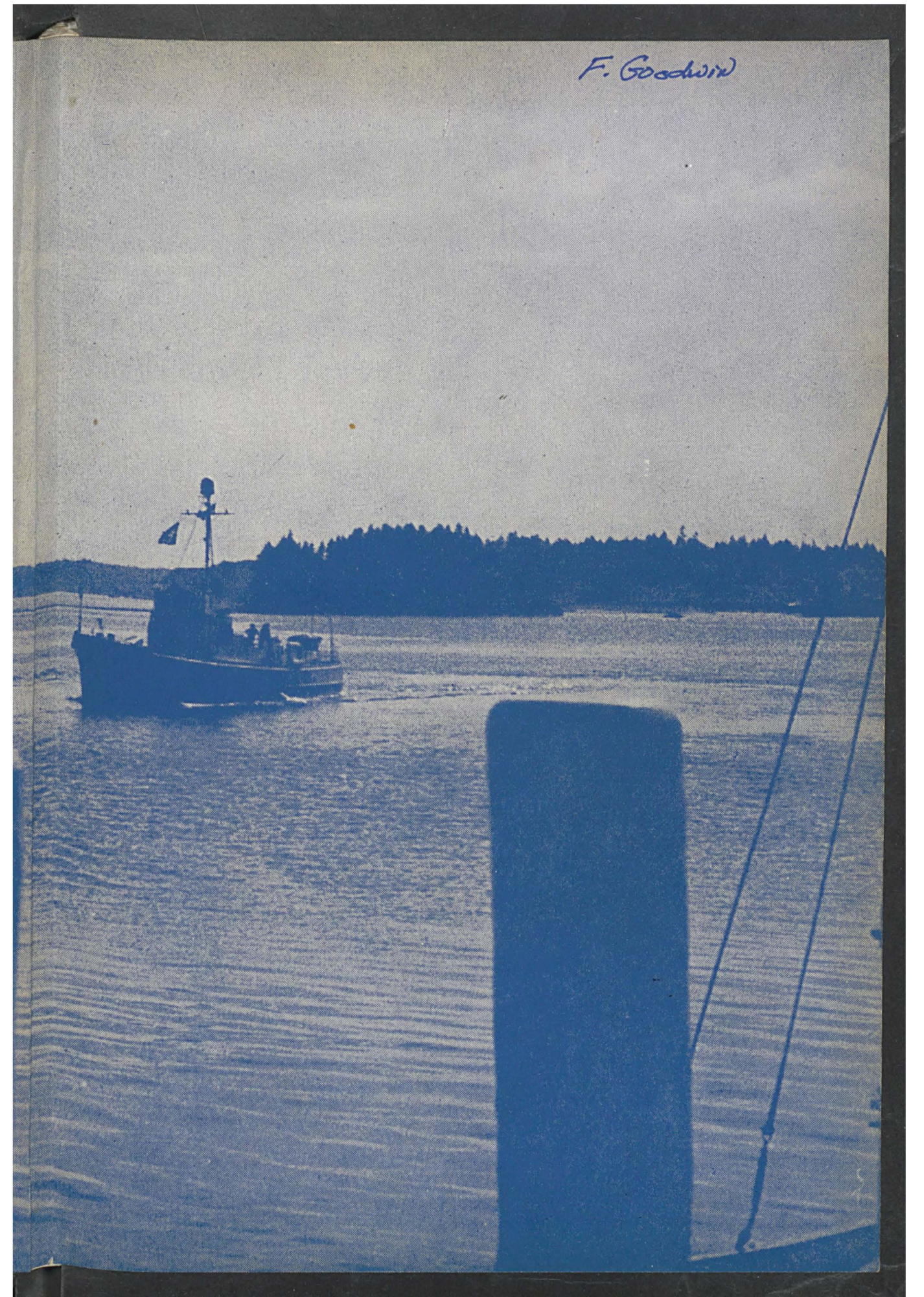
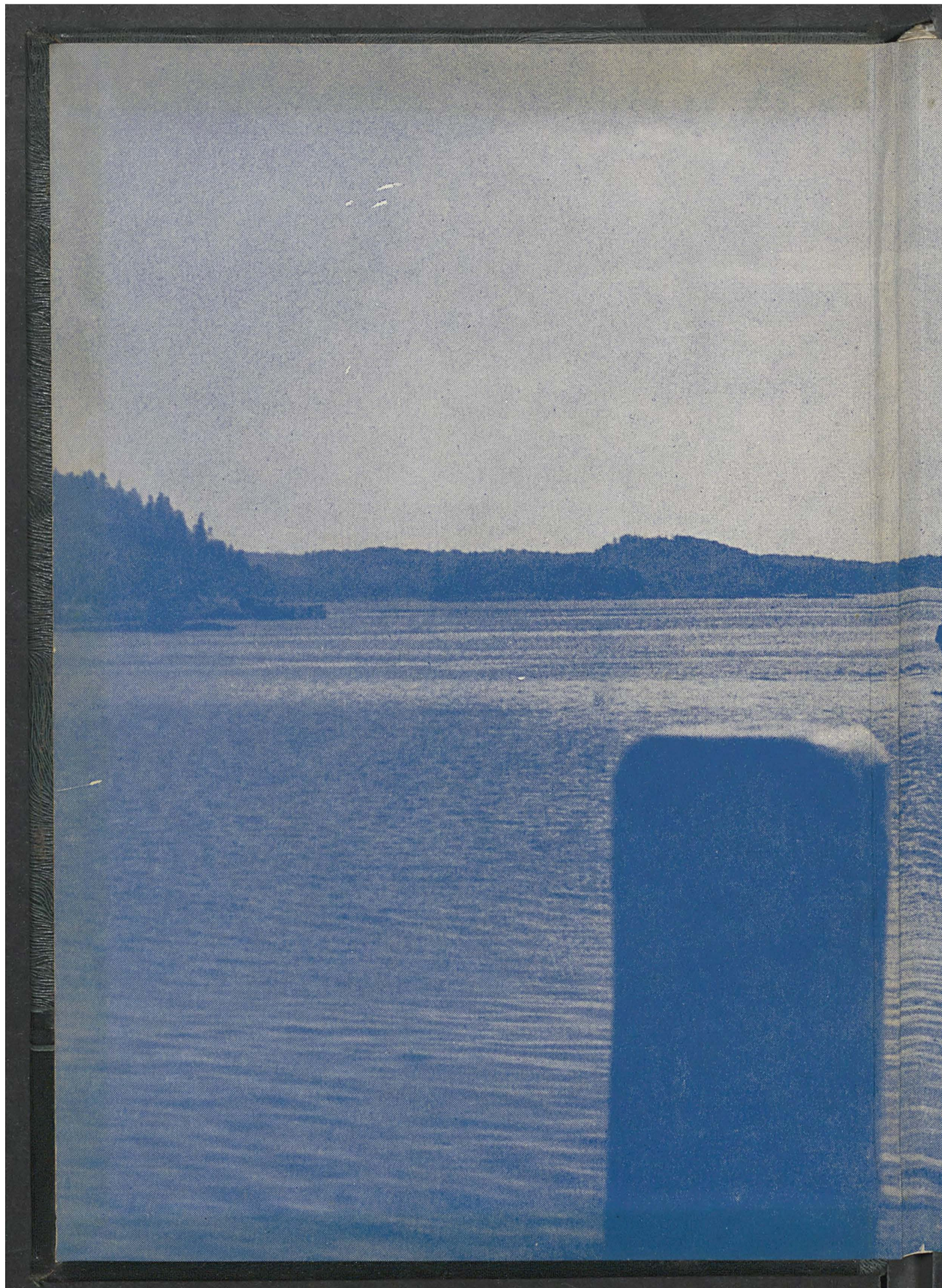




TRICKS' END

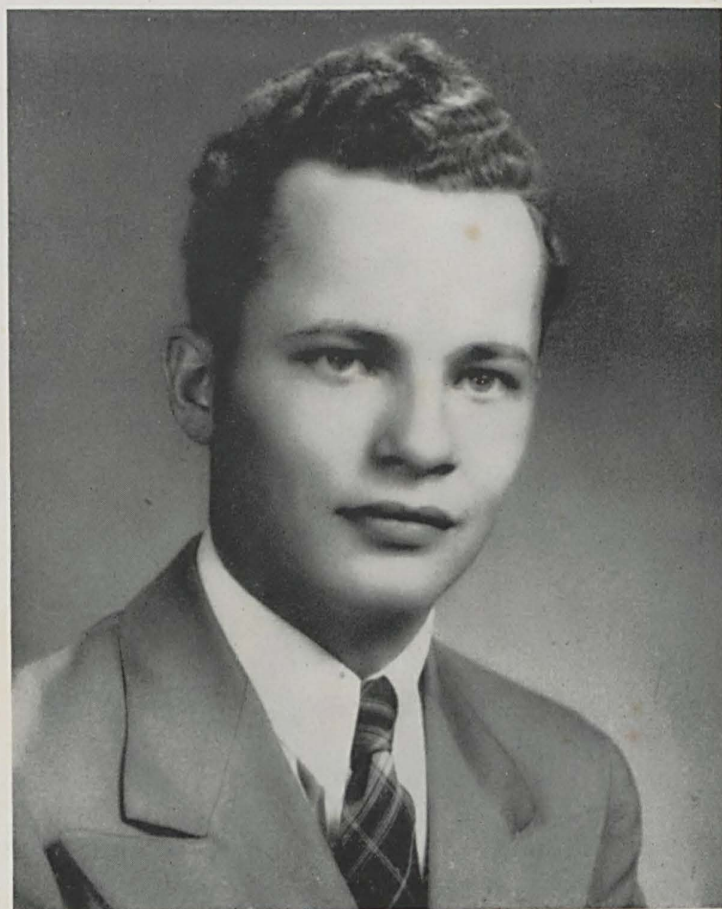




Honorable Frederick G. Payne

GOVERNOR

OF THE STATE OF MAINE



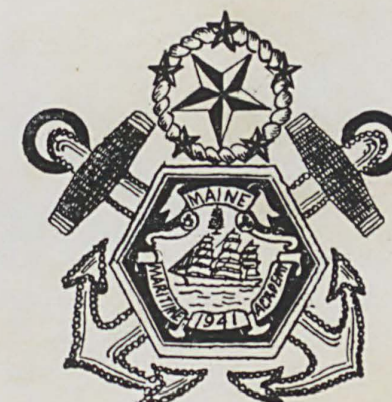
Fred Pike, Midshipman

We, the class of '51, wish to dedicate this Trick's End to Mid'n Fred Pike, who, although with us for only a short time, became known and respected, by his classmates and we miss his presence in our ranks

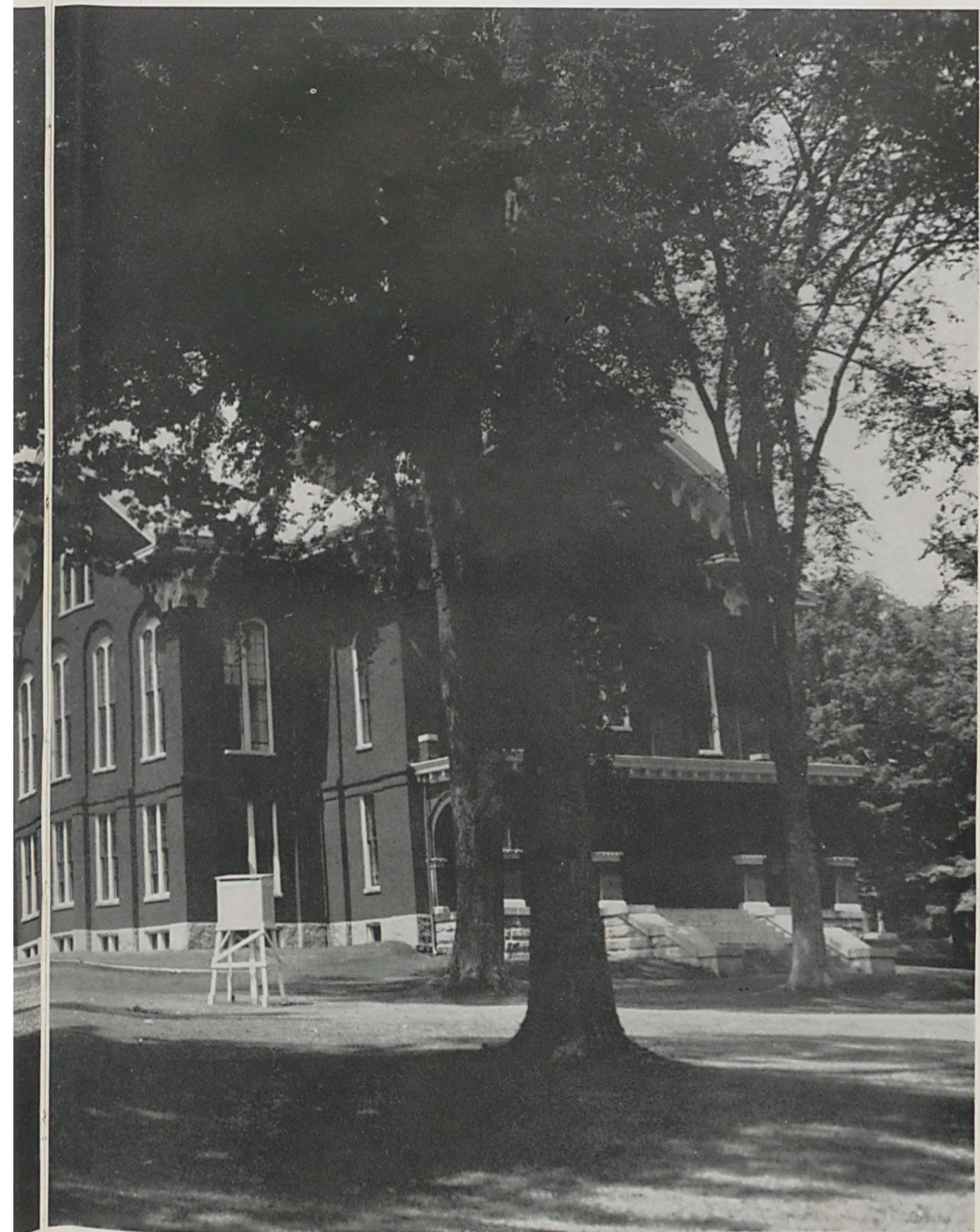
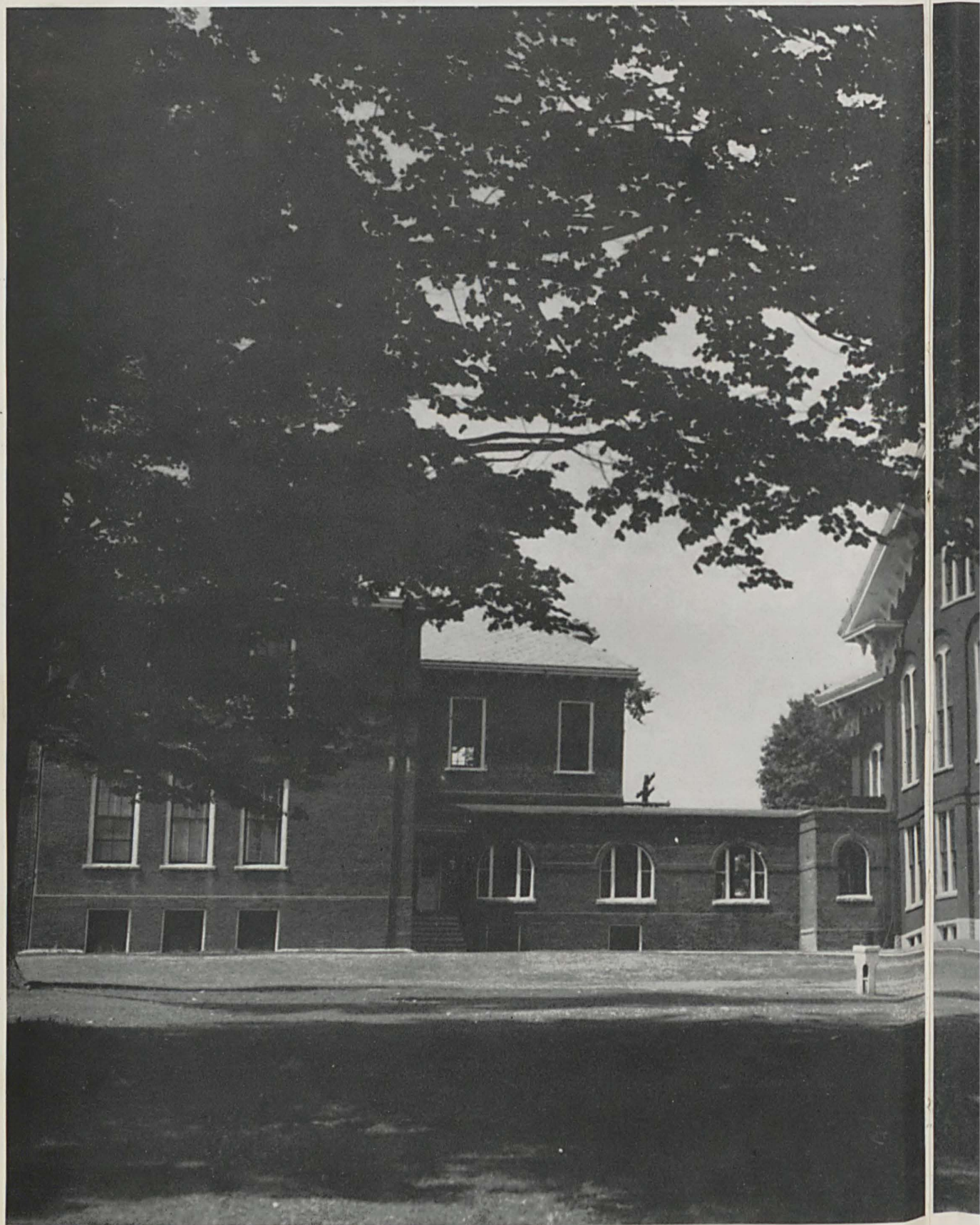
WILLIAM E. ALDRICH-AMES
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JACK S. PASSON
ADVERTISING MANAGER

RUSSELL B. BRIDGHAM
MAKE-UP DEPARTMENT



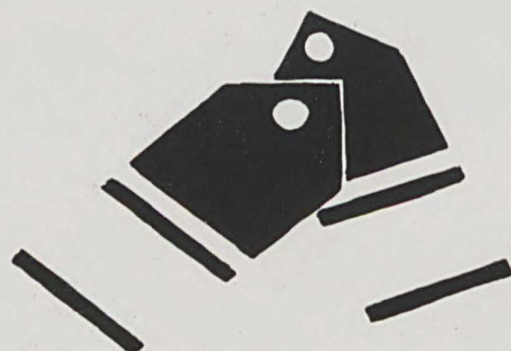
MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE MAINE





W. W. Warlick

Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (Ret.), Superintendent



A FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF 1951

The Academy bids farewell to the Class of 1951 as it leaves to take its place in the life and history of our State and Country. We give you with pride to the services at sea, for we know your character and quality.

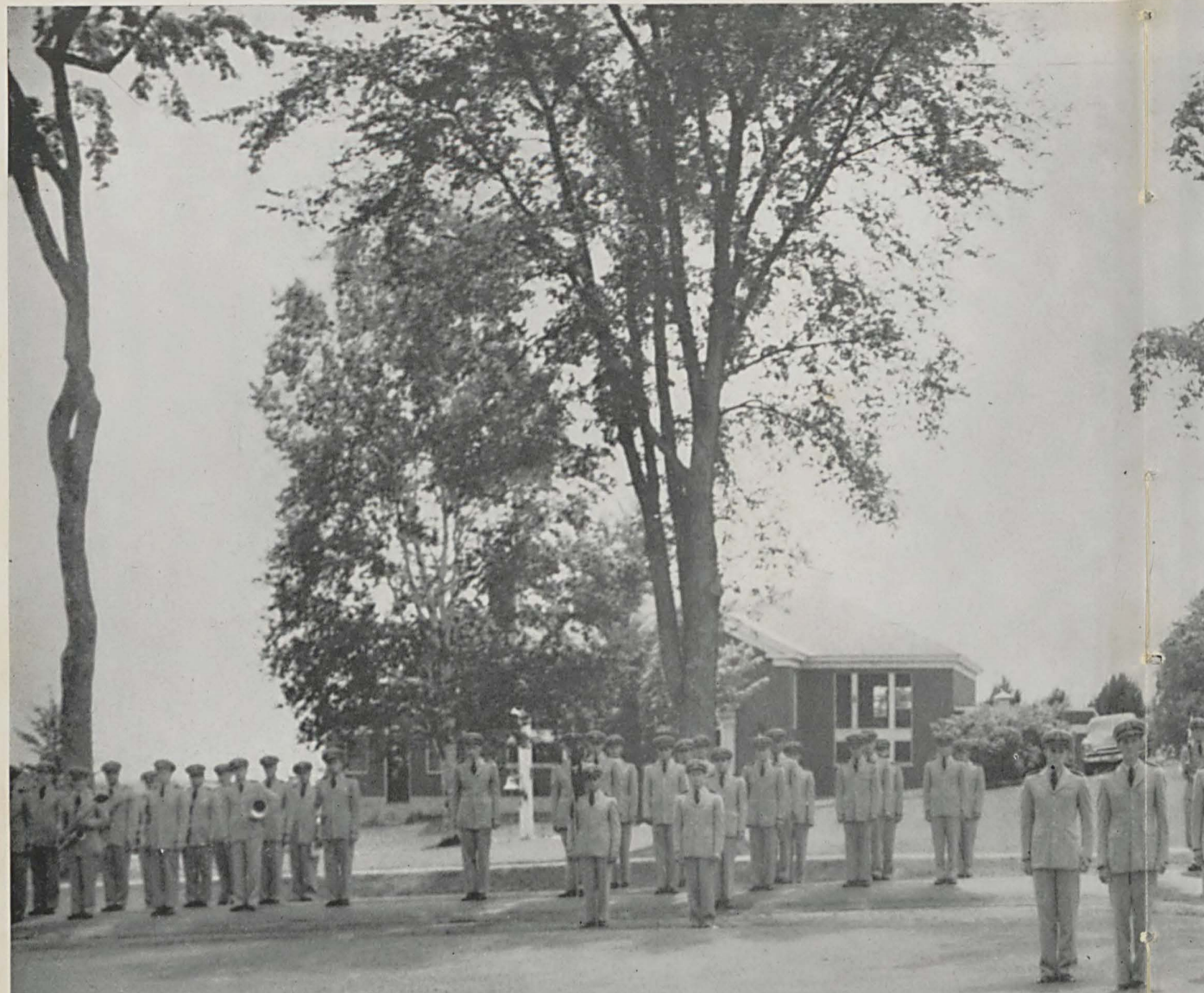
The experience you have gained in cruising and maintaining the AMERICAN SAILOR will prove invaluable to you in your future duties at sea. This experience plus the instruction you have received in the classrooms have given you the foundation of the complete seagoing officer. Upon this foundation you will 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.

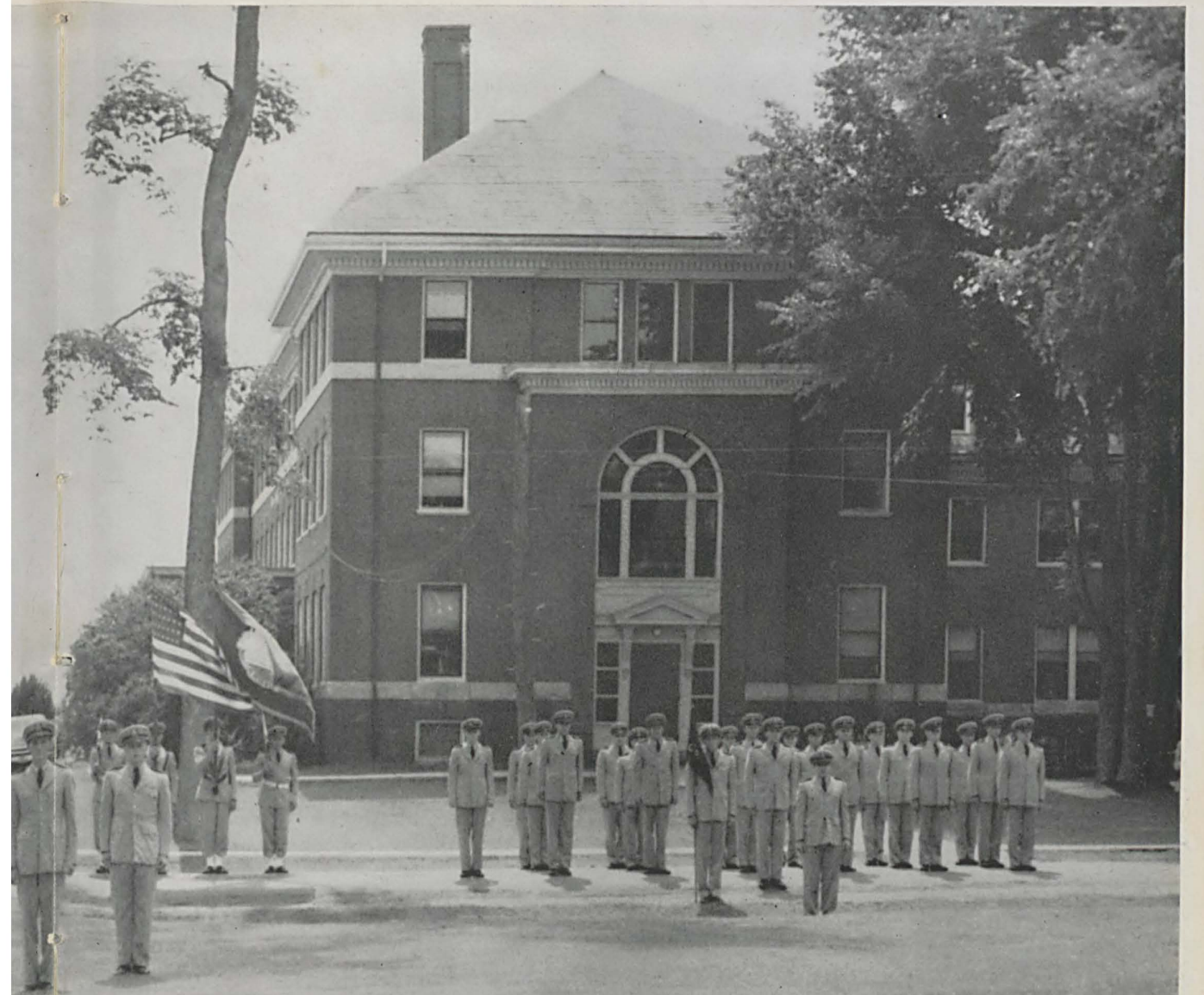
You are the third class graduating from this Academy to complete three full years of training, and to receive an academic degree. The proof of the superior equipment you have thus received is yet to be demonstrated. The eyes of our Alumni and indeed the people of our State are upon you watching for that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



The 19
TRICK'S
MAINE MARITIME
Castine - - -



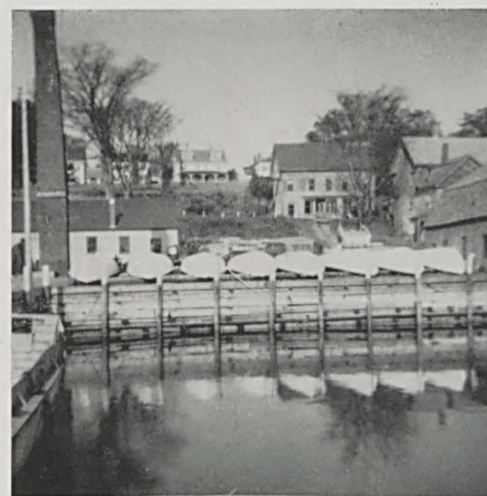
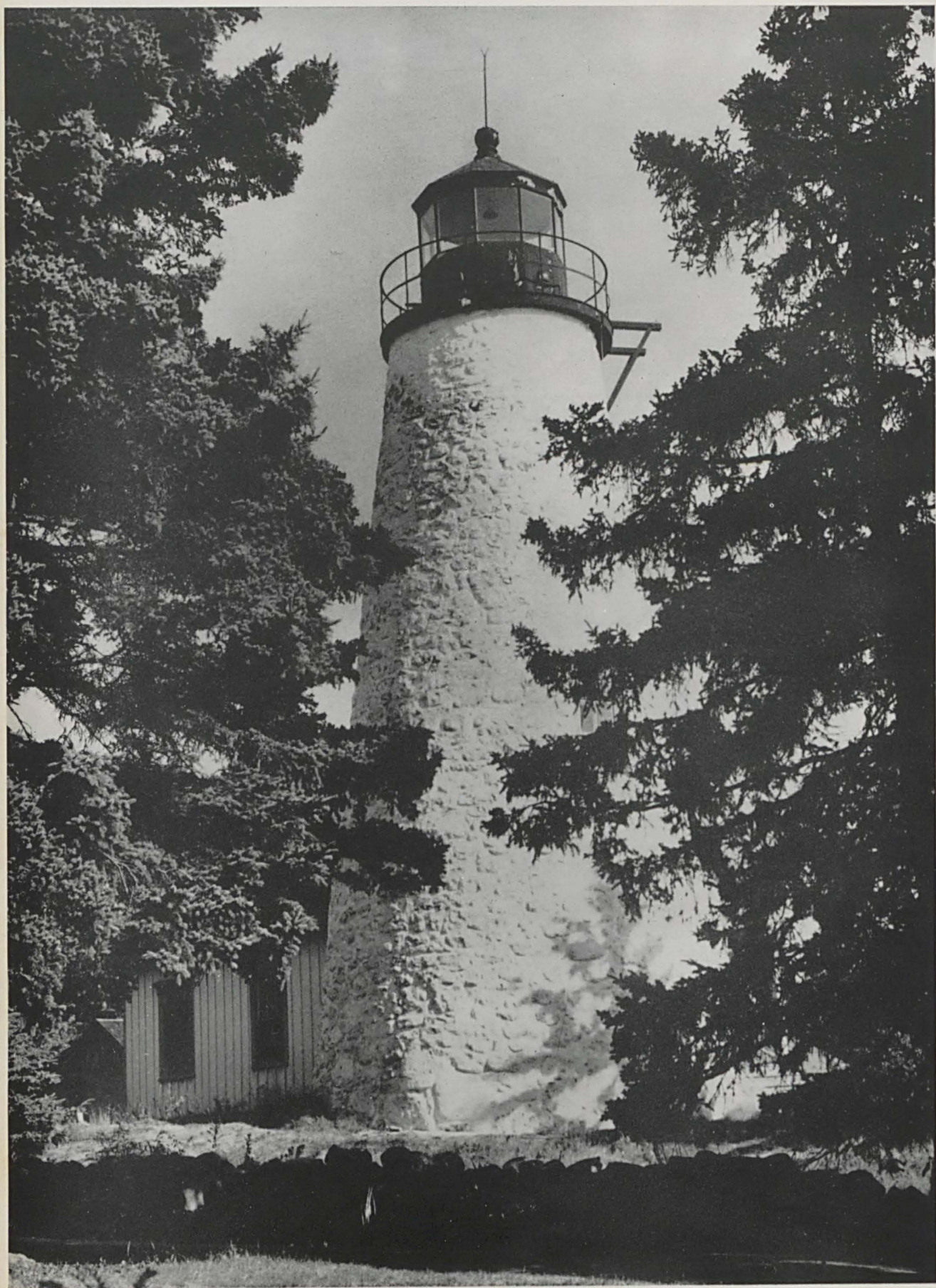
1951
'S END
TIME ACADEMY
- - - *Maine*



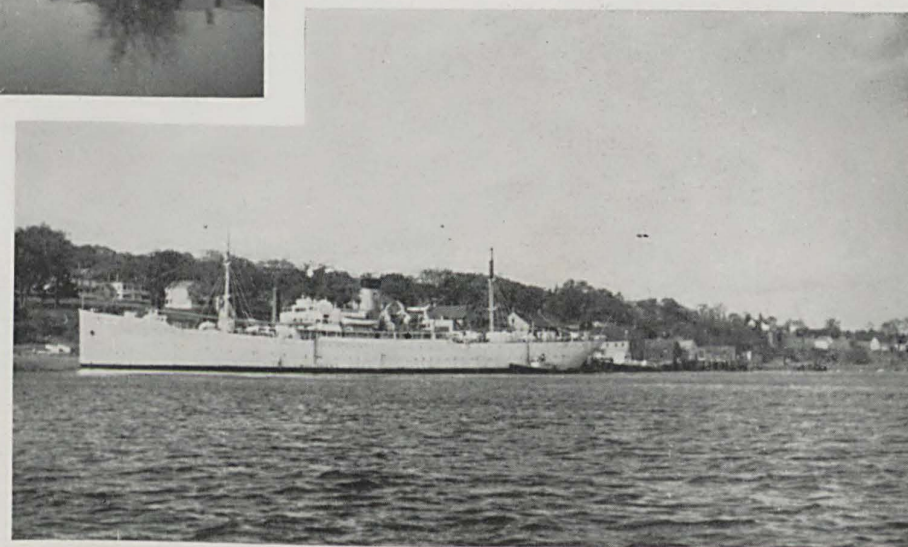
Lt. Comdr. William M. Jewett
U. S. M. S.



To Lieutenant Commander William M. Jewett we affectionately and respectfully dedicate this TRICK'S END. He has unravelled the maze of automatic refer cycles, hydraulic governors and the wonders of thermodynamics. He has been as much a guide as instructor and his love for engineering, with his seemingly limitless knowledge of the subject, has set an example which we future engineering officers shall strive to equal. His hand waving instruction "wake up!" and patient explanations: by these things may we, and countless others, remember him.



CASTINE...





The peace,

and tranquility

is, in its entirety, a beautiful place the year 'round. The soft murmur of the sea, on a summer night, the bell-buoy loudly proclaiming its protest in the throes of a gale, the lulling hush as the snow falls, makes an unforgettable impression in the minds of those fortunate enough to be a witness.

Its historical past is rich with the lore and traditions of the Maine coast: The French and Indians, Frigates duelling in the Bay, proud, haughty clipper ships, all combine and become the soul that is Castine.



of the town,



and the bay,

have created an impression that will live forever in our memories . . .



administration



"86" . . . GOOD MORNING, SIR
. . . GOLD BRAID . . . "BUT, SIR!
THE FOLLOWING MEN ARE ON
COLOR GUARD," . . . TO: EXECU-
TIVE OFFICER, SUBJECT: SPECIAL
LIBERTY . . . REPORT SLIPS . . .
"86"



W. W. Warlick
Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (Ret.), Superintendent





Capt. W. W. MacKenzie, U. S. M. S.
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Captain MacKenzie, better known to the Midshipman as "The Skipper," has been Exec for our entire training period at the Academy. He has earned our faith and support through his constant efforts to improve and maintain the standards of the Academy.

With the support of Admiral Warlick, he has listened to and evaluated the problems, both personal and pertaining to the Academy, presented to him by the students, and treated them as fairly and impartially as his training and knowledge permitted. He has made sense of the complexities and official functions of our Academy, and enlightened us as to proper and just punishment for the infraction of regulations that happened not infrequently.

Although we questioned various decisions made by the Administration we now realize that they were conceived with the welfare of the Midshipmen placed first, and the ultimate result has been the smooth functioning and wholly organized battalion that we are a proud part of.



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



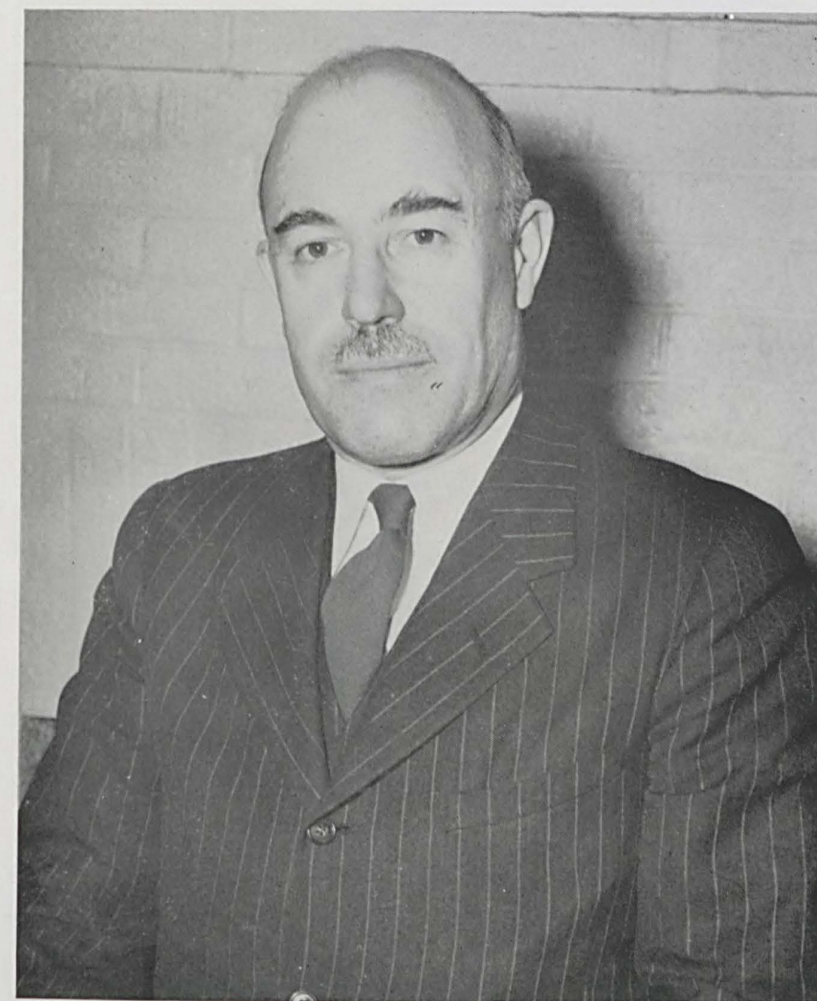
Lieut. John M. Hctor, U.S.N.R.
Registrar, Coach



Senator Ralph A. Leavitt
of Portland, President of Board of Trustees

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

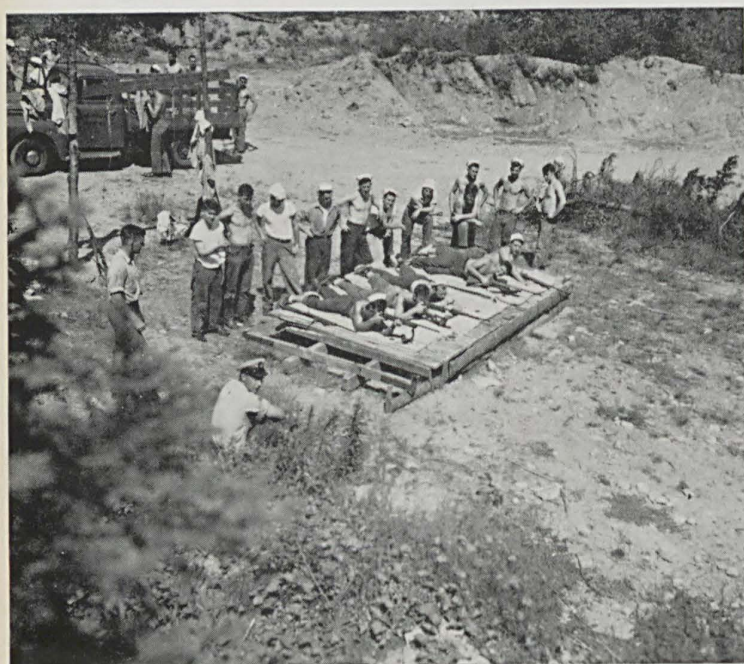
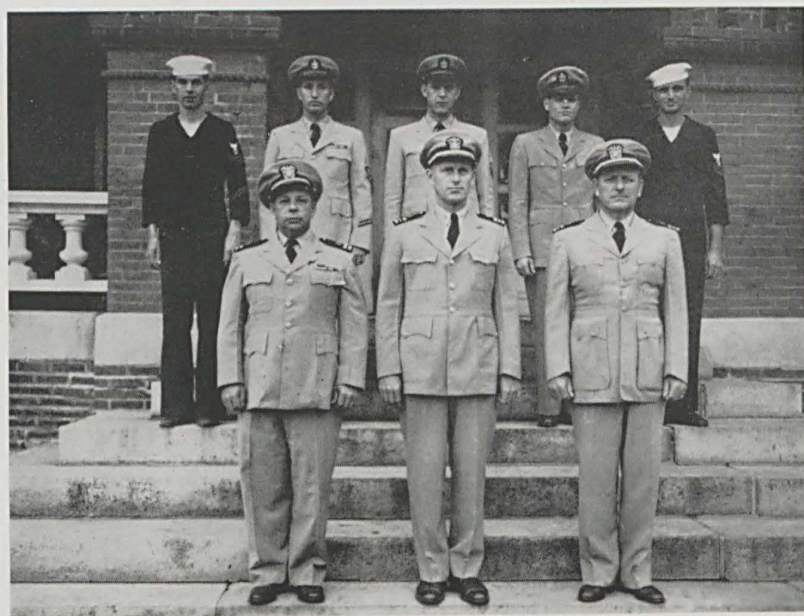
Charles F. Phillips—Vice President President, Bates College, Lewiston	Edwin R. Andrews Treasurer Bath
Harland A. Ladd—Secretary Commissioner of Education, Augusta	
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Chauncey Robbins, Houlton	Hebron Academy, Hebron
Charles K. Savage, Northeast Harbor	Osgood A. Gilbert, Rockland
Elery S. Harris, Portland	Clarence D. Wallace, Cutler
Victor N. Greene, Searsport	



Captain Landry

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naval science dept.



LIEUT. R. E. SEEBERG, U. S. N.
Executive Officer, Nav. Sci. Dept.



F. C. 1st Cl. SHIVERS, U. S. N.
Ordnance, Nav. Sci. Dept. Librarian



CHIEF PHARMACIST MATE
MUNGER, U. S. N. (Ret.)
Sick Bay



YEO. 1st Cl. WADE, U. S. N.



