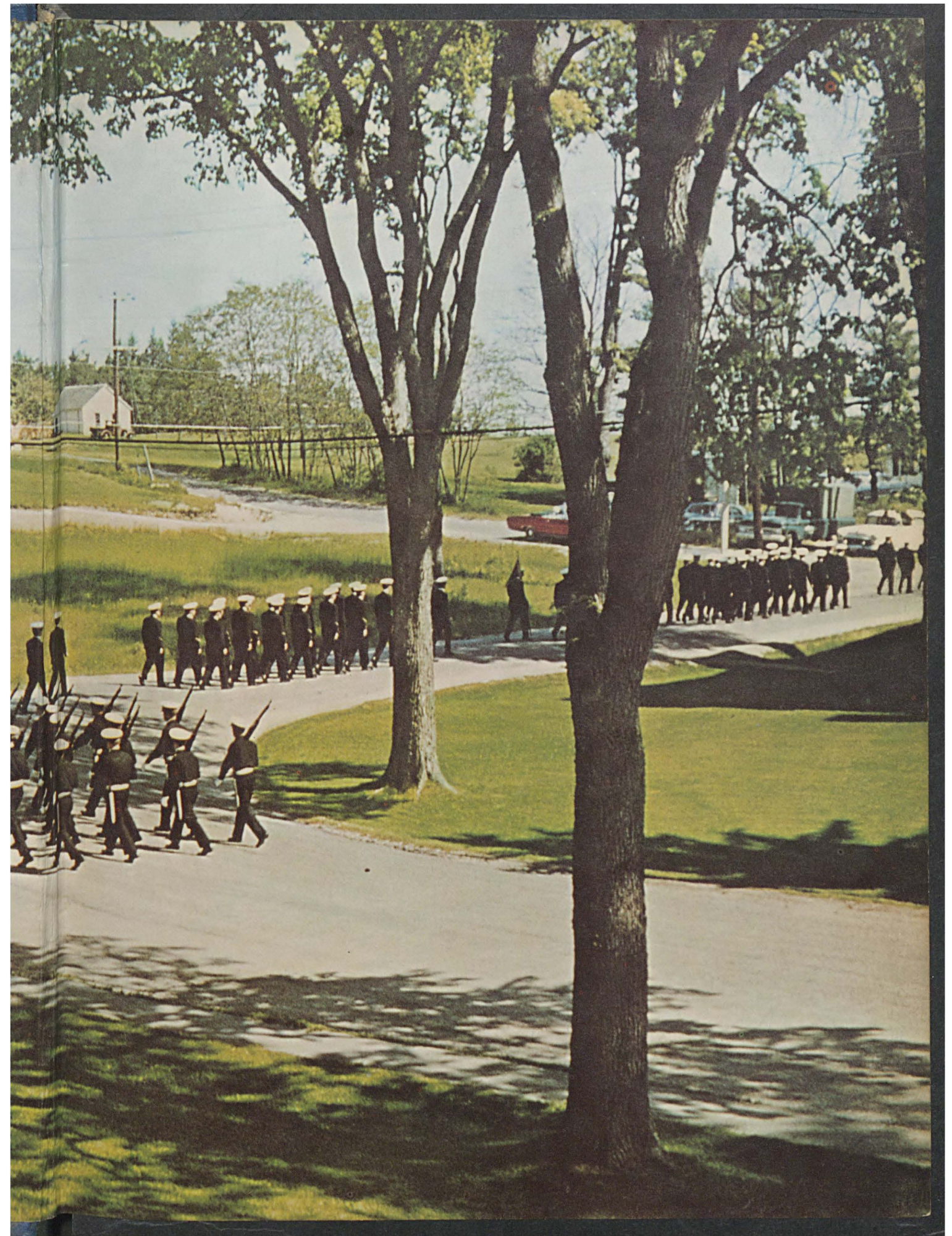
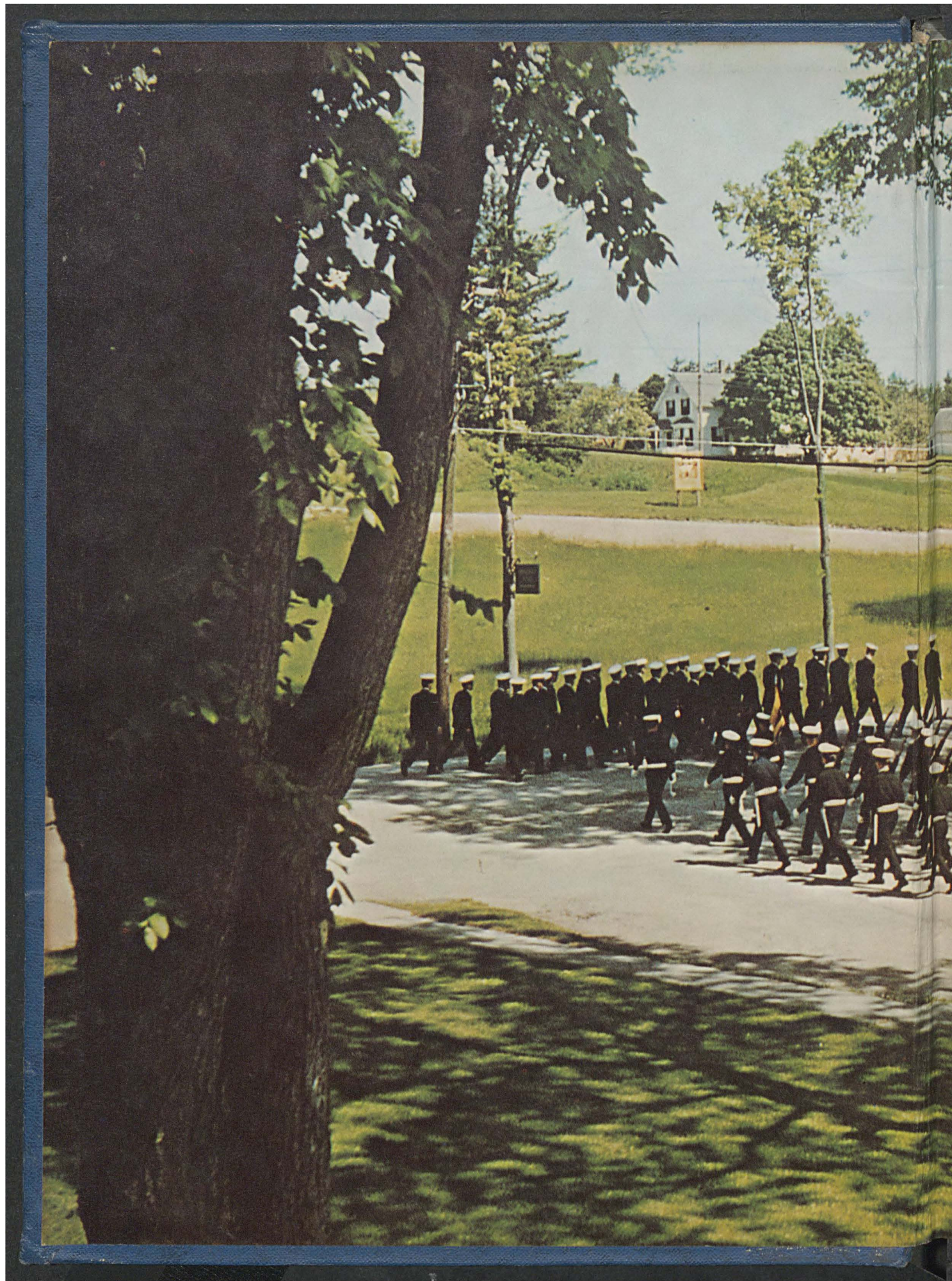


**TRICK'S END**  
**1967**

BATES COLLEGE

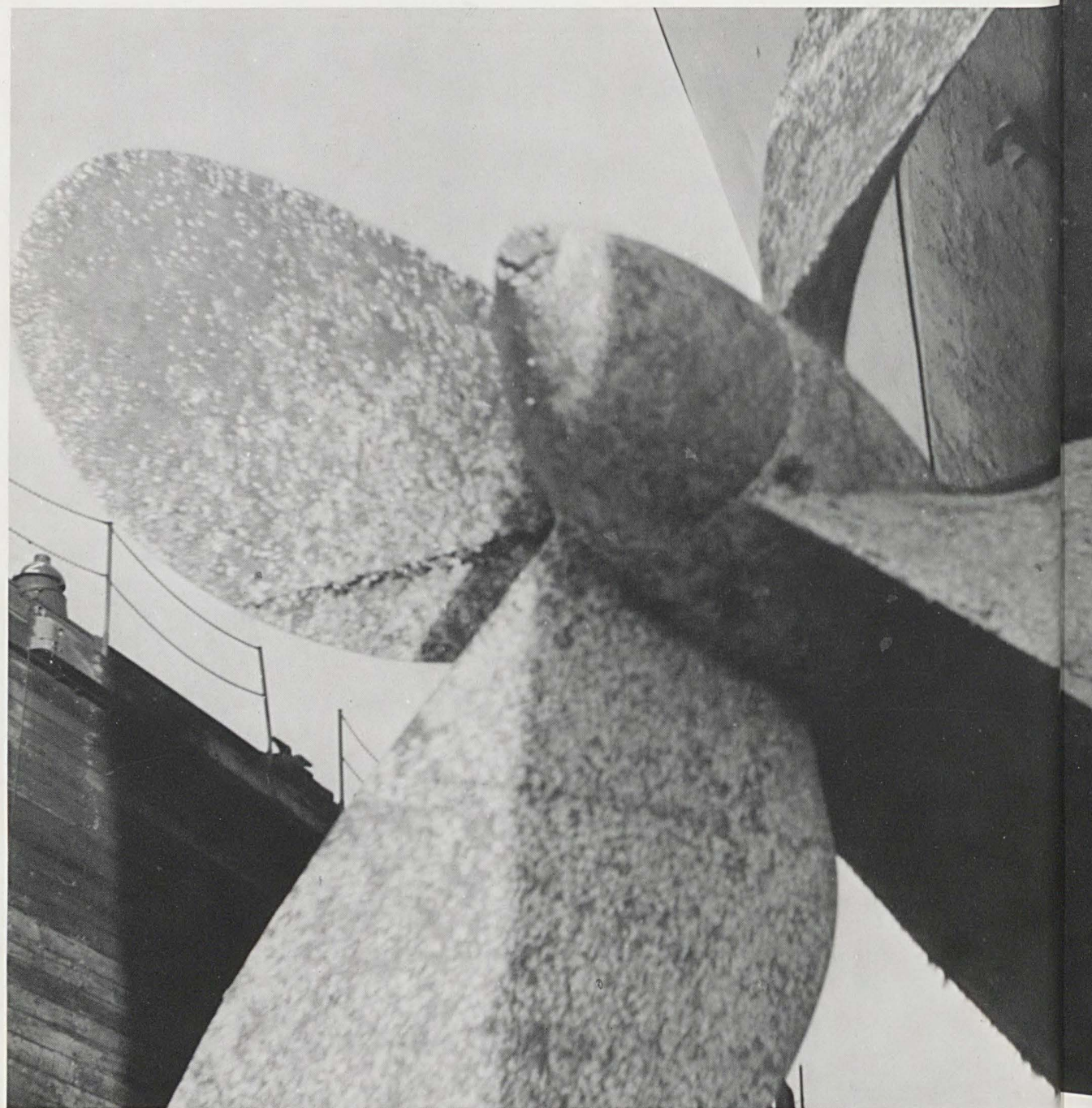






**TRICK'S END 1967**





TRICK'S



END

## STAFF

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Editor-in-Chief

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*DAVID A. WOOD*  
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*DAVID J. POPE*  
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Business Manager

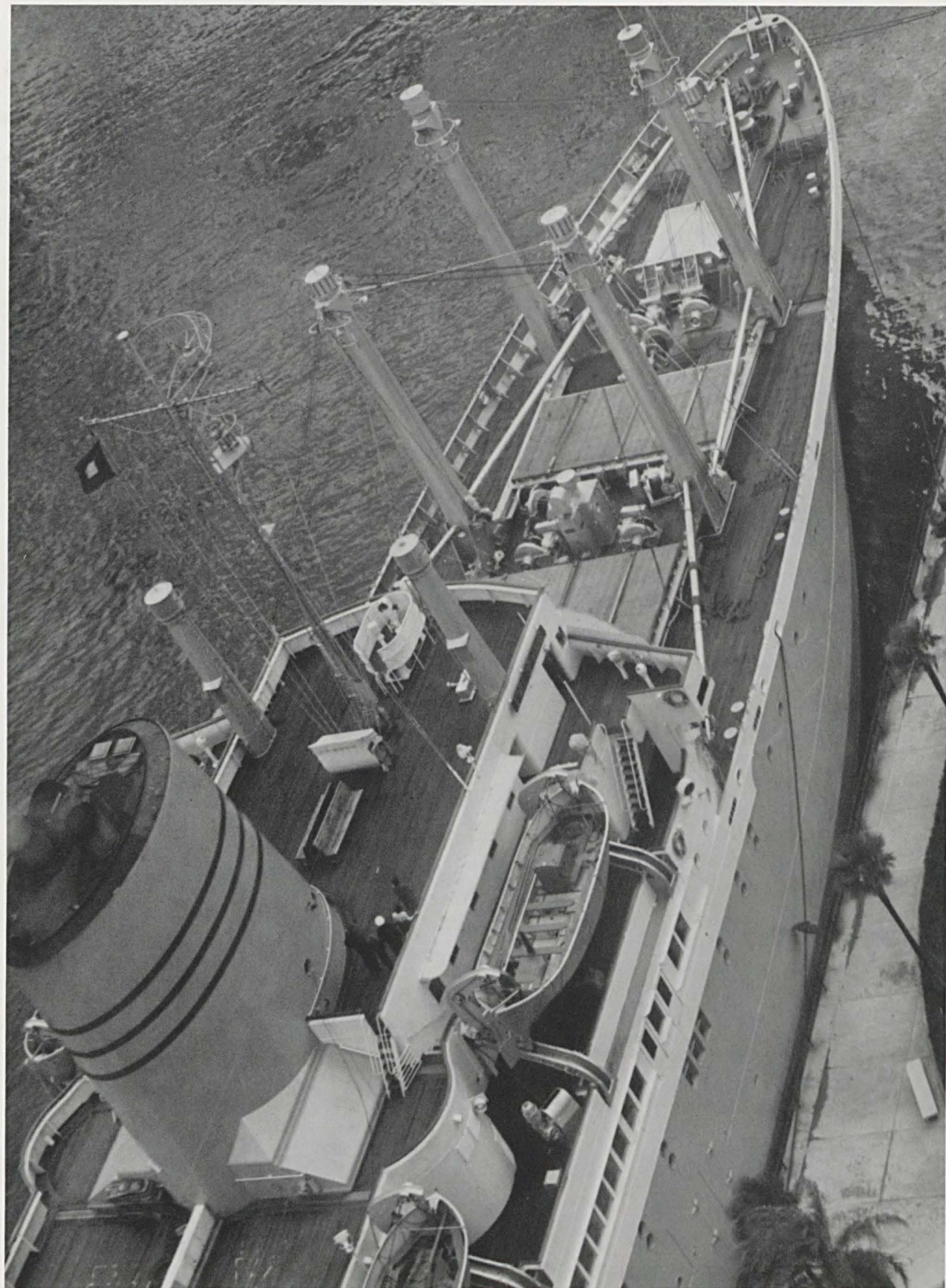
*HOWARD C. JORDAN*  
Advisor

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1967





### THE SEA DOG

A fool there was, and he went to sea,  
Even as you and I,  
And he spent a life of misery,  
Though the poets call it brave and free,  
Yet a fool he was, and a fool he'll be,  
For only a fool would follow the sea,  
Even as you and I.

The life we spend has a bitter taste,  
When we turn again to land,  
And the land rejects us as derelicts,  
With our withered minds as mental wrecks,  
With a cold disdainful hand.

Oh, the joy we lost and the love we lost,  
And the light of home we planned,  
Were won by the boy who stayed at home,  
Who had the brains and sense and a whole lot more,  
Of the things we did not understand.

A fool there was and his life he spent,  
In a vile life that never was meant,  
For a thing that God in his image bent,  
Yet he goes to sea with his own consent,  
Even as you and I.

All that he owns is his foolish hide,  
That he carefully placed or shoved aside,  
To sink or float in that deep blue tide.  
There some of him—yes most of him died,  
Even as you and I.

—Author Unknown





*LCDR WILLIAM H. McREEL*

## DEDICATION

This, the 1967 Edition of TRICK'S END is dedicated to an officer, who for many years has guided the Midshipmen of the Maine Maritime Academy to their goals as licensed Mates and Engineers.

Having served for three years as our class advisor, LCDR William H. McReel was well known, liked, and respected by all as an exceptional merchant officer, instructor, and friend.

We, the Class of 1967 dedicate this edition of TRICK'S END to you, LCDR William H. McReel, as our thanks for your example and assistance to us.





U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE  
MARITIME ADMINISTRATION  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20235

To the Class of 1967:

First, may I extend my congratulations to the men of the class of 1967 on a job well done. You have completed a demanding course of instruction to join the ranks of the officers of the U.S. merchant marine. Your government is proud of your achievement, and may reflect on its good fortune in the quality of young men who bring to the maritime industry youthful vigor and a fresh approach.

As a part of the merchant marine, you will play an important role in its vital mission of fulfilling our nation's commitments in trade and defense throughout the world. You bring to your new career the skills and knowledge acquired through long hours of study and hard work.

Today's merchant marine holds many challenges. The future of our fleet depends in part on its ability to benefit from the tremendous advances in technology modern science has achieved in our time. New techniques, new ideas, and a constant sensitivity to possible improvement are necessary to realize the great potential of the U.S. merchant marine.

Not only does the merchant marine face challenges in its economic and technological role, but in its role as the "fourth arm of defense." Many of you, like the graduates of the five other maritime academies across the nation, will be serving in Southeast Asian waters. There our merchant marine is carrying a major part of the supplies for our fighting men in Viet Nam; their cargo is the lifeblood of our effort to stem the tide of aggression in the Far East. This is indeed a real and solemn challenge; I have full confidence that you will meet it with enthusiasm and the maturity that comes with sound academic training and the day-to-day experience of the seafaring life.

I am confident that with young officers of your caliber entering the U.S. Merchant Marine, the excellent job that is being done in this support program, so important to our country's defense, will continue to be one in which the nation can justly take pride.

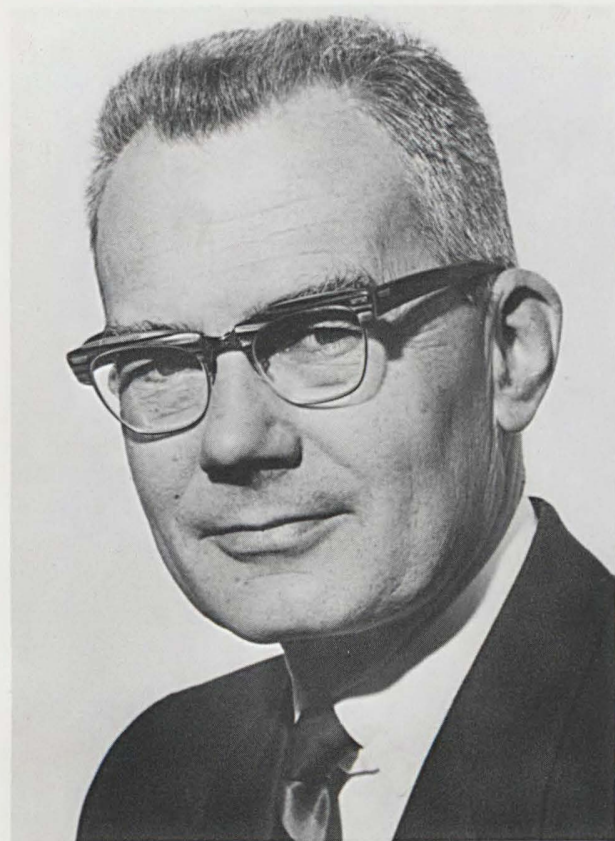
In choosing the U.S. Merchant Marine as your career, you men of the Maine Maritime Academy follow a long and proud tradition. The men of Maine have long followed the sea. The history of our nation and its commerce bear witness to their seamanship from the days of the Yankee whalers through the advent of steam to the new era of nuclear propulsion.

As you can take pride in the seafaring history of your Maine ancestors, they could today be proud of you. I wish you every success in your new profession in the service of your country.

*John T. Connor*

John T. Connor  
Secretary of Commerce





To the Class of 1967:

May I offer my heartiest congratulations to every member of the graduating class. I know you have worked long and hard for your degree. I am proud to see such a group of competent young men enter the American merchant marine.

You are joining the merchant fleet at a time when there is a full need for your skills and your services. As you know, this year's early graduation was authorized to help alleviate the shortage of qualified merchant marine officers to man the ships in the vital supply line to Southeast Asia.

The knowledge that you, as individuals, can make a definite contribution to your country's welfare must be a just source of pride to you. Your class will indeed have the opportunity to fulfill the purpose for which the Maine Maritime Academy was founded: to provide well-trained officers for the nation's merchant fleet. I know that you will carry on the fine tradition of service established by Academy alumni.

The Maritime Administration is proud of you men. I personally take great pride in the fine young officers of our State academies. I wish you every success in your new career. May God bless you as you sail in the service of your country.

J.W. Gulick  
Maritime Administrator

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JAMES J. GERRIS, STAFF DIRECTOR

United States Senate

COMMITTEE ON  
AERONAUTICAL AND SPACE SCIENCES

November 7, 1966

Maine Maritime Academy  
Castine  
Maine

Congratulations and my very best to the Class of 1967. Much happiness and success in your future endeavors.

Sincerely yours,

*Margaret Chase Smith*  
Margaret Chase Smith  
United States Senator



KENNETH M. CURTIS  
GOVERNOR

STATE OF MAINE  
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR  
AUGUSTA, MAINE  
04880

February 23, 1967

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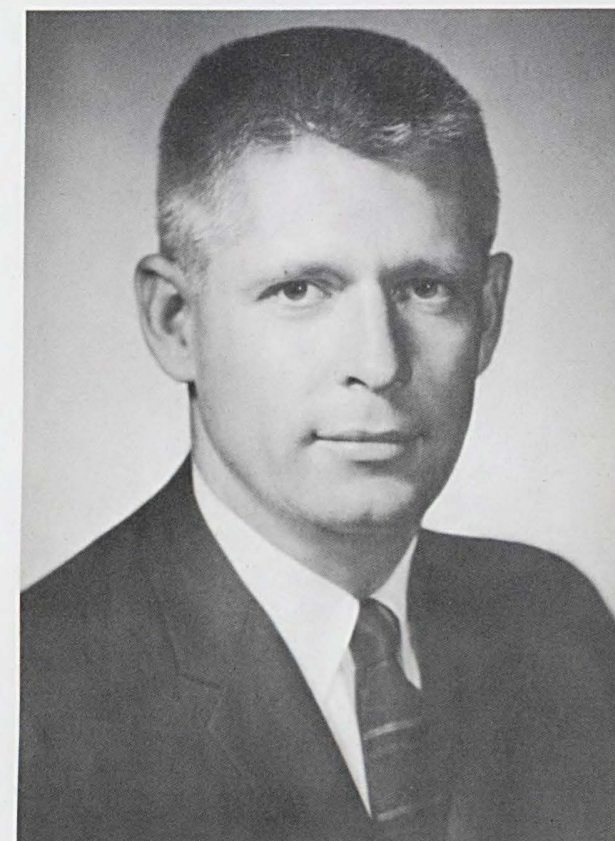
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"The discipline demanded by the sea is reflected in the men who follow the sea, and the sea becomes a master who shows no quarter. Men of Maine Maritime Academy learn this valuable lesson, not in textbooks or classrooms, but in the finest traditions of service on the sea. I respect the instruction gained from the Academy, and have found it to be one of the most powerful influences on my life. I'm certain that each of you will find this same influence a benefit in your later years."

Sincerely,

Kenneth M. Curtis  
Governor



To the Class of 1967:

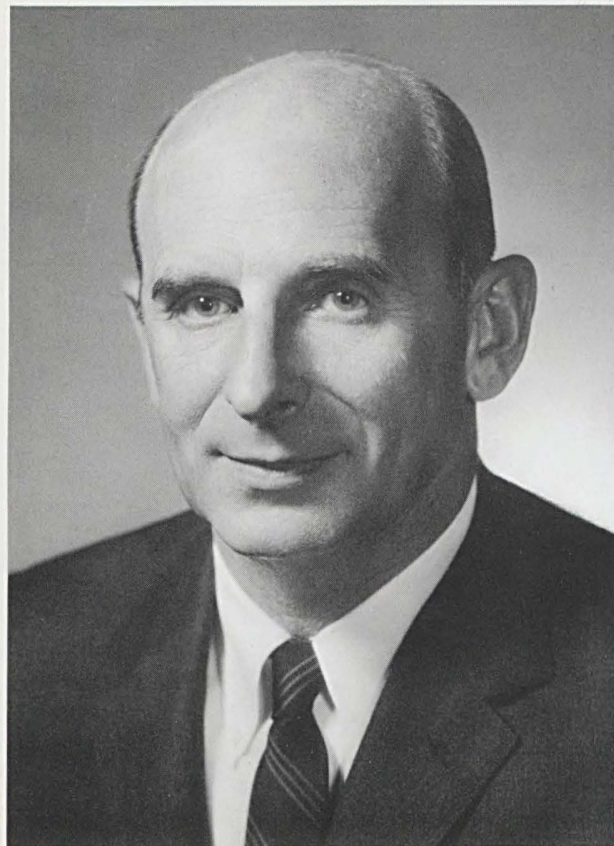
Life has probably never been more interesting, challenging and packed with opportunity that it is today. The quantity of knowledge, the way of doing things, the rising standard of living, and so forth, are catapulting us into a world where the one thing that is certain is constant and increasingly rapid change.

I believe your time and experience at Maine Maritime Academy have prepared you well as future leaders in the maritime industry or in whatever career you may eventually choose. We have taught you some useful skills, helped you to mature as thinking, responsible adults, and given you the opportunity to practice the art of leadership. Still, this is only the foundation. The castle you build on this foundation will be a reflection of yourself. Yes, you are the architect of your future. Those of us who have helped to mold your foundation wish you the best of health, happiness and success in the years ahead. We are proud of you and feel confident that you'll sail well through the stormy seas and gusting winds of our changing world. Good Luck!

E.A. Rodgers

Rear Admiral, MMA  
Superintendent





MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY  
CASTINE, MAINE



To the Class of 1967:

You have now completed four years of concentrated and detailed study. The program at the Academy has been directed toward professional competence, personal integrity, and individual responsibility.

Your leadership and accomplishments in the future will become vital influences for resolving world conflict and determining the course of our nation. The Board of Trustees is confident that each of you is fully qualified to meet the challenges which lie ahead as Officers of the Merchant Marine Service.

Those who remain in Castine will be forever grateful for your continued dedication to the Maine Maritime Academy. The friendships you have made here shall always stand secure and inviolate. We will observe with pride your contributions to the rich seafaring traditions of our country.

God-speed, and good sailing.

Cordially,

*John A. Platz*

John A. Platz  
President  
Board of Trustees

To the Class of '67:

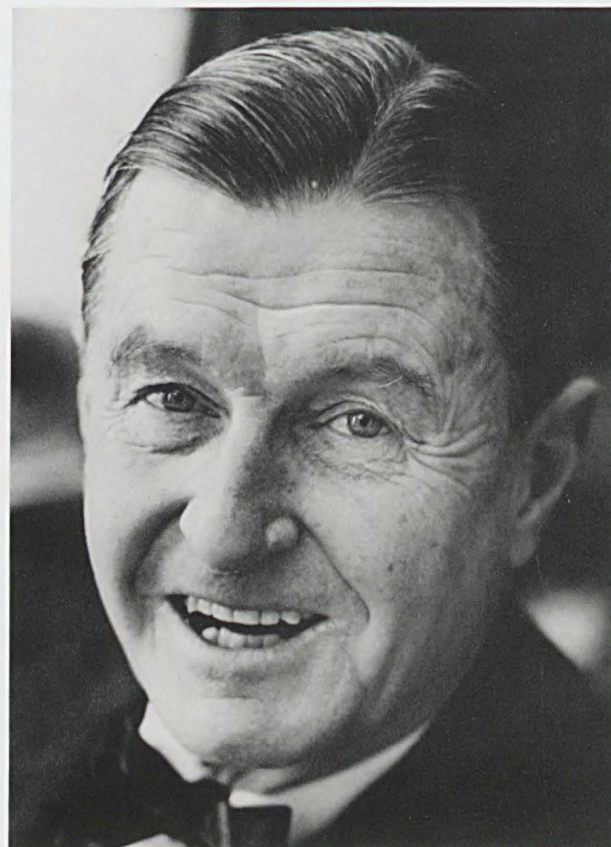
I remember the day you arrived at Castine. Many of you were awkward and homesick as you faced up to indoctrination drill in the fort.

I have watched you win and lose at football. I have stood on the wharf with your families when you eased the ship in, returning from the cruise. And I shall watch you toss your hats in the air at graduation.

You came here as boys. You are leaving as men with training and an education which will take care of your future. And important, you are a privileged class, for you are given the opportunity to serve your country in an emergency.

A friendly suggestion. Along with the gear you will be packing in your sea chest tuck in a sense of humor. It will help lighten, for you and your shipmates, the dark days which inevitably turn up on the calendar. All the best of it to you!

Francis Whiting Hatch  
Chairman  
Board of Visitors



To the Class of 1967:

I would like first to thank you and then to congratulate you.

I thank you for your spirit of cooperation, your understanding and for the help you have given me during the past year as your Commandant.

I now take great pride in congratulating you on the occasion of your graduation from this Academy. You have worked long and hard to achieve this goal and not always under ideal conditions.

You have followed in the wake of many classes before you and like they—have looked longingly to seaward over an ocean of books, problems, exams, duties, drills etc. You had what it takes however, you steered your course well and now, already others follow in your wake as the Class of 1967 takes its honored position among the graduates of this Academy.

You have reached your objective and now you are equipped with three of the greatest possessions a person may ask for . . . knowledge, confidence and youth. Use them well, for with this combination the world is yours and only you can stand in your way.

I wish you every success, all happiness and God-speed in all your endeavors. Stand tall; look smart.

Respectfully,

William F. Brennan  
Captain MMA  
Commandant of Midshipmen



To the Class of 1967:

During your years at the Maine Maritime Academy you have seen, and participated in, many changes and much growth here. I am sure you realize that there is room and need for many more changes and more growth, and that you also realize that during this period there have been many changes and much growth (in quality, at least) in the Maritime industry. I feel that each of you can contribute something to the growth and improvement of both your Academy and the industry (and if you do, of course, you will be contributing enormously to your own growth).

Do not underrate yourselves; do your best, and out of that best will come the contribution. As that granddaddy of sailors, Ulysses, said, "Much has been done but much remains to do." And another thing as true now as in his day, in spite of all improvements, is that "the sea is still the sea." Therefore, be alert and watchful always, on bridge or in the engine-room; don't fear it but respect it; do your best to add to the ways of safely traversing it—and have a good time! Good Luck!

Sincerely,

J.M. Kennaday  
Academic Dean





To the Class of 1967:

You are entering a world which is torn with strife and dissension, rapidly changing technology, and such upheavals as to give pause to the timid and the unprepared.

We of the Academy staff are confident that you are well prepared for your profession, and that you will not be counted in the ranks of the timid.

But do not feel that your education is over. Be alert to the opportunities for advancement in your careers; remember that integrity, perseverance, loyalty and enthusiasm are the qualities that ensure true success.

I am confident that each of you will be a credit to yourselves and the maritime industry.

Albion F. Coffin

In the few short months that I have been with you, it was impossible for me to get to know you nearly as well as I would have liked. However, I say in all sincerity that I have been most favorably impressed with what I have seen.

With this in mind, I am confident that - If you will go out into the industry with the firm determination to build upon the solid basics that Maine Maritime has given you - any goal you set yourselves will be attainable. Your predecessors have set and are setting a splendid example of what can be done with a Maine Maritime Academy foundation. So - I say to you, go to it, keep your heads up and the very best of luck to you all.

H.R. Johnson

Captain, M.M.A.  
c/o T.V. State of Maine



## ADMINISTRATION AND FACULTY



## ADMINISTRATION



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Superintendent



*WILLIAM F. BRENNAN*  
Commandant of Mid'n



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Assistant Commandant



*DAVID G. BUCHANAN*  
Admissions



*WILLIAM H. ERB*  
Dean of Admissions



*HOWARD C. JORDAN*  
Public Information

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*JOYCE E. SIMPSON*  
Finance



*ELEANOR FORDAN*  
Finance



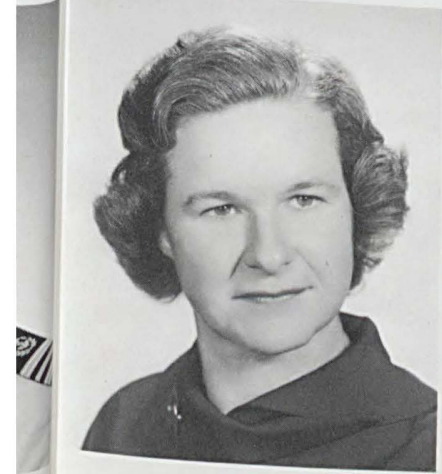
*JUDITH FORDAN*  
Secretary



*SHIRLEY C. DAVID*  
Finance



*LOUISE P. MAYO*  
Switchboard



*ADORA M. LEACH*  
Secretary

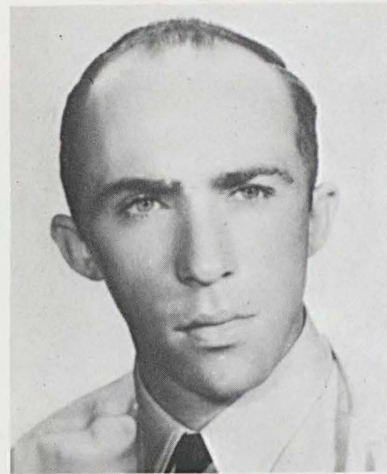


*GEORGE H. WITHAM*  
Assistant Controller



*MRS. RONALD EARLE*  
Secretary





PHILLIP L. FARR  
Storekeeper



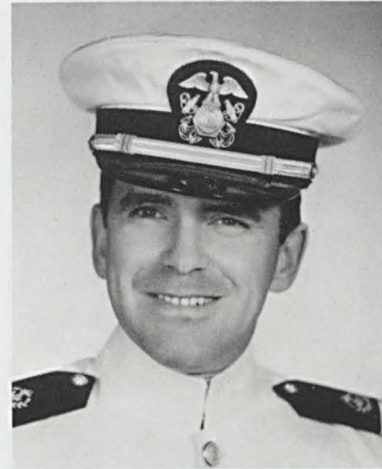
LLOYD G. FARLEY  
Storekeeper

## NAUTICAL DECORATION

## ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT



JOHN M. KENNADAY  
Academic Dean



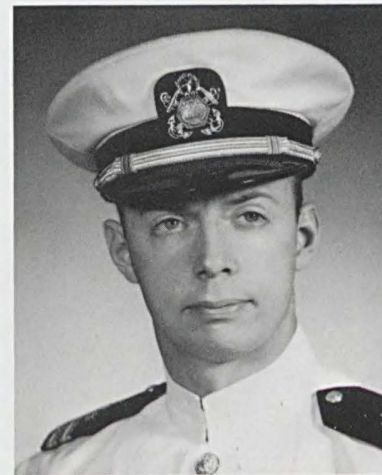
RONALD L. EARLE JR.  
Math, Physics



JOHN C. ARTZ  
Mathematics



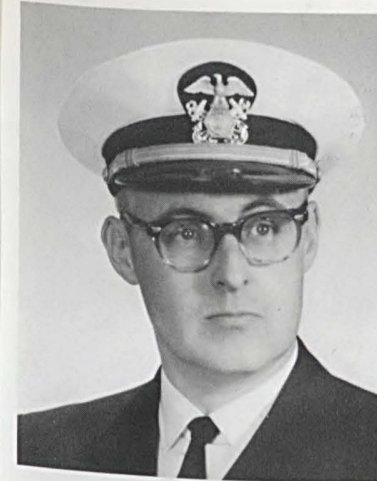
DEAN R. MAYHEW  
English



JAY S. HOAR  
English



JOSEPH F. NICHOLS  
Nautical Science



F. X. GOODWIN  
Engineering



P. THURSTON POOR  
English



CHRISTOPHER DONAHUE  
Physics



JOHN W. BURROWES  
Economics



CHARLES ODENWELLER  
Mathematics



MRS. DOROTHY DeRODAS  
Spanish

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## DECORATION



CAPT. RUSSELL H. TERRY  
Head, Nautical Science





*CAPT JOHN T. FORDAN*  
Navigation



*LCDR ALFRED R. PHILBRICK*  
Navigation



*CAPT ALBION COFFIN*

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### DECORATION



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Turbines, Refers



*LCDR JAMES WILES*



*LCDR C.S.L. ROBINSON*  
Nuclear



*LT EUGENE SPINAZOLA*  
Nuclear, Eng. Safety



*CDR EDWARD F. BROWN*  
Head, Engineering



*LT GEORGE P. JACOBS*



*CWO ROBERT L. LEACH*



*LT WALTER T. MAYO*  
Machine Shop



*LT ROGER A. MARKS*



*LT JOHN F. SNOW*  
Electricity

### DECORATION

## NAVAL SCIENCE



*LCDR GOTT*  
Department Head



*LT GUY CARROL*



*LT (jg) ALLISON*





CPO HOLT

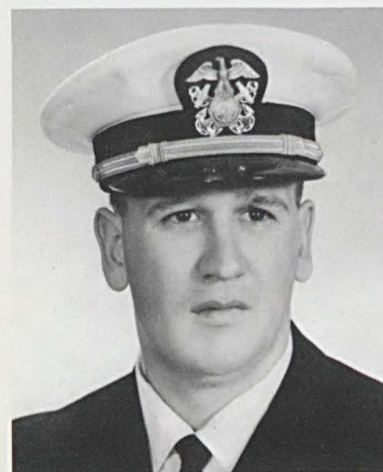


1/c P.O. DUMAS



MRS. GRINDALL  
Secretary

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION



LT (jg) MICHAEL H. HALEY



LCDR VERGE FORBES



LT JAMES J. McCORMICK



CDR GUY BAKER  
First Lieutenant

## T.V. STATE OF MAINE PERSONNEL



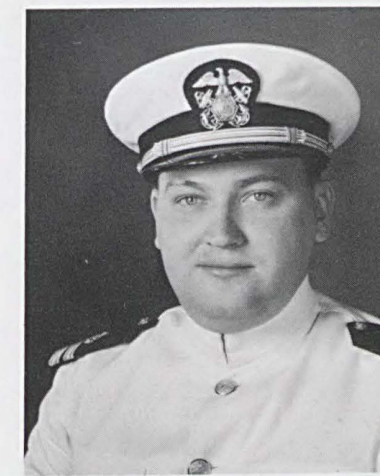
CAPT H. JOHNSON  
Master



CWO WALDO HARMON



CDR OLNEY M. GRINDALL  
Chief Engineer



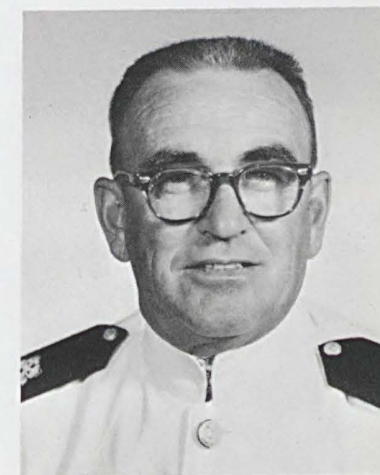
LT CHARLES BRIGGS  
Deck Watch Officer



LT BARRY HAMILTON  
First Assistant



ERNEST BLACK  
Second Assistant



CWO DURLIN E. LUNT  
Bos'n



CWO MARVIN CURTIS



CWO DONALD TILLEY



CWO RICHARD HARMON



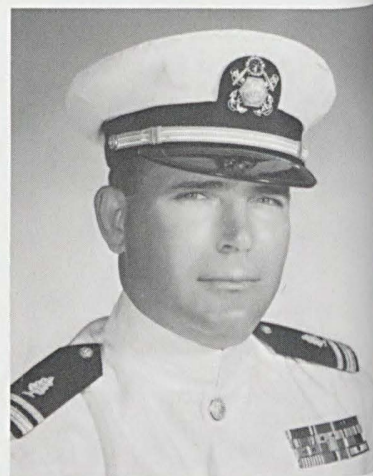
## MEDICAL DEPARTMENT



LT FRANCIS B. MUNGER



LCDR CHANNING H.  
WASHBURN M.D.  
Head, Medical Department



LT WILLIAM F. CHESSE

## DECORATION

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J.D. SPRAGUE



M.L. OLIVER



R.F. GRAY



R. DOWNS



J.R. McCANN



R. PINNETTE



R.E. HANSON JR.



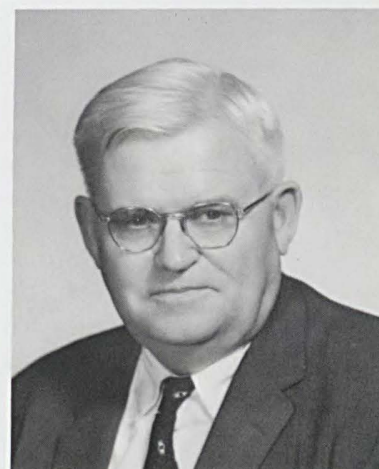
J.H. WIBBY



E. TURCOTTE



M.W. MacEACHARN



E.T. SHEFFIELD



REGIMENT





## REGIMENTAL STAFF



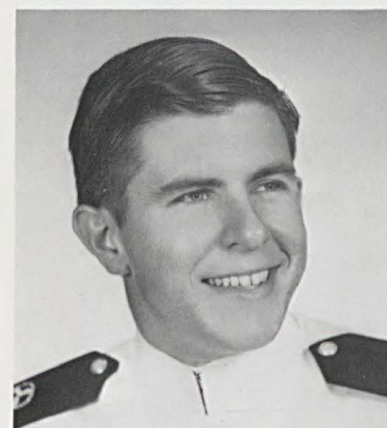
Richard C. Condon  
Regimental Commander



Robert A. Kolofsky  
Regimental Adjutant



Thomas H. Dorsky  
Regimental Executive Officer



Donald R. Doornbos  
Regimental Master-at-Arms



Chester T. Manuel  
Regimental Supply Officer



Charles L. Brown  
Regimental Mess Officer





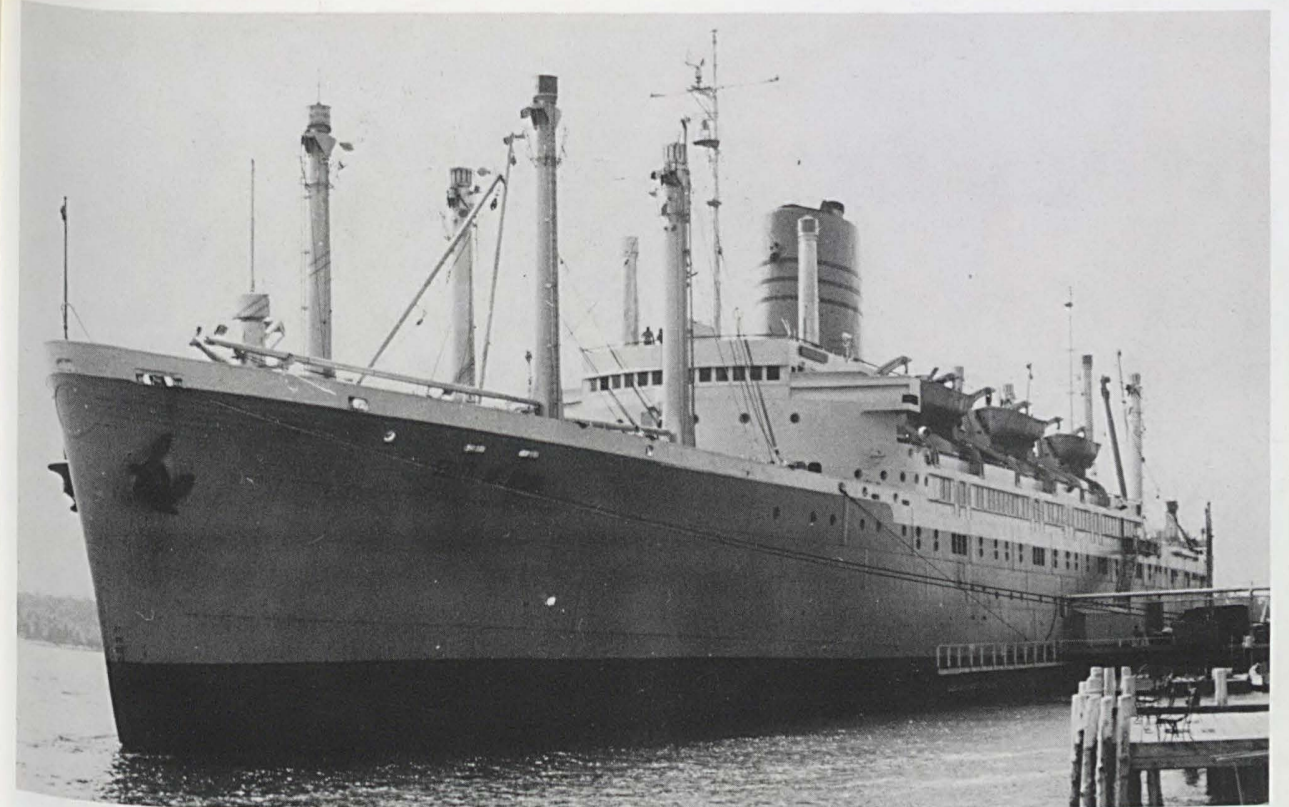
## FIRST BATTALION



John M. Lewis  
First Battalion Commander



John Lewis, First Battalion Commander, and Mark P. Alford, First Battalion Yeoman.



T.V. State of Maine and the dock area—Home of the First Battalion.







James H. Johnson  
Company Commander

## A-COMPANY



Herbert D. Robinson, A-II Petty Officer; George L. Bradley, A-I Platoon Leader; Richard S. Morris, A-II Platoon Leader; James H. Johnson, Co. Commander; Missing: John M. Casavola, A-I Petty Officer.

## SENIORS TROOPERS

Mel Ferguson, Wilbur Bell, Dave Arnold, Fred Ladd, Rod Rodrigue, Grumpy Fairfield, Norm Lewis, John Mathieson, Terry McCarthy, Dave Wade, Dean Davis.

## JUNIORS



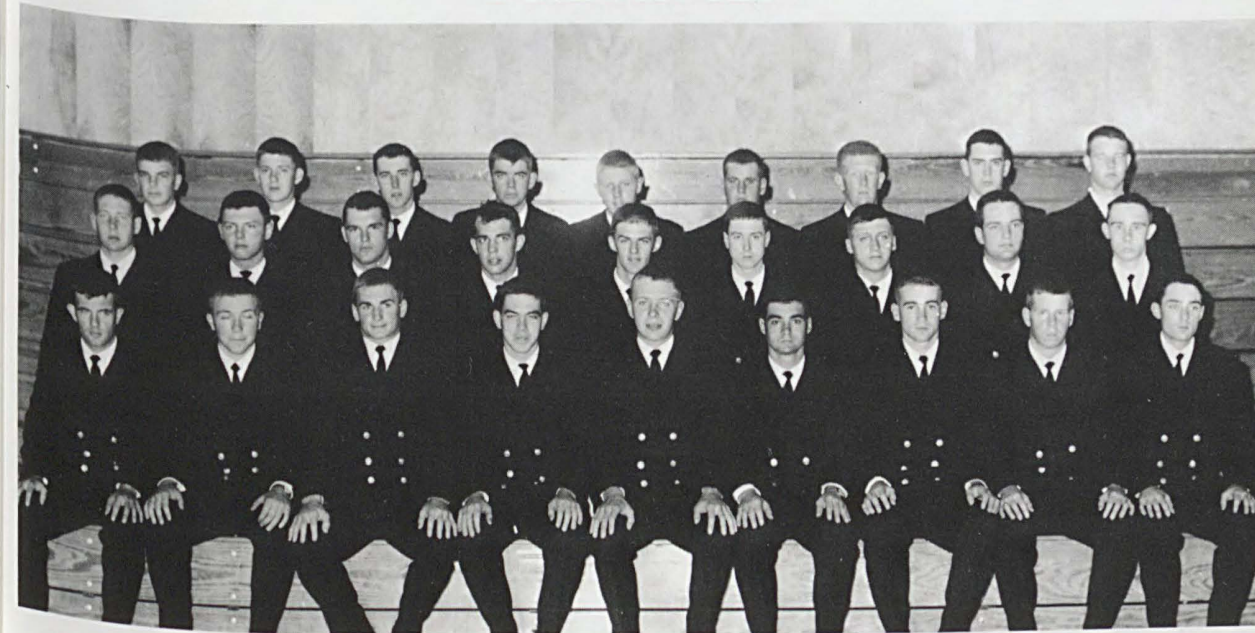
First Row - Pece, Cratty, Ieva, Hatch, Hakala, Lessard; Second Row - Werner, Vigue, Colburn, Smith, Merrow, Blaisdell, Main.

## SOPHOMORES



First Row - Adams, Baker, Anderson, Buck, Hoglund, Bonsaint; Second Row - Allen, Cookson, Edgecomb, Dodge, Atkins, Civitano; Third Row - Palmer, Young, Cameron, Blake, Braut.

## FRESHMEN

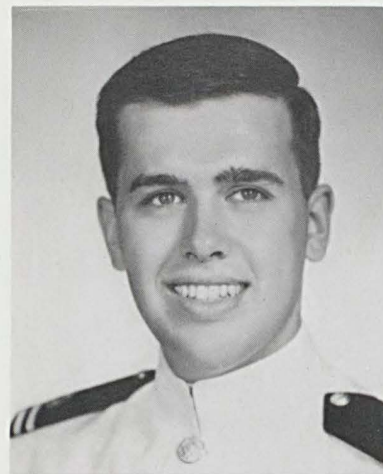


First Row - Bean, Cobb, Cloutier, Allen, Bizer, Chaney, Brown, Cramer, Crockett; Second Row - Brann, Bouchard, Carrier, Allen, Cook, Cole, Bernier, Baum, Bell; Third Row - Brazier, Barstow, Curtis, Conologue, Daggett, Cousins, Conroy, Beede, Collier.





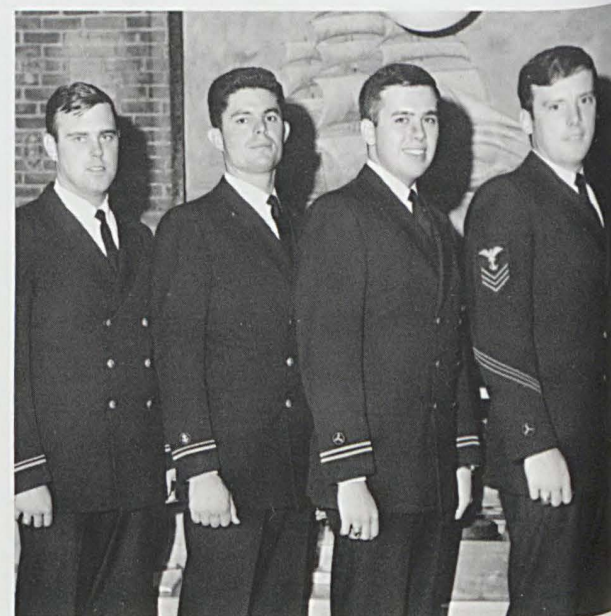




David J. Pope  
Company Commander

## SENIOR TROOPERS

Nat Gladding, Larry Hanson, Nasal Norton, Bill Daisey, George Duncan, Bruce Ayer, Fred Atkins, Dewey Dayton, Spud Cochran, Buster Engert, George Perkins, Bob Eckert.



Edward L. Curran, B-I Platoon Leader; Rodger Cook, B-II Platoon Leader; David J. Pope, Co. Commander; John C. Waller, B-II Petty Officer; Missing: Irving F. Banks, B-I Petty Officer.

## JUNIORS



First Row - Woodman, Champine, Robinson, Crosskill, Abrams, Lane, Drake; Second Row - Sherman, Banks, O'Brien, Powell, Baker, Miller, Nelson, McAllister; Third Row - Casey, Page, Hoffman, Erringer, Holmes, Sylva, Reilly, McRae.

## SOPHOMORES



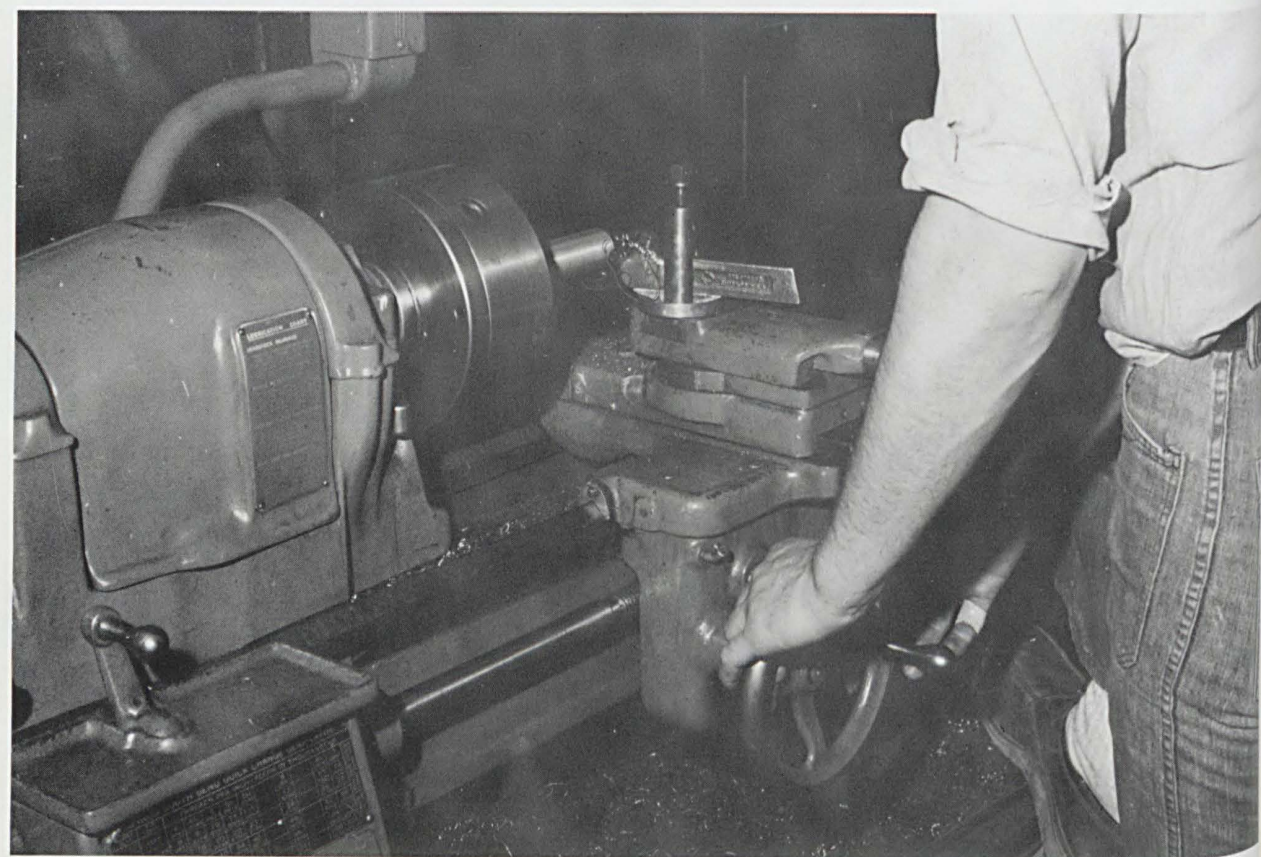
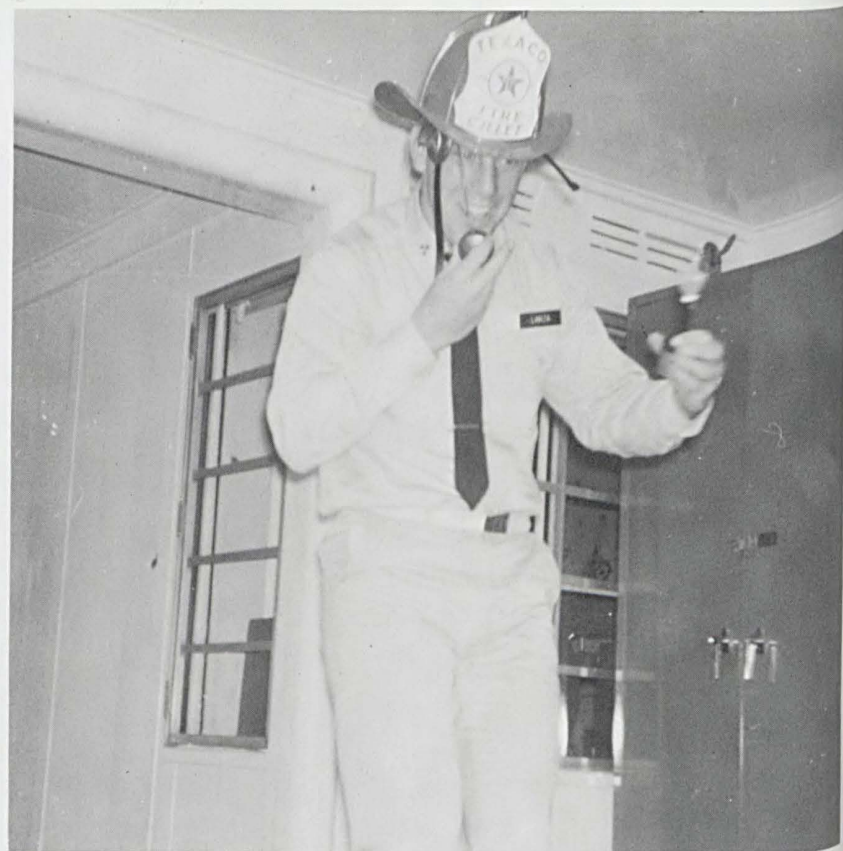
First Row - Heath, Favreau, King, Labreck, Harden, Craver; Second Row - Glidden, Jones, Resenblad, Gammon, Langdon, Gordius; Third Row: Wallace, Haggett, Zanger, Bennett, Smith, Hill, Lay.

## FRESHMEN



First Row - Flynn, Graass, Dyer, Foster, Drake, Glidden, Guerin; Second Row - Dolby, Grant, Dutcher, Haney, Dunn, Henning; Third Row - Hunt, Herbert, Draper, Edwards, Fournier, Dunbar.

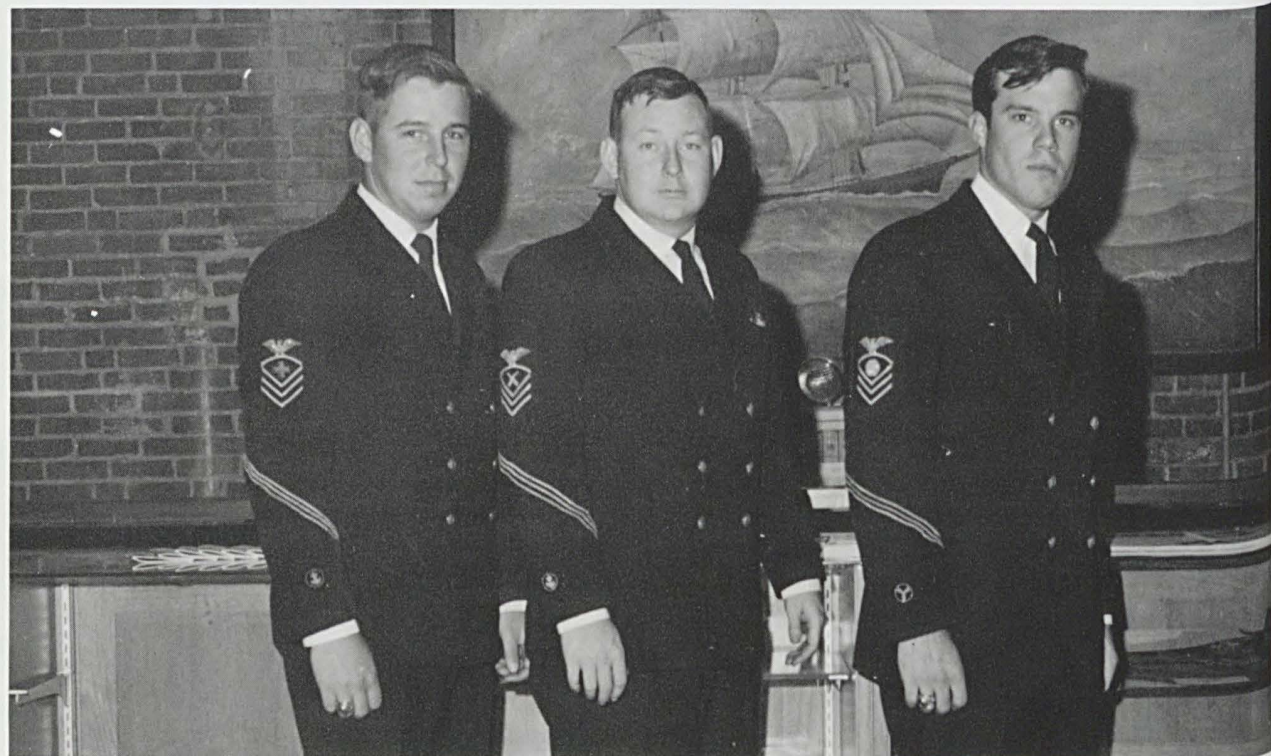




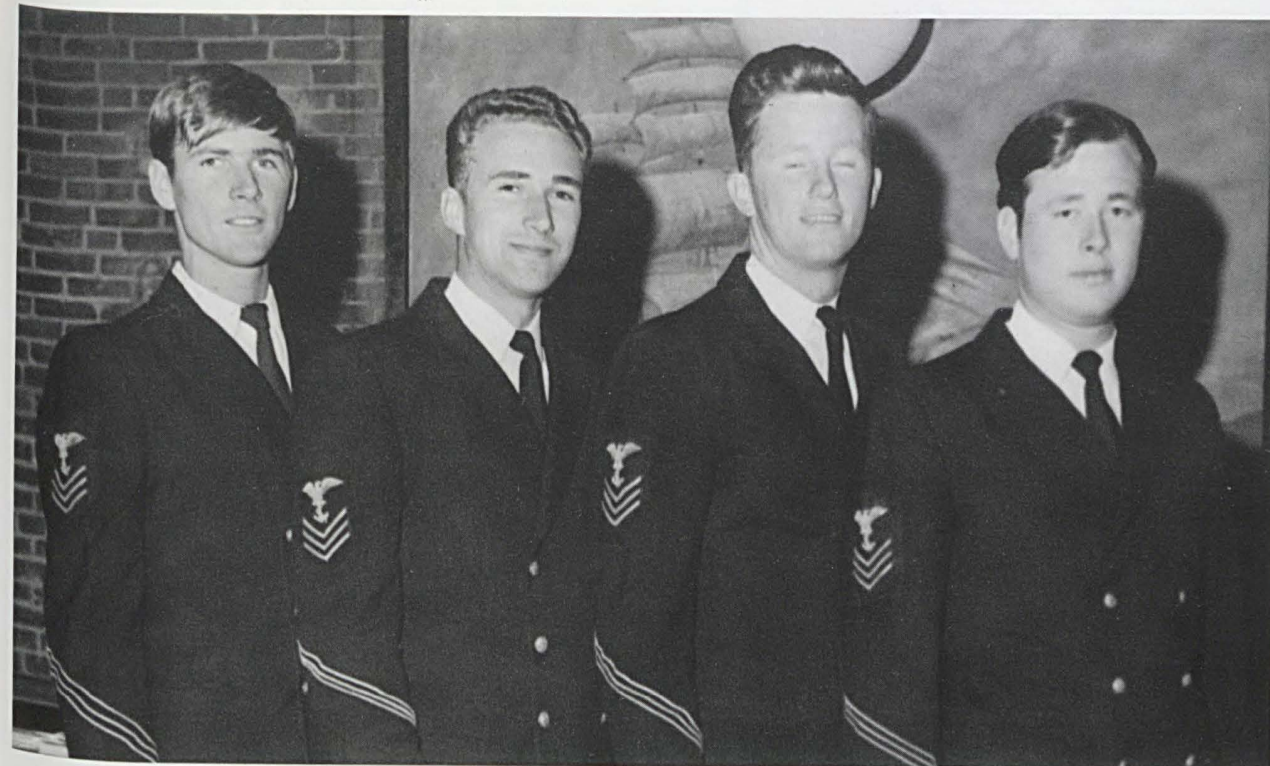




William H. Gatchell, Boatswain's Mate; Richard S. Reinhardsen, Regimental Yeoman; P. David Valliancourt, Damage Control Officer; Ronald Terry, Chief Quartermaster, Jimmy W. Devitt, Chief Machinist's Mate.



G. Thomas Woodhull, Medical Aide; William H. Cahill, Chief Gunner's Mate; Seth C. Fenner, Chief Electrician's Mate.



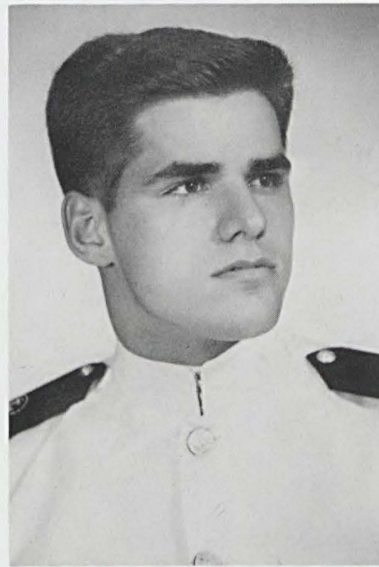
ASSISTANT MESS OFFICERS - Norman A. Jackson, Thomas H. Smith, John M. Sanborn, Linwood A. Pendexter, Missing: Frederick Harris, James E. Coughlin.



YEARBOOK STAFF - LCDR. Jordan, David A. Schultze, Robert P. Tasker, John B. Lancaster.



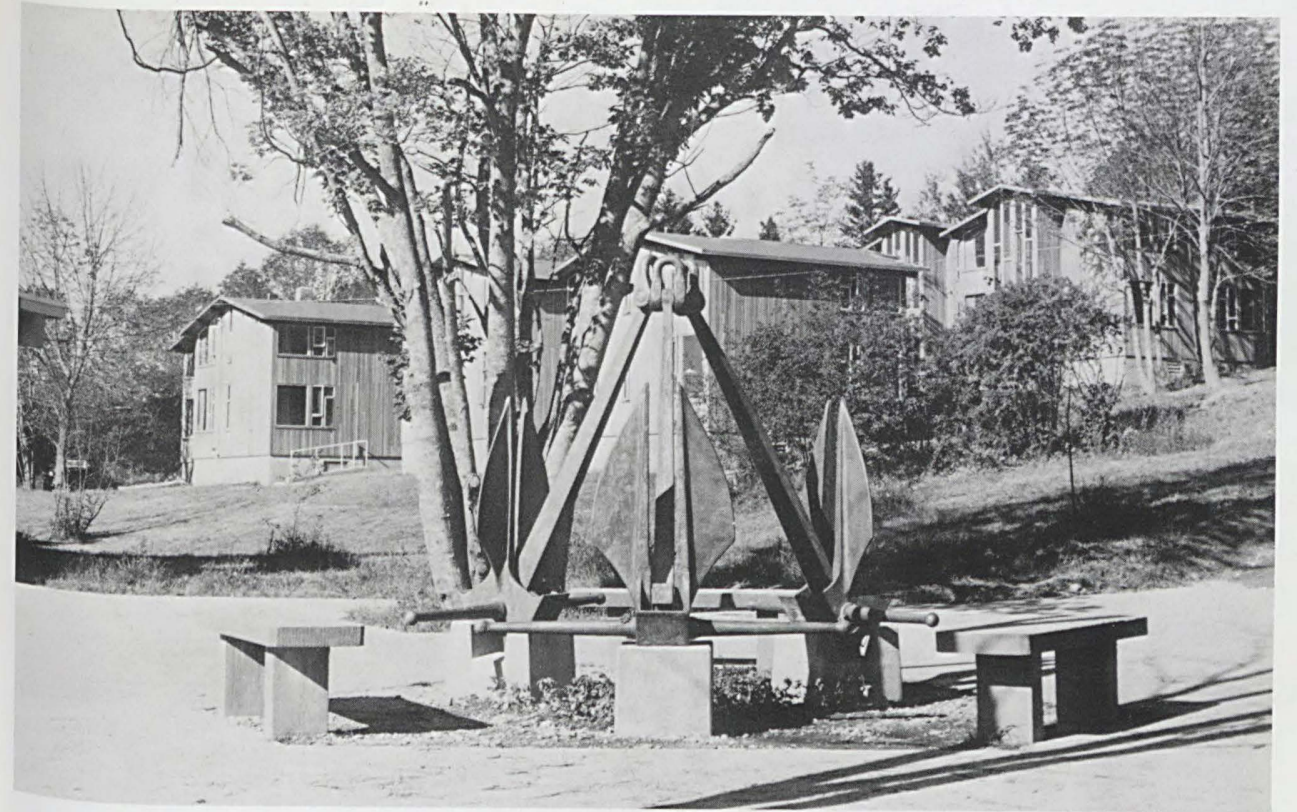
## SECOND BATTALION



Gardner R. Knight  
Second Battalion Commander



Douglas E. Palmer, Second Battalion Yeoman; Gardner R. Knight, Second Battalion Commander.

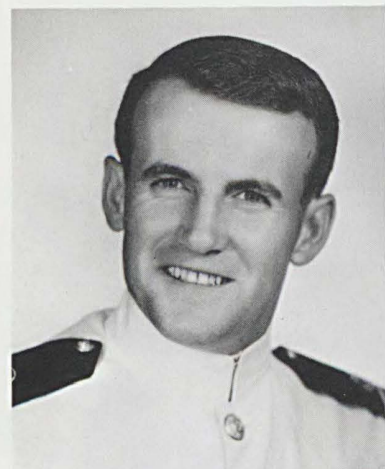


The Dorms: Home of C-Company.



Leavitt Hall: Home of D-Company.





Albert P. Levesque  
Company Commander

## C-COMPANY

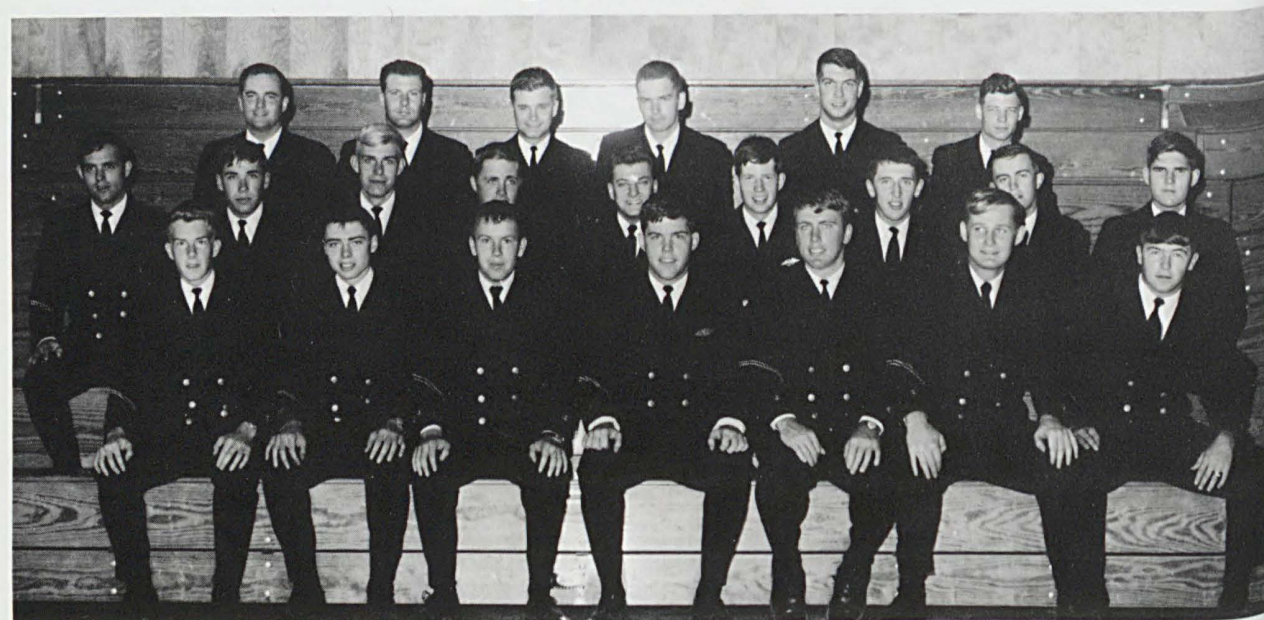


Frederick C. Palmer, C-II Platoon Leader; Joseph Harris, C-I Platoon Leader; John M. Hess, C-I Petty Officer; Albert P. Levesque, C-Co. Commander; Missing: James V. Weast, C-II Petty Officer.

## SENIOR TROOPERS

Tom Spearin, Pete Webb, Mickey Pierce, Steve Barbara, Bob Ahaesy, Tim Race, Tom Moutsatsos, Pete Hunter, Dave Raye, Dave Schultze, Tim LaTour, Sky Merithew.

## JUNIORS



First Row - Moody, Barbeau, Dinsmore, Geaghan, Howard, MacKinnon, Weed; Second Row - Brooks, Nye, Wyman, Lewis, Menkes, Reilly, Libby, Manchester, Cass; Third Row - Schultz, Jacobson, Jordan, Flower, Williams, Tinkham.

## SOPHOMORES



First Row - McGuiggan, Rogers, McMann, Ellenwood, Lessard, O'Meara; Second Row - Oppellaar, Ames, Martin, Wikstrom, McIntire, Lucas; Third Row - Page, Cyr, Rogers, Reid, Moore.

## FRESHMEN

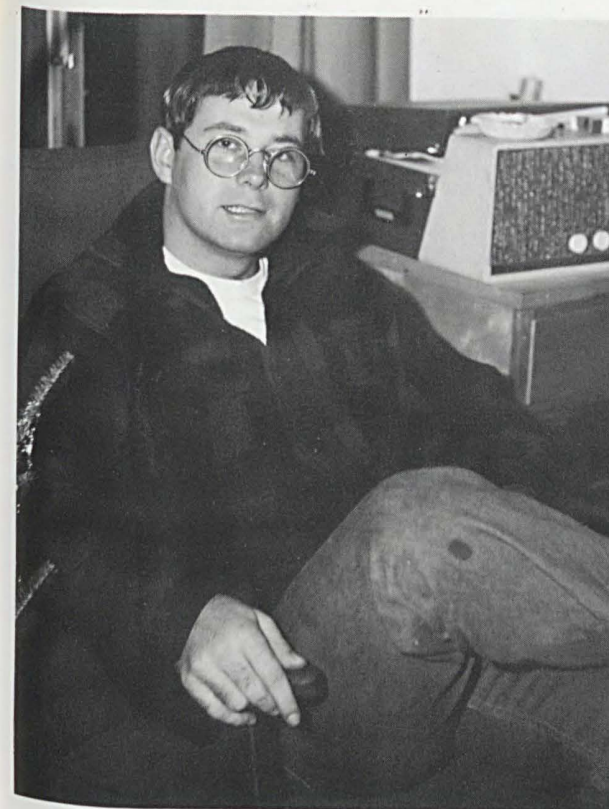


First Row - Libby, McNutt, Muccino, Miller, Kimball, Jellerson, Laverdier, Maddix; Second Row - Winget, James, Oliver, Kalloch, Hutchinson, Putansu, LaRoche; Third Row - Millett, Maxcy, Monmaney, Nixon, McAleer, Thomas, Mahan, O'Connor.

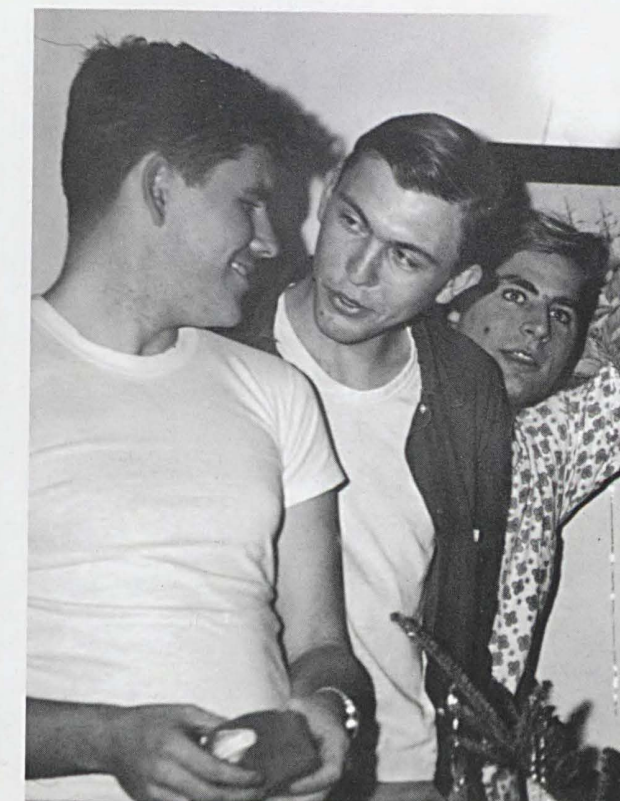




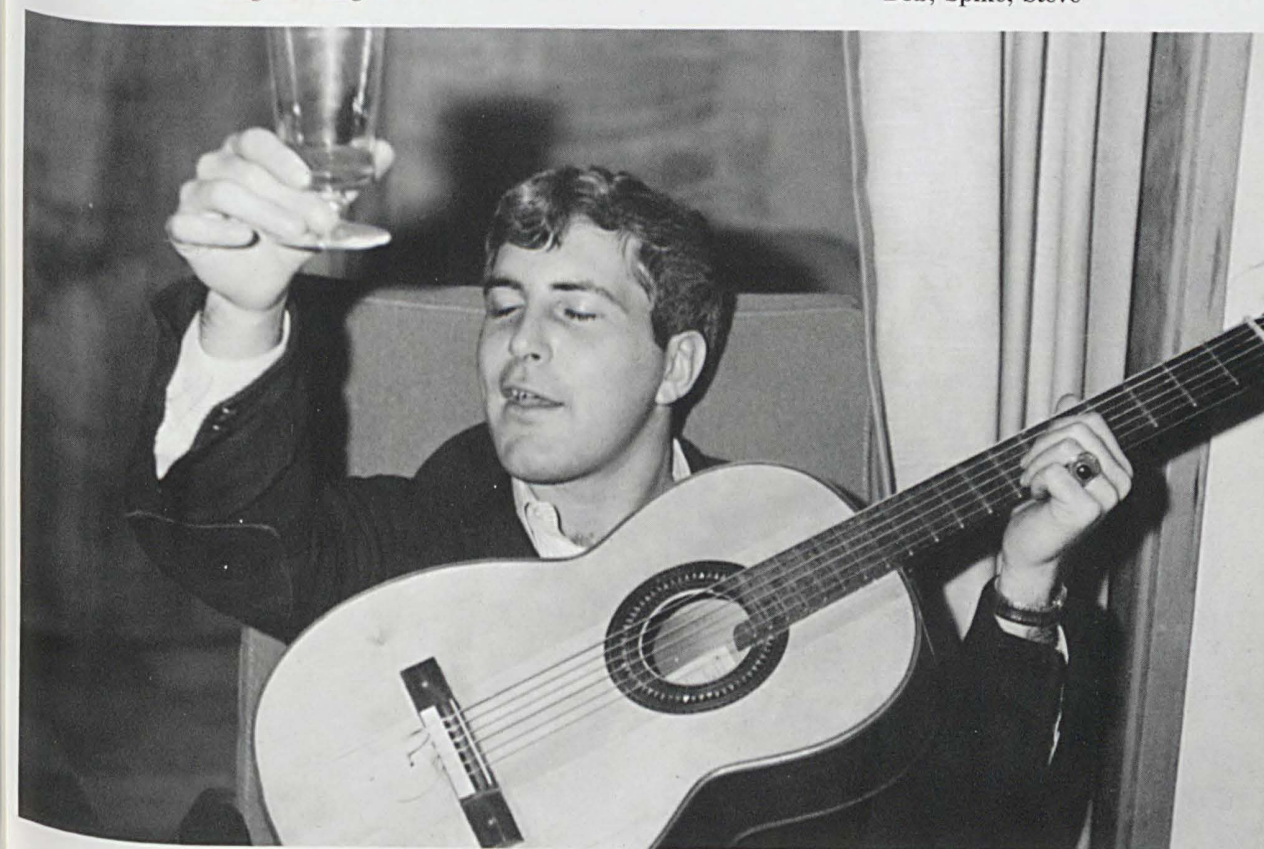
C-Company enjoys a picnic.



Cargsie, Cargsie . . .



Bob, Spike, Steve



Tim





Michael P. LaRose  
Company Commander

## D-COMPANY



Dennis E. Simmons, D-I Petty Officer; Thomas Lanza, D-II Petty Officer; Michael P. LaRose, D-Co. Commander; David A. Wood, D-II Platoon Leader, Robert P. Tasker, D-I Platoon Leader.

## SENIOR TROOPERS

Dan Denman, Al Winslow, Tom Eldredge, Check Nordeng, Pete Tapley, Minnie Mahar, Jim Coughlin, Rick Knight, John Lancaster, Al Graif, Dave "Big Boy" Moore.

## JUNIORS



First Row - Taylor, Mount, Swift, Cushing, Rapp; Second Row - Carmody, Mercer, Coughlin, O'Brien, Berthiaume; Third Row - Brown, Overton, Damrell.

## SOPHOMORES



First Row - Ruberti, Stanley, Stather, Tiensivu, Smith; Second Row - Turner, Ulher, Vigue, Wilcox, Scott, Smith; Third Row - Visentin, Robinson, Morris, Temple, Haskell, Mazeo.

## FRESHMEN



First Row - Young, Truman, Thibodeau, Wien, Teifert, Thurber, Thurlow, Martel, Vigue, Sloan, Fenderson; Second Row - Stearns, Ward, Thorn, Woodward, Walker, Thompson, Tebbets, Marks, Thompson, Ricard; Third Row - Ryan, Thomas, Powers, Thomas, Tremblay, Smith, Stevens, Sventin, Rouse, Soper, Roscoe.





Bob



Dennis and ?



Charlie, Mike, Buzzard



Al and Bob





Peter A. Thorpe  
Drillmaster

Under the able leadership of Mid'n Lt. Pete Thorpe, the Academy Drill Squad enjoyed one of its finer seasons. After a fine performance at the New England Drill Competition in Boston, the squad left a lasting impression with all who witnessed their precise close-order drill. The squad marched in Bar Harbor, Bangor, Bucksport, and Guilford, not to mention its usual smartness throughout the year at regimental formations.

The 1967 Cruise gave the proud sixteen their chance to make the international scene with a terrific exhibition for the Mayor of Ponce, Puerto Rico in conjunction with the Band, after which the squad members were guests of honor at a party given by the Mayor.



## DRILL SQUAD

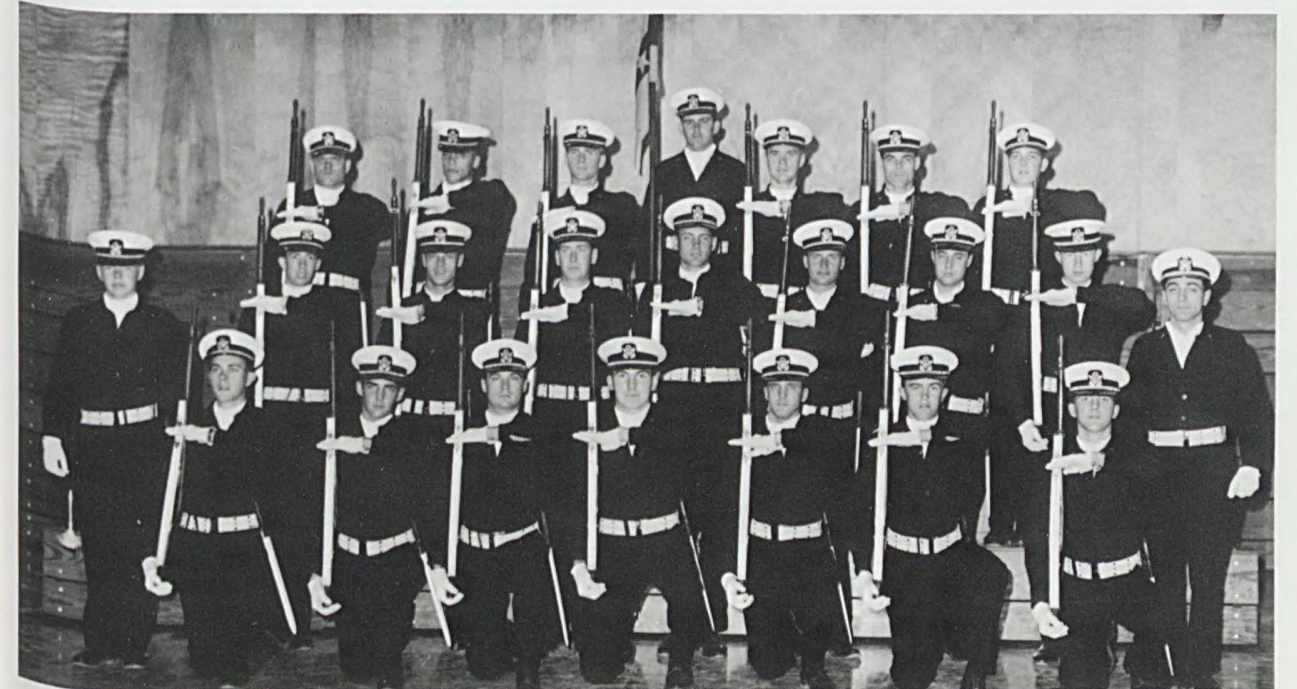


Peter A. Thorpe, Drillmaster; Missing: Frank N. Famulari, Assistant Drillmaster.



N.

SENIOR MEMBERS - Frank Famulari, Assistant Drillmaster; Fred Ladd; Bob Eckert; Tony Jackson; Dave Wade; Al Winslow, Pete Thorpe, Drillmaster; Bob Ahaesy, Guidon.



Thorpe, O'Meara, Pece, Vaughn, Temple, Gammon, Manchester, Weeks, Famulari; Second Row - Ladd, Winslow, Wade, Melanson, Eckert, McAllister, Boetch; Third Row - Casey, Miller, Jackson, Ahaesy, Hakala, Bryant, Ulher.







## COLOR GUARD



Kenneth Merithew, Peter M. Hunter, George F. Perkins, Bruce M. Ayer, James H. Mahar, Peter K. Tapley, Rodney P. Rodrique, Missing: William H. Cahill, Color Guard Captain.

## SHORE PATROL

Donald R. Doornbos, David C. Walsh, Stephen L. Harriman, David S. Norton, Ronald A. Cochran, James E. Coughlin, Daniel E. Denman, Frederick B. Engert, Lawrence A. Hansen, Frederick J. Harris, Norman A. Jackson, Linwood A. Pendexter, Clarence A. Race, David A. Raye, John M. Sanborn.

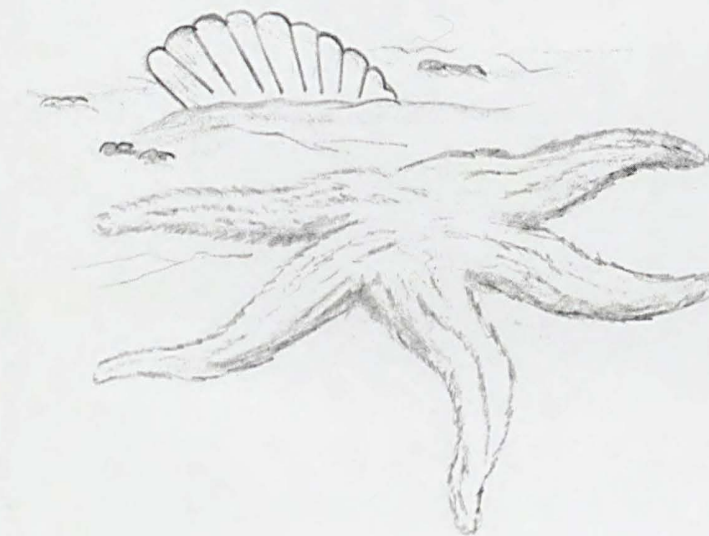
## SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide,  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's was where the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD







James J. Ling  
Bandmaster

## SENIOR MEMBERS

Tom Smith, Pete Webb, George Duncan, Jeff Ling,  
Frank Loiacono, Dean Davis, Lin Pendexter.



Frank Loiacono  
Assistant Bandmaster



First Row - Smith, Williams, Robinson, Webb, Duncan, Ling, Loiacono, Swift, Schultz, Davis; Second Row - Crockett, Kierstead, Sherman, Scott, Libby, Berthiaume, Whitman, Page, Monmaney; Third Row - Moody, Allen, Turner, Zaenger, Wyman, Rogers, Paige, Visentin, Miller, Bartlett.

## BAND

The past year was a busy and progressive year for the band. Under the able direction of Jeff Ling and Frank Loiacono, the sweet strains of Lin's and Webber's sly trombones coupled with Deano's swinging sax added to the delight of listening to the new repertoire of music which garlanded regimental formations and football games.

The high point of the year for the band was the flight to Washington, D.C. for a week of numerous performances, including a concert on the Senate steps. In addition to the appearances in Washington, D.C., the band marched in parades at Bangor, Portland, Belfast, Bar Harbor, and Guilford.

During the cruise the band played as the ship entered and departed the various ports-of-call for the entertainment of the welcomers as well as for the pleasure of the Regiment. Unforgettable was the concert in Ponce. On the cruise "Mickey Mouse" became one of the most popular tunes to be played; for some strange reason.

At the dedication of the new student dining facility the band entertained a number of honored guests including Governor Curtis - ('52) and a large group of parents.

The band will miss all the talents of the senior members, especially "Webber's," who always found time before muster, to play a quick solo on his swinging trombone.



At the Mardi Gras.





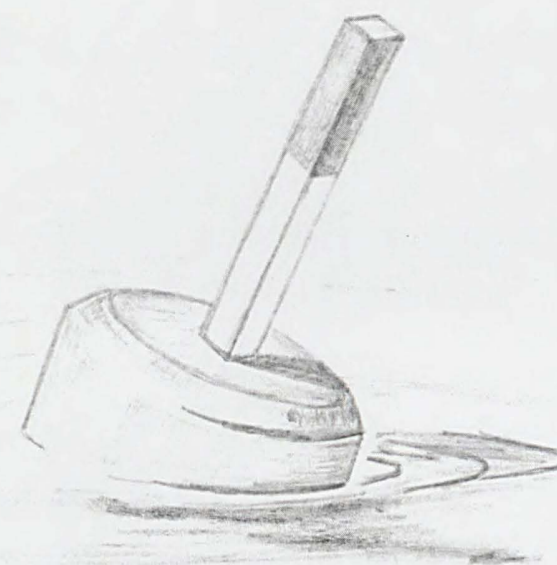
# ALL'S WELL

Merchant ships are old to the sea,  
And old to the ports of the land.  
Ours was a calling of commerce,  
Long before Navies were planned.

Then came the wars; the watch was long,  
Constructive sailings were halted.  
But still to us, it was daily work—  
We still didn't look to be exalted.

Standing the watch, we were consoled,  
As the day was bound to be,  
When naval ships would be obsolete.  
And forever removed from the sea.

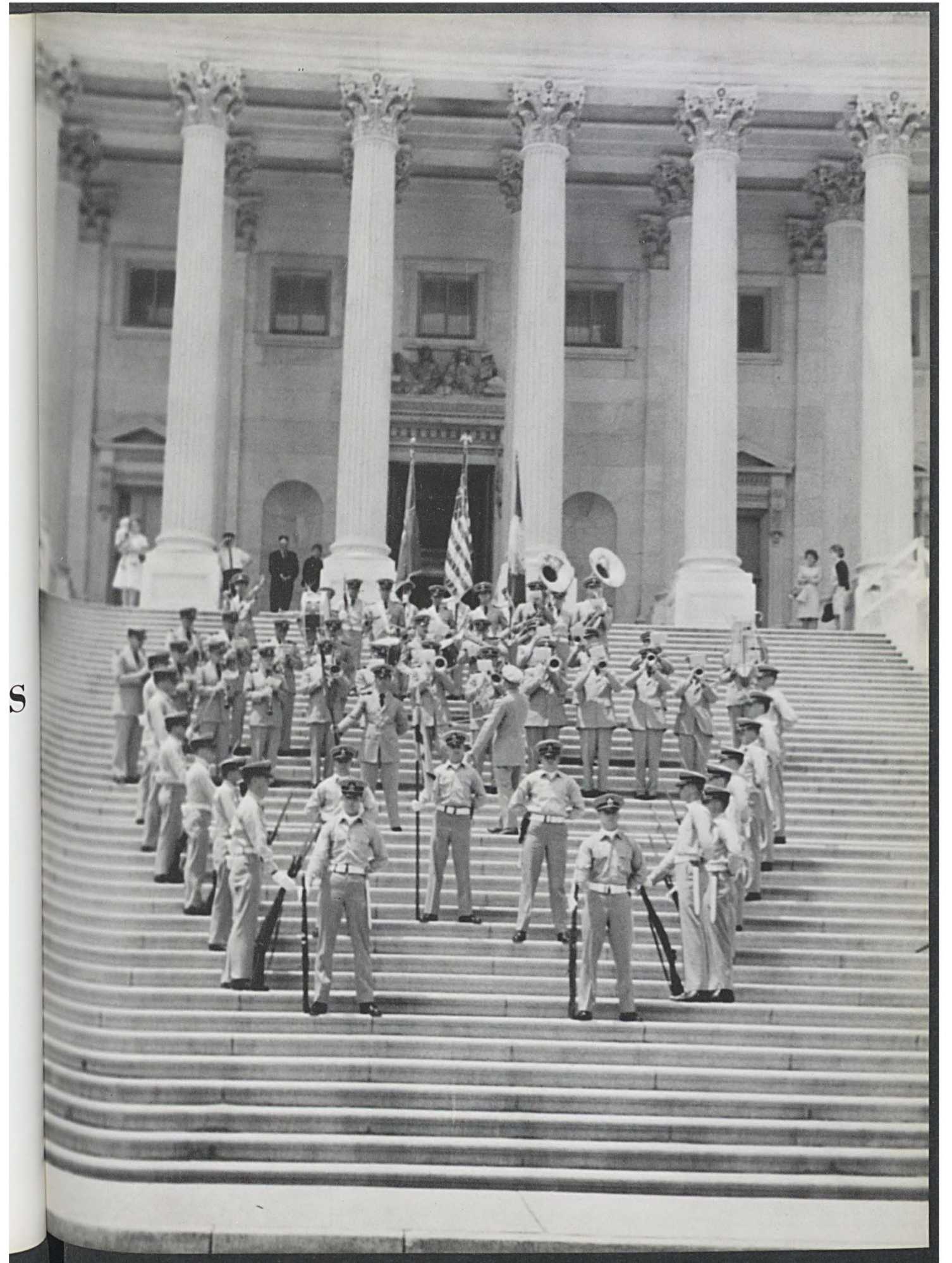
Now the storm is over; the sea is calm,  
And the final peace is made,  
Goodspeed to the ship as she makes her way.  
On her voyage of peaceful trade.





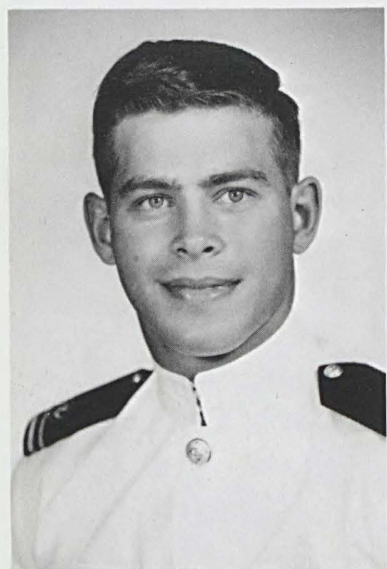
## ORGANIZATIONS

S

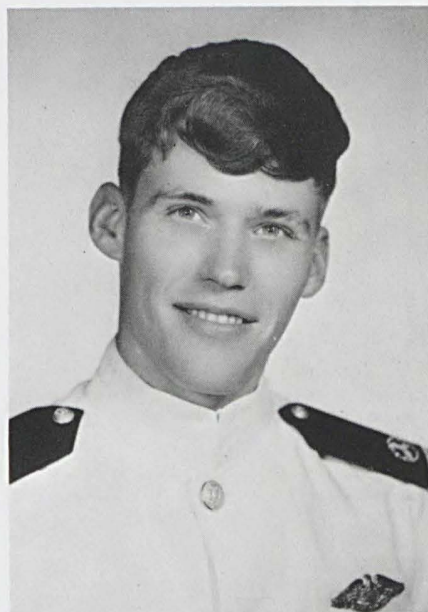




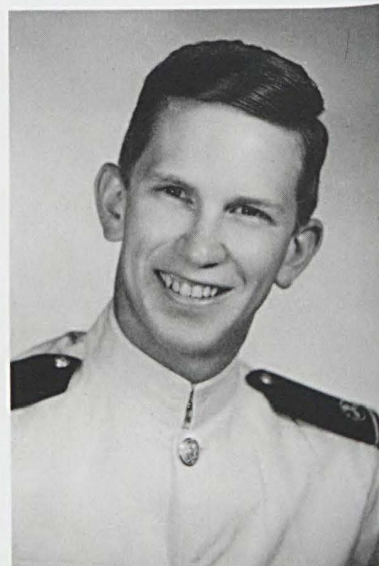
## TRICK'S END



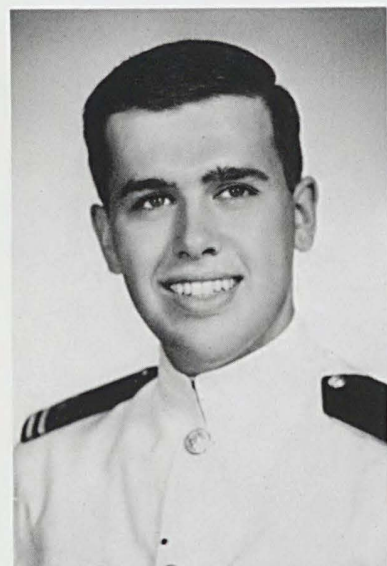
David A. Wood  
Sports Editor



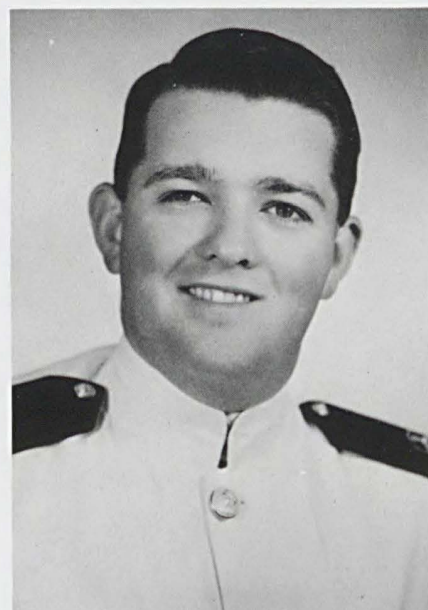
John B. Lancaster  
Editor-in-Chief



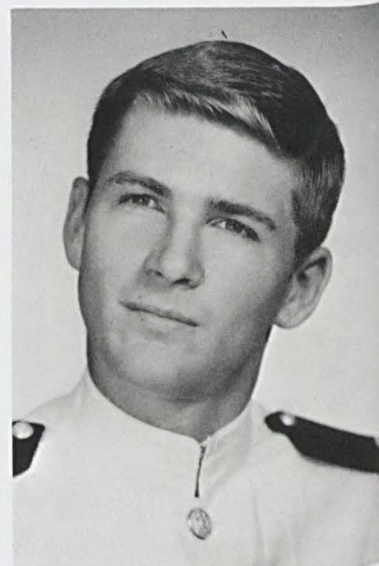
David A. Schultze  
Photography



David J. Pope  
Art

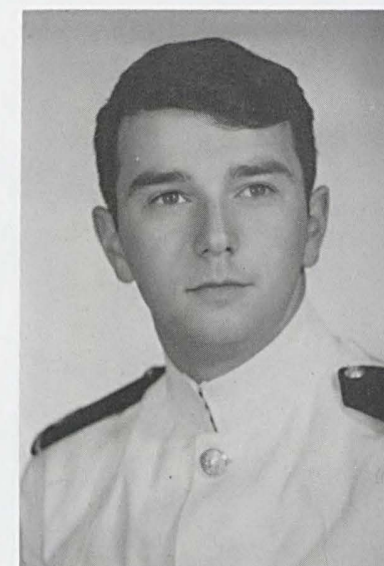


Robert P. Tasker  
Editor

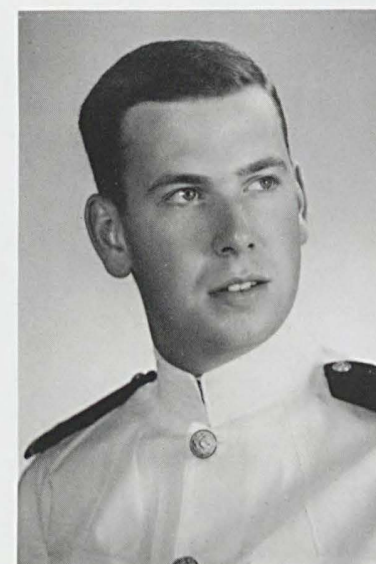


Norman A. Jackson  
Business Manager

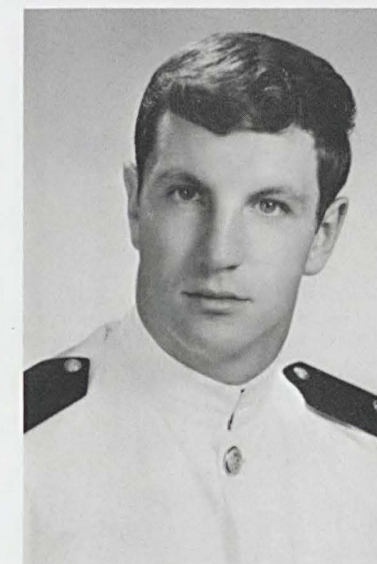
## HELM



Thomas J. Moutsatsos  
Editor



David J. Wade  
Associate Editor



Peter M. Hunter  
Sports Editor



## YACHT CLUB



First Row - Dinsmore, Hess, Gladding, Lynch, McAllister; Second Row - Spruce, Perry, Talon, Totman, Woodhull, Kolofsky, Bunnell, Haskell.

The Maine Maritime Academy Yacht Club, under the guidance of Nat Gladding, had a very successful year.

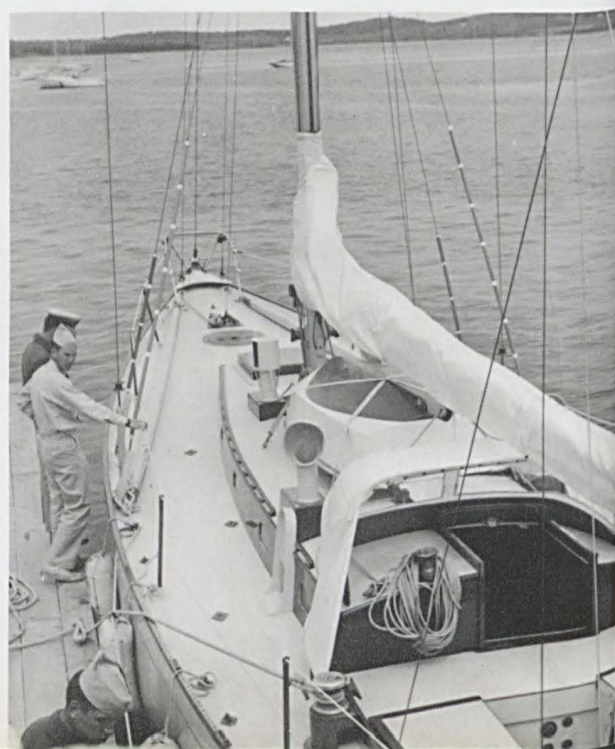
The WINDROSE along with the DIANA and CLIO were raced quite frequently and the number of Midshipmen participating has greatly increased over past years.

The WINDROSE was entered in the Bermuda race and was sailed by a number of alumni and one under-graduate.

Other races in which the Yacht Club entered were the Danforth Cup Race at Blue Hill, West Penobscot Bay Race at North Haven, The Monhegan Island Race, and other local day races from Castine.

The WINDROSE, in particular, brought home two prizes for being first to finish. Nat Gladding beat all competition in the local Fourth of July Race. The prize was used to enliven the "spirits" of the crew.

In the Mount Desert Rock Race, the WINDROSE again was first to finish and won the Gun Trophy.



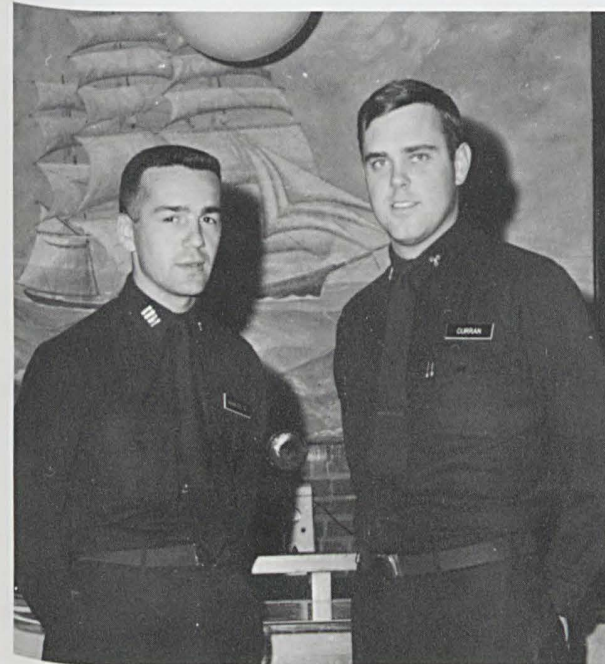
The WINDROSE, pride of the Academy's Yacht Club.

## SAFETY COUNCIL

The Safety Council has been organized to establish and maintain rules and regulations of safety both on and off the Academy grounds, while also checking on and advising on upkeep of various safety equipment and safety features.

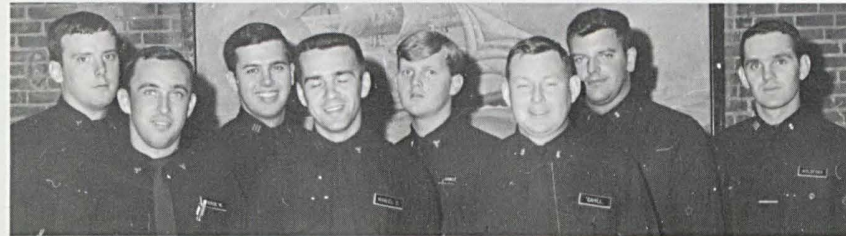
The membership consists of both Faculty and student members. Midshipmen are: Chet Manuel, Jeff Ling, Ed Curran, Terry Gray, Dave Valliancourt, and Brian Whelton.

Many of the accomplishments of the council are little known, but of benefit to all.



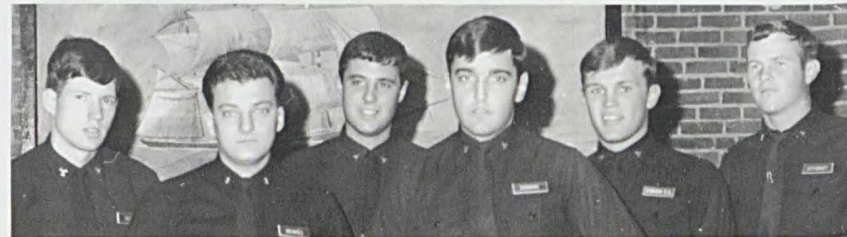


## PROPELLER CLUB



SENIOR MEMBERS - Waller, Pierce, Pope, Manuel, Hansen, Cahill, Gladding, Kolofsky.

JUNIOR MEMBERS - Reilley, Menkes, McAllister, Donnini, O'Brien, Hoysradt.



SOPHOMORE MEMBERS  
Favreau, Spruce, Wilcox.

The function and mission of the student Propeller Club is to develop an interest and desire within midshipmen members to promote a strong Merchant Marine.

The present situation in Viet Nam demands and urgently needs a strong Merchant Marine. Propeller Clubs throughout the world are striving to promote a merchant marine capable of serving the American people to its fullest.

The Propeller Club, Port of Maine Maritime Academy is one of the most active clubs at the Academy. Among its primary functions are: sponsoring the annual Homecoming, the sale of clothing articles to build up its treasury, and providing much needed transportation by bus in cruise ports.

Under the leadership of Nat Gladding, president; Bill Cahill, vice-president; Dave Arnold, treasurer; and George Duncan, secretary; the club had a very productive year. Under the able guidance of LCDR William McReel, the club was fortunate to have the visit of Dr. R.W. Bradbury, vice-president of National Student Ports.

## WELFARE AND RECREATION



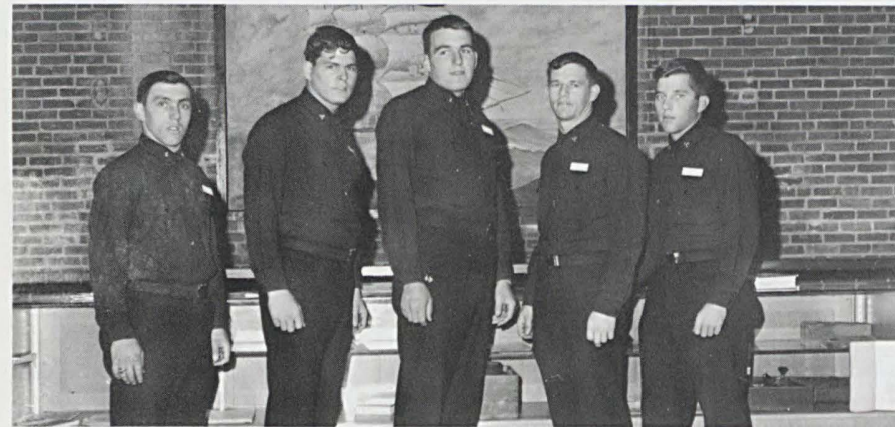
Baker, Vigue, Lewis, Manuel, Winslow, Lessard.

The Welfare and Recreation Committee was formed to provide services and benefits for the midshipmen. These include the providing of televisions in the various lounges, washing machines, pool and ping-pong tables, and money for various functions such as dances and bus trips. Money is raised by selling candy, cigarettes, and soda, both at Castine and on the cruises. This year the members were 1/c Manuel, 1/c Winslow, 2/c Lessard, 2/c Lewis, K., 3/c Vigue, 3/c Baker, and 4/c Davis.



## M-CLUB

**JUNIORS** - Seated - Bailey, Tine; Standing - Ward, Theriault, Lindvall, Ieva, Hoysradt.



**SOPHOMORES** - Baker, Wilbur, Simpson, Sargent, Talon.

The M-Club was organized last year with Lt McCormick as the faculty advisor. Pete Hunter was elected President; Wayne Fournier as Vice President; Doug Ward as Treasurer; and Dave Theriault as Secretary.

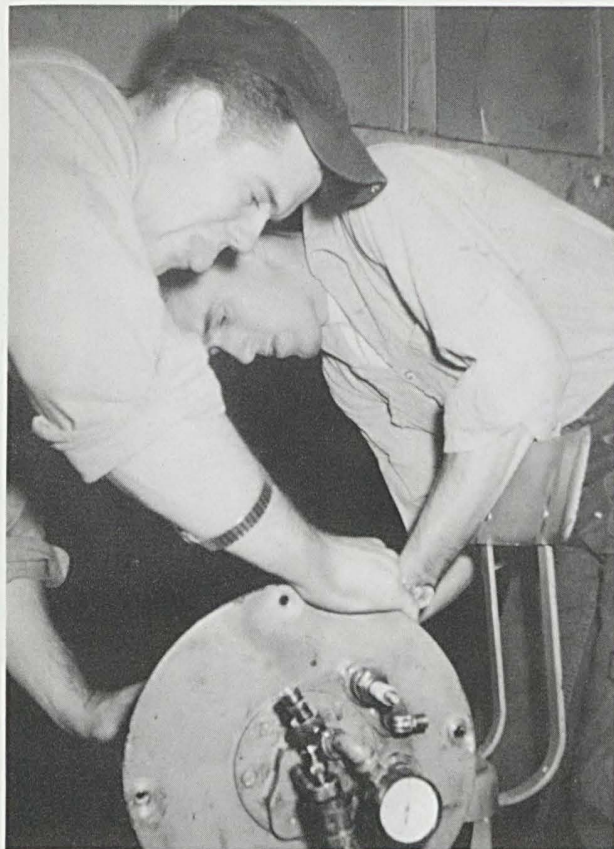
The M-Club is a varsity club for all letter winners. During this, the first year since the club was formed, the club was given the concession stand where coffee, soft drinks, and hot dogs are sold at the football games. The M-Club was organized to give the letter winners of the Academy a place to recognize good sportsmanship and participation in athletics.

## SCUBA CLUB



The Academy Scuba Club, headed by Lt. Spinazola was organized three years ago by a group of interested divers here at the academy. The club's main purpose is to train and qualify those midshipmen interested in the art of scuba diving. Most of the club's diving time is spent beneath the cold waters around Castine, searching for some of the many wrecks from the war of 1812. At all times while any of the club's qualified divers are at school they are at the disposal of the school or the townspeople if in case of emergency the need for them should arise. When the ship sails on its annual training cruise, all members pack up their tanks and other gear and look forward to a fun filled dive in one of the warm water ports to which the State of Maine sails.





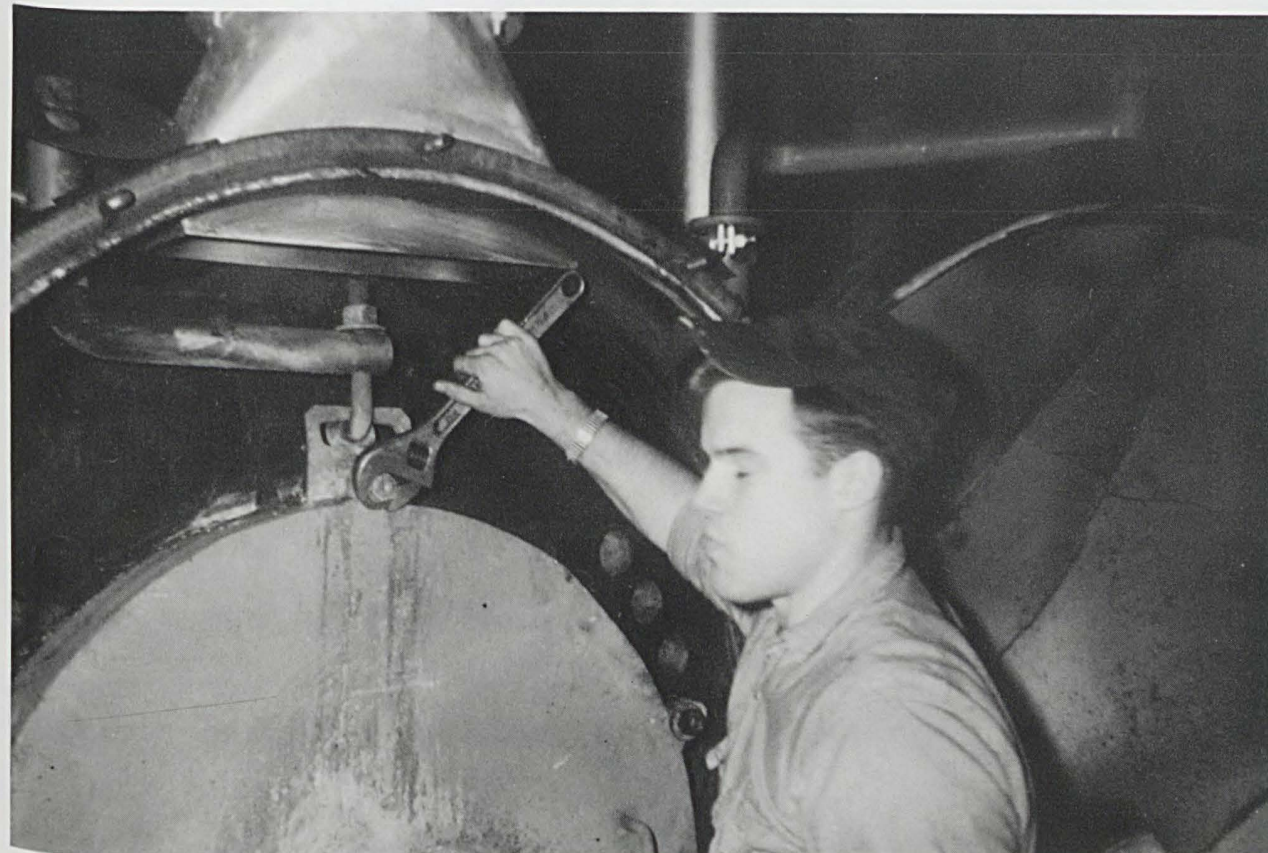
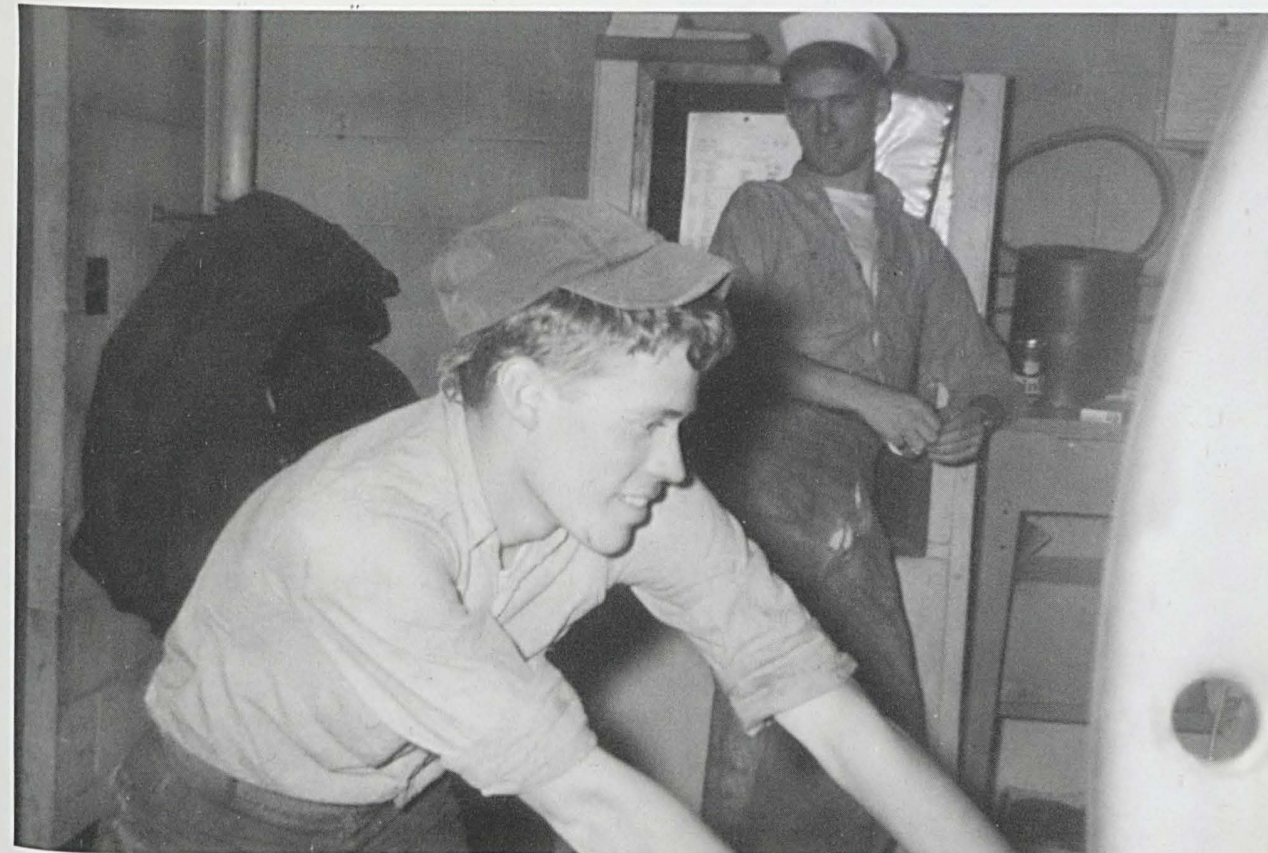
## STANDBY ENGINEERS

The Standby Engineers were formed two years ago to supervise and maintain the Ames boiler in the Power Lab. Standing a seven-day duty period this handy little band of engineers worked tirelessly to rectify any of the numerous little malfunctions to keep the boiler running and the ship warm.

Only those standing the mid-watch could see their determination and self-sacrifice as they oftentimes were waken from a sound sleep at two in the morning to drudge to the Power Lab, still half-asleep, put the boiler back on the line, and crawl back to the rack.

It seemed like every morning that the rectifier would kick out, leaving us shaving in the dark. It was always the Standby Engineer to get the power back to the ship.

For your tireless efforts, a hearty well-done to the Standby Engineers: Jim Devitt, Seth Fenner, Dean Davis, Mike Casavola, John Lancaster, Tony Jackson, Dave Schultze, and Buddy Banks.





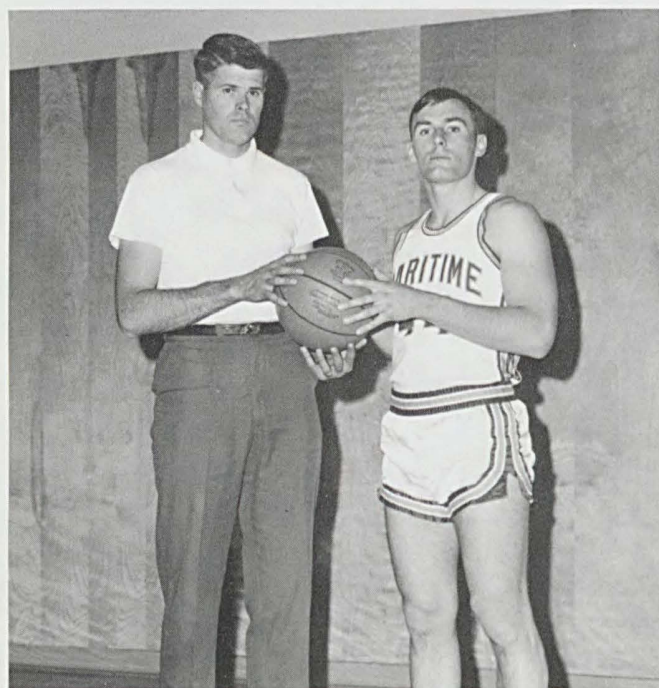
# SPORTS







Front: Skip Tiensivu, South Portland; Frank Greenleaf, Old Town; Tom Herbert, Portland; Capt. Carl Woodman, Owls Head; Steve Edgecomb, Herman; Bob Harrison, Freeport; Jim Anderson, Yarmouth. Rear: Coach Verge Forbes; Dick Carver, Rockland; Dave Adams, Westbrook; Jim Grant, Houlton; Jim Bennett, Dexter; Joe McCarthy, York; John Nixon, Portland; Bob Hunt, Saco; Paul Macleod, Bangor.

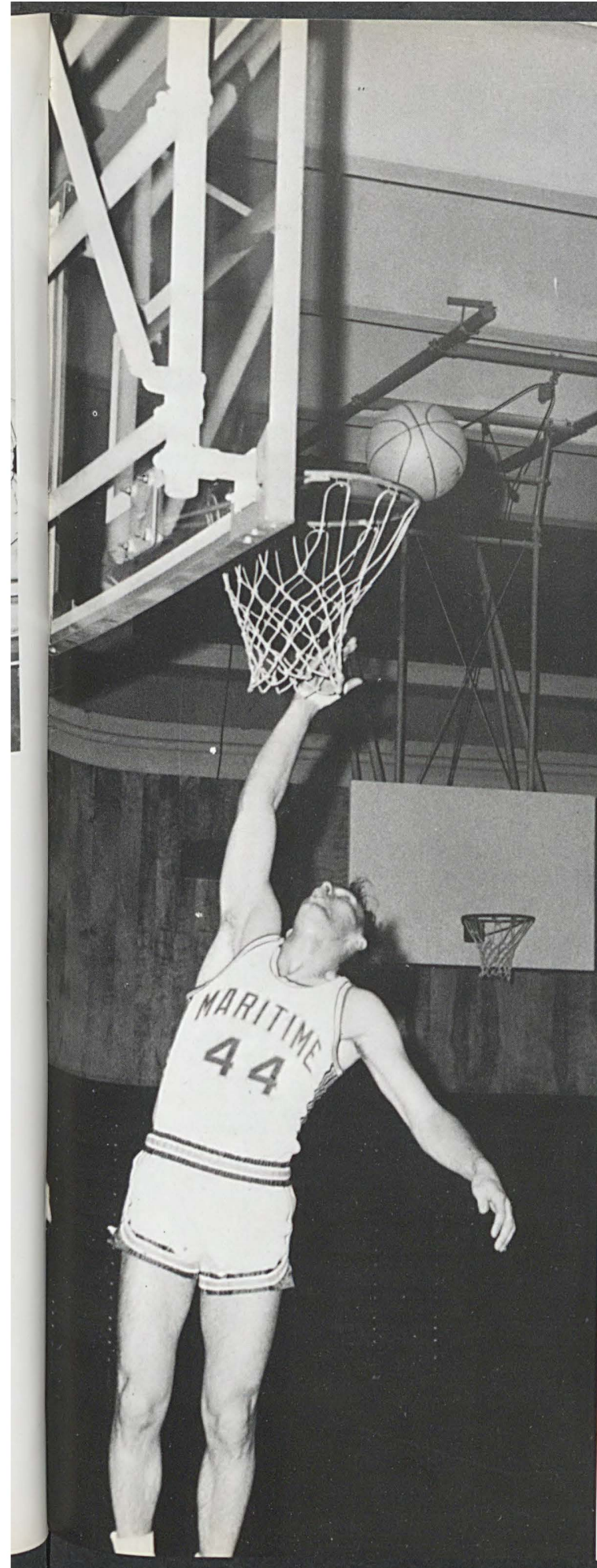


Coach Verge Forbes and Captain Carl Woodman.

## BASKETBALL

### The Schedule

MMA		
76	Fort Kent State College	67
79	Fort Kent State College	81
109	Washington State College	71
83	Husson College	88
88	Thomas College	81
78	Ricker College	87
90	Thomas College	97
75	University of New Brunswick	88
72	University of New Brunswick	74
75	Husson College	107
71	Ricker College	97
73	Aroostook State College	87
67	Aroostook State College	78





## BASEBALL

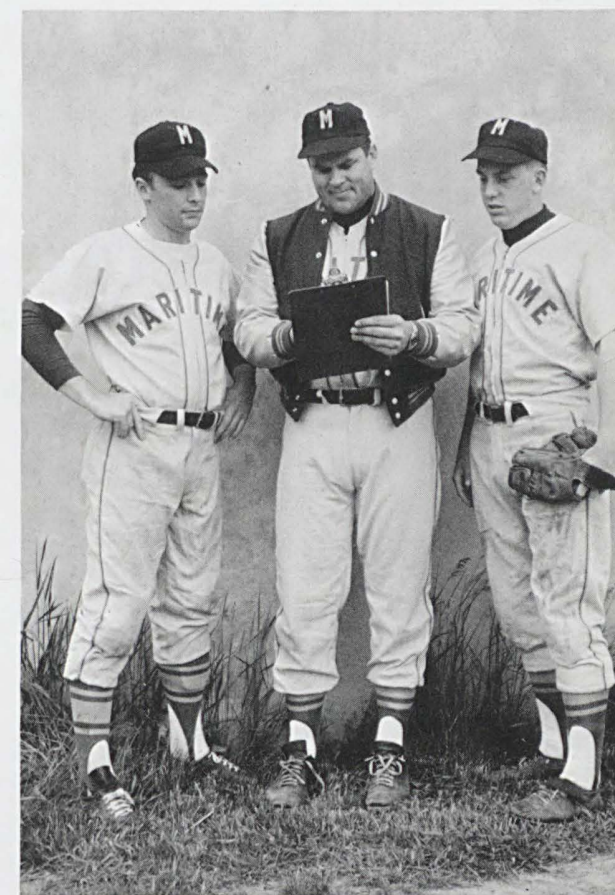
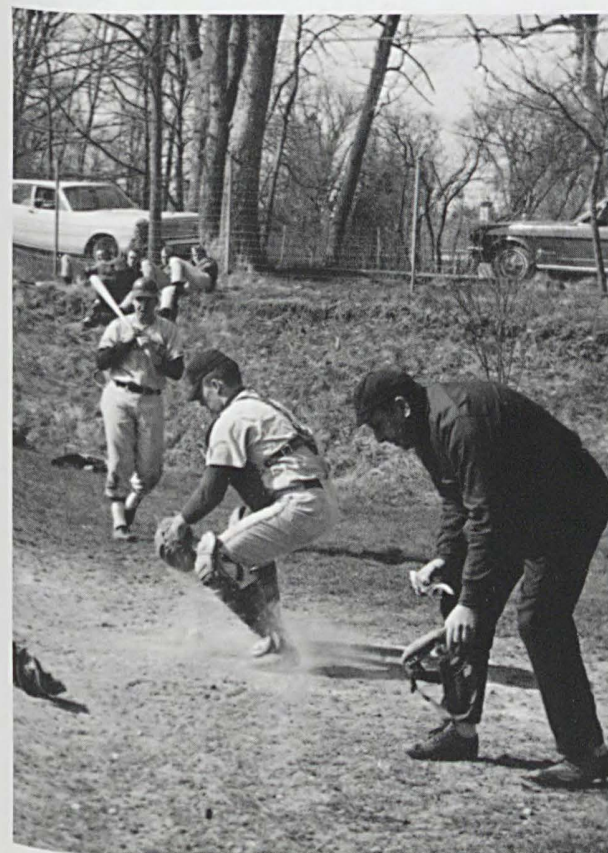
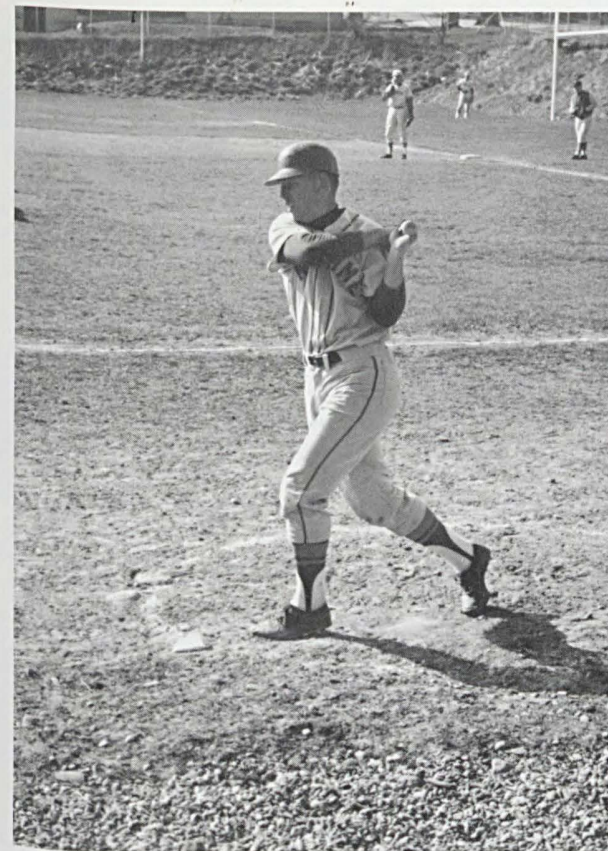


This year's baseball team guided by Coach Conway were badly hampered by weather and insufficient practice time and gained only two wins against eight losses. The season was highlighted by victories over Ricker College and Aroostook State College.

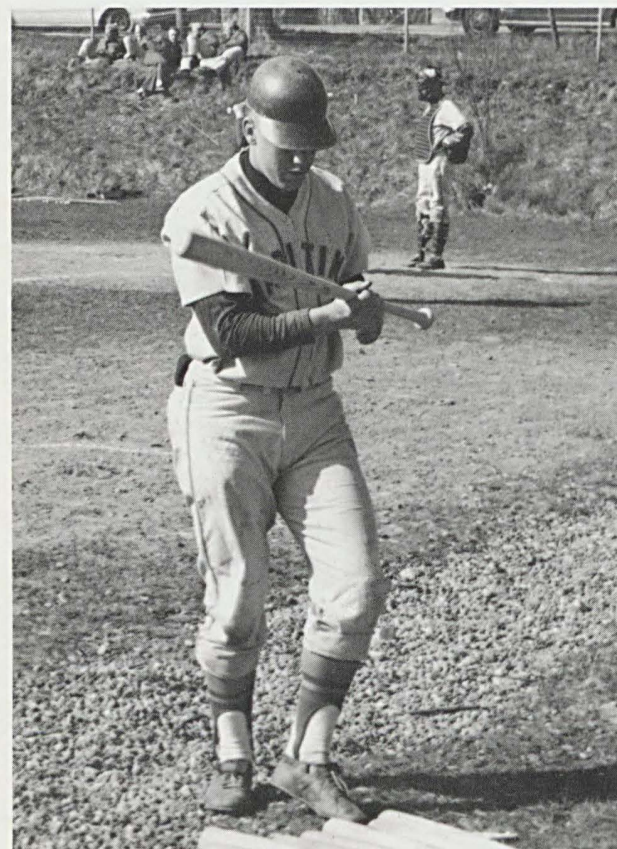
Offensive power was supplied by Miles Page, playing first base, and left fielder Bob Harrison. Stand-outs were outfielders Wayne Fournier and Bob Harrison. The pitching staff was led by Tom Haskell with both wins. The team was led by Co-captains Rod "Motor-Mouth" Rodrigue and Tom "Buzzard" Lanza.

The season boasted one extra inning against St. Francis College of Biddeford. Due to bad weather many games were cancelled.

The season was climaxed by a sports banquet, where fifteen letters were awarded and the Co-Captains for the '67 season were named—Dave Adams and Wayne Fournier.







## ROWING



Rowing, now a varsity sport in its third year, is still up and coming at the Academy. Many students participate in this demanding competition to produce what we hope will be a select group of Middies who are victory conscious and willing to pay the price to attain it. This "price" consists of a one mile jaunt at 0530, followed by calisthenics and a strenuous, back-breaking haul up the Bagaduce. Then at 1530, another session commences. It takes rigorous training and is considered to be an almost unbearable endurance test of physical conditioning.

With the dedicated efforts of Coach (Lt) Eugene Spinazola, our team was well prepared to hit the Narrows of New York Harbor to represent Maine Maritime Academy in the International Life Boat Race. Among other teams competing were Kings Point, Fort Schuyler, and Massachusetts Maritime.

But the Middies of Maine had to settle for second place, after Kings Point, in a disputed photo finish.

May 27 was a fitting climax to the 1967 rowing season. For the first time, teams from five academies competed at Castine in the Annual Nautical Academy Pulling Boat Race.



A strong crew from New York State Maritime College outdistanced the fleet in cold winds and choppy seas to take first honors in a time of 9:52. In second place was Kings Point, Maine Maritime was third, Texas Maritime fourth, and Massachusetts trailed.

Despite the loss, the Castiners maintained the tradition of sportsmanship and again brought credit and recognition to the Academy.



## GOLF



Upon the return of the cruise, the golfers were soon seen out on the local links defying freezing temperatures and patches of lingering snow about the greens. This is only part of the dedication, desire and hard work which the seven men of the Academy's golf team had to put up with to have the distinction of being champions of the Northeast College Conference for the second year in succession.

The Maritime swingers under the leadership of Captain Tenney (in his first year as head coach) and team captain Jim Johnson, compiled a very impressive record of nine wins and three losses overall, posting five wins and one loss in league play. In a fitting climax to a successful regular season, our men of the blue and gold went on (in post season play) to bring the Northeast Tournament championship to Castine. A hearty Well Done to all.

## 1966 RECORD

	MMA	Opp.
Saint Francis	2	3
U.M.P.	3	2
Washington State	5	2
Husson	4	3
Washington State	6	1
Farmington State	5	2
Saint Francis	5	2
Husson	1	6
Ricker	6	1
Farmington State	2	3
U.M.P.	3	2
Ricker	6	1





## FOOTBALL

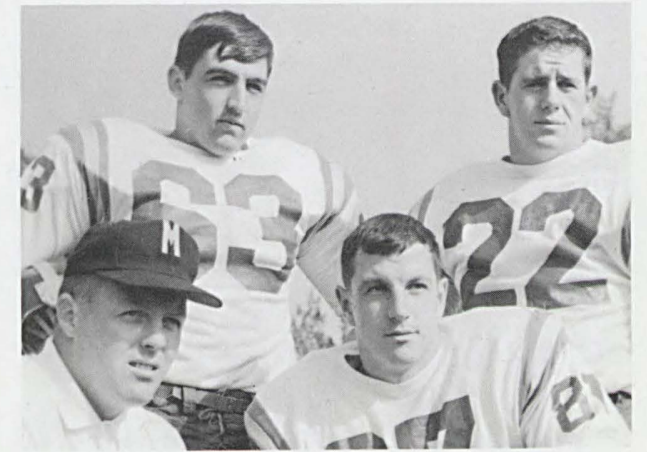
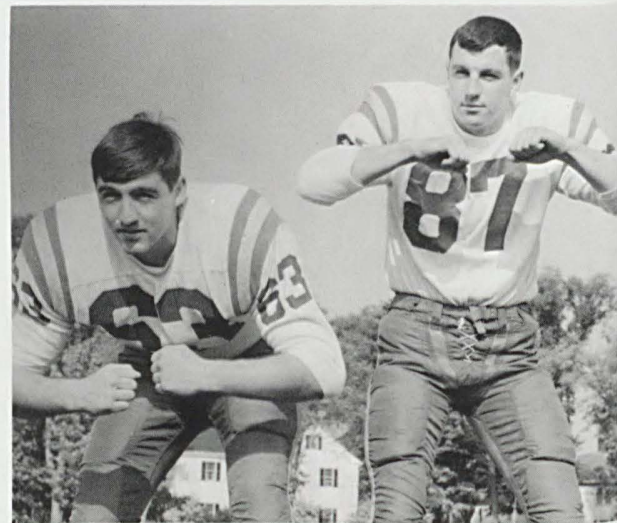


The coaching staff led by Head Coach Jim McCormick and assistants Haley and Forbes brought M.M.A. back into the winners column. After having a so-so season in '65 the Middies, fighting many hardships, bounced back to a season record of 6 and 2.

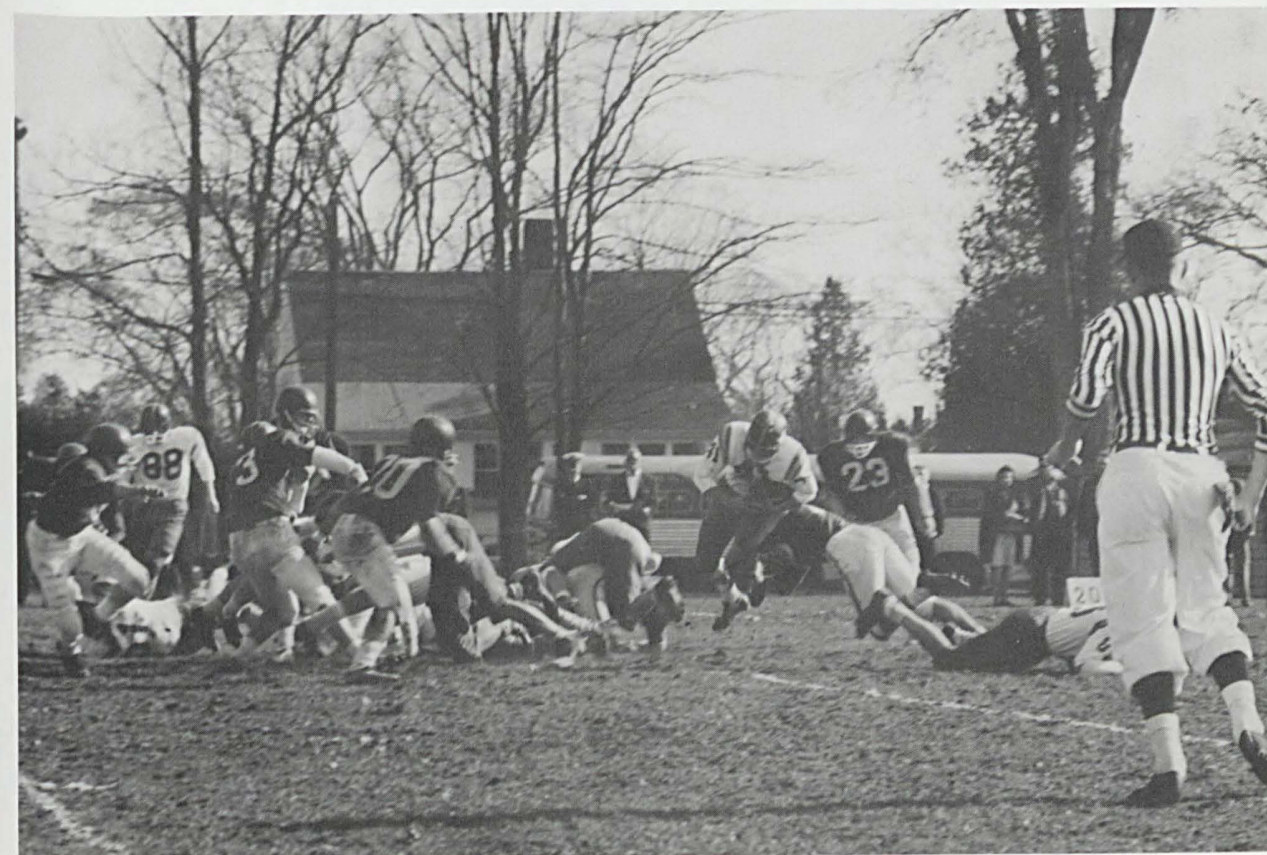
A great hardship was the loss of co-captains, Fred Harris and Pete Hunter, because of the heavy academic semester. The Middies, however, rolled to three consecutive victories in quite easy fashion.

The big game with Norwich proved to be a far greater loss than anticipated. After losing a hard fought battle to the cadets, an even greater blow was struck when coach Mike Haley was seriously injured in an automobile accident following the game and his services lost for the remainder of the season. This let-down had an effect on the boys the following week as they lost to a fired up Bridgewater team. The Middies rallied their forces however and came on strong to win the final three games.

With the team consisting of primarily juniors and sophomores, the Middies should improve on this record next year.









## CROSS COUNTRY



The Cross Country team completed the 1966 season with a 9-5 record against top competitors for one of the most successful seasons in the school's history. The season was high-lighted by impressive victories in the last two meets in which MMA won its own invitational meet by defeating Colby and UMP and won the Junior Division of the Canadian Maritime Open Championships.

The entire team was outstanding in all its meets. Joe Grant, freshman from Houlton, was second to Julis Mamr, Colby Olympic runner, in the Colby Invitational where the first two men broke the 4.1 mile course record. In this race MMA placed 6 runners in the top 30, out of 110 runners in the race. Other outstanding performers for the team were Paul Hatfield, Clay Nowell, Tim Mathieu, Tom Hosmer, Jack Turner, and Tom Seel. Third classman Clay Nowell received the cross country trophy for this year. Next year the schedule will again be expanded to provide better competition. At this writing tentative additions to the schedule include Bates, St. Anselm's, Gorham, and the IC4A championship, held in New York City. In 1968 there is a possibility of entering the team in the NCAA college divisions championship.

(low score wins)

MMA 15	Mass. Maritime 48	SMVTI 74
MMA 19	Ricker 44	
MMA 68	UNB 18	Boston State College 46
	UMP 104	
MMA 22	St. Francis 39	
MMA 47	University New Brunswick 16	
	Husson 85	
MMA 31	Colby 26	
MMA 19	Ricker 44	
MMA 15	Husson 50	
MMA 35	Boston State College 21	
	First Place Canadian Maritime Championships	
MMA 16	SMVTI 47	
MMA 30	Colby 38	UMP 68
	(MMA Invitational)	







## INTRAMURALS

This year the intramural program was reorganized and administrated on a company basis. Representatives from each company met regularly with intramural director Verge Forbes to plan the year's program.

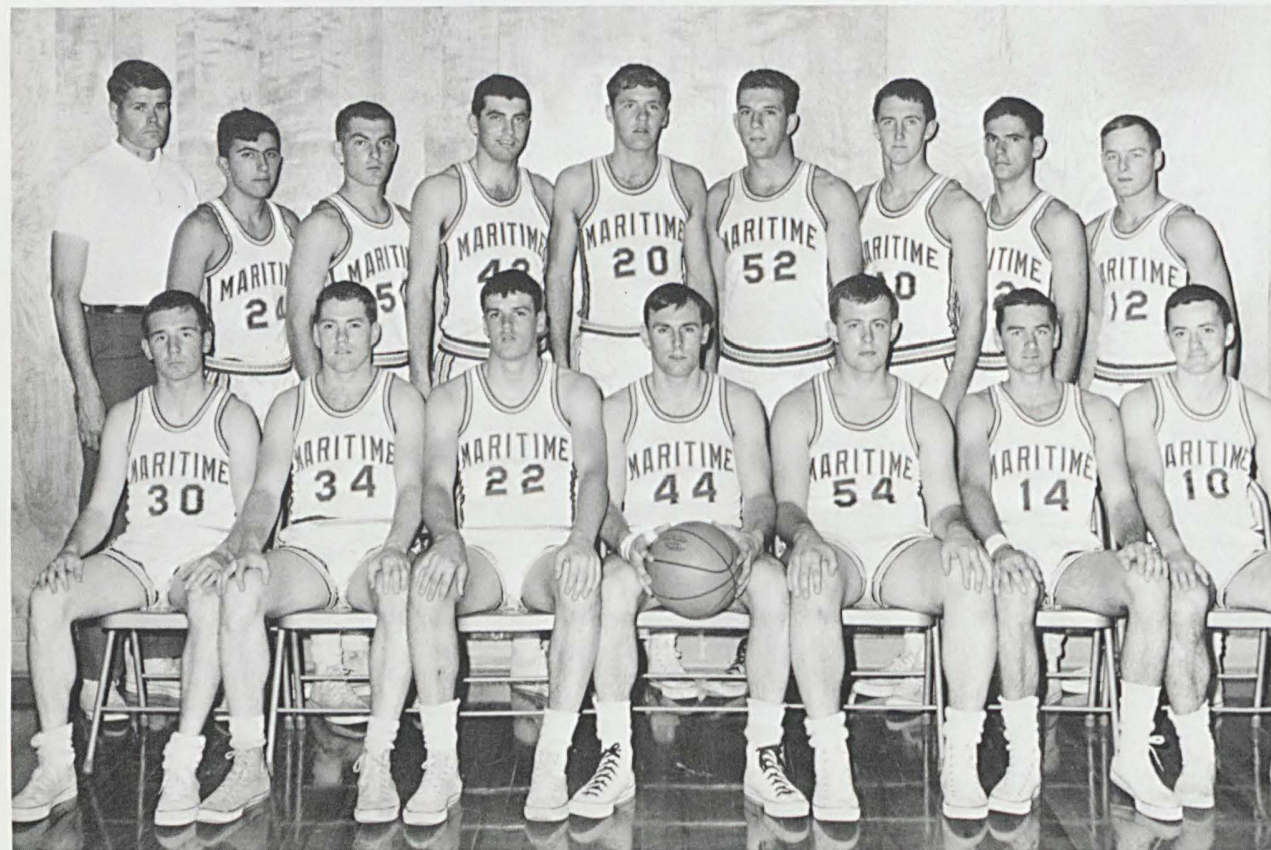
This method has proven successful, and there has been some keen inter-company competition. All four classes participated in volleyball, bowling, rowing, and basketball. During the cruise a special basketball program was worked out for the fourth class on the same company basis. This spring softball, golf, and tennis will be worked into the program.

Points are awarded to the winning companies for each sport, and an award will be presented to the company which accumulates the highest total number of points by the end of the school year. To date no one company has a great point advantage so it should be a battle right down to the wire.





## BASKETBALL



Although this year's basketball team ended its season with a discouraging 4-10 record, every game was tension packed and exciting. Several games were lost because of last second fouls and violations. All-conference ace Carl Woodman paced the Middie attack with his fine ball-handling and marksmanship, while receiving strong rebounding and scoring support from Frank Greenleaf and Tom Herbert. Dick Carver, Skip Tiensivu, Steve Edgecomb, and Captain-elect Bob Harrison played very well along with Jim Grant, Bob Hunt, Jim Anderson, John Nixon, and Jim Bennett. With the entire squad back next year, Coach Verge Frobes is looking to M.M.A.'s first championship.

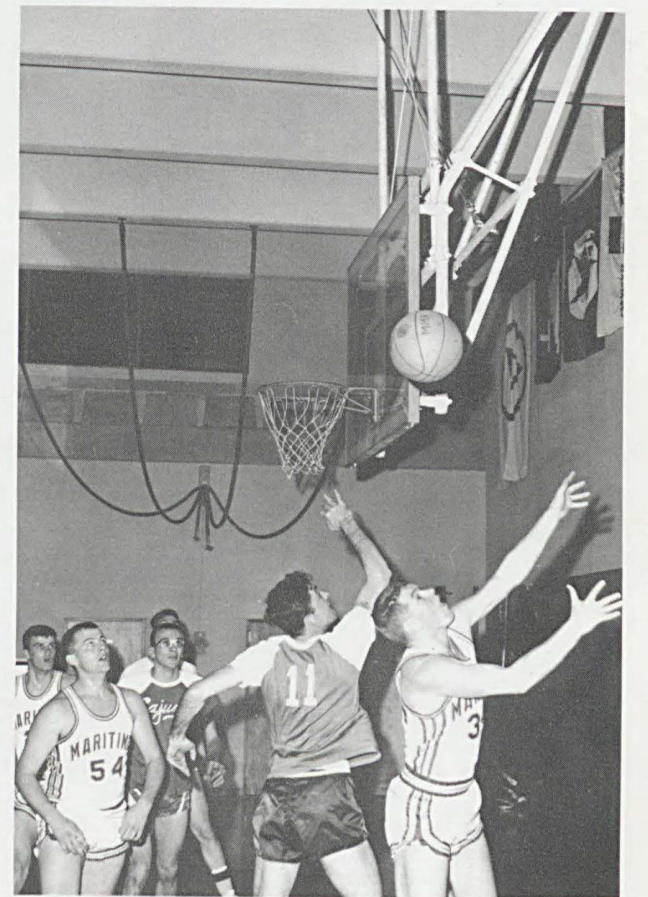
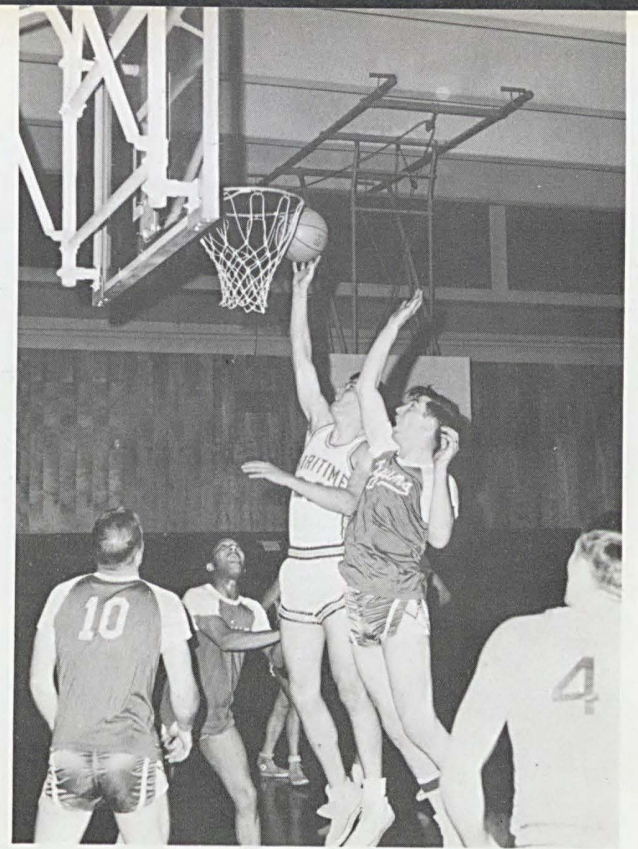
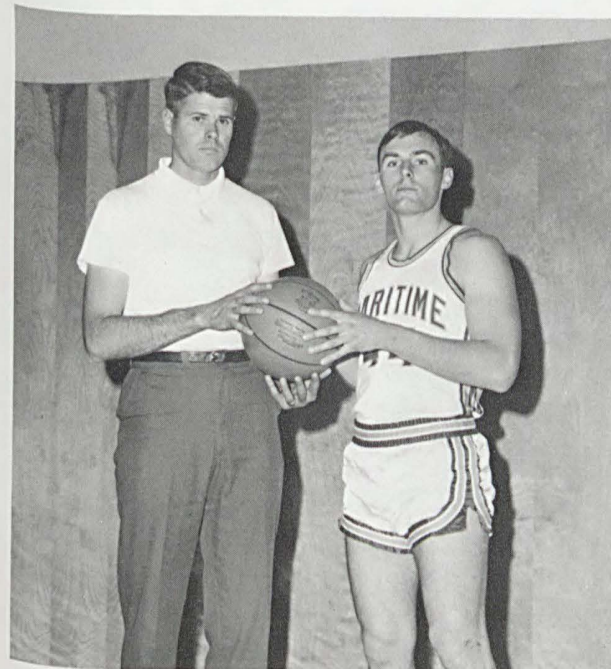
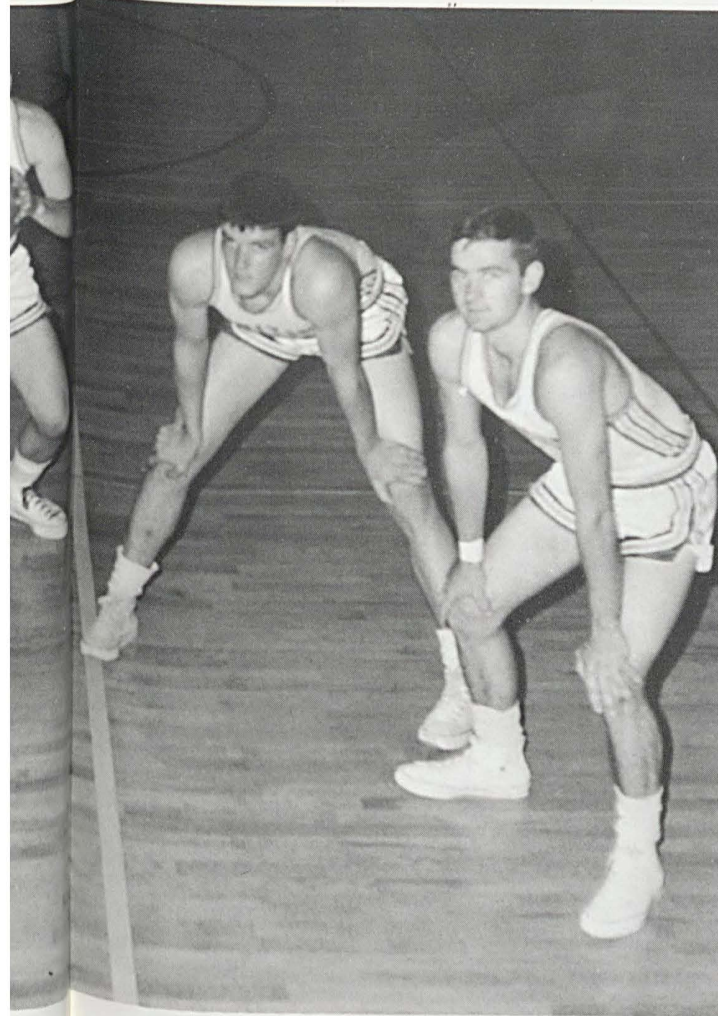
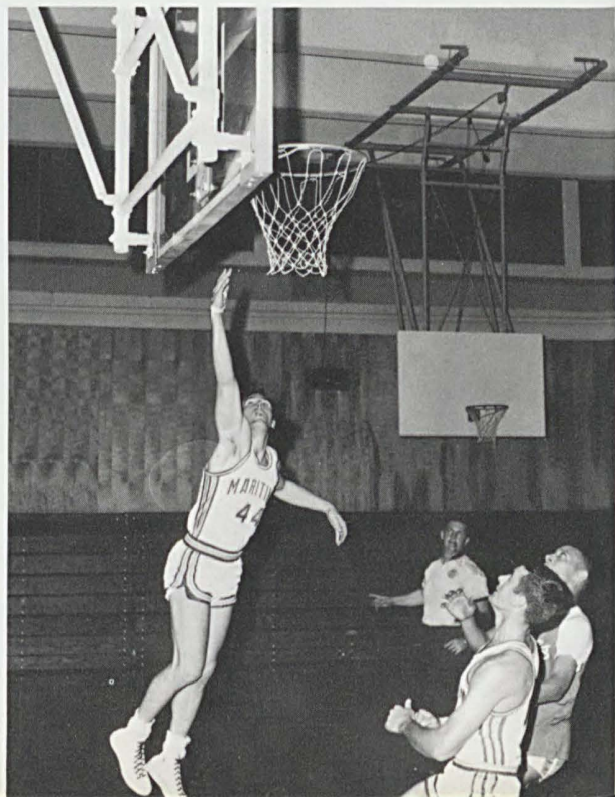
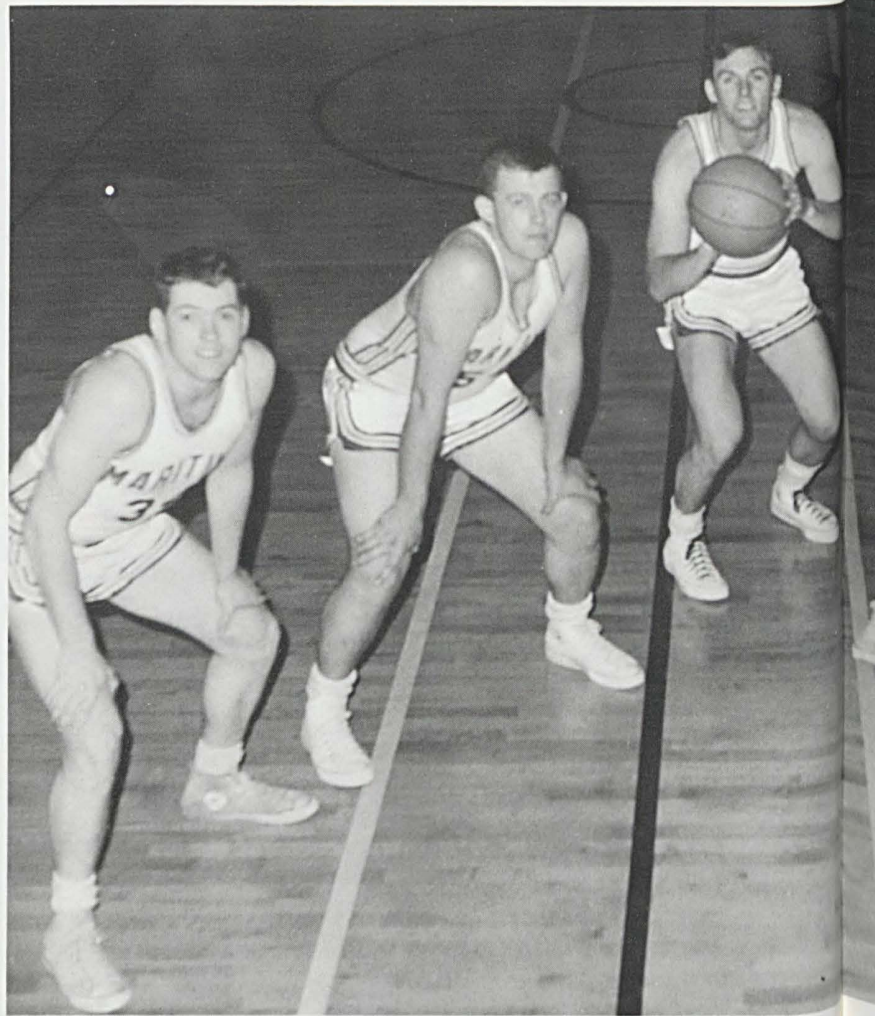
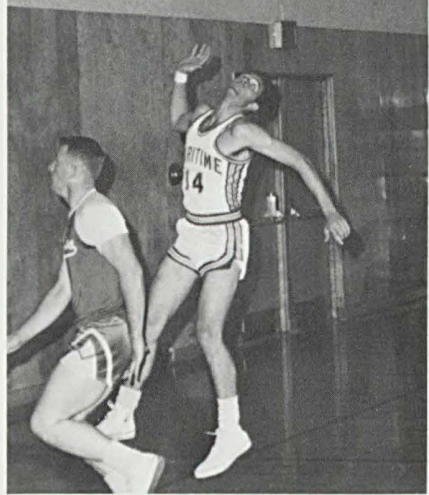
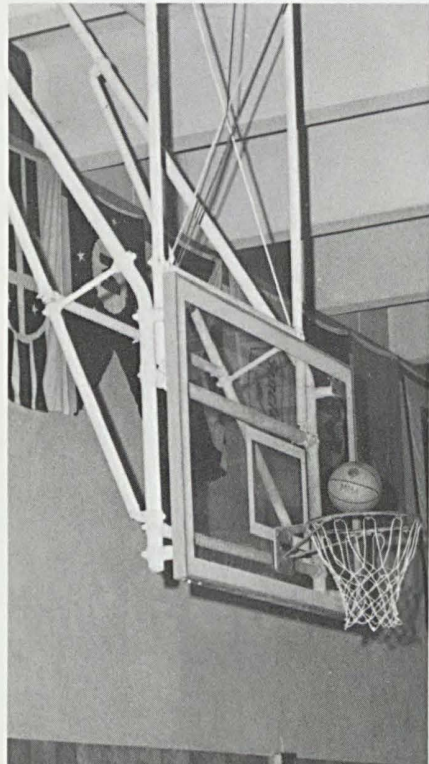
## 1966-67 SCHEDULE

Fort Kent State College  
 Fort Kent State College  
 at Washington State College  
 Husson College  
 Thomas College  
 at Ricker College  
 at Thomas College  
 at University of New Brunswick  
 at University of New Brunswick  
 at Husson College  
 Ricker College  
 at Aroostook State College  
 at Aroostook State College



Captain Carl Woodman and Coach Forbes.







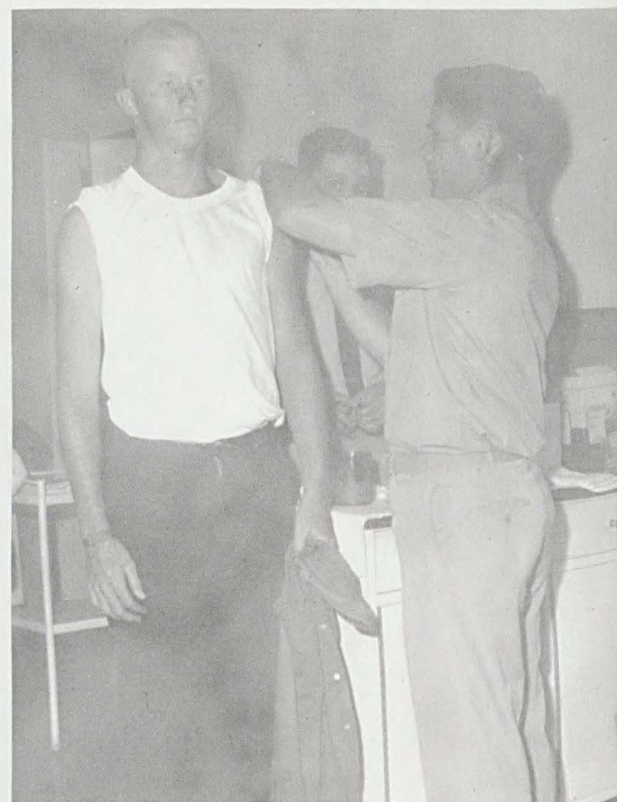
CLASS LOG

G

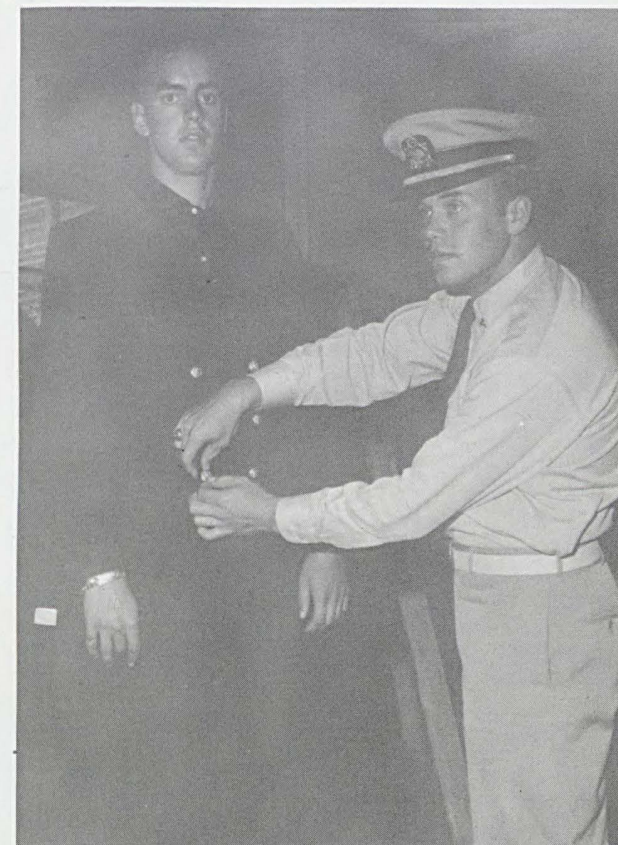
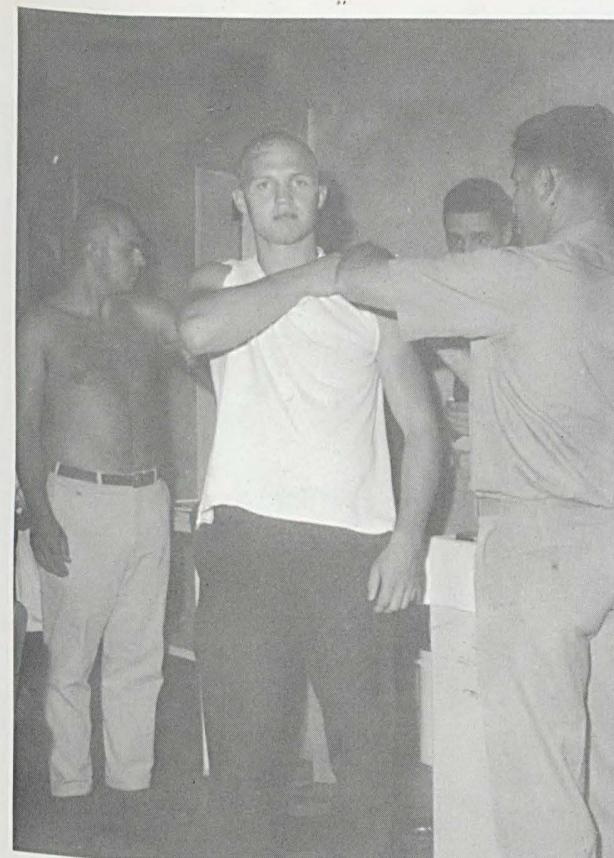
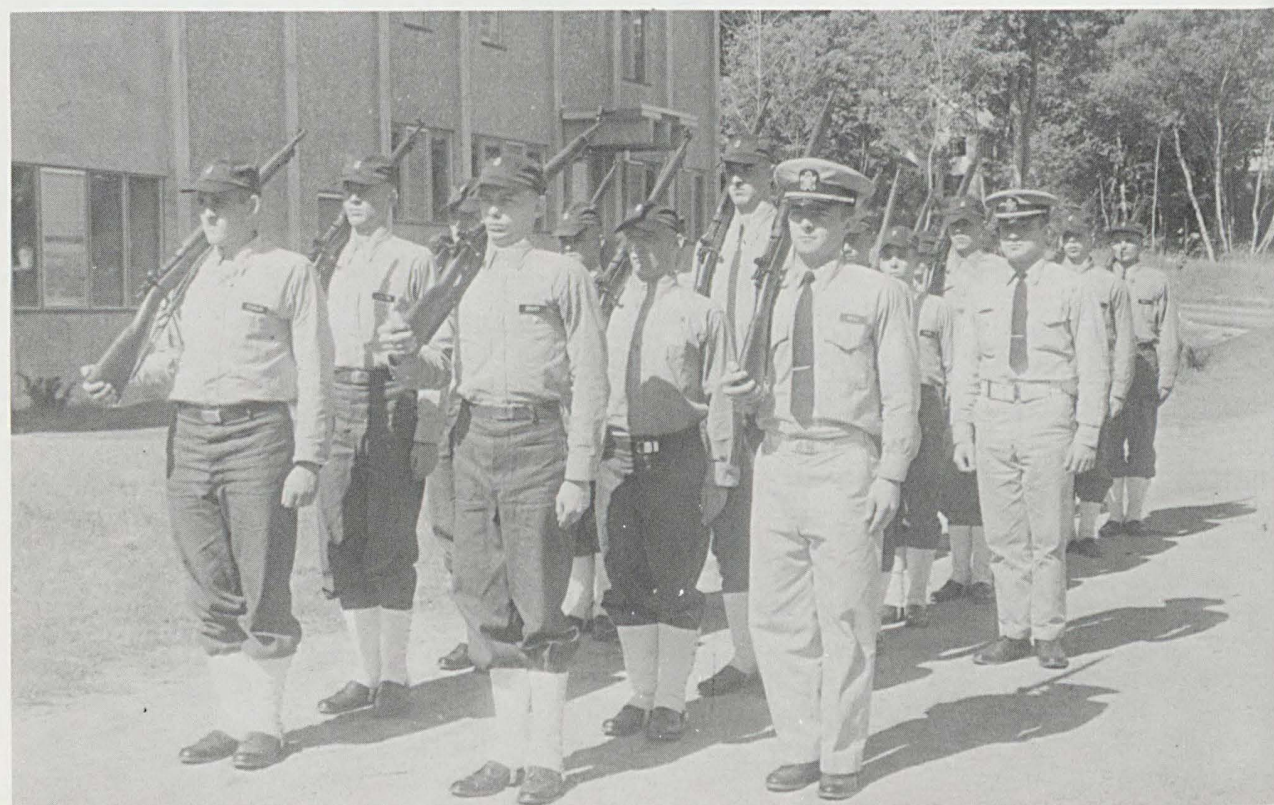




## WE ARRIVE

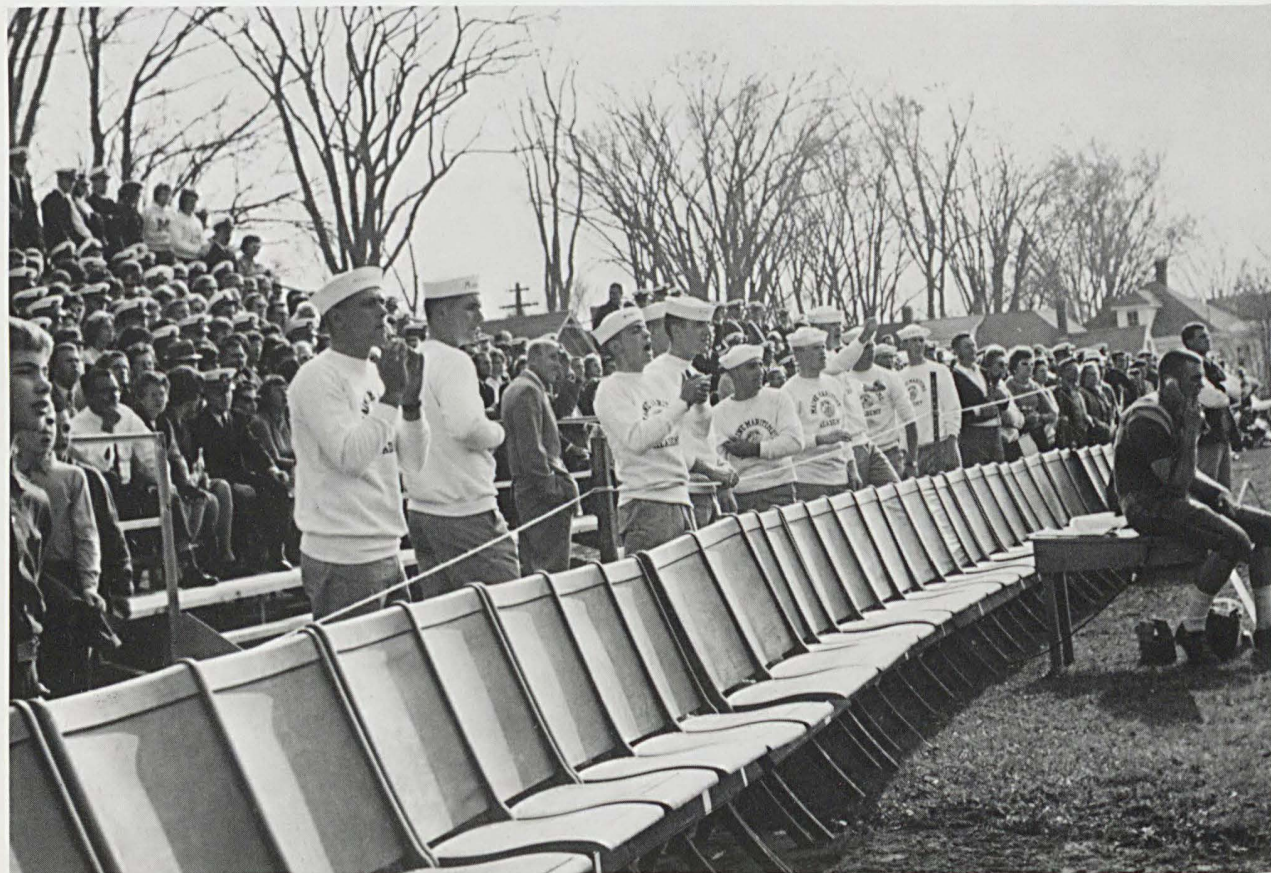
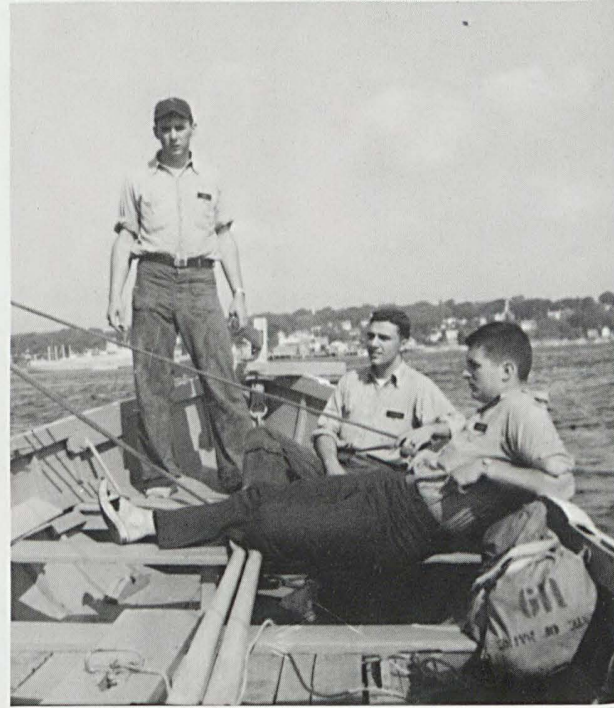


## INDOCTRINATION





## WE ADAPT TO A NEW LIFE



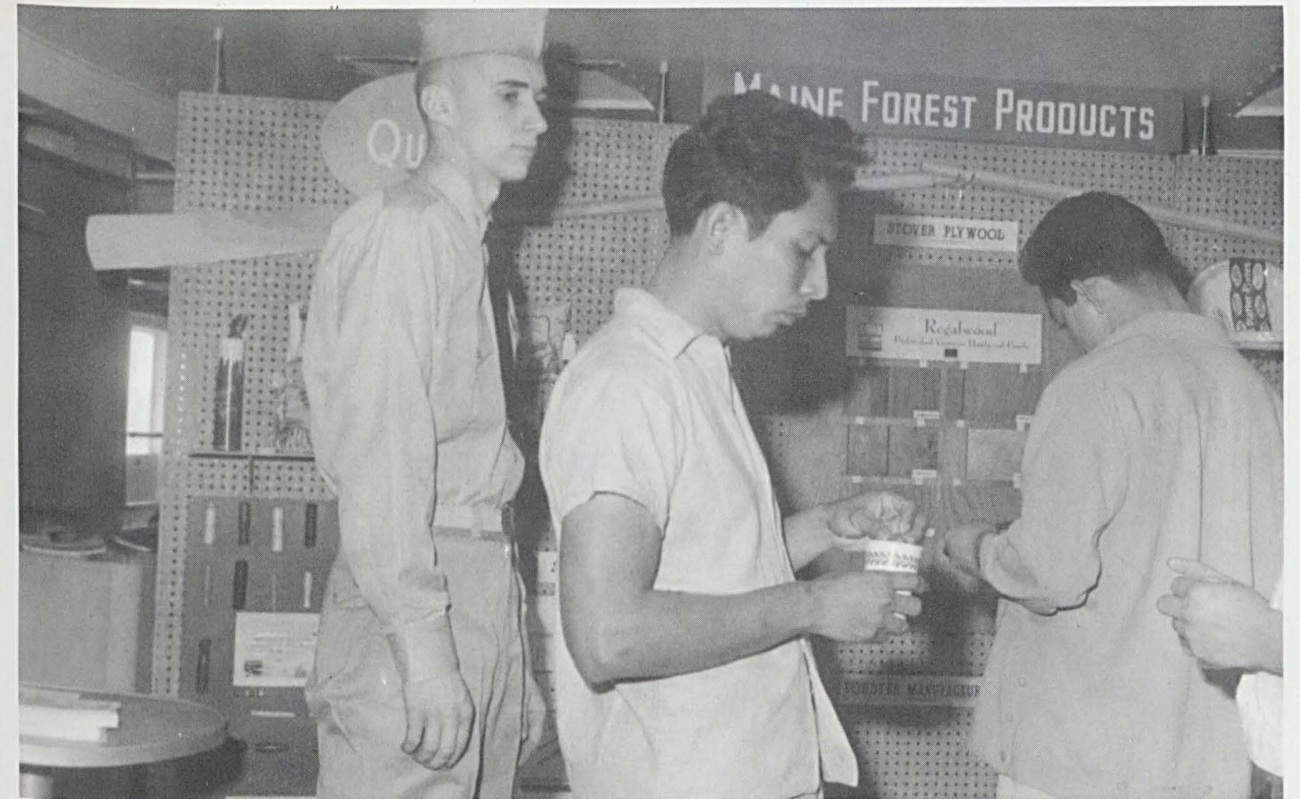
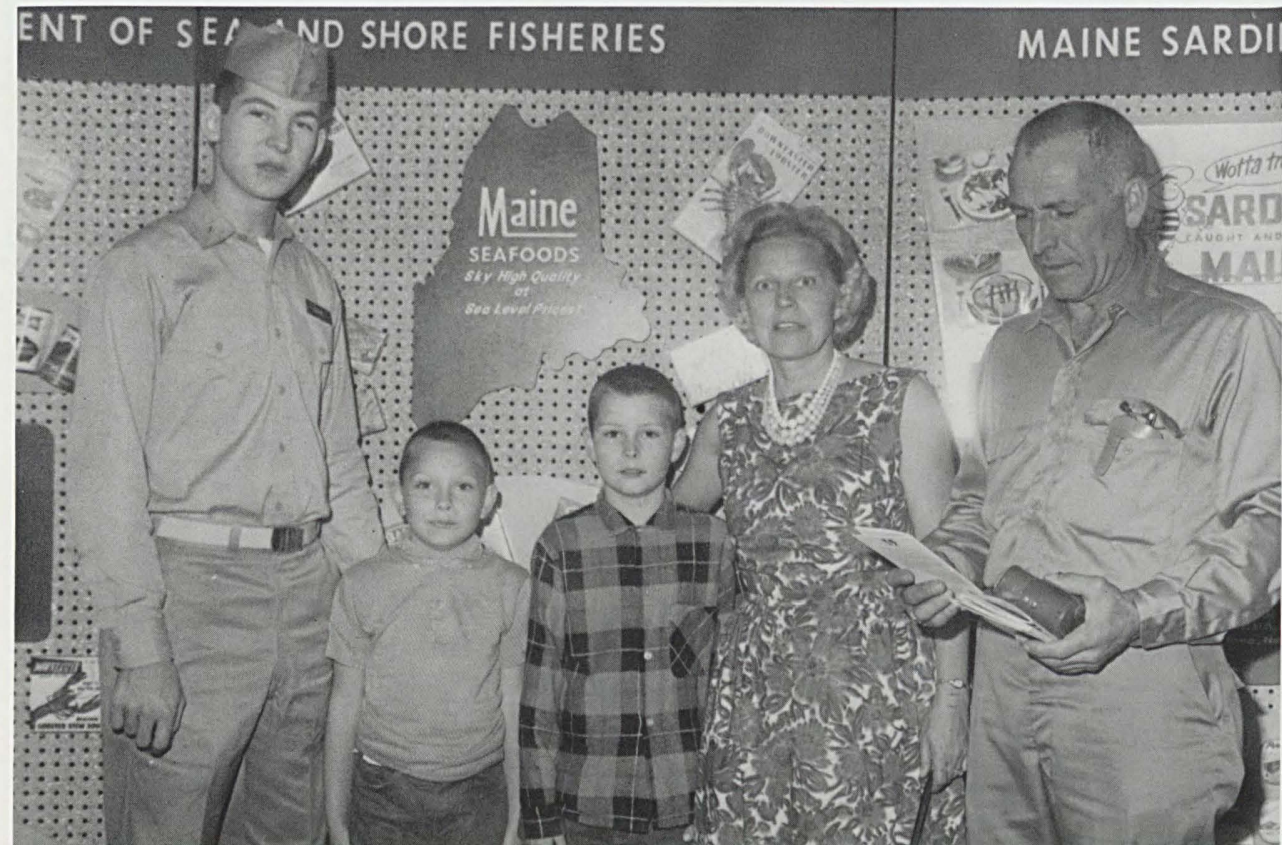
Knute, the friendly threshold cleaner.



## MUG CRUISE



## JACKSONVILLE



## VERACRUZ

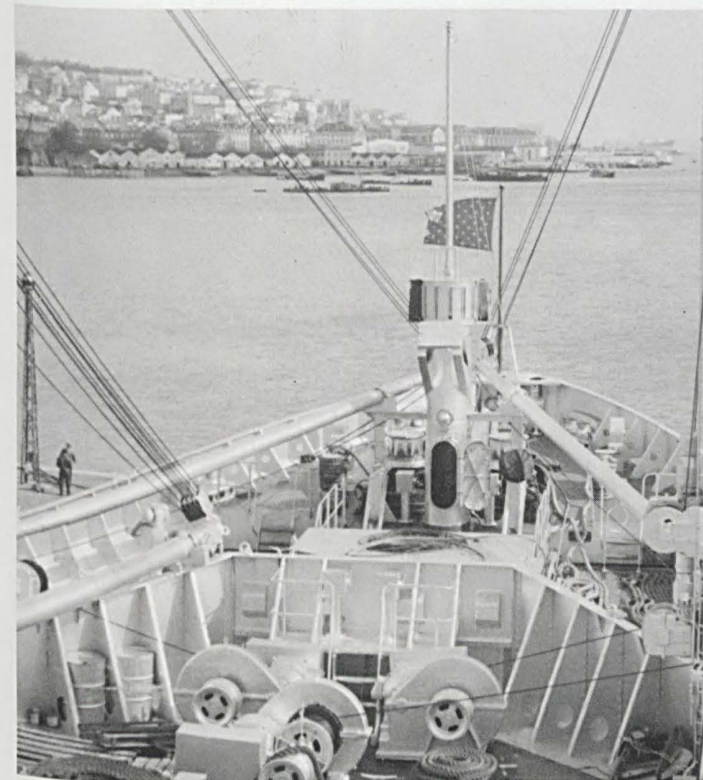




## GALVESTON



## CARTAGENA



## CURACAO







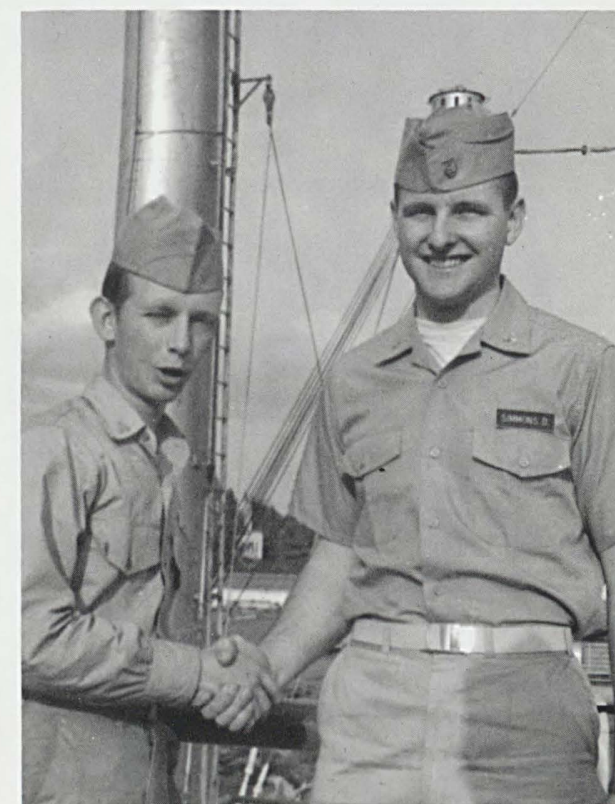
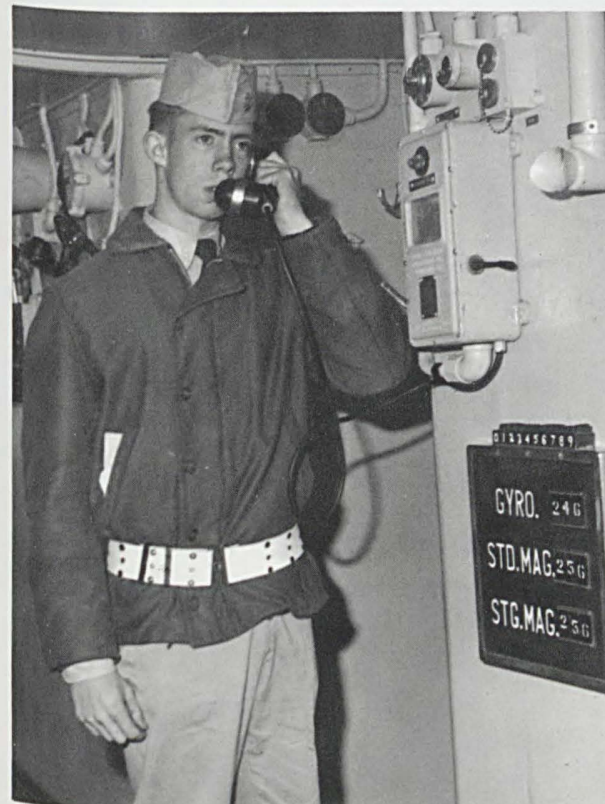
**SAN JUAN**



**ST. THOMAS**



**ARUBA**

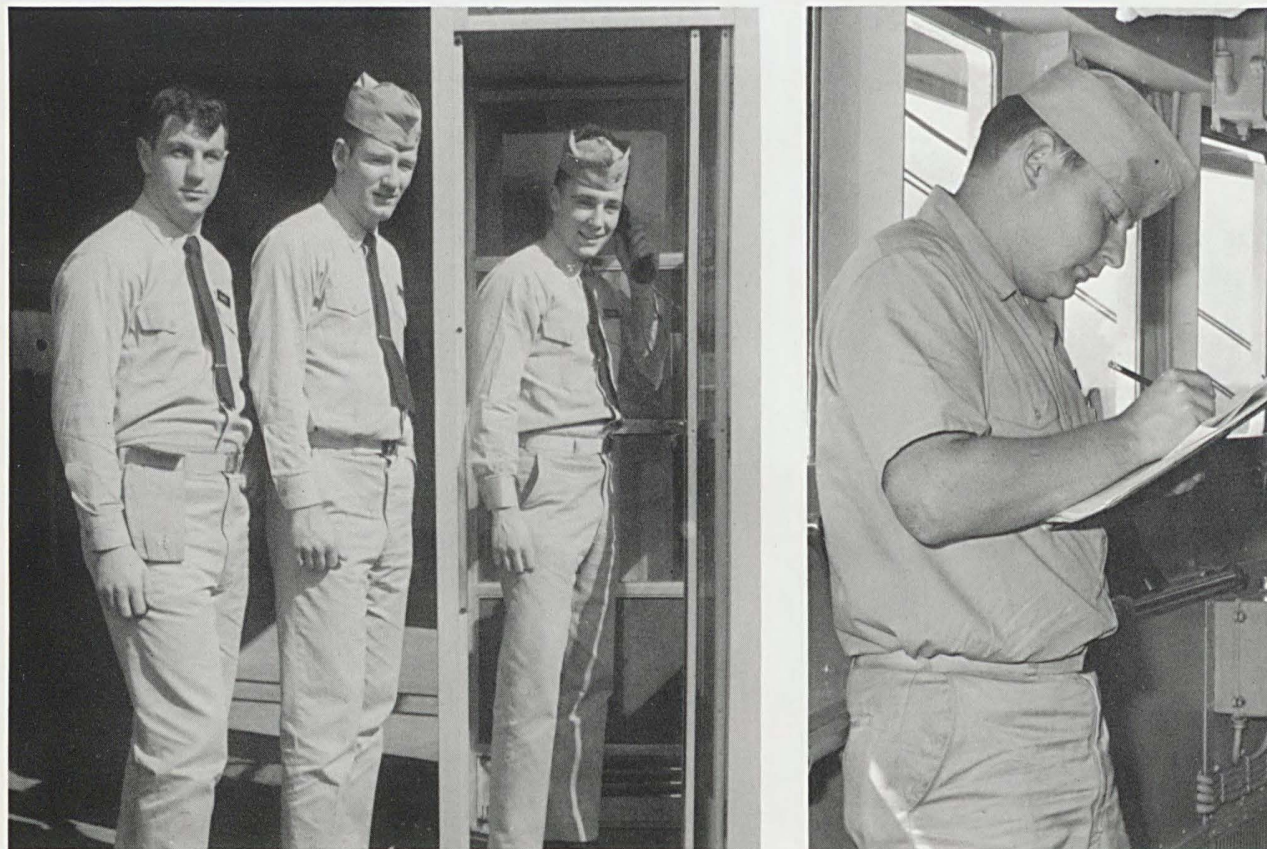




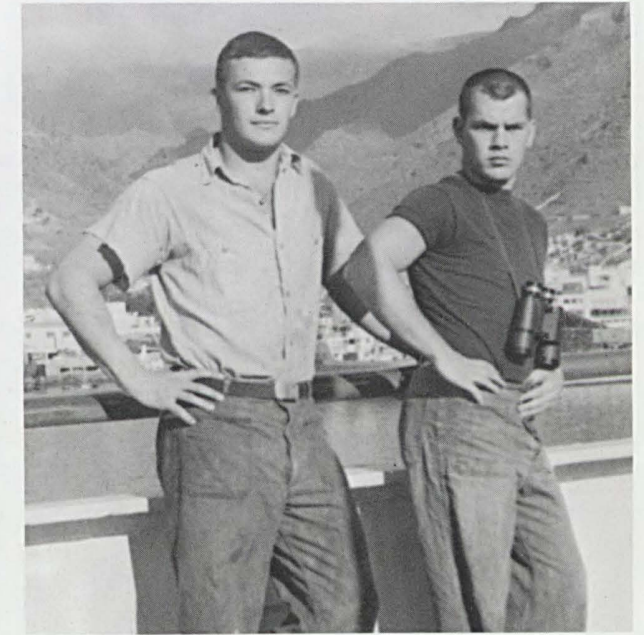
## SOPHOMORE CRUISE



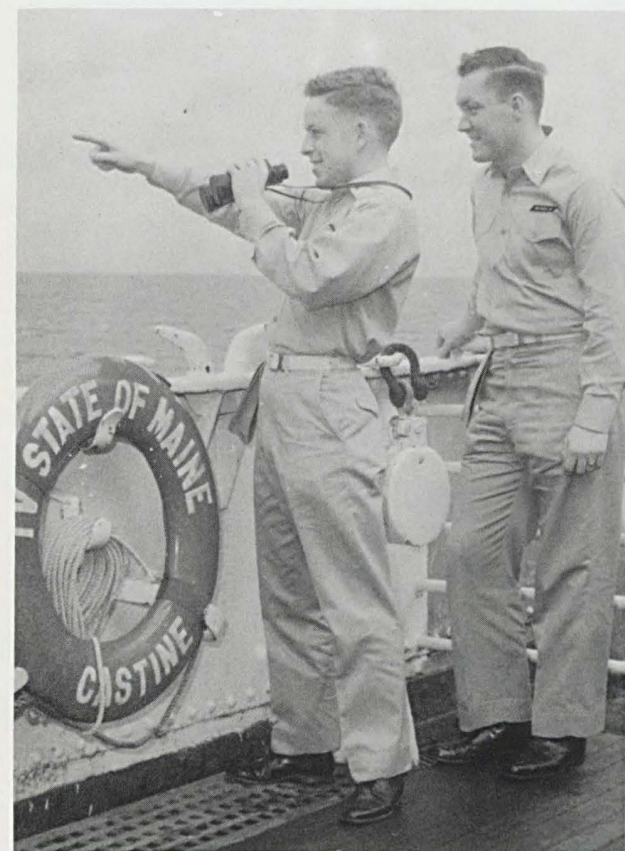
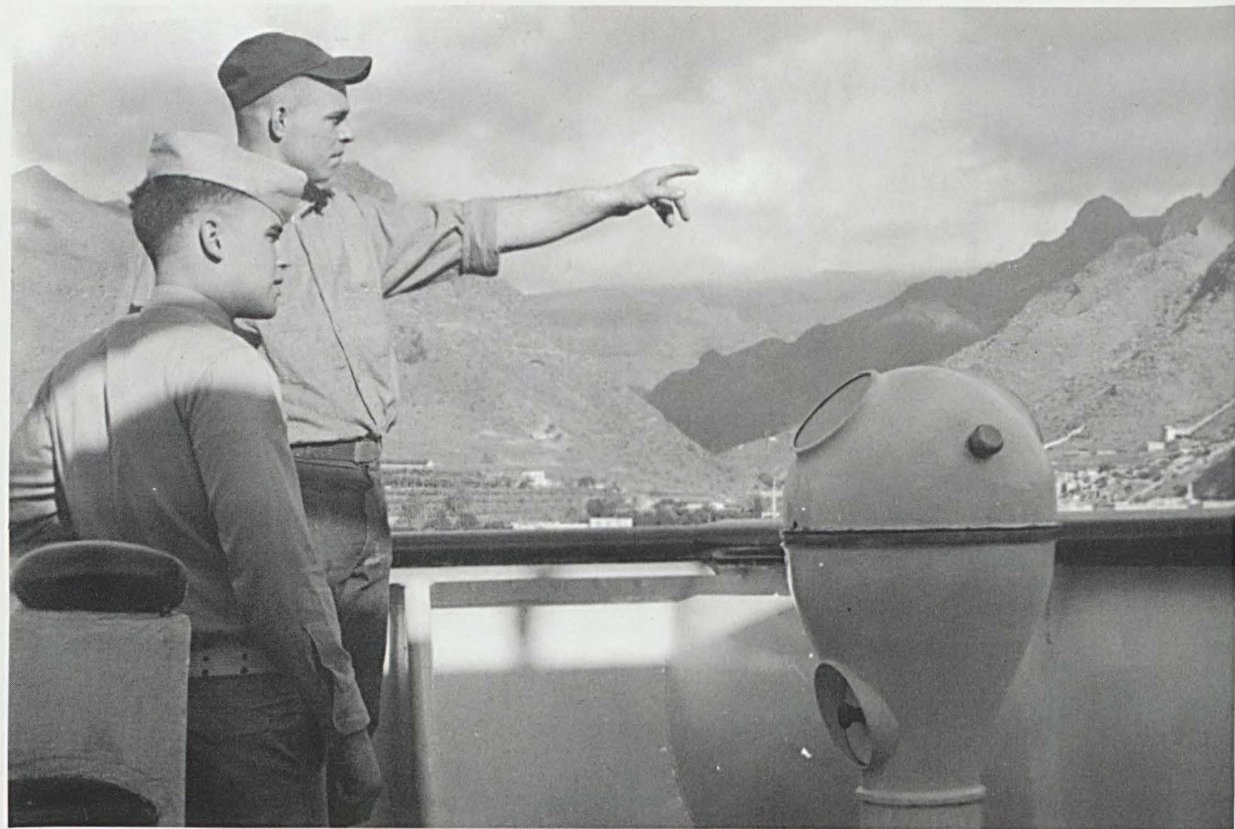
## SAVANNAH



## SANTA CRUZ DE TENERIFE



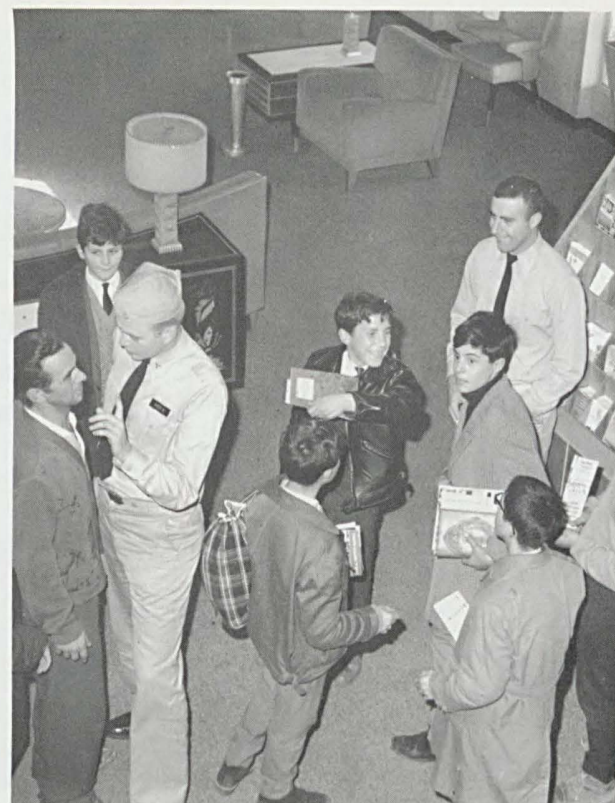




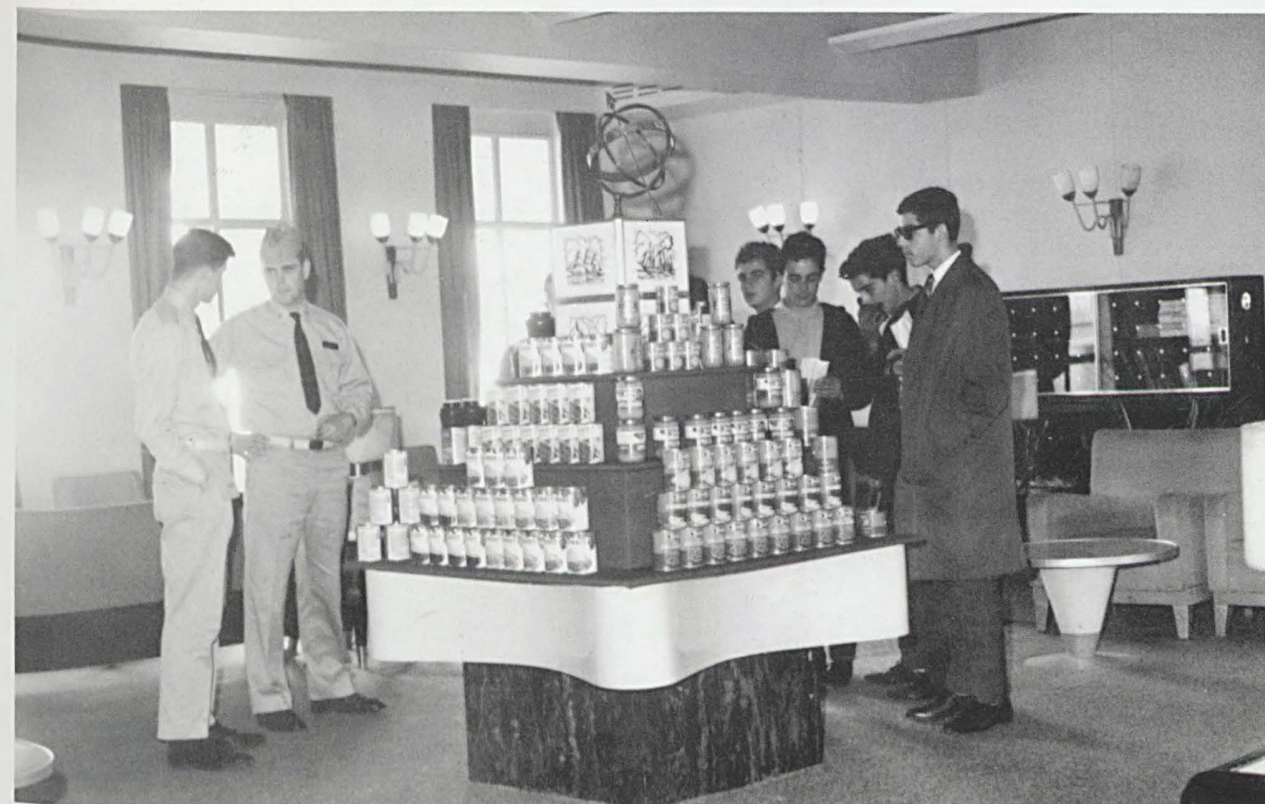
## LISBON







**MALAGA**

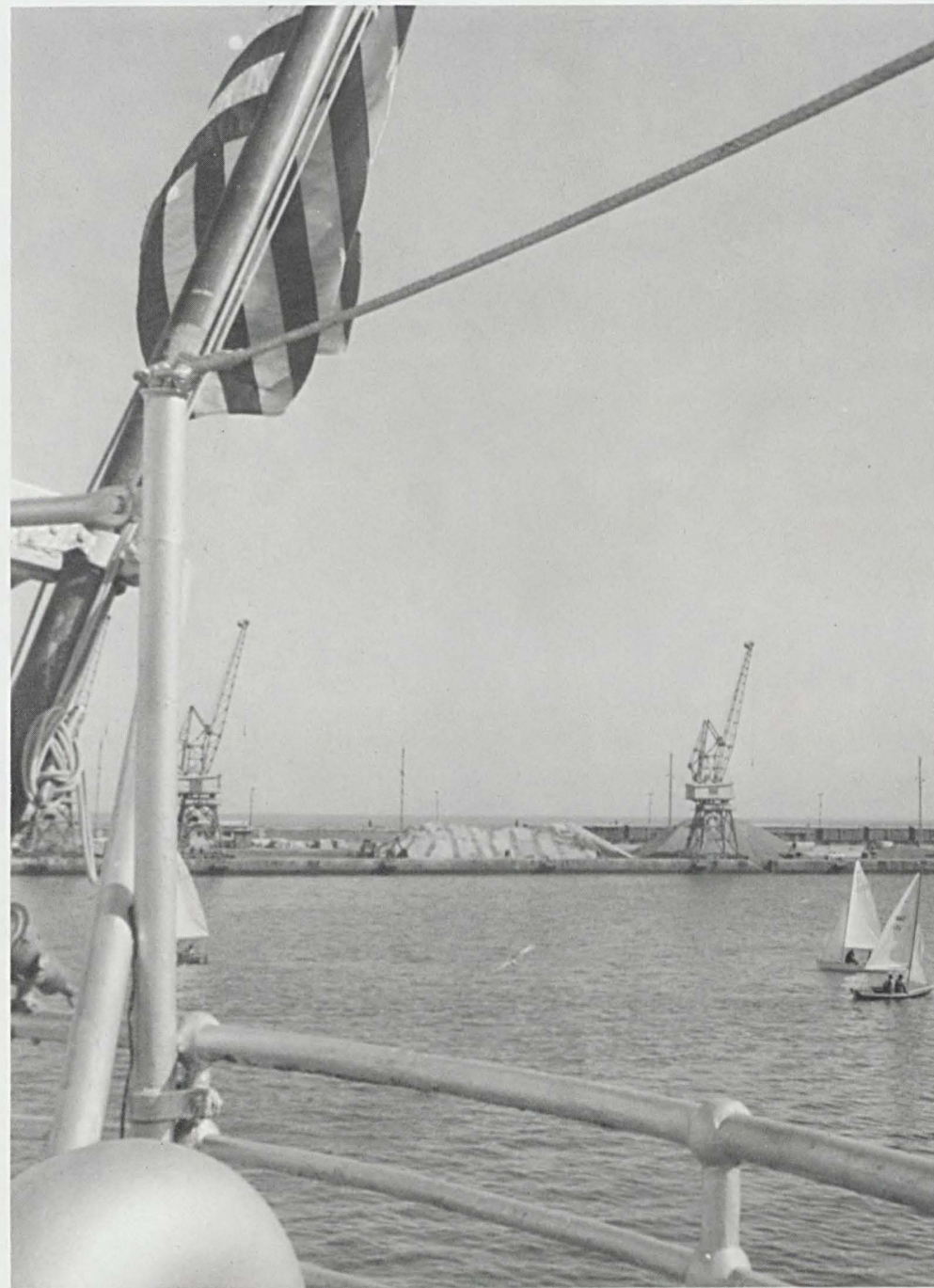


**VALENCIA**





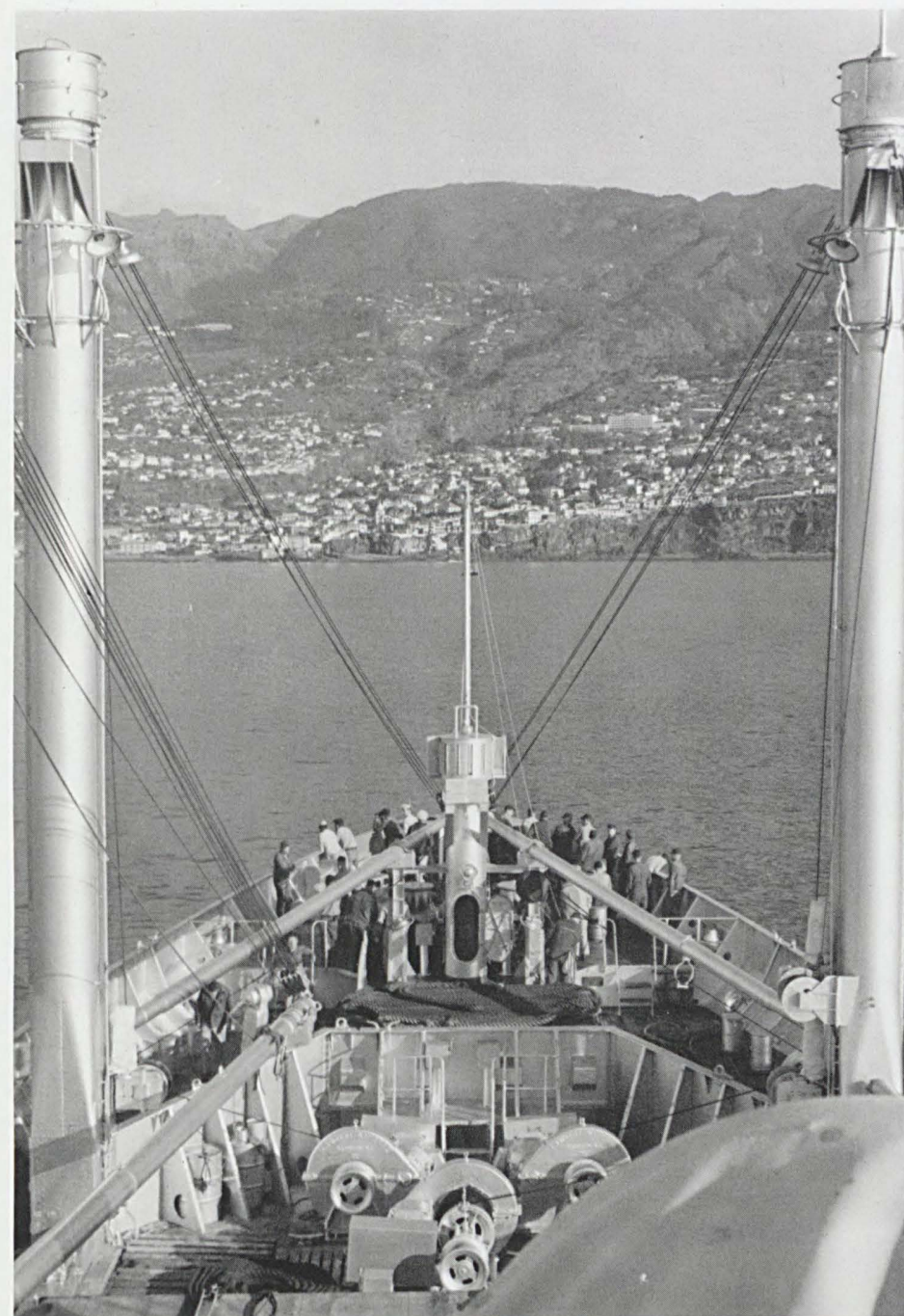
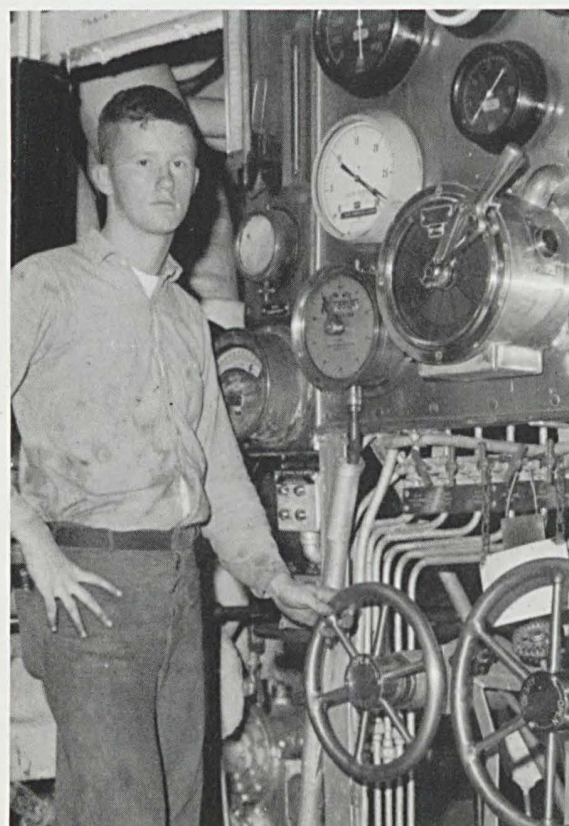
## PALMA



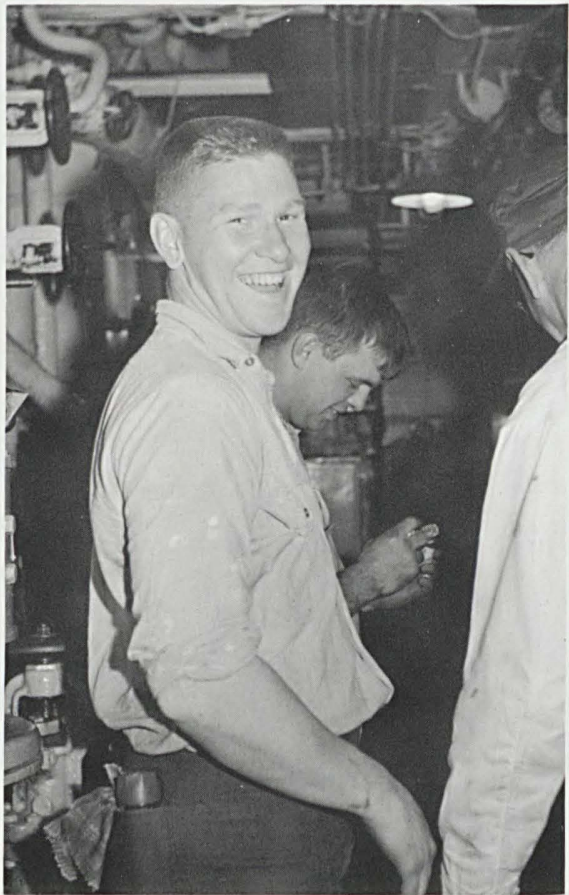
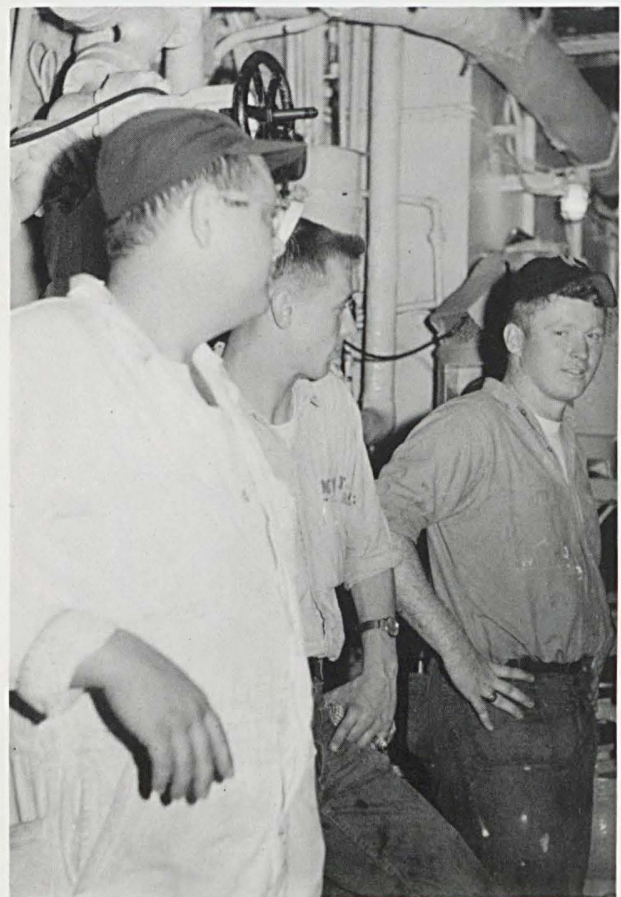
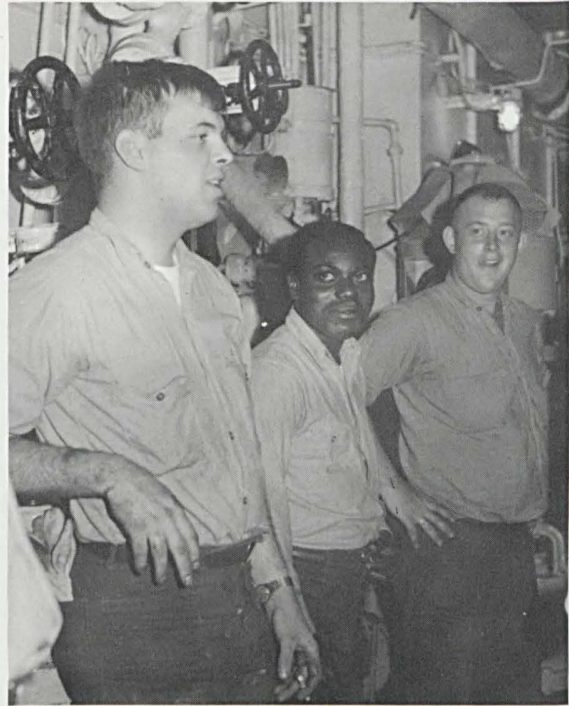
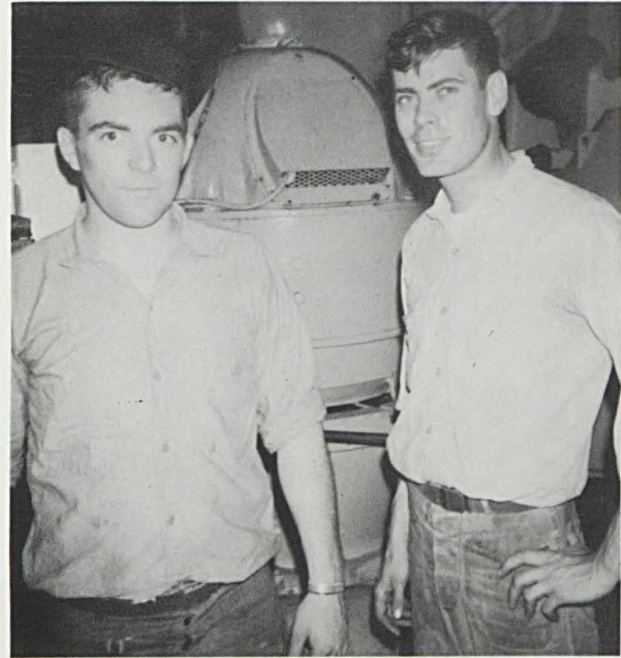




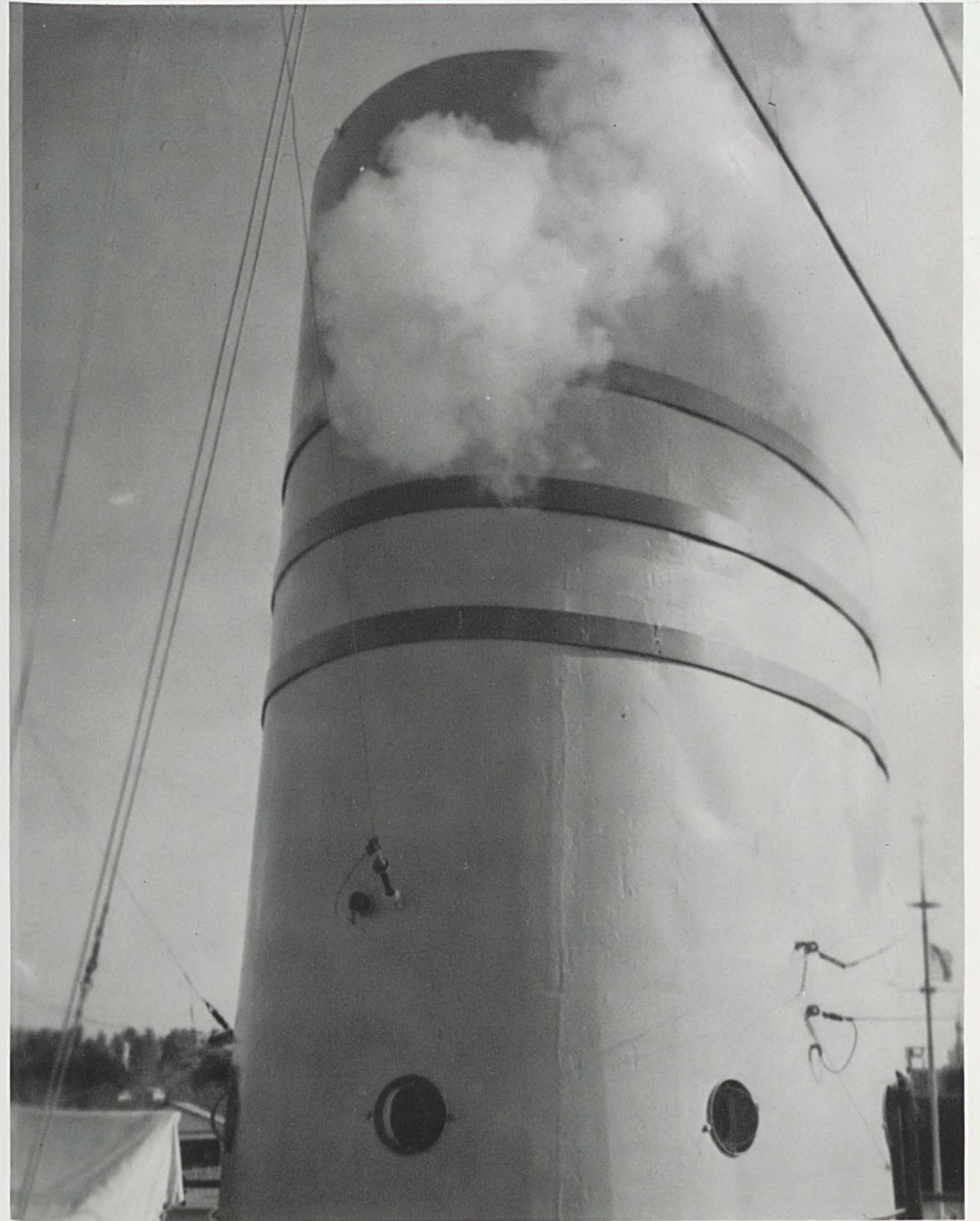
## MADERIA



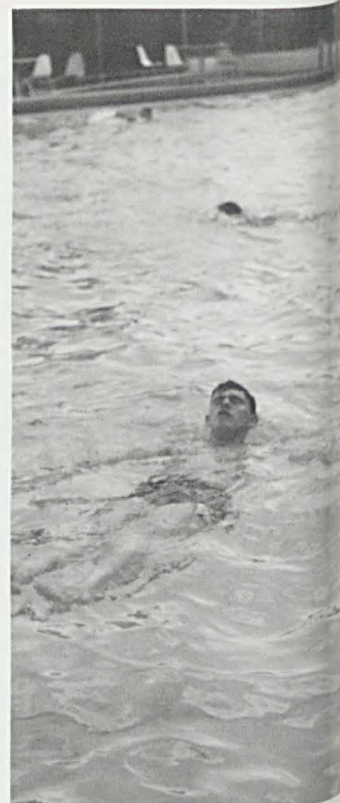
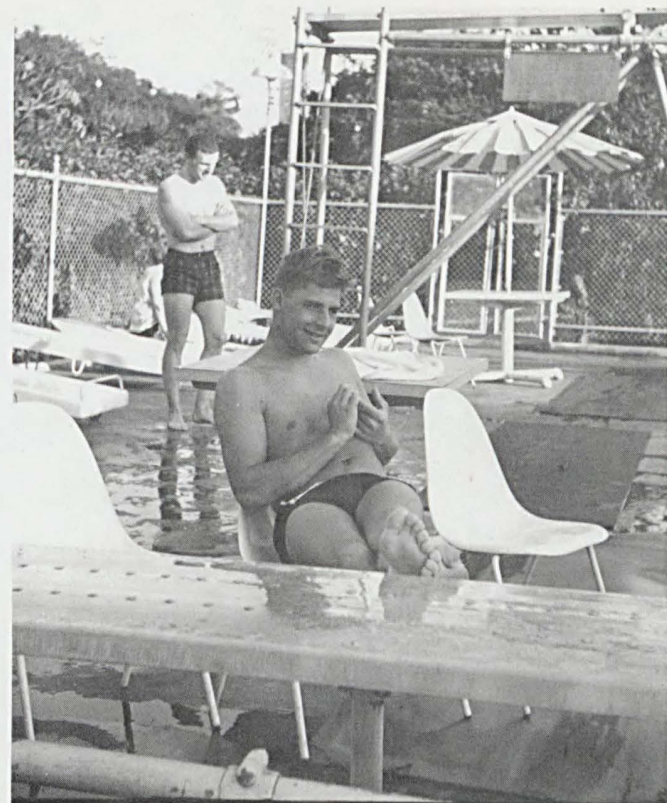




## JUNIOR CRUISE







## SAN JUAN P.R.

When the *State of Maine* first sighted land after leaving Castine, the boys were ready to hit the beach. The weather was warm and so was the Blood.

San Juan, Puerto Rico, an ideal port for this time of year, was familiar to some who had been here on a previous cruise, but we all wanted to find out for ourselves about those fine white beaches, luxury hotels, and the city itself. We saw much of the Caribe Hilton and the San Juan Sheraton's beaches, pools, and other

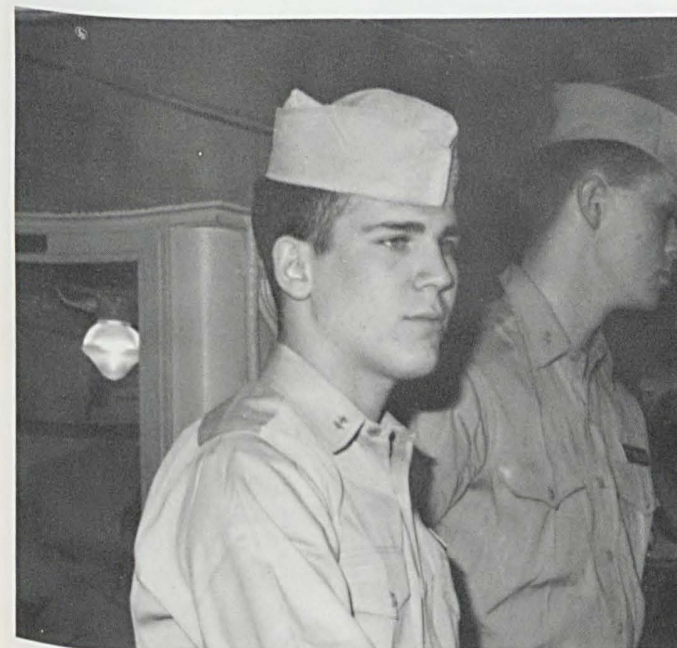
facilities—and those bathing suits the girls wore. WOW! At night the boys turned back to town for less expensive entertainment. Many went almost all the way back to the ship—to a couple establishments calculatedly close to the docks. The steel band at the La Riveria Club was great.

The Mayoress has a party every time the boys pull in, and this time was no exception. She knows what the Middies like.

## OFFICERS CLUB



Steve and Bob



Tom stands watch on the bridge

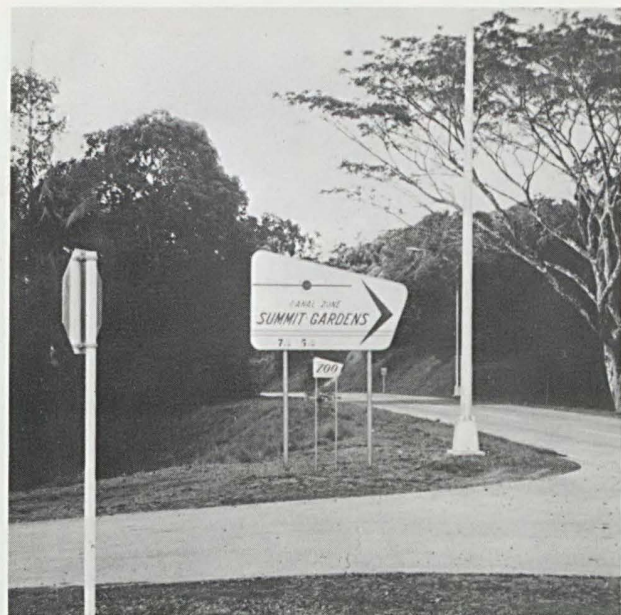


Jim, Rod, Dave, Dave, Al



Ron and Mike



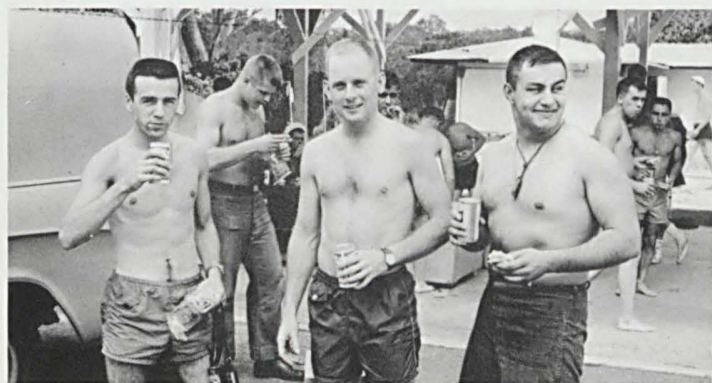
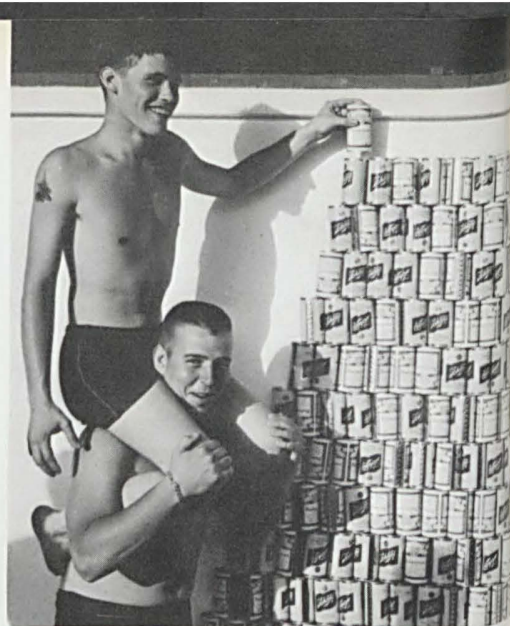


## BALBOA

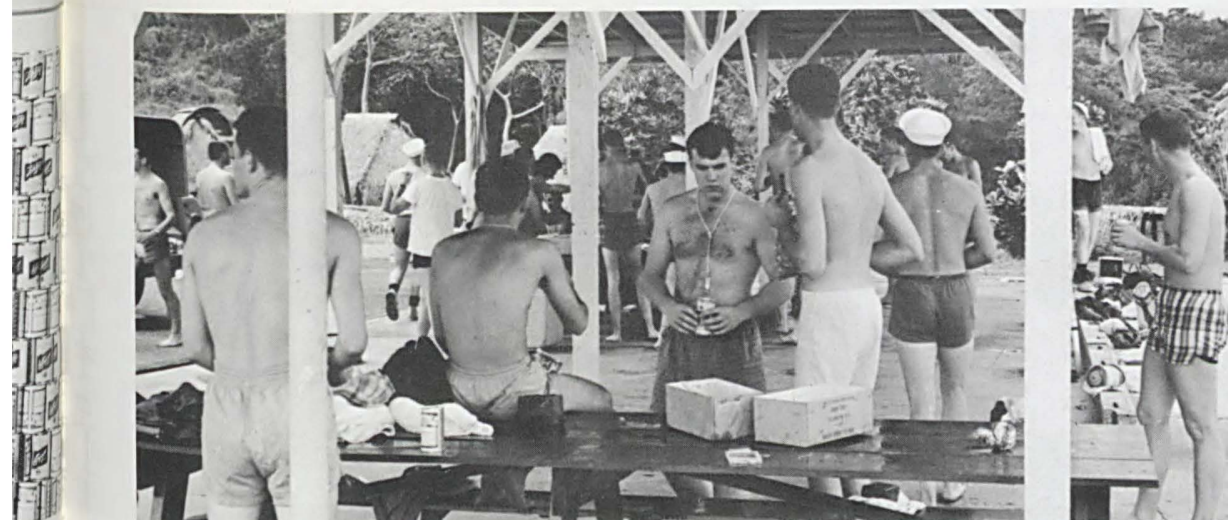
Fresh from San Juan, the former *Ancon* once again returned to Cristobal. After a short stop for fuel we made it to the Pacific via the canal. At this time some of us expresses a wish to sign on the *Hope* which was also in transit. It seems the food was much better on the *Hope*. After a night transit we docked at Rodman Naval Station, Balboa. Since it was a duty free port, it was the place to do the big buying. Many bought radios and tape recorders. Of course there were the ever present tours and basketball games. Due to the political unrest in Panama, we had to be back in the American sector by 2000 so the largest attraction was the Rodman E.M. Club. Then we were off to Valpariso in a cloud of smoke (black) via a somewhat circuitous route.



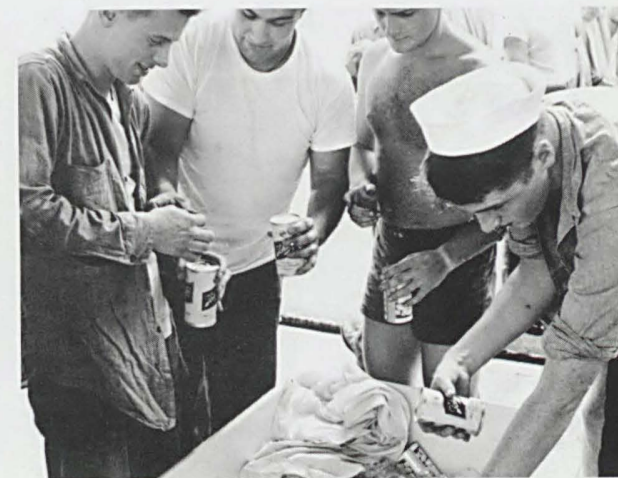




**CLASS PARTY**



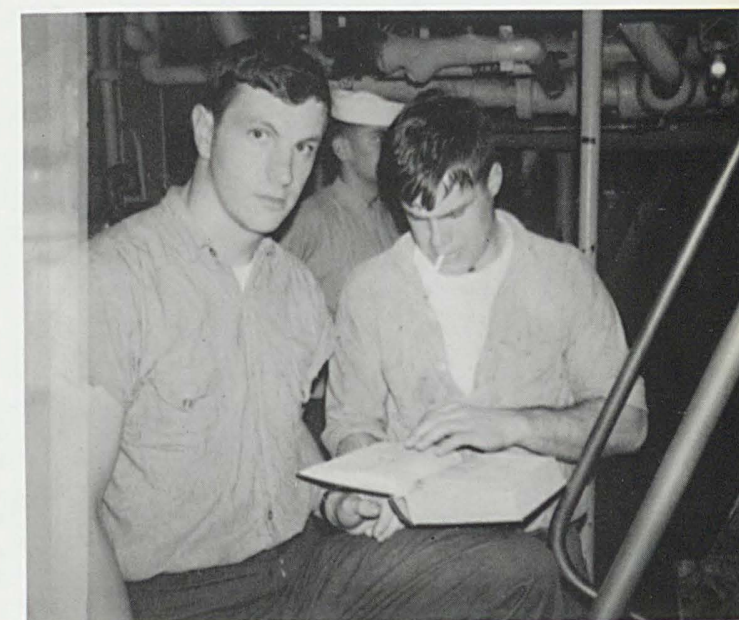
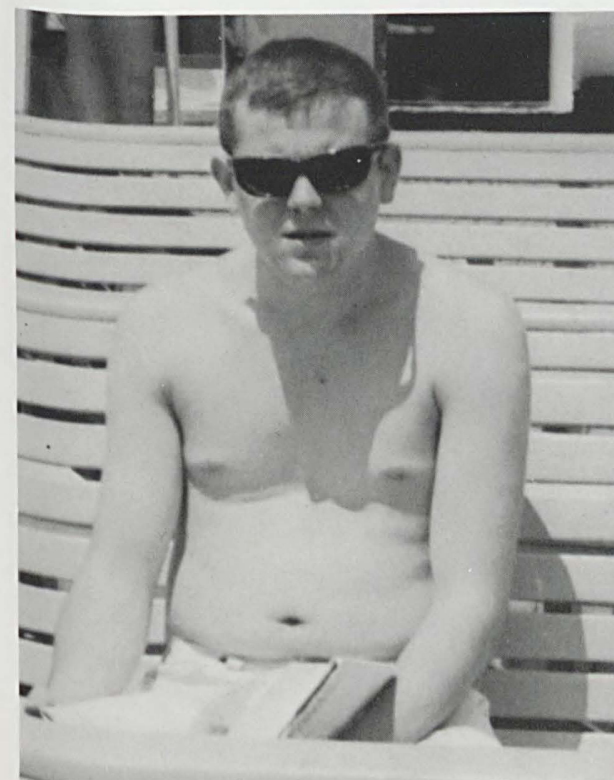
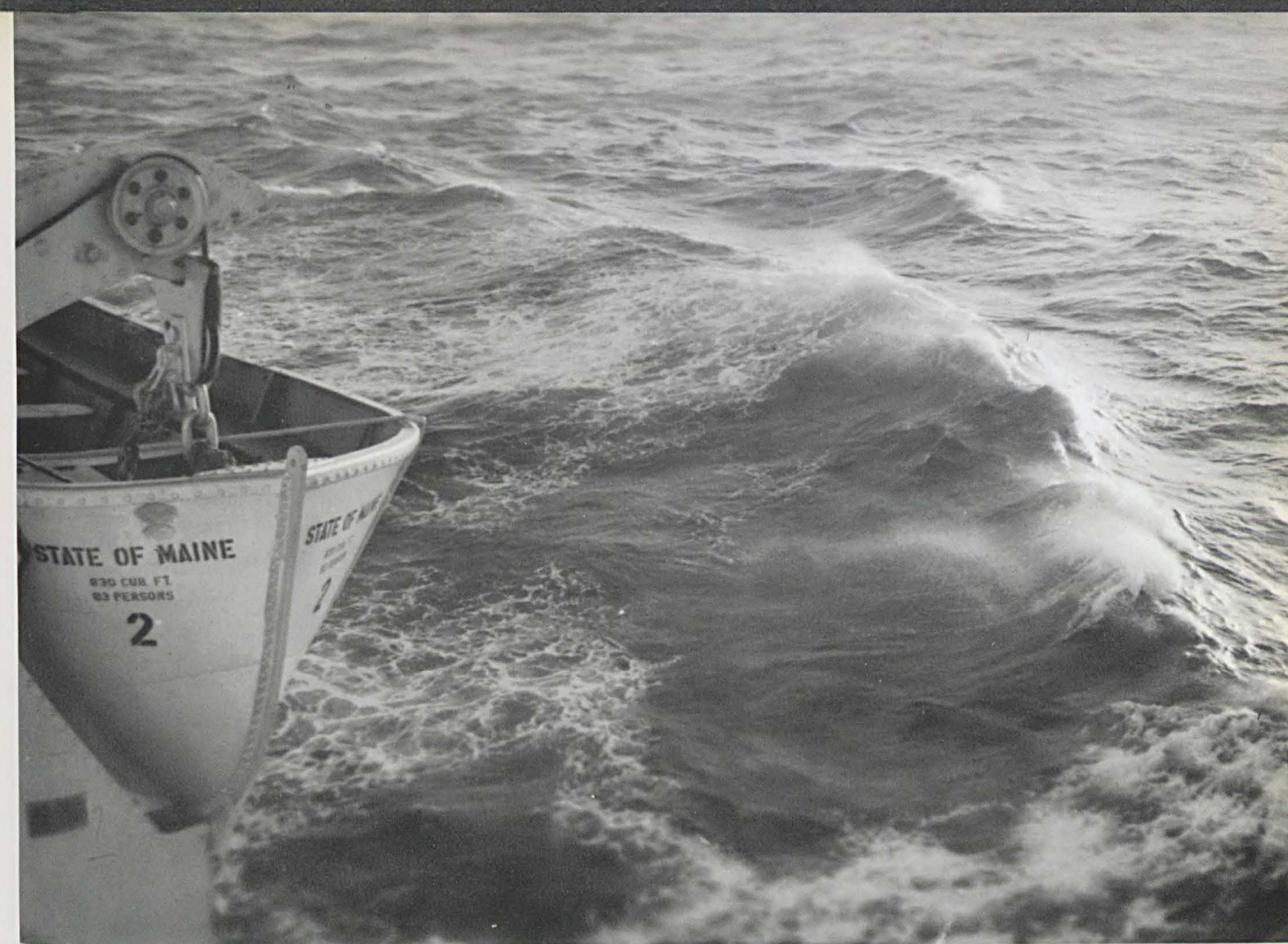
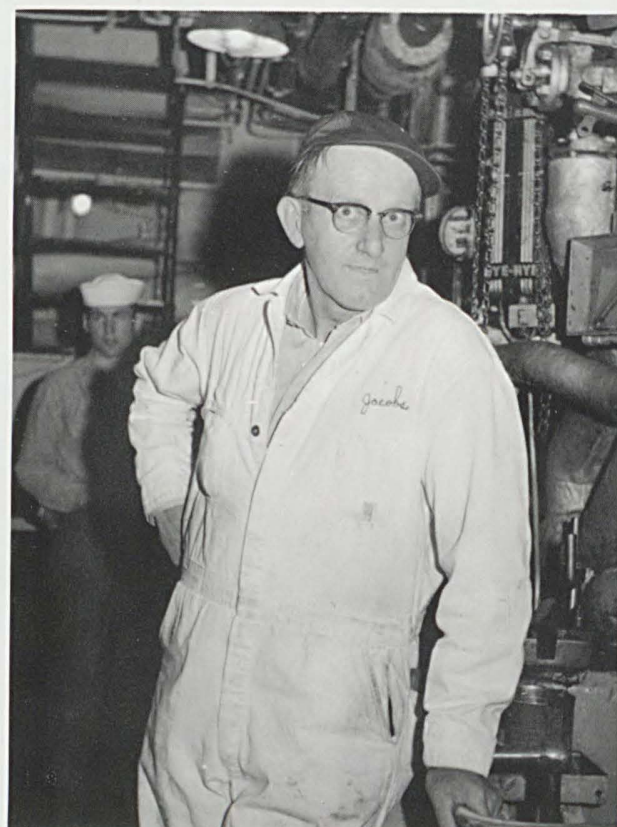
**BALBOA, C. Z.**





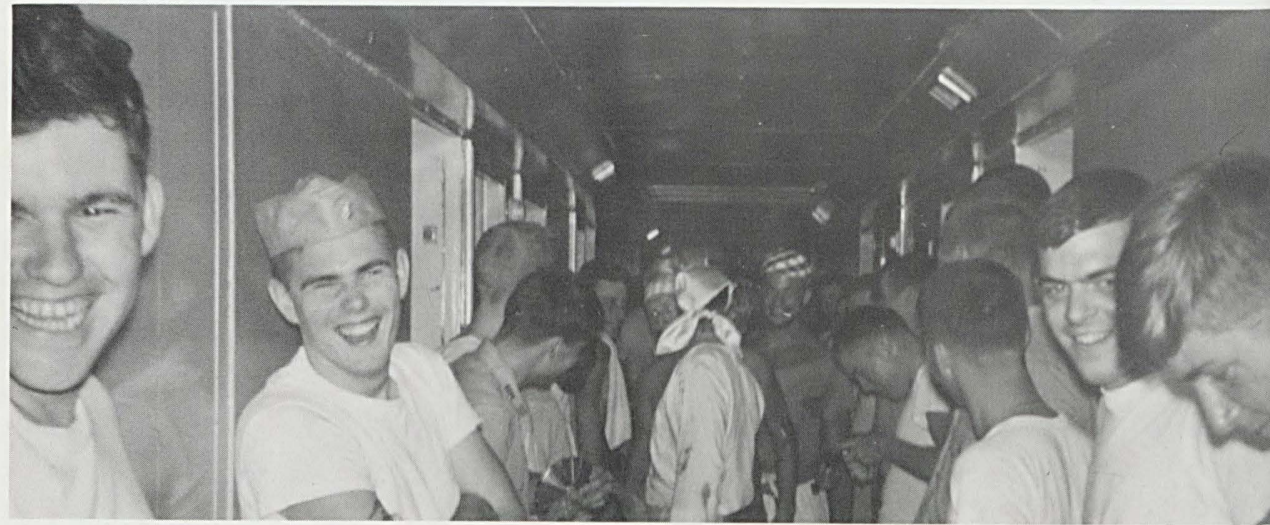


# AT SEA

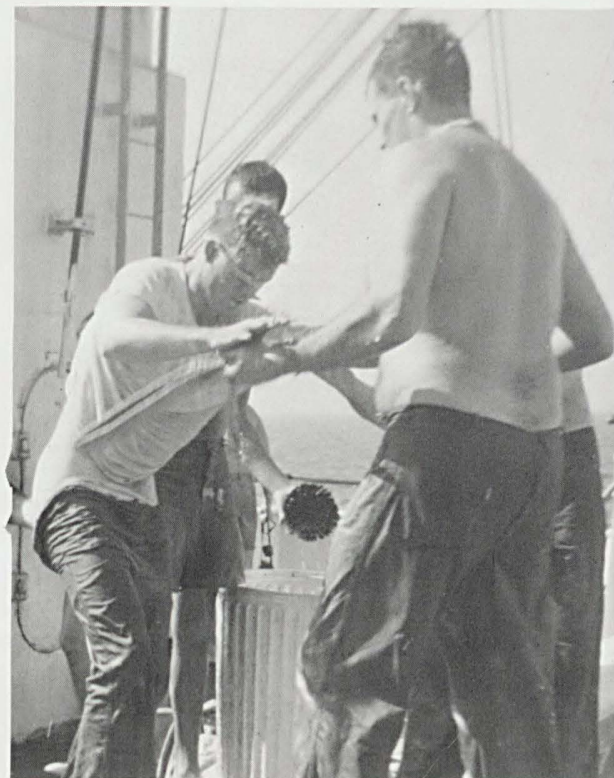




LONG. 81°12 W LAT. 000°00

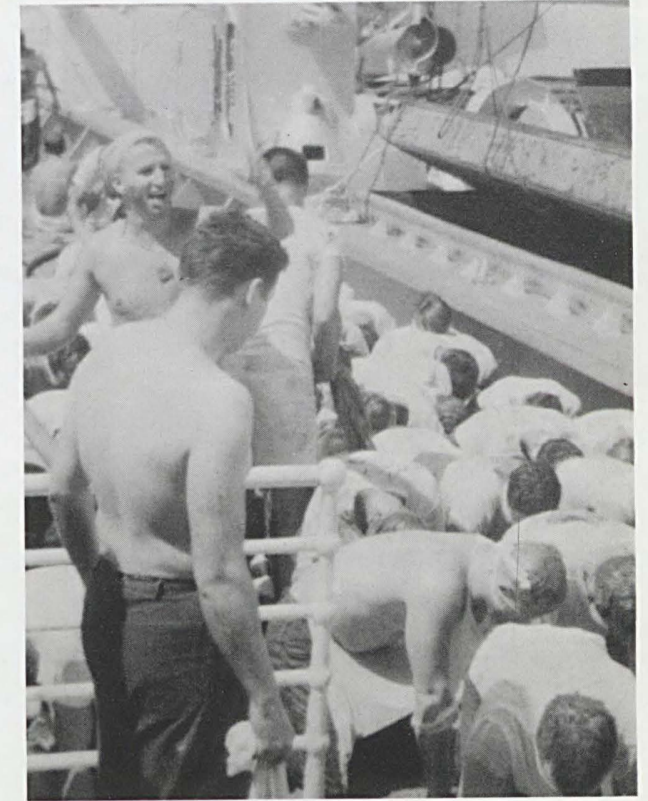


NOW AT LAST



KNOW YE, that *Charles E. Noble* on the 20th day of January, 1966, aboard the T.V. *State of Maine*, Latitude 000-00, Longitude 81-12 W, appeared into Our Royal Domain, and having been inspected and found worthy by My Royal Staff, was initiated into the *Solemn Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep*. I command my subjects to honor and respect him as *One Of Our Trusty Shellbacks*.

*Neptunus Rex*  
Ruler of the Raging Main



T WE BECOME SHELLBACKS





## VALPARISO

After roaming around the Pacific for a while, we decided to go to Valpariso. While it is the largest port in Chile, it is by no means a large port. Once outside the city's waterfront area, we found it to be one of the cleanest foreign countries that we have ever visited. There was much to see, and LCDR Jordan did his best to see that we didn't miss any of it. The tours arranged turned out to be well worth signing up for. There were many nice beaches located just outside the city, and this combined with a wonderful climate and beautiful girls, made Valpariso one of the high points of the 1966 cruise.



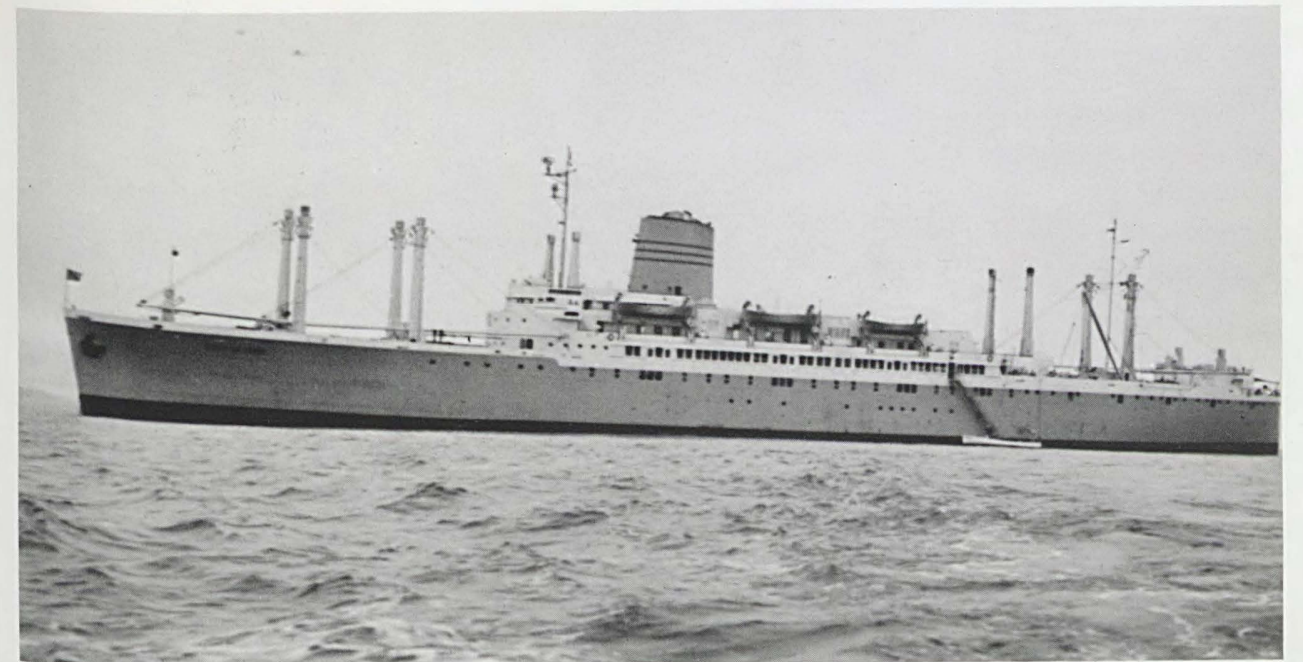
Meet "The King"



## CALLAO, PERU



To say that we docked in Callao would not be exactly true. Actually we dropped the hook about three miles west of Tokyo Bay and went the rest of the way by a 30' running boat. A fact that there were no tours; however there wasn't much liberty either. Like San Juan, Lima was expensive, but by careful shopping some good buys were found. One middie found that stuffed llamas were a good buy if you could afford the price. Who can forget those twelve cent taxi rides or the fragrant smell of the local fish processing plants. As enjoyable as our stay was, we were all eager to get home and were happy to be heading north.



At anchor



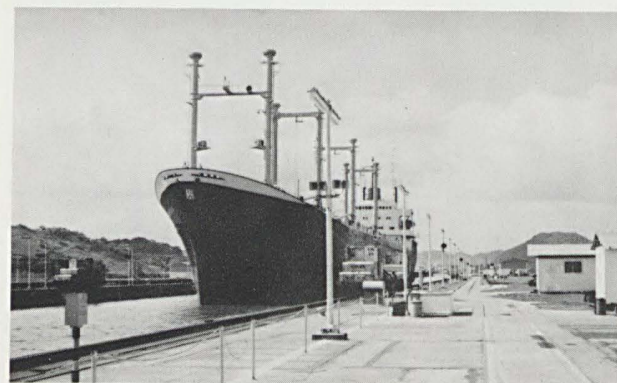




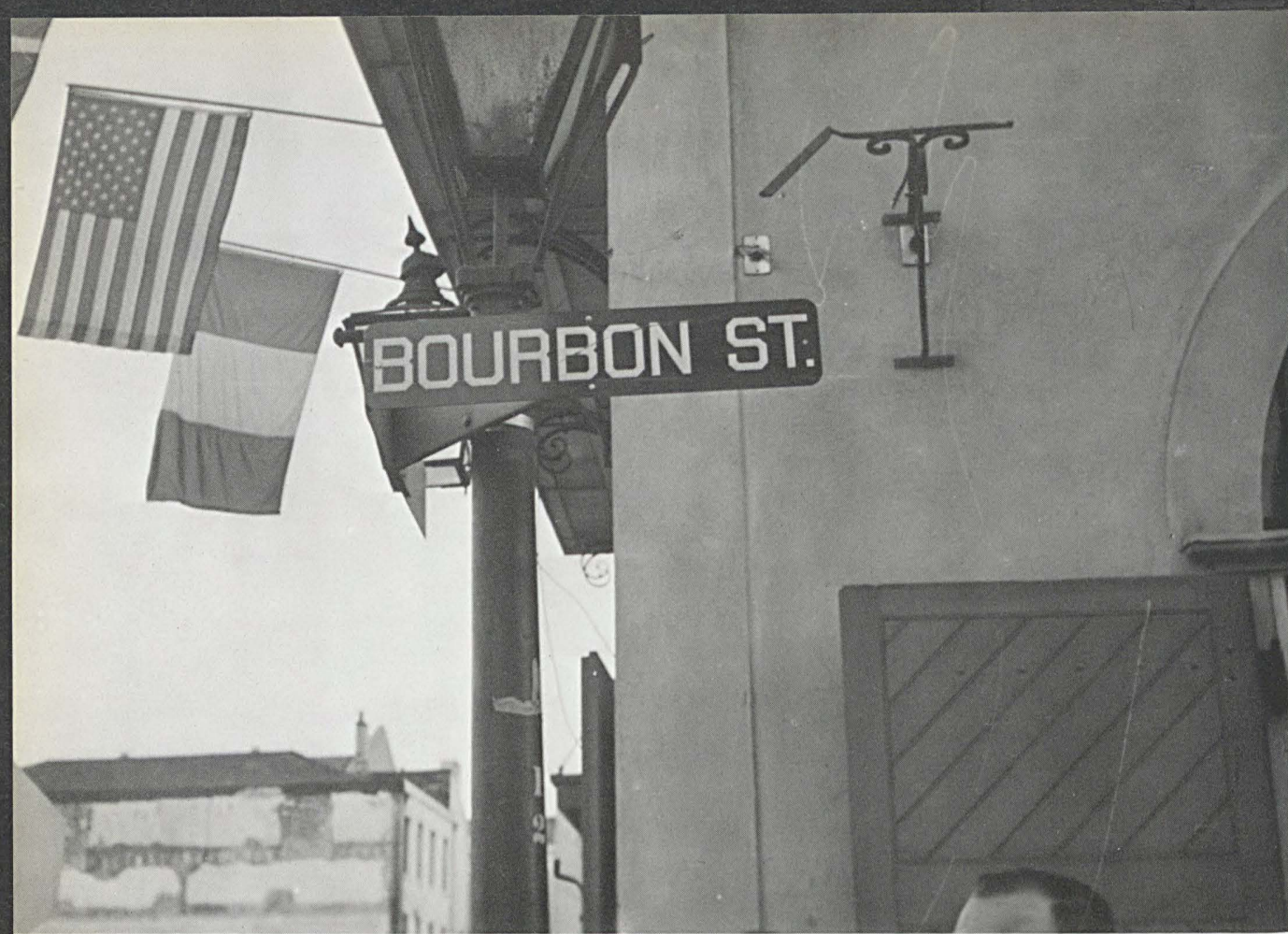
## THE BIG DITCH

Previously having transitted the Panama Canal during the night, which afforded those who stayed up some breath-taking sights and sounds, on our return trip crossed during the day.

The day transit allowed us to take some pictures and the Bos'n saw to it that the ship was throughly washed down with fresh water from Gatun Lake.







**NEW ORLEANS**



**MARDI GRAS**



**PORTLAND, MAINE**





## NEW YORK CRUISE

The now annual spring cruise was now upon us. This year we were headed to New York for the celebration of National Maritime Week. As guests of American Export-Isbrandtsen, The *State of Maine* was berthed at Pier 84 on the North River.

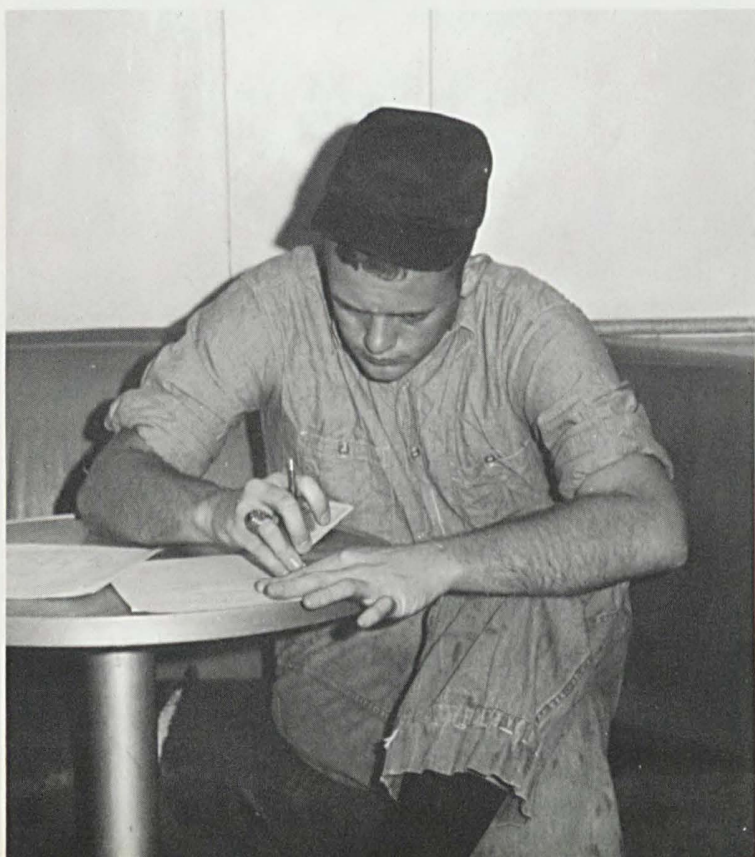
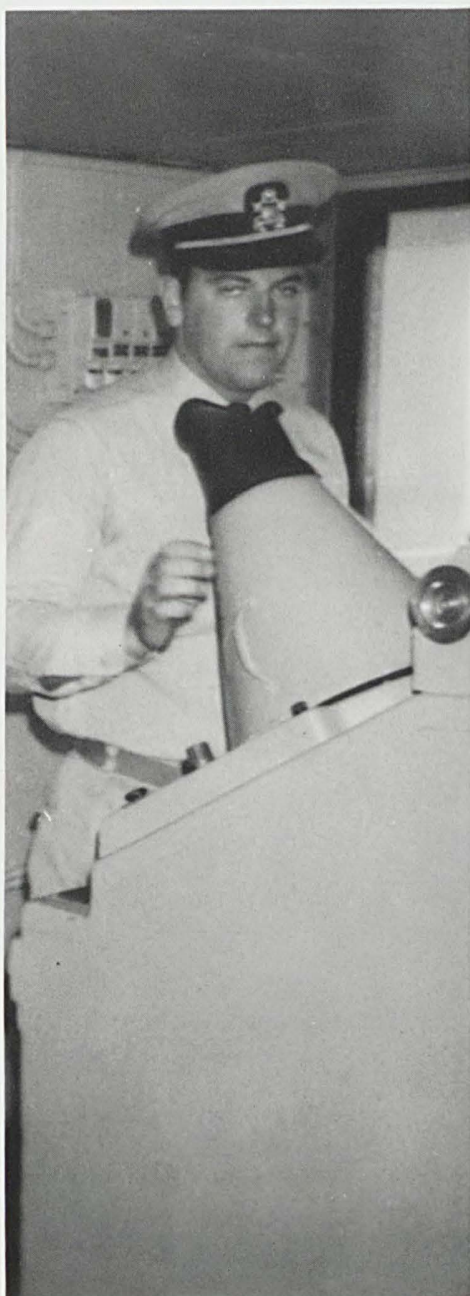
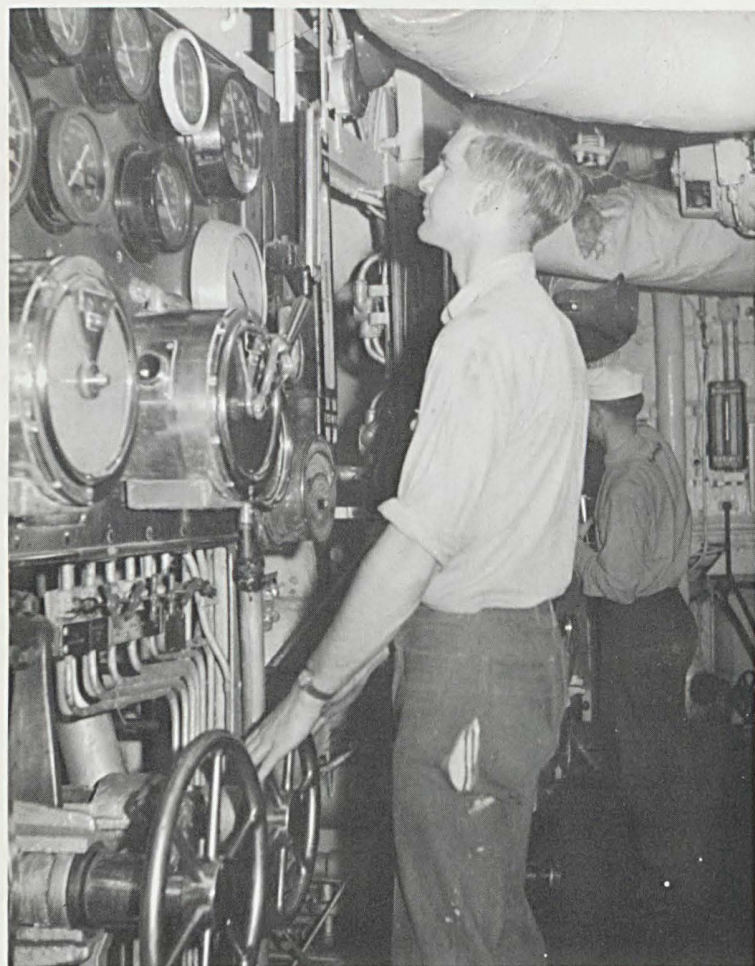
This cruise afforded our class a wonderful opportunity to put to practical use the knowledge gleaned from three years of study. Although as one engineer learned (the hard way) there was still a lot to learn. But now we were boss, we were in charge and the responsibility of running the ship and the underclassmen was on our shoulders. The Class of '67 came through remarkably well even though minor mistakes were made. But as you learn from your mistakes the cruise was of benefit to all.

Liberty in New York was an experience not to be soon forgotten. Middies could be found everywhere from Chinatown to the Village.

The spring cruise is a very successful policy not only from the standpoint of the Junior class, but also to the Freshmen who gain some sea time and get the feel of the ship and what a cruise is like.

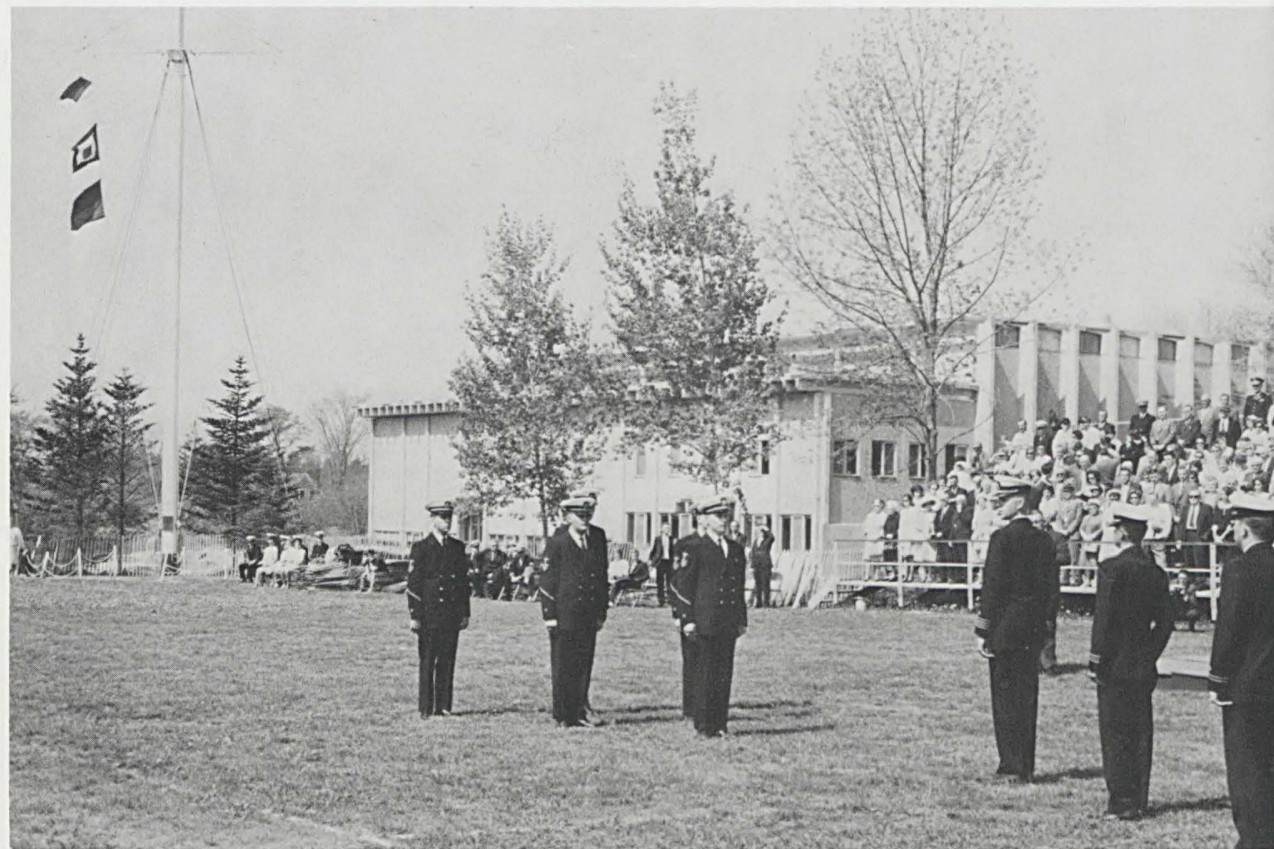








## CHANGE OF COMMAND



