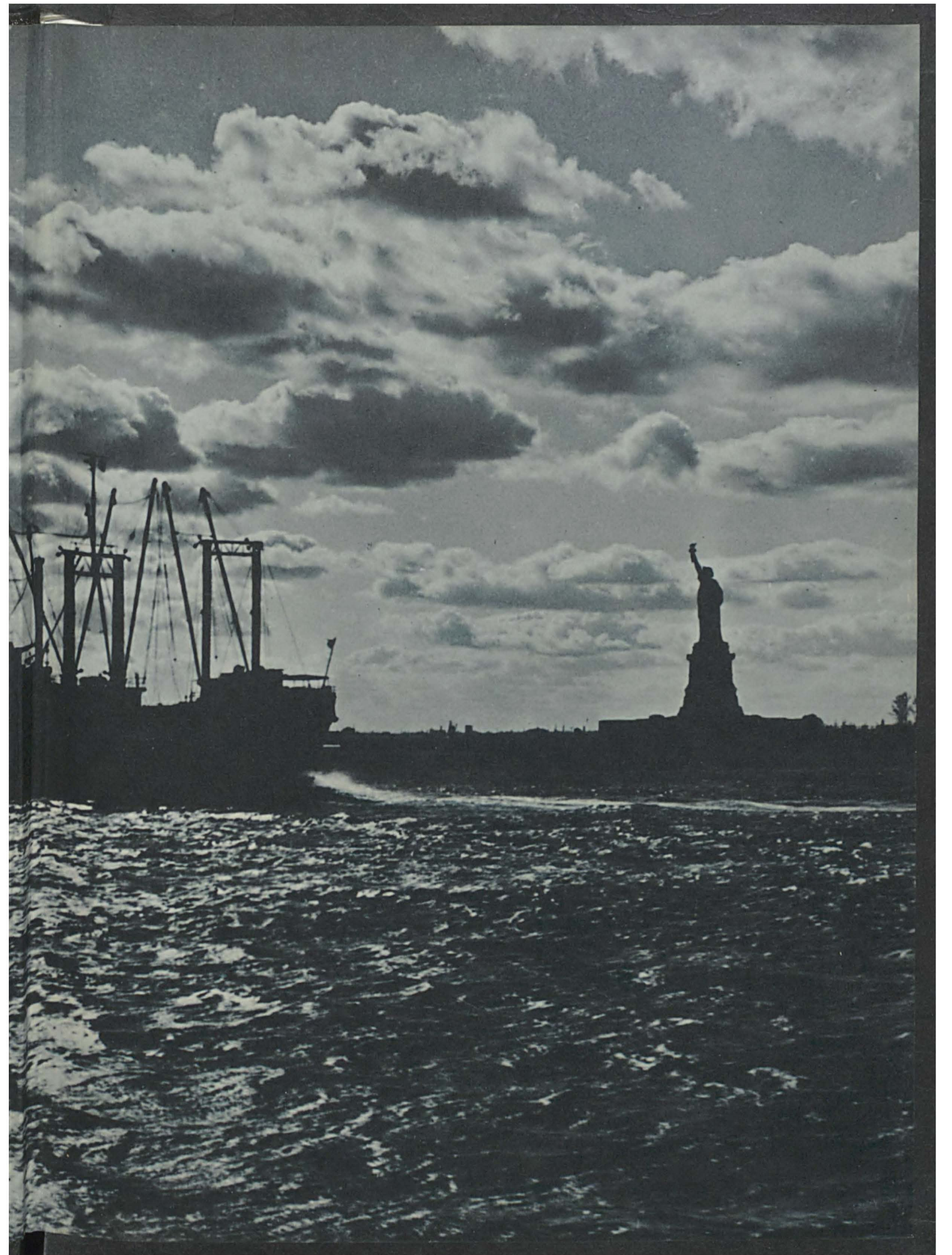
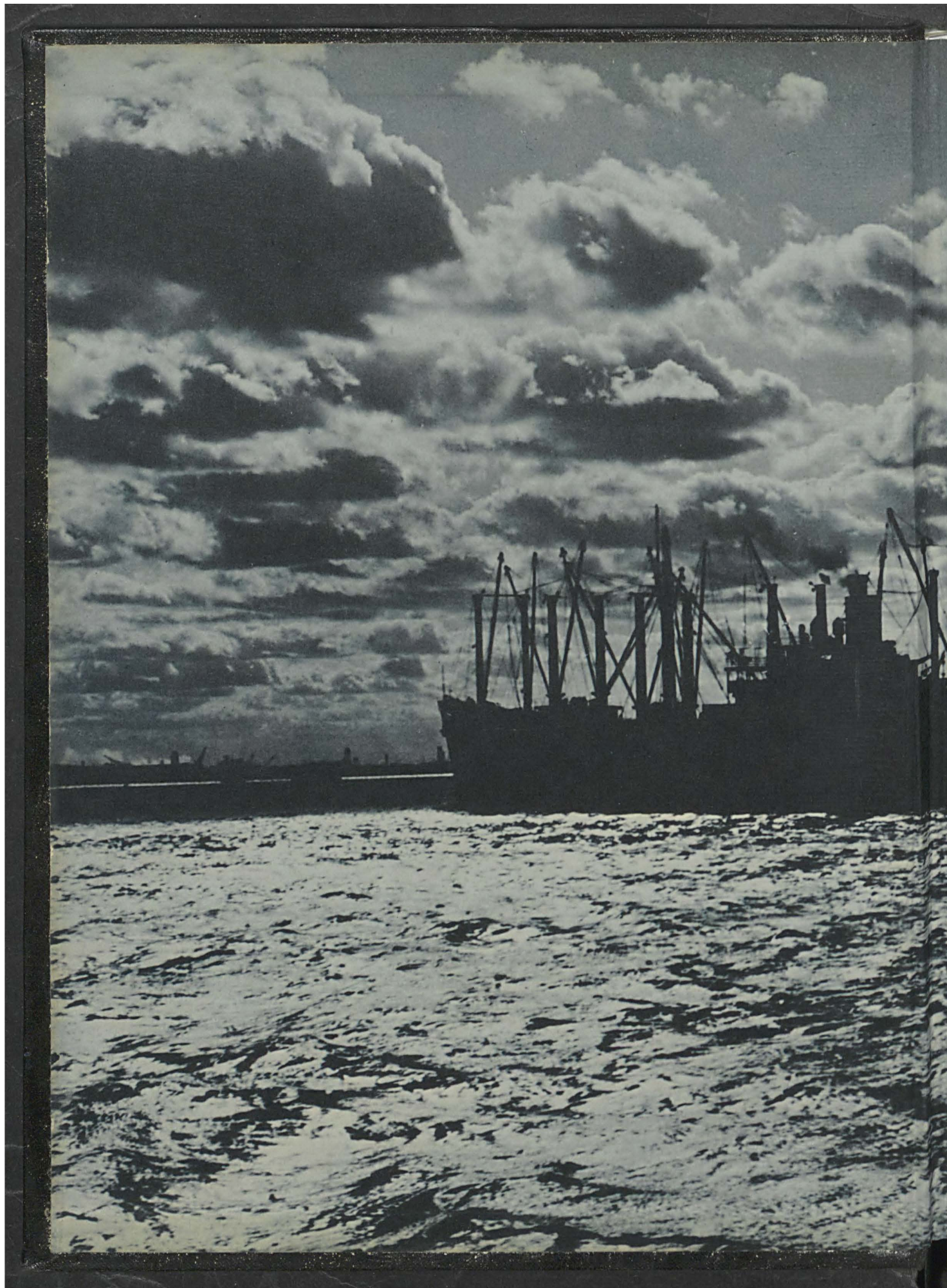


Maine Maritime Academy

1962
RICKS'S
END





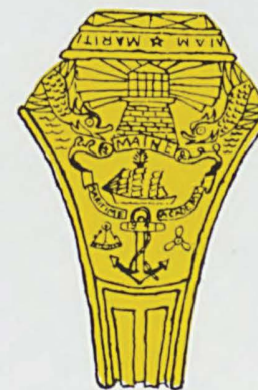
WILLIAM H. ADAMS
Editor

ROSS E. POLLOCK
Assistant Editor

RAYMOND S. JAKUBOWICZ
Associate Editor

FRANCIS H. BROMLEY
Business Manager

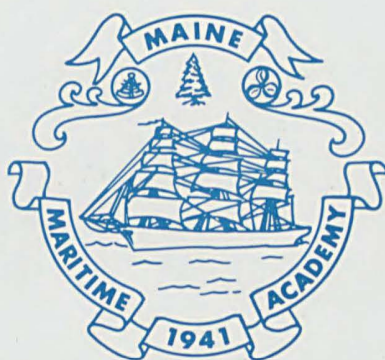
LT. HOWARD C. JORDAN
Advisor



The Class of 1962

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

Presents



20th Graduating Class

Trick's End





CAPTAIN JOHN T. FORDAN

Coming to us from a long career in the merchant marine, Captain Fordan, with his jovial sense of humor and keen understanding of human nature, soon became one of the most popular officers at the Academy. His wide and varied experiences, his knowledge and love of the sea—all contribute to both his classes and to the friendly “bull sessions” of which he is so frequently a central figure. He is always willing to spend extra time with our activities. Our problems are his problems. His friendly smile encourages us. His knowledge assures us. In the classroom or on the bridge, he is master.

Captain Fordan, we, the Midshipmen of the Twentieth Class of the Maine Maritime Academy, are proud that you have been, and are, a part of our school. For your friendly help, your understanding way, we are grateful. Through this, the 1962 TRICK’S END, we salute you.



STATE OF MAINE
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
AUGUSTA

JOHN H. REED
GOVERNOR

October 18, 1961

The Class of 1962
Maine Maritime Academy
Castine, Maine

Dear Graduates:

It is a pleasure to extend the official greetings of the State of Maine as well as my personal best wishes to each of you on the occasion of your graduation from the Academy.

Maine is extremely proud of her sea-faring traditions and of her institution which preserves and fosters them in this fast-moving age. You are to be congratulated upon your selection of a rewarding career--rewarding in human values as well as, we hope, in monetary return.

Your profession today demands greater and greater amounts of technical knowledge. Through your studies and perseverance and by taking full advantage of the excellent training offered at the Maine Maritime Academy, I am confident that each of you will be eminently successful in your future endeavors.

Many of you will apply your training to the defense of our Nation upon the seas. As leaders and good officers, I know you will display the moral courage which will be and is now needed to preserve American freedom and assure her success.

The best wishes of the State of Maine go with you as you graduate.

Sincerely,

John H. Reed
John H. Reed
Governor

CLIFFORD G. MCINTIRE
3RD DISTRICT, MAINE

HOME ADDRESS:
PERHAM, MAINE

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Graduates of the Class of 1962, Maine Maritime Academy:

Yours is the twentieth class that has been graduated from the Maine Maritime Academy, and soon you will—like your brother graduates before you—be pursuing the seas and engaging in various other vocations of your choice. Your class has a special distinction, for it is programmed to be the last three-year class to be graduated from the Academy.

I am confident, however, that in the three years spent at the Academy, you have gleaned a bounty of knowledge about the sea and become adept in a broad range of technical and practical fields.

What a great sense of pride must visit with you who have succeeded in meeting the exacting requirements of the Maine Maritime Academy toward the end of graduation!

What excitement must be yours as you look forward to your pursuits on the high seas, to the challenges and consolations that come only to those who work in intimate association with the waves and the winds.

There has always been an enchantment about the seas, and the rustling waves of the ageless waters have forever issued a call to all men—and as many are called, only a few are chosen. You, then, are in a large sense an elite element in the society of man, for you have been selected to go forth and make your way on the great waters of the world.

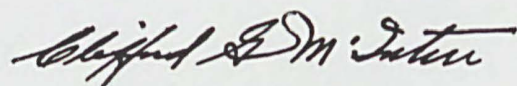
No matter where you take your post, you will be following a noble and highly vital calling, for the world's waters are all-important links in a chain that binds together the numerous and gigantic islands that are scattered about on the Earth's surface. Always it has been in the nature of things that the lands—and all that in them dwell—shall be served by and defended on the sea.

The magnitude of the sphere in which you will function can be appreciated when it is realized that in our global complex, water is a majority factor and land a minority element, for the Earth's surface is roughly two-thirds water. In effect, then, as you cast off into your endeavors, you will have a course that encompasses a large portion of that to which Kipling referred when, in his famous poem *IF*, he said: "Yours is the Earth, and everything that's in it."

Congratulations, then, on this your Graduation Day. Let this be a signal for full speed ahead into an exciting and a productive future. May you hold fast to that which is good in yourself, making all the seas that lie before you calm ones. May the wave of your good fortune always be running at high tide.

Good luck—Good wishes—God-speed!

Sincerely yours,



Clifford G. McIntire, M.C.
Third District, Maine

18:
INE





U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
MARITIME ADMINISTRATION
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

SALUTATION TO GRADUATING CLASS OF
MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY—1962

I salute the Graduating Class and the individual graduates thereof upon the successful completion of your strenuous studies in preparation for a career at sea.

The Academy from which you graduate is the youngest of the four State Maritime Academies, but the Maine Maritime Academy takes second place to none in its facilities, in its vigor and the quality of instruction evidenced over the two decades of its existence.

Nor do you who leave to take up your careers at sea lack for tradition. Before we became a Nation, Maine men were answering the call to the sea. Thus, you come from a long line of men who for more than three centuries have loved the sea and the career it offers.

In every manner of craft from skiff and shallop through Yankee clippers and modern steamships, mariners from Maine have sailed the oceans of the world. They have carried our flag to the far reaches of the Pacific in trade, to the Arctic for whales, across the stormy Atlantic, to the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean. Wherever ships have sailed, the men of Maine have sailed those seas.

No strangers to wind or sea or tide, your predecessors from the Maine Maritime Academy have built a high tradition both for courage and seamanship. You may well be proud to follow in the wake of those who have preceded you.

In like fashion, you will add to the Maine tradition of the sea in the years to come, setting a mark for those who in turn will follow after!

Thos. E. Stakem

Thos. E. Stakem
Acting Maritime Administrator

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

CASTINE, MAINE



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

FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF 1962

Your graduation from the Maine Maritime Academy marks the end of an era. This was an era which lasted fourteen years. Your class is the last one to finish its courses of study here in three years.

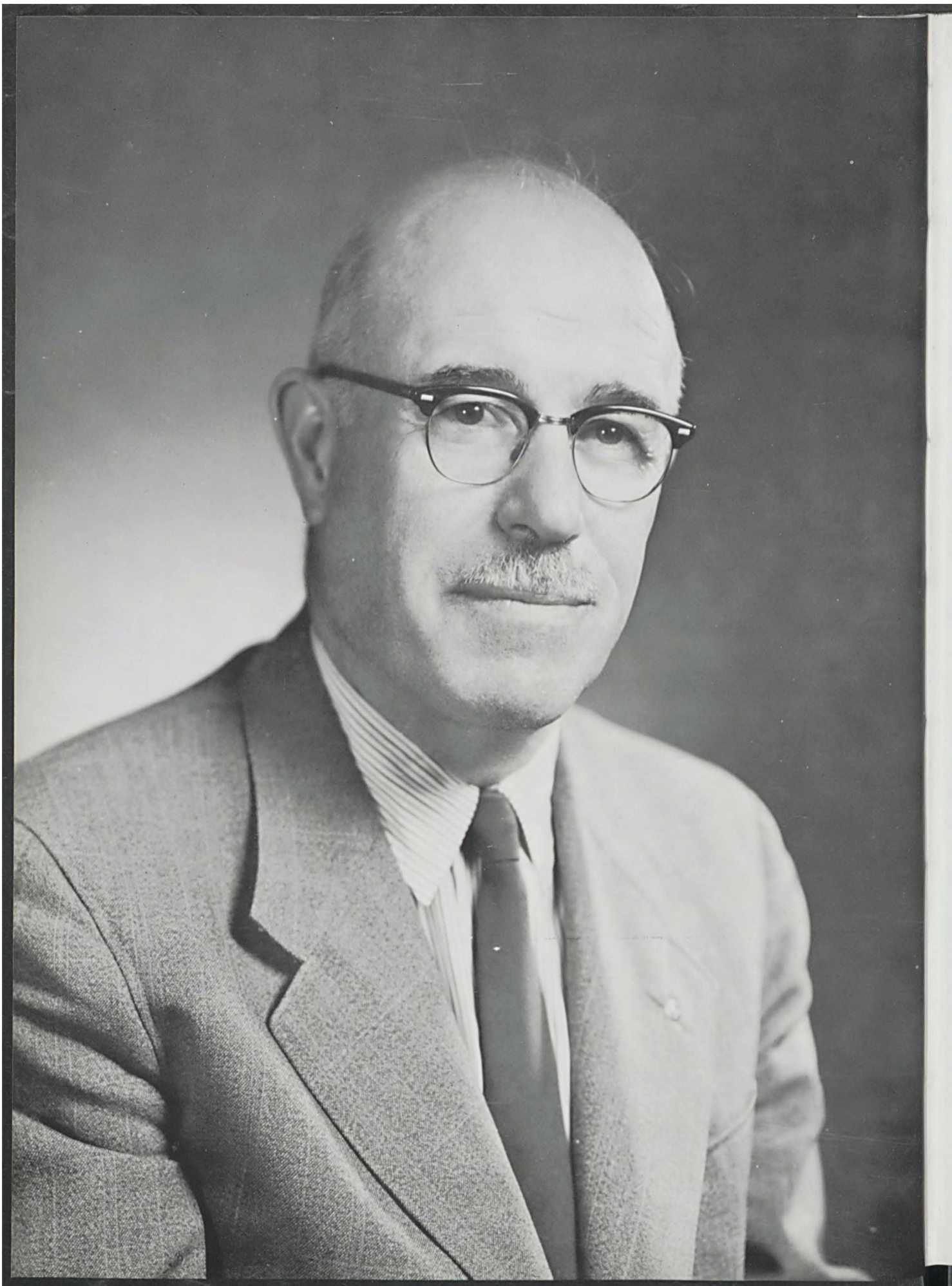
You are leaving behind a growing institution which you have helped to build. Perhaps without realizing it you have contributed much more than you now know. By being here at this time, we believe you have had invaluable experiences, which will add to your chance of success in the world.

The Board of Trustees join with me in thanking you for your help in making this school grow. They, with me, hope that you will have a very successful and useful life. And as you succeed we hope you will look back with pleasant memories on this school; and we in turn will be watching you and hoping to see you climb to heights beyond your fondest dreams.

Good Sailing and Keep the Flag Flying.

Ralph A. Leavitt
President, Board of Trustees





MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY



Board of Visitors

To the Class of 1962:

Speaking for the Board of Visitors and myself, I extend our sincere congratulations for having completed your stay at Castine with honor to yourselves and the Academy.

Any advice or counsel I would offer you may sound trite and commonplace, but nevertheless, the same general rules and laws of conduct and endeavor fit yourselves now, as they have your predecessors, for many years.

1. Be honest with yourselves at all times, and with all men.
2. Never stop studying and learning so as to improve yourselves.
3. Be alert, ready and fit for promotion.
4. Be grateful for a good education by a wise and generous government.
5. Conduct yourselves as we would like you to do, and bring credit to yourselves.

Smooth seas and good sailing.

Sincerely,

Francis X. Lanourey

Chairman, Board of Visitors

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE, MAINE



OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

9 June 1961

To the Class of 1962:

Each year, in my message to the graduating class, further education has been stressed. This year will be no exception. You have undoubtedly noted the broadening of the various courses and additional laboratory space even during the short period of three years that you have been at the Academy. This, we will continue to do. You will not be here to take advantage of these changes.

The profession of going to sea is becoming increasingly more complex each day. This is true for both deck and engineering officers. Keep your eyes and ears open. Observe the technical changes taking place. Study and keep studying. Visit new types of ships and ships with new innovations when they are in the same port with you. Ask questions; subscribe to Maritime technical magazines. Take good correspondence courses. Do not allow yourself to become technologically obsolete. Think, and try to anticipate the technological change of tomorrow. You must do this. Things are rapidly changing.

We remaining behind bid you farewell and express our best wishes for a happy and successful career in your chosen profession.

George J. King
Rear Admiral U.S. Navy (Ret.)
Superintendent





MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE, MAINE



To the Class of '62:

A farewell message, by its very name, carries a note of regret.

We have been closely associated for the past three years and have come to know each other very well, both our good qualities and our shortcomings. (I have an idea that my failings have been duly noted and commented upon!).

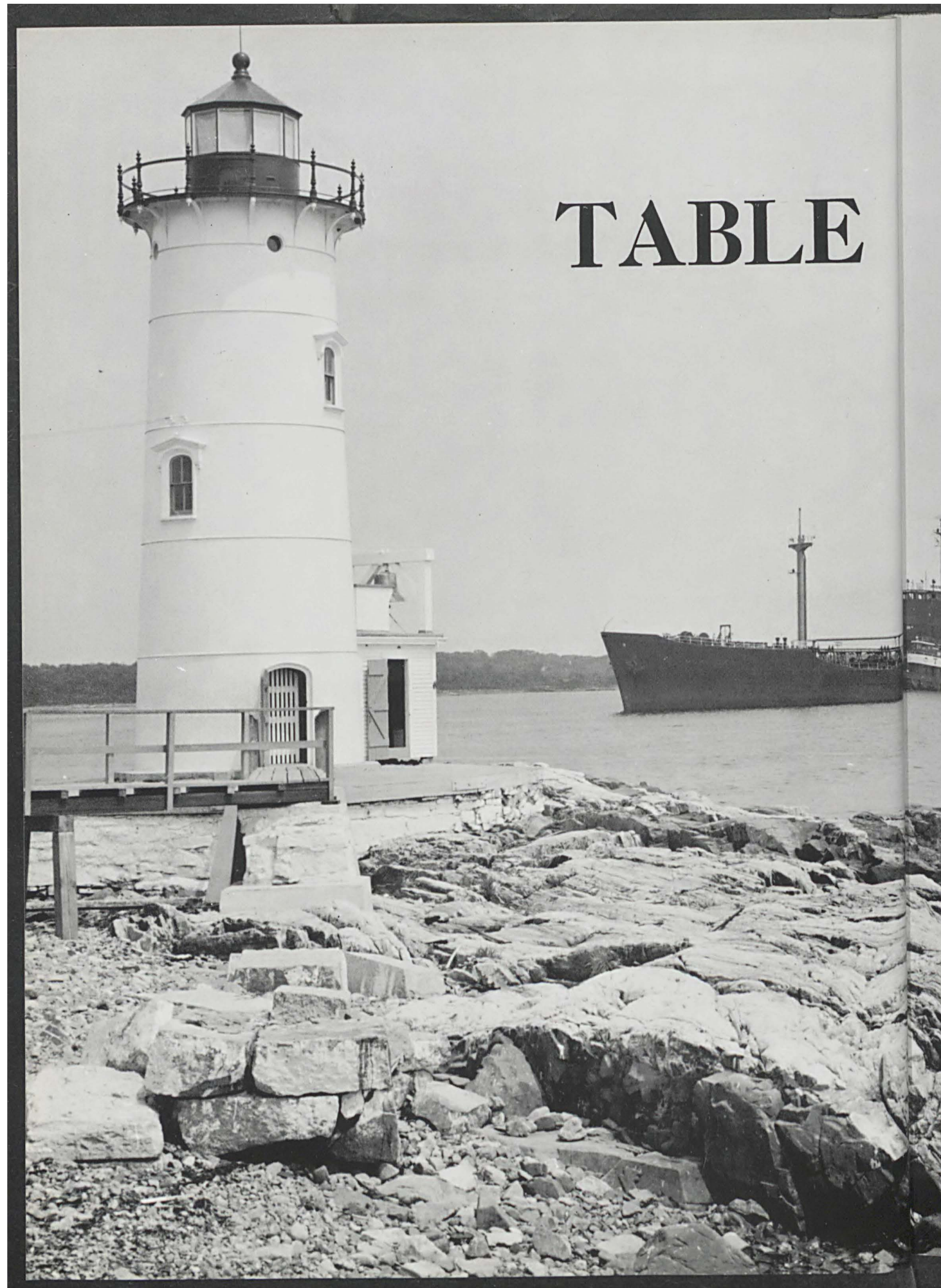
But as I review the period of your stay at the Maine Maritime Academy, I am impressed by the interest, industry and cheerfulness which the class has shown. Time and again, you have demonstrated your ability to accept the demands of your educational and training program with spirit and willingness, which if continued, will insure your future success.

Your personal progress and success should be, quite properly, a matter of concern to you. You will find, however, that your greatest and most genuine satisfaction will come from the contribution which you make for the betterment and advancement of whatever organization to which you are attached. Do this and you may be sure that your own advancement is certain.

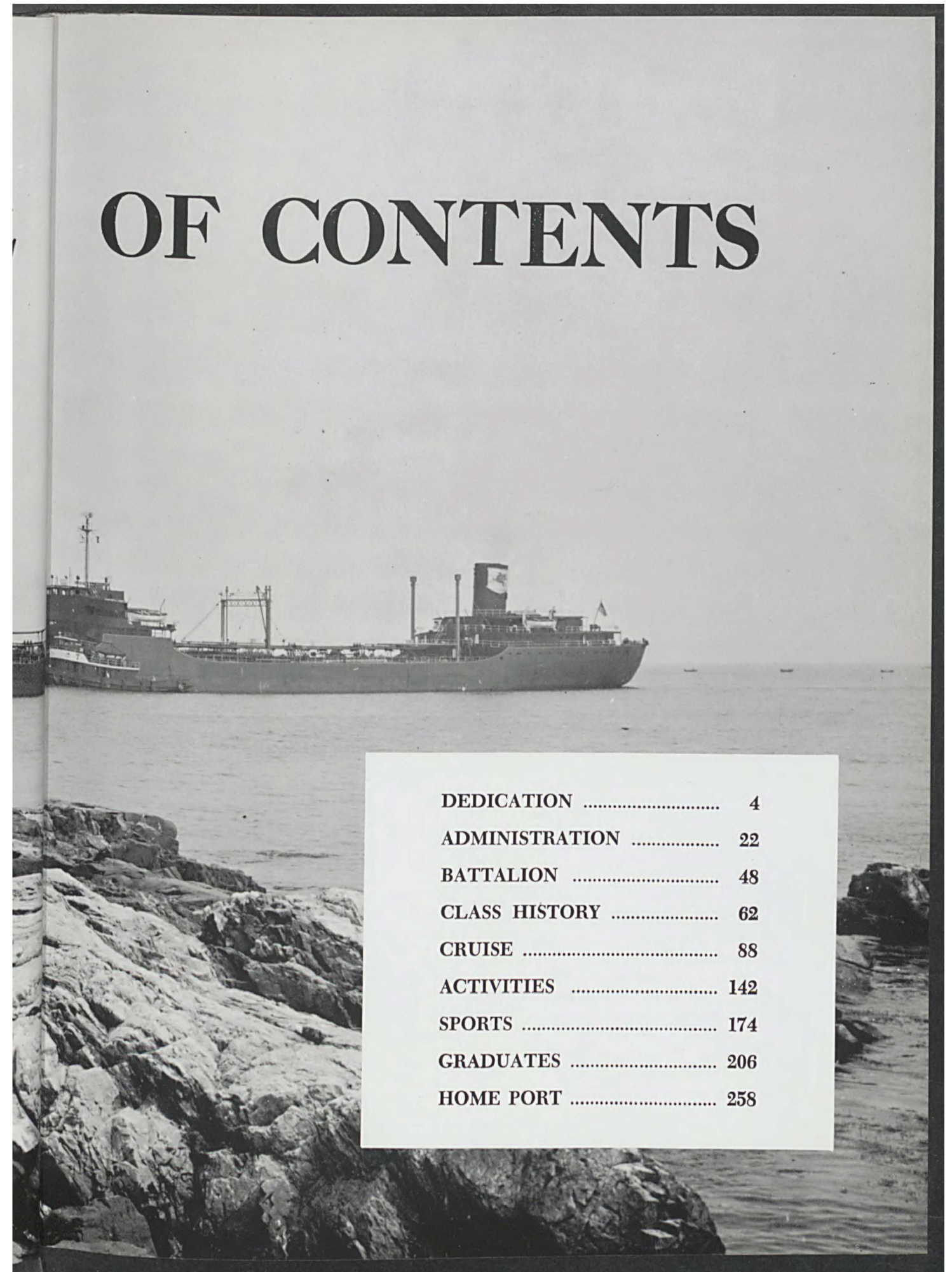
Square away that hat! And good luck.

A. F. Coffin

Captain A. F. Coffin
Executive Officer



TABLE



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ADMINISTRATION



The old, but able windjamming bay coaster *Mattie*, of Camden, took the twenty-eight members of the first class on their first training cruise, 30 May, 1942. She was 84 feet in length with a beam of 22 feet, 6 inches. She was 91.5 tons, and built in Ipswich, Massachusetts in 1876.

The *Mattie* cruised, with Middies embarked, on an island-hopping course through the back passages, eventually ending up in Bucksport.





CLARE J. HERBERT
Finance Officer

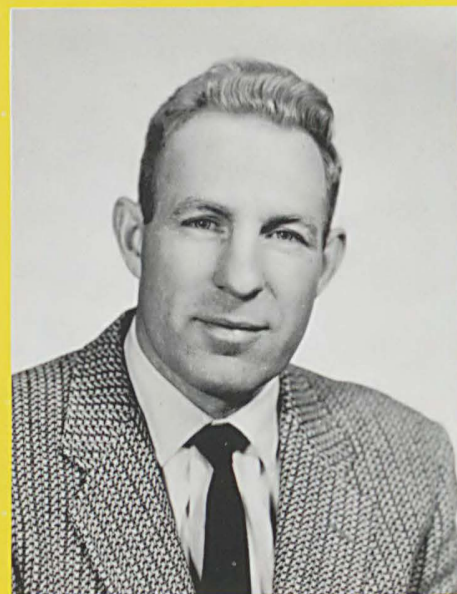
The Administration recruited us, enrolled us, supervised our education, recorded our demerits, healed us when we were sick, billed us for services rendered, told the world what we were doing, saw to our recreation, and in general kept our lives running smoothly by seeing that we lacked nothing that we needed, from diesels to demerits.



Administrative



WARREN J. TRIBOU
Executive Officer's Assistant
Lieutenant, MMA



DAVIS E. WIGGIN
Director of Athletics



JOHN M. KENNADAY
Head, Education Department
Captain, USN (Ret.)



WILLIAM H. ERB
Registrar
Commander, USNR

Personnel



HOWARD C. JORDAN
Public Relations Officer
Lieutenant, USNR



FRANCIS B. MUNGER
Medical Officer
Lieutenant (jg), MMA



RUSSELL H. TERRY
Department Head
Captain, USMS

The Nautical Science Department, headed by Captain Terry, is charged with familiarizing the deckman with the intricacies of cargo, seamanship, navigation, rules of the road, rules and regulations, electronic navigation and communications, as well as the practical "which end of a chipping hammer is which" under the "ship lab" program with Commander Gray.



Nautical



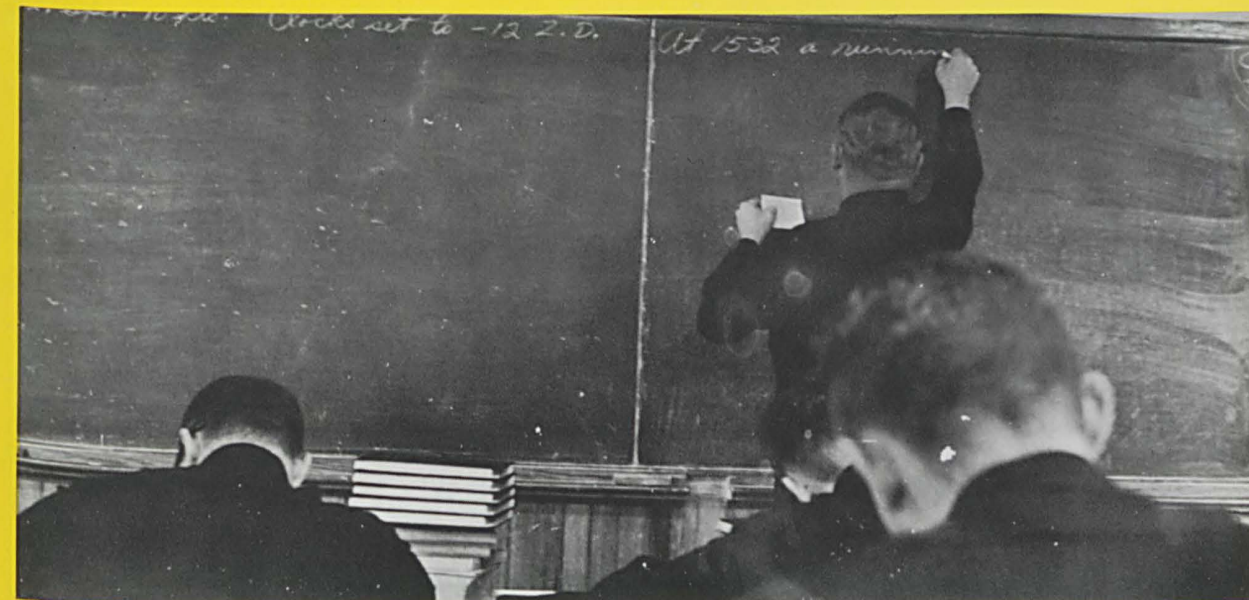
JOHN T. FORDAN
Cargo & Stability
Captain, USMS



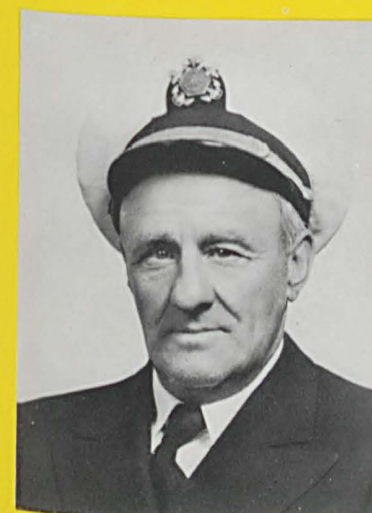
RODNEY F. GRAY
First Lieutenant
Commander, USMS



ALFRED R. PHILBRICK
Seamanship
Lieutenant Commander, USNR



Science



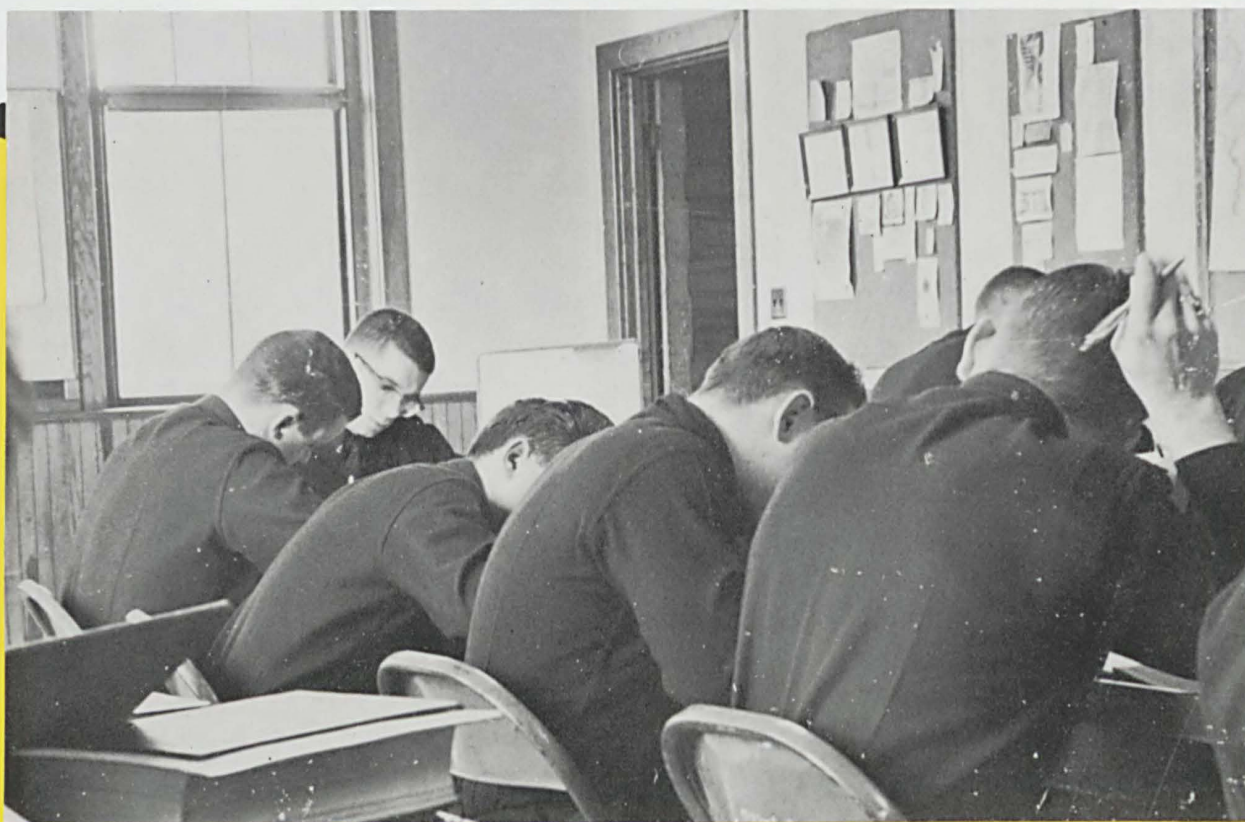
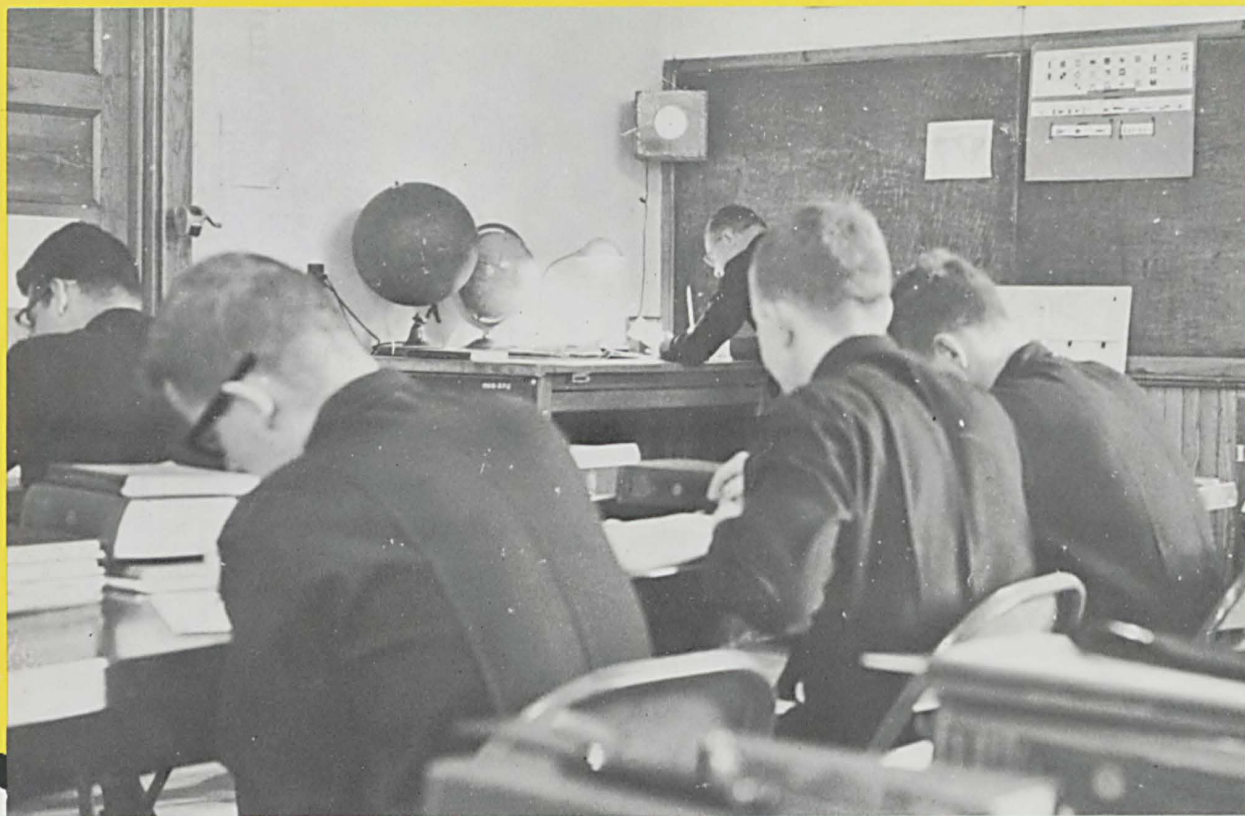
VERNON HASKELL
Boatswain



WILLIAM COOMBS
Carpenter



STANLEY TROTT
Storekeeper





KELVIN L. NUTTING
Department Head
Captain, USN (Ret.)

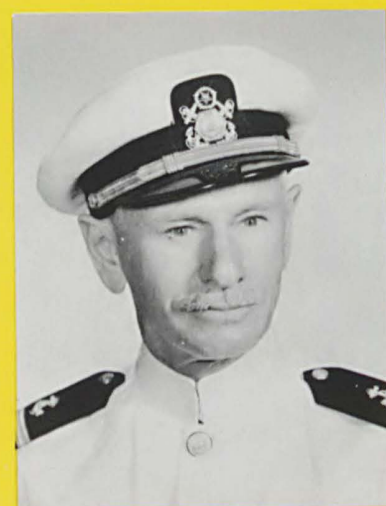
The Academic Department had the duty of giving us that "little something extra" that would make us more than good operating engineers or deck officers, but well rounded individuals as well. Thus, in addition to navigation or engineering, we engaged in the study of such subjects as English, mathematics, history, economics, maritime law, and Spanish.



Academic



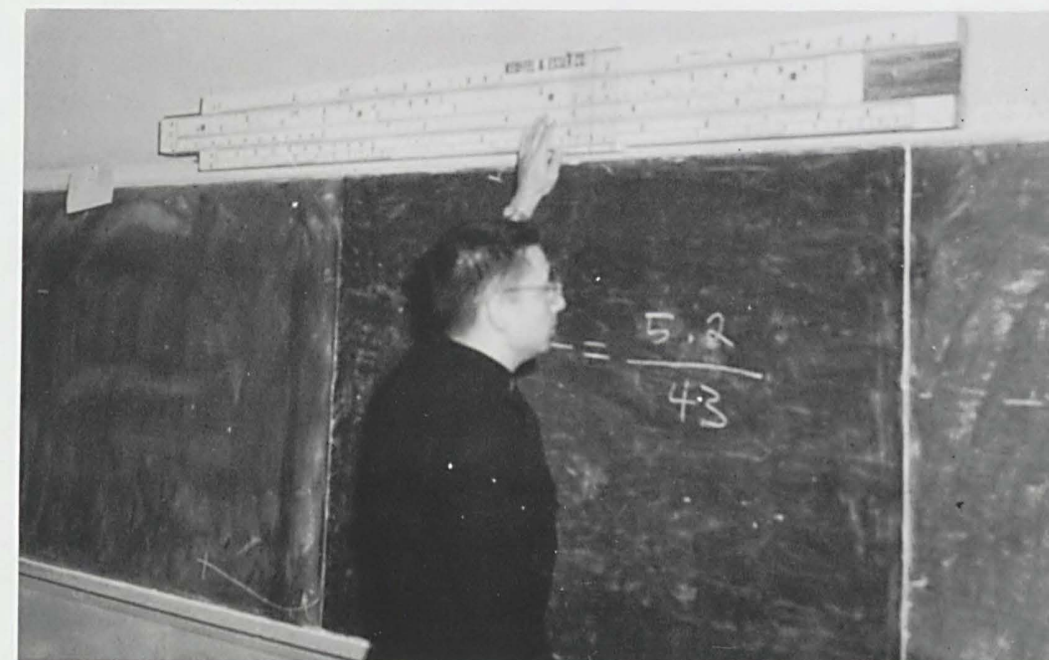
EDWARD R. KEESEY
Spanish
Commander, USN (Ret.)



JOHN W. BURROWES
Economics
Lieutenant, MMA



JOHN R. McCANN
English
Lieutenant, MMA



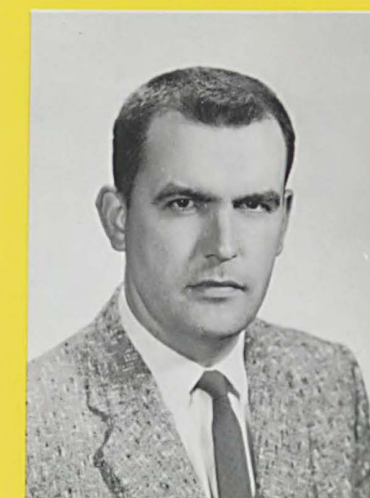
Department



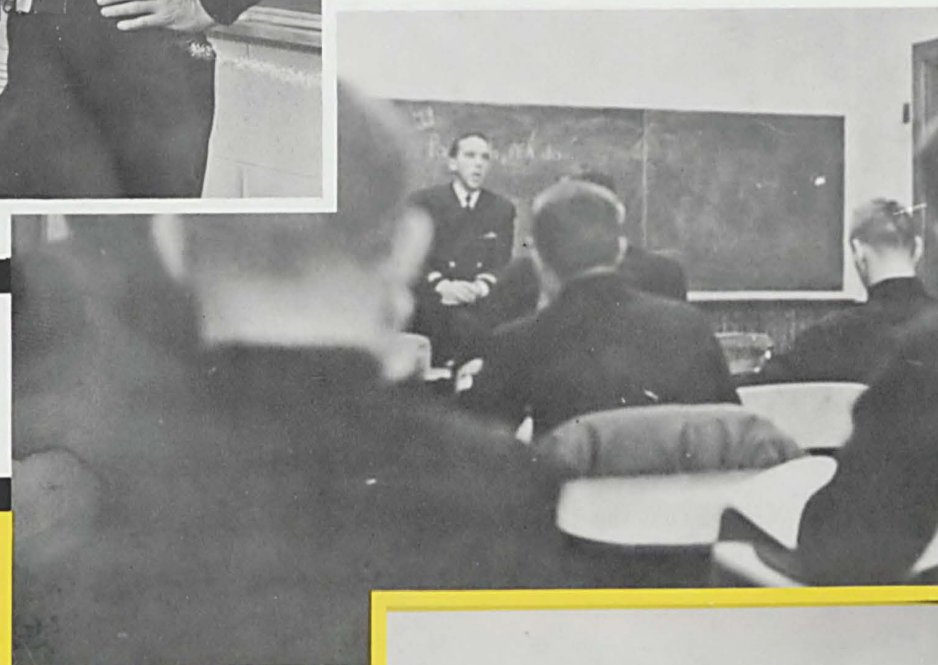
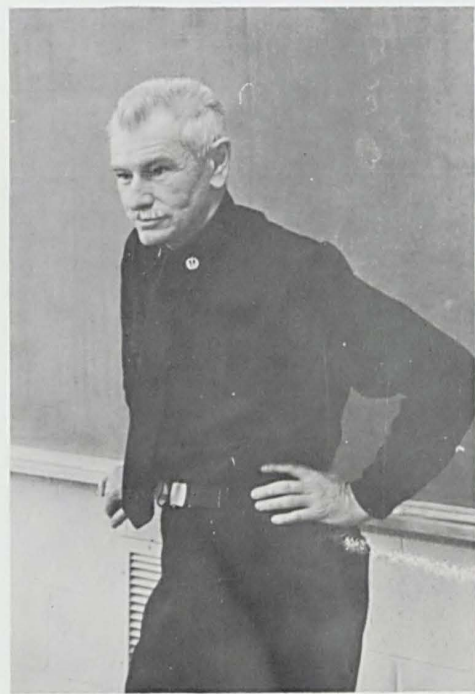
JOHN H. WIBBY
Physics
Lieutenant, USNR



ROBERT A. ATWOOD
Mathematics
Lieutenant (jg), MMA



BLAINE E. TRAFTON
Physical Education





PARKER E. WORREY
Marine Superintendent
Captain, USMS

The Engineering Department had the dual function of trying to pound the fundamentals of such obtuse subjects as boilers, turbines, auxiliaries, reefers, diesels, electricity, mechanical drawing, and nuclear power into our heads, and familiarizing us with practical engineering on board the training ship. This latter was done with some zest, particularly when we were mugs (even the "deckies" can still de-



Engineering



GEORGE W. COUSINS
Chief Engineer
Commander, USMS



JAMES A. LYLE
Engineering
Lieutenant Commander, USN (Ret.)



RICHARD L. RENNER
Nuclear Engineering
Lieutenant, MMA

scribe the underside of a boiler or the nomenclature of a rose box in great detail).

Training was always with the accent on the practical side. Thus, the instructors were continually called upon to hark back to their days at sea for the small tips and bits of knowledge which make the difference between a good watch standing engineering officer and the man who merely has a license.



EDWARD F. BROWN
Department Head
Lieutenant, USNR

Department



JOHN F. SNOW
Electricity
Lieutenant, USMS



LYNWOOD FARR
Engineering
Lieutenant (jg), MMA



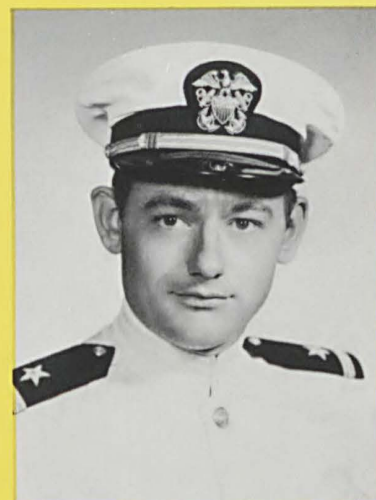
GEORGE P. JACOBS
Engineering
Lieutenant, USMS



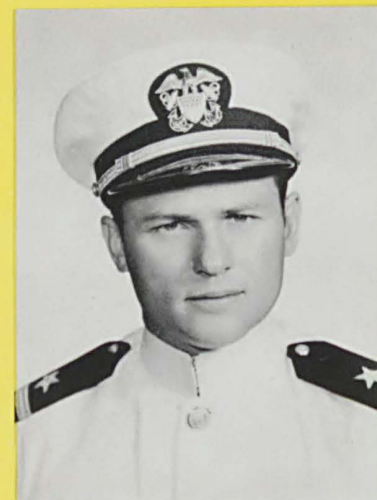
WALTER T. MAYO
Machine Shop
Lieutenant (jg), MMA



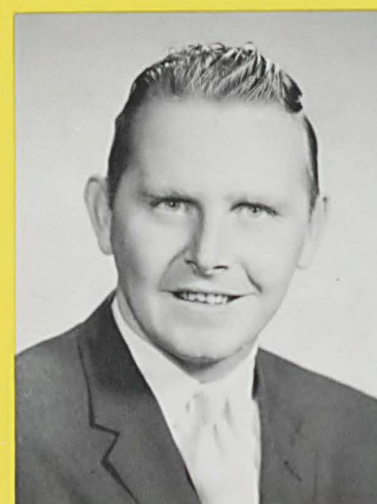
RALPH E. HANSON, JR.
Engineering
Ensign, USNR



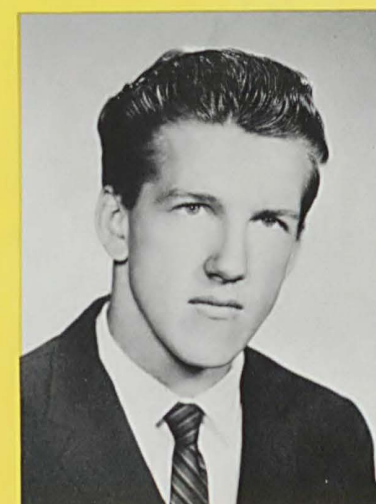
ROGER A. MARKS
Engineering
Ensign, USNR



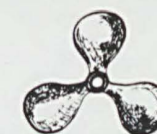
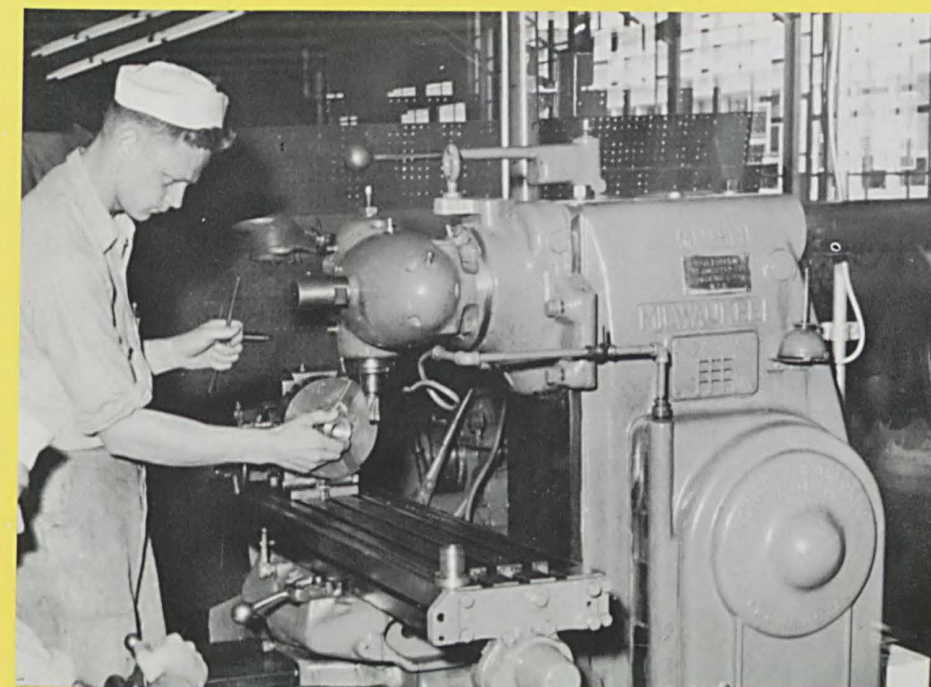
BARRY HAMILTON
Engineering
Lieutenant (jg), USNR

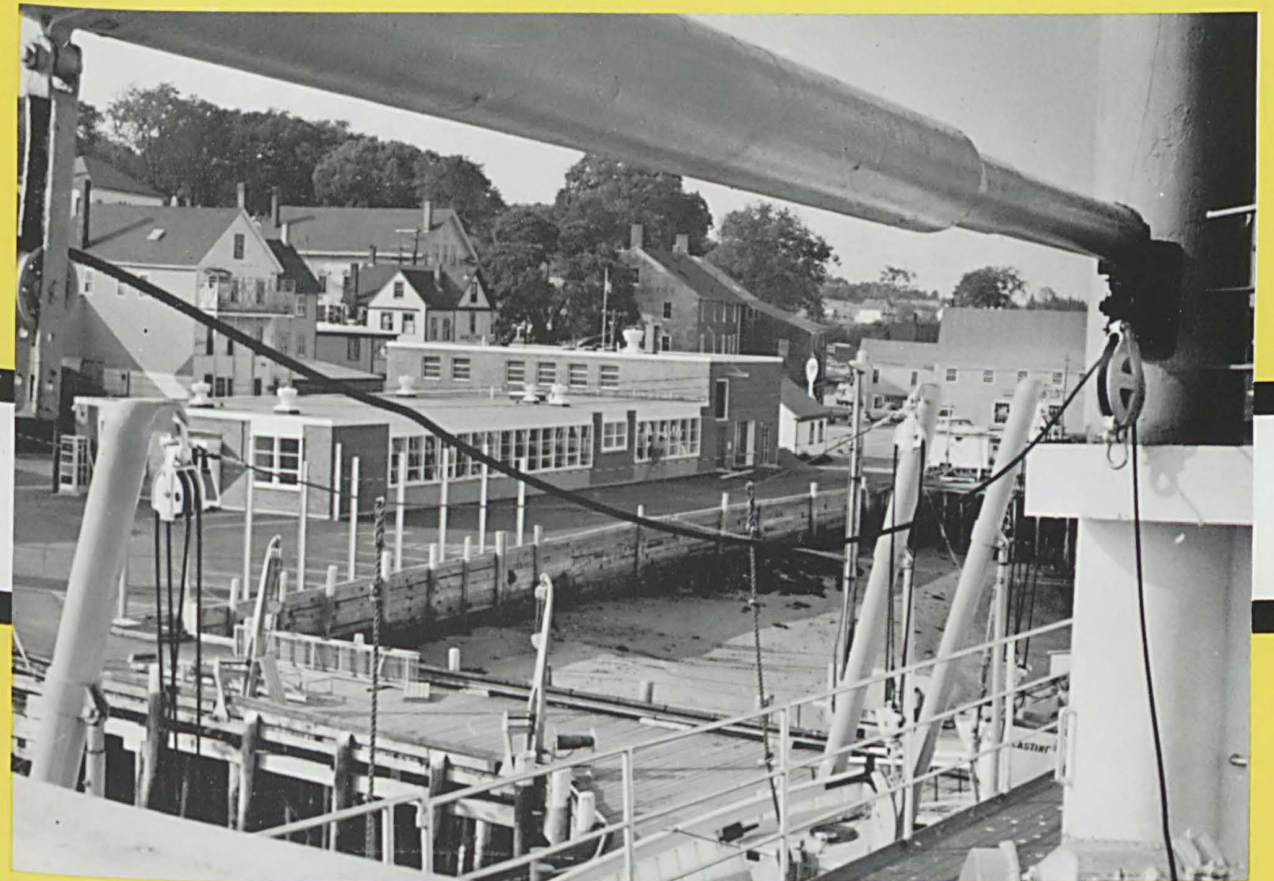


EDGAR BOWDEN
Electrician



RICHARD HARMON
Electrician







DONALD B. LEACH
Department Head
Lieutenant Commander, USN

"Victory at Sea" . . . "the slide don't slide"
"I'm confused" . . . "Now you Zippity zap the
line up about two and a half arm lengths and"
. . . such was our three years of naval science,
as we delved into the simpler side of naval
history, gunnery, ordnance, fire control, man-
euvering board, and paper work, the final
result being merchant marine officers well
fitted to operate with the navy during war
time.



Naval



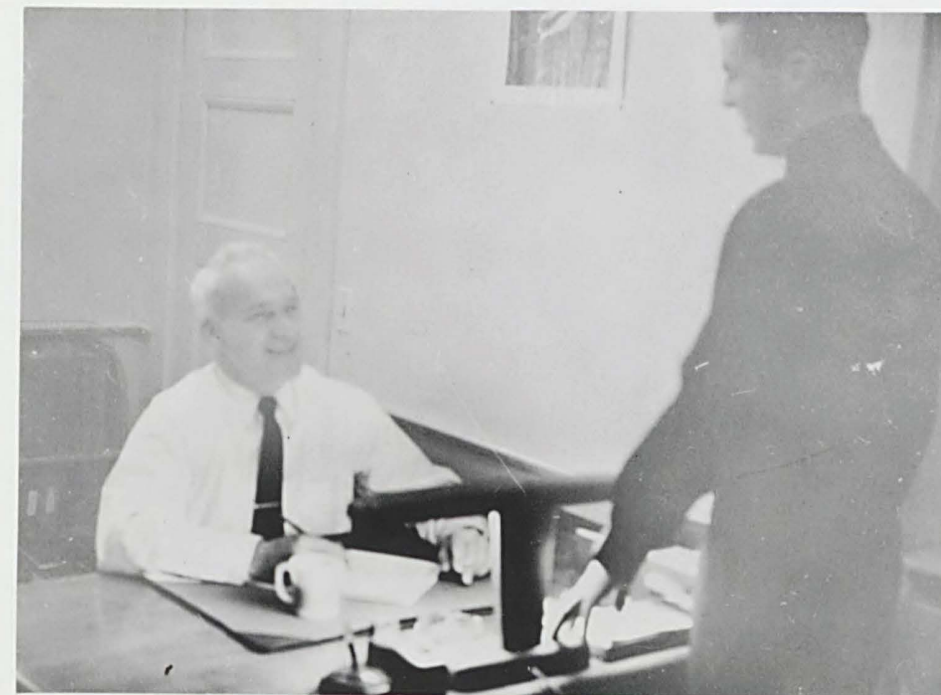
WALTER T. LECKRONE
Lieutenant (jg), USN



SAMUEL SMITH
Lieutenant (jg), USN



DAVID HAMLIN
Chief Yeoman, USN



Science



MICHAEL D. AHALT
Chief Fire Controlman, USN



CHARLES W. COOPER
Chief Gunners Mate, USN



MAURICE T. HOUTON
Chief Fire Controlman, USN



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Capt. Hammond Flynn	Machiasport
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Edward Langlois	Portland
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Bartlett M. Van Note	Portland
Rudolph Marcoux	Brewer
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Edward Hough	Portland



Board of Visitors

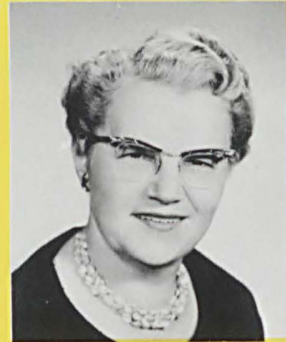
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Assistant Finance
Officer



JEANETTE PERKINS
Secretary



FRANCES GOECKLER
Secretary



ELEANOR FORDAN
Clerk



Staff



SHIRLEY DAVID
Cashier



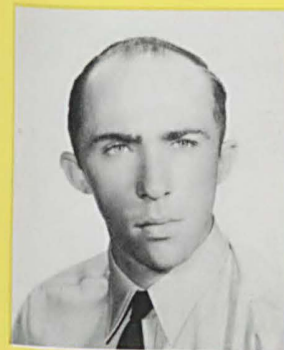
ADORA LEACH
Secretary



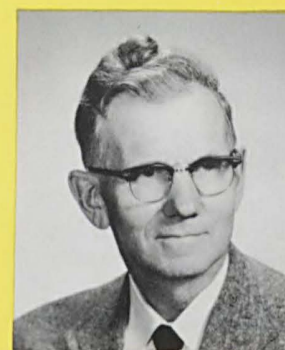
JOYCE SIMPSON
Clerk



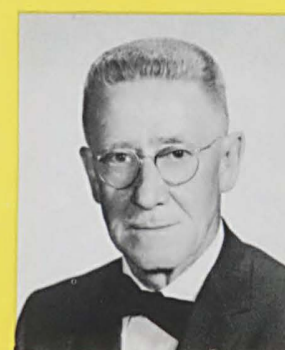
LLOYD FARLEY
Storekeeper



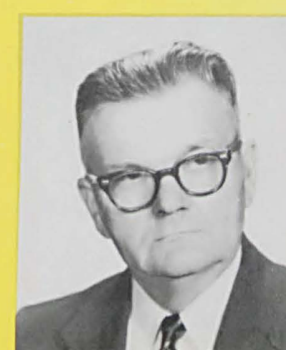
PHILIP FARR
Assistant Storekeeper



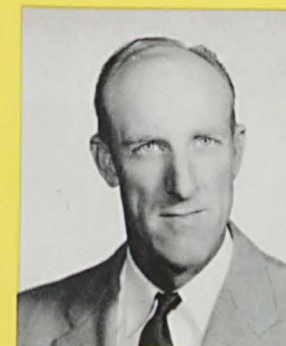
ERNEST COLLAR
Carpenter



GERALD DAY
Carpenter



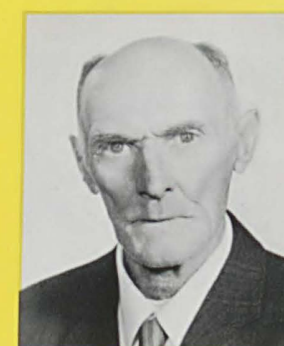
GEORGE MOORE
Plumber



THEODORE SCAMMONS
Truck Driver



LAWRENCE LITTLEFIELD
Grounds Keeper



WILBERT GRAY
Grounds Keeper



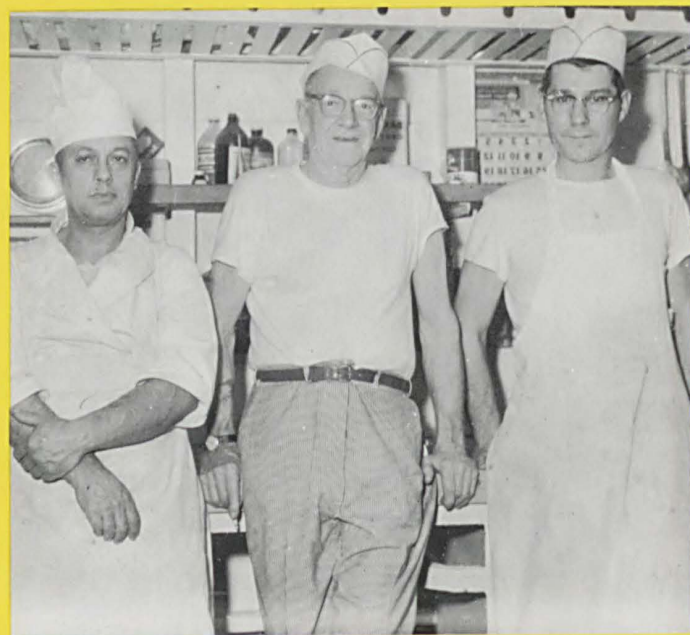
DAVID CARNEGIE
Chief Steward

The Stewards Department, under the direction of Dave Carnegie, was responsible for the preparation of that tasty group of dishes commonly known as "chow." Although their efforts were not always appreciated quite as much as they might have been, they still managed to turn out some fairly tasty meals.

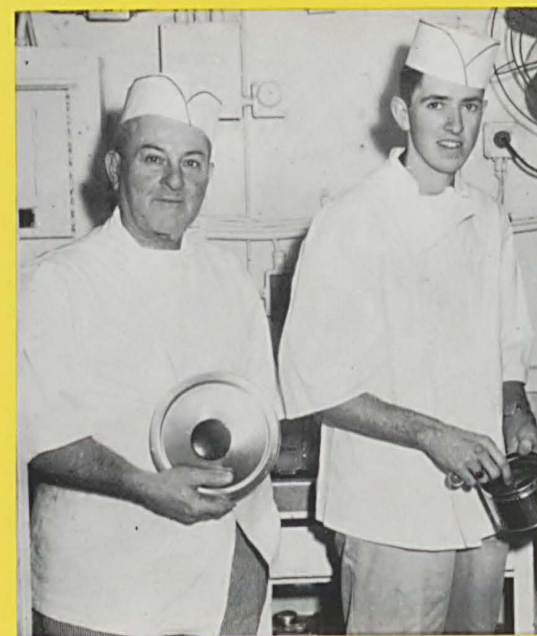
During the cruise, they fed not only the Midshipmen, but the officers and crew as well. They also took care of ships laundry.



Stewards



Clayt, Jess, Bill



Andy, Paul



Jute, Goggy, Bob, Slim, Dow

Department



Harry, Jack



Ray, Phil



BATTALION



The *American Seaman* was built in Seattle, Washington in 1919 as part of the World War I emergency fleet. She was a "Hog Islander," but the two well decks were decked over when the Academy obtained her in 1944. She first saw service as the *Berkshire* for the Merchant Miner Line. She was 390 feet long, had a beam of 54 feet, and was 6300 tons. Her power came from a conventional steam turbine. She was a sister of the *American Sailor*.



HARRY M. REID
Cadet Captain
Battalion Commander

Battalion . . . Left Face! These infamous words were the prelude to many a happy Friday afternoon presided over by our doughty Battalion Staff. "The Boys from Room 30" were also noted for their eagle eyed inspections each morning (shoes unshined . . . shoes unshined . . . ahhh, dirty belt . . . shoes unshined . . .).

Actually, all kidding aside, the Battalion Staff spent a good deal of time, trying to work things out for the Middies. They also supervised the training of the Fourth Class, saw that

BATTALION



RICHARD D. COUNTER
Cadet Commander
Battalion Executive Officer

the routine of the Battalion was observed, acted as liaison between the Executive Officer and the Midshipmen, and in general, tried to keep things running as smoothly as possible.

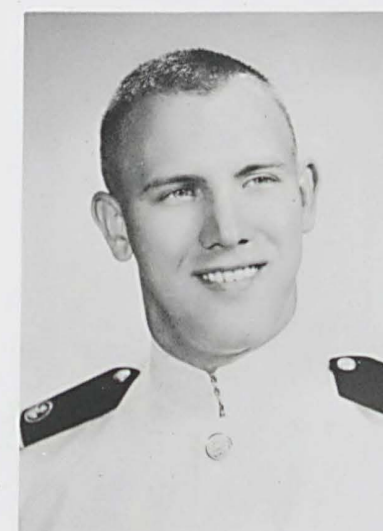
With Harry Reid at the head, Dick Counter running the ship, Bob Pouch taking care of watch bills and paper work, Dave Wood running building maintenance, and Herm Barr supervising the Mess Deck, we were in good hands.



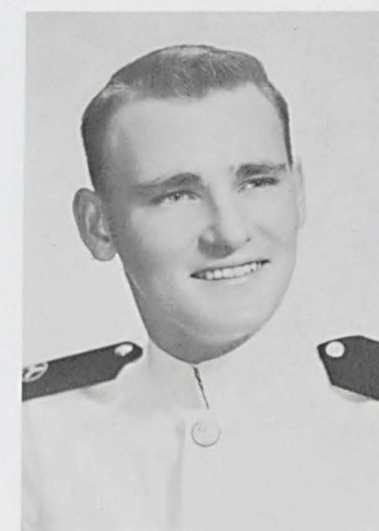
STAFF



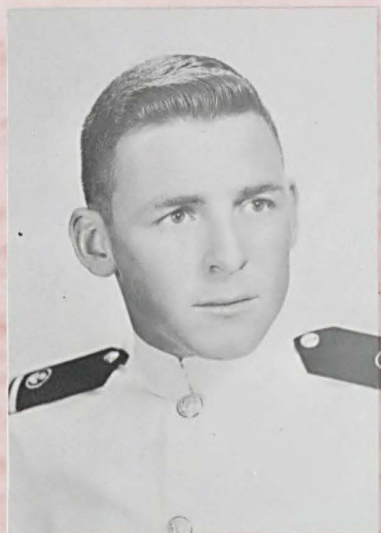
ROBERT H. POUCH
Cadet Lieutenant (jg)
Battalion Adjutant



DAVID L. WOOD
Cadet Lieutenant (jg)
Battalion Supply Officer



HERMAN E. BARR
Cadet Ensign
Master at Arms



GARY E. WHITNEY
Cadet Lieutenant
A Company Commander

"What's the best company, mister?" What's the only possible answer? Why, "A Company, Sir!" of course. As Mugs, we were thoroughly indoctrinated in this little truism. Later, several little incidents such as "I came up to A Deck and my company wasn't there" proved that there were other advantages to be gained by A Company membership as well.

"A" Company — terror of the mugs, and duty officers (Annex, remember?), prime headache of the XO, and a mighty good Company to belong to.



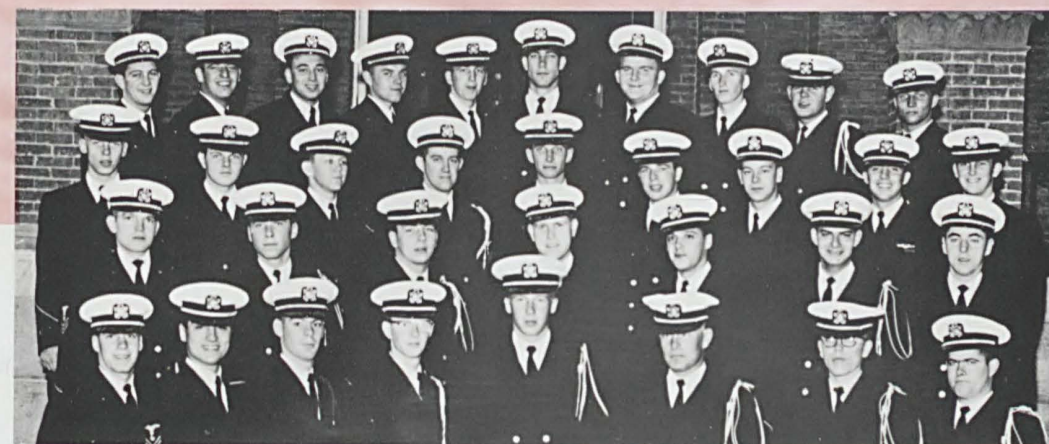
A COMPANY



A-1 Platoon Leader Brennan, Guidon Bearer Propp, Company Commander Whitney, and A-2 Platoon Leader Chiarello.

TROOPERS

William H. Adams, Edwin T. Cangin, Garnett F. Colpitts, David R. Consalvo, Anthony J. D'Amato, Donald R. Fiske, Jon M. Gilbert, Frank M. Hale, John R. Kingston, Kenneth W. Linscott, William J. O'Reilly, Richard E. Plaisted, Ross E. Pollock, Ernest J. Propp, Edward P. Reichhelm, Joseph G. San Martin, Sheldon D. Skolfield, Newell N. Smith, George Sullivan, Robert W. Smith, Craig M. Swanburg, Paul Tracy, David C. Witham, Robert A. Wood



THIRD CLASS, First Row, Left to Right: Hebert, Silva, Johnson, Walsh, Frazer, Wuesterfield, Jewell, Wellington J.
Second Row: Sims, Sherman, Frink, Bracey, Luddy, Sandler, Harrigan.
Third Row: Shepherd, Lynch R., Dillon, Breton, Shaw, Connor, McGovern, Grant, Balanger.
Fourth Row: Dumont, Doyer, Donafrio, Landry, Moffett, Bowditch, Flemming, Alley, Dunley, Farback.



FOURTH CLASS, First Row, Left to Right: McAdam, Ricker, Bracy, Young, Mulcahy, Foley, Craven, Beal J., Finnigan, Faith, Wade, Walters, Mills, Bartlett, Durner, Wright M. O., Pendergast.
Second Row: Borges, Snyder, Shore, LaBrache, Wilkens, Wurshey, Rose, Jeffrey, Struck, Quaintance, Ball, Kimpton, Sievers.
Third Row: Wright C. O., Jacobson, Stratton, White, Anderson, Casey, Wells, Whidden, Roach, Whitney, Ryan, Thibodeau, Annis.
Fourth Row: Hutton, Metzger, McLaughlin, Sprague, Leachman, Carr, Sundman, Grimes, Moebius, Rinadi, Shepherd, Winters.



WALTER B. TAYLOR
Cadet Lieutenant
B Company Commander

The B Company boys, were noted for being a little bit on the quiet side (close to the OD shack might have had something to do with it). Just the same, B Company supplied its share of general good times during our three years at MMA.

Noted for its large turnover in commanders, fine performance at drill, and hectic duty weekends, the B Company legend will long remain with us.

B COMPANY



B-1 Platoon Leader Baker, Guidon Bearer Wheaton, Company Commander Taylor, and B-2 Platoon Leader Smith.

TROOPERS

James L. Barr, Norman J. Brouwer, Francis W. Chase, John A. Cummings, Harold G. Devitt, Dennis W. Engels, Lawrence Feldman, Theodore E. Gray, David E. Harrison, James C. Hathaway, Charles A. Iliff, Jr., Raymond S. Jakubowicz, Herbert A. Jones, Stephen R. Kovacs, Norman F. Laskey, Louis A. Profenno, Newell N. Smith, Peter C. Tassell, Kenneth W. Thoens, Francis L. Walsh, David A. Weston, Gary K. Wheaton, Forrest E. Wright, James E. Zedalis



THIRD CLASS, First Row, Left to Right: Soule, Laney, Ferrier, Campbell M., Smith D., Paulsen, Lindley, Turner T., Cheeney, Scala, Sieman.
Second Row: Stackpole, Mattson, Haley, Kiernan, Smith E., Smith P., Wellington R., Parker, Wagoner, Rose.
Third Row: Brown T., Terry, Rowe, O'Donnell T., Manning, Lynch J., Brown W.
Fourth Row: Rush, Fuller, Wolff, Rossignol, Viebrock, Willard, Weeks, Glenn, Morey.



FOURTH CLASS, First Row, Left to Right: Lease, Arnold S., Burke, Bedard, Gaudreau, Alexion, Gamache, Hamilton, Hutchins, Arnold B., Farnsworth.
Second Row: Rawson, Poltrack, Goff, Raines, Lathe, Grant, Mariner, Bickford, Slocum, Holt, Cook.
Third Row: Krupski, Kearney, Rand, Jensen, Eddy, Jameson, Curly, Cunningham, Lealie, Howard, Preble, DesRoberts.
Fourth Row: Fisher, Madsen, Ferguson, Fenton, Lowell, Holmes, Sundhiem, Harding, Eastwood, Lindvahl, Plimpton, Driscall, Connelly.



MAURICE S. OLIVER
Cadet Lieutenant (jg)
Band Master

The Band, under the leadership of Moe Oliver, has improved greatly during the last year. Not only has it almost doubled in size, but the quality of the music and its variety have also just about doubled. For once it's actually a pleasure to listen to the MMA Band. No longer were we subjected to the "big four" tunes, Military Escort, Anchors Aweigh, etc. Frequent practice sessions and new music made the change possible.

BAND



Senior Band Members: (seated) M. Gray, Bromley, Bennett, Keimig, and McKenney; (standing) Jacobsen, Gentilcore, Rogers, R. Smith, Groder, Hilton, and Myers.



WILLIAM O. MASTERS
Cadet Lieutenant (jg)
Drillmaster

The Drill Squad, led by Bill Masters, was one of the more "squared away" groups around the campus. Almost every afternoon, they could be seen out practicing for a half-time performance at a football game, a parade, or some other function. The Squad received commendations from sponsoring organizations of almost every event at which they were present, and, at the 15th Annual Junior Chamber of Commerce Convention at Augusta, won the first prize trophy.

DRILL SQUAD



First Class members of the Squad: O'Donnell, Bartek (holding Jaycee's Trophy), Low, and Lane.



CPOs: Ferguson, Marra, Scott, and Rich.



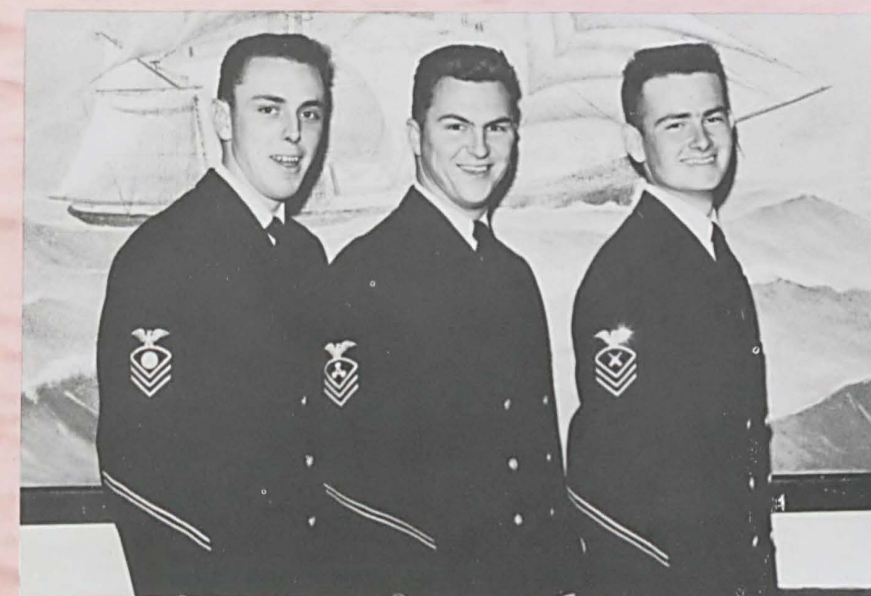
PETTY



A Company PO 1/c Ferrier, Rowe, Scala, and Davies.



B Company PO 1/c Silva, Grant, Shaw, and Sims.



Chiefs: Rawson, Schroppe, and Hubbard.

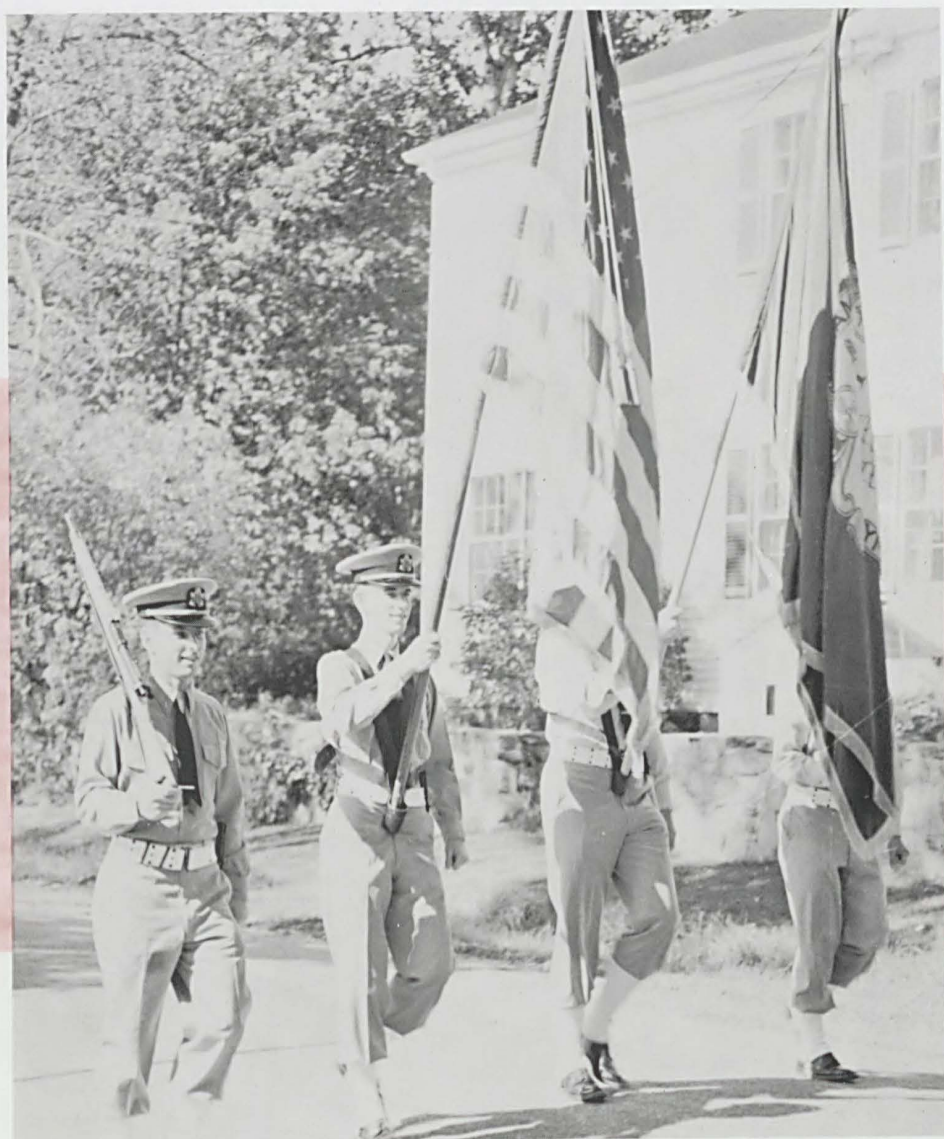
OFFICERS



Assistant Master at Arms Weeks, McGovern, Jaget, and Master at Arms Barr.

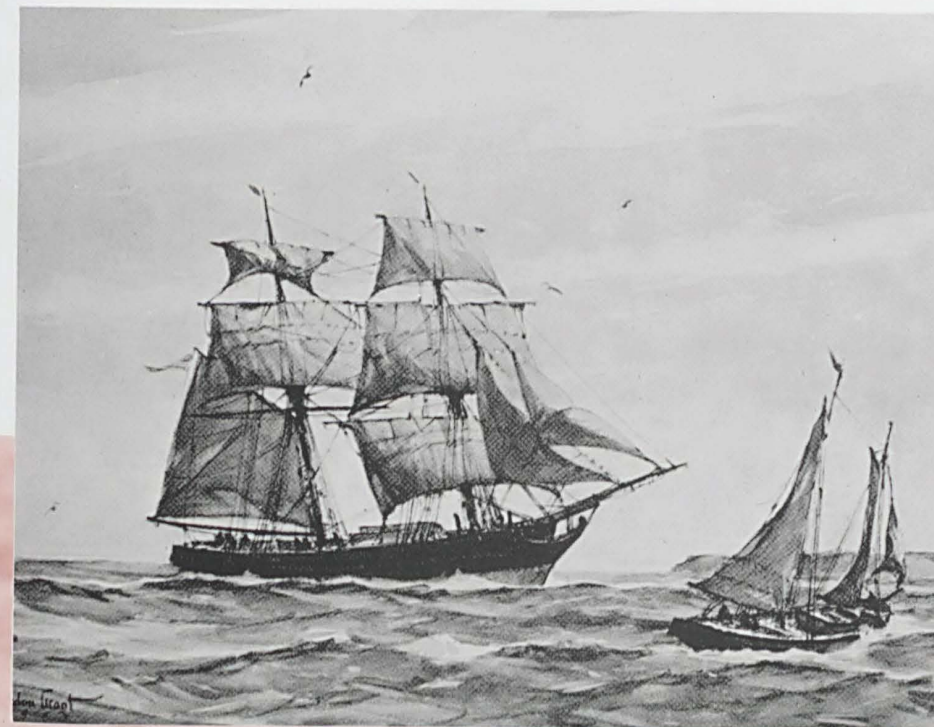


Assistant Band Master Dunlay, Band Guidon Keimig, Drill Squad Guidon Low, and Assistant Drill Master Rose.



COLOR GUARD

The Color Guard, commanded by Color Sergeant Tom Reynolds, consisted of Jim Murray (National Colors), Bob Wood (School Colors), and Pete Stratton, later relieved by Ernie Propp (color guard). The four carried the colors at every conceivable ceremony from Friday afternoon "march-arounds" to parades around the state.

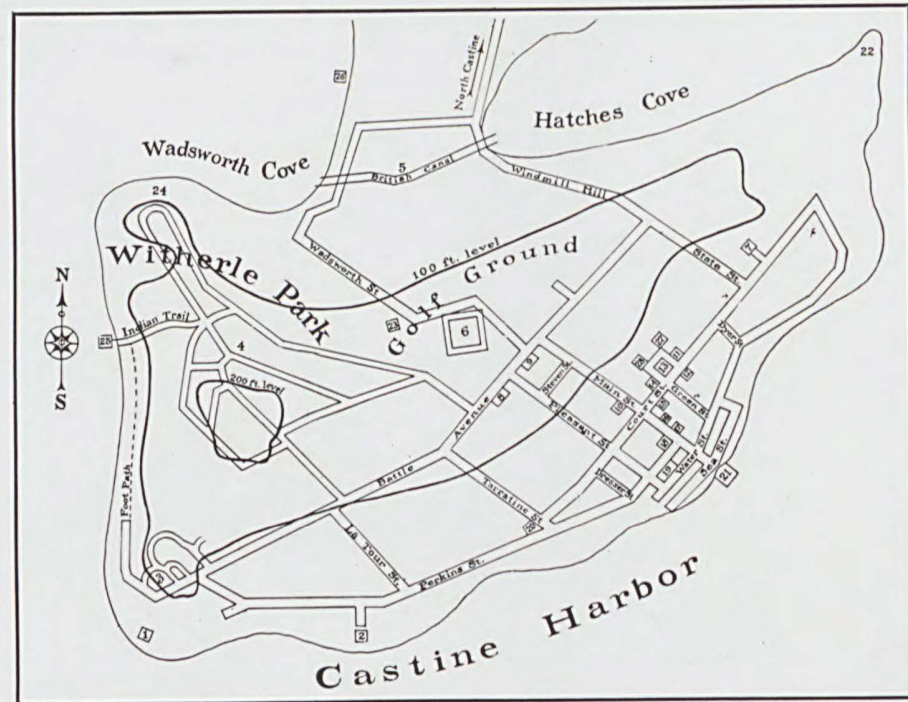


CLASS HISTORY



The *Yankee States* was a Navy "Senora" class AKA. She was acquired in Boston in 1946 and was turned over to another maritime academy in 1947. She was 426 feet long, had a beam of 58 feet, and was 6500 tons fully loaded. Her turbo-electric drive was rated at 6000 hp which would produce a speed of 17 knots.

But Sir.....!



One day, late in the month of August, 1959, a little over 160 bright-eyed, red-blooded American boys kissed their mothers and sweet-hearts goodbye (some of the latter for the last time), and with heads filled with dreams (of the *New Yorker* advertisement type handsome young third mate in dress whites strolling down the deck with the pretty young passenger) sallied forth towards the doors of that remarkable institution, the Maine Maritime Academy. The dream filled heads soon found a rude awakening. The dress whites changed to full dress dungarees (with leggings), and our bright-eyed boys become somewhat bleary-eyed as they moved into that wonderful Down East tribal custom known as "indoctrination."

We were greeted in a friendly manner by one of the sub-chieftains of this clan with a strident shout of "HIT IT RIGHT THERE MISTER! CHINS LET'S SEE SOME CHINS! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MISTER? WHAT'S MY NAME, MISTER? DOUBLE TIME IT! GO, MISTER, GO! FASTER, FASTER, FASTER, FASTER!"

We moved as if in a dream (perhaps nightmare would be a better

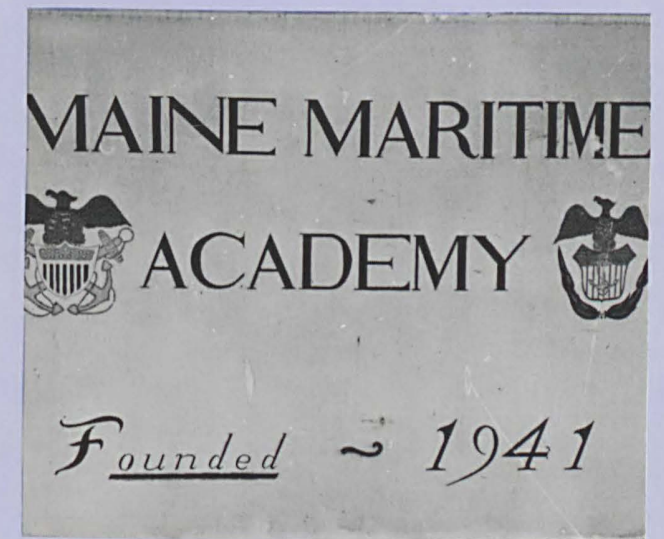


word) through a succession of events calculated to enroll, clothe, equip, and instruct us. From registration to Lloyd's to Finance to the "tailor" to the chow line (some of us actually liked it the first few days) to the drill field.

We stored our gear aboard ship and made our "pads," only to have the gear dumped on the deck and our pads ripped ("I thought I told you people four and eight"). We marched and marched and marched. We toured the entire town of Castine in this pleasant manner, visiting such points of interest as the swimming pool, Agony Hill, Dices Head, Agony Hill, Ritchie Field, and Agony Hill.

Our numbers began to thin as the strain began to tell. Still, most of us persevered through the two weeks until finally indoctrination was over and classes began.

In class, we met such interesting characters as "Rockin' Bob" and his "slip stick with a message," "Mesmerizing Minot" and his monotone molecules, "Granny" and his (you know what) in the Bible, Ratchet and his "Turbines-goroundandround Recipsgoup-anddown Anyquestions? Good There'llbeatestoverpages-onethrough founintyninetomorrow," "Fid" and his "fids" (isogonic lines?), Seatssssssss, Buzzy, and more. Some we were not to meet until later, but we heard and shuddered at names such as "The Baron," "Easy Ed," "The Lizard," "Marvin Mumbles," and "Freddy Volts."



The First Sign.



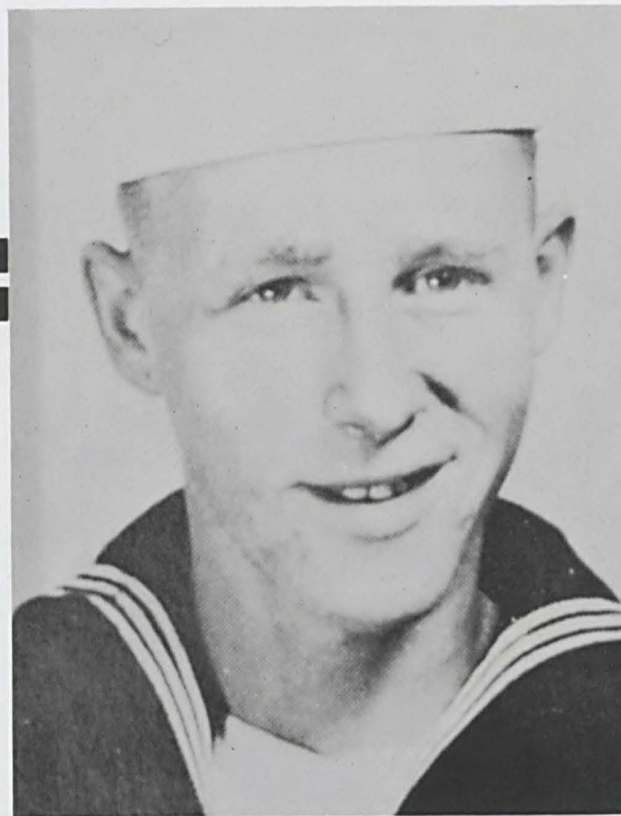
Viewed From Under A Full Duffle Bag.

For most of us, the classes were not difficult, but the lack of study time weighed heavily on us. Classes went until 1500. 1500 to 1700 and 1800 until 1900 found us "field-daying" the ship (or Leavitt Hall, or Dismukes Hall, or the gym, or the ship again). 1930 'til 2130 found us "studying" in study hall. 2130 to 2150 provided another opportunity for cleaning stations. 2200 taps. 2200 to 2330 rumble. 0000 to 0400 (like as not) watch. Sleep from 0400 all the way 'til 0530 then "REVEILLE, REVEILLE, HIT THE DECK!" Stumble out of the pad and dress, shave, etc. Up the hill at 0600 for breakfast. "Shoes not shined take five." Trot around the flag pole until it was convenient to hide in the gym. Back to the chow line at the proper moment, panting hard. Eat. Down the hill for cleaning stations. Out to inspection ("Every other man shoes not shined"), and then to classes again.

Life was, perhaps, a bit hard, but we could always look at the upperclassmen and say "If they made it last year, I can do it this year." And then, we had our own "laughs" too. Time passed quickly until finals approached.

We moved into finals with a mixture of dread and relief. Most of us made it.

We split up, some going home for Christmas, others for New Year's. Those that remained behind labored long and mightily transferring stores from trucks to the reefers (?).



We came from many places and all walks of life.



Our watches were nothing but squared away.



We had a chance to "get some culture"

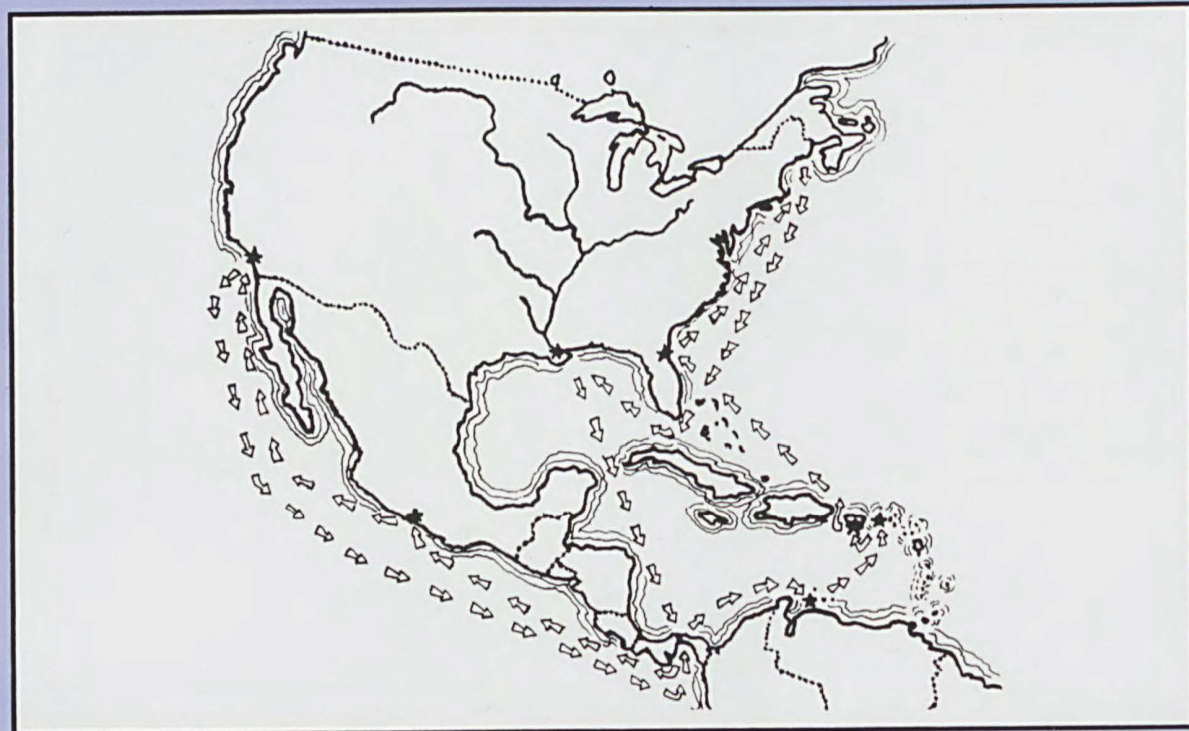


to try for local liberty



and then to load the ship.

Bilge-water-Blues

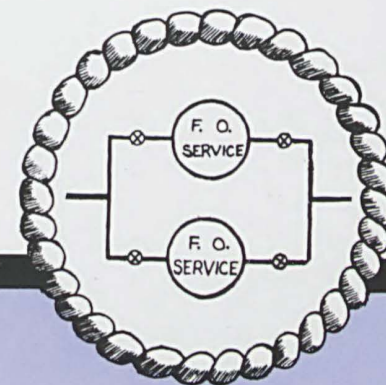


Now ready to leave our new found home of Castine to take our first winter cruise South which had been so well advertised in the catalog, and relieved of the burden of studies for three months, we looked forward to a luxury voyage. For the most of us it was the first time on the seas and with rumors of the "Motion of the Ocean" keeping one to the rail, most of us brought sure remedies back from leave pills, crackers, fluids, and fear.

Reveille went early but many of us made the scene on the docks to touch the last piece of solid earth for the last time.

Around 0700, a deep sound was heard and the many people standing on the dock cheered as the "Pride of the Castine Fleet" slowly headed SSW into the vast waters of the Penobscot River. Yes, the old "Bucket" whose seaworthiness we had doubted so many times was now taking us away from our loved ones and into three months and 12000 miles of adventure.

The seas were rough but warm weather being just around the turn of *Ambrose* our spirits were kept high. Those of us who thought and wondered where they tied the ship up at night soon found the



answer. Some of us were starting our new field of study from the bottom of the bilge to the bridge with the other half working their way from the "crows nest" to the keel. After 8 days of nothing but water land was sighted and we commenced passage up the muddy Mississippi. After ninety miles and the setting of the sun the first liberty party was landed along side the JAX brewery at the foot of Decatur St. Even though we were "Mugs" and away from the apron strings for the first time, it didn't take us long to find the high spots of Bourbon and Canal Street. We spent seven healthy days in the French Quarter, of New Orleans and some of us seven healthy days at Pat O'Briens.

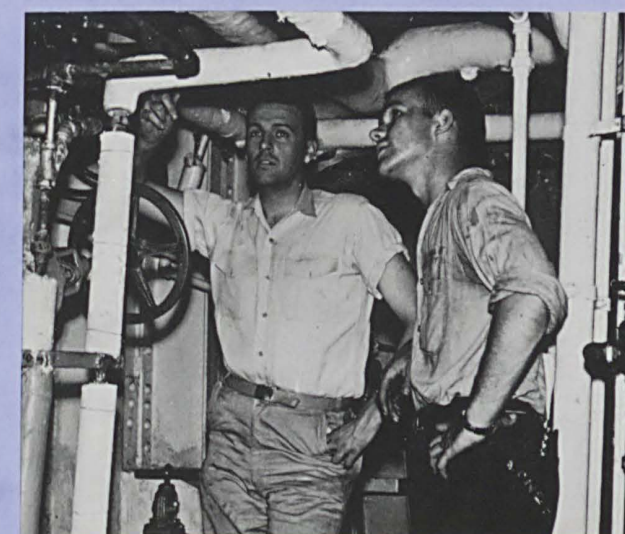
We left New Orleans by the aid of the same light in which we entered. To the new "salts" aboard, it looked like it was all down hill (according to the globe), and therefore we should make it to the "Big Ditch" in no time. With the aid of the current, we were out to sea. Once again we fell into the daily routine.

After leaving shipyard the bilges were in need of cleaning once again so the "Mugs" went to work to apply their hard earned knowledge of better housekeeping.

After a few days of smooth sailing, our classmate in the crows nest sighted an unidentifiable object which appeared to be a traffic light marking the entrance to the Panama Canal. We started passage through the canal around 1730 and upon entrance to the Pedro Miguel



Harry's big day.



Where'll we put 'em now.



We got our sealegs fast



Wonderful New Orleans

locks we met a family of one of the 3/c Midshipman who lives in Panama.

Although it was after sunset, most of us remained up to see the passage through the largest man made lake in the world. When the sun rose in the morning, we were steaming along the coast of Central America in the Pacific Ocean, on our way to Acapulco, Mexico.

After five days of steaming in the Pacific, we entered the natural harbor of Acapulco, dropped the hook, lowered the running boats, and HIT the BEACH. Actually it wasn't this easy for we only had two motor launches in operation and we being "Mugs" happily gave our seats in the boats to the upper classmen. This delay interfered with our first chance of swimming but not with our persistency in bargaining with the natives. In fact we did better than the UPPER CLASSMEN since we were new at the game and a little bit more stubborn. Many of us had liberty two days and we were able to do the things which could not be done the previous day. Water skiing, swimming, diving, bartering, and the Rio Rita were left behind when the "Pride of the Castine Fleet" weighed anchor and set course for California.

One day out of California we tasted our first rough sea. Unfortunately, we missed the 3 glasses of wine per man per day. Despite the tall swells we plowed the deep and eventually cruised into Long Beach, California.

Town was a few miles away and bargaining with the taxi drivers was not a means into civilization. Instead of the peso it was the American Dollar. DISNEYLAND was the climax of our stay in Long Beach. Many of us (Mugs) equaled the upper classmen in presenting specials to the X.O. for visits with relatives. Many country boys had to prove their driving talent on the free ways. After four

days we were ready to sail on the seas instead of floating on the sidewalks.

Thirteen days of smooth sailing brought us in sight of the "Big Ditch" again, and on our way to the D.W.I. Passage through the canal was in daylight and gave us a chance to shoot pictures for those who kept records.

Following three more days at sea and battling a storm, the S.S. State of Maine passed through the only pontoon bridge of its kind in the world. Curacao, D.W.I. holds many fond memories by the "Mid-dies." Many spent much time and Guilders trying to beat the wheel at the Hotel Intercontinental Casino, while other tars spent Guilders *Camping*. During this stay in Curacao, the Royal Dutch Marines offered tours of the island and gave transportation to and from the town and beaches.

At this phase of the cruise, it was just a hop, skip, and a smooth day of sailing to our next port of Ponce, P. R.

Ponce offered many social hours — uniform, dress whites. This was the first opportunity for us to use these "throat chokers" but after a few hours the discomfort was outweighed by the interest shown in the distilling process. The following night, more research was done with a visit to the Corona Brewery.

We sailed from the colorful and picturesque town of Ponce and the next morning made ourselves visible in St. Thomas, V.I.

ST. THOMAS was our last opportunity to lie on the beaches and soak up some rays before steaming to the States. Lindberg beach with its crystal sand, salt water swimming, and baracuda offered much excitement. Most of us made a point of visiting the "Foolish Virgin Bar" at the V.I. Hotel before leaving the island. After an 0200 sight muster, we sailed for Florida, (a little late perhaps).

Our next stop was Mayport,



The "Big Ditch."



On their way to the "Rio."



We arrive in the big city.



Disneyland — need we say more?

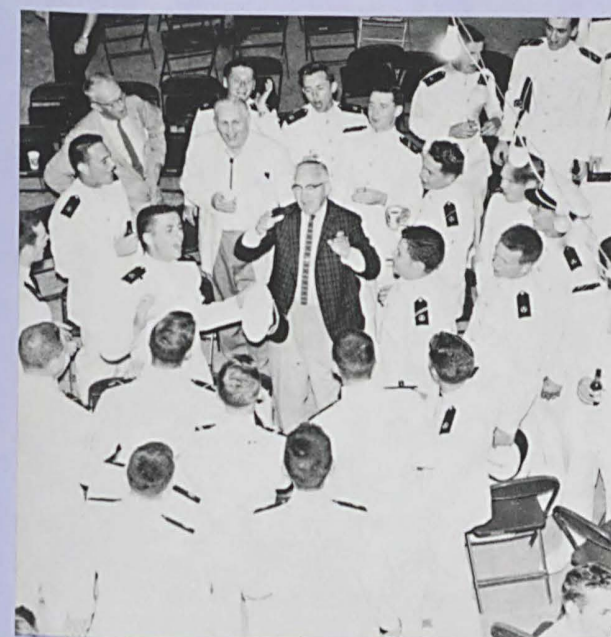


Curacao Waterfront.

Florida, to pick up relics from the *USS Portland*. The Navy greeted us enthusiastically with enough tugs to dock the *USS Forestal*. After we were well loaded down with relics (?) we proceeded up the river to Jacksonville. The Propeller Club and the USO both put on dances for us, but due to the miserable weather, many of us only made it as far as "Benny the Bumps." Jax introduced those of us who were fortunate enough to be engine to the infamous little ceremony known as "painting parties." The deckies found out about night maintenance as the whole ships company turned out for an "A number one" camouflage job.

With a tail wind and the movie screen up, we made exceptional time on our run to Portland, getting in two days early. There we were greeted by our loved ones. While we were in port, we received a steady stream of visitors, necessitating special crews to patch up the signs of wear and tear.

A short Sunday run found us back in our home port of Castine. The run up Casco Bay marked the completion of our first Southern winter training cruise.



Chamber of Commerce party, Ponce



Main Street, Charlotte Amalie



Stand by to load "relics"



Back to Castine

Up to Leavitt



ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!

Following our week leave and week of maintenance, we returned to classes, this time divided into deck and engine sections. Our ranks had been further thinned, so that existence on the ship was quite comfortable (one high in starboard aft!). The seniors let up on us as they went into the last stretch before licenses so that life became even more bearable.

Then graduation, and with it, the move up the hill. All hell broke loose again. ONE HAND! MUSTER UP! HIT IT! AIR RAID! FLOOD! ONE HAND! ONE HAND! ONE HAND! This time we could take it with a smile, for in the back of our minds was the thought, "six more weeks — just six weeks more."

Summer leave, and then that blessed moment as the first new mug stepped over the threshold. HIT IT! SUCK IT IN MISTER! CHINS MISTER! But this time it was not for us. We were UPPER-CLASSMEN (oh well, what are a few cleaning stations, anyway?).

Fall found us deep in our books, but we still found time for many extra-curricular activities, especially on weekends. Our football team came home in first place with the finest record in the Academy's history, to take the conference title. Again time went by quickly, until we once again found ourselves faced with finals, then home for a week and return for the cruise.

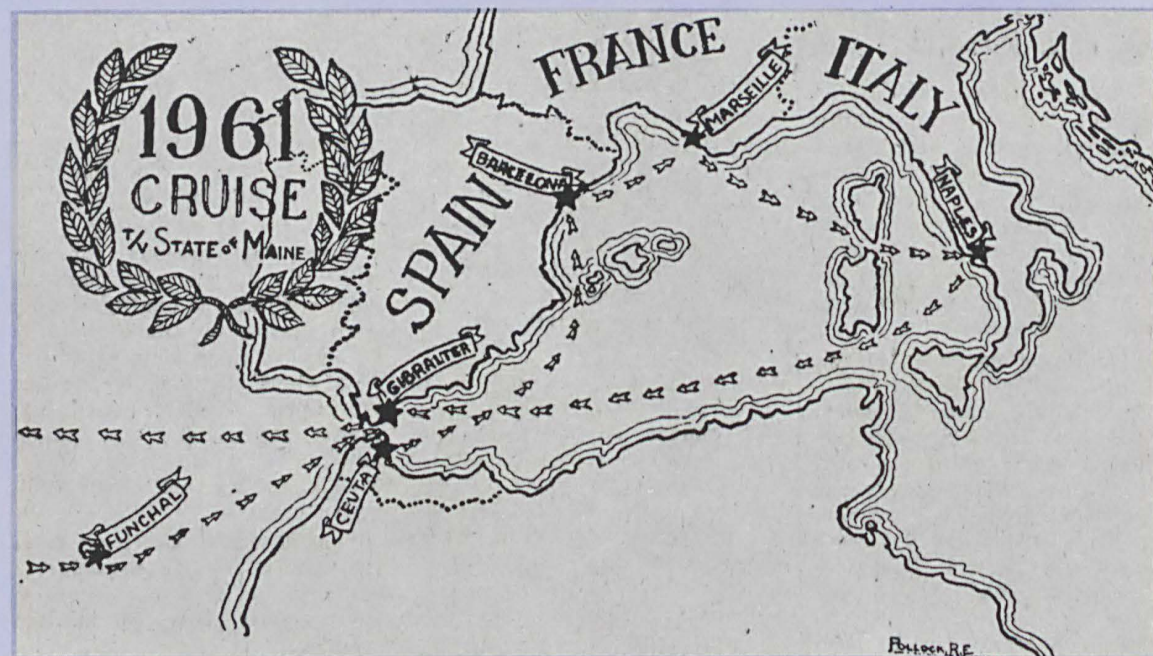


FINALLY!



THE BOYS SCORE

Sun Lane Cruise



The preparations for our 1961 Annual Training Cruise began long before our sailing date. As early as November, sweating fourth-classmen were lining up to unload the beginning of that long line of trucks which was to bring us three months worth of stores for over three hundred men. After holiday leaves, we reported aboard and began securing our gear. We sailed soon enough for one of the most memorable experiences of our lives.

We docked in Baltimore after completing the first leg of our voyage in three days — a distance of about 650 miles. This was a period of some confusion, as men familiarized themselves with their new tasks on deck and in the engine room. The weather was good (for the North Atlantic), but still, some were seen manning the rails almost all the way down from Castine.

Our arrival was enthusiastically received by the Baltimorians. We were met by news reporters and photographers even before the ship docked. The local Propeller Club, Maryland Dry Dock Company, and the Chamber of Commerce, along with a number of assisting organizations went "all out" to give us a good time.



This was a working port, so liberty did not go until 1630. During the day, we assisted in the repairs being made by the Maryland Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.

Tours were arranged to Annapolis, Maryland where the U.S. Naval Academy is located, and to Washington, D.C. In addition, we were able to get a look at Grace Line's revolutionary new container ships, and to take a field trip to a Coast Guard buoy manufacturing plant.

On Wednesday, January 11, the City of Baltimore held a reception commemorating the visit of the STATE OF MAINE to Maryland. It was opened by the Mayor of the city and representatives of the Governor.

The following day, a noon reception and buffet was held aboard ship for officials of the press, the Maryland Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, the Coast Guard, and the American Bureau of Shipping.

Evenings, those of us who were not otherwise engaged took a look around one of the world's great ports, or sampled the night life on East Baltimore Street.

After completing last minute details, we sailed from Baltimore for the island of Madeira on the 14th of January.

The trip across was sunny and mild as the deck department worked overtime to get the ship in shape for visitors in the various ports we were to visit. Many of us spent our off watch hours on the fantail acquiring suntans and thinking of the girls we left behind us (and also the snow we left behind us). The 3085 mile trip took us twelve days, instead of the expected thirteen.

We arrived in Funchal, the Capitol of Maderia, on January 26. Naturally, we



All in the days work for a junior engineer.



The JD Casino.



Washington, D. C. — visited during our stay in Baltimore.



"Half-way House," Madeira.



Somebody Goofed! Remember JE?

were anxious to get ashore. After a quick tour of the city, and a somewhat slower tour of its wine factories, most of us ended up at the top of the "Monte" from which Madeira's famous toboggan rides start. The toboggan is a wood and wicker affair, the descent of which, down the city's steep, cobbled streets is controlled by two men who run along side shouting "afasta, afasta" (get out of the way) or making sounds like automobile horns. We were impressed by the city's massive walks and the seventeenth century fort guarding the harbor entrance. At night we had dinner at the "Golden Gate" or "Reids Hotel" (there are many English names in Madeira because of the large number of British tourists), before sampling some of the more exotic side of Madeiran night life. Hundreds of wicker chairs were brought on board as the pipe was made, "there will be ABSOLUTELY NO bargaining over the side." We also stocked up on the famous Madeiran embroidery.

We sailed with reluctance from the first of our foreign ports on January 28th for Ceuta, Spanish Morocco. After a calm trip of four days, we passed through the famous Straits of Gibraltar while a few of the less experienced lined the rails watching for the famous "Prudential sign." Ceuta, located directly across from "the Rock" was only a fueling port, so we were not granted liberty, but we will always remember it for the beautiful red flag with the green star and our little brush with the British Merchant Marine.

On the third of February, we arrived in Barcelona. As the ship was now two days ahead of schedule, we held over for an extra day. This was one of our best ports. The Spanish people were very

friendly, and unlike those in some other ports, did not raise their prices (very much) when they saw us coming. We wandered past the fleet landing, the Columbus monument and through the twisting side streets that were not as wide as an American alley. We bought wineskins (usually empty), boots and handbags. Some of us also visited the monastery of Montserrat, located forty miles from Barcelona, which dates back to the ninth century.

From Barcelona, it was but an eighteen hour trip to Marseille, France. We steamed into the New Harbor past the famous Chateau d'If on the 7th of February. Marseille has made an astounding comeback since the war. Not only was one whole section of the city completely leveled, but over one hundred fifty ships were sunk by the retreating Germans in strategic places to block the harbor. Today, there is almost no evidence of this. In addition to the usual wandering up and down the main streets looking for souvenirs, some of us took a tour of the city and the beautiful little fishing village of Cassis. One of the high points (in more ways than one) of the tour was the visit to the beautiful church of Notre-Dame-de-la-Guarde. It is located on a hill commanding the city. The view is breathtaking. After the tour, many of us were attracted to the small sidewalk cafes which line "Le Cannebiere" or the restaurants which are located in the side streets, French cooking is supposed to be superb — not many of us were disappointed. We were visited during our stay by fifty French Cadets from the Ecole de la Marine Marchande. Some of us returned the visit the following day.



Barcelona and the SS STATE OF MAINE.



View from the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Marseille.



"But Daddy, why don't the houses have roofs on them?" — Pompeii.



The Forum — Rome.



Along the top of Vesuvius.



The Rock — Gibraltar.

We arrived in Naples, Italy, after two days sailing. Naples met with even more interest by most of us as it would be our longest stopover. The most important event was the two day tour to Rome. We were able to see only a fraction of the famous city's sights, but what we did see impressed us all immensely. The tremendous size and beauty of Saint Peter's and the Vatican City, the Colosseum, the Roman Forum, the Pantheon, Hadrian's Tomb, and many more were presented to us. At night, we were free to explore some of the other delights that the "Eternal City" has to offer.

Most of us were able to take the tours to Pompeii, Vesuvius and Sorrento, or to the famous Isle of Capri. These were the sights which we will (to be trite) never forget. We rode to the top of Vesuvius in a ski lift type cable car. From there we walked down into the mouth of the crater to see something of what this, one of the most famous of volcanos, was like. From Vesuvius, we traveled to the ancient Roman town of Pompeii, buried for nearly eighteen centuries by Vesuvius at the peak of its development, and preserved under a thick layer of volcanic ash until rediscovered in recent times. Pompeii is still being excavated, but enough of this city of 20,000 has been uncovered to give us a good idea of the way these people lived, loved, and died. From the ruins of Pompeii, we traveled to the resort town of Sorrento. Most of us didn't see too much of the town as we were too busy with souvenirs, but they tell us that it's a lovely little town. A part of the group was even honored with a rendition by our guide of the famous song "Come Back to Sorrento."

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The Isle of Capri has been a resort since the second century B.C. when the Romans discovered the beauty of this little spot. Among other points of interest were the "Villa Inovis," at one time the resort of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, who passed happy hours here pushing his enemies off the bluff. Unfortunately, the famous Blue Grotto could not be viewed because of the weather.

In Naples itself, we generally walked or took a "galloping taxi" (the regular taxis were far too expensive, even when the driver charged the proper rates). We spent our nights at the U.S.S. Club, the Blue Bird, or the Kit Kat Klub. There wasn't too much opportunity for us to see Naples itself during the day, but those who managed to fight off the crowds of kids, pickpockets and salesmen (psst, hey Joe wanna buy a machine gun?) did see a few interesting sights. These included the "Castel Nuevo," and the "Castel del Ovo."

From Naples we sailed for Gibraltar. We moored under the great protecting mass of the "Rock" on the 22nd of February after a run of four days. Gibraltar, known to the ancients as one of the pillars of Hercules, derives its name from the Moorish conquerors of the eighth century. It has been in the possession of the British since 1704, who have held on to it because of its strategic importance in controlling the traffic in and out of the Mediterranean. We will remember Gibraltar primarily for the excellent tax free shopping that it afforded. We came back loaded down with everything from cameras to cameos and ivory to Italian embroidery. We sailed from "Gib" on 24 February for New York, Portland, and last but not least Castine.



Mid-town Manhattan and our escort.



St. Patrick's Day celebration, Portland.



Castine — finished with engines at last!

Then We Were Boss



Senior Rooms and Senior Privileges.

Another short period ensued as we and the Class of '61 waited anxiously for graduation. Then the big day came. We turned to immediately moving into our new, choicer rooms.

Now we could begin to enjoy some of the long awaited senior "privileges," such as attempting to keep contraband coffee pots and popcorn poppers in operation and no more cleaning stations. The mugs moved up the hill, providing us with further diversions.

Fourth of July arrived, and with it the visit of the *USS Becuna*. We began to enjoy weekday evening dances with the girls from the cruise boats and things really began to look up.

Then, the inevitable finals. Much Mid-night oil was burned, and tempers ran short, but in the end, almost all of us made it through (four down, two to go).

Summer leave parties started, and duty sections started the long walk down the hill (some of them even made it past Al's) to the ship. Dances in the newly completed nuclear lab building became a regular thing.

The Class of '65 arrived, relieving the boys in '64 from most of the



onerous tasks they had been subjected to as Mugs. The last leave party reported back and we returned to classes, this time with a new feeling of their importance. We were entering the home stretch, and more and harder subjects were heaped on us.

Weekends again found us watching football games as the boys completed another top season. Other activities were as usual, with trips to Al's, Doc Green's and the Hilltop predominating. Some of the boys ran into a little trouble here occasionally (I'm 21!).

Homecoming day brought with it the first of the big dances. The day started with a rowing race and dedication of the new building, then a football game, a banquet featuring one of Jute's culinary masterpieces ("Oh no . . . not chicken salad again!"), and finally a dance at Emerson Hall. The dance was one of the best in our memory. Music was by *The Neptones* and details were arranged by the Propeller Club. The two proved an almost un-beatable combination.

More dances followed under the sponsorship of the newly formed dance committee, all a success.

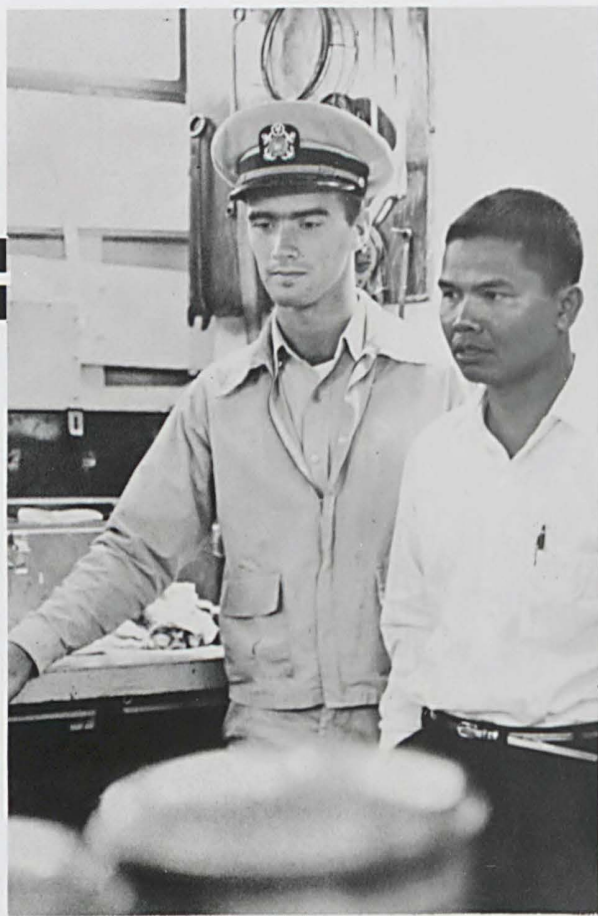
Finals loomed again, and after frantic cramming, most of us again managed to scrape through. Now only a weeks duty and a wonderful weeks leave stood between us and our last cruise.



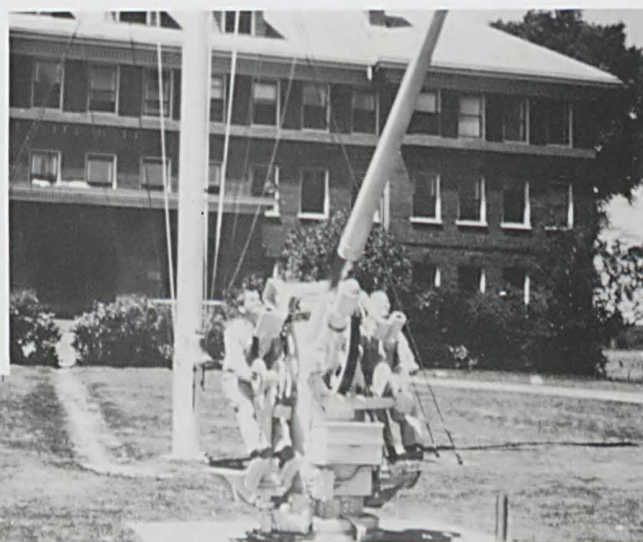
Summer Dances in the New Building.



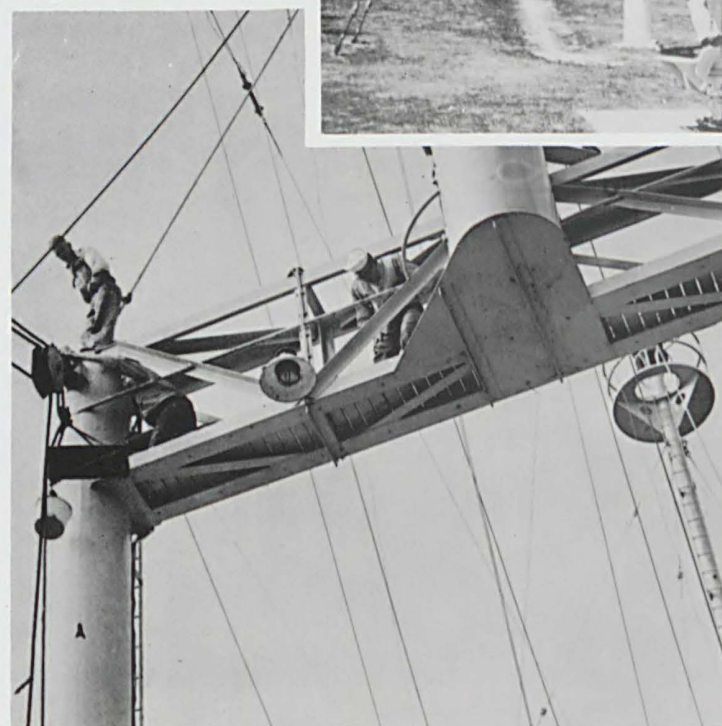
Our BC gets a lift.



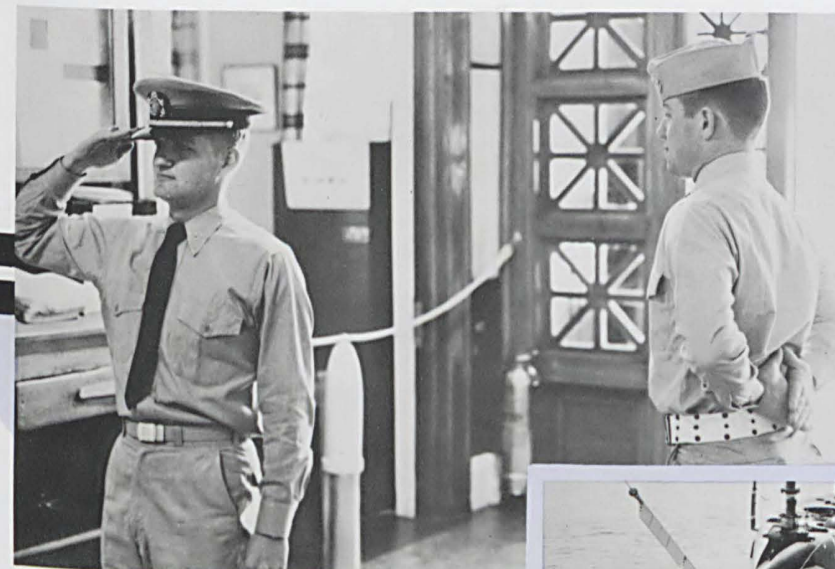
Foreign Visitor.



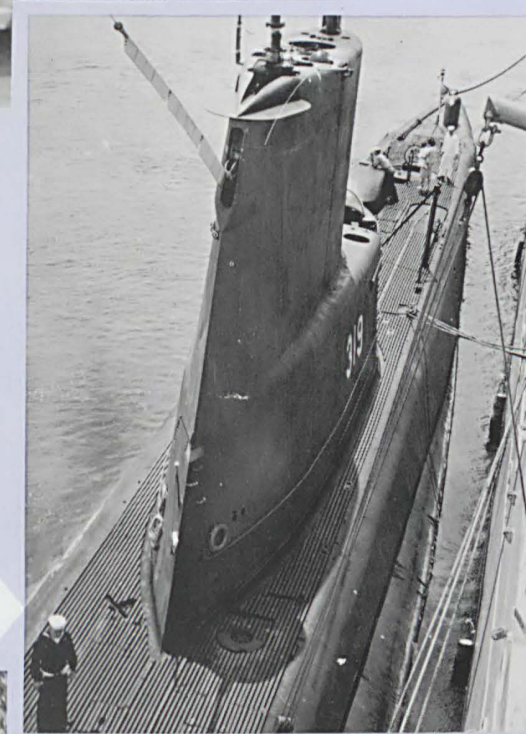
Games.



Summer Maintenance.



Who's he trying to Kid?



Must be Lost.



More Games.



New Mugs.

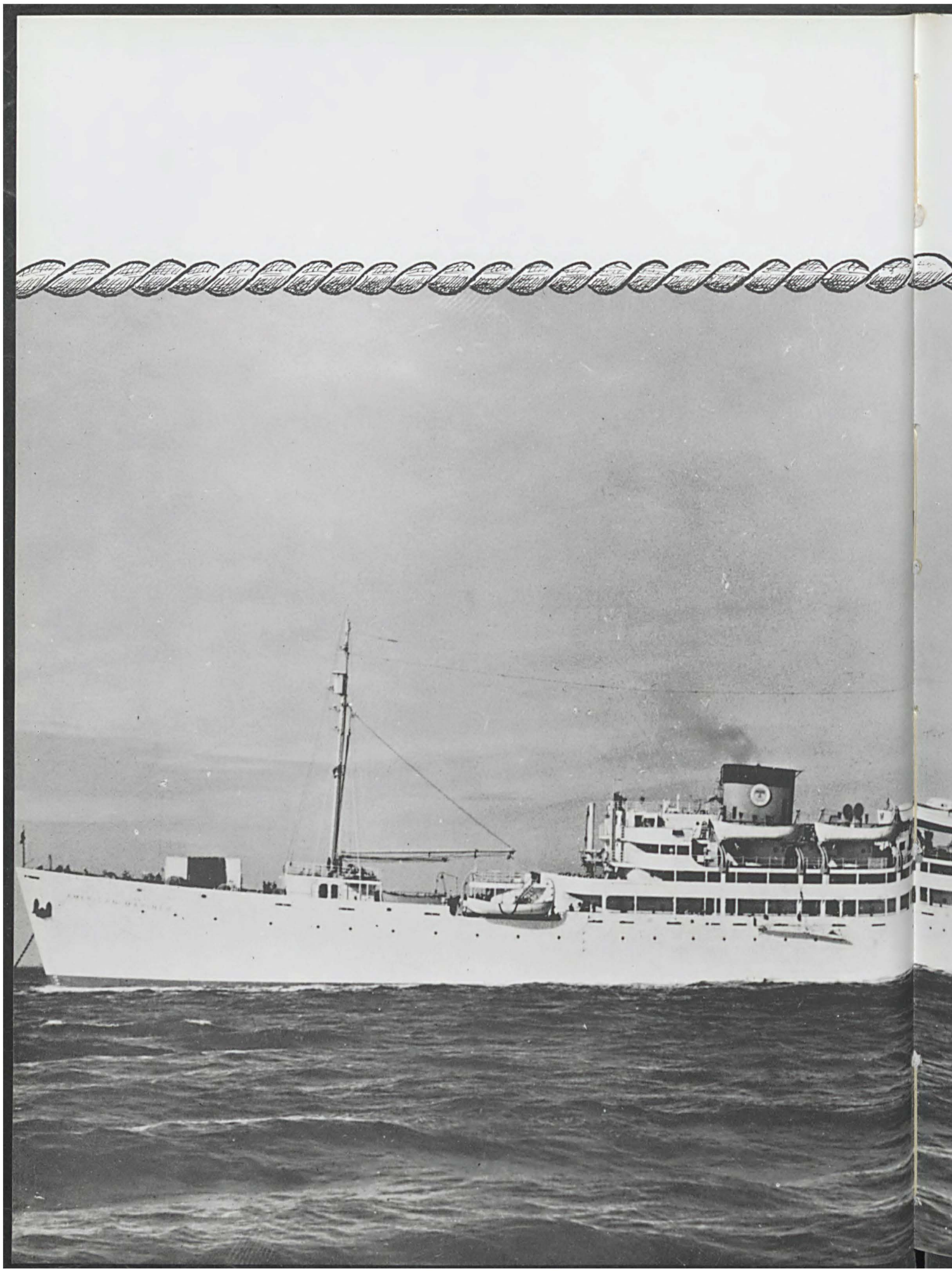
At the Homecoming
Day Rowing Races.



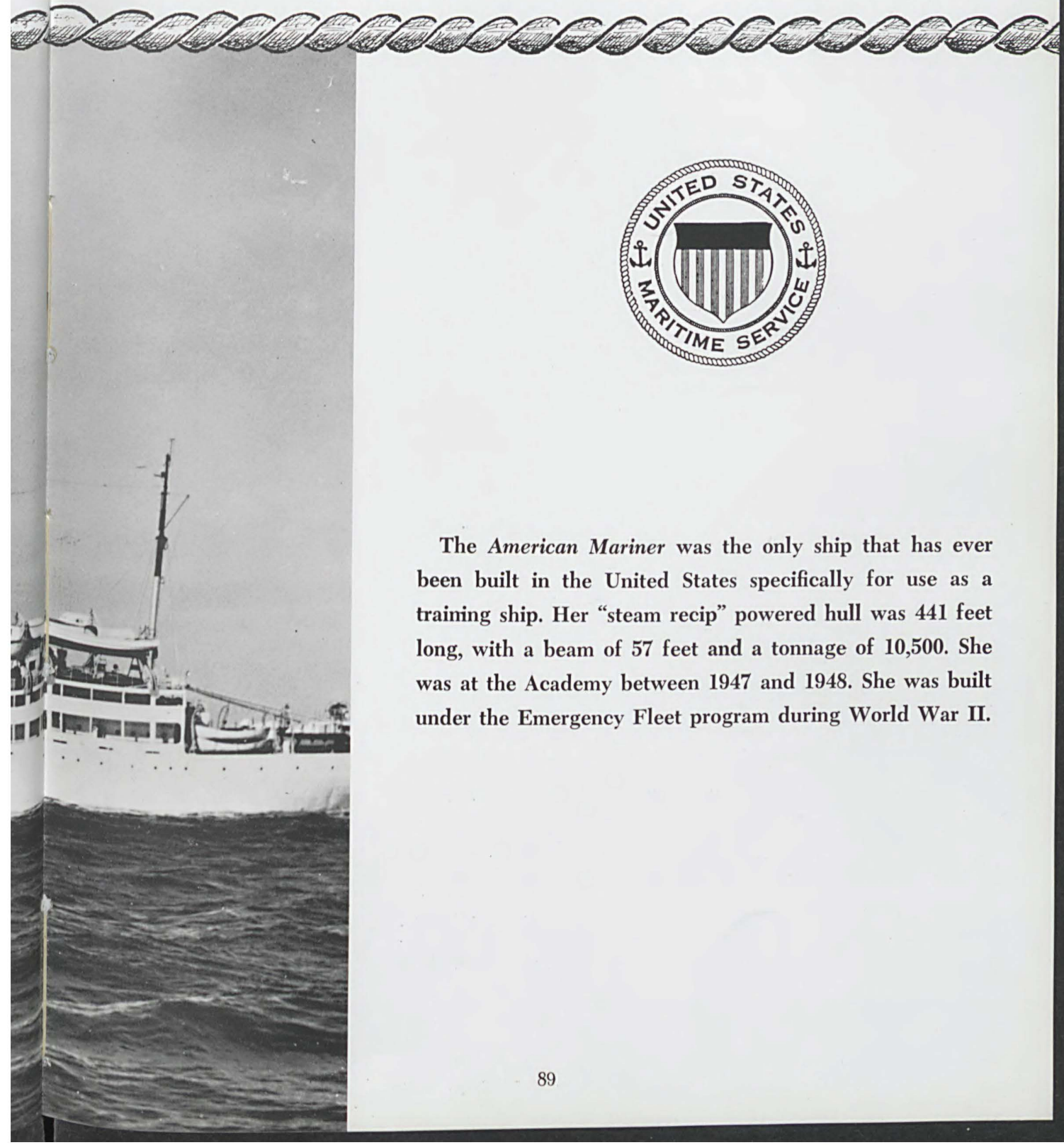
Will He Make It?

“ . . . For new fashions dispossess the old,
and the world ticks on. But eternally un-
changing are men and the sea. Each to the
other is mortal enemy — yet smiling friend;
each alone, but inseparable. Our shipmates
endured, then perished, with God their only
witness. . . . ”

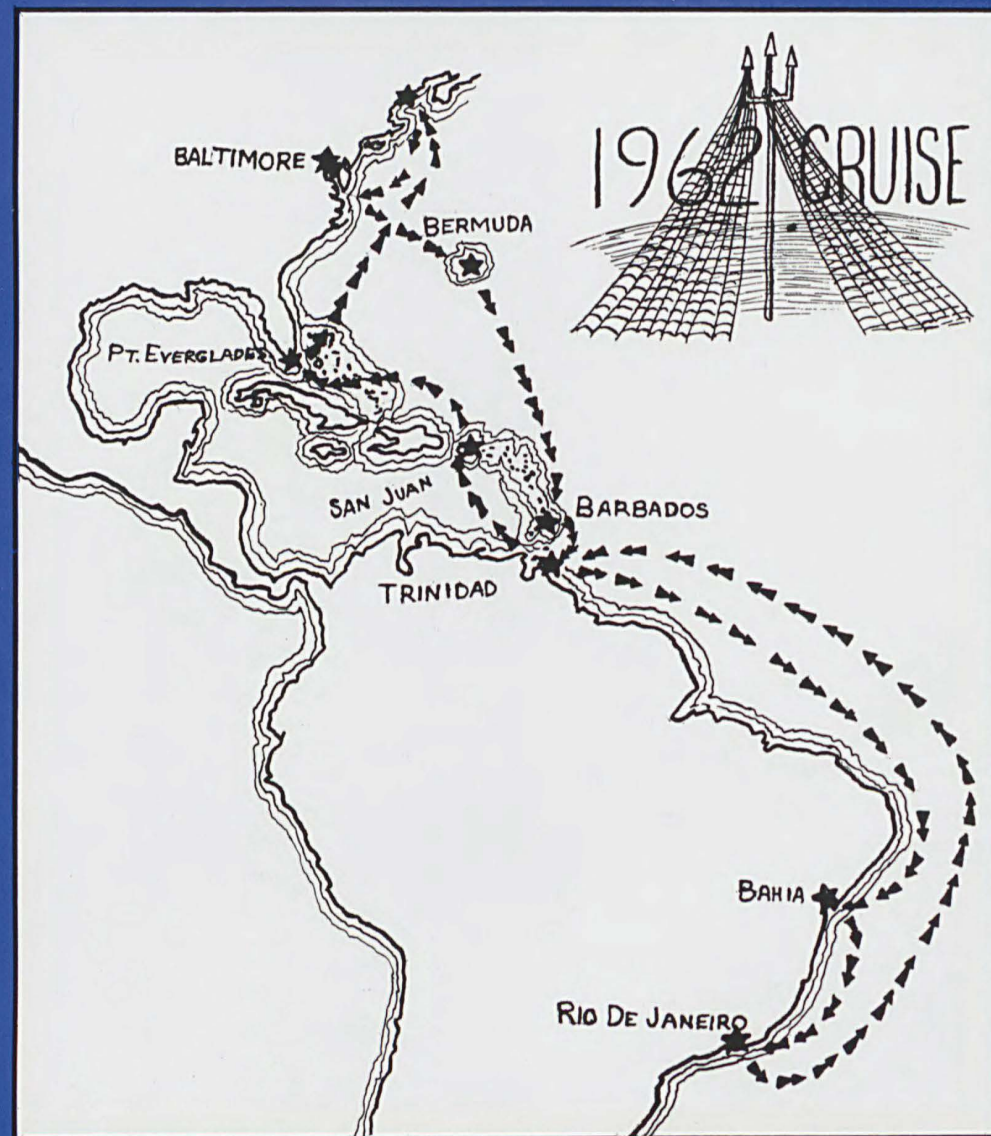
*(Fragment of a brine-soaked diary found in the wreck of the
three-masted barque Curlew, washed ashore under the iron
cliffs of Tierra del Fuego, February 29, 1872.)*



1962 CRUISE



The *American Mariner* was the only ship that has ever been built in the United States specifically for use as a training ship. Her "steam recip" powered hull was 441 feet long, with a beam of 57 feet and a tonnage of 10,500. She was at the Academy between 1947 and 1948. She was built under the Emergency Fleet program during World War II.



SAILING DAY

THE LAST TIME

Amid snow and ice, our move down the hill to the ship was accomplished with our usual maximum of confusion. Stores began to arrive, and gangs of sweating mugs handed package after package of paint and parts, fruit juice and foxtails, grease and grinding compound, hack-saw blades and hawsers aboard.

Rooms were more or less squared away for the searching inspections of Captain Kennaday. A last minute scramble for lockers developed. Final purchases were made ashore.

On the bridge, charts were broken out, and navigational gear, unused for nine months past, was dusted off. The engineers were busy with last minute adjustments to insure that the trip to shipyard would be without mechanical mishaps.

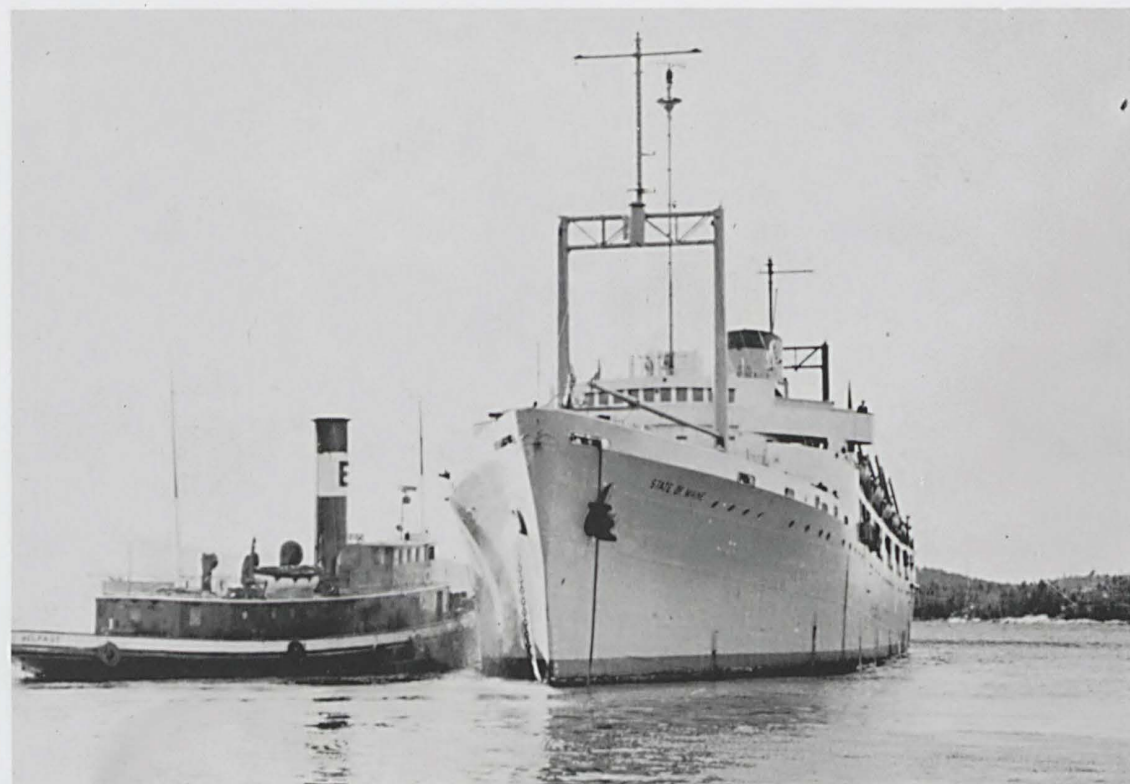
The 2nd of January arrived, and with it, the final rush to get the last stores aboard, and make the last adjustments to the thousand and one pieces of equipment which were still more or less a little bit out of whack.

Early in the morning of the 4th, tugs from Eastern Maine Towage came alongside, and the plant turned over slowly as it was warmed up for the first time since the '61 cruise. Lines were singled up, and then, as a crowd of parents and well-wishers watched from the dock area, the last line came aboard and the *State of Maine* slowly stood out to sea.

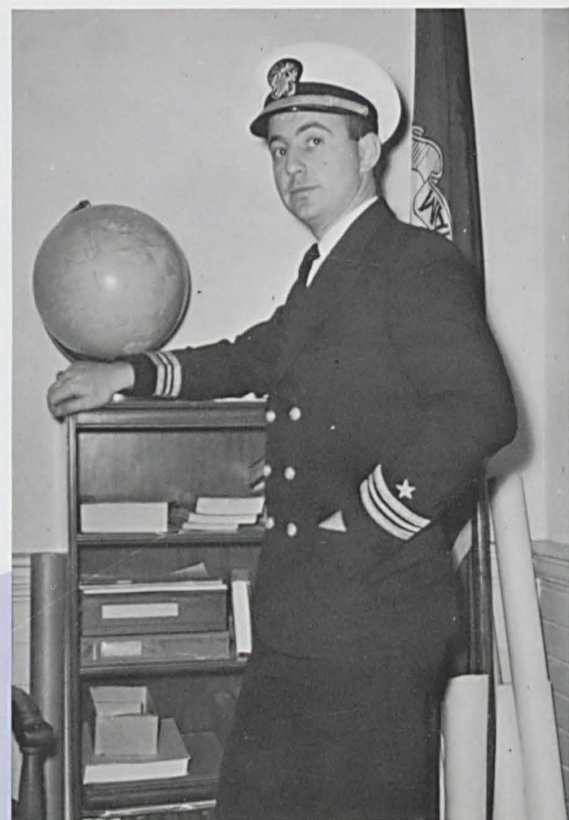
The passage was easy — for the first time in our career at the Academy we managed to miss all of the storms. It was so calm that not even the mugs got seasick.

Deckies drew sextants and began to savor the great privilege of being able to use the cadet navigation room. Engineers began their sea projects. Maintenance sections began to ready the ship for shipyard, and the watches settled down into their four on and eight off routine.





We're off in a cloud of Dust.



Acting Exec.
"I will not tolerate it either."



"All Senior Engineers Draw Sea Projects in the Engineering Training Office."



Settling into the routine — coffee and Bull Sessions.



BALTIMORE

INTO SHIPYARD

We arrived in Baltimore, for our second visit, on a cold grey morning. Fortunately, the acting exec, LCDR Philbrick took pity on us and did not call for division parade for entering port.

We docked temporarily alongside one of the regular docks at the Maryland Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, awaiting space in a dry dock. In the meantime, work went on.

Yard workers came on board for the repairs which we were unable to do ourselves. Electric chipping hammers were broken out. Maintenance and more maintenance was the order of the day.

After a short period, we were roused out one morning at 0530 to shift ship. We moved into the dry dock, and quickly settled down on the blocks. Now began the work for which we had originally come.

Yard workers swarmed around the hull, checking rivets and overboard discharges, and most important of all, pulling the tail shaft. A quick inspection of the prop and the stern tube gland, and the assembly went back together. We moved back out of dry dock into a "wet dock."

Liberty was spent in tours to Annapolis or Washington, or in taking in the sights on East Baltimore Street. Goucher College sponsored a dance for us.

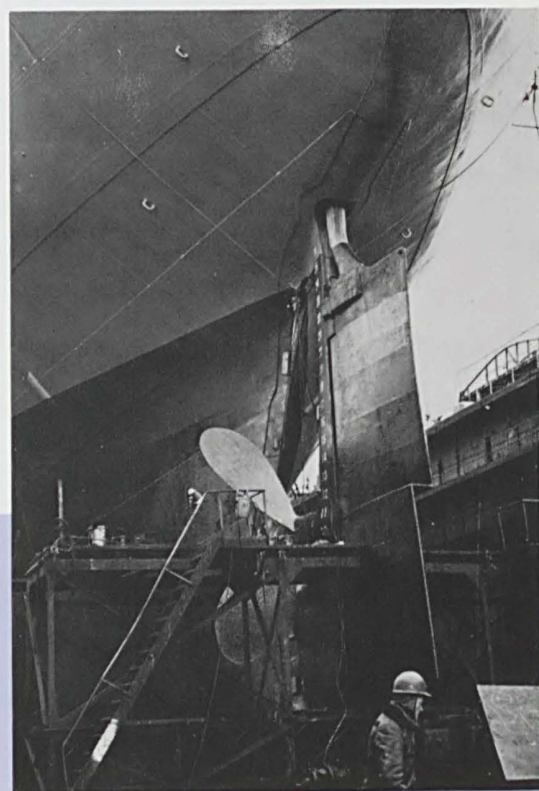
Liberty had to be cut short however, for work on the ship had progressed at a much more rapid rate than had been expected, and we sailed from Baltimore two days early.

A quick passage down the Chesapeake and an uneventful 650 mile voyage found us off Her Majesty's island of Bermuda, a day early. We spent the day sailing up and down the coast practicing Williamson turns and turning short around. We found again that there is nothing more frustrating than killing time (possible liberty time at that) within sight of the lights of shore.

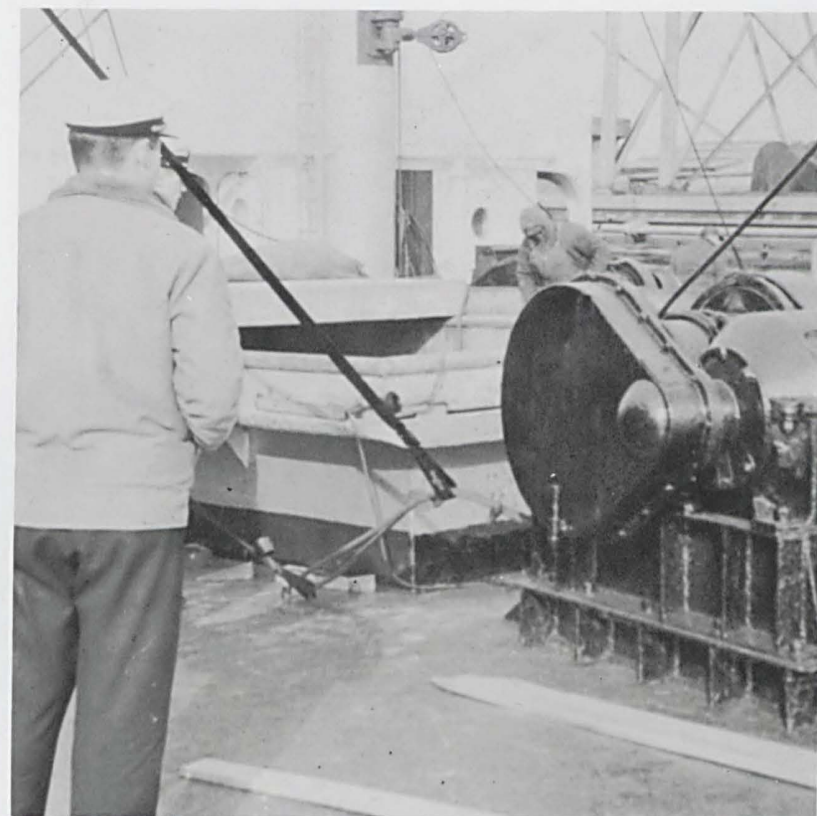




Shift to drydock.



Sub-chapter I Section 91.40-1.



Field Trips

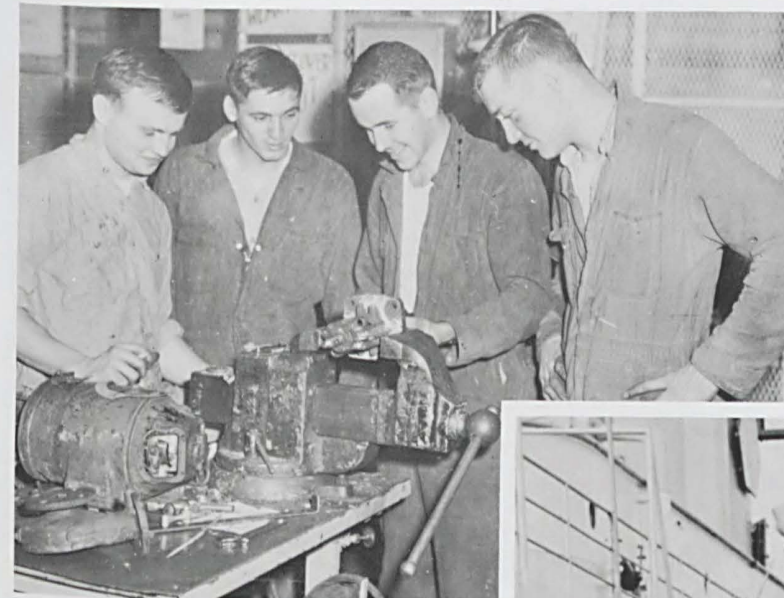


The Boneyard



Finishing Touches

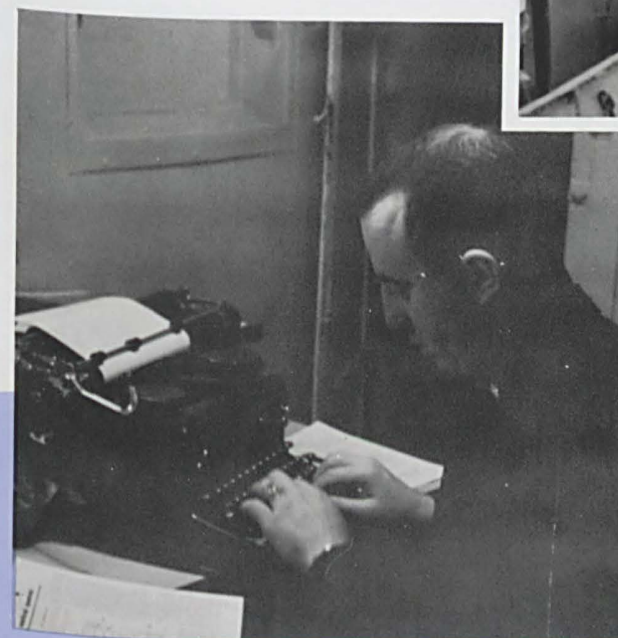
Back Together Again



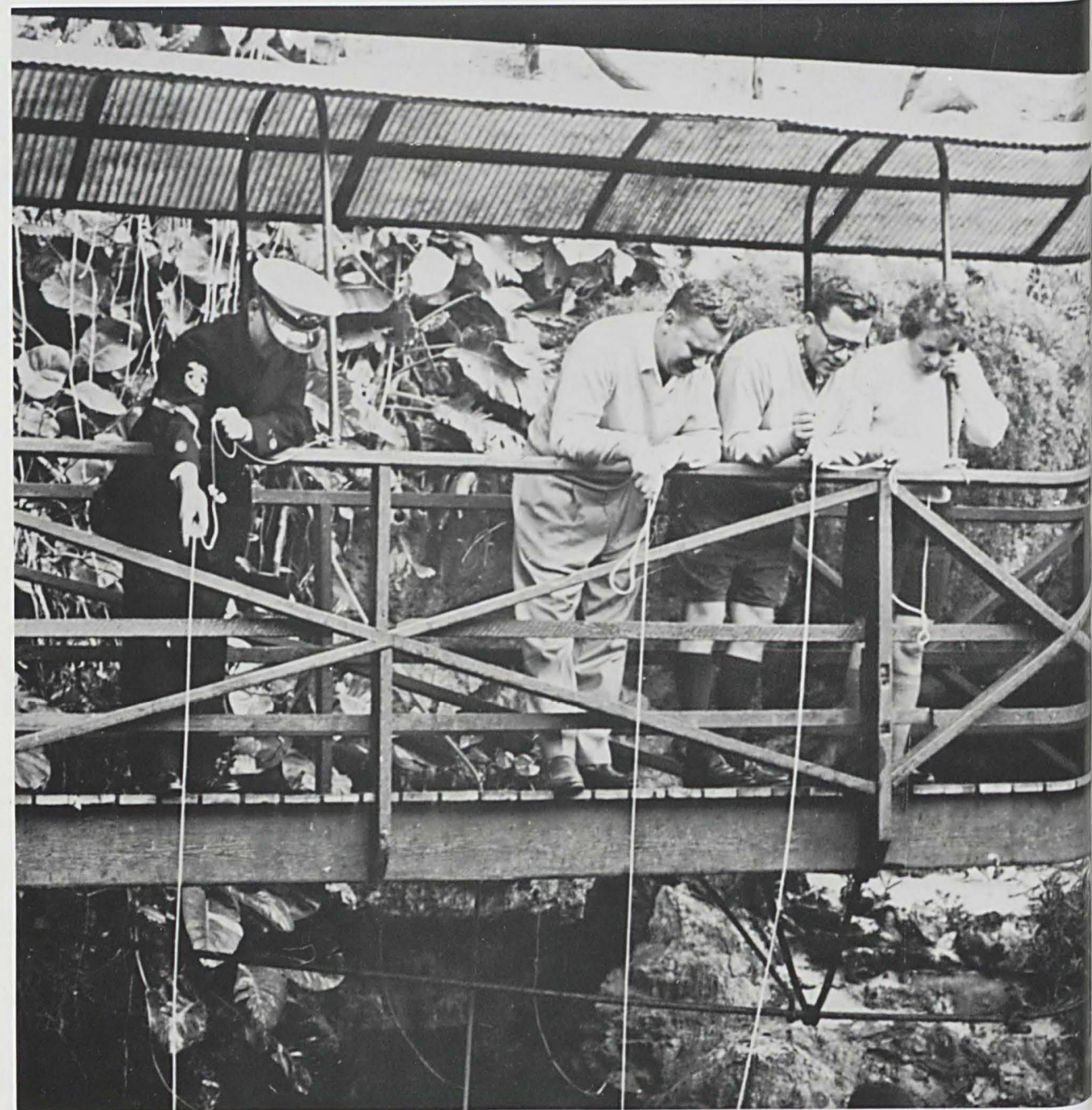
Engine Maintenance



Drills As Ordered



Another "Zap" for the Boys



BERMUDA

BOBBIES AND BEACHES

When at last we steamed into Bermuda, it was through a narrow, tortuous, coral flanked channel. We felt our way slowly into the dock at Hamilton, the island's principal city.

Prices were low, especially on liquor and perfume. Unfortunately, some of us, due to a "half holiday," were unable to avail ourselves of these advantages.

Still, we managed to entertain ourselves, swimming, or touring the island by taxicab. In some ways we found Bermuda quaint and antiqued. In others, it was ultra-modern. This mixture of the old and the new was to bemuse us for the rest of our trip.

The "Devil's Hole" fascinated many of us. Here we were able to fish for shark, giant turtle, and other deep sea creatures in perfect comfort from a bridge. The lines, although well baited, had no hooks, so catches were small, but we had a good time trying to see how far we could get the fish from the water before they would let go.

At night, we visited some of the hotels where calypso bands and limbo dancers were featured. Again, a dance was held for us, this time at the seaman's club.

After two days, we sailed from Hamilton for Bridgtown, Barbados. The sea passage was calm, and the weather warm. The sound of electric chipping hammers stopped abruptly. Fire drills and boat drills followed each other daily during the 1200 mile passage. We arrived off Barbados a day early.

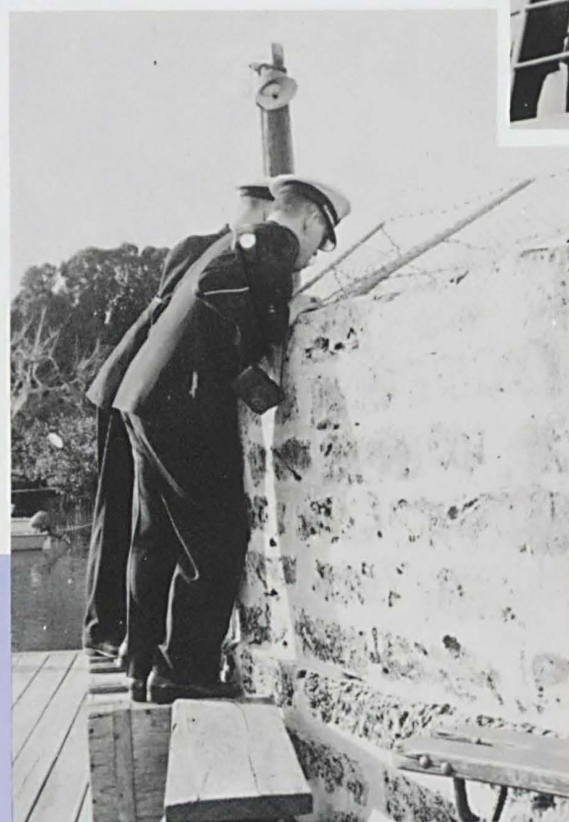




Navigator's Delight



Space Cadets



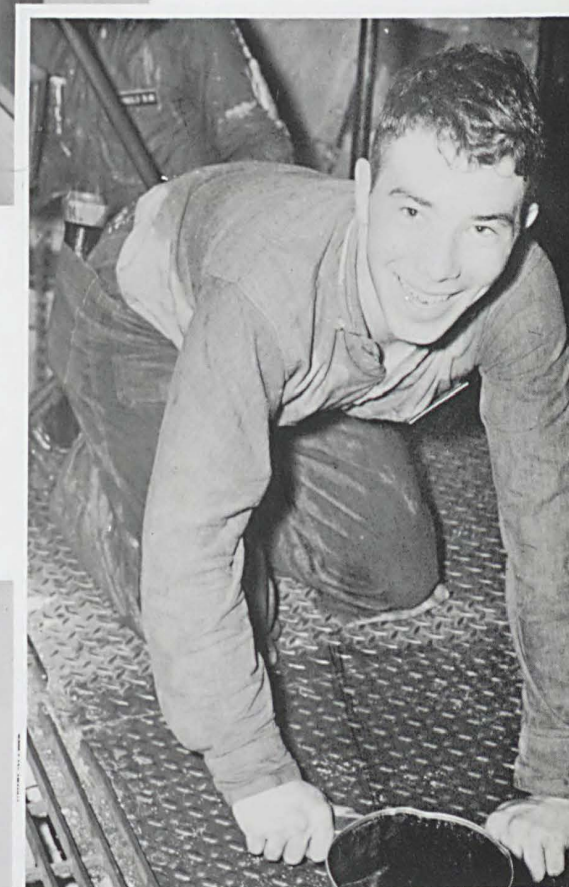
What're They Looking At?



Moose and Friends



The Bos'



He Likes Deckplates



Who Let Them Up?



BARBADOS

RUM AND STEEL BANDS

We picked up the pilot and docked without event in Bridgtown, Barbados on the 24th of January after a six day passage (and one day's detention). Here again, we occupied ourselves with shopping during the day, picking up duty free perfume, liquor, and such, or swimming at one of the numerous beaches.

Before too long, we gravitated to the establishments which the exec had so kindly listed for us on the bulletin board outside his office. The "Dixie" and the "New Yorker" never had it so good.

This was our first chance to try out our tropical whites on liberty, and reactions were somewhat mixed. They were much cooler and a great deal more comfortable than dress khakis, but sit down once. . . .

The town was used to tourists of all types, but we probably were a new experience for them, even though Mass Maritime had been in only a week before us. They *had* broken things in for us somewhat (in more ways than one).

We had a chance to sharpen our bargaining instincts in the native bazaars, and to acclimatize ourselves to tropical heat. We also watched the first of many coats of paint being applied to the hull of our beloved training vessel.

The senior deckies took off to tour a British heavy lift ship that was in, while the engineers continued with routine maintenance designed to keep things rolling along as smoothly as ever.

After an extra day in port, we made departure for Bahia, having bunkered in Bridgtown to avoid the barge costs in Trinidad. The weather was "fair to mid-dlin'" as we approached the Latitude 00° 00.0' point. Conversation turned more and more to the events that were to take place when we at last would cross that fabled Line.





Job Hunting?



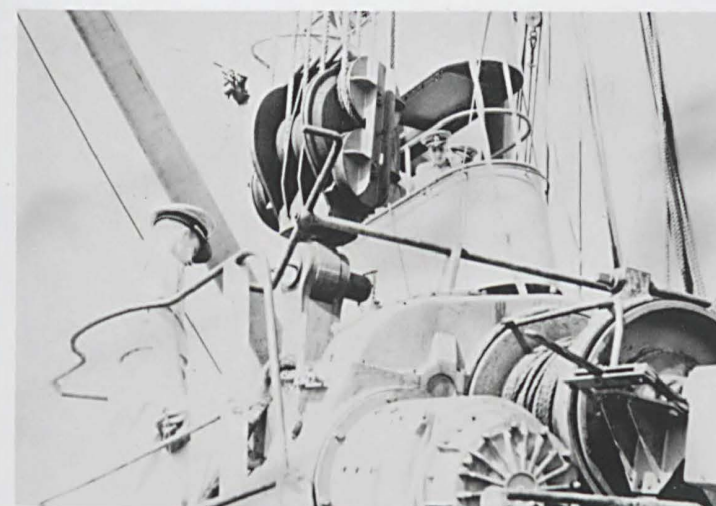
Muster the Liberty Party



Fresh from the Dixie



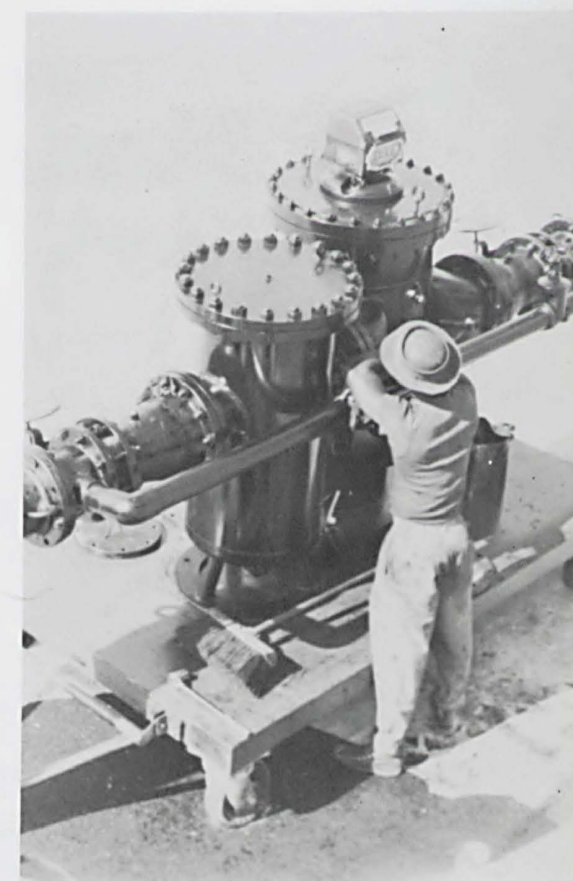
Consul's Reception



Heavy Lift Field Trip



The Smoking Lamp is Out



Connecting Up



Will It Take It?



A Distant Relation



CROSSING THE LINE

AND A MUTINY

PLAN OF THE DAY
TUESDAY, 30, JANUARY 1962

B-E-W-A-R-E

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE DOMAIN OF NEPTUNUS REX, RULER OF THE RAGING MAIN. ALL SLIME, SEA SLUGS, SKATES, SQUID AND ESPECIALLY POLLYWOGS ARE HEREBY WARNED THAT THEY PROCEED AT THEIR OWN RISK. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE ROYAL COURT.

SIGNED
DAVY JONES

PLAN OF THE DAY
WEDNESDAY, 31, JANUARY 1962

COMMUNICATION FROM THE DEEP
HEAR YE HEAR YE HEAR YE
IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO THE ATTENTION OF HIS ROYAL MAJESTY, NEPTUNUS REX THROUGH HIS TRUSTY SHELLBACKS, THAT CERTAIN OF YE BOX CAR TOURISTS, PARK STATUES, HAYMAKERS AND OTHER LANDLUBBERS, ATTACHED TO THE GOOD SHIP "STATE OF MAINE" AND SOON TO ENTER MY ROYAL DOMAIN, ARE TREATING HIS ROYAL MAJESTY WITH CONTEMPT AND ARE COMMITTING ACTS OF INSURRECTION AND SEDITION. KNOW YE AND TAKE DUE NOTICE ACCORDINGLY, THAT SUCH WORDS AND SUCH ACTS MEET WITH HIS MAJESTY'S PROFOUND DISPLEASURE, AND WILL BE PUNISHED BY ETERNAL PICKLING OR SUCH OTHER TORMENT AS HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS MAY APPROPRIATE.

NEPTUNUS REX

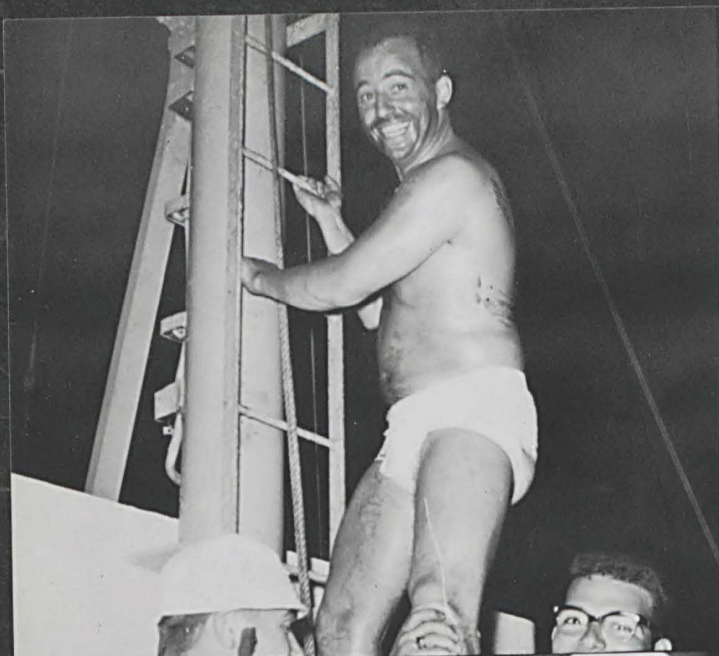
PLAN OF THE DAY
THURSDAY, 1, FEBRUARY 1962

MESSAGE

FROM: NEPTUNUS REX

TO: T.V. STATE OF MAINE
TO ALL MY FAITHFUL AND ILLUSTRIOUS SUBJECTS CAPTAIN A.F. COFFIN AND ALL YE ANCIENT SHELLBACKS UNDER HIS COMMAND GREETING AND SALUTATIONS. I WISH TO EXPRESS MY APPRECIATION TO YOU FOR BRING-





Pollywog

ING ONCE MORE INTO MY DOMAIN THE GOOD SHIP "STATE OF MAINE." MY JOY IS INTENSE AT THE PROSPECT OF MAKING ROYAL SUBJECT OUT OF YOUR CARGO OF LANDLUBBERS, DRUG STORE COWBOYS, TADPOLES AND ALL SUCH SCUM CALLED POLLYWOGS. REST ASSURED THAT OUR METHODS OF TORTURE HAVE PROGRESSED INTO MODERN METHODS. MY ILLUSTRIOUS EMISSARY, ONE DAVY JONES, WILL BOARD THE STATE OF MAINE AT 1800 TOMORROW AND I EXPECT HIM TO BE ACCORDED A FITTING AND PROPER RECEPTION. I SHALL BE WAITING AT THE BORDER LINE OF LATITUDES WHEN YOU CROSS THAT WORLD FAMOUS EQUATORIAL LINE AND THEN OFFER MY PERSONAL GREETINGS AND RULE FOR THE DAY OVER THE ROYAL COURT.

PLAN OF THE DAY FRIDAY, 2, FEBRUARY 1962

- 0000 — FOLLOW AT SEA ROUTINE
- 0600 — REVEILLE, BOSN'S MATE AND JR. STANDBY ALONG WITH BROMLEY 1/c MAKE REVEILLE. LT. BURROWES CHECK REVEILLE.
- 0800 — MUSTER MAINTENANCE SECTIONS TURN TO ON SHIP'S WORK.
SET POLLYWOG WATCH IN EYES OF SHIP FOR THE LINE AND NEPTUNE'S PARTY.
LTJG. MAYO — MID'N LINSOTT — UNIFORM — SAME AS YESTERDAY.
- 0815 — QUARTERS FOR MUSTER. ALL POLLYWOGS KEEP CLEAR MAINDECK AND BOAT DECK FANTAIL DURING MORNING.
- 1230 — BE PREPARED TO RECEIVE NEPTUNUS REX AND ENTOURAGE. UPON ARRIVAL TURN OVER COMMAND TO NEPTUNE. BREAK JOLLY ROGER AT THE FORE. ALL HANDS MUSTER ON FORE DECK. UNIFORM: DUNGAREES ON BACKWARDS.

Night

1700 — (APPROX.) COMPLETE CEREMONIES — NEPTUNE DEPART, CLEAN SWEEP DOWN ALL DECKS.

1930 — MOVIES — "MAGNIFICENT MATADOR"

NOTES:

1. THERE HAS BEEN AN EXCHANGE OF DESPATCHES AS FOLLOWS:
FROM: CAPTAIN A.F. COFFIN
TO: NEPTUNUS REX
WITH PERMISSION OF YOUR MAJESTY THE STATE OF MAINE WILL ENTER YOUR DOMAIN AND YOUR ROYAL COURT WILL BE RECEIVED ON BOARD WITH FULL CEREMONIES. I HAVE DIRECTED THAT ALL POLLYWOGS BE PARADED AND PRESENTED FOR INITIATION INTO THE MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP. MY COMPLIMENTS TO YOU AND TO YOUR QUEEN.

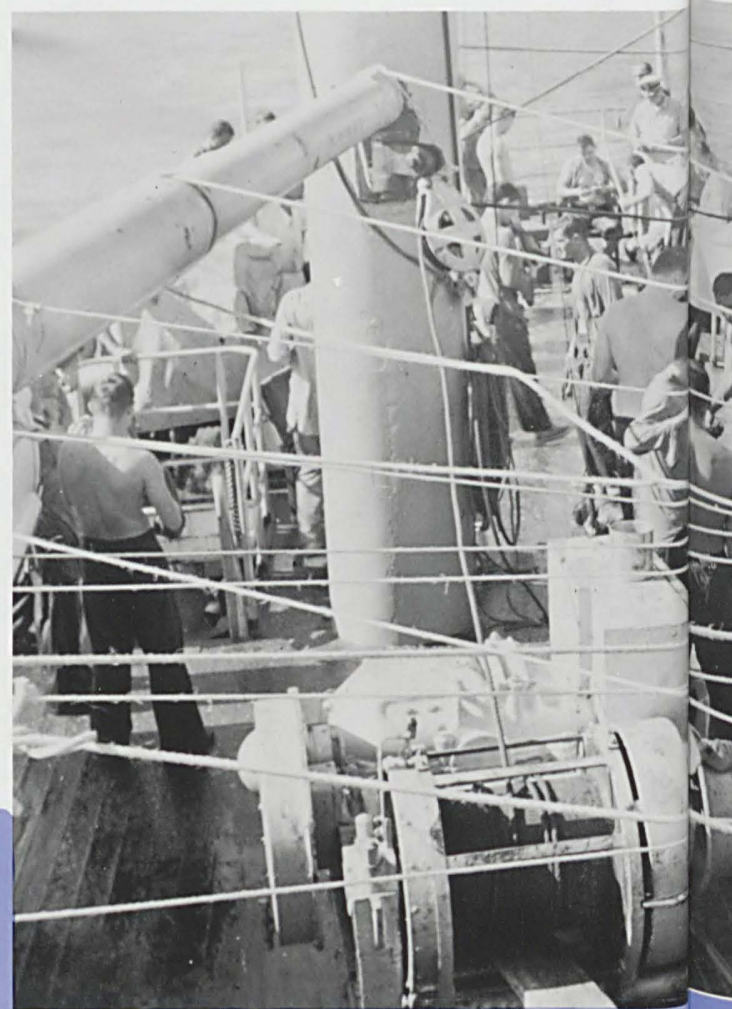
THE REPLY

FROM: NEPTUNUS REX
TO: CAPTAIN A.F. COFFIN
MY ENVOY PLENIPOTENIARY INFORMS ME THAT YOU ARE BRINGING A LARGE NUMBER OF LOUNGE LIZARDS LATE FROM COFFEE ALS IN CASTINE. I SHALL BOARD YOU ABOUT 1230 ASSUME COMMAND AND BREAK MY FLAG. YOUR FINE SHIP IS ACCEPTED. THE ROYAL NAVIGATOR WILL BE AT THE HELM AND YOU MAY REST ASSURED THAT SHE WILL BE PROPERLY HANDLED. WE WILL THEN PROCEED WITH THE INSPECTION OF THIS MOTLEY LOAD OF LANDLUBBERS, BEACH COMBERS, LOUNGE LIZARDS, PARLOR DUNIGANS, PLOW DESERTERS AND CASTINE COWBOYS FALSELY MASQUERADING AS SEAMEN.





The Making of



A Shellback





The Squirrel's J.E.



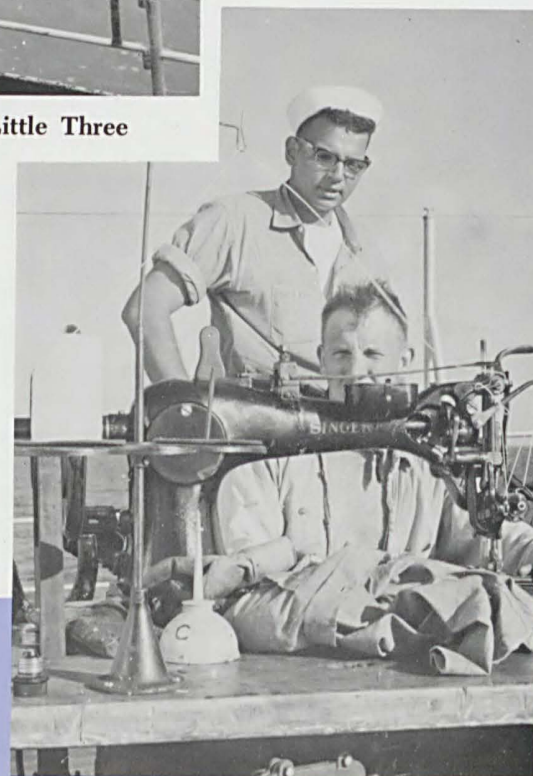
The Little Three



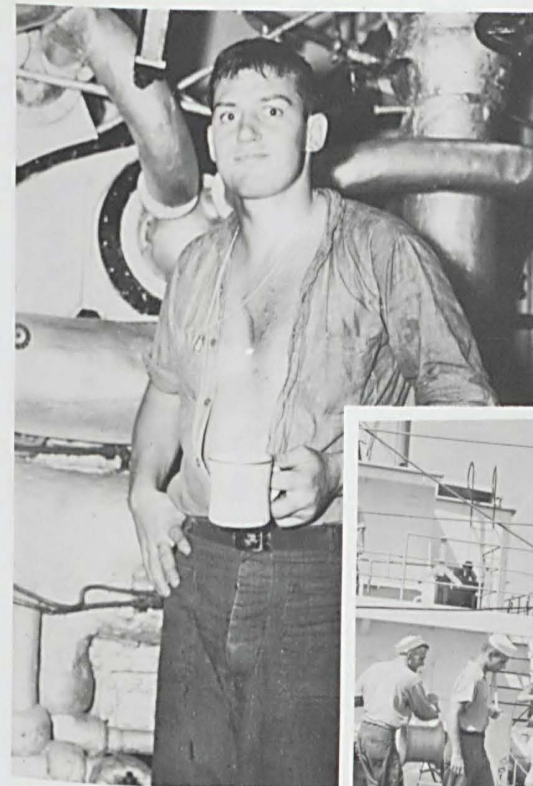
Bang!



Unbelievable!



Ahmal The Tentmaker

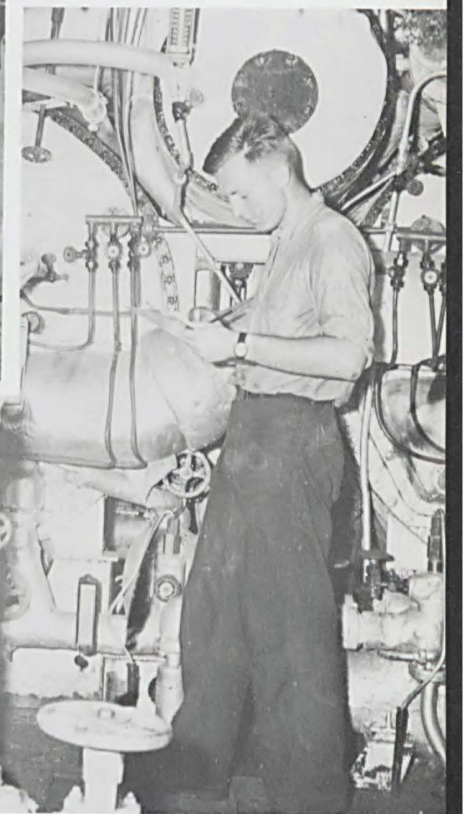


Hey Mug! Got A "moke?"

The "Lady" Was Never Like This



No Comment!



Will Please Conserve Water



But We Never Use Them



SALVADOR

BRAZIL AT LAST

Bahia, Salvador, Brazil, our first foreign language port of the cruise. As we pulled into port to the rather inappropriate tune of "Hey, Look Me Over," this town of contrasts was revealed to us.

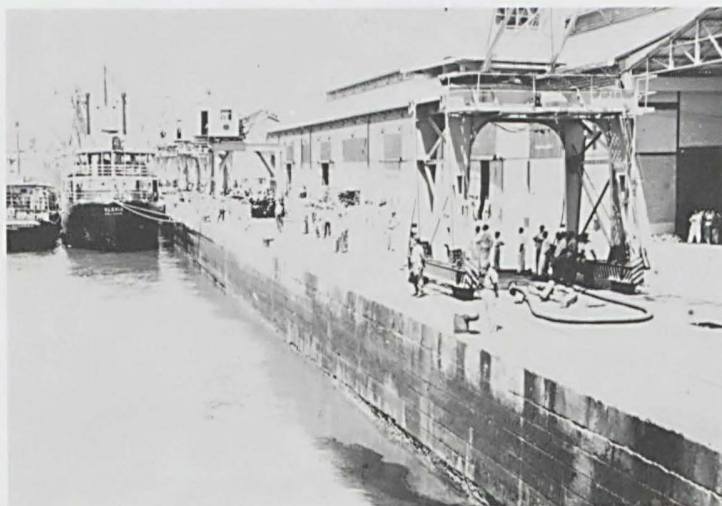
Liberty went, and we were ashore like a shot. First, however, we had to discover how to get to the city itself. A little exploring soon led us to the elevators or the cable car (only two gazoonies) that took us to the top of the cliffs.

Here we were soon dispersed in all directions, some to the better restaurants and hotels for a good meal, some to the sidewalk cafes built along the edge of the cliffs overlooking the city, and some for a walk partway down the hill.

Mitch Miller and the Gang sang along with us on our departure, sending many of us below decks rather hastily ("Now is the Hour?").

The short trip to Rio found the senior deckies scrambling to finish the camouflage jobs on their lifeboats before the deadline. The days were calm and the weather hot.





Harbor View



Mail Call



There Will Be NO
Bartering



Single Up Aft



Brazilian Training Ship



So Charlie
Went Engine



All That Effort Just To Say "By"



RIO DE JANEIRO

OUR BIG PORT

Rio! The long awaited city. We arrived in a fog, somewhat marring the beauty of this fabled spot, but nothing could completely dampen our expectations.

We docked right in the heart of town, across from the Touring Club. From here, we organized our forays into the maze of mosaic tile sidewalks and modern buildings. The contrasts were startling. Poverty alongside great wealth, beauty and ugliness, sophistication and innocence.

We found the people more than friendly. The American Community and the Brazilians combined to provide us with a program of dances, parties, dinners, and tours unheard of in our normal visits. The American Society, the Women's Club of Rio, the Brazilian Merchant Marine Academy, and Brazilian Department of Economic Development in particular, went out of their way for us.

Our stay was all too short, and shortly we were on our way again, now headed north. A ten day run, and we were anchored for a few hours in the harbor of the U.S. Naval Base at Trinidad to refuel. Then, on to San Juan.





Heave 'er In and Secure



A Harbor of Beauty — Even in the Rain



La Tweest

. . . . and Talk



. . . . And More Twist



Chow as Usual (unfortunately)



Capt. Mallo



Brazilian Merchant Marine Cadet



Watches as Usual



Copacabana and Sugar Loaf in the Rain



Watching the UN Troops Return



TRINIDAD

A short stop for re-fueling in Trinidad

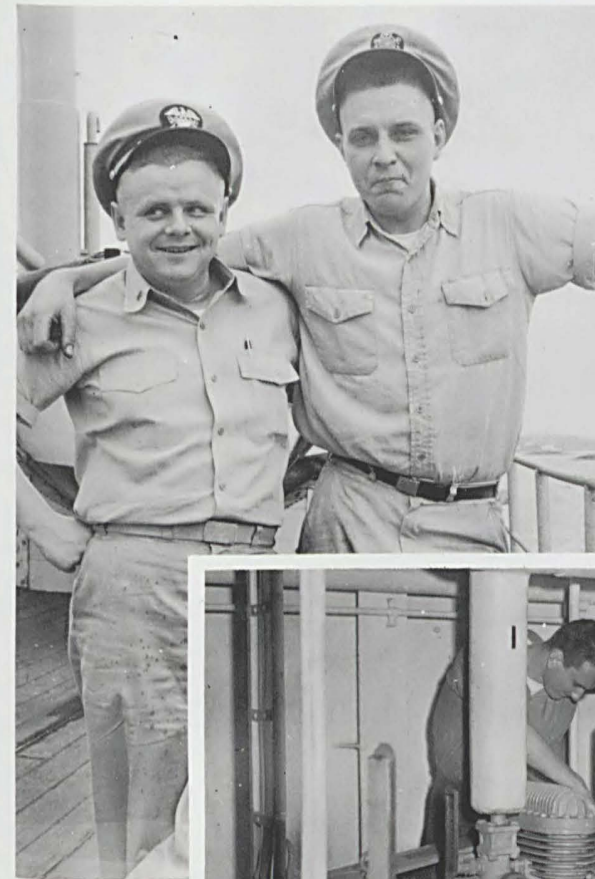


The Boys

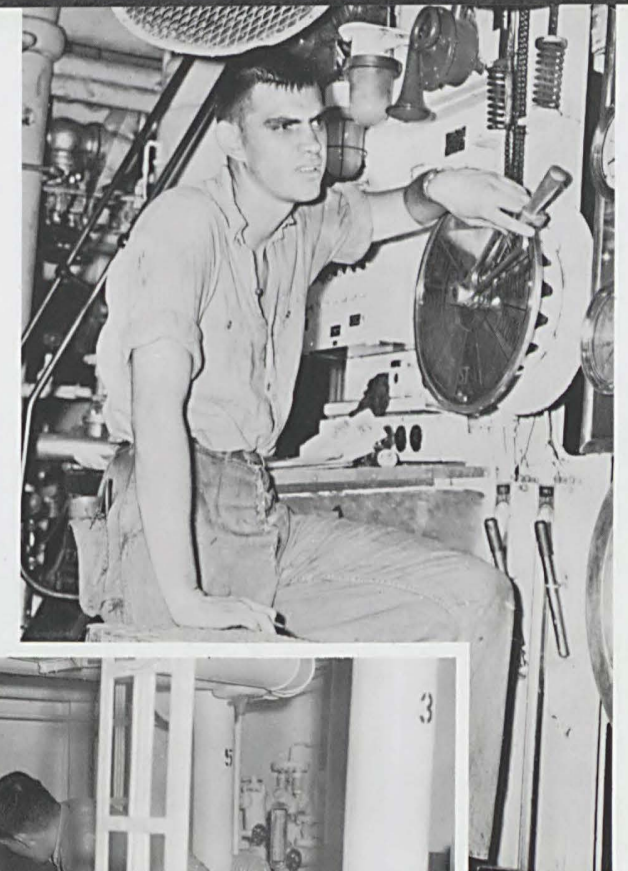


"The crew of Boat #2 will muster at Boat #2 immediately"

D



The long and the short



CE



Reefers



On course (more or less)

The old salts



SAN JUAN

AND LOCAL LIBERTY

We arrived in San Juan, after our usual time killing routine off shore (this time determining compass error). We docked next to the Naval Base at the San Juan Dry Docks, just down the pier from our old friend from Charlotte Amiele, the *Flying Fish*.

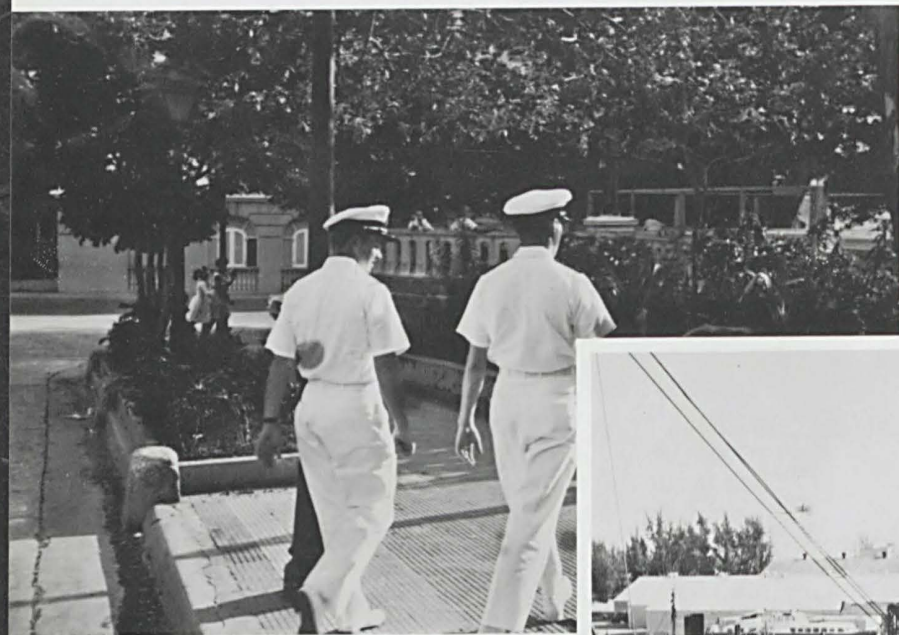
We spent our first few hours exchanging puzzled glances with the crew of the ship next to us, as each tried to figure out what kind of uniform the nuts across the way were wearing. We soon found the men of the Hydrographic Office's survey ship *Explorer* a friendly bunch, willing to share a cup of coffee and a bull session on a long night watch.

Our four days here, although not exactly thrilling, were marked by some interesting events. The city held a reception for us, which many of us "volunteered" to attend. It actually was much better than we had expected. Some of us repeated our attempts to make a million from our mug year, and succeeded (usually) in losing our shirts.

We departed San Juan for the trip back to the States without too many regrets.

The trip was rough. We ended up in the tail end of the storm which eventually did many millions of dollars of damage to the Eastern seaboard, and left parts of five states disaster areas. To us, however, it was merely another chance to try out our sea legs.





Tropical whites for the last time.

With the *Flying Fish* in the background.



All Secure. Moored P/S to A/S Puerto Rico D.D. Pier.

At the reception.



Soaking up a last few rays

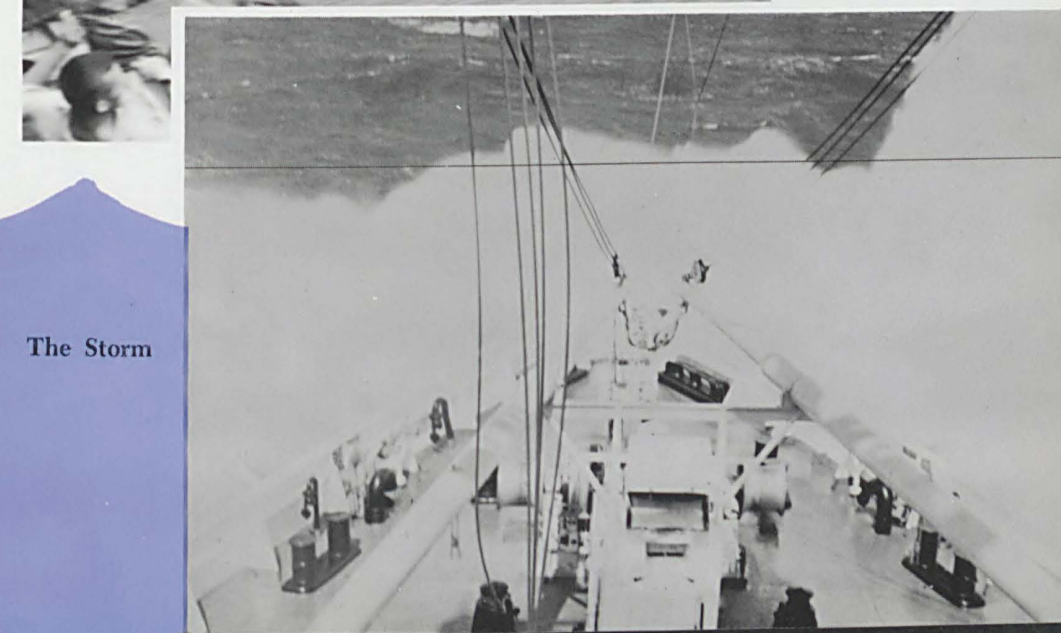


Go Carts on the fantail



P/S
D.D.

Laskay goes over



The Storm



"Gentlemen; I'm going to cut you down to my size, short, stocky, and tough."



"Perkins, I'm giving you just TWO MINUTES to get out of that pad and get dressed."



". . . Recips go up and down, turbines go round — any questions? Next chapter."



CAPT. Worrey, CAPT. Worrey, LCDR Philbrick and LCDR Philbrick.

THE

"Good Evening ladies and gentlemen. Once again, WMMA-TV, the station of the stars, proudly brings you your favorite program, CAMPUS REPORTER." With these words, one of our most enjoyable evenings of the cruise (with the possible exception of passing the "Chink" back before the movies) commenced.

As the scene opened, we found hard working, eager Midshipman fifth class Jose Perkins sound asleep in the pad, just as reveille was blown. We followed him through a typical day of trials and tribulations through classes and watches, extra-duty and extra shananagins, to his eventual fate at the hands of our doughty chief pharmacist mate.

Overall script writing and coordination was by the triumvirate of Bartek, Bromley, and Pollock. These three also took care of directing the show.



and "Gambling, Reichhelm?" "Oh no sir, we just use money because we have no chips."

SMOKER

CAST

(in order of appearance)

Announcer	Pollock
Mid'n Perkins, 5/c	Cioce
Reichhelm	himself
LT. Brown	R.A. Wood
A Student (?)	Iloff
LT. McCann	E.J. Smith
LT. Renner	Myers
LCDR. Philbrick	Bartek
An S.P.	Sattler
LT. Hanson	Witham
A motorcycle	E.J. Smith
CAPT. Terry	R.V. Hale
Feldman	himself
LT. Wibby	D.C. Smith
CAPT. Coffin	Sattler
CAPT. Worrey	Bromley
LT. (jg) Munger	Iloff
COL. Herbert	Laskay
Stage Crew	Brennan, Madsen, Metzger, M.O. Wright
Sound	Rawson
Music	Kerney, Burke, Bedard, Dunlay, Wilkens, Richardson, Bedard and Lindvall



"Get squared away, youngsters! You're looking like a merchant seaman again."



"Messenger call the engine room."



"(cough) (cough) Gass room C.E. speaking."



PORT EVERGLADES

THE STATES AGAIN

Back to the States at last! We entered the pleasant little port of Port Everglades to find the Floridians busy pumping out their basements and digging out their roads. Still, we managed to have a good time.

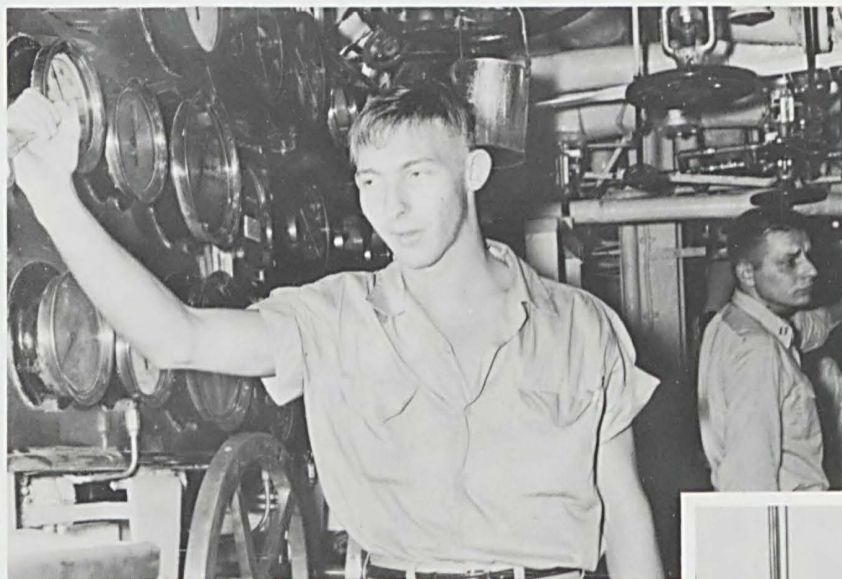
Our location was ideal — half way between Fort Lauderdale and Miami. Liberty parties again found the boys dispersed to the four winds. A.T.&T. did a booming business for the short time of our stay.

Also on the agenda was a visit to the *Bay State* to see how our opposite numbers lived. Some of us came back actually convinced that maybe we didn't have it so bad after all!

We started the final push to finish painting the ship for Portland. Night maintenance went into full swing, notice of which fact was readily obtained from the fact that it was almost impossible to get from place to place about the ship without taking a detour requiring at least three times the normal distance (the unwary were sometimes painted into a corner while they slept). The deckies made a few last frantic efforts to fill their navigation notebooks, while the engineers ran through that one last "oral" with the "Horse."

We watched the thermometer plunge during the trip North with mixed feelings. At last we were headed home.





These guys don't know when to give up



What is it?

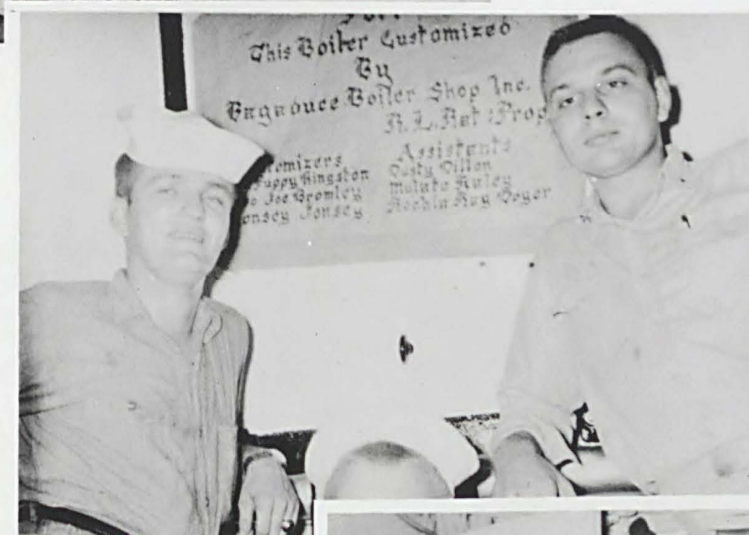


We have the great honor of handling their lines.



You'd never know we were heading back towards Maine.

Bagaduce Boilers



One last time tick





MAINE PORTS

HOME AGAIN

Portland might not be the glamorous city of Rio, nor the tourist center that Miami is, but it was home. We made the most of it. The morning was overcast, but the mild (for Portland) weather and the waiting crowds lifted our spirits even higher as we made our last arrival in Maine's principal city. We came alongside the State Pier a day early after a quick, calm trip from Florida.

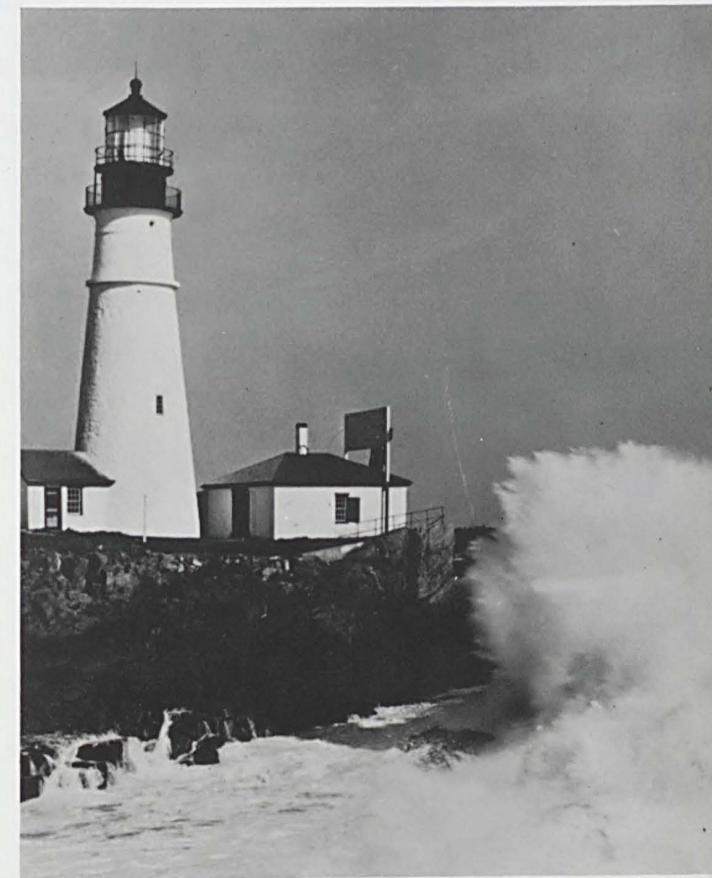
The gangway went down, and the crowd thronged aboard before it was even properly secured. After two and a half months, we were reunited with our parents, girls, and friends.

Despite a slightly fouled up watch situation, most of us "zapped ashore" almost immediately. We returned (in our usual state) at 0800 the next morning.

Friday the announcement of the 1962 Cruise Queen was made. She was Miss Peggy Smith of Plainfield, New Jersey, Danny Schroppe's girl.

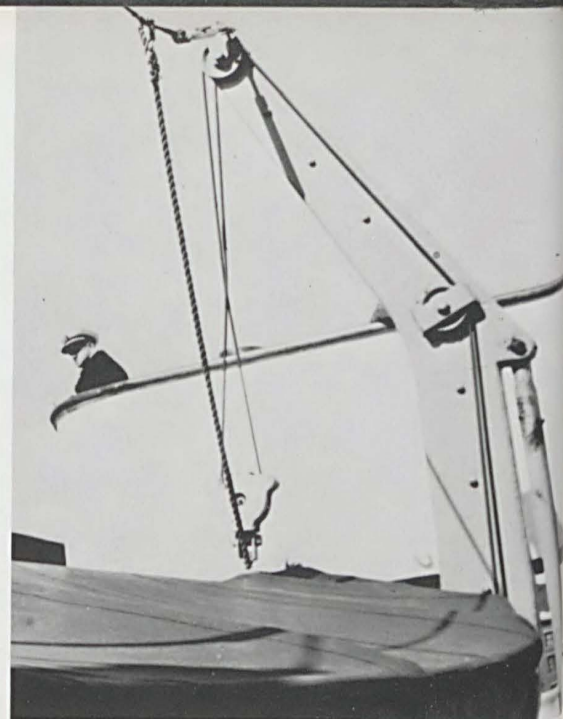
Saturday night found most of us at the dance held at the Hotel Lafayette. The dance was highlighted by the crowning of the Cruise Queen.

Sunday morning, bright and early, we ushered our parents and friends aboard for the trip back to Castine. The wide-open run was short and tranquil. We docked in Castine at 1530, and, after only a few minutes consumed in picking up our liberty cards, were off for a week's leave.

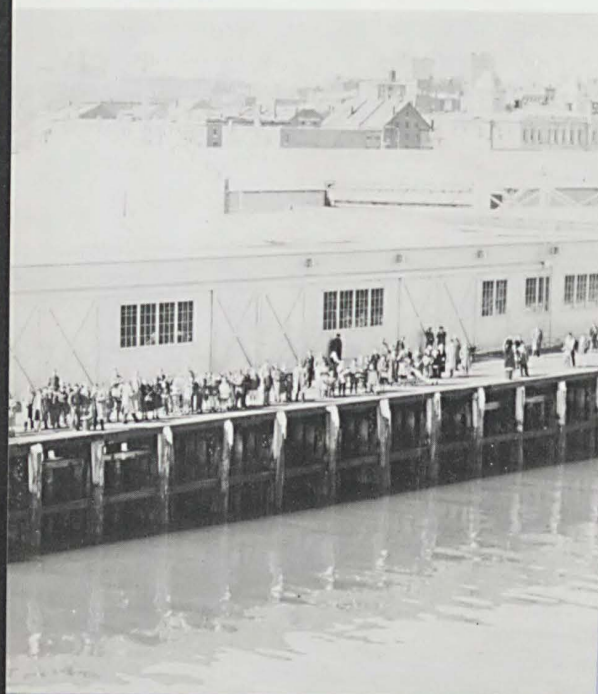




Coming alongside the State Pier



Another perfect landing



And they all came down just to see us!



The rush to get on board



The Queen's Dance



About to become the first Middie in orbit



Just one per each



One Last Departure



Back in Castine at Last



ACTIVITIES



The *American Sailor* was built in Seattle, Washington in 1919 as part of the World War I emergency fleet. She was a "Hog Islander," but her two well decks were built up and enclosed before the Academy obtained her. She first saw service as the freighter *Edgemont*—later as a water ship. Her dimensions were: length 390 feet, beam 54 feet, and a tonnage of 6300. She was turbine powered. The *American Sailor* served the Academy from 1948 to 1954.



ROSS E. POLLOCK
Assistant Editor

Trick's

Since the first copy of TRICK'S END was printed, the size and composition of the book have been altered materially. In this book we believe we have fulfilled to the best of our ability the purpose of furnishing members of the graduating class with the traditional memento of their years at the Academy.



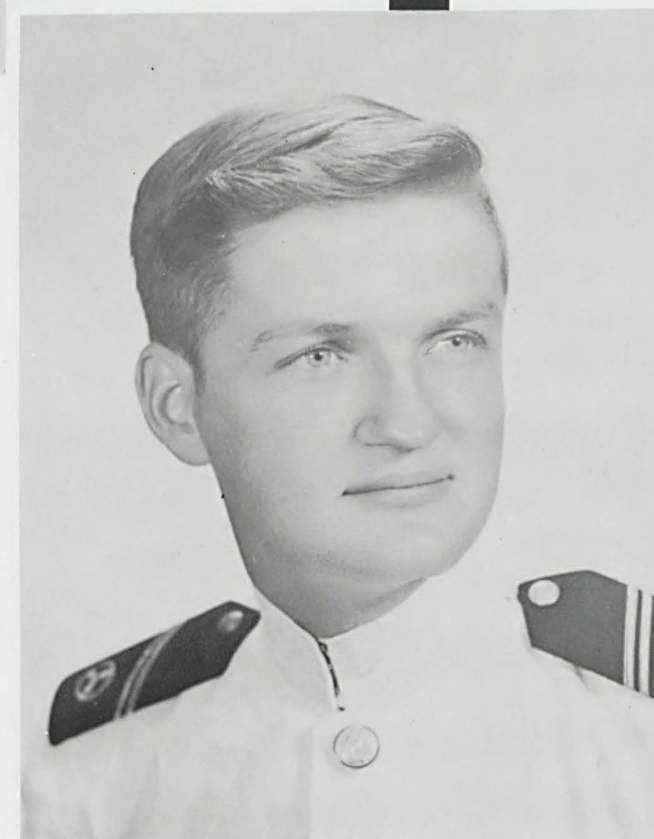
RAYMOND S. JAKUBOWICZ
Associate Editor



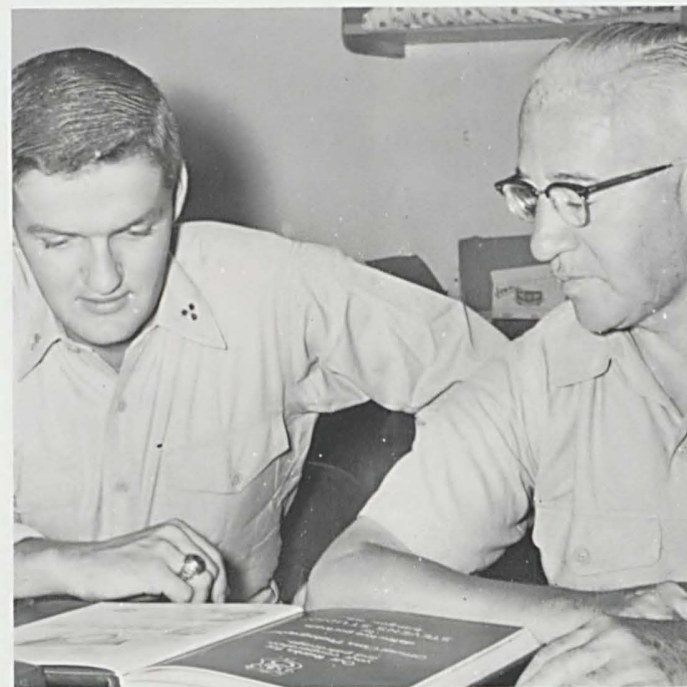
WILLIAM H. ADAMS
Editor

End

It would be too involved to attempt to thank individually all of those Midshipmen who contributed to the 1962 TRICK'S END, either the old stalwarts who never failed to produce, or the reliable part-time supporters who participated in our inadvertent "emergency meetings." It is our hope that they will accept as a small return our sincere thanks.



FRANCIS H. BROMLEY
Business Manager



Joe Bromley and Colonel Herbert check over the yearbook accounts.



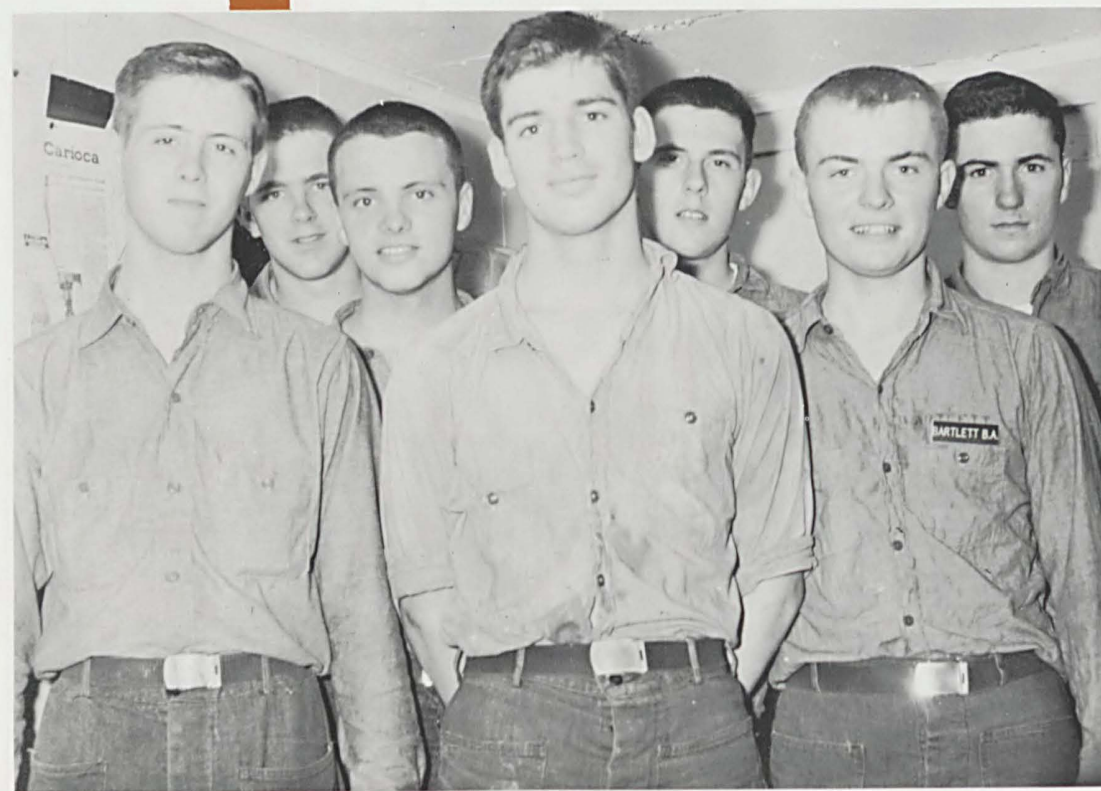
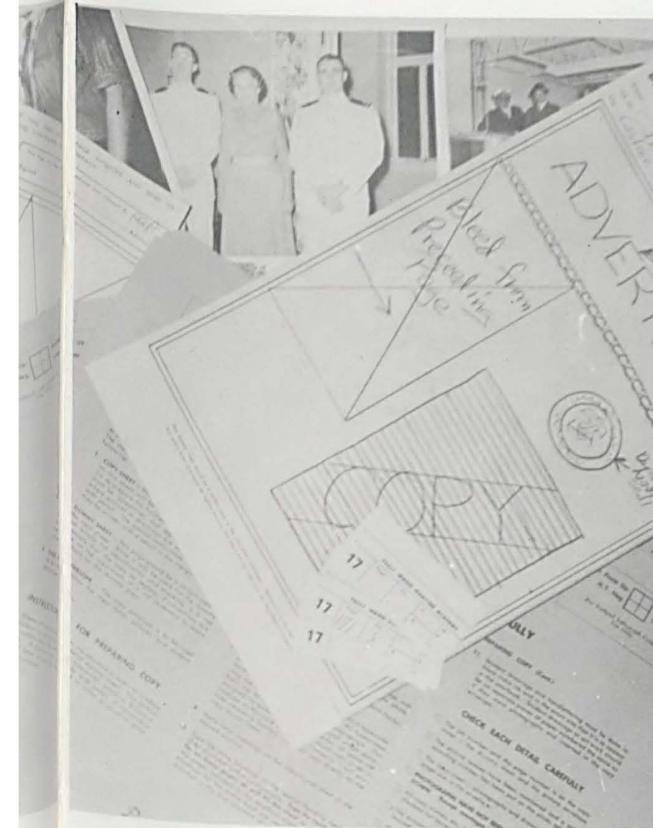
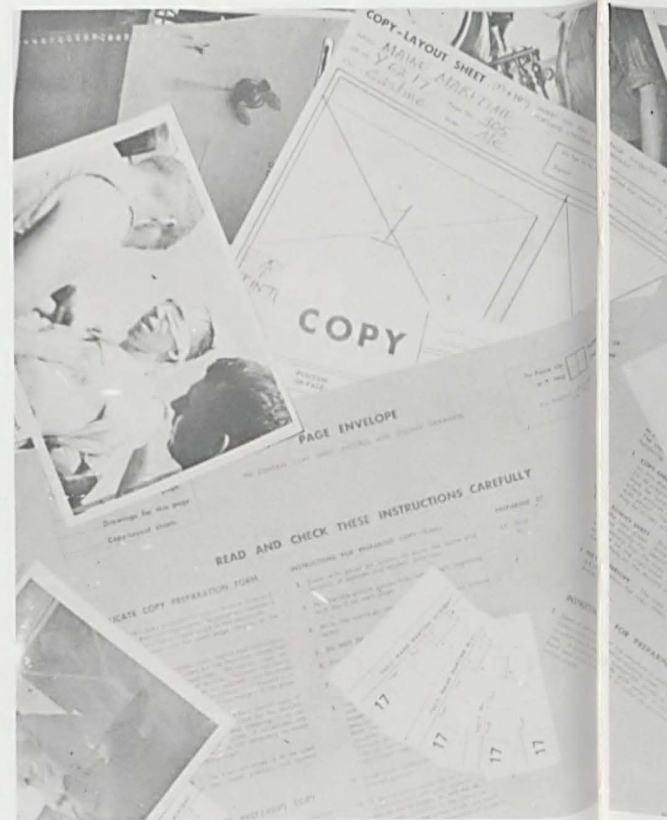
Ross Pollock ponders a tricky layout problem.



Bill Adams and "Jake" Jakubowicz run through page plans.



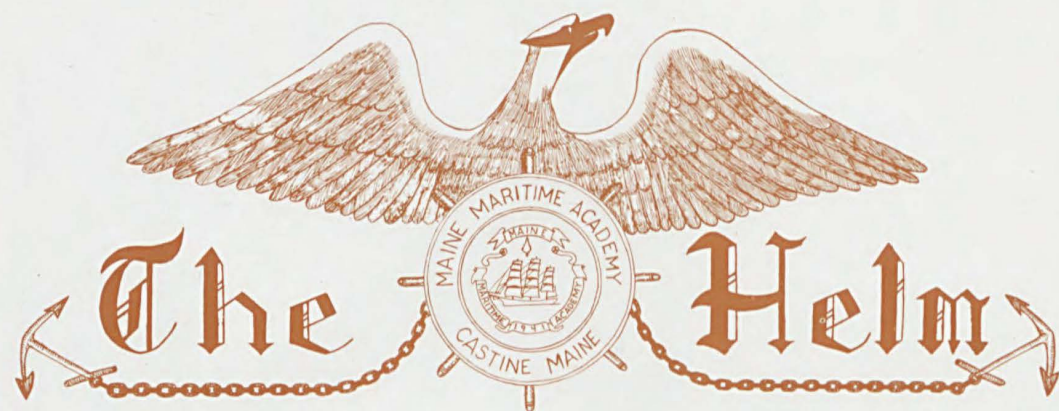
Staff Members: Bob Rawson (editorial), John Marra (advertising), Tom Brown (advertising), and Norm Brouwer (editorial).



Dark Room Staff, Left to Right: Walters, Jameson, Borges, Clark (Assistant Photo Editor), Labrache, Bartlett, and Wade.



Photography Editor Doug Ferguson checks through a pile of shots.

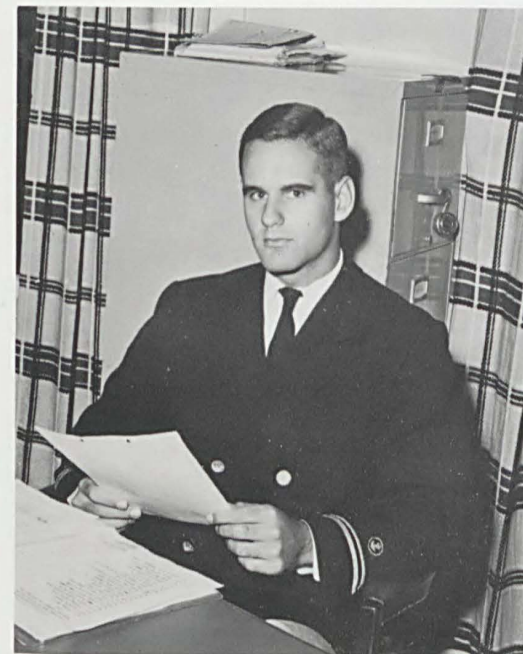


The HELM



ROSS E. POLLOCK
Editor-in-Chief

Although its publication date always seemed to be a matter for idle speculation, The HELM has successfully filled its role of permanently recording the "events which alter and illuminate" the Academy's history. In the three short years that we were here, we watched it grow from a mimeographed "dink sheet" of 350 copies per issue to a formal, printed edition with a circulation of 2400. During the cruise, the RUDDER was published just prior to our arrival in each port to give us the word on what to see, what to do, what to buy, and what to stay away from.



ROBERT H. POUCH
Feature Editor and Editor, The RUDDER



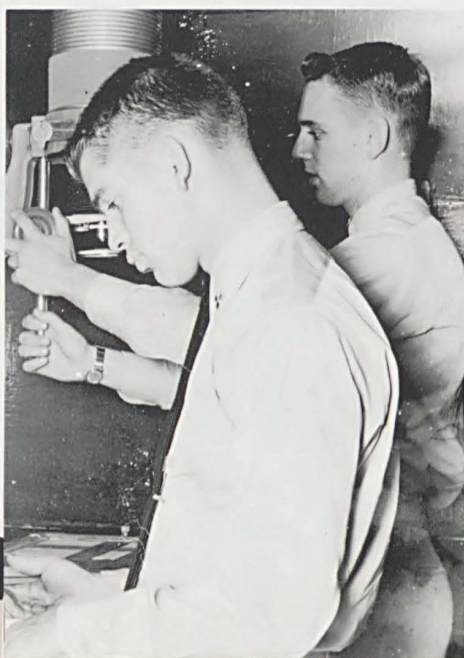
R. WAGONER and L. WADE
Assistant Editors



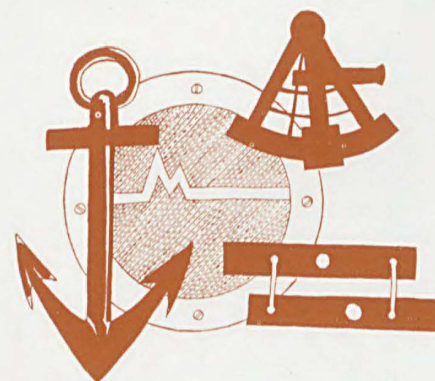
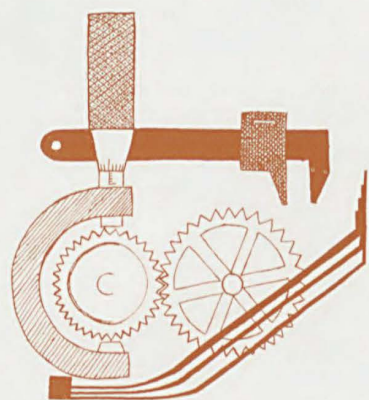
KENNETH M. THOENS and ALAN D. SCOTT
Circulation Manager and Business Manager



First Class members of the HELM Staff, shown at an editorial meeting: (left to right) "Dobe" Witham, Tom Reynolds, Bob Rawson, Don Fiske, Joe Bromley, and Larry Feldman.



Assistant Photo Editor Clark and Photo Editor Doug Ferguson.



Technical Advisor, LT. H. C. Jordan and Advisor, CAPT. J. M. Kennaday.



Sports Staff considers results of last game: (left to right) Viebrock, Hebert, Bracy (Sports Ed.).



PROPELLER CLUB



Club Officers, Francis Walsh, president (*seated*); Dave Sims, secretary; Ross Pollock, vice-president; and Walter Myers, treasurer, map out plans.



Members read over copies of the Club's new Constitution, just prior to its adoption, while its provisions are being explained by the Chair.

The Propeller Club of the United States, Port of Maine Maritime Academy, is one of the older organizations at the Academy. As a student "port" of the national organization dedicated to the promotion of the United States merchant marine, the club has engaged in numerous activities towards the end of promoting, furthering and supporting both the merchant marine and the Academy.

During the Spring, the club placed displays in store windows in seven cities around the State. A manned exhibit was also located in the State House as a part of the National Trade Week and Maritime Day celebration.



The Fall Semester found the Club busy sponsoring the annual Homecoming Day Dance, held this year for the first time, at Emerson Hall. Music for the dance, one of the most successful in years, was provided by Bill Cioce's *Neptones*.

Towards the end of the term, the Club was addressed by newly arrived Captain Parker Worrey. His subject was "The Advantages to a Young Man of Retaining Membership in the National Propeller Club After Graduation."

All-in-all, this has been one of the most productive, and most successful years in the Club's long history at the Academy.



Academy Officials, the president of the Portland Port, and "Knobby" Walsh, president of the MMA Port of the Propeller Club receive a copy of Governor Reed's proclamation of Maritime Day.



Ross Pollock, Bob Rawson, and Tom Reynolds explain the Club's Maritime Day exhibition in the State House to Governor John Reed.



Cioce swings out on his sax at the Homecoming Day Dance at Emerson Hall. A separate dance for the third and fourth classes was held in Dismuke's Hall.

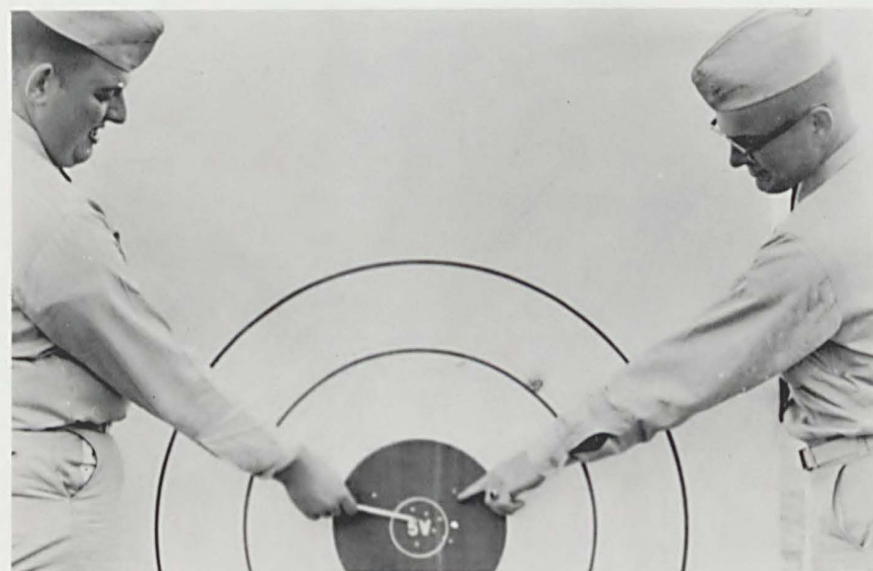
Rifle



Club



Club Officers, Ted Gray, president; Forrest Wright, vice-president; Wade, secretary; and Jim Murray, treasurer, check over match rules.



Ted Gray and Wuestefeld examine a 200 yard "A" target for hits. Members fire regularly at various ranges with .30 caliber rifles.

The Rifle Club, under the expert leadership of President Ted Gray, has expanded rapidly during the last year. Organized to provide a meeting ground for Midshipmen who are interested in competitive firing of rifles and pistols, the club has engaged in a number of meets.

On two separate occasions, the Middie riflemen entered the Maine State .30 Caliber Meets at Hampden, coming in quite well. At the first competition, they placed sixth out of a field of seventeen teams. Later, at a second meet, two teams were entered, placing fifth and eighth.

Membership has expanded until fifteen active and ten more regular members are on the books. The Club is a member of the National Rifle Association, providing all of the benefits of this national organization to all of its members.

Most of the club's firing has been with .30 caliber rifles, but the members are now taking up .22's because the majority of meets in the state are the smaller caliber type.



Forrest Wright, Landry, and Shaw practice "snapping in" just prior to firing.



Ted Gray and Wade inspect a Remington Automatic. The Club fires all type weapons.



Fleet Captain Frank Hale rigs a "tell-tale" underway.



Yacht Club



Club officers, John Eaton, vice-commodore; Norm Laskay, commodore; and Bill Davies, secretary-treasurer, map out plans for a race.

The Maine Maritime Academy Yacht Club, under the leadership of Commodore Norm Laskay, has had a busy season this year. Sailing aboard the cutter *Dianna* and sloop *Clio*, the Club represented the Academy in the Nevins Cup Race at Blue Hill, finishing seventh and sixth respectively, out of a field of eleven. Later the thirty-five foot *Dianna* was entered in the Bar Harbor/Matinicus Rock classic, but was forced to withdraw during the race. The same weekend, the *Clio* was at Portland in the Portland Monhegan Race. She finished twenty-eighth out of a field of forty-seven due to the light airs experienced, which, because of her small sail area, placed her at a disadvantage.

HOW TO LAUNCH A BOAT (IN 3 EASY LESSONS)



All work on the boats, from the time that they were first brought out of lay-up, until they were again secured for the winter—everything from scraping and painting, polishing brass, and such, to skippering and navigating — was done by members. Maintenance was supervised by Fleet Captain Frank Hale.



After the formal racing season, a number of fall cruises to coastal areas, summer resorts, and islands were engaged in. Captain John Fordan, Captain Kelvin Nutting, and Captain John Kennaday took turns going along on the various trips as advisor.

on the
bought
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Hale.



season,
coastal
lands.
John
Nutting
took
various

DANCE COMMITTEE



The Dance Committee, an innovation this year, took care of the organization, and running of the numerous dances we have become accustomed to lately. Under the chairmanship of Tom Reynolds, the committee consisted of "Joe" Bromley (organization), Ross Pollock (decorations), Bob Bartek (tickets), and Bob Rawson (publicity).

Also active on the committee were Norm Laskay, Mike Brennan, Danny Schroppe, and "Frenchy" Hebert.

The committee, formed from the men who had run the very successful Propeller Club dance on Homecoming Day, sponsored several dances, the most noteworthy of which was known as "Neptune's Night." This one, held in Dismukes Hall, featured music by the *Neptones*, and a short period of entertainment at "the half time" starring Steve Sattler.

DANCE BAND



(Left to Right): Raynes, Cioce, Bedard, Dunlay, Richardson, Lindvall, and Wilkens.

The MMA Dance Band, the *Neptones*, played at dances both at the Academy and during the cruise. Led by Bill Cioce on the sax, it was composed of Lou Dunlay on the drums, Bob Wilkens on the trumpet, Frank Richardson on the trombone, Bill Bedard on the electric guitar, Ron Raynes on the piano, and Larry Lindvall on the clarinet. The combo was especially noted for its "hot" numbers such as "The Saints," or "Night Train."

During the cruise they played at hotels, on television, and at seamen's clubs, in addition to their performances at dances.

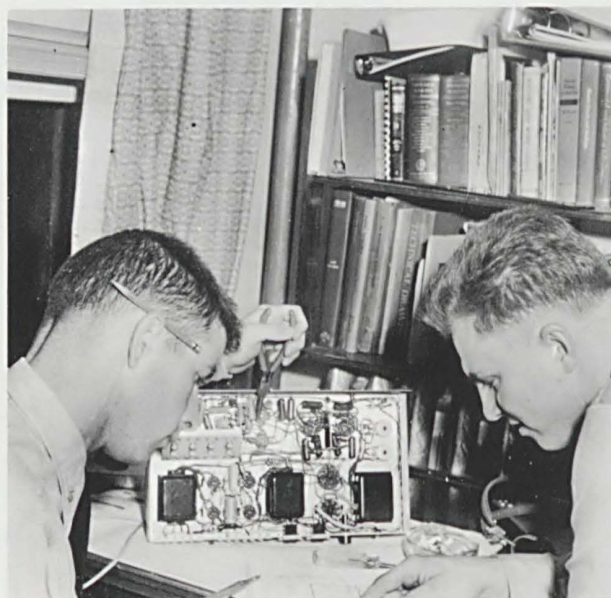




Club President Fran Chase puts out a signal with the new transmitter.



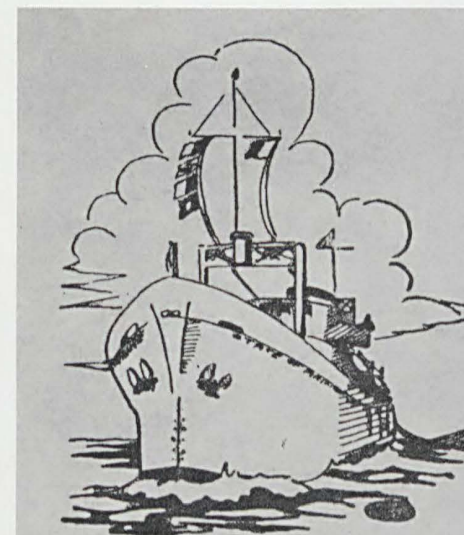
Radio



Tom Reynolds and Dan Schroppe work over a piece of equipment.



Bob Rawson adjusts the controls on the mess deck stereo system, installed by the club.



K1BBJ-MM

S.S. STATE OF MAINE
S/S ESTADO DE MAINE
ANNUAL CRUISE

RADIO Class of '62
CONF QSO of 6/9/62

UR Signs S9 ON 21 Mcs AT 1900 GMT

RIG HT - 37 - HQ 170

ANT Mosley TD - 3 Jr

Remarks *Poe QSL*

73's Dave, Fran, Charles

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE, MAINE

Club



The MMA Radio Club, one of the youngest organizations at the Academy, is also one of the smallest. However, for its size, its influence is felt in a much greater area than would seem possible.

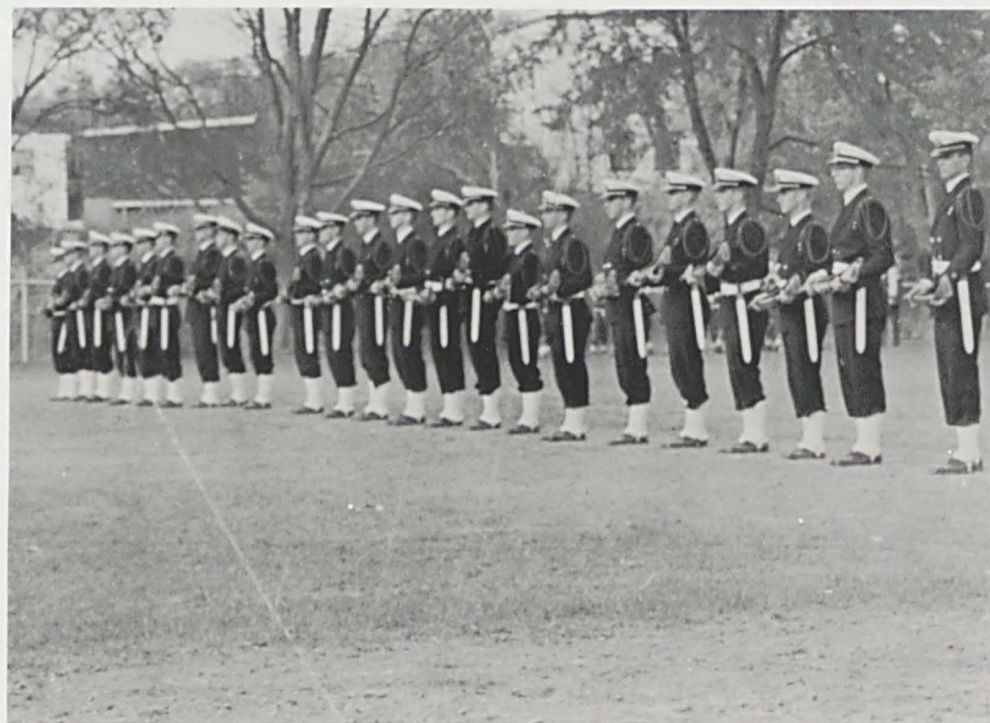
The Spring and Fall terms found them busy rigging the new mess deck stereo equipment. Later, during the cruise, the boys were busy DXing and arranging phone-patches for lonesome Middies and officers with their new rig.



Lcdr. Charles Blake, cruise radio operator, and Dave Smith discuss ham radio operations.



DRILL



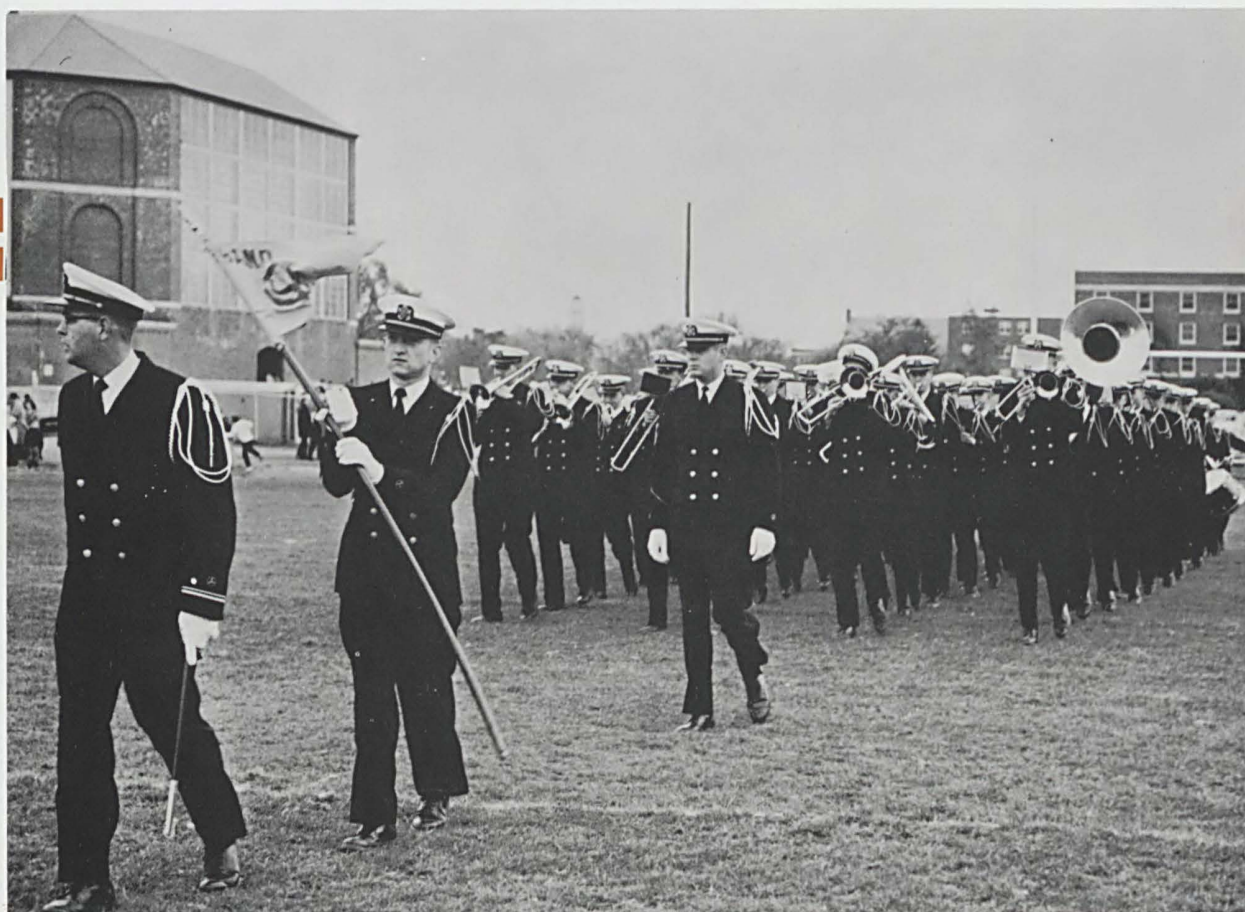
SQUAD



The Drill Squad's intricate maneuver's have won them accolades of praise from all quarters. Their snappy appearance and precision performances have spread the MMA reputation throughout the state from places as far north as Fort Kent, to Portland in the south.

Almost daily practice has been necessary to bring the squad up to its present high state of polish. This is all done during the members' free time.

The men with the red forregierre are equally adapted to acting as escorts at one of the numerous summer festivals or at performing a Queen Anne's salute. Their routine contains many of the most complicated maneuvers performed under arms.



The Band's musical masterpieces have entertained us greatly for the last few years at every conceivable function from Memorial Day parades to Friday afternoon "ringy-do" and morning inspections. Fortunately, the entertainment factor has risen greatly each year, until now, with twenty tunes they know and fifty brand new ones, they have reached a new peak of performance unheard of before.

The Band's reputation has spread to the point where they have been requested to play at numerous outside events. These have included the University of Maine Homecoming Day celebration and Armistice Day parade in Bangor.

During the cruise, they mustered up during quarters for entering port making this unpleasant post a little more bearable. They also serenaded us Sunday afternoons on the fantail.

BAND



French Club



Senior members Norm Brouwer, Ed Reichhelm and Bob Pouch look over a publication in French.

Our newest club, the French club brought together those in the Battalion who were interested in improving their knowledge of this vital language. Club advisors are Captain J. M. Kennaday and Mrs. Beaumont.

Barber Shop

The barbers were one of the first group of middies that we met when first we came to MMA. Over the years, as we continued our education, they continued to cut, trim, and occasionally (or so it was claimed) "butcher" our glory. Steve Kovacs, Pete Stratton, Danny Schroppe, and Mike Brennan were the senior barbers.



Pete Stratton and head barber Steve Kovacs "cut" Sherman and Breton. The barbers supplied their own equipment, but used the Academy supplied barber shops up "the hill" and on the ship.



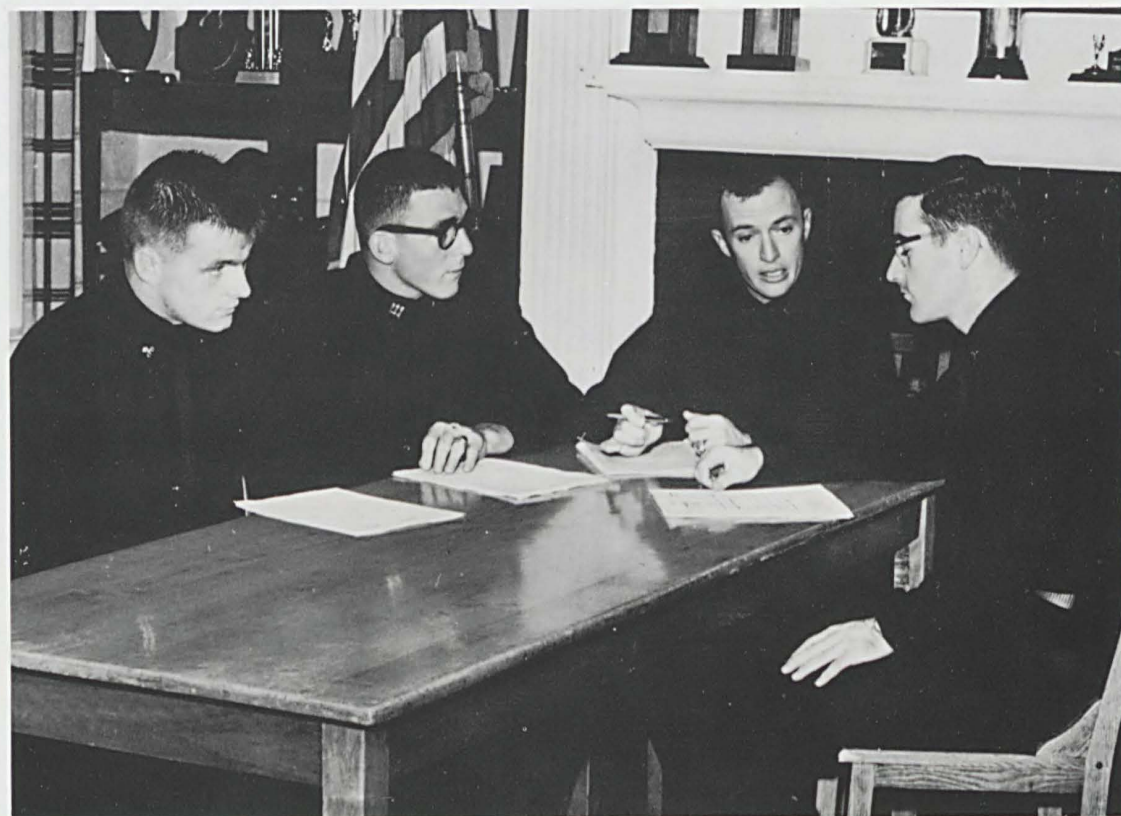
Ship's Service

The ship's store, run for the benefit of the middies during the cruise, supplied us with all of the little things which normally we would have bought in a drugstore. Their inventory included cigarettes, candy, soda, shoe polish, soap, shoestrings, shaving lotion, grease remover, combs, flashlight batteries, gloves, hair tonic, razor blades, ice cream, and freetos. Under the direction of Lieutenant (jg) Atwood, the establishment was operated by a crew of volunteers. The staff included Roy Bennett, Frank Hale, "Knobby" Walsh, and Doug Glenn.

The store opened daily for the sale of its wares at noon and again after supper. Profits were turned over to the Student Fund.

Also operated under the same management was the ship's laundry, staffed by Moe Oliver, Jim Murray, Don Fiske, Billy Sieman, Sam Soule, and Bert Cheney. The midshipman laundry staff took care of pressing (more or less) the khakis and whites of the ship's personnel.

A final activity was taking care of laundry going ashore. This was run by Dick Ferrier.



STUDENT FUND

The Student Fund Committee engages in such activities as providing financial backing for dances, recovering the billiard tables, buying books for the library, sponsoring tours during the cruise, assisting activities such as the Rifle Club (which received 5000 rounds of ammunition), and making short term, interest-free loans to temporarily financially strapped Middies. Funds are obtained from the sale of cokes during the academic year, and from ship's store profits during the cruise.

The Committee consists of Lieutenant Wibby, officer representative; Gary Whitney and "Knobby" Walsh, representing the first class; and Moran and Raymond representing the third and fourth classes respectively.

Safety Committee



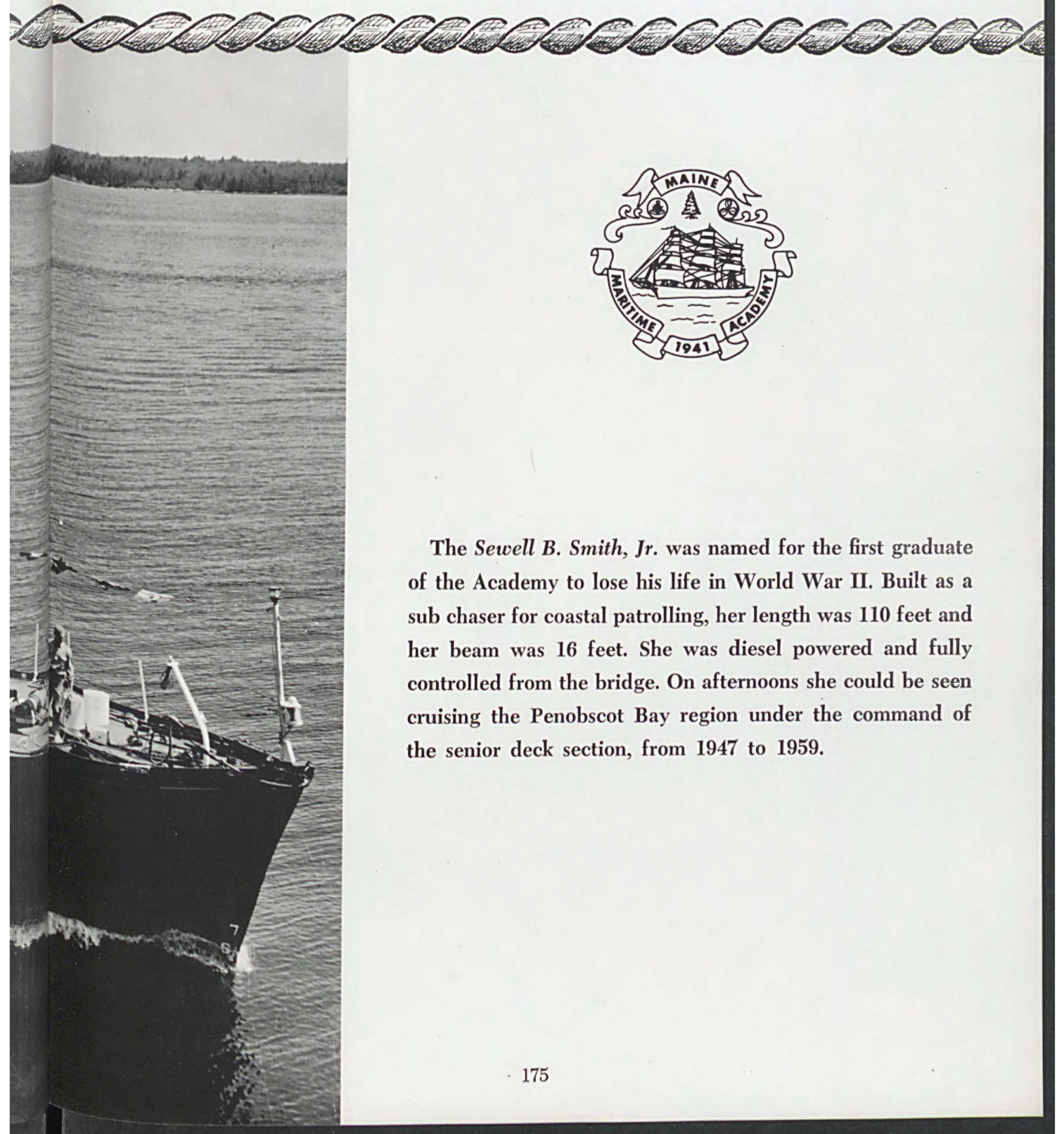
Frank Hale, Captain Parker Worrey, and Rick Keimig.

The Safety Committee, under the direction of Captain Worrey, is charged with ferreting out and publicizing unsafe conditions around the Academy and with making recommendations for the correction of uncovered faults. The Committee is responsible for the large number of National Safety Council accident prevention posters which have appeared recently. Their province covers everything from a loose ladder rung on the ship to automobile accidents on the road to Bucksport, and from a slick deck in the galley to oil spills in the engine room.

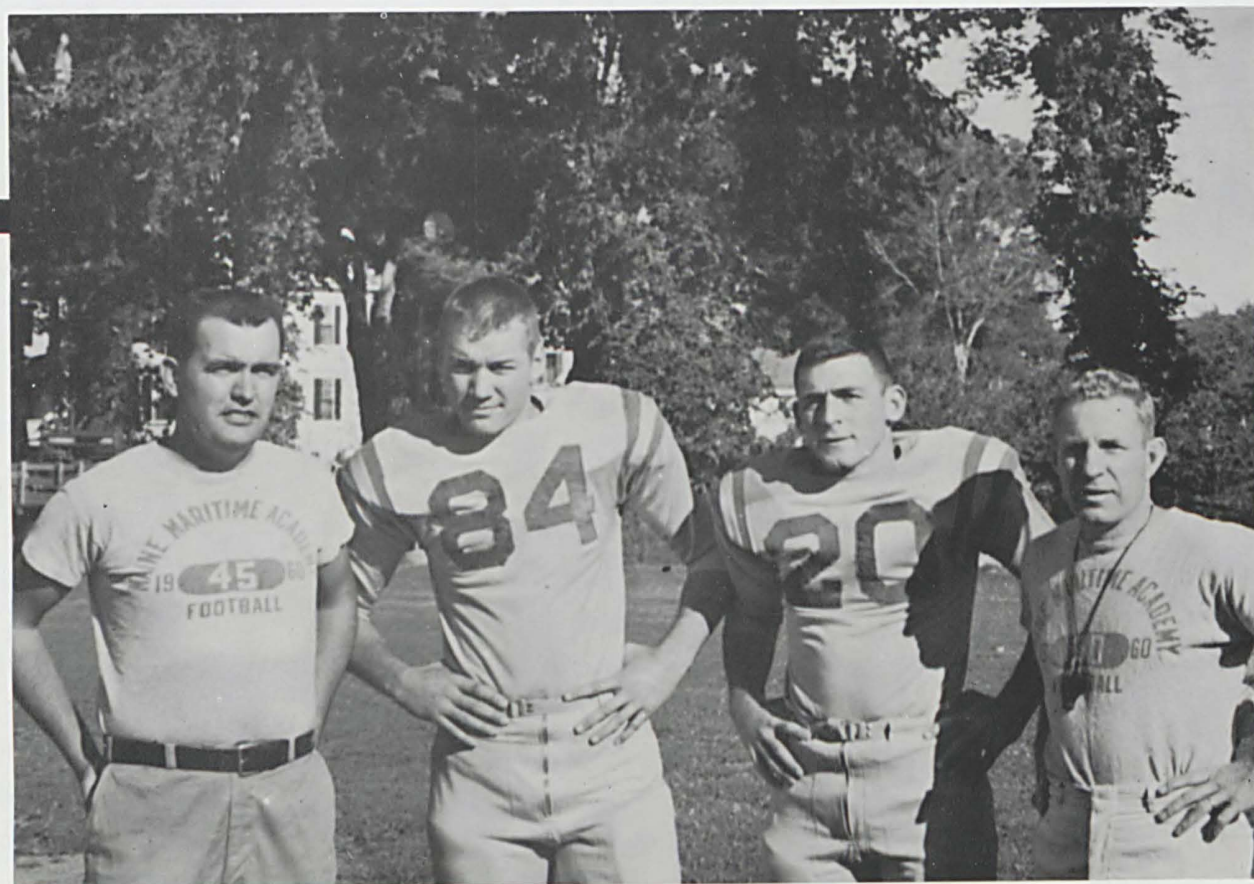
Their success of late is reflected in the very low — low for the type of machinery operated — accident rate at MMA. The Committee's motto, "One accident is one too many," will soon, we hope, reduce the rate to zero.



SPORTS



The *Sewell B. Smith, Jr.* was named for the first graduate of the Academy to lose his life in World War II. Built as a sub chaser for coastal patrolling, her length was 110 feet and her beam was 16 feet. She was diesel powered and fully controlled from the bridge. On afternoons she could be seen cruising the Penobscot Bay region under the command of the senior deck section, from 1947 to 1959.



Assistant Coach Blaine Trafton, Co-Captains Jim Zedalis and Gary Whitney, and Coach Dave Wiggin pause during practice for a discussion.

A pre-season scrimmage with Bates College resulted in a "Middie-stomp." MMA came through to beat Bates 33-20.

The Middies traveled to the province of New Brunswick to play the Red Bombers of UNB on 23 September. The game was played with a mixture of Canadian and American rules which made it unique. For example, the Canadian field is 110 yards x 65 yards. The Red Bombers, accustomed to scoring six touchdowns a game with only three first downs, were most happy to find that the game would be played with four first downs. Also there were twelve men on each team, including five backs. The extra points were attempted from the ten yard line.

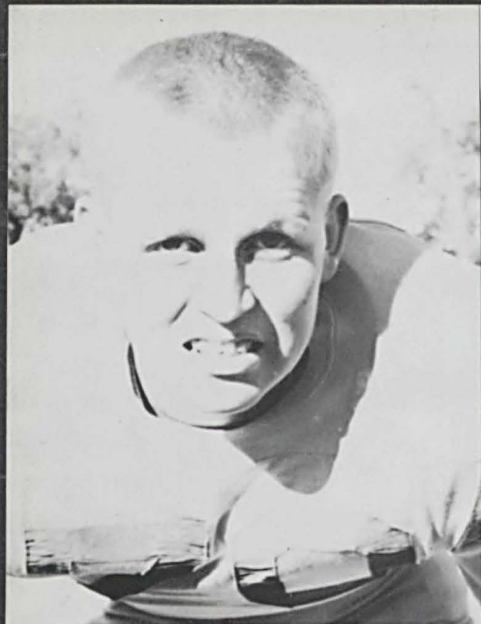
The Middies received the opening kickoff and fumbled two plays later. A fired up defensive line held on a UNB fourth and two. MMA took over on its own thirty and began to display its powerful ground game. The spectators, almost all Canadian, were held spellbound as the Middie backs ground out ten to twenty yards a carry. In eight plays the Middies covered eighty yards with Sophomore halfback Bob Duffy scoring the TD. After receiving the MMA kickoff, the Canadians went to the air to try to penetrate the Middie defense. Rushing by Middie linemen accounted for several incompletions and on a fourth down UNB punt end and co-captain Jim Zedalis crashed through the UNB line and blocked the punt. Quarterback Gary

FOOTBALL



Bill Shore takes out a New Brunswick runner as Dave Brown (81) and Ken Joy (64) come up in support.

	MMA	OPP
Bates	33	20
U. of New Brunswick	31	6
Quonset Point N. A. S.	21	6
Nichols	26	0
Dean Jr. College	28	0
Bridgewater	21	14
American International	6	36
Newport N. A. S.	6	26



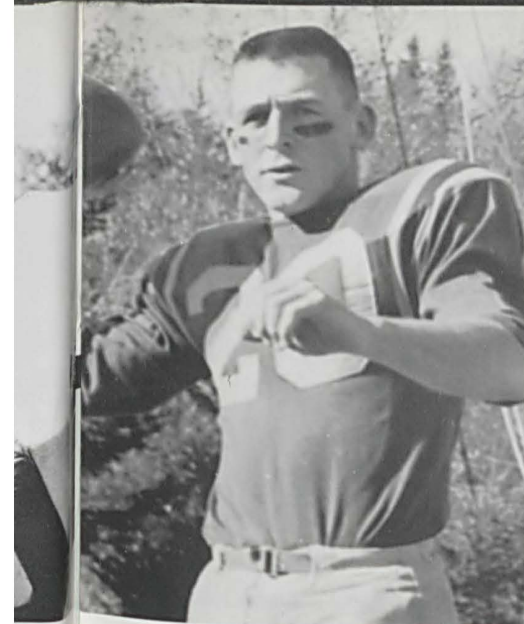
Don Fiske



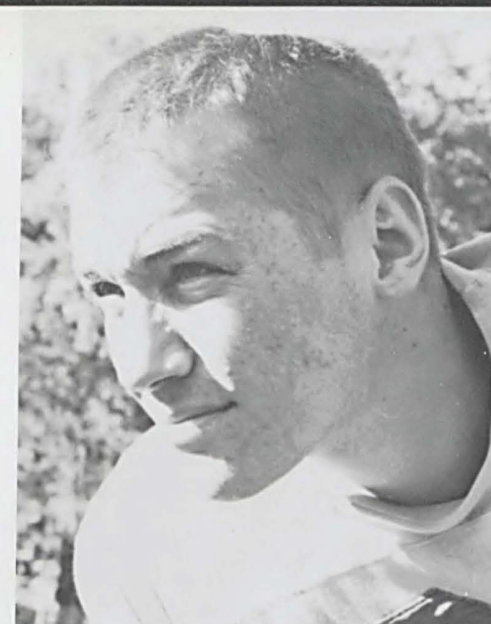
Bill O'Reilly



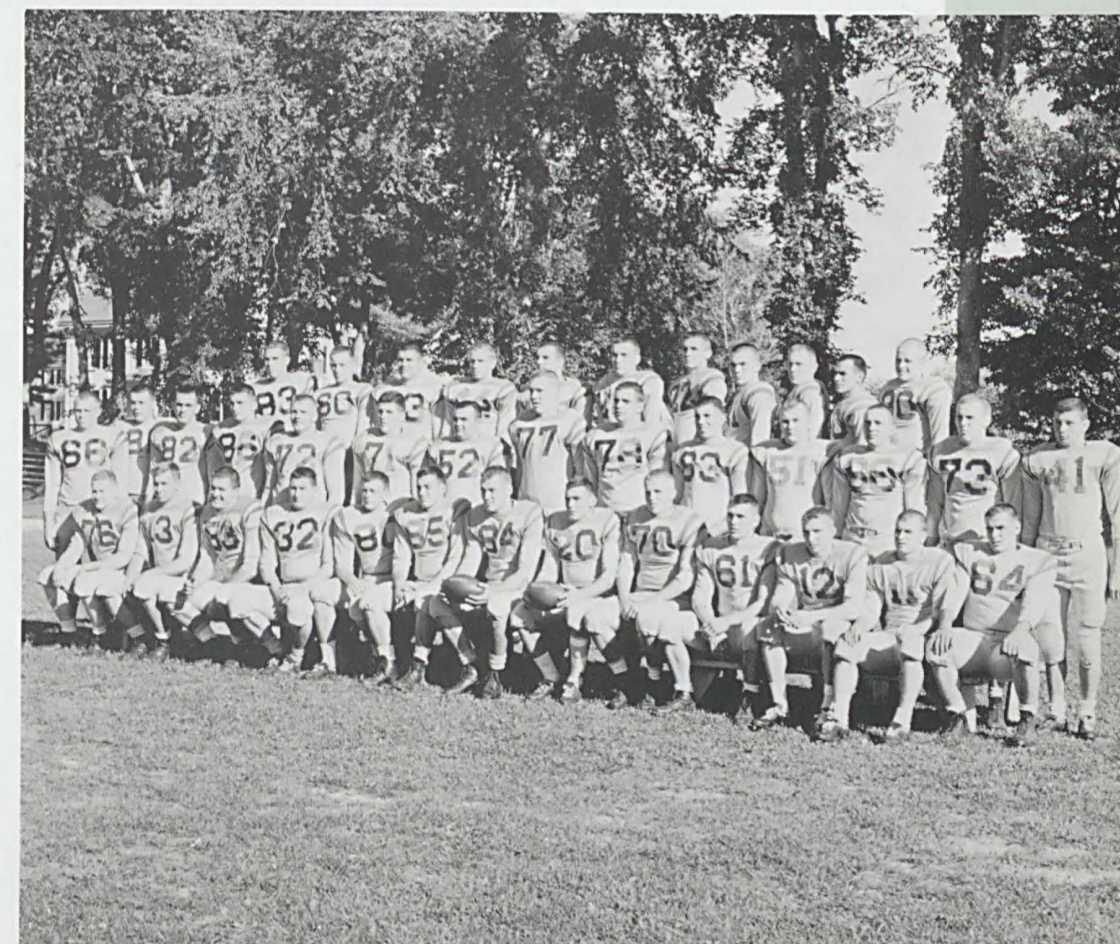
Newell Smith



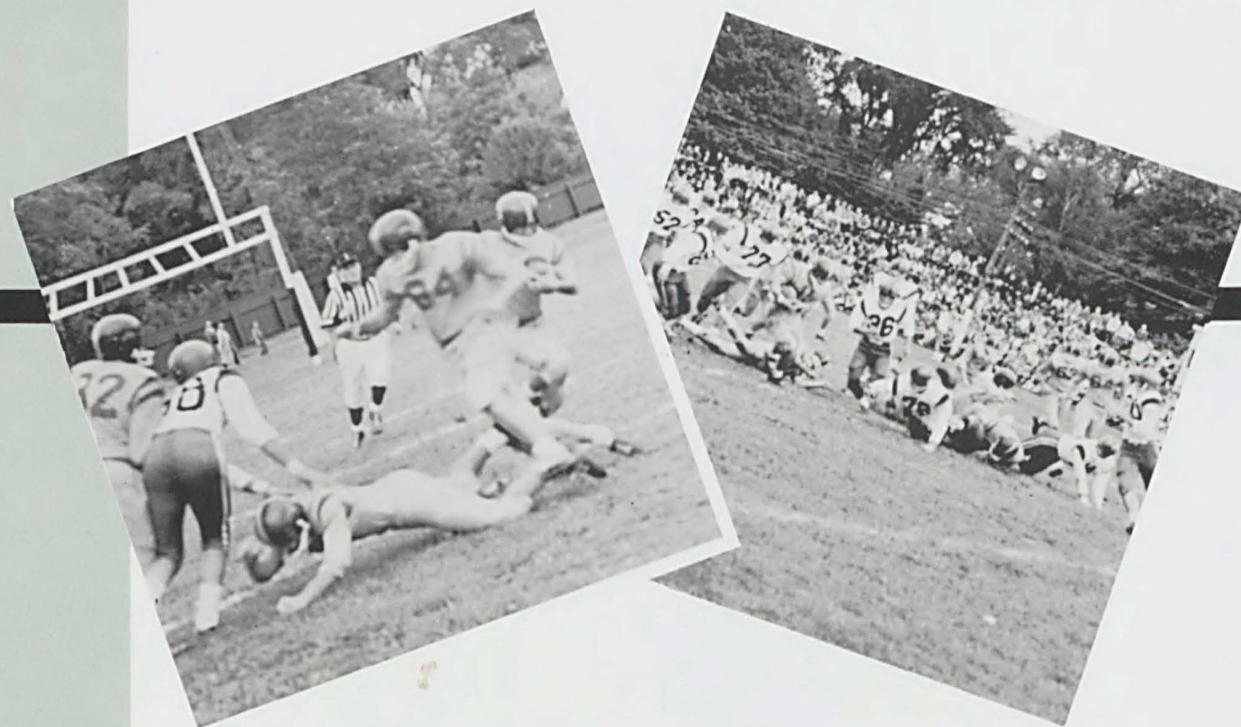
Gary Whitney



Jim Zedalis



Left to Right, Front Row: Jim Thibodeau, Ed Harmes, Peter Lombard, Fred Gleason, Newell Smith, Bill O'Reilly, Co-captain Jim Zedalis, Co-captain Gary Whitney, Don Fiske, Emile Girard, Ken Fahrbach, Bob Duffy, and Ken Joy.
Second Row: Charles Raymond, Dave Brown, Bob Clew, Charles Gilbert, Joe Moran, John Bryant, Terry Frederick, Maurice Bullard, Allan Rucker, Bob Arsenault, Neal McPhee, Mel Demit, Ed Gillman, and Lou Violette.
Third Row: John Metcalfe, Aurele Gorneau, Paul Bergeron, Billy Shore, Bob Gacicia, Bill Hogan, Frank McIver, Dick Wright, Bill Nehring, Ron Vallee, and Larry Beal.



Whitney scored from six yards out eight plays later and kicked the extra point to make it MMA 14, UNB 0.

After exchanging fumbles, the Middies got another drive going. Ten plays later, after two long runs on reverses by freshman Ron Vallee, Whitney threw a twenty yard pass to end Bill O'Reilly in the end zone. MMA 21 — UNB 0.

UNB received the kickoff opening the second half and the MMA defensive team threw the UNB backs for losses three times before Quarterback Gary Whitney took their fourth down punt, and turned on the speed for an eighty yard TD run. Whitney's extra point attempt was again good making the score MMA 28 — UNB 0. Early in the fourth period an MMA drive was stopped short on the twenty yard line of UNB but Whitney came through again with a field goal making it 31-0. Late in the last period UNB recovered an MMA fumble on the MMA ten yard line and scored two plays later for their only touchdown of the day, making it 31-6.

The Middie backs had a field day for themselves picking up 21 first downs and 394 yards rushing. Nearly all of the Middie team saw action in the game and many of the freshmen looked impressive.

The Middies met Quonset Point Naval Air Station in their first home game at Ritchie Field on 30 Sept. The Navy team, anxious to avenge its 21-14 loss to the Middies last year, again fielded a strong team. But the Middies, fresh from victories over Bates and the University of New Brunswick, scored in every period, overpowering the Navy team 26-6. Early in the first period the Middies scored on a 62 yard drive with power-running fullback Fred Gleason diving over from the four. This touchdown was set up on the thirty yard run by Gary Whitney. In the second period Whitney went to the air and threw a thirty yard touchdown pass to end Jim Zedalis. The score at half-time was 14-0. Again in the third period Whitney found Zedalis for a forty yard pass which Zeke made a sensational grab of in the end



zone. In the fourth period Whitney returned a Quonset kickoff eighty yards in a beautiful run. Late in the fourth period Quonset scored its lone touchdown on a twenty yard drive.

The Middies dominated the game with 241 yards rushing and Gary Whitney threw passes for 120 yards. Quonset gained only 105 yards on the ground and sixty in the air. The game was filled with penalties with MMA being penalized 85 yards and Quonset 60 yards. Most of the MMA penalties were for clipping which showed the aggressiveness of the blocking. Much of the Middies' success in their ground game this year must be attributed to their blocking.

The Middies won their third straight regular game over Nichols College at Dudley, Mass. MMA scored four touchdowns in the first three periods while blanking Nichols. Late in the first period the Middies scored on a sixty-five yard drive, the last fifteen yards being on a sweep by Gary Whitney. Freshman halfback Paul Bergeron sparked a second period drive that began near midfield with Bergeron diving over for the T.D. from three yards out. Whitney's second of four place kicks was good and the score was 14-0.

Two long passes from Whitney to halfback Bob Duffy set up both third period touchdowns. The first one was good for forty yards and Duffy was downed on the Nichols ten. Three plays later Whitney hit end Bill O'Reilly in the end zone for the score.

Duffy caught the second one and ran to the Nichols eleven yard line. It was good for thirty-seven yards. Bergeron powered over from the three, three plays later.

Nichols penetrated to the Middie fifteen late in the game but Middie reserves stopped that drive.

Final score was 26-0.

The Middies traveled to Springfield, Mass. on November 4 to play powerful American International College. This was the Middies first taste of big time football and although they lost by the seemingly



lopsided score of 36-6 the game was not an easy victory for AIC. At half time Maine Maritime led 6-0. The Middies only score came as a result of a blocked punt by fullback Fred Gleason deep in AIC territory. Gary Whitney scored for MMA on a sweep. The tide turned right at the beginning of the second half. The Middies lost several key men on injuries. From then on the AIC line was just too big for the Middies. But the strong showing by the Middies indicated that they will probably add more big colleges to their schedules next year.

Maine Maritime Academy ended its season at Castine by dropping a hard fought game to Newport Naval Station by a score of 26-6. This made the Middies season record 5-2. In spite of the score, the Middies made eleven first downs to Newport's five. In total yardage Newport had 327 to 296 for the Middies. Newport completed only three passes of fifteen but they went for touchdowns of 89, 86, and 51 yards. The Middle's only score came in the second period and was set up on a 37 yard pass from Gary Whitney to Lou Violette. Three plays later Bergeron blasted over from the two.

Playing in their last game were seniors Gary Whitney, Bill O'Reilly, and Jim Zedalis. They have been instrumental in leading the Middies to these successful winning seasons. Freshman Bill Shore, who filled in for Whitney at quarterback for most of the game, did a tremendous job in running the team.







The Middie hurlers finished off one of their more successful seasons with a record of eight for seventeen — seven for twelve in the league — as well as the league championship.

Their first game resulted in a loss to Farmington State Teachers College, 12 to 6, primarily due to faulty fielding. The boys did put out 3 doubles in this away game though.

At their second game of the season, the Middies beat Husson 14 to 3. Jim Barr turned out what was probably his best game of the season, pitching the full nine innings despite a severe spiking received during the 4th inning.

The first home game was a double header against Aroostook State Teachers College which found the boys losing again, 5 to 1 and 4 to 0.

The third home game was marked by good fielding. The Middies downed Ricker 7 to 4 in a game marked by three completed double plays. Jim Barr, relieved in the 8th by McCorrison, again pitched a fine game.

Maine Frosh downed the Middies 15 to 8 in a game played on Ritchie Field. The only remarkable event of the game was Gene Spinazola's homer.

In another double header, this time against Washington State Teachers College, the Middies came home to win 12 to 4 and 10 to 8. In the first game, Barr struck out six, while the boys stole 5 bases — 2 by Diakos. The second game found Whitney slamming out a homer, and Taylor stealing 3 out of a total of 7 bases.

BASEBALL



Retiring team captain Gene Spinazola congratulates Captain Jim Zedalis as Coach Dave Wiggin looks on.

In their next away game, the Middies stomped Maine Central Institute 21 to 8. There were 3 triples, 3 stolen bases, Gleason homered, while we left 15 men on base.

Our next home game was against Husson, whom we defeated by a score of 15 to 7. Bennett and Duffy tripled.

A second match with FSTC again produced a Middie loss. The boys went down 10 to 3.

The last league game proved to be one of the most interesting and exciting of the season. The game, played against Ricker on the 31st of May, was seriously handicapped, and almost called on account of nearly continuous rain mixed with sleet and snow. Doubles by Gleason and Whitney in the tenth inning of the tied game brought in four runners to provide a Middie win, 12 to 8. This clinched the league title.



Jim Barr



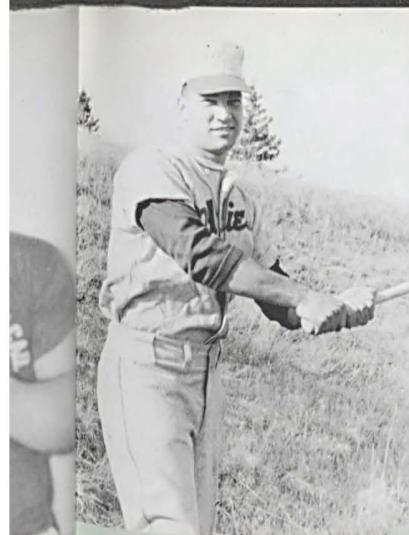
Roy Bennett



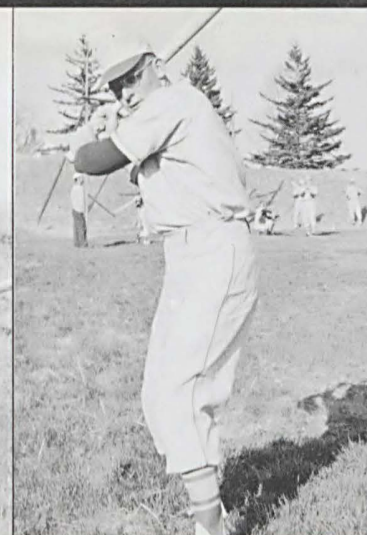
Pete Diakos



"Dom" Gentilcore



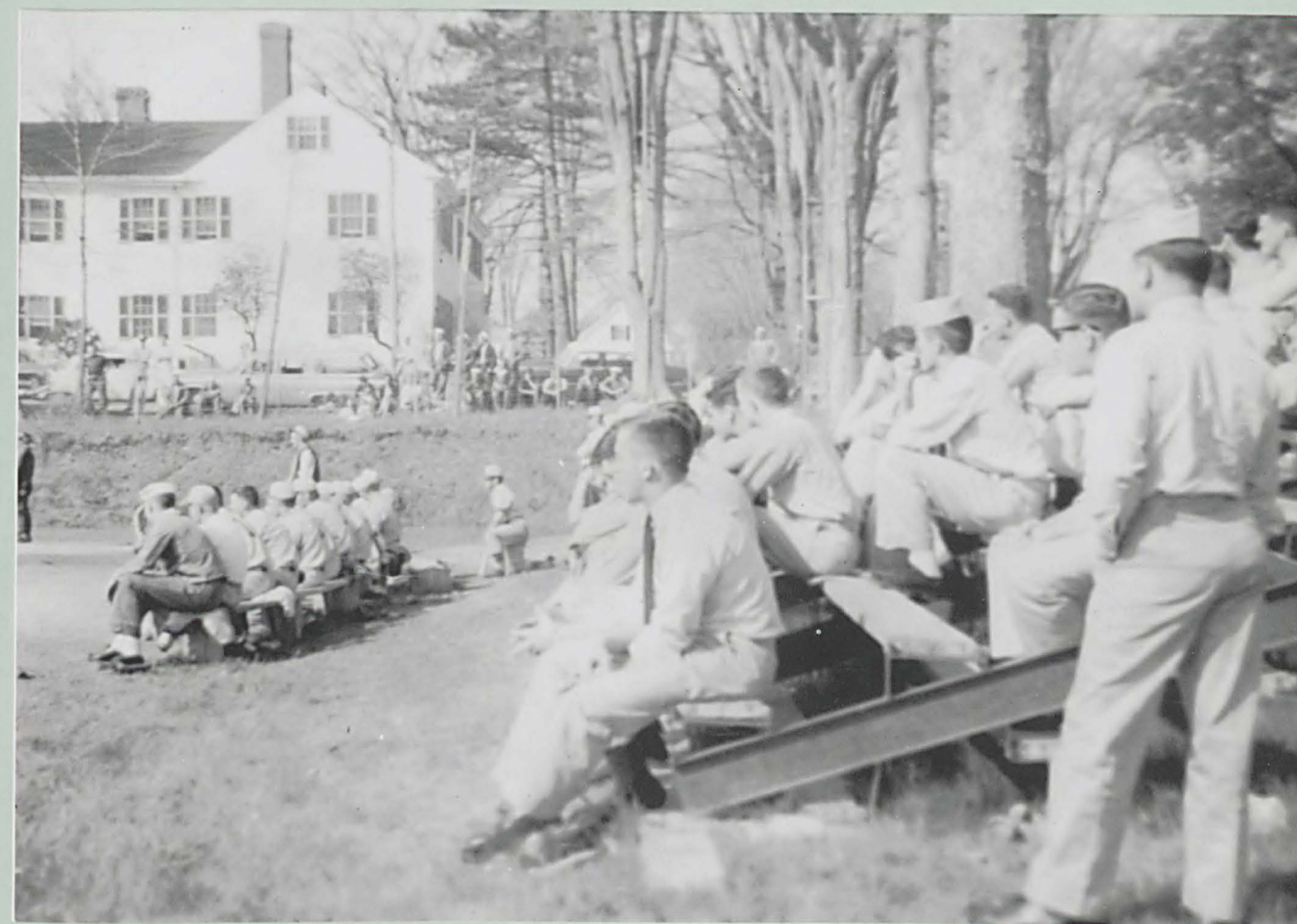
Joe Taylor



Gary Whitney



Jim Zedalis





Now the boys went into their summer schedule with Down East semi-pro teams. Here their record was not quite as good as it had been with the colleges. Dow Air Force Base downed the Middies 14 to 4 in a game at Ritchie Field. Lemoine followed in another home game to shut MMA out 5 to 0. Belfast then beat us 7 to 4. In our only win of the semi-pro season, the boys took Searsport in a 4 to 2 win. The last game of the year, played against Stonington again at home, the Middies lost 8 to 7 in a really close one. Duffy got 3 for 5, including a double. We pulled in 4 runs in the first inning.





The 1961 basketball season was not exactly to bring joy to the heart of an old alumnus, but there were some bright spots among the overall dark tones of the picture. The Middies won 1 and lost 10, scoring 798 points, to 1005 scored against them.

The Middies were operating under a number of handicaps. First, the season is extremely abbreviated. We played a scrimmage against Dow Air Force Base the second day of practice. The season is so short that we played a game almost every other day.

Coach Trafton is new to the Middies, and therefore not used to working under the conditions that a military school imposes. Practice sessions must fit the Academy schedule, resulting in very short practice sessions.

The team had only three returning seniors and one returning sophomore. The remainder of the team was composed of freshmen.

Our court is quite small. This is alright when playing against other teams that are used to small courts, but places us at a disadvantage when playing against big court teams. This will be rectified as soon as the new multi-purpose building is completed.

The first game, played against Loring Air Force Base (the top Air Force team in New England), was lost to a 20 foot jump shot in the last half minute of play, 92 to 90. After this game, the season looked bright for the Middies. Gary Wheaton, Walt Taylor, and Bob Ames all looked very good, scoring 22, 20, and 20 points respectively.

The second game, Ricker College, was a heartbreaker. The Middies lost 92 to 55. Our defense here was very poor, almost all of Ricker's scoring resulting from fast breaks.

Washington State Teachers College provided a loss, 74 to 47.

BASKETBALL



(Somebody must have put a plastic cover over our bucket). Our boys just couldn't seem to sink them.

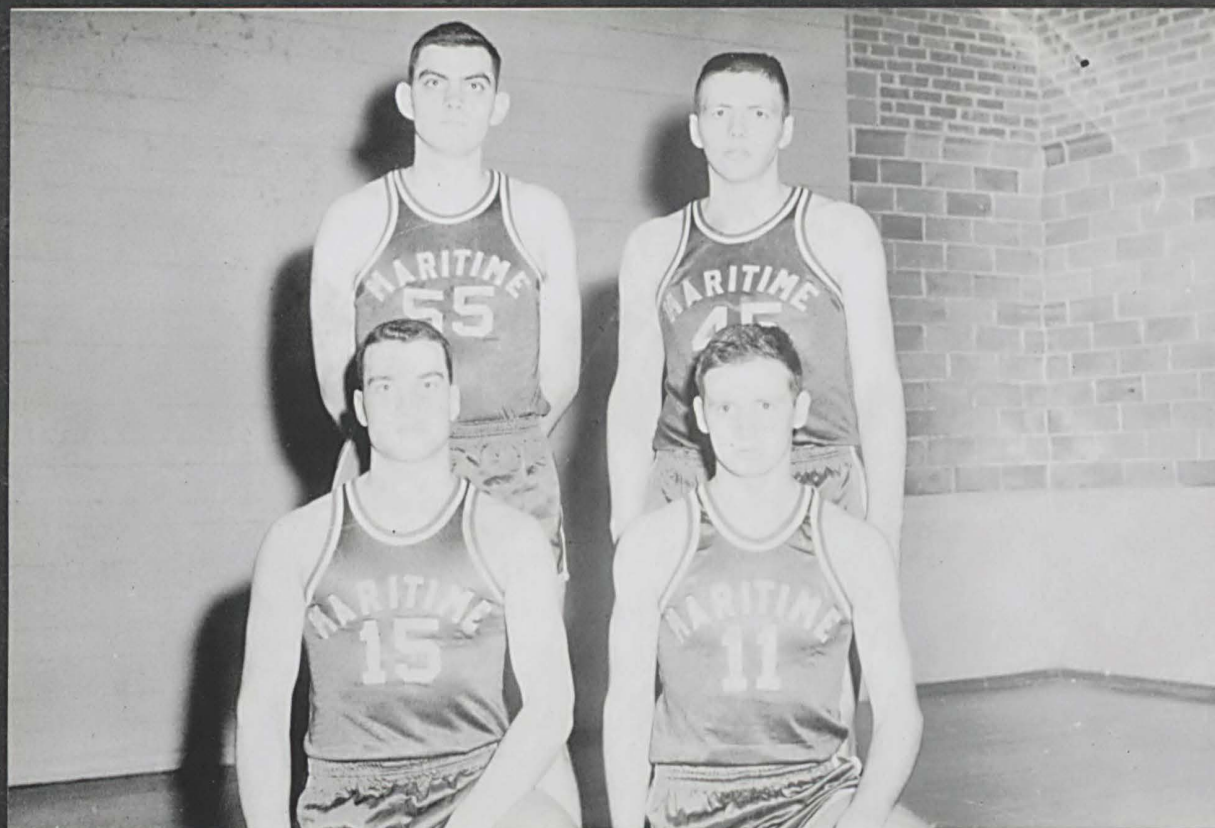
Farmington State, despite the fact that the crowd was with us (we were at FSTS!), the Middies went down 86 to 62. We were only 7 points behind at the half, but the boys seemed to run out of steam in the second half. This was one of the roughest games we played as far as rebounds went. This was one of the major problems of the Middies. Their defensive play on rebounds was not too good.

Aroostook State Teachers College was very close. The winning score was made in the last ten seconds of the game as the Middies lost again, 80 to 79. Walt Taylor looked especially good in this one.

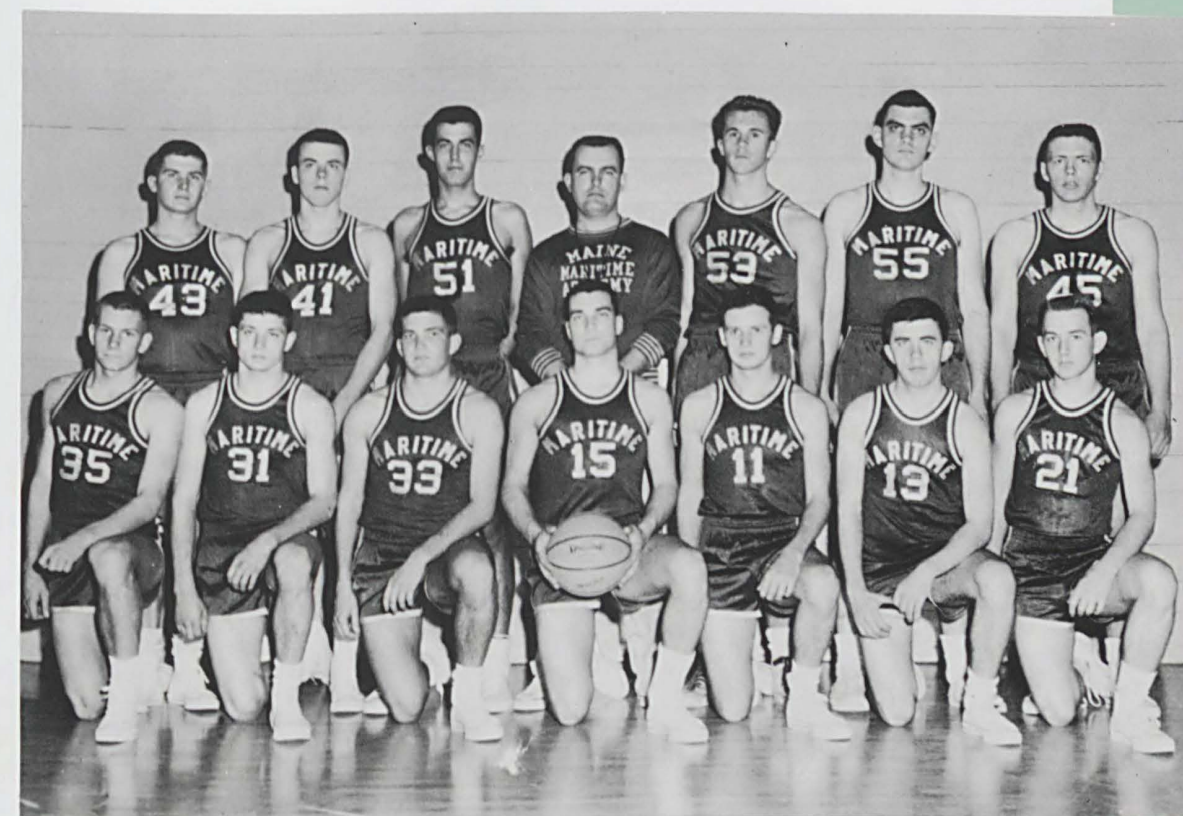
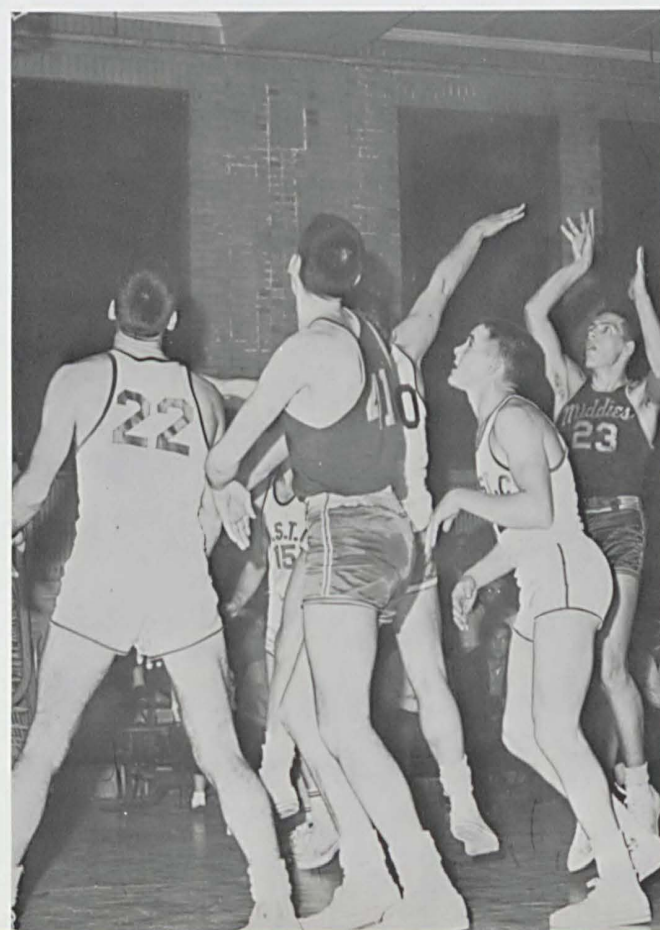
Our next game, a return with Ricker, provided another loss. We were clobbered 80 to 47. Husson, played on a neutral court at Ellsworth, was again pretty close. Taylor played very well bringing in 31 points. Final score was 98 to 83.

Our first and only win, was against Maine Central Institute. Score was 98 to 81. Walt Taylor hit his high mark on this one, scoring 48 points, which consisted of 23 field goals and 2 free throws.

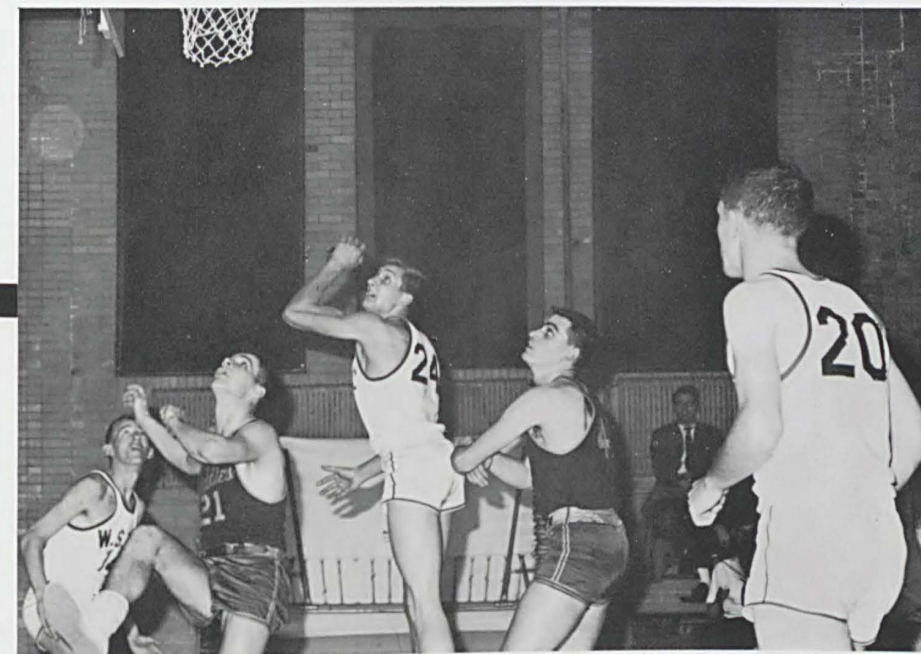
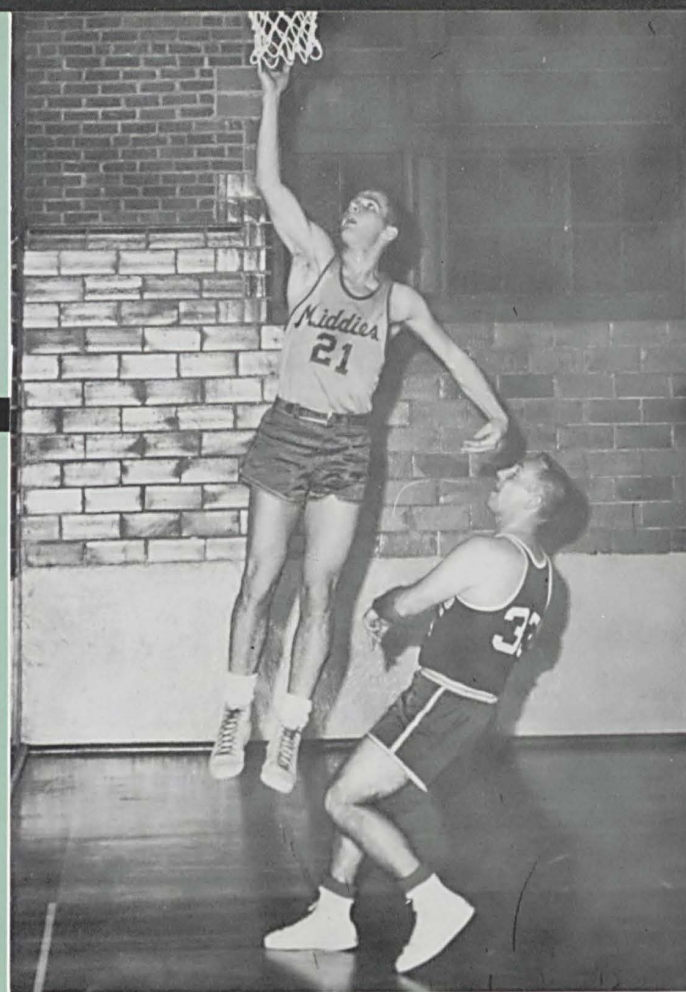
Our "winning streak" ended when we met WSTC in a re-match at Machias. They took the game 113 to 90. Taylor was high man for both teams with 46 points.



Returning lettermen Walt Taylor, Bob Ames, Herb Litchfield and Gary Wheaton.



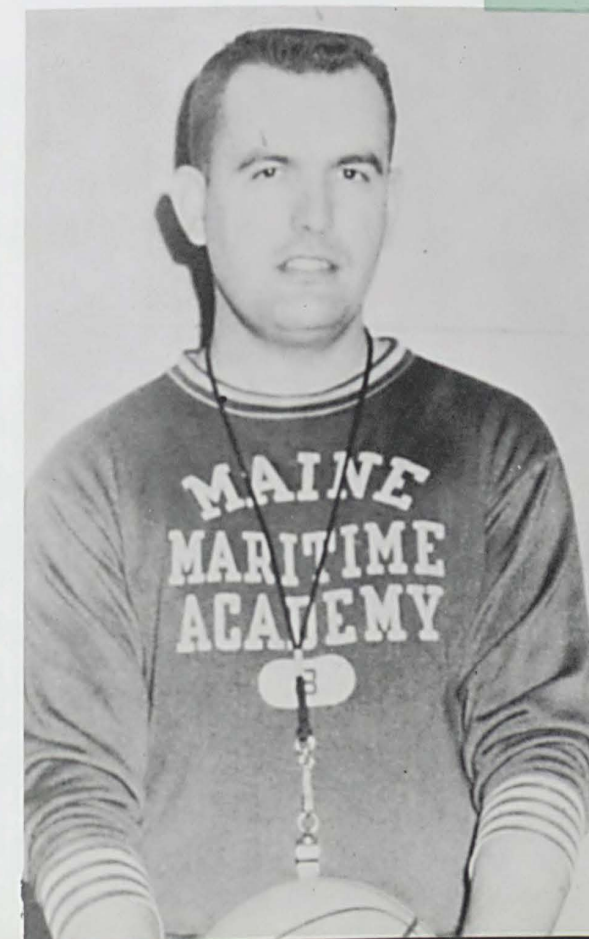
Front Row, Left to Right: Shaw, Bartlett, Somerville, Taylor, Ames, Wright, and Gamache.
Back Row: McIver, D. Brown, Fenton, Coach Blaine Trafton, Viebrock, Litchfield, and Wheaton.



MCI was really out for blood when they met us again. Their previous loss to us was their only loss of the season. The Middies went down 108 to 63.

The last game of the season was a home game against FSTC. They had the lead all the way, coming in the end to down us 102 to 84.

Walt Taylor set a new record for points scored in the Quick Gymnasium with 48 points in the first MCI game. The previous record was held by Leroy Bennett's 38 for home team, and W. Williams of Brunswick Naval Air Station 40 for a visiting team. Taylor finished the season with an average of 24.8 points scored per game or a total of 273 points. The next high man was Litchfield with 121.



GOLF



Left to Right: Bob Hall, Dick Belanger, Gary Aluisy, and Sam Rowe.

The six man golf team, composed of Newell Smith, Gary Aluisy, Dick Belanger, Chuck Sherman, and Bob Hall, played a not too spectacular season with several of the High Schools and colleges in the area. The team is coached by Blaine Trafton.

There is hope to build this minor sport into something of a little more importance in the near future.

CROSS COUNTRY



*Front Row, Left to Right: Levasseur, Bracy, Thoens (captain), Flanders, and Ames.
Back Row: Whitaker, Twomey, Girgan, and Somerville.*

A new sport on the Academy scene this year is cross country. The team, coached by Lieutenant (jg) Ralph Hanson, and captained by "Yogi" Thoens, started late, and therefore was only able to enter five meets. Although they lost every one, their point score improved remarkably each meet.

Their grueling course, one of the toughest in the state, includes such well known areas as "Agony Hill" (dear to the memory of every ex-mug). For a brand new sport the boys did quite well.

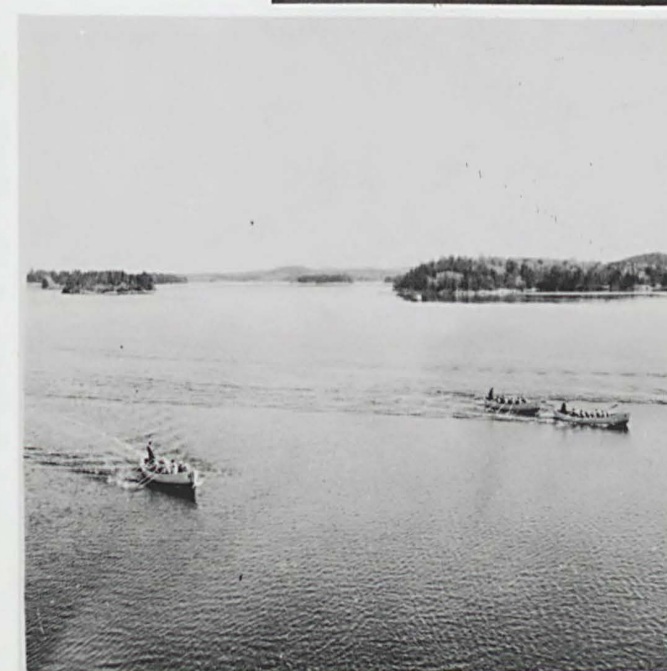
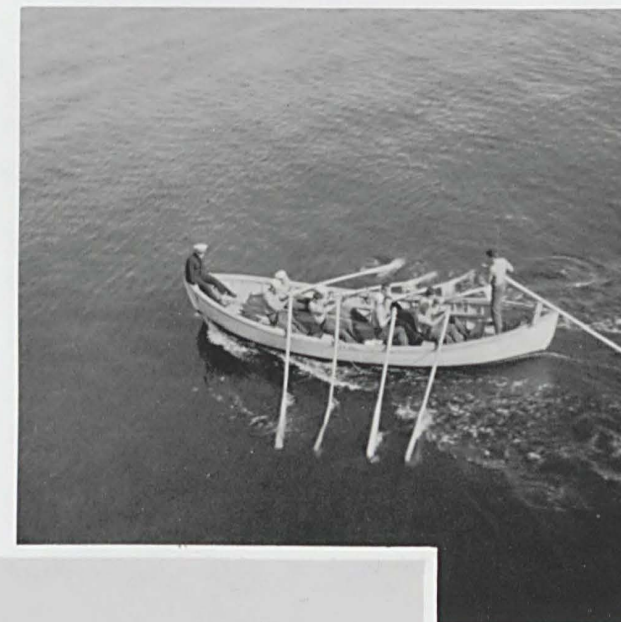


International Lifeboat Crew, Front Row, Left to Right: Brennan, Fahrback, Schroppe (coxswain), Kovacs, and Fuller. Back Row: San Martin, Eaton, Donofrio, Bowditch, Wellington, and Terry.

The rowing team, coached by LCDR. Alfred Philbrick, again had a good season. Their first event, the International Lifeboat Race at the Narrows of New York Harbor, provided a third place.

Later the team took the Chamber of Commerce Trophy at the Rockland Regatta, in a close race with teams from the Coast Guard Station and a buoy tender the USCG's *Laurel*.

ROWING TEAM



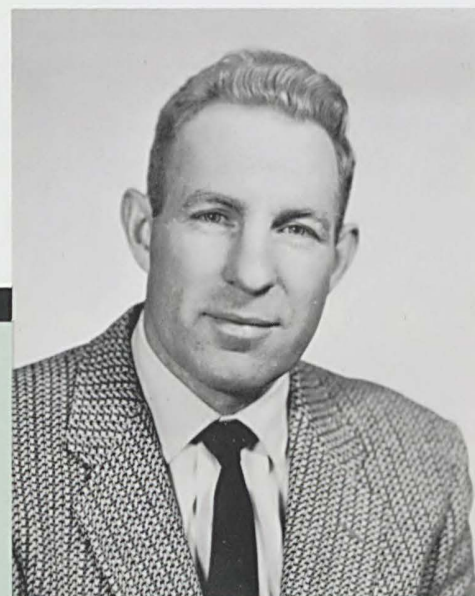


Intramural sports waxed and waned at MMA from time to time, but most of the emphasis was on baseball. The 10 to 13 team league was a great crowd gatherer, especially when the faculty team was playing.

Also featured was basketball and to a lesser extent volleyball and tennis. The basketball championship went to SD. The faculty seemed somehow to totter off with the baseball title again. Although many of the games were played in what might be called a rather unorthodox manner at times ("Yeah, we lost the game, but we won the rumble afterwards"), they provided an outlet for a lot of excess energy which probably would have been expended otherwise in a manner which the XO might not have approved of, and were a unifying factor which was not always given the credit it was due.

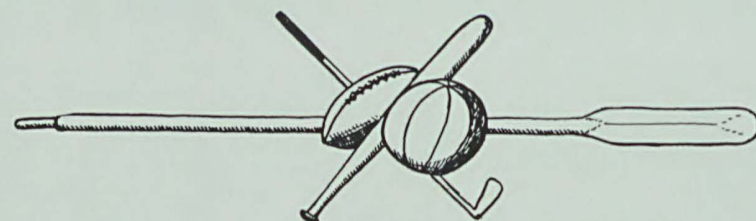
INTRAMURALS





Mr. Davis E. Wiggin
Director of Athletics
Head Football and Baseball Coach

COACHES



Team Managers Fran Chase (cross country), Jerry Fogg (basketball), Jim Johnson (student trainer), Steve Sattler (football), and Jules Jaggett (football). Not shown, Barry Widegrin (basketball).

AND MANAGERS

Our coaches and managers — the people who made the fine performance of our teams possible. Without the experienced guidance of our coaches, Mr. Wiggin, Mr. Trafton, Lcdr. Philbrick, and Ens. Hanson, the Middies would have made many more mistakes on the playing fields and off.

The managers were the midshipmen who did the dirty jobs around the locker room and field. They carried water, kept time, assisted as trainers, and performed any other task which would make the lot of the players easier.

To these midshipmen and officers we owe a deep debt of gratitude.



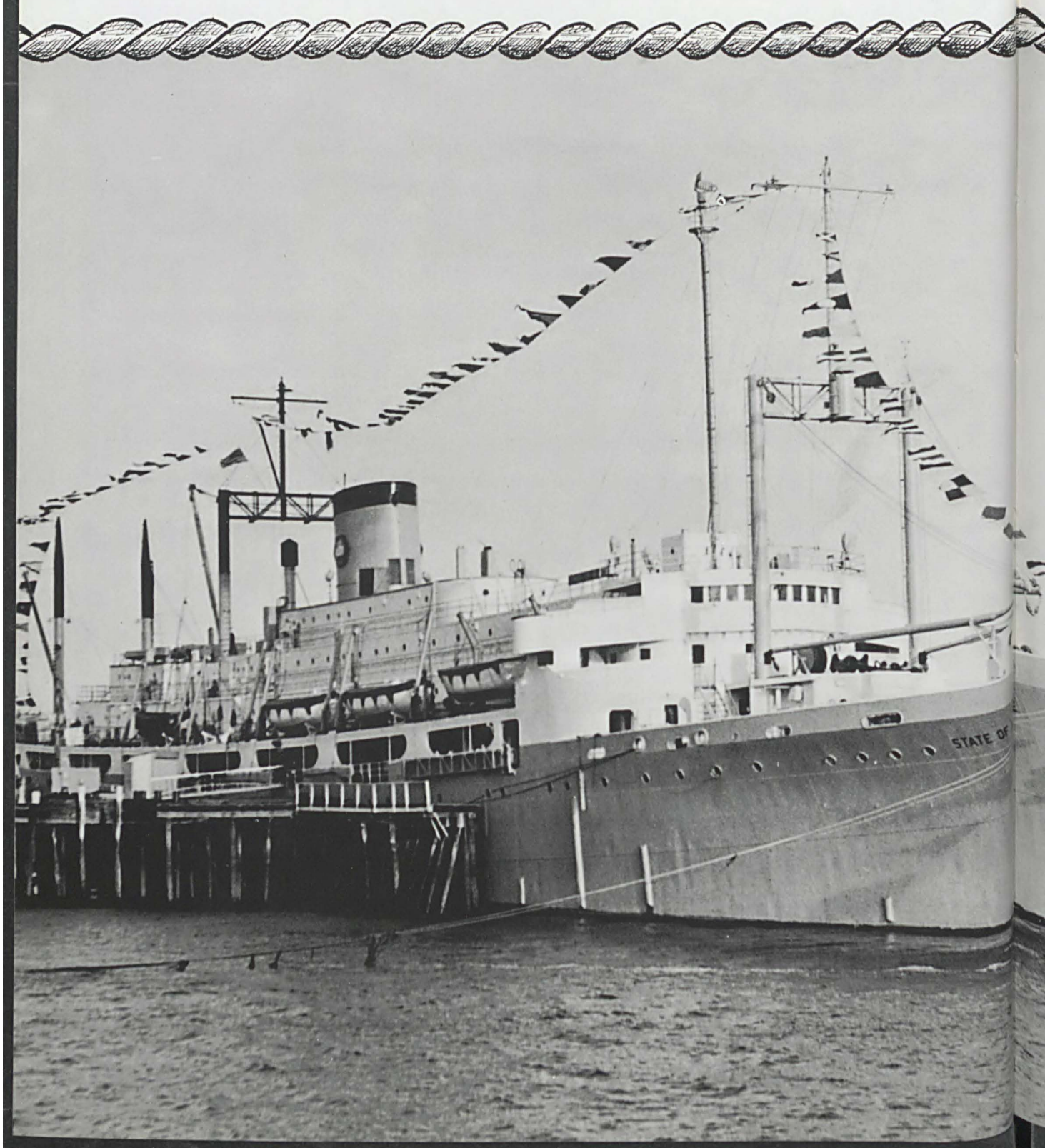
Mr. Blaine E. Trafton
Basketball Coach, Assistant
Football and Baseball Coach,
Golf Coach.



Ens. Ralph E. Hanson, Jr.
Cross Country Coach



Lcdr. Alfred R. Philbrick
Rowing Coach



GRADUATES



The *State of Maine*, nemesis of nine classes of Mid-dies, was acquired in 1954. She is 413 feet long, 60 feet in beam, 7000 tons, 4400 horsepower, and was built in 1942 in Long Beach, California.

During the War, she was an Army Transport Service hospital ship, the *USATS Comfort*. While serving off Okinawa in 1945, she took a kamikaze through what is now the cadet navigation room. After the War, she was used to ferry troops, and their dependents back and forth, until she was given to the Academy.



Making Arrival



After three long, difficult years, we are finally making arrival at our home port. Soon we will be able to ring down "finished with engines," but only for a short time, for though this voyage has ended, another even more important one is about to begin.

DECKMEN

WILLIAM H. ADAMS

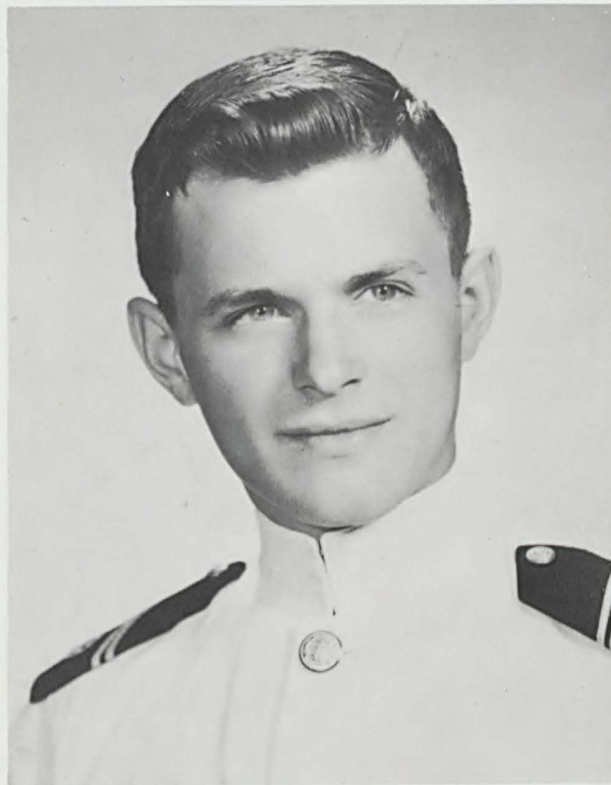
Wild Bill

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Editor, TRICK'S END

Rowing Team Intramural Sports





RICHARD EUGENE AMES

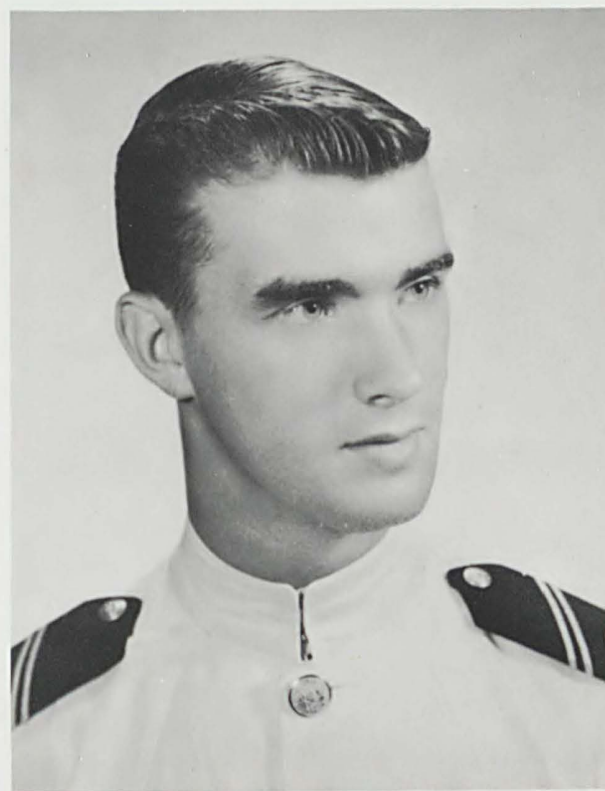
Dick
ROCKLAND, MAINE

Propeller Club **Drill Squad**
Intramural Sports

ROBERT STEPHEN BARTEK

Bob
WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT

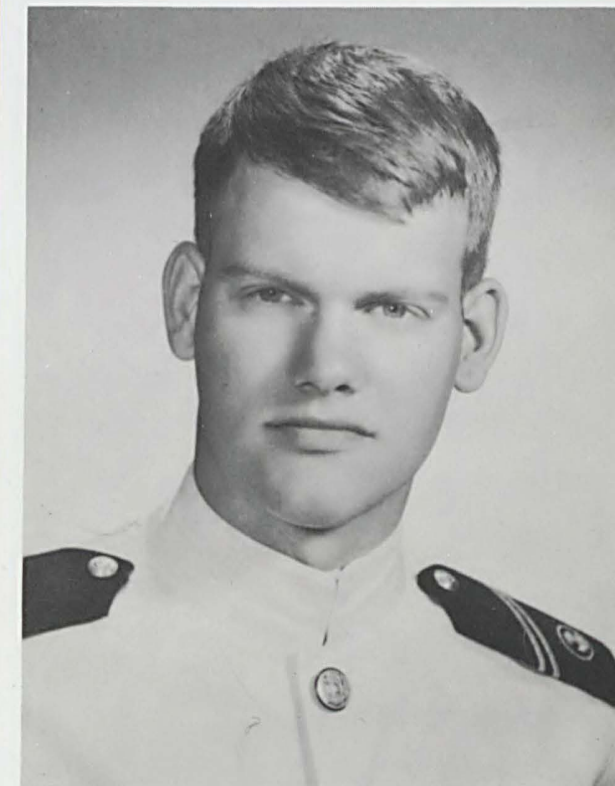
Propeller Club **Yacht Club**
Drill Squad **Intramural Sports**
Coxswain **Sailing Monomoy**



NORMAN JAMES BROUWER

Bowse
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Superintendent's List of Honor Students
Cadet Librarian **Yacht Club**
Propeller Club



FRANCIS WAYNE CHASE

CQ
WATERVILLE, MAINE

Propeller Club **President,**
Radio Club **Cadet Captain,**
PATHFINDER **Shore Patrol**



GORDON DOUGLAS FERGUSON

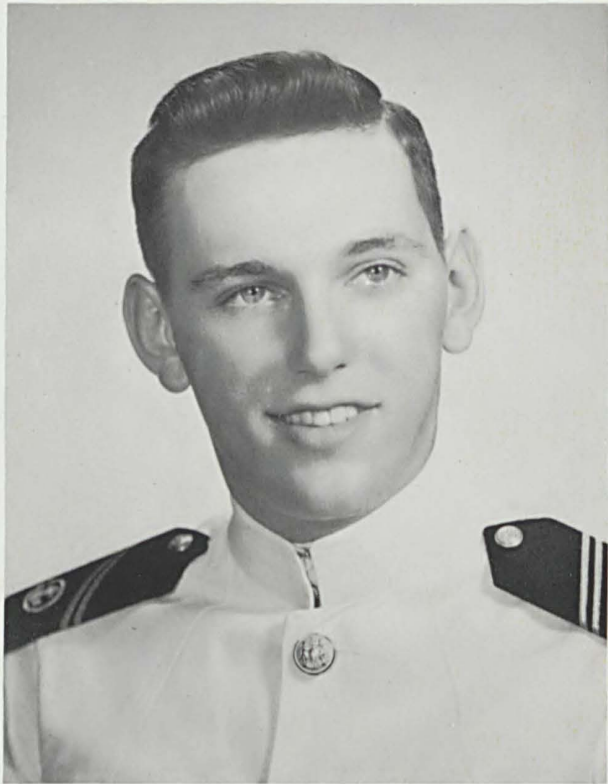
Doug

PORTLAND, MAINE

Cadet Publicity Officer

Photography Editor, TRICK'S END

Photography Editor, The HELM



DONALD RANDEL FISKE

Don

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK

The HELM Football Coxswain
Intramural Sports



DOMINIC J. A. GENTILCORE

Dom

UNION, NEW JERSEY

Baseball Band Intramural Sports

MURRAY KENDALL GRAY

Bob

HARBORSIDE, MAINE

Yacht Club Band
Intramural Sports





FRANK M. HALE

Frank
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

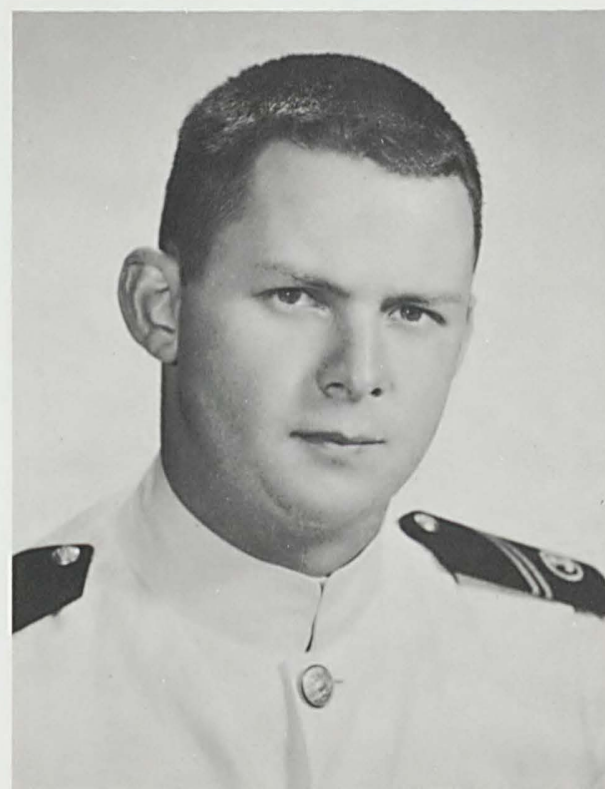
Propeller Club Vice Commodore
and Fleet Captain, Yacht Club
Intramural Sports Coxswain
Shore Patrol

CHESTER I. HOPKINGS, III

Hoppy

READING, MASSACHUSETTS

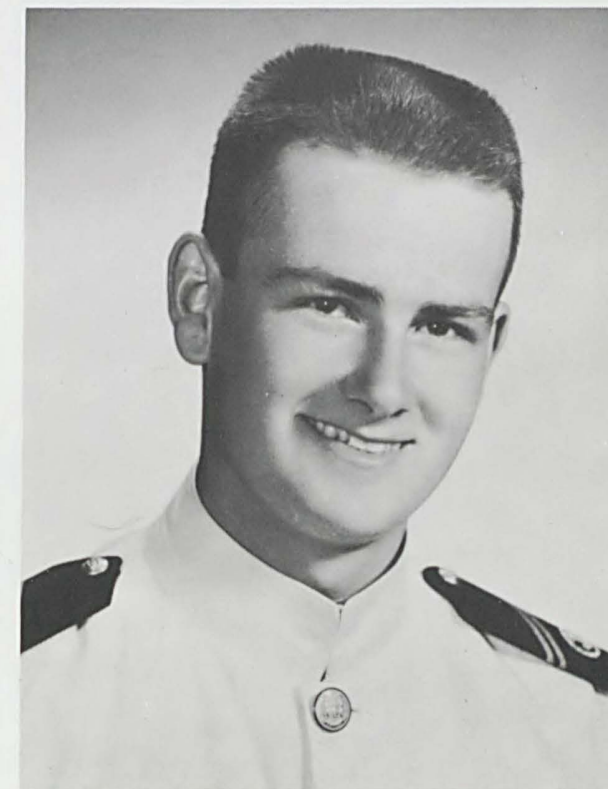
Drill Squad



CHARLES EDWARD HUBBARD

Hondo
NEW PRESTON, CONNECTICUT

Cadet Chief Gunner's Mate
Intramural Sports

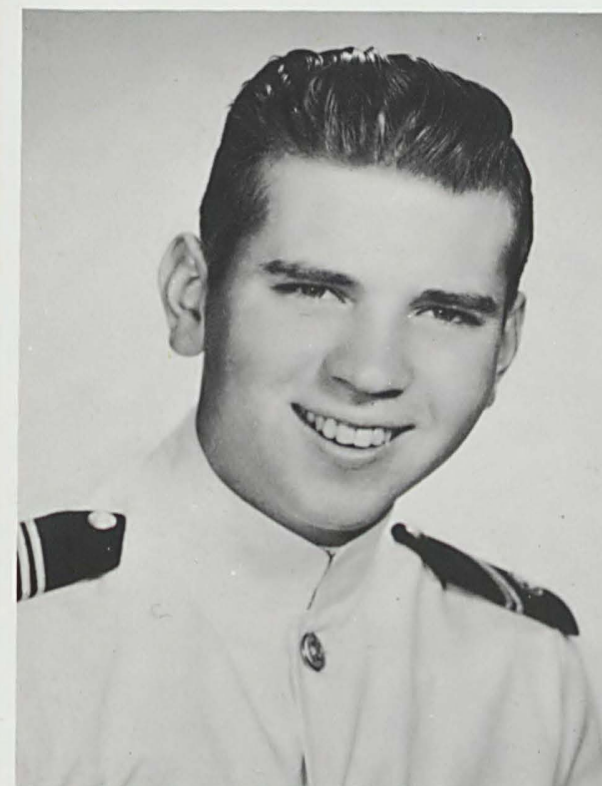


CHARLES ALLEN ILIFF, JR.

Charlie

WILTON, CONNECTICUT

Intramural Sports



WILLIAM ARTHUR JEFFRIES

Bill

WAYNE, NEW JERSEY

Band



NORMAN FRANK LASKAY

Norm

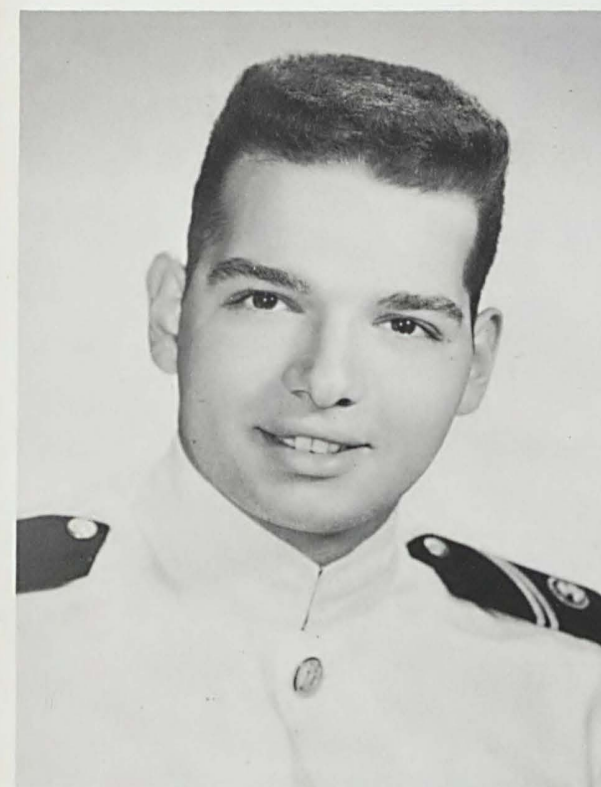
LORAIN, OHIO

Propeller Club

Commodore, Yacht Club

Intramural Sports

Shore Patrol



JOHN THOMAS MARRA

Big John

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Cadet Chief Boatswain's Mate

Propeller Club Yacht Club

Superintendent's List of Honor Students

Graduation Committees

Rowing Team Intramural Sports

WILLIAM OTIS MASTERS

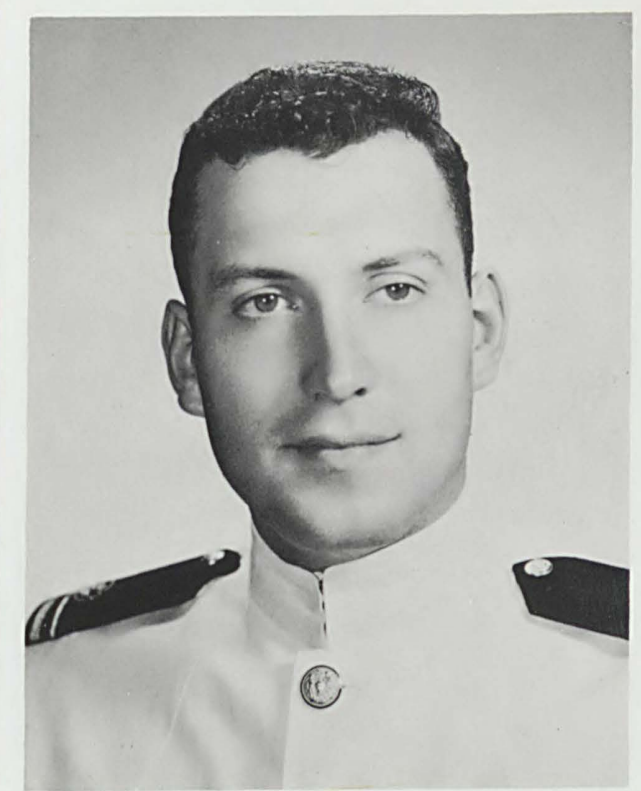
Rip

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Drill Master

Propeller Club Drill Squad

Intramural Sports





ROSS ELDRED POLLOCK

Joe
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Assistant Editor, **TRICK'S END**
Vice President, Propeller Club
Editor-in-Chief, **The HELM**
Graduation Committees
Superintendent's List of Honor Students

ROBERT HASTINGS POUCH

Bob
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

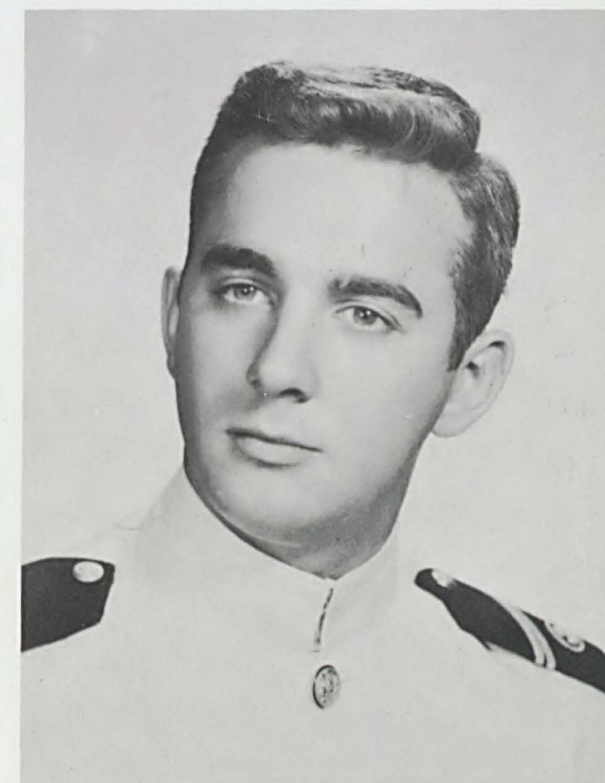
Battalion Adjutant
Editor, **The RUDDER**
Feature Editor, **The HELM**
Propeller Club Yacht Club



EDWARD PAUL REICHHELM

Reich
WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT

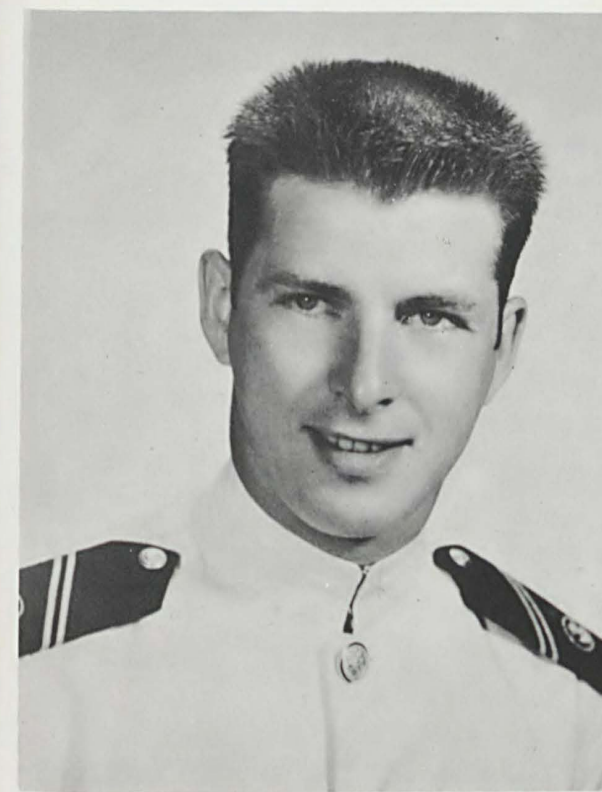
Drill Squad Intramural Sports



THOMAS PATRICK REYNOLDS

Tom
EAST PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

A Company Petty Officer
The HELM Propeller Club
Rowing Team Secretary, Radio Club
Yacht Club Coxswain
Cruise Cadet Mail Officer
Color Sergeant **TRICK'S END**



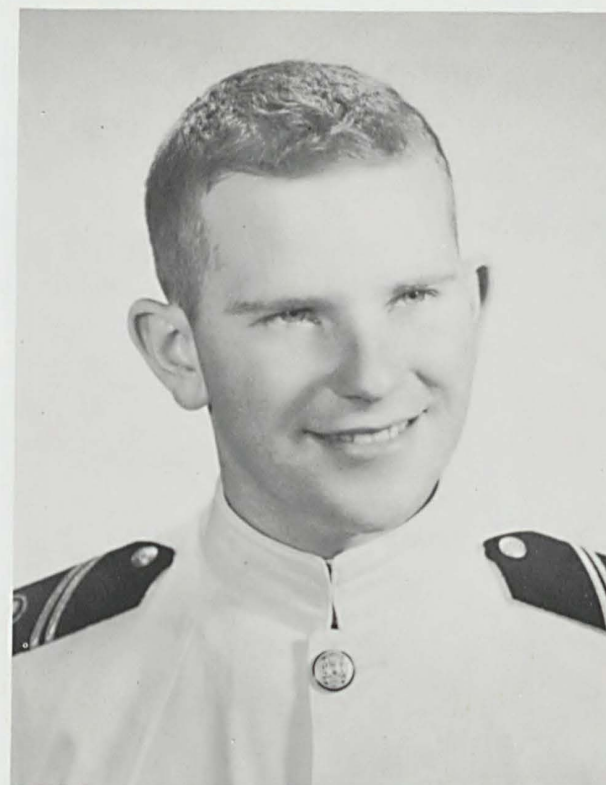
PHILIP CLIFTON RICH

Zeus

SOUTHWEST HARBOR, MAINE

Cadet Fire Chief

Lifeboat Coxswain Yacht Club



ALAN DOUGLAS SCOTT

Scotty

WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Cadet Chief Quartermaster

Business Manager, The HELM

Yacht Club



DAVID CHARLES SMITH

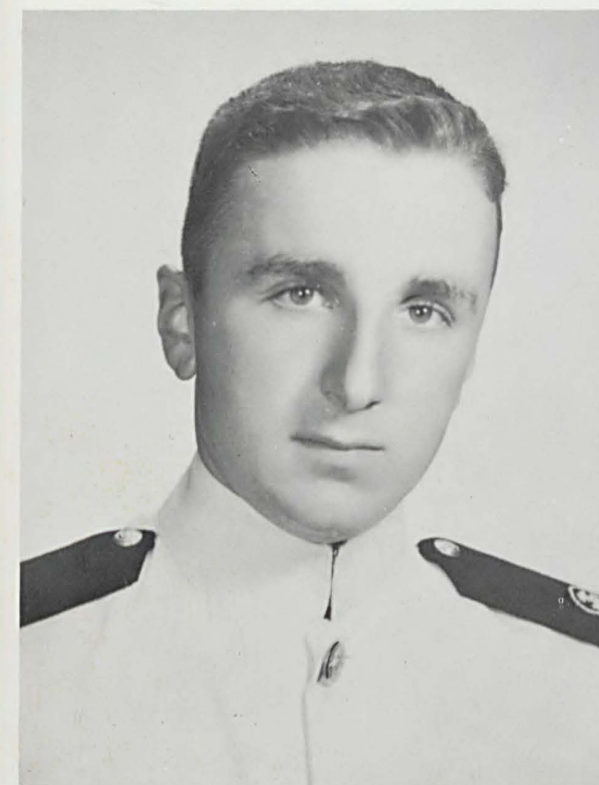
Smitty

SCITUATE, MASSACHUSETTS

B-2 Platoon Leader

Propeller Club Yacht Club

Drill Squad Intramural Sports



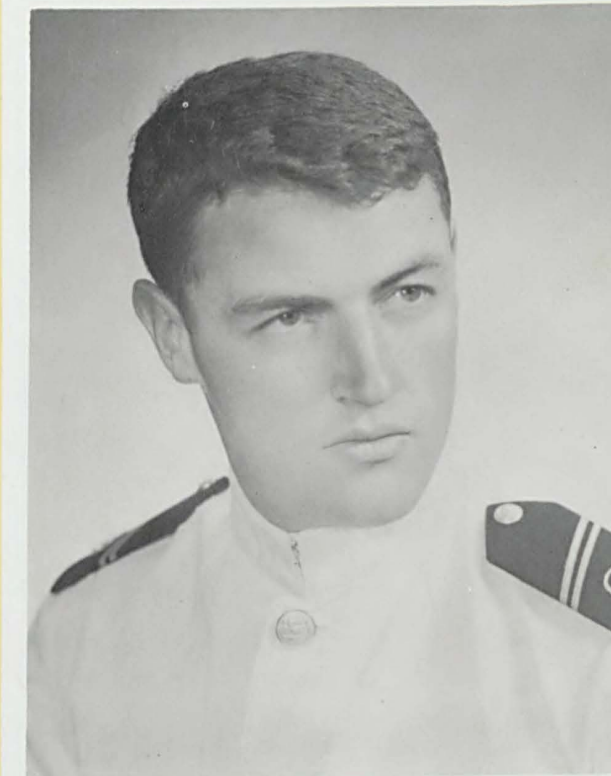
GEORGE SULLIVAN

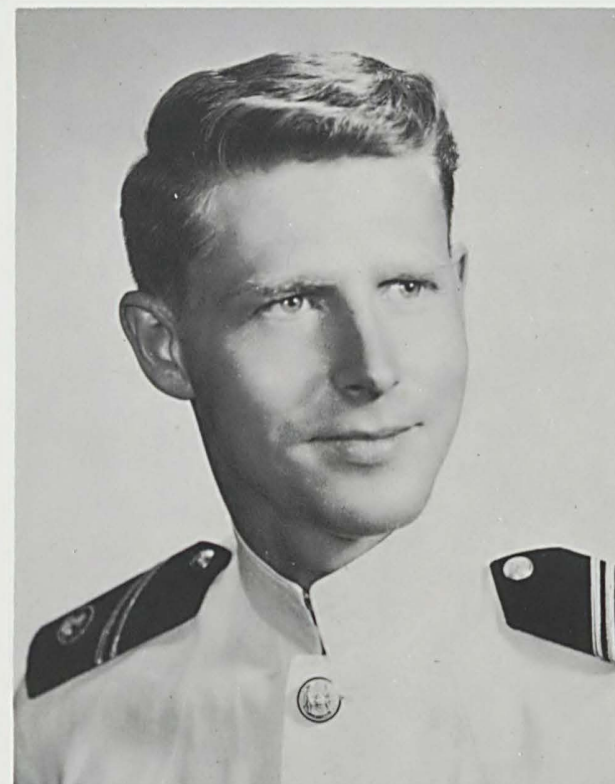
George

FAIRFIELD, MAINE

Propeller Club Golf

Intramural Sports





PETER CARTWRIGHT TASSELL

Pete

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Golf Coxswain Intramural Sports

KENNETH MARTIN THOENS

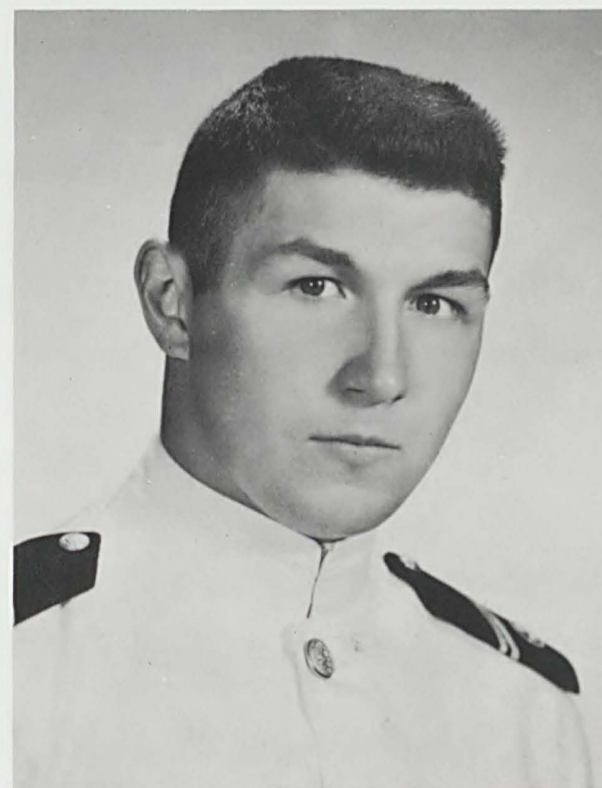
Yogi

SPOTSWOOD, NEW JERSEY

Circulation Editor, The HELM

Yacht Club Drill Squad

Intramural Sports



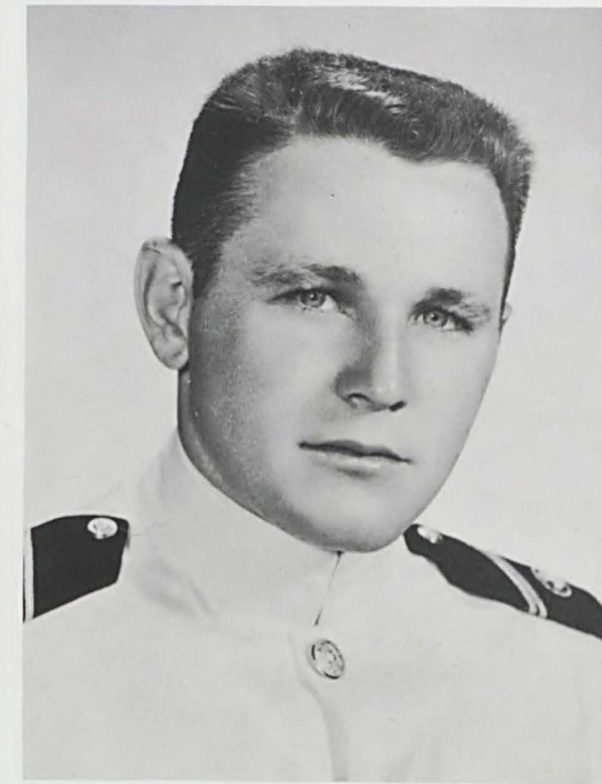
PAUL RICHARD TRACY

Stump

WESTHAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Sailing Monomoy Skipper

Intramural Sports



GARY EVERETT WHITNEY

Whit

FARMINGTON, MAINE

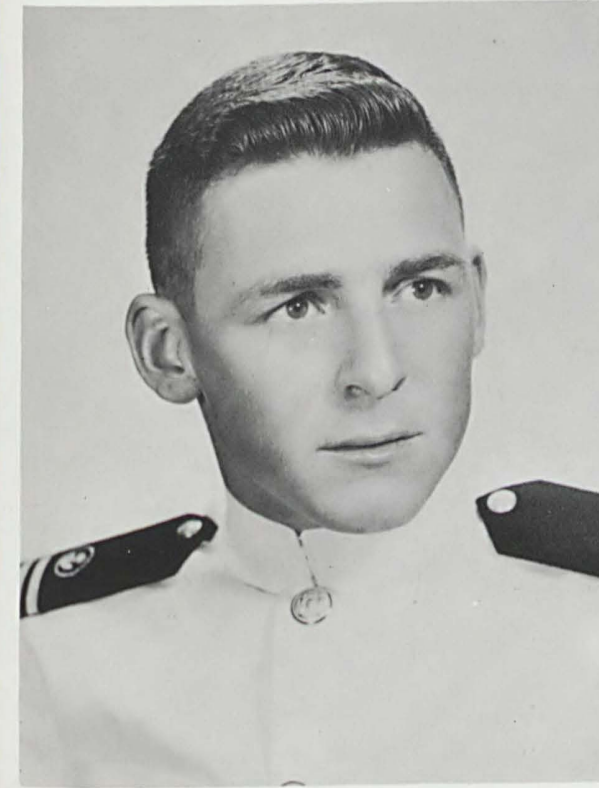
A Company Commander

Co-Captain, Football

Co-Captain, Baseball

Student Fund Committee

Intramural Sports



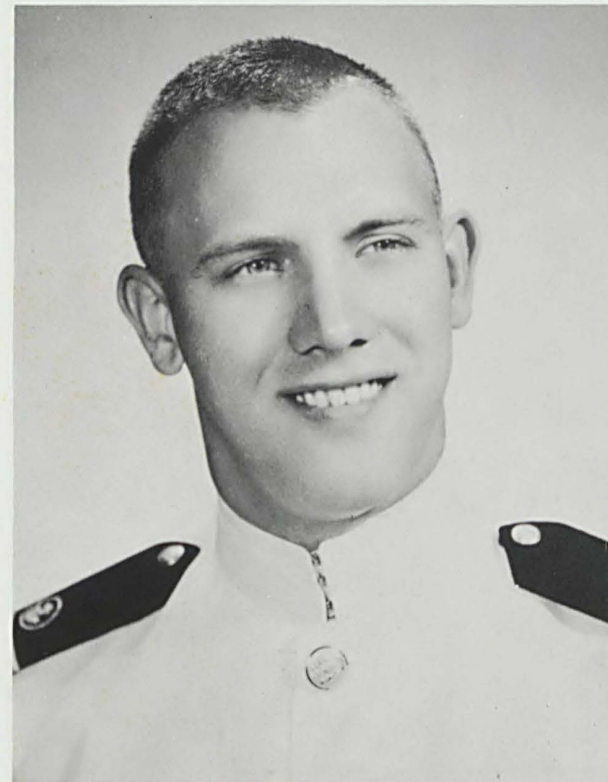
DAVID LAWRENCE WOOD

Woody
AKRON, OHIO

Battalion Supply Officer

Yacht Club Football

Rowing Team Band



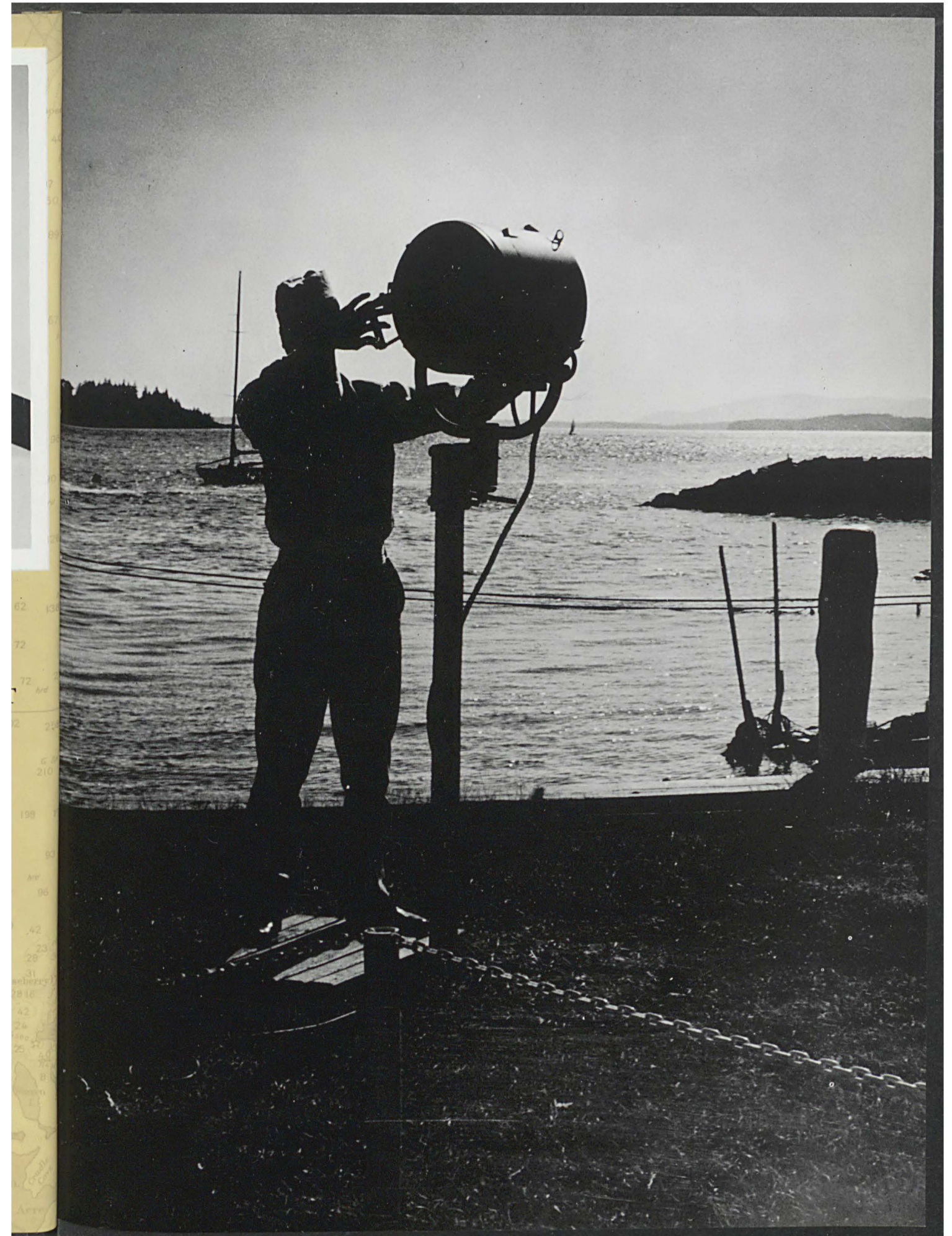
FORREST EDWARD WRIGHT

Forrest
HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

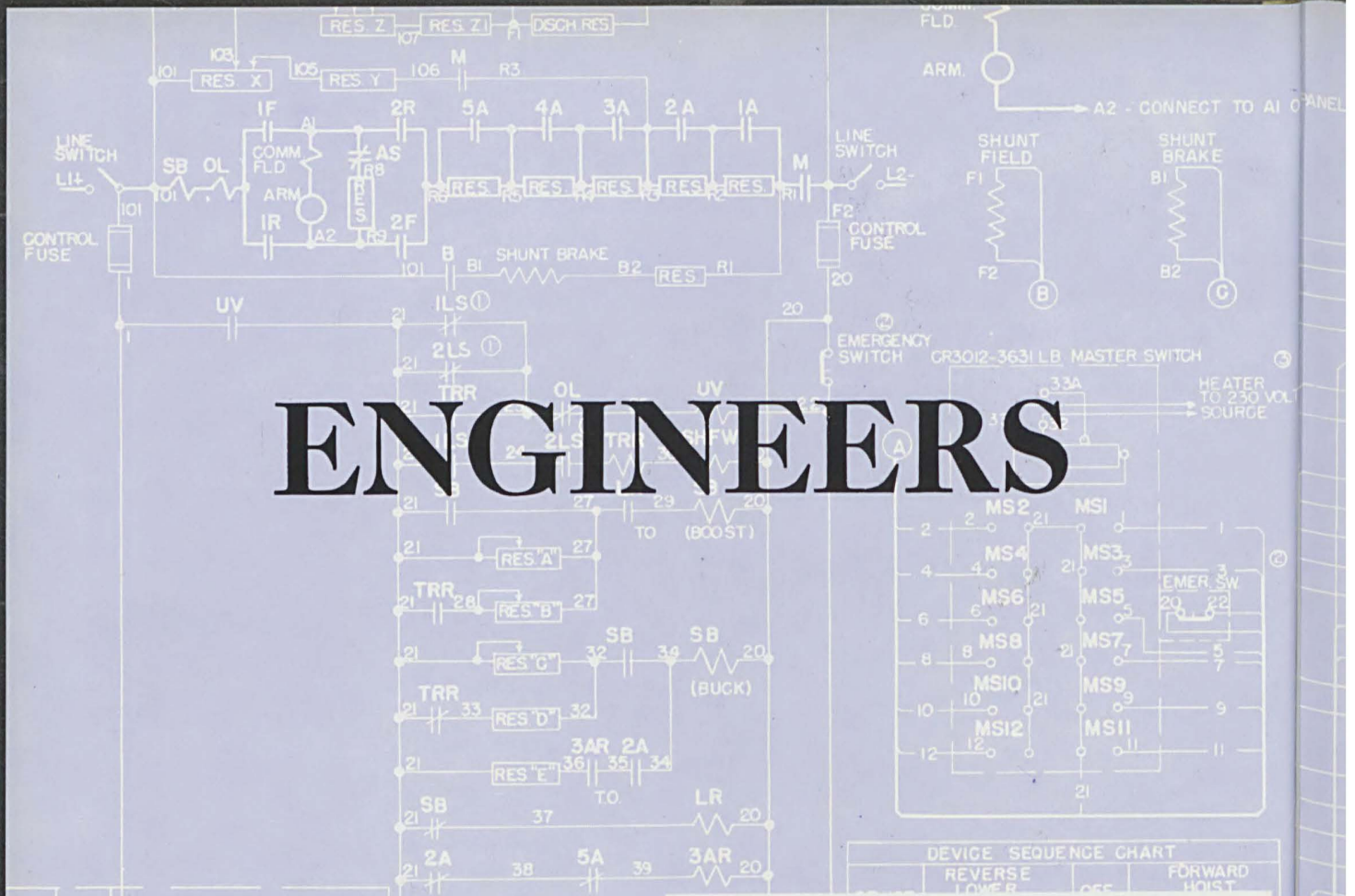
Yacht Club Drill Squad

Vice-President, Rifle Club

Intramural Sports



ENGINEERS



CONTACT OR ENERGIZED	CONTACT	MASTER SWITCH			
		REVERSE LOWER	FORWARD HOIST		
UV	MS1				
2SH-FW	MS2	X X			
	MS3				
AS	MS4				
2A	MS5	X X X X			
3A	MS6	X X X X			
4A	MS7	X X X			
5A	MS8	X X X			
IF	MS9				
2F	MS10				
IR	MS11	X X X X X			
2R	MS12	X X X X X			
M	MS12	X X X X X			

WAYNE DOUGLAS ADAMS

Wayne
WISCASSET, MAINE

Drill Squad Intramural Sports



CONTACTORS		SYMBOLS	
IF	FORWARD		NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR TIP
2F	REVERSE		NORMALLY CLOSED CONTACTOR TIP
IR	NEGATIVE LINE		
2R			
M			

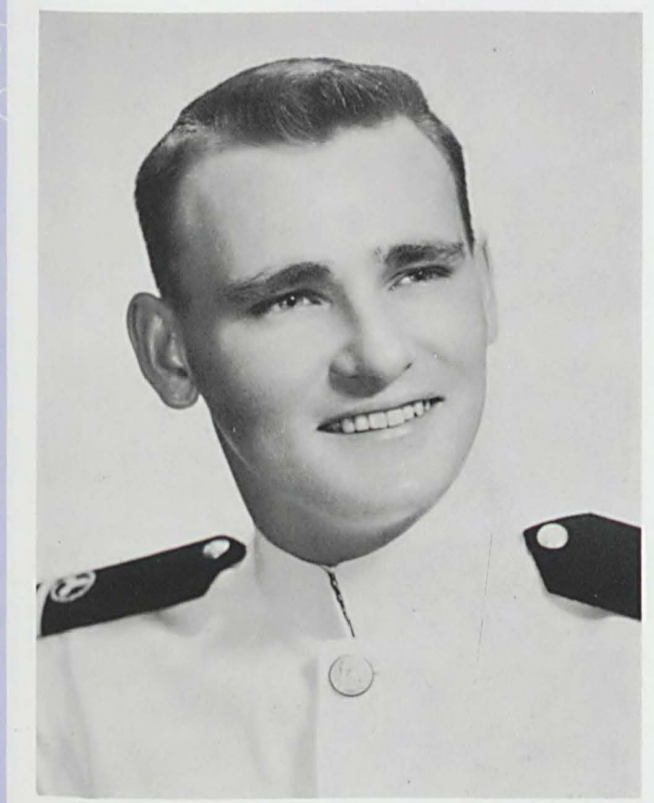
NOMENCLATURE		SETTING	
UV	UNDERVOLTAGE	PU AT 145 V. D.O. ABOVE 75V.	
OL	OVERLOAD	PU. 660 A.	
SB	STEPBACK	PU. ANCHOR 580 A. D.O. ANCHOR 250 A. PU. WARPING 230 A.	

SYMBOLS	
	SERIES COIL
	SHUNT COIL
	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR TIP

MARTIN JOSEPH BAKER

Marty
ST. FRANCIS, MAINE

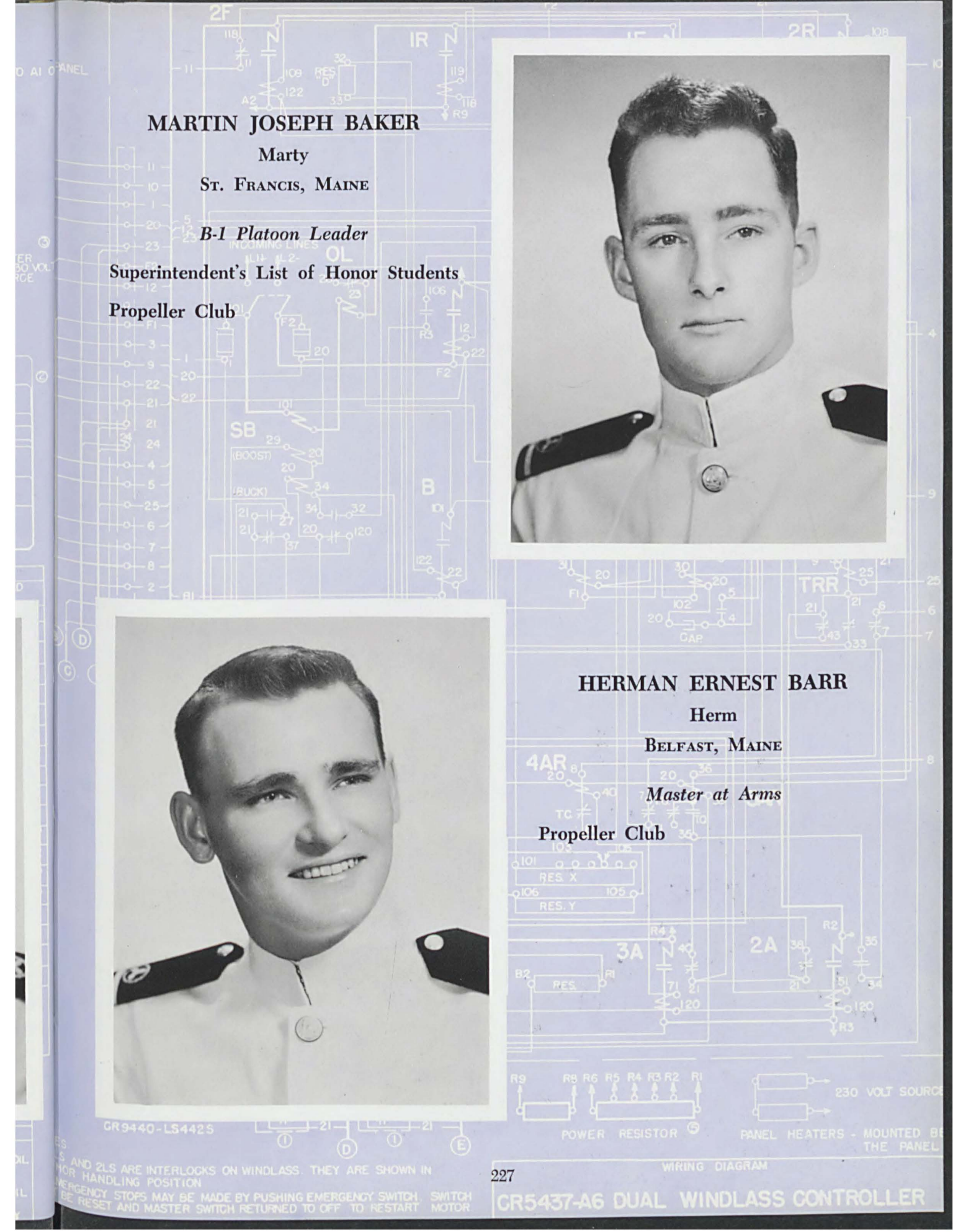
B-1 Platoon Leader
Superintendent's List of Honor Students
Propeller Club



HERMAN ERNEST BARR

Herm
BELFAST, MAINE

Master at Arms
Propeller Club

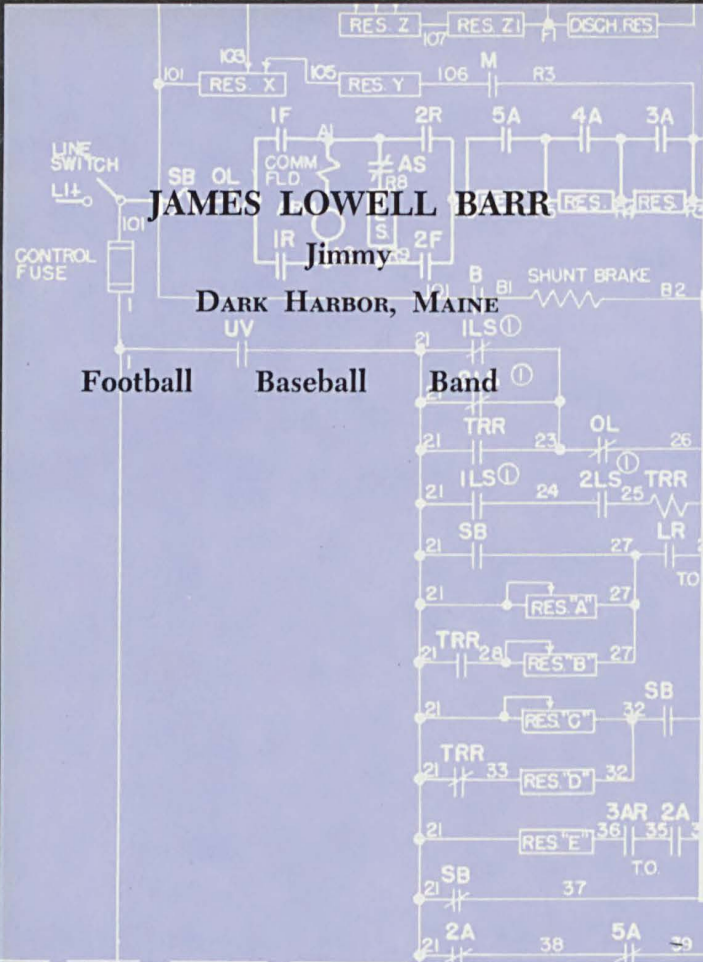


GR9440-LS4425

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WIRING DIAGRAM

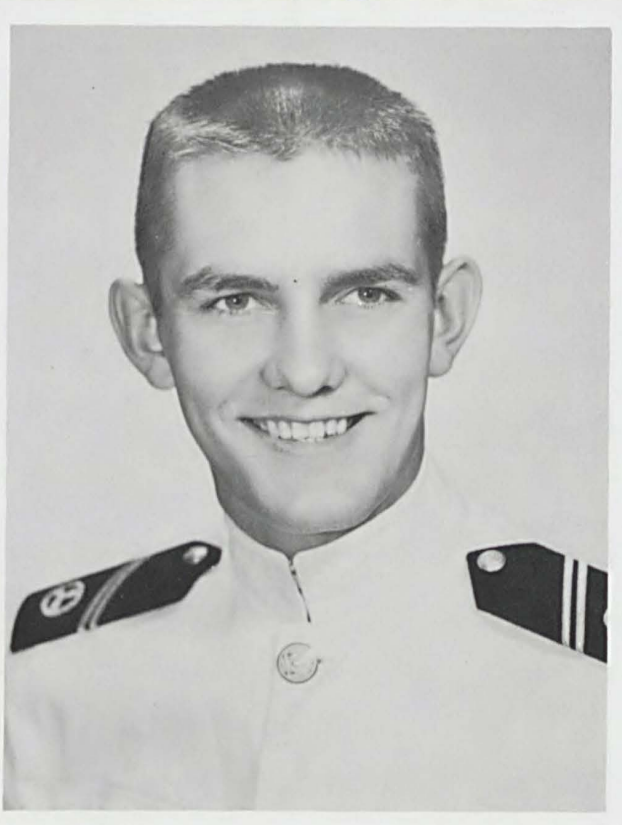
CR5437-A6 DUAL WINDLASS CONTROLLER



JAMES LOWELL BARR
Jimmy

DARK HARBOR, MAINE

Football Baseball Band



DEVICE SEQUENCE CHART												
DEVICE	REVERSE LOWER					OFF	FORWARD HOIST					
	5	4	3	2	1		1	2	3	4	5	
M	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
IF	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2F	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
1R	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2R	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
AS	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
IA	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
3A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
4A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
5A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
TRR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
ISHFW	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2SHFW	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
3AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
4AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
5AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

LEROY EMERSON BENNETT
Roy

CAMDEN, MAINE

Captain, Basketball Baseball

Band



X - INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED
ANCHOR HANDLING
O - INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED
WARPING

CONTACTORS		
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS	
IF FORWARD		NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR
1R REVERSE		NORMALLY CLOSED CONTACTOR
2R NEGATIVE LINE		NORMALLY CLOSED CONTACTOR

RELAYS		
NOMENCLATURE	SETTING	SYMBOLS
UV UNDERVOLTAGE	P.U. AT 145 V. D.O. ABOVE 75V.	
OL OVERLOAD	P.U. 660 A. PUANCHOR 580 A. DOANCHOR 250A. PUWARPING 230A.	
SB STEPBACK		



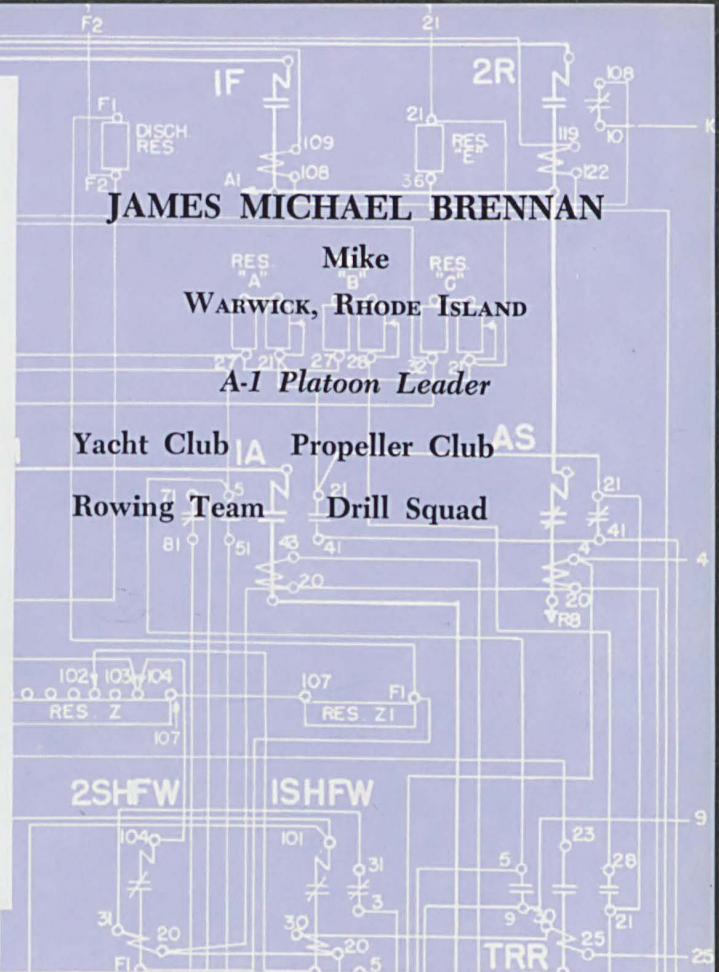
JAMES MICHAEL BRENNAN
Mike

WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND

A-1 Platoon Leader

Yacht Club IA Propeller Club AS

Rowing Team Drill Squad



FRANCIS H. BROMLEY, JR.
Joe

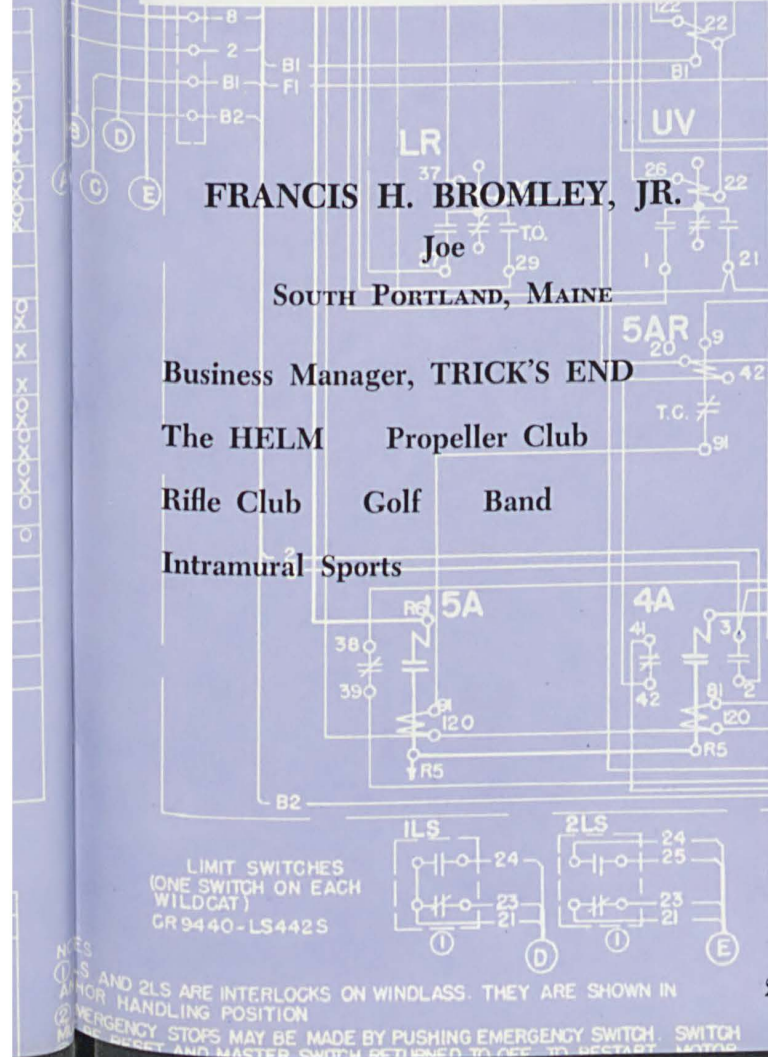
SOUTH PORTLAND, MAINE

Business Manager, TRICK'S END

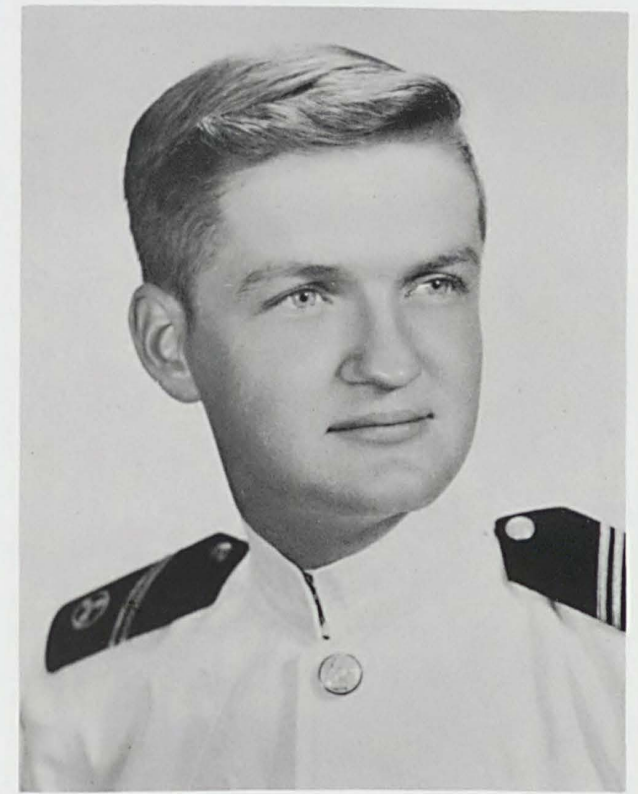
The HELM Propeller Club

Rifle Club Golf Band

Intramural Sports



LIMIT SWITCHES
(ONE SWITCH ON EACH
WILDCAT)
GR 9440-LS442S



POWER RESISTOR PANEL HEATERS - MOUNTED BE THE PANEL



EDWIN THOMAS CANGIN

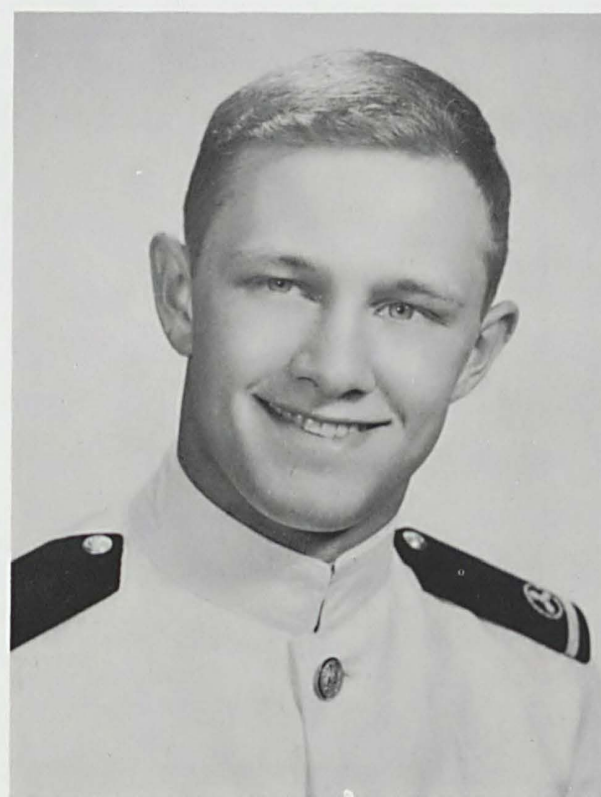
Eddie

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

The HELM Rowing Team

Cadet Chief Engineer, PATHFINDER

Intramural Sports **Shore Patrol**



ROBERT FRED CHIARELLO

Bob

ARMONK, NEW YORK

A-2 Platoon Leader

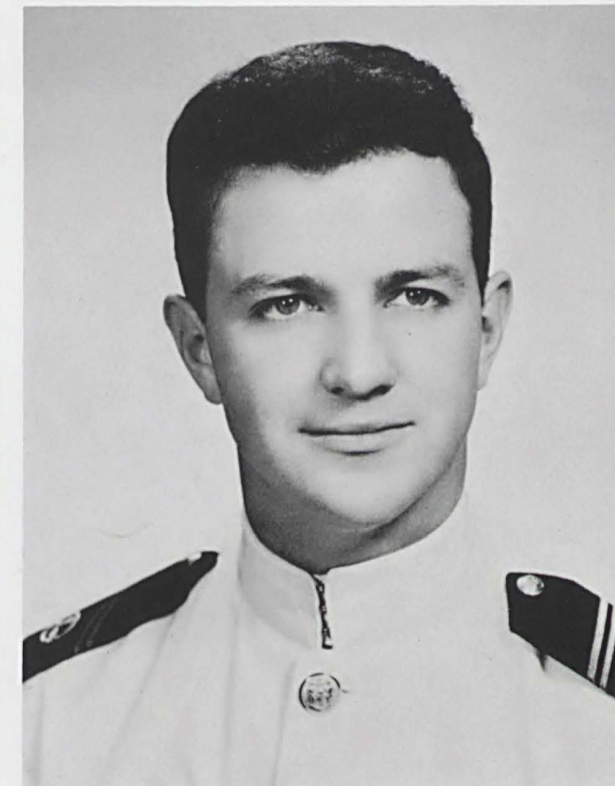
Yacht Club



GARNETT F. COLPITTS

Garn

BIDDEFORD, MAINE



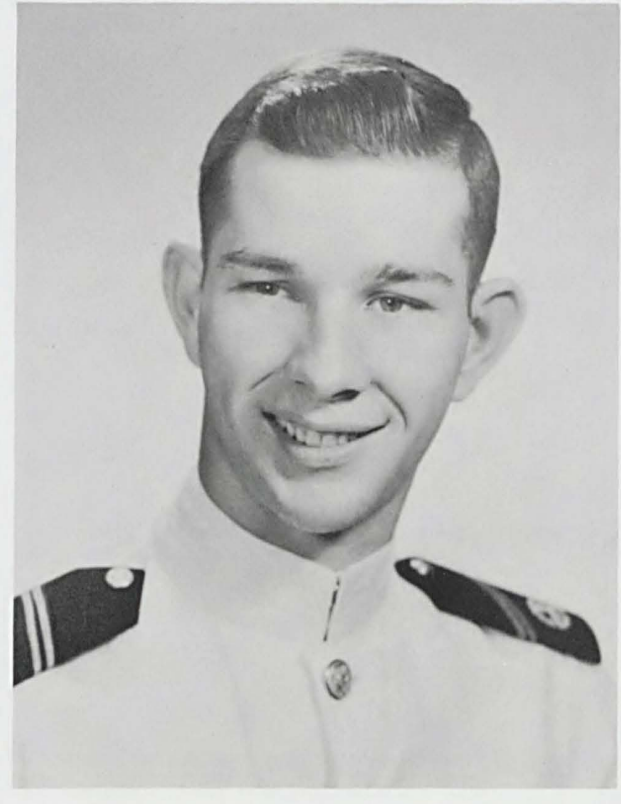
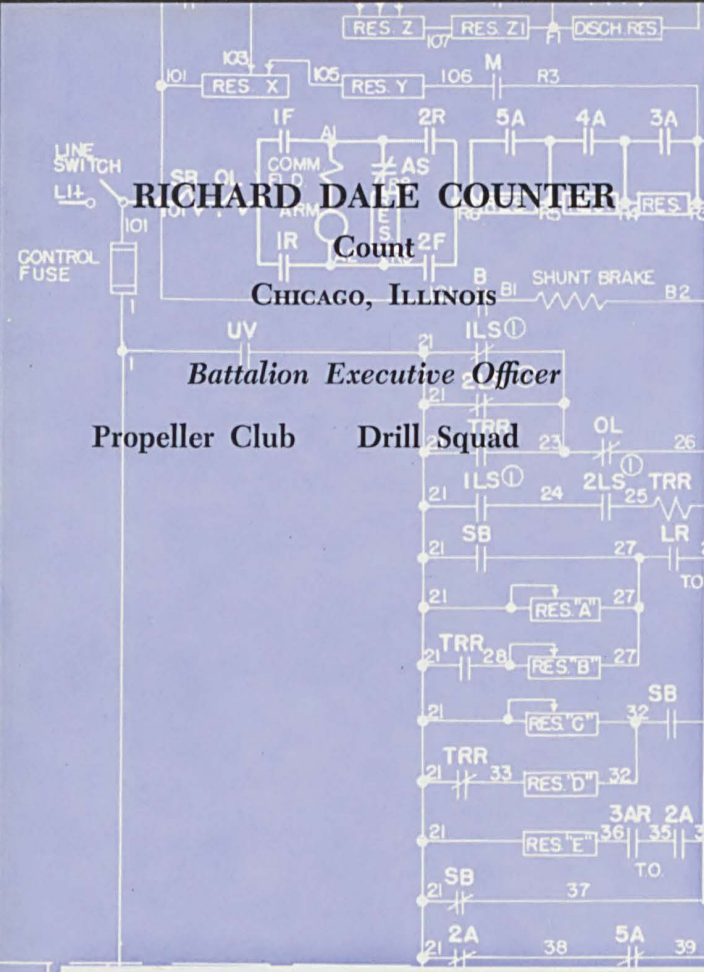
DAVID ROCCO CONSALVO

Rocco

SACO, MAINE

Baseball

Intramural Sports



RICHARD DALE COUNTER

Count

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Battalion Executive Officer

Propeller Club

Drill Squad



JOHN ARTHUR CUMMINGS

Pappy

EAST BOOTHBAY, MAINE

Intramural Sports

DEVICE	REVERSE LOWER					OFF	FORWARD HOIST				
	5	4	3	2	1		1	2	3	4	5
M	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2F	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
IR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
AS	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
IA	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
3A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
4A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
5A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
TRR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
ISHFW	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2SHFW	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
3AR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
4AR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
5AR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X

X- INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED ANCHOR HANDLING
O- INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED WARPING

CONTACTORS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
IF FORWARD	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR
IR REVERSE	NORMALLY CLOSED
M NEGATIVE LINE	

RELAYS	
NOMENCLATURE	SETTING
UV UNDERVOLTAGE	PU. AT 145 V. D.O. ABOVE 75V.
OL OVERLOAD	PU. 660 A.
SB STEPBACK	PU. ANCHOR 580 A. D.O. ANCHOR 250A. PU. WARPING 250A.



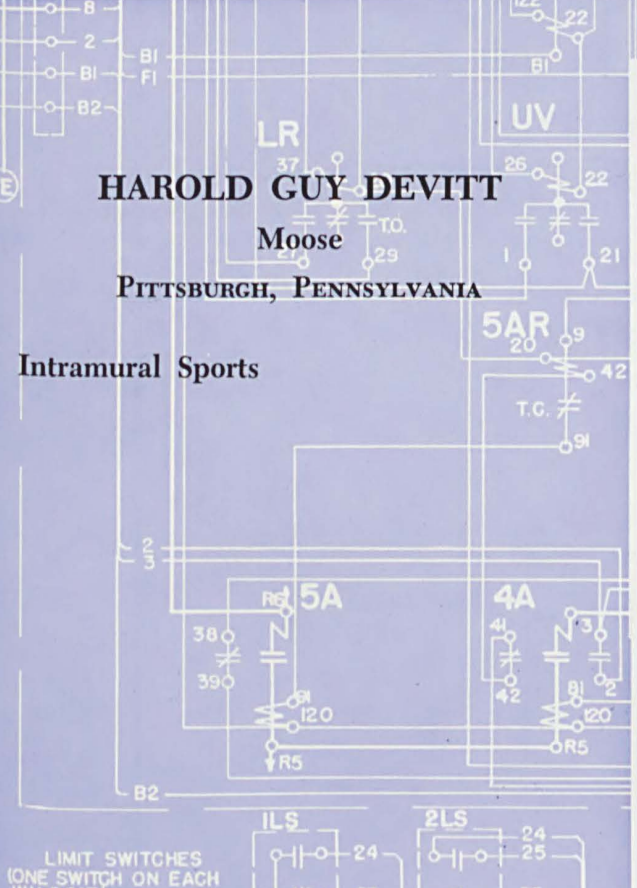
ANTHONY JAMES D'AMATO

Tony

YONKERS, NEW YORK

Superintendent's List of Honor Students

Intramural Sports



HAROLD GUY DEVITT

Moose

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Intramural Sports



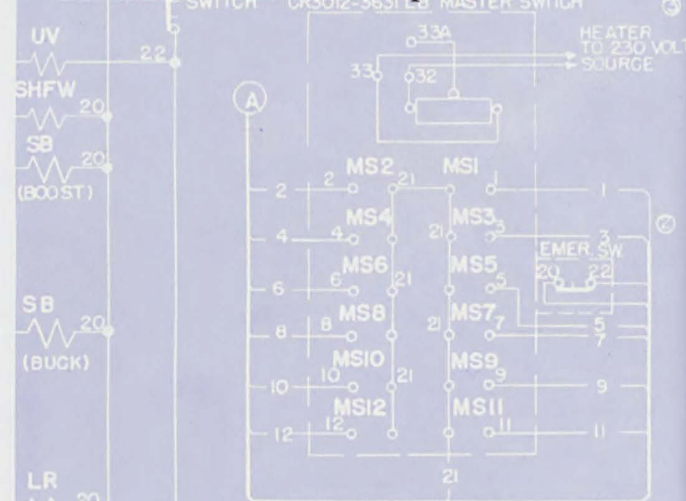


PETER F. DIAKOS

Greek

SACO, MAINE

Baseball Intramural Sports



DEVICE SEQUENCE CHART

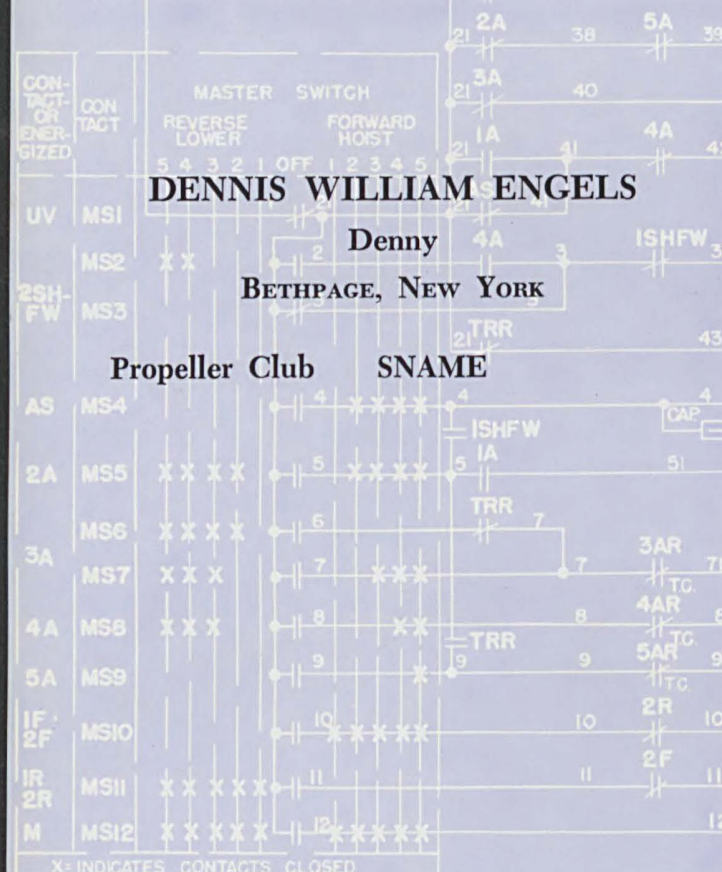
REVERSE FORWARD

DENNIS WILLIAM ENGELS

Denny

BETHPAGE, NEW YORK

Propeller Club SNAME



X INDICATES CONTACTS CLOSED

CONTACTORS

NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
1F FORWARD	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR
1R REVERSE	NORMALLY CLOSED
M NEGATIVE LINE	

RELAYS

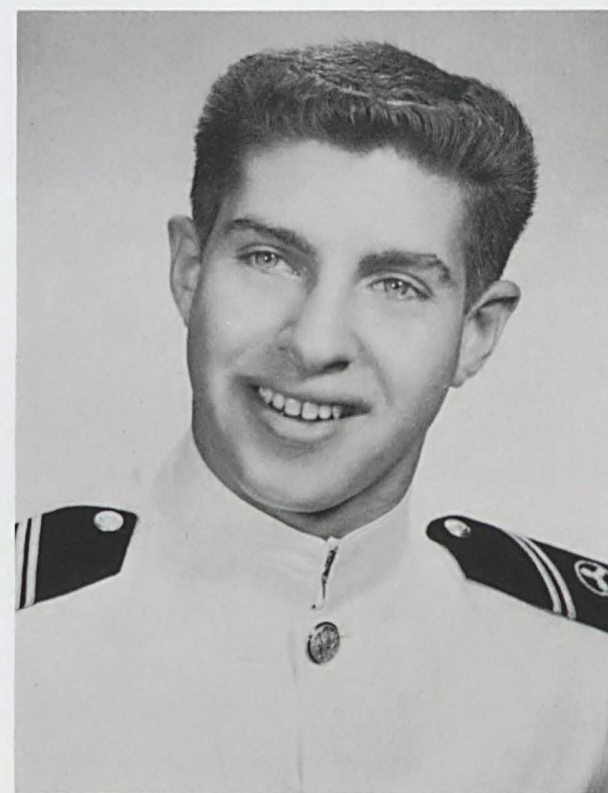
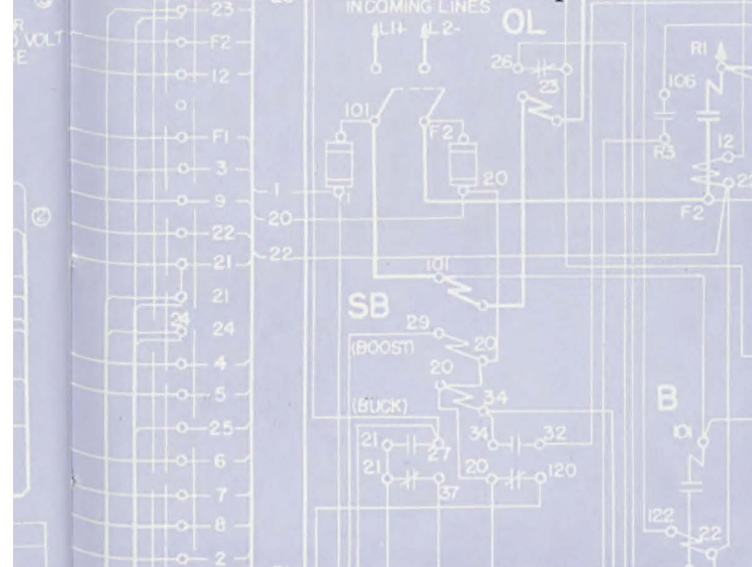
NOMENCLATURE	SETTING	SYMBOLS
UV UNDERVOLTAGE	PU. AT 145 V. D.O. ABOVE 75V.	SERIES COIL
OL OVERLOAD	PU. 660 A.	SHUNT COIL
SB STEPBACK	PU. ANCHOR 580 A. D.O. ANCHOR 250A. PU. WARPING 250A.	

LAWRENCE JEROLD FELDMAN

Gornu

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

The HELM Intramural Sports



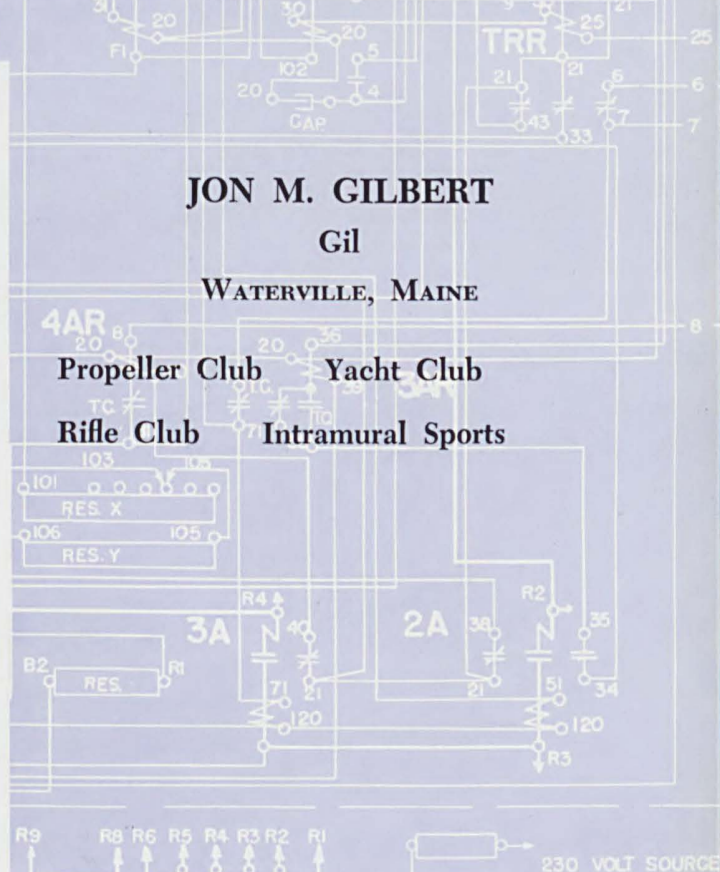
JON M. GILBERT

Gil

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Propeller Club Yacht Club

Rifle Club Intramural Sports



THEODORE EVERETT GRAY
 Teddy
 BLUE HILL, MAINE
 President, Rifle Club
 Intramural Sports

ROLAND EDWARD GRODER
 Grod
 RANDOLPH, MAINE
 Assistant Master at Arms
 Rifle Club Band
 Intramural Sports

DEVICE	REVERSE LOWER					OFF	FORWARD HOIST				
	5	4	3	2	1		1	2	3	4	5
M	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2F	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
IR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
AS	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
3A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
4A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
TRR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
ISHFW	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2SHFW	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
3AR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
4AR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
5AR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X

X - INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED ANCHOR HANDLING
 O - INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED WARPING

CONTACTORS		RELAYS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS	NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
IF FORWARD	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR	UV UNDERVOLTAGE	P.U. AT 145 V. D.O. ABOVE 75V.
IR REVERSE	NORMALLY CLOSED	OL OVERLOAD	P.U. 660 A.
M NEGATIVE LINE		SA STEERAGE	P.U. ANCHOR 580 A. D.O. ANCHOR 250A

DAVID EDWIN HARRISON
 Dram
 STOCKTON, SPRINGS, MAINE
 Rifle Club Intramural Sports

JAMES CLARENCE HATHAWAY
 Bird
 SCARBOROUGH, MAINE
 Intramural Sports

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WIRING DIAGRAM

GR5437-A6 DUAL WINDLASS CONTROLLER



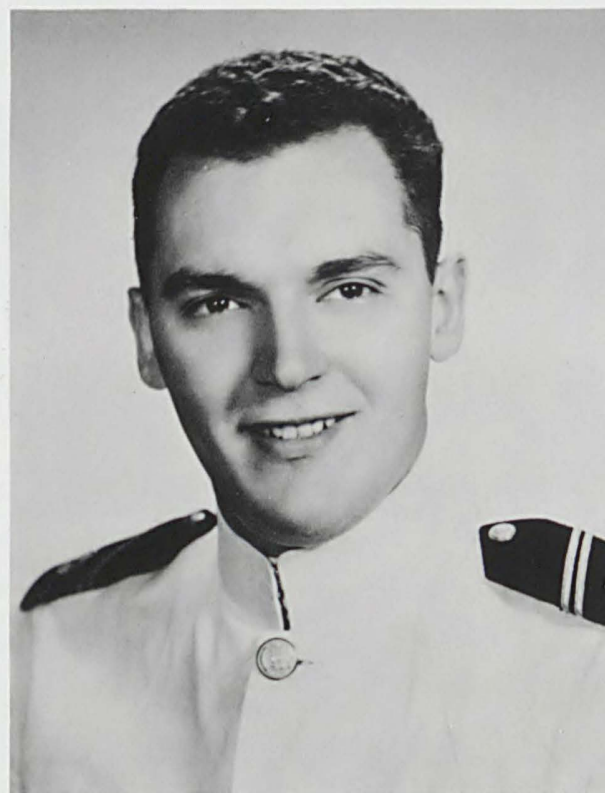
JOHN RUEBEN HILTON

Hilt

NEWCASTLE, MAINE

Propeller Club The HELM

Band 22 Intramural Sports

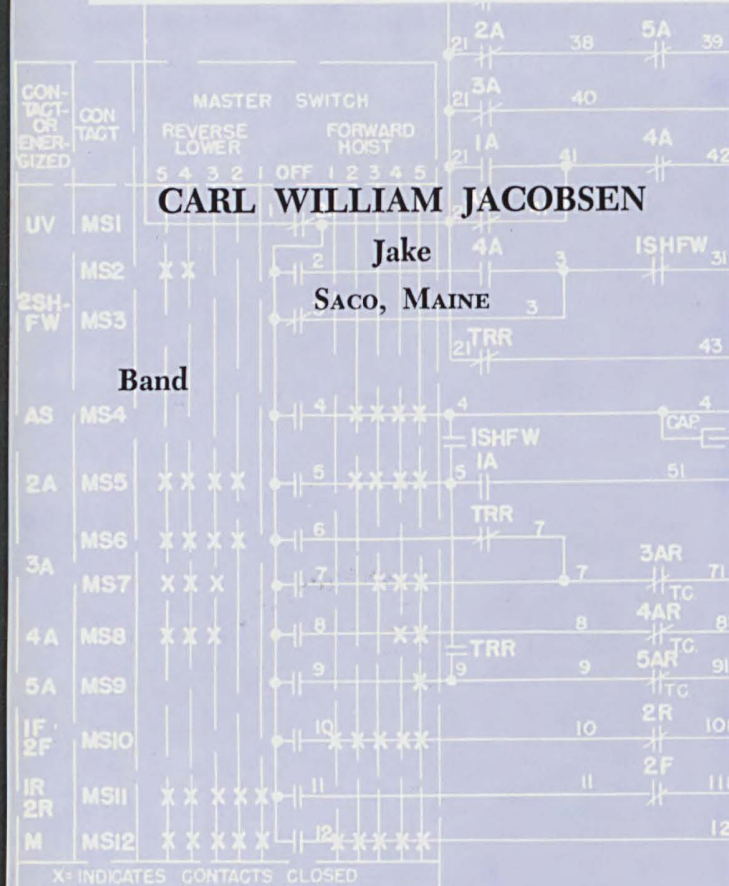


CARL WILLIAM JACOBSEN

Jake

SACO, MAINE

Band



RAYMOND S. JAKUBOWICZ

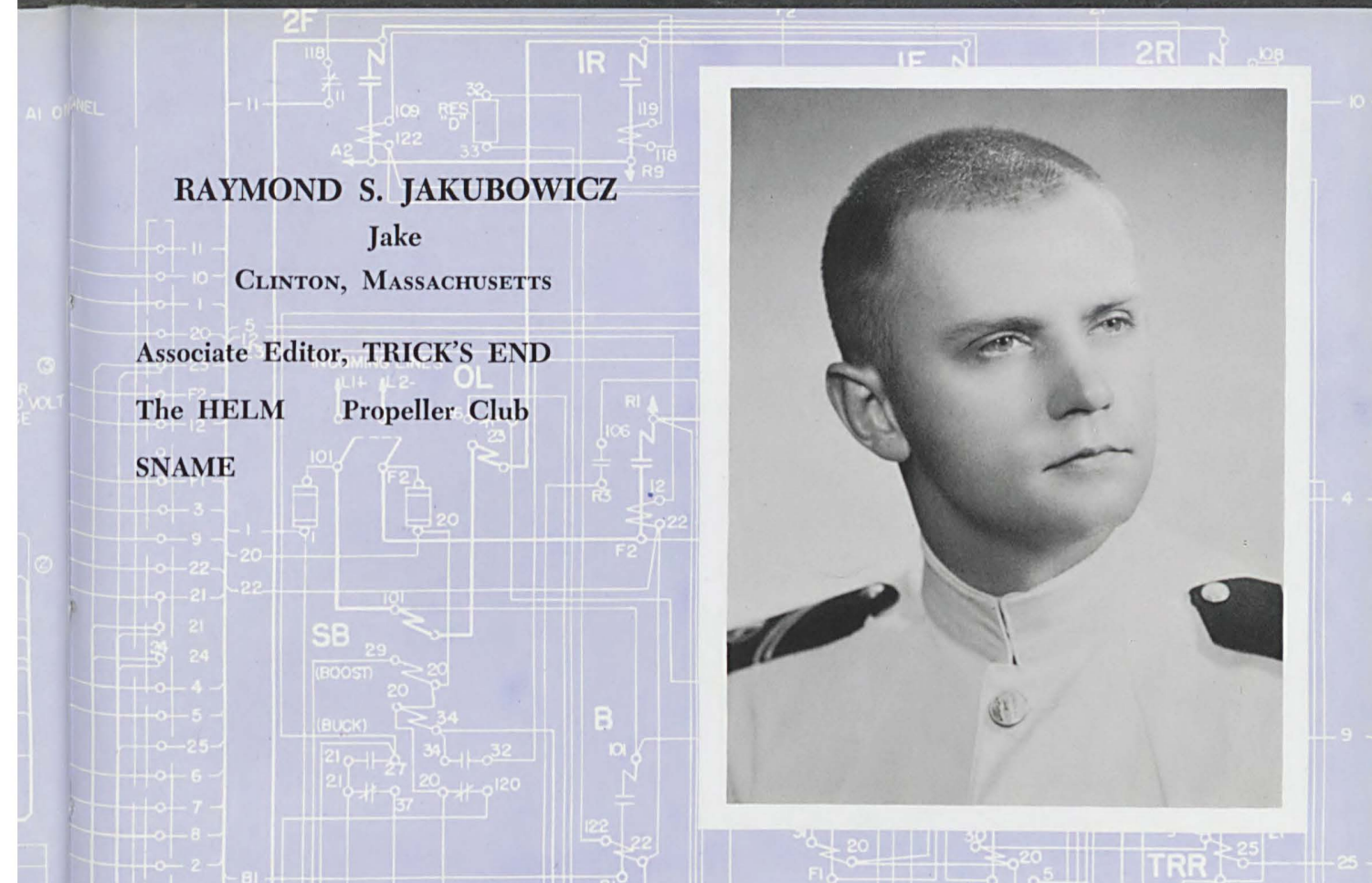
Jake

CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Associate Editor, TRICK'S END

The HELM Propeller Club

SNAME

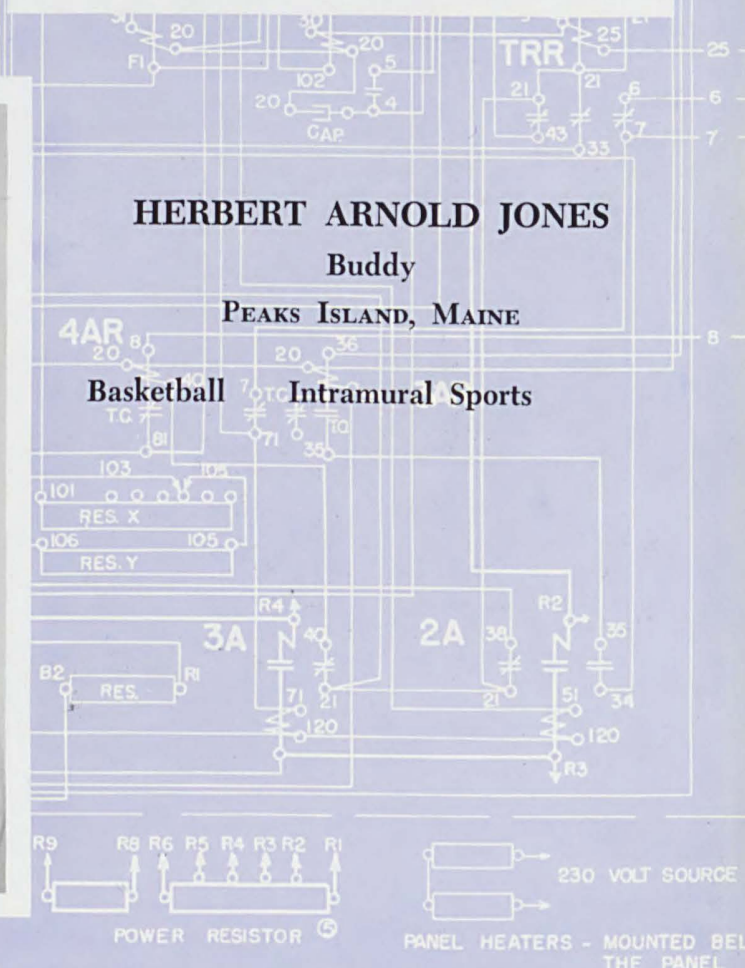


HERBERT ARNOLD JONES

Buddy

PEAKS ISLAND, MAINE

Basketball Intramural Sports



RICHARD ROBERT KEIMIG

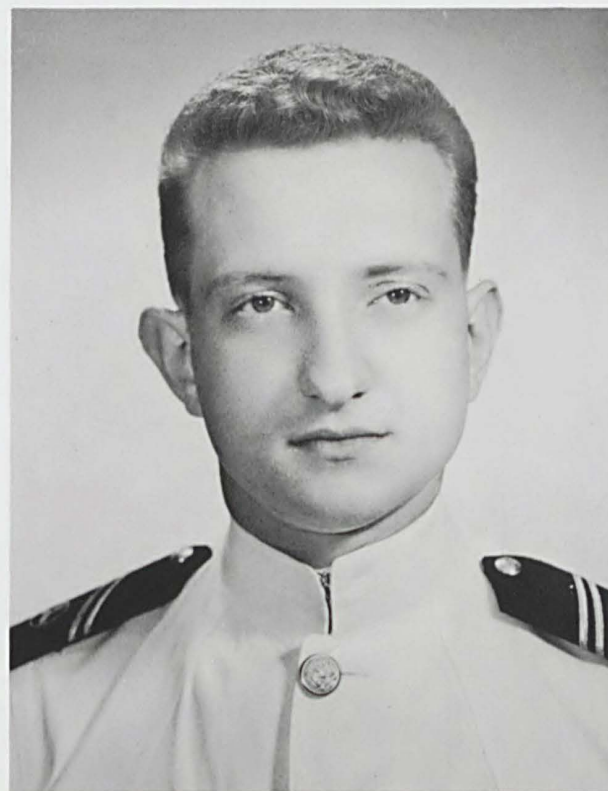
Rick

QUEENS, NEW YORK

Propeller Club Guidon, 2 Band

Safety Committee

Superintendent's List of Honor Students



JAMES WOODWARD KINGSTON

Pinkie

WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Rifle Club Intramural Sports

DEVICE	REVERSE LOWER					OFF	FORWARD HOIST				
	5	4	3	2	1		1	2	3	4	5
M	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2F	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
IR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
AS	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
1A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
3A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
4A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
5A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
TRR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
ISHFW	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2SHFW	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
3AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
4AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
5AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

X- INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED
ANCHOR HANDLING
O- INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED
WARPING



STEPHEN RONALD KOVACS

Ernie

NEWTOWN, CONNECTICUT

Rowing Team Barber

Intramural Sports

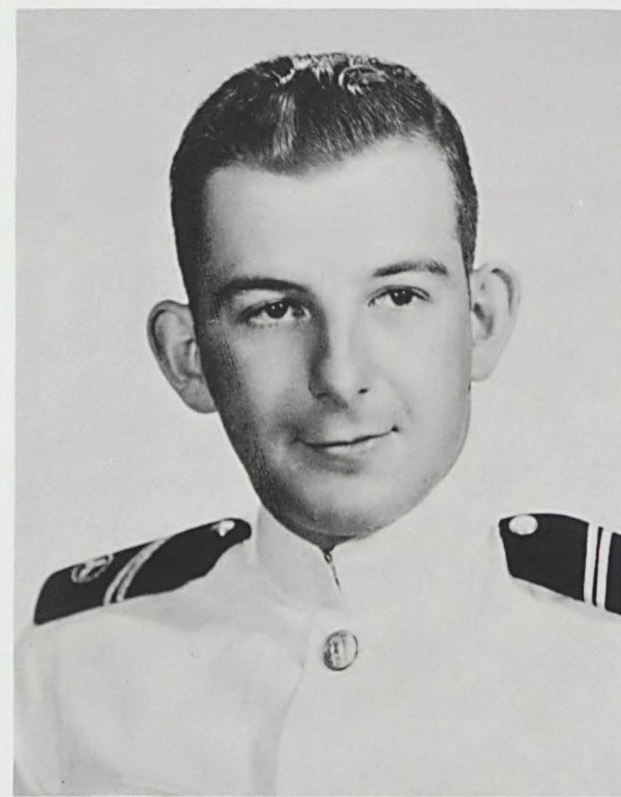


MARLIN ERICK LANE

Night Train

LINCOLN, MAINE

Drill Squad Intramural Sports

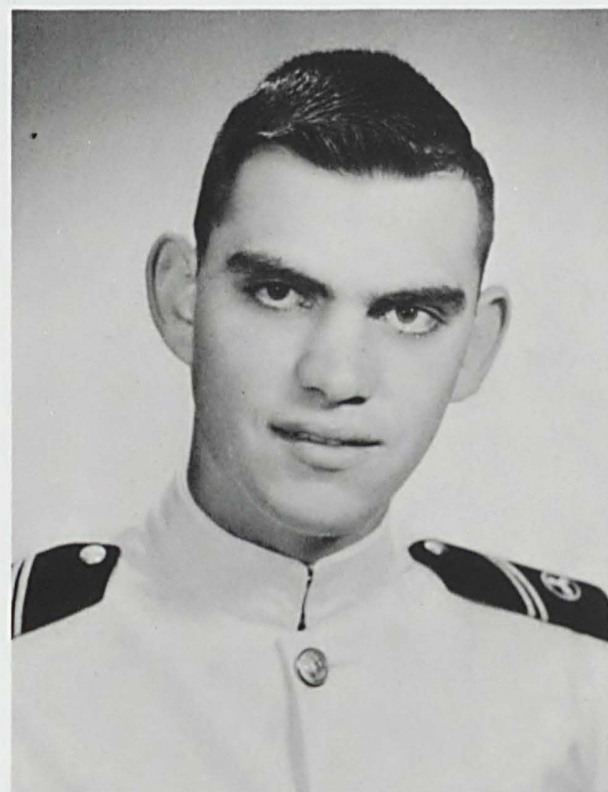
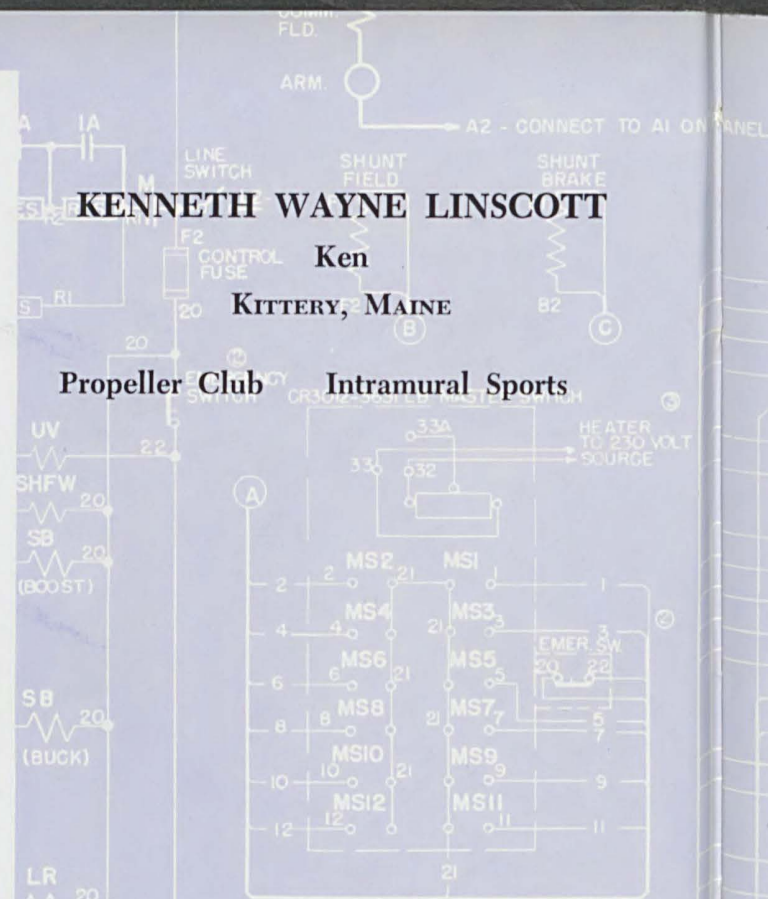


KENNETH WAYNE LINSOTT

Ken

KITTERY, MAINE

Propeller Club Intramural Sports

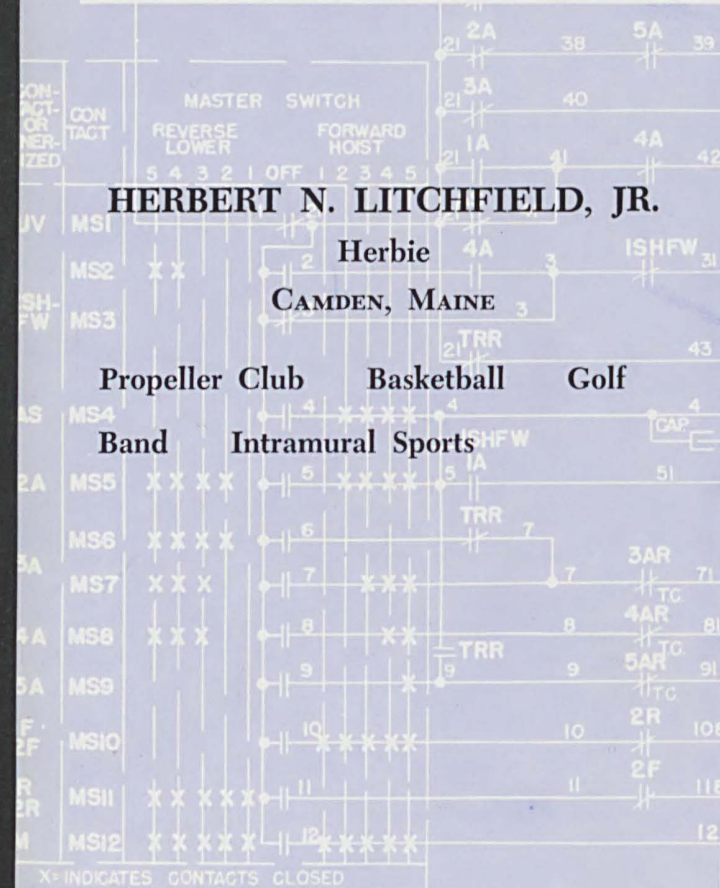


HERBERT N. LITCHFIELD, JR.

Herbie

CAMDEN, MAINE

Propeller Club Basketball Golf
Band Intramural Sports



CONTACTORS		RELAYS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS	NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
IF	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR	UV	UNDERVOLTAGE
2F		OL	OVERLOAD
1R	NORMALLY CLOSED CONTACTOR	SB	STEPBACK
2R			
M	Negative Line		

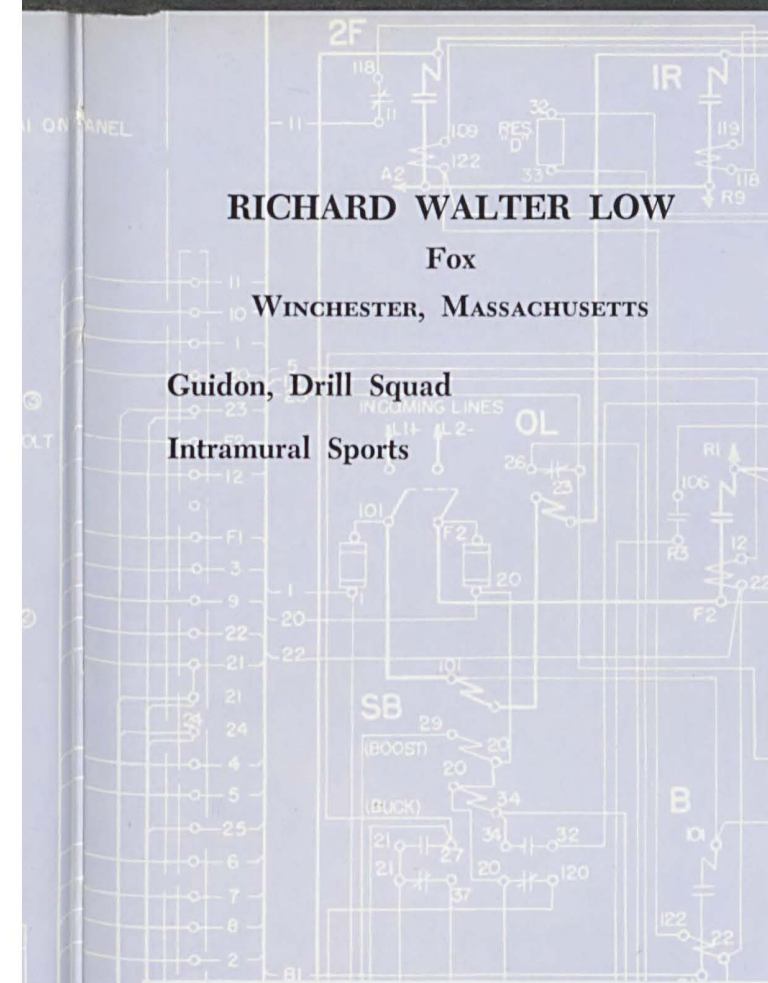
NOTES: 1. IF AND 2F ARE INTERLOCKS ON WINDLASS. THEY ARE SHOWN IN ANCHOR OR HANDLING POSITION. 2. EMERGENCY STOPS MAY BE MADE BY PUSHING EMERGENCY SWITCH. SWITCH MUST BE RESET AND MASTER SWITCH RETURNED TO OFF TO RESTART MOTOR.

RICHARD WALTER LOW

Fox

WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Guidon, Drill Squad
Intramural Sports

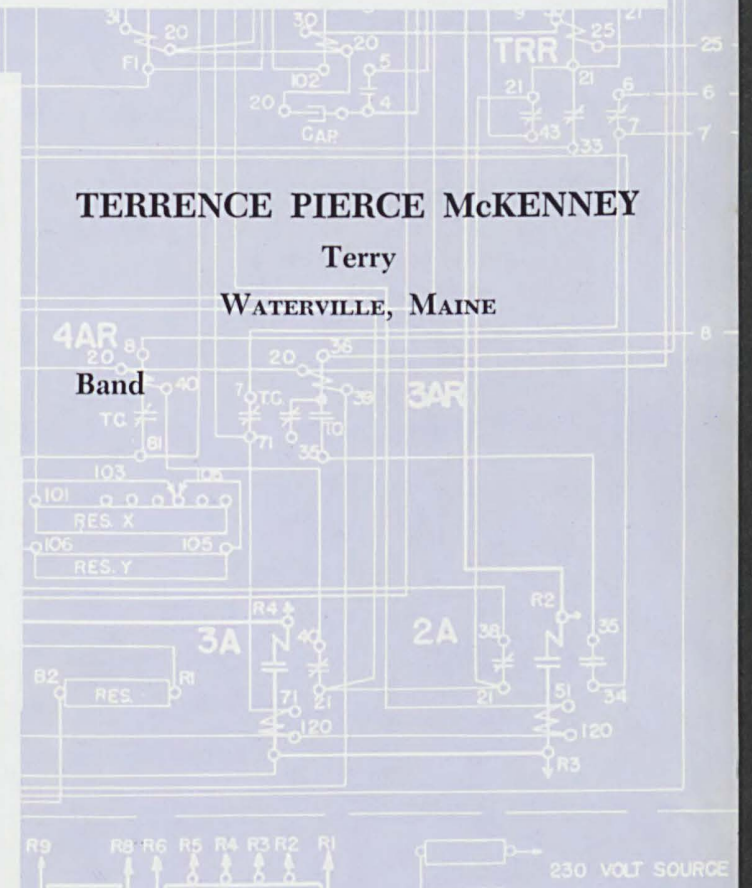


TERRENCE PIERCE McKENNEY

Terry

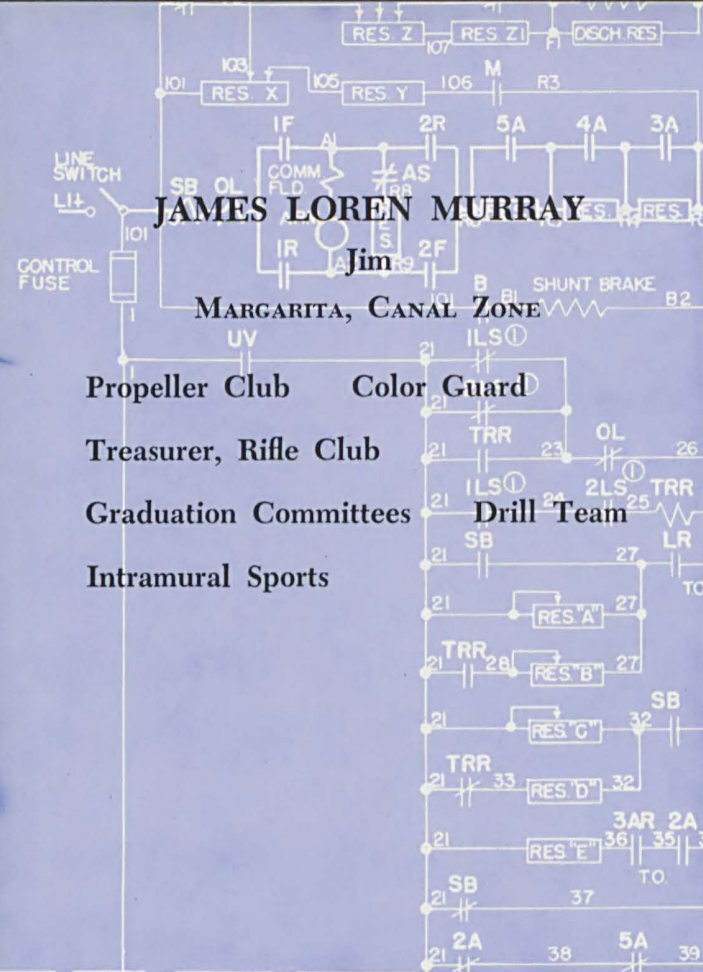
WATERVILLE, MAINE

Band



CONTACTORS		RELAYS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS	NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
IF	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR	UV	UNDERVOLTAGE
2F		OL	OVERLOAD
1R	NORMALLY CLOSED CONTACTOR	SB	STEPBACK
2R			
M	Negative Line		

NOTES: 1. IF AND 2F ARE INTERLOCKS ON WINDLASS. THEY ARE SHOWN IN ANCHOR OR HANDLING POSITION. 2. EMERGENCY STOPS MAY BE MADE BY PUSHING EMERGENCY SWITCH. SWITCH MUST BE RESET AND MASTER SWITCH RETURNED TO OFF TO RESTART MOTOR.

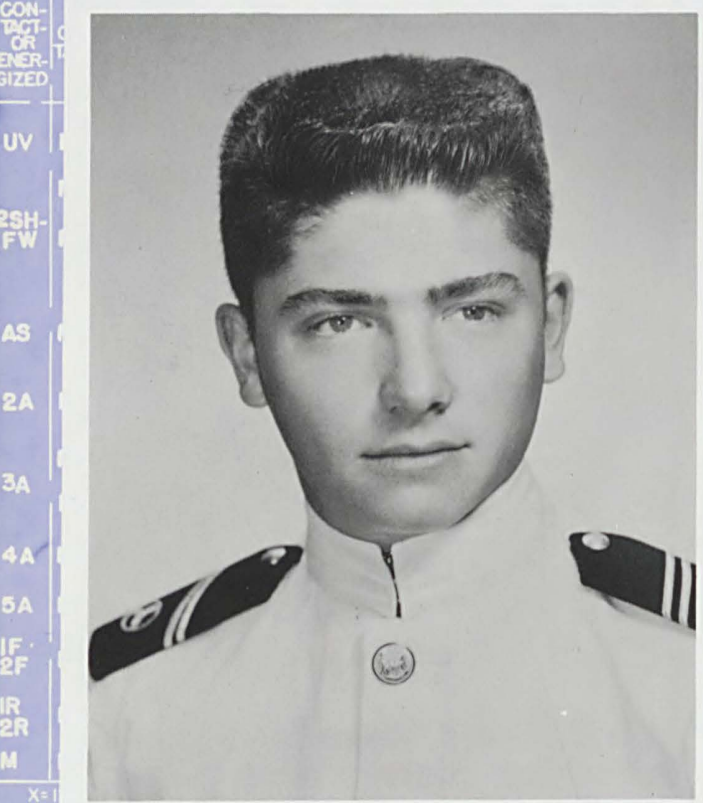


JAMES LOREN MURRAY

Jim

MARGARITA, CANAL ZONE

- Propeller Club
- Color Guard
- Treasurer, Rifle Club
- Graduation Committees
- Intramural Sports
- Drill Team



WALTER WINFIELD MYERS

Tiger

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

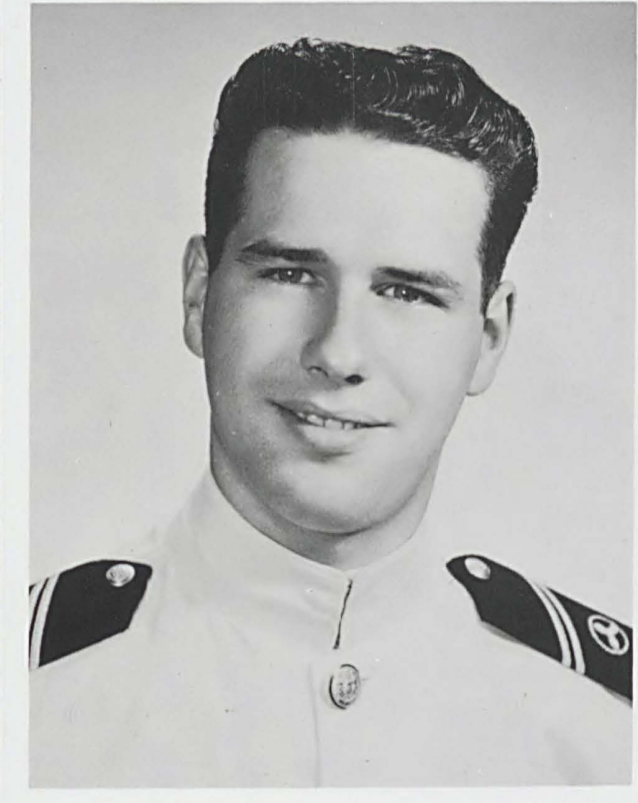
- Treasurer, Propeller Club
- Band
- Intramural Sports

DEVICE	REVERSE LOWER					OFF	FORWARD HOIST				
	5	4	3	2	1		1	2	3	4	5
M	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2F											
IR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
AS											
IA	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
3A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
4A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
5A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
TRR	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
ISHFW	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2SHFW	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
3AR							X	X	X	X	X
4AR							X	X	X	X	X
5AR							X	X	X	X	X

X- INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED
O- INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED
WARPING

CONTACTORS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
IF FORWARD	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR
IR REVERSE	NORMALLY CLOSED
M NEGATIVE LINE	

RELAYS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
UV UNDERVOLTAGE	P.U. AT 145 V. O.O. ABOVE 75V.
OL OVERLOAD	P.U. 660 A.
SB STEPBRAKE	P.U. ANCHOR 580 A. O.O. ANCHOR 250A.



DAVID H. O'DONNELL

Dave

SEARSPORT, MAINE

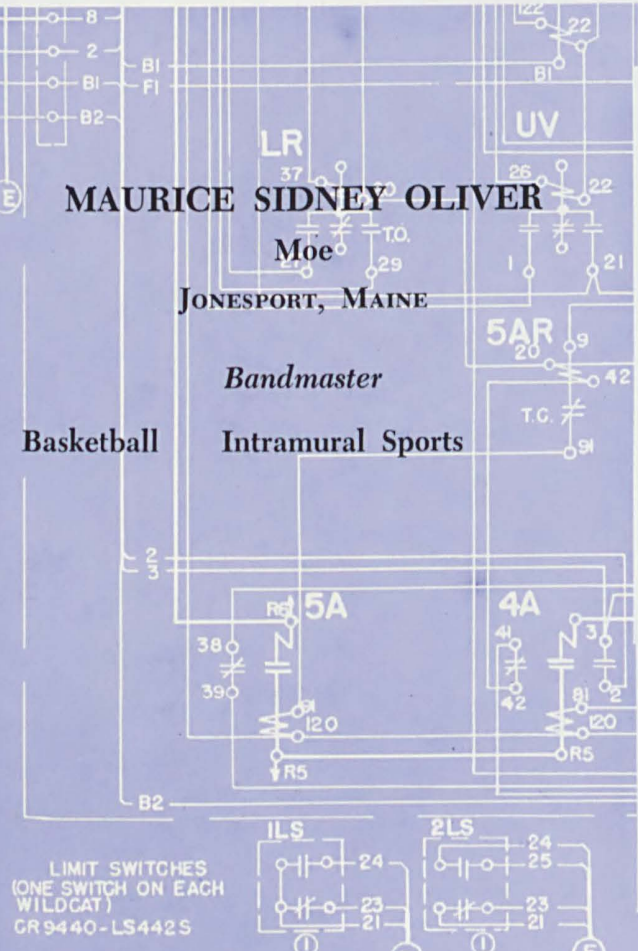
Drill Squad

MAURICE SIDNEY OLIVER

Moe

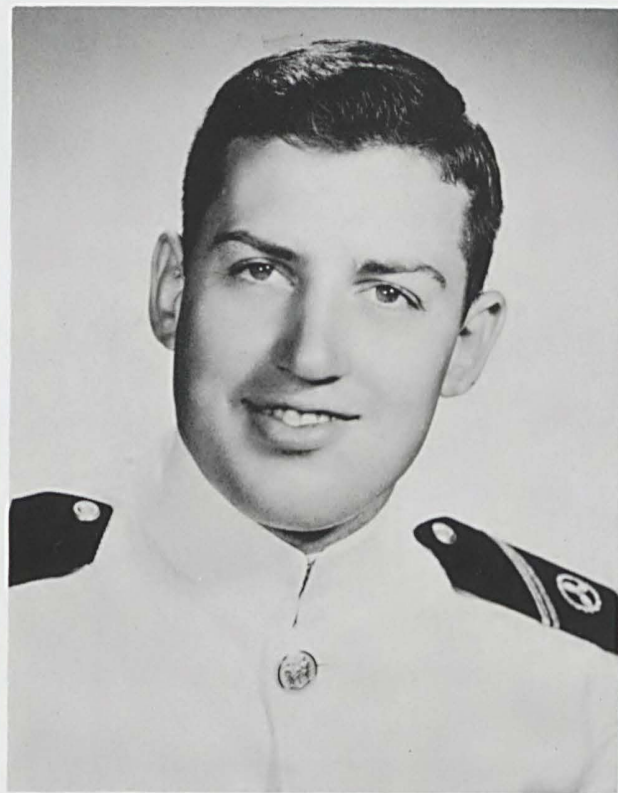
JONESPORT, MAINE

- Bandmaster
- Intramural Sports
- Basketball



LIMIT SWITCHES
(ONE SWITCH ON EACH
WILDCAT)
GR 9440-LS442S

POWER RESISTOR
PANEL HEATERS - MOUNTED BE
THE PANEL



WILLIAM JAMES O'REILLY

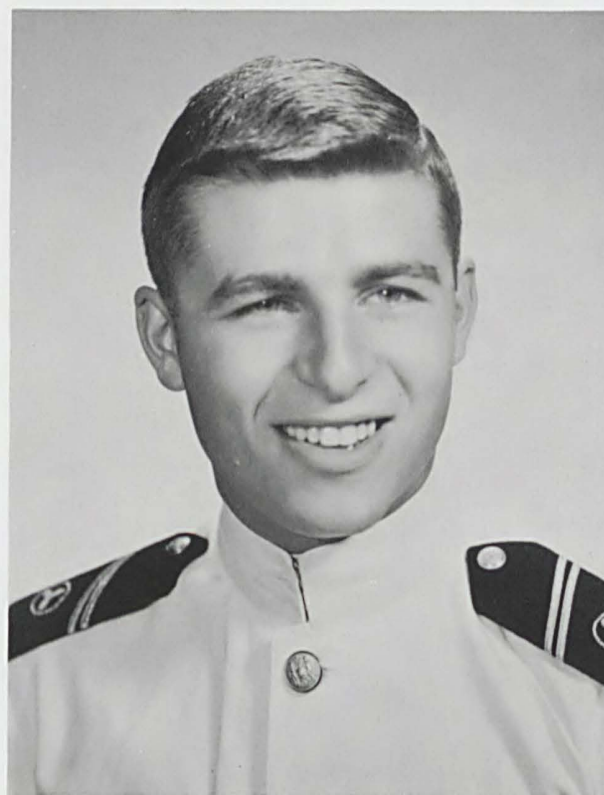
Digger

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Propeller Club Yacht Club

Football A Company Guidon

Intramural Sports



RICHARD EARL PLAISTED

Chink

KITTERY, MAINE

Intramural Sports



LOUIS A. PROFENNO

Lou

PORTLAND, MAINE

Assistant Football Manager



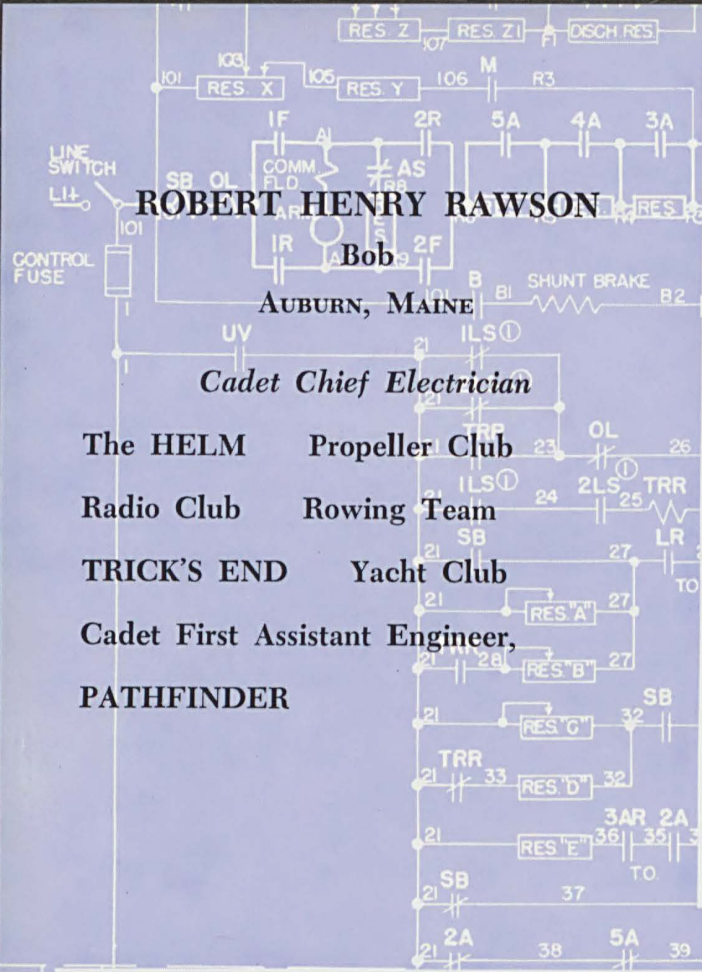
ERNEST JOSEPH PROPP

Squirrel

MONTVILLE, CONNECTICUT

Propeller Club Intramural Sports

A Company Guidon



ROBERT HENRY RAWSON

AUBURN, MAINE

Cadet Chief Electrician

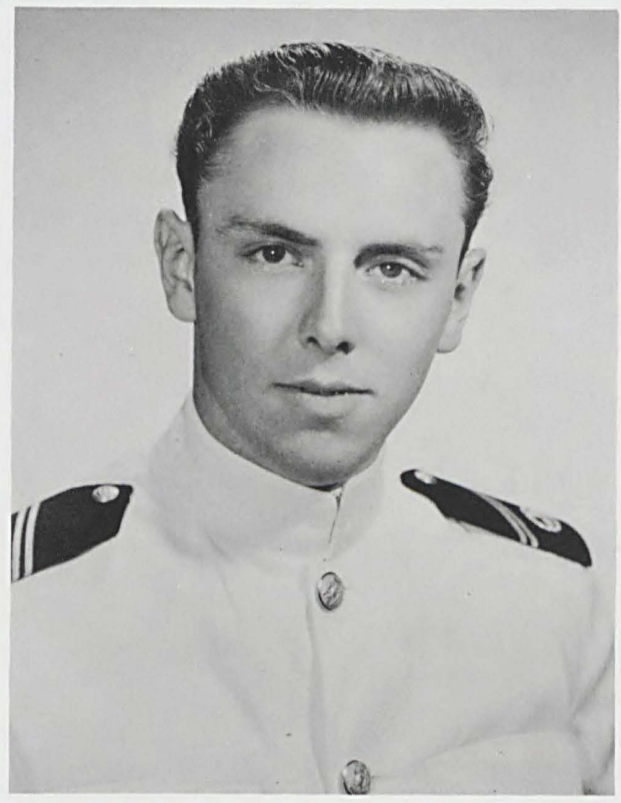
The HELM Propeller Club

Radio Club Rowing Team

TRICK'S END Yacht Club

Cadet First Assistant Engineer,

PATHFINDER



DEVICE SEQUENCE CHART												
DEVICE	REVERSE LOWER					OFF	FORWARD HOIST					
	5	4	3	2	1		1	2	3	4	5	
M	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2F	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
IR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
AS	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
IA	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
4A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
5A	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
TRR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
ISHFW	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
2SHFW	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
3AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
4AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
5AR	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X

X- INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED
ANCHOR HANDLING
O- INDICATES DEVICES ENERGIZED
WARPING

HARRY MITCHELL REID

LISBON FALLS, MAINE

Battalion Commander

Propeller Club Baseball

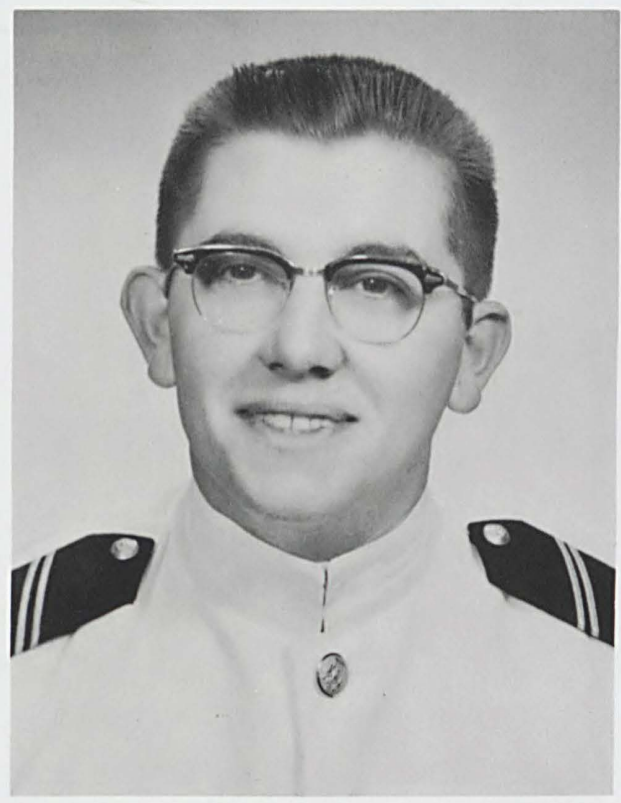
Intramural Sports



CONTACTORS		
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS	
IF FORWARD	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR	248
IR REVERSE	NORMALLY CLOSED	
M NEGATIVE LINE		

RELAYS		
NOMENCLATURE	SETTING	SYMBOLS
UV UNDERVOLTAGE	P.U. AT 145 V. O.O. ABOVE 75V.	SERIES COIL
OL OVERLOAD	P.U. 660 A.	SHUNT COIL
SB STEPBACK	P.U. ANCHOR 560 A. O.O. ANCHOR 250A. P.U. WARPING 250A.	

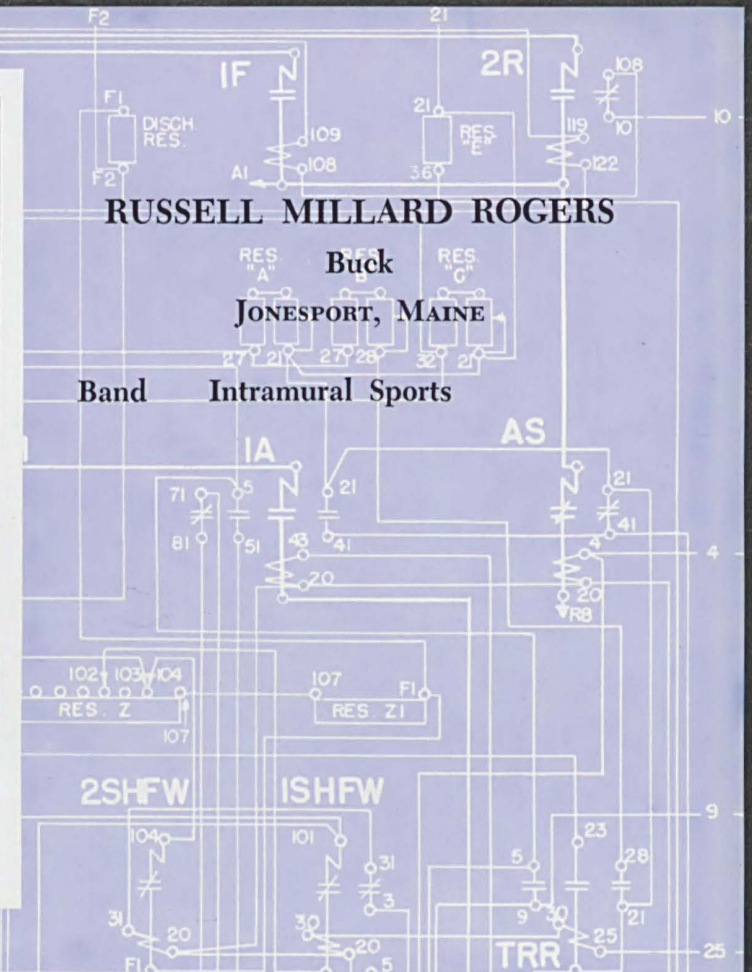
NOTE
① ILS AND 2LS ARE INTERLOCKS ON WINDLASS. THEY ARE SHOWN IN ANCHOR HANDLING POSITION
② EMERGENCY STOPS MAY BE MADE BY PUSHING EMERGENCY SWITCH. SWITCH MUST BE RESET AND MASTER SWITCH RETURNED TO OFF TO RESTART MOTOR



RUSSELL MILLARD ROGERS

Buck JONESPORT, MAINE

Band Intramural Sports

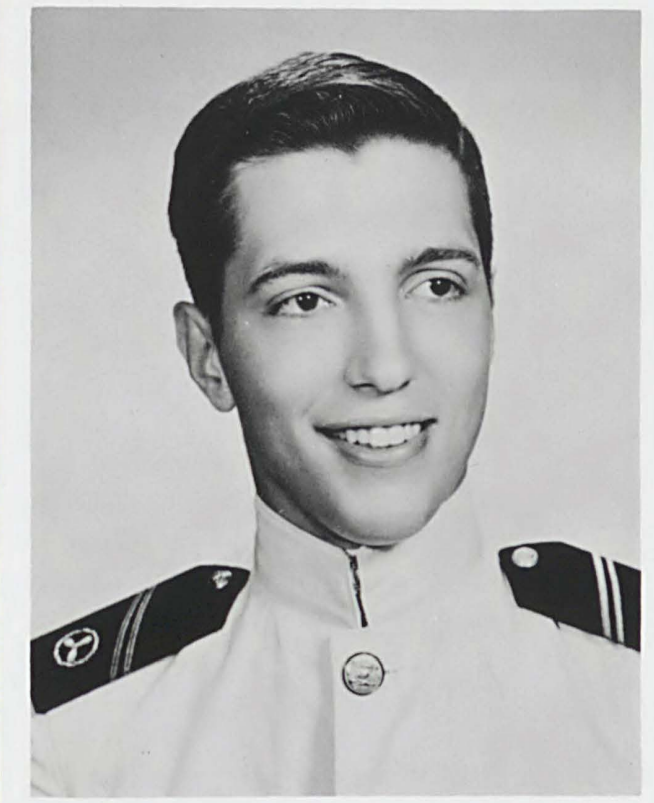


JOSEPH GEORGE SAN MARTIN

JOSE NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Coxswain, Rowing Team

Graduation Committees



NOTE
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② EMERGENCY STOPS MAY BE MADE BY PUSHING EMERGENCY SWITCH. SWITCH MUST BE RESET AND MASTER SWITCH RETURNED TO OFF TO RESTART MOTOR



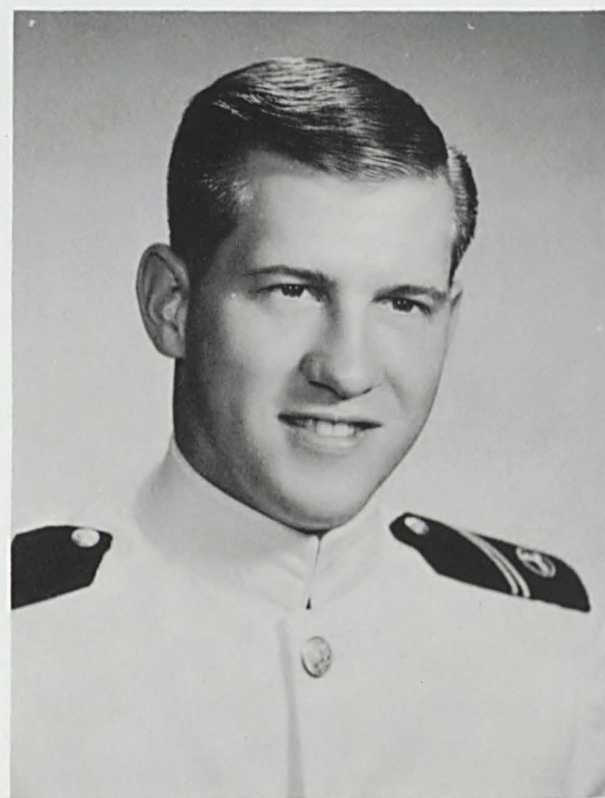
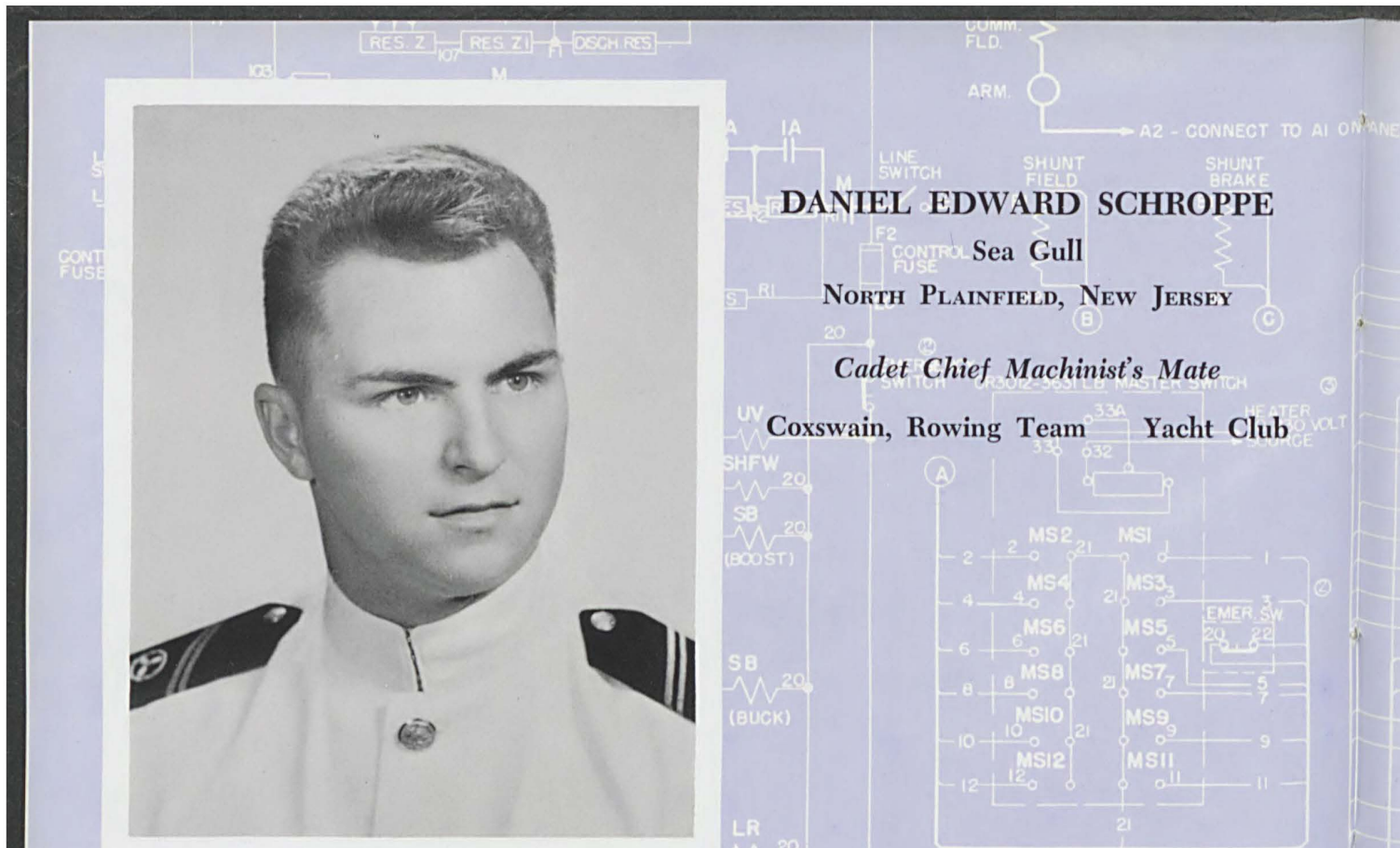
DANIEL EDWARD SCHROPPE

Sea Gull

NORTH PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Cadet Chief Machinist's Mate

Coxswain, Rowing Team Yacht Club

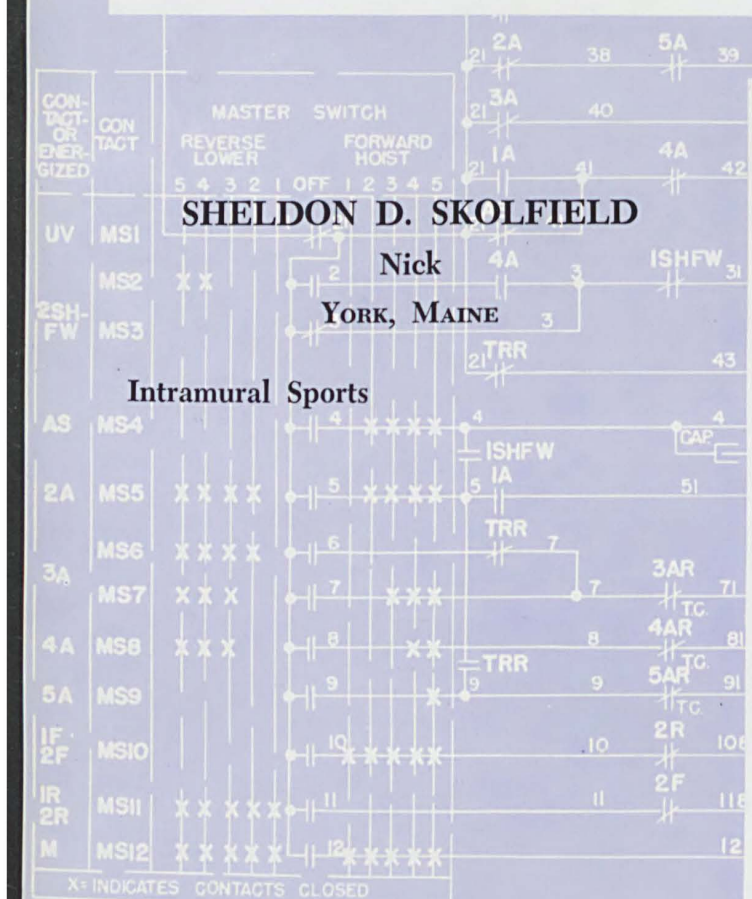


SHELDON D. SKOLFIELD

Nick

YORK, MAINE

Intramural Sports

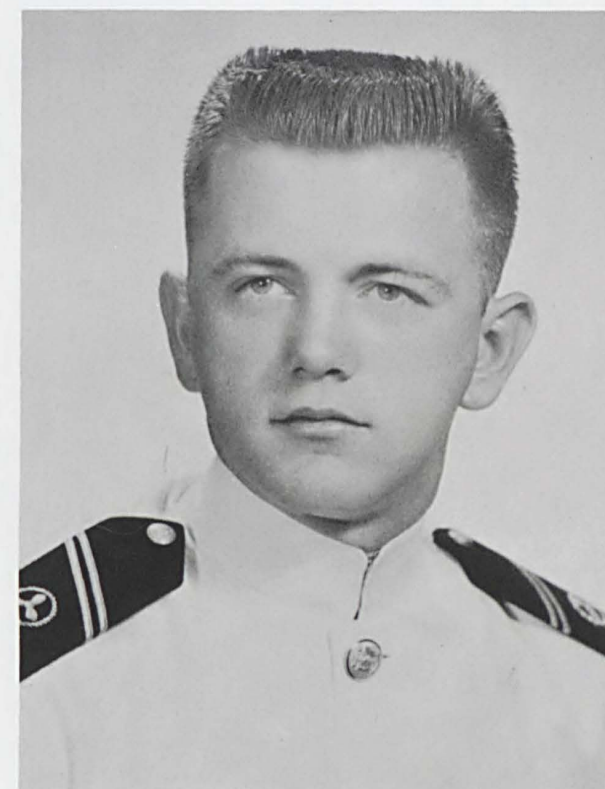
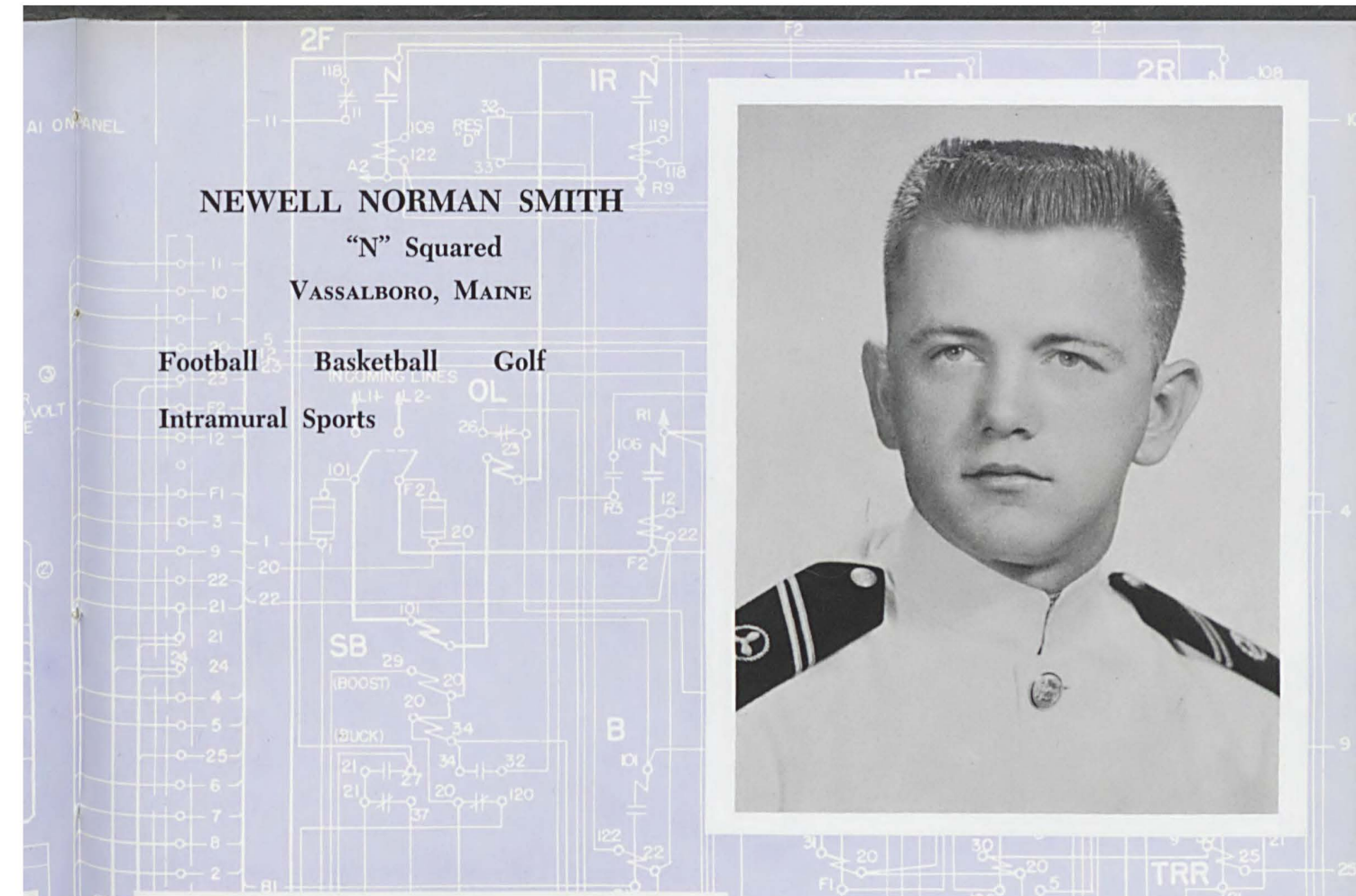


NEWELL NORMAN SMITH

"N" Squared

VASSALBORO, MAINE

Football Basketball Golf
Intramural Sports

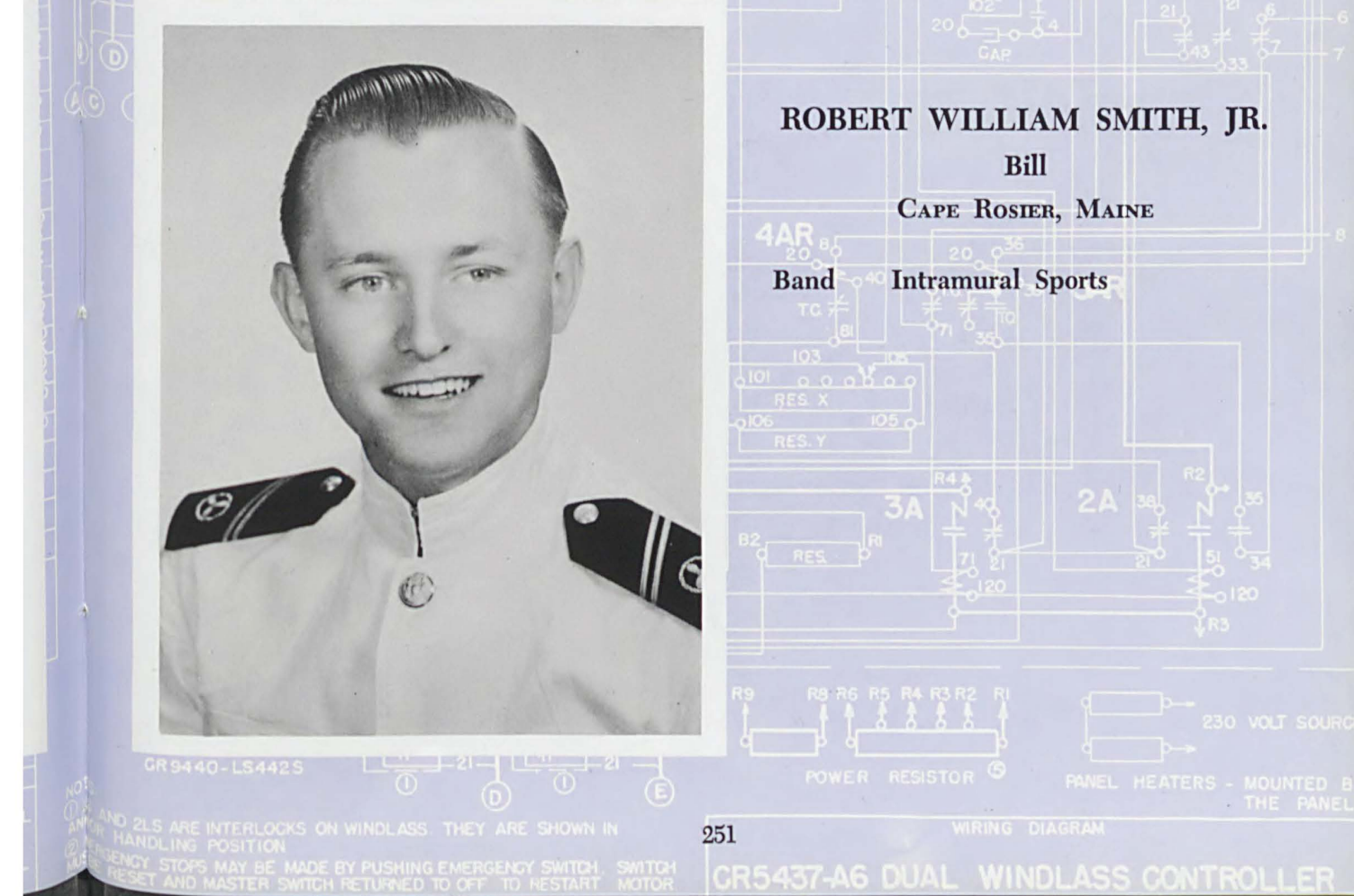


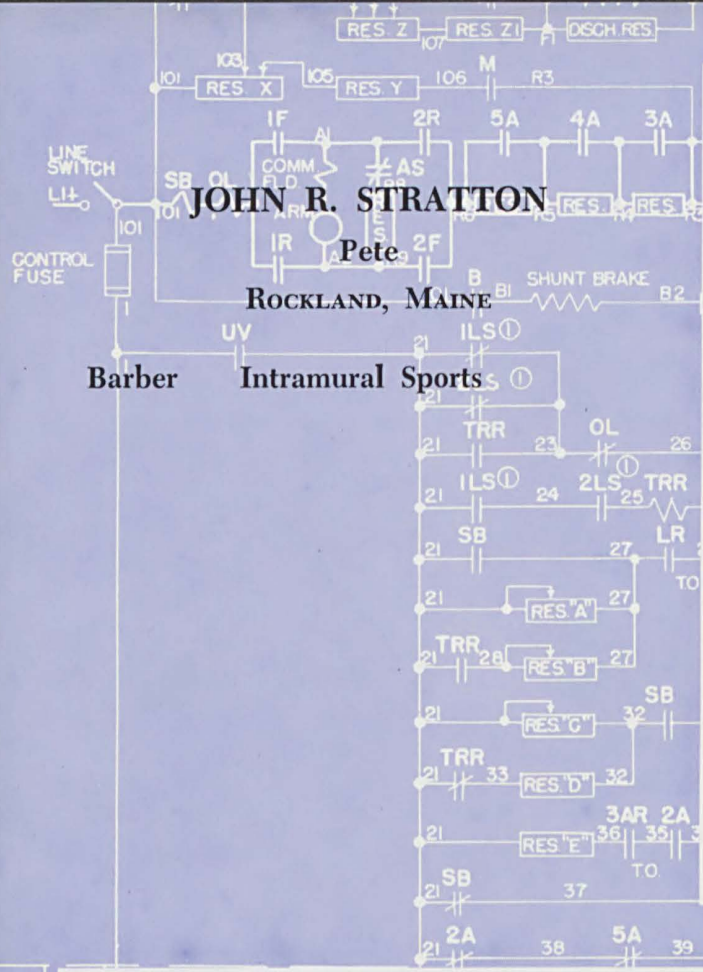
ROBERT WILLIAM SMITH, JR.

Bill

CAPE ROSIER, MAINE

Band Intramural Sports

251

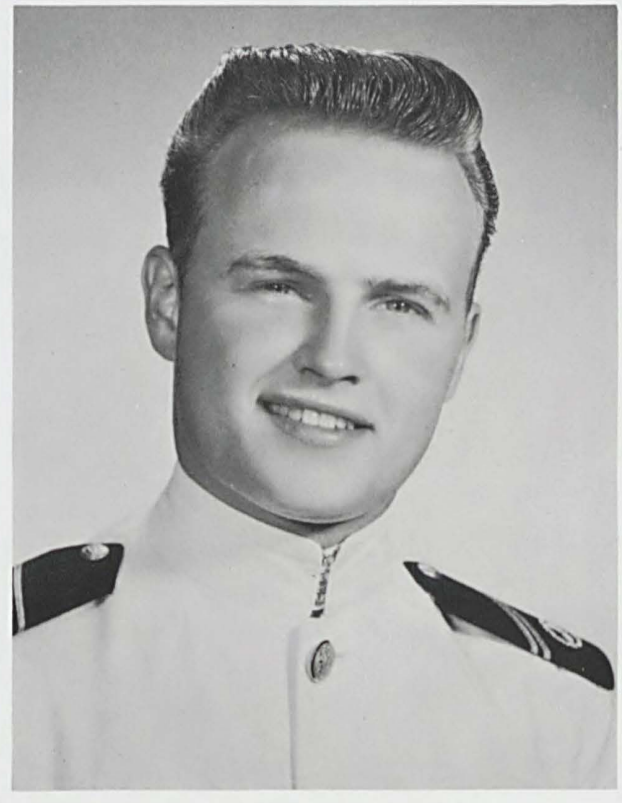


JOHN R. STRATTON

Pete

Rockland, Maine

Barber Intramural Sports



DEVICE	REVERSE LOWER					OFF	FORWARD HOIST				
	5	4	3	2	1		1	2	3	4	5
M	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
B	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2F							X	X	X	X	X
IR							X	X	X	X	X
AS							X	X	X	X	X
1A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
2A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
3A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
4A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
5A	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X	X	X
TRR							X	X	X	X	X
ISHFW							X	X	X	X	X
2SHFW	X	X					X	X	X	X	X
3AR							X	X	X	X	X
4AR							X	X	X	X	X
5AR							X	X	X	X	X

CRAIG MUIR SWANBURG

Swanny

Hempstead, New York

B Company Petty Officer

Drill Squad Intramural Sports

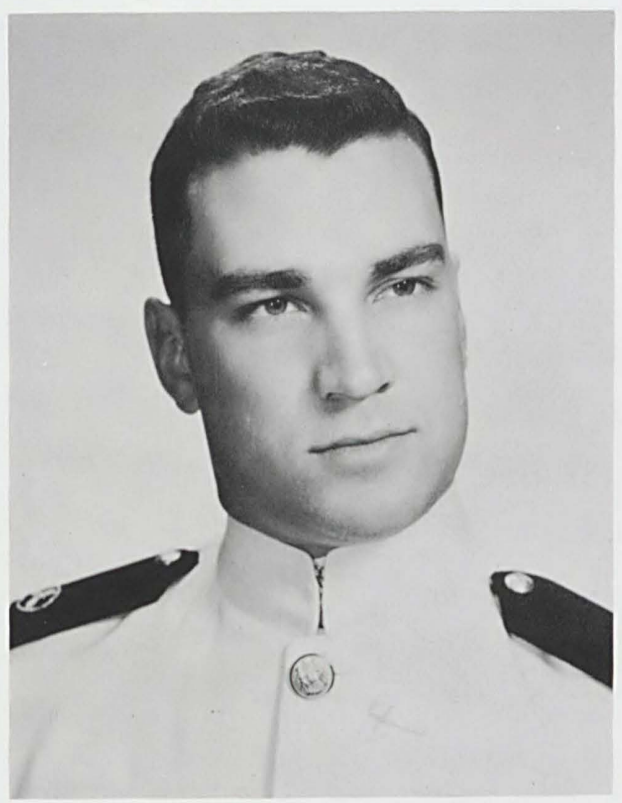


CONTACTOR ENERGIZED
UV
2SHFW
AS
2A
3A
4A
5A
IF
2F
IR
2R
M

CONTACTORS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
IF FORWARD	NORMALLY OPEN CONTACTOR
IR REVERSE	NORMALLY CLOSED
M NEGATIVE LINE	

RELAYS	
NOMENCLATURE	SETTING
UV UNDERVOLTAGE	PU AT 145 V. D.O. ABOVE 75V.
OL OVERLOAD	PU. 650 A.
SB STEPBACK	PU. ANCHOR 580 A. D.O. ANCHOR 250 A. PU. WARPING 250 A.

NOTES
① H.S. AND ANCHOR HANDLING POSITION
② EMERGENCY STOP MAY BE MADE BY PUSHING EMERGENCY SWITCH. SWITCH MUST BE RESET AND MASTER SWITCH RETURNED TO OFF TO RESTART MOTOR.



FRANCIS LAWRENCE WALSH

Knobby

Melrose, Massachusetts

The HELM Intramural Sports

President, Propeller Club



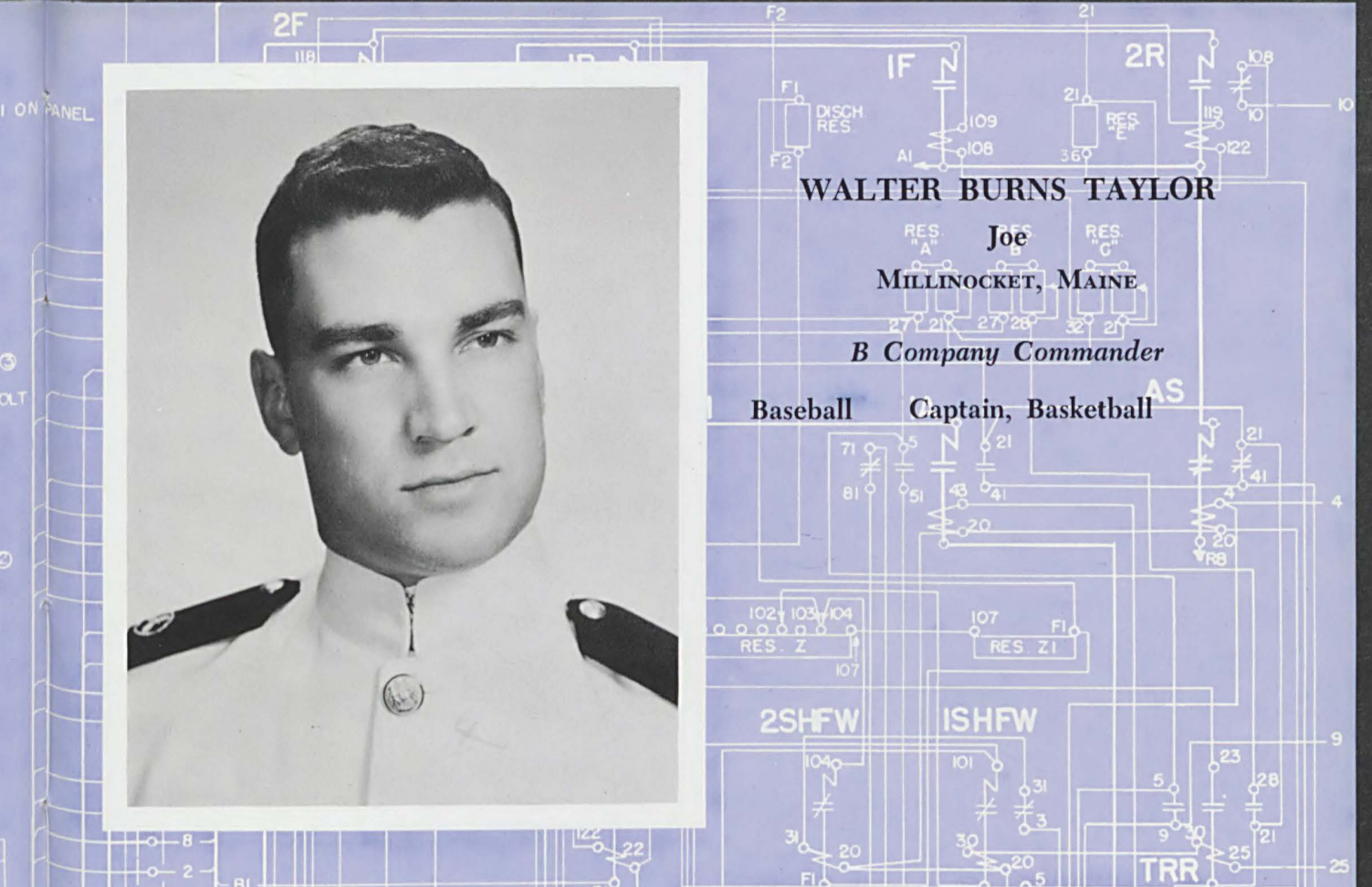
WALTER BURNS TAYLOR

Joe

MILLINOCKET, MAINE

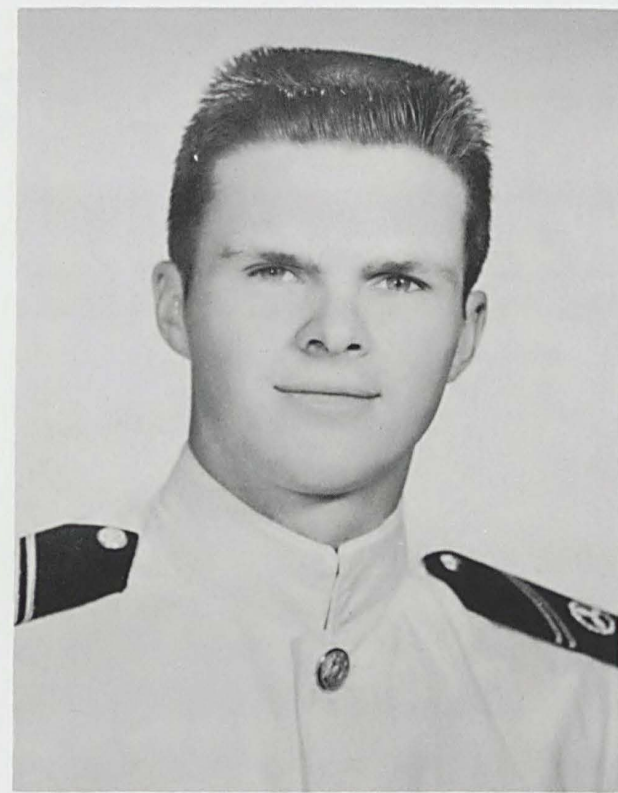
B Company Commander

Baseball Captain, Basketball



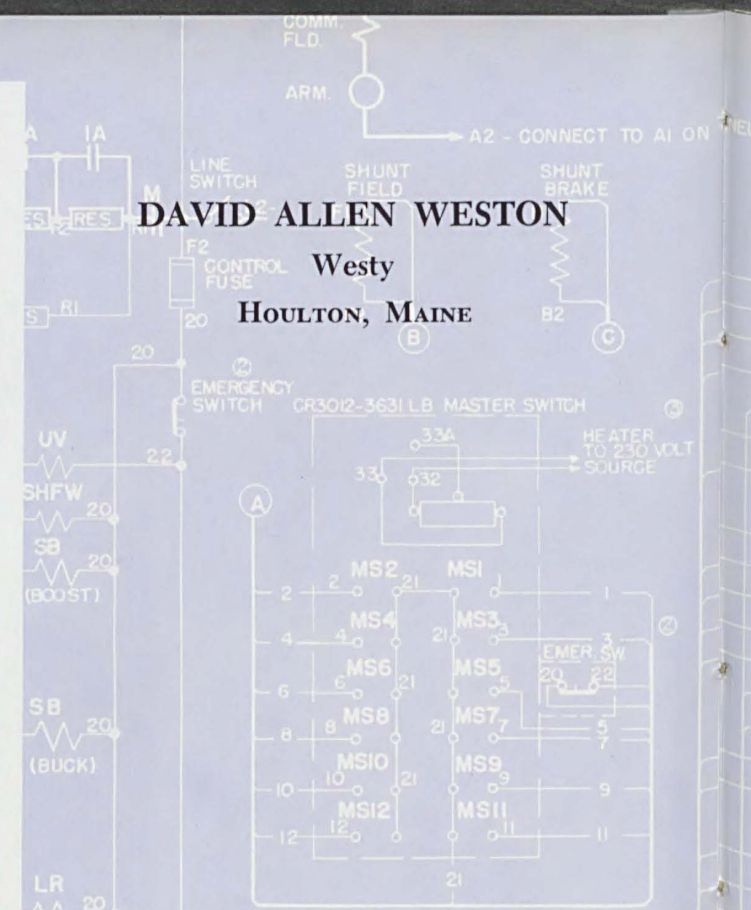
NOTES
① H.S. AND ANCHOR HANDLING POSITION
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LIMIT SWITCHES (ONE SWITCH ON EACH WILDCAT) GR9440-LS442S



DAVID ALLEN WESTON

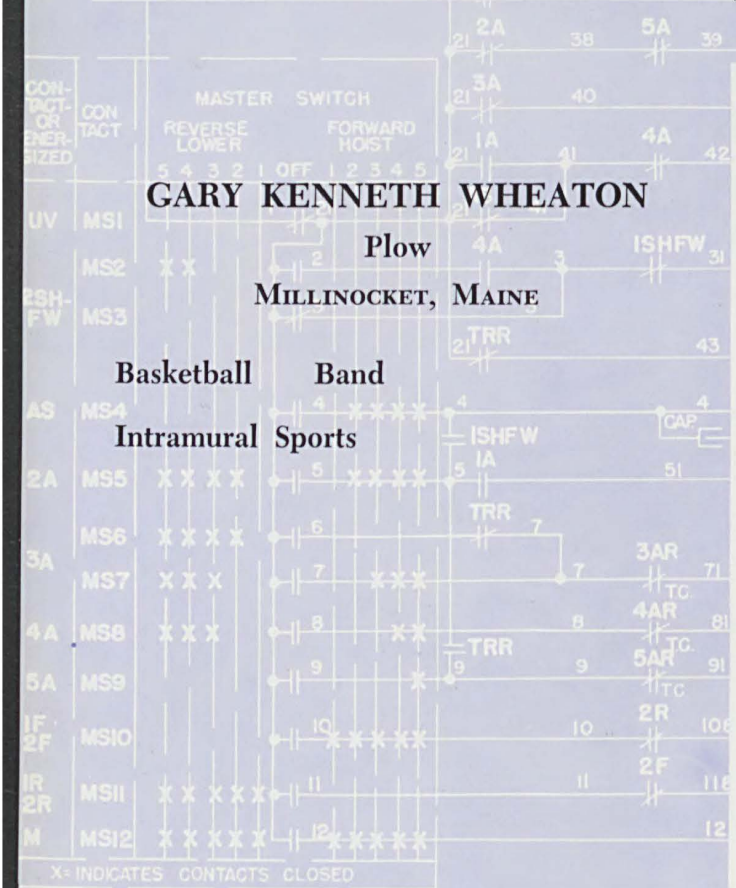
Westy
HOULTON, MAINE



GARY KENNETH WHEATON

Plow
MILLINOCKET, MAINE

Basketball Band
Intramural Sports



CONTACTORS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
IF FORWARD	
2F	
IR REVERSE	
2R	
M NEGATIVE LINE	

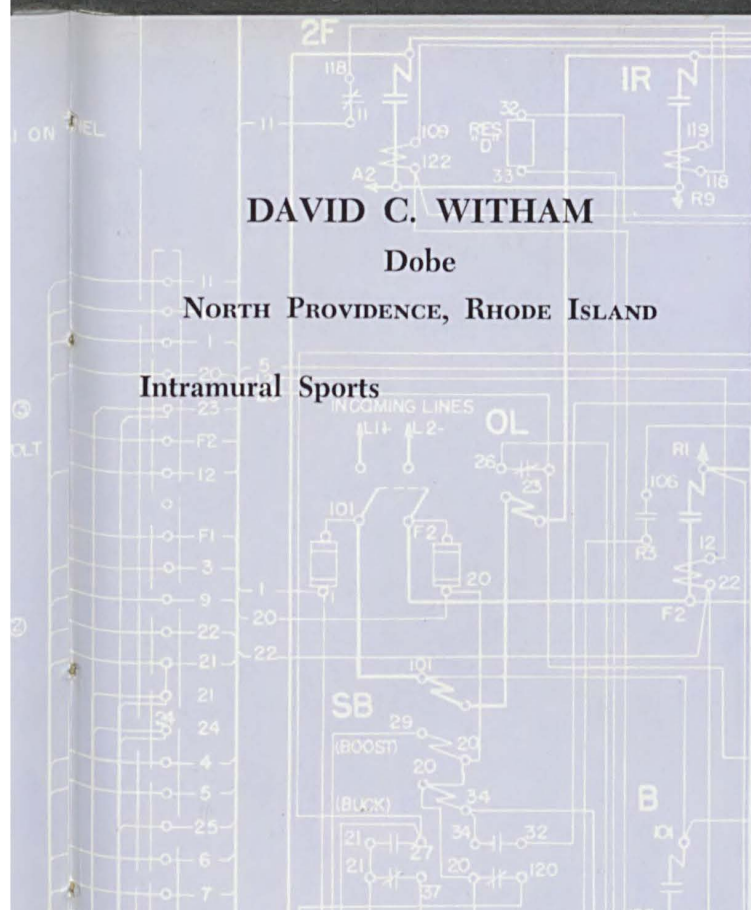
NOTES
1. IF AND 2F ARE INTERLOCKS ON WINDLASS. THEY ARE SHOWN IN ANCHOR HANDLING POSITION.
2. EMERGENCY STOPS MAY BE MADE BY PUSHING EMERGENCY SWITCH. SWITCH MUST RESET AND MASTER SWITCH RETURNED TO OFF TO RESTART MOTOR.



DAVID C. WITHAM

Dobe
NORTH PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

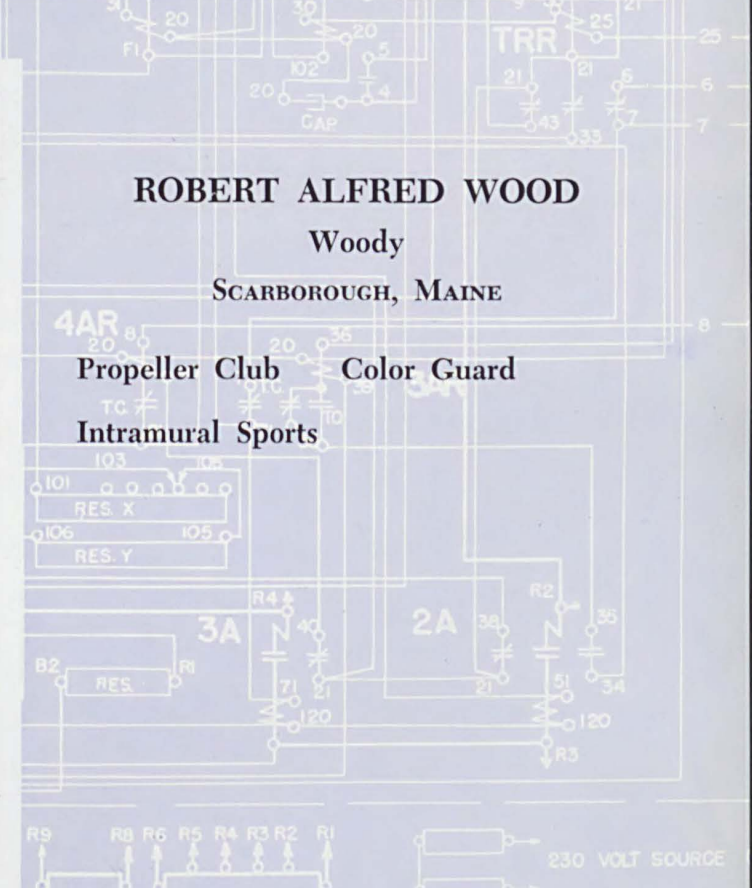
Intramural Sports



ROBERT ALFRED WOOD

Woody
SCARBOROUGH, MAINE

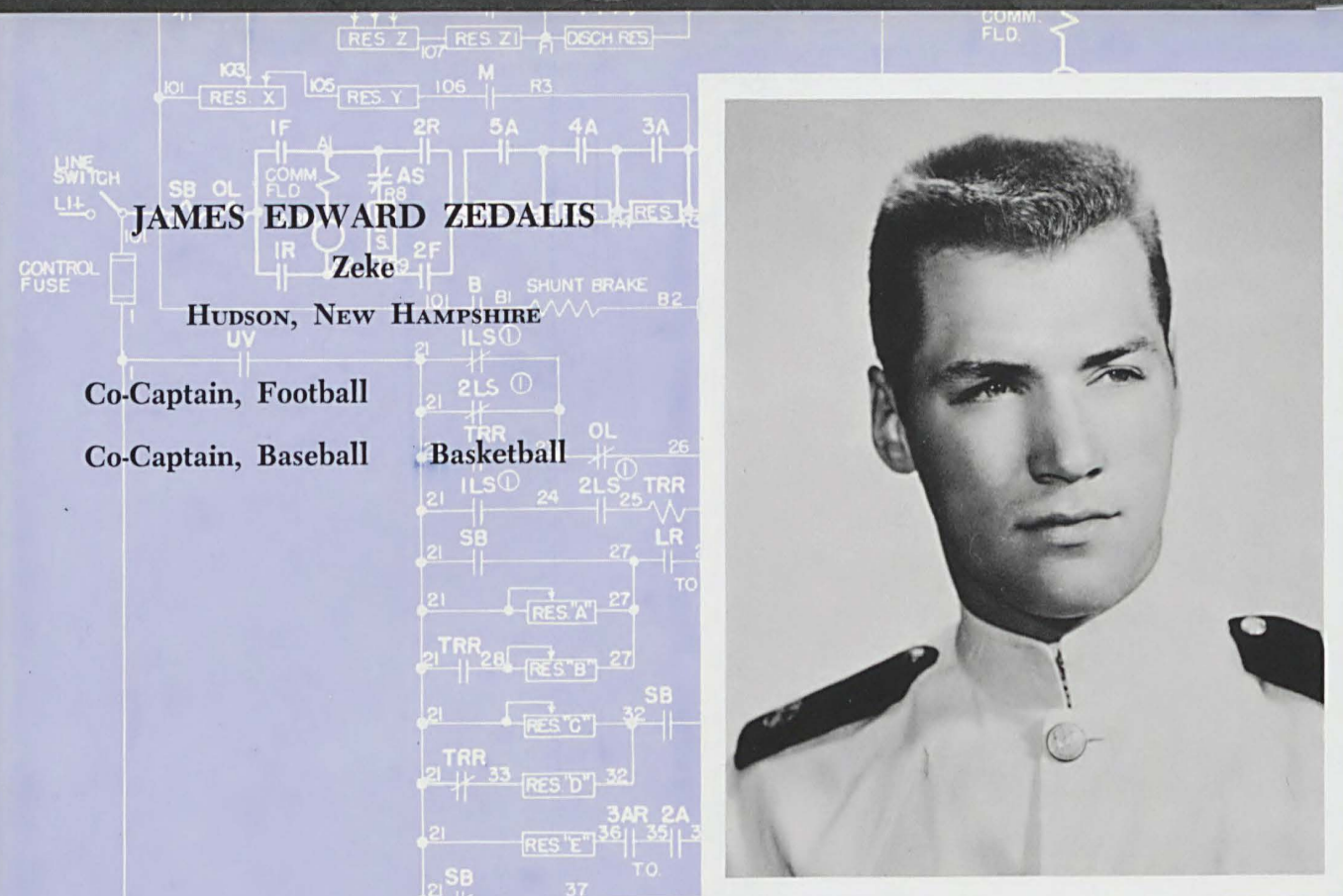
Propeller Club Color Guard
Intramural Sports



CONTACTORS	
NOMENCLATURE	SYMBOLS
IF FORWARD	
2F	
IR REVERSE	
2R	
M NEGATIVE LINE	

255

WIRING DIAGRAM
CR5437-A6 DUAL WINDLASS CONTROLLER



JAMES EDWARD ZEDALIS

HUDSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE





HOME PORT

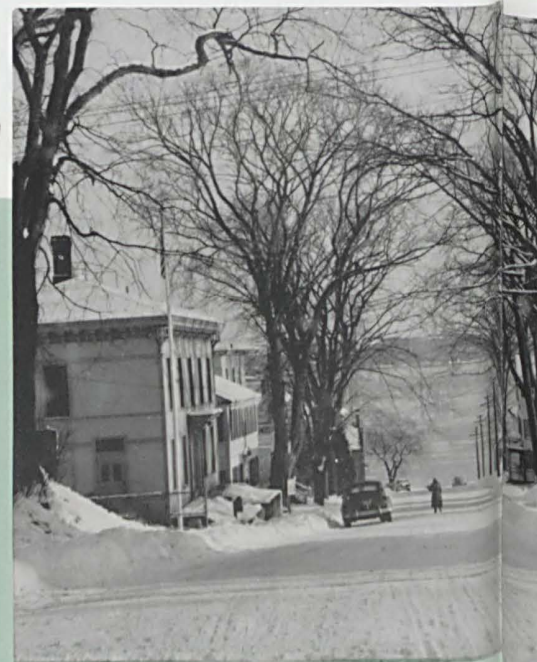


The MV *Pathfinder* was built in New York City in 1943 as a yard patrol vessel (YP-81). During World War II, as part of the port security program, she patrolled the New York harbor area. The Academy acquired the YP-81 on July 17, 1959 when she arrived in Castine after a crew of officers and midshipmen navigated her from Fort Eustis, Virginia. Her length is 73 feet and she is 64 tons. She is powered by two diesels developing 450 horsepower. She is equipped with a Raytheon Mariner's Pathfinder radar, for use training first class deckmen in radar observation and plotting.





Court Street.



Main Street.



Dock Area.



Dyk's

CASTINE

Castine a town of much beauty, history, and splendor. We didn't like it much while we were here perhaps (mostly on general principles), but, as we look back in later years, we will do so with a feeling of nostalgia and regret.

Castine played a major part in the history of New England — was as a matter of fact at various times under French, Dutch, English, Indian, and American domination, and was the first permanent settlement in New England.

Now, it is but a shadow of its former greatness. But, its past lives on in the majesty of its 18th and 19th century homes, its quiet streets, and its superb scenery.

In the following pages we have tried to give some indication of the character of this town, both past and present.





Sea Street and the Town Dock.



Castine Community Hospital.



Perkins House.



Witherle Library.



The Swiss of Maine.



Tiki's.



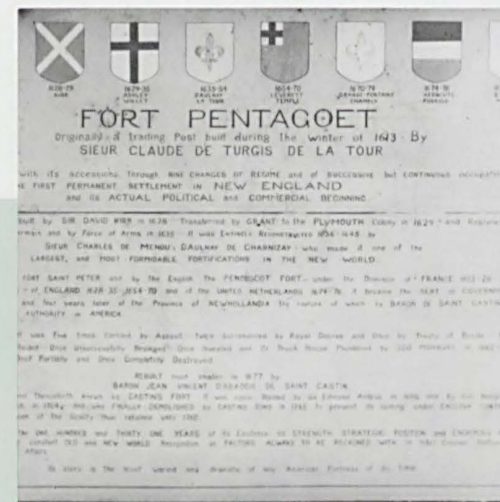
The Cliffs.

Main Street.

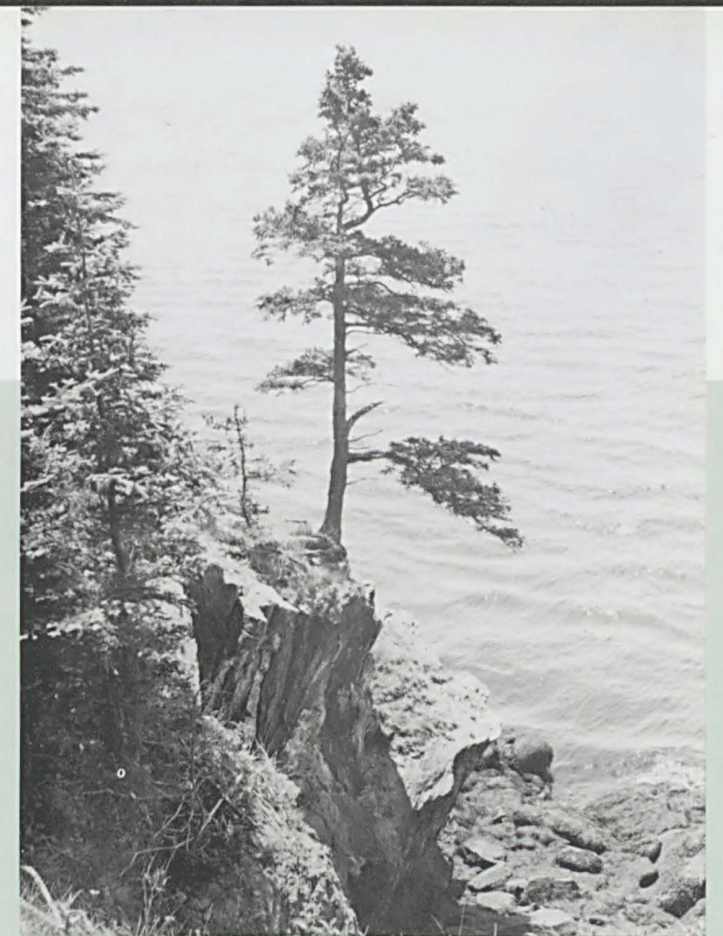


Water Works.

Trask Rock.



Historical Sign, one of Many.



Along the Indian Trail.

The Birches.





Trinitarian Church.



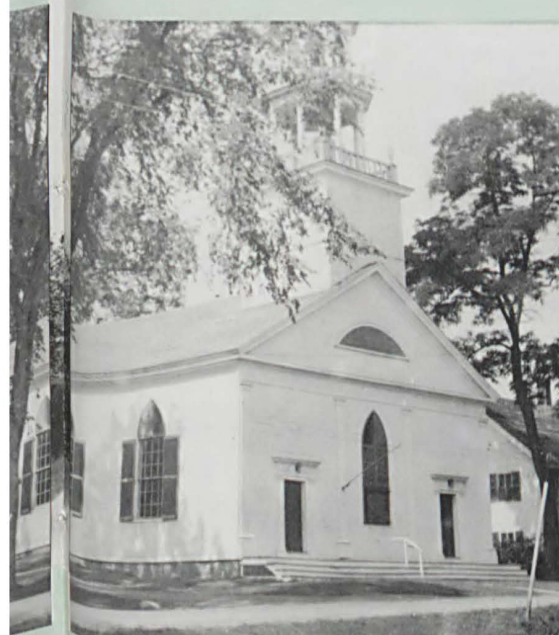
Episcopalian Church.



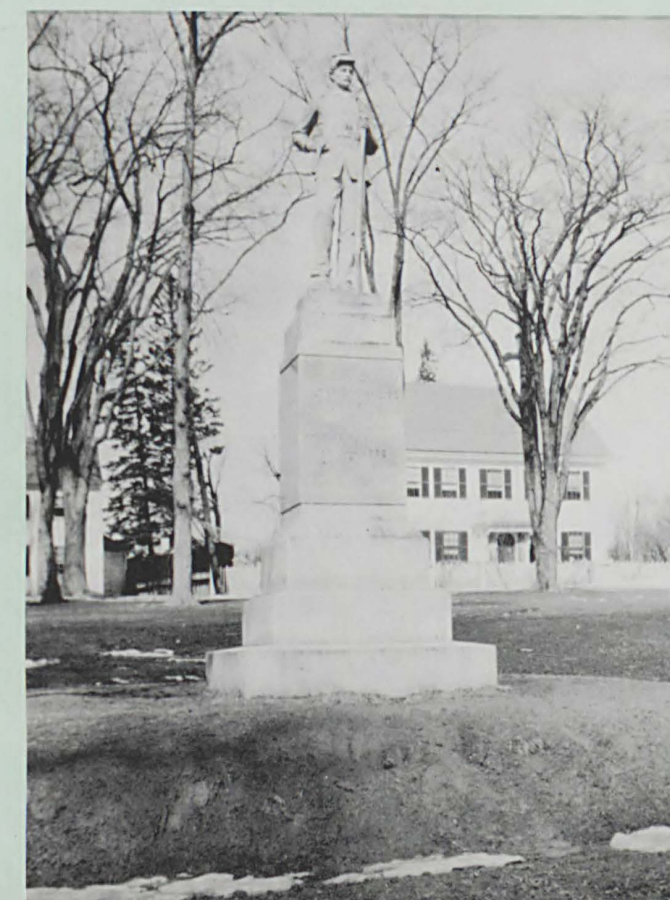
The Manor.



Catholic Church.



Unitarian Church.



Civil War Memorial.



The Pentagoet.



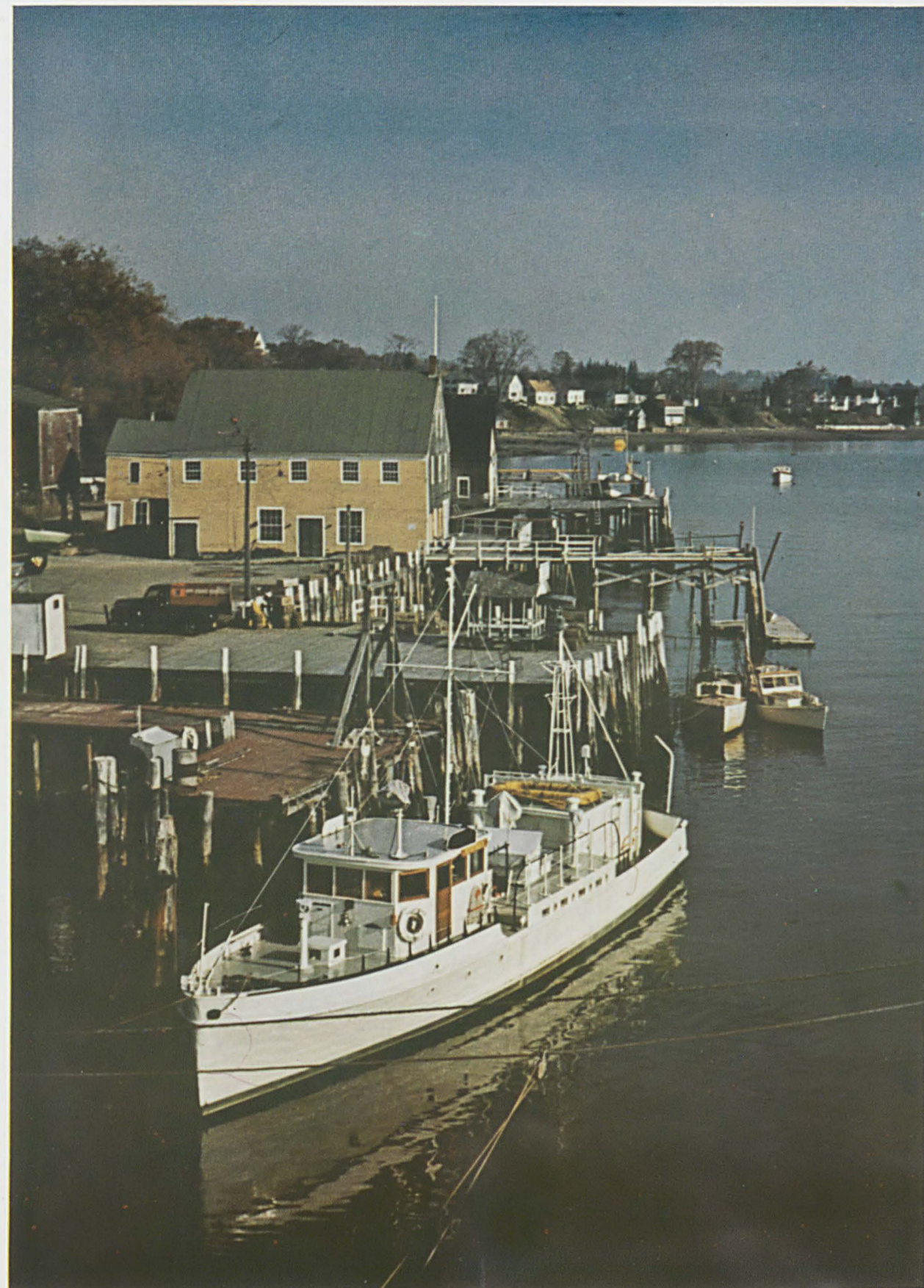
Superintendent's
Residence

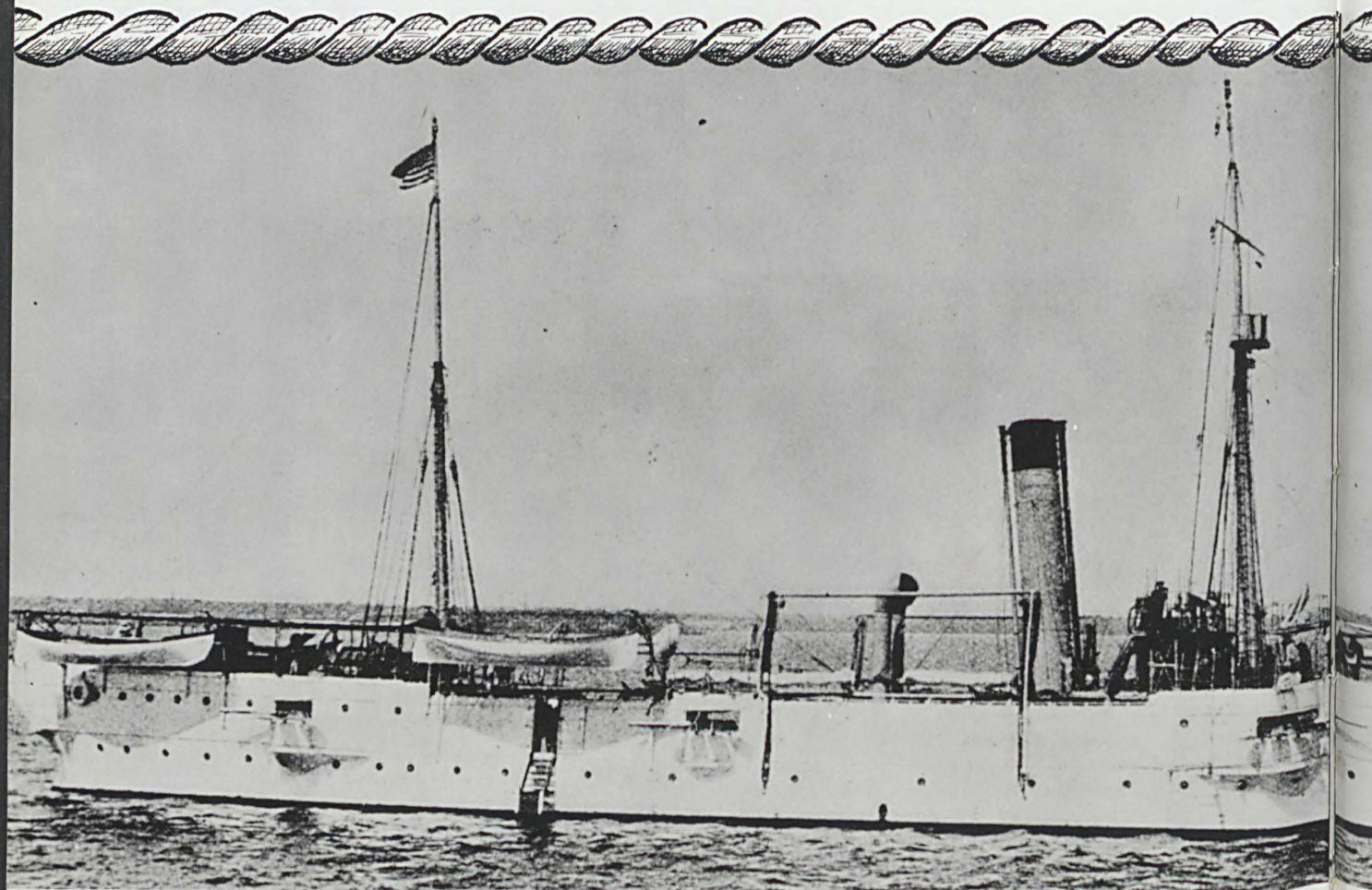


The Rat's Folly.

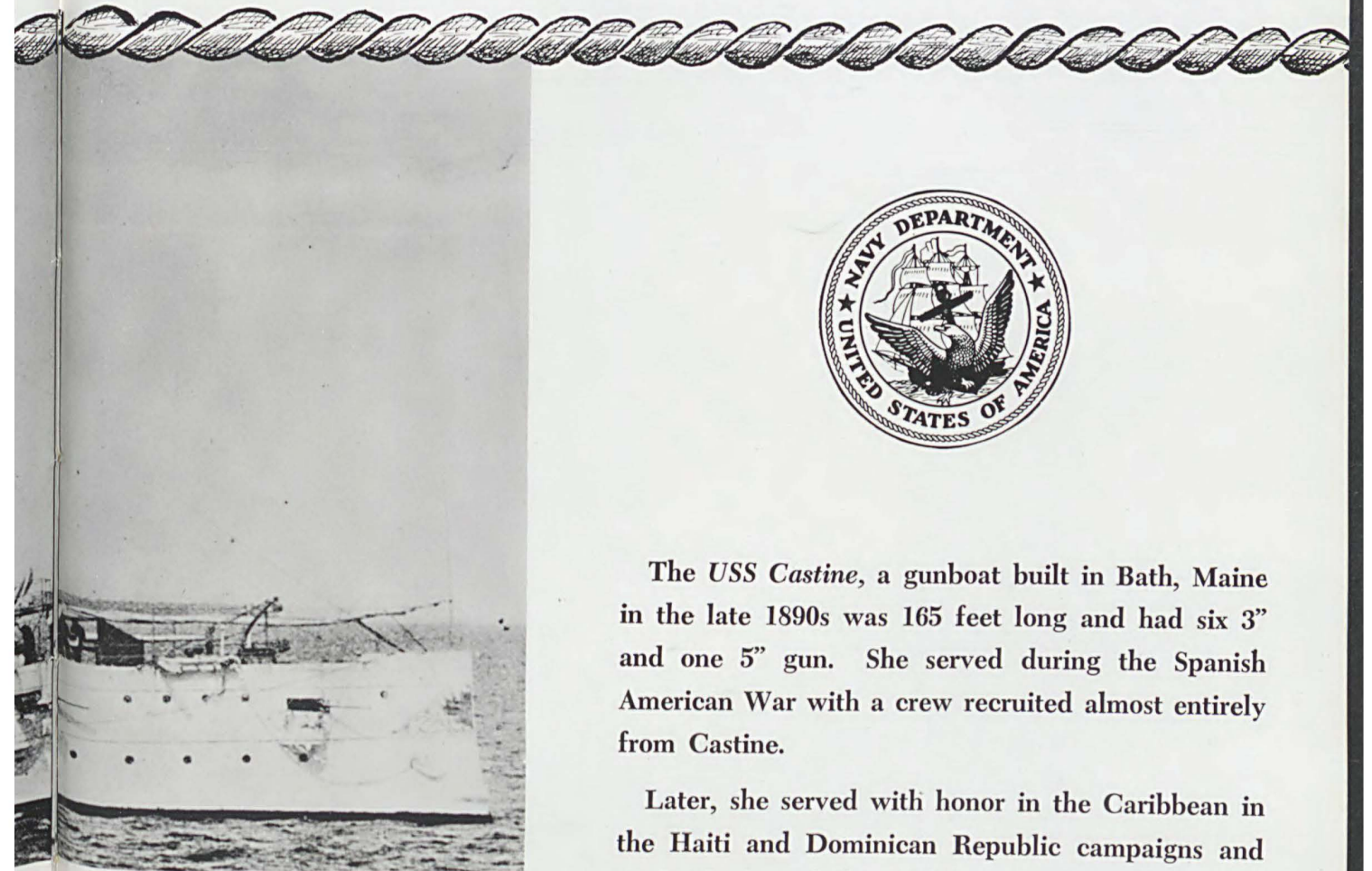


Emerson Hall.





ADVERTISING



The *USS Castine*, a gunboat built in Bath, Maine in the late 1890s was 165 feet long and had six 3" and one 5" gun. She served during the Spanish American War with a crew recruited almost entirely from Castine.

Later, she served with honor in the Caribbean in the Haiti and Dominican Republic campaigns and made the 'round the world trip with Teddy Roosevelt's "Great White Fleet."

She visited Castine once, during the early 1900s and was presented by the town with a silver service at that time.



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Maryland Shipbuilding and Drydock
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"No Better Service Ever Had!"

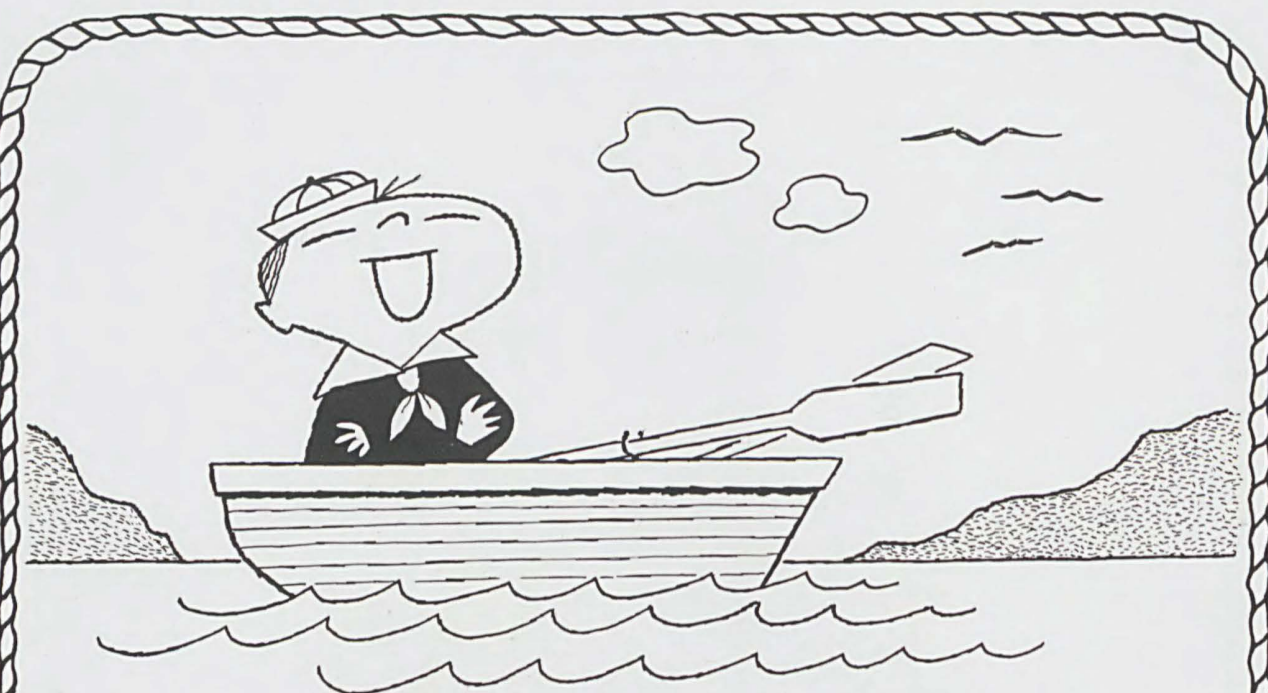


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in Marine Lubrication

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the Class of
1962

and the Cadet Corps of
Maine Maritime
Academy

SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY INC.
150 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.



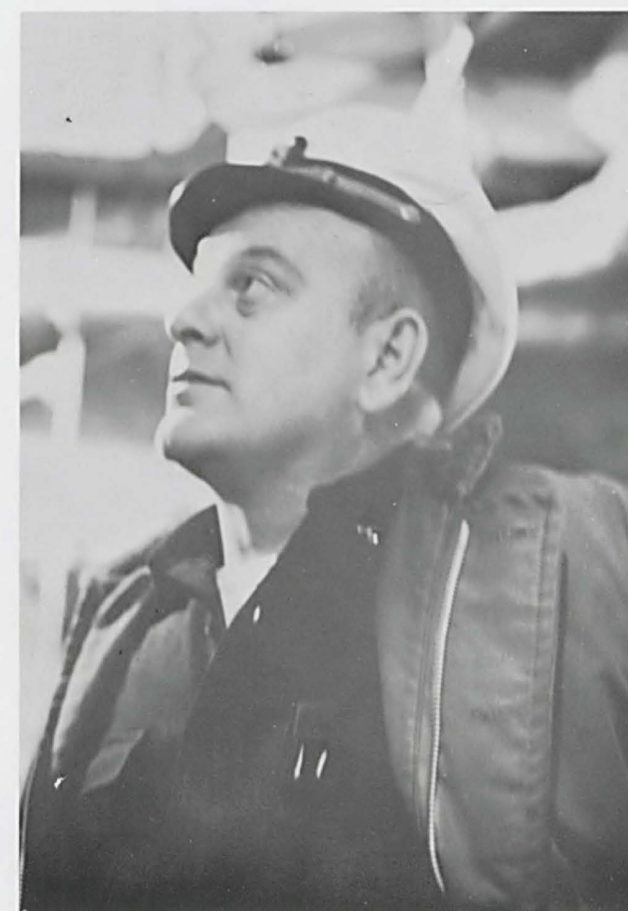
*Smooth Sailing 'board Ship
and Ashore
with*



C. A. BRIGGS COMPANY

19 BROOKS STREET, BRIGHTON 35 MASSACHUSETTS

To
CAPT. Parker Worrey



*With thanks for his help, friendship
and consideration*

The Class of 1962



WE'LL BE PROUD
TO MEET YOU ON
THE SEA ROUTES
OF THE WORLD

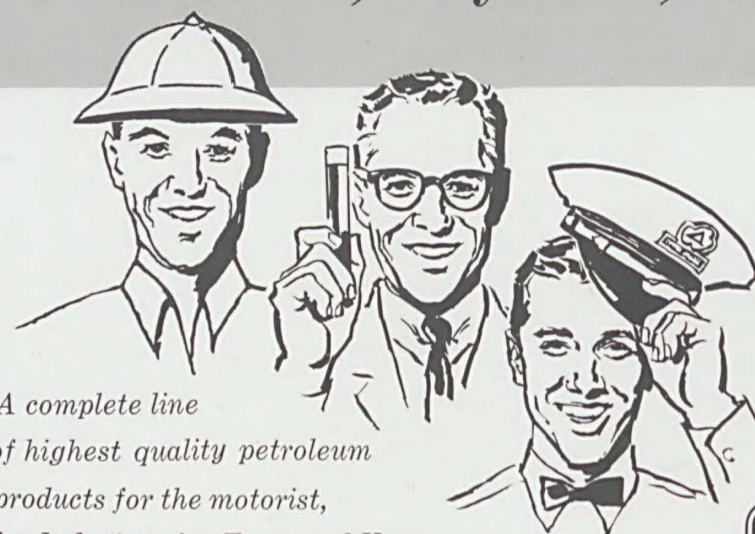
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General Offices: 30 St. James Avenue, Boston 16, Mass.

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GUATEMALA • HONDURAS • JAMAICA • NICARAGUA • PANAMA • THE BAHAMAS

Producers, Refiners, Marketers



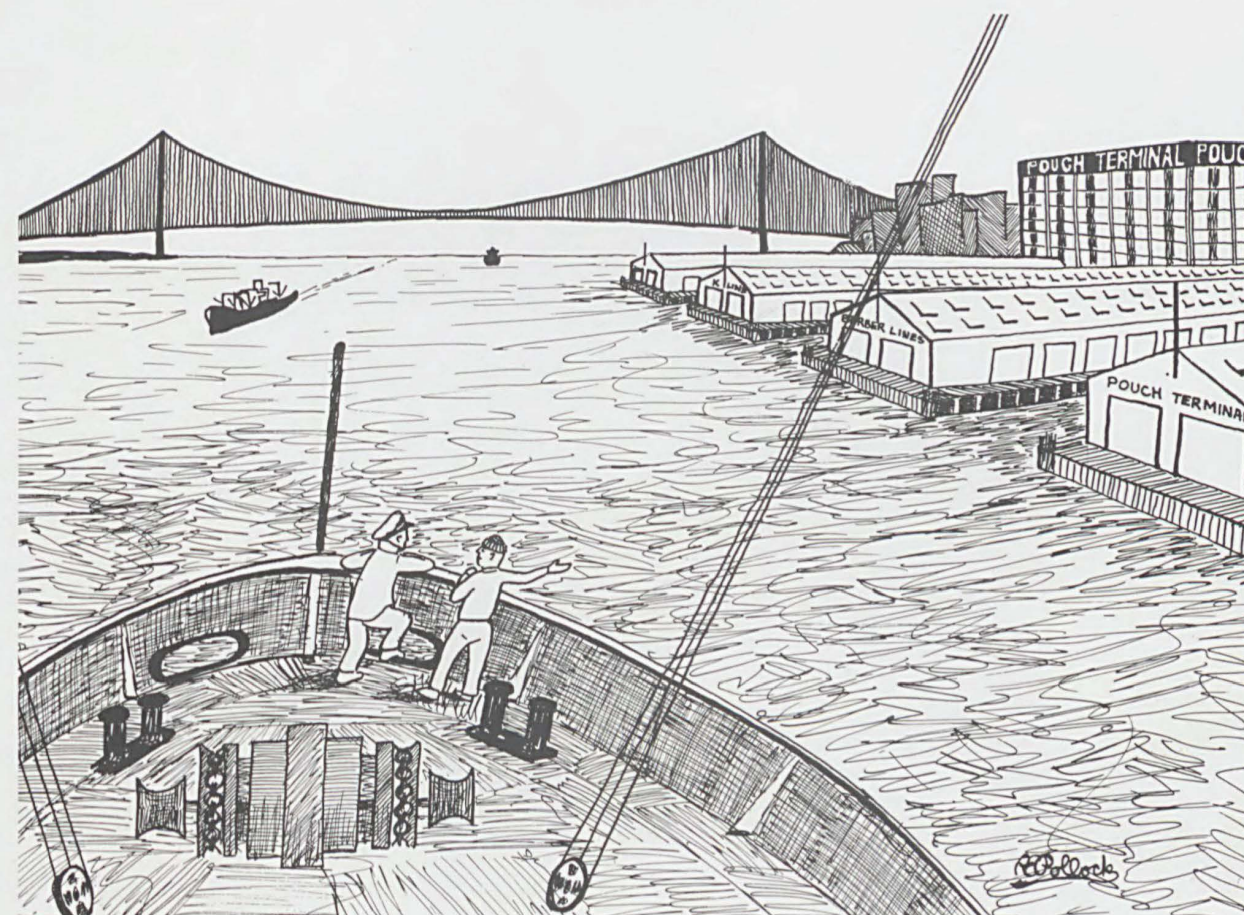
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of highest quality petroleum
products for the motorist,
for Industry, for Farm and Home.*



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Pouch Terminals

INCORPORATED



General Free & Bonded

STORAGE

Pier — Warehouse — Factory Space

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- Free Lighterage Limits ★
- ★ Storage in Transit
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EXECUTIVE OFFICES

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BOWLING GREEN 9-7950

Wayne S. Adams
W. H. Adams
Richard Ames
Mark Beck
Norman E. Barr
James Barr
Robert S. Bartok
Roy Bennett
Norman J. Brower
James M. Brennan
Edwin T. Cargin
Robert Schiarelli
Francis W. Chase
Garnet F. Colpitts
David R. Coniskee
Richard D. Counter
F. H. Bromley
John Arthur Cummings
Anthony James Damato
Harold S. Devitt III
Peter Deakas
Lennis W. Engle
Lawrence J. Feldman

B. Douglas Ferguson
Donald R. Fishi
Dominic J. Gentile
Jon M. Gilbert
Murray K. Gray
Theodore E. Gray
Roland Groden
Frank M. Hale
David E. Harrison
James C. Hathaway
John R. Hilton
Chester D. Hopkins III
Charles E. Hubbard
Charles A. Hiff, Jr.
C. W. Jacobsen
Raymond S. Jakubowicz
William A. Jeffries
Herbert A. Jones
Richard Robert Keimig
James W. Kingston
Stephen R. Kovacs
Mark E. Lane

Norman F. Laskay
Kenneth W. Linscott
Herbert Littlefield
Richard Whaw
John T. Maria
W. O. Masters
Terrence M. Kenney
James R. Murray
Walter W. Myers
David O'Donnell
Maurice S. Oliver III
William J. O'Reilly
Richard Plaisted
Ross Pollock
Robert H. Pouch
Louis H. Profumo
Ernest J. Propp
Robert H. Ransom
Edward Richhelm
Harry M. Reid
Thomas P. Reynolds
Philip C. Rich
Russell M. Rogers

Joseph San Martin
Daniel E. Schroppe
Alan D. Scott
Sheldon D. Skolfield
David C. Smith
Newell N. Smith
Robert W. Smith
John R. Stratton
Sullivan, George
Craig M. Swenberg
Peter C. Tanell
Walter B. Taylor
Kenneth M. Tobens
Paul R. Tracy
Thomas H. Wake
David A. Weston
Gary K. Wheaton
Gary E. Whitney
David C. Witham
Robert A. Wood
David L. Wood
Forrest E. Wright
James E. Zedaka



Official
UNIFORMS and
EQUIPMENT

FOR

U. S. Navy

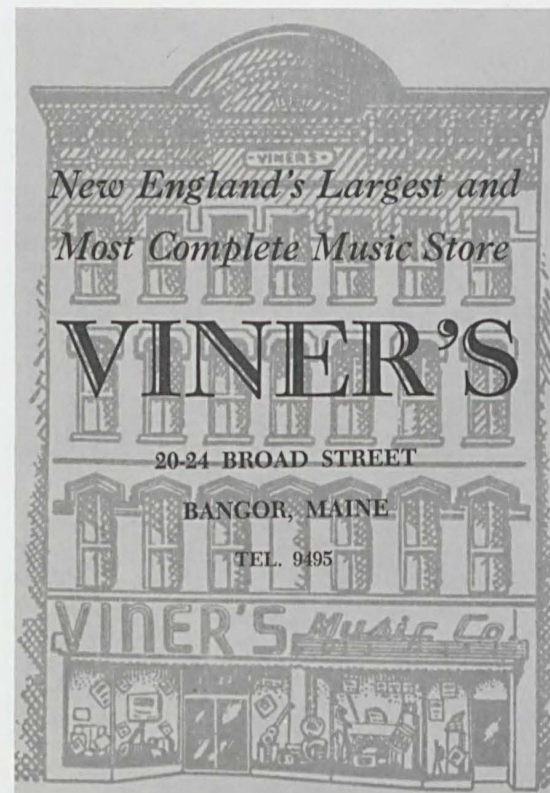
U. S. Coast Guard

U. S. Maritime Service

M. L. FRENCH & SON

196 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR — MAINE



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HOLMES ELECTRIC SUPPLY
COMPANY

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Portland, Maine

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PRODUCE

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Bangor, Maine



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Tel. 469-3105

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Dining Room

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and Banquets

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from

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Bangor, Maine

LOOK HOLSUM BE HOLSUM

BUY

HOLSUM BREAD

JOHN J. NISSEN

BAKING CORPORATION

Bangor - Brewer, Maine

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FROM

Coca-Cola
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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BANGOR :: MAINE

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R. B. DUNNING & CO.

Bangor, Maine



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the U. S.
with 16 services
to 22 countries and
89 ports



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UNITED KINGDOM
- TRI-CONTINENT SERVICE BETWEEN
EUROPE • THE 3 COASTS
OF THE U. S. • FAR EAST
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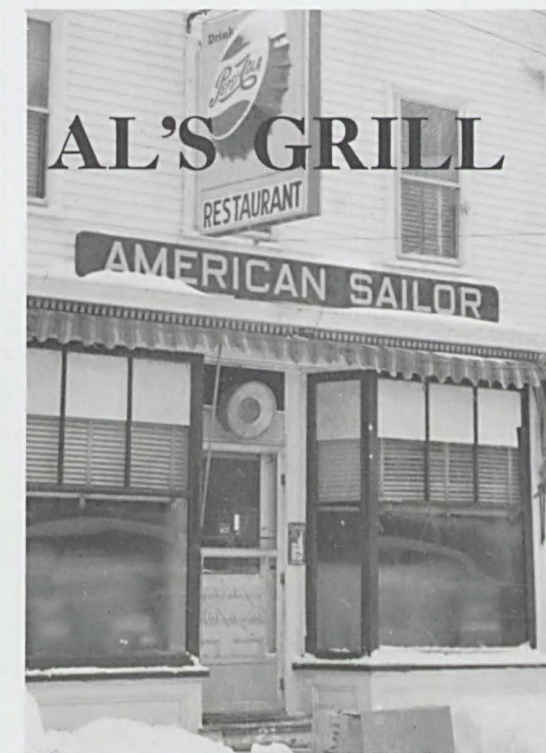
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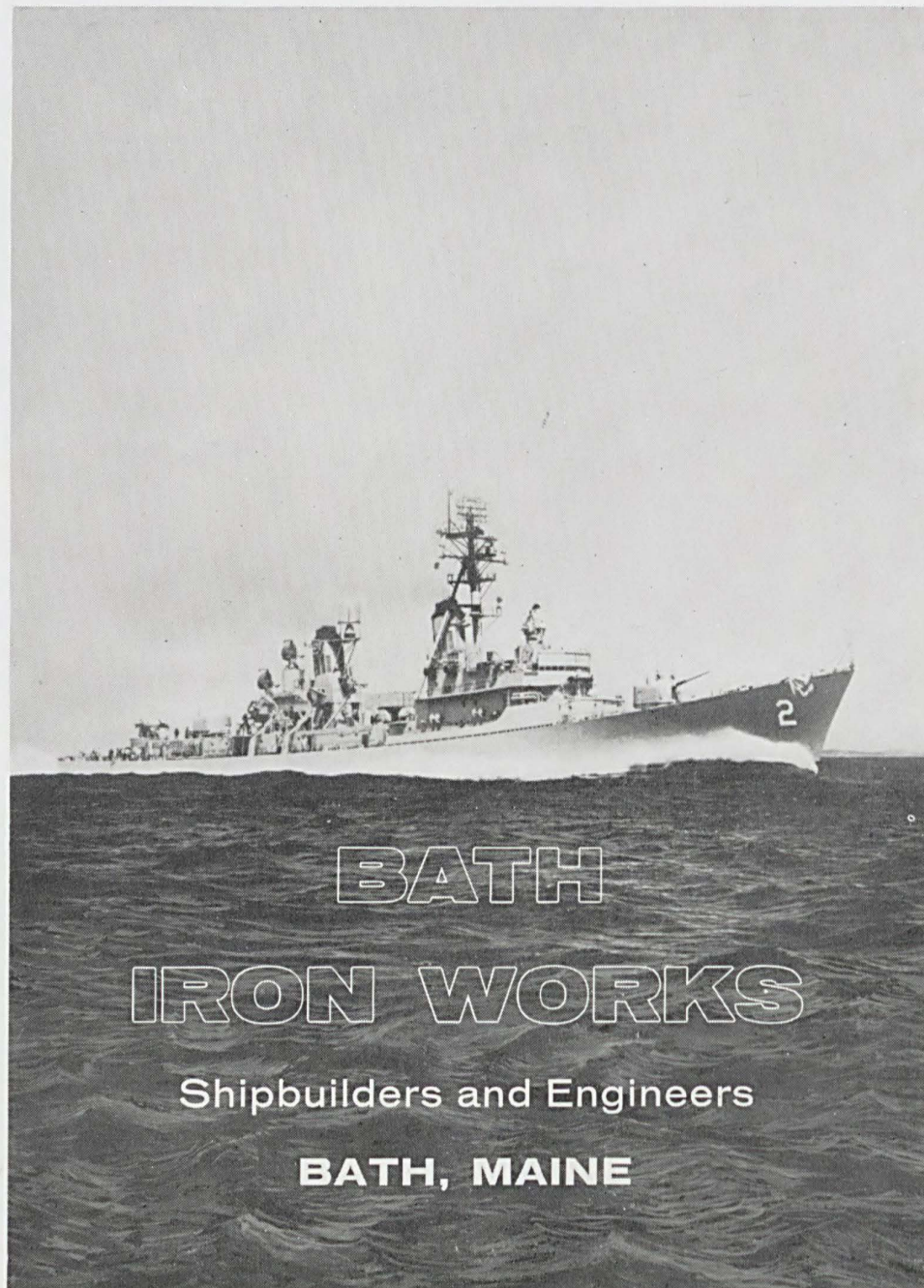
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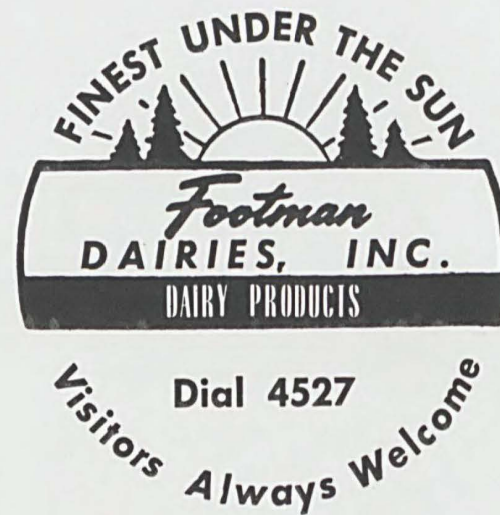
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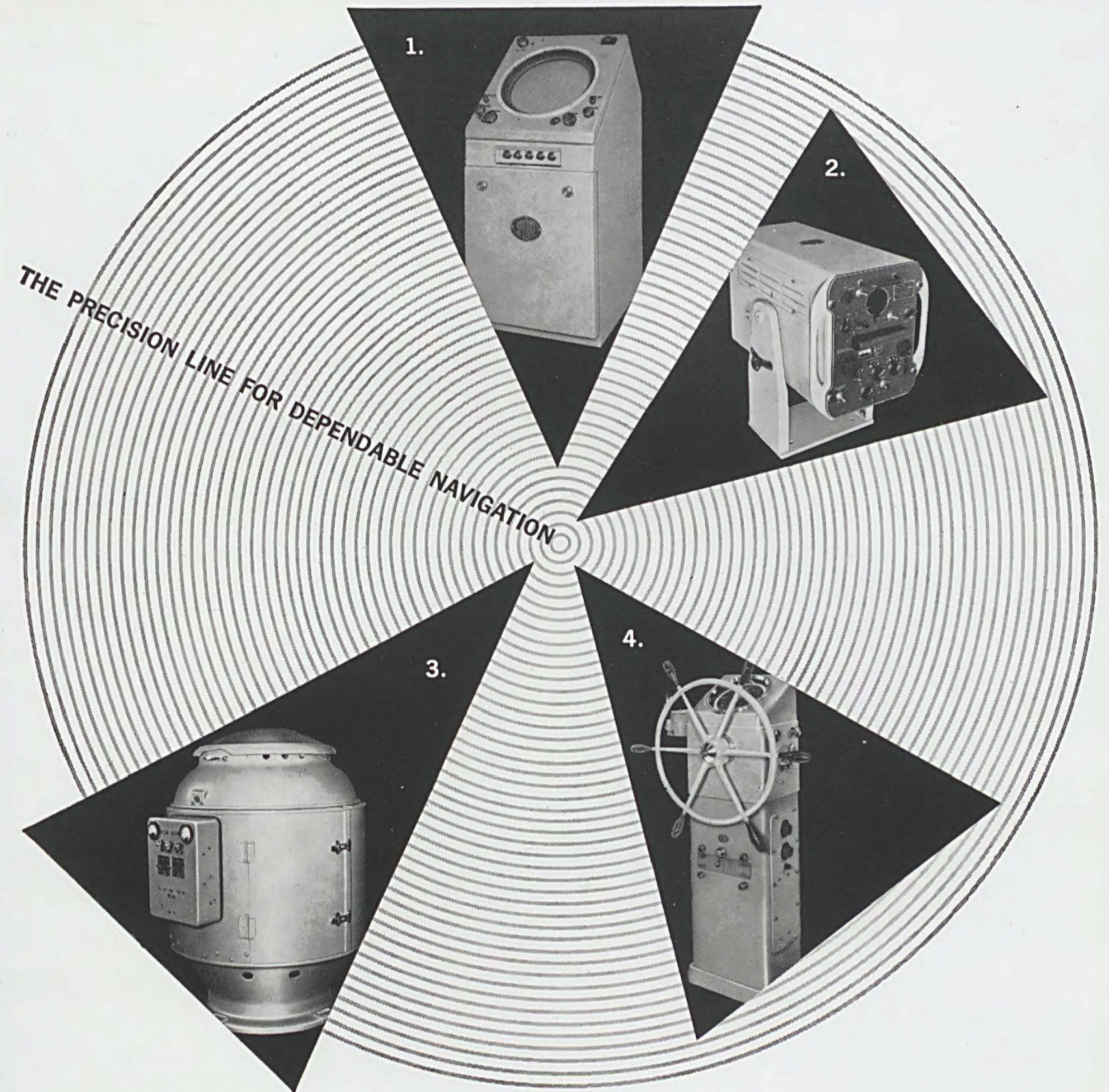
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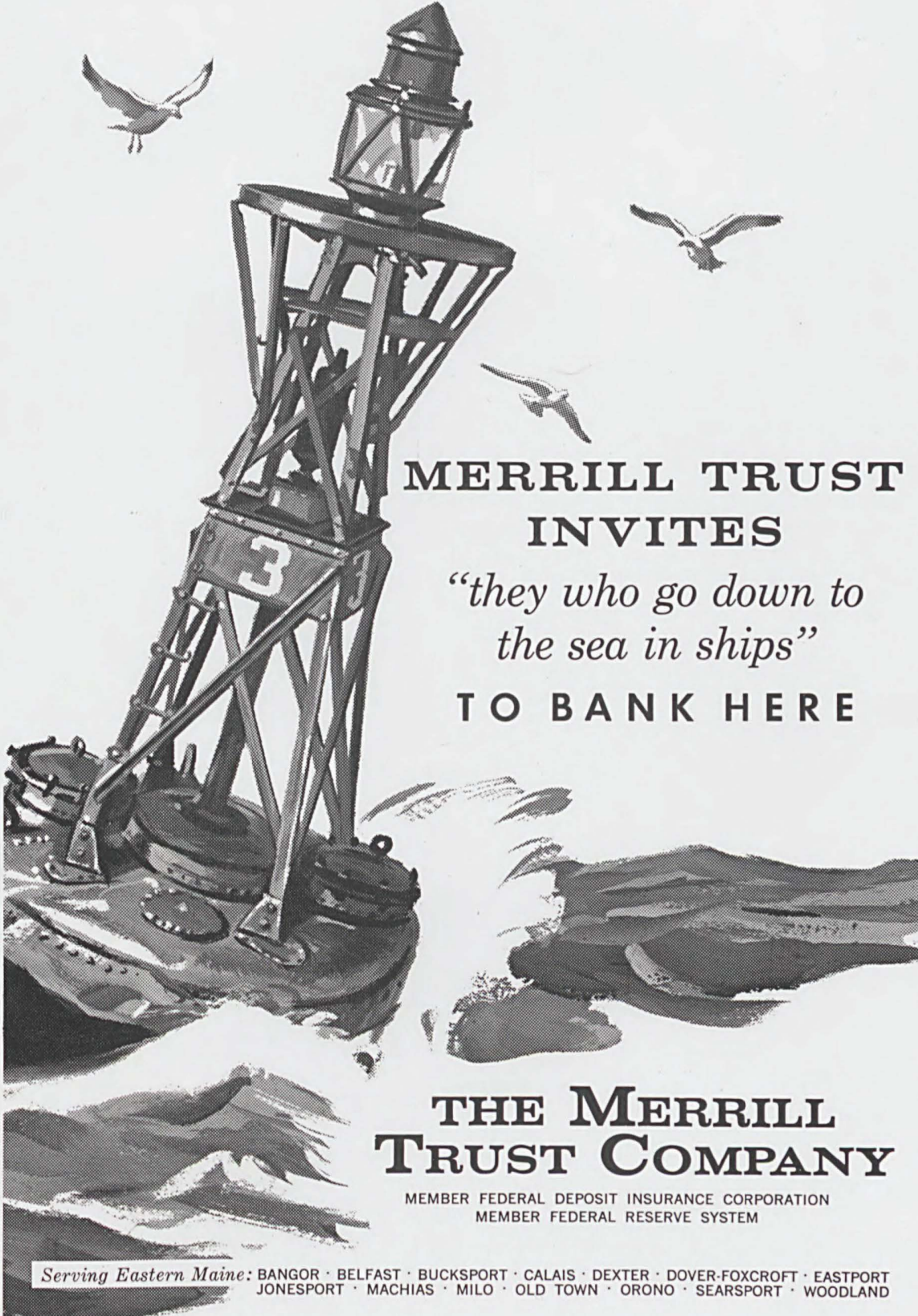
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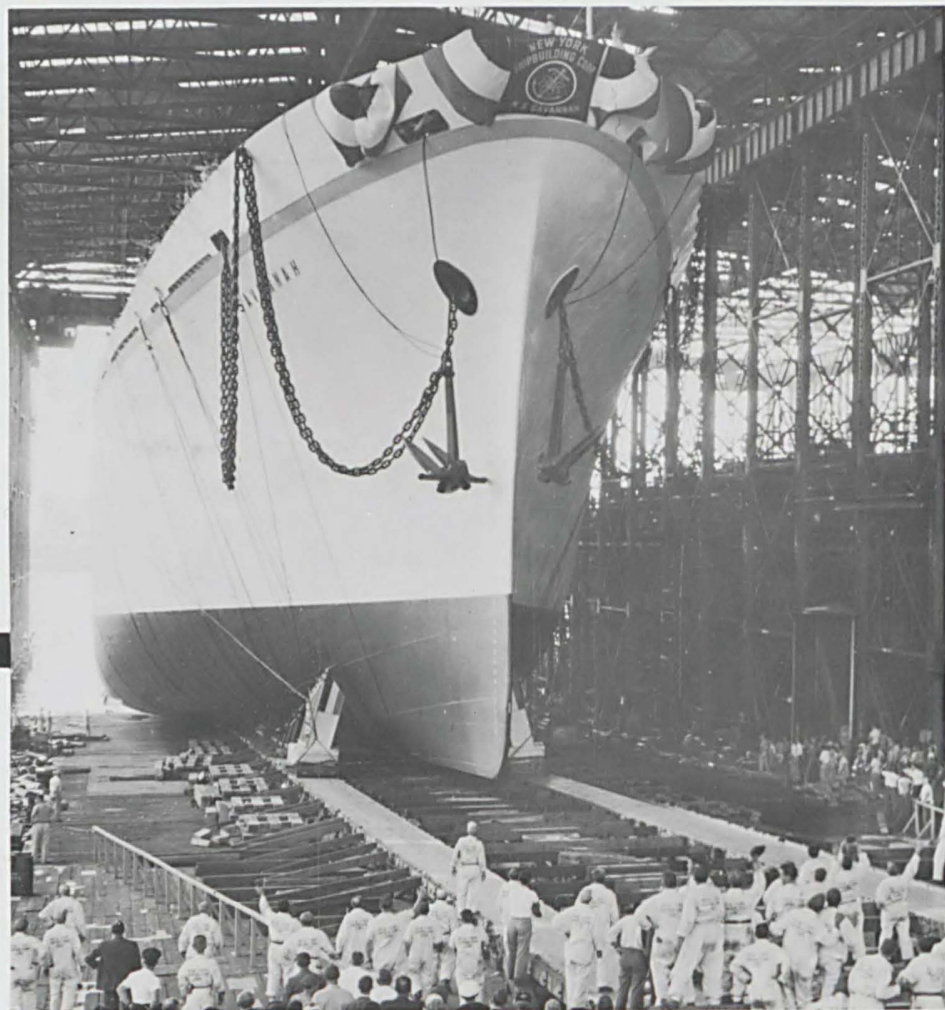
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We would like to thank all those who did so much to help us to prepare this book for publication, especially the following individuals and corporations who very kindly consented to allow us to use one or more photographs: Miss Lillian White, Mid'n Donald Fiske, Mr. William Coombs, U.S. Maritime Administration, Mid'n Alen Scott, Mid'n Norman Brouwer, Mr. Stan Trott, Mr. Phil Farr, Mid'n Forrest Wright, Port of New York Authority, New York Shipbuilding and Drydock Corp., Bangor Daily News, Moran Towing Company, Mid'n Russel Wuesterfeld, Sparrows Point Yard of the Bethlehem Steel Company, Socony Vacuum, U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings, Mid'n Frank Hale, *All Hands*, Esso International Inc., Maryland Shipbuilding and Drydock Corp., and Mr. F. LeVan.