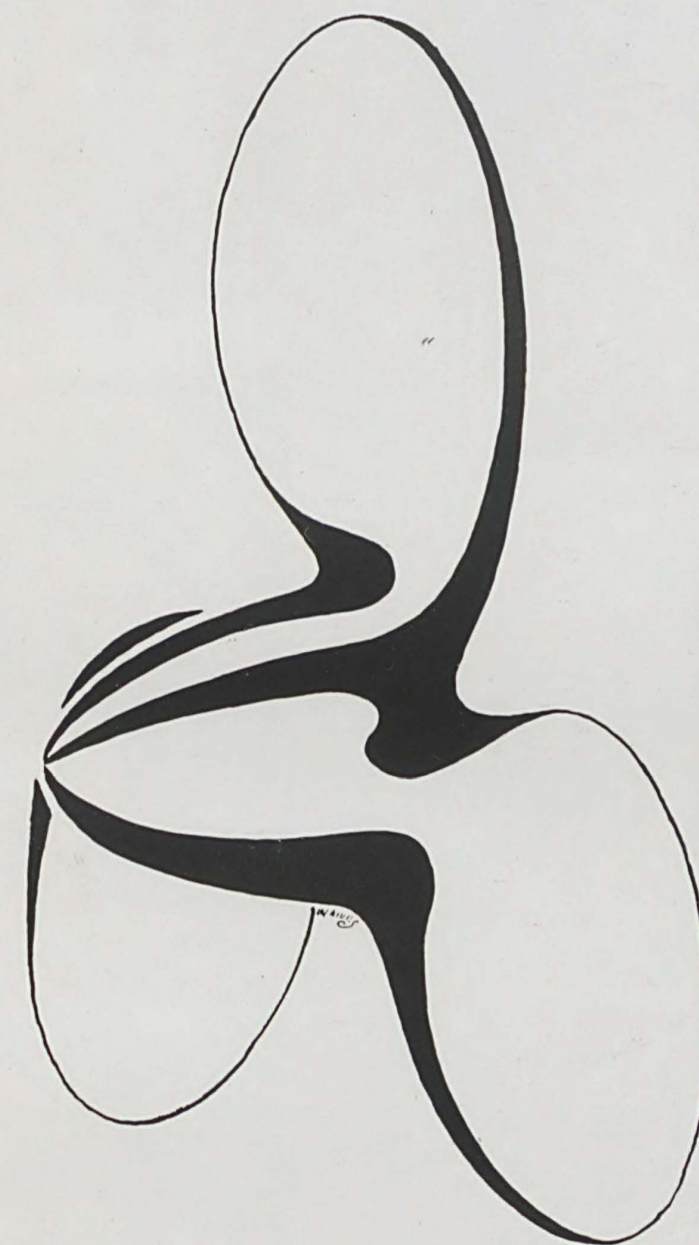
CHIEF GUNNER'S MATE ALLEN,
U. S. N.
Armory, Ass't Drill Instructor
Rifle Range



LIEUT. EDWARD E. WHITE,
U. S. N.
Gunnery Officer



LT. CR. ARTHUR T. LYONS,
U. S. N.
Head of Naval Science Department



engineering dept.



LT. COMDR. WILLIAM M. JEWETT,
U. S. M. S.
Head of Engineering Department
Electricity, Diesel, Turbines, Recips, Refrig.



LT. COMDR. PAUL A. STEARNS,
U. S. M. S.
Steam Lab., Eng., Fund, Drafting, Boilers



COMDR. PARKER E. WORREY,
U. S. M. S.
Chief Engineer, American Sailor



LT. MALCOLM C. BURBANK, U. S. N. R.
Machine Shop



Bill and Lucy



The last one, Thank . . .



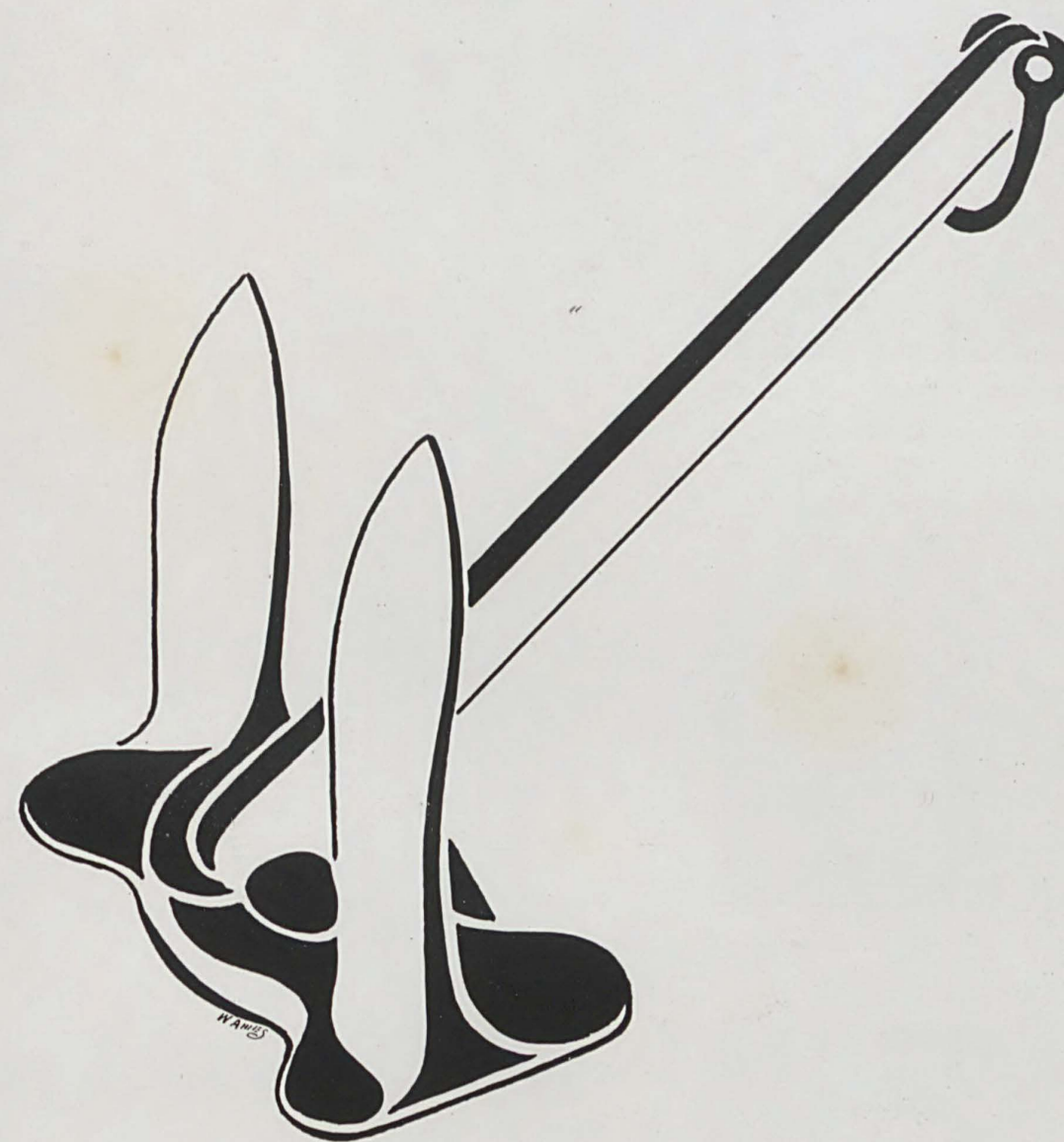
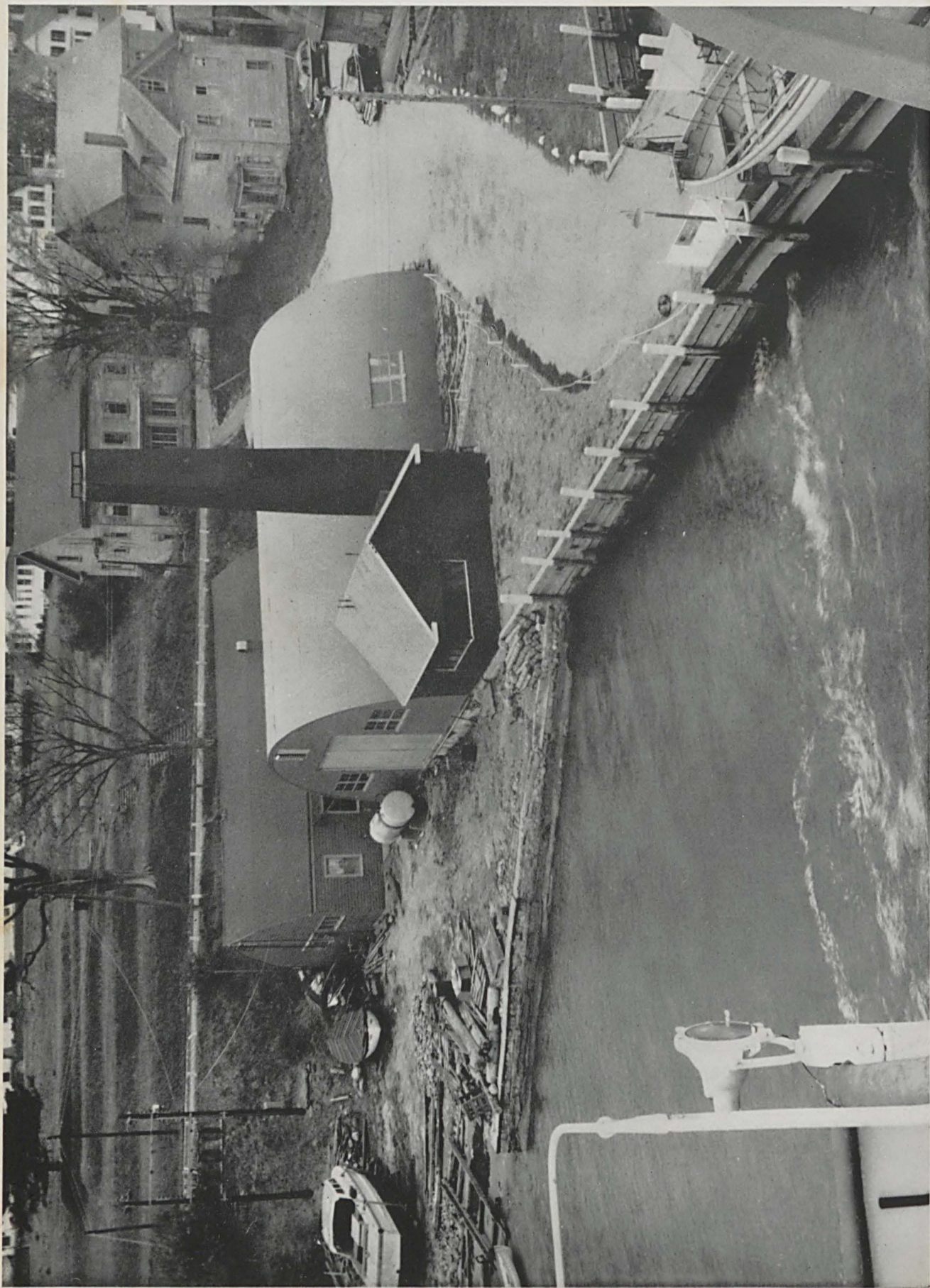
. . . and be careful



The word . . .



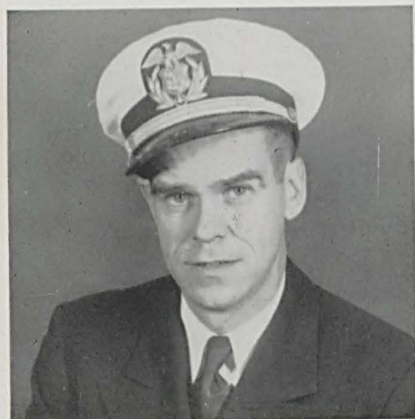
Ed's Marauders



deck department



LIEUT. COMDR. RUSSELL H. TERRY,
U. S. M. S.
Head of Seamanship Department



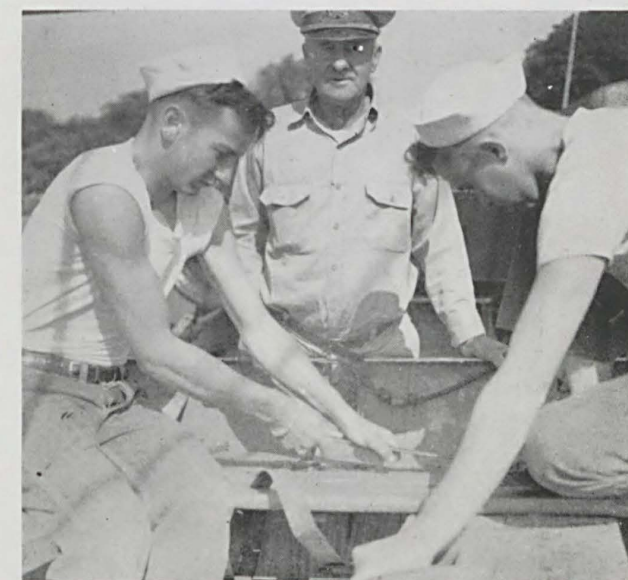
LIEUT. JOHN LITTLE, U. S. M. S.
Rules of the Road — Shipping Ec.



LIEUT. ERIC SVAIGSEN, U. S. M. S.
Navigation



Billy "The Kid" Brasier



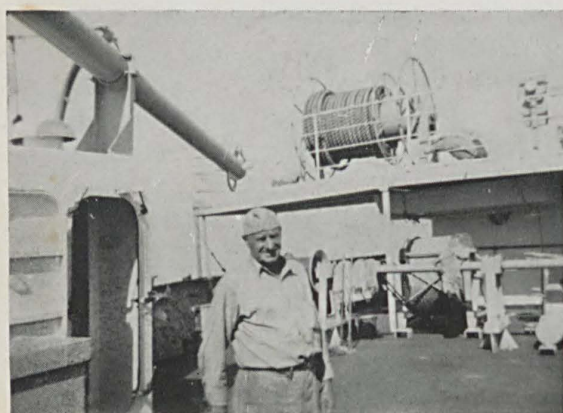
Slave Driver . . .



Bill and Bos'



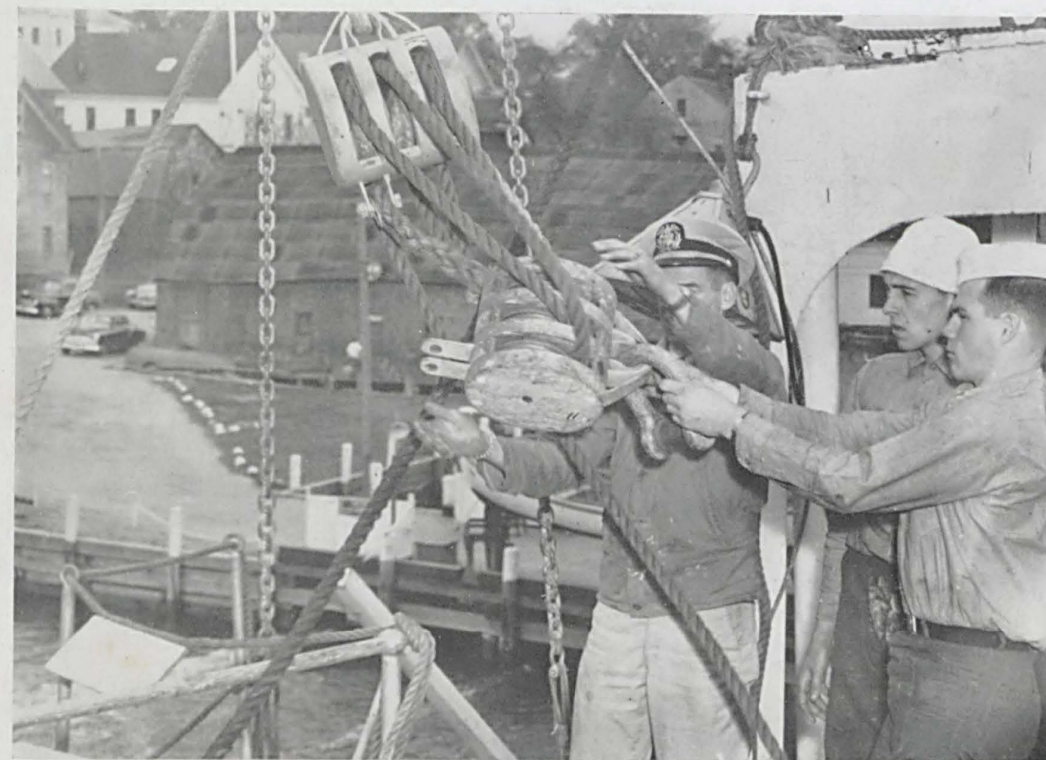
So when applying right ascension . . .



Half of you three men . . .



The Gadjet

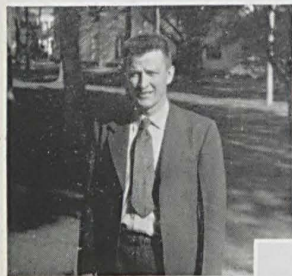


Heave



Sewall

Hum . . .



Da Dig . . .



El Brown . . .



academic department



COMDR. ARTHUR S. FAIRLEY, U. S. N.
Head of Academic Dept.
Meteorology — Physics — Astronomy



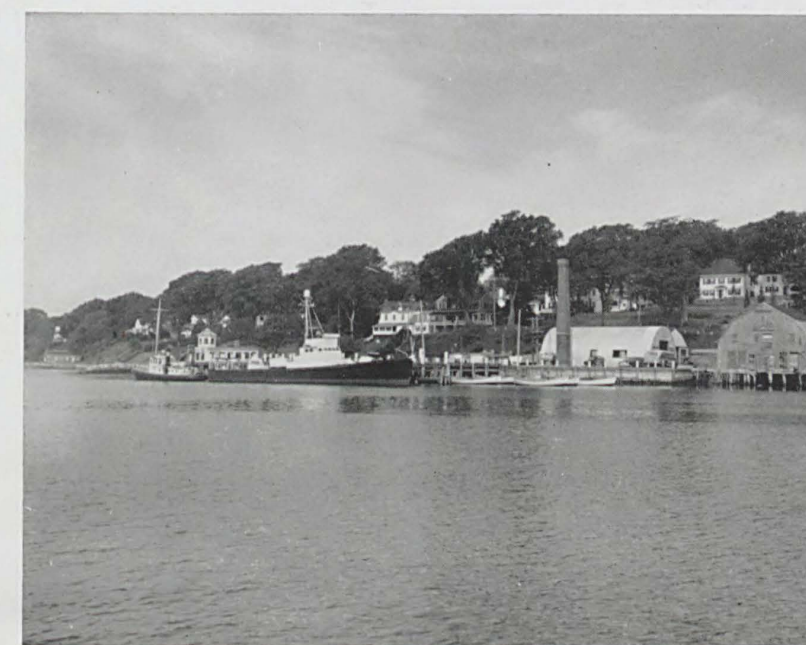
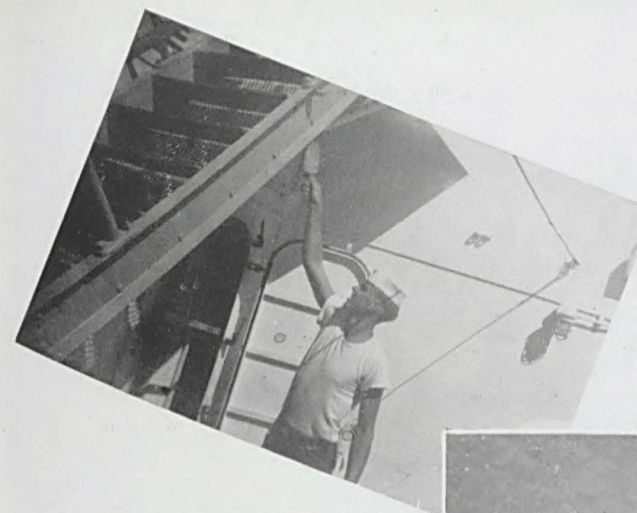
LT. TIMOTHY HOLT, U. S. M. S.
Mathematics, 1951 Trick's End
Advisor



LIEUT. COMDR. HARRISON E. SMALL
U. S. M. S.
English — History — Geography



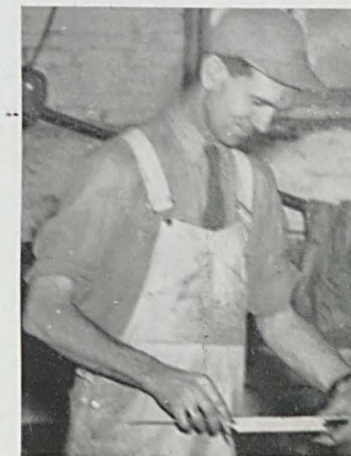
ENSIGN KENNETH M. BROWN
Spanish — Ships Sect'y

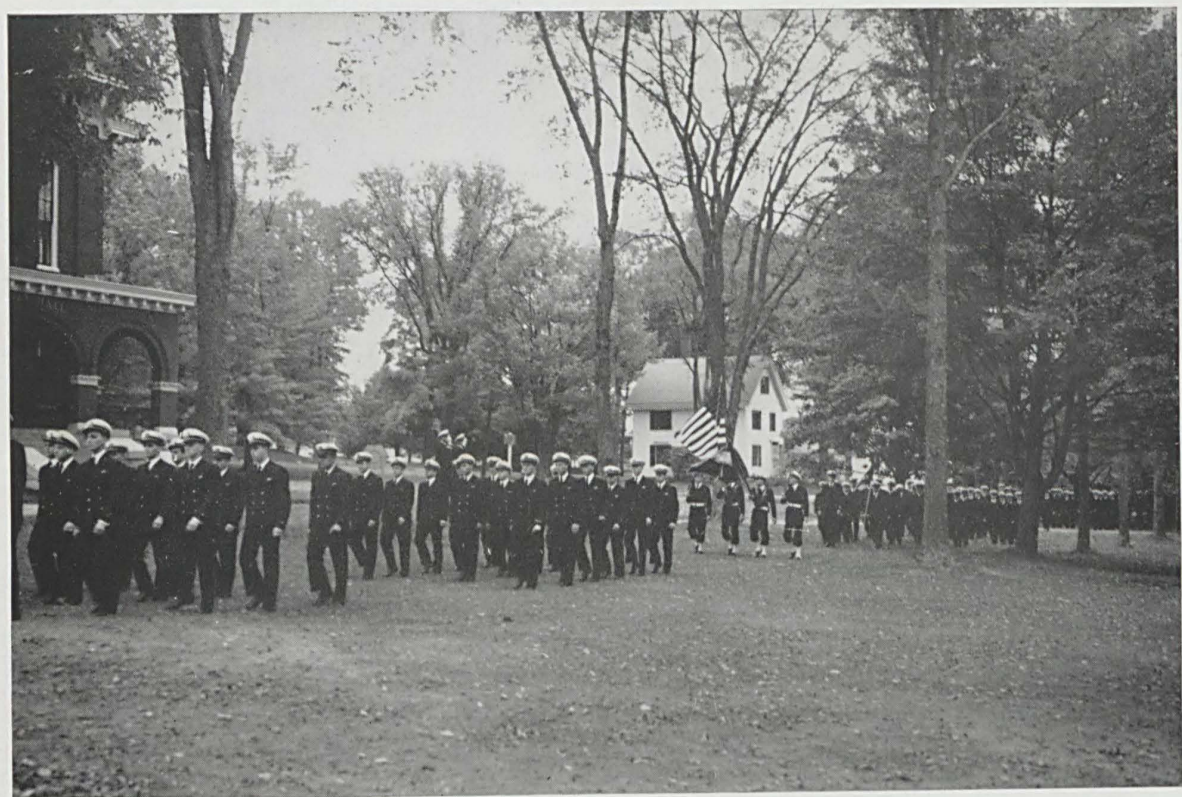


the finance office

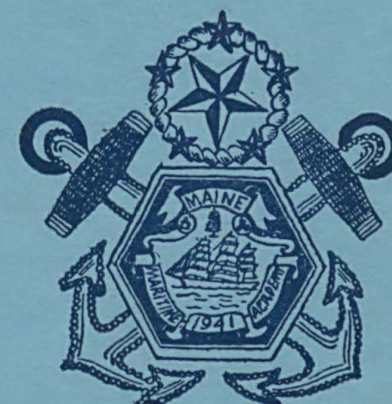


the boys

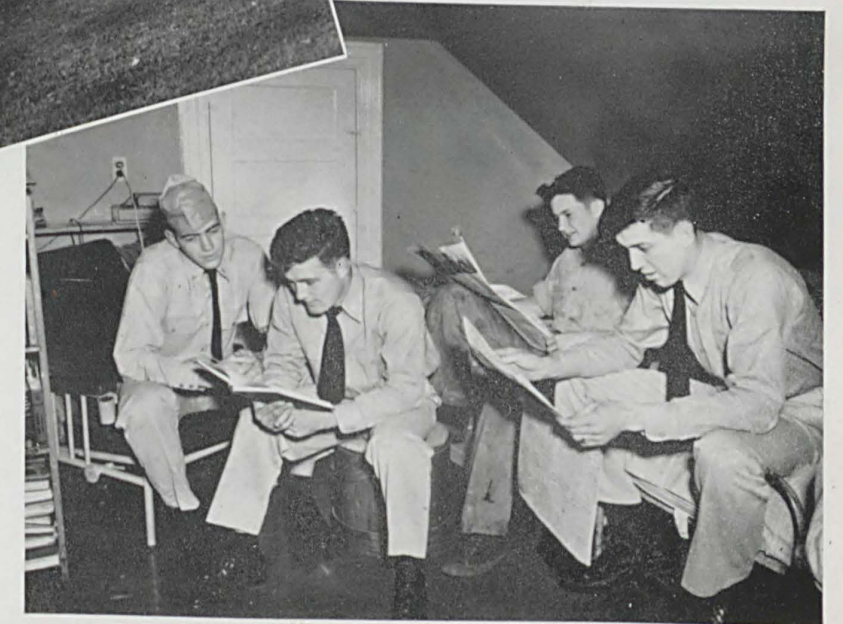
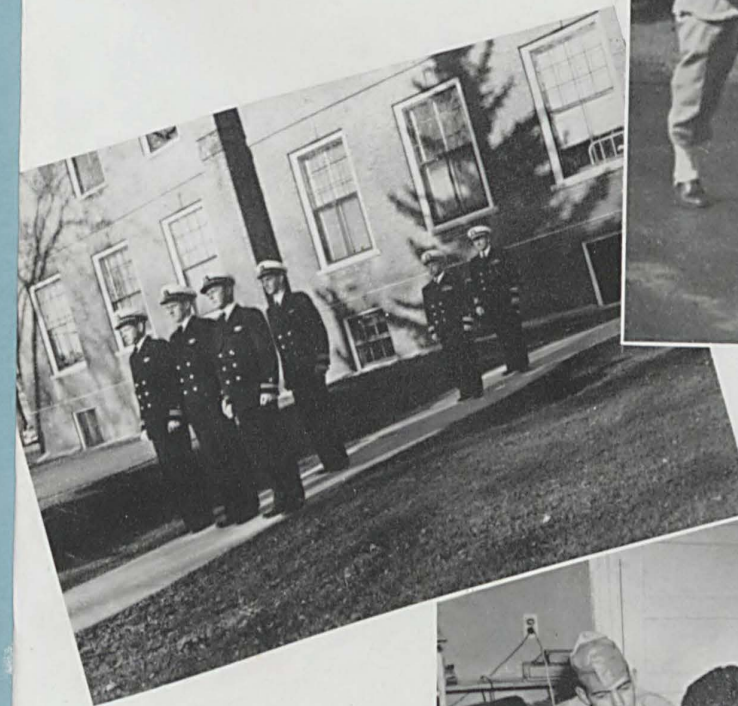




battalion

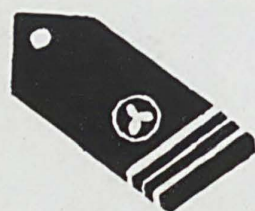


FIRST SQUAD TO THE REAR, HO!
 WASHINGTON POST MARCH . . .
 DANCES IN THE AUDITORIUM . . .
 GANTER'S SNAZZY SIXTEEN . . .
 ANYONE HAVING PICTURES
 WHICH THEY WANT IN THE YEAR-
 BOOK . . . ALL SENIORS PICK UP
 THEIR CLASS RINGS IN ROOM 32 . . .

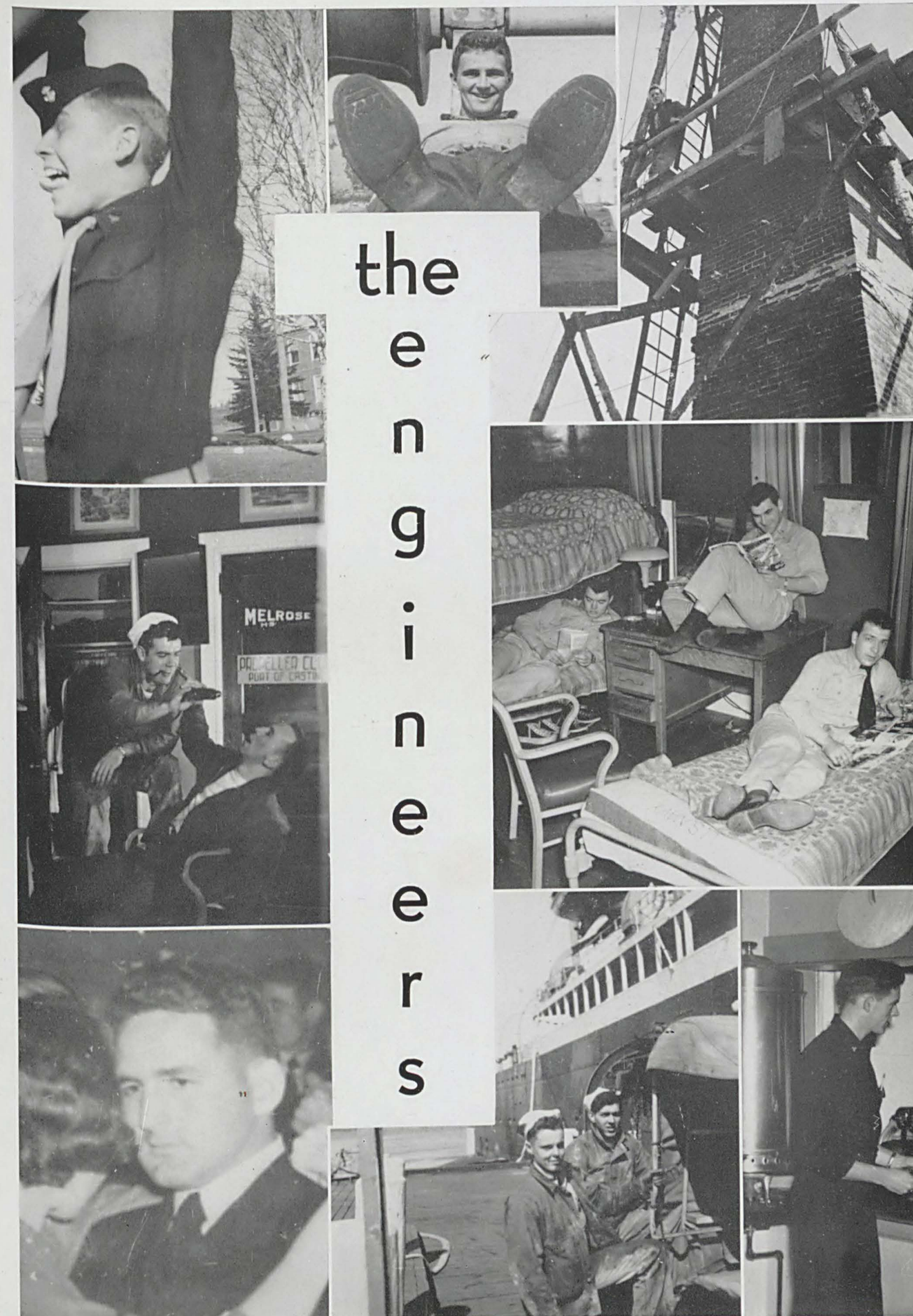


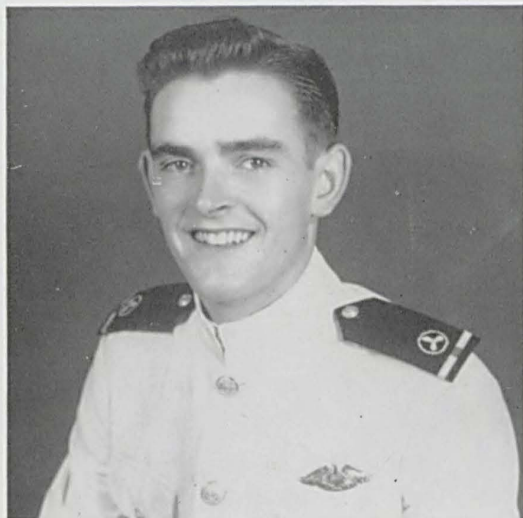


Battalion Commander
RICHARD MARTIN ANZELC



Battalion Executive
CLAIR AMMON NICKERSON





William Everett Aldrich-Ames
Malden, Mass.

Editor, Trick's End, Drill Squad Color Guard, Murals, Caribe Cribnotes, Dance Committee, Smokers, Tennis, Spanish Club, Propellor Club.

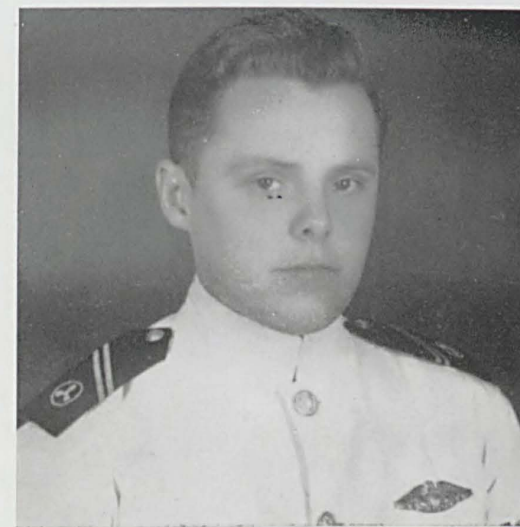
"Aldy" . . . Rockland Bound . . . "Day after Day" . . . ?Women? . . . "Who jumped ship?" . . . Kenton . . . Half owner of the Yellow Streaks gas tank . . . Castine Sign Co. Inc. . . . Melrose forever . . . You ought to see her in a bathing suit . . . Whodunnits . . . Who wants to buy a cruise-map, box of Xmas cards, or take a chance on a practically new 3-speed vic? . . . One Hand!! . . . Who broke the seal? . . .

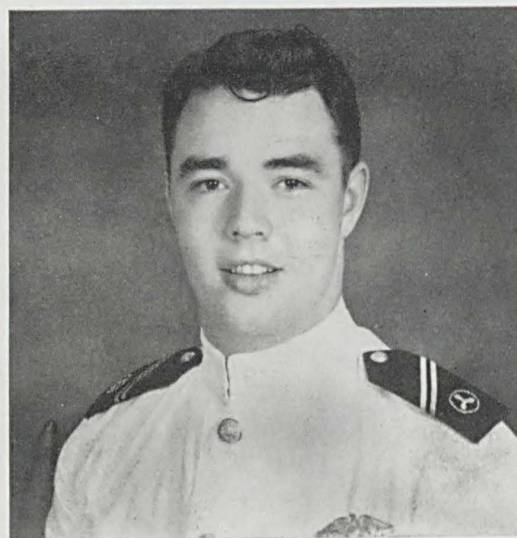


John Kelvin Black
Biddeford, Maine

Truck Driver, Orchestra, Intramural Football, Propellor Club.

"Jake" . . . "Whatsa deal?" . . . Big Trucks . . . hot rods . . . sharp . . . "When I was driving for Saco Lowell" . . . Get off my ear . . . Ladies man . . . Cartoons . . . "Blackie" . . . move over baby or you'll fall out the window . . . Garbage Run . . . vaccinated with a victrola needle . . . One armed Jose Iturbi . . . all business . . .





*Edward F. Brown
Northeast Harbor, Maine*

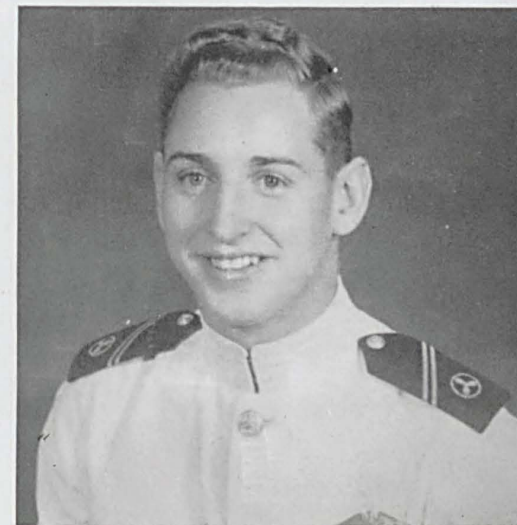
Varsity Baseball, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football, Dance Committee, Smokers, Propeller Club, Drill Squad.

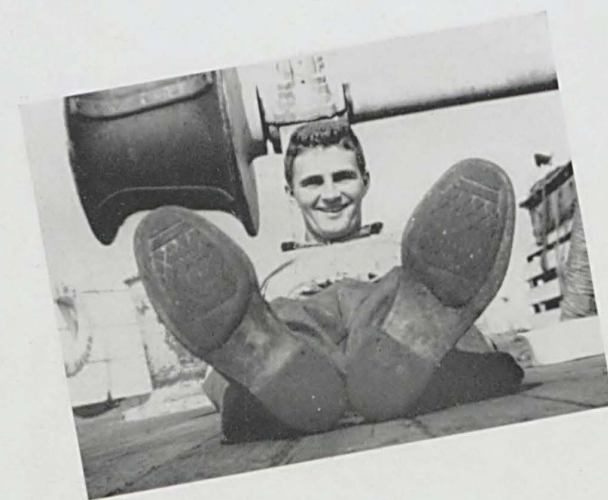
"Ed" . . . "Cold-One" . . . Maset Marauder . . . more Schlitz . . . lightweight . . . maneuvering board expert . . . always studying . . . Chief Engineer Running Boat . . . ha! . . . never in the sack . . . good ranks . . . C. T. . . Di-Maggio of M. M. A. . .

*Harold Oliver Brown
Camden, Maine*

Band, Intramural Baseball, Football, Smokers, Dance Committee, Caribe Cribnotes, Propeller Club.

"H" . . . big grin . . . fastest man on feet . . . Black versus Brown . . . Dodge convertible . . . Boston Pilgrim . . . best lathe operator . . . Casanova . . . Everybody's Buddy . . . sharp . . . History and Naval Science notebooks . . . rugged . . . Fred Astaire . . . 8 knots . . .





Richard Paul Dallaire
Rochester, New Hampshire

Football, Intramural Baseball, Football, Basketball, Propellor Club.

"Calieza" . . . "Dicky Dare Dallaire" . . . Bill's Buddy . . . Room 55 . . . one-armed barber . . . "Boy Marine" . . . "Who the heck is T'd off?" . . . record collection . . . liberty bound . . . wait'll the cruise . . . "I'm not cuttin' tonite, I got studying" . . . "I bet you were a funny boy in high school" . . . A Deck Annex . . .

Robert Lee Ellis
South Portland, Maine

J. V. Basketball, Intramural Baseball, Football, Basketball, Propellor Club.

"Hom" . . . Room 7 . . . Gag and Fran . . . lover . . . mattress back . . . Doolittle's keeper . . . Bangor calling . . . I'll write my own personal . . . horse-laugh . . . muscle—between the ears? . . . Scala's Ford . . . Harry's . . . Bottoms up! . . . Come on, he'll open up for us . . . card sharp? . . .



Rene Gerard Gagne
Biddeford, Maine

Captain 1950 Football Squad, Basketball Manager, Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Propellor Club.

"Gag" . . . "How many chances do you want, young man?" . . . Da Liz . . . Bangor Booster . . . best student (?) engineer . . . Who's got som chips . . . Lose? I never lose! . . . Hey Fran, seen my class ring? . . . football player . . . Room 7 . . . Doolittle's master . . . who's going downtown tonite? . . . I'm innocent, H'officer Kinaid . . . Mattress back . . . President A. A.



Frederick Albin Ganter
Union, New Jersey

Band Master, Orchestra Leader, Intramural Football, Basketball, Baseball, Oil King, Propellor Club, Dance Committee, Rifle Club.

"Weeper" . . . Type's Target . . . Room 46 survivor . . . tremendous sax . . . allergic to halfbacks and tackles . . . chain smoker, somebody else's chain . . . good marks . . . Skowhegan native . . . curly hair, where? . . . The Beeb . . . Poor man's Vito Muso . . . eyebrows up

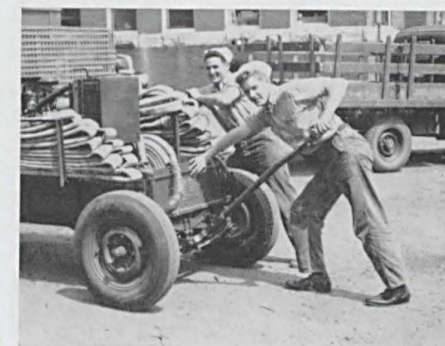
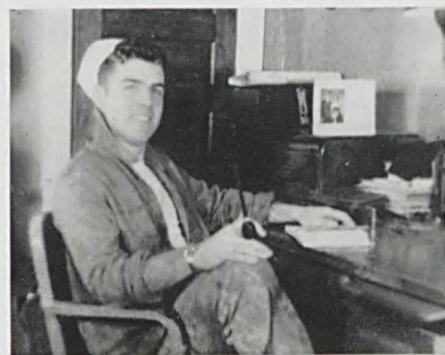




David Ashton Holmes
Walpole, New Hampshire

Drill Squad, Intramural Baseball, Golf, Tennis, Propellor Club.

"Lightning" . . . mouldy pipes . . .
"let's go, Davy" . . . muzzle loaders . . .
lady killer . . . hillbilly music . . . never
has a care . . . nurses . . . Colby Alumni
. . . easy going . . . whistling off-key
. . . "Who's got some tobacco?" . . .
Daniel Boone of Dices' Head squirrel
tails . . . Room 37 . . . sack rat . . . Cow
Hampshire . . . Who swiped my golf
balls? . . . Now you take hard cider . . .



John Malcolm Joseph, Jr.
South Portland, Maine

Band, Oil King, Varsity Football, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football, Dance Committee, Propellor Club.

"Mac" . . . big boy . . . Betty . . .
Coast Guard, what a terrific outfit! . . .
Oil on Trujillo Bay . . . Assistant Chief
Eng. . . . Jake and H . . . Cruise
souvenirs . . . Pumper mechanic . . .
good worker . . . always losing weight
. . . crackers and peanut butter . . .

