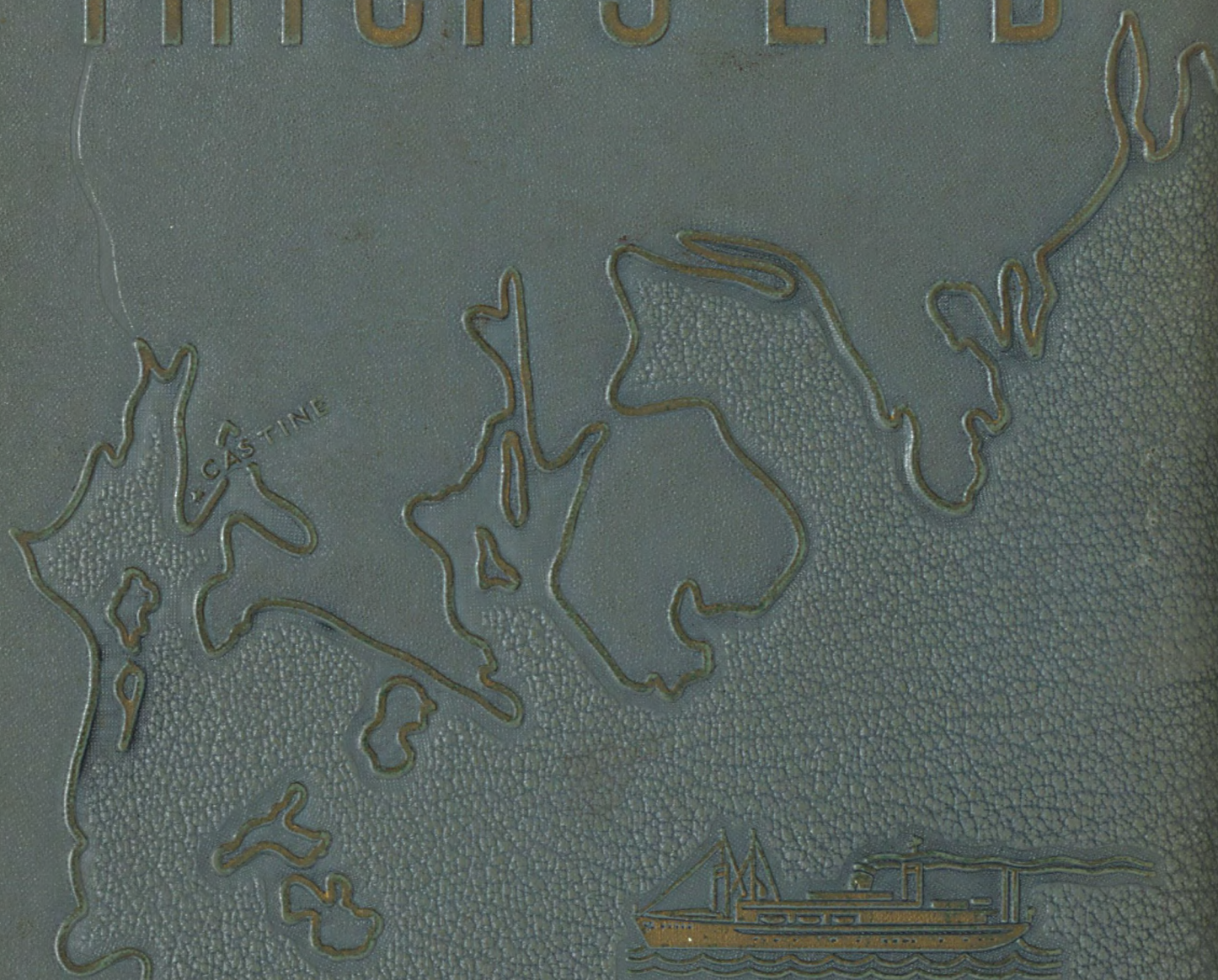


# TRICK'S END



1954

The Prayer of  
Almighty Father, whose way  
in the great waters, whose command  
faileth: Let me be aware of Thy  
Keep me true to my best self,  
in purpose and in deed, and help  
unashamed and unafraid before my  
Protect those in whose love I live.  
a man and to accept my share of respon-  
a cheerful mind. Make me faithful  
traditions of the Service of which I  
make me strong to resist; if I should  
again. Guide me with the light of  
Him by whose example and help I trust  
Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

of a Midshipman  
way is in the sea and whose paths are  
and is over all and whose love never  
thy presence and obedient to Thy will.  
guarding me against dishonesty in  
helping me so to live that I can stand  
my shipmates, my loved ones, and Thee.  
Give me the will to do the work of  
responsibilities with a strong heart and  
to my duties and mindful of the  
I am a part. If I am tempted,  
I miss the mark, give me courage to try  
truth and keep before me the life of  
to obtain the answer to my prayer.



**EDWARD W. DROHAN**  
Editor-in-chief

**WESLEY A. HOCH**  
Business Manager

**ERNEST G. EATON**  
Assistant Editor



**MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY**  
CASTINE, MAINE



TRICK'S END

1954

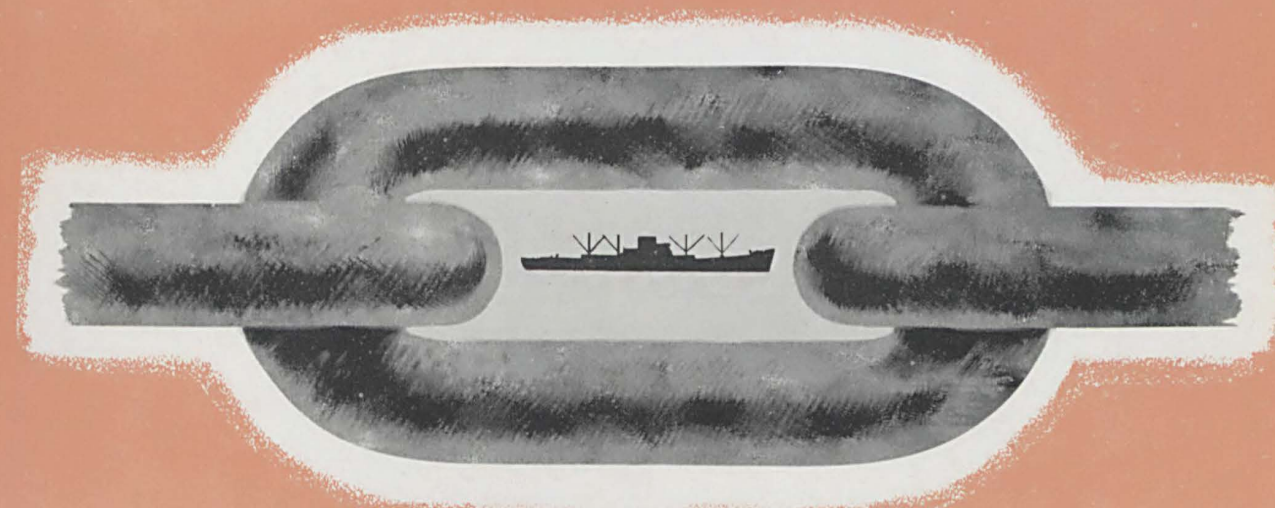
The Log Book of the Graduating Class



**A**CTA NON VERBA—deeds not words, our motto,  
our challenge and our trust. As graduates, and  
officers of this Nations mighty merchant fleet, touching countless  
ports in every land we are entrusted with the task of being  
to all the world democracy's ambassadors.

In war, the means to victory; in peace, the means  
to abundant life. Carrying on the highest traditions of selfless devotion  
to duty, the United States Merchant Marine stands in the service  
of our nation and the world.

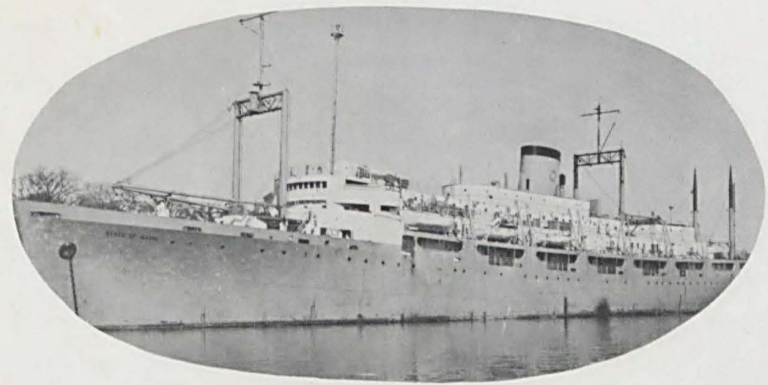
## THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE



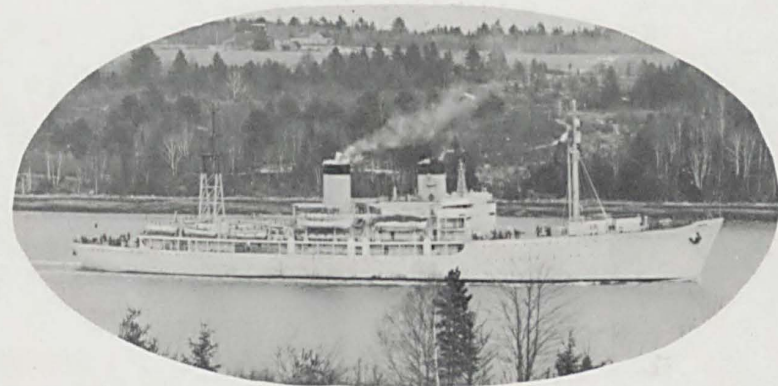
### A LINK BETWEEN NATIONS

**O**UT of the trials and turmoil, chaos and social upheaval  
through which our world has passed in the last two  
decades has emerged this indisputable truth— the world is one and its  
people one. The fate of each nation is the fate of the world, each  
people's adversity, the adversity of humanity. The chain of interdependence  
links us in a common bond.

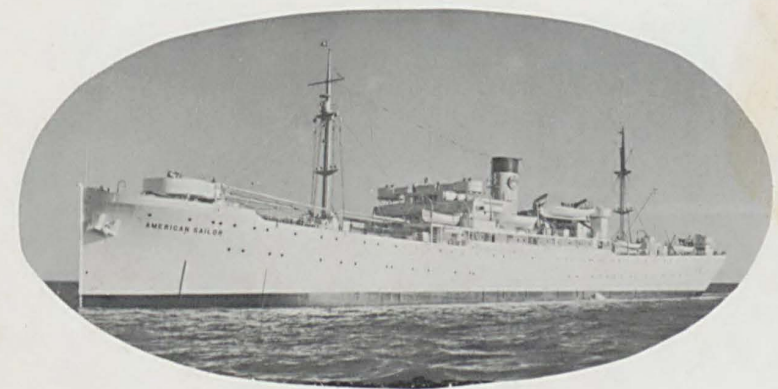
The American Merchant Marine is the strongest link in this  
interglobal chain. It is to all the world a concrete manifestation of our faith in  
the future of international trade and through such trade, the  
future of the world. The rust of apathy must not attack this link,  
for on its vitality rests, quite simply, world peace.



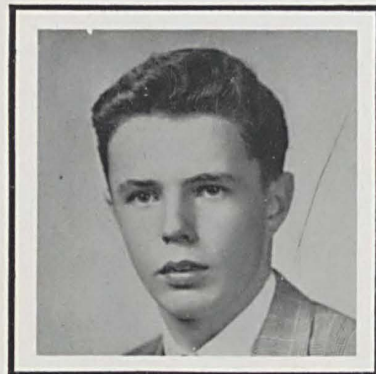
1954: TV "State of Maine"



1953: TV "Empire State"



1952: TV "American Sailor"



PHILIP J. FOX  
Braintree, Mass.



ARNOLD W. STINSON  
Cape Porpoise, Maine



JAMES F. INGRAHAM  
Augusta, Maine

# Dedication



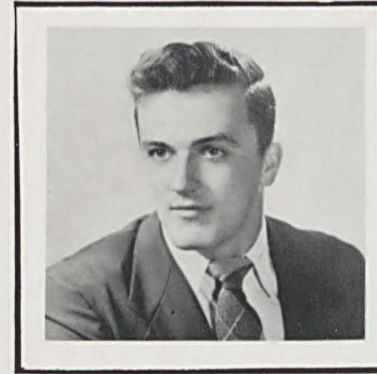
"PHIL"



"RUBE"



"JIM"



ROBERT J. O'BRIEN  
Rochester, N. H.



LEROY B. MCINTOSH  
Houlton, Maine



PAUL P. SULIDES  
Rockland, Maine

"Phil, Rube, Jim, Nick, Mac, Paul"  
*To live in hearts you leave behind,  
Is not to die.*



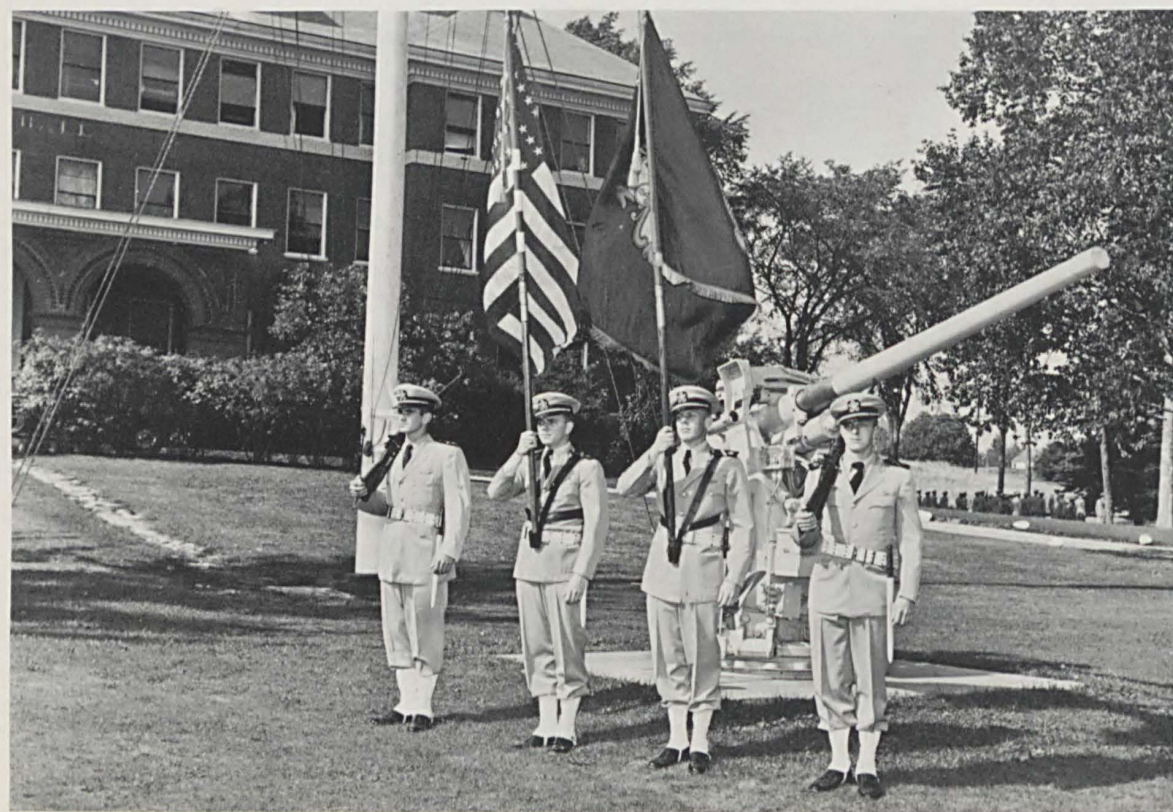
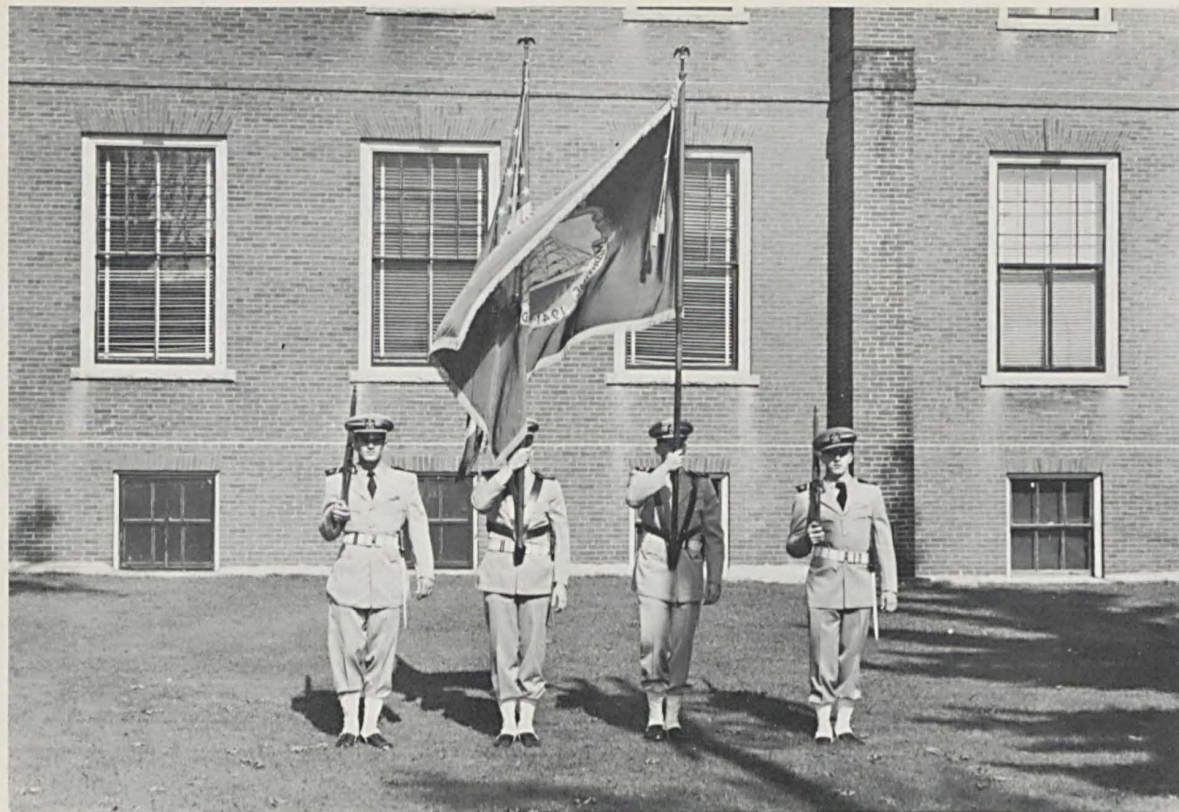
"NICK"



"MAC"



"PAUL"



*Administration*



BURTON M. CROSS



BURTON M. CROSS  
GOVERNOR

STATE OF MAINE  
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR  
AUGUSTA

September 25, 1953

To the Graduating Class of 1954  
Maine Maritime Academy  
Castine, Maine

May I, as your Governor and in behalf of the citizens of the State of Maine, congratulate you on your having attained your ambition to graduate as Officers in the Merchant Marine.

I envy the opportunity that is yours of opening page one of the book of life. You have many years of useful effort ahead of you. Let me urge you to make the most of it, and to contribute to your town, your state and your nation to the fullest measure of your responsibilities.

The State of Maine has a proud record of "The men who have gone down to the sea in ships." The Maine Maritime Academy is one of the media of continuing that fine tradition.

May the Class of 1954 uphold the traditions of the past, and keep its eyes firmly fixed on the future.

Sincerely,

EMC:ilw

BURTON M. CROSS



WILLIAM W. WARLICK  
Rear Admiral USN, (Ret.)  
SUPERINTENDENT



GEORGE L. ROSCOE  
Captain USMS  
EXECUTIVE OFFICER



CLARE J. HERBERT  
Lieut. Col. USAF Reserve  
Finance Officer



JOHN M. HOCTOR  
Lieut. USNR  
Registrar  
Athletic Director

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RALPH A. LEAVITT



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Head of Nautical Science  
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Rules and Regulations  
Cargo

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Lieut. USNR  
Commissioned Battalion Officer  
Maritime Economics



ROBERT BERGERON  
Lieut. USMS  
Seamanship  
Naval Architecture  
Communications

## Engineering



WILLIAM M. JEWETT  
Lieut. Cdr. USMS  
Head of Engineering Department  
Electricity  
Refrigeration  
Deisels



J. KENNETH REARDON  
Commander USMS  
Chief Engineer Training Ship



PAUL A. STEARNS  
Lieut. Cdr. USMS  
Head of Steam Lab  
Steam Engineering  
Auxiliaries

## Department



A. EDWARD LANGLOIS JR.  
Lieut. USMS  
Steam Engineering  
Placement Director  
Public Relations Director



PALMER B. PEARSON  
Lieut. (j.g.) USMS  
Steam Engineering  
Auxiliaries



OLNEY M. GRINDALL  
Lieut. USMS  
Machine Shop



## *Academic*

ARTHUR S. FAIRLEY  
Commander USNR  
Head of Academic Department  
Physics  
Astronomy  
Meteorology



HARRISON E. SMALL  
Lieut. Cdr. USMS  
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History  
Recreation Chairman

## *Department*



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Lieut. USMS  
Mathematics



KENNETH M. BROWN  
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Spanish  
Ass't. Athletic Director



JOSEPH STEGLIK  
Lieut. Cdr. USN  
Head of Naval Science



JAMES B. DAVIS  
Lieut. USN  
Ass't Head of Naval Science



LEO A. McINTOSH  
Lieut. USN  
Naval Science Instructor

## Naval Science

## Department



ROBERT M. STEVENS  
Chief Firecontrolman USN  
Armory  
Naval History



ROBERT I. VOGEL  
Chief Gunner's Mate USN  
Armory  
Naval Ordnance



FREDERICK W. WADE  
P. O. 1st Class USN  
Yeoman



ROBERT L. THOMPSON, CWO, USN (Ret.)  
Sick Bay  
First Aid



RODERICK McLEOD  
Chief Steward



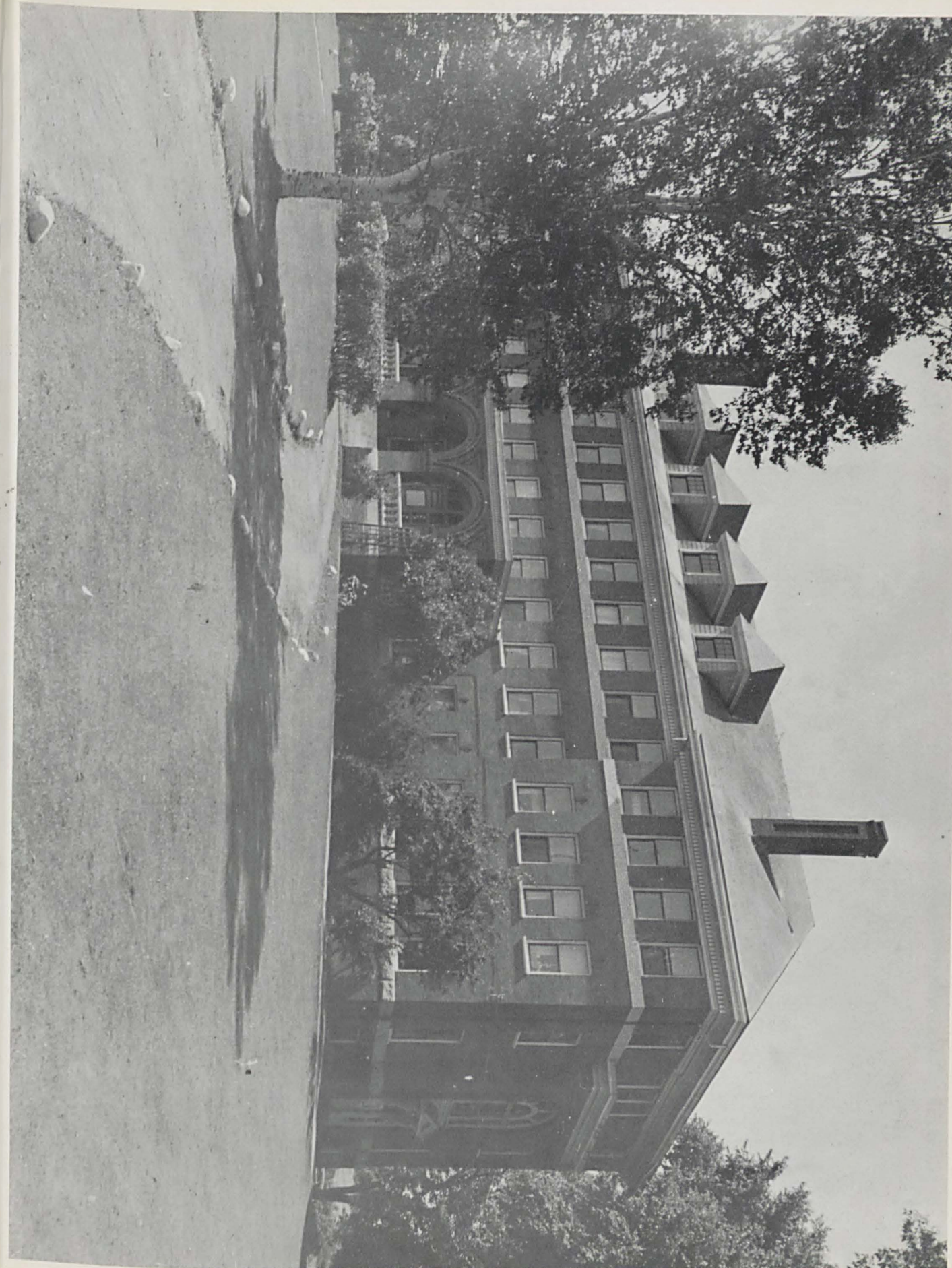
Bill and Bos\*



Bud Mayo



Ben Dunbar





*Graduates*

# Senior Directory

ADAM, JOHN W., III  
ADAMS, WALTER I.  
BEATON, DONALD F.  
BENNETT, ALBERT B., JR.  
BRAWN, NORMAN E.  
BRENNAN, JAMES P.  
CAPEN, LAURENCE E.  
CROWLEY, JOHN P., JR.  
DOUGHTY, CHARLES B.  
DROHAN, EDWARD W., JR.  
EATON, ERNEST G.  
ELLIS, HERSCHEL S., JR.  
FALES, CHARLES L., JR.  
GRAHAM, ROBERT F.  
GRAHAM, SIDNEY R.  
GUAY, MERLE D.  
GUINEY, PHILIP D.  
HALL, PETER B.  
HOCH, WESLEY A.  
HUGHES, ERNEST J.  
HUGHES, EUGENE E.  
KEITH, JOHN D.  
KILLAM, CHARLES S.  
KIMBOROWICZ, FREDERICK  
LAITE, PARKER S.  
LAMOREAU, FRED L., JR.  
LANDRY, HOWARD J.  
LANGELIER, WILFRED E., JR.  
MacFADDEN, DAVID P.  
MACOMBER, WILLIAM F.  
MAYO, FRANCIS W.  
McEACHARN, ROSCOE P., JR.  
McMANUS, DONALD G.  
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MORSE, RUSSELL A.  
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REED, SULLIVAN W.  
ROSS, JOHN M.  
SAWYER, JOHN V., II  
SEILE, RAYMOND W. J.  
SMALLIDGE, JOHN I.  
SPEAR, JOHN R.  
STACY, ROBERT E.  
STANFORD, STANLEY A.  
THOMAS, ROBERT L.  
TRASK, ACE F.  
TREMBLE, RICHARD  
WARD, JAMES E., JR.  
WIBBY, JOHN H., JR.  
ZUK, CARL

55 Everett St., Natick, Mass.  
Limewood Ave., Branford, Connecticut  
58 Western Ave., Bath, Maine  
39 Elm St., Camden, Maine  
63 East Front St., Skowhegan, Maine  
49 Oak St., Dover, N. H.  
466 South Main St., Old Town, Maine  
11 Longwood Ave., Old Orchard Beach, Maine  
Vinalhaven, Maine  
6 Fenwick Rd., Winchester, Mass.  
Chandler Rd., White River Junction, Vermont  
Canton, Maine  
15 West St., Fairfield, Maine  
75 Ledgeawn Ave., Bar Harbor, Maine  
333 Penobscot Ave., Millinocket, Maine  
100 Veazie St., Old Town, Maine  
39 Winter St., Saco, Maine  
25 Rose Ave., Marblehead, Mass.  
R.F.D. #1, Rockland, Maine  
11 Turner St., Presque Isle, Maine  
79 Charles St., Rochester, N. H.  
44 Cedar St., Presque Isle, Maine  
1 Sherburne St., Springvale, Maine  
183 Concord St., Lowell, Mass.  
8 Mountain St., Camden, Maine  
33 Bennoch Rd., Orono, Maine  
159 Chamberlain St., Brewer, Maine  
194 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Maine  
Greenville, Maine  
Castine, Maine  
107 Main St., Springvale, Maine  
Woodland, Maine  
40 Park St., Dexter, Maine  
248 Hamilton Ave., Stamford, Connecticut  
29 Dudley St., Presque Isle, Maine  
77 Union Ave., Old Orchard Beach, Maine  
Church St., Winchester, Mass.  
20 Katahdin St., Bangor, Maine  
49 Beckett St., Portland, Maine  
290 Madison Ave., New Milford, N. J.  
93 Broad St., Auburn, Maine  
East R. I. Blvd, Portsmouth, R. I.  
10 Union St., Livermore Falls, Maine  
36 Pier St., Bangor, Maine  
5118 Milam St., Dallas, Texas  
1540 Washington St., Bath, Maine  
87 Clinton Ave., Winslow, Maine  
Owl's Head, Maine  
96 Grove St., Bangor, Maine  
Jonesport, Maine  
R.F.D. #1, Guilford, Maine  
Northeast Harbor, Maine  
198 Main St., Bar Harbor, Maine  
21 Oak Terrace, Kittery, Maine  
6 Endicott St., Peabody, Mass.  
275 D. W. Highway, Boscawen, N. H.  
16 Westview Rd., Cape Elizabeth, Maine  
101 Chamberlain St., Brewer, Maine  
44 Greenleaf St., Portland, Maine  
161 - 14th St., Bangor, Maine  
18 Wilson St., Biddeford, Maine

## MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY CASTINE, MAINE



31 July 1954

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

### A FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF 1954:

The Academy bids farewell to the Class of 1954 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 training ships will prove most valuable to you in your future duties at sea. This experience and 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. The exercise of leadership is a skill and must be developed by practice. Therefore, take every opportunity to improve your capacity for, and your skill in leadership.

You are the fifth class to graduate from this Academy which has completed three full years of training, and which has received an academic degree. The proof of the superior training you have thus received is yet to be demonstrated. The eyes of our Alumni, the Maritime industry, and the people of our State are upon you watching for that demonstration.

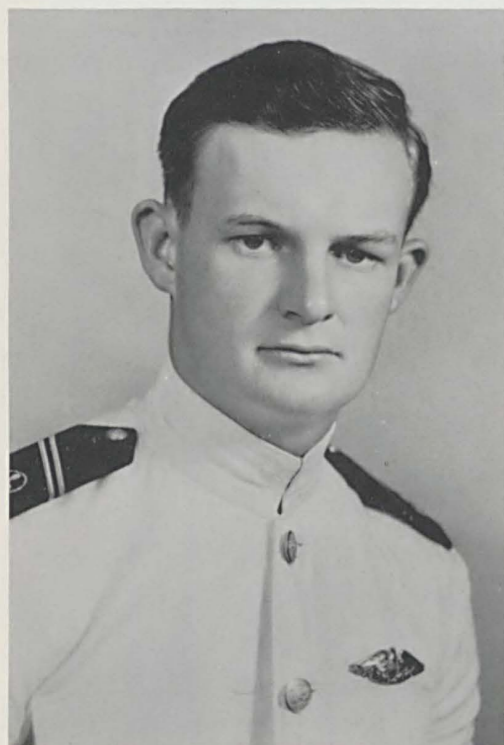
Those of us who know you have confidence in your courage and ability to meet this test, and to earn success and happiness despite the obstacles which are sure to beset you. Our best wishes go with you.

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

WWW/ip



ACTIVITIES: Football (manager)  
Running Boat Eng.  
Propeller Club



JOHN W. ADAM III  
Natick, Massachusetts

Anyone venturing into club 23 during "Easy One" study periods were greeted by a gracious contralto and smothered in smoke. The contralto belonged to Mr. J. W. Adam three, the man behind the scenes in M M A's football wars. You know----the best logistics man in Maine athletic circles. Natick's own has indicated that responsibility is his cup of tea and very few jobs would be too much for him. As the wizard of the running boats John was very often the key to our Sunday afternoon pleasure. Somehow he always had a can of lighter fluid ready at hand and those Gray deisels were a problem no more. J. W.'s talents were appreciated as they were on the gridiron.

We'll remember John for his constant friendliness and clean cut ways. We leave him with the hope that he's profited from his 3 years with Maine and the Moose. Good Luck J. W.



ACTIVITIES: Glee Club  
Intramural Sports  
Tennis

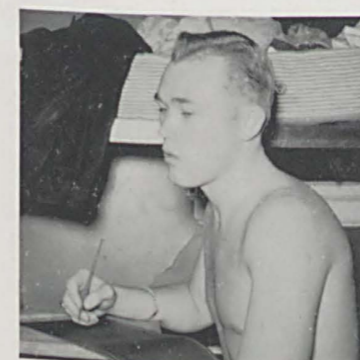


Walt is the other half of the popular Room 33 duo you've watched on the tennis court for three years. Remember how we pondered their reasons for such an ardent attraction to tennis? They'll claim relaxation but we've inclined to suspect otherwise. Walt is the proud possessor of the booming baritone that shook the walls of MMA seven days a week. He's one reason why many of us didn't bother with radios. "Basket" is an astute engineer who spent much of his time guiding his classmates through one tough problem or another.

We're grateful for his consistent "What can I do for you?" Connecticut's gift to the maritime industry was an avid sports enthusiast who was always a welcome addition to our baseball, basketball, and football brawls when he wasn't occupied repairing typewriters. We'll remember his unassuming affability fully as long as his booming baritone and copious posterior. Best of luck in the years ahead, Walt.



WALTER I. ADAMS  
Branford, Connecticut





ACTIVITIES: Football  
Platoon Leader  
Glee Club  
Rifle Club



DONALD BEATON  
Bath, Maine

From the prominent town of Bath came one of the prominent members of our community. Even as long ago as three years the imposing Mr. Beaton created quite an impression. In this case, at least, a first impression is a lasting one, judging from Don's status as B-1 platoon leader. One of those rare naturals on the athletic field, Don confined his prowess to the grid-iron but his track experience must have proved handy in that 82 yard gallop at Bowdoin two years ago.

Don's success in any company is well deserved considering his appealing versatility. The ability to transform from rogue to gentleman instantly holds him in good stead with all hands. Don hopes that few will recall that wee morning hour when the COOD was abruptly awakened to find that dreams do come true. Bet Don is the only guy in the Academy ever to use a bed warmer in the middle of July. If jobs become scarce we'd not be surprised to find Mr. Beaton as a ladies' pool lifeguard or Mr. America contestant. Easy does it, Don.

