintance will swear that he is the symbol of the kindly and gracious gentlemen of the deep south. Be that as it may, we will say that his proficiency at the typewriter has lessened the work of putting out the yearbook immeasurably.

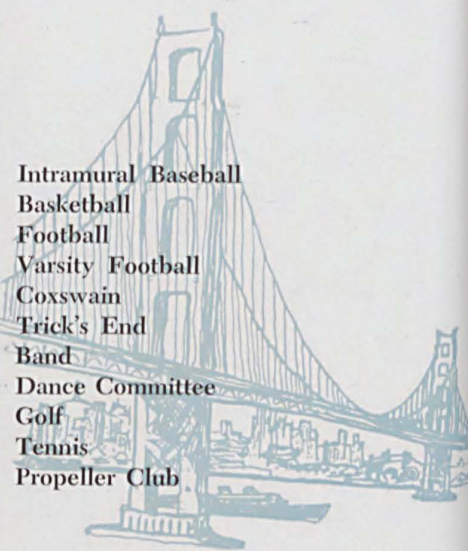
A true sportsman of the old school and polished in the art of making friends, Robie will never worry because nothing succeeds like success and he is a shining example of that.

"But Mr. Riley, the South did win the Civil War." Robie, who probably gets paid more by the Virginia chamber of commerce than as a midshipman, will always argue the point in his good natured way. Newport News' loss was



Glenn Dickinson Savelle
Gardiner, Maine

Intramural Baseball
Basketball
Football
Varsity Football
Coxswain
Trick's End
Band
Dance Committee
Golf
Tennis
Propeller Club



Never has such an appropriate name been tacked onto a person than Safari Savelle. To this lad life is a great adventure, a very envious outlook for most people. Filled with determination to climb the Mattahorn, swim the channel, sail around the world in a small boat and fight with or against pirates, we find him biding his time with Halleburton, Johnson and the National Geographic.

It would not be right to say all his time at M. M. A. has been unexciting; the "word" has it that he and his Model A convertible have already met the baptism of fire.

Glenn has said that his will be a bachelor's life, but we find this hard to believe if past records have anything to do with it. We feel that mutual attraction on both sides will win out.

As proof of his seamanship ability, Glenn was one of those chosen to make the Mobile trip. If the steamship executives could know this lad we feel sure



that there would never be a lack of positions. Good luck, Safari, and how about writing a book some day; that life of adventure has us dreaming even now.

Here is that likeable easy-going fellow Waterbury has sent to M. M. A. Joe is among those who always keep a bull session in good humor. Throughout the day his quick wit could be heard in hallway and classroom and was



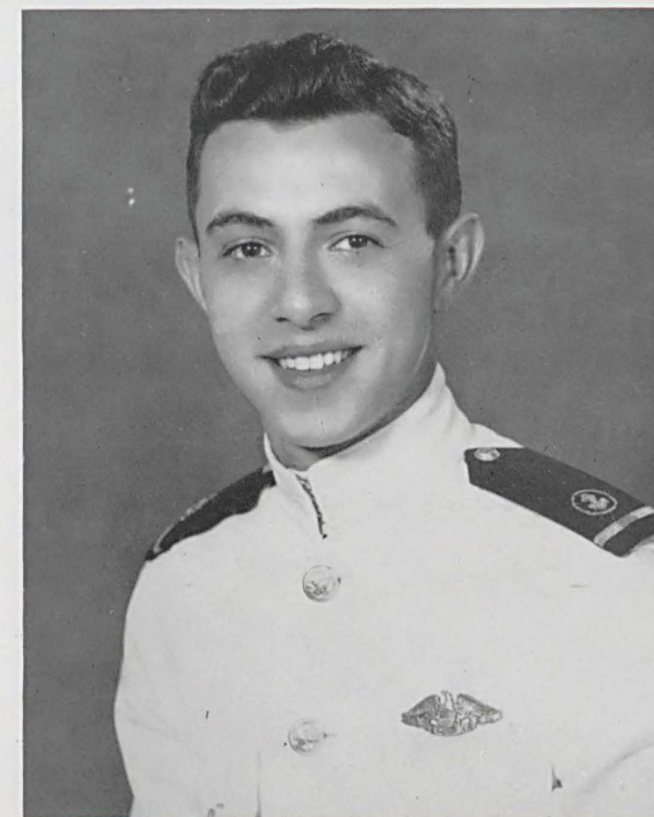
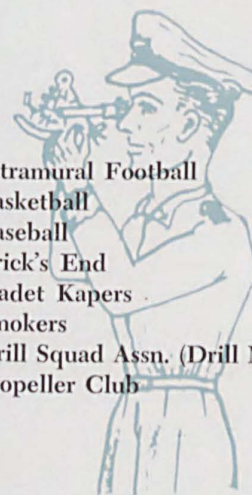
welcomed by all. Joe's abilities won him the position of drill squad master and this job found him evenings putting his boys through their paces. Of his numerous activities Joe was ever present in our smokers with his soft shoe routine and he made a big hit with the Middies.

The greatest problem Joe was confronted by while at the Academy was in deciding between his roommate and himself who would clean the room for the month. Only twice was this feat accomplished and on that occasion both parties were forced to do so in order to find their sacks. Joe's room always seemed to avoid room inspection—ripping the numbers and sacks name card off the door must have worked.

His good nature will inevitably guide him in the right direction. Good luck all the way, Joe.

Joseph Raymond Simone
Waterbury, Conn.

Intramural Football
Basketball
Baseball
Trick's End
Kadet Kapers
Smokers
Drill Squad Assn. (Drill Master)
Propeller Club



Another of the New Hampshire boys, Tom was the mathematician of his section. Always quiet and reserved, he was also very definite in his love for a certain blonde. After seeing the world we hope he realizes his ambition to teach the intricacies of math to those who would yearn to learn.

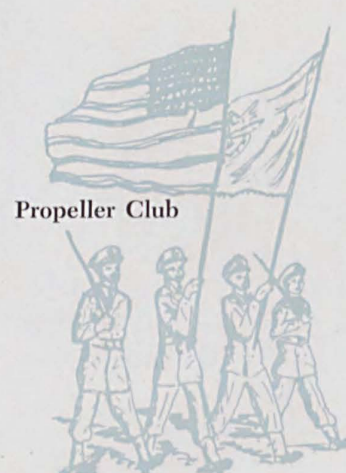
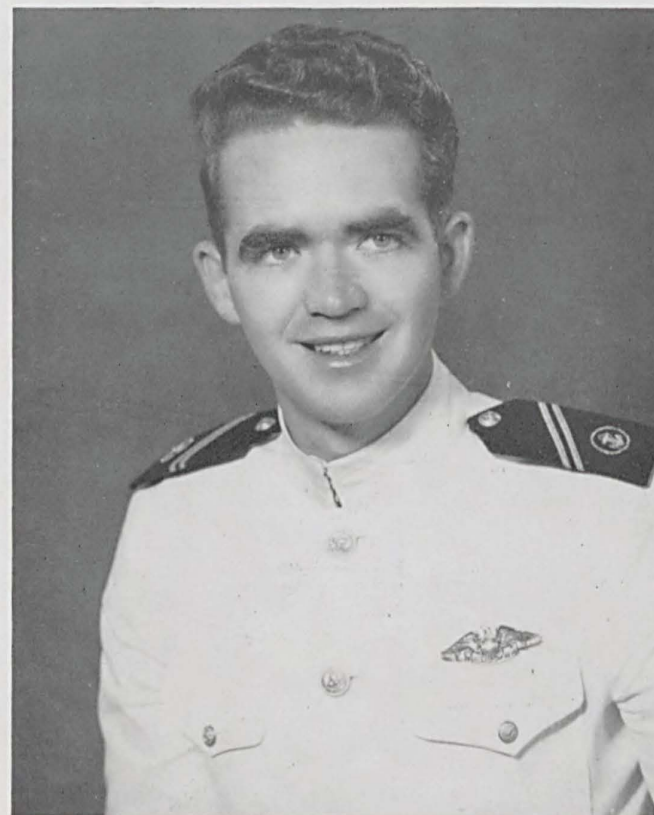
He was an indispensable member of the trio of the Rouge, Bob and Tom in the later part of his stay at the Academy. Here is one midshipman that can be said to indulge in the "luxury of integrity." Tom, although not what one might call boisterous, loved a good practical joke, especially if it was played on someone else. His naturally inventive mind turned up all kinds of new gags and many of the erstwhile jokers

of the future will be indebted to some of Tom's best tricks.

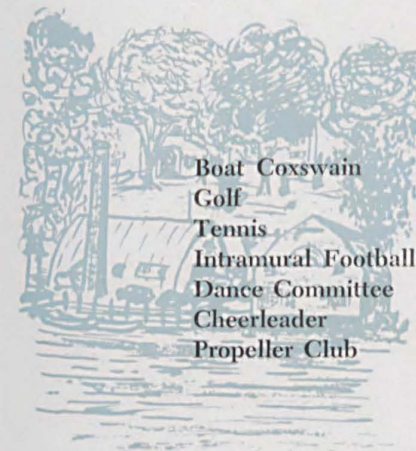
If the captain can live with marbles rattling around his overhead or water all over his deck, Tom will be just the mate for him.



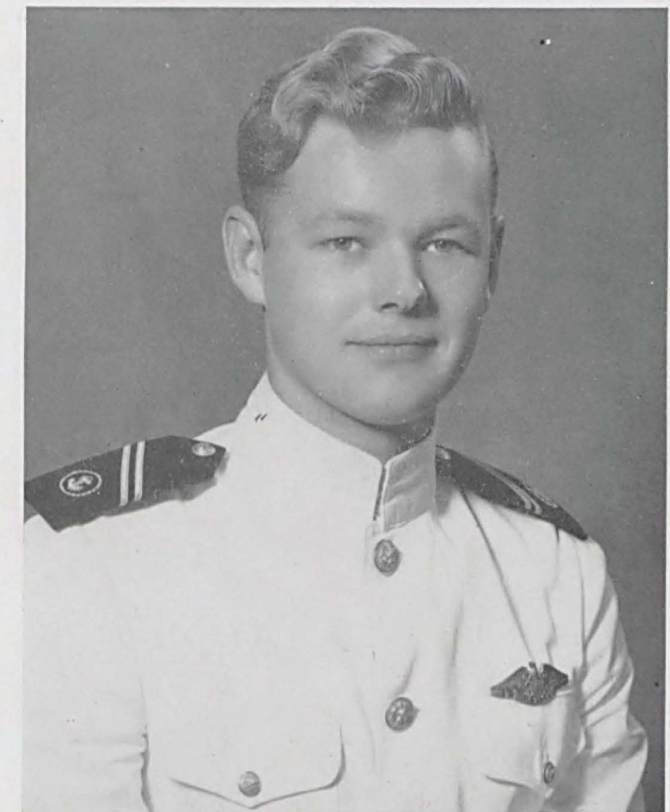
Thomas Frank Sulley
Berlin, N. H.



Propeller Club



Boat Coxswain
Golf
Tennis
Intramural Football
Dance Committee
Cheerleader
Propeller Club



Robert Freemont Thorndike
Portland, Maine

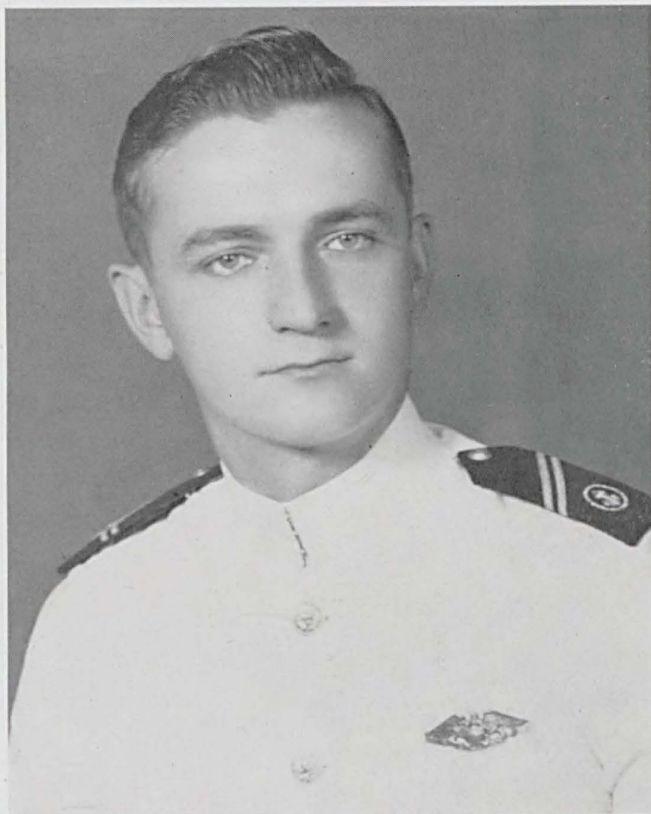


wavy hair and good disposition are enviable assets and he often finds himself delayed by scores of lady admirers when on liberty.

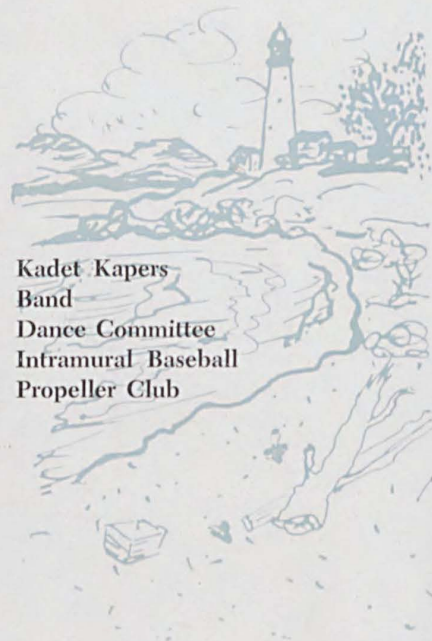
Dyke is often seen during his spare time reading both comic books and modern poetry. It seems that he wants to be on a familiar basis with whomever he meets and no matter which cultural level they're from. Although he had his troubles with the governing authorities when he did get off on liberties, he managed to have some adventures of the most amusing sort.

If he can ever pry himself from his sack and direct his attentions to work, we have no doubt that Bob will be up with the best.

You never can tell what's brewing with Bob; but you can be sure it's either about New Hampshire or skiing. Summer is hardly gone before he starts wishing for snow so that he can enjoy the sport at which he excels. His blonde



*Robert Junior Voelker
Charles City, Iowa*



Kadet Kapers
Band
Dance Committee
Intramural Baseball
Propeller Club



Bob comes to M. M. A. from Iowa, the state where they grow big corn (and big men). Bob's 6'-2" frame and his base horn were an integral part of the Academy band during his three years here. He was very much in the "grove" (oak, that is) during his first two years at the salt water college, but in his last year he found that Maine has other attractions.

His booming voice was ever on demand and his imitation of our B. C. in Kadet Kapers had them in the aisles. Bob never could quite make up his mind to whether he was an Iowan or a "Mainiac," but one's loss is the other one's gain. A happy countenance is always pleasant to look at and as Bob was always cheerful he never lacked

enraptured listeners when he told his story of "Oscar."

Certainly the ship that has this mate aboard will be the more cheerful for the experience.

Lou comes to us from Baltimore, by way of the high seas. Upon completion of high school he entered Sheepshead Bay and in six months was aboard his first ship. He has a record of more than two years sea duty before he became a midshipman.

With his fine knowledge of deck seamanship, Lou quickly blended into Academy routine and in time his experi-



ence as a seaman paid off. In his second year Lou went to St. Petersburg to aid in preparing the American Sailor for its voyage. His ability was invaluable in that capacity.

Lou became Battalion Executive Officer in his third year and ably handled his position. Being appointed fire chief for the Academy, he could be found almost every afternoon working in the fire house, maintaining the equipment to the high standards of Lt. Little.

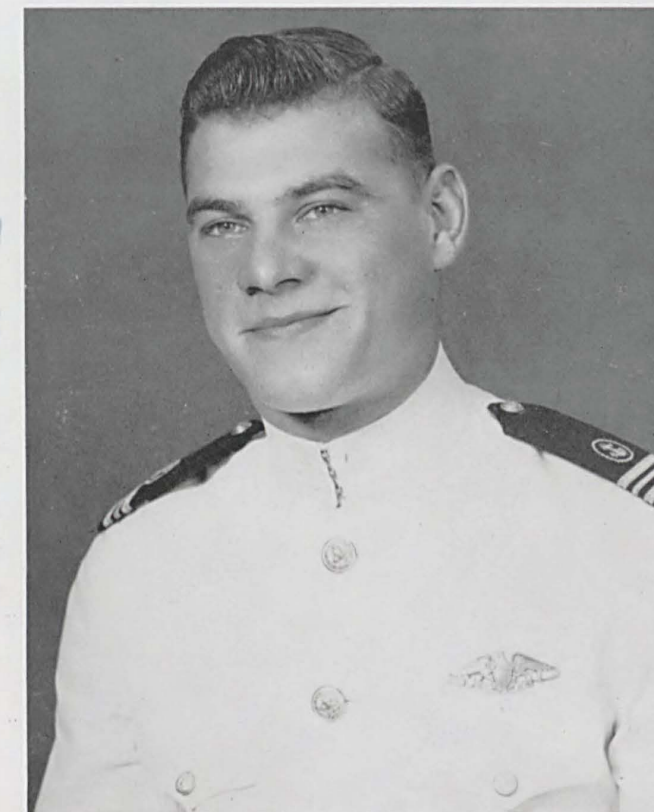
Lou, we will all remember, has probably the largest smile of any middie and seldom would you find him not wearing it. As good natured as Lou is, few would cherish the thought of meeting him in the ring. He performed in numerous exhibition bouts in the gym and in each instance handled himself professionally.

We can be sure Lou will go a long way. With his love for the sea, he will surely some day be master of his own vessel.

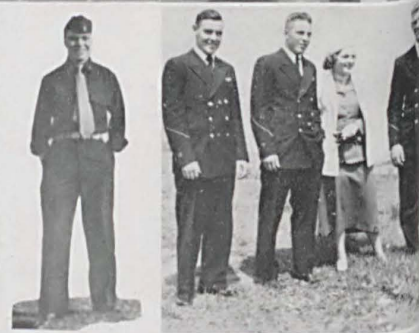
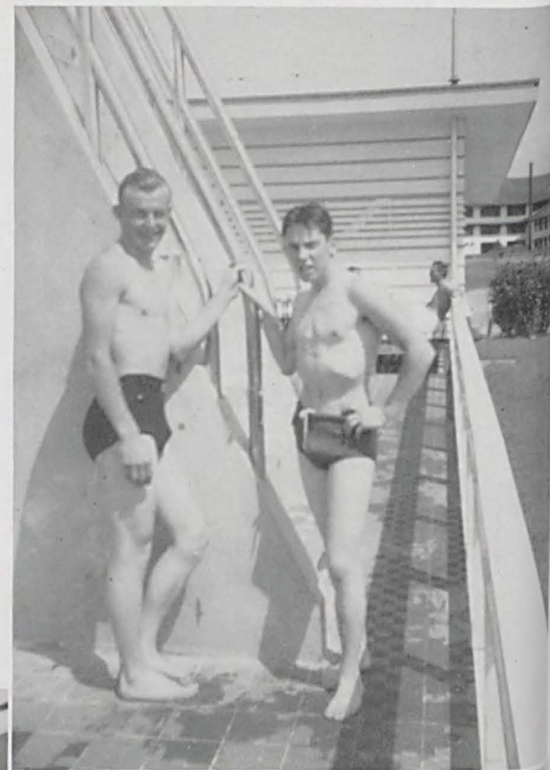
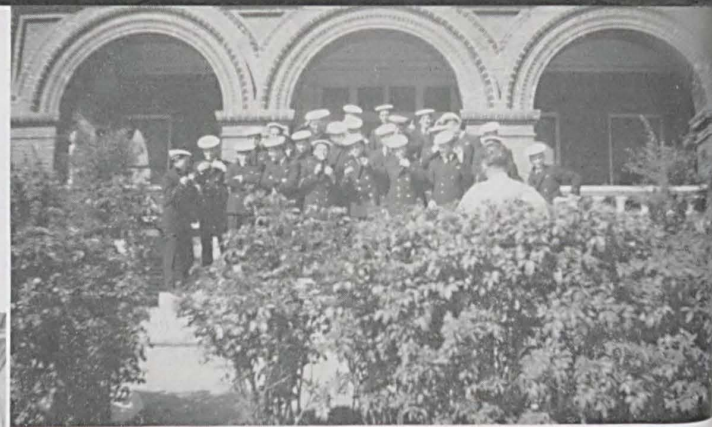
*Louis Zulka, Jr.
Solley, Maryland*



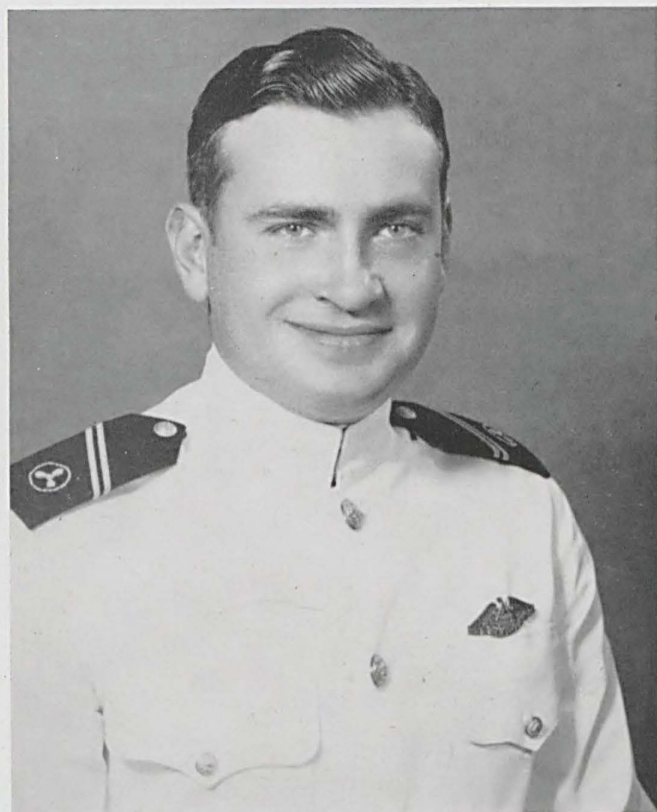
Bat. Ex. Officer
Intramural Basketball
Baseball
Coxswain
Kadet Kapers
Drill Squad
Dance Committee
Propeller Club



SENIORS . . .



ENGINEERS



James Edward Berger
Boston, Mass.



Coxswain
Golf
Tennis
Propeller Club



There are hamburgers, Willieburgers and Jim Bergers. The latter variety is a Berger from that great burg of Boston. Jim is a potentate to end all potentates, and besides that he's the only man that could have survived two seasons with Small, Lamond and Erickson as room-mates and still come out on the black side of the ledger.

Jim was a well known figure on the cruise because of his affinity for the lee rail on the weather deck when bad weather was on us. Just the thought of rough water was enough to insure him of a beautiful green complexion. That he withstood the agonies of sea sickness to become one of the better engineers in his section is a tribute to his will power and outright courage.

As long as there are steamships afloat and they need capable men to maintain and repair their propulsion plant, then Jim assuredly will have a position in his field of employment.

Dwight Blodgett's particular stamping ground was West Brooksville before and sometimes during his time spent at the academy.

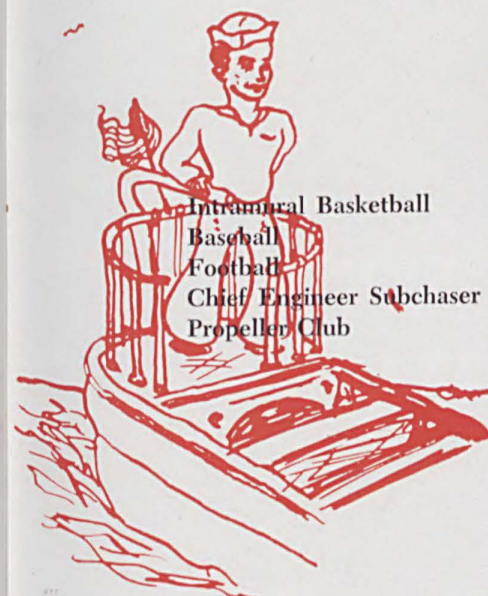
How this veteran Maniac ever chose the sea as his career was never properly



decided upon, but the fact that he became an essential factor in the Midshipman body was no surprise to anyone. With his car and motor-bicycle "Blodge" drove right into the spirit of Academy life. His unscheduled liberties into the cosmopolitan city of Bangor left the administration gasping and the midshipmen with one more humorous incident of the Blodgett affair. He wasn't a social butterfly, however, as his skill in engineering made him a target that many of the other "grease-monkeys" could emulate.

Whether Dwight's future lies in Brooksville or as chief engineer aboard some vessel we all know that he will never be frustrated in his ambitions

Dwight Richard Blodgett
West Brooksville, Maine



Intramural Basketball
Baseball
Football
Chief Engineer Subchaser
Propeller Club



Here we have that clutch-hitter from Canton, Maine, Don Bonney. "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" may creep in its petty pace but it better put on seven league boots in order to follow Bon. As quiet as he is likeable, his imperviousness to the nonessentials of a happy life leave him with a cheerful outlook and character.

When the faint rustling of spring is felt, Don will be found with his baseball glove in hand practicing the fundamentals of the beloved American sport. His consistantly good playing and the ability to come through with a single in the tight places made him one of the most valuable players on our team.

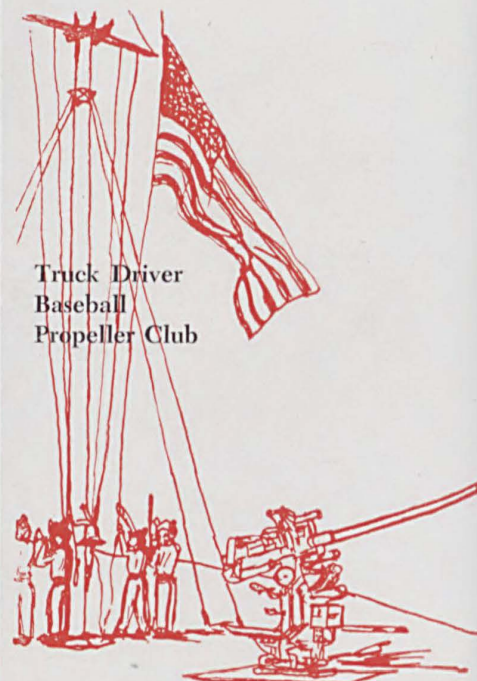
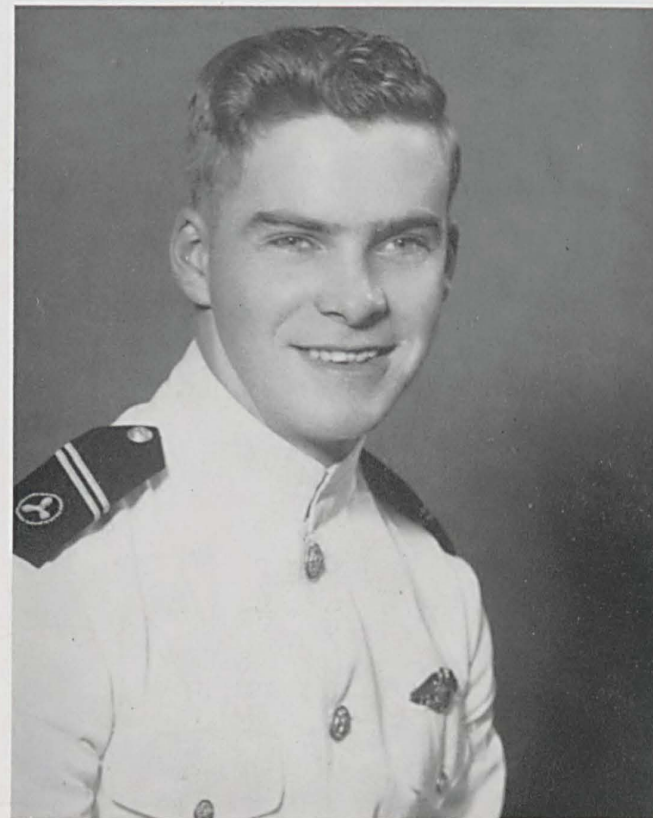
If the fairer sex was mentioned at impromptu bull sessions Bon always remained silent and yet one always felt that he could have said a lot on the

subject if he so desired. Certainly his quiet good looks and ease of manner must have caused many a pretty head to turn with a touch of admiration.

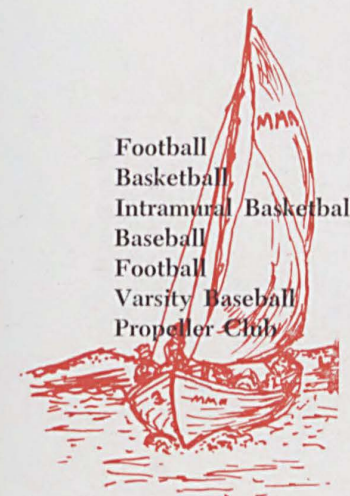
The road to success should be easily traveled by this student of the engineering department.



*Donald Robert Bonney
Canton, Maine*



Truck Driver
Baseball
Propeller Club



Football
Basketball
Intramural Basketball
Baseball
Football
Varsity Baseball
Propeller Club



*Richard Archer Brophy
Fairfield, Maine*



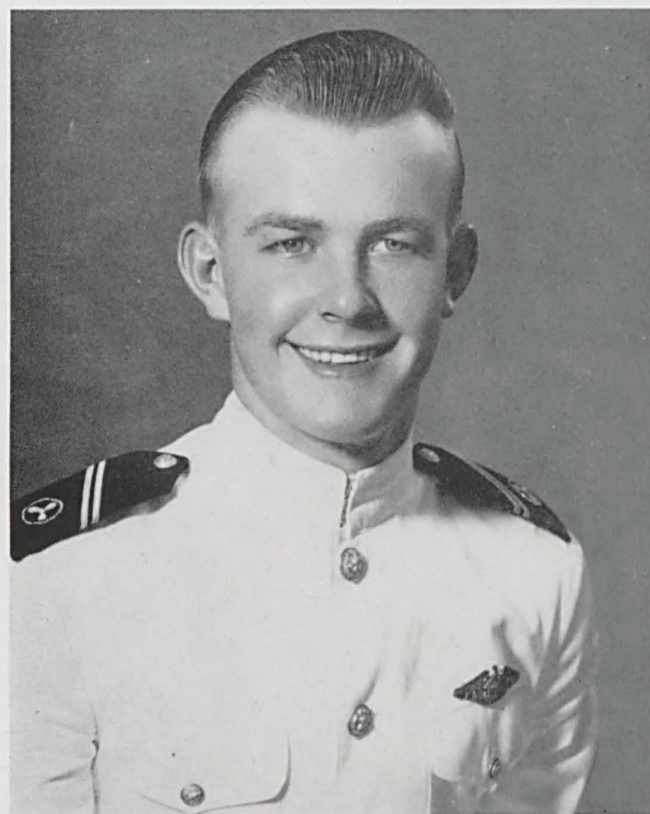
Although he's a true Northerner, one could readily picture him in the deep south as a gentleman planter, surrounded by mint juleps and beautiful women. We can see "deadeye" Dick seated across the gaming table dealing out a costly game of black-jack. For the truth of the matter lies in the fact, that he is a connoisseur of cards, dice, beautiful women, and liberty.

His talents extended from the above to engineering and athletics. As a sometime member of the varsity football, baseball, and basketball teams his confidence in himself was a great asset to any coach.

Here's hoping Broph keeps filling those "inside straights".

As the last notes of reville die away and everybody hits the deck to prepare for a busy day, the guy that arises an hour later will be Fairfield's Sunshine Kid, the "Broph".

Somehow Broph seems out of his element up in the wilds of Maine.



Wilbur Allan Brown
Brooks, Maine

Brook's contribution to a hilarious bull session is Wilbur Brown. Farmer Brown had the distinction of having one of the loudest voices and best personalities in the school.

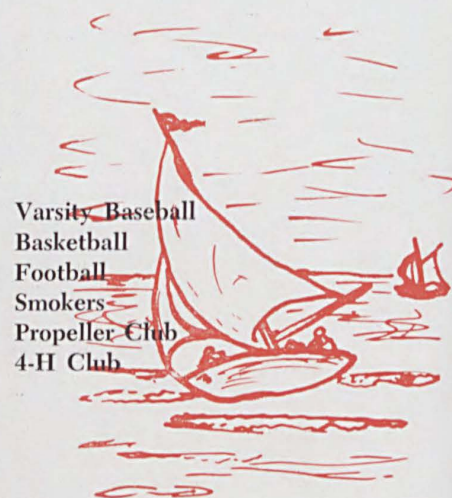
As a farmer, Wilb thought he'd make a good engineer, so he trekked his weary way to the welcoming folds of dear old M. M. A. During his first year he was going to quit the military life and go back to the farm so many times that it is with extreme pleasure and thankfulness that we can include him as one of our number.

When our baseball team is mentioned, there is always some reference to Wilbur's booming bat. As cleanup batter and the guy with the top batting average, he had quite a reputation to uphold in athletics. He was also adept on the



basketball court, and we have no doubt that had they played football at Brooks, Wilb would have been a stellar lineman.

It's hard to tell yet, whether "Brownny" will go back to the farm or follow the sea, but in either case our best wishes go with him.



Varsity Baseball
Basketball
Football
Smokers
Propeller Club
4-H Club

"How much you want to bet?" is a favorite expression of the Frenchman from Auburn who reminds one of the mythical Paul Bunyon. Charron told fabulous tales and literally backed them up with fabulous feats.

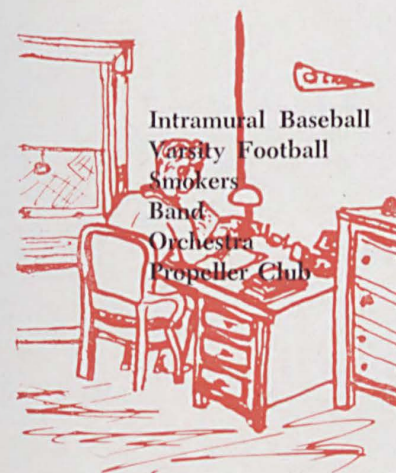


Paul Emile Charron
Auburn, Maine

As a weight lifter, impromptu track man, and exhibition of a brawn plus brains combination Paul stood alone. Although somewhat inclined to let things slide, this happy procrastinator had talent to burn. Musically inclined he could play any instrument that took his fancy and only lack of sufficient ambition kept him from becoming a great musician.

His engineering subjects took up a little of his time, but Paul could always be found playing ping pong or asserting his opinions in an argument.

There is always a "place in the sun" for talent so we all know that when the urge finally comes, Paul's ability will carry him to the top.



Intramural Baseball
Varsity Football
Smokers
Band
Orchestra
Propeller Club



If necessity is the mother of invention then Chris must be the father. Step into his room after taps and the lights and radio go off automatically. His desk lamp is cleverly fashioned out of an automobile crankshaft; he heats coffee and hamburgers on an inverted iron; and in the next room they are listening to his records which he is broadcasting through their radio.

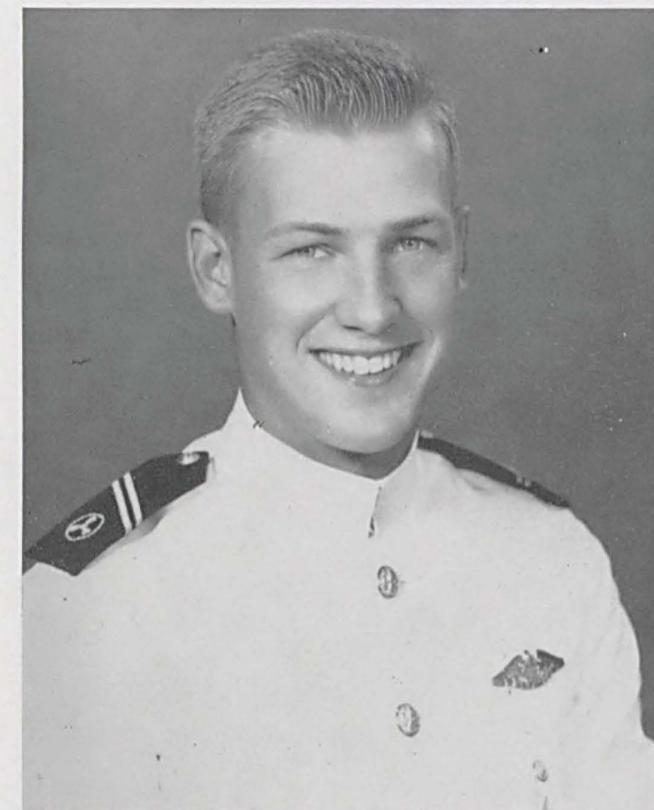
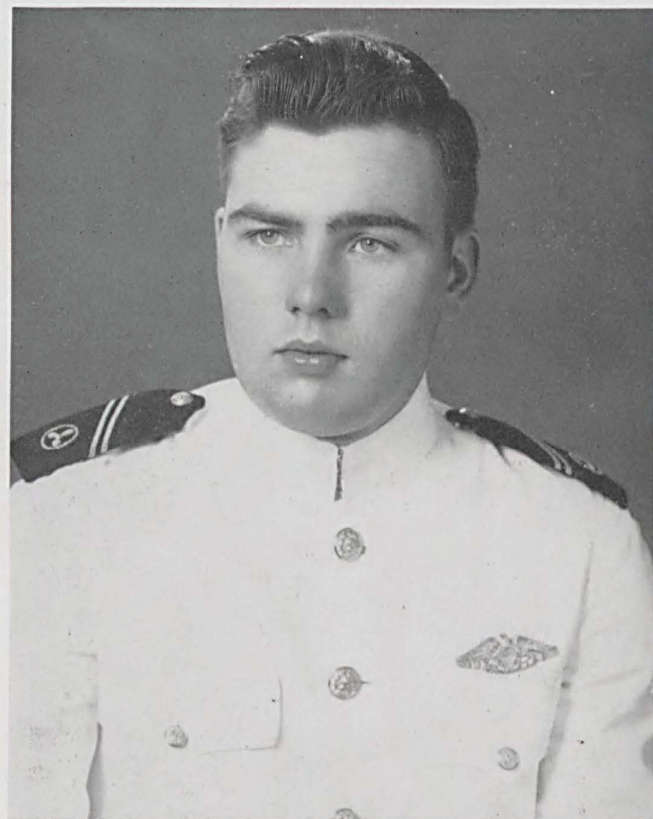
Here is a true engineer with a fine understanding of mechanical and electrical principles. His record in the classroom will certainly be remembered.

Chris never limited his talents to engineering but made photography another of his accomplishments. Much of Chris's regular and irregular liberty was spent in Castine and during his stay at the academy he was known to have captured the hearts of at least four or five of the local belles.

We know that whatever field he chooses, Chris with his fine aptitude for overcoming any obstacle, his sense of humor, and outlook on life will make him the master of any situation.



*Christopher Grant Donahue
Kittery, Maine*



*Kenneth William Erickson
Pine Orchard, Conn.*



The big Swede from Pine Orchard, Conn., who had a heart as big as his huge frame was the mainstay of John Hoctor's athletic aspirations for three years.

A football, basketball, and baseball player, Swede's easy self confidence in-

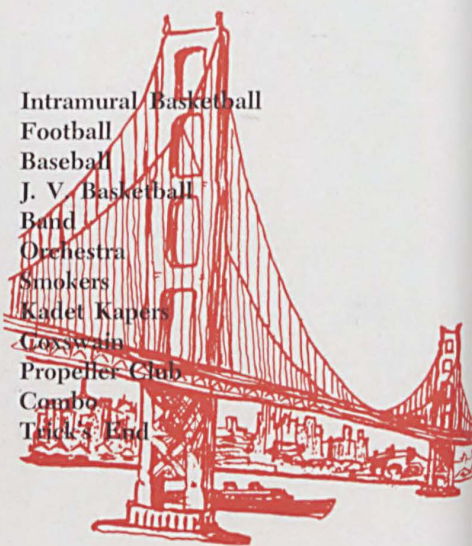
spired the whole team to many close victories. This good natured midshipman soon found his energy diverted from an athletic field to the field of engineering.

Swede's blonde hair and Scandinavian good looks caused many a member of the fair sex to turn their eyes in admiration of this young giant in football gear. Naturally, being the strong, silent type, Swede never talked about any of his female admirers, but those of us in the know could tell some tall liberty tales about him and some lovely senioritas.

If hard work and ambition is the key to success, Swede will be first in line for prosperity.



*Chester Frederick Fossett
Boothbay Harbor, Maine*



Intramural Basketball
Football
Baseball
J. V. Basketball
Band
Orchestra
Smokers
Kadet Kapers
Gossamer
Propeller Club
Combo
Tide's End



Here we have the old, easy-going red-head, a charter member of the room 55 gang, noted for their good times, parties and exciting liberties. Chet with his sense of humor will carry this spirit right through life.

Chet, a native of Boothbay Harbor, already has a good background for the sea and it was a surprise to many that he chose engineering as his career. His record, however, shows that he made a wise choice and proves his abilities are not limited to either topside or below.

We think that one of Chet's true loves, along with a good time, was sports in which he was a great asset to his team regardless of whether it was the baseball field, gridiron or gym deck. A good sportsman, he played the game all the way, and hours afterward, as head of a bull session, he played the game again for interested spectators.

Chet was a mainstay with his sax in the band, orchestra or combo. It is this example of ability above and below, ashore and afloat that will provide a sure fire combination for success anywhere.

The section came to a halt! The command was issued by a tall, lanky "Cadet rate" that exuded the calm self assurance that is so necessary to being a good leader. With a grin he dismissed the



section and dropped into a conversation with a couple of engineers on the disputed merits of one of their instructors. This is typically Jim Gardenier.

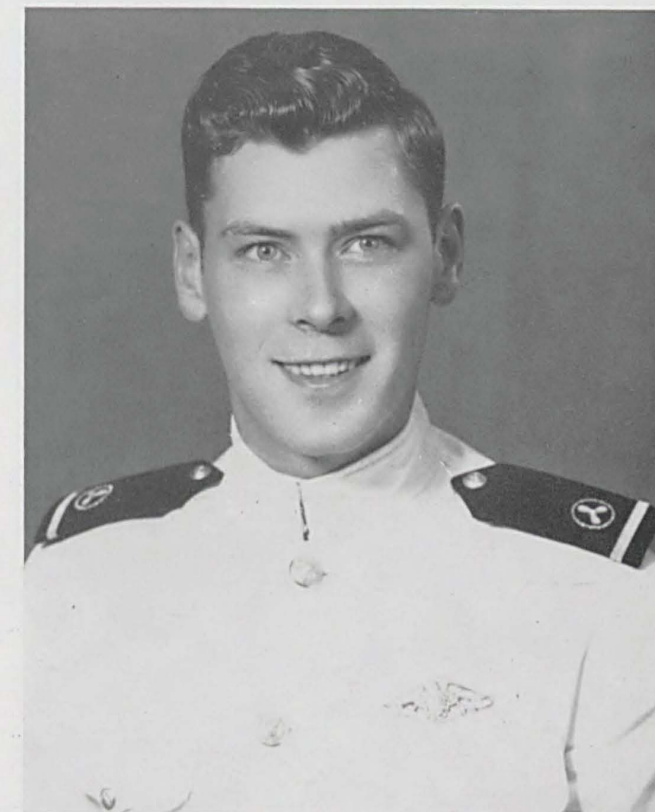
Jim is first, last and always a member of his class and one could hardly find a better classmate or friend. His dark curly hair and clean cut features gave him an enviable reputation as a canny Casanova. Fortunately, his feminine admirers did not take up all his time, so his spare moments were spent advancing his knowledge of engineering.

Jim may choose whatever goal he wishes, for all his classmates know he will accomplish whatever task he sets for himself. If the "Golden Gates" ever start to squeak, Jim will be the engineer called upon to oil the hinges.

*James Theodore Gardenier, Jr.
South Windham, Maine*



Intramural Baseball
Section Leader A-1
Truck Driver
Propeller Club



As vivid proof that not all remarkable Frenchmen come from Auburn or Lewiston, we have Gene Gendron who has been able to hold his own in any field, from color guard to holding down a solid line position on John Hector's famous Middies of '49.

Although Gene took a constant ribbing about his swarthy countenance no one could deny that when it came to stealing hearts away this handsome lad was a past-master, setting the pace for his famous roommates up in Room 47.

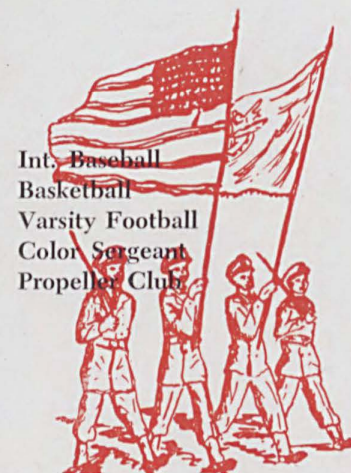
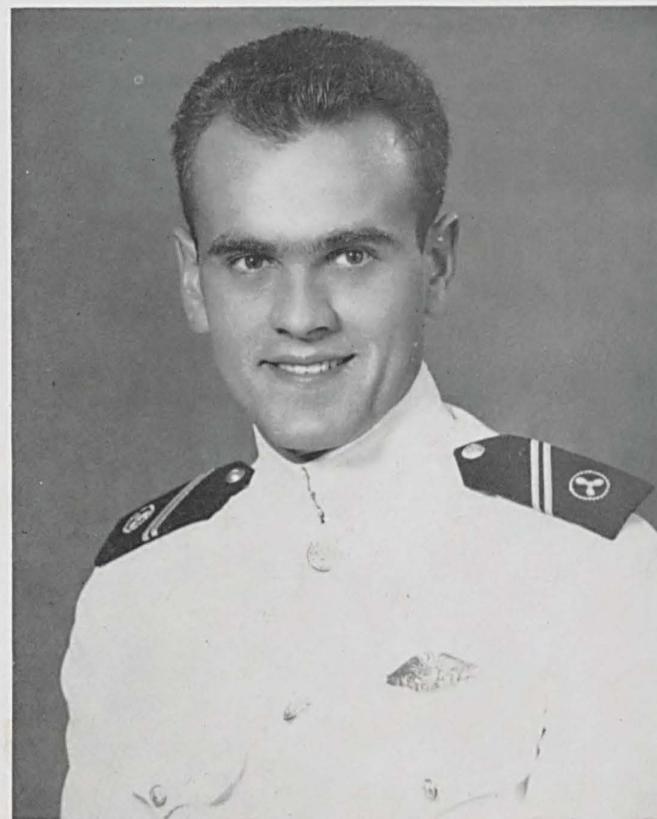
We like to think of Gene as the typical easy going engineer, always smiling, ready to discuss the superior merits of his line over the seamanship department, yet ready to lend a helping hand to a buddy, deckman or engineer. Everyone will miss the guys like Gene

for it's his kind that make an Academy, not the buildings.

So long buddy, may your future be as filled with good times and happiness as your days here and especially your cruise liberties; we know they will.



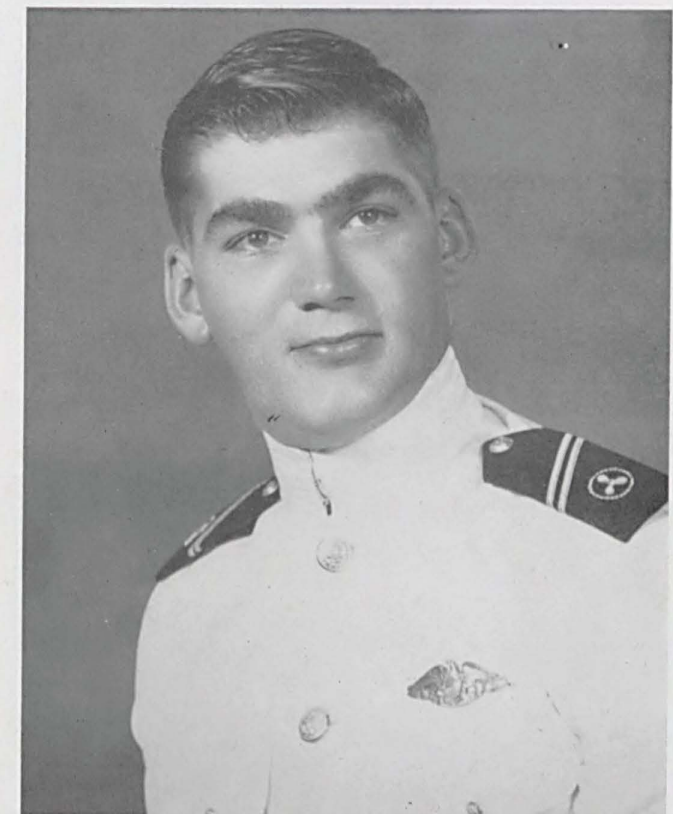
*Eugene Victor Gendron
Biddeford, Maine*



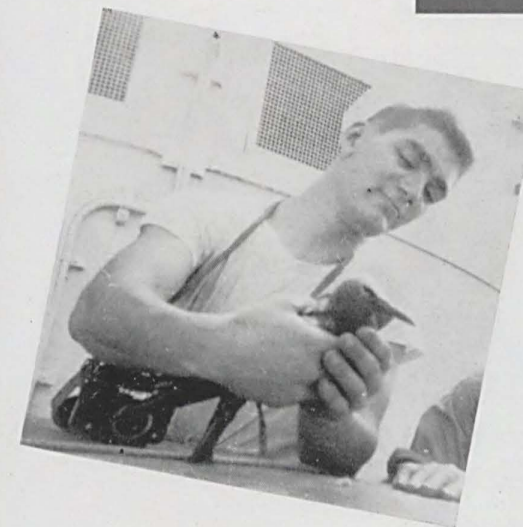
Int. Baseball
Basketball
Varsity Football
Color Sergeant
Propeller Club



Varsity Football
Smokers
Kadet Kaper
Propeller Club
Duty Electrician



*Wesley Roderick Giles, Jr.
Mars Hill, Maine*

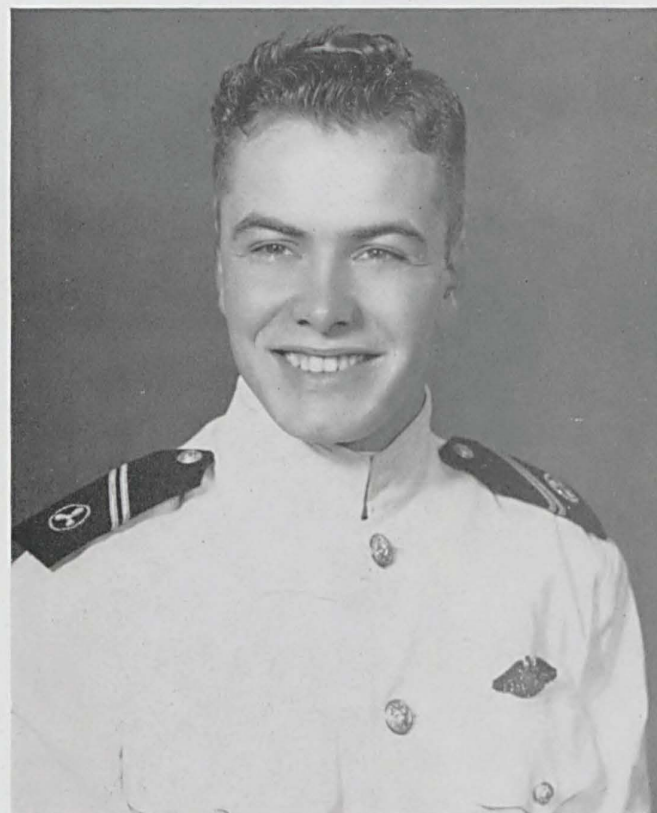


able voice made him the hit of any show; his interpretation of the Caribe Spaniard will live forever in the memory of midshipmen.

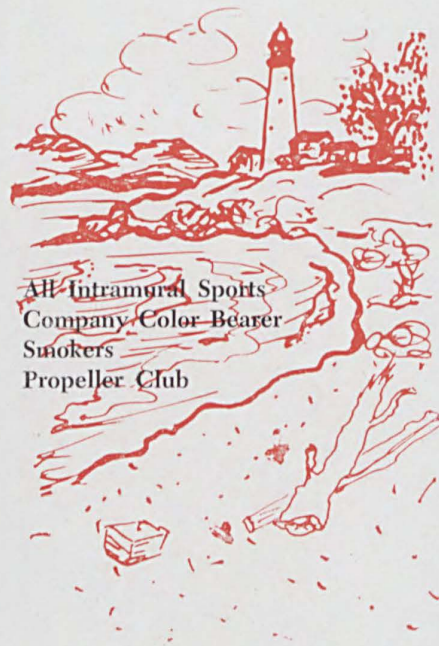
Rocky came to the Academy with an outstanding athletic record from Gould Academy. He soon made his own record here holding down his tackle position on the football team, giving no quarter in games or scrimmage. Rocky's first love was wrestling, and although he found fewer chances to show his ability, he made the most of every opportunity, taking a win and a draw in his two matches.

A high falsetto voice cut the quiet Santiago night and surprised natives near the dock area saw a figure swing through the rigging of the "Sailor". After two years with Rocky as a shipmate we were more or less prepared for anything this lad does at a smoker. Whatever it was, his humor, his showmanship, and remark-

Rocky is really a lover of life and the fulfillment thereof. His liberties were filled with fun and hilarity and it took a real man to keep the pace once he got started. Good luck, Rocky, may you always be filled with the humor you've shown us and find the good times and success you so rightly deserve.



Frederick Joseph Gonyer
Orono, Me.



All-Intramural Sports
Company Color Bearer
Smokers
Propeller Club



"Freddy" came to the Academy from a place very near by, Orono, which he claims to be the capital of Maine. An awful lot of the boys were always ready to give him an argument on this subject.

"Freddy's" long arguments in behalf of the Detroit Tigers and the Notre Dame football team will ring throughout Richardson Hall long after he has gone. His famous words of "Take Four" will go down in the history of the Academy.

"Freddy" may have been one of the smallest fellows in his class but he was the mainstay of his section's baseball, football and basketball teams. His liberties on the cruise were always a good topic for a bull session. It seems that he could always find something to do, anywhere, any place and with any of his buddies. Certainly if a man is known by

the friends he keeps then Fred should be famous because everyone called him a friend "indeed".

A little guy with a big heart, "Freddy" was one of the best. The best of luck to a swell guy in everything he attempts in the future.

We have in Luther the quieter member of the Evans, Doughty, Goff, and Hamor combination though we know there was the ever present quest for a good time. Luther found these good times every so often and the tales would come drifting

back slowly for days and weeks to come.

Though quiet most of the time, he found early recognition through the transportation he provided with his Ford truck in our freshman year and later with his big Buick. A good driver, he thought nothing of driving to Rhode Island on his liberty weekends.

Though studies gave him a touch and go battle through his three years here, Luther was considered one of the practical men at the Academy and has spent good many an hour laboring over and under a buddy's car, not to mention the remarkable job he did to keep his own going.

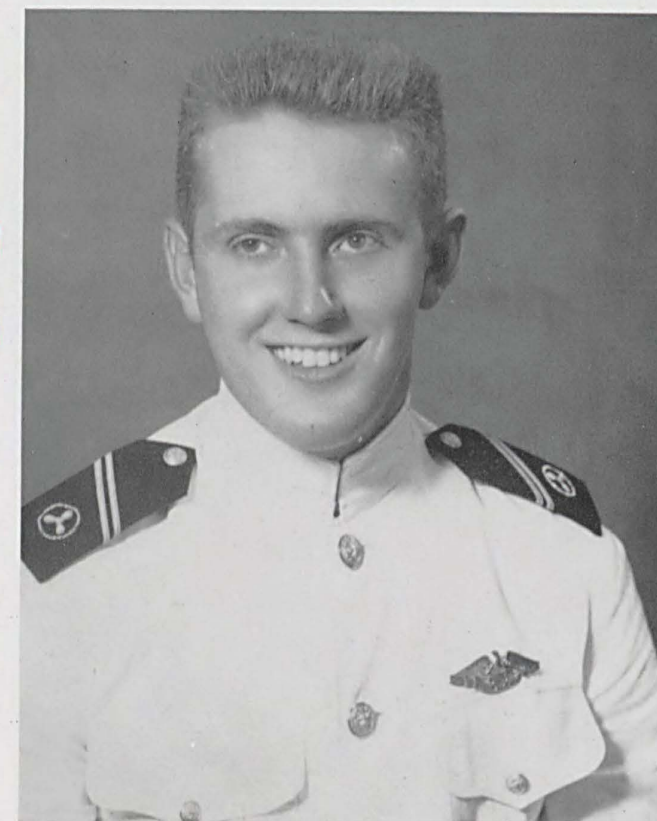
We found Luther a lover, not only of a good time and a good liberty, but of an afternoon spent in small boats, in which he displayed some skill. Good luck, Luther, may that determination of yours some day be crowned with success.



Luther Merrick Goff
Barrington, R. I.



Truck Driver
Coxswain
Golf
Tennis
Int. Baseball
Football
Boxing
Propeller Club



When the Academy version of Who's Who in America is finally written a grand little guy named "Russ" Hamor from Old Orchard Beach will be in a prominent place in this immense volume.

A sparkling sense of humor that ran from the funny to hilarious practical jokes, Russ was well liked for his ability to enliven dreary military affairs. The "Bat's" dislike for officialdom and its accompanying curtailments led him to frequently disregard executive orders.

His credible showing as an engineer lent proof to his firm belief that long hours spent studying were not a waste of time. Although Russ was a restless, carefree character, when in charge of a detail he time and again proved himself worthy of responsibility. Only his lack of height kept him from moving up to a

varsity position on the basketball squad from the J. V.'s.

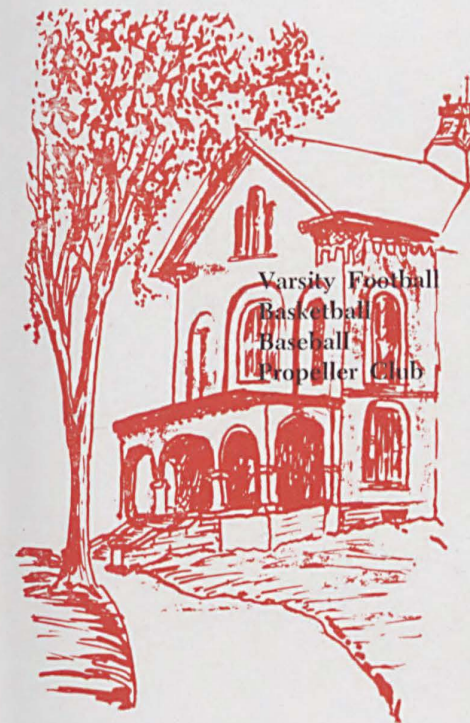
Whenever the "Society of Marine Engineers" want an excellent man in their outfit we'll happily nominate Russ Hamor.



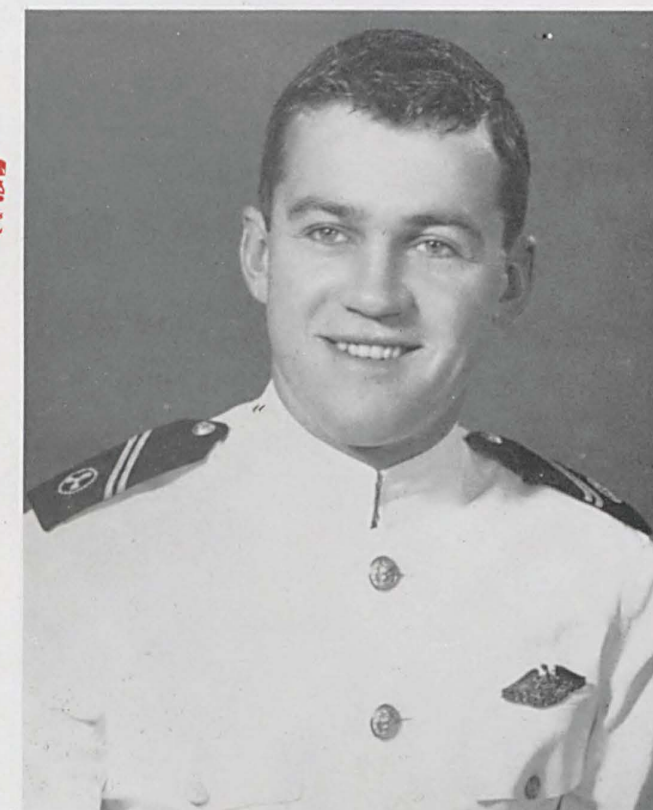
*Russel Harold Hamor, Jr.
Old Orchard Beach, Me.*



*J. V. Basketball
Varsity Sports
Call Fire Chief
In Charge of Trucks
Propeller Club
Coxswain*



*Varsity Football
Basketball
Baseball
Propeller Club*



*Thomas Joseph Herbert
Bangor, Maine*



When John Hctor finished drafting eligible athletes from the Bangor area who did he find amongst them but Tom (my uncle is finance officer) Herbert.

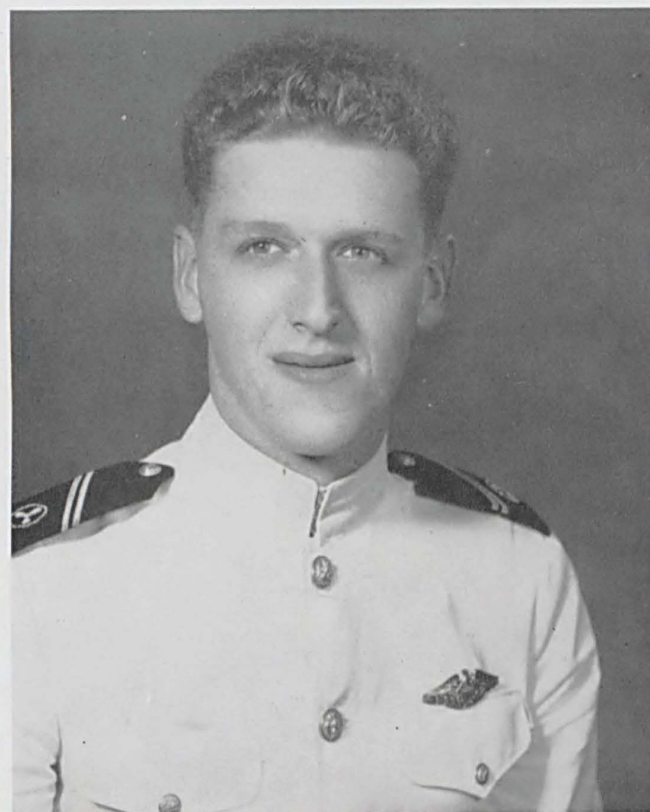
Tom "the crow" "Horizontal Herbert" "Hooks" or any of his other aliases, could always be found in the near proximity of his room. Not one to wander far from his beckoning sack, Hooks would either be reading a sports maga-

zine, listening to a sports program or cowboy music on the radio, engaging in conversation ranging from sports to girls and back to sports again, and occasionally one might see him studying.

In traditional Herbert spirit Tom became an engineer. As proud of the Irish and John Bapst as he was of ribbing an occasional "deck ape" that wandered across his path, "the crow" could be counted on for a few laughs on many an occasion. With Farmer Brown as his constant companion and roommate for his three years, the duo had concocted stories that would make many an elderly aunt blush with unabashed enthusiasm.

Baseball is baseball, but baseball at the Academy without Hooks on the pitching staff will be a sorry event indeed. Not only was he a top notch hurler but as a football player he snared more than his share of end zone passes.

A toast to "Horizontal Herbert" may he always be the same smiling Irishman who can claim the world as his friend.



Harold Hugo
Portland, Me.

The huge grin and speculative glance that showed through the red glow of a darkroom light could often be identified as Harold Hugo from Portland.

Not an easy man to forget, Harold, with his sure knowledge of technical and not so technical subjects, could always be relied on to furnish interesting and worthwhile information.

For instance, if girls were your main interest (and whose main interest isn't) you could depend on Harold to turn up some beautiful numbers (telephone, that is). As for the subject of photography, he had an easy command of that art, which showed up in yearbooks and many issues of the Maine Mast.

An engineer at heart and by trade, his time spent aboard the subchaser and Pentagoet investigating all the ramifications of these engineering plants gave him the self confidence necessary to a successful third assistant engineer.



Although sometimes Harold and the boys had their little arguments it usually turned out that Harold was quite correct. If he carries this self assurance into later life he will find the world to be his particular oyster.



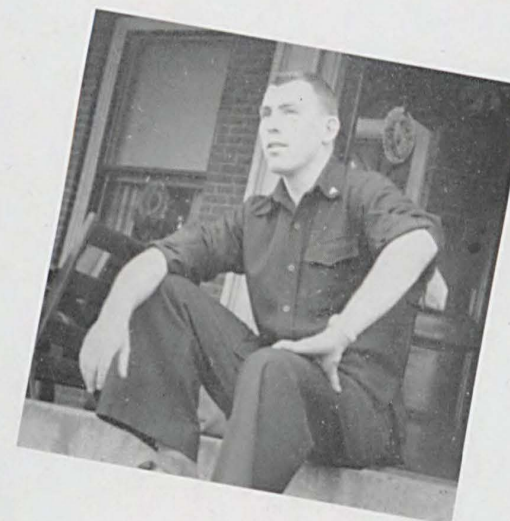
Trick's End
Maine Mast
Drill Squad
Propeller Club

Take the "t" out of Dinty and what have you got? "Dinny" and that's who's got Dick. He came to Castine with high hopes of making good as an engineer, which he has done. Coffee time at Ma's

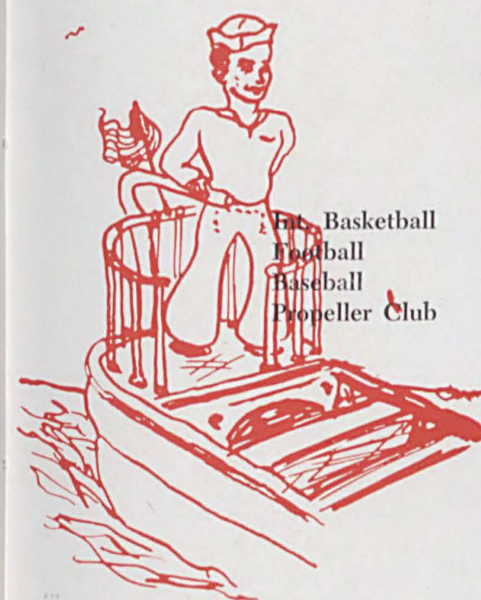
would find Dick in a booth next to a cute brownette. Need more be said?

Dick had a little trouble his first year here on the baseball diamond. He had an argument with a baseball on which was harder, the cranium or the ball. But the power of mind over matter prevailed and Dick came through on top with a large bump). Dick was known on A deck as the lender. Anything one wanted to bum, from cigarettes to collar stays, Dick had it. He's a good conversationalist in any bull session, especially on baseball and the Red Sox.

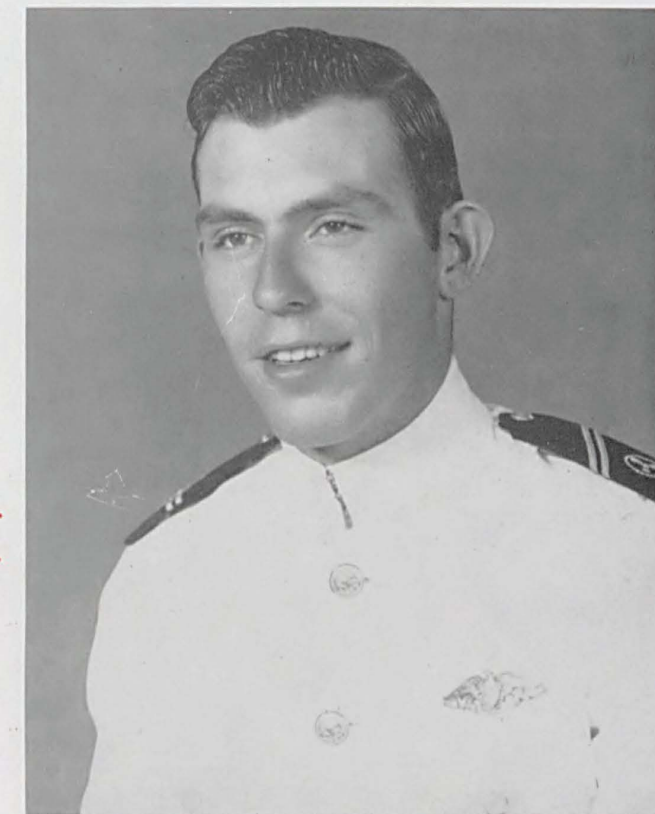
The ship that has Dick as third assistant engineer is indeed lucky. Good luck and smooth sailing.



Richard Wescott Johnson
Everett, Mass.