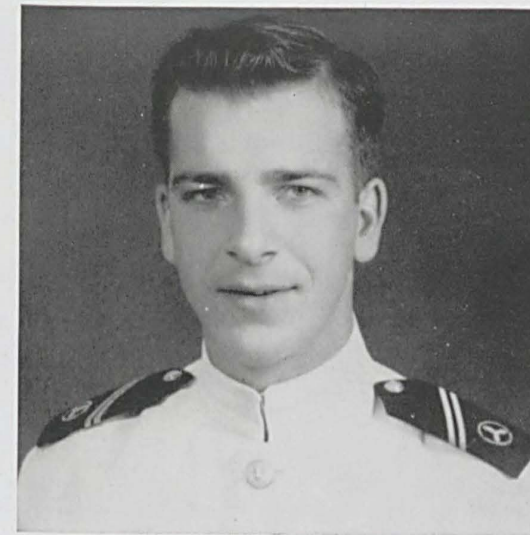




Albert Leland Kenney
Brooks, Maine

A Company Commander, Varsity Football, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Asst. Drill Master, Drill Squad, Propellor Club.

"Plow" . . . Cidy King . . . big farmer . . . "Alky" . . . Harmonicat . . . Mooney's Bodyguard . . . Manset Marauder . . . Beat-up Dodge . . . Square Dances . . . hee-haw . . . infectious grin . . . Man Mountain Kenney . . . S. P. in Haiti . . . Portland Pilgrim . . . Ma Sawyer . . . eats like a horse . . .

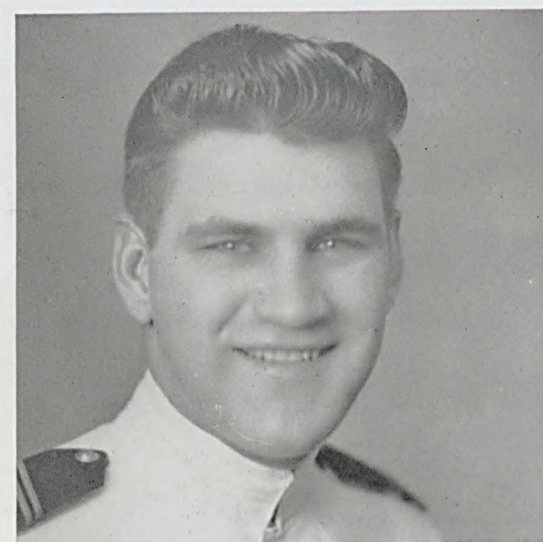


Alfred Joseph Ketchen
Old Town, Maine

Captain J. V. Basketball, Intramural Basketball, Football, Kadet Kapers, Truck Driver, Propellor Club, Band.

2.49 NavSci . . . short circuits' idol . . . muff . . . Augusta . . . Old Town Canoe Co. . . Pabst . . . no hair . . . chesty . . . hey, cold one . . . big bass drum . . . Mushin . . . Reveille, 0745 . . . letter writer . . . Arthur Murray . . . Babs versus Old Town . . . "Who's got three cents?" . . . Murals, Room 30 . . . You take the truck . . . Room 11, bring your own . . . I wanna go to rates meeting . . .





Ernest Henry Legere
Bangor, Maine

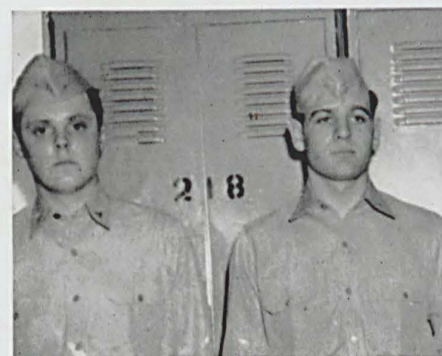
Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football, Drill Squad, Smoker, Dance Committee, Engineer Running Boat, Tennis, Propeller Club.

"Rap" . . . rugged . . . Bangor Bandit . . . "Cas" . . . sack artist . . . Describe an impulse turbine . . . yahoo . . . never in trouble . . . never jumps ship . . . wheresapabst? . . . Hey Muff . . . Ed and Al . . . Big gun on B-deck . . . those cruise liberties . . .

Francis Robert Legere
South Portland, Maine

Baseball, Basketball, Intramural Football, Kadet Kapers, Dance Committee, Golf, Propeller Club.

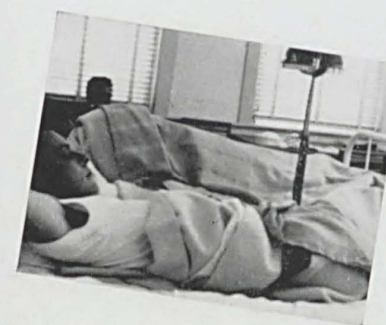
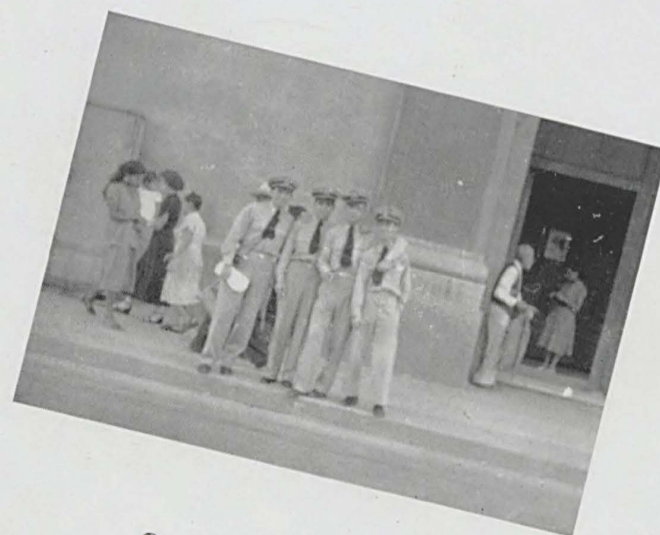
"Fran" . . . "Wednesday Nite Club" . . . Gag and Bob . . . Yea, and I got five brothers too . . . Doolittle . . . mattress back . . . good stude . . . basketball star . . . Icebox Bandit . . . Trujillo Terror . . . T. W. . . Room 7 . . . I don't drink, ask my mother . . .



John Thomas Mooney
Bangor, Maine

Section Leader, A-1, C. P. O. 1st Cl., Varsity Baseball, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football.

"Moonbeam" . . . shrubbery on the fantail . . . liberty hound . . . "Bluebeard" . . . "No thanks, don't drink" . . . Bangor Commuter . . . Buzz & Plow's Executive Board . . . Manset Marauders . . . Naval Science Expert (?) . . . "Get lost, willya" . . . Gotta light? . . .



William Morris, Jr.
Kittery, Maine

Drill Squad, Intramural Baseball, Football, Dance Committee, Running Boat, V. P., Gig Engineer, Golf, Propellor Club.

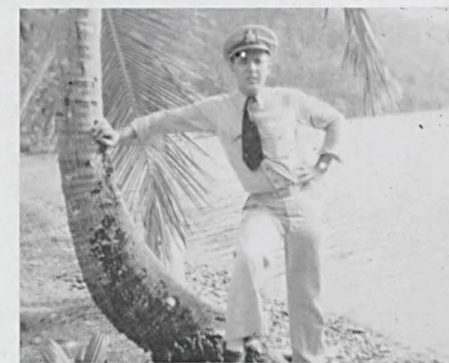
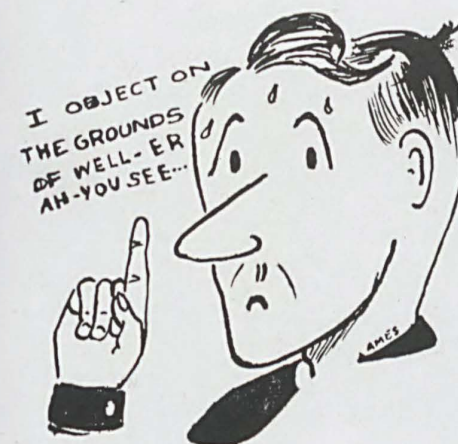
"Smiley" . . . You'll have to ask Burbank . . . Castine Romeo . . . laugh . . . where's a saddle? . . . solid citizen . . . pipe . . . Pennsylvania twang . . . homebrew . . . hair—where? . . . shuffle . . . Castine to Philly with 10 cents . . .



Clair Ammon Nickerson
South Portland, Maine

Battalion Executive, C. P. O., Dance Committee, Smokers, Kadet Kapers, Propellor Club, Fire Chief.

"Nick" . . . Chief's Scribe . . . Joe and Nick . . . I got one and a half more than you . . . Room 30 Murals . . . Betty Watson . . . Studebaker . . . Company Commanders . . . "What did he say?" . . . Dicky'n Nicky . . . Anchors Aweigh . . . Own Office . . . Song of Norway . . . Big Chief . . .



Stanley John Norbert
Augusta, Maine

Varsity Football, Section Leader B-2, Intramural Baseball, Kadet Kapers, Tennis, Propellor Club.

"Big Stan" . . . Didn't know they piled it . . . Ass't Chief . . . Biggest S. P. . . laughs like whooping crane . . . Queries las senoritas . . . School Stan — Cruise Stan . . . Most poundage in Room 10 . . . Council for the defense? . . . camera shy . . . ha! . . . She really is nice . . .

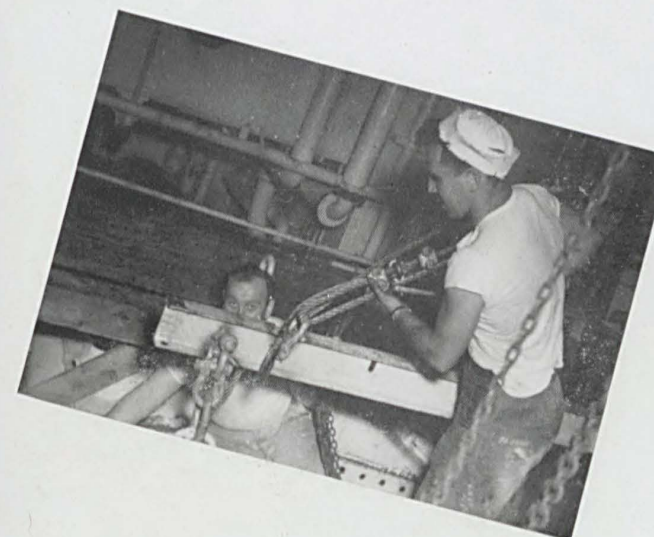
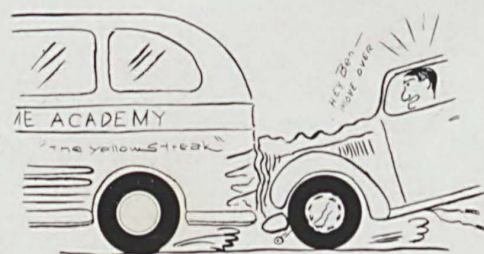




Laurence Grant Orkins
Portsmouth, Rhode Island

Drill Squad, Mgr. Intramural Baseball, Dance, Banquet Reception Committee, Engineer Running Boat, Kadet Kapers, Propellor Club.

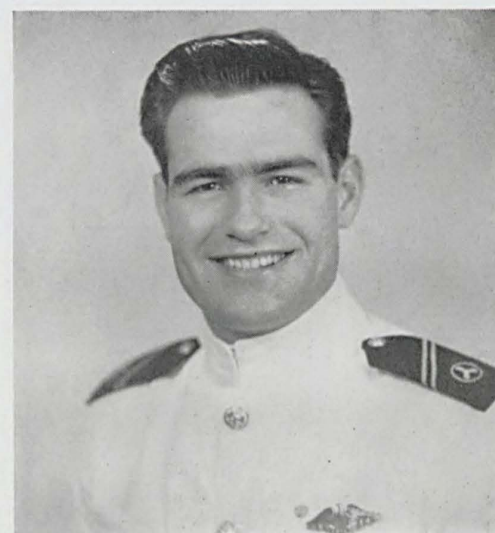
"Larry" . . . Barney Oldfield in Goff's car . . . cynic . . . always smiling . . . Pete and Tim . . . baseball scoreboard . . . Sox fan . . . keeper of the running boats . . . "Ork" . . . records . . .



Jack Stanley Passon
Rockland, Maine

Advertising Mgr. Trick's End, Kadet Kapers, Smokers, Drill Squad, Propellor Club, Intramural Football, Baseball, Tennis, Golf, Dance Comm'ttee, Combo, Band.

The Yellow Streak . . . lover . . . The Mighty Hunter . . . neat and orderly room . . . hates to sleep . . . eats sometimes . . . Specials . . . good marks . . . doesn't drink, much . . . Fred Astaire, ask him . . . slingshot . . . "Pierre" Kings, San Juan . . . sailing . . . rowing . . . Flight One to Rockland . . . Bangor Booster sharp . . . hair . . . where? . . . go-getter . . . redheads . . . home-made uniforms . . . music lover . . . big grin . . . shut that door . . .



Palmer Burton Pearson
Belfast, Maine

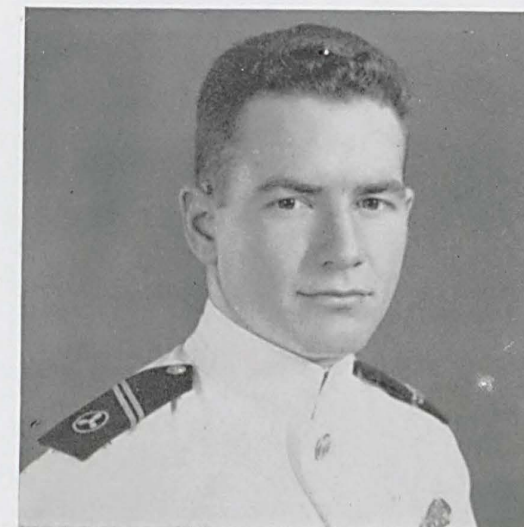
Class Photographer, Drill Squad, Dance Committee, Engineer Running Boat, Propellor Club.

"Pete" . . . shutterbug . . . six days . . . Belfast Bandit . . . passport pics . . . ugh . . . Propoganda Pics, Inc. . . . "What was that question again?" . . . crack-crack . . . Black Chevy . . . Tim and Larry . . . lathe expert . . . machine shop on cruise . . .

Timothy John Perry
Rumford, Maine

Dance Committee, Smoker, Maine Mast, Caribe Cribnotes, President Propellor Club, Football.

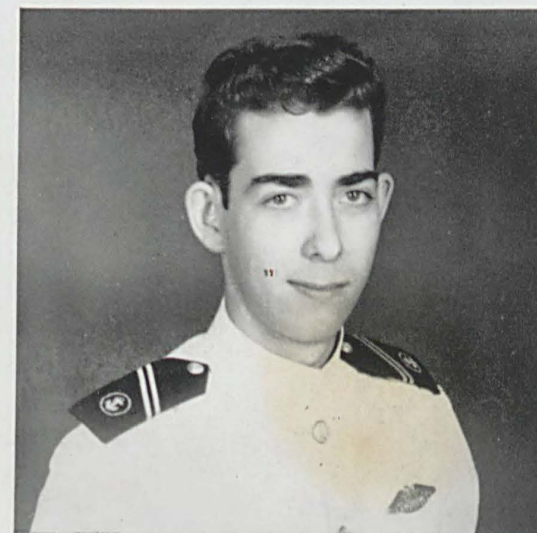
"Tim" . . . "Underwood" . . . always grinning . . . The Planimeter, by T. J. P. . . . star point (?) kicker . . . quiet . . . brilliant, ah yes! . . . Hey Tim, where's Rumford? big laugh . . . Acting President . . . since when? . . . great skier . . . sailing on the bay . . . bow oar in boat race . . . machinist . . .



Howard Gardner Richardson
Augusta, Maine

Truck Driver, Drill Squad, Intramural Baseball, Dance Committee, Propellor Club.

"Woofie" . . . boy wonder . . . Chevy, in pieces . . . dump run, 0730 . . . "Rumors Are Flying" . . . Rache . . . S. E. grin . . . "What's our turbine assignment?" . . . Room 55 . . . Augusta's prodigy . . . "Who's gonna ship out?" . . . who's the smartest engineer? . . . lock of hair, framed . . . short . . . "Did you shave this morning?"



William Colby Ring
West Paris, Maine

Varsity Baseball, Football, Basketball Captain, Mgr. and Coach E-3 Champions, Propellor Club, Smokers.

"Tinkle" . . . sound off! . . . Dick and Bill . . . Room 55 . . . First base terror . . . Princess . . . Hero of Castine . . . best natured guy . . . lanky . . . enthusiastic . . . smart engineer . . . speaks Spanish like an Aroostook County native . . . A-1 machinist . . . likes Naval Science.



Eugene Carl Rueff
Irvington, New Jersey

Band, Orchestra, Drill Squad 1, Intramural Baseball, Football, Dance Committee, Golf, Tennis, Oil King, Propellor Club, Rifle Club.

"Jappo" . . . Tinhorn . . . fugitive from Steinway . . . Blackies' favorite target . . . gotta butt? . . . All American broken back . . . Oil King or The Man on The Raft . . . Sleeping Expert . . . the poor man's Rudie Valentino . . . Skowhegan bound . . . Bob-Gene-Fred . . . Texas Longhorn . . .

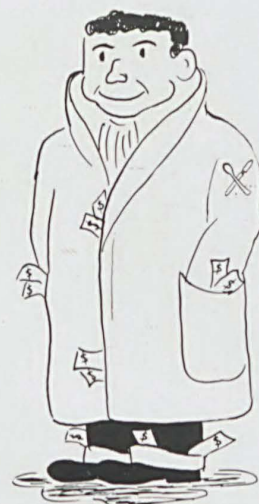


John Nathan Smallidge
Mount Desert, Maine

Football, Basketball, Baseball, Intramural Baseball, Smoker, Color Guard, Golf, Propellor Club.

"Smallridge" . . . has got em . . . Ted . . . Purty Marsh . . . S'matter Smally . . . Betsy Ross . . . Jimmy and Dick . . . Johnny Rise and Shine . . . basketball star . . . crew cut . . . large . . . brother blackboard eraser . . . J. K. B. . . .

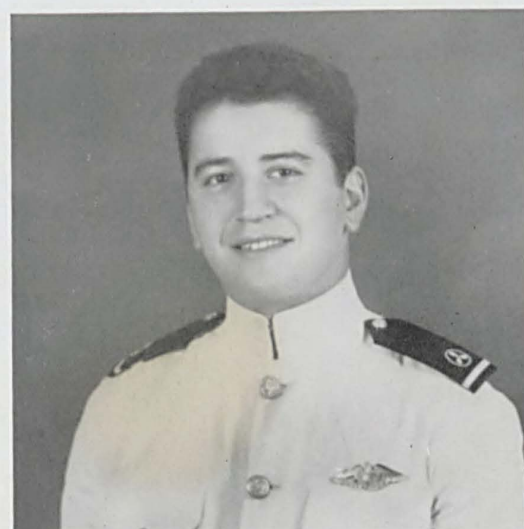




Theodore Throumoulos
Biddeford, Maine

Football, Basketball, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Smoker, Dance Committee, Golf, Master-at-Arms, Propellor Club.

"Ted" . . . Pelley, Jr. . . Ass't. Chief Engineer . . . Smalley . . . deal . . . Havana was O. K. . . . Biddeford Wheel . . . "The puppy" . . . Go shine your shoes . . . Power . . . Mugs first . . .

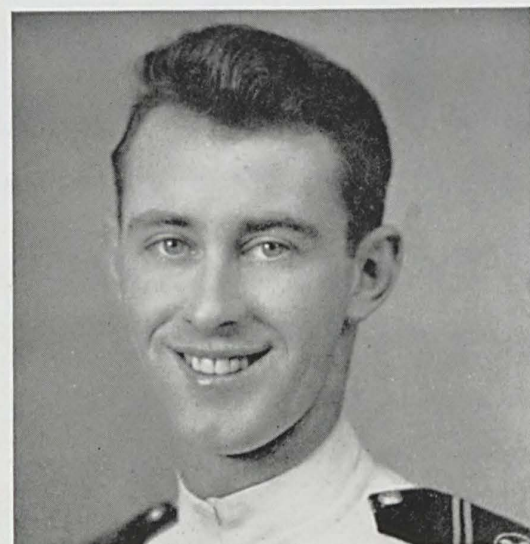
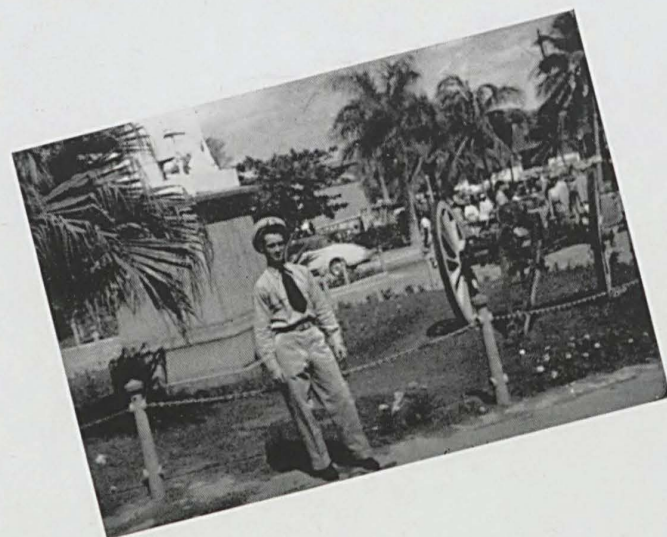


Robert Calvin Wallace
South Portland, Maine

Head Truck Driver, Intramural Football, Baseball, Basketball, Smokers, Kadet Kapers, Propellor Club, Water King.

"Scnar" . . . beat-down Plymouth—yea, it still runs . . . Fire Chief . . . long . . . curly hair . . . Barney Oldfield . . . Smoker Caruso . . . Bones . . . Room 55 . . . "Hey Bob, we've got a port list!" . . . who cares? . . .



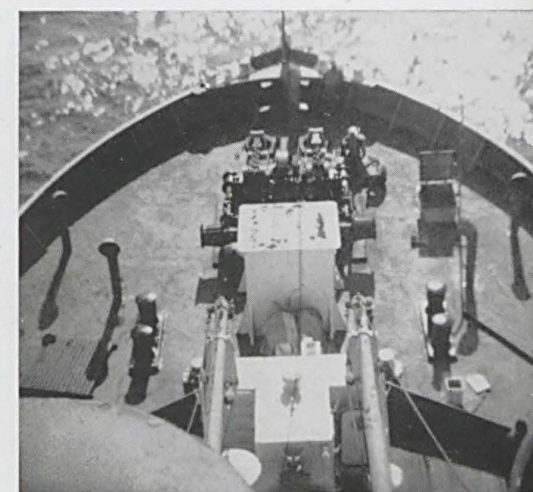


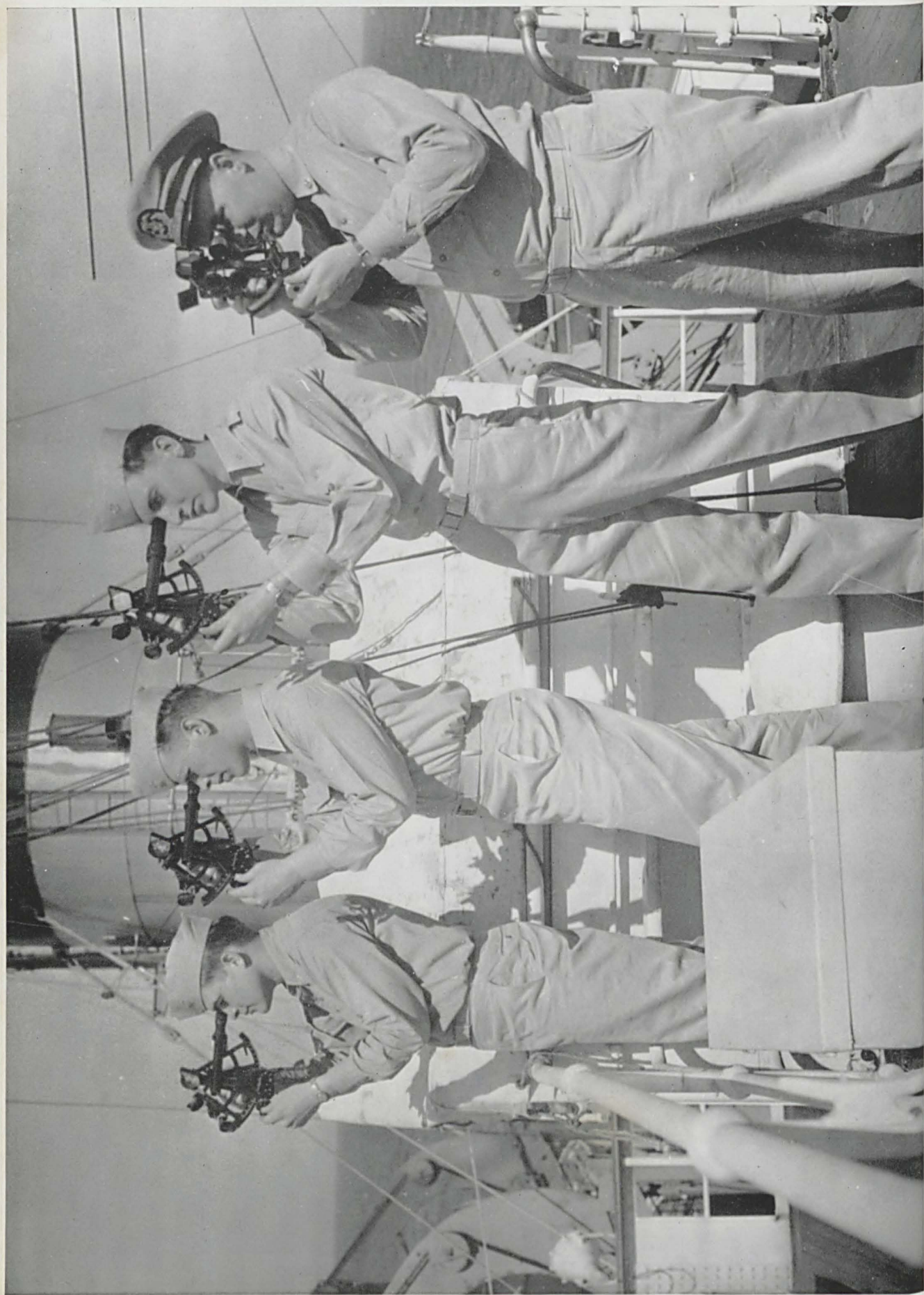
William Edward Welch

Bangor, Maine

Band, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football, Propellor Club, Yearbook 1950, Duty Electrician, Caribe Cribnotes, Smokers, Kadet Kapers.

"Squelch" . . . "Whaddya say?" . . . sawed off . . . gray hair . . . every other muster . . . Irish . . . Hey Bill, the light in my room is . . . History student (?) . . . Mooney's mascot . . . Cook and Woodhead . . . B Deck Annex . . . D. E. . . . Me? Play Whist? . . . Never Happen . . .





—:— the deckmen —:



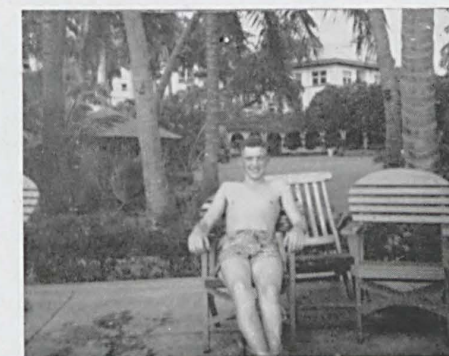


Richard Martin Anzele

Chicago, Illinois

Battalion Commander, C. P. O., Secretary
Propeller Club, Drill Squad, Dance Com-
mittee, Yearbook, Rifle Club.

"Trig" . . . Skowhegan Real Estate
Co. . . . the grey Cadillac . . . The
Shower Room Caruso . . . fried spuds
. . . Ya wanna see my machine guns?
. . . Four striper . . . Woman hater? . . .
Make mine Scotch . . . Anzio Panza . . .
S. P. (not Shore Patrol) . . . Room 30
. . . Funnyface.

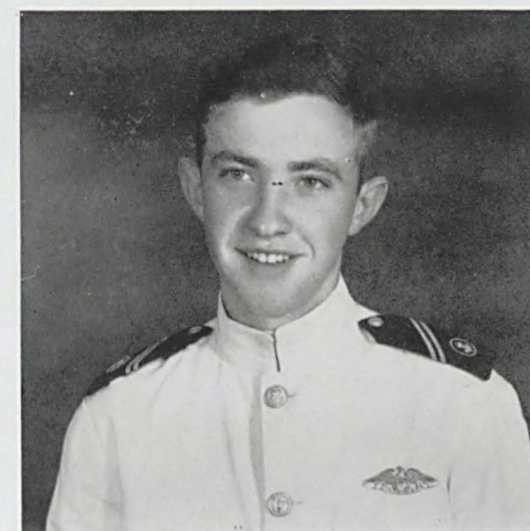


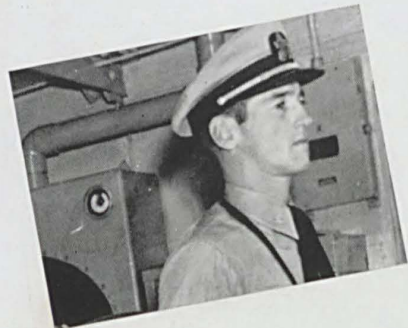
Russell Benjamin Bridgham

Bridgton, Maine

1951 Trick's End, Dance Committee, Rifle
Club, Drill Squad, Propellor Club.

"Benny" . . . Navy man . . . Guns
. . . sharpest middle . . . London and
Harper . . . big noise on A-Deck . . .
Naval Science . . . freckles . . . No
thanks, never touch it. Much . . . Bos-
ton booster . . . He's had it . . . R. D. F.
. . . "Da Bridge" . . .

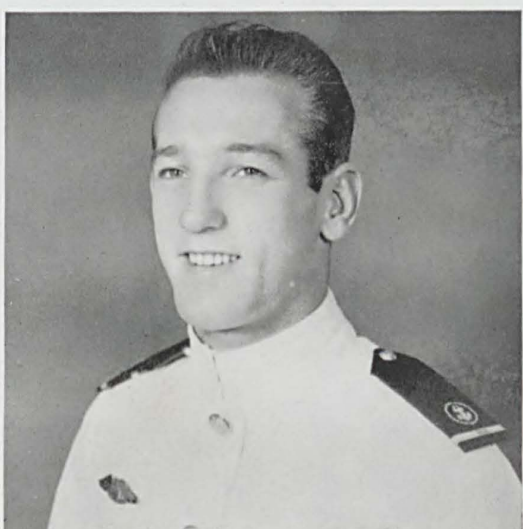




Albert Lee Chandler
Jonesport, Maine

Color Guard, Drill Squad, Varsity Baseball, Basketball, Intramural Baseball, Football, Basketball, Smoker, Propellor Club.

"Bert" . . . Head for the boats, the herrin's runnin' . . . pool sharp . . . scrapper . . . Steve and Bert . . . Used Ford for sale . . . crew cut . . . "I'll fight 'em in higher court" . . . Height of Sobriety . . . lover . . . never in hot water . . . graduation 1950 . . .



Malcolm Wayland Cook
Portland, Maine

Drill Master, Rifle Club, Intramural Baseball, Football, Smokers, Tennis, Drill Squad, Propellor Club.

"Mac" . . . poor man's Alice Marble . . . the mighty hunter . . . rabbits . . . Gaylord . . . Bailey's Island . . . Mississippi River Gambler . . . Spike . . . never (?) loses . . . Admirals walk . . . off-key voice . . . the green wreck . . . Bangor Raceway, Route 166A . . . One day when I was hunting moose . . . Canvasback . . .





Donald Clayton Evans
Augusta, Maine

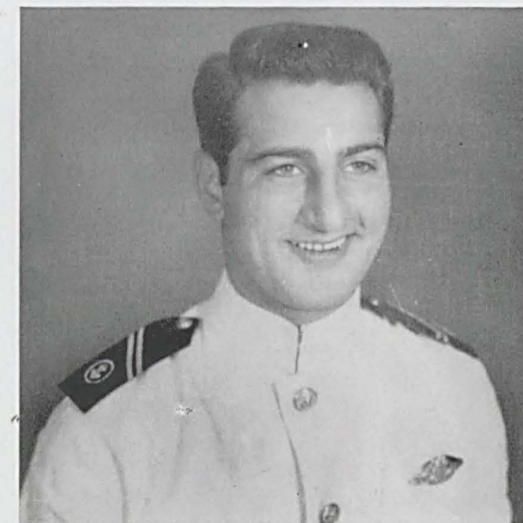
Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football,
Dance Committee, Golf, Band, Propellor Club.

"Curly" . . . President A. A. M. M. A.
. . . Sam Snead of Castine G. C. . . .
"Wrinkles" . . . Casanova . . . Boston
Pilgrim . . . agreeable . . . liberty hound
. . . scarce on top . . . inside? . . . Ace
rope-splicer . . . Bos. right foot man . . .
makes with the books . . . sense of
humor . . . outrageous . . . takes a beat-
ing . . .

Leonard Virgil Galiano
Rockland, Maine

Varsity Football, Intramural Baseball,
Smoker, Kadet Kapers, Orchestra, Band,
Dance Committee, Propellor Club.

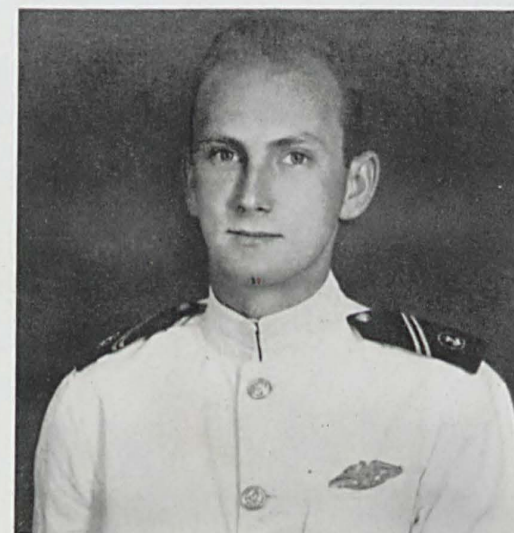
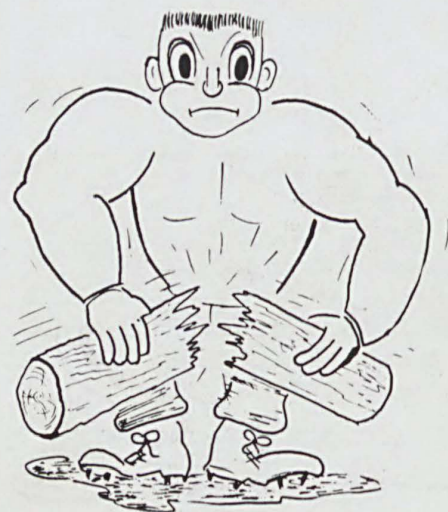
"Gally" . . . H. N. . . . Andy . . . cargo
stowage expert . . . Glenn Davis of M.
M. A. . . . Gooch . . . Deke's Buddy . . .
big boy . . . Blinkerman, 1 C . . . broken
noze? . . . Svaigy's key man . . . navy
prospect . . . (?) . . .



*Dana Leon Genest
Greenville, Maine*

Varsity Football, Basketball, Intramural Football, Baseball, Basketball, Smoker, Propellor Club.

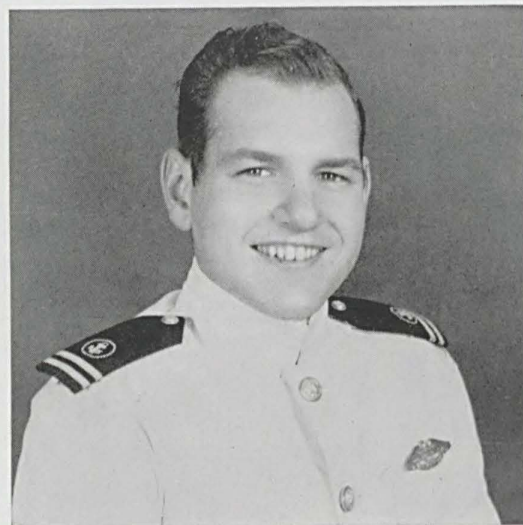
"Deke" . . . Paul Bunyan of A-Deck . . . Greenville Terror . . . "Da Boog" . . . big . . . Room 36 . . . cracked navigator . . . Couldn't get back on board in Kingston . . . Never on report . . . Up at 0600 . . . huh? . . . ya wanna rassel? . . .



*Clifford Elmer Harper
Rockland, Maine*

Football Manager, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football, Ship's Store, Smoker, Propellor Club.

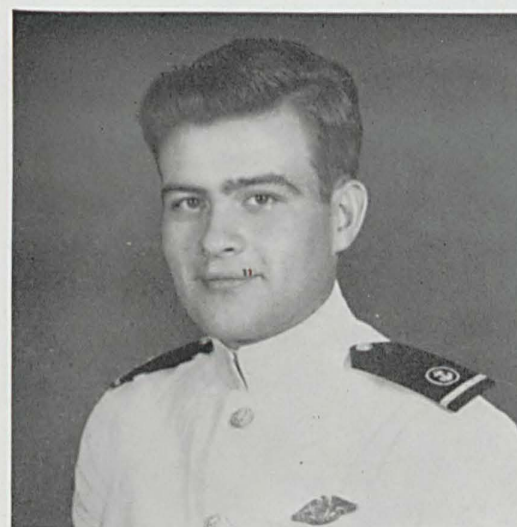
"Turkey" . . . hairless . . . Elmer . . . Third cruise—no nothin' . . . navy . . . Gaylord . . . London's got the key . . . laugh . . . Rockland Bound . . . scrapper . . . brain . . . no luck, much . . . Great whist player? . . .



Bradford Tyson Herrick, Jr.
Northeast Harbor, Maine

B Company Comdr., Drill Squad, Smokers,
Kadet Kapers, Sec'y Propellor Club, Dance
Committee.

"Boo" . . . "Alice" . . . grey Ford . . .
B-deck Tenor . . . U-Conn. . . . Perdido
. . . Dress khaki button . . . I'll take blues
. . . "Who drinks?" . . . The Lakewood
Lion . . . Eddie Brown . . . Navigation
Valedictorian . . . Captain Bligh . . .
back scratcher . . . P. B. R. . . . Ketch . . .



Richard Lewis Ingalls
South Portland, Maine

Section Leader -B-1 Intramural Football,
Baseball, Basketball, Smokers, Kadet Kapers,
Golf, Propellor Club.

"Lum" . . . Belfast Co-respondant . . .
One armed barber of B-deck . . . Bulk
on the move . . . Moose versus Moose,
Room 10 . . . Best looking guy on B-
Deck, ask him . . . Now is *the* hour . . .
Castine's Ben Hogan . . . Can he play
baseball? . . . King size . . .

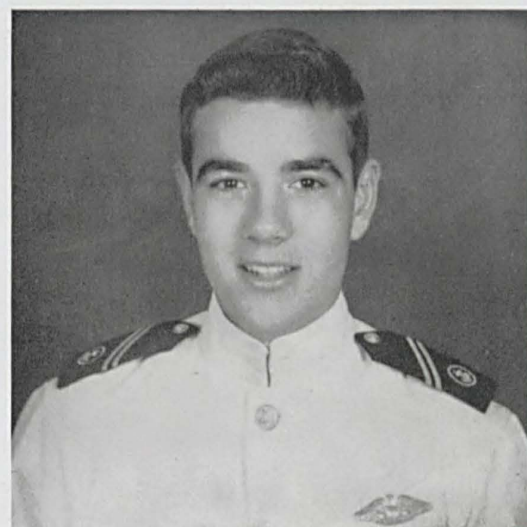


Laurence Charles Johnston

Bar Harbor, Maine

Band, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Kadet Kapers, Asst. Adv. Mgr. 1951 Trick's End, Smoker, Golf, Rifle Club, Dance Committee, Propellor Club.

"Pipe it, willya?" . . . muscles . . . compact . . . terrific lungs . . . vitality plus . . . Gaylord . . . overgrown voice . . . Deerslayer . . . "Larry" . . . beds and belts . . . poor man's telephone . . .



Charles Thomas Loudon

Pittsfield, Maine

Intramural Baseball, Football, Basketball, Ship's Store, Propellor Club.

"Whaletail" . . . potato digger . . . San Juan Casanova . . . Sydney Greenstreet . . . no more ship's store . . . Running boat captain . . . Gin Rummy . . . Harper's got the key . . .





Vernon Shirley Lunt
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

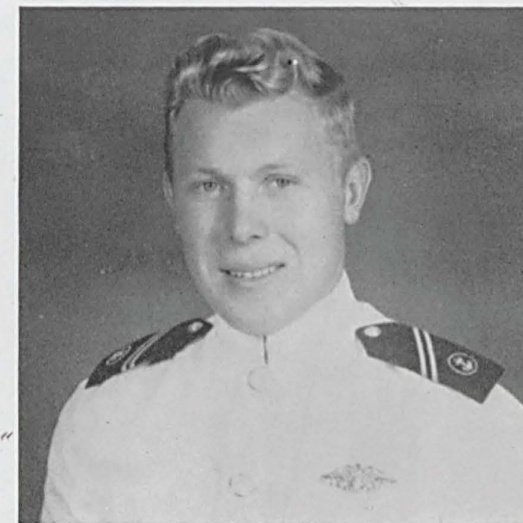
Drill Squad, Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football, Smoker, Tennis, Dance Committee, Vice Pres. Propellor Club.

"Shurl" . . . shoulders like Bull Moose . . . smoker champ . . . Mt. Desert Island . . . from Pelley's old school . . . good navigator . . . reads books . . . when he isn't sleeping . . . lop sided grin . . . chow hound . . .

John Richard Mosko
Lisbon Falls, Maine

Band, Varsity Football, Intramural Baseball, Football, Tennis, Golf, Propellor Club.

