

Trick's End



1956

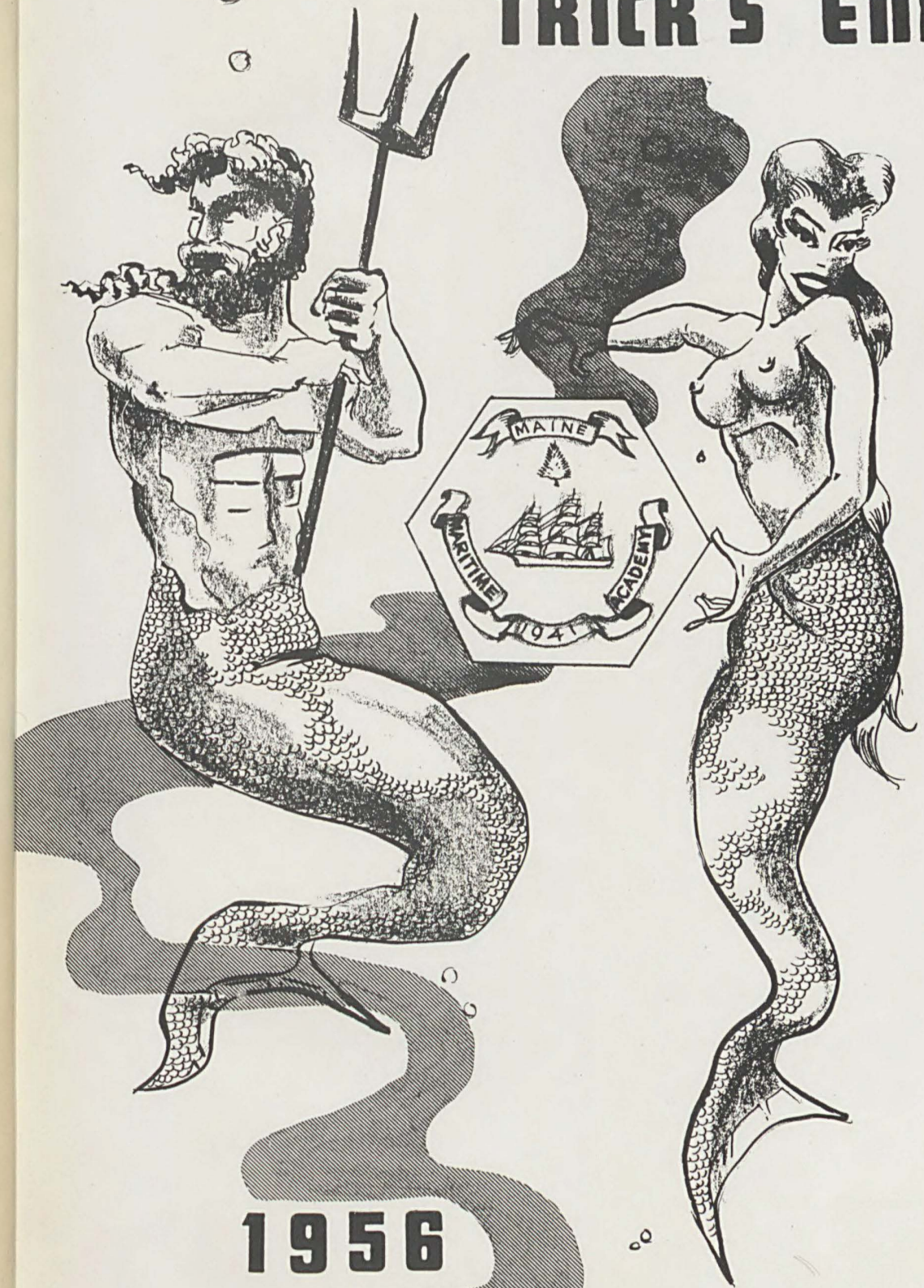
The Prayer of

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 me.
Protect those in whose love I live.
a man and to accept my share of resp
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
ful to my duties and mindful of the
I am a part. If I am tempted,
I miss the mark, give me courage to try
of truth and keep before me the life of
trust to obtain the answer to my prayer.

TRICK'S END



1956



Governor Edmund S. Muskie



STATE OF MAINE
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
AUGUSTA
17 November 1955

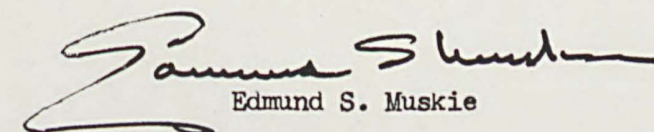
EDMUND S. MUSKIE
GOVERNOR

Class of 1956
Maine Maritime Academy
Castine, Maine

You are the graduates of one of the finest naval institutions in the world. You are also the representatives of one of the oldest and bravest seafaring states. I know that you will carry on this reputation.

Good luck and good sailing!

Sincerely yours,


Edmund S. Muskie

ESM:jw



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

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

CASTINE, MAINE



OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

9 June 1956

A FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF 1956:

The Academy bids farewell to the Class of 1956 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 your training ship will prove most valuable to you in your future duties at sea. This experience together with the instruction you have received in the classroom has given you the foundation upon which 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 eighth class graduating from this Academy to have completed three years of training and to have received a degree of Bachelor of Marine Science upon graduation. You, like your predecessors, will demonstrate at sea the superior training you have received. The eyes of the Alumni, the Maritime industry, and the people of your State will be upon you.

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

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



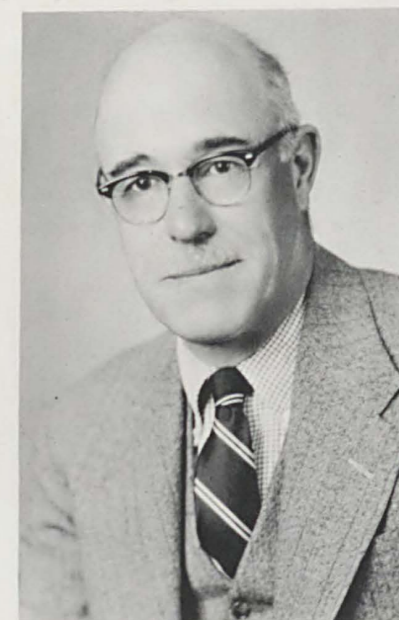
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Executive Officer

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MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

CASTINE, MAINE



President, Board of Trustees
RALPH A. LEAVITT
179 Commercial Street
Portland, Maine

June 9, 1956

A FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF 1956:

In behalf of the Trustees of this Academy, I have been asked to write a few words of farewell to you gentlemen who make up the Class of 1956.

For me, to say farewell is not an unpleasant task, for I well know from experience that farewells are not lasting. More often than not, you find yourself soon meeting those you thought you were saying goodbye to for ever. The world is much smaller than any of us realize, and it is hard for us who stay upon its surface to miss meeting each other in the most unexpected places. To me, to say farewell just means, "I'll be seeing you soon somewhere."

True, at graduation you will be saying farewell to your student days at Castine but, unless we have failed you miserably during your studies, the rest of your life will be a continuation of student days. No day will be worth counting during your stay on earth if you do not increase your store of learning during each day. We have tried to teach you well, but we have only scratched the surface of giving you the knowledge you will need to be a good master, a good chief engineer or a good and successful citizen of the world. We hope we have somehow aroused your intellectual curiosity. If we have, it will do you more good than anything else that we have taught you during your stay at Castine.

Also true at graduation, you will be saying farewell to your daily life in this beautiful town. You will be saying farewell to the people of this town, your officers and classmates but, as you roam the world year in and year out, you will find that, deep in your mind you are still a part of the school you thought you were leaving. It seems incredible, but ask any old grad of any school, and he will confirm that this is so. You can never say farewell to your memories of your days at Castine.

To you of the Class of 1956, I wish the greatest success, and I hope that we have taught you to love the sea. I hope that we have taught you the importance of the U. S. Merchant Marine to the well-being of our nation. I hope you will devote a large part of your life helping to make it stronger. That is your heritage and with your training, your duty. Keep your chins up and come out fighting. "I'll be seeing you soon, somewhere."

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

DEDICATION



Lieutenant Joseph E. Petterson USMS

Few engineers will disagree that Lt. Petterson has more than fulfilled his position as an able instructor of Recips and Mechanical Drawing. Although many have sweat through his daily quizzes, they realize his objective. His insistence that a subject be thoroughly explored until the facts are known will be welcomed later if not at present. For initiative, perseverance, and understanding of our future needs; we give our sincere thanks.

DEDICATION



Lieut. Commander Albion F. Coffin USMS

Coming to us at a critical time of need, LCdr. Coffin has initiated in us a friendship, understanding, and cooperation in helping us overcome even our most minute problems. His patient instruction in our Math courses and his spirit and attitude toward our failings have made our work both pleasurable and profitable. He has spent innumerable hours of his time to make us a success. For this unselfish work in our behalf we thank him sincerely as our instructor, as our friend.

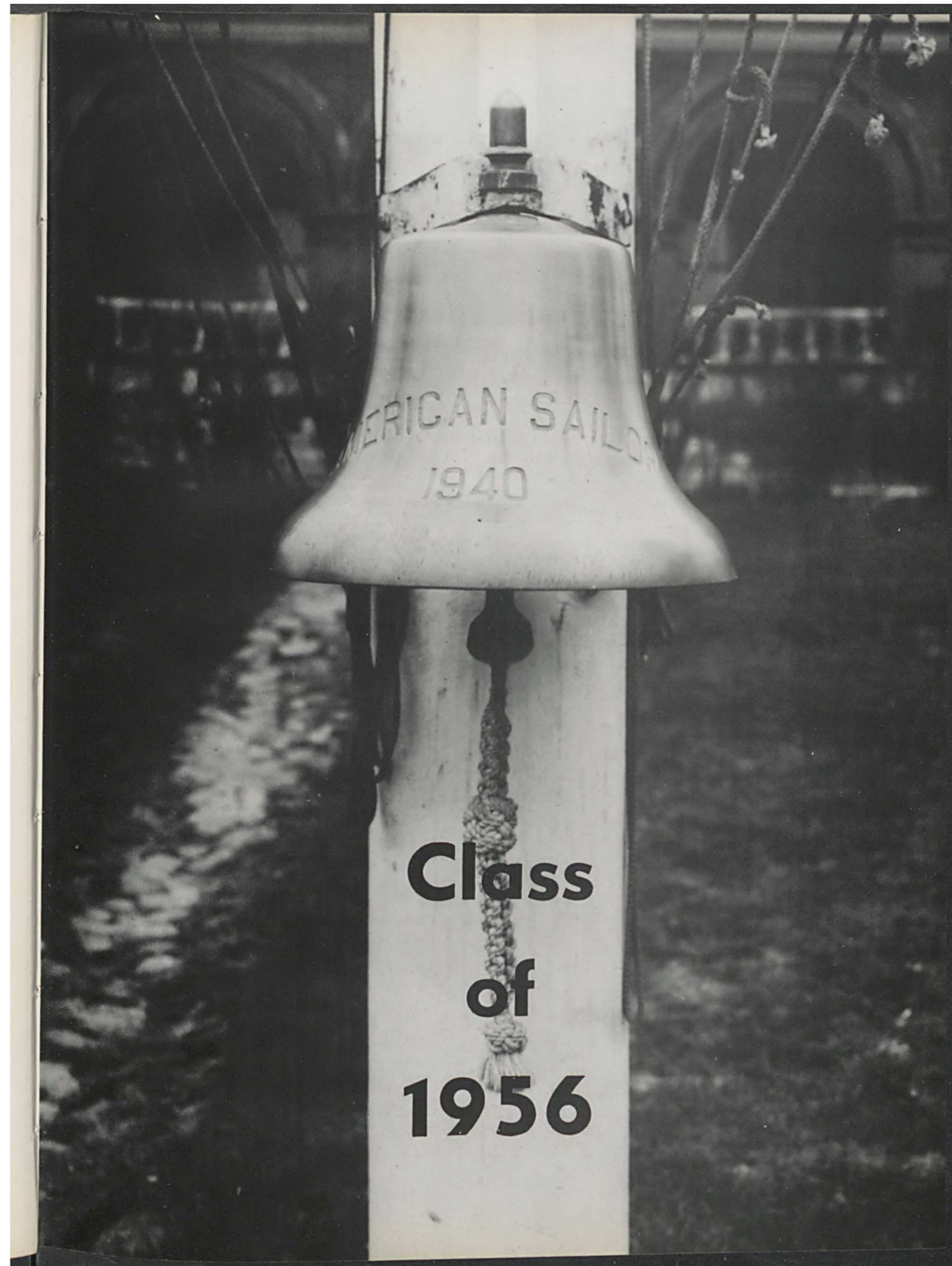
Our Faculty Advisor



Commander Arthur Fairley

Cdr. Fairly has an understanding of the printing industry and a willingness to help welcomed and appreciated by this year's staff. Although difficulties put us behind deadline, his calm assurance encouraged us to forget our mistakes and forge ahead. On behalf of the staff and fellow midshipmen, I give our sincere thanks.

Mid'n Richard M. Chandler
Editor in Chief



John Irvin Allgaier (John)
Cristobal, Canal Zone



A sociable character, world traveler, personality unexcelled, John has bumped noses with practically every dignitary from Panama to New York. After his two "Luckless" years of hitch hiking by air, he managed to reach the "Terra Firma" of his old stamping grounds, the Panama Canal Zone. Spending most of his weekends in the machine shop, owing to his wonderful practical engineering ability. Occasionally John did manage to journey to New York City. Perhaps one of the best liked Middies, John will certainly be a valuable asset to any shipping company. Good luck to a great guy.



SE-2, B-Co., Varsity Basketball, Propeller Club, Color Guard (Color Sergeant).



Richard Craig Angell (Digger)
Kennebunk, Maine

Dick, better known as "Digger", hails from Kennebunk, Maine. During his stay at Castine he has proceeded to be an able student and a good engineer. This hard working engineer with his pleasant personality will go a long way on life's great voyage.



SE-1, A-Co., Varsity Football, Radio Club, Propeller Club, Duty running boat engineer.

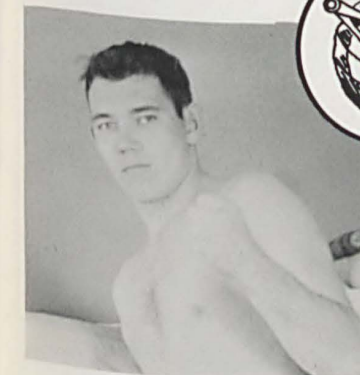


George Joseph Androsiglio (Andy)
Bronx, New York

A Bronx boy who never lost his taste for the big city. One guy we were glad to have in our midst, always willing to give a helping hand and a cheerful word to anyone who needed it. His outstanding work in "Trick's End" will always be remembered by us. Best of everything in the future, Andy. And we know that you will get it.



SE-1, A-Co., Radio Club, Propeller Club, Duty running boat engineer, Yearbook Staff.



SD-1, B-Co., Intramural Sports, Drill Squad, Propeller Club, President; Duty Coxswain.

William Kenneth Banks (Bill)
Bangor, Maine



The class of '56 proudly claims Bill as its own and is honored to have their distinguished "4 year club" member aboard. Mr. Light Duty (Permanent) is still bewildered by the groans and cries which emit from the gym during Lt. Hooctor's Phys. Ed. torture periods. On Friday afternoons Bill's maroon monster can be heard roaring toward the Queen City. A swell buddy we will remember Bill long after the voyage is over.

Robert Francis Baril (Bob)
Auburn, Maine

"The Little Barrel" or Mister fix-it. He loved to tear things apart, but he never seemed to have the time to put them together again. Bob was one of the prominent members of "Casino 53" always the first in the rack and the last out. His love for jazz almost drove his roommates crazy. During his junior year Bob spent many a night sleeping on the deck trying to make that extra 1/4 inch. Bob will always be remembered for his many excuses for getting out early. It's been a pleasure having Bob for a shipmate and we hope to see the little "man" often after graduation. Front row center at the office.



SE-1, A-Co., Football, Propeller Club.



Thomas Joseph Brimingham (Cat)
Red Bank, New Jersey

If you ever made any discerning remarks about the Garden State or the Merc you left yourself wide open for a hot and heated argument that ended "Ya Wanna Bet . . ." That's our Tom, a man with real initiative and plenty of go go go. Wherever he goes he is sure to succeed with his engineering abilities. Best of luck always in the engineering field, whatever else you may do.



SE-1, A-Co., Radio Club, Propeller Club, Duty running boat engineer.



James Alton Bowdoin (Jim)
Kennebunk, Maine

A college man from Tufts and one of the best administrators the Battalion has had, Jim was indeed indispensable to his class. Being a brilliant student helped Jim to obtain high ranks in all his subjects in spite of his repetitious trips to local infirmaries. Without a doubt Jim might have been one of our most outstanding players on the gridiron but for a knee injury carried over from high school. On liberty weekends one would see Jim first over the bridge to keep a very special date named "Kitty". The future holds in sight Pensacola: "Best of luck to both".



SD-1, A-Co., Varsity Football, Intramural Sports, Battalion Administrator, Yearbook Staff, Assistant Editor, Dance Committee, Fire Fighting School.



SE-1, A-Co., Football, Radio Club, Propeller Club, Duty Running Boat Engineer.

Gordon is one of the strongest contenders for president of the "Baldest Middie at M.M.A." club. Although he takes an awful ribbing he lets it slide by . . . Every liberty weekend he takes off for little Rhody to see his Connie Ann . . . Best of luck to you in completing thirty years in the Navy.



Gordon W. Brailsford (Cochise)
Cranston, Rhode Island

Hugh Kent Brunson (Ken)
North Plainfield, New Jersey



"Ken", the fair-haired lad with blue eyes, hails from the beloved "State of Jersey". He has become quite a photographer, always working hard with various projects for the class and school. With his everlasting personality and great initiative everything will be OK when Mr. Brunson has the watch.



A-Co., SE-2, Intramural Sports, Drill Squad, Propeller Club, Duty Engineer, Yearbook Staff, Projectionist-in-charge.



Richard Lewis Caron (Dick)
Guilford, Maine

Dick hails from Guilford, but always spent most of his weekends in Old Town, and no wonder with all those hunting and fishing parties he gave at his camp. He never does much dancing, but somehow he never left a dance without a girl. It wasn't that Dick didn't like M.M.A. but he never was one to miss any liberty and his little green Chev. was usually the first on the road. A great guy and fine engineer, he'll be welcome wherever he goes.



B-Co., SE-2, Intramural Sports, Radio Club, Propeller Club, Duty running engineer



Austin Cullen Casey (Case)
Cranston, R. I.

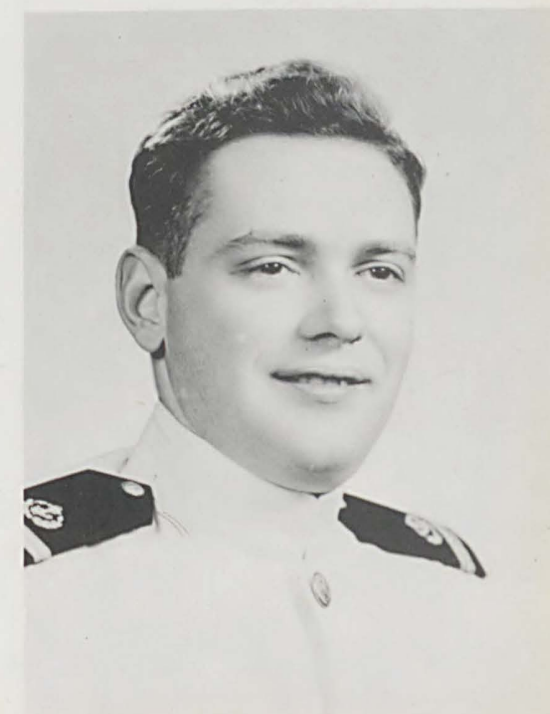
This Irish comic could be depended on to make any gathering, especially smokers, a riot. His imitations of local characters took the pressure off the daily blues. His wit could be exercised almost by instinct. Thorough in his studies, this engineer will be a welcome asset to any company at sea or ashore.

A-Co., SE-1, Band, Intramural Sports, Propeller Club.



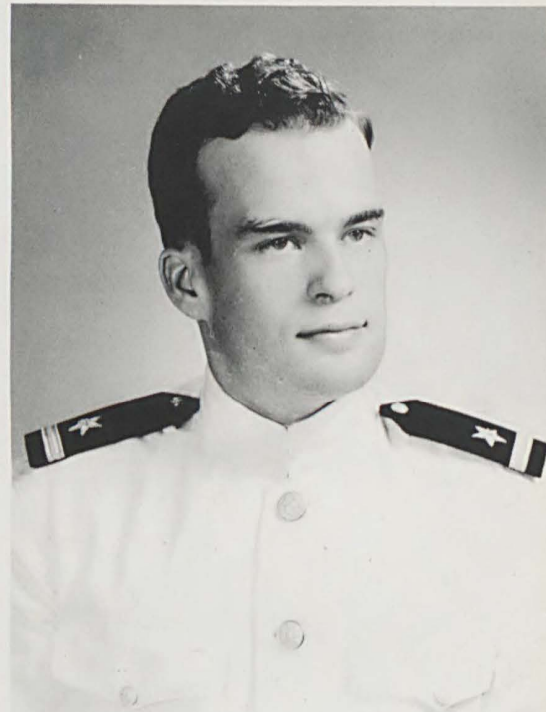
B-Co., SD-1.

Warren Rowland Chamberlain (Chamby)
Norfolk, Mass.



"Chamby" joined our class in mid-stream and before graduation the rest of us wondered how we got along without him. Always pulling down top grades his room was always full of us asking questions. With his vast sea experience he enchanted many of us with thrilling tales. With his superior ability we know that he will always make out well no matter what ship he is on or where he is.

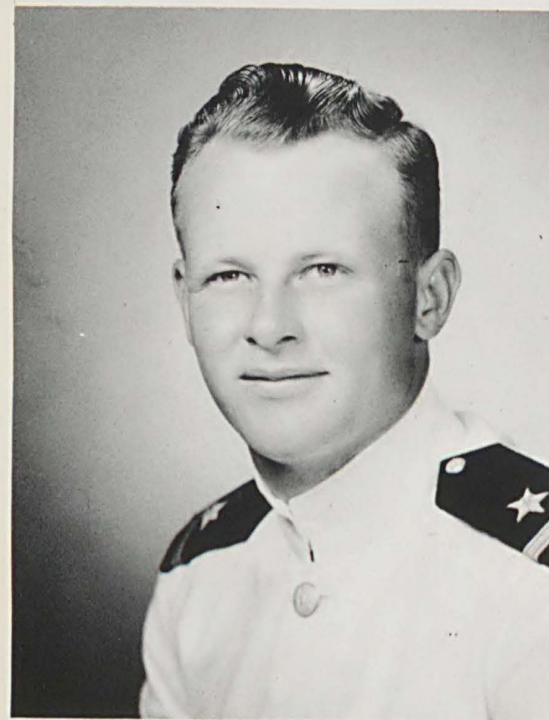
Richard Merrick Chandler (Dick)
Augusta, Maine



Dick, otherwise known as Commodore of the Maine Lakes Navy, was one of the more confident members of D-1. Always ready to philosophize, Happy could be heard expressing his fixed opinions on almost any subject from women to space travel. A dependable and conscientious worker Dick always did his job well, whether it was Editor of the Yearbook or playing bass horn in the band.



A - Co., SD - 1, Propeller Club, Yearbook Staff — Editor.



William Ernest Chew (Bill)
Greystone, Rhode Island

"Willy" in the course of his three years at the Academy found himself a new home in Castine. An avid outdoorsman, as well as seaman, Bill found the forests of Castine as well as the Bagaduce the ideal spot to set the stage for his many adventures. The cruise found Bill skin diving in the blue Caribbean. A hard worker he was a welcomed addition to SD-1. Bill also found time to be a member of the senior color guard; fleet captain in the sailing club; fire chief R.C.T. Smooth sailing to you, Bill.



A-Co., SD-1, Intramural Sports, Drill Squad, Sailing Club, Color Guard, Duty Coxswain, Propeller Club



Dwight Alan Collar (Ike)
Ellsworth, Maine

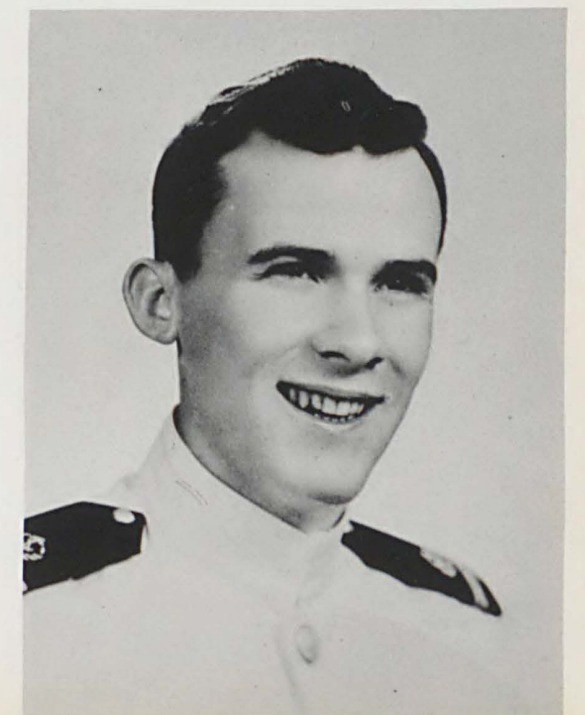
Ellsworth's gift to M.M.A. was none other than Ike. In his stay here he has worked himself up from a messman to oil king and finally to the honors of B-2 platoon leader. Ike's ever faithful "Hooo" at morning muster will linger with us a good many years. No Chief will ever be sorry to see our boy walk aboard.

SE-2, B-Co., Intramural Sports, Drill Squad, B-2 Platoon Leader, Propeller Club



B-Co., SE-2, Intramural Sports, Propeller Club

William Donald Crawford (Tex)
Bayville, New Jersey



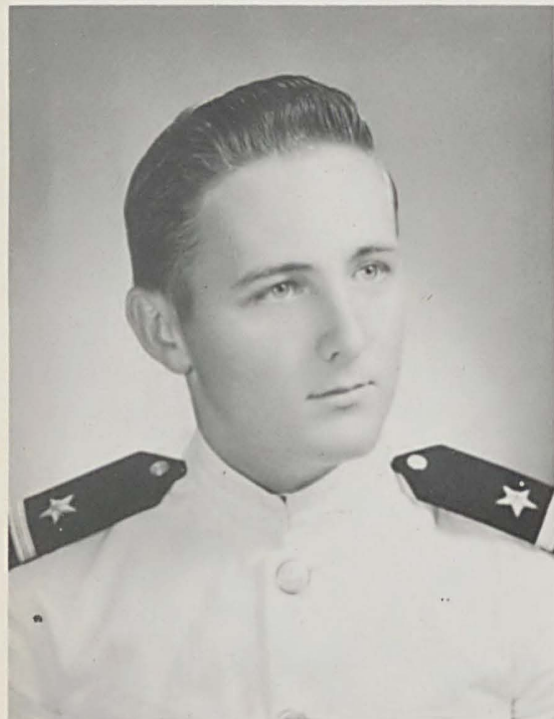
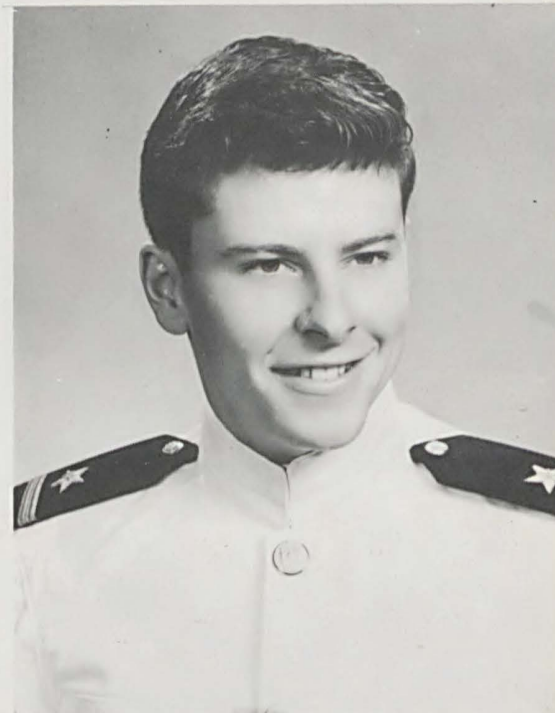
Another of the four year men whose happy go lucky flair and personality made him popular. Tex hails from Jersey, and swears no better state was ever admitted to the Union. This engineer took an interest and worked hard at his job. Ashore with his comrades he made certain a good time was had. Whether it be dry land or tossing sea, Tex will be a success.

Earl Thomas Crosby (Earl)
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

Earl was always telling us about his wonderful weekends and new girls, or so called "Doll" he had met. An excellent student and ardent maintenance worker, he was always ready to do his share of any easy work. We are sure he will always be successful and well liked as he was while here at M.M.A.



SE-2, B-Co., Radio Club,
Propeller Club, Duty run-
ning engineer

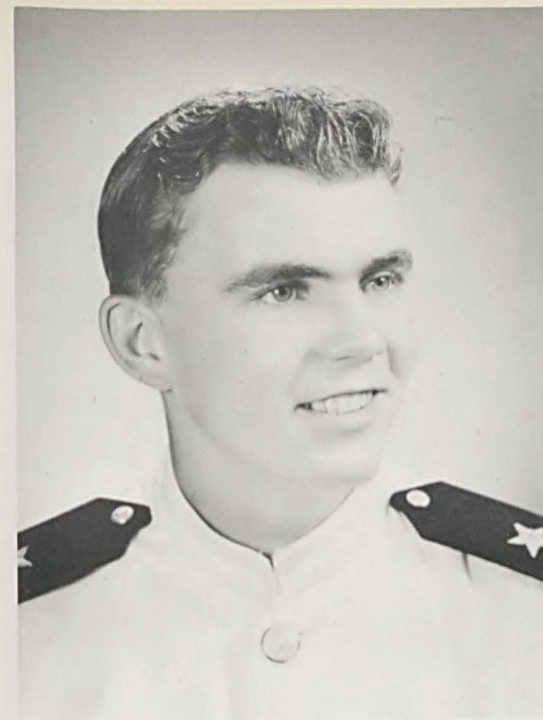


Harlan R. Cust
Old Town, Maine

One of the three Indians which constitute what seems to be the last of Old Town's long line of contributions to M.M.A. Harlie, as his girl calls him, was a member of the Drill Squad and a capable intramural sports participant. "One plus the cotangent square" was an industrious engineer here at the Academy, and we know that his engineering ability will bring him success.



B-Co., SE-1, Propeller Club,
Drill Squad, Intramural
Sports



Robert M. Deering (Bob)
Orono, Maine

"Knocked . . . ?" Wake up, Bob, wake up! Bob's dream didn't come true . . . luckily. Bob also managed to do a few things while he was awake. Some of which included being: quarterback, card shark, and high man on the baseball squad. The "Kid" kept in condition by sleeping on a door. Rough and tough, yes, that's "Bobba", always improving, a dynamo of energy.



A-Co., SE-2, Football, Base-
ball, Propeller Club



SE-2, A-Co., Propeller Club,
Football

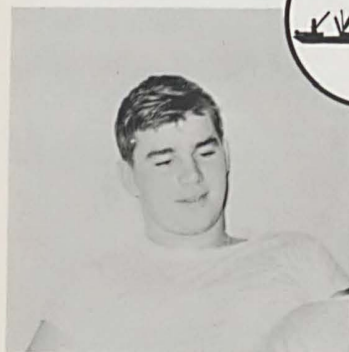
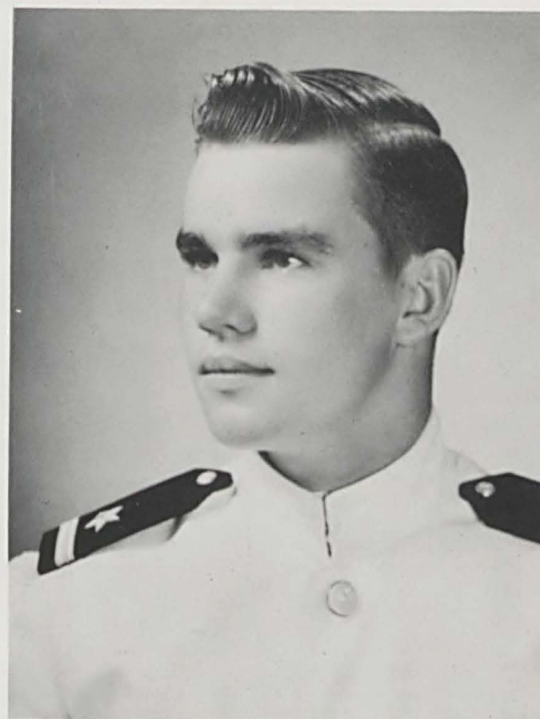
"The Dude" and his red and black horse are two familiar sights here at the Academy. He can be found at any time either in the rack or writing letters to his many? Dick was one of the unholy crew that infested "Casino 53" and during his spare time drove his roommates buggy playing cowboy music. His excellence on the gridiron will long be remembered for when the Dude made a tackle the crunch could be heard to the last row of the stands. Here's to many more good times, Dick, and we hope to see you often after graduation.

Richard Erlon Durant (Dick)
Saco, Maine



"I'll be home for Christmas," was the theme song of M.M.A.'s Vaughn Monroe. Stan is an easy-going guy, until the paper spells his name wrong or you insist he isn't losing weight. Favorite longshoreman of SD-1, he could often be heard "shaping up" a quivering mugg. Stan's outstanding work and spirit will long be appreciated by the basketball and diamond followers of M.M.A. A certain girl in Portland will certainly be fortunate if she does the impossible and lands "Popeye's" right hand man. Keep your eye on the ball, Stan, and you can't miss.

Stanislaus Gregory Dyro (Stan)
Portland, Maine



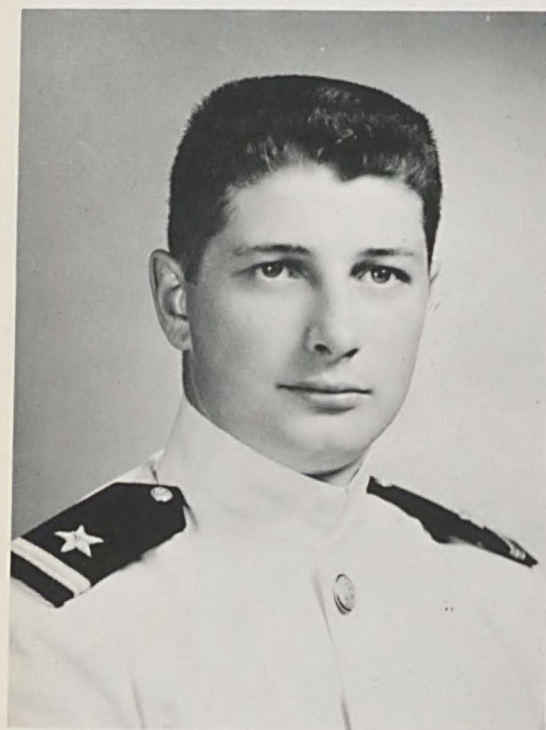
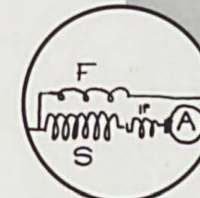
A-Co., SD-1. Baseball, Basketball, Sailing Club, Yearbook Staff Sports Editor, Cadet Cruise Fire Chief, Propeller Club.



James Wilson Fairbanks (Jim)
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

A member of a room of four-year men who always had a word in any conversation. With his sea lawyer comrades he worked hard to promote less work and more rack. As a photographer he derived pleasure and occasional monetary profit from his hobby. As an engineer he always saw the job well done. When "the chips are down" you can depend on Jim.

B-Co., SE-2, Intramural Sports, Football, Propeller Club

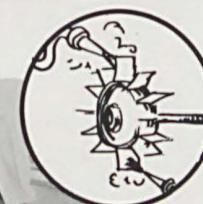


Arthur Raymond Ellingwood (Art)
Bangor, Maine

Lissen to this joke! And the old Bangor bandit, Art Ellingwood, arrives on the scene. One of the top deckmen in his class, the cheerful and easy-going Art has won many friends during his three years at Castine. Art has shown us all that he can take a joke as well as tell one. As A-1's platoon leader he has left little doubt in anyone's mind that he will succeed in any endeavors he undertakes. We all wish him smooth sailing and the best of luck in the years ahead.

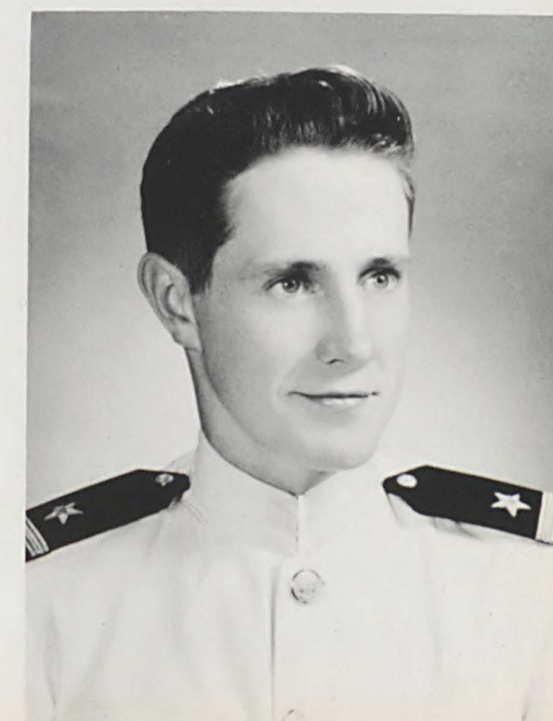


A-Co., SD-1, Intramural Sports, Drill Squad, A-Co. Platoon Leader, Propeller Club.



A-Co., SE-2, Basketball, Intramural Sports, Propeller Club

Donald William Farquhar (Don)
Millinocket, Maine



A quiet, friendly manner and good humor made Don welcome at any gathering. The great North country was his home and engineering his specialty. Few will soon forget this sparkling forward's action on the basketball court. With his personality and spirit, success should well be his.

George David Fenderson (Fendy)
Norwood, Rhode Island



Wake! Wake! Quarter seex, and here comes Dave, our Company Commander. Dave has shown his leadership ability as the Company Commander and also as co-captain on the football squad. Dave was always ready to learn and ready for any problems which may have confronted him. The Navy's gain will be the Academy's loss as Dave will be entering the Navy in June. Here's wishing Dave the best of luck in the future.



A-Co., SE-2, A-Co. Commander, Baseball, Football, Cadet Petty Officer, Duty running engineer



William Ronald Fleming (Bill)
Bangor, Maine

Hi gang! Tall, good looking Bill Fleming from Bangor, one of the best liked guys in the senior class, is on the scene. Bill's friendly manner and easy going ways has made him many friends here at the Academy. One of the better barbers of the class, Bill could be found evenings plying his trade. A good lineman for the Middie eleven until injuries kept him out of the lineup, Bill was a good sport whether it was football or ping pong. We'll always remember "Abee" from the Queen City.

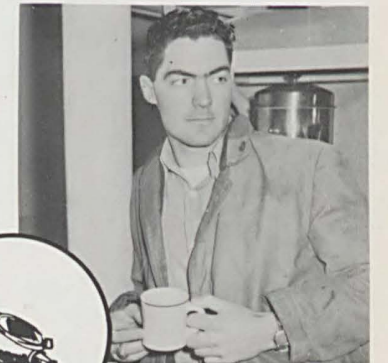


B-Co., SD-1, Football, Drill Squad, Sailing Club, Propeller Club, Yearbook Staff

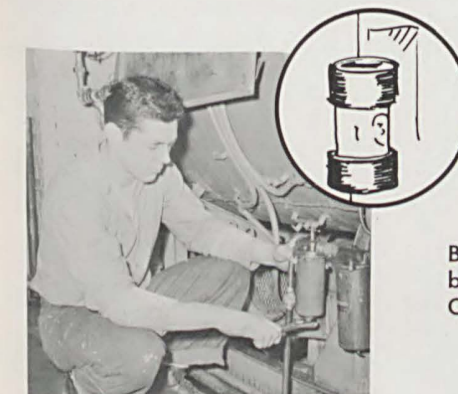


Robert Stephen Footer (Bob)
Bath, Maine

A representative of Bath, home of steel ships and iron men. True to this tradition, the wear and tear of academy life haven't corroded Berta. He can be depended on to do the job well, either as an engineer or ashore with the boys. With his capacity and endurance, we foresee a bright future.

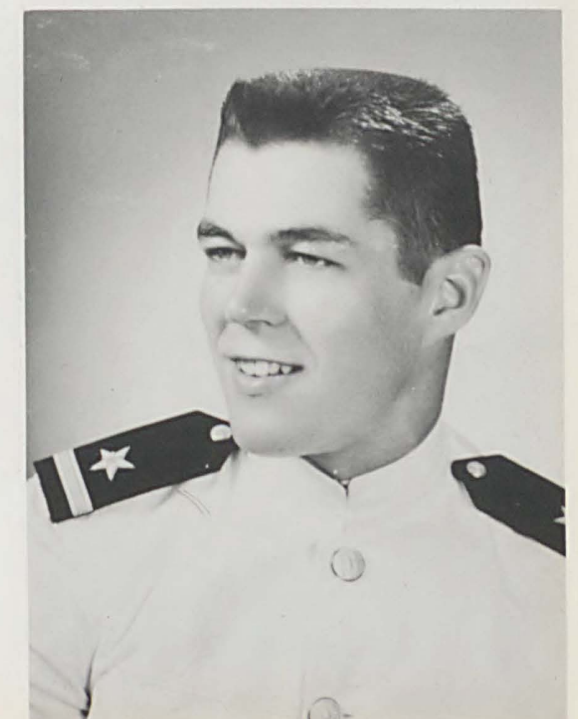


B-Co., SE-1, Intramural Sports, Propeller Club.



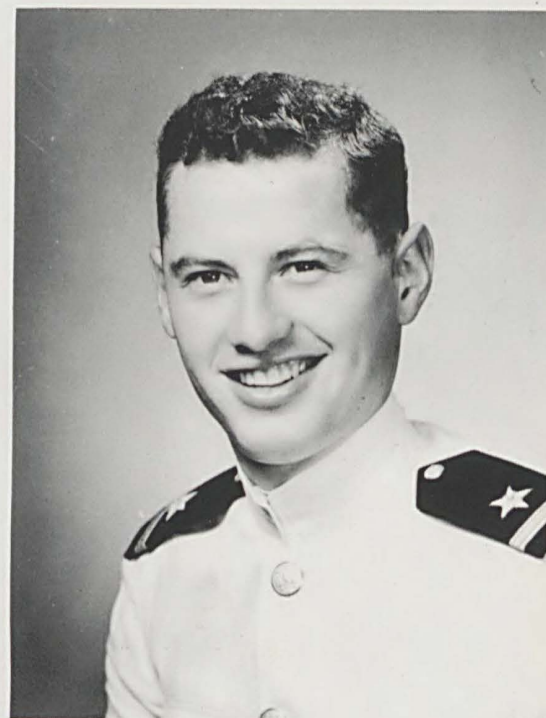
B-Co., SE-2, Football, Baseball, Basketball, Propeller Club.

"Hey, Russ, did you forget something?" was often heard at school and on the ship. The usual reply (with a sheepish grin and a red face) was: "Oh, I guess so." An outstanding football player, and an asset to any other team we have, Russ was a three letter man. We are all sure that his determination and aggressiveness will make him a valuable man on any team, playing or working.



Russell Lewis Godin (Russ)
Old Town, Maine

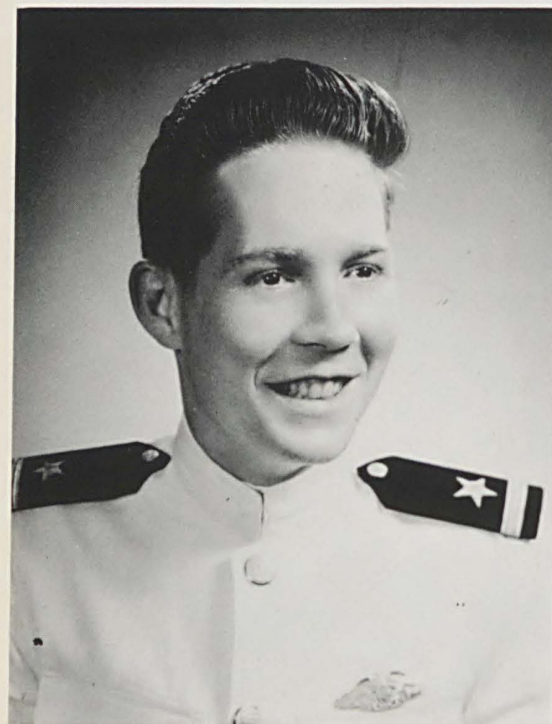
Douglas M. Green (Doug)
Camden, Maine



Doug is one of the friendliest and best liked fellows in the Academy. Always ready to tell about his last week-end experiences, and they sounded okay. At chow time Doug could usually be seen trying to swap milk for somebody's dessert. A good worker and engineer Doug will always be welcome wherever he goes.

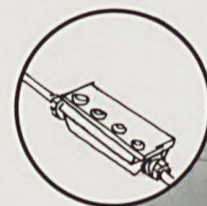


B-Co., SE-1, Propeller Club,
Band



Lawrence Wesley Gribbin (Larry)
South Portland, Maine

Larry is an engineer whose all around experience and hard study prove his value in any engine room. His drive for advertising for this book has been an appreciated contribution. One of the band's top drummers, he will be missed as the guy who could add a new twist to any drum beat. At sea or ashore Larry is a welcome asset.



B-Co., SE-2, Intramural
Sports, Band, Radio Club,
Propeller Club, Dance
Band, Duty running boat
engineer, Yearbook Staff

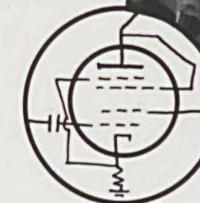


Sidney L. Gross (Sid)
Stonington, Maine

A true fisherman hailing from Stonington, Sid has a zealous interest in sports and building log cabins!! What he lacks in size he makes up for in that stimulating Ston'ton spirit. One of the few to work on the sub-chaser, he has plenty of knowing how in the practical field and in the books. Though Sid gets his share of sack time, he manages to find time to play a few (sour) notes in the band, and make an occasional run as duty truck driver.



A-Co., SE-1, Band, Duty
Truck Driver, Propeller
Club, Baseball, Intramural
Sports.



B-Co., SD-1, Band, Intra-
mural Sports, Yearbook
Staff, Propeller Club.

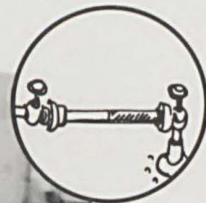
Charles Milton Hall (Charlie)
Kittery, Maine



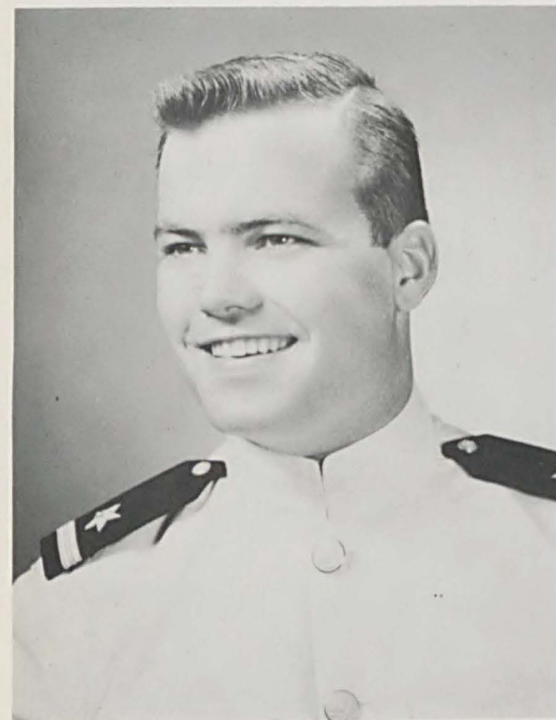
This outstanding member of our class has the ability to get along with almost anyone. A resident of Maine's southernmost town, Kittery, he has transported many liberty hounds in his blue Chevie. He holds the record as the staunchest rooter at Middle sport events, hardly ever absent at a game. As a deckman, a steady worker, and a student well up in his class; Charlie is certain of success and welcome at sea or ashore.

Charles Palmer Harriman (Harry)
Auburn, Maine

It is difficult to say all that we would like to about C.P. because it would sound like so much flattery. However, it is pure fact to say that it has been a distinct pleasure to serve with one of the top engineers in the class; a first rate Battalion Adjutant; known as "Hondur Hurricane" as a CPO; co-ordinator of things and stuff; and just plain jolly good fellow. We're certain that "Dennis the Menace" will do much to uphold the reputation of the Academy in the Maritime world. Bon voyage, Matey.

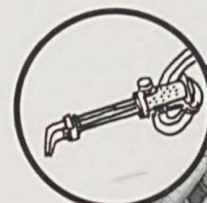


B-Co., SE-2, Baseball, Mgr.,
CPO, Battalion Adjutant,
Propeller Club, Secretary,
Yearbook Staff, Dance
Committee



Phillip B. Hatch (Phil)
Portland, Maine

If there's a smoker or a good time to be had, you'll find Phil there contributing his talents with the gang. His adventures in foreign ports and weekend liberties sound like chapters from a best selling novel. The blue and gold eleven will miss this year's hard-hitting co-captain. As an engineer at sea or ashore there'll always be a job for Phil.



A-Co., SE-1, Football, Co-
Captain, Smokers, Intra-
mural Sports, Propeller
Club



Herbert O. Hodgkins (Herb)
Hancock, Maine

Will Rogers was noted as saying he never met a man that he didn't like, but there's never a man that met Herb and disliked him. Herb follows the footsteps of his brother from the lobster pound to the Merchant Marine. If Yogi Berra wants to keep his job he better get hot. Herb's dependability on the diamond as well as his lobsters at the baseball outing can't be matched. As an engineer Herb's cool manner on the deck plates is just the characteristic needed in a well run engine room.



B-Co., SE-2, Baseball, In-
tramural Sports, Duty Truck
Driver, Propeller Club.



B-Co., SE-1, Intramural
Sports, Propeller Club, Drill
Squad.

Charles, 235 pounds of? There is only one adjective to describe Hoop . . . gigantic. Hoop's two greatest loves in life are food and his rack. Although he denies any serious interest in the opposite sex, he is one of the first Middies to leave on liberty. A fine engineer both in books and also practically. It has indeed been a pleasure going to school with Hoop.



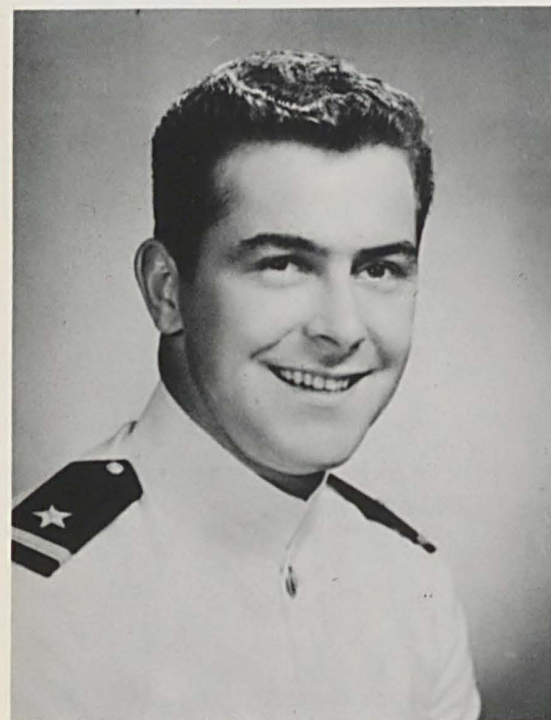
Charles L. Hooper (Hoop)
Biddeford, Maine

Glenn Orson Hornberger (Hornie)
Hudson, New York

O'le Hornie second to none for his uncanny ability to accumulate "Dinero" for his weekends with Blanche. A prominent member of the Cuidad Trujillo quartet whose escapades bordered on the unbelievable and a trumpet player of few peers. His abilities didn't end with accumulating currency, those vague innuendos concerning his love life have kept us all guessing. What's the scoop, Hornie? Lots of luck in the biggest game of all.



B-Co., SE-2, Intramural Sports, Band, Drill Squad, Sailing Club, Propeller Club, Dance Committee



Lawrence E. Kelley (Kell)
Millinocket, Maine

"Kell" the deal puller, weekends, "Specials", extra liberty in port, maintenance at home . . . he took them all on with glee. An outstanding player on the basketball team and often doing more than his share to quell the "Hoc's" ulcers, a good companion when looking for a ball. A lady-killer in el Caribe, and among other things a memorable(?) time in Cuidad Trujillo. One of the luckier ones, he'll soon be leaving and living the life of Riley (another Irishman) aboard a "tin can" off Alaska (the biggest deal of all). Best of luck, Kell, in every walk of life.

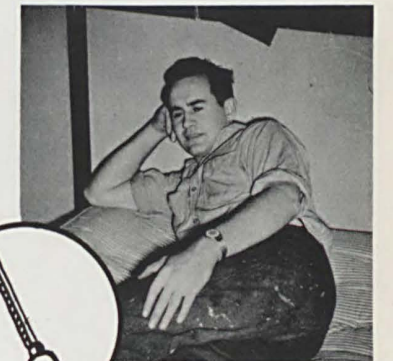


SE-2, B-Co., Basketball, Propeller Club



Robert N. Kenney (Bob)
Brooks, Maine

Mister mastermind of the barber shop, hunting out of season and a real fine engineer. Many a night did he turn down a good paying job of cutting hair, just to hit the good old sack, which was probably his favorite sport. After those very interesting week ends in Winterport and at the "Blue Goose" nobody wondered why though. He's always ripe for a few "cool" jokes or one of his favorite sayings that make no sense to anyone. A real down to earth thinker. He's a swell guy to know, who'll go a long way in everything he does.



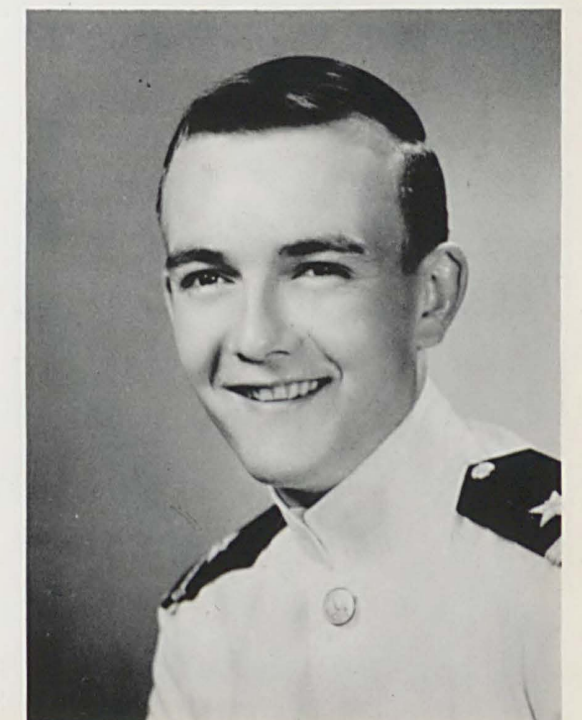
A-Co., SE-1, Drill Squad, Intramural Sports, Barber, Propeller Club.



Stuart R. Kilbride (Stu)
Lincoln, Maine

B-Co., SE-1, Duty Truck Driver, Propeller Club.

Stuart was one midshipman who really enjoyed maintenance, but he always seemed to have the cleanest hands at quitting time. When it comes to liberty Stu was always the first to muster, for the girls of Lincoln played an important part in his outlook on life. Studies came easy and at ping pong and T.V. watching he was a champion. Stuart will always be remembered for his easy-going and carefree manner so we know that success and good luck will always be his.

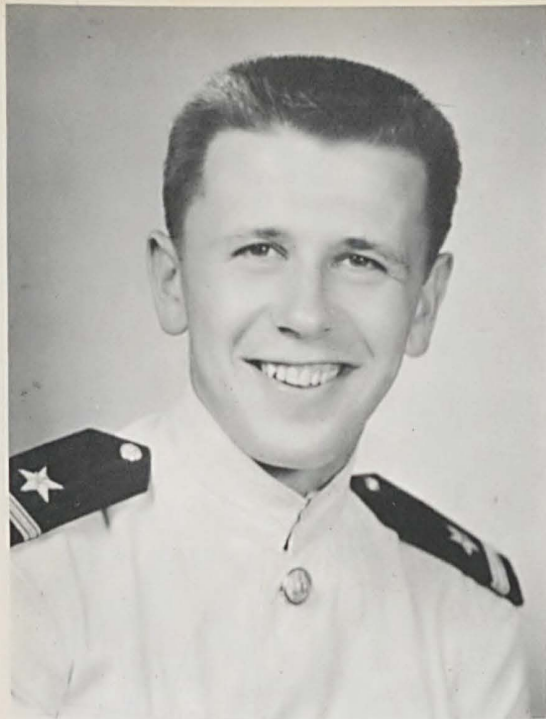


Bernard Dana Leathers (Bernie)
Gorham, Maine

Bernie has been an inspiration to the engineering department here at M.M.A. His knowledge gained in this field will be an asset to any company. The boy from Gorham has done a fine job in his time at the Academy. Hats off to a fine student, and one of our best engineers.



B-Co., SE-1, Intramural Sports, Propeller Club, Duty Running Boat Engineer.



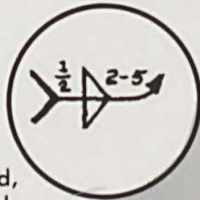
William A. Lowell, II (Titus)
Phippsburg, Maine

Although one of the youngest members of our class, "Titus" proved himself to be as mature as any of the class "dads". "Bish" is as adept at the little known art of concentration as Einstein. This he has proven by his deep studying while the madmen of M.M.A. go through their Sunday night horrors and Thursday night joys. Bill will always be the guy we remember when we think back. His wit and friendly attitude have been a tremendous asset to our class.

SE-1, B-Co., Propeller Club, Intramural Sports.



Bert, another of the Old Town Indians, was always ready with a witty remark, pro or con to any conversation. During his three years at school he was a member of the Drill Squad and participated in all intramural sports. We'll remember him most of all for his high scholastic standing and ability to keep the fuel oil pressure at a maximum. We know you'll succeed as an engineer. All we can do is wish you luck along the way.



B-Co., SE-1, Drill Squad, Intramural Sports, Propeller Club.



Bertrand Elwood Lemieux (Bert)
Old Town, Maine



A-Co., SE-2, Football, left end, Intramural Sports, Batt. Yeoman, Batt. Commander, Propeller Club, Dance Committee, Cadet Kapers.

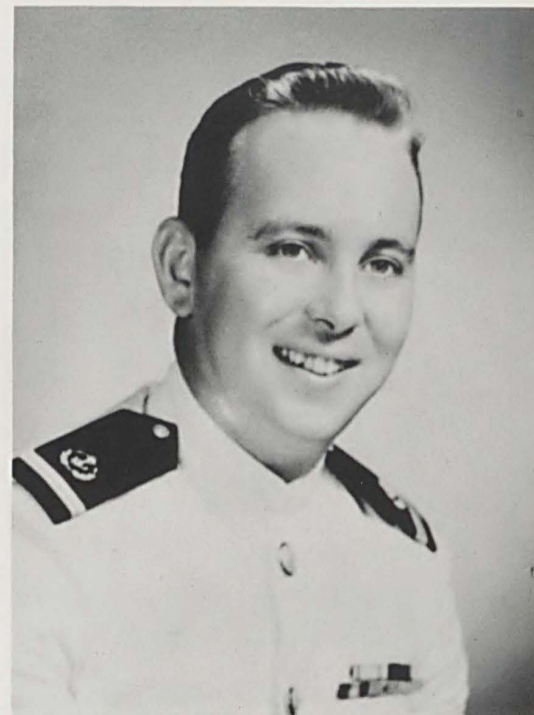
Battalion Fall In! The sound would ring through many sleepy heads telling us to fall in for morning inspection. Behind that voice is one of the finest examples of a gentleman ever to attend M.M.A. As Battalion Commander Don was an able leader, he was fair and just to all hands. His presence has improved the Academy considerably. He has set a fine example which no doubt will be followed in years to come. Don found time to be an outstanding end on the Middie eleven. A man with Don's ambition will have no trouble in his future endeavors.

Donald David MacInnis, Jr. (Mac)

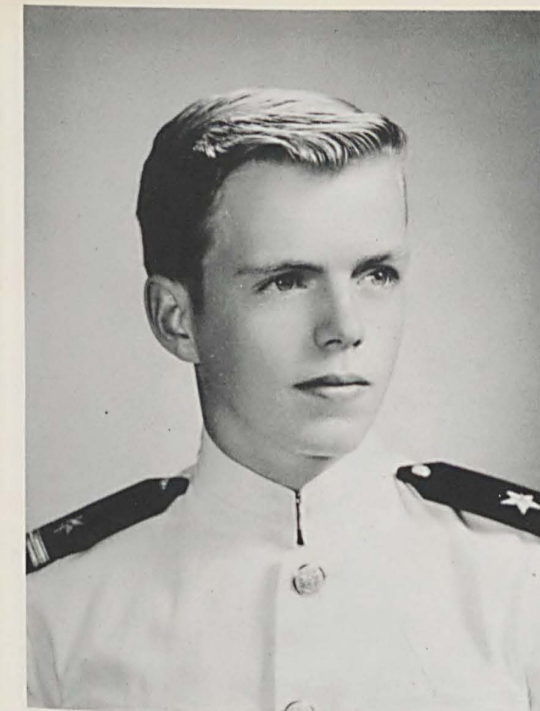


Richard Leroy MacKay (Mac)
Cohoes, New York

"Mac" or "Dad" as he was known to his friends of which there were legions, came to the Academy after serving four years in the Navy. During his first year he made such an impression that a rate seemed certain. He was made a CPO his second year, but cadet fire chief was more to his liking his senior year. For this sacrifice he became a prominent "one of the boys". A stalwart member of "Casino 53" and a prominent member of the "Order of the Rack," "Mac" will be remembered as long as there are memories—always.

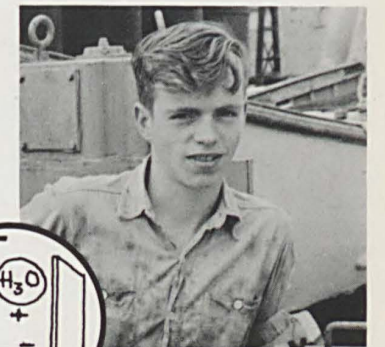


A-Co., Rates—CPO, Cadet
Fire Chief, Propeller Club

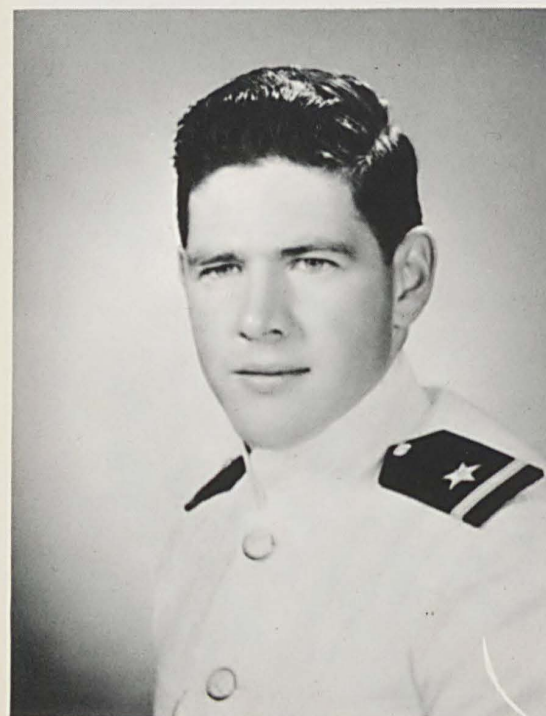
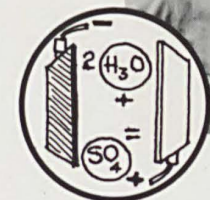


William Joseph Mahoney (Bill)
Stoughton, Mass.

"Hey Mac, a 2 degree list!" The words would echo through the subterranean depths of the "State of Maine". Soft-spoken Bill was a man highly regarded by his classmates. His ambitious attitude toward studies and work were an example to be followed. Rose was our Water King on our Senior Cruise, and did an able job. He'd often be seen putting his powerful left hand service into action on the tennis court. Bill's only wish was that the Academy had a hockey team. Bill is truly a man well on the road to success.



B-Co., Intramural Sports,
Propeller Club, Drill Squad,
Sailing Club, Duty Running
Boat Engineer, Dance Com-
mittee.



Robert C. MacQueston Jr. (Mac)
Wiscasset, Maine

From a long line of engineers Mac came to M.M.A. to take his place in tradition and the profession of his choice. His Scotch common sense and flair for neatness are not only mottoes, but practice. As guard on the football squad he was in there fighting on every play. With Mac on the job there'll be smooth sailing ahead.



A-Co., Intramural Sports,
Rates—Machinist Mate, Ra-
dio Club, Propeller Club,
Duty running boat engi-
neer



B-Co., Football, Intramural
Sports, Electrician Mate 1st
Class, Radio Club, Propel-
ler Club, Duty Running
Boat Engineer, Dance Com-
mittee, Cadet Kapers.

Roland Osborn Melcher (Melch)
South Portland, Maine



We all know Melch as a man who knows what he's after and how to get there. As electrician's mate he's made the buildings electrically secure. As cadet in charge of diesels our running boats were his responsibility. Room 35's Romeo has enough to keep his week ends well occupied. Whether it's steam, diesels, or electricity we know his drive for success will see him through.

Richard L. Merrifield (Dick)
Sanford, Maine



Our Battalion Executive has more than filled the bill in his three years at M.M.A. Besides being an efficient CPO with work details, "Dick" has been a genius at keeping the battalion out of trouble. In D-1 he rates tops and has maintained a scholastic standing well above average. In spite of all this he hasn't failed in taming a Scottish chick. "Good sailing Dick."



SD-1, Intramural Sports,
Cadet CPO, Battalion Ex-
ecutive Officer, Sailing
Club, Propeller Club.

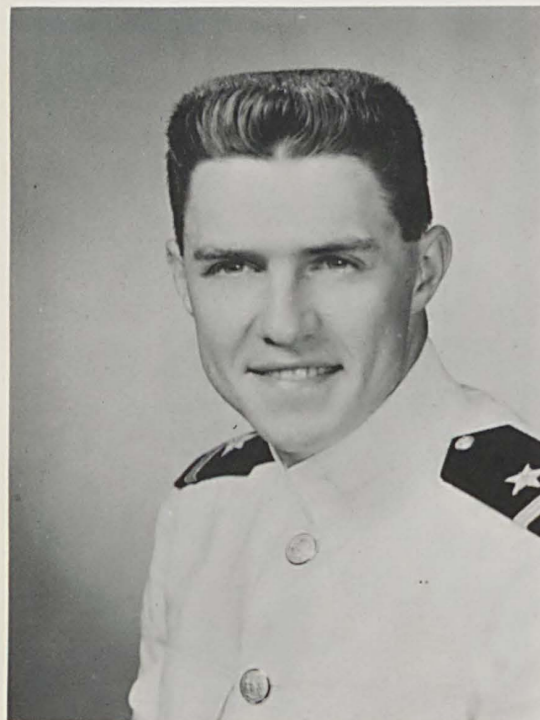


Sterling Alfred Mills (Pappy)
Bryant Pond, Maine

Hey, "Pappy," when you gonna open the ship's store? A man in demand was Bryant Pond's gift to M.M.A.; economy-sized Pap was without a doubt a favorite of everyone here at the Academy. His work and efficiency have turned our ship's store into a scale Sears, Roebuck. Liked his chow almost as much as his innerspring. We think he's the greatest.

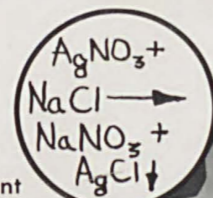


B-Co., SD-1, Band, Propel-
ler Club, Smokers.



Robert Ramsdell Merrill (Bob)
Auburn, Maine

When we hear martial music across the harbor or a jazz band in some secluded "club", we'll remember Bob, M.M.A.'s "Mr. Music." As Bandmaster his efforts to improve variety, quality, and presentation of selections have made the '55-'56 Band one of which this school can boast. Not only as a leader and musician, but as an engineer of quiet efficiency; he'll be remembered.



B-Co., SE-2, Band-Assistant
Bandmaster - Bandmaster,
Propeller Club, Duty Run-
ning Engineer, Dance Com-
mittee, Smokers.



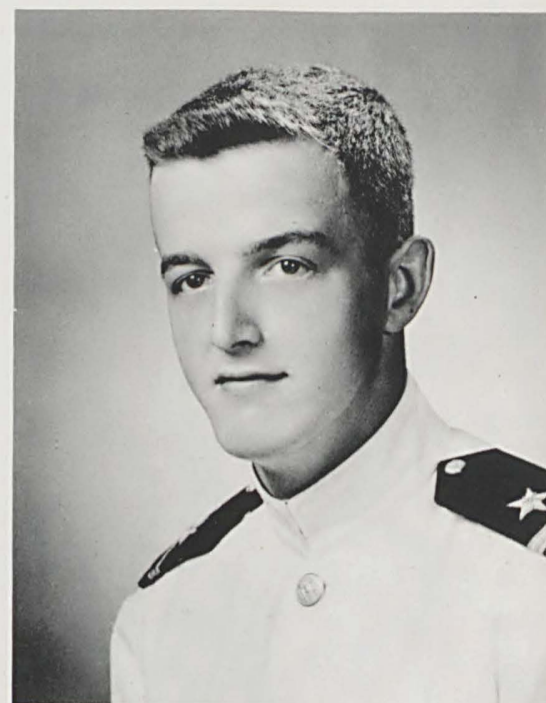
B-Co., SE-2, Propeller Club.

Earl U. Morin (Earl)
Newport, Maine



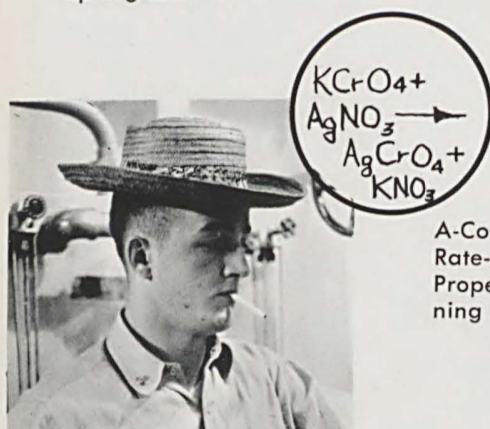
Earl was always there if something was going on. His quick wit and joyous manner was always appreciated in class as well as out. A very capable engineer and will be a credit to any ship he ever sails on.

Willis Franklin Morse (Bill)
Bath, Maine

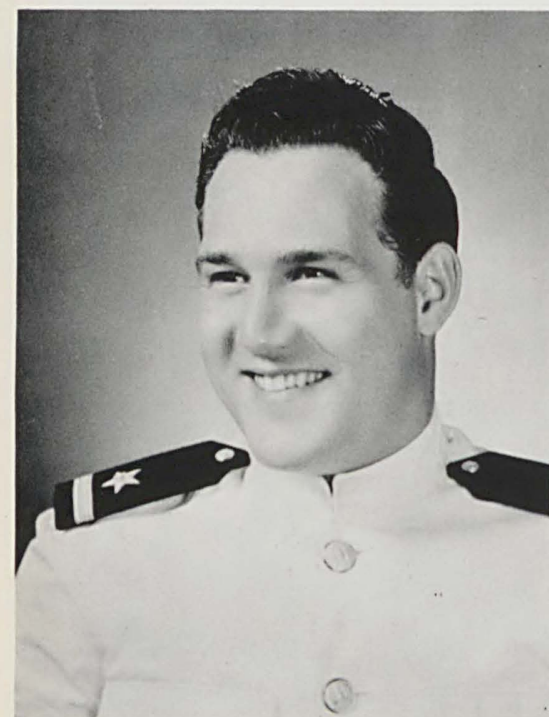


The terror of "A" Deck. Bill has many aliases, especially at taps, but is known to most of us as "Crow". He has given his all for the company and his Platoon A-2 is one of the best.

Any time you should see Bill in a foreign port just ask him the way the crow flies and he will tell you Springvale . . .



A-Co., Intramural Sports,
Rate-A-2, Platoon Leader;
Propeller Club, Duty Run-
ning Boat Engineer.



Richard Edward Nash (Rambler)
Portsmouth, N. H.

Rambler is removed from Maine only by the bridge that spans the state line between Portsmouth and Kittery. Believed by many to be the shortest in his class, this go-getting engineer has proved his worth far in excess of his humble stature. We will remember his hearty nature and ready smile that welcomes friendship.



A-Co., SE-1, Propeller Club,
Intramural Sports.



Donald Walter O'Brien (O'Bee)
Rochester, N. H.

Proud to hail from the Granite State, O'Bee has proven himself one of the most dependable friends we have. M.M.A.'s own "Mr. Home Run", his athletic ability has been a great asset to our baseball team. A fine engineer, Easy-2 is proud to claim the shining Irishman from New Hampshire.



A-Co., Football, Baseball,
Basketball, Propeller Club,
Duty Running Boat Engi-
neer.



A-Co., Football, Baseball,
Band, Propeller Club, Duty
Running Boat Engineer.

"Ken," an easy-going and likeable figure, was a powerful and decisive factor on the football team. Along with his gridiron duties, Ken, or better known by Easy-2 as "Spade" was a top-notch engineer and his ranks were a credit to him. We see very little standing in his way to success.

Kenneth Perley Oldham (Spade)
Auburn, Maine



Joseph Outerbridge (Joe)
Oyster Bay, New York



"Hey Joe! Help me with my Spanish tonight, will ya?" Was a familiar cry in Room 29 when we were struggling to conquer that language, in our middle-class year. "Jose" learned his rifle manual by hard practice with a knife in the mess deck, and proved to all that you can do anything if you stick to it. An outstanding sailor, whom we know will be an asset to any ship's deck department.



SD-1, B-Co., Propeller Club,
Sailing Club.

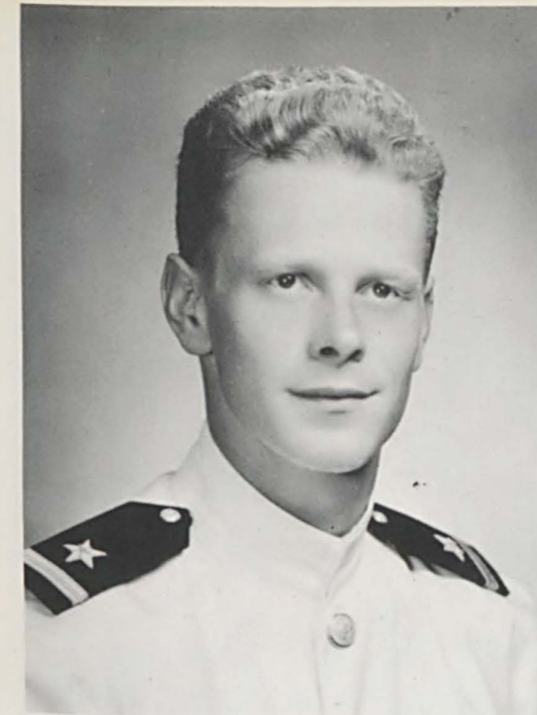


Gregory Payne (Greg)
Scarborough, Maine

Here's a real cool operator, a man of few words but a man of action. Greg came to us from Freeport, but has since moved his base of operations to Scarborough. His easy-going friendly manner has won him many friends and respect of his classmates. Treated his studies as they should be treated, and has become one of the better deckmen of SD-1; weekends found Greg heading south in "Charles Jet" to keep that date with that certain special gal. Greg will make a great officer as well as gentleman.



SD-1, B-Co., Intramural
Sports, Sailing Club, Radio
Club, Propeller Club.



Peter Barton Payson (Pete)
Winnetka, Illinois

When thinking of photography, sailing, or naval architecture, we think of Pete. His passion for cameras won him the position of yearbook photographer. From Michigan's Halls to Castine's quiet campus he came to find a path to the merchant fleet. Easy-going efficiency coupled with scholastic ability hard to exercise with a fair wind for sail made him a welcome and interesting character.



SD-1, A-Co., School Photo-
grapher, Sailing Club,
Duty Coxswain, Yearbook
Staff.



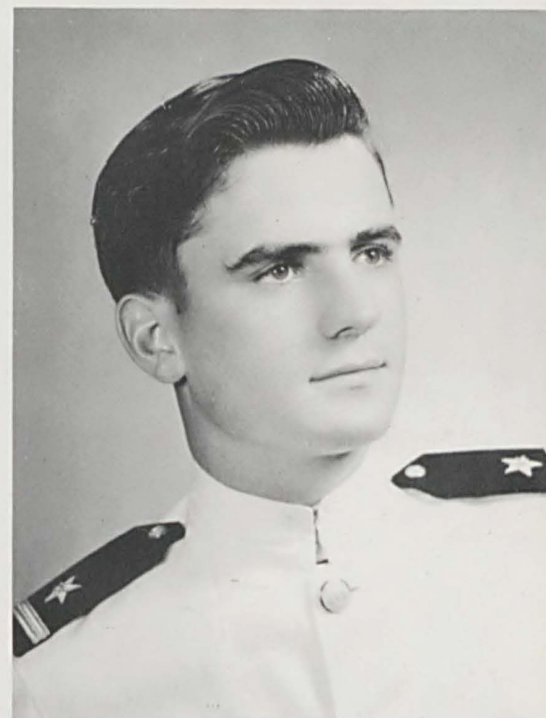
A-Co., SE-2, Intramural
Sports, Drill Squad, Pro-
peller Club, Duty Running
Boat Engineer.

Paul Eugene Penly (Scoop)
Auburn, Maine



One of the best engineers in our class. Scoop has been the man who has known the news before the news came out. Wherever you went you would hear this cry, "What's the latest scoop, 'Scoop'." He always blazed the trail to Auburn to see his favorite girl . . . Best of luck always in your years away from M.M.A.

Rob Roy Pope
New York, N. Y.



You take New York, and you've got Rob Roy, a man of joy. One of the finest men to grace the halls of M.M.A. Even though struck down by illness his middle-class year, he came back seemingly without missing a stride. A hard worker for his class. "Magnetic" Roy really kept things lively during our long Navigation classes. A fine gentleman is our own Roy.



A-Co., Intramural Sports,
Drill Squad, Sailing Club,
Color Guard, Propeller
Club, Cadet Kapers.

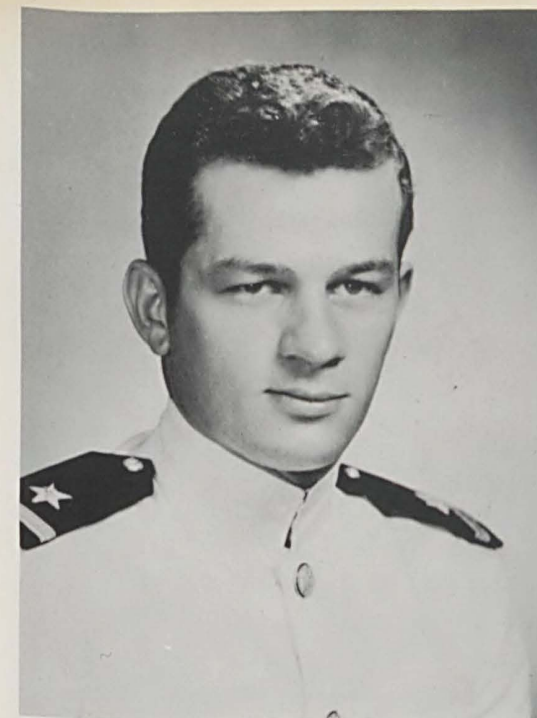


Edwin T. Powers, Jr. (Ed)
Bath, Maine

In the steaming depths of the engine room stands cool Ed, capable and efficient engineer. Another ship-builder that has proven himself here at the Academy. Ed, honor member of the illustrious Room Nineteen sack worshippers, has won many friends with his quiet but effective attitude. Often seen in the gym making like Rock, his good left hook as well as his personality will leave a mark to be attained in future years. The engine room that gets Ed will be well pleased with Willy the kid from Bath.



B-Co., SE-2, Propeller Club,
Drum Major (Band), Intra-
mural Sports.



Emery G. Purslow
Hancock, Maine

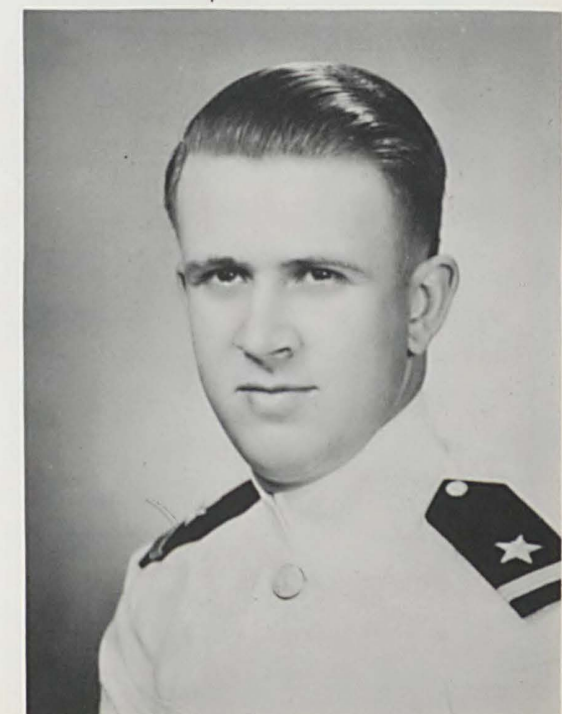
Emery is known to us all as a quiet but conscientious engineer. An ardent swimmer, his spear fishing was a source of our admiration in past cruises. In great demand by the French Foreign Legion our mugg year, he elected to take the U. S. Merchant Marine and Navy against adventures in the desert. As a machinist, mariner, or adventurer Emery will have a bright future.

B-Co., SE-1, Propeller Club,
Intramural Sports.



B-Co., SE-2, Propeller Club,
Band, Intramural Sports.

Robert M. Purton
Calais, Me.



A roaring '46 Ford and the "Bird" and his buddies are off on Down East liberty. His industry for learning the art of engineering is to be admired. His constant tinkering kept our running boats "on the go" at every anchorage port (even the thirty-footer held out for awhile.) At sea or ashore we know he'll be a success.

Richard L. Renner (Dick)
Afton, New York

Dick left a very profitable life on the farm to enter the Academy where his ability soon established him as one of the top men of his class. All his Shylock-like deals got him his many hot rods. His rotoric studies of the World Atlas easily have netted him a \$69,000 prize on any quiz program. As an engineer Dick will be outstanding and we all wish him the best of luck on all his forthcoming deals.

$$\frac{S(H_S - H_{FW})}{F(CV)}$$

SE-2, B-Co., Basketball
(Manager), Intramural
Sports, Drill Squad, Color
Guard, Radio Club, Pro-
peller Club.



Peter Gorham Robinson (Pete)
Bangor, Me.

Pete is another of the Bangor Bandits and the head of the '53 invasion of the Academy. This guitar-playing engineer's delight, who spends most of his liberty hours at Joe Tremble's house, never fails to give his best to reign supreme over the Brothers of Bangor. To forget his spirit and ambition to be a fine engineer would be to forget the man that is Pete Robinson.

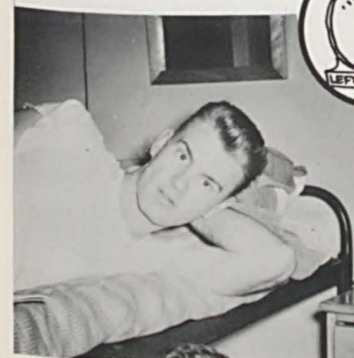
A-Co., SE-1, Intramural
Sports, Smokers, Propeller
Club.



John W. Roos (Jack)
Stamford, Conn.

Lanky Jack from Stamford, Conn. A true seaman and a hard worker, was one of the better deckmen here during his three-year stay. His experience working on tugs showed up greatly in his ability to solve the many every day problems to be confronted on shipboard. Jack found time on weekends to trek south to Portland with "Rug" and give the girls a break. Jack was Commodore of the sailing club his senior year, an active one at that. It'll be a lucky ship that gets "Hatrack".

A-Co., SD-1, Sailing Club,
Propeller Club, Duty Cox-
swain



A-Co., SD-1, Propeller Club

Down from "A" deck comes a tall speeding figure with flashing blond hair. Will he make it? "Chow line is now closed." Long after we've left the Academy we'll remember SD-1's favorite helmsman: "Rug" who hails from Springvale, was well liked for his humor and carefree manner. An ardent booster at all M.M.A.'s sports events, he added scoring punch to the intramural court battles. A great guy to have on any ship. Was gunners mate for room 36 his senior year.

Baxter H. Rowe (Bax)
Springvale, Maine

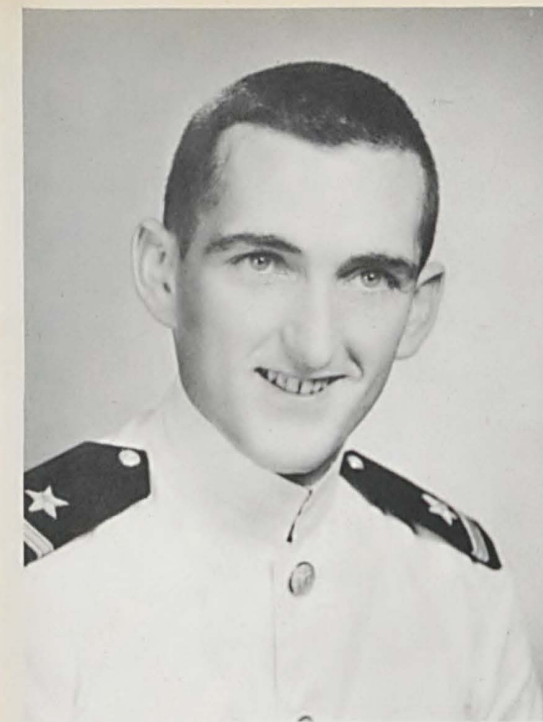
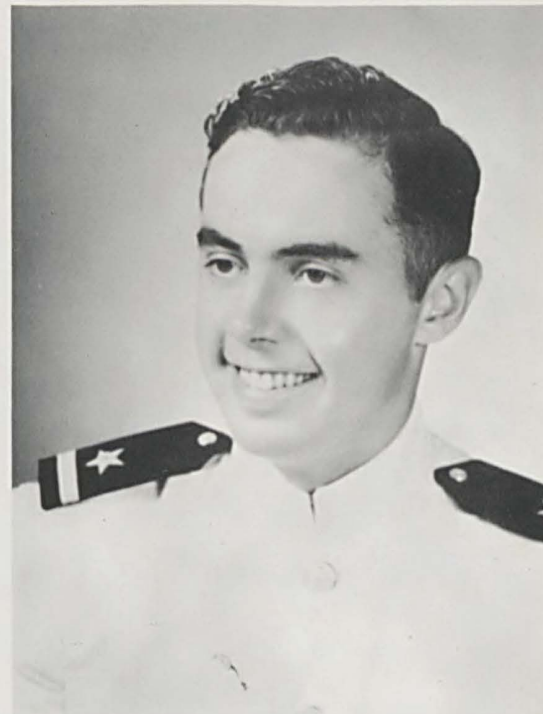


Rodney Latham Scribner (Rod)
Norway, Maine

Rod was one of the most colorful midshipmen in the class of '56. Always seeking new fields to conquer, he was well noted for his ability to keep up on the latest developments in all departments. Through his ability he became known as "the best engineer in SD-1". Rod, with his never-ending ambition to get ahead, will be an asset to any shipping company and we wish him the best of luck in all endeavors.



B-Co., Color Guard, Rate—
Cadet Watch Officer
(cruise), Radio Club, Pro-
peller Club, Yearbook
Staff, Cadet Librarian.



Peter Wayne Smallidge (Pete)
Northeast Harbor, Maine

SE-1, B-Co., Intramural
Sports, Sailing Club, B-1
Platoon Leader, Propeller
Club (Treasurer).

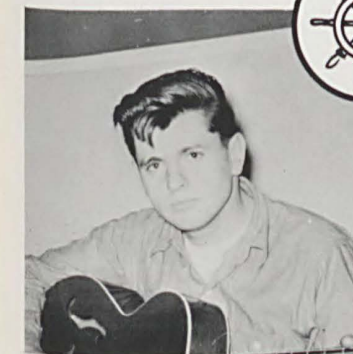


Wendell Arthur Shepard (Shep)
Stonington, Maine

Shep is one of the quiet type, but if you need assistance in any class work he'll be there. Wherever he goes, whether it be Merchant or Navy he will have a clean, systematic ship. Shep works hard at his studies, but never fails to catch his Friday ride home with "Bose". As a bandsman, fellow midshipman, and friend to all; may we often cross his wake in coming years.



A-Co., SE-1, Band, Dance
Band, Drill Squad, Propel-
ler Club, Dance Commit-
tees, Truck Driver.



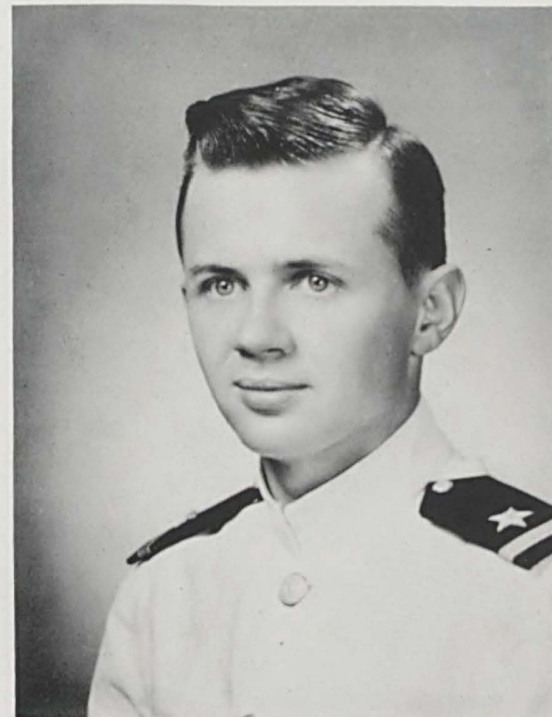
SD-1, A-Co., Sailing Club,
Cadet Quartermaster, Pro-
peller Club.

Smitty's taste of sea time and ability to splice wire mark him a valuable man to the deck department. His thirst for nautical knowledge inspired the less ambitious among us to realize our purpose here. From his Castine-Belfast pilotage experience to the roar of a motorcycle in the night air to Caribbean liberties . . . We'll remember George.

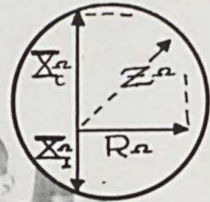
George Edwin Smith (Smitty)
Cape Rosier, Maine



John A. Sprague (Elmer)
Bangor, Maine



Hey Berta! Who's got my "Imp". Hey, who's this guy? Who else but our one and only "Elmer". John's one man that will long be remembered by us all for his friendly manner and carefree attitude. His wit and enthusiasm were well used to capture us, as friends of the Bangor Bandit. Many's the Sunday night we'd crowd around to listen to Elmer narrate a weekend at "Tanker's". A guy like this can't miss making his career as an engineer, a "king" sized success.



B-Co., SE-1, Propeller Club.

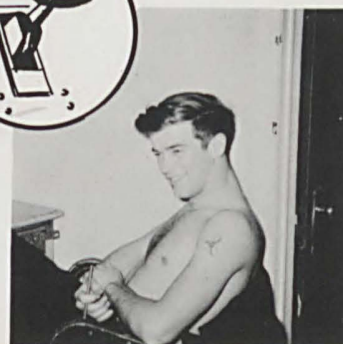


Robert G. Sullivan (Sully)
Portland, Me.

Chinkavun, who left the New Hampshire hills for the sea has earned a place in this school's history. Rarely heard until among his comrades, this hard-studying engineer learned and did the job well. Few who have known or worked with Sully can fail to call him a friend.



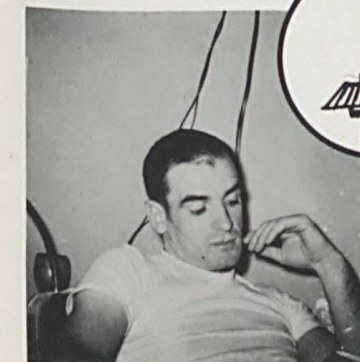
A-Co., SE-1, Intramural Sports, Propeller Club.



Arnold Svelling (Arnie)
Barnegat Light, New Jersey

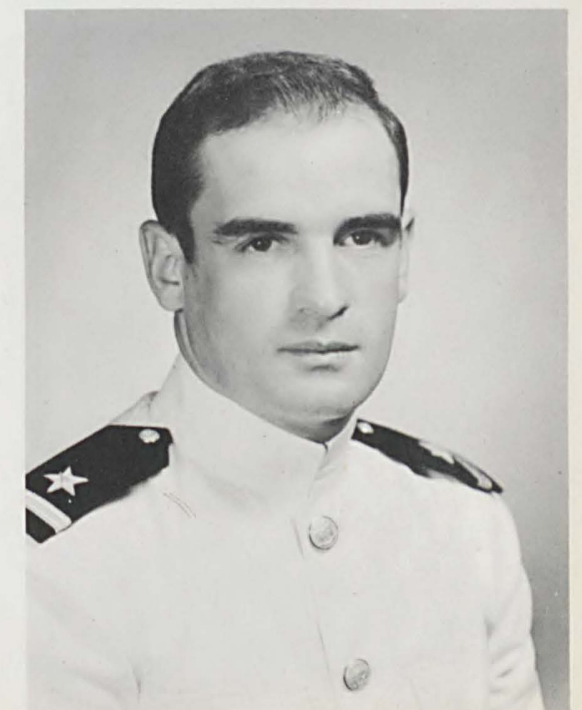
Arnie is one of the few men from the state of New Jersey. Being a conscientious worker he developed into a great engineer. Also his initiative and friendly nature placed him as one of the outstanding members of the class of '56 . . .

SE-1, A-Co., Intramural Sports, Sailing Club, Propeller Club, Duty Running Boat Engineer, Radio Club, Yearbook Staff.



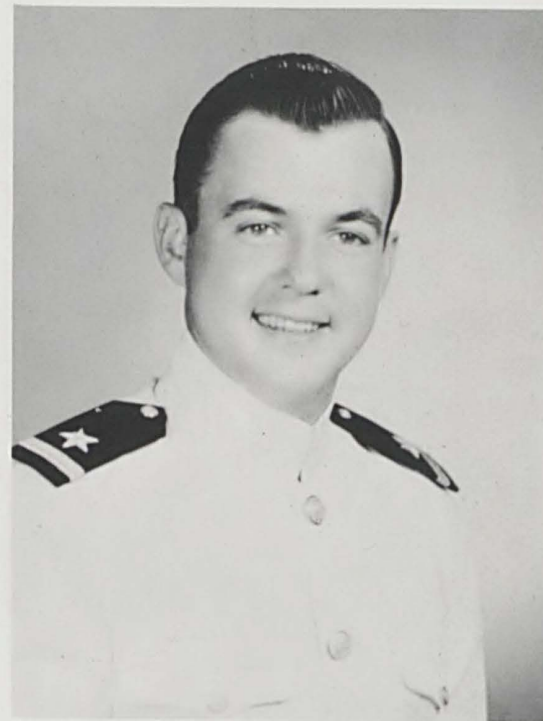
A-Co., SE-2, Basketball, Propeller Club, Intramural Sports.

Clarence W. Theriault (Bon)
Rockwood, Maine



Ugh, whitewater ahead. Out of the tall timbers of Northern Maine comes "Bon Homme" class A guide, slightly bald. Bon, who could make more money shooting bear with beautiful girls, thought he'd come to M.M.A. to see what sort of game the Caribbean offered. It was all very black, bear or otherwise.

Walter Aurther Toehlke (Dutch)
Brooklyn, N. Y.



Dutch came to our hallowed halls from the Coast Guard with advanced knowledge in many of our nautical subjects. Walt's hard work and commanding way were rewarded with the rank of Assistant Drillmaster his middle-class year and B-Company Commander his last term. Dutch is a Navy and family man, we wish him the best of luck and may they come cheaper by the dozen in the Navy way.



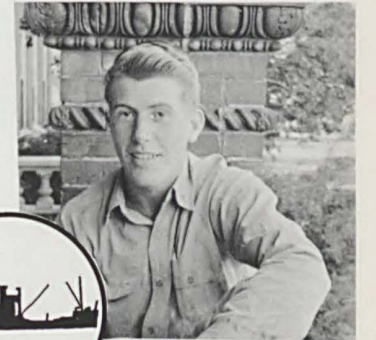
Drill Squad, B-Co. Commander, Assistant Drill Master, Propeller Club, Yearbook Staff, Dance Committee.



Theodore R. Tracy (Ted)
Norway, Maine

"Ted" is another of the Norway boys in our class. With his flaming red hair and engaging personality he quickly became one of the most popular guys in our class with both his classmates and the fairer sex. A topnotch seaman, everything will be 4.0 when Mr. Tracy has the bridge.

B-Co., SD-1, Gunner's Mate, Drill Squad, Propeller Club (Vice President).



Bradford Ellis Towne (Brad)
Norway, Maine

Snowshoe Town's gift to M.M.A. is none other than dashing Col. Bradwell Beauregard Towne. Although a true Yankee by birth the Confederate Stars and Bars hang proudly from the wall of "Club 50". Brad's military manner earned him the rank of Drillmaster. Many Maine towns will remember his sharp commands and equally sharp drill squad. To you, Brad, we wish smooth sailing to a great guy.

SD-1, A-Co., Intramural Sports, Band, Drill Squad, Bugler, Drillmaster, Propeller Club, Cadet Fund Committee, Dance Committee.



A-Co., SE-1, Intramural Sports, Smokers, Propeller Club.

Joseph H. Tremble (Joe)
Bangor, Maine



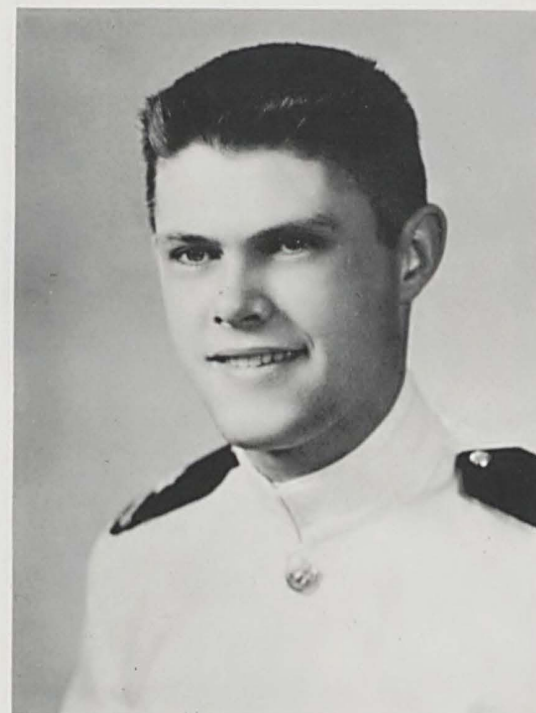
In the footsteps of his brothers Joe moved his rack to M.M.A. Quiet in manner, tired by instinct, friendly by nature, and a readiness to display a friendly smile or join the party made him welcome to the throng. Whether it be Harry's in the afternoon, the Silver Dollar at night, or a heaving maneuvering platform at sea this guy is destined for success.

Harris Everet Tucker (Tuck)
Cherryfield, Maine

We of the greenhorn fleet welcomed Harris and his experience gained on Socony's tankers. He was quiet and little noticed until he found George. Together we had M.M.A.'s Mutt and Jeff. Tuck's ability to fit into any group and easy-going manner made him many friends. SD-1's chief engineer of outboards and motorcycles, his Castine-Belfast experience and ability to find a snug harbor.



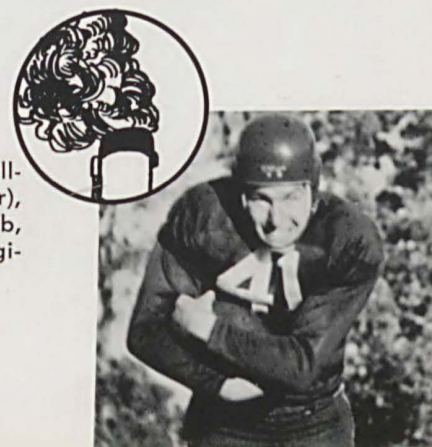
SD-1, A-Co., Drill Squad,
Sailing Club, Propeller
Club.



Joseph Harold Vachon, Jr. (Joe)
Saco, Maine

Joe, a big man in our class, was one of the best-liked fellows in the Academy. Always easy to live with, "Muscles" was a good man to have on your side. His outstanding gridiron play was one of his many achievements during his stay at M.M.A. A bit reserved, he was a hard worker and managed to stay with the best.

A-Co., SE-2, Football (full-
back), Baseball (pitcher),
Sailing Club, Radio Club,
Duty Running Boat Engi-
neer, Smokers.



Gale N. Varney (Gale)
Rochester, N. H.

Hailing from Rochester, New Hampshire, Gale ex-
celled in three years of varsity football and baseball,
proving a great credit for both teams. A good en-
gineering student, being in SE-2, and having a good
sense of humor, and always a joke ready for the occa-
sion. Good luck, Gale, you'll be a credit for any ship.

A-Co., SE-2, Football, Base-
ball, Propeller Club.



SE-2, B-Co., Football (Man-
ager) Propeller Club.

Walter Leroy Varney (Walt)
Richmond, Maine



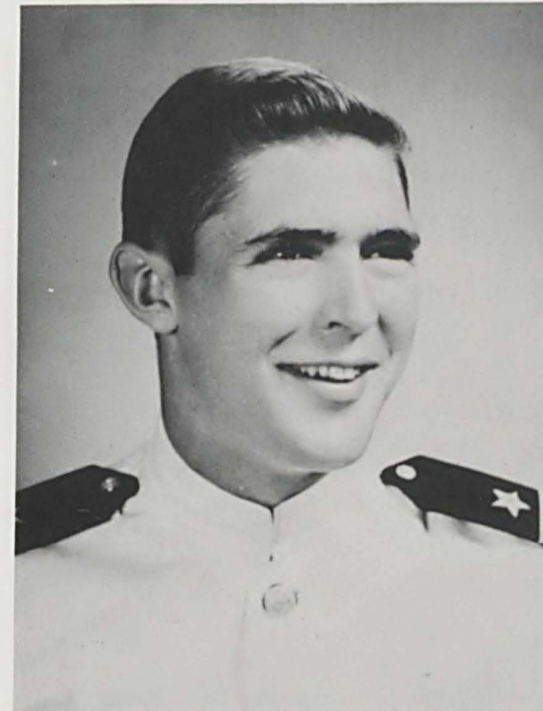
It certainly isn't hard for anyone to find Walt when
he isn't in class; there is only one place that he will
be . . . in the rack. Walt's other pleasure in life is
eating. Being a lover of music and beautiful women,
he always has a smile on his face. It has been a
pleasure having Walt as a classmate and in charge
of the Lube-oil on the cruise.

Richard Carl Whittier (Coon)
Topsham, Maine

Dick is one of the larger boys of our class. This has well been an advantage to him this past year in taking over command of the mess deck. As Master at Arms, I know everyone will agree he did a wonderful job. Dick was boiler king last year on the cruise. He took great interest in his work, but was quite surprised one day when some boiler compound did not make the way into the boiler. It went on Dick instead. The very best of luck to you in the future, I know we will all miss you.

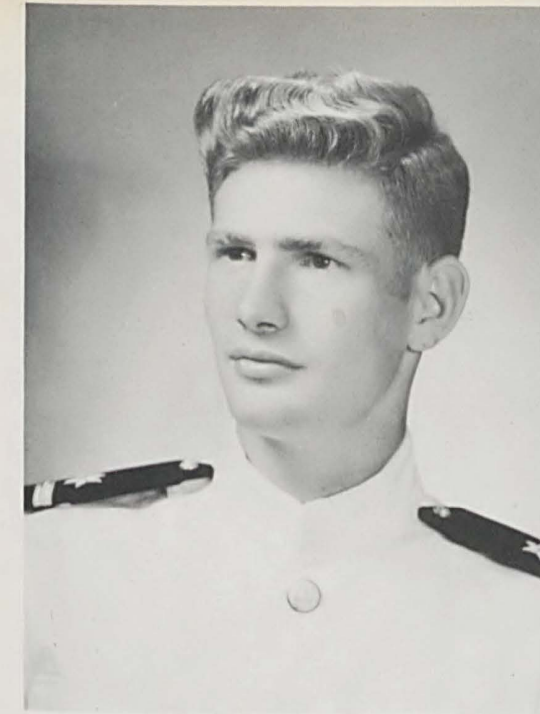


B-Co., SE-1, Intramural Sports, Drill Squad, Master at Arms, Propeller Club.

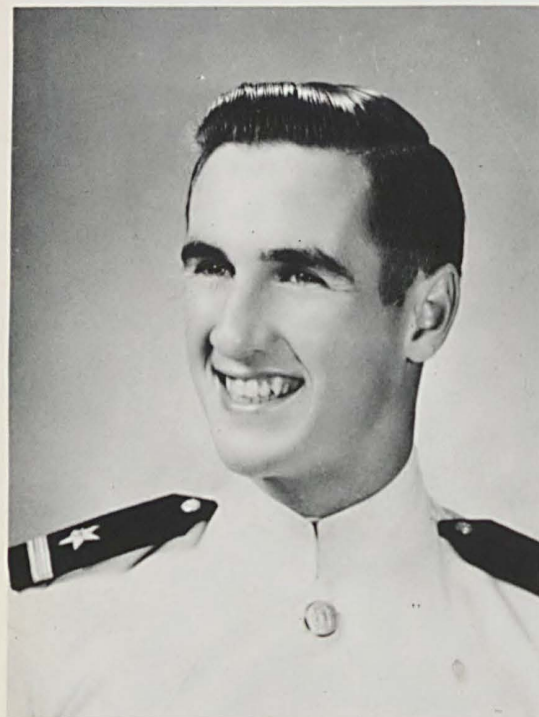


Norman Woodman
Biddeford, Maine

B-Co., SE-2, Intramural Sports, Propeller Club.

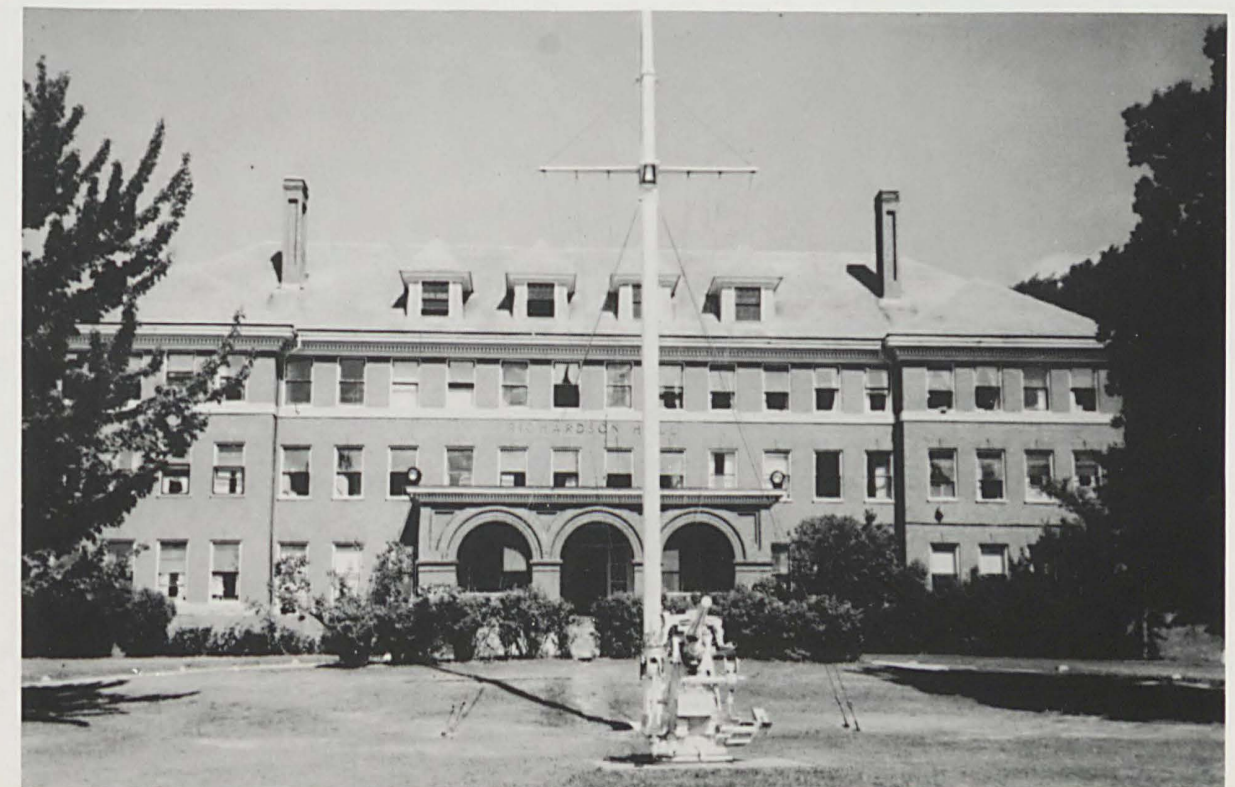
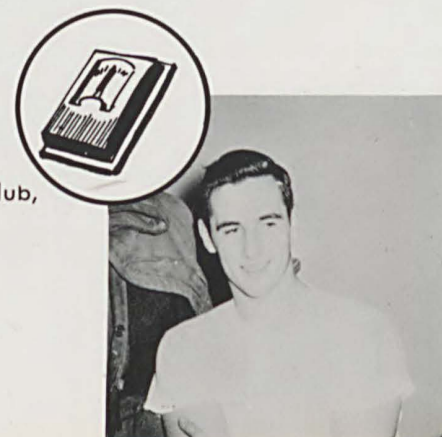


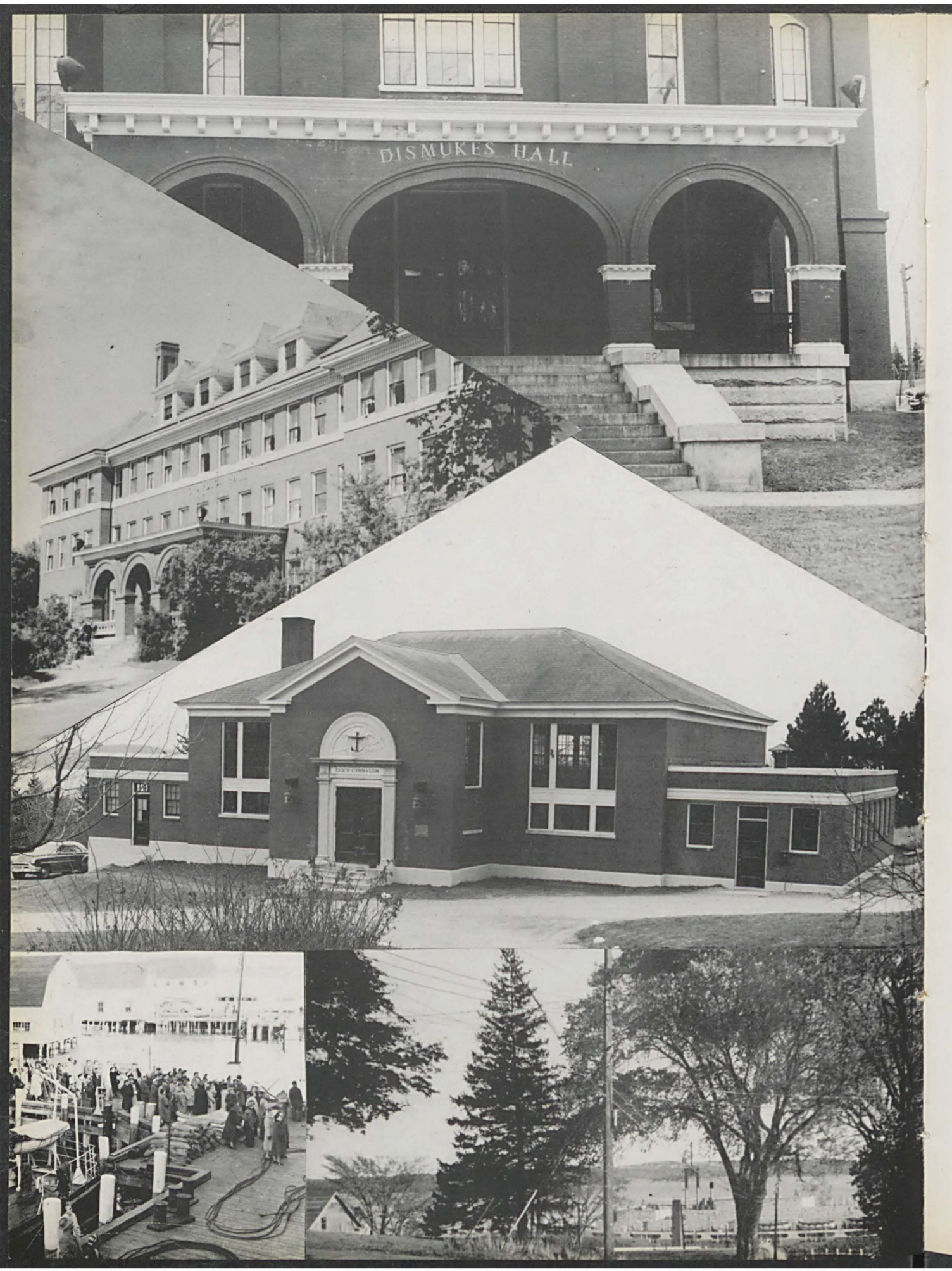
Willie is one of the Kennebec Valley's contributions to our class. Though small in stature, Willie was always a big man on the tennis court and spent a good deal of time there. Liberty on the cruise and at the Academy were Willie's favorite pastimes. A good sport and a fine engineer, Willie is expected to leave a fine mark wherever he may travel.



Ernest G. Williams, Jr. (Ernie)
Richmond, Maine

B-Co., SE-1, Propeller Club, Intramural Sports.





senior styles



NOT GOING
REGULAR NAVY
ANYWAY



BACK IN THE
OLD ACADEMY



MAIN GATE

AM I SHORT, LAD ?



50 MISSIONS
OVER BANGOR

CLASS HISTORY

Three short years ago, August 9, 1953, ninety-nine young men fresh from high school, prep school, or military service arrived at "The Academy" for a three-year tour of duty. Our ranks have been thinned to eighty-seven men, but we have made it at last. As we look back on our life at the Academy, today or ten years from now, it wasn't such a bad place after all and we have learned much about the sea and life itself.

To begin our story, there was our first year when we were the janitors, dishwashers, boilertenders, and just plain ornery mugg power of the school. But after the first month when we started getting weekend liberties and a few water shortage holidays; life began to look a little brighter.

At this time the Senior Class returned from New York with our new training ship, "State of Maine" the former USAT "Comfort". After several years of rest with the Hudson River fleet she wasn't exactly the "Queen of the Seas", but after several months of repair work she was ready for the cruise.

The first week in February, 1954, was a memorable one for us. For some it was their first trip to sea, for others it was their first visit to foreign lands, and for most of us it was both. After surviving two months of hurricanes, bilge parties, painting, and shore liberty we returned to Portland.

For the next four months we had three main courses of thought—weekend liberty, exams, and "Hey, Joe, how many hours until the new Muggin's get here?" Finally that long awaited day arrived—THEY were here and WE were middleclassmen! The signs of our newly granted authority quickly became evident with the new mugs on the receiving end. Soon the novelty wore off and besides we had a quantity of studying to do.

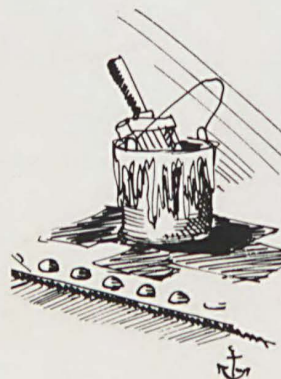
Before we knew it cruise time had arrived again. Those three months passed rapidly and it will suffice to say that a "Jolly good time was had by all". Then we were back at the books with an occasional weekend to keep us from falling apart.

Senior graduation, summer maintenance and leave were soon in the past and we were Seniors, "The Kings of the Roost". With a few additional privileges, not the least of which was the extra half hour of sack time in the morning. We returned to the books, for license exams could be seen looming up on the horizon.

In December, we took the "State of Maine" to the shipyard and after Christmas leave it was cruise time again. After a three months cruise in El Mar del Caribe with watches and maintenance, shore liberty filling in the gaps we returned to Portland.

After several weeks of cramming and tests we sweated out our third's for the inspectors and here we are at graduation.

And now licensed and commissioned we can understand what the old salt meant when he said there are only two ships—"The ship I just left and the ship I'm going to".



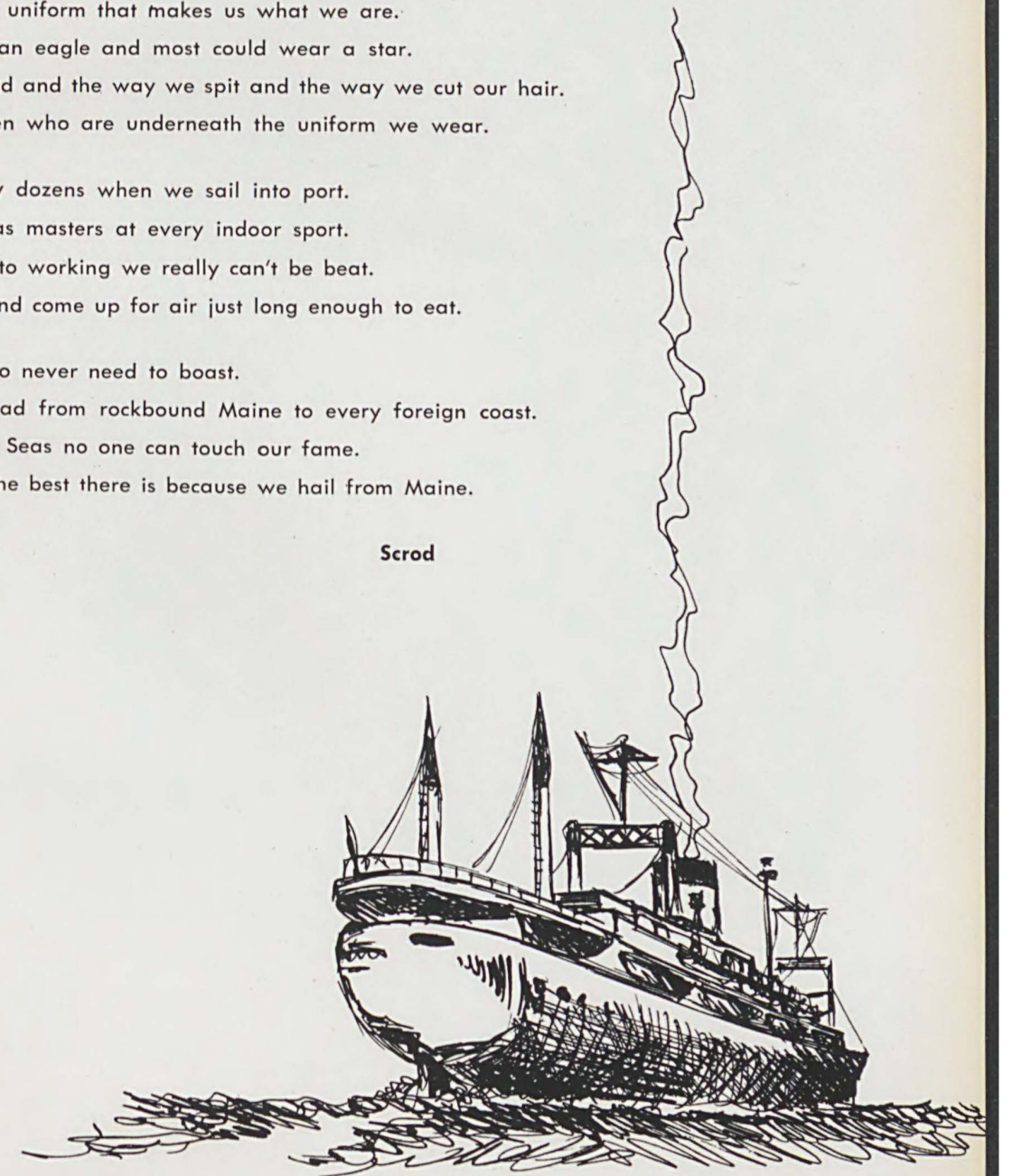
O, Some of us are whisky men, and some of us like gin.
We don't know where we're going, but they know us where we've been.
O, some of us drink Spanish rum and some drink beer and ale.
And every time we see a jug we set it on its tail.

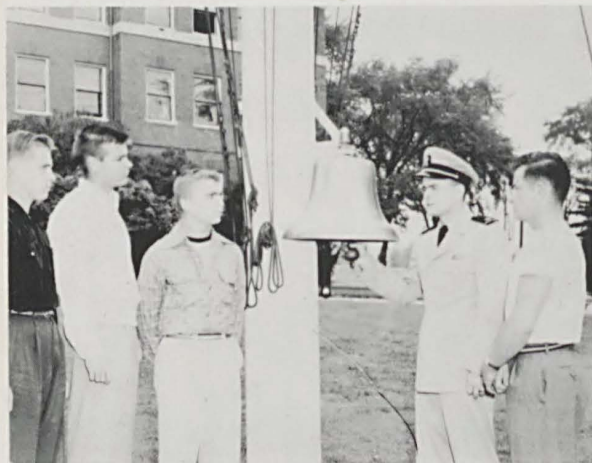
It's not so much the uniform that makes us what we are.
We all could wear an eagle and most could wear a star.
It's the way we stand and the way we spit and the way we cut our hair.
O, it's really the men who are underneath the uniform we wear.

The women faint by dozens when we sail into port.
We are all known as masters at every indoor sport.
And when it comes to working we really can't be beat.
We work like Hell and come up for air just long enough to eat.

We are the men who never need to boast.
Our tales have spread from rockbound Maine to every foreign coast.
All across the Seven Seas no one can touch our fame.
They know we are the best there is because we hail from Maine.

Scrod





Our Faculty



OUR FACULTY

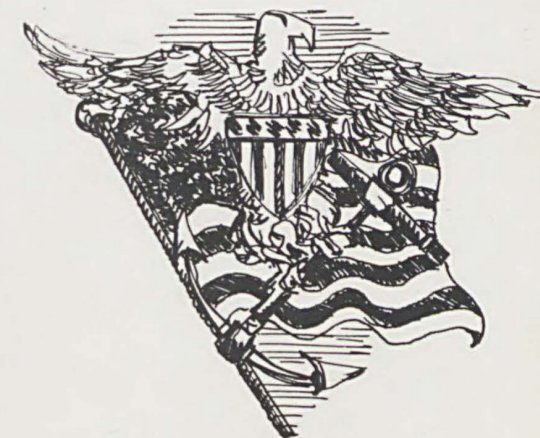
These are the people responsible for what we have learned here and who have made the ship and this campus our second home.

As military men, seamen, and gentlemen time will deepen our gratitude and appreciation of those efforts.

Despite complaints to the contrary, "We've never had it so good!"



ADMINISTRATION



CLARE J. HERBERT, Lt. Col., USAFR
Finance Officer



JOHN M. HOCTOR, Lieut. USNR
Registrar, Athletic Director



ROBERT L. CARDIN
Commissioned Battalion Officer



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

ACADEMIC DEPT.

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



ALBION F. COFFIN, LCdr. USMS
Mathematics



HARRISON E. SMALL, LCdr. USMS
English, History, Recreation Chairman



HOLGER J. NYHOLM
Economics

DECK DEPT.



RUSSELL H. TERRY,
Commander USMS
Head of Dept., Navigation,
Communications



JOHN S. LITTLE,
LCdr. USMS
Rules of the Road, Rules
and Regulations, Cargo,
Seamanship



VERNON HASKELL,
Boatswain



STAN TROTT, Storekeeper



WILLIAM R. HURDER,
Commander USMS
First Lieutenant,
Naval Architecture



BILL COOMBS,
Ship's Carpenter



ENGINE DEPT.



PAUL A. STEARNS, LCdr. USMS
Head of Engineering Dept. and Steam
Lab, Steam Engineering Auxiliaries



JUSTIN E. DRISCOLL, Cdr. USMS
Chief Engineer Training Vessel



JOSEPH E. PETERSON, Lieut. USMS
Reciprocating Engines,
Mechanical Drawing



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



LT. OLNEY M. GRINDALL
Machine Shop



LT. FREDERIC SNOW
Ship's Electrician



LT.(jg) GEORGE P. JACOBS
Steam Lab



BUD MAYO



BEN DUNBAR

NAVAL SCIENCE



HAROLD F. WENZEL, Lieut. USN
Asst. Head of Department



CHARLES W. SCHARNECK,
Gunner's Mate First Class, USN
Instructor



JOHN S. BLAKE, LCdr. USN
Head of Department



EVAN L. JOHN, Chief Yeoman USN



SAMUEL C. GAMACHE, Lieut. USNR
Instructor



STEVEN KAPLAFKA,
Fire Control Technician First Class USN
Instructor

STAFF



RODERICK McLEOD
Chief Steward



FRANCES M. GOECKLER
Finance Office



ERNEST COLLAR
GERALD DAY



LUCILLE FARLEY
Accountant



SHIRLEY DAVID
Finance Office



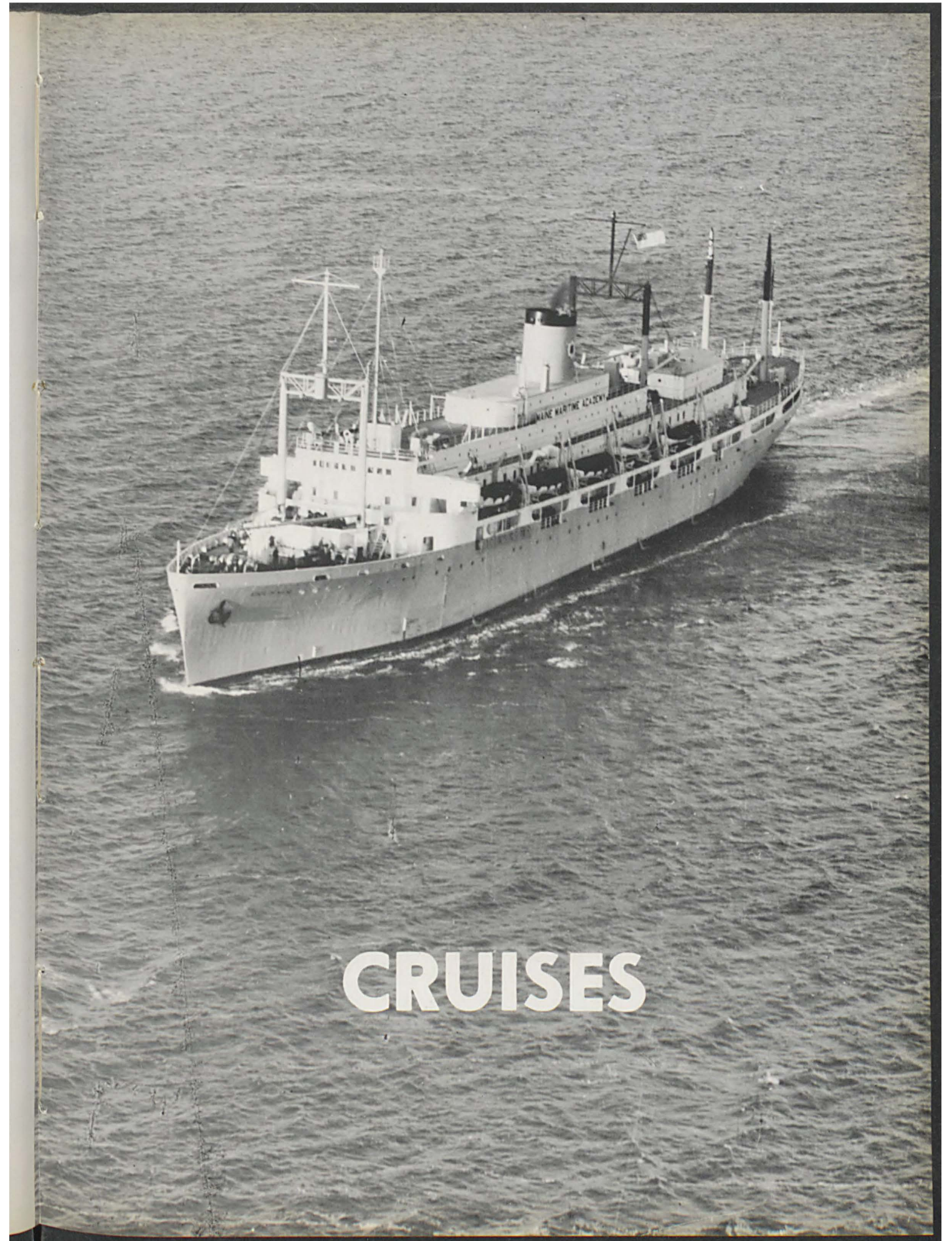
JEANETTE PERKINS
Admiral's Secretary



LLOYD FARLEY



FACULTY SNAPS



CRUISES

FRESHMAN CRUISE

On the first day of February 1954 the State of Maine arrived from Portland at 0810. Landing was delayed until the afternoon tide when our class started to load seven hundred fifty-five cases of Coke. On the third we moved aboard and ate our first cruise meal, supper. The engineers of our class were a sad grease-smeared crew. Those of the deck gang were nursing tired muscles, typical of the underdeveloped long-shoremen we were.

On the sixth just prior to noon we gave Castine our farewell salute and proceeded on various courses and speeds to our point of departure off Rockland. Southern waters beckoned and we set our course nearly due south. Not long after departure the rails were lined with somewhat less eager and green faced, "mugg" seamen awaiting their christening of salt spray.

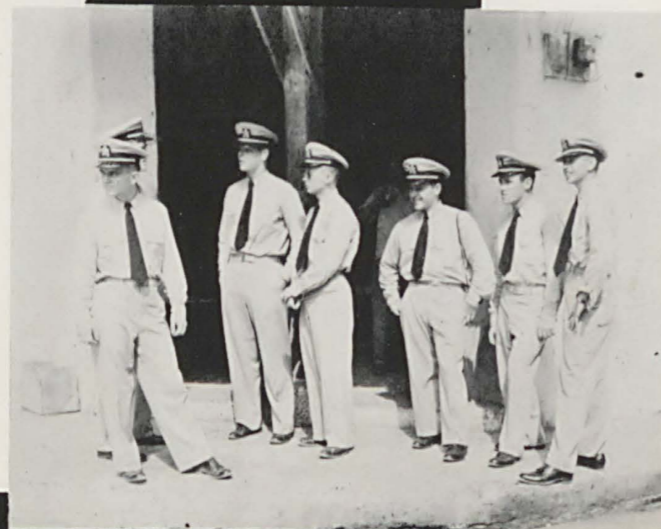
Three days out we hit the Gulf Stream and the temperature soared from fifty to sixty-seven degrees in four hours. At 2000 that day it became evident as we passed three hundred fifty miles off Cape Hatteras that we would be introduced to the power of wind and wave. We were headed into a blow.

On the ninth, rumor had it we had traveled eight miles in five hours in sixty to seventy knot winds. Waves were breaking over the bow and giving the main deck a liberal wash down. During the night the bridge watches experienced the thrill of seeing wave crests and driving spray batter the wings and wheelhouse windows. We made six knots throughout the gale.

The next few days we found calmer weather and began to settle into the shipboard routine. Maintenance, passing ships, and reports of a sparrow seen aboard helped pass the time.

At 1400 on the thirteenth we tied up at Ponce, Puerto Rico. Ponce seemed too quiet during the afternoon siestas, so the liberty section passed the time swimming and relaxing at Losey Field, an Army base, located a few miles out of town in the center of the sugar cane district, or the "Don-Q" rum factory. To most of us Puerto Rico seemed too civilized as well as Americanized. Poverty was prevalent in some sections, but was overshadowed by the modern apartment buildings springing up everywhere. American currency was used and cars of recent U. S. makes were plentiful.

On the 17th we were up at 0500 clearing lines to sail at 0545. We painted out our compartment the evening of sailing and racked that night in the N. P. Ward. Painting and cleaning as well as watches were becoming our way to pass the time between ports.



On the 20th after three days at sea we followed the cruiser Roanoke into Port au Prince, Haiti. After exchanging honors we anchored near her. Bum boats immediately began to offer their wares only to be broken up by a police cruiser which neatly severed one craft leaving its angry owner splashing in the harbor amidst his floating furniture. At 1030 we pulled the hook and docked just forward of the Panama Railroad's steamer Ancon. Ashore we learned that modern buildings blanketing the waterfront and swank tourist hotels in the outskirts couldn't hide the stench of the market area or the tales of voo-doo drums in the hills.

On Washington's Birthday at 1400 we left this port on Hispaniola's western shore and headed into the Trade Winds bound for Cartagena, Colombia.

At 0600 on the 25th we passed the entrance forts at Boca Chica at Cartagena's harbor mouth. We could well see now why Henry Morgan had only been partially successful in his attempt to sack this beautiful city on the South American continent. Some of us visited the Naval Academy where both Merchant Marine and Naval courses are offered. The town was a welcome port with many beautiful homes and pleasant people. On Sunday the Naval Academy sent over a launch to take us on a swimming party to Boca Chica Beach. Set sail for Jamaica at 1400.

On the third of March we arrived in the Limey port of Kingston, Jamaica. This was a busy port and a typical British Colony. Tangerines were peddled on the dock at eight for a shilling (14¢) with various wooden items of *lignum vitae*. We had uninvited boarders here the first night at dock and a patrol of our class was formed to keep a fire hose and billy club watch on the port side. Ashore the Myrtle Bank Hotel offered a place to relax as we found the prices generally high on most of the fancy items sold in the shops. At 1600 on the seventh we steamed past Port Royal outward bound for Santiago, Cuba.



At around 0900 on the tenth we arrived at Santiago, Cuba, a port which when ashore looked and was very Americanized. We soon found, however, that the Spanish colonial flavor was not lost with the homes and patios enjoyed there. Many of us valued our time ashore to be away from the painting, bilge, and tank cleaning details. When we left this port at 1400, few of us will forget the farewells as we pushed past Santiago harbor mouth and her "El Morro" Castle.

The next few days were drudgery for us with long days at work to ready the ship for her inspection by the Maritime Commission. The work seemed a little easier when we realized at our infrequent bull sessions that we had less than two weeks before Portland.

Early in the morning of the nineteenth of March we steamed into Chesapeake Bay and at 1100 we docked at Baltimore's Canton Pier No. 11. We were interested to learn that in old Baltimore this was the home of the China tea clippers, but not at all pleased to learn we were approximately eight or ten miles from the business district. When we did get there we found the American chow and especially milk welcome. The "Glen Miller Story" for a movie was popular as well as the burlesque theaters. The Baltimore natives were amazed at our uniform of cravenettes and scarfs in such "warm, springlike weather". Our uniform was well publicized over TV to those who watch it in the early afternoon hours. On the twenty-third we sailed at 1750 for Portland.

At 0730 on the twenty-sixth we were home. Maine even in the somber March atmosphere of rain and cold was welcome. Parents and friends were on the dock as well as girl friends who were a welcome sight after nearly two months under Neptune's hand.

On the twenty-eighth we set sail for Castine at 0700. After a speedy trip with the governor, dignitaries, parents, and friends aboard we arrived at our home port around 1530.

The next morning we turned in our bedding and moved up to school. We all realized now that we were no longer entirely green to the way of the sea, the hard work, and the sense of a job well done. Our first cruise was over.



On a January third we moved aboard ship. During the day's departure proceeded to load one thousand cases of Coke, seven tons of meat, vegetables, and numerous canned and packaged dry stores.

Sea watches were set on the four to eight this morning. Mustered special sea details 0920 and set sail in falling snow at 0920. 1015 we anchored off Searsport and the Coast Guard inspector had us test lifeboats one and three before chow; number five after chow. At 1400 the anchor detail mustered and at 1420 underway. We dropped the inspector at 1450 about a mile off Dice's Head. About 1505 we were underway for the Caribbean with a four degree port list.

On the ninth, Sunday, we hit the Gulf Stream and the water temperature was seventy-four. Off watch standers were enjoying the balmy air. The only incident of concern on our Southern leg was the loss of the plant for an hour on Thursday the thirteenth, because of contaminated fuel oil.

With U. S. destroyers on all sides, on the morning of the fifteenth, Saturday, we put into Ciudad Trujillo, a city of one hundred eighty thousand. We were rumored to be the first vessel of a passenger class, other than Navy, of U. S. registry to dock there in nearly five years. The harbor there was dredged from river bottom and had an impressive array of small river craft of the Dominican Navy moored a short distance from our dock. Ashore we were impressed by the relatively clean streets and the well armed uniformed guards everywhere. The former were uncommon, the latter common to the Caribbean ports. Formerly Santa Domingo it was reported to be the burial spot of Christopher Columbus, but is disputed by Spain and at least one other spot who claim to hold his last remains. The ancient buildings of the old town seemed out of place with the modern buildings, parks, and tree-lined boulevards rising over former slum areas. The hotel Jaragua offered a beautiful atmosphere, swimming pool, and an assortment of cool refreshing liquids. Souvenirs were few here, but straw items were inexpensive and the favorite with us, as we were always lacking dinero.

On Wednesday, January nineteenth, at 0935 we left the harbor outward bound for Fort de France, Martinique. The following day flying fish were numerous and our first band rehearsal since leaving Castine was held. Movies on the fantail were now a regular nightly source of entertainment. We had increased our speed to twelve knots in order to arrive at Martinique on time.

At 0930, Friday, we docked at Fort de France, Martinique. We noticed the French provincial look similar to that of Haiti during last year's cruise; gendarmes in short pants on the dock mingled with the Negro street salesman yelling at us in French-English. Three French Line freighters were loading at a nearby dock. The principal export seemed to be bananas, many bunches of which were destined to be carried aboard our vessel for at least two more ports. Ashore we found the streets of the town dirty with rubbish evident everywhere. Broken down sidewalks added to the town's rustic look. Chanel, Joy, and other perfumes were bought at the most economical prices we'd found as yet. Champagne also was economical and enjoyed by the liberty crew. Fort de France prides its heritage as the birthplace of Napoleon's Josephine and as one of the oldest French colonies still existing in this hemisphere. It was on this island in 1902 that Mt. Pelee erupted destroying the city of St. Pierre and her forty thousand inhabitants in three minutes.

On Sunday the twenty-third at 1345 we departed from Fort de France bound for Trinidad. This leg of the voyage gave us difficulty as reduction gear trouble made it impossible to keep under forty revolutions per minute on the shaft. As we would have arrived early and maintenance

1955

MIDDLE CLASS CRUISE

MAIN SHIP CHANNEL

seemed in order, we anchored at Canounan Island on the following morning at 0900.

On off-watch or maintenance hours at Canounan were spent in sunning, sailing, skin diving, and watching the curious inhabitants of the island rowing about the ship. General drills, particularly man overboard drills were in order nearly every watch. On the twenty-sixth we resumed our course for Trinidad.

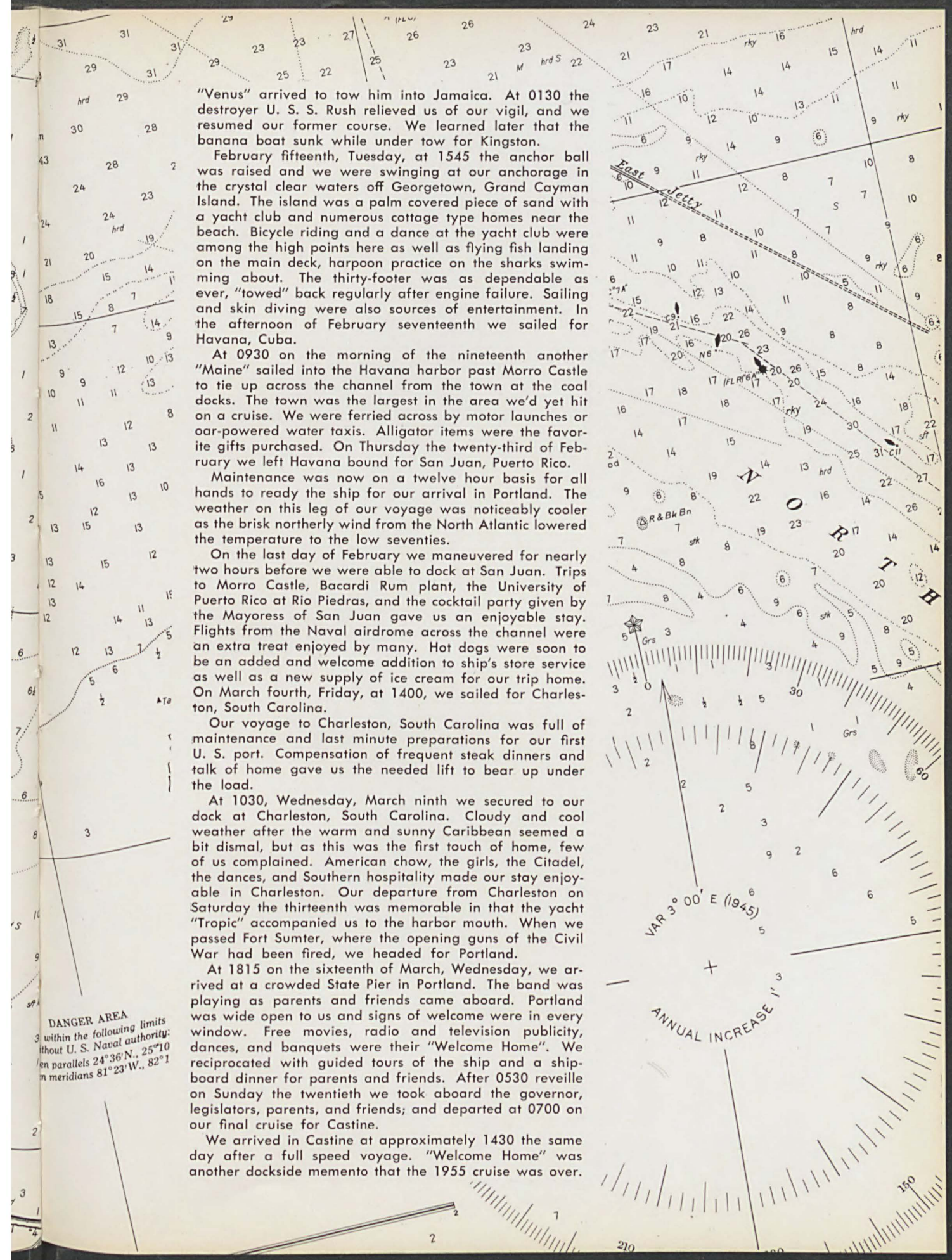
Thursday, the twenty-seventh of January, we steamed into Trinidad to tie up at the Naval Station's pier number one at 0920. Not long after tying up, an oil barge was alongside and we were taking on fuel. Free gangway was given to those not on watch or maintenance to visit the Chief's Club on the base and the store. The liberty crew found Port of Spain, four miles distant, a town dressing for the coming visit of Princess Margaret Rose of Britain and a world shopping center for gifts.

Asphalt roads were the pride of this Crown Colony which leads the world market with asphalt from the pits located on the southwest corner of the island. Drives in cabs which use the left lane were a change for those accustomed to the right hand rule of the road. On the twenty-ninth the Royal Yacht passed the mouth of the bay with a trailing British destroyer escort. At 1400 we steamed into a heavy ground swell outward bound for La Guira, Venezuela.

We had to anchor off La Guira's man-made harbor on the thirty-first for nearly two hours before this busy port could give us a pilot. We were destined to later learn how busy when he had to shift docks twice. Planes were roaring in and out of the nearby airport regularly as we moved into dock at 1000. When ashore at 1300 most of us took the bus trip to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, eight miles "as the crow flies" but nearly fifteen over the million-dollar-a-mile highway carved and tunneled from sheer rock. Caracas, in this one of the few countries still on the gold standard, was resplendent in towering modern buildings and modern plazas set on this plateau in the Andes. Prices were as high as the mountains, but most of us were happy when the cadets of the Venezuelan Naval Academy threw us a fabulous party. This country's wealth stems from diamonds, gold, oil, iron ore, and bauxite; all valuable exports. Many famous liners visited La Guira while we were there including the Santa Rosa, Mauretania, and Vera Cruz. On Friday, the fourth of February we steamed past the breakwater bound for Coca Solo in the Panama Canal Zone at 1430.

Tuesday the eighth of February we arrived at Coca Solo pier number one at 0930. In Colon our liberty gang found many good bargains that even surpassed Trinidad in reasonability. Trips to the Gatun Locks and the parties ashore helped to make this a welcome port. Milk was seen aboard again, the first since Ciudad Trujillo. Trips through the Canal were arranged for a few who enjoyed and profited from this experience.

On the fourteenth, Monday, at 1430 while we were steaming for Grand Cayman we received an S.O.S. from a small banana boat whose captain said: "Comma queek, we're sinken fast!" We immediately altered course forty-five degrees to the right and at a rocketing thirteen knots hurtled onward on our mission of mercy. At 1630 we received a report that a Navy destroyer had been dispatched from Cuba, but were informed she would have to double our speed to beat us to the rescue. At 1015 we sighted her distress flares and turned on our carbon arc searchlight in an attempt to pick up the vessel but the range was too great. At five of eleven while on a leeward approach we picked her up to starboard, a tuna boat type riding fairly well up in the water. Her mate rowed over in a double ender and thanked our captain who told him we would stand by until the British destroyer



"Venus" arrived to tow him into Jamaica. At 0130 the destroyer U. S. S. Rush relieved us of our vigil, and we resumed our former course. We learned later that the banana boat sunk while under tow for Kingston.

February fifteenth, Tuesday, at 1545 the anchor ball was raised and we were swinging at our anchorage in the crystal clear waters off Georgetown, Grand Cayman Island. The island was a palm covered piece of sand with a yacht club and numerous cottage type homes near the beach. Bicycle riding and a dance at the yacht club were among the high points here as well as flying fish landing on the main deck, harpoon practice on the sharks swimming about. The thirty-footer was as dependable as ever, "towed" back regularly after engine failure. Sailing and skin diving were also sources of entertainment. In the afternoon of February seventeenth we sailed for Havana, Cuba.

At 0930 on the morning of the nineteenth another "Maine" sailed into the Havana harbor past Morro Castle to tie up across the channel from the town at the coal docks. The town was the largest in the area we'd yet hit on a cruise. We were ferried across by motor launches or oar-powered water taxis. Alligator items were the favorite gifts purchased. On Thursday the twenty-third of February we left Havana bound for San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Maintenance was now on a twelve hour basis for all hands to ready the ship for our arrival in Portland. The weather on this leg of our voyage was noticeably cooler as the brisk northerly wind from the North Atlantic lowered the temperature to the low seventies.

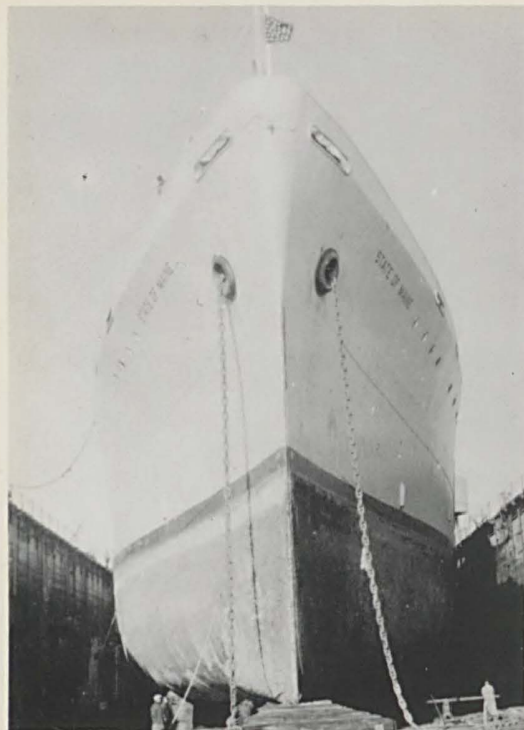
On the last day of February we maneuvered for nearly two hours before we were able to dock at San Juan. Trips to Morro Castle, Bacardi Rum plant, the University of Puerto Rico at Rio Piedras, and the cocktail party given by the Mayoress of San Juan gave us an enjoyable stay. Flights from the Naval airdrome across the channel were an extra treat enjoyed by many. Hot dogs were soon to be an added and welcome addition to ship's store service as well as a new supply of ice cream for our trip home. On March fourth, Friday, at 1400, we sailed for Charleston, South Carolina.

Our voyage to Charleston, South Carolina was full of maintenance and last minute preparations for our first U. S. port. Compensation of frequent steak dinners and talk of home gave us the needed lift to bear up under the load.

At 1030, Wednesday, March ninth we secured to our dock at Charleston, South Carolina. Cloudy and cool weather after the warm and sunny Caribbean seemed a bit dismal, but as this was the first touch of home, few of us complained. American chow, the girls, the Citadel, the dances, and Southern hospitality made our stay enjoyable in Charleston. Our departure from Charleston on Saturday the thirteenth was memorable in that the yacht "Tropic" accompanied us to the harbor mouth. When we passed Fort Sumter, where the opening guns of the Civil War had been fired, we headed for Portland.

At 1815 on the sixteenth of March, Wednesday, we arrived at a crowded State Pier in Portland. The band was playing as parents and friends came aboard. Portland was wide open to us and signs of welcome were in every window. Free movies, radio and television publicity, dances, and banquets were their "Welcome Home". We reciprocated with guided tours of the ship and a ship-board dinner for parents and friends. After 0530 reveille on Sunday the twentieth we took aboard the governor, legislators, parents, and friends; and departed at 0700 on our final cruise for Castine.

We arrived in Castine at approximately 1430 the same day after a full speed voyage. "Welcome Home" was another dockside memento that the 1955 cruise was over.



SHIPYARD

1956



On Saturday, the tenth of December, the T.V. State of Maine left Castine at 1500 for Bethlehem Ship Yard, East Boston. While we were proceeding across the bay, aerial photographs of the ship were taken. The light plane was buffeted by strong Northeast winds, but some excellent air views of the ship underway were obtained.

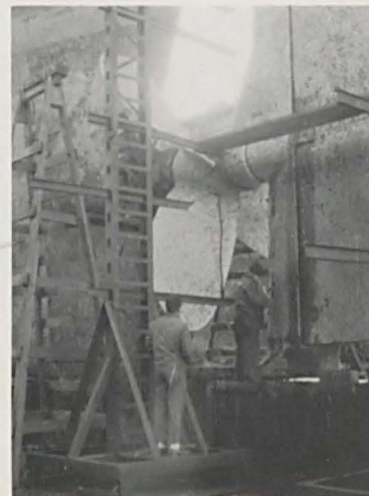
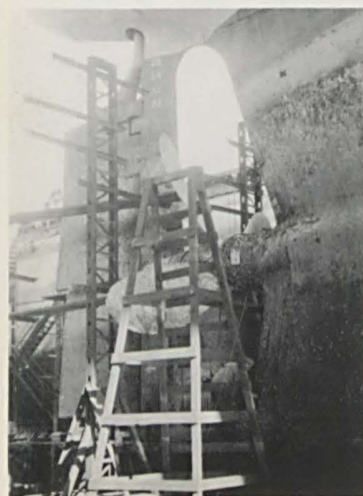
Shortly after sunrise the next morning we had our pilot aboard and were proceeding into Boston Harbor. Suddenly we lost power to our steering engines, but through efficient emergency handling we averted danger. Soon after we were anchored off the dry dock.

At 0830 the following morning, Monday the twelfth, we maneuvered into dry dock. Our officers had a laugh, about thirty minutes after the pumps were started, when a few obliging seniors hurried down the gangway to check our draft from dockside. They found we had none as the ship was cradled high and dry in her unaccustomed berth.

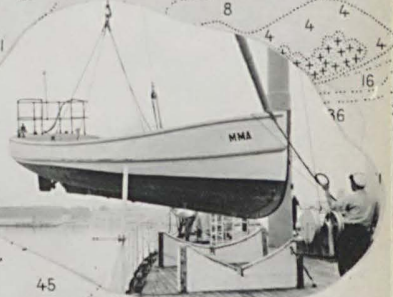
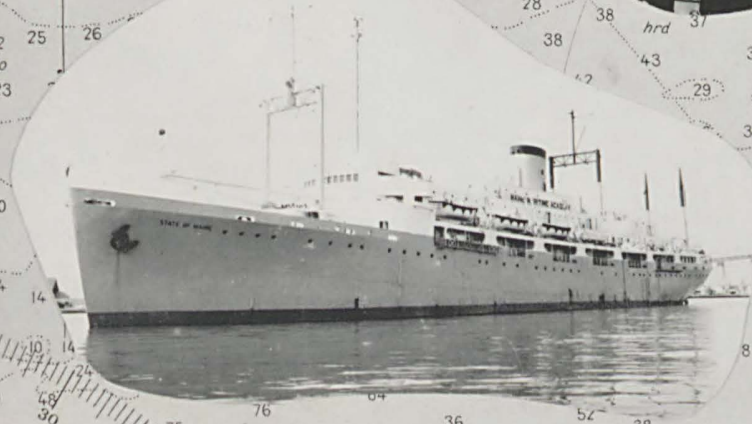
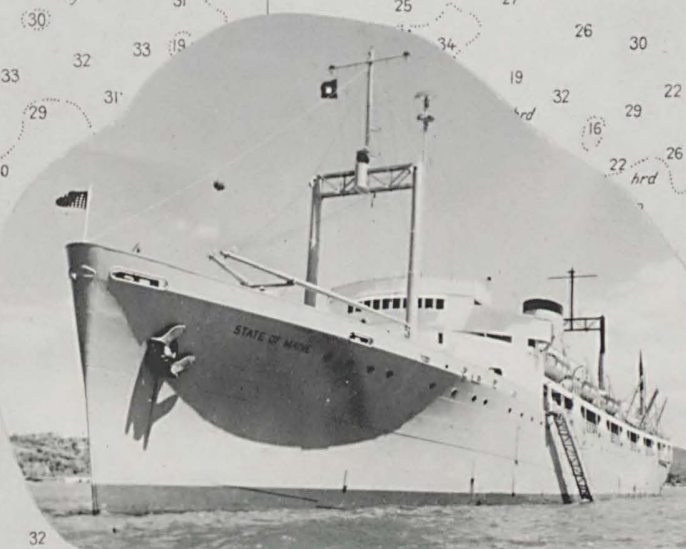
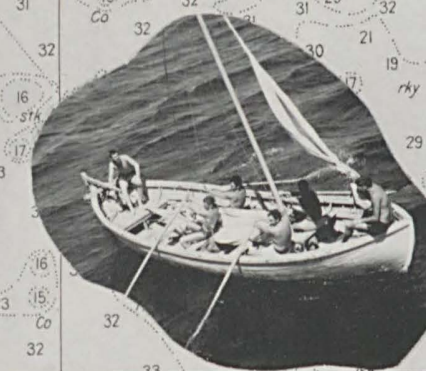
During the next forty-eight hours our underwater surface was scraped and anti-fouling paint placed on this now dry part of the hull. The sanitary system was shut down and the plant was dead. Shore steam and electric power gave us light, heat, and galley facilities.

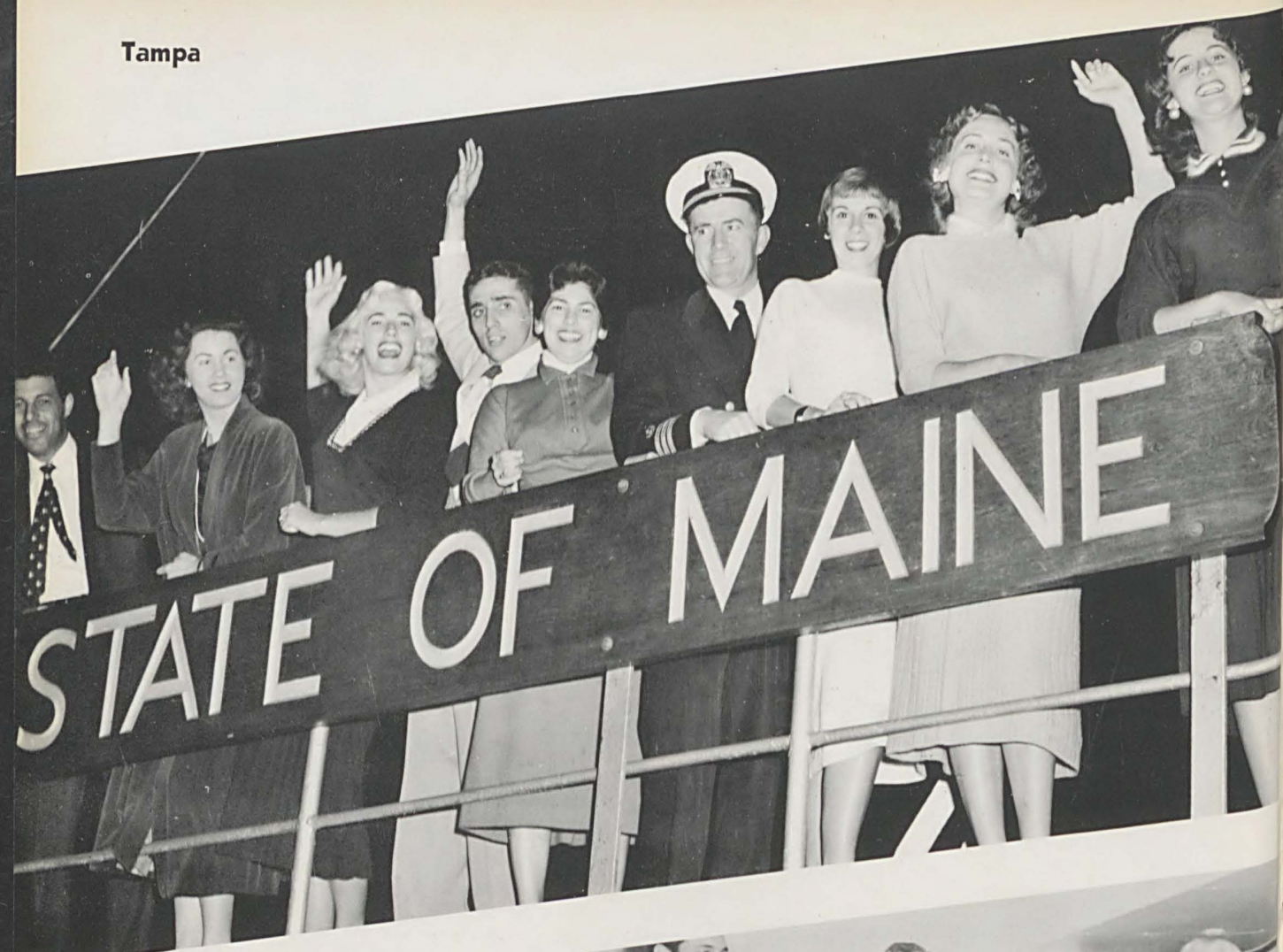
At 0830 Wednesday we moved from drydock to a nearby pier to undergo further repairs and install new equipment. We remained here seven days. During this time life boats were provisioned, fuel taken on, fire equipment checked, auxiliary and engine room machinery tuned up, and the ship made ready for the 1956 Training Cruise. Navy Commission Physicals were taken and few difficulties were encountered by the middies despite the long hours worked on ship and enjoying Boston night life.

At 1730 on the twenty-first, Wednesday, the ship left Boston outward bound for her home port to await the cruise. We arrived at Castine the following morning at 1130 after a rough trip. Our hull was ice glazed in the zero temperatures. The home port was welcomed by the seniors who were soon away on holiday leave, giving the care of the ship to middleclass deckmen and the engineer Steam Lab crew.



SENIOR CRUISE





Cypress Gardens
and
U.S.O. Show

SENIOR CRUISE

At fourteen hundred on the seventh of January 1956 the T.V. STATE OF MAINE nosed out of her Castine berth to take departure off Rockland at sixteen fifty on the first leg of a seventy-three day, three thousand mile training cruise. During the late afternoon and early evening, the ship's motion brought on the usual seasickness, especially among the freshmen.

The next morning the ship was on a true course of 175 approximately thirty miles north of Nantucket Shoals sea buoy at seven-thirty. That evening we were doing approximately twelve knots thirty-four hours from Hatteras with the sea water temperature at forty-two degrees. Course had been altered to 212 true shortly after general drills at thirteen hundred. The following day, Monday, the ninth, the sun came through long enough to tease the navigators. We were running dead reckoning under overcast skies aided only by occasional Loran fixes, fathometer checks, and some R.D.F. bearings. The day's high temperature was seventy-two in the afternoon, but the sea was rougher as we approached Cape Hatteras and sea water temperature was eight degrees higher. With time moving swiftly, early on the tenth we passed off Hatteras and the ship was battened down to meet the fury of wind and wave. About noon on the eleventh we were off Savannah, Georgia; seas were moderating; and those who were seasick hoped for brighter and calmer days.

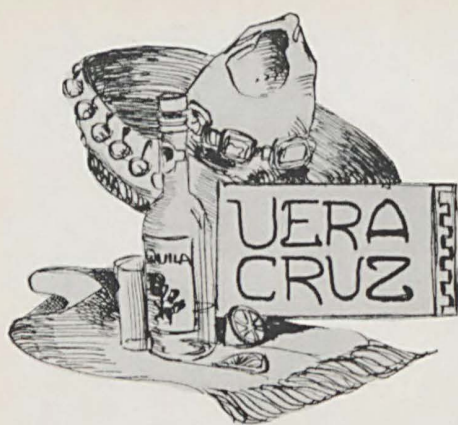
After passing around the Florida Keys on "Black Friday", the thirteenth, we headed into the Gulf of Mexico to be off Tampa Bay entrance at five-thirty on the morning of the fourteenth. The day broke fine and clear with a smooth sea as the sun climbed over the horizon to view our passage under the bridge and into the bay. We were tied up at Tampa's municipal pier four and one-half hours later. The next four days in Tampa were cooler than expected by the majority of us, but that didn't stop the middies from seeing what this part of Florida had to offer. A USO show on board Sunday night and trips to the Cypress Gardens were popular and enjoyed. Hundreds of visitors thronged aboard to view the ship, whose exterior and hull surfaces plainly showed the marks of a rough passage south. At thirteen hundred on the eighteenth, Wednesday, we passed under Tampa Bay Bridge outward bound for Veracruz, Mexico. The Gulf was calm with a clear sky fringed by oncoming clouds on the horizon. Sea stores cigarettes were on sale today for the first time on the '56 cruise.

On the next day after several hours steaming in the best weather we had seen thus far this cruise, the engineers couldn't cope with the contaminated fuel oil and the plant failed. Fortunately quick action saved the gyro from tumbling and we were underway again at sixteen hundred. Again at nineteen forty-five we lost the plant and were showing our out-of-command lights to an approaching ship for twenty minutes. On a relatively calm sea the following day general drills were held and maintenance deck and engine were showing progress. The motor whaleboats and the thirty-footer were receiving preparation for Grand Cayman anchorage service. Although we were supposed to have docked at nine hundred on the twentieth, we were tied up at Veracruz at sixteen fifteen. Our stay there was pleasant with the exchange of 12.5 pesos to our dollar. The gift items brought aboard ranged from colorful textiles to Mexican silver and Cordovan riding boots. Tequila was the popular drink. Visits to foreign ships docked nearby and visiting dignitaries added to the enjoyment of our stay.

On the twenty-fifth of January at fourteen hundred we departed Veracruz for Grand Cayman, B. W. I. With the snow capped mountains, gay Mexicans, and wheeling buzzards left behind we moved seaward into the Trade Winds. Different shades of blue were encountered as we moved through shoal water making our passage around the Yucatan Peninsula.

Three days later, on the twenty-eighth, time zones were changed and our clocks were set back one hour to correspond to Zone +4 time. Sunday we lost the plant off and on during the early morning hours for a total loss of a half hour's steaming time. The past two nights had been typical in tropical moonlit beauty similar to that described in the travel folders. The luna luminescence was so great that colors could be plainly distinguished. Nights such as this made us all wish our loved ones might be with us to enjoy the splendor.

Early that afternoon, the twenty-ninth, we anchored off Georgetown, Grand Cayman Island, to renew old acquaintances. Many new buildings were to be seen from our anchorage mostly of the cabana type built to encourage the tourist trade. With the departure of three liberty boats, the monomoys were put into service by the sailing and skin diving enthusiasts. Fishing lines were out all over the ship to probe the crystal blue depths in an effort to snag tropic fish. Many of Neptune's gifts brought aboard looked strange in their gaudy colors. Barracuda and an occasional shark darted beneath our gangway in the evening hours. The running boats functioned well, a credit to the engineers who devoted much time to their machinery.



On Tuesday, thirty-one January, we sailed from our Cayman anchorage bound for the "Riviera of the Caribbean" at Port au Prince, Haiti, on the island of Hispanola. The next few days we bucked the Trades taking occasional white water over the bow and windward bulwarks as our prow cut the wind-blown sea to make good our scheduled passage. Porpoises and flying fish were seen as they frequently crossed our track. At ten hundred on the second of February we sailed into our roadstead anchorage at Port au Prince just ahead of the Canadian Pacific's three-stack liner "Empress of Scotland" which anchored a half-mile astern of us. We were soon joined by the DD's 669 and 589 which anchored off our port and starboard bows. Several vessels including two freighters and a small tanker of German registry passed us moving into dock. The liberty gang was soon ashore and shipboard life settled down to the blessing atmosphere of a cool anchorage away from the well remembered dockside heat and odors of a visit two years earlier.

Gift items brought aboard were the usual mahogany salad bowls, cigarette and jewelry boxes, and the popular coffee tables purchased at low cost and often procured by bartering old shoes, shirts, dungarees, and broken watches, lighters, or cameras. Fortunately all were well warned of termite possibilities and well preserved these items by liberal application of lighter fluid, turps, or shaving lotion in an effort to discourage and exterminate any danger. "Rhum Barban-court", a rum comparable to Barcardi in quality, was enjoyed. "Parfumes de France" was another of the items purchased in small quantities to please those at home. Bumboats and the dusky negro population combined with the odors of the market place, the tourist resorts on the green slopes, roulette wheels in the casinos, and the bustling harbor activity added to the color of the port. On the fourth, Saturday, we moved into dock to take on water and give our line handlers on dockside the opportunity to watch the ship approach a foreign dock. The "Tarawa" arrived in all her majestic strength to anchor better than a mile out to add more swabbies to the bustling harbor traffic. The following evening we moved back out to anchorage and sailed at eleven hundred the next morning after watching the Panama Railroad's steamer "Panama" pull into our vacated berth, and the Swedish passenger vessel "Patricia" move in to anchor. The "Tarawa" and her escorting destroyers had departed ahead of us.

On Tuesday at five in the morning we were thirty miles off Canvier Point on true course 142. Earlier that morning, at two thirty, a large object had been sighted on twenty mile radar range; at first mistaken for land until discovered to be moving. This was the world's largest ship, the aircraft carrier "Forrestal", discovered to be headed for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba in the blinker communication that soon followed when she moved over the horizon. This leg of our voyage was to see the masts and booms painted and the upper superstructure receive a fresh coat of white. In the early morning of the ninth, Thursday, we hove to off Aruba to pump tanks in preparation for scheduled refueling. At four minutes past nine we picked up our pilot and moved in to dock at Oranjestad, Aruba, N. W. I. to ring down finished with engines at seven minutes past ten. The quarterdeck was soon swarmed with visiting officials, dignitaries, and a phone company crew installing a shore phone. The Grace Lines passenger freighter "Santa Sophia" was discharging general cargo in a slip astern.

Our stay in Aruba was a gala celebration and visitation by hundreds of a population containing many nationalities. The polished Dutch colonial town was the cleanest we had yet seen in the Caribbean and her people among the most hospitable. The American workers and their daughters of Esso refinery Lago Colony combined with the Dutch to throw party after party to keep the middies well occupied and more often ashore than aboard. Trips to Esso's Lago Refinery at nearby San Nicholas, and a technical school in Oranjestad gave us a glimpse of island development. The freshman deck and engine sections switched at noon on the second day in port and mixed feelings of elation and depression prevailed in that class. Gift items purchased ranged from French perfume to Dutch chinaware and figurines. When we departed Sunday at sixteen hundred we left our baker and machinist unnoticed on the dock. Fortunately the pilot boat quickly put them aboard as the hundreds on the dock, to bid us farewell, cheered. The isle of cracking towers, Henikens beer, and a cordial Dutch-American populace was to remain fond in our memories as it faded in our wake.

At twenty-two fifteen on Tuesday, the fourteenth of February, Kingstowne, St. Vincent was broad on the port bow as the movie ended. Our voyage thus far from Aruba had been a quiet and normal shipboard passage with long maintenance hours and the ever-popular games of whist, chess and cribbage to pass the time prior to evening movies. At eight twenty on the following morning we swung to our hook among the many tramp freighters in the roadstead at Bridgtowne, Barbadoes, B. W. I. Early in the afternoon a water lighter was alongside the port refueling station to replenish our thirsty tanks and the running boats were away for shore.

ARUBA



The day after we anchored a beach party was given by the American Women's Club of the island and the forward lounge had been painted out to receive a new "Welcome Aboard" mural on the forward bulkhead. The days in Barbadoes were typical to our many cruise anchorage ports with bumboats on every quarter peddling and displaying their wares, launches full of curious visitors arriving and departing the gangway, and shore parties at the Morgan and Aquatic Clubs. This typical British colonial port offered straw items and a three day old black strap rum for those who could stomach it. The tramp steamers came and went, leaving a busy harbor full of launches and lighters. The thirty-footer was hauled aboard the second day in to remain in her chocks the remainder of the cruise. Swimming off the fantail had become a common practice, although never sanctioned by high authority. A few limey navy hats appeared among the middies and those on the water lighter crew sported American sailor hats. Our two remaining running boats were swung aboard and we left our last foreign port of the '56 cruise behind us at thirteen thirty on the nineteenth day of February.

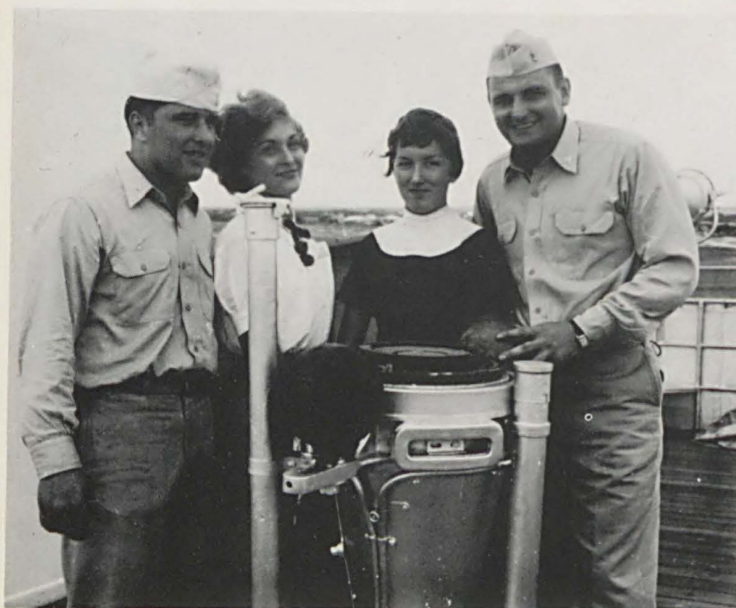
Two days later on Tuesday morning, forty-eight days from departure Castine, we arrived at the free territorial port of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. A Delta Lines ship, soon to depart, and a destroyer escort of the latest type were at the only dock. The "Patricia" whom we had seen in Haiti nosed into the berth vacated by the larger vessel and we anchored out. DD's and DE's moved in and out of harbor daily and their tender anchored out. While we flew our dress ship flags on Washington's Birthday, the Cunard liner "Mauretania" anchored just outside the harbor mouth to add her bulky launches to the harbor's small boat traffic. The seniors loaded the quarterdeck with liquor purchases and a bay rum salesman enjoyed volume trade. Liberty was spent mostly in the tourist resorts on the slopes and a multi-million dollar hotel about a half mile from town. At sixteen fifteen on Thursday we pulled the hook outward bound for Mayaguez, Puerto Rico.

The next two days were to find us steaming toward Culebra Island, drifting six hours off St. Croix, and generally killing time. Ship's store was enjoying sell out sales on sea stores cigarettes; these would end with entrance customs Mayaguez. Night maintenance crews were painting inside passageways in an effort to prepare the ship early for the coming visitations in American ports. The middies turned in their customs declaration slips to the purser and at nine thirty on Saturday morning we headed in to dock at Mayaguez Terminal.

This was the port where uncanned milk was seen aboard for the first time since our departure Veracruz when our Tampa stores had run out. Customs quickly passed the ship and the middies took interest in the Lykes Lines freighter "Briton Lykes" unloading general cargo astern. At seventeen forty-five on our second day at dock, we moved to a roadstead anchorage. The president of the board of trustees was aboard for our Jacksonville leg of the voyage and late departure of liberty parties became standard as maintenance gained importance. With the rising sun on the last day of February we put out to sea, outward bound for Jacksonville, Florida and our first continental U. S. port in twenty-three days at sea.

At six fifty on the fourth of March we entered the mouth of the St. John River and proceeded to navigate the curvaceous channel. We eagerly watched the passing scenery on the first river run of our vessel's career as a training ship. At ten thirty we anchored just west of the Jacksonville Bridge and sent our church parties ashore. In the early afternoon we were aided by two rusty hulled tugs, typical to southern ports, into our berth at a wooden pier about a mile downstream of our anchorage. The temperature was in the comfortable seventies, but cool nights foretold of future chills on our homeward voyage into northern waters. The next day we loaded one hundred fifty cases of milk and a water barge was alongside our starboard bunkering station. Many ships at nearby piers as our liberty gangs took in the sights in and around Jacksonville. Virtually no visitors aboard as dock superintendent was touchy about hazard of a dock fire similar to the one which had destroyed a pier shed on an adjoining dock. At six forty-five on the morning of March seventh, Wednesday, our rusty-hulled friends returned to usher us into the stream and we started down river on our three day voyage to New York. That night with the last reel of the last outside movie of the cruise the improperly rigged movie screen snapped and folded in the chill wind.

GUYS AND DOLLS



After a cold and windy passage north that saw last ditch maintenance efforts, especially among the deck force, rushed to completion; we arrived off Ambrose lightship at six hundred. Shortly after arrival the pilot was aboard and we joined the flotilla of merchant vessels entering New York harbor. The skyline of the big town was shaking its cloak of morning mist as we passed the Statue of Liberty at eight ten. We picked up two Moran tugs to nuzzle us into our berth at Grace Lines new terminal at Pier No. 57 on the Hudson at nine fifteen, docking on schedule. With the lines secure and those with specials ashore we settled down for a quiet, but interesting stay.

On Tuesday, the day before departure, we were hosts to almost two hundred representatives of shipping companies and governmental agencies at a buffet luncheon in the mess deck. At eleven hundred on the following morning we sailed via Ambrose channel to be passed by the "Queen Mary" in all her immensity shortly after noon. The underclassmen chose their departments of study to come close to an even split with the edge for the engineers. The following and last full sea day of the '56 cruise was spent in last minute preparation for Portland and packing all gear that wouldn't be used prior to docking at Castine.

At six hundred on Friday morning, sixteen March, we picked up our pilot and with the assistance of two Moran tugs nosed into State Pier at Portland. Hundreds of parents were on hand and immediately aboard to greet their sons of the sea. The seniors departed on liberty and visitors were touring the ship as the fury of a late season blizzard whitened our decks with snow. Another buffet luncheon similar to the one of last year was given aboard Saturday evening for parents, middies, and friends. During morning twilight on Sunday parents of seniors and official guests crowded aboard and we sailed for the home port of Castine at six hundred. Many of the female passengers became sick as we picked up some motion in a ground swell off Portland. We were making all possible speed on our coastwise dash and the turbines whined with the steam from three boilers. Upon entering Penobscot Bay the Captain ceremoniously crowned the first Queen of the T.V. STATE OF MAINE in the forward lounge. Soon the tugs from Belfast were alongside and we docked at our reconditioned Castine pier shortly after noon. As the lines were put ashore and the steam line connected, and the rumble of the reduction gears died, we realized we were home and the 1956 training cruise was over. The bleak hills and a cold campus beckoned.

PORTS OF THREE YEARS CRUISING

1955

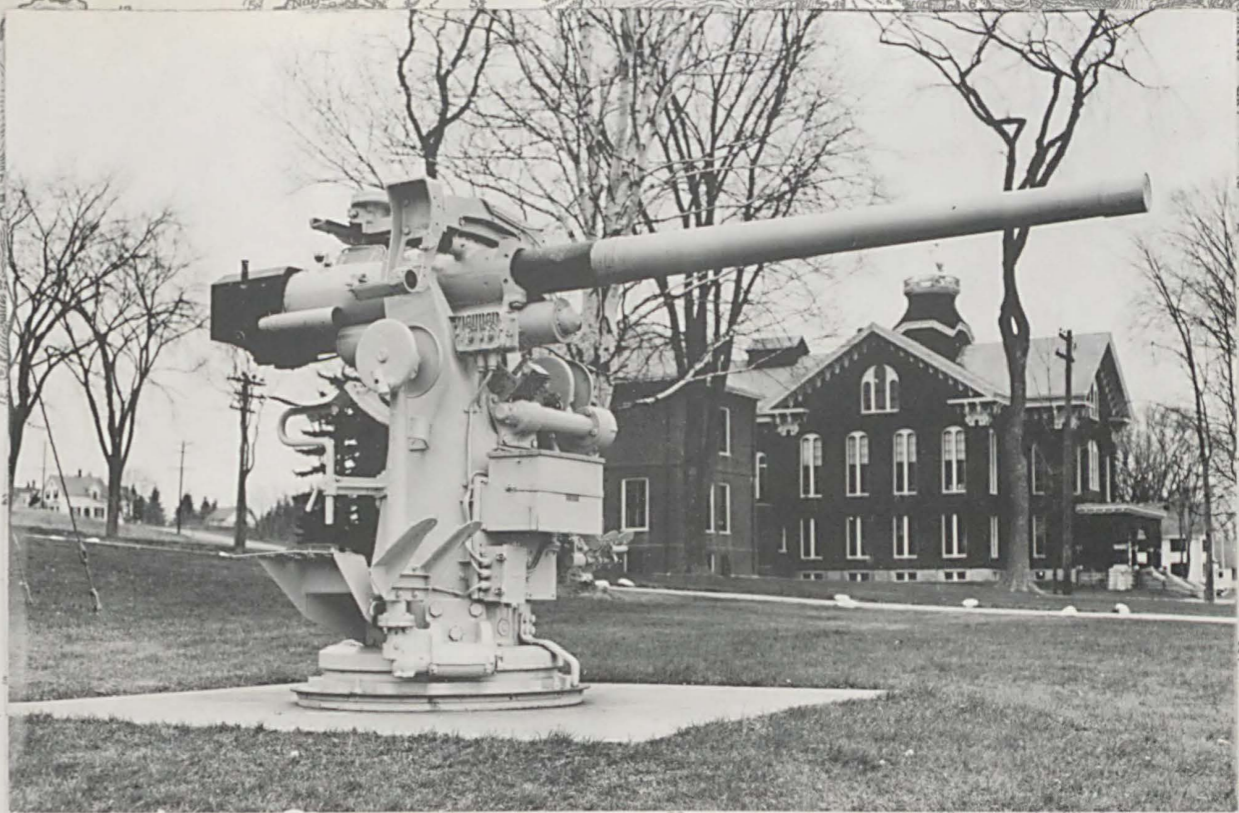
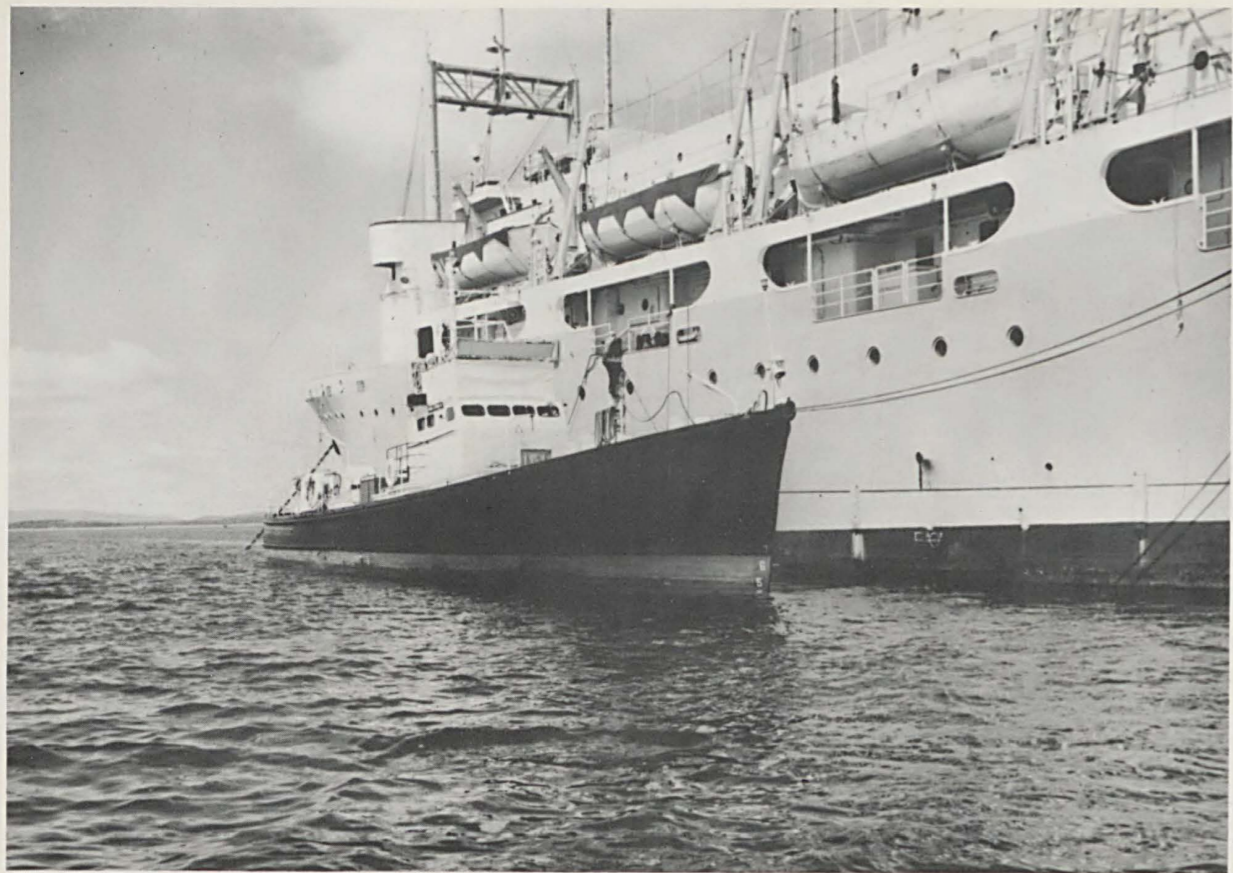
Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic
Fort de France, Martinique, F.W.I.
U. S. Naval Station, Trinidad, B.W.I.
LaGuira, Venezuela
U. S. Naval Station, Coco Solo, C.Z.
Georgetown, Grand Cayman, B.W.I.
Havana, Cuba
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Charleston, South Carolina, U.S.A.

1954

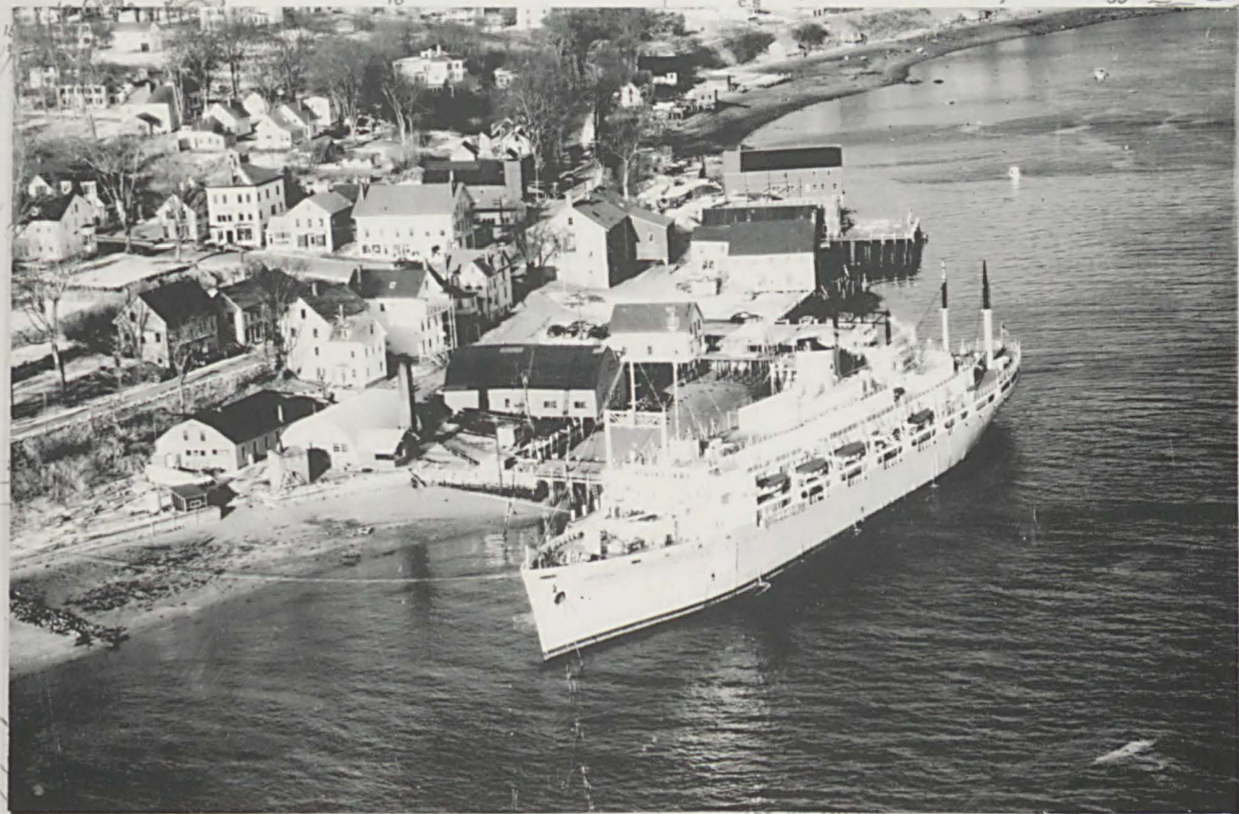
Ponce, Puerto Rico
Port au Prince, Haiti
Cartagena, Colombia
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Santiago, Cuba
Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

1956

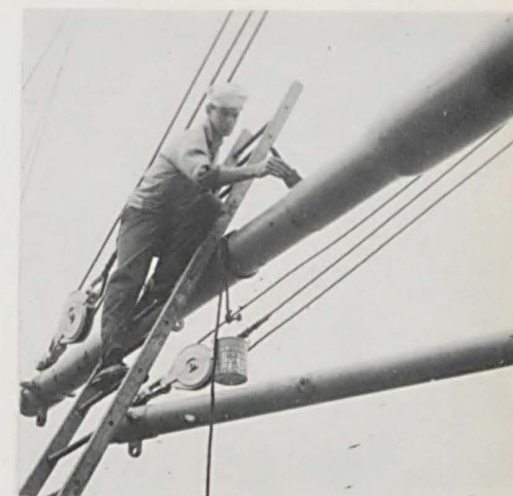
Tampa, Florida, U.S.A.
Vera Cruz, Mexico
Georgetown, Grand Cayman, B.W.I.
Port au Prince, Haiti
Oranjestad, Aruba, N.W.I.
Bridgtowne, Barbadoes, B.W.I.
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
Mayaguez, Puerto Rico
Jacksonville, Florida, U.S.A.
New York, N. Y., U.S.A.
Portland and Castine, Maine first state ports
on homeward voyage yearly.



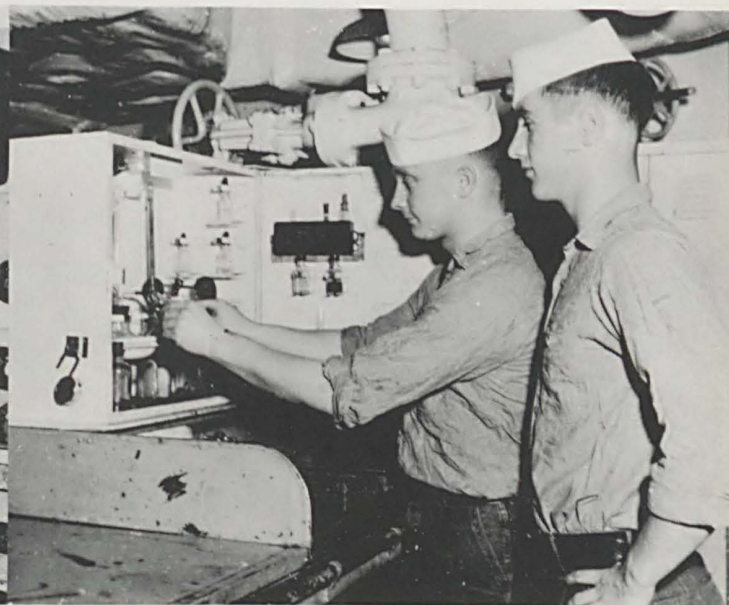
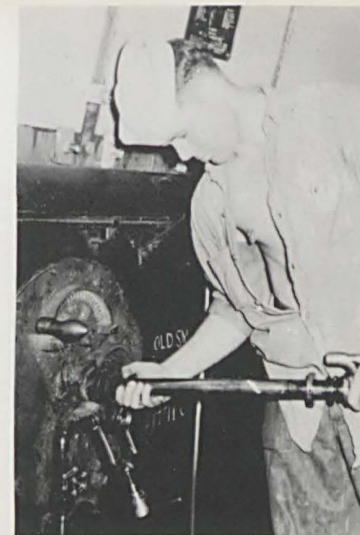
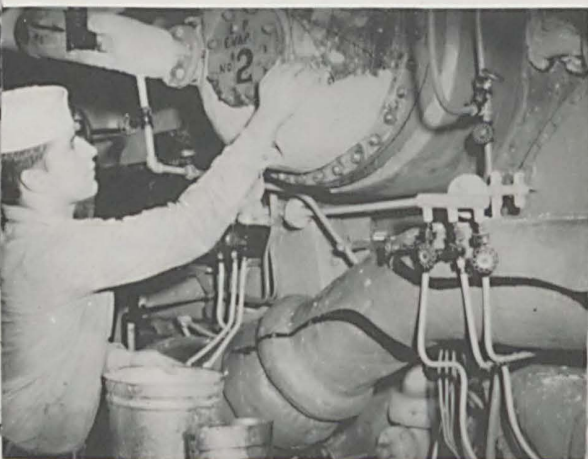
SIDE GLANCES



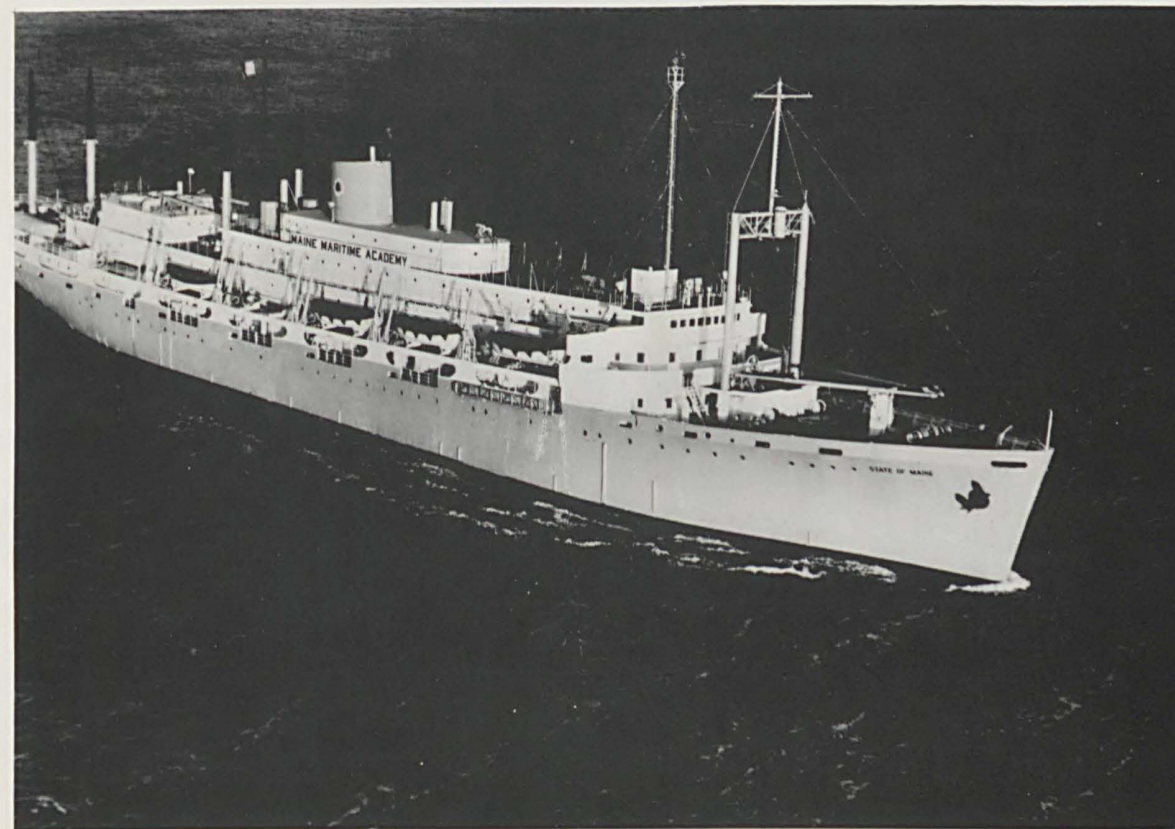
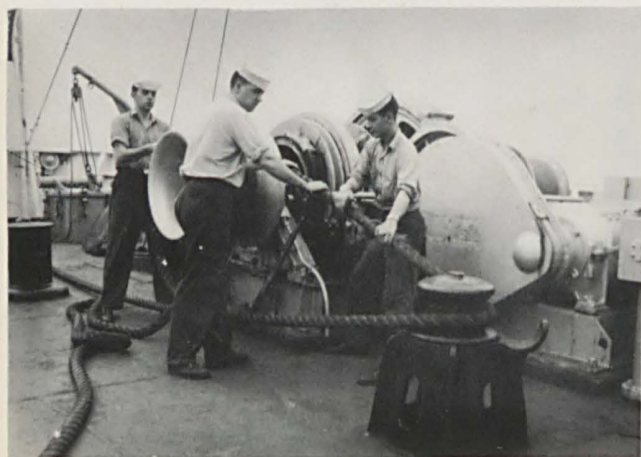
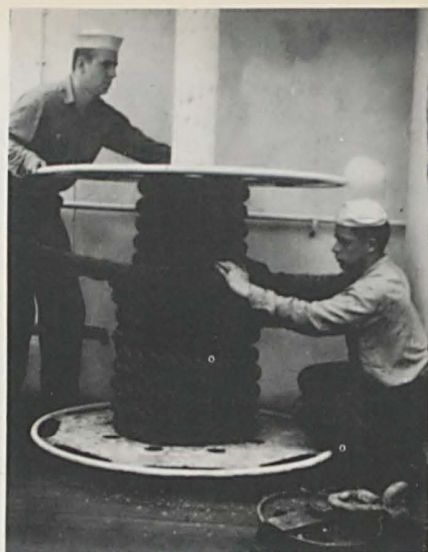
CRUISE SHOTS



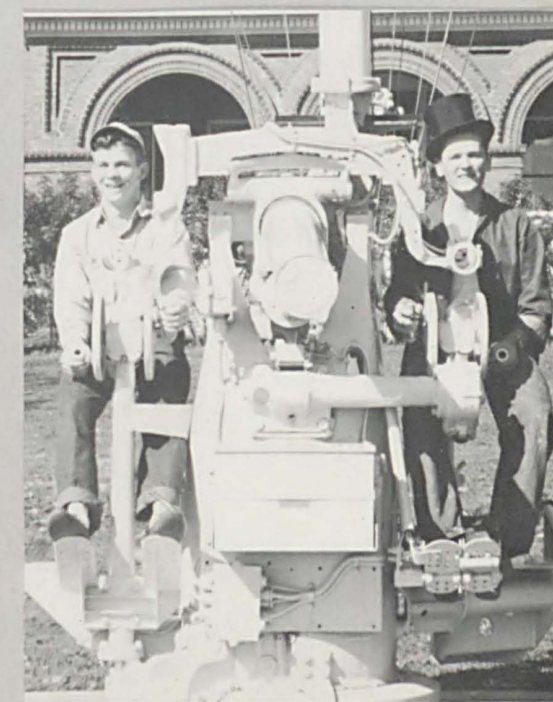
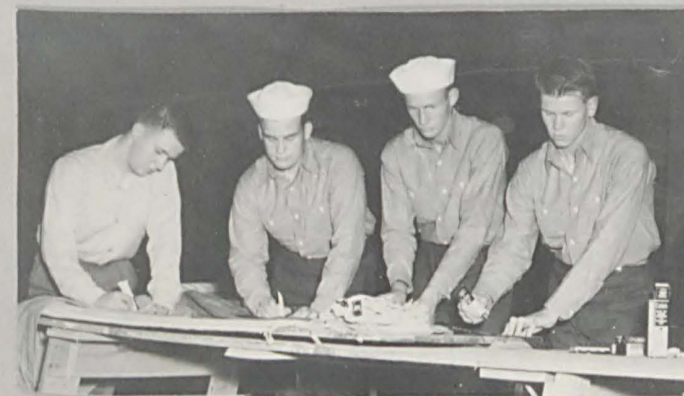
ENGINEER SHOTS



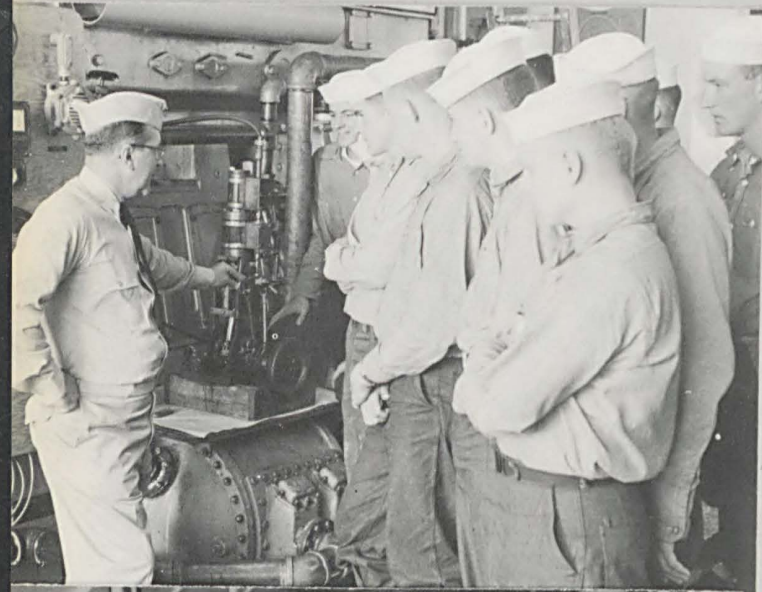
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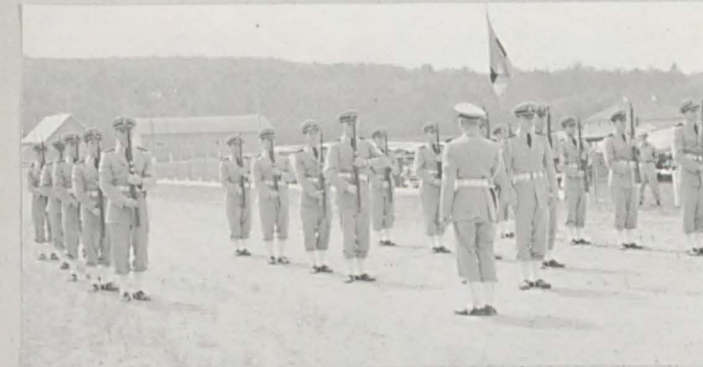
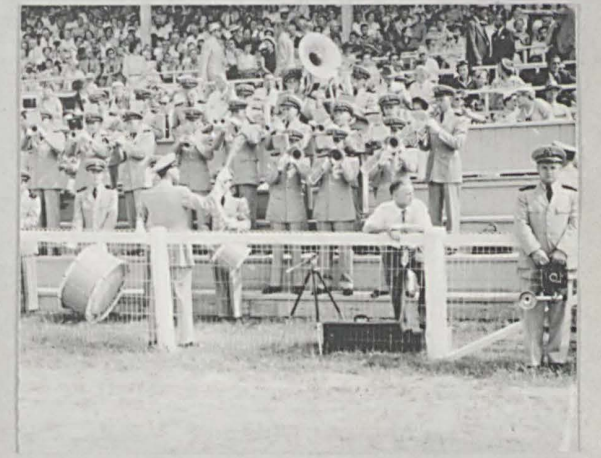
REMEMBER WHEN

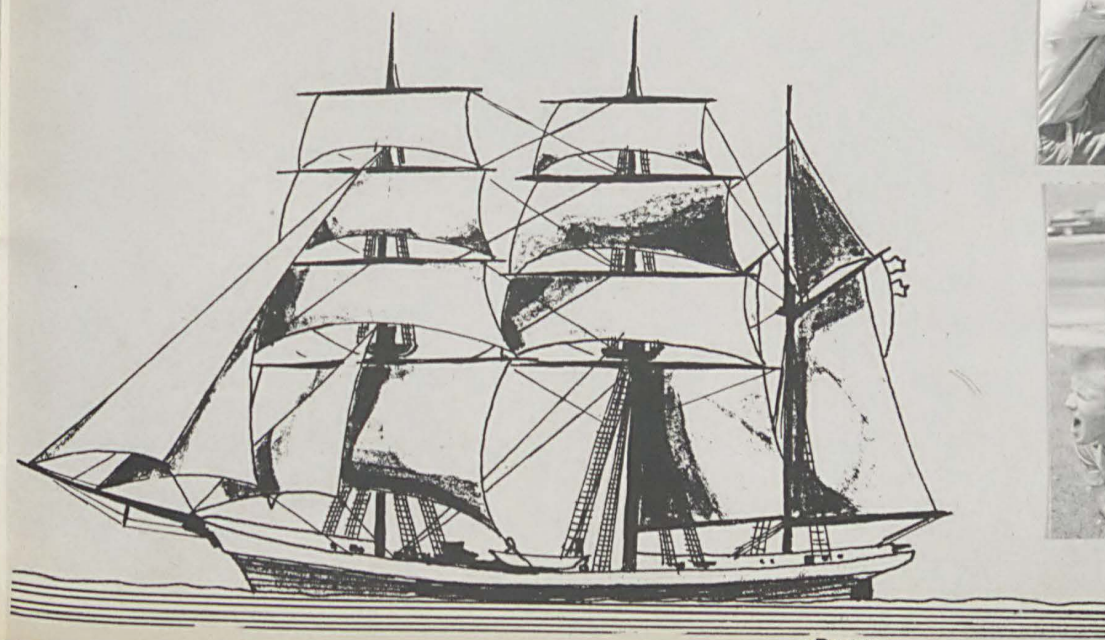
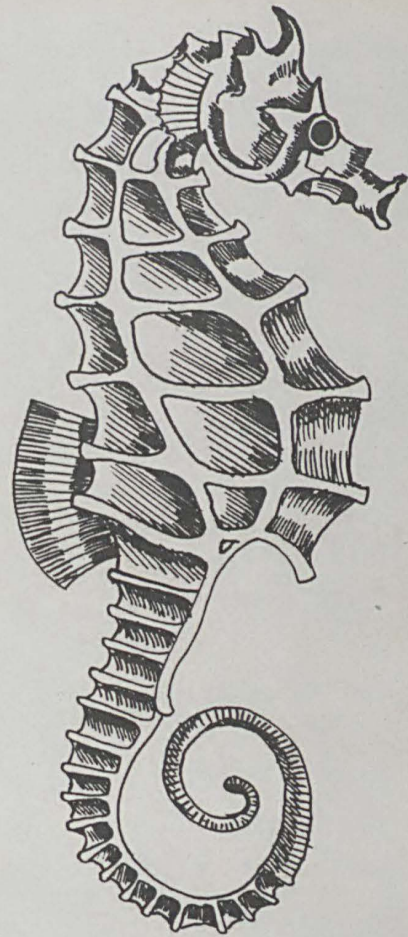
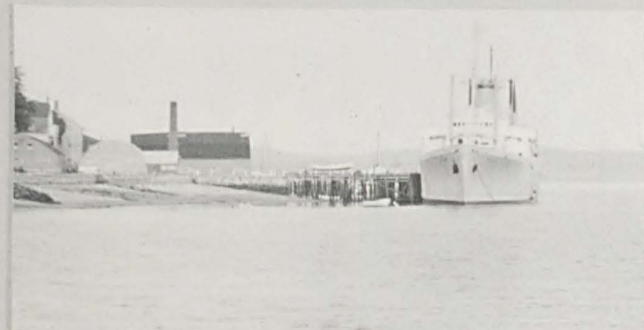
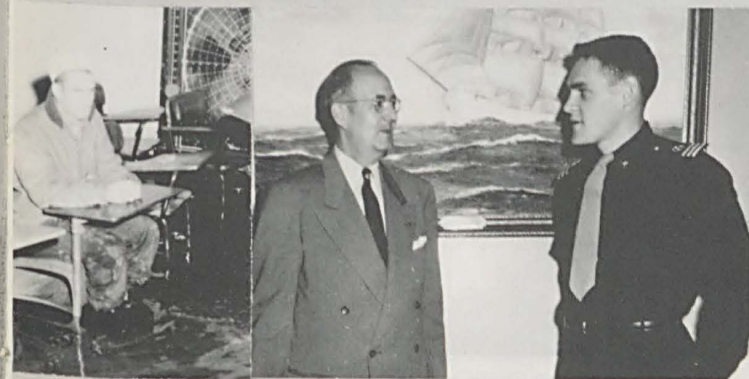
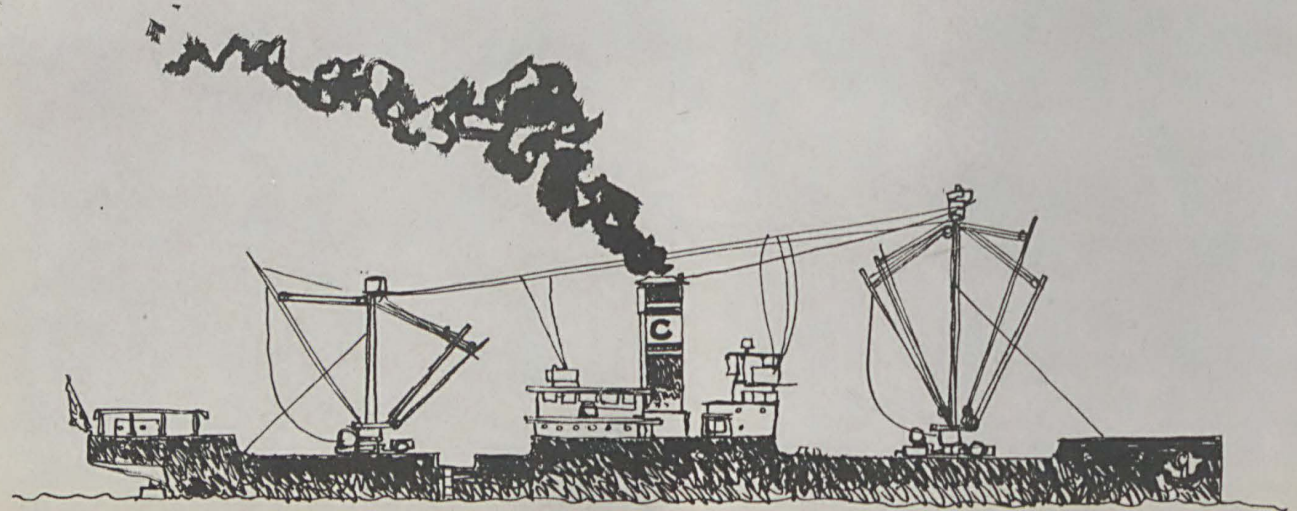


UNDERCLASSMEN

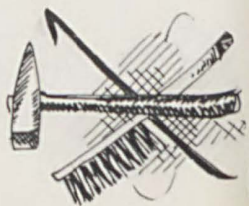
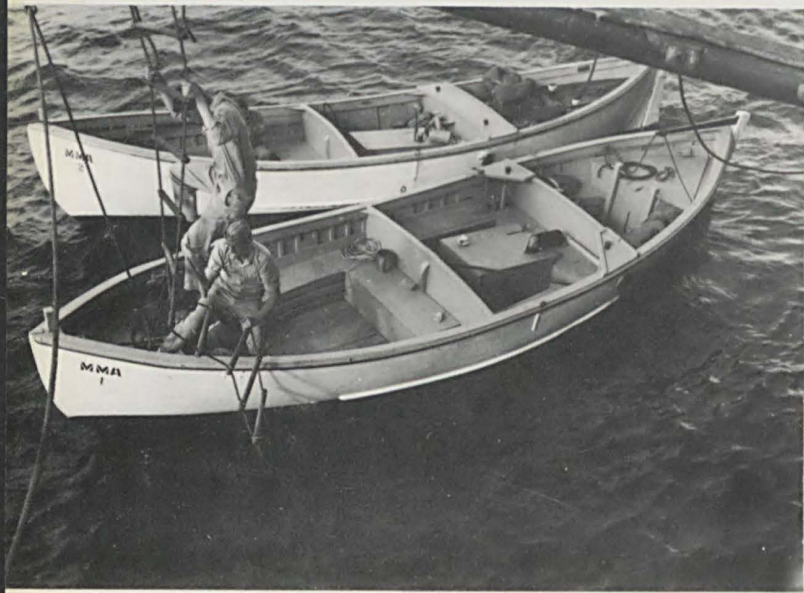
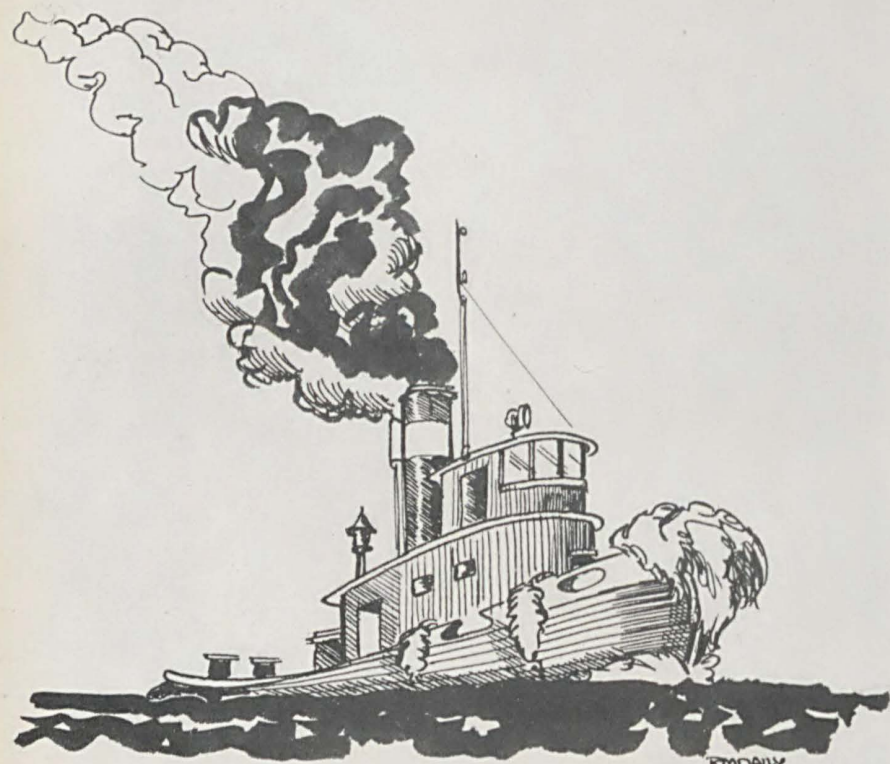


SKOWHEGAN '55

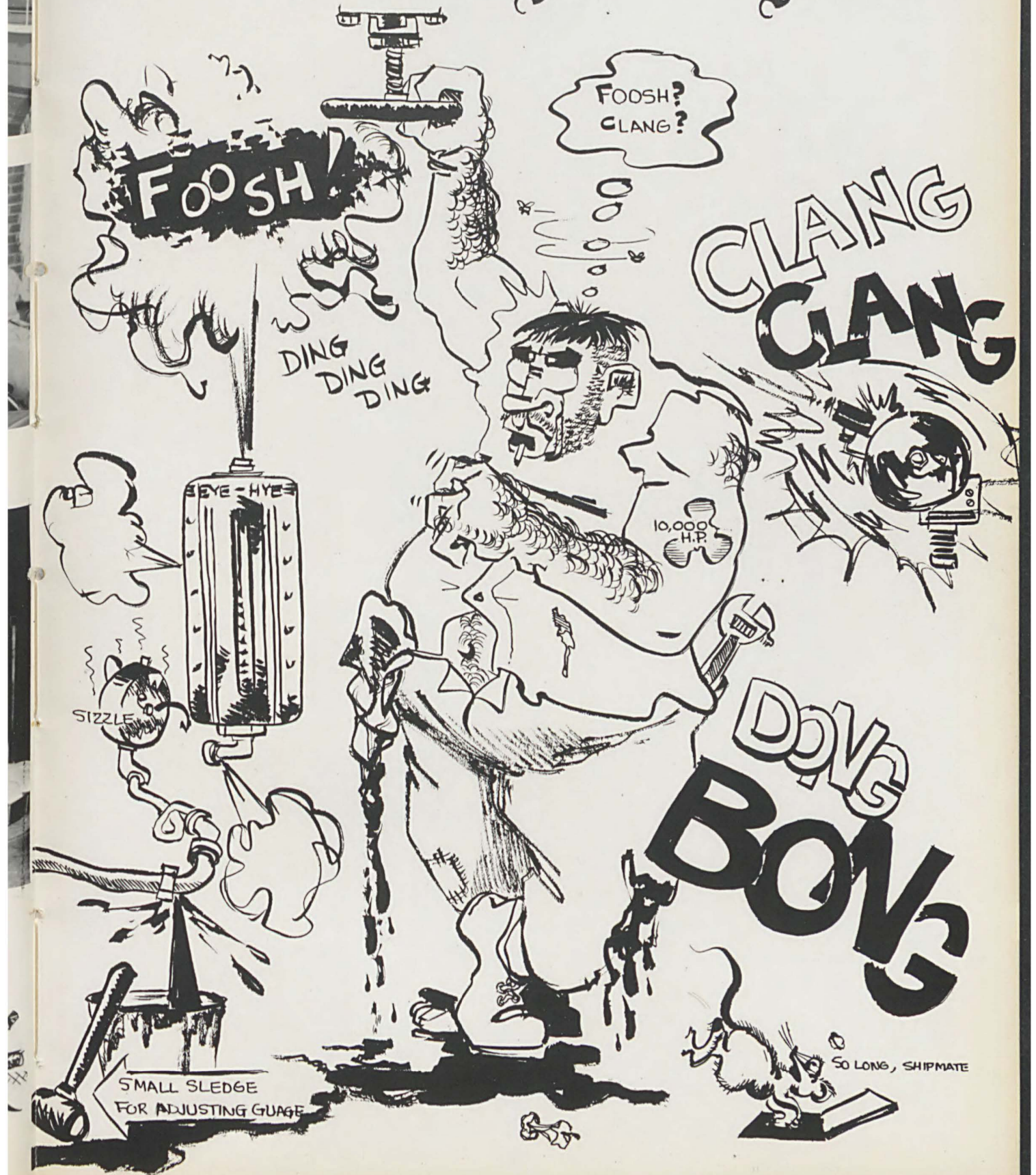




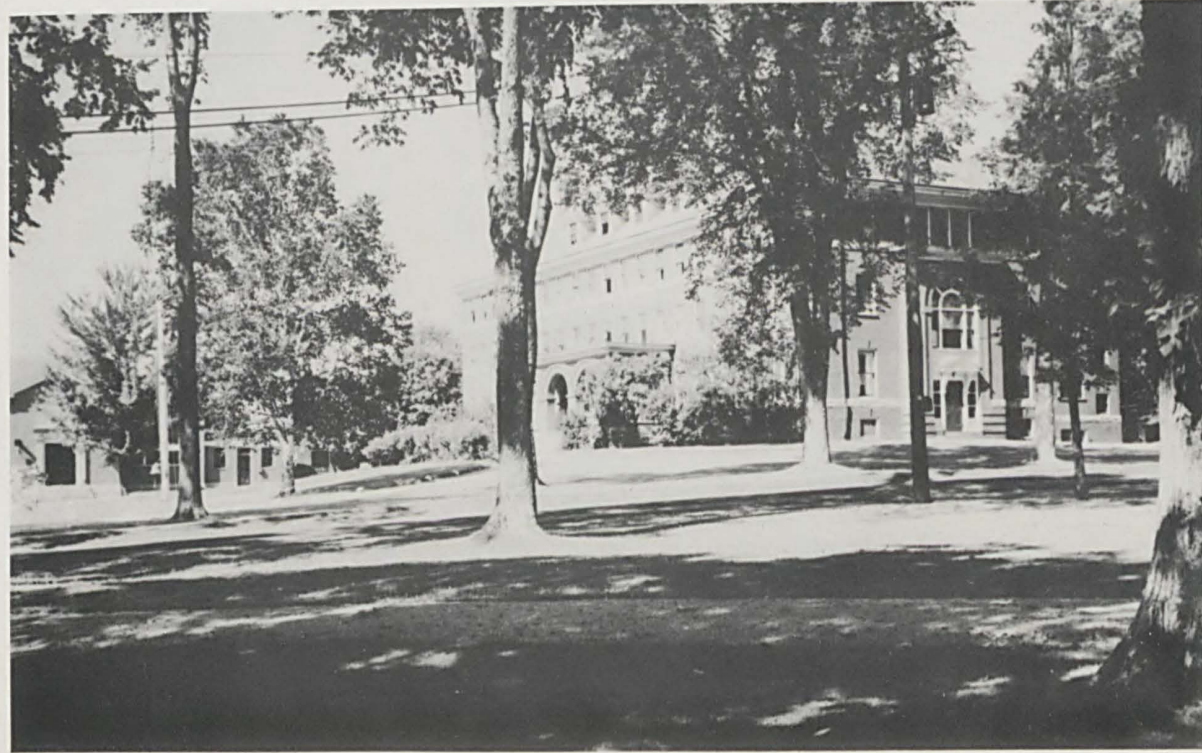
— RHOOLY —



..and some go engine



ACADEMIC SECTIONS



F-1



F-2



SQUARE
ABOUT
FIFTY



UPPERCLASS



HEY YOU.... MUGG!

HORRORS

FIN OUT!



ONE

HAND



JE-1



JE-2



JD-1



SE-1



SE-2



SD-1



SENIOR RATES

RM 30



Ellingwood (P.L. A-1) Morse (P.L. A-2)
Fenderson (A-Co. Cmdr.)



Bowdoin (B.A.) Harriman (B.A.)
Merrifield (X.O.) MacInnis (B.C.)



Collar (P.L. B-2) Smallidge (P.L. B-1)
Toehlke (B-Co. Cmdr.)



Towne (D.M.)
Whittier (M.A.A.)
Merrill (B.M.)

MacQueston (M.M.)
Melcher (E.M.)
Tracy (G.M.)
Smith (Q.M.)



JUNIOR RATES

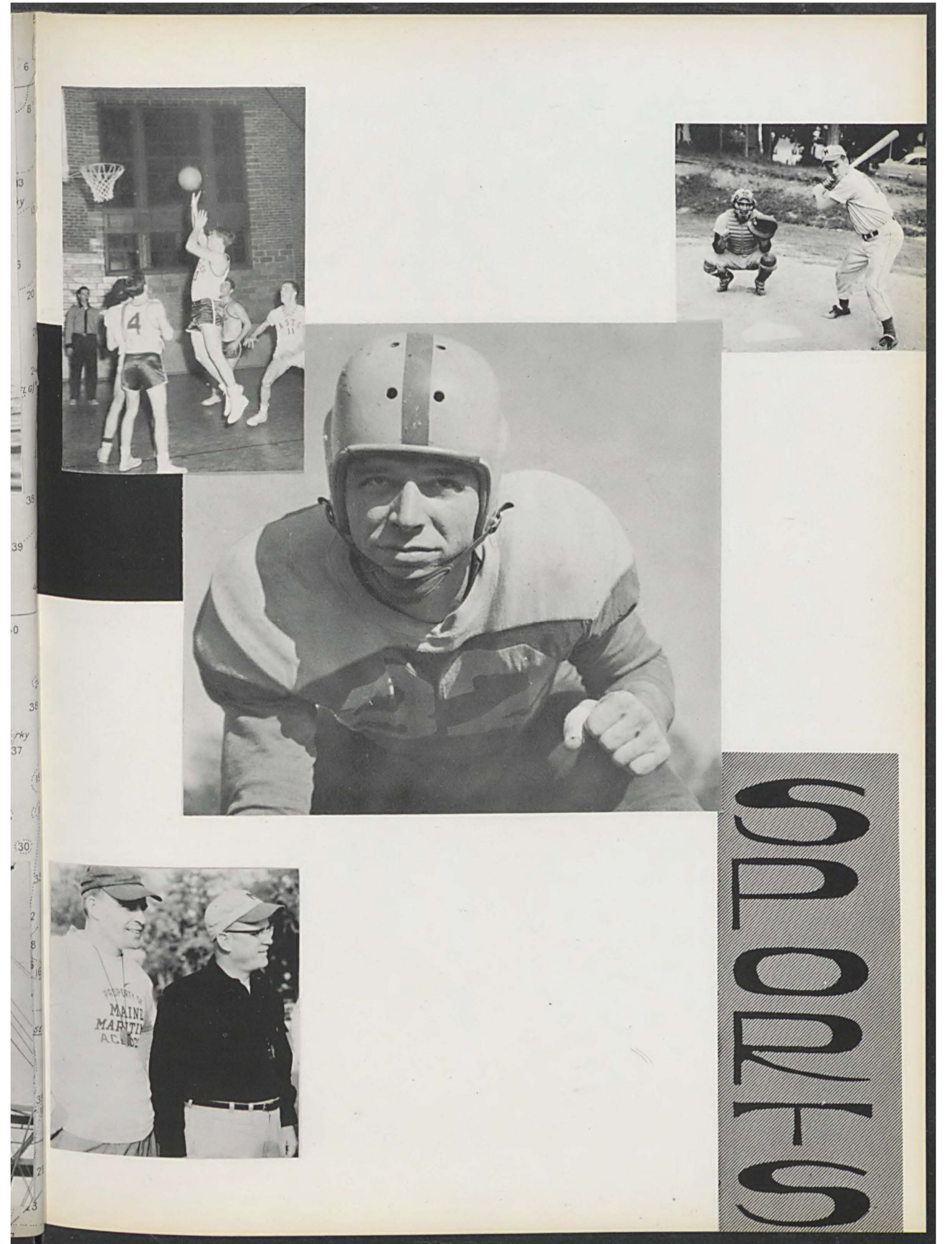
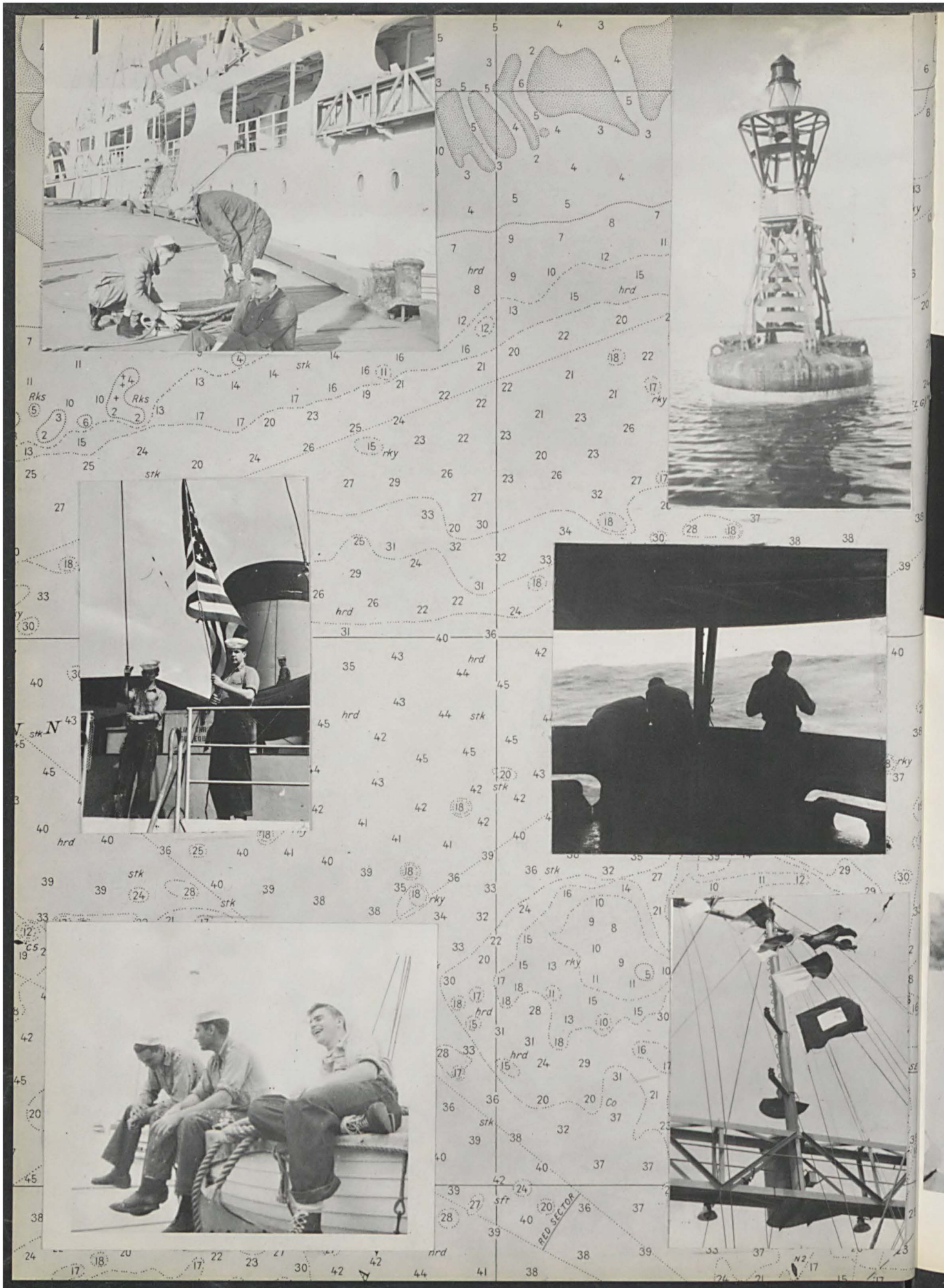


Lowell (Yeoman) Bennett (Asst. B.M.)
Woods (A-1 C.P.O.) Wardwell (A-2 C.P.O.)

Rolnick (Asst. M.M.A.)



RATES MESS



501024-5



FOOTBALL 1955

With the coming of Fall along the banks of the Bagaduce it brought with it football to the Academy. Since early August the varsity candidates for the Blue and Gold eleven had been working hard in the hot sun up at Fort George. It wasn't easy, but their hard work was to be repaid doubly during the coming season. Soon the hot sun was gone and cool autumn afternoons took its place. Day after day the boys worked hard, scrimmaging, blocking, tackling, running through plays, and just plain getting into shape. The team played two practice games against the Colby and Bates varsities, and in each instance the boys from Castine held their own against top flight competition, proving to everyone that we were going to be tough in the oncoming season.

Playing in the line for the middies were Co-Captains Phil Hatch and Dave Fenderson, "Duana" was noted for his hard play and driving spirit at tackle while Dave was the backbone of the team at center. Bob MacQueston and Dick "Dude" Durant were hard to move at the guard spots, Gale Varney did a great job at tackle along with "Babe" Poulin and Dick Pinette, while Rus Godin and Don MacInnis were towers of strength at the end posts.

In the backfield we had Bob Deering, small package of dynamite who did the quarterbacking, while Bill Daley did the heavy work at the fullback slot. At halfback positions were Roger Legere, Dick Munsey, Jim Farrington, and Dick Holt who took turns churning up yardage for the Middies during the season. Joe Vachon, Bill Fleming and Ken Oldham although sidelined by injuries most of the season showed well when they were in there.



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY 7

BRIDGTON ACADEMY 0

This was the Middies' opening game of the season and a wet one it was. It had been raining for two days and as game time drew near it showed no sign of letting up. It was a game of give and take from one goal line to the other, but neither team was able to hit pay-dirt in the first half. Early in the third quarter Roger Legere intercepted a Bridgton pass made possible on a nice block by guard Dick Pinette and scampered 40 yards before he took a sharp turn and fell to the greasy gridiron. Later in the period "big" Joe Vachon and Dick Holt bulled all the way from our own 20 to the opponents' 35, picking up several first downs on the way. Jim Farrington, working out of the single wing, took the ball around end for 10 more and the Middies were in business. Joe Vachon again took the reins behind the superb blocking of the forward wall who steadily smashed the weakening Bridgton line for a touchdown. A running pass from Charlie Taylor to end Russ Godin was good for the point after. The fourth period was just a mud-slinging contest to see who could hang onto the ball the longest.

Bill Fleming, "Babe" Poulin, Dick Durant and Bob Legere were outstanding in the line, while all the backs had a wet day.



"Middie sinks Huskie"



Vachon stops M.C.I. for loss



Bob Legere pulls halfback down

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY 13

M.C.I. 13

Our second game of the season pitted us against our arch rivals from Pittsfield. Early in the first period quarterback Charlie Taylor fired a 30-yard pass to end Don MacInnis who grabbed the pigskin out of the air and drove over for the score. The pass for the point after fell short of its mark.

M.C.I. then came rampaging back and scored only after the Hoctormen held the Huskies for three downs on the one yard line. On the following kickoff, Taylor picked the ball up on the 20, reversed his field 3 times and shot down the left sideline for an 80-yard touchdown run. While the crowd was still buzzing about the long run, Co-Captain Dave Fenderson was about to turn in a feat which hasn't been seen in the state for some time, a dropkick. With perfect timing "Fendy's" kick split the uprights, which put the Middies in the lead at half-time 13-6.

The second half saw a fierce battle of lines, this was one of the hardest played games ever to be staged at Ritchie Field. The Huskies managed to put across a score in the waning minutes of the fourth quarter to tie the game up which ended that way, 13-13.

Rus Godin, Gale Varney, and Bob MacQueston were tops in the line while Dick Munsey, Joe Vachon, and Roger Legere were carrying the bulk of the leather, behind the line.

Munsey with plenty of interference



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY 6

NEWPORT 25

It was another one of those wet days as the U.S.S. Blair dropped her hook in the Bagaduce and the Newport team ambled ashore with their gear.

The Middie defensive line was great throughout the entire game. Especially on the alert were Co-Captain Phil Hatch who made many bone-crushing tackles and the stellar play of Ken Oldham guarding the flanks. The Middies' only trouble was a wet ball. It seemed that every time we were on the offensive the ball would slide into the hands of an opponent and he would be off to score.



Munsey on reversal

Vachon blasts for 5



Dode on the warpath



Babe



Jim

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY 26

QUONSET POINT NAVAL STATION 13

"Okay boys, bring home the bacon", and with these words coach Johnny Hocht's charges burst out of the dressing room and set their course for Ritchie Field and another win.

It was a great day for the blue and gold as every play went off with the precision of a hack chronometer. Today also found a new addition to the meat squad in the name of Bill Daley over from M.C.I.

The pattern for the game was set early in the first period when quarterback Bob Deering fired two quick jump passes starting from the 50 to end Blaine Davis which were good for more than a first down. Daley then took the helm and smashed up the middle for gains of 15, 18 and 5 yards to the Quonset 7. Bill Gotts surprise sweep to the one caught the Flyers flat-footed and on the next play Daley ripped off tackle for the score. Dave Fenderson drop-kicked the extra point. From this point the game was ours.

Little Frank Catena was a giant on defense along with "Babe" Poulin and Dick Durant. Bill Gott and Jim Farrington were work horses in the lugging department.

Roger Legere throws Newport end for loss



Oh Yeah?



Roger Legere



Mac closes in



Daley for a first down

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY 18

MAINE FROSH 6

It was Middie Day as Coach Hocht's "beasts" got set to meet the Blue Bear Cubs from Orono. On the first play of the game the Bear quarterback faked a quick handoff and pitched to a speedy back who went 65 yards for a touchdown. The attempt for the point after was blocked by Co-Capt. Phil Hatch. "Crank it up," came a scream from the "Hoc". That's all we needed (a little inspiration) and the sailors cleared the decks for action. Spearheaded by Bob Deering who threw accurately to the ends and "triple threat" Joe Cuzzopoli, the Castiners keel-hauled the Bears for three solid periods. A new find was Bob Hilpert who churned out 65 yards and three first downs. Ridley, Pinnette and Bob Legere did a fine job throughout the game.



Big Mac

A Bear loss



Muscle and Blood



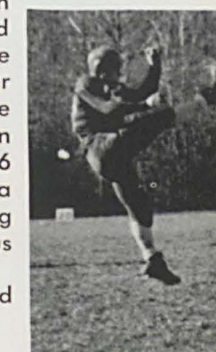
Dick Pinnette

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY 6

COLBY FROSH 12

The Middies were at their peak for the visiting Colby Frosh team. The Mayflower Hill squad was reported to be the best freshman team Colby had seen in many years. The Baby Mules had an unbeaten year and only one team had managed to tie them. Until this game we had never lost to a Colby club. The Frosh scored first in the second quarter when their star fullback plunged over for a score. The sailors started back up the field, with Bill Daley sparking the ground attack. The Middies moved the ball to the Colby four yard line and on the next play Daley carried over for the score. The first half ended in a 6-6 tie. The second half was played with high tension. Colby scored again on a faked field goal attempt. Although the Middies fought hard and in the closing minutes were within striking distance of pay-dirt, time ran out and it left us on the short end of a 12-6 score.

Roger Poulin, Phil Hatch, Dave Fenderson and Blaine Davis played hard hitting defensive play.



Deering boots

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY 20

MASS. MARITIME ACADEMY 6

The big day had finally arrived for "veteran" Coach Johnny Hctor and his cohorts. A large crowd was on hand for one of the most successful home-comings in the history of our young Academy. With identical records and weights the contest seemed a toss-up as the two determined winners came onto the field.

The Maine Middies kicked off to the Baystaters at 1400 hours and within 5 minutes of the first period the Maine team was knocking on the door of Mass. goal line. Fullback Bill Daley had slammed up the middle to the 18. Halfback Jim Farrington drove off tackle and picked up 5 for a first down. Again it was Daley to the Mass. 4 and another first down. Quarterback Bob Deering sneaked to the 2 and Daley flew over the center of the line for a score. The attempt for the point after was wide. And so it was touch and go up until the waning moments of the first half. With 2 minutes remaining Deering stepped back and threw a beautiful 35-yard pass to right end Russ Godin, who never broke stride on his jaunt to the goal line. Daley kicked the extra point and the score at half time stood at 13-0.

Midway through the third period the Maine team again was on the Mass. goal line but a fumble proved costly, and Mass. took over and moved the ball to the midfield stripe where a back fumbled and Don MacInnis recovered. Two quick passes to Holt and Farrington brought the Middies to life. A reverse with Munsey carrying placed the ball on the 10. Roger Legere then took the ball over center for 5. Munsey again carried and this time all the way for a T.D. made possible by some nice blocking by Babe Poulin and Phil Hatch. Daley rushed the 20th point. A few minutes later Mass. was able to score its only points of the game as fullback Tom Duggan crashed the Middie barrier. Big Dick Durant blocked the try for the extra point. Maine again threatened as they ripped the Mass. line time after time and picking up first downs on almost every play. The clock ran out with the ball on the Baystaters' 10.



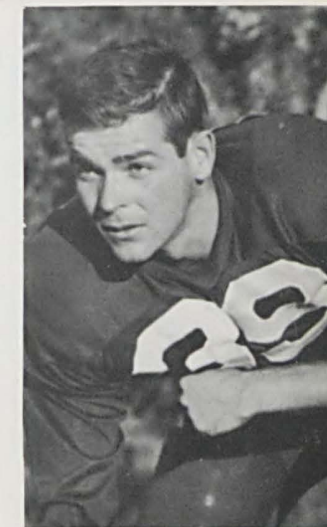
"Dude"



"Bob"



"Dunna"



"Bill"



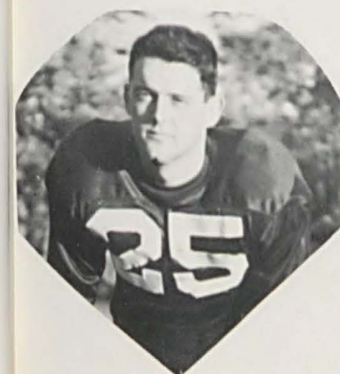
"Don"



"Joe"



"Mac"



"Ken"



"Russ"



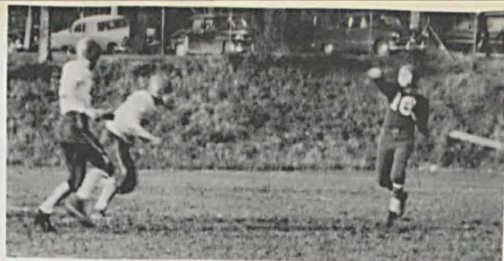
"Dave"



"Gale"



"Spade"



Deering, 31-yard pitch



"Cheese"



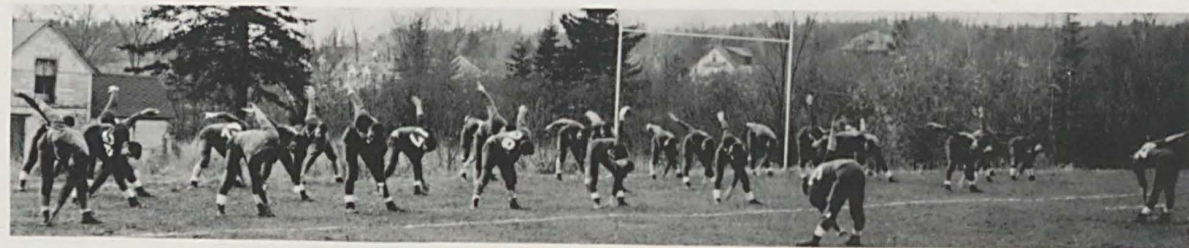
"Aw Ben"



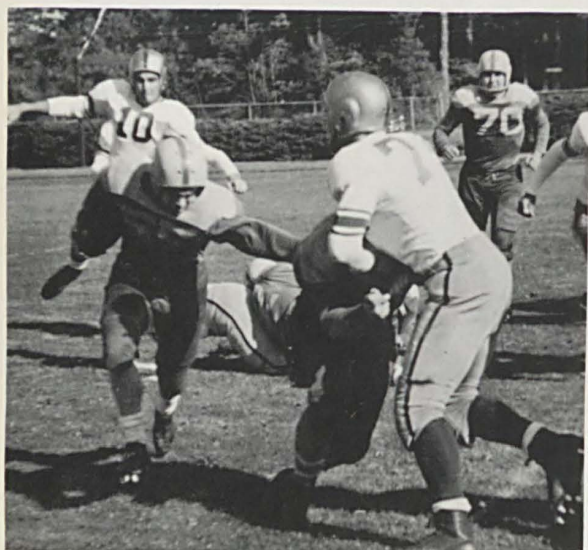
Munsey for 15



Where ya tink your goin



"Cranking it up."



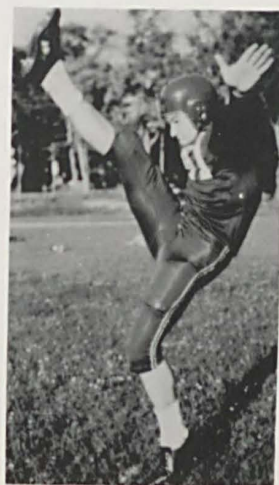
Oomph



Blocked



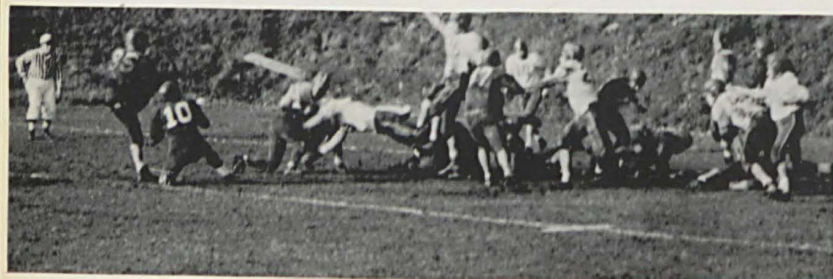
Mr. Defense



It Line-a



Little giant



And it's good

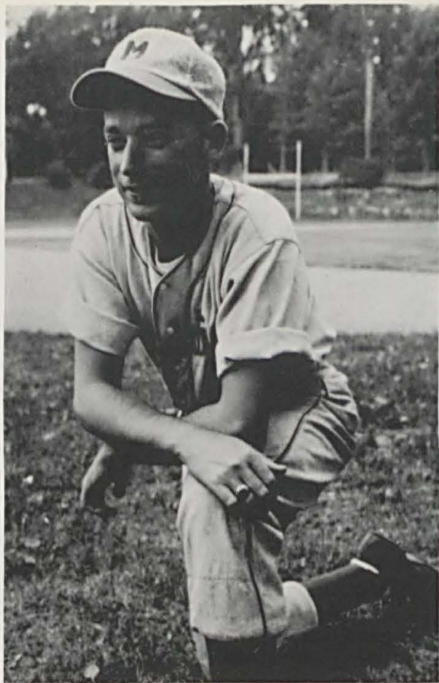
Baseball



1955



BASEBALL DEDICATION



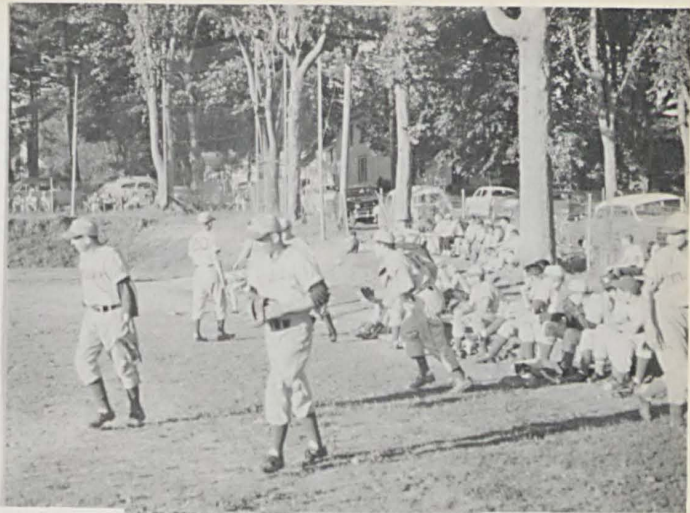
To Mr. Brown

Although "Pancho" is no longer with us at the Academy, it would only be proper to say a few words about the best baseball coach ever to be at this school. His record as a coach leaves little to be desired. His teams had winning seasons as long as he was at the helm. His inspiration and knowledge of baseball was a key to the driving spirit of his teams. Ken's sense of humor and ability to keep everyone calm and attentive during the closest games was something to behold. All of us are grateful to Mr. Brown for the training and help he has given us in the years he was with us. So we now wish Ken all the success in the world in his new position and may he have many more winning teams.

The Boneheads.

Mr. Brown's Record

Year	Won	Lost
1949	15	15
1950	18	8
1951	11	9
1952	14	11
1953	18	8
1954	29	5
1955	-9	8
Total	114	64





BASEBALL 1955

Ken Brown's '55 nine was already in the process of taking shape, only a few short weeks after returning from the sunny Caribbean. "Pancho" had his charges working out even as the snow melted on "Mount Fort George". The Middies had their sights set on another great season when we opened the '55 season against the Colby frosh, at Waterville. Led by the superb pitching of John McPherson, who struck out twelve, and the slugging of Don O'Brien, who had 4-4, we humbled the Baby Mules with an impressive 9-1 decision.

Our second game against Ricker was a squeaker, with Ray Gasper turning the tide to victory with a ninth inning single to drive in the winning run, Ray had five hits for the day.

Next we moved over to Pittsfield to face a strong M.C.I. club. M.C.I. raced to a quick 3-0 lead, set up by errors and one hit. It looked bad for us, the team just couldn't get started; but then the game was held up in the fourth because of rain. After 20 minutes the sun came out, and with it a seemingly new Middle nine which poured out 12 runs; while McPherson was in the process of hurling a one-hitter and striking out fourteen. Aldie Leeman, O'Brien and Stan Dyro led the team at bat.

Our next game was at the Academy where we smothered Presque Isle A.F.B. 17-5. Herbie Hodgkins and Bob Deering had three hits each.

Our next encounter with the Colby Frosh was not the run-away that our opening day game was; but we finally pulled it out in the late innings for a 9-7 triumph. Bob Deering had three hits in this one.

Brown's traveling clowns at this point traveled North for the next two games. After a few flat tires and minor incidents we found ourselves in Houlton, where what had to happen happened. With five straight wins in our favor we met with defeat at the hands of a fired up Ricker College nine, 7-3.

Still smarting from the defeat handed to us by Ricker, we discovered a greatly strengthened Presque Isle A.F.B. team waiting for us at the base diamond. The game was a perfect example of how a baseball game shouldn't be played. After the air had cleared it found the flyboys on top by a 12-10 score. Only bright spot in the afternoon for us was the great pitching performance of rookie Joe Vachon, who struck out the side in the last inning.

Returning to the Academy and Ritchie Feld, we put ourselves on the victory road again with a 4-3 victory over a tough M.C.I. club. Ted Tracy pitched a great game, while Deering, Dyro and O'Brien led the team at bat.

Our next game was with a very good Limestone A.F.B., whose lineup was dotted with Major League material. We lost out to the Jets 13-4. Consistent Bobby Deering blasted out three hits in a losing cause.

Graduation Day finally rolled around, and we watched some great ball-players leave the team and the Academy. In their number was captain, Aldie Leeman, John McPherson, Jakie Cutcliffe, Pete Nixon, Roy Evrard and speedy Ray Gasper.

The summer campaign saw a new lineup with a lot of new faces filling those vacant positions. We opened a three-game series with the Ellsworth Eagles with a bang, downing the Eastern Maine League leaders 10-4, behind the neat four-hit hurling of lefty Ted Tracy. Colorful, switch hitting, frosh Joe Cuzzapoli banged out three hits, while Sid Gross now playing third, had two hits for the afternoon.

We lost the next two games to Ellsworth as Coach Ken Brown searched for that certain winning combination. Our next two game set was with Sedgwick, another E. M. L. club. We won the first one 12-8 with Stan Dyro and that guy Deering smashing out home runs. Ted Tracy was the winning pitcher. We lost the second game in a thriller 6-5, Herbie Hodgkins played a good game in a losing cause.

A good Bucksport nine stopped us 11-3 in our next game which was played at the mill city.

Next we faced Dow A. F. B., the boys from Bangor edged us 11-9, although Dyro and O'Brien hit round trippers.

At this point we had an 8-8 record, and we were faced with the last game of the season against Bucksport who just a week before had drubbed us 11-3.

Carrot-topped Ted Tracy was the master of the situation throwing a 5-hit shut out at the mill city boys to close out the season with a 4-0 victory. Stan Dyro and freshman Carl Dow led the hitting attack, each getting two hits, thus giving us a fine 9-8 record for the season.

Leading the team during the '55 season were the "Keystone Kids," Bob Deering and Don O'Brien, who are co-captains elect for the '56 campaign, Bill Gott and Russ Godin who alternated at the initial sack along with Sid Gross at the "hot corner" who rounded out our fine infield. The outfield which centered around steady Stan Dyro in center field did a great job of fly chasing, with Gale Varney and freshman Dale Lincoln making some great plays in the "green pastures" of Ritchie Field. The battery of Ted Tracy and Ken Oldham who were backstopped by Herb Hodgkins and Dave Fenderson rounded out the club.

Showing great promise for the coming season are "big" Carl Dow, who has lots of power; Roger "Babe" Poulin; John Hammons; Bob Negron; Art Hoyt; Stan Quinn and Don Silver.

And last but not least our hard-working manager, Bill Sawyer, did a swell job of keeping the club together materially.

M. M. A.	9	Colby	1
M. M. A.	5	Ricker College	4
M. M. A.	12	M. C. I.	3
M. M. A.	17	P. I. A. F. B.	5
M. M. A.	9	Colby	7
M. M. A.	3	Ricker College	7
M. M. A.	10	P. I. A. F. B.	12
M. M. A.	4	M. C. I.	3
M. M. A.	2	Limestone A. F. B.	13
M. M. A.	10	Ellsworth Eagles	4
M. M. A.	4	Ellsworth Eagles	7
M. M. A.	0	Ellsworth Eagles	13
M. M. A.	12	Sedgwick	8
M. M. A.	5	Sedgwick	6
M. M. A.	3	Bucksport A. A.	11
M. M. A.	9	Dow A. F. B.	11
M. M. A.	4	Bucksport A. A.	0

Won 9; lost 8.

LEADING AVERAGES:

Deering	.453
O'Brien	.386
Dyro	.288

BASKETBALL 1955-1956



With the football season but a week in the past, veteran Coach John Hctor had his court charges working out daily on the smooth surface of Quick Gymnasium. Prospects for the coming season looked good, for the team had lost only two men from the varsity at graduation. With but a week's practice Mr. Hctor had his team ready for the season opener. The starting lineup read as follows: Bernie Woods and Don Farquhar at the forward posts, Larry Kelly at center, Stan Dyro and Captain Clarence Theriault at the guards. Ready to step into the lineup at a minute's notice were Dale Grant, Mike Welch, Dave Paine, Guy Carroll, Stan Quinn, and Smith, Gott and Rice.

We started the season fast by taking our first four games easily. Kelly, Theriault and Farquhar led the way in these games. In our next four games we weren't quite so fortunate as we dropped games to Gorham, two to M.C.I. and one to the U. of M. Frosh. "Bon" Theriault was the only shining light in these games, while Freshman Carroll and Welch showed promise with some fine play and scrap around the boards.

Our next game found us hitting the hoop with better results, as we downed a good Farmington State Teachers College team 62-58. Leading the way with the most buckets were Larry Kelly and Bernie Woods. Mike Welch chipped in eleven points and with some fine floor play for his evening's work.

Husson College proved to be an easy one, as we downed the boys from Bangor 85-66. Kelly with 29 and Capt. Theriault with 20 kept the scorekeepers busy most of the evening.

The 16th of December found us in Houlton where we defeated Ricker College 74-54. Again it was Theriault and Kelly doing the bulk of the scoring with 26 and 23 points each.

The next day we moved over to Limestone where a strong Loring Air Force Base team dropped us from the victory road. Don Farquhar dropped in 15 points in this one.

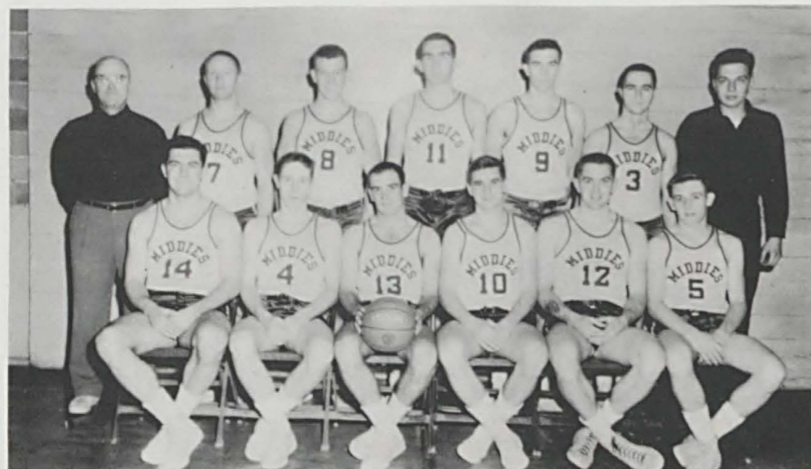
Back home again we stopped Ricker College in a close one 58-54. Farquhar with 20 and Kelly with 16 led the Middies to victory.

Loring gave us a taste of defeat again as they whipped us 94-73. Larry Kelly hooked in 27 points, while Theriault had 19.

We journeyed down to Brunswick where the Navy Fliers stopped us 83-77 in a close one. "Bon" Theriault had 32 points and was almost unstoppable all night.

Our last game of the season just before leaving on the cruise was a big success as we smothered the Brunswick Naval Air Station 84-59. Stan Dyro, out most of the season, tossed in 19, while Theriault and Kelly had 18.

M.M.A.			M.M.A.		
89	W.S.T.C.	61	62	Farmington State	58
66	Nasson College	43	85	Husson College	66
90	A.S.T.C.	79	74	Ricker College	54
83	W.S.T.C.	53	54	Loring A.F.B.	78
67	Gorham State	95	58	Ricker College	54
65	M.C.I.	106	73	Loring A.F.B.	94
50	M.C.I.	85	77	Brunswick N.A.S.	83
61	U. of M. Frosh	90	84	Brunswick N.A.S.	59



CRUISE BASKETBALL 1956

M.M.A. 62	MacDill A.F.B., Tampa, Fla.	42
M.M.A. 29	Caribe R.C.A., Aruba, N.W.I.	26
M.M.A. 62	Lago Colony, Aruba, N.W.I.	54
M.M.A. 63	Barbados Y.M.C.A., B.W.I.	39
M.M.A. 49	St. Thomas "All Stars", V.I.	44
M.M.A. 59	Polytech Institute, P.R.	80
M.M.A. 71	College of Agriculture, P.R.	85
M.M.A. 50	Kings Point, New York, N. Y.	63

Won 5 Lost 3

With only a few weeks and a few thousand miles behind us, we were at it again. Our first game of the '56 cruise found us pitted against a strong MacDill Air Force Base team from Tampa. It didn't take long for the Middles to get their shooting eyes back, and the final whistle found us on top 62-42. Kelly, Theriault and Dyro led the assault in this one.

Our next game was played under rather different circumstances, as we found ourselves on the hard tar outdoor court of the club Caribe in Aruba. With a strong gale blowing we matched baskets with the "Dutch Boys" and finally managed to edge them out 29-26. High scorers in this battle of the winds were Larry Kelly and Mike Welch.

The next day we played the Lago Colony team minus the wind of the night before and edged the boys from St. Nicholas 62-54. Theriault with 15 and Farquhar with 14 led the team in scoring.

The tropic isle of Barbados was the site of our next contest, as we met the Y.M.C.A. at Bridgetown. Amid the waving sugar cane fields we refined the boys



from Barbados to the tune of 63-39. Larry Kelly dropped 21 points through the hoop while "Big" John Allgaier, making his first appearance of the year, netted 9 points.

"The Street of Thirty-Three Steps" was the setting for our next game, which by the way was played on a paved road. The team will long remember the unique locker room we shared with the prisoners of the town lockup. Getting back to basketball, we defeated a tough all star team in a hard fought game 49-44. Kelly, Theriault and Bernie Woods all played a great game.

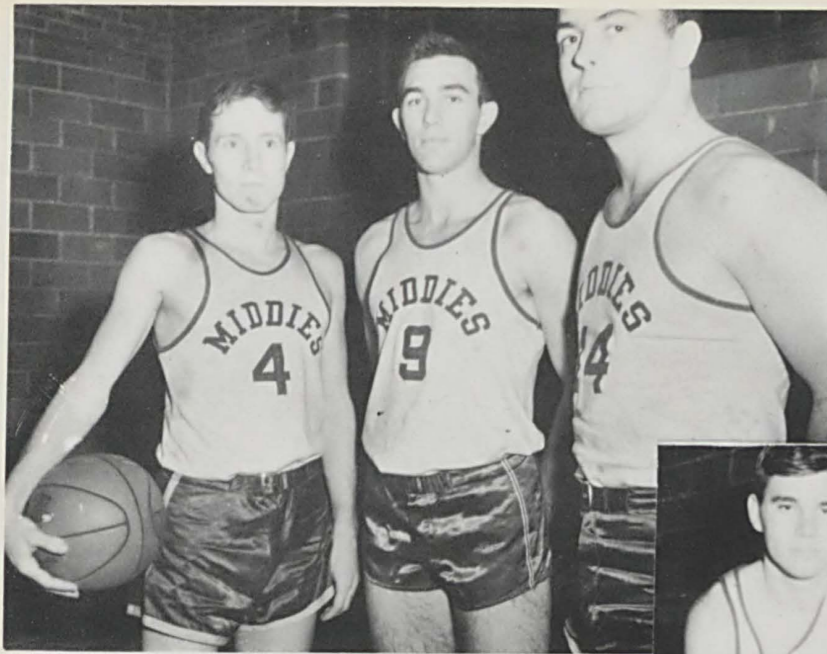
In Puerto Rico we found some "Real" Cervaza and real competition. The first night we journeyed 17 miles to play the Polytech Institute in the town of St. German. The Tech men were too much for us as we lost out 80-59. Stan Dyro with 19 and "Bon" Theriault with 12 were the high scorers.

The next night we battled the College of Agriculture in Mayaguez. It was a hard fought game from start to end with the score tied at 32 all at half time. The college boys had just a little more steam and finally nudged out ahead of us at the final whistle to win out 85-71. Stan Dyro again threw in 19 while Larry Kelly canned 18. Stan Quinn and Dale Grant played good games around the boards.

Our final game of the cruise was played at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy. Only trailing by six points at the half we just couldn't get going in the second frame and lost out 63-50. Captain Clarence Theriault kept our only hopes alive with some sensational shooting and playmaking, and was high scorer with 18 points.

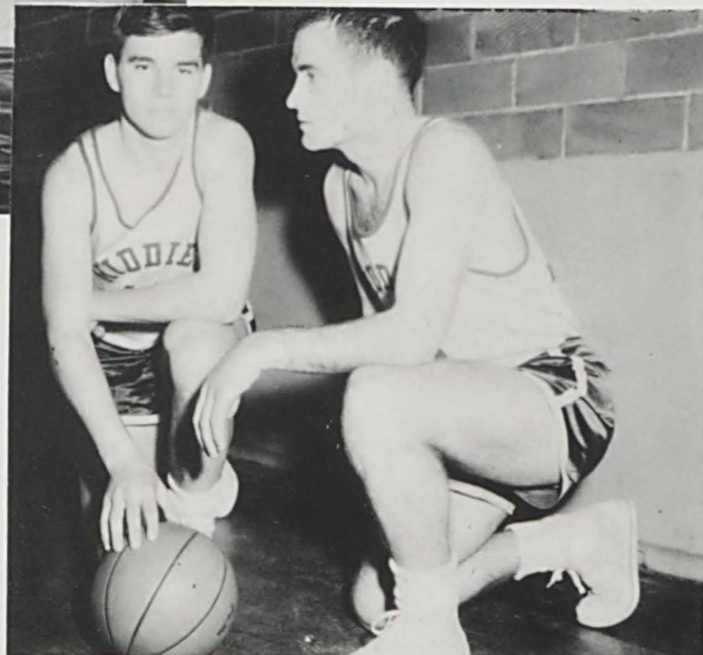
All in all it was a successful cruise basketball-wise, but it all wouldn't have been possible without Coach Al Bennett. Al's arranging of games for us, and his great knowledge of basketball to get us ready for the games was greatly appreciated by all of us. So we all, still as a team say, "Thanks for everything."

Last but not least our faithful player-manager Charlie Hall who did a great job.



SHARP SHOOTERS

Farquhar, Rice and Kelly



Stan Dyro and Capt. Clarence Theriault



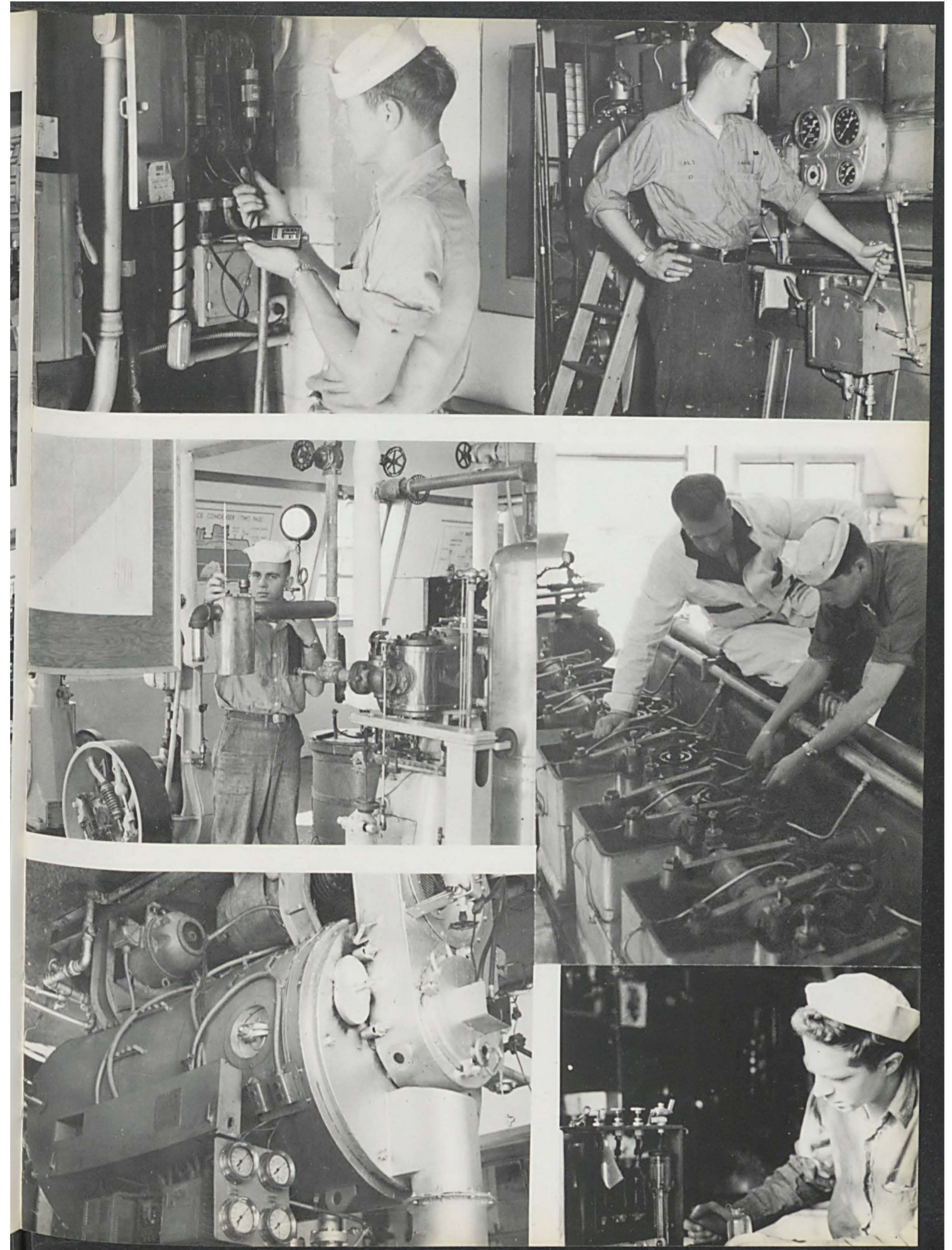
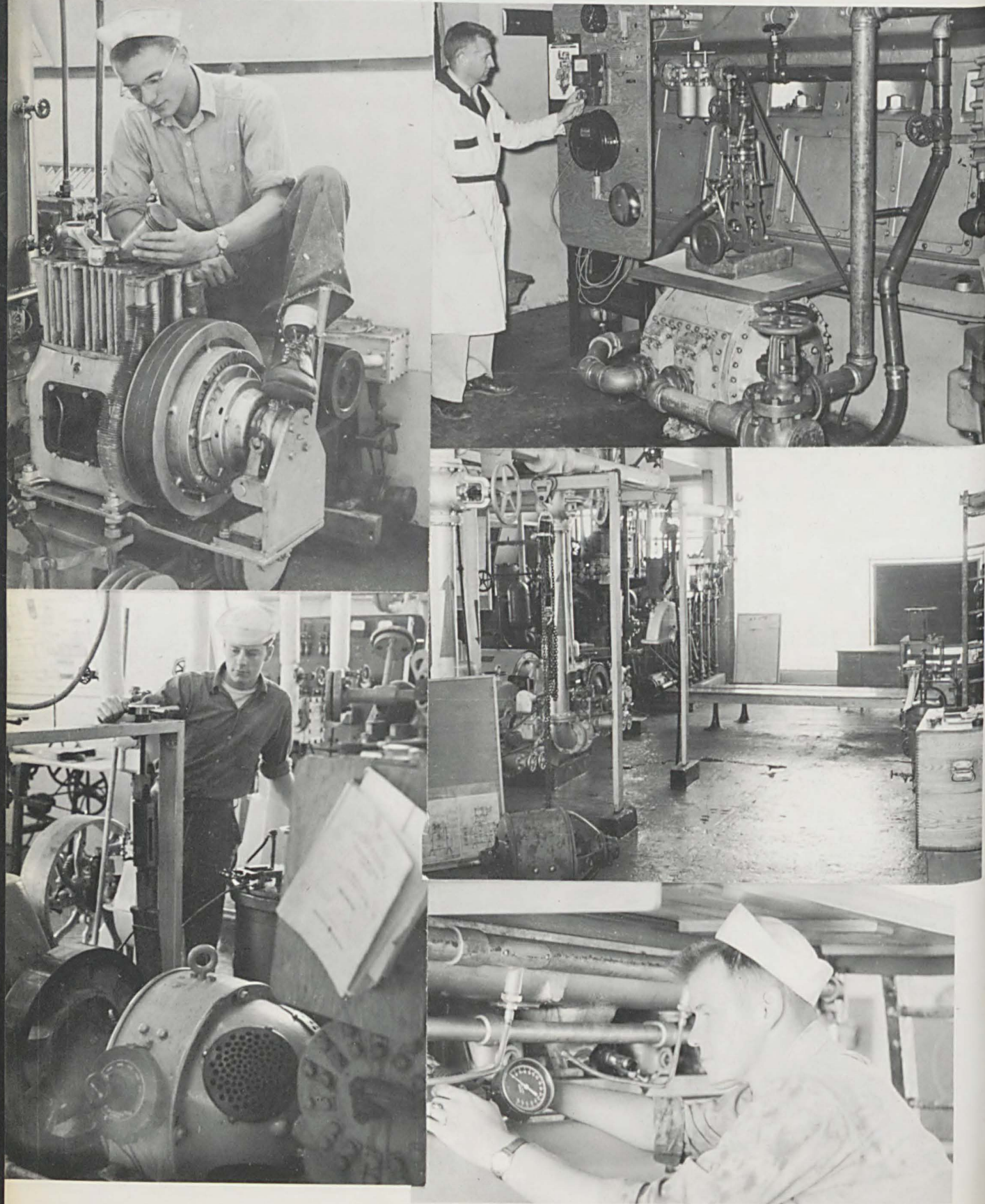
INTRAMURAL SPORTS

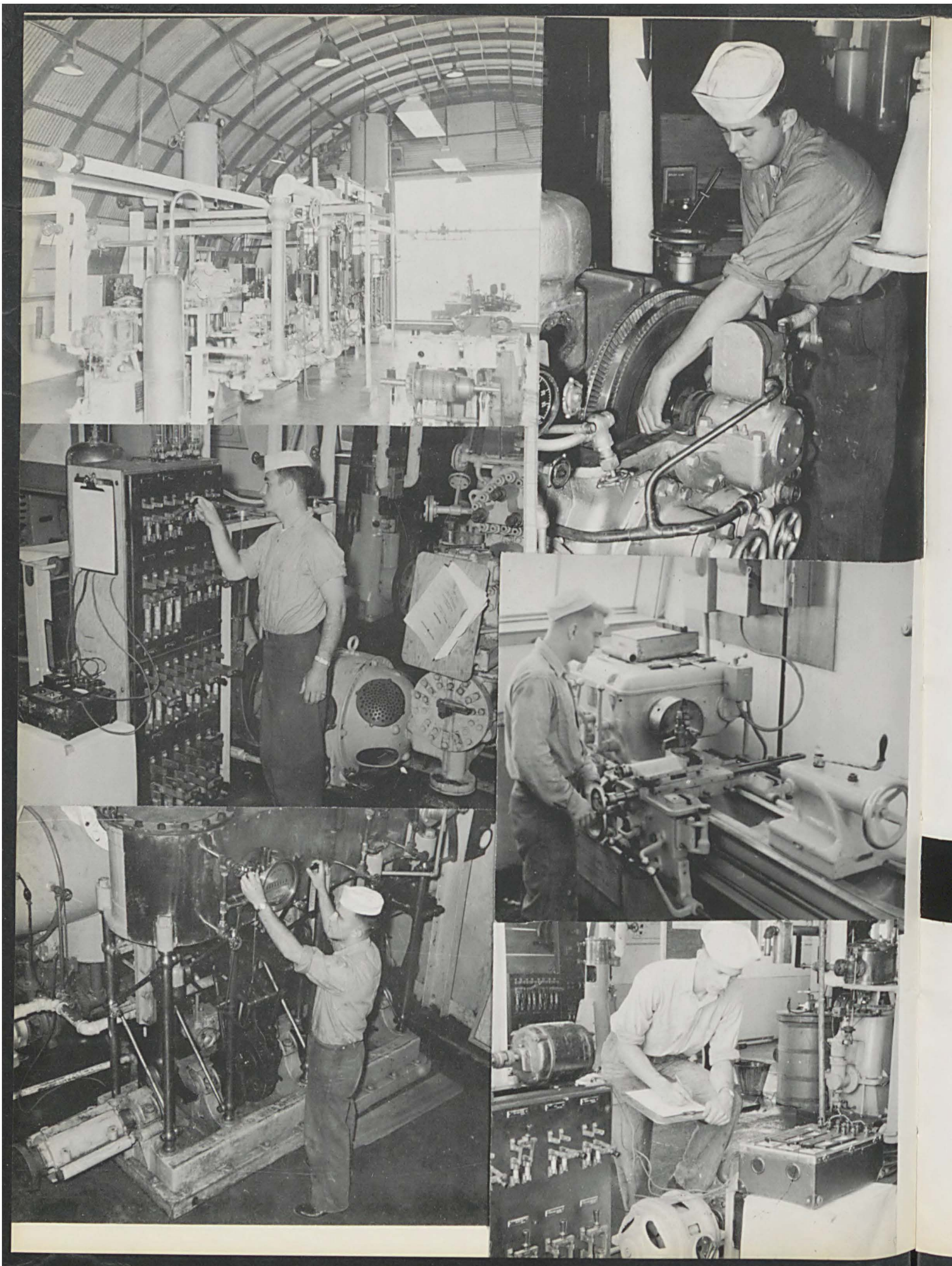
INTRAMURAL SOFTBALL 1955

The spring of 1955 found the second year of intramural softball getting underway. The Softball League was handled very efficiently by Roger Legere. On the twenty-first of July the E-4 engineers wrapped up an undefeated season by topping their arch rival E-3, 12-9. This put the Junior engineers two full games ahead of their nearest rival D-2. D-2 wound up the season with a 6-2 record and E-3 had a 5-3 record. The Junior pitching was great throughout the season with Clarence Theriault at the head of the list. Defensive stars throughout the season were Don Farquhar, Greg Payne, Roland Melcher, Dick Merrifield, Palmer Harriman, and Earl Morin. The league was boosted by two great second basemen in the name of Jim Fairbanks and Art Ellingwood. Among the sluggers of the year were Lawrence Kelly and Baxter Rowe. All three underclass sections made sporting efforts finishing the season with five and three records.



STEAM LAB





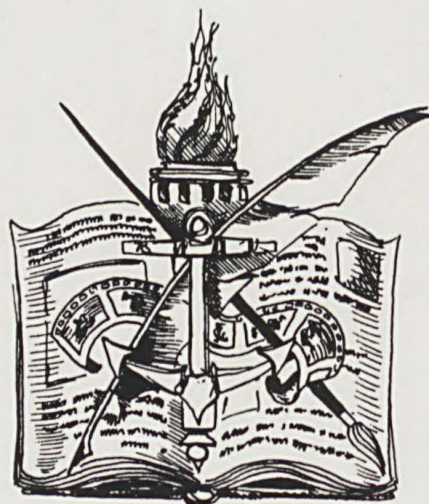
ACTIVITIES



**drill
squad**



band



yearbook staff



propeller club

BAND



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MARCH

2nd Eb Alto HORN

-WJB-2

ON THE SQUARE
MARCH

MILITARY ESCORT
MARCH

SUCCESS.
MARCH.

Washington Post March.





The '55-'56 Band was one of which the Academy could be proud. Providing the traditionally stirring martial music for the battalion formations and inspections the band developed into one of the best in the Academy's history.

Immediately following graduation of the '55 class the band was organized under the direction of Bob Merrill, as bandmaster, and Jack Bennett filling the shoes of assistant bandmaster. During the summer months the bandsmen were kept busy in various towns and cities throughout the state.

The first of these appearances was at the Bangor-Brewer Derby Parade on the twenty-first of June, 1955. This was the second year that the Middies had been invited to participate in this affair and as usual the band had to contend with the Maine summer heat along the parade route.

Undoubtedly one of the more memorable occasions as far as the Music Makers were concerned was on the twenty-seventh of June when the band journeyed to Skowhegan to aid in greeting President Eisenhower on his visit to the Pine Tree State. This trip provided an excellent opportunity for the band to "show off" the Academy and for the Middies to get a close up view of the nation's Chief Executive.

The Fourth of July saw the Middies performing in the little Deer Isle community of Stonington. After a busy day parading and playing for a baseball game the musicians were treated to a lobster feed and a dance.

The Lobster Festival in Rockland was the next engagement on the band's busy schedule. At this affair they participated in a gala parade in which the Festival Queen Candidates and other musical organizations from throughout the state took part.

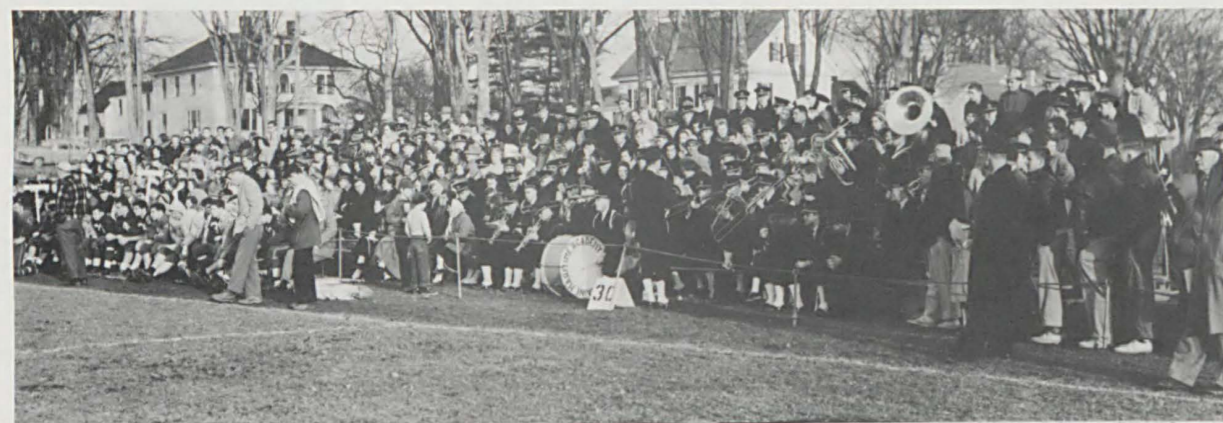
In August with the arrival of the new underclass, reorganization work was done on the band and its ranks were swelled to an impressive thirty-five. Almost immediately the "boys" were off again; this time to the Cherryfield Fair. The festive atmosphere at this event was greatly boosted as the cadets put on two drills and concerts. Being the fourth time that Gov. Muskie and the Middies had crossed paths, "Maine's No. 1 Man", was prompted to state that he never knew where he was going to encounter the sailors next.

Making the most out of the Monday night rehearsals the band was able to improve their class of music if not quality. These rehearsals were usually livened up with bandmaster Merrill tearing his hair and raving about how the piece should be played.

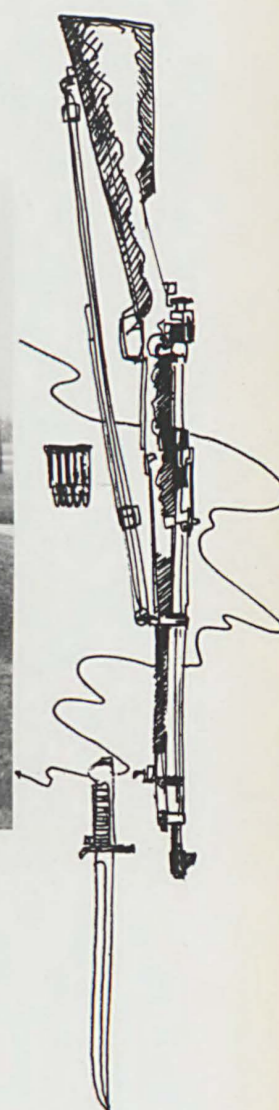
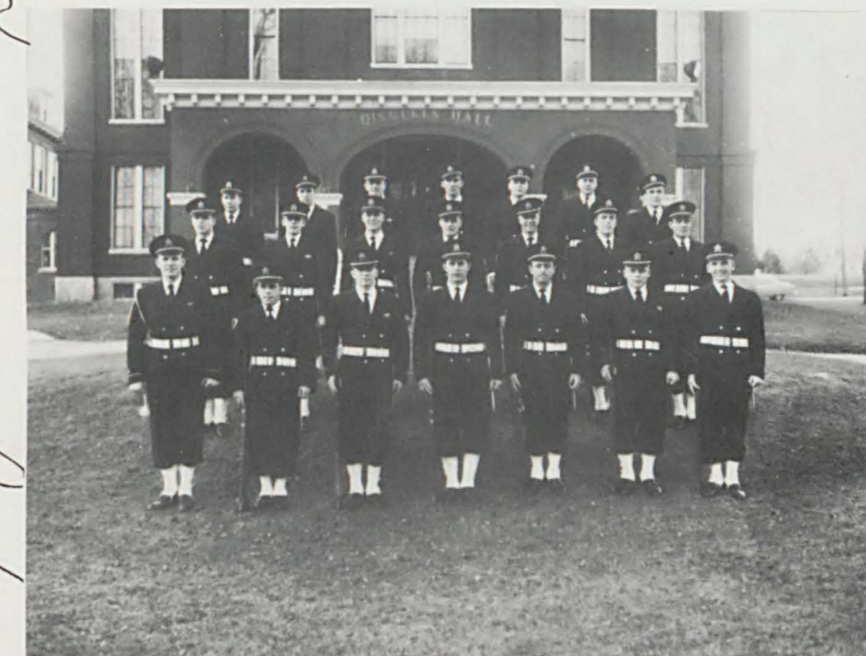
The band was a welcome part of the battalion as the football season rolled around. Adding to the spirit of these weekly encounters the "Musicians" did their part in spurring our football team on to victory. The highlight of the gridiron battles was the Mass. Maritime game when the Band and Drill Squad combined to entertain the crowd at half-time.

On our annual journey to the warm waters of the Caribbean the pipe "Muster the band on the fantail", became a familiar one. Accompanied by the cry of the sea gulls the "band" provided much entertainment in their pre-movie concerts.





DRILL SQUAD





DRILL SQUAD

The 1955 Drill Squad mustered for its secondary instruction as soon as the snow left Castine. With twenty-five men reporting, the ranks were soon thinned to eighteen eager freshmen. The squad held continued practice in preparation for their first parade at Bucksport on Memorial Day. Then it was back to rehearsals for the June 11 graduation of the Class of '55. On graduation day the squad performed very well with assistant drill master Toelhke in command. With graduation over and the freshman drill squad now middleclassmen, Mid'n Towne was appointed drill master and Mid'n Kallock assistant drill master. On June 25, the drill squad marched in the Bangor Derby Parade for the second time, having marched there the previous year.

Only two days later we were off to Skowhegan to welcome President Eisenhower. This was one of our most memorable performances, the crowd numbered some six thousand people and they were very gracious with their applause. It was a great thrill for us all, to see the President of the United States in person.

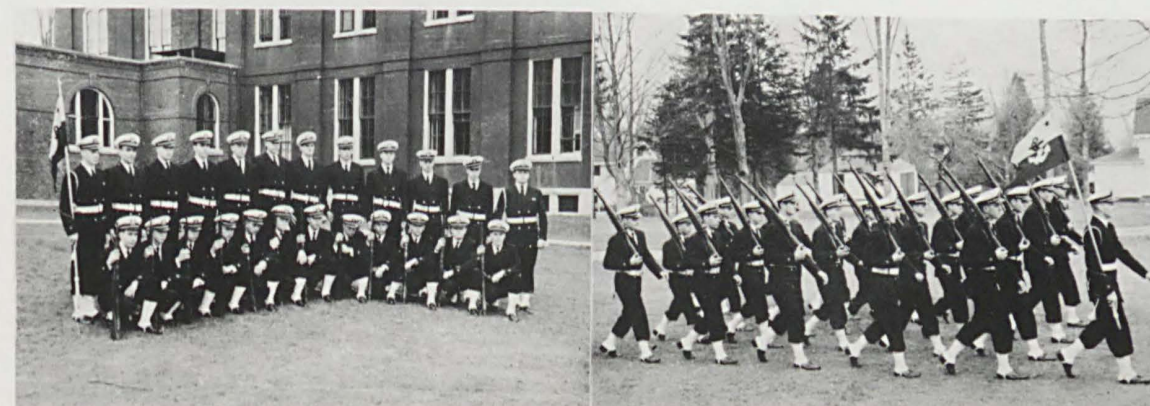
For the festivities of the Fourth of July we journeyed to Stonington to spend a gala day marching and eating lobster. All members of the band and drill squad enjoying themselves very much.

Next on the agenda was the Rockland Lobster Festival where the drill squad marched in the huge parade down Main Street in Rockland.

The day was highlighted by the pretty young sea princess whose escorts were from the Academy.

Another event which will be long remembered by the drill squad was the grand opening of the huge Bangor Auditorium. The drill squad was asked to perform; along with seven bands from throughout the state. The crowd was estimated at over six thousand people and received the Middies who were marching inside for the first time, with waves of applause.

Our season ended on November 12. The band and drill squad combined for a short performance during the half-time of the traditional Mass. and Maine game which was homecoming weekend for the Alumni. This was to be the last muster of the 1955 drill squad and drill master Towne extends thanks and well done to the men who participated and did their best to make it a very successful year.



PROPELLER CLUB



Left to right: Don Silver, Secretary; Ted Tracy, Vice President; Bill Banks, President; Mucka McCarthy, Treasurer.

The newly-elected officers for the duration of 1955-56 were as follows: President, Bill Banks; Vice President, Ted Tracy; Secretary, Don Silver; Treasurer, John McCarthy.

This year the Propeller Club enjoyed a very successful National Maritime Day. This was made possible through the cooperation of every member and special recognition should go to the Bangor businessmen, for their wonderful donations and special services. For example: Freeze's and J. J. Newberry's donated window space while WABI and WLBZ donated radio time. Still many other businessmen gave donations which made it possible for our club to run an advertisement in the Bangor Daily News. This ad was to acquaint the people with National Maritime Day and what it commemorated.

Our club advisor, Cdr. Hurder, deserves special recognition for his work done on National Maritime Day and for his careful guidance of our club.

In closing a word from our president, Bill Banks: "If we are to keep and protect our country we need the American Merchant Marine. The propeller club ports can secure and present the needed activity and attention."

YEARBOOK STAFF TRICK'S END '56

We of the 1956 Trick's End Staff have endeavored in the past nine months to produce a yearbook among the best in school history. After much discussion, Jackson-White Studios of Portland were chosen as class photographer. Portland Lithograph won the bid for printing and with the arrival of a new freshman class production started.

The '56 staff was new to Trick's End as it contained representatives from every class and was designed to train future staffs in the production of our nautical yearbook. Its branches were Business, Illustration, and Literary. Within these three divisions the middleclass and underclass staff members were to work on equal footing with the senior members.

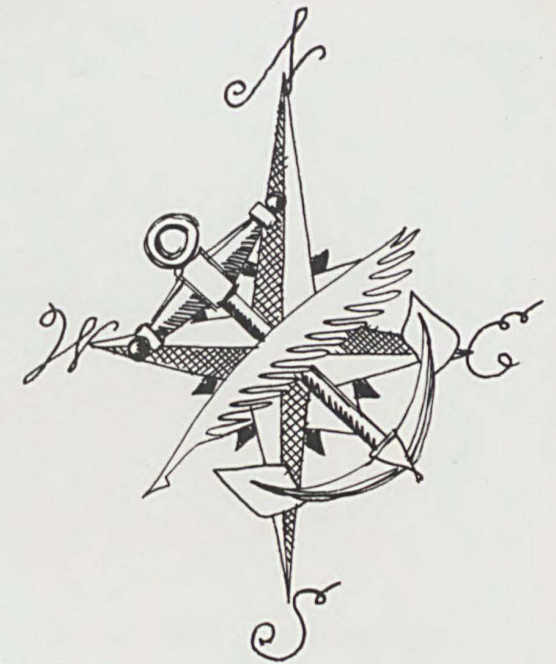
Our goal was three thousand dollars in advertising and special liberty was granted to those willing to work on this drive. Maine was the principal contributor to the fourteen hundred dollars we were to receive prior to the cruise. In this effort we out-distanced the twelve hundred dollar total of last year's book.

With the commencement of classes and throughout the first trimester it was evident that lack of time was going to be the principal drag factor. Twenty-five class hours per week, studying, watches, necessary maintenance, musters, drill, and other factors made it impossible for us to meet the deadlines. Although we failed in this, cooperation among the staff and a freshman class artist found time to keep a flow of copy into the yearbook office (Bandroom) by spurts that enabled us to remain ahead of the pace set by last year's class.

The cruise found the yearbook far from completion and the photography and art departments of Illustration put in many extra hours to supply vital material. A co-captain of the football squad answered the plea of the sports editor and spent three full days of re-writing copy, enabling twenty more pages to be ready at Portland.

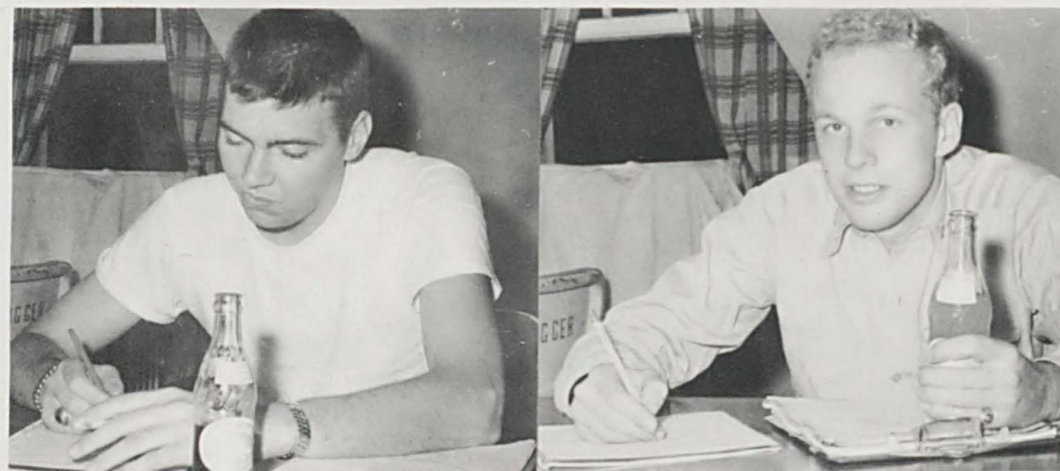
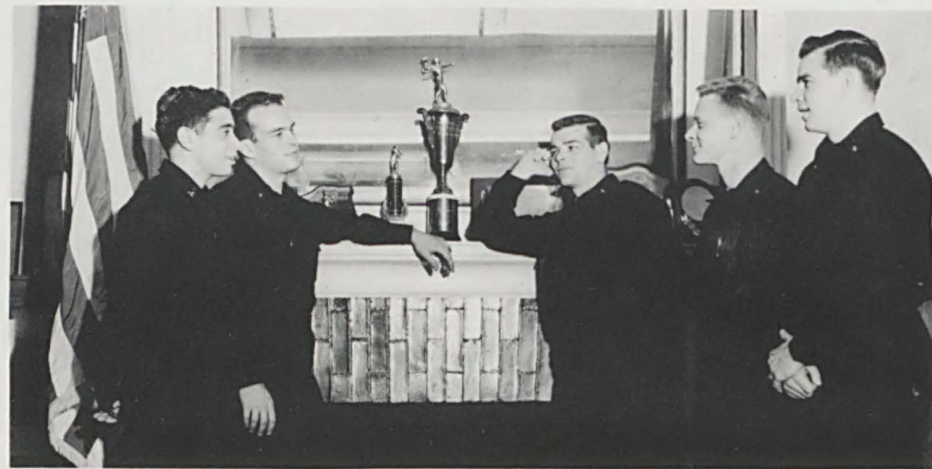
In summary: The work done and the sacrifices made for this publication cannot be compensated; for this I sincerely thank the 1956 Trick's End Staff without whose help the production of this book would have been impossible. I hope this book can in some way be a tribute to our effort.

Mid'n Richard M. Chandler
Editor-in-Chief



EDITOR AND ASSISTANT EDITOR

SENIOR STAFF



SENIOR EDITORS

Advertising Manager
Editor-in-Chief
Business Manager
Photography Editor
Sports Editor

SENIOR ASSISTANTS

Senior Writeups
Chief Photographer
Intramural Sports
Advertising
Class History

TRICK'S END STAFF 1956

Editor-in-Chief: **Chandler**

Assistant Editor: **Bowdoin**

BUSINESS

Business Manager: **Fleming**

Assistant Manager: **Silver**

Business Assistant: **Hanson**

Advertising Manager: **Androsiglio**

Assistant Manager: **Ellis**

Advertising Assistants:

Gribbin, Harriman

ILLUSTRATION

Photography Editor: **Payson**

Chief Photographer: **Brunson**

Assistant Photographers:

Philbrook, G. R. G. Smith

Art Editor: **Toehlke**

Assistant in Art: **Hammons**

Chief Artist: **Daily**

LITERARY

Sports Editor: **Dyro**

Assistant Sports Editor: **Cuzzopoli**

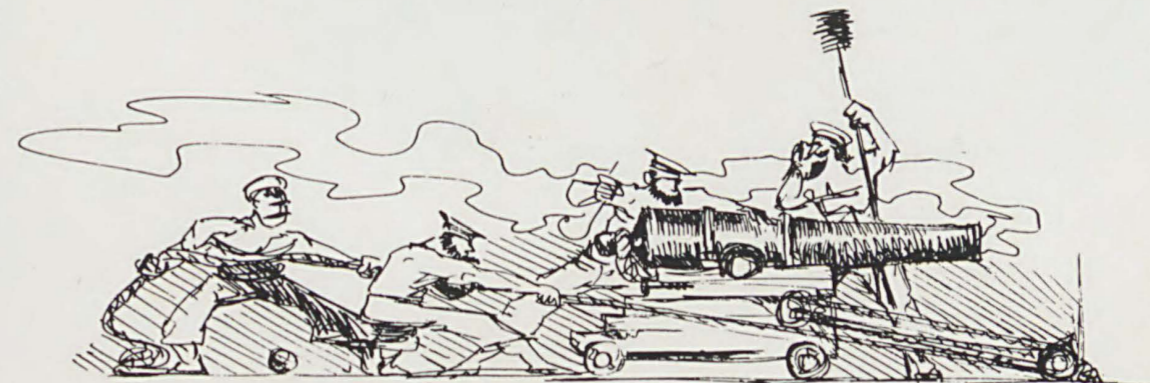
Intramural Sports: **Hall**

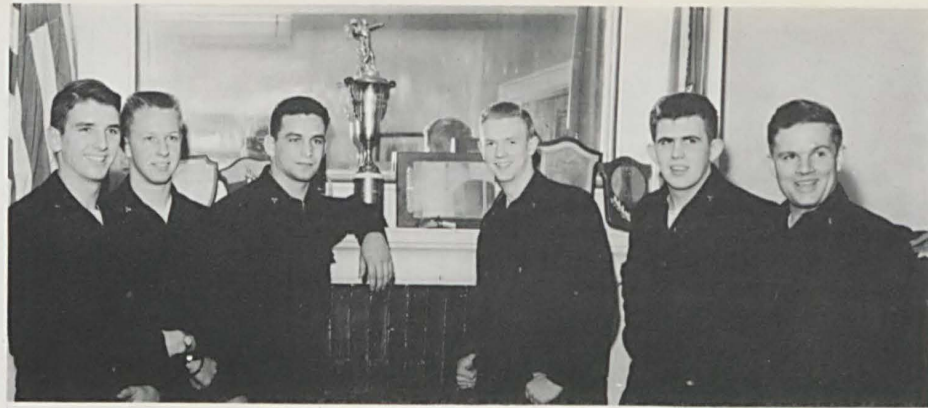
Senior Writeups: **Svelling**

Class Historian: **Scribner**

Literary Assistant: **Doyle**

Typists: **Hay, Farnham**

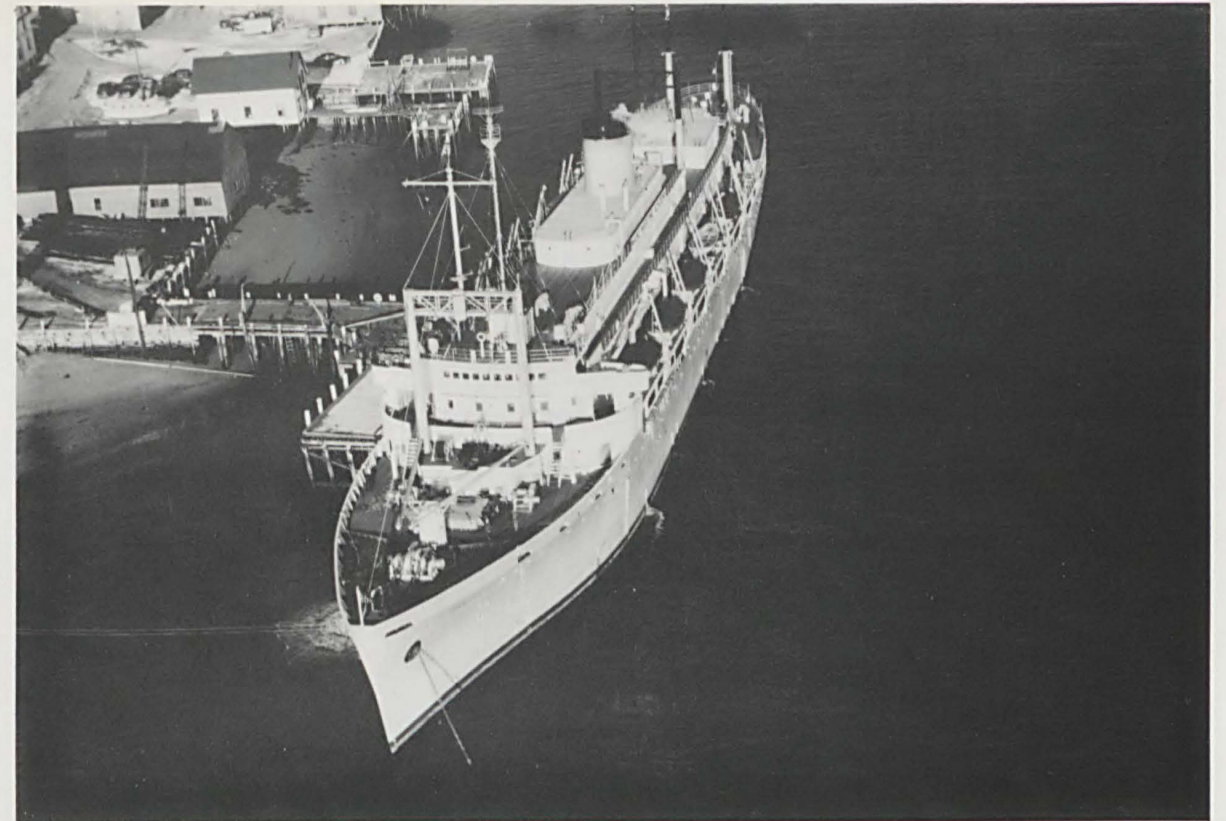
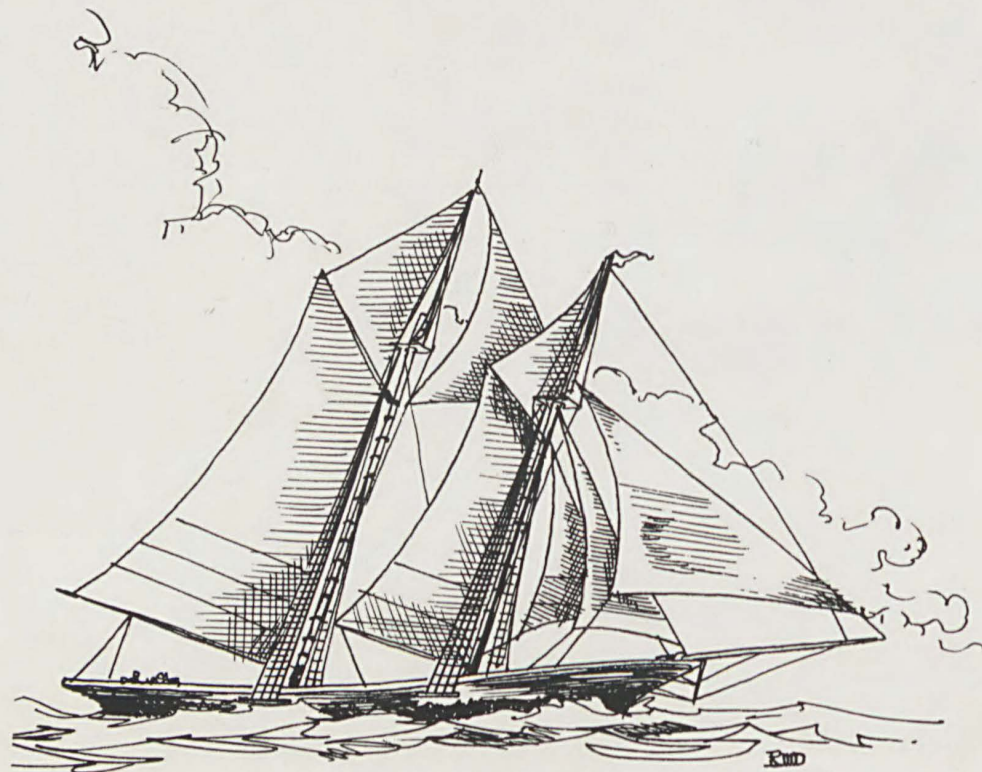




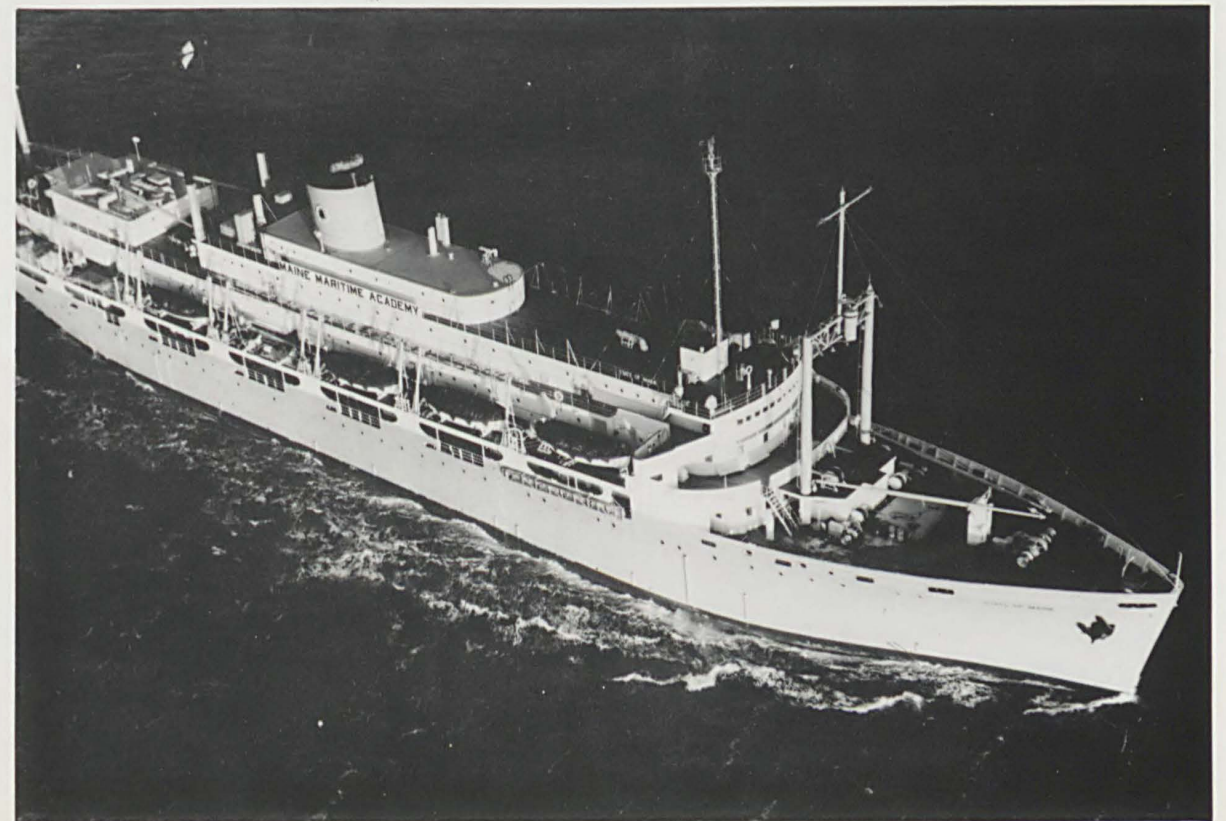
Middle Class Staff: Business, Art, Sports, Advertising, Literary, Photography



Underclass Staff: Chief Artist, Typist, Business, Photography



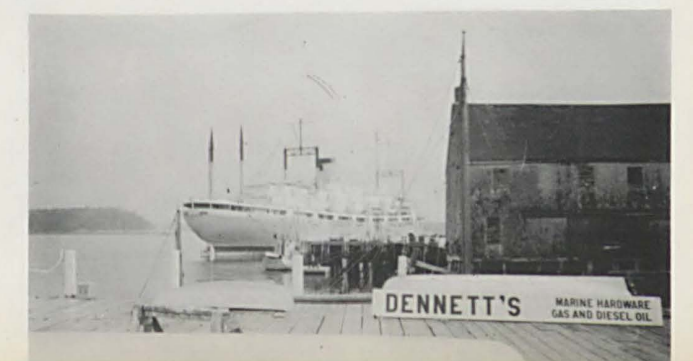
T.V. STATE OF MAINE

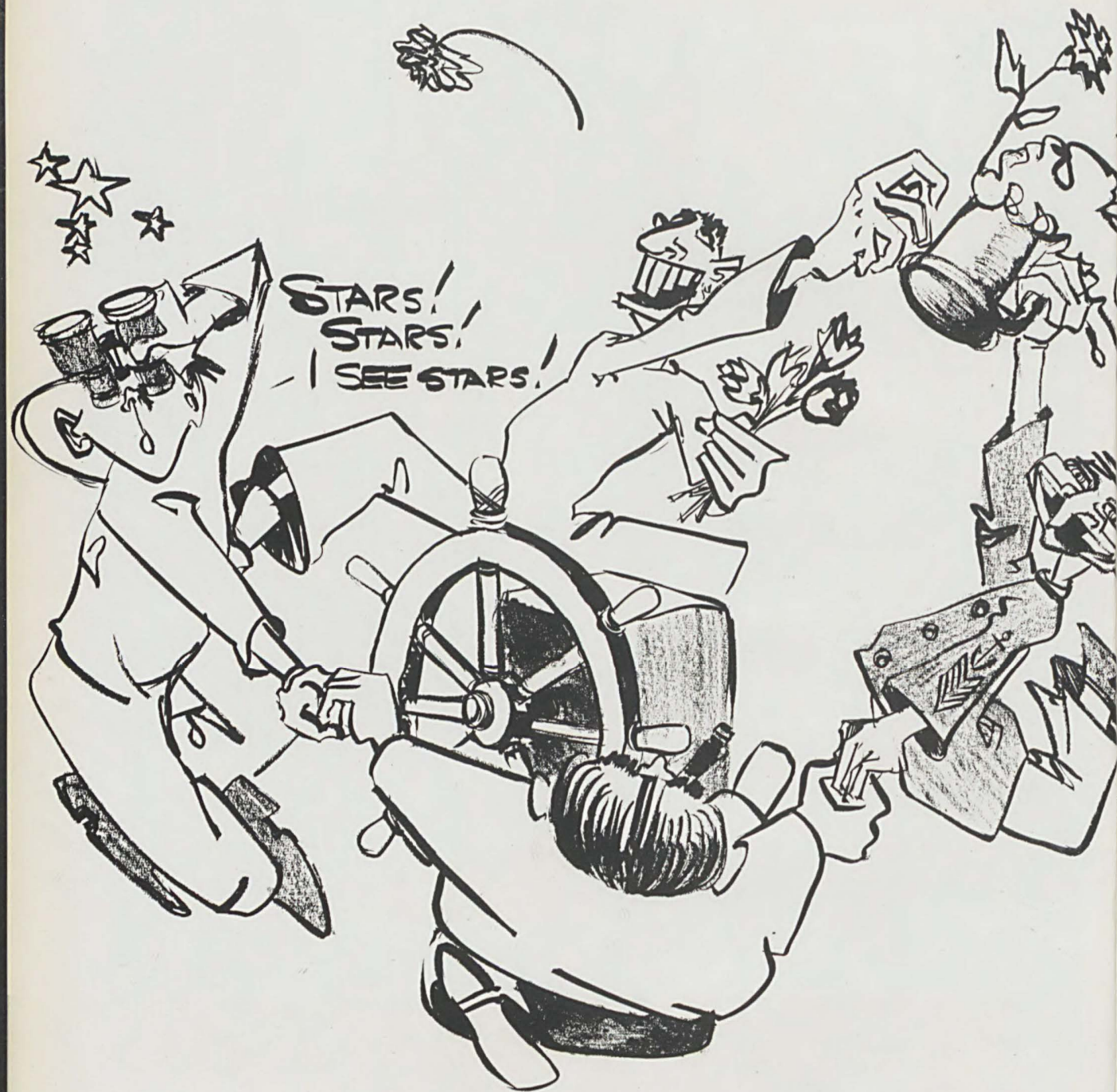


SUBCHASER

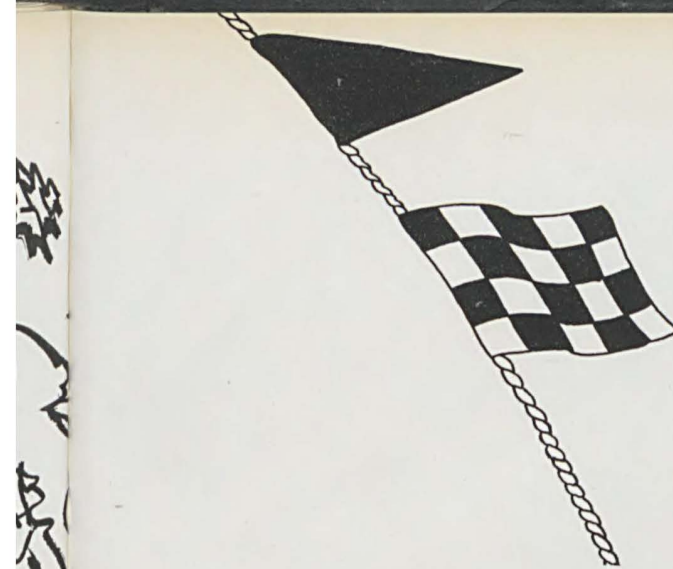


CAMPUS AND DOCK AREA

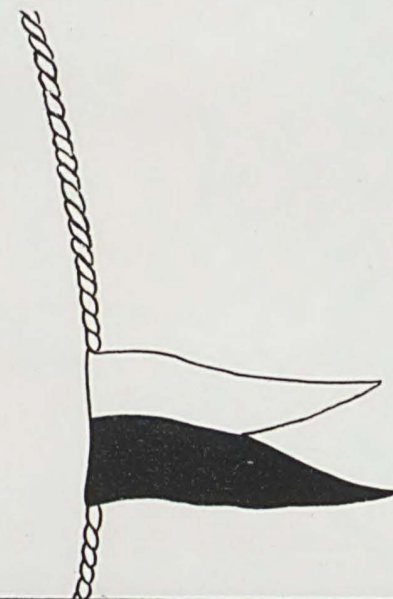




RING AROUND THE BINNACLE, ANYONE?

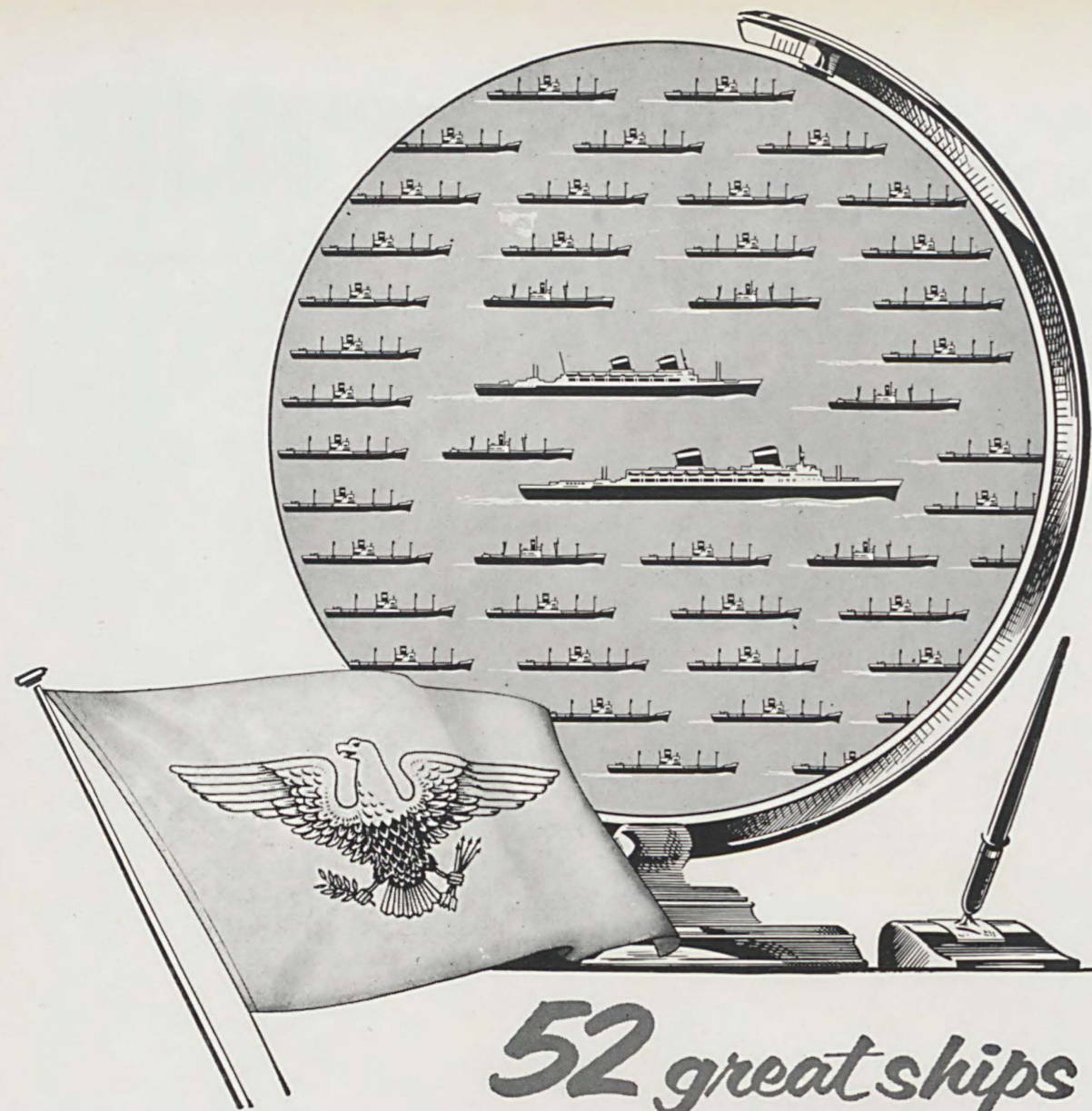


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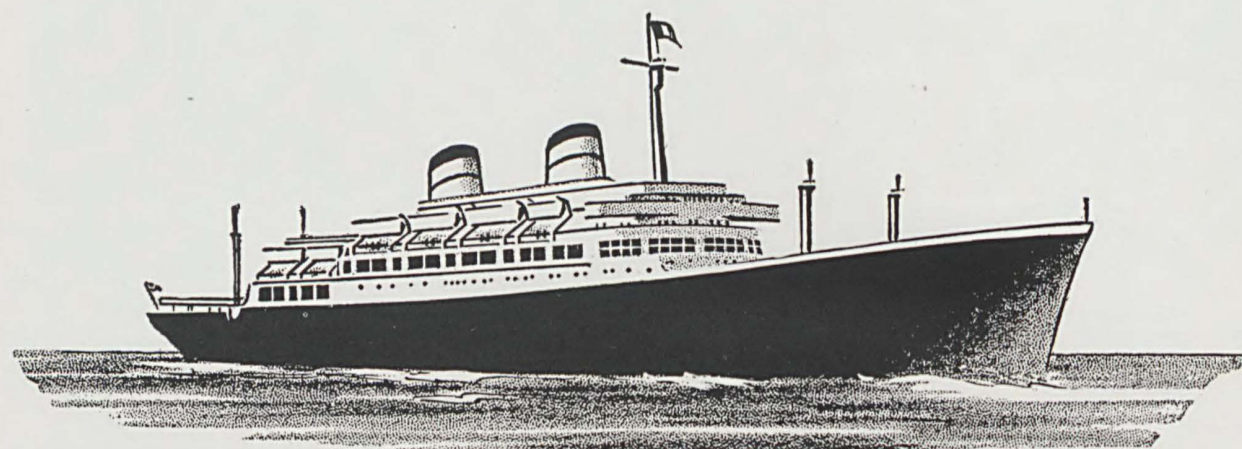
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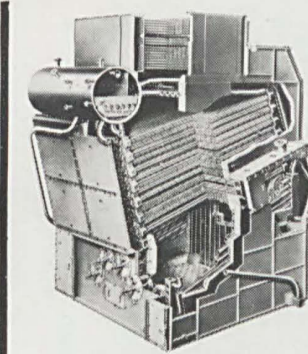
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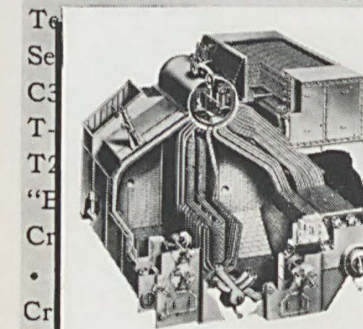
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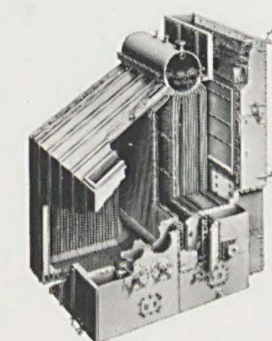
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