Fat, Basketball
Football
Baseball
Propeller Club



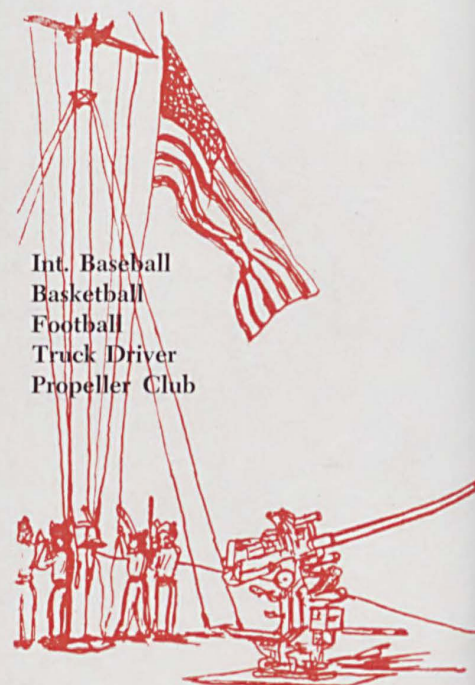
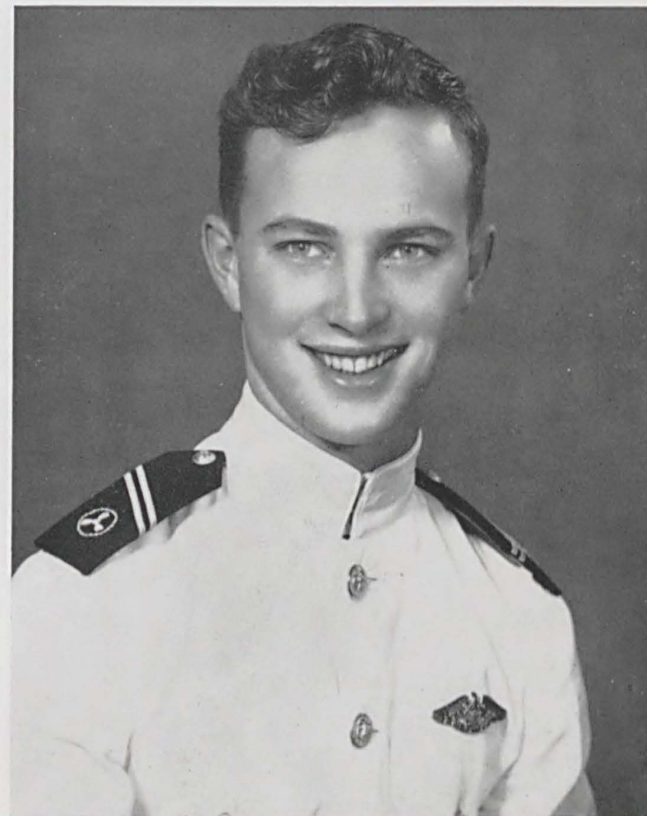
In Bob Knowles we have one of the more fun loving lads from the Maine gang of midshipmen. A resident of "Suite 55", Bob upheld to the letter all the honors and traditions of the room, and was ready to give anyone a helping hand. We think Joe Finn will long remember, along with the rest of Section A-2, Bob's well timed remarks at personal inspections. Although he found it hard to accustom himself to military routine he made the best of every situation.

Drill was always a pleasure to this lad, the sack variety, that is, but when A-2 had the duty this member of the "Hamor Trucking Co." was found on the job. It is our opinion that next to having fun Bob was a sportsman, competing in all intramural sports, gaining early recognition as a pitcher for J-1 in his freshman year.

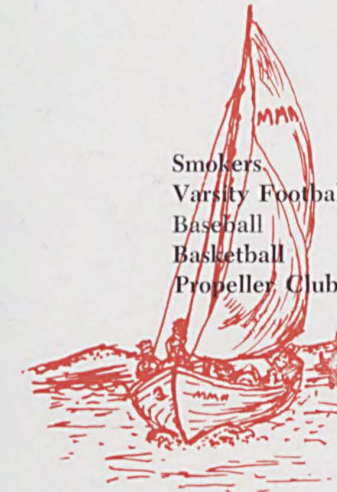
Bob's ability to make and keep friends will help him in the years to come. Always a big smile and a good word for everyone he was a swell buddy and shipmate.



*Robert Collins Knowles
Kittery, Maine*



**Int. Baseball
Basketball
Football
Truck Driver
Propeller Club**



**Smokers
Varsity Football
Baseball
Basketball
Propeller Club**



*William Scott Lamond
Nichols, Conn.*



a broken ankle on the first day of scrimmage kept him from playing football his junior year his spirit and sportsmanship kept his name on the team roster. In his senior year he was outstanding in every game with his brilliant line play. The Spring and cruise saw him holding down the first and third sack alternately with a vigor that is hard to describe. Nobody can deny Bill's ability to "talk it up". To complete the season he joined the basketball squad playing every game to the hilt. Although Bill may have gained a little weight while at the Academy it didn't seem to slow him down any.

Good sailing to a good athlete and a better sport, we expect to see you go through life playing it, like sports at the Academy, with all your heart and to come out like you did here, a winner.

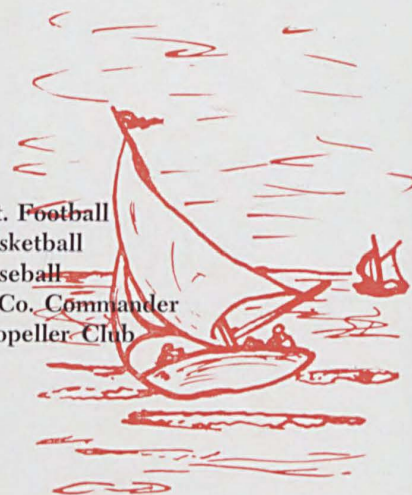
That "S." in Bill's middle name could well stand for "Smiles" because if there was ever, a hail fellow well met, Bill is it. We will always remember him this way.

Bill's first love was sports and although



William Kenneth Lane
Keene, N. H.

Int. Football
Basketball
Baseball
A Co. Commander
Propeller Club



The scene is morning muster. The command, "Company commanders front and center, harch" has just been given and who walks up from A company, Keene, N. H.'s, own Bill Lane.

Every weekend, a green streak, made by Bill's favorite '49 Ford, heads south for Keene. His favorite pastime is arguing with Finn about who's going to make bedcheck. Funny how Bill always wins. Cooperation is his password and he gets cooperation from E (easy) 1. The other day, he piped "El muster in the road". Three foul weather jackets, 18 excuses and "Fechet" showed up. Bill's personality, cheerfulness and



ability to win friends make him a valuable asset to any organization.

Good luck, Bill. May you go far in a sea career.

If O'Henry were alive today and circumstances permitted, he would probably write one of his famous stories with a novel twist about Elliot Lang from Andover, Maine. The author would begin his story with a very ordinary

young man yet as the plot unfolds we find a young man of considerable talent and skills—for this is Elliot as we've come to know him.

Quiet to the point of being a fault, he is constantly amazing everyone by his mastery of skiing, engineering, driving a Dodge at breakneck speeds, playing a mandolin, and turning a bashful smile into an acquaintance with a delightful senorita. To be the only midshipman that turned down a date in order to go skiing is something of a distinction and perhaps will be a topic of conversation long after the memory of the 1950 class has become a statistic.

May your ski trails never be bare and if some wily young woman ever turns you from bachelorhood we'll know she's made the catch of the season.



Elliot Arthur Lang
Andover, Me.



Duty Barber
Propeller Club



Just to meet "Leiby" or "O'Mally" was to like him; how could one help it with that infectuous laugh and winning smile? The last of the Rochester boys of our class to come in, "Leiby" soon made himself known among midshipmen for his good humor, jokes and laughter. His flaming hair must have captured many a senorita's heart on the cruises, for from all reports "Leiby" did quite well for himself.

To keep himself busy and to keep himself out of musters "Leiby" took over Zuke's job as laundryman assistant to Ed Langlois. He also wiled away the hours fixing that little radio of his, even if none of the other fellows would let him touch theirs.

We wish only the best to this fine engineer with the ability to see both the

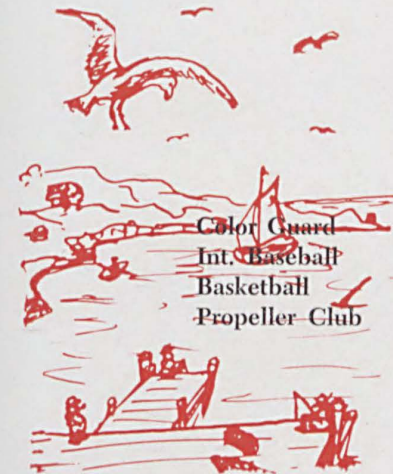
humorous and serious side of life. The sad old world can use more of this type and the shipping companies will be hiring a good man when they get "Leiby" on their payroll. Good sailing shipmate.



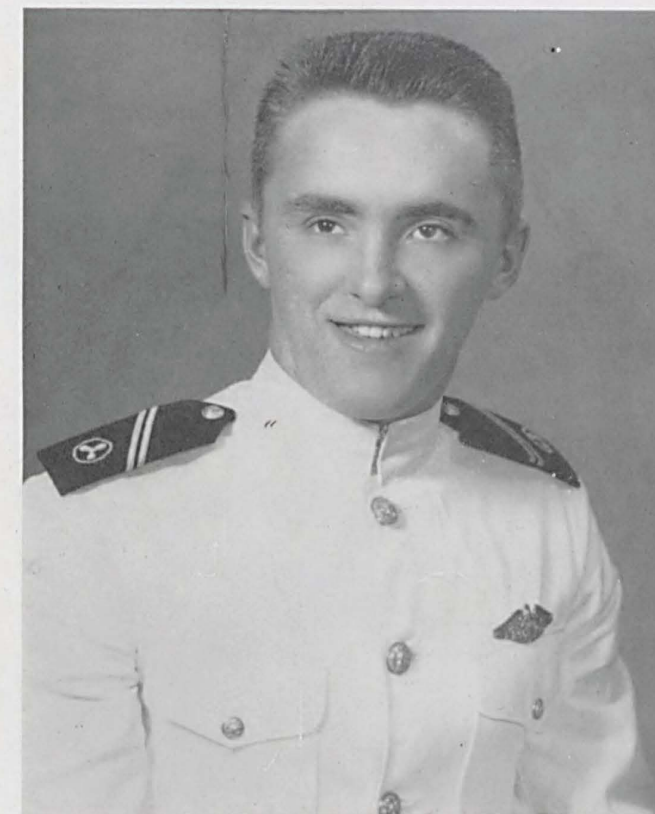
*Martin Morris Leibowitz
Rochester, N. H.*



Int. Baseball
Basketball
Football
Laundryman
Football
Propeller Club



Color Guard
Int. Baseball
Basketball
Propeller Club



*Robert Bruce Lessels
Concord, N. H.*



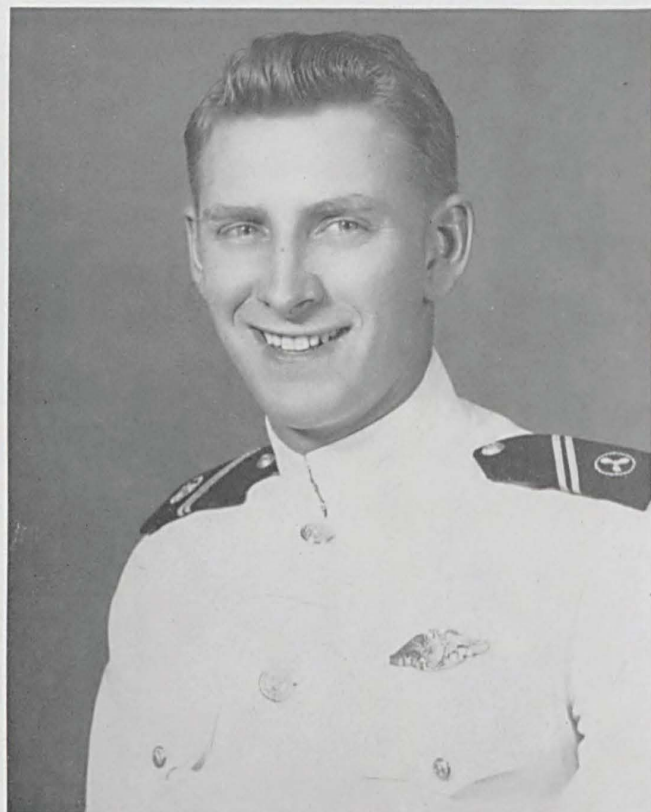
In San Juan, he really mixed things up with "da deisel".

One could always see Bob about one minute of seven every morning sliding his tray under the iron curtain of the galley to get breakfast. It wasn't that he slept late, it's just that he never heard reveille. Whenever an O. D. had a track team, Bob would be one of the star runners. During his last year, he served on permanent color guard. Every morning he would be standing at present arms by the flagpole he had run around a few minutes before.

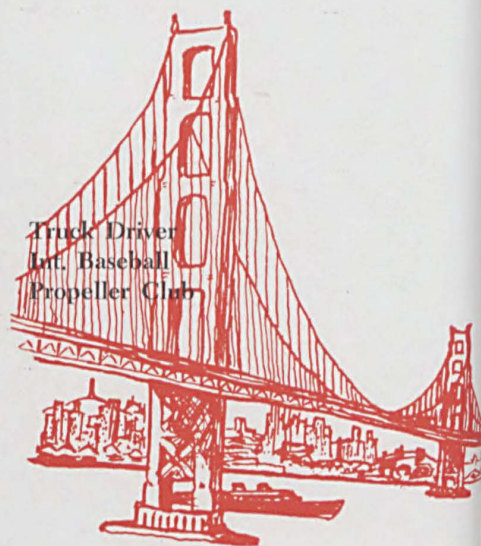
A regular guy, the ship that has Mr. Lessels in its complement will be very fortunate. Bon voyage, shipmate.

In any argument of which was better Maine or New Hampshire, you could hear Bob sticking up for good ol' N. H. Bob was usually known as the quiet boy from room 47.

Bob was always a mixer on liberty.



Harold Charles Morse
Belfast, Maine



Truck Driver
Int. Baseball
Propeller Club



Always willing to lend a helping hand, Harold will go far as an engineering officer in the Merchant Marine, even if the little Chevrolet has to stay home. Best of luck on the nautical road, Hal.

This long drink of water hails from just across the bay at Belfast. Some people call him "shorty" despite his 6' 3" stature, but he casts quite a lengthy shadow.

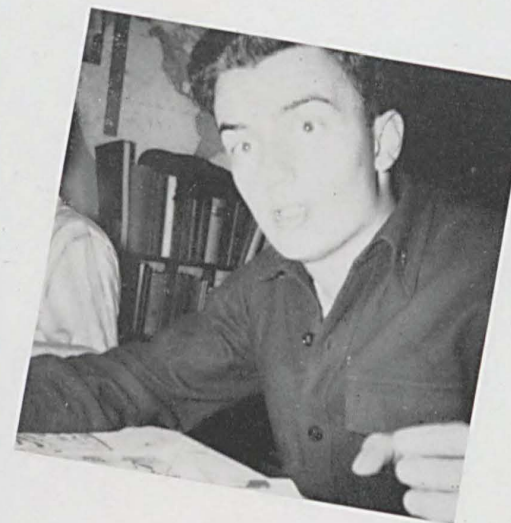
Hal doesn't drive fast, but his car seldom had time to cool off before it was ready to go on liberty again. His knowledge of '34 Chevie transmissions is great and he learned the hard way, by tearing them down and fixing them himself. The surprising thing to Hal was that they worked after his tinkering. Any duty weekend you could find him behind the wheel of the Ford truck making the necessary trips to North Castine. Come rain, sleet, falling snow or what have you, Hal would drive the truck if he was the assigned truck driver.

Ed "Gee, I'd like to go to Bangor tonite" Mossman claims Berlin, Mass., as his home town. Where he learned the art of giving a haircut in five minutes flat is not known but many are thankful to

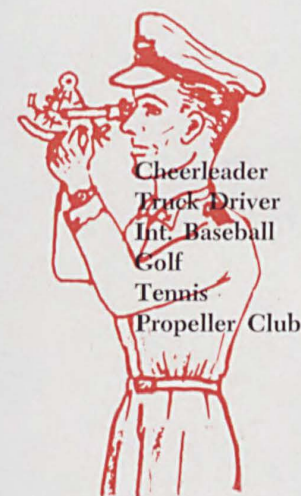
him and his art for passing Friday inspections.

It can be said that Ed is the quiet type, but the occupants of "B" deck know full well he isn't when his cry of "Hey Mug!" comes booming through the corridors. Commonly called "the instigator of Room 23", there is seldom a dull moment when Ed and the boys get together. Ed's favorite automobile is a Dodge, preferably green in color. Lately he has become very studious and is said to be studying medicine at E.M.G.H. annex on liberty.

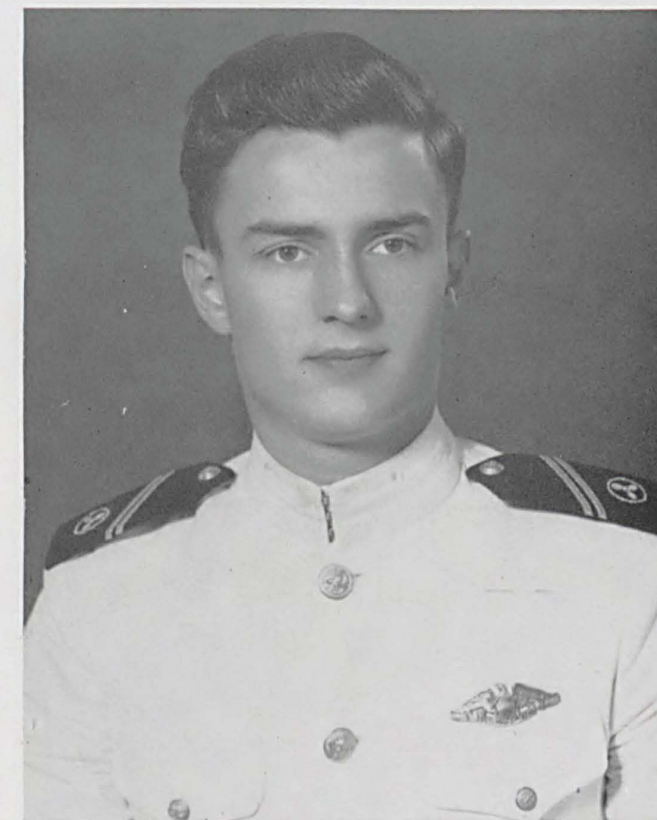
With his cheery smile and winning ways, Ed should have smooth sailing in the engineering department of any ship.



Edward Llewellyn Mossman
Berlin, Mass.



Cheerleader
Truck Driver
Int. Baseball
Golf
Tennis
Propeller Club



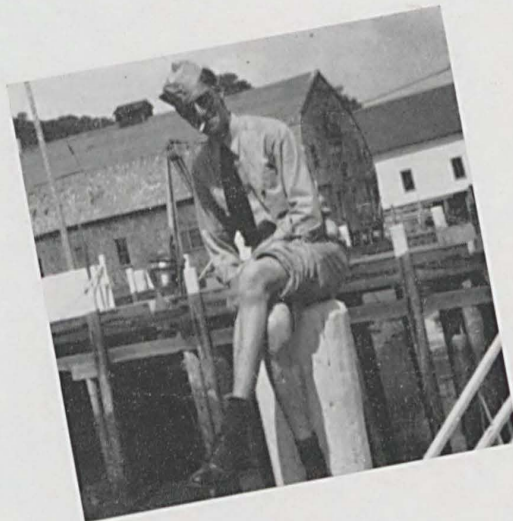
If you saw a silly grin coming down the corridor accompanied by a long loose geared frame, ten to one it was Searsport's one and only (thank merciful heavens!) Dick O'Donnell. When the Searsport "cut up kids", Dick and Rudy, start one of their little pantomimes work stops, laughs follow and sore sides are had by all.

When not putting everyone in stitches with his own particular brand of screw-ball humor, Dick can be seen studying or doing practical work in engineering. Just about the best engineer in our class, he had quite a reputation to uphold. That he did so, without acquiring a military bearing may be somewhat of a shock to the Naval Science Department, but he lost none of the esteem of the midshipman body.

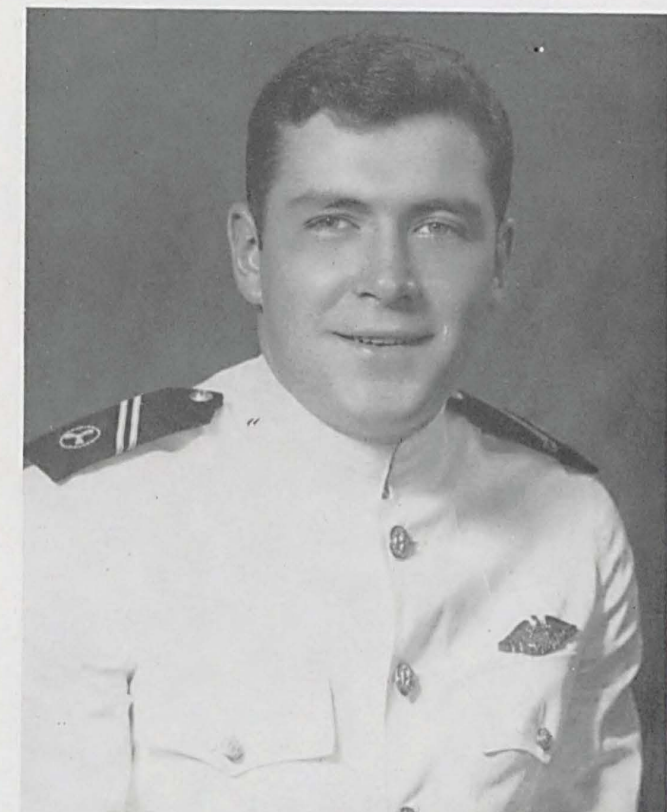
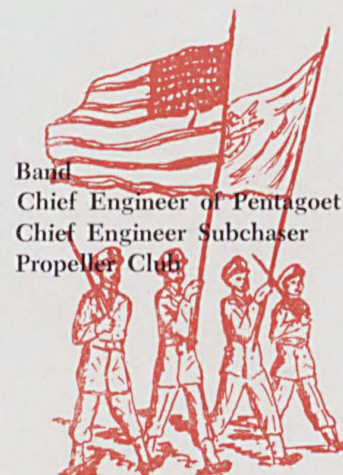
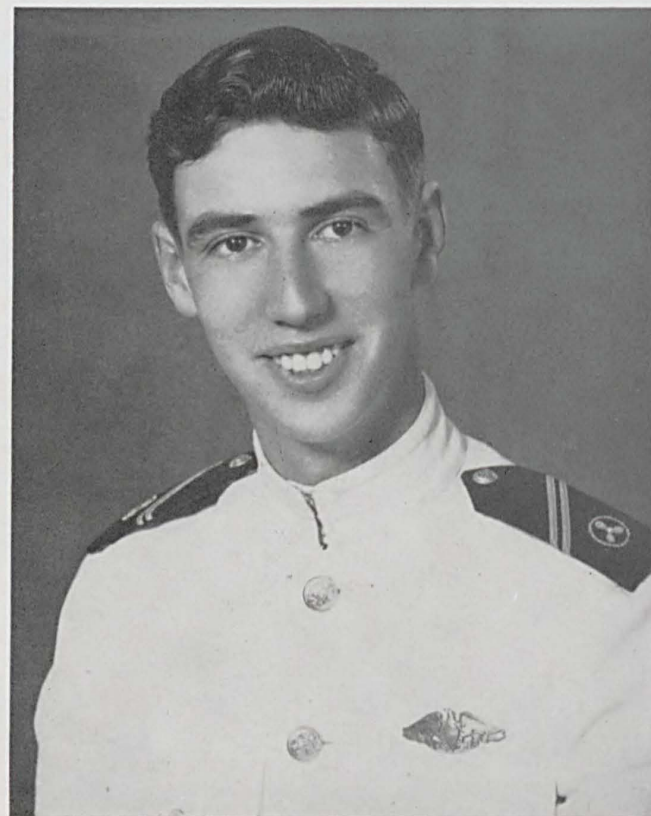
When old Patrick Henry uttered his famous quote of "Give me liberty or give me death" he must have had Senior O'Donnell in mind. As Caribbean liberties slowly sink below the horizon of memory, one still is continually re-

minded of the fantastic stories about the escapades of one, Dick O'Donnell.

Far be it from us to criticize a flam-bouyant spirit like his; so we can leave Dick with only the wish that he remains the likeable person we have known for the last three years.



*Richard Carlin O'Donnell
Searsport, Me.*



*Robert Sidney Regnery
Bridgeport, Conn.*

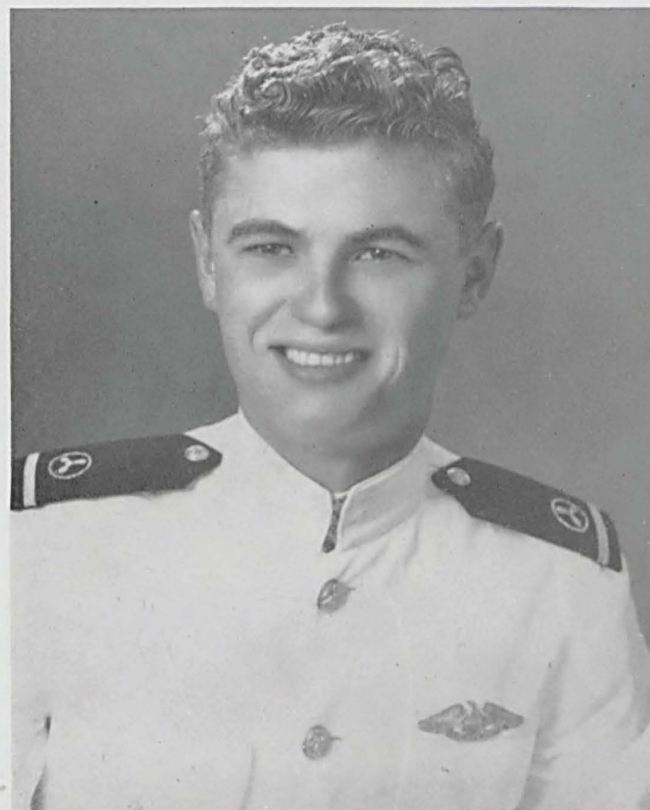


down a bunch of radical immigrants. His arguments with "Herr Koppenberger" were long, loud, and equally famous.

A look at the rank book might convince one that Bob was a chronic grind but he had other things on his mind. Rielly he did! Football for instance! He put up with basketball season because he was manager and the baseball season because he could start spring training for football. Then the leaves became mottled red and fall was here. Bob started to live! One might expect him to be a raucous, yelling, "keep up the spirit" man but his quiet efficiency on the gridiron won him more respect than any display of blatant vocal chords.

"You Kraut!"—You "communist union leader!" with these affectionate greetings the war was on. Bob Regnery, Hcctor's favorite tackle from Bridgeport, Conn., could always give a great performance as a vociferous union leader talking

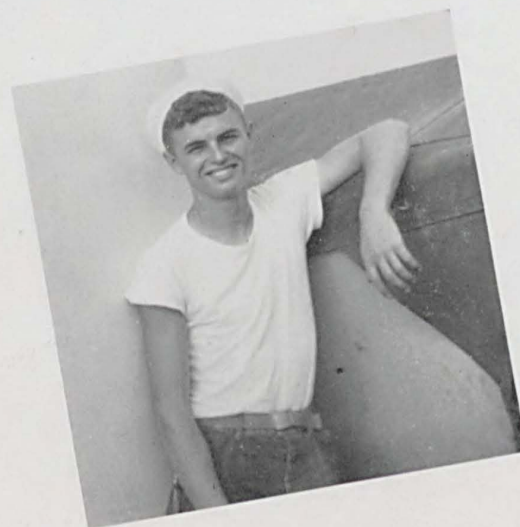
Time alone can predict the future of Bob Regnery but if it lies in the realm of engineering he should give a very creditable account of himself.



Leroy Eugene Richards
Mt. Desert, Me.

Leroy, we soon found, was one of the more independent midshipmen to go through the Academy, and though he often found himself up in the Captain's office, we can readily admire this lad's luxury of integrity. Hailing from Bar Harbor, the mysteries of the sea had already been revealed to him in the great part. During the first cruise Leroy tried to go deck the whole way but fate intervened and he saw the light. His fine ability working on automobiles and boat engines stood by him and provided with the background for a reputation as one of the better practical engineers of his class.

In his waking hours (he holds the record as being the hardest man to wake in the building) he spent his free time playing intramural sports; he was outstanding as a catcher on his baseball team. Leroy was an original member of Pelly's drill squad and eventually suc-



ceeded him only to run into trouble during the following fall.

Wherever he may go, land or sea, we're sure this lad is going to make the grade, so good luck and good sailing to a game guy.



Int. Football
Drill Squad
Drill Master
Int. Baseball
Propeller Club

Here we have Auburn's fairhaired contribution to just about everything. Never at a loss for words, ideas, or thinking up new devices, Rosey was in there pitching every minute. His time spent in the Navy, as an aircrewman aboard

the carrier Enterprise, provided the background for many of his stories and ideas, and we note by his battle ribbons that all his time was not spent in idleness.

Personality was another way to spell Rosenberg, for there wasn't one of us that didn't fall beneath his spell at one time or another. This lad knew more guys and had more friends here, there, and everywhere than any six other midshipmen, which must be a proof of his winning way. It is also well remembered that the members of the fairer sex were in no way immune to his gay company.

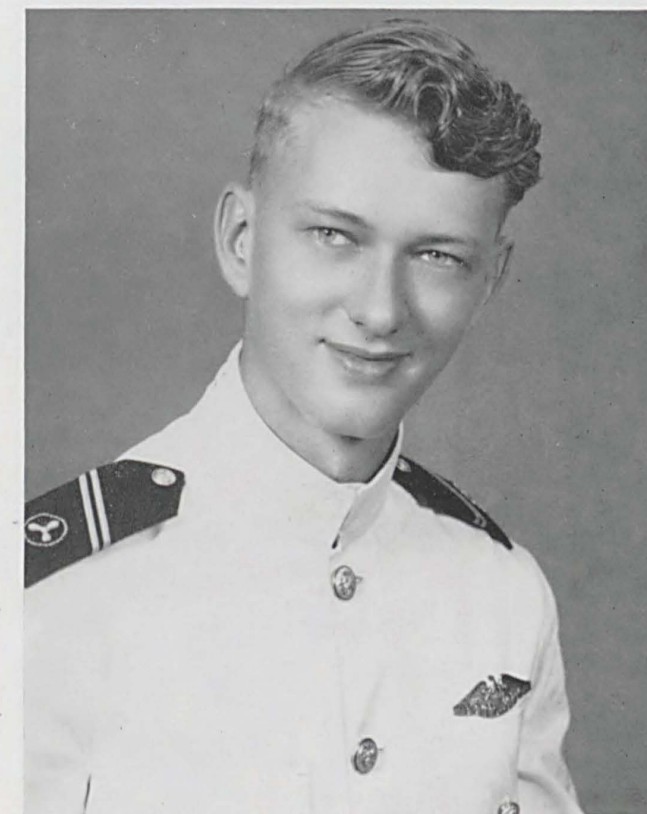
To you, Rosey, we can only wish the best of everything in life and know that if good intentions and winning ways are the criterion of prosperity, yours will be a Utopian future.



Donald Day Rosenberg
Auburn, Me.



Drill Squad
Maine Mast (Editor)
Int. Baseball
Trick End
Propeller Club



In every organization there must be a representative from Brooklyn, and we feel that Mike is one of the finest. The life of a midshipman was nothing new to this lad who already had a fine record at Admiral Billard.

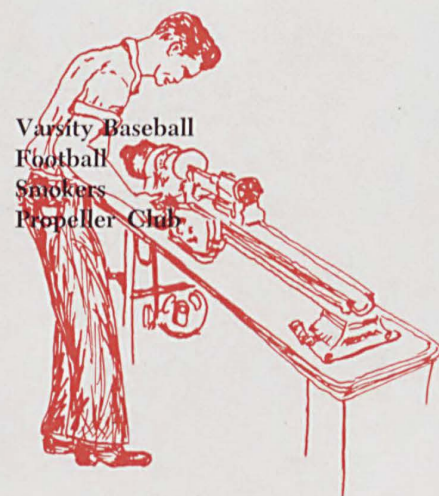
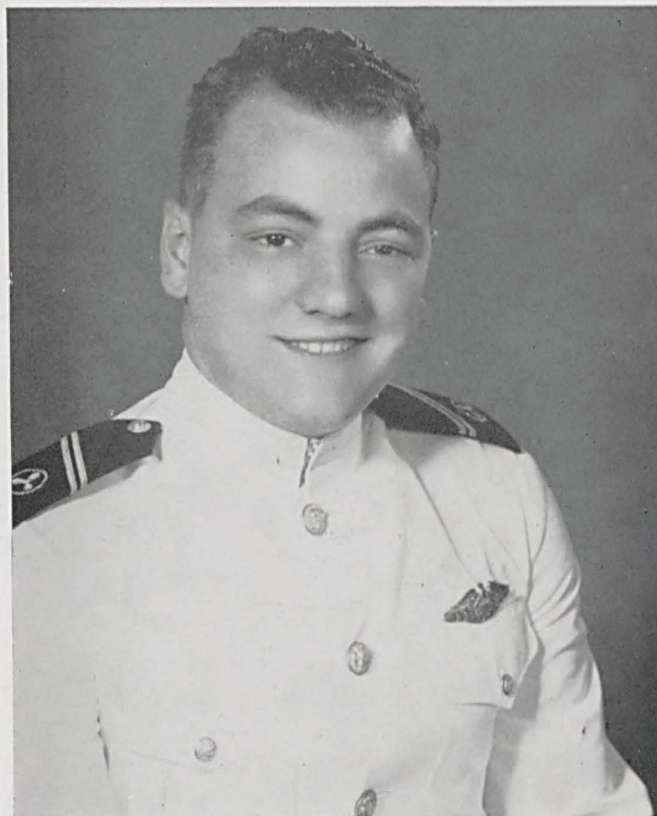
Sometimes referred to as "the voice," Mike could be heard some distance giving his firsthand views and accounts of various major league sportsmen. Mike was not limited to talk, however, as he took an active part in the baseball and football squads. His good word was worth extra men on the field anywhere.

We have never seen a guy with more pluck than Mike. He bore the brunt of much ribbing but always bounced back with a word of his own that won the admiration of every midshipman. On the field of sport he was a game guy who deserved much more than ever came his way. We will remember Mike as a good guy to have around.

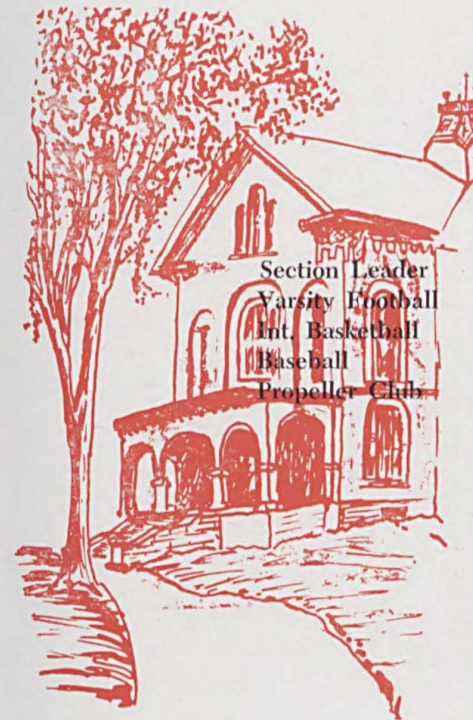
Well, here's to you Mike, a member of that famous band of Gendron, Lessels, White, Sias, and Ruggerio; you deserve every success that comes your way and we're sure it will. One thing, though, just who is this Snooky?



*Michael Eugene Ruggiero
Brooklyn, N. Y.*



Varsity Baseball
Football
Snorkers
Propeller Club



Section Leader
Varsity Football
Int. Basketball
Baseball
Propeller Club



*Philip Bennett Schuyler
Westport, Conn.*



gridiron. As a three year varsity player, Phil was one of our outstanding backs.

Few of us heard from Phil our first year, for he possessed the quality of minding his own business and remaining out of sight. By the end of our first cruise, however, Phil's presence became known. Besides his football popularity he put his stilson wrench to work and exhibited his mechanical abilities, eventually reaching the honored position of oil and water king.

Phil was deservedly presented with a section leader's stripe in his last year (much to his surprise) and with his new position demonstrated his fine qualities of leadership; the proof being the platoon honor flag which he possessed for weeks on end.

Phil, with his ready smile and friendly manner, will certainly be a success as an officer in the Maritime Service.

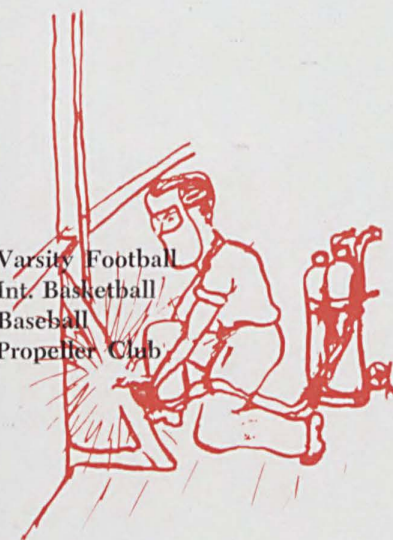
Phil, who comes to us from Westport, Conn., was the last cadet to arrive at the Academy in "47". On that day his success was assured; in one hand he held a stilson wrench and the other his football helmet.

Ostrich, as he was sometimes referred to, obtained his nickname from the incredible speed he possessed on the



*Peter Andrew Scontras
Old Orchard Beach, Me.*

Varsity Football
Int. Basketball
Baseball
Propeller Club



It's the fourth down, eight yards to go. The ball goes back to Scontras . . . will he run, pass or kick? He's running, there's no hole . . . he's over, he made his own hole. Pete is the closest thing to "Mr. Football" we've seen. He knows no bounds on offense and could handle any position with equal skill. Pete was God's gift to Coach John Hectors Middies and many a lass with an eye out for handsome lads.

Although Pete lived, breathed and talked football, he often turned his activities in the off seasons to other sports. In the female department his handsome frame left hearts throbbing from Maine to California, but especially on the sands of beautiful Old Orchard Beach.

Everyone will agree that Pete has come a long way since he came to the Academy. He has rounded himself out



into a fine engineer with not only mechanical knowledge but knowledge of the ways of life. His naturalness and ability to just be himself are sure to provide him with friends and help him gain the best life has to offer.

Who is that dapper midshipman with the sparkling smile and flashing eye who is sitting in the Waldorf Astoria as Maine Maritime Academy's chosen representative? Anyone who lives in the

vicinity of Castine, Bangor or Waterville could answer that one for his exploits in the field of diplomacy, sportsmanship, music and lovemaking are well known wherever he has traveled.

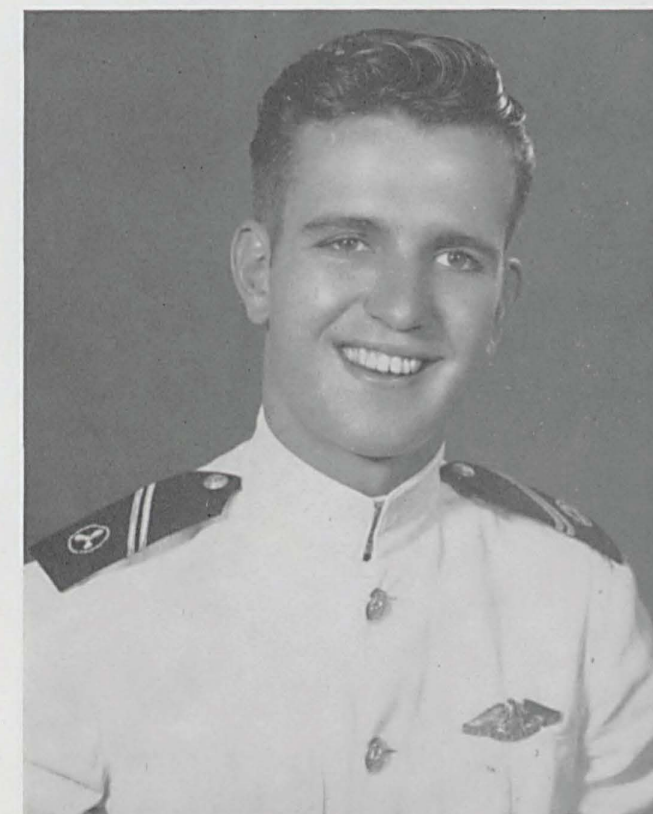
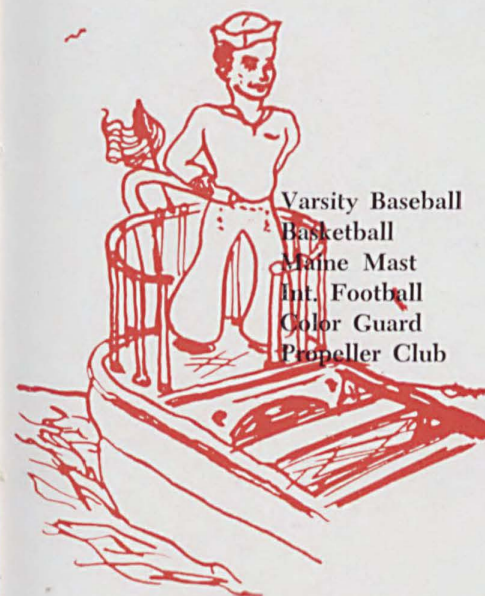
It is not too well known, but the records will show that Pete was actually the winning pitcher of the famous Maine-Mass. baseball tilt in his junior year. Such is the fate of the relief pitcher but Pete has come through for M. M. A. so many times he would hardly be called an obscure figure. Not only the player, Pete is one of the better informed baseball enthusiasts around so much so that he assumed the sports editor job for the Maine Mast.

We know that Pete could live on the friendship that he has acquired at the Academy but we know that this lad will do plenty okay on his own.



*Peter Maltby Sias
Waterville, Me.*

Varsity Baseball
Basketball
Maine Mast
Int. Football
Color Guard
Propeller Club



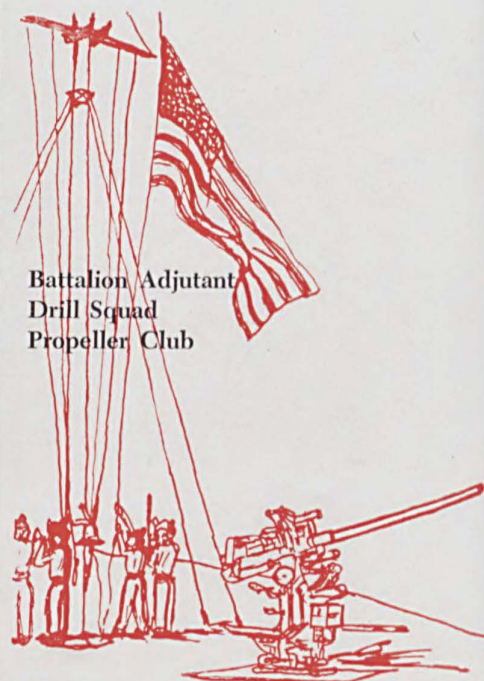
In those first memorable days after we had gotten ourselves sorted out we found among us a lad with a strange background for the Academy . . . an ex-dough foot with time in the signal corps in Europe. We learned upon further investigation that he comes from a sea-going family on Vinalhaven which was alone enough to secure him the respect of the class. Since that time our respect for "Skoogy" has steadily grown so that when he stepped into the job of Battalion Adjutant no one was surprised.

We think that most midshipmen remember "Skoogy" as a quiet guy with a winning friendly smile, a good story teller, and he had some good ones to tell, the kind of guy that for some reason lingers in your memory after some of the brighter stars have tarnished and faded. It is his kind that one day is sure to achieve the greatest goals in life—happiness, security, success.

We want to salute you "Skoogy" as a friend and shipmate and wish the swift achievement of success that is sometime sure to come to you.

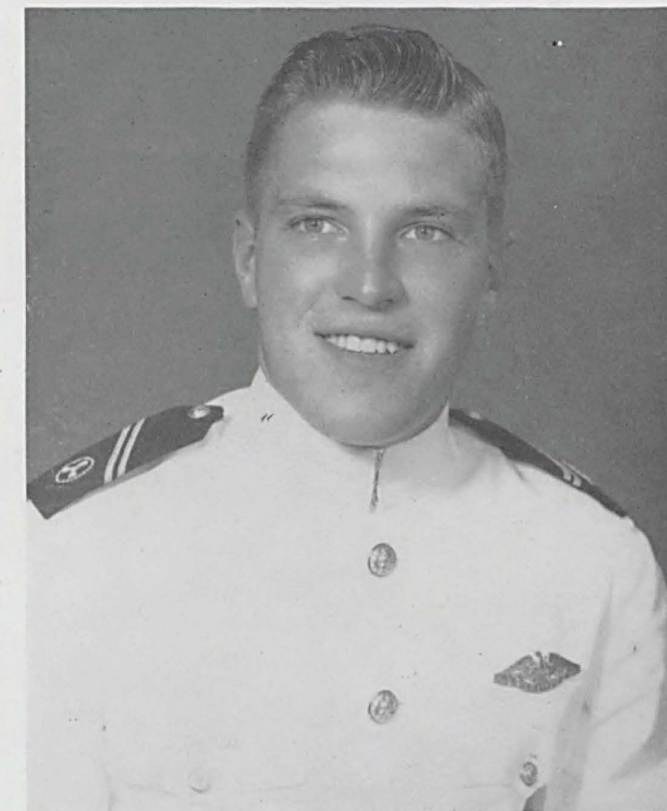
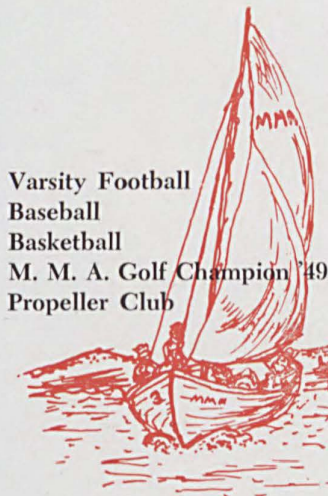


Dennis Roland Skoog
Vinalhaven, Maine

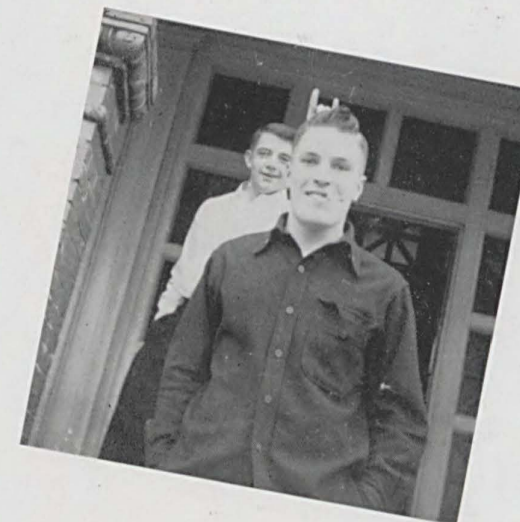


Battalion Adjutant
Drill Squad
Propeller Club

Varsity Football
Baseball
Basketball
M. M. A. Golf Champion '49
Propeller Club



Dallas Clayton Small
Union, N. J.

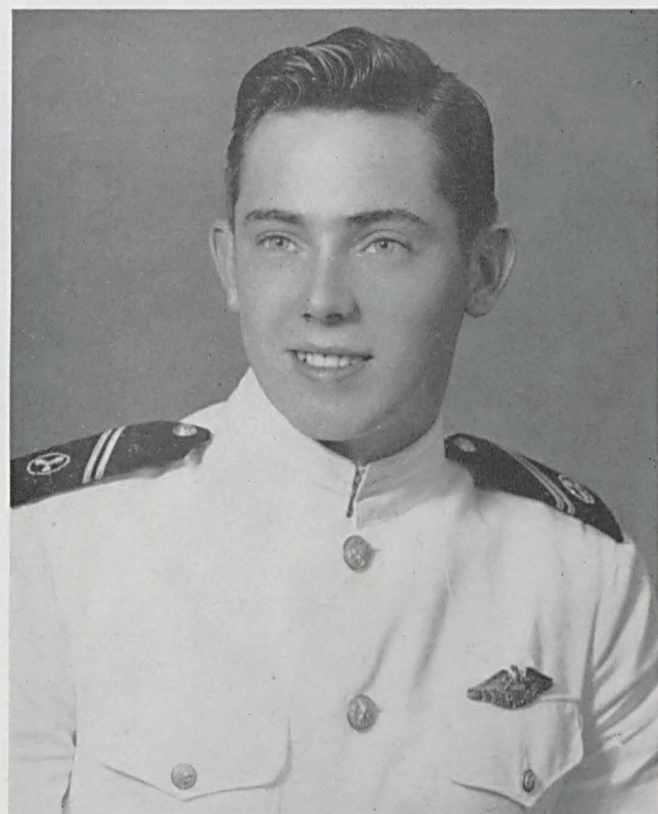


"one and only" in Jersey and at the same time carry on a telephone conversation with his "one and only" in Bangor. "Cherchez la femme" often took up much of Dall's ready cash but nobody seemed to suffer except maybe Jim Berger who had the unenviable distinction of being Dall's banker.

Athletes may come and go, but this versatile football, baseball and basketball player will always be remembered whenever Maine Maritime athletics are mentioned. During the '48 game with Mass. Maritime the "Pelican" intercepted one of their passes in the closing moments of play to put the football game on ice for "old outside."

Dall "the Pelican" Small claims New Jersey as his home state, but the state of confusion usually comes to the fore when he tries to remember which number in his little black book he was supposed to call. Noted for his affairs of heart, Dall was capable of writing a letter to his

A very capable engineer between seasons, Dall will strengthen the employees' status of some fortunate ship-ping company.



Lloyd Henry Wentworth
Brooks, Maine



Stubby comes from Brooks, "yes sa." He may be small but he's quite a hunk of rugged individual. Saturday nites, you'll find him proving the fact half way between Brooks and Belfast.

Stub likes to pass his spare time playing cards and is a loyal member of Room 11's poker club. It is rumored that he is a habitual card player but just because he answers "bump ya four" to any question is no sign he is. There are two types of baseball games and Stubby plays each equally well. He was star pitcher on E-1's intramural ball club. Every Friday or at any football game one might see the drill squad's yellow and blue flag going before the squad.

Who was making the flag move? Why Stubby of course.

With his gift of gab and ability to razz, 1950's little man should do a big job in the Merchant Marine.

To Bob we give the distinction of living one of the more stormy careers at M. M. A., in fact the intricacies of the front office got to be quite well known to him.

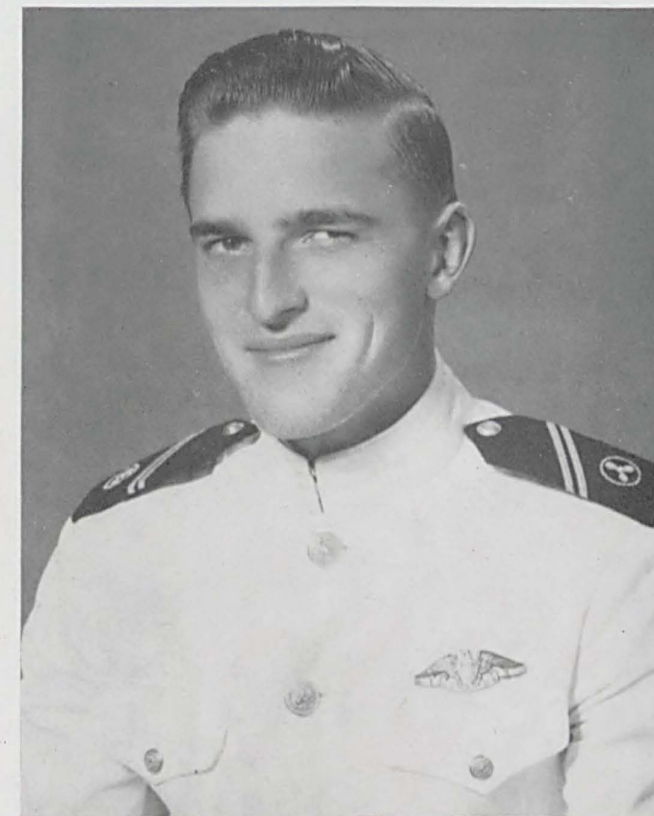


It seems a little strange that one so quiet could get in and out of so much trouble. We learned after living with him for awhile that he had set a way of life for himself and that he would live it out regardless of the military code. In Richardson Hall we saw the other side of Bob's personality . . . a swell guy to live with and a good liberty buddy.

Time spent at Fork Union Military Academy provided Bob with a natural niche in the first drill squad. Along with drilling Bob turned his talents toward bringing down some of the best engineering marks to be racked off around here for some time.

We hope Bob, that you catch up with some of that hunting you have missed these last three years, but not so much that you neglect to show the world your engineering skills—they'll be in great demand some day.

Robert Alton Weston
Auburn, Maine



Of all the midshipmen to enter the Academy, we have never seen one person win the admiration and friendship of all his buddies so quickly and completely as one Whizzer White. It was not just his prowess on the field of sport but the sense of sportsmanship he displayed everywhere he went.

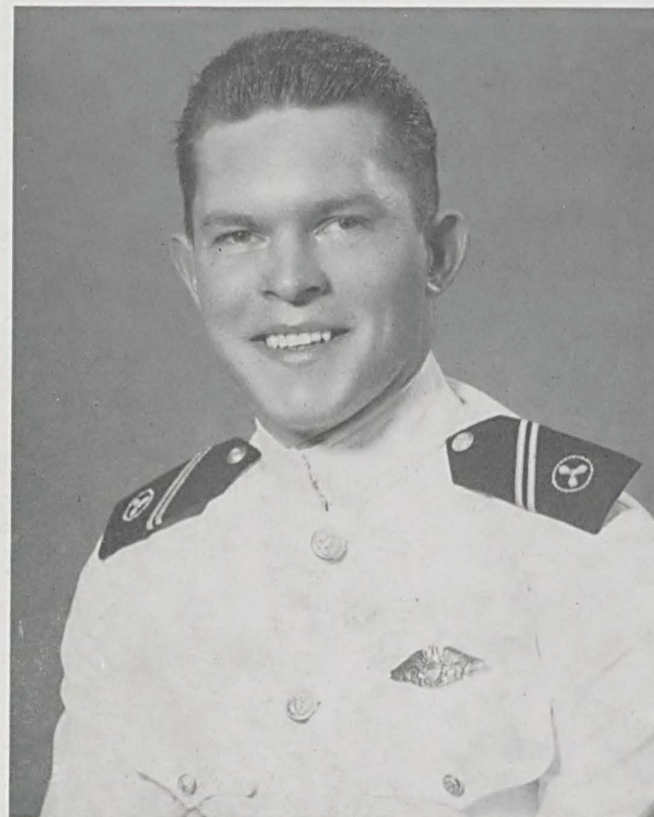
As a football player he starred as a quarterback. He played his last year after suffering water on both knees; his long, long, White to Herbert forward passes were a thing of beauty. On the diamond a free, loose style of running won the right field post for him. More than one amazed base runner found himself out at home, victim of the terrific long throwing arm of Whizzer.

In Whizzer we also found a true lover of liberty in any form. With his faithful companions Ruggerio, Gendron, Sias, and Lessels midshipmen won't be the only ones remembering his liberties, both on the cruise and in the Bangor area. We remember "Whiz" playing one

game, his last season, with one eye shut. That was a doorknob, wasn't it, Whiz? In regards to the future of this midshipman, there is not a worry in the Academy as he already has eighty solid votes behind him in his class alone.

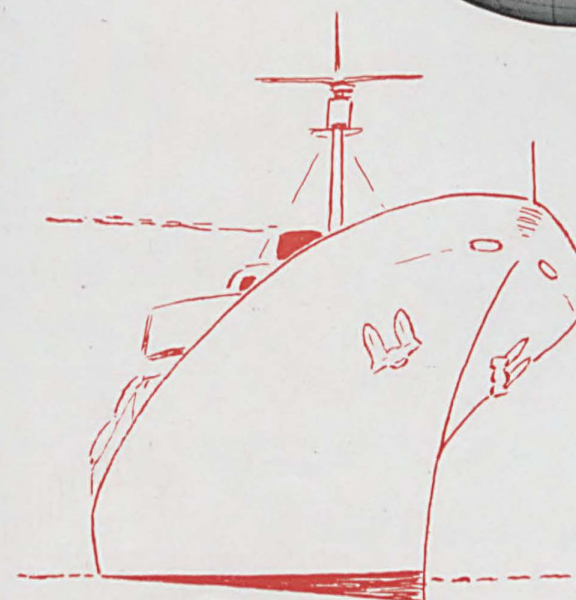
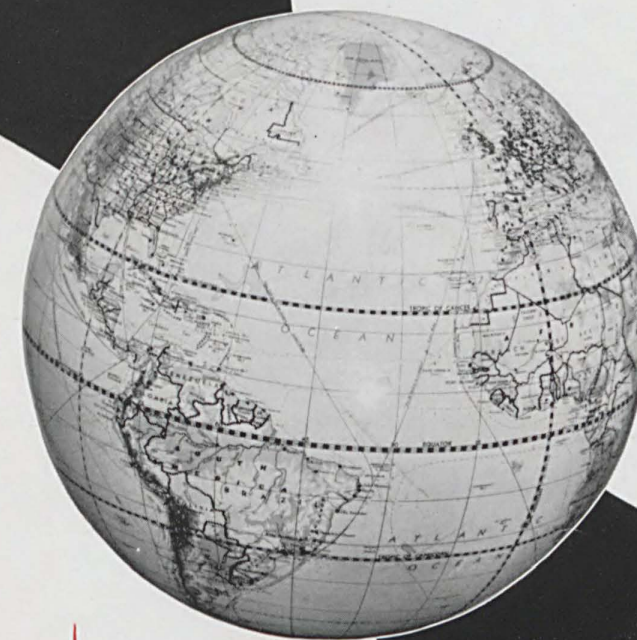


*John Alden White, Jr.
Waterbury, Conn.*



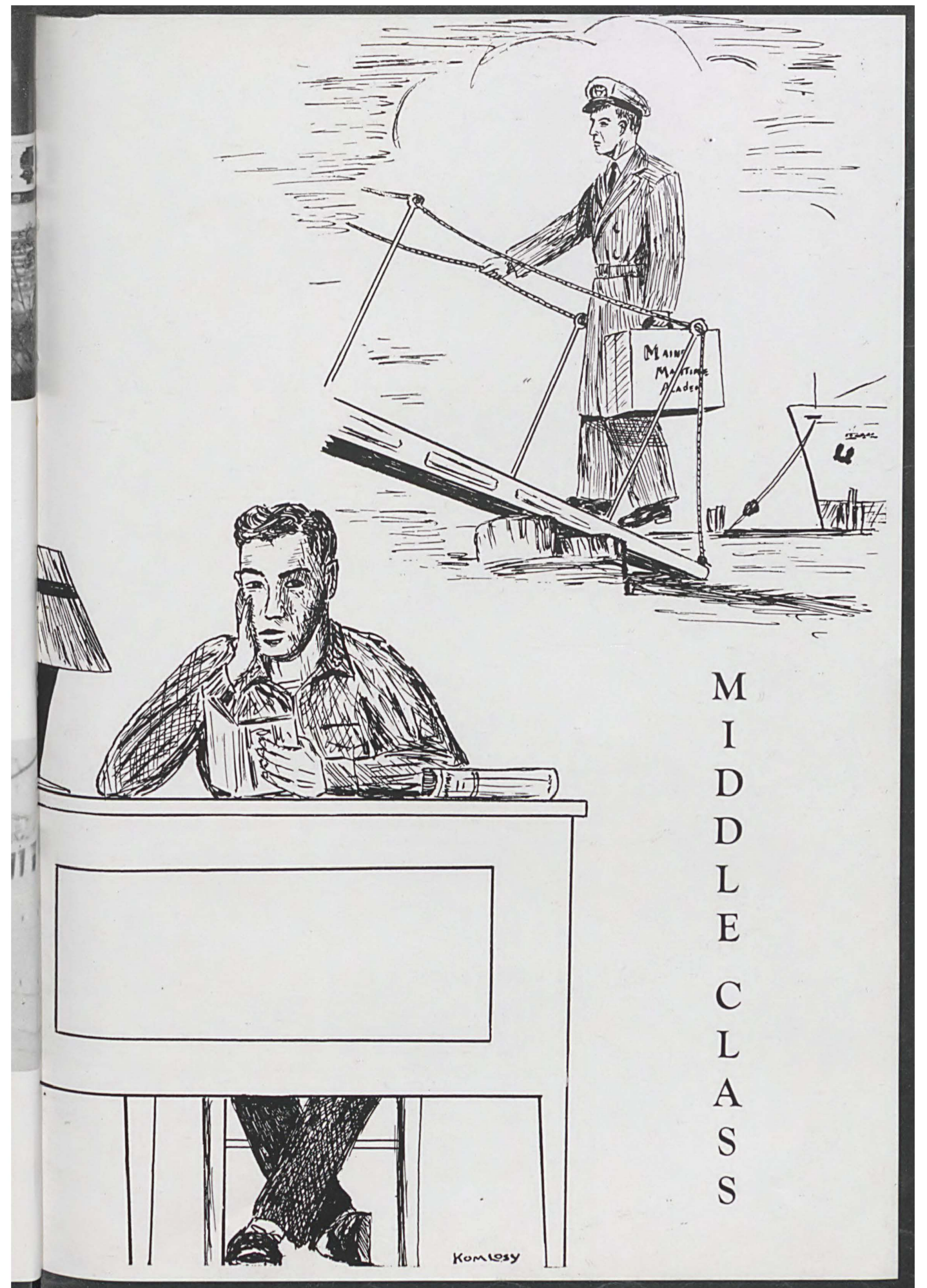
Varsity Baseball
Football
Basketball
Color Guard
Propeller Club

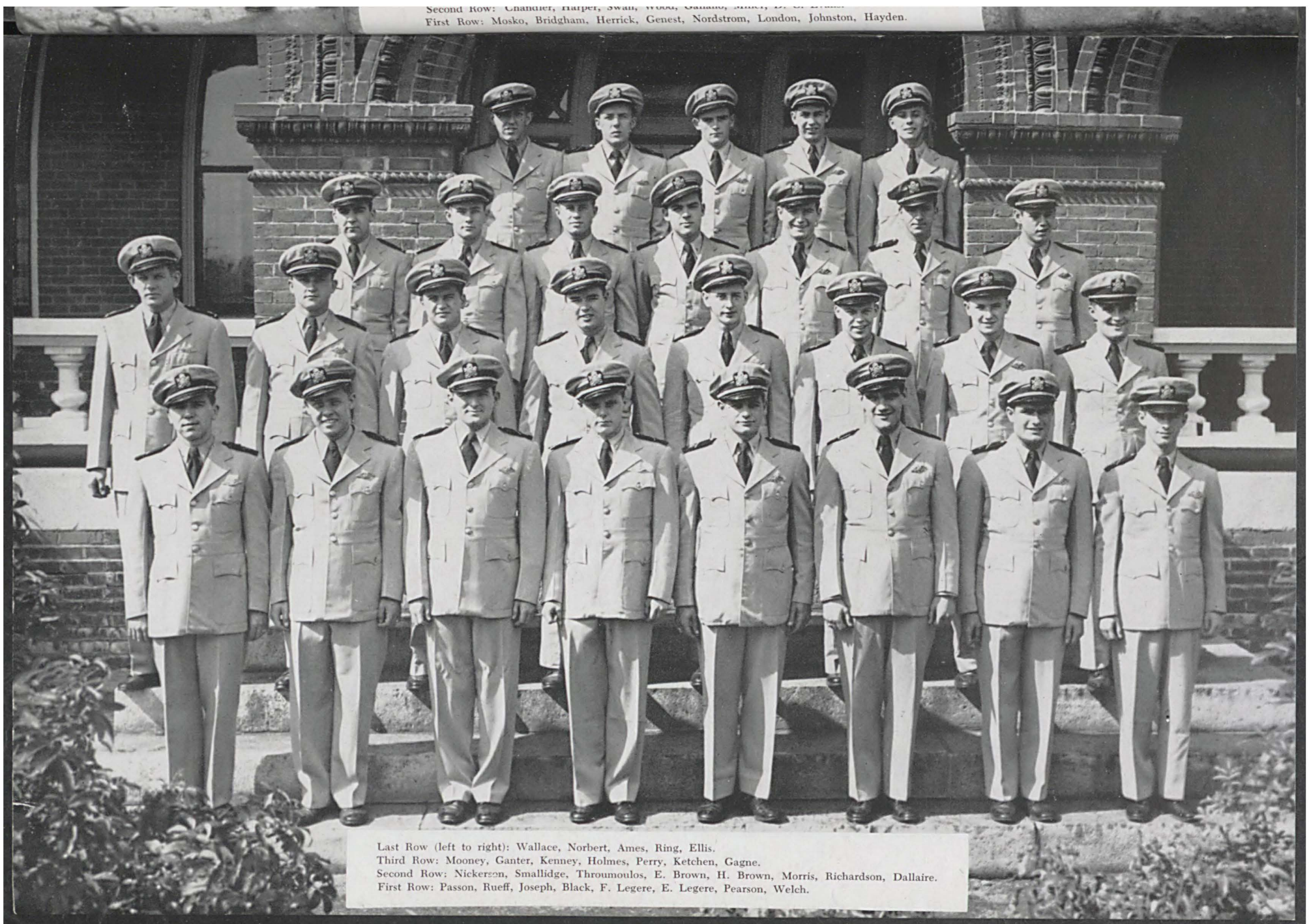
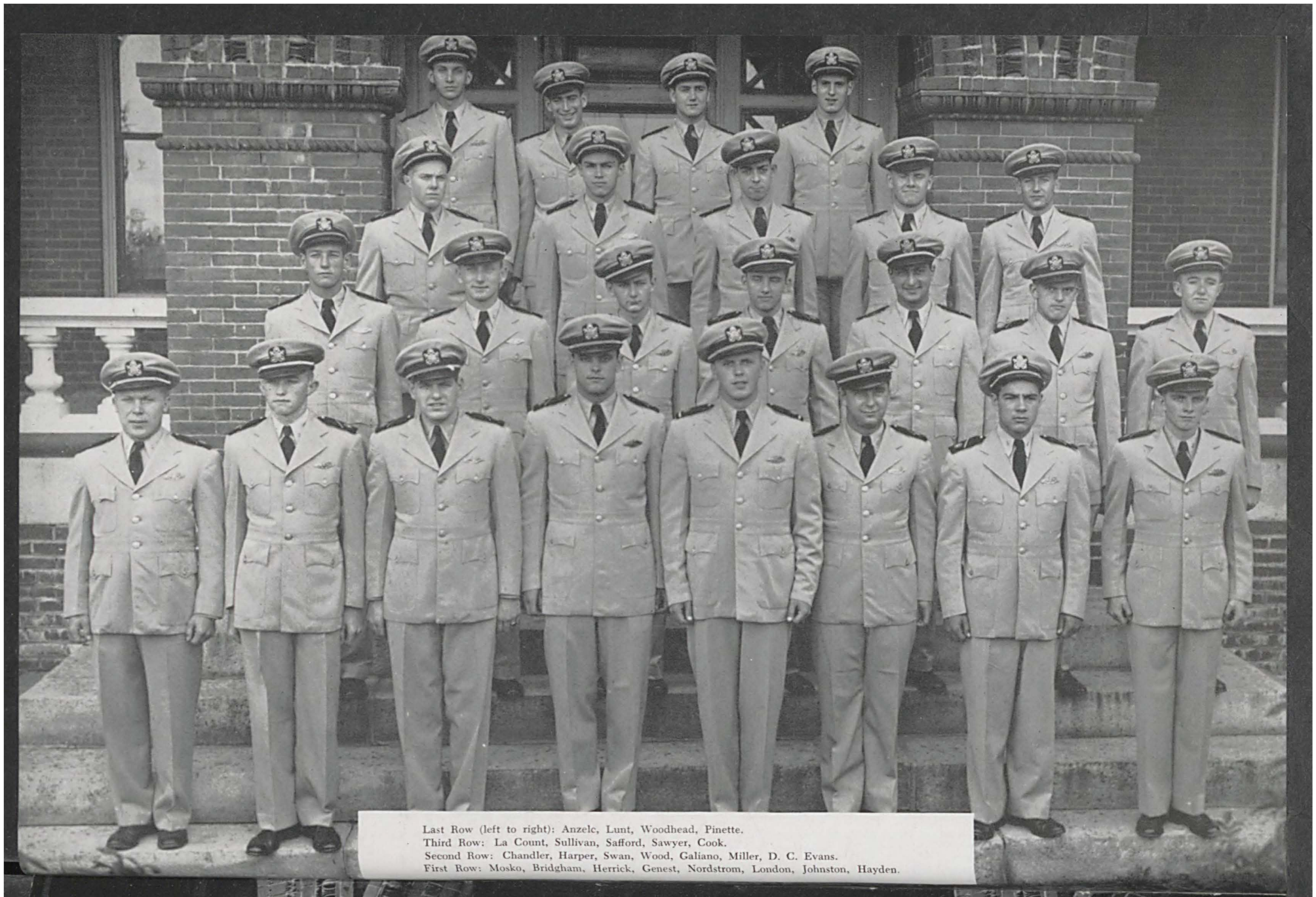
OUR HERITAGE



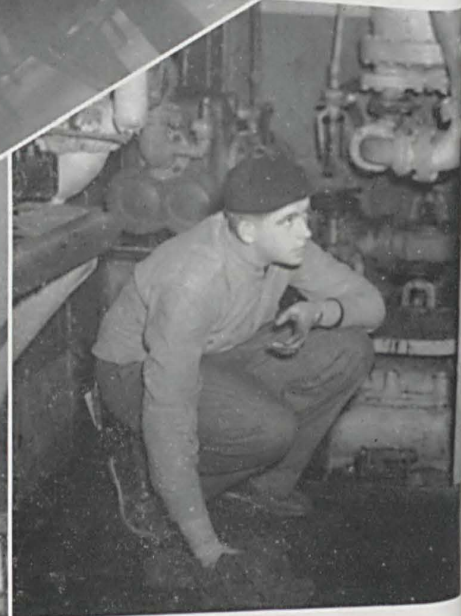
THE SEVEN SEAS

JUNIORS..