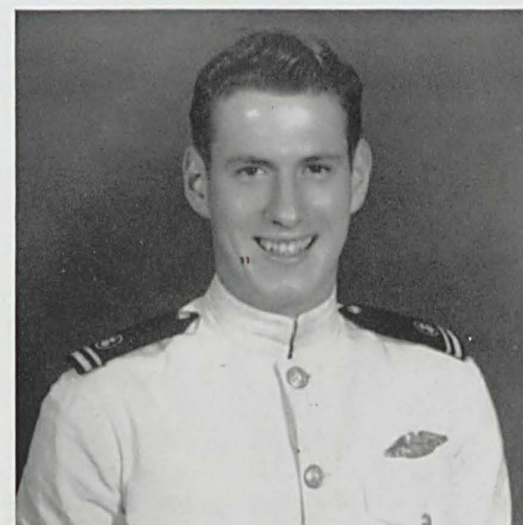
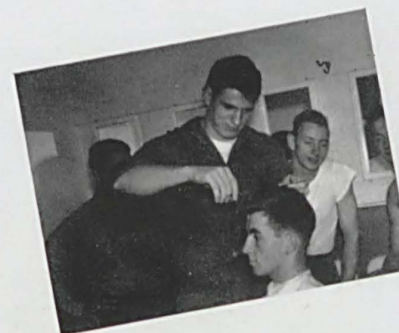
"Jawn" . . . speedy . . . never in trouble! . . . allergic to windows—and stripes . . . complete collection of report slips . . . most time at the academy . . . powerhouse on the grid . . . Never touch the stuff . . . laughs with all he's got . . . navy material . . .



Robert Nelson Nordstrom
Skowhegan, Maine

Battalion Adjutant, B Co. C. P. O., Gun Club, Rifle Club, Spanish Club, Propellor Club, Kadet Kapers.

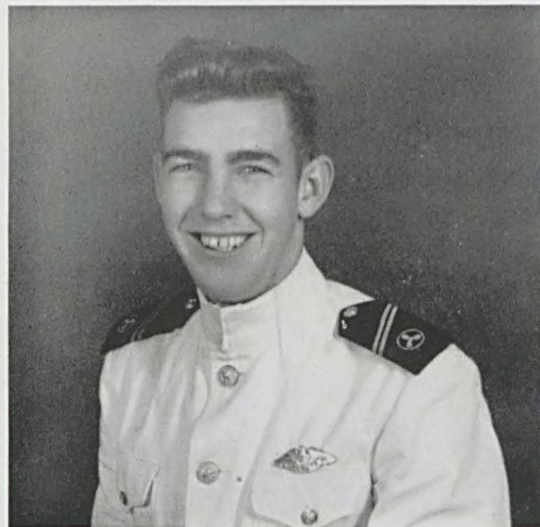
"Boo-Boo" . . . Quiet house parties . . . Nature Boy . . . Kodiak Bears . . . Frank Buck . . . Kadie Gibbs Kid . . . big Svenska poika . . . blond hairs . . . Bridgeport . . . Joel . . . Colts' Cagey Collector . . . Dear Ruth . . .



Joseph Clyde Pinette
Portland, Maine

Battalion Administrative Officer, Petty Officer, Intramural Football, Basketball, Smokers, Kadet Kapers, Dance Committee, Propellor Club.

"Joe" . . . R. A. . . stroke oar . . . mad barber B-deck washroom—Castine Casanova . . . spends summers at Holiday House . . . beats to Boston . . . Gee, that's swell . . . whatsamatter, I ain't mad . . .



Gerald Louis Safford
Portland, Maine

Drill Squad, Intramural Baseball, Kadet Kapers, Rifle Team, Golf, Propellor Club, Coxswain.

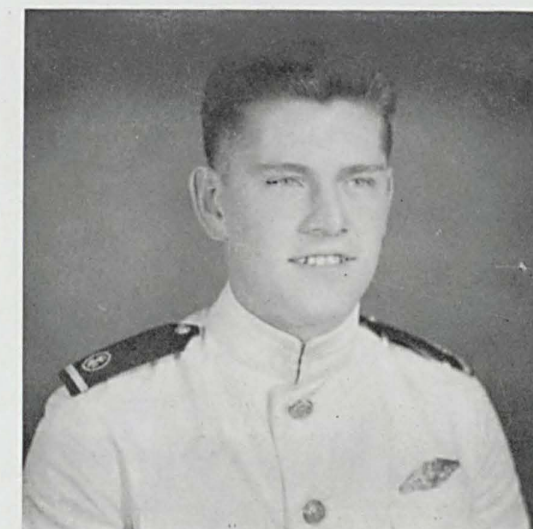
"Jed" . . . Crack Shore Patrol . . . A night in the Victoria . . . terrific memory for rules and regs. . . . bridge watch supreme . . . Mattress-back Kid . . . Castine Hearts Club . . . One night stand in Emerson Hall . . . extra liberty in Portland . . . Eames and Challis.



Robert Myron Sawyer
Portland, Maine

Section Leader A-2, Drill Squad, Petty Officer, Asst. Master-at-Arms, Rifle Club, Dance Committee, Intramural Football, Baseball, Propellor Club, Coxswain.

"Ma" . . . "Myrtin" . . . Awright, knock it off . . . crew cut . . . Running boat Captain . . . horselaugh . . . wrong time of the month . . . Mess deck Mussolini . . . crack shot . . . F. N.—Myron—maneuvering board . . . where's Passons and Gagne . . .

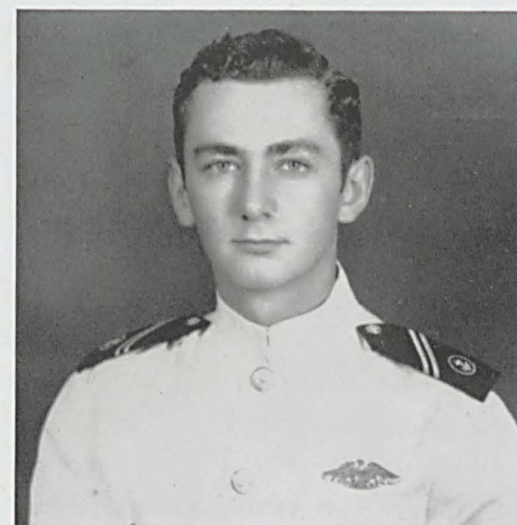




Edward Joseph Sullivan, Jr.
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Rifle Club, Dance Committee, Kadet Kapers, Coxswain, Maine Mast, Propellor Club.

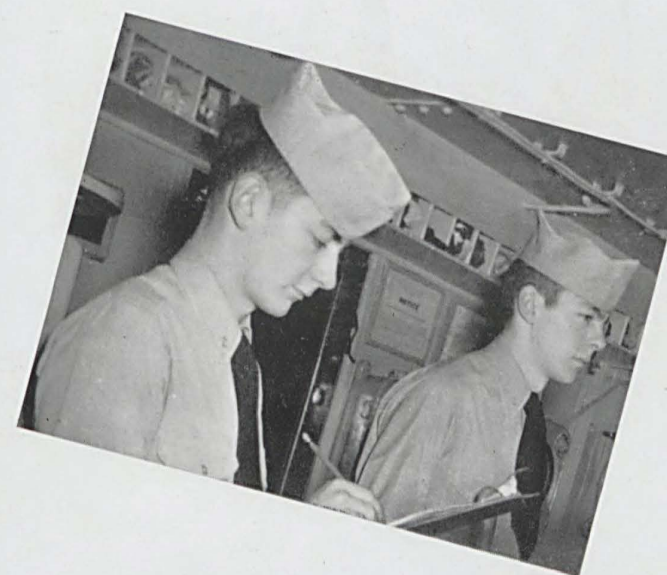
"Salt" . . . big gun . . . bow-legs . . . Burles ex-rider . . . Room 48 . . . battle ribbons . . . Dance in Panama . . . Boston Booster . . . Watches with Holt . . . U. S. N. . . likes his sleep . . . sings? . . . handy on deck . . . Bosun Ed . . . crew cut . . .



Andrew Coburn Swan
Orono, Maine

Band, Orchestra, Dances, Intramural Mgr., Scorekeeper, Cadet Navigator, Propellor Club.

"Andy" . . . short . . . terrific navigator . . . all kinds of cameras . . . Mighty Mouse . . . brought the ship home . . . with Spysmasher . . . hot trumpet player . . . (?) . . . taught maneuvering board to Room 34 . . . grin . . .





Stephen Carl Wood
Seal Harbor, Maine

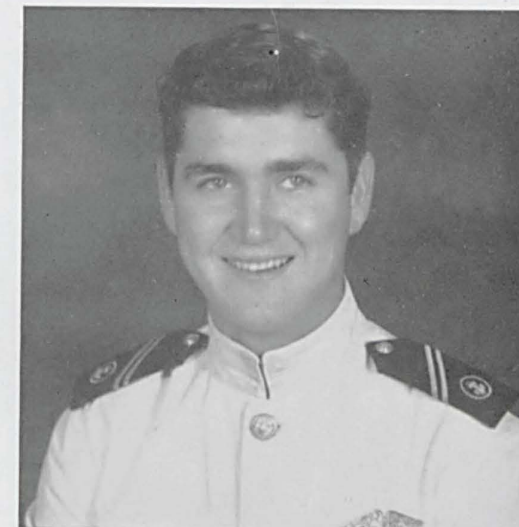
Color Guard, Drill Squad, Kadet Kapers, Intramural Baseball, Football, Basketball, Trick's End '51, Caribe Cribnotes, Propellor Club.

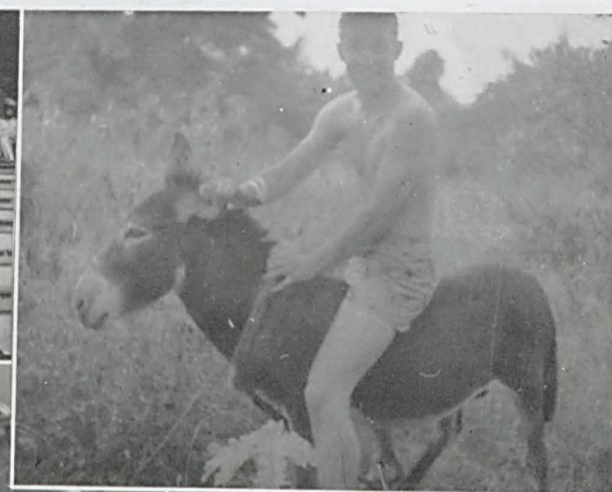
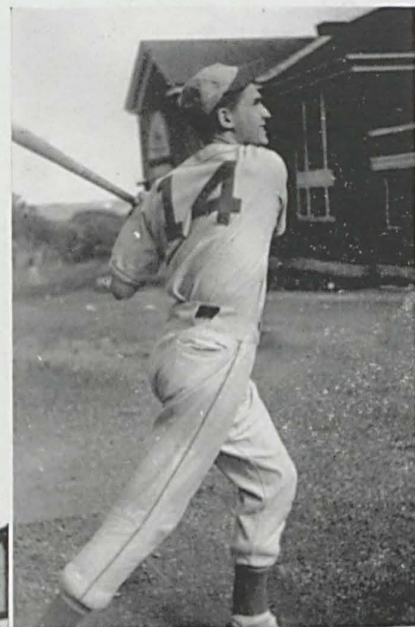
"Steve" . . . "Martha" . . . "Do you see any holes in my head?" . . . Portland Pilgrim . . . gaylord . . . astronomer par something . . . Bert's buddy . . . Mercury . . . don't rightly know . . . just call me Mister . . . Candidate for Castine Speedway . . . good practical Middie . . . Middie anyhow . . .

Robert Anthony Woodhead
Lewiston, Maine

Intramural Baseball, Basketball, Football, Duty Electrician, Propellor Club, Dance Committee.

"Bob" . . . I went to muster once, Woodhead . . . Best looking guy on B-deck . . . Cookie and Squelch . . . Bridge experts . . . busiest signalman on cruise . . . lightbulb eater . . . liberty hound . . . Hodges' Hearse . . . I'm from Loistun . . .





middle classmen

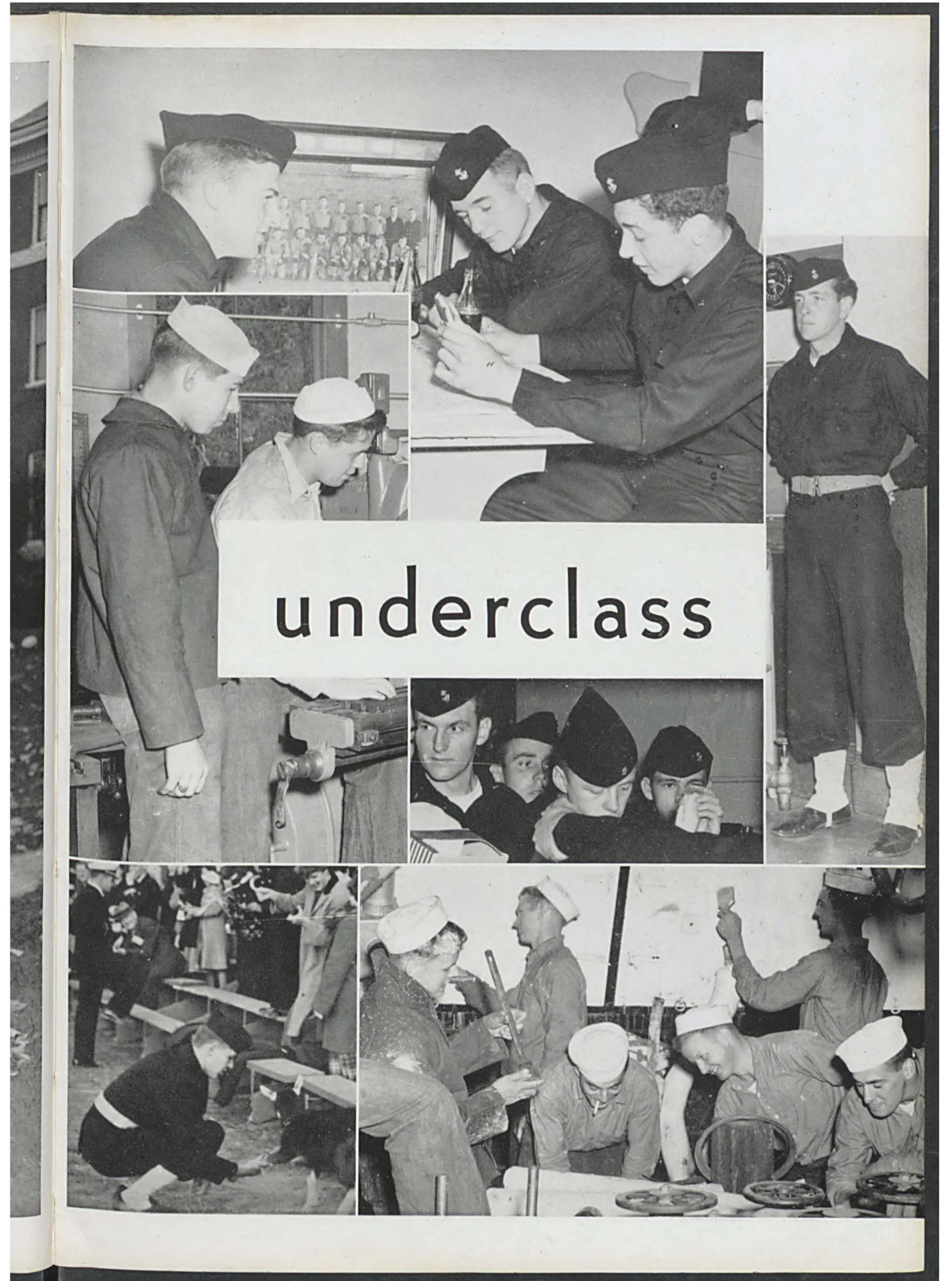




Last Row—Sparta, MacVane, Williams, Eager, Carr, Thomas, L'Italian, Egli.
 Third Row—Morgan, Kneeland, Wentworth, Manduca, Jewell, McPhee, McAvoy, Belanger.
 Second Row—Seamans, Malaney, Dagg, Carter, Smallidge, Groder, Hodge, Carpenter.
 First Row—Fairbanks, Farrington, Michaud, Brown.



Last Row—Bryer, Mulligan, Johnson, Litchfield, Mitchell.
 Second Row—Lowe, Devine, Curtis, Stanford, Besse.
 First Row—Ruhseberger, Kelley.



underclass



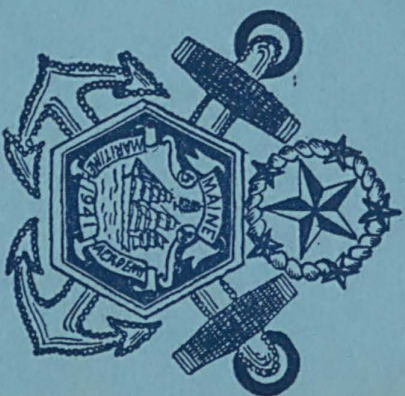
Last Row—Main, Choate, Low, McAvoy, Lord.
 Third Row—Baum, O'Reilly, Bolster, Lelansky, Curran, Molke, Chavaree.
 Second Row—Day, Anderson, Lapham, McKay, Burke, Dubois, Selberg.
 Front Row—Gerow, Lincoln, Hutchins, Dunn, Bourgeois, Deshon.
 Absent—Abbott, Cratty, Douglas, Goodwin, Herbert, B., Ingersoll, LeClair,
 Letteney, Perkins, Pumphret.



Last Row—Tripp, Vickery, Angell, Foster, Eldridge.
 Third Row—Adams, Reilly, Roux, Chaples, Rice, Cook.
 Second Row—Pelley, Walker, Cort, Cole, Daly, De Cicco.
 First Row—Dumas, Tweedie, Baker, Eaton.
 Absent—Armstrong, Bailey, Carlsson, Dahl, Cornman, Donahue,
 Dorsky, Miller, Ricker, Sorenson, Stevens.



class history



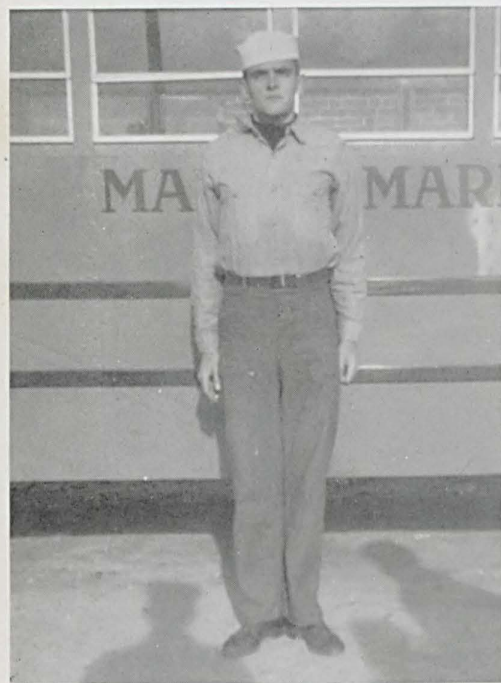
HIT A BRACE . . . SQUARE IT . . .
MUSTER . . . NO EXCUSE, SIR . . .
DID I HEAR ONE? . . . NO EXCUSE,
SIR . . . ROOM 34 READY FOR IN-
SPECTION, SIR . . . ATTENTION ON
A-DECK . . . ALL HANDS DRAW
RIFLES FROM THE ARMORY . . .
NOW HEAR THIS . . .

genesis

1948 AUGUST 1948						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

We entered the Academy as the Class of '51, the ninth class to enter since its founding in wartime, not as a wartime measure, but as a permanent institution with a better Merchant Marine as its goal.

When we leave the Academy that we have all learned to love, we will have this history of our class to help us look back upon the events, familiar faces and different way of life we have known for three years. These pages are a cross-section of you, Midshipman, M. M. R., U. S. N. R.



Hit a Brace, Mug!



O. K., Knock it Off!

WE STEPPED into what seemed a different world when we boarded the bus in Bangor, a hush seemed to fall on everyone and the officer in charge was very cool toward us all. When we arrived at the Academy we found we all had the same name, the new clothes felt funny and what a name for a hat! Whoever heard of squaring a chamber mug? As "mugs" we learned the creed of work, the swab and kiyi, the coke details and . . . the seniors. We learned small boats and Marlinspike, two subjects which always seemed to mean — more work. So began our training at the Academy . . .



F — 1



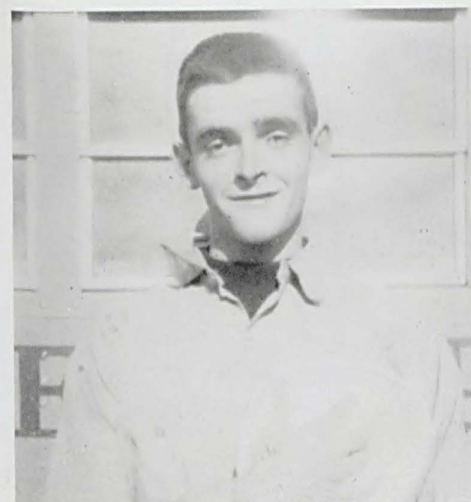
"Erlup, Erlup," . . .



Sing, Sing, Class of '51



Two!



Joker . . .

We squared corners, and our hats, shined our shoes, wore out our arms saluting, and marched, Lord, how we marched! Spare time was something that we found strictly civilian.

0745 found us shaved and immaculate in the road at muster, a word with which we were all too familiar. There was always something inspiring and moving when we marched to colors. Perhaps it was the feeling that we were a part of all this and knew that we belonged . . .

0800—every morning . . .





Guide right . . .



Practice makes fallen arches

Regardless of the many working hours in our day, we managed to find time for extra-curricular activities. Some of us became apt students of the late MISTER Pelley, and found that a rifle could be made to do a lot more than shoot.

Some of our musically inclined classmates found a refuge with Sheckel's bunch and contributed greatly, if loudly, to our band. How did he ever get that clarinet through his teeth?

Crosby's Clammerers

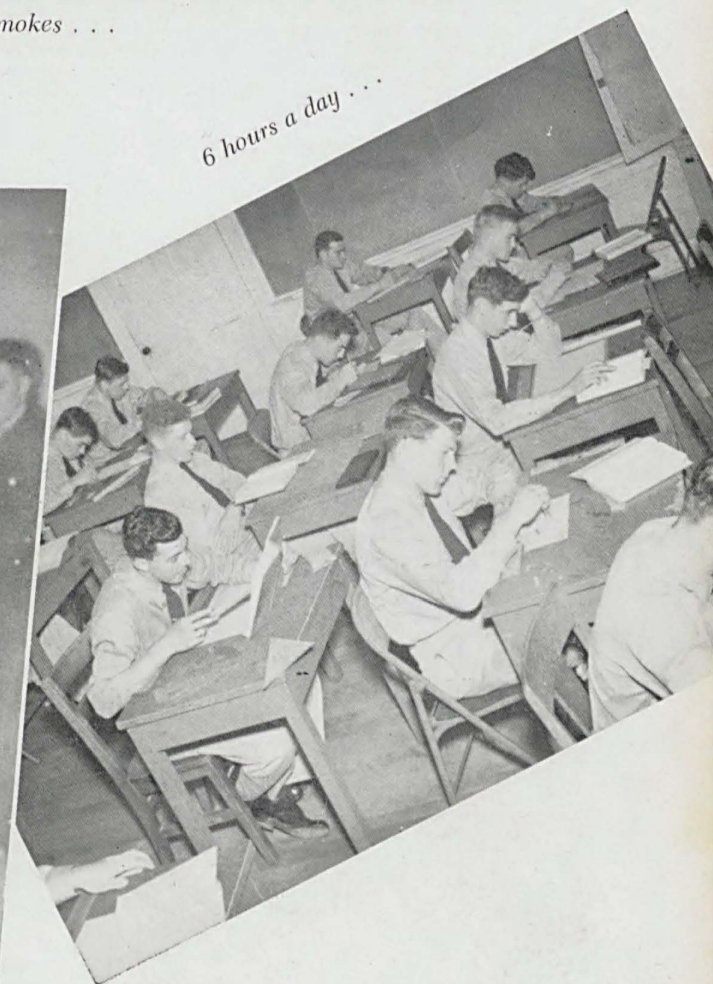


We had smokes . . .

'S Que pasa?



6 hours a day . . .





Swede . . .



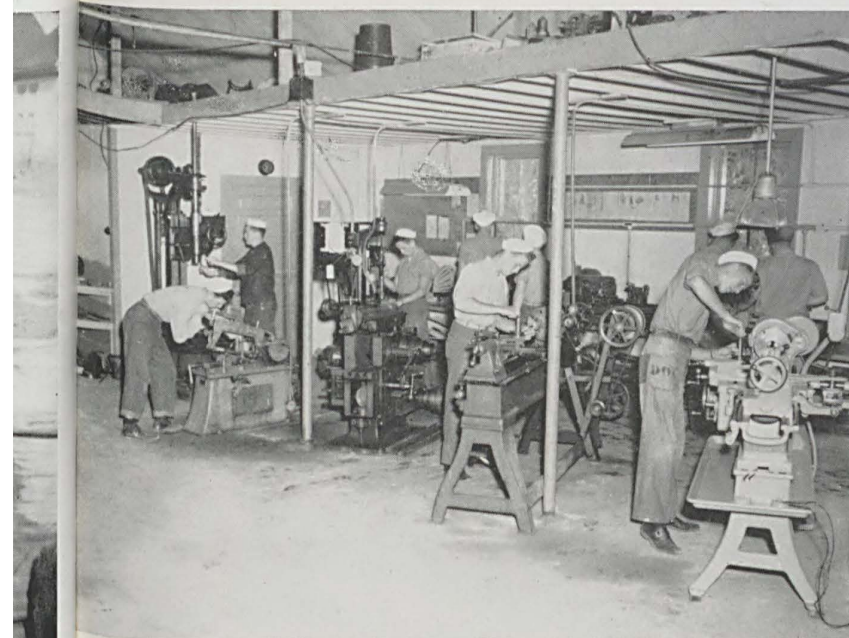
Dock Watch . . .

The Zelton Bandits



God's Country . . .

Esca

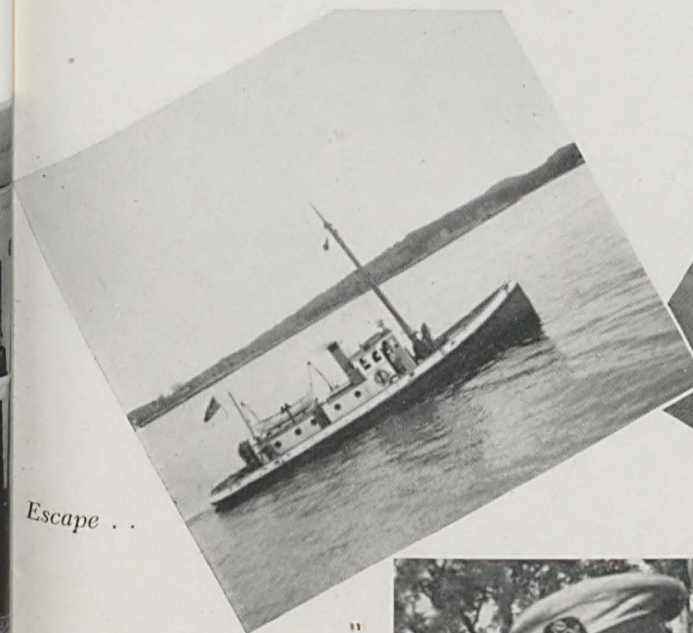


Shop Practice



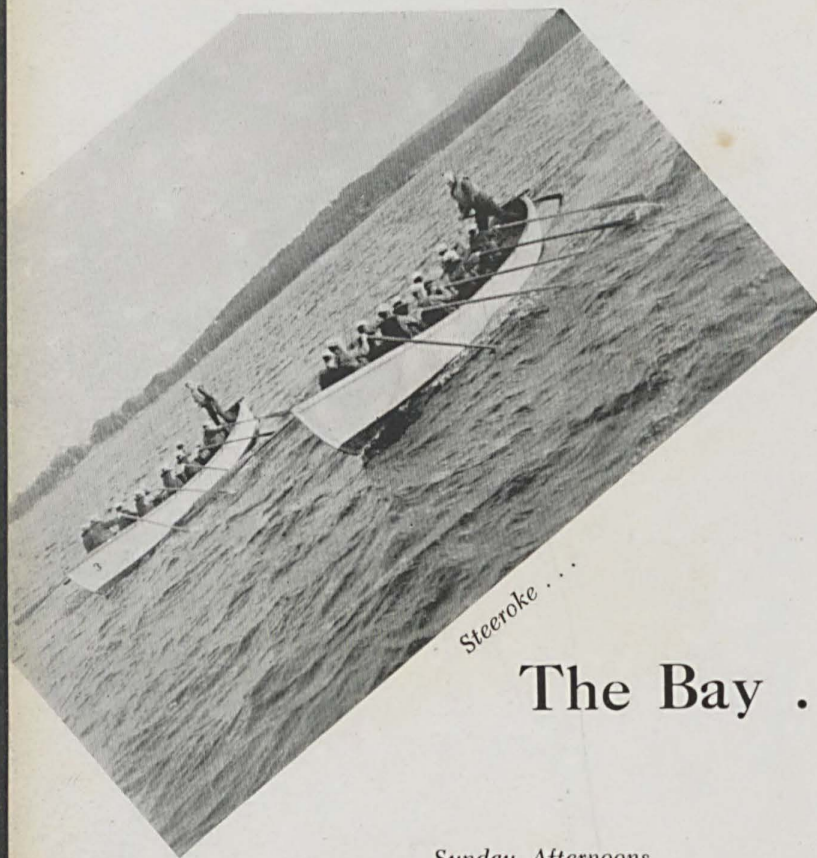
Small Boats

The Dock Area



Escape . .





Steerage ...

The Bay ...

Sunday Afternoons

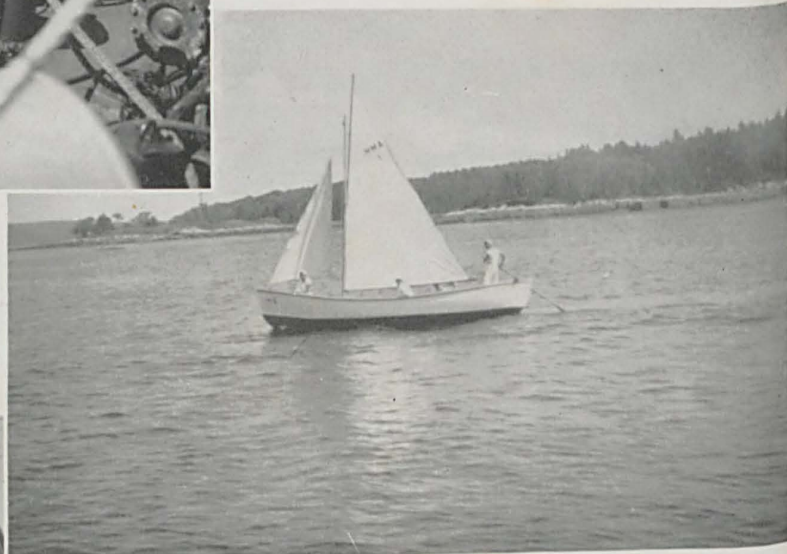


The Dog House





3rd year men . . .

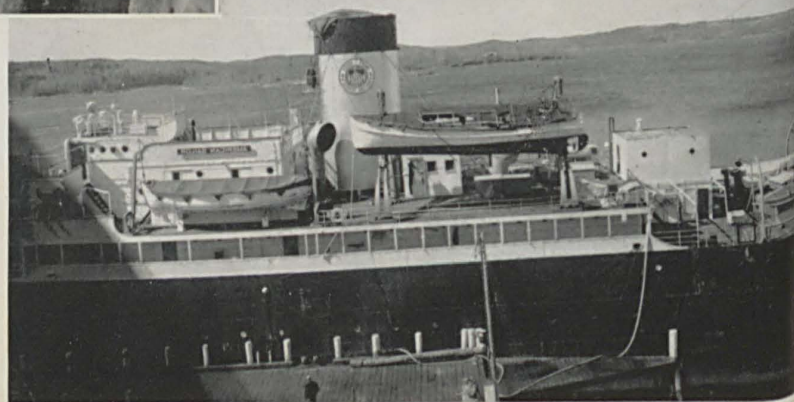


Castine to Bermuda



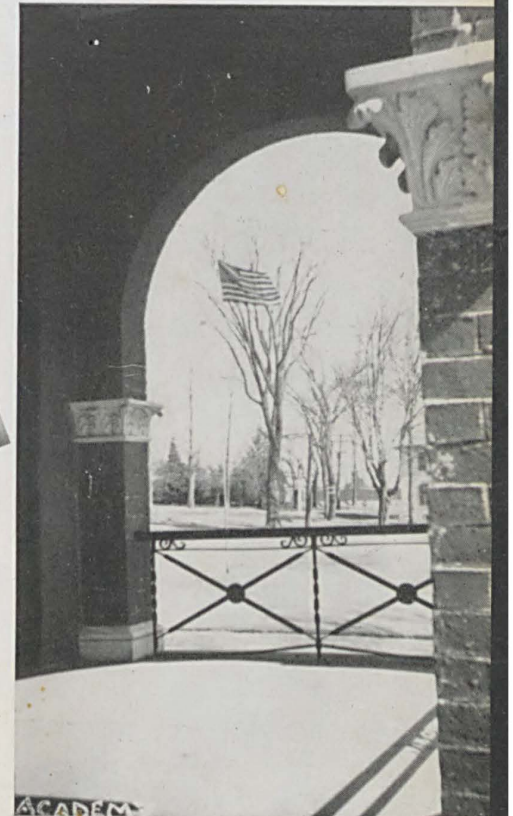
Where's the water . . .

Rolias Nacirema



Ma Bent . . .

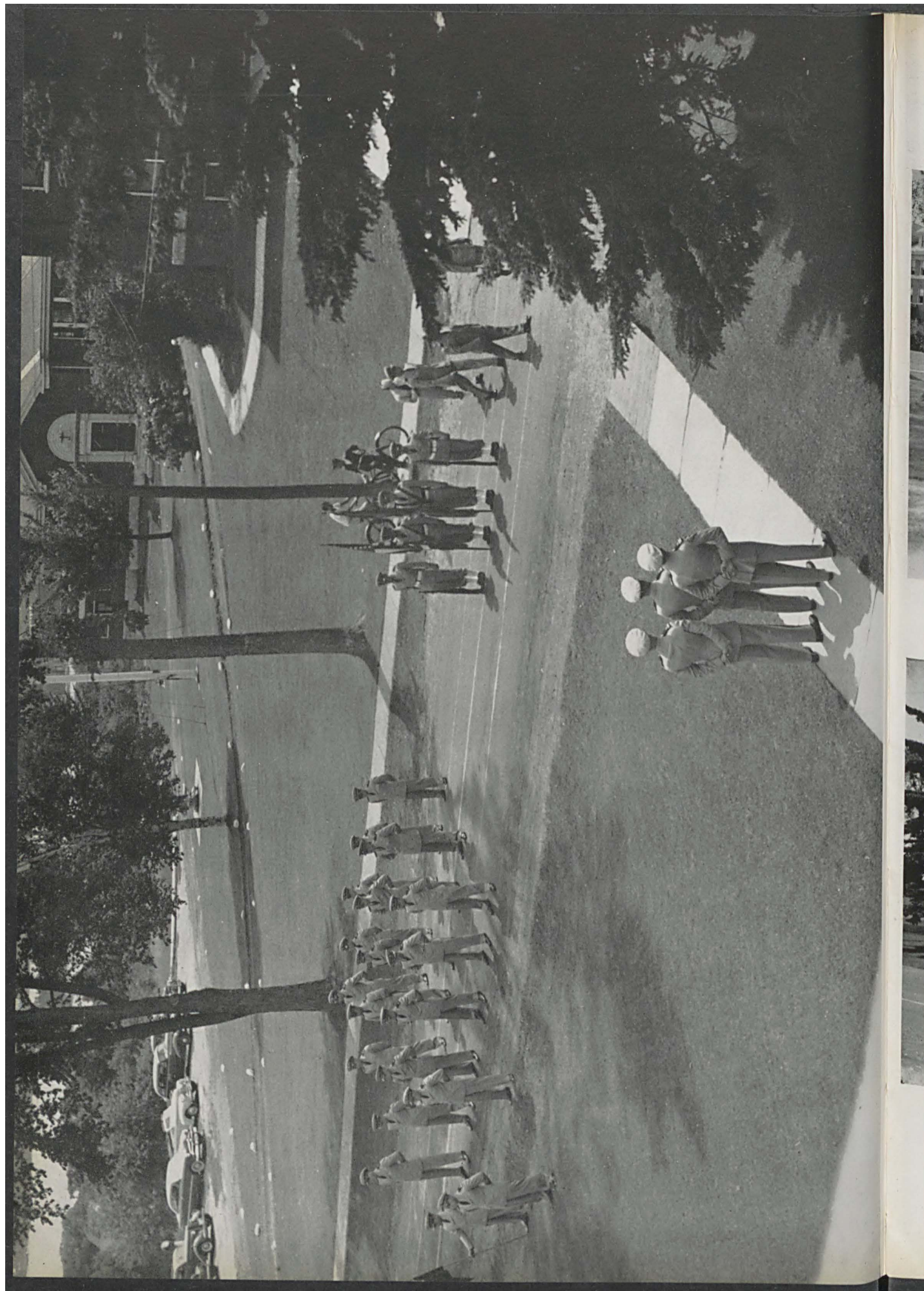
Efficiency plus . . .



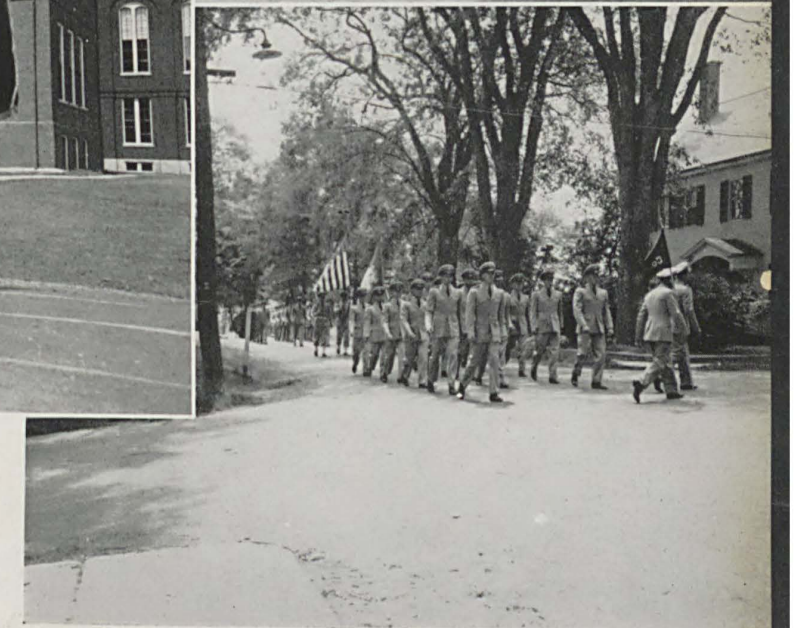
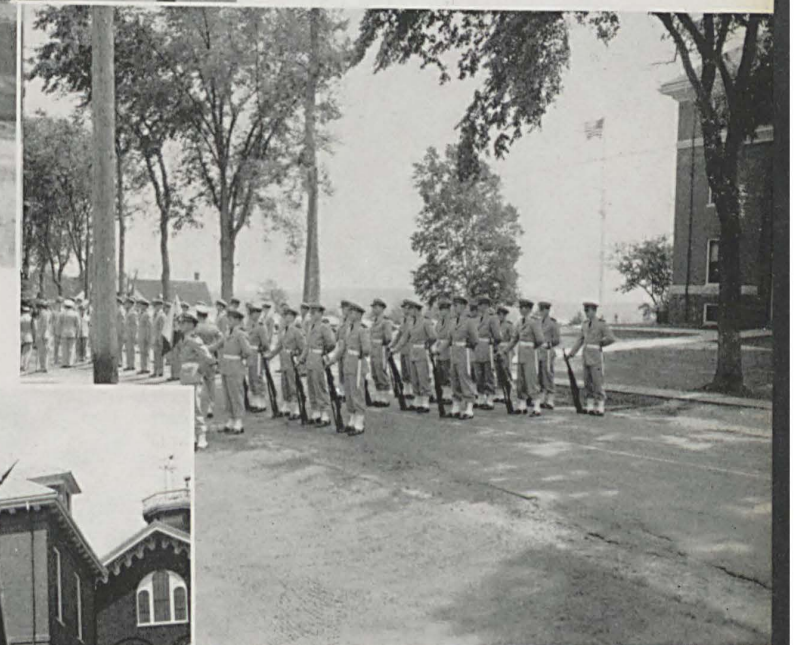
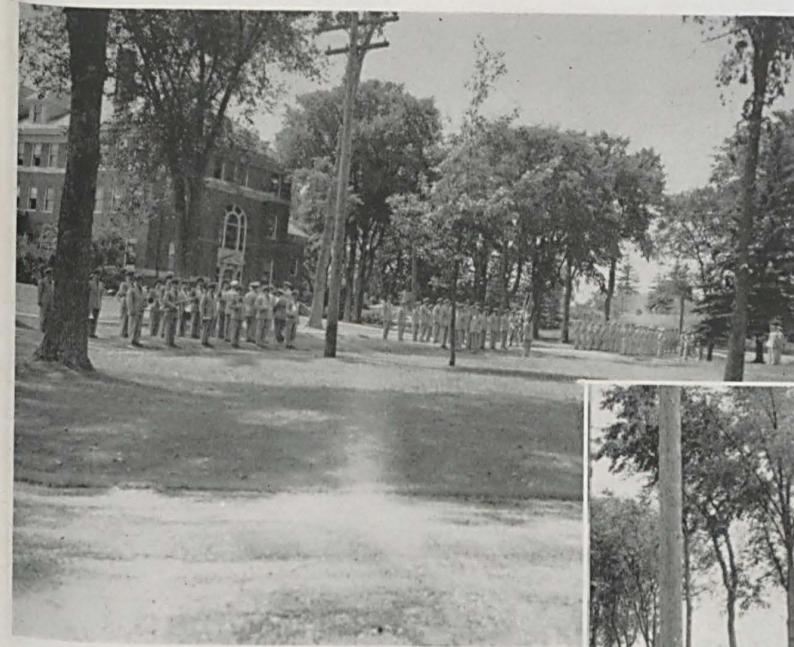
O'er the campus grounds . . .



Study Hall . . .

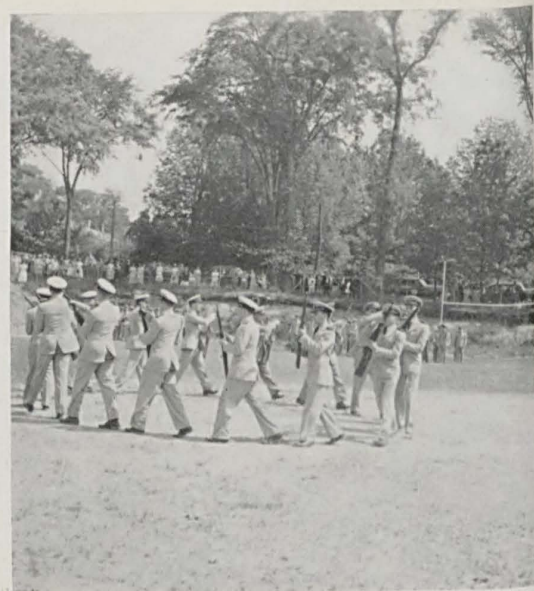


INSPECTION AND DRILL





We shot our guns off . . .