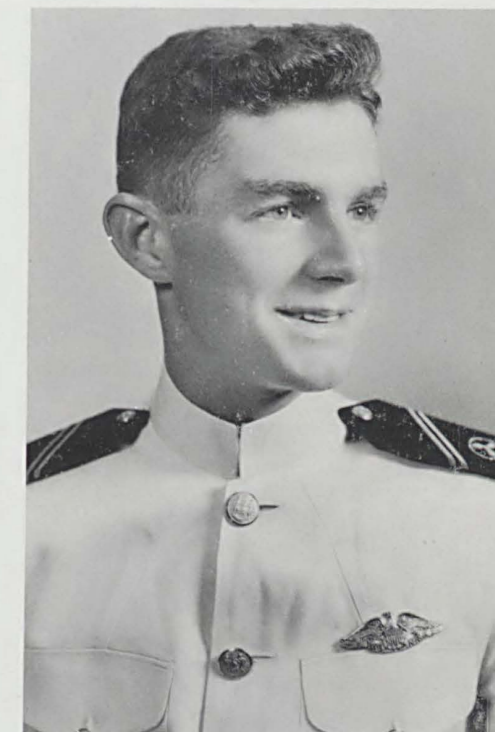


ACTIVITIES: Baseball  
Band  
Propeller Club  
Basketball



From the quiet and peaceful town of Camden came the quiet and peaceful scholar, athlete, and gentleman we know as the reverend Mr. "B". Al is "versatility '54" having distinguished himself in a variety of the usual undergraduate activities. His serious, earnest application to the call of duty was the envy of all his horizontal pals up on "A" deck. Perhaps Ben's finest trait is a knack of getting along with people. He was liked by all and we came to depend on him for many things.

On the mound in the good ole summertime Al's deceptive delivery contributed in no small measure to any baseball successes we enjoyed. He was equally adept on the basketball court which qualified him as one of Pancho's favorite Middies. As a student Ben was consistently one of our top kickers, always in the select top five. His helping hand was appreciated at many of our dances, dinners, shows etc. In short we're glad to have had Al Bennett in class of '54.

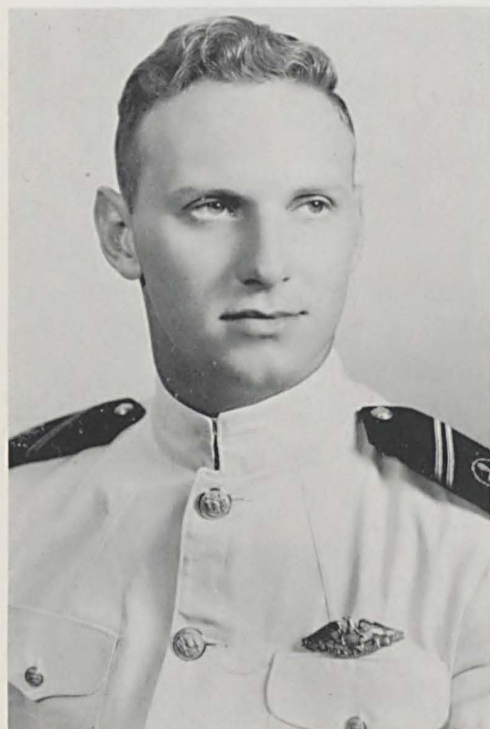


ALBERT B. BENNETT JR.  
Camden, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Band  
Orchestra  
CPO  
Football



NORMAN E. BRAWN  
Skowhegan, Maine

Norm is one of room 34's formidable four and is as close to the typical stalwart engineer as you can get. If they needed a man to harass the foe from the rear during the "A" deck riots it would usually be Norm who was always a deciding factor in those tumults. Together with Cohort Moose Morris he ruled the roost from 34's upper left.

Norm gained prominence in his second year when performing on the local gridiron. Injuries kept him from reaching his old high school brilliance but he showed great form in the tailback slot when able to play. Norm's prowess with a clarinet made him second in command of Maine's best band. He reacted graciously to the honor and the band organization was never better.

Mr. Brawn's torose presence will be missed on "A" deck in the days to come and his quiet, unobtrusive disposition will be missed throughout the school. Here's luck, Norm.



ACTIVITIES: Football  
Intramural Sports  
Smokers  
J. V. Basketball



Jim, the happy-go-lucky man of our class, is probably one of the most colorful characters to pass through MMA.

Known in a personal manner as Moose for reasons apparent in his physique he's easily one of the more widely liked men in the class. Moreover, the Moose was more than popular. He was prominent. No one was more influential at class conferences and few played the part that Jim did in determining class policy of the myriad problems we had to face as a group. He utilized the proverbial luck of the Irish in many tough situations that he had to face alone.

Moose flashed some of his all-New-Hampshire form in front of the Hoc and was promptly granted a varsity job. They found they could use him in basketball too.

Yes, Jim proved a valuable man to the class of "54". His thoroughly agreeable personality and contagious nonchalance will come particularly easy in our memory of the Castine years.



JAMES P. BRENNAN  
Dover, N. H.





ACTIVITIES: Football  
Baseball  
M Club

Basketball  
Kadet Kapers



HENRY BROPHY  
Fairfield, Maine

Henry David is the last of the Fairfield Brophys to grace our hallowed halls. Well-known in athletic circles throughout the state, he has more press clippings than Ted Williams. Henry's flagrant aversion to textbooks did not stop him from becoming one of our better practical engineers. A hard worker and a man of considerable endurance, he could well be titled Mr. Maintenance of Easy Three.

The Broph is blessed with the kind of personality and disposition that everybody likes. He parlayed this with a natural aggressiveness and became one of our more prominent behind-the-scenes political powers. He crusaded very effectively to let the seniors live like seniors. Broph's easy humor, storied love life, and colorful diction will be hard to forget. He hardly needs the luck we wish him.



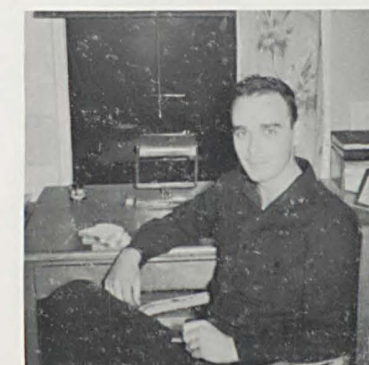
ACTIVITIES: Drill Squad  
Tennis  
Glee Club  
Intramural Sports



One of Old Town's many contributions to MMA is the moribund Mr. Capen. If you were looking for Larry you'd probably find him experimenting with a new hair restoring formula or plunged deep into the creative frenzy of his poetry. "Al" is a very able engineer who breezed through classes and the long, tedious afternoons at the dock with quiet application and easy proficiency. Larry's a reserved, affable guy with little temper and less temperance. His winning smile was at its best when he flexed his muscles before a mirror. From what we hear he must have exploited that smile to the fullest with the fair sex in Old Town. Larry's uncanny, roll 'em-in-the-aisle wit lifted our spirits during the difficult days and caused a near riot nightly down at B deck's fabled "club 31". In three years we came to depend on him. Any engine room will welcome such a guy.



LARRY CAPEN  
Old Town, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Basketball (Co-Capt.)  
M Club  
Laundry King  
Propeller Club



JOHN P. CROWLEY  
Old Orchard Beach, Maine



Jay is one of a long line of Old Orchard athletes to sport the gold and blue for MMA. As one of our big three in basketball, John was instrumental in whatever court successes we enjoyed. His graceful, all-around ability has made him one of the best to play in Castine. Perhaps we'll best remember John for the perpetual smile that always graced his fluid personality. Somehow he mastered that difficult trick of constantly being in good humor, being phased by nothing. Nothing including Sidney, Roscoe, and Murph, and that's going some.

As the guiding force behind the ship's laundry aboard the SS Pine Tree, Jay lent himself unsparingly to the cause of keeping buttons on khaki shirts. The Crowley touch was most evident, as he attacked the job with characteristic vitality. John is a qualified engineer in all aspects and should hold his own very easily on the competitive plane. We hope his future associates value his friendship as highly as we do. Good luck, Jay.

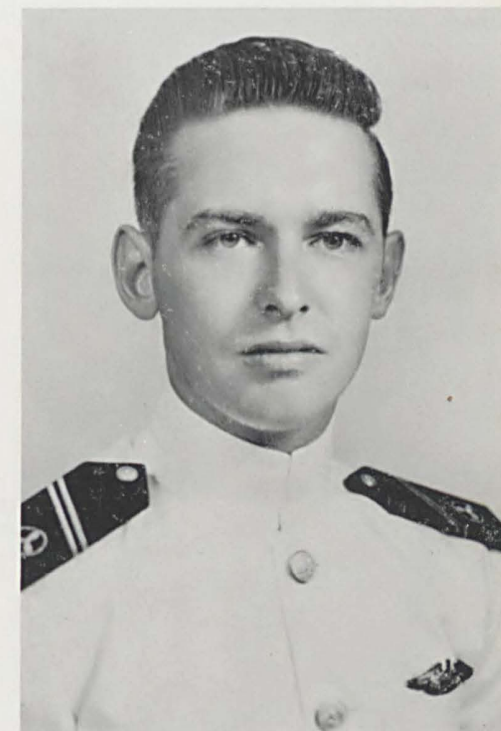


ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



Mark is natural engineer with all the industry and initiative attendant to such. His presence proved very valuable to the plants of the good ships Empire State and State of Maine. As Mr. Pearson's private prodigy on our '54 cruise, Mark picked up many of the little engineering intricacies that escaped so many of us. Whether on the DC heater or in the reefers, Bud had the savior-faire and energy to do a very capable job.

Mark was one of our top Lotharios and could be found on weekends at any of a number of places throughout our fair state taking to the things that middies take to and always with a cute member of the fair sex on his arm. With cohorts Sully and Bobba, Markus was a member of A deck's illustrious room 47 clan. As such he had the opportunity to partake of the many, many laughs that emanated therefrom constantly. His loss, at the end of the road, was a very bitter cup for us to swallow but we doubt if it can stop the indefatigable Mr. C. You have our best, Mark.

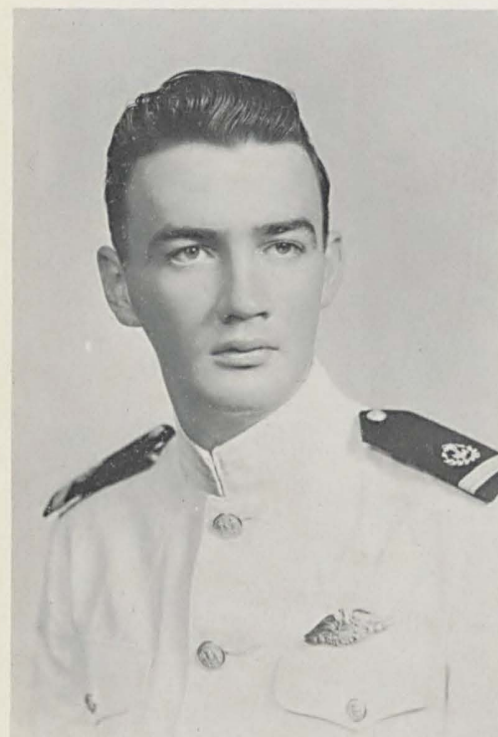


MARK CROWLEY JR.  
Orr's Island, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Editor-in-Chief Trick's End  
Kadet Kapers  
Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



EDWARD W. DROHAN JR.  
Winchester, Massachusetts

The source of all arguments from Stability to Santayana can usually be traced to a colorful occupant of room 32. Whether we called him "Octane, Boathook, Guppy, or Doc"--it was all the same guy and he is one of the prominent figures of '54. Ed will probably best be remembered for his valiant, intrepid duel with the Seamanship Dept. and the thousand laughs that stemmed therefrom. By his theory of applied power politics (which consisted largely of playing both ends against the middle) Doc survived his many scrapes with the front office and graduates with respectable class standing. Whether on the flying bridge or at the editor's desk Ed's lightning wit and contagious industry were good things to be exposed to.--As our ranking tanker expert the Doc was kind enough to keep himself constantly available for queries on same. We are indebted to him for this, for the legend he leaves, for the abiding good humor, and for the volume you are now reading. We hope to brush elbows with the Doc again in all the ole familiar places from Castine to Trinidad.

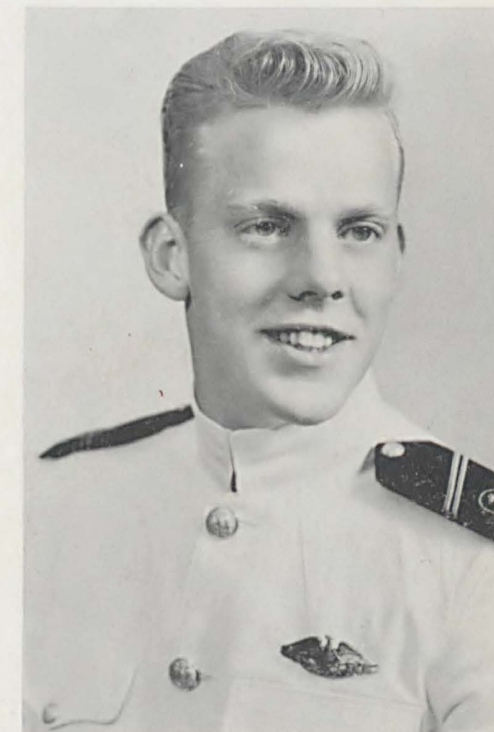


ACTIVITIES: Ass't. Editor Trick's End  
Color Guard  
Intramural Sports



Ernie's proudest achievement to date, he'll claim, is the singular honor of being our only Middie from Vermont. The lambent spirit of the sailor is kindled deep within, however, regardless of his land-locked background. Blessed with initiative and energy, Ern exploited both to their utmost in his quest for knowledge. He holds the succinct distinction of being the only member of Dog One to be found splicing wire at the dock on a free afternoon. He was one of the few people who really enjoyed our weekly excursions to the laboratory and, consequently, graduates a very good seaman.

Weekends would usually find Ernie in Portland relaxing from the strains of Middie existence. While at Castine he never allowed himself to stray very far from the studies, but managed to engage in a number of extra curricular activities. As assistant editor of the volume you are now reading Ern played a large part in making it possible. We hope he succeeds in his ambition to become a shipping executive.

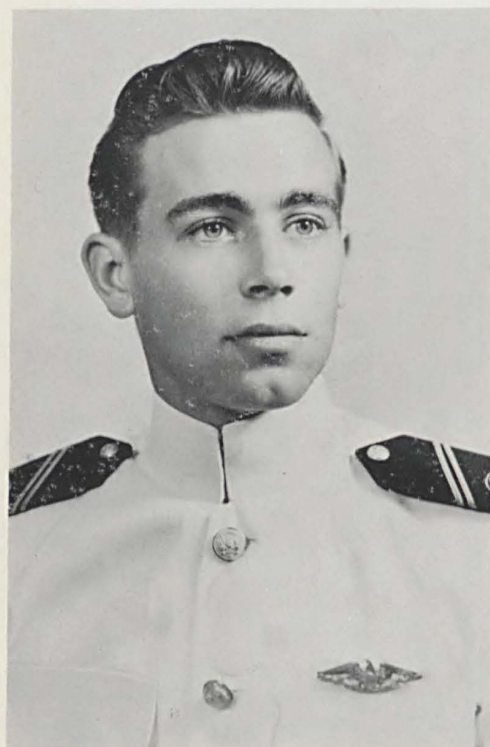


ERNEST G. EATON  
White River Junction, Vermont





ACTIVITIES: Drill Squad  
Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



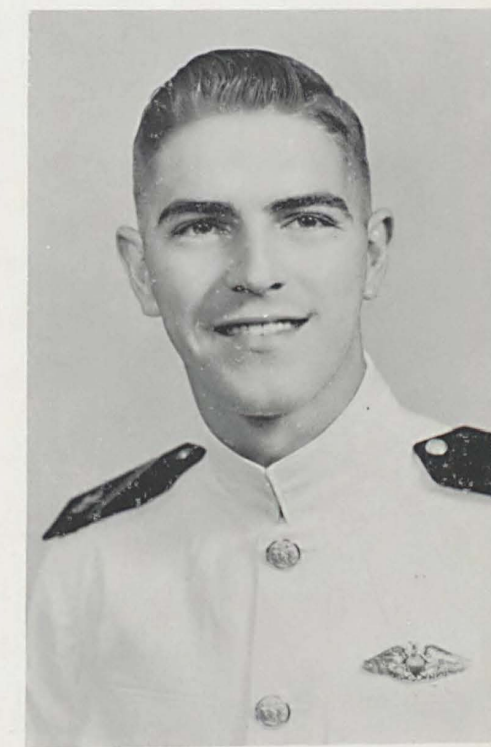
CHARLES B. DOUGHTY  
Vinalhaven, Maine

"C.B." embodies all of Vinalhaven's noble traditions. He's a smiling, diminutive guy, somewhat addicted to the stuff that made Milwaukee famous but nevertheless one of Easy Two's better engineers. Charlie's crisp down-east vernacular and Yankee sense of what's funny and what ain't are his stock in trade and have given him a befitting individuality. He and Stump made room 45 one of the building's best lounges and as such - the scene of most of its riots. Rocko took it from there. Charlie always exhibited better judgement in remaining aloof from the more raucous brawls.

"The Greaser", as he was known to intimates was a good liberty man and more than once a saving force. "C.B." and the "Cape" have weathered some very spirited evenings down South, two of which would have killed a weaker man. Somehow Charlie managed to survive all those glorious liberties and graduates with much engineering know-how upstairs. Any ship will be very glad to get him.



ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Band  
Truck Driver  
Intramural Sports



HERSCHEL S. ELLIS JR.  
Canton, Maine

"Hersh" is probably best known for his intense attraction to baseball. Many were the afternoons when he could be found gracefully zipping the ole pill around out by the tennis court. He was one of our more dependable intramural performers. It seems Sonny, as intimates know him, also had a flair for getting involved in the many pranks and general free-for-alls that broke out every once-in-while on A deck. He often used the nearest thing at hand to beat his opponent, as those who remember the wash plug incident will attest. Hersh's frequent headaches stemmed from his consuming concern for his redoubtable "Merc," which he babied to and from his Canton home on three out of every four weekends. Sonny had that rare and coveted ability to apply himself academically and we're confident he'll put the knowledge he has gained to good use in the days to come.





ACTIVITIES: Baseball (capt.)  
Basketball  
M Club  
Truck Driver



CHARLES FALES  
Fairfield, Maine

One of the last to join our ranks, in the Fall of 1951, Charlie wasted no time making himself known. An athlete deluxe, he captained the '54 baseball team and was easily one of its most spectacular performers. He was the best fielder we saw in three years. The first half of the '54 season saw his big bat leading the club but alas he hit a slump, as all the great ones do. He probably would have sported stars academically but much of his study time went to fulfilling his obligation to the girl back home. He was, nevertheless, a very reliable engineer. "Middie's" leisure hours were divided among such things as truck driving, pool, tennis, & golf. He won other laurels on the basketball court. Remember that graceful flash on the Jay Vees? Charlie's take-it-as-it comes philosophy and genuine sincerity make for a very pleasant disposition. His zest for knowledge and good word for everybody assure him easy success.



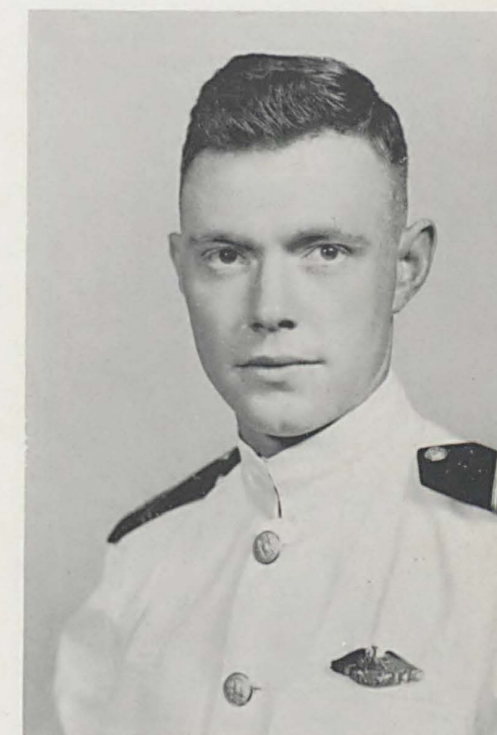
ACTIVITIES: Battalion Yeoman  
Ass't Fire Chief  
Radio Club (Pres.)

Coxswain  
Intramural Sports



Bob is one of these strong, silent guys who enhance any ship's company. One of our most polished seamen, he personifies the great maritime heritage of northeast whence he comes. His quiet, thorough knowledge of marlinspike seamanship has made him an important man at the dock and aboard ship. He was one of the few men we deemed qualified to handle our lines when we were over the side or aloft. That, certainly, is the ultimate affirmation of his nautical dexterity.

In his three years at the Academy Bob traveled the glory road as Yeoman, Chief Petty Officer, and Fire Chief. Constantly on the go, he was the man behind the scenes and could always be counted on to know the latest doings of the front office. He was often our sole means of prognosticating such mysteries as the length of vacation, inspection uniforms, and the Captain's current attitude toward specials. We've come to rely on Bob for a multitude of things and he'll be sorely missed in the days to come.



ROBERT FRAZIER  
Northeast Harbor





ACTIVITIES: A Company Commander  
Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



ROBERT GRAHAM  
Bar Harbor, Maine

Whenever something went wrong during maintenance periods that required a willing and persistent hand, Bob was usually the man. He's an engineer in the finest sense who knows or finds the answers to toughies. "R.F.'s" proficiency as a leader and organizer is firmly established. His A Company functioned smoothly and efficiently with few of the anomalies and complaints that ordinarily plague a company commander. We liked his casual but efficient way of running things.

A sketch of Bar Harbor's pride wouldn't be complete without mentioning his success with the fair sex. In this department he outspared the great Spear. We credit his winning smile plus his brand new Ford. Some fancy tales have come out of Bar Harbor concerning various weekends Bob has put in. It was just a case of utilizing opportunities. Not all of us live in the East coast's best resort town. We wish the boy best of luck. His personality and very practical engineering knowhow will make him a valuable addition to any ship's plant.



ACTIVITIES: Basketball (co-capt.)  
Baseball  
Propeller Club



Sid is a member of the illustrious Room 36 fraternity. Sid first came into prominence during our mugg year with his fabulous mid-court sets at Quick gymnasium. He went on to become one of our great basketball trio of "Sid, Jay, and Mike". Though small by physical standards Sid is one of the big names in athletic circles at Castine. He augmented his court feats with considerable success on the diamond. While roaming right field for "Ken's warriors", Sid contributed much to whatever baseball successes we enjoyed. "Kidney", or "the Rabbit", as he was known to intimates, did not confine his sports interests to just participating. He is our ranking authority on any aspect of the sports scene and was usually available at all times for anyone who wished to dispute his high opinion of the Celtics' "Cous". Few middies ever came out on the long end of an argument sports-wise with Sid. Sid is one of our top engineers and we doubt if he'll have any trouble aboard ship in the days ahead. Best of luck to a great guy.

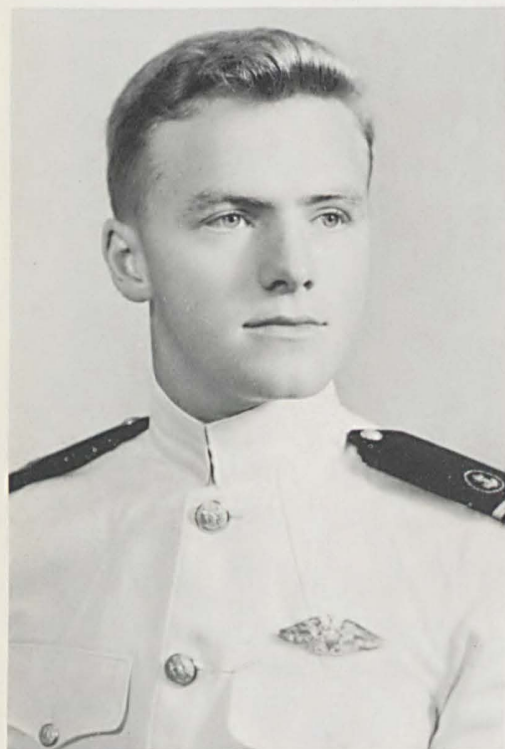


SIDNEY R. GRAHAM  
Millinocket, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Quartermaster  
Quartet  
Barber  
Drill Squad



MERLE GUAY  
Old Town, Maine

"4.0" Guay, the academic leader of D 1 was invariably at the head of all academic listings. We have come to respect Merle for his fine philosophy of life, to like him for his pleasant and friendly nature, and to admire him for his determination. He has contributed much to the entertainment program at the Academy. His quartets and efforts toward better dances and smokers have been greatly appreciated by us.

As an Old Town boy from room 31, Merle was not with us much on weekends. He headed North to see the little girlie in Orono who took up much of his time on liberty. Old Town can well be proud of their contribution to the class of '54. We who have known you these past three years will miss you Merle, and we sincerely hope that our paths will cross in the future.

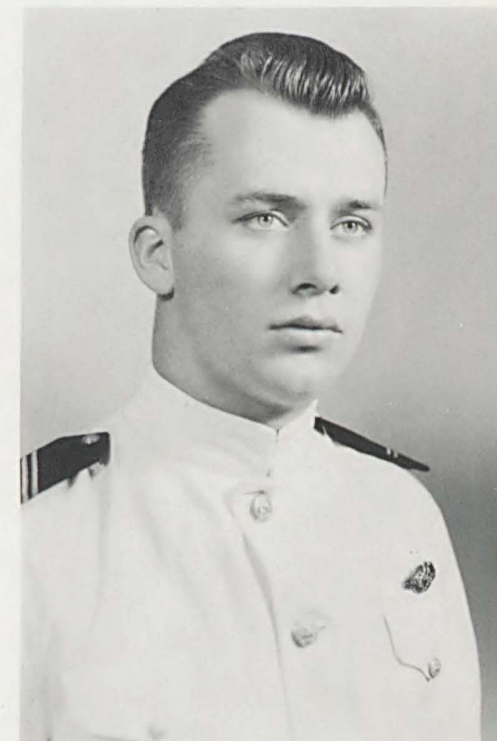


ACTIVITIES: Football  
M Club  
Propeller Club



Nighttime in Richardson Hall; the building rests in a golden silence. Suddenly the peace is shattered by a stentorian outburst of laughter from the B deck annex. Mr. Guiney and friends are making merry again. Many were the nights when Phil's booming guffaws were heard halfway up the Bagaduce as he and the boys engaged in a little funstering.

In his quieter moments, Phil could be found in the Rec Hall engrossed in a highly technical game of eight ball with a few of the school's best pool sharpies. Or more probably at Ritchie field sweating a few pounds off his ample posterior while giving out with some very good line play for the Hoc. Famous on the cruise for his "Wiggy" and reclining nature, Phil was also, we noted, just a little susceptible to what the French call mal-demer. But it failed to dim his perennially blithe spirits in the least. We know of nothing that can. Be good, Phil.



PHILIP D. GUINEY  
Saco, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Rifle team  
Color guard  
Propeller club secretary  
Coxswain

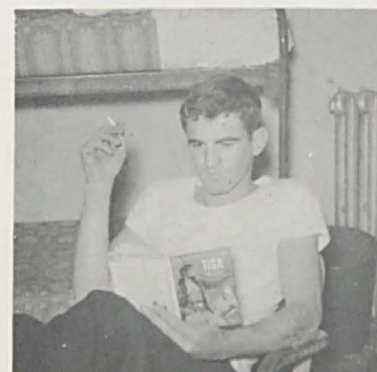


PETER B. HALL  
Marblehead, Mass.

Pete's concept of life and his radical (he says realistic) attitude on religion, politics, and women has subjected him to strong, but respectful, speculation. He does offer convincing arguments. A master of the informal debate, he has held the upper hand at many heated bull sessions. Private parties are the Marblehead gentleman's special interest. On several festive occasions he has left no doubt of his ability to conduct them successfully. Latin American dances are another of the "madman's" hobbies and he refuses to let convention cramp his style.

P. B.'s year and a half at the Coast Guard Academy seemed to have put him a jump ahead of many of us, evidenced by his class standing and the ease with which he attained it. His agility with the slide rule is unquestioned.

Pete's vitality, parlayed with the inspiring presence of "Awful nice" Harriet, his female counterpart, are sure ingredients to a merry and prolific life.



ACTIVITIES: Battalion Adjutant Truck Driver  
C.P.O. First Class Business Manager  
Kadet Kapers Trick's End  
Football



Our first acquaintance with Wes and his stalwart presence was in the bewildered days of August, 1951. His cherubic face didn't conceal the sterner stuff within and we were forced to admire his tranquil acceptance of indoctrination. He's maintained that inner tranquility ever since and has become one of the best known men in the class. As our Battalion Adjutant we followed him, often blindly, but were never dissatisfied with the fruits of his bouts with the front office. His immaculate appearance and distinguished lack of report slips contributed to the Hoch legend and stainless reputation. We're inclined to suspect that his days at Severn and his knack for getting along with Captains helped somewhat in his meteoric rise to prominence. A man with tremendous industry and considerable physical stamina, Weez was the pride of D-1 and the spokesman for all deckmen. His flamboyant, very friendly personality will stand out wherever he may go and we're expecting big things from the guy everybody will remember.

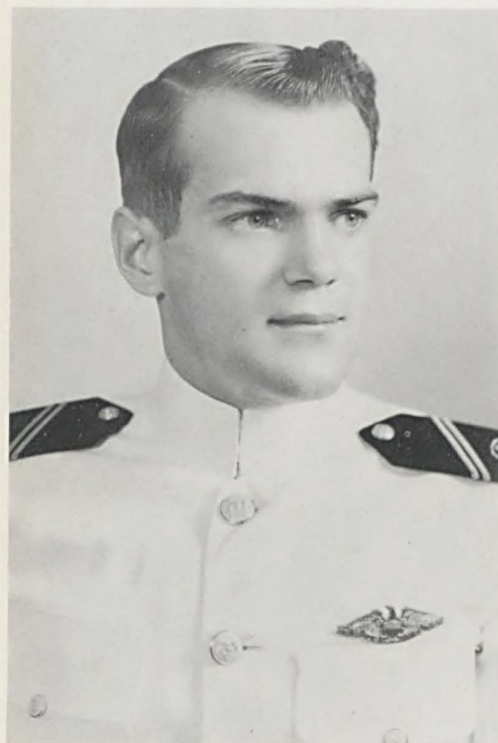


WESLEY HOCH  
Rockland, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports  
C. E. Running Boats



EUGENE E. HUGHES  
Rochester, New Hampshire

Hughie's eagerness to cooperate is exceeded only by his enthusiasm to learn. His affinity to engineering has been manifested repeatedly at the "Dog House" and in our motor launches. One of our more energetic engineers, Hughie is seldom given - like others - to horizontal spells in his off hours. A good outdoorsman, Hoodsie could be found on weekends with .22 in hand somewhere in the New Hampshire woods.--Or more likely with a certain someone watching T V. Wherever he is Hughie's congenial personality is always welcome. Due to the stocky physique he was the innocent victim of much ribbing while at the Academy but he took it all in stride and, often as not, managed to have the last laugh.

The ship that gets Hoodsie as a third engineer will get as good and dependable all around man as has been trained at the Academy. He has the best wishes of us all.



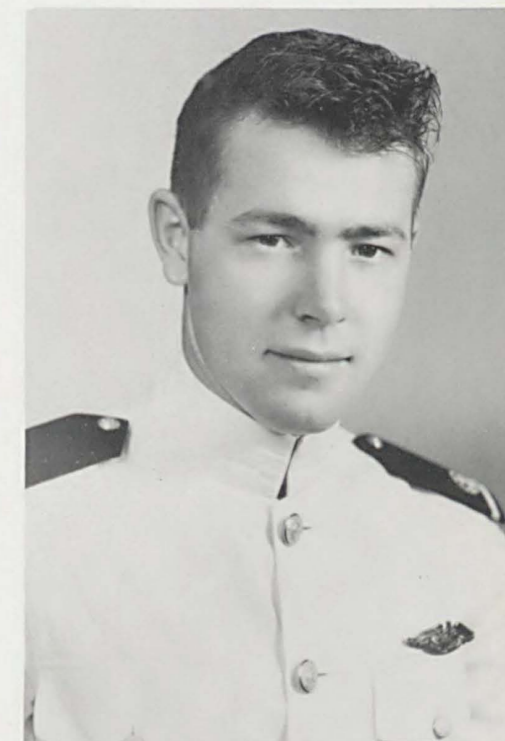
ACTIVITIES: J. V. Basketball  
Ass't. Drill master  
Drill master  
Intra Mural sports



Sturdy as an oak, steady as night and day, E.J. well deserves the respect he commands. Though he acts like and resembles the All American Boy, Ernie has been known to let his hair down on occasions. E.J. has a definite talent for impersonating people of various nationalities and another talent for seizing the most opportune time to go into his act.

A conscientious worker, Ernie isn't one to conserve himself. In sports he has demonstrated that he favors the "old college try" style of play. In the extra-curricular department most of Ern's time is dedicated to leading the Academy drill team. The results of his labor have been displayed around the state with considerable success.

E.J. seems very anxious to leave his name in military annals. We expect to see him sporting sleeves of solid gold and a generously decorated chest.



ERNEST J. HUGHES  
Presque Isle, Maine





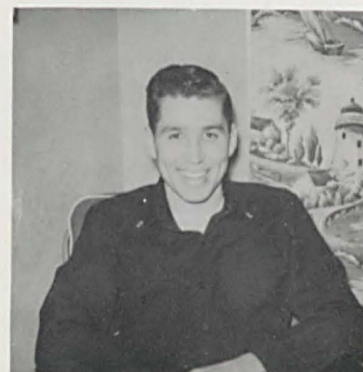
ACTIVITIES: Football      Battalion Exec  
Basketball  
Baseball  
P.O. 1st Class



JOHN D. KEITH  
Presque Isle, Maine

A man of sundry talents, our gifted battalion exec has consistently been among our academic and administrative leaders. As the school's No. 2 rate John fulfilled a tough position competently and conscientiously. His somewhat bitter but risible feud with the engineers brought out the poise, spirit, and independence that were so inherently a part of his nature.

Few will forget his great Kadet Kapers parodies of the almighty Pall Mall Smoker or his mythical mother's club bus. Such a ringing wit was at once stimulating and relaxing. As an end on the gridiron J.D.K.'s stalwart frame and facile grace enabled him to make the spectacular catches that left 500 mouths agape at least four times a game. He's a man of little leisure and considerable achievement with glistening prospects before him. Keep it up John we expect the best.

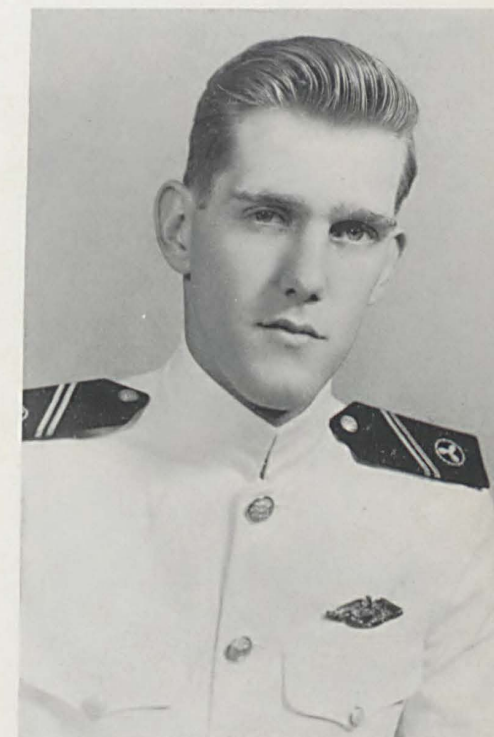


ACTIVITIES: Water King  
Truck driver  
Intramural sports  
Band



A tall slender Middie has the group in rapt attention. A sudden burst of laughter from all identifies him: Mr. Charles Killam of Sanford, Me. Charlie's superlative sense of humor has kept us rollicking for three long years and it will be sorely missed in the days to come. He has been indispensable to our smokers and bull sessions, the leading leisure activities at the Academy. As cruise water king in '54, Charlie was a V I P in Mr. Reardon's scheme of things and proved himself a good engineer. Ashore he kept himself busy with such activities as the band, truck driving, and intramural basketball. Somehow the athletic prowess that used to befuddle Sanford High opponents never materialized on the varsity level at Castine. We could only guess that Mr. K. was wrapped up in his studies.