FRESHMAN



UNDER CLASSES







CLASS HISTORY





THE SPIRIT OF 1950

In the beginning there was nothing — But at Bangor's Union Station on August 4th and 5th, 1947, something was born, created perhaps from nothing more than a stray smile or word of greeting in the small hours of that last day of civilian life. Whatever it was, and we don't think it was apparent at that time, was strengthened as we were quickly snapped into line by the domineering upper class. Since that time it has kept growing, now faster, now slower. How can you define it? How can you name a quick look between roommates as their room got the once over by certain gentlemen in white gloves, or name the bond between a bunch of guys as they spin yarns and remember the liberties spent in various foreign ports? It is the spirit of those who say comrade, the SPIRIT OF '50, born in a railroad station, nourished in a back alley of San Juan, mellowed by a Nassau memory and culminated on the lawn in front of Dismukes Hall. It will never die, however, and it is toward that end that this book is written, as a sort of monument and a remembrance of the days that were lived so fast.

For those that follow the sea as a career, this Spirit will live on, more strongly perhaps than that of those who stay ashore.

Who, in the years to come, will not stir to the yell of "86" and look forward to their class reunions with the thought of seeing old buddies again and reliving old liberties?

It is truly a wonderful thing to think about this spirit, created as we were created from youth to manhood; it will never die so long as there is an American Sailor afloat; her mess-decks and living spaces will ring with voices of a million different memories. No part of the world is immune to the sound of these memories as they are part of the world circling fraternity of the sea.

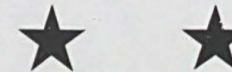


Castine Bound

CLASS HISTORY

Every class must at some time feel that they have an unusually talented group. While this may not always be true we feel, with justification, that the Class of 1950 has an enviable number of accomplishments.

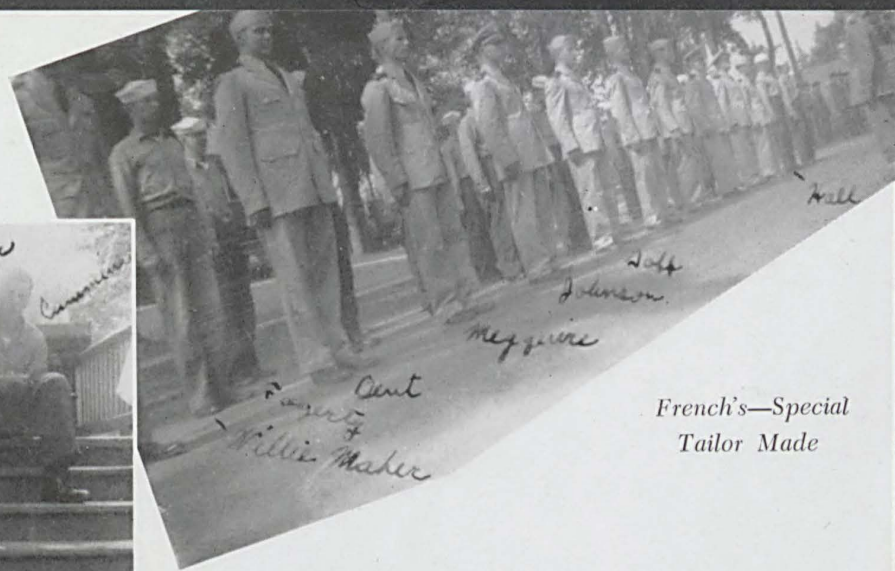
In sports, scholastics and music, as well as other extra curricula activities, the class of 1950 has set new standards and new goals to work for. What are the young men like when they are not on the football field, baseball diamond, or marching to martial airs? This section will attempt to show by the medium of photography the "ins and outs" of every day, routine Academy life as this class has known it.



Off to the Dock



Just Mugs



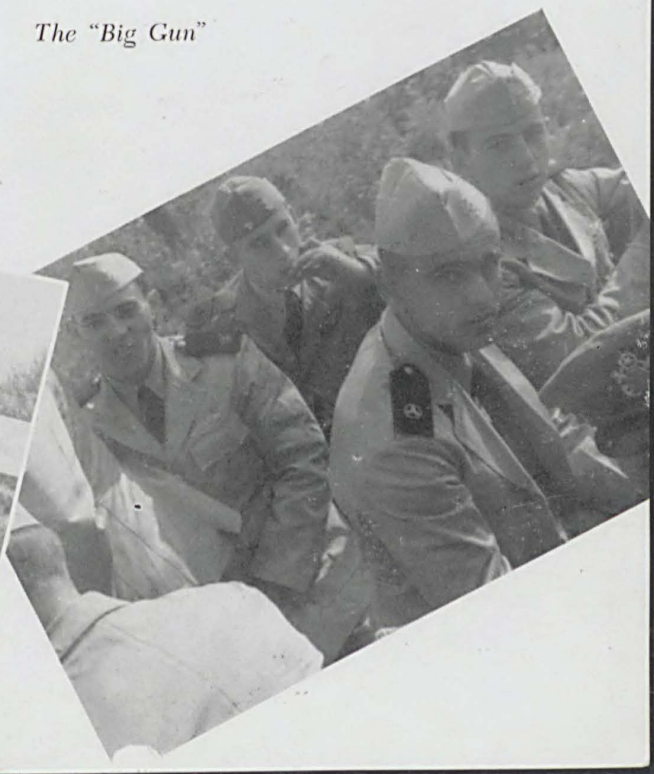
French's—Special
Tailor Made



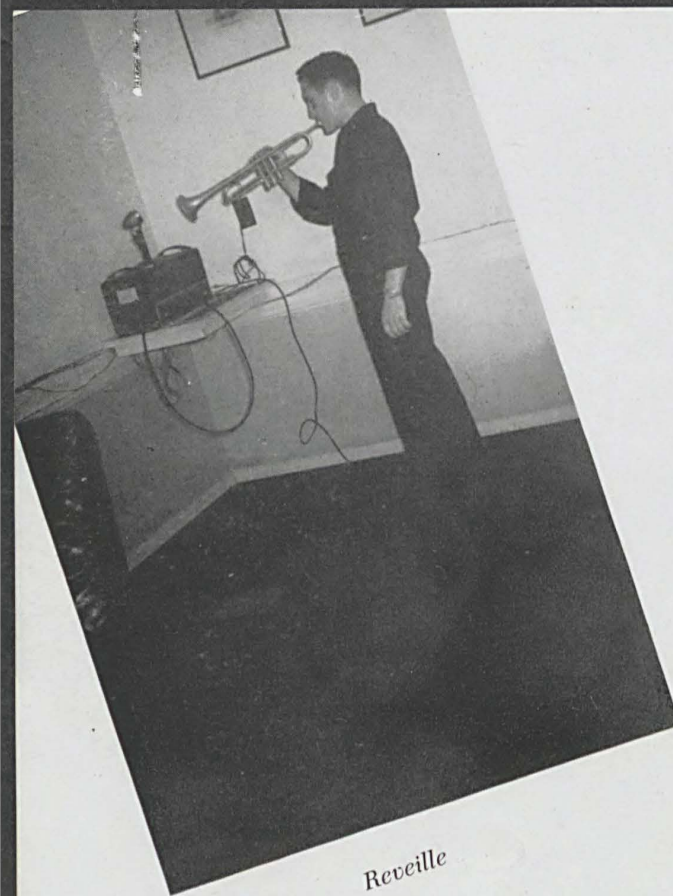
Recreation



The "Big Gun"



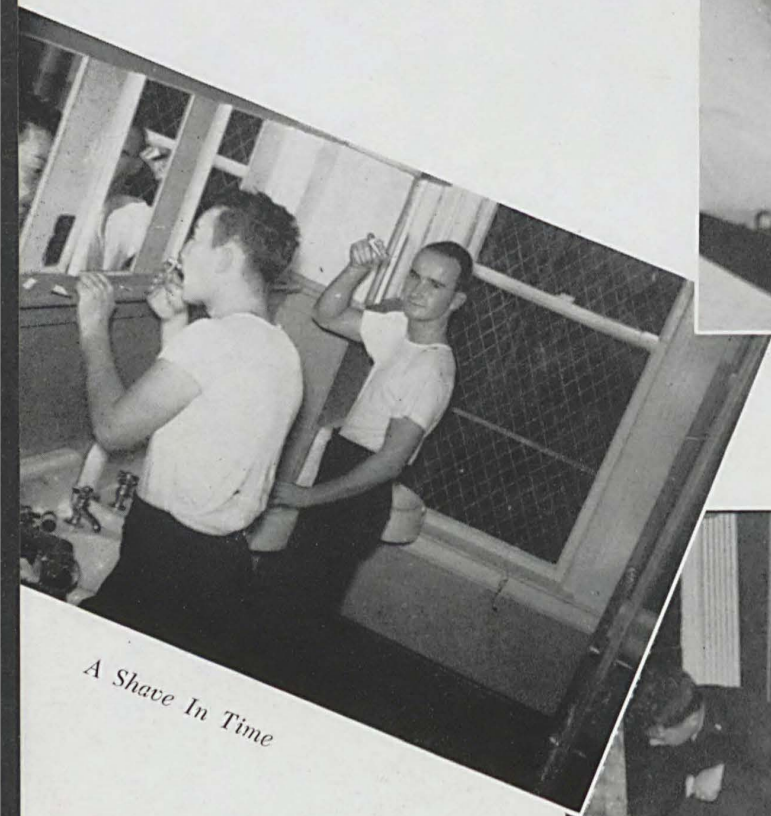
FROM SUN UP TO SUN DOWN ...



Reveille



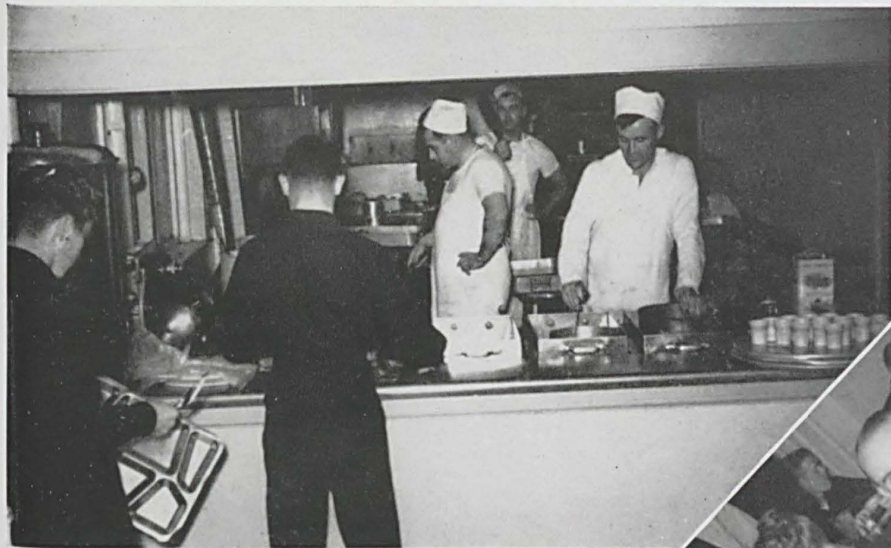
Rouse Out!



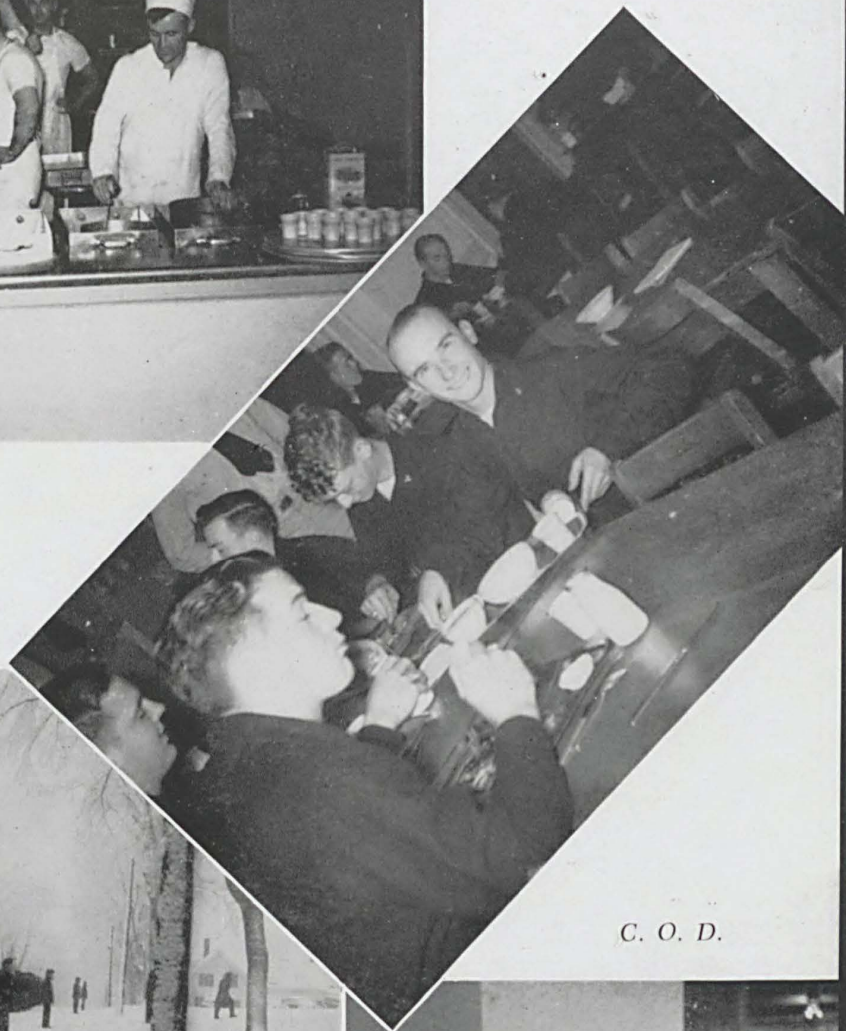
A Shave In Time

Cleaning Stations





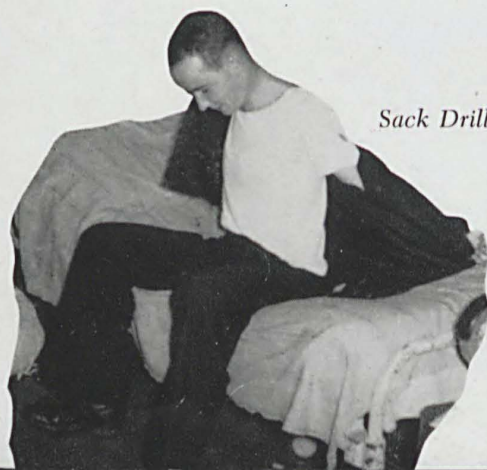
Breakfast



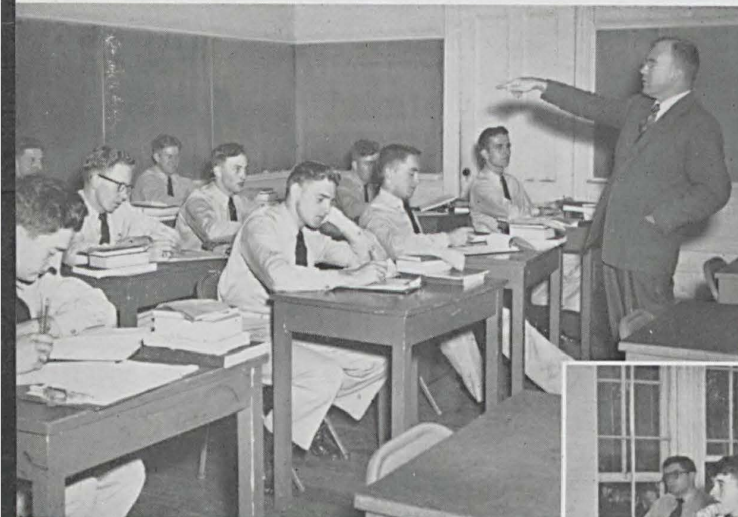
C. O. D.



Muster

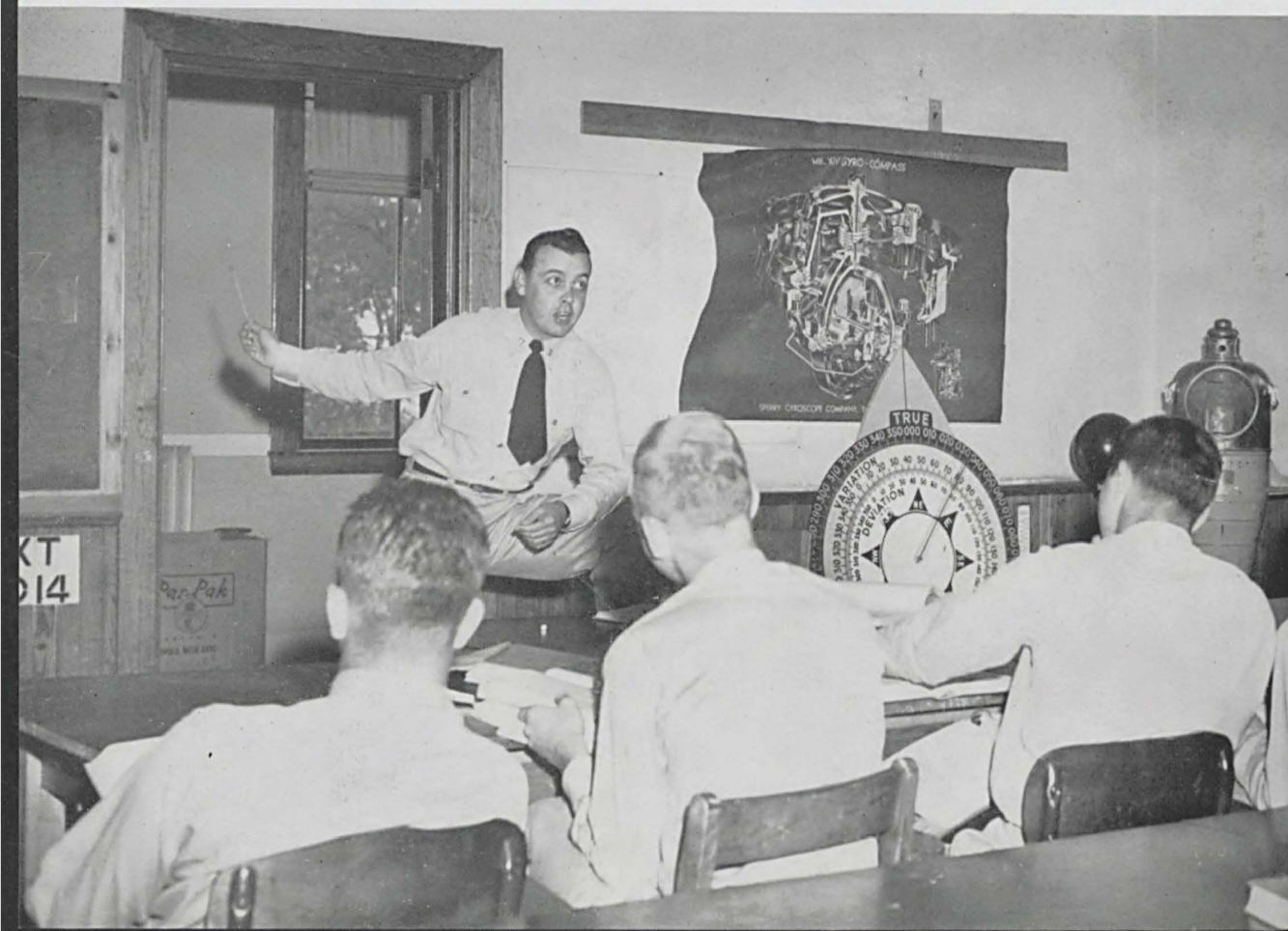
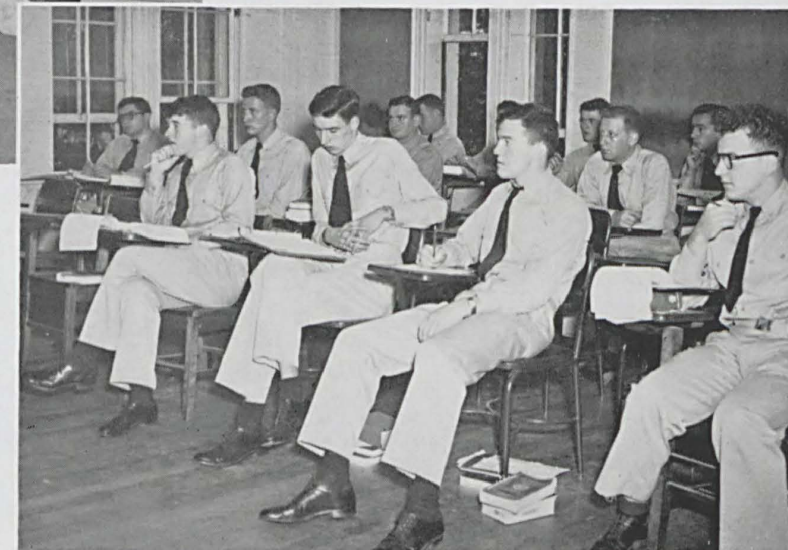


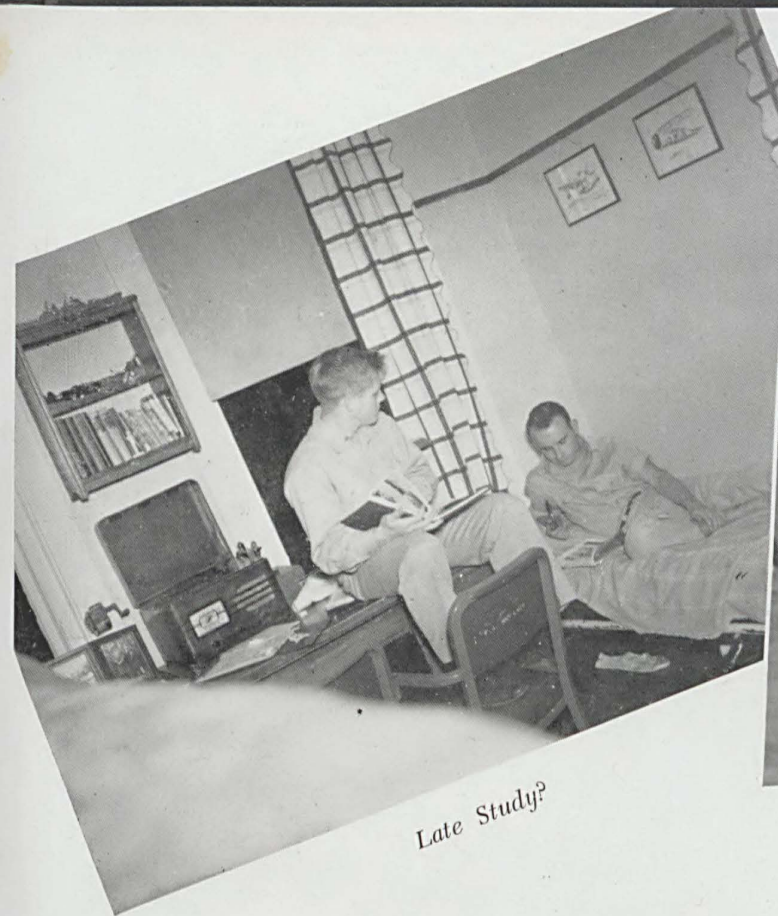
Sack Drill



OFF TO CLASSES

Harvard Is The Oldest School!





Late Study?

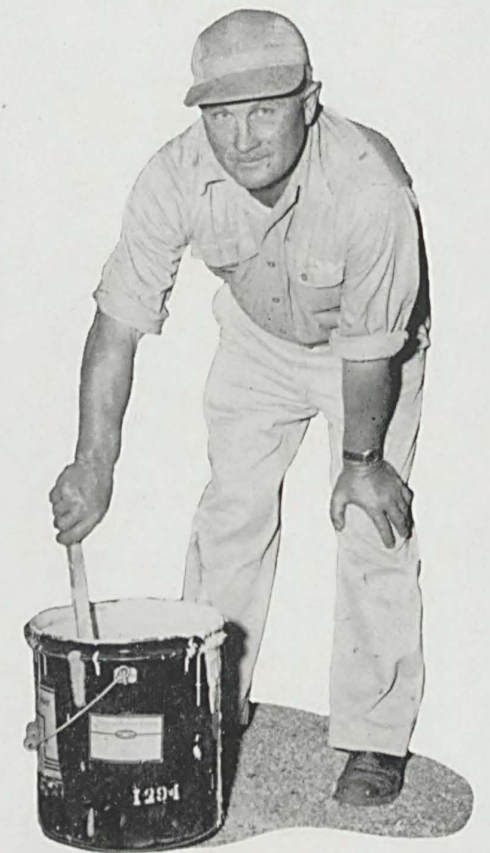
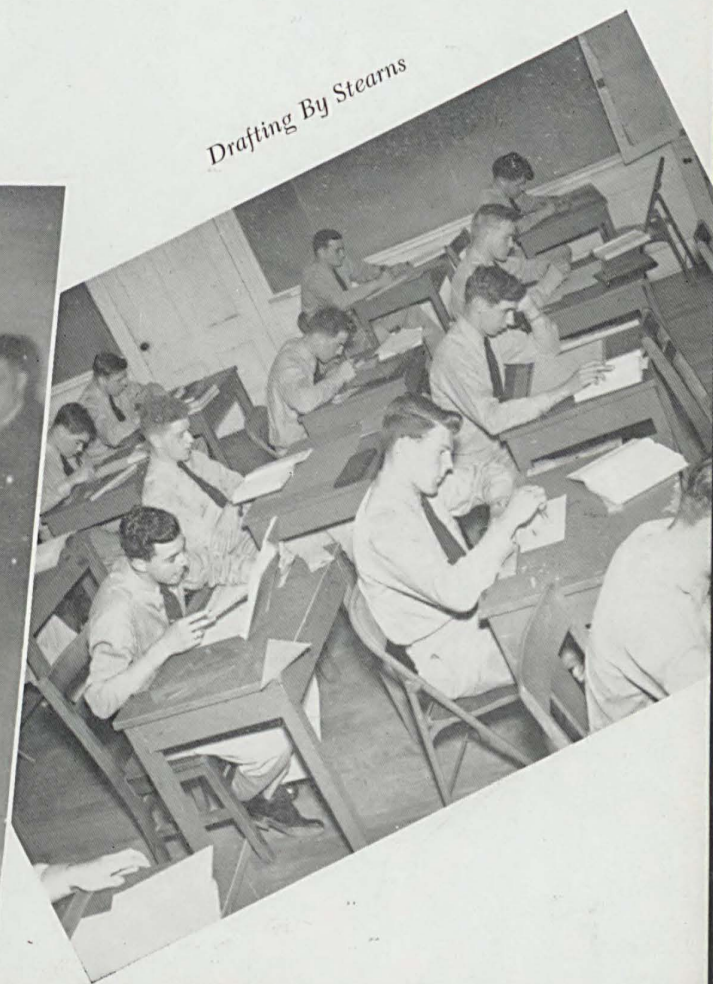


La Rhumba

Que Pollo!

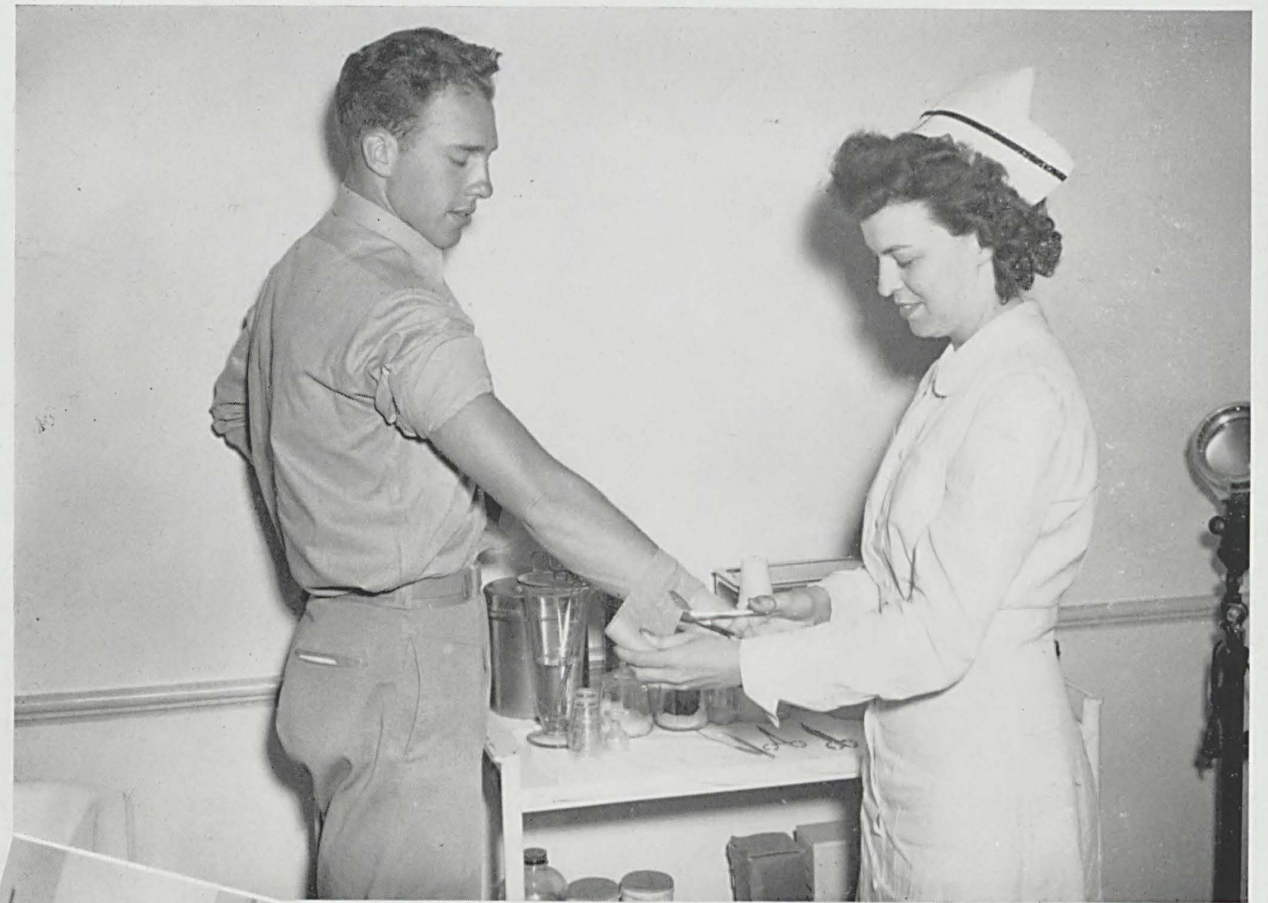
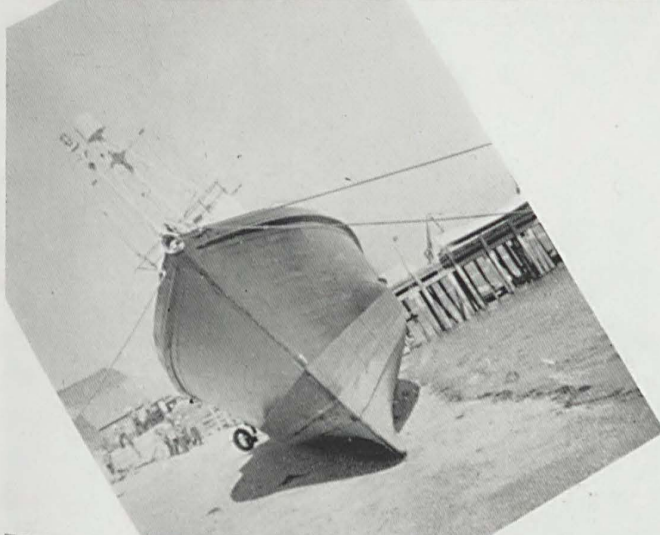
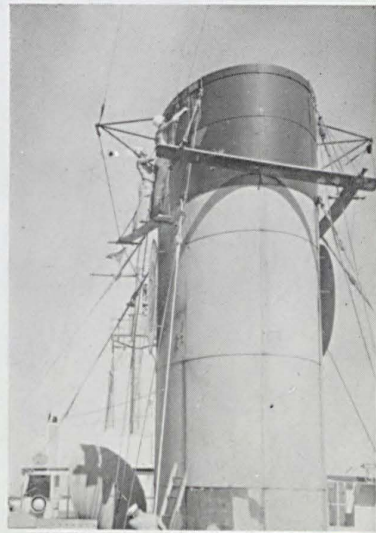


Drafting By Stearns



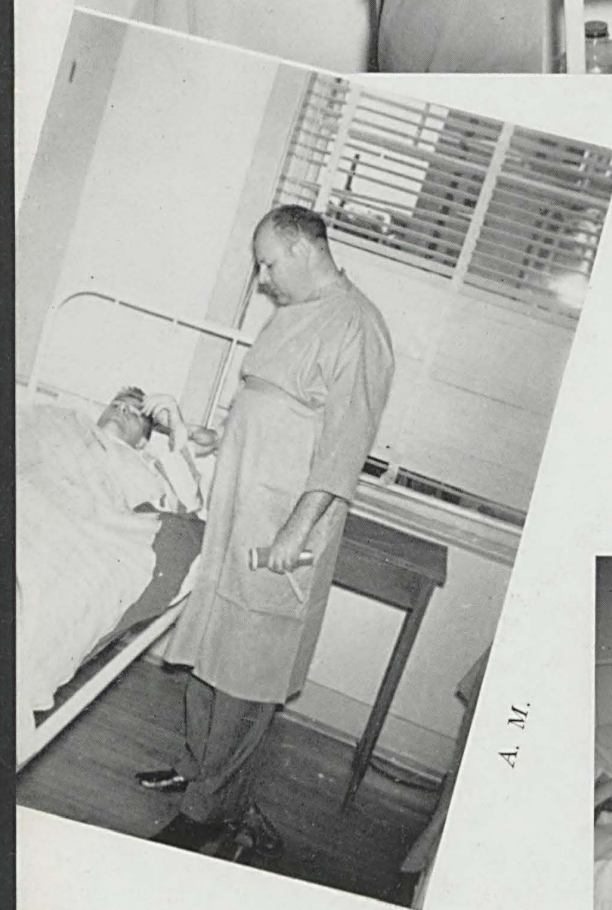
MAINTENANCE





B. M. (Before Munger)

SICK CALL

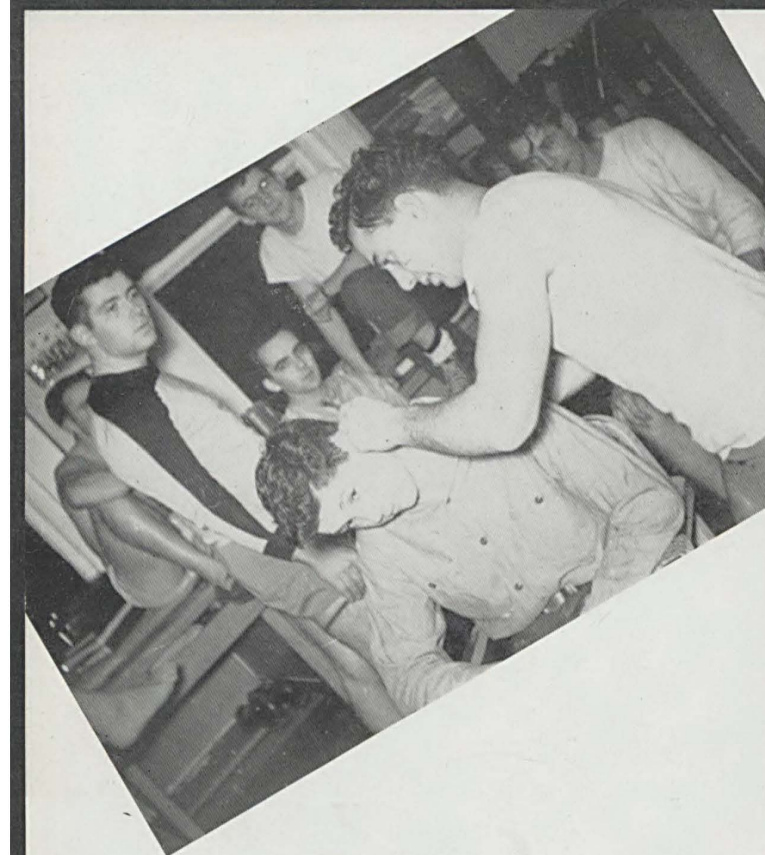


A. M.



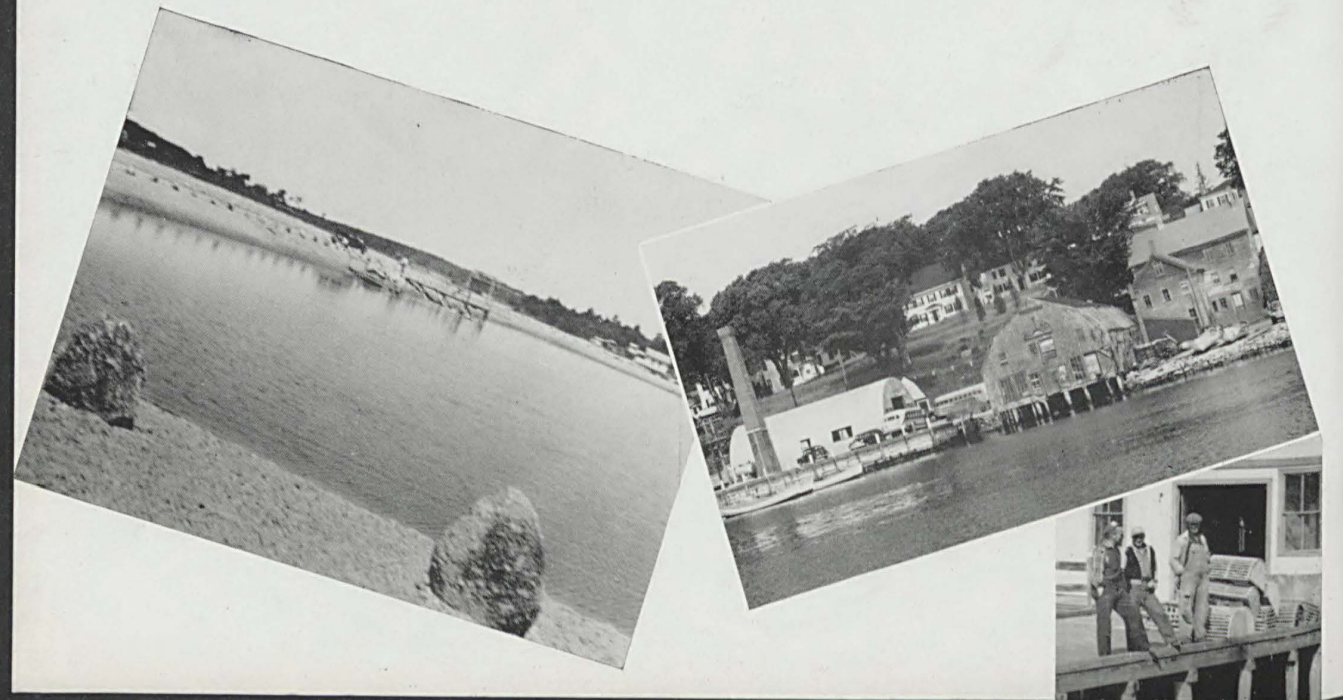


INSPECTIONS and DRILL

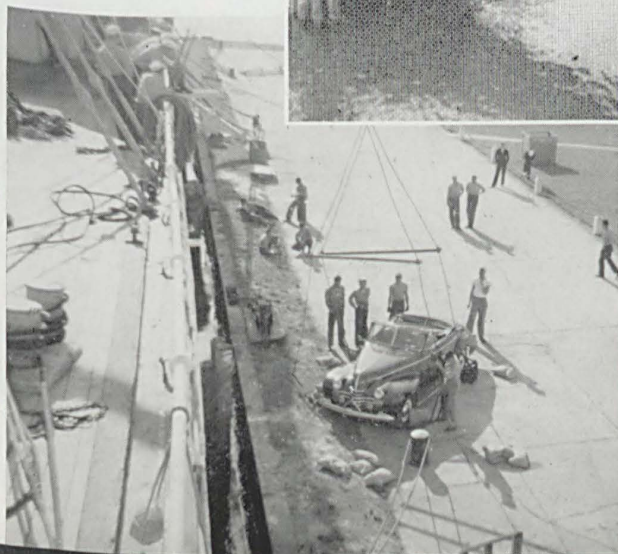
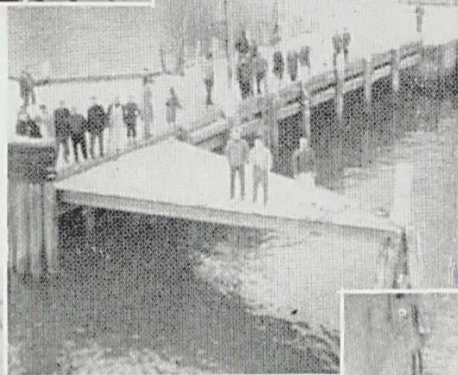
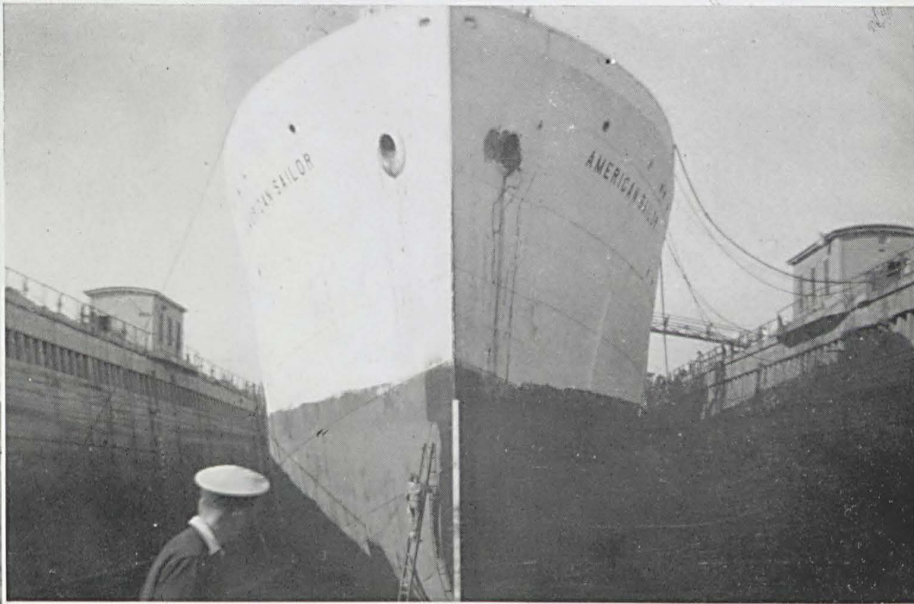


Need A Haircut?





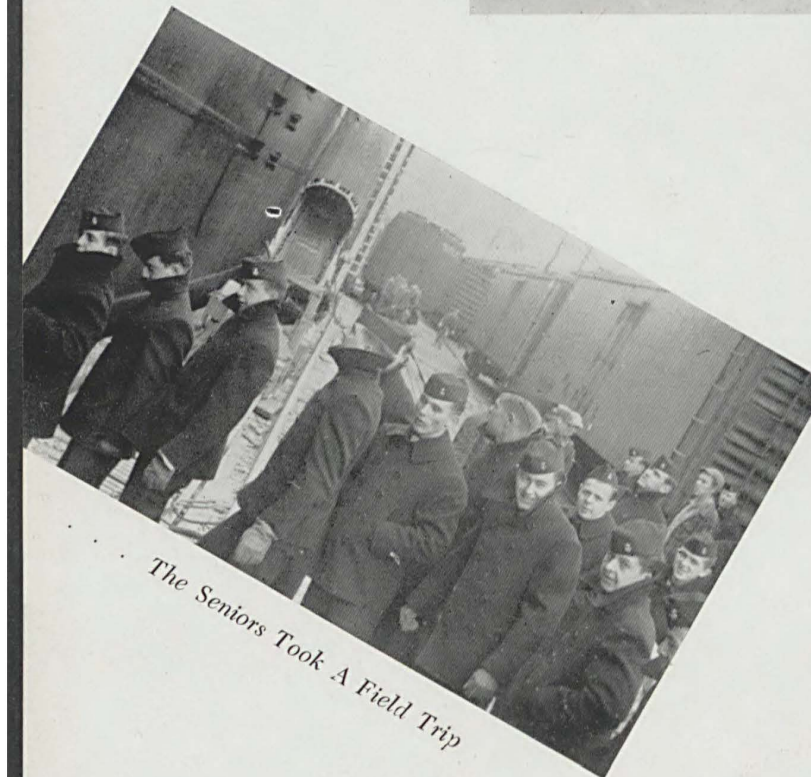
OPERATION MOBILE



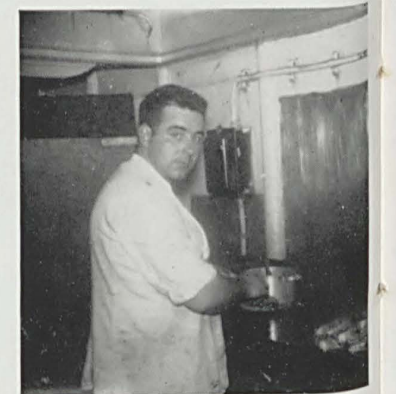
REMEMBER WHEN



The Colonel Drove A Jeep



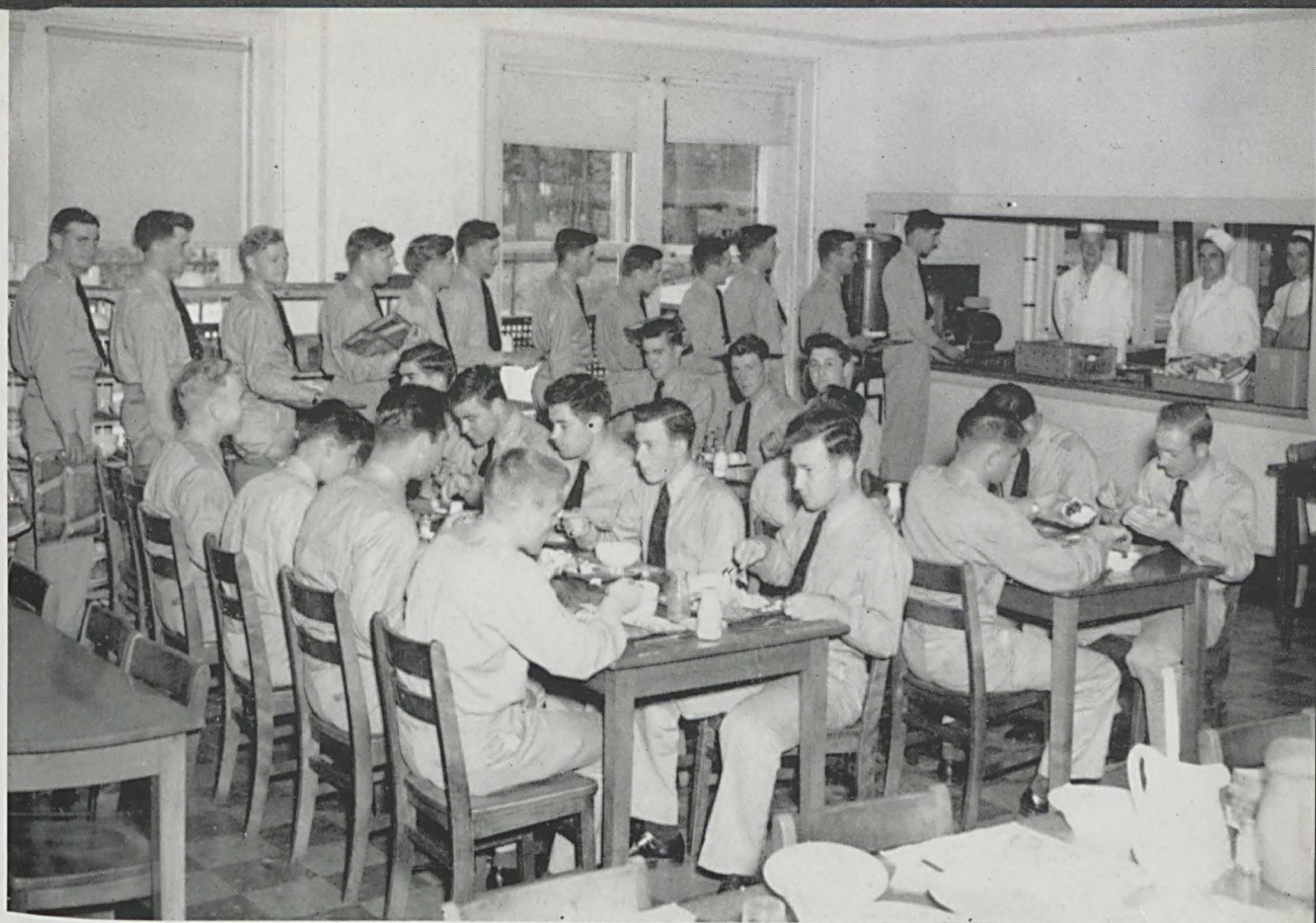
The Seniors Took A Field Trip



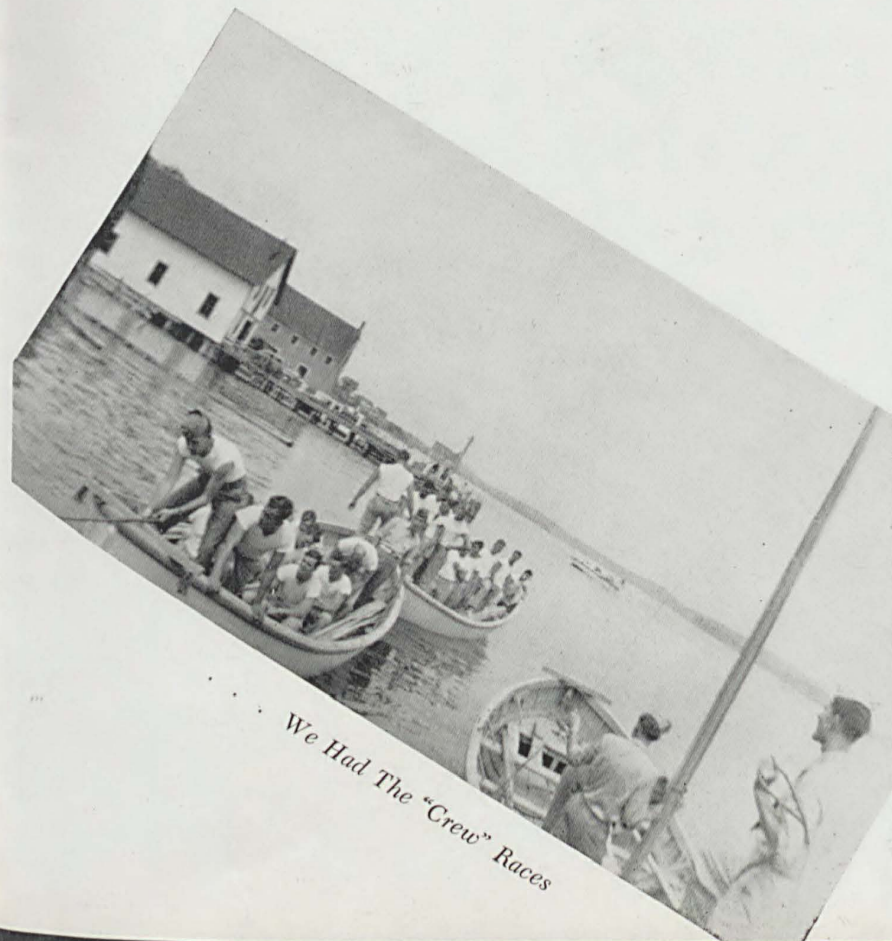
Gil Cooked

Munger's Marauders Marched





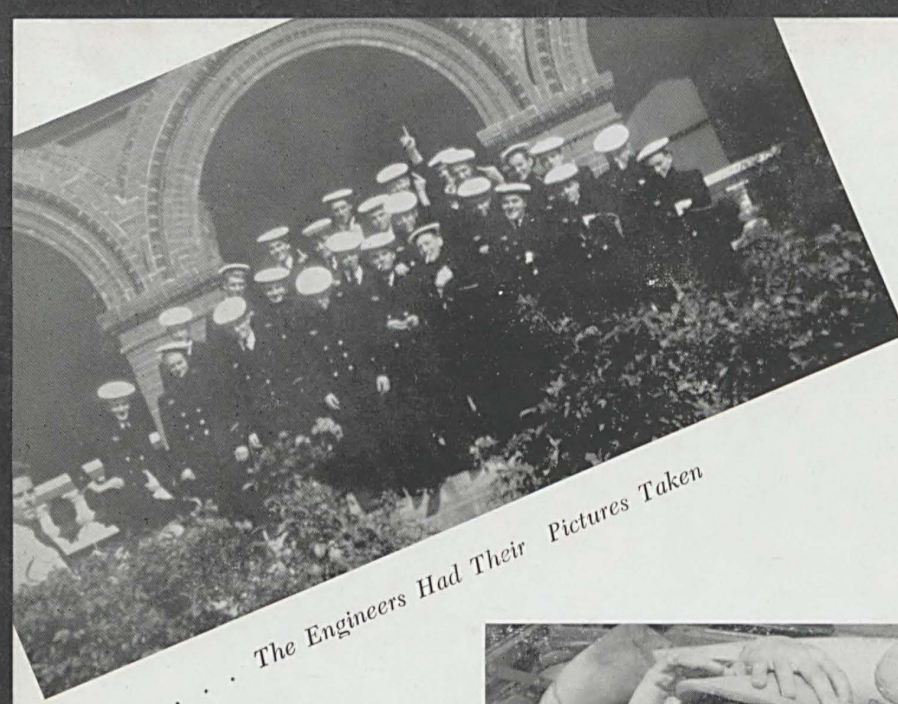
... We Used to Stand at Attention in Chow Line



... We Had The "Crew" Races



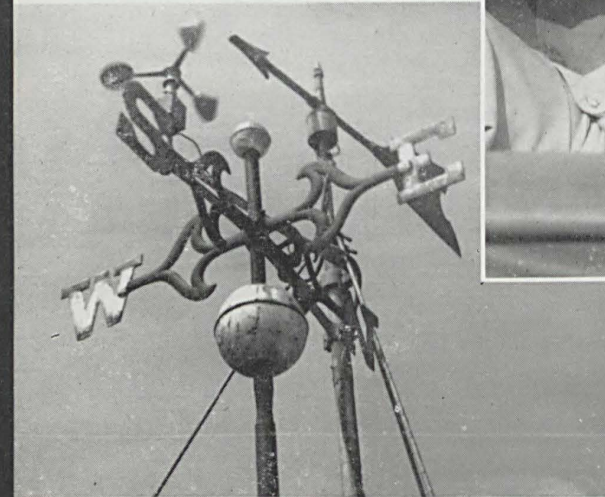
... We Had The "Crew" Cuts



... The Engineers Had Their Pictures Taken



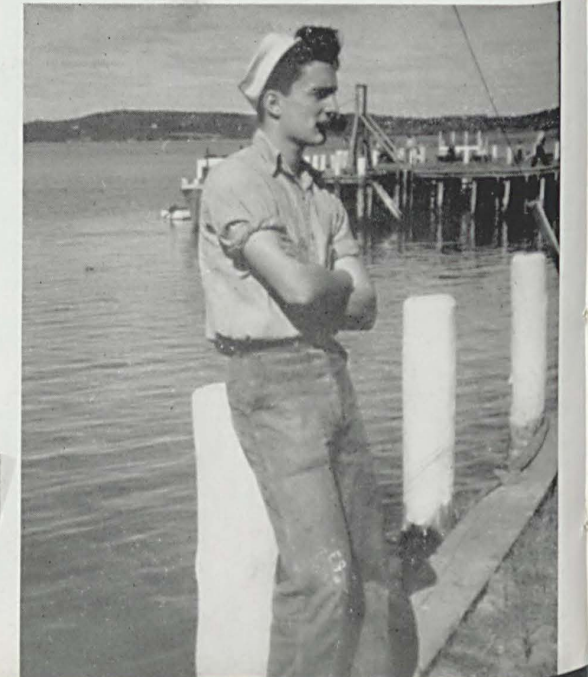
... The Boys Rode To Bucksport



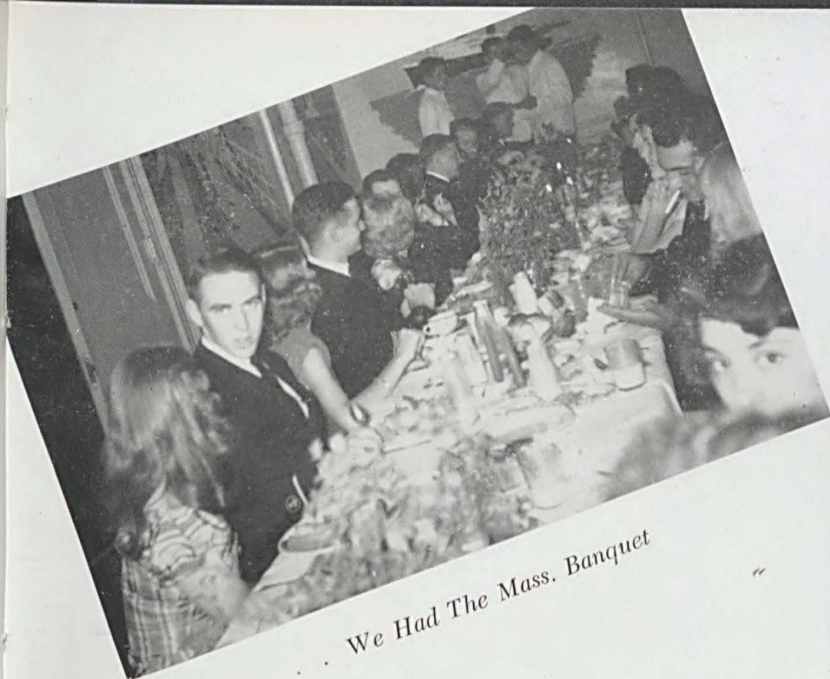
The Weather Station Was Installed



... We Had The Dances



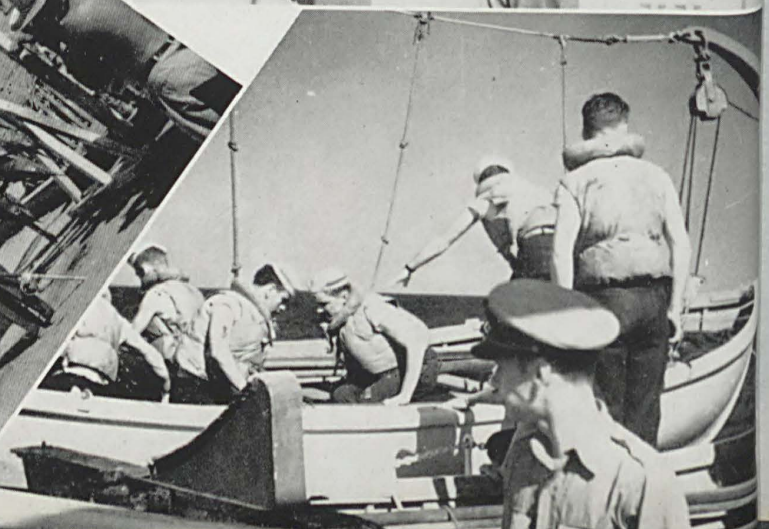
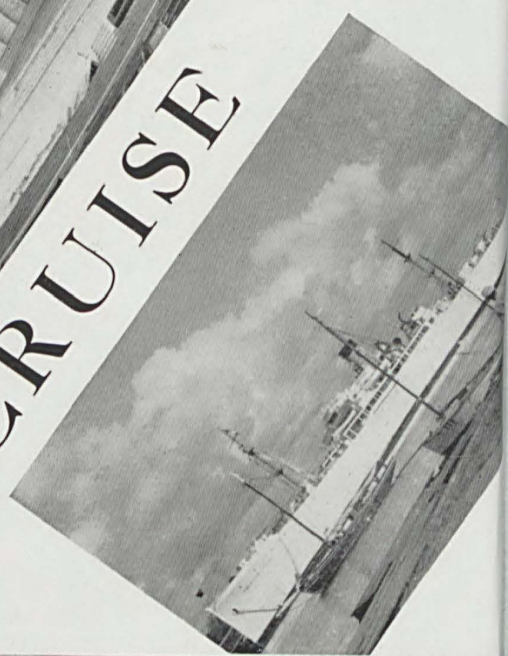
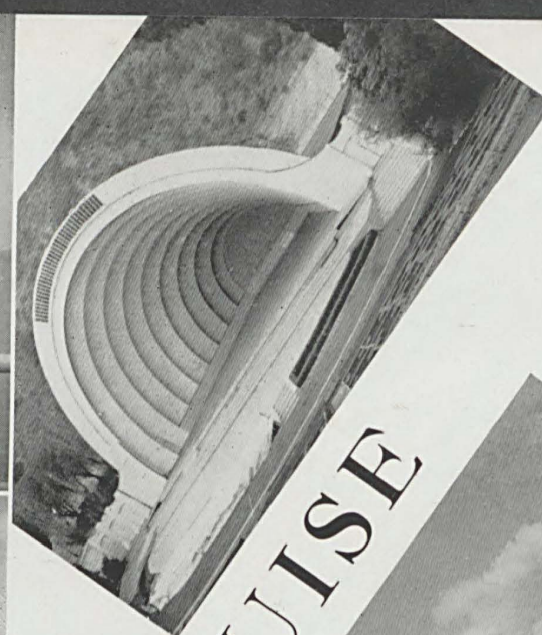
REMEMBER WHEN



We Had The Mass. Banquet



... The Bus Broke Down



OFF TO THE CRUISE

ACTIVITIES



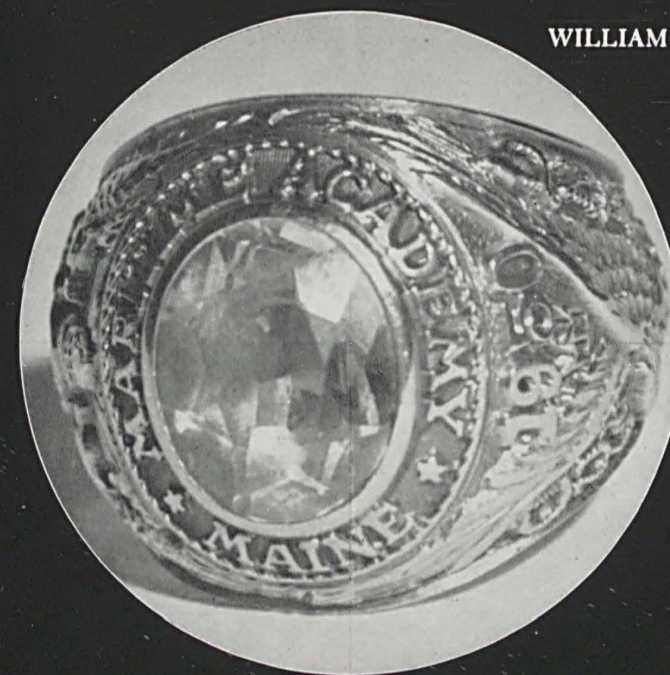
THE SPIRIT OF THE RING

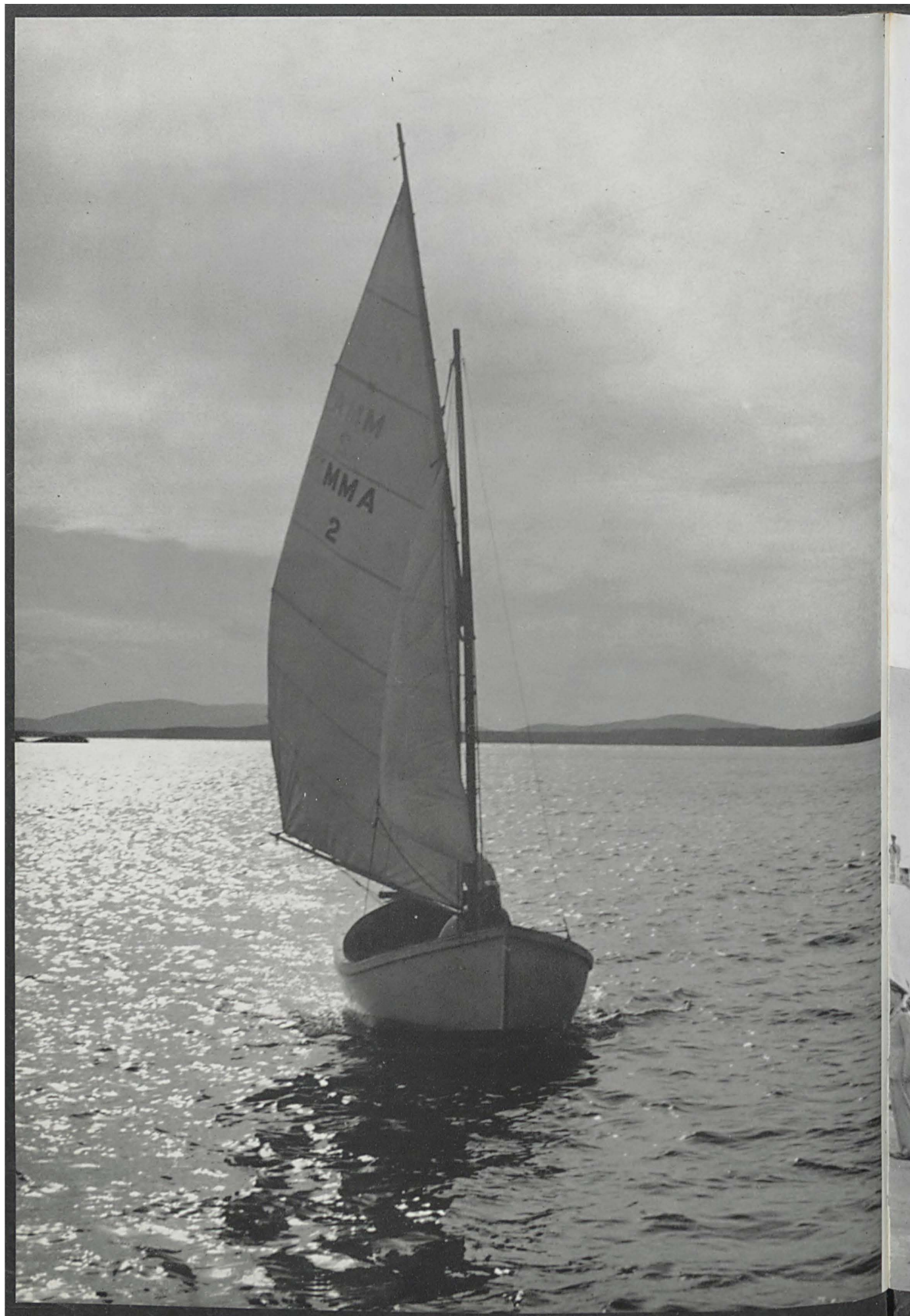
One thing common to every school, of every type, is their class ring or pin. To them it is a symbol and a reminder of all the old memories that forever come drifting back. To them it is the essence of all things that were good; it was the spirit that was the best.

Stones of red, blue, green and aqua marine, smooth and faceted, with figured gold settings are the jewels and metal ingredients that go into making a class ring. Each member of the class of 1950 has a ring that is exactly alike and yet every one of them is different. A paradox, surely, but one that can be easily explained. To each individual his own particular ring has a spirit which reflects his own experiences much as the stone reflects the light rays.

Wherever members of our class meet in their voyages, they shall always know each other by their class rings; for this ring is a symbol of shared pleasures. May our lives always flow as freely and happily as they did in our Academy days and may our ring always be the spirit of good fellowship and a good Mariner!

WILLIAM M. MAHER,
Ring Chairman





DRILL SQUAD

*M*UCH credit must go to the Class of 1950 for the forming of the, now well known, Maine Maritime Academy Crack Drill Squad. Being the first class to have a Drill Squad, many comments, not always encouraging, were thrown at them. In their first few days of practice, they could be seen in the old historical Fort George, where the "Red Coats" drilled over two centuries ago, going through fundamental maneuvers over and over again until they became second nature to all of them. Gradually new movements were introduced and continually practiced.

Then came the day when they showed the rest of the battalion, at the weekly personnel inspection and battalion review, the results of their hard work. They proved that the time they put in practicing had not been wasted.

From Orono to San Juan



*C. Pelley
Drill Master*





HALLOWELL

They soon won recognition from the officers, became an individual section in the battalion formation, and had a squad the whole Academy was proud of.

The members still remember their nervousness while giving their first public exhibition, at a football game in Brewer. But even this did not stop them from drawing gasps from the crowd while they performed involved maneuvers. The relief could be seen in the faces of the squad as they marched off at the end of this demonstration. With this first exhibition under their belt, they have given many more with ease and confidence.

Their intricate drills have held crowds amazed wherever they have



"Drop Those Hands Smartly Son"



"Dress It Up!"

Where's Joe?