5-6-7-8-9 . . .



Joey's Boys . . .



The Brain Trust . . .



We lugged them miles . . .



0600



Hit the deck . . .



0740





0400 - 0800 ship watch . . .



Landmark . . .



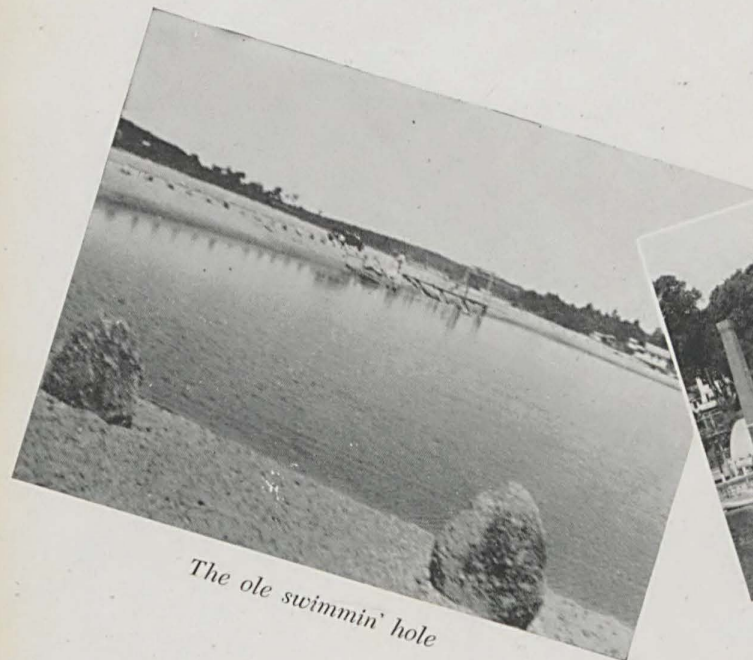
Muster the liberty party in the road . . .



The New York Trip . . .



Downtown Liberty . . .



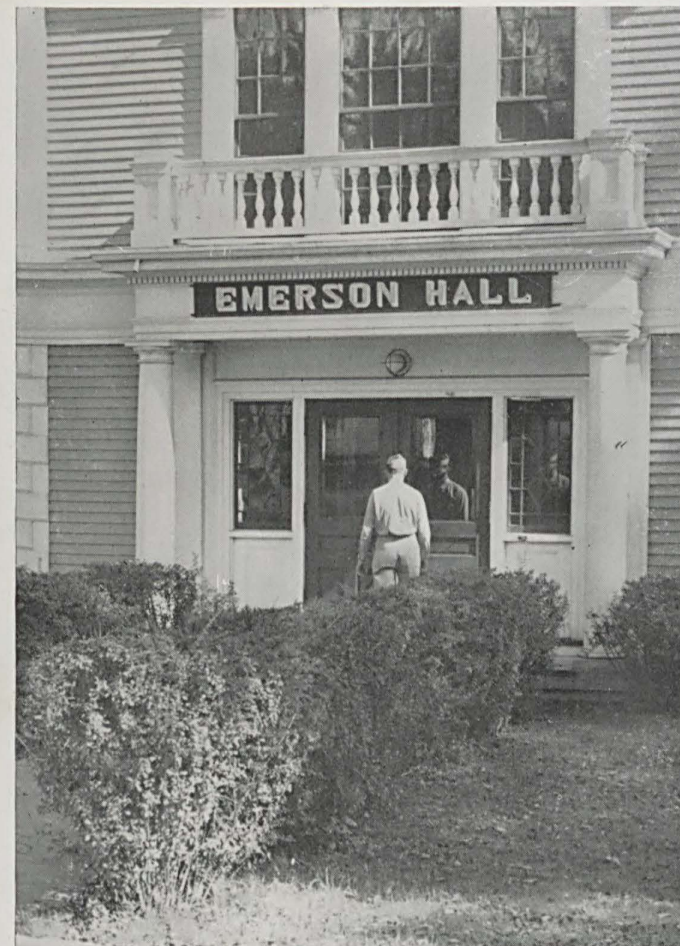
The ole swimmin' hole



*(Before Stearns)
B. S.*



The Waterfront



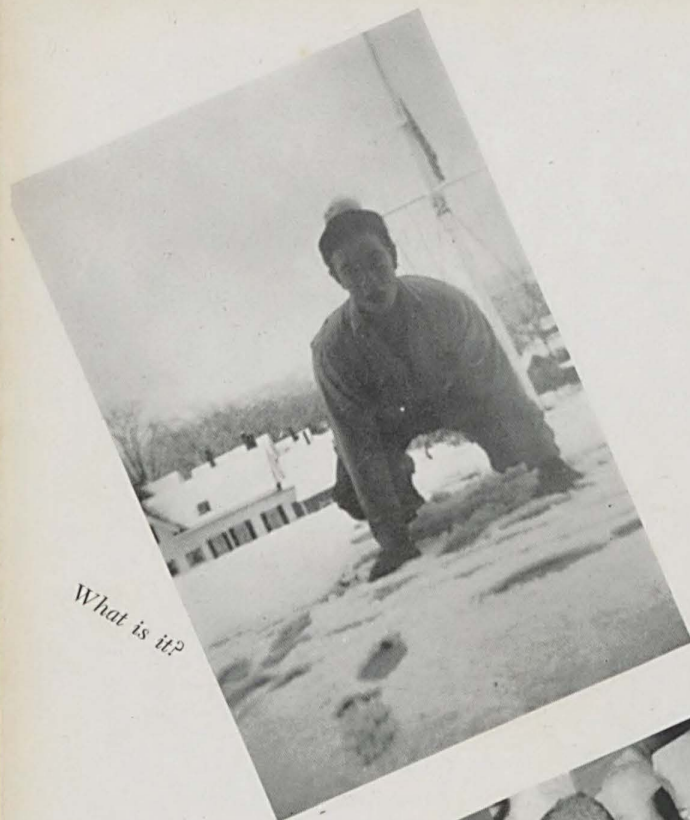
EMERSON HALL

Will we ever forget the Kadet Kapers in Emerson Hall? Koppenberger and his pictures; the barber-shop quartet and the terrific razzing our senior class took from the boys just before they graduated—naturally.

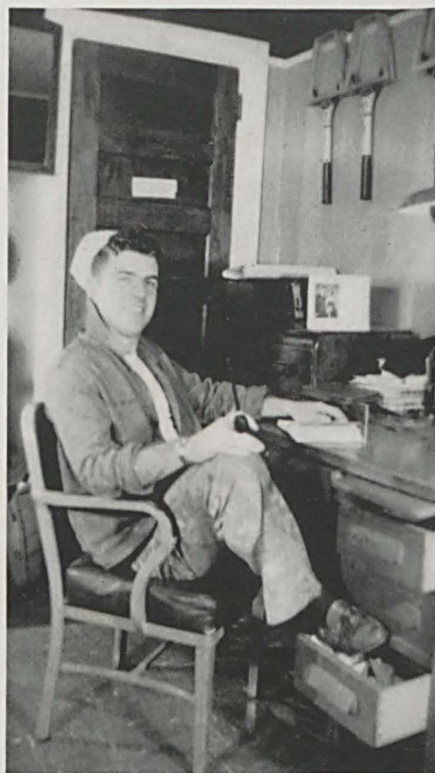
The dances in the fall and basketball games, the movies on artie exploration, the dedication on our second Memorial Day. These things recall the Hall and bring to mind the hours spent within its walls . . .

Boney Wards . . .





What is it?



Solid Comfort . . .



The Wanderer . .

the boat race . . .



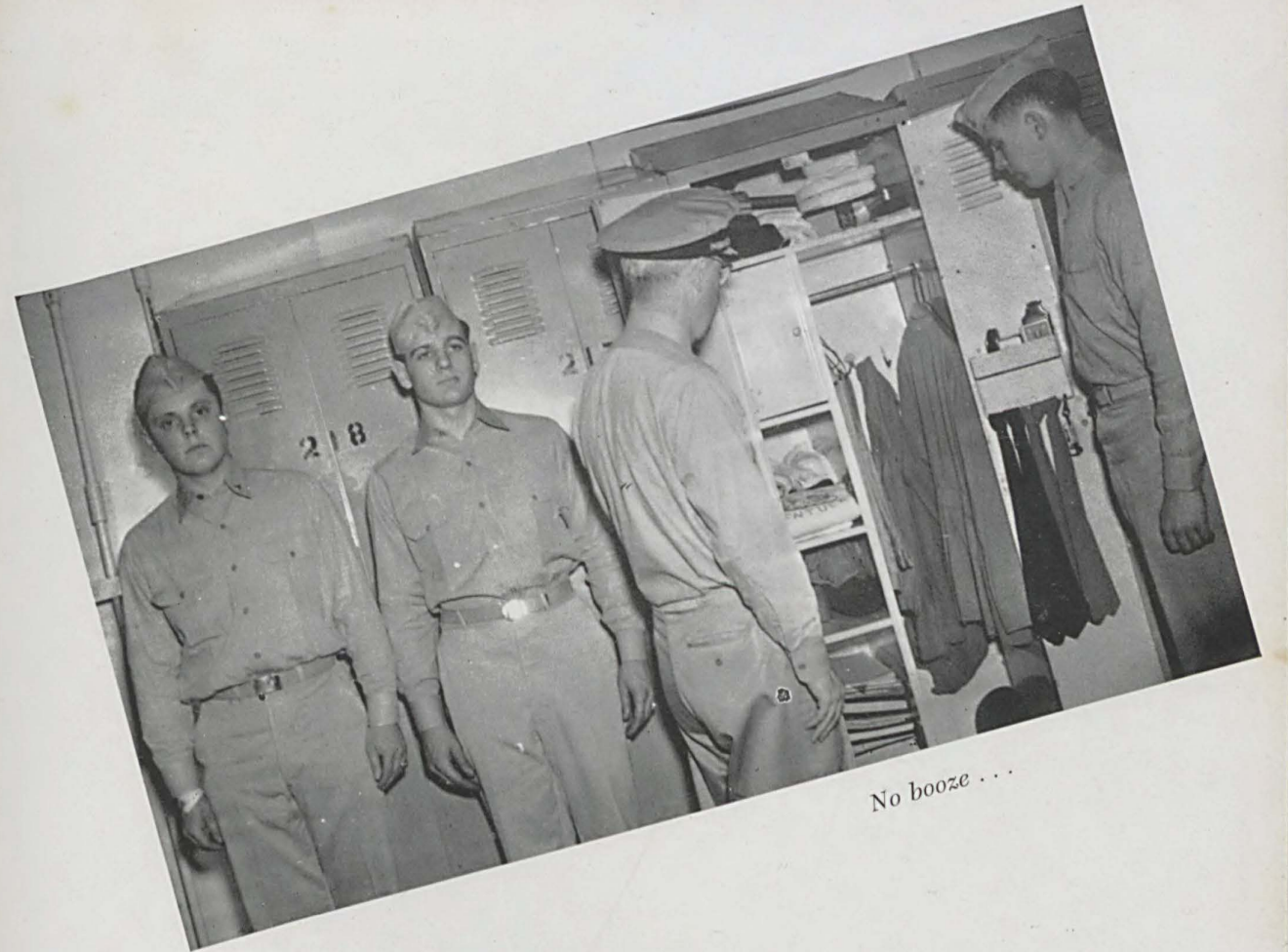
Stroke . . .

*Hoc's Muscle Emporium
—No Smoking
—No Shoes "*





THE ROCK



No booze . . .

Tourists . . .





No Liberty . . .

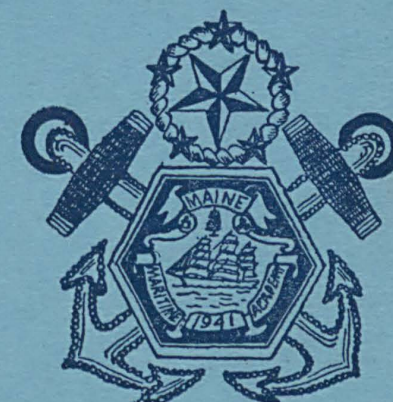


Saludos Amigos . . .

Who's kidding who?

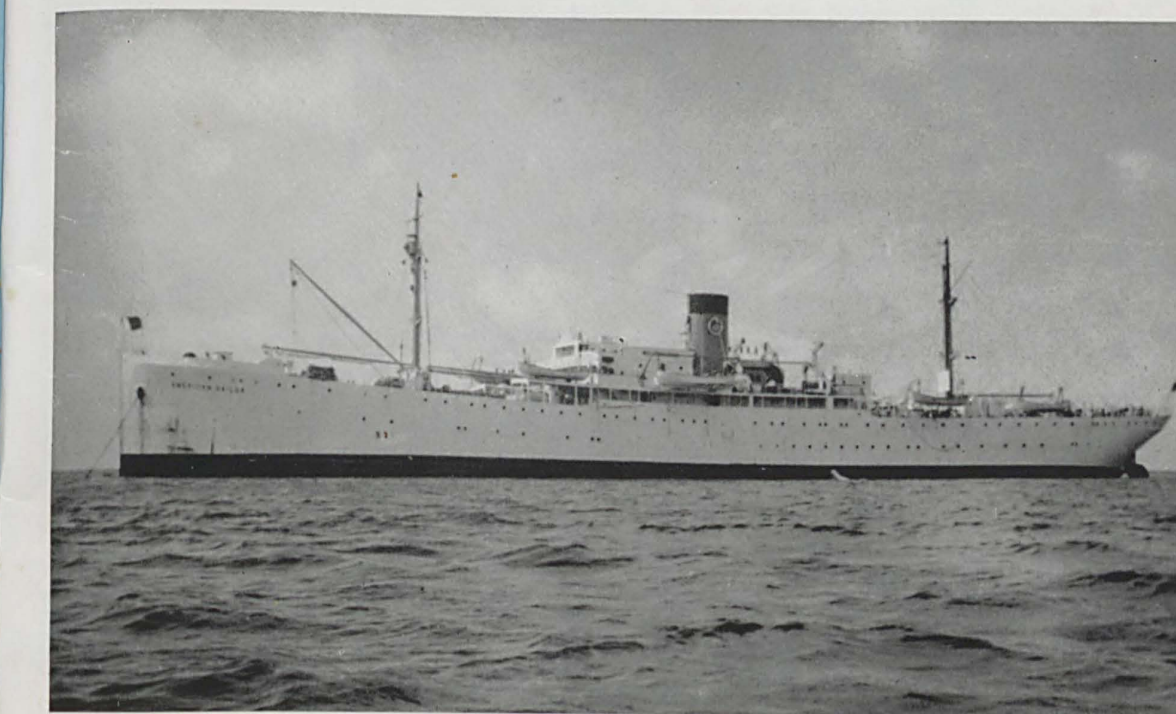


cruise

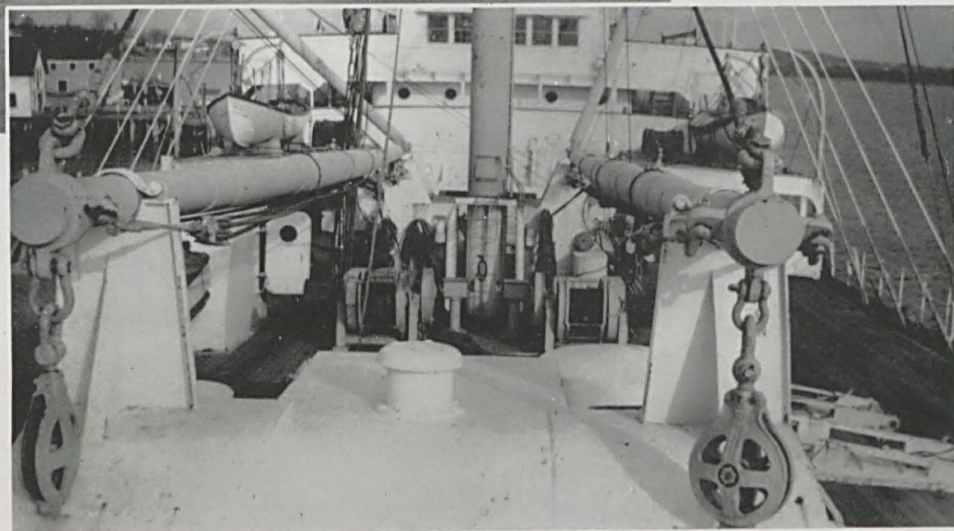
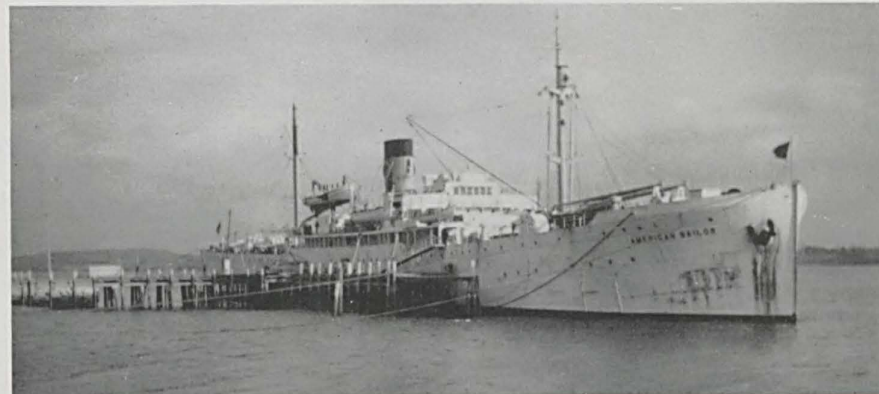


MUSTER THE RELIEVING WATCH
... MOVIES WILL BE SHOWN AT
0800 ON THE AFTERDECK ... THE
FOLLOWING PLACES ARE OFF-
LIMITS ... LIBERTY WILL NOT
COMMENCE UNTIL THE FOLLOW-
ING TOOLS ARE TURNED IN ...
CAPTAIN'S MAST WILL BE HELD
... GAG, YOU TAKE THE BOX ...
OH, OH, THERE GO THE LIGHTS
... WHAT'S THE BID? ...

the cruises



first cruise



Christmas Present

We finally made it!



As far as . . .



Boston — Due to a little trouble with the Condensate pumps, we were forced to lay over in Boston for a week. After refueling, we nosed out of the frigid harbor and commenced our seven-day journey to southern waters.

It seemed that almost overnight the weather changed from freezing cold to very mild, then warm and balmy, and we wasted no time getting on deck to enjoy the sun and marvel at the change.



at last . . .



What is it?

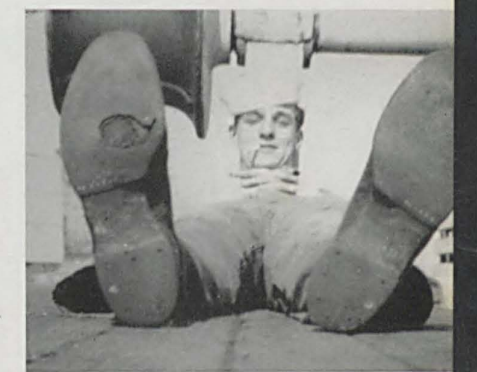


When do we leave?



Like a bathtub?

Mug?



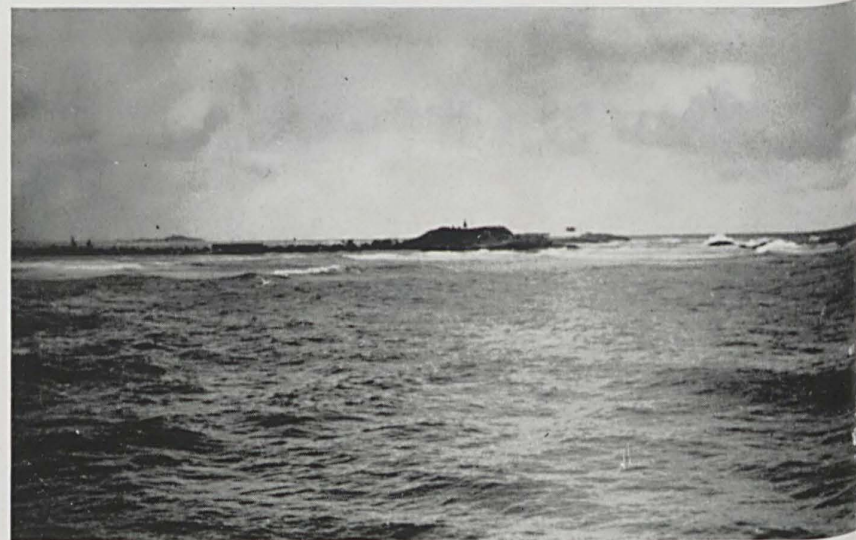
We became orientated with the ship, learned our duties and found that Hatteras was everything everyone claimed, and that some of us weren't quite the sailors we imagined. Whist became our favorite pastime, with letters home a close second.

After the first four days an air of eagerness and expectancy gripped the ship and everyone became cheerful once more.

It was with happy and eager hearts that we saw the hazy island of Puerto Rico looming out of the early morning mist.



What's trump?



We took on the Pilot and slowly entered the Harbor



Sailing past Morro Castle, a mute and slumbering sentinel which has stood for centuries guarding the harbor entrance.

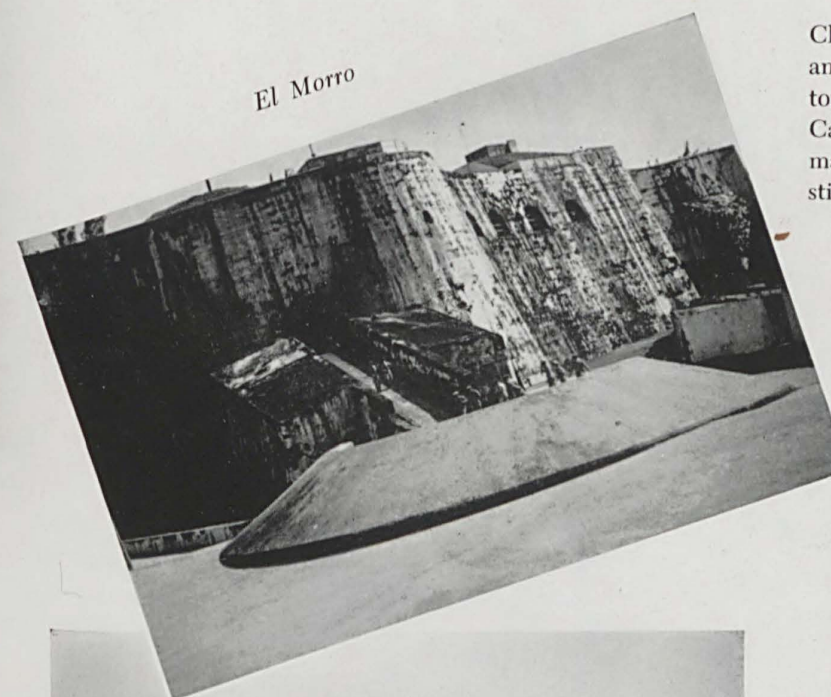


Navy Pier, San Juan



Native

Through the auspices of the Propeller Club, we found guided tours awaiting us and we enjoyed a thorough sightseeing tour of the city. We explored Morro Castle and the University, the Normandie, and, at night, found Kings' a stimulating and amusing diversion.



La Ciudad de San Juan



University of Puerto Rico



Some guys do all the work, and others . . .

We'll never forget our first "foreign" country, the El Morro Officers Club Pool, the San Juan Co-eds at the University and the one-arm bandits, and the old world atmosphere. . .



Over the side went the stagings and all available hands and soon the days were filled with the ring of chipping hammers and the screech of scrapers as the port side was systematically stripped of its old paint. Out came the engineers with the paint sprayer and crews of painters and under the able guidance of Pelley, the entire port side was painted in San Juan.

il-
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ch
lly
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he



Never happen . . .

ST. THOMAS

Virgin Islands

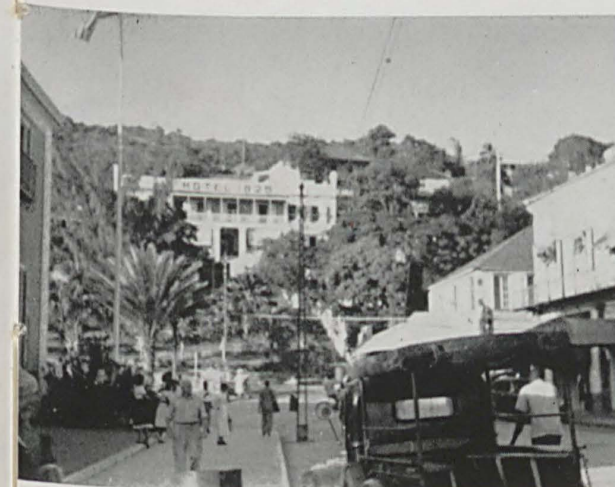
Nestled in the lee of the mountains we found the quaint town of Charlotte Amalie, much the same as it was when Bluebeard built his castle on the mountain.

The middies found Borne Field Beach a relaxing change from San Juan and the presence of two Russian schooners added an air of mystery to the port.

Tax free liquor was available to anyone with the deneio and everyone took advantage of the opportunity to stock up.



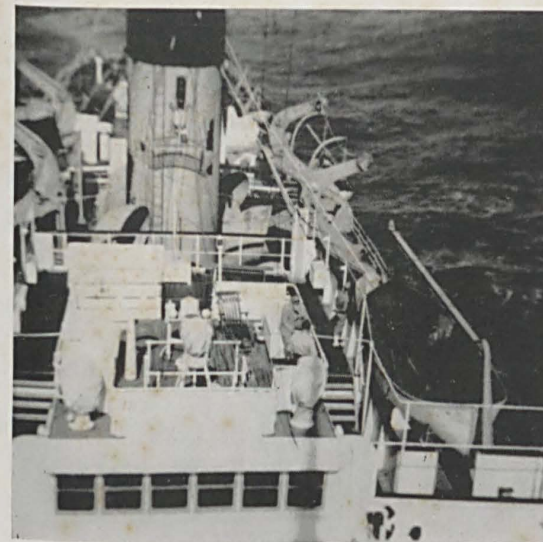
Saba Is, Five to One . . .



Main Street, Charlotte Amalie



What a Life!!



On the Martinique



The Floating Old Howard



Bumboats



LUCY



FORT de FRANCE

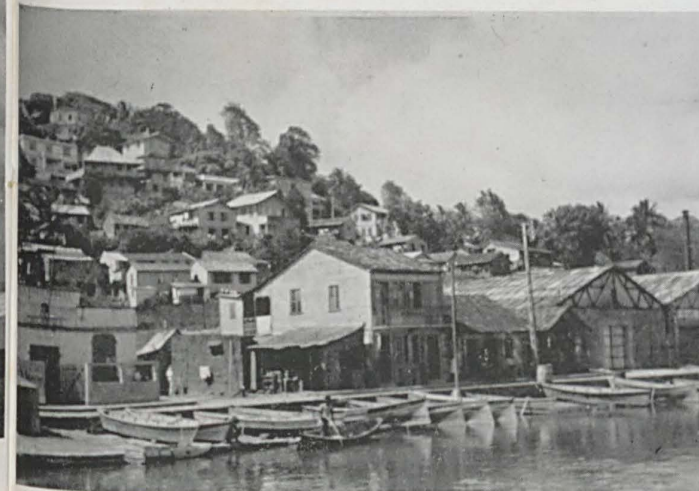
Martinique



After sitting in St. Lucia for three days it was a relief to get underway again.

We entered Fort de France in the morning, our screw had a battle with a buoy cable, and after extricating ourselves, we tied up beside a beautiful pile of rusty scrap iron.

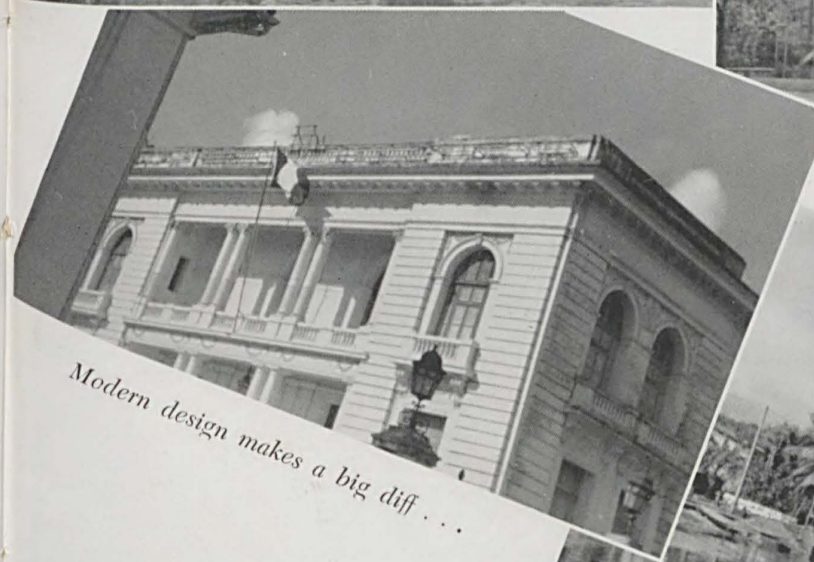
The cadets found an unbelievable money situation, hundreds of francs for just one dollar, steaks, champagne, entertainment, all for a song. We spent much time, and money at the Lido Club where we dined, swam, and had a terrific dance. Oh how the Gang made out. . . .



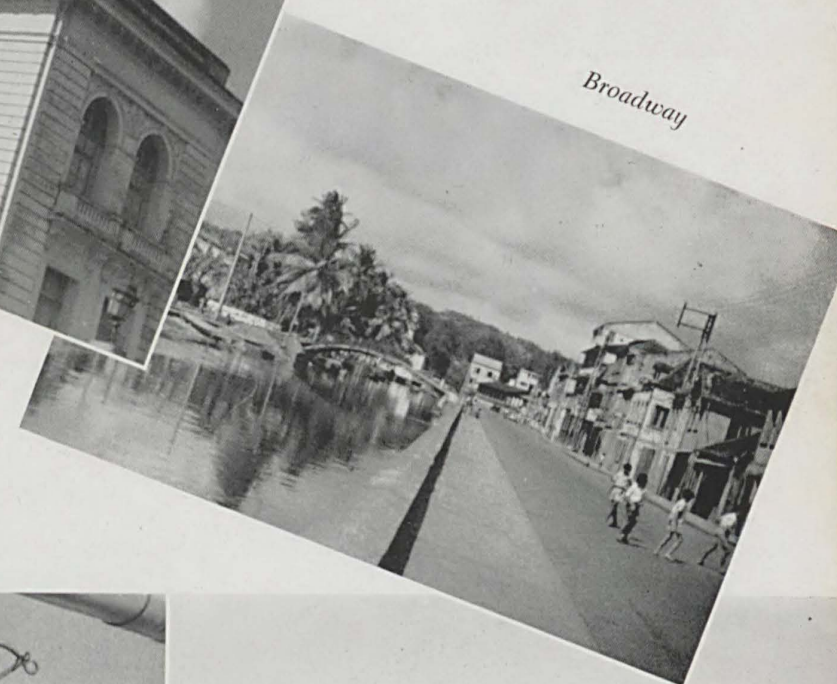
Waterfront



Bosin's Shack

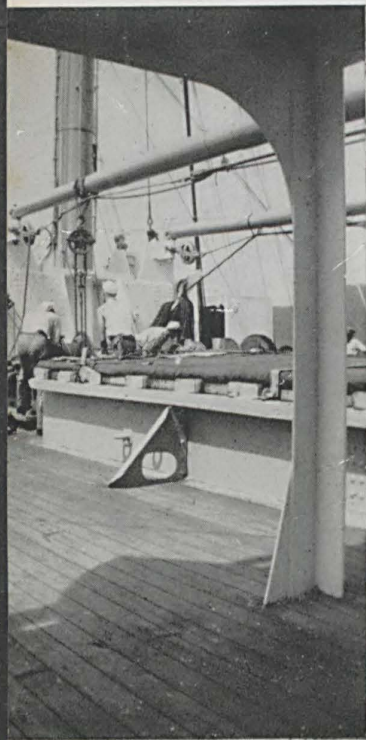


Modern design makes a big diff . . .



Broadway





Always the winches . . .



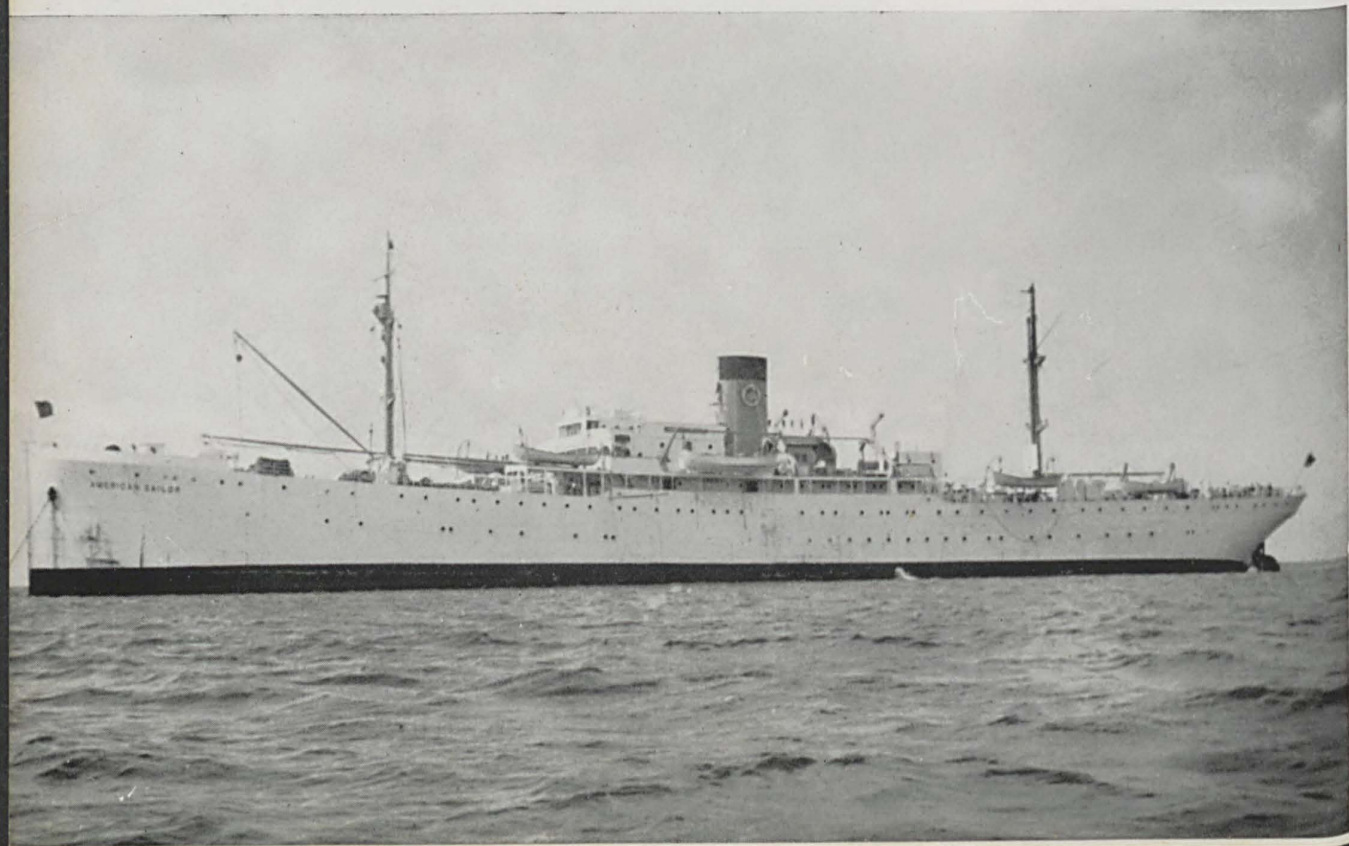
Aquatic Club



Mugs . . .

We left St. Lucia in the mist behind us, no regrets, and pushed our merry way to Bridgetown, Barbados. Because there were no docks, we anchored in the harbor and the eager upperclass had a chance at the running boat.

We enjoyed the hospitality of the island and found many things to do. The Morgan Club, hiring miniature British cars and stepping up the mortality rate and the crowning evening was the dance at the Royal Barbados Yacht Club, complete with beautiful young ladies and terrific refreshments. It was with sad hearts that we pushed on the following morning.



PORT OF SPAIN

Trinidad

Late in the afternoon we made a few stabs at the dock and decided to hang around until the following morning.

When at last we docked at the Naval Base, we rushed ashore for our first fresh milk and ice cream.

The town offered a variety of amusements including the old ruins and

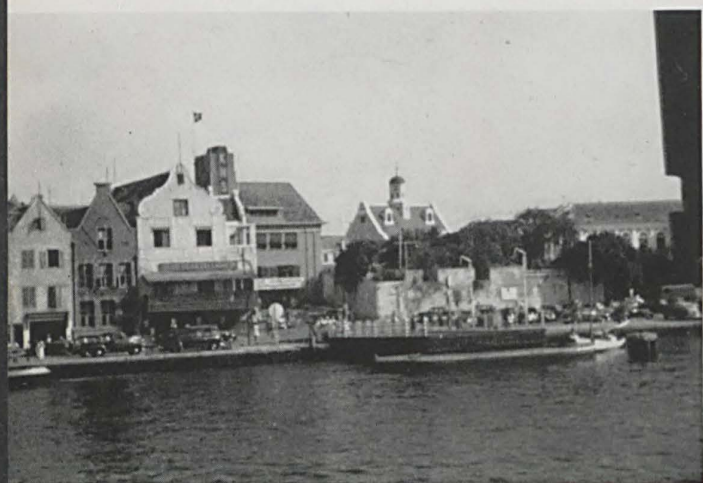
various clubs including the Rose Garden. Ah yes!!

We played ball against the base team and a good time was had by all. We shook off the usual amount of "genuine sterling" dealers, which we were becoming well acquainted with, and headed back to the ship in anticipation of seeing Willemstad.





The Holland of the Carribean



West End

Sixty Ships a Day



WILLEMSTAD CURACAO

Willemstad will always remain in our minds as the second busiest port in the world. An average of sixty ships come and go down the channel each day. Everything from tankers to passenger cargoes, from every nation in the world.

The town was like a bit of Holland set down in the lush tropics. Immaculate and quaint buildings and blond healthy faces were everywhere.

Being an oil port, Willemstad proved extremely expensive, but we found swimming and the movies a painless way to spend our time ashore. The West End boasted excellent restaurants and hotels which we made the most of.

The sponge fleet, third largest in the world, offered a perfect subject for the shutterbugs as the boats stretched the length of the waterfront.



— natch

Da Bulls



Quaint . . .







Another Morro Castle



the word

Sugar Refineries



SANTIAGO

Cuba

Due to an incident brought about by a couple of swabbies, the starboard liberty section was the only one to go ashore and then only for a few hours.

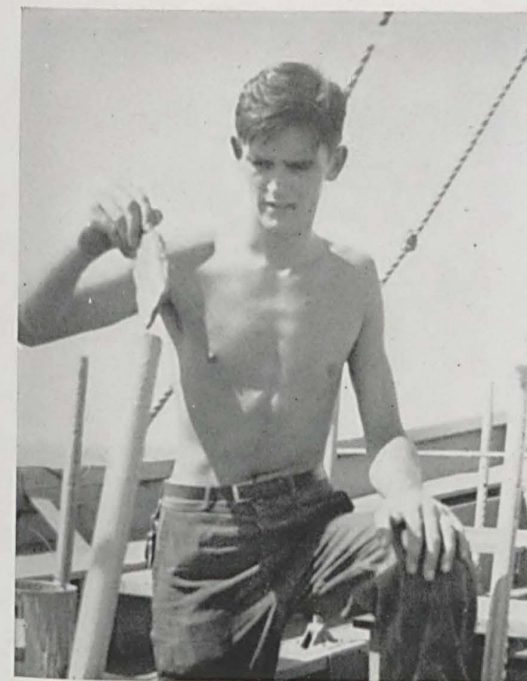
Some of the hep boys headed immediately for the Bacardi Gardens and sampled Cuban hospitality and rum. Others found the shops and the old city interesting and entertaining.

Because the moral was so low we decided a Smoker would cheer things up so preparation began. It was a beautiful, clear night, warm and romantic, when the unearthly cry of our own Rocky Giles split the air and the smoker got well underway. The brass suffered through a sometimes good natured ribbing and the singing and pantomime was terrific. For us, it was the best smoker we had ever seen.

With little regret and much anticipation we shoved off for the last leg of our journey home.

A day out of Cuba, the ship was momentarily stunned by the pipe "Man Overboard, this is not a drill!" It seemed that Eames and Ames had been painting on the boat deck when Eames took the big six. A smooth and efficient boat crew lowered away and retrieved him in a record 4 minutes and 45 seconds. Loose knot or five bucks, who knows? (The editor maybe?)

Cuban 52-20 Club

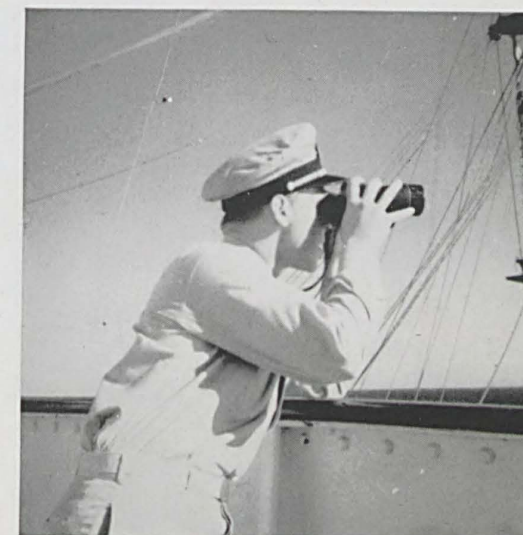
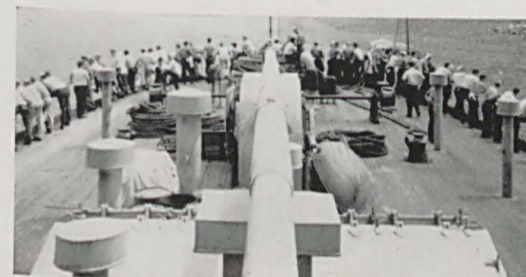


the Instigator



the perpetrator

*Man overboard!!
the deed . . .*



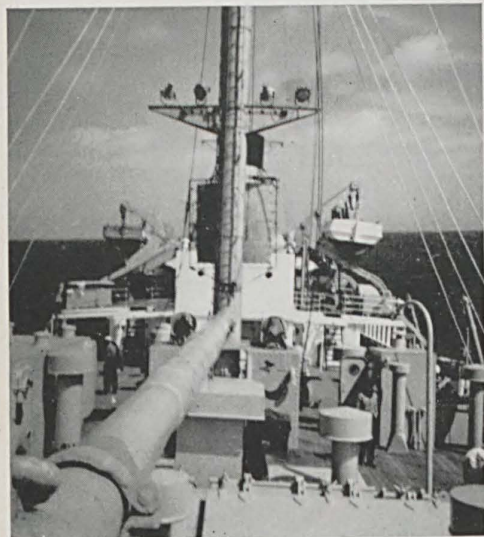
About three-quarter miles, Sir . . .