With his continuous good humor and easy disposition, Charlie is a wonderful man to work with. Our only regret is that we work with him no more. Take it slow, Charles.



CHARLES S. KILLAM  
Springvale, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Platoon Leader  
Propeller Club  
Cadet Fund Committee



FREDERICK KIMBOROWICZ  
Lowell, Mass.

The Mighty Mo's Coast Guard experience, plus a natural talent for minding his own business, plus a firm singleness of purpose, have made him one of MMA's prominent figures of '54. Little given to the fickle inconstancy that characterized so many of us, Fred was a Triton among the minnows who proved a steadying influence on the hybrid crew they called D-1.

A member of the widely popular Room 8 fraternity of our junior year, Mo moved up two flights this year to become Mr. Influence on A Deck. He's the '54 edition in a long line of surefooted and efficient A-2 platoon leaders and is generally considered one of the best rates we have. An' that ain't all McGee. Consensus would very probably label him our best all-around deckman. He'll make the kind of officer who'll let the ole man get a little sleep now and then. We've benefitted by contact with him and respectfully bid hail and farewell to the able Mr. K.



ACTIVITIES: Gunner's Mate  
Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



The controversial, colorful, and comical Mr. Laite is gifted with that rare knack of getting what he wants when he wants it. His driving, self-assertiveness is tempered by a certain intangible charm and it has been great fun to watch him operate in places like the Naval Science class and 52nd street's Stork Club. He always managed to have some liberty experience to thrill the boys with.

Hailing from Camden—the home of sea captains—Park grew up around its quaint old harbor and came to Castine well acquainted with the sea and its lore. Maintenance at the dock seldom phased him and he never failed to meet the demands of our exacting first lieutenant. There were times of course when Park, like the rest of us, sought a few minutes respite on the lee side of the long boat.

Senior year found Mr. Laite as MMA's "Secretary of Defense" and at no time during his tenure were we unprepared for an enemy attack. Smooth sailing to the man from Camden.

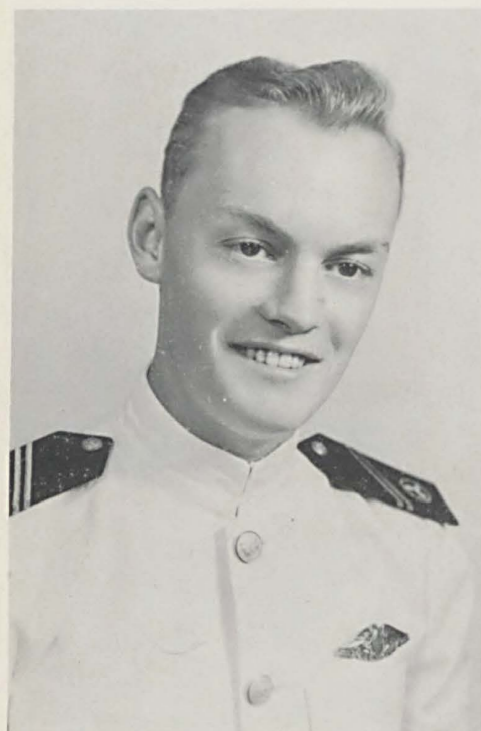


PARKER S. LAITE  
Camden, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Intramural Sports  
Propeller Club  
Truck Driver



FREDERICK LAMOREAU  
Orono, Maine

Fred, in his quiet way, is the type of guy who's always willing to lend a helping hand. He showed this many times in the engine room by applying his "cool" logic to the puzzlers that stymied us. A true outdoorsman with a zealous interest in hunting and fishing, Fred has demonstrated his savoir-faire by bringing home the big ones. His keen sense of humor is manifested in his tales of hunting in the Argyle Swamps.

Coming from Orono, "Bubbles" has been associated with the "Bandits" who readily accepted him as a member in good standing. His reserved and conscientious ways had a mollifying effect on the boys. If he and Moose weren't hitting the books up in Room 25, Fred would most likely be in the rec hall beating all comers at the pool table. Where'd he pick that up, anyway? Fred's optimism and determination are valuable assets and we have little doubt that he'll have no trouble getting ahead aboard ship.



ACTIVITIES: Drill Squad  
Intramural Sports  
Platoon Leader



"To rest is not to conquer". Indeed a rigid philosophy written for men with a goal and a will to obtain it.

All of us who know Will agree that he belongs in the above category. Evening study period is construed by many of us to be a period of relaxation and good-fellowship. Willie, scorning such sacrilege, could always be found in Room 3; a solitary figure buried behind a pile of books.

Will studied hard and rarely had academic trouble—an achievement that only his fellow-students can rightly appreciate. Aside from this he managed to find time for the drill squad, Spanish club, intramural sports, and even commanded a platoon his final year.

It was a lot of fun studying the Sunday-nite effects of Willie's tempestuous romance. Regardless of dire protestations to the contrary we stoutly maintained that it would have a happy ending. College, following a spell at sea, is Will's destination. Our best wishes accompany him.



WILFRED LANGELIER  
Auburn, Maine





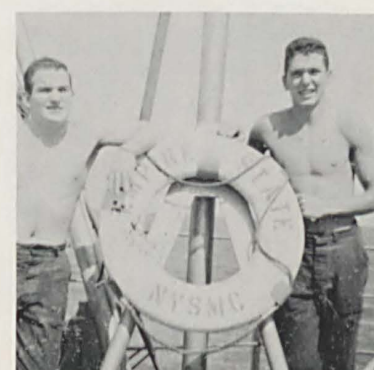
ACTIVITIES: Baseball  
Football  
Propeller Club



HOWARD J. LANDRY  
Brewer, Maine

Hutch's Southern drawl would lead a stranger to believe he's sprung from straight Kentucky stock but such is hardly the case. Howard is a full fledged, native born "Bangor Bandit" and one of that group's finer contributions to MMA. He has distinguished himself on the football field, in the class room, and in the engine room. He has gained renown in card games, basketball brawls, and liberty excursions. In short, Hutch seems able to apply the golden touch to all his endeavors.

We'll perhaps best remember Hutch as the casual, easy-going guy who managed to finish well up in class standings without too much strain during study halls. As one of Pancho's reliable four he helped uphold our baseball prestige and then turned up again in the football backfield shuffle. Who can forget those sensational 58 yards against Mass. Maritime. The key to such successes can probably be traced to strength and inspiration gained on weekends up on Centre Street. Keep it up Hutch.



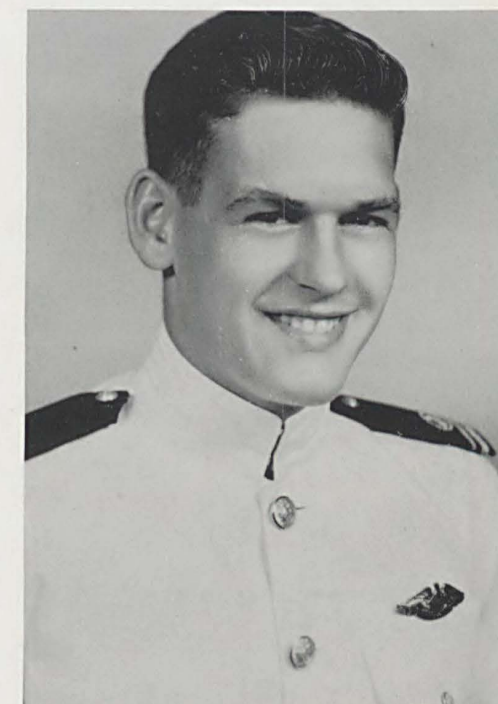
ACTIVITIES: Intramural Sports  
J.V. Basketball  
Truck Driver  
Battalion Administrator



The time: 0800, place: formation area MMA, occasion: morning muster. Two hundred odd middies, shoes and belt buckles glistening, brace themselves at parade rest. "Battalion A-tee-hut" shatters the silence. Reaction is immediate and 200 pair of feet snap together. Just another part of Dave's daily routine.

"DP" as he is sometimes called, is the other distinguished engineer in Rm.30. Much of our battalion administrator's day is consumed by lending helping hands to deserving friends but he still finds the time to do justice to the many duties of his post, repeating a task over and over until the results satisfy him.

The Chief's frequently indignant expressions when confronted by slothfulness reflect the perfectionist trait in his character. Rest assured that within a few weeks time aboard ship, Dave will have any under par Chief Engineer whipped into shape.

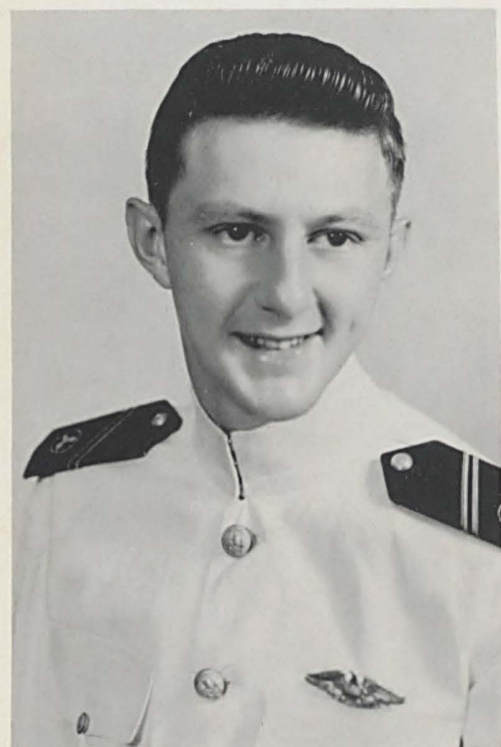


DAVID P. MacFADDEN  
Greenville, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club (President)  
J.V. Basketball  
Intramural Sports  
Ring Chairman



WILLIAM MACOMBER  
Castine, Maine

In a graduates-per-capita poll, Castine would undoubtedly grab all honors. The latest of these local representatives gives convincing evidence of the beneficial influence of a Castine habitat. Bill's soft spoken sincerity expels any suspicion of Eastern Maine craftiness. In spite of his consistently melancholy outlook on life, he has made an immediate and lasting hit with his classmates.

Ordinarily a gentleman of conservative tastes and habits, Bill displayed his Mr. Hyde tendencies every night at 9:30 for cleaning station master. His colorful regalia and authoritative baritone convinced all muggins of the futility of revolt. Evidence of his wide popularity may be found in the fact that he was Propeller Club president. We owe him a debt of thanks for fulfilling both functions so capably. Though he never played a note in his life, Billy became one of the band's big three and helped make it the best band we've ever had. Keep it up, Bill but don't lose any sack time



ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports  
Truck Driver



Although Eastern Maine cannot claim Fran as her own, his actions are typical of the rugged reticent variety found here. When he is given to speech, Fran startles everyone with a voice as deep and impressive as a foghorn.

Whether in the engine room or in his own room studying, Franny executes his duties effectively, but with such unobtrusiveness that his brother engineers required two years to recognize him as the most industrious in his section.

Fran's enthusiasm on the football field was backed by plenty of heft and spirit, and when practice was over and his vigor remained, his roommate Walt would suffer on the tennis court.

When not spending his weekends at the Academy Franny could be seen traveling to and from Springvale or making an occasional trip to Indian Neck with Walt.

Wherever diligence and assiduity are present there is invariably a job on which to utilize it. Good luck, Fran.



FRANCIS MAYO  
Springvale, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Drill Squad  
Intramural sports  
Yearbook



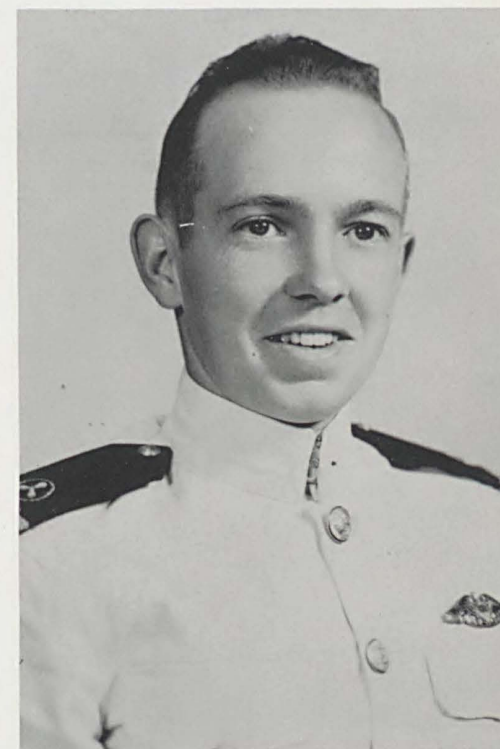
ROSCOE P. McEACHARN JR.  
Woodland, Maine

Ross is one of our more imaginative personalities. He's probably best known as a top intramural athlete and as a guy who can and does mind his own business. Ready for whatever may arise from a party to a work detail, Ross has gained wide popularity by his willingness to cooperate and his rare sense of humor. With pals Sid, Jay, and Murph, Ross contributed much toward making the south end of A deck the liveliest area in the building and, very often, the most dangerous. He also brightened those duty weekend confabs.

As a pool table impresario, Mac shared the task of showing the boys just how it was done and there were very few who could do it better. With Moose's help, he gained basketball honors for Easy One in '54. All this in addition to being on the drill squad. MMA never did phase the boy and we can't see how he can miss as a marine engineer.



ACTIVITIES: Machinists Mate 1st Class  
Band Intramural Sports  
Dance Orchestra  
Truck Driver



DONALD McMANUS  
Dexter, Maine

An enterprising young man who knows what he wants and intends to get it. Known as "Don" to his fellow midshipmen, he is quite popular with his classmates. Don is a straight-forward fellow who believes in speaking his mind and playing fair with everybody. He participated in several school activities and was chief Machinist's Mate his senior year. Remember how he liked to spend extra time on trucks? He was also prominent with his trusty clarinet as a member of the band and orchestra.

Don decided to come to MMA while serving as a messman on a previous cruise. Remember the hot soup incident? He has, indeed, had his ups and downs and consistently comes out on top. Don shows much promise as an engineering officer. Those of us who recall his pumping up of the settlers on our Junior cruise will vouch for his tireless dedication to duty.





ACTIVITIES: Baseball Drill Squad  
Football Basketball (Co-Capt.)  
Kadet Kapers



BRUCE MICHELSEN  
Stamford, Connecticut

Mike entered MMA from the glorious Provision State and shortly became one of the most prominent members of our class by dint of his extraordinary athletic abilities.

A nine letter man in three years, Mike is definitely one of the greatest athletes ever to have graced our campus. He broke all basketball scoring records; was one of our gridiron and diamond stalwarts; and even walked off with the golf trophy. And we've named just a few of the accomplishments of "the Hoc's" meal ticket.

As a classmate Mike was as popular as he was prominent and will be remembered as the more energetic half of the indefatigable Rm. 50 team of "Rinty & Mike". They were the dashing duo that charmed the fair sex from Old Orchard to Miami. Mike's superlative dancing talent proved helpful in this respect. His graceful carriage made him the smoothest man on the floor and once even brought him to the television screen. Our crystal ball says success is inevitable for such a man.



ACTIVITIES: Bandmaster  
Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



Maestro extraordinaire—pianist par excellence—racket man deluxe: such a man is our Moose Morris. One of "Easy Two's" leading figures, Carl is well known throughout the school for his fluid, natural personality and well deserved popularity. As a member of 34's formidable four Moose has had more than his share of the laughs and misfortunes always attendant upon boys who will be boys. It'll be hard to forget those duty weekend evenings up on "A" deck when Moose, refreshments, and the stacked deck were synonymous with what we shall come to call the "Good Ole Days".

As M.M.A's answer to Ralph Flanagan, Carl contributed much to the success of our socials. His introduction of "The Saints" to our muster repertoire is one of the most progressive steps the Middie band ever made. Somehow we never got to the Muskrat Ramble. Whether he's under the lights at "Birdland" or under the D C Heater on the S S America, Mr. Morris will be a hard man to stop.



CARL R. MORRIS  
Presque Isle, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Football  
Basketball, M Club  
Intramural sports  
Topkicker



RUSSELL A. MORSE  
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

The very gifted Topkicker is our undisputed class Adonis. With his impish grin and impossible tan, we can imagine the disturbance he causes in distaff circles at Old Orchard. Too bad, girls, he's already pledged himself to Miss Mmmmmarilyn M. of baseball fame. An amusing storyteller by virtue of his colorful imagination, "Rinty" can make the wildest tale seem rational. More than one in our ranks has been bluffed into embarrassing but comical situations by his agile tongue. In sports Russ was easily '54's most valuable football player and is probably the best end in our history. Who can forget those fabulous 69 yards against Mass. Maritime. ? The Top also proved himself a basketball player to boot. In other fields Russ distinguished himself as a very able seaman (has yet to make a mistake), a masterful painter, and a Casanova deluxe. He was without peer as Dog One's respected Topkicker. Russell's keen mind, inimitable wit, and wonderful personality have made him one of our most likely to succeed. We shall miss the color and the capacities of a most unique individual. Take it slow, Top.



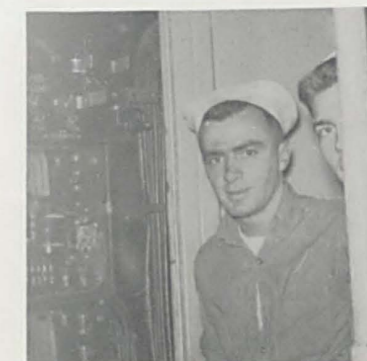
ACTIVITIES: Oil King  
Propeller Club  
Head of Boilers



RICHARD MURPHY  
Winchester, Mass.

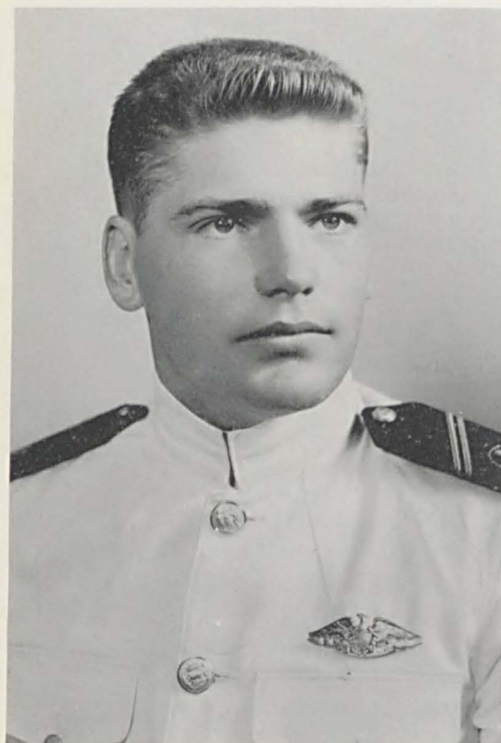
Murph is our outstanding worker. Chance visitors to the TV State of Maine were distracted by the green blur that nearly knocked them over. It was Dick in his coveralls, with flashlight and crescent in hand, attacking one of the tough jobs that made him indispensable to the omnipotent Mr. R. We marvelled at his infinite capacity for toiling in the depths and we respected the high grade intuitive quality of his engineering sixth sense.

He was also a player. Whenever a riot broke out on A Deck, Murph was invariably at the bottom of the pile-up. Considering the frequency of those tumults, we had to credit the guy with a lotta stamina. Insiders will tell you he instigated many of them, but things would have been pretty dull up there if he hadn't. Dick's virile chest was the source of much crude merriment for three years. The indefatigable ways, tempered with the tanker experience, will help to speed the long climb up the ladder for a very likeable guy.





ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



ROBERT W. NASON  
Bangor, Maine

Robert is perhaps most easily remembered as a member of the esteemed Bangor Bandits. Being such, he'd have to be one of our ranking students, which he is, finishing well up in the class of 54's top ten. With cohorts Rocko & Stump, Bob managed to develop a very impressive engineering savoir-faire during the leisure hours in 29 and 45. Even those very full weekends failed to dim his abundant knowledge.

When he wasn't catching up on sleep lost due to those inhuman 6 AM reveilles, Nase could probably be found in the gym giving the speed bag a workout. His stocky physique and natural athletic propensities contributed in no small measure to Easy One's triumphs in the basketball wars.

As a member of the "two month club" Bob showed he could take the bitter with the sweet with no complaints. His smiling geniality and friendly bearing are valuable qualities and will help him immeasurably in getting where he wants to go.



ACTIVITIES: Baseball  
Drill Squad  
Intramural Sports



Castine's throng of spectators are all intent on the diamond. There's the familiar, syncopated, windup - and O'Connell cuts the corner with another strike! It's a pleasure to watch "Oke" work with the Academy team. His husky build is hard to associate with such grace.

If anyone should wonder what ships are docked at Portland, they needn't bother with the commercial page, "Oke" will know. His familiarity with, and interest in, his home-town water front makes him a good prospect for harbor pilot.

Bob is also a good source of Academy news, and may be depended on to register an occasional satirical comment concerning some of the less popular administrative policies.

"Oke's" popularity with his classmates is largely due to a well-tempered parlay of congeniality and perseverance, but his stubborn qualities could not help him fathom the frustrating complications of the Spanish language. We are happy to report that although Bob was dubbed "Bonehead" one day in classroom #3, it was only applicable under those conditions. Don't fret, Bob, we're seamen, not linguists. We won't have any language barriers on the NY-Liverpool run.

We are all confident that "Oke" will prove a success on the deep. Good luck.



ROBERT L. O'CONNELL  
Portland, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Intramural sports  
Band, Glee Club  
School Photographer  
Year-book Photographer



RICHARD D. O'LEARY  
Auburn, Maine

Dick is one of the most personable men in our class (If you can't lick'em join'em) His affiliations are all encompassing. We have no doubt he has left a trail of weeping women from here to Trinidad. Unfortunately his affairs of the heart are inevitably tragic - They either break his heart, or he breaks theirs.

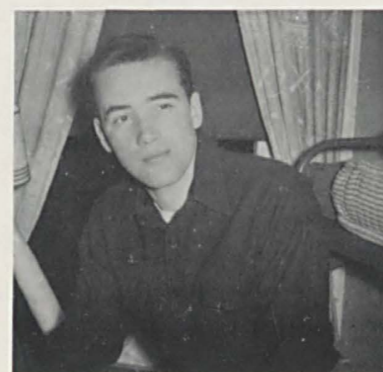
Born with an argumentive nature, his flowing line of patter lulls the most experienced debaters into passive submission. This, combined with an aggressive charm, has proved most helpful to Dick's exploitations.

Needle has provided convincing evidence of his ability as a semi-pro photographer. We all appreciate his unselfish efforts to furnish our yearbook with portraits of professional quality.

We've all had many a good laugh over Dick's distorted versions of actual incidents around the school. His story - telling style is reminiscent of an aged dower's recount of someones indiscretions.

We all enjoyed Dick's presence on the intramural baseball team. His fearsome bat-swinging was instrumental in routing more than one opposing pitcher.

Dick is anxious to try his fortune at sea, and although we wish him the best of it we are confident that he won't have to depend on luck.



ACTIVITIES: Running Boat Engineer Drill Squad  
Intramural Sports Radio  
Band Glee Club

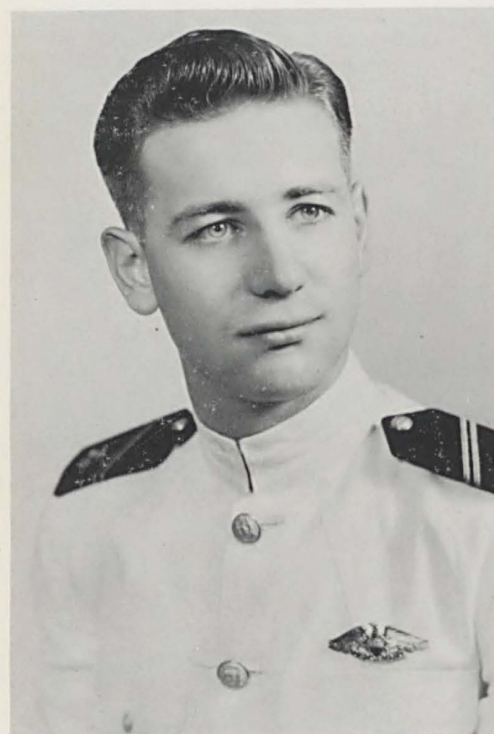


Mick found his way to Castine after serving two years in the Naval Reserve. What he lacks in size he makes up for in that stimulating Jersey spirit. A prominent member of the engineers' higher echelon, Mick was one of our more colorful personalities. One of the chosen few to work on the sub-chaser, he gave it much time and energy and made himself a good practical man. How he ever became the band's maestro has us baffled but we never question that Hackensack integrity. Though Mick got his share of sack time, he seemed to be busy all the time. No cues were broken during his tenure as pool table czar. When he wasn't presiding in the rec hall probably you'd have found him at his desk with the Cornell Red Book. It came easy to "Da Micka" as his ranks will attest. We're going to miss the spark he gave us. Take it slow, Mick.





ACTIVITIES: Band  
Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



RODGER M. ORKINS JR.  
Portsmouth, Rhode Island

A solitary figure was outlined against the cold December sky somewhere on Route One. He'd been there before. He'd be there again. Who was this resolute soul? None other than Midshipman Roger Orkins, first class, lower left. The elements never stopped Rog from making his weekly trip South to "lil Rhodey". We'd like to meet the girl who inspired his determination.

"Ork" was equally faithful to the call of study and could usually be found in Room 17 hard at work over tubines or the like. He seldom ventured long from the intrigue it held for him and we'll bet he's amassed an impressive mental file on the abstruse subject of marine engineering.

Roger's three years of trumpeting in the orchestra and his year as Duty Bugler constituted his main side-line interests and made him one of our top musicians. Were going to miss the wide grin and the friendly half-nelson. Take it easy, Rog.



ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Drill Squad  
Intramural Sports



ROGER P. OUELLETTE  
Livermore Falls, Maine

Rog had a way about him that made him many friends here at the Academy. One sure thing is that as long as this Academy graduates men of his calibre they will never be poorly represented in the field of shipping. He was a staunch engineer who took his studies and other undertakings seriously—sometimes we wondered if the title Father Ouellette wouldn't have suited him better.

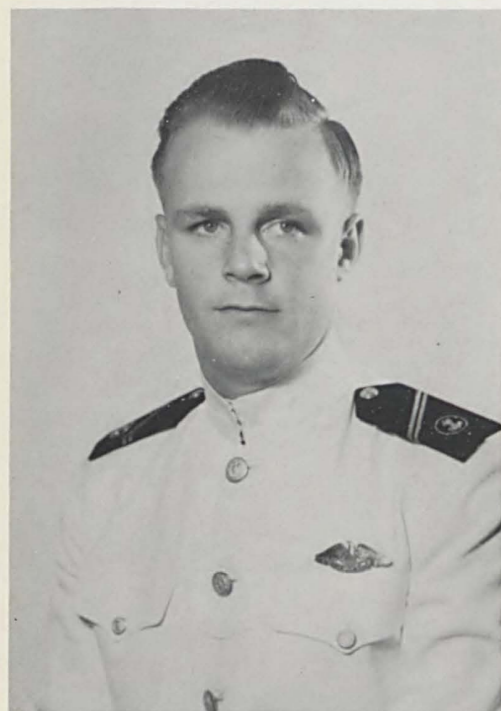
Remember the times you used to pass Room 52 and hear the "strained" notes issuing forth from his guitar? The singing cowboy from Livermore Falls liked nothing better than to strum the guitar. Being very adept at Spanish, you could hardly tell him from a Mexican caballero. Wonder if he serenaded his senorita?

We can rest assured that when Rog gets shipping he will make his way as well in the Maritime field as he did here at the academy. Good luck, Rog!





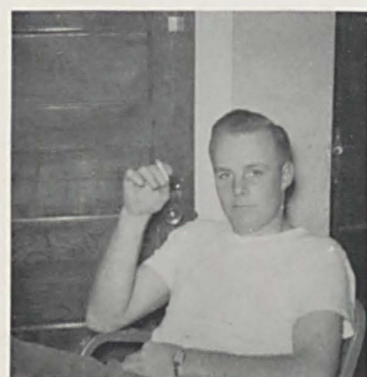
ACTIVITIES: Baseball  
Truck driver  
Propeller Club



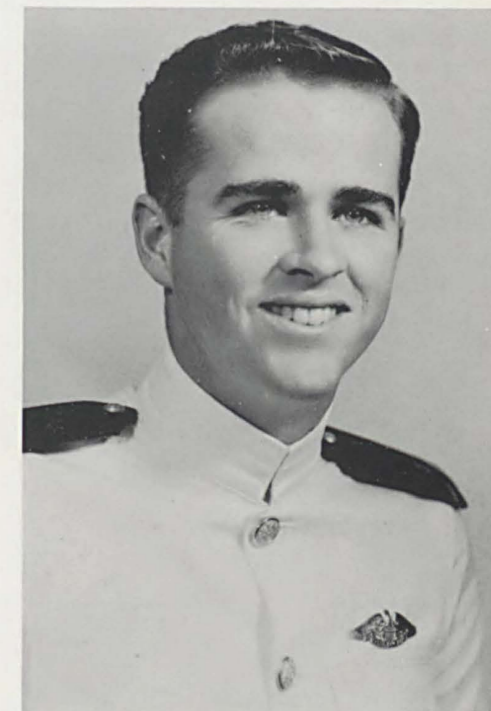
PHILIP L. PEARSON  
Bangor, Maine

We know the "Colonel" as a modest, unassuming, young man who consistently manages to excel in everything he tries. We need mention no word of his profound genius for Math. In this his feats are legendary and his reputation wide-spread. By virtue of his superior mentality he earned a very respectable class-standing. Since, however, the Colonel never liked to talk about his academic prowess, we'll restrict our adulation to what has been said and make mention of his other talents.

The gifted "sphere", as he was known to intimates, was one of our baseball mainstays for three years. His storied nonchalance gave him the facile deliberation so vital to a pitcher and made him our most effective hurler. In his Junior year, Phil risked his all for the cause and joined the death defying MMA truck drivers. We're going to miss the shape, the brain, the nonchalance, and, most of all, the man. Hasta Luego, colonel.



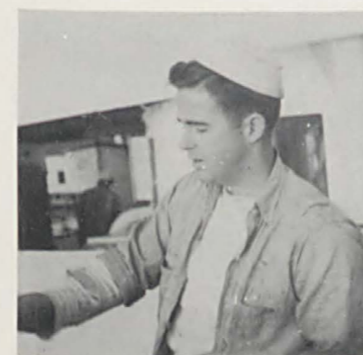
ACTIVITIES: Electrician  
Movies  
Propeller Club



WINSLOW STERLING PILLSBURY  
Dallas, Texas

Lights, camera, action! It's the Portland Texan striving to entertain us again. Aboard ship and at school Bink was our man on the spot. Whenever he entered a classroom with a reel in his hand a common sigh of gratitude went up - it meant another hour's rack time. But Binky was more than the Castine movie mogul. He was the reserved, easy-going guy who did as much as anybody to give the deck section some semblance of stability in their constant fanatical fun poking. At times we got the feeling he was laughing at the mad futility of it all.

The Texan's talents have not been limited to camera work. He is a first rate electrician as well as being one of our more natural seamen. He could well be called versatility incarnate. The times require such a man.



ACTIVITIES:



Battalion Commander  
Propeller Club Vice-Pres.  
Basketball  
Kadet Kapers  
Chief Engr. Sub-chaser  
C. P. O.



HENRY M. POWERS  
Bath, Maine

Bath ships are good ships. If Henry's an example the axiom certainly would apply to Bath men too. From our turbulent first day here we knew he was a natural leader. One of the top men in his class, Hank has been an asset to the school since he walked in. It was he who whipped the ship's store into a profitable function and who, as a CPO, was instrumental in keeping a sharp underclass. As the Academy's best BC to date he has introduced many new policies of lasting value. He was leading us but still managed to be one of us. Such a man is easy to respect, easier still to like.

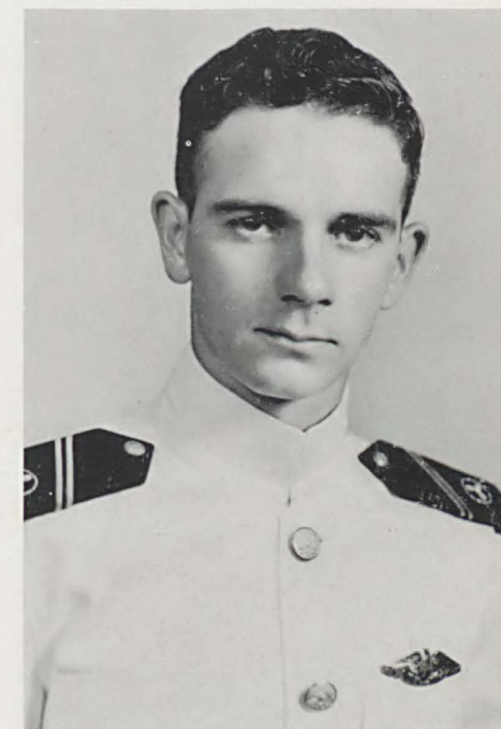
As an athlete Hank was one of our basketball stalwarts but he'll tell you he was best in golf. None, however, have witnessed the 43's he claims. Not content to be an athlete and a BC, Henry was a highly competent engineer. The subchaser will miss him. So will we. Goodbye, Good Luck, and thanks, to a great guy.



ACTIVITIES:



Drill Squad  
Propeller Club  
Truck Driver  
Intramural sports



THOMAS M. RAYMOND  
Winslow, Maine

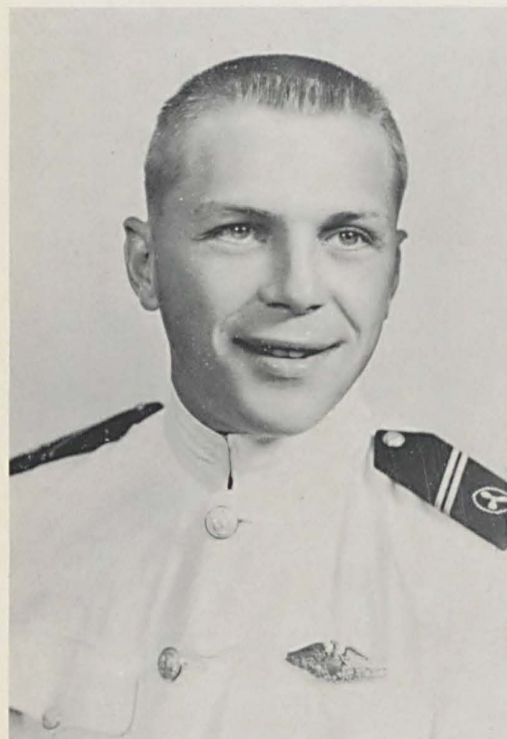
Few engineers will hesitate to approach Tom with their machine shop problems. As a first rate practical engineer, "The Host" often finds himself in the double role of student and instructor. Tom is widely known for this and for his ability to take a joke. Who will forget "Raymie did it" and the amusing Parisian Bohemian routine of our frosh year. It took a good man to keep a straight face when Tom clicked his heels on that one.

