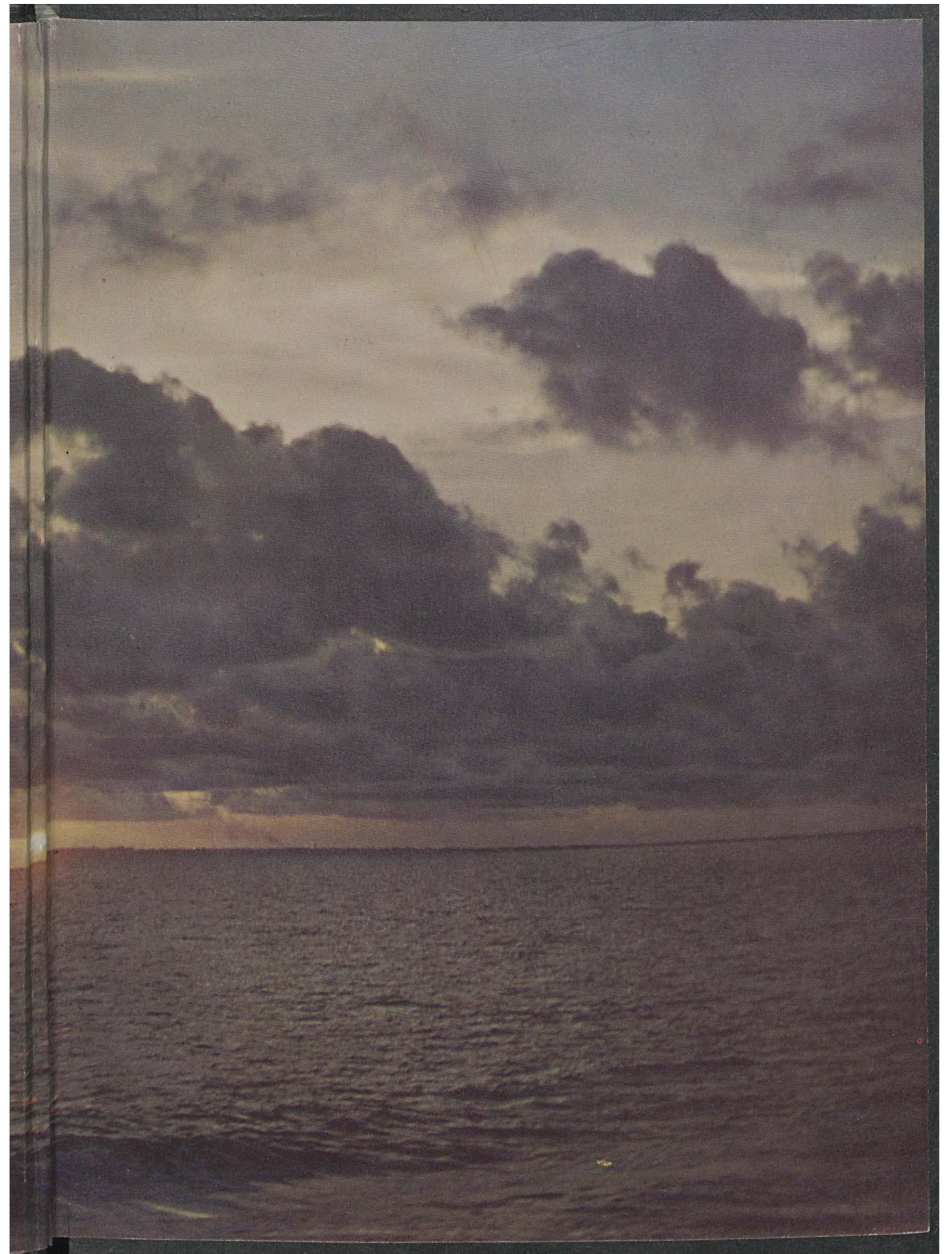
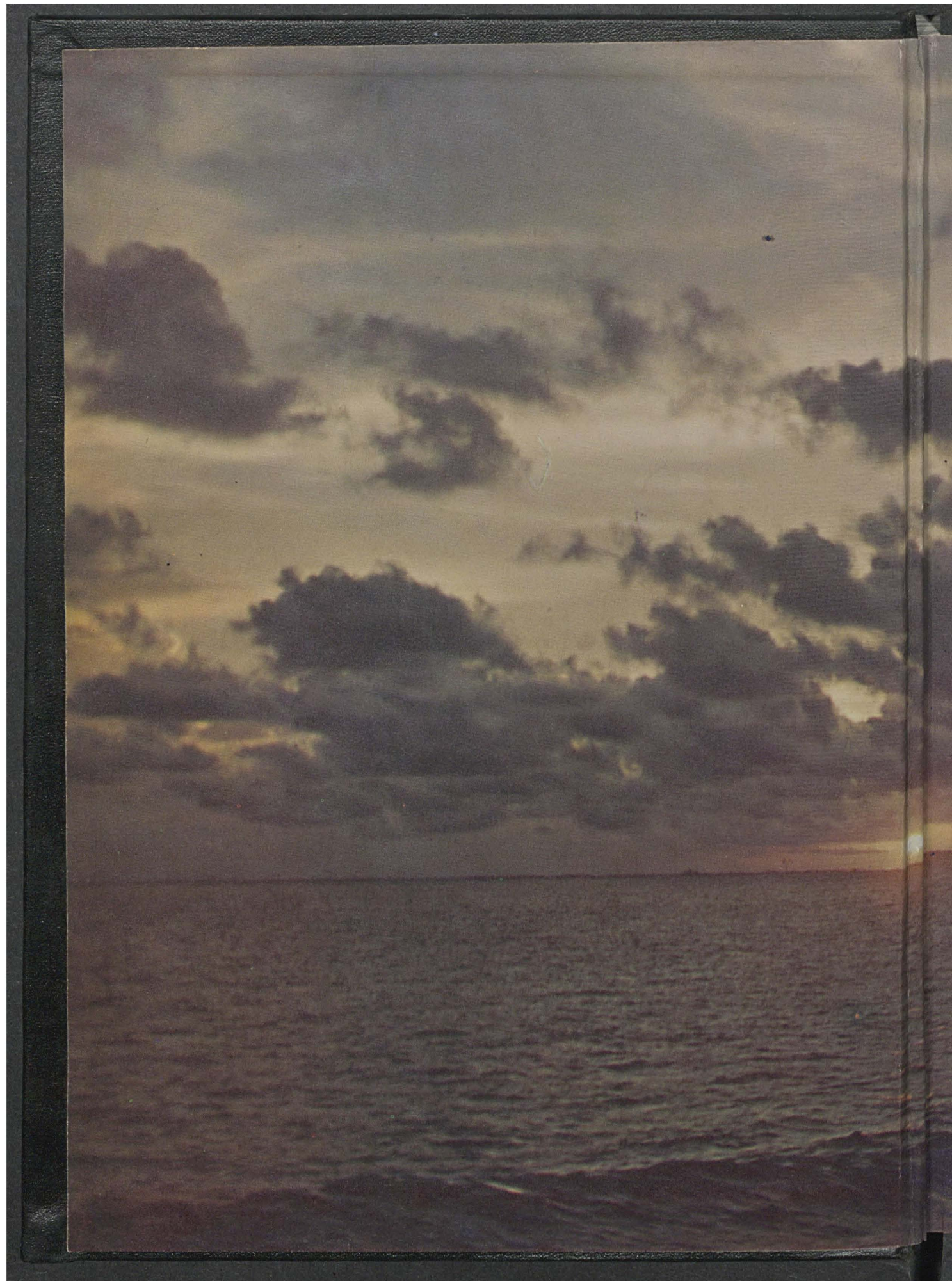


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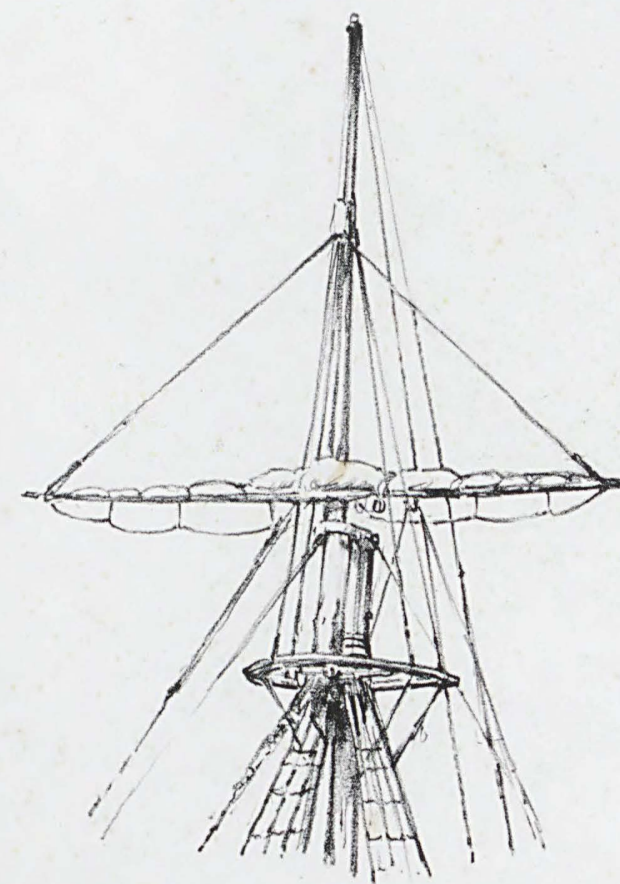
THOMAS N. TURNER
Editor

GEORGE P. LUDDY
Co-Editor

THOMAS F. BROWN
Business Manager

LT. HOWARD C. JORDAN
Advisor

LORENCE F. BJORKLUND
Illustrator



21st Graduating Class



TRICK'S END



DEDICATION

To you, Colonel Herbert, we the Class of 1964 respectfully dedicate our yearbook for your personal interest shown to each one of us throughout the four trying years.

Your untiring effort in securing financial aid for so many should not go unmentioned within this dedication.

Our most prominent occasion with you was the cruise to Beaumont when we mothballed the old ship and transferred to New Orleans to take over the **S.S. Ancon**. It was during this time that the many obstacles we encountered were successfully hurdled in the best interests of both the Academy and the class through your leadership.

We only experienced your leadership for a part of the many years of your service to the Academy in the capacity of Superintendent, Executive Officer, and Finance Officer, but we believe every graduate of this institution would be enthusiastic to join with us in our feelings.

In the short period of time that you have been acting Superintendent during our Senior year, you have shown us how to make things work. Your attention to the little details (like letting Thanksgiving leave go on time) is what makes for good morale and good leadership.

We sincerely hope that you will continue your outstanding service for many years to come, and, indeed, it has been a pleasure to be your shipmate.

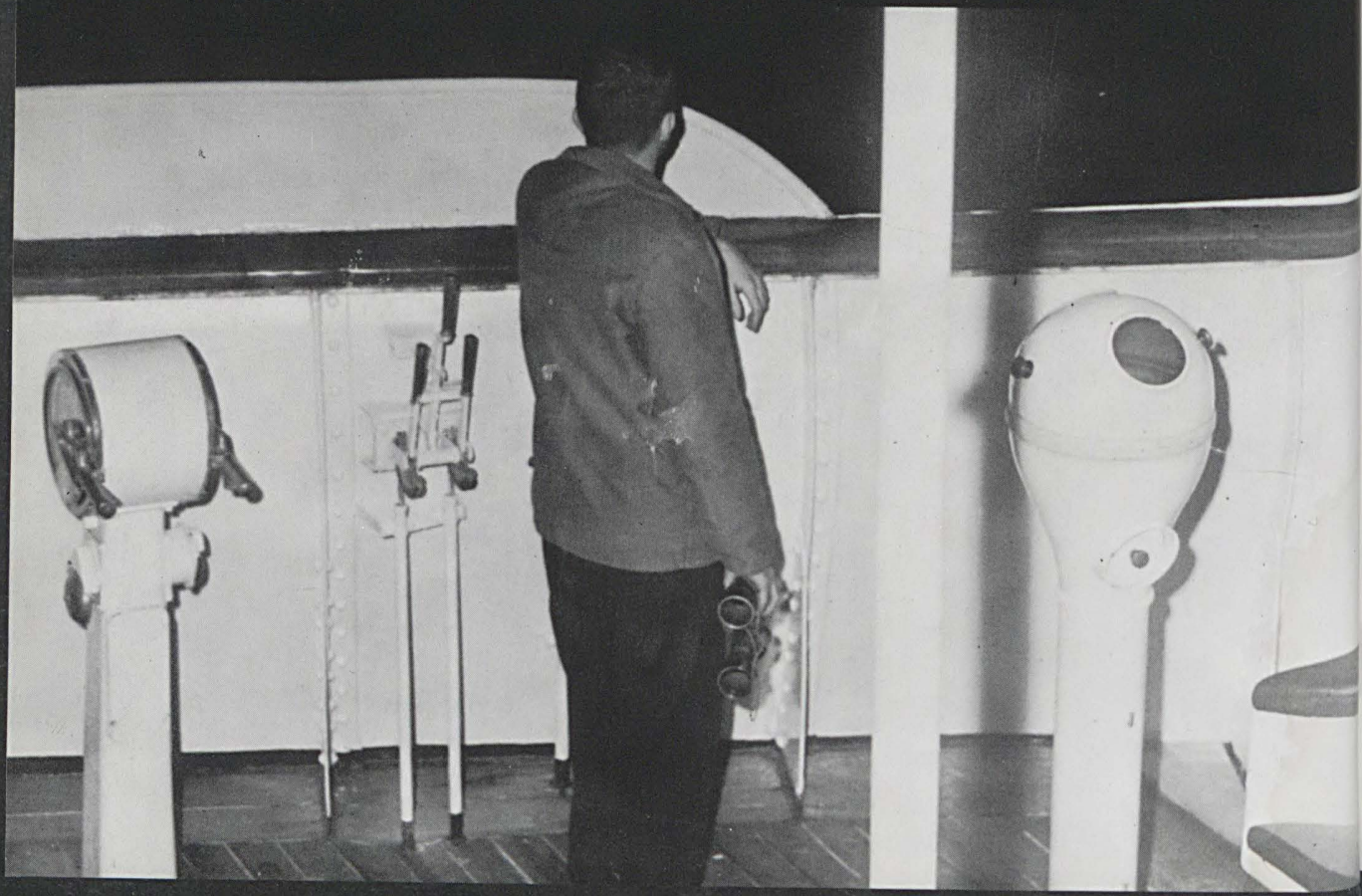


CLARE J. HERBERT
Finance Officer
Lieutenant Colonel USAFR

It is with great pleasure that the staff presents the 1964 Trick's End. It is the ideal of this book to give an objective view of our four years at Maine Maritime Academy.

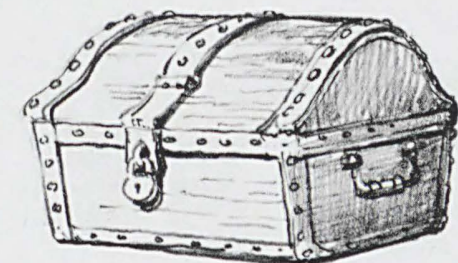
This book strives to be a testament signifying not an end but a beginning. Reflecting in its pages a growing period in our lives in which we have prepared ourselves for the greater tasks that lie ahead. Recalling the mistakes and achievements that we have made at M.M.A. and so learning from them and using this learning to good advantage in the future work and goals that we take up. We should be ready to pass this learning along in proper fashion to all those who can use, need, and accept it. May we heed the advice of our instructors and make a proper judgement of its validity. Learning well our chosen profession so we will strive continuously to maintain the fact that we are the best possible product of this teaching, so that we create a record of deeds that will always contain the best that we are possibly able to produce and which we are proud to be accredited for. May we stand firm in the things that we believe in and for no reason be intimidated to disregard these things, always striving to improve everything we become concerned with. May we stand as the best and most vigorous class that has ever graduated, not content with the mediocre but always striving for new horizons and new worlds to conquer.

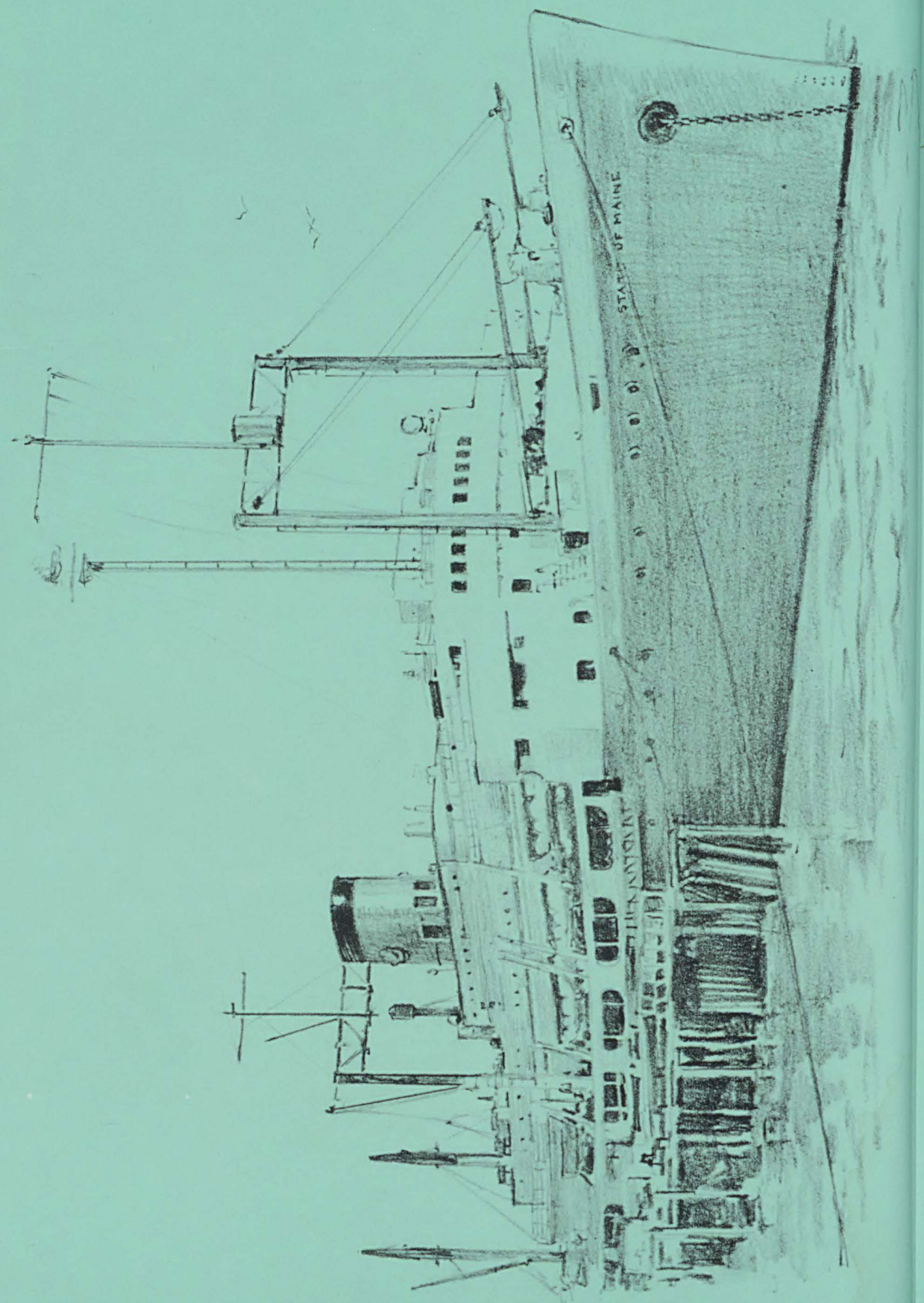
With graduation we have conquered one world and are standing on the threshold of another which offers us unheard of tremendous new challenges. Let us launch ourselves out on new seas of challenges — brave and bold and each ready to conquer to his own ideal of satisfaction and success. This is the test of a man and his duty to his school, to himself, and to humanity.



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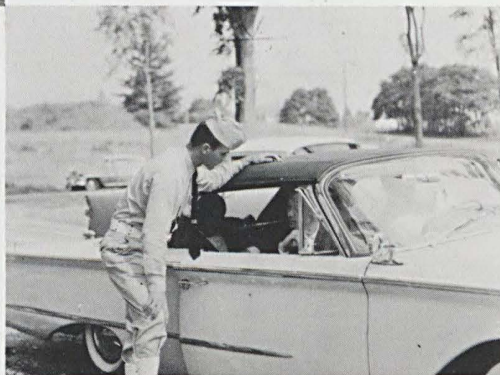


We step through a door into a new life — the rigors of the best Maritime Academy in the country — which is marching and cleaning and running and "Yes, sir" and "No excuse, sir." There is no argument for we are mere mugs — the lowest thing on earth. We have all our God given rights as a man taken away from us and doled out one by one throughout the year as privileges. For it will take a year of mug life before we can begin to call ourselves men — this turns out to be a very true statement.

FRESHMAN

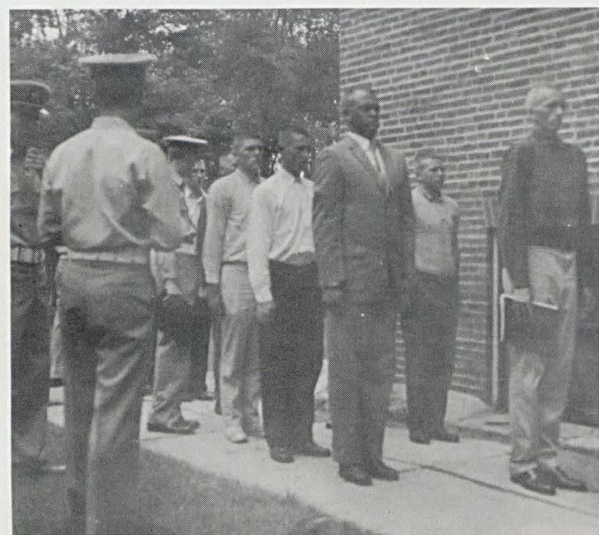


The Harp arrives on the scene all primed for college life.



Here comes double trouble — the Brown brothers invade M.M.A.

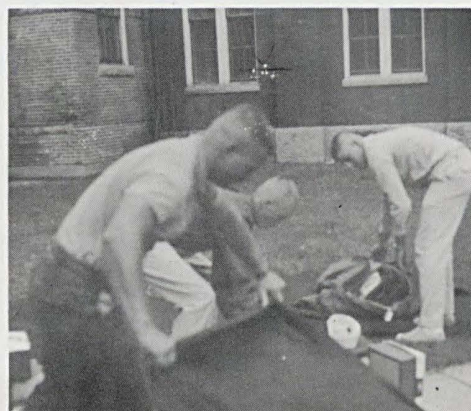
There was a vast difference between dream and reality on that day August, but it was only a short step through the door. It was a quick change between the dress whites of the dream and the calloused scratching of dungarees. You had 4 answers and many thoughts. It was march, run, soogie, brace, one hand chins, double time it, faster, faster! The only dream now was to sleep even this was tough in your new home where you share a room with thirty guys. But you forgot your dreams and you struggled, fought and accepted reality — or quit.



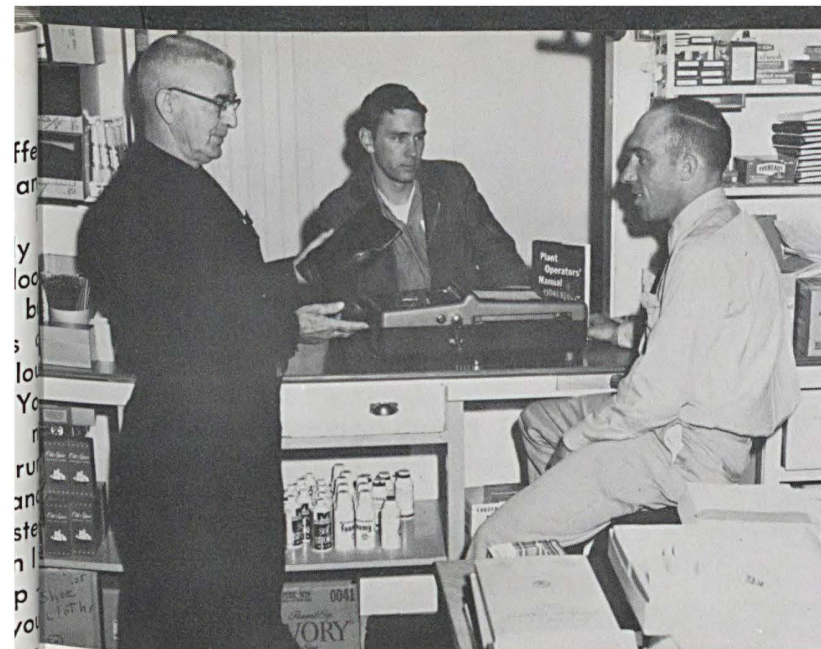
Brand new! Ken, Tub, George, Eastwood, Berebue, Bill.



Welcoming Committee.



Which way to the Boat, er — Ship?



The New Lloyd's when we had time to chat. (Lloyd, Tom, Phill).

The Old Lloyd's when they pushed us through.



We were pushed (as never before) through the tailor's, Lloyd's and sick bay so fast we hardly remembered where they were. Later though, we came to know the "Chief," Lloyd, and Phil very well with their constant stream of new merchandise and colored pills.



WILLIAM F. CHESSE
Medical Officer
Lieutenant (jg) M.M.A.

Never a bad word was spoken against the captain of the "Brighton Train."

FRANCIS B. MUNGER
Head Medical Officer
Lieutenant (jg) M.M.A.

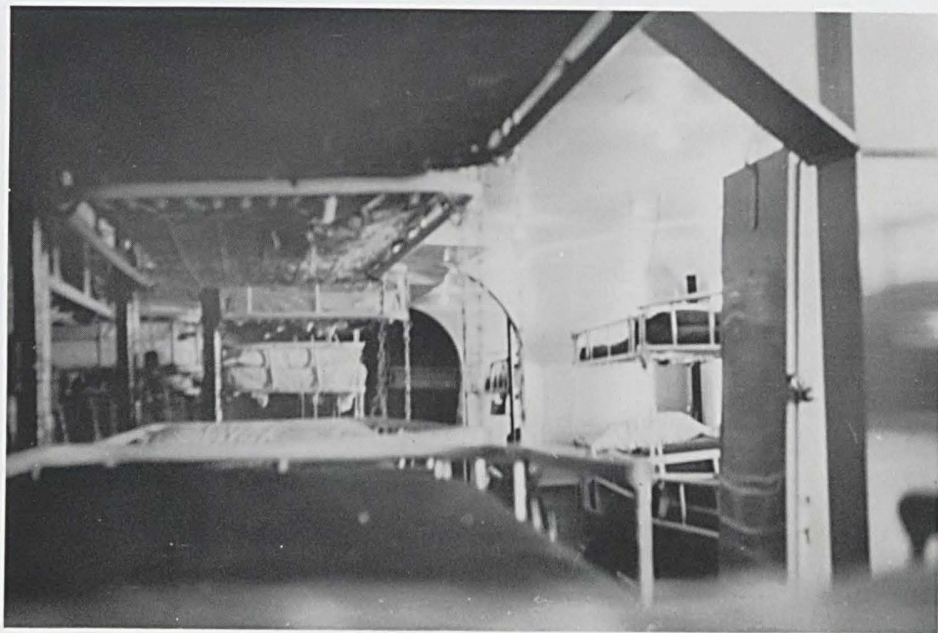
Always good for comic relief old "Tuddy" was a friend to all.





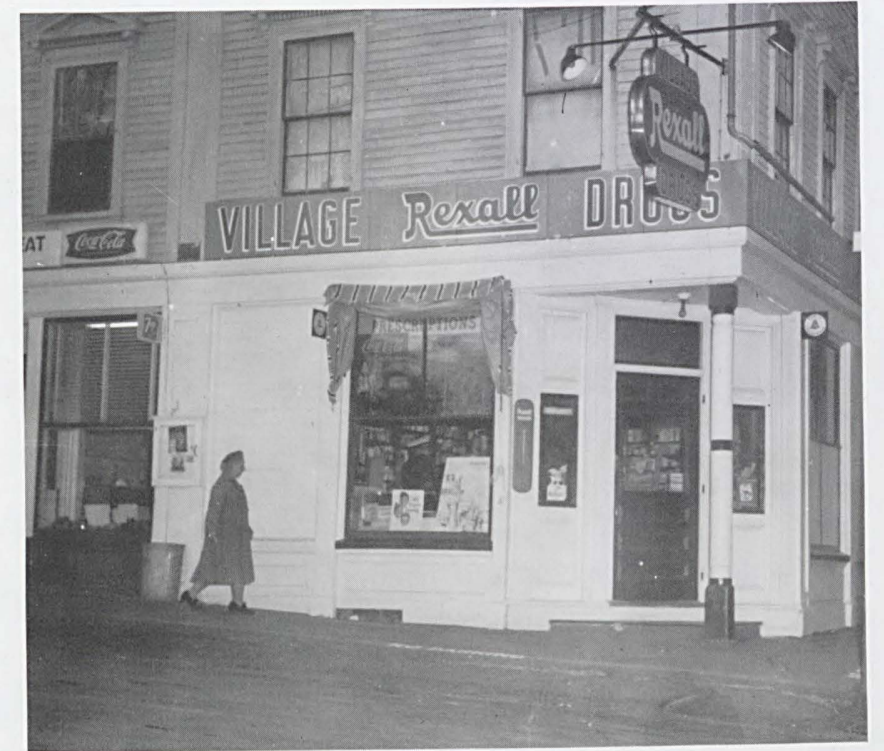
W
(af

Off to agony.



Lead me to it!

Where we went on our first local
(after shaving 10 times).



To become a familiar sight.

Senior's haunt.





Admiral's Tea

By now we had learned much of what Commander Erb hadn't told us about the school. We had even been out on the town once which was like meeting Liz Taylor on a desert isle. In a few days we were to be swallowed by classes and the demerit system in one gulp.

WILLIAM H. ERB
Director of Admissions
Commander U.S.N.R.

The man who was most responsible for our coming to M.M.A. and our leaving M.M.A. was Commander Erb. As director of admissions he was the one who played up the dress whites and played down the dirty dungarees when we were innocent applicants. That he does his job well is testified to every year when the reporting freshmen show up tennis racket and bermuda shorts in hand.

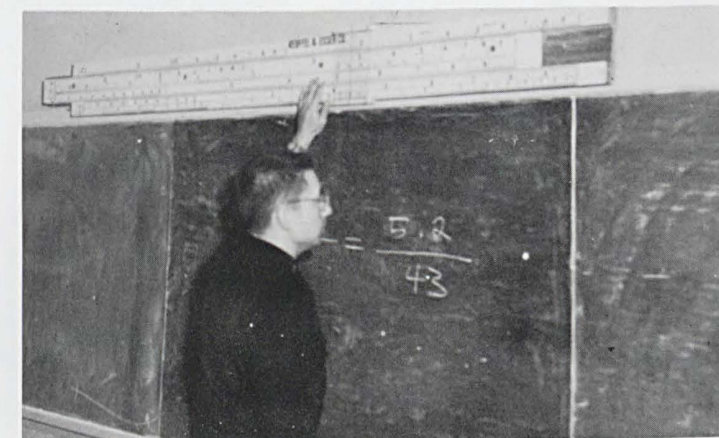
Those who survive the initial shock and go on to complete the four years, come in contact with Commander Erb again when they are seniors. Now it is the involved job of securing pictures and filling out Coast Guard and Navy application papers. This tedious task is a necessary prerequisite to graduation and signifies that four years of hard work will shortly be coming to an end.



First Inspection.



First Class — Rocking Bob are you for real?





ROBERT H. ATWOOD
Mathematics
Lieutenant M.M.A.

"Attention on Deck" and in walked Lt. (jg) "Rocking Bobby" Atwood. We soon discovered our Math instructor to be easy going and good natured, a trait which made him liked and dinked by all. Holding a B.A. from the University of Maine, Bob did his best to pound some algebra into our stubborn tricky little heads. In the end, we all had grasped the rudiments and had a good time doing it.

Never one to complain about too much work, Bob was head of the ship's store and laundry on the cruises. His efficient management of both these departments, (which provided a great many headaches) kept us supplied with clean clothes and ice cream. We will always have a fond spot in our hearts for the one and only "Rocking Bob."

JOHN R. McCANN
International Relations
Lieutenant M.M.A.



Almost attracting more attention than the entering class, John McCann arrived at M.M.A. in 1960 fresh from Anzio Beach. As our freshman English instructor he struck terror into our young hearts. Holding an A.B.A. from Nichols College, a B.S. from Boston University and a C.P.O. from the U.S. Navy, John was Mr. Military. His stories of giant blockbusters and terrible flame throwers received immediate acclaim throughout the school.

Later as our Sophomore international relations instructor and eventually assistant head of the Military Department, the life and legend of John McCann kept growing in proportion. The Class of 1964 will never forget him, for it was our class that most understood him.

Perhaps one of the saltiest and most liked instructors at the Academy is Capt. John Fordan. Prior to coming to M.M.A. Capt. Fordan sailed with Grace Lines for 25 years, 13 of which were as Master of passenger and freighter vessels. These many years of experience have equipped the Captain with an unequalled repertoire of sea stories. Many times he has been able to illustrate theoretical points with actual experiences. These tales have added the bit of spice which always make his classes interesting.

As a watch stander on the cruises he has probably imparted more practical experience to the deckman than anyone else. But deckman or engineer, there is no one in the class who would not like to just spend hours shooting the bull with Capt. Fordan. Here is one who is always ready to lend a helping hand, be it aboard the *Ruthel* or anywhere else.



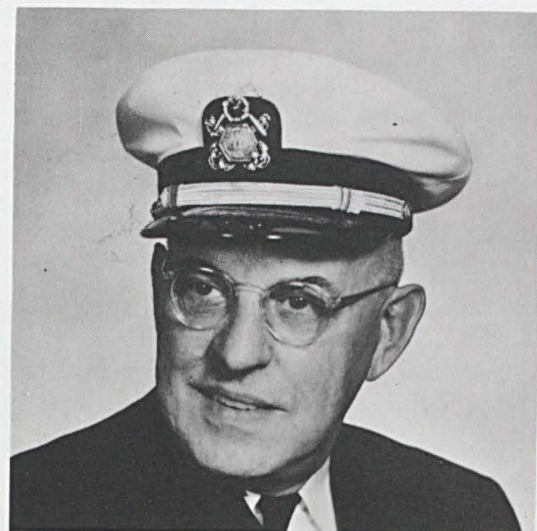
JOHN T. FORDAN
Seamanship
Captain M.M.A.

DAVID G. BUCHANAN
Assistant to X. O.
Lieutenant (jg) M.M.A.



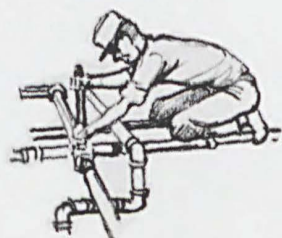
Though he was not present during our freshman year, Mr. Buchanan was always looking out for us our remaining three years at the Academy. As assistant to the executive officer, Dave came into his glory when Capt. Nutting assumed that position. Being in charge of the freshmen our Junior year, Mr. B. played a major part in the issuing of the greatest number of demerits in the school's history. One could always count on Mr. Buchanan to be in complete agreement with the present policies of the school.

But we will always remember Dave as a guy who was always ready to shoot the breeze or play some cards with the boys.



LT. TRIBOU
Our Protector.

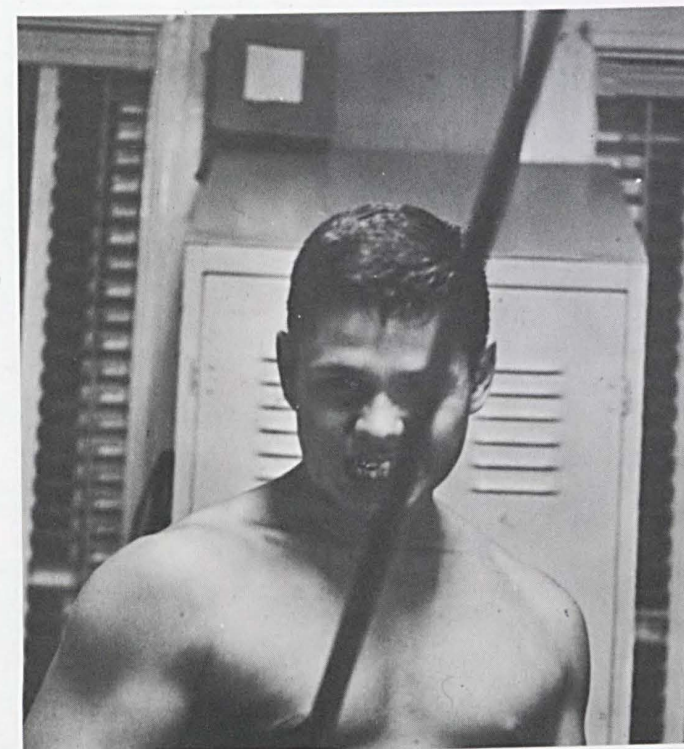
The combination of demerit restriction, academic restriction, and duty made it seem as if we were spending one hundred percent of our time in Castine. This, we were told, should be looked on as a privilege, to be able to serve M.M.A. in such a way as cleaning bilges, decks, bulkheads, seniors rooms, and so on. What else could you think of to do on a weekend?



Muster Liberty Party.
Bob, Dave, Tom, Bob-ber, Rhino.



Those few of us who did manage to depart from this hallowed town and who could remember or invent other things to do besides clean, sometimes questioned the advisability of these decisions — especially on Sunday nights. For in the back of our fog-filled minds we knew we must return. So did Mr. Goodwin and he was always willing to explain (in no uncertain terms) to us why we loved the corps. "Gentlemen, this week we go back in leggings!"



What you came back to.



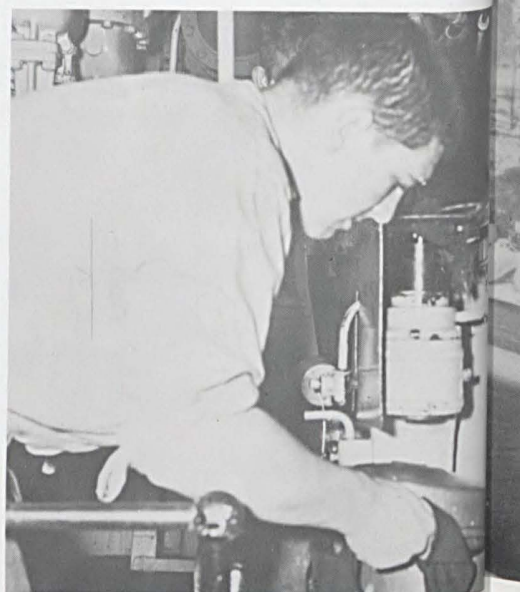
Some went home — Mike, Bill.

View
from
the pen.

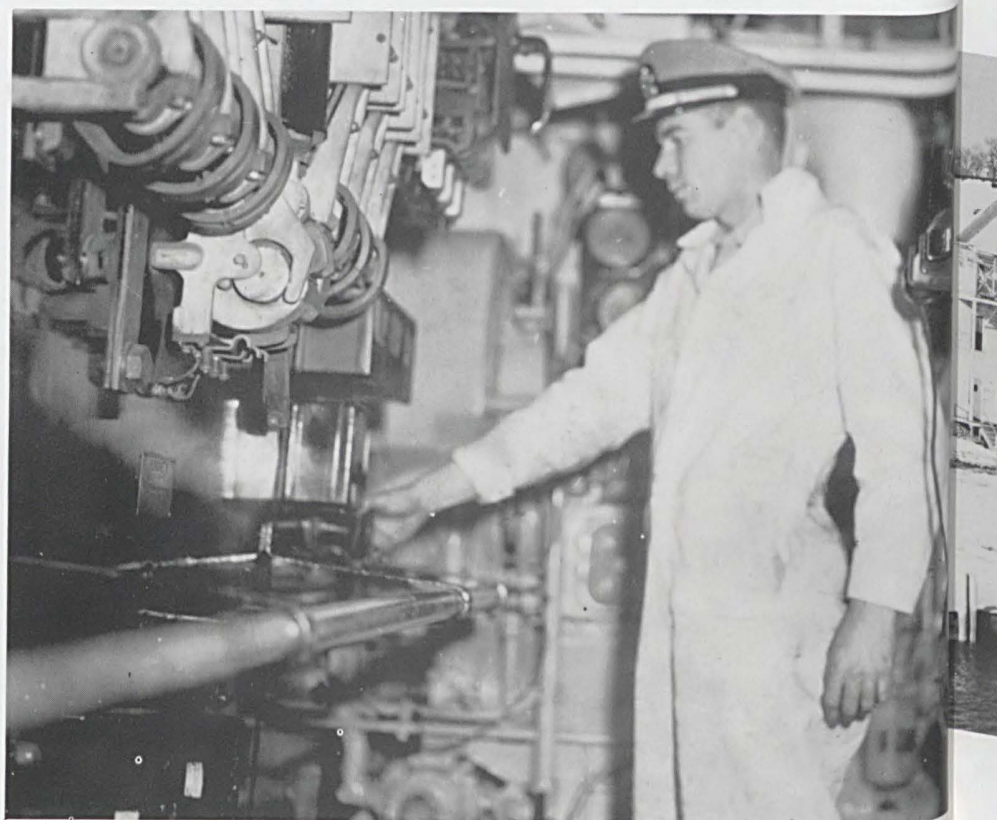




John shows us how.



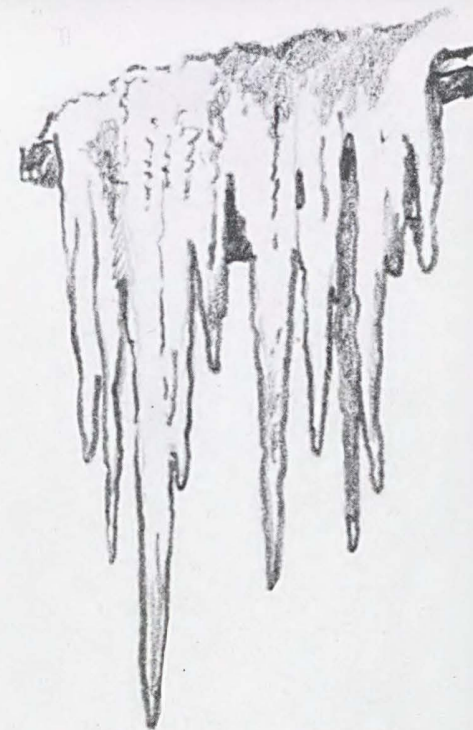
Lou checks the purifier.



Marv checks emergency diesel.

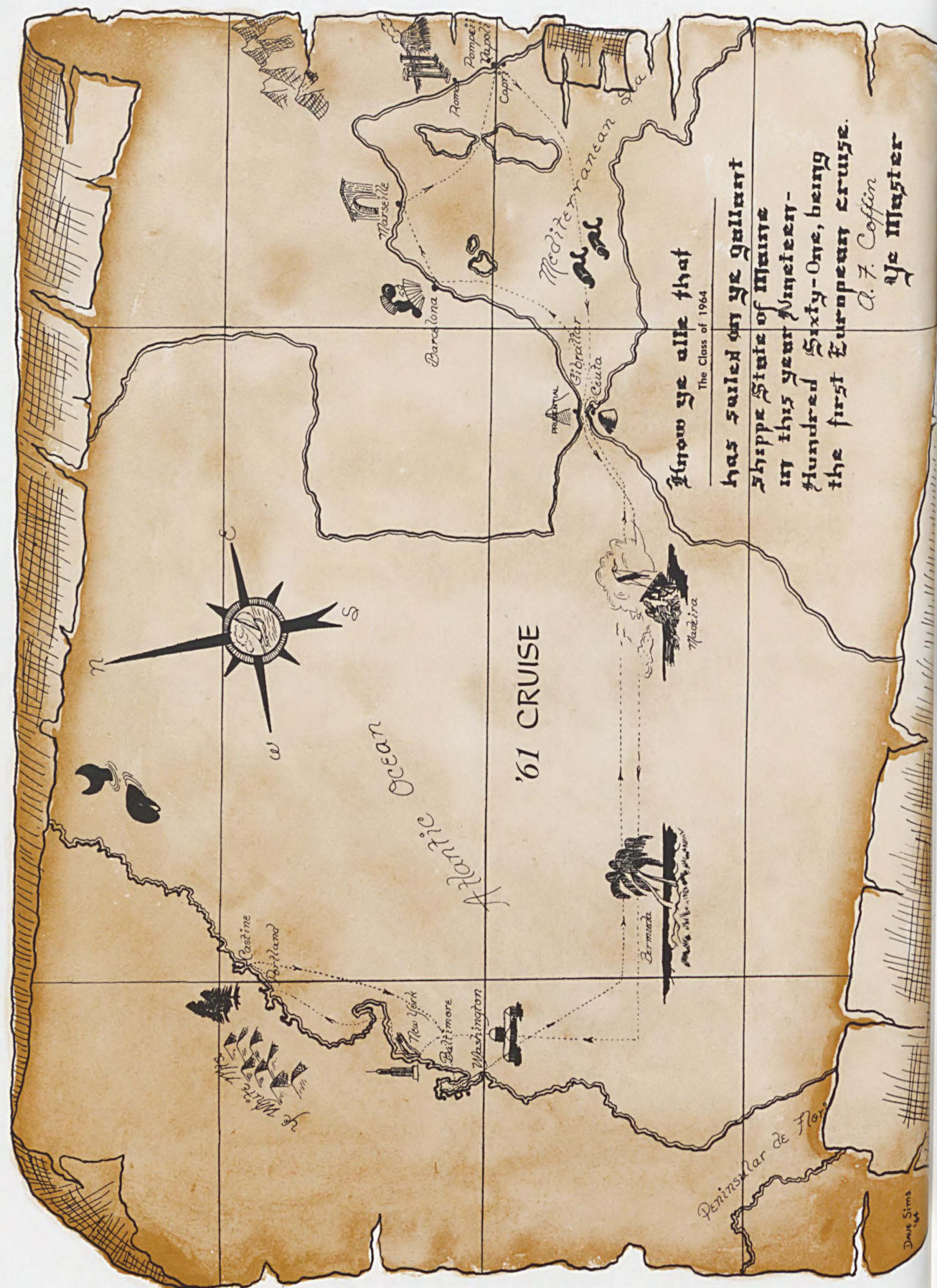


Christmas View for The Messenger.
(Cood is checking out the ship).



Winter in Castine.

The coming of winter heralded the end of semester #1 and the beginning of cruise #1. We had heard much about "The Cruise" and looked forward to it with mixed emotions of anticipation and fear. The last few months the big thing that had been held over our heads (if we should think to hesitate to comply with upperclass bidding) was "The Cruise." Here we were really going to get it! For now, however, the only thing we carried over our heads were boxes of "soda" as we prepared to head for the Mediterranean.



Know ye alle that
 The Class of 1964
 has sailed on ye gallant
 Shippe State of Maine
 in this year Nineteen-
 Hundred Sixty-One, being
 the first European Cruise.
 R. F. Coffin
 Ye Master

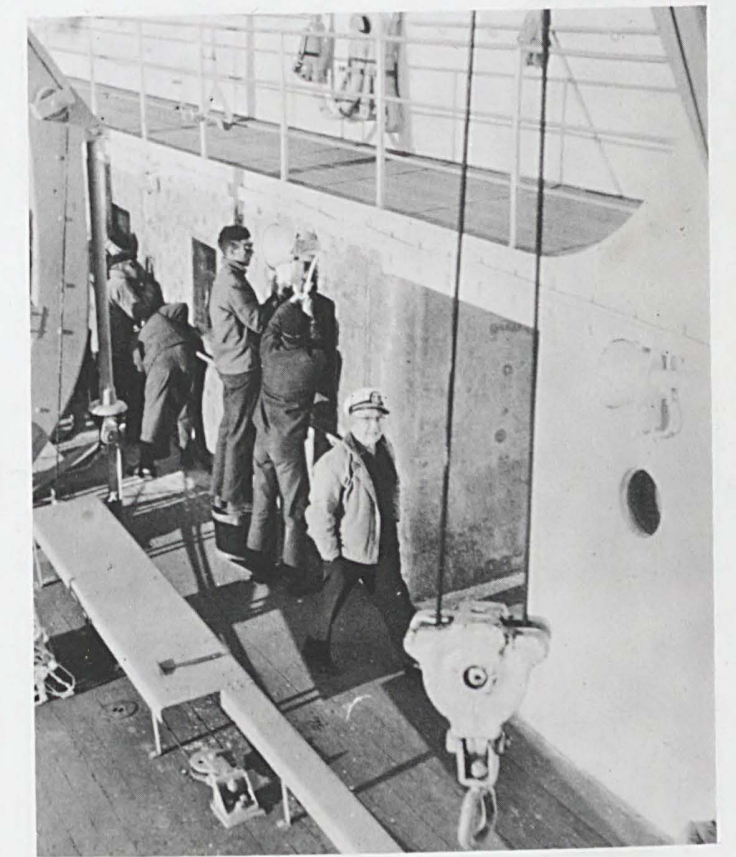


A Last Goodby.



Do they push us all the way?

With the tugs along side, the
 last lines cast free, and the snow
 blowing in our face we waved
 a last good-by to family, friends,
 and sweethearts. We were the
 picture of young Americans all
 pride and confidence — for about
 twenty minutes. Then we were
 in the bilges, in the uptakes,
 chipping ice, and soon lining the
 rails. The four days to Baltimore
 seemed a lifetime and the cruise
 was stretching out before us.
 "Remember Mugs you're not
 salty 'til you've sailed with us!"



Remember when?

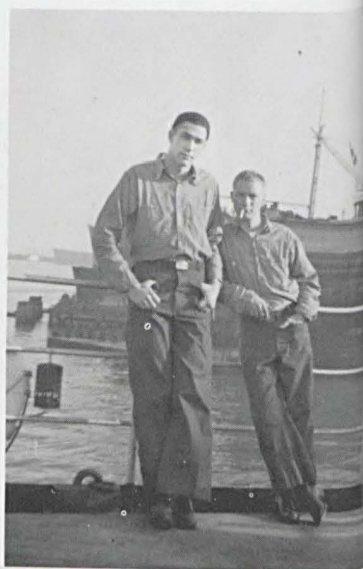


Just in case, we're near the Rail — Reb, Harp, Sucky, Bo and more.



Baltimore

Baltimore was one city we were to come to know well. Now, however, it was our first liberty and we enjoyed it to the limit of our purse strings. We disregarded the advice which we eventually were to give and which was disregarded by those we gave it to. "Save your money in drydock, it's not worth it."



The Tub.

Mug Salts — Ben, Bill, Mike, Hatch.

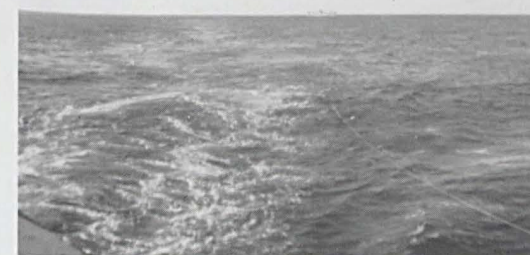


All hands shall be in the proper uniform of the day.

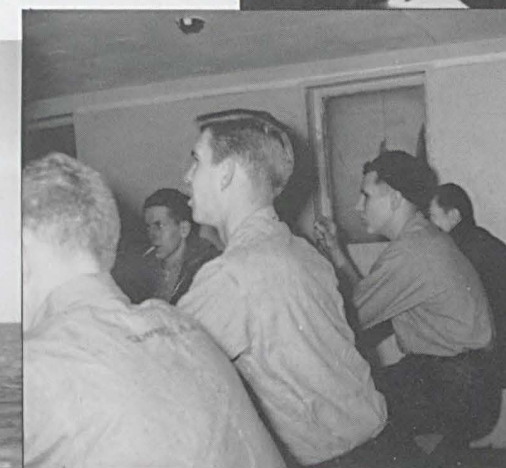


Brent, Tom, Bill, Burney, Heb, Ray, Snark, Mat, Rhino.

The Bert and Terry.



Stearn Lookout on Port Quarter, Sir.



Terry Davis, John, Perry and Bert in the writing room.



Madeira

Funchal was our first foreign port or should we say paradise — for that's what it seemed like — a haven from seniors and a place to relax. Here we sampled the famous Madeira wine, purchased their exquisite linen goods, took the toboggan ride from the top of the "monte," bartered over the side, and night-clubbed at the "Casoniova."



Reb, Joe and Jules in Funchal.



To
vide
mor
the
thei
we
leat



First Port, What a Thrill.



Funchal from a wicker sled.



Ceuta

We passed through the straits at night the drums of Tripoli beating in the distance. With the dawn, there lay Ceuta — white shining against the hills. Across the sea the majestic Gib was breaking through the clouds. We stayed only eight hours to refuel and pay our respects to the British Merchant Marine.



We're Going to Hit!



Ceuta, Spanish Morocco.

Barcelona

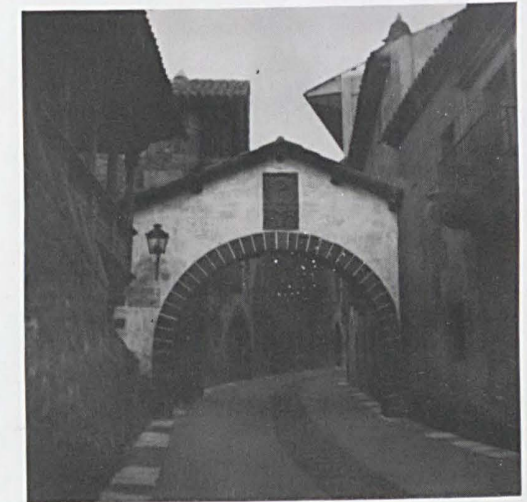
This hospitable city of wine and women provided us with many inexpensive and enjoyable moments. In three days we fell in love with the pleasant easygoing Spanish people and their customs. It was a sad day for all when we sailed with our treasures of wineskins and leather goods.



Barcelona.



State of Maine in Barcelona from Bridge of Constitution.



Old Village Outside Barcelona.

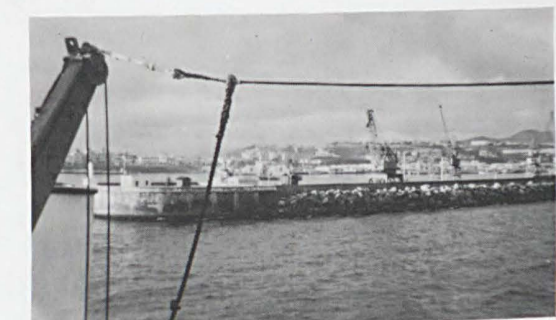


Marseille

Eighteen hours after departure from Barcelona we arrived in the old embarkation port of the French Foreign Legion — Marseille. Here we were hosts to cadets from the Ecole de les Marine Marchande — our French counterpart. We delighted in the sidewalk cafes and most brought real French perfume from France for our girls.



Duty Section.



Marseille.



Naples

Naples, the home of the 6th Fleet, was our longest port and our home for eight days. From this base we went on many interesting tours: to Rome, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Sorrento, Isle of Capri, and skiing in Rockoroso. Some of us even got a chance to see Naples — if you could afford a taxi. However, the beauty of Rome, the history of Pompeii, and the thrill of Italian skiing made our stay in Italy memorable and enjoyable.



Tom, Dave, Bert, Vic, Mike, Dave, Bill.
Pompeii.



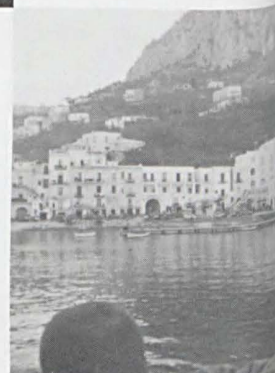
Capri.



Naples.



Pompeii.



Capri.



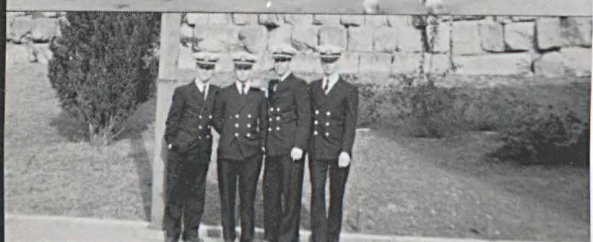
Forum



Fountain
of four
Positions.



Ron,
Dave,
"Taxi"
Through
Rome.
Gino,
Ron,
Dave
and
Renshaw.



Harry, Ed,
Stan, Dick,
Al, Mike,
Joel
Night Train
Dick, Tom,
Frankie.

Up
the
Lift.

View
from
the
Top.



Gibraltar

The guardian of the Mediterranean — Gibraltar. Here we bid our last farewell to Europe. Those of us who had any money left went on a tremendous shopping spree in this tax free port. The rest of us perhaps walked to the top and saw the rock apes.



Liberty Bound.



What a Reception.



Heave you lousy Mug.
Sam, Al, Don, Nate, Tom, Mike, Doug.

New York

It seemed to take twice as long to return as to cross, but finally we entered the narrows and majestic New York loomed ahead of us. Those of us from New York began playing the role with the farm boys from Maine. Though we were universally broke it was thrilling just to stand in Times Square. Thoughts of future years began forming in our minds as we saw the **United States** and the **Constitution** berthed along side.



Waiting for Us?

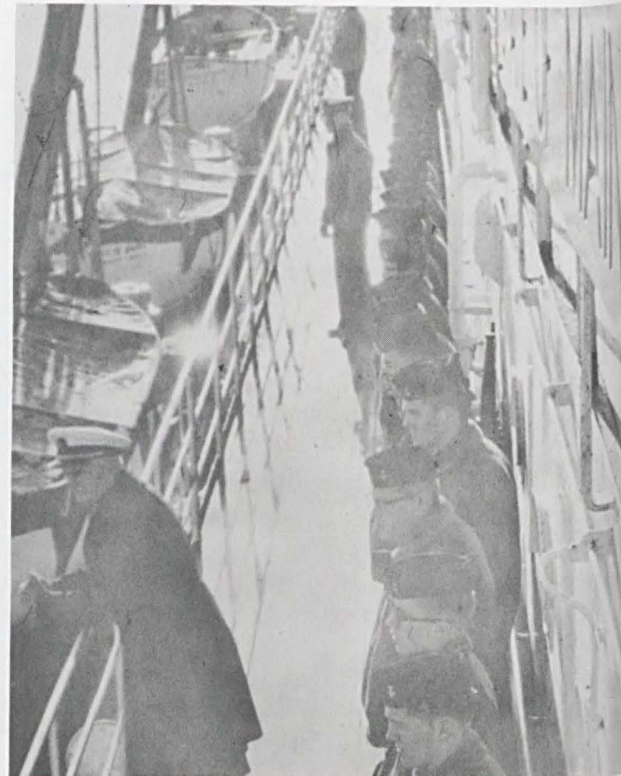
Portland

For the first of many times we sailed into cold and bleak Portland Harbor. But this was home and that made it warm and wonderful, especially if your girl was on the dock.

Soon we were to give the traditional nudge to the dock in Castine and prepared to embark on our final "Mug" semester.



Chow Line.
Joe, Joel, Munch.



Division Parade.
All Right John!
Eastwood, Wally, Dave, Peter.



Home at Last.

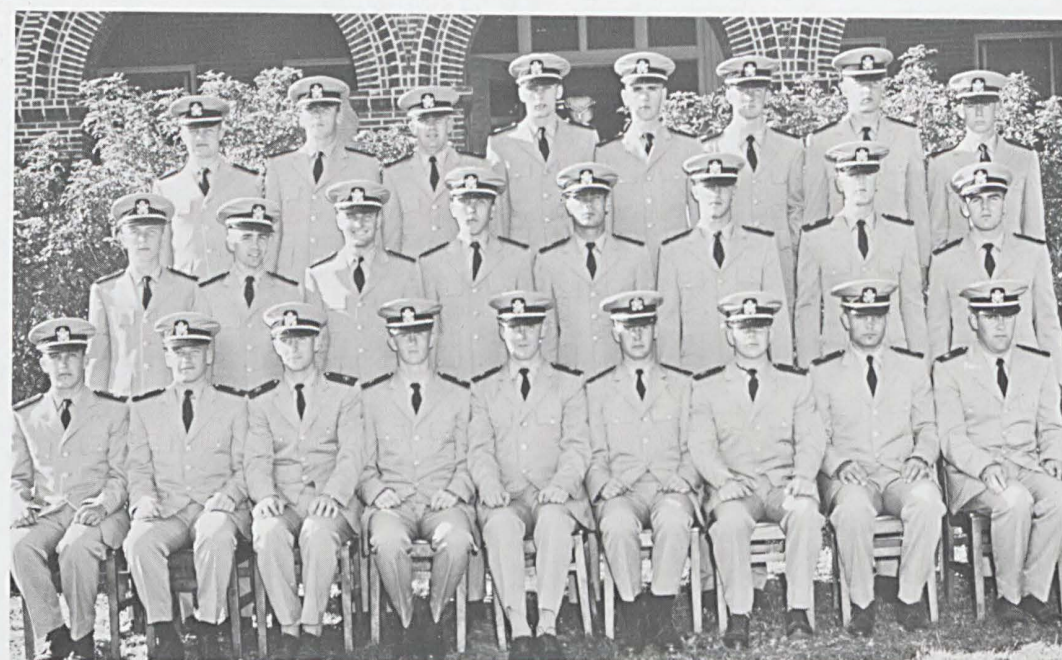
After the cruise we began to unify. Those of us who were shy and retiring before the cruise now had the confidence to speak up. We pressed on with our studies, inspired by the sight of the graduating seniors, and dreamed of the day when that would be us. We moved up the hill and received a short but intensive renewal of severe dinking, which we knew signaled the beginning of the end of Mug life. Before we knew it we had completed a successful semester and were in the middle of summer maintenance. By the time the new "Mugs" (what a welcome sight) arrived we could call ourselves a class, still loosely knit perhaps, but we were now sophomores, the class of 1964 and proud of it!

CLASS OF 1967



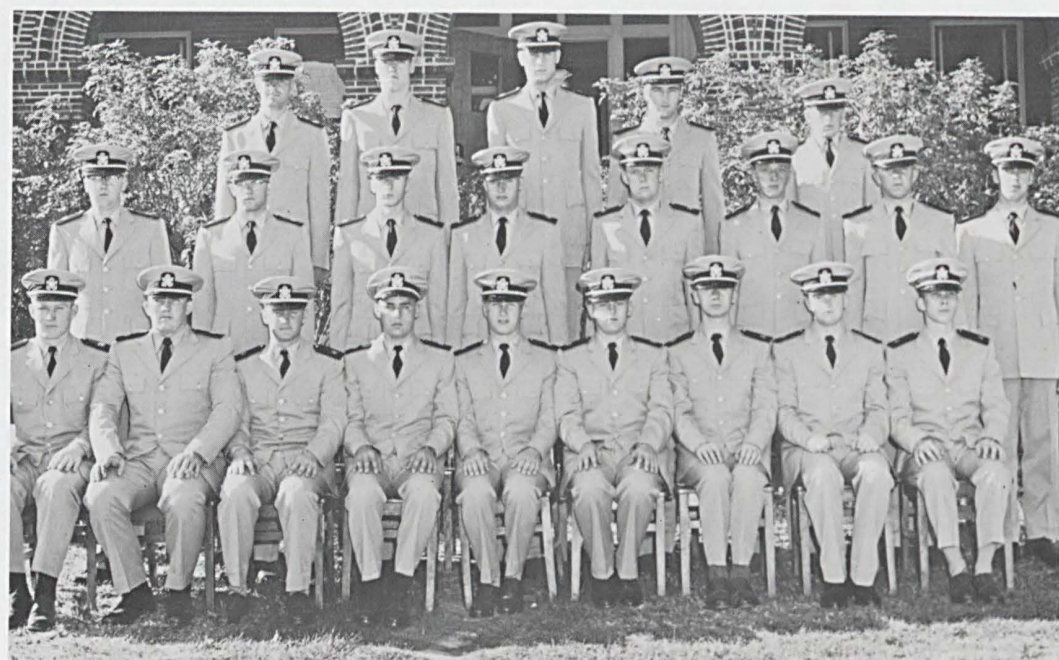
SECTION 4-1

First Row, L. to R.: Fairfield, G.; Casavola, J.; Jacques, R.; Levesque, A.; Lewis; Ladd, F.; Bilodeau, D.; Dorsky, T.
Second Row: Bates, E.; Johnson; Curran, E.; Fenner, S.; Gray, A.; Ferguson, M.; Gilmore, R.; Hansen, L.; Bracy, E.; Brown, B.
Third Row: Disy, E.; Cummings, A.; Damrell, R.; Bradley, G.; Harriman, S.; Bell, W.; Knight, R.; Condon, R.



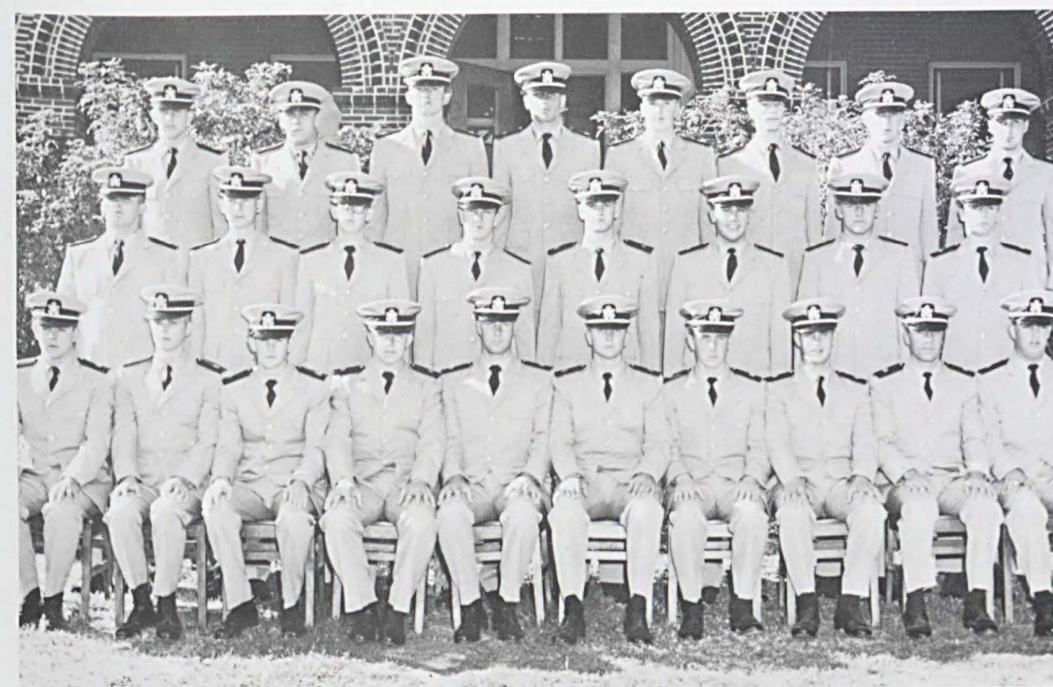
SECTION 4-2

First Row, L. to R.: Pierce, M.; Sling, J.; Strong, I.; Sanborn, J.; Morris, R.; Norton, D.; Thorpe, P.; Varney, J.; Trahey, R..
Second Row: McCarthy, T.; Manuel, C.; Simmons, D.; Reinhardsen, R.; Lewis, N.; Loughlin, T.; Davis, D.; Nichols, M.
Third Row: Rafnell, B.; Waller, J.; Tapley, P.; Mathieson, J.; Palmer, F.; Webb, P.; Rounds, J.; Spearin, T.



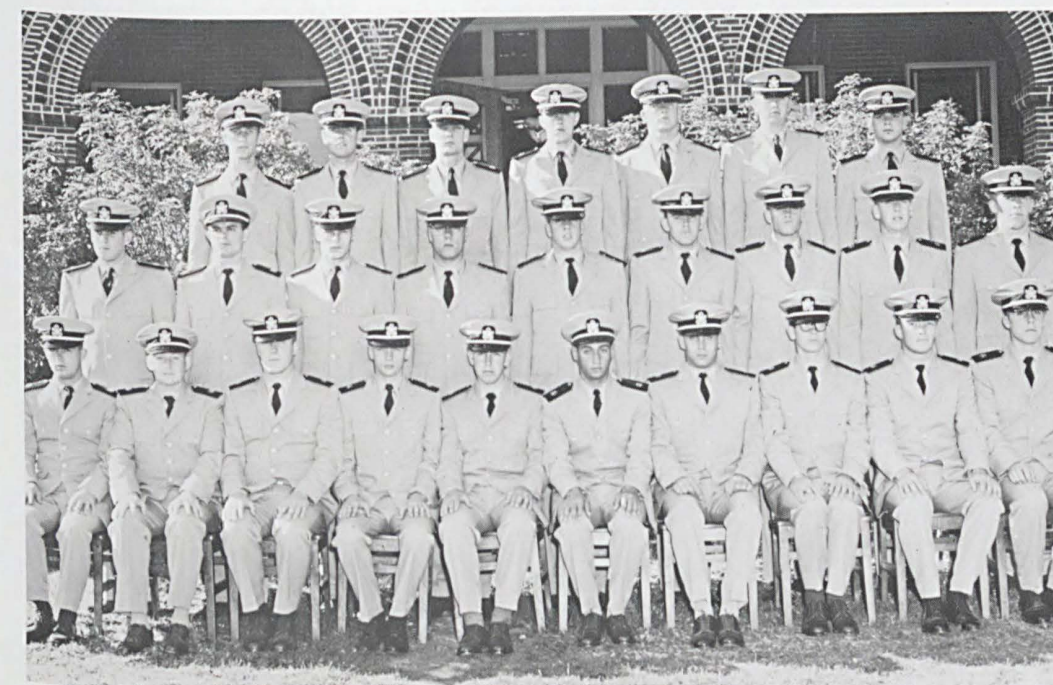
SECTION 4-3

First Row, L. to R.: Cochran, R.; Coady, F.; Brown, C.; Barbara, S.; Autio, H.; Beaumont, C.; Davis, D.; Fletcher, W.; Atkins, F.
Second Row: Bochynski, T.; Daisey, W.; Smith, T.; Eckert, B.; Alford, M.; Dayton, D.; Doornbos, D.; Weymouth, J.
Third Row: Bodnar, J.; Gatchell, W.; Perkins, G.; Fogg, W.; Banks, I.



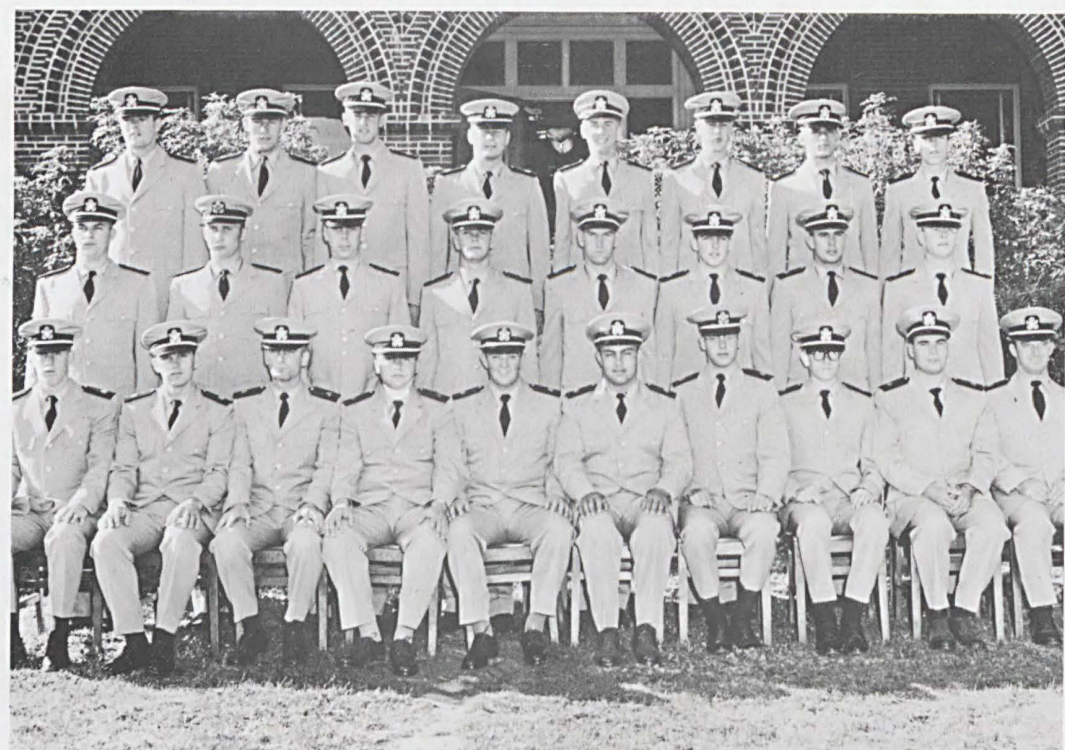
SECTION 4-4

First Row, L. to R.: Raye, D.; Hess, J.; Maier, J.; Pucko, T.; Jacobson, A.; Poor, G.; Mills, J.; Kolln, P.; Loiacono, F.; Nolen.
Second Row: Norton, B.; Graif, A.; Schultze, D.; Hunter, P.; Haynes, S.; Pope, D.; Terry, R.; Rodrigue, R.
Third Row: Light, T.; Plisga, G.; Robbins, S.; Melanson, A.; Mahar, J.; Luksin, K.; Palmer, D.; Latour, T.



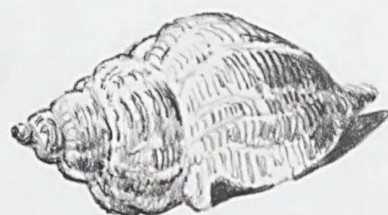
SECTION 4-5

First Row, L. to R.: Brooks, R.; Cahill, W.; Blaisdell, J.; Devitt, J.; Woodhull, G.; Davis, T.; DeAscentis, R.; Dannemann, E.; Eldredge, T.; Coughlin, J.
Second Row: Fessler, R.; Cook, R.; Winslow, A.; Denman, D.; Brown, G.; Ahaesy, R.; Casey, J.; Wade, D.; Bullard, J.
Third Row: Casey, G.; Vaillancourt, P.; Turner, J.; Duncan, G.; Weast, J.; Ayer, B.; Engert, B.



SECTION 4-6

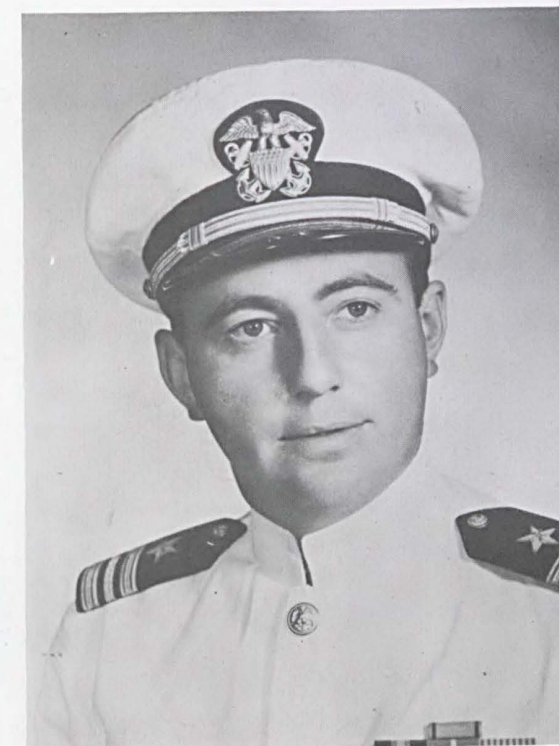
First Row, L. to R.: Lanza, T.; Kolofsky, R.; Pasquine, P. A.; Mazzacane, P. M.; Tasker, R. P.; Harris, J. F.; Bouffard, R. C.; Sammis, W.; O'Brien, H.; Stoeppler, P.
Second Row: Hastedt, M.; Ward, A.; Kraly, S. R.; Moore, D.; Harris, J.; Michaud, H.; Smith, J. H.; Pendexter, L.
Third Row: Robinson, H.; Quirk, C.; Larose, M.; Race, T.; Jackson, N. H.; Jacks, H.; Knight, G.; York, D.



Remember When.

Lt. Philbrick had the con as we took our initial plunge into the mysteries of navigation. A member of the class of 1950 Mr. Philbrick was a graduate of the old school. A stickler for detail he would issue no 4.0's if there was one "i" left undotted. As training officer on the cruise he made no distinction between senior and mug insofar as doling out tough projects went.

In the years he has ben at M.M.A. Mr. Philbrick has raised his license to that of Master and also became Executive Secretary of the Alumni Association. Acting in the second capacity we are sure that he will soon be hounding us to become members. Always to be remembered for his famous saying "I've got mine" he has helped to turn out many a good deckman.



ALFRED R. PHILBRICK, JR.
 Seamanship
 Lieutenant Commander U.S.N.R.

JOHN H. WIBBY, JR.
 Physics
 Lieutenant U.S.N.R.



Second semester physics loomed ahead of us like the black plague, for no longer were we graced by the presence of Mr. Pluff. Instead the script called for an unobtrusive young man with a bald spot on his head by the name of John H. Wibby, Jr. Fresh out of the University of Maine with a B.S. degree, it seemed his burning ambition in life was to make us physicists. For the semester Mr. Wibby performed to the best of his ability the task of teaching us the rudiments of fire and water. This resulted in many weekends spent at M.M.A., which some of us would have rather spent studying about fire water. In the end though many were thankful for the knowledge that "Delta" Wib pounded into us.

One who could always be counted on to go by the book, there were no shenanigans when Mr. Wibby had the duty. It will always be said that whosoever played it straight by Mr. Wibby he played it straight by them.



JOHN M. KENNADAY
Head Education Department
Captain U.S.N. (Ret.)

The man with whom the final responsibility for our curriculum and our knowledge lies is Captain John M. Kennaday, head of the Education Department. A man educated in many fields, the Captain could be found teaching such diversified subjects as literature, calculus, and astronomy. Holding a B.S. from the Naval Academy, and an Ed. M. from the University of Rochester he was well acquainted with all subjects taught at M.M.A.

One of his major outside interests was the Academy Yacht Club. A crack sailor, and in excellent physical condition, (he was often up leading the exercises on our junior cruise and doing better than many of our football players) "Captain Jack" could often be found out on one of the many ocean races the Academy boats entered.

JOHN W. BURROWES
Economics
Lieutenant M.M.A.



Everybody's friend and always equipped with a joke is Lt. John "Buzzy" Burrowes. Yes, the little man with the snappy walk, brisk hello, and unforgettable crewcut is one of our more "experienced" teachers. After completing a couple of years of graduate work at Harvard Law School he spent 11 years in the U.S. Merchant Marine, as a licensed engineer (except when he shipped unlicensed to play cards — and no slipping in coolers.)

As an instructor in Economics and Maritime Law you got one thing straight in "Buzzie's" classes; he told the jokes. Always equipped with a story about prohibition, card playing or Harvard, "Buzzie's" classes were fast, lively and interesting, which was the way he liked them (and we did to). What we learned from him on both Law and life will be and is of immeasurable help to us.

In Memoriam



JAMES W. HURLEY
1942 — 1961



Nobody likes to move but you do it so many times at M.M.A. that you just accept it as best you can. Everything moved from one place to another then take a break at Ma's to calm your temper down.

With classes over some of us left for a much needed vacation. The rest of us got down to the business at hand, that of renovating the dock area. We still had the distinction of doing all the dirty jobs as we were still considered Mugs by the seniors. Besides they sure weren't going to do them.

However we were sometimes called on to some important job (at least we felt they were and we liked doing them).

The summer was not a work however, as any typical Middie could find fun alone on a desert island. Now some say that Castine is worse than a desert island but there were street dances and back shore parties organized. Also 4th of July saw the Navy land and consequently the town almost floated away.

But soon second leave went and ended and classes started.



Main Street
Castine, U.S.A.

Ebb Tide.



time
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much
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are
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astin
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and
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leave
lasse

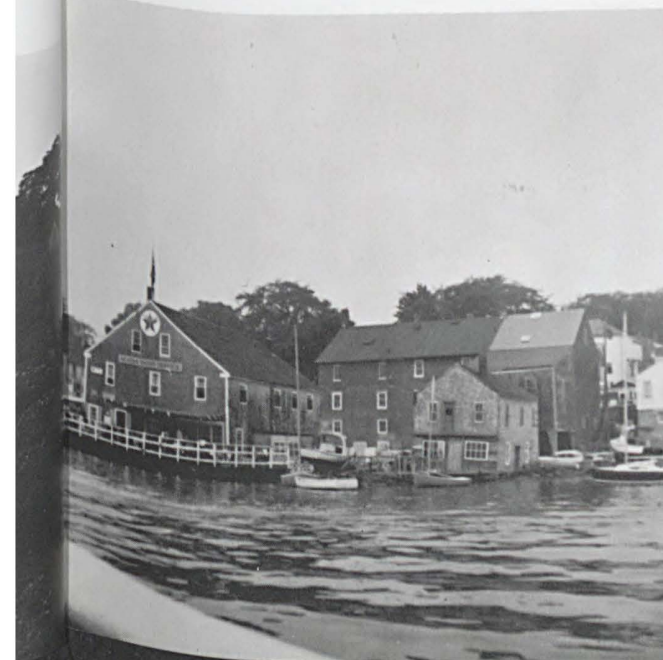


2nd 1st 3rd
Retired Skippers Race.

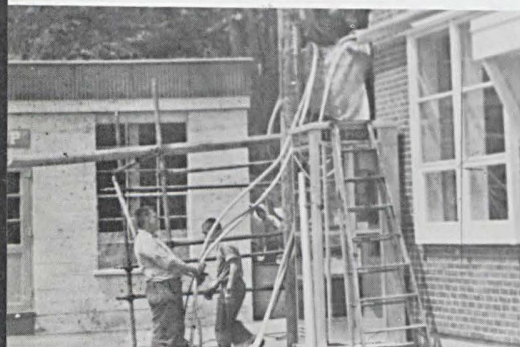
The Winner.



Working on the Boats.



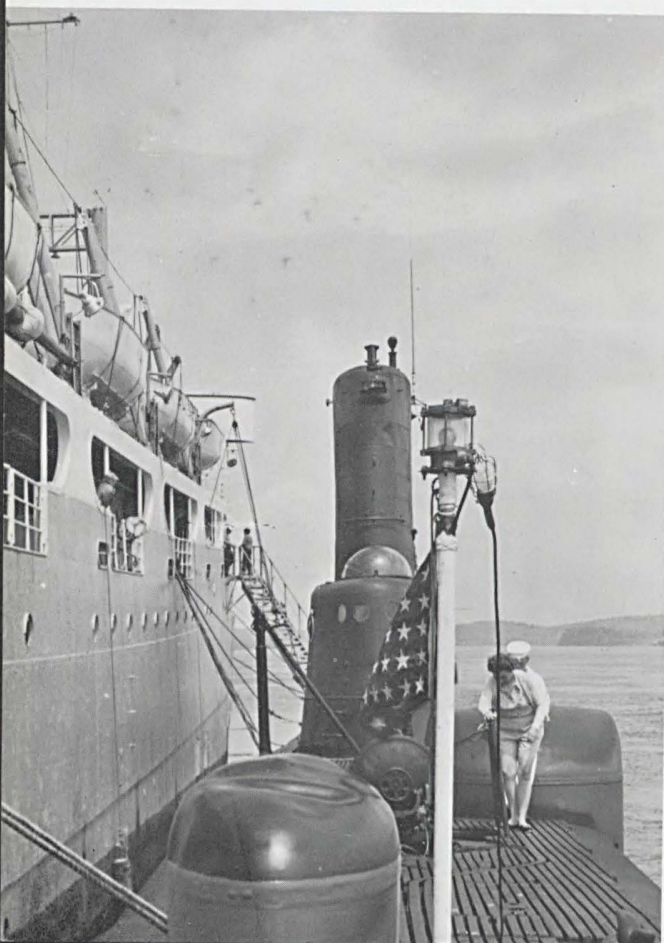
Tekies from the Monomoy.



Gray, Sammey and Buck.

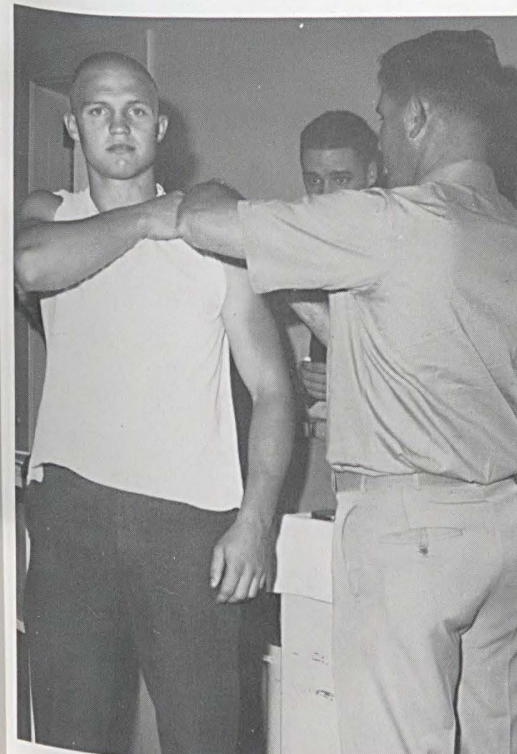


Cruise Boat is a coming there's a street dance tonight.



Buck laying Conduit.

Commence July 4, Navy Style.



Ouch.
George and Wally



Indoctrination.



This is the way we hold our gun.
(Don't let it slip Mike).



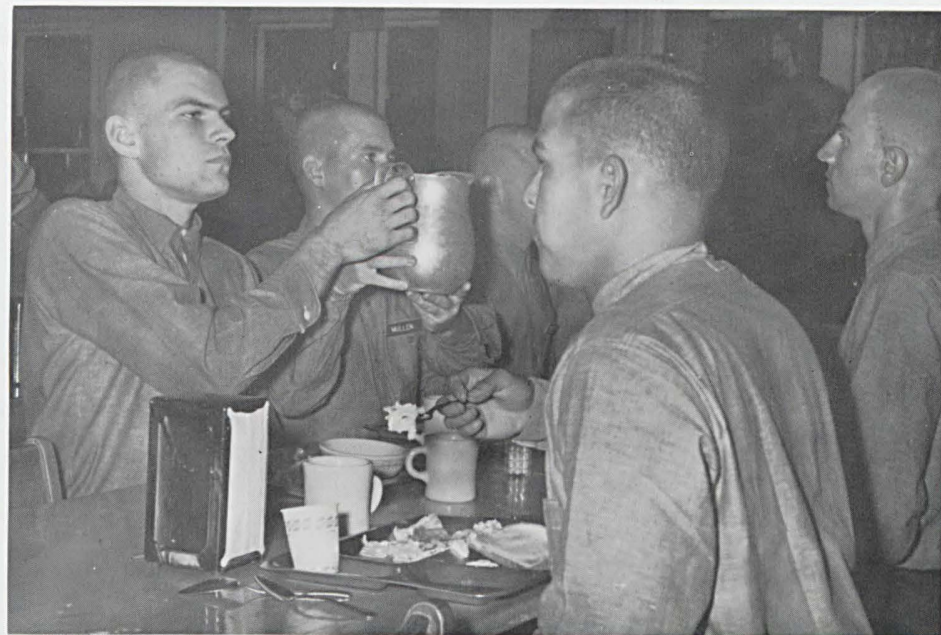
At Last!



We soon found out. We didn't have it made. We're sophomores; not juniors. Here we heard for the first time what we were to learn over and over again. We have heralded the end of the old school and the beginning of the new. We're the experiment. We're the first sophomore class ever to exist.

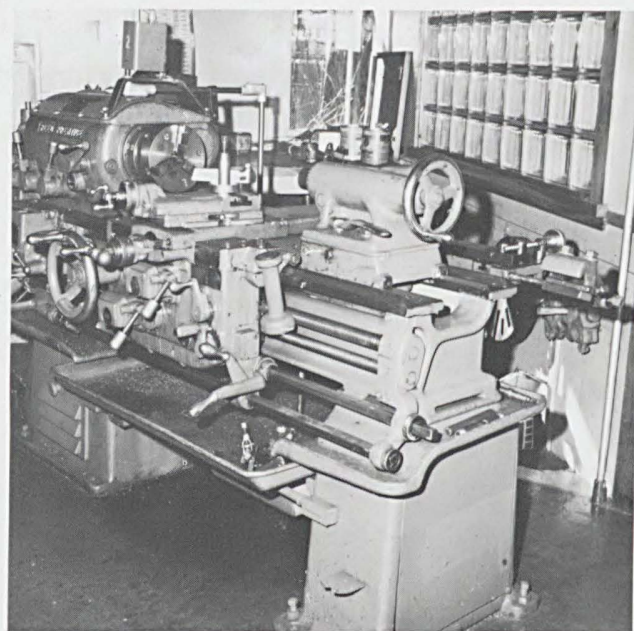
So we kept quiet and studied and learned all that we could. That we had learned well was to be proven in the future.

SOPHOMORE

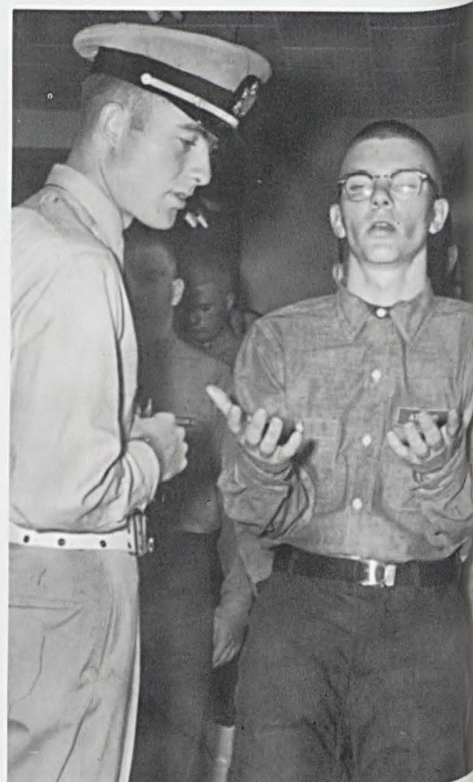


Soph Still Serve Mess.

We were pioneers all right; the first to receive all new reforms including being the first non-mug class to serve mess. But then we were to get used to this first of firsts. Regardless of our many complaints it was good to be a sophomore. Finally we were beginning to get into some professional studies and to grasp valuable information from the maintenance program.



Pretty soon will go on it.



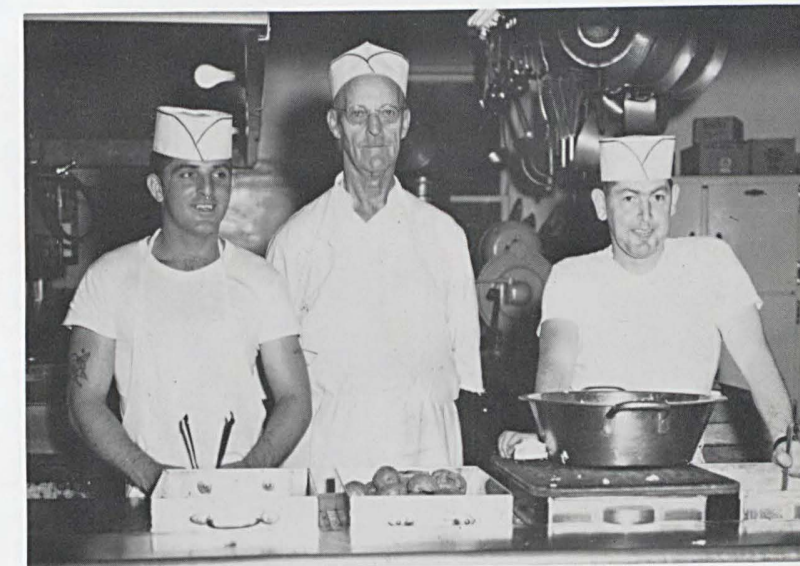
Wash 'em Mister!

STEWARDS



DAVID CARNEGIE
Chief Steward

The Men Behind The Meals.



Goggy
Portor
Ray



Dave, Sheldon, Bob, Slim.



BARRY HAMILTON
Ships Crew
Lieutenant (jg) U.S.N.R.

Babbles could always be found hurrying around the dock area on some important engineering project. On the cruise his sea stories broke up the monotony of the watch. Never one to panic Barry always kept good care of the lube oil. The many things we learned from him will not soon be forgotten.



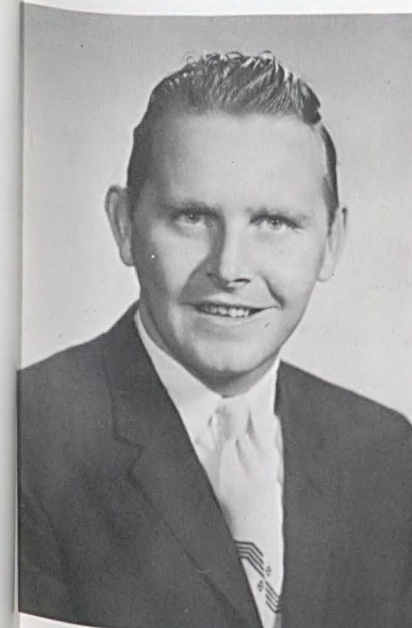
GEORGE W. COUSINS
Chief Engineer

One of five Chiefs we had during our stay at M.M.A.



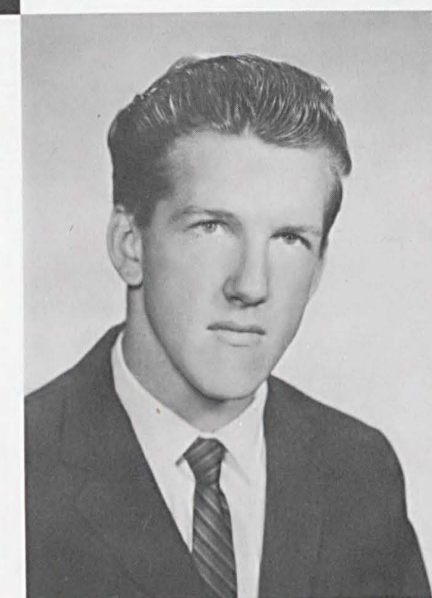
LYNWOOD FARR
Sanitary Engineer
Lieutenant (jg) M.M.A.

Known as the "head man" we all enjoyed shooting the bull with Lenney.



EDGAR BOWDEN
Electrician

Energetic Edgar was the man responsible for keeping our lights on. A darn good electrician he kept one step ahead of the ageing electrical gear of both ships.



RICHARD HARMON
Electrician

Edgar's assistant and owner of a hot Corvy, Dick was liked by all. An additional claim to fame was that of champion of the Pin Ball Machines.

MARVIN CURTIS
Diesel Technician

Marv became an unlicensed 3rd our senior year. This boosted the morale of many seniors. Always willing to learn he was also willing to teach. Throughout the year he kept the small boats and emergency diesels running.





STANLEY TROTT
Storekeeper

The first problem was to find him, the second to get what you wanted from him. Stan was the man who took our pictures, sewed on our stripes, and supplied our stationery.



VERNON HASKELL
Boatswain

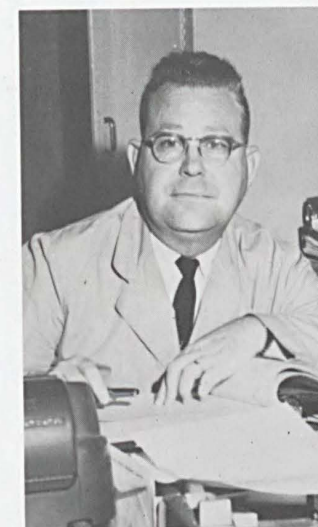
They're all good boys. salty Bos always kept chippen, chippen.

WILLIAM COOMBS
Carpenter

Easygoing Bill was a friend to all. Always ready with his familiar "hello". He was our top notch fixit man.



SHIRLEY DAVID
Cashier



GEORGE WITHAM
Assistant Finance Officer



ELEANOR FORDAN
Clerk

STAFF



ADORA LEACH
Secretary

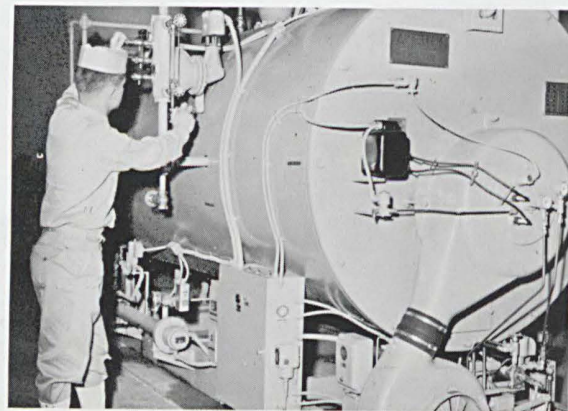
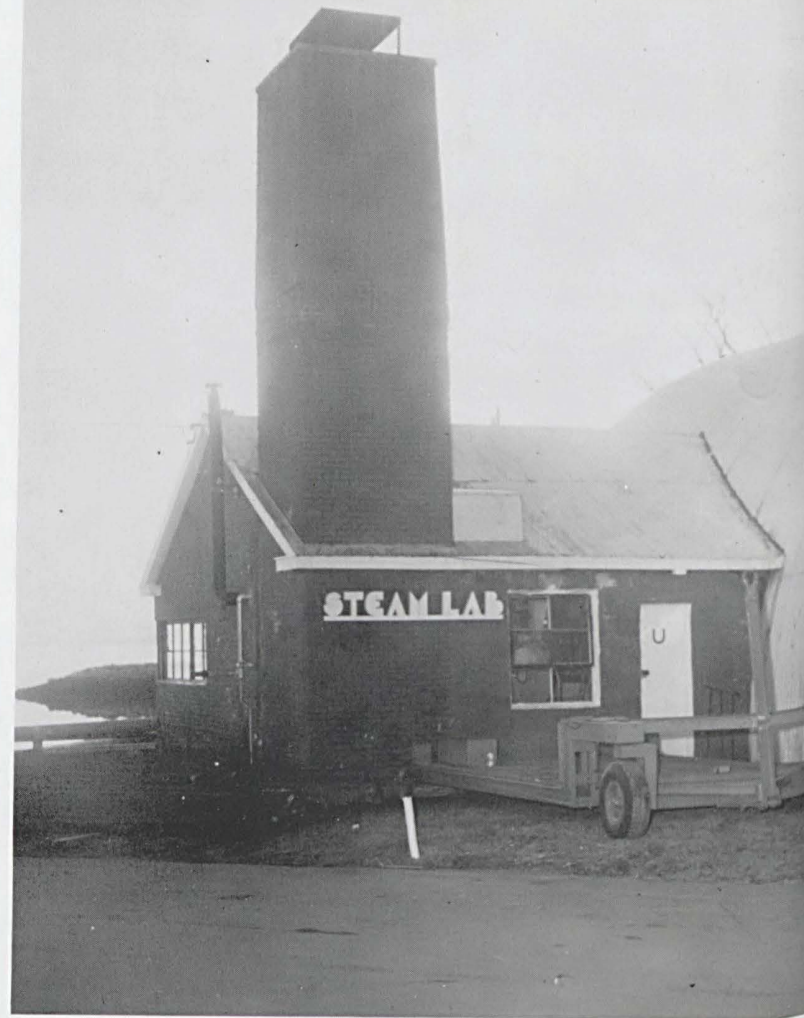


JEANETTE PERKINS
Secretary



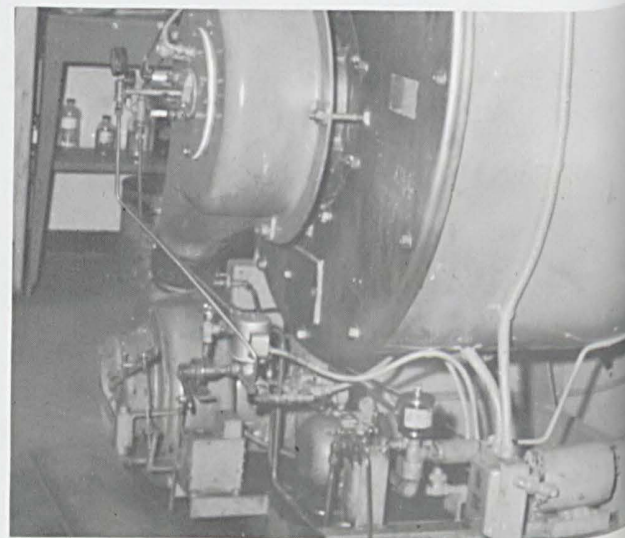
JOYCE SIMPSON
Clerk

We Made a Switch From the Old
to

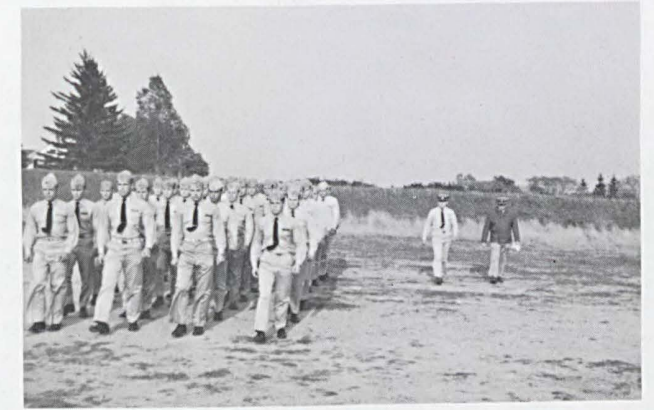


Sammy blows down
the gauge glass.

The New



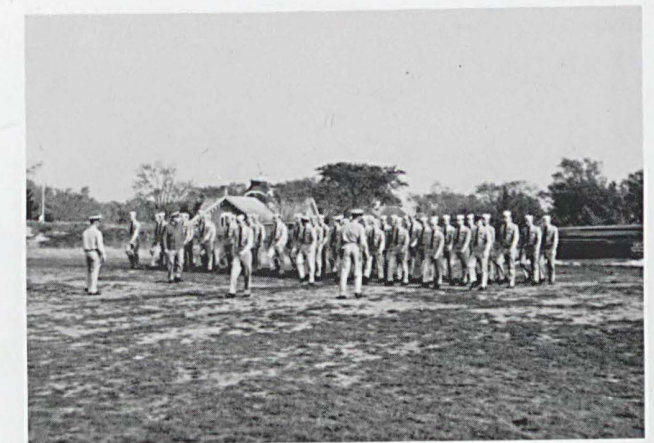
Al leads A Co.



Perry's Platoon.

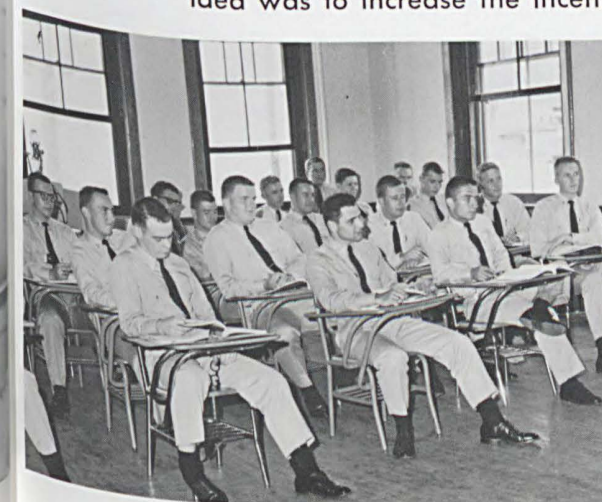


Yes Captain, Yes Captain — Tom Rush.



By the left flank harch!

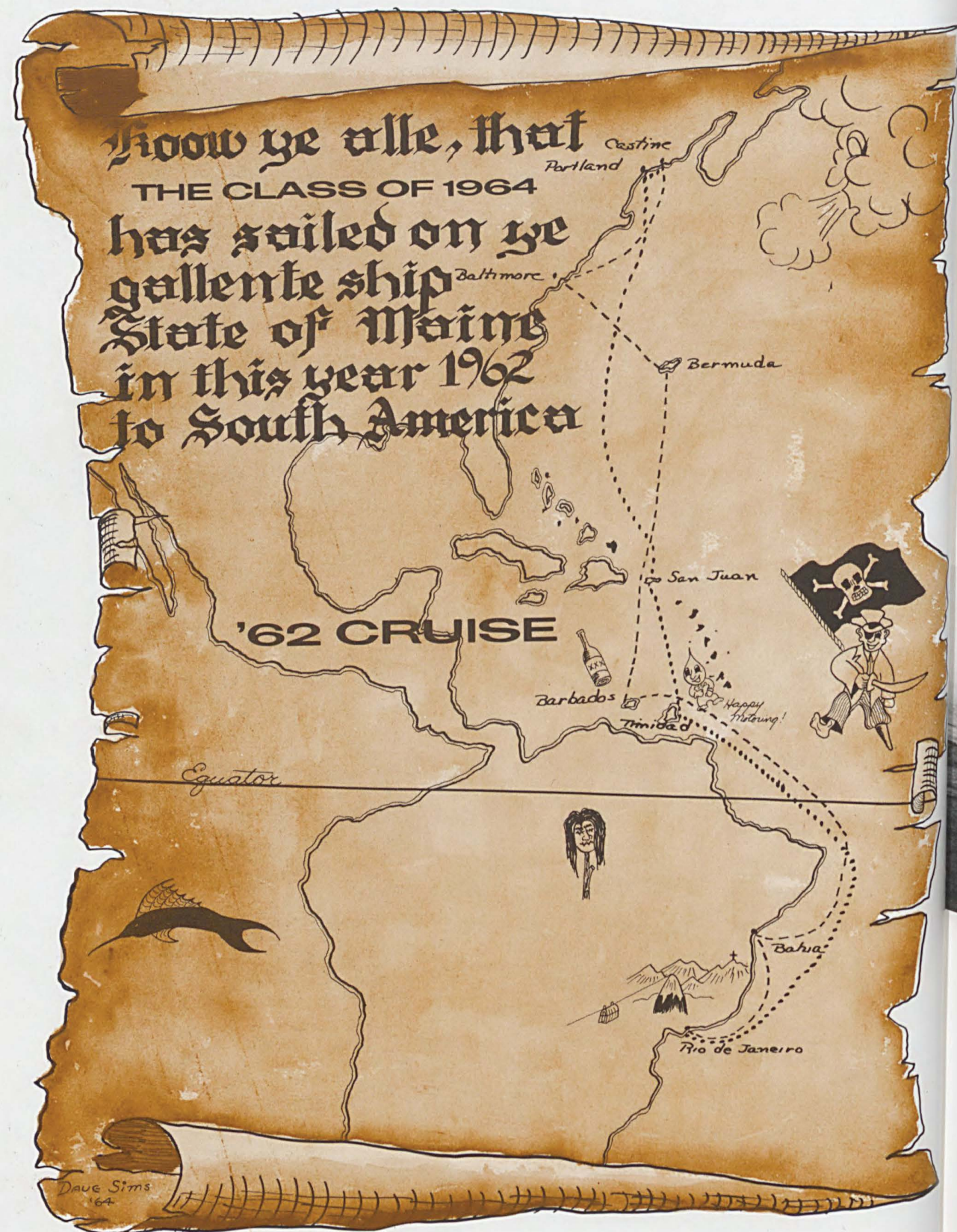
Another new twist introduced this fall was Platoon competition. The Platoons competed against each other on the basis of demerits and drill. Points were awarded each week to the best Platoon. The overall winner for the semester was to receive both Christmas leaves. The idea was to increase the incentive to be sharp and "squared away."



Last class before the cruise — wake up Al.

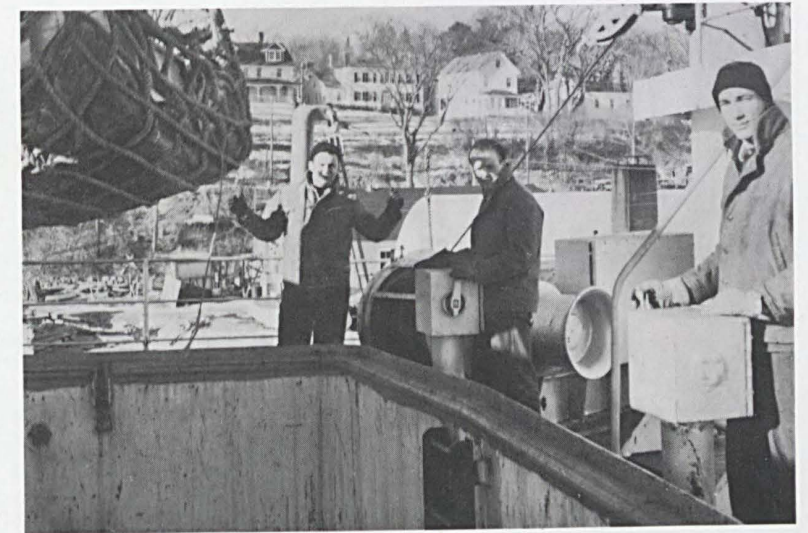


On the cruise you deckmen will be chippin.



Being old salts now, we departed with noticeable lack of awe and mock unconcern. Arriving for the second time in Baltimore made it definitely old stuff. We tried to maintain an air of calm while on tours of Annapolis and Washington.

However who could remain calm when tapping a pressure guage every ten seconds. If she pops, boy, its your fault! The new responsibilities cast at us showed us that we weren't as salty as we appeared. However, we were eager to accept them and learn as much as possible.



Preparing to Sail — Hopkins, John Eaton, Ben Bowditch

J. D. Singfest, Jules, Ben, Bert, Kern, Bedard, Big B, Thumper.



Ice in Chesapeake.



Reveille — Terry, Joe, Larry, Bob, Bos.



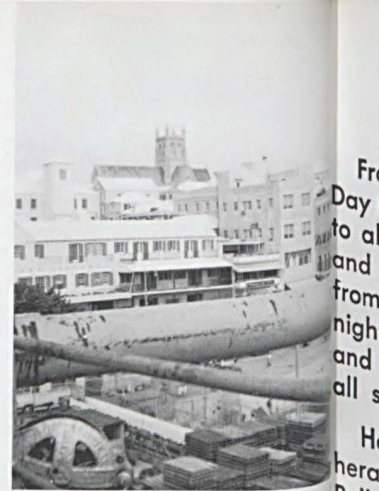
Starting off ready for work — Al, Dave, Thib, Bob, Rosie, Sammy.

Bermuda

The fascination of Bermuda, which draws thousands of visitors, was just as enchanting to Middies. We will all remember the tremendous beauty of the island with its white (perhaps a little brownish after our departure) roofed houses which collected rain water for drinking, and such high spots as the zoo, perfume factory, and "Devil's Hole" which we associate with a delightful stay in Hamilton.



Hamilton



From
Day
to al
and
from
night
and
all s
He
hera
Polly
all o



Here We Come.



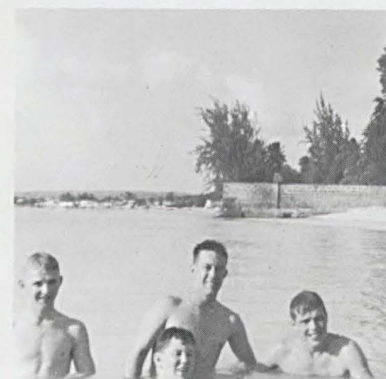
John
Terry
Ben

Barbados

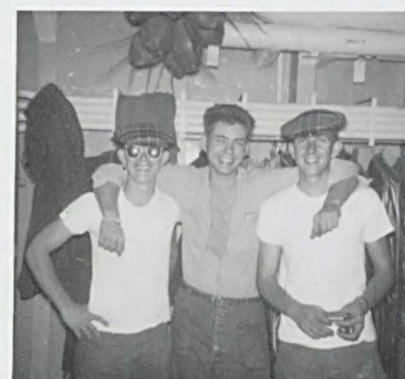
The swinging sound of a steel band greeted the first Middies ashore in Barbados. For those who went on tours Volcanic Mountain, sandy beaches, and miles of sugar cane were the panorama. After that a dip was naturally in order, and perhaps a meal of Flying Fish, then cocktails at one of the many fabulous hotels — or what were those off limit places the Dixie and the New Yorker?



Barbados



Dave, Mat, Mike, Tom.



Reb, Dave, Joe.



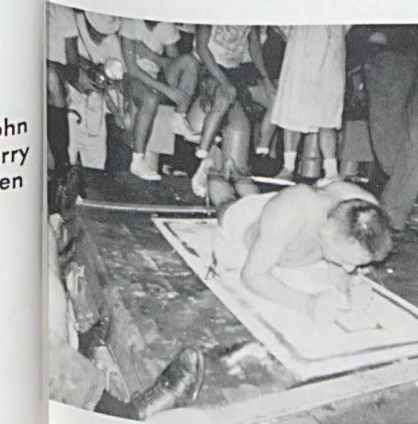
From the Dixie.

Neil

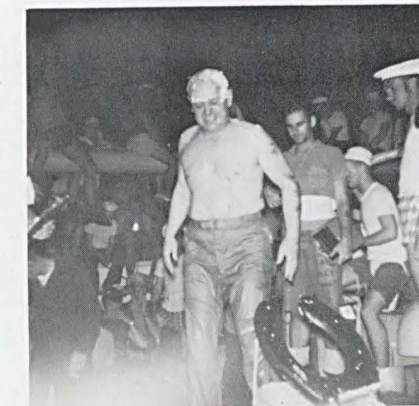
Going Across

From Barbados we steamed south into the Realm of Neptunus Rex. Day by day as we neared the magical latitude of 00.0.0 the warnings to all Slime Squid, Box Car Tourists, Park Statues, Castine Cowboys, and especially Pollywogs in the P.O.D. became more ominous. Far from shivering however these despicable Pollywogs mutinied on the night of February 1, 1962. Under the leadership of seniors Bromley and Bartek the Pollywogs captured, tried, convicted, and sentenced all shellbacks on board.

However, February 2 about 1200, Neptunus Rex came on board heralded by Davy Jones, broke his flag, and reined terror upon the Pollywogs of the Castine Navy for the rest of the day! When it was all over we were all true shellbacks — wet, greasy, and happy!



In a Rat Trap.



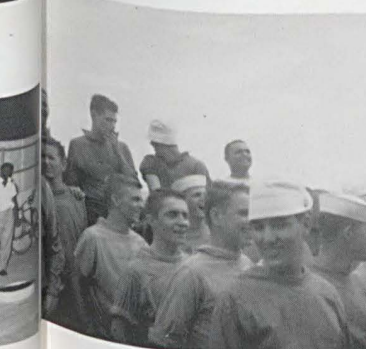
Hot Seat.



All right
Ed!



Need a Shave?

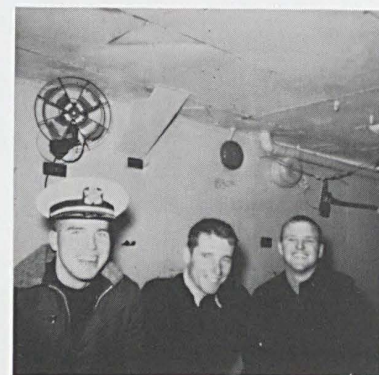


Taking a shower —
Neil, Jules, Joe, Dave, Sam.



The winds up.

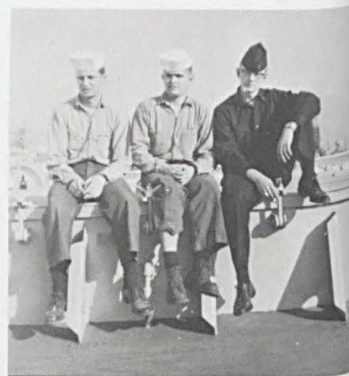
So having crossed the equator, we returned to watch standing, maintenance, and sea projects. Beneath the surface however events were taking place which were destined to have subdued far reaching effects of the nature of M.M.A. and her students.



Thumper, Iggy, John.



Bob
John
Terry



Hard work
Bill, John

Bahia

Bahia, the city of the cliff, held many interesting discoveries for the Middies. One was how to get to the cliff top, which was solved by the use of elevators or cable cars. Here, if we hadn't done so already many took the opportunity to go shopping or dine at one of the fabulous hotels.



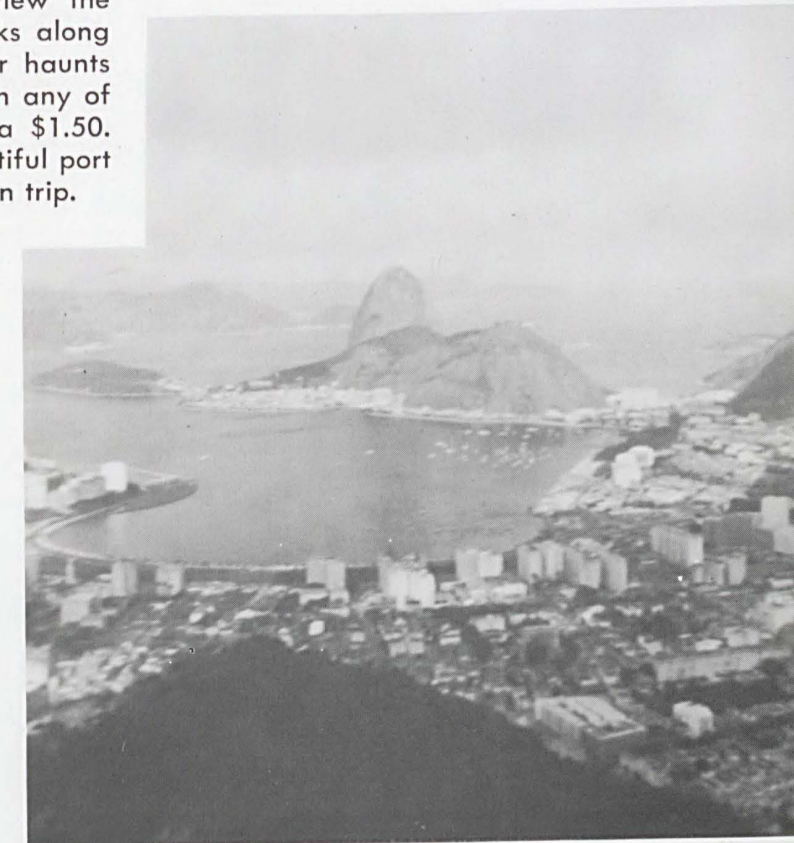
Bahia



John, Pete, Charlie.

Rio

Rio the city of beauty! Though we arrived in a slight fog, it could not hide the beauty of Rio from us. We found the city to be everything we expected and more! The people of Rio, both American and Brazilian, combined to provide a program of dances, parties, and dinners for us. Also who didn't journey to the top of Corcovado or Sugar Loaf and view the beauty of the city? The mosaic walks along fabulous Cocacabana beach were our haunts where you could get a steak dinner in any of the hundreds of fabulous hotels for a \$1.50. When finally we sailed from the beautiful port many of us promised ourselves a return trip.



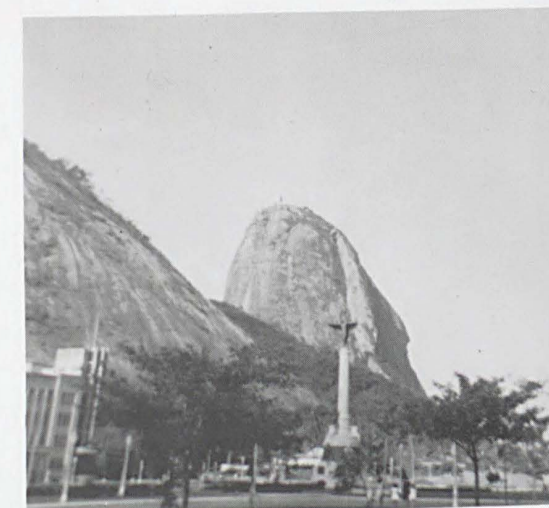
Rio



Division Parade E.J., Sam



Frank, Pete, Munch, Jules
on Corcovado.



Sugar Loaf

San Juan

Ten days sail from Rio and we anchored in the U.S. Naval Base at Trinidad to refuel. The trip back was long with many tedious days of work. Few grumbles were heard though for the thing a man from M.M.A. fears least is good hard work. We never stop learning and we're always striving to produce the best we're capable of if only for our own satisfaction.

Fortunately most had bought all our gifts in Rio as prices in San Juan proved high. Our stay here was not thrilling, but relaxing.

We spent most of our time at different clubs in town, at the Cribi Hilton or at the naval base. If you rated local liberty, you never had it so good.



The Boys — Edgar, Rat, Roger.



With the Mayoress, Billy, Mike.

Boat Drill all Mugs Man the Oars.

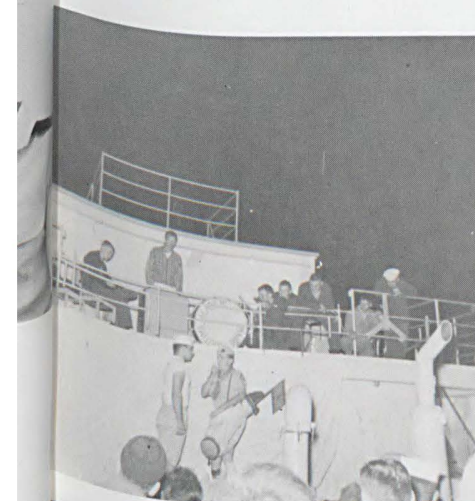


Smoker

The passage between San Juan and Port Everglades took us through a storm that raised havoc along the eastern seaboard and through a smoker which laid waste to our funny bones. Due to the efforts of seniors Bartek, Bromley, and Pollack the hilarious smoker was chalked up as an unequalled success.

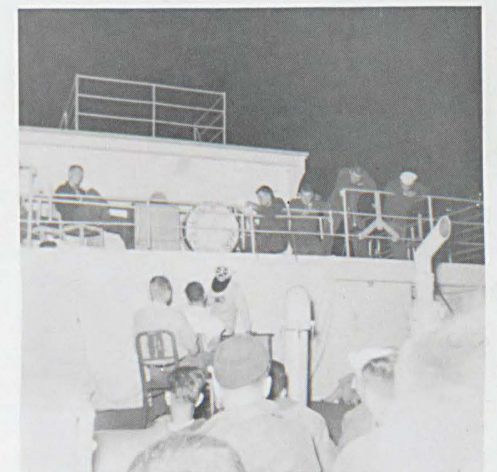


The Band Swings.



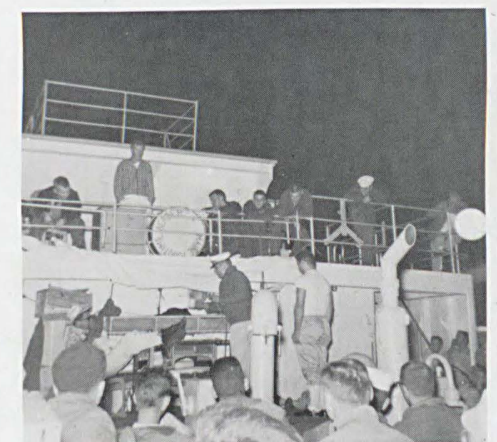
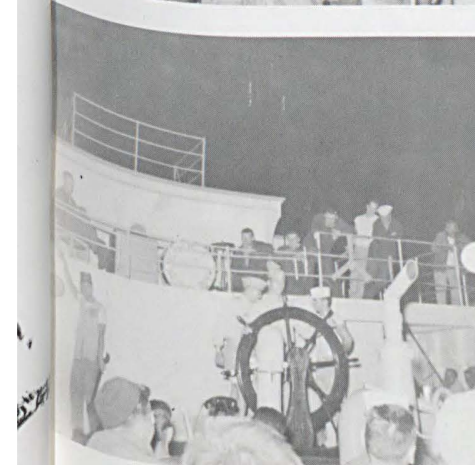
Go Wibby, Yea, Yea.

I've Got Mine.



We're going in Circles Baron.

We're just keeping warm, Captain.



Port Everglades

We pulled into Florida to find Miami and Fort Lauderdale about six feet deep in sand due to the storm. Liberty found Middies heading in 360 directions at once — Miami, Fort Lauderdale or the nearest phone booth. In any event it was good to be back in the states and a good time was had by all those who had any money left. We sailed wondering what it would be like here a few weeks from now when the colleges let out. Well anyway, the boys on the **Bay State** were, you might say, in the same boat.

Song Fest: Kerney, Bedard, Tom, John, Larry, Ken, Bruce.

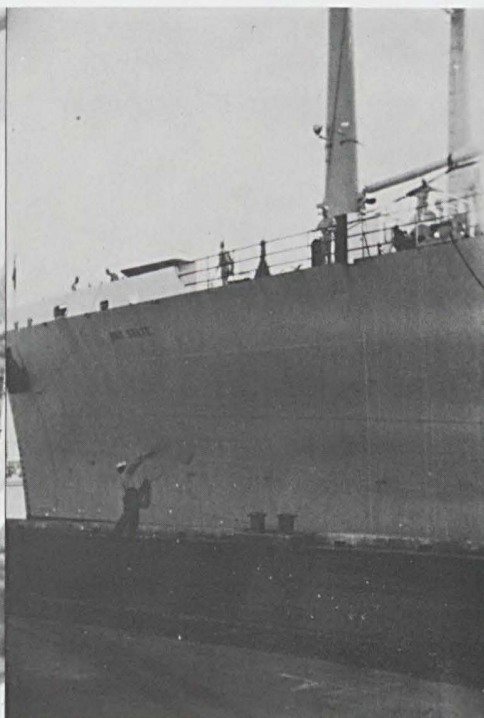


Merve, Hoss, Lenney.

Big B Cracks the Whip.



Buffy



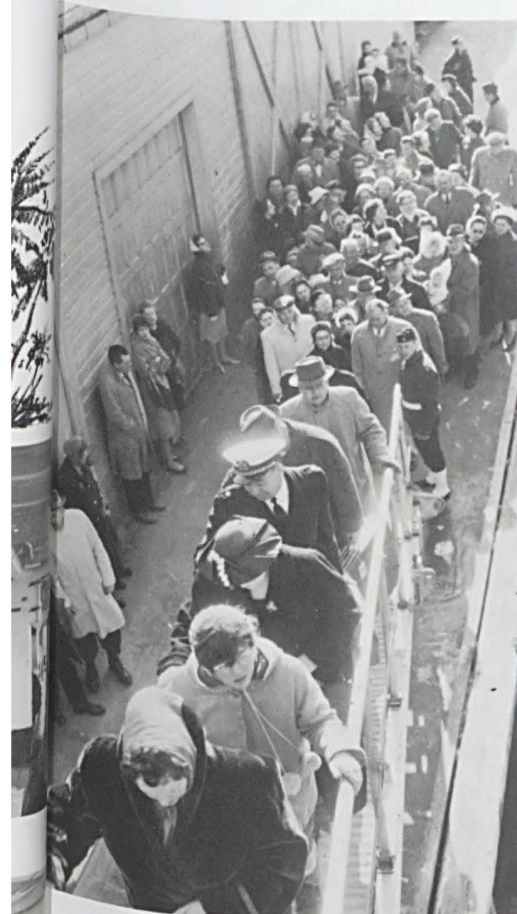
It's Alive.



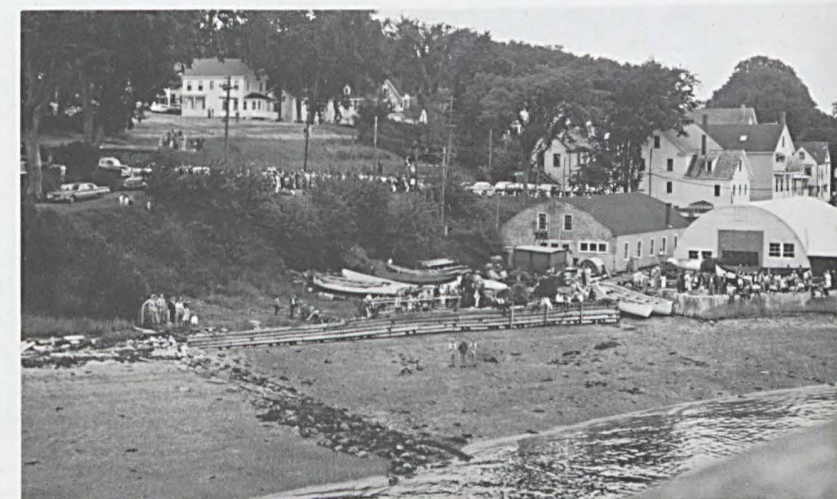
I will not tolerate it.

Portland-Castine

It might be winter here, but Maine sure looks good. We can't complain about the tedious job of moving again. We're just enjoying home.



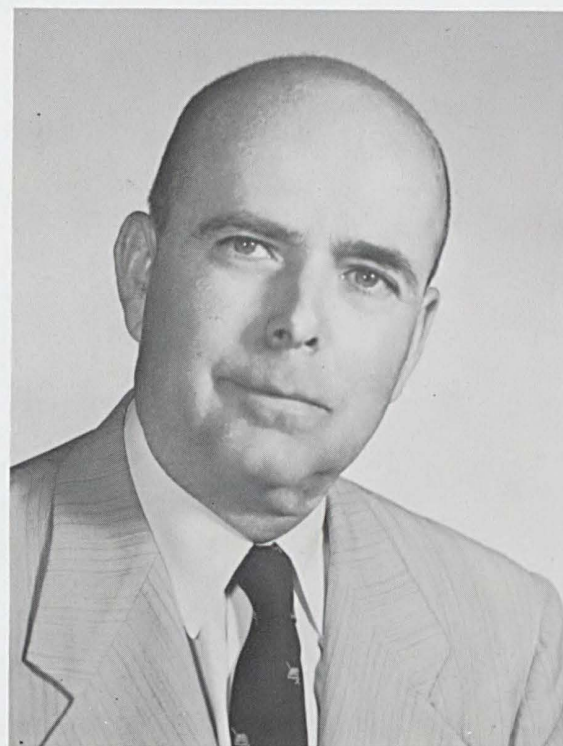
Coming aboard
Portland



They're waiting for us.



Home



JOSE PORTUONDO
Spanish

Dr. Portuondo came to us from Cuba, his native country which he was forced to leave when Castro came into power. His list of degrees is almost as long as his list of experience. To mention a few — Ph.D. Havana University School of Political Science, Ph.D. Havana University School of Law, and A.B. De La Salle Academy. He was Summa Cum Laude in receiving all these degrees.

Before coming to the States, Dr. Portuondo was a professor of law at Havana University. When Castro came to power he became a member of the Cuban Supreme Court and was one of the leaders in this organization which was trying to impeach Castro on grounds of violating the constitution.

In the United States he was Vice President of the Cuban Judiciary in Exile, an organization which is responsible for sending anti-communist literature to South America. We wish the good Doctor the best of luck and hope that he may soon return home to the country he taught so much about.

ODETTE M. DIAZ
Spanish

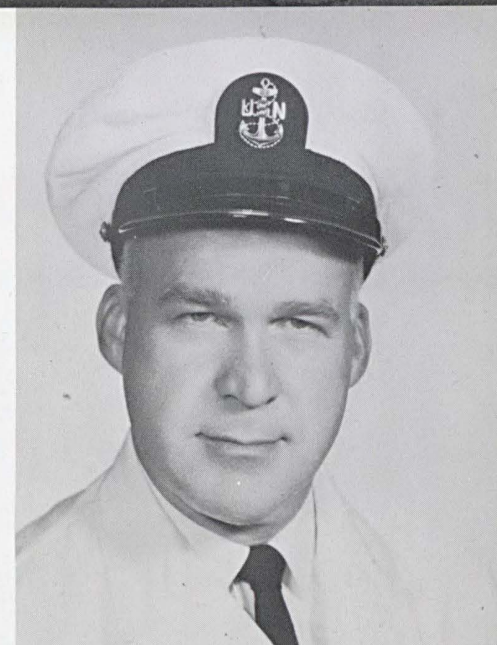


Dr. Odette M. Diaz the wife of Dr. Portuondo holds almost as many degrees as he does. She joined the staff of M.M.A. in the spring of 1963 to help relieve the load from her husband in teaching Spanish. She was a first for the school in that she was the first woman teacher in its history.

Prior to coming to M.M.A. she had been a professor of Spanish and Spanish Literature at Sepulveda Academy. It is quite probable that this was very helpful experience in that she had no trouble in controlling and teaching her classes. We wish her the same luck that we all convey to her husband.

DAVID E. HAMLIN
Naval Science
Chief Yeoman

Probably one of the best darn cooks this side of the Mississippi is Chief Hamlin. An invitation to the Chief's for dinner (received by most all of the senior class) was like an oasis in the Sahara. The person who kept the Navy Science department files, Chief Hamlin was always ready to give you your marks or take your books. He always had a good word for everyone, as did everyone have one for him.



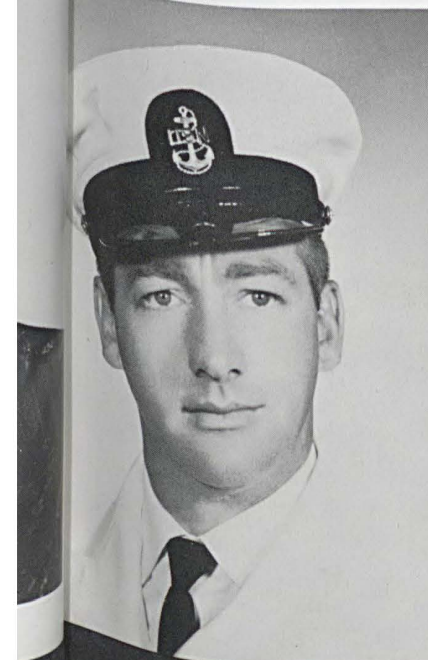
CHARLES W. COOPER
Naval Science
Chief Gunner's Mate



One half of our Navy Science course our sophomore year was taught by Chief Gunner's Mate Cooper. This old hick, as he'd often call himself, did a darn good job of teaching as the rudiments of ballistics. One thing we're guaranteed always to remember is "if de slide don't slide don foorcee et." The gray stack lines has a first rate shipmate in Chief Cooper.

MAURICE T. HOUTEN
Naval Science
Chief Fire Control Technician

Senior Chief Fire Control Technician Houten instructed us in the basics of gunnery fire control our Sophomore year. Always a question as to whether we had "Guns" or "Shooten Houten" that day, there seemed to be few in the sophomore class who could tell the difference between a single or double grid tube. The Chief was well liked by everyone and so we always kept the Hooten and Holleren down in his class.



**The Sophomore Class began to organize
with this letter**

TO THE CLASS OF 1964

WHAT CAN I DO FOR M.M.A.? This should be a foremost question in the minds of every sophomore. Especially now that we are about ready to assume the duties of seniors. Why should I do anything for M.M.A. you may ask. The answer is because what you do for M.M.A., M.M.A. will do twice back for you!! It is the reputation that our school has built up, the reputation of being the best Maritime school, turning out the best Merchant Marine Officers in the country!! This is the reputation that makes more jobs available for our graduates than are available for all the rest of the graduates of all the other schools combined. If this reputation is not kept up or declines so do our chances for jobs decline! Now we are seniors for the next **two** years, it is going to be up to us to carry on this reputation. Do we want to be like the past seniors we have seen, with no particular spirit, goals, or activities in mind? NO! It is not always like we know it, this school used to have more spirit than we know is possible. It's up to us to bring back this spirit! This is a period of change, the four year program, we have two years as seniors, therefore we have the best possible opportunity to build up M.M.A. How do we do this? By uniting together as a class, behind the different clubs and organizations and also by doing any task assigned to us, instantly and unhesitating no matter what the circumstances. In other words let's start to set an example to all underclassmen.

Here are some of the things that are going on in the school that need your support.

YACHT CLUB

This not only is a deck club, but is for anyone interested in sailing and in having a good time sailing. Its main activity now is summer racing and these races are a blast! Ask anyone who has gone what they're like. Also, now you get letters for racing. Remember these yachts are for our use during the week and for weekend cruises which have been sort of nil because of lack of interest. If you guys get behind this club and get the boats in the water they can be going all summer long, which means lots of good times!

PROPELLER CLUB

This is the club of the maritime industry. Membership in it will be invaluable to you while you are here at the Academy and especially after you graduate. This club handles the homecoming dance, does many different state and community services, and is mainly responsible for dances and parties (if any) to be held on the cruise. No doubt you are aware of the lack of parties during the past cruises. This is because of the lack of interest and backing that the club has had. Also this club possesses a great potential of manpower and money ready to back you and any good idea that you might have. If, and only if, you get behind this club there is no limit to the good time possibilities.

DANCE COMMITTEE

A dance committee for the class of 1964 is in the process of being formed. In the future it has plans — good plans for dances to be held here at school, plans for smokers, and plans for parties. These things the committee puts on are going to be fun. Why not back something that's a ball? Of course if you'd rather sit home and watch T.V. or spend the night riding around looking for something to do that's up to you. Let's get behind this committee!

Help is needed, manpower for the committee itself and for decorating, tickets, sails, etc. Also ideas are needed.

THE HELM

The school paper has come a long way since its beginning. Now, however, it is having difficulties because of lack of interest. It needs people to work on it, write for it, type for it, etc. If you support the paper it will be bigger, come out more often, and be interesting and fun to read! If you don't help there won't be a paper.

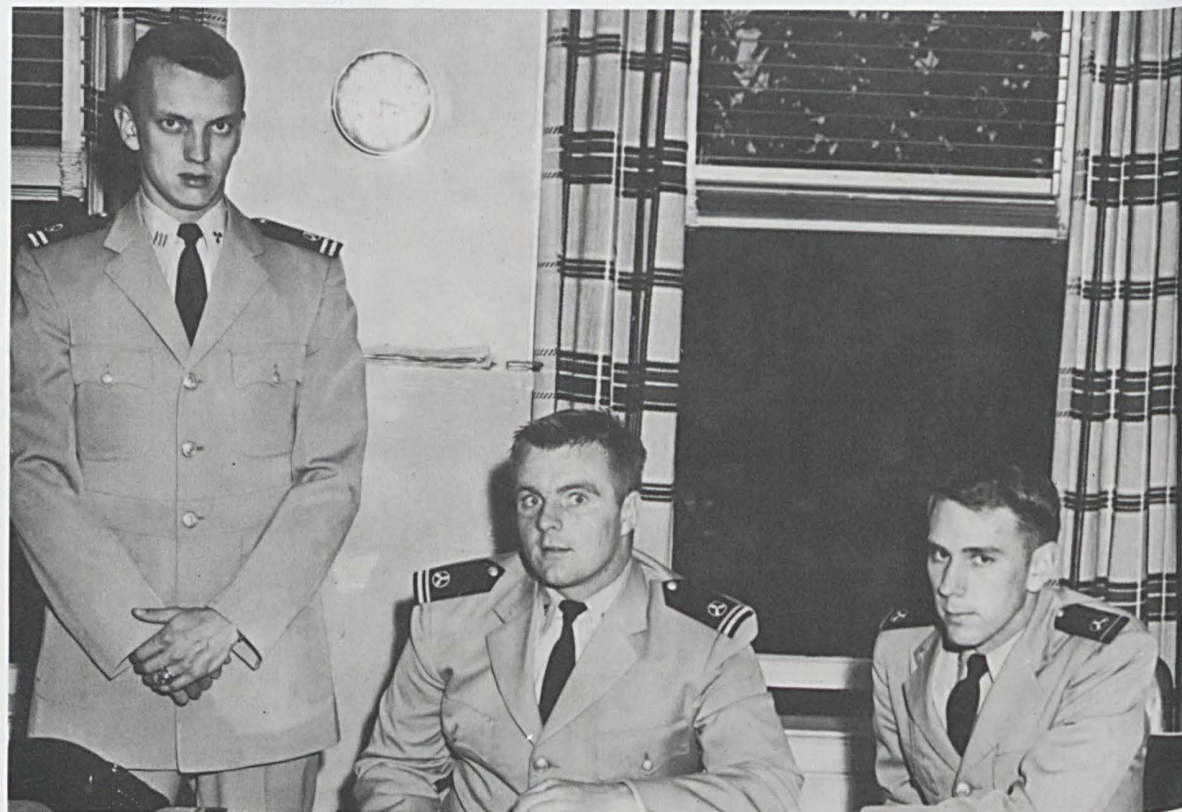
THE YEARBOOK

As the plans stand now, there will be one book for the class coming out in 1964. It will be the biggest and best book ever! This is because we are starting on it now, and we have two years to work on it. However, it will fall flat if we don't get your cooperation. What we need, starting now, is any and all pictures you have of the class and of the school, especially candid shots, they're the best. Also badly needed are shots of our Mug year. So don't throw out those pictures. Let us see them. Also we're going to need help, period. It's a big job to put out a book. Especially we will need help in selling advertisements. We're going to have to sell twice as many as ever before to finance the book we want.

The purpose of this letter has been to **start you thinking!** We hope it has made you agree with this one main idea: **LET'S SUPPORT AND GET BEHIND THESE DIFFERENT GROUPS SO THAT WE CAN BUILD UP M.M.A. BECAUSE WHAT WE DO FOR M.M.A. IT COMES BACK TWICE FOR US WHEN WE GRADUATE!** It's awful easy to say "It's too much work to join this committee," or, "I'm not going to bother to work for this committee — let someone else do it." If you do this pretty soon you'll find everyone else is doing the same thing and nothing will get done. Let's try to get every senior active in at least one group, committee, or club. Now is the chance, it's up to you!!



CLASS OFFICERS



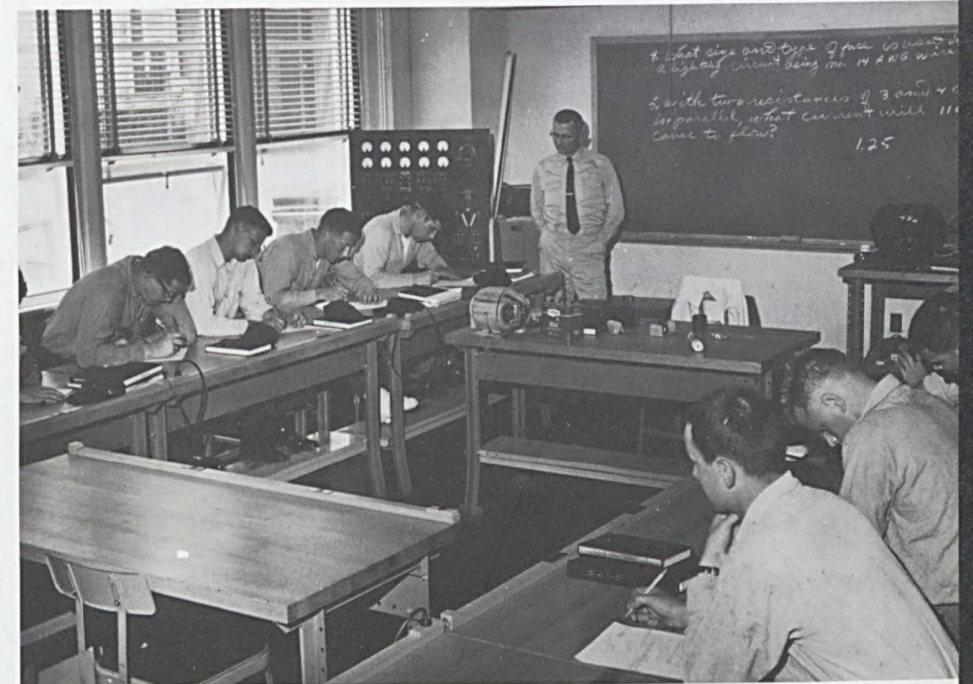
TOM RUSH, Sec.-Treas. JOE MORAN, Pres. TOM TURNER, Vice-Pres.

Through the initiative of a small group of sophomores a class letter was put out. Following this letter arrangements for a class meeting were made and it was called. After an introduction by Captain Nutting, the meeting was carried on led by Turner and Joy. Various ideas for new clubs and activities were discussed. The meeting concluded with ratification of a plan for electing class officers. These officers were to be a body completely separate from the Battalion staff, for the purpose of heading extra-curricular activities.

At a following meeting the nominations were presented by the nominating committee. A few days following the election was held with the following result: Joe Moran, President; Tom Turner, Vice President; Tom Rush, Treasurer; and Sam Rowe, Secretary.

At this time it was hoped by the instigators of this movement that a platform, from which an intensified spirit of esprit de corps could rise, had been initiated to create an idea which would wipe out the laissez faire attitude that existed and which was perpetuated by the existing organization.

In the increased activity of the period preceding graduation and sailing to Beaumont the newly elected class officers had little chance to function. A few meetings were held to discuss the drawing up of a constitution. Also an impromptu party was held at which a good time was had by all.



We Study Too.

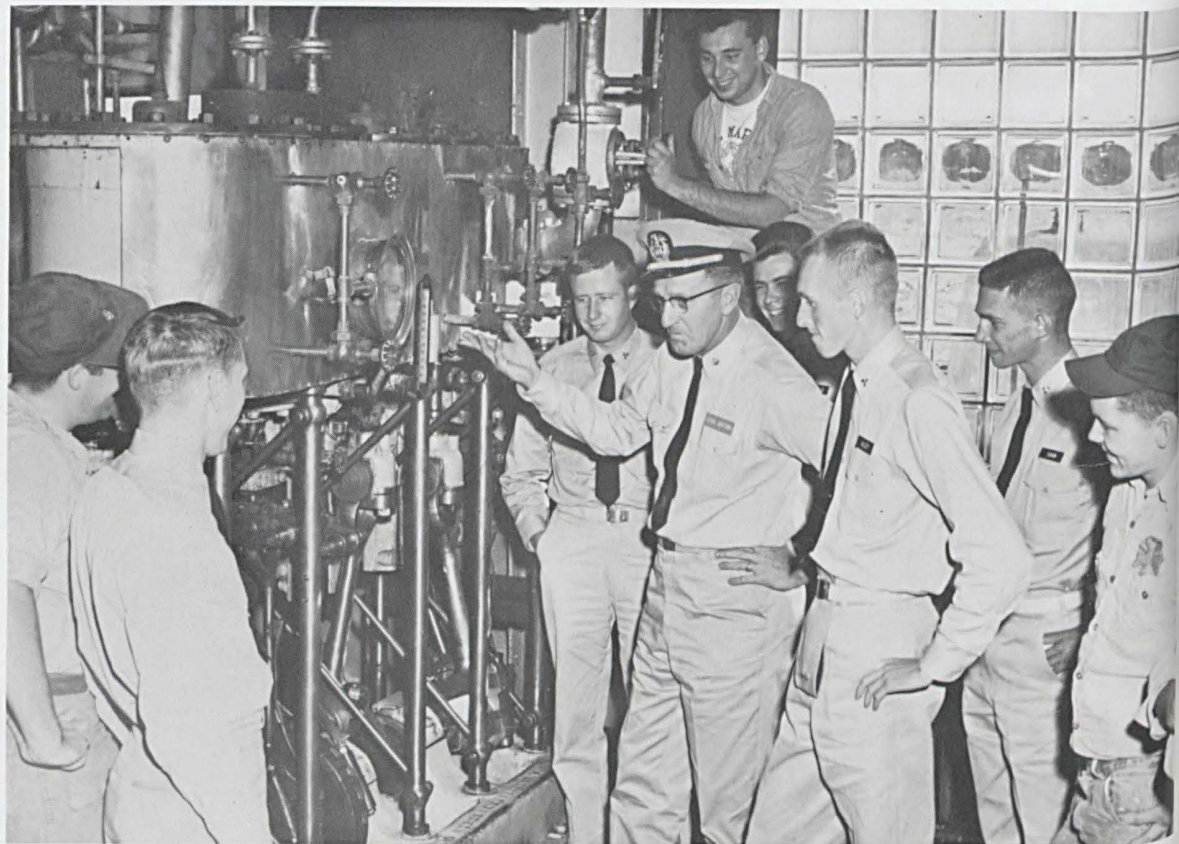
Bringing in the Keg — Duster, Tom, Duke, Bill, Duh, Vic, Wally, E.J.



The Boys at Wally's — Bill, Tom, Snark, Duke, Vic, Duster, E.J., Wally, Heb.



STEAM LAB

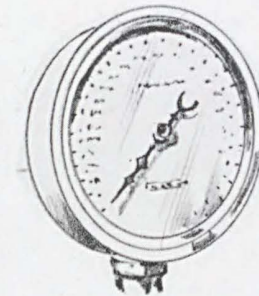
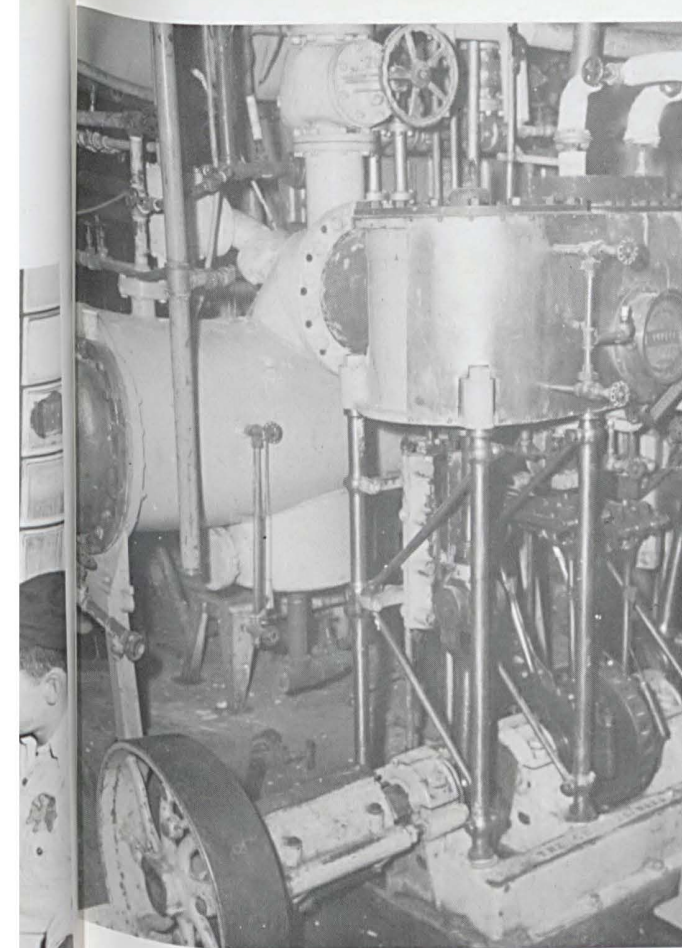


Mr. Jacobs and his recip.
E.J., Tom, Cris, Vic, Dave, Bill, Al, Duster.

The engineers of the class of nineteen sixty-four put in many man hours of hard work on the steam lab. Most of this time was given to repairing machinery that had not been run in many years. The reason for this was the fact that the boilers in the steam lab were used to supply steam to the training ship. With the new facilities in the Andrews Building, for supplying steam to the training ship, the steam lab can now be used for its intended purpose.

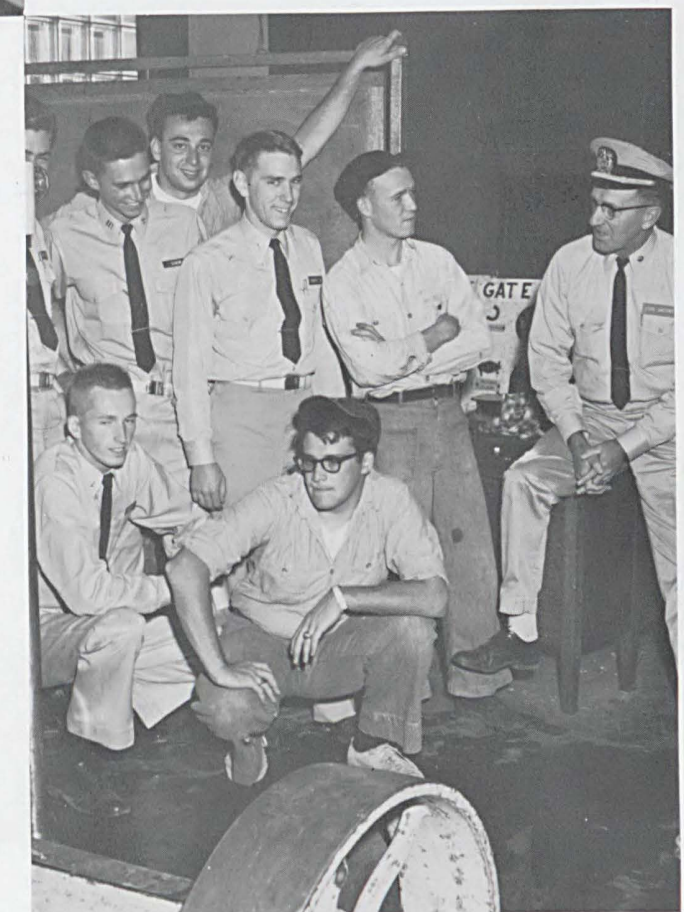
With the help of Mr. Snow, the club's faculty advisor, machinery like the triple expansion steam engine, the Gault Generator, the Cooper Bessemer Diesel Engine, and the auxiliaries that go with these machines are now in working order. We hope the steam lab will continue to be used as a training aid. The under classmen have helped a great deal in making this possible and we know they will carry the ball and maintain the steam lab in working order.

We wish to thank Mr. Snow for his help and patience with us in the steam lab.



It goes up and down.

Ah Uh! Tuck it away — Dave, Al, Bill, Vic,
Tom, E.J., Paul and the Hoss.



PROPELLER CLUB



DAVE CAMPBELL, Vice-President
DAVE SIMS, Secretary
TOM BROWN, President
JOHN LYNCH, Treasurer

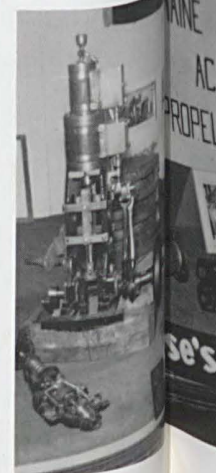
The primary objective of the Propeller Club is to promote and support an American Merchant Marine, adequate to meet the requirements of national security and economic welfare of the United States.

As a student port, our major purpose has been to develop appreciation of the importance of the American Merchant Marine by the midshipmen of all classes but more especially to the class of 1964 who, in a relatively short period of time, will take their places in the maritime profession as licensed officers.

Our outstanding accomplishment has been an enlargement of this Students Ports' participation in the week long commemoration of National Maritime Day as proclaimed each year by the President of the United States on May 22.

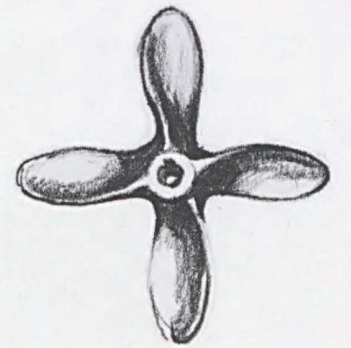


SENIOR MEMBERS — Bob, Al, Pete, Perry, Sam, Larry, Tom, Larry, Bill, Mike. Standing — Joe, Stan, Chuck, Dave, Lou, Tom, Charlie, Tom, Ed, Mac, Art, Heb.



Maritime

PROPELLER CLUB

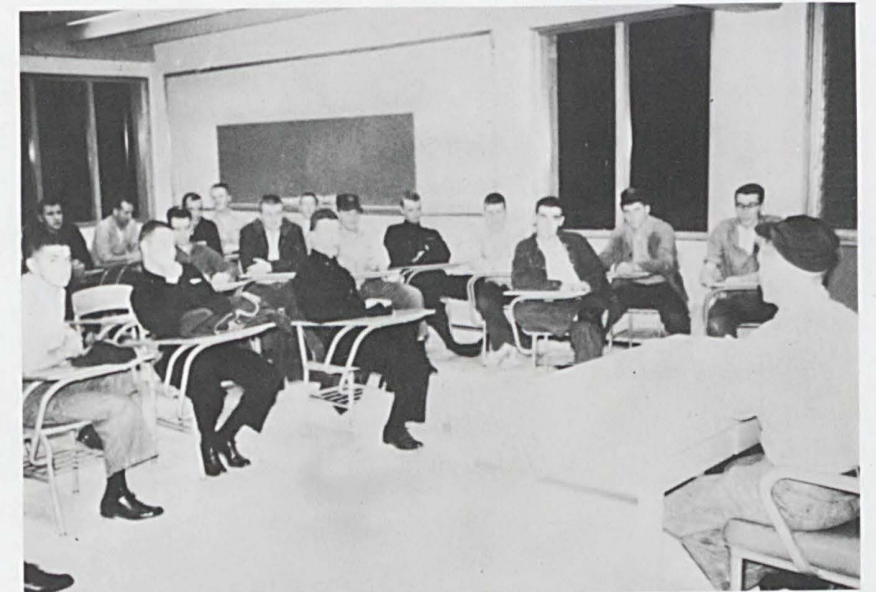


Unknown to many, the scores of tours and social events that occurred on the cruises were sponsored by the various Propeller Clubs throughout the world as a token gesture, and an act of hospitality to this port.

It stands as a credit to the senior members for their leadership and unending cooperation in organizing the many Academy functions that the Propeller Club has sponsored.

Our many thanks to LCDR William H. McReel, our faculty advisor, for devoting his time and patience to the Propeller Club, Port of Maine Maritime Academy.

May the future affiliations of the members be beneficial, not only to yourselves, but to the organization as a whole.



Meeting — Bill, John, Skeet, Joe, Pete, John, Sam, Joe, Stan, Heb, Lou, Tom, Perry, Ken, Chuck, Larry, Tom.



Meeting — Bob, Dave, Sam, Pete, Doug, Mac, Al, Mike, Joe, Lou, John.

RIFLE CLUB



SENIOR MEMBERS

Doug, John, Bill, Larry, Paul, Gomer, John, Al, Charlie, Bert, Joel, Russell.

The Rifle Club, though not active in interscholastic shooting, is still an active club. The club was originally organized to get those Midshipmen who had a talent for or were interested in shooting together so they would pit their skill against each other and other clubs.

On the membership roster are approximately 12 seniors, most of whom have been in the club since they were freshmen. The club itself has about 25 members.

Most noteworthy of the club's accomplishments is its entering the Maine State—30 Caliber Meet in Hampden. Taking two teams of five, the middies came home with a fifth and eighth place. The middy sharpshooters have also staged innumerable semi-formal matches among themselves to help them keep at their best.

The club has been faced with many problems, the main one, an adequate range to shoot at. Presently they have been renting a range in Blue Hill which unfortunately has not proved satisfactory. It is hoped that the small-bore range, which is under consideration, will soon materialize. This range is planned for the basement of the Margaret Chase Smith Building. Members of the Rifle Club are working with the administration and athletic department trying to get this new range which is hoped will give our sharpshooters a chance for some interscholastic activity in the small bore field.

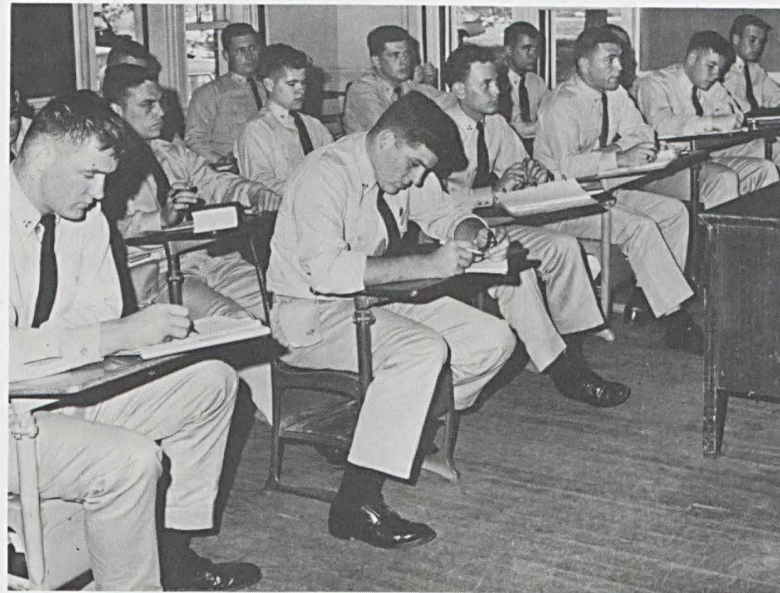


On the Range.



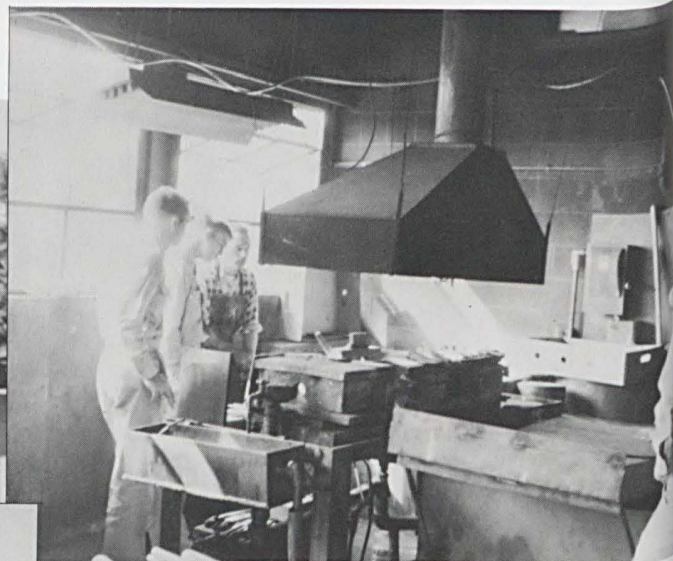
In the Armory.

After the graduation of the class of 1962 the leadership of the school fell upon the shoulders of the class of 1964. That we were to shoulder this burden well was to be proven shortly.



Classes

A Field Trip?
Snow and Nealley Co.
Dave, Stan



View
from the
Porthole.

E.J. and Mike, Bill and Deney.

Al
Roge
Roge
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Always wide awake and ready to go was Roger Marks. A member of the class of 1959, Roger came back to M.M.A. to act first as maintenance officer on the training ship and in our senior year became an instructor teaching an excellent course in automatic combustion. Both practically and book wise Roger is an example of the excellent caliber of past graduates and he was always ready to pass on his knowledge to us.

On the cruises or during maintenance when Roger teamed up with the gang there was sure to be a good time. Owner of a hot Corvey it seems we'll never know who is faster—the Corvey or Snake's Bird. If he ever goes back to sea we'd all be happy to sail with Mr. Marks.



ROGER A. MARKS
Engineering
Lieutenant (jg) M.M.A.

GEORGE P. JACOBS
Engineering
Lieutenant (jg) M.M.A.



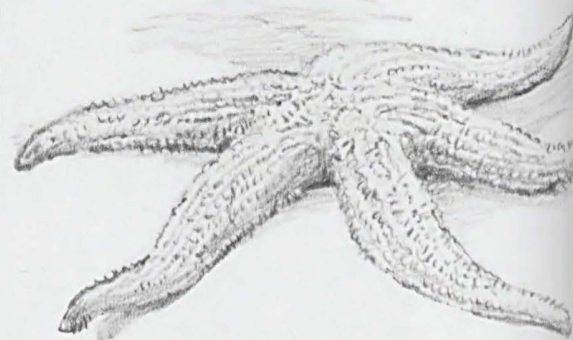
"Ah Ha, tuck it away — it's in the book," who else but the "Hoss." One of the special characters around the school, the "Hoss" had his own special way about him. Graduate of Sheepshead Bay and U.S.M.S. Officer Upgrading Schools there wasn't an engineering problem we could find to stump Mr. Jacobs. Next to the inventor there were few people who knew as much about the up and down jobs as did the "Horse."

Always keeping everyone jumping on the cruise, he was always teaching at the same time. Owner of undoubtedly the best collection of horseshoes in the country, his luck was known to run out only once. At times he might infuriate you, but when you'd calm down you would discover you knew it. One of the mid-dies' true friends, he was always interested in advancing our education and welfare.

On June 11th we set sail on the State of Maine's (USS Comfort) last voyage from Castine. Amidst the cheers of the freshmen the new junior class headed south for Texas.

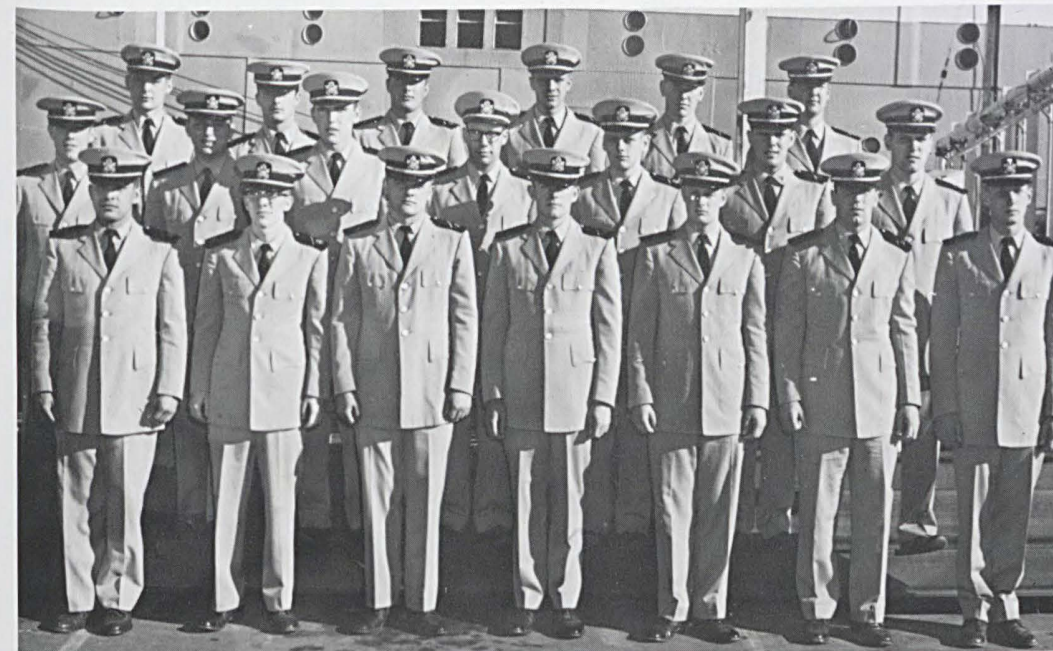


Last C.O.O.D. of the Comfort.



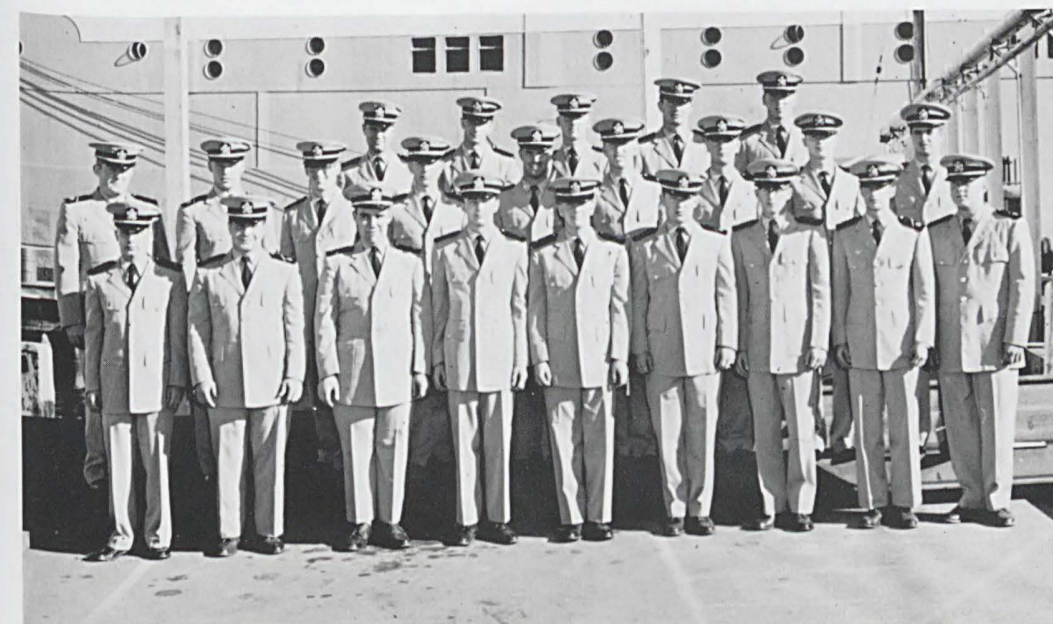
The Last Trip.

CLASS OF 1966



3-E-2

First Row, L. to R.: Kutz, R.; Magidson, S.; Martin, P.; Hanover, T.; Nickerson, J.; Leeman, R.; Mitchell, J.; Merriam, M. G.; Nordeng, E.
Second Row: Hutchins, R.; Newton, P.; Mercaldi, R.; Newbegin, R. M.; Oliver, W. S.; Krupski, J. J.; Johnson, W.; Kortlucke, D. J.; Higgins, W. K.
Third Row: Nye, L. H.; Winters, M.; Haines, B.; Nivison, K. R.; Jones, R. B.

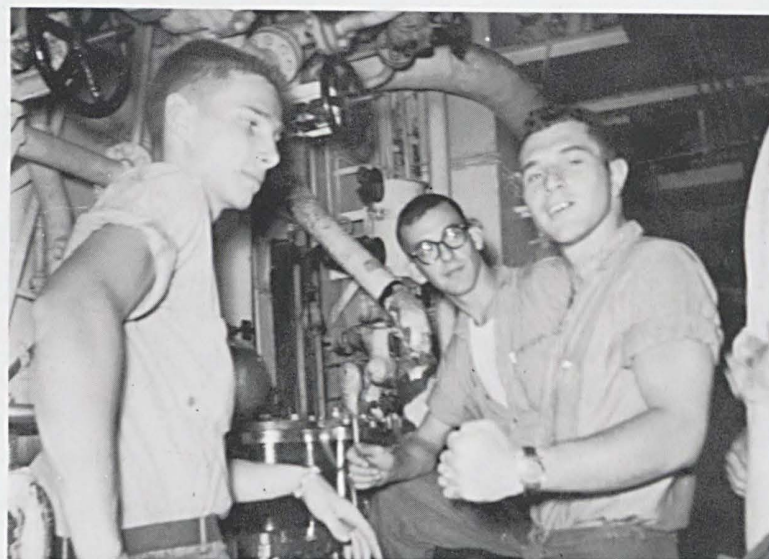


3-E-1

First Row, L. to R.: Fillion, R.; Atwood, B.; Frederick, T. J.; Bryant, D.; Cook, B.; Ahearn, D.; Boyce, P.
Second Row: Annable, A.; Carbonneau, L. R.; Paton, R.; Demaree, J. R.; Getz, R. K.; Calder, W. D.; Gillman, E.
Third Row: Benn, J.; Ayer, B. G.; Bulmer, E. E.; Clark, R. T.; Arnold, D. B.; Dearborn, B. S.

The keyword for the entire Beaumont trip was "Work!" There was a job to be done and we had to do it. Some of the officers questioned our ability to accomplish the job. There was not a doubt in the minds of any of the class of 1964 however.

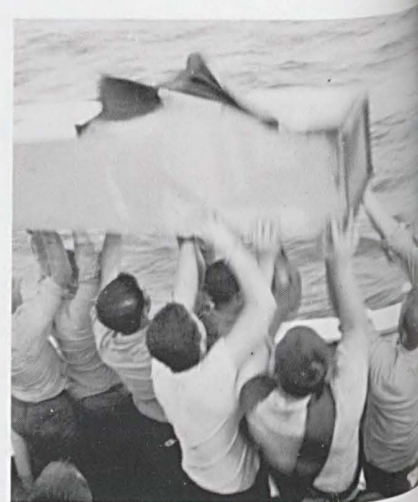
We worked many long and hard hours, everyone doing his utmost to accomplish his job. There was no complaining or bitching about dirty jobs or who would do them; we did whatever came our way. For our hard work we had complete freedom on our time off. We found ways to enjoy ourselves and relax and were always ready to go the next day.



Al, Thal, Mike.



Neil, Vic, Lou.

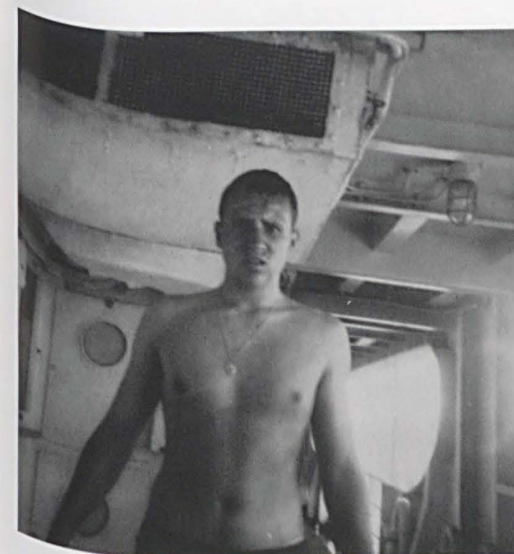


Over the Side.



Smoker - Bus Trip — Chuck, Tom, Joe, E.J.

One way that we enjoyed our free time was by producing our own Smoker. This series of impromptu skits, organized hastily by the class officers, provided a night full of belly-laughs!



Little John



Preparing for Smoker.



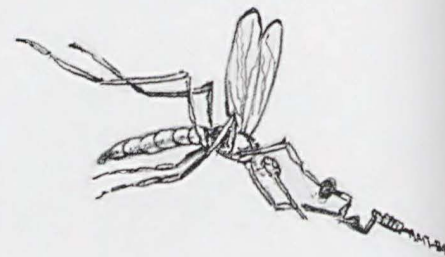
Harp

What? 0300 and everyone is up?

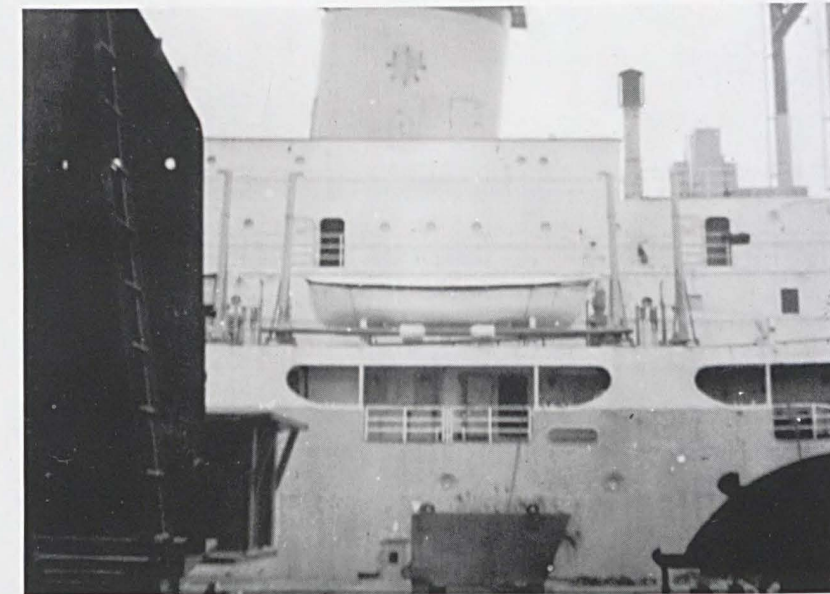
We did not see any welcome signs, but we knew that we had just entered the great realm of the State of Texas, where a dime is as big as a half-dollar but does not change in value. Yes, this was the state where everything was big; with no exceptions, this included all winged creatures. Even the friendly mosquito finds the cool atmosphere of the Sabine River an excellent place to settle. They were very enthusiastic about our coming and it was sort of like a family outing. This would have been ideal for the Red Cross Blood Bank.

Anyway, as we swatted our way up the Sabine, we passed the very impressive moth ball fleet and approached our docking area at the Bethlehem Shipyard in Beaumont. Then the real work began, laying up the old **State of Maine** before proceeding to New Orleans and taking over the **Panama lines Ancon** (now the **State of Maine**). There were many hours and days spent on the ship before everything was just as the inspectors wanted it, for she was to remain in moth balls for at least three years until the newly formed Texas Maritime Academy would take it over.

Last Trek Out.



Up the Sabine.



Laying Her Up.

But, along with everyone's hard work came the good times. Living aboard ship for the first few days was easy, but when we heard we were going ashore and reside in a hotel in order to continue the laying up process, we were extremely skeptical. This meant acquiring a good set of landlubber's legs. We found that the land settlement and creatures had a great deal to offer. To top it all off, there was mighty fine co-operation from the officers. As long as everyone worked his share, the rest of the time would be ours. Unbelievable!

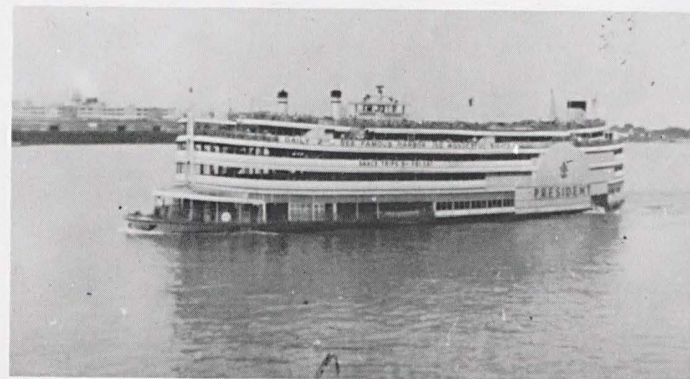
So off we moved and into the fine shore establishment, the Hotel Beaumont. We must admit, we were very impressed with the service, although we did sort of disappoint hotel staff by having a small showing at the breakfast table, but then, who had time for breakfast? We all made dinner, however. As the Phone rang, a delightful voice whispered, "Dinner is now being served in the skyroom," and oh that Texas accent; (not on the food either, although it was the finest our taste buds ever sampled).

After dinner, came the great migration of Middies from the Hotel Beaumont into the well lighted, and some not so well lighted streets of Beaumont. Off we went; the Red Lion Club, the Playboy Club, pizza joints and what have you. Those who chose to stay at the Hotel had justifiable reasons.

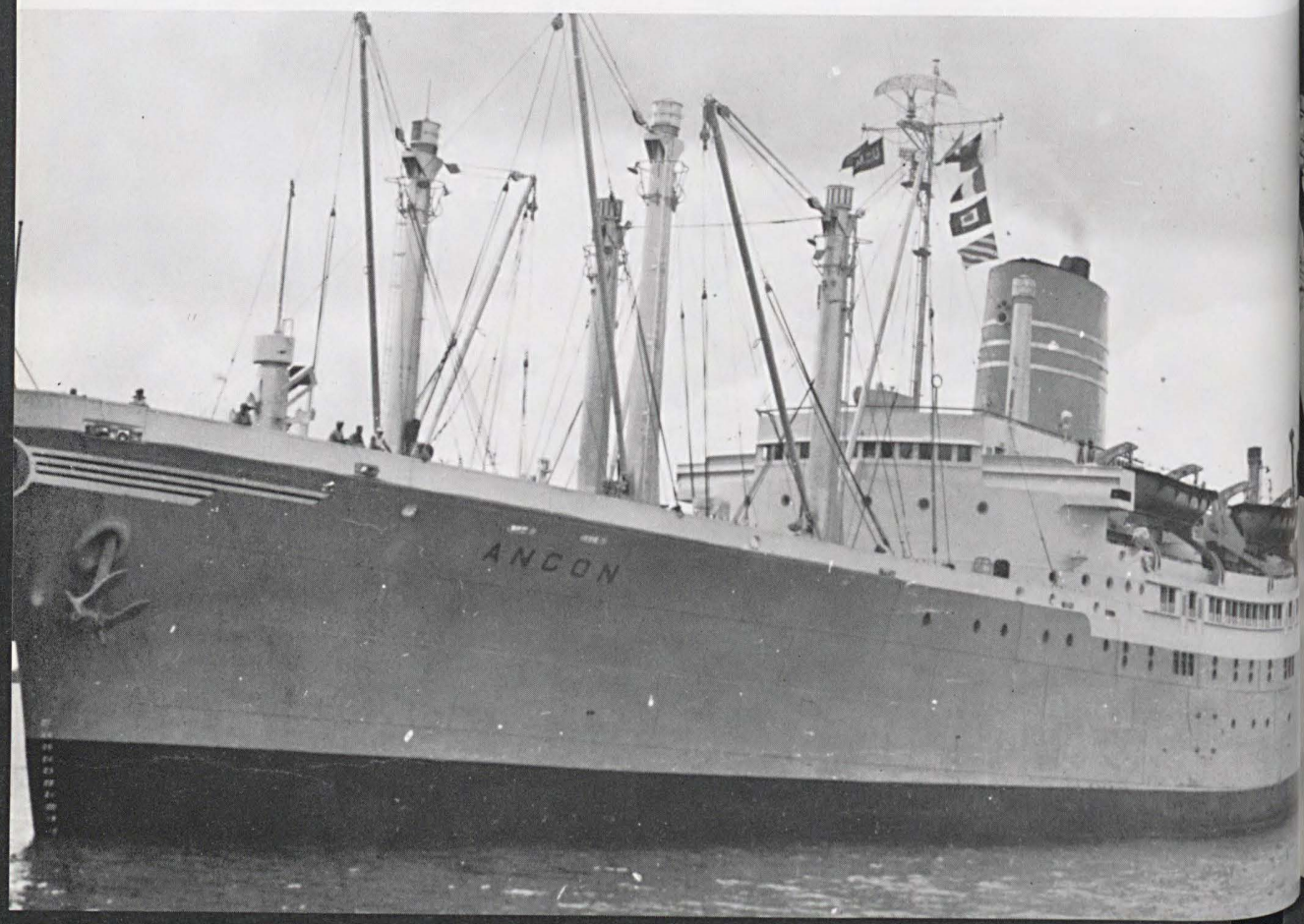
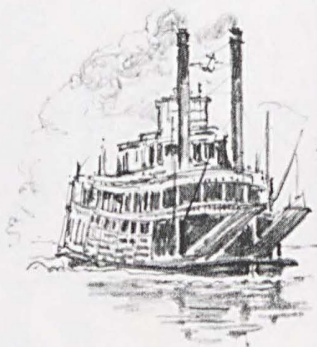
Ask anyone in the class of '64 about the trip to Beaumont, and you will probably receive a big grin, and a slight laugh and nothing more. But, you will know for sure that the experience gained, both professionally and otherwise will always remain with the class of '64.

From Beaumont we went to New Orleans to pick up the "Ancon." We hope the poor bus driver recovered from the trip across.

By now most of us were broke, however we did manage to set a few records at the E. M. Club. Dimey night and where was the disaster squad? For those of us who came over early and those who did get into town the French quarter proved quite a place.



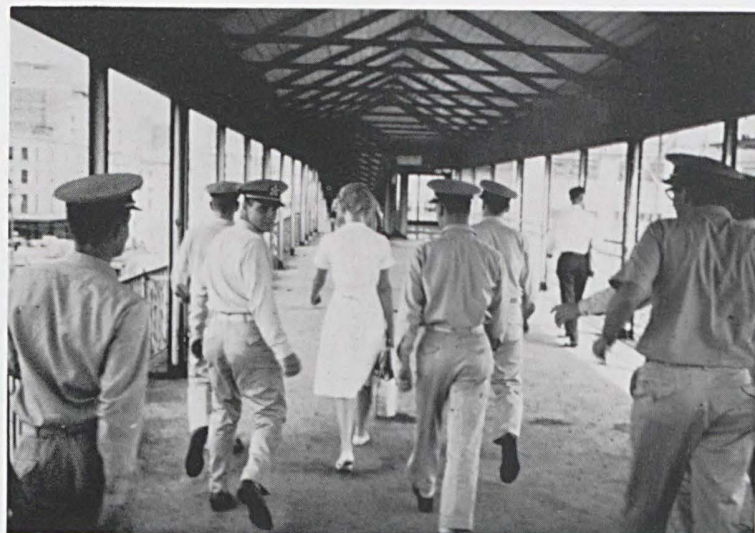
On the Mississippi.



Oh Those Hurricanes!
Ben, Ken, Larry, Bert.

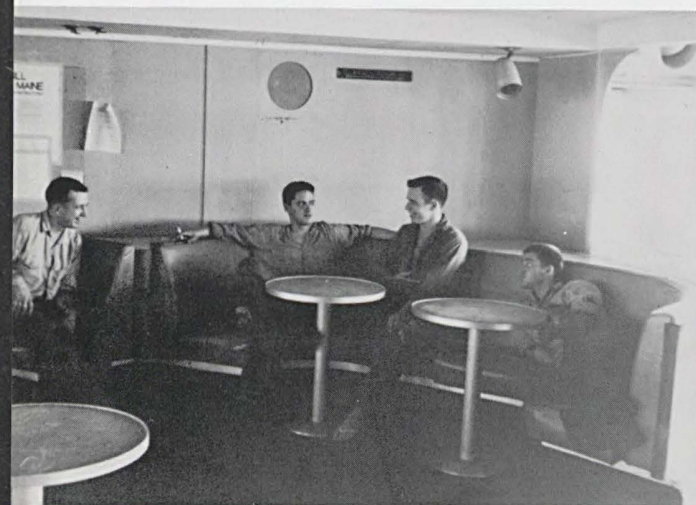


Ah, HA! Tom, Pat, Sam, Sue.



A regal escort coming off the Canal Street Ferry — Sam, Mike, Tom, George, Bamba, E.J.

What a heck of a way to get into a hold — Tom.



Nice comfortable place to shoot the bull — Bonney, George, Tom, Stan.



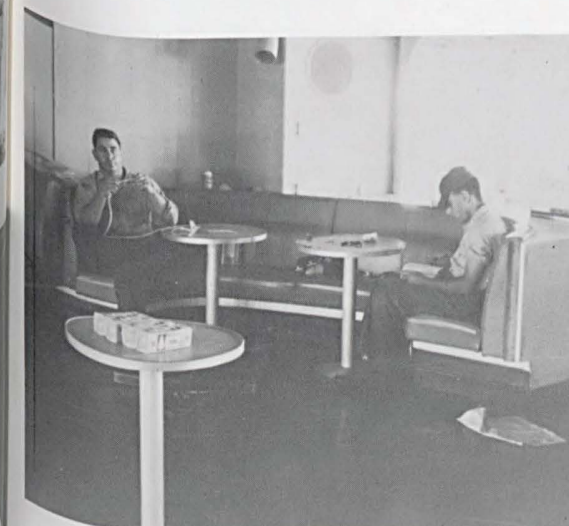
Looking over the plant — Chuck, Bob, Mike, Al.



The Organizers — Artie, Luner, Bill, Reb.



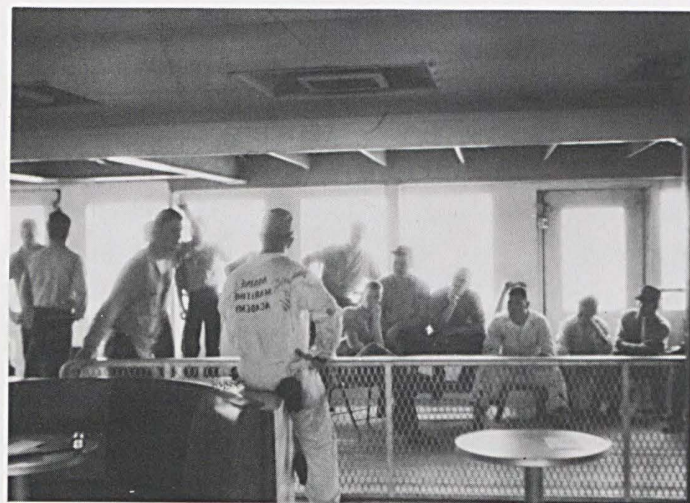
Deck Maintenance? — Steve, Bos, Bert, Bos, Ed, Ken, Ben.



Hard Workers — Bill, Steve.

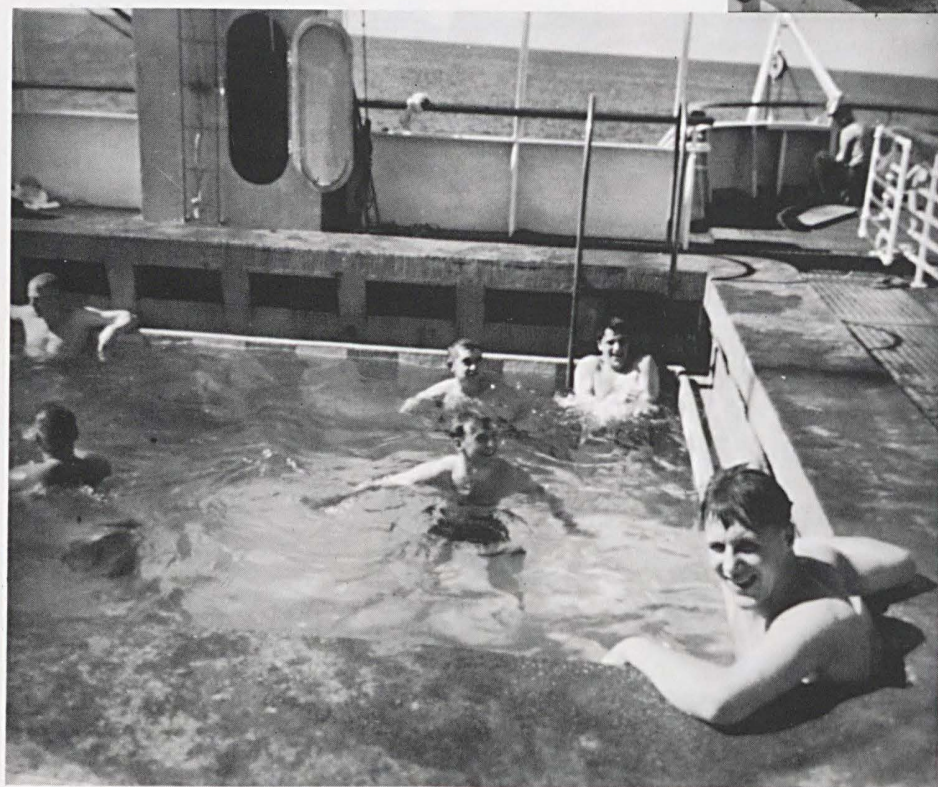


Hop right in — Lou, Parks.

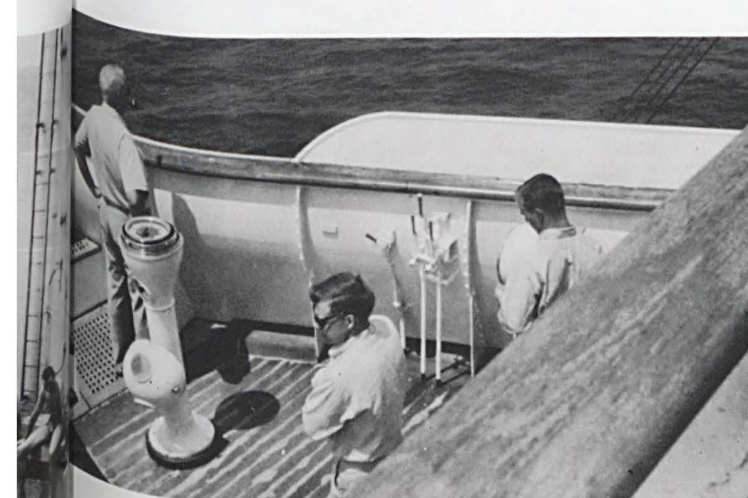


Ed Musters the Maintenance Crew —
Emele, Pod, Niel, Pete.

Filling — —
Joe, Perry, Bert, Dick,
Dick, Joel, Fred.



Filled!
Tib, Buck, E.J.,
Duke, Nate.



She goes quite fast —
Capt. Coffin, Lt. (jg) Buchanan, Ferrier.



We're going to hit it.



Blaaatt

Arriving in Castine, we proudly showed our friends through the "new" **State of Maine**, and tried to remain modest as they praised the results of our hard work.

Our "vacation," however, was soon over, and it was back to a rugged class schedule.

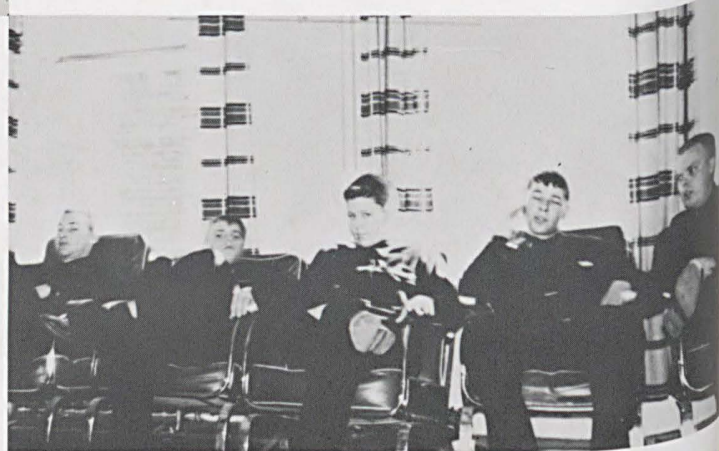


It's so nice it hardly feels like a ship.



Chowing down (if you have a strong stomach).
Joel, Duncie, Tod.

Senior Lounge is ours now — we hope.
Duke, Bill, Mat, Chuck, Bob.



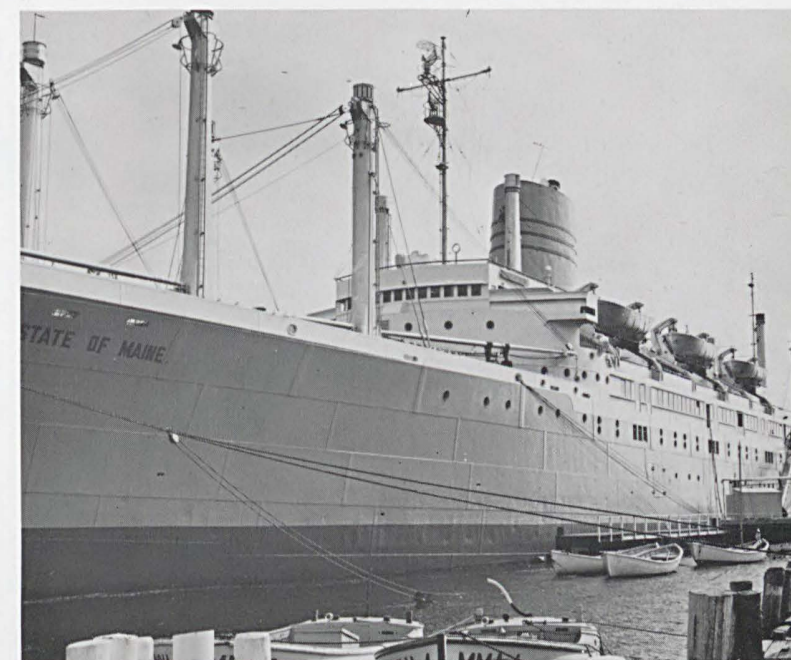
The Boys — Ken, Stan, E.J., Mike.



We'll be using it next year —
Duke, Mac, George.



Tom, Reb on Liberty.



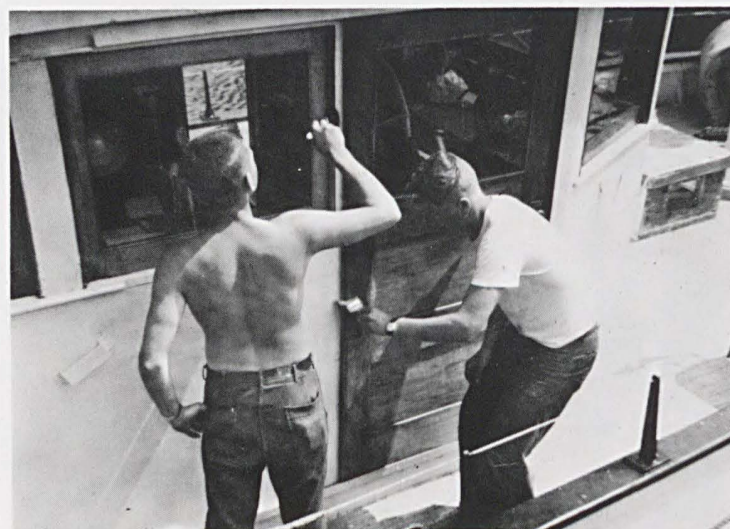
RUTHEL

The Academy obtained the **Ruthel** from the Navy, some two years ago. Touted by the Navy Surplus Catalog as fit and ready to go, it proved quite a shock to the few unfortunates who were to bring the Academy its new yacht.

Although gangling in appearance and badly in need of scraping and painting, she was soon put into shape, proving itself quite capable and seaworthy on many occasions (especially at the time of our Class's Junior weekend.)



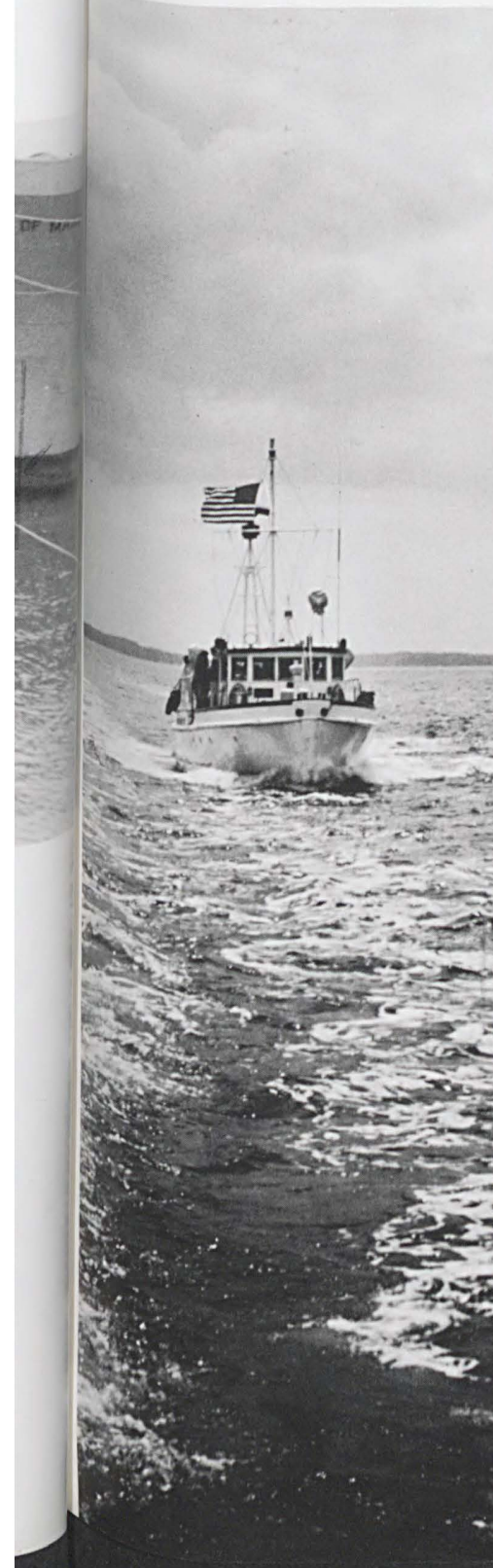
The Tub Arrives.



Bert and Tom Working on Her.

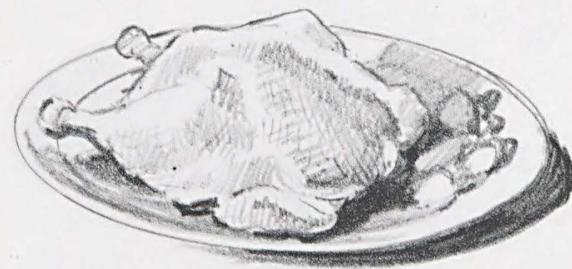
PATHFINDER

The **Pathfinder**, commonly known as the "Baron's Boat," was the deckmen's workshop. In it they cruised the Penobscot putting to practical use their knowledge of navigation and radar.



On Cruise Junior Weekend.

BROILER FESTIVAL



Two Bits Apiece — Bos, Al, Sam, Larry.

In the spring of every year the Midshipmen of the Maine Maritime Academy are happy to act as escorts of two traditional Maine festivals. These being the Broiler Festival in Belfast (the broiler capital of the world) and the Lobster Festival in Rockland (the lobster capital of the world).

The boys were right at home on these occasions — there being an ample supply of pretty girls and good food.

In Rockland a typical festival would consist of informal parties Friday night, a parade, Saturday afternoon,



The Winners

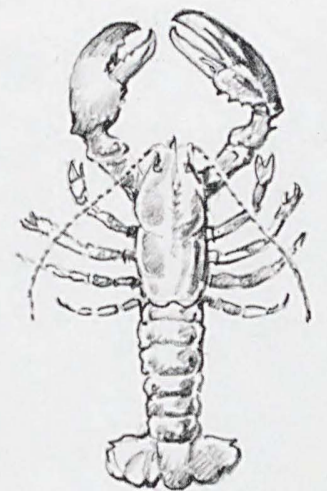
LOBSTER FESTIVAL

and a formal dinner and the beauty pageant and Queen's Ball Saturday night. Of course additional festivities were always in progress, such as a rowing race in which the M.M.A. team competed and a continuous lobster feed, and entertainment. The boys were housed by residents of the Rockland area and many a party on Owls Head will not be forgotten!

Anyone who has ever acted as an escort will remember these festivals as one of the highlights of the summer in which a good time was had by all.



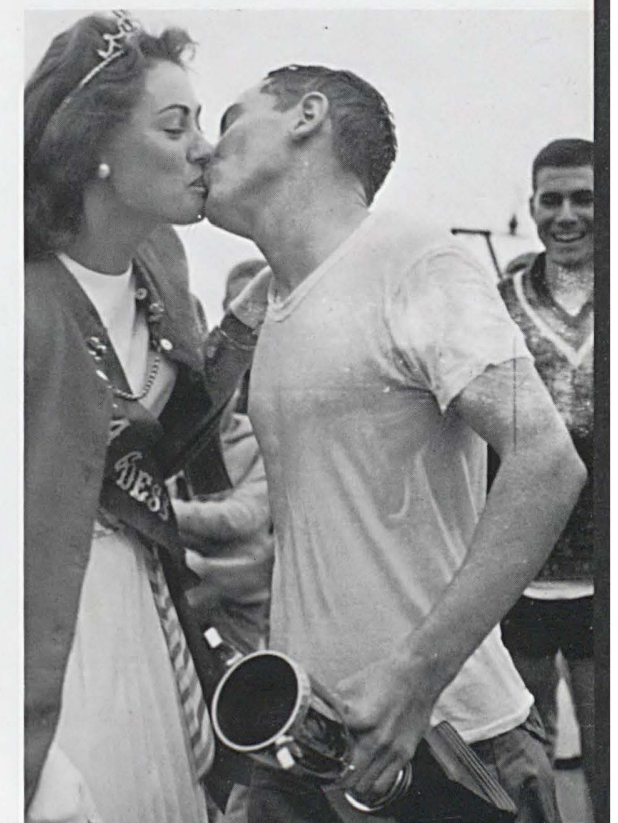
The Coxswain goes in.

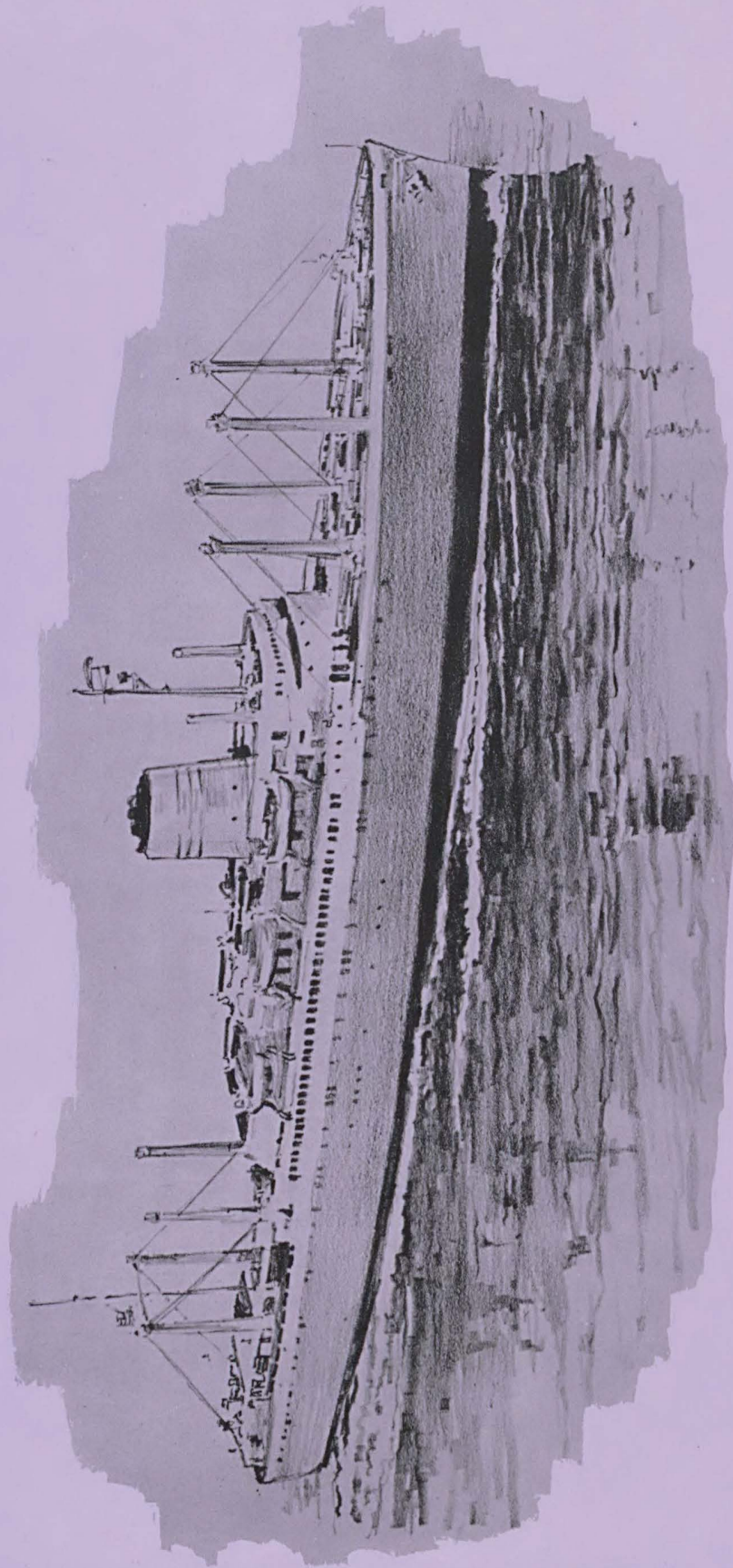


The Coxswain gets his reward.



Escort Wurschy, The Queen, Neptune, Gov. Reed.





We were now the upper class but not the Senior Class. We faced our Junior year full of high hopes and ideals. We soon learned the hard cold facts of life — No one looks out for us but ourselves! The year was to toughen our hides and callous our minds.

We emerged at the end though, wise in our ways, and proven again with another exceptionally educating cruise under our belts.

RO-NCC

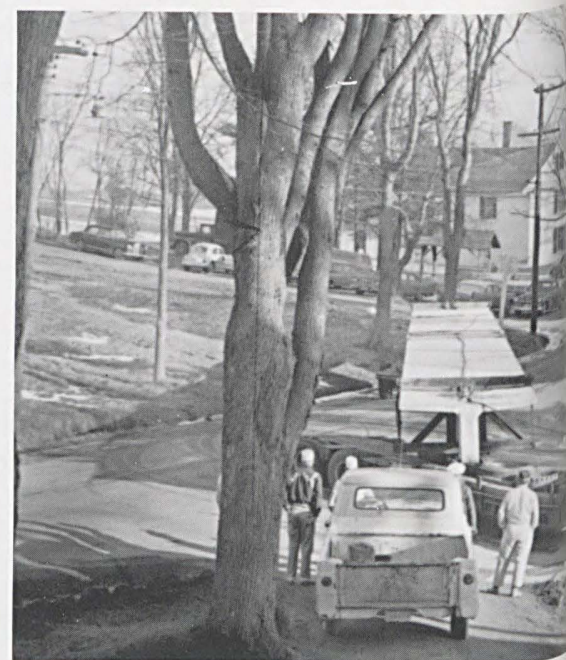


Lounge.



Fantail.

We return to a new home



and to new developments.

JAMES A. LYLE
Officer in Charge, Waterfront.
Lt. Commander U.S.N. (Ret.)



Officer in charge of many of the new developments, and a friend to all is LCDR Lyle. A jack of all trades, Mr. Lyle has held various positions at the Academy. We first met him in the machine shop where he gave us much valuable help. He then taught us Recips in our sophomore year. Many of us thought "Mr. Skineer" never had such a staunch backer. Upon our return from Beaumont, Mr. Lyle was put in charge of the waterfront area. In this position he has been responsible for all shore side facilities including supplying the ship with power. He was also in charge of supervising the building of the new dorms and at present the new waterfront. Busy as he was though, he always had time to give us helpful hints and instructions.

Upon our return from Beaumont, Captain Coffin was raised from the position of Executive Officer to that of being full time Master of the Training Vessel. This shakeup came as quite a shock to most of us.

Captain Coffin had been Executive Officer since our indoctrination and we had become used to and accepted his policies. Though we were not always in accord with his decisions we could count on them to have been given due consideration and thought. We all knew Captain Coffin as being a fair man to the best of his ability and knowledge. He based his actions on the principles and circumstances as he believed them to be or as he was ordered to do. A stickler for having your hat squared, he had earned our respect as Executive Officer.



ALBION F. COFFIN
C.O. SS State of Maine
Captain M.M.A.

KELVIN L. NUTTING
Executive Officer
Captain U.S.N. (Ret)



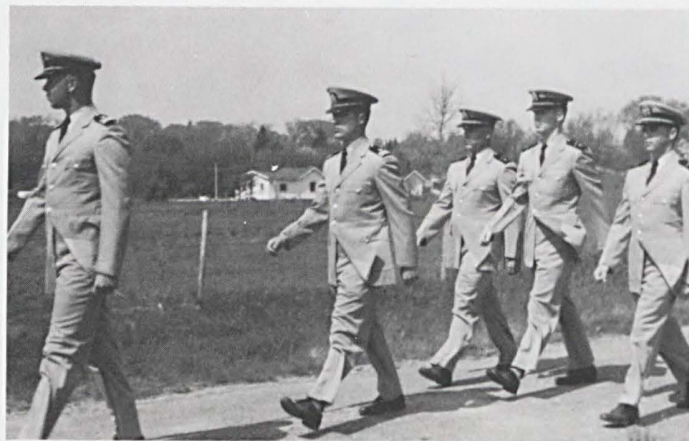
Captain Nutting had previously been head of the Academic Department, and now stepped in as Executive Officer under the reorganization plan.

Now we began to see more emphasis on the Naval aspects of the Academy, and, for some of us, this took a bit of adjusting. But we never lost sight of the fact that our training and welfare were uppermost in his mind.

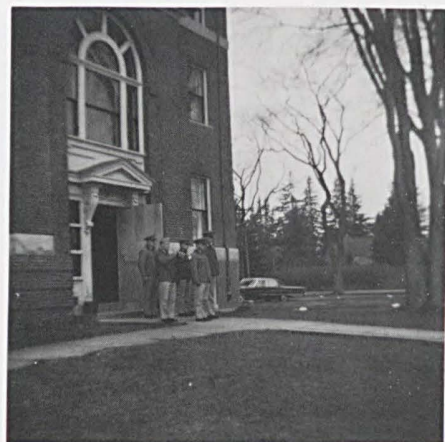
As this **Trick's End** went to press, Captain Nutting was named to the post of Acting Superintendent. In this difficult job we wish him the very best of luck.

BATTALION STAFF

The Battalion Staff of the class of "64" took over on May 5, 1962 and assumed the responsibility of leading the corps of Midshipmen. Under the capable hands of Eddie Harmes, our B.C. who was in charge of the living quarters aboard ship, the staff functioned as a close unit whose one objective was the military discipline and well being of the Academy. In Leavitt Hall, our Executive Officer, Gene Silva, took charge of the Mugs from the first day of Indoctrination until they reached the accepted status of third classmen, as well as assisted Eddie in any changes of staff policy. Bill Davies took over the difficult task of paper work which kept the Battalion on its feet, and as Adjutant, led the crew of underclass yeomen assigned to him. Our supply officer Jules Jaget became requisition king and helped Gene with the Mugs. Pete Johnson was kept on his toes with two mess decks to run and over a 1,000 meals to be served every day. As a unit, these men bore the brunt of responsibility which the rates have assumed at the Academy.



Ed Harmes, B. C.; Eugene Silva, X.O.; Jules Jaget, Supply; Peter Johnson, Master-at-Arms; Bill Davies, Adj.



Morning Inspection.



Leading the Battalion.

A COMPANY

The fall of "62" brought "A" Company to the beginning of another semester and another chance at winning platoon competition.

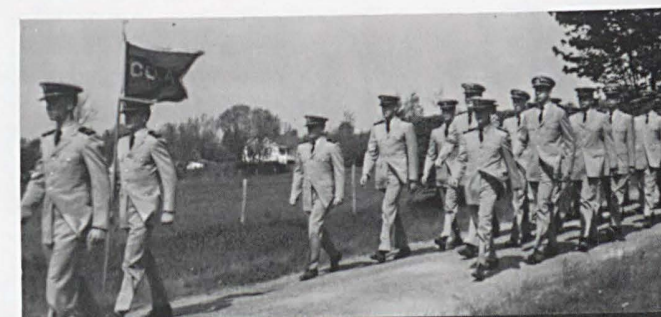
"A" Company again found itself in difficulty from the very beginning. We heard the all too common phrases muttered at morning inspections: "No Shine," "No Shave," "Haircut," and as always the Captain's Mast list looked like an "A" Company muster. Consequently when the platoons' scores were totaled at the end of the semester, the grant of an extra week's leave went elsewhere.

A change of attitude developed during the cruise and the "A" Company boys gave fair warning to the opposition. Both "A-1" and "A-2" started the spring semester off in good fashion, both pulling away from the other company, who had always won. The competition came to a battle between "A-1" and "A-2" with the other company left far afield. Although "A-2" won first place only once in the weekly standings, they were never more than a few points from a real sharp "A-1" platoon. Eventually "A-1" gained the extra week's leave during the summer. This all goes to prove you can't keep a good company down when they set their minds to doing a job.



Al Shaw, A. Co. Commander; Tom Brown, A-1 Platoon Leader; Jim Hebert, A-2 Platoon Leader; Dave Sims, Guidon.

Al Leads A. Co.



B COMPANY

The first formation in which we were the "Seniors" and rated the "Back Rank" was Memorial Day 1962. Few of us can recollect that morning since it was the morning after our pre-Beaumont party. Also many times, "B Company, Column right, Oops, Left," was heard throughout the ranks. If we had had the power to foresee the future we would have known that that was only the beginning for "B" Company.

The start of the fall semester also was the start of "Platoon Competition." This is about the only break in the plague which was on "B" Company. The Platoons took over the first and second places from the beginning and kept pushing to hold these positions right through to Christmas. Platoon B-2 certainly deserved the extra five days leave they won prior to the cruise.

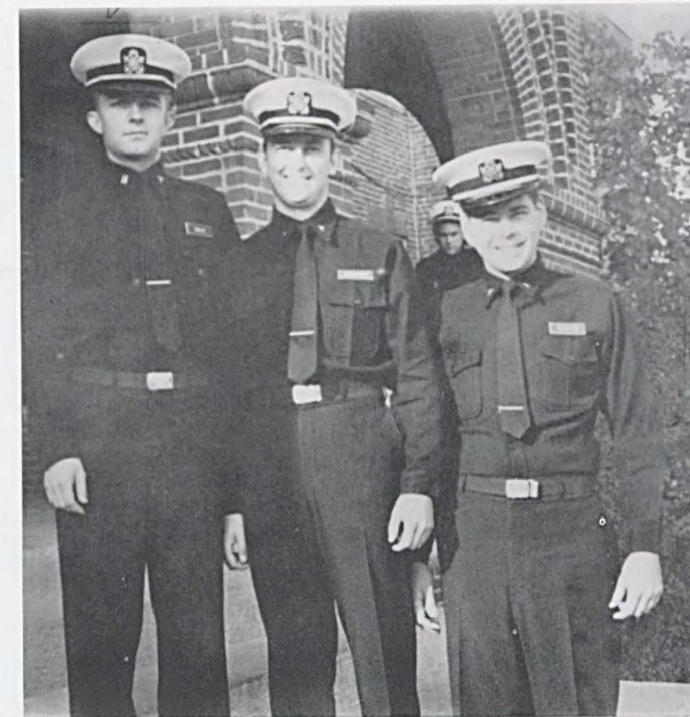
Just after "Cruise Leave" in April all "B" Company was looking forward to Easter weekend; until we found out that B-2 had duty. This coming after B-2 had had Thanksgiving duty for the third year in a row. Then, as if we didn't have troubles enough, we found out that we were in the last two places in platoon competition. For many mornings after the "B" Company guidon was always to be found sticking out of the head bowl in room 233.

With the advent of the Regimental organization we can say goodbye to the Battalion and "A" and "B" Companies and the last remnant of the "OLD SCHOOL."



Dick Grant, B. Co. Commander; Perry Mattson, B-2 Platoon Leader; Tom Rush, B-1 Platoon Leader; Mike Scala, Guidon.

C.P.O.'S



Sam Soule, Machinist Mate; Dick Blanger, Gunners Mate; Dave Terry, Electrician Mate.



Charley Landry, Fire Chief; Ken Joy, Boatswain; Doug Glen, Quartermaster.

CLASS OF 1965



2-E-1

Bottom to Top:
Left:
Lease, W. C.
Gamache, J. E.
Ramsey, C. F., Jr.
Jameson, E. E.
Thompson, P. R.
Glew, R. D.

Right:
Sievers, D. H.
Ricker, C. W.
Mills, O. T.
Plimpton, G. D.
Sprague, G. R.
Lowell, B. E.



2-E-3

Bottom to Top:
Left:
Gaudreau, L.
Linsky, T.
Young, F.
Somerville, R. D.
Fisher, W.
Driscoll, D.
Twomey, R.
Snyder, R.
Jensen, F.
Sundheim, C.

Right:
Burke, R.
Walters, R.
Stratton, J. R.
Jutras, P.
Thibodeau, P.
Haydu, F. U.
Rowe, S.
Roach, D. J.
Lechman, C. A.
Sundman, R. E.

Bottom to Top:
Left:
Farnsworth, T. A.
Hamilton, W. A., Jr.
Mulcahy, B. L.
Wilkens, R. J.
LaBrache, F. W.
Casey, H. F., Jr.
Wells, C. H., Jr.
Holmes, T. A.

Right:
Arnold, S.
Moody, R. J.
Raynes, R. L.
Bickford, R.
Foley, W. D.
Richardson, F. W.
Beal, J. A.
Whitney, D.
McCorrison, N.



2-E-2

Bottom to Top:
Left:
Arnold, B. W.
Borges, R. C.
Eddy, A. W.
Jeffrey, W. D.
Jacobsen, L. D.
Struck, D. E.
Grant, B. L.
Widegren, W. B.
Connelly, J. J.
Shepard, J. A.
Moebius, C. G.
Rucker, A. E.

Right:
Hutchins, J.
Bartlett, B. A.
Herlihy, J. W.
Slocum, G. S.
Morrissey, R. E.
Rose, E. M.
Bracy, I. E.
Kerney, J. E.
Wurschy, P. K.
Kimpton, J. S.
Bernich, J. A.
Ferguson, R. R.



2-D

DEBATING



Frank McGovern, Dave Sims, Ed Harmes, Bob Hale.

Sometime during October, 1962, a note in the Plan of the Day read as follows: "Anyone interested in participating in a debate at the University of Maine see Mr. Jordan."

Shortly thereafter four juniors found themselves in a vast field of education, and organized this school's debating team. The specific start was the research and hard work that followed a visit to Orono. While at Maine, these Midshipmen saw a debate and observed tactics of the science. With their goal set for a novice tournament, they began digging out information on the annual topic. Topic — "Should the Non-communist nations of the world form an economic community?" The four were divided into groups, affirmative and negative. In pairs they began practicing speeches and methods for debating on each other. Then on December 8, they met in Manchester, New Hampshire with twenty-four other college teams and battled wits with other students. Maine Maritime Academy entered a total of six debates that Saturday including such as Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston College, Dartmouth, St. Anselm's, Emerson and Boston University. The outcome, not all as glorious as hoped, but a start. Maine Maritime Academy had made a good sized dent in the opinion of debaters. It had defeated MIT, and had been second to B.U. and Emerson by only a small margin. Unfortunately, preparations for the annual cruise almost stopped debating after this first encounter. When the team returned in March, the annual topic had changed and debates had been underway for some three months. Still more organization was done and at present, four underclass teams are training for debates. Through all this two things evolved: The first was additional recognition of this school, and the second was personal satisfaction of accomplishment. A new group to the Academy, another step in training and achievement. To the original four members of the debating team, "A well done."

MEMBERS: Affirmative — Edward Harmes, Frank McGovern.
Negative — Robert Hale (Chairman), David Sims
(class adviser).

GTEAM

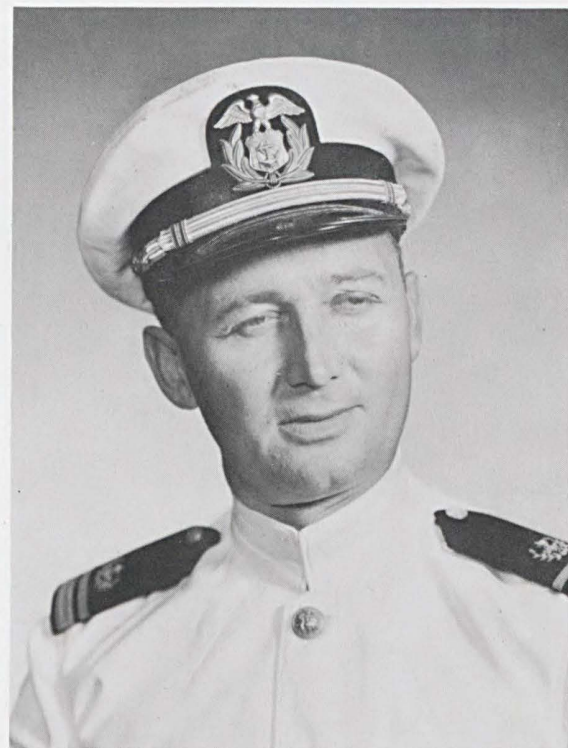
Ed and Frank
Prepare to Debate.



Bob and Dave
May the Best Team Win.

Ed and Frank
Congratulations
All the Way Around.



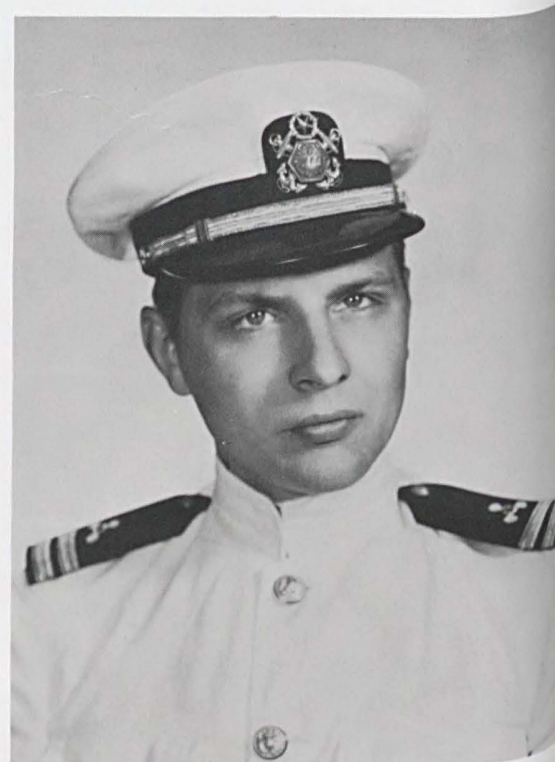


JOHN F. SNOW
Engineering
Lieutenant M.M.A.

The person responsible for introducing a flow of electrical knowledge from the book to our brains was Mr. Snow. At times it seemed, both to him and us, that we would never understand the rudiments of juice, but at final time we seemed to always pull through.

On the cruise his watch was always in the thick of the battle for Revs. One of our favorite watch officers, Mr. Snow always let the C.E. run the watch. His policy of letting you learn by doing was one of the things that helped turn out top engineers.

RICHARD L. RENNER
Engineering
Lieutenant M.M.A.



One of the most active officers at the Academy was Mr. Renner. Always wheeling and dealing on some new project, he was never still for a minute. From the Bagaduce Queen to the T-sel, our nuclear instructor was Mr. Cool. In class you could count on learning anything and everything in ten minutes.

On the cruise he was at home, free to demonstrate the brilliant engineer that he was. Going ashore, he was also free to demonstrate who the best twister on board was. A true friend of the Middies, Mr Renner was liked and will be remembered by us all.

Head of the nautical science department is Captain Terry teaching the deckmen the fine art of Navigation. When he was through you could navigate, did navigate, and had better navigate.

On the cruise, the "Baron" was constantly after the deckmen, especially the Quartermaster for "his" chronometers would be correct, "his" flags stored properly, "his" charts in order, "his" ship on course, and "his" gyroscope working properly, and those blankety-blank engineers had better not mess it up! Of course, these things were mere incidentals if the coffee was not made. We will always remember the "Baron" as the only man to smoke, drink coffee and chew gum simultaneously.



RUSSELL H. TERRY
Head of Nautical Science Dept.
Captain, M.M.A.

WILLIAM H. McREEL
English
Lt. Commander, M.M.A.

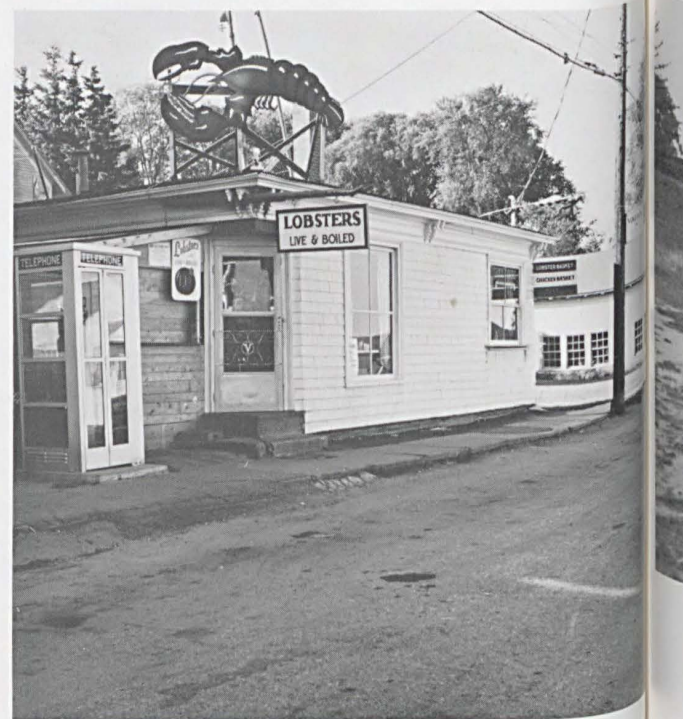


A member of the first class of M.M.A., Mr. McReel returned in 1962 to teach English and later seamanship. Holding Chief Mate's papers and a B.A. from UNH, he proved to be a real asset to the school. His willingness to always be of help soon made him our most effective and best liked instructor.

He became advisor to both the Prop Club and student fund upon request. Under his leadership, both organizations became more active and effective. As a watch officer on the cruise, he gave the deckmen the "Con" and then guided them to a better understanding of how to stand a merchant watch. We wish Mr. McReel the best of luck and hope that his service to M.M.A. will go on for many years to come.

Living on the ship and having classes in the Andrews building made it quite convenient to slip up to Ma's for coffee now and then, like between classes and after classes and for breakfast. Mary never had it so good and we were never so poor. However, our ability on "The Trill of Castine the Pinball Machine" no doubt greatly improved.

Life on the ship had both advantages and disadvantages. The wall to wall carpeting, couches and mirrors seemed quite nice at first. However once the glamour wore off we discovered study conditions were not the best and the extremes of hot and cold were a little provoking. We carried on though with inspection, demerits, and classes.



New Restaurant in Town.



In deep thought —
Duke and Vic.

Entertainment
Time.
Bill, Dick, Pod, Duke,
Vic, Tom, Mike.



Carrott, Joe, Stan,
Duke.



At Fred's
Place — the
36 Footer:
Doug, Buck, Tom,
Dick, George.



Intramural Football
Team
Brace, Pod, Nate, Perry, Big B,
Billit, Root, Bamba, Lue, Dave,
Snake, Fred, Snark, Needle, John,
Tom, E.J.



Flags Flying.

Hail to the Victors
Valiant.
Perry, Root, Nate, Bill, Fred,
John, E.J., Snark, Dave, Tom,
Pod, Brace.



STUDENT FUND

The student fund is a fund governed by a body of Midshipmen which is an available supply of money to be used on approved student activities. The money is secured from candy, coke and cigarette machines operated by the fund. Also some of the profit at the ships store goes into the fund. The fund then allocates this money for such things as dances and graduation.



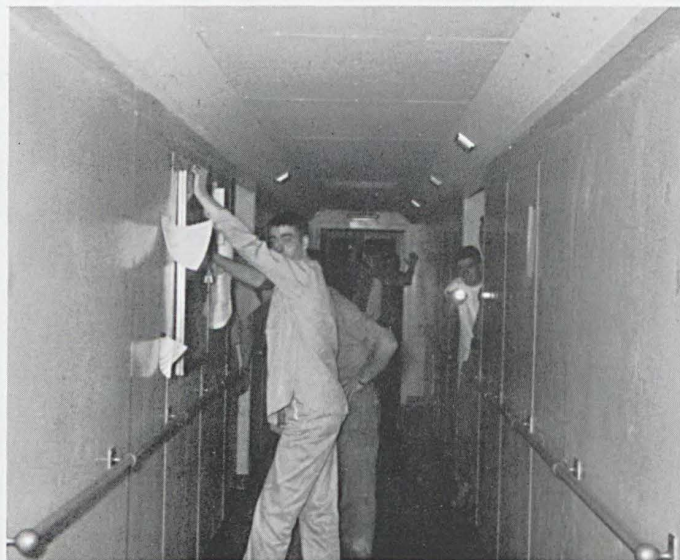
Pete Johnson, Joe Moran, Normand Rawson, Charley Raymond, LCDR McReel — Advisor.

SAFETY COMMITTEE

The Safety Committee is an organization designed to produce a safety conscious atmosphere at the school. It sponsors such things as safety talks and films. It also initiates all safety regulations.

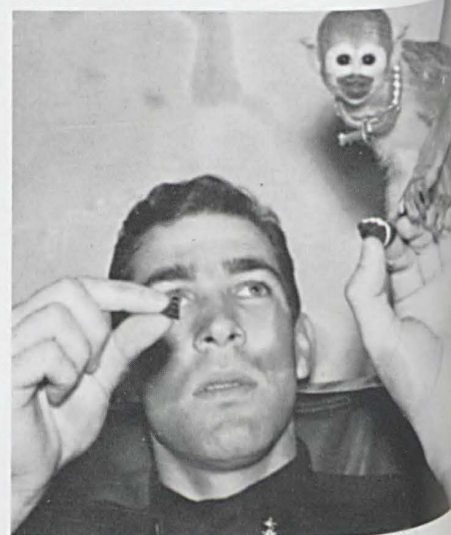


Larry Wade, LCDR Lyle, Chief Engineer Sprague, Fred Haley.



Reveille
O.D.'s Coming
Denney, E.J.

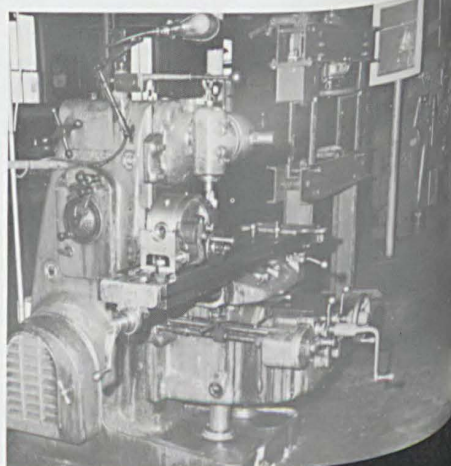
Some Had Their
Own Pets —
Ben and Monk.



Muggs in Chow Line.



We Worked On It.



Football 1962

Homecoming 1962, we were visited by a hurricane. However the weekend totaled up as a success crowned by a shipboard dance. The football team rolled right over Loyala, and on to an excellent record for the season.

The 1962 football team finished the season with a good 5-2 record. They defeated Quonset Naval Air Station, Nichols College, Dean Junior College, Loyala (Montreal), and the University of New Brunswick. The losses were to Bridgewater College in a squeaker and to powerful American International College.

Many of this years games were close. The Middies scored a last period touchdown to beat Quonset; Bill Shore's extra point beat Dean; Bridgewater's opening kickoff safety on a foggy field was the slim margin between them and the Middies in the final score; a scoreless first half was played on a soggy field against American International.

Scores of Games

M.M.A. 14	Quonset Naval Air Station 10
M.M.A. 45	Nichols College 6
M.M.A. 20	Bridgewater College 22
M.M.A. 21	Dean Junior College 20
M.M.A. 19	Loyala (Montreal) 6
M.M.A. 34	University of New Brunswick 0
M.M.A. 0	American International College 12

Excuse Me Please.

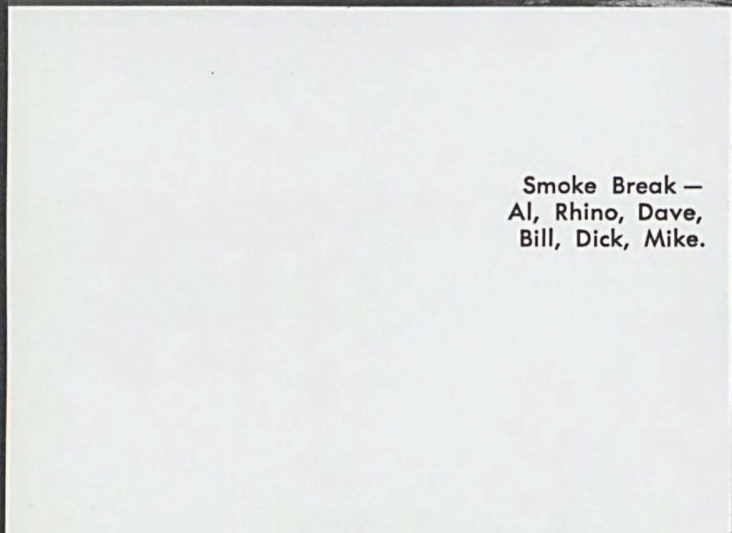


Rounding the Corner.





Boat Load of Christmas Presents for a Children's Home, Collected by The Student Fund — Jutras, Joe, Perry, Ed.



Smoke Break — Al, Rhino, Dave, Bill, Dick, Mike.



Finals



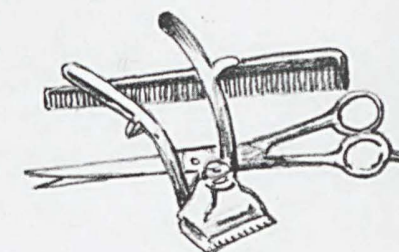
Dave, Dave, Tom, Pete, Pete, Al, Bill, Chuck, Thib, Jimmy, Ray, Joel, Emile, Dick, Bill, John, Rhino, Terry, Lee.



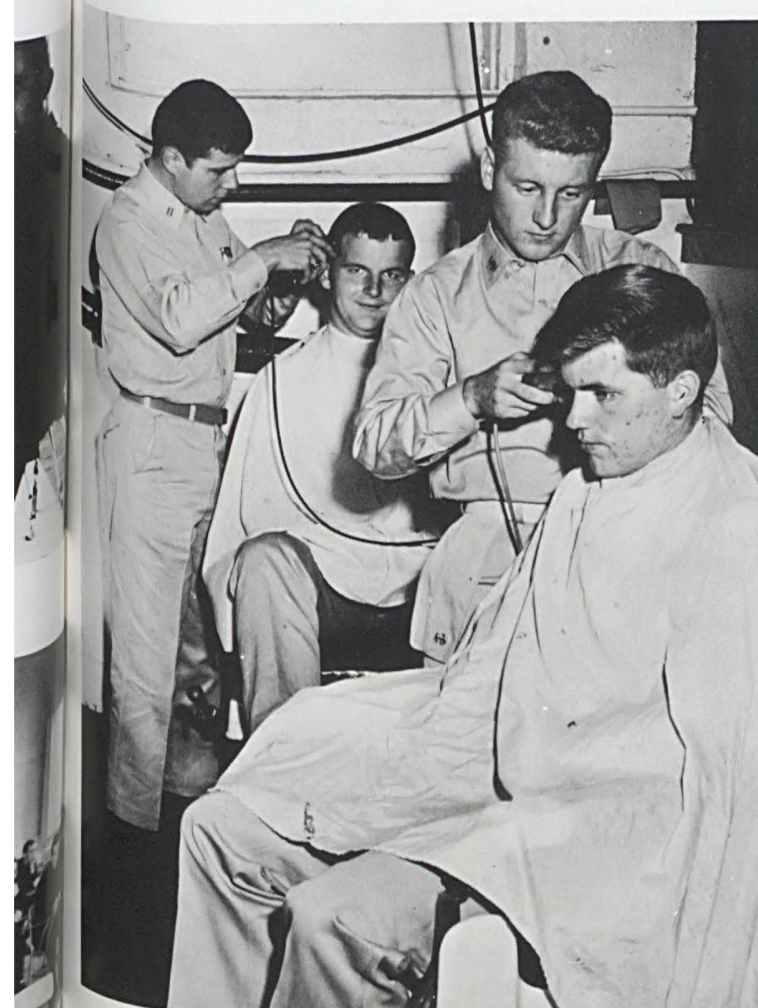
Lou, Terry, Bob, Ted, Bob, Sam, George, Fly, Thal, Burney, Billet, Fred, Joe, Harp, Joe, Pod, Vic, Stan, Neil, Tub, Duke, Reb, Fred.

BARBERS

At sixty cents a throw they made good money and we couldn't beat that price. The boys responsible for keeping us always ready for liberty were the Barbers. If they were well heeled though you might have to hound them for a week to get a cut.

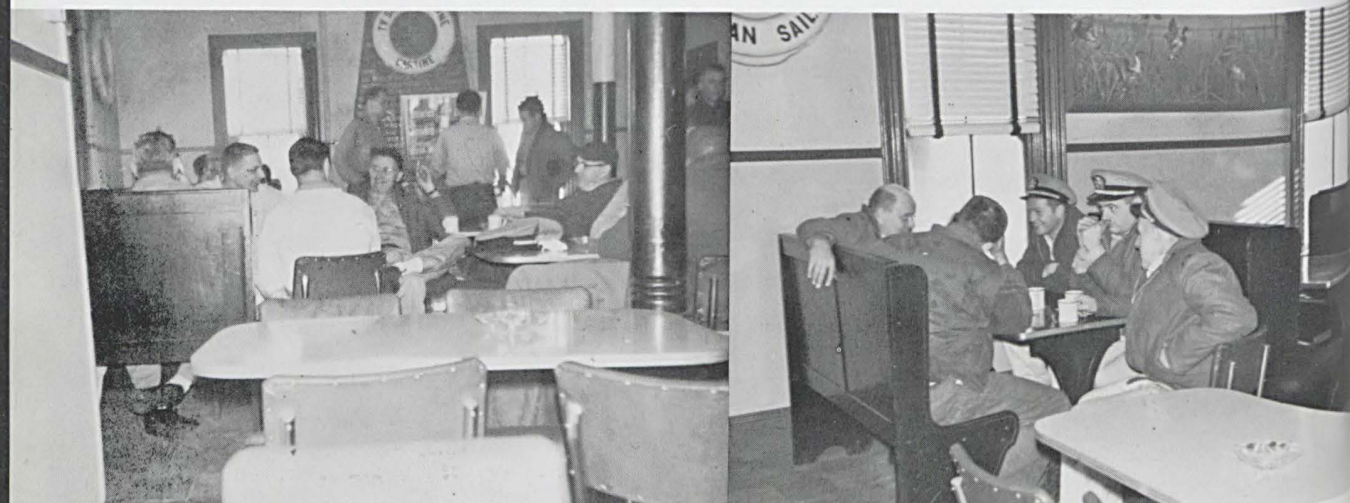


Chuck Clips Uncle Neil.
Tom Clips Wally.



Mike Clips
The Bunny.

PREPARING TO SAIL



Edgar, Dick, Ed, Fred, Bud.

Coffee Break.

Parks, Berry, Frank, Roger, Lenney.



Christmas in Castine.



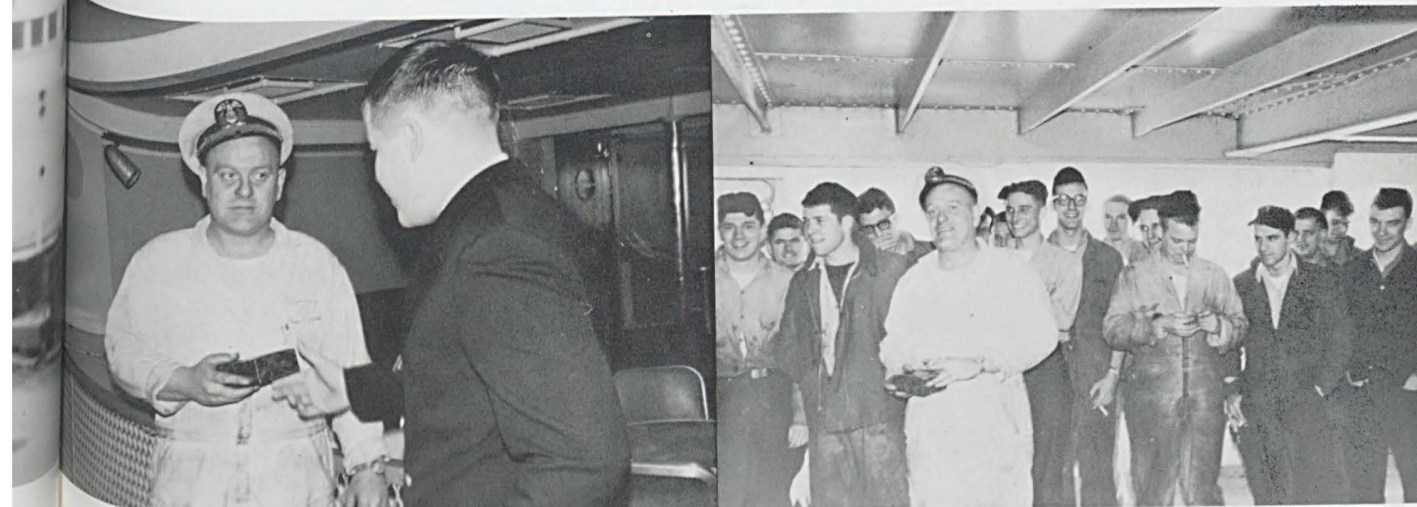
Ready to go, Chief Finnegan.

FAREWELL TO PARKER

Through life, among the people one meets, there are a few who for various reasons stand out head and shoulders above the rest. To every member of the Class of 1964, Parker E. Worrey, Jr. is one of these few. Captain Worrey served at the Academy from the fall of 1961 to the fall of 1962, first as Marine Superintendent and after Beaumont, as Chief Engineer.

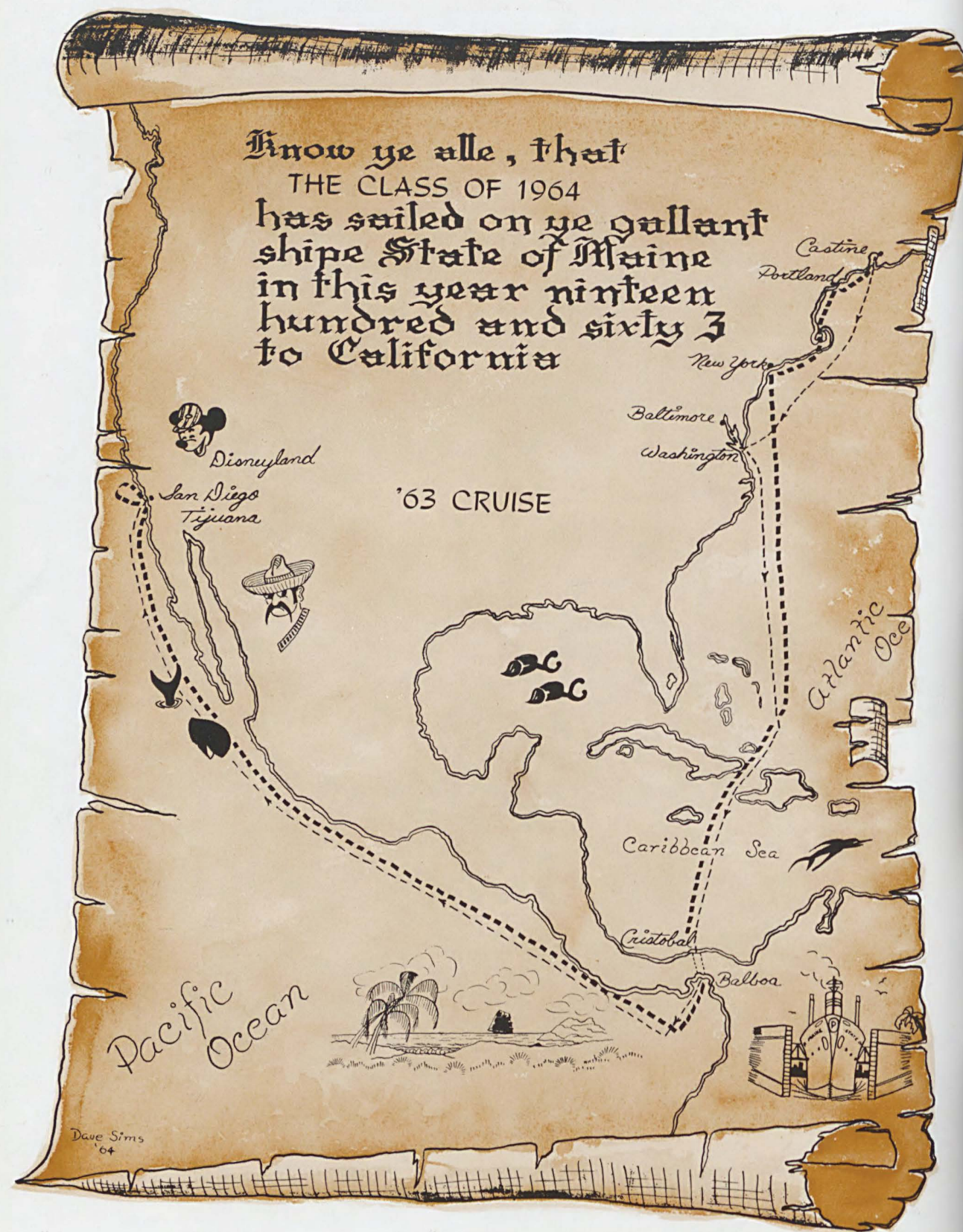
Each of us will remember different traits about this man which will be widely diversified, according to the individual, and which if combined would compose the personality of Parker. However, the outstanding feature, which is common to us all, and which is the inspiration for this class and this page, is that he combined us all, by one method or another, into a united group which stood behind him in the things he believed in and fought for! The various reasons which united our loyalty for the Chief are secondary to the fact that he produced an atmosphere of high morale and happy men who were therefore willing to work harder and longer in an effort to do better and learn more. This is the principle that the Maine Maritime Academy was founded on and the main reason for its record of producing superior Maritime men.

For All He Gave Us We Gave Him A Watch.



In Appreciation Class '64.

Parks and His Boys.



Baltimore Blues

Like typical in-laws, we arrived in Baltimore planning on staying a week and ended up staying a month. From the start this seemed to us an ill-fated cruise as we lost the plant in Castine and ended up sailing a day late. Then the port boiler failed to pass inspection and had to be rebricked in Baltimore.

As the top class we were now in charge, with the responsibility and work load of the cruise resting on our shoulders. Once again we proved ourselves, taking these unexpected delays in stride organizing and working to the best advantage to eliminate all unnecessary complications.

By the time all repairs had been completed we had had to extend the cruise schedule a week. Happily we departed from cold and windy Baltimore and headed south towards the big ditch!



Soon to Hunt the Thresher.

Chris, Dave and Joel Survey the Wreckage.

It Has Two of Them.

Prop Club Party — Sam, Dave, Bill, Mike, Tom, Tom, Larry, Bob, John — We Never Drink at M.M.A.

The Rat Looks It Over.

Drilling?



The Big Ditch

The Panama Canal was built by the U.S. between 1904 and 1914 at a net cost of \$380,000,000. Since its opening on August 15, 1914 about 300,000 ships and 1,212,710,650 tons of cargo have passed through it. The average ship pays \$4,700 in tolls but saves about 7,000 miles of travel which may amount to as much as \$50,000 in savings on expenses.

For most of us it was our first trip through this lifeline of world commerce. The experience will long remain with us as it brought home to us the immense complex of the industry of which we would someday become a small part. It was also appropriate that on her first voyage as a training ship the mighty "A" was returning to her home waters!

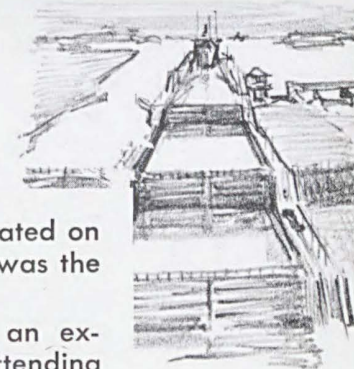


Through the Locks.



The Canal.

Balboa



After a night transit on the Canal we arrived in Balboa located on the Pacific side. Leaving at almost the same time we arrived was the N.S. Savannah bound for the West Coast.

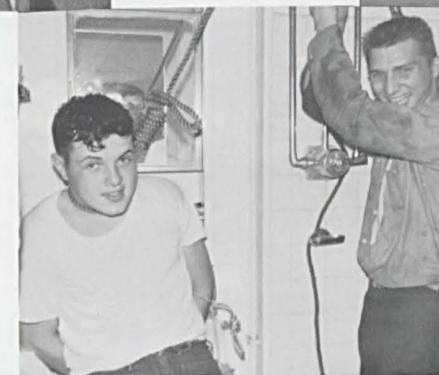
Our activities in Balboa were many and varied. From an extremely interesting sightseeing excursion down the Canal, to attending and having the dance band play at the Festival, to seeing many interesting exhibitions. From the beauties of the Canal Zone to the coolness of Balboa beer in Panama City the Middies enjoyed themselves.



Balboa.



Main Square.



Linching de Lynch.



What Say How About A Dip?
John, Bob, Lou.



What's Going on Here —
Shark, Vic, Ken, Tom.

San Diego

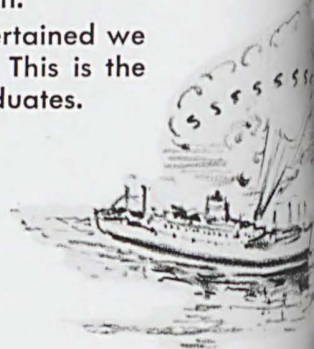
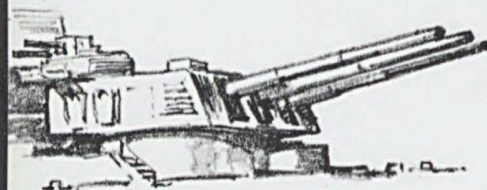
The Navy town of San Diego proved interesting. For most of us it was our first visit to California. However, we were looking forward to the fabled wonders of L.A. and Frisco more than to receiving salutes in San Diego. So there were no disappointed cries heard when we sailed proudly out of port.

Twelve hours later we were towed ignominiously back. Though tomorrow's plan of the day said set sea details, we all knew we would be setting nothing but in San Diego for some time to come.

Though not positively determined, it was believed that carryover from the superheater is what caused gaskets to blow in two places in the starboard main steam line. The blowout in the generator flat caused the severe damage to the electrical equipment which was to prevent us from sailing for some time.

Though this freak and unavoidable accident was to stop us from ever reaching L.A. and Frisco, it provided another opportunity for the class to prove itself. Through the immediate and correct actions of the men on watch, the disaster was prevented from compounding itself in that no one was hurt. There was no panic; everyone proceeded directly to their stations and prepared whatever they were called upon to do. In the final analysis the disaster proved to be a testing and training experience few men ever have the chance to meet. The class one and all met it and stood up under it with not one flinch.

After returning to San Diego, and the damage was ascertained we did not cry over it, but set right in working to correct it. This is the type of men that Maine Maritime Academy trains and graduates.



At Balboa Park —
Wally, Denny, Vic, Tom, Jim.



At The "U" —
Wally, Lou, Bill, Tom, Ken, Pete,
Stan, Ed, Dick.



Well What Do
We Do Now?



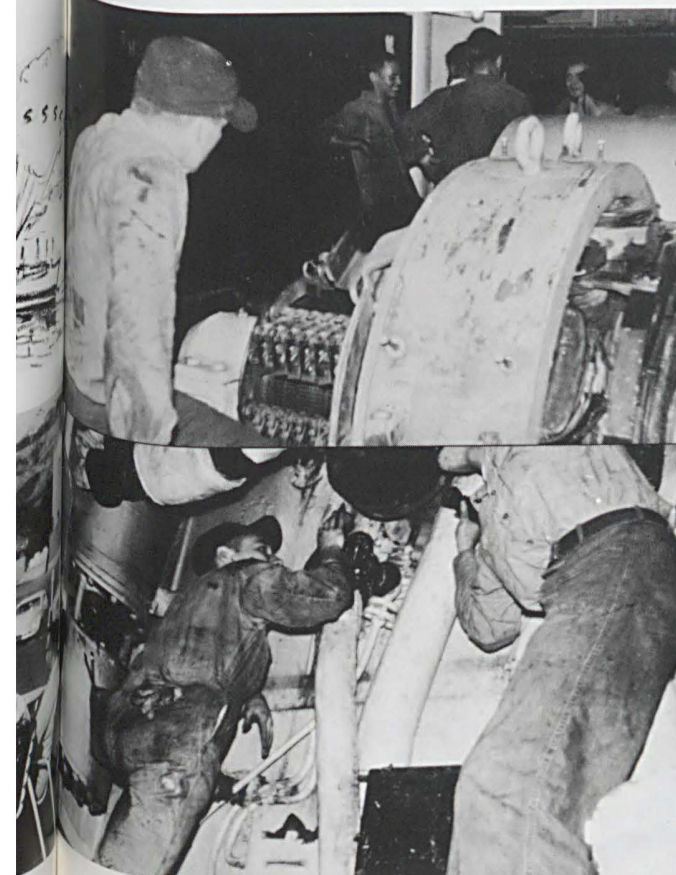
Our Power
Supply —
Chris, Howdy,
Al, Tom, Vic.



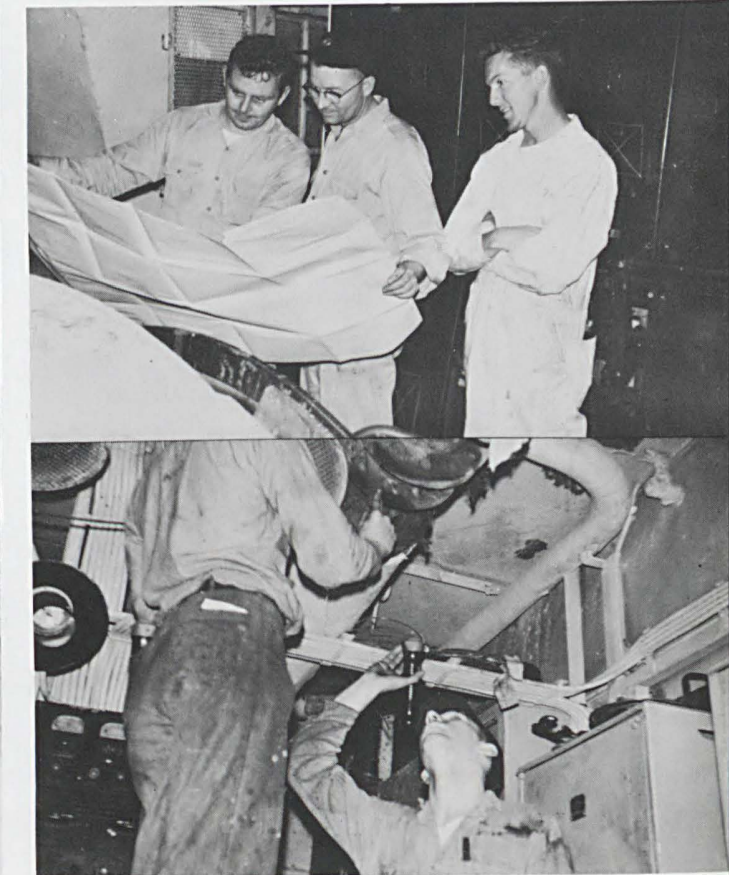
Man the
Boats —
Larry, Tom,
John, Larry,
Ken, George,
Doug, Ed,
Jules, John.

The Damage —
Dave, Dave, Edgar, George, Dave.

A Look at the Prints —
Edgar, Fred, Dick.



Turner Looks Over the Boiler Room Blowout.



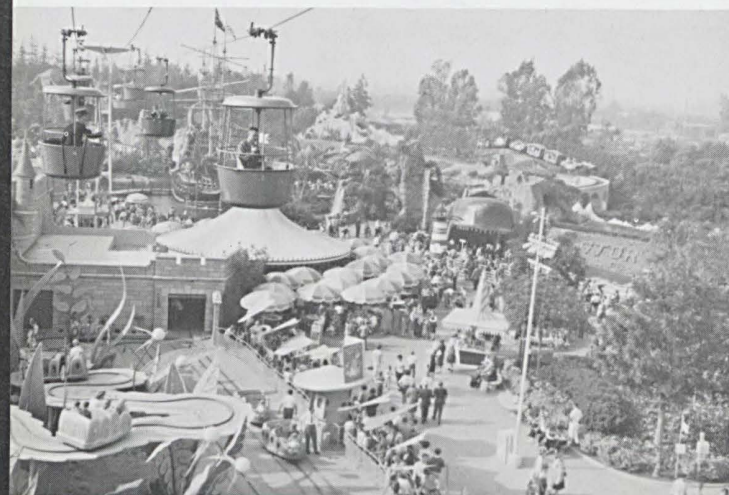
The Electrical Shop Blowout.



Disneyland

Though we never made L.A., a trip was arranged so that most of us got up to Disneyland. From Fantasy land to Adventure land and via monorail to the Disneyland Hotel Lounge, the Middies roamed digging every minute and having a ball.

From the Air.



The Matterhorn.



Jungle Ride.

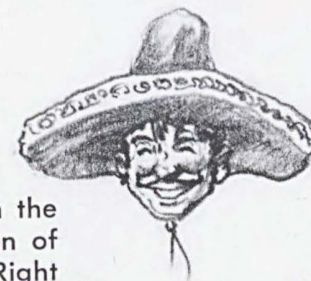


Mike and Tom at Skull Cove.



Meanwhile Back at the Ship—Steve & Jules.

T. Town



The first crew to hit Tijuana almost ended up like the boys in the song. From then on T. Town was off limits and the migration of Middies to Mexico in 101 different uniforms was like exodus. Right at home they had a ball making the most of a long stay in San Diego and bringing back everything from bull's horns to golf bags.



On the Town — Paul, Emile, Fred, Fossum, Jack, Hunkey, Tom.



All Right Larry.



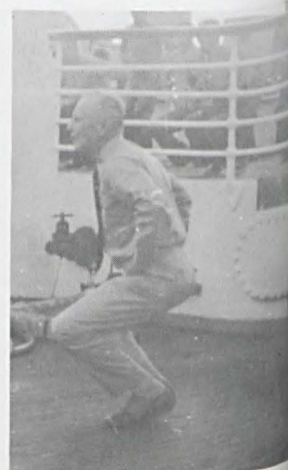
The Old Bull Ring.

But sail we finally did, leaving the Navy behind us and heading back to the Canal. We were secure in the knowledge that the D.E.D. display had secured all sorts of commercial advantages for Maine.

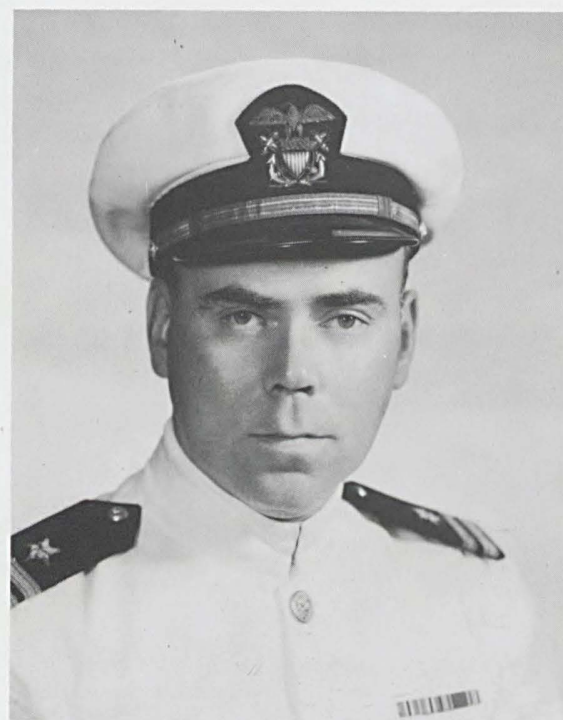
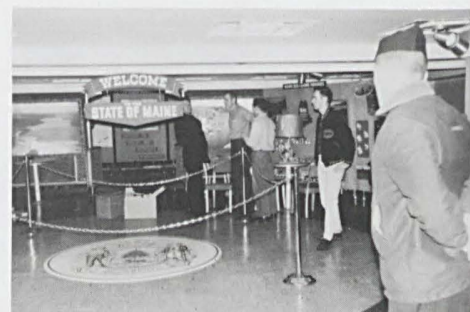


Training Goes On.

Capt. Jack.



D.E.D. Display.

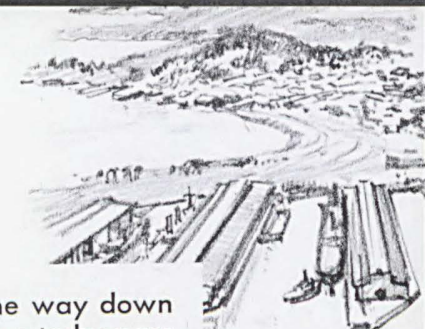


HOWARD C. JORDAN
Public Relations
Lieutenant U.S.N.R. (Ret.)

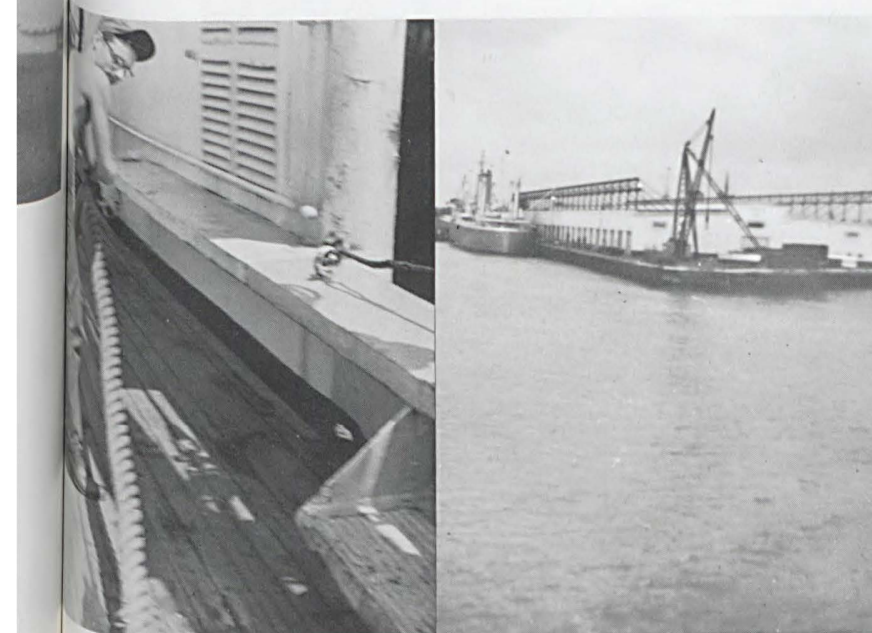
The main reason for the excellent coverage of school and cruise events is the work of Lt. Jordan. Our public relations officer is forever on the lookout for every chance to display our name. We were all happy to hear about the good times we had in San Francisco.

Whenever we saw a flash bulb go off, we could be sure that Lt. Jordan was on the job.

Cristobal



Our arrival in Cristobal was late due to a delay on the way down because of high salinity in the boilers. This delay forced us to by-pass San Juan. However, we finally did arrive in the old home port of the Ancon. Also in port was our sister ship the **Cristobal**, which many of us enjoyed going over to see. In Cristobal we all loaded up on our supply of souvenirs and a good meal of shrimp at the Yacht Club. Then we set sail for New York.



Larry Docks It.

Mending Nets.



Deckmen Firing? Bill, Shep.

In Port Movies.



Pool Side



The Boys —
Dick, Perry, Fred.



The Thinker —
Capt. Jack Harrigan.

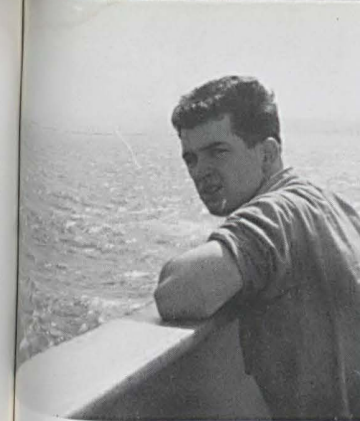


Hard Workers —
Charlie, Bopper, Billit,
Bob, Larry, John.



In the Drink —
Dick, Thib, Buck, E.J.

On Deck.

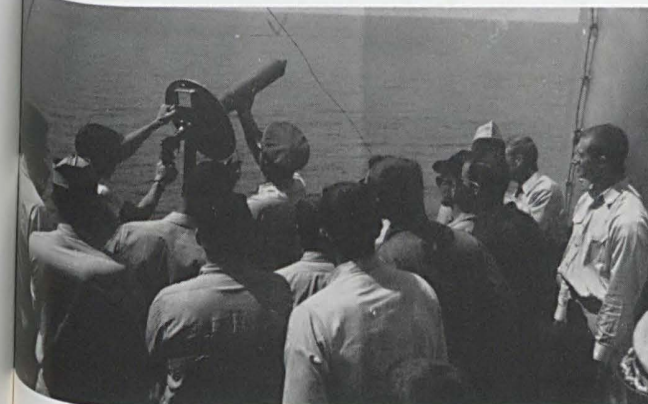
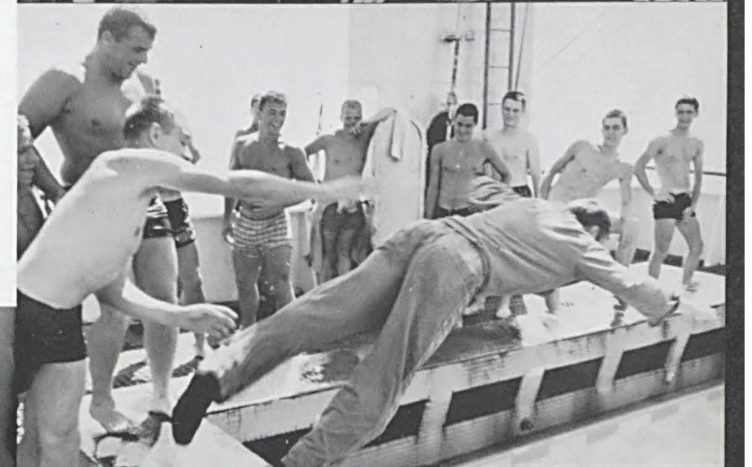


Carrott.

The Ace and His
Watch — Tom, Ace,
Doug, Bud, Burk,
Nate, Billy, Tod,
E.J., Duke, Roach.



The Great Swim Meet —
Roger, Ace. Dunking Bamba,
Emile, Bob.

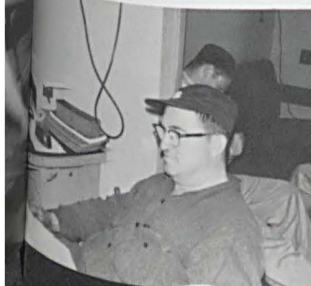


On the Job Training.

The Waterville Boys —
E.J., Thib, Heb,
Lindvall, Lowell.



At the Flick —
Fred, Bunny, Dick,
Rhine, George, Emile,
Shep, Yogi, Dave.



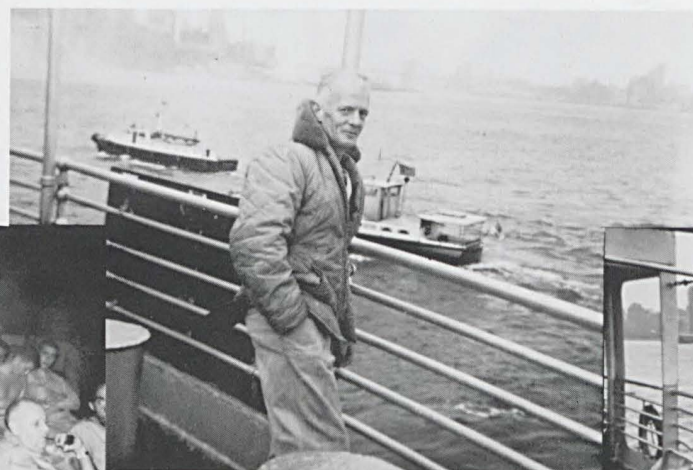
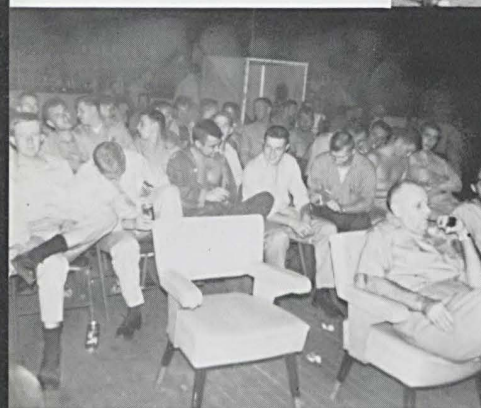
Chief
Finnegan.



New York

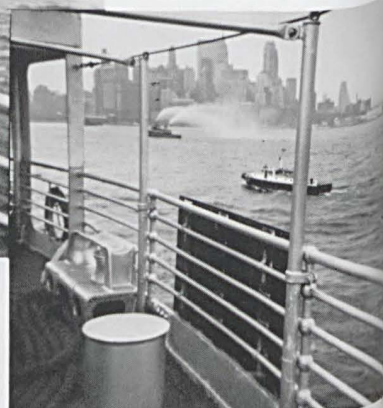
Coming in under the half completed Narrows Bridge we once again received the royal treatment from the Port of New York. Even the Mainers were old salts now and we did the big city up right. Many old grads were there to see us and our new ship and many old times were talked over around the Carousel Bar!

One Last Flick on the Way Up.



Salt.

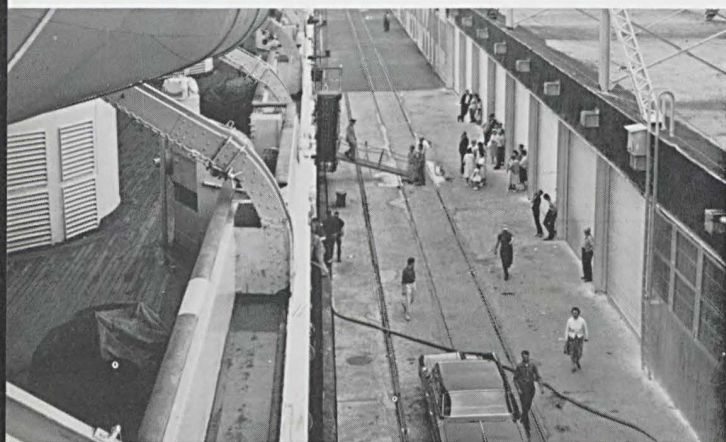
View of the Island.



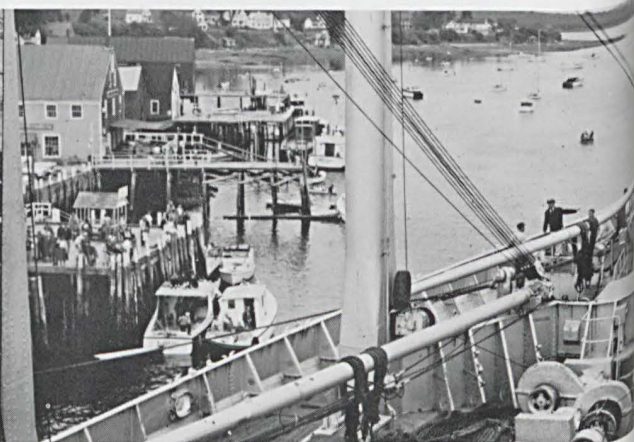
Portland-Castine

From New York we made our traditional arrival in Portland. This was to turn out to be our last arrival as Middies. Next year's schedule called for two cruises with the first one (ours) not stopping in Portland.

Bill Cioce's girl was crowned cruise queen. Together they made radio and T.V. appearances and presided at the Queen's Ball held in the Eastland Hotel.



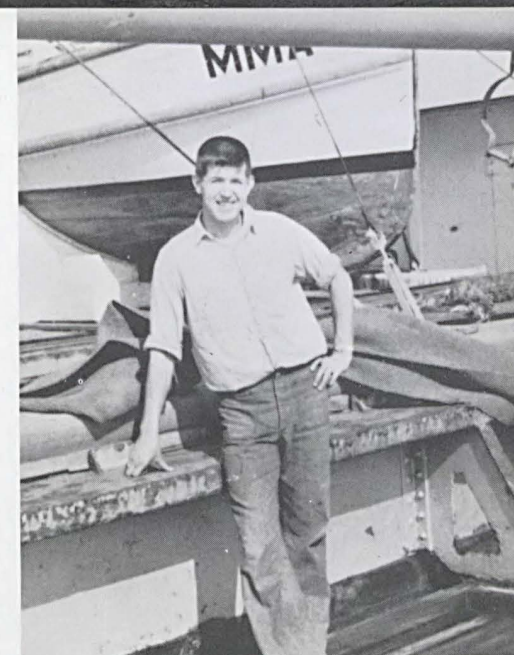
Portland.



Castine.

HOWARD HEATH
Machinist

"All right crew," "What say Howdy" — these are just a few of the greetings that met M.M.A.'s jovial jack of all trades wherever he went. Whether heading ashore to Bernie's with the Rat or checking out the diesels on the cruise or master minding the "36 footer," Howdy was always the carefree vagabond.



DURLIN E. LUNT
Boatswain

Shortly after his arrival it was apparent that the native of Bar Harbor had checked out A-OK with the Middies. By the end of the summer the value of the new boss was also apparent by the ship's notch shape the ship was in. Through the cruise the Boss kept the boys ahead of the work, maintained an outward appearance of the ship that we could well be proud of.



RODNEY F. GRAY
First Lieutenant
Commander U.S.M.S.

Commander Rodney F. Gray, better known as Buffy, has been almost a permanent fixture here at the Academy. First Lieutenant of the T.V. State of Maine, Buffy is a friend to both Deckmen and Engineers alike. He has been giving advice and guidance to the Middies since he was Master of the Training Ship years ago. We all wish him good health so he may continue to be our good friend.





RALPH E. HANSON, JR.
Engineering
Lieutenant (Jg) U.S.N.R.

The short little guy with the tall high pressure hat was easily recognized as Mr. Hanson. As our turbines instructor, there was never a question that could stump Mr. Hanson. On the cruise, he was in charge of sea projects and here he was just as tough as in the classroom. It became imperative that no mug paint over a name plate.

During the fall, Mr. Hanson was the cross country coach. We don't believe he knew that there was such a thing as an M.M.A. football team. Always a player and willing to help any engineer, we could always count on Mr. Hanson to have the answers.

EDWARD F. BROWN
Head, Engineering Department
Lieutenant U.S.N.R.



The head of the engineering department is Mr. Brown. A past graduate, he was one who believed in the old school, as we found out when we were mugs. From then on until you were a senior, it seemed wise to give him a wide berth, especially on the cruise. "I don't care who he is, put him down." Sometimes we wondered if he knew any other words.

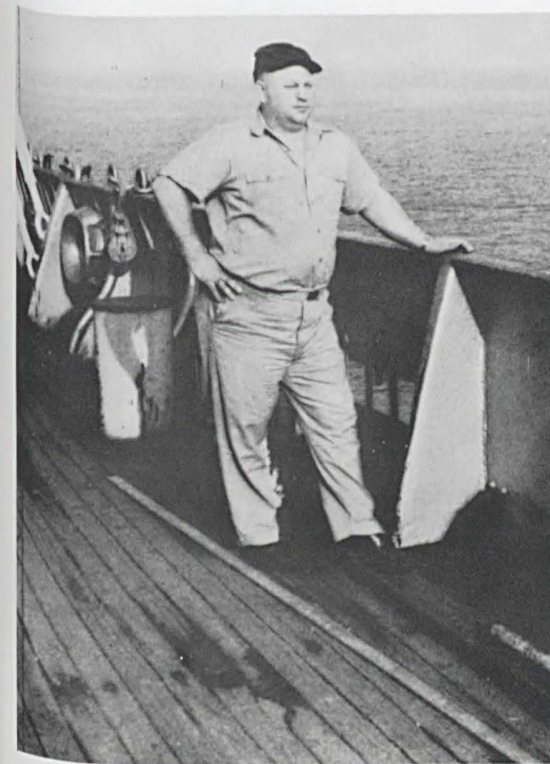
In class Easy Ed was pretty tough too. "I'm not sweating anything except Engine Safety and Diesels" could often be heard. As seniors though we began to realize that this tough exterior was mostly just a cover-up. Often Mr. Brown turned out to be one of the few going to bat for those in trouble.

The head of the M.M.A. machine shop is Ace machinist Walter Mayo. One of the most likable guys you could ever meet, Mr. Mayo is a man who has pulled himself up by his own bootstraps. A self taught machinist, he is now more than qualified and does an excellent job in instructing the engineers in all phases of machine shop work. Though he may tend to be a little long winded in the classroom, on the floor he can teach us to turn out pieces that should normally take years of apprentice work. Always ready with a joke and helping hand, we wish Bud the best of luck.



WALTER T. MAYO
Engineering
Lieutenant (Jg) M.M.A.

ROBERT LEACH
Machinist



Bob came to M.M.A. as the tool crib man in the Machine Shop. In this position, everyone soon knew him and liked him. A crack at mechanics, Bob was pretty savvy on all phases of machine shop work.

In the fall of 1963, Bob went to welding school. After five weeks he returned to become Mr. Mayo's assistant and a Lt. (Jg) M.M.A. This is perhaps the quickest rise in ranks in M.M.A.'s history. Bob — now Mr. Leach — will soon have his own course in welding (a much needed addition) programmed into the curriculum. Best of luck, Bob.



JAMES M. O'NEIL
Naval Science
Lieutenant U.S.N.

Lt. O'Neil, a deck graduate of Massachusetts Maritime Academy, was assigned the job of teaching Naval Navigation to the thick skulled engineers and Naval Engineering to the star brained deckmen. He succeeded admirably in this task and won many friends at the same time, which is quite a feat considering he is a Mass. graduate.

We are sure that at times he wondered if we would ever know the difference between north and south or a boiler and turbine and we often wondered too. In the end though we all ended up with a successful maneuvering board guiding us into finals.

CHARLES DALLAS
Head of Naval Science Dept.
Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.



One of the added programs of the new four year school was the initiation by the Naval Science Department of a naval leadership course. The C.O. of the Naval Science Department LCDR Dallas himself taught the course. This gave the seniors an excellent chance to get to know LCDR Dallas at a time when we were all applying for our commissions. Not only did we learn the fundamentals of Naval leadership as reemphasized in General Order 21, but also had the opportunity to learn many interesting little facts about the Navy which greatly enlightened our outlook on the possibility of a Navy Career.

MEMORIAL DAY



Salute.



Appropriate Words.



Look Them Over K.L.



To Those Lost At Sea.



BAND

The band, under the leadership of Lou Dunlay, has been the largest since the Academy started and probably one of the best.

During our four years here, the band has appeared at numerous functions, both in and out of the Academy.

Besides providing the entertainment for all home football games, they marched in parades here in Castine, also in Ellsworth, Machias, Bucksport, and Bangor not to mention the fine job they did each year at the Rockland Sea Food Festival and the Belfast Broiler Festival. When the eclipse came to Maine, the band went to Dexter and performed in front of over 2,000 appreciative people. Judged, more than once, "Outstanding Unit" in parades, the band certainly deserves a "well done" in the fine representation they made for us.

On our last three cruises the band played for each entrance and departure from port along with numerous shoreside appearances. Notably, they received a wonderful welcome at the Javier Fair in Balboa on our third cruise.

It has been a job well done by Lou and his "Penobscot Pops."



Assistant Band Master Wilkins
Band Master Dunley



Senior Members:

Seated: Singstock, Wuestefeld, Wellington, Rogers, Frink, Cioce.
Standing: Fahrbach, (Guidon) Fraser, Walsh, Reed, Condon.



Pass in Review.



On Parade.

DRILL SQUAD



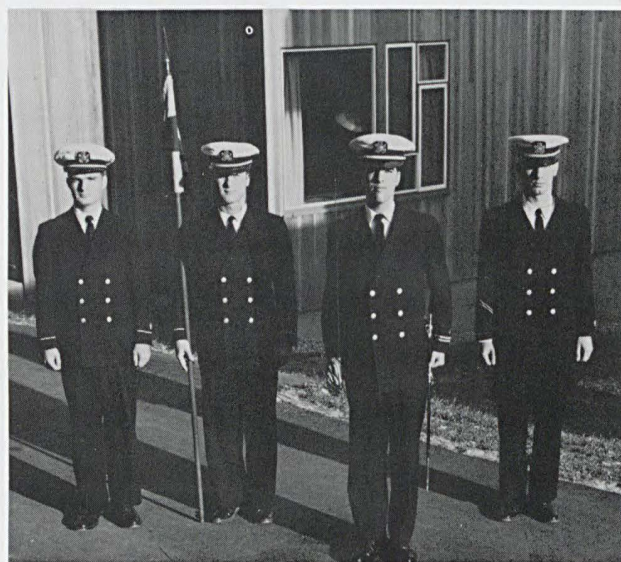
Drill Squad, Mark Time — Harch! Another regimental formation was in full swing, with this compact, well-drilled, unit bringing up the rear. However, RF's didn't mark the only appearances of the Drill Squad. They could be viewed displaying their drilling talents on such occasions as the Annual Broiler Festival in Belfast, Armistice Day parades in Bangor, Memorial Day parades in Bucksport, and of course, the half-time shows during the Academy football games, and the changing of command ceremonies in June.

In 1961, the "Squad" received an invitation to appear in the Annual Jaycee's parade in Augusta. There was to be a trophy awarded to the best-drilled unit. The boys were up against some pretty sharp competition. Nevertheless, the "Squad" marched away with top honors — and the trophy.

July Fourth of that same year found the "Springfield Swingers" in Bar Harbor, scheduled for a twin-bill drill exhibition along with a crack marine drill outfit off the **U.S.S. Boston**. The boys certainly held their own against the professional "Gyrines" and received many favorable comments from them.

When Drill Master Dave Rose officially took command of the Drill Squad in the summer of '62, he improvised on the structure of the originally 21 man unit and devised the now two-in-one squad system. That is, a varsity squad and a reserve squad, each consisting of 16 men. Dave felt that this system would help instill incentive in the reserve squad member to put forth that extra effort in hopes of making the varsity squad. He also felt that more could be accomplished along the lines of precision drill with the smaller four-by-four size unit. Proof of this was displayed by impressive drill exhibition during the Smith Building Dedication Ceremonies.

We leave the Drill Squad behind in the capable hands of 2/c Wayne Shaw, the present assistant drill master. We know that, as always, it will go on to excel in its endeavors, and continue to do its part in spreading the fine reputation of M.M.A.



Mat Campbell, senior member; Bill Brown, Guidon;
Dave Rose, Drill Master; Wayne Shaw, Ass't. Drill Master.



Drill Squad Performs.



Counter March — Harch!

COLOR GUARD

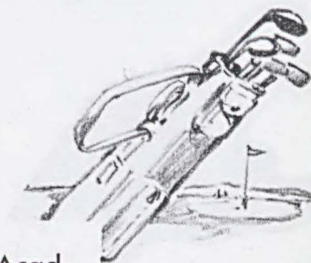


Larry Wade, John Chapman, Larry Wolff, Joel Fuller, Al Christiansen.



On Parade — Bob Hale, Dave Morey, John Chapman, Bruce Oberg.

GOLF



The Golf team enjoyed its most successful season ever at the Academy. In regular season play the team won eight of ten matches. They defeated Husson twice (4-3; 4-3), Washington State Teachers twice (5-2; 5-2), Ricker twice (7-0; 7-0), Farmington (5-0), University of Maine at Portland (4-1). Both losses were at the hands of Maine Central Institute by scores of (2-5; 3-4).

Due largely to the efforts of golf coach Blaine Trafton and Athletic Director Dave Wiggin, these teams, with the exception of M.C.I., were organized into the Northeast College Conference this year. The conference championship, played at Castine, was won by the Middies. The teams combined score of 418 (Robinson 79, Sprague 80, Leeman 83, Fossum 85, and Ames 91) was twenty-seven strokes ahead of second place Husson College of Bangor.



The Team

Standing, L. to R.: Leeman, Bob Ames, Sprague, Higgins.
Kneeling, L. to R.: Fossum, Bernich, Rowe, P. Robinson.

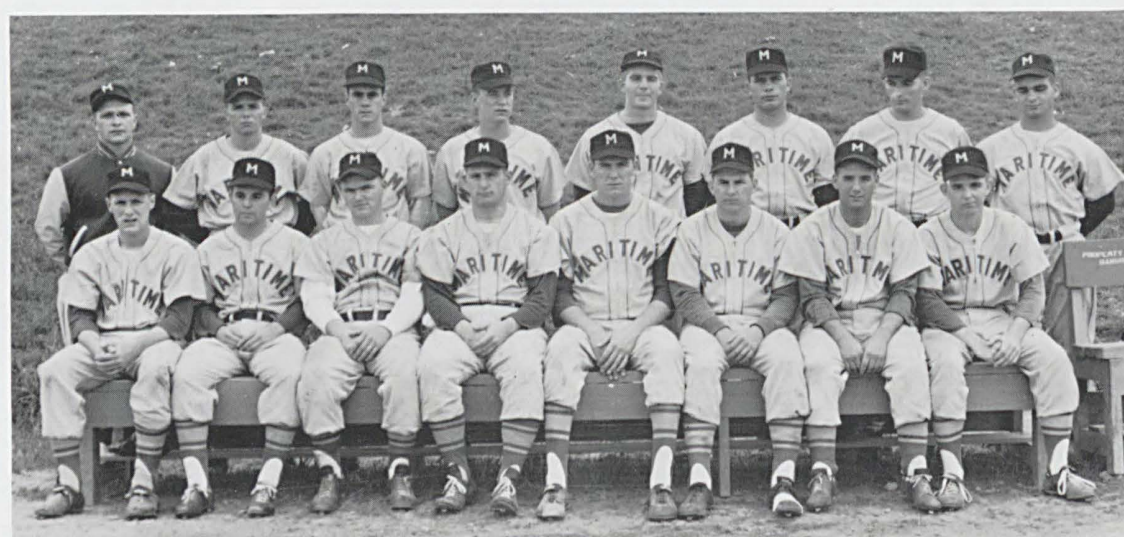


BASEBALL

The Middies topped off a nearly perfect year in sports by winning the Northeast College Conference baseball championship. Coach James Cutler, in his first year as baseball coach did a good job organizing the Middies and as the season progressed fewer and fewer mistakes were made. In the first league game, played at Castine, the team dropped a 6-5 verdict to Husson College in a disputed game. In the second game Perry Mattson went the distance in hurling the Middies past St. Francis College 6-2. Then at Castine the Middies swept a double header by defeating Ricker 8-3 and Aroostook State Teachers 7-1 with Mulcahy and McCorrison getting the wins. The following week the Middies stopped Aroostook State 5-3 and Ricker 20-12. Those two victories gave the Middies a first place tie with Husson, both teams sporting 4-1 records. The Middies met Husson at Bangor to try and reverse their earlier loss and win the league championship. With the score 1-0 in favor of Husson, Fred Gleason stepped up with Captain Dave Campbell and Jeff Hutchins on base. With two strikes on him Fred found one he liked and lined a tremendous home run to center field. Norm McCorrison went seven frames, giving up two runs, before being relieved by Mulcahy. Bernie slammed the door on the Indians for the last two innings retiring the side in order both times.

Scores of Baseball Games

MMA	6	Ricker College	4
MMA	1	Farmington State Teachers	6
MMA	5	Husson College	6
MMA	6	St. Francis College	2
MMA	8	Ricker College	3
MMA	7	Aroostook State Teachers	1
MMA	4	Maine Central Institute	6
MMA	5	Aroostook State Teachers	3
MMA	20	Ricker College	12
MMA	3	Husson College	2



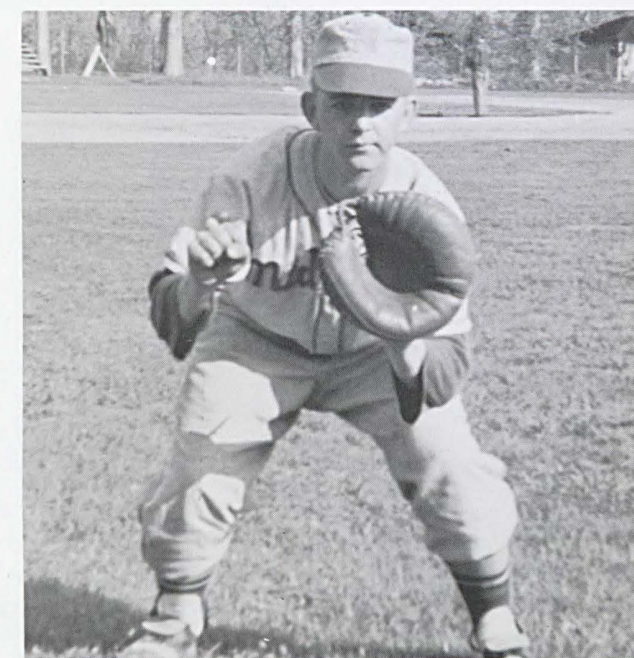
The Team

Sitting: Nate, Hutchins, McCorrison, Fred, Harding, Perry, Gaudreau, Dave.

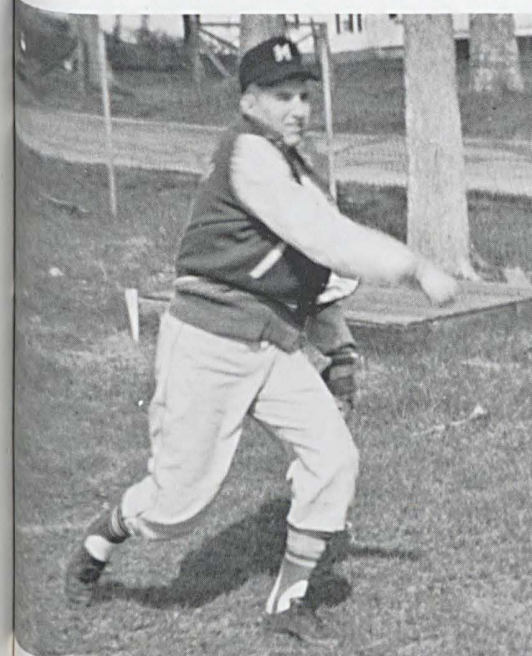
Standing: Coach Cutler, Judd, Mulcahy, Searway, Murry, Thibeau, Flaherty, Engert.



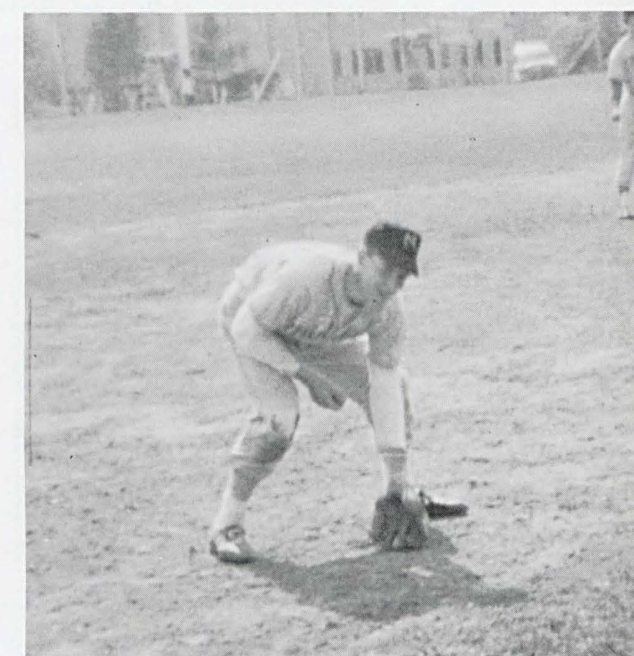
Coach Cutler.



Team Captain Dave Campbell.



Perry Mattson



Nate Whittaker

Home Run King
Fred Gleason
At the Plate.





The Game.

The Spectators.



Side Retired.

Trophy Ours — Coach Cutler, Nate, Dave, Perry, Fred.



ROWING TEAM

1963 marked the most successful year of the Academy's rowing team. A strenuous physical training program was put into effect and through hard work and great desire, practice times improved steadily. Besides their regular practice after classes, team members were up at five o'clock in the morning exercising and rowing.

The team entered the International Lifeboat Race held in the Narrows in New York harbor. After losing last year to King's Point and Ft. Schuyler the Middies came through with a win.



Receiving Trophy N. Y. '63.

Ben, Connelly, Joel, Noyes, John, Lechman, Brown, Jameson, Driscoll, Duffy, Ahearn. Lt. Philbrick, Coach Missing.



0500 at
The Bell Buoy.



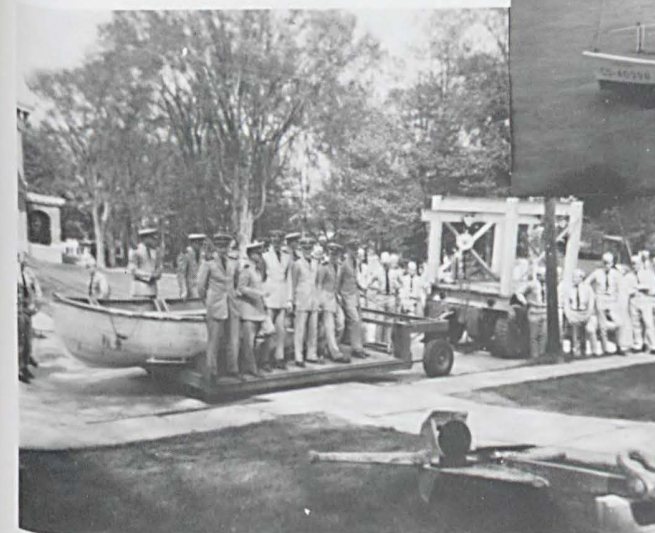
Hard Practice



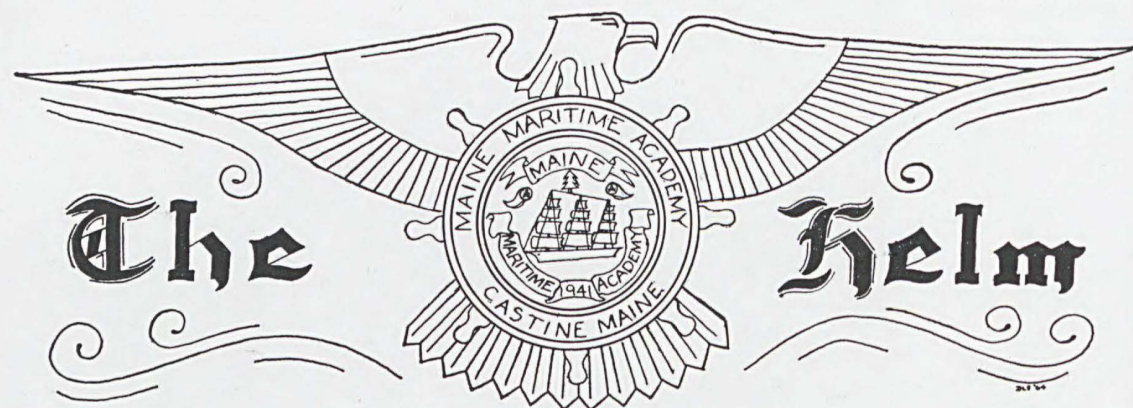
But Worth It.

The Winners.

The Race.



Victorious Return.



For the enjoyment of the faculty, alumni, parents, and students of the Maine Maritime Academy, the staff seniors of "The Helm" prepared and presented current events concerning maritime, alumni, and school activities to the best of their abilities.

A great deal of credit goes to Larry Wade for "quarterbacking" the staff for two years, and for the many headaches that accompanied the responsibility. He not only acted as Editor-in-Chief, but, also, was the author of many feature articles.

Bill Cioce, in his capacity as Editor, was the staff's right hand man as he was constantly confronted with questions, problems, and decisions. Bill was always available on a moment's notice and deserves tremendous credit for his untiring work.

"The Helm's" sports editors, Dave Bracy and Charlie Viebrock, traveled far and wide with the Academy teams in order to publish first hand accounts of sporting events. Many thanks are in store for the fine job.

Perhaps we will best remember that talented artist, Dave Sims, for his witty cartoons that appeared in each issue but we must also credit him with designing the new Helm seal, and with writing many feature articles. Dave is to be praised for his willing contributions to our sheet.

To round out our staff we have Russ Wuestefeld as feature editor to whom we give many thanks.

George Enman, Ben Bowditch, Dave Singstock, and Johnny Chapman contributed stories and were always following up assignments unquestionably.

Ken Joy with his head for figures handled the intricate business problems of "The Helm."

Without the support of the faculty advisors, Capt. Kennaday, and Lt. Jordan, "The Helm" would not have been published. We the graduating seniors of "The Helm" staff, in relinquishing our positions to the lower classes, extend our thoughts of appreciation to them.



Helm Staff:
Dave Sims, Larry Wade, Bill Cioce, Russ Wuestefeld, Dave Singstock,
Dave Bracy.

THE RUDDER

The portly publication on each cruise was **The Rudder**. This small but important publication keeps us informed on the points of interest and activities of each port of call.



Producers of **The Rudder** —
Larry Wade, Dave Sims.

RING WEEK END

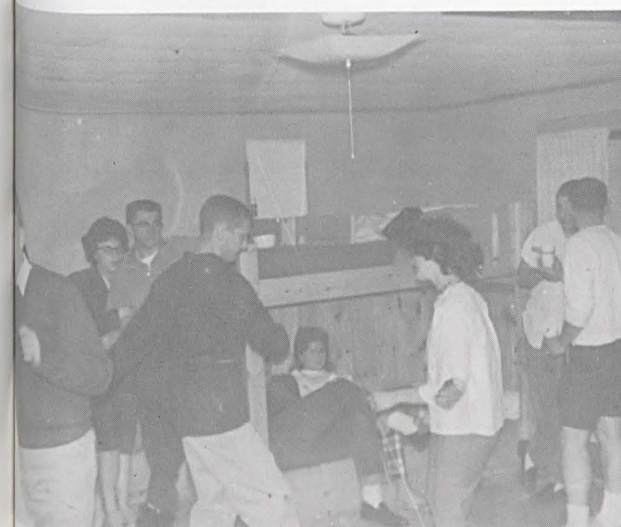
With the absence of a graduating class in the Spring of 1963, it was decided by the class officers to initiate a new tradition in the annals of M.M.A. This was to be a Junior Ring Dance. At this time it is hoped in years to come that the Juniors, soon to be Seniors, would receive their class rings at an appropriate ceremony in which the traditions and history of the ring would be explained.

With this idea in mind, the class officers — Joe Moran, President; Tom Turner, Vice-President; and Tom Rush, Secretary-Treasurer organized a committee for the purpose of planning a Junior Ring Dance Weekend. Members of this committee included: Ken Joy in charge of boat rides, Bob Hale head of tickets and master of ring ceremonies, Lou Dumont was class dues collector, Al Shaw was picnic chairman, Tom Connor and Dave Sims, decorations, Frank McGovern head banquet committee and Bill Cioci in charge of the band.

Through the tireless efforts of this committee (to which all credit should go for the eventual success of the weekend) a master plan began to take shape. On the agenda was scheduled impromptu beach parties on Friday night, boat rides on the **Ruthel** and **Pathfinder** on Saturday morning, followed by a picnic cookout at Howdy's. A formal banquet was to be held at 1730 in Leavitt Hall with the ring ceremony at 1900 immediately followed by the Ring Ball both in the new gym.

Things progressed fairly smoothly, arrangements were made for the banquet, decorations were purchased, the boats were made ready and the picnic supplies lined up. Class dues came in quite well, but the expected number that were to attend the dance dropped from 65 couples to an eventual 40. Also other problems arose four days prior to the dance: we were informed, quite rudely, that we could not have the promised new gym. An emergency meeting was held and arrangements were made to shift operations to Emerson Hall. Then shortly before the hour one more stumbling block arose — a busted ring. But Ken Fahrbach, Mat Dillon and the boys got on the job and with the help of the artistry of Mug Doore, all was ready by ceremony time.

By the unanimous vote of all who attended the Ring Weekend, it proved to be one of the most enjoyable and interesting weekends in the history of M.M.A.



Swinging Cabinside — Tod, Buck, Lou.



The Crew — Dick, Mat, E.J., Stan, Art, Dick, Ken, Lou, Tom.



On A Sea Cruise — Dick, Ken, Bill, Mike, E.J.



Well All Right Now! Bill, Chuck, Buck, Tod.



Aboard the Ruthel — Tod, Lou, Jack.



The President and His Lady;
Vice President and His Lady.



Chowing Down At Picnic — Al, Dick, Mike.



Cooling of the Beer — Munchy, Tom.



Beer and Dogs — E.J., Fred, Ken.



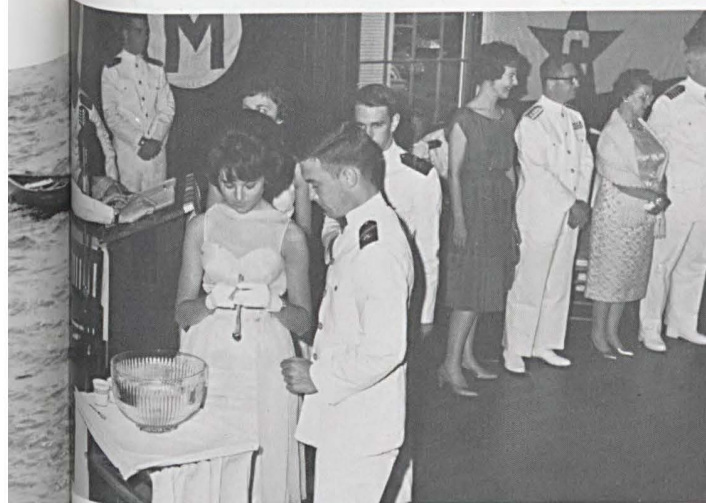
Banquet.



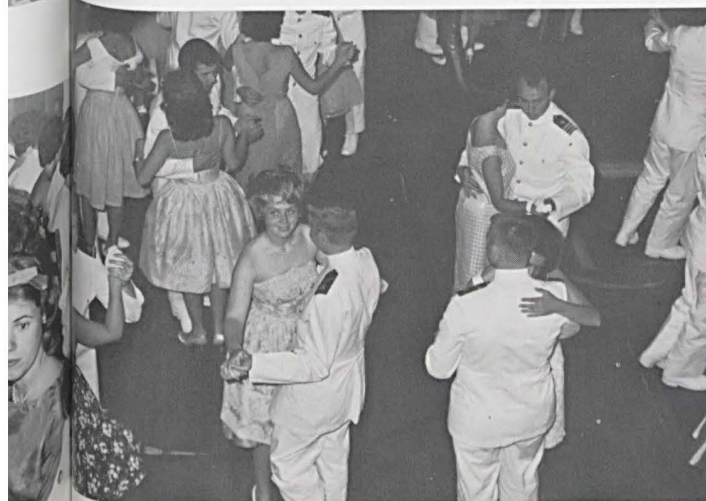
Steaks Good.



Head Table.



Receiving Line — Bob Hale, M.C.; Mat, Dave, Tom, Doug.



The Dance — Perry, Chuck, Jack, Tod, Joe.



On the Town with Mr. Brown, Ken, Stan, Art.



The Ring.



Al Shaw, Bill Cioco.
Bill's Fiancee is Miss Cruise Queen ,1963.

DEDICATION

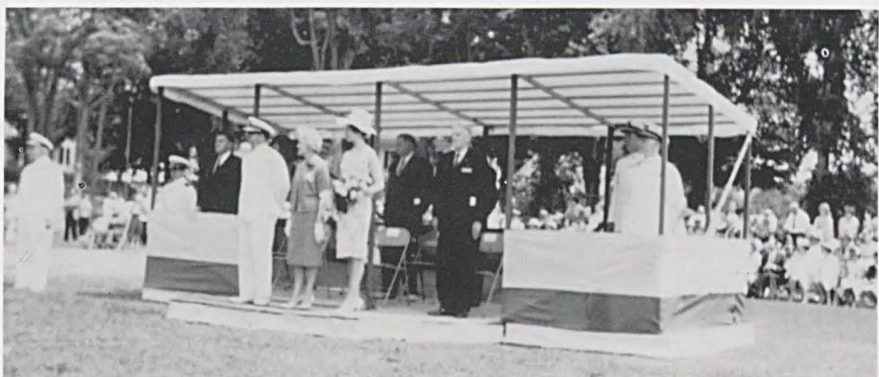
The weekend immediately following Ring Weekend was devoted to dedicating the new gym to Senator Margaret Chase Smith. The battalion turned out in full dress parade to perform for the visiting dignitaries. With proper pomp and ceremony, the Administration and Midshipmen proudly witnessed the dedication — another step forward in the growth of our school.



Going Up.



Pass in Review.



Reviewing Stand.



Mr. Leavitt Speaks.



Senator Smith Speaks.



Senator Margaret Chase Smith and Ralph Leavitt.

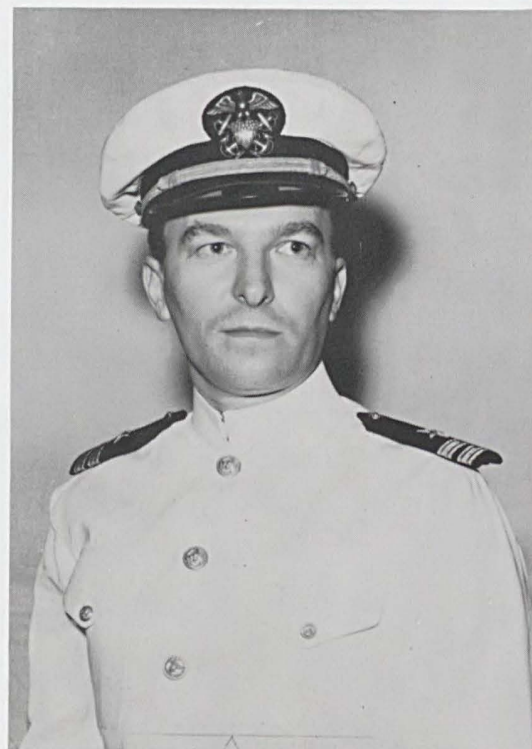


EDWIN TURCOTTE
Mathematics
Lieutenant, M.M.A.

Our jovial engineering math teacher and 26 year veteran of the U.S. Navy is none other than Lt. Turcotte. Duly equipped with a full sea bag of sea stories and salty sayings in one hand and his tape recorder in the other, he plunged headlong into class.

At M.M.A. his tour of Navy duty stood him in good stead. For he had learned all the tricks and was always able to keep one step ahead of even the crafty Middies. He kept us bare footed and back handed on the border line and so always on our toes. Always ready to shoot the breeze, Mr. Turcotte turned out to be a true friend of us all.

MELVILLE W. ACKERMAN
Physics
Lieutenant, U.S.N.R.



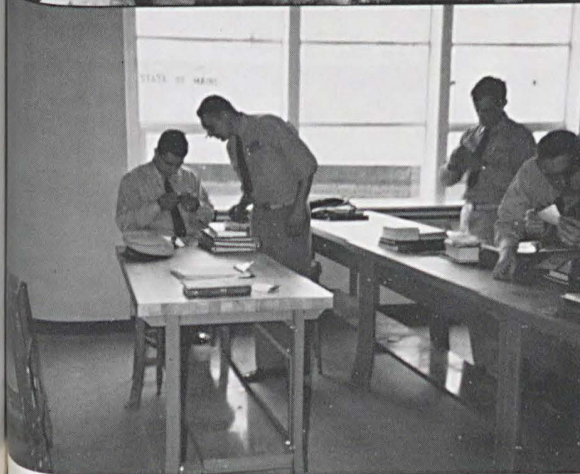
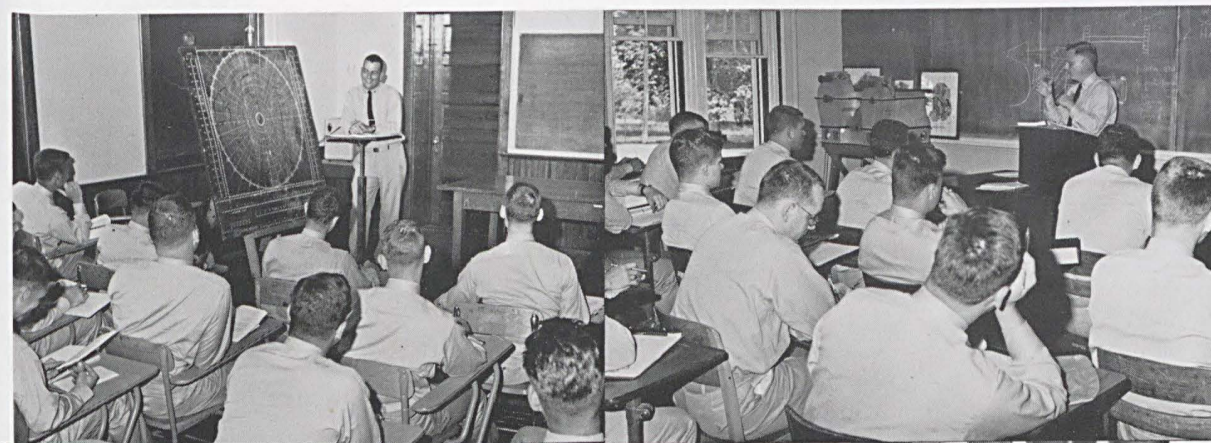
Assisting Lt. Renner in the new nuclear department (the primary reason for the four year program) was Lt. Ackerman. Holding a B.S. from the University of Louisville and an M.S. from New York University, Lt. Ackerman was also teaching physics until the nuclear program was fully launched.



Shipboard Life —
Al, Mac, Mike.

The Bird and Ken.

Tough studying with no Lights—
Joe, Nate, Tom, Terry, Emile.



Uranium Fuel — Mr. Brown, Vic, Ken,
Doug, Chris, Dick, Tom.

YACHT CLUB



For some reason it has taken several years of hard work with little reward for this school's Yacht Club to take its place amidst the activities recognized. At last the keel has been molded and signs of fairer winds are in sight. Starting in 1962 this class put both feet in the door and began moving the yacht club up into its desired position. Some finance and administration backing was acquired and the sloops Diana and Clio participated in races and sailing recreation, to a degree beyond that of any previous year. Marblehead race week found these two new entries on their rosters and at the conclusion of the week had a better understanding of Midshipman and our school, the Monhegan Island race proved to be another feather in the cap to progress and training. In addition several local races, the Nevens Cup and the Blue Hill race, gave more yacht club members a chance to taste the art of sailing.

During the final days of that yachting season the yacht club gained three new vessels. O'day Garnets, 14 feet and frisky to the helm. This in turn helped increase the membership and interest. Then in early '63 a major drive for real ocean racing was made. Diana and Clio were entered in the Marblehead to Halifax race. The work put into each boat was almost immeasurable. People in position of authority, concerned departments and interested individuals united with one goal, prepare the boat for hard sailing.

On reviewing that race it justifies the effort. Neither boat won the race but both made a decent showing, gave invaluable experience, and furthered the name and reputation of Maine Maritime Academy. Later during the season, Diana copped Class A honors in the Nevens Cup, and the garnets raced schools such as Maine and Colby in a competition we feel certain will continue.

Now with our graduation and the class of '65 in the cockpit, we hope the work of our class and that of those before will not have been in vain. Further we trust that those of us who have enjoyed sailing here at school will in turn support the program once alumni. Obviously numerous midshipman could be named as major contributors but we feel that these people have had their reward. Good time fair winds and following seas.



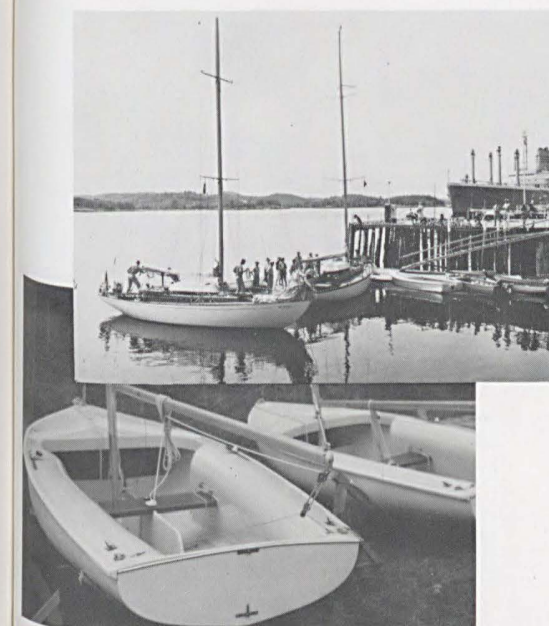
Club Officers
Jeffery, Sec.-Treas.; Joe Stackpole, Commodore;
Russ Wuestefeld, Fleet Captain.



Senior Members
Seated: Joel, Joe, Al, Mac, Bill, Larry, Terry, Mac, Dave, Mike.
Standing: Dave, Bob, Steve, John, Doug, Terry, Bert, Al, Ed, Tom.



Halifax Crew — Ferguson, Joe, Ed, Al,
Dave, Hoss.

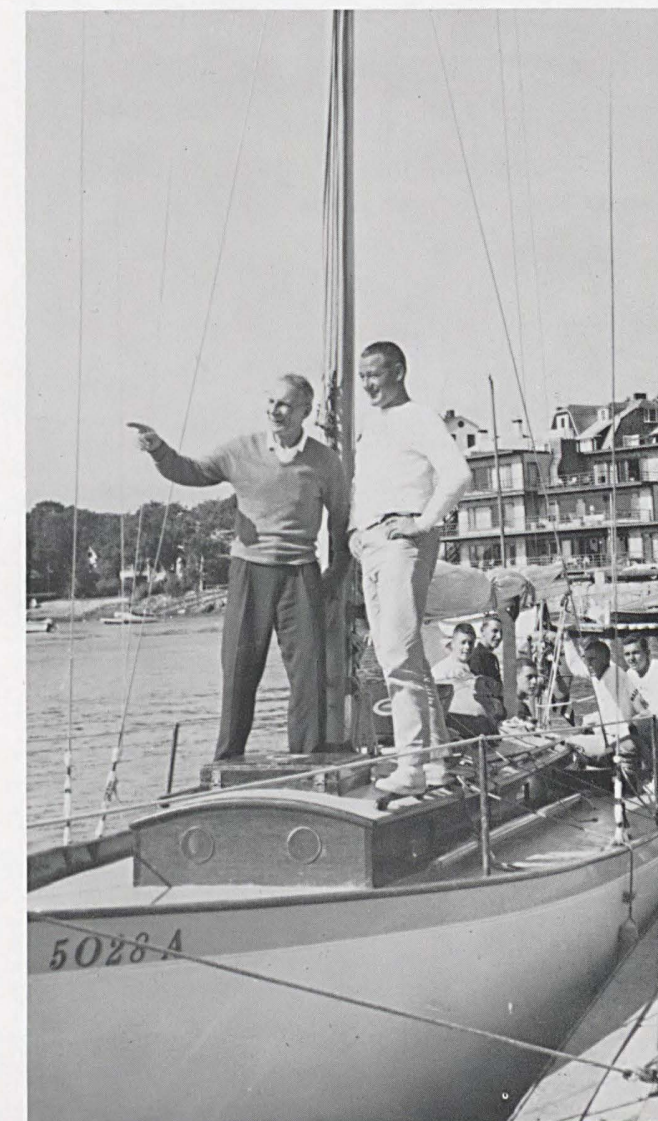


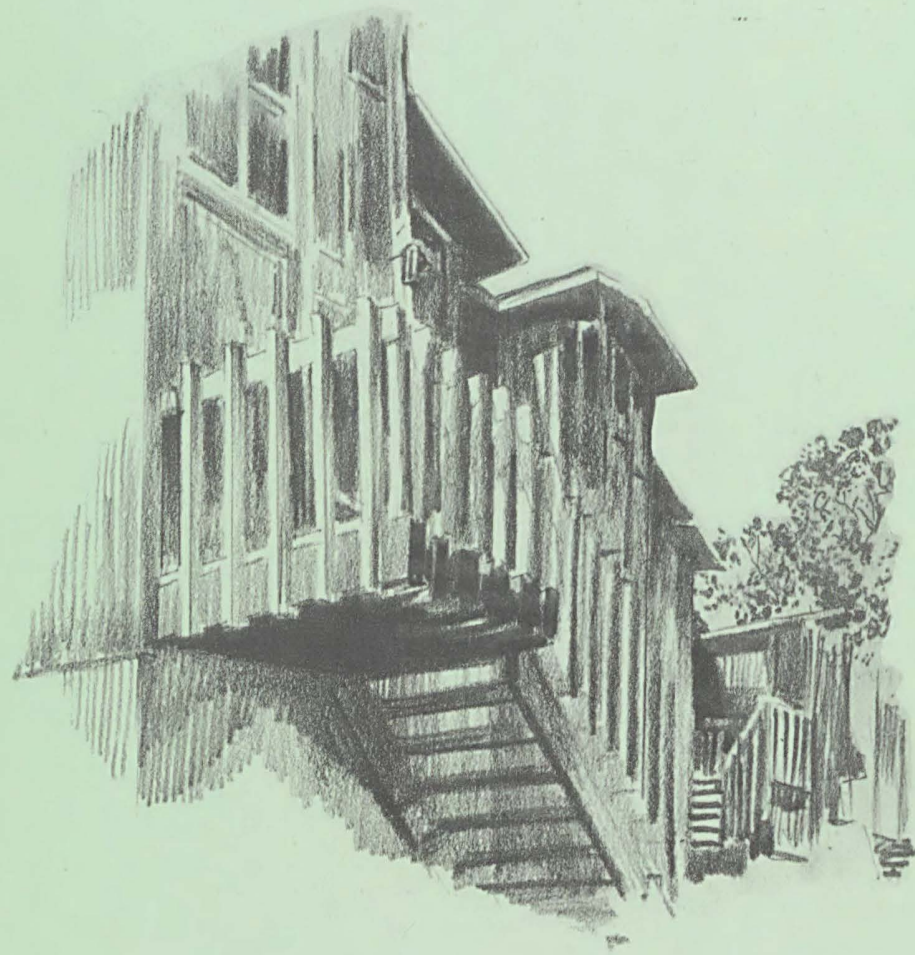
New Garnets.

O
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a
x



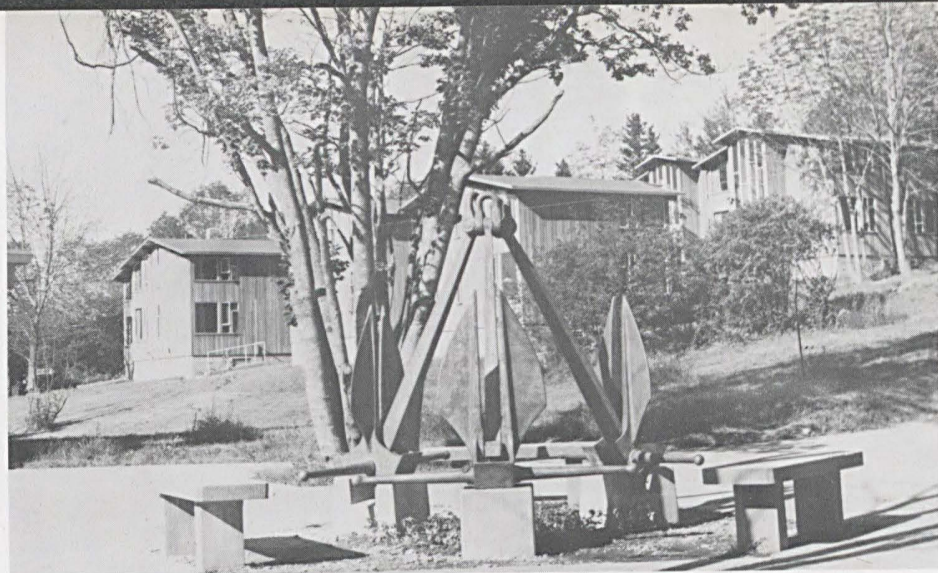
Good Day for a Sail.
Race Week.





We had now risen to the hallowed heights of Seniors. As seniors we should and did rise above the trivial things of school life that had seemed so important to us as underclassmen. Soon we would be graduating and the road ahead was now so short that it made immaterial any hardship that could be imposed. We were set in our ways and our actions could not now be easily changed. Our mold had been cut and fired in the past three years. The end project was now only to be smoothed to a fine finish. The result is a graduate: the final test of the success or failure of the man and the school.

SENIOR



New Dorms.

Ready and waiting for us to move into our senior year, the new dorms were completed. Christened with such names as "The Alpine Village" and "The Honeymoon Cottages" the new dorms turned out to provide good living for the seniors. Together and by ourselves we were free to do what we liked with few interruptions. It was so good in fact that it seemed almost like college. There were no morning inspections and taps and reveilles seemed almost a thing of the past. Even when they moved an O.D. down, it made little difference. Breakfast was usually served in Ma's and each veranda seemed to have its own appliance center. Yes, the new dorms certainly provided the correct way of life for the seniors.



Pulling a Shades.
Jack, George, Neil.



Bob



Nastyville Taxi.



Intramural Practice —
Lou, Frank, Jack, Dave, Wally, Bill, Ken, Fred.



Between New Dorms and New
Gym — Lou, Fred, Ken, Pete, Bill,
Lou.

Big Game —
John, Dave, Dick, Ken, Tom, Bill.



Navy
Science
in a rut.



Now that we had a full complement of four classes it meant we needed additional instructors. For this reason, in our senior year we met many new faces.



ROBERT E. COX
Chief U.S.N.

Chief Cox is also a new addition to the Naval Science Department. He was always ready with a friendly smile and hello whenever seen on campus.

GEORGE VARGA
Lieutenant (Jg) U.S.N.R.



Lt. (Jg) Varga is one of the new instructors in the Naval Science Department. Though we never met him in the classroom, many of us did have the opportunity to get to meet him around school.

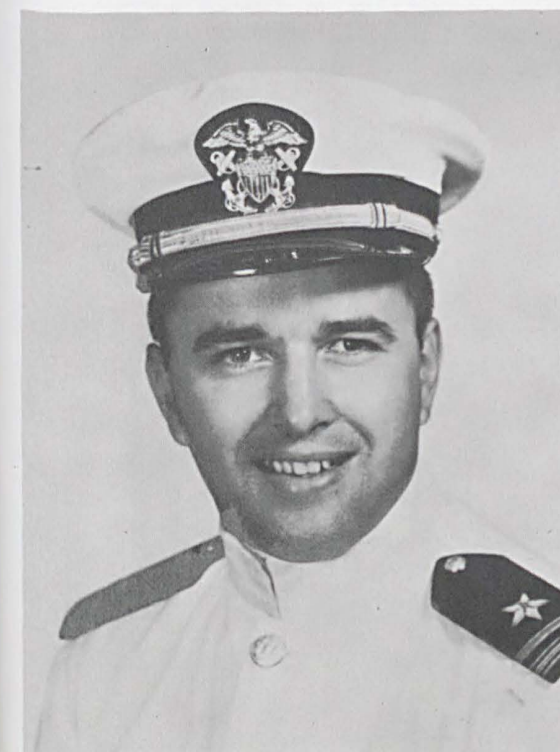
The very sedate roar of "Duweee" could always be counted upon to herald the arrival of the amiable Mr. Downs. Our auxiliaries teacher was probably the most dinked and most liked man on campus by both engineers and deckmen. Always ready to kid around, Mr. Downs also knew when it was time to get down to business. This trait enabled him to be not only a good guy, but an effective instructor as well.

In his classes we covered everything from rules and regs and lube oil purifiers to what clothes you needed with you when you were shipping. A valuable addition to the engineering staff, one class we would always look forward to was "Duweee's."



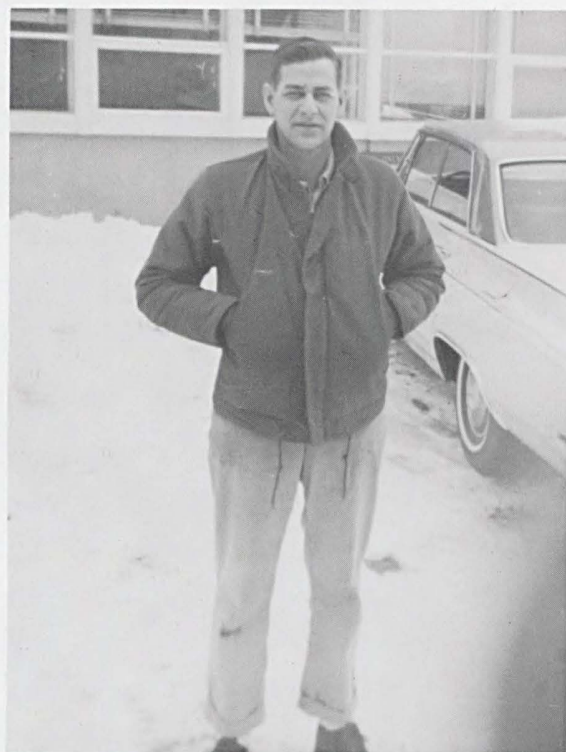
ROBERT DOWNS
Engineering
Ensign U.S.N.R.

RICHARD PINNETTE
Engineering
Lieutenant (Jg) U.S.N.R.



Added to the engineering staff our senior year was Lt. Pinnette. Though engaged in teaching the underclass, he was soon a familiar figure to all seniors. Shortly after arriving he produced a big bang on campus in the vicinity of the steam lab. No one ever thought the top of the stack had much artistic value anyway.

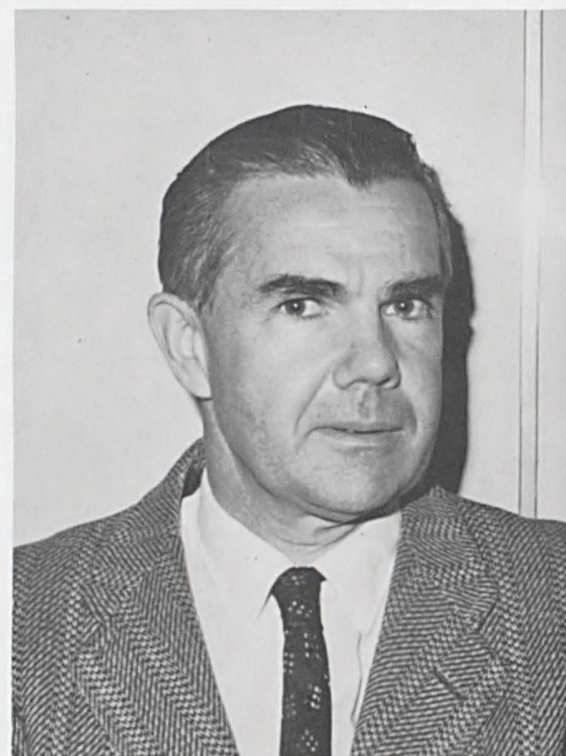
Fitting right in with the system though we wish Lt. Pinnette good luck.



JACK T. KNEELAND
Nuclear

Taking over Mr. Renner's position was Mr. Kneeland. Just ashore from a tour of duty on the Savannah, he brought new life into the nuclear program. Concentrating on the Savannah, he tried to give us as much as possible in the short time that he had. Unfortunately the simulator was continuously on the blink and not even the boys from N.Y. could do much with it. However, thanks to Mr. Kneeland we now have a good foundation and a revitalized interest in nuclear propulsion.

CHARLES S. L. ROBINSON
Nuclear



Mr. Robinson took over Mr. Ackerman's job. His main concern was teaching nuclear theory and thermodynamics to the juniors. This would then amply prepare them with the ability to understand the reasons of operation which they would get from Mr. Kneeland. On the whole the nuclear program seems to be shaping up well.

DONALD C. KINNEY
Physics
Lieut. Commander U.S.N.R.

Lcdr. Kinney was one of the new additions to the Physics Department at M.M.A. Mr. Kinney was one of the new officers that the seniors came to know. This is because of his travels with us on our cruise.

On the cruise Mr. Kinney was in charge of the ship's store. Also he presided over division parades in Curacao and San Juan with an iron hand.



EDWIN T. SHEFFIELD
Math

Another new instructor was Mr. Sheffield. A welcome addition to the Math Department, we wish him the best of luck.



DEAN R. MAYHEW
English

Mr. Mayhew was not at the Academy long before it was apparent to all that he was one of the more interesting new additions. Jovial and congenial, he always had a good word for everyone.





Beginning a week of Maintenance. The boys inspect new condenser heads — Pete, Chuck, Lou, Dick.

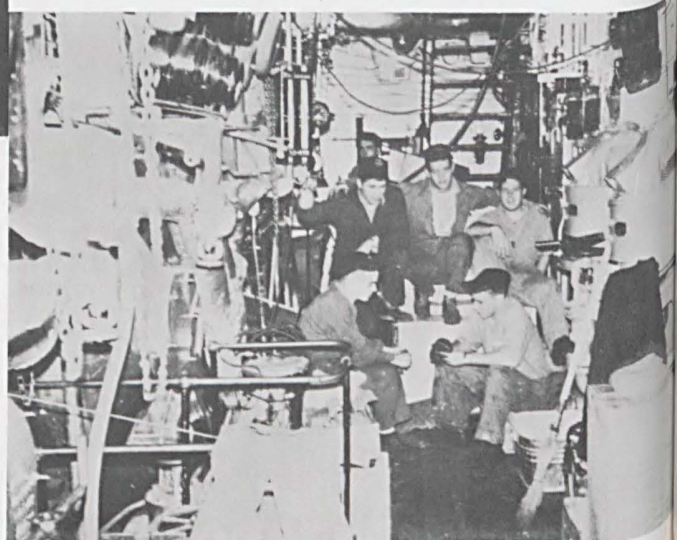
Pulling the Casing, Also Gives an Excellent Chance to Inspect Turbine and Governors — Tom, Chuck, Lou, Dick.



Edgar and The Reverend.



Coffee Break While Rebricking the Boiler — Pete, Chuck, Lou, Dick, Tom.



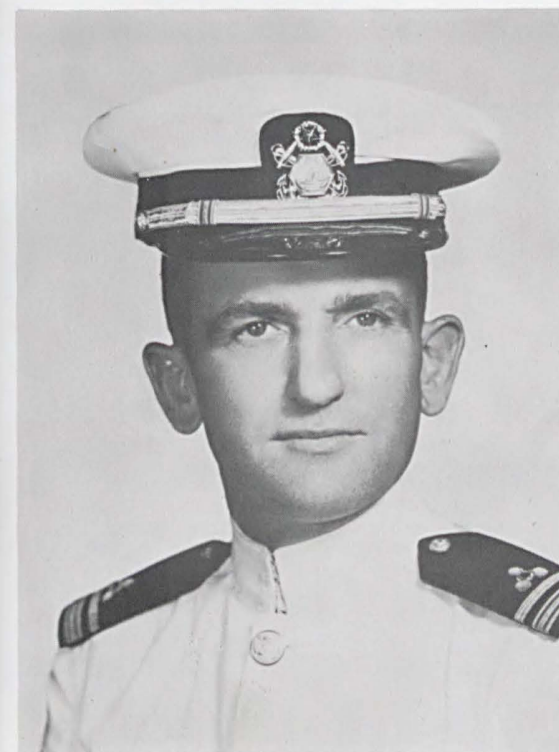
The fifth chief and one of the best we have seen here in our four years is Chief Sprague. Never one to get excited, the Chief would always seem to get the job done some way. At the same time he was always ready to explain or show you something if you just asked.

On the cruise or ashore, the Chief proved a man we'd all be proud to ship with.



JAMES D. SPRAGUE
Chief Engineer
Captain M.M.A.

ERNEST M. BLACK
2nd Assistant Engineer
Lieutenant M.M.A.



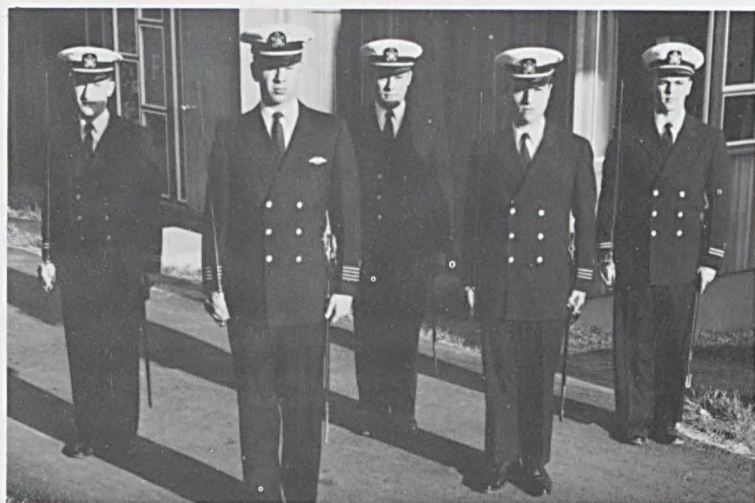
The new second on board turned out to be Mr. Black. In short order the boys had him labeled the Reverend and tagged as one of the nicest guys at school.

A veteran of the Merchant service, Ernie was forever passing along invaluable practical knowledge to all the engineers. Unlike many, everything Ernie touched seemed to turn to gold. On the cruise he was the only one who could master the bailey board. He might not have known the name of every port, but give him a hammer and wrench and he'd get it working.

A true merchant man, we all wish there were more like him here at school.

REGIMENT

The increased enrollment called for an expansion from a Battalion to a Regiment.



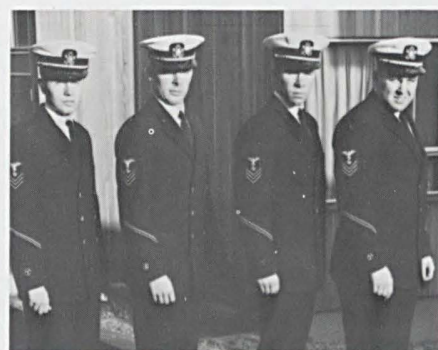
Bob Munchbach, Master-at-Arms; Ed Harmes, Regimental Commander; Jules Jaget, Supply Officer; Eugene Silva, Executive Officer; Bill Davies, Adjutant.



Charles Landry, 2nd Battalion Commander; Tom Brown, 1st Battalion Commander.

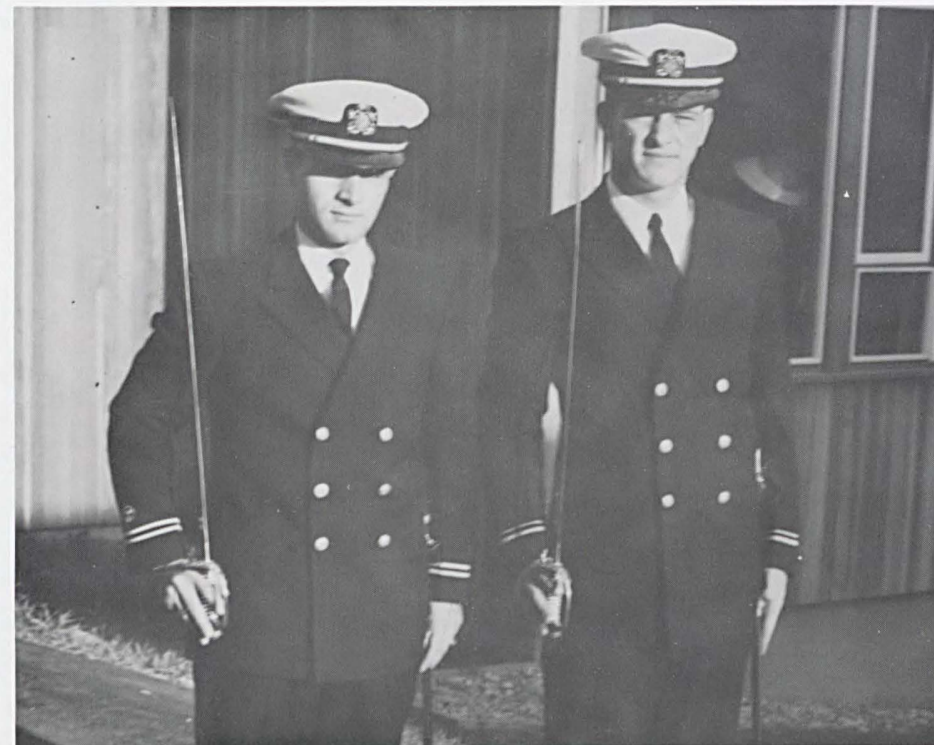


Yeoman — Jacobsen, Slocum, Wurschy.

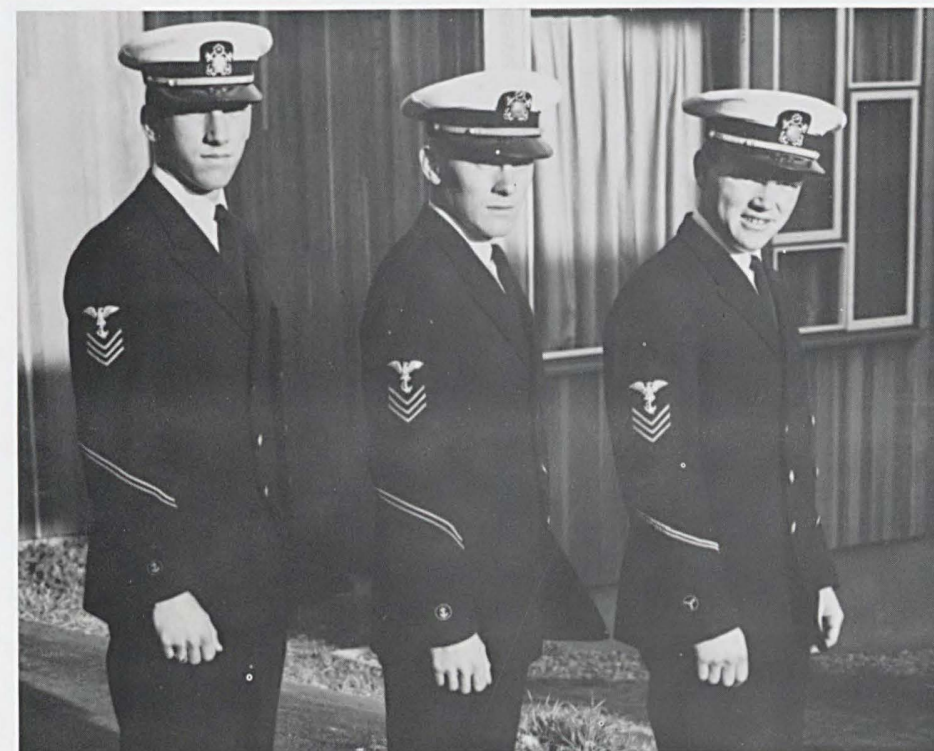


Assistant Master-at-Arms — Jeffrey, Grant, Beal, J. Richardson.

A COMPANY

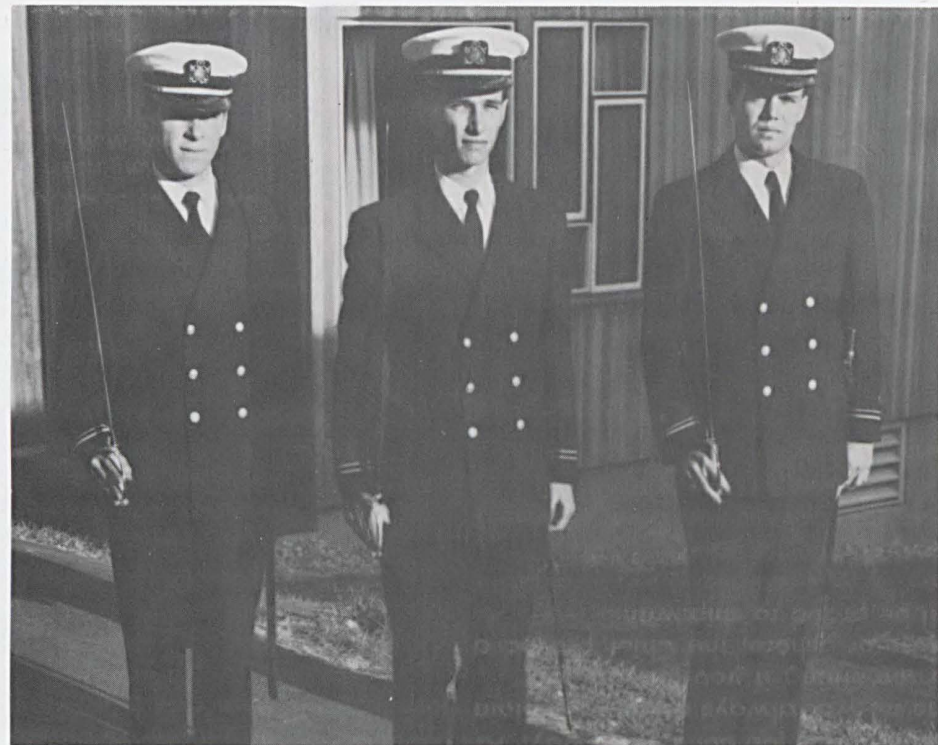


Mike Scala, Company Commander; Lou Dumont, A-2 Platoon Leader; Bob Ames, (missing), A-1 Platoon Leader.



1/C Petty Officers — Morrissey, Nehring, McCorrison.

B COMPANY

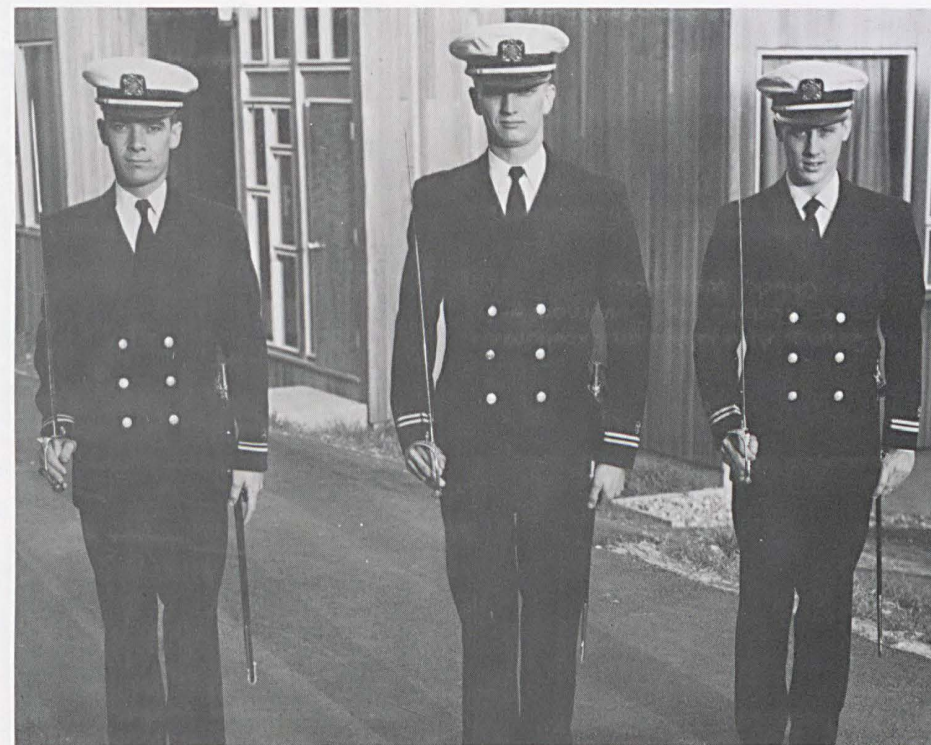


Al Shaw, Company Commander
Chuck Sherman, B-I; Dave Morey, B-II, Platoon Leaders.

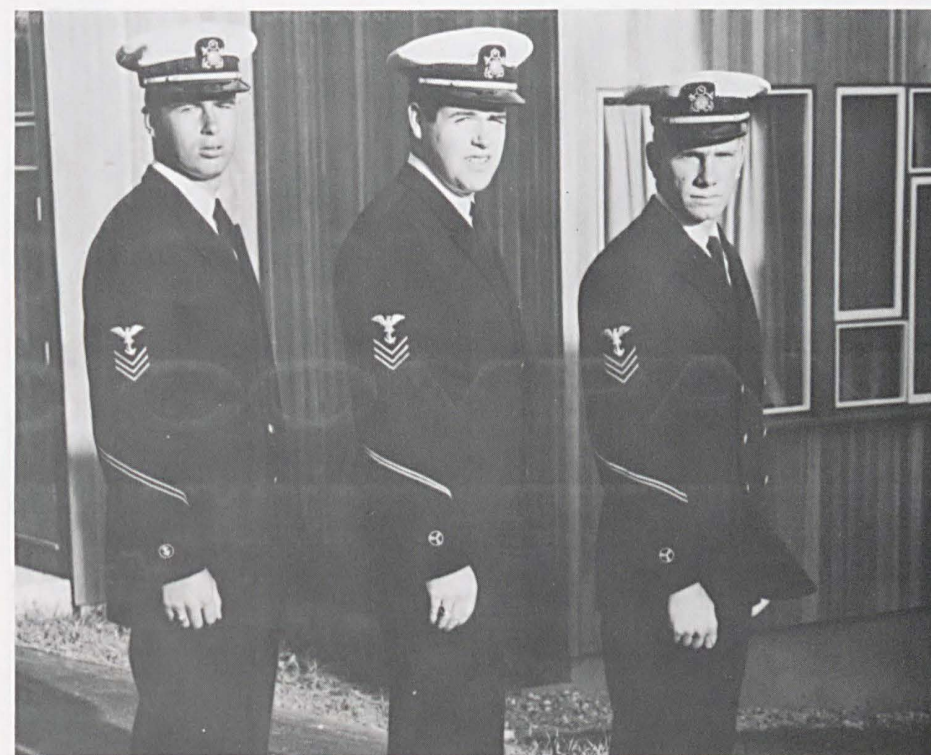


1/C Petty Officers —
Connelly, Ricker, Lease.

C COMPANY

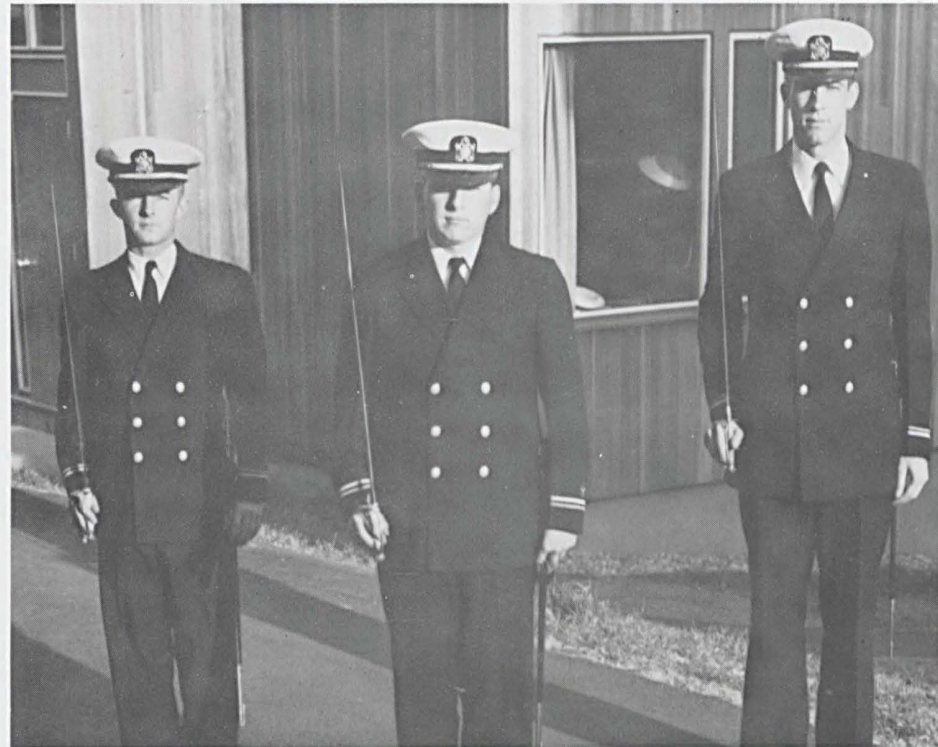


Tom Rush, Company Commander
Doug Smith, C-II, George Enman, C-I, Platoon Leaders.

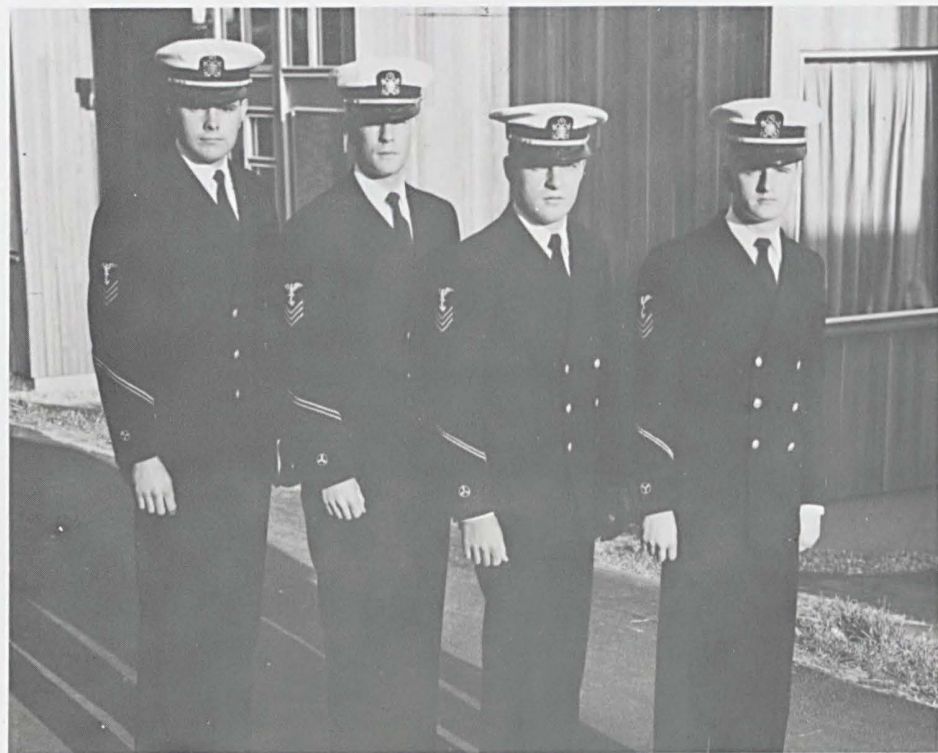


1/C Petty Officers —
Grimes, Lowel, Shore.

D COMPANY



Perry Mattson, Company Commander
Sam Soule, D-I; Ben Bowditch, D-II, Platoon Leaders.

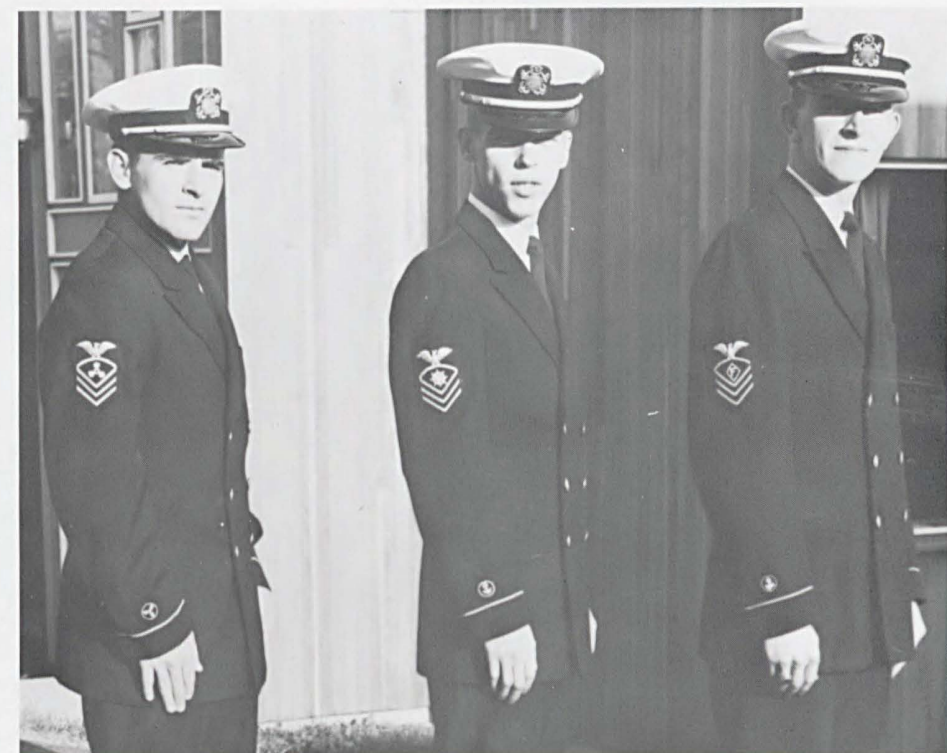


1/C Petty Officers —
Sundheim, Sprague, Sassi, Levasseur.

C.P.O.'S



Don Rossignol, Machinist Mate; George Luddy, Gunners Mate;
Fred, Haley, Electricians Mate.



Ken Joy, Boatswain Mate; Ed Shepard, Quartermaster;
Bob Hale, Fire Chief.

HOME COMMING

At M.M.A. as at all colleges, there is each fall an annual Homecoming football game and dance. At M.M.A. the Propeller Club is the organization that puts on the dance.

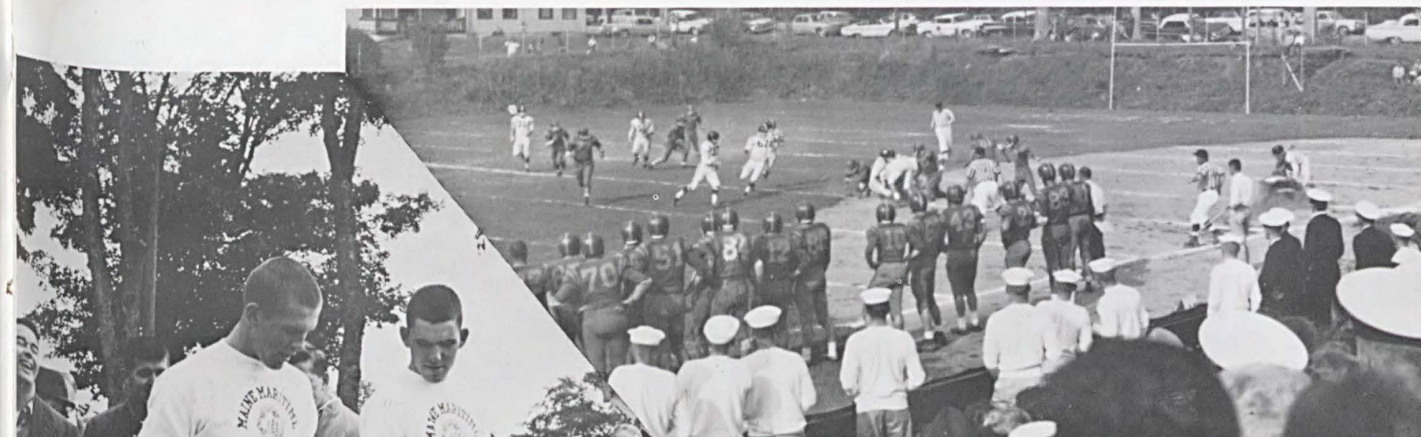
Homecoming 1963 was the largest and most successful in our history. Indian summer prevailed for the entire weekend sending the mercury into the high 70's. The football team scored a resounding victory over Bridgewater State Teachers College, who had defeated us the year before. The dance was held in the new gym and Al Corey's 12 piece orchestra played to a capacity crowd.



Middies '64.



Here Comes the Team!



The Game.



The Goat (Phew).



The Crowd.



Middies on the Move!

Halftime
Cross Country
Race.



Completion.



Home-coming
Inter-class
Rowing
Race.



Coming
Through!

Blind
Dates
Aten-
hut!



Party Time M.M.A.
Style.
Chuck, Jack, George,
Tom, Stan.

Like Crazy Man!
Art, Ken, Ken, Mat.

And Away We Go —
Harp, Shades.



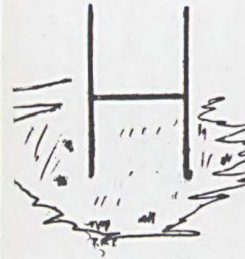
Leaving in Style.



Viva La Femme —
Chuck, Tom.



FOOT BALL



The Middies closed the latest gridiron campaign with a 5-1-1 record. The five wins were all by lopsided scores over Quonset (R. I.) Naval Air Station, Curry College, Bridgewater College, Nichols College and Ft. Devens. The single loss was to Cape May Coast Guard in a game that went scoreless for three periods. The tie was with Newport Naval Air Station.

Offensively the team amassed 2170 yards (310 per game av.) while scoring 209 points (30 per game av.) The opposition managed only a total of 703 yards in seven games while scoring 40 points (less than a touchdown per game av.) Bruce Norton, a freshman fullback, was the leading scorer with eight touchdowns to his credit. Jack Desilets, a real power running halfback, was the leading ground gainer with an average of 6.08 yards per carry in fifty-nine tries.

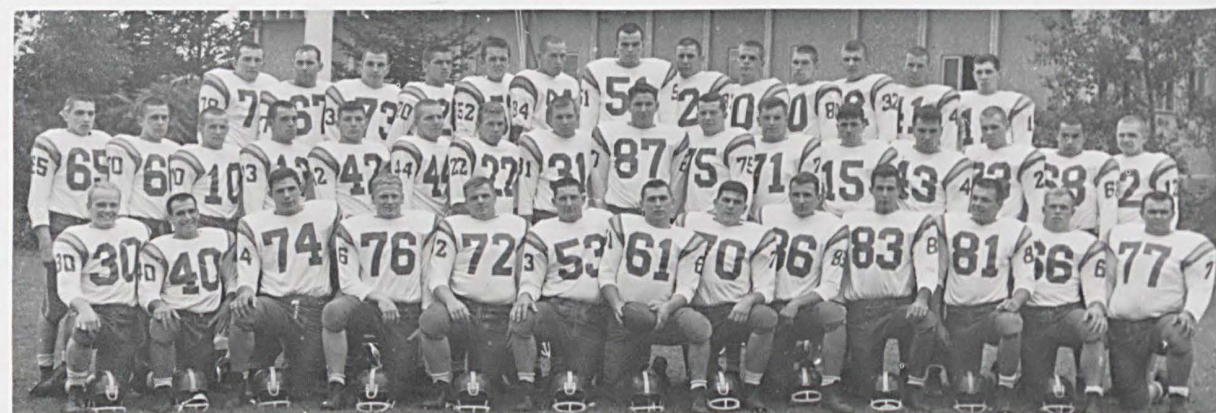
Signal calling was handled by veteran junior quarterback Bill Shore and freshman Jerry Varney, who did an outstanding job filling in for Shore when he was sidelined for several games with a rib injury. Ron Vallee, Doug Shore, Dan Hamblet, and Lou Violette also gave many outstanding performances in the offensive backfield. As with every year the blocking was tremendous and was well handled by ends Dave Brown, Jim Harding, and Chris Quirk; tackles Jim Thibodeau, Jon Carr, Joe Moran, Terry Frederick; guards Emile Girard (Captain), Charlie Raymond, and Bob Arsenault, and center Fred Gleason.

Enough praise can't be given to the defensive eleven for their performance. In several games they managed to hold the opposition's ground game to negative yardage. The defensive line was led by linebackers Charlie Raymond and Capt. Emile Girard, linemen Fred Gleason, Jon Carr, Dave Brown, Jim Thibodeau, and Terry Frederick. The defensive backfield was led by Larry Beal, Lou Violette, Bill Shore, Ron Vallee, Doug Shore and Bruce Norton.

Coach Dave Wiggin, who has compiled a 29-9-1 record in his five years as head coach, has produced progressively better teams each year. Especially noticeable this year was the great depth of the bench. It shouldn't be too long before the Middies make the State Series.

Game Scores

M.M.A. 34	Quonset Naval Air Station 6
M.M.A. 47	Curry College 6



The Team.

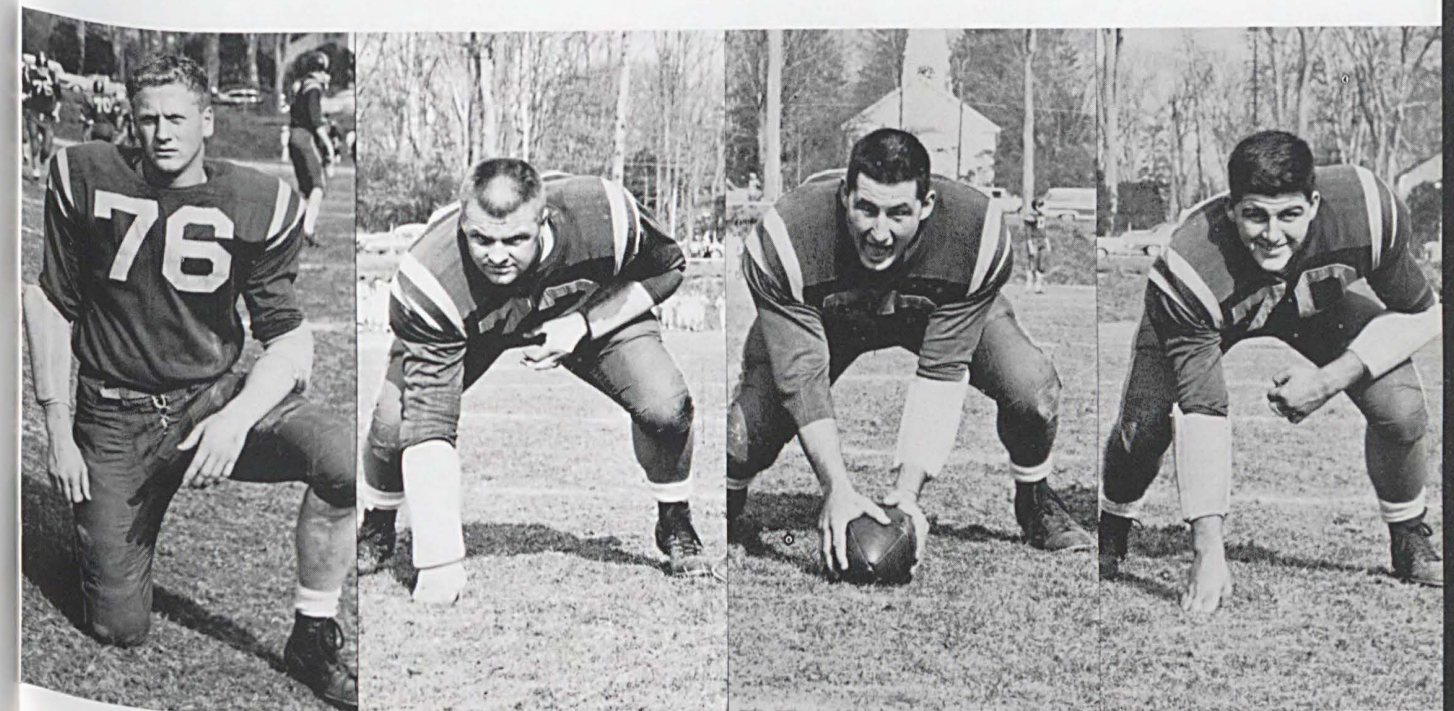
M.M.A. 48	Bridgewater State 0
M.M.A. 25	Nichols College 0
M.M.A. 14	Newport Naval Air Station 14
M.M.A. 0	Cape May Coast Guard 14
M.M.A. 41	Fort Devens 0



DAVE WIGGIN
Head Coach
Director of Athletics



CAPTAIN EMILE (Bevo) GIRARD
Offensive guard and defensive linebacker for four years; an outstanding team leader as captain and a 200% performer at all times.

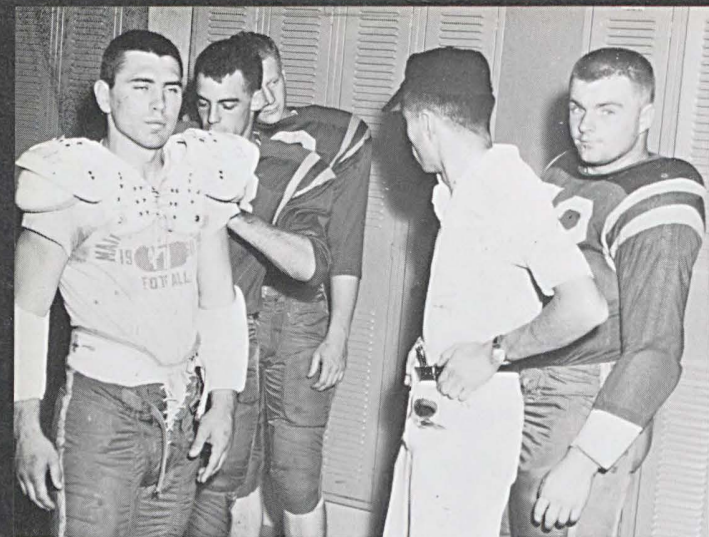


JIM (Red Dog) THIBODEAU
Played offensive and defensive tackle for three years and was switched to defensive end his senior year; opposing quarterbacks hated to see him put the rush on.

JOE (Pig) MORAN
Offensive and defensive tackle for four years; Joe moved his 225 pounds around with amazing speed and his vicious blocks helped pave the way for many a ball carrier.

FRED (Duck) GLEASON
Played both center and fullback in his four years as a regular on both offense and defense; Fred was always coming up with the big play that gave the Middies a lift in a tight spot.

JOHN (Tub) BRYANT
Former Traip Academy tackle who has added some of the great depth the Middies have shown during the past season.



Dressing Up —
Emile, Thib, Trainer Jim Johnson, Joey.



The Crowd —
Fred, Chuck, Vic, Barney, Neil.



Pass - - -

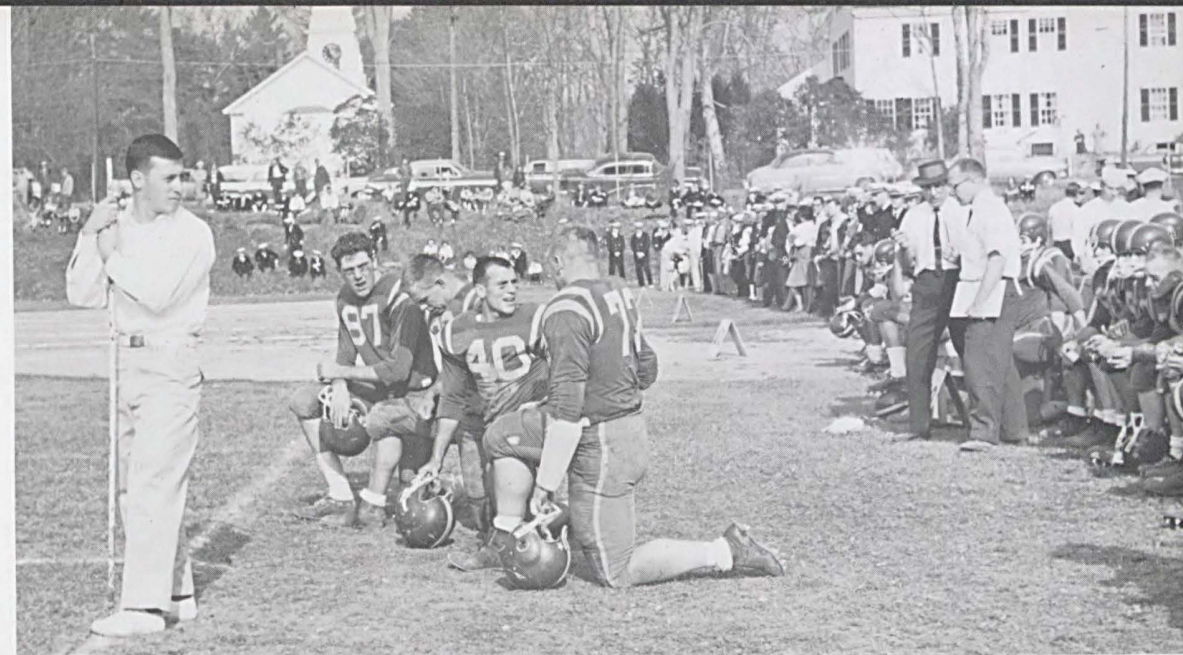


- - - Completed!



We Score! !

Top Level
Strategy!



Gangway!

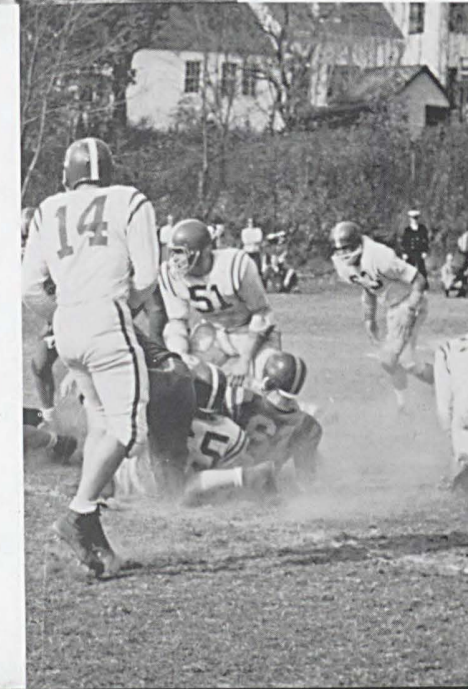


Fumble! !

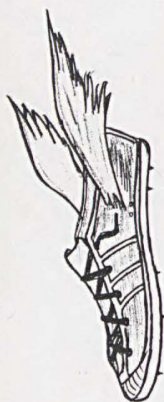


Bring Him
Down.

Athletic
Banquet.
Sweet Taste
of Victory.
Joe, Thib, Fred, Emile.



CROSS COUNTRY



Cross country at Maine Maritime is a relatively new sport but in its short three year history a steady improvement has been noted. The team finished this season with a 7-2 record. The only losses they have suffered in the past two years have come at the hands of the University of New Brunswick, which is an established cross country power in the east.

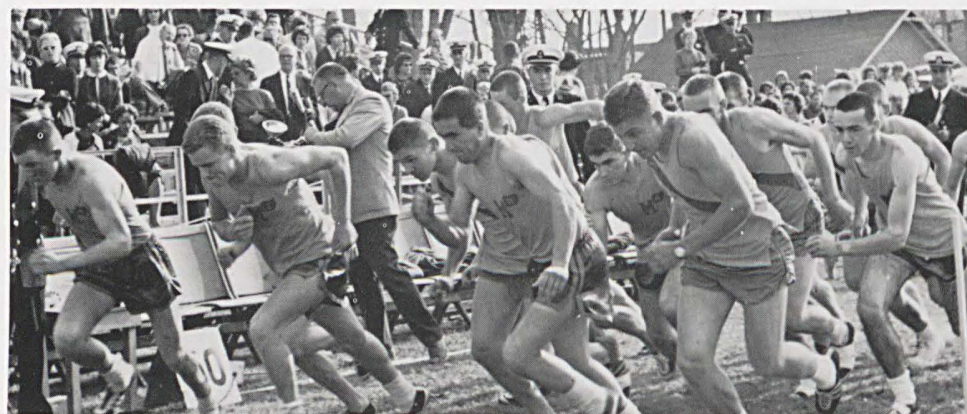
Coach Lt. Hanson has done a fine job in instructing the teams of the past three years in the methods of long distance running.

Captain Rock Levasseur, Clark 3/c, Martin 3/c, Manuel 4/c and Webb 4/c have been the leading runners with able assistance from the rest of the team. Clark was undefeated until he developed a case of hepatitis this year. Elected as next year's captains are Rock Levasseur and Irving Bracy, both juniors. With most of the team returning next year the outlook again looks promising.



The Team.

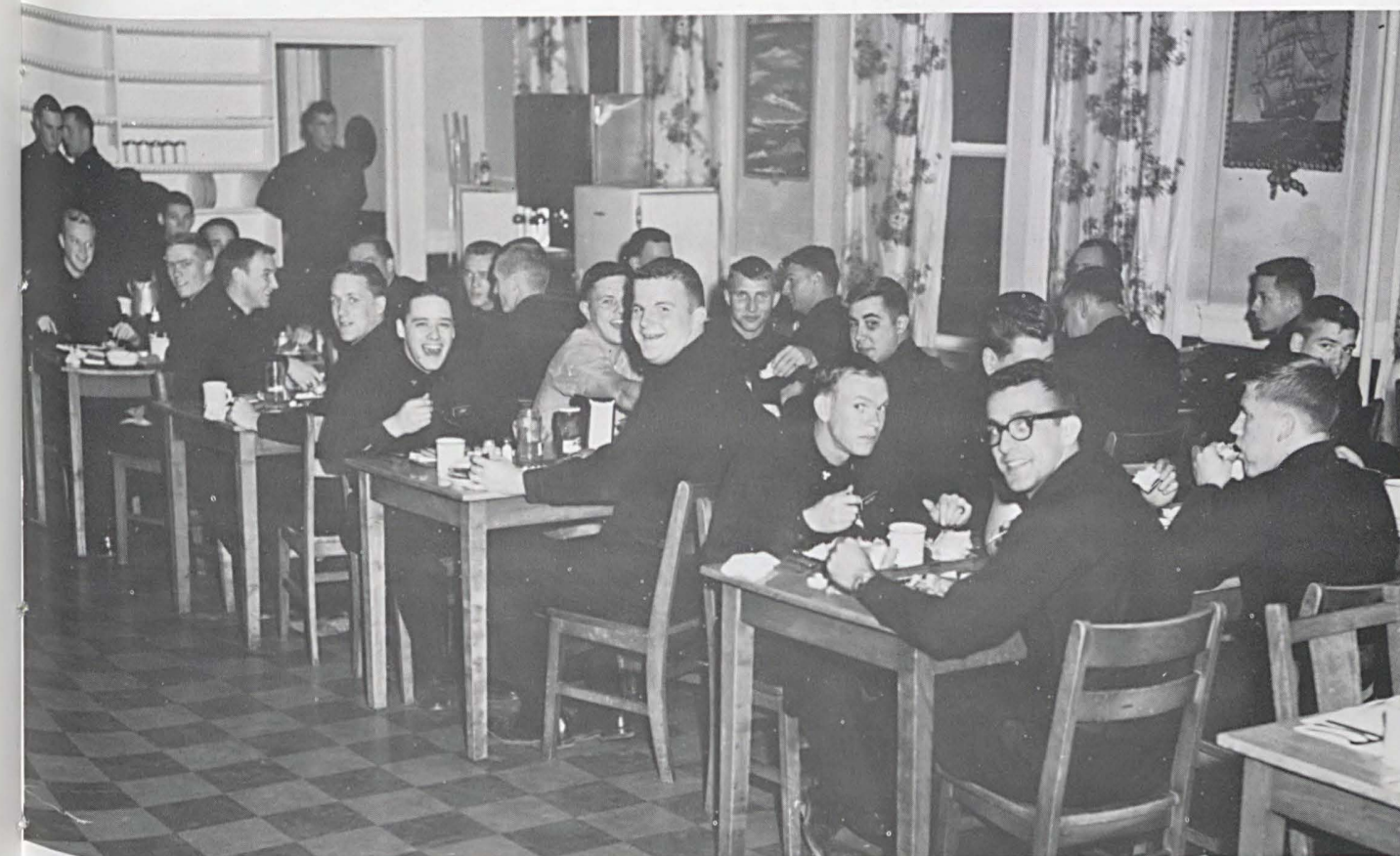
Coach Lt. Hanson; Flanders (Manager); Casavola, Manuel, Levasseur (Capt.); Bracy, Cherry, Martin, Webb, Sanborn, Winslow, Clark (missing).



They're Off! Against Massachusetts Maritime.



The Winner.



Life Continues Senior Style.



T
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Dick,
Frank,
Tom,
Tom,
Al.



Dollar Wise — Pound Foolish —
Doug, Pete, Larry, Tom.

TRICK'S END

The composing of an Annual is a large and difficult job. However, it is a job which, when done as best we can, affords much pleasure and satisfaction. Speaking for myself and the staff, may I say that it has been our pleasure to produce the 1964 **Trick's End** for the school and mainly for the Class of 1964.

As we have watched the book grow page by page, we have also seen the class and the school grow over the past four years. We have seen the class' achievements and mistakes and made gains and mistakes ourselves in the book. The completion of the book will be its end and will be the final measuring stick of our efforts. However, graduation will, conversely, be a beginning for the class and the first measuring stick of each individual's efforts. We will all continue to make achievements and mistakes and I hope we will all keep learning from them as we have in the past. We hope this book will meet with your approval and that it is therefore a true representation of the school and the Class of 1964 for the past four years.

I would like to take this opportunity to give credit to those who have so ably assisted me with the book. These men have given of their time and efforts and have not received nor asked for reward or recognition from the school or anyone.

George Luddy as Co-Editor contributed many helpful hours and advice. Tom Brown as advertising manager supplied the work and incentive which brought in that indispensable commodity, money. Others who also helped in this department were Jack Harrigan, Dick Lynch, Peter Lombard, Bob Hale, Bruce Oberg, and Niel Fleming. Terry Parker headed up the photography staff. The importance of this department in supplying good pictures, well categorized when needed, can not be over emphasized. Giving Peter a great deal of help with this job were Mike Breton, assistant photography editor, Larry Wolff and sophomores Benz and Pollard. Tom Connors was our Art Editor and did the Academy seal on the title page. Bill Cioce designed the cover and was general handy man on the staff supplying everything from pictures (used on endleaf and title page) to copy on the Beaumont trip. Other contributing writers were Dave Bracy (Sports) Charles Viebrock, and Dave Sims. I would also like to thank all of you who donated pictures. These are not the only ones who have worked to produce your 1964 yearbook; to all who extended a helping hand I would like to express my sincere thanks.

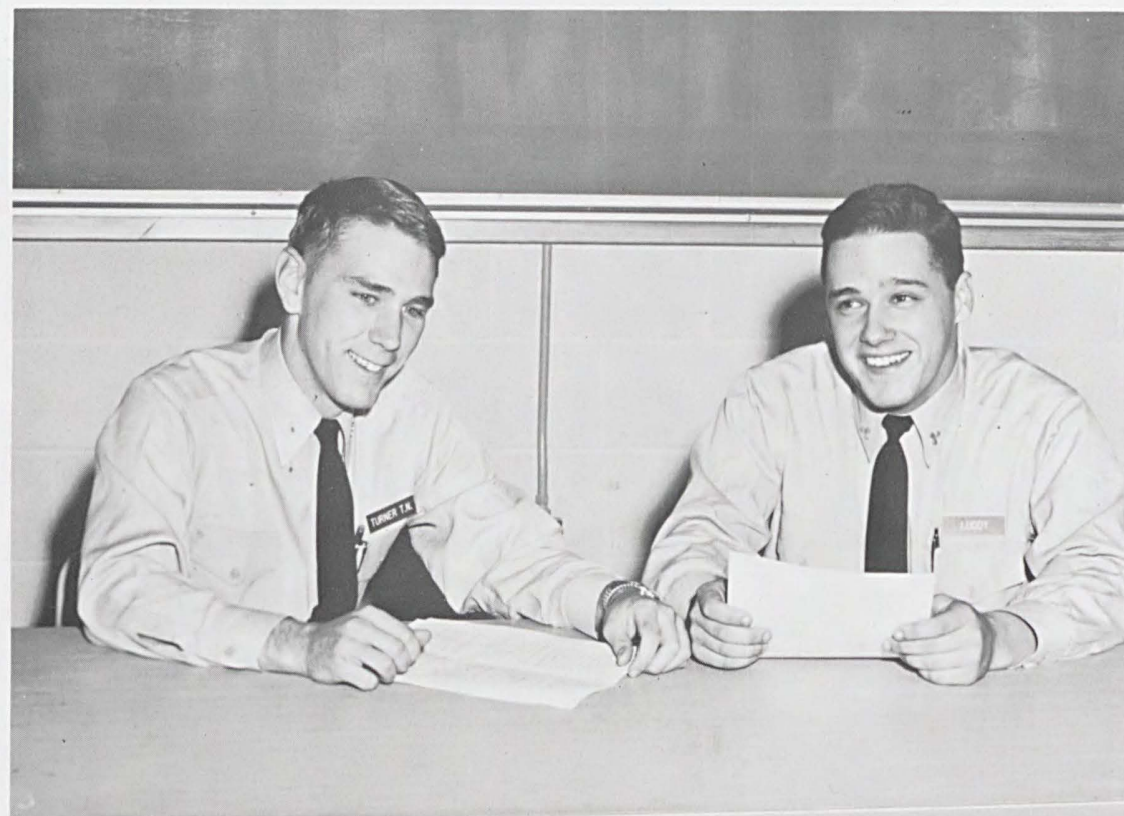
Thomas N. Turner
Editor 1964 **Trick's End**



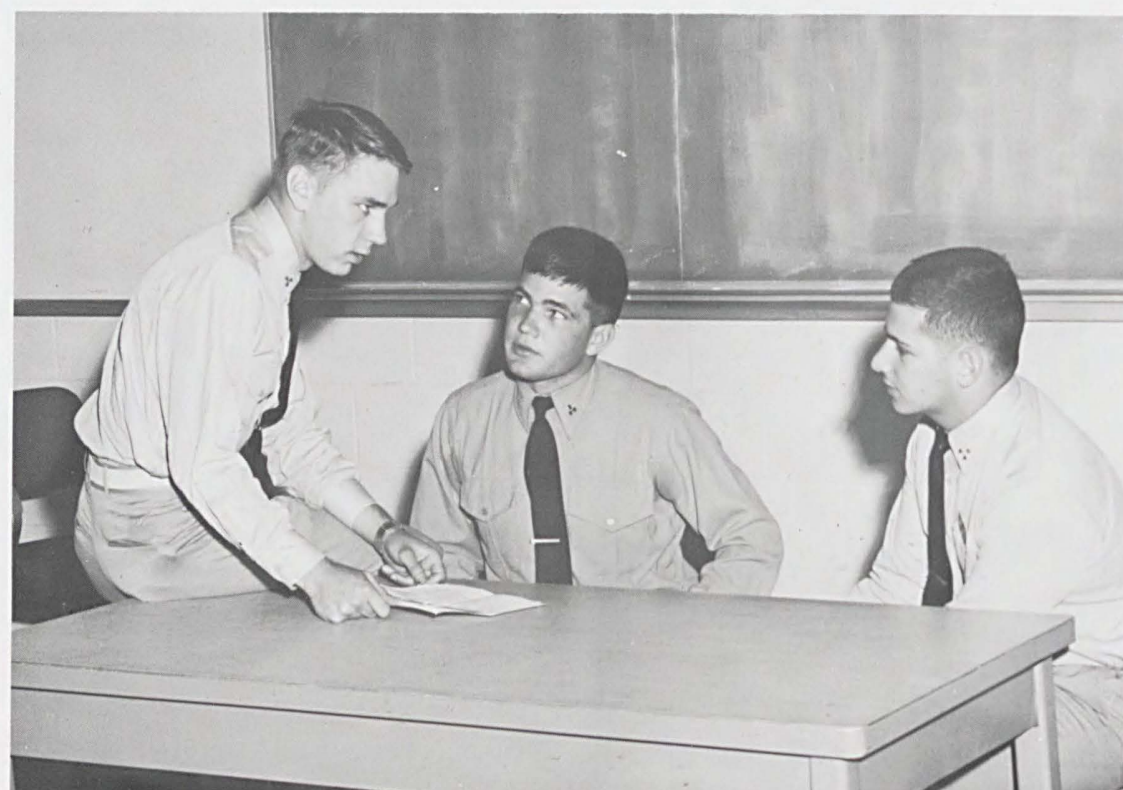
Tom Brown, Business Manager; Tom Turner, Editor; George Luddy, Co-Editor.



Part of Present Staff — Brown, Turner, Luddy, Harrigan, O'Donnell, Parker.
Feature Staff of 1965 — Whitney, Linsky, Somerville, Richardson, Ramsey.



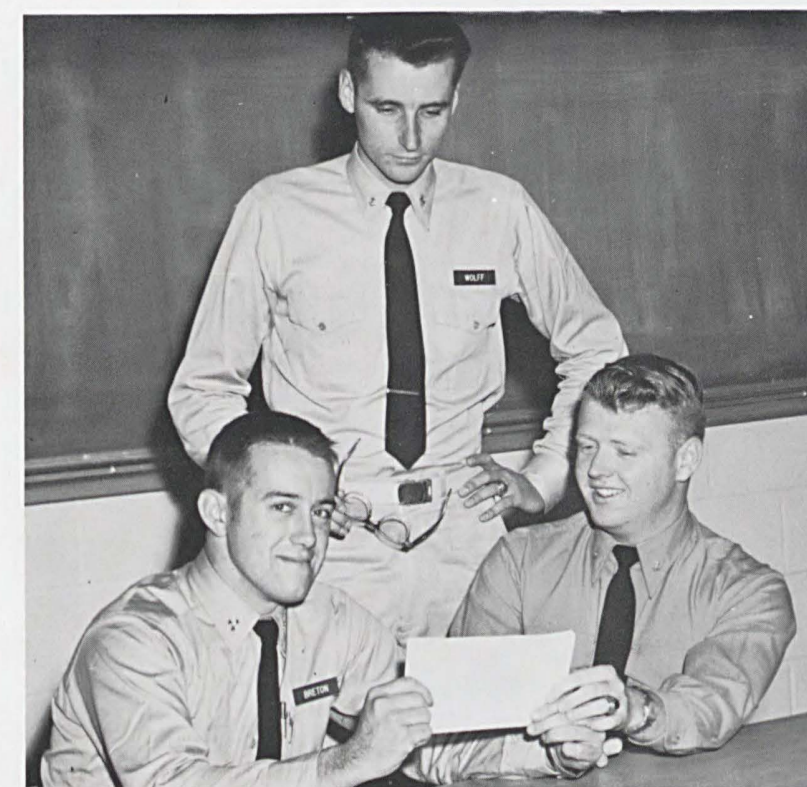
Tom and George Go Over Book Plan.



Tom Gives Some Pointers to Somerville and Linsky.



Business Manager, Tom Brown, Discusses Ads With Jack Harrigan.



Photography Editor, Peter Parker and Asst. Photography Editor, Mike Breton, Thumb Through Pictures With Larry Wolff.

BASKETBALL



Basketball at the Academy has taken a turn for the better this year. Previously, the cruise interrupted the season so that a full schedule couldn't be completed and what games were played had to be fitted into a tight half season schedule. This left three to five games a week plus studying and working to the team members. With the advent of the two cruise system the basketball team may be left behind to complete a full schedule.

Also the completion of the new Margaret Chase Smith Gym has given the team a healthy background to work in. The old gym lacked adequate facilities, space, and equipment necessary to produce a top notch basketball team.

New Coach, Verge Forbes is trying to lay the groundwork to produce the caliber team that is worthy of the new building in which they have to compete. Concentrating on building this year the Academy's record has been rather poor. However, led by returning veterans (Captain) Bob Ames and Kent Higgins the games have been packed with plenty of spark and excitement.

Prospects for the future seem bright and we are sure that in years to come Maine Maritime will rank as one of the top small college basketball powers.



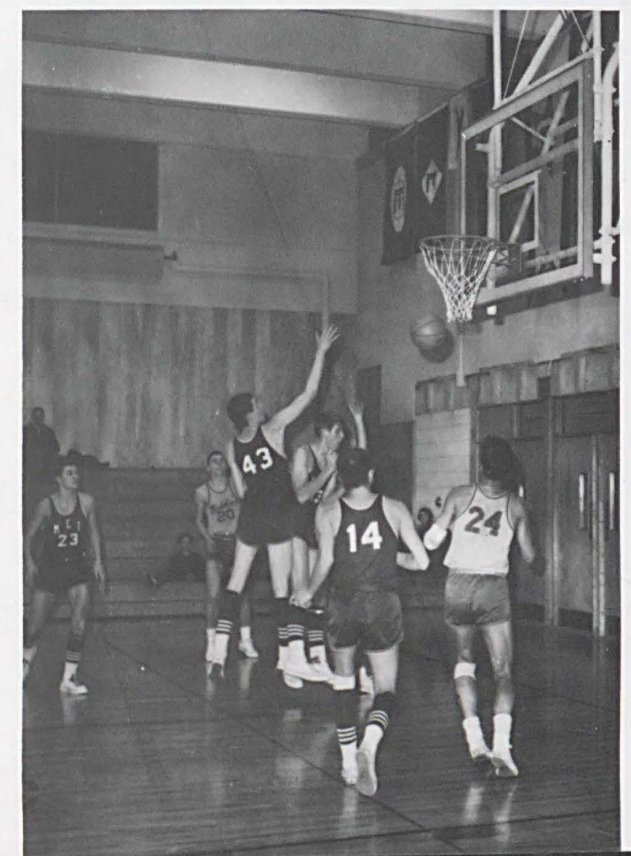
The Team.

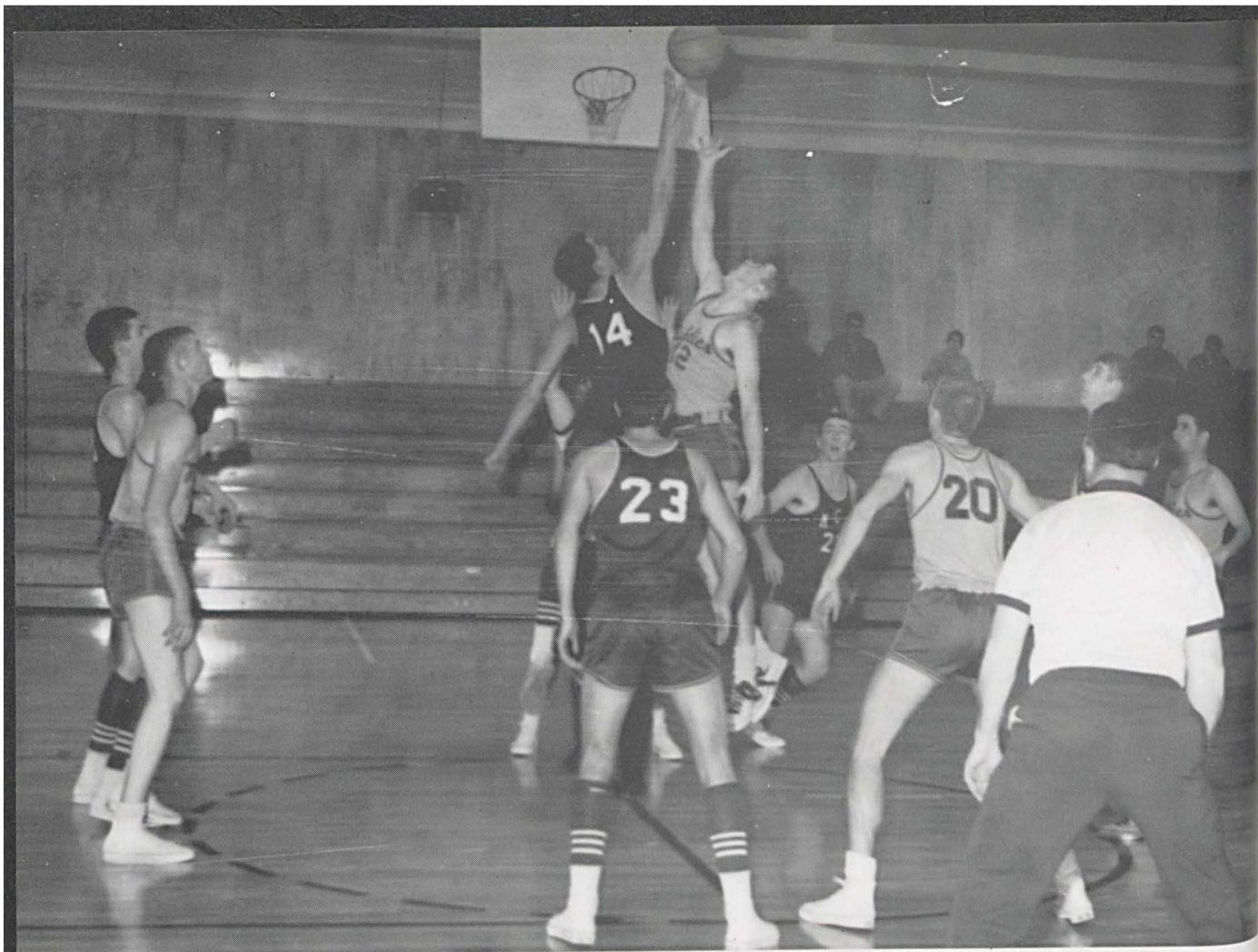
Seated: Strong, Higgins, Mathison, Ames (Captain), Fenton, Race.
Standing: Gaffney, Lochran, Nivison, Bradley, Hasted, Ginty.



Quick Gym
Old and Antiquated.

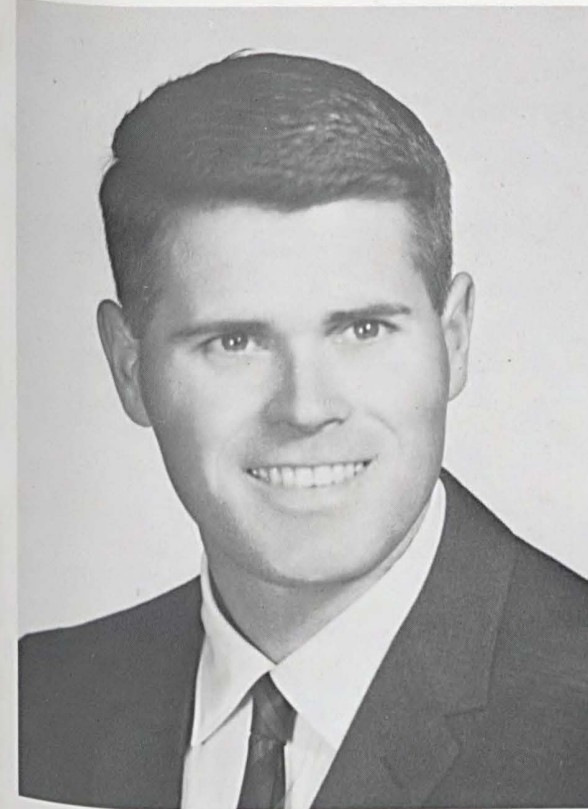
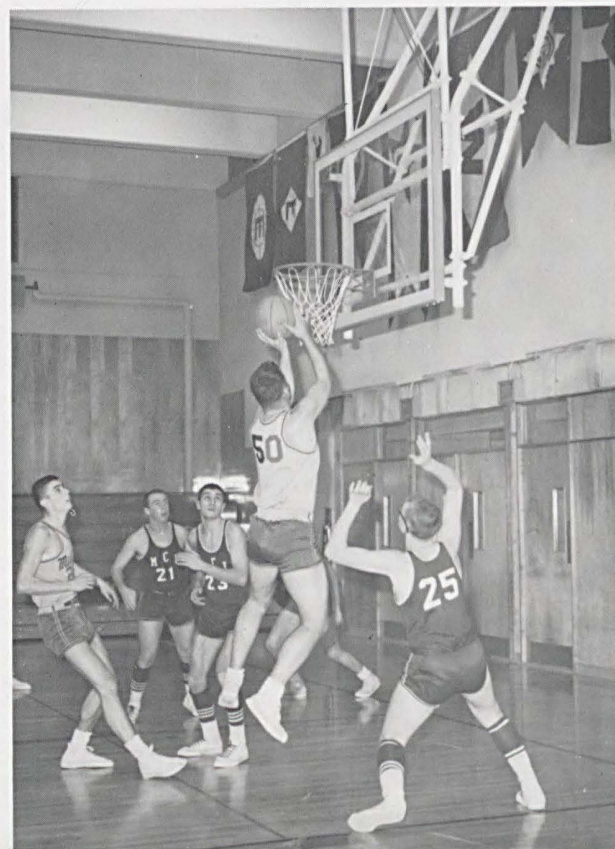
Smith Gym
New and Spacious



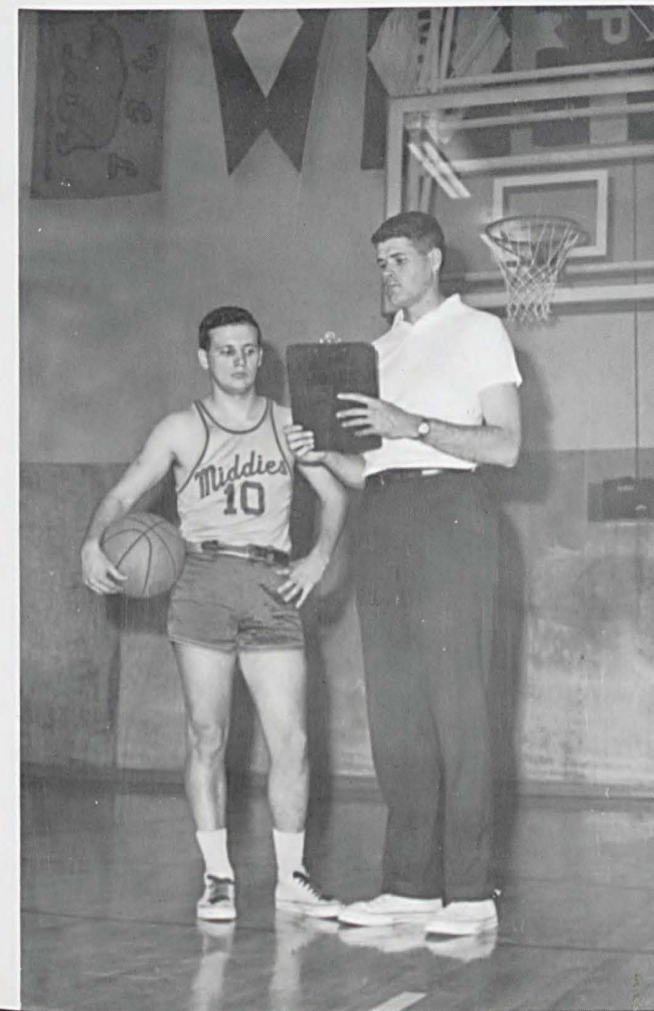


Jump

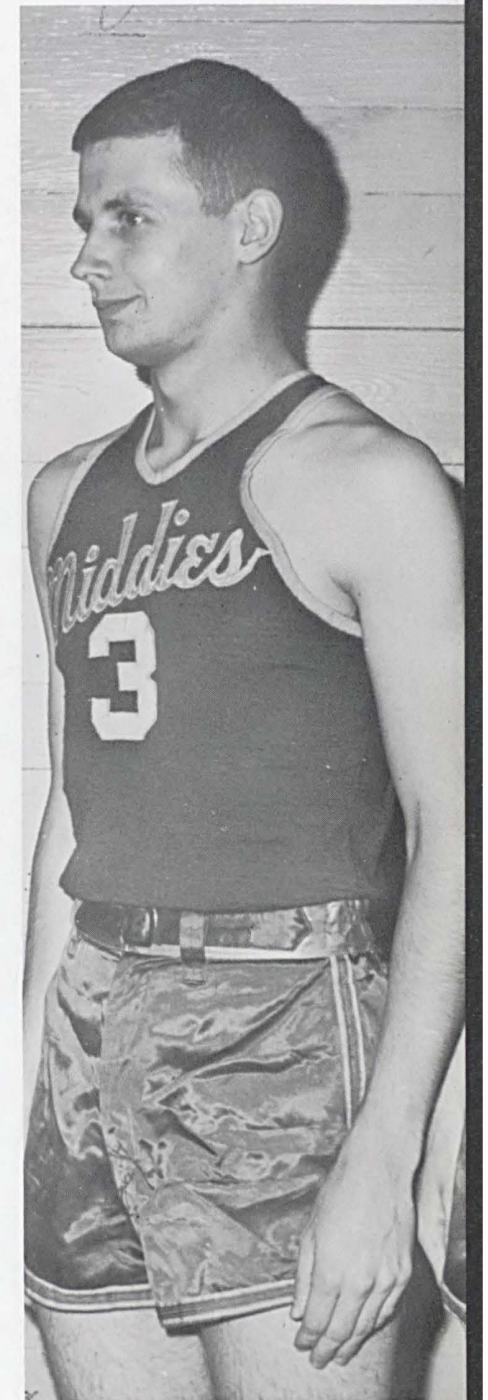
2 Points
Coming Up.



Coach Forbes



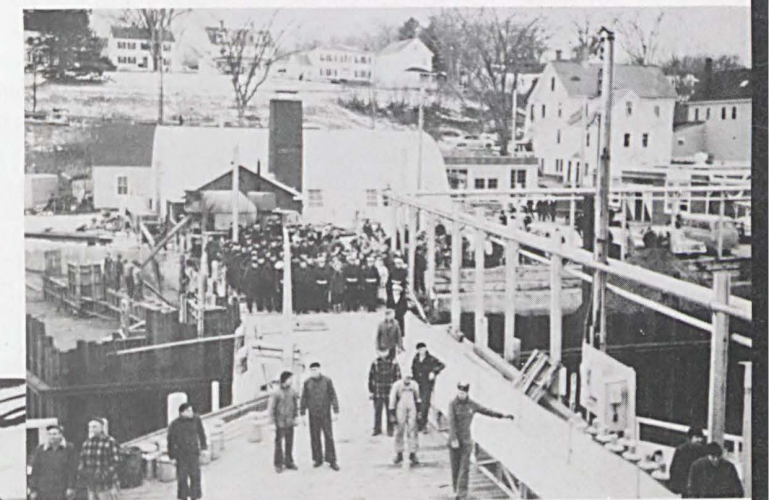
Coach Forbes
and Bob
Discuss Plays.



Bob Ames (Captain)
Back Court Ace.



We leave some behind.



Watching us leave for the last time —
Larry, Tom, Lou, Al



Seniors handling lines?
Big B, Peter

Sailing Day



Down The Bagaduce.



Jacksonville



Jacksonville was the first stop on our last annual training cruise, and was the finest berthing space we had experienced during our stay here at the Academy. The facilities belonged to the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company whose magnificently designed office building towered over the ship at dockside. And, who could forget that tantalizing pink dress on the 15th floor.

A tour was arranged for the Midshipmen to St. Augustine, and Marineland of Florida. St. Augustine, the oldest city in the nation, was discovered in the year 1513 by Ponce de Leon, but was not formally possessed until 1565 occurring 55 years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Many historical landmarks, and points of interest were visited, such as: Castillo de San Marcos guarding the walled city, the Shrine of Our Lady of La Leche commemorating the founding of St. Augustine, the statue of Ponce de Leon presiding over Anderson Circle, the Oldest House, Lightner's Museum of Hobbies, and Potter's Wax Museum containing over two hundred lifelike figures of famous people.

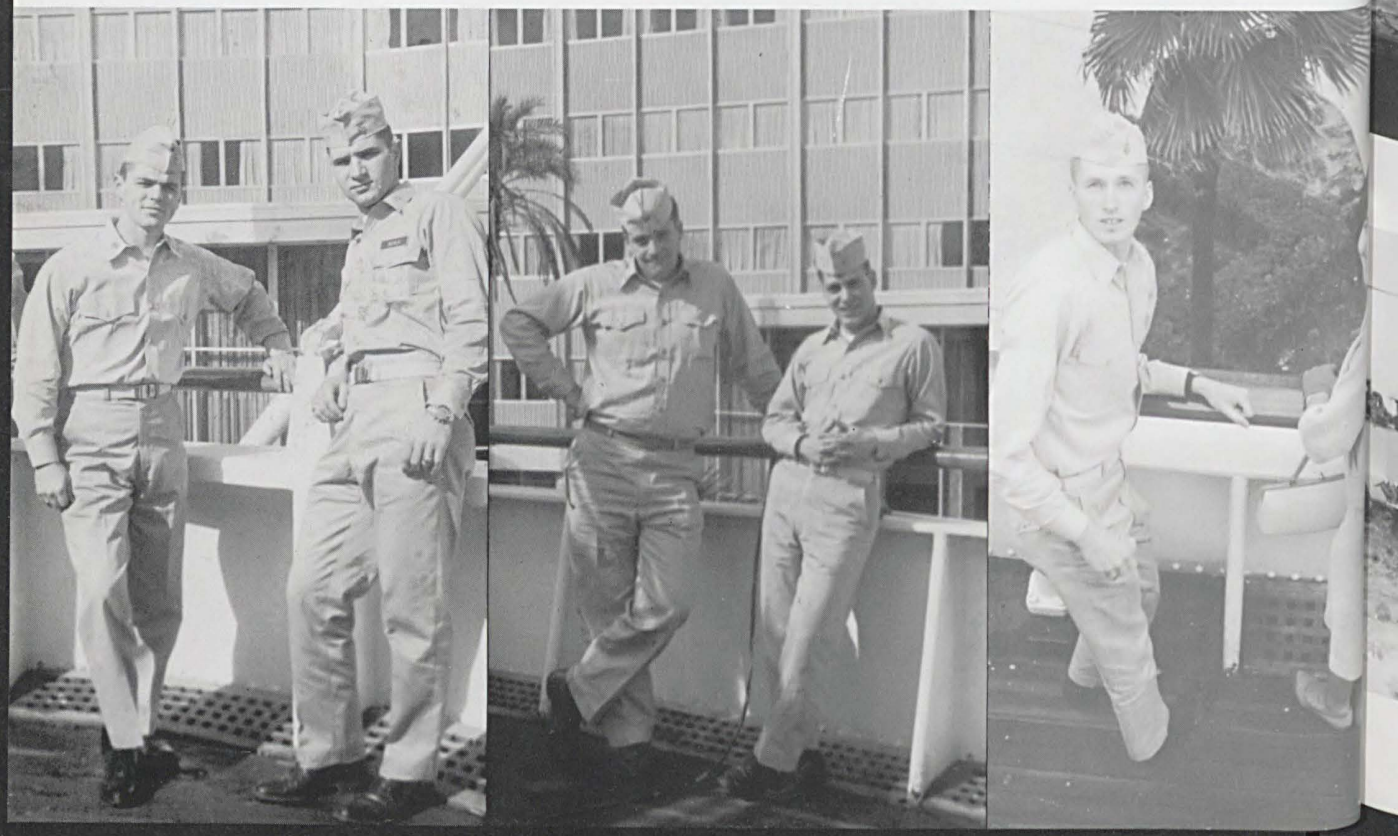
Marineland of Florida held a special interest to many where the world's famous educated porpoises are contained. Besides the frolicking porpoises there were an abundance of wonders of the sea, beauties from the deep, and oddities of the reefs. Divers descended into the pools to feed sea giants, sharks, turtles, sawfish, and barracuda with the air of confidence. Several of the Midshipmen had the opportunity to feed porpoise which leaped out of the water to take the food gently out of the feeder's hand. Afterwards, the Midshipmen had dinner and refreshments then returned to the ship with the memory of an exciting tour.

Bill, Mike

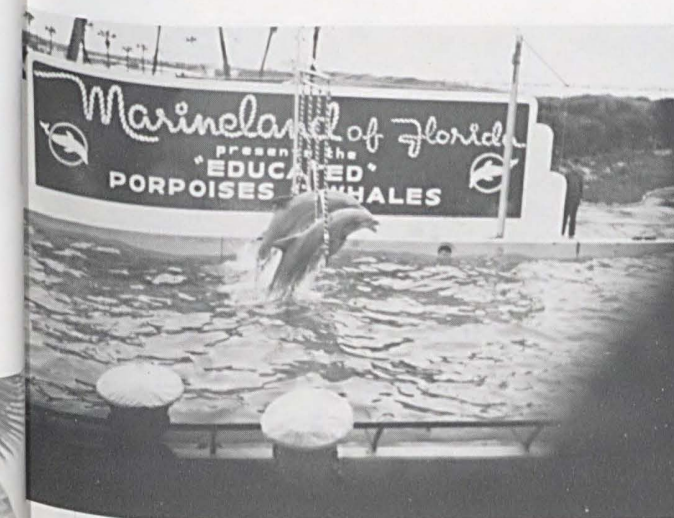
E.J., Hep

Some acted

Bill



Jacksonville



As if we had never seen one



But we never feed one, huh Al?



They wanted to see "The Tub?"



Chow down —
Nate, Al, John, Tom, Reb



Now that we have guides to
show us the town — Tom, Reb

Veracruz



After leaving icy Florida, the boys were extremely anxious to soak up a few rays. But all the way to Mexico we got nothing but frost-bite. The shocker was that the liberty uniform for tropical Mexico was dress blue. Hot as dress blues were though, the truck load of beer on the dock cooled things down. So far Veracruz in muy bien.

Upon commencing liberty most of us embarked on shopping sprees and beachcombing. On Monday many of the swimmers couldn't sit down. You see they have horses at the beach and oooooooo . . !

The unofficial MMA basketball team had two games in Veracruz, splitting them, by winning 65-40 and dropping a 50-39 decision.

The nights in Veracruz proved to be quite lively. The Middies were to be found everywhere from such places as the Hotel Veracruz to the Mi Ranchrito.

The climax of our stay was a dance which was held aboard ship on our last night in port. This gave the Middies a chance to escort the most beautiful and elite of Mexico. All hands enjoyed the interesting exchange of customs and lingo. Intermission entertainment was provided by some of the girls dressed in their regional costumes and performing native dances. This was a fitting and interesting climax to an enjoyable stay in Veracruz.



Come and get it.

Cerveza!!

The Band plays on.



The bench
John, Nate, Dave, Lou, Dave



Jump ball — Nate, Dave



Intermission
Shep, Tom, Bill, Eugene, Fred, Joe, Chuck, Dave



Swinging out
Shep, Bill, Eugene, Dave, Fred



Costumes of Mexico
Gene, Tom, Fred, Dave

Pensacola



The Navy town of Pensacola provided a number of things that turned out to be fun for all. Docking at the Navy base we were then granted free use of the Navy's facilities. We participated in such things as a basketball game against them, with our boys taking the honors. Tours of the base were arranged which were interesting to all, especially those planning to career the Navy. In town the Middies staged drag races at the Pensacola Dragway and Barney won a new pair of goggles as top driver.

There was fun for everyone at the AVCAD club with large pitchers of beer all around. Saturday night came and once the band started, so did the Middies. Lou Dunlay took over the drums and an impromptu sing session was launched by Tom Connors, Hunkey Moran, and crew. Sung were such renowned favorites as "I Know a Girl on Mudbury Hill" and others. Then there was Al Christiansen's wonderful job as M.C. and Billy and Tommy Brown's fancy dance steps to remember. All and all Saturday night was a wild time capped off by the Irish lads led by Emile Gerard serenading the base on the way back.

After successful completion of boat drills Monday we set sail for Galveston.



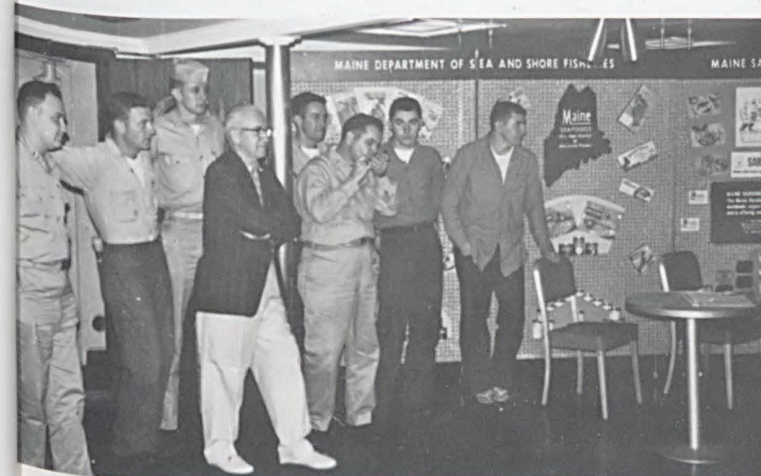
On Tour at the Pensacola Aviation Museum
Ed, Terry, Bob, John, Bill, Jim, Charles,
Geno, Mac

In Port, On Watch — The "Rhino."



Big Game

Off hours
Bob, Ken, Emile, Vic, Stan, Tub,
Dakota, Doyer, Chuck



Listening to the Band
Charlie, Tom, Bailey, The Colonel,
Mike, Chief, Jack, Perry



Lower Away



On Maintenance — Dave Sims



Boat Drill





Galveston

Arriving in Galveston, we were more than pleased to be greeted by a contingent of our proteges and shipmates of the next month. Second of the attention holders upon arrival was the S.S. Savannah.

Liberty commenced as usual at 1300 and the Middies took off towards excitement and adventure in a new port.

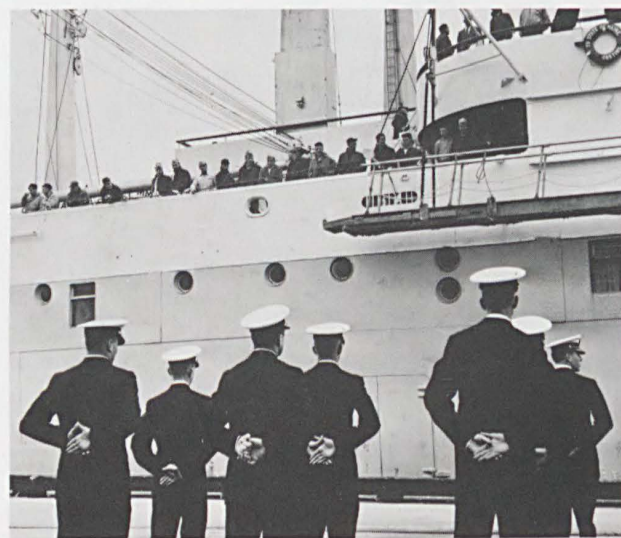
Friday evening the Maine Maritime Cadets were welcomed by the Texas Midshipmen at a dance and buffet at the Moody Center. An enjoyable evening was provided and although the Texans had the advantage of knowing the girls, the Maine Middies were not far behind.

Saturday arrived and the seniors embarked on the much anticipated Savannah tour. The Maine graduates aboard the Savannah were most genial and offered a great many of our engineers advice on Export's Nuclear Program. The Savannah proved to hold something of interest for all.

Sunday a group of Maine Cadets attended the dedication ceremonies at Fort Crockett, home of Texas Maritime Academy. Intrigued we all were by the wonderful job Texas A. & M. has done in molding another Maritime Academy.

Captain Dodson, who has been in contact with our senior class several times, proved himself a close friend and most genial host.

Galveston will always hold for us a remembrance of our association with the Longhorn Middies.



Arriving



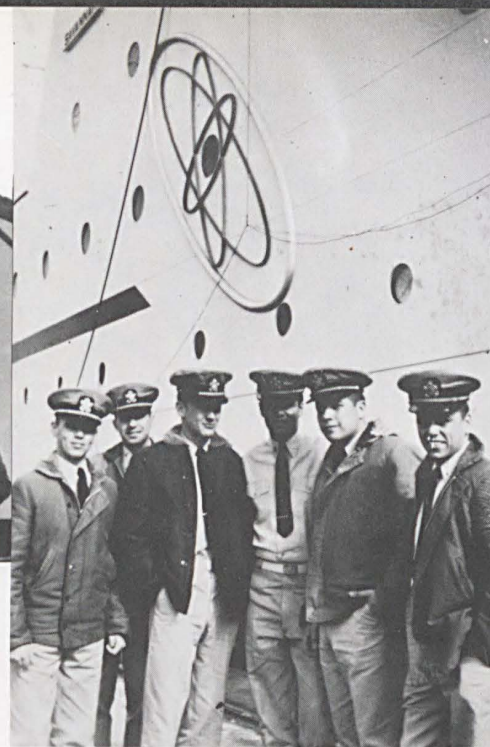
Tom, Perry, Dick, Shep, Joe



At Dedication — Texas Maritime.



Tub, Pete, Dave, Reb, Honey



On Tour of Savannah
Bill, Dick, Dave, Paul, Al



Aboard her
Tom, Barney, Ken, Dick,
Fred, Neil, George



At the Dance
Puppy, Dave and Mac



Simon Swings!



Back from Lib
Lou, Chuck, Lou, Tom

Cartagena



Around the island of Tierra Bomba, many vessels, famous and notorious, have sailed expectantly toward the awaiting charms of Cartagena.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, Henry Morgan received a warm welcome from the cannon of the Spanish defenders as his "Golden Future" sailed in to the naturally fortified harbor. Along the bulwarks of his vessel were arranged the lustiest group of adventurers to be found on the Spanish Main. The significance of the hungry look in their eyes needed no explanation. Neither the Spanish guns nor their pikes nor the pleas of the Spanish Dons would hinder these soldiers of fortune from their purpose of sacking the city clean.

Three hundred years later, the S.S. State of Maine entered the same harbor. Along her rails were arranged another lusty group with a similar look in their eyes, but three hundred years of sophistication and civilization had changed their manners slightly. Now they raked the city with high powered binoculars and movie cameras with zoom lenses. Many pleasant evenings will be spent in living rooms back in the U.S. as views of quaint fishing villages, Spanish forts and modern Spanish architecture appear on screens framed between the silver kingposts of the State of Maine.

Ashore, Middies in white uniforms were to be seen everywhere; they were to be seen climbing the steep inclines of the fort of San Felipe or appearing suddenly from the dark recesses of the tunnels that run beneath the fort. At the modern "Hotel del Caribe" they could be found basking in the sun or putting on a show for the natives around the swimming pool.

At the Columbian Naval Academy Middies were to be seen swaying to Latin rhythms with raven haired señoritas who reflected the stars and the exhilaration of tropical skies in the sparkle of their dark eyes. How many Middies will be able to forget the flutter of a dark eye lash or the exotic way she had of swinging to the music of the marimba! Of course everyone **had** a good time.

Like Morgan's men, the Middies left Cartagena loaded with loot and memories of señoritas and liquid refreshment. Unlike Morgan's men, they left no bitter memories, only broken hearts.



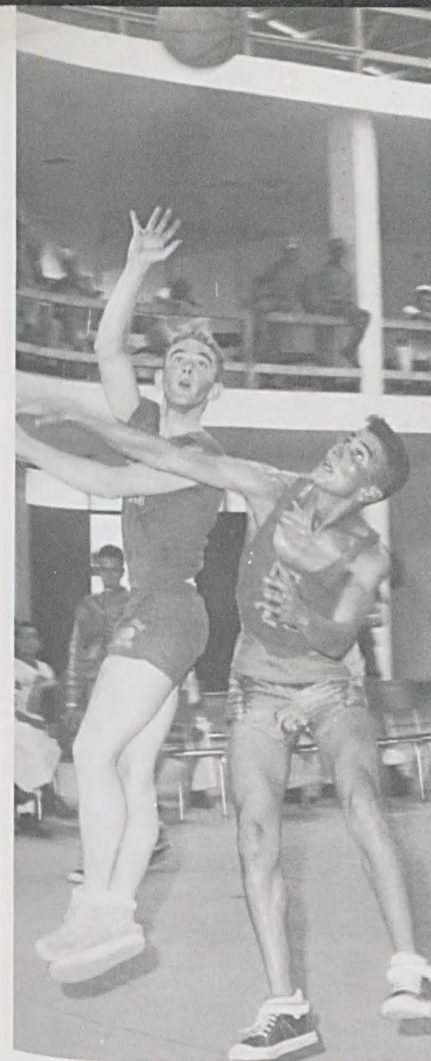
At the Dance —
Doug, Sam

Singfest by
the Cadets
of the C.N.A.
Bruce, Terry,
E.J., Bill,
Larry



At the Fort —
Dave, Lou, Charlie

Bonsi! — E.J.



At Anchorage — Doug, Bert, Doug, Tub

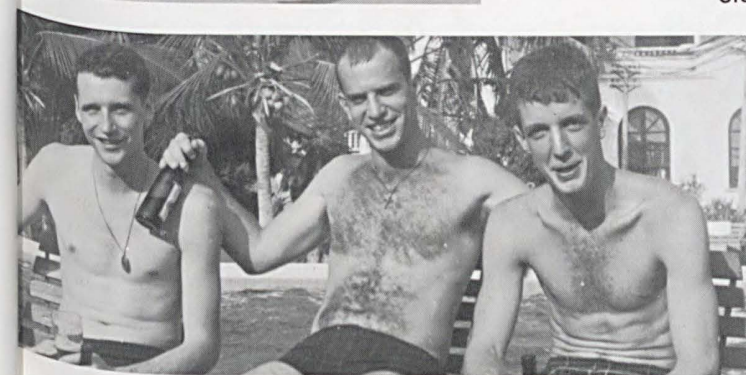


Pool Side — Duwee, Murv, Barney, George



Barney
Shoots
against
C.N.A.

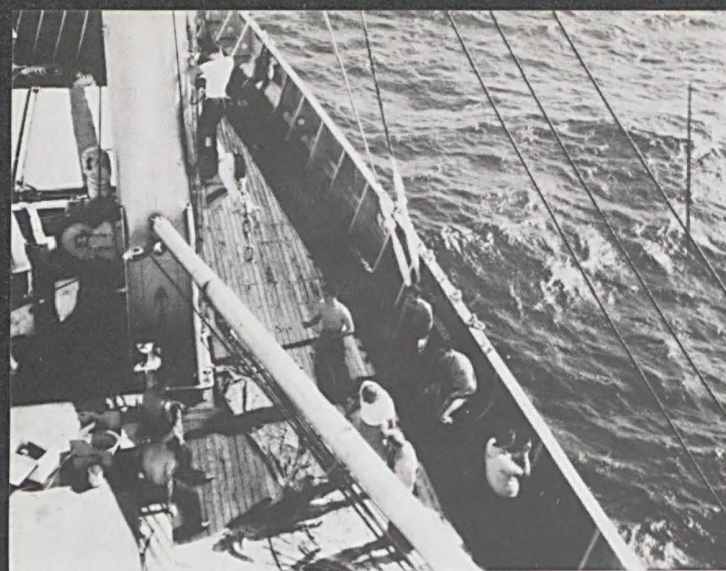
Off the
board
Stan, Art



At the Cribbie — Larry, John, Pete



Where are those drinks? — Larry, Bill, Bert 207



At work on the Foredeck

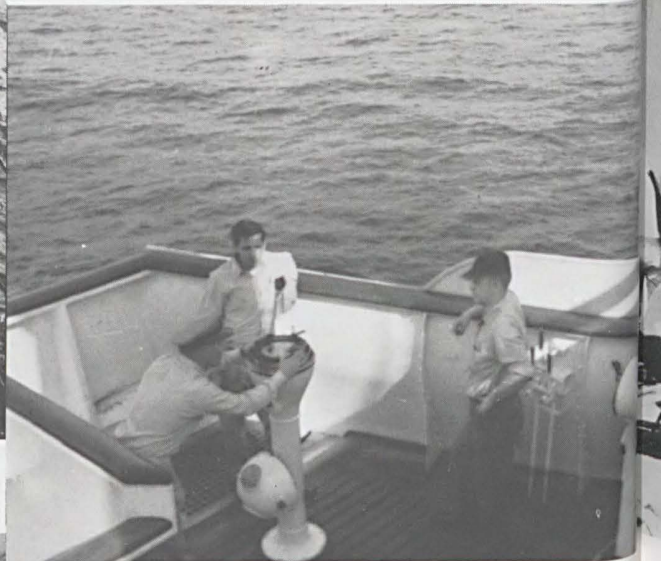


Engine deck maintenance
Thib, Wally, Dave, Tom, Edgar, Dick, John, Dick



Fireroom watch 12-4
Stan, Nate, Chief Bryington, Joe

Bridge watch — Joe, Bert, Big B



Sun time — Tom, Dick, Fred, Bill



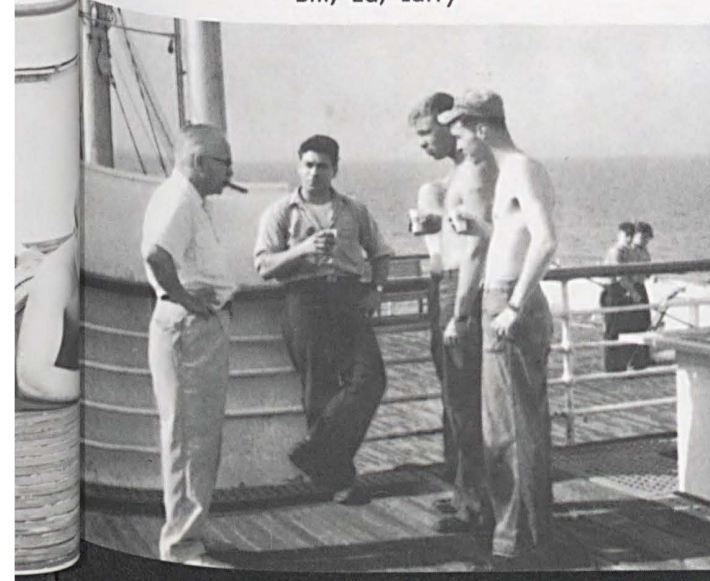
Time out for Whist
Chuck, Tom, Ed, Howdy, Mac, Jules, Tom,
Charlie, Lenney



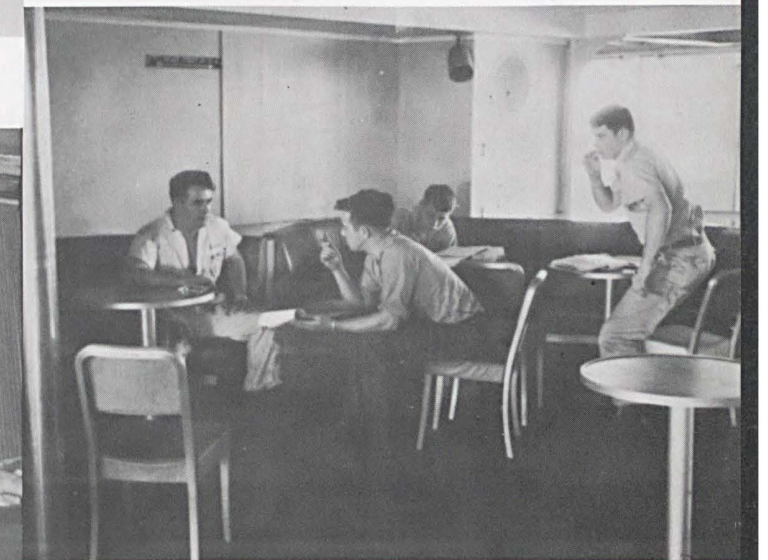
Noon Time



Shooting the breeze with the Colonel
Bill, Ed, Larry



From high on a Kingpost
Ken, Tom, Jim, Ben, Dick, Barney



We agree, Charlie
Big Ed, Mike, Rhino, Chuck



Big Joe, Neverdrop Nate, Suck-em-in Siemann,
Fishsticks Fleming, Barnyard Campbell,
Minnesota Fats Gleason

Curacao



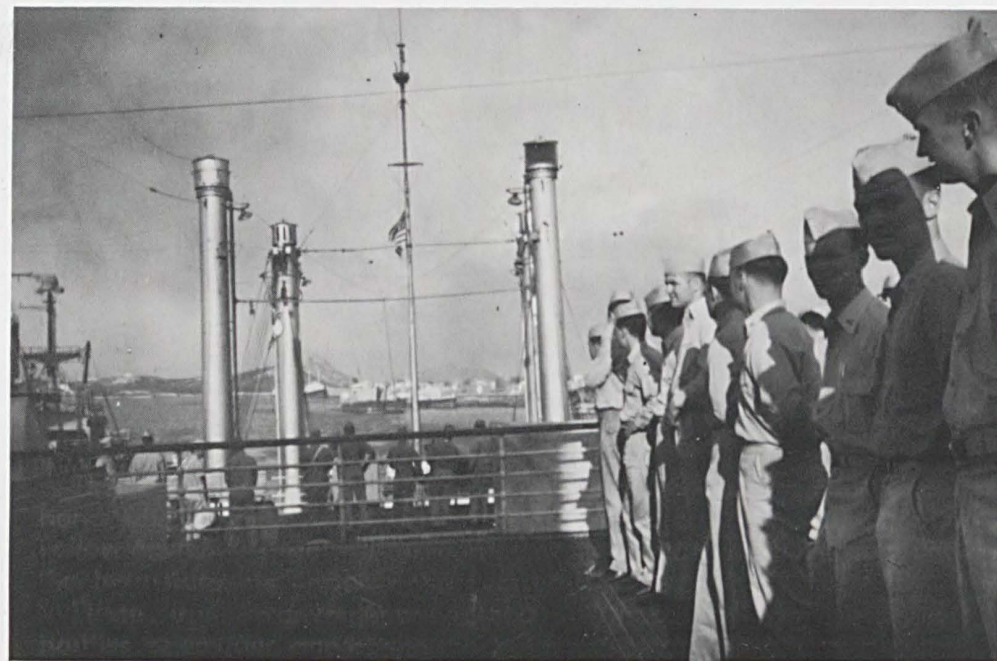
The sunny Dutch West Indian Island of Curacao was close on the port hand when reveille went the morning of February 14th. Scrambling into clean khakis we mustered at morning stations on the sun deck "with instruments" after a hurried breakfast.

These small inconveniences turned out to be well worth it in this port as it provided one of the most intricate harbors we have entered. Following the "Hanseatic," we proceeded up the narrow channel with the town viewing us from each side. The Dutch architecture of the buildings and the forts guarding the entrance gave us many opportunities to use our cameras. This channel led to a larger bay behind the town where we come to dock just barely fitting in ahead of the U.S.S. "Denebola."

Willemstadt was a free port so we could pick up our 1 gallon of spirits as well as some of the other good buys around town that our dwindling expenses could afford. Sightseeing and the beach took care of the remainder of the daylight hours ashore. The Propeller Club's beach party Saturday as guests of the Dutch Marines proved to provide plenty of good times for all.

Nightlife was limited by our purse strings. Many of us went to the Casino of the Intercontinental Hotel to try our luck.

After three days of life in this Caribbean paradise we let go our lines on Monday afternoon and set a northeasterly course for anchorage off St. Thomas and more boat drills.



Our illustrious X.O. has reinstated division parade. All Seniors will attend!
Tom, Doug, Reb

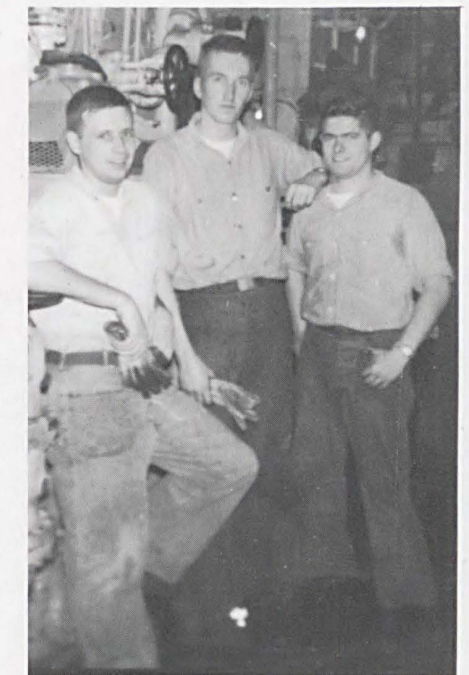
At the Prop Club Beach Party



Peliquin on Parade
Al, Larry, Mike, Tom, Bruce,

BACK TO SEA

Bob, Bill, John



The Watch — George, Mr. Snow, Neil, Art,
Tom, Jack, Stan, Marv

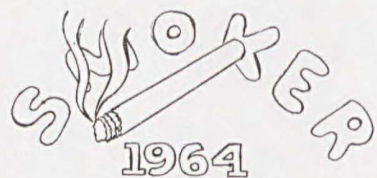


Deckman working? Tom, Terry, Pete





MR. MUNGER—"I'll have you fixed up in a jiffy."
MR. JORDAN—"She's the cruise queen?"
RAY—"Yikes."
JUDY—"Oh Rayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy."



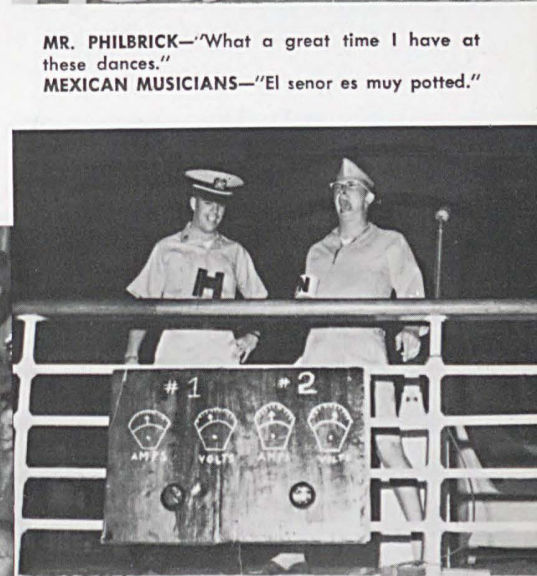
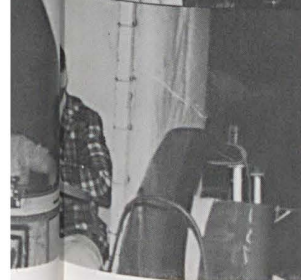
THEME: "MOMENTS TO REMEMBER"

DIRECTORS.....	R. V. HALE, E. J. SMITH
PROP MAN.....	C. LANDRY
SOUND.....	T. PARKER
PICTURES.....	T. TURNER
ART WORK.....	D. L. SIMS

ORDER OF SCENES

1. MANUEVERING BRIDGE
2. TRAINING OFFICE
3. VERA CRUZ DANCE
4. ENGINE ROOM
5. ACADEMY AWARDS
6. PORTLAND AFTER CRUISE
7. CLASS PROVINCES TEN YEARS HENCE
8. FINALE

CAPT	L. DUNLAY
DR. BRIGGS	M. HALE
MR. BRIDGES	J. MORAN
MR. BUCHANAN	E. SILVA
MR. BROWN	P. JOHNSON
MR. JORDAN	P. MANNING
MR. HANSON	M. HESTON
JUDY	E. SMITH
RAY	M. CLOCE
MR. MENON	E. HARGES
OTIS	V. DONOFIO
MR. MILLER	T. CONNORS
MIDN	S. SHEPARD
MIDN	D. SMITH
MIDN	D. ROSE
MR. SNOW	K. FARMER





San Juan

On our second visit to San Juan, we did not have the good fortune of docking at the Navy Base. Result — no top shelf local this trip. However, we were again invited to a reception by the Mayoress and this was top shelf all the way. Those frozen dacquiris never had it so good.

This being our last stop before heading to the frozen north, many of the boys took one last advantage of the beaches. Many of the underclass and Texas Midshipmen had a good time discovering such places as the Cribi Hilton, Military Beach and the gift shops of old San Juan.

As for the seniors, many were thinking about returning home for one reason or another. Yes, this was the last trip for now; the next one would be nothing but sweet reward for four years of hard work. We would recall our many adventures sailing for M.M.A. someday, but for now each day just brought us closer to graduation.



With San Juan in the background
Bopper, John, George, Steve

Around the Ice Cream Truck
Joel, Pete, Bud, Thal, Buck



Last bit of maintenance
Paul Reed

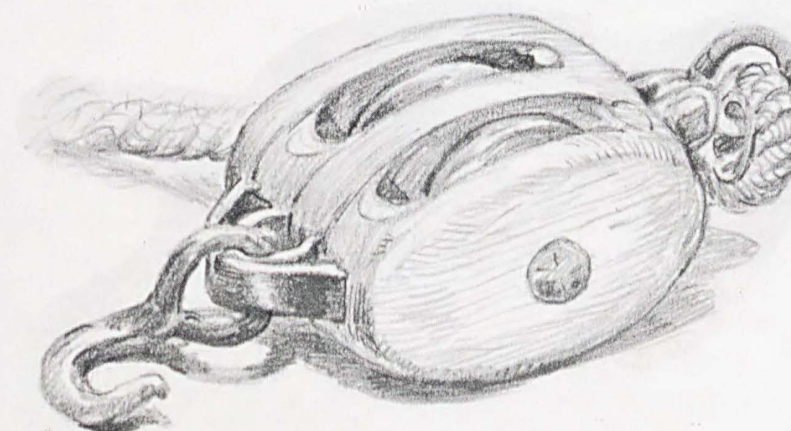


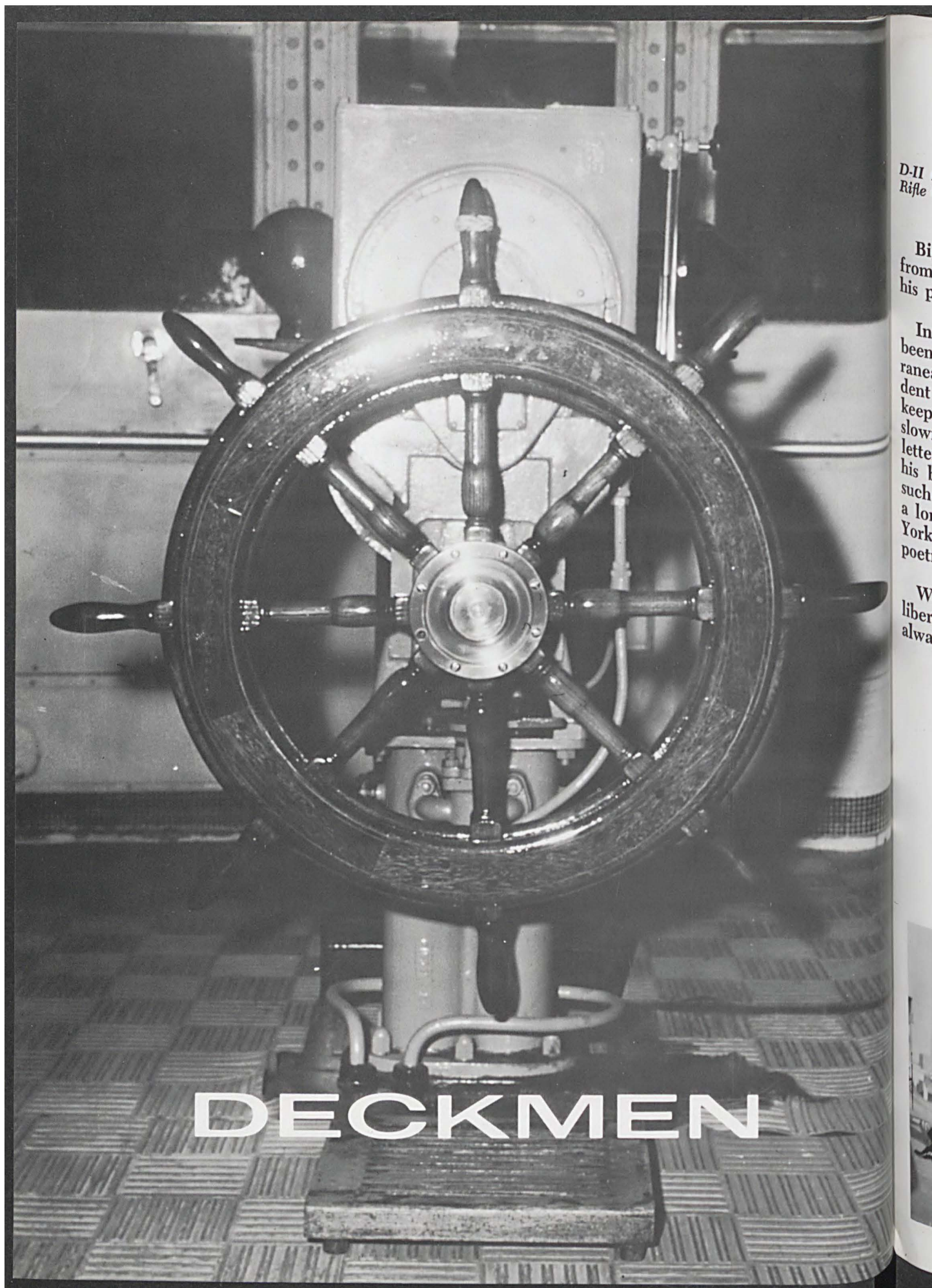
Up the Coast
Ben, Joe, Shep, Tom, Bruce



Last Coffee break
Neil, John, Jack, Stan, Bob, Fred, Pete, John, Bill

We ring up F.W.E. and finish with cruises —
Castine, Maine





DECKMEN

D-II F
Rifle C

Big
from
his p

In
been
ranea
dent
keepe
slow
letter
his b
such
a lon
York
poetr

W
libert
alway

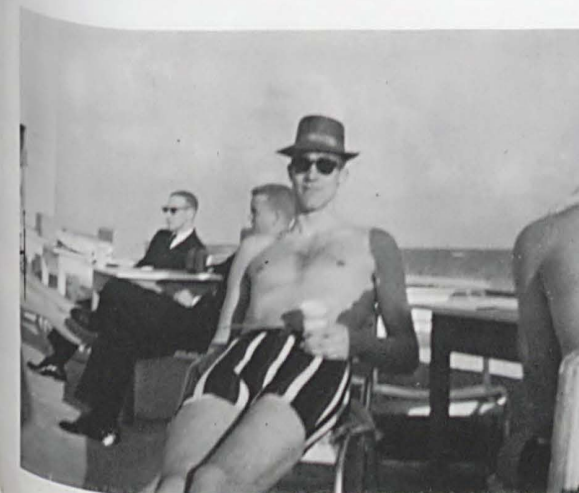
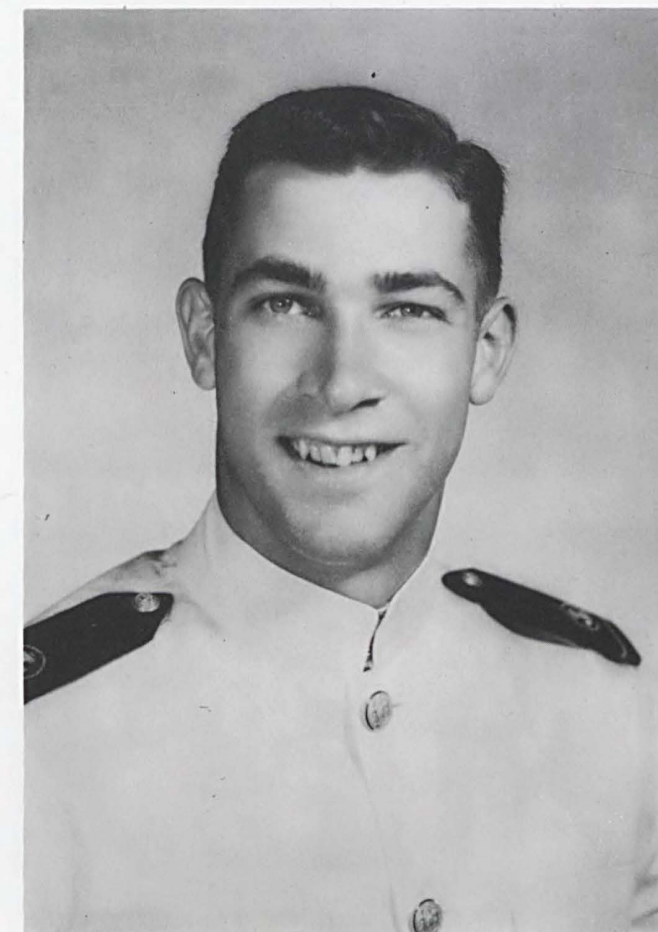
BENSON A. BOWDITCH, JR.

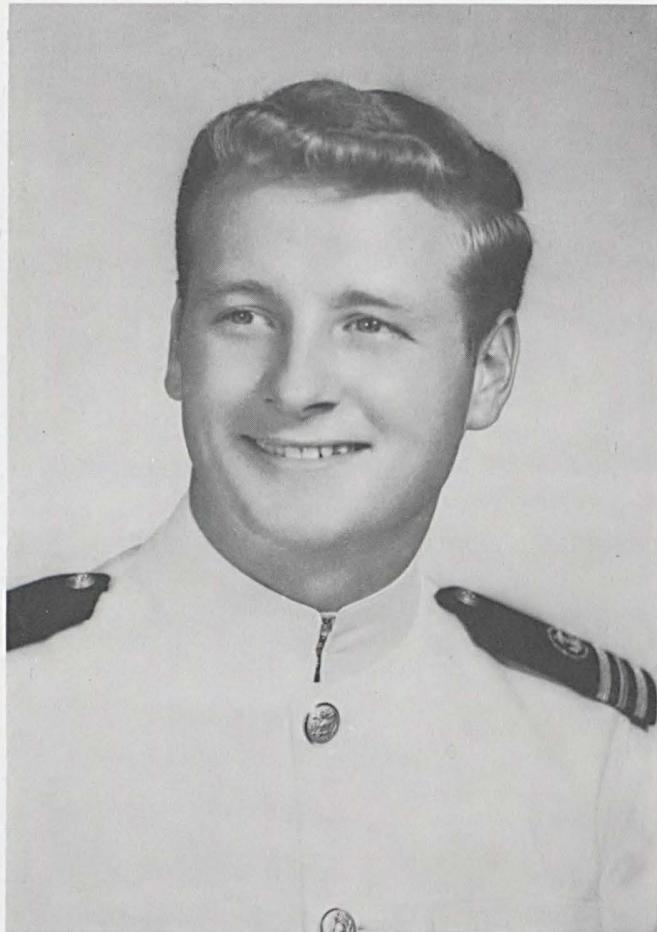
*D-II Platoon Leader 4 Rowing Team 1-3
Rifle Club 1-4*

Big Ben has received many a nickname from Boris to Monster, but none did portray his predominantly quiet personality.

In the past couple years his reins have been tightened on the carrouser of Mediterranean and South American ports. The resident during JD's whiteglove inspection and keeper of the arsenal on "A" Deck, has slowed his pace. But even as he wrote those letters at 2 A.M., he held our respect with his broadmindedness, and well spun yarns such as: "Grand-Dad's Cane." He hauled a long strong oar with the victorious New York crew and his civilizing touches of poetry kept room 240 a literary hold out.

Whether making the most of a silver dollar liberty or absorbed in a book, Big Ben will always be a big friend.





THOMAS F. BROWN

Tom

First Battalion Commander 4 Barber 2-4
A-1 Platoon Leader 3 Yacht Club 2-4
Propeller Club 1-4, President 3, 4
Business Manager Trick's End Drill Squad 1,
Intramural Basketball, Softball 1-4, Football 3,

Tom came to us from Deering High in Portland. He says of himself that he is shy and never liked public acclaim. But this is not what his fellow contemporaries had in store for him. For he was twice elected as president of the propeller club by his classmates and in his senior year made a Battalion Commander by his faculty.

On the cruises Tom was our chief canvas man. He was always good with a needle and sail twine on the canvas, that is when he didn't have his back affixed thereto. He really enjoyed the cruises and anyone who went on liberty with him was sure to have a good time, and could he dance.

Here's a middie that has made a success of Academy life without really trying, he is surely destined for success in the business life.



JOHN CHARLES CHAPMAN

JOHN

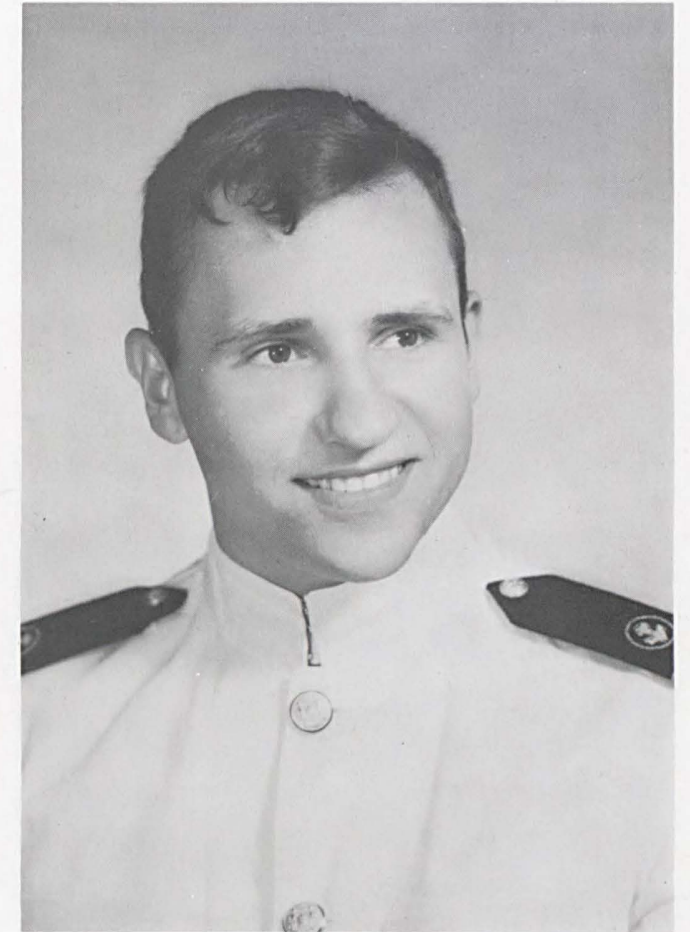
Rowing Team 2, 3 Propeller Club 3, 4
Football 4 Helm Staff 3, 4 Color Guard 3, 4
Intramural Softball, Basketball 1-4

John who came to us as the youngest in the class and the only minor at graduation, looked forward to each birthday with great enthusiasm, but just never seemed to catch up.

Known for spending his summer leaves with "Shaft Alley" aboard ships of the "Great White Fleet," John returned to us each fall abounding with practical knowledge.

During his sophomore year John was frequently seen trailing "Zeus" with a bucket of red paint and stencil brush, never to attain the goal of commander in chief of the disaster squad.

John, best of luck at the conn of your ship. Hope you do as well as you did at the conn of the Spanish class "vaya con dios."





HERBERT RAYMOND CHENEY
"THE BERT"

Yacht Club 1-4 Intramural Softball 1
Rifle Club 1-4

"The Bert" as he is called by many of his classmates is a man of many talents. A well renowned chef about the Academy, who can ever forget the wonderful aromas filtering out from behind the closed doors of his many rooms? Capable of doing any job assigned him, he will always be remembered for his perseverance in accomplishing the many tasks he has done well at the Academy.

Consistently a good student, Bert will never forget his favorite instructor "the Phid." "The Bert" showed all of us signs of brilliance when he 4.0'd the calculus final exam.

All of J.D. will remember "Bert's" return from his most famous Rockland field trip and the Taut C.O.D. watch he promptly stood. His black Ford wagon took many field trips to Boston and about Castine it was usually seen by the X.O. and his secretary.

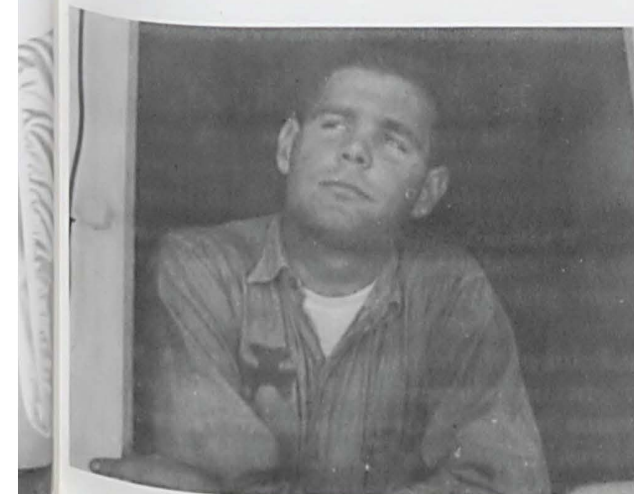
A master of his mind, Bert will make an excellent master of his vessel.

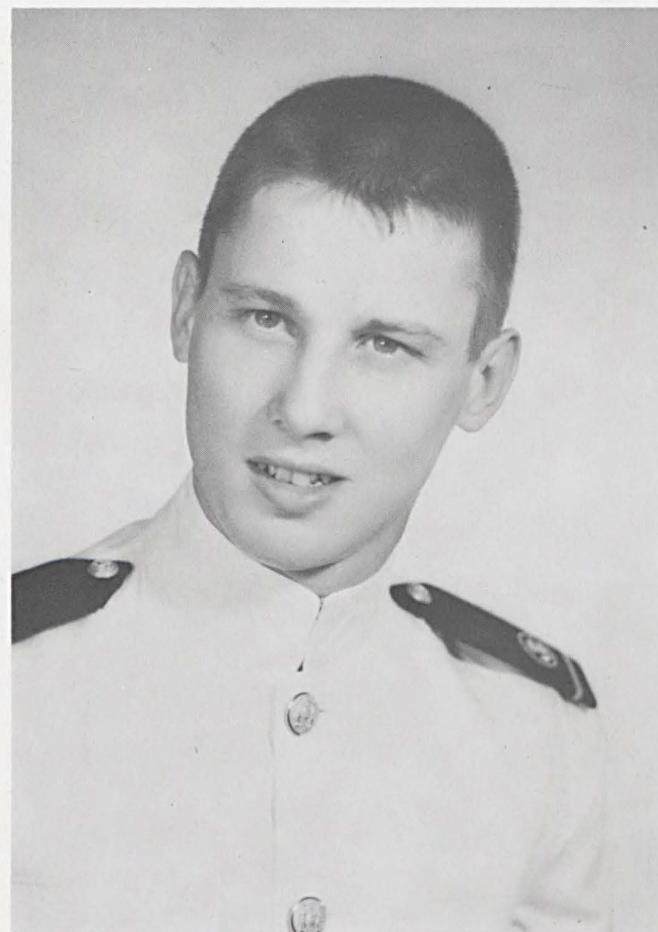


LOUIS S. DUNLAY, JR.
"LIQUID," Lou

Bandmaster 3, 4 Assistant Bandmaster 2
Dance Band Intramural Sports 1-4

The name and legend of "Liquid Lou Dunlay" will long be remembered at the Academy in conjunction with women, music, and a good time. Many were the Thursday afternoons when the regiment was inspired by the command "Band, forward" coming from the lips of our curly-haired bandmaster. With women, Lou excelled with MARGINAL effort and who can forget his interesting stories after a fun-filled weekend. As a deckman, few possessed the natural ability to get along so smoothly with the "FID" as did our boy "Al Farrell." In short, whenever someone needed a word of encouragement or a partner for a good time, Lou was always there on both counts. Although you may never be a Yankee fan, you will undoubtedly be a success and a good shipmate, and this is from we who know ————— your classmates.





A. GEORGE ENMAN
"MONK"

C-I Platoon Leader 4

George is one of the quieter members of the class. The Expression is that "still waters run deep" and "Monk" is no exception. His math tutoring has been responsible for enlightening many a confused shipmate. Every one will remember his great horned friends who provided many a lively hour in old room 240.

In professional matters and all around seamanship, George has always been right up front. We can expect him to go ahead fast in the shipping world. Right up front, too, as a shipmate; his friends can always count on him for a hand.

It looked as though George might get through as a true trooper. His senior year, however, he was made a platoon leader and took up residence in Leavitt Hall. He is a familiar figure to the "B" Deck freshmen, either giving hints or dealing swift justice to the transgressor.

So long George, your class mates will always be glad to see you, whenever chance throws our paths together.



DOUGLAS S. GLENN
"MAGELLAN" "SALT"

Chief Quartermaster 3 Propeller Club 1-4
Yacht Club 1-4 Rifle Team 1-4
Drill Squad 1, 2

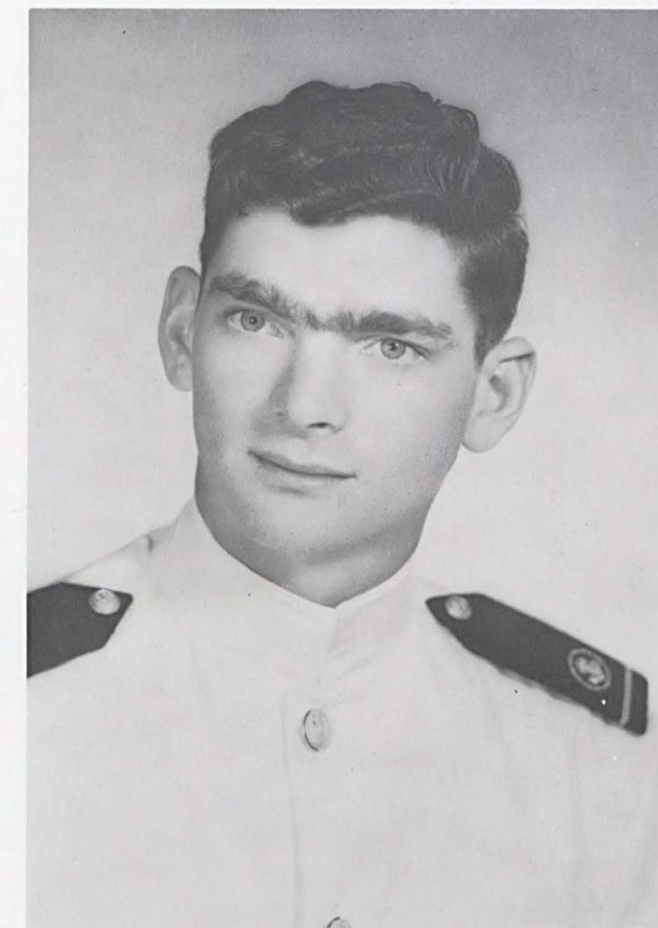
Doug, during his stay at the Academy, picked up many and varied nicknames; the latest being Magellan, to indicate his love for the sea and his seemingly infallible knowledge of navigation. Even with his long hours of studying, he always seemed to be available for extra-help sessions.

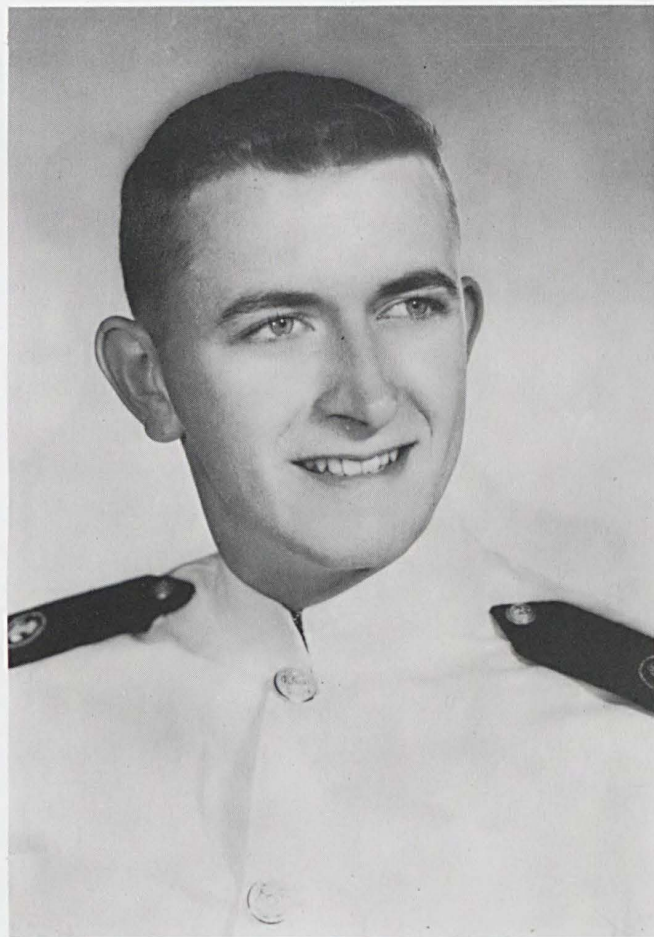
The Boys in starboard aft will always remember that night in Baltimore when Doug returned from liberty permanently marked with a symbol of his chosen profession.

His car (or is it Larry's?) was commonly seen on weekends making the well known route to Winterport's Hill-billy Haven, usually displaying red-over-red, homeward bound.

As Senior Member of the S.P.C., he has obviously shown his effective leadership qualities. These qualities, combined with his desire to attain his Master's License and his own command, will make Doug one of the more permanent fixtures in the U.S. Merchant Marine.

Doug, the class of '64 wishes you a fair wind and a following sea.





ROBERT V. HALE

Bob R. V.

Fire Chief 3, 4 Debating Team Chairman 3
Yacht Club 1-4 Intramural Softball 1, 2
Color Guard 3

Bob has been one of the most active members of our class. Always in the center things, he seemed to take part in every event at the Academy. Most of the time his room was busier than the Battalion Office. When Bob wasn't at work rearranging the Sch routine or active in his capacity of Color Guard Fire Chief, he could be found on the ship as skipper. Throughout numerous races proved to be a very capable sailor. Through all his activities Bob has contributed a great deal to his class and the Academy. winds and smooth sailing.



EDWARD A. HARMES

Ed, TRACKS, REG

Regimental Commander 4 Yacht Club 2-4
Battalion Commander 3 Drill Squad 1
Football 1, 2 1/C Petty Officer 2 Glee Club 3-4
Propeller Club 3, 4 Debate Team 3, 4
Intramural Softball 1-4

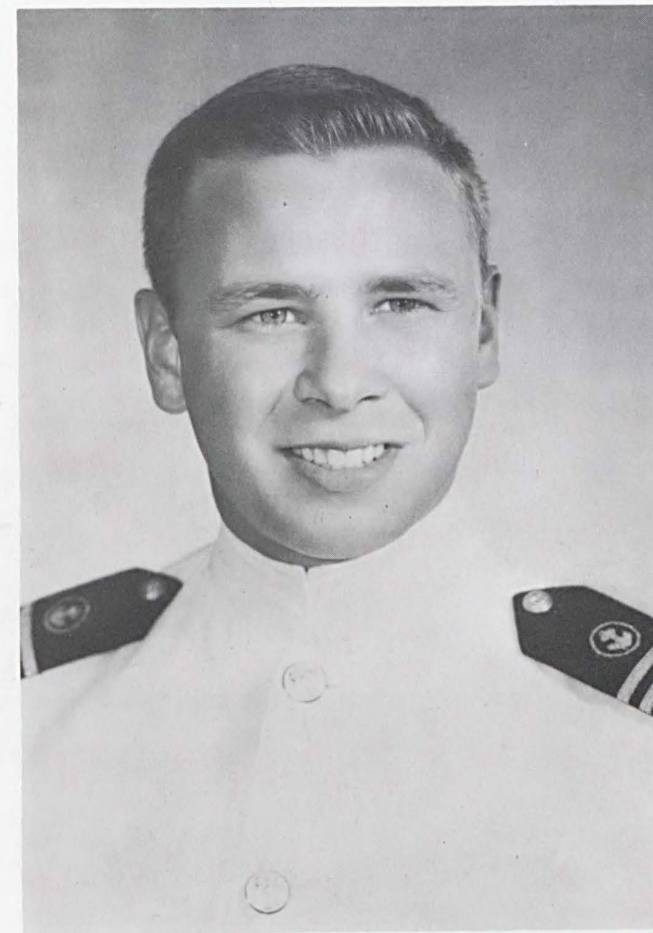
Big Ed came to us from Admiral Farragut Academy. It didn't take long for Ed to show us all just what he was made of. He was pegged right off for his leadership ability, which made him best qualified to be the Battalion Commander our Junior year and the Regimental Commander this past year.

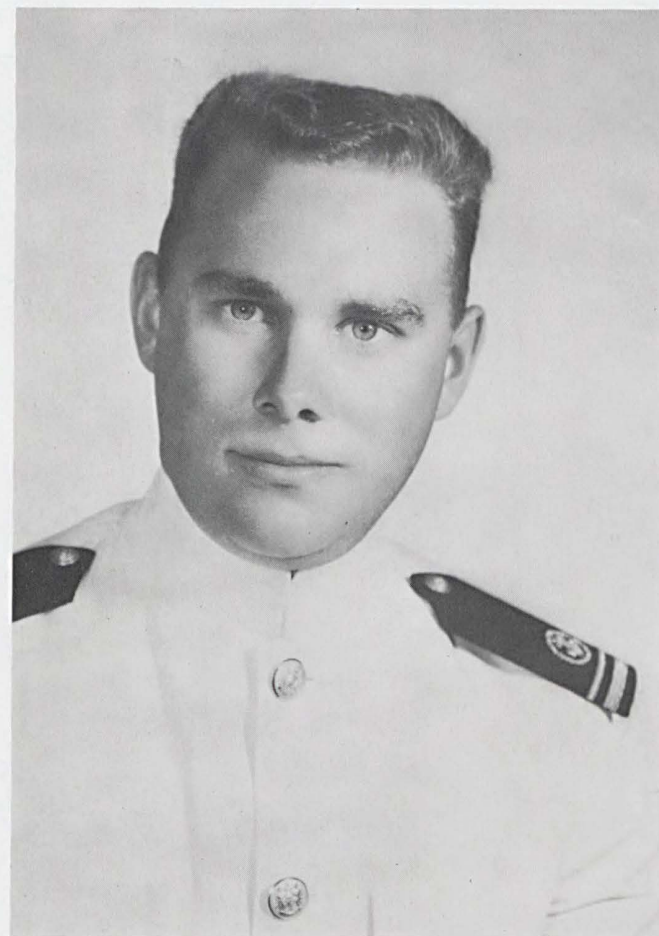
On the cruises and on maintenance, Ed could be found either in the carpenter shop or lounging on the sun deck. When liberty call went Ed was always on time and at times he probably would have been better off missing the muster.

Commencing the Spring term of our Junior year, the "Green Bug" could be seen heading to U of M on weekends. Rumors had it that the BUG knew its own way to J.H.P.'s dorm.

We know that Ed will have a successful career whether it be the Navy or the Merchants.

The class of '64 wishes you the best of luck in the future.





JULES C. JAGET
"MAHOUT"

Regimental Supply Officer 4 Football 1
Battalion Supply Officer 3
Assistant Mess Officer 2 Intramural Softball

Jules comes to us as the biggest little man from Jersey, and probably the only midshipman ever to wear his wool sweater year round.

He certainly didn't lead a sheltered life while at M.M.A. It seems he always had trouble keeping up with the roommates, and on many nights on the cruises he could be seen pleading with them.

It became known, both on the cruises and in Castine, that of the happy threesome Jules had the brains, while Ed and Mac had the brawn.

The class of '64 can certainly look up to Jules for his scholastic achievement and practical ability.

Good luck and smooth sailing, Mahout.



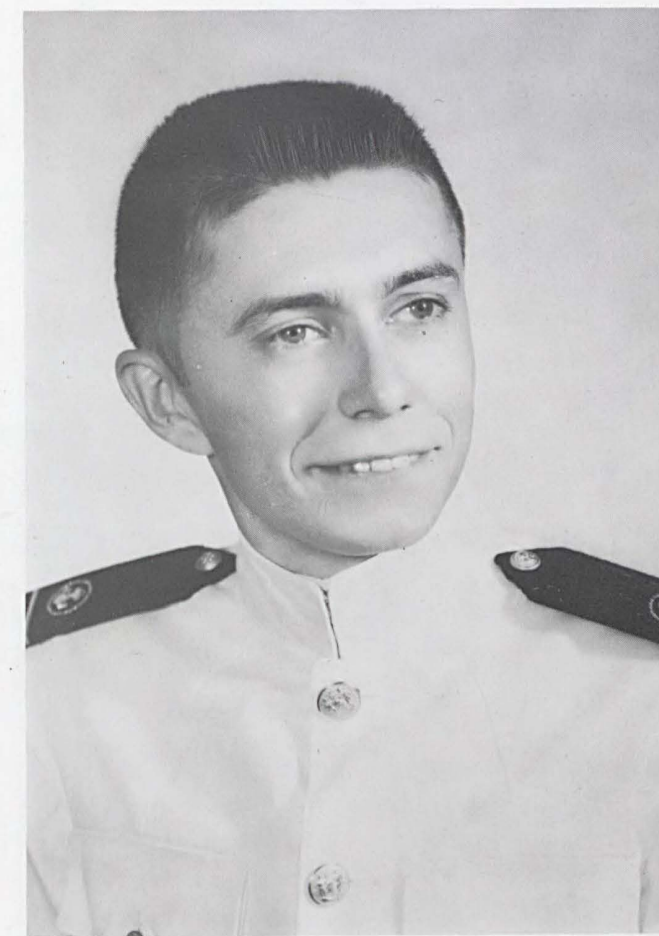
JAMES H. JOHNSTON
WINKY

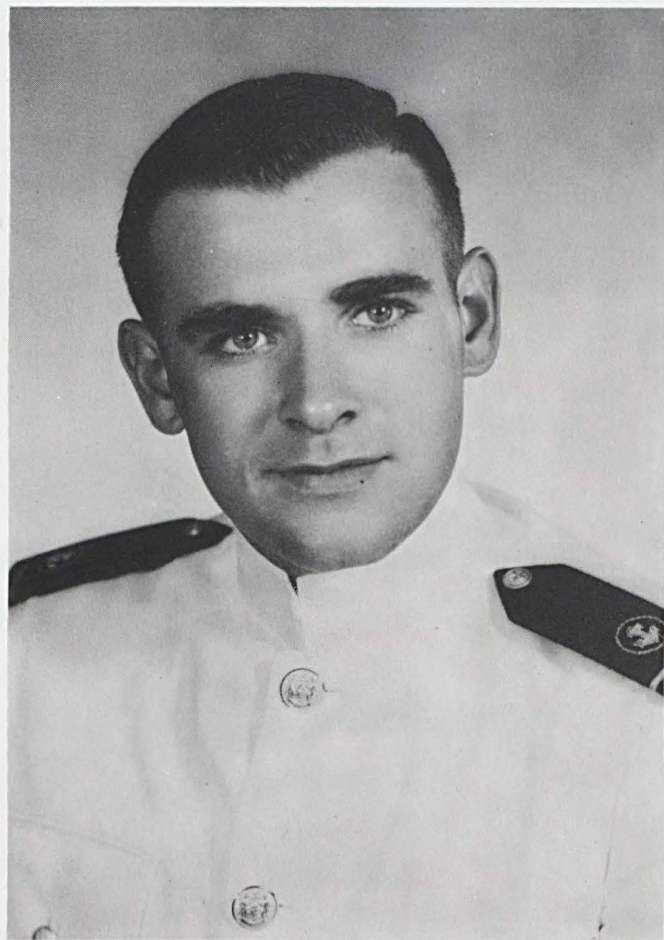
Athletic Department Student Trainer 1-4

Jim will long be remembered by his mates of '64 for his coffee habit and his skill and devotion towards M.M.A.'s athletic teams. Surely no one in 1-d will forget the day he excused himself from the Baron's class to attend his duties. Also not to be forgotten is Jimmy's uncanny knack for meeting up with visitors aboard the *Maine* who wanted to be like "mothers" to him.

Actually though, while at the Academy, he was serious and determined with his studies and his desire to ship for Lykes.

The very best in the future, Jim.





KENNETH WILLIAM JOY

"KEN"

Chief Boatswain Mate 3, 4 Dance Committee 3, 4
Cadet Captain Ruthel 2-4 Yacht Club 4
Business Manager Helm 3, 4 Rowing Team 3
Propeller Club 2-4 Intramural Softball 1-4
Football 1, 2

Ken will always be remembered for his willingness to participate in the many organizations and activities to which he belonged along with bos'n mate under the guidance of Cmdr. Gray. He also had many trials and tribulations in converting his gray monster into a shiny black yacht.

Ken devoted a lot of his time to the Academy, especially during the summer, but made up for it during the cruises in Barbados, Rio, and New Orleans along with his many sleepy trips to Beantown in the black bat. There were seldom any slip-ups in his post office dept., but when there were, the post office came out smelling like a rose.

Ken's love for Math was only surpassed by his ability in his professional subjects — he also holds first seat-first row in the Baron's class three years in a row. His ability in handling the *Ruthel* was most proficient in almost every instance and served only to increase his natural shiphandling know how.

Ken will be a competent master of every ship he commands.

"Smooth sailing" Ken.



CHARLES JAMES LANDRY

"CHUCK," "JIM"

Second Battalion Commander 4 Fire Chief 3
A-II Platoon Leader 3 Propeller Club 2-4
Rifle Club 1-4 Rowing Team 1

Chuck came to the Academy at the start for his career of the sea. He has been known to say many times "I hope, I can be half the sailor my Dad is."

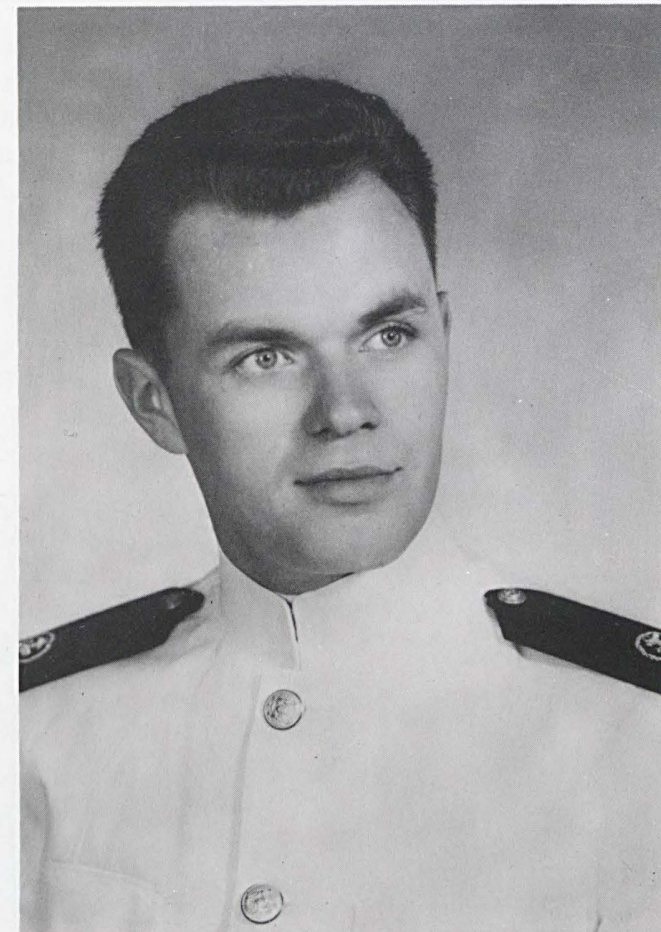
Most of the time he is a rather quiet guy but, every so often he'll come out of his shell and say something that either shocks or surprises everyone.

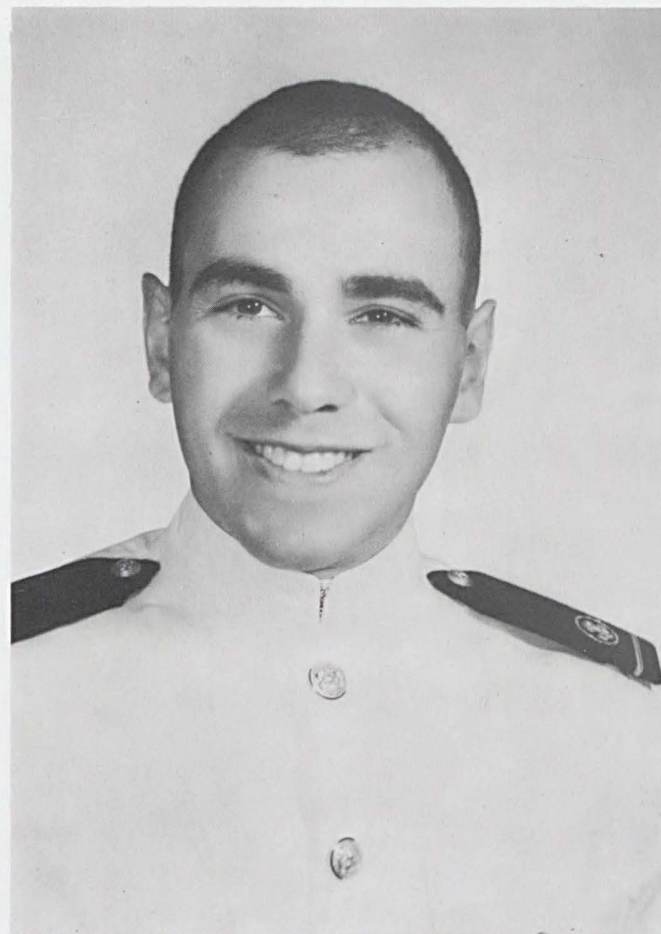
On liberty, the "Three Musketeer" group of Dunlay, Hale, and Landry could always be found in the area where the best looking girls could be found.

Although Chuck has been known to say "no girl will ever get her hooks in me," we are all wondering if San Diego will change his mind?

Chuck really liked M.M.A., and he was real good friends with all his classmates.

The confidence and ability he displayed at the Academy was shown by his rate as Second Battalion Commander.





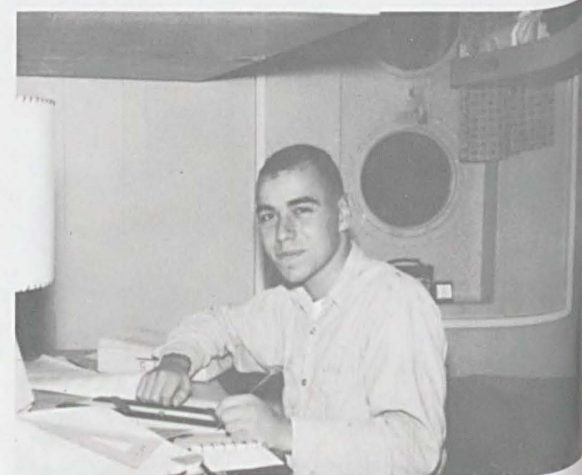
STEVEN M. LEVINE

BENNY BANCROFF

Manager Football, Basketball, Baseball 1
Yacht Club 3, 4

Steve left us at the end of the mug year for a cruise down the Severn. He soon found the error in his ways and to the delight of all returned for the Ancon gathering excursion. His many stories of his Big A days horrified the incoming fourth classmen. "Most always be honest, or always you will get caught" was his motto, and a proven one at that. Steve will always be remembered for his "Red Alert" and those mirror spit shines. A gray stacker all the way, he will prove a great asset to the fleet.

Smooth and squared away sailing to you Steve.



JOHN B. LYNCH, JR.

"Bo" "U"

Football 1 Propeller Club 2-4, Treasurer 4
Rifle Club 3, 4 Superintendents Honor List 3
Drill Squad 1 Intramural Basketball, Softball 1-4

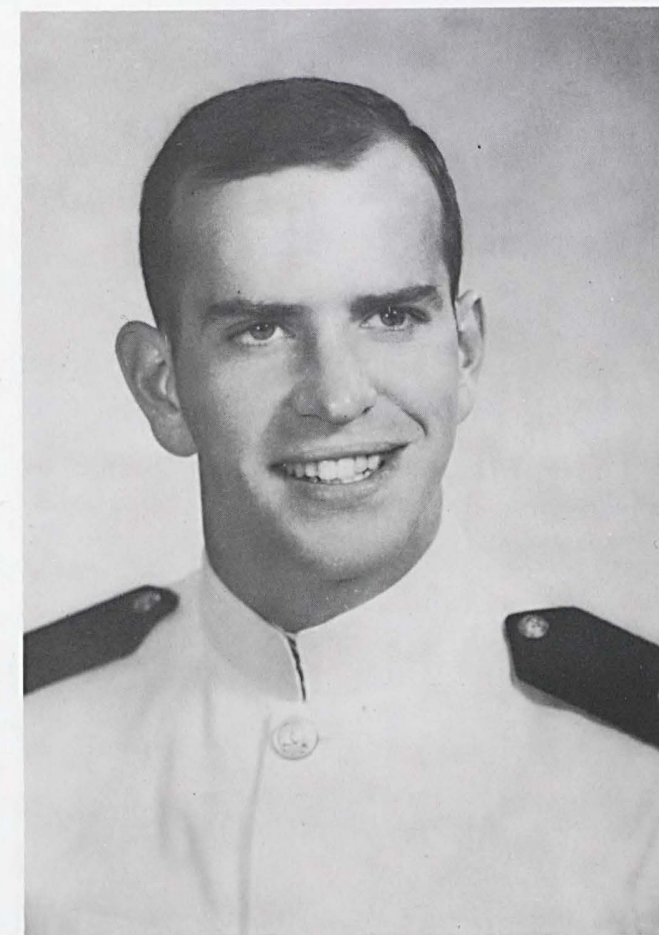
Bo is his name, his home is the Belmont, and his trips to French Island, who can forget? Which way to the Cas—? Will you ever forget Copacabana or the beach party at La Jolla?

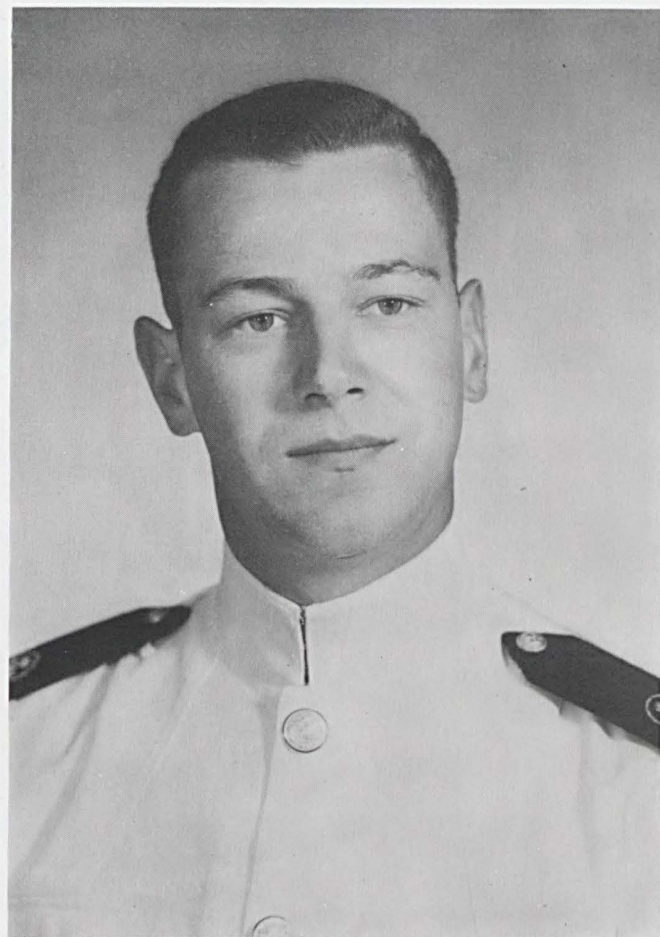
Bo came to us as one of the Lynch brothers there. As a "mug" he was quite inconspicuous except on the football field. His sophomore year, well there he was, keeping the intramurals going at a fast clip.

Hay Bo, who knitted that sweater for you? Hear tell you bought out all of Loyd's T-shirts, any truth to that? Sweet 21 at Sam's. Always quiet and softspoken, wouldn't harm a hair on your head.

Yes John, you were quite a surprise to all of us. Especially when you stood before the Admiral and received your academic stars.

As a classmate and as a friend, Bo you're one of the best, always willing to lend a hand in giving any assistance you can. Best of luck to you in the future, John.





FRANCIS L. McGOVERN, III

FRANK, "MAC," "GRAMPS"

Assistant Mess Officer 2 Propeller Club 3,
Yacht Club 1-4 First Battalion Guidon 4
Junior Dance Committee Glee Club 3, 4
Intramural Softball 1-3

Mac joined our ranks as the old man. He possessed years of experience that were to help us all as the years went by. Frank soon became well known as a real hard worker and self-reliant deckman who knew how to get a job done. Sometimes known as the manager of the outfit, he worked well with the knowledge he gained.

Mac's lighter side was quite evident from the reputation that he gained as cruises on Saturday nights of high spirits went on. Many a good time centered around the man and his wanderings.

Smooth sailing buddy, you can't loose



JOHN P. METCALFE

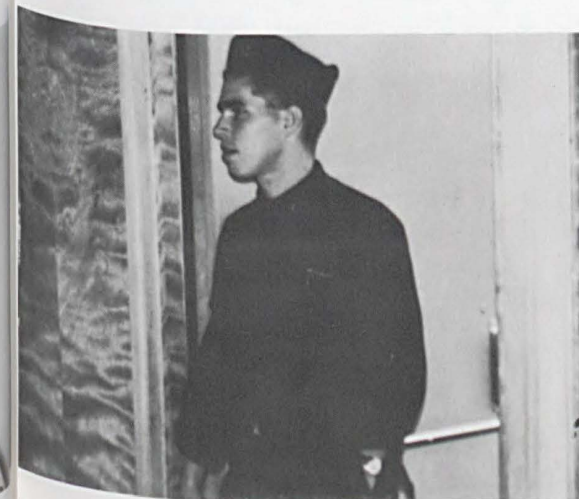
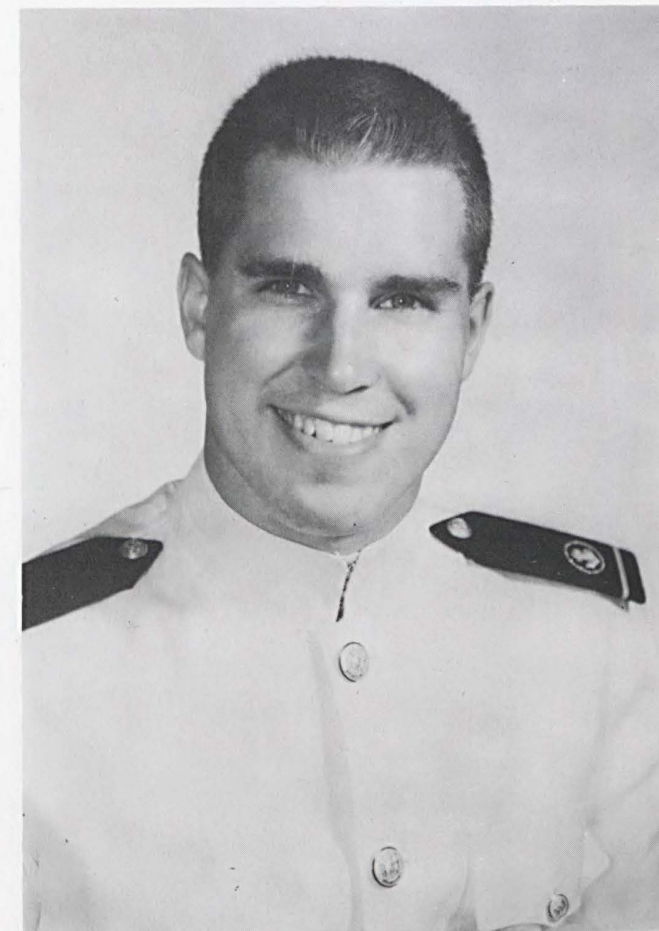
"THUMPS"

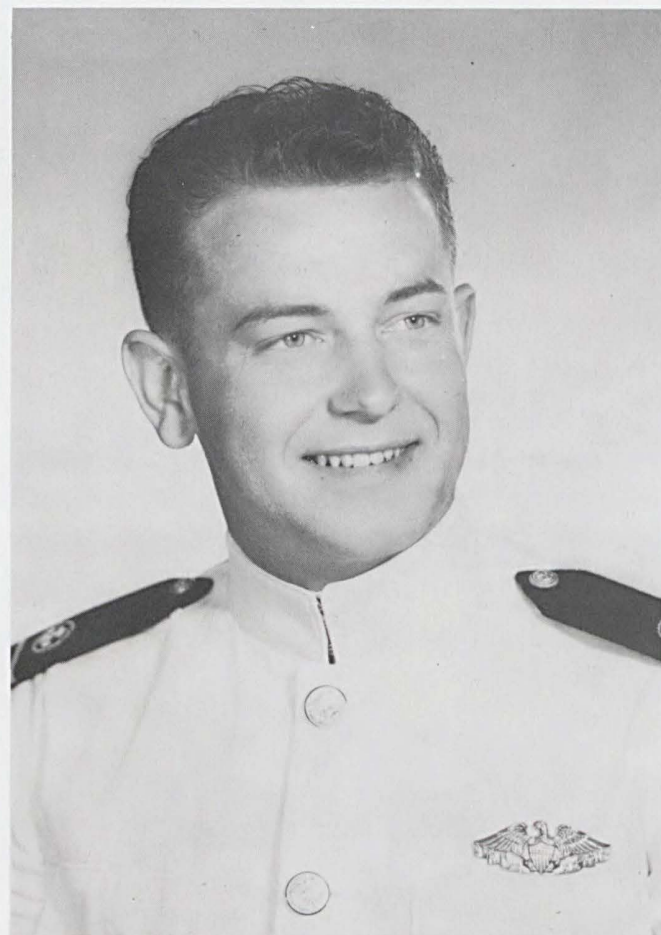
Football 2 Intramural Softball 1-3
Yacht Club 2, 3

"Thumps" arrived at M.M.A. after a year at B.U. and it was soon apparent that college life was still with him. He was always able to make his 11 o'clock class and show up complete with six thread belt and the wrong books.

Hailing from Marblehead, John was one of our best sailors. Despite his ability, he would always take time to assist the novice in learning the art. A mainstay of the "Clio," he helped his shipmates in every way, be it babysitting for McGoo in Halifax or helping "Bopper" find the ship in Cristobal.

Liberty found John bound for Mass. with Mario and company for some good times at a classy place like the "White Whale" or "Sailloft." John intends to ship out for as long as ships have coffee pots aboard. With his knowledge and savvy of the sea, he should be most prosperous and successful. We wish him best of luck at it.





BRUCE LINWOOD OBERG

"BIGBE"

*Intramural Football, Softball 1-4, Basketball 1-3
Baseball 1 Barber 2-4*

Bruce, the swinging Bigbe, will always be remembered for his avid appreciation of music and especially the twist. In fact at one time he was known as the twister, and was also good at doing the rain dance. One fall when he was in shape, every Thursday would do his dance and sure enough P. would be rained out on Friday.

Bigbe really showed his stuff when he came to clam digging; it didn't take him long to find a bushel of steamers, and with a clam chowder he could cook.

Not being known as one of the better students of the class, he will be remembered as one of the most diligent. Many a night Bruce could be found burning the midnight oil, an asset that will be sure to bring him through when the going gets tough studying for that masters license.

Bruce came to the Academy a staunch supporter of the spirit of the Navy; but the last year found him leaning towards the Merchants. Whether it be Merchant or Navy, Bruce's fine personality and ambition will make him tops.



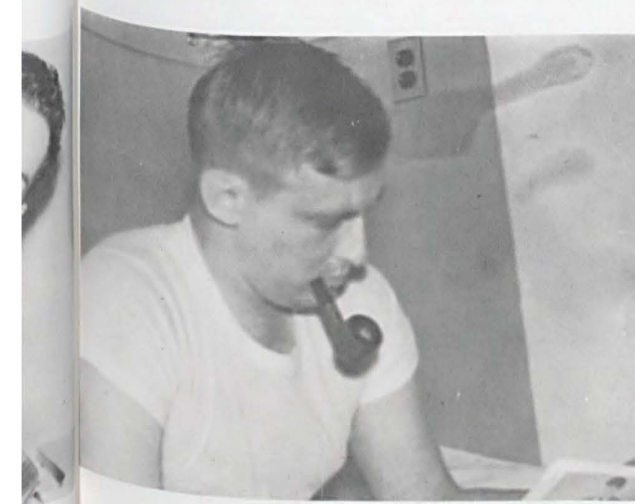
THOMAS W. OUGHTON

"Tom"

Tom came to us from Kings Point and brought with him the title of Mr. Military Bearing. He has an interesting and personable background, having been raised in Guatemala and speaking the Spanish language fluently. He could always be counted on for a tale of Central American life or of his experiences during his year as a cadet at sea.

Upon his arrival in Castine Tom assumed the added distinction of being the oldest member of the class. He was soon recognized as a man not bending to the will of others and standing up for what he thought was right. He was always ready to lead or join in on any discussion that would add to his seagoing knowledge.

In his short time with the Class of 1964, Tom has made many new, and we are sure, long lasting friends. Glad to have you sailing with us, Tom, and good luck in a career that has been worth waiting for.



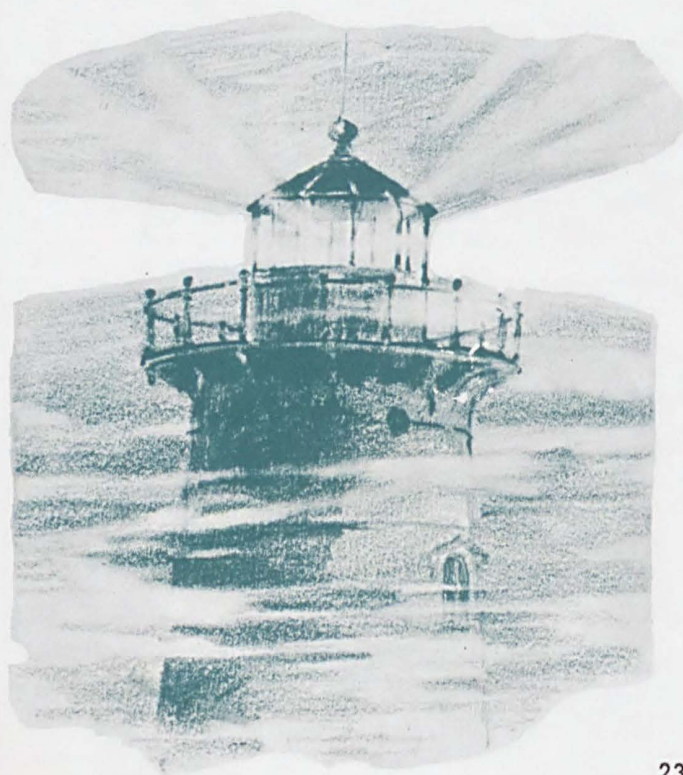


TERRY ROSS PARKER
PETER, PUCKY, BLIVET

Trick's End Photography Editor 3, 4
Yacht Club 3, 4 Rowing Team 1

The Daniel Boone of Milford, N. H. Terry spent a great deal of his free time in the woods. Consequently those of us who lived near him heard many tales of hunting trips and campings-out. Terry tends to be soft spoken but can readily make himself heard when he wants to.

He is the possessor of a great sense of humor, and also appreciates good music and fine literature. We think that one of his aspirations, is to join brother Grayson on the *Mormack Pride*; together they ought to make it one of the best ships afloat. We know that Terry's desire to learn, his willingness to do anything for a friend, and his "never say die" attitude will carry him a long way.



DAVID ANTHONY ROSE
DAVE, FISHERMAN

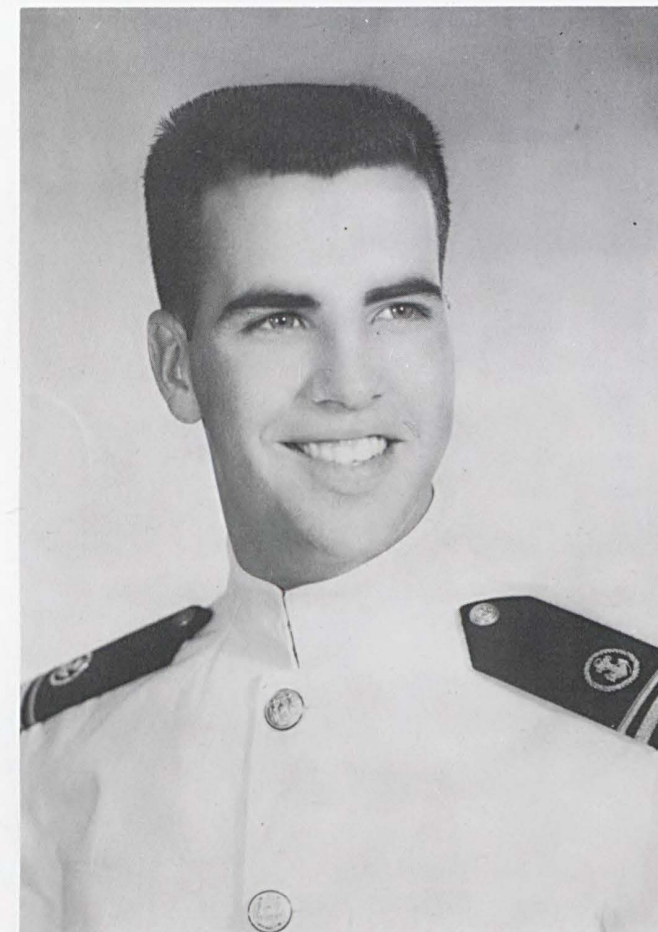
Drill Master 3, 4 Assistant Drill Master 2
Drill Squad 1 Intramural Basketball, Softball 1-4
Photography Committee Trick's End 4

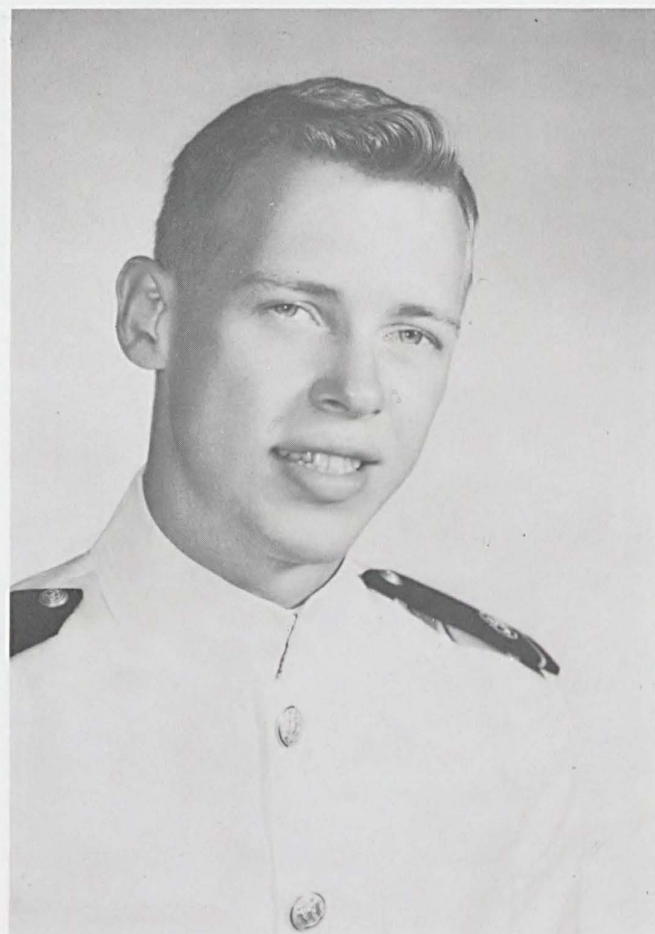
Dave (alias "Candyman") is the quiet easygoing type and very meticulous in his appearance and word. Many times we could hear his voice croak, "Drill Squad, Mark time!" at these nasty B.F.'s. Under his leadership for two years, the Squad was a credit to him and the Academy and all will agree that their finest was the Dedication Ceremony performance.

Dave has a zealous passion for jazz and big band music. On liberty he was usually found taking a seat near a swinging combo at a night club, listening intently, off in another world — that world probably being home where a special person held his interest. His love for music goes further and his attempts at singing could be heard wherever he was present.

During Junior Weekend several questions arose concerning Dave; what was this incident under the class ring? and where was that certain brunette when Dave announced the engagement? Perhaps his roommate "Hachet" had something to do with it.

Best of luck, Dave, from the Class of '64.





EDWARD PAUL SHEPHERD

GROMMET

Chief Quartermaster 4 Yacht Club 1-4
Fleet Captain 3 Superintendents Honor List 1
Rowing Team 1

In every class that has graduated, there are those known for their unswayable convictions, this class is no exception. Ed has in our four years together, been labeled Navy. In the passing of a day he is habitually giving an account of some great battle or the history of some tradition. Although we must say he isn't so inclined to rule out other activities. Since the beginning of a relatively new sport, our Ed has appeared on many occasions falling from planes. Subsequently, he is indeed one of the most traveled Middies listed in the school register. We feel certain, that our knot tying, Naval minded, sky diver will make a mark of equal recognition in the years to come.

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EUGENE JOSEPH SILVA

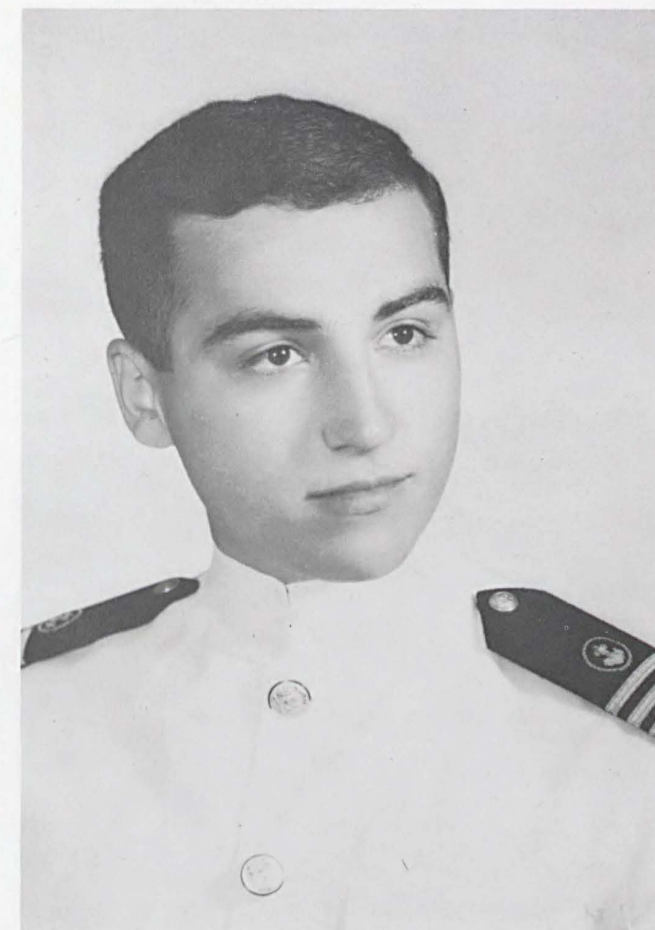
GENE, GINO

Regimental Executive Officer 4
Battalion Executive Officer 3
1/C Petty Officer 2 Propeller Club 2
Superintendent's Honor List 1, 2
Intramural Softball 1, 3

Gene was the first to do it. Cadet executive officer for two years in a row. In our four years here at the Academy, this was the first man to hold the "death seat" for the duration of his stay in Castine. The two classes of freshmen he supervised are a testimony to his ability in the job.

Having the distinct advantage of fluently speaking Spanish and Portuguese, Gene was in popular demand at all foreign ports of the cruise and no doubt saved many a wayward middy from being swindled out of something.

Anyone who has ever worked with Gene, knows that his ability and personality will carry him far and with him go the best wishes from all the class of '64.





PETER STUART SMITH

RACK

Drill Squad 1-3 Intramural Basketball 2-4
Helm Staff 3, 4

Pete came to us as California's representative to Maine and throughout his stay at the Academy has adapted himself to the "Down East" way of life. Rarely seen without Larry, he has blazed many a trail throughout New Jersey, New Hampshire and Boston.

For three years Pete looked forward to a cruise that would take us to his home waters only to be thwarted by the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of the "Ancon."

In a constant hagggle with Freddy over the Boston Red Sox, Pete always could be relied on for a well cracked witticism.

Sayonara Pete, hope to meet you in an exotic port someday.

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JOSEPH B. STACKPOLE

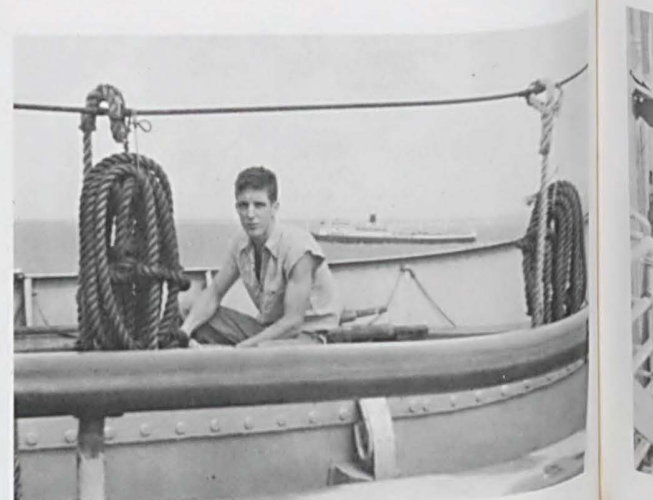
"J.B.," JOEY

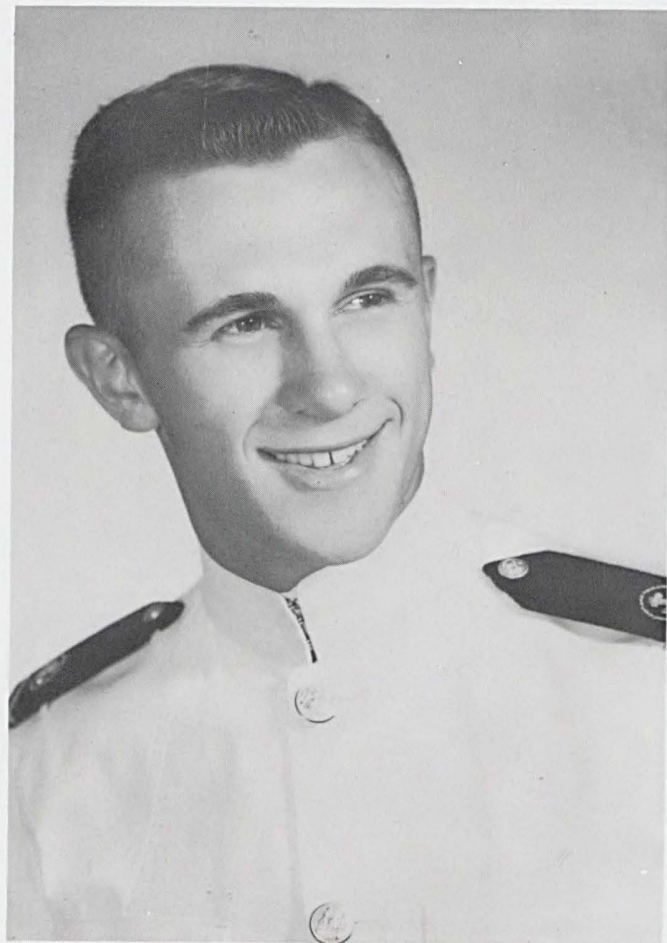
Yacht Club 1-4 Commodore 3-4
Propeller Club 3-4

It takes various kinds of personalities to make a class outstanding. From these, certain ones excel, and this is where J.B. fits in. There's an old saying, something about being born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Have you ever heard of being born with a tiller in your hand?

When Joey cut his first tooth, the only way his mother could get to see it was to pass by the Glen Island Bridge, so he could see the yachts going into Long Island Sound.

When his destiny finally brought him to M.M.A., it wasn't long before he initiated the "Overboard Club," he was the first one to capsize the Gannett dingy way out by the Castine Bell Buoy. Joey is School Commodore, real soon a third mate and predestined a master, what more can the class of '64 wish but, FAIR WINDS, Joey.





CHARLES W. VIEBROCK

CHUCK, BOPPER

Basketball 1-3 Intramural Softball 1-3
Cadet Captain Pathfinder 3 Helm 1-3

The "Big Bopper," irrepressible, energetic, enthusiastic, and obsessed with a distaste standing still, put a lot of heart into everything he did, whether it was elbowing control of the boards against Husson, year nouncing the fourth straight win over Quidea set, or just battling through another in roommate football game.

Chuck's true love, aside from Sheila, Calpe or Bahia, Brazil, is sports, particularly Dodgers. His I.B.M. type memory always crammed with facts like who made the last out of the 1947 World Series, what Thumper's next watch was, and what else his roommate needed filed.

Seldomly depressed or discouraged, always jokingly egotistical, Chuck was always good company on board ship, at school or on liberty. He had a lot of spirit, was a lot of fun, and made a good shipmate. has the ability, and the common sense make a success of whatever he may undertake in the future. We wish him happiness.



LAURENCE V. WADE

WHOOOP

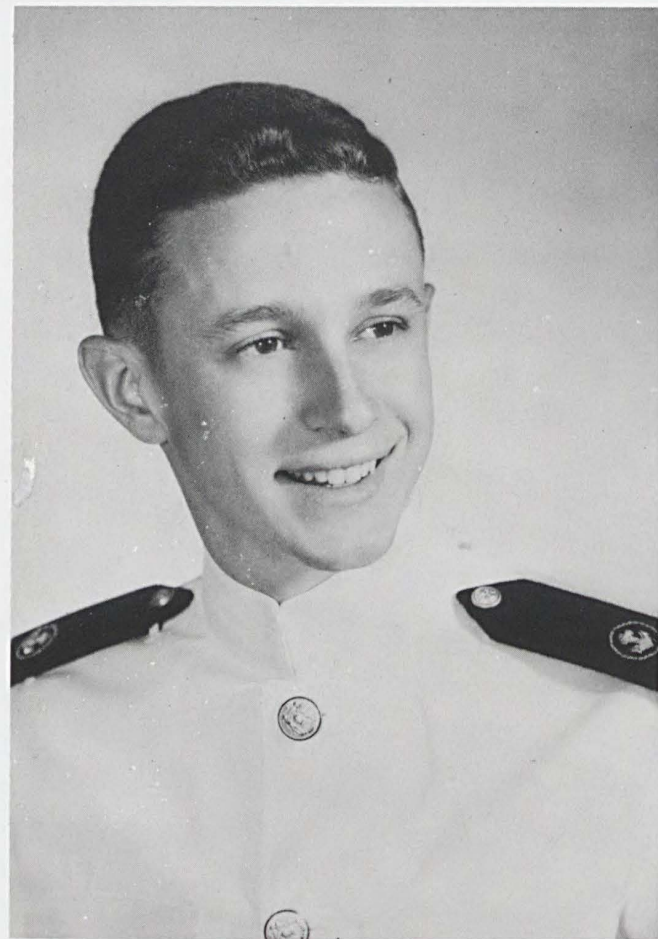
Helm Staff 1-4, Editor-in-Chief 3, 4
Yacht Club 3, 4 Safety Committee 2-4
Rudder 3, 4 Rifle Team 1-4, President 3, 4
Drill Squad 1, 2 Color Guard 2-4
Propeller Club 1-4 Intramural Softball 1-3

Larry remained as one of the most energetic members of his class during the four year duration. Contributing not only his ideas, but his time to a majority of the school organizations and activities. However, while seeing to the vital task of maintaining the ships lifeboats, he managed to frequently supervise the underclassmen from a prone position in the sun.

Larry and the Monk were two of a kind on liberty. They were often seen headed towards the higher class sections of town with a copy of the Rudder in their back pockets.

Best of luck to you, Larry, and in your endeavors to further your education in the marine field.





CHARLES B. WEEKS, JR.

STINKY

Assistant Mess Officer Yacht Club 1-4
Rowing Team 1

Anyone here remember the few hot at M.M.A.? Well if you do, you remember Charley still wearing his weather Jacket. That boy just never warm. "Stinky" was also infamous for many continuously going pipes. He always seen bouncing down the Castine every Friday night in his V.W. Where was headed no one knows except for a named Cindy. When the guys got together they would ask "Where is C.B.?" and reply from the corner would be, "Hey you seen the old fire engine in Bucksport. It's just like new!"

As to where he is headed we know not, sooner or later he can be found in Booth Harbor.

Best of luck Charley and may endeavor you undertake be smooth sailing.



LAWRENCE A. WOLFF

IGGY

Color Guard 3, 4 Cadet Captain Pathfinder 3, 4
Propeller Club 3, 4 Intramural Softball 1-3
Photographer Trick's End 3, 4

Larry is another representative from the Garden State, and is reputed to have a brother here at school.

He has spent a rather active four years in Maine, being a staunch member of the "SPC" showing a very keen knowledge of fire fighting equipment.

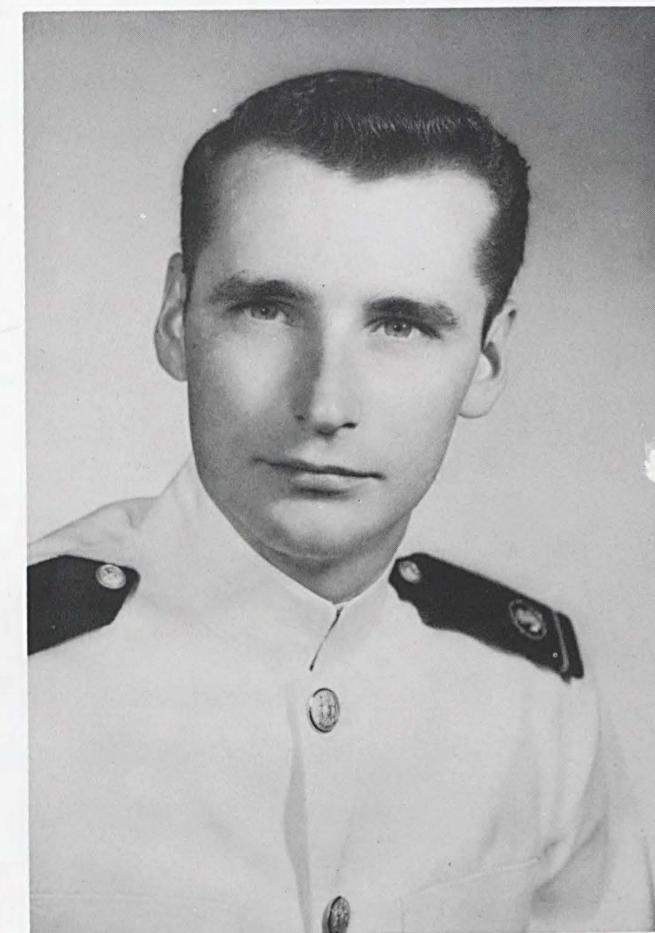
He spent many a weekend carousing around the countryside, usually with Pete, in chase of a good time.

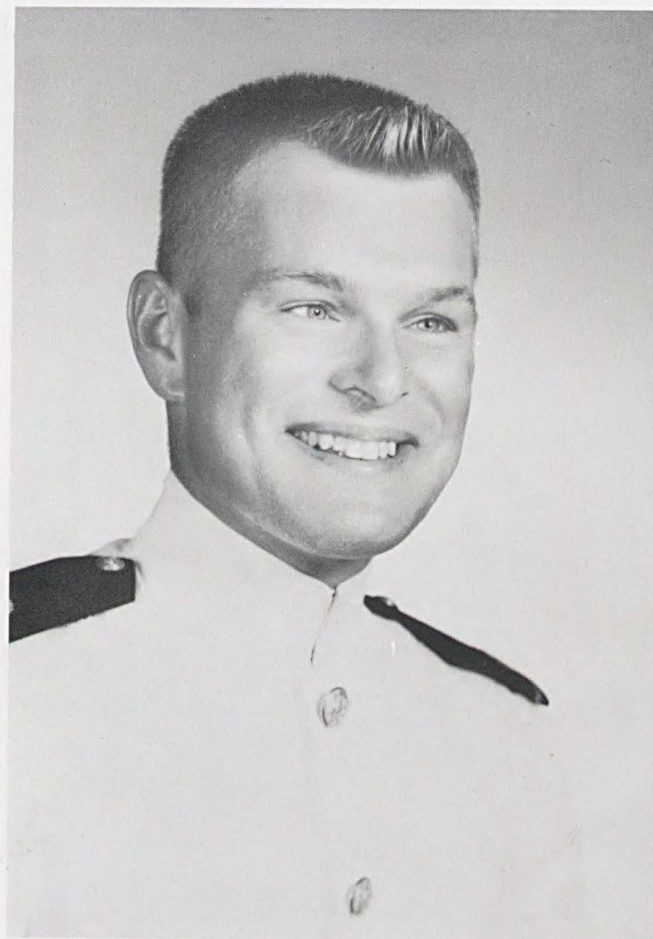
Indispensable at a party he had no trouble finding out whether it be in room 238, the Silver dollar, or the Red Lion.

Larry's familiarity with girls whether it be with an old friend in Texas, or scoffing large numbers for his classmates at our social functions, will always be remembered.

As cadet captain draftee of the m/v Pathfinder Larry spent many off hours toiling on the "white pig."

Best of luck, Larry and good sailing.





RUSSELL GEORGE WUESTEFELD Bos'n

*Band 1-4 Yacht Club 1-4, Fleet Captain 3,
Rifle Team 1-4, Secretary 3-4 Helm 1-4*

Here's to the one and only Bos'n who spends hours upon hours working on the Academy Yachts. Try as he might to get them ready for the numerous races that they compete in he seemed to come away on the short end most times, but back he would go trying to find one more way to get a few more knots out of them. Maybe someday he will have his own and then he will be able to compete and win some big ones that we will all hear about.

The Bos'n is looking ahead to June of 1952 for shall we say two reasons. One is the same to us all, the sea. The other one is that someone is waiting for him down home.

So bos, be good and here's hoping that you will meet again.



One night past some 30,000 tons of ships went hurtling at each other through the darkness. When they had met, 2,000 tons of ship and 176 men lay at the bottom of the sea in a far off place.

Now comes the cruel business of accountability. Those who were there, those who are left from those who were there, must answer how it happened and whose was the error that made it happen.

It is a cruel business because it was no wish of destruction that killed this ship and its 176 men; the accountability lies with good men who erred in judgment under stress so great that it is almost its own excuse. Cruel, because no matter how deep the probe, it cannot change the dead, because it cannot probe deeper than remorse.

And it seems more cruel still, because all around us in other places we see the plea accepted that what is done is done beyond discussion, and that for good men in their human errors there should be afterwards no accountability. . . .

Everywhere else we are told how inhuman it is to submit men to the ordeal of answering for themselves. To haul them before committees and badger them with questions as to where they were and what they were doing while the ship of state careened from one course to another.

This probing into the sea seems more merciless because almost everywhere else we have abandoned accountability. What is done is done and why torture men with asking them afterwards, Why? . . .

We are told men should no longer be held accountable for what they do as well as for what they intend. To err is not only human, it absolves responsibility.

Everywhere, that is, except on the sea. On the sea there is a tradition older even than the traditions of the country itself and wiser in its age than this new custom. It is the tradition that with responsibility goes authority and with them both goes accountability.

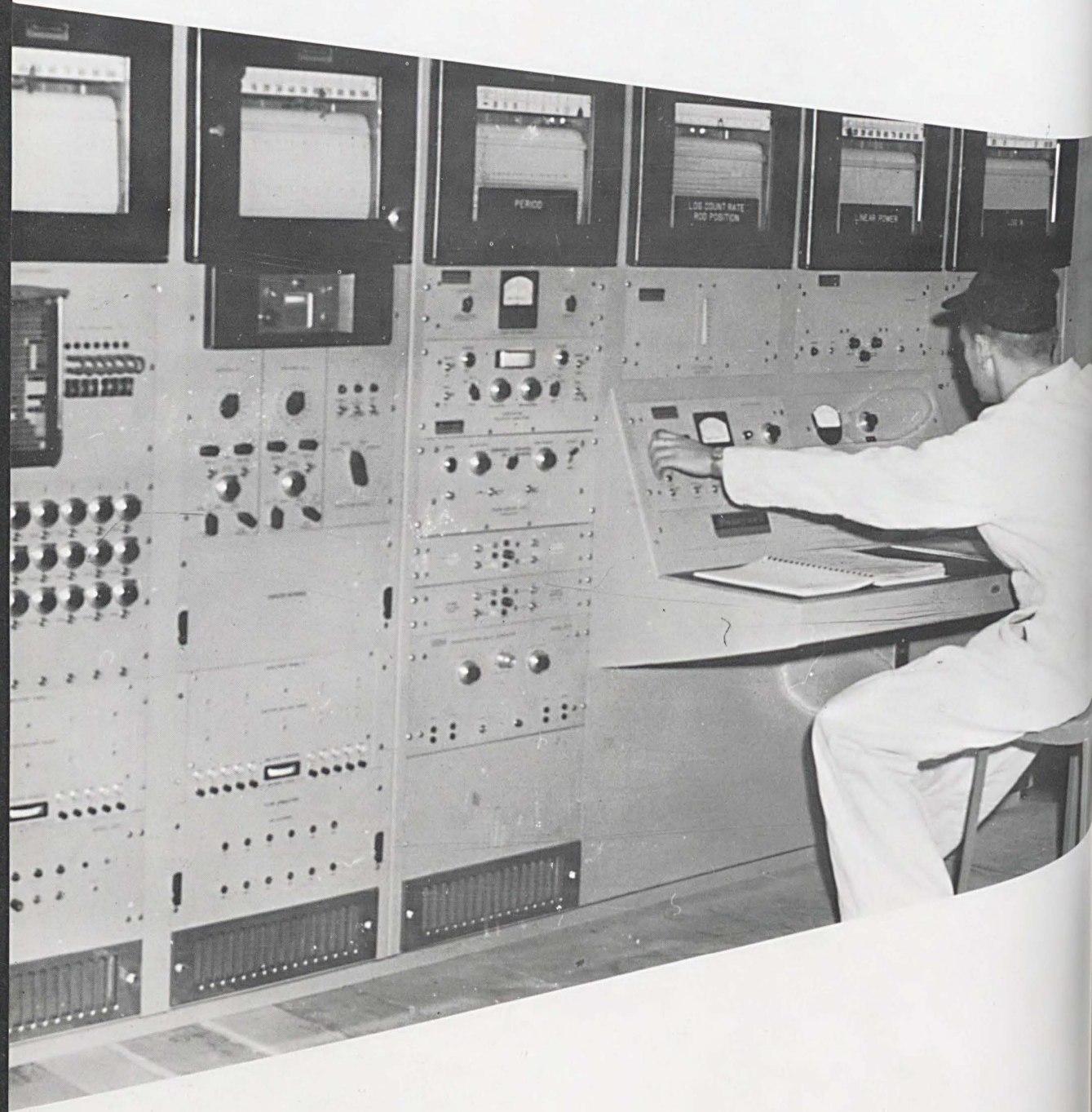
This accountability is not for the intentions but for the deed. The captain of a ship, like the captain of a state is given honor and privileges and trust beyond other men. But let him set the wrong course, let him touch ground, let him bring disaster to his ship or to his men, and he must answer for what he has done. No matter what, he cannot escape. . .

It is cruel, this accountability of good and well-intentioned men. But the choice is that or an end to responsibility and finally, as the cruel sea has taught, an end to the confidence and trust in the men who lead, for men will not long trust leaders who feel themselves beyond accountability for what they do.

And when men lose confidences and trust in those who lead, order disintegrates into chaos and purposeful ships into uncontrollable derelicts.

Taken from the "Wall Street Journal" (May 14, 1952) editorial titled "Hobson's Choice" and occasioned by the tragic collision of the destroyer Hobson with the carrier Wasp.

ENGINEERS



Cadet
Rifle

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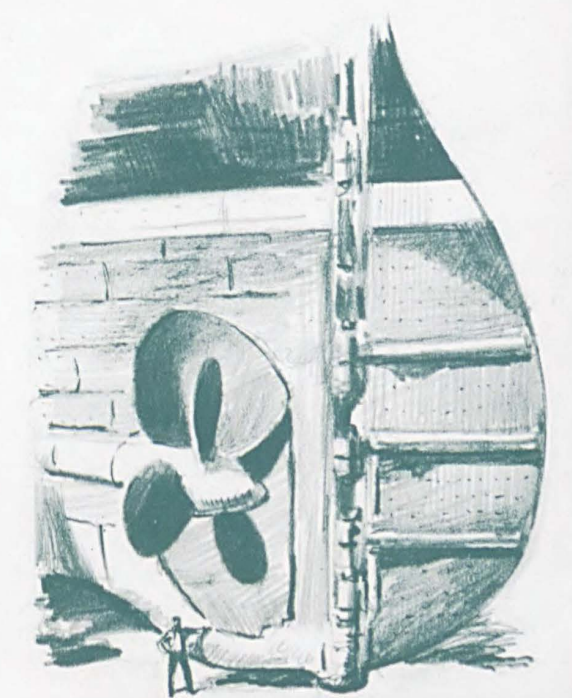
WILLIAM L. ALLEY BAGGER

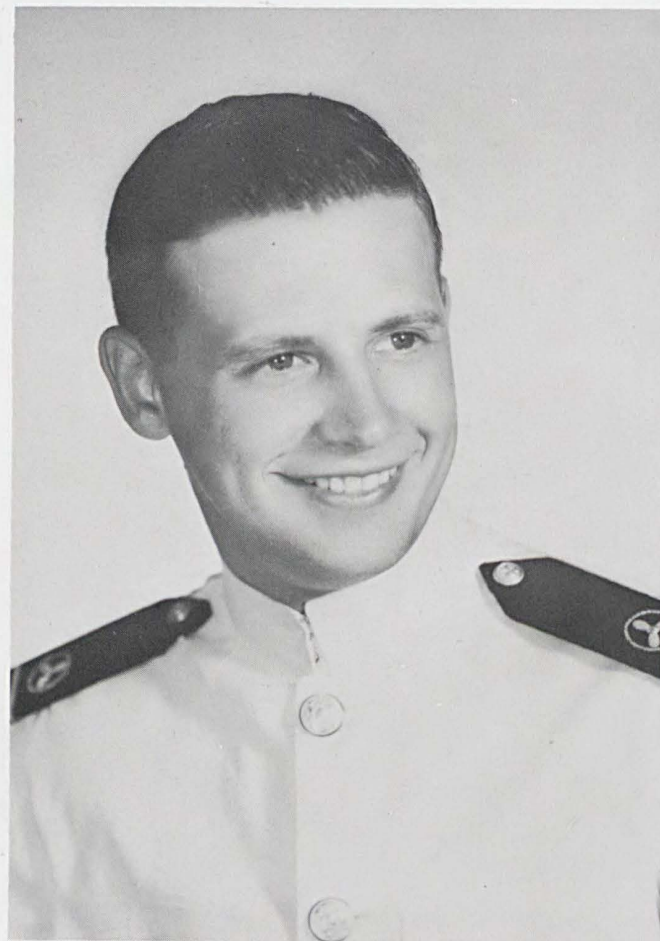
*Cadet Chief Engineer (1963 Cruise)
Rifle Club 2-4*

He came tall, lanky and quiet and now he is leaving tall, lanky and quiet. Although his physical character hasn't altered, his ambition and knowledge have increased unendingly while at the Academy. His ambitions in his profession have been displayed to his classmates as being beyond that of the average "Middie." Bill has not only showed this by the fine work he performed while assuming the duties of Cadet Chief Engineer during the cruise, but also by shipping during his summer leaves with the "Great White Fleet."

His humor, along with his seriousness, was always at the right time and in the right place. Who else could take a shower and have cold water thrown on him then curse, yell, rant and rave for three days later.

As Bill's hard gained knowledge is rewarded with a C.G. license, we hope he will always remember the class of '64 as we will him.



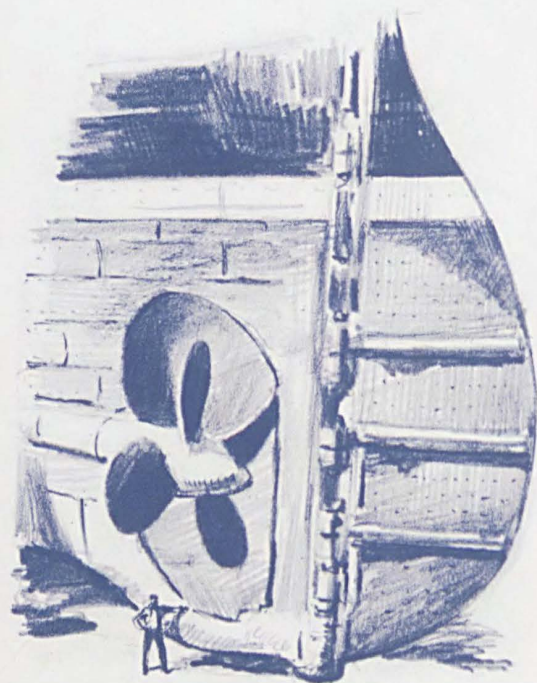


ROBERT H. AMES
NEEDLE

A-1 Platoon Leader Golf 3 Propeller Club
Basketball 1-4, Captain 3, 4 Baseball 1, 2
Cross Country 2, 3, Co-Captain 3

If you looked for Bob any afternoon between 1500 and 1800 you would find him in the gym. Talking with "Needle" is as good as having a subscription to Sports Magazine.

The class of '64 has good reason to be proud of our three letter man from Bar Harbor. We know you will excel in every game you play, Bob. Good luck to a good sport and a sharp shipmate.

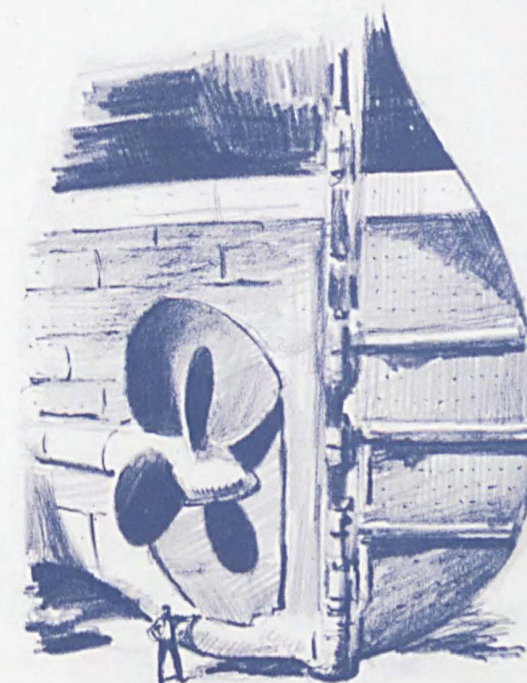
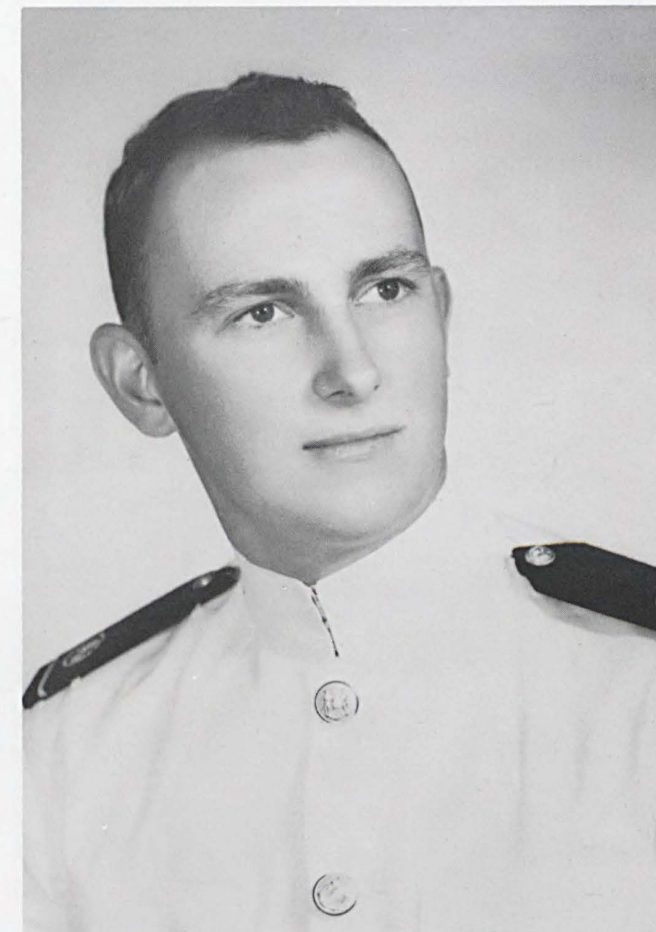


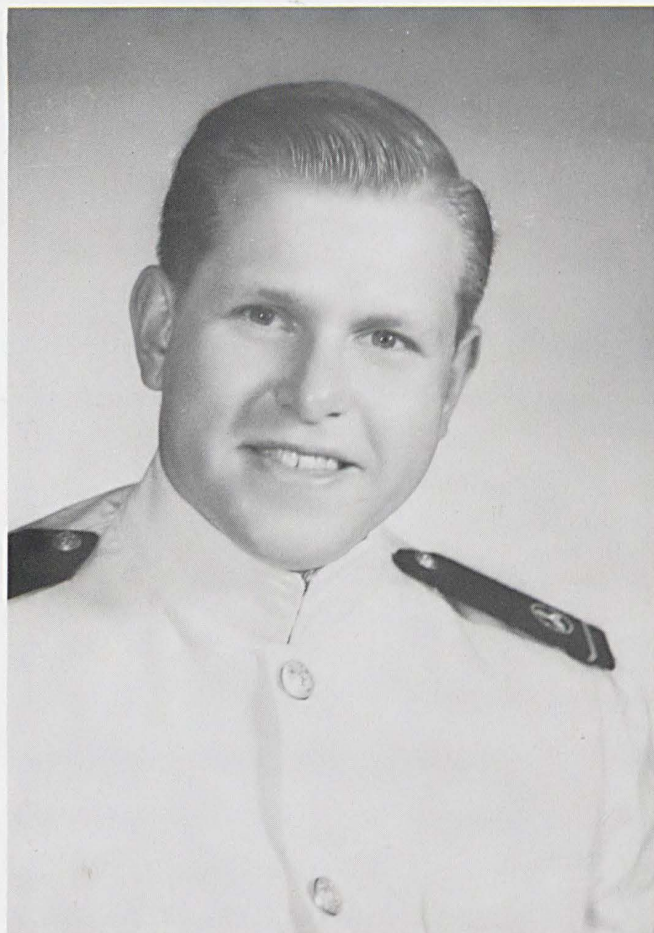
RICHARD THOMAS BELANGER
DICK, BELL

Club 2 Chief Gunners Mate 3 Helm 1, 2 Golf 1
Intramural Sports 1-4

Dick came to us from the unheard of town of Saco. At first we all considered this place and person to be real duds, but in the four years of happy life at the Academy, he proved that this little town does have some very fine people with outstanding character and personality. Whenever there was anything going on Dick was always there and ready to give a helping hand — especially when there was some fun to be had.

Many fine things can be said about this gentleman from a small town, but to fully appreciate his fine character and personality you must get to know him as did the Class of '64. So to this man we offer nothing but the heartiest congratulations and the best of luck for the future.





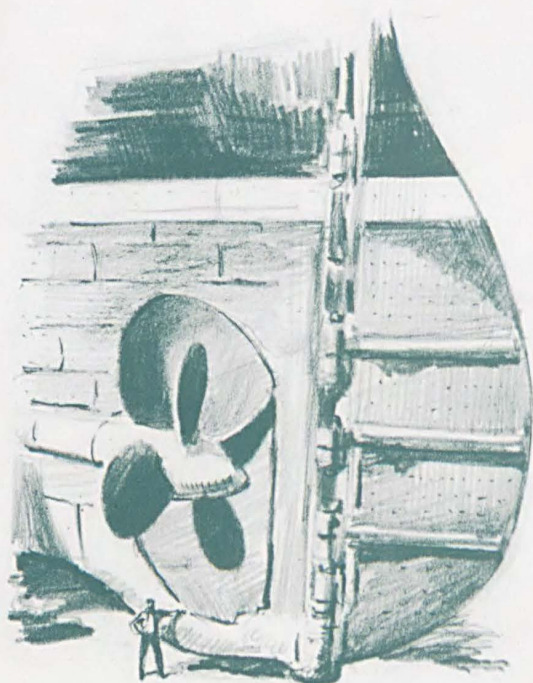
DAVID LEWIS BRACY

DAVE, BRACE

Sports Editor Trick's End 2-4
Sports Editor Helm 2-4 Intramural Sports 1-4

The class of 1964 will always remember the alertness of Dave in intramural sports and in the classroom. When Brace isn't studying he is over in the gym playing basketball. He hails from Down East in Bar Harbor. Brace tells us he wants to go on to school after he ships for a while. We all hope he makes up his mind to it, because when Dave's mind is made up you know it will be done.

The best to you Brace, in all that you do from the Class of 1964.



MICHAEL CHARLES BRETON

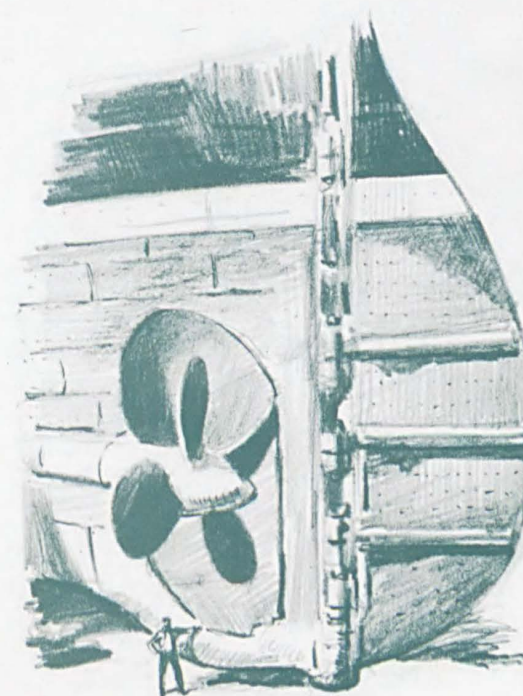
MIKE, ZOOMY II

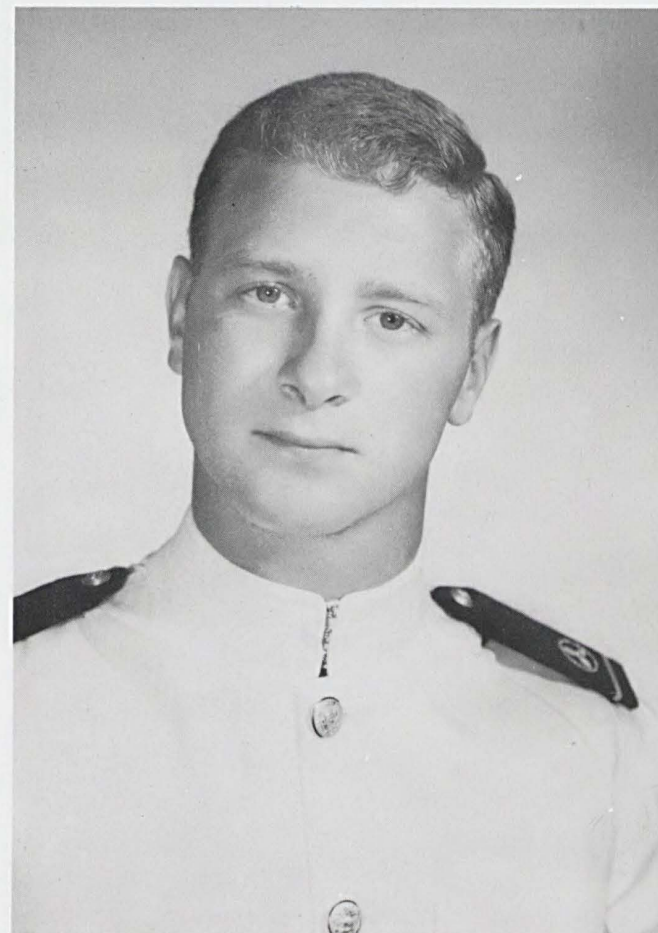
Band 1-3 Trick's End Photography Staff 3-4
Barber 2-4 Steam Lab Rifle Club 1-4
Intramural Softball, Football 1-4

Mike, otherwise known as Zoomy II, will always be remembered for his enthusiasm for Hydro-plane racing. He will also probably never allow us to forget that in his senior year, Zoomy came in third in the Maine State Championships. He is a quiet guy by nature, but is known to raise a little cane when out with the boys.

Come Thursday and Sunday nights, Mike was one of the most popular guys in school, due to his ability to manipulate the clippers. His study habits are terrific, if you can get him to remain in one spot for more than ten seconds.

The Class of '64 will always have a warm spot in their hearts for Mike. Best of luck and success in all your future undertakings.





WILLIAM E. BROWN

BILLY

Drill Squad 1-4 Dance Committee
Intramural Softball, Football, Basketball 1-4

Billy will be remembered to our class as the wildest half of the Brown boys. When you went ashore with Billy all hands were in for a good time, one way or the other. His adventures in Barcelona, Bermuda and Baltimore will long be remembered by those who were with him as well as a few duty officers.

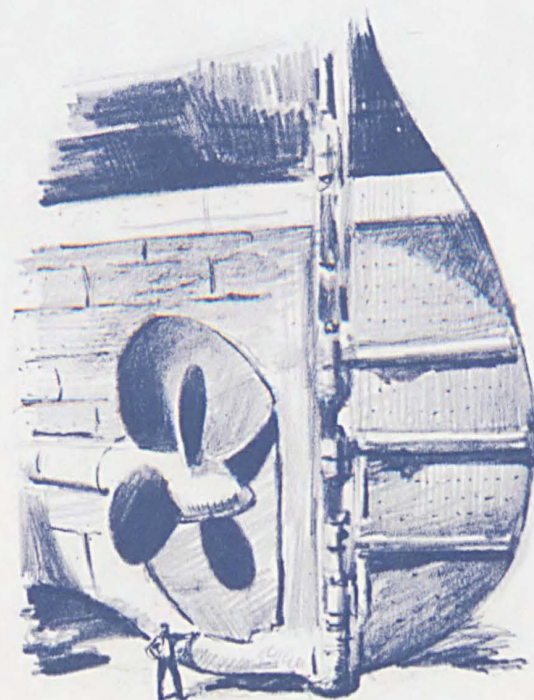
Whenever the "boys" were going out for a good time, either on the cruise or in Portland, Billy was right there in the middle. He always seemed to be the life of the party, especially those ones in Hingham.

Bill will not only be remembered to our class but the under classmen as well. I'm sure many a "mug" won't forget Mr. Brown in a hurry.

Bill was an active member of the drill squad for four years and also in Academy sports.

When it came to studies, Bill was right up there in the top of his class as his marks have proved.

Nothing but good fortune can fall on the blond headed engineer from Portland.



JOHN C. BRYANT

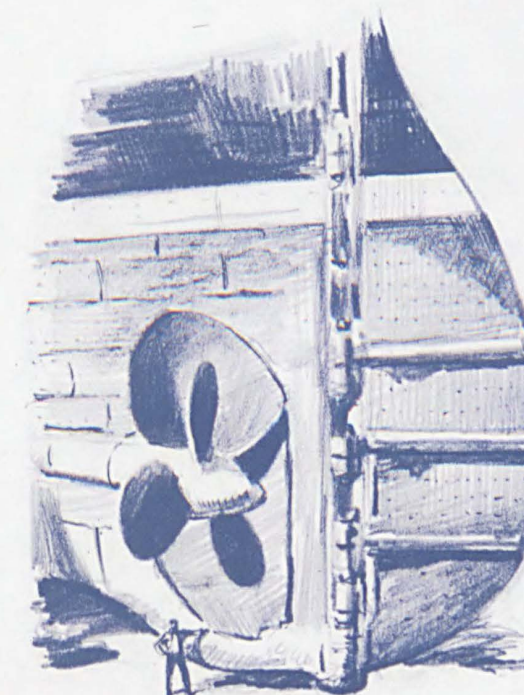
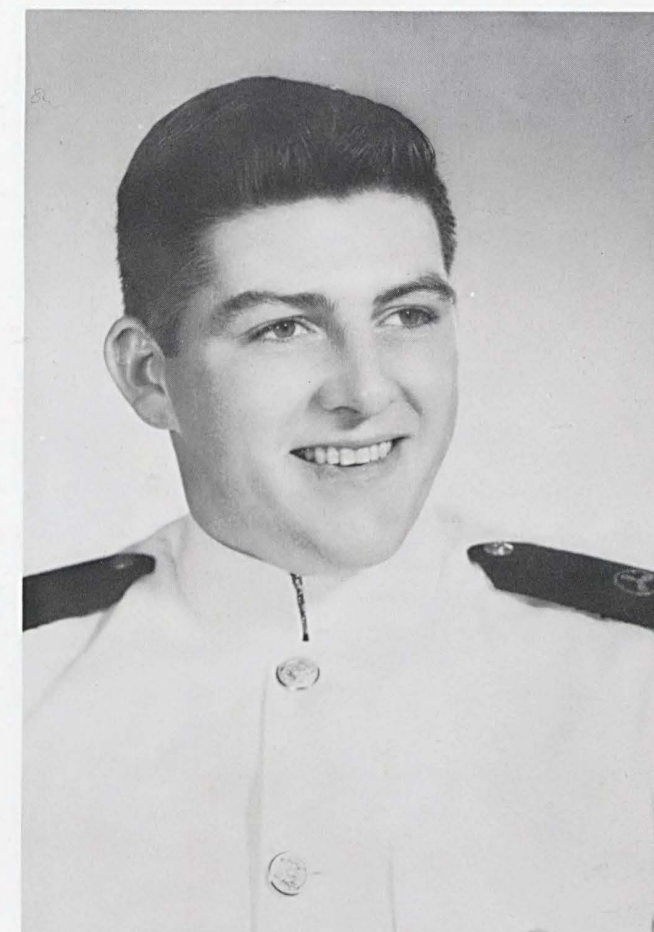
TUB

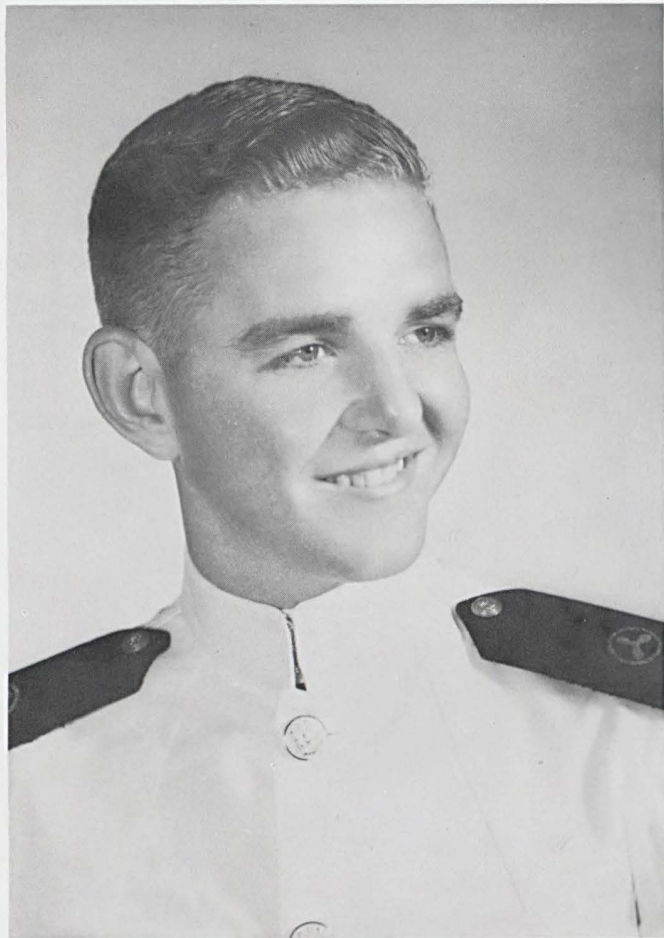
Intramural Softball, Basketball 1-4 Football 2-4
Barber

When our class entered in August '60, John Bryant was the representative from Kittery. He came to be known as Tub among the class, and his calm and quiet manner kept him in relative seclusion throughout his stay at the Academy. Tub was a constant participant on the football team through four seasons, and his perseverance will certainly help him later on in life.

Tub was always quiet around school, but he always kept moving on weekends. His favorite expression was: "You should see the girl I met this weekend!" Tub will really be remembered, however, for being a weekend warrior to Winterport. We hope that everything will work out in that respect.

We all wish Tub the greatest success in attaining his future goal.





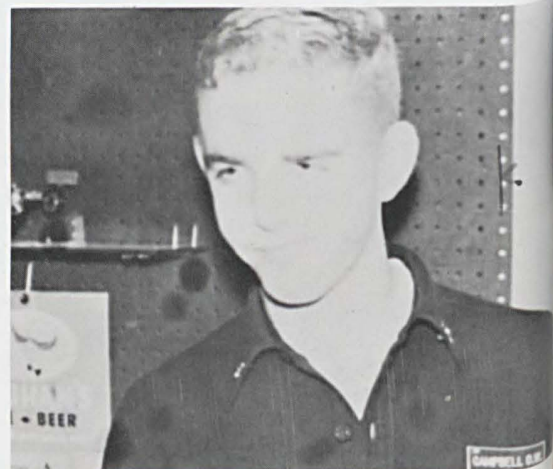
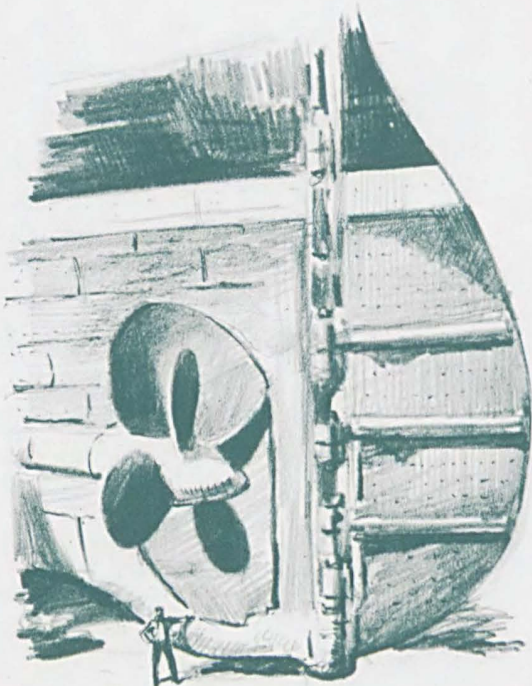
DAVID WILLIAM CAMPBELL

BARNEY

Baseball 1-3, Captain 3
Propeller Club 2-4, Vice President 4
Band 1-4 Intramural Basketball, Football 1-4

There's more'n a hundred things you can say about Barney. A stalwart performer on the Middies baseball squad, he captained the team to the league title his junior year. An auto racing enthusiast, he was the Sunday Joe of Beach Ridge Speedway. His room was often mistaken for the darkroom of the ship because Barney was noted for his love of the rack. Barney made his freshman cruise debut in Barcelona, "Who said anything about SP's!" One of the country boys. He was a charter member of the Sail Inn Club. We remember many a wild night in Barcelona. Oh those go-carts —————.

An engineer in the true sense of the word, he'll be a feather in the cap of the Academy and to the chief whom he sails for.



MALCOLM HUDSON CAMPBELL

MAC, HATCHET

Superintendents Honor List 3 Rifle Club 1-3
Drill Squad 1-4 Yacht Club 1-3
Intramural Sports 1-4

Hailing from Fairhaven, Mass., is Mac Campbell, or as we know him "Hatchet."

"Hatchet" is an all-around guy, in fact, sometimes he was the Lou Costello of the class. Remember when D. R. announced his engagement . . . where was Nancy?

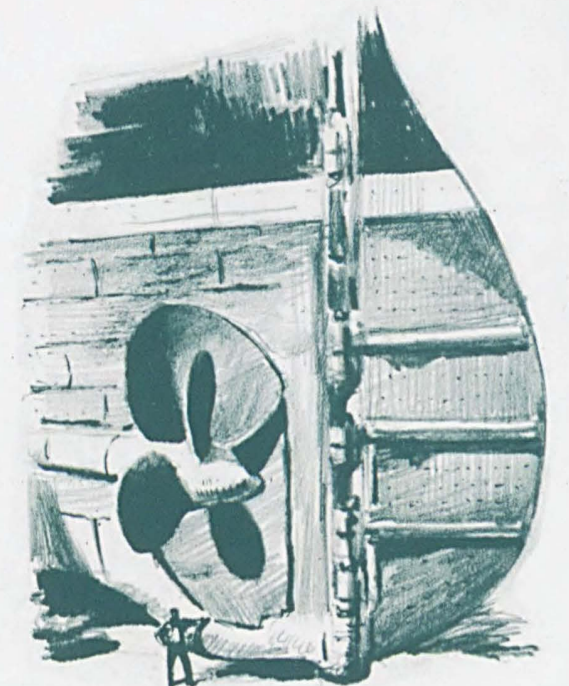
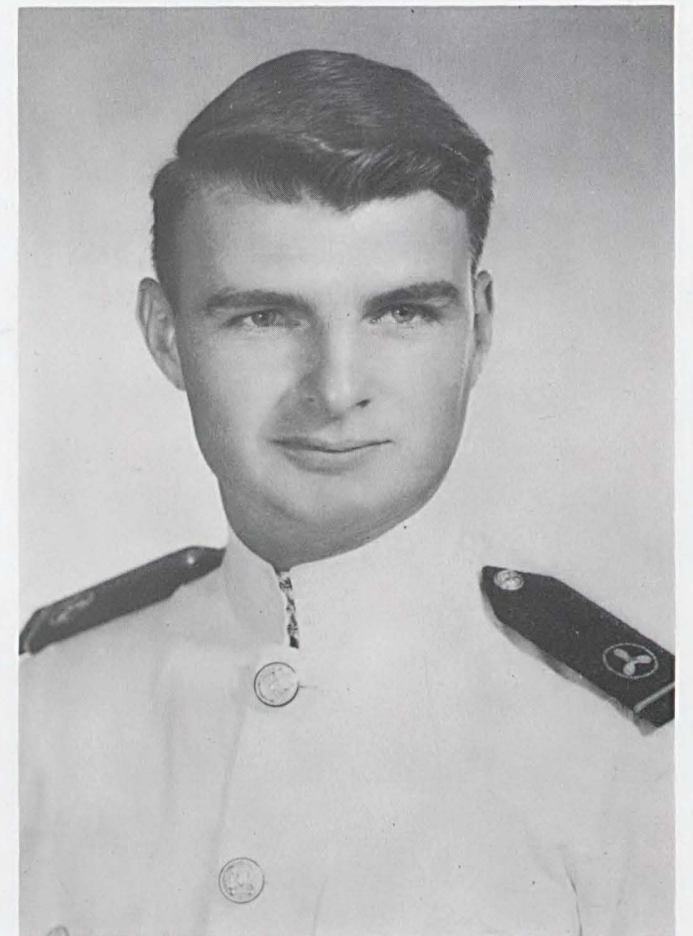
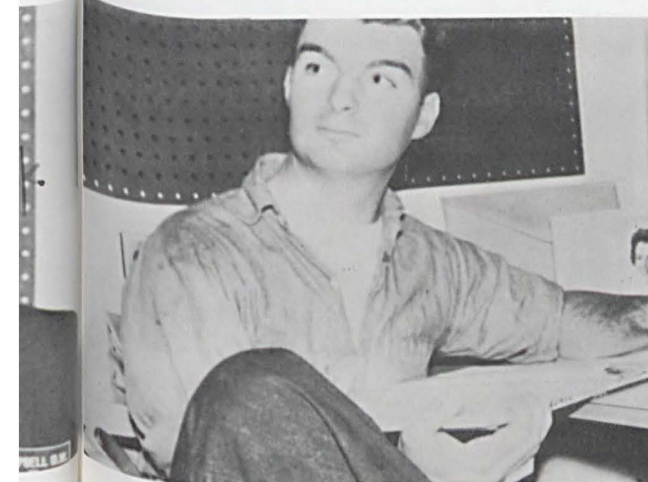
One could always find Mac at his favorite pastime, in the rack. In fact almost everyone did including the X.O.

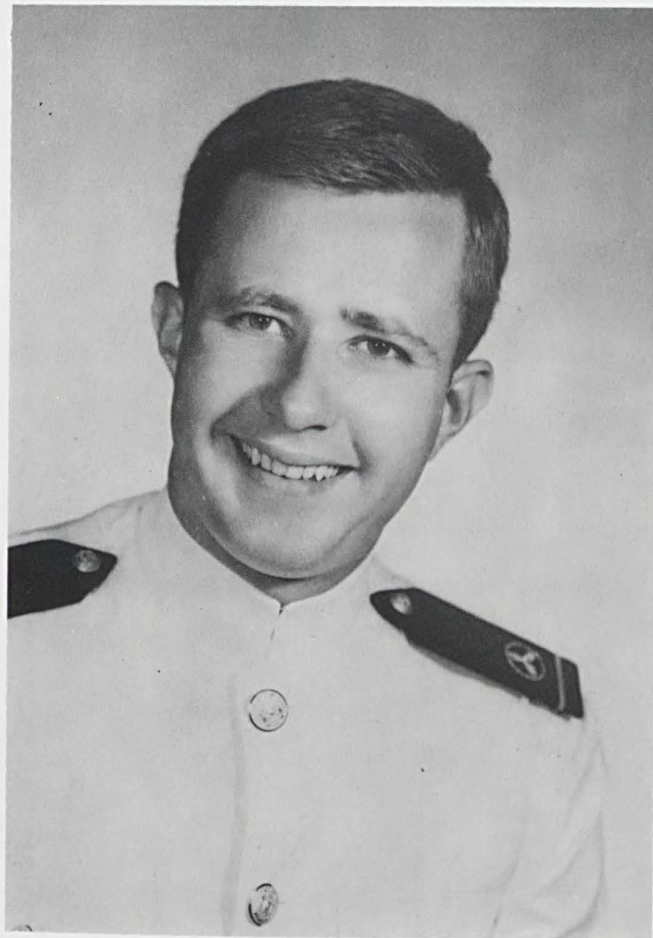
We will always remember his proficiency with the M-1 out on the drill field. That's the manual of arms.

Hatchet's escapades are many and quite adventurous at that; from the silver beaches of Rio to the rum and steel in Barbados, but we will never forget Barcelona with Barney and Mike . . . never knew the Navy had such big CPO's, eh Mac?

The only mistake that Mac ever made in his life was going Deck for one day. . . Then his enthusiasm for engines and practical skill, along with initiative to learn, proved him to be one of the top engineers in the class.

Smooth sailing to a swell guy.





ALAN JOHN CHRISTIANSEN

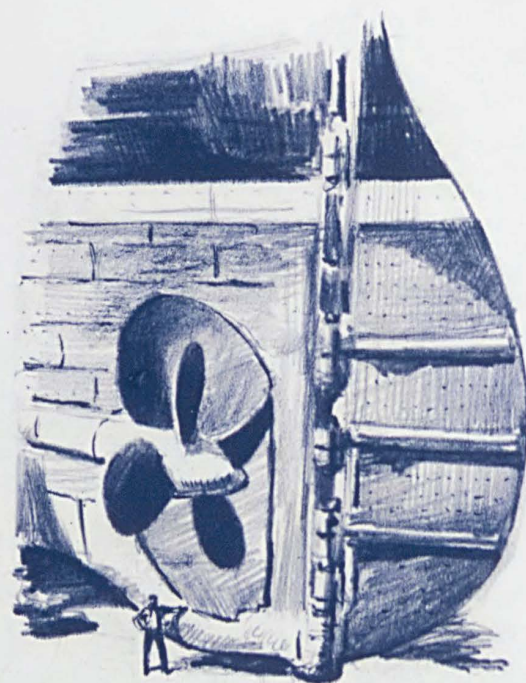
CHRIS

Drill Squad 1, 2 Student Welfare Committee 2
Color Guard 3, 4 Intramural Softball 3, 4

From off the shores of Narraganset Bay, Rhode Island sent us a calm swede known to us as Chris.

We, the engineers, are really proud of Chris because he "saw the light" and switched from a "rope choker" to an engineer. Chris could be seen in a numerous assortment of uniforms, ranging from black sweat shirts to tan colored work boots. The fact is, Chris is merchant seaman all the way. During the academic year, when he wasn't going home to see his girl, Chris could be seen at some of the "finer places" in the state. We seem to recall a little incident on his mug cruise when Chris was apprehended while chauffeuring a few "quiet" middies. What was the outcome, Chris? Who will ever forget the New Orleans trip and those many afternoon naps you took.

Chris, although on the quiet side, you always have time for a slight chuckle. You have been a fine classmate and we all have enjoyed you being around. Best of luck from all of us and smooth sailing.



WILLIAM THOMAS CIOCE

YOGI BEAR

Helm Editor 3, 4 Trick's End Staff 3, 4
Band 1-4 Yacht Club 1-4 Rowing Team 1
Leader Dance Band 1-4 Dance Committee 3, 4

"Bear" will always be remembered for soliciting buyers for his school jackets, book covers, and you name it.

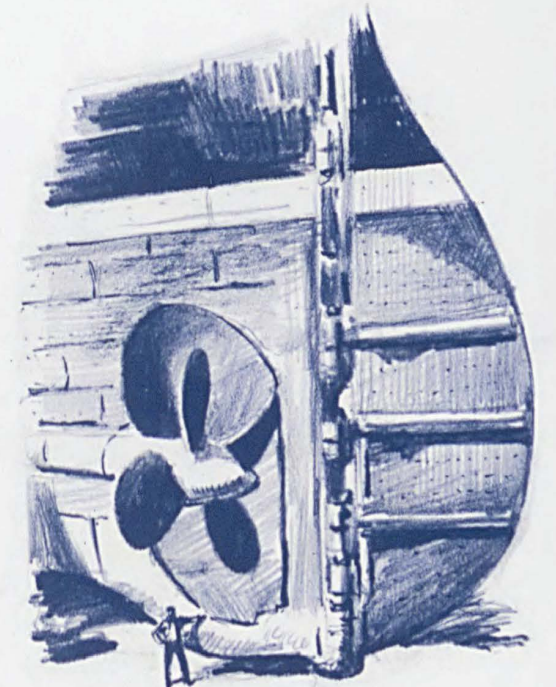
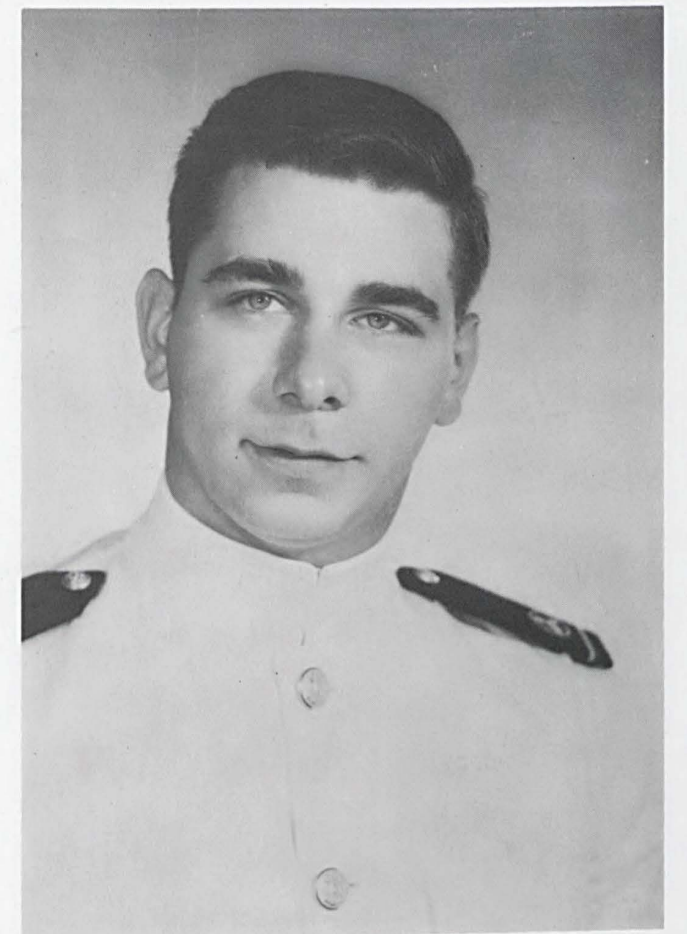
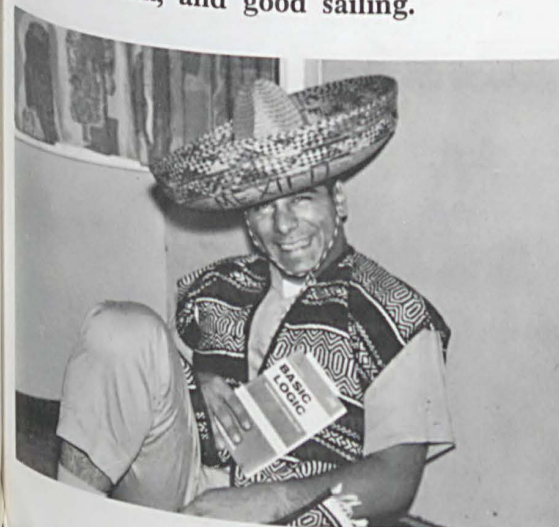
When in Bill's room, one would always find models in the process of being built. The Bear's entertaining antics and impromptu Jam Sessions have helped keep our spirits and morale high through these years.

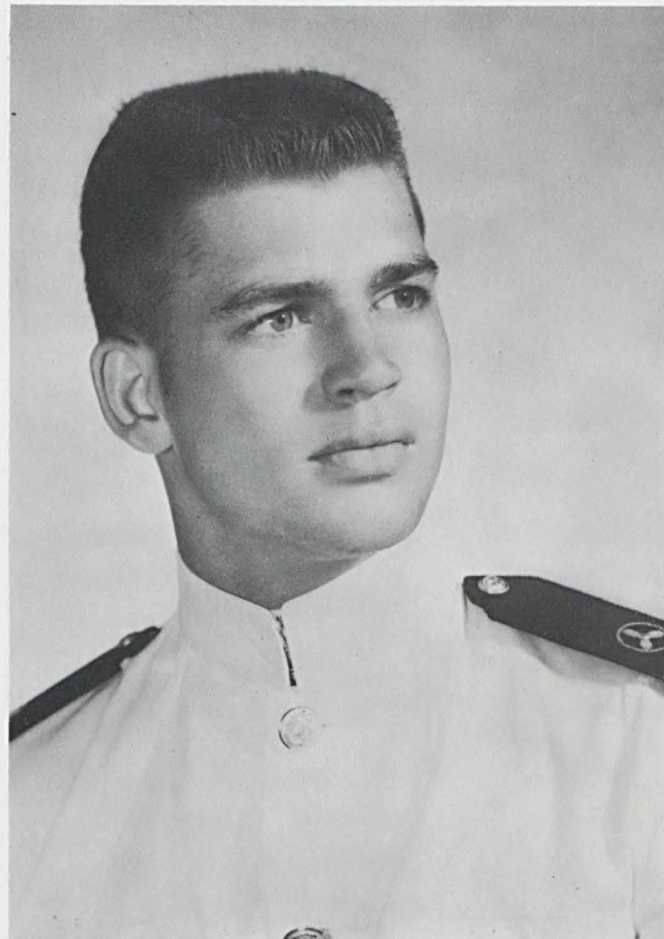
The biggest event in Bill's Academy career came when we hit Portland our Junior Cruise, with the crowning of his fiancée as Cruise Queen.

Bill was a very conscientious student and was continuously found thumbing through the many engineering manuals found in his possession. When it came to hitting the books, Bill was the eager beaver of the class, but as often would happen, one would find the Bear sacked out before study hall was over.

Bill was a very ambitious guy, his four years at the Academy, and his enthusiasm and fight for the betterment of the Academy will always prevail.

Good luck, and good sailing.





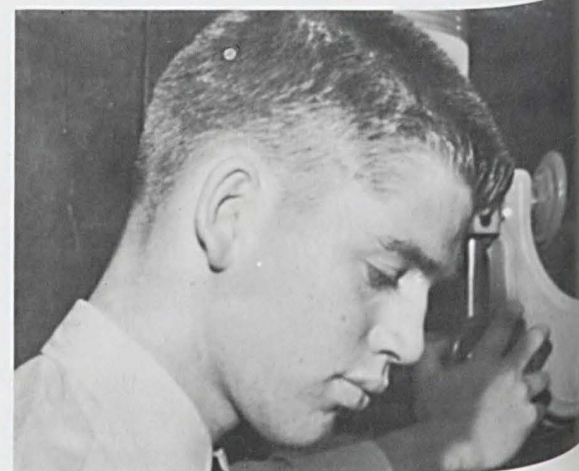
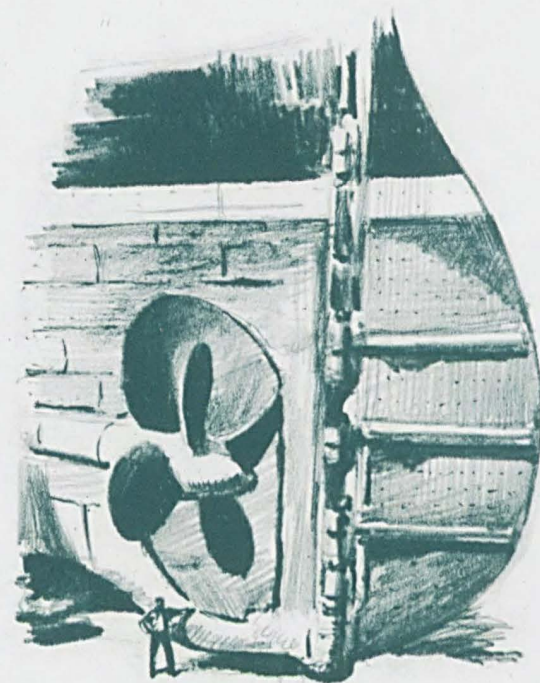
STANLEY RICHARD CLARK
STAN

Intramural Softball 1-3 Helm 1, 2 Football 4 Propeller Club 1-4

Our man from Union, Stan came here his mug year with one idea in mind, to be pardoned at the end of four years. He finally accomplished this end, and has had a lot of fun in the meantime. In his spare time here he has acquired a lot of useful things which he has already put to use.

Stan had been playing the role of ladies' man traveling from one to next. It took three cruises and pure luck to find what he was looking for.

Best of luck and happy sailing in the years to come from the Class of '64.



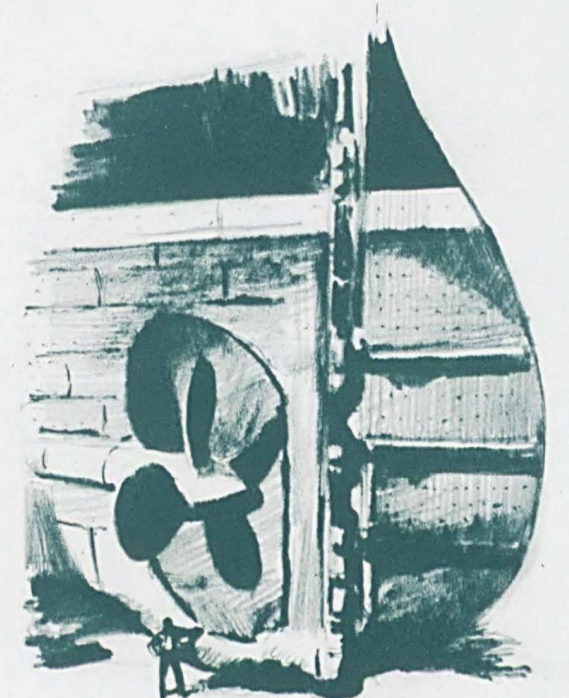
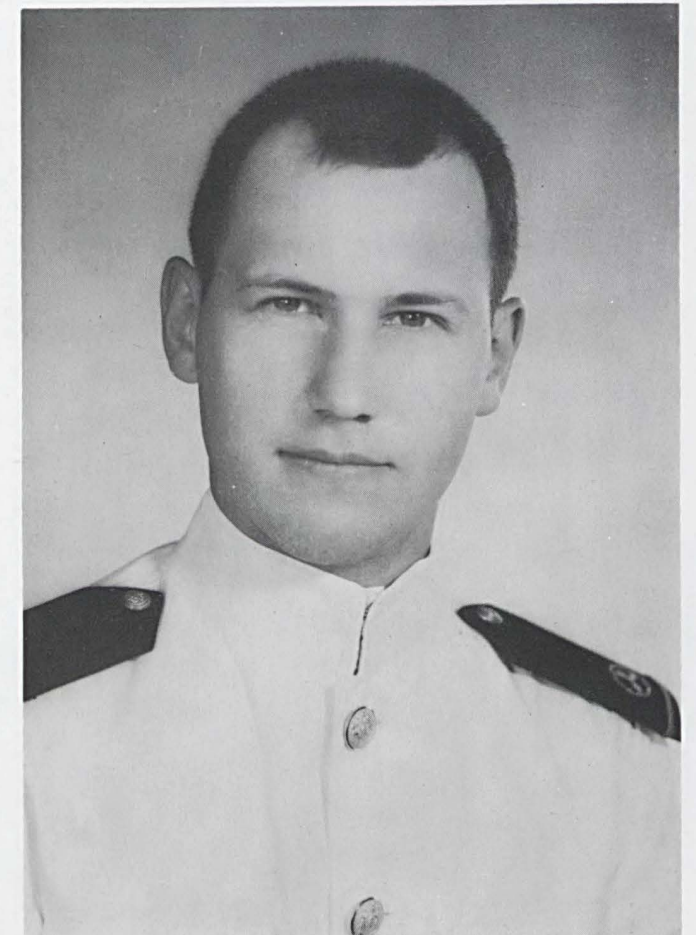
RICHARD A. CONDON
DICK

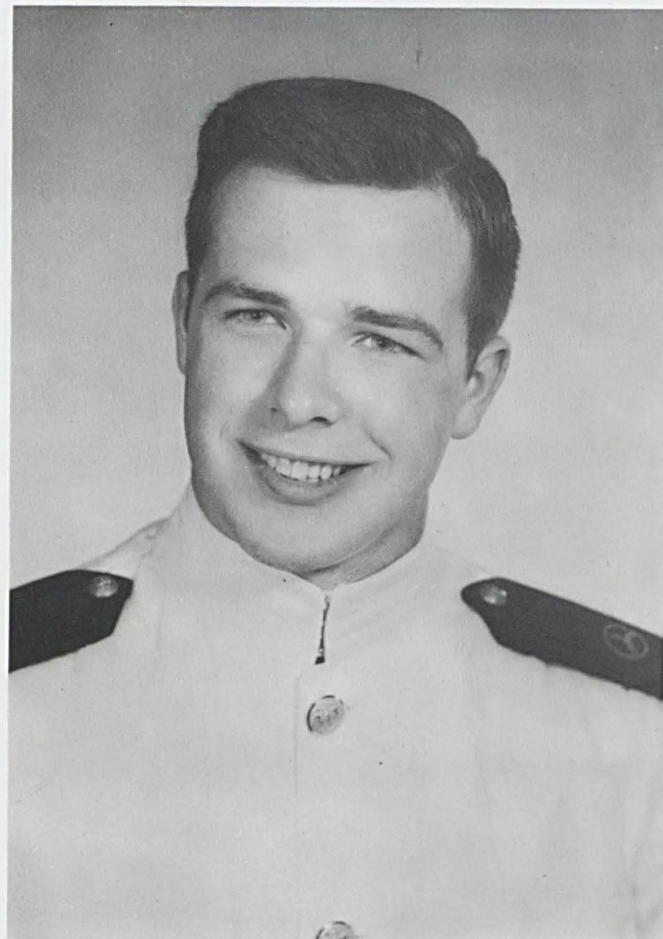
Intramural Softball, Football 1, 2 Band 1-3 Yacht Club 1

Quiet and reserved (at times) Dicky is undoubtedly the only guy in M.M.A. history to get away with almost anything. At the same time his devoted time spent studying, has not slipped past his fellow classmates' view. Dick has worked hard, as one has to do to succeed, and we know that whatever Dick endeavors in, he'll do his best. Unlike others, he doesn't need a push to get started.

You'll be seeing Dick anywhere, just look for a guy carrying a tripod, and with a pistol gripped 8mm camera hanging from his shoulder and a Coast Guard license in his hip pocket.

Best of Luck.





THOMAS J. CONNOR, JR.

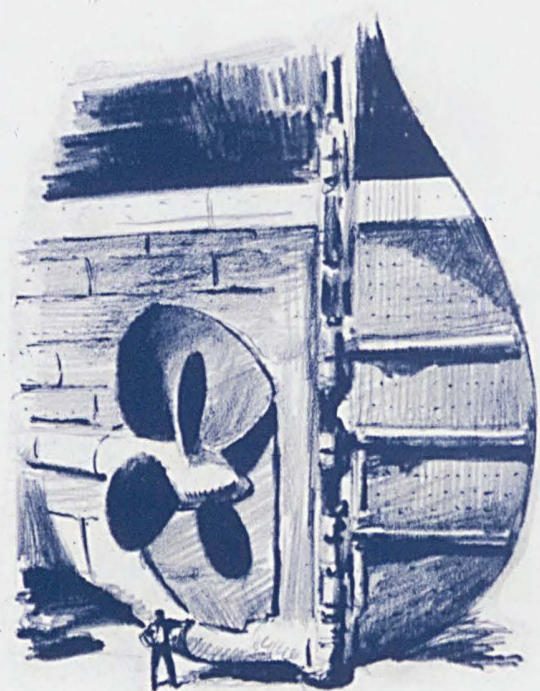
SNARK, SLIPPERY

Trick's End Staff 3, 4 Rowing Team 1, 2
Intramural Softball 1-4, Football 3, 4

Portland has an interest in M.M.A. in the form of a "Snark." His proper observance of study hall and early reveilles have found him often in the refer flats working off his extra hours. His handy work at the drafting board has been displayed all over the Academy on continental kits, foul weather jackets, and various handouts for numerous instructors. His good times on the cruise have netted him many close friends. "Snark" has done much for our Academy both academically and as a constant morale booster. Very seldom does the "Snark's" face carry a frown, no matter how bad the situation could be. His frolicking nature has given us all a boost.

"Snark" can always be found in the midst of a discussion concerning anything from the history of ancient Rome. His favorite subject is soap box racer, with which he can cool-it down from chow each morning.

Best of luck "Snark" to a great guy and a true friend, from all of us.



WILLIAM R. DAVIES

BILL

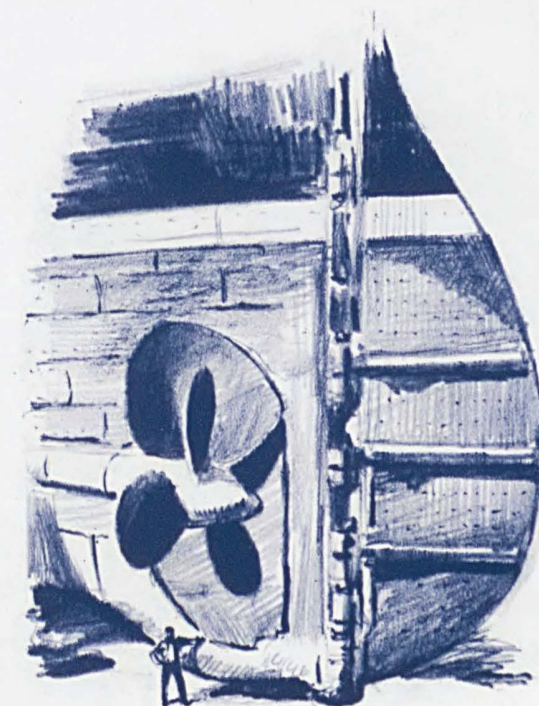
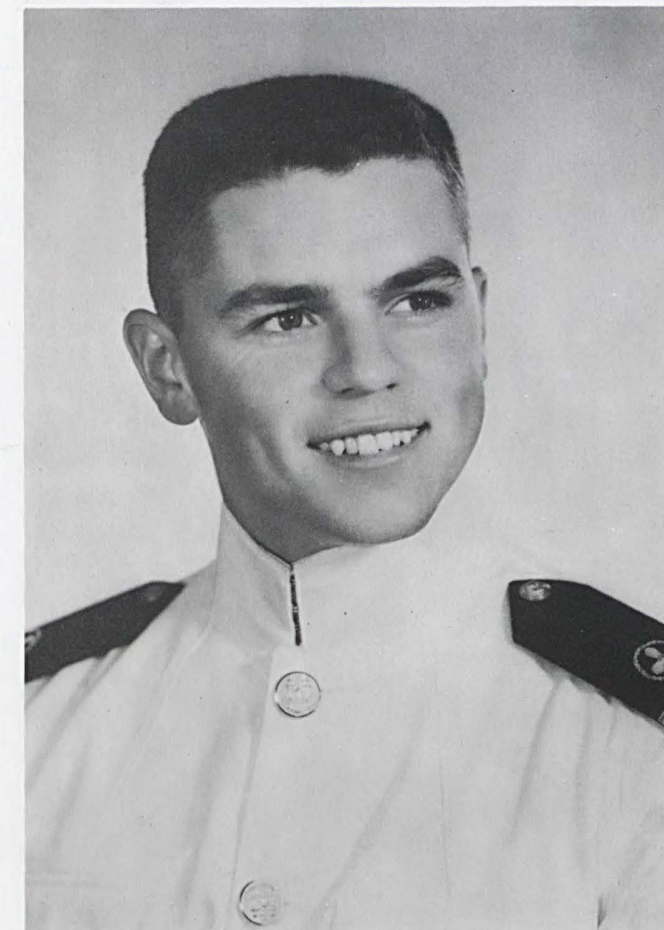
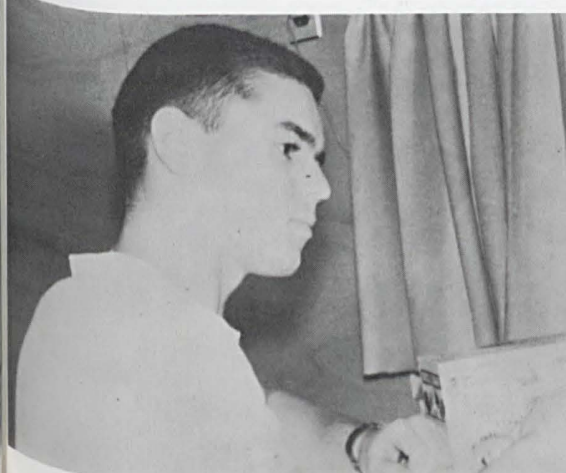
Regimental Adjutant 4 Battalion Adjutant 3
Battalion Yeoman 2 Intramural Softball 2
Propeller Club 2-4 Yacht Club 1-4 Sec.-Treas. 2

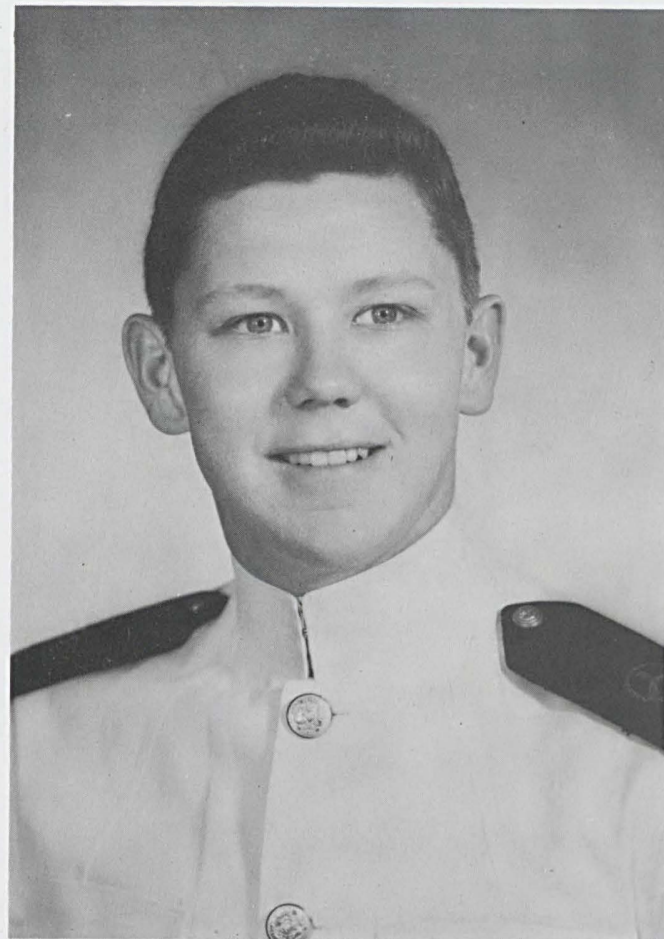
Hailing from Niantic, Conn., is William Davies. We know him as, Billy, our youthful looking Regimental Adjutant. Bill entered our class in August 1960, Ivy clad and all set for college life, but he soon became adjusted to military life. Billy proved to be squared away and so he became a rate.

Bill isn't all spit and polish, as some of us think he is, for he shows an uncanny skill in building cars. Remember the souped-up Ford, Bill?

Billy will always be remembered for that manly voice of his as he said "Guides on the line." One could always find Billy at his famous pastime, making morning inspections on the Cruise. There was never a job too tough for him and one could always depend on him for a job well done.

Best of luck Bill and smooth sailing.





GOMER S. DILLON, JR.
DUSTY, MATT

*Superintendent's Honor List Rifle Club 1, 2
Intramural Softball 1-4, Football 3, 4 Steam L Rifle*

Matt is sometimes known as "Dusty," name that he earned one fateful night in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He will always be remembered by those fortunate enough to know him. One of the slyer members of our class, Matt would always be on the muster list of any group whose intentions were not exactly according to Hoyle. He quickly established a reputation of one who is just one step ahead of the law, surprisingly enough maintained this lead throughout his stay at the Academy.

Actually, Matt is not quite as bad as he sounds. He was an active member in intramural sports and class activities. He was a very good student academically, as the ranks will point out. All in all, he is a great guy and we wish him the best of everything in the future.



VICTOR ARTHUR DONOFRIO
Vic

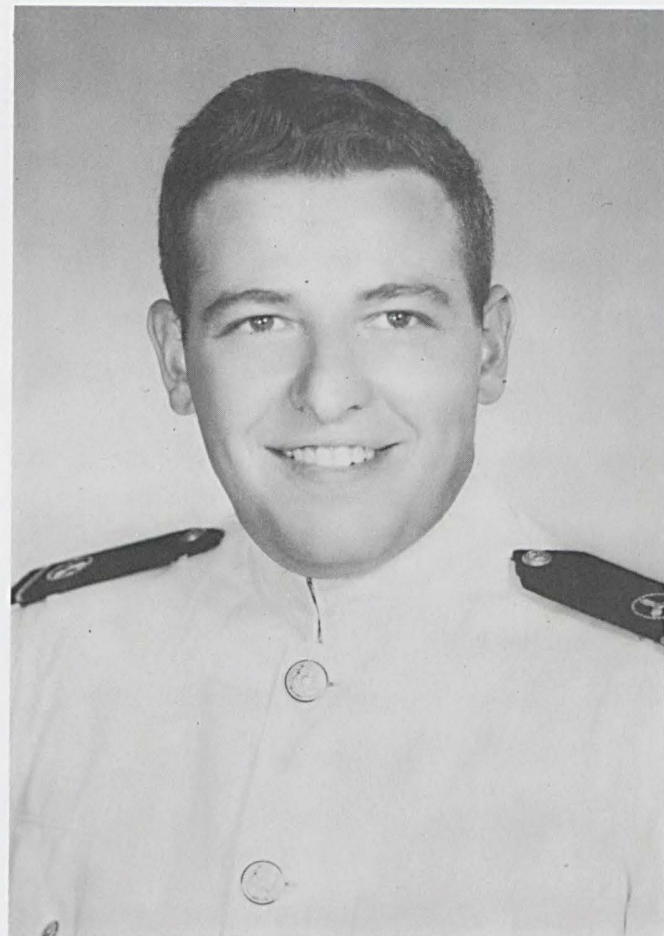
*1, 2 Helm Staff 1 Intramural Football 4, Softball 1, 4
am Rifle Team 1 Rowing Team 1-4*

We're sure no one in the Class of 1964 will forget the colorful Italian from Brooklyn, N. Y. Here is a guy who always managed to make it just under the wire Sunday night but was always right up there with the books all week.

Vic is known for his cool tastes in clothes. He couldn't be caught without his tapered pants and shoes topped off with Sheila's home knit sweater.

Good luck in all your travels, Vic, and may all happiness be yours.





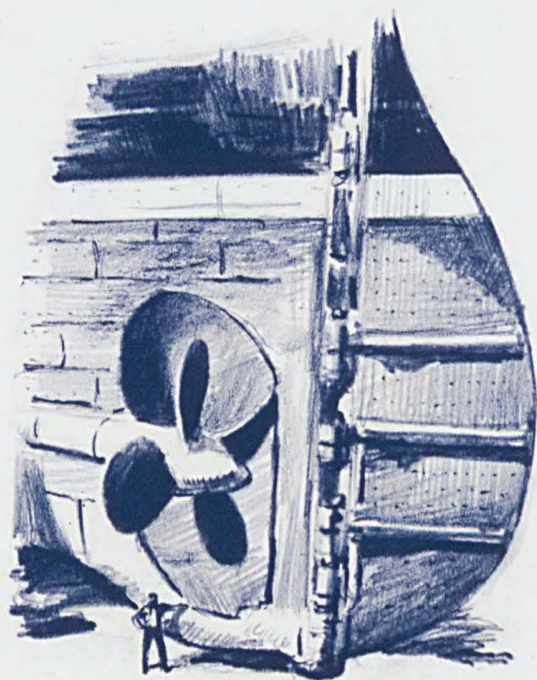
RAYMOND JOSEPH DOYER

RAZOR, RAY

*Superintendent's Honor List
Intramural Softball 1-4*

Now most of us will remember Ray as one of the bigger guys in the school, (not only because of the physical size of his punch but in his generosity as well). Ray always had a helping hand for everyone and a nature that won him many friends among our class. A guy with a great attachment to a certain girl named Judy, he could be seen every Friday heading, at first in his Merc and later in his big black Chev, toward home and his girl. His sizzling times to the Portland area were his trade mark during his stay at M.M.A.

Best of luck to you Ray from all of us in the Class of '64, may you make a success of yourself in whatever you do.



LUCIEN LEO DUMONT, JR.

"BIG LUKE"

*A-II Platoon Leader 4 Propeller Club 2-4
Junior Dance Committee Shore Patrol 3, 4
Intramural Sports 1-4*

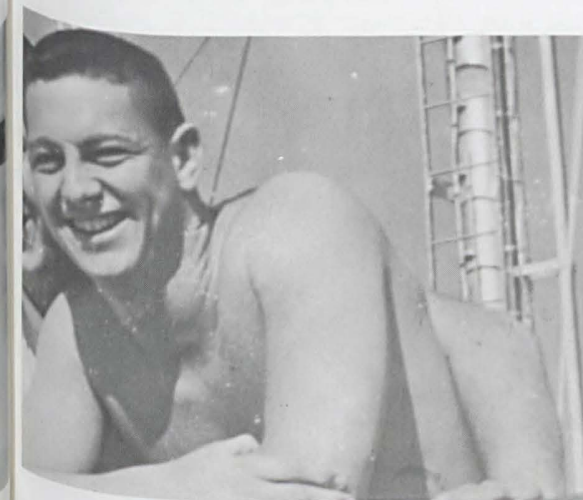
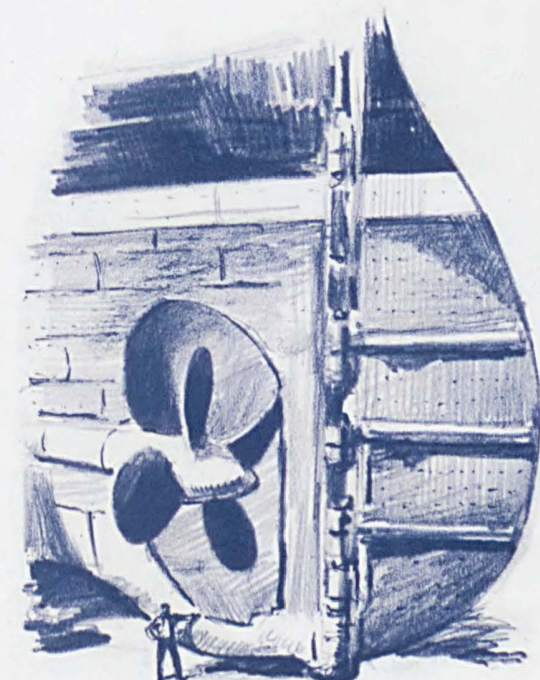
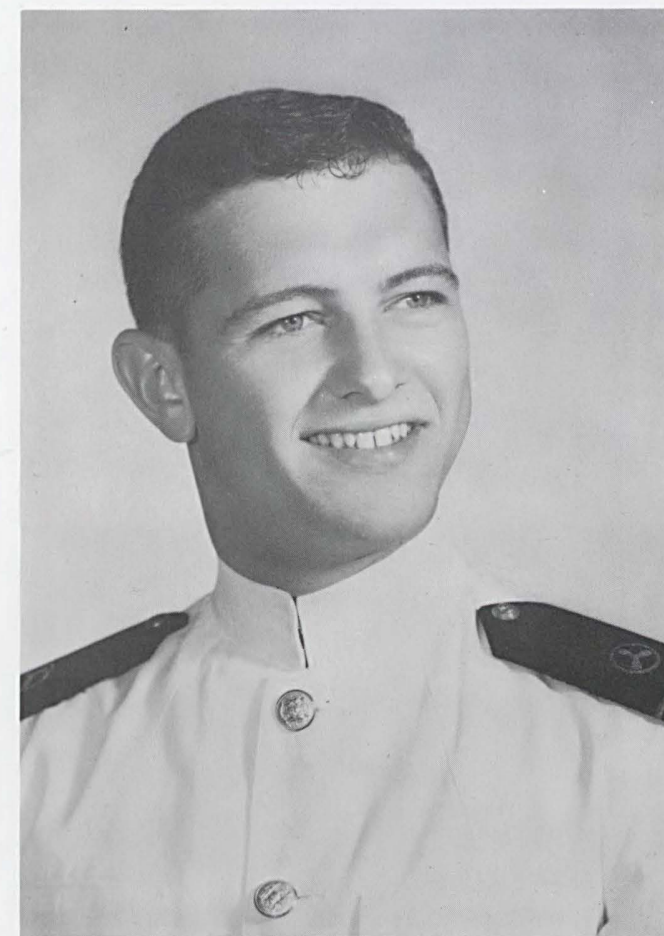
Who could ever forget the hours of torture that Lou went through his mug year in Room #10 (Forest & Val)?

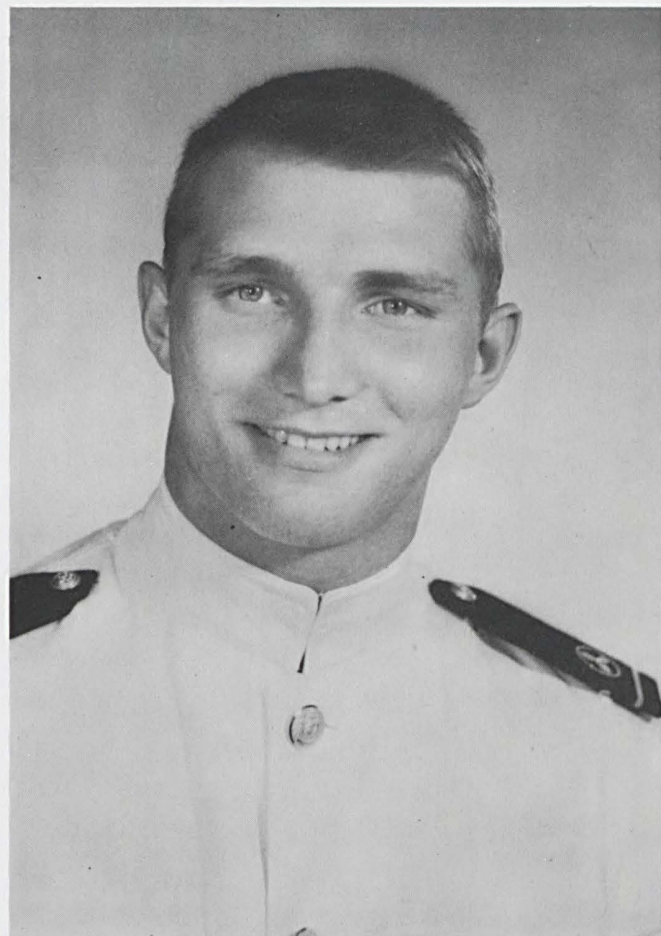
With our Freshman year over and the new mugs in, we all knew that Lou had learned his lessons well from Room #10. Lou and News could be seen bracing up mugs all over the campus.

With our entering into our Junior year, Lou picked up his nickname, "Big Luke." Come Friday and Saturday night "Big Luke" could be seen screaming into Nastyville with the M.O.B. filled so as to violate Coast Guard regulations. Then came the Junior Ring dance with Luna and Luke high pressuring us for our money. "O.K. pile in." When the moon was out you could be sure that "Big Luke" was around.

Finally our senior year and away went "Luke" and "Chuck" to "A"-Deck, Leavitt Hall. Luke a rate? He could be heard yelling all the way down to the Swiss Village. "Report to Mr. Dumont on the double."

We know that Luke will do his best in any thing that he undertakes.





KENNETH G. FAHRBACH

SHAKEY, SNAKE

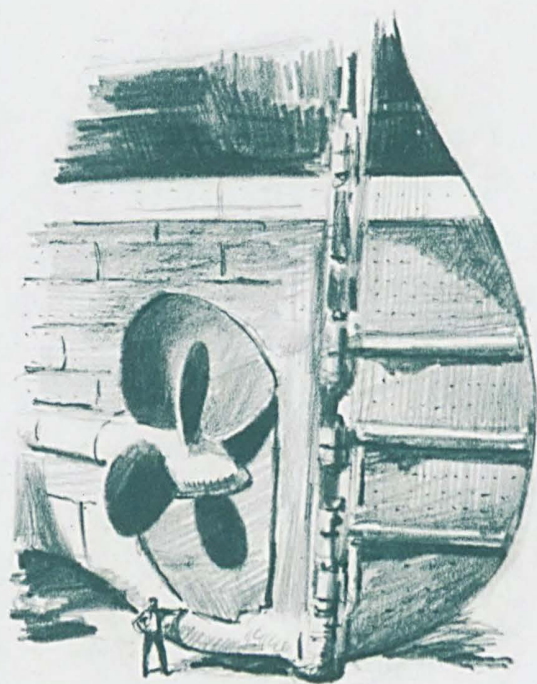
Football 1, 2 Band Guidon 3, 4 Rowing 1, 2
Intramural Football, Basketball, Softball 3, 4

Long Island's tribute to M.M.A. came to us in August of 1960. His winning smile and many friends have made him one of the most popular, and to say the least, most talked about Middies here at the Academy. Do you have an impossible feat? If Snake can't do it, then we will conceive that it's impossible.

During his stay with us, he only had one major problem: a certain 312 T-Bird. This fantastic piece of machinery died one day in March. Cleverly, he obtains a 312 Edsel and somehow fitted it into his "Bird". The entire operation took only days, about eighty-five to be exact. His record busting T-Sel will long be remembered by us, State police, etc. His quick trips home were appreciated only by his one and only, Ruth.

Snake will never be forgotten by any of us, not only as a garage expert, but as a notch engineer.

"Smooth sailing, Ken."



DANIEL NEIL FLEMING

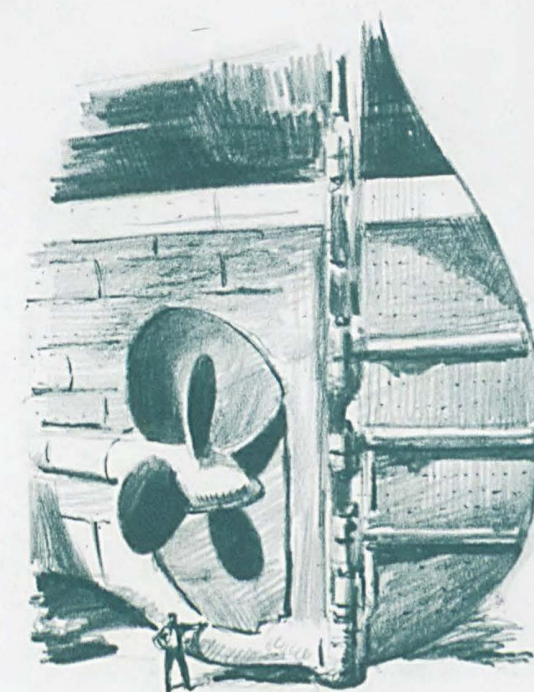
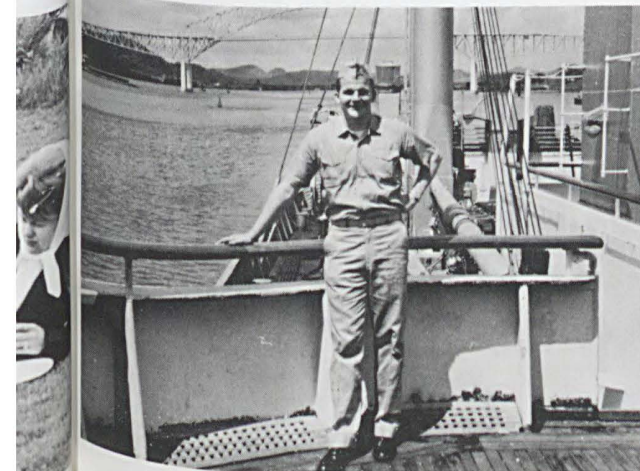
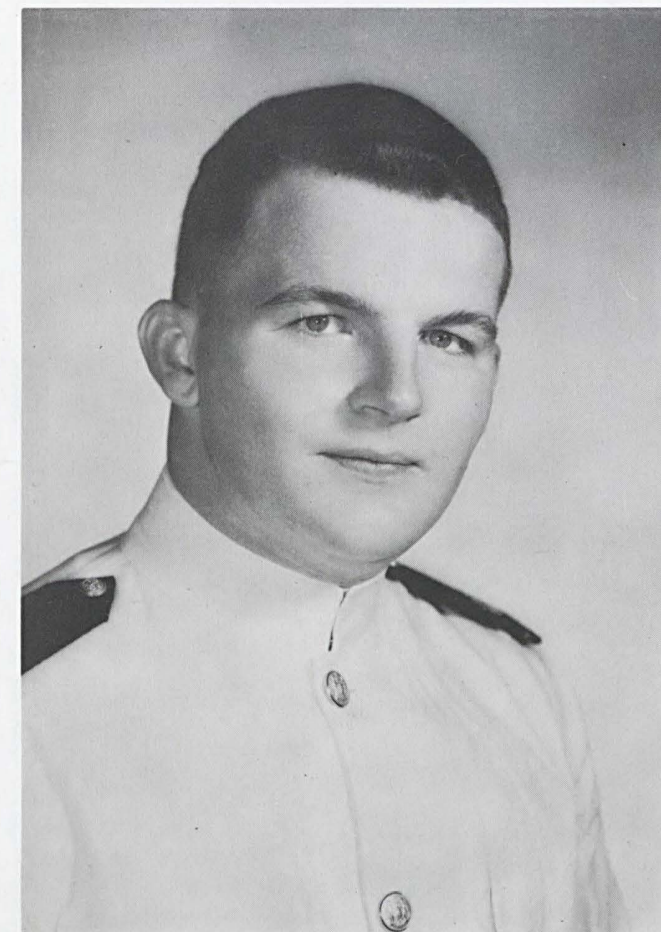
"UNCLE NEIL"

Superintendent's Honor List Steam Lab 3
Shore Patrol 3, 4 Intramural Sports 1-4

"Uncle Neil," as he was known to all of his fellow classmates, was one of the most likeable guys to ever go through M.M.A. Most of the time Neil could be found in the rack or over in sickbay getting a special signed to go to Brighton for a "Tune up."

During the first part of our freshman year Neil was the only Midshipman who everyone knew because it took Lloyd quite a few weeks to finally find him a uniform to wear. With his "Mug" year behind him, Neil began to excel in all aspects of the Academy life. You could always tell when he had something going because Neil could be seen either in Al's or in Mr. Lyle's office trying to con him into some "Shady Deal" regarding Academy equipment. During our senior year, Neil and Beinto lived in H-4. It came to be known as the "shadiest room" at the Academy.

Best of luck and smooth sailing Neil.





STANLEY ALDEN FRASER
"SCUZIN," STAN

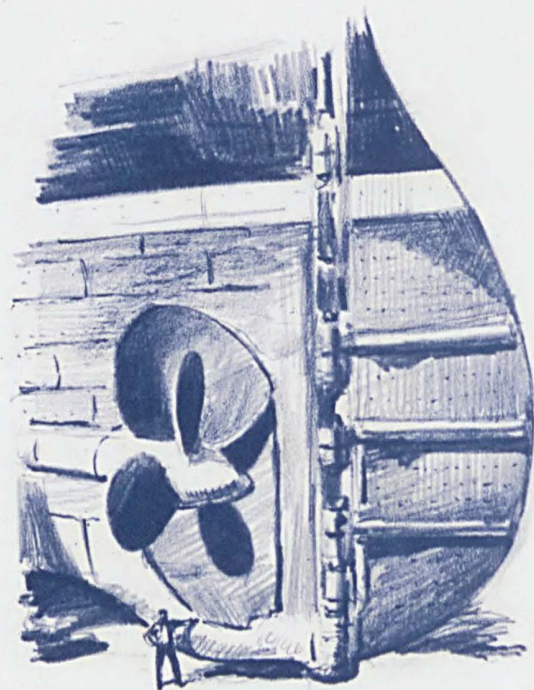
Band 1-4 Propeller Club 1-4
Intramural Softball 1, 2; Football 3, 4; Basketball 1-4

Stan came to us from a small town on the Maine coast. He will always be remembered for his warm personality and his humorous antics around the "campus." No one will ever forget seeing "Chester" hobble down the gangway morning after morning during the later part of our junior year, when he managed to get on the light duty list.

During his stay at the Academy he was active in intramurals and helped carry his section to the Basketball championship two years in a row. While playing in the band for four years, he set the pace in the first rank while playing the trombone.

During his first day (that well remembered one) at the Academy, by alphabetical coincidence he picked up a side kick that he was unable to shed for the entire four years. For some reason wherever there was Fraser there was Frink, and one without the other caused concern among all.

We all join in wishing Stan the best of luck and happiness in the coming years.



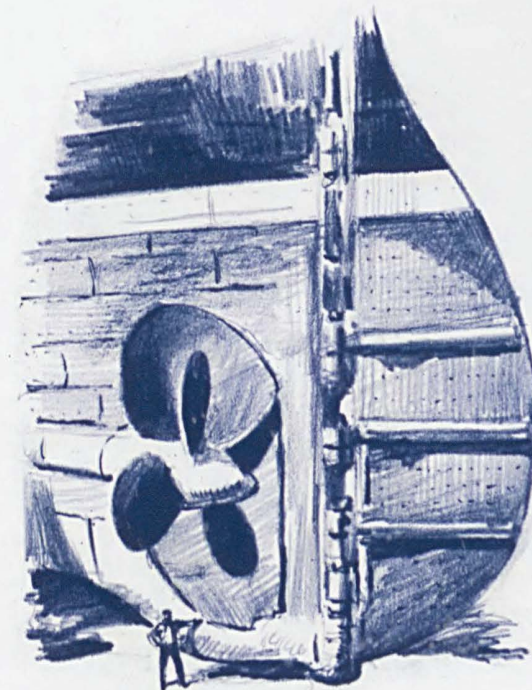
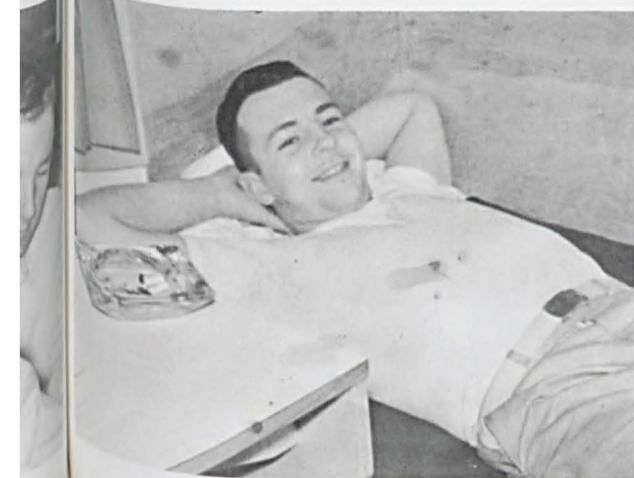
ARTHUR LYMAN FRINK
ART

Band 1-4 Propeller Club 2-4 Football 1
Intramural Football 3, 4, Basketball 1-3, Softball 1-3

In the late summer of 1960, Art made his appearance at M.M.A. It was a day remembered by all of us, and will never be forgotten. Art's first real impact from the Academy resulted in a broken nose during football practice. This, however, was only the beginning. A costly bill for a new set of cymbals was a feat accomplished by our one and only. And who can ever forget the Frink, Fraser and Connor trio in Beaumont, Texas?

We will always remember Art for his loud, choice comments in or out of the classroom. An individualist in many ways, he was well liked, and thought of by all as just a regular great guy.

There is no doubt in our minds that he is sure to succeed at anything he attempts. Best of luck Art, from the class of 1964.





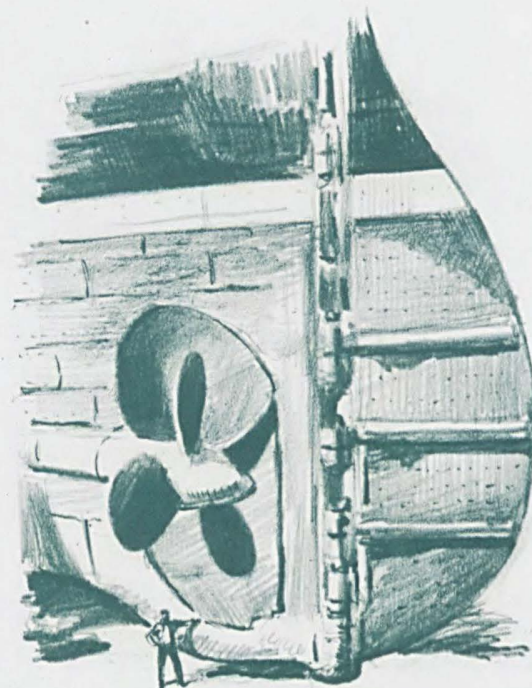
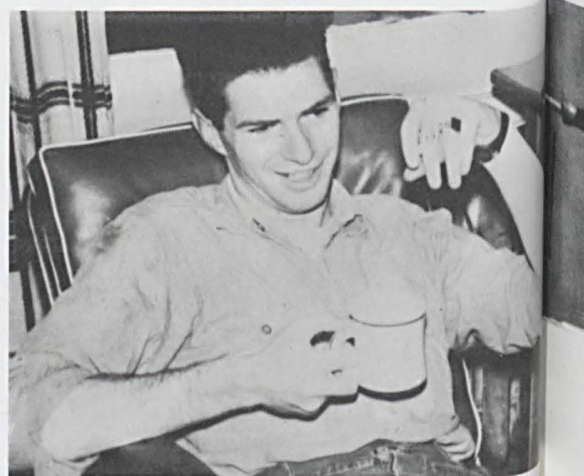
JOEL M. FULLER
"GENEROUS JOEL," SQUEEKS

Rowing Team 1-3 Yacht Club 1-4
Rifle Club 1-4 Color Guard 4

The class of '64 will always remember Joel and how he would cut corners on the way ups for the rowing team. However, with help they went down to the sea in boats. He came back with the International Lifeboat Rowing Race Trophy. For Joel the freest man year took the heaviest toll on his supply of Marlboros, that is probably why he has the largest collection of pipes. "Get Joel, how about a smoke."

There are several big questions the seniors of the class would like to ask you, about your car. Do you mix the water with the oil or does it use gas? How do you get the oil and Big Ben aboard, and where does it go to on a weekend? Some rumors had it that it travels to UNH.

Joel proved his professional skills as a night marauder on the cruise of '63, and are sure that his success in the future will be a reflection of his performance in the past.



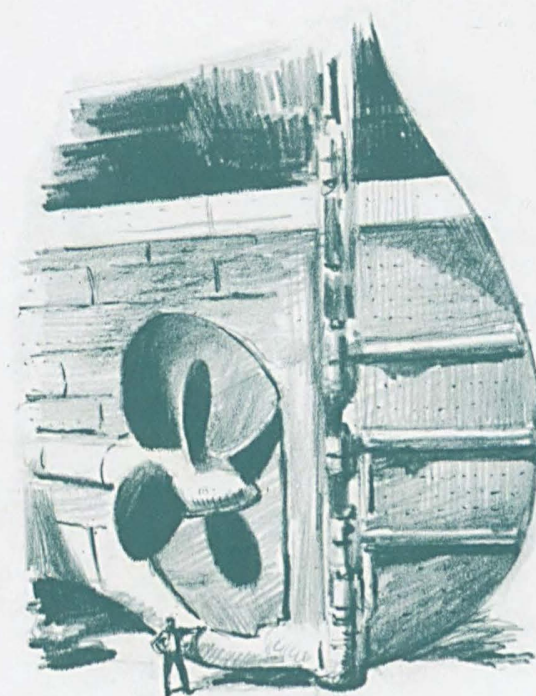
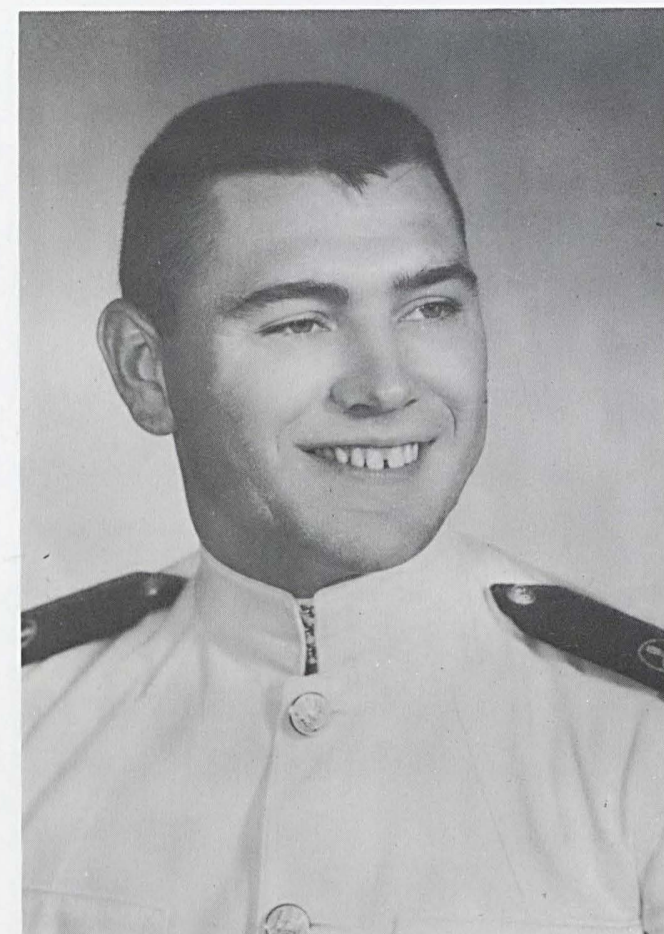
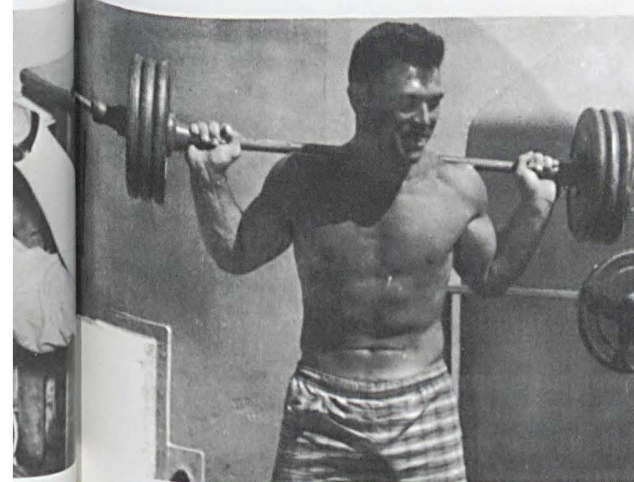
EMILE C. GIRARD, JR.
"BEVO"

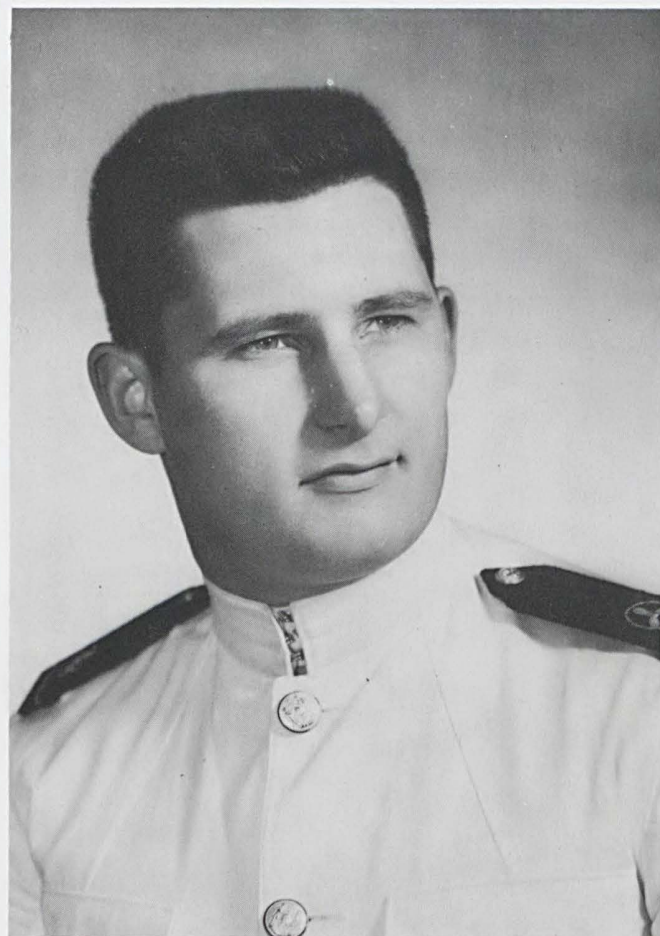
Football 1-4, Captain 3, 4 Rowing Team 1
Superintendent's Honor List 3
Intramural Softball, Basketball 1-4

Bevo will long be remembered as a hard hitting, hard-fighting, and sweet talking midshipman. He not only was captain of the football team for two years, but was the person everybody looked to when the going was rough. He is the perfect symbol for the saying "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." The middies will always miss your sweet-soft singing at reveille.

Remember the bird you caught in Mr. Brown's class? How about that Italian wine in Madeira? We heard you were planning on opening up chain stores on protein foods; you can depend on us for faithful customers. We'll never forget all the good times we've had together. Remember our sophomore homecoming? Keep working on that Latisimus Dorsi!

We, the middies, wish you the best of luck in the future, we know you'll make a good engineer and be of great help to any ship you sail on.





FREDERICK ANGELO GLEASON
"ANGIE"

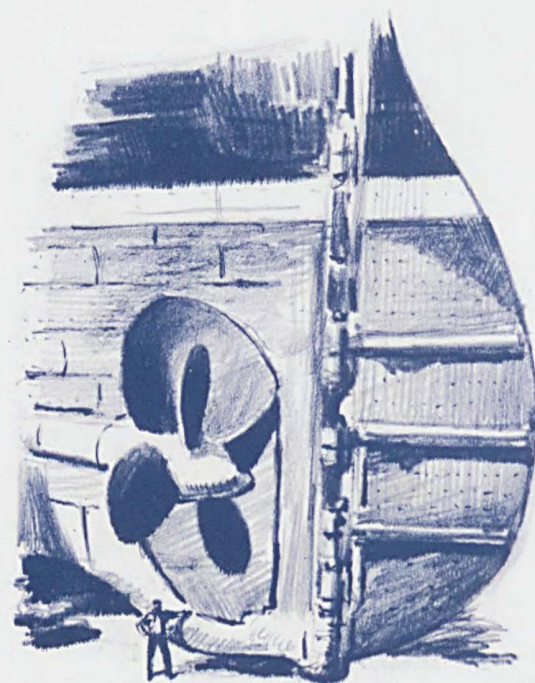
Football 1-4 Baseball 1-3 French Club 2
Yacht Club 2 Shore Patrol Helm 1
Intramural Basketball 1-4

Who's Fred? Why he's one of the most popular members of his class, and one who really is in love with life. The hard hitting center led the Academy's football force to four great seasons, and his heavy bat won the league title for the baseball squad.

Can't remember him not looking for a "fish" on Saturday nights. When the fella from Chelmsford gets together with two Portland sidekicks, watch out world! permanent trustee of Brighton Marine. Who the room at Leavitt Hall really a restaurant.

On the other side of the ledger, Fred is a competent engineer whose ability will never fail him.

Good luck and smooth sailing to one of the best men M.M.A. has ever produced.



RICHARD F. GRANT
SNORKEL, PIPES, MOLE

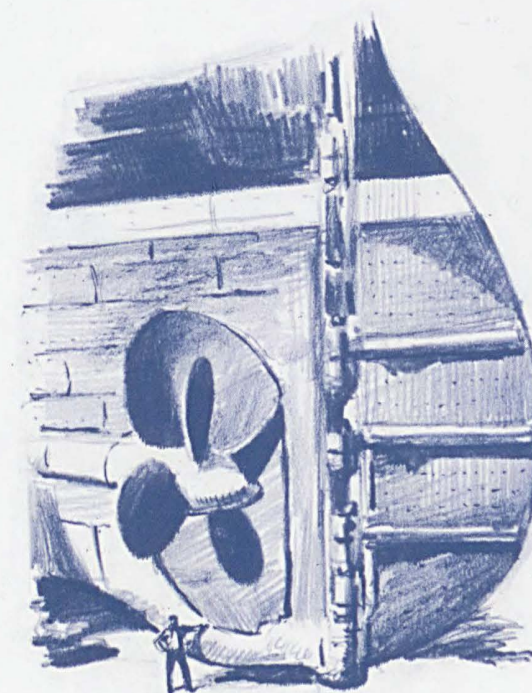
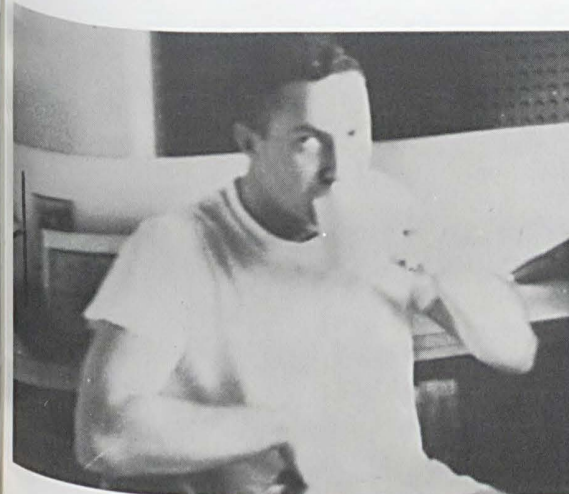
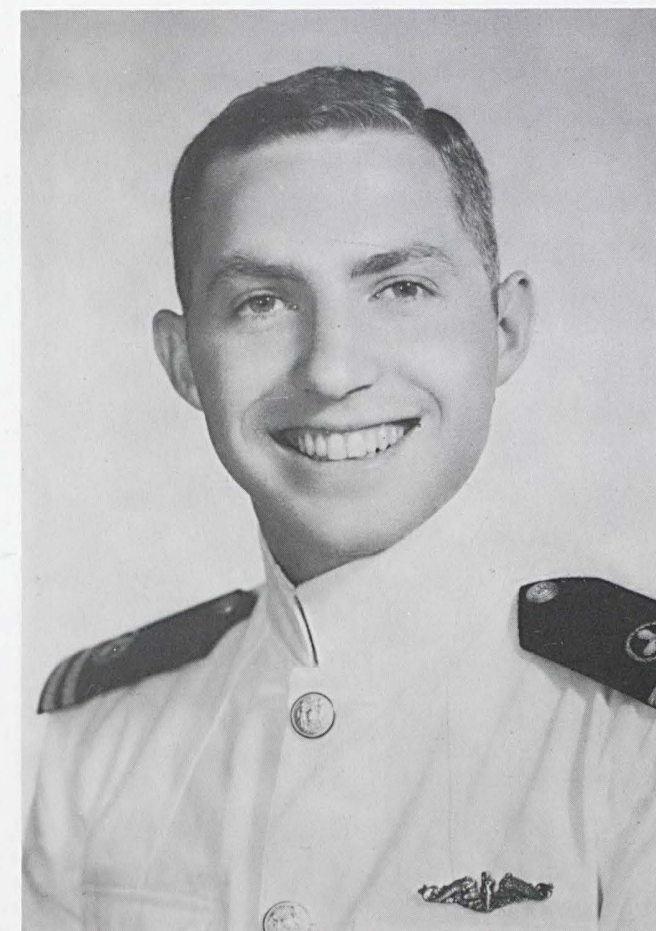
B Company Commander 3 Petty Officer 1/C 2
A Company Guidon 4 Intramural Rowing 1

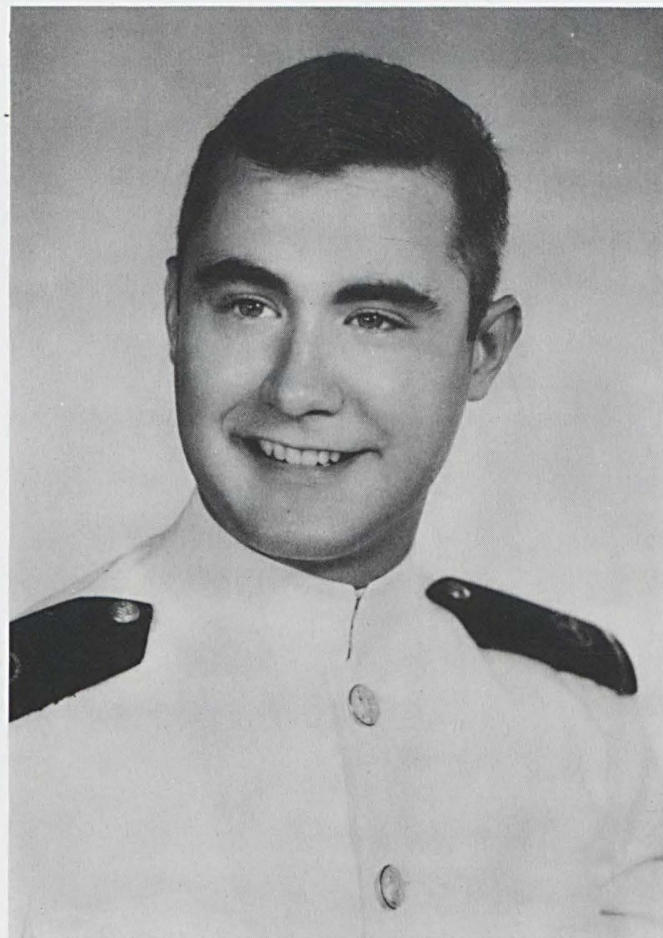
When our class entered in August 1960, Dick's Navy background caused him a great deal of trouble, but on the other hand he knew the ropes, and his knowledge of the ways of the military held him in good stead through the first trying year. Dick's bearing and manner naturally antagonized the upper-classmen, and he became the hardest working extra-curricular activity man in the Academy, as his trips to the boats, hot water room, and the butcher's train tank illustrate.

Dick became an "A" Company Petty Officer in our sophomore year and turned all the tricks he had learned on the new freshmen. He was the unqualified loser in every popularity poll taken among the freshmen.

Many of us will remember Dick's special knack for finding the "action," or if it wasn't there, he made it. Many of Dick's escapades established new records at the Academy.

Dick hopes to take his commission and go back into submarines, and then get married. Best of luck to you, Dick.





FREDERICK J. HALEY, JR.

FRED "MULATTO"

Chief Electrician 4 Safety Council 3, 4
Drill Squad 1-3 Intramural Football 3, 4,
Basketball, Softball 1-4

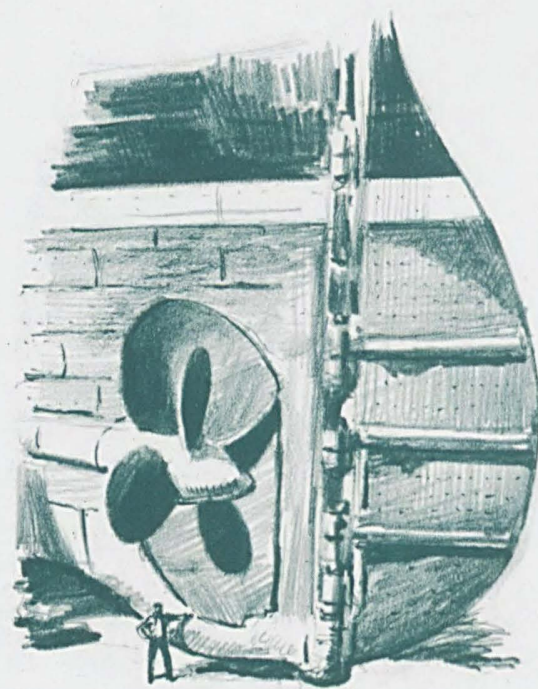
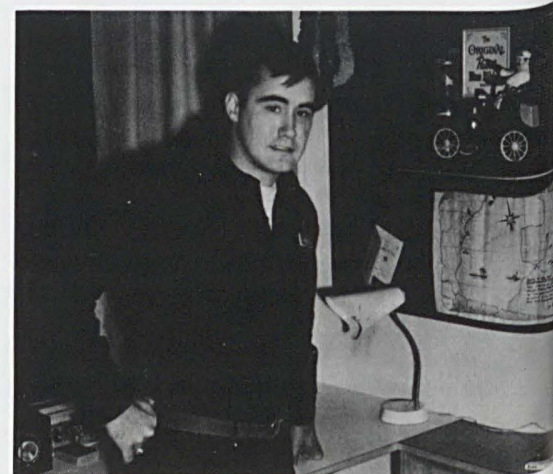
Superspook Haley will be remembered in our class as the guy with the year round suntan. Fred always managed to come back from our "Sunlane Cruises" a few shades darker than his nearest competitor. What are you going to do if they stick you on the North Atlantic Run, Fred?

While at school Fred has always been the squared away type. His talents weren't recognized until our senior year when he was appointed Chief Electrician. By the way, Fred, what's about the new dorms having A.C. & D.C. switches?

As a member of that infamous Portland crew, Fred was always there for the Liberty Muster and he'd try and keep the boys out of too much trouble. Well, we tried in Baltimore, didn't we Fred?

Freddie has always been a great competitor and he never stopped plugging whether in sports or in classes. We all know what a terrific guy he is and we're proud to have him as a friend.

Best of luck and smooth sailing from the Class of '64.



JOHN K. HARRIGAN

HARP, JACK

Trick's End Staff 3, 4 Yacht Club 2 Steam Lab
Rifle Club 3, 4 Intramural Softball 1-4

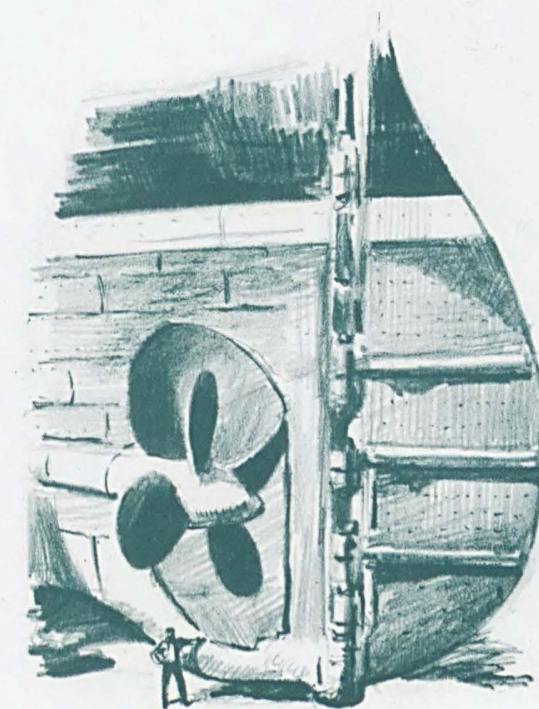
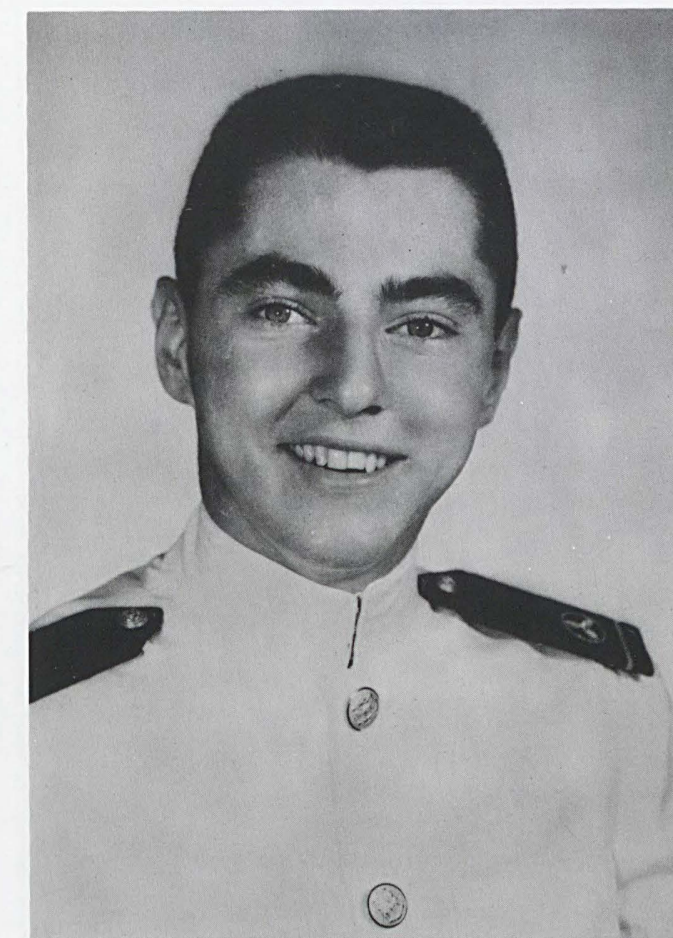
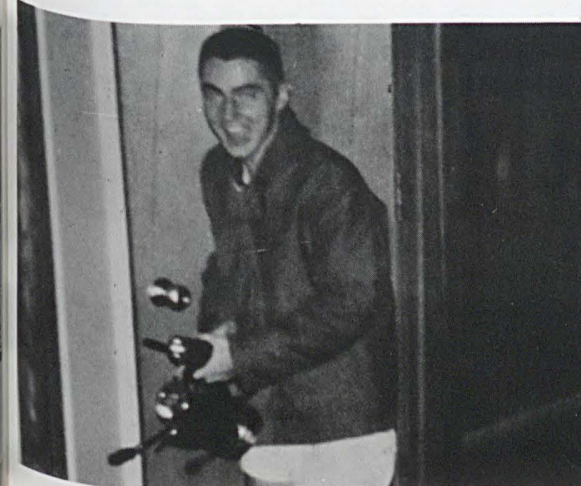
Four years ago a young man arrived in Castine from Massachusetts with an earnest desire to become a deep water sailor. Harp as he was known to his classmates is one of the finest guys that anyone would want to know.

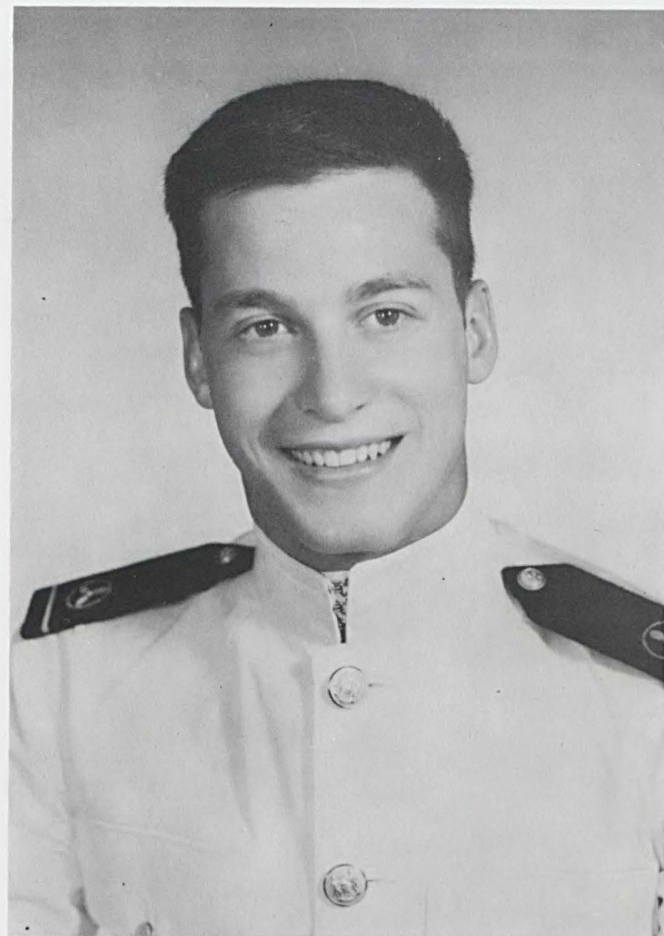
During the first few days of our Freshman cruise he could be seen feeding the fish from the main deck of the Old State of Maine wondering what ever made him decide to become a sailor. Harp made history during our Sophomore Cruise. He spent two weeks in C-deck fire locker quarantined with scarlet fever. Remember, Jack!

At the Academy, around dinner time, Harp could be seen promptly trodding up to Leavitt Hall calm, cool collective and 15 minutes late.

During our Senior Cruise Jack could be found in one of three places sun deck, mess deck, or rack. The triangle of Shades, Uncle, and Harp, shall always be remembered for negotiating of deals either aboard ship or on some poor shopkeeper.

The class wishes the shanty Irishman, the best of luck and smooth sailing wherever he may go.





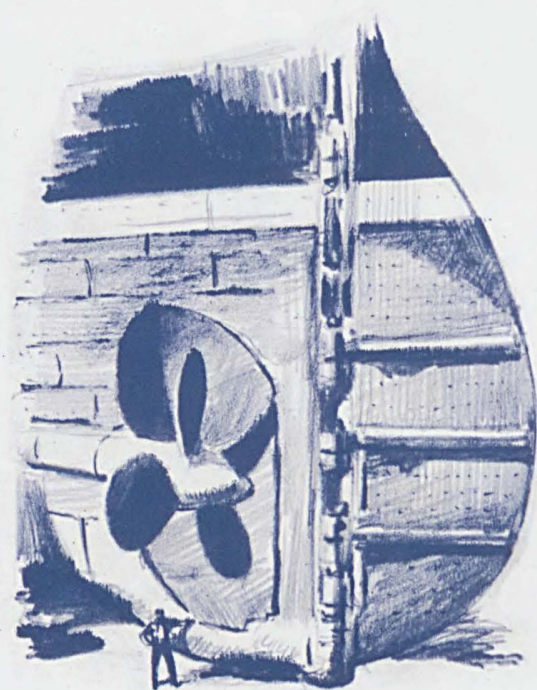
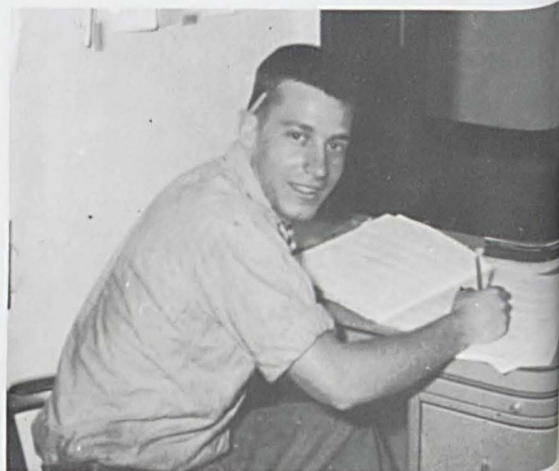
JIM HEBERT
FROG

A-II Platoon Leader 3 Propeller Club 1-4
Helm 1, 2 Dance Committee 1, 2
Superintendent's Honor List 1-3 French Club
Cadet Chief (cruise of '63)
Intramural Basketball, Softball 1-3

"Frog" was known to his fellow classmates as the tallest Middie, — 5 feet 5 inches in bare feet. He was truly one of the most outstanding members of his class. Jim, remember the time you fell out of the tree? They tell us they're really tough up there in Skowhegan, is that right? How did you always happen to get the cream of the crop at those dances in Notre Dame, Goucher, and Babadados!!! Oh!, by the way Jim, what did you lose in Bahia? Do you think you'll ever get it back?

All kidding aside, Jim has been the most determined and studious engineer of our class. He has the personality of a real true Frenchman, always having a kind word and a helping hand for anyone and everyone. We have no doubt that Jim will raise the name of M.M.A. to unparalleled heights in the field he has so nobly chosen. Good Luck and smooth sailing; we will surely miss you Jim.

Class '64.



WALLACE L. JEWELL, II
WALLY

Band 1-4 Intramural Softball, Basketball 1-4

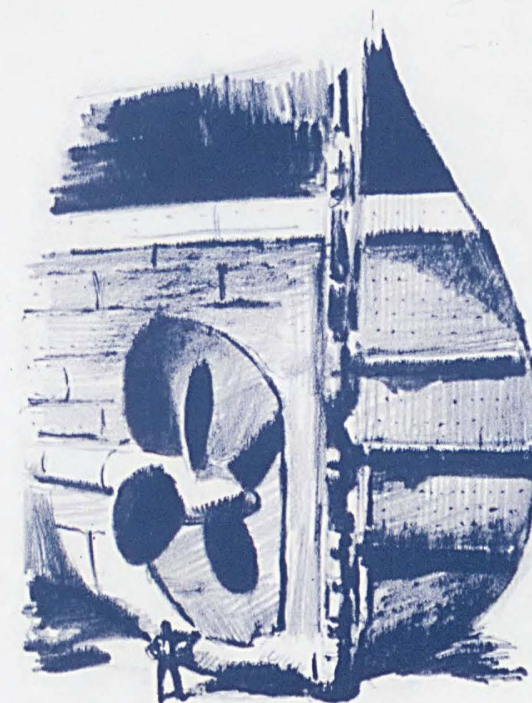
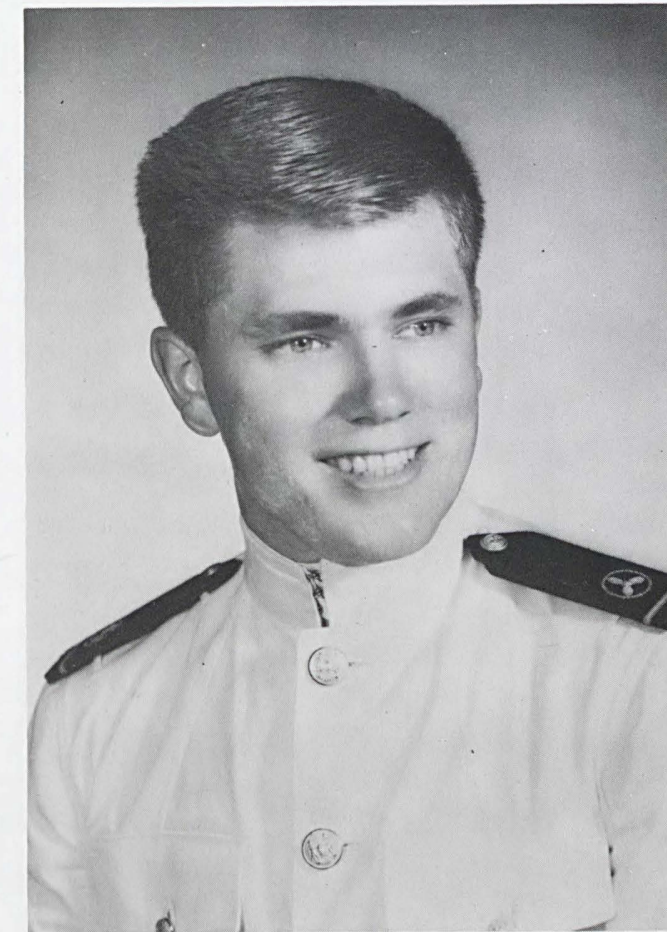
Wally, as he was known to his fellow classmates, brought with him a never ending sense of humor which always will be remembered even by the officers in the Naval Science Department. A truly likeable guy, who would always "Bend an elbow" to lend a helping hand in the trying times that we've encountered.

Remember our freshman year, when even the cadet captain complimented you as being associated with that well known "Gem" safety razor company. With this association you made an unprecedented seventeen dress rehearsals to head the liberty list!

We'll miss Wally's tales of his many romances with the elite ladies of the Pines. A Casanova in his own right who has known girls from Mexico to Caratunk, Maine. His well remembered parties had that "Call of the Wild" by his many friends.

We only hope we can float with this fluid engineer, if only in our many memories. The best of luck and smooth sailing.

Class of '64.





PETER H. JOHNSON
HOWARD

*Battalion Mess Officer 3 Propeller Club 2-4
Welfare and Recreation Committee 3, 4
Superintendent's Honor List 2, 3
Intramural Softball 2*

The weekend before classes started our 3/C year, a new guy entered our class from New York Maritime College. This was Pete. He quickly gained recognition as the only middle with a three hole paper punch, change for the coke machine, and having a peacoat with gold buttons. Not long after this shady beginning, Pete earned his gold stars and followed through by being named Battalion M.A.A.

Pete wasn't the type to run around during the academic year, but watch out on the cruise! One escapade was the commandeering of a Captain's gig and crew to take us to North Island. Pete, do you remember trying to decline the offer of 100 girls that a retired admiral arranged?

Pete's bean machine, coffee pot to you folks, holds the unofficial record for using 70 pounds of coffee, in one year's time. This record, of course, would not have been possible without the cooperation of the people that were bribed.

Best of luck, Pete.

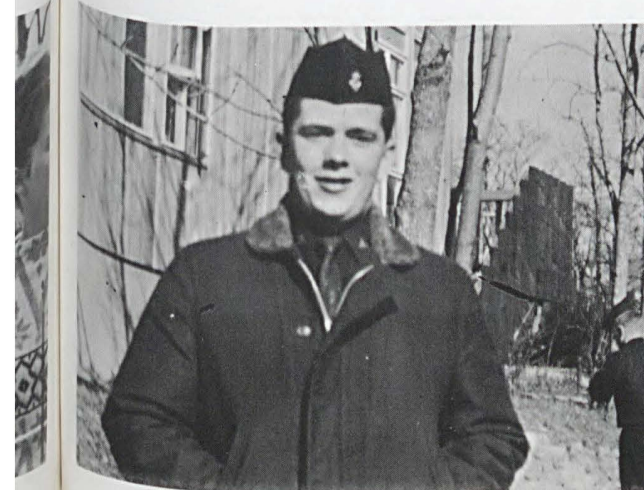
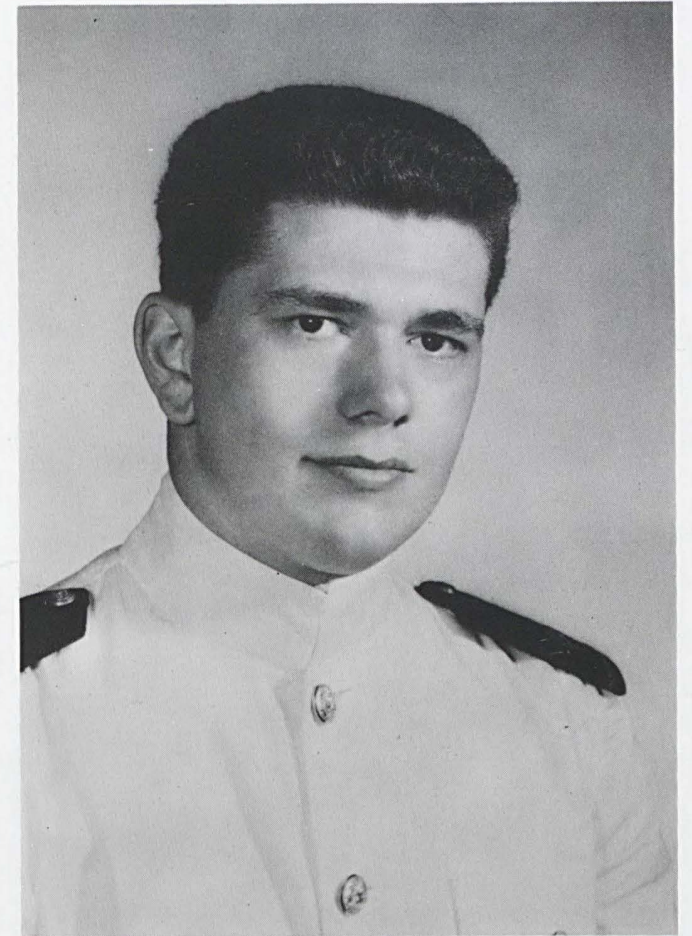


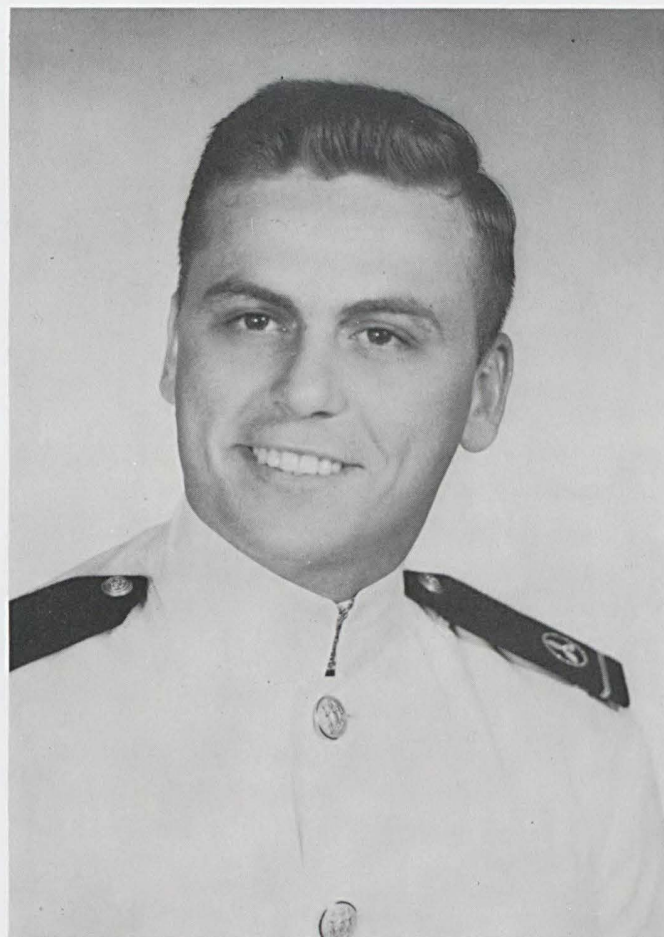
JOSEPH WILLIAM KIERNAN
JOE, KIERMANAN

*Yacht Club 1-4 Rifle Club 1-3
Intramural Football, Softball 1, 2*

Kiermanan as everybody knew, including Capt. Coffin, was a great collector of "most anything." He was a storehouse for all types of medicines, bandages, sugar jars, and bottles. However, despite all of the kidding about certain types of abrasive cleaning agents, Kiermanan always was of a jovial nature.

To this man, the best wishes of the class of '64 are extended. Smooth sailing, Kiermanan.





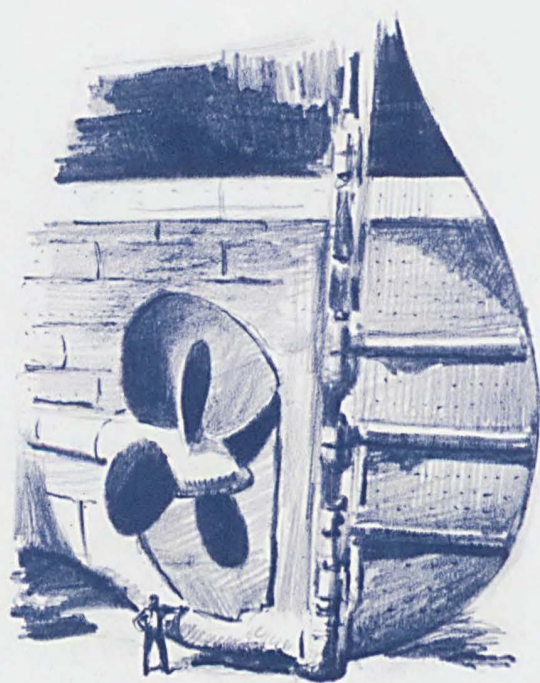
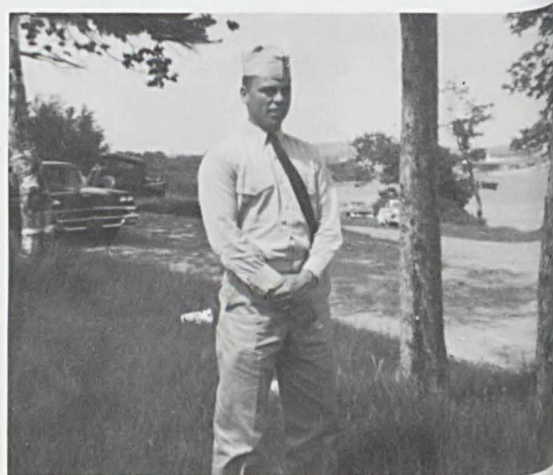
ALLAN W. LANEY
ABY, INDIAN

*Yacht Club 3, 4
Intramural Softball, Basketball 1-3*

Aby, as he is known by his classmates and friends, will always be remembered as the great white hunter. He was usually seen jaunting off weekends with that musket on his back. One charge with the dust, smoke and debris would literally scare the deer to death. It wasn't unusual for you to see the dear starry-eyed.

Here at the Academy you could always recognize him by his wide grin. Classmates would always ask him how the Indians were in Skowhegan. Aside from this he is all work and has the desire to get ahead in life. He is a conscientious believer in the books and what is contained in them. This past year very often you would see the night light burning. Aby will be one of our better engineers.

Best wishes by the class of '64 in hoping that he has success and smooth sailing.



JOHN F. LINDLEY
Pod

*Drill Squad 1
Intramural Football 4, Basketball, Softball 1-3*

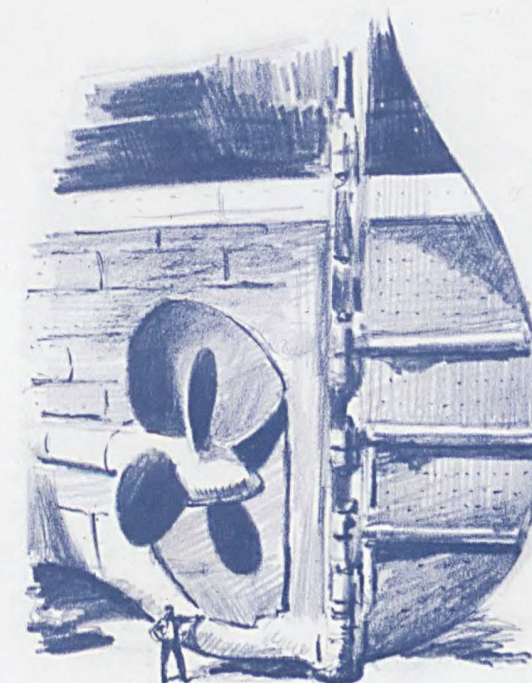
John, or "POD" as he was known, came to us from Melrose, Massachusetts the center of all great happenings.

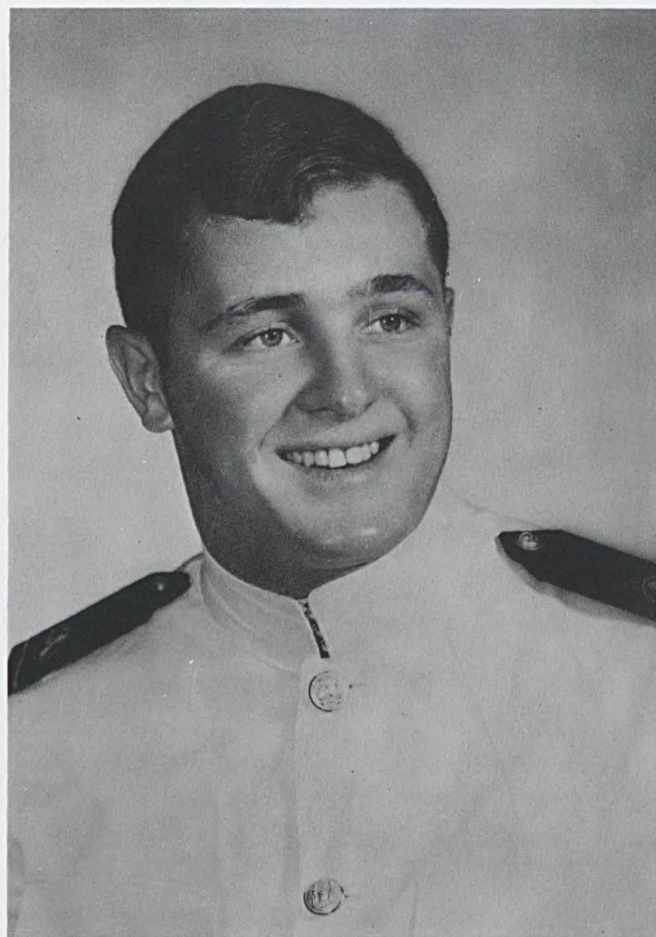
It seems as though John must have had a United Press teletype machine hidden in some secret spot, because he always had the latest news in complete detail, with hardly ever a flaw. John could always be found where a gathering was in progress doing his duty keeping people informed.

Classes on Friday were a mystery to him, he was always seen leaving with luggage in one hand and a special in the other.

John's a great guy and everyone enjoys his company. He takes a lot of ribbing and can give in return.

Best of luck to you John from the entire Class of '64.





PETER PAUL LOMBARD

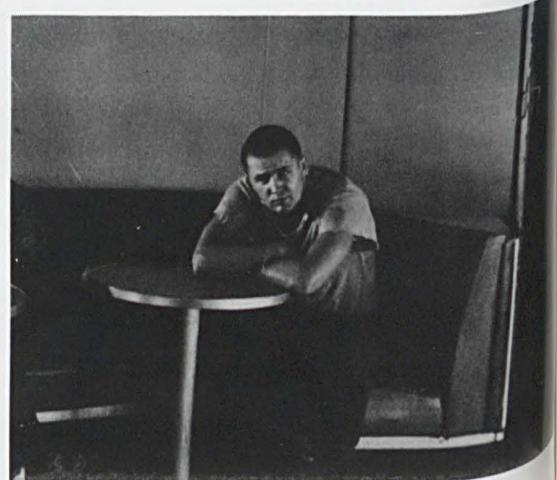
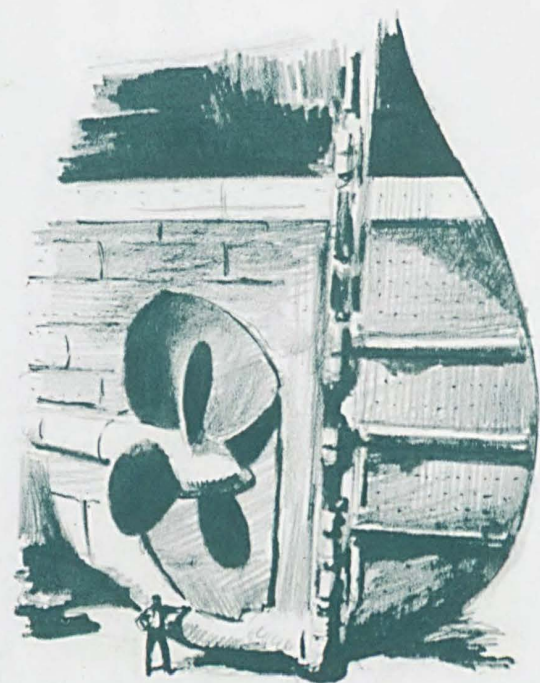
MOOSE, MARIO, ROOT

Projectionist 1-4 Business Staff Trick's End
Intramural Softball, Basketball 1-3, Football 1, 2,

Moose is the big fellow from the small sinkable island of Nahant. You could always count on Pete for coming out with a witty comment about someone, but he was equally ready to receive one in return. It seemed every time you looked down the road, Moose would be on his way south on a special.

Mario gave us many laughs about his many hours spent in the Bayside with the Massachusetts Boys. He would always be seen driving the best in the way of automobiles, especially the Green One.

This man will be remembered for many years at M.M.A. as being a great guy. The Class of '64 wish him the best of luck in everything that he attempts. With a personality as great as his, he can't go wrong.



GEORGE PATRICK LUDDY

BENITO

Trick's End Co-Editor 3-4 Shore Patrol 3, 4
Chief Gunners Mate 4 Supt's Honor List 3

George will be remembered to our class by his many names. Among some of the very appropriate ones were Benito, Shades, and Paladin.

The boys from Massachusetts will have a hard time forgetting the many wet runs home in the "Bird."

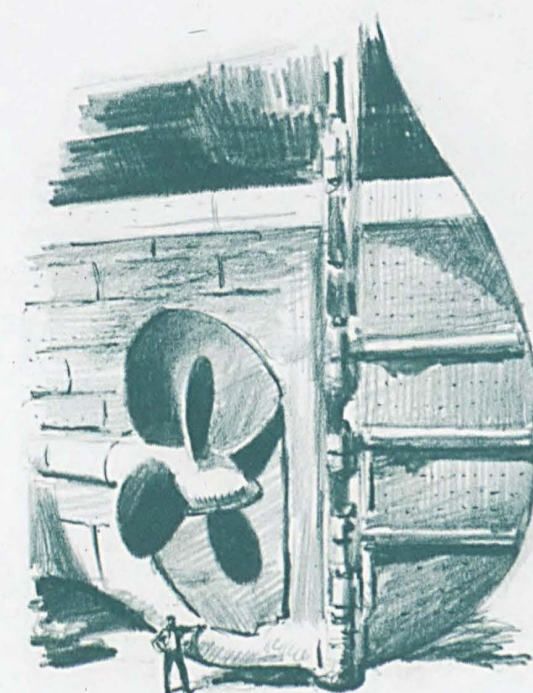
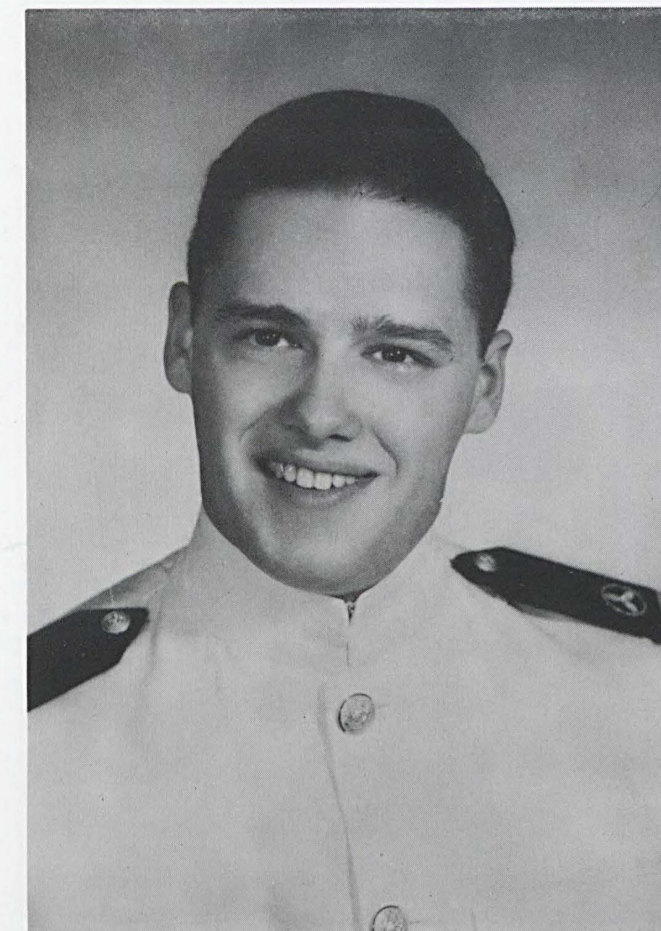
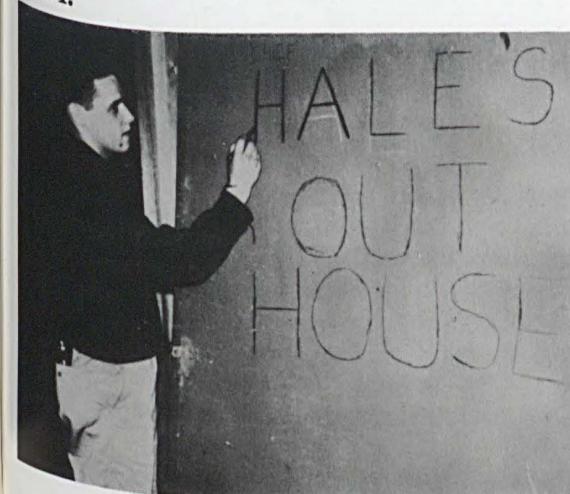
Benito got tangled up with a different type of animal in New Orleans. "George, which bites harder, monkeys or termites?"

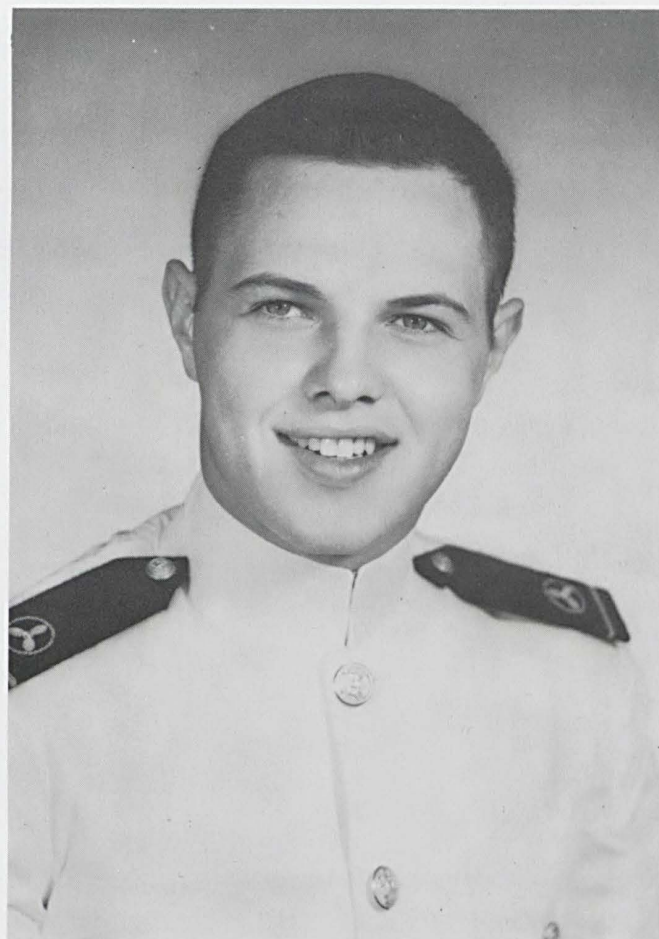
By the way George, what's the rumor we hear about your coming back to Castine in a few years to teach Machine Shop, or is it to work in the tool crib?

George could always be counted on for a good laugh and a shady deal with the flashlight, keys, and roommate Uncle Neil on hand, after hours.

As co-editor of this yearbook for the last two years he did a terrific job not only on the book but managing to get weekend liberty 0900 Friday morning for first call at the "Sail Inn."

Good luck to a great guy and good engineer with smooth sailing from the Class of '64.





RICHARD D. LYNCH
"BAMBA"

*Football 1 Business Staff Trick's End
Dance Committee Glee Club
Intramural Softball, Baseball, Football 2-4*

Bamba, as he was known by his classmates, was one of the younger members of the class. Needless to say, we never let him forget it.

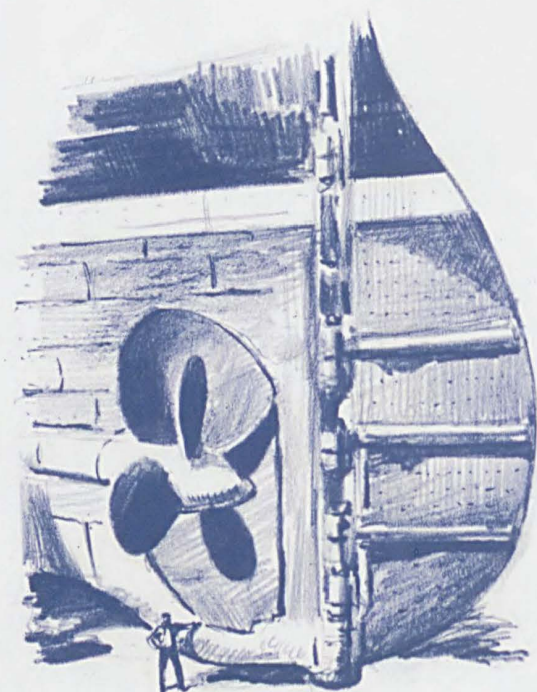
We often thought of running a contest for the cutest Middie on campus, but resigned the idea when the kid from Medford convinced everyone that he would win hands down.

He has charmed many a female in the various ports we have been to. I think the ones in Balboa and Madeira will remember Dick without a doubt.

His escapades extended also to the fine town of Castine, where he spent many summer nights displaying the charm that only he possessed, to one of Castine's finest. Well, Dick, we all can't be Casanovas.

Bamba always did well in the classroom. He could comprehend anything in a matter of minutes, which is one of the secrets of success while at the Academy or any other place.

Good luck and smooth sailing to a great guy.

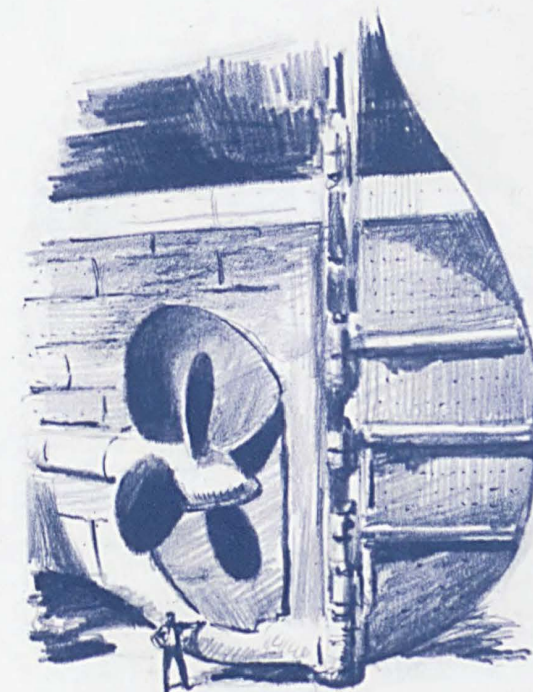
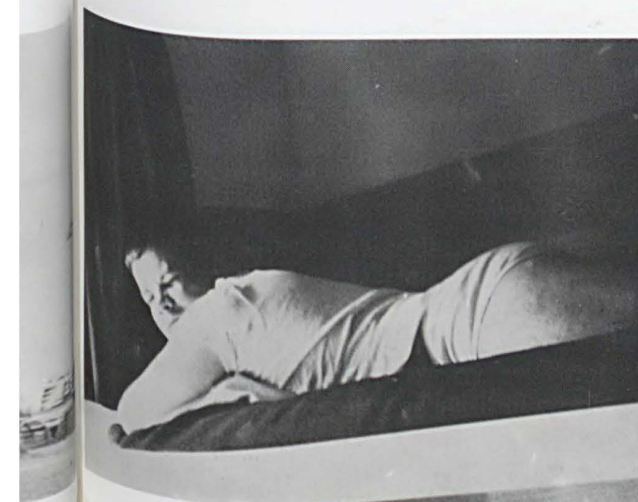


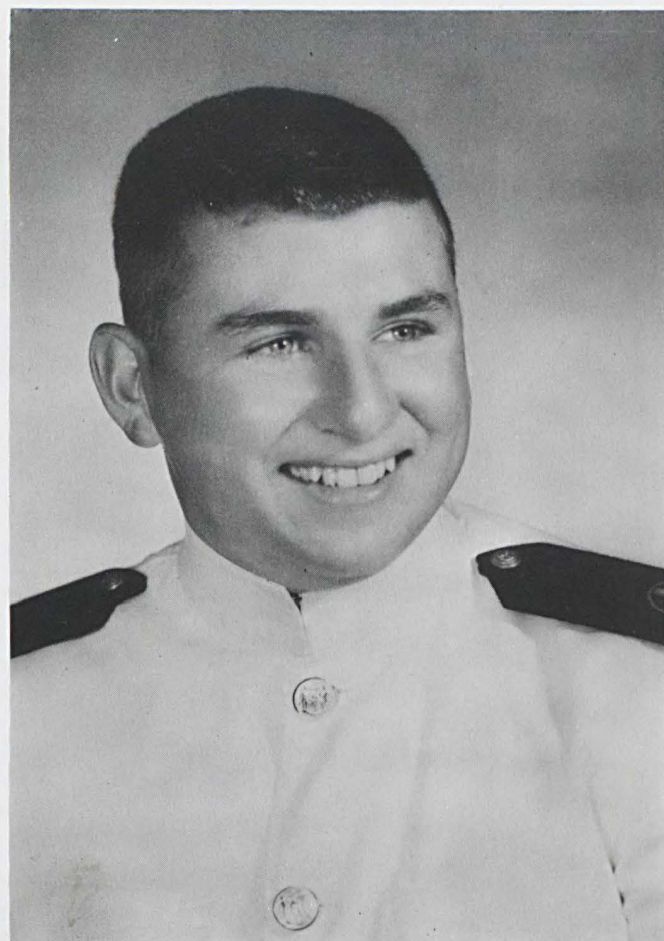
PAUL MANNING
"RHINO"

Intramural Softball 3

The "Rhino," as he was known to just about everyone at the Academy, will not be easily forgotten by any of his classmates. Paul never went in for sports and the only rate he had was "tank commander." He was one of the loyal supporters of the U, and made many trips there. He had an uncanny way of disappearing on Thursday afternoons. "What formation!"

If anyone wanted him for anything, the first place they looked was his rack. He was usually found there. Yet, he could usually answer any questions on engineering subjects and knew the plant cold. The way he would rather "bum" home instead of taking a ride puzzled a lot of guys, but that, then, was just "Rhino." He says he won't get married, but just in case, everyone is invited to his wedding. Paul will be remembered for his ways, foolish or not, and we are sure he will make a great chief engineer, someday. Good luck, "Rhino."





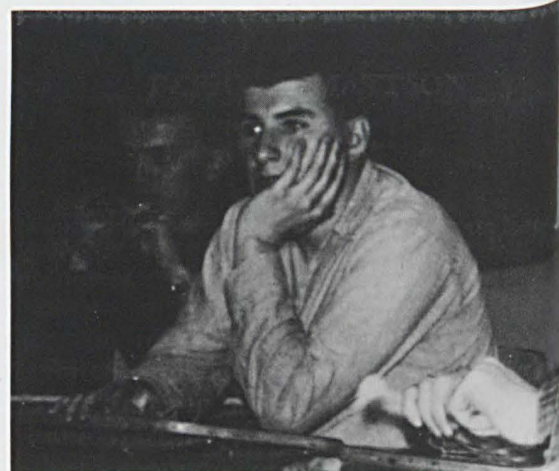
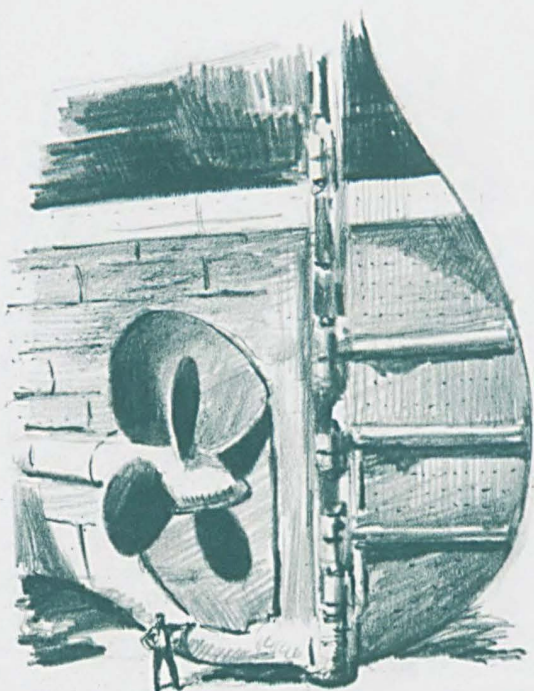
PERRY A. MATTSON
BUTCH

*D Company Commander 4 B-II Platoon Leader 3
Baseball 1-3 Propeller Club 2-4
Intramural Football, Basketball 1-4*

Butch came all the way from the big town of Bucksport to take his place among the fine Maine Maritime Academy engineers. A real "liberty hound" he could be seen headed home on Friday afternoon for some of that good chow he talked about.

Not known for his hitting ability in baseball, he has hit one of the longest home runs at Ritchie Field which he said he did by closing his eyes.

A top notch student and a fine engineer, he is destined for the sea and a credit to his class and to the Academy. Best of luck to you Butch and smooth sailing.



JOSEPH RICHARD MORAN, JR.
"BIG JOE"

*Football 1-4 Class President Helm Staff 1
Propeller Club 2-4 Student Welfare Committee
Shore Patrol Superintendent's Honor List
French Club 2 Intramural Basketball, Softball 1-4*

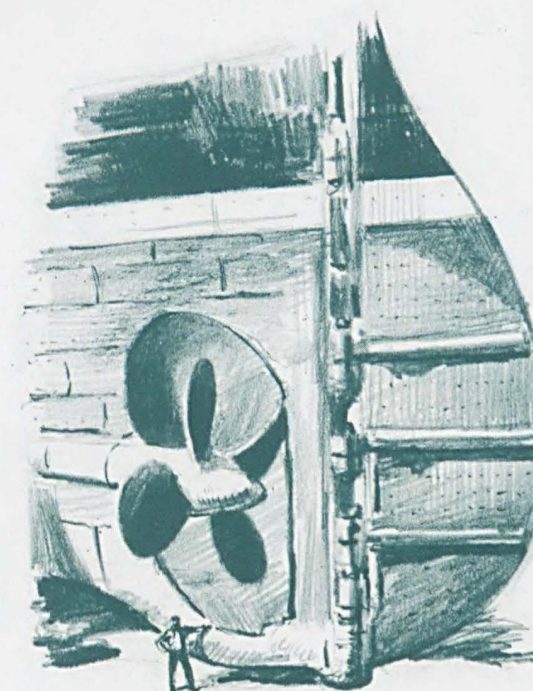
From the first day Joe walked in as a "Mug," he began a new legend here at the Academy. During indoctrination he managed never to starve, with all his smuggling abilities.

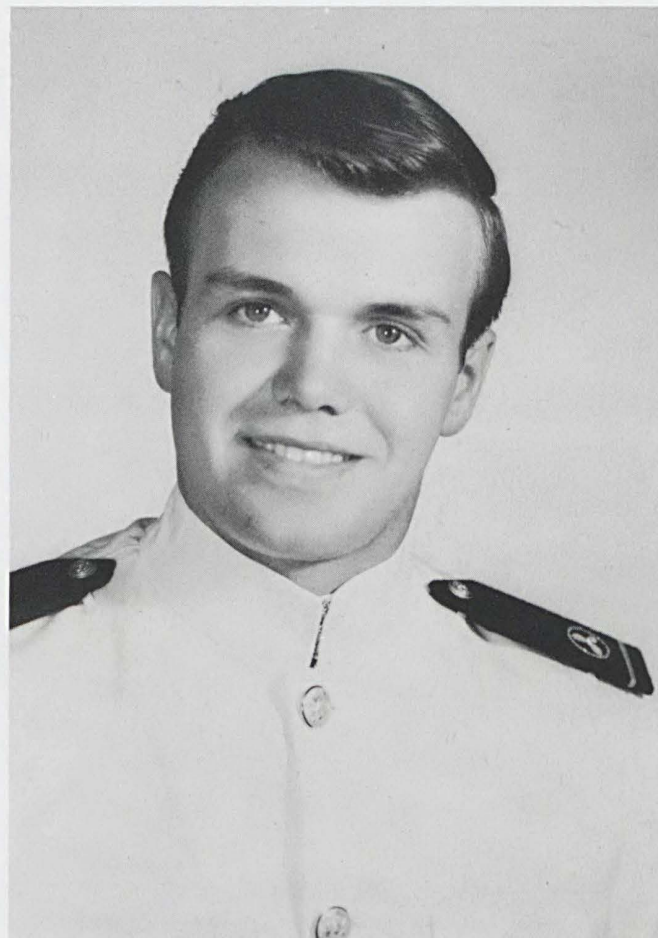
Big Joe is probably the best authority on the N.F.L., and speaking of football, he is no slouch on the gridiron, as he was a four year starter for Davis.

Joe's personality and good humor, which have made him so popular on Munjoy Hill, as well as with his classmates, have also earned fame around the Fort Kent area. He even has friends in Tijuana, right Thib?

There was never a dull moment in Beaumont when Big Joe and Big Luke got together to set all those records. As class president, he kept the corruption out of our class in fine style.

A Superintendent's list student, and fine engineer, Joe will go a long way in life. Best of luck, "Big Joe."





DAVID C. MOREY

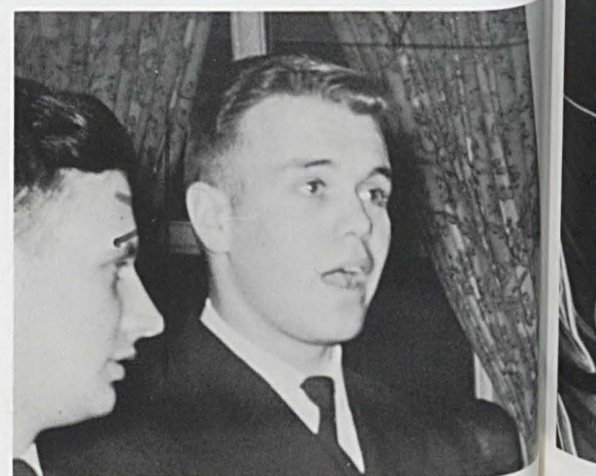
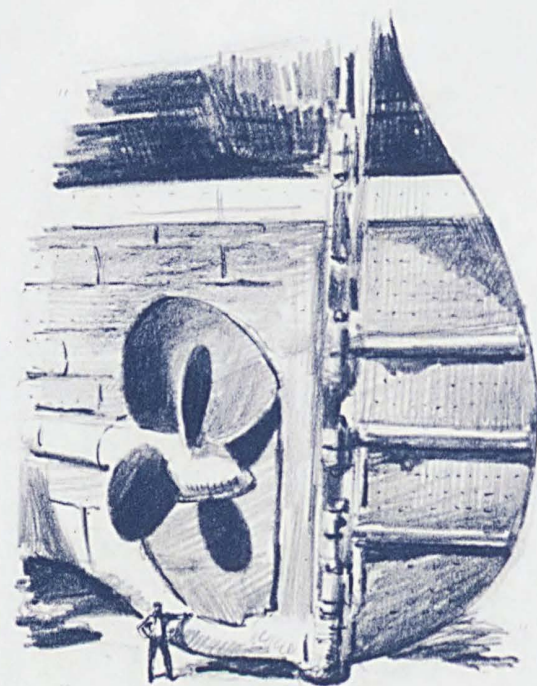
WEIGHTS

*B-II Platoon Leader 4 Laundry 1-4
Propeller Club 2-4, Treasurer 3
Drill Squad 1 Color Guard 3*

In looking back, Dave will be remembered most at morning inspections and other matters that were taken when work was involved, because beside his name you would always find the word "laundry." As his classmates, we are all proud to say, that we are pretty sure that no one will ever surpass his record of missing inspections for three years.

During the afternoons you would have found Dave either up at the gym in "weight room," or at the machine shop working on one of his many projects.

We all wish you the best of luck, and know you will succeed in whatever you attempt.



ROBERT K. MUNCHBACH

MUNCHY

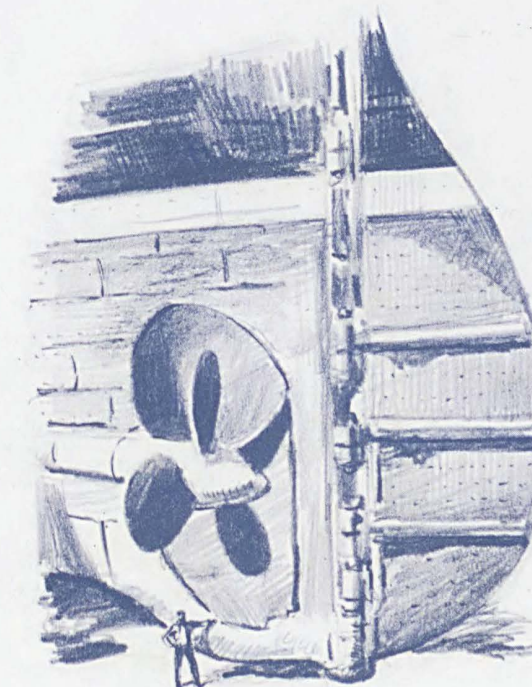
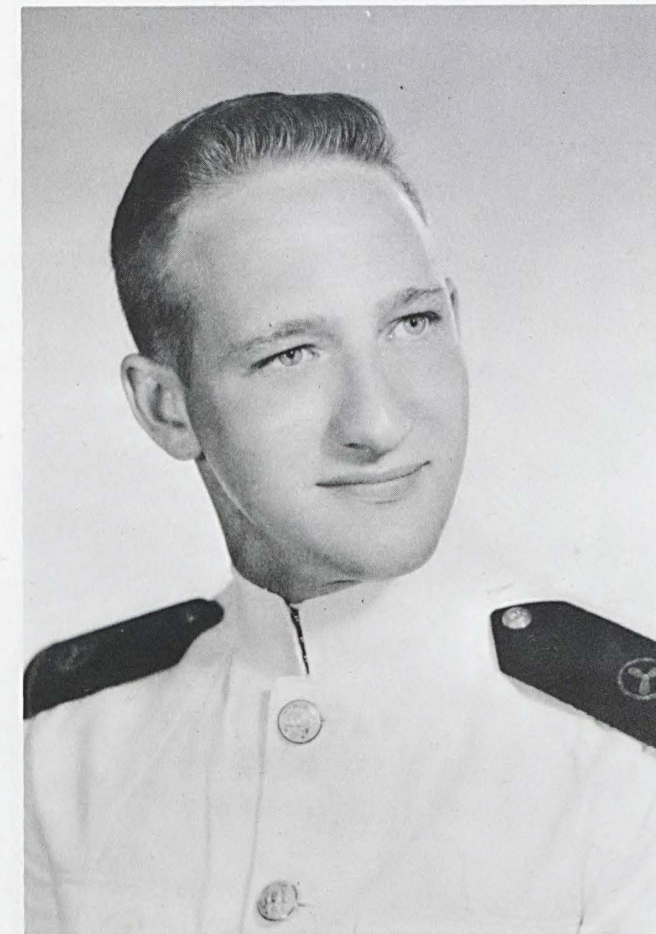
*Regimental Mess Officer Yacht Club 3, 4
Chief Engineer Ruthel 3, 4 Band 1, 2*

It's a diesel, no, it's a bus, no, it's "Munchy!" It is no doubt the words diesel and bus will always remain with us as being synonymous with "Munchy."

Time and time again, a tremendous roar could be heard on the dock area, resembling that of a barrage of motorcycles drowning out even the annoying rattling of the chipping hammers. Have no fear though, it would just be "Munchy" warming up the Ruthel.

He's a likeable guy, being soft spoken, with an easygoing manner. Around the Academy, his traits were that of reading good informative literature, and having a yen for knowledge of many varied subjects. He enjoys semi-classical music as well as spending a good deal of his time at home with other interests. For this reason, he could be seen heading south, whenever the opportunity was at hand.

Along with his mascot, "George the Zebish," which could be seen hanging by its feet (or nose) from some conspicuous spot in his room, and his earnest desire to accomplish his goal, we're sure he'll always be a credit to his endeavors. Maybe someday you'll see it advertised, "Take a bus, and leave the driving to 'Munchy'."





THOMAS A. O'DONNELL
TODD

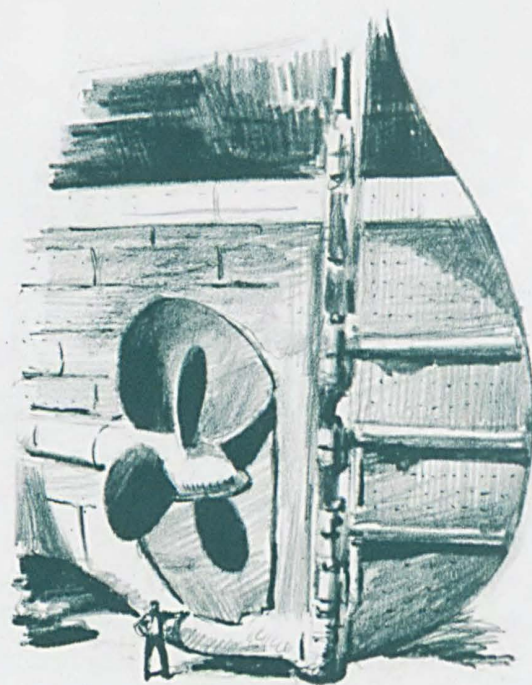
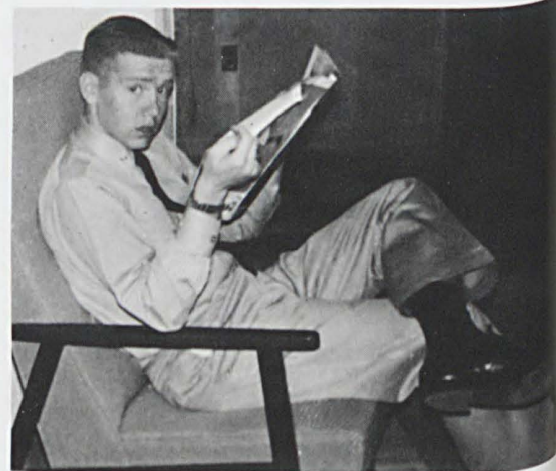
*Propeller Club 2-4 Dance Committee 3, 4
Trick's End Picture Staff 3, 4 Steam Lab 3
Rifle Club 3 Intramural Softball 1-4*

Tom's friendly smile will always be remembered in the years to come by his classmates. As an entering mug of two hundred healthy pounds, Tom found indoctrination a pleasant memory. Any comment, Todd? However it wasn't long before Tom became the center of attraction with his personality and contributions to the class.

What happened to the infamous "punch bowl" of room 26? Once a year the red head appeared on the scene to check on Todd. A favorite student of Freeman G. Pluff's, he was often seen on the rampage with the Cumberland County Crew.

In the early days of the year 1963, Tom spent time in shipyard for overhauls. It wasn't long before Tom rejoined the gang in San Diego. However, recovery seemed to be rather slow. It was heard everywhere "Tom went tourist."

The Class of '64 will long remember the wide-eyed smiling Irishman. Without doubt Tom will go on to great heights as chief engineer and it's a known fact that many decades from now Tom will be the last one to let any associates of his down.



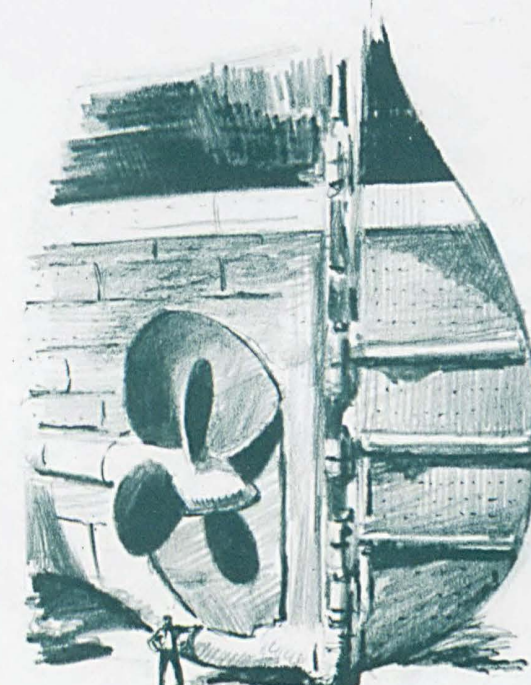
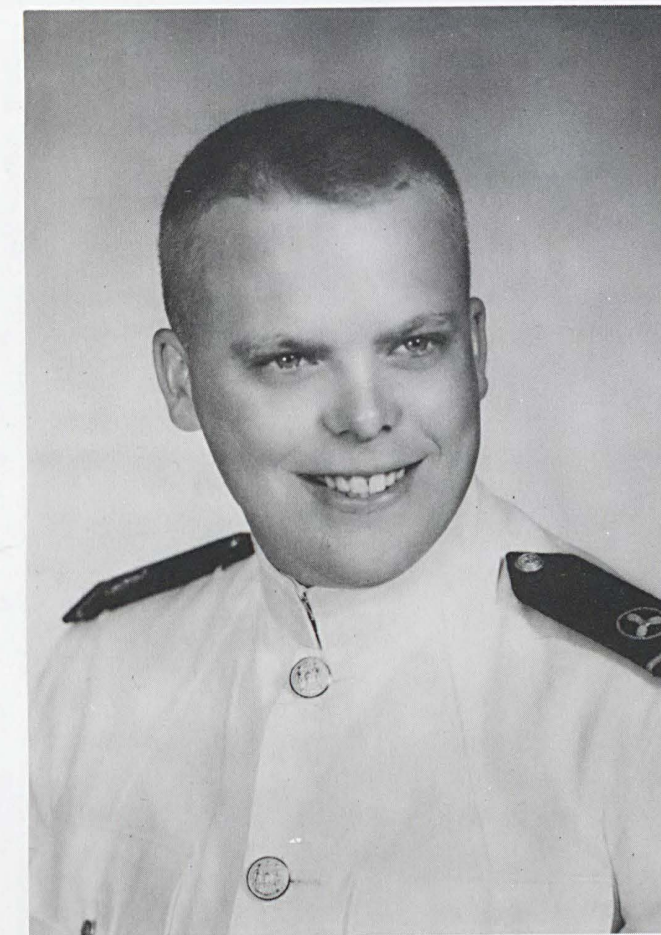
ROBERT A. PAULSEN
DUNCE

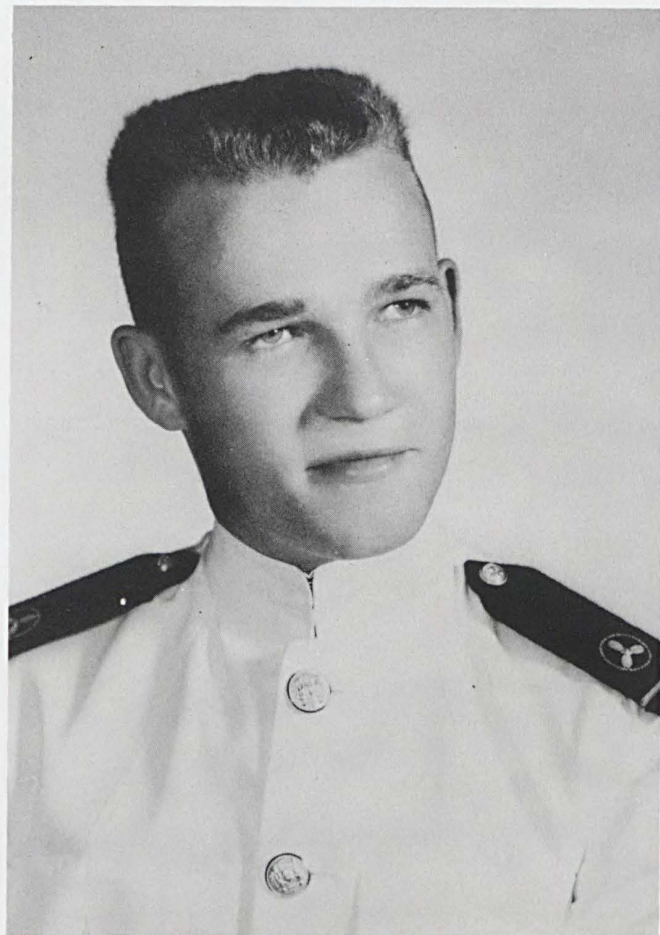
C Company Guidon Intramural Softball 1-4

Here's a fellow that would give you the shirt off his back if you asked him. He likes to help people, and especially himself when it comes to food, but then, how else is he going to fit in those pants that he let out.

"Dunce," as he was called here, is hardly a suitable name. If there was ever a job to be done no matter how difficult, he'd find a way to do it. He had several tricks up his sleeve, even though they were not quite etiquette.

What more can be said about this great guy, who could either be found speeding home in that unforgettable Chev, or hidden away in the rack?





PAUL MINER REED

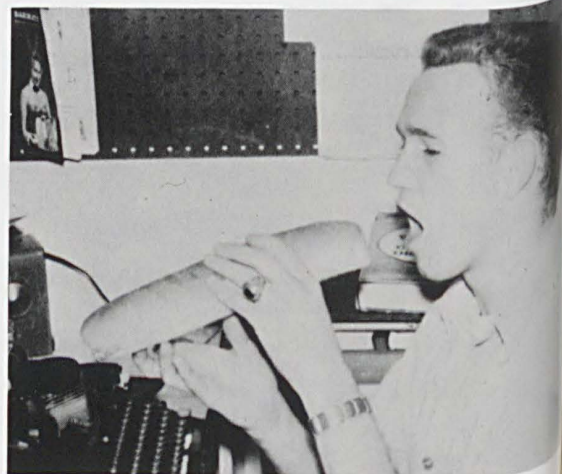
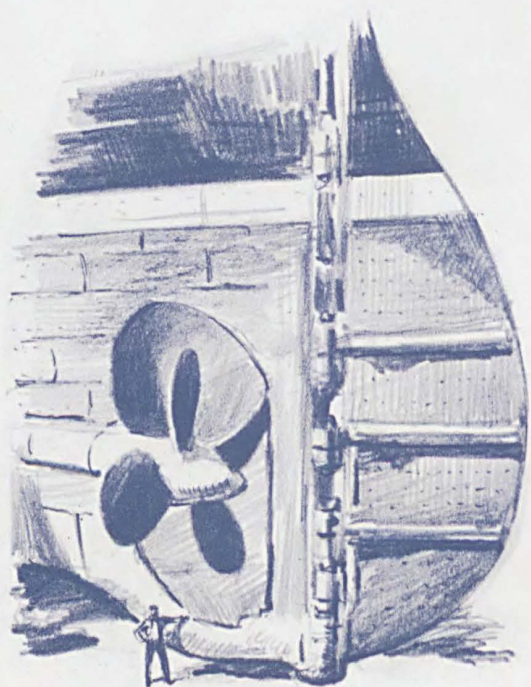
PAUL, FLY

Band 1-4 Steam Lab Intramural Softball 1, 3

"Fly," when used as an adjective, says Webster, means "knowing, keen, or nimble." We do not know who gave Paul his nickname, but one thing is certain, he sure did hit on one count. We all know Paul is for sure a "keen type" person, for only the keenest of people could leave behind him such stories as he has. All will remember his great attraction for light at the hands of the "Moose," and his slight miscalculation with the "Flymobile."

During his stay here, his one great achievement was his dogged determination to finish out the long grind with his class. When he had a tragic accident during watch, burning both his legs, and confining him to a hospital for months, this determined drive pushed him through and enabled him to stay with us to this day.

Best of luck Paul, and smooth sailing.



RUSSELL MILLARD ROGERS

"BUCK"

Band 1-4 Intramural Basketball, Softball 1-3

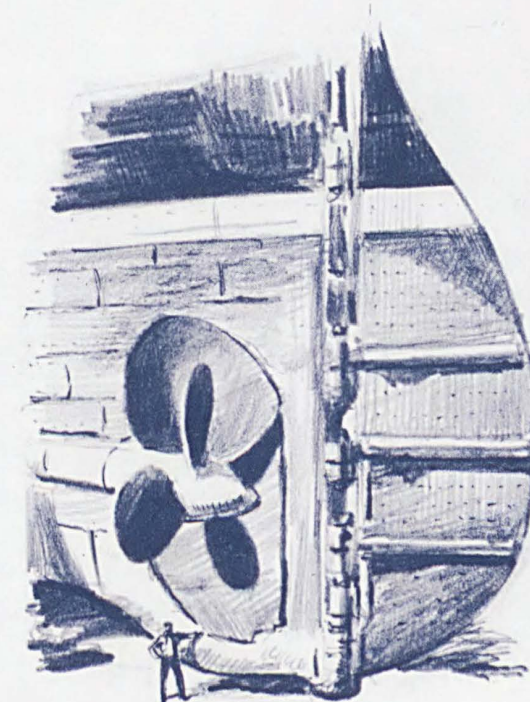
Russel, commonly known as "Buck," hails from Jonesport, Maine.

Buck has made many friends during his happy stay at the Academy. No one will forget his jovial personality and carefree attitude which occasionally rewarded him with some rich experiences from Tijuana to Bangor, Maine.

In the engine room, Buck has proved himself as a truly "head-up" engineer. In San Diego at the time of the freak accident in the engine room, Buck assumed hazardous duties and performed them in a most outstanding manner which we are sure he will not forget.

Between his band activities, books, and his many love affairs, Buck has managed to come out on top. If you had had the opportunity to wander in on any of the best bull sessions, you would have seen Buck in the limelight twisting the yarn with his many axioms and expressions of the truly Maine character that he is.

The best of luck, Buck, and smooth sailing.





DONALD JOSEPH ROSSIGNOL

Ross, THAL

Chief Machinist Mate 4 Intramural Softball 2,3

Without a doubt, "Thal" is one of the best if not the best engineer in our class. His keen judgment and remarkable ability have solved many difficult problems aboard the ship. How did he always manage to stay so clean? There were always strong rumors floating around that "Thal" was in the "locksmith" business. Wasn't that milk good before taps on the cruise? Thal also starred in a film on the cruise as "Santini." If you need something, Thal has it. "Thal" always worked hard at everything, taking after our chief engineer our freshman year, especially after hours. We all know that "Thal" will be a complete success in anything he does.

THOMAS RUSH, III

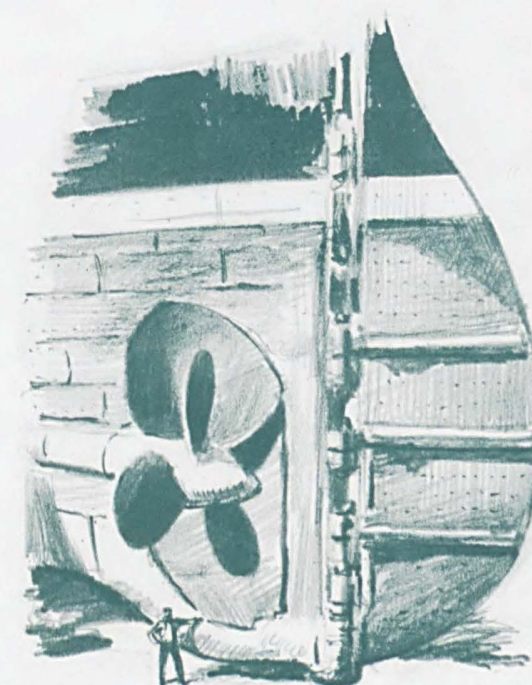
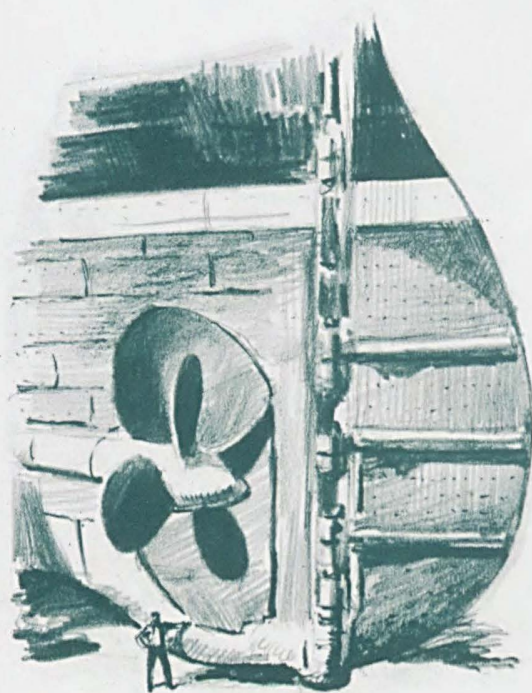
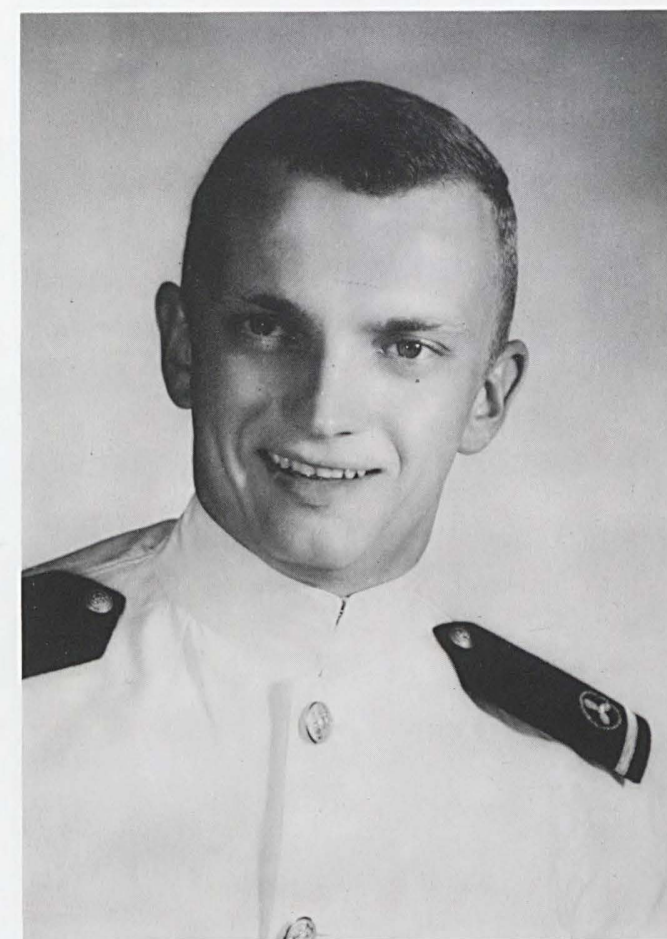
Tom

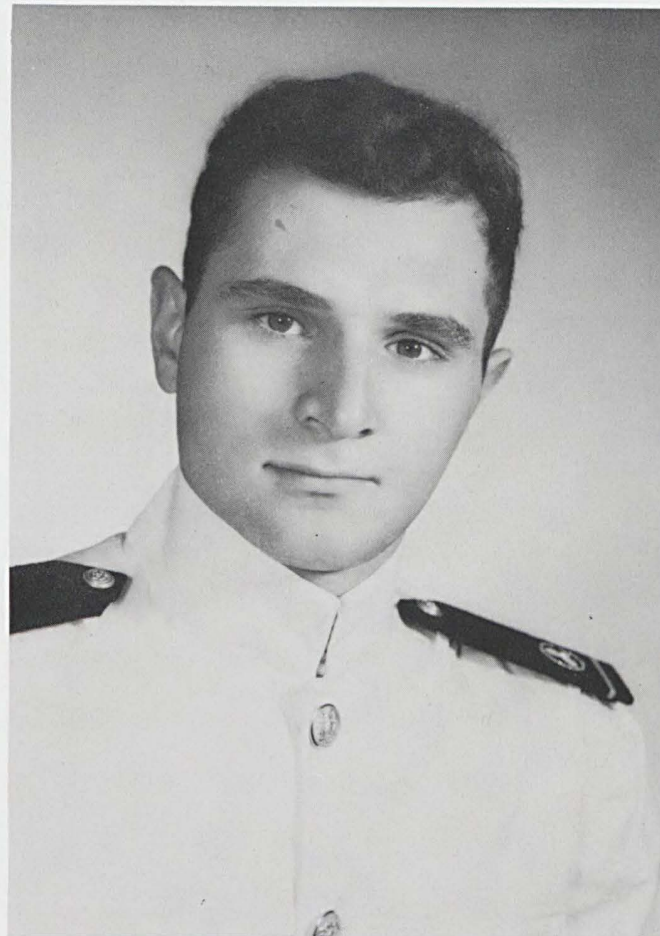
C Company Commander 4 Class Treasurer
Propeller Club 1-4, V. President 2,3 Color Guard 2
B-1 Platoon Leader 3 Intramural Softball 1-4

"Who's the fastest, Rush, Race or Speed?" We of the Class of '64 well know that from start to finish, Tom was ahead all the way.

Despite his respected position at the Academy, history tells us that he was known at times to have been involved in a few incidents which, for the sake of his future friends and family, we will mildly term as "cruise capers." A good friend and good engineer, Tom will be remembered as a credit to his class and to the Academy.

His one drawback during his life here at the Academy was that he hailed from Haverhill, rather than Portland or Bar Harbor which was where you'd see him heading every weekend. Good luck to you in the future, Tom, and smooth sailing.





MICHAEL F. SCALA, JR.

"G"

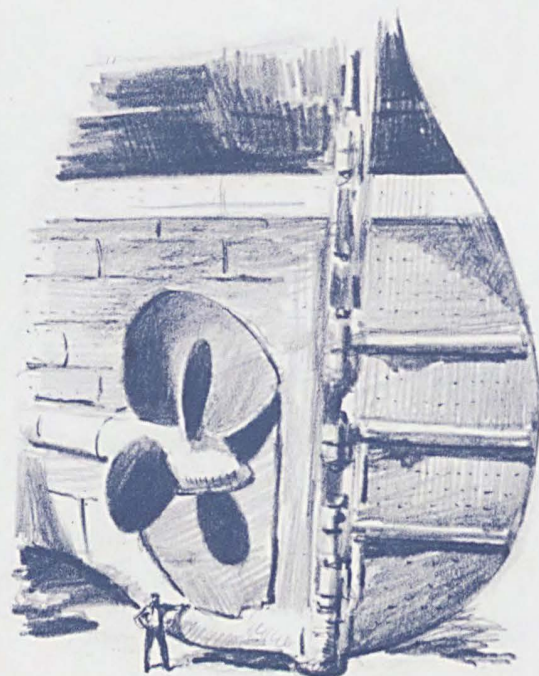
A Company Commander 4 Propeller Club 3, 4
B Co. 1/C Petty Officer 2 Yacht Club 3, 4
B Company Guidon 3 Laundry 3, 4
Intramural Softball, Basketball 2, 3

"Mike, what's the story on the laundry?" This is a statement that has been haunting Mike for two years. He always takes it with a smile and tries to explain, with the help of his hands, which, when tied behind him make him completely speechless.

Most weekends of Mike's have been spent traveling from Castine to Rochester or Portland, to visit a certain young lady. In doing this he has traveled an untold number of miles and gone through an unmentionable number of cars.

It has been known for quite a while that Mike is very interested in the Navy and he has been striving hard to attain this achievement.

We all wish him the best of luck, no matter what he may do.



ALAN E. SHAW

AL

B Company Commander 4 Propeller Club 3, 4
A Company Commander 3 Rifle Club 2-4
A Co. 1/C Petty Officer 2 Yacht Club 2-4
Intramural Softball 2, 3

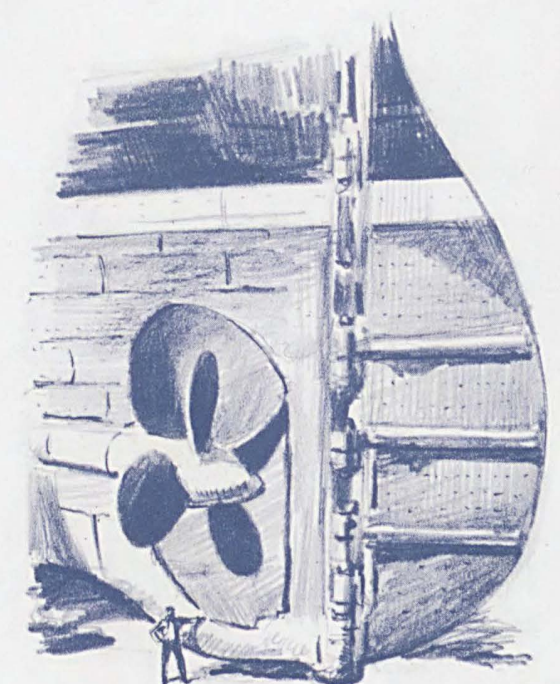
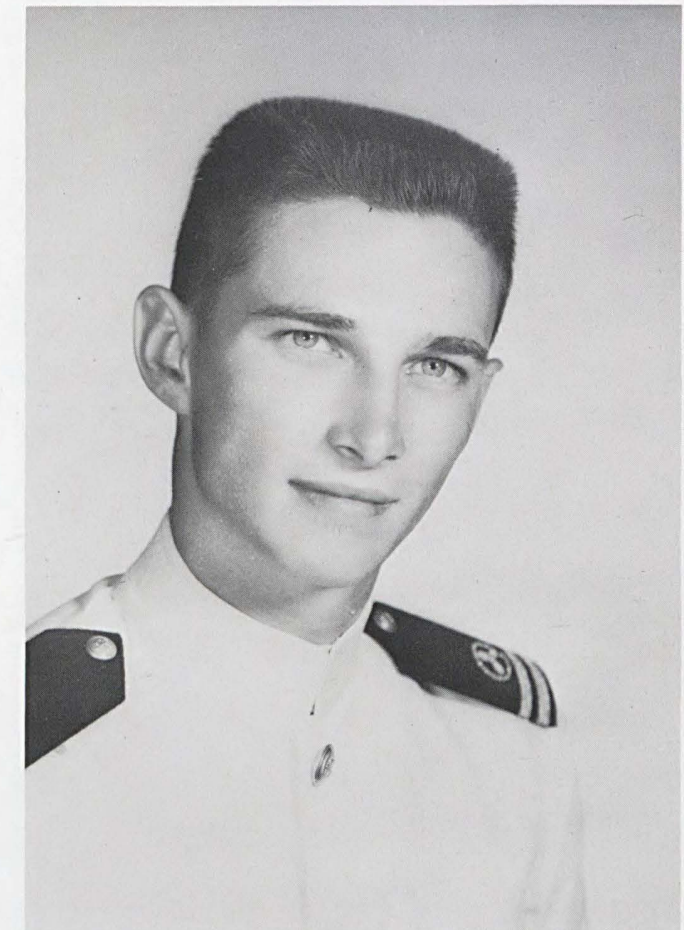
Fresh out of a Southern Military Academy and still in the groove of military life, Al entered M.M.A.

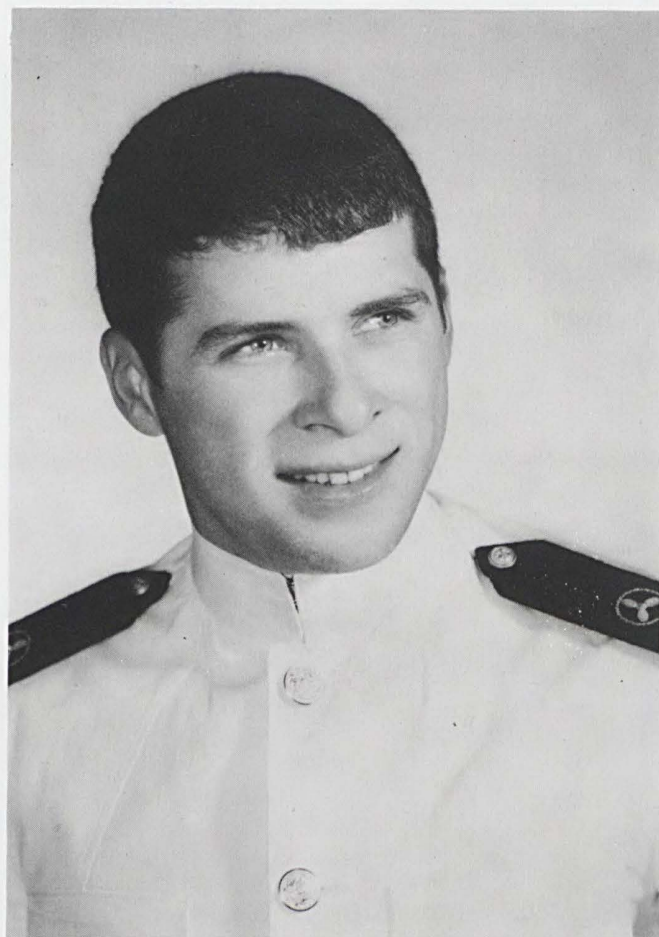
The first year Al was very quiet, no one could quite understand what was wrong — we guess he was just shocked by the necessary adjusting to a different military life. As the months passed by, Al picked up the name of Quiet Wyatt.

On weekends he could be seen leaving the Academy, but never going home. We guess he just likes Maine.

While on the cruise he showed much interest in his work, but when the liberty party mustered he was always first in ranks.

During the Spring and Summer months he would spend most of his spare time working for the Yacht Club. Al will be appreciated on any ship that he may sail on. The Class of '64 wish you good luck and happy sailing.





CHARLES KERRY SHERMAN
CHUCK

B-1 Platoon Leader 4 Propeller Club 2-4
Band 1-3 Head Barber 3, 4 Rowing 1
Junior Dance Committee Intramural Softball 1-4

We can all remember our first week here when Sherman marched to the sea three consecutive times, and later defeated "Rat" Teren, finning out while serving Officers Mess. Our Mug year completed, we found "Chuck" burying himself about the barber shop ——— learning the trade.

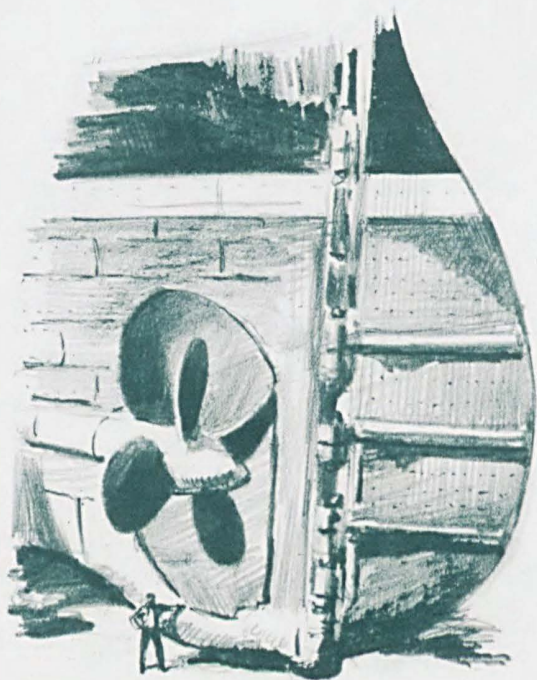
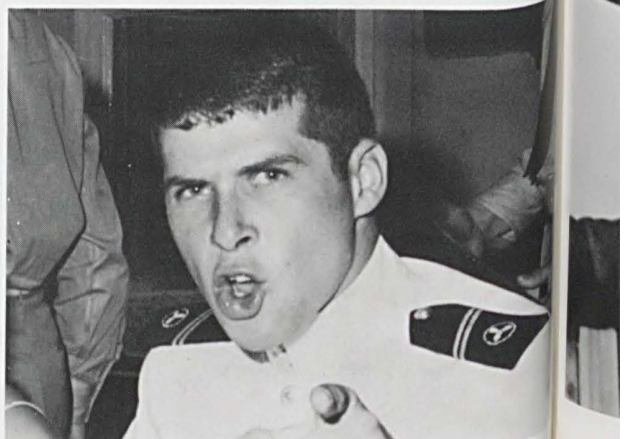
A sort of quiet, but witty, guy around the grounds, on weekends the liberty house could be found pushing "cube steaks" in O.O.B., but more than likely the "weekend warrior" could be found whooping it up.

You could always depend on Chuck for making an appearance at a homecoming dance or some social. No one will forget Junior Ring Banquet when everyone was quiet except, ———

We often wonder who was the worst, Bill or Chuck, for coming up with the best ideas.

Senior year we find Chuck burying himself in studies, assuming head barber position for the second consecutive year, and finally the "Tarnished Trooper" accepting a platoon and terrorizing the mugs on A-Deck.

We know that Chuck will always make the best of himself wherever he goes and whatever he does.



WILLIAM SIEMANN
"FEATHERS," BILL

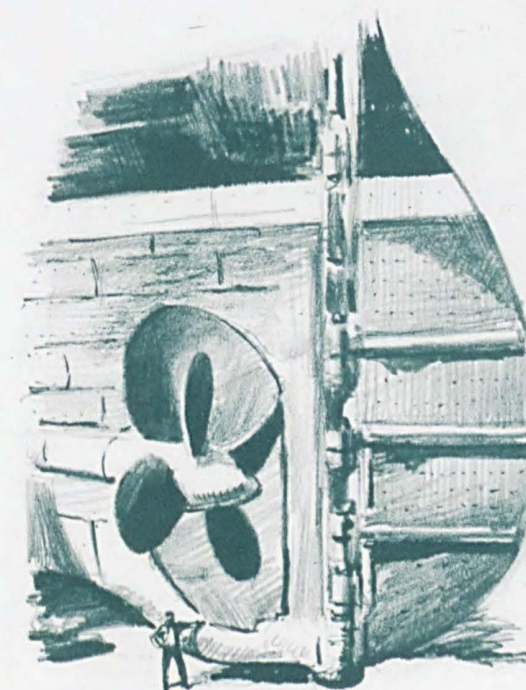
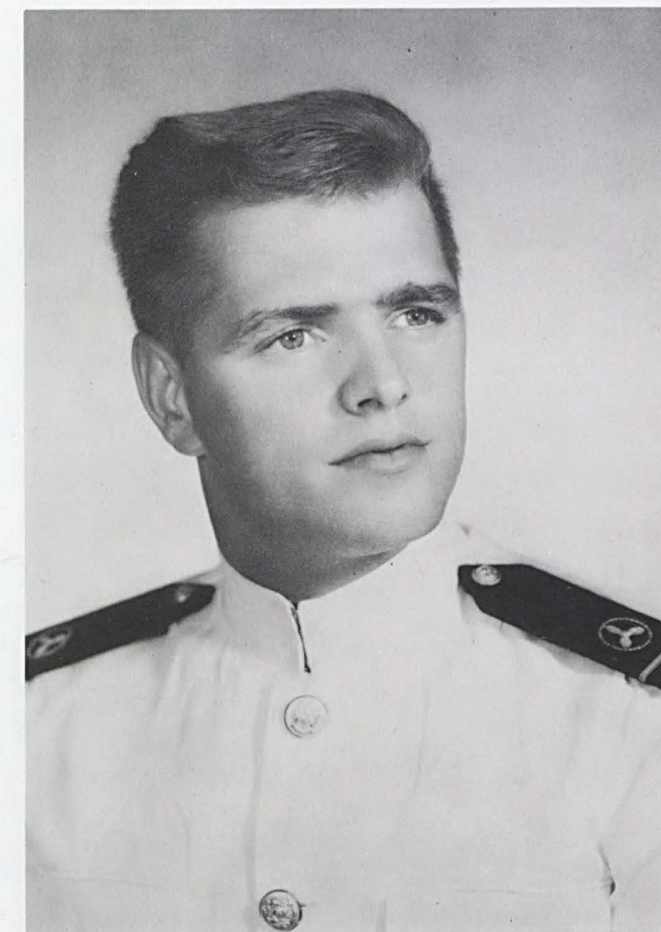
Intramural Softball 1-3

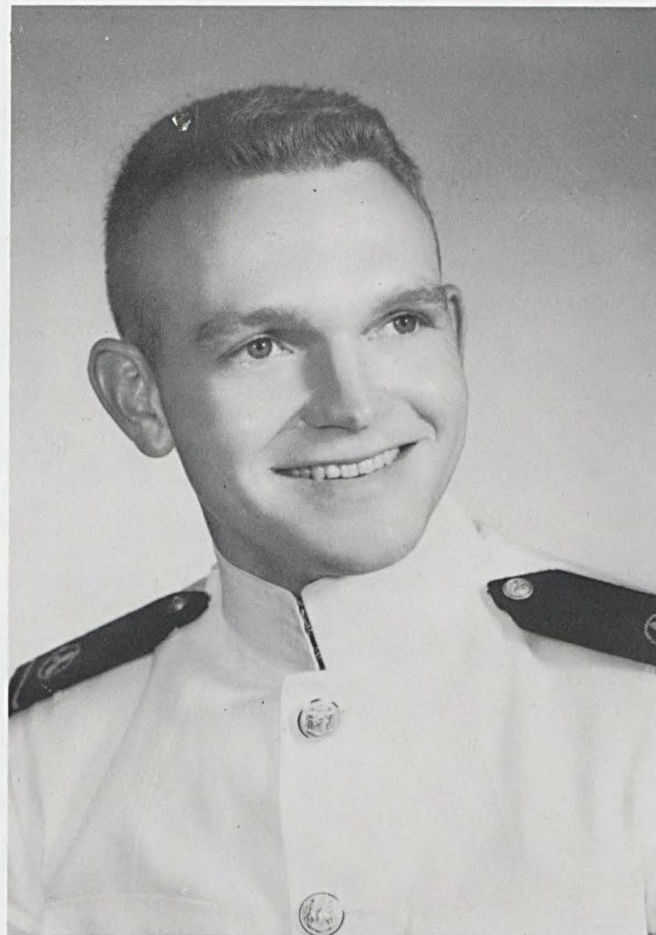
"Feathers," as many of us knew him, came to us from over the bridge down Belfast way with many hidden talents. Among them he had a most pleasing personality and an enormous sense of humor.

Bill could always be found looking for a new "fish" to suck into one of his famous poker games. We will never forget the time when "Money Bags Gleason" had a full house and Bill had his usual four aces.

During classes Bill always kept his marks up where they should be while still combining studies with pleasure. A study hall was just not a study hall unless you had a visit from Bill. His usual visits always carried a friendly verbal attack which always commenced another endless session of bantering.

Bill will always do very well while shipping, whether he is on watch or off, and I'm sure the Chief Engineer will sleep easily knowing that he has a competent watch officer working for him. Good luck and smooth sailing, Bill.





DAVID LEROY SIMS
DAVE

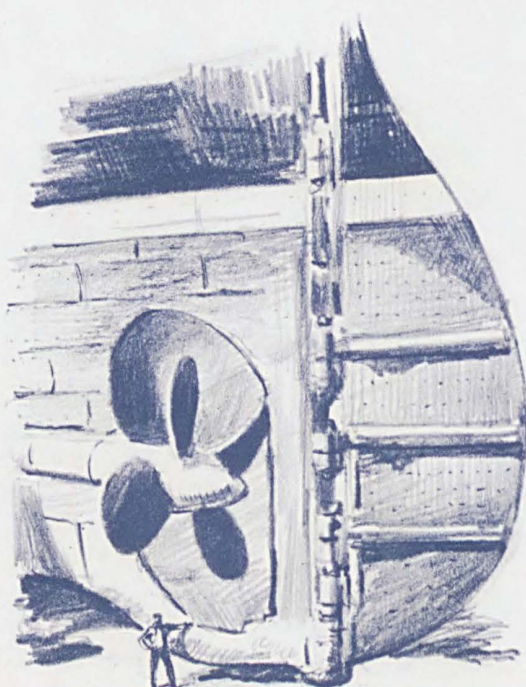
Propeller Club 1-4, Secretary 2-4 Drill Squad 1
Yacht Club 1-4 Debating Team Chairman 3, 4
Helm Art and Photography Editor 3
The Rudder 3, 4 Dance Committee 1-4
Intramural Softball 1-3

Maine Maritime Academy's representative from the Lone Star State is Dave Sims. True to the Legend Dave always did things in a big way.

The list of Daves activities is long and varied. It includes such things as sailing to Halifax for the Yacht Club. Painting, or should we say rebuilding, the ring for the Junior Ring Dance, and Debating against M.I.T.

On the Cruise, Dave's hold cleaning party had quite a souring effect on the mugs. His boiler building project was a good conversation topic. His publication of the Rudder, however, did keep us informed of the various port activities. An adept man on the drawing board, Dave was often called upon to decorate turbines, etc., shortly prior to arrival in Portland.

We are sure that this industrious Engineer will have no trouble succeeding in whatever he sets his mind to.



DAVID JOHN SINGSTOCK
"SLINGER"

Band 3, 4 Helm Feature Staff 3, 4
Yacht Club 3, 4 Superintendent's Honor List 3, 4
Glee Club 3 Intramural Sports 4

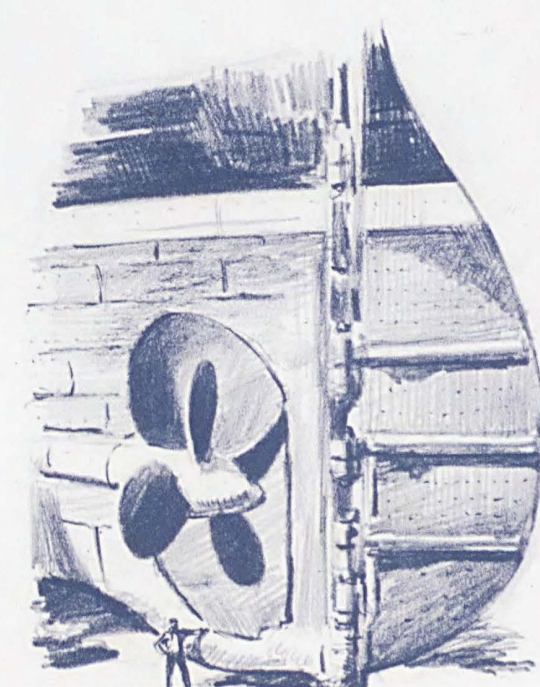
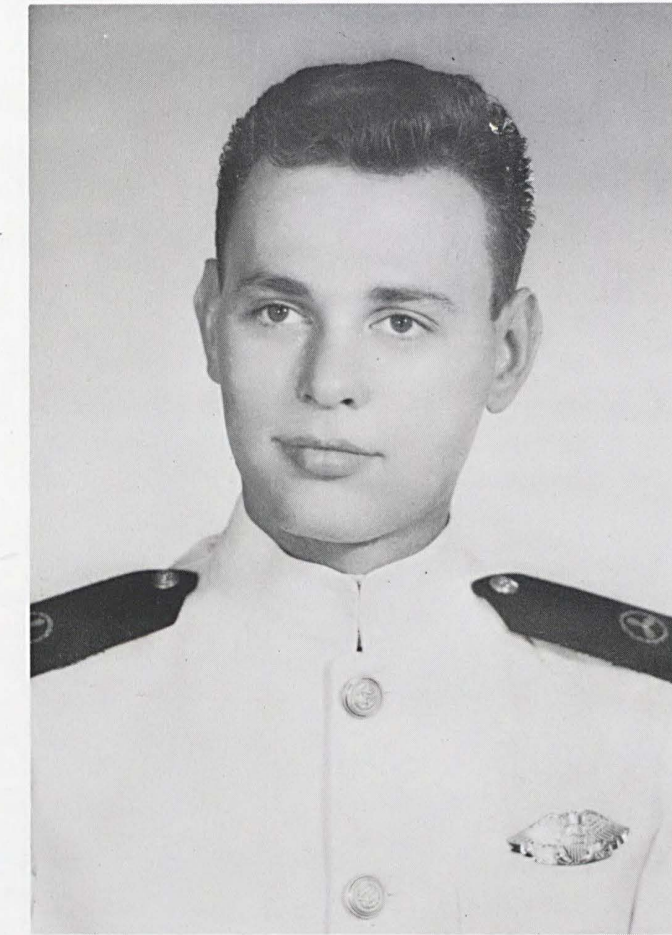
Dave, who came to us in our Junior Year from the "Point" soon proved to all of us his enthusiasm for studying and his practical knowledge and wide experience of marine engineering.

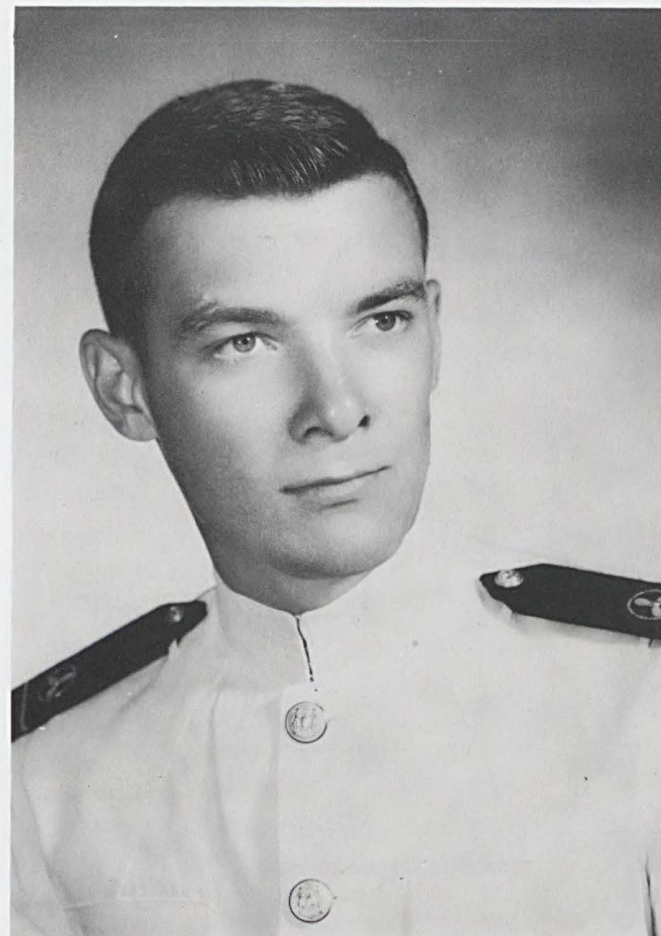
In very bull session "Slinger" would always be in the middle of things arguing for one reformation or another in "The System." How are you doing in the "B.M.E. Battle" Slinger?

On weekends when not traveling to Long Island to see the "Future Mrs. Slinger," he would inevitably be seen heading into town with the "Bear."

Dark, and mild mannered, and with a ready smile, Slinger was always well prepared for those foreign ports and the exotic night life. Remember Panama City? Who was it from Castine who sent you those "care Packages" on our Junior Cruise? You and the Bear had quite an unexpected welcome waiting on the dock when we landed at Portland that year.

Good luck in the future Dave.





DOUGLAS S. SMITH

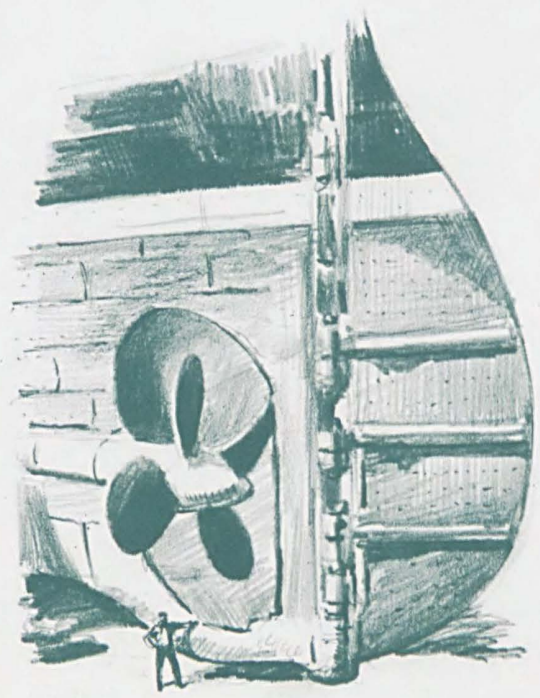
Doug

C-II Platoon Leader 4 Intramural Sports 1-4 Rifle Club 2 French Club 2

Doug is one of the many Smiths here at the Academy, and like all Smiths, they are just a hop from Waterville, a town that was noted for its lively night spots which were frequently visited by John and many other Middies. After being at the Academy for just a short period of time, he lost his civilian name and became known to us as "E.J." We all remember how monotonous the fire room watch used to be until, to keep up the morale, "E.J." would warm up his motorcycle and be chased around the fire room by some cop. He never could maneuver around that baby carriage. Whenever there was a smoker, E.J. would always do his impersonation of that abominable character the "silver fox," whom we all knew very well.

In his senior year he made platoon leader. The men in his platoon respected him very much as a leader and as a Middie.

As an engineer, Doug has proven that the is the field for him. As a freshman, he was a good engineer, even if it was only "Middie Engineering" but we knew it came easy for him as he knew what work was. Now, in his senior year he is in the true sense a "Marine Engineer." You will never find a better shipmate than Doug and a better qualified third assistant engineer. "Smooth steaming and hoping we'll meet on the high seas."



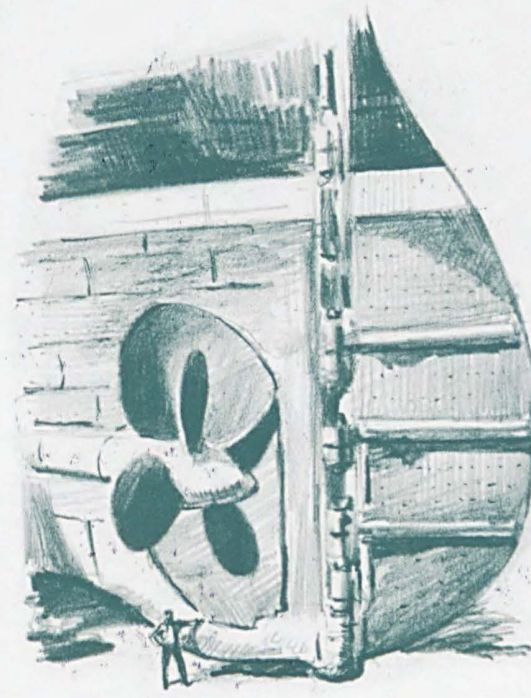
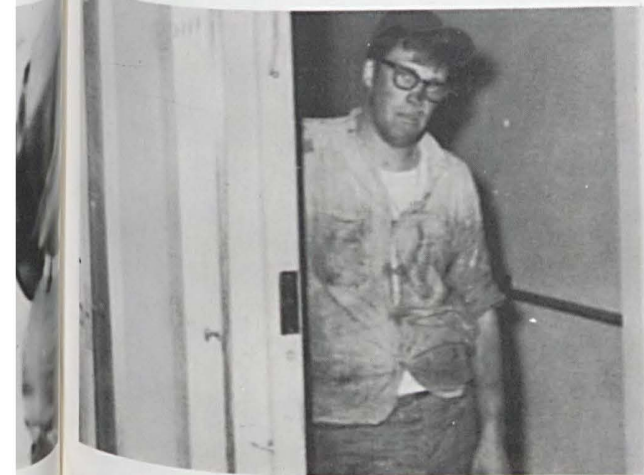
E. JOHN SMITH, II

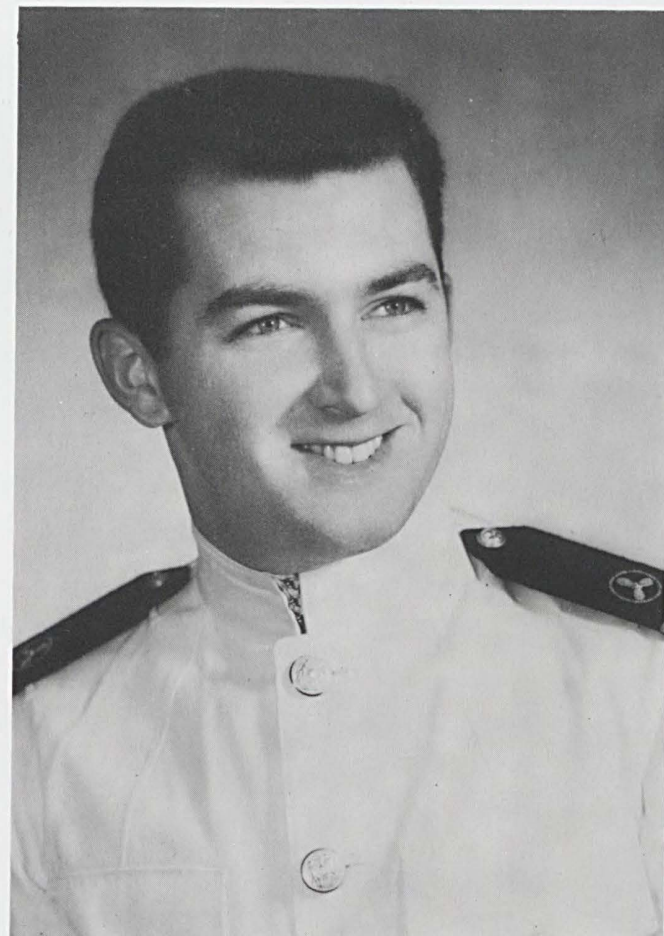
"E.J."

ts 1-4 Rifle Club 2 Intramural Softball, Football 1-4 French Club 2

John came to us from Fairfield, which is just a hop from Waterville, a town that was noted for its lively night spots which were frequently visited by John and many other Middies. After being at the Academy for just a short period of time, he lost his civilian name and became known to us as "E.J." We all remember how monotonous the fire room watch used to be until, to keep up the morale, "E.J." would warm up his motorcycle and be chased around the fire room by some cop. He never could maneuver around that baby carriage. Whenever there was a smoker, E.J. would always do his impersonation of that abominable character the "silver fox," whom we all knew very well.

All kidding aside, John was well liked by us all and we are sure that he will maintain the school reputation of producing good engineers.





THOMAS FREDERICK SMITH

CARROT

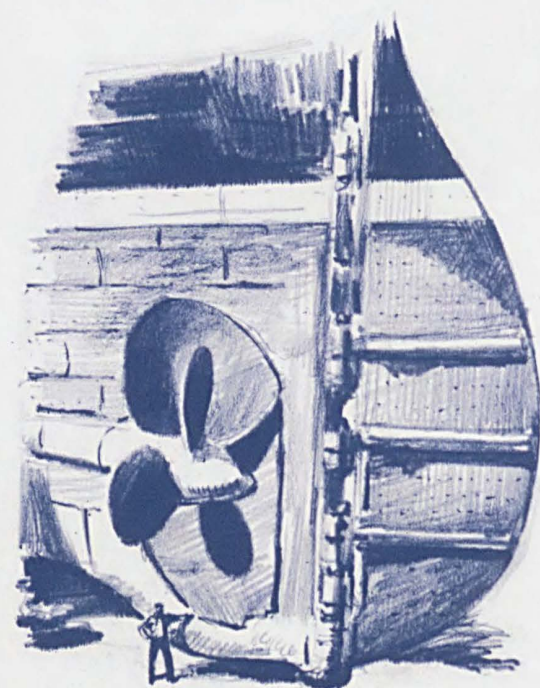
Glee Club 4 Intramural Sports 3, 4

Tom, better known as Carrot to us here at M.M.A., hails from Western New York. A robust lad, full of wild chaos and experiences, Carrot has been the center of many bull sessions here at the Academy. The better one is the story of his trip to Canada and the experience he had with one certain musical chair.

With his charming personality, Carrot has managed to win friends in both the male and the fairer sex from Castine to the ports deep in the Carribbean.

Tom has also been recognized as one of the more studious members of the Class of '64. His name appearing on the Superintendent's List at various times will surely point this out.

Best of luck and smooth sailing in your adventures.



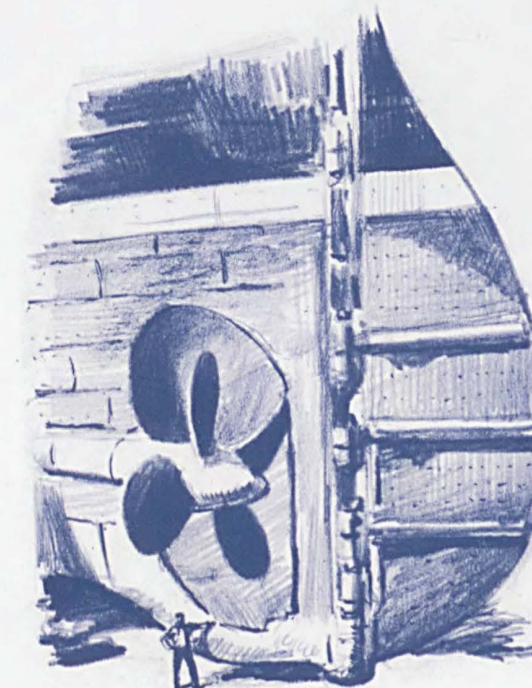
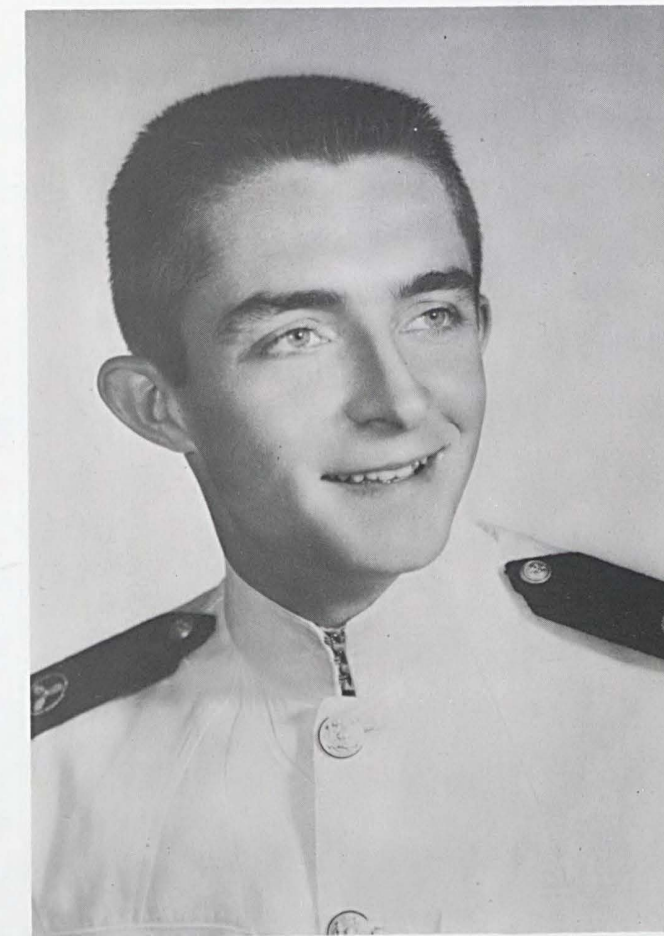
SAMUEL D. SOULE

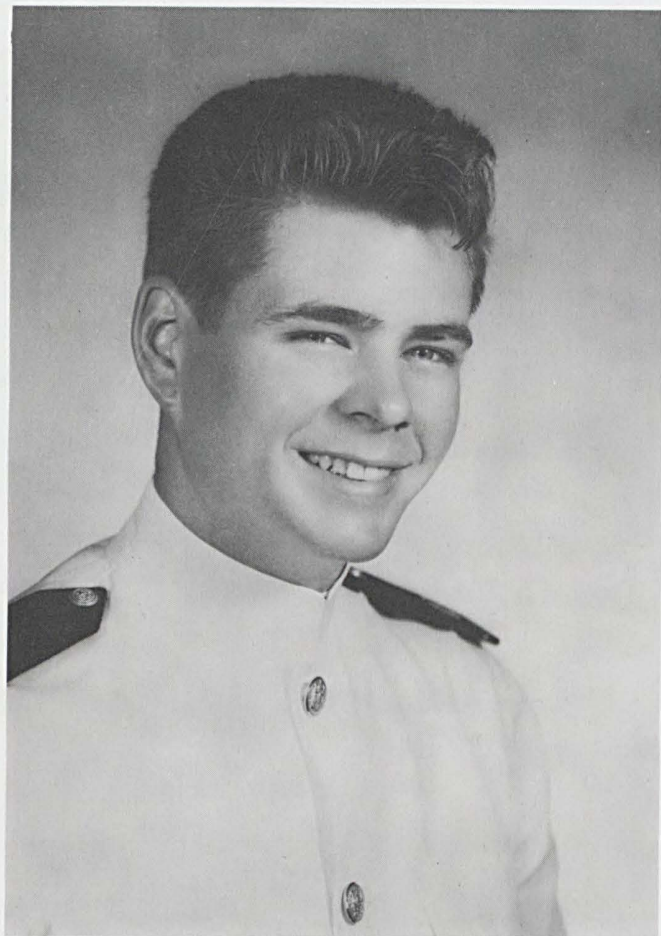
SAM

D-1 Platoon Leader 4 Chief Machinist Mate 3
Propeller Club 1-4 Pathfinder 3, 4
Intramural Sports 1-4

Sam will be remembered as the little guy with either a book or wrench in his hand. He is the type of guy that never lets a minute of the day go by idle or wasted. This has been proven by his ranks and his practical knowledge of Marine Engineering. As Machinist Mate, he has spent many hours keeping our fleet of small boats in tip top shape. His senior year he was promoted to platoon leader and it was proven by morning inspections that he kept his men squared away at all times.

Sam hails from the seafaring town of Wiscasset, which has produced its share of Mid-dies in the past. We know that his thirst for knowledge will lead him to success and we wish him all the luck possible! What more can we say than "Smooth Steaming Sam."





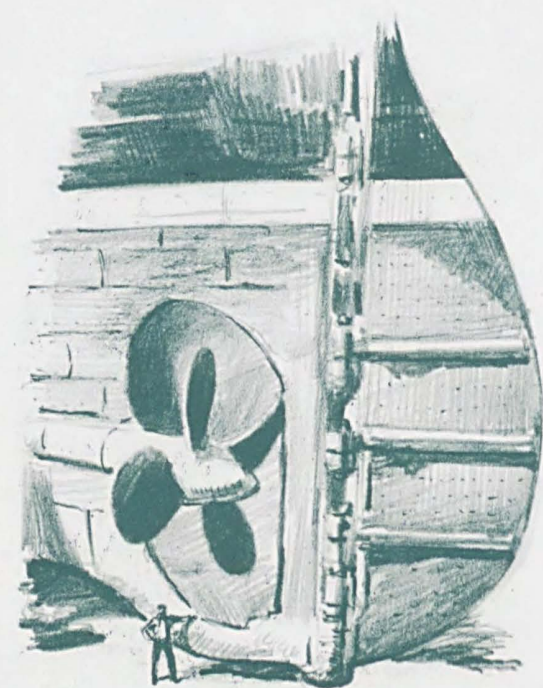
DAVID DOUGLAS TERRY
"HERMANO DAVE"

Chief Electricians Mate 3 Rowing Team 1, 2
Intramural Softball 1-3

Throughout his Academy career, "Handsome Dave" was one of the wisest of his class. Wise because he never was greatly outspoken enough to prove otherwise.

Dave, "Duke," and "Reb," The Brothers Three, were constant sights in our travels throughout the world, and more often than not, that sight would be slightly blurry at the expiration of liberty.

As an engineer, Dave was always right there to solve a problem or repair the trouble without any reservations. We know that he will travel far across the sea of success pursuing his profession and hope that the waves will not be high on the Beaufort scale.



JAMES E. THIBODEAU
"RED DOG"

Football 1-4 Mess Rate 2 Propeller Club 3, 4
Intramural Softball, Basketball 1-4

Jim will always be remembered as a great asset to the football team for the past four years.

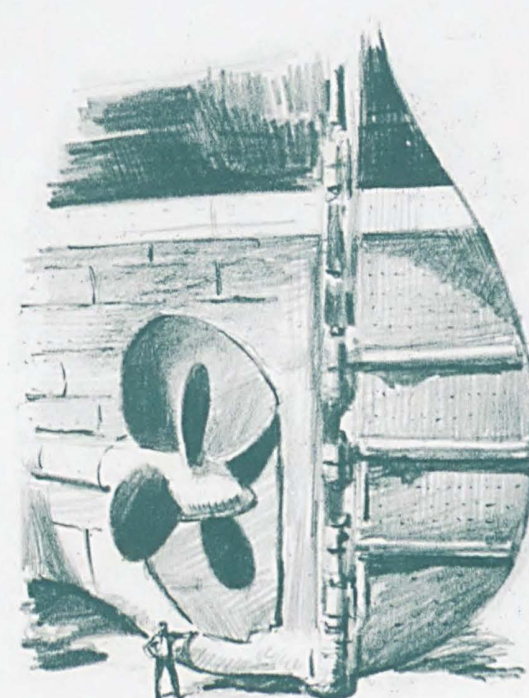
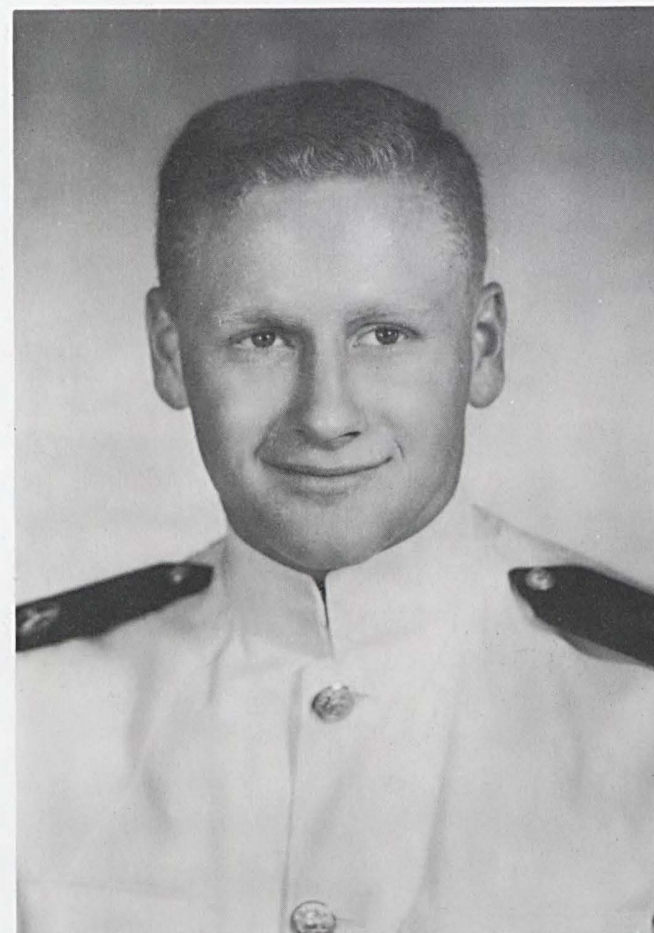
For the first two years at the Academy, Jim was really quiet. On weekends, instead of living it up, he went "coon" hunting or other such excursions. However, now you can't keep him away from a good time and he has an eye for every girl that he sees.

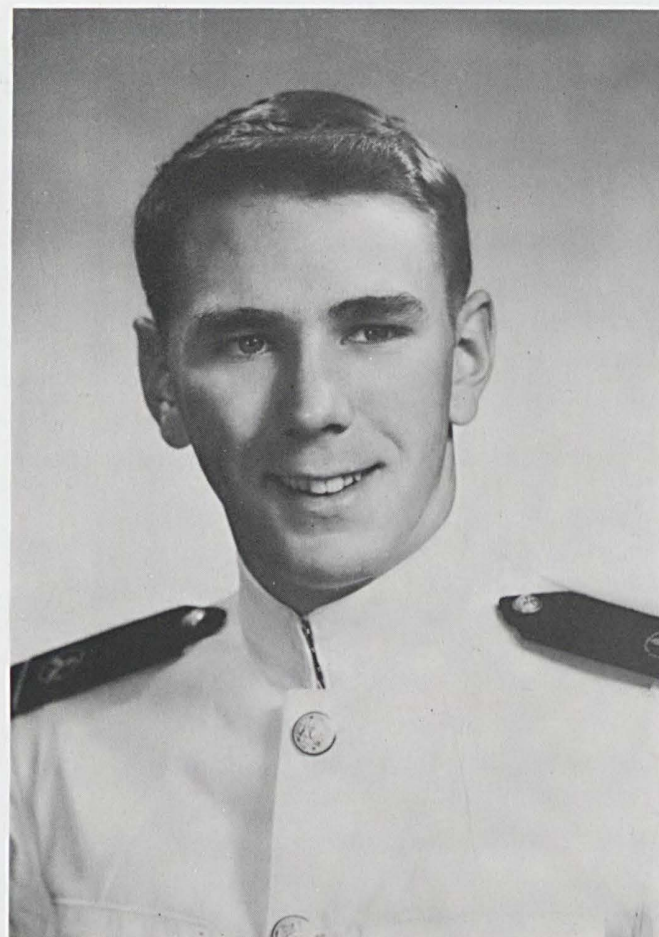
Jim was famous in the Waterville paper for being a killer of a "Wild Hawk."

Jim wasn't what you call a Casanova, but he was known to make frequent trips to Unity to see a certain girl named Linda.

The boys in our class that have gone to Waterville will always remember the trips to the Bob-Inn and Crescent with Jim and his Waterville area boys.

Jim is a swell classmate and a friend to everyone. Good luck to you Jim at sea and in foreign ports.





THOMAS NELSON TURNER

TWO STARS, RADICAL

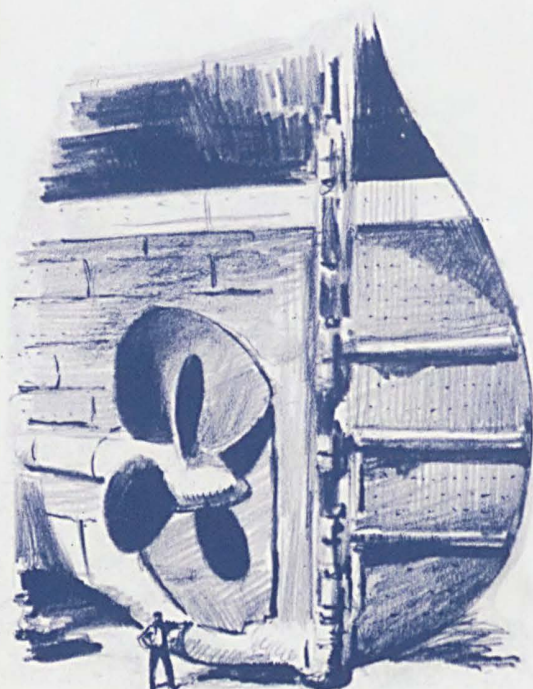
Trick's End Editor 3, 4 Class Vice President
Propeller Club 1-4 Dance Committee 1-4
Cadet Chief Engineer (1963 Cruise) Steam Lab
Superintendent's Honor List 1-4 Yacht Club 1, 2

Clad in bermudas, tennis racket in hand Tom was eagerly looking forward to college life as he walked through the doors of Leavitt Hall. For a year after that very little was heard from Tom, he was too shocked to speak.

As time went by however, "Two Stars" adjusted just enough to be bouncing from one jam to another. He seemed to be carrying a banner for the betterment of Middleburg and using himself as the test case. His outspoken ways earned him few friends among the administration. Right or wrong in his ways, "Radical" earned everyone respect for his unwavering convictions in the things he believed in and stood for.

Always interested in improving the Middleburg lot, Tom could be found working for Clubs, Dances, organizing smokers or Pre-Beaumont Parties.

In the four years that followed the initial shock, Tom developed a liking for Engineering, the sea, and a certain little redhead from the U. of M. His desire to do well in everything he endeavors, we are sure will enable him to succeed in whatever he chooses.



RICHARD WAYNE WAGONER

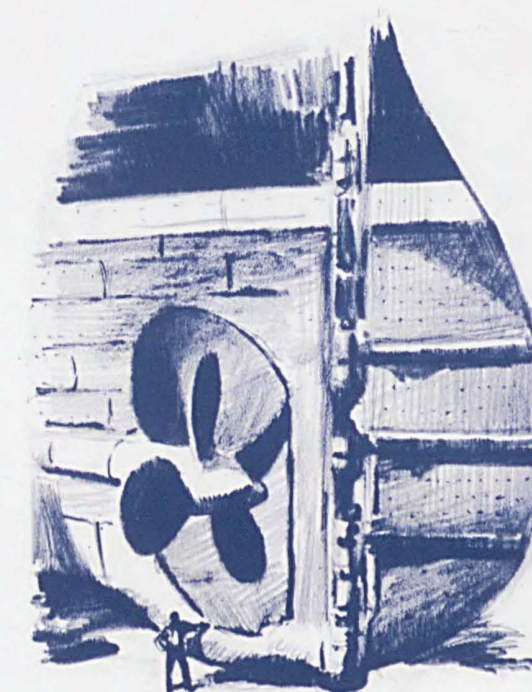
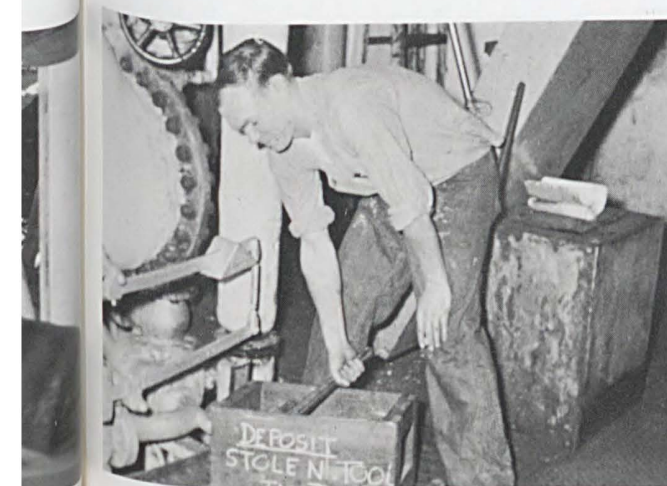
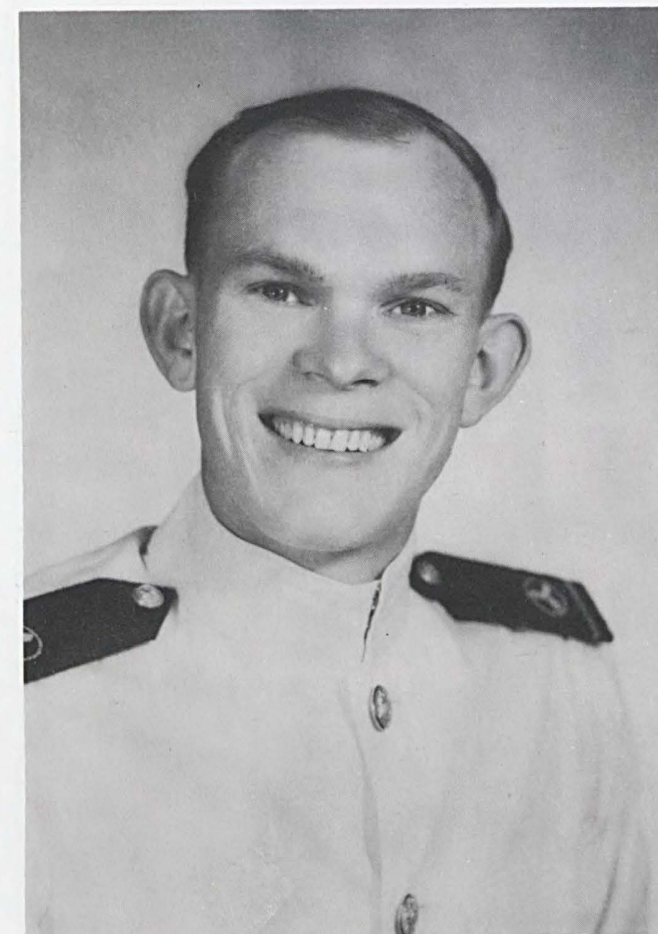
"REBEL"

Helm Staff 1, 2 Intramural Softball 1, 2

The heart of Dixie sent us Brother Reb from Greensboro, North Carolina. A great addition to our class.

Rick loves good music when his tape recorder and other miscellaneous items are out of hock. By the way, Rick, what happened to that diamond ring you bought on the cruise?

Although Rick had trouble with math his "Mug" year, he overcame his problems and ended up tutoring quite a crew of the boys the night before the math final the Sophomore year. Rick is a conscientious student with great aptitude towards professional studies.





JAMES TERRANCE WALSH
PINK PUPPY

*Band 1-4 Intramural Basketball 1, 2
Yacht Club 3, 4*

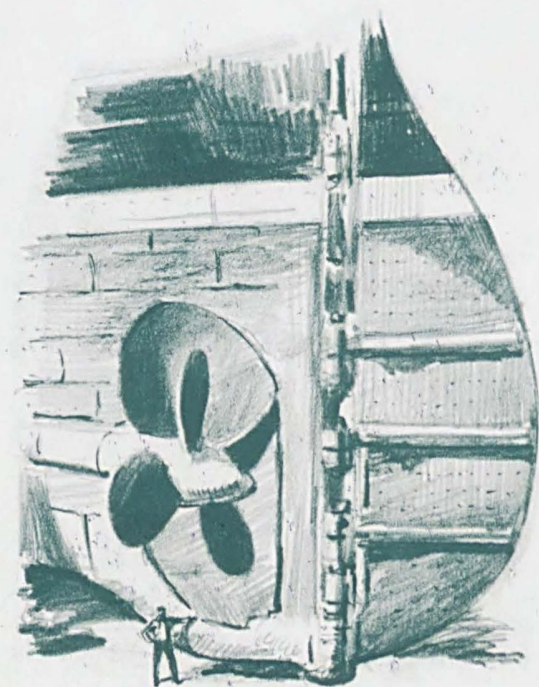
In the year 1960, bewildered and confused a redhead from Southwest Harbor came into this school's honorable doors.

"Red Dogs" were around in two classes so a "pink puppy" was born to the Class of '64.

In the last four years "Pink Puppy" has acted just like a pup in his eagerness to learn. Often as not this eagerness would put him in a position of profound discomfort. Engineering did not come easy for Terry and the fact that he made the grade shows that he has that extra needed little something.

Terry's ambition is the Navy. He has been an active Naval Reservist for the past four years. We are sure he will make a good Ensign, for the class will testify to his honesty and sincerity.

Wherever you go, Terry, the class wishes you the best of luck.



JOHN A. WELLINGTON
Hoot

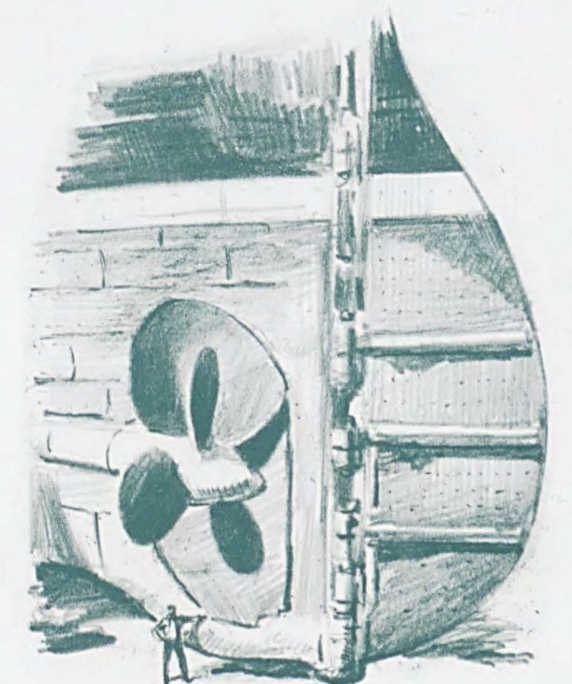
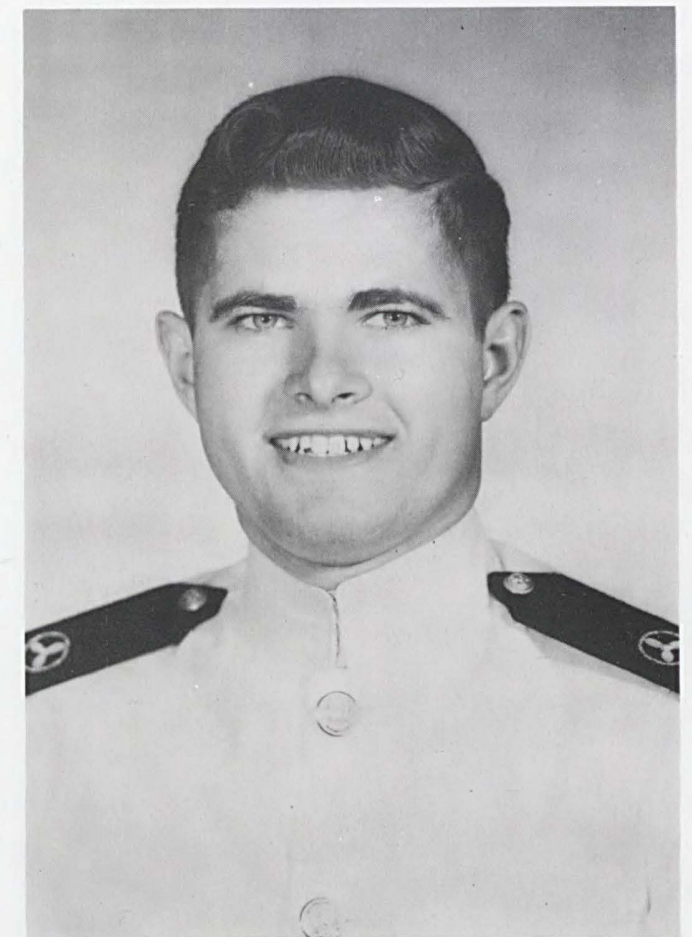
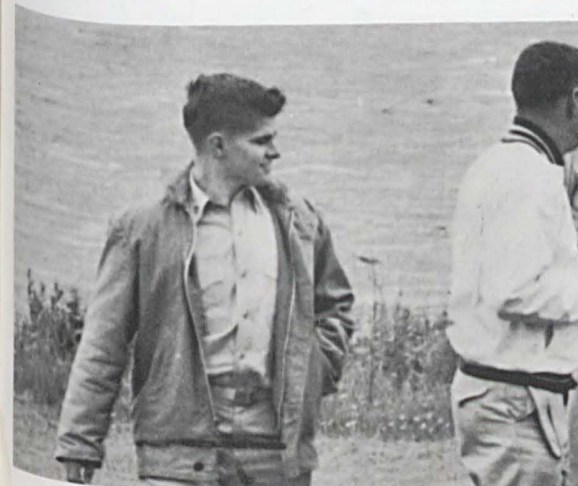
*Band 1-4 Intramural Basketball 1-4, Softball 1
Yacht Club 1-4*

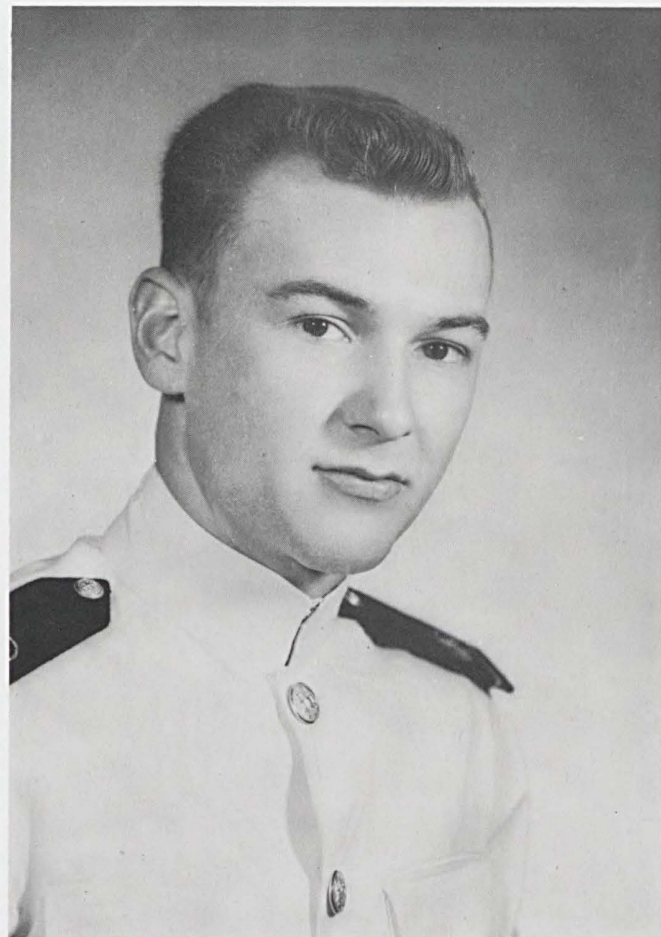
John, known as "Hoot," came to us by the way of Southwest Harbor, Maine, as another "week representative." Why a "week representative?" He was rarely seen on the weekends, except as an active member of the M.M.A. Band. The "island-taxi" has many hours logged traveling back and forth — only commuter was John.

On the '63 cruise, John found it mighty hard to leave the refer flat on watch as a 700F fog made navigating a difficulty.

Not taking his nickname in vain, he's a wise owl and it is surely certain that all the opportunities will come his way.

Smooth sailing, John!





ROBERT F. WELLINGTON, JR.
"DUKE"

Rowing Team 1-3 Intramural Sports 1-4
Superintendent's Honor List 3, 4

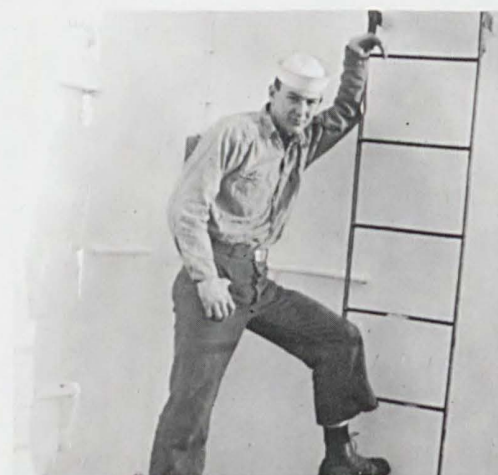
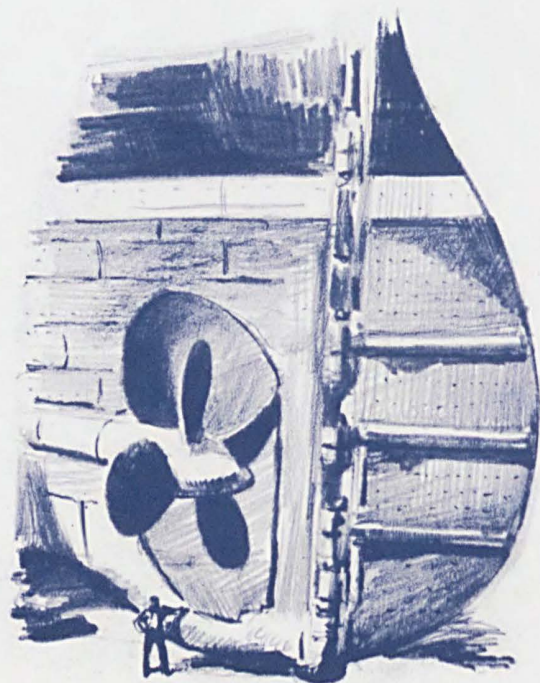
Duke, the proud owner of the remarkable "Nasty Ville Taxi," will always be remembered for that unbelievable trip to Greensboro, North Carolina and back during the summer of '63.

He was a very well liked member of his class—even across the table of a poker game. By the way Duke, did you ever get your chips back from Dave? And how will you ever be able to forget the summer of '63 when you volunteered your services to the Academy, a hardy well done Duke!

One could always find him heading for lower Exchange Street on weekends proving it wasn't open season on "Bear." Not only a lover of a "good gusto" he was also a prominent member of the Weekend Warriors, along with the two other members of the "Brothers Three," at the Sail Inn.

A superintendent's list student and one of the better engineers of our class, he will always be a credit to his ship and deserve the admiration of all engineers.

Good luck and smooth sailing, Duke.



JR. NATHAN GILBERT WHITAKER
SQUID

Cross Country Captain 2, 3 Baseball 2, 3
Yacht Club 3 Intramural Basketball 1-4

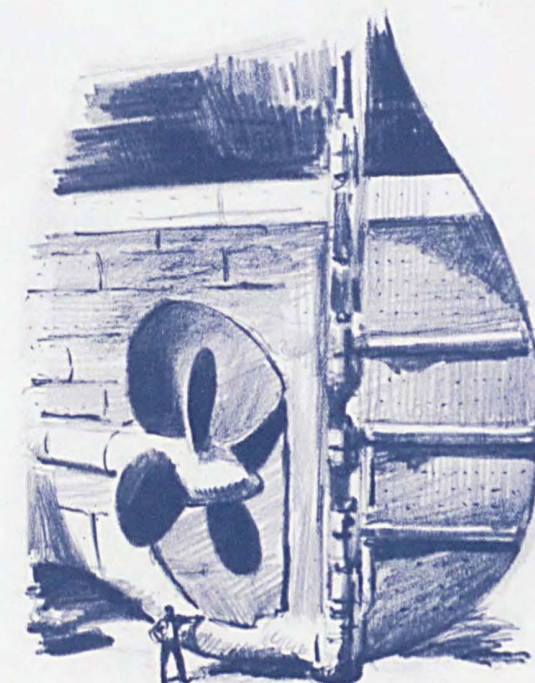
Nate, hailing from Chester, Vermont, has played an important part in our cross country team by having a constant challenge with Bob Ames. He would have been the fastest senior on the cross country team if it wasn't for Vices.

Nate, better known as "Squid," has been the only student from Vermont in the four years he has been here.

"Squid" is known for his week-end hitchhiking trips, one of which was a record breaking, 1400 mile trip to Baltimore.

Nate has a good sense of humor, (or in this case good sense) as he put the new State of Maine up for sale at the Maryland Shipbuilding and Drydock Company in Baltimore.

Smooth sailing, Brother Whitaker!





Mug year — E.J.



Taking over — Ed.



Loading the Ancon



B.F. — Trying to get in or out Dave?

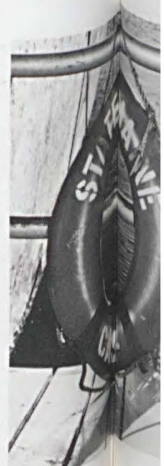


As we entered our last semester we had only a moment to look back on our four years at Maine Maritime Academy. As a class we had probably witnessed more changes and encountered more experiences than any other. We had witnessed a succession of executive officers, rates, chief engineers and ships. We were the first 4 year class, the first to hold a Ring Dance, the first to experiment with class officers and first to lead a Regiment instead of a Battalion. As sophomores we picked up a new ship and as juniors repaired the same when she broke down. The school now had new equipment, new buildings, and new policies. As a class we were the guinea pigs and as such we encountered more experiences, gained more knowledge, and became more well rounded than could have been possible any other way. We believed we were the best class to go through M.M.A. and proved it. Now there remained only one final test—

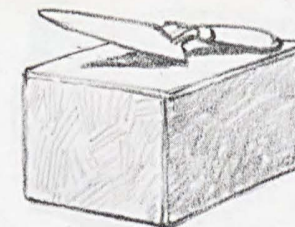
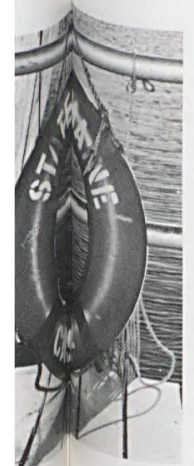
The boys in Barbados — Joe, Reb, Dave, E.J., Doug, Chuck



Things we'll remember



we'll remember



that of proving it after graduation and we know we're equal to this.

As individuals we will each have our own special memories. Little gift packages that we will open up from time to time, with a round of old classmates and good drinks. These are the memories — the joys and sorrows, hopes and frustrations we encountered at M.M.A.

For now though we had little time for recalling. It was all study and work until graduation. We hardly even paid any attention to the hottest controversy in the school's history. The split, and battle for power within the Board of Trustees over the appointment of a new Superintendent. Our school was no longer a friendly little place, but a cutthroat battleground for power. We did not speculate on it now, but developments were happening that would well bear watching once we graduated, as to the good or harm they did our Alma Mater.

She sailed once without us.



New construction



The new dorms
Fred, Joe, Ken, Duke



Ma's — Duke, John, Mike, Paul, Tom, Nate, Ken, Dick, Vic, Wally, Stan, Bob



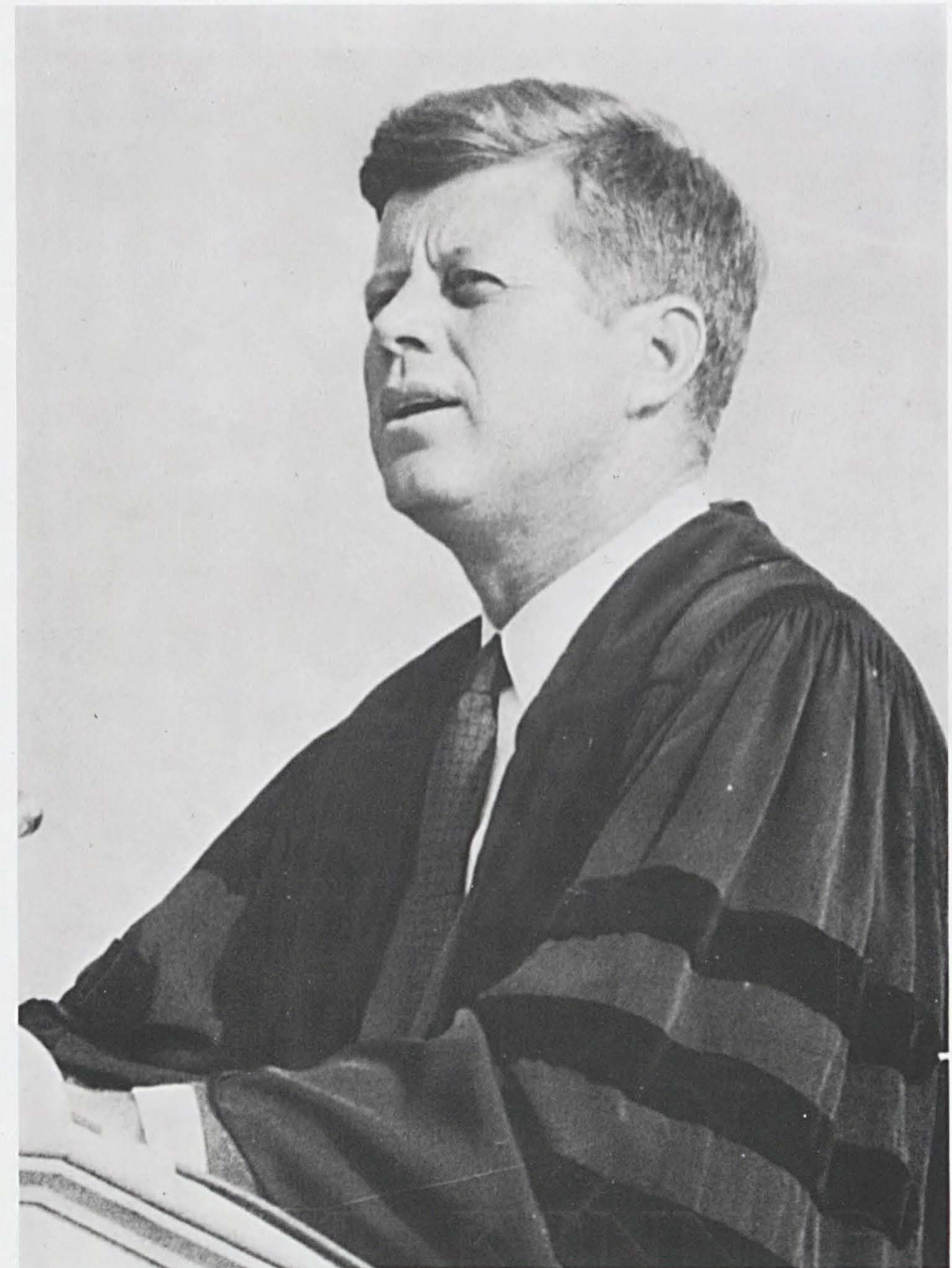
Up the hill to chow — Bill, Don, Fred, Bob, Russ.



On November 22, 1963 an event occurred, not at the Academy, but in Dallas, Texas. This event, however, affected the life of every Midshipman and indeed every person the world over.

We believe it fitting to reserve a place in our book to commemorate the memory of John F. Kennedy. Whether we have agreed or disagreed with him or his policies is immaterial. What we should never forget is the tragedy of this event. On the eve when we, the future of America, are to step forth to make our mark on this world our President was assassinated. We should forever ask ourselves what was the cause for this senseless act? Are we to be content where there is a town, city, state, or world where such tensions exist to permit such an act? We should never be. We must bear forever in mind as we go forth into this world . . . "ASK NOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU — ASK WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY."

JOHN F. KENNEDY



35th President of the United States
1917 - 1963

Speaking at the University of Maine
October 19, 1963
Could it have happened here?



STATE OF MAINE
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
AUGUSTA

JOHN H. REED
GOVERNOR

The Class of 1964
Maine Maritime Academy
Castine, Maine

Gentlemen:

I take great pleasure in congratulating you upon your graduation from Maine Maritime Academy. The Class of 1964 is an historic one. You may be justifiably proud of the fact that you are members of the first four-year class ever to graduate from this fine institution.

Your graduation, moreover, represents another milestone in the record of growth which Maine Maritime Academy has experienced in recent years. State government has been a proud partner in the development of the Academy and we at the state level recognize the value of your training to the economy of Maine.

We are confident that your education at this institution has prepared you well for the rewarding profession you have selected.

With best wishes for your continued success.

Sincerely yours,

John H. Reed
John H. Reed
Governor

JHR:mzp



RALPH A. LEAVITT
President
Board of Trustees

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MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

CASTINE, MAINE



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

To the Graduating Class of 1964:

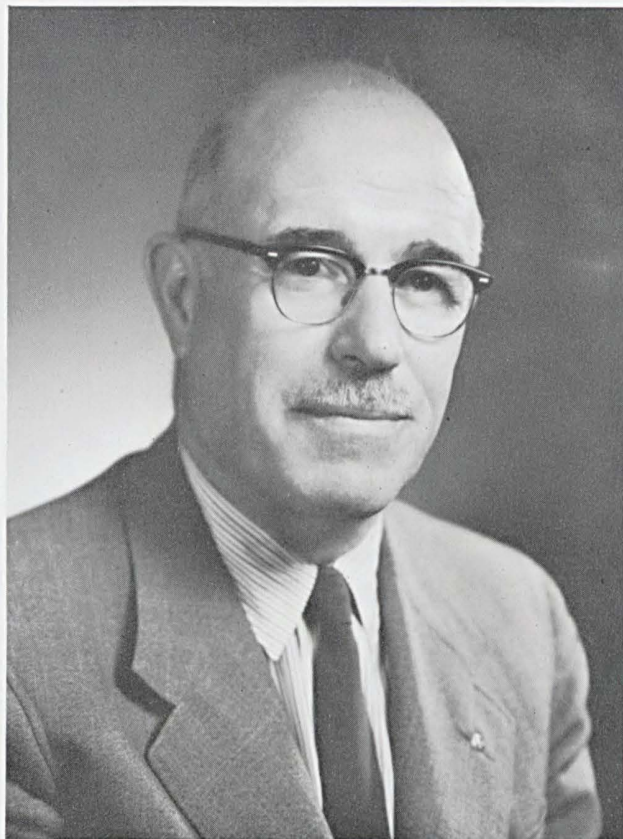
As the first four-year class to graduate from the Maine Maritime Academy, you become pioneers. Everyone connected with the Academy will watch your progress through the years with a great deal of interest.

It is the hope of the Trustees that the adding of one year to your education and training will make you equal or better in every respect to the merchant marine and naval officers graduating from the other schools having a four-year course.

Our spotlight will always be on you. Your individual successes will reflect back to the Academy why a four-year course is necessary and will make the path of those at the school easier to follow. All of the Trustees join me in wishing you happy sailings during your entire life.

Sincerely,

Ralph A. Leavitt
President
Board of Trustees



FRANCIS X. LANDREY
Chairman
Board of Visitors

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MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY



Board of Visitors

To the Class of 1964:

Speaking for the Board of Visitors and myself, I extend our sincere congratulations for having completed the first four year course 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. Landrey
Chairman, Board of Visitors



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE, MAINE



OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

To the Class of 1964:

Having had but a brief moment to observe you in preparation for your career; having missed the opportunity to share with you those intimacies, heartaches, anxieties, and joys which attend the making of an officer; I can only now wish you well as you debark to pursue your high aims. Your experiences will produce for you a fascinating variety of excitement, interest, awe, and opportunities for service.

Your Alma Mater will be following your activities; she will be proud of you; you follow a distinguished cadre of those who have gone before.

An Irish Captain once wrote, "There is magic in the distance where the sea-line meets the sky...", and there is. Go find it, enjoy it, experience it. There is nothing else quite like it.

We who must remain here at the Academy will make every effort to keep the buoys on station, and to keep the lights burning brightly. We will be here to welcome you on your return. Good Luck.

Frank C. Rodway
Frank C. Rodway
Superintendent.



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE, MAINE



29 November 1963

To the Class of 1964, Maine Maritime Academy:

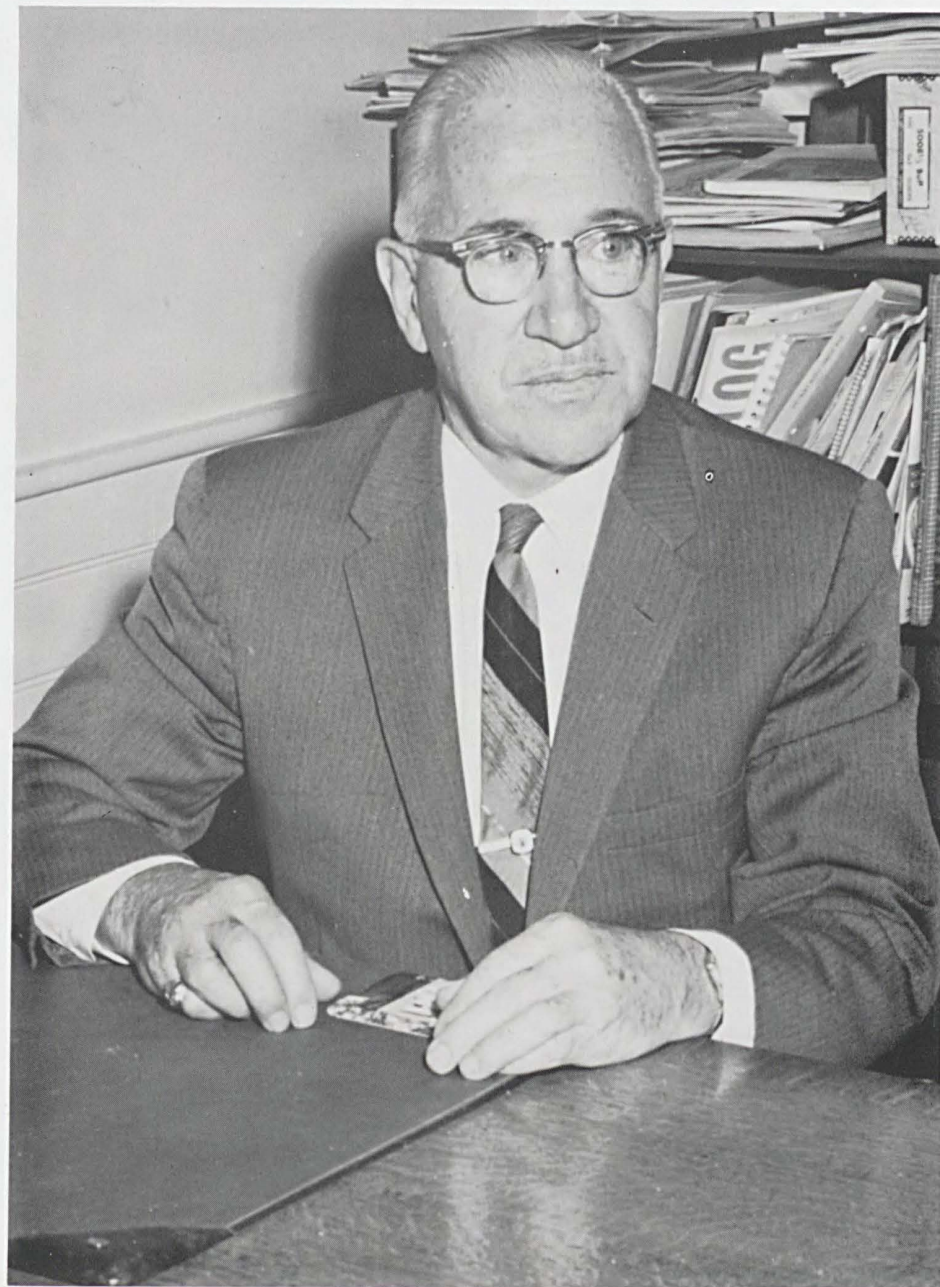
Upon turning over the Superintendent's duties to Colonel Herbert, I wish you success in your chosen career. It is indeed a challenging one and likewise rewarding.

Rest assured, your education is not complete when you graduate; nor will it ever be. The science of the sea in ship control, both for the officer on the bridge and the officer on the floor plates, is changing daily. Automation is taking over. We are indeed in a black-box age. The vacuum tube, the selsyn motor, the transistor and the relay are performing fantastic stunts. It behooves you to keep current to stay in a competitive position. The age of automation is here and there is no escape. This past summer there was a 14,000 ton bulk carrier of Japanese registry in San Francisco. It had a crew of six! Proof of the old adage that coming events cast their shadows before. Many changes have taken place during the four short years you will have spent here at the Maine Maritime Academy. Many more are yet to come. Continue your studies; read the trade magazines; join professional societies; show a sincere professional interest in your chosen job and make an intelligent effort to understand the theory and operation of the new equipments to which you will be exposed. If you do this, your future as a Merchant Marine officer and an outstanding one is assured.

Best Wishes,

George J. King
George J. King
Rear Admiral USN (Ret.)

GJK/jp



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE, MAINE



FINANCE OFFICE

FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF 1964:-

I wish to extend to you my heartiest congragulations on completing the first four year course at this Academy. I know the way has not been easy, as the transition to a four year course has caused many unavoidable changes in all phases of your education.

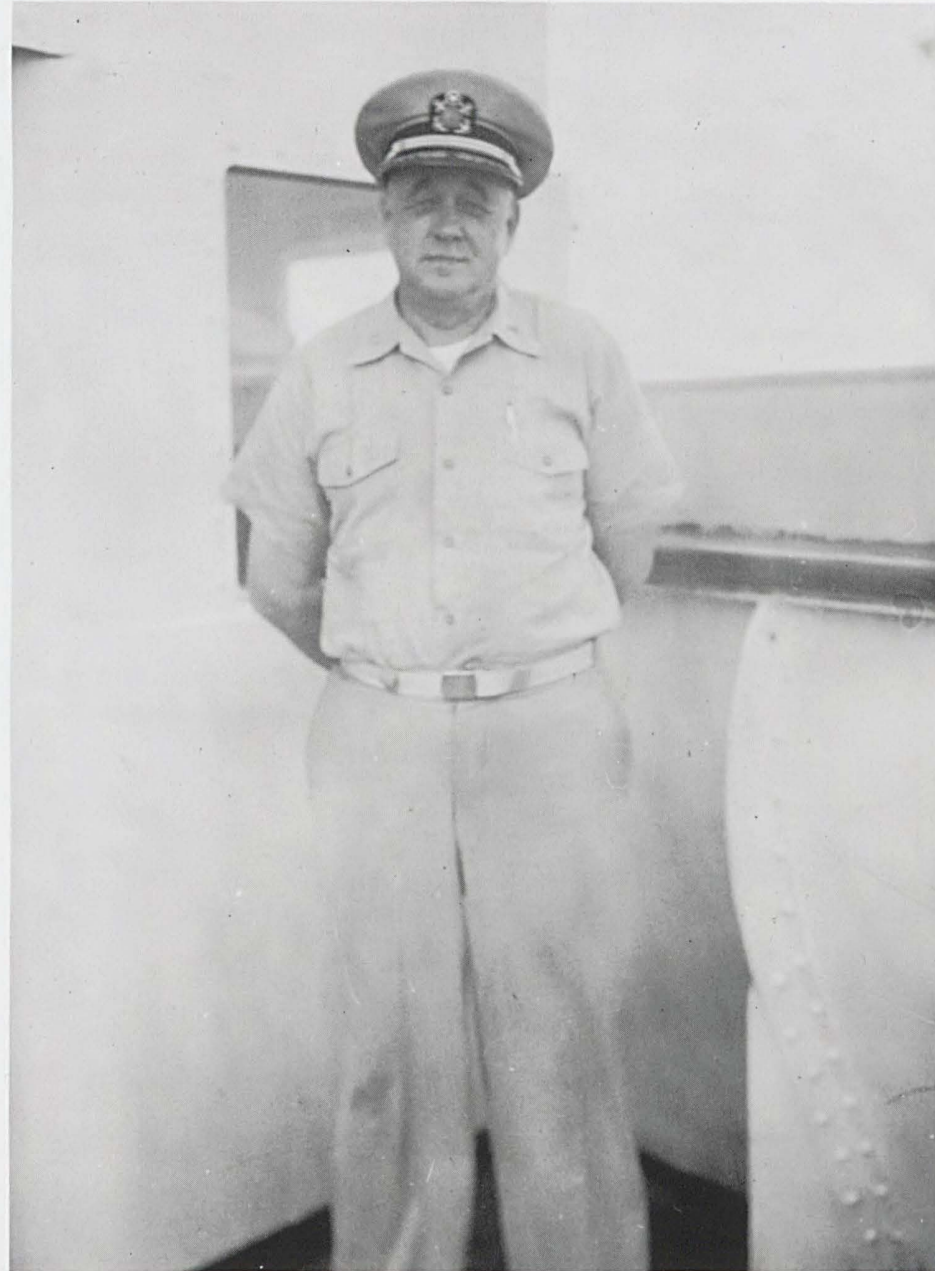
Having sailed with you on all of your cruises, I know as you leave here that you will uphold the tradition of the men who have graduated from this Academy in the past. All of us have confidence in your ability and courage to meet life and to win success in spite of the obstacles which are sure to beset you.

My best wishes go with you and don't forget to come back and see us.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Clare J. Herbert'.

Clare J. Herbert
Finance Officer



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

CASTINE, MAINE



To the Class of 1964

As the time comes to bid farewell to the CLASS OF '64, (although I hope not to you as individuals), a great many of the experiences which we have shared come to mind.

You are the first four year class to graduate from the Academy and with this added opportunity to prepare for your careers, I believe that many of you will be among the first in skill and competence to be graduated from the Academy.

You are the first class to have made a Mediterranean cruise. You are the first class to live in the new dormitories. You are the first class to be roused out by mosquitoes at Sabine Pass. Reveille never had it so good!

You had the experience of coping with the many difficulties with which we met on the first cruise of the present STATE OF MAINE.

On my part, I have the pride of association with you as a class, because when the going got tough and sticky, you always came through with the effort and drive to meet the situation.

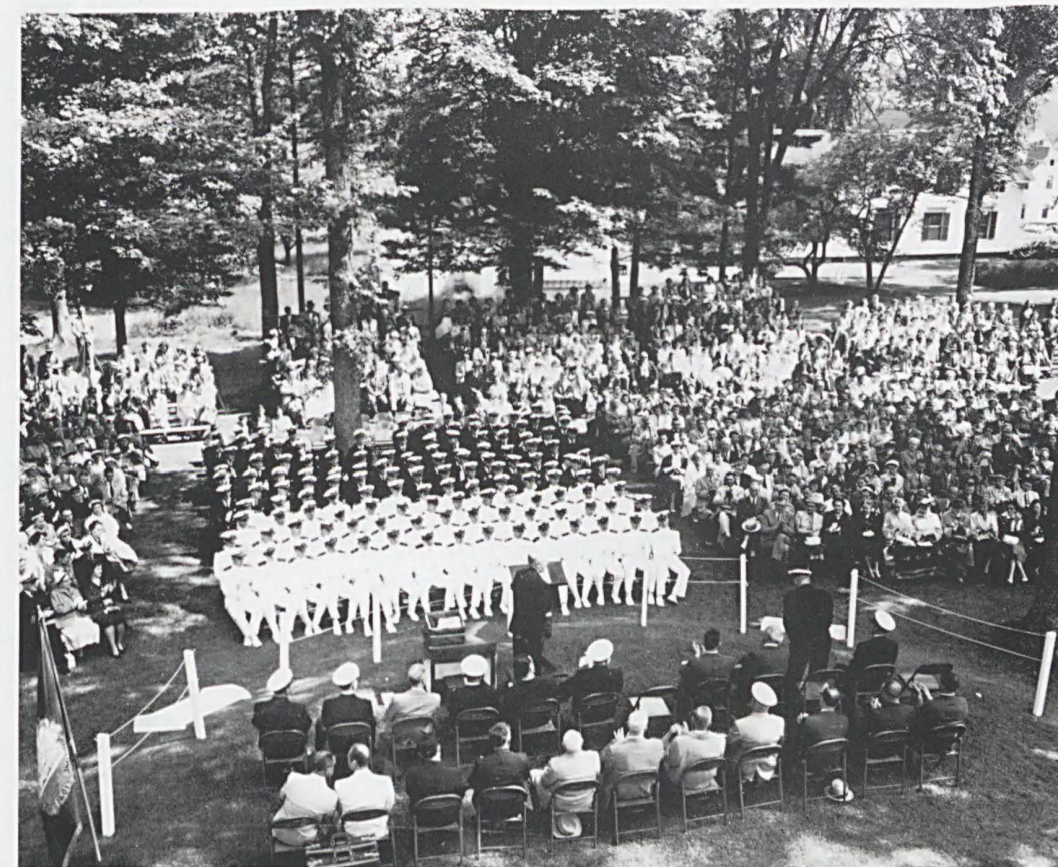
I do not need to wish you good luck, because, if you will show the energy and enthusiasm in your future careers which you did in Beaumont and New Orleans, you will insure your own success.

And that's better than any luck.

Captain Coffin.

The product of a shipyard is a precision ship. The product of M.M.A. is the best qualified officers to run that ship. In both, the finished product is the best that the institution is capable of producing. Should the shipyard lose sight of its main purpose the ship would be less than the best. Should the school lose sight of its main purpose their graduates would be less than the best.

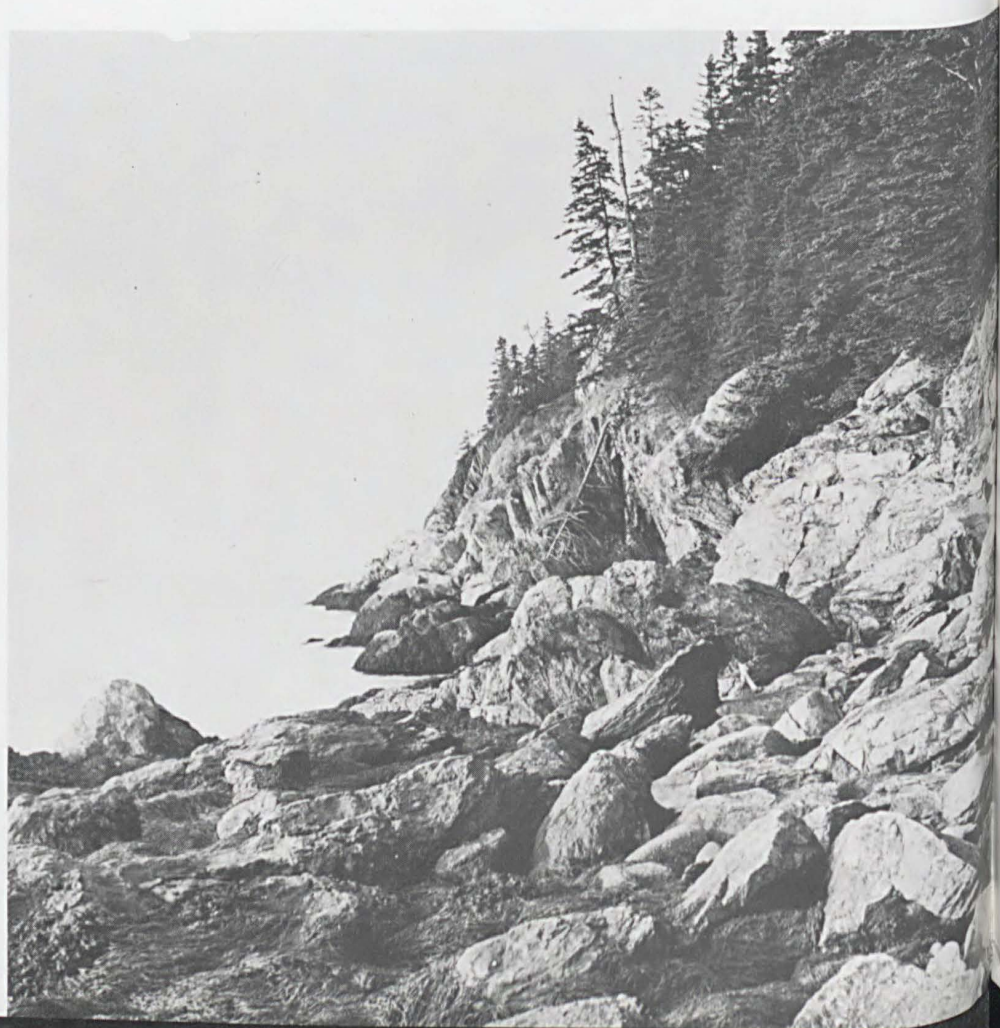
We the class of 1964 are graduating. We are the finished product of Maine Maritime Academy. We're equipped to the best of our individual abilities with all the tools of knowledge necessary to pick and steer a straight course wherever we may go. We are proud to say we are the best that the school and ourselves could produce. With graduation we complete our training at M.M.A. and we put to sea. Our biggest challenge lies ahead. Let us make it smooth sailing.



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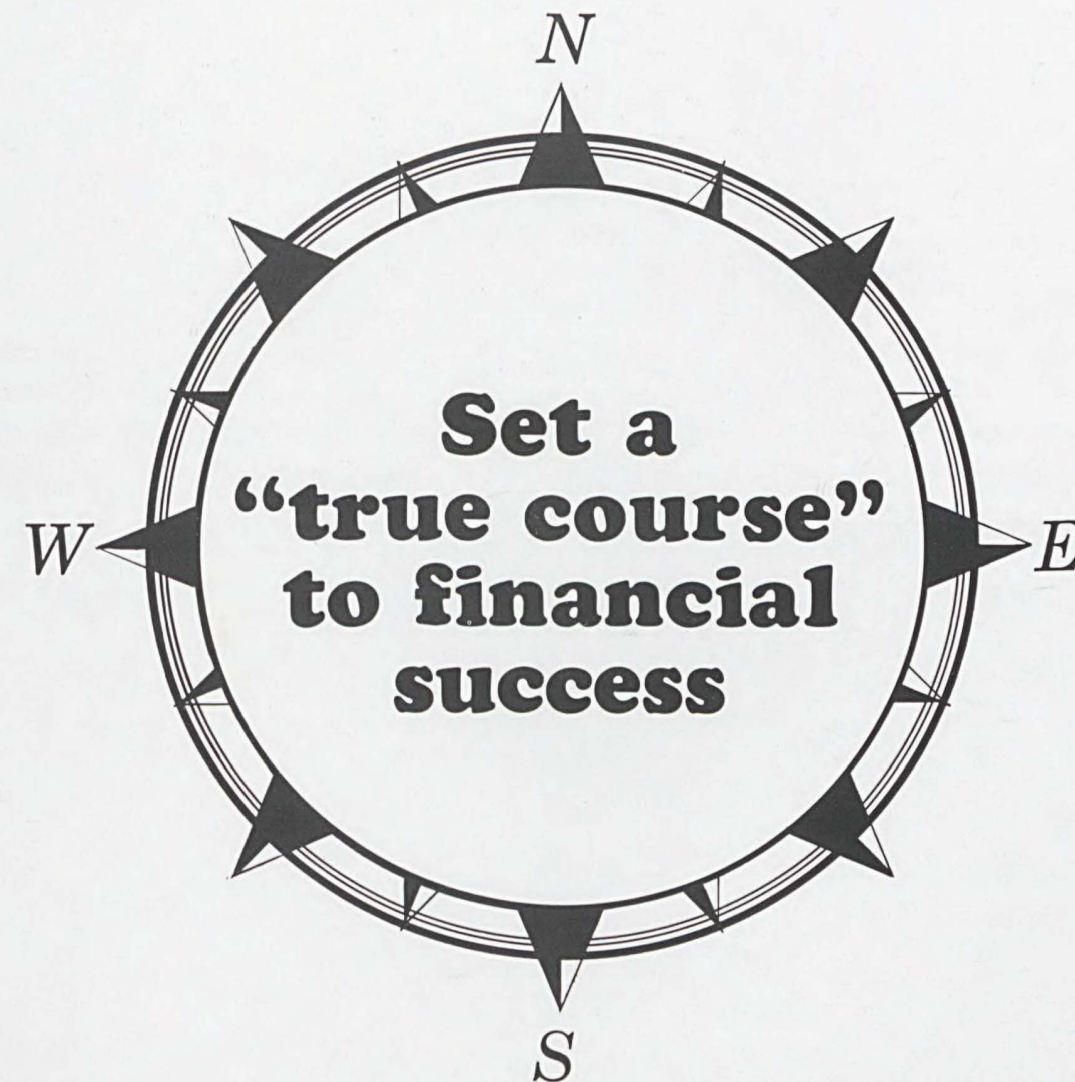
MARINE LUBRICANTS,
MARINE BUNKERS
AND THE
WORLD'S FINEST
MARINE SERVICE



SALUTES
THE
CLASS OF
1964

AND THE CADET CORPS OF
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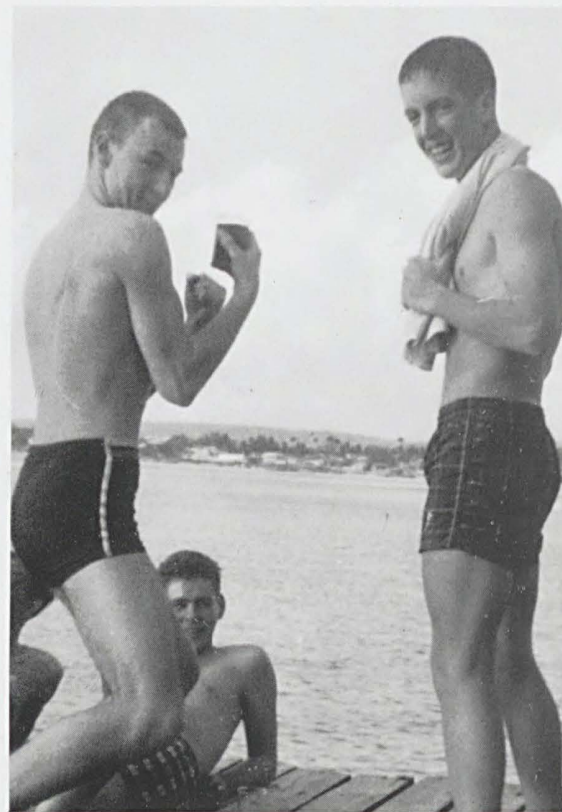
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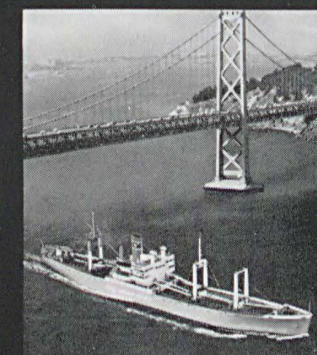


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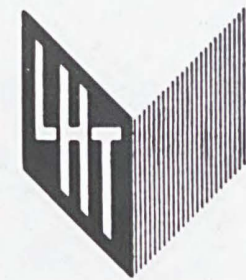
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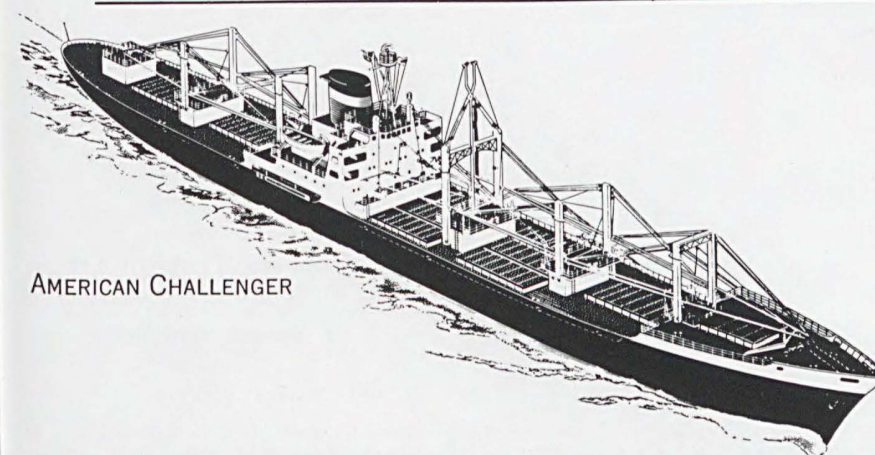
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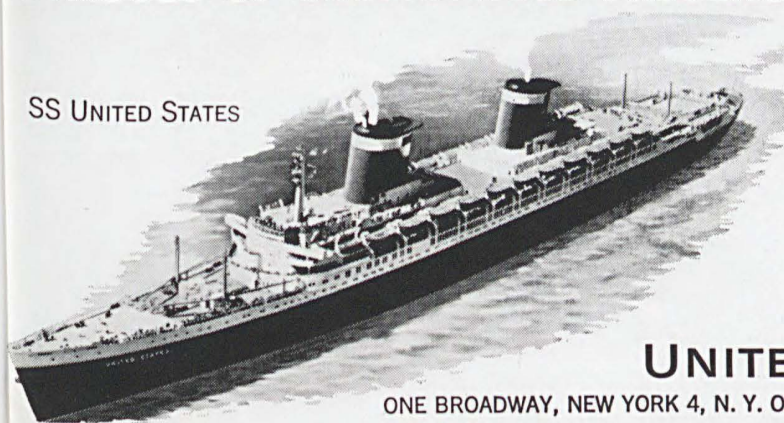
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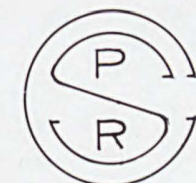
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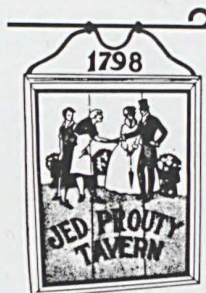
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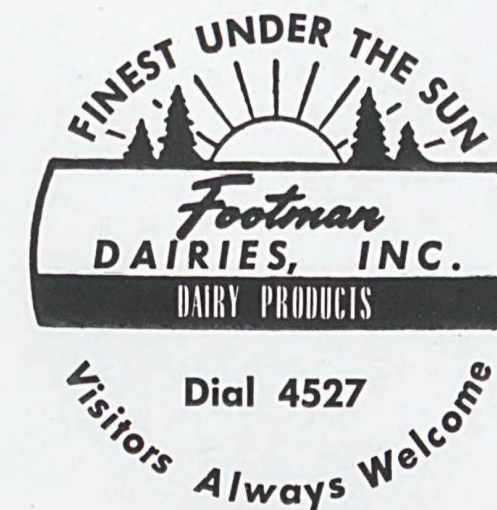
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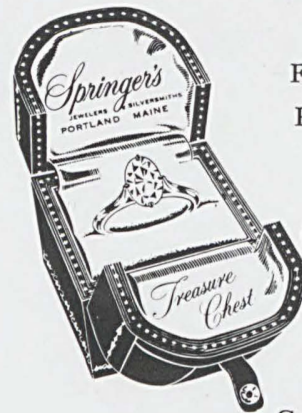
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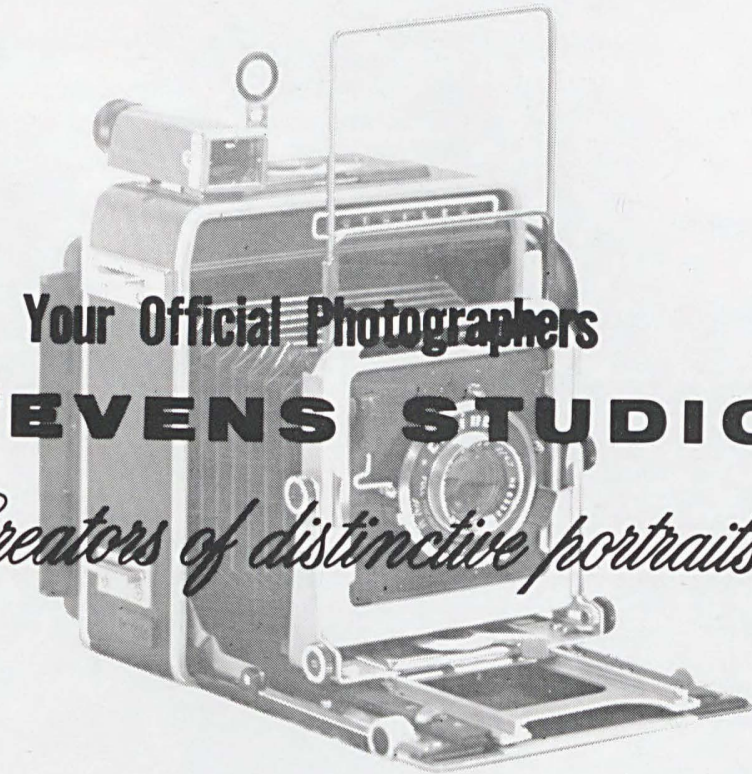
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