Lower Away

Mid. Eames — Report to the Executive Officer . . .





Off Florida

With eager hearts we sailed north into heaving seas and what seemed like sub-zero weather. Hatteras, although wet, wasn't half as bad as before and we knew we had passed the test and were on our way to becoming old salts.

Our first cruise will live forever in our memories as the most wonderful experience we'd ever had.



Hatteras



Portland



I'm back you lucky people



Castine, at last

second cruise



The Paint Job . . .

We had some work done . . .





What we left . . .



S'long Ma!!

EN ROUTE

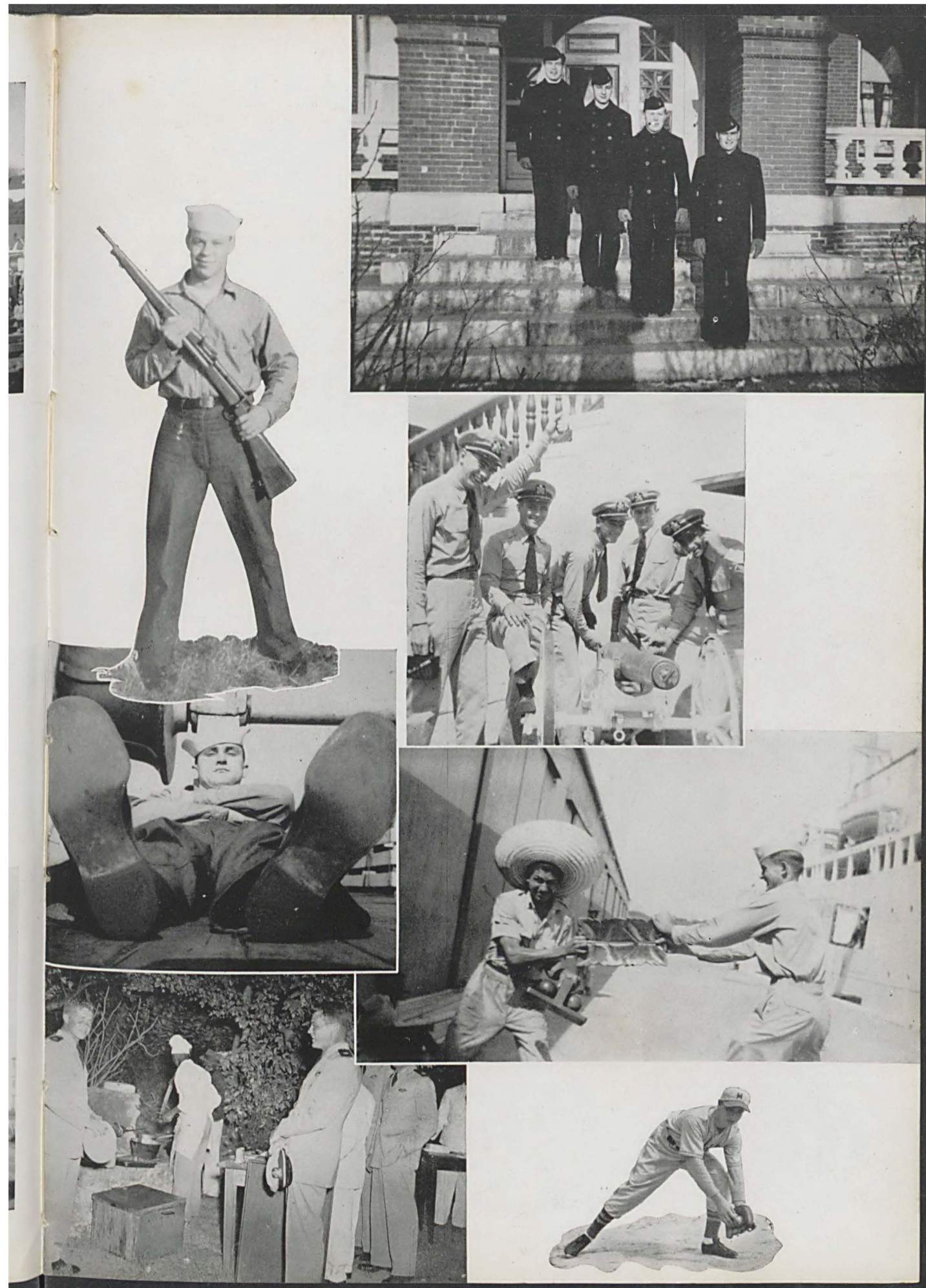
January 1950 finally rolled around and the rumors flew thick and fast about our second cruise.

The old girl was in Boston for drydock and there were those among us who thought our second cruise was going to end right there, but we smoked the Coast Guard and managed to pull through. She steamed up the bay one cold, clear morning and we moved aboard and shortly after commenced our journey toward Kingston, Jamaica.



True Romances . . .

Whatsa scoop?



KINGSTON

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.



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 we knew that the time had come for us to work again. 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.



Tourist?



Home of Irene's Drinking Saloon



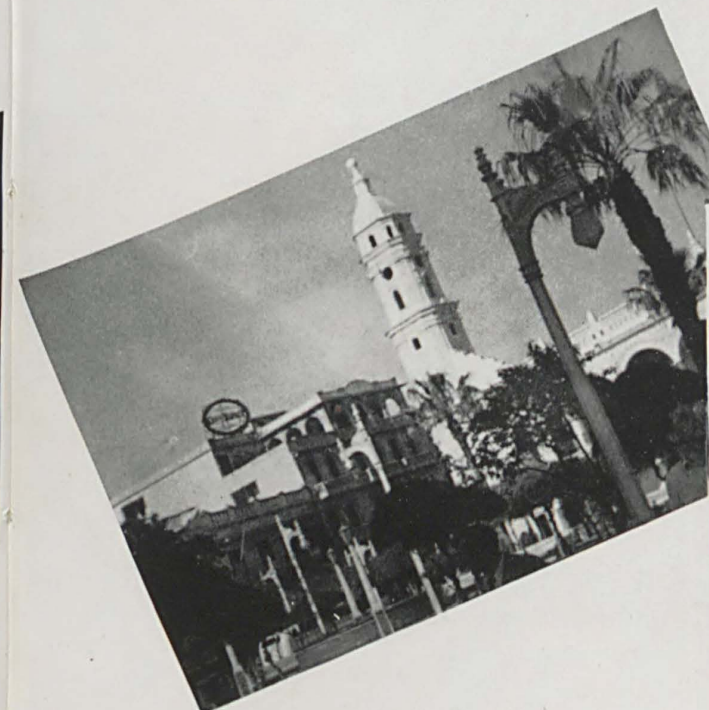
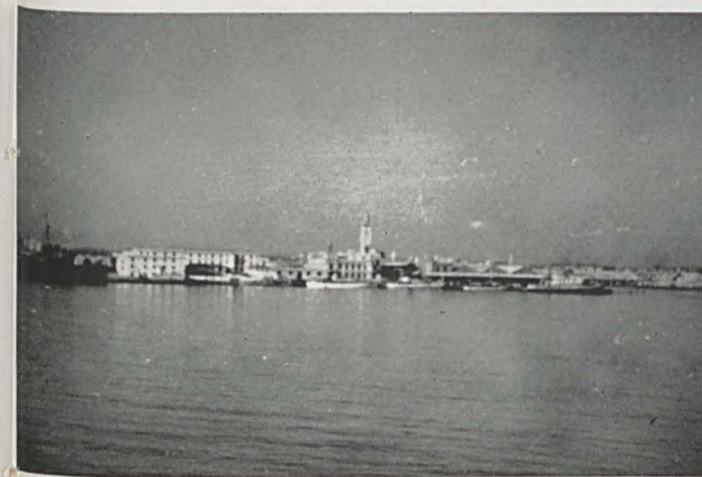
Peanut Senor?

VERACRUZ

Our next port of call was Vera Cruz. After a pleasant voyage west, we docked at this modern Mexican seaport. 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 musicians, new theatres, 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 pecos could buy.

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 in 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.





Tim Holt rides again



Old Customs

Plaza



NEW ORLEANS

It was time to go back to the States again, and the next time we saw land it was the flat marshlands 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.

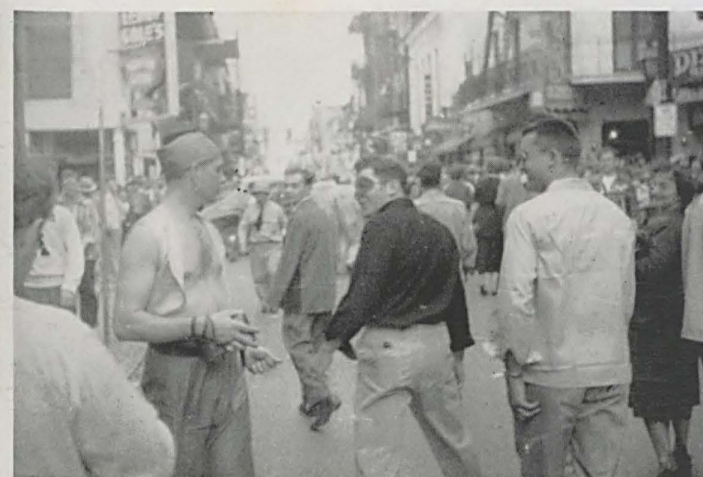
It was Mardi-Gras time, and parades and other festivities were everywhere. Here was the home of Dixieland jazz, amid the narrow streets such as Bourbon and Basin, where the wail of the clarinet and blare of the trumpet were heard from dawn to dawn.

and we marched . . .



Mardi Gras





ya rebel!!

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 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.

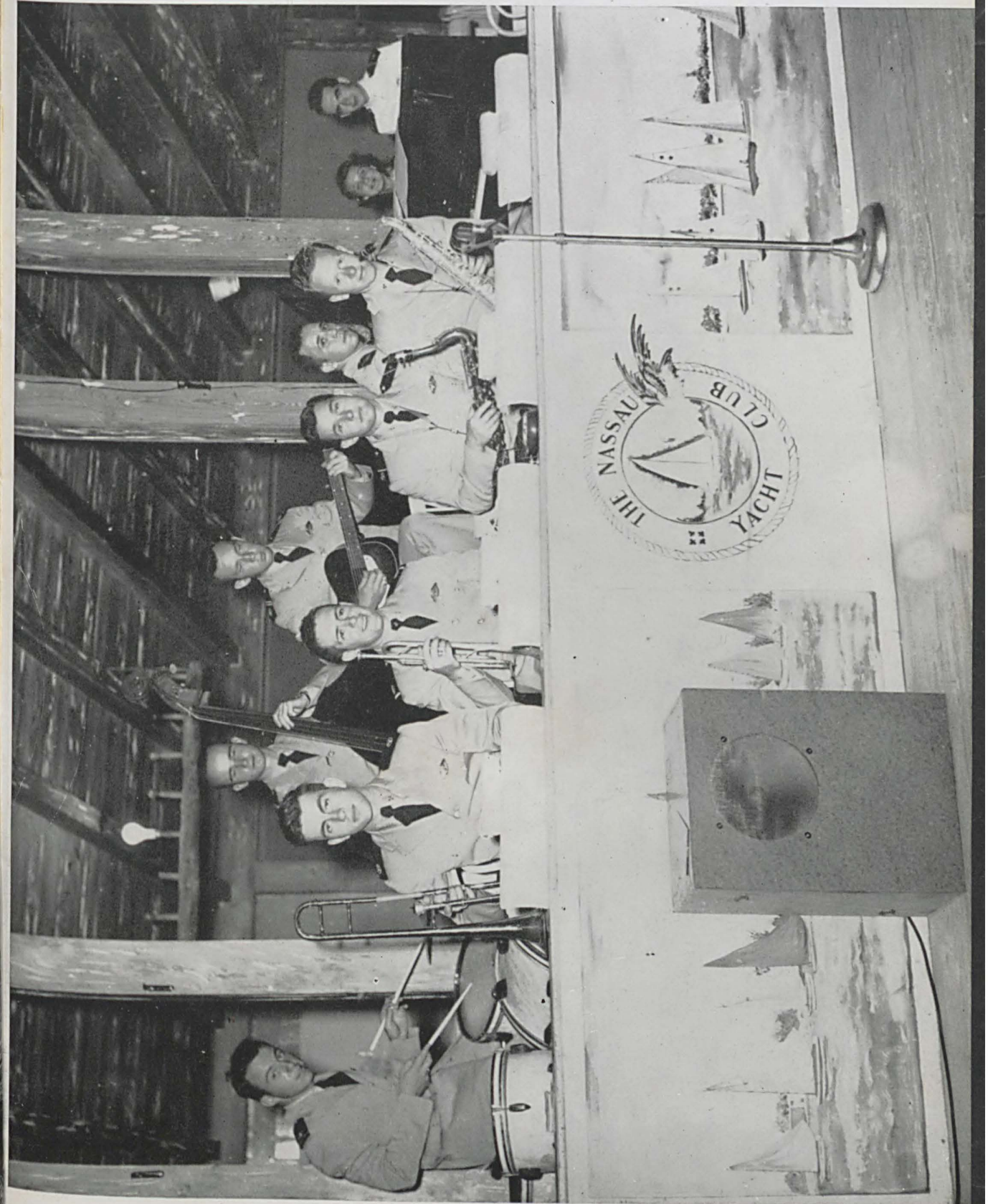


NASSAU

The next morning, we shot down the river and soon headed into the Gulf for 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 clubs to use as long as we desired, and swimming

privileges also. Swimming on nearby Hog Island was the best anywhere in the Caribbean, 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.

Sponge fleet . . .



BALTIMORE



Alky & Andy

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

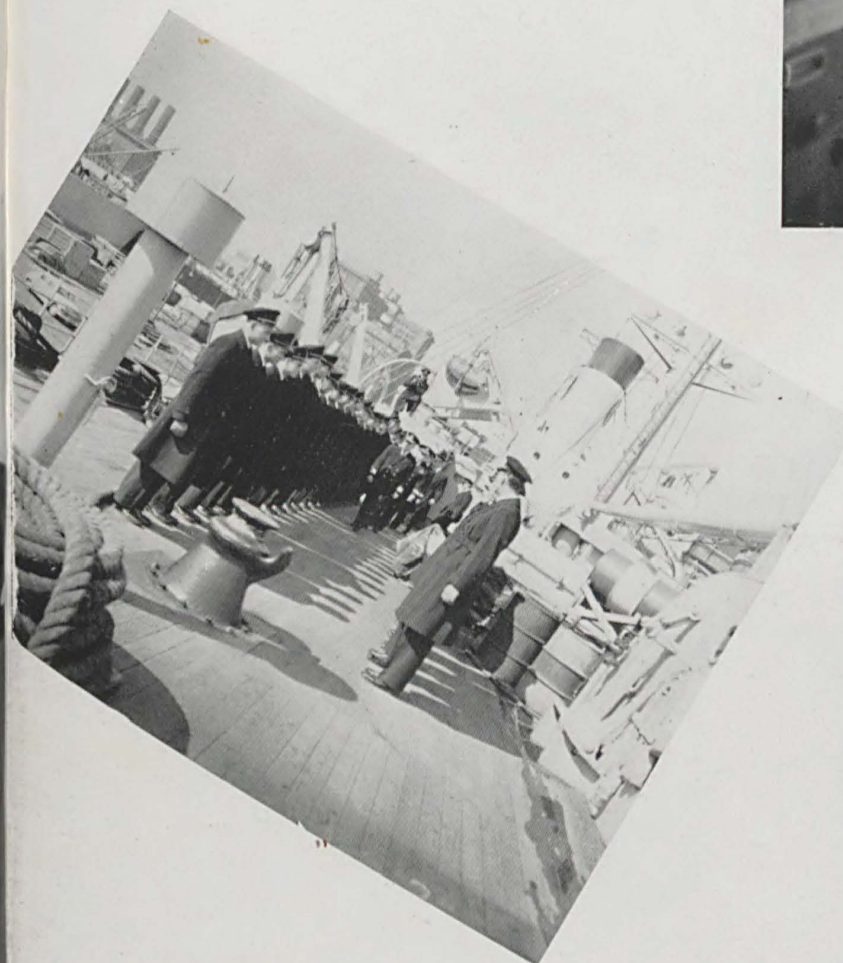
An extensive field day was held, in preparation for an inspection by Admiral Knight and Commodore Queen, who appeared to be quite satisfied with the entire organization.

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.

Formal inspection by Admiral Knight

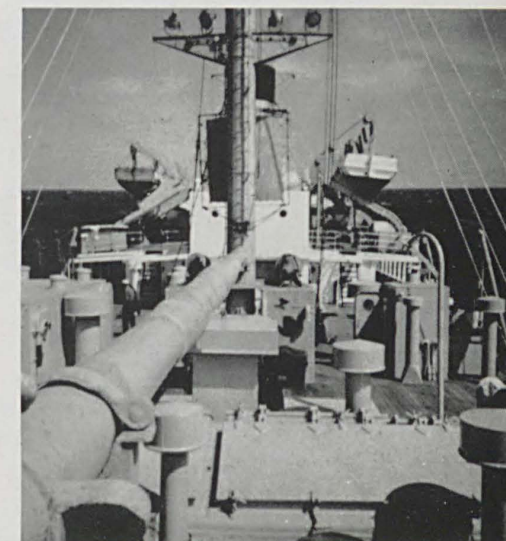


Sonar . . .



Screw off . . .

Off to New York . . .





NEW YORK



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

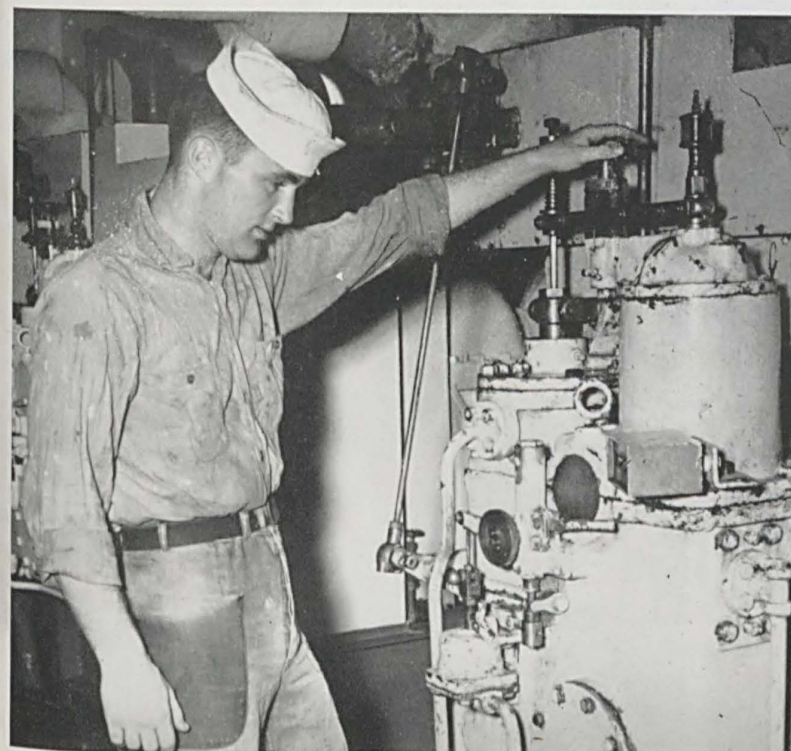
that's our girl . . .

Through the morning mists and smog, we made our way up the Hudson River approaching Manhattan. To our port we were greeted by Miss Liberty, and the cold gray towers of the skyscrapers were ahead. We docked at Pier 26

Never to be forgotten . . .

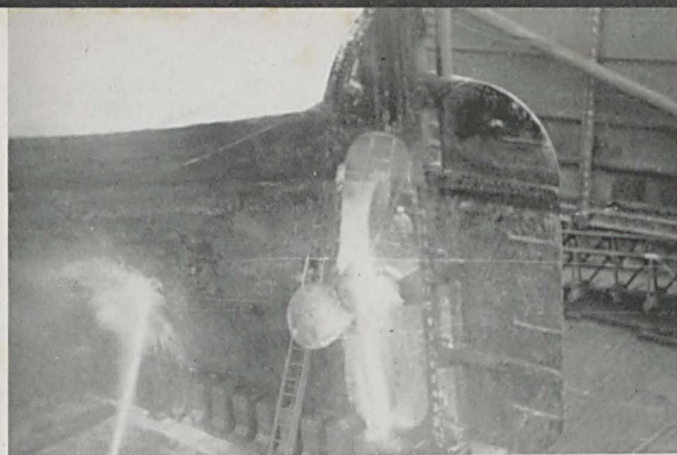


Big, Ain't it?



our last cruise





Dry dock, Boston

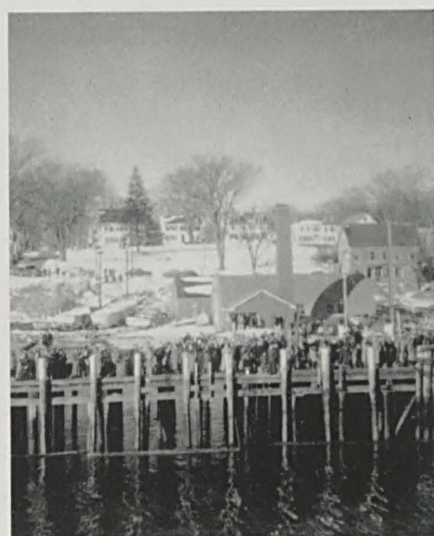


It was cold



S'long Chief . . .

we're off!



Ha - ha - ha!



7 — Nozzles



Cape Hatteras . . .



Spaghetti this noon, Vic . . .

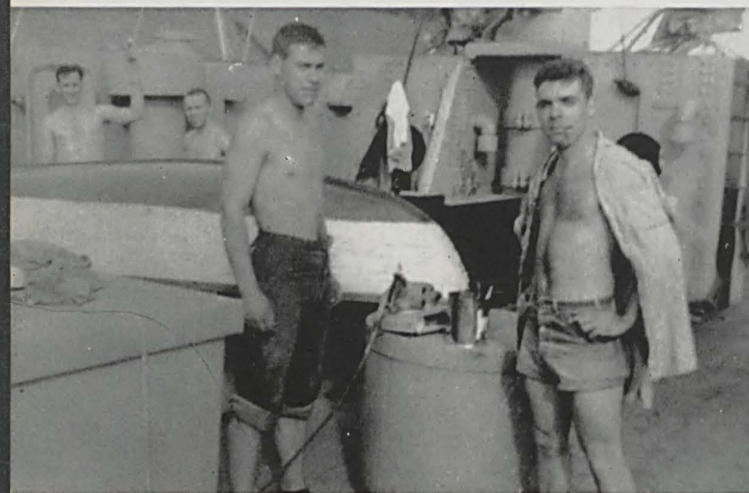


So whaddya want us to do, blow on them?

PORT AU PRINCE

After a mucho sicky trip down we arrived off the coast of Haiti on a beautiful clear morning and sailed into the majestic bay which approached Port Au Prince. Nestled in a valley between two magnificent mountain ranges lay our first port on our last cruise. We waited impatiently as the ship was tied up and all hands rating liberty beat it ashore as quickly as possible.

Passon, Ames, Anzele, Holmes and two hastily commissioned underclassmen, Dunn and Baum,

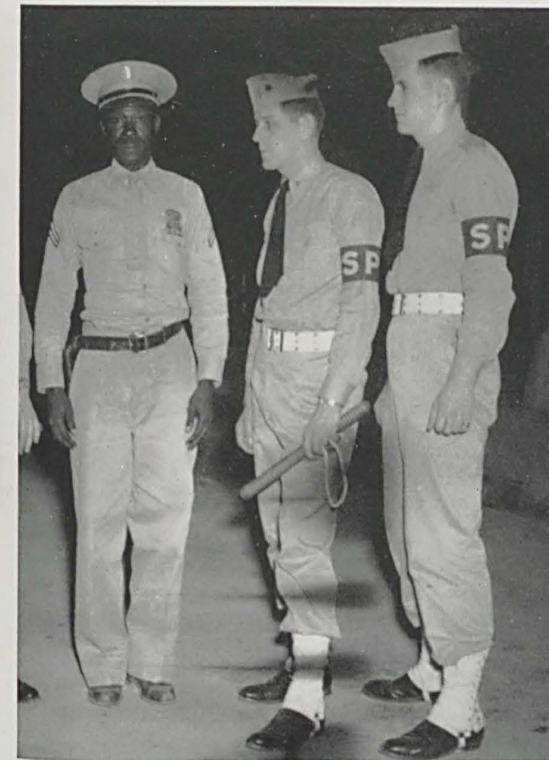
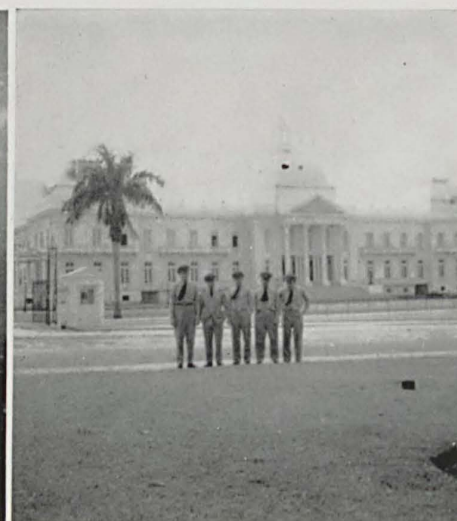


... Jolly Rogers ...

grabbed a cab and beat a hasty retreat to Kenscoff, 4,000 ft. above the sweltering city, where they burned mahogany for warmth.

Other middies found the bars and the Thorland Club adequate for heat treatment and the rum delicious. It was Freddie Thorlands' boss that removed the skin on our right hand, wasn't it, Fred?

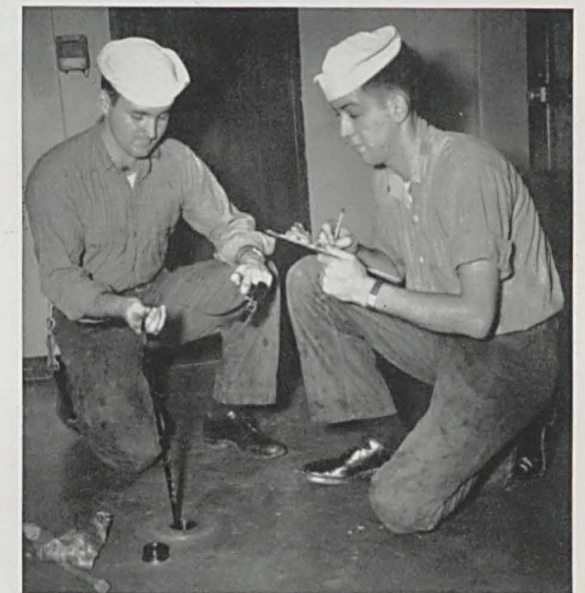
The mahogony was beautiful and inexpensive (couple of blankets and a shirt, Gag) and everyone stocked up. It was with regret that we sailed away from this restful haven for Panama.



Deke, Nick and Joe

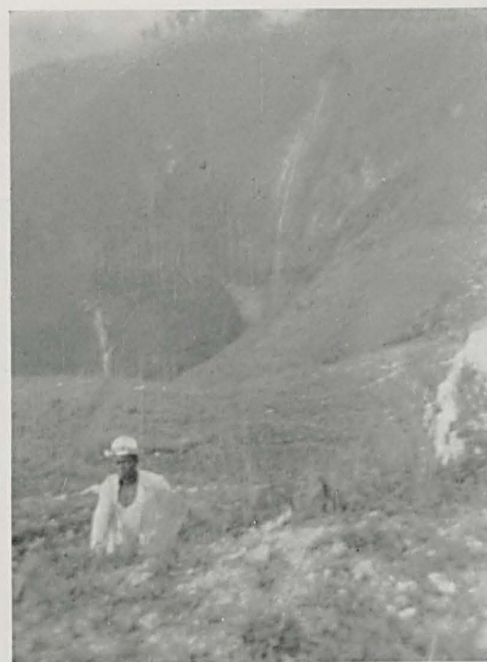


Queens for a day ...

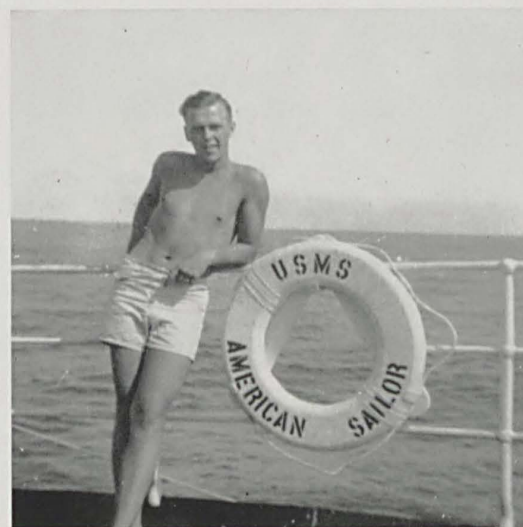




Yer fadders mustache . . .



Hey! What you doin' to mah dollah?



Again?

Mahogany heat . . .



COCO SOLO

PANAMA

Little did we realize how terrific a port Cristobal would be as we glided up to the dock in the Naval Base at Coco Solo. In just four short days many of us were to do and see things we never thought possible. We saw the Canal, famous Gatun Locks and Madden Dam, the largest earth filled dam in the world. Many of us went to Panama City and Balboa to visit fabulous Kelley's and stare in amazement at the brand new 5½ million dollar "El Panama" Hotel, ultra-modern and as beautiful as a song, the ancient ruins of Old Panama, mute sentinel to time since Henry Morgan sacked and burned it.

We danced at the Officers' Club with beautiful dancing partners and became acquainted with "Mambo". Cristobal contained many and varied shops for goods from the world over. The base pool attracted many men and two happy days were spent trying to drown themselves. It was with sad hearts and nostalgic memories that we cast our last line ashore and drifted past the breakwater out to sea. Many of us wished that *we* had appendicitis so that we could spend a few more weeks in this paradise, but we realized that such a wonderful experience had to end. Perhaps, some day . . .



That's what we said . . .



Relatives



The doc . . .



The Big Ditch



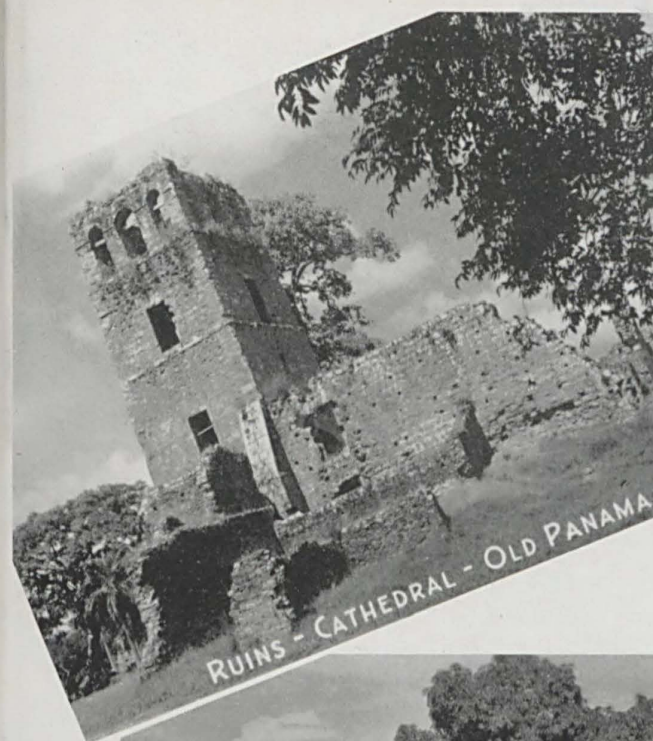
The Officers Club - Coco Solo



Our Hosts



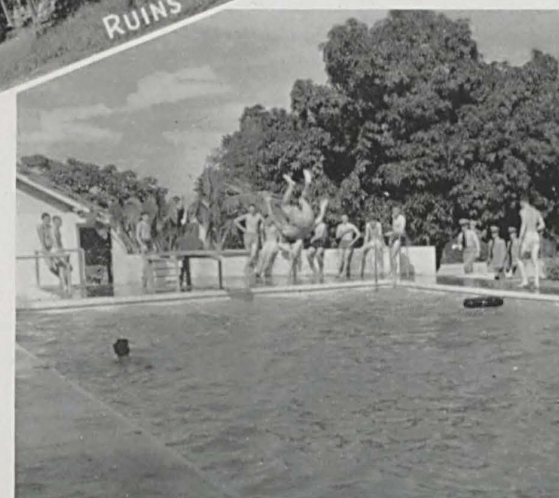
Another special



RUINS - CATHEDRAL - OLD PANAMA



AVENIDA CENTRAL - PANAMA R. P.



The Pool . . .



Squelch and Pash . . .



PANAMA CANAL
HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE
 CHART SALES
 U.S. HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE COAST SURVEY
 CHARTS & PUBLICATIONS
 AIR & NAUTICAL ALMANACSLIGHT LISTS ETC
 NAUTICAL INFORMATION
 NOTICES TO MARINERS U.S. AND FOREIGN
 CHRONOMETERS AND BAROMETERS COMPARED
 UPSTAIRS
 HOURS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY & HOLIDAY 7AM-4PM

Spyglassers Haven . . .

"And we're singing, so long" . . .



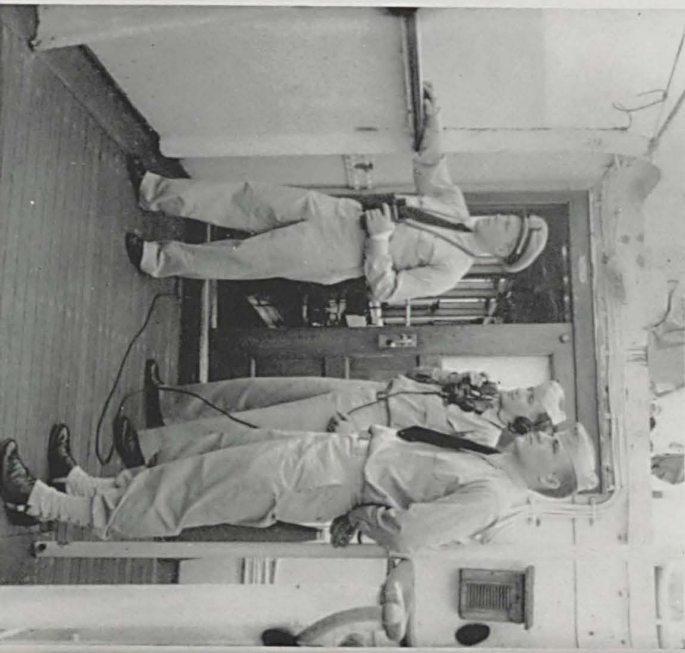
Straw boss . . .



All this and four days too?



Full ahead, Sir . . .



LA GUAIRA VENEZUELA

La Guaira turned out to be exactly as it looked as we docked. The town was dirty and the prices exorbitant. However, many of the mid-dies immediately commis-sioned cabs and buses and took the long, winding pil-grimage to Caracas high in the mountains. Here we found a beautiful, modern city nestled in the clouds and everyone that went will never forget the sheer cliffs and precarious roads.

A field trip to the Naval Academy consumed an after-noon and a terrific reception was held for us. If we thought we had a tough time then imagine how those Spanish boys got along reading Naval Machinery in English.

A dance at the Nautical School was enjoyed by many and the profuse scotch and soda by many more. What a night!

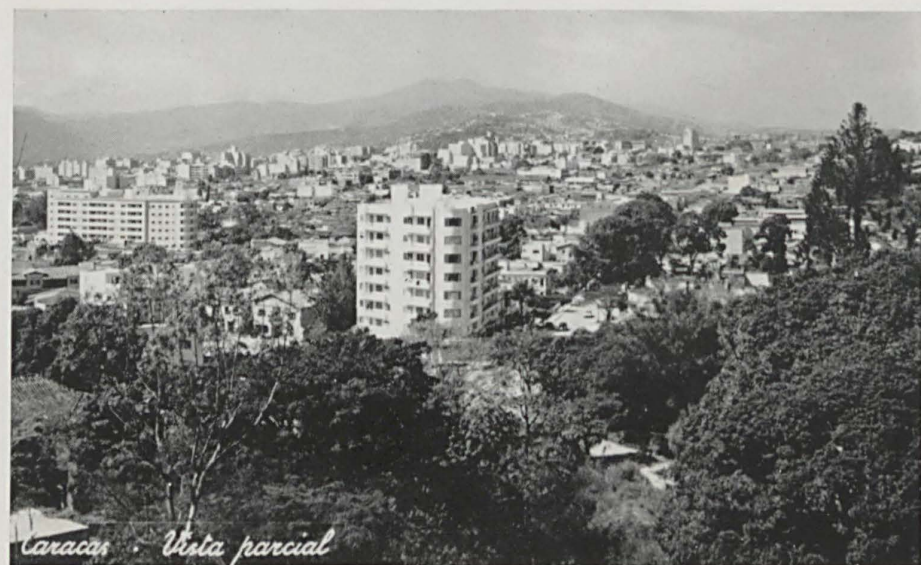
We were rather glad as we steamed slowly from the harbor in a cloud of soot, and pointed our bow toward Trujillo City.



Ten-to-the-bar . . .



Waterfront . . .



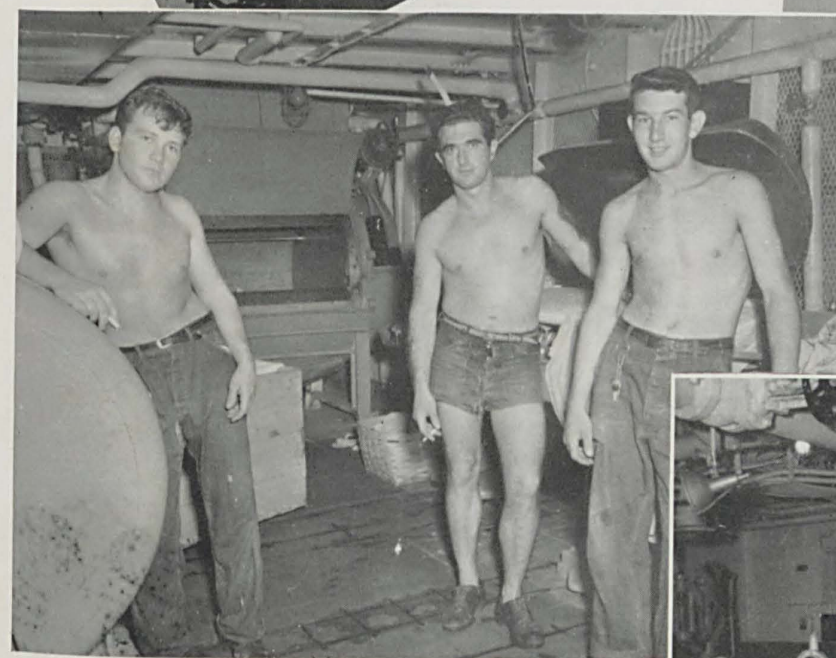
Caracas - Vista parcial



Who's kidding who?



He can afford to smile . . .



Bullton Crushers, Inc.



What a phony!



Of the many things that took place on our last cruise, the most significant seemed to be that our class became a unit, a body of men who found themselves with the ability to accept and carry out the responsibilities that went with third year men. Our midnight sorties led by Gag and Hom; the feasts in the carpenter shop; the realization that we had confidence in each other while on watch and on liberty; all of these

things gave us a sense of being part of a way of life that would last long after the cruise and our apprenticeship ended and we took our places in our chosen careers.

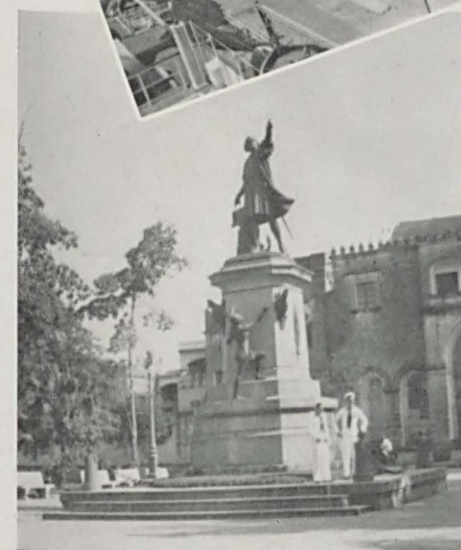
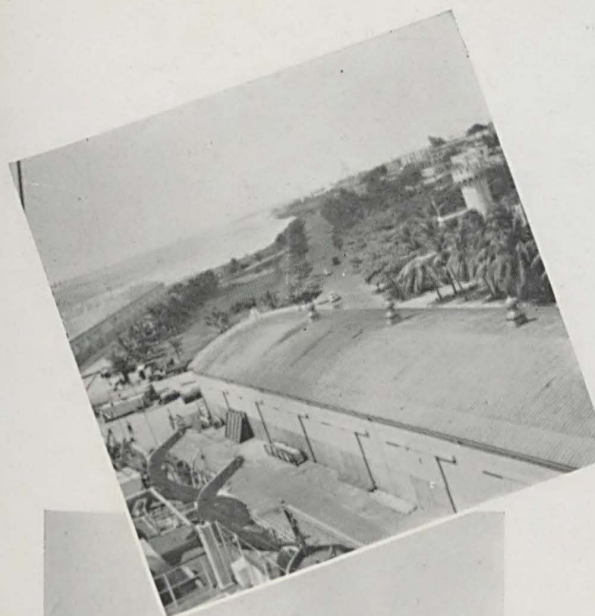
In the years to come, open this book to these pages and recall the never to be forgotten experiences which we, the class of '51, have shared together.