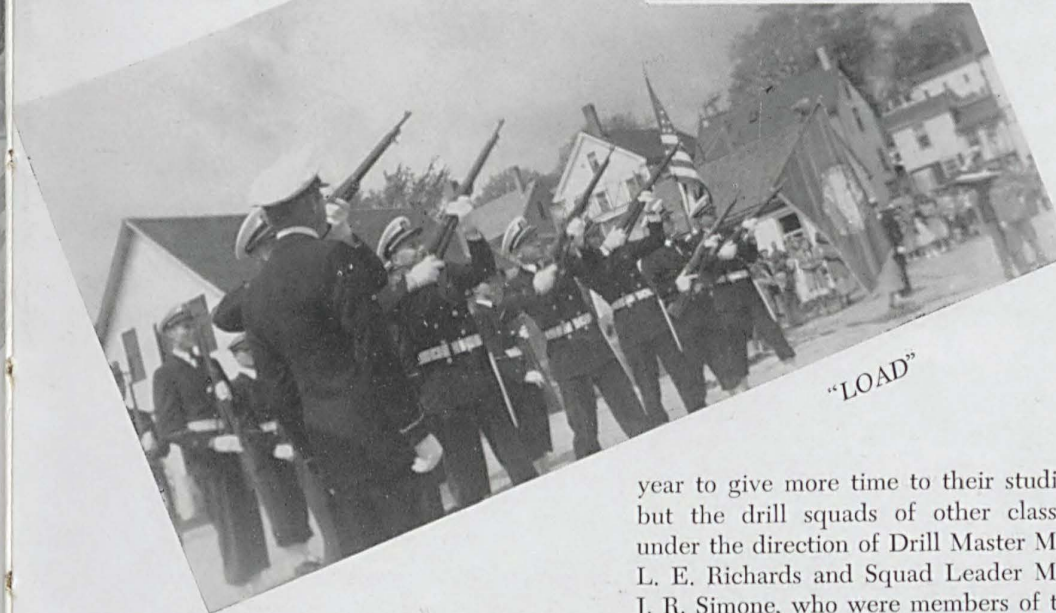


drilled; some of the places are San Juan, Puerto Rico; St. Petersburg, Florida; Portland, Bangor, and many other cities and towns throughout the state.

Some of the members of the original crack Drill Squad had to leave its ranks after the first year because of other duties, but other members of the class of '50 filled in the empty places



One Whistle or Two?



"LOAD"

and under the critical eyes of the squad leader and the veterans in the squad, they were able to continue where the others left off.

The group disbanded in their last

The Colby Game



year to give more time to their studies, but the drill squads of other classes, under the direction of Drill Master Mid. L. E. Richards and Squad Leader Mid. J. R. Simone, who were members of the squad of the class of 1950, have filled their shoes and are doing their part in making the squad a traditional unit of the Academy.

D. Skoog
W. Bailey
E. Bailey
J. Pilon
H. Hugo
N. Megquier
J. Simone
R. Weston
D. Rosenberg

L. Zulka
D. Edwards
L. Lowell
L. Richards
A. Mitchell
B. McLean
P. Sias
F. KomLosy
W. Maher
A. Fowler

The New Pelley



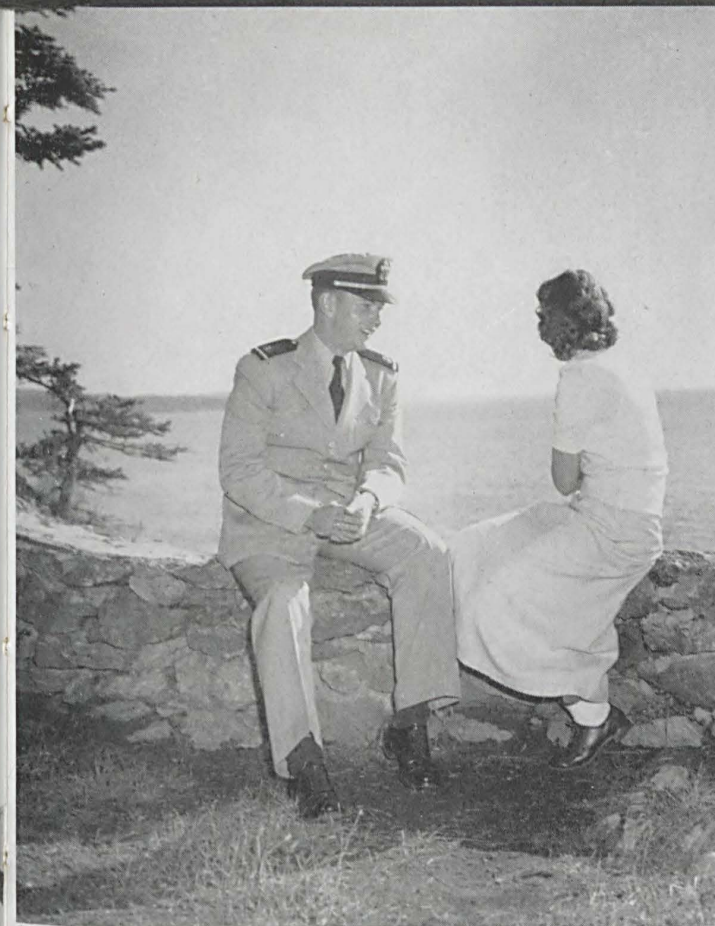
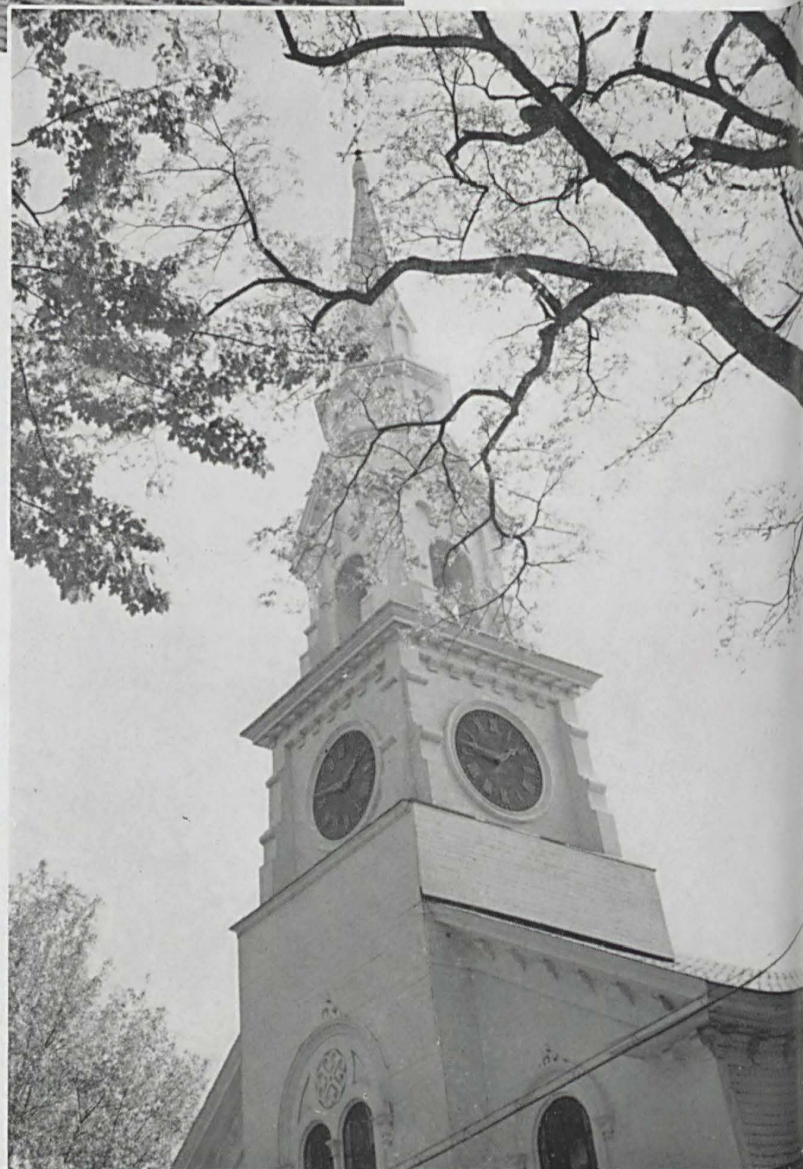
TOWN LIBERTY



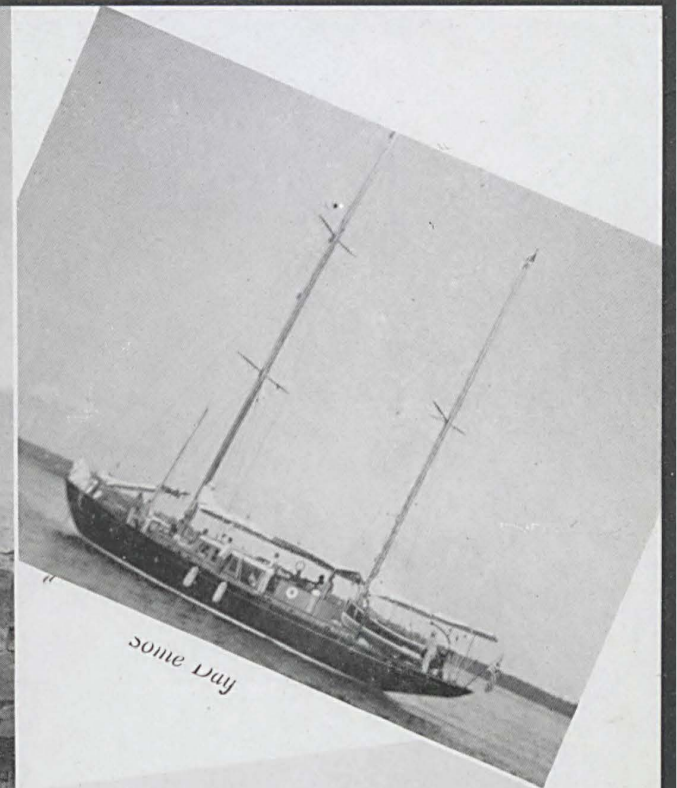
Beautiful the Year Round

SITUATED at the foot of the hill just below the Maine Maritime Academy, the business district of historic old Castine carries on its various functions in traditional New England style. In buildings that post date many of our grandfathers, a substantial amount of trade concerns itself with the midshipman body.

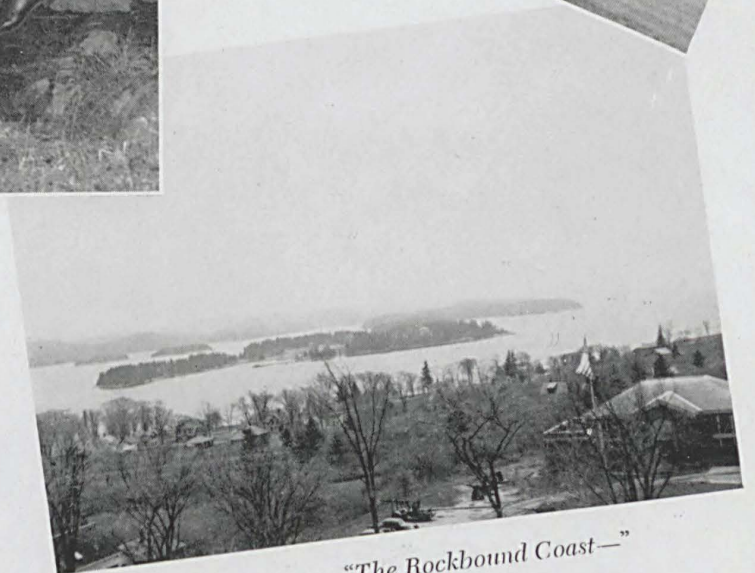
Ma McLeod's Sandwich Ship is a favorite hangout, with the Village Drug Store, Macomber's and the theatre closely following in popularity. As much as we kidded Ma and her fabulous stories with prices to match, the town will forever live in any memory connected with our



"When I Was In Mobile—"



Some Day



"The Rockbound Coast—"



Ye Old Swimming Hole



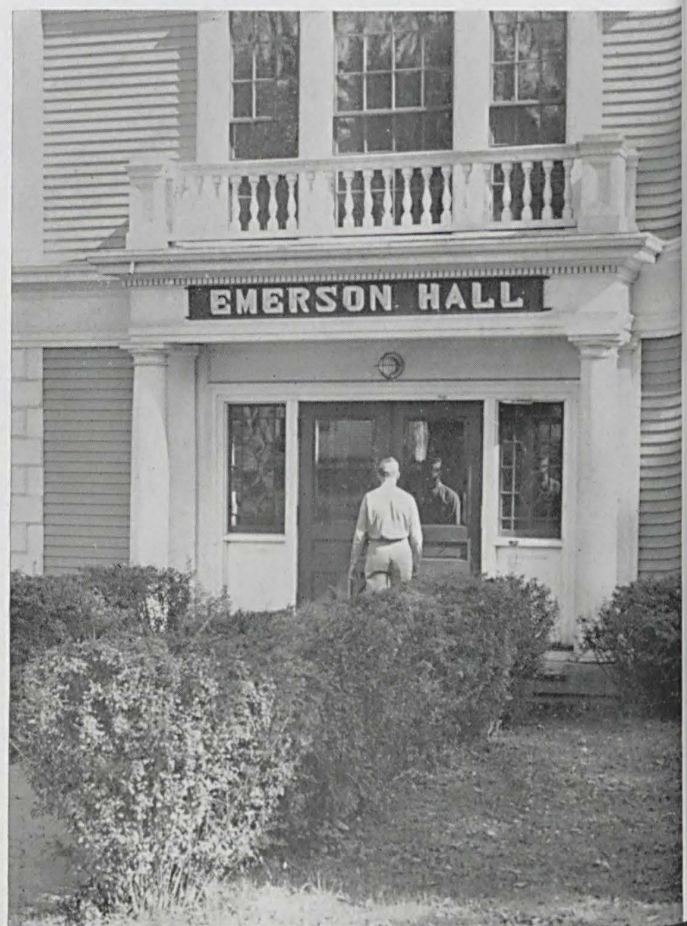


Time Was

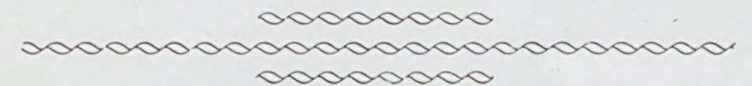
three years spent at the Academy.

Beautiful, with a quaint, rustic charm all its own, Castine has many churches; with Emerson Hall, the schools, the hospital, and magnificent summer homes, this town may indeed consider itself fortunate.

Enticing scenery, impressive coastline, and an enviable historic background are the ingredients that will forever bewitch those that would spend a peaceful summer among natural beauty.



Castine Sick Bay

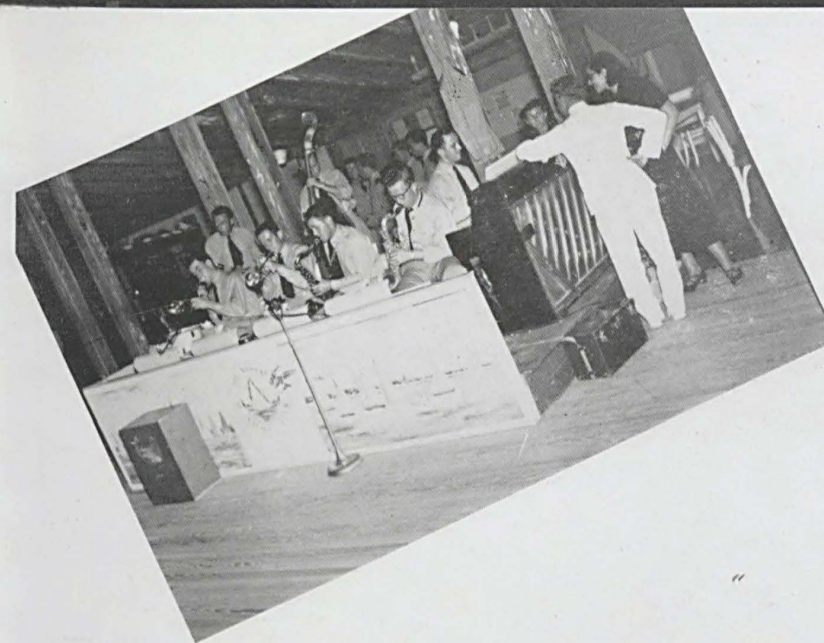


Battle Line For Four Nations





COMBO



During our last cruise, the Combo was formed by leader Rene LeClair to take the place of the old orchestra. With a lot of hard practice and some new arrangements the members really produced a worthwhile outfit.

Playing for dances wasn't their only job, however, because they enlivened many movie sessions giving out with a good jam session. Probably their most memorable date was the dance at the Nassau Yacht Club, where the picture on the opposite page was taken. For the small amount of time that the Combo was with us, it certainly has proven itself to be a valuable asset.

Combo Members include:

Front Row (left to right): Ted Manduca, Rene LeClair, Fred Ganter, Chet Fossett.
Back Row (left to right): Pee Wee Philbrick, Bill Bailey, Fred KomLosy, Jack Passon.



MAINE MAST



Mid. Perry 2/C, Asst. Ed.; Lt. Comdr. Small, U.S.M.S., Advisor; Mid. Rosenberg 1/C, Editor

A Monthly Publication for the Midshipmen, Alumni and Friends of the
Maine Maritime Academy, Castine, Me.

Mid. KomLosy, Mid. Sias, Mid. Koppenberger



MAINE MAST STAFF

Mid. Rosenberg Editor
Mid. Perry Assistant Editor

BOARD OF EDITORS

Mids. Sias and Martin Sports
Mid. LeClair Music
Mid. KomLosy Photography

ASSOCIATE

Mid. Koppenberger
Mid. Wood

ALUMNI NEWS

Ed. Langlois

ADVISOR

Lt. Comdr. H. E. Small, U.S.M.S.



Vol. 7
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
1949

Anchor Dropped April 3; End of '49 Cruise

Log of The American Sailor

The U. S. N. S. T. V. American Sailor weighed anchor on January 1949 on the first leg of its Caribbean cruise. This cruise, a yearly happening here at the Academy is looked forward to by the two upper classes, and taken with a great deal of wonderment by the underclass.

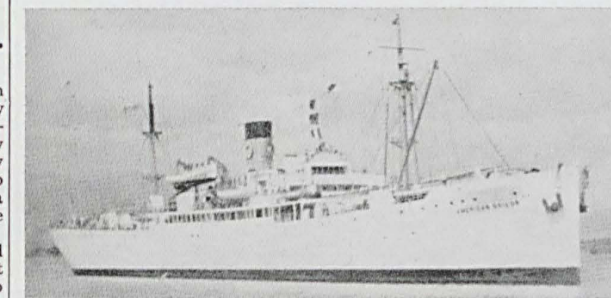
We directed our ship's head toward Boston, Mass., as our first stop. A scheduled fueling stop turned out to be a four-day stay to undergo engine room repairs not done at the Mobile, Alabama shipyard. Upon the completion of these repairs, we steamed out of Boston Harbor and directed our course southward. En route to the first port of call, San Juan, Puerto Rico, a noticeable change in weather was noticed by all hands. The cold dark days of northern winter turned to warm and beautifully clear days of the tropical winter. The color of the water changed from a deep gray to beautiful colors of green and blue, a nature's wonderland for all on board to view. The 7-day trip to San Juan served as a period of readjustment of the junior and senior classes, and a period of looking all over the vessel for fifty feet of shore line, a bucket of steam, and many other articles in common use on shipboard for the underclass.

The great day finally arrived, San Juan loomed up in the calm blue sea ahead of us. A great deal of organized confusion took place getting the ship squared away for entry into the port.

Our first view of the city was Fort Morro, a stronghold for the defenders of the beautiful city during the days of pirates and privateers. An avenue of beautiful gardens and majestic palm trees formed the avenue of approach to the docking pier.

One of the highlights of our visit to San Juan was the review given by the midshipmen for the Commanding Officer of the naval base there. The M. M. A. drill squad was lauded for its precise

(Continued on Page 8)



Festivities Scheduled For Maritime Day

For the past sixteen years, the United States has paid tribute to the American Merchant Marine by celebrating May 22nd as National Maritime Day. This is the anniversary of the sailing in 1819, of the little American steamship Savannah from the port of the same name on what proved to be the first successful crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by a steam-propelled vessel. The Savannah was the fore-runner of the modern steam vessels of today and, according to President Truman's proclamation of April 22, 1948, "constituted a significant milestone in the advancement of ocean transportation". As such the Savannah is deserving of a prominent place in history.

This year Maritime Day was celebrated here at the Academy in ostentatious style. A buffet supper and dance were the high points of the evening. Our guests arrived in the latter part of the afternoon by private conveyance and the Academy bus. At 1830 the guests were conducted by their escorts to the Mess Hall to partake in a buffet supper, under the able supervision of Warren C. Hamm, the Academy Cadet Master at Arms. King Neptune's Palace Chef McLeod with his able crew honored us with food fit for the Royal palate.

After the buffet supper, the guests inspected the Academy

grounds under the able guidance of their escorts. At 2015 all paths led to the elaborately decorated gymnasium for the much awaited dance. A great effort had been made to decorate the gym to suit His Royal Majesty's taste, created by two fine artists, Fred Komlosy, and Dick Aldrich-Ames. Together, they transformed the basketball court to the weather-deck of our training ship American Sailor. The beautifully appointed lounge and refreshment room were due to the untiring efforts of Midshipmen Lou Zulka, and Jake Alpert. The Court orchestra, under the Royal baton of Rene LeClair furnished all present with a series of really mellow musical arrangements.

Twenty-five young ladies from the University of Maine were guests of those midshipmen whose "one and only" was unavailable. Miss Edith Wilson, Dean of Women at Maine once again very kindly cooperated with Midshipmen Pouliot and Webber to supply the lack of girls.

Intermission was highlighted by the serving of refreshments in the lounge.

At the completion of the festivities, our guests prepared for the long journey home.

The Dance Committee wishes to thank all those who participated in making this dance a success.

New Head of Engineering Department

Captain George E. Peterson U. S. N. retired is taking the place of Commander Raymond G. Stewart as head of the Engineering Department at Maine Maritime.

Captain Peterson comes to the Academy after spending twenty-three years with the United States Navy. He graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland in 1924. After his graduation he served on active duty with the Navy on cruisers, destroyers and in the submarine service. In 1931 he returned to Annapolis as an instructor and remained there until 1933.

Since then Captain Peterson has had many tours of duty. Until 1939 he was on duty at the Portsmouth Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. From there he went to China to serve until 1941. Upon returning from China he was stationed on a submarine tender at the sub base at New London, Connecticut and was there until the middle of 1942.

When it finally became evident that the United States was compelled to send aid to the Allies in Europe, he was dispatched to Washington to assist in preparing the North African invasion. A short while later he was sent to North Africa with an Advance Base Unit for two and one half years. From the North African campaign, he was sent back to Washington where he served with the Bureau of Ships. He retired in early 1944.

At the present time Captain Peterson's wife and two children are living in New London, Connecticut.

Besides being head of the Engineering Department, he teaches Electricity, Boilers and Diesel Engines.

ORCHESTRA



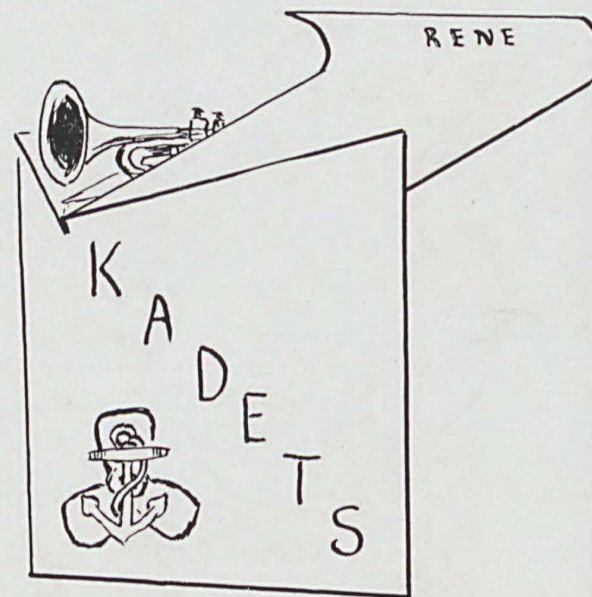
WHEN anyone mentions the orchestra, it's usually to talk over some of the good old times we had on the cruise. On the last cruise we played in every port. When a dance was mentioned for the midshipmen in San Juan, the orchestra was quick to take its cue. The dance was held at the Officers' Beach Club. It made a beautiful setting for a dance; moonlit sea, open patio, dancing under the stars—I think I might safely assume that everyone had a good time.

Our next stop was in St. Thomas, V. I. Here we played for an informal gathering of Army and Naval officers and their wives. We played to a full house, and when the time came when we should have been playing our theme song, we were still playing requests for the danceable pleasure of all present.

The following week we played at the swank Lido Club in Port de France, Martinique. It was a joint affair, with a local orchestra playing half the music. The French are generous people and the champagne was on the house for the night. Needless to say at about eleven fifteen, the boys were having a difficult time reading their music. But in

the general atmosphere of the club, I don't think anyone noticed it.

On the way to Barbados, we anchored off the small island of St. Lucia. We stayed there one night, and on that night we played for the soldiers based at the field. What a shindig that turned out to be. The people



there hadn't heard American music for a long time, and when they did they literally went wild. Anyone who was there will tell you it was one of the best times he's had in his life.

Before we even arrived in Barbados, they knew about our orchestra and we were booked to play for two dances. One we played at the Barbados Aquatic Club and the other we played at the beautiful Morgan Club, situated on the outskirts of the city itself.

Trinidad was next to play host to our music. We almost caused a minor war between the C. P. O. Club and the Officers' Club. It seems that someone got the wrong word; we were supposed to play at both clubs on the same night. Needless to say, we played at the Officers' Club.

In Curacao the Dutch people amazed us all—they knew more about jitterbugging than most Americans. We were more than willing to supply the tempo.

Mrs. MacKenzie was in Santo Domingo, and through her connections arranged two more dances for the midshipmen. No one will deny that the girls from Trujillo City had a charm all their own.

In the next port, Santiago de Cuba, our record was almost broken, due to international relations being strained, no one was allowed to go ashore. Although we did not play for a dance, we did play for a smoker on the after-deck of the American Sailor.

Looking back on the cruise, no one will deny that the orchestra was an important asset to the recreational enjoyment of all present.



THE BAY



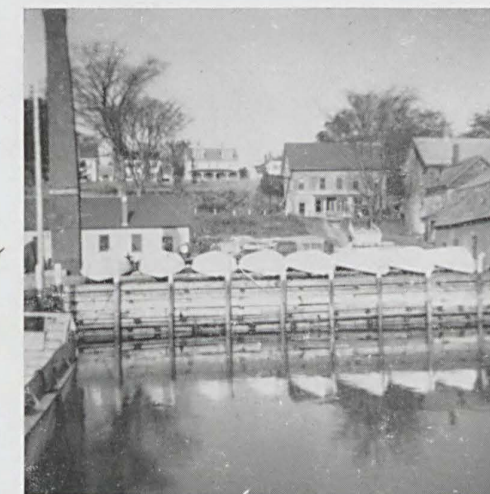
THIS BAY, so typically Maine, with its bold headlands, and tree covered islands, its many inlets and its icy waters . . . the scene of centuries of conflict and peaceful living, of brigs and schooners, frigates and ships of the line . . . carved out eons ago by the great glaciers, so it has remained through the ages, and so it will remain long after we have made our last voyage. For many of us, it was our first introduction to the sea; for all of us it was the proving ground for our classroom instruction.

We recall our first trip on the tug *Pentagoet* to Belfast, how we scrambled ashore for our first "liberty". Seeking out a local drugstore we flattered the soda jerk, saying "yes sir" and "no sir" to him, a throwback to our indoctrination as "young men."

The *Pentagoet*—the original ugly duckling to casual observers, but to Chuck Tumey she was the *Queens* and the *Corsair* rolled into one; she was his baby, and she knew it.

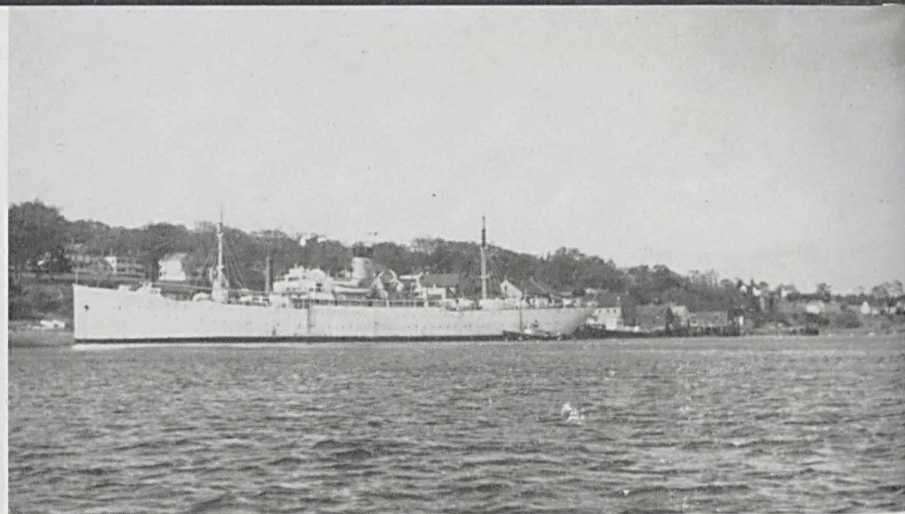
We recall the afternoon Chuck shoved off, leaving one of the engineers ashore with the crank handle to the generator. When the sun went down, the *Pentagoet* was without her running lights and far from the dock. Undismayed, and with the aid of several candles mounted around the binnacle so the helmsman could see and with diesel oil burning feebly in the side lights, we picked up the welcome buoy at the entrance to the harbor and returned to our berth.

And the time Commander Shaw took the sub-chaser up the Penobscot to Bucksport. On the way back (and those aboard at the time will swear this is true) a rock, not an ordinary rock but the intelligent type found only in Penobscot Bay, mischievously threw a block on the gallant craft and bent her—



Like Birds on a Fence

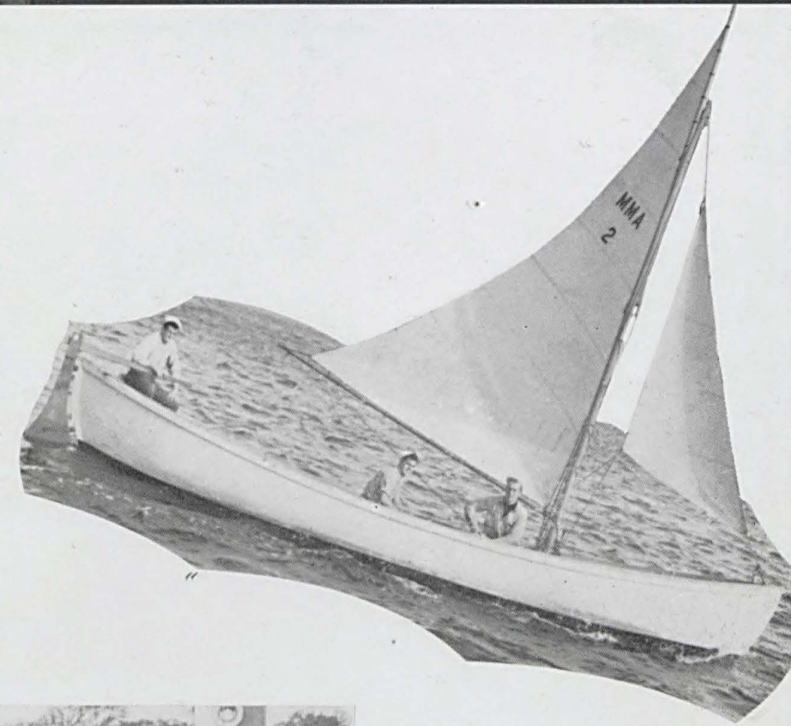




propeller shaft. The next day the sub-chaser was beached and the damage repaired.

Remember the small boats classes, how we used to row across the river and beach our boat (the bos'n didn't know it). Some went swimming, most preferred to loll in the sun, while others went exploring.

The bay is exceptionally beautiful at night with a full moon lighting up the water. Moonlight sails weren't the gen-





"I Must Go Down to the Sea Again"



Sub Chaser—Compliments of Seamans

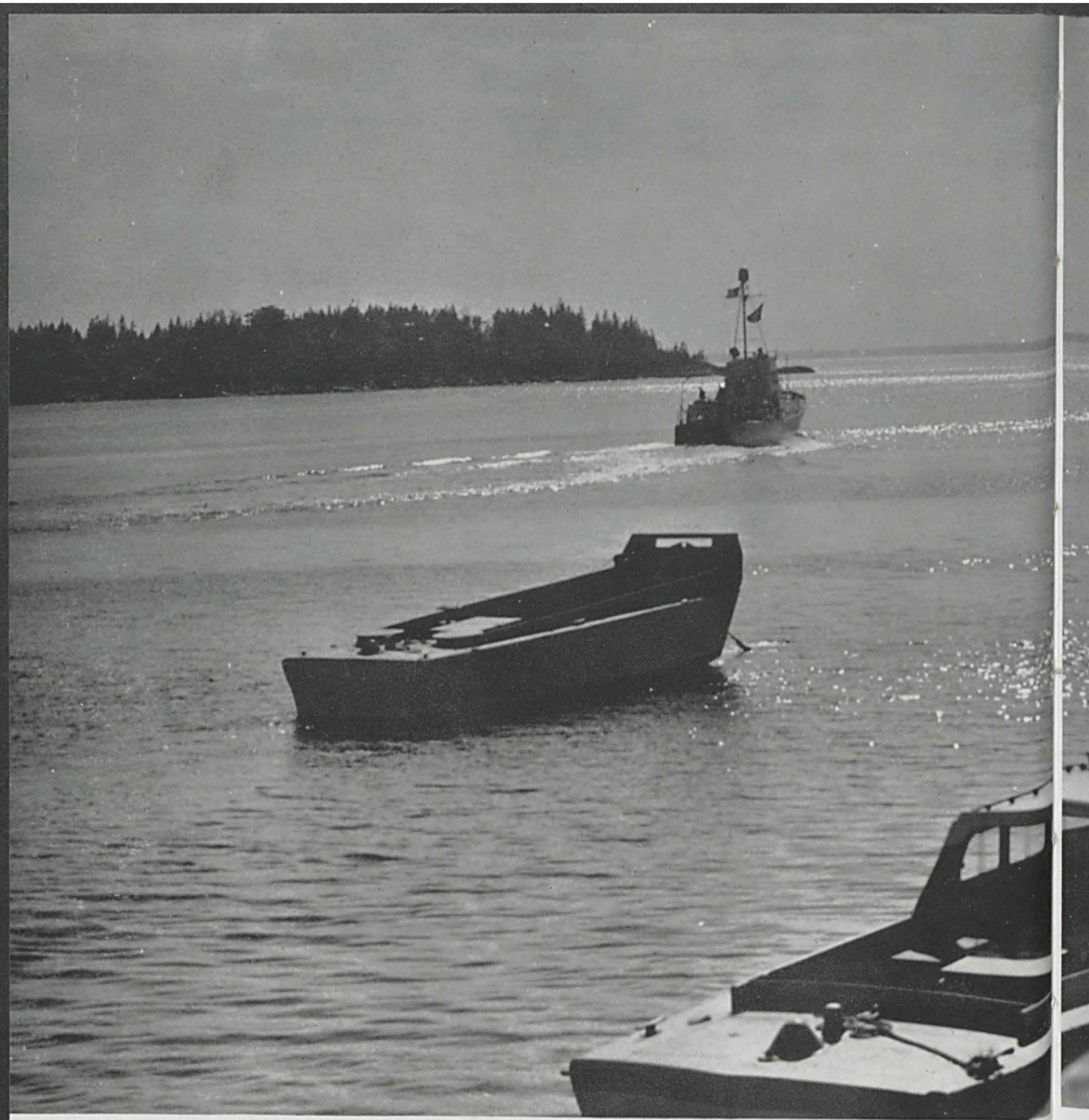
eral rule for midshipmen, but some of the boys got adventurous, or perhaps romantic, and one evening at midnight rigged up one of the boats and took a trip. All this was not exactly approved of by the powers that be, although they were happy about the whole thing at that time.

Each of us, to a man, will not deny

the thrill when, our cruises ended, we sailed up this bay to Castine. By then we had entered many other beautiful harbors, but not even the tropical ones could vie for the place in our hearts that this one held. Always typically New England in appearance, its islands, bleak and silent, surveying us as we surveyed them, the cold gray water, nevertheless, welcomed the keel

Castine Beachhead



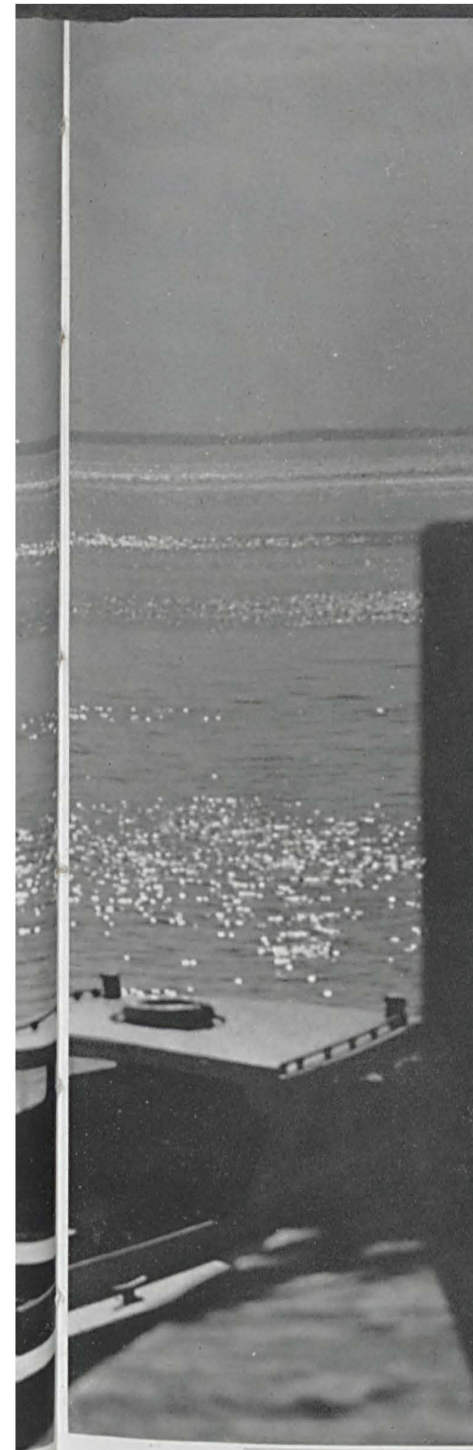


of our ship in its own New England way and we knew we were home.

The beauty of the bay at sunrise often made up for the boredom of a 4-8 ship or dock watch. Here was tranquility in the first degree. The first few rays of the rising sun extinguishing the running lights of heaven as the deep silence was

broken by the doleful wailing of a gull or the distant quacking of a squadron of ducks.

So this was Penobscot Bay. To be sure, there are others in Maine—Quoddy, Frenchman's, Muscongus, and Casco, each as beautiful in its own way, but to those who were midshipmen at



“Castine this expanse of water was theirs by right of adoption. There is no question in our minds over who adopted who—it was a mutual transaction. Wherever we may sail and long after the last of us has laid aside his wrench or his sextant there will be a distant reverence within for the place where we first learned our trade, Penobscot Bay.



AS THE years roll by and we look back to the days of our Academy life, we associate major events with our everyday activities, such as the cruise, changing from a freshman to the middle class, the football season, the beginning of a new term, and graduation. Associated with these events was, of course, our dances—one major compound in blending together our pleasurable three years as cadets.

To list all of the many dances and their individual aspects would be a difficult problem. However, one thing is certain, few schools can claim the originality and continuous success of their dances as we of M. M. A. can.

As freshmen, the news of a dance was music to our ears. We had been under the iron hand for many weeks and now at last a dance (just for us, they said) (and on our duty weekend, too) with much anticipation we proceeded with our plans. Some would have to solve their personal problems of transportation for their girls, others had faith in the "yellow streak" that would bring blind dates from the U. of M.

Morgan Club

DANCES



The night of the dance arrived and we were overjoyed. Everything was prepared; the orchestra was tuned up, and the mess deck and auditorium elaborately decorated.

Everything went smoothly for most of us. However, those with blind dates had their problems. In some cases the method of choosing their blind date was the cinderella method—receive a shoe from a pile and find which lucky lady owned its twin. This produced difficulties in that our upperclass usually knew ahead of time the method and had their shoes all picked out. Oh, well, we were going to be seniors some day. Often when it was cold we disbursed with the cinderella system and went by height, which was very satisfactory.

Bow Lookout?



Entering the mess hall we enjoyed fine food (usually bringing our personal food bill up quite a bit) with an equally fine atmosphere.

After we had eaten we proceeded to the auditorium or gymnasium for the dance.

To many of us, these dances were an experience few of us ever enjoyed before, for it could easily be seen that the decorations which usually festivated the spirit of the classes were composed with great skill and hours of preparation.





Lido Club, Martinique

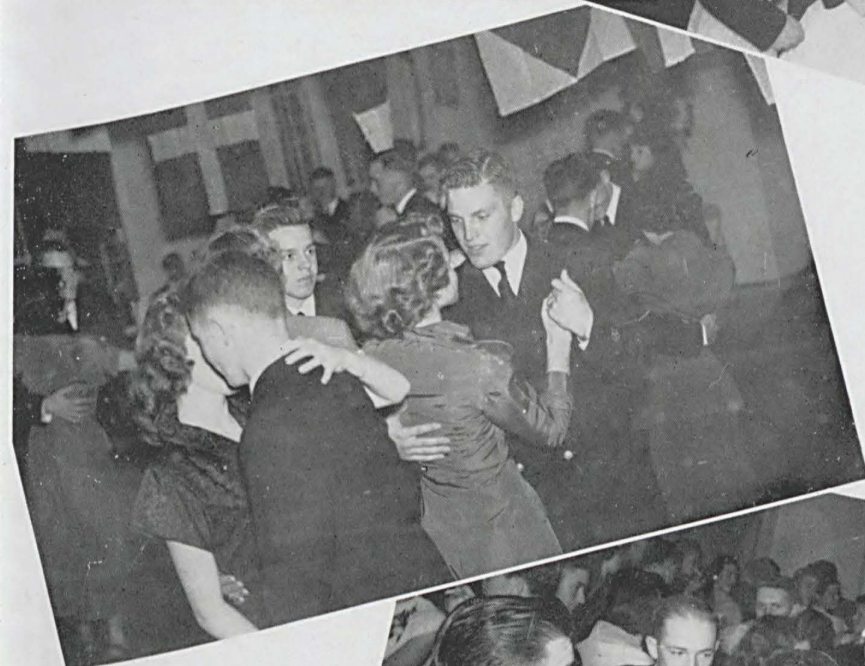
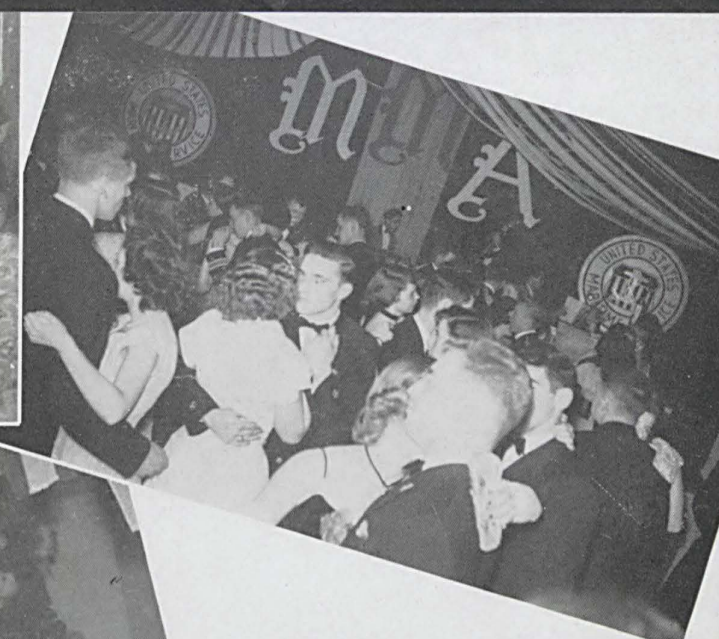
To Fred KomLosy, a true artist, we accredit much of this work. Our orchestra, led ably by Rene LeClair, was, of course, the determining point for our success. His love of rehearsals with the Kadets proved worthwhile, for his orchestra was heartily accepted by those fortunate enough to hear them.

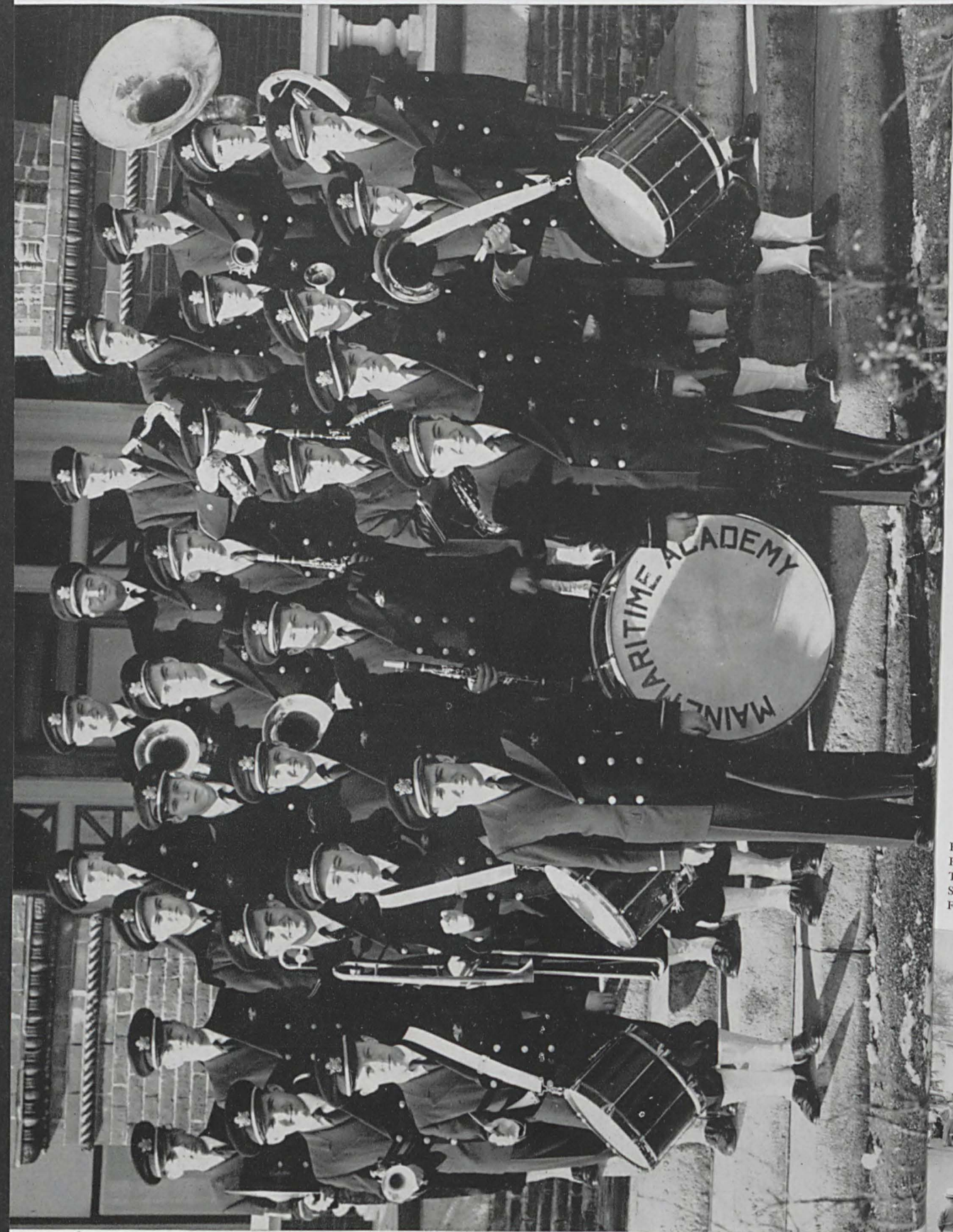
Babados



Lt. Commander Small, who was the advisor to the dances, was always right at hand to aid in preparing our dances. We will always remember him for his untiring efforts.

For the class of '50 there will always stand out above all our fall of '49 dance, when we celebrated our defeat over Massachusetts Maritime Academy. All too well none of us will forget our graduation dance, for it was the final ingredient that completed our activities as cadets.





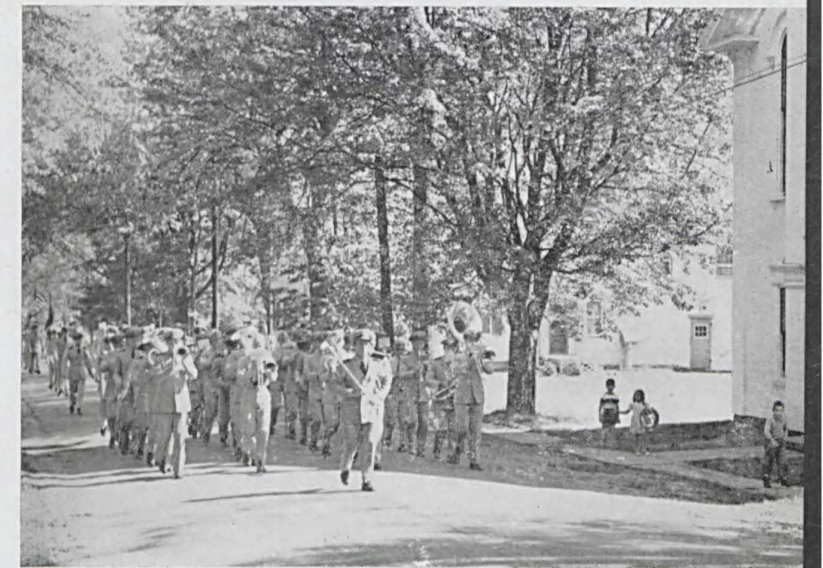
far
con
know
fun
Batt
sary
the
citi
Bro
bee
Fes

Back 1
Fourth
Third
Second
First R



QUIET, KNOCK IT OFF! These familiar strains can be heard coming from the corner of the Battalion, when at formation, known as the Band. The Band is an important function at the Academy, adding color to the Battalion and supplying the rhythm so necessary to marching men. In the past three years the Band has accepted invitations to play in cities and towns such as Bangor, Bucksport, Brooks, Hallowell, Waterville, and has twice been a part of the festivities at the Lobster Festival in Rockland.

Back Row (left to right): H. Brown, Voelker, Robins, Fossett, Charron, O'Donnell.
Fourth Row: Gamache, Blethen, Marriner, Curtiss, Savelle, Hopkins, Kelly, Michaud, Johnston.
Third Row: Joseph, Manduca, Hodge, Morgan, Martin, Swan, Sparta.
Second Row: Sewall, D. C. Evans, Ketchen, Cummings.
First Row: Bandmaster LeClair, Drum Major Philbrick.



B
A
N
D

The 31 members of the Band are men who have had previous experience while members of their high school organizations. Some have gone a little further and have played professionally. A rehearsal is held once each week to practice old and new marches. The library of the Band consists of some of the better known marches and a few light classics. The latter being introduced in the past year to the Academy by Bandmaster LeClair. The members of the senior class who have taken part in the Band are proud to have been a part of this organization, which has contributed much to the Academy in the three years they have been here.



SMOKERS



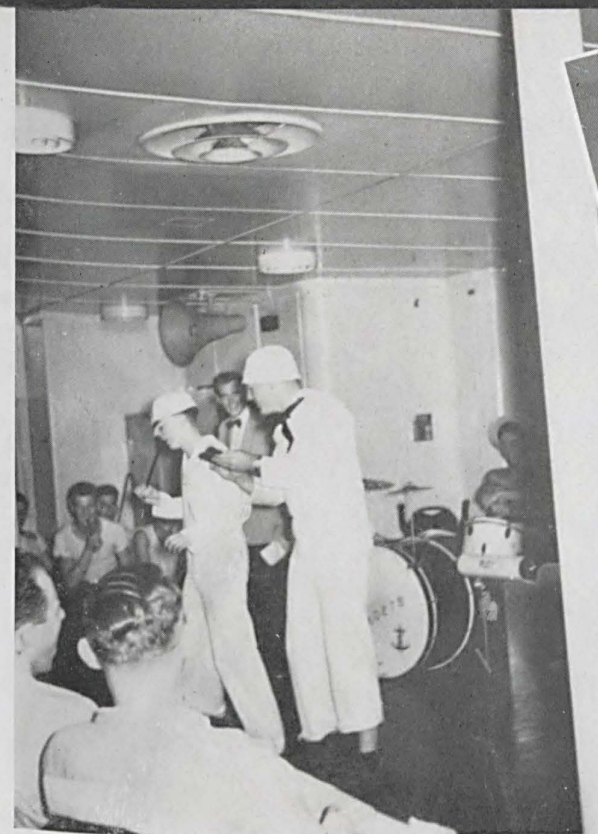
The Girls!

EVERY MIDSHIPMAN at one time or another will look upon the Smokers as one of the pleasantest forms of recreation that the academy and midshipmen body provided. During our first two years, Ernie Collar ably served as master of ceremonies, while Bob Bent took over the chores for Kadet Kapers and subsequent Smokers.

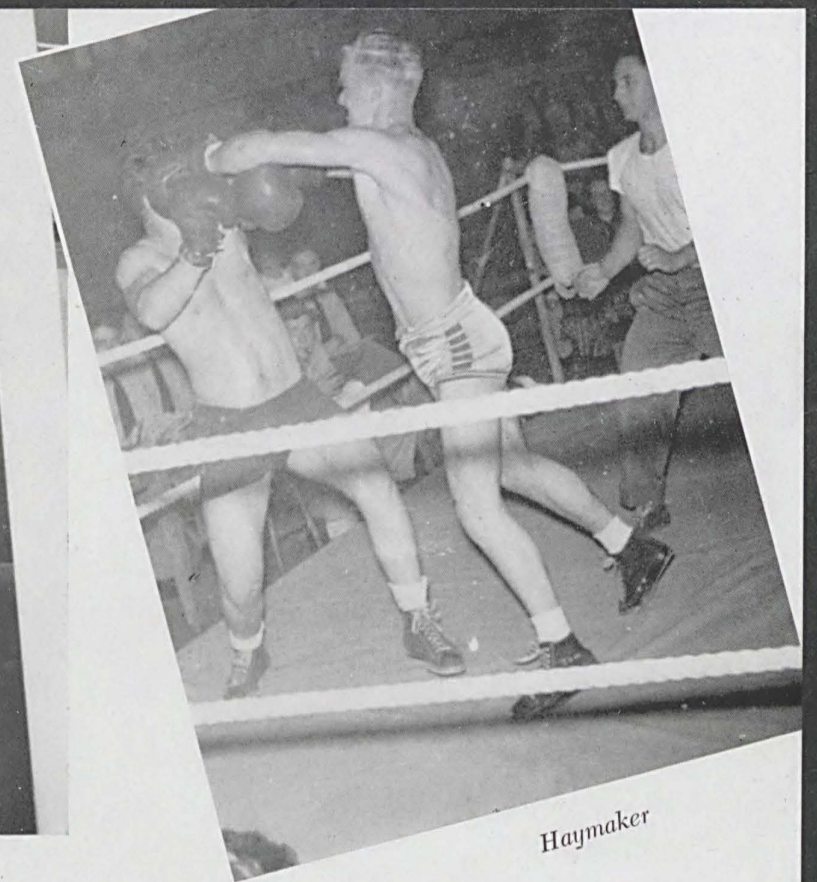
Acts ranged from boxing exhibitions to just plain exhibitions. Many a frustrated Jimmie Durante got a chance to get in his humorous licks by cavorting in the gym, assembly hall and even on the good ship American Sailor. One of the reasons these skits proved so popular was that the Smokers were great little "equalizers". Officers, upperclassmen and other officious characters were treated to many a verbal "riding" and it was to their credit that it was all taken in the spirit of fun. Though many will forget their Rules of the Road and engineering formulas I'm sure they'll all remember Rocky Giles swinging down off the mast or the other hilarious acts that went into the Smokers.



Just singing in the rain



Foo Foo Sniff

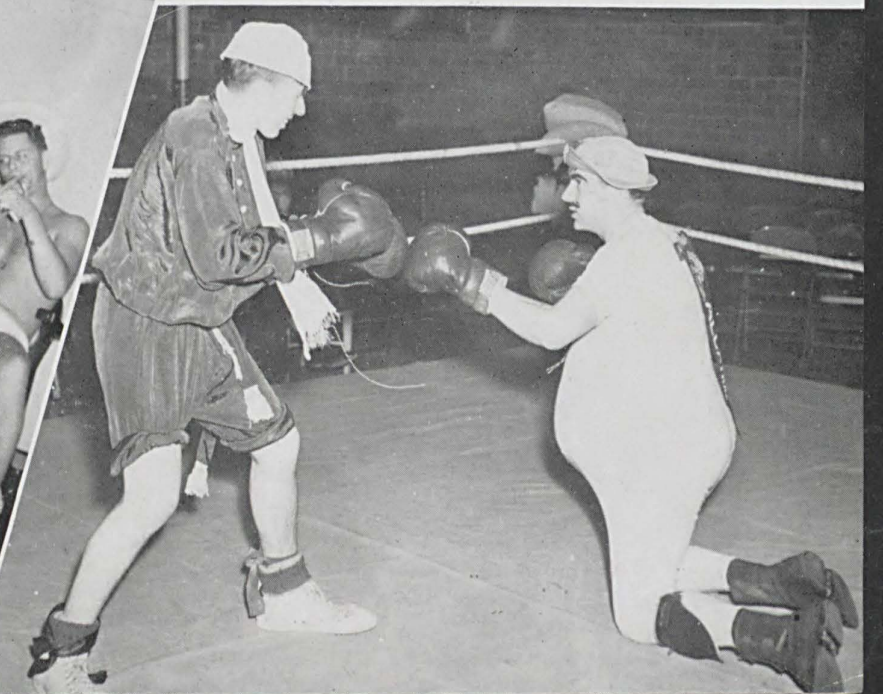


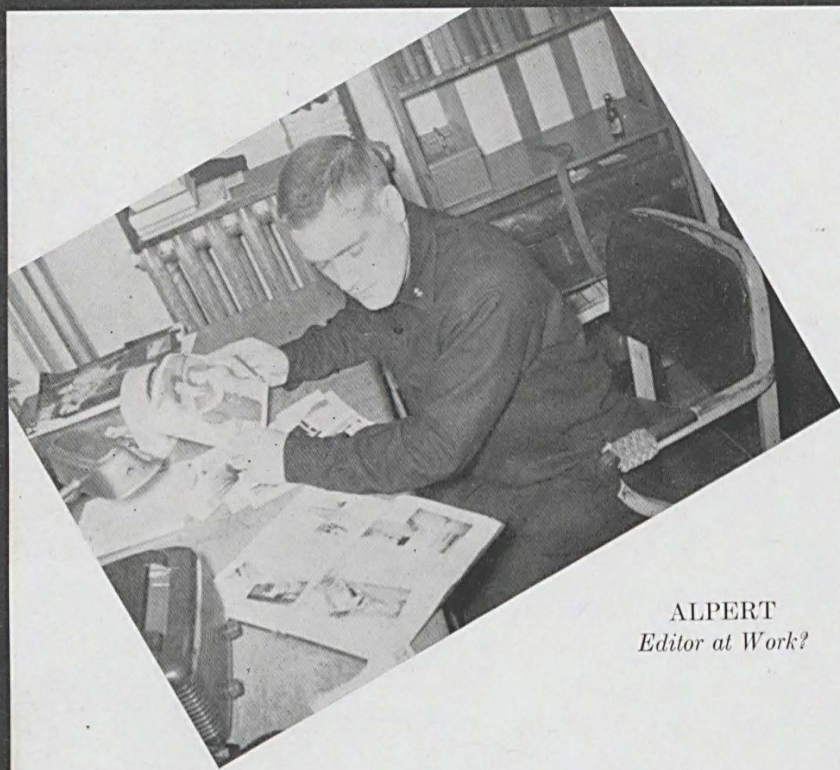
Haymaker



Rene's Rockets

"Slugfest"





ALPERT
Editor at Work?

TRICK'S END

WE, THE STAFF of the Trick's End, have tried, in this publication, to give to the Class of 1950 a literal and pictorial summary of our three

years spent as Midshipmen at the Maine Maritime Academy. That we have succeeded, even in part, is due to the untiring efforts of these midshipmen who gave unstintingly of their time and energy — the executive board.

Comprising the Executive Board were: Bob Bent, Fred KomLosy, Chris Donahue, Bill Welch and Chet Fossett, who took over Don Rosenberg's job. Compiling a volume of this magnitude involved a great amount of work and quite naturally the burden fell heavily on those that were willing to share the responsibilities of making it a truly representative year book. Of special note

was the art and photographic work done by Fred KomLosy and the writing and mocking up of the three cruises by Bob Bent. All the rough longhand copy was soon turned into smooth, typewritten pages by Robie Robins.



ROBINS
Typographical Error

FOSSETT
Addition to Executive Board

To every Editor there comes the financial problem; it is our hope that every yearbook is fortunate enough to acquire the services of a stalwart Advertising Manager, like Jerry Cummings.



BENT
Writer at Large

While much of our time was taken up by various work on the yearbook we will feel that it has been more than worthwhile if we have depicted even a small amount of the activities engaged in by the Class of 1950.



KOMLOSY
Artistic Integrity



CADET OFFICERS

WILLIAM M. MAHER
Battalion Commander

LOUIS ZULKA, JR.
Battalion Executive

DENNIS R. SKOOG
Battalion Adjutant

RICHARD L. MACLEAN
Battalion Administrator

WILLIAM K. LANE
A Company Commander

JAMES T. GARDENIER
First Platoon Leader

JOSEPH V. FINN
Second Platoon Leader

DONALD T. EDWARDS
B Company Commander

PETER KOPPENBERGER, JR.
First Platoon Leader

PHILIP B. SCHUYLER
Second Platoon Leader

JOSEPH G. LECLAIR
Bandmaster

ROBERT G. BENT
Master-at-Arms

JOSEPH R. SIMONE
Drill Master

Petty Officers

ALFRED R. PHILBRICK, RICHARD M. ANZELC, JOHN T. MOONEY, ROBERT N. NORDSTROM, MYRON R. SAWYER, CLAIR A. NICKERSON, JOSEPH C. PINETTE, ALBERT L. KENNEY



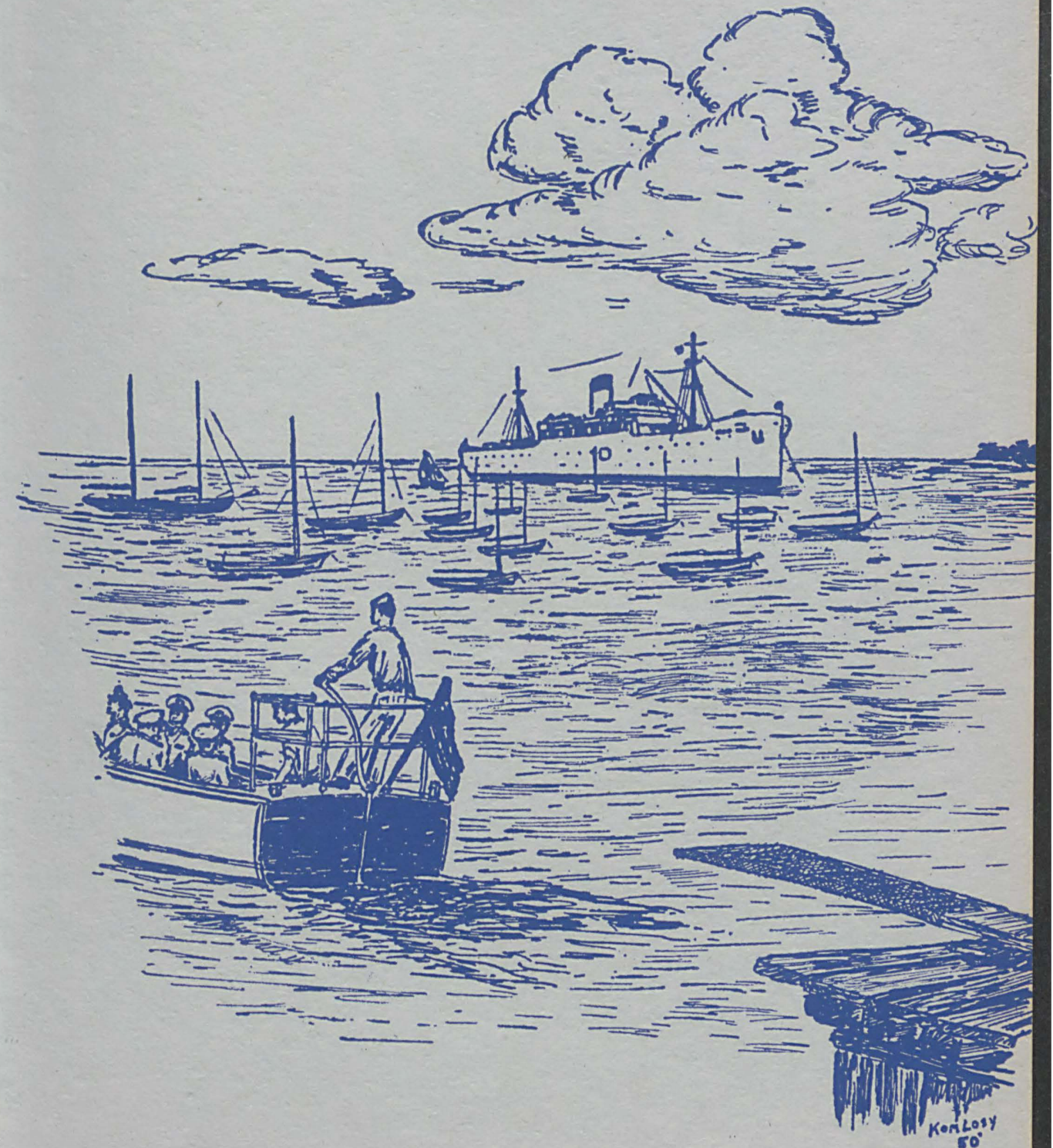
Color Guard

PETTY OFFICERS

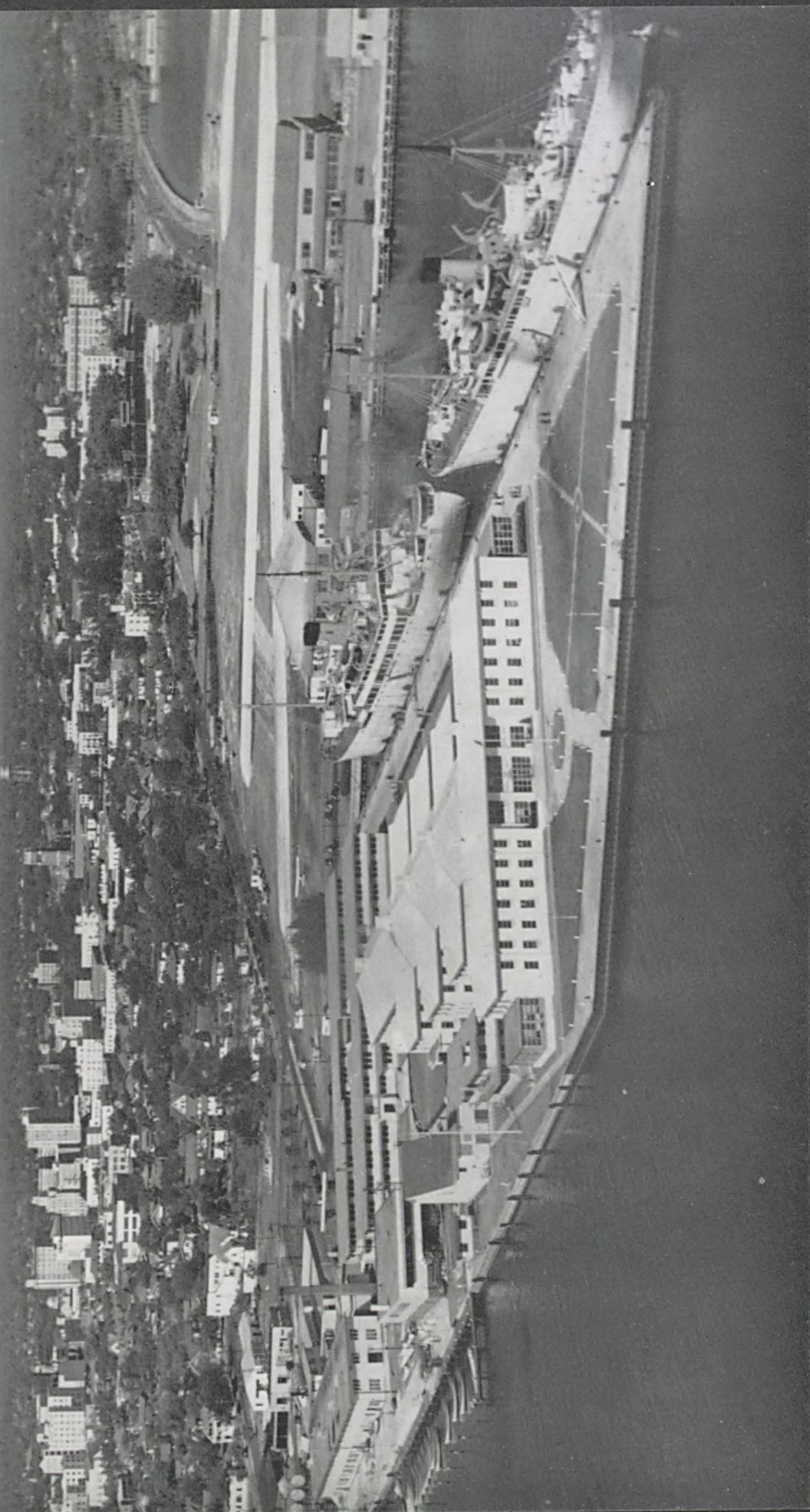
JOHN A. WHITE, JR., EUGENE V. GENDRON, PETER M. SIAS, ROBERT B. LESSELS.



CRUISE



FIRST CRUISE



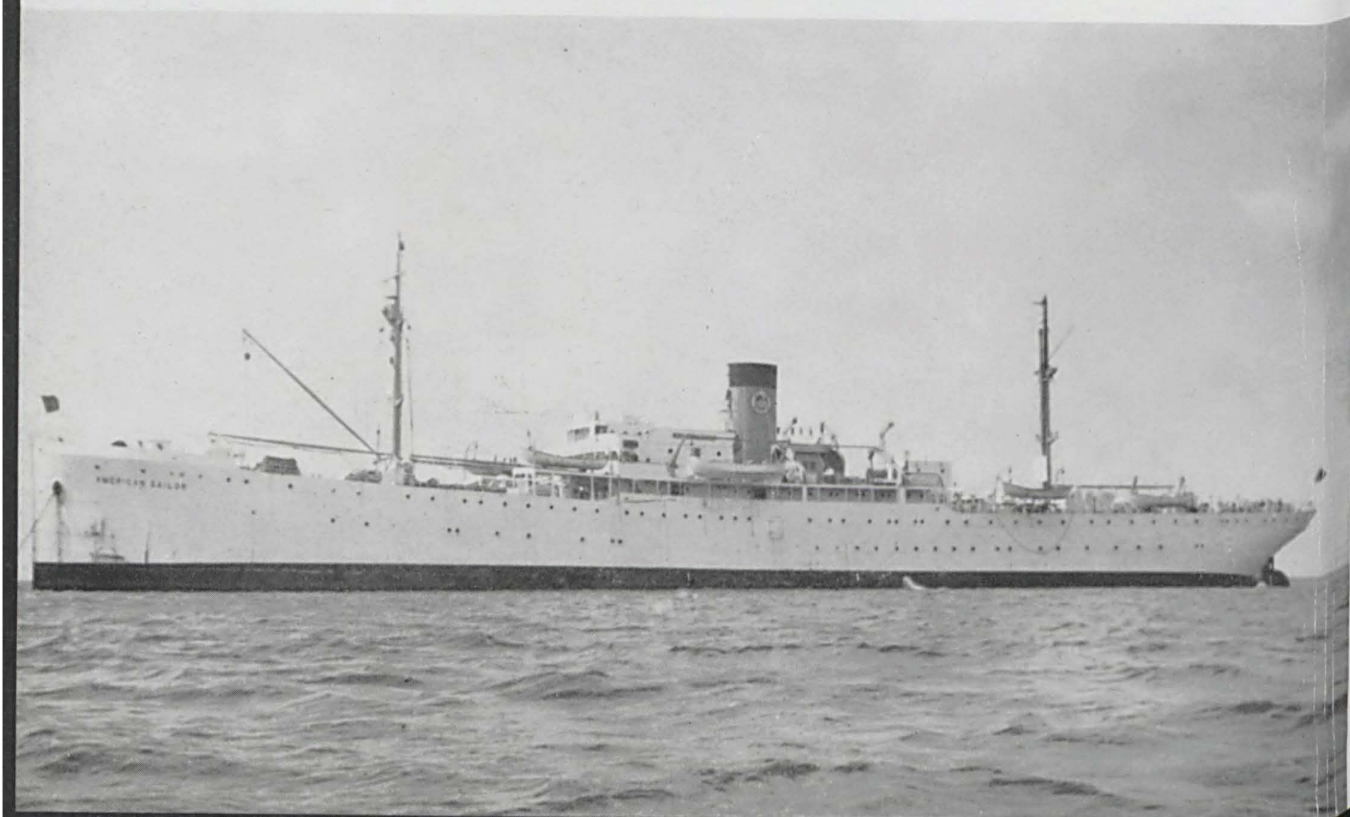
ST. PETE



Sittin' in the Sun

*I*T WAS cold and blustery in Maine that January day when the American Sailor was due from sunny Florida to tie up at our dock. Line handlers were detailed and waiting and she was a welcome sight as she rounded Dice's Head and made her way up the bay. Many of us Neophyte seamen got our first lesson in ship handling when Captain Coas dropped the hook and swung on the tide, then made his run to the dock. No sooner was she tied up, when Maine Maritime began to move aboard. Sea bags, foot lockers, crates and boxes of all sizes and description were borne aboard by anxious middies to compartments below where it was found that the sacks were three high, but oh so comfortable later that night. That afternoon the battalion marched from the Academy to the ship and as soon as all were aboard, we shoved off, but not for warmer climes just yet!

The next morning found us off the Portland Lightship, waiting for the Pilot to guide us in. It had grown bitterly cold and as the Sailor pushed her way through the gray water, the middies from the north joined sentiments with the Maritime Service trainees from the south in wishing for a quick voyage to





Festival

warmer regions. After picking up four metal lifeboats from the shipyard at South Portland, the Sailor weighed anchor and again headed south.

The morning of the next day found us at the entrance of the Cape Cod Canal and after a speedy trip through, we tied up at Hyannis, where the cadets from Massachusetts Maritime embarked. Later that afternoon we were at last on our way to St. Petersburg.

"Wait till we get off Hatteras," "the olde Saltes" had reminded us and not a few of us expected to be found hanging over the rail.

Who can forget the balmy Sunday afternoons at Spa Beach or sailing in the cerulean waters of Tampa Bay? The "million dollar" pier and the pelicans that would eat out of your hand. The fine dance given us at the swank Sorena Hotel? How many of us after having sampled the water in the fountain of youth decided in favor of the youth-giving liquids offered by the Checker Bar, and how come most of the beautiful women in the



Secure from drill

United States seem to spend their time in Florida?

Finally, the Mariner was adjudged to be in a ship-shape condition and, with not a little sorrow, we left St. Pete looking forward to our return visit there.

Tourist



Mass. Comes Aboard



Palmy Florida

Our next stop was Christobal, C. Z., and it was on the way that we first got to know the "Mariner." We found that she could pitch and roll to her heart's content and her engine room had the boys wishing they were back home in Maine. After all, 135 degrees without any ventilation was quite a change from the New England climes. One thing about the engine room, though, there was always something going on down there. Remember the number of oil can spouts that were bent out of shape by those who made the grade of main engine oiler? Somehow the eccentric arm always went up when it should have gone down! It was with some satisfaction that we "mugs" watched the upperclassmen pull an occasional "hot one," but Willie Maher was on the wrong side of an electric fan when Van Noet pulled his. Bill looked like a fugitive from a minstrel show as he headed for the showers.

Then there were the little brown boys



Southern Hospitality

coming up out of the bilges where they had been spending some spare time, and who can forget the shaft alley watch with Phil Black sitting in front of the tunnel entrance beneath his favorite blower reading the latest "Superman"?

We arrived at the Navy base at Coco Solo and got our first look at tropical scenery. That night the liberty party went ashore to Christobal and Colon to do the town. There was a dance for officers and midshipmen at

The Charleston



CANAL ZONE

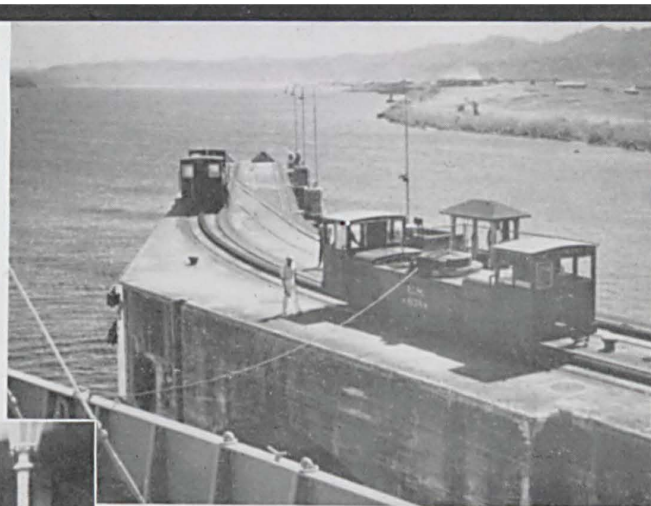


Doc's Place

the Y. M. C. A., while those who longed for the "Old Howard" type of entertainment found just that at the Florida and Copacabana clubs.

Here was a mixture of Old Spain and the New World. Spanish architecture abounded, lottery tickets were legal, narrow streets, dim-lighted doorways, dark-eyed señoritas—and above it all could be heard the overtone of

A Couple of Buddies



Canal Mule



America, for most everyone spoke English and were well accustomed to Americans.

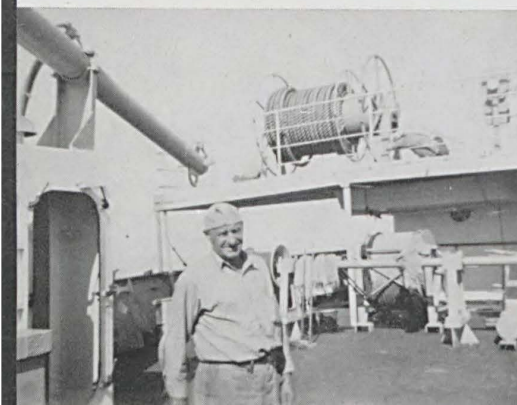
Intriguing were the Oriental bazaars with their teakwood figurines, carved ivory and camphor wood chests. Then there were the Swiss watches that could also be gotten at reasonable prices.

For those remaining at the base there was a swimming pool and movies at night. Several of the future officers managed to swallow their pride long enough to enjoy a few hours at the enlisted men's beer garden.

It was also at Coco Solo that some middies aroused the wrath of the marine guard at the gate when they made for the bus rather than observe evening colors.

Remember the two laundrymen from Massachusetts who made off with a monkey and took him aboard, much to the ire of Mr. Rounds?

To cross a continent in one day! That's what we set out to do as we left our dock at Coco Solo and took our position in line in



The Bos'n

preparation for transitting the Canal. All hands were on deck to watch as we entered the first lock. All were greatly impressed by the skill with which we were towed through by the "mules."

To many it seemed like a midsummer excursion as we cruised through Gatun Lake. Many colored birds were seen among the lush foliage of the countless islands. Numerous islands were selected as being a "swell place to spend a vacation," and the atmosphere was much like that of a florist shop because of the scent of the tropical flowers.

Sunset that night found us entering the Pacific Ocean, to stop next at Acapulco.

Acapulco—winter resort for the elite but hometown Mexico for the countless numbers of good natured Mexicans who came to the dock to see "el grande blanco vapor." Remember the three-man band that saluted us

Pedro Miguel Locks



Through The Cut

from the fort and the kids in the dugout canoes yelling "Hey meestair, give me money in the water!" Some of the midshipmen obliged by throwing them empty cartridges until they caught wise.

Ashore, we had our first real encounter with foreign money. Pesos were about five to a dollar, but the Yankee who went to a bank with a five spot and came out with nearly twenty-five pesos soon realized that taxi drivers, dinners, and various forms of entertainment could make short work of his amassed fortune.

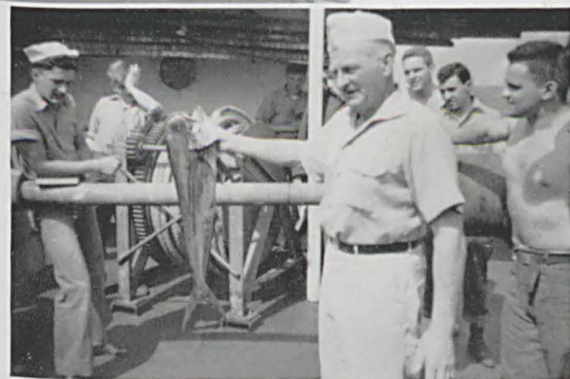
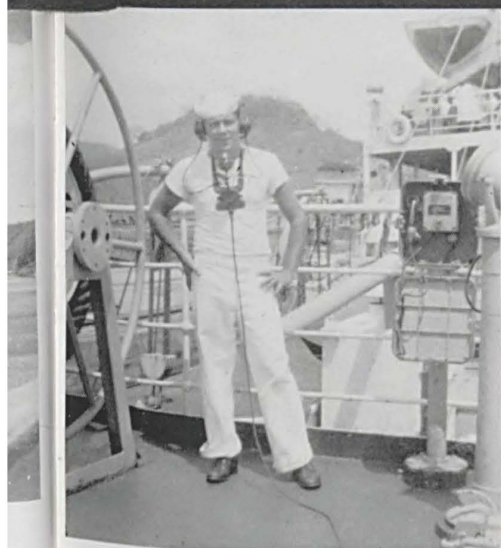
Everybody had a new car in Acapulco, and they loved to drive at breakneck speed through the streets, sounding their horns and waving at everyone.

The hotels in Acapulco would put many in the States to shame. Noteworthy was the Casablanca, where good food and drink amid a swanky atmosphere were enjoyed by many, to say nothing of the splendid swimming pool just outside.

An arranged bus tour took a party surf swimming and Pete Koppenberger amazed everyone by his speed in the water, especially after they found out a manta ray had been

Mickey





Caliente Tamali

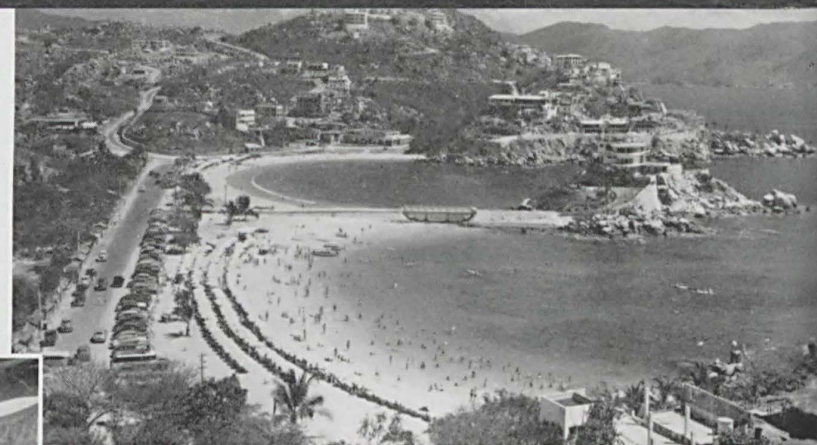
making eyes at him. They also saw the young boys who dive from the cliffs.

Those who sought to "make a deal" in trading with the natives often found that the Mexicans were pretty good business men themselves. For the rest of the cruise, mid-

What's Trumps?



ACAPULCO



Muy Hermosa

Favorite topic while in Acapulco was about one of our classmates who went on "liberty" via the sternline but got soaking wet before he got ashore.

Both stops in Acapulco were enjoyed by all. Easter Sunday was observed in the Cathedral ashore and by services aboard ship.

First stop in our invasion of California was Long Beach. Past the breakwater, we steamed and dropped our anchor, to dock the next morning in the midst of many Navy vessels and even more numerous oil derricks. Every available foot of space seemed given over to the pumping of oil from the earth and even from under the sea.

The Market



shipmen were heard to curse the day they traded half the ship's silverware over the side to the sly Mexicans. Emily Post would have been shocked to see so many grown men eating with their fingers. In the public market were many items, such as hammocks, knives, and the huracha, adopted by the mid-shipmen as the new look in footwear.

Cuba is known for rum, France for champagne, but Mexico's answer to the atom bomb was a clear colored liquid called tequila. It looked like water, but there the resemblance ended. You could buy it anywhere, but for those who liked to sip in peace and solitude, there was a quiet little spot away in the hills known as the "Rio Rita." Good times were had by all, but some enjoyed it more than others.

Where The Elite Meet



Movie Stars?

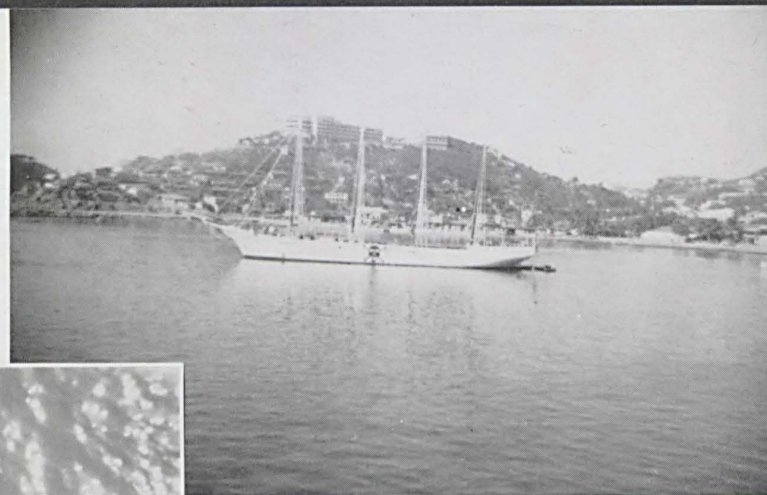




Hey Meestair!

We were well received at Long Beach. A Navy band greeted us with "California, Here I Come," and other appropriate music, and reporters came aboard to take pictures and hear us recount our adventures in Panama and Mexico.

Rumors of a forty-eight hour liberty ran rampant, but unlike most scuttlebut these rumors were true.



Pirate Ship

Hollywood was but an hour and a half ride via the "P. E." and every cadet took advantage of its nearness to give that fabulous place the once over. Here were found the luxurious homes of the movie stars and also the well publicized Paladium, Brown Derby, Tom Breneman's, and the well-known movie lots that put the once obscure town on the map.

Places of entertainment were Grauman's



Chinese Theatre with its footprints of famous stars in cement outside and Ken Murray's Blackouts, an extravaganza the like of which had never been seen "down East."

Here, too, was the opportunity to see the many radio shows emanating from Hollywood at the CBS, NBC and MBS studios. A couple of the cadets became the envy of the



Mexican Stronghold



Dame Libertad



Good Neighbor Policy





LONG BEACH

LOS ANGELES

HOLLYWOOD

entire ship when they told of meeting Jack Benny, and one of them even cashed in on Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge later on that night.

Many cadets spent some of their time in nearby Los Angeles, where everything was the "biggest and the most sensational in the States," according to the local yellow journals. Outside of town was a place strangely

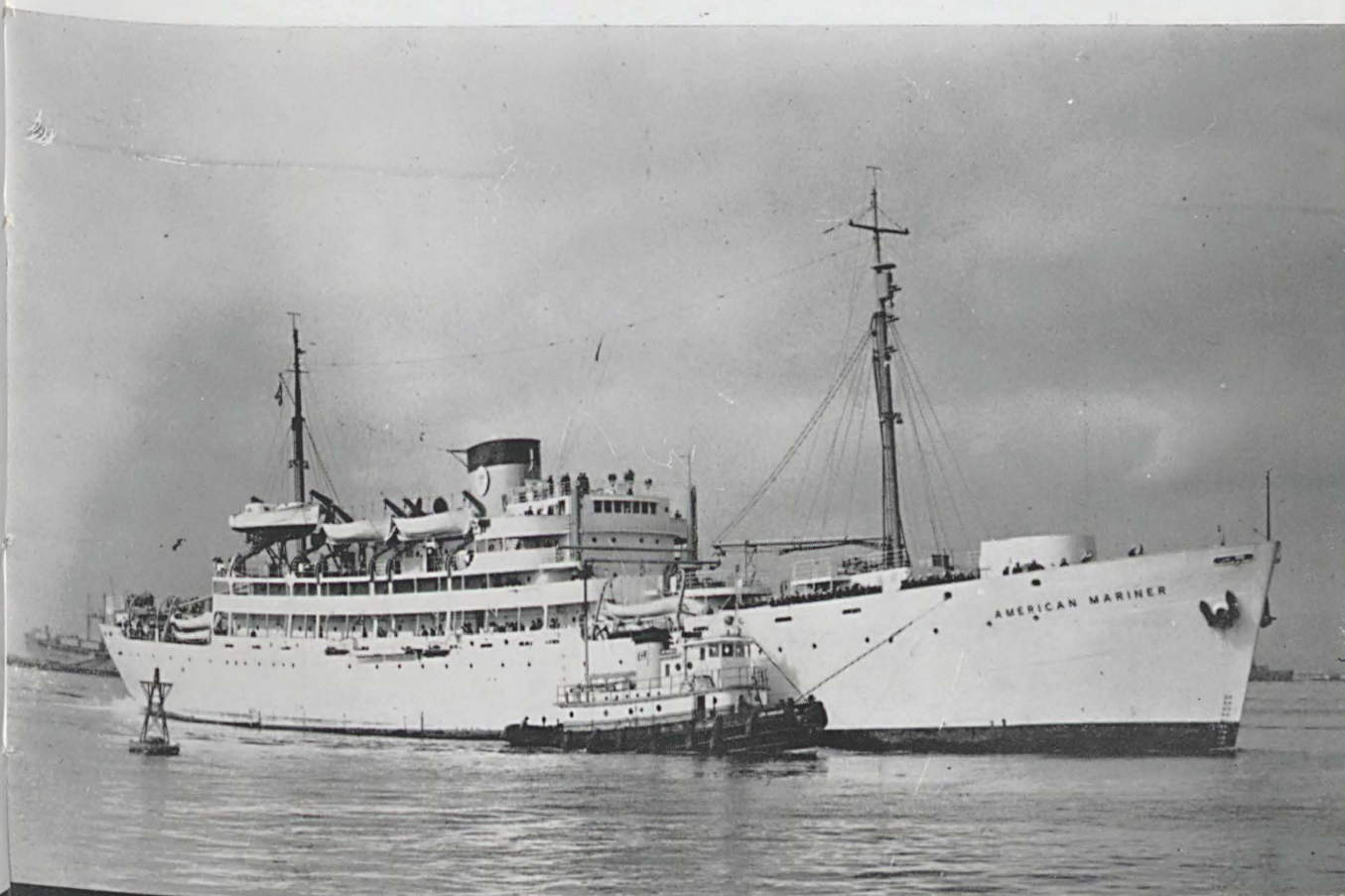
Hollywood and Vine

reminiscent of Castine, a genuine western ghost town just like in the "flickers."

After four days, we left our dock and almost reluctantly directed our course to San Francisco, remembering the happy times enjoyed through our first encounter with California hospitality.

As the Mariner crept through the early morning mist the bulwarks were lined with sleepy eyed midshipmen anxious for their first view of San Francisco.

After passing under the red steel Golden Gate Bridge, the next thing to absorb our interest was a small but well-known island, Al-



Rope Chokers

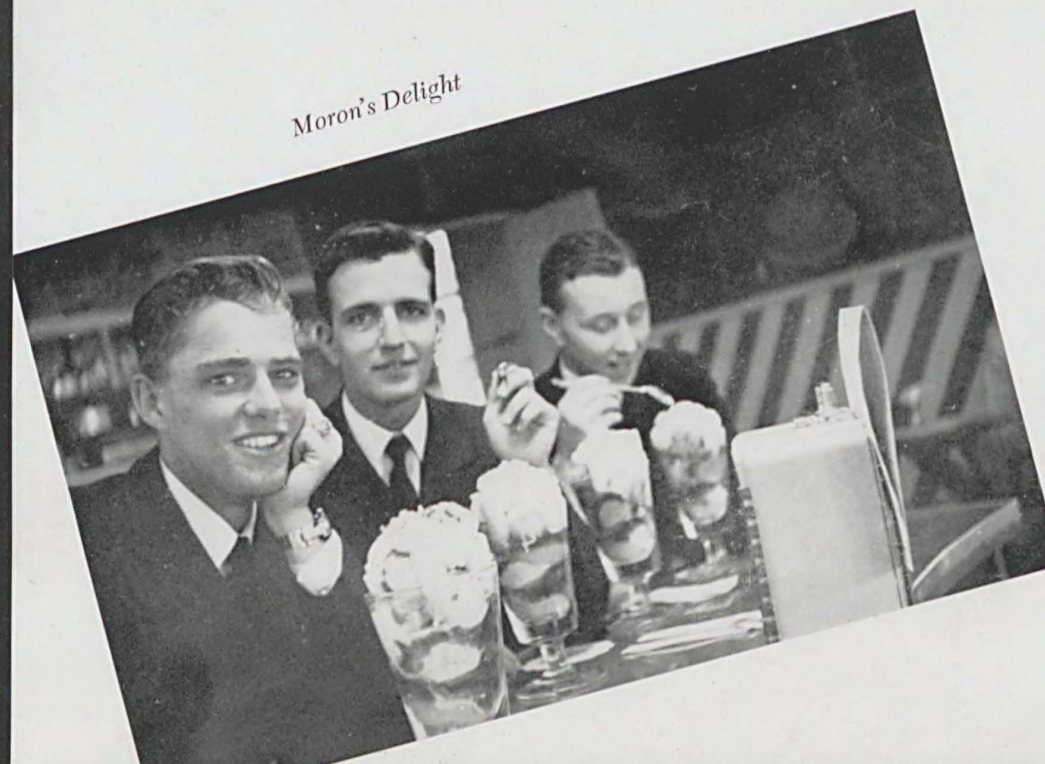


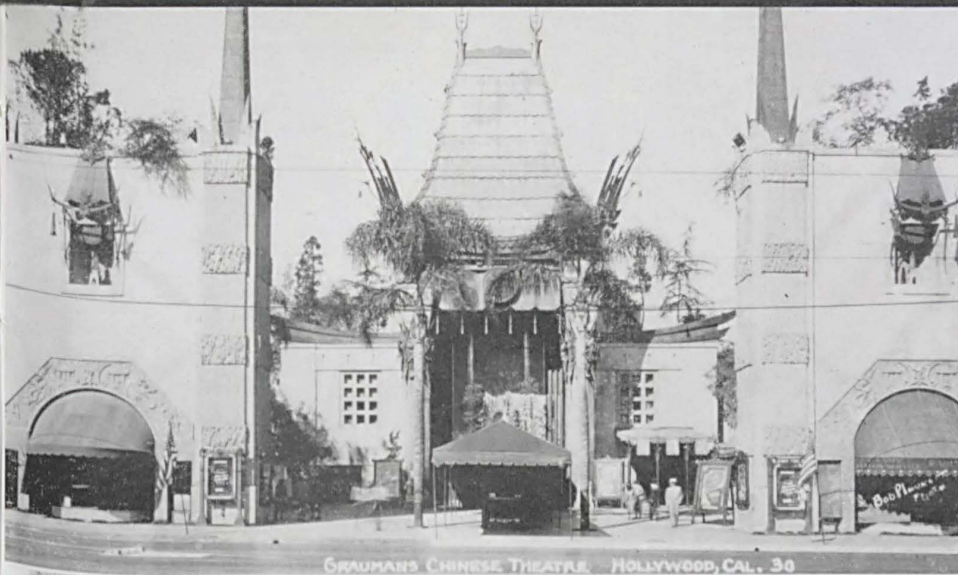
catraz, private resort for a few selected citizens. Then the flashing red lights of the Bay Bridge welcomed us, as if bragging of the famed structure beneath them. To starboard was the city itself, a wonder city, having attained its enviable position among cities of the world in less than a century.

Past the scores of docks, some still bearing the "Welcome Home—Well Done" signs of the war and countless ships we steamed until we approached our berth, Pier 60, U. S. Naval Shipyards, at Hunter's Point. Here were many more ships, large and small, and opposite our berth was the little Charleston, the new Massachusetts training ship, resembling a little old woman on crutches, with the amount of scaffolding that enclosed her.

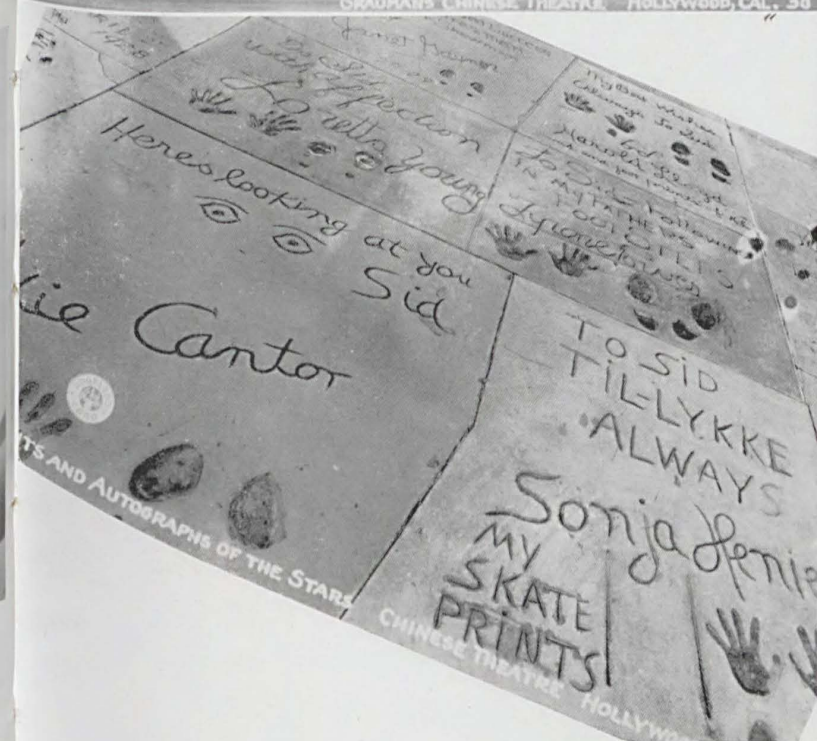


Moron's Delight

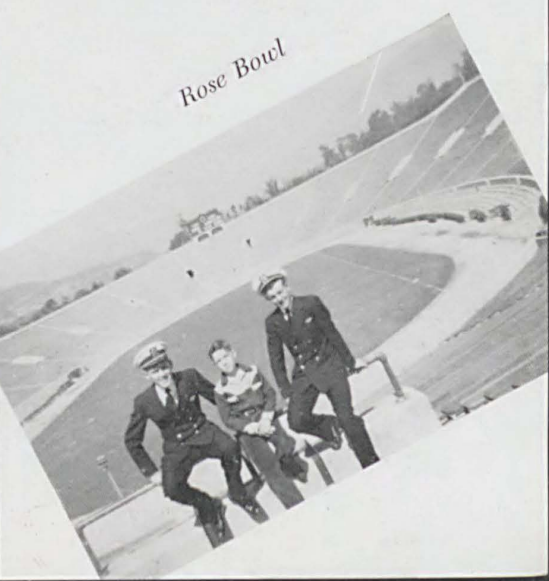




GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE - HOLLYWOOD, CAL., 30



Scenery



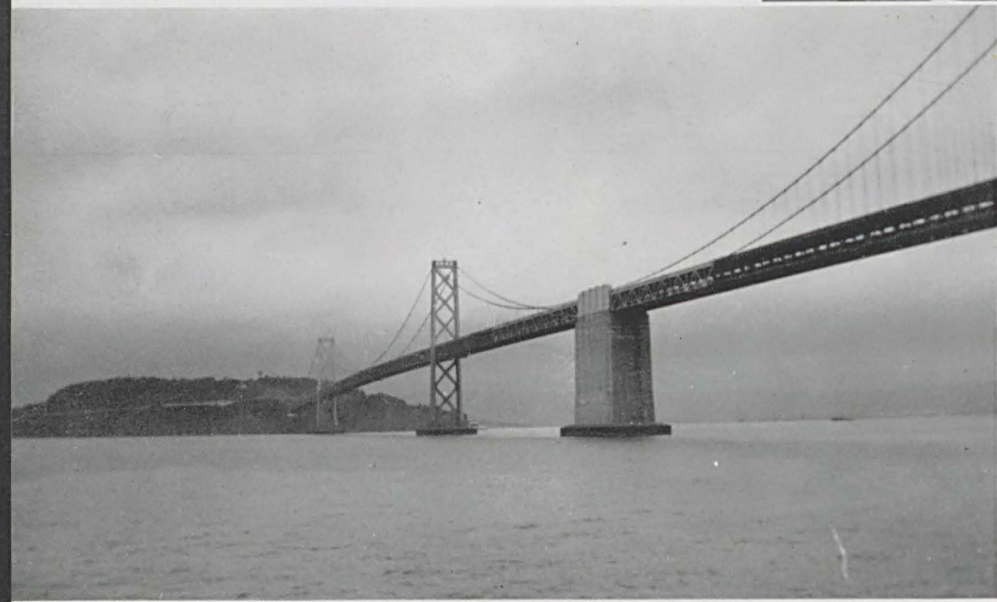
Rose Bowl

SAN FRANCISCO

There were many things to see in Frisco, the antique little cable cars that have become a part of the city, the four sets of trolley tracks that run the length of Market Street to the Ferry Building, Chinatown, where the Chinese retained their ancient customs, yet had absorbed much of modern America.

Bus tours were arranged, taking parties to the now defunct Barbary Coast, the Golden Gate Park, and Fisherman's Wharf, where gourmet of fine seafoods ate their fill at Di-Maggio's. Also viewed were the Cort Tower on Telegraph Hill, the Matson Line's S. S. Lurline being refitted for service, and the fine residences on Knob Hill and the outlying districts. Topping it off was a trip to the top of Twin Peak, where the entire city and bay could be viewed at once. Here the expanse of the harbor could be seen and appreciated.

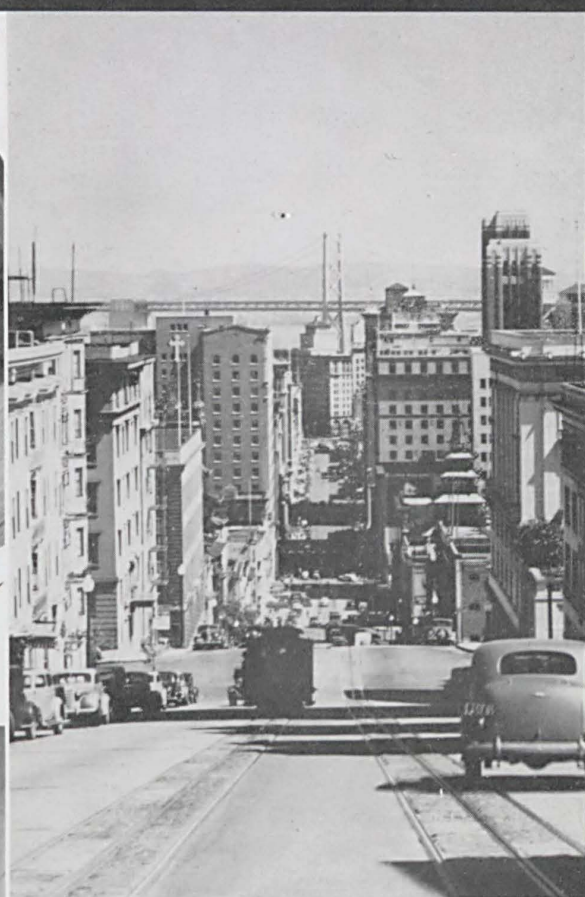
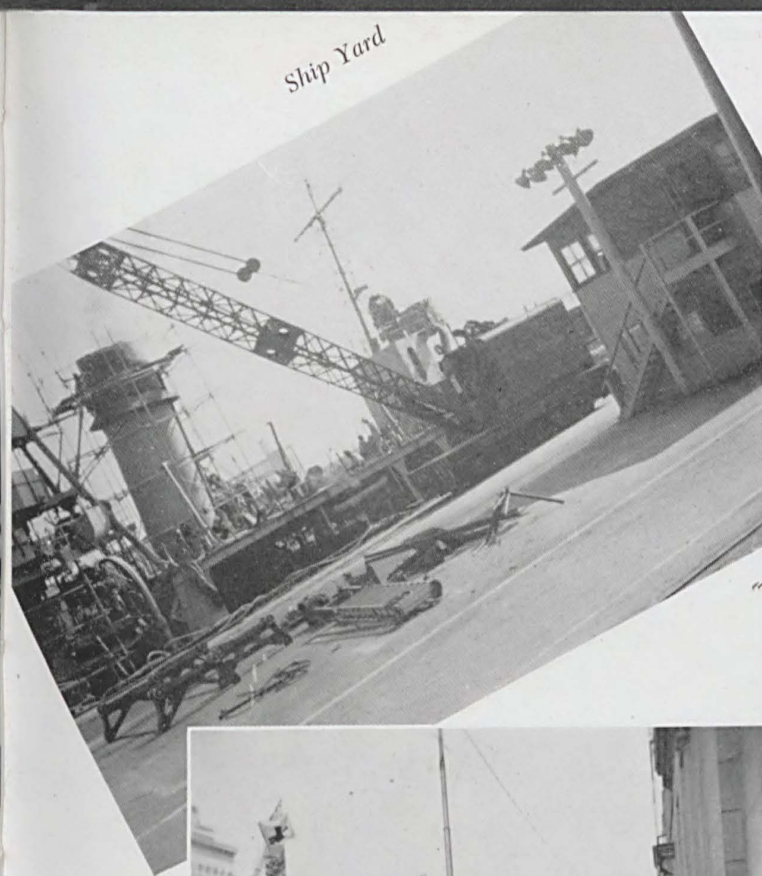
Bay Bridge



Frisco Bound



Ship Yard



City of Hills

That it is a small world was proved when several midshipmen spent liberty with friends and relatives while there.

Our stay in San Francisco lasted fifteen days, during which the Massachusetts midshipmen were busy transferring to their ship and the Maine men shifted compartments and in general squared away for the return trip. Also present in the yard was the largest capacity crane in the world, capable of lifting 000 tons. Across from us were two battered hulks, target ships at the Bikini atom bomb tests, and the U. S. S. Independence, also a target ship, was elsewhere in the yard. Many ships of the fleet were constantly being drydocked and refitted.

On the nineteenth of March we sailed from San Francisco on the return voyage, leaving the Charleston behind to catch up with us en route to Florida.

Due to breakdowns, the Massachusetts training ship failed to meet us and rumors ran wild as to our means of getting back to Maine. Some said we would return overland by chartered bus, some that we would be on

The Gang



Shaft Alley

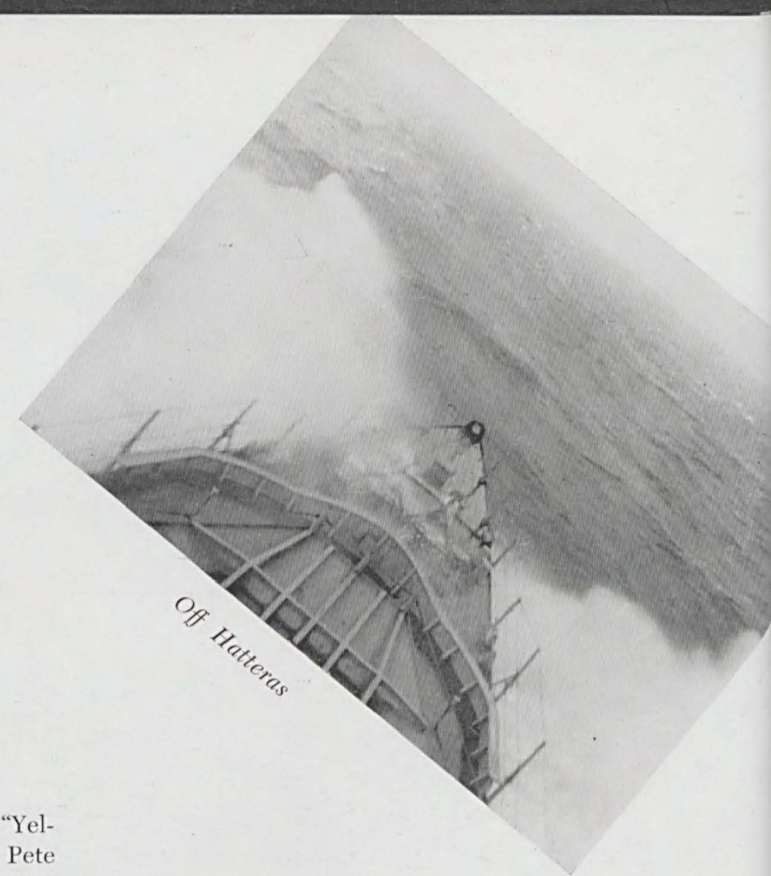
our own. Those in the know had it the "Yellow Streak" would show up in St. Pete. Pete Van Note said he was sure we weren't going back by the Charleston, and made several bets to that effect.

However, after a second pleasant stay in St. Pete, we awoke one morning to find her tied alongside us and once again we gathered our gear and changed ships.

She wasn't particularly roomy—her complement was 200 and there were 250 of us. Chow was eaten by two shifts of men, and at night some slept wherever available space was found.

Remember the two cooks, Larry and Moe; how Larry used to chase Moe around with a

Comin' Home



Off Hatteras

meat cleaver in hand? Those fortunate enough to have served in the scullery remember the usual fact of water that covered the deck when the drain plugged up. "Jake" Alpert almost got washed overboard one night while sleeping on deck.

This was the Charleston, for better or for worse; at least she brought us home to Penobscot Bay and waiting relatives and friends on the Academy dock. No longer landlubbers, we had made a 12,680-mile trip and had lots of tales to tell those who had remained at home.



SECOND CRUISE



EN ROUTE

Needless to say, the second cruise of the Class of 1950 was eagerly awaited by all hands. For one reason, we would spend the entire cruise this year in training for our chosen specialty, and in doing so be much the wiser when we returned. Our duties entailed more responsibility and we could pass on the benefit of experience gained from the first cruise to the "green" underclassmen,



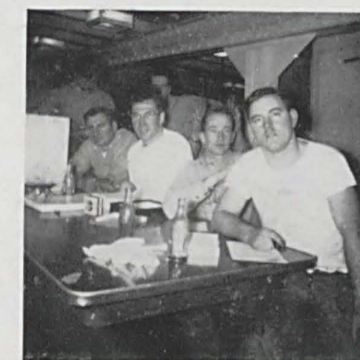
Beantown Express



Off Hatteras



Three Schmoos



First Night Out

SAN JUAN

a few of whom were "green" in another sense as soon as the ship hit open water. Among other things, and this was a blessing after having transferred ourselves and our gear to three different ships the year before, we had our own vessel, the American Sailor.

After the usual delays, the cruise got underway amid a snowstorm, something a cadet seldom sees any more, and at last we were bound for sunny climes and crystal blue waters.

At least that's what the travel folders usually say, but when the dawn of the next day arrived we found ourselves at the entrance to cold Boston harbor. Repairs had to be made by the Bethlehem Shipyard while we lay at anchor by the East Boston Airport. We remained there a week, and it can truthfully be said that never before had rowing a monomoy been so popular with the ship's company. Not only deckmen, but even engineers, upperclassmen included, volunteered for the trips to the Fish Pier. Their reasons were many, but obvious; it's amazing what an ambitious midshipman can do with ten minutes time.

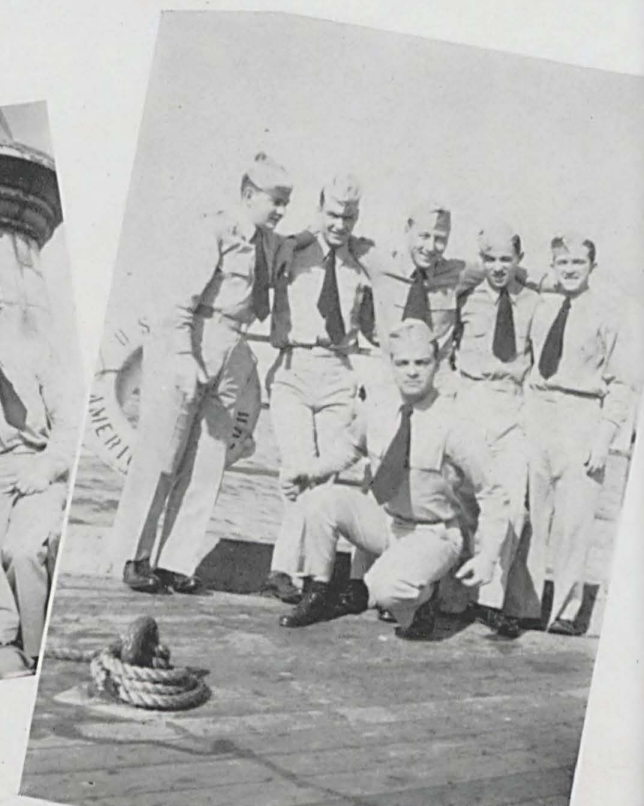
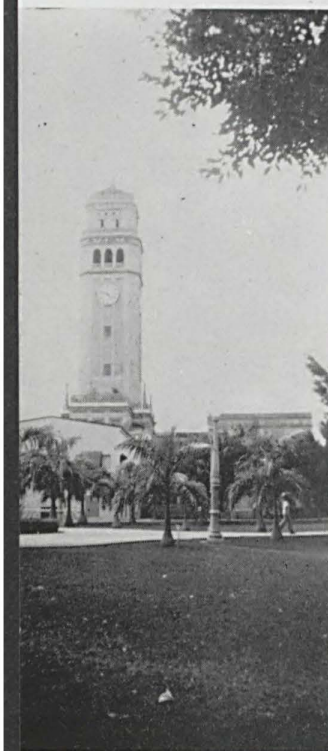
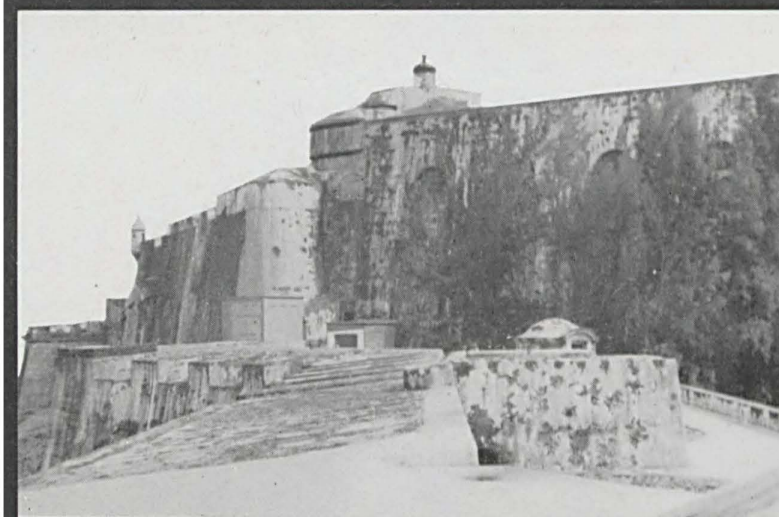
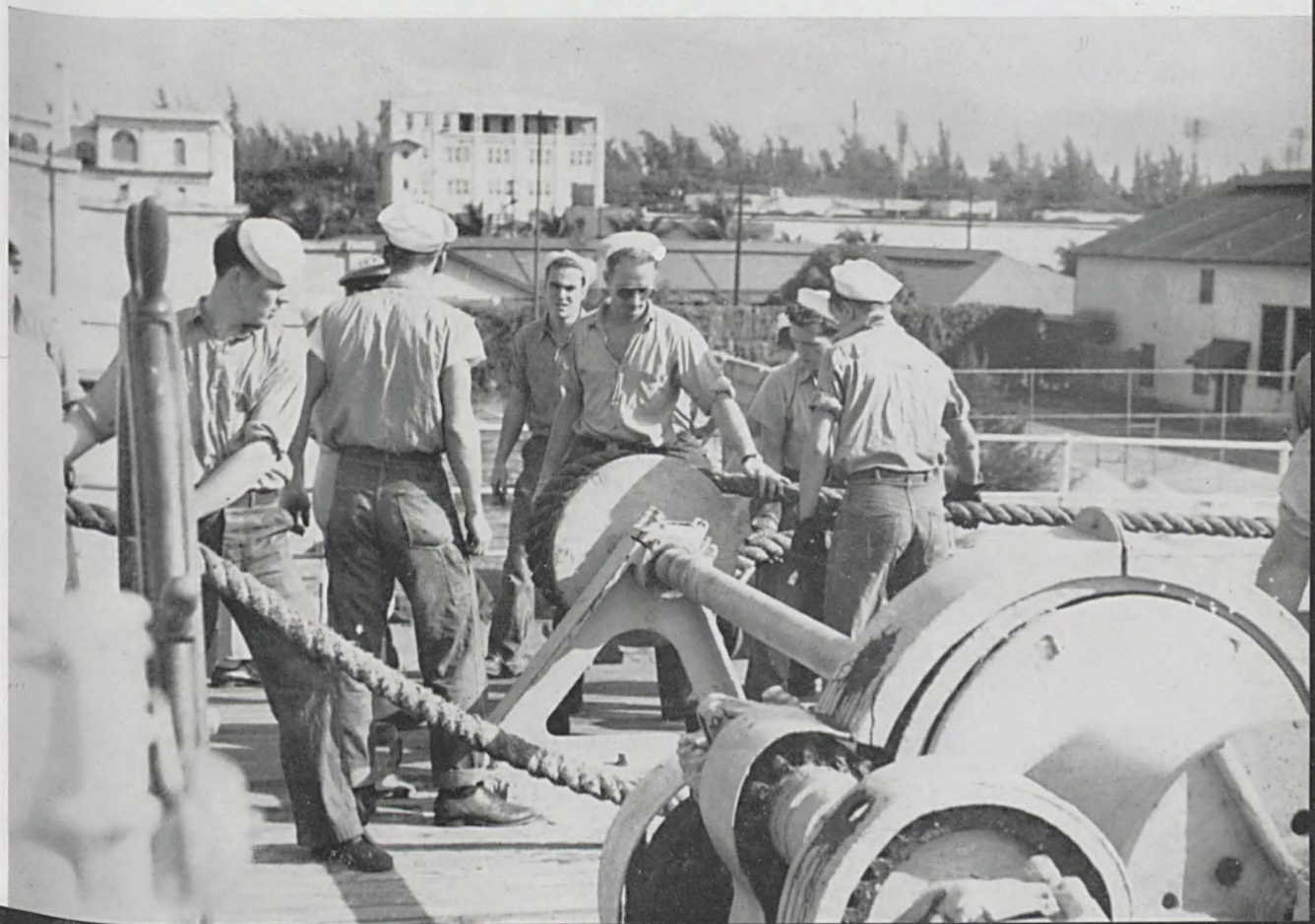
Finally we left the Hub, assured that



First Liberty

the old girl was ready and willing, and set our course straight for Puerto Rico. After a short haul during which old man winter was left in arrears, we steamed past El Morro at the entrance of San Juan harbor and made our way to our berth. The Sailor was an old lady that day, her paint rusted and streaked, but she was proud and not a little haughty nevertheless as she passed by the well groomed merchant vessels tied up nearby. It was here at San Juan that Lieut. Little and Bos'n Haskell began to supervise the job of refinishing his

First Division Aft



ST. THOMAS

Virgin Islands

paint job. Soon the stagings were over the side and the atmosphere was filled with the ringing of chipping hammers. Following right on their heels was a crew of painters, doing things the modern way with a paint spraying apparatus ably set up and run by the engineers. The entire port side was painted in San Juan.

Enough about work; San Juan had its more pleasant hours too. Popular with all were the El Morro Officers Club, the Kings Bar, the swimming pool at the fort, Puerto Rican baseball and the Officers Beach Club. Many fell under the spell of the numerous "one armed bandits" at the clubs and some were lucky in hitting the jackpots. That was where those things differed from the ones in the States; in San Juan they paid off!

Mecca for photography hounds was the old Spanish fort, El Morro, built in 1584. Here was Old World atmosphere by the bucketful—you could almost see its ghostly garrisons beating off the attacks of fierce buccaneers.

Bus tours were arranged for us and included a visit to the University of Puerto Rico, a beautiful place, modern and rich with Spanish architecture and pretty and very friendly Puerto Rican co-eds.

Our time was up and one evening we left, and preceding the younger S. S. America sailed out the channel.

An overnight trip brought us to Charlotte Amalie in the island of St.

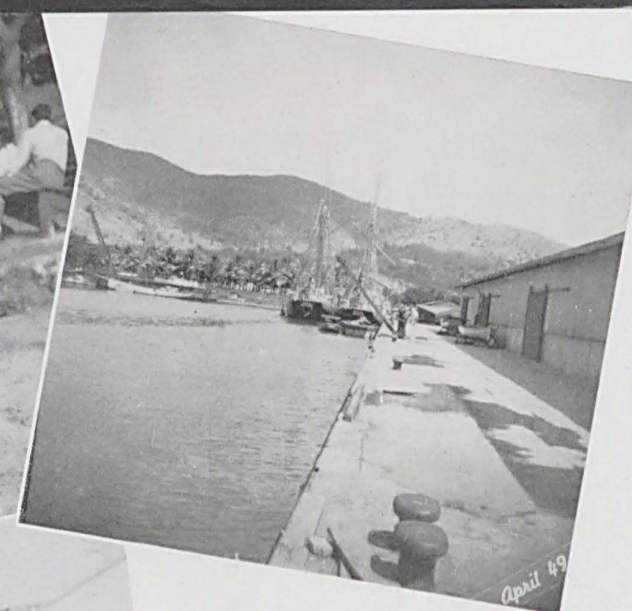


Can Anyone Speak Danish?

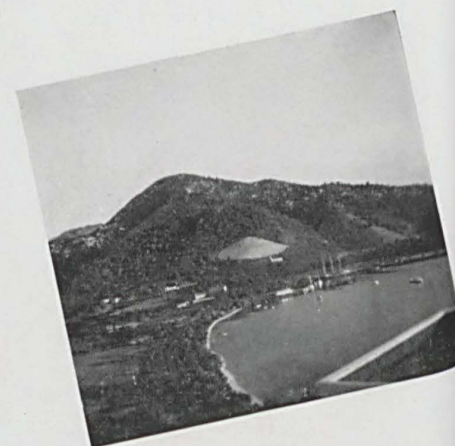


Sleepy Lagoon

The Governor Comes Aboard



Stranger from Vladavostok



The Exec Cleans the Hook



Fort de France Martinique

Thomas, Virgin Islands. We docked beside a beautiful pink pile of bauxite which spread its dust freely. A day later we moved one berth ahead, beside a soft coal pile. Well, the color of the dust was different anyway.

It was here that there was no tax on liquor and most of the ship's company were quick to take advantage of this rare opportunity to stock up their limit. More than one cadet was heard to remark that either the island of St. Thomas should float up our way or he would move down there to live. What a deal!

There was good swimming, among other things, at the beach for government personnel and many good times were had there. In the town, the Bamboo Room was among other noteworthy establishments visited along with Blue-beard's Castle. The hills were high on

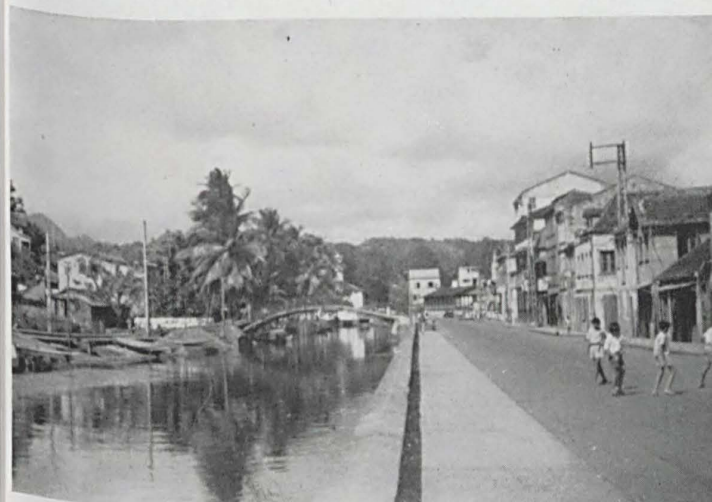


the island, but their challenge was met by a group of midshipmen who reported that the view was well worth the effort.

Also noteworthy were the Russian visitors in port—just fishing, they said. The U. S. Navy was about to hold maneuvers in the area and we wondered who would be looking for who. Some gregarious cadets exchanged cigarettes and small talk with the Russians, though, and sampled their vodka, the Russian tequila.

On to Martinique! These islands seem to be nothing but the tops of mountains sticking up out of the water. We entered the harbor of Fort de France and tied up this time by a pile of rusty scrap iron. On our left was an old fort and two representatives of the French navy, whose mooring gear became fouled up in our screw. A few doughty cadets, although not receiving

Clip Joint



Battle Fleet



Mid Tropical Splendor

extra hazardous duty pay, managed by repeated diving to get the thing free.

Advice to down-hearted Americans whose dollar value continues to shrink—take a trip to Martinique. Your morale will take a jump. This is one of the few places where we could walk into a bank, slap down a few dollars, and come out fairly buried beneath a pile of franc notes. Pinball machines don't exist here because no one will bother with a worthless thing like a coin.

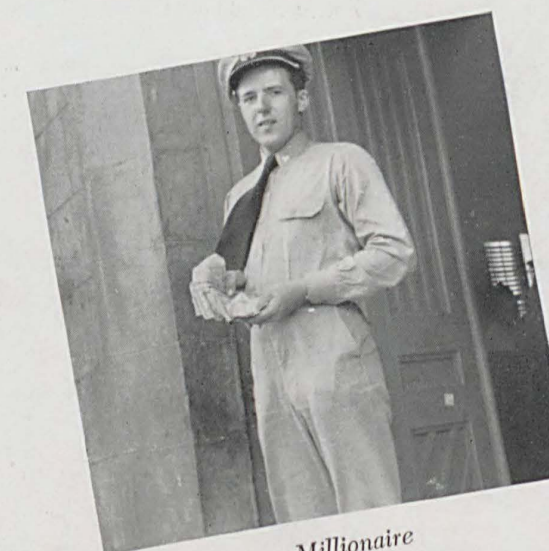
Laughing Boys



Beach Comber



Servants' Quarters



Millionaire

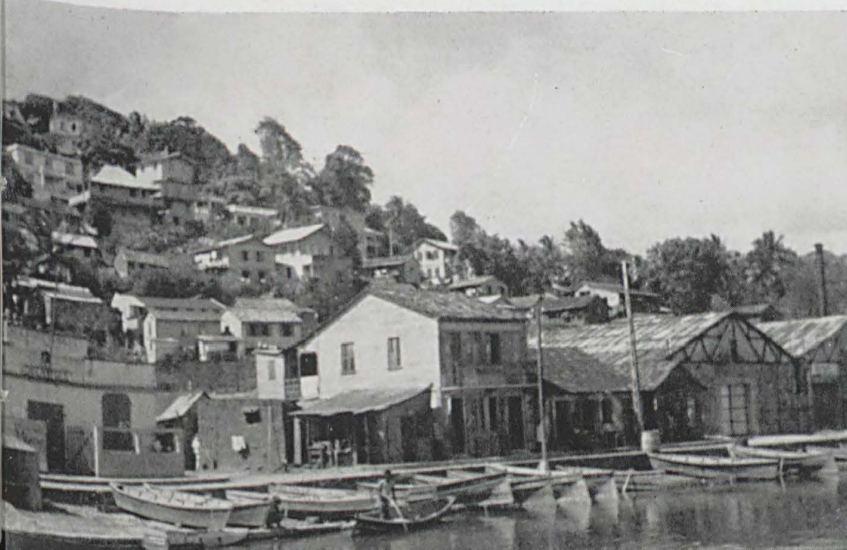


Let George Do It

The cadets who went ashore here with the idea in mind of feasting at a banquet (and who didn't) found their heart's desire at the various restaurants about town. Three of four steaks with wine on the house were ours for what amounted to around a dollar. Champagne was commonplace stuff there—nothing special at all. Most of the liberty section could be found at the Lido Club, where good swimming, good food and drinks were indulged in by all. Cadets like Gene Gendron of Biddeford and Paul Charron and Rene Le-Clair of Auburn had no trouble at all getting along with the friendly population, and it was here that "Safari" Saville bought the hat that lent him that nickname.

Our next stop was Bridgetown, Barbados, but on the way was St. Lucia, an unscheduled stop. Here we anchored and discharged a passenger, and the music-hungry Americans based there just about mobbed the orchestra, which played at a little get-together ashore for officers only. It was here that a fugitive from a bumboat, a pup named Lucy,

Along The Water Front

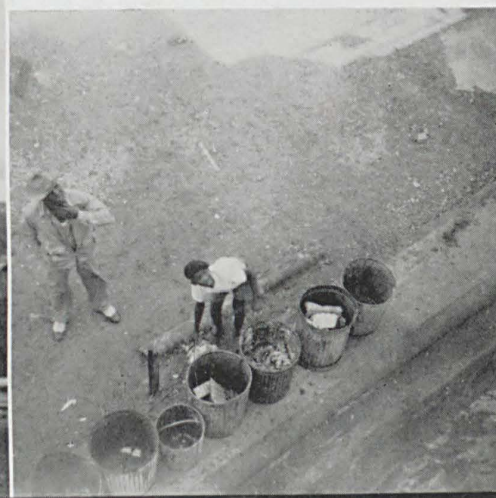


More Scenery

was brought aboard by Bill Carl. We anchored at Bridgetown and British hospitality soon made us feel welcome. The running boat was used to carry liberty parties ashore and even we of the middle class were allowed to be cox'ns. It was fun steering between that fleet of little sailboats at night that lay between the ship and the Royal Barbados Yacht Club, where most of the gang could be found. They gave a dance for us and this gave some of the "sharpies" of the outfit a chance to wear their dress whites. One cadet liked his



"—And Assorted Cold Cuts"



BRIDGETOWN

Barbados

so well he even went swimming in them.

One night the running boat broke down and the monomoys and hand-propelled "bathtubs" were used instead. The lifeboat crew really earned their night rations that night!

When the midshipmen weren't getting tangled up in shillings and quids, they were driving little English cars around the rolling countryside. Many realized their life's ambition by legally driving on the left side of the road.

There was a dance and barbecue at the Club Morgan, the music being furnished by our orchestra and also one at the Aquatic Club, examples of social affairs that the people of that island ran for us.

It was with regret that we weighed anchor and left that gracious island behind us.

Farther south we sailed to the storied harbor of Port of Spain, Trinidad. Here we docked at the Navy base with not a little difficulty, attributed no doubt to the strong winds blowing down from the hills, foiling an apparently easy routine job.

Trinidad, land of the calypso singers, where the Negroes talk with a Harvard accent. Here they drive like Jim Berger in Boston, as a ride to the city from the base proved.

Port of Spain contained the usual business establishments, designed to drain off the tourists' cash, but even more persistent were the bracelet and other trinket salesmen who sought to rid themselves of "genuine silver, can't be bought at any other price" junk.

A city in itself was the base there. Officers' clubs were open to us, and there were the usual recreational facilities, all used and enjoyed by the cadets.

Liberty Launch

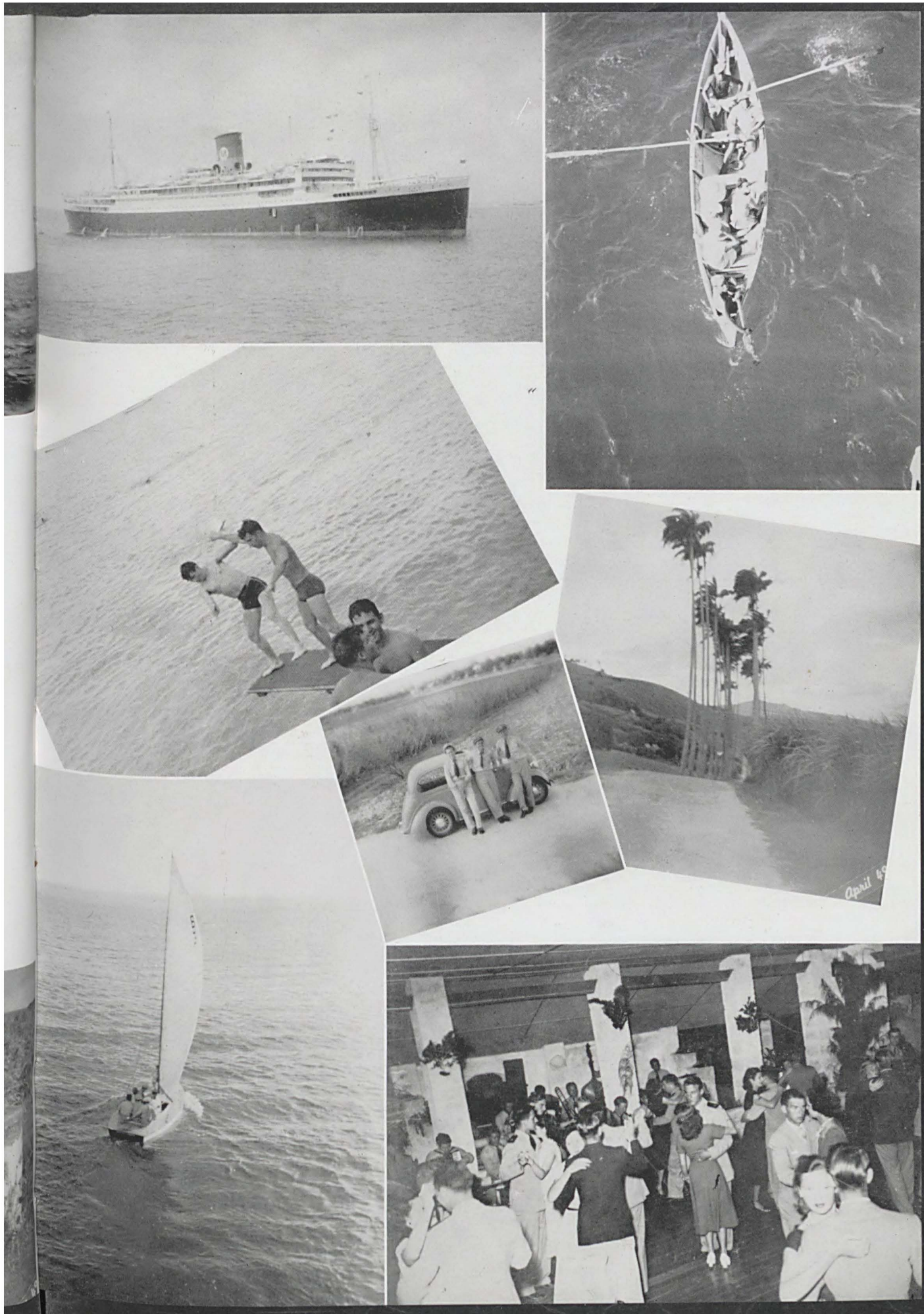


Saba—Bachelor's Paradise



Somebody Lose a Watch?





PORT of SPAIN

Trinidad

Over on the horizon could be seen the coastline of Venezuela, our first and subsequently last glimpse of South America while cadets at the Academy.

Willemstad, Curacao, will undoubtedly tie with New York as being the busiest port we have ever tied up in. Making an entrance to this port is an interesting and definitely tricky stunt. First, it appears as if the pilot is going to beach you as he heads directly for land. Then you sight an opening that doesn't seem wide enough for two toothpicks to pass each other. Furthermore, there is a bridge across the way. The channel proves to be plenty wide, however, and the bridge, you find, is on pontoons and swings open to let you pass. Then in you go, right through the center of the city, as if you were riding down Market street on a trolley in Frisco, only when you are tied up and become stationary do you notice that there is much movement going on about you. All through the day and night, ships are entering or leaving this place, most of them bringing crude oil from Venezuela to be refined here, as this island produces no oil of its own.

Prices were high in Willemstad, and few souvenirs were bought there. However, there were good movie houses and restaurants, and the city itself was

Street Corner—Trinidad



Make Fast That Line!

a model of cleanliness with its Dutch architecture and multi-colored buildings—a boon for camera fiends.

Many midshipmen got a kick out of the pontoon bridge, riding on it as it swung across the channel. Noticed also were the police, who carried no side-arms with the exception of a long sword that dangled at their side.

Next on the route was the land visited by Columbus in 1498, the Dominican Republic. Here we found the most modern of civilizations in the Caribbean, although its dictator, Trujillo, ruled with an absolute hand. This time

Dick and Joe



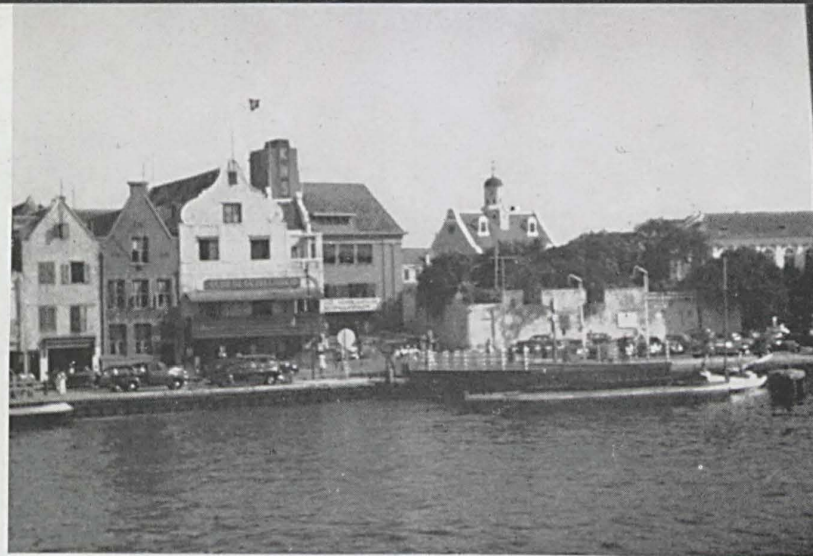
WILLEMSTAD

Curacao

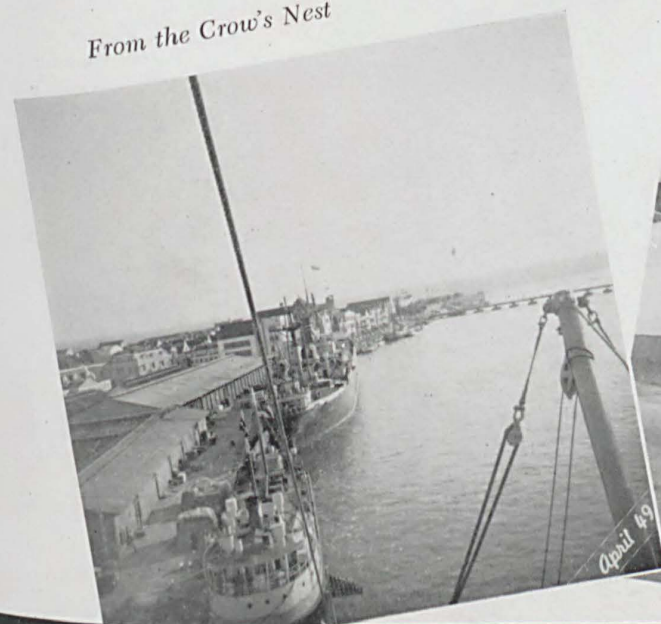
we were at a modern dock, and it was soon covered with natives, selling baskets and large wide sombreros. It was interesting to see how the police kept them in hand by a few chosen words, accompanied by a clapping of the hands. The police were very polite to visitors and in no city were we ever saluted so much. The people have a great respect for authority, and swear by Trujillo, who rebuilt the capital city and then renamed it for himself.

Two places in Trujillo City were frequented by the midshipmen, one the Hotel Jaragua, brand new with a beautiful swimming pool which drew them like iron filings to a magnet. The other, the Carioca, was made ours for an evening of dancing and eating through the graciousness of Mrs. MacKenzie. Joe Louis put on an exhibition fight in Trujillo City and afterwards increased his popularity with the midshipmen by stopping to talk with them and sign autographs at the Jaragua.

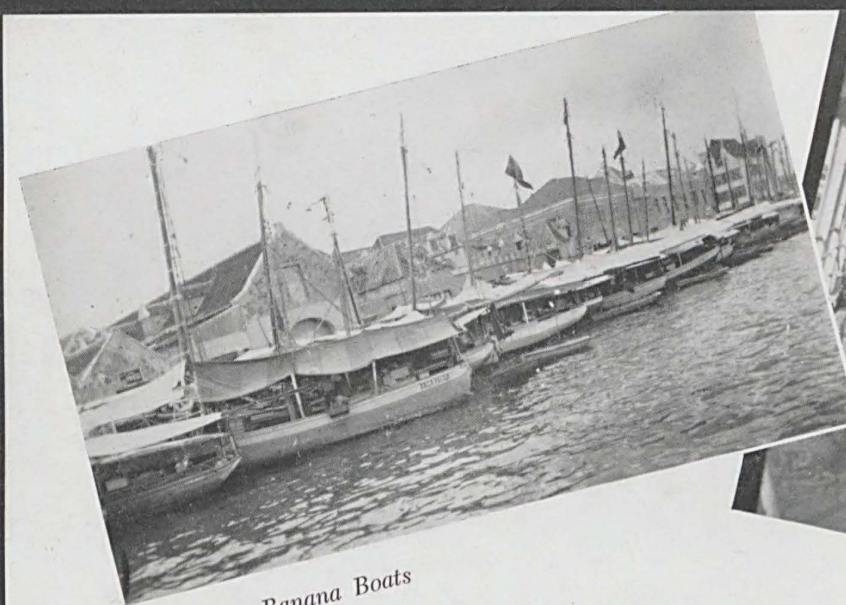
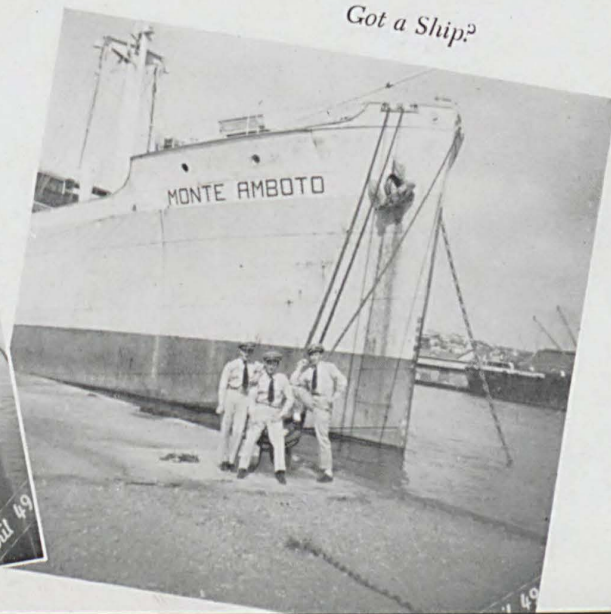
Mahogany goods were excellent quality there and at a good price, and many of us enriched our horde of souvenirs before we left. The tomb of Columbus was visited, along with his son's palace and many other points of historical interest. When we left, it was with a feeling of good friendship with these peo-



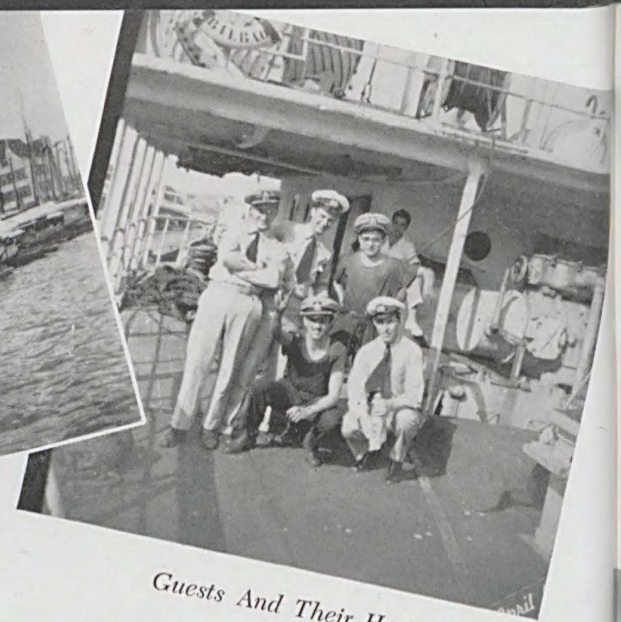
From the Crow's Nest



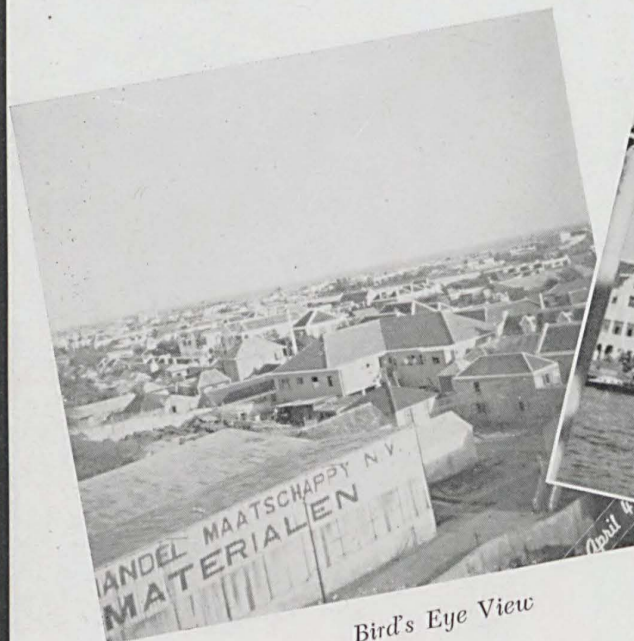
Got a Ship?



Banana Boats

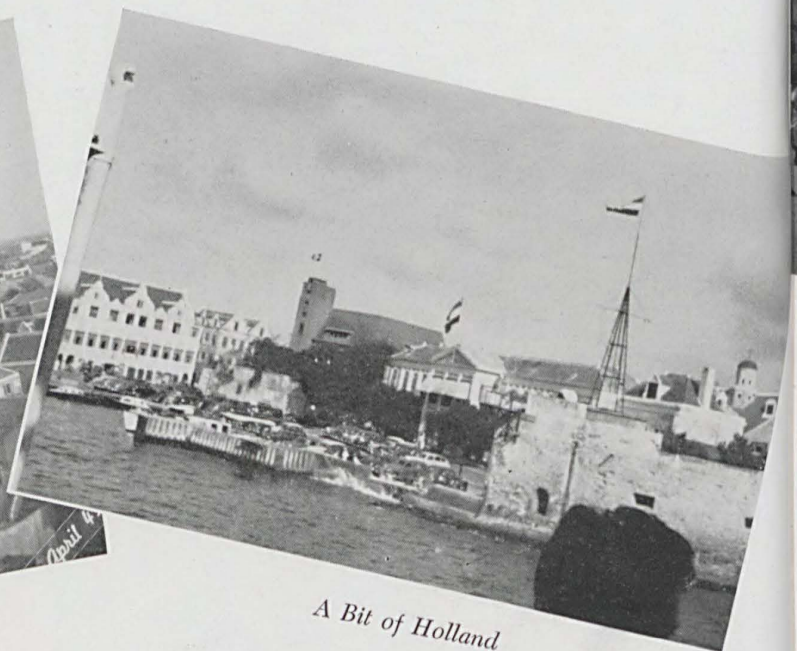
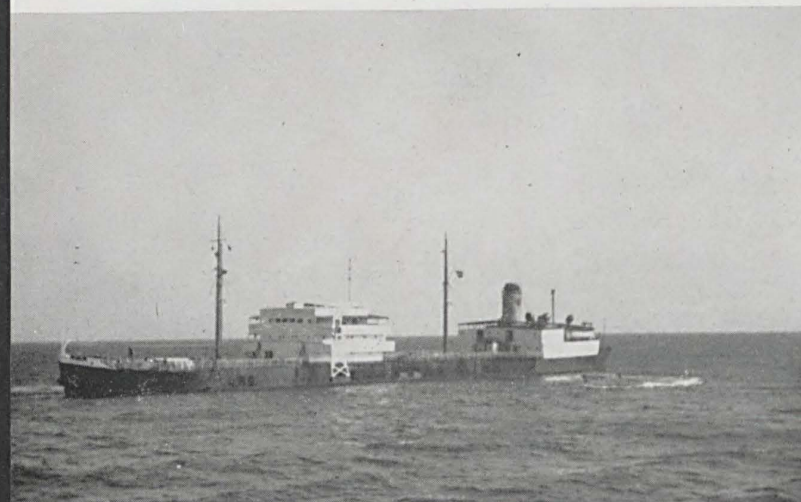


Guests And Their Hosts



Bird's Eye View

Full and Down



A Bit of Holland

Pontoon Bridge



ple who were so anxious to make us feel at home and so eager to better themselves.

Before reaching Santiago, something occurred to prove the mettle of the midshipmen. The pipe, "Man overboard, this is not a drill," brought everyone who heard it to his feet and calmly and with dexterity a boat was manned and lowered to rescue Underclassman Eames, who apparently had slipped while working topsides. In no time at all he was brought aboard, looking like a wet hen, but quite safe. The many drills of this type had paid off early in the game.



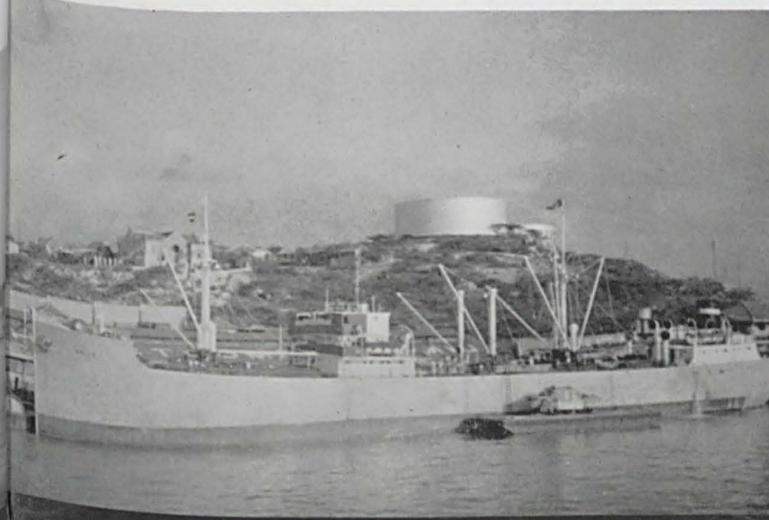
Dutch Merchant Marine



Vas Iss Das?

A short trip found us entering Santiago, past its El Morro, the water being so clear that we could see the bottom. Past numerous yacht and beach clubs and the spot where Hobson sank the Merrimac in '98, we finally tied up at a rickety appearing dock after the pilot changed his mind and Mr. Small had already gotten the accommodation ladder rigged up. All hands anticipated

Oil—Bread and Butter of the Island



Luxury Liner



a terrific time at this port; the Propeller Club had made arrangements for dances and tours, and the Bicardi Rum people had invited us out for a sampling session. Starboard liberty section went ashore, but through no fault of their own found their good time cancelled by an order of the State Department. The Navy had caused an incident, and Uncle Sam had to apologize. Until then, for obvious reasons, he wanted his citizens out of trouble.

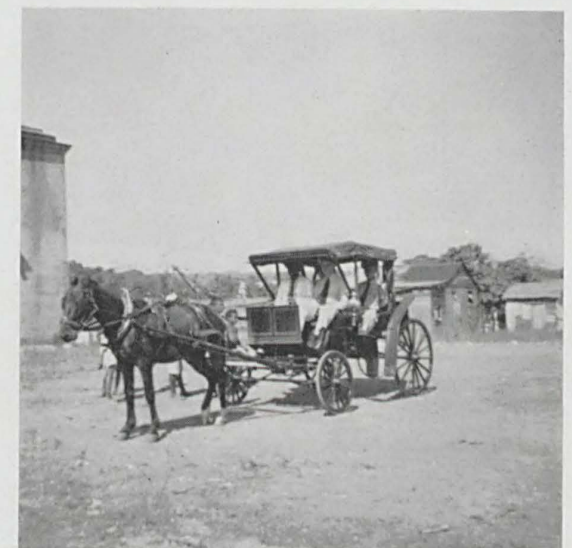
Those who had the watch from four that afternoon until midnight recall the efforts to keep certain members of the civilian staff from going ashore, and of

CIVDAD TRUJILLO *Dominican Republic*

their subsequent occupancy of the ship's brig. These events did not prevent us from picking up alligator hide goods and Cuban cigars from the vendors on the docks however, and satisfied that we had remained long enough we left for home.

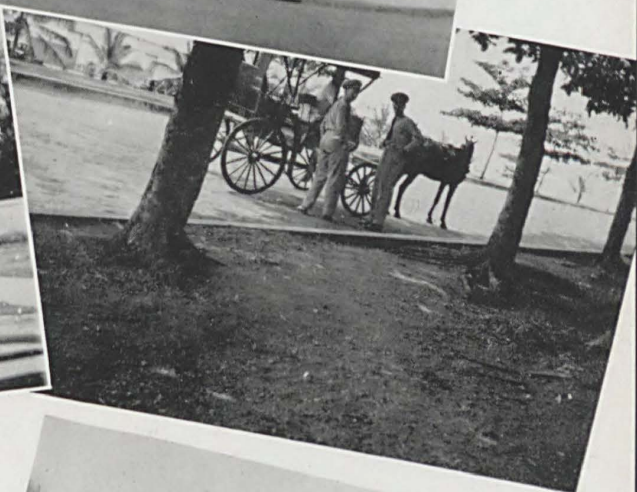
Headed north, we meandered on our way through the crooked Passage, where a little heavy weather threatened to blow us back into the Caribbean, but the Sailor weathered it out and soon we were in the Gulf Stream, whose current was a help, to say the least.

The last few days before entering Portland, the old lady was given a thorough scrubbing in preparation for the many visitors she expected to receive there. Aided by an extra long workday induced by the skipper, whose sleep had been interrupted by unexplained explosions during the night, field day was a definite success. The Sailor was immaculate; she had been entirely



And To Think It Was Winter In Maine





Bienvenido, Mis Amigos

Alcazar De Colon



Hey You!



Time Out

painted on the trip, and presented quite a sight on entering the channel.

Once docked at the State Pier, visiting hours were established and countless numbers availed themselves of the opportunity. From the flying bridge to the engine room their many questions were patiently answered by midshipman guides.

Liberty in Portland was enjoyed, especially by those living in the vicinity. Spike Jones was in town and several of the cadets met and talked with Doodles

Government Rooming House



SANTIAGO

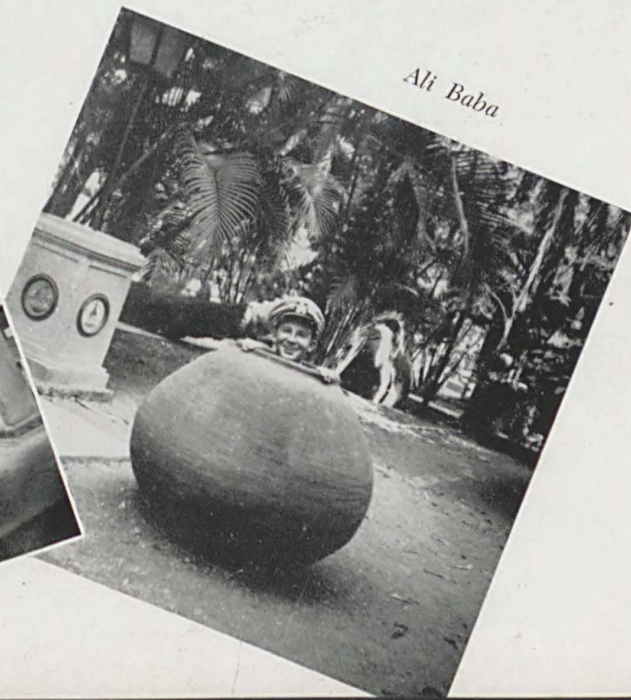
Cuba



Hey, Meestair!



Large Economy Size



Ali Baba



PORTLAND, MAINE

Weaver, alias Professor Feiltlebaum. Rumors went around that Spike wanted to give Rene LeClair a few pointers, but Rene's music is still quite sane, he preferring rhythm to cowbells and washboards.

When the four-day stay in Portland had ended, the Sailor left for Castine with about seventy guests aboard, members of the Legislature and families and others, who appeared to enjoy the trip. The ship was given new life when they opened the throttle and let her go at her heart's content. The guests went

ashore via the running boat, and the next morning we tied up.

Thus the second cruise ended. It is safe to say that it was a good cruise, a memorable one. Lots of events had happened to make it that; furthermore, we had increased our knowledge and our sea time to shorten the breach between us and the great day when we would receive our licenses.

Our Home Ashore

Home Port



THIRD CRUISE



EN ROUTE



January, 1950, time for our third and last "winter vacation". We all had "cruise fever" for at least a month before, and as sailing time approached, the rumors were even better than in previous years. This time the ship was in Boston, and when the Coast Guard made their annual inspection there were those skeptics among us who predicted that the 1950 cruise of the American Sailor had ended in Boston.

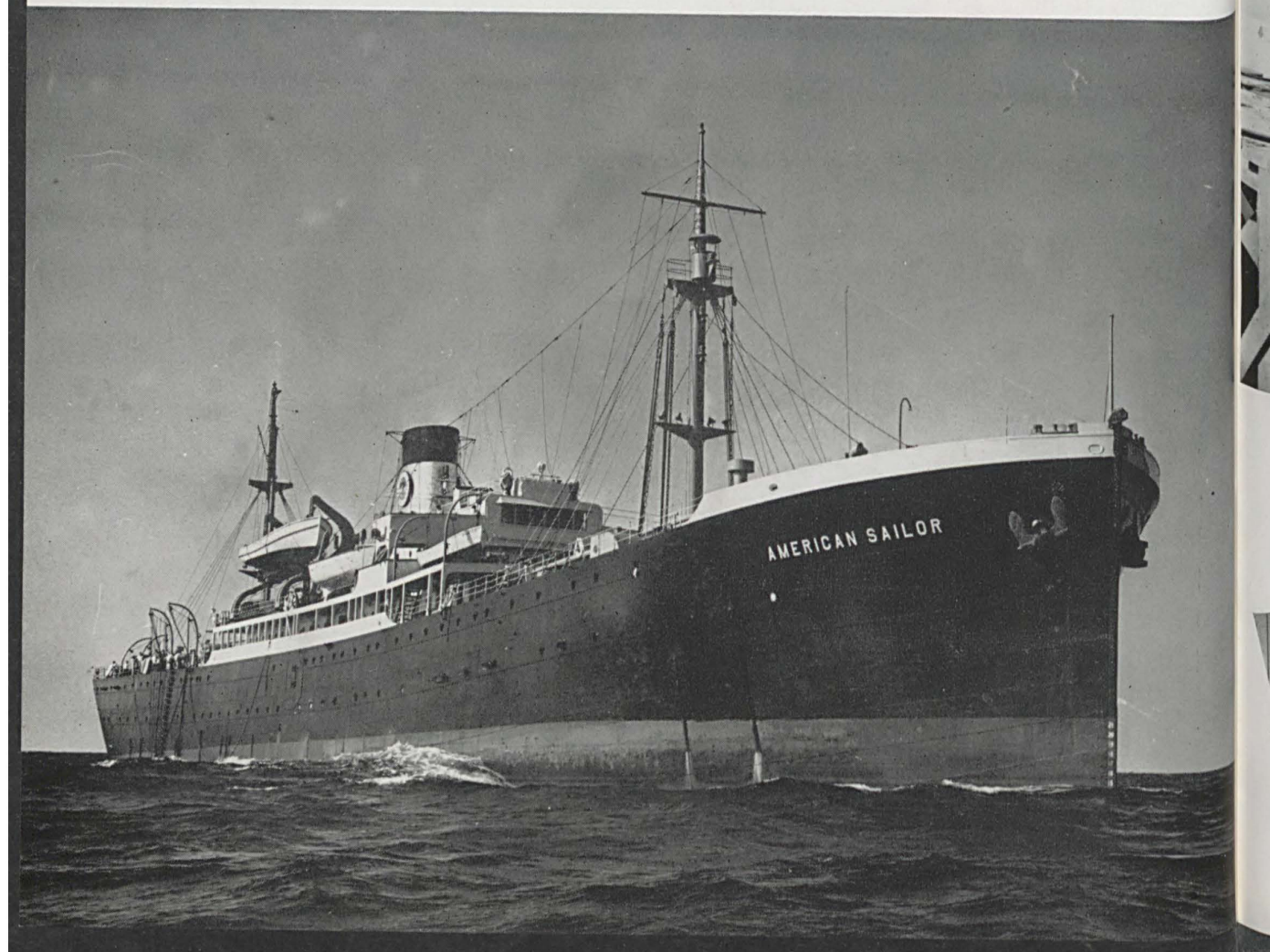
But the intrepid old girl must have taken advantage of a woman's prerogative and lied about her age to the

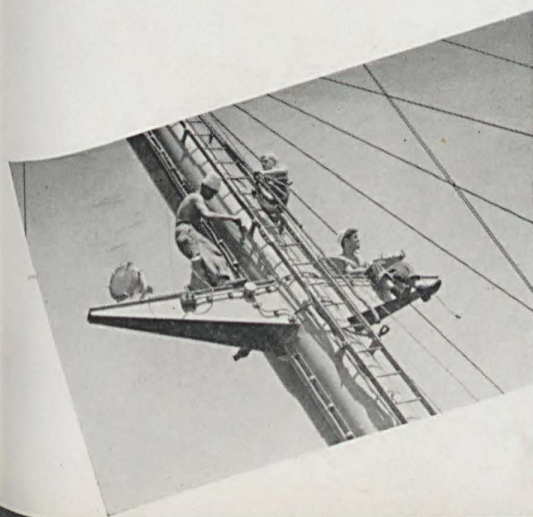
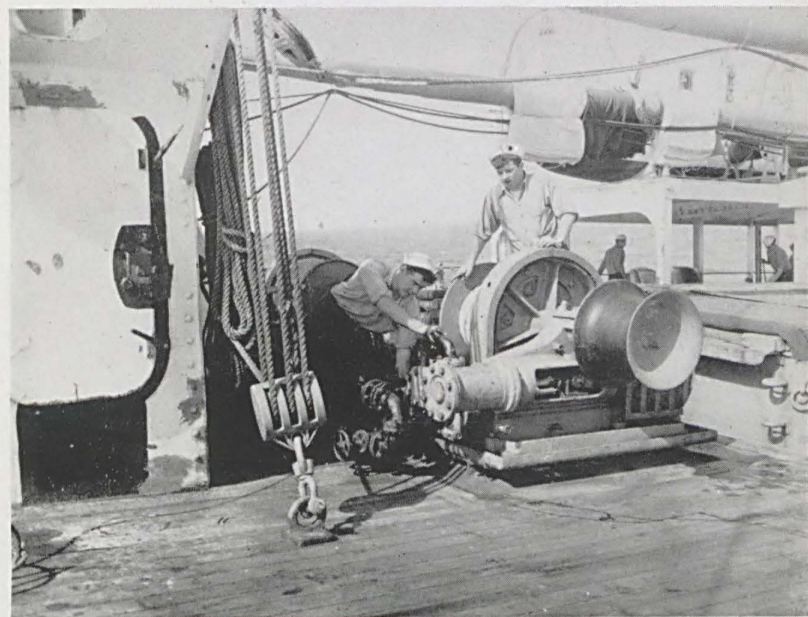
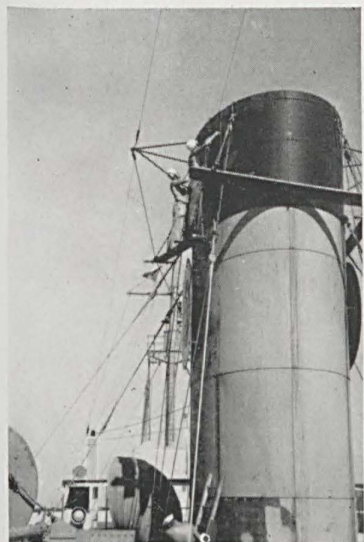


The Brass Comes Aboard

inspectors, for one cold, windy morning she came into view down the bay. That night she docked and soon after, we moved aboard.

In typical Maine weather, we set our course for Kingston, Jamaica, our first port of call. Although this was the third time we had gone down the coast

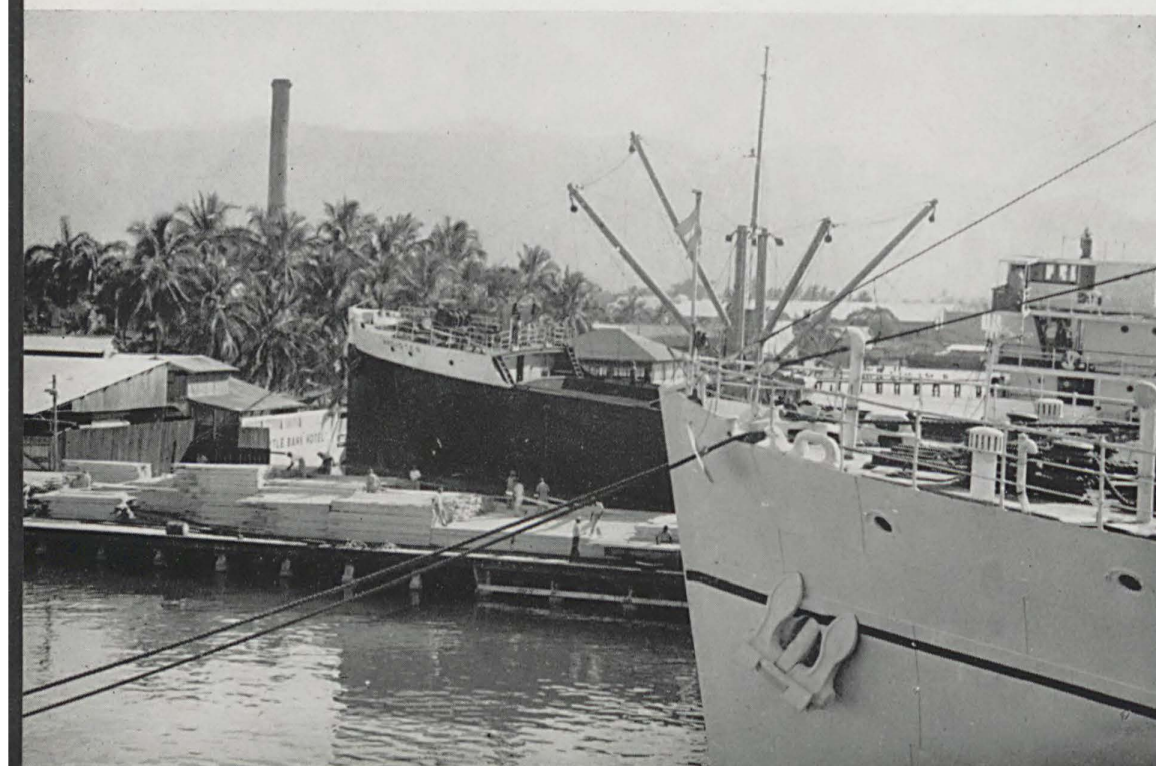
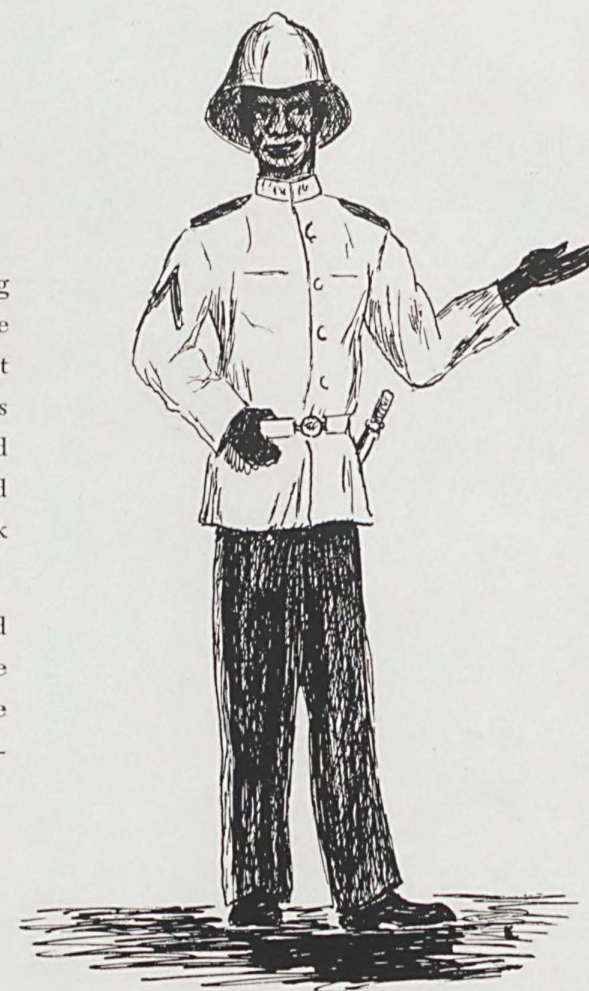




KINGSTON

to the Carribbean, it was still interesting to watch the changes in climate. There was snow on the deck the first day, that soon melted and two or three days later if anyone had mentioned the word snow he would have been ostracized by his shipmates. At last we were back in familiar waters.

Through the Crooked Island and Windward Passages our route led to the island of Jamaica. Soon enough the island loomed out on the horizon, mountainous with lush tropical vegetation.



We dropped the hook in Morant Bay, and the seniors knew that the time had come for them to work again. After all these years! Over the side we went, buckets of black paint and brushes for all, and with a fresh breeze blowing, many of those on the windward side looked like the native Jamaicans when the work day was over. Two days it took to paint the hull, and when we docked at Kingston, it was a new American Sailor, at least as far as appearances went.

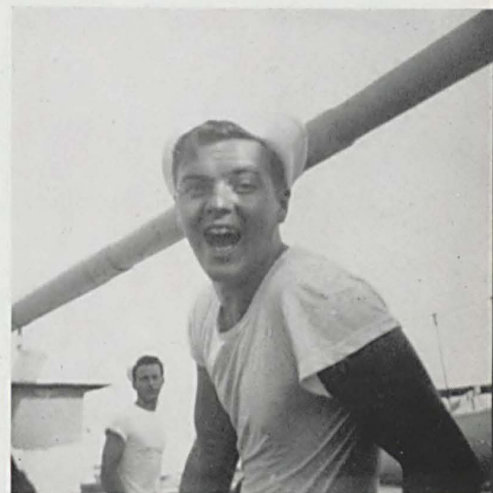
Kingston, we found, was much the same, if not more so, as most of the other ports in the area. There were many things to do there, however. The magnificent Hope Botanical gardens were admired by many, and the golf course at Constant Springs provided those so inclined with many hours of leisurely pleasure. The Myrtle Bank Hotel was near at hand; the best place in town, its swimming pool and other attractions were also taken advantage of. There was a dance there and many of the mids found out that there were other attractions about the island besides rum.

Our next port of call was Vera Cruz. After a pleasant voyage west, we docked at this modern Mexican seaport.

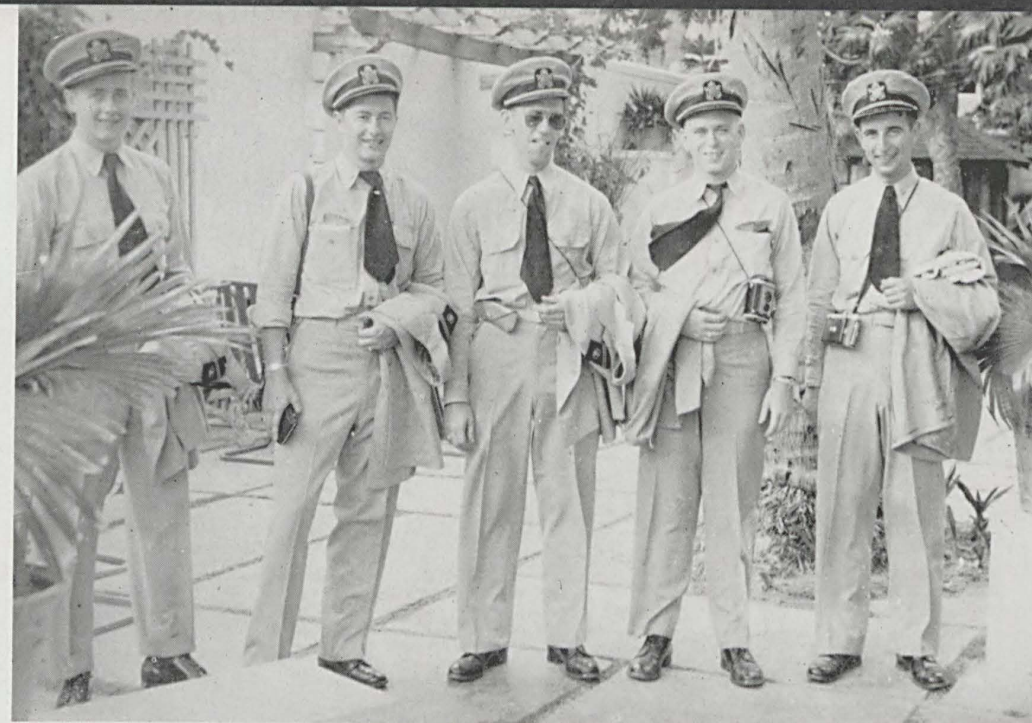
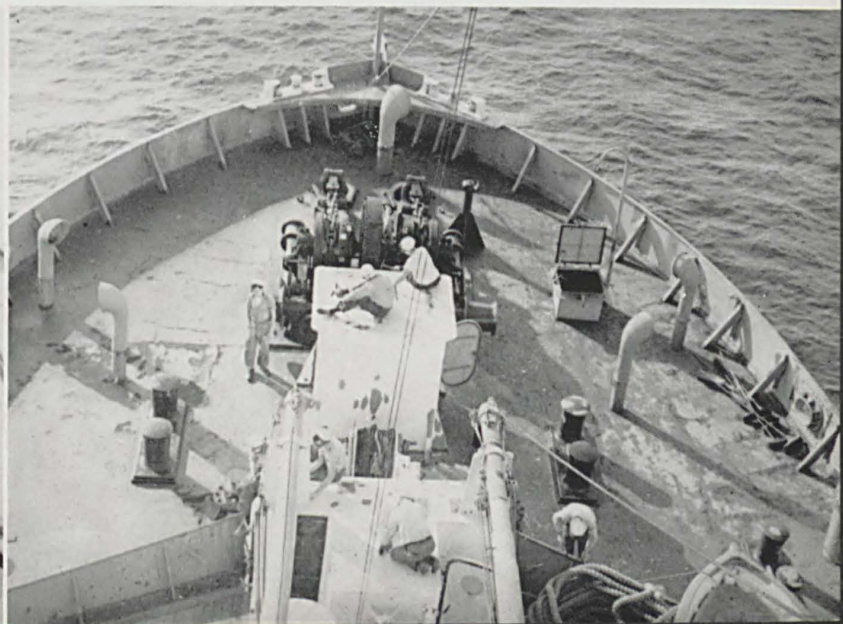
Three Navigators



The New Look



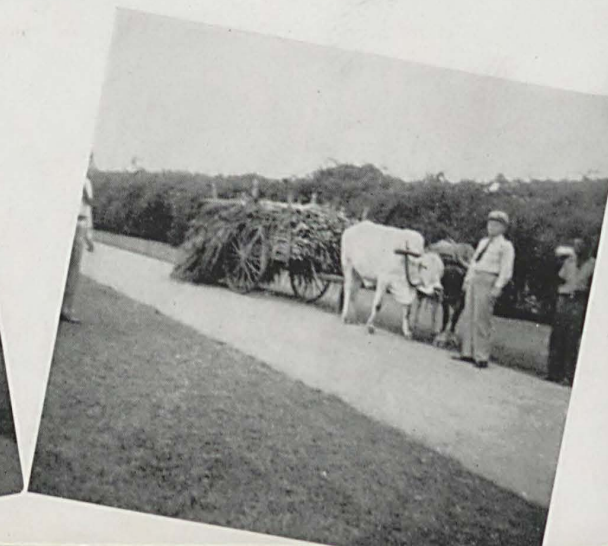
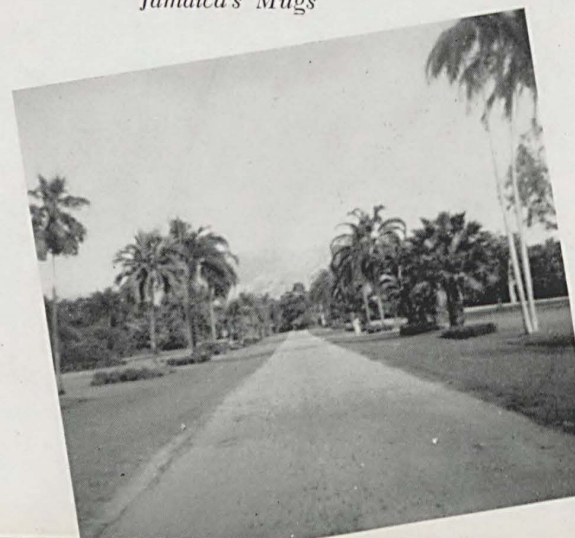
The Foc'sle



More Tourists



Jamaica's Mugs





First Nighters

From the sea, one was struck by the amount of new buildings and docks being erected, and one's fears that it would be just another Mexican bush town were banished when we went ashore. Here was an up to date city, brimming over with typical Mexican hospitality. Street cafes, roving musi-

cians, new theaters,—this town had everything. Our dollars were worth more than they had been two years before, and soon we were acquiring shirts, belts, wallets, pocketbooks, baseball gloves, baskets, tablecloths, or as much as fifteen dollars worth of pesos could buy.



Let's Go, Sam!

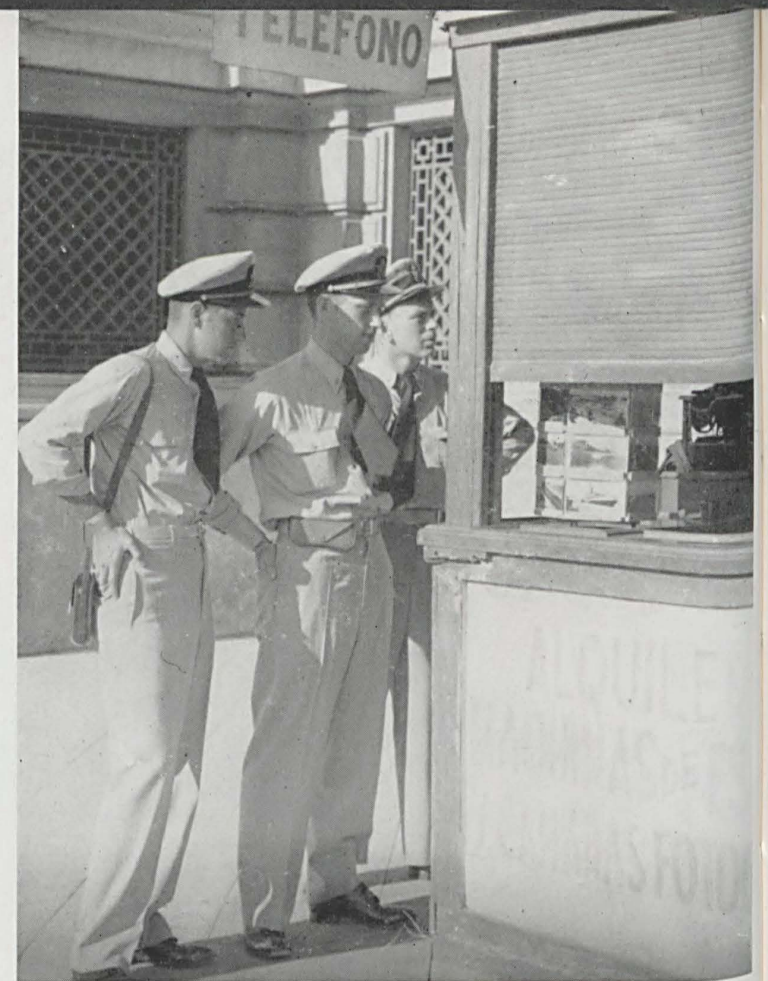


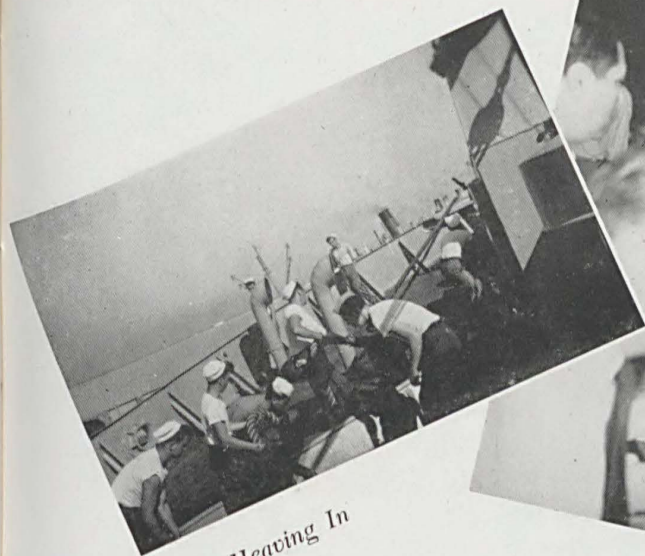
VERA CRUZ

New to us was the old Spanish custom on the plaza each night of the girls strolling in one direction, and the boys in the other. When told that if a pretty senorita smiled at you, it meant you could walk with her and maybe practice your Spanish, several of the Maine men immediately made the most of the situation and gave the time honored custom their heartiest approval.

A trip to Fortin de las Floras was arranged for both liberty sections. It was a beautiful spot in the mountains at the base of an 18,000 foot giant. A delicious meal was served at the hotel and after there was swimming in a pool that had gardenias floating on it, or tennis, golf, or horseback riding. Those who went riding had much to tell of when they got back, even though they couldn't sit down for a few days after.

It was time to go back to the States again, and the next time we saw land





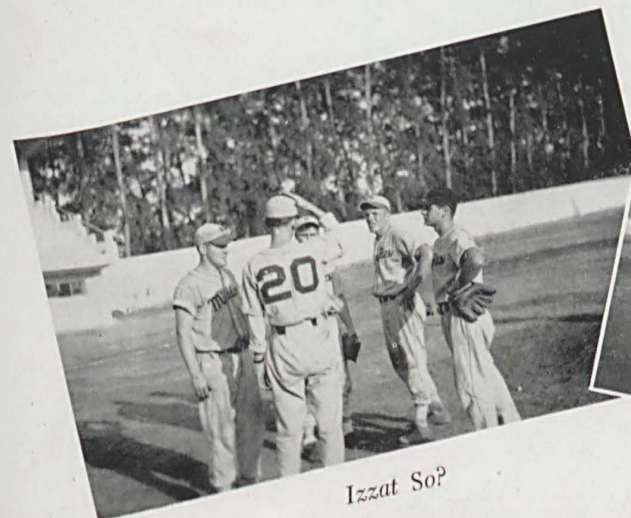
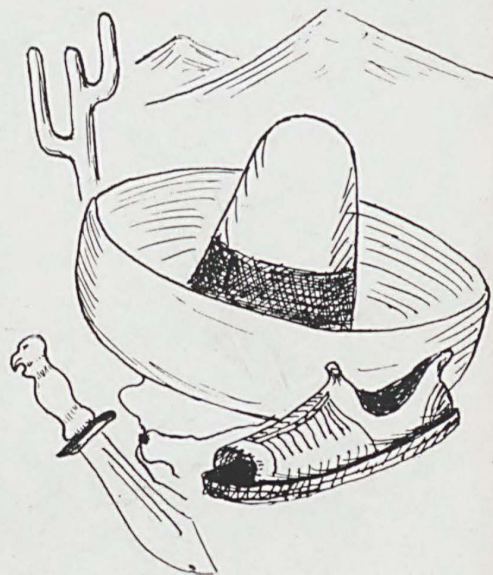
Heaving In



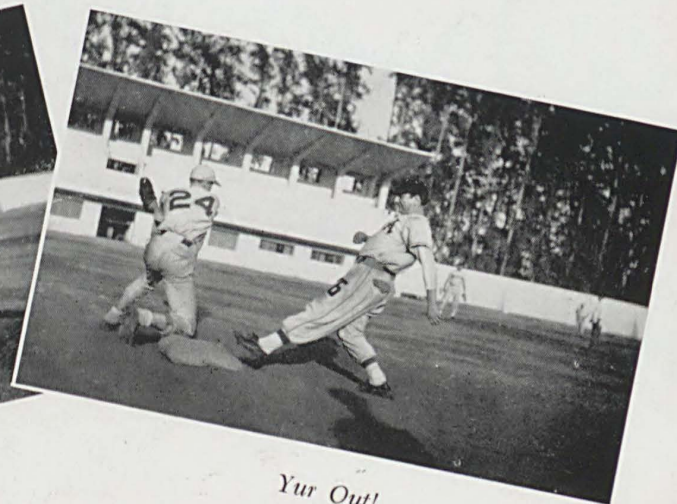
Some of Da Boys



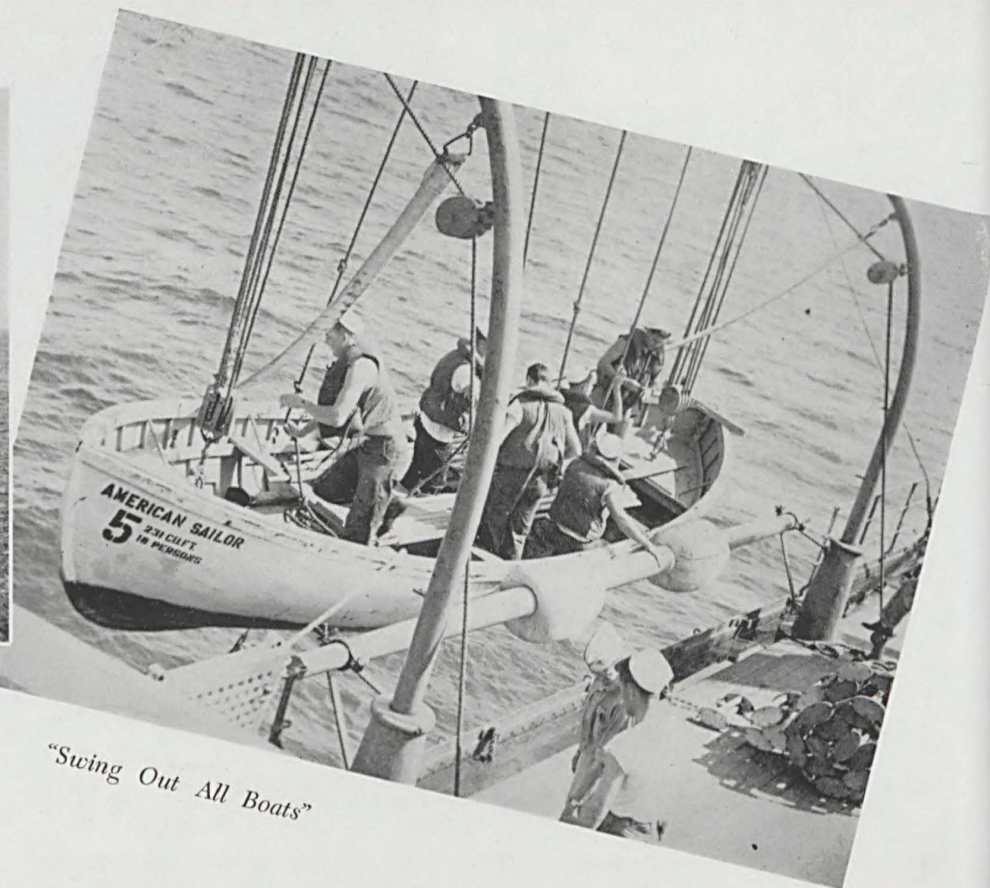
All This And Music Too



Izzat So?



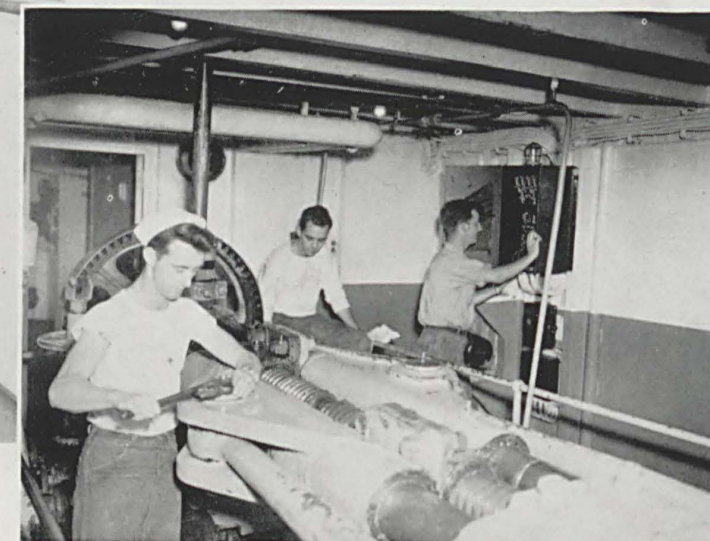
Yur Out!



"Swing Out All Boats"



Captain Mac



it was the flat marshland of the Mississippi Delta. With the Sailor vibrating so much as to lose her after truck light, we plowed our way steadily up the great river and that night, we were anchored just below New Orleans. We docked the next morning, and looking around to see the many ships there, realized that we were in one of the greatest seaports in the world.

NEW ORLEANS

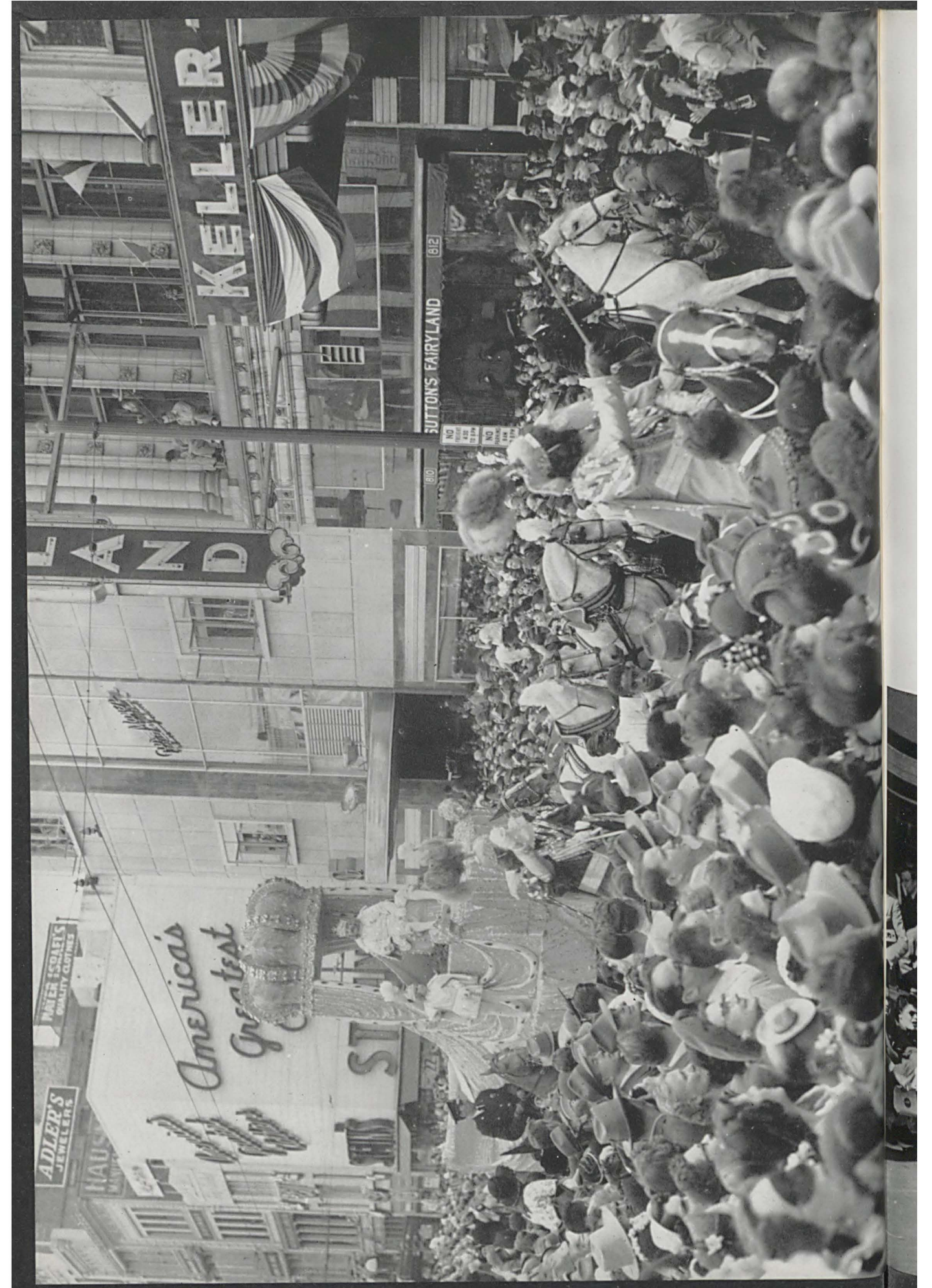
It was Mardi-Gras time, and parades and other festivities were everywhere. Here was the home of Dixie land jazz, amid the narrow streets such as Bourbon and Basin, where the wail of the clarinet and blare of the trumpet were heard from dawn to dawn.

Tuesday, Mardi-Gras Day, all hands except a few unfortunates were allowed to go ashore. The town was wide open for its final fling. The Academy band and drill squad marched in the Rex Parade, and received many compliments on their appearance. They marched about ten miles, they say, and felt like the Legion after a month on the Sahara when they were through. At the stroke of midnight, the city became



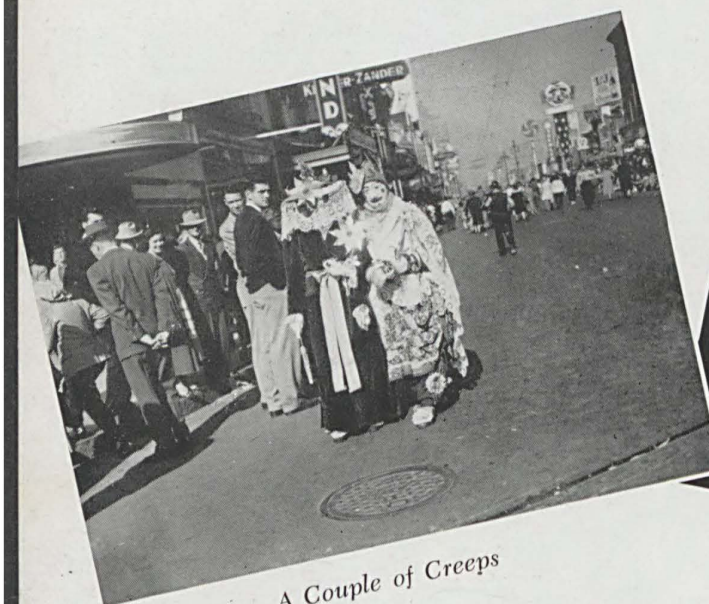
Mardi Gras

quiet and nothing of the day's festivities was left except the countless decorations and pop bottles that littered the streets, giving the place a dismal, forgotten appearance.

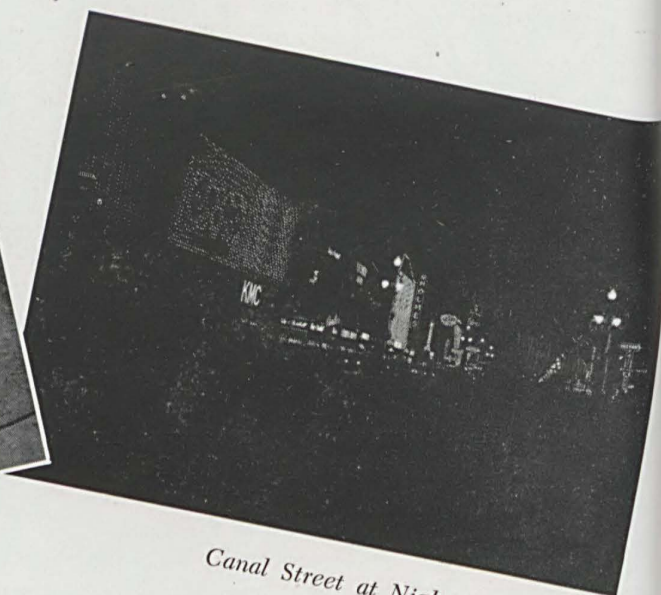




The next morning, we shot down the river and soon headed into the Gulf of Nassau. Here was a pretty, clean, little town, modern and much to our dismay, having slightly higher prices than at home. However, the people did everything to make us feel at home, and their hospitality was what made this one of the best ports of our three years. We were made honorary members of the Yacht Club, the Aquatic Club, and the Country Club. At the Country Club with one of the finest golf courses in the world, we were given



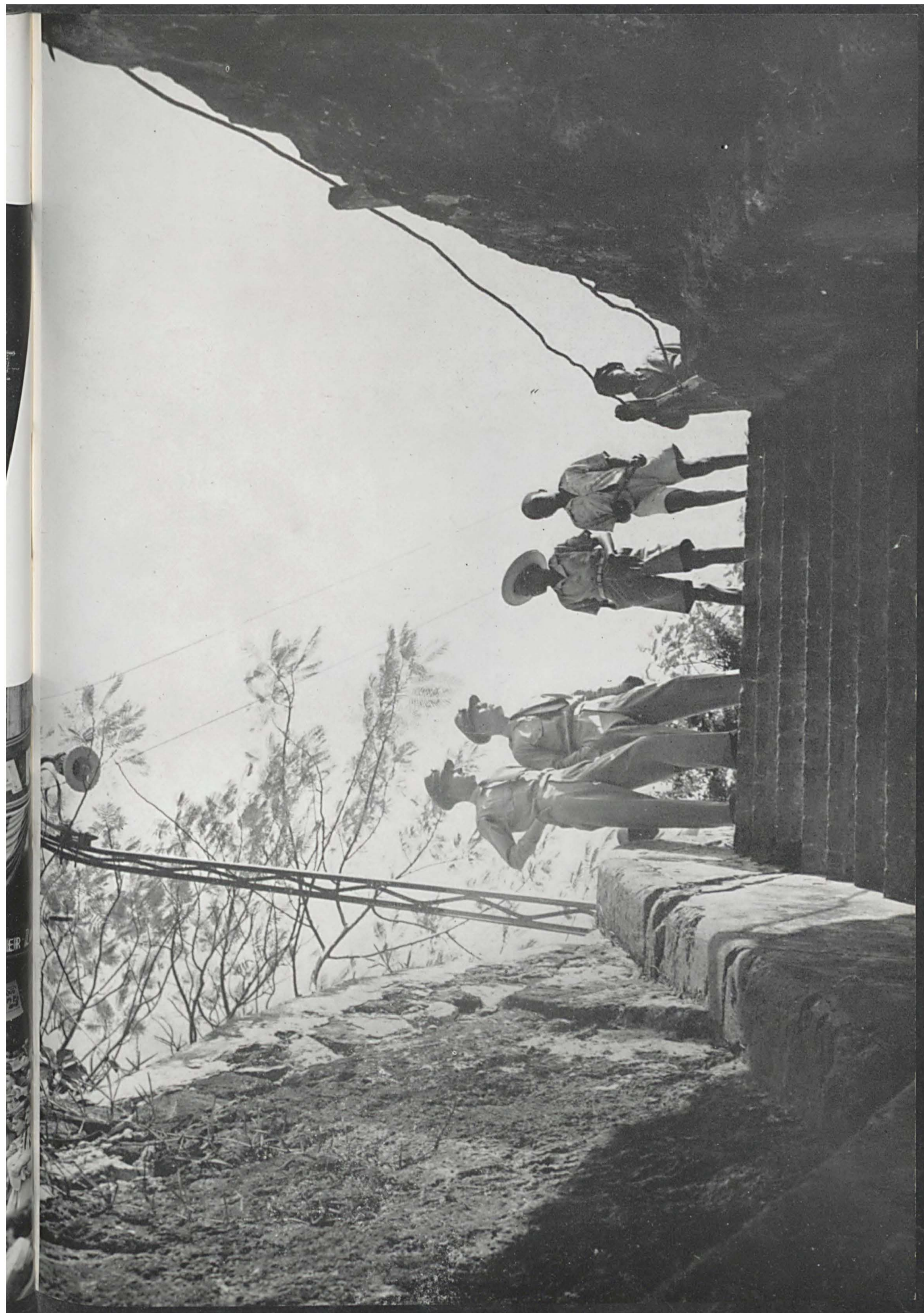
A Couple of Creeps



Canal Street at Night

The Parade That Never Ended





NASSAU

clubs to use as long as we desired, and swimming privileges also. Swimming on nearby Hog Island was the best anywhere in the West Indies and many liberty hours were spent there. Tours of the island were arranged for us by one of the residents, and the beauty of this small gem was enjoyed by all. Bicycles were on hire and it became a common sight to see men in khakis go wheeling down the street, especially on the wrong side, much to the dismay of the British inhabitants.

Reluctantly, we left the Bahamas for our return to the northern climes. Soon amid cold rain we were sailing up Chesapeake Bay and found ourselves tied up in Baltimore. Lou Zulka had waited three years for this and was on the bridge early in the morning in anticipation of entering his home port. Balti-



Study In Booms

On A Bicycle Built For Two





The Union Jack Over Fort Charlotte

more was a busy city, and there was plenty to do.

An extensive field day was held, in preparation for an inspection by Admiral

Bahamian Merchant Marine



Knight and Commodore Queen, who appeared to be quite satisfied with the entire organization.

With the capitol city of Washington so near at hand, most every Midshipman made his way there to see the many memorials and government buildings. Some of the Skowhegan men made a call on Mrs. Senator Smith who is always glad to welcome State of Mainers to the Capitol. A few of the midshipmen invaded that vast institution in the Severn River, the U. S. Naval Academy, and got to see how their counterparts of the Naval Service live. All, without doubt preferred the calm and tranquility that is Richardson Hall to the hustle and bustle of the many dorms and class buildings of the Yard.

BALTIMORE

Through the morning mists and smog, we made our way up the Hudson River approaching Manhattan. On our port we were greeted by Miss Liberty, and the cold gray towers of the skyscrapers were ahead. We docked at Pier 26 and most of the men who lived in the surrounding areas were greeted by their families on the dock. There was much to do in New York, shows to be seen, tours to take, etc. Tours were arranged to visit various shipping companies and to go aboard their ships. Here we got to see loading operations and cargo stowage being done, and talked to ship's officers about things in common.

There were many good shows in town at night. "South Pacific" was there, but



Baltimore Waterfront

not unless you wanted to wait a couple of years to see it. However tickets to "Miss Liberty", "Where's Charley", and "Mr. Roberts" were easily gotten. "Mr. Roberts" was the most popular among the midshipmen, for its parody on life aboard a Navy cargo ship so closely

Admiral Knight Inspects





NEW YORK

paralleled our own that it was doubly humorous to all that saw it.

Soon we left New York for Portland and Castine. On the way we were overtaken by the Polish liner "Batory" taking a Russian spy back to his "land of opportunity". The next day we met the Queen Mary off Nantucket Lightship.

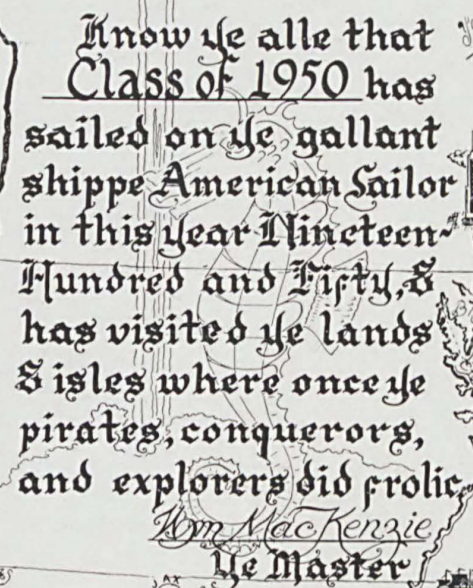
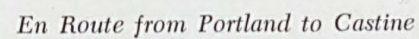
After a four day stay at Portland, we welcomed aboard a visiting party of legislators and friends for the trip back to Castine. That night we were docked, and our last cruise was over. Now there remained only about two months to put the finishing touches on our preparations for the approaching mates and engineers exams in June.



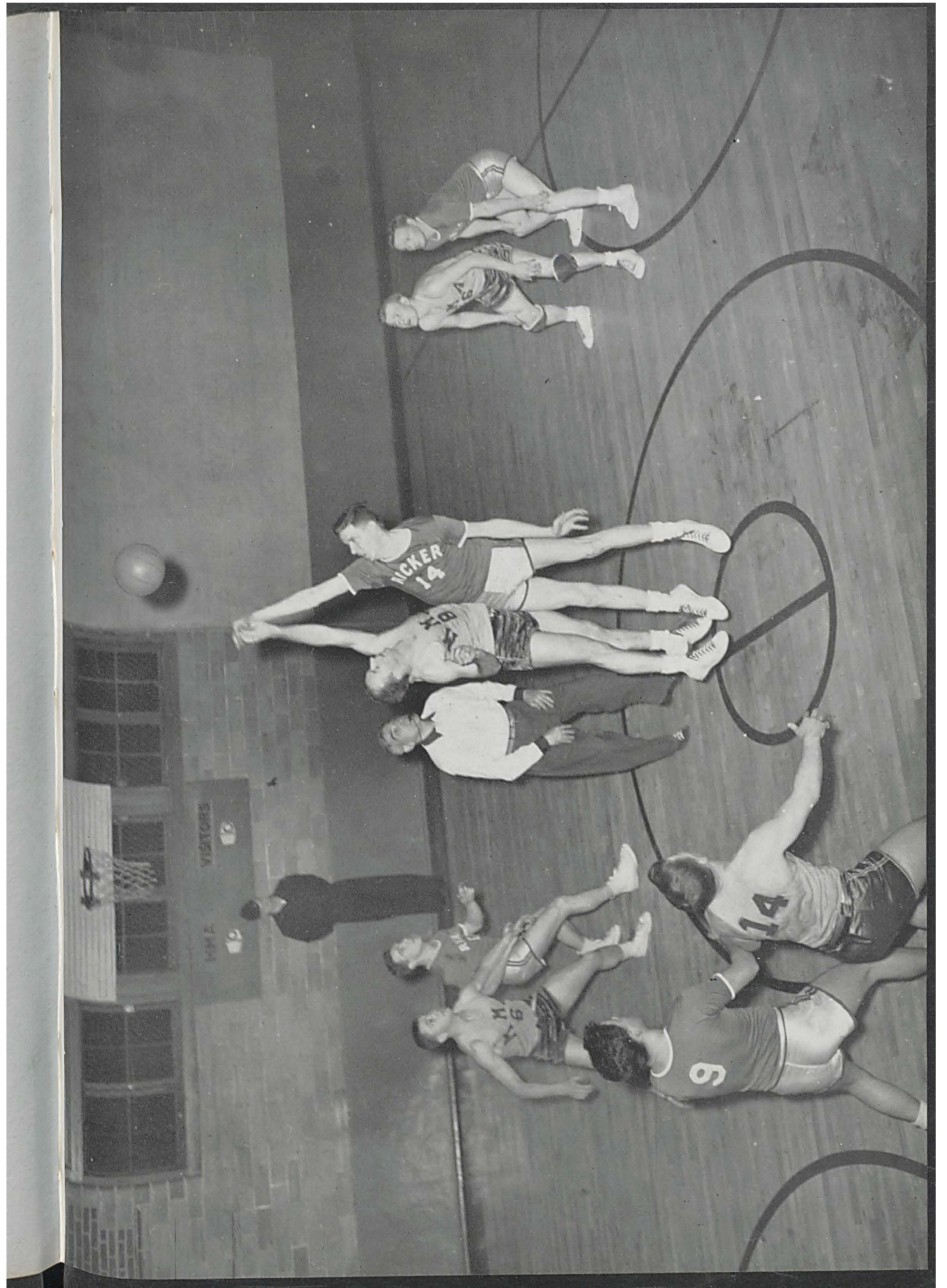
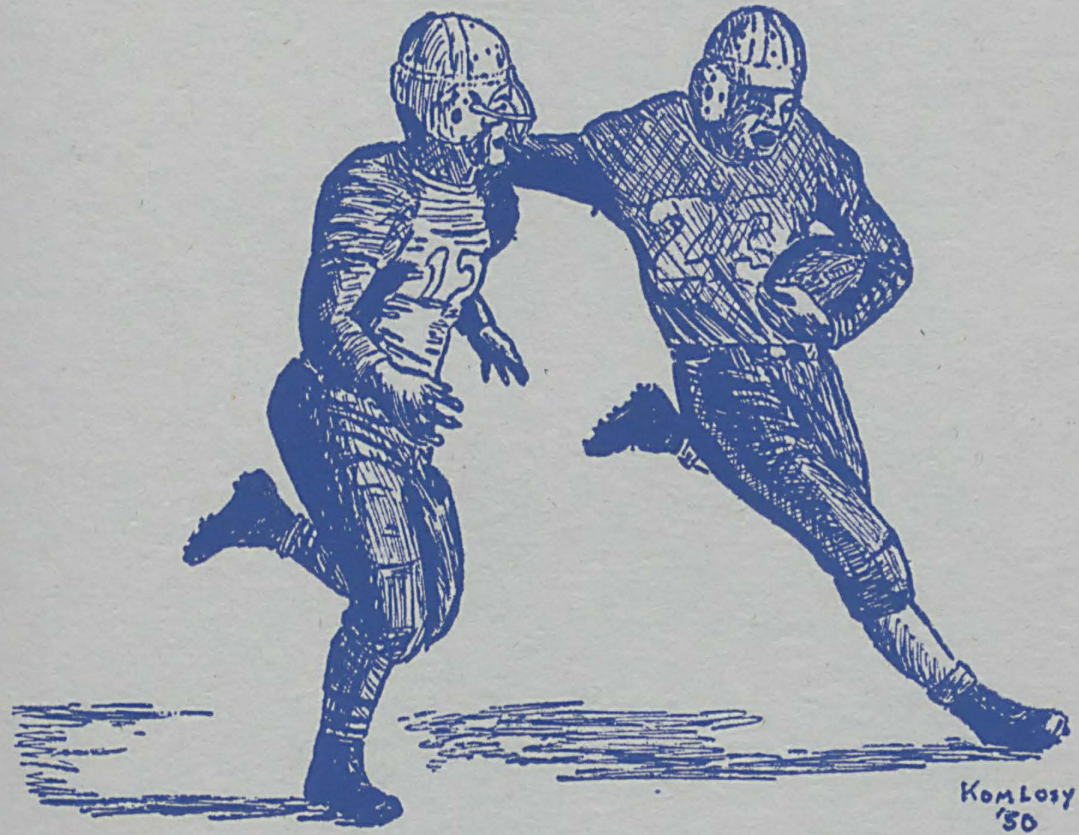
Miss Liberty

Bill and the Bos'n





SPORTS



Middies Close With Win

39-0 Shellacking
Is Fifth Victory
For Castine Club

CASTINE, Nov. 20 — The Maine Maritime Academy football team finished one of the most successful grid seasons in the history of the school here Saturday with a 39-0 triumph over New England college of Henniker, N. H.

Bates Host To Maine Maritime

Tomorrow's informal game at 1:30 P.M. at Garcelon Field fills an open date for both Bates and Maine Maritime Academy—both of whom have important games booked for next Friday.

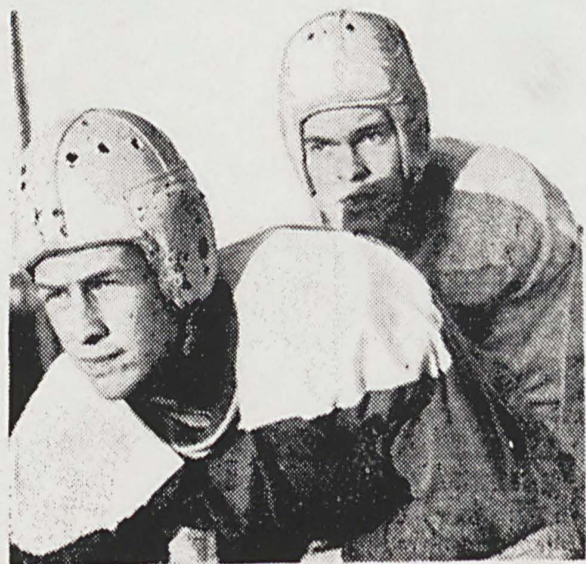
Evans' 60 Yard Dash Gives Maine Maritime 14-14 Tie With M.C.I.

CASTINE, Oct. 23—Two of Maine's strongest prep school football teams—Maine Central Institute of Pittsfield and the Maine Maritime Academy eleven from Castine—battled to a 14-14 tie here Saturday on the new but muddy academy field.

Midshipmen
Cruise Past
Ricker, 38-0

Scrap

If Spirit Will Do It, Watch Castine
If spirit will do it, Bates will find itself in a lot of grid-iron trouble, November 5.
On that date, if you didn't notice it in the public prints, the ambitious Maine Maritime Academy squad will oppose the Garrettsville team at Lewiston.
It's like watching David Goliath. They have unlimited faith in their ability to play football and play it well—against any opponent.



KEN ERICKSON AND JACK WHITE
Maine Maritime Academy

JULY 27, 1949

News Baseball Squad In Drill; Face Maritime Team On Sunday

It was blazing hot on Doyle Field yesterday afternoon but Coach Marty McDonough and his NEWS baseball squad stepped through a speedy two-hour drill, with more of the same scheduled for this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Eleven members of the 18-man squad selected by the Boston Braves scouts were on hand for the initial drill, with the remainder of the players expected this afternoon.

Book

MMA Defeats
Bay State 9
In Arc Game

PORTLAND, May 15 — Maine Maritime academy gained a leg on a series trophy here last night by defeating Massachusetts Maritime academy, 5 to 4, in a night game, the first annual affair between the two clubs.

Maine Maritime Nine
Noses 5 To 4 Victory
Maine Midshipmen Rout Bay Staters



PETE SCONTRAS
Maine Maritime Academy

Bates To Play Maritime Team
... ..

FOOTBALL - '47



Captain Emery



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



M. M. A.	OPPONENTS	
13	<i>Ricker</i>	6
13	<i>Higgins Classical</i>	6
13	<i>Maine Central Institute</i>	18
13	<i>U. of M. Jayvees</i>	6
19	<i>Bowdoin Jayvees</i>	7
0	<i>U. of M. Annex</i>	6
22	<i>Mass. Maritime</i>	12
18	<i>Coburn</i>	21

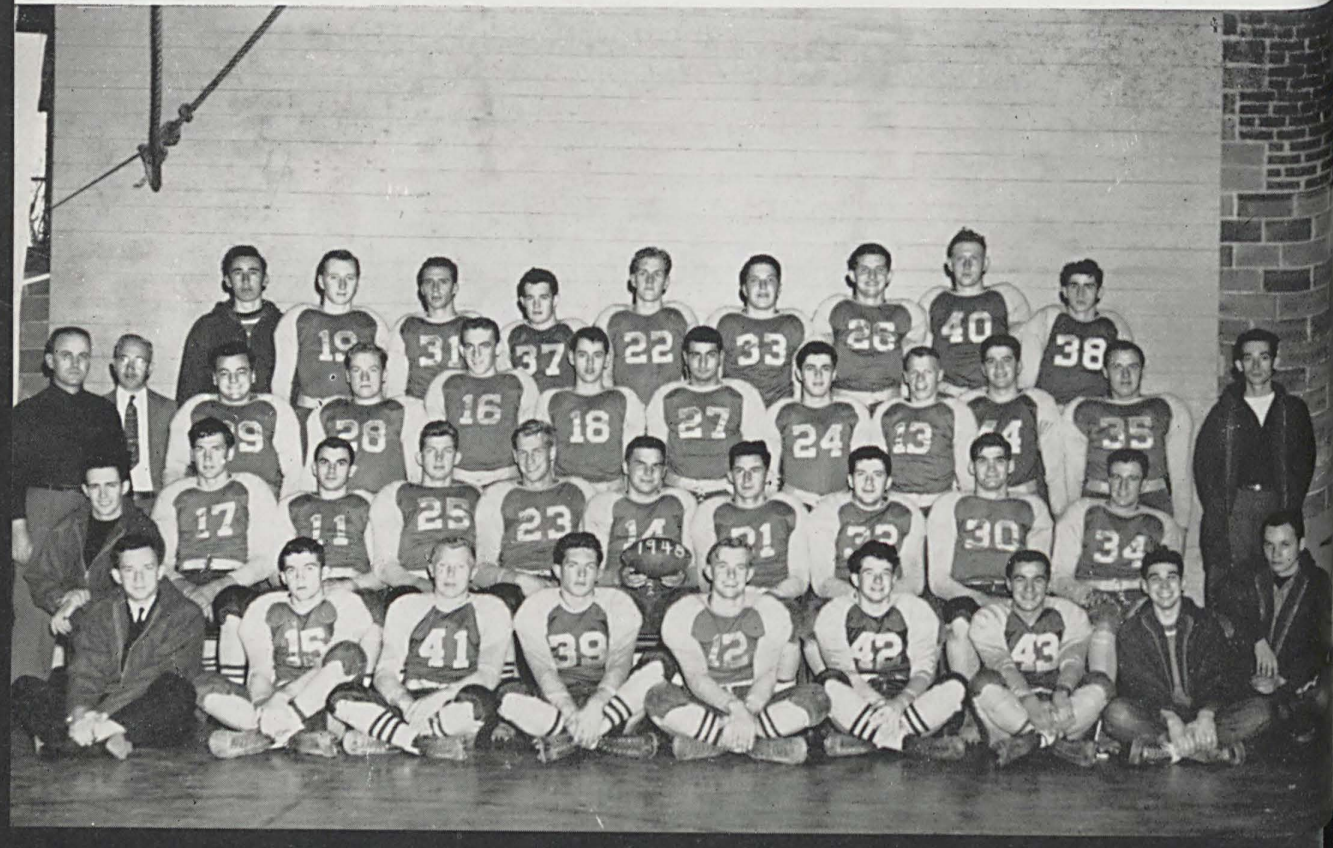
FOOTBALL



Practice at Fort George

THE 1948 football season got off to a roaring start as the Blue and Gold gridders downed Higgins Classical Institute 21 to 0 in the first game of the season. Coach Hكتور stressed top physical condition and it really paid off as one glance at the box score can tell.

Last Row (left to right)—Freeman, Schuyler, Dame, Edwards, Small, Descouteaux, Robinson, Murray.
 Third Row (left to right)—Coach Hكتور, Col. Herbert, Ruggerio, Van Note, MacPherson, Gagne, Galiano, Martin, Poulin, Throumoulos, Chamberlain, Assistant Coach Brown.
 Second Row (left to right)—Mgr. LeClair, MacLellan, Mansfield, Howalt, Erickson, Emery, Wight, Regnary, Giles, Sirois.
 First Row (left to right)—Mgr. KomLosy, Herbert, Mosko, White, Brown, Brophy, Scontras, Mgr. Letourneau, Mgr. Pike.



WON

M. M. A.	OPPONENT	
21	HIGGINS CLASSICAL	0
33	RICKER	0
33	MAINE J. V.	0
13	MAINE ANNEX	0
12	BRIDGTON ACADEMY	0
9	MASS. MARITIME	8

MMA 0 MCI 21 LOST

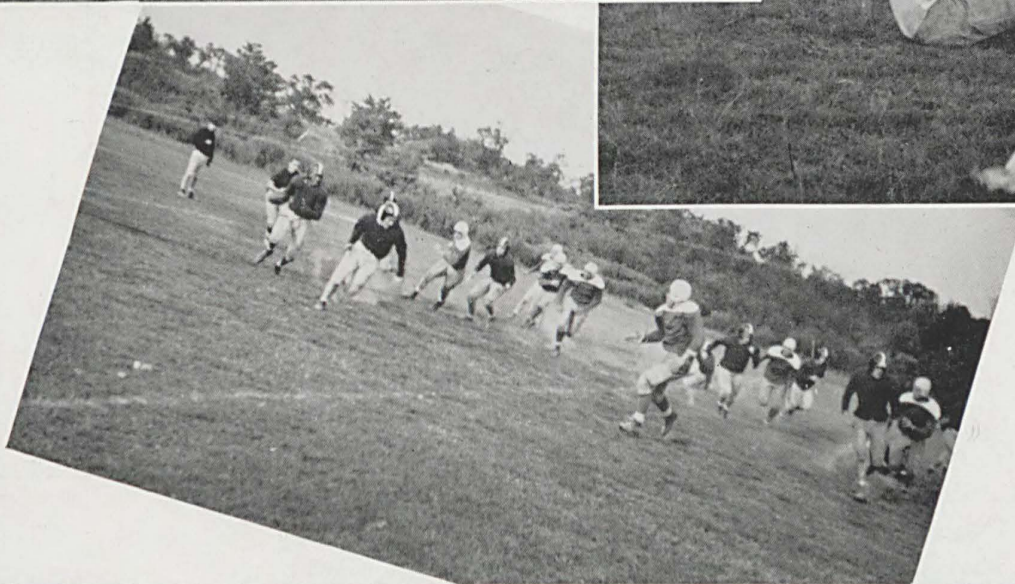
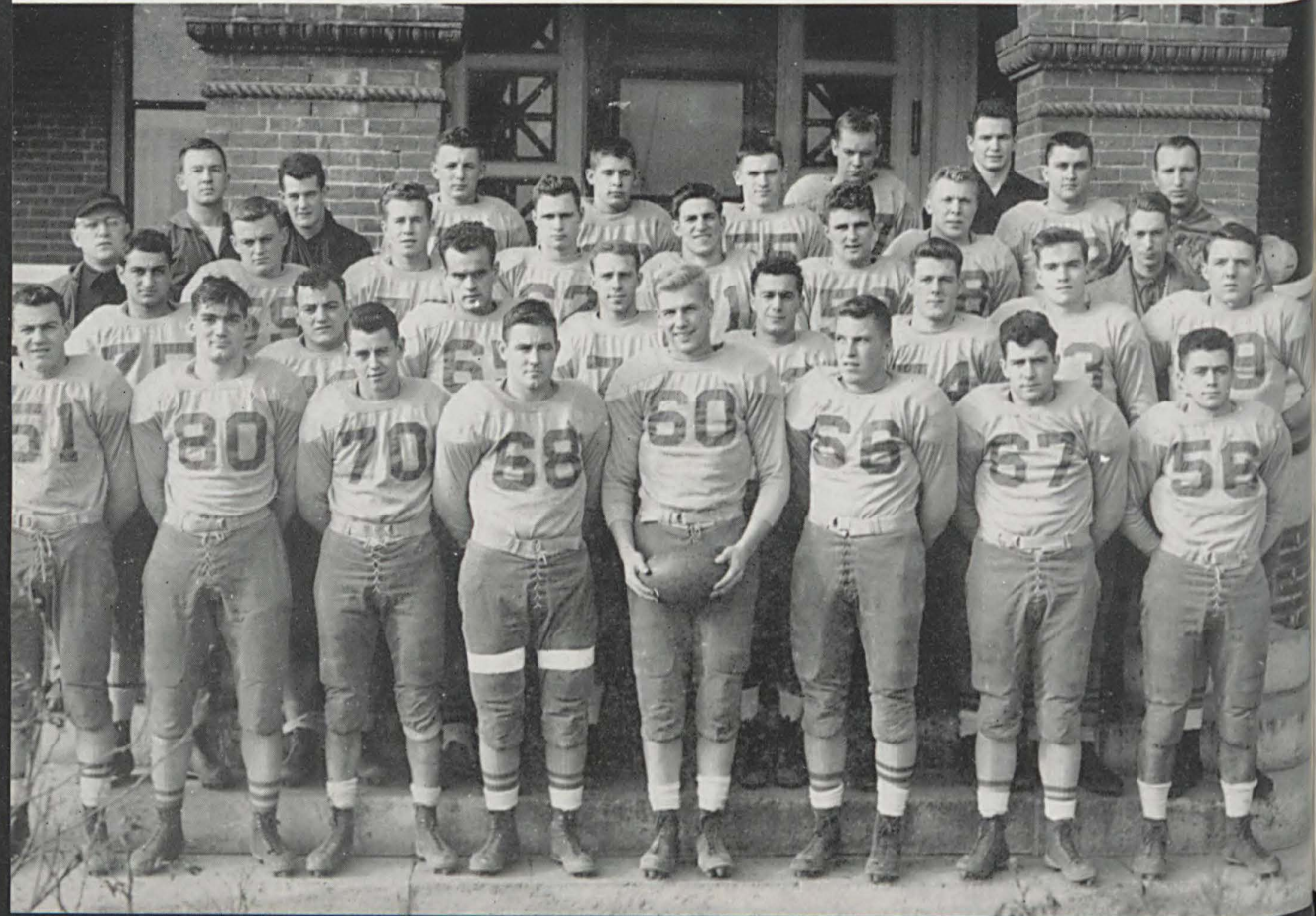


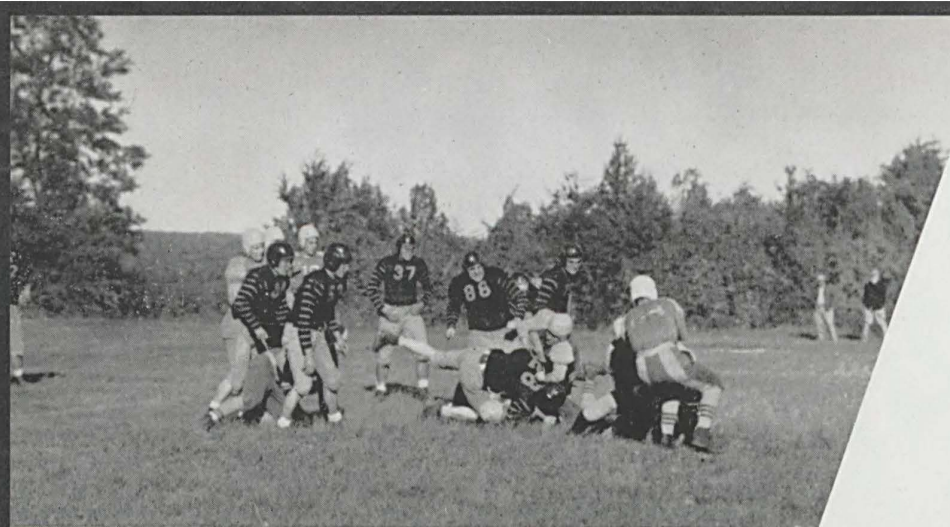
FOOTBALL '49



Captain Erickson

Front Row (left to right)—Herbert, Giles, Gagne, Lamond, Captain Erickson, Small, Regnery, Martin.
Second Row: Galiano, Ruggiero, Gendron, Schuyler, Scontras, Evans, Savelle, Norbert.
Third Row: Coach John Hoctor, Bernard, Kenney, Fairbanks, Catena, Dallaire, Mosko, Assistant Coach Ken Brown.
Fourth Row: Manager KomLosy, Dame, L'Itallian, Curtis, Egli, McPhee, Perry, Smalliage, Trainer Pratt.
Missing when picture was taken—White, Throumoulos, Genest, and Edwards.





The Opener



Kom Losy

Higgins Victims In Season's Opener

Coach John Hctor sliced his Middie grid squad to 35 men before settling down to the last week of practice before opening against Higgins Classical Institute October 1.

Fourteen letter men were back, consisting of: captain and center Ken Erickson, Don Edwards, Tom Herbert, Len Galiano, Wes Giles, Bill Lamond, Bob Regnery, Rene Gagne, Dal Small, George Martin, Phil Schuyler, Ted Throumoulos, Jack White, and Pete Scontras. Among new-

comers who looked promising were Frank Catena, Tim Bernard, Jock L'Italien, John Fairbanks and Ken Curtis.

The Sailors breezed through their first test of the season in easy fashion by taking a 26-6 win over Higgins. Pete Scontras led in the scoring by tallying twice.

Sparked by a 30 yard pass from Jack White to Tom Herbert, the Middies marched 55 yards

Who Has Got It?



Gendron



Harper and Dagg

for their first tally with Scontras bulling his way over from the one foot mark. The Castine crew came back to score again in the second quarter after Pete Scontras and Hal Dame had led the march to the goal line. Scontras carried the ball the final five yards for the score.

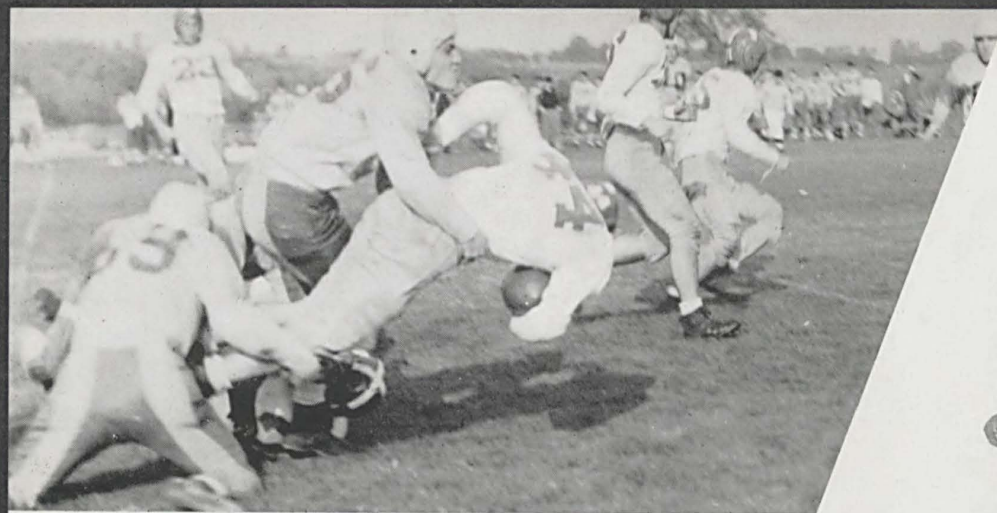
Fullback Ted Throumoulos tallied the third six points from three yards out in the third

period and a pass from Scontras to Dame produced the last Maritime touchdown in the final period.

Higgins came up with its only score in the final minutes of play against the Middies reserves when Dick Fornaciari hit the preppers Steve Vickery in the end zone. Bill Lamond and Rocky Giles blocked their kick.

Out Numbered





The Jaw Gets One



Evans

Strong Colby Frosh Team Blanked 18-0

The Middies of Maine Maritime Academy racked up their second win of the season at Mayflower Hill in Waterville with a decisive 18-0 victory.

For the Middies it was a successful story of pass completion and interception as Jack White and Pete Scontras connected with seven passes

and while the team led by their mainstay "Big Swede" Erickson intercepted six Colby passes to hold down the Colby scoring chances.

Quarterback Jack White and right end Tom Herbert combined to score two of the Middle markers. In the first quarter White tossed to Herbert from the 13 to start the scoring.

We Had To Fight



What's da Story?

The Middies scored again in the second period when a short punt placed the ball on the Colby 30. Jack White, Scontras, and Dame moved the ball to the one foot line where Big Ted Throumoulos carried it over to make the score 12-0 in favor of the Middies.

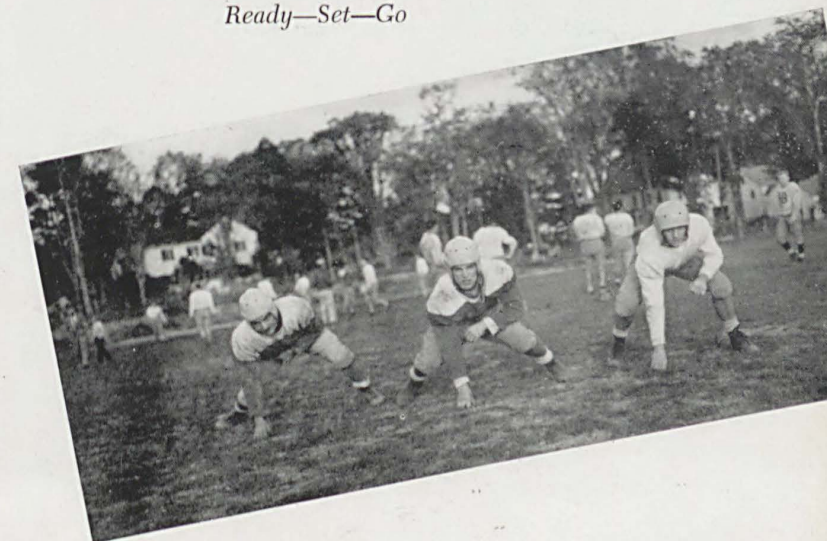
The future sailors crossed the goal line for their final touchdown late in the fourth period

when White completed another pass to reliable Tom Herbert in the end zone.

Bill Lamond, Small, showed outstanding defensive aggressiveness, while Edwards and Evans did some very sharp down field blocking.

The Colby line held well but the Middies racked up 8 first downs to Colby's 3.

Ready—Set—Go





Ricker Routed at Richie Field

Unbeaten Middies Topple Ricker, 38-0

Maine Maritime Academy ran roughshod over Ricker Junior College of Houlton, scoring in every period while posting a 38-0 triumph. The game was the first ever played on the new Academy gridiron at Castine.

Pete Scontras raced 65 yards for the first T. D. early in the first period. Early in the second quarter, Jack White tossed Tom Herbert

a 15 yard pass who romped 25 more yards to pay dirt. In the same period White pitched a 35 yard touchdown pass, which George Martin snared in the end zone. Scontras made the third T. D. in that period on a ten yard naked reverse. As Tim Perry made the conversion the score ended 25-0 at the half.

The Midshipmen counted once in the third stanza, when White whipped a 30 yard pass to rugged Don Edwards in the end zone. The last M. M. A. tally came in the fourth period, Phil Schuyler banging over center from four yards out for the T. D. Rugger Evans rushed across the 38th point.

White completed five passes, three of which went for touchdowns. The scrappy linemen playing their usual aggressive ball stopped Ricker from getting past their own 30 yard line.



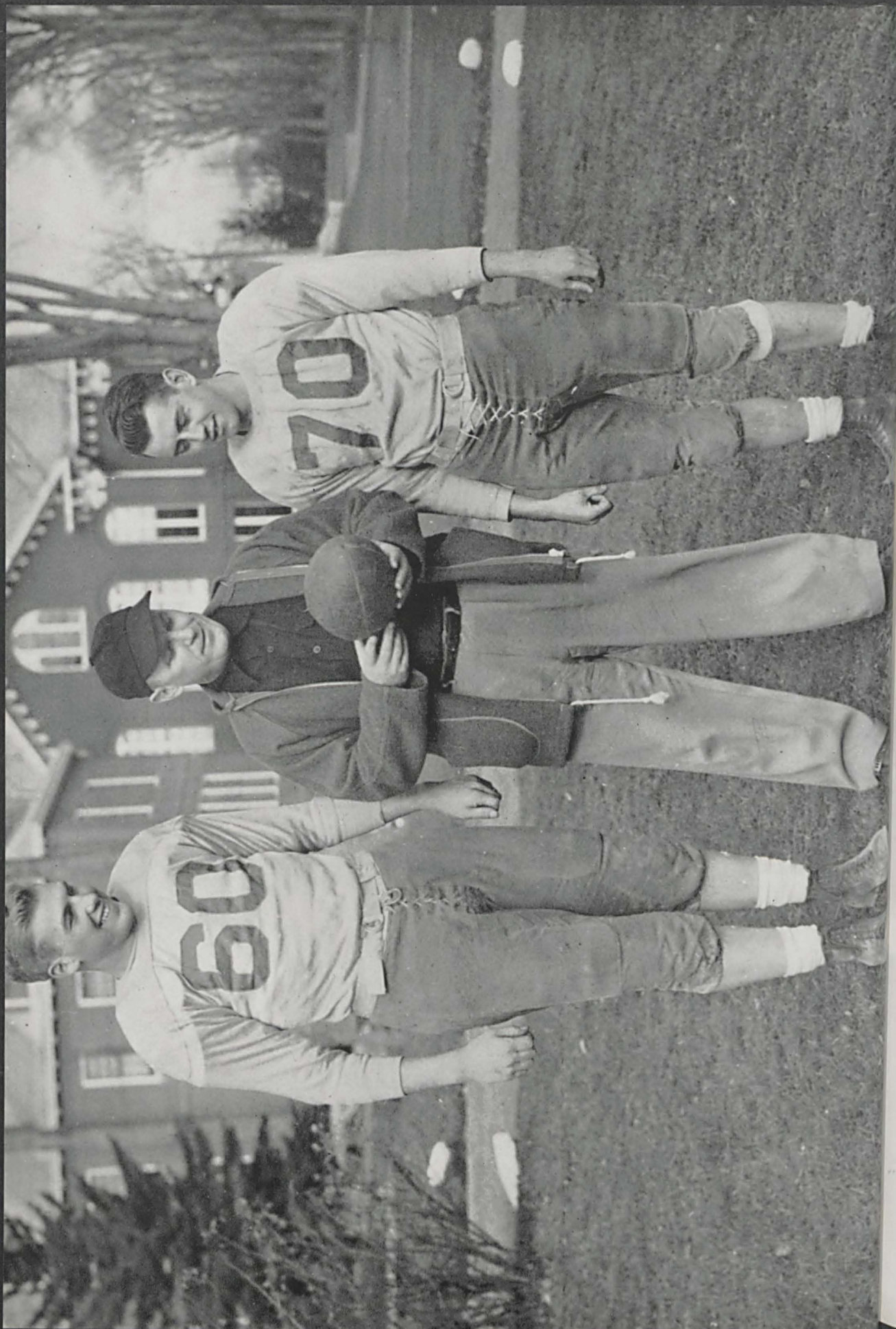
Herbert



Gabby Around End



Giles



Inspired M. C. I. Ties Mariners Powerhouse

Maine Maritime Academy and Maine Central Institute of Pittsfield, a strong prep school team battled to a 14-14 tie on the new Academy field.

Four place kicks; two by M. C. I.'s Jack Berry and another pair by the Middie's Pete Scontras decided the battle after the two elevens each managed to cross the goal line twice for touchdowns.

The Central Maine Preppers who for the last two years have spoiled Maritime hopes for undefeated seasons, scored first in the initial period with beautiful down-field blocking, Jack Berry scampered 60 yards around his own right end for the first tally and by an accurate kick Berry made the score 7-0.

Trailing for the first time in a year when the same club had put skids on them, the startled Middies fought back hard and marched 82 yards to pay dirt. "Whizzer" White tossed "Tommy" Herbert a 10 yard pass in the end zone giving the future sailors six and Scontras tied the score with a place kick.

The inspired preppers staged a march of their own in the third period and took the ball 80 yards before Don Lord of Brunswick waltzed around right end for the score. Berry again kicked the point.

The Middies added their second tally of the day in the opening minutes of the final quarter when "Rugger" Evans took an M. C. I. kick and ran 60 yards behind beautiful down field blocking for the score. With the score reading 14-13 in favor of M. C. I. fullback, Pete Scontras, calmly stepped back and booted a perfect place kick to knot the score.

Fighting hard as the minutes passed the sailors put on a sixty-yard drive that held the rooters in bedlam only to be halted on the 8 yard line by the tough M. C. I. line.

The final score ended 14-14 but more costly than the blot on the season record was the loss of rugged end Don Edwards, who was lost for the season and captain Erickson who was out for two weeks.



Saville



Captain-elect Gagne
Coach Hoctor
Retiring Captain Erickson



Pre-game Ceremony

Young Bears Rally to 21-21 Tie

The Middies started like a ball afire and had things their own way for more than three periods. Following a Maine fumble the sailors drove relentlessly down the field in the first quarter to the 3-yard stripe where Rugger Evans went over for the T. D.

In the second period the Middies were on the move again with a furious ground attack

that went sixty yards for a second score. Both conversions were missed but the charging line drove the next Maine J. V. offense behind their own goal line for 14-0 half time score.

Maine received in the last half and desperately took to the air as their ground game was completely nil. Dal Small intercepted a Maine pass and raced thirty yards for a score. Scontras

Scrimmage



Southern Maine and Cow Hampshire

made the conversion for a 21-0 score. With 6 minutes left in the game, Maine's Ralph Ham began to fill the air with passes. Starting on the Maine 14, Ham tossed two long passes to Hewens which brought the ball all the way to the Middies 32. Another shot to Royal was good for fourteen more and seconds later the same

from center was bad and traveled back into the end zone where Sullivan of Maine landed on the ball to make the score 21-20. McDermott made the conversion as the game ended in a 21-21 deadlock.

The loss of Captain "Swede" Erickson outstanding offensive and defensive center, Tom Herbert, and Don Edwards, fine players at the end positions were missed very much in this game. The linemen on both teams played a rough and bruising game, and for Maritime Len Galiano, Rocky Giles, and Dal Small turned in outstanding performances.

combination worked for a touchdown. Ham also passed to Royal for the extra point.

Maine kicked off, but a sailor fumble on the first play set up the second tally for the Pale Blue. McDermott kicked the extra point. Maritime again received and with the closing minutes passing decided to punt out of danger. The pass



Edwards



Ruggerio

BOBCATS AIRPOWER CONTROLS SAILORS, 18-7

The middies bit off their biggest chunk of the year as they faced the high rated Bates Varsity of Lewiston. Written up throughout the state as the football oddity of the week, the question in the people's mind was "Is Maritime ready for big time in the state?"

The toss was won by the Sailors who chose to receive. Maritime controlled the ball most of the first period racking up 6 first downs to three for Bates, who was held to 15 yards gained from rushing. On a return of punts Bates took possession on their own forty, and after two failures on the ground Perry faded back and tossed a long one to Mabilio that was good for 45 yards. Bringing the ball to rest on the middle eleven yard stripe, which after three attempts Ienello crashed over for the first count of the game. "Gene" Gendron blocked the kick.

Fighting to even the score the Middies took the kick off and knocked off three first downs for a fifty yard drive only to lose the ball by a fumble on the Bates 25. In the opening minutes of the second period Scontras connected with a 40-yard pass to Tom Herbert that moved the ball inside the Bates 10, but a fine goal line stand a potential score. Bates took over on



Lammond

their own seven and a series of passes to Conforth and Cannane, and fine running of Jesse Castanias moved the ball to the Middle 2 yard stripe with four downs to make it. It was the Middies turn to make a goal line stand and that they did with Regnery and Erickson playing great ball. The Bates Bobcats wound up on the thirty where the Sailors took possession. The score ended 6-0 Bates at the half.

Bates took to the air in the 3rd period after failing to gain thru the Middle line. A Perry-Cannane pass was good for 20, then Perry whipped a forty yard pass to Hal Conforth who took it over his shoulder on the two and stepped

Wet Track



Small

to get his hands on the ball. White playing heads-up ball all the way tossed another to Phil Schuyler for 15 more and brought the ball to the Bates 12. A drive by Scontras brought the ball to the Bates 6 where the Bates line held again and took over on their own four.

The T. D. march came in the last period when a Scontras-Schuyler pass connected to start the ball rolling. Pete Scontras and John

across for the second Bobcat score. The attempted point after was smothered by the Middle line. With Bates still using most of its first string players their passing attack was stopped momentarily with Schuyler and Erickson knocking down most of the attempts. However, Bates drove 40 yards for the third score with Perry passing to Conforth for yardage and big Jesse Castanias continually banging away at the weak side of the Middle line to finally go over from eight yards out. The middies set up another potential score with Jack White fading back and tossing a 35-yard pass to George Martin that might have gone all the way had the receiver not had to lift his feet



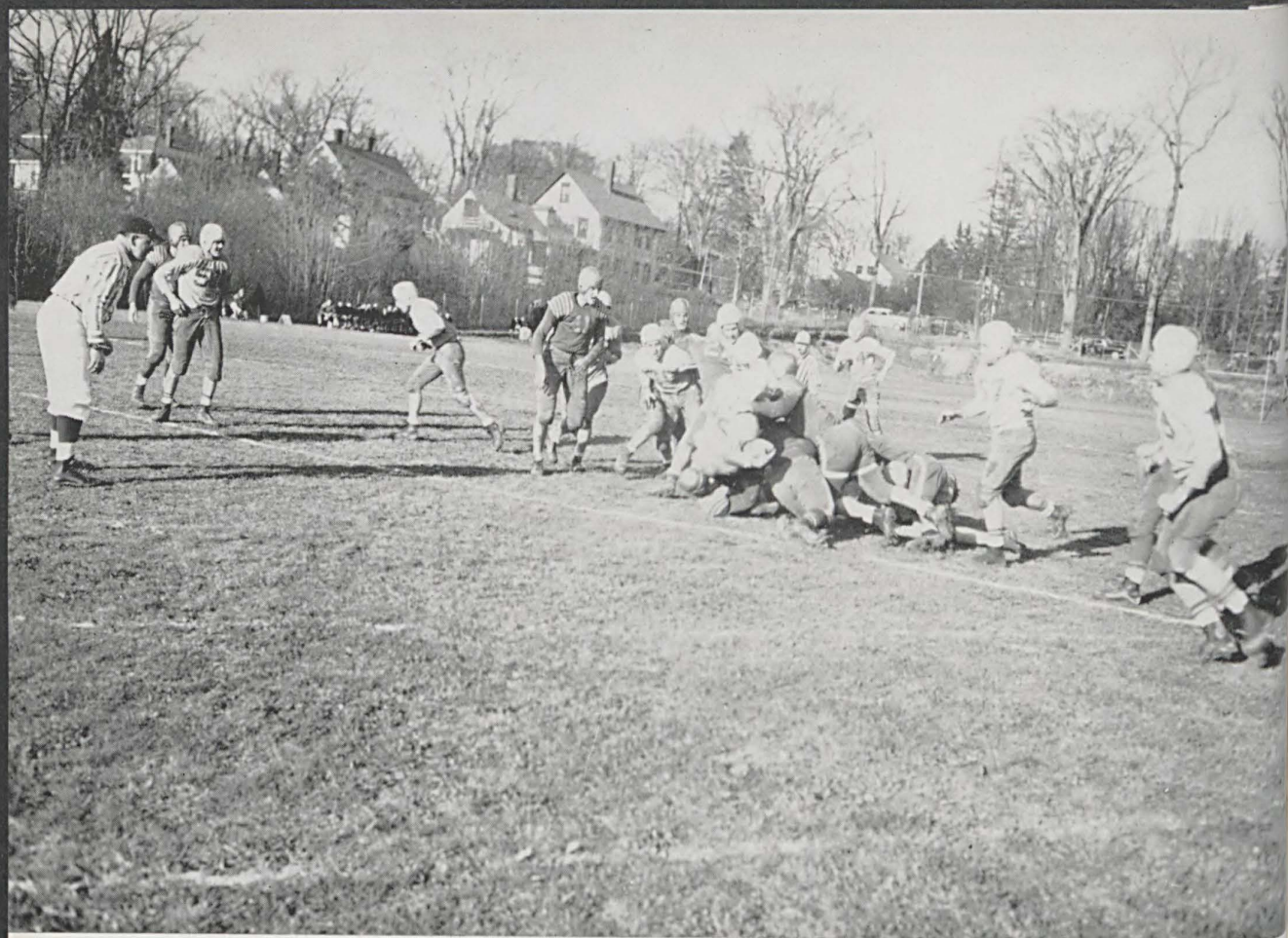
Scontras

Fairbanks carried for two first downs and the score came from a 1-foot line plunge. Scontras place-kicked the extra point.

Late in the fourth period the Middies took to the air again, but their threat was stopped when Hamel intercepted a Scontras pass just before the final whistle. The middies made 12 first downs to 9 for Bates and made 143 yards net rushing to 75 for the Bobcats.

—And The Band Played On





First Touchdown of Mass. Game

Maine Whips Bay State Rivals 26-7

Maine Maritime Academy captured the mythical New England Maritime Championship by taking Mass. to a one sided 27-6 victory.

The Maine Middies, out to win the third consecutive series, were up against a veteran ball club, who boasted a 33-0 victory over Leceister College of Worcester, Mass., in their previous engagement.

Hocctor's charges scored in three minutes

after the opening kick-off, Fairbanks banging across the goal line from three yards out to climax a 79 yard drive. Phil Schuyler clipped off 30 yards on a reverse and steady driving by Scontras and Fairbanks was the bulk of this drive.

Maine started another scoring thrust in the second period from its own 20 yard stripe. Young Fairbanks twice romped for 15 yards,



Martin

then quarterback Jack "Whizzer" White tossed a 40 yard scoring pass to Tom Herbert, the lad with glue on his fingers. Another Maine drive was halted on the seven yard line by the half time horn.

Dal Small intercepted a Bay State forward on his own 40 to set the stage for a third period T. D. march. Scontras picked up 17 yards around end to get things under way. Maine's aggressive linemen kept the holes opening and the backs kept rolling up the first downs until Phil Schuyler picked up eleven for the score.



White

After a fourth period exchange in punts, the Hyannis outfit drove 35 yards to a tally. Their short pass by Shaughnessy picked up the needed yardage and gave the Cape Codders their only counter. Len Galiano blocked the attempted kick conversion.

Erickson and Company took to the air to get this score right back. White spiraled a 45 yard aerial to Scontras, who took the toss on the invaders' two yard marker and crossed the final chalk mark.

The Pine Tree State aggression rolled up a total yardage of 354 to a net gain of just 55 for the Bay State rivals. Maine Middies made 21 first downs, the invaders, eight.



Scontras Scores for M. M. A.—

Mariners Blast New England College 39-0

The Middies of the Maine Maritime Academy wound up their 1949 football campaign on a high note Saturday afternoon as their big guns exploded to rack up an impressive 39 to 0 win over much heavier New England College eleven from Hennicker, New Hampshire. Scoring in every period, twice in the first and fourth, and once in the second and third, the Middies were paced by the fine running of Phil Schuyler, and Scontras, and a 92 yard run by Captain Ken Erickson, on a pass interception. All three were playing their last game for Coach Hocter. A high spot of the game was the fine pass defense set up by the Middies, as they intercepted five and knocked down thirteen of the eighteen pass attempts by the College boys. Playing heads-up ball the veteran packed Middle Line recovered five N.E.C. fumbles and held the visitors to a net gain of 66 yards, as Pete Scontras and company racked up a net of 377 yards from scrimmage.

The Middies opened fast as Bob Regnery recovered a fumble on the Pilgrim's 20, and on the second Middle attempt Phil Schuyler went 15 yards on a reverse to rack up the first six points in the first 2 minutes of play. Moments later the future admirals scored again with

Schuyler breaking through the center of the College line and racing 40 yards in a beautiful broken field run to score standing up.

Early in the second period Quarterback Jack "Whizzer" White intercepted a Pilgrim pass on the 50 and carried to the 35 yard marker. Pete Scontras tore over left tackle for 11 yards, Johnny Fairbanks hit the center for 3, and Scontras carried to the 8 on an end sweep, and on the next play he bulled his way over from eight yards out for the third Middle score. On the kick-off after the T. D., Dal Small smeared the runner who fumbled and the ball was recovered by Bill Lamond. On the next play Scontras raced 29 yards to score, but the play was called back on a clipping penalty. The New England Club never got started in the first half as they failed to penetrate beyond their own 30, and could not register a first down. Rugger Evans intercepted a New England pass on the seventeen at half time.

Hoctors charges who had trouble most of the season with pass defense, came into their own Saturday as they knocked down or intercepted every pass attempt against them. The New England boys opened the 3rd period by taking to the air with Glasson and Kenney passing to



Dame

ered a Pilgrim fumble on his own 47. Scontras went for 13 on an end sweep, Freshman Johnny Fairbanks hit the center for 15 more, and Phil Schuyler, 150 back playing his last and best game for Coach Hocter, tore around left end for 21 more before being knocked out of bounds

Jones and LaMontagne. Half way through the third period Captain Ken Erickson, playing an outstanding game both on the defense and offense, intercepted a Glasson pass on his own 8, paused a moment to pick up a blocker in Bob Regnery, and was off on a 92 yard run for the fourth Middle score. As Erickson raced down the side lines and crossed the midfield stripe two potential tacklers moved in to throw him out of bounds, but Regnery threw a perfect block that knocked both men off their feet and Erickson went the rest of the way alone.

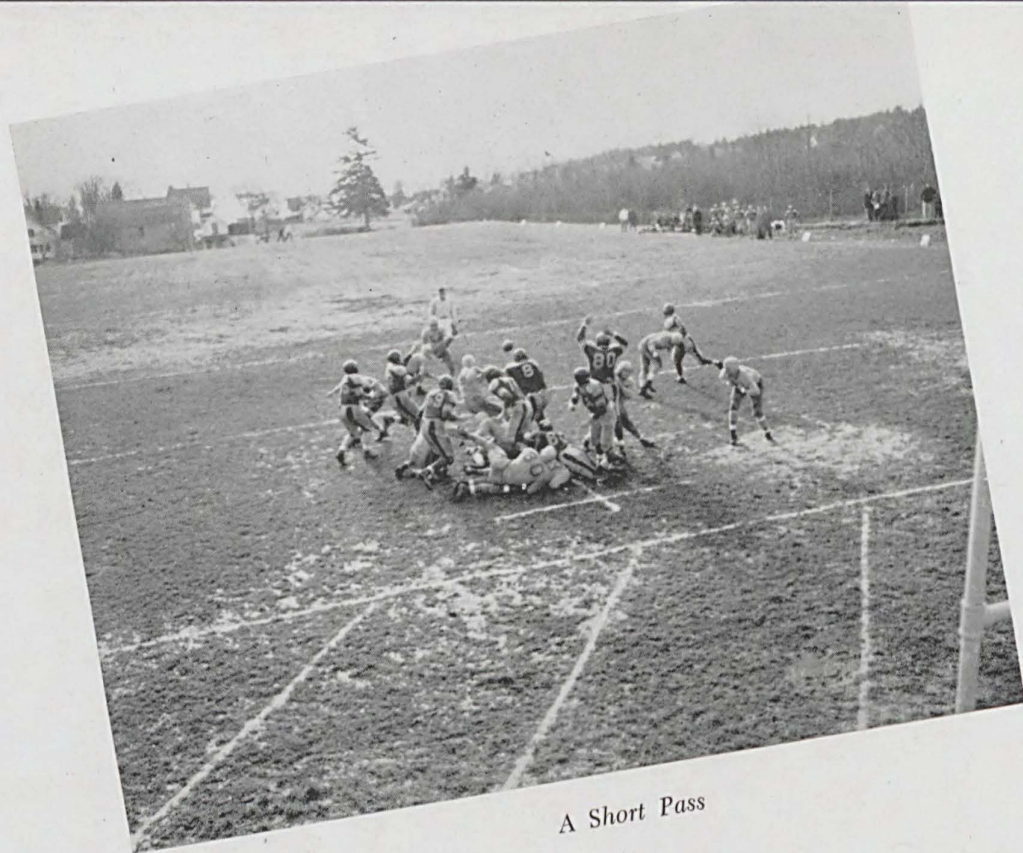
The Middies kept pouring it on as they went all out in the fourth period to rack up their second impressive win over an out of State opponent in as many weeks. Wes Giles recov-

on the 3. The New England line sporting a 240 lb. guard and 2 tackles weighing in at 215 each, held the Middies on three attempts at the center of the line, but Pete Scontras bulled his way over on the fourth attempt for the fifth score.

Late in the fourth period Dal Small, who

A Tense Moment





A Short Pass

has been an important cog in the Middies Line all season, set up the sixth score when he intercepted a Kenney pass on the New England 25. Phil Schuyler galloped 19 yards on another end sweep on the very next play, and John Mosko hit the center from six yards out to wind up the Middie scoring for the day.

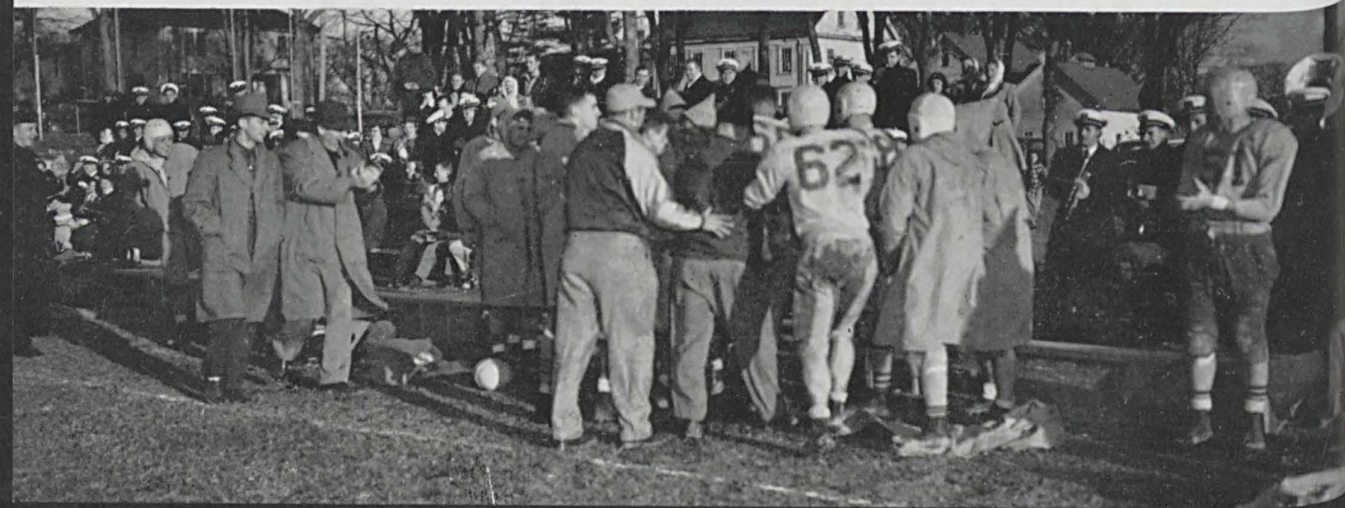
Pete Scontras kicked three out of six tries for the extra point.

In racking up their fifth win of the season against two ties, the Middies established them-

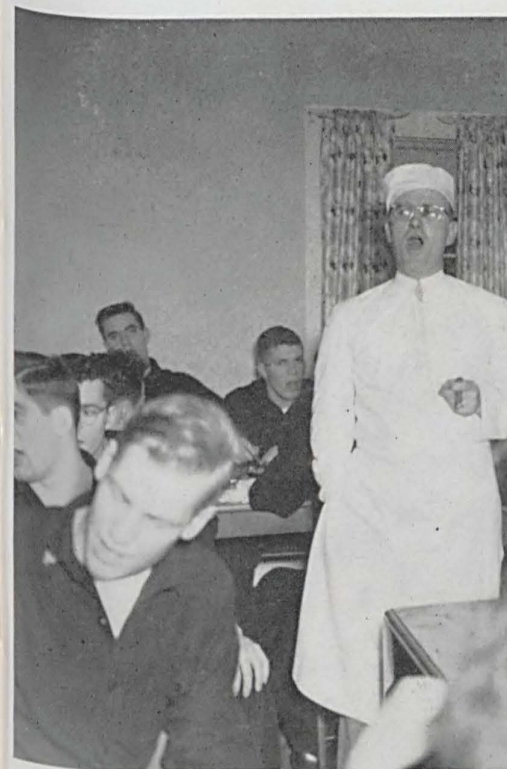
selves as one of the powerhouse clubs in the State for the 1949 season. They held the New England outfit to 104 yds. from scrimmage as they rolled up 406 yds. as the Pilgrims failed to penetrate beyond the Middie 30, and then only after Hctor had cleared the bench of his subs, in the final minutes of play.

The entire Middie line played outstanding ball with Erickson, Giles, Lamond, Schuyler, Scontras and White sparking the club. For the losers Glasson, Abrams, and Thibeault played good ball.

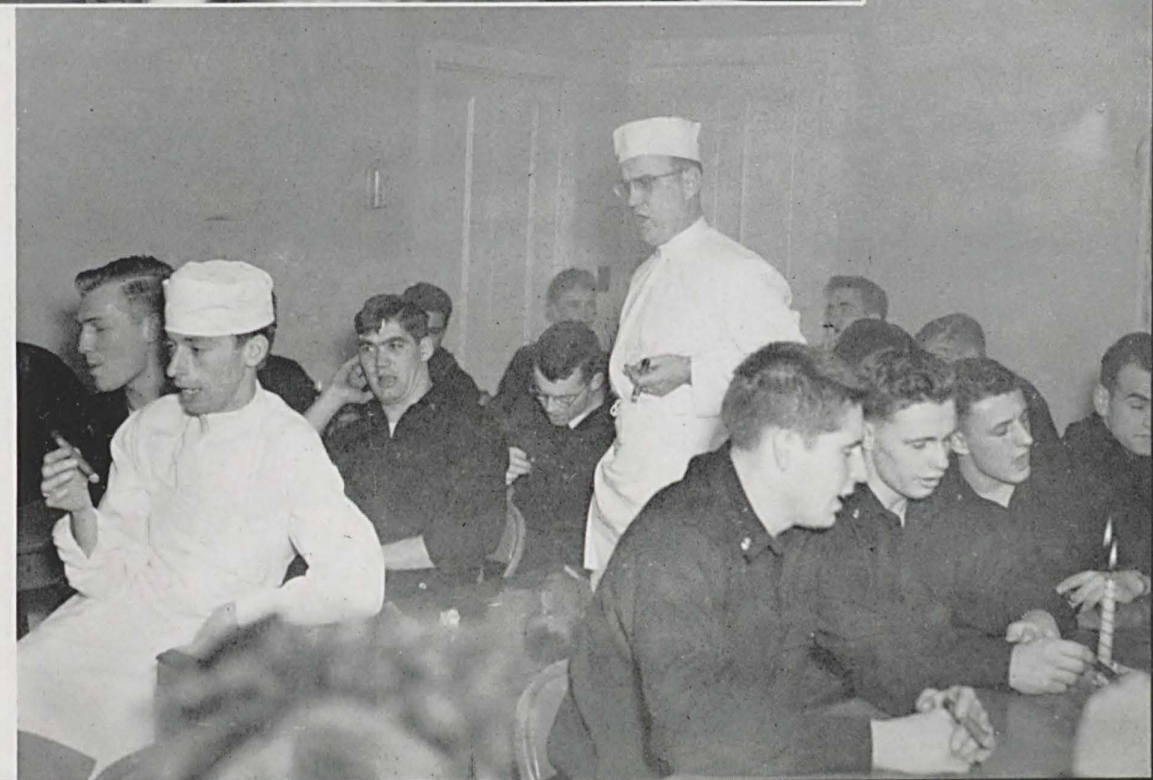
After the Game



"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"

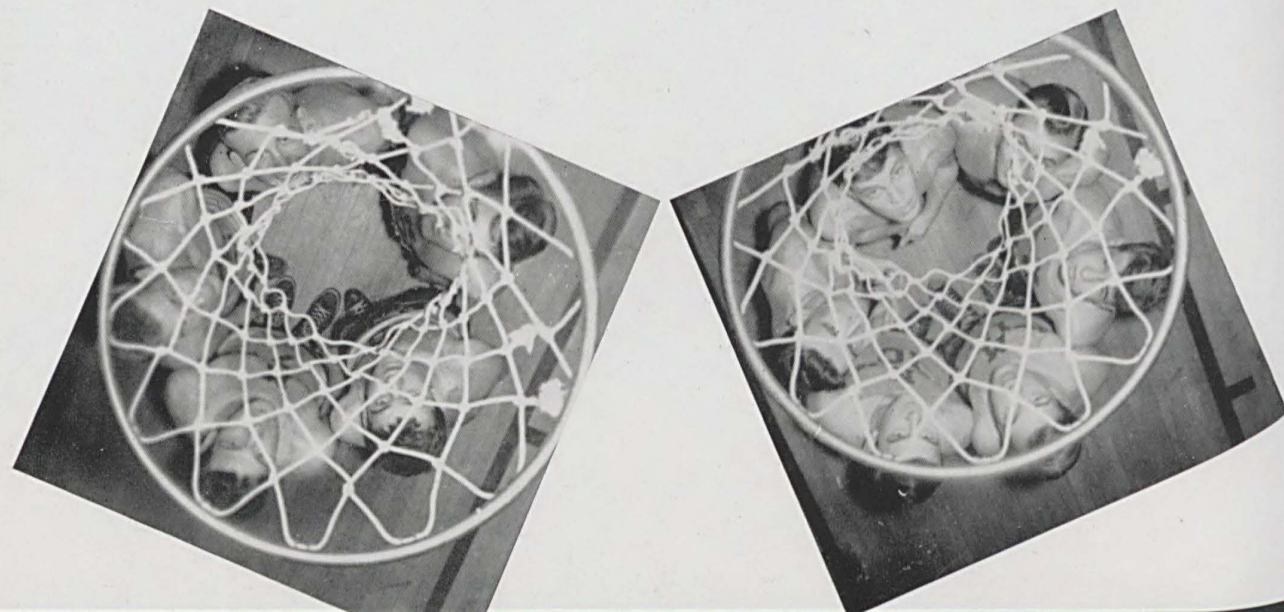


"The End of the Season"





BASKETBALL '47-'48

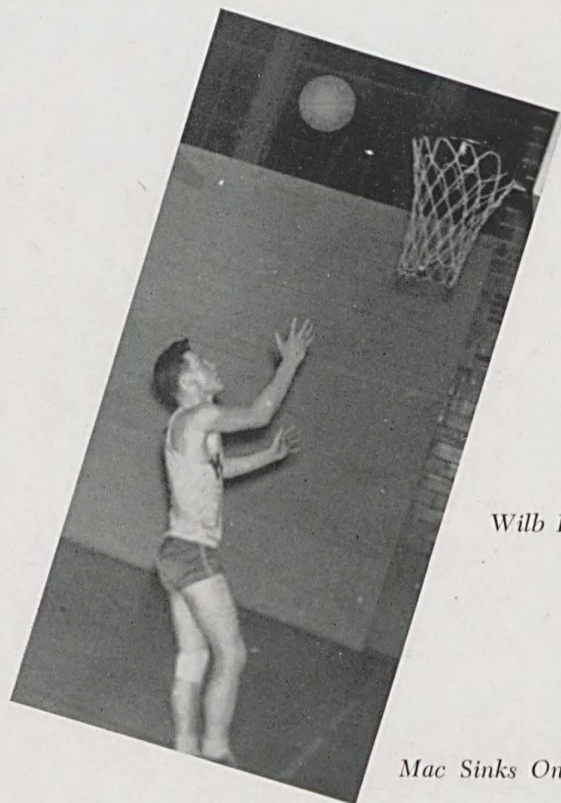


J-2 INTRAMURAL CHAMPS

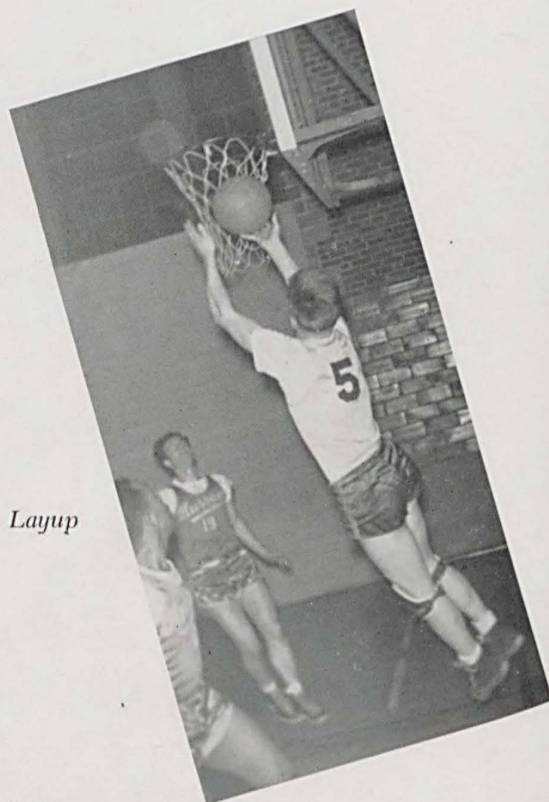




Jayvees



Mac Sinks One



Wilb In for a Layup

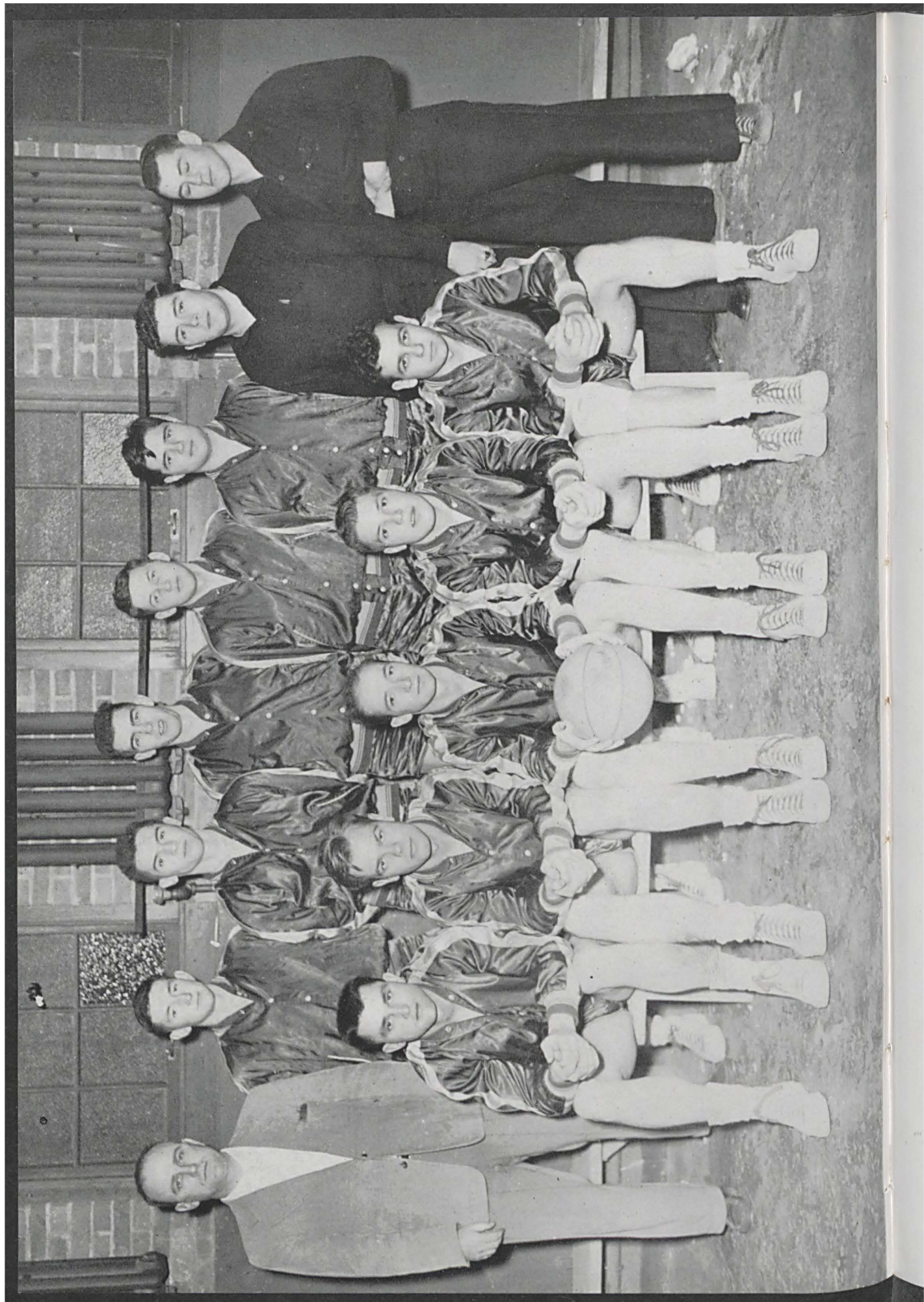



Basketball

1948-49 Schedule

M. M. A.	50	DOW FIELD	55
M. M. A.	41	DOW FIELD	40
M. M. A.	64	W. S. N. S.	41
M. M. A.	60	RICKER	68
M. M. A.	43	A. S. N. S.	69
M. M. A.	67	HUSSON	62
M. M. A.	60	W. S. N. S.	48
M. M. A.	38	M. C. I.	42
M. M. A.	62	A. S. N. S.	58
M. M. A.	61	U. OF M. ANNEX	73
M. M. A.	52	M. C. I.	55
M. M. A.	61	BUCKSPORT A. A.	59
M. M. A.	51	HUSSON	29
—		—	
710		699	



Varsity Basketball Schedule 1949 - 1950

	M.M.A.	Opp.
HUSSON COLLEGE	48	29
WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL	66	36
HIGGINS CLASSICAL INSTITUTE	43	73
MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE	61	47
RICKER JUNIOR COLLEGE	58	69
U. OF M. FROSH	50	52
MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE	55	60
NEW YORK STATE MARITIME COLLEGE	25	52
RICKER JUNIOR COLLEGE	60	64
AROOSTOOK STATE NORMAL SCHOOL	60	43
HIGGINS CLASSICAL INSTITUTE	52	44
HUSSON COLLEGE	55	53
	633	622



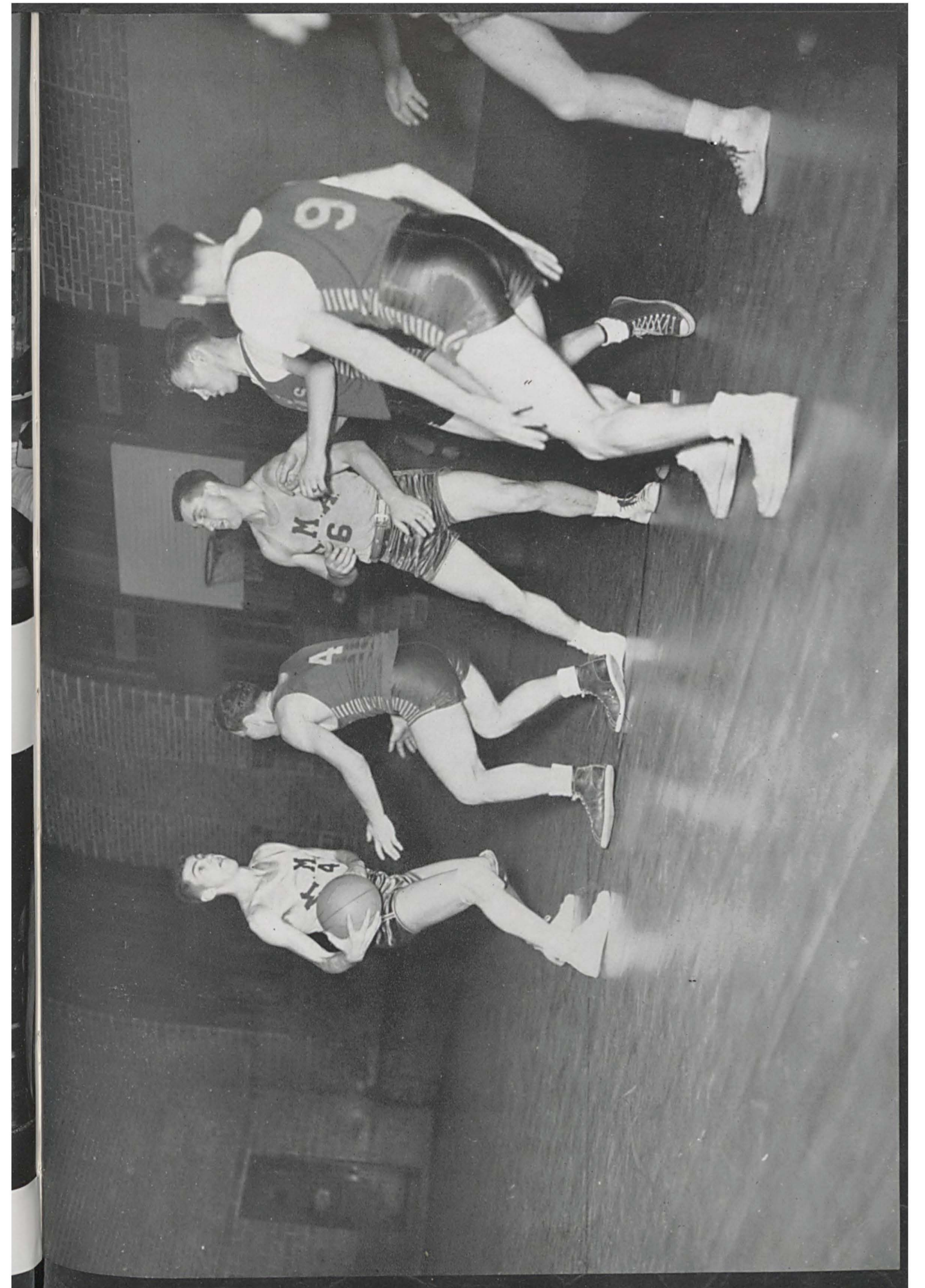
Departure for New York



Frannie



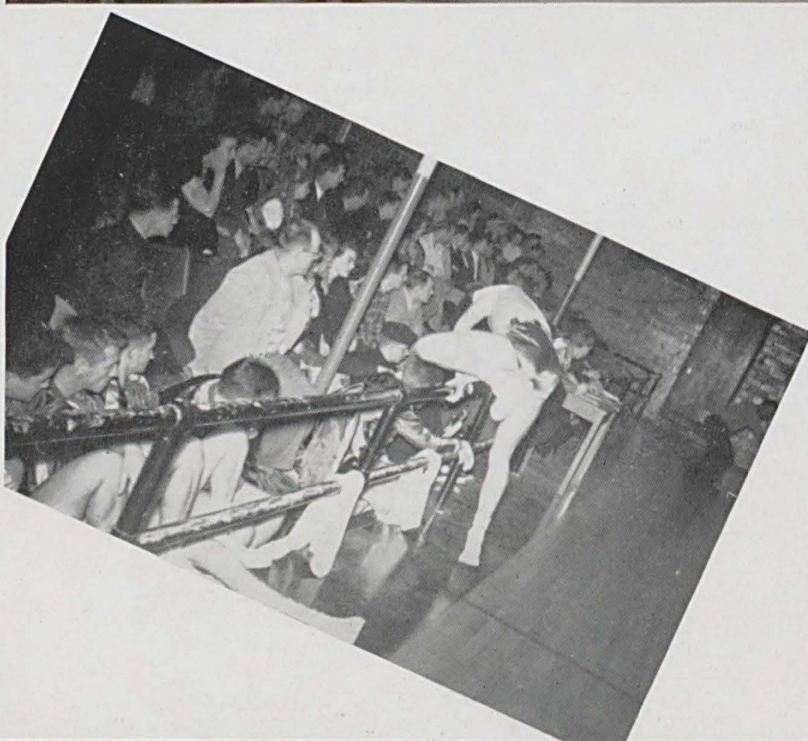
A Shot for Husson's





Rooster '49-'50

Maher (Capt.)
 Small
 F. Legere
 J. Smallidge
 Eager
 Michelson
 R. Smallidge
 Ring
 Devine
 Egli



BASEBALL — '48

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





BASEBALL '49

With the advent of fair weather coach Ken Brown issued the first call to spring baseball practice in '49. On April the 14, 35 candidates broke out their gloves and reported for the initial drill. At the end of two weeks the varsity squad had been cut to nineteen players who worked hard for the first encounter of the season with M. C. I. The varsity squad consisted of: Kerm Allen, Co-captain Sedgwick, Maine; Al Brown, Brooks, Maine; Don Bonney, Canton, Maine; Eddie Brown, Northeast Harbor, Maine; Rugger Evans, Co-captain, Kennebunk, Maine; Bill Ring, South Paris, Maine; Don McLellan, Rockland, Maine; Dal Small, Union, New Jersey; Dick Sirois, Pittsfield, Maine; Pete Sias, Waterville, Maine; Tom Herbert, Bangor, Maine; Cal Freeman, Auburn, Maine; Bill Lamond, Bridgeport, Conn.; Jack

White, Waterbury, Conn.; Swede Erickson, Branford, Conn.; and Frannie Legere, South Portland, Maine.

MAINE VS. MASS.

Eight hundred fans witnessed the game between the Maine Middles and their arch rivals from the bay state. The event was held under the lights at Portland Municipal Stadium through the cooperation of the management of the Portland Pilots Baseball team. All present were treated with a furious see-saw battle in which the final verdict was decided in the last of the ninth inning. Massachusetts started the ball rolling by scoring one run in the second inning only to have the Maine Sailors bounce back with three in the third. Mass. countered single markers in the fourth and seventh to deadlock the score. Maine threatened to break

Maine Annex at Richie Eichie



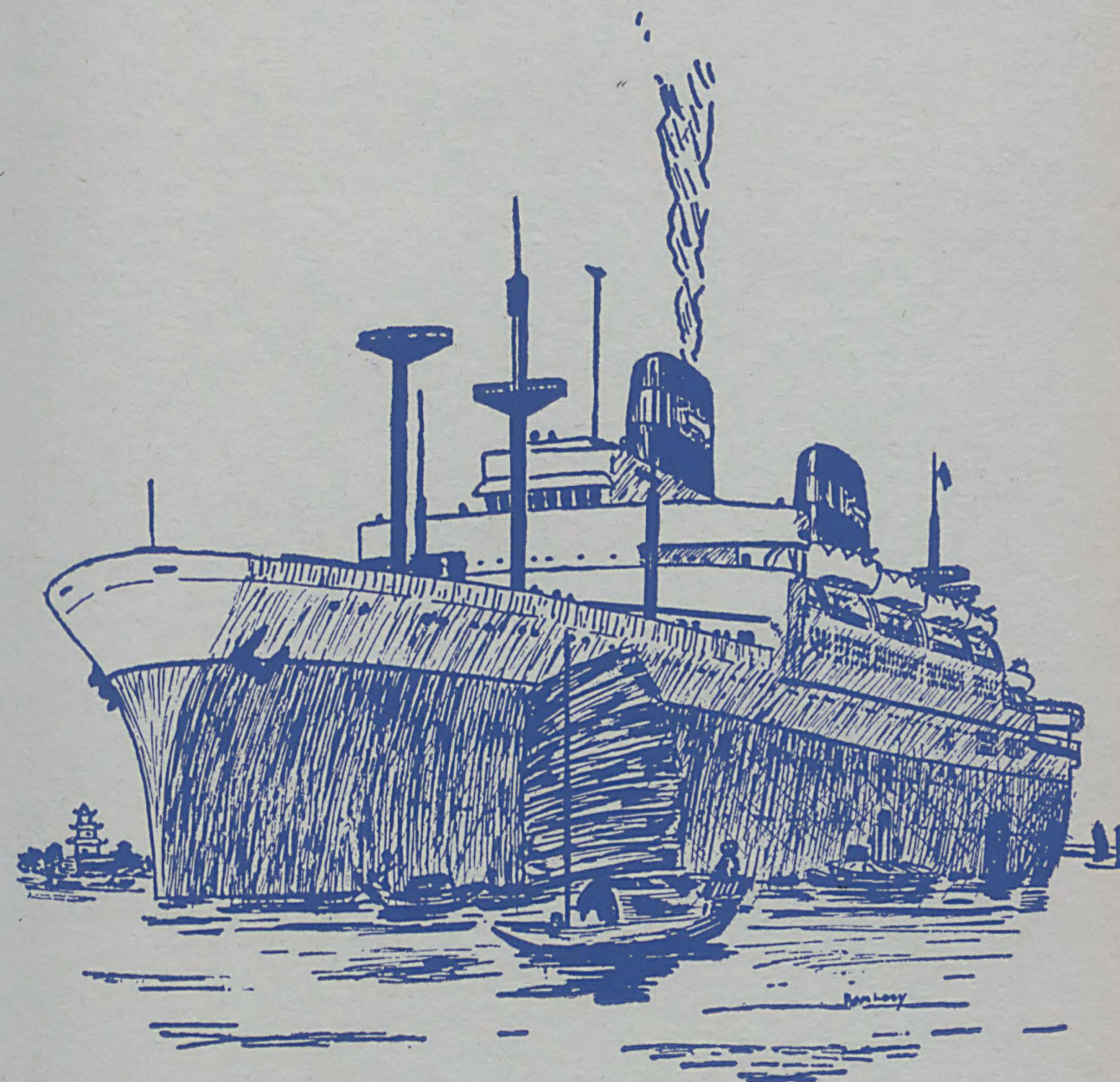
the tie in their half of the eight when "Rugger" Evans reached third with only one out. Bill Pratt, Mass. pitch ace, put out the fire however, by forcing Allen to fly out and fanning pinch hitter Don McLellan. Tom Herbert, who received mound honors for Maine, filled the bases in the first of the ninth. This set the stage for relief pitcher Pete Sias's appearance. Coming in with the count three balls, one strike on the batter Sias issued the fourth consecutive pass by throwing ball four. He then proceeded to retire the side without further scoring. White opened the Middies ninth by striking out on three straight pitches. Carroll Freeman then strode to the plate to pinch hit for pitcher Pete

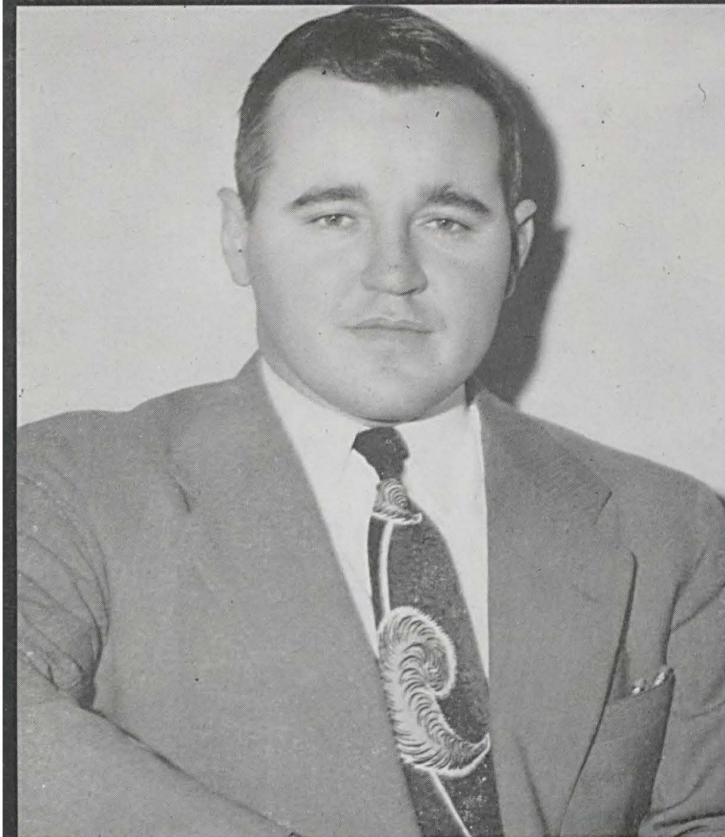
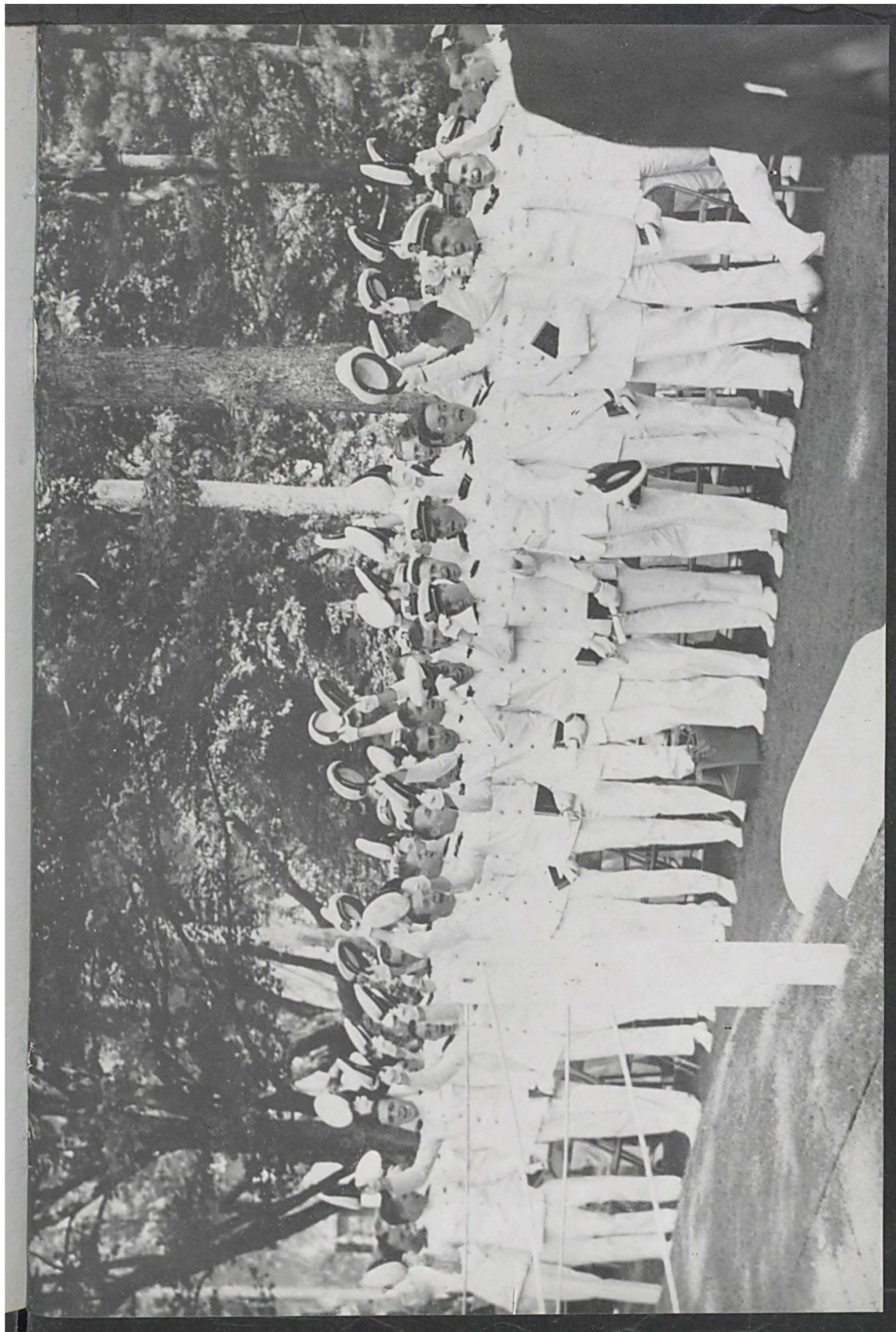
Sias and drew a base on balls. This brought up Don Bonney, diminutive lead off man, who hit a sharp ground ball toward second base which the enemy second sacker was unable to handle. With two men on base Eddie Brown and Bill Ring came through with solid singles to put the contest on ice.

It was a breath taking game to the finish and an impressive curtain raiser to the baseball rivalry of the two schools. The Springer Jewelry Company of Portland was the donor of a beautiful trophy to be awarded to the team winning two games out of three in the annual series.



ALUMNI





*George M. Sullivan, Jr.
President—1950*



*A. Edward Langlois, Jr.
Executive Secretary*

M. M. A. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

BY THE time the Maine Maritime Academy was four years old and had graduated four classes, it was realized that some means of binding the graduates together into a driving force was needed. Most alumni had no idea what was going on back at their alma mater, or what had happened to their former classmates.

To remedy this situation, the Maine Maritime Academy Alumni Association, Inc., was founded in 1945, and through the spirited efforts of a group of interested alumni to make the scheme succeed, others, who had lost contact with Academy affairs, soon began to take an interest and the association came to be a necessary auxiliary to the Academy's well being.

To show that it was more than just another organization to which yearly dues must be paid, the association took matters into its own hands and set up a remarkably efficient placement service. Its ability to get jobs for grads has proven its value and has been a cardinal point in boosting the association.

To show that the past grads are not only interested in themselves, but also have the Academy's welfare at heart, a fund was recently started for the expansion and improvement of Richie Field. Latest reports indicate that appeals for donations are being answered generously; good news now that the Academy is slowly but surely being left on its own by the federal government.

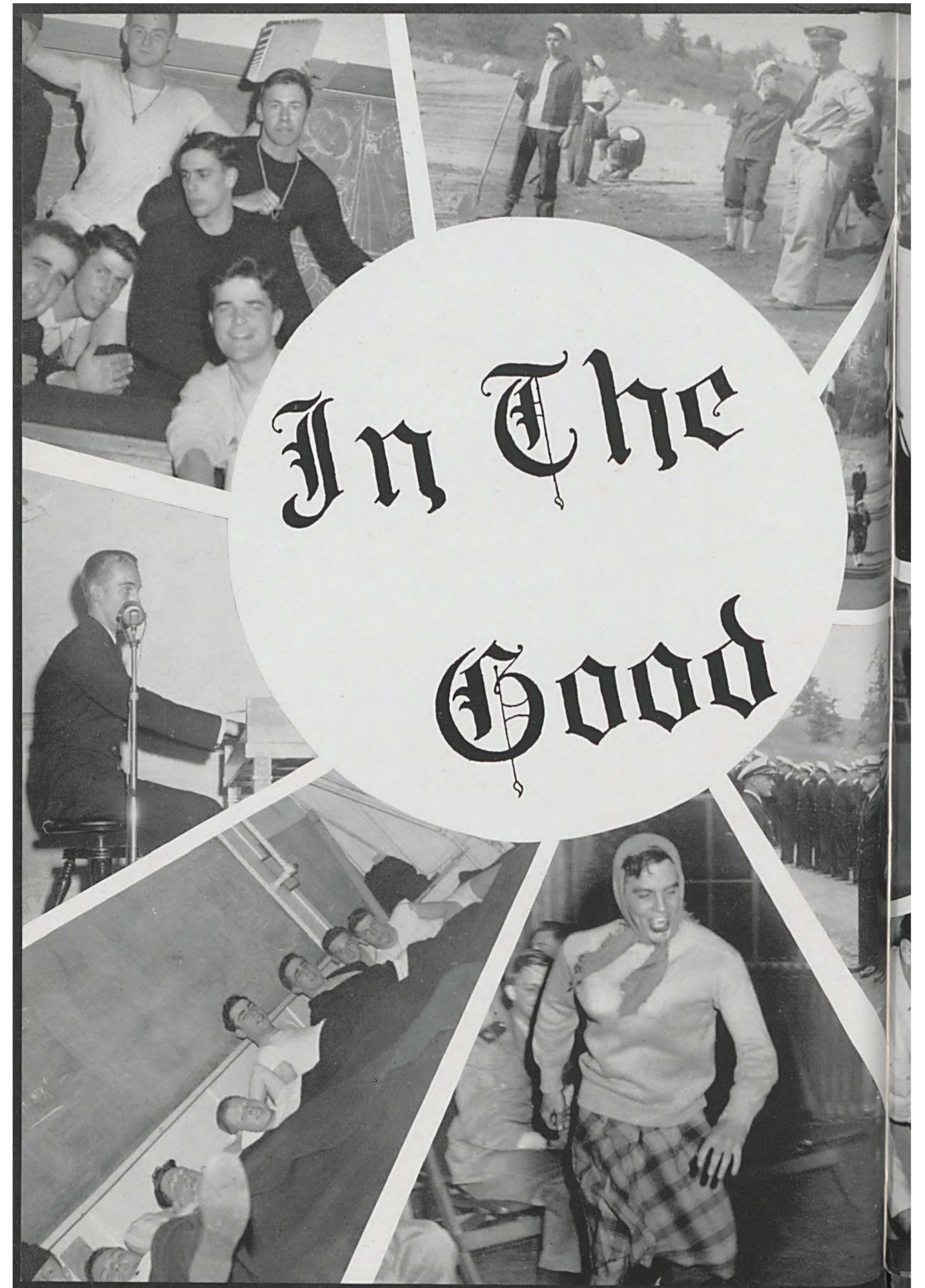
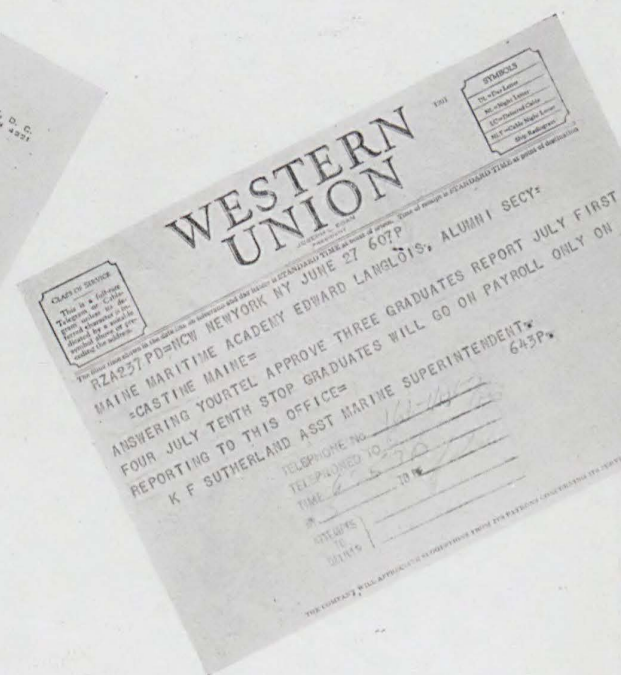
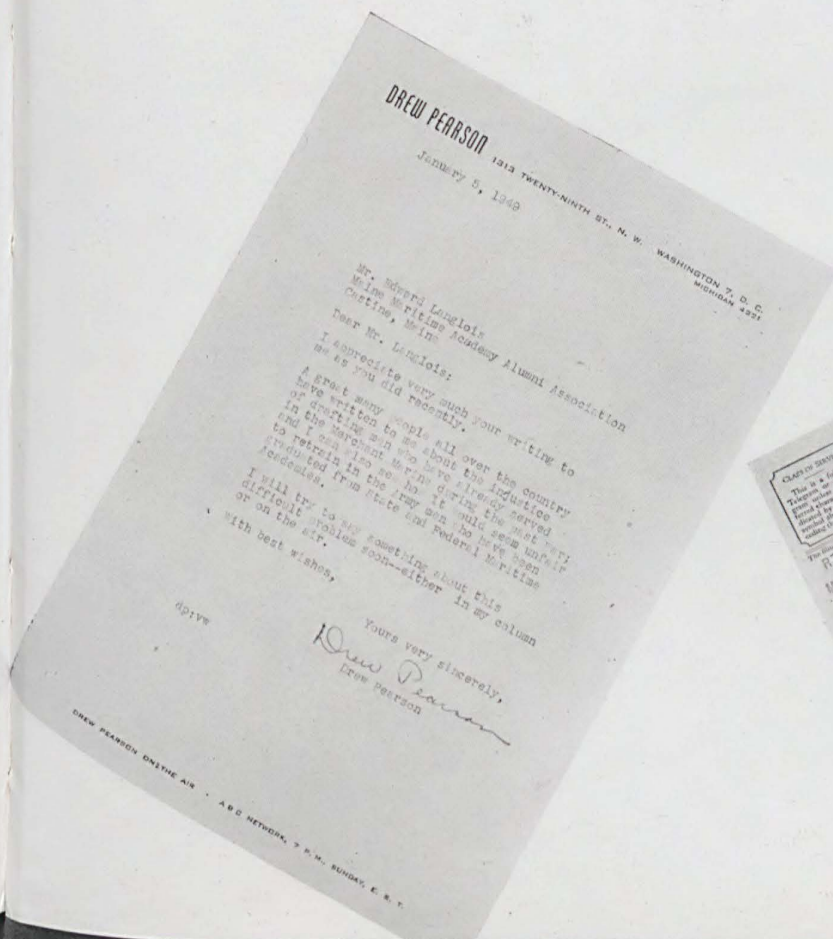
With the accomplishments in mind, and the many things the association can accomplish in the future, it is hoped and expected that every graduate of the class of 1950 will become a staunch member and supporter of the Maine Maritime Academy Alumni Association.

ALUMNI NEWS

ERNIE COLLAR and Dave Harding, shipping together on Jefferson Victory with Victory Carriers, made three trips to Germany within two months after graduation. . . . Phil Black made a trip to South Africa with Farrell Lines, and is now with Socony on a coastwise tanker. . . . Dick Foley, with Victory Carriers on the Northwest Victory. . . . Jerry Trigg and Bill Murray, shipping together on the SS Ames Victory with Victory Carriers. . . . Ray Pouliot, on the carrier Philipean Sea with the Navy. . . . Sherman Sleeper, on duty in the Navy. . . . Rudy Matzer and Ken Olson, shipping together with American Export on the SS LaGuardia. . . . Dick Crosby, with Grace Lines. . . . Paul Gregware, shipping with U. S. Lines, made first trip to

Amsterdam. . . . Earle Wight, with American Export. . . . Jack Howlatt, Charles Kilby, and Herb McCallister sailing together on the super tanker SS Texas with Texaco. . . . Ray Mansfield, with Socony Vacuum, flew to Norway to pick up his ship. . . . Carroll Freeman, with Farrell Lines. . . . Ken Webber, with Moore-McCormick. . . . Al Dubois, with Farrell Lines on the SS African Lightning. . . . Bill Leavitt sailed with American Export on the American Explorer to Far East with stops at Bombay and Calcutta. . . . Cliff Cameron doing night mate

relief work with American Export. . . . Warren Ham, on active duty in the Navy aboard DD 853. . . . George Chamberlain, aboard the SS Calusa with Socony Vacuum. . . . Frank Mahan shipped with Luckenbach Lines two weeks after graduation. . . . Dick Elias and Ray Cole, with Moore-McCormick Lines. . . . Cole's first trip was to Germany, Norway and Russia. . . . Frank Laviguer, with Farrell Lines. . . . Kerm Allen, with Moore-Mac. . . . Pete Van-Note, with MorMac, and Fred Dow with Socony Vacuum.



Old

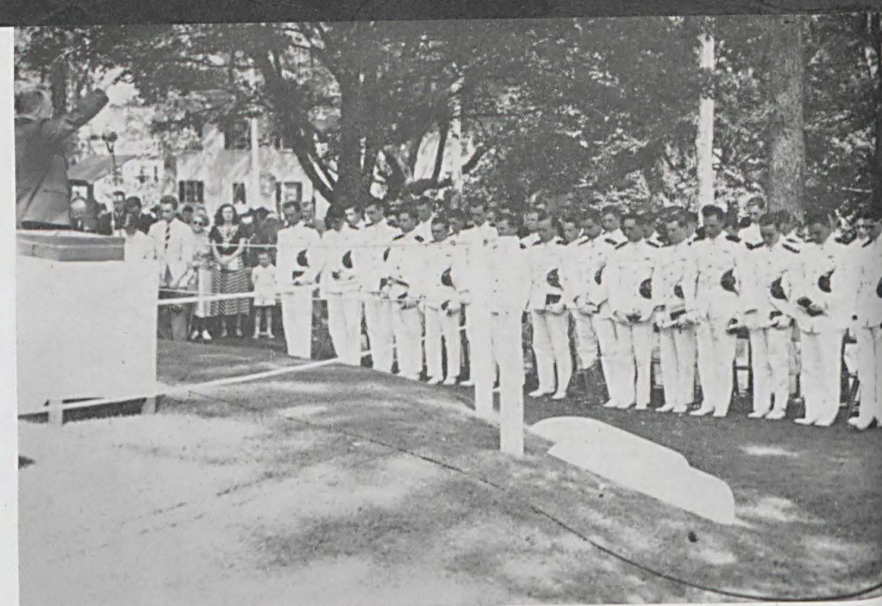
Days



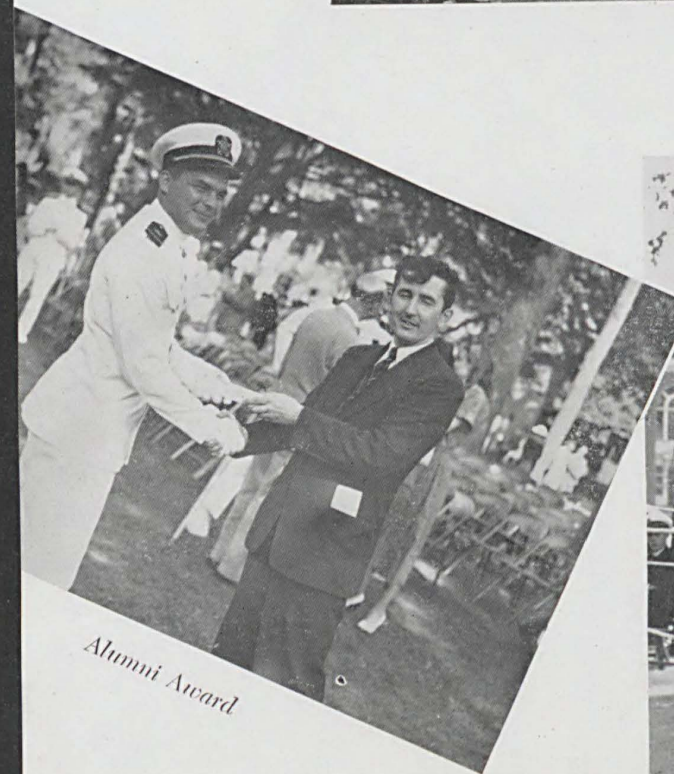
GRADUATION DAY



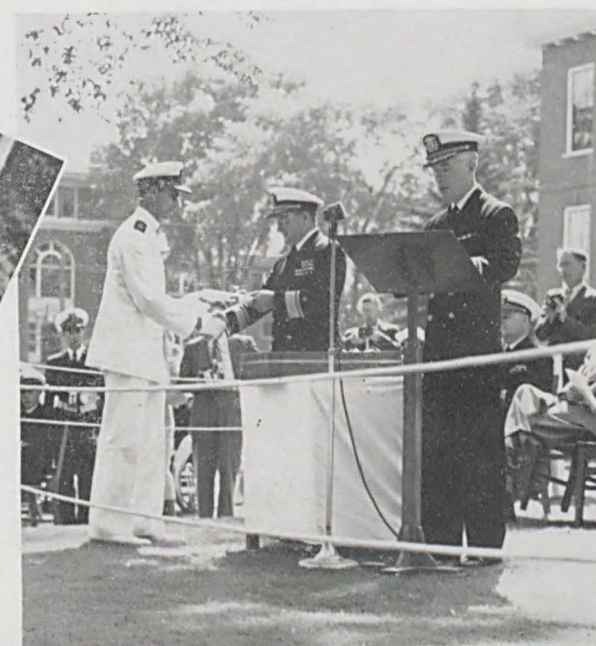
Invocation

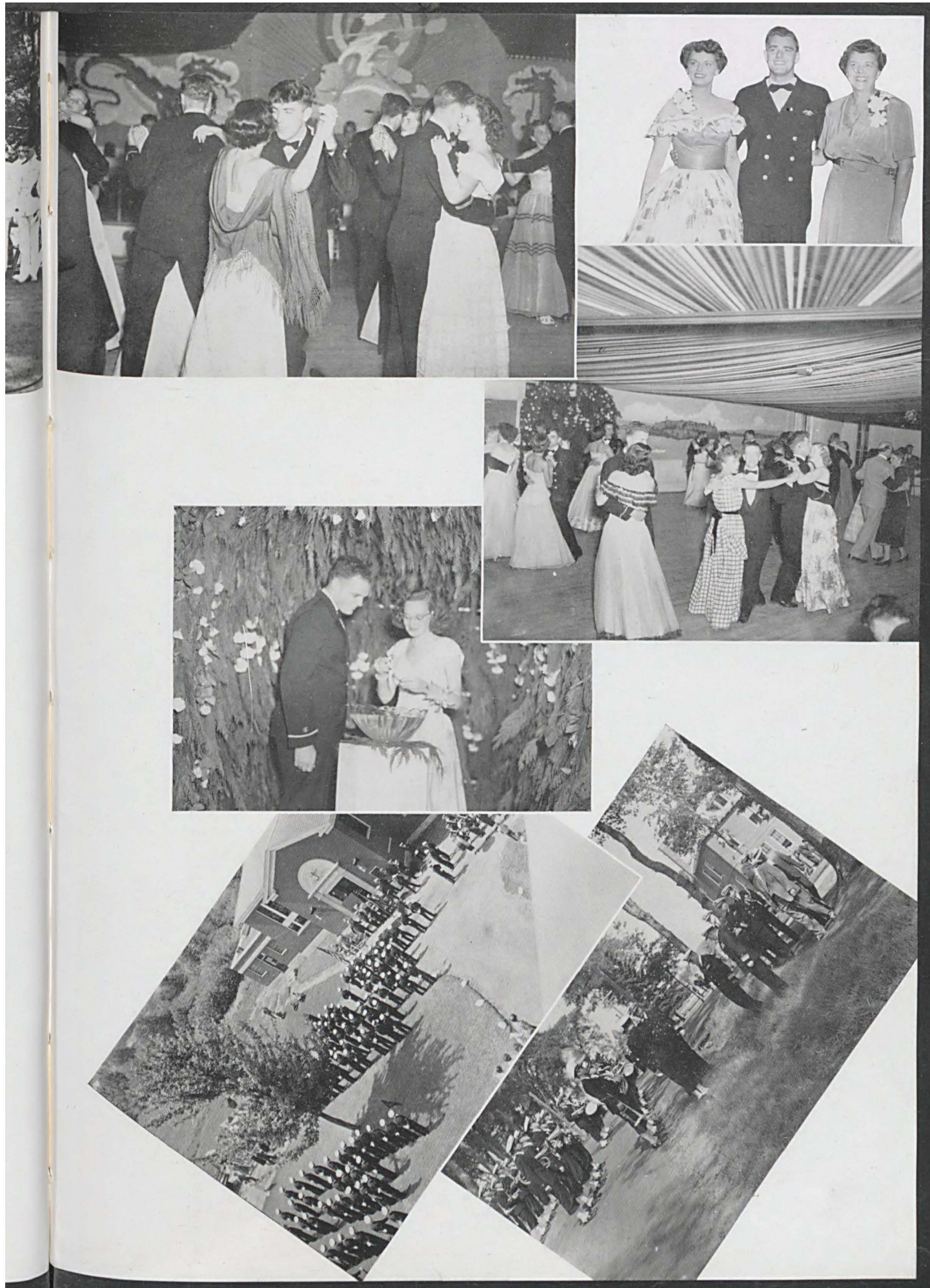


At Long Last



Alumni Award





-Graduating Class 1950-

ALPERT, MAURICE D.
 BAILEY, EVERARD A., JR.
 BAILEY, WILLIAM B.
 BALAS, RUDOLPH, III
 BENT, ROBERT G.
 BERGER, JAMES E.
 BLAISDELL, WALTER E.
 BLODGETT, DWIGHT R.
 BONNEY, DONALD R.
 BROPHY, RICHARD A.
 BROWN, WILBUR A.
 BUTLER, REGINALD L.
 CHARRON, PAUL E.
 CUMMINGS, GERALD A.
 DAME, HAROLD E.
 DONAHUE, CHRISTOPHER C.
 DOUGHTY, MOULTON
 EDWARDS, DONALD T.
 ERICKSON, KENNETH W.
 EVANS, DORRANCE O.
 FINN, JOSEPH V., JR.
 FOGERTY, RICHARD A.
 FOSSETT, CHESTER F.
 FOWLER, ARTHUR D., JR.
 GAMACHE, SAMUEL C.
 GARDENIER, JAMES T., JR.
 GENDRON, EUGENE V.
 GILES, WESLEY R., JR.
 GOFF, LUTHER M.
 GONYER, FREDERICK J.
 HALL, EDGAR J.
 HALL, GILBERT E.
 HAMOR, RUSSELL H., JR.
 HANSELL, EMERSON L., JR.
 HERBERT, THOMAS J.
 HIGGINS, DONALD L.
 HOPKINS, RICHARD B.
 HUGO, HAROLD
 JOHNSON, RICHARD W.
 KNOWLES, ROBERT C.
 KOM LOSY, FREDERICK A., JR.
 KOPPENBERGER, PETER M.
 LAMOND, WILLIAM S.
 LANE, WILLIAM K.
 LANG, ELLIOT A.
 LeCLAIR, JOSEPH G. R.
 LEIBOWITZ, MARTIN M.
 LESSELS, ROBERT B.
 LETOURNEAU, PAUL J.
 LOWELL, LLOYD D.
 MacLEAN, RICHARD L.
 MAHER, WILLIAM M.
 MARRINER, RICHARD E.
 MARTIN, GEORGE G., JR.
 MEGQUIER, NORMAN L.
 MICHELSEN, HAROLD A.
 MITCHELL, ALAN V.
 MORSE, HAROLD C.
 MOSSMAN, EDWARD L.
 O'DONNELL, RICHARD C.
 PHILBRICK, ALFRED R., JR.
 PILON, JEROME R.
 REGNERY, ROBERT S.
 RICHARDS, LEROY E.
 ROBINS, WILLARD F., JR.
 ROSENBERG, DONALD D.
 RUGGIERO, MICHAEL E.
 SAVELLE, GLENN D.
 SCHUYLER, PHILIP
 SCONTRAS, PETER A.
 SIAS, PETER M.
 SIMONE, JOSEPH R.
 SKOOG, DENNIS R.
 SMALL, DALLAS C.
 SULLEY, THOMAS F.
 THORNDIKE, ROBERT F.
 VOELKER, ROBERT J.
 WENTWORTH, LLOYD H.
 WESTON, ROBERT A.
 WHITE, JOHN A., JR.
 ZULKA, LOUIS, JR.

97 Union St., Brewer, Maine
 Box 12, Belfast, Maine
 875 Bradford Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey
 Box 147, Searsport, Maine
 47 Ocean View Ave., South Portland, Maine
 41 Radnor Road, Boston 35, Massachusetts
 R. F. D. No. 3, Skowhegan, Maine
 West Brooksville, Maine
 Canton, Maine
 35 Elm Street, Fairfield, Maine
 Brooks, Maine
 109 Bow Street, Portsmouth, New Hampshire
 105 2nd Street, Auburn, Maine
 94B Margaret Street, South Portland, Maine
 51 Linden Street, Rochester, New Hampshire
 16 Wilnor St., Kittery, Maine
 Falmouth Foreside, R. F. D. No. 4, Portland, Maine
 49 Pleasant Street, Gardiner, Maine
 Pine Orchard, Connecticut
 20 Bourne Street, Kennebunk, Maine
 16 Goss Ave., Melrose, Massachusetts
 4 Adler Street, Skowhegan, Maine
 132½ Atlantic Avenue, Boothbay Harbor, Maine
 132 Front Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts
 37 Spring St., Rockland, Maine
 R. F. D. No. 1, South Windham, Maine
 101 Main Street, Biddeford, Maine
 4 Byram St., Eastport, Maine
 22 Chapin Road, Barrington, Rhode Island
 13 Summer Street, Orono, Maine
 49 North Main Street, Brewer, Maine
 2 Bay Rd., Camden, Maine
 38 Adelaide Road, Old Orchard Beach, Maine
 76 Mechanic Street, Camden, Maine
 148 Fruit Street, Bangor, Maine
 425 Water Street, Ellsworth, Maine
 3 Sand Street, Camden, Maine
 16 Grant Street, Portland, Maine
 55 Morris Street, Everett, Massachusetts
 201 Whipple Rd., Kittery, Maine
 Chebeague Island, Maine
 6432 N. Campbell Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
 104 Clinton St., Bridgeport, Connecticut
 East Swanzy, New Hampshire
 Andover, Maine
 65 5th Street, Auburn, Maine
 14-A Summer St., Rochester, New Hampshire
 49 Warren Street, Concord, New Hampshire
 52 Millett Street, Livermore Falls, Maine
 Parker Head, Phippsburg, Maine
 12 Mead Street, Allston, Massachusetts
 1337 Broadway, South Portland, Maine
 4 Middle Street, Skowhegan, Maine
 9 Oak Street, Auburn, Maine
 4 Roberts Sq., Bar Harbor, Maine
 248 Hamilton Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut
 16 Academy St., Rochester, New Hampshire
 Star Route 1286, Belfast, Maine
 60 East Street, Melrose, Massachusetts
 Searsport, Maine
 46 Highland Avenue, Auburn, Maine
 61 Summer Street, Waterville, Maine
 197 Dupont St., Bridgeport, Connecticut
 Mt. Desert, Maine
 48 Pear Street, Hampton, Virginia
 238 Minot Avenue, Auburn, Maine
 232 East 8th Street, Brooklyn, New York
 4 Grant Street, Gardiner, Maine
 1 Over Rock Lane, Westport, Connecticut
 94 Atlantic Avenue, Old Orchard Beach, Maine
 3 Center Place, Waterville, Maine
 237 Willow Street, Waterbury, Connecticut
 Vinalhaven, Maine
 376 Putnam Road, Union, New Jersey
 1822 Hutchins Street, Berlin, New Hampshire
 45 Lincoln Avenue, Portsmouth, New Hampshire
 803 C Street, Charles City, Iowa
 Brooks, Maine
 101 Highland Avenue, Gardiner, Maine
 576 Woodtick Rd., Waterbury, Connecticut
 Marley Neck Road, Glen Burnie P. O., Solley, Maryland

— CLASS OF 1951 —

JUNIORS

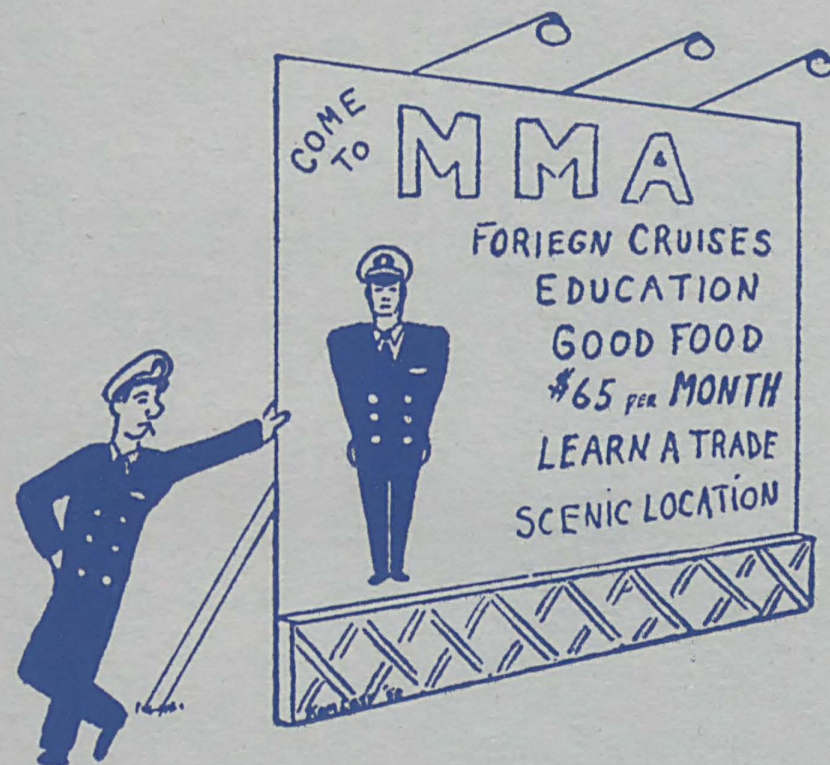
ALDRICH-AMES, WILLIAM E.	39 Dell Avenue, Melrose 76, Massachusetts
ANZELC, RICHARD M.	2700 West 22 Place, Chicago 22, Illinois
BLACK, JOHN K.	24 King Street, Saco, Maine
BRIDGHAM, RUSSELL B.	17 Highland Rd., Bridgton, Maine
BROWN, EDWARD F.	Northeast Harbor, Maine
BROWN, HAROLD O.	31 High Street, Camden, Maine
CHANDLER, ALBERT L.	Jonesport, Maine
COOK, MALCOLM W.	332 Auburn St., Portland, Maine
DALLAIRE, RICHARD P.	32 Walnut St., Rochester, New Hampshire
ELLIS, ROBERT L.	4 Mayberry St., South Portland, Maine
EVANS, DONALD C.	26 Sewell Street, Augusta, Maine
GAGNE, RENE G.	203 South Street, Biddeford, Maine
GALIANO, LEONARD V.	84 Park Street, Rockland, Maine
GANTER, FREDERICK A.	1819 Vauxhall Road, Union, New Jersey
GENEST, DANA L.	Greenville, Maine
HARPER, CLIFFORD E.	20 Chestnut St., Rockland, Maine
HERRICK, BRADFORD T., JR.	Northeast Harbor, Maine
HOLMES, DAVID A.	P. O. Box 303 A, Walpole, New Hampshire
INCALLS, RICHARD L.	34 Stanwood St., South Portland, Maine
JOHNSTON, LAWRENCE C.	108 Cottage Street, Bar Harbor, Maine
JOSEPH, JOHN M., JR.	9 Broad St., Rockland, Maine
KENNEY, ALBERT L.	Brooks, Maine
KETCHEN, ALFRED J.	51 South 4th Street, Old Town, Maine
LEGERE, ERNEST H., JR.	30 Bryant Street, Bangor, Maine
LEGERE, FRANCIS R.	24 Columbus Avenue, South Portland, Maine
LONDON, CHARLES T.	53 N. Main St., Pittsfield, Maine
LUNT, VERNON S.	Salisbury Cove, Maine
MILLER, WILLIAM L.	5 Bryant Street, Portland, Maine
MOONEY, JOHN T.	33 Vine Street, Bangor, Maine
MORRIS, WILLIAM, JR.	44 Rodgers Road, Kittery, Maine
MOSKO, JOHN R.	7 Prince Street, Lisbon Falls, Maine
NICKERSON, CLAIR A.	32 Thomas Street, South Portland, Maine
NORBERT, STANLEY J.	50 W. Bates Street, Lewiston, Maine
NORDSTROM, ROBERT N.	130 Brookfield Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut
ORKINS, LAWRENCE G.	R. I. Blvd., Portsmouth, Rhode Island
PASSON, JACK S.	21 Gay Street, Rockland, Maine
PEARSON, PALMER B.	Searsport Avenue, Belfast, Maine
PERRY, TIMOTHY J.	208 Waldo Street, Rumford, Maine
PINETTE, JOSEPH C.	47 Boyd Street, Portland, Maine
RICHARDSON, HOWARD G., 2nd	Box 65, Readfield Depot, Maine
RING, WILLIAM C.	R. F. D. No. 2, West Paris, Maine
RUEFF, EUGENE C.	58 Durant Place, Irvington, New Jersey
SAFFORD, GERALD L.	65 Berwick St., South Portland, Maine
SAWYER, MYRON R.	36 Mackworth St., Portland 5, Maine
SMALLIDGE, JOHN N.	Mt. Desert, Maine
SULLIVAN, EDWARD J., JR.	3 Commercial Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts
SWAN, ANDREW C., JR.	81 Main St., Richmond, Maine
THROUMOULOS, THEODORE	28 Birch Street, Biddeford, Maine
WALLACE, ROBERT C.	211 Harriet St., South Portland, Maine
WELCH, WILLIAM E.	245 Third Street, Bangor, Maine
WOOD, STEPHEN C.	Seal Harbor, Maine
WOODHEAD, ROBERT A.	47 Summer St., Lewiston, Maine

— CLASS OF 1952 —

FRESHMEN

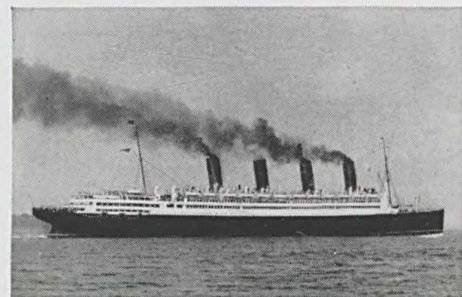
BELANGER, ROLAND J.	27 Oak Street, Waterville, Maine
BESSE, WESLEY F., JR.	726 Wyoming Ave., Elizabeth, New Jersey
BEAUDOIN, ROLAND E.	Bingham, Maine
BERNARD, TIMOTHY H.	6 East Dartmouth Street, Auburn, Maine
BLETHEN, LAWRENCE P.	765 Broadway, Bangor, Maine
BROWN, DANA L., JR.	Abbot Village, Maine
BRUNS, ROBERT E.	679 Hammond St., Bangor, Maine
BRYER, PHILIP M., JR.	Manset, Maine
CARPENTER, CALVIN L.	218 Maple Ave., Newport News, Virginia
CARR, JOSEPH W.	27 Princeton St., Bangor, Maine
CARTER, BRUCE R.	R. F. D., Franklin, Maine
CASTNER, RICHARD E.	71 Fifteenth St., Bangor, Maine
CATENA, FRANK, JR.	2135 Berwyn St., Union, New Jersey
CURTIS, KENNETH M.	Curtis Corner, Maine
DAGG, GEORGE T. G.	2117 Foster Avenue, Brooklyn 10, New York
DEVINE, JAMES B., JR.	20 Jefferson St., Hackensack, New Jersey
EAGER, CLIFFORD C.	Smyrna Mills, Maine
EGLI, RICHARD L.	233 Madison Ave., New Milford, New Jersey
FAIRBANKS, JOHN W.	109 Union Ave., Old Orchard Beach, Maine
FARRINGTON, WILLIAM F.	13 Cookman Ave., Old Orchard Beach, Maine
GRODER, ROBERT E.	65 Windsor St., Randolph, Maine
GUNN, WILLIAM J.	6632 Wetherole St., Forest Hills, L. I., New York
HODGE, JOHN M., JR.	46 Pleasant St., Lewiston, Maine
JEWELL, ROBERT B.	84 Raritan Road, Linden, New Jersey
JOHNSON, GEORGE M.	Bailey Island, Maine
KEARNEY, JOHN H.	25 Prospect St., Beverly, Massachusetts
KELLEY, PAUL L.	55 Forest Street, Dexter, Maine
KNEELAND, JACK T.	Vanceboro, Maine
L'ITALIEN, JOSEPH L. L.	Chisholm, Maine
LITCHFIELD, PAUL L., JR.	Ocean House Rd., Cape Elizabeth, Maine
LOWE, RALPH P.	279 Norway St., Berlin, New Hampshire
MacVANE, THOMAS S.	Long Island, Portland, Maine
McAVOY, JAMES F.	16 Middle Street, Bucksport, Maine
McPHEE, JOHN F.	43 Dummer St., Bath, Maine
MALANEY, ROBERT E.	25 Kingsbury St., Gardiner, Maine
MANDUCA, THEODORE W.	9 Central Park Avenue, Old Orchard Beach, Maine
MICHAUD, DONALD P. F.	37 Water Street, Waterville, Maine
MITCHELL, GRANT L.	23 Park Street, Dexter, Maine
MORGAN, OWEN M.	West Paris, Maine
PAISLEY, GEORGE P.	39 Weeks St., Bath, Maine
PLANTE, JOHN M.	6 Marston St., Waterville, Maine
RUHSENBERGER, ROGER H.	Special Device Ctr., Port Washington, L. I., New York
SEAMANS, GLEN V.	Levant, Maine
SMALLIDGE, ROBERT L.	Mt. Desert, Maine
SPARTA, LAWRENCE S.	34 Pearl Street, Camden, Maine
STANFORD, CARRINGTON M., JR.	18 Edgerton St., Norton Heights, Connecticut
THOMAS, GEORGE C.	Box 104, Union, Maine
WENTWORTH, GEORGE A., JR.	49 Norridgewock Ave., Skowhegan, Maine
WILLIAMS, FRANCIS J.	Porter Avenue, Middlebury, Connecticut

ADVERTISEMENTS



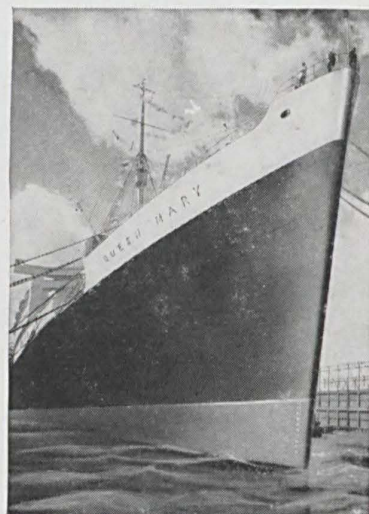
::: PATRON'S PAGE :::

VINER'S MUSIC STORE	BANGOR, MAINE
JONES' SEAFOOD	BANGOR, MAINE
COFFIN'S CLOTHING STORE	ROCKLAND, MAINE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK	ROCKLAND, MAINE
20TH CENTURY MARKET	PORTLAND, MAINE
C. F. HATHAWAY COMPANY	WATERVILLE, MAINE
HARRIS BAKING COMPANY	WATERVILLE, MAINE
COMMONWEALTH SHOE AND LEATHER CO.	GARDINER, MAINE
THE WORSTER HOTEL	HALLOWELL, MAINE
JANEL'S PHOTO SERVICE	BANGOR, MAINE
DAY'S JEWELRY STORE	PORTLAND, MAINE
GREGORY'S "TOP TO TOE OUTFITTERS"	ROCKLAND, MAINE
HANCOCK COUNTY CREAMERY	ELLSWORTH, MAINE
SEAVEY'S GREENHOUSE	BANGOR, MAINE
BANGOR RADIO SHOP	BANGOR, MAINE
RACE'S TOURIST CABINS AND LUNCH	NORTH EDGECOMB, MAINE
PHILIP EATON, WHOLESALER CANDY AND TOBACCO	ELLSWORTH, MAINE



1919—THE AQUITANIA

30 YEARS OF SPERRY NAVIGATION



1949—THE "QUEENS"

SPERRY equipment has "gone to sea" on Cunard liners for 30 years. This record of Sperry service to Cunard extends from its first Gyro-Compass installation in 1919 aboard the Aquitania to the present day "Queens" of the fleet—the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth.



Now...besides the Gyro-Compass for true north indication and the Gyro-Pilot for efficient steering, the world's two largest passenger ships have added the new *Sperry Direct-Reading Loran* as a further aid to navigation.

Sperry Loran provides the means of obtaining instantaneous fixes regardless of overcast, fog or darkness continuously across the Atlantic, thus avoiding costly course corrections. This is an impor-

tant factor to these liners because of their fast cruising speed.

In addition to the excellent navigational data provided, personnel on these vessels like the simple and fast operation possible with Sperry Direct-Reading Loran...its adjustable angle for viewing the scope...ease in servicing...and small space required in the chart room. And Loran, like other Sperry equipment, is backed by fast, dependable Sperry service in New York and in Southampton through The Sperry Gyroscope Company, Ltd. of London.

Sperry's 30 years' association with Cunard is another indication of its world-wide acceptance as a pioneer and leader in the development of marine navigational equipment.

SPERRY

GYROSCOPE COMPANY

DIVISION OF THE SPERRY CORPORATION
GREAT NECK, NEW YORK

NEW YORK • CLEVELAND • NEW ORLEANS
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE



Compliments of
CARR BROS.

217 Commercial St.
Portland, Maine

Wholesale Fruit & Produce



Compliments of
T. R. SAVAGE CO.
120 RICE STREET
BANGOR, MAINE



Compliments of

Merchants National Bank of Bangor

25 Broad Street

Bangor, Maine



Compliments of
Modern Cleaners



Compliments of

**Bangor Laundry and
Linen Supply Co.**

only **TRAINED** men can qualify

Seeking inspiration for our contribution to the Academy's 1949 Year Book, I walked to my office window and glanced down at the piers immediately below. Alongside one of the docks a modern American steamer was loading cargo. This was being done in the usual manner; a fall fastened to a winch on deck, rove through a block at the top of the derrick exactly as it was being done at the start of the century; and at the same or even less speed. Even the pier itself differs in no way from its counterpart of 1900.

But wait! It seems we have drifted into the "viewing with alarm department" inconsistent with the current rosy surveys, so let's start afresh.

My first voyage across the Atlantic was in the half-deck of a square rigged sailing vessel. For such a craft to get across the ocean westbound against the prevailing westerly winds it was necessary on leaving the English Channel to make a long tack with the wind just forward of the starboard beam to a spot in the vicinity of the Azores. Tacking ship at that point, a northerly course was set bringing the wind on the port side. Finally, in the neighborhood of Newfoundland we could make a last tack that would bring us eventually to an east coast American port.

Now look at the picture today.

Three weeks ago this writer left London, England, on a plane bound for New York. Reaching Shannon Airport in Ireland in

about two hours we were grounded there on account of heavy westerly gales. After a six hour delay we took off but could not buck the westerly winds, so we tacked down to the Azores with the wind on the starboard beam, spending the night at that place. The following day we tacked up to Gander Airport in Newfoundland with the wind on the port beam and the next leg brought us to LaGuardia.

Admittedly there are some noticeable differences between a Constellation plane and a square rigged ship, but one thing they share in common. Both found it tough to buck westerly gales.

Yes, friends, the winds of the ocean are just as strong as of yore and the seas can at times buffet the largest liners afloat.

It still takes skill and experience to cross the oceans of the world and only trained men can qualify.

Should you share our views that the first half of the 20th Century has witnessed some progress for the American Merchant Marine but that the sum total is far from impressive, then you will at once recognize the opportunity offered by the industry you have chosen as a career.

We are of the opinion the training you are receiving at the Academy will stand you in good stead.

F. L. Theobald
Assistant to the President



Alcoa

ALCOA STEAMSHIP COMPANY, INC.
17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

BALTIMORE • CHICAGO • MOBILE • MONTREAL • NEW ORLEANS • NORFOLK • ST. LOUIS • TORONTO

PORTLAND COPPER AND TANK WORKS

Incorporated

80 Second Street
SOUTH PORTLAND, MAINE



STAINLESS STEEL FABRICATIONS
TANKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS
SHIP REPAIRS

L. H. THOMPSON

PRINTER

BREWER, MAINE

Envelopes — Letterheads — Billheads — Posters

Folders — Lodge Work — Ruled Forms

Bank Forms of All Kinds



PRINTER OF
TRICK'S END

Where All
AMERICA
Shops and
SAVES!



VALUES for HOME
FAMILY and AUTO
at
**SEARS
SAVINGS!**

SEARS ROEBUCK & CO.
BANGOR, MAINE

THE HARRIS COMPANY
SHIP CHANDLERS — MARINE HARDWARE
COMPLETE MARITIME AND INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES

MARINE ELECTRONICS

Sales and Service

PORTLAND, MAINE

Wholesale

Retail

DAKIN'S
MAINE'S
LARGEST

DAKIN'S
SPORTING GOODS
BANGOR - WATERVILLE

DAKIN'S
NEW ENGLAND'S
FINEST

MacGREGOR - GOLDSMITH EQUIPMENT
CONVERSE ATHLETIC FOOTWEAR

THE NEW STORE
28 BROAD ST.

BANGOR

THE OLD RELIABLE
25 CENTRAL ST.

Compliments of

Webber Motor Company
YOUR FORD DEALER
499 Hammond St.
in Bangor, Maine

AND

Webber Oil Company

Distributors
ESSO
Motor Fuels, Oils, and Greases

ATLAS
Tires, Batteries, Accessories
700 Main St. Bangor, Maine



Compliments of

KING COLE FOODS

Manufacturers of
FINEST
QUALITY POTATO CHIPS
AND POPCORN
SOUTH PORTLAND
MAINE



**YOUR ELECTRIC SERVANT,
REDDY KILOWATT, SAYS:**

I have a big interest in every school student too, because they are the future citizens who will be needing my services to do things easier and better, for less money—ELECTRICITY.

BANGOR HYDRO-ELECTRIC CO.

★
*Authorized Outfitters of
Navy Officers*

BENOIT'S
*Maine's largest quality
outfitters to men and boys*
Monument Square
Portland, Maine



BEST WISHES
to the
CLASS OF 1950

**MANSET MARINE
SUPPLY COMPANY**
Distributors Complete Marine
Equipment and Supplies
SOUTHWEST HARBOR
MAINE

W. T. GRANT
BANGOR, MAINE

**JARKA CORPORATION OF
NEW ENGLAND**

**Terminal Operators and
General Stevedores "**

WHARF ONE, PORTLAND TERMINAL
Portland, Maine

General Offices
15 Whitehall Street
NEW YORK CITY

Operating in all
NORTH ATLANTIC PORTS

BANCOR & AROOSTOOK R. R. PIER
Searsport, Maine

★
Compliments of
GRANT KNOWLES
509 Congress Street
Portland, Maine



The image shows a two-column layout, likely from a directory or brochure. A vertical line divides the page. Each column has a star at the top and bottom. The left column contains the text for 'Maine Coal Sales Co.', and the right column contains the text for 'Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons'.

Left Column	Right Column
★	★
<i>Compliments of</i>	<i>Compliments of</i>
Maine Coal Sales Co.	Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons
Eastern Trust Building	REALTORS
2 State Street	<i>Real Estate and Insurance Service</i>
Bangor, Maine	<i>Since 1894</i>
★	★

★

Compliments of

Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons
REALTORS

*Real Estate and Insurance Service
Since 1894*

Kirstein Bldg., 44 Central St.
Bangor, Maine


★

to the stout-hearted men of the Maine Maritime Academy who
are playing a vital role in maintaining the
traditions of our country.



OUR BEST WISHES

the stout-hearted men of the Maine Maritime Academy
are playing a vital role in maintaining the
traditions of our country.



ST. REGIS PAPER COMPANY
BUCKSPORT, MAINE

ESTABLISHED 1826

★

Main Office, 188 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME.

Branch, 14 CONGRESS SQ., PORTLAND, ME. — Branch, 93 MAIN ST., YARMOUTH, ME.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Awnings SAILS Tents

2 Union Street

Brewer Maine

★

ARTHUR CHAPIN

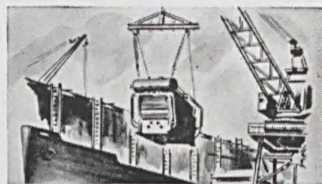
DISTRIBUTORS

BANGOR, MAINE

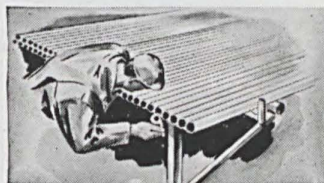
Marine and Mill
Supplies
32 Portland Pier
Portland, Maine



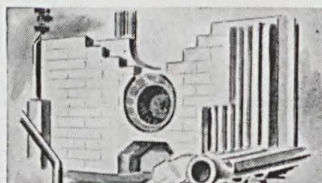
Part of the B & W staff specializes in marine boiler design and application.



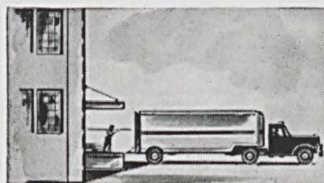
Other B & W engineers are trained to supervise boiler erection and installation.



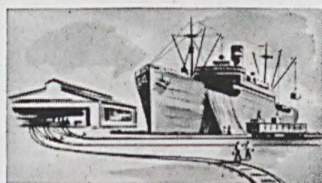
Seamless and welded tubing for all marine uses are made by B & W.



Superior refractories of the various types needed in marine service are produced in B & W's own plant.



Marine supply houses maintain stocks of accurate B & W parts for quick servicing almost anywhere around the world.



Service engineers are available anywhere on short notice for port-of-call inspection and maintenance.

BOILER EXPERIENCE

from Designing Board to Port of Call—

Wherever ships are planned, built or modernized—B&W's staff of marine boiler specialists is on call for comprehensive help in planning, selecting and installing header-type and drum-type boilers for all classes of steam-powered vessels . . . from tiny tugs to mighty warships and ocean liners. And B&W is ready at all times, in major ports throughout the world, to give expert assistance in obtaining the utmost performance from B&W Boilers in service.

M-211



THE BABCOCK & WILCOX CO

General Offices: 85 Liberty St., New York 6, N. Y. Works: Alliance and Barberton, O. Augusta, Me.

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

2 STATE STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

Installment Loan Agency

87 CENTRAL STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

BRANCHES: OLD TOWN — MACHIAS

*Complete Banking Service
Safe Deposit Vaults*

WILLIAM P. NEWMAN
President

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD
Vice-President and Treasurer

KARL R. PHILBRICK
Secretary and Trust Officer

LINWOOD M. COFFIN
Assistant Treasurer

GEORGE A. VOSE
Assistant Treasurer

MILTON S. JELLISON
Assistant Trust Officer

DIRECTORS

WILLIAM P. NEWMAN
HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD
EDWARD P. MURRAY
STEPHEN WHEATLAND
CORNELIUS J. RUSSELL, SR.
RAYMOND W. DAVIS
GEORGE T. CARLISLE

THE MERRILL TRUST COMPANY

BANGOR, MAINE

•

Commercial Banking

Corporate and Personal
Trust Service

Business and Individual
Loans

Government Bonds

Savings Department

•

Members Federal Reserve Banking System
and
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

OFFICERS

GEORGE D. EVERETT *President*
HAROLD B. RUSS *Vice President*
HAROLD H. COLBY *Vice President*
RICHARD S. BRADFORD *Asst. Vice President*
LIONEL L. COOK *Treasurer*
HAROLD V. PERKINS *Asst. Treasurer*
ADELBERT E. BRIDGES *Secretary*
JOHN P. VOSE *Trust Officer*
LEONARD S. MOORE *Asst. Trust Officer*
ALBERT G. WASHBURN *Mgr. Installment
Loan Dept.*
ADELBERT J. SAUNDERS *Asst. Mgr.
Installment Loan Dept.*

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



"Couldn't even get a saddle on him until I fed him Strongheart."



Highest quality, sensible price. 4 great plants (there's one near you) cut freight costs. Look for famous blue and white can. **STRONGHEART** More Tailwags Per Can

★
Engravings

by
Modern
PHOTO ENGRAVERS
BANGOR • MAINE
Makers of Printing Plates, Illustrators

★

*It is again our pleasure
To serve the men of the . . .*



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

The skilled hands of Balfour craftsmen, trained for generations in fine jewelry manufacture, create your official Academy ring. Wherever you may travel, your Academy ring will be the means of recognition and often the beginning of lasting friendships.

Official Jeweler to the Classes of '45, '46, '47, '48, '49, '50

PLAQUES — CUPS — TROPHIES

Represented by
DONALD B. TUPPER
Cape Cottage, Maine

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY
ATTLEBORO, Official Jewelers MASSACHUSETTS

KNOWN WHEREVER THERE ARE SCHOOLS OR COLLEGES

PIANOS

Steinway Knabe Lester

Story and Clark

Wurlitzer

Electric Organs

Records

Instruments

Music

HARMON PIANO COMPANY

186 Exchange St. Bangor, Me.
Summer

99 Main St. Bar Harbor, Me.

★

For Over Twenty Years
HOLMES SERVICE
Has Been A
QUALITY SERVICE

Holmes Electric Supply Co.

Dial 3-0229

Portland, Maine

★

★

Ma McLeod's Sandwich Shop



★

★

Compliments of

C. H. SAVAGE CO.

WHOLESALE FRUIT AND
PRODUCE

62 Pickering Square
Bangor, Maine

★

<p>★</p> <p>CROSS' FLOWERS <i>TRIPLE CITY SERVICE</i> AUGUSTA, HALLOWELL AND GARDINER</p> <p>Member of Florist Telegraph Delivery Service</p> <p>BOX 274 GARDINER, MAINE</p> <p>★</p>	<p>★</p> <p><i>Compliments of</i> E. R. DYSART GENERAL MOTORS CORP. DEALERS</p> <p>810 HAMMOND ST. BANGOR, MAINE</p> <p>★</p>
---	--

<p>★</p> <p><i>Compliments of</i> Porteous, Mitchell and Braun Co. CENTER OF MAINE LIVING</p> <p>PORTLAND, MAINE</p> <p>★</p>	<p>★</p> <p><i>Compliments of</i> R. P. Hazzard Co. AUGUSTA, MAINE</p> <p>★</p>
--	---

<p>★</p> <p><i>Compliments of</i> R. B. Dunning and Co. 54-68 Broad St. Bangor, Maine</p> <p>★</p>	<p>★</p> <p><i>Compliments of</i> Bangor Exchange Hotel BANGOR, MAINE</p> <p>★</p>
--	--



RICE'S
FRANKFURTS
 68 YEARS OF QUALITY



A BATH BUILT DESTROYER

BATH IRON WORKS CORPORATION

Shipbuilders and Engineers
Builders of

MERCHANT and NAVAL VESSELS up to 600 FEET IN LENGTH
BATH MAINE

Best Wishes and Smooth Sailing
To The Boys

From

The Humpty Dumpty Potato Chip Co.

Manufacturers of

Maine's Finest Potato Chips
and Popcorn

SOUTH PORTLAND
MAINE



Official
UNIFORMS and
EQUIPMENT

FOR

U. S. Navy

U. S. Coast Guard

U. S. Maritime Service

M. L. FRENCH & SON

196 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

★

★

★

★

ROBERT C. FORD, Inc.

IN OUR FIELD WE, TOO, ENDEAVOR TO MAINTAIN THE
HIGHEST STANDARDS OF WORKMANSHIP AND SERVICE

Auburn, Maine

★

**BATES
MANUFACTURING
COMPANY**

★

Springer's - Jewelers

Since 1870

★
PORTLAND, MAINE

★
MAINE'S LEADING
JEWELERS

Compliments of
Chase, Leavitt Co.
PORTLAND, MAINE
STEAMSHIP AGENTS

BANGOR HOUSE

Friendly Hospitality

Abundant Good Food

COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Air-Conditioned

Excellent Facilities for Social Functions

200 Rooms, European Plan from \$2.25

174 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

TEL. 7321

Compliments of “

FOOTMAN'S DAIRY, INC.

BREWER, MAINE

Wholesale Grocers
and Ship Chandlers
Agents for Marine Charts

★
W. S. JORDAN
COMPANY
Portland, Maine

Compliments of
BOYCE MACHINE
COMPANY
PORTLAND, MAINE



MAERSK LINE

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS FAR EAST SERVICE

Manila • Iloilo • Cebu • Hong Kong • Keelung
Shanghai • Japan

FROM ATLANTIC & PACIFIC PORTS

FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE

Antwerp • Rotterdam • Amsterdam • Bremerhaven
Bremen • Hamburg • Le Havre • Rouen

FROM U. S. ATLANTIC PORTS

MOLLER STEAMSHIP CO., INC.

30 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. • DI 8-0800
General Agents

PHILADELPHIA: B. H. Sobelman & Co.

DETROIT: F. C. MacFarlane • BALTIMORE: R. C. Herd & Co., Inc.

CHICAGO: F. C. MacFarlane • SAVANNAH: Smith & Kelly Co.

HAMPTON ROADS: Dichmann, Wright & Pugh, Inc.



Established 1882

HOMER'S

DIAMOND IMPORTERS AND
JEWELERS

44-46 WINTER STREET

BOSTON 8,
MASSACHUSETTS



The Hincks Coal Company

11 Central St. Bangor, Me.

Coal — Fuel Oil — Bottled Gas

Heating Equipment

Home Insulation

Eagle-Picher Aluminum

Storm Windows and

Screens



THE PROPELLER CLUB OF THE UNITED STATES



NAT'L HEADQUARTERS
17 Battery Place
New York 4 N. Y.

ARTHUR M. TODE
Honorary President

LOUIS B. PATE
National President

HAROLD J. HARDING
Nat'l Secy.-Treas.



Extends hearty congratulations to the 1950 graduates of the
Maine Maritime Academy.

Organized in 1927, the Propeller Club now has 113 member
Ports located throughout the United States and in countries
overseas. Its primary objective is to promote, further and
support a strong American Merchant Marine for the trans-
portation of our foreign and domestic commerce, and to serve
as a Naval Auxiliary in time of emergency.

Graduates of the Maine Maritime Academy are invited to take
up membership in the Propeller Club, Port of Portland, Me.,
or in the Propeller Club nearest their home.

PROPELLER CLUB, Port of Portland, Maine

FRANK A. MURPHY
President

FRANK J. GILL
Vice-President

HAROLD M. RAMSAY
Secretary

PETER M. COSTELLO
Treasurer

For Trade, Travel, Defense — The American Merchant Marine



TELEPHONE 2-5521

HAHNEL BROS. CO.

ROOFING and SHEET METAL
CONTRACTORS and DEALERS

AUTO RADIATOR REPAIRS

42 MAIN STREET

LEWISTON, ME.



Compliments of

Bangor Roofing & Sheet Metal Co.

Bangor, Maine



JORDAN'S
Ready-To-Eat Meats

Maker of
Quality Frankfurts, Sausages
Meat Sauces and Smoked
Products

PORTLAND, MAINE

Tel. 2-2832



*We, the advertising staff of the 1950 "Trick's End",
wish to thank those who so willingly chose to
sponsor the publication of this yearbook. By
your good will and generosity you have helped to
preserve and record the memories of this, the
eighth graduating class of Maine Maritime
Academy.*

— AUTOGRAPHS —

— AUTOGRAPHS —