Tom was patient as few of us were and any project he found worth his tenacity got his undivided attention. An illustration to apply himself can be seen before, during, and after study hours as he sits quietly at his desk assimilating knowledge. Raymie hasn't disclosed any plans for the future yet but if willingness to work and healthy attitudes help we can see no trouble ahead for him. Keep it up, Tom.





ACTIVITIES: Truck Driver  
Propeller Club  
Intramural Baseball



SULLIVAN REED  
Owl's Head, Maine

What was it, a truck? A question commonly asked whenever Mr. Q.W. Peabody ambled down A Deck on his way to straighten out some poor freshie. The prodigious build and granite face brought to mind the carvings on Mt. Rushmore. Perhaps it was Sully's close resemblance to George Washington. At any rate the block buster from Owl's Head ranked first in the hearts of his classmates. As our baseball commissioner he was instrumental in keeping up morale during the off hours and was the only umpire in the country whose very presence quelled all disputes. During his desultory tenures as Master-at-Arms he showed us the only effective way to run the mess deck. We liked his style. The seniors had a messman now and then. Sully loaned himself to the cause in such capacities as ship's store boss, sub-chaser engineer, and truck driver. He was A Company's strong arm whenever it needed one. In short: a very convenient man to have around.



ACTIVITIES: Color Guard  
Propeller Club  
Drill Squad  
Intramural Sports



Introducing Rocko: whose hair raising escapades have kept him in the limelight for three years. Here we had flaming, spirited youth at its best and we hope some of it has rubbed off on us.

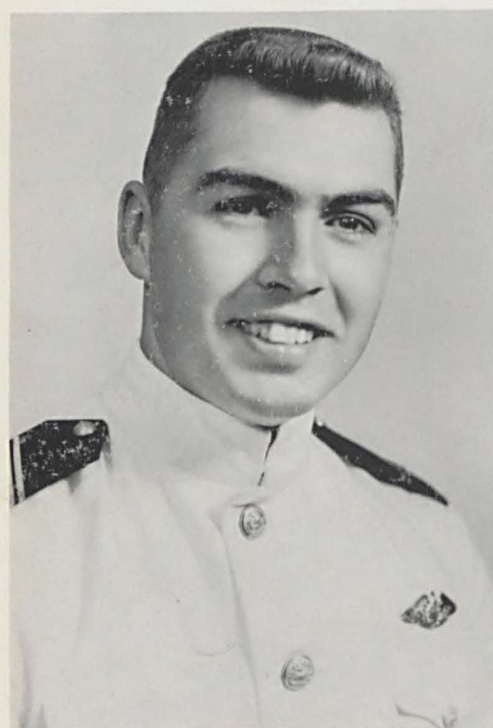
John was usually in a reminiscent mood Sunday nights as he told the less fortunate about what had happened since Friday and it was always very interesting. Between weekends John's activities were restricted to evening coffee at Ma's or the Castine Inn, and five minute workouts in the gym. His casual proficiency with the weights earned him naught but envious stares.

Rock's prep school years and naturally keen mind won him a myriad of 4.0's and placed him very high in class standing. Somehow he managed to do it without undue effort during studyhall. Of course there were many (successive) weekends when he had all the time he needed for study. John is a hard man to stop and we have no doubts about his future success. So long, Rocko.





ACTIVITIES: Coxswain  
Propeller Club  
Intramural Sports



JOHN V. SAWYER  
Jonesport, Maine

J.V. was one of our more colorful personalities. His massive physique and deep Northern background were ideal subjects for the mutual riding sessions that were D-1's favorite sport. A good seaman, J.V. held his own very well at the dock area and was always at or near the top of Mr. O'Leary's Current Seamanship Ratings. The high command made use of John's nautical dexterity by making him a coxswain. As such he qualified for Dog One's inner circle. J.V. was always willing to help the other guy at maintenance and in many other ways he was a good man to have around.

As a member of the illustrious rooms 18 and 23 J.V. saw how the other half lives and spent the latter part of two years just laughing. He had the ability to apply himself during study hall and proved that he was as good a seaman in theory as in practice. We're sure that he'll make a very competent third mate. Take it easy J.V.



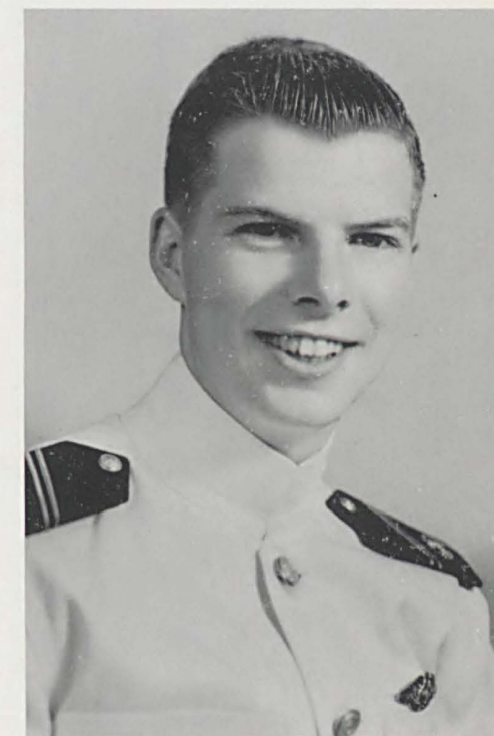
ACTIVITIES: Drill Squad  
Truck Driver  
Intramural Sports  
Propeller Club



Along with the many memories we have of MMA, one of the most pleasant is of our boy Bernie Seile. His distinct characteristics, such as the loping stride, large specs, quaint Guilford diction, and rare humor come easy in retrospect.

Recognition of Bernie's mechanical intuition was made during his Senior year when he was put in charge of all school pumps during the water shortage and lent a very helpful hand in the running of same to the town. A man of little leisure, Bernie wasted no time during his three years at Castine. If he wasn't at his desk straining over Mr. Stearns' offerings he could be seen in a tennis struggle with Rog or Don, the other constituents of Rm. 52's inseparable trio.

Besides his love for studies, sports, working on the pumps and trucks, Guilford's own found time for our prize drill squad. This engineer has initiative that keeps him on the go. He's ready for the maritime field.



BERNARD SEILE  
Guilford, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Intramural sports  
Ass't master at arms  
Master at arms



JOHN I. SMALLIDGE  
Northeast Harbor, Maine

John is another in a long line of strapping Northeast Harbor sea dogs (most of whom curiously are named Smallidge) to graduate from MMA. He has proved himself one of the finest of the lot. That brilliant red hair crowns the school's most impressive physique and, we suspect, makes him quite the charmer with those summer belles in his sailing classes at Nor'ee. If that doesn't get 'em they must fall for the Sniffer's virile sang-froid and easy self-possession. Or they might just like the guy as everybody else seems to.

As a practical seaman John is sans-pareil amongst us. He's a very promising deck officer but the complexities of navigation are known to have bothered him. His many qualities were duly acknowledged when the school's upper strata named him the '54 Master-at-arms. John became one of the few MAA's with more friends than enemies. Fortunate is the company that gets his quiet competence.

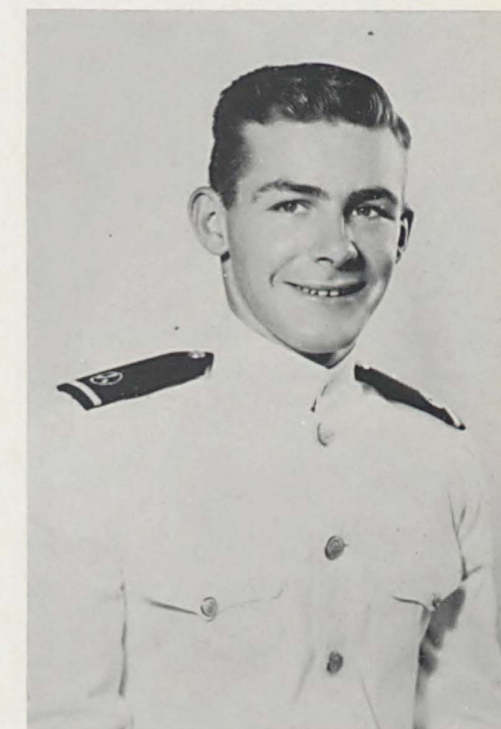


ACTIVITIES: Platoon Leader  
Football (Co-Capt.)  
M Club



Coming from Bar Harbor as he does, we expected John to go deck, but some mysterious force drew him to the engine room to the gratification of the department. A very prominent senior by dint of his quiet ability and personality, the "Trout" has been active in quite a number of things at Castine. Who can forget the one man shows he used to put on for us when football was our major preoccupation. Such versatility and fierce competitive spirit was - if we may use the word -, inspiring. The energy, however, came off with the uniform and Pal Johnny could very often be found catching a few winks with Fred up in #49.

To match his gridiron captaincy John pulled down the A2 Platoon Leader's job and willingly took up its attendant chores. Stacy never let it go to his head however so Mr. Spear is as popular as he is prominent. Keep up your present pace, John, and you can't miss a place in the sun.



JOHN R. SPEAR  
Bar Harbor, Maine





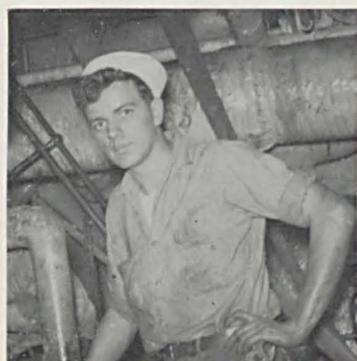
ACTIVITIES: Color Guard  
Running Boat Engineer  
Intramural Sports



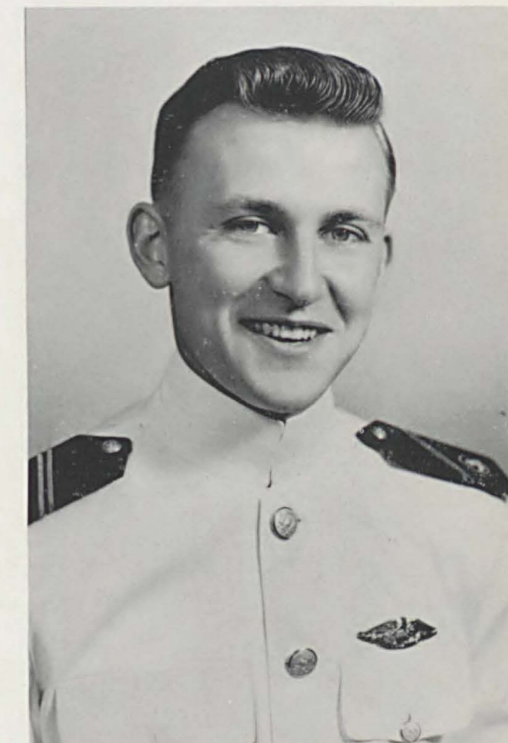
ROBERT STACY  
Kittery, Maine

From the quite seaside villa of Kittery comes the poker-faced Casanova we know as the Bobba. The guy who sported ole glory every Friday and a flushed look every Monday. Stace soared to popularity in the room five days on the strength of the school's most subtle and penetrating wit. He'd look at you with his famous dead pan, mumble something pointed, and the Senior Lounge would rock with resounding laughter. Bob was in the engineering upper strata and often proved himself the most elite of the elite.

We've heard reports of those Stoneton, Houlton, and Rockland weekends and have come to envy that Stacy touch. Whatever the Bobba had was intangible but very effective. With his elegant sidekick Henry David he took the three demanding years with quiet equanimity and graduates with as much knowledge as the school could impart. He'll have little trouble making himself indispensable to some fortunate plant. Best of luck, Bob, with other voices, other rooms.



ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Radio Club



STANLEY A. STANISZEWSKI  
Peabody, Mass.

Parlaying a genial personality with a very stable temperament, Stan was one of the most respected men in our deck section. Through his amazing consistency in staying out of trouble and his coveted talent for minding his own business, Stan was able to draw the maximum amount of nautical knowledge from our three years of toil and sweat. He is today a competent officer and a seaman of the finest order.

No sketch of the affable ex-Naval Reservist is complete without reference to the brilliant display of second guessing he put on during his senior and junior years. For twenty four months he outwitted the keenest minds in the school: the Galley workers. Staniszewski is proud of his heritage, but the U.S. is for him and so legally he is now Stanford.

Stan is Peabody's gift to the Maritime Service and it would be well to note in passing that he has his aim set on a Master's license. I'd never bet against him. Best of luck "Stan the Man."





ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Drill Squad



ROBERT LINCOLN THOMAS  
Boscowen, New Hampshire

Bob came to us from the rustic verdure of the New Hampshire countryside and has injected much of its spirit into our ranks. In the three years that we've known him we've come to respect his stout individuality and plucky determination. The practical jokers amongst us have learned to respect his reticence.

"George", as he is known to intimates, was the Good Samaritan of C Deck. From strawberries to Christmas cards, he was constantly trying to help the unfortunate "Muggins" in their sorry saga. We are regretful, however, that much of his enterprising industry failed to manifest itself during Maintenance Periods. But then again industry was the rarest of qualities at the dock.

We'll perhaps best remember Bob for his many exploits in Southern Waters, especially as the "distinguished connoisseur" of St. Thomas, Virgin Isles. Bottoms up to a most interesting personality.



ACTIVITIES: B Company Commander  
Propeller Club  
Paint Locker  
Radio Club



ACE F. TRASK  
Cape Elizabeth, Maine

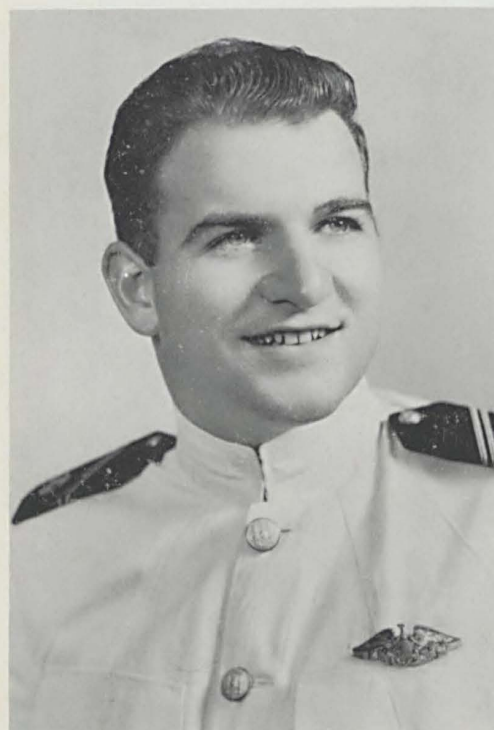
Ace is the kind of guy who takes things as they come and usually ends up on top. Quiet and conscientious by nature, he was a very easy guy to get along with and has a host of friends here at the Academy. The "Ace Mon's" great industry carried him from the proletarian paint locker to the exalted B Company Commandership. He ran a tight smoothly functioning outfit without stepping on any toes. In this respect he could teach his colleagues-in-honor a thing or two. Let us take this opportunity to thank the B Co Co for his gracious consideration of our early morning sleep.

The stout man's leisure hours during the week were usually passed at his desk, first in rm. 42, then in rm. 10. The time was well spent for Ace was always high in class standings. Nothing, however, was allowed to interfere with the weekly jaunts to Portland, from which we've heard some fancy tales, especially in the good ole summertime. Keep it up Ace and best of luck in the days ahead.





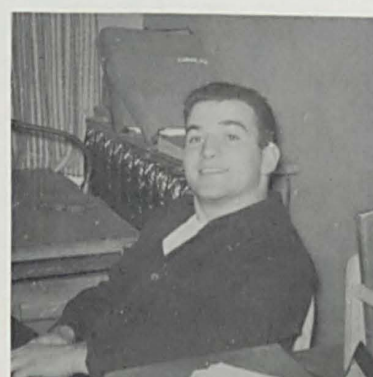
ACTIVITIES: Football  
Propeller Club  
Electrician



RICHARD TREMBLE  
Bangor, Maine

"El Stumpo" was the cry that rang through the halls of MMA as the duty electrician stepped through his door in the process of fulfilling his function. A man of many talents, it was always a pleasure to listen to him expound on his latest theory. Remember how attentive was the audience when Rev. Tremble would delve into the mysteries of the Bible? Dick, an excellent engineer, was seldom stumped for long by any problem. His good sense of humor brought him through any and all depressing moments.

Dick was the center of many good times during our three years. Remember the Officers club in Puerto Rico and the Silver Dollar in Barbados? Or the times he gave flying lessons in room twenty five. The William Bendix of our class will always make his own way. His shipmates will always enjoy having a person like him around. Best of luck, Dick.



ACTIVITIES: Propeller Club  
Section Leader  
Intramural Sports  
Yearbook



"Pal Joey" has breezed through our Castine years with quiet affability and stoic application to Dog One's demanding daily class schedule. As a student Joe was seldom caught short by the deck faculty and was ahead of them more often than not. His colossal achievements in Rules of the Road are indicative of the latent potential that we expect to make him one of the great names in the industry.

As a member of the Portland element at Castine, Wardy joined, every Friday, the mass exodus to the south. We were never able to find out what went on down there when he and Fuhayud got together. Joe's warm personality makes him tops in any company and has made him one of '54's most popular seniors. His athletic talents were appreciated by DI on the diamond and his basketball coaching almost brought them the title. All in addition of course to his standing prestige as Medicine Ball Champ. It has been a rewarding experience to know our pal Joey and nothing better could happen in the days ahead than to cross paths with him again. Hail and farewell to one of the best in the class of '54.



JAMES E. WARD JR.  
Portland, Maine





ACTIVITIES: Band  
Intramural Sports  
Barber  
Quartet



JOHN WIBBY  
Bangor, Maine

In his three years at the Academy Jack has proved to be indispensable to his class. The center of every activity and life of every party. Jack simply radiates with energy. The gift of youth is his, and "Beby-face" uses it to good advantage.

"The Kid" is an athlete in the strictest sense of the word. His sincere enthusiasm for any game was more than partially responsible for the very existence of D-I's intramural teams.

Consistent gaiety is an integral part of Jack's personality. At any hint of humor his face will light up like a Christmas tree, even when the joke is directed at him, and although sadness is virtually unknown to him, he can be depended upon to bend a sympathetic ear to any Middie's troubles.

Studies were no problem to "Wib". It has been his personal contention, to the disgust of many instructors, that he could sleep his way to a good mark.

No sketch of our versatile Kid would be complete without reference to one of the few times a gesture of his good-will turned sour. By this time we have forgiven Jack for his misinterpretation of our ideas of a successful beach party, but repercussions were long and loud. Jack rolled with the blow, and since then his ventures have been more successful.

Proof of our affection for Jack has been expressed many times. We all like the little guy. Smooth sailing, Jack.



ACTIVITIES: Football (Co-Capt.)  
CPO  
Propeller Club  
M Club

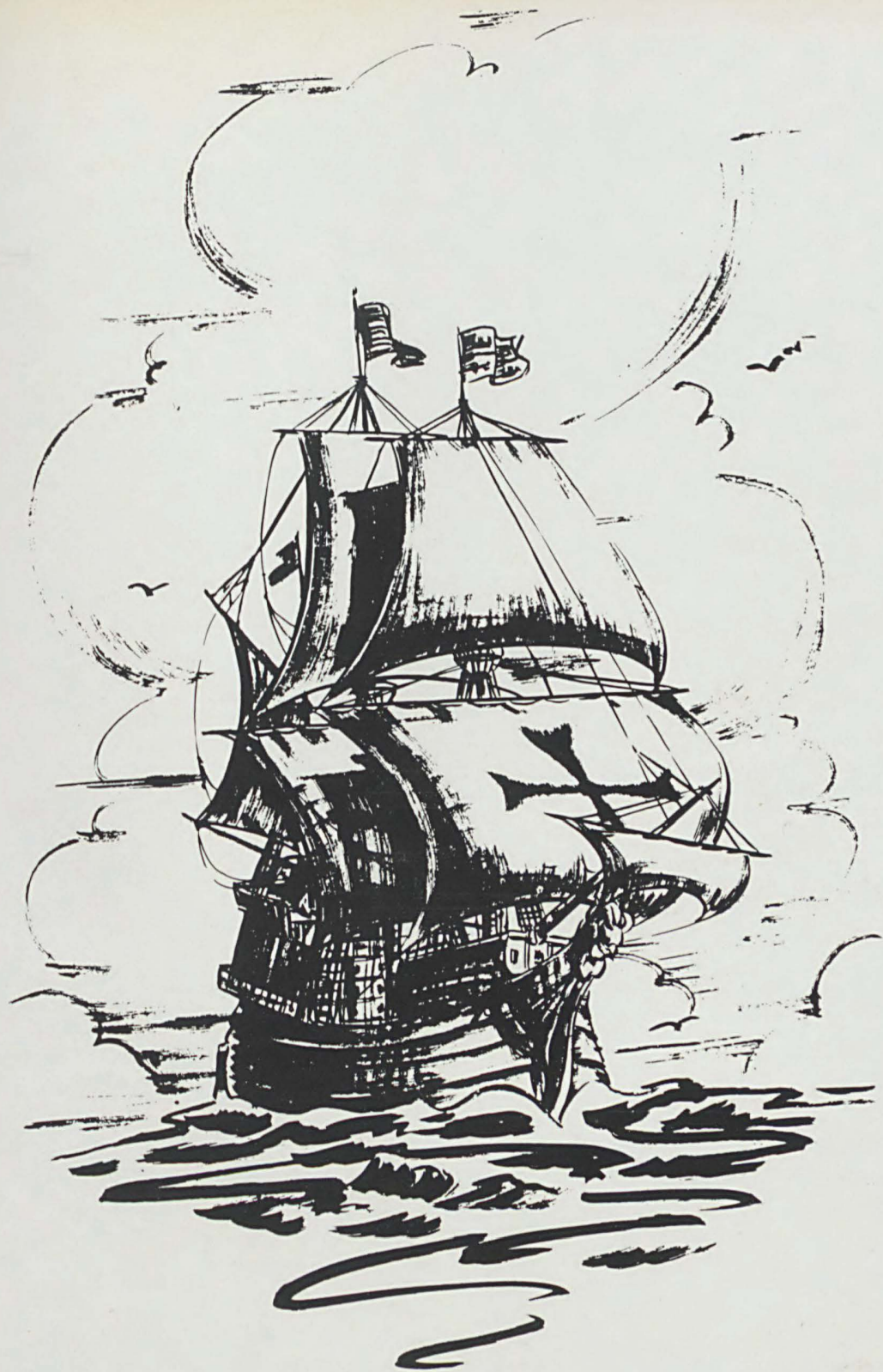


CARL ZUK  
Biddeford, Maine

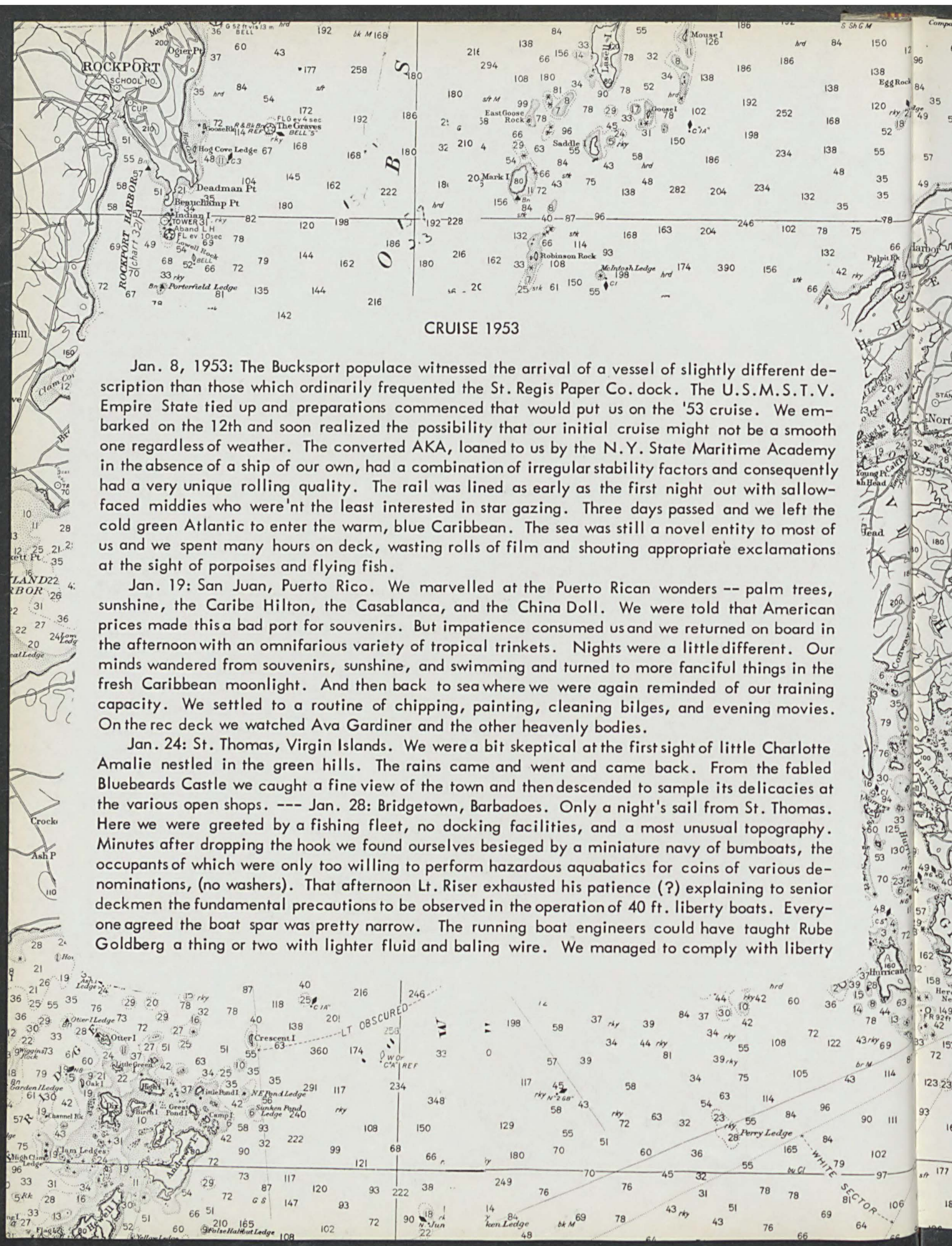
Carl is one of the more reticent guys in our class. His quiet smiling ways have made him everybody's friend. On the gridiron, however, Mr. Z is not quite so reserved. He's probably the best lineman in the school's history and his co-captaincy is evidence of the high esteem in which people hold him. Many were the times he thrilled us with diving, knife-like tackles that took much of the foe's spirit right out of him. Carl, however, has never been known to say a word about the fabulous football prowess that would have put him on any college club in the state.

As a CPO our junior year, Carl showed he had the stuff to get ahead. While doing his job quietly and well, he contributed his bit to make the school a better place in which to live. Mr. Z also managed to finish very respectably in class standing. Such a man will have little trouble meeting the challenge of life.





*Cruises*

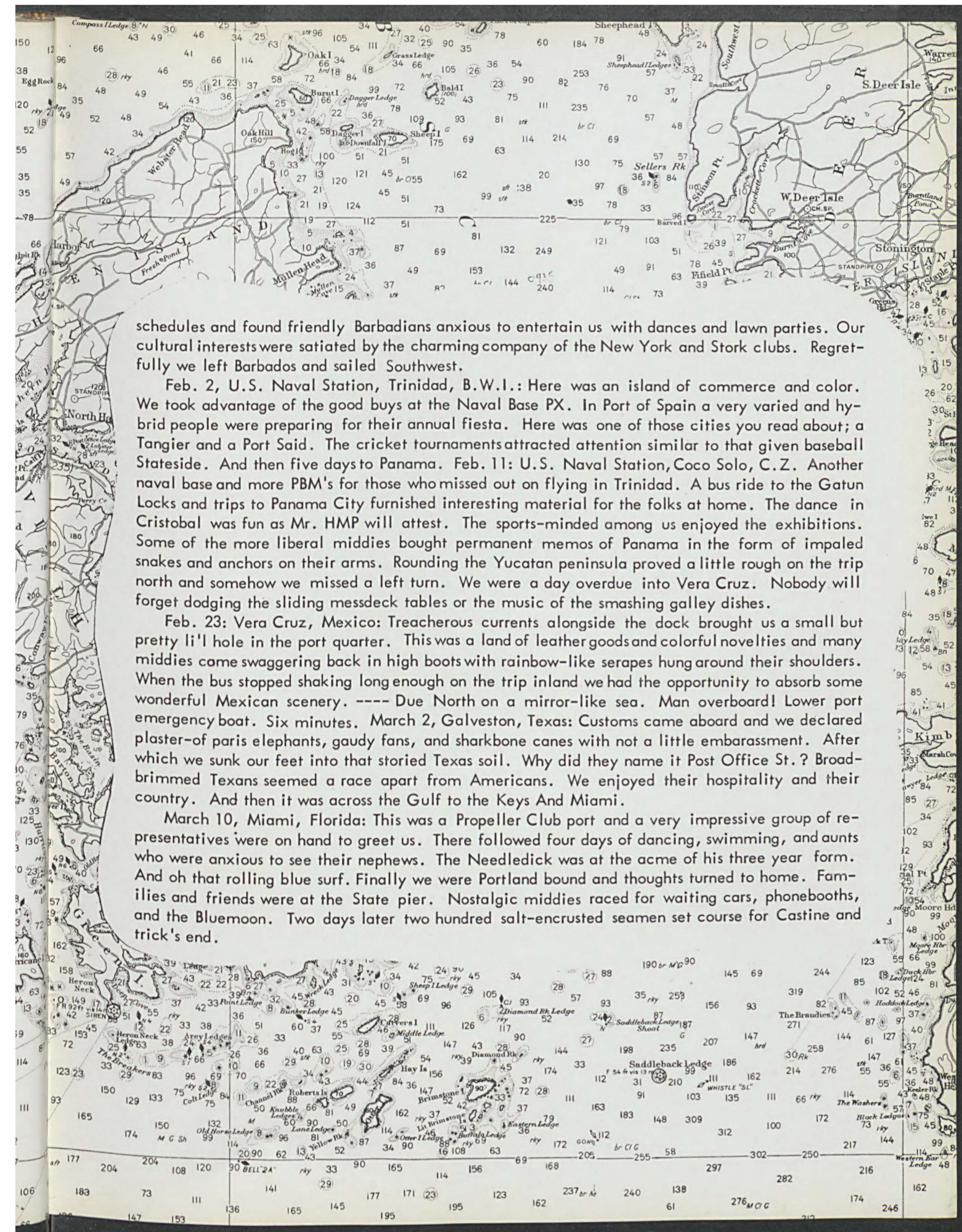


CRUISE 1953

Jan. 8, 1953: The Bucksport populace witnessed the arrival of a vessel of slightly different description than those which ordinarily frequented the St. Regis Paper Co. dock. The U.S.M.S.T.V. Empire State tied up and preparations commenced that would put us on the '53 cruise. We embarked on the 12th and soon realized the possibility that our initial cruise might not be a smooth one regardless of weather. The converted AKA, loaned to us by the N.Y. State Maritime Academy in the absence of a ship of our own, had a combination of irregular stability factors and consequently had a very unique rolling quality. The rail was lined as early as the first night out with sallow-faced middies who were'n't the least interested in star gazing. Three days passed and we left the cold green Atlantic to enter the warm, blue Caribbean. The sea was still a novel entity to most of us and we spent many hours on deck, wasting rolls of film and shouting appropriate exclamations at the sight of porpoises and flying fish.

Jan. 19: San Juan, Puerto Rico. We marvelled at the Puerto Rican wonders -- palm trees, sunshine, the Caribe Hilton, the Casablanca, and the China Doll. We were told that American prices made this a bad port for souvenirs. But impatience consumed us and we returned on board in the afternoon with an omnifarious variety of tropical trinkets. Nights were a little different. Our minds wandered from souvenirs, sunshine, and swimming and turned to more fanciful things in the fresh Caribbean moonlight. And then back to sea where we were again reminded of our training capacity. We settled to a routine of chipping, painting, cleaning bilges, and evening movies. On the rec deck we watched Ava Gardiner and the other heavenly bodies.

Jan. 24: St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. We were a bit skeptical at the first sight of little Charlotte Amalie nestled in the green hills. The rains came and went and came back. From the fabled Bluebeards Castle we caught a fine view of the town and then descended to sample its delicacies at the various open shops. --- Jan. 28: Bridgetown, Barbadoes. Only a night's sail from St. Thomas. Here we were greeted by a fishing fleet, no docking facilities, and a most unusual topography. Minutes after dropping the hook we found ourselves besieged by a miniature navy of bumboats, the occupants of which were only too willing to perform hazardous aquabatics for coins of various denominations, (no washers). That afternoon Lt. Riser exhausted his patience (?) explaining to senior deckmen the fundamental precautions to be observed in the operation of 40 ft. liberty boats. Everyone agreed the boat spar was pretty narrow. The running boat engineers could have taught Rube Goldberg a thing or two with lighter fluid and baling wire. We managed to comply with liberty



schedules and found friendly Barbadians anxious to entertain us with dances and lawn parties. Our cultural interests were satiated by the charming company of the New York and Stork clubs. Regretfully we left Barbados and sailed Southwest.

Feb. 2, U.S. Naval Station, Trinidad, B.W.I.: Here was an island of commerce and color. We took advantage of the good buys at the Naval Base PX. In Port of Spain a very varied and hybrid people were preparing for their annual fiesta. Here was one of those cities you read about; a Tangier and a Port Said. The cricket tournaments attracted attention similar to that given baseball Stateside. And then five days to Panama. Feb. 11: U.S. Naval Station, Coco Solo, C.Z. Another naval base and more PBM's for those who missed out on flying in Trinidad. A bus ride to the Gatun Locks and trips to Panama City furnished interesting material for the folks at home. The dance in Cristobal was fun as Mr. HMP will attest. The sports-minded among us enjoyed the exhibitions. Some of the more liberal middies bought permanent memos of Panama in the form of impaled snakes and anchors on their arms. Rounding the Yucatan peninsula proved a little rough on the trip north and somehow we missed a left turn. We were a day overdue into Vera Cruz. Nobody will forget dodging the sliding messdeck tables or the music of the smashing galley dishes.

Feb. 23: Vera Cruz, Mexico: Treacherous currents alongside the dock brought us a small but pretty li'l hole in the port quarter. This was a land of leather goods and colorful novelties and many middies came swaggering back in high boots with rainbow-like serapes hung around their shoulders. When the bus stopped shaking long enough on the trip inland we had the opportunity to absorb some wonderful Mexican scenery. ---- Due North on a mirror-like sea. Man overboard! Lower port emergency boat. Six minutes. March 2, Galveston, Texas: Customs came aboard and we declared plaster-of paris elephants, gaudy fans, and sharkbone canes with not a little embarrassment. After which we sunk our feet into that storied Texas soil. Why did they name it Post Office St.? Broadbrimmed Texans seemed a race apart from Americans. We enjoyed their hospitality and their country. And then it was across the Gulf to the Keys And Miami.

March 10, Miami, Florida: This was a Propeller Club port and a very impressive group of representatives were on hand to greet us. There followed four days of dancing, swimming, and aunts who were anxious to see their nephews. The Needledick was at the acme of his three year form. And oh that rolling blue surf. Finally we were Portland bound and thoughts turned to home. Families and friends were at the State pier. Nostalgic middies raced for waiting cars, phonebooths, and the Bluemoon. Two days later two hundred salt-encrusted seamen set course for Castine and trick's end.



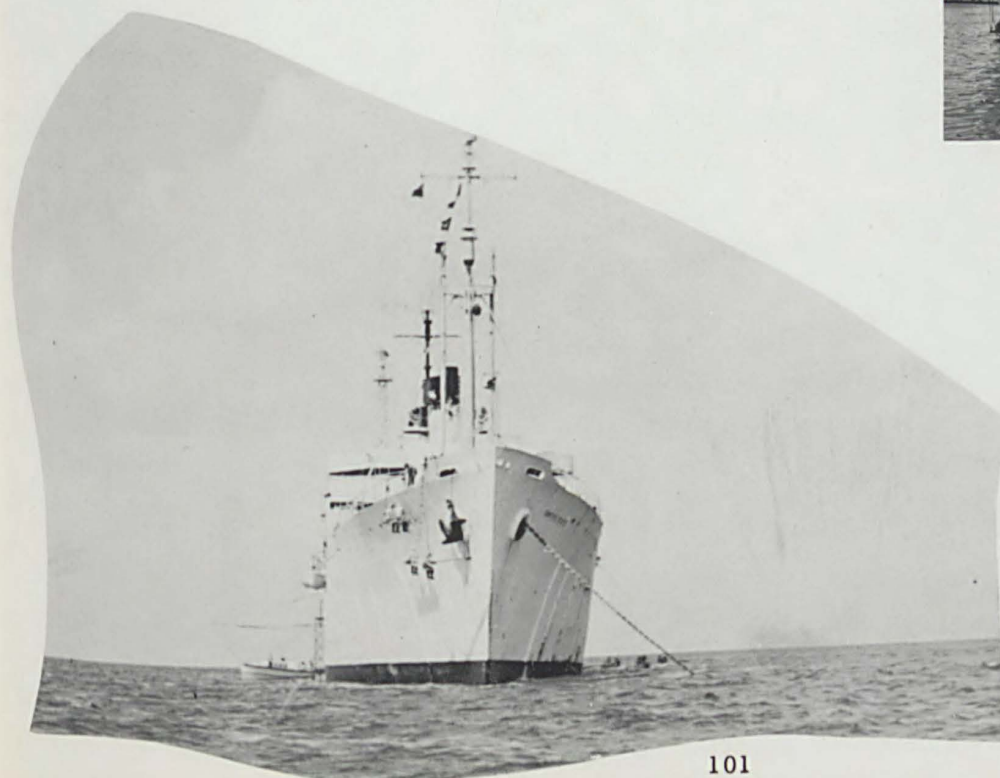
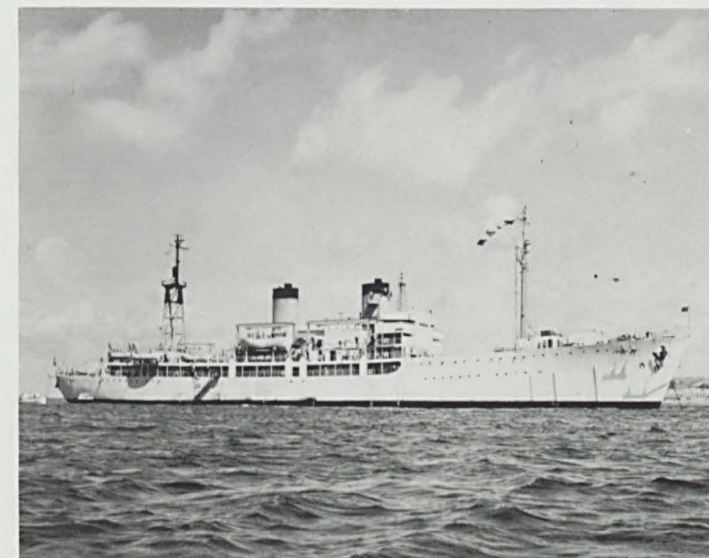
The American Sailor departed after two years of silent,  
faithful service as a laboratory----



And  
in  
came

....

The USMSTS Empire State





Mugpower



Hoodsie, Bogus, and Ben.



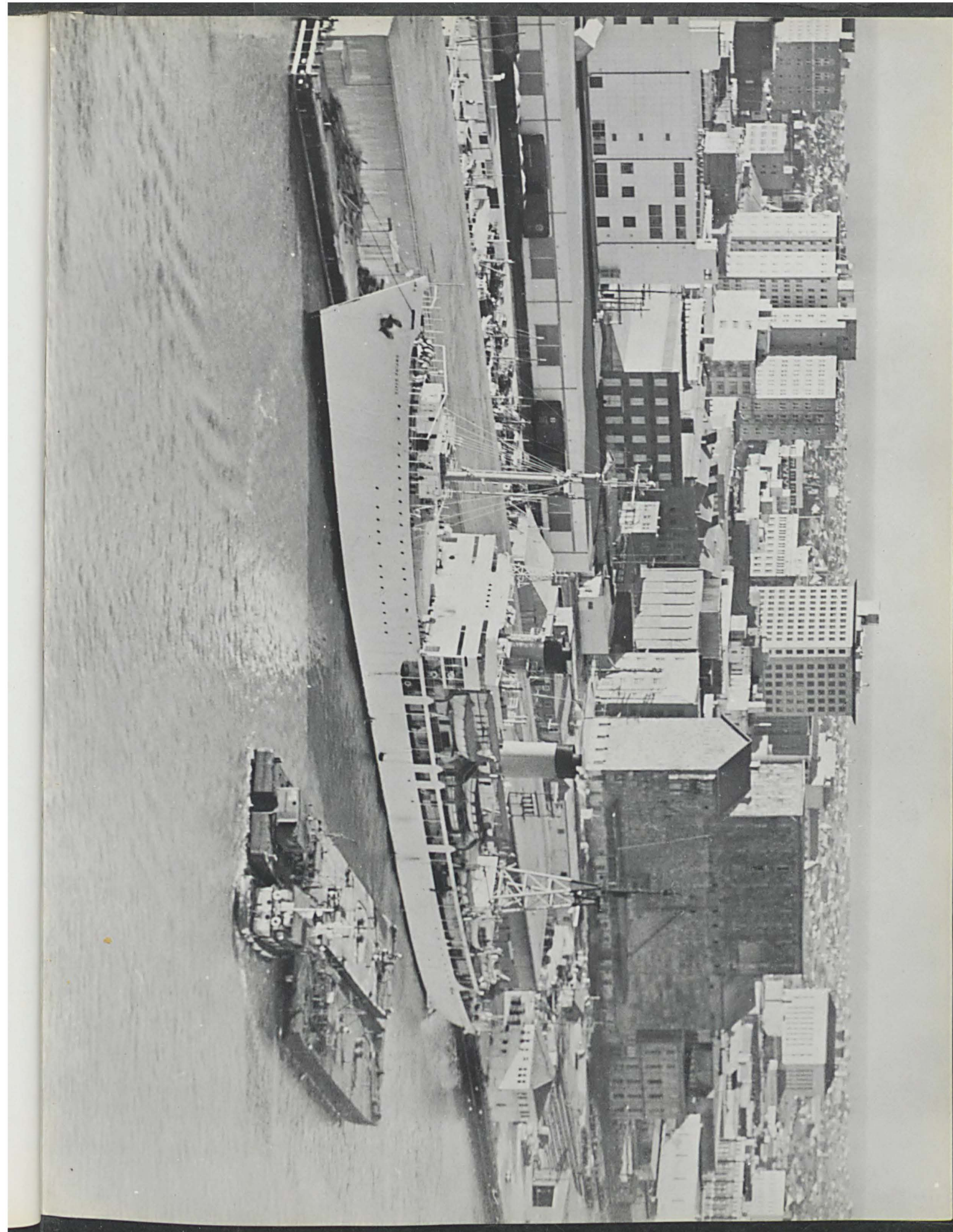
Bilge party



Engine room answers two-thirds astern, sir.



Go ahead - start somethin'





0800 every morning.

Sunday afternoon



Three sports



Morro Castle, San Juan, P. R.



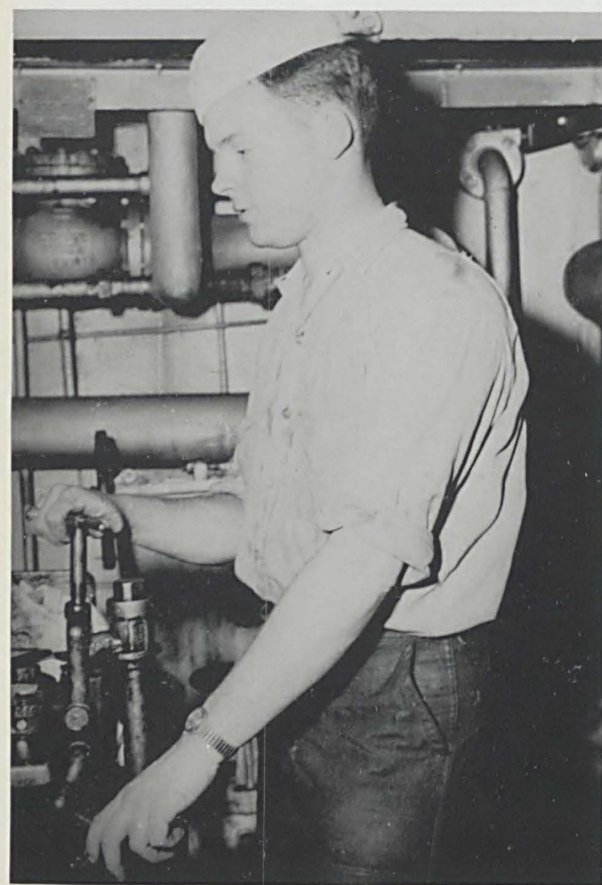
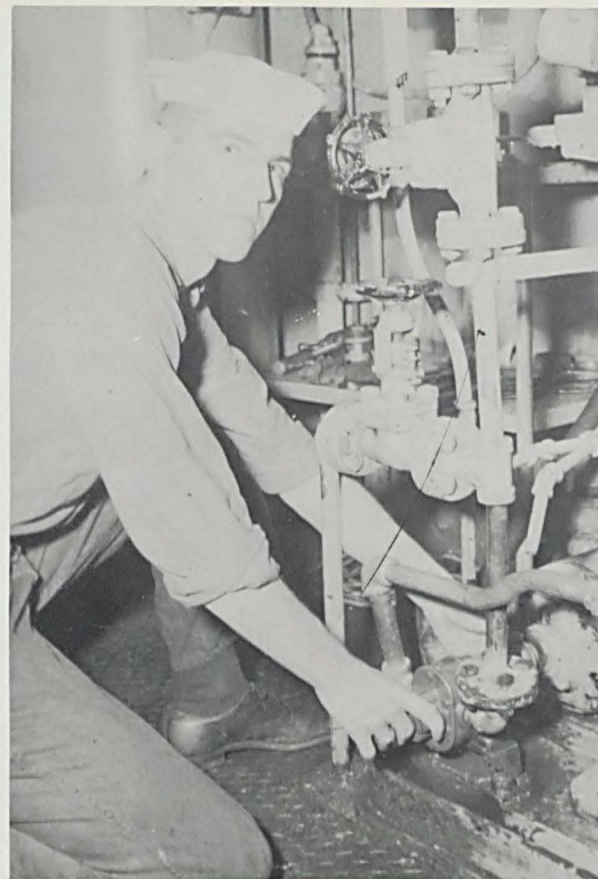
What are you guys doin' here?

Lay off that life line.



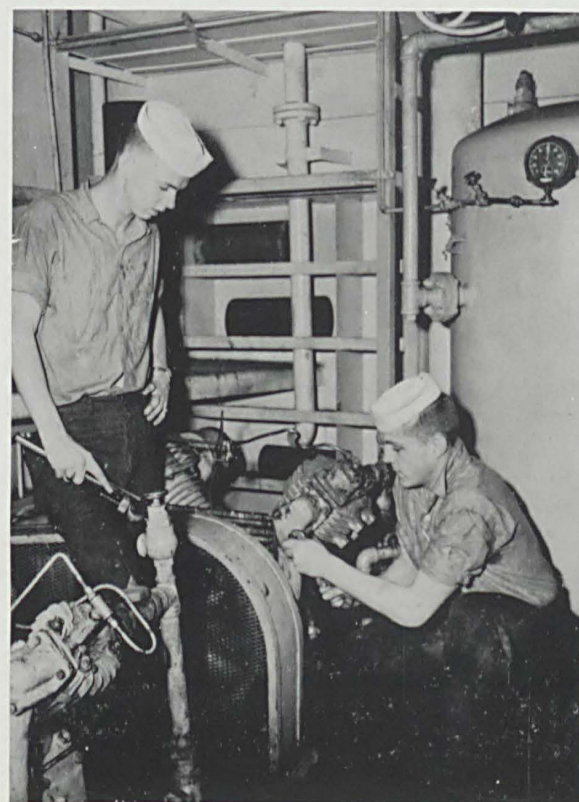
Jack's first command.

Hersh Ellis



J. Paul Jones

So then what happens, Sully?



Hokie on bowhook.

Topkicker



Rather busy outhouse



The pause that refreshes.



Salinity test.



Just wait'll you see her.

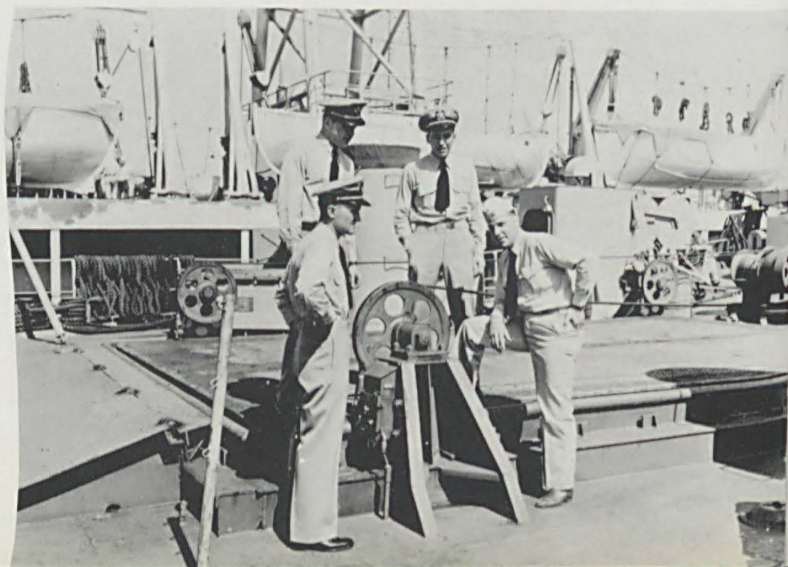


Eight Bells

Fugitives from the island.



Seeing how the Navy does things.



So I sez to him.



Coupla salts.



Let's see -- the minimum signal.



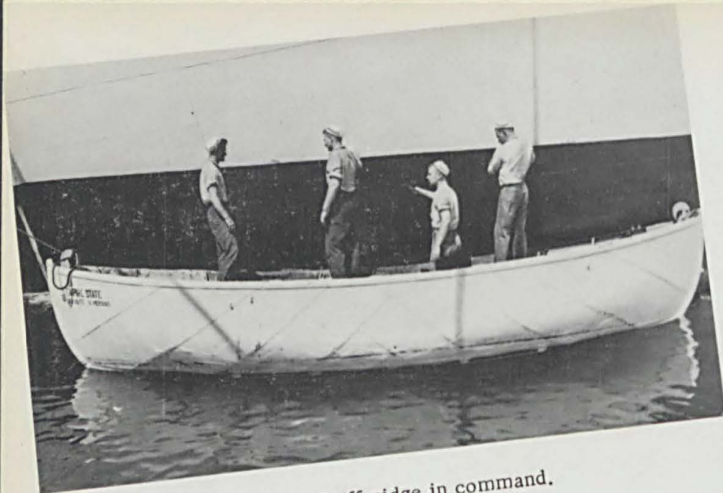
Machine shop blues



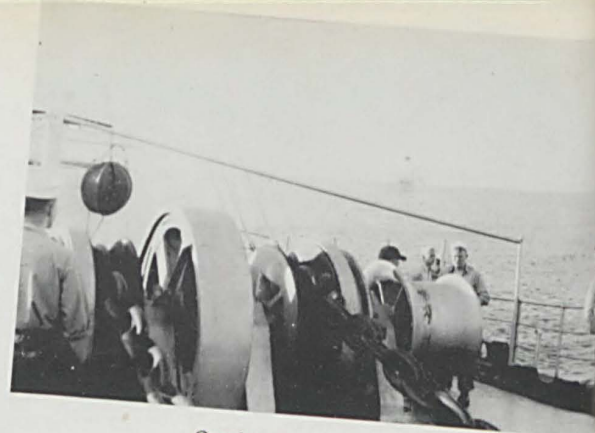
So guess what the salesman does then?



F. Mayo, Esq.

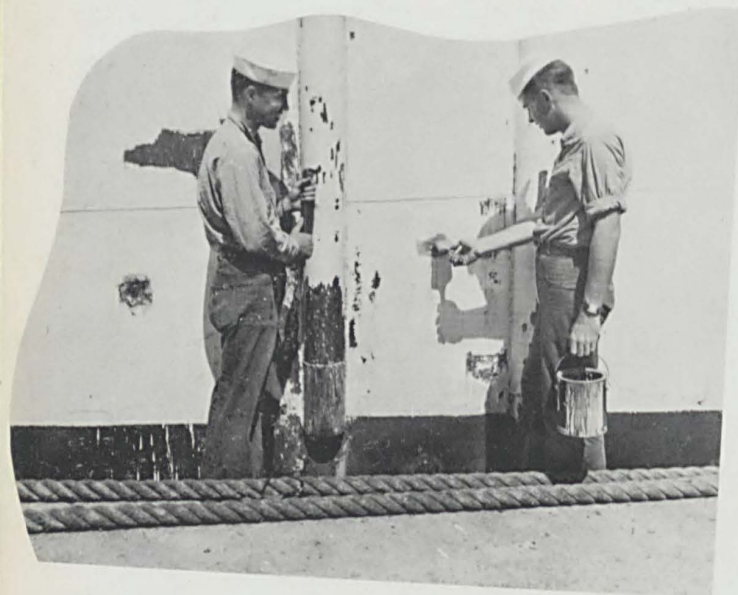


J. Cueball Snifferidge in command.

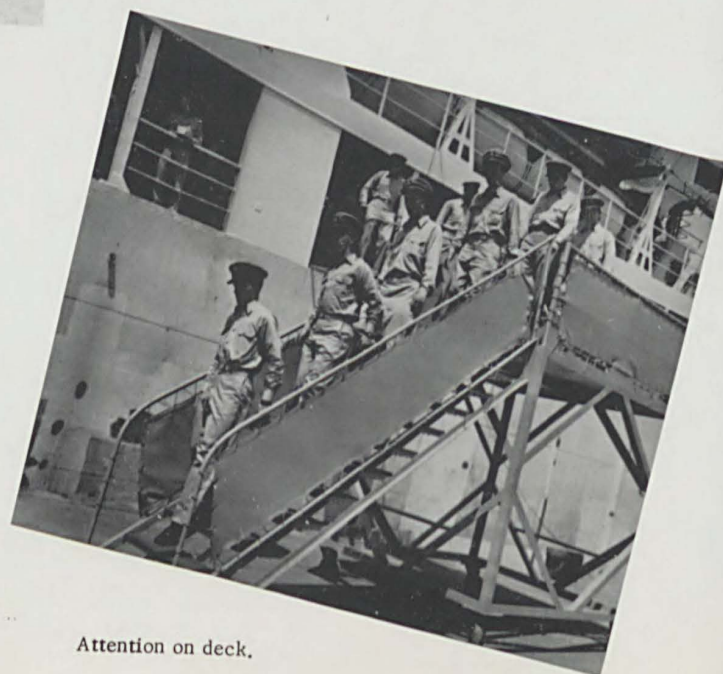


One black ball,  
2 feet in diameter,  
forward where best seen.

What's the movie tonite?



Poker 'n Mac.



Attention on deck.



Yes, I'd say it was better than Castine.



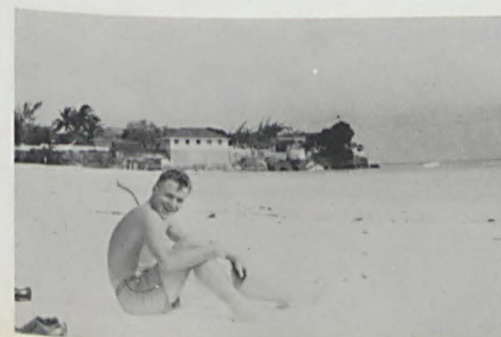
Just down for the weekend.



Yo tengo dinero, Senor.



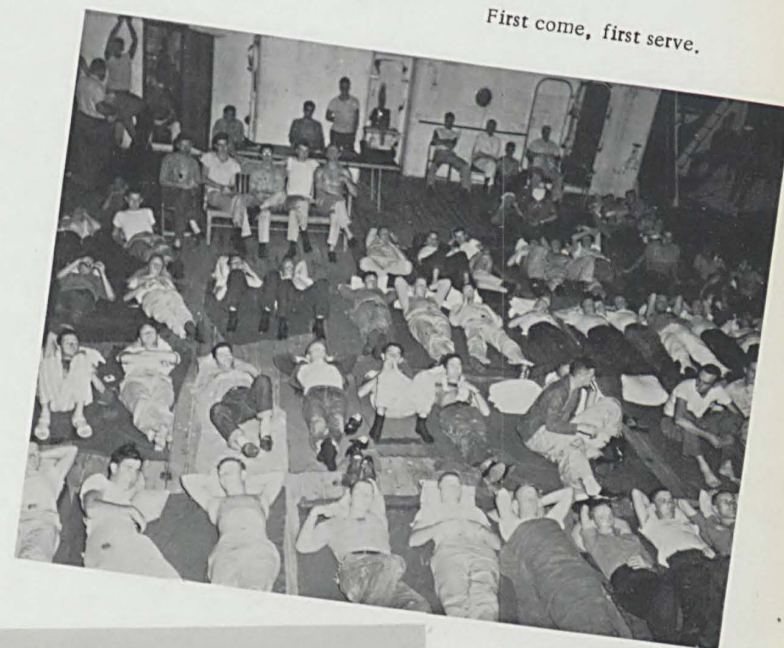
Anyone for tennis?



There's just nothin'  
like it.



Crude but effective.



First come, first serve.



The sea's around us.



Wanna buy some Oakite?



Some guys get all the luck



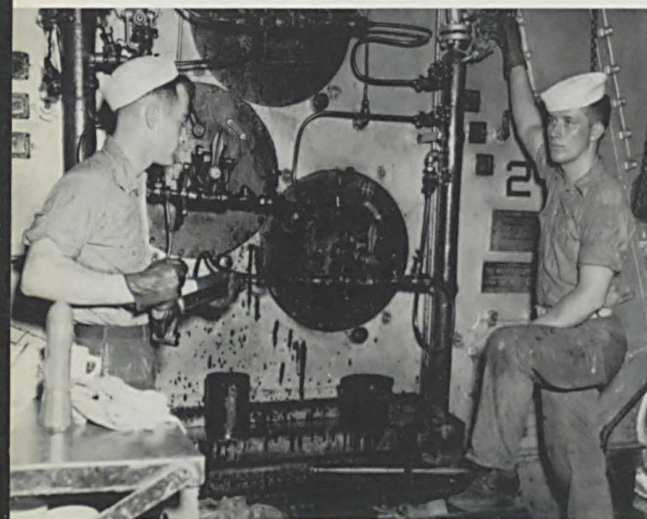
Rog and Bernie on the town



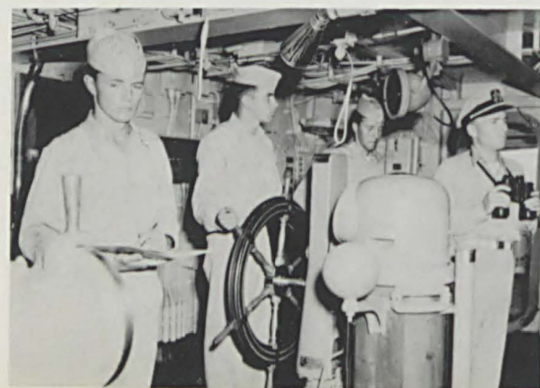
That poor horse!



Note the paint job.



Always the fuel oil burners



0915: c/c 060 Gyro



Workin', Mate?



Always the young strangers



Wake currents and sleep currents

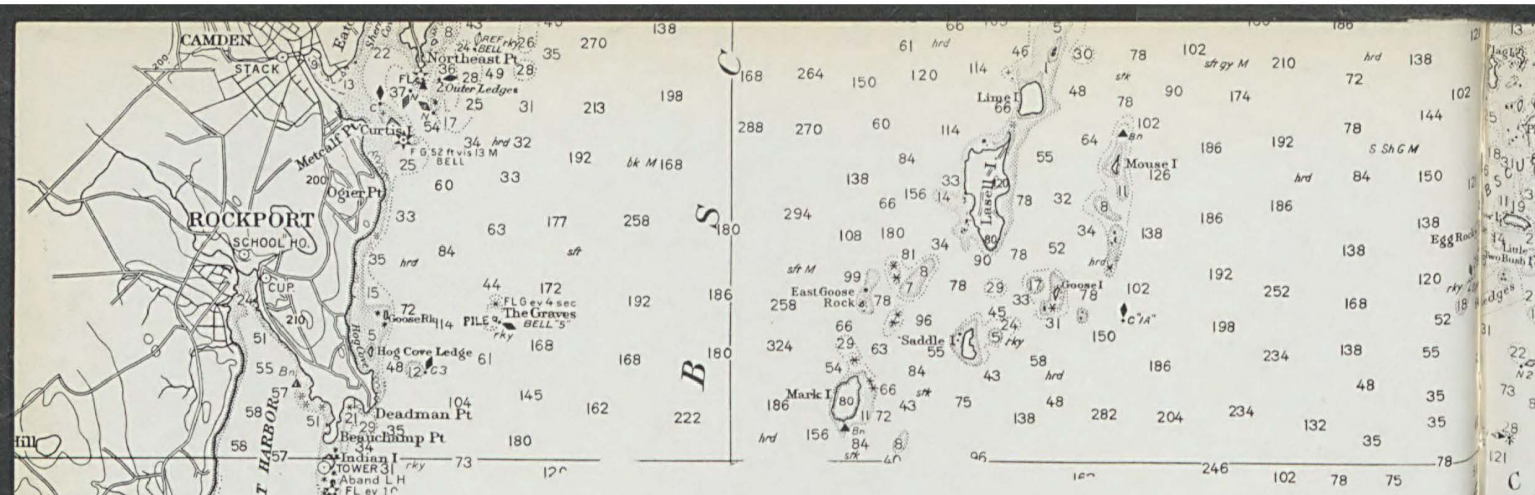


Mysteries of radar



A visit from Miss Propeller Club, U. of Miami





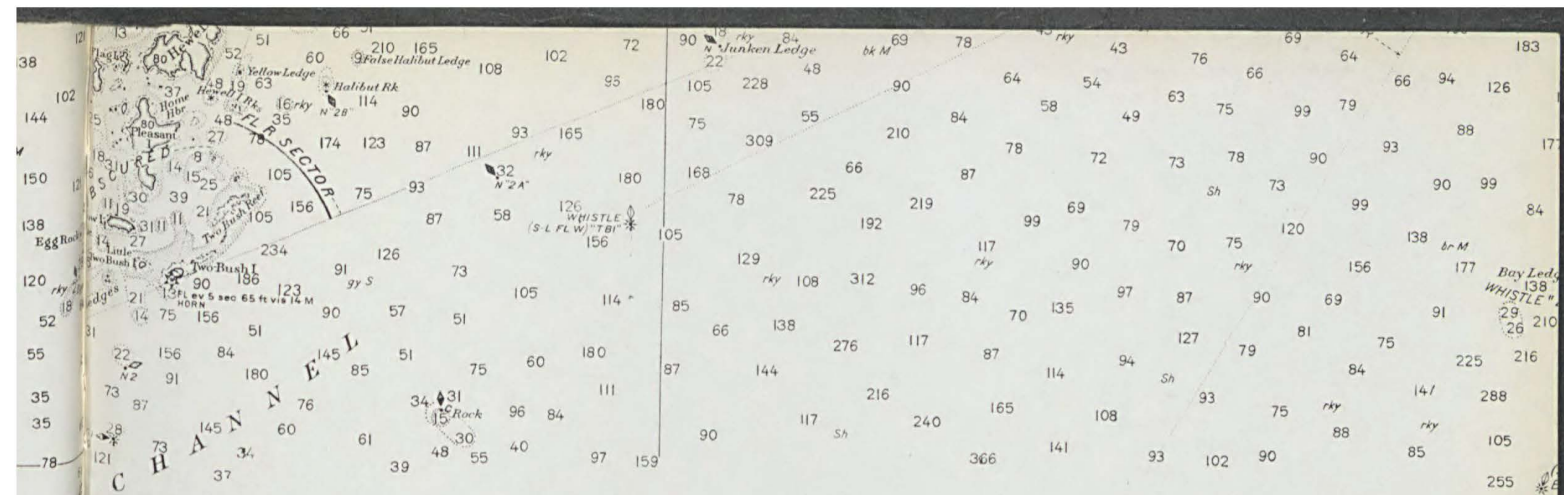
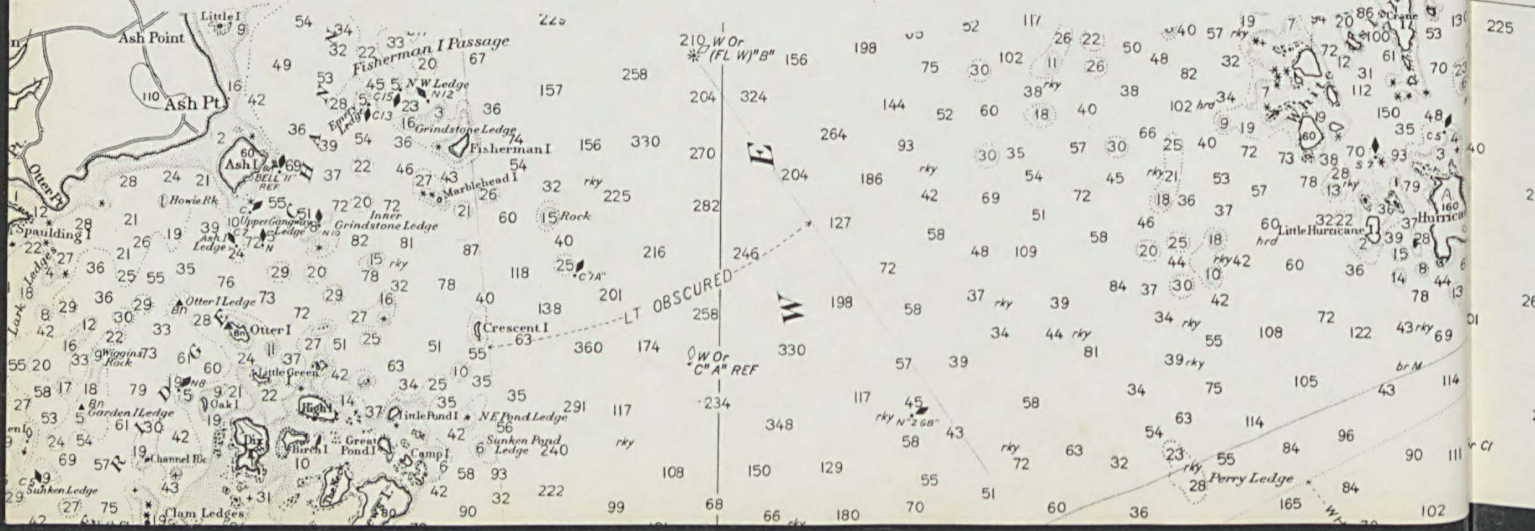
### CRUISE 1954

Jan. 20, Castine, Maine: The dock was filled with well-wishers as the SS State of Maine, a converted Army transport, took departure for the Southland. Our weeks of preparation in Portland and Castine were now to be consummated. The State of Maine proved to be as comfortable as she was spacious until we hit the Carolinas. Few will forget what happened. To quote the Superintendent; "It was the worst storm I've seen in that area of the Atlantic in my thirty years experience." For three thoroughly miserable days we weathered a sea that repeatedly threatened to claim us. Relief came at last from the ever friendly Caribbean.

Ponce, Puerto Rico: Attractive little P.R. greeted us for the second time and we were now to see a different aspect of it. Ponce exuded the true Puerto Rican atmosphere - somewhat buried in San Juan. We found amusement in cock fights, industrial tours, and clothes shopping. Much effort was expended in dodging the omnipresent bootblacks and 'camerones' vendors. Our S.P.'s had a field day in Army patrol cars. Points of special interest were the Don Q Rum Distillery, a labyrinthine cement factory, and an exquisitely ancient Catholic church. Future ensigns were ecstatic over the Navy's DM fleet, and third mates intrigued by the SS Texaco New York. And then it was east to Haiti.

Port-au-Prince, Haiti: All were impressed when the formidable USS Roanoke roared past us on the way in. Liberty in Port-au-Prince was a rather novel adventure to say the least. We encountered various dialects and had the opportunity to show off our high school French. Haiti's fabled "Iron Market" was like nothing we'd ever seen before. Everything imaginable was sold on a thousand little makeshift stands and the stench that hovered over all could be cut with a knife. For entertainment we were offered Haiti's mysterious Voodoo with dancer's straight from Brooklyn. Very interesting anyway. "Mohogany" was the cry and Hot Dawg that's where our money went!

Cartagena, Colombia: On the continent at last. Cartagena's standard of living was the highest of our ports of call. Beautiful one story mansions lined both sides of their avenues. Particularly impressive was the Colombian Naval Academy and its cadets. We defeated their baseball and sailing teams but they were still kind enough to sponsor a very hospitable dance in our honor. Our mornings were well spent in "The Great Maintenance Push". The hull was slowly but surely getting



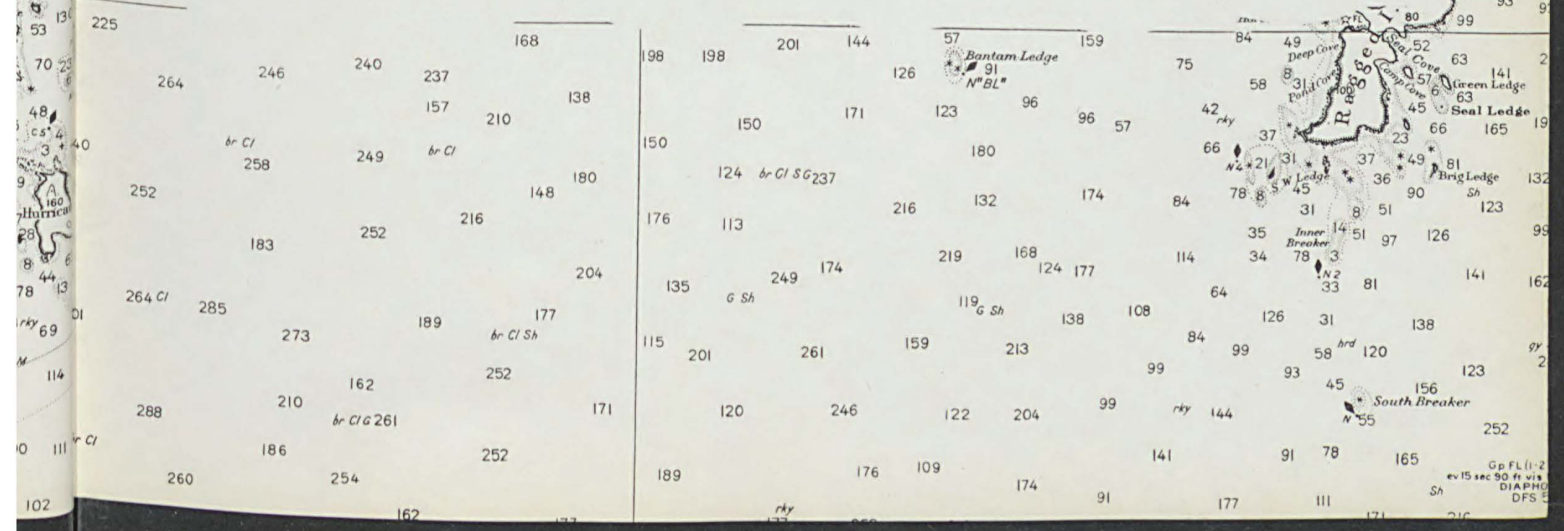
its grey coat thanks to an indefatigable deck department. Engineers were hard at work cleaning the bilges and things were beginning to take shape for our prospective TV appearance in Baltimore. Morale was high going north to Kingston.

Kingston, Jamaica: Our first contact with the vibrant British since Barbados. White helmeted police, colorful shops, and colonial streets all contributed to its quaint effect. Mr. Small's dance at the 'Glass Bucket' was our most successful social of the cruise. Calypso singers and Miss Jamaica gave it a certain vitality and uniqueness. "Take me to Jamaica, where de Rum come from" was all we heard for the next three days. Dockside escapades were most illustrious as middies whiled away their duty hours bartering with an assorted collection of hotshot peanut vendors. Several of our more prominent Lotharios showed great form in charming Kingston's young female elite at their seaside villas. "E.J.H." and his topkicker sidekick enjoyed their idyll to the bitter end.

Santiago, Cuba: This last of our Spanish ports was one of the best. Santiago's colorful history was everywhere in evidence as was that flamboyant Cuban nationalism. We were fortunate to be there during the independence day celebrations and had great fun observing their festivities. SP's made the usual rounds, this time with assistance from Batista's policia maritima. Mr. Small arranged three splendid dances and even managed to provide some comely señoritas. Visitors to the State of Maine were impressed with our tremendous maintenance effort and the stage was set for our triumphant entrance to Baltimore. We took leave of Santiago's beautiful harbor and set a NE'ly course for the mainland.

Baltimore, Maryland: We arrived after a calm and uneventful five day voyage. Newspaper and TV men were on hand to greet us at the Lower Canton docks. Capt. Roscoe starred in a half hour television program, ably assisted by a brilliant supporting cast of Midshipman. With Mr. Hoch acting as charge d'affaires we were given an official reception in Washington by Senators Payne and Smith. Some middies found time for a trip to Annapolis and were duly impressed while returning salutes. After four days of frenzied activity we sailed for Portland and home.

Portland, Maine: The State Pier was a welcome sight as Middies strained to identify parents and sweethearts. Sweethearts? How'd that word get in here. After a pleasant reunion dance at South Portland we were on our way to Castine; the practical aspect of our training complete, graduation on our minds.







*Television Stars*  
*Baltimore, Maryland*



Land Ho!



Stand by to dock.

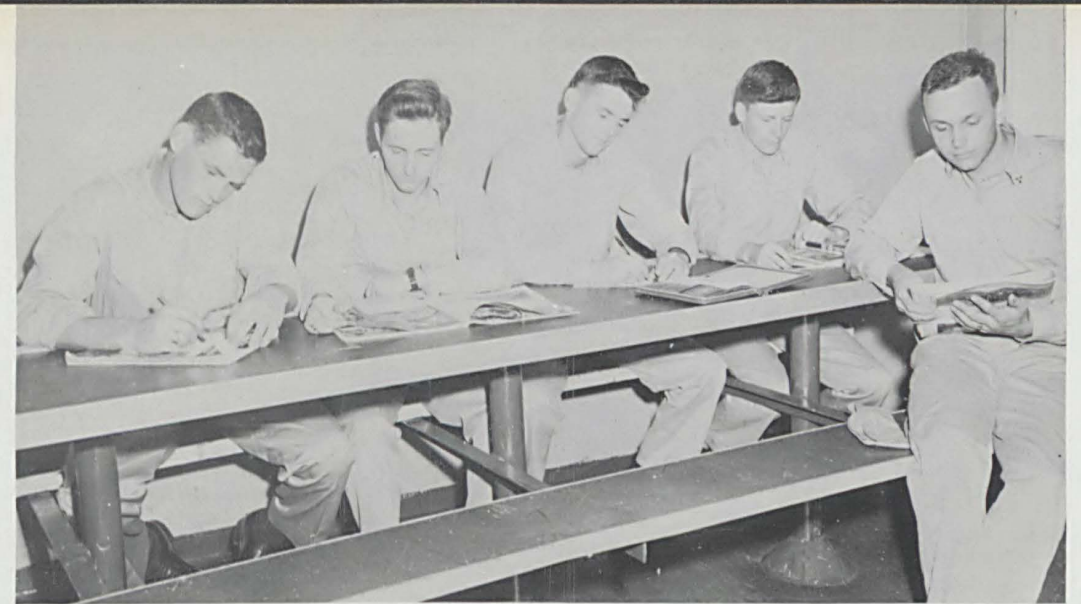


Muster the liberty party.

Five pesos --  
Well three --  
It's your's  
for two.



Wish you were here.



Dear Mother and Dad ---



Whadda ya mean Musial's better than Williams?

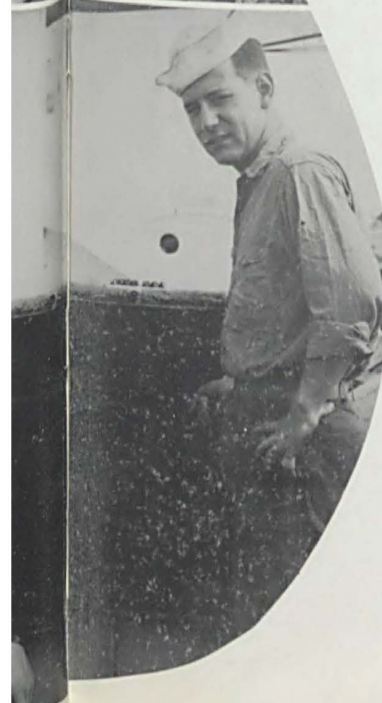
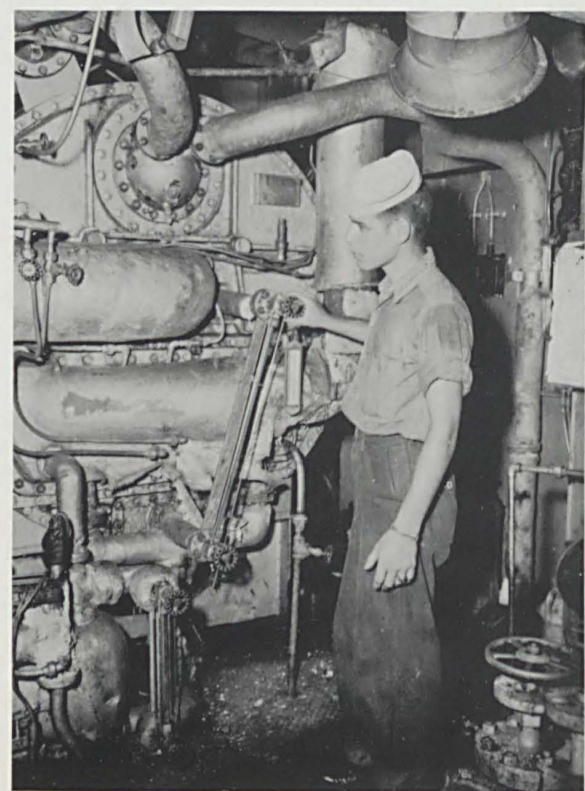


Junto al rio entre  
piadras y a tu lago.

Anyone  
from  
Bath?



# *Engineers*



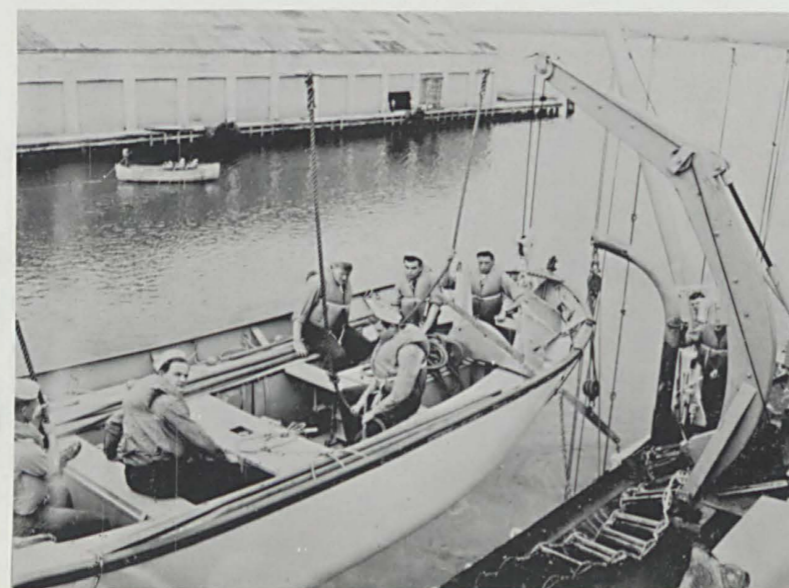
Oke and the Sniffer  
on maintenance.



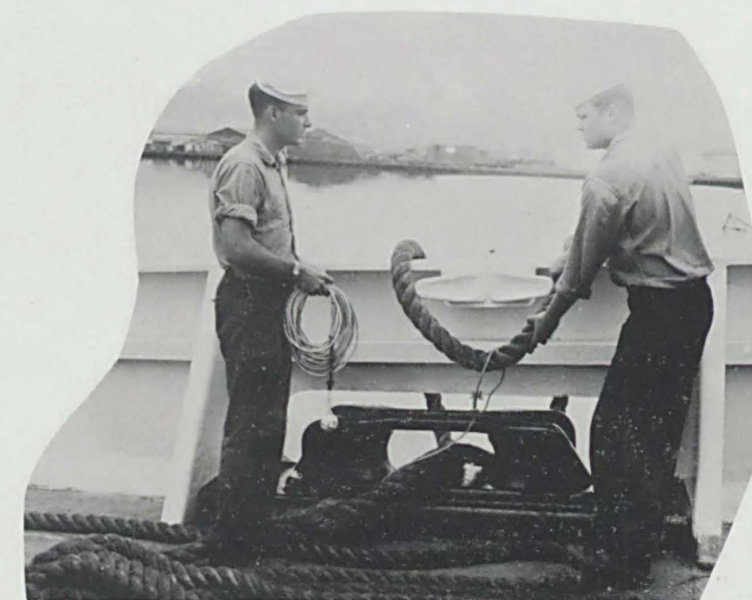
Quadrantal?  
Radial?  
Gravity?  
Screw sheath?



Felix R. at the tiller.



An OBA, by Gawd



How much are you betting?



What's this? A Tremble on the bridge?

A little more to the left.



Santiago, Cuba



King, Fox, How, Peter



A study in cargo handling



Aye, Aye - Mr. Small

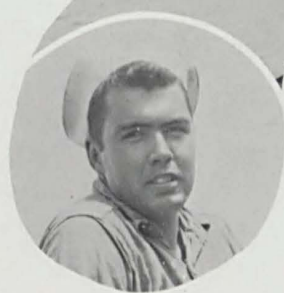


Extra liberty work



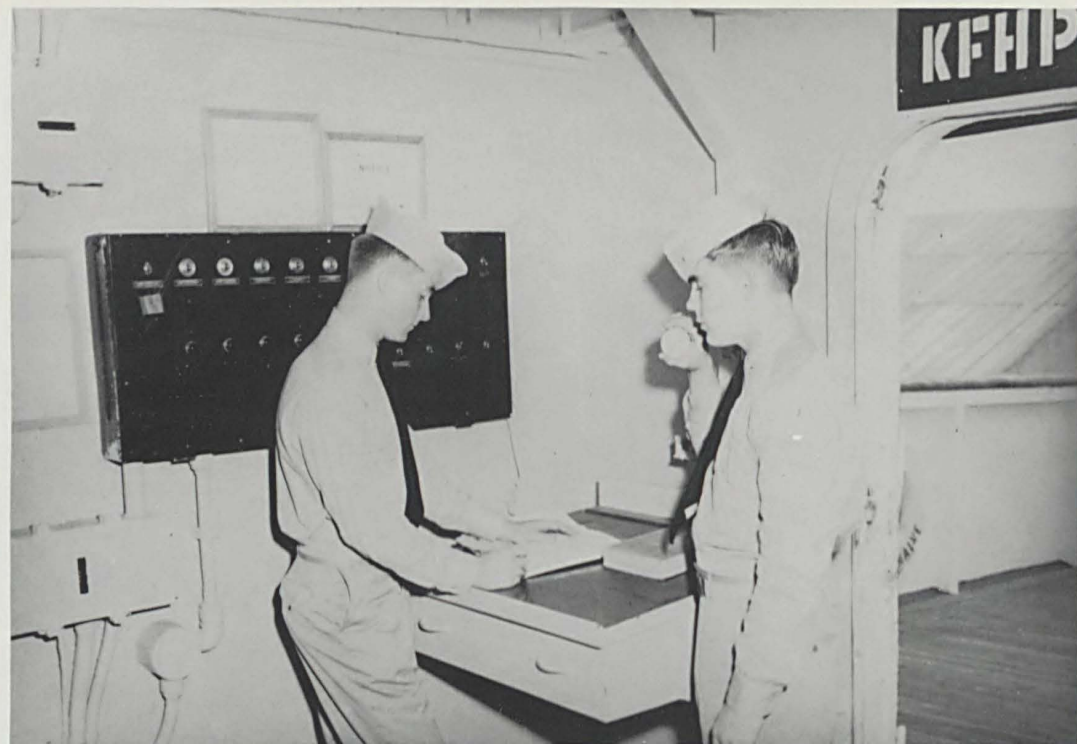
Lower away on no. 1



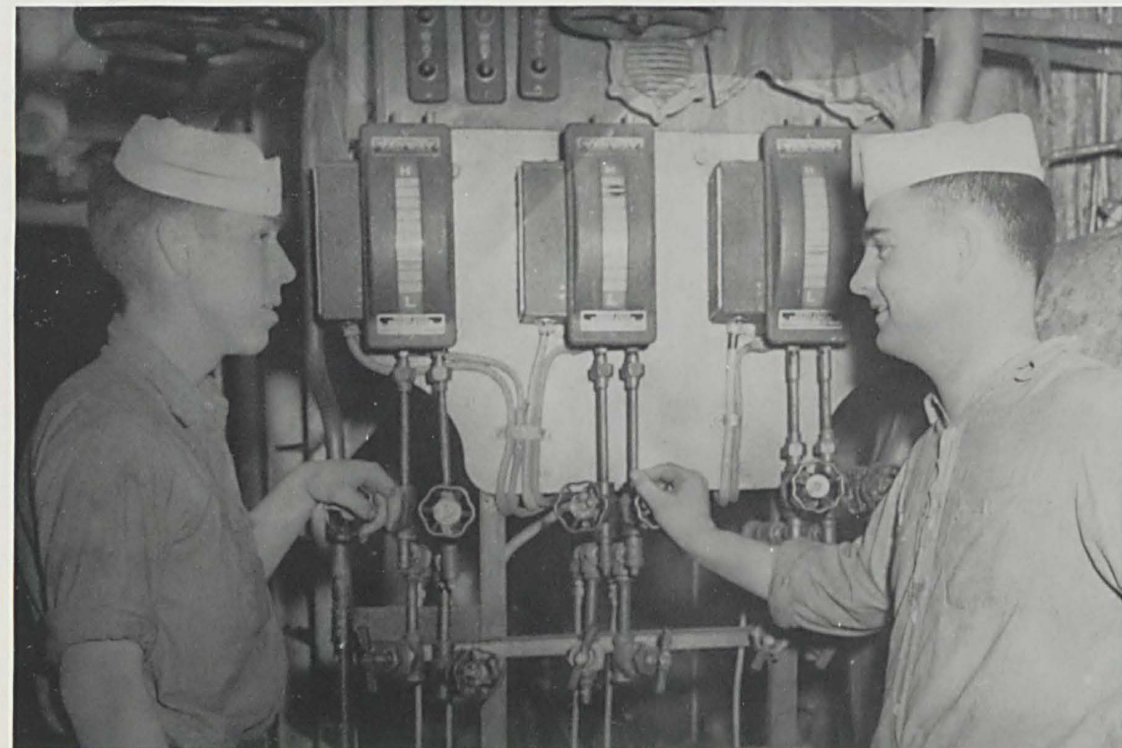


*Deck-  
Men*





Now hear this ---



Roscoe and Buddha



They're off again



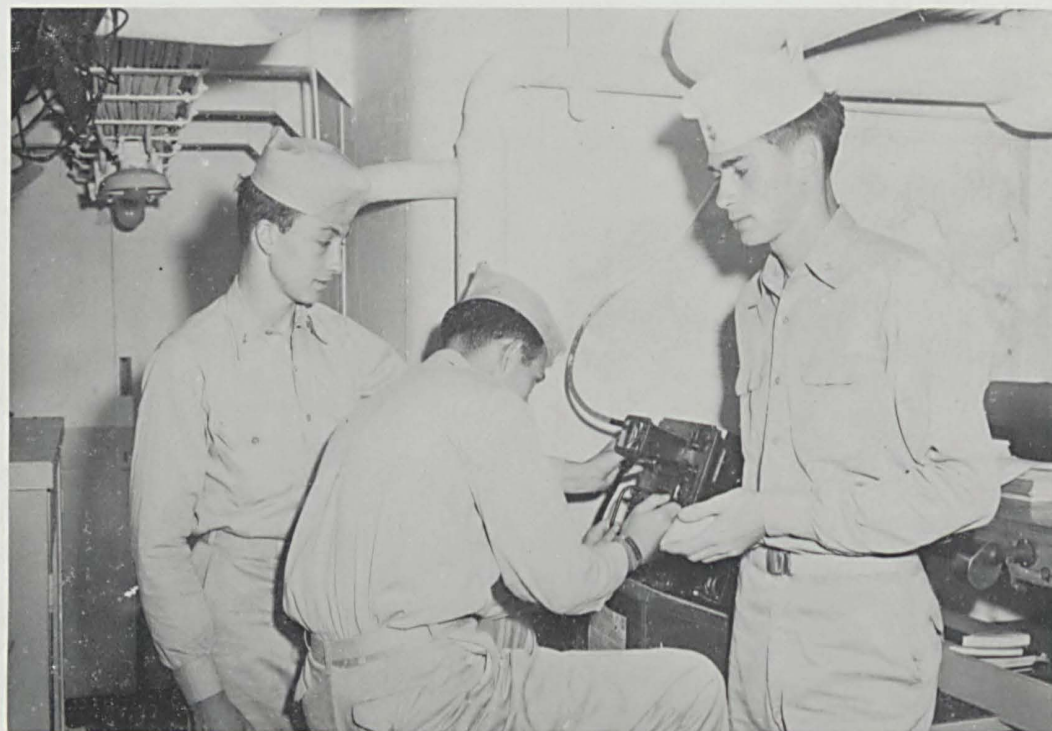
The officers



The Middies



Attention on deck - colors



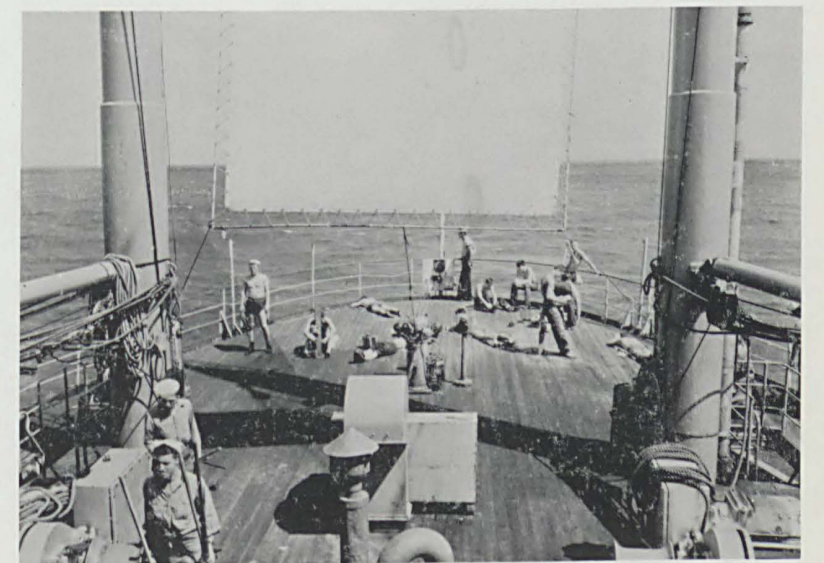
Anyone know anything about Loran?

Two of a kind.



Only 35¢ at sea.

No it isn't a spinnaker.





Ipana, Ipana, Ipana



Will ya not interrupt, pleez



Who's ya pal, Rote?



*Sports*

## Football 1954

The 1953 season was embarked upon with many new faces in Coach Hctor's line-up. Of the eleven returning lettermen only two had been starters the previous season. These were Co-capt. Zuk and Co-capt. Spear.

NORWICH 29 MAINE MARITIME 0

The Middies opened their season September 19 against Norwich University at Northfield, Vermont. They not only lost the opener 29-0 to the powerful Norwich club, but also lost the services of Damon Rivard their quarterback for the remainder of the season. Junior classman Rivard suffered a fractured leg on the opening kick-off.

The Middies were only able to make 78 yards on land and 70 through the air. While Norwich piled up 313 yards on the ground and 71 through the air.

Coach Hctor had two weeks in which to prime a new quarterback for the game two weeks hence against M.C.I. His choice was Junior classman Jack Cutliffe, regular left end.

MAINE MARITIME 33 M.C.I. 13

The Middies broke loose in the second half to defeat traditional rival M.C.I. 33-13. The first Middie score came in the opening period when quarterback Cutliffe fired to right end Russ Morse to climax a 97 yard drive. M.C.I. tied the score later in the same period on a beautiful 55 yard run.

In the second quarter Jim Fairbanks bucked over from two yards out, Cutliffe added the point to put the Middies out in front 13-6. A pass interception set up the next M.C.I. touchdown. This touchdown with the conversion of the extra point left the score tied 13-13 at the half.

In the second half Joe Vachon climaxed two Middie drives by going over from the three on one occasion and the one foot line on the other.

WORCESTER POLYTEC 13 MAINE MARITIME 6

The Middies next went to Worcester where they met a team who had lost to Tufts 6-0 the week before. Undoubtedly the opposition thought they were in for a breeze, but when the Maine Middies started pouring on the heat the Worcester Engineers discovered they had a battle on their hands.

After a scoreless first period Worcester scored on a 77 yard pass in the final minute of the half. Their second score came in the third period on an off tackle smash from one yard out.

In the final period a Cutliffe to Morse pass covered four yards for the lone Middie T.D.

Quarterback Cutliffe was outstanding in this contest particularly in masterminding the lone TD drive in which he picked up 16 of the 32 yards on end runs.

MIDDIES 7 NEWPORT 20

The Middies returned to Castine where they were defeated 20-7 by a heavy Newport R.I. Naval Station team. Newports' scoring was confined wholly to the first

## Football 1954

half while the lone Middie score came in the third period. Joe Vachon crashed over from one yard out and Cutliffe passed to Morse for the extra point. Co-capt. Spear suffered a face injury in the first half but returned in the second session to play his usual outstanding game.

MIDDIES 13 QUONSET 6

Still without the services of halfback MacPherson, out of the line up since the Worcester game with a bad ankle, the Middies took on a strong Quonset Point Naval Station team at Castine.

A pass covering forty yards from Cutliffe to Morse in the first period put the Middies ahead 7-0. Quonset picked up a touchdown in the second period on a beautiful 60 yard broken field run.

In the third period another Cutliffe to Morse pass netted 45 to the Quonset ten. After a series of line thrusts Vachon went over from the one foot line.

Senior classman Hoch returned to action at guard in this game. It was his first time out since his Freshman year. Another senior who deserves mention here is Howard Laundry. This was Howard's first year of football at the Academy. His performance against Quonset was outstanding.

MAINE FROSH 19 MIDDIES 7

The Middies suffered a let down after defeating Quonset. It was the first Middie defeat by a University of Maine team in six years.

The only bright spot for the Middies was a fourth period pass from Cutliffe to Morse to net their lone TD. Cutliffe kicked the extra point.

MIDDIES 19 COLBY FROSH 6

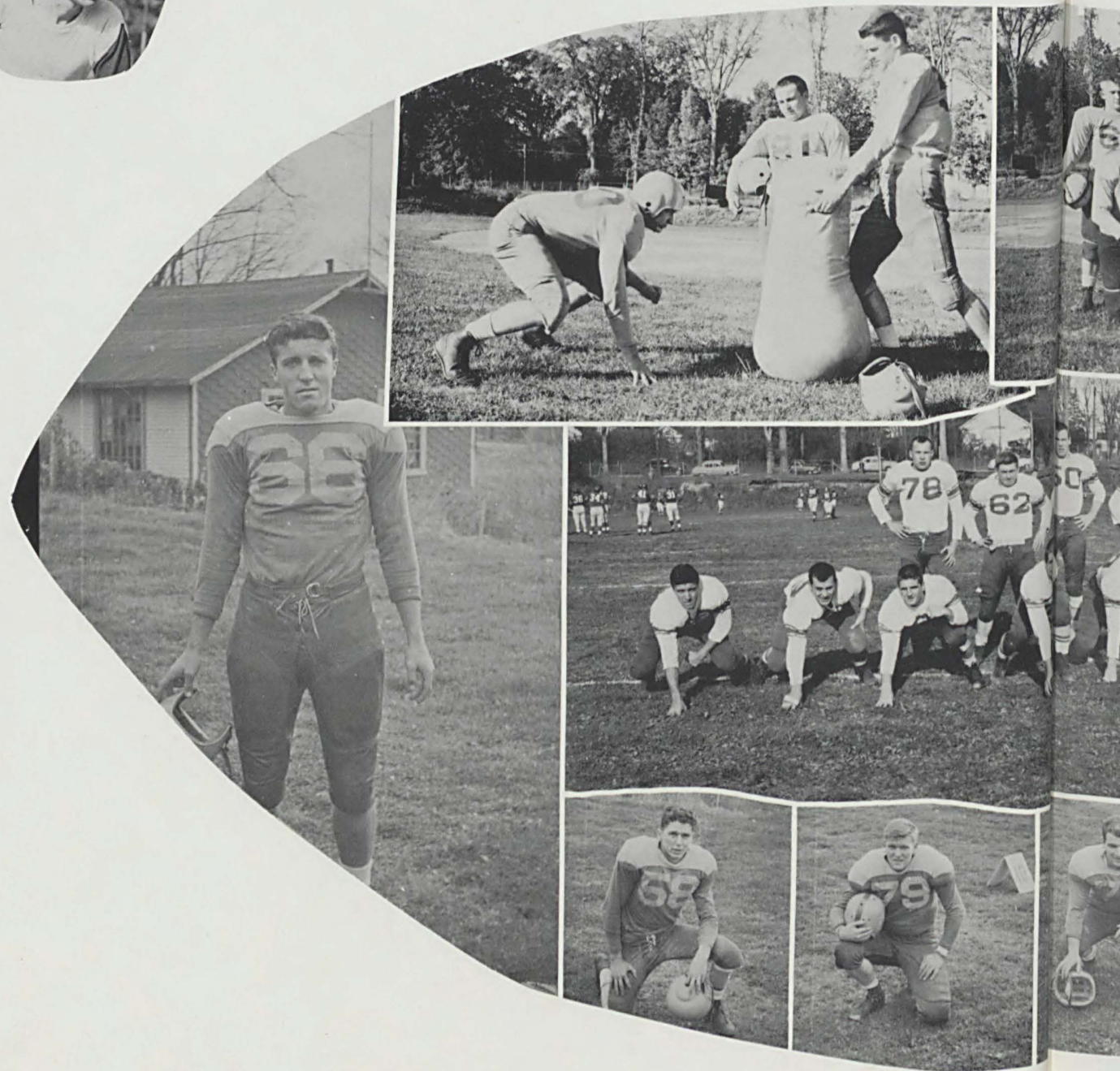
The Middies handed the Mule Freshmen their first defeat of the season. In the second period Fenderson tackled a Mule runner in the endzone causing him to fumble. Durant recovered for the first Middie touchdown.

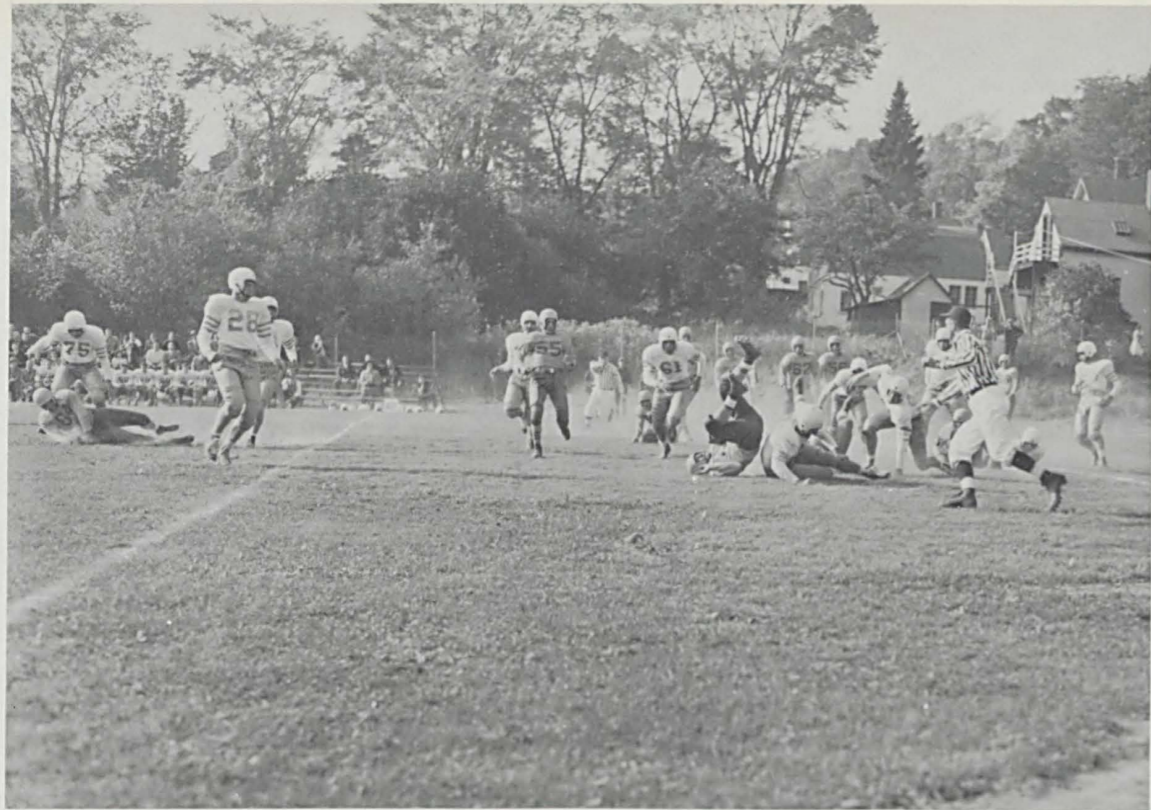
Colby tied the game up later in the second quarter on a seventy yard punt return. After a hard fought scoreless third stanza the Middies came back to ice the game with thirteen points.

Jack Cutliffe sneaked over from the one foot line following 75 yard drive he passed to Morse for the extra point. Hutch Landry went 30 yards off tackle behind good blocking for the final TD of the day.

MASS 35 MAINE 6

In the final game of the season a six to six half time deadlock was blown wide open in the third period when Mass. scored twenty-two points. The Middies opened the scoring in the first period on a twenty yard Cutliffe to Morse pass. This ended the Middie scoring for the day. The rest of the game was all Dugan and Flynn of the Bay Staters.





Middies 7 Newport Naval 20



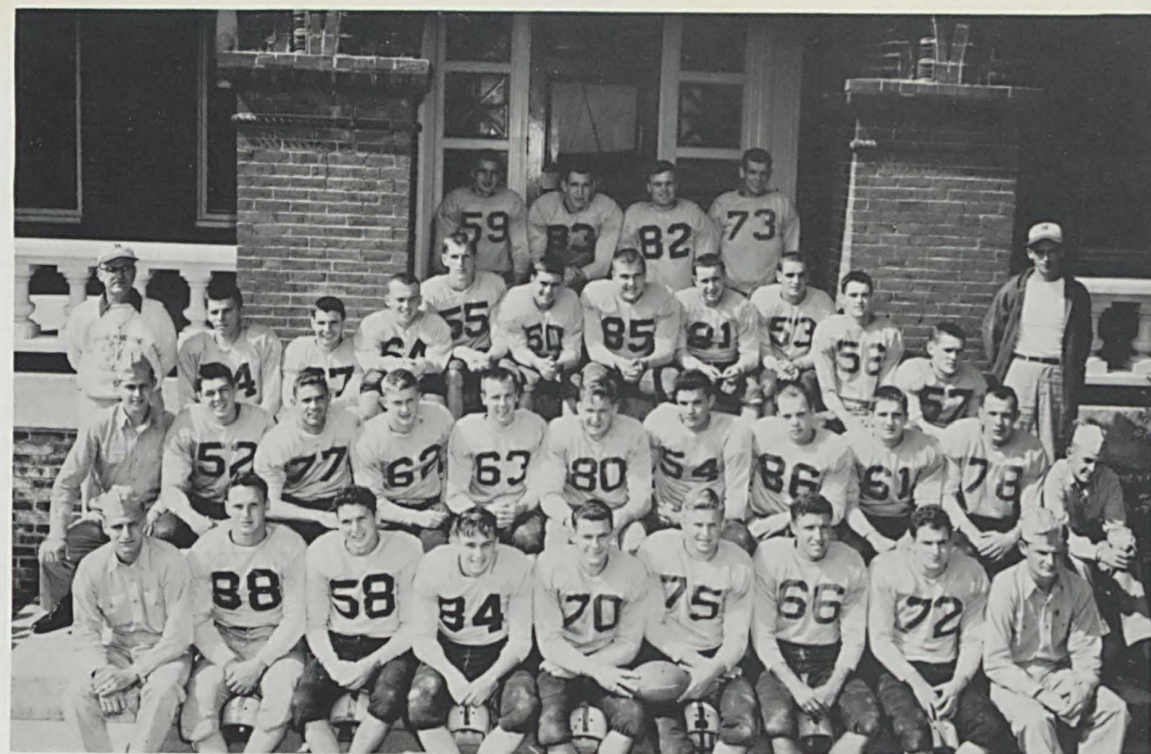
Middies 13 Quonset 6



Action against the Maine Frosh



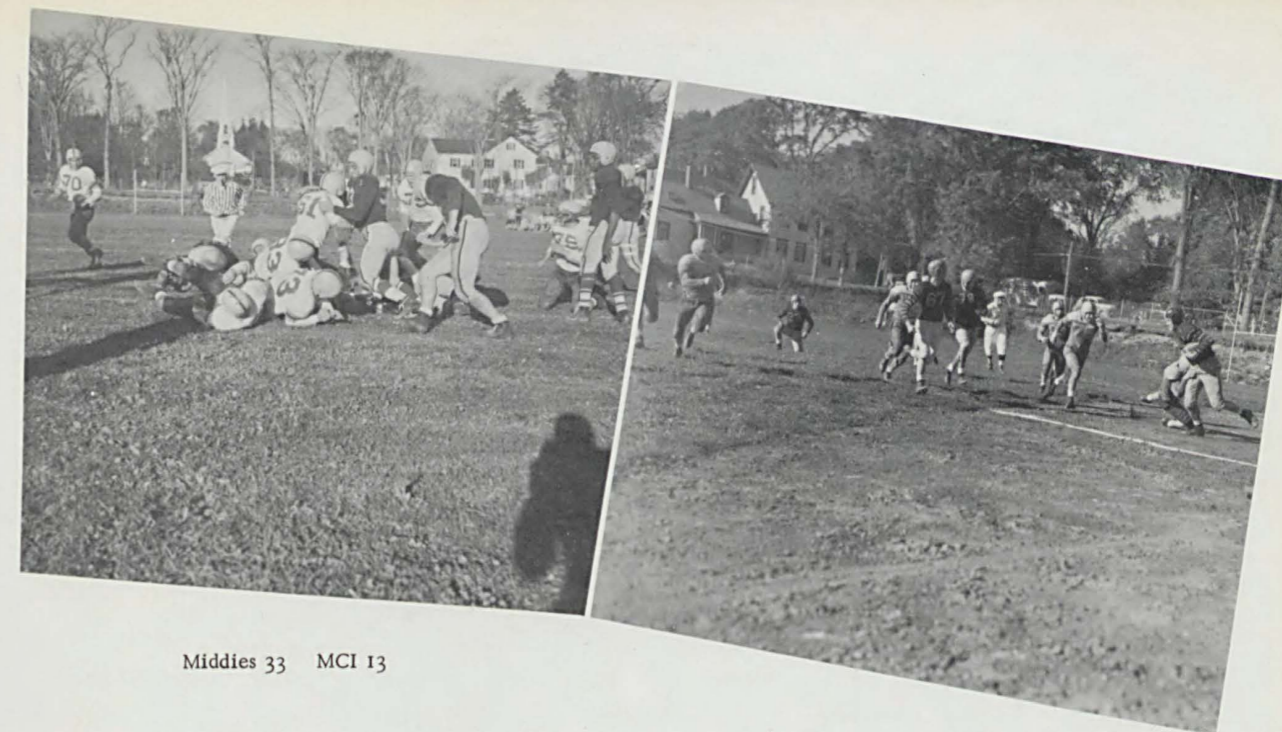
Spear makes ten against Quonset



1954 Varsity Squad. J. Spear and C. Zuk, Co-Captains

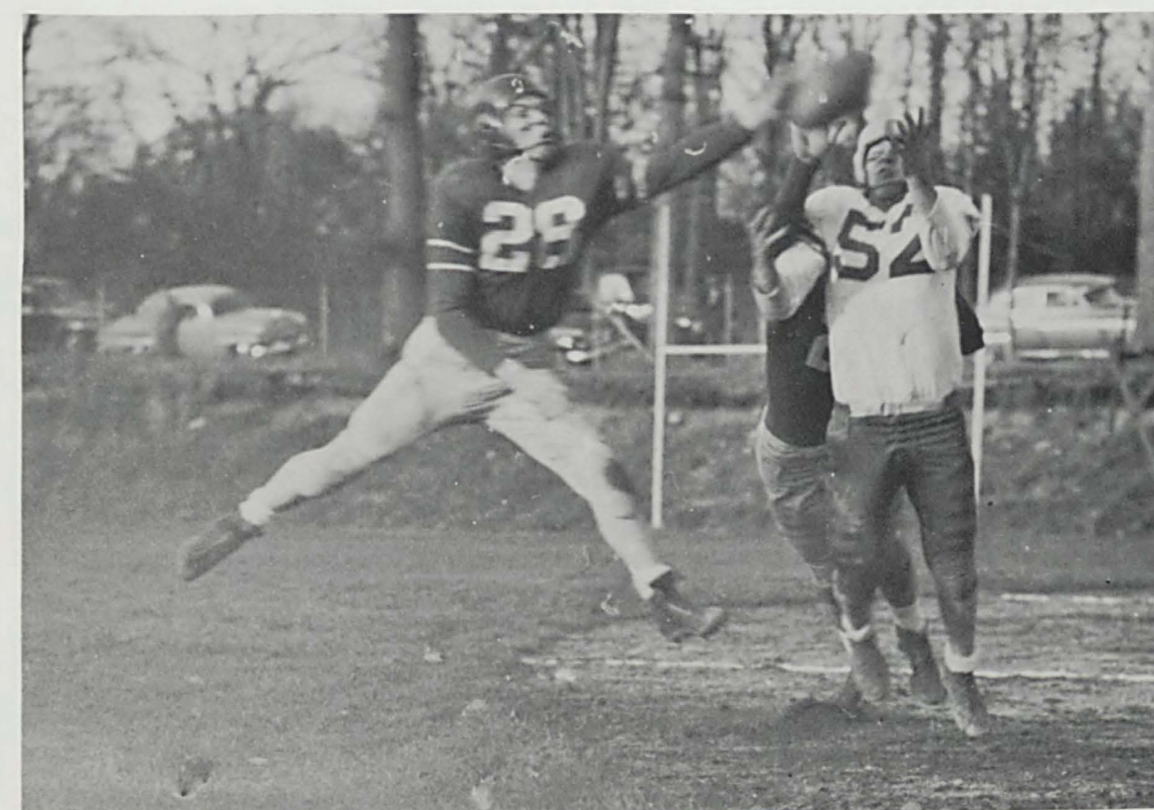


Mass 35 Maine 6



Middies 33 MCI 13

'53 action against Higgins



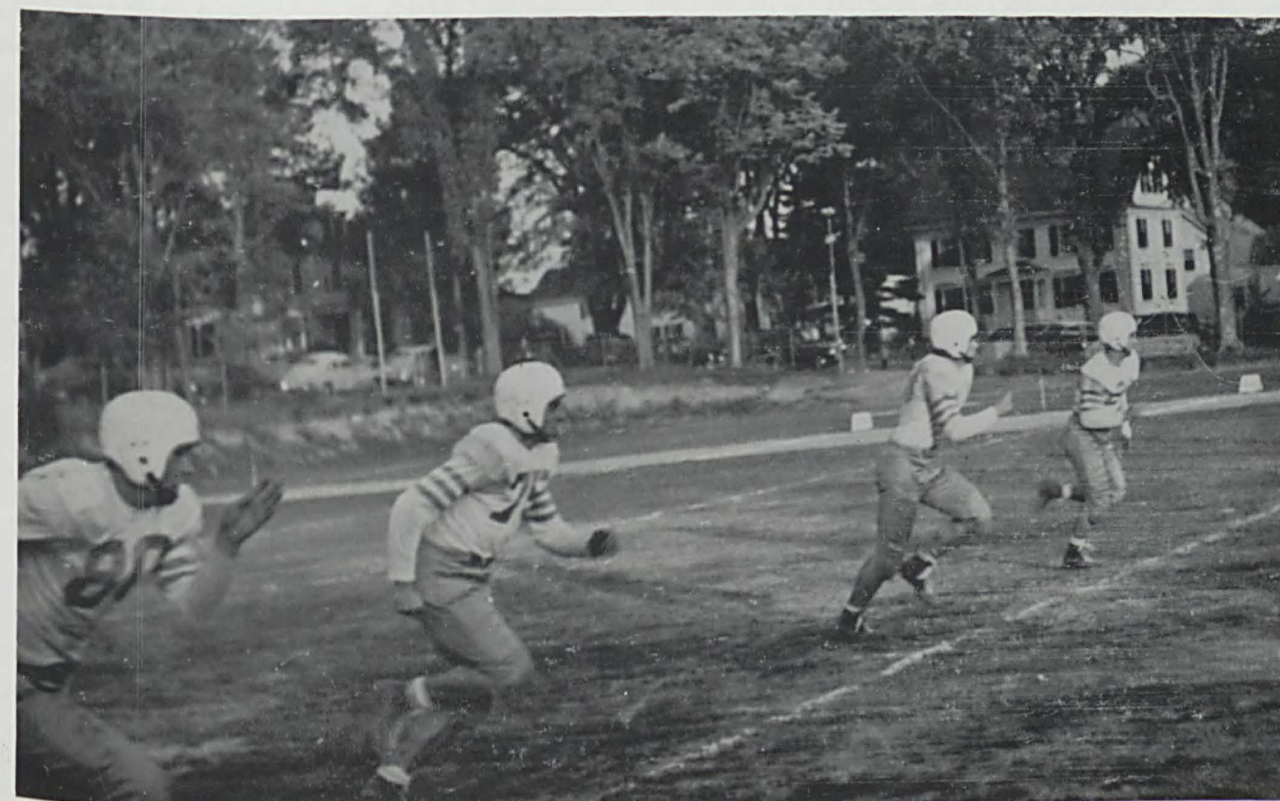
Godin going up against U. of Maine frosh.



Nick O'Brien stopping  
a Higgins thrust.



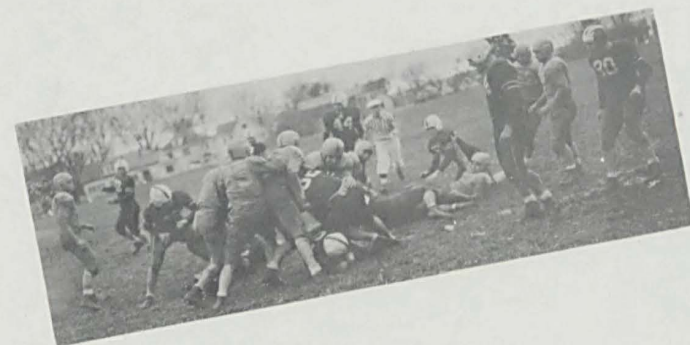
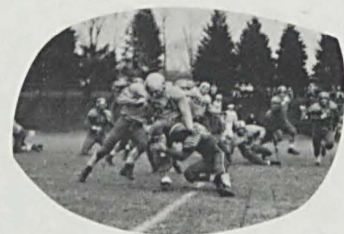
Fairbanks (62), Fleming (73), Hoch (79) dueling Maine frosh.



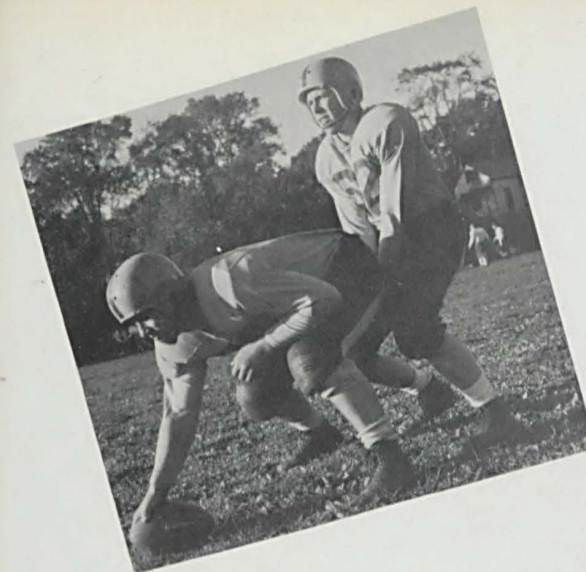
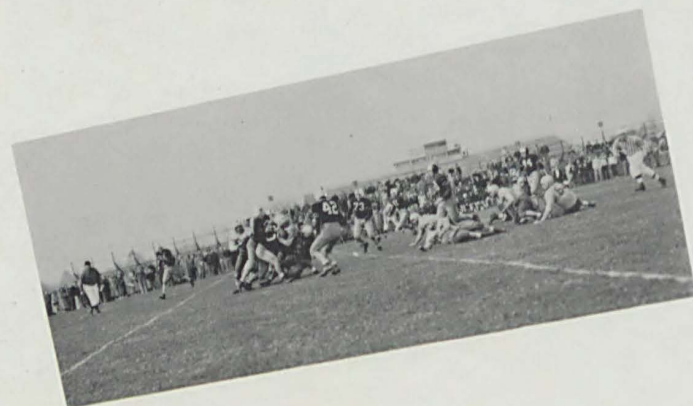
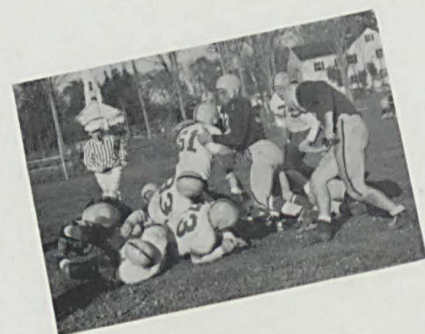
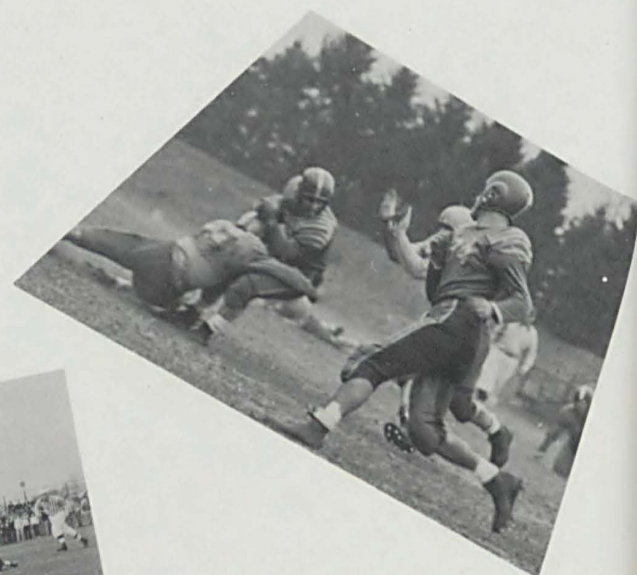
Opposition Thrust



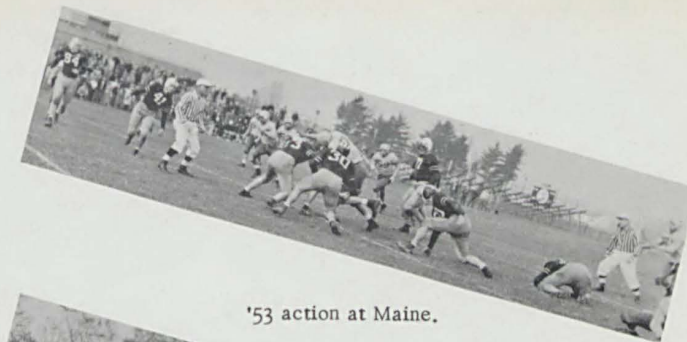
Mass 35 Maine 6



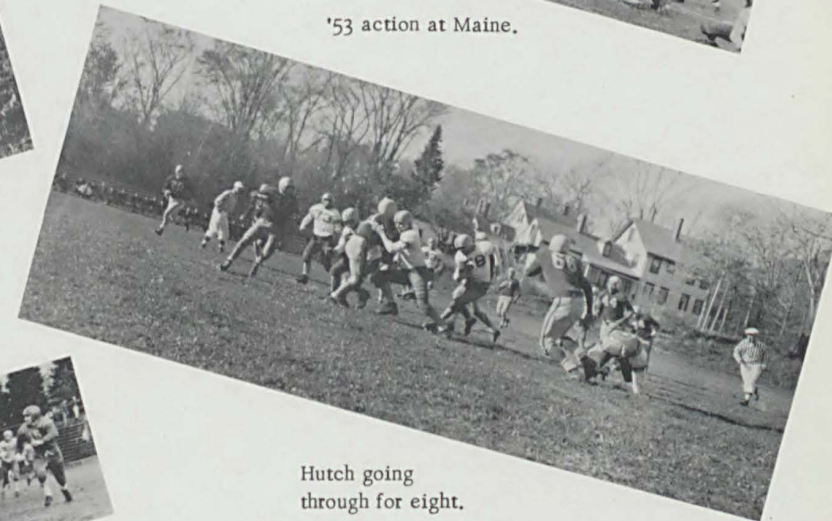
Middies 19 Colby 6



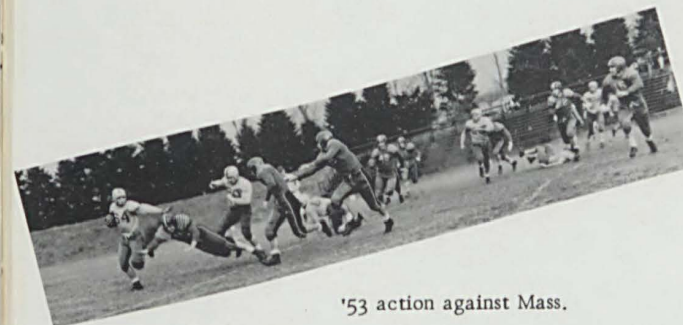
Guiney and Cutliffe



'53 action at Maine.



Hutch going through for eight.



'53 action against Mass.



Coach Hactor, Co-captains Spear and Zuk, Coach Brown

# Baseball — 1953

We got the 1953 pre-season training off to a good start under Coach Ken Brown by trouncing the Naval Base at San Juan 5 to 3. Considering that this was our first outing the team looked pretty good and went on to post another triumph over the Naval Base the following day.

The next ball game found us in the Canal Zone where we registered a victory against Fort Dix. We took two out of three here going on to set-back Fort Gulic and dropping a close 8 to 6 ball game to the offerings of the Fort Davis nine.

In Vera Cruz we went on the warpath with a hitting spree that left the Mexican Maritime Academy suffering from a 9 to 1 loss. It was winter for the Mexican boys and they were playing under the effects of the cold weather, it being only 95 in the shade.

We finished up our cruise baseball by yielding to the University of Miami in a game that featured some fine pitching by the Sunshine State hurlers.

And so we wound up our tropical outing by posting a respectable cruise record of five and two. This conditioning gave us a big jump which was proved in the latter months as we went on to register one of the best seasons the Academy has ever had.

We started the 1953 season with a 10-hit attack against Higgins which behind Pearson and Bennett who shared the mound honors for the day proved to be sufficient. Fales, Molke, and Pearson hammered two hits apiece in a game which also saw some fine defensive play by Captain Deshon.

We suffered our first defeat of the new season in a meeting with Dow Field in which they captured a 2 to 1 twelve inning decision. We out-hit the fly boys 11 to 7 but were unable to come through in the clutch. O'Connell pitching brilliant ball for 9 innings allowing only four hits was followed by Bennett in the 10th. Molke and Huff both cashed in three hits apiece for the afternoon's performance.

We went into the Maine Frosh game with a 5 and 2 record with Pearson selected for the mound chore in this crucial slate. Behind this strongarmed hurler who allowed only four scattered hits we swamped the Frosh and their ace moundsman, Ackerman, 5 to 1. Ackerman allowed only six hits but his wildness and the heads-up ball on the part of the Middies brought them through again.

Another performance not to be over-looked is our 3 to 1 decision over M.C.I. which featured a pitcher's dual between Irish and Bennett. Bennett yielded only four hits while Irish gave up five but here again our story is clutch hitting. We scored in the 1st, 5th, and 8th innings bunching singles over this stretch by Gaspar, Deshon, Rivard, Molke, and MacPherson. Cooper scored M.C.I.'s lone tally by clouting a home run.

We were now playing without Deshon, Huff, Molke, and Herbert as we went into the summer schedule with an 8 and 5 record seeking games with the top-notch semi-pro teams in the Seacoast League and Bangor area. The first team we encountered was Bucksport, later taking them three games out of as many meetings. We edged the Buckos 12 to 7 in the first game behind the big bats of Brophy, Michelsen, and MacPherson; the brilliant base-running of Fales; and the fine relief pitching of Hutch Landry who came in in the 8th to put out the fire.

The Freshmen taking over key positions were Leeman, Nixon, Jones, Gaspar, Rivard, and Cutliffe with the latter three already having seen action in the spring games. Junior mainstays were Brophy, Michelsen, Fales, Pearson, O'Connell, Bennett, and Landry.

And so we went through the summer schedule compiling a 17 and 7 record before meeting the Brewer Hobos in a game that could tie the all time record at the Academy, which was 18 wins. We didn't waste any time tallying off the stylish John Norris, with a hitting spree including a triple from MacPherson and Leeman, a double and single from Brophy, and three singles by Gaspar. The Hobos were also getting their share of hits as we sent six men to the hill, including Coach Brown, in an effort to capture the verdict. This slugfest was finally iced by Norris' long triple which gave the Hobos a 10 to 9 win.

We had one game left now, against the Ellsworth Eagles, who we had taken on two previous occasions. However this would not be an easy game for they prevailed in the Seacoast League with a superb 8 and 0 record. It was a see-saw battle all the day. We scored one run in the 3rd on Brophy's triple, and a pass ball and they matched this with 2 runs in the fourth. We divided the runs with one apiece in the sixth innings and scored a single tally in the seventh to even up the count. The big blows that brought in the winning run in the 8th inning were singles by Pearson and Cutliffe, and a double by Leeman. Working on the hill for the Middies were Bennett, Landry, and O'Connell in a fine relief job. Pearson struck out the final man to retire the side. Nabbing this final game climaxed the 1953 season giving us an 18 and 8 record which tied us with the all time Academy record.

## BASEBALL - 1953

• losses

M. M. A. (6)	Higgins (3)
M. M. A. (4)	Husson (3)
• M. M. A. (1)	Dow Field (2)
M. M. A. (5)	Maine Frosh (1)
M. M. A. (5)	Ricker (3)
M. M. A. (6)	Brunswick N. A. S. (2)
• M. M. A. (7)	Colby Frosh (8)
M. M. A. (7)	Ricker (6)
M. M. A. (9)	Higgins (4)
• M. M. A. (4)	Husson (8)
M. M. A. (3)	M. C. I. (1)
• M. M. A. (6)	Dow Field (10)
• M. M. A. (2)	M. C. I. (8)
M. M. A. (12)	Bucksport Buckos (7)
M. M. A. (5)	Winter Harbor N. S. (0)
M. M. A. (6)	Bucksport Buckos (1)
• M. M. A. (3)	Searsport (4)
M. M. A. (2)	Bucksport Buckos (1)
M. M. A. (5)	Searsport (3)
M. M. A. (9)	Ellsworth Eagles (5)
M. M. A. (7)	Winter Harbor N. S. (5)
tie M. M. A. (7)	Bucksport Buckos (7)
• M. M. A. (2)	Flanders (3)
M. M. A. (4)	Ellsworth Eagles (3)
M. M. A. (9)	Searsport (1)
• M. M. A. (9)	Brewer Hobos (10)
M. M. A. (4)	Ellsworth Eagles (3)

## SEASON'S RECORD

18 wins

8 losses

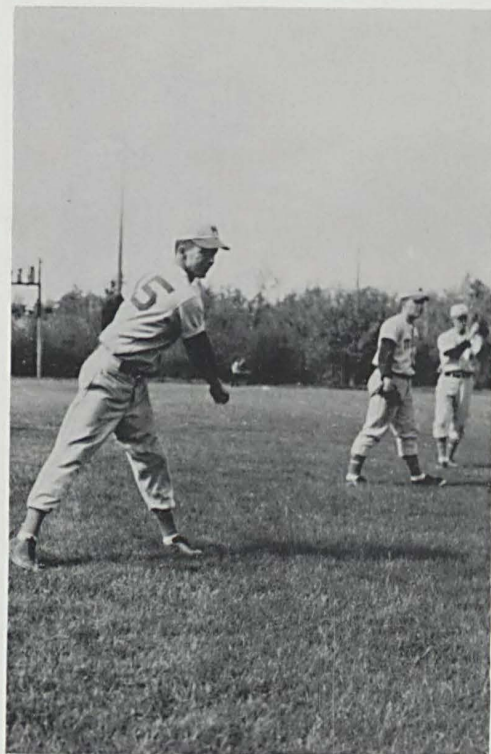
1 tie



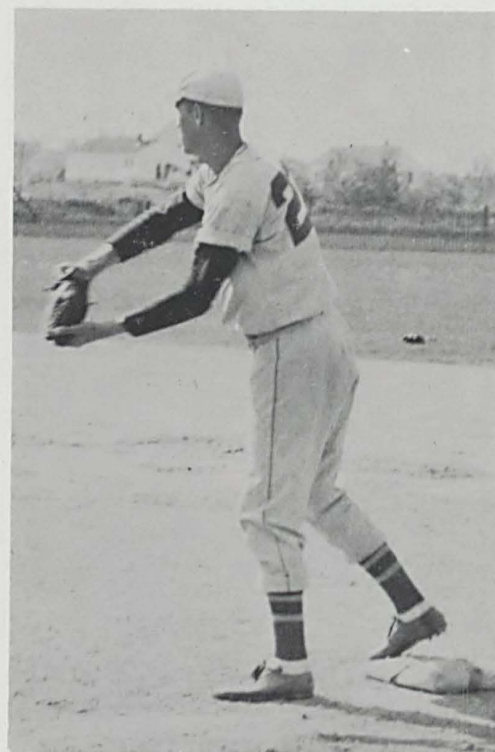
Brophy stepping in at the U. of Maine



Down the bench: Brophy, Gaspar, Pearson, Nixon



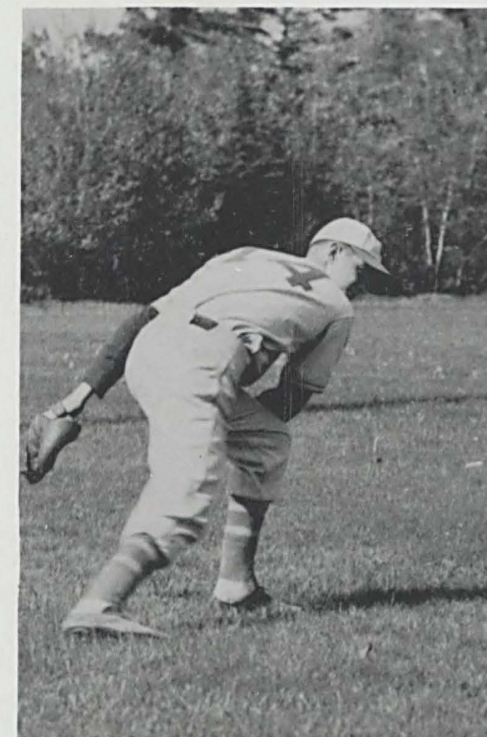
Hutch Landry



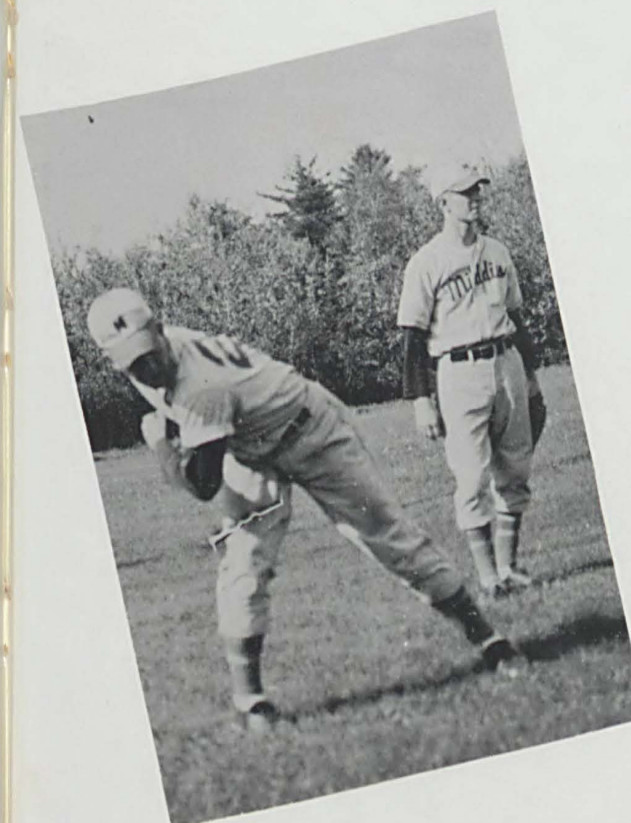
Bruce Michelsen



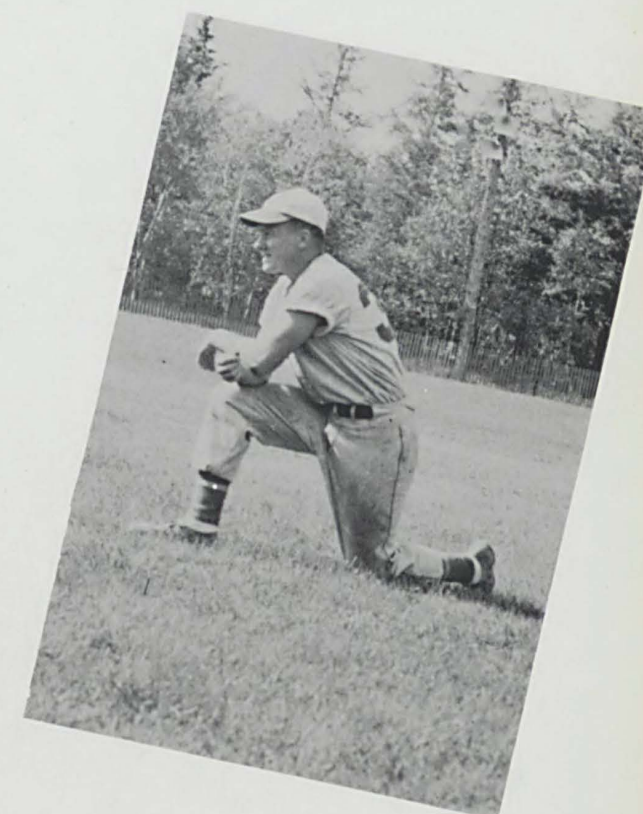
The pause that refreshes



Al Bennett



Bob O'Connell



Capt. Charles Fales

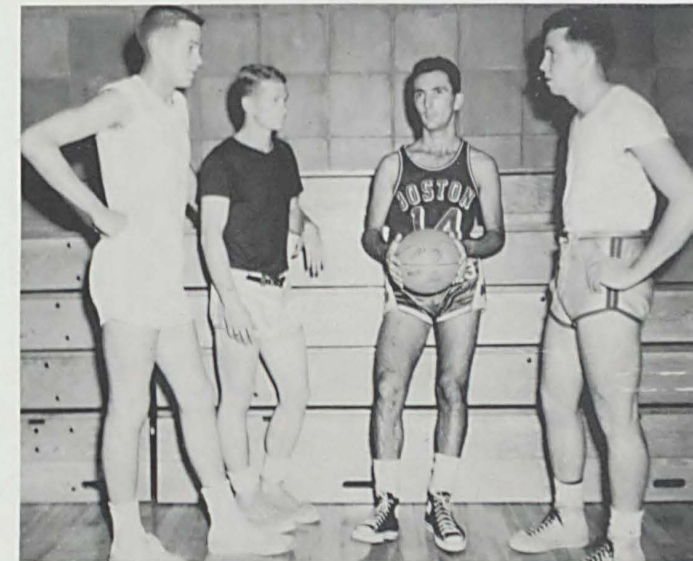
# Basketball

## 1953 — 54

Hopes were high as the blue and gold opened the '53-'54 season at Quick Gymnasium. From last year's varsity we had lost only Vickery and Molke and we had our potent one-two-three scoring punch back for their greatest year. Co-captains Michelsen, Crowley, and Graham were three of the biggest athletic names on the campus and were accomplished veterans of the basketball wars. The middleclass provided strength in the persons of Jack Cutcliffe, and Jim Blenkhorn. We had promising frosh material in O'Brien, Theriault, Kelley, and Farquhar. A big loss was suffered when illness forced Coach John Hctor to relinquish his duties. Ass't. coach Ken Brown took over and did an admirable job in the pilot's slot. Although the season was not the great success we'd hoped for, the boys did well and all were satisfied with their efforts. Mike, Jay, and Sid played with their usual superior talents, alternating throughout in the individual high point totals. Jack Cutcliffe was his steady self at right forward and interesting performances were rendered by Allgaier, Theriault, and O'Brien in their rookie year.

We opened with a heart-breaking loss to Ricker, 75 to 70. Mike had 17, Sid 16 and John 15. Washington State Teachers couldn't stop Crowley's 22 points as we entered the win column with a 95-87 decision. We entertained a strong outfit from Dow Air Force Base who were studied with ex-college cagers and were defeated 88 to 69. Whereupon we took on Wash. State Teachers again and stopped them 90 to 86. Al Bennett looked good hooping 15. Next came Norwich, our toughest foe, who finished near the top in New England basketball ratings and who won handily, 73-57. Jay had 16, Sid 11. Our sixth game was a thriller with MCI. Although five middies hit doubles figures we didn't quite have enough, losing 102-92. Against Husson on Jan. 4th, newcomer Stan Dyro tossed in 24 points and we took a 112-96 decision. Higgins Classical visited on Jan. 8th and went home on the short end of an 86 to 57 count. John Keith had 13 against his old mates. And then to Waterville where we welcomed Coach Hctor back in an excellent ball game, stopping the Colby frosh 73-69. Mike was high with 29, John and Sid followed with 13 and 15 respectively. Jan. 11th found us at Pittsfield, topping MCI in a return bout, 64-57. Mike 20, Sid 19 and Jay 10. Southern waters were calling so we wound up the season on Jan. 14th at Orono where Bruce Michelsen finished a superb career tossing in 28 points while we lost a tough one to the U. of Maine frosh, 101-81.

Although we didn't finish the season with as good a record as we've had in previous years, the boys were playing to win at all times and the teams that beat us did so only after they proved their ability to win. We're quite sure that it was one of the best teams the Academy has ever put on the floor.



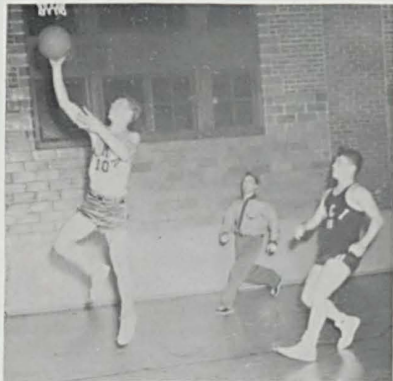
Pointers from the Celtics' Cousely



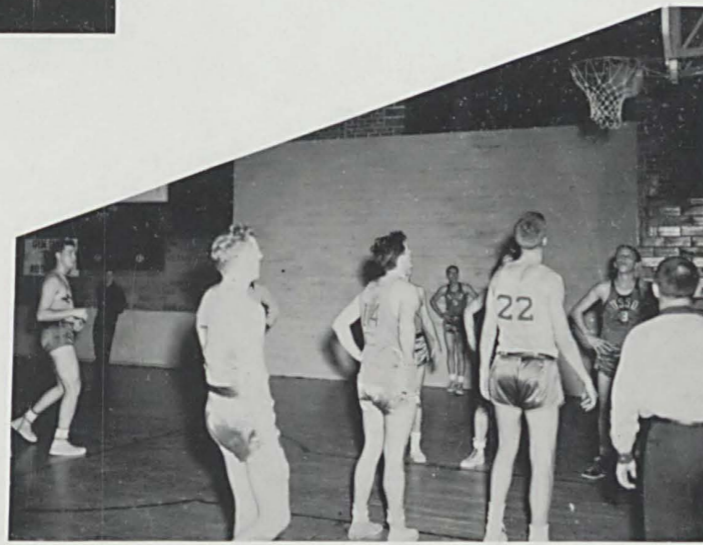
FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Coach Hctor, Sulides, Molke, Graham, Morse, Manager Adam  
BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): Bennett, Powers, Crowley, Michelsen, Vickery, Cutcliffe



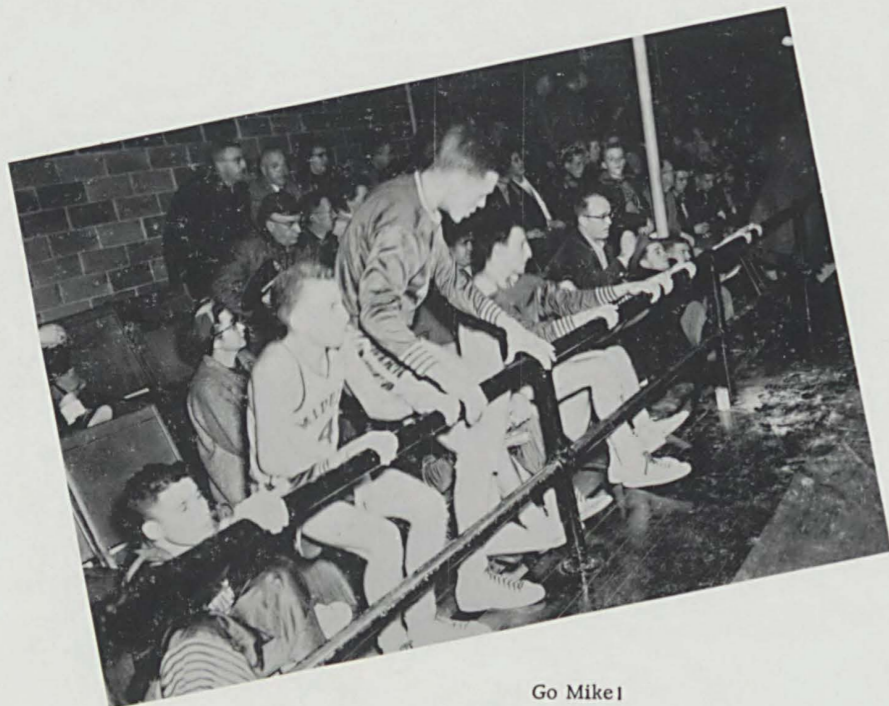
'51-'52 Varsity squad



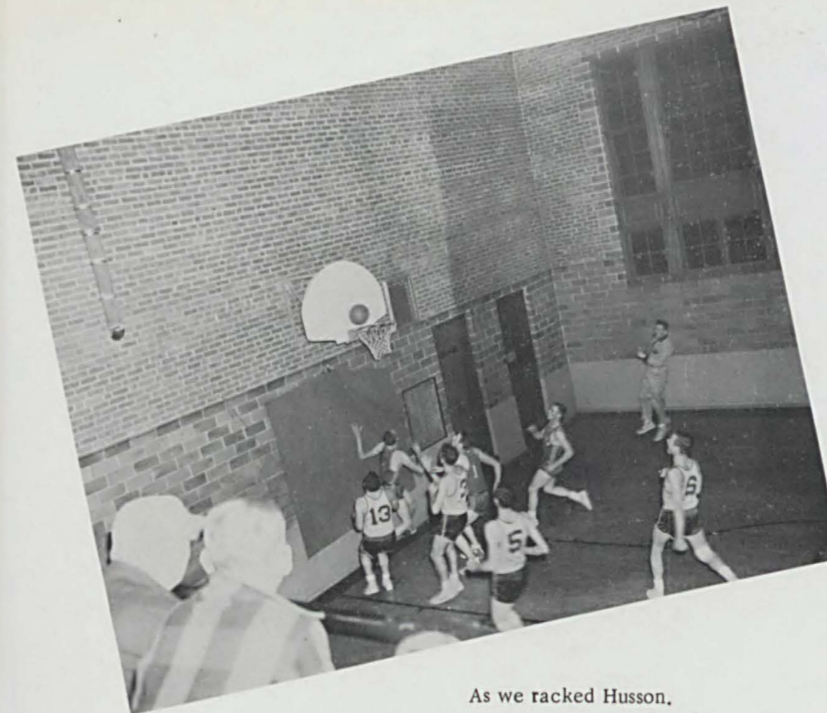
Molke for two.



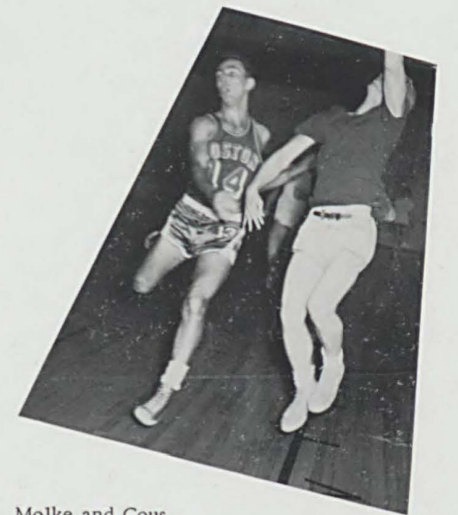
Action against MCI.



Go Mike!



As we racked Husson.



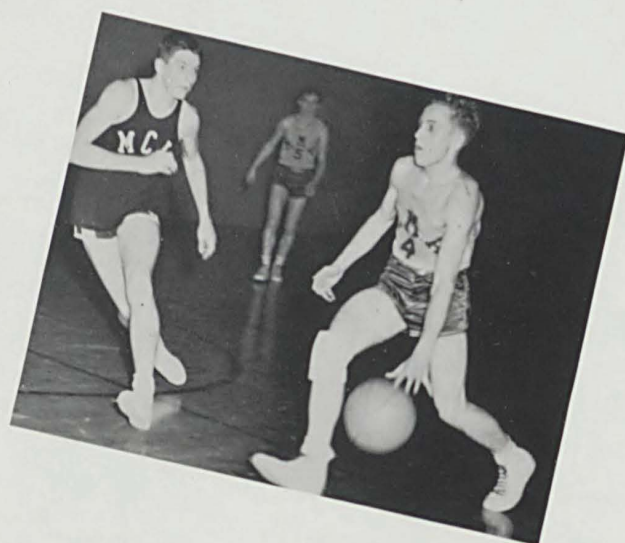
Molke and Cous.



Cutliffe on a layup against Husson.



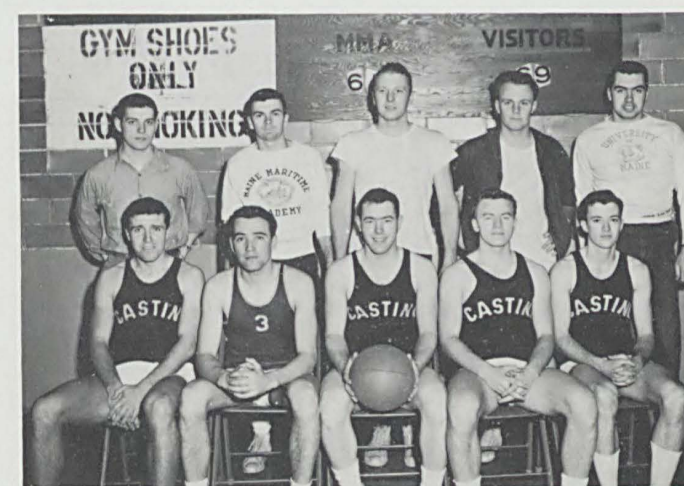
Keith rebounding



Sid outfoxing MCL.



Two for the middies.



## Intramural Basketball 1953-'54

Through the three winters of our stay here at the Academy, the annual intramural basketball league has attracted most of the extra-curricular attention. In this, our last season, section Easy One duplicated their praiseworthy feat of our frosh year by winning the league championship. The race was neck and neck with their senior counterparts of the deck department. In the final game Easy One topped Dog One 63-44 with Hutch Landry dropping in 24 points and Jim Brennan 22. Outstanding during the season were: Don Beaton and Charlie Killam, who did excellent rebound work; and Ross McEacharn and Walt Adams who worked as guards. Until the last game the deckmen (seniors) had run over all opposition with apparent ease. Outstanding for Dog One in this final encounter and throughout the season were Rinty Morse, Ernie Hughes, Dick O'Leary, and Merle Guay. Also on the court most every game and managing to hoop a few were Bob O'Connell and Your's Truly,

Jack Wibby  
Intramural  
Sports  
Editor



UNDEFEATED 1954  
INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS

## *Intramural Softball 1954*

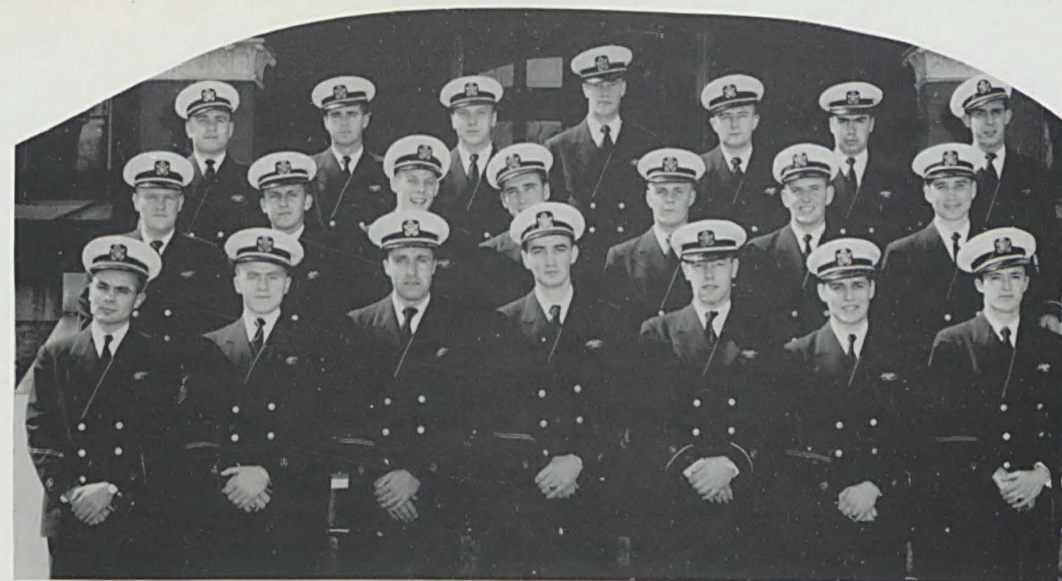
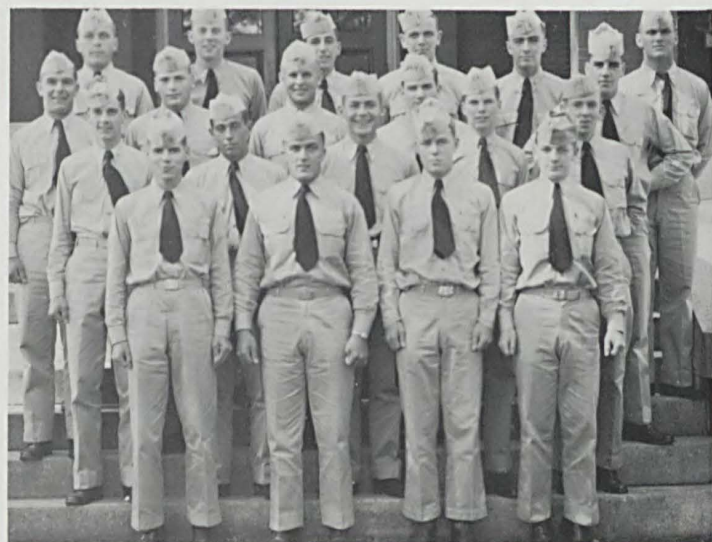
The Spring of 1954 found a new area of intramural competition at MMA. A softball league was introduced late in April and was handled very efficiently by prexy Sully Reed. On the eighth of June the D1 Dodgers wrapped up an undefeated season by topping FD 16-12. This put the Senior Deckmen two full games ahead of section D2 and enabled the former to clinch the title. D2 had a 6 and 2 record, E2 - 5 and 3; and EL 4 and 4. Senior pitching was excellent throughout, especially by Sid Graham, Bob Nason, and Dick O'Leary. Among the defensive stars were Joe Ward, J.V. "Jensen" Sawyer, and Ernie Eaton. E2's Bernie Seile and E1's Hersh Ellis looked very good, D1 was helped immeasurably by its great keystone combination of E.J. Hughes and Russ Morse. The league had two very good first sackers in John Crowley and Sully Reed. Offensive standouts were Eaton, Langelier, and Parker Laite. The Engineer's had slug-gers in John Spear, Stump Tremble, and Ross McEacharn. Underclass sections FD and FE-1 made sporting efforts, each finishing with a 6 and 2 record.



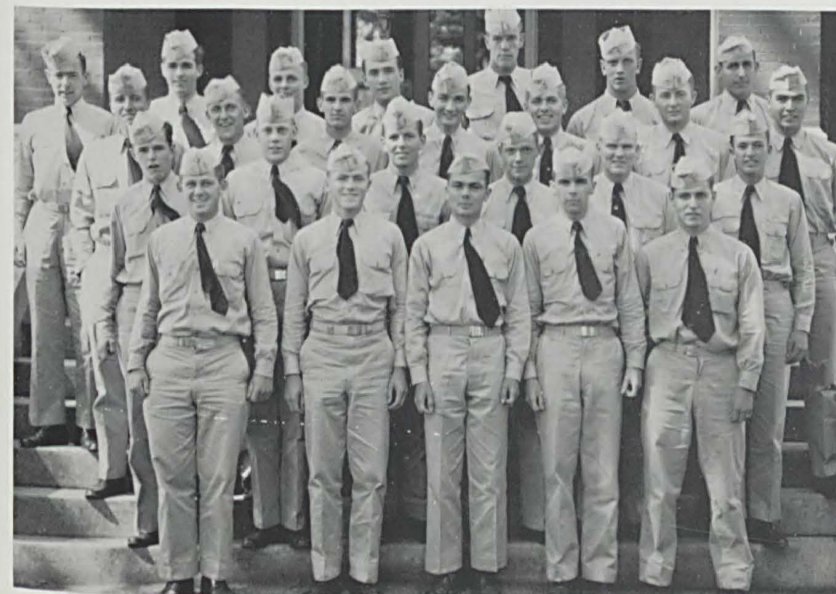
## *Academy Life*



EASY  
TWO

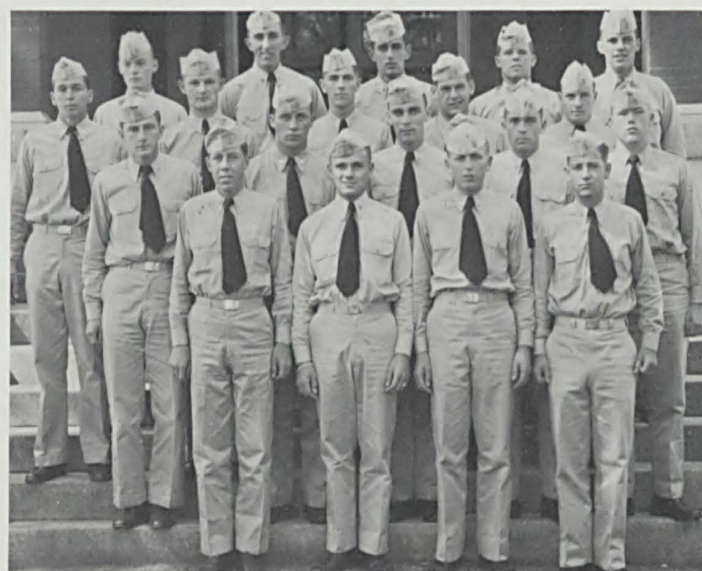


DOG  
ONE





EASY  
ONE



EASY THREE



EASY TWO



DOG TWO



F. E. ONE



F. E. TWO



F. D.

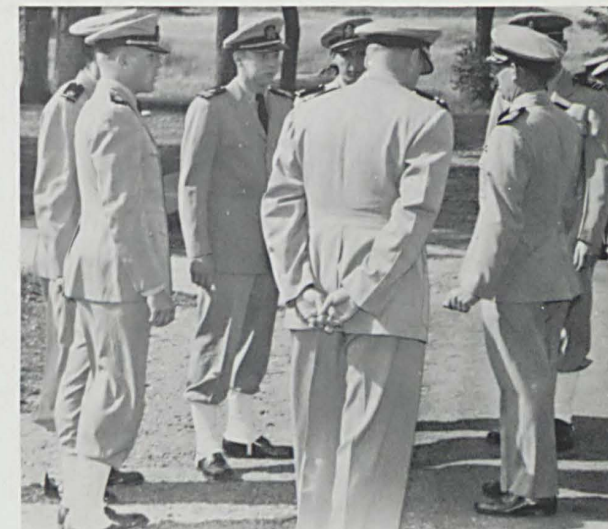
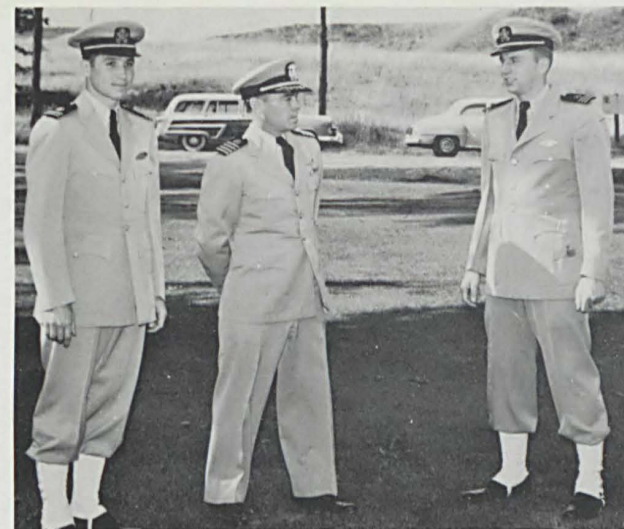
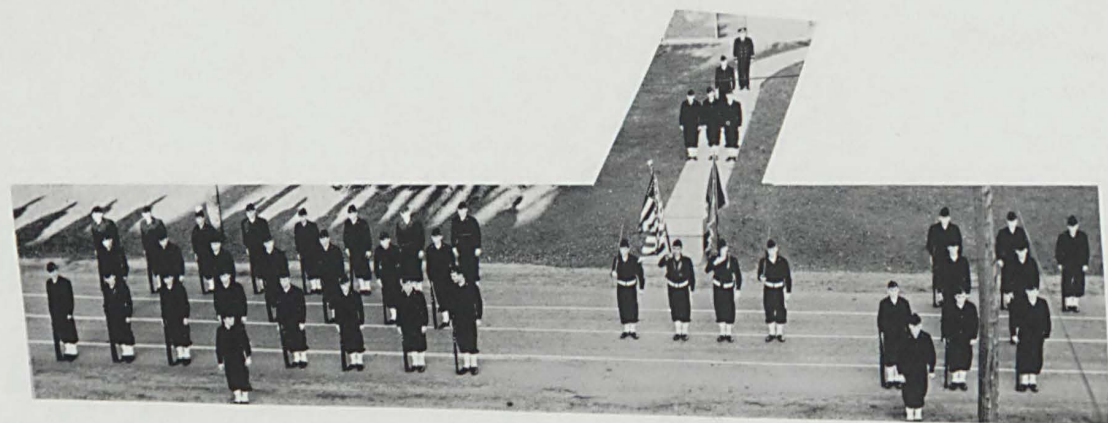


ACADEMY DRILL SQUAD



ACADEMY BAND







"Sniff, Rote, E. J. , Pete": Room 24



"Stace, Mark, Sully": Room 47



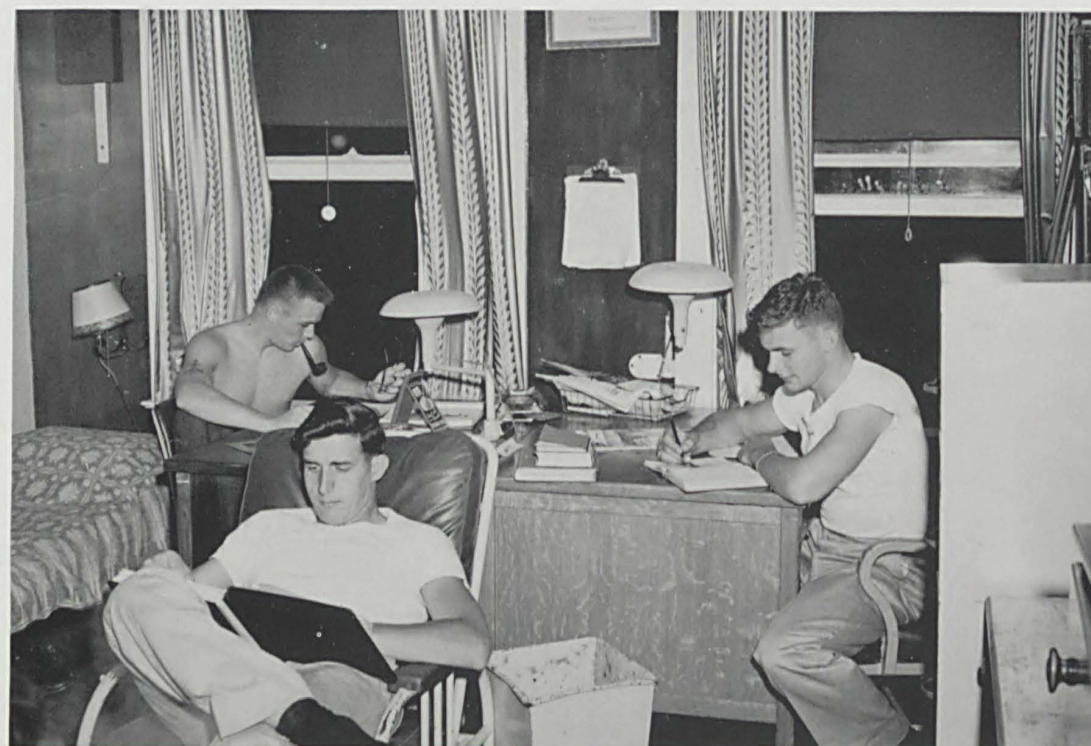
"Carl, Charlie, Hughie": Room 53



"John, Bogus, Dave, Weez": Room 30



"Bob, Rocko, Stump" : Room 45



"Bob, Fred, John" : Room 49



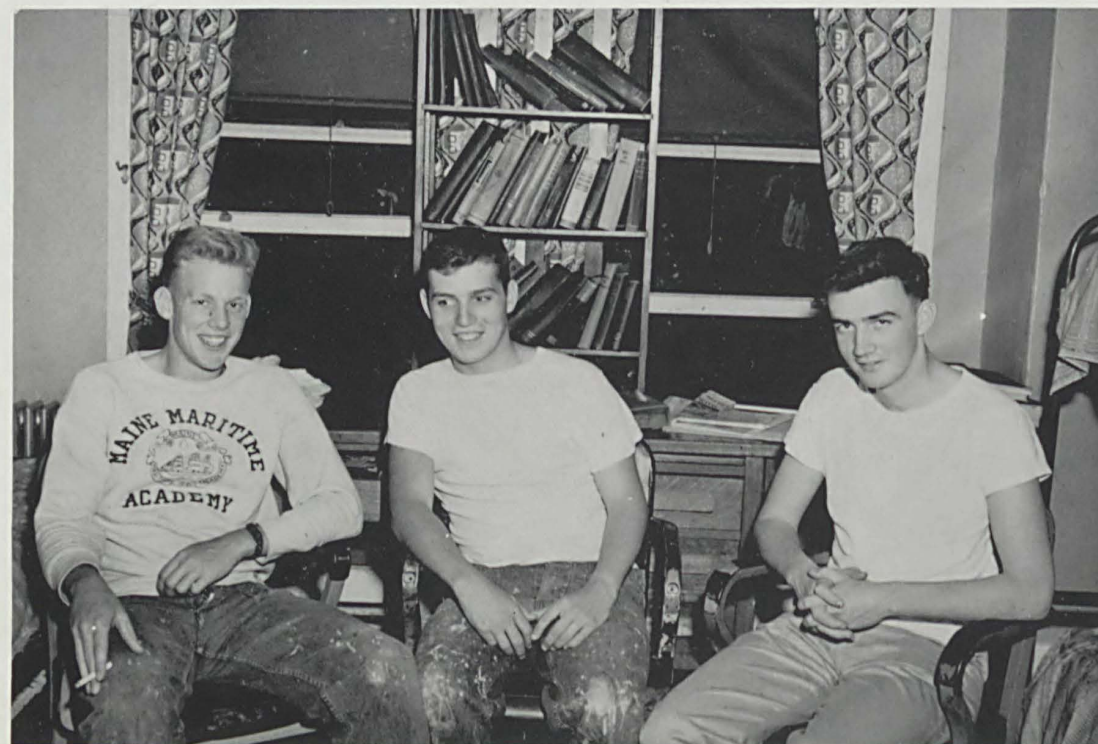
"Merle, Phil, Larry, Binky": Club 31



"Murph, John, Sid, Ross": Room 36



"Rog, Bernie, Mac": Room 52



"Ernie, Joe, Doc": Room 32



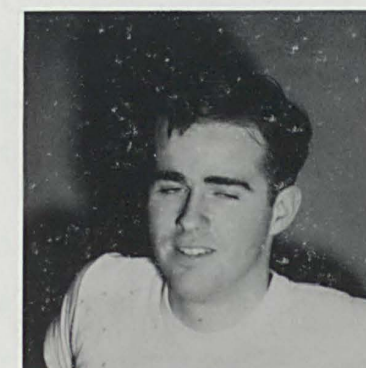
"Mike and Rinty": Room 50



The Bobba



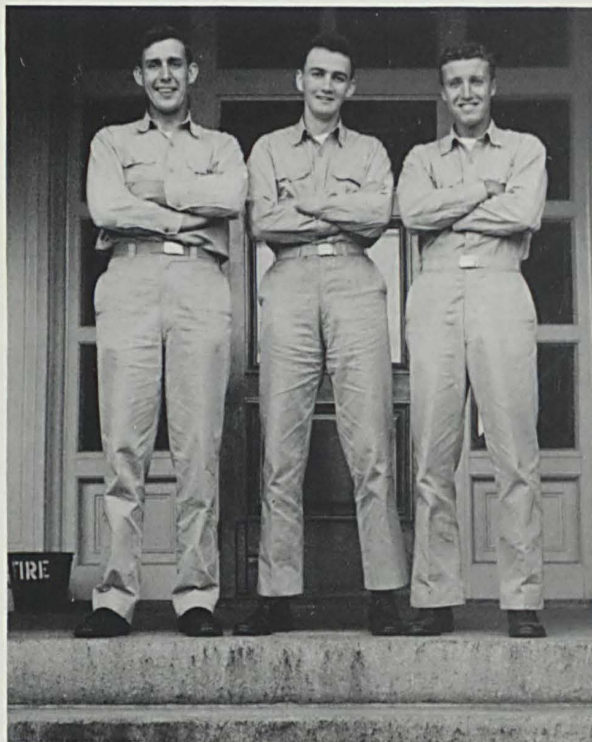
Moose



## Rogue's Gallery







Mo, Ed, and Rinty

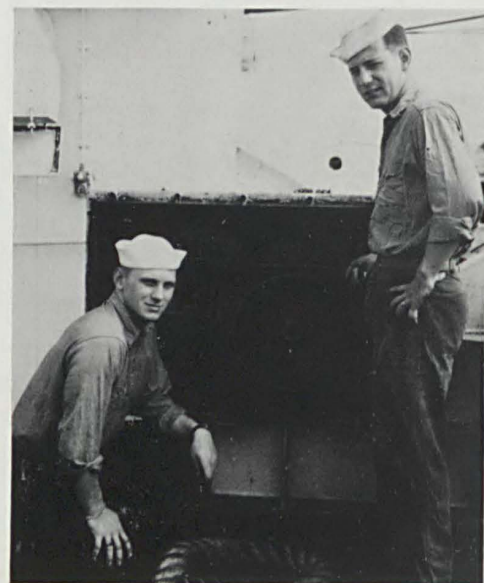


Pete, Mike, and Jack

Mac and the turbo-generator



Poka 'n Ork



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Gymnasium*



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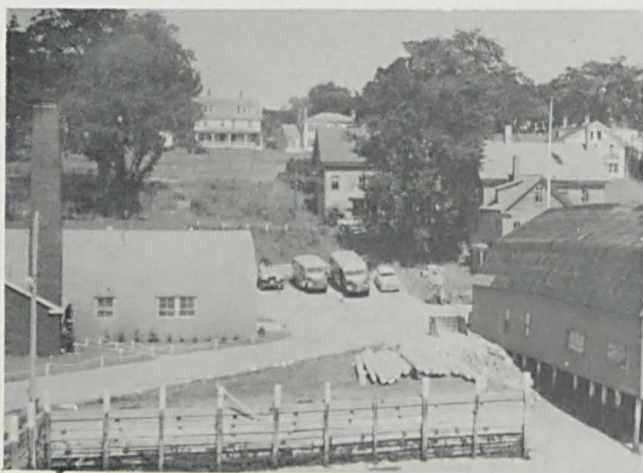
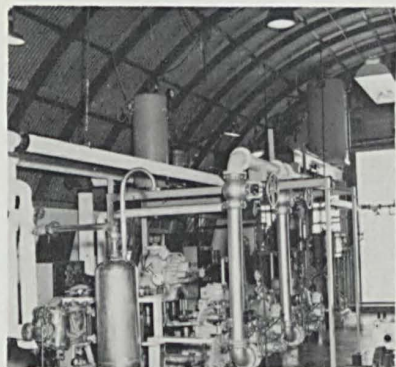
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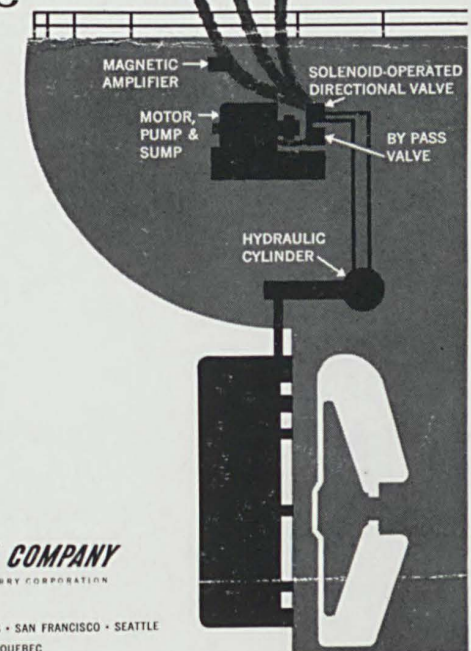
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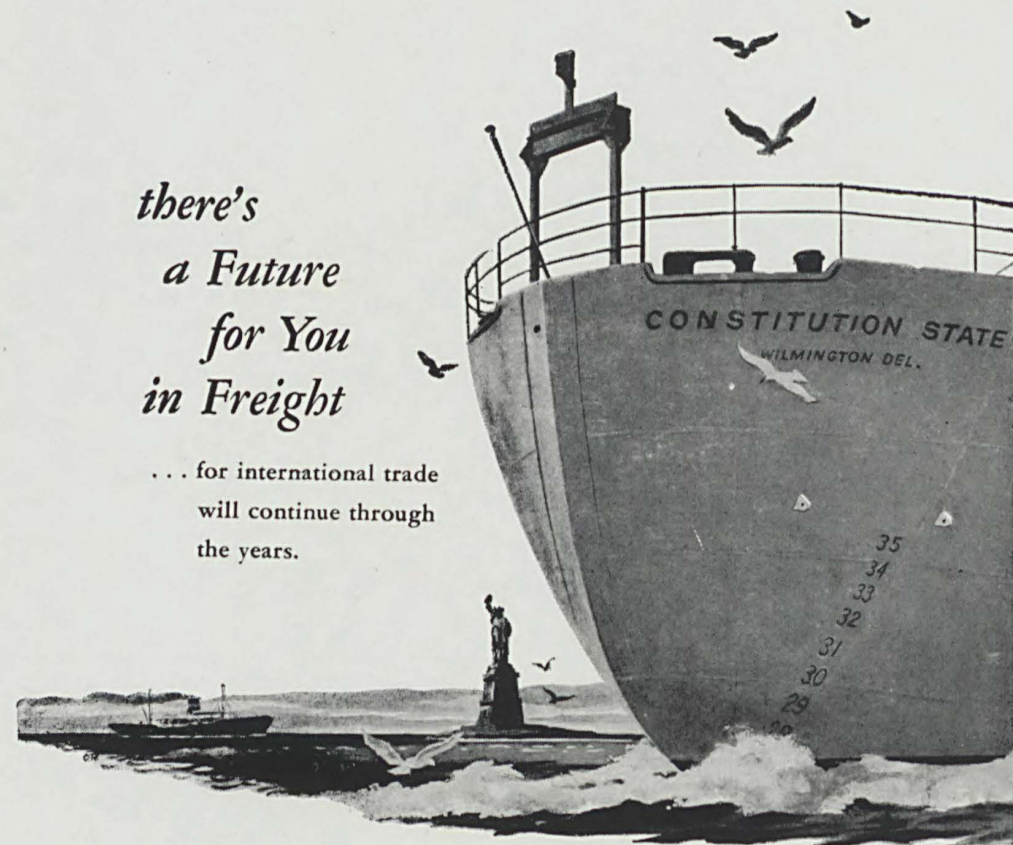


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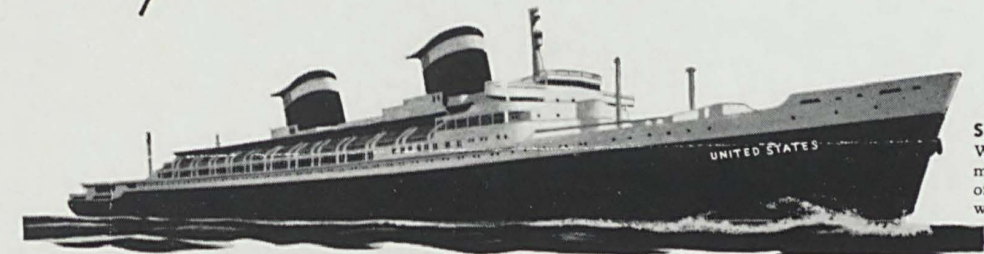
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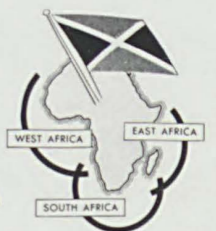
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