Trujillo - City

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Once again our ship was to put into beautiful Trujillo City, a liberty town much looked forward to, especially after our sojourn in La Gauria. We saw the familiar breakwater and Jaraqua Hotel and other landmarks we would never forget.





One away . . .



Hay, Senor?



Naturally . . .

We found many things this trip which we hadn't before. The Accordion became our hangout and judging from the steak dinners the boys packed away, the food was all right. The Jaraqua and its' pool rated high, of course, and our stay was topped off by an exceptionally well presented dance. Miss Trujillo, daughter of the President, attended the dance and many of the Midshipmen danced with her. Her humor and interest did wonders at putting us at ease.

Naturally the Carioca accounted for part of our time and we found as many S. P.'s enjoying themselves as the off-limits middies. A good time was had by all and with regrets we left this beautiful and interesting city and commenced our trip to Havana.



Run her up, Bos' . . .

HAVANA-Cuba

It seemed as though we cruised along the coast of Cuba for weeks instead of days, watching the beautiful Caribbean sunsets and latest Tim Holt movies. The decks were holystoned and the engine room began shaping up while Chief Munger got his F. B. I. set out and grabbed fingerprints right and left while we anticipated our arrival in Cuba more each day.

After innumerable drills and whist games we entered Havana harbor. The ship tied up at the mouth of an indescribably foul sewer that made our heads swim morning, noon and night, more so even than the mucho bueno ron.

Uptown Havana was more than we expected. Carnivals were in full swing and we received a royal welcome. Ganter and Black found some lovely guides and toured the countryside in a limousine while "One-eye" Kenney and Ames found a comfortable side-walk cafe which solved the thirst problem admirably.

A trip to the beach by Wood, Morris, Joseph, Herrick and Ames proved stimulating and cool. The same evening found a happy go lucky fellow tourist who was staying at the Na-cion-Alili, supplying refreshments for the boys while we watched the festivities.

After trying the overland route out of the harbor we executed a few real sharp cartwheels and staggered out to sea. All bleary eyes were turned toward the bald dome of the Capitolio (we thought we'd left Hoe ashore) as it slowly faded on the horizon and we put about for Bermuda.



Muscle builders . . .



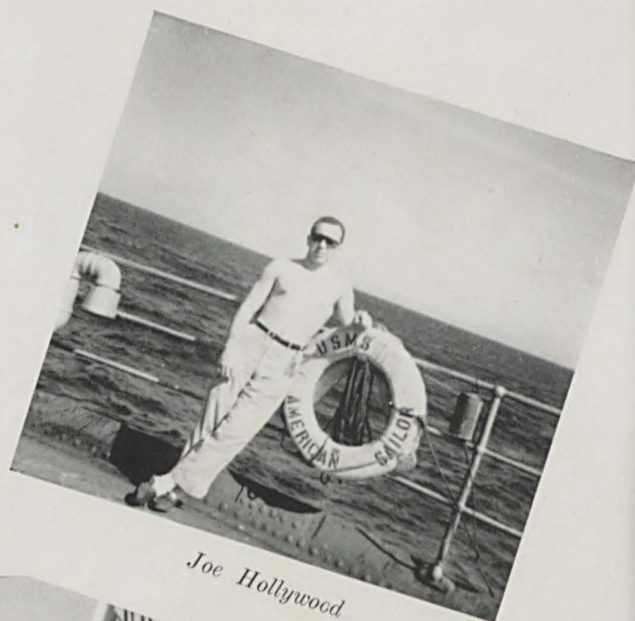
Not so hard!



Set 'em up in the next alley . . .



Fresh air fiends . . .



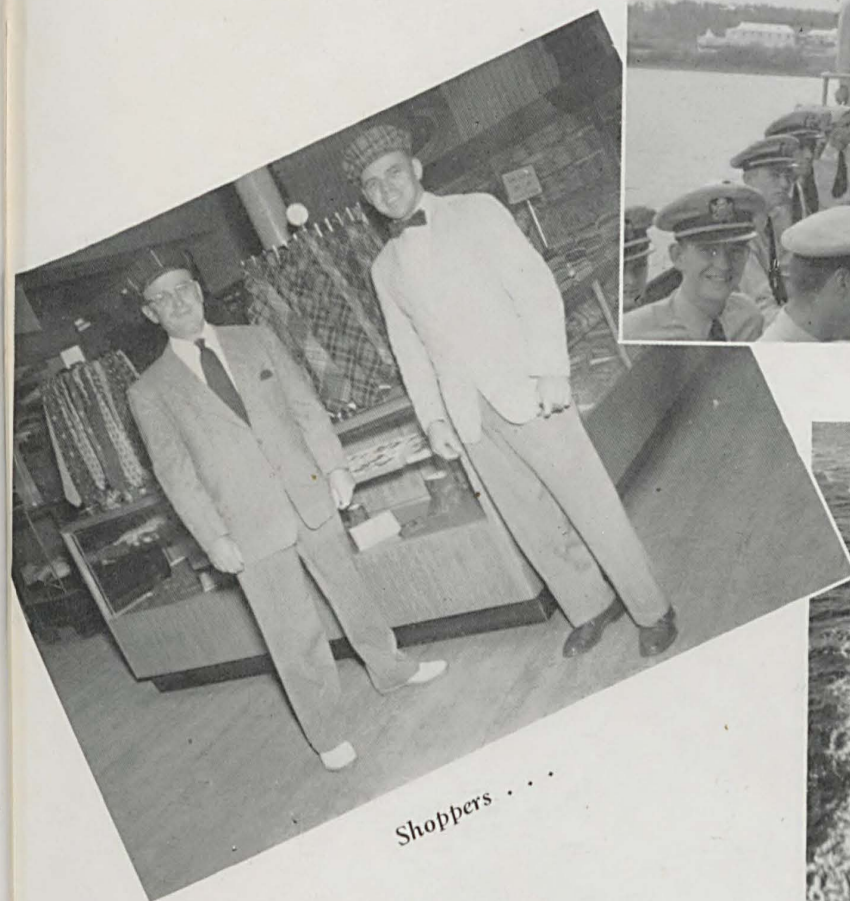
Joe Hollywood



Fatso

HAMILTON

BERMUDA



Shoppers . . .



The last boat leaves . . .



Bill . . .





NORFOLK - Va.

When we left the sunny island of Bermuda, resplendent with bicycles and English accents, we little realized what we would encounter in the next few days. The morning we left was mild and sunny and we had heard of storms but all were optimistic.

It was about 0430 when it started. Six lockers in C204 ripped from the bulkhead and crashed against Mooney's sack. Close, wasn't it John? Dishes, trays, machinery, tools, in fact everything that wasn't bolted securely was thrown all over with each 20° list. Solid sheets of water roared by and swept the decks and did she heave! The mugs began living on deck again and many couldn't blame them. Six days to Norfolk!

After braving the storms of Hatteras we arrived at Norfolk and tasted our first States-side liberty on the cruise. We docked amid carriers and cruisers, all new and spic and span, and had an opportunity to study navy life first hand.

Field trips to the U. S. S. Coral Sea, the shipyard where the United States was being built and the Marine Museum proved of interest to many.

We saw American movies and drank American beer and for a sailors' town we had a pretty terrific time.



the sea got rough . . .



. . . and the screw came up . . .



. . . and the bearings ran hot . . .



and went down!



and the boys got back on deck

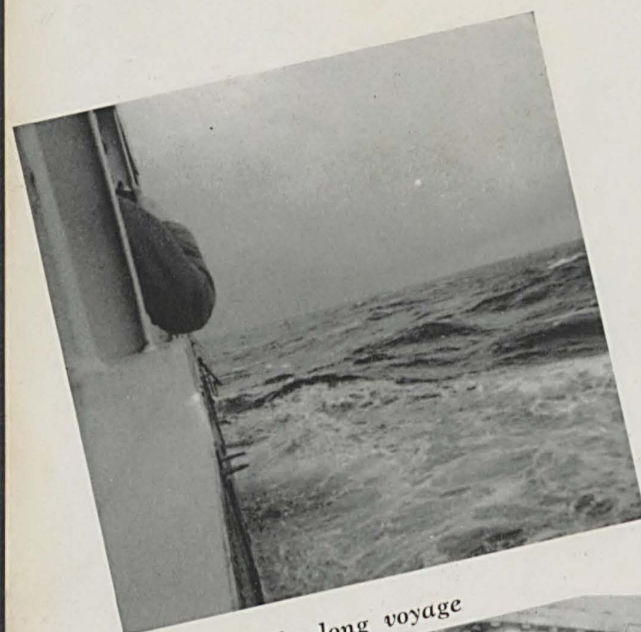


Future duty

We cast off on a beautiful, sunny morning and started our trip to Portland.

Perpetual field day was undertaken; decks scrubbed and polished, quarters made shipshape, bulkheads, bridge, engine-room; nothing was overlooked.

At last the day was at hand and we glided around the pilot ship a few times then steamed into Portland harbor.



The long voyage



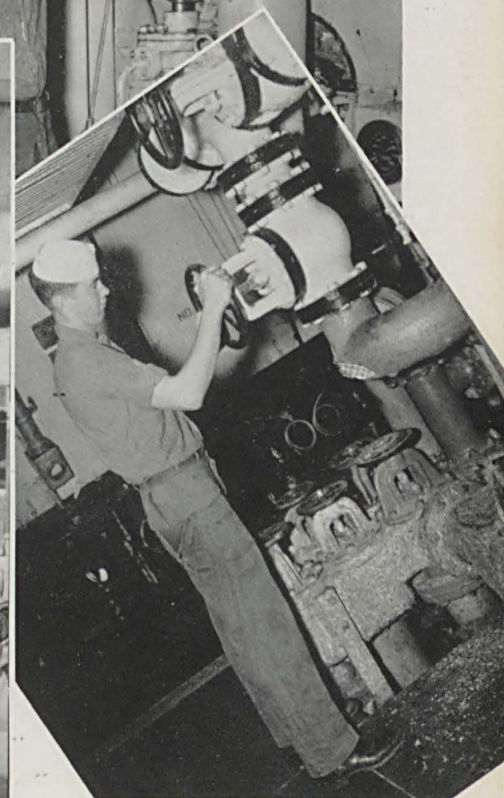
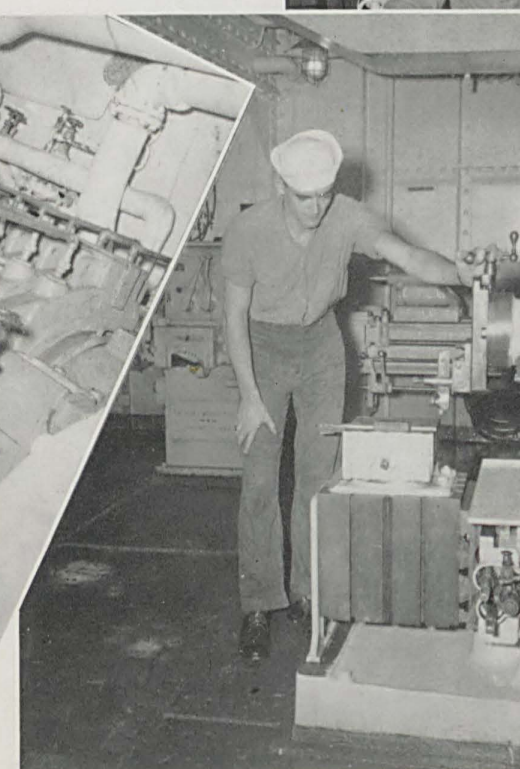
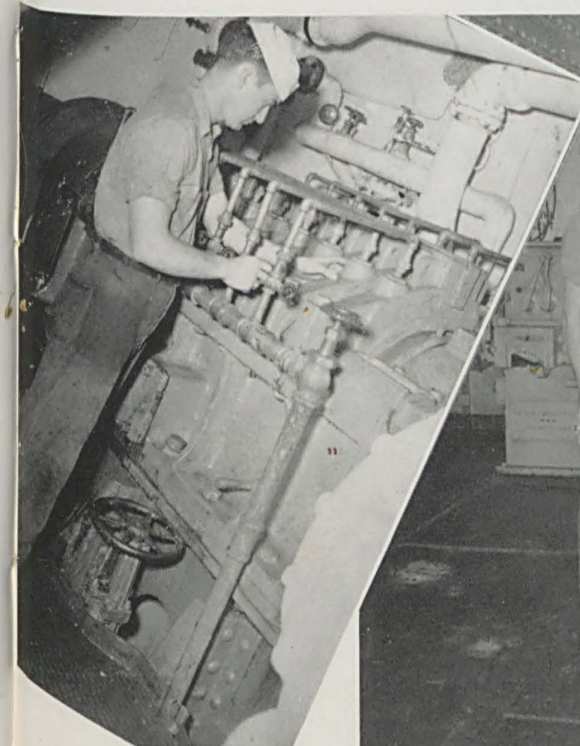
to Portland



The Chief
Lcdr. Parker E. Worry



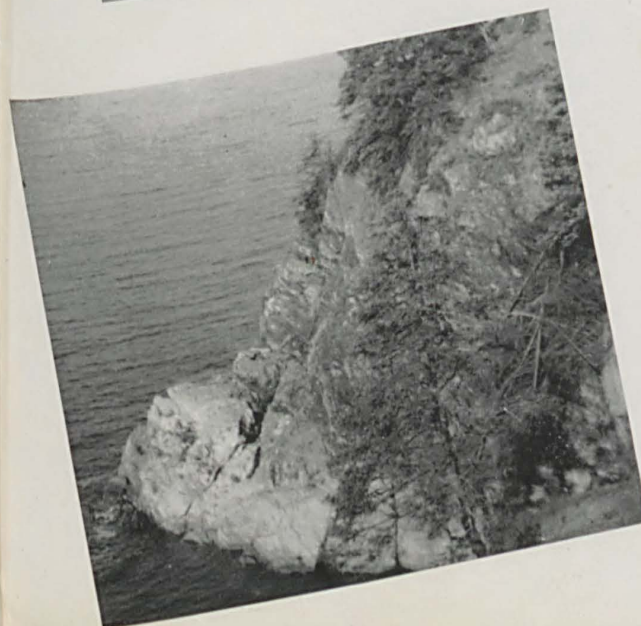
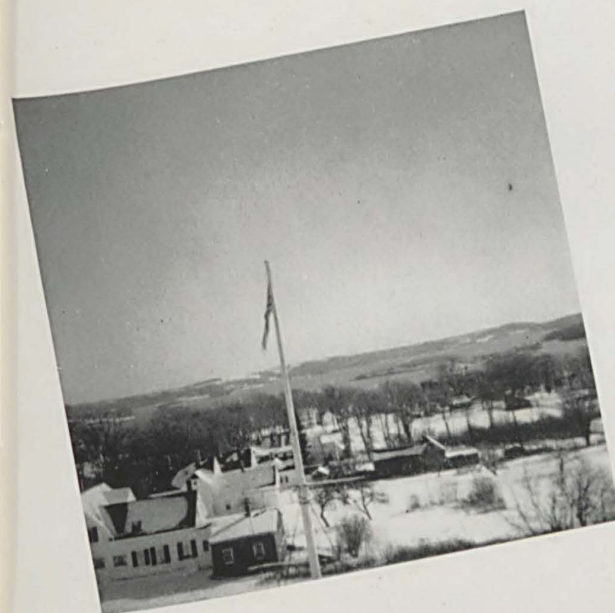
— *The Boys* —
Lcdr. Paul Stearns - Ensign Ed Langlois - Lcdr. Parker Worry
Lt. Malcolm Burbank - Lt. Dick MacDonald

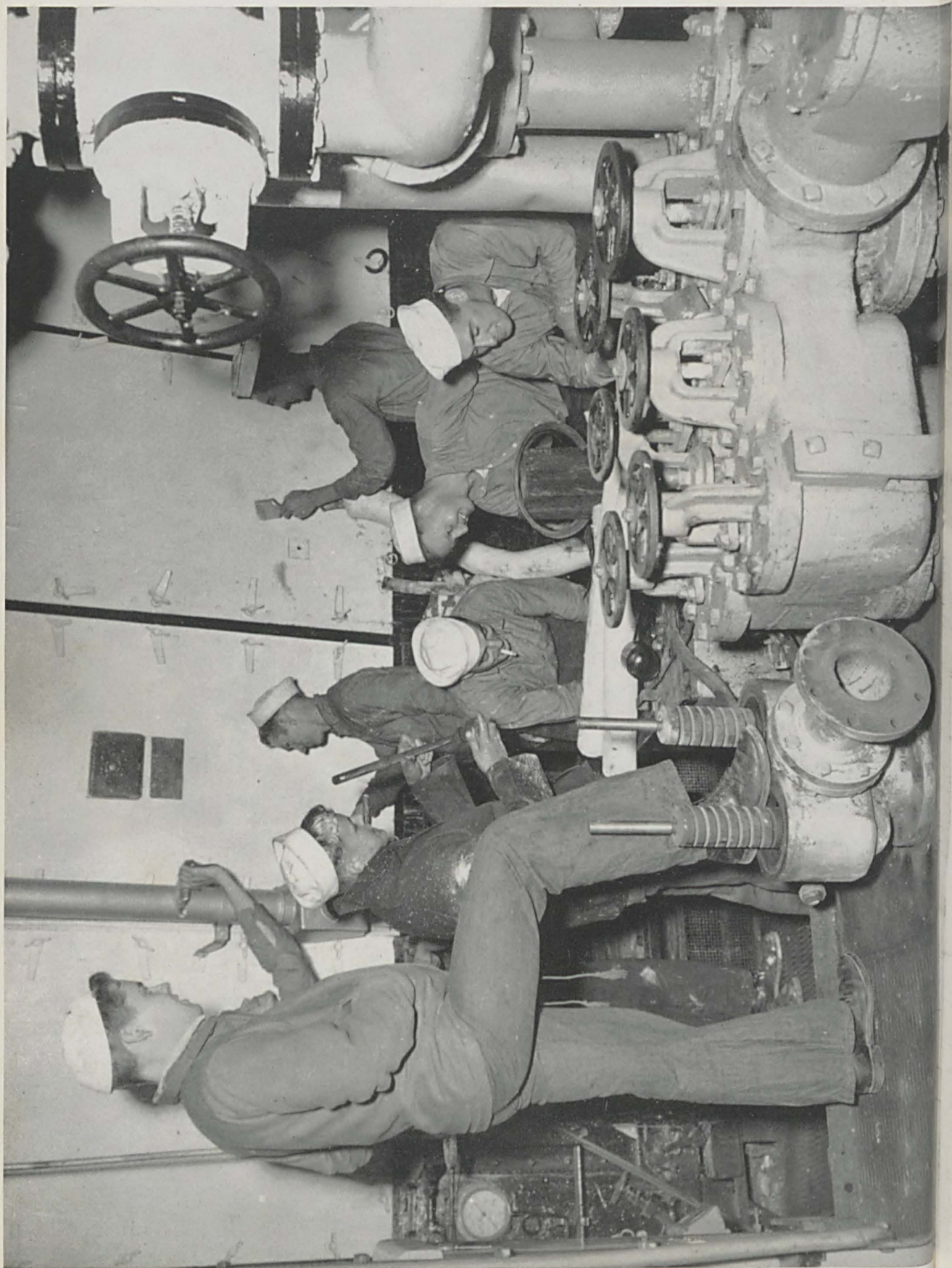




It was with mingled feeling that we watched Portland become larger as we steamed into the harbor.

We were glad to be home, yes, but we also realized how much we'd become attached to the Caribbean and we knew we'd miss these cruises and the terrific times very much.





Castine Coffee Club . . .

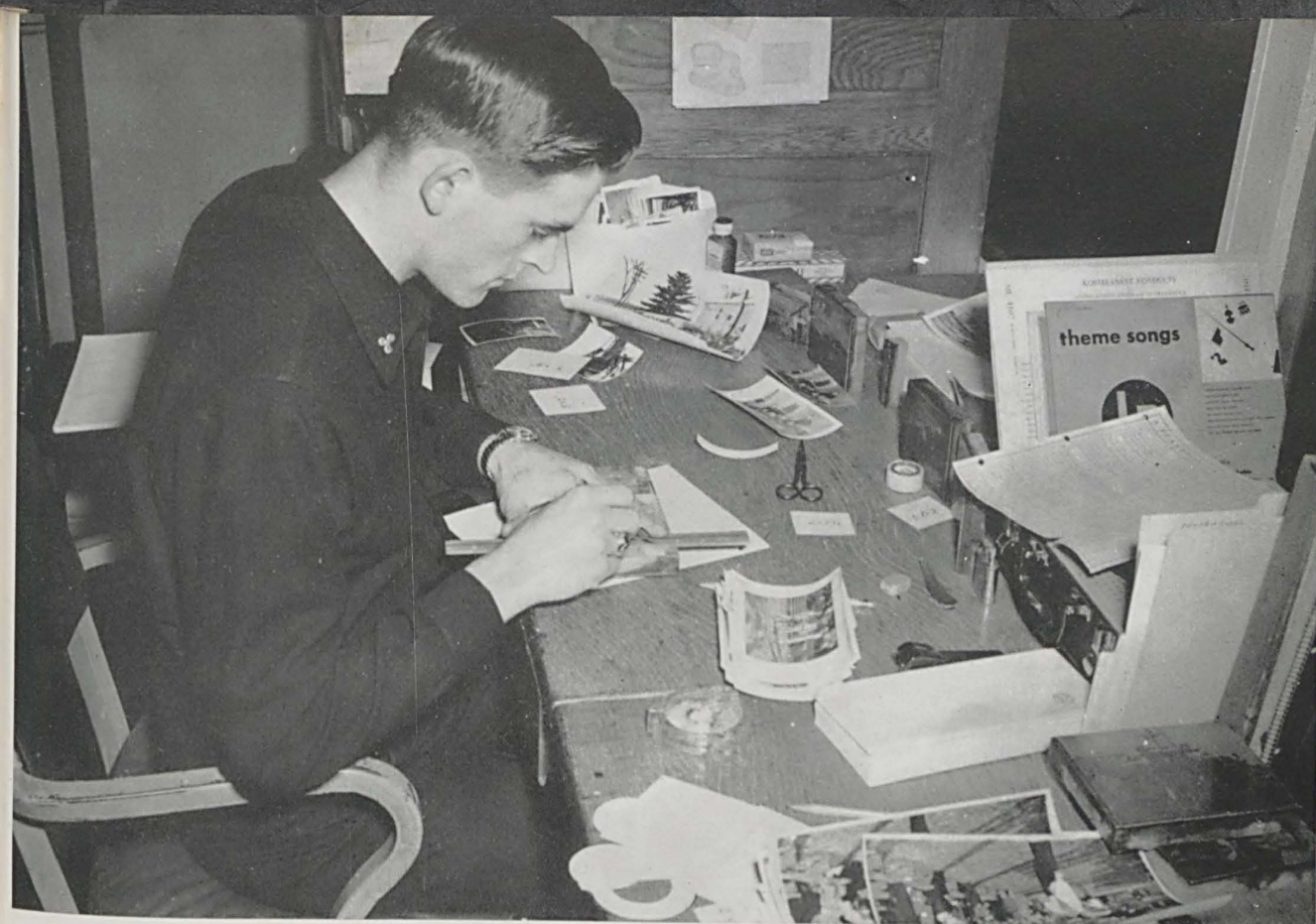




Right Hand Salute!



Richards Rousters



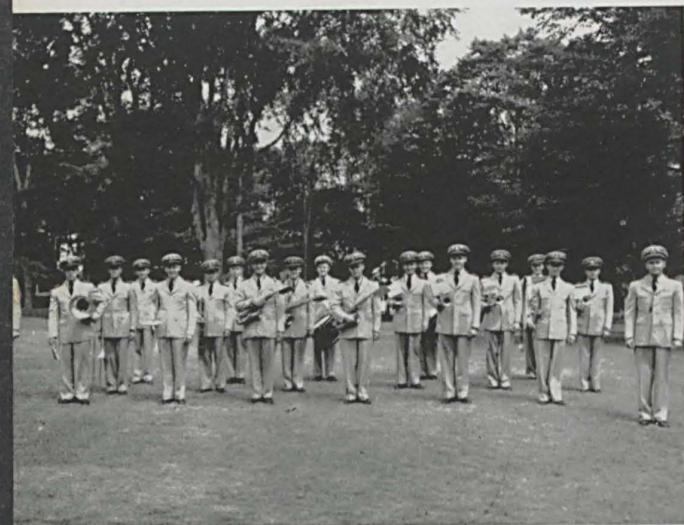
MID. WILLIAM E. ALDRICH-AMES
Editor

MID. JACK S. PASSON
Business-Advertising Manager

MID. RUSSELL B. BRIDGHAM
Make-up Manager



the band



MID'N FRED A. CANTER
Bandmaster

MID'N LAWRENCE SPARTA
Ass't Bandmaster

The noise . . .

The horse leads . . .



Blow, Gabriel, blow . . .



THE ORCHESTRA



*** dances ***



the talent . . .



*** drill squad ***



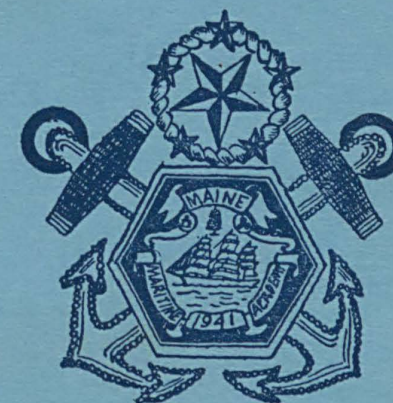
MID. MALCOLM COOK
Drillmaster

William Gunn, Asst. Drillmaster

Under the able leadership of Cook and Gunn, our already renowned drill squad became a finely working, precise team. Such a show as they performed at the graduation drill will long be remembered as the finest example of teamwork and leadership.



sports



HOLD THAT LINE! . . . C'MON
 BABE, HEY BABE . . . MURDER THE
 BUM . . . ONE FOUL SHOT . . .
 BLOCK THAT KICK . . . SAFE ON
 FIRST . . . THE BATTALION WILL
 MARCH TO THE FIELD . . . THERE'S
 THE RED RAG . . . GANTER'S JIVE
 SECTION . . . TOUCHDOWN . . .

★ ★ intramural sports ★ ★



SECTION E-1

Baseball

Football

Basketball

1951 CHAMPS

The mighty ten . . .

Rolling stock . . .



*** the underclass ***

One of the favorite activities of the Academy is indoctrinating the new midshipmen. "Young man!, muster!, report to Rm—, all are familiar words at this time. It is a never to be forgotten experience.



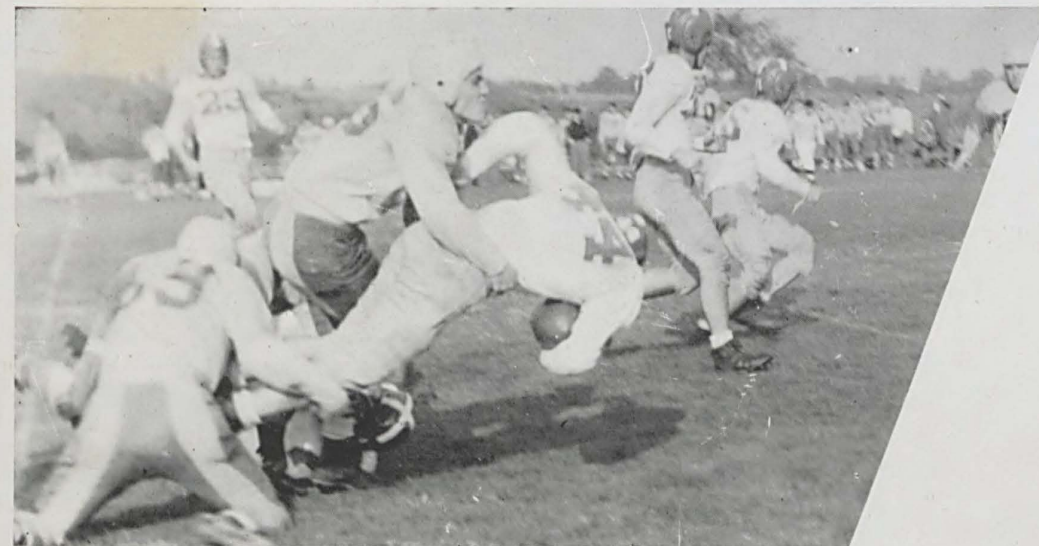
Union Station



The first glimpse of the Academy leaves the new recruit full of awe and bewilderment but that soon passes and another feeling takes its place. . . .



Fire 2 . . .



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 downfield 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.



Colby Freshmen Scratched 18 - 0



The power . . .



Unbeaten Middies Topple Ricker 38 - 0

Give 'em the ax . . .





The cream of the Boston Prep and High schools arrived here at Castine to rack up the second

Middie loss of the 1950 season. With 12 ex-captains on the team and Bernie Freedman, two year

all-American coach of U. of Michigan, the Middies buckled right down.



The game got off to a fast start with Andy Clements' 57-yard gallop over the goal in the first period and the Brandeis boys realized that it was about time to muck down and get to business. The heavy line bent their backs and started plowing down the field with the Middie trying vainly to stop them. It was 19-7 at the half when the game broke and the crack drill squad put on an exhibition.

The Big Boys from Boston rolled up another 18 points in the second half and we realized that we were up against the best we had seen in years. Capt. Rene Gagne and Stan Norbert were out, due to injuries received in the Norwich game, and everyone looked forward to our next grapple when the team would be a unit again.

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 Hootor. 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 Middie 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.

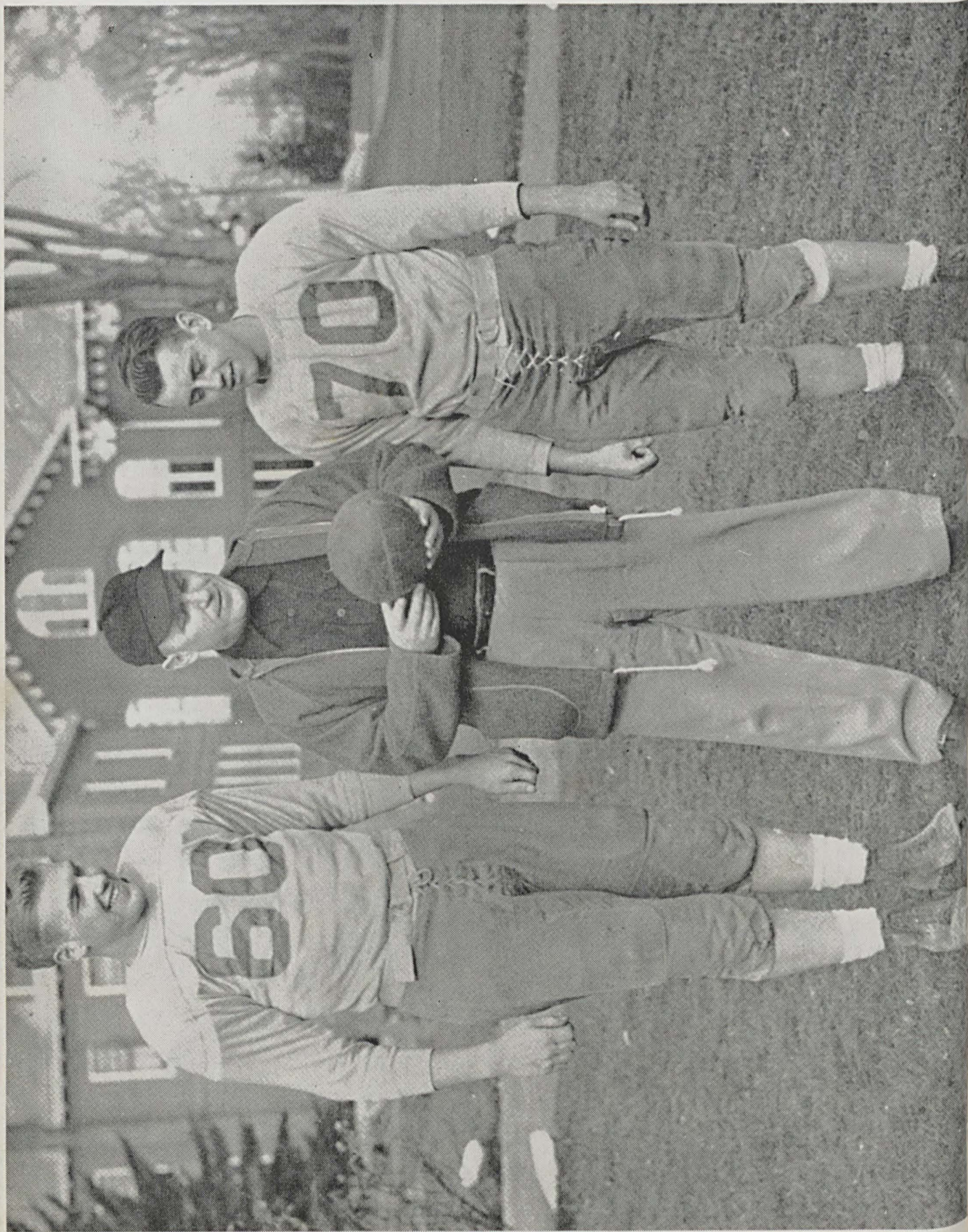
The Middies opened fast as Bob Regnery recovered a fumble on the Pilgrim's 20, and on the second Middie attempt Phil Schuyler went

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 Middie 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.

Another season ends . . .





FOOTBALL '50

1950 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

M. M. A.	Opponent		M. M. A.	Opponent	
0	Norwich University	14	20	New England College	12
7	Brandeis University	37	6	Maine Central Institute	7
20	U. of M. JayVees	12	19	Higgins Classical Institute	13
32	Bates Freshmen	6	7	Mass. Maritime Academy	13

First Row (left to right): Mgr. Harper, Norbert, Ring, Kenney, Smallidge, Throumoulos, Gagne (Capt.), Galiano, Genest, Perry, Dallaire, Mgr. Dagg.

Second Row: Merrill, Belanger, MacPhee, Bernard, Curtis, Fairbanks, Catena, Holt, Lapham, Rausch, Asst. Mgr.

Third Row: Asst. Mgr. Gerow (standing), Ken Brown, Asst. Coach, Tremble, Herbert, Clement, Hainer, Tripp, Reilly, Herbert, Bourgois, Angell. Coach John Hoctor (standing).

Fourth Row: MacQuillan, Scala, DeShon, Hall, Ingersoll, Cratty, Hutchins, Main.





Norwich Scuttles M. M. A. 14 - 0



The Norwich Tank Corps rolled the Middies into their first loss of the 1950 season. The Middies played a terrific game on the ground and held the Tankmen at bay until the last half of the second quarter when they took to the air to complete a touchdown pass.

The superb running of Andy Clement and the indestructible team of Galiano and Genest showed much promise toward future games, and it wasn't until the third period that Norwich was able to get a man clear enough to lob another pass which was carried across for the second and last touchdown. The Middies fought gamely to the end and set a hard to beat pace of fast ground-work.



U. of M. Jayvees 21 - M. M. A. 21

Over the line . . .



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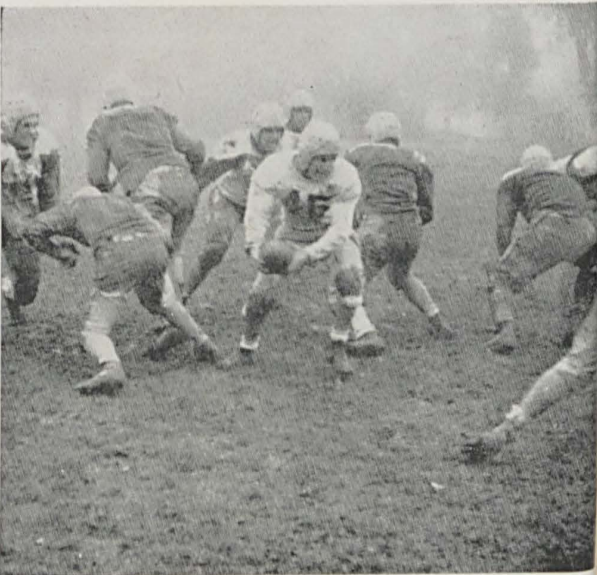
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BOBCATS AIRPOWER CONTROLS SAILORS, 18-7

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?"

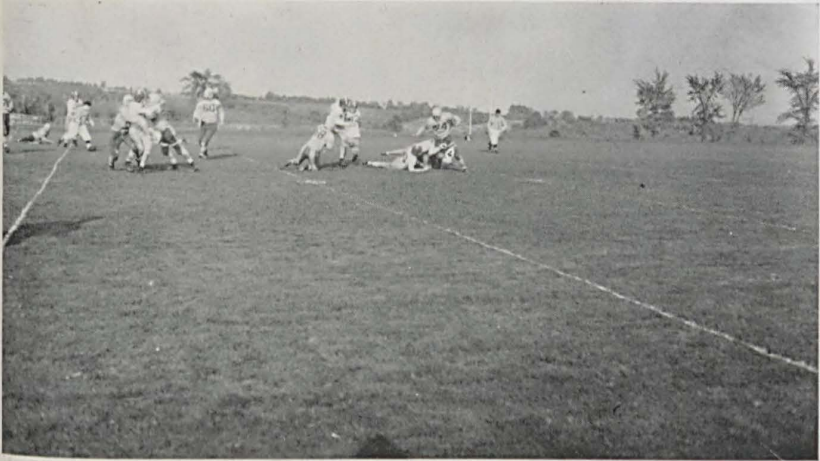
The toss was won by the Sailors who chose to receive. Maritime controlled the ball most of the first period, racking up 6 first downs to three for Bates, who was held to 15 yards gained from rushing. On a return of punts Bates took possession on their own forty, and after two failures on the ground Perry 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 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.

Wet track



Around End . . .

FOOTBALL '48

The near perfect 1948 season took off with a roar when the Middies downed Higgins Classical Institute 21 to 0 in the first game.

The games that followed proved that top physical condition and smart teamwork really paid off.

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



Around End . . .

Last Row (left to right)—Freeman, Schuyler, Dame, Edwards, Small, Descouteaux, Robinson, Murray.
Third Row (left to right)—Coach Hctor, 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.



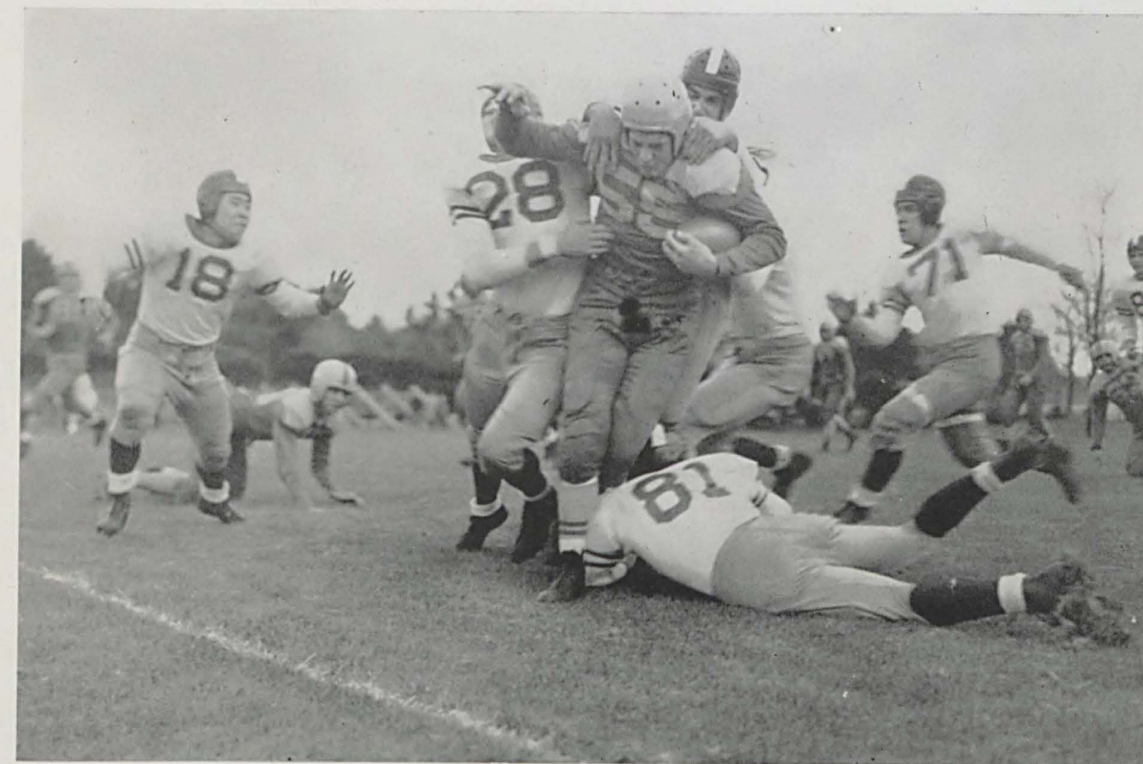
MIDDIES COP FIRST WIN OVER U. OF M. JAYVEES 20-12



CAPT. RENE GAGNE

An alert Middle eleven crashed to a win over the Maine Jayvee and Freshmen squad at Castine. The Middies marched 61 yards to the one-yard line with Johnny Fairbanks doing the honors for the first score. A 40-yard pass, Reilly to Smallidge, set up the second Middle score. Andy Clement raced around left end for 18 yards and the score. The boys racked up their third score with eight minutes of play left in the fourth period. A 20-yard pass landed the ball on the 15-yard line and Ted Throumoulos carried her over to make the score.

Maine retaliated with Maxwell crashing over from the one-foot line after a 50-yard march. Maine's second tally was the result of a 45-yard drive. Maxwell and Dolan advanced the ball to the one-yard and Maxwell went over to make the score 20 to 12.



Clement for his third . . .

Middies Sink Bates 32 - 6



The Gold and Blue got off on a cruise against Bates at Garcelon Field with John (Fairbanks) taking the ball over in a 6-yard crash in the first period. Ted Throumoulos broke away twice in the first half to make a 27 and 28-yard run respectively to bring the score up to 18. Bates' star passer Arnold handed the ball to Hamilton on a beautiful play to give Bates their only score of the game.

In the second half Clement took the ball around end to make his third T. D. of the season. Heiny Merrill intercepted a record five passes and Ken Reilly latched onto the ball in a quarterback sneak and cruised down the field for the last touchdown.

The '50 season, which got off to such a poor start, was beginning to look up and everyone looked forward to the game coming up with New England College.



Maine Middies Romp Bay State Rivals

Maine Maritime Academy captured the New England Maritime Championship by rolling Mass. 27-7.

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

Hector's eleven scored in the first three minutes after the opening kickoff with Fairbanks banging over from three yards after a 79-yard run.

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.





Rain or Shine — Fort George

★



Martin

This season proved to be the best the Middies had ever seen with a record of six wins against one loss, that of M. C. I., 21-0.

The trophy cup was awarded to Captain Durwood Emery and the title conferred upon "Swede" Erickson, the tough and hardy center who stepped into his shoes to carry on . . .

★



"Da Hoc"

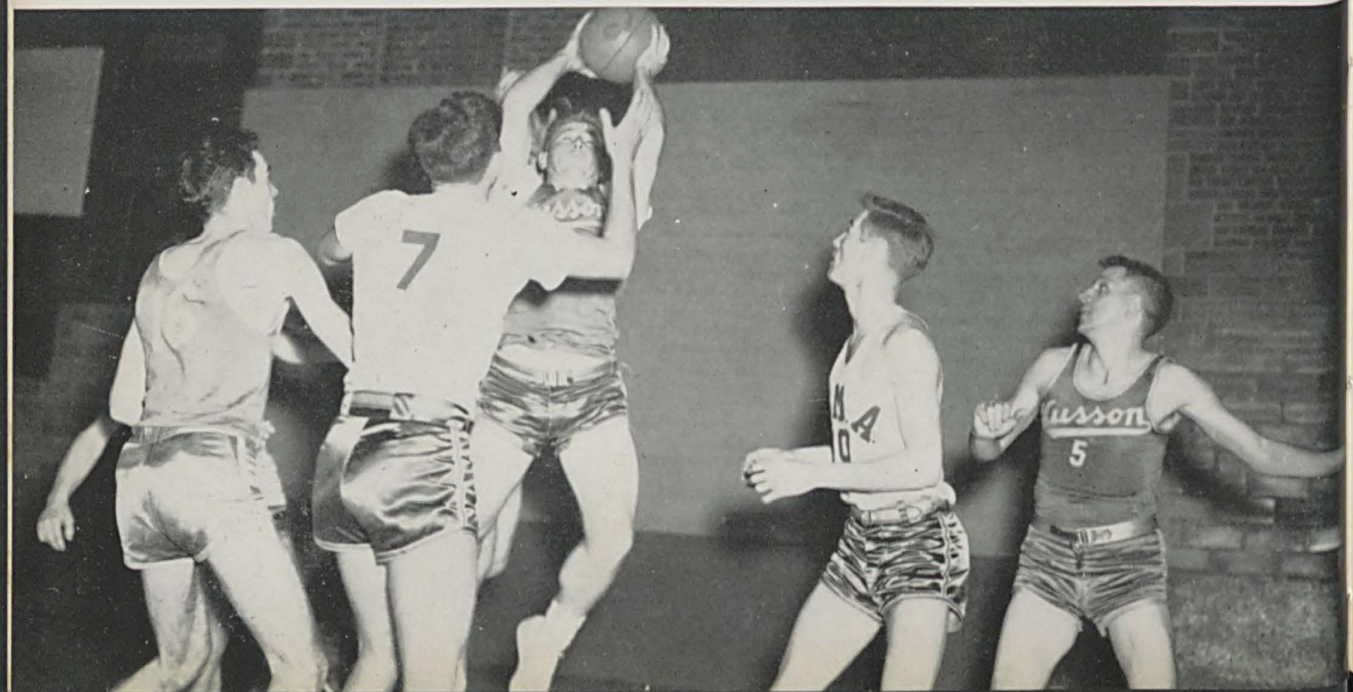


Tinkle on First . . .



Hold That Line!

Nice Try . . .

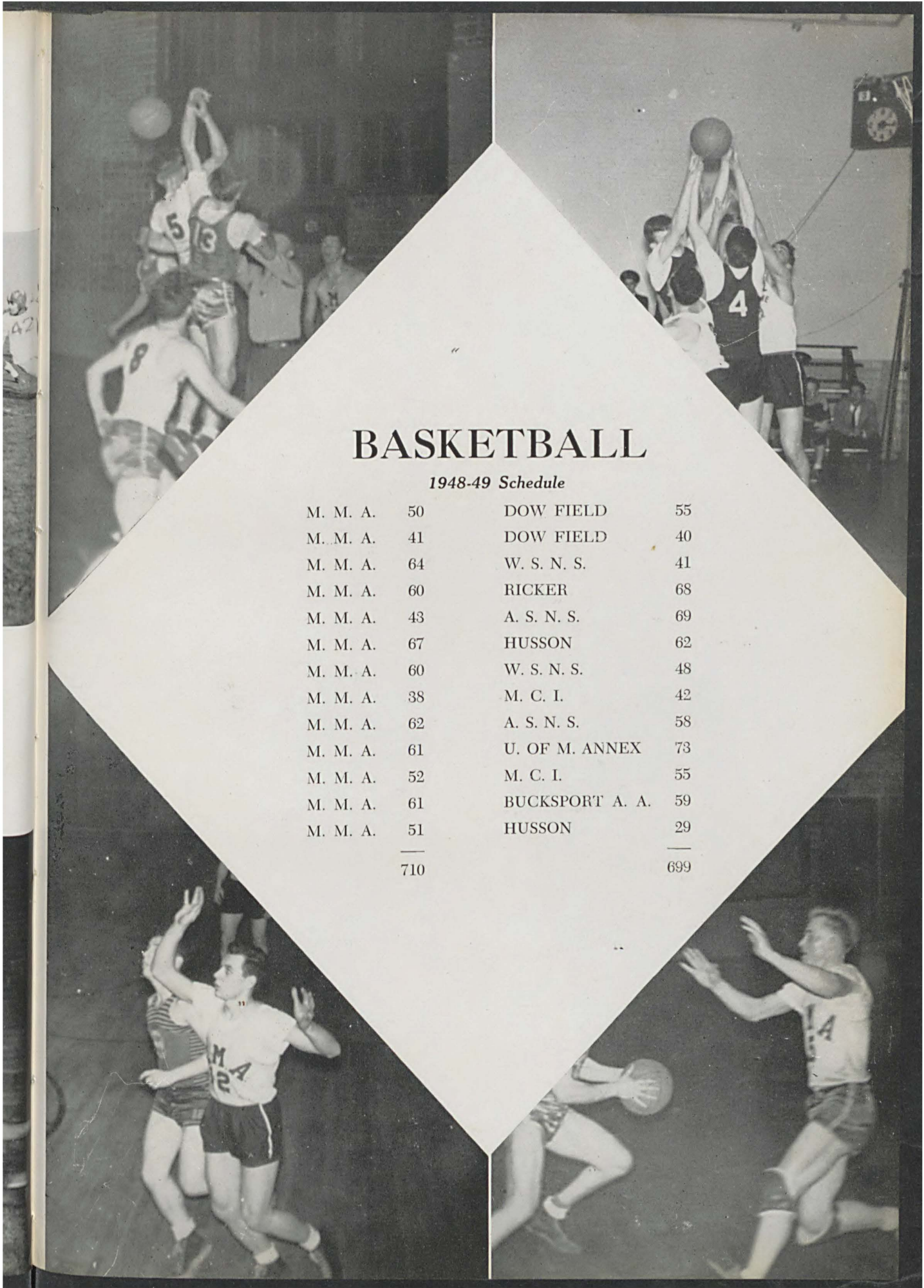


sports

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

Husson College	29	M. M. A.	48
Washington State Normal School	36	M. M. A.	66
Higgins Classical Institute	73	M. M. A.	43
Maine Central Institute	47	M. M. A.	61
Ricker Junior College	69	M. M. A.	58
U. of M. Frosh	52	M. M. A.	50
Maine Central Institute	60	M. M. A.	55
New York State Maritime College	52	M. M. A.	25
Ricker Junior College	64	M. M. A.	60
Aroostook State Normal School	43	M. M. A.	60
Higgins Classical Institute	44	M. M. A.	52
Husson College	53	M. M. A.	55
—	633	M. M. A.	—
		M. M. A.	622





Trip to New York State Maritime Academy

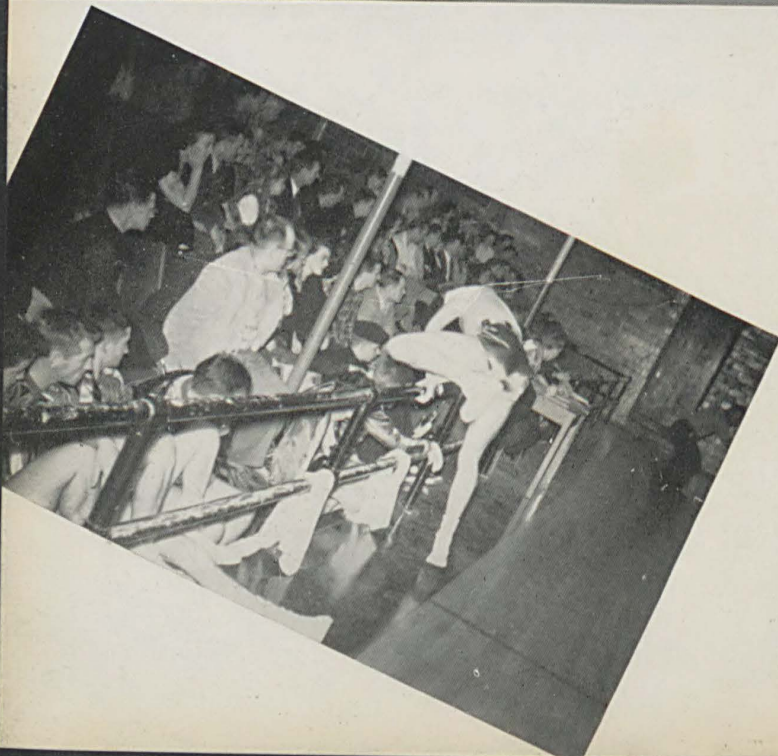




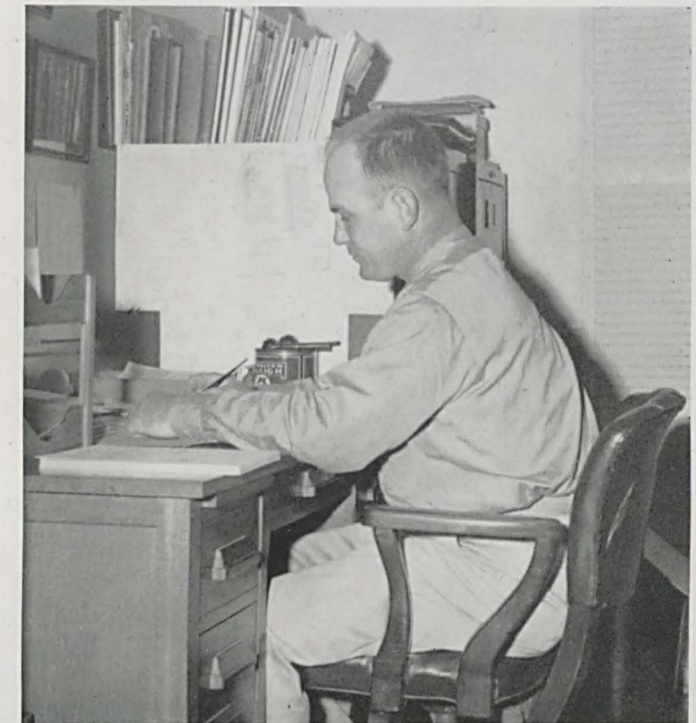
Roster '49-'50

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

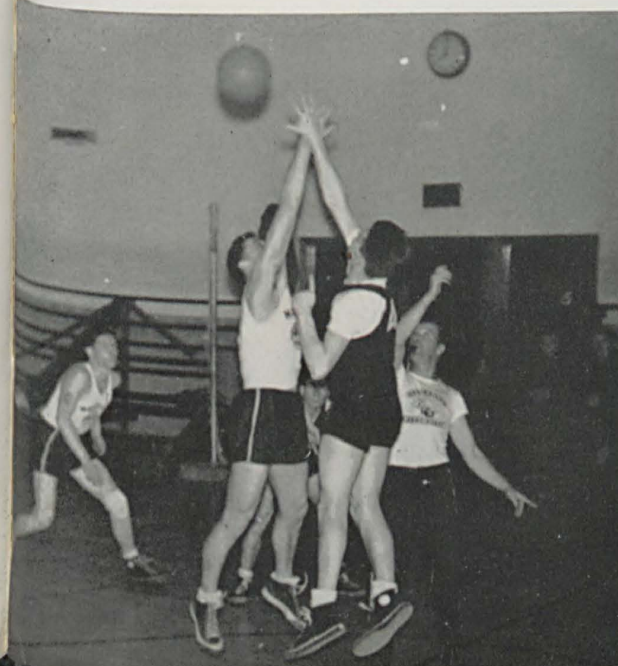
Well, maybe . . .



SEASON - 1950



JOHN HOCTOR, *Coach*





Varsity Basketball 1950-51

Lineup . . .

Fran Legere, Capt.
DeShon
Merrill
Bob Smallidge
Clement
John Smallidge
Molke
Egli
Eager
Vickery
MacAvoy
Ring

BASEBALL — 1949 SEASON

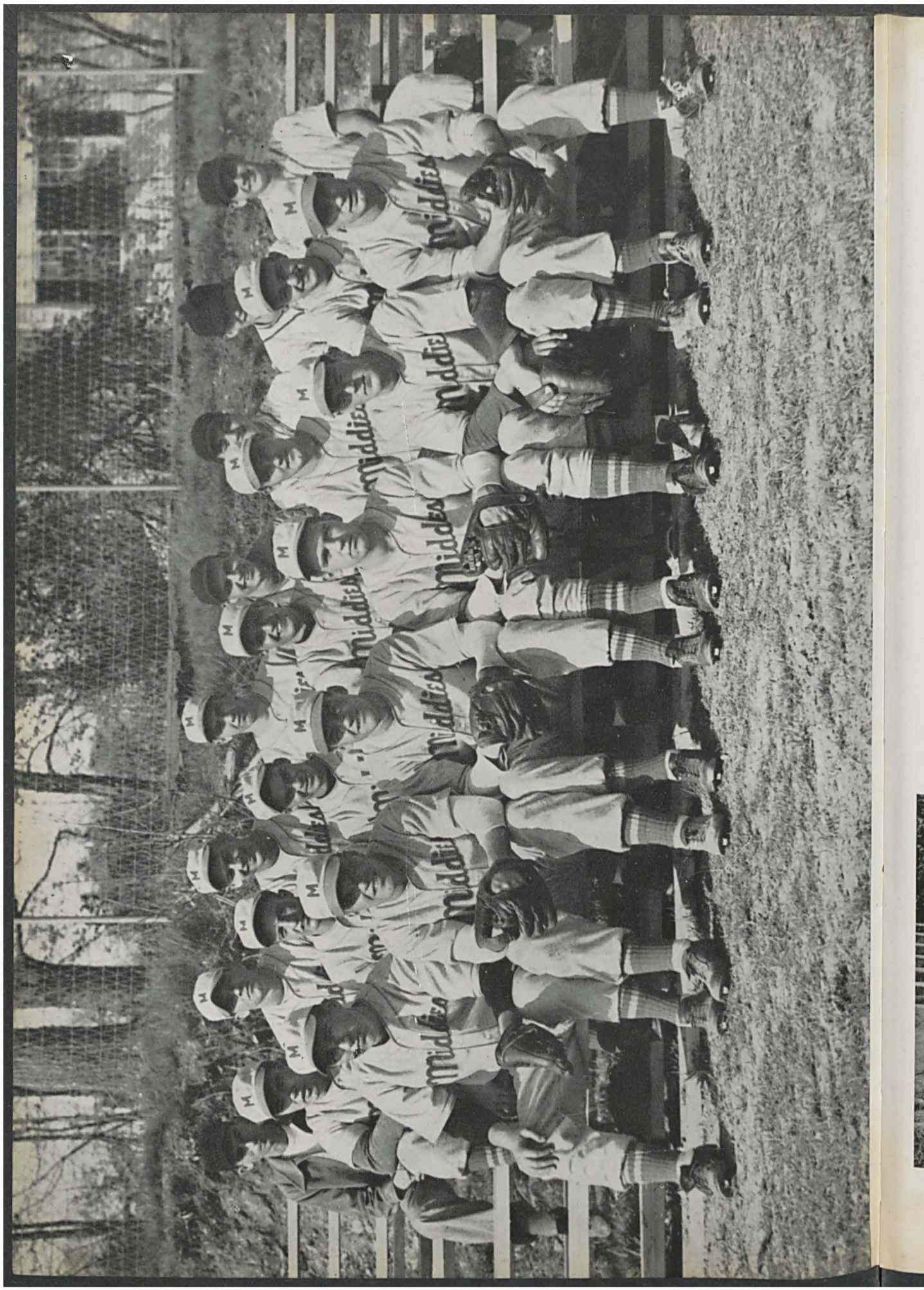


It's a hit . . .

MMA	OPPONENT	
5	Husson College	8
10	U. of M. JayVees	6
12	U. of M. JayVees	9
6	Higgins Classical	2
3	Higgins Classical	1
4	M. C. I.	9
3	Winter Harbor N. R. S.	2
9	Blue Hill Badgers	7
14	Bucksport Legion	5
7	Belfast Merchants	6
9	Bar Harbor Athletics	5
4	Bucksport A. A.	3
7	Maine Freshmen	4
9	Southwest Harbor	3
18	M. C. I.	7
8	Southwest Harbor	7
11	Bar Harbor Athletics	2
7	Bangor A. A.	5

Safe!



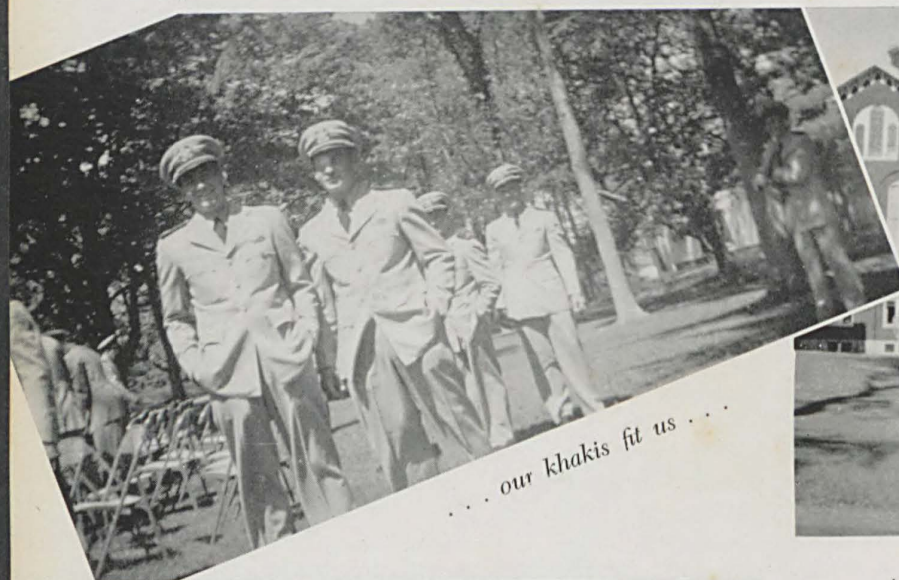


1950 BASEBALL GAMES AND SCORES

M.M.A.	Opponents	
17	Washington State Normal School	3
16	Husson College	6
7	Bates College Freshmen	3
10	Husson College	11
6	Higgins Classical Institute	1
10	Northeastern Business College	9
12	Ricker College	4
12	Maine Central Institute	6
13	Higgins Classical Institute	0
8	Ricker Junior College	17
18	Aroostook State Normal School	8
4	Maine Freshmen	2
25	Winter Harbor Naval Station	8
18	Maine Central Institute	3
4	Northeastern Business College	8
3	Belfast Merchants	8
2	Bangor Athletic Club	8
4	Southwest Harbor	3
4	Belfast Merchants	13
7	Southwest Harbor	3
6	Bucksport Buckos	15
6	Bar Harbor A. A.	12
4	Bar Harbor A. A.	2
8	Blue Hill Badgers	6
6	Blue Hill Badgers	5
3	Castine A. A.	3



once upon a time



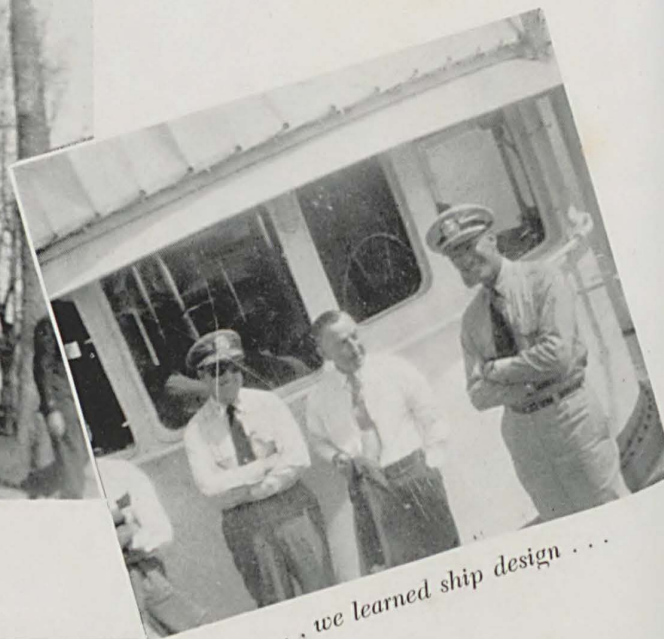
... our khakis fit us ...



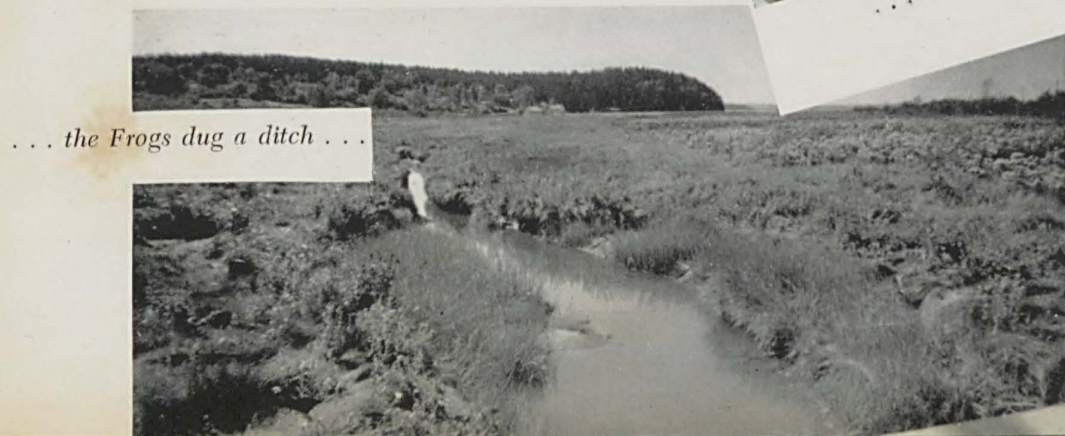
... Challis called the cadence ...



... We were ALL mugs ...

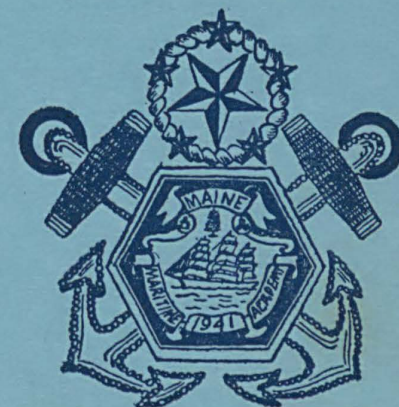


... we learned ship design ...



... the Frogs dug a ditch ...

activities

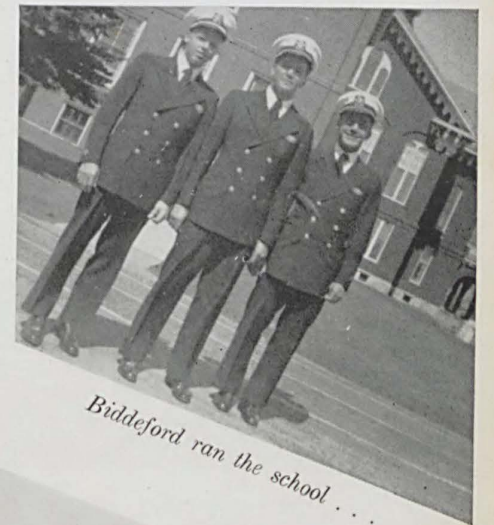


THE DRILL SQUAD WILL MUSTER
AS A SEPARATE UNIT . . . THE
HALLOWEEN DANCE WILL BE
HELD ON . . . E-1 WILL PLAY D-1
IN THE FORT AT 1800 . . . FIRST
CALL TO MUSTER . . . TO THE
REAR MARCH! . . . THE DANCE
COMMITTEE WILL MEET IN THE
O. D.'S QUARTERS . . .

once upon a time . . .



He didn't have ANY stripes



Biddeford ran the school . . .



Orkins and Norbert were there . . .



Pelley led the pack . . .



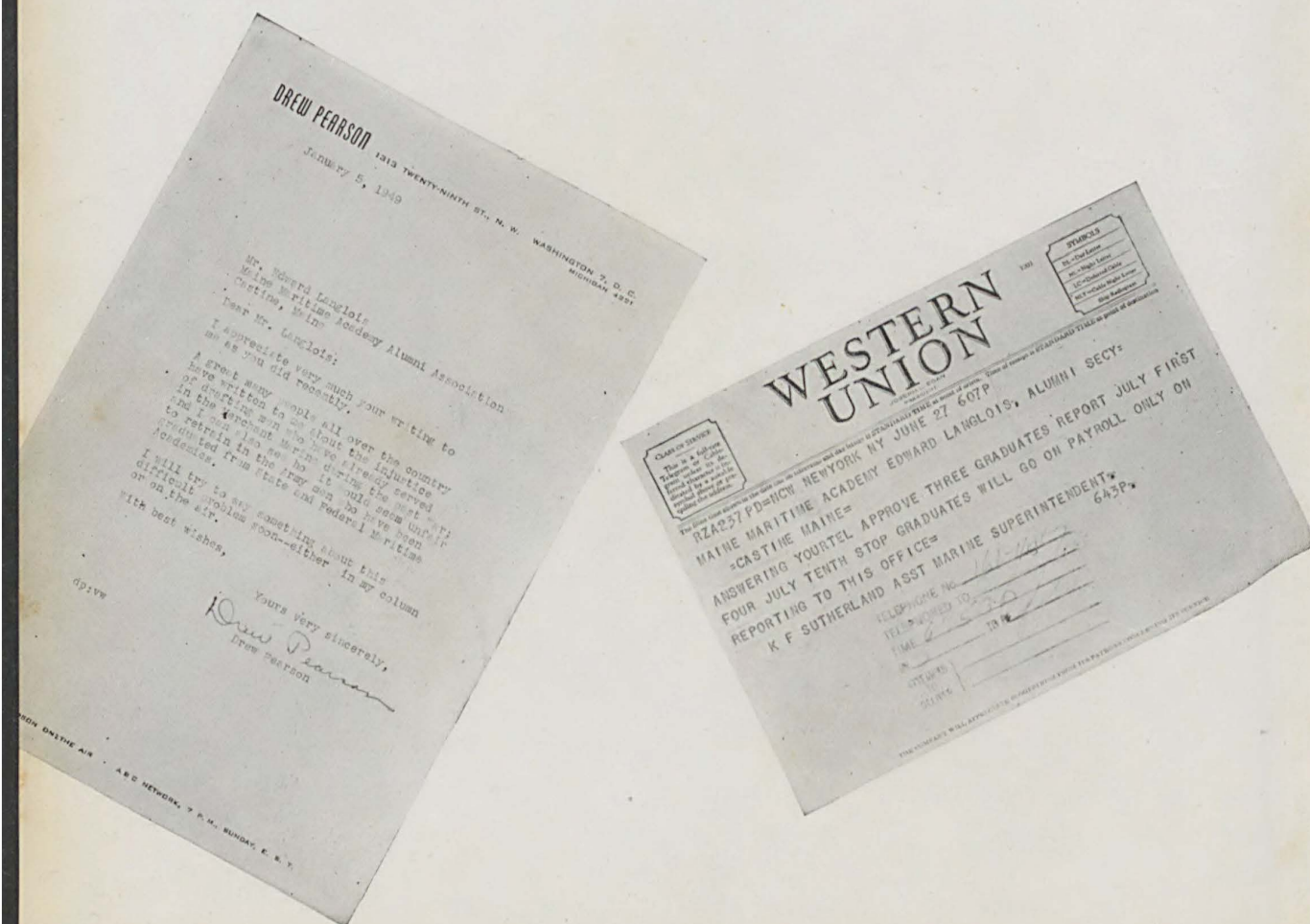
we got our proofs . . .



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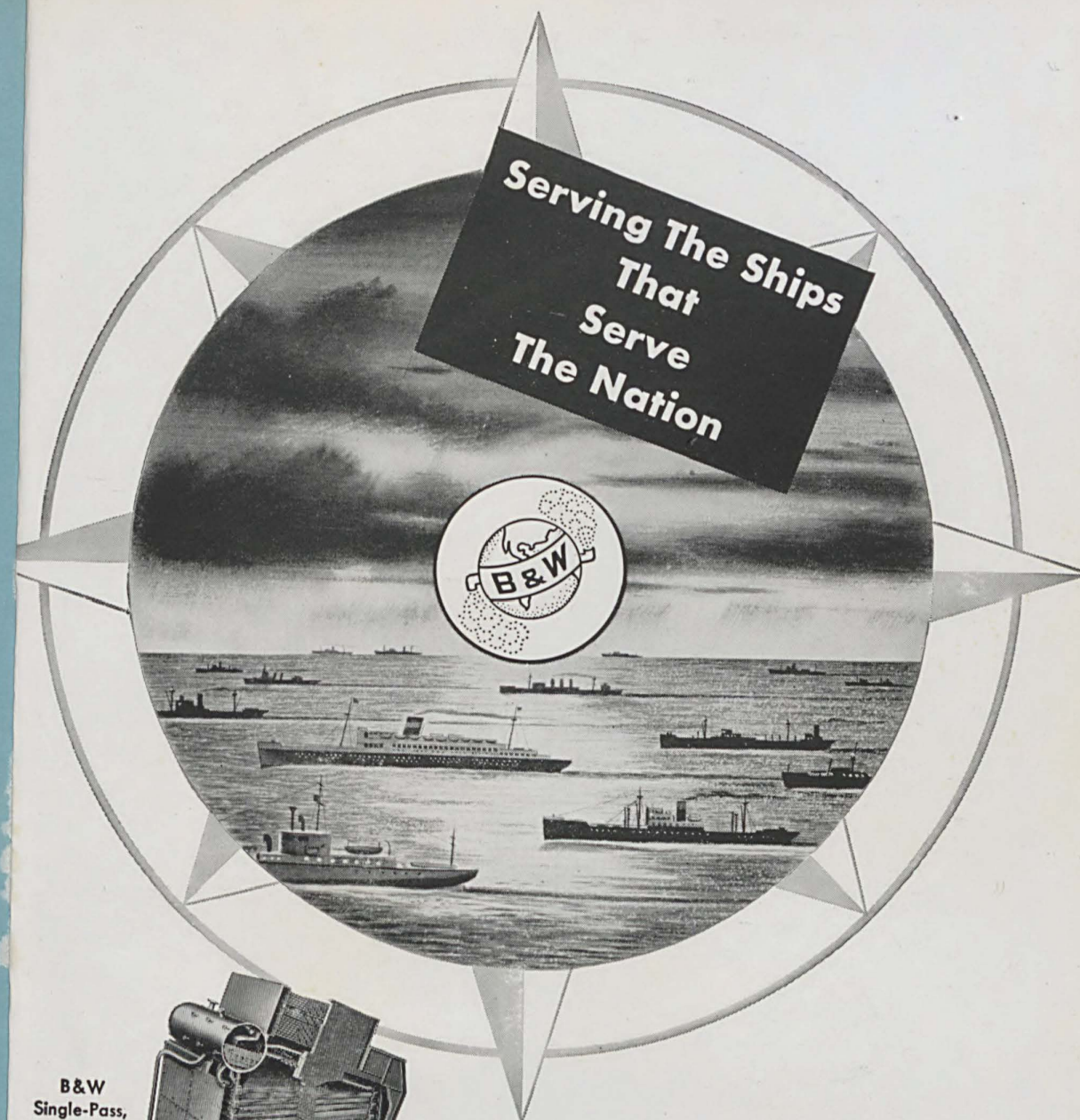


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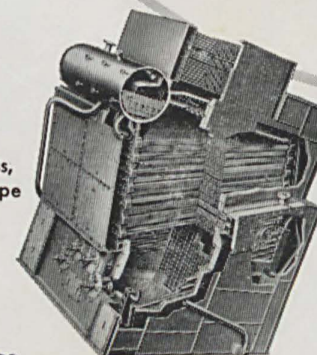


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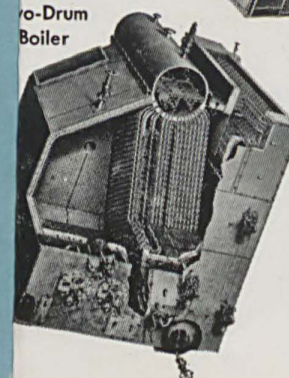


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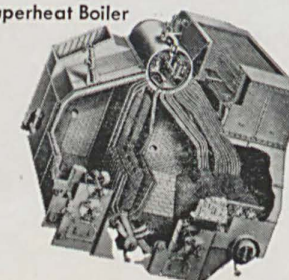
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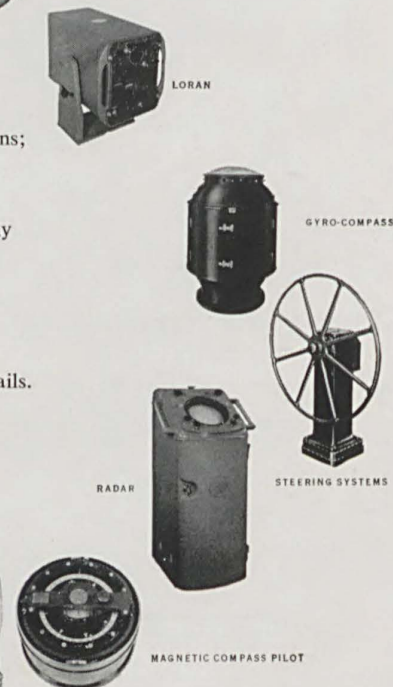
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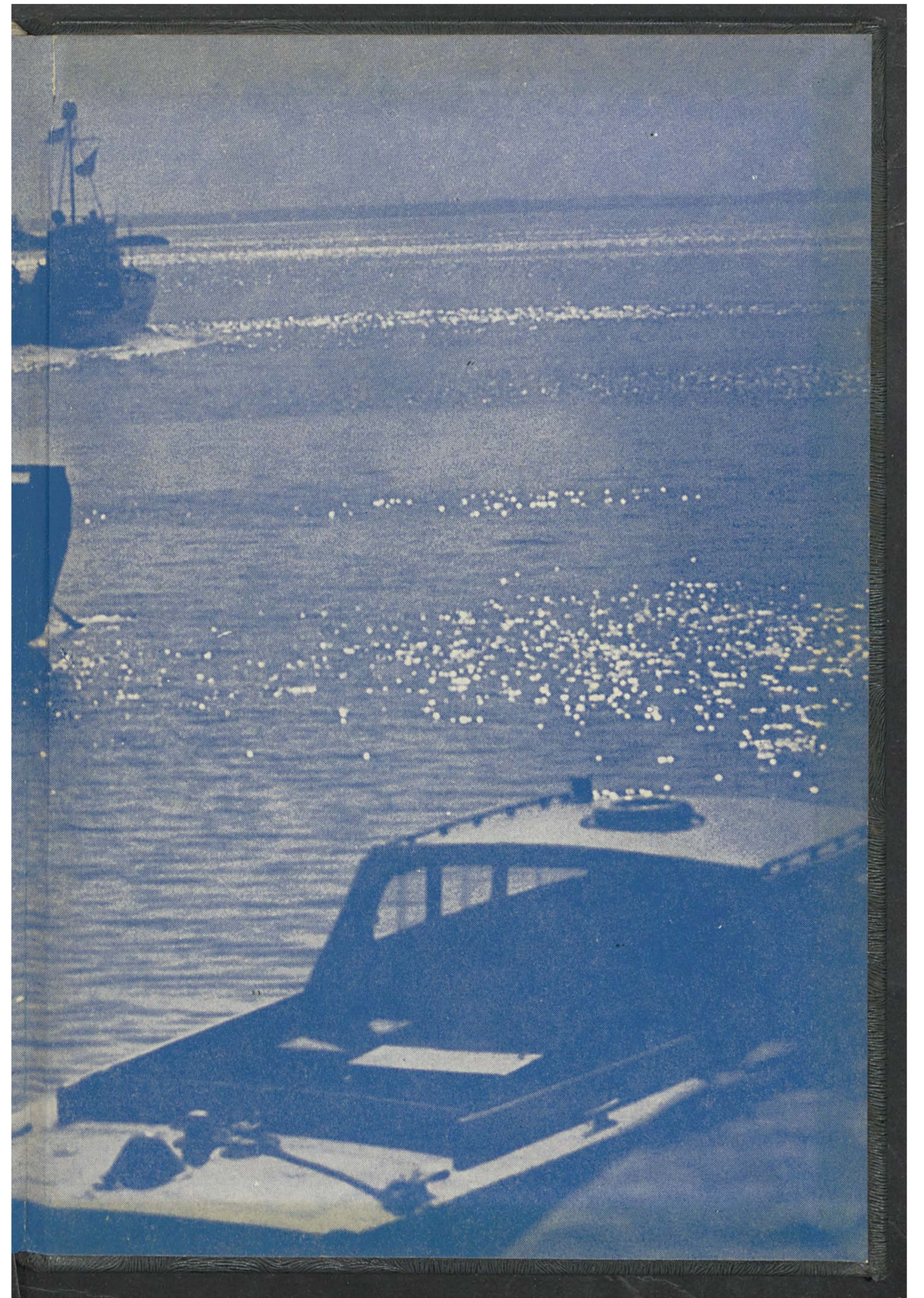
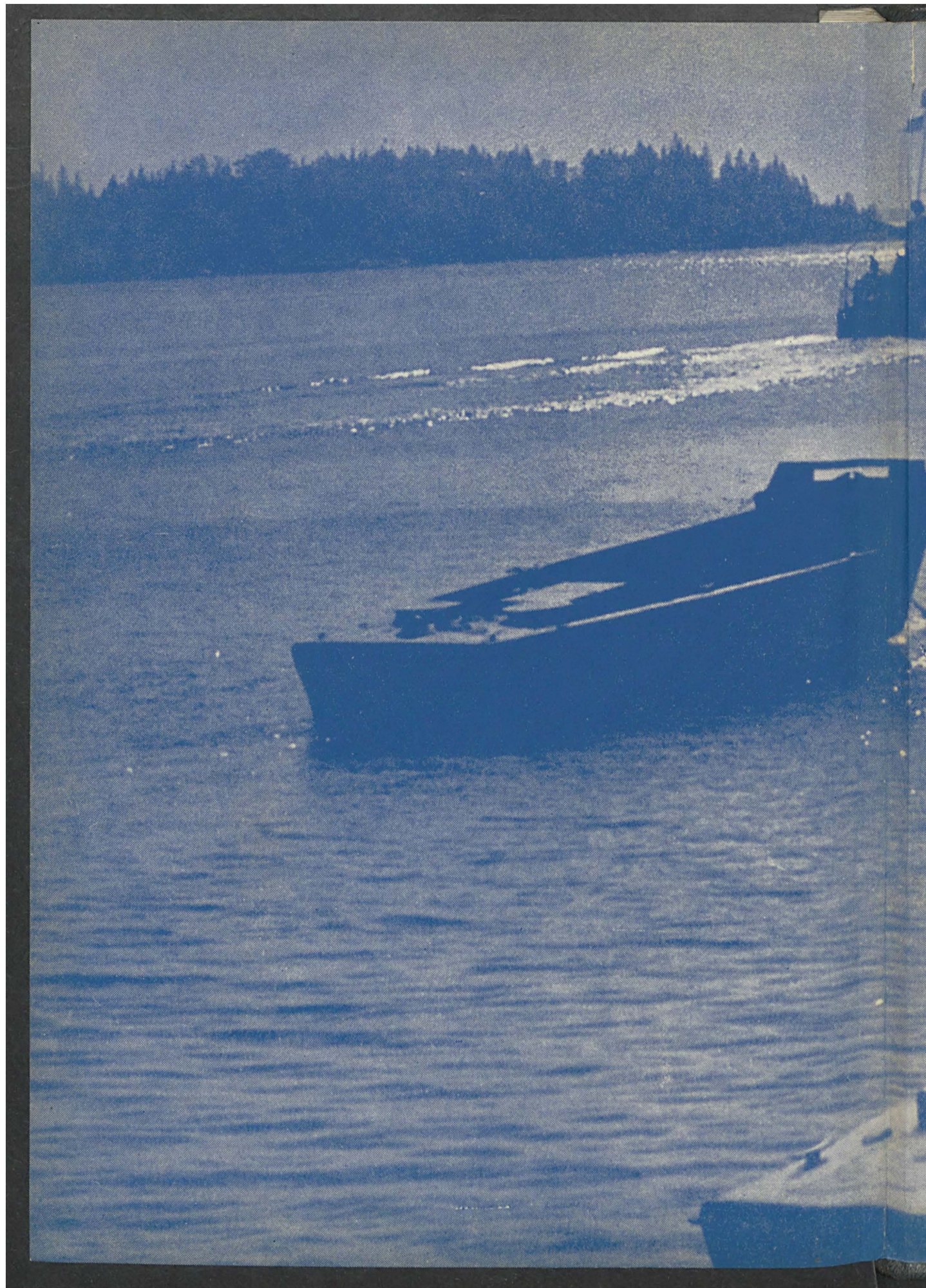
BUCKSPORT, MAINE

We, the Graduating Class of
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this chronology of our life at
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Harry's Cafe	Bangor, Maine
I. G. A. Stores	Portland, Maine
Lafayette Hotel	Portland, Maine
Loring, Short and Harmon	Portland, Maine
Thomas Laughlin Co.	Portland, Maine
Twitchell-Champlin Co.	Portland, Maine
Viner's Music Co.	Bangor, Maine





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