The Eighteenth Graduating Class of Midshipmen Presents
To all sailors wherever ye may be:

Forshoals, Shaks, Dolphins, Eels, Skates, Suckers, Crabs, Lobs, and all other living things of the sea.

Know ye, that on April 30, 1960 a certain vessel appeared within our royal domain.

Be it remembered that the said vessel and officers and crew thereof, have been inspected and passed on by ourself and our royal staff of engineers, and others who may be honored by his presence that they have been found worthy to be numbered as one of our trusty shellbacks.

Having been found worthy to be numbered as one of our trusty shellbacks, he has been duly initiated into the solemn mysteries of the ancient order of the deep.

Be it further understood, that all who shall here upon command all my subjects to show respect to him wherever he may be.

Disobey this order, and suffer our royal displeasure.

Charles W. Noble

Solemn Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep.
In Memoriam

Robert E. Thompson, CWO, HC, USN (Ret.). The sudden and unexpected passing of Chief Thompson has left each of the officers and midshipmen of the Academy with a feeling of deep personal loss. During his eight years as the Academy Pharmacist, the Chief had endeared himself to all who knew him. He will be sorely missed.

There is so much that can be said for Tommy. His dedication to his work, his unfailing good humor, his fondness for the midshipmen — all bear witness to the character of the man. But most important the Chief was a shipmate, a buddy, a friend — everyone’s friend. There was nothing Tommy wouldn’t do for the Middies. The Chief was available day or night for those who needed him. Whether the disturbance was a cold, an ache, or a personal problem, there was always consolation to be found by seeing the Chief.

Somehow, even now, it doesn’t seem possible that the friendly man with the big cigar is no longer with us. Although the good natured Chief who took all our razzing with a big grin and a twinkle in his eye has taken his last departure, there is a part of him which remains. The Chief was a part of the Academy, a part of the life of each officer and midshipman. Death may have removed the Chief from our midst, but Tommy will live on in the memory and traditions of the Academy.

“He liveth well who loveth well all things both great and small.”
We the class of 1960 proudly dedicate this book to Dr. Harold S. Babcock.

Dr. Babcock, who founded the Castine Community Hospital in 1928, was born in Hampden, Maine, on August 31, 1888. After attending Hampden Academy he attended Jefferson Medical College, from which he was graduated in 1916. Dr. Babcock interned at Eastern Maine General Hospital until 1917, at which time he began his practice in Castine.

Dr. Babcock soon attained the confidence and respect of the town's people, and has added many Middies to his long list of admirers since the Academy was founded. The "Doc's" calm assuredness removed any fear or doubt from all of his patients, and anyone leaving his office did so with a smile.

When Dr. Babcock retired from his practice, this past year, it was felt by all that we had lost a true friend, and an excellent Doctor.

To you Dr. Harold S. Babcock, we dedicate this book as a small token of our everlasting gratitude.
THE PREPARATION OF THE YOUTH OF AMERICA

First -- To be alert and informed citizens, in an age when ignorance or misinformation could bring political catastrophe -- an age when the guarding of our nearest communities may ultimately depend upon our knowledge of the most distant lands and peoples.

Second -- To be tolerant and sensitive citizens -- so that our society may not suffer the moral sickness that is bigotry -- and may clearly perceive the values and the virtues cherished in other societies.

Third -- To be skilled and accomplished citizens -- able to grasp the great levers, turn the giant wheels, of this new atomic age, as nature finally surrenders to men so many of its colossal secrets.

Fourth -- To be wise and reflective citizens, thankful for the new leisure, promising a new freedom from much toil -- not merely to relax in pleasure but to cultivate the mind and to nourish the spirit. To be wholly educated, in the sense that man is a spiritual and intellectual and physical being. America needs citizens strong in their ideals and spiritual convictions, healthy in their bodies, and tirelessly inquiring in mind.

And finally -- to be bold and courageous citizens, knowing that strength and sacrifice are the indispensable saving weapons of freedom -- and knowing that the frontier in America, that rules so much of our history, has become, in this age, the frontier that is America -- leader of free nations, hope of free men.

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
The Graduating Class of 1960
Maine Maritime Academy
Castine, Maine

Dear Friends:

Soon you will be going to sea on a full time basis as officers in this country's Merchant Marine.

It is a pleasure for me as Governor to extend to you the heartiest congratulations of all the people of Maine on this milestone in your careers.

I wish you safe and rewarding voyages on the sea and through life. I am confident that the training you have received at the Maine Maritime Academy will help you add luster to the already bright traditions of Maine seamanship.

Sincerely yours,

Governor
To the Class of 1960:

For three years you have had the opportunity to attend a school which in its eighteen years of existence has attained high esteem in the shipping circles of the nation.

This high esteem has been attained because the men who graduated before you have proven to be capable officers. They have established a reputation of not being afraid of honest hard work. Because of this many of them already have attained high positions in their calling.

You, by doing as well, will carry on the tradition and will help pave the way for those graduates who will come after you.

My life is continually being brightened by hearing of the successful achievements of graduates of this school and by being told by shipping men everywhere that the graduates of the Maine Maritime Academy make fine officers.

What your predecessors have done, you also can do.

I wish you much success and happy sailing.

Sincerely,

Ralph A. Leavitt
Chairman, Board of Trustees
MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE, MAINE
OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT
18 June 1960

To the Members of the Maine Maritime Academy Graduating Class of 1960:

As you leave Castine to travel the seven seas either on the bridge or in the engine room I wish to take this opportunity to extend to you my best wishes for a successful career as a Merchant Marine Officer.

Our great country is the leading maritime nation of the world. As our prosperity increases and our manufactured products increase in volume it follows that you will undoubtedly witness and be part of expanded commerce with other nations.

As officers manning the ships of the American Merchant Marine you will be carrying our products to all parts of the world. Wherever you go always remember you will be representing your country. You can make either friends or enemies according to your attitude toward those with whom you come into contact.

The award of a degree of Bachelor of Marine Science indicates you have successfully completed the required course to start you on your way. The task that lies ahead is a most challenging one and you dare not remain static even though your studies here at the Academy have ceased. Your education is not complete nor will it ever be. Continue to improve your mind and your qualifications beyond those required by your immediate job.

Good-bye and good luck.

Most sincerely,

George J. King
Rear-Admiral USN (Ret.)
Superintendent.
To the Class of 1960:

I have been closely associated with you men during your stay at the Maine Maritime Academy.

At this time of graduation and parting I wish to tell you that this association has been of great satisfaction and pleasure to me.

The combination of your education at the Maine Maritime Academy and the traits of character of interest, industry and trustworthiness which you have shown cannot fail to insure success and happiness for you.

I am certain that you will carry out the duties and responsibilities of your chosen profession in such manner as will reflect great credit to you and your training.

A "Well Done" to the Class of 1960.

A. F. Coffin
Captain, MMA
DEPARTMENT HEADS

JOHN M. KENNADAY
Education
Captain USN (Ret.)

RUSSELL H. TERRY
Nautical Science
Commander USMS

EDWARD F. BROWN
Engineering
Lieut. USNR

HARRISON E. SMALL
Academic
Commander USMS

ARTHUR B. BARIBAULT
Naval Science
Commander USN

INSTRUCTORS

MICHAEL D. AHAULT
Naval Science
FCT 1C USN

ROBERT A. ATWOOD
Mathematics
Lieut. (J.G.) MMA

PAUL CLEMENTS
Engineering
Commander MMA

ROBERT J. DOONAN
Naval Science
Lieut. USNR

DONALD AIKENS
Seamanship
Lieut. MMA

JOHN W. BURROWES
Economics
Lieut. MMA
LYNWOOD FARR
Engineering
Lieut. (J.G.) MMA

EARL W. FRENCH
Hygiene
Lieut. (J.G.) USN (Ret.)

RODNEY F. GRAY
First Lieutenant
Commander USMS

VERNON HASKELL
Seamanship
Boatswain

CHESTER B. HOVERMALE
Naval Science
Chief Gunner's Mate, USN

GEORGE P. JACOBS
Engineering
Lieut. (J.G.) USMS

EDWARD R. KEESEY
Spanish
Commander USN (Ret.)

PATRICK C. LOGAN
Naval Science
Lieut. (J.G.) USN

JAMES A. LYLE
Engineering
Lieut. Commander USN (Ret.)

RICHARD MAIN
Engineering
Lieut. (J.G.) USNR

WALTER T. MAYO
Engineering
Warrant Officer Machinist

MINOT C. MORSE, JR.
Physics
Lieut. USNR
ALFRED R. PHILBRICK, JR.
Seamanship
Lieut. USNR

RICHARD L. RENNER
Engineering
Lieut. MMA

WENDALL A. SHEPARD
Engineering
Lieut. (J.G.) USMS

JOHN F. SNOW
Engineering
Lieut. (J.G.) USMS

DAVID HAMLIN
Naval Science
Chief Yeoman, USN

DAVIS E. WIGGIN
Director of Athletics

26

MAINTENANCE

ERNEST COLLAR
Carpenter

Gerald Day
Carpenter

WILBERT GRAY
Maintenance

THEODORE SCAMMONS
Truck Driver

27
GEORGE MOORE
Plumber

EDGAR BOWDEN
Electrician

LLOYD FARLEY
Small Stores

WILLIAM COOMBS
Ship Carpenter

STAN TROUT
Store Keeper

JOHN FARRELL
Electrician

RODERICK McLEOD
Chief Steward

THE COOKS
FRANK PETER ALBANEZE
“Frank”
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Intramural, Softball

Frank likes the opposite sex. He thinks that "walking" is one of his duties. His Brooklyn brood accent often added charm, as well as a few laughs to a good "bull" session. When it came to study, however, or when work was at hand, our boy was right there, book and crescent wrench in hand. It will be a long time before any of us forget the smile and for that winter the "real cool man," from the Flat of Style, New York.

Good luck to you, Frank. With all of your engineering class-time, we are sure that you will go far in the Finnish career.

GORDON HOWARD ALLEN
“Gordy”
BATH, MAINE

Football Intramural Basketball
Baseball

Wise as an owl, he sleeps all day. But, when on liberty, a great change comes over him. Suddenly, he wants nothing to do with sleeping; all night parties and fast cars were more to his liking.

Probably one of the most serious boys we have, he has a stick-to-it determination unmatched by any other. We know that he will succeed in all he undertakes, and give him our sincere wishes for a very rewarding future.

MARTYN A. ALLEN
“Marty”
SOUTH PORTLAND, MAINE

Baseball (Mgr.) Propeller Club
Bond

Though you search the wide world round, a nicer guy can't be found.

Even among those of his classmates who know him best, “Marty has enjoyed the reputation of being a quiet man. And, as is often the case with reserved New England, Marty's competence in the performance of duties has been equal to his nature.

Good luck to you, Marty. With all of your engineering class-time, we are sure that you will go far in the Maine career.

JERRY BISHOP
“Bopper”
KITTERY, MAINE

Softball Yacht Club

A cloud of dust, a dissonant bang of leaky mufflers and a hearty "Come on, Baby, let's make it go" and the Bopper was off on another 90 knot expedition to Kittery. "The Fastest ride south" he boasted, and it was the truth. It was always full ahead, and then some, when the Bopper controlled the Revs.

How Jerry could make a stubborn engine work by talking to it nicely was something we could never quite figure out, but it never failed. In addition, the same facility he exhibited in his way with cars, he also showed in his method with practical marine engineering problems. A faulty pump or shorted circuit was repaired effortlessly when Jerry was on the job. He did have a little trouble with the "Doonan Board" though, but then, it's sort of hard to take bearings from the maneuvering platform, isn't it Bopper? Keep up the pace, Jerry. The road of life may give you some close calls, but we know you will enjoy your every endeavor.
WALLACE ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

“Crow”

SACO, MAINE

Rifle and Pistol Club  Baseball
Propeller Club

Even among those of his class who know him best, Crow has earned the reputation of being quite a man. As is often the case with reserved individuals, Crow’s competence in the performance of his duties and the sports in which he engaged has been equal to his reserve.

When Friday came you could always see “Crow” heading towards a boat or from it to his girl or if he wasn’t doing that he would be in his room “hitting the books.”

Good luck to you in the future, “Crow.”

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DAVID GILKER DAVENPORT

“Stick”

WESTBROOK, MAINE

Intramural Softball  Drill Squad

Dave’s arrival at MMA from Hebron Academy brought a new world to his life. As he came through the North Door the name “Stick” came in with him.

His favorite pastime was talking ships, particularly ships of “der Fuehrer’s Navy.” His excellent knowledge was due to his studious efforts. Rooming with Baldy and Bebop, he managed to keep his serious manner. Dave was always ready to assist with the Drill Squad in Sandy’s absence.

His black Chev was a source of many problems from fence posts to timing gears.

We know Dave will do a fine job as an engineer on a Merchant vessel and will live up to the Academy’s reputation.

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RAYMOND JAMES DEVINE

“Ray”

PORTLAND, MAINE

Color Sergeant  Drill Squad
Softball

When the famous Valentino paused on the world told, “Well, we still have Ray.” “Yes sir, Ignorant and gentleman, Ray Devine. We will never forget Ray’s witty remarks in class, nor his habit of always running out of cigarettes. We know that the success of our Lobster and Broiler Festival was due to two things: the girls who were contributed by the cadet, and Ray Devine, who was contributed by the Academy. Ray was always a good spoke in the class, and a good practical engineer on the course. We know that success will follow him through life.

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RAYMOND JOSEPH DIONNE

“Frog”

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Drill Squad  Baseball
Color Guard

Ray was known also as “sleepy” for a very good reason. He was usually found in a seat in the back row of his classes with his eyelids drooping. Ray always came through with a good mark on his tests, however, and kept the whole class merry with his casual wisecracks. Ray frowned upon any hard physical work, but always did it when he could. Ray was also the vocalist in our group, and when he mustered up enough energy, would give us a few choruses of a popular song. We know that Ray will succeed, especially with his casual manner, in whatever he pleases.
ROBERT B. DOWNS

"Bob"
BELFAST, MAINE

Football  Baseball

Bob, one of our most illustrious engineers, was always to be found with a smile on his face and a joke on his lips. He was another member of the black gang. He has probably forgotten more about boilers than the rest of us will ever know. Bob's talents were not confined to boilers, however. He was good in every subject, remembering (and more important understanding) all of the fine points. This facility helped to cut through to the core of a seemingly intractable problem during cruises.

Bob's day was not all work though. When liberty time arrived, he was one of the first down the gangways, raring to go to the last break up. We know Dave Russell will be far Bob. Your entrance into the Maritime field is sure to bring you great success.

DAVID GRANT DUFF

"Fanu"
OLD GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Yacht Club  Propeller Club

If you should hear someone say that he knows the best storyteller in the class of '60, you can be sure he is referring to Dave Duff. Dave came to us from the great state of Connecticut with a store of knowledge which touched upon everything under the sun. If he had not personally experienced something he was sure to know someone who had. His diesels and his famous "callers" provided many laughs for all of us.

On the cruise, he proved by his actions that he was both a good seaman and an excellent engineer. He always showed himself to be very versatile with a knowledge and understanding of ships and their power plants that will carry him far. It will be a sad day when he leaves.

Good sailing to you Dave. It was wonderful to have you as a classmate and as a friend.

RAYMOND RUSSELL ELLIS, JR.

"Ray"
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Varsity Baseball  Drill Squad

One of the finest engineers in the class, Ray was always in a happy mood both in and out of class. As Chief Engineer of the "Pathfinder", you could always find Ray working away his spare time. He was always willing to share his knowledge with someone else, and to give a helping hand when needed. His outstanding contribution as the engineer will be a great asset to him in the future.

JOSEPH JULIUS FISCHL

"Shifty"
BRONX, NEW YORK

Joe came to us from the Bronx, bringing with him many tales of delinquency, crime waves, etc. Always willing to expound on the art of knife throwing and knife fighting, he would usually be found polishing his saber in his spare time. Apart from his knife collection and studies, he found time to demonstrate his lady killer abilities on a certain girl in Castine. Always a man for studying, his academic subjects showed that he always came through when it counted. We know that wherever he goes he will be successful in his work as he was here during the school years.
JOHN JOSEPH GYENES
"Cat"
SOMERVILLE, NEW JERSEY
Drill Squad - Newspaper Staff

Friendly always, good-natured ever, witty too; decisively clever. John will never forget all of the "DUCKY" times he spent in Aruba, and neither will all of us. In fact neither will Aruba's Post Office, which is being kept quite busy by none other than our own "CAT".

There is no need for us to list his many accomplishments, for John, as we all know, will go far with his many talents.

KENNETH ROBERT HARDY
"Spider"
WINTHROP, MAINE
Football Intramural Softball
Basketball

Spider Hardy came from Winthrop, Maine (as if he'd let anyone forget it). He had an obsession to tag everything with the mark of the Winthrop Winner. Many a Sunday evening was taken (and well filled at that) with laughter at the antics of this fellow. Each weekend seemed like a tale out of a paper bound book.

Ken always seemed to have a good word for everyone. His antics on "A" deck will long be remembered. If the chips were really down, his little phrase of "don't sweat the nickel and dime stuff" seemed to help lift the burden off everyone's shoulders. During cruise Ken always demonstrated that the chain of good engineers from Winthrop has not yet been broken. Time meant nothing to him; the only thing that mattered was that the job was getting done. On liberty, his cares and woes were left in his sea bag on the ship. He showed us all how to have a good time.

Good luck and good sailing to you Ken. We know that whatever line you pursue, you will surely obtain great success.

WILLIAM HILL
"Bill"
BANGOR, MAINE
B- CO., C.P.O.
B- CO., PLATOON LEADER
Football Baseball

"Bill" who is a member of the Bangor Bandits was never one to take a back seat to anyone when it came to playing. Bill was one of the most active sports enthusiasts in the school and no one will ever forget his feats on the gridiron. Although an ardent fan of Sack Time, whenever there was a job to be done, Bill was right there to do it. His work on the ship has earned him commendations and he will make some company a good seaman.

DUANE ELLIS HJULSTROM
"Woody"
PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE
Propeller Club Basketball
Intramural Softball

One day of school and six days of rest that's when "Woody" is at his best.

The escapades with Dick, Ray, and Steele on the 1959 cruise were of such a nature that the named foursome will not forget them for many a year.

At the academy Woody was quiet and reserved with a will of determination of his own to do the best with the least. We are sure that Duane's name will be remembered long in the Academy. Success will follow wherever he goes.
PHILIP HUTCHINSON
"Hutch"
PORTLAND, MAINE

Here is the Class Wit of the sailors graduating in the Class of '60. Wherever there was laughter, you could be sure to find Hutch. Always in these with a ready quip Phil was not afraid to come up with an appropriate remark to meet any situation. He single handedly kept the graduating class in stitches.

Having a way with both women and a jug that made him the envy of the Degraded, Phil also proved that he had a bad sense of humor. Apart from work on the turbine and the deck of the machine shop still odds beguiled the training vessel. And most important, his practical engineering skill equaled his skill in a Conducting party and others.

And so as the toast taker we drank a final toast — and might we speak, of course — Phil's that may not be a proper one, for there is no doubt he will be a happy one.

GARY RAYMOND JOSEPH
"Arab"
WATERVILLE, MAINE

Drill Team Student Council
Rifle and Pistol Club

Gary was one of our imports from Waterville; however ask anyone and they will say without hesitation that he is a genuine "Arab". "Arab" or not, we were all pleased to see him at M.M.A. His "it will never happen" will be recalled in our reminiscences many years hence.

Gary was never reluctant to lend a hand at any work, nor did he ever shy away from the threateningly large engineering texts. Interesting tales provided awe and conversation to his classmates about innumerable home leaves.

Having observed Gary's contributions here at M.M.A., we are confident that he will make a creditable account of himself, and that he will make the profession of going to sea one of the most respected.

THOMAS FRANCIS KILLACKEY II
"Old Man"
BRONX, NEW YORK

Baseball

Work fascinated Tom, he can watch it for hours.

Tom found the Maine wilderness a bit different from the Bronx, but he soon found out that he could adapt to this. The reason was his many trips to Ord and Ellsworth.

We will miss Tom and the complexities that entailed for him on maintenance. It seemed to him that he always got the dirtiest and the hardest job on the ship. But he always took it in stride.

He was a good sailor, and should go far at sea.

JOSEPH KOSTIUK, JR.
"Hawk"
WEST DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Football Baseball

Joe was better known as the "Hawk", a guy who always had a smile no matter how insurmountable an obstacle may have appeared.

Never complaining about the amount of work handed him, we knew that any job was going to be done right if the Hawk was in charge. On the cruise, Joe was the maintenance man doing any job that came about during the day or night.

On his off days when he wasn't working, you could find him helping someone else. A fine practical engineer and a good man with words, Joe will be a hard man to replace.
RICHARD STEWART LEMOINE

"Dick"

BATH, MAINE

Intramural Sports Basketball

Another one of many immigrants from Bath, Dick was one of the most valuable men in our class. A good leader of men and a good man in the engine room, he had his share of tough going ... as have his predecessors from Bath. Dick was always one for a good time during liberty. He never lost anything when he could help it, and he was always trying not to. Always with a smile, no matter what he obstacled, Dick will be remembered as good at the quieter men in the classroom and one of the chief sources of liberty. Miss Humes especially yet Dick, wherever you go.

ROBERT ALAN MADSEN

"Bob"

PORTLAND, MAINE

CHIEF GUNNER'S MATE

Softball Handball

Rifle and Pistol Club

"Who's got the jug?" Yes, it's Bob Madsen, C deck's enigmatic engineering authority, looking for another customer — of milk, of course. Bob, one of MACC's most active playboys, had a winning way which made him a welcome member of any crowd. Always there with a good tune for everyone, he became one of our most acceptable, if notisters. Life had many serious moments for Bob, too, and early in his career at the Academy, he established himself as an outstanding engineer, exhibiting a natural mechanical ability which made him Lt. Brown's pride and joy. With the work of so many, and studies completed, Bob was ready for the ride to Portland, means to see Jane. He's Bob, Mary ... this boy really deserves that variety is the spice of life.

JAMES LITTLEFIELD

CAMDEN, MAINE

Band

Propeller Club

Jim Monroe is Camden's gift to the female population of Castine, and a good engineer to boot. From the days as a mug when Jim proudly announced to a petty officer that his shoes did shine more than the p.o.'s (only to have his achievement dissolve and many push-ups in its place) to present day status as a highly able and willing engineer, he carried with him his ever-present good humor and quick smile. A tall boy, crew-cut, a long pipe giving forth great quantities of toxic fumes, and a willing companion for weekend liberty will immediately recall to mind Jim Monroe. Much of the best for you, Jim.

DAVID RICHARD LONGSTAFF

"Dave"

WINSWO, MAINE

Football Intramural Basketball

"I only take a size 7½ hat," was Dave's never ending answer to those who claimed that his head was the biggest. Above this, Dave rose to be one of the best liked guys on campus. Who will ever forget the golden toe that kicked the winning point against MCI this year? His ability as a quarterback will long be remembered.

Off the field he was a good engineer, always hard at the books, putting his best into every job. During the cruise, his efforts were well appreciated. On liberty he was a great guy to have around. We are all sure that he will find more than ample success in his chosen field.

"Jim"

CAMDEN, MAINE

Band

Propeller Club

"Jim"}

42

43
PAUL RICHARD PELLETIER

"Skip"

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Intramural Softball

Another of the engineers finest. When weekends came you could always count on Skip for making certain "runs" to the Hill, for heading out for one of his famous dates. But to Paul, History dates are confusing. To Skip, Saturday dates are even more amusing when accompanied by Rupert Johnson. Paul was well known to Rupert, in fact he used to call Paul by his first name. Even on the cruises Paul had a good time, especially in Aruba, which we are assured he will never forget.

With his contagious good humor, and easy disposition, he is a wonderful man to work with. He deserves the best of luck, and smooth sailing.

WALTER WARREN PICHER

"Molly"

PORTLAND, MAINE

Baseball Propeller Club

Intramural Softball Yacht Club

Drill Squad

"What's the Word?" Why its Molly, of course. Molly has followed in the steps of his brother, that of being a good student and practical marine engineer. One of the most jovial and kind-hearted in the class, Molly would give anyone in need a lift. A member of the Drill Team for three years, Molly actively took part in other activities in the program, and although he had little free time, one could see him heading southward almost every weekend to see that "Certain person."

A person with your disposition is invaluable, Molly, and we are sure your life will be successful.

EUGENE CHARLES RINKER

"Kookie"

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASSACHUSETTS

Intramural Sports

"Kookie," Kookie, lend me your comb. No matter how hard we try, we just can't knock a regular guy. Gene spent many of his weekends in Castine, either working or hanging out with his friends. He is one of those famous "characters" for whom the nicknames are known. Anyone who ever went to school with him knows that he is a dependable person to be around. The very best of luck to you "Kookie," and smooth sailing.

ROBERT CAMERON ROBBINS

"Rob"

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Intramural Basketball Softball Battalion Supply Officer Golf

One of the quietest men in the class, Rob is a fine engineer and a person everyone is pleased to know. His friendship and manner is respected by all. This has been displayed in his performance as Battalion Supply Officer. All will agree that Rob is a credit to the Senior Engineering Section, as well as a credit to the Academy. Whenever there is work to be done, you can count on Rob's being there without having to be asked. A whiz with the books, as well as with practical experience, he will be missed by everyone with whom he has worked.
JOHN RALPH ROMANO
“Papa John”
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Softball Intramural Basketball

“Wait till next year” says John, talking quite naturally about his ever-famous “St. Louis Cardinals.” Being so enthused about this great team, instead of a pin-up girl, his pin-up is Stan Musial.

Quite the man of New York, John “Papa John” Romano, entered M.M.A. with no prior knowledge of mathematics, personality, willingness to learn and a helping hand to those who asked. During the course of years gone by, M.M.A., John so excelled in Math that Captain Kennedy almost hired him to teach the course. Conferred lots to you, John.

PHILIP HILLIARD RUGGLES
“Phil”
HOLDEN, MASSACHUSETTS
ASSISTANT MASTER-AT-ARMS
“B” COMPANY COMMANDER

Yacht Club Intramural Softball Varsity Football

“B” Company” — that was the call word of Phil. As the “B” Company Commander, we knew him as one of the top men in the class. His abilities were well shown in his three years here. His natural aptitude for handling men was appreciated by all.

In the class, he was quiet, but “beware of those that approach soft and quiet,” for Phil proved he knew the answers. On the cruises, his engineering abilities were a great help to the pit crew.

Besides these abilities, Phil was a great sportsman. On the football field the players soon came to appreciate and admire his clean-cut sportsmanship.

Good cruising to you, Phil. We know that success will always shine on you.

RICHARD SEMAN
“Dog”
NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Intramural Softball Basketball

After a good hard day’s work, “Let’s go to the Sail Inn,” was often on the lips of “White Dog” Seman. As was the case with the rest of us, he liked (lived — we should say loved) liberty. As a member of the black gang, he kept up the fine reputation. Began by his cousin.

Dick had many other talents. His capable performances on the basketball court and on the softball field were noted for clean-cut sportsmanship. In the “Dog” could be found nothing crooked. We soon learned that no matter what the season was, Dick would be in there doing his best. Smooth sailing to you. We know that you will continue to find success in life.

STANLEY DRAKE SEWALL
“Sud”
YORK, MAINE

Drill Squad Baseball

Who is the Middie with the far away look in his eye and the standard answer “amazing?” Why it’s Stan Sewall of course.

As one of the most studious engineers aboard, Stan spent much of his free time, including weekends, hitting the books.

From his first day at the Academy, Stan and Sandy were charter members of the Bald Men’s Association. As a Mug, he spent many hours in room nine working (?) for Tom Hydes. Most of the time Sud could be seen with Stick, Be-bop, Molly, or Crow.

Stan always made the most of his liberty time, especially in New York and as a member of the Drill Team in Caribou.

Smooth steaming in the future Stan, and keep an eye on that “Safety Valve.”
ROBERT CLIFFORD SOUCY  
"Boris"  
LEWISTON, MAINE

Basketball  Intramural Sports  Color Guard

Big Bob Soucy was an underated King of "A"-deck. His "mess-deck" was a favorite place for "afternoon teas" and evening games as well as a good place for a bull session. Who can forget "how do you like your corned mush?" Boris was also the "big push" that was needed by the basketball team in many hard fought games. When it came to the books and keeping right in and became a remarkable engineer, his powerful shoulders sat up straighter when there was hard work to be done. On liberty he proved to us all that he was a great friend.

With a steady attitude like the one we knew Bob will make a very well in whatever he undertakes. The thought of seeing you, Uncle, in the year 2000...

STEVEN MICHEL SPRUCE  
"Sami"  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

CHIEF ELECTRICIAN'S MATE

Intramural Basketball  Newspaper Staff  Handball

Reading further on the muster of the Class of 1960 we come to Steve Spruce, engineer extraordinary. Although never one to shy away from a good time, Steve always made room for plenty of study, as his ranks and outstanding engineering proficiency show.

The Class of '60 will not quickly forget Salty Sam's work on the troublesome evaps, which more than once saved us from serious incident during the training cruises.

As Electrician's Mate, Steve faithfully kept the wiring in proper order, and somehow made allowance for the excessive loads of contraband coffee pots. Steve has prepared well for his future in engineering. Fortunately indeed is the ship who claims him as third assistant, and soon, we are sure, as Chief Engineer.

RICHARD STEELE  
"Stainless"  
HOLDEN, MASSACHUSETTS

Intramural Sports

"Well, boys, what'll it be this weekend?" Yes, it can be "Stainless" planning another famous liberty expedition sure to make history, in the annals of MAE. How this boy ever found the energy to pack a month's living into a couple of short days will always be a source of wonder to his shipmates. But regardless of how wild the liberty time, Dick always returned to the Academy or this going to go on liberty, that is.

Obviously, in fact, Dick is without a doubt one of the crash senior engineers. A Middy with a true love of engineering, Dick not only possessed the necessary skill to put his knowledge into constructive practice, but he also exhibited a rare ability to teach. Many an engineer has been taught to an understanding of the complexities of the "plant" by Dick's efforts, and he always was happy to help.

Summing up, we find as engineers, Dick found inducting engineering and part-time teachers. But most important, we find a swell shipmate and true friend. You'll be missed, Skipper.

GEORGE FRANCIS STUDENSKI  
"Ski"  
EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASSACHUSETTS

Drill Squad  Softball  Color Guard

"Braaaa Paaai!" Yes, Bud from Bridge water is trying to say something, probably very important too, but he's talking so fast that we can't quite make it out. However as the years passed we did finally learn to translate "Ski's" fast talking, and we usually found that his information was well worth our attention. George, one of the best senior engineers, was chock full of information about engineering and other miscellaneous subjects (usually girls) — and he wasted no time when he decided to let us in on it.

Never before in the history of the Academy have so many learned so much in so short a time from one single person.

Squared away from the "full ahead" Ski was outstanding in his work on the PATHFINDER. An engineer par excellence, George will find no trouble in both the Naval and Merchant Services.
BOYD ALLEN WARD
"Boyd"
FREEDOM, MAINE

Track President, Rifle and Pistol Team Pistol Club

What is there a square sense tonight at MAA? No, it's Boyd Ward, playing his famous fiddle. Always ready to explain the idiosyncrasies of Freedom, Maine, along with the fine hunting and fishing tales for good measure, Boyd became the Academy's number one authority on the life of the great outdoors. Many a night he has kept us in stitches relating his hunting experiences in his own inimitable way, a task he's become president of the Rifle and Pistol Club. In fancy, and led this organization to exceptional achievement.

The outdoor life may be Boyd's love, but engineering is his passion. As expert in handling a troublesome piece of machinery in his job, he's found no trouble getting ahead in his engineering career. Persuasively friendly, well liked Boyd will be missed here at MAA as he embarks on a promising career bound to bring him great success.

DANIEL ALVIN WARD
"Dan"
FREEDOM, MAINE

Basketball Intramural Softball

Boyd Wasgatt was one of those famous Portland boys. He linked good old-fashioned seaman's with his great fund of practical engineering experience. His efforts as part of the boiler gang often pulled us over the hump in a bad moment on the cruise. Dave's ability to understand a problem and to see it through to the finish earned him the highest esteem of his classmates. His knack for making friends quickly and easily and his ability to mix in any crowd always earned his comrades' He is one of the types that success will almost automatically smile on. Good luck to you Dave!

RALPH VINAL WEBB
"Beaver"
FAIRFIELD, MAINE

Intramural Basketball Softball

A good Joe, a regular guy— that's the "Beaver." Always present with a joke, a gag, or a remark to add that certain intangible something to any occasion, the "Beaver" was a welcome member of any group at the Academy. A good shot as well, a noteworthy contributor at any gathering Ralph would never fail to exhibit that famous smile from which he derives his graceful nickname.

During his junior year, Beaver became a member of the band of the pod worshippers of Room 27. He may not have had his rest, however, for it was well earned. "Beaver" was always ready and enthusiastic, willing to lend his hand at any job, and he never stopped until the work was completed. And when the Beaver did a job, it was always a job well done.

When he wasn't sleeping, working, or studying, Ralph would be getting ready for society. A reserved never passed when he wasn't on the road to Fairfield, where he found that certain girl that kept his heart beating. At sea or ashore, success and happiness will follow Ralph. Keep smiling, Beaver.

JAMES KENT WEBB
"Kent"
SAUNDERSTOWN, RHODE ISLAND

BATTALION EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Intramural Softball Propeller Club Band Rifle and Pistol The Helm Club

As an engineer, Kent was one of the best. He would frequently be seen running around in coveralls with his pockets filled with pliers, wrenches, and miscellaneous tools. He was a very capable rate as Battalion Executive Officer. On weekends he was frequently seen to be hitting the road on the way to Portland. Ken will never forget the good times he had in New York. It seems he doesn't know how he wound up in the bathtub. Good luck Kent and smooth sailing in the future.
RICHARD STUART WHITEHOUSE
"Mouse"
MANCHESTER, CONNECTICUT

Track, Machinist Mate
Interplatoon Softball Reefer, King

Each of us at one time must have run in order

to live, but Whitey is one Midshipman who "runs
to-run." At any time, day or night, it was not
uncommon to see Dick running the course to
Dole's Head hoping to cut it before or after from
his time. And more often than not, he was
successful as shown by his frequent stoppings
in the Interscholastic track meet.

As Machinist Mate and Band Member, Whitey
saw to it that all was in good working order and
conduct as a Corsican was expected. Surviving
the good natured jibes of the classmates who
would refer to him as "Mouse," Whitey took it
all good naturedly. There is no doubt that
this gentleman will find success in future
years.

LESTER ELWOOD YOUNG, JR.
"Les"
EAST MACHIAS, MAINE

Band

"Goin' blueberry pickin', Les?" This ques-
tion, spoken with a jovial upstate twang, was
often asked of our boy from East Machias, and
never failed to evoke an equally jovial, "Eyuh."
Early in our freshman year, Les proved to be
one of the most good-natured members of our
class, and only a short time later, he showed
that this good nature was matched with an
outstanding aptitude for study and practical
demonstration of the theory he had mastered.

Although Lester remembers his blueberry pick-
ing days with considerable fondness, he has mas-
tered another and more involved profession —
engineer. He possesses an invaluable com-
bination of ability and congeniality that will be
sure to result in many years of smooth sailing.
JOSEPH BROWN ANDERSON, II
“Andy”
SCARBORO, MAINE
Basketball Intramural Softball

Call him “Joe,” “Andy,” “Diamond Joe,” or what have you; it will be a long time before we forget him. His easy going ways and ability to make people laugh when the chips are down always amazed his classmates. The three years that he has behind him gave him experience in many fields, especially putting over a “cool deal.” With Joe it wasn’t all play though. A stickman with a keen knowledge of boat handling, he is sure to go far in his career.

It’s been great to have been aboard it you.

WALTER ALAN ARSENAULT
“Walt”
SANFORD, MAINE
Drill Squad The Helm

Walt was an individual who was always ready to help anybody. Any favor, small or great, was always willingly and optimistically performed. For this quality Walt received the respect and friendship of every man in his class.

Spending his Senior year living in the Infamous Room #55, Walt and his compatriots in crime, Walsh, Lawton, and Marchant could be found devising some means of violent overthrow of the Academy’s administration, formulating a method of predicting the questions to appear on the Baron’s next exam, or discussing the attributes of Walsh’s current lady friend.

Only the very best is good enough for a man who contributes so much and asks for so little.

DAVID J. BILLINGS
“Bainbridge Bill”
WESTBROOK, MAINE
Intramural Basketball Band Intramural Baseball Propeller Club
A-2 Platoon Leader

“He’s worth for many years. Happy sailing!”

WALTER ALAN ARSENAULT
“Walt”
SANFORD, MAINE
Drill Squad The Helm

Charlie is the cough drop industry’s most able delegate to M.M.A. Through his knowledge of photography and business, he became Public Relations C.P.O. in his Senior year. Always on the go, his love of cars has brought in a wide variety of makes and models to the Academy. The best known, and the latest is a white barge for which he needs the aid of two tugs to maneuver into a parking space.

Charlie is famous for his knack of avoiding inspections by toting his camera. Charlie came to us with the nautical knowledge and experience he gained at Tabor Academy, and will make a very valuable Mate on any ship.

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“Walt”
SANFORD, MAINE
Drill Squad The Helm

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DAVID GEORGE BUCHANAN  
"Bugs"  
GUJIFORD, CONNECTICUT  
BATTALION ADJUTANT  
Softball Dance Committee  
Propeller Club  

Our capable and efficient Battalion Adjutant performed his duties in an effective manner, answering well the demands of various areas of responsibility. Dave has set a precedent of effectiveness and efficiency which his successors will find hard to equal. "Bugs" also showed a strong effort while acting as supervisor of the Yacht Club. He was consistently stern, appearance never swayed his hand, and many a story has been contributed to his cigarette-pack. As the owner of a sharp foreign car and writer of continuous correspondence to "All," by some standards, he was well known in the Youth Street Nursing Home where many a boy always waited.  

CHARLES C. DUNBAR, JR.  
"Sandy"  
MANNASSET, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK  
ASST. DRILL MASTER  
Yacht Club  
Propeller Club  

Sandy, the Scotchman of the senior deck class, came to MMA from Fort Schuyler. His previous experiences were a great factor in his being chosen Commodore of the Yacht Club, President of the Propeller Club, and Drillmaster. It was through his efforts that these organizations were so successful. A member of the MMA Bald Men's Association, Sandy could be seen leading the Drill Team at its many functions. Sandy was the only SD to dock the "YP" using "neutral" and be successful. A good student and leader, Sandy will make a fine Maritime Officer.  

LELAND HOWARD HARMON  
"Pinky"  
SCARBOROUGH, MAINE  
Softball Basketball  
Propeller Club  

One of the three "giants" of Room #25, Lee had his nickname for being class leader. At any time during the course, Lee could be seen in pursuit of female companionship. Most famous of all the episodes was his week in New York City during the course in Radar Navigation. Lee was among the best. Capable of doing any job assigned to him with the same determination, edit and efficiency he marked him as a student, he was an asset in trying to deal with the most arduous task during maintenance period. A better pete could hardly be had.  

DONALD KURT HAGER  
"Don"  
UNION, NEW JERSEY  
CADET CAPTAIN OF THE "YP"  
Intramural Basketball Rifle Club  
Intramural Baseball The Helm  

Don came to MMA with more knowledge about the water than most of his classmates. Enlarging this knowledge with his election of the Deck course, he has become one of the outstanding deckmen in our class. Very quiet, Don is a person that takes a while to get to know. He is a true friend who will do anything to help his buddies with their problems. As Cadet Captain of the "YP," Don did his best to see that she was always in top shape. Almost every afternoon, one could see him working on her. With his great love for the outdoors and the water, Dan will go far while at sea.
ROYAL ELMER HOYT
“Skip”
PORTLAND, MAINE
Propeller Club Intramural Basketball
Drill Squad Softball

Skip was always in a happy mood, especially when it was liberty time and stay was only a few hours away, faithfully waiting in the till home town. When he walked entering his liberty course, Skip was smiling with one of his, Homework Assignments. The struggle was not an easy one, but Skip’s hard work and perseverance put him on top. Skip was the admiration and respect of his classmates and instructors. Always game for a good time, Skip was often seen accompanying Admiral and Scotty in a joint expedition. What will Skip forget the pea­nut climbing attempts in Barbados? Skip occu­pied his spare time building model ships, new results he heard one of the “Red Jackets.” Skip is well rounded and well versed he looked upon casually, by someone, company is fortunate enough to claim him as a mate.

DEAN WAYNEFLETE HUNTER
“Panda”
GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK
Treasurer, Varsity Football
Propeller Club Softball
Cadet Fire Chief Drill Team

“Panda” came to us from Admiral Farragut Academy. Quickly adapting himself to the routine, he was soon seen following “Smookey” about working on the fire fighting equipment. His short size did not indicate any lack of efficiency, far during his senior year as Cadet Fire Chief the fire fighting equipment was the best it has ever been in the history of the school. Whenever one could hear “damn it,” they knew Panda was around and in good humor. A good man with a fund of practical knowledge, Dean never enjoyed “Hitting the Books” because his mind was always on something else.

As a deck officer Dean will enjoy success, and his only requisite will be a ship with a low bridge wing.

RICHARD JAMES
“Dick”
FLUSHING, NEW YORK
Drill Team Handball

Rahl, Seaman James! He’s really a great guy. Never had this school see a more con­scientious sailor. The guys who know him real well can tell you that he is of the old school – the type of person who was born to go to sea. That’s his first love. Of course he has another; reading letters from his girl. It is said, he reads each letter until it is worn out. Dick’s subjects are taken very seriously, he studies relentlessly. To a guy, who knows what he wants this is a dog of his destiny. However, we all wish you the very best of luck, in everything.

RICHARD HARLAND JOYCE
“Dick”
BOWDOINHAM, MAINE
Propeller Club Band
Yacht Club Softball

Even among those who know him best, Dick has enjoyed the reputation of being quite a guy. As is often the case with reserved individuals, Dick’s competence in the performance of his duties and his extra curricular activities as well, has been equal to his reticence. A very mysterious yet salty person, he is always off on some unusual spree, but always having a good time for himself. A good carpenter, he managed to get himself involved in the Yacht Club projects, namely the “Clio” and the “Diana.” Surely success will find such a studious, self-conscious, and practical person as Dick.
FREDRIC JAY KELLEY

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

“Fred”

Propeller Club

Rifle and Pistol Club

Helm Staff

Band

Ass’t, Yearbook Editor

As Michigan’s only representative to the Academy this year, Fred Kelley was at times a cut out for him. Not only by being among the Seniors as a mug with his never-ending supply of rhymes and wit, but by executing his class notes that Michigan was a place of such magnitude and awesome power that Fred was only a significant sub by comparison. And from the appearance of the balanced, composed upon return from that far-off land, we almost believed him. Fred was without doubt one of the most learned and debonair men in our class and constant was the comment by every member that he was a de rigueur party man and his marked tendency to disappear completely any semblance of responsibility upon return from the states. As we have often said, Fred, as one of Michigan’s finest cadets before, we suspect that many will miss him.

CHARLES EDMUND KITSON

“The Old Man”

WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS

Yacht Club

Drill Squad

One of our better yachtsmen and sure candidate for master mariner, Charlie was forever seeking ways to enhance his professional efficiency. Nicknamed “The Old Man” because of his fine graying gray hairs, we are sure that it will not be long before Charlie earns the title in compliment to his command of a large vessel. An extremely capable seaman, both theoretically and in the actual practice of putting up the largest type of work, Charlie will certainly be welcomed aboard any vessel.

ROY OWEN LAWTON

“Laughty”

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Propeller Club

Yacht Club

Band

The Helm

Nobody in the Class of 1960 had the classical background of Roy Lawton. Versed in history, poetry, and music, he was a standout in any conversation and could be counted upon to give forth with the perfect witicism at the appropriate moment. This gift stood him in equally good stead with classmates and fellow members of the Newport Country Club.

Laughty could usually be found in some grave argument or rebuttal with Dick James, Fred Kelley, or Walt Arsenault. Invariably, the conversation covered every subject except professional endeavors. All deckmen will remember Roy as a blase but true friend, able to carry his fair share of the load, and immediately and cheerfully ready to accept any task assigned him.
EDWARD JOSEPH LEFEBVRE
“Eddie”
SOUTH PORTLAND, MAINE
ASSISTANT BAND MASTER
and BAND MASTER
Band
Rifle Team
Dance Band
Propeller Club

Whenever someone spoke of music at MMA, the name of Lefebvre always came up. A good man at the drums, Eddie made this year’s band one of the strongest and best in the Academy’s history. He was always found listening to the cool sounds with his ballad harmonies. A slow starter as the book, Ed could be counted upon to come through with a good mark when it was earned. Though not a library bound Ed was frequently seen with Sandy the Cat heading towards Portland sporting his eyeglasses.

Whenever Ed was not at the drums, he always have a guitar in hand, whether in lunch hour. Smooth sailing Ed and don’t forget to keep a “good beat”.

GEORGE EDWIN LEONARD, II
“Cap”
CHEBEQUIE ISLAND, MAINE
A-CO. COMMANDER

The Helm, Propeller Club
Business Manager

“Cap” arrived at MMA with a touch of Yale still in his blood. As a freshman Cap’s favorite pastime was liberty. His first crossing of the Bucksport bridge will not be forgotten by some of his classmates. Every weekend Cap could be seen travelling somewhere with “Sturge.” With his return, his reply to the weekend would always be “elegant.”

Frequently he would be seen out in one of the Academy sailing boats.

As “A-2” P.O. Cap worked his way to A-Co. Commander, where by careful exacting discipline he shaped it into the sharpest Company. A member of the HELM staff, Cap was always willing to give a necessary boost towards an improved paper.

We all know that whether at the tiller of a sailboat, the helm of a Casco Bay Liner, or on the bridge of an American Merchantman, Cap will be serving as one of the finest seamen from MMA.

LUIGI SCHIANO LOMORIELLO
“Louie”
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Softball
Football
Handball

You’re coming to us a seasoned salt as a result of his training in the John Brown, and his experience aboard merchant ships. He quickly emerged as one of the best practical deckmen in our class. Louie was always ready to lend a willing hand to any job, and many an hour was spent helping his classmates in the intricacies of ship’s management.

Small in stature but boy watch out. Master of a thousand schemes, Louie would sit with a fat cigar the kid out was to finance his next library. And when Mr. Lomariello had to be on your side he kept on with the job he started there was no slowing him up.

A touch seemed to have taken in material for many of our lighter moments. Efficient, capable, with a good job the Merchant Service has nothing but good things at MMA will miss him.

GEORGE WILLIAM MACKAY
“Mac”
UPPER MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY
B-2 PLATOON LEADER

Football
Yacht Club
Propeller Club

A landlubber when he arrived, “Mac” will graduate as one of the finest deckmen in the class. His never ending studying is one of the major reasons for his being in the top ten of the class.

When his mind was not on studying it was on a sailing or on “that certain person.” Many weekends found him on the road heading for a joyous endeavour.

His interest in the Propeller Club, the Yacht Club and B-2 Platoon took up his other free time. His never ending efforts as Advertising Manager for the Tricks End have paid off in the successful advertising section.

Whether he joins the Navy or sails with the Merchant Marine, through his untiring efforts we know he will have success.
Norman Kenneth Marchant
"Norm"
East Bridgewater, Massachusetts

Propeller Club

Norm is our "Univatl." He possesses the power to pass tests that no one else can. There are very few of us that could grasp the fact that we were required to learn, without difficulty, but to Norm, it was second nature. He seems to be a healthy of his - that and liberty, there is more than anything to Norm, but few people realize why. There happens to be a certain girl in Norm's life - that would like a soft spot in the heart of any Middle. (3)

There are not many people as much as it is helpful, and considerate at all times, he could be seen either designated and underclassmen asks. With Mont was no study, in Math and navigation especially. For a long time, he is all very grateful to Norm. He will surely be a great success in the future. It's our absolute love for Norm is for ever.

Thomas S. Montgomery
"Monty"
Winthrop, Massachusetts

Yacht Club  Propeller Club

Once a full blooded engineer in heart, Mont surprised many of his classmates by going Deck in his mug year.

The "Big Mont" could usually be found consuming coffee at Al's Restaurant or hitching on the Bucksport bridge, with the shadow and the old man, on his way to Boston. As a firm advocate of the Merchant Marine he shipped out to Europe with M.S.T.S. during his summer vacations, returning with many tall stories of the Fair Headed German Frauleins. Known among many as the hero of Castine lobstermen and a whole hearted Trooper, the Mont will always Rate Tops with his classmates. A merchantman all the way through, he is sure to go far in his profession. The best of luck, Mont and many a successful voyage.

Michael Thomas Perry
"Mike"
Bangor, Maine

Propeller Club  Band
Yacht Club

"Mike" who hails from Bangor, Maine, and is a charter member of the Famous Bangor Bandits, found working as his home work. On week days, he could always be found mushing with the liberty parties. When he wasn't on liberty, he was found on the deck. He always had a good story to tell, with good humor. Best of luck, Mike.

Edward Thurston Powell
"Ox"
Kittery Point, Maine

Football  Golf  Baseball

Occasionally there appears in a group of sailors a man whose personality, enthusiasm, and good humor distinguish him as the standard morale booster of his class. Such a man is the "Ox." During his three years at MMA, Ed exhibited an enthusiastic and good natured manner surpassing even his size, and the Class of 1960 is the better for it.

Of course there were a few thousand times when Ed reminded us of the trials and tribulations of being separated from judy, and the "Ox" was ready to go up to the University of Maine for a weekend. But when there was work to do, Ed was always there to help, and whether the task was splicing a line, maintaining the Lyle Gun, or practicing a new play in football, he always pitched in with an exuberant manner not often seen.

We need not wish our duty morale booster "Smooth Sailing," it would be a superfluous gesture. Ed's friendly way, unequalled enthusiasm, and natural ability constitute enough power to enable the sailor from Kittery Point to calm even the most violent seas.
PETER ROSS

“Pete”

QWLS HEAD, MAINE

Drill Squad  Color Guard

Whenever the Senior Deckroom gathered for a session of sea stories and coffee, Pete Ross’s name was invariably mentioned. Somehow the sea and Pete Ross belonged in the same category—friendly, mild, and easy-going. Pete was one of the best liked men in the cluster. The Midshipmen always seemed to respect Pete’s polished manner of handling maintenance periods and stand ship as Peter flowed over with tales of the salty happenings about Owl’s House. With Skip Flynt, Fred Kelley, and Joe Armstrong Pete formed the combination that speeded the busyness of the last row of the shop. Peter added that classic chunk to Pete’s delight. When not grappling forty winks, Peter could be found engaged in some deep conversation. Either alone with Skip on the stairs or actively chatting, improving his morale, or personnel who comprised the best of the school, the sea and his fellow classmates, we can safely wish the very best for Pete Ross.

MICHAEL LOUIS RUBINOFF

“Ruby”

PORTLAND, MAINE

ASSISTANT EDITOR and EDITOR OF THE HELM

Band  Yearbook Staff
Propeller Club

“Smile, Rubinoff.” This order was heard frequently during our freshman year, but the famous Rubinoff smile never vanished during the years that followed. Ruby, the fighting editor of THE HELM was always ready to make a speech or write a fiery editorial at the drop of a hat—waltz to the Midshipman or officer who aroused the wrath of Mike’s powerful orations or his mighty pen.

Unexcelled in his way with words, Ruby also proved himself to be an industrious student. Many a weekend Mike would be seen poring over the books long after the liberty party had left. When he wasn’t studying he could be found enjoying his favorite pastime—sailing the Penobscot on one of his outstanding expeditions with the PATHFINDER.

A sailor with a true love of the sea, Mike is sure to find happiness and satisfaction in the years ahead.

PHILIP A. RYAN, III

“Shadow”

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Football (Manager)  Yearbook Staff

Drill Squad

“Phil,” known for his ability to get out of any trouble he got into, was a member in good standing of the “Wretched Liberty” Club. One of the Big Three from Boston, he could always be found going on liberty with Monty and the Old Man, on their way South to Boston. It was said that never a day went by without someone hearing Phil say, “Hey, didn’t I ever get a cigarette?”

Best of luck in the future “Phil.”

PETER JAMES SCHIOT

“Pete”

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Pistol Team  The Helm

Track Team

As art editor of the HELM and secretary-treasurer of the Pistol Club, Pete was outstanding. His humor was well reflected in the cartoons he drew for the school paper. Both at the Academy and on the cruises he was a good influence in boosting the morale of the troops. We won’t easily forget Pete and his tall tales of adventures in Portsmouth. Best of luck in the future “Pete.”
DAVID WILLIAM STURGEON
“Dave”
SOUTH PORTLAND, MAINE

BATTALION COMMANDER

As the class's highest ranking cadet, Dave had a task of great difficulty set before him. And he was not found to be wanting. Not only were his duties performed efficiently and promptly, but with an understanding and fairness that impressed all. From the looks of him, to the highest senior, all could be counted on the same interest and friendliness. As an officer and ever-present serenity were infectious and flowed down through the chain of execution to win every smoothly functioning unit. If every one person's individual in our class is numbered and counted, it is Dave. Reverenced just to be heard and the frantic rush for football, with Governor Leonard and Leftenant-Col. in the gym or room as a spectator, with the formidable manner and friendship very towards us. Although Tom might have an idea for new formation, the work is nevertheless there, an unimaginable task. For a job well done, All for very best is a job well done being.

RICHARD W. THOMPSON
“Tom”
ANDOVER, CONNECTICUT

Intramural Softball

“Where’s da gull?” could also be heard echoing through the dorm, whenever Tom was around. Tom’s long, slow, stroll was one of his most prominent features. Many a good liberty was spent with him both at school and on the cruise. One of his best kept secrets was that he posed as a photographic model during his junior cruise (right Tom?). If Tom was not in classes or on liberty, he could generally be found in his sack, dreaming up new ideas for liberty. We know you will have a good voyage wherever you go.

KENWARD THOMAS THUMITH
“Ken”
KITTERY POINT, MAINE

Varsity Football Intramural Softball
Yearbook Staff A-1 Platoon Leader
Baseball Drill Squad

Like a book — bound to please. Ken is one of the well-liked persons at the Academy. He always put everything into his studies. In his room, he was always bent over a navigation problem or a plotting sheet. Ken is a true Merchant man and we are certain that he will be an excellent Mate.
JOSEPH JOHN VINCIGUERRA, JR.
"Vince"
PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Intramural Basketball—Football
Baseball
Band

Who is the guy who is forever going home? Thats Joe Vinciguerra, even though he may be out of town for an hour or two she can be with his girl. His most favorite pastime is baseball. Not many people know that Vince also have played for the Red Sox instead of coming here.

This "Portsmouth boy" is an excellent student and will certainly make a fine officer when he graduates. He has made many friends at the Academy and already has taken the green serenades. He was born in the 2nd and will never forget the "home game" to which he was taken by his parents and "Big Nose" Grace in his teens.

The Class of '60 wishes you the best of success.

ROBERT EMMET WALSH
"Bob"
SMITHTOWN, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK
Propeller Club
Baseball
The Helm

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never has turned his head and said, "H'mmm, not bad!"

Bob was one of our most serious minded deckmen. You could always find him during his spare time working on one of the "Baron's" favorite navigation problems. When anyone needed help, he was there; when there was work to be done, he would never shy away.

When the weekends rolled around, you could find Bob heading towards the "Hilltop" for some refreshments at one of his famous "birthday parties." It seems that whenever there was a party, he claimed that it was his birthday.

We are sure that wherever Bob goes, success will follow.

ARTHUR MITCHELL WILLIAMS, JR.
"Willie"
WEST REDDING, CONNECTICUT
Football
Yacht Club
Golf
Master of Arms
Drill Squad

Willie is one of the most studious deckmen in our class. He has well proven in his class standings. Ever since his junior year, he and Ken have been holding an unofficial race for the highest average.

A good prayer on the football field, Willie was drafted to be one of 50 years co-captains. For tennis court, there could be seen on the greens of the Caspian Golf Club.

The smooth handling of the mess deck, with such a large number of sailors and the schedule of the dress men showed that Willie was the best man for the job. Smooth sailing in the years to come, Willie.

DONALD THOMAS WOLPERT
"Don"
BRONX, NEW YORK
Publicity Photographer
Yearbook Editor
Yearbook Photographer
Propeller Club
Dance Committee

Hailing from New York, Don joined us in our junior year. In short order he proved himself a very able and versatile Middy and achieved prominence in Academy affairs in what can best be termed a "sensational rise." Always willing to lend a hand in explaining the mysteries of navigation and stability with an emphatic, "do you see what I mean?" Don evolved as one of the most respected members of the Class of 1960.

An outstanding deckman, Don also showed a variety of talents and used these effectively for the benefit of all. A photographer par excellence, he is responsible for the Yearbook being one of the best in the history of MMA. Headed for the Navy and later the Merchants, his well rounded personality will be sure to attain him great success.
CO-CAPTAIN
ART WILLIAMS
ED POWELL
BILL HILL
DAVE LONGSTAFF

FOOTBALL

1959 SEASON

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MMA</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Bridgtont</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Q. P. N. A. S.</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Nichols</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>U. of M. Frosh</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>MCI</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Newport</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Massachusetts</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Curry College</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
As the summer leave terminated for the Midshipmen, it was back to the Academy for another Fall Semester, and the beginning of another football season. With most of last year's players returning, and a group of freshmen to complete the squad, the team, under the excellent supervision of coach Mr. Dave Wiggin, looked forward to a winning season.

The season opened late in September with the Middies playing Bridgton Academy. Hampered by a few injuries and many costly penalties, we dropped this one 6-0. Statistically, we outplayed Bridgton the entire game. Throughout the game, the Middies made good yardage only to have the time run out at the end of the first half, and again at the end of the game. With the exception of a 55 yard combination play that brought our opponent a touchdown, Bridgton never penetrated the Blue and Gold defense. This was a heart-breaker to lose.

The second game of the season, MMA played host to Quonset Point Naval Air Station. Although the team played well throughout the game, Quonset Point won by a score of 22-0.

During the first half, the Middies kept their opponent very much under control. At half time the score was 6-0. During the second half the Middies were again handicapped by injuries thus enabling Quonset Point to add 16 points to their score. Blandori, Hill and Powell were outstanding defensively; on the offense, Wotten, Spinazola, and Pratt were in the front.

After the Mariner's defeat at the hands of Bridgton Academy and Quonset Point, they hit the winning column by defeating Nichols in the third game of the season with a score of 17-6. This was the team's first win in two years. The hard fought victory was sparked by the fine ball carrying of Pratt and Wotten, Longstaff, star quarterback, converted twice after touchdown. A great defensive game was played by our inner lines, consisting of Powell, Blandori, Hill, Williams and Zedalis.

As host to MCI in the fourth game, the Castine Crew gave the crowd a thrilling game as they edged MCI 7-6, for the first victory over this team in
eight years. The important factor in the game was the great game played on
defense. Throughout the entire time of play the opposing team was unable to
penetrate the Middies defense. The offensive game was equally effective,
picking up 17 first downs, to MCI's 5. On yards (rushing) the Middies had 240
to MCI's 42. These statistics clearly show the tremendous offensive and defensive
effort the team produced.

Our next game, played at Orono, resulted in a score of 7-0. The victory
over the U of M Frosh was greatly hampered by 35 to 40 mile an hour winds
that buffeted the field. The lone TD was scored by Watton, using the Middies
by now well proven ground attack.

As a cold heavy rain beat down on Castine, the Middies lost the sixth game
to the near professional team of Newport Naval Training Station. Although
defeated by a score of 27-0, the Tars played a good game against a far
superior team.

On Saturday November 7, the Castine Crew met their traditional rivals at

The only score in the first half came on a safety when Maine's Art Williams
tackled a Massachusetts player in the end zone, late in the second period. The
halftime score was 2-0.

The third quarter opened with Maine receiving the ball. It took the
Mariners from Maine just three plays to score a TD. The play was climaxied
by two passes from Quarterback Gary Whitney; the first to Ron Pratt for 40
yards, and the second to Art Williams for 18 yards. On the next play Whitney
skirted the end for the tally, and Dave Longstaff kicked the extra point to make
it 9-0. Later in the same period, Phil Lestage intercepted a Mass. pass near
mid-field, and ran 48 yards for another TD. The final Maine score came in
the last quarter when Whitney passed 40 yards to Spinazola in the end zone.

With three minutes remaining in the game, the Bay Staters scored on a 25
yard forward pass.

For the final game of the season, the Middies played host to Curry College.
The Tars ran roughshod over Curry, of Milton, Mass., 56-0. MMA tallied two
touchdowns in each quarter, while holding their opponents to only two
first downs.

Thus the Middies closed out their most successful campaign in four seasons,
with a record of 5-3. And how did they accomplish this? By playing good,
hard football. The great determination of the team enabled them to have a
winning season. In ending this season's football, we, the staff, wish to take the
opportunity in extending to coach Dave Wiggins, and his assistant, Lt. Tom
Morse, a “Well Done.”

“Winners never quit; quitters never win.”
1959 SEASON

MMA  7  Husson  5
MMA  8  MCI  23
MMA  0  U. of M. Frosh  16
MMA 10  Husson  12
MMA  1  U. of M. Frosh  11
MMA 25  Higgins  2
MMA 17  Higgins  3

CO-CAPTAINS

WALTER PICHER  ED POWELL
The Maine Maritime Academy baseball squad, under the coaching of Capt. Kennaday, opened its season by defeating Husson College, 7-5. With the well-controlled pitching of Gordon Allen, together with team support, the Tars began their series of contests with a well-earned victory. A highlight of the game was a home run by Joe Vinciguerra in the first inning.

The second encounter found the Blue and Gold playing host to Maine Central Institute. With poor hitting and fielding plaguing the team from the start, MCI took the game 23-8. The visitors got six hits for six runs in the first inning, establishing a 6-0 lead. They continued to score almost every inning, while the Middies were unable to come up with more than eight runs to counter the MCI rally. Sewall and Herring each had two hits, and Coombs, batting for the first time this season, hit a home run.

The next game was played at Orono, against the University of Maine Freshmen. Once again poor support and hitting were present and the Middies dropped this one 16-0. Most of the runs were attributed to errors.

Then, the Mariners played host to Husson College. This was one of the best played games the Castine team experienced all season. The contest displayed everything from home runs, to stealing home. The Middies lost a very close one here, 12-10. This game saw Ray Ellis hit two home runs, and Gordy Allen hitting one over the fence. Joe Vinciguerra’s alert base running enabled him to steal home. As for the game itself, it was a close affair all the way, until Husson broke it open in the seventh inning, and expanded their lead, 12-5. However, it did not end here. The Castine Crew pushed across two runs in the eighth, and three in the ninth, to make the score 12-10, and finish two runs short of sending the game into extra innings.

The Middies’ next opponent was MCI. Again MCI hitters exploded as they batted out 17 hits from three Middle pitchers, and came up with two seven run innings, which hurt the Maritime hurlers.
The schedule called for the following game to be played at the Midshipmen’s home port, against the U of M Frosh. Although this game wasn’t as bad as the first meeting of these two teams, the Sailors of the Castine Navy were defeated 11-1. Most of the opponent’s runs were the result of errors. Picher hurled a very neat game as he struck out eight batters.

The last home game was played against Higgins Institute. Here, the Middies displayed tremendous hitting power as they walloped their opponents 25-2. Picher gave up two runs in the first inning, and then went on to blank Higgins, the remaining eight innings. During the game he achieved seven strike outs.

Bob Downs ripped the cover off the ball during this duel, as he came up with five hits, which included two singles, a double, triple, and a home run. But to give credit to only a few men would not be fair. The entire team played this game, and the entire team won this game, as any team that plays together should win.

The final game of the ’59 season was played at Higgins Institute, for the second time in a week, the Middies defeated Higgins. This time, by a score of 17-3. Again Picher did the hurling, giving up three runs, and picking up six strikeouts, to post his second win of the season. Again the hitting was there when it was needed, and the fielding was excellent.

As a whole the team did fine. At times it looked poor in fielding and hitting, but this was compensated for, by the clutch pitching of Allen, and Picher. With more practice, and more games the team will play good ball, perhaps good enough to establish a winning season.

We are sure that the baseball squad, and the school as a whole join with us in extending thanks and “well done” to coach Capt. J. M. Kennaday, and to Lt. E. F. Brown, for his emergency coaching in the final two games of the season, in the absence of Captain Kennaday.
Our basketball season started late this year. After two weeks of practice, co-captains were elected, and the two remaining seniors of last year's team filled the positions. They were Bob Soucy, and Duane Hjulstrom. With the returning lettermen, and ten freshmen, the Middies opened their season at Brunswick Naval Air Station, Brunswick, Maine. Running into a single overtime we lost our first game by one point. We lost our first, but gained team work and spirit. Our defensive game for the remainder of the season was a follow-up of the Brunswick game. The majority of freshmen gave us a good bench of team men.

Losing our first home game to Washington State Teacher's College was a heartbreaker to the Blue and Gold. Fine work by three freshmen, Herb Litchfield, Roy Bennett and Walt Taylor was a combination that led us to victory in the future. Our height had claimed the greater percentage of rebounds in both these games.

With the season in full swing, the Tars took to the road, playing three to five games a week. At MCI we lost our third game in a row. Playing every other day had started to take its toll early in the season. We were determined to break the ice in our next
game with Bates. At Bates the Tors, though handicapped by an injury, took to the floor, and showing real style, won the game 66—57. This was the second year in a row we had triumphed over the much favored Bates. Being our coach’s Alma Mater it was our destiny to come across with a winning score. Bob Soucy, playing in his home town, played a most outstanding game, both in total points, and rebounds. After one day’s rest, the Castine Crew made sail for Farmington State Teacher’s College. With fast teamwork and good shooting, we claimed our second victory, 76—68. With spirits increasing, and our hopes high, we returned home to play the next evening. Again we suffered a defeat at the hands of Aroostook State Teacher’s College. Our home floor was beginning to deteriorate, but our spirits never dampened. The next day we lost to the University of Maine, 58—73. The effects of four successive road games had taken its toll. With three games left to play, we changed our men around and won the return game with MCI. Team spirit increased by leaps and bounds. The last two games were played at Castine. First the defeat of Maine Vocational Technical Institute, 81—64, and then a return game with Brunswick Naval Air Station. This climaxed our state-wide season with three successive wins. Roy Bennett led the team in scoring with an average of 26 points per game; Walt Taylor was second with 19.6; Herb Litchfield was next with 16.2; and Bob Soucy was next with 10.6 points per game. We would like to thank our co-captains, Bob Soucy and “Red” Hjulstrom for all their help both on the court, and at school. We would also like to give our thanks to our coach, Lieutenant Tom Morse.
YACHT CLUB

PROP CLUB
COMMENCE RECOGNIZED ACTIVITIES.
DID THE NEW PLAYBOY ARRIVE YET.

6 PACK OF COLD BUD PLEASE.
After about a week of loading odds and ends aboard the "Empress of Castine" we were ready to push off for New Orleans. We all ate an early breakfast, and at 7:00 a.m., with the dock and parking lot loaded to near capacity with cheering parents, the order was given to cast off. After a bit of trouble with tugs and anchor chain, we nosed our vessel into the upper reaches of Penobscot Bay. Soon the rail was lined with Mugs attempting to stuff crackers down their throats.

After a few days of this we were in the Gulf Stream, all the time headed toward the South, and all the time working, working, working. Suddenly one day the coast of Florida was spotted out to Starboard, and again the rail was lined with Middies, but this time they had glasses to their eyes, instead of crackers to their mouths. We rounded the Keys, and headed North West for New Orleans. We entered the Mighty Mississippi through the Southwest Pass and found that Twain was not wrong. We traveled up the great river for about one hundred miles and most of us stayed on deck the entire time, taking in the country dotted with oil wells, pastured flats, and the inevitable marshes.

After 8 days and 2000 miles of salt water we finally docked in the French Quarter of New Orleans. They let the Starboard liberty section off about 9:30 Saturday night, and it didn’t take the sailors long to find the places that had the most to offer. Very few of us left the French Quarter at all during the 7 days we were there, for we learned that the part of town closest to the ship, had more than enough for most of us. Whoopee! The beautiful women, great crowds, Canal and Bourbon streets, and that never ending supply of Jax Beer. On Wednesday word was passed that a tour had been arranged through the Jax Brewery, and they were trying to recruit men for the tour. There were three tours, and several of us made all three "tours" but never got any further than the Stein Room of the Jax Brewery.

By the time the week was over all of us had blown off quite a bit of steam, and we were ready to put to sea again. We left Canal Street, Bourbon Street, the women, and the Jax at midnight. With the current aiding us we rocketed down stream past the dark levees, willows and mud flats, and on out to sea, headed for Panama, and the "Big Ditch."
I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

THE MILL.

SWINGSVILLE.

SHOW US HOW IT'S DONE RAY.

TOUR OF JAX BREWERY.

HERE COMES THE PILOT NOW.
IT'S ALMOST READY FOR BOTTLING.

BOAT DRILL.

THERE IS ALWAYS A CARD GAME.

SIGHTSEEING.

CANAL ELECTRIC MULE.

PEDRO MIGUEL.
MIRA FLORES.

LOCK GATES.

HEY MAN.

SOME OF THE BUILDINGS
AROUND THE LOCKS.

MOVING UP.

We had all settled into the at sea routine of sweepdowns, more sweepdowns, and still more sweepdowns without too many complaints, when one afternoon we sighted land dead ahead. We passed through the breakwaters, and anchored, and about 5:30 that evening we began our trip through the canal.

When we entered the first locks we found a small group of people waiting to greet several of us. To the surprise of everyone, the trip through the canal, even though it was made at night, was quite uneventful, except that we had to have a licensed helmsman. Because the trip was made at night, very few of us attempted to take any pictures, but the darkness didn't keep the crowds away, and the flying bridge was filled to capacity until nearly 2:30 in the morning. When reveille was pulled the next morning we were steaming in the Pacific.
STARTING THROUGH.

WORKING ON THE CUT.

THE CUT.

ACAPULCO

YES, I DO LIKE GENE KELLEY.

READY OR NOT HERE WE COME.
After five days of sailing the coast of Central America and Mexico we sailed into the harbor of Acapulco, and dropped the hook. Running boats were lowered and after we found we could only use one thirty footer and one motor whale boat, some of the Mugs began to wonder when they'd get ashore.

Here we found anything could be had for a price, and the price could always be lowered if the buyer was persistent. Many of us had liberty both days here, and we made full use of every minute of it. We returned to the ship loaded with silver, hats and other novelties.
LONG BEACH

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS CREW.

ANYONE SEE MY ROLL OF FILM.

ANYONE CAN NAVIGATE.

WHAT A FUNNY LOOKING MAN.

BEAU AND FRIEND.

THE BIG CITY.
LONGSTAFF SCORES AGAIN.

NOW YOU TAKE THIS FRAMISTÁN AND.

A BLOW BY BLOW DESCRIPTION OF THE CANAL TRANSIT.

WHAT'S YOUR HEADING.

CALICO SALOON

GHOST TOWN.
IT'S DAYS LIKE THIS I WISH I STAYED IN BED.

A MAN COULD GET WET OUT HERE.

After about a week of steaming up the coast of Mexico and Southern California the State of Maine steamed into the port of Long Beach. The first liberty party found that we were docked quite a distance from town so here, as in future ports, the taxis did a good business.

Tours were held to Disneyland and the Knox Berry Farm. Many of us had relatives to visit so the X.O.'s office was swamped with specials.

Many of the Tars went to Los Angeles, and from there a trip to Hollywood was in order. After four days in Long Beach we departed for Curacao via the Panama Canal.
CURACAO

ANCHORS AWEIGH.

LETS GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD.

A DUTCH DESTROYER.

YOU SURE THIS THING WONT FALL.

YOU CAN'T GO TO THE PARTY DRESSED LIKE THAT.
REMEMBER THE CASINO?

CURACAO WATERFRONT.

PONTOON BRIDGE.

REFINERY TOUR.

YANKEE.
AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL.

BRING THEM BACK ON TIME.

TIME TO GET THE BUS.

After more than two weeks at sea we reached Curacao, in the Dutch West Indies, and here as in Long Beach we found ourselves docked quite a ways from any town. The Dutch Marines were extremely hospitable. They gave us rides to and from Willemstad, and held a party for us at their beach club. In addition to this they let the Propeller Club have the use of their beach club for a party.

The Tars lost some money at the Casino, but they went back each night. Those who didn’t drop their coins into the “one-armed bandits” went either to the Seamen’s Home, or on a little expedition to Campo Allegre.
TIME TO GET A NOON SIGHT.

"TO THE GIRLS WE LEAVE BEHIND"

DIDN'T THINK THE GAUGE WOULD GO THAT HIGH.

In Ponce we were given a cocktail party by the Chamber of Commerce, and a party at the Corona Brewery. The Middles all turned out in dress whites for the former and, although the party at the Corona Brewery was a less formal affair, we all had an excellent time.

The town of Ponce, although not as big as San Juan was just as beautiful, and provided many colorful and picturesque sights for those with cameras.
RED AND HIS BOYS.

LOVE THAT DON Q.

ST. THOMAS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

MAIN STREET.

LINDBERGH BEACH.
From Ponce we had an overnight run to St. Thomas, and instead of anchoring out as planned, we docked, and here we were also docked several miles from town. A. H. Rise and Sparky’s did a booming business with the Castine Tars in town, and some had enough money to buy souvenirs. We were scheduled to leave St. Thomas early Saturday morning, but even earlier Saturday morning, about 0020, there was a sight muster on the foredeck of the type famous on our Junior cruise. After an hour and a half of confusion we were allowed to pad in, and as dawn broke and we began stumbling on deck we saw the ship was still in St. Thomas, only outside the harbor, and riding on the port anchor. We left St. Thomas early Saturday afternoon.
WHERE'D ALL THE MUGS GO.

SINGLE UP FORWARD.

EASY NOW.

“ON THE Stern.”

BIG ED’S FEARSOME FOURSOME.

They must think we are the Essex.

We arrived at Mayport Florida on a cold wet morning with the aid of four navy tugs. After the anchor was dropped a barge was brought alongside with relics from the old Cruiser Portland. Our booms were swung clear, and a navy crane did the work. The loading was completed within a few hours and then, with the help of many navy tugs we proceeded up river to Jacksonville.

The Propeller Club and USO of Jacksonville showed us real hospitality with a dance and movies. It rained most of the time we were there, but the sun did shine through the day of our departure.

From Jacksonville we set a course for Portland and the end of our last cruise aboard the State of Maine.
IT DOESN'T FIT.

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ROTTERDAM ... custom 
navigation and steering 
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Item: 4 new express cargo ships, Export Agent, Export Ambassador, Export Aft, Export Adventurer will join the AES fleet later this year in the growing commerce between the United States and the Mediterranean, Spain, Portugal, S. Africa, Aden, Red Sea, India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma. These new cargo ships are the largest, fastest and most modern to be used in this trade. They will operate at 18½ knots, saving valuable transit time and permitting better scheduling for shippers. A second series of 4 new cargo ships is also in early stages of construction.

Item: Last spring, American Export inaugurated direct, regular cargo service on the new route between principal ports of the Mediterranean and the new linked ports of the St. Lawrence Seaway and Great Lakes. The coming year will see this vital service stepped up. Sailing is scheduled at 21-day intervals, April to November.

Item: Last year, the luxury liners Independence and Constitution underwent extensive alterations. Public spaces and passenger staterooms were expanded and refurbished. During 1960, these great liners will make 30 voyages between New York, Almeria, Cadiz, Genoa and Naples. Half of these will be the popular Sunline Cruises to the Mediterranean. This will be the most extensive cruise program scheduled by an Atlantic steamship operator.

Item: Just purchased, the new 18,000 ton liner, S.S. Atlantic, first U.S. ship designed primarily for tourist travel. The Atlantic will sail the Sunline in regular service to Israel, Greece, Italy, Spain. Inaugural sailing, May 1960.

Item: Once again American Export will be leading with its Amenities, the Eastern and Mediterranean, and the Middle East. Sailing include round trip voyages to the Mediterranean with visits ashore at 15 ports.

This expansion program is not confined to ships alone but includes new ideas, new methods, and new facilities at home and abroad.

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Shipwrights and Painters
Annunciation at Poeyfarre Streets
New Orleans, Louisiana

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More than 65 years of ocean crossings assure shippers and passengers the utmost in expert,
reliable service.

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Offers in principal cities throughout the world
How much sugar did you use last year?

Recent figures show that in a single year, the United States uses close to 9 million tons of sugar. If this volume was consumed on our dinner tables only, the average American would use 95.3 pounds a year!

Nearly 4 million tons of this sugar was imported. ONLY 6% OF IT WAS CARRIED IN AMERICAN FLAG VESSELS!

This surprising fact points up the urgent need for a stronger Merchant Marine to range the seas of the world and bring us not only sugar, but many other necessities. Without ships—many more ships—to "shop" for us in the markets of the world, America's vital supply lines will be seriously threatened. Let's keep our Merchant Marine—and America—growing.

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BRUNSWICK—BIDDEFORD
WESTBROOK

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I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who, through their hard work, have made this year's edition of "Tricks End" possible.


And of course all of my staff, in particular, Fred Kelley, Bill Mackay, Dave Billings, Steve Spruce, and John Romano. It has been a great pleasure working with you, and I am sure you have done a job you can all be proud of.

DONALD T. WOLPERT,
Editor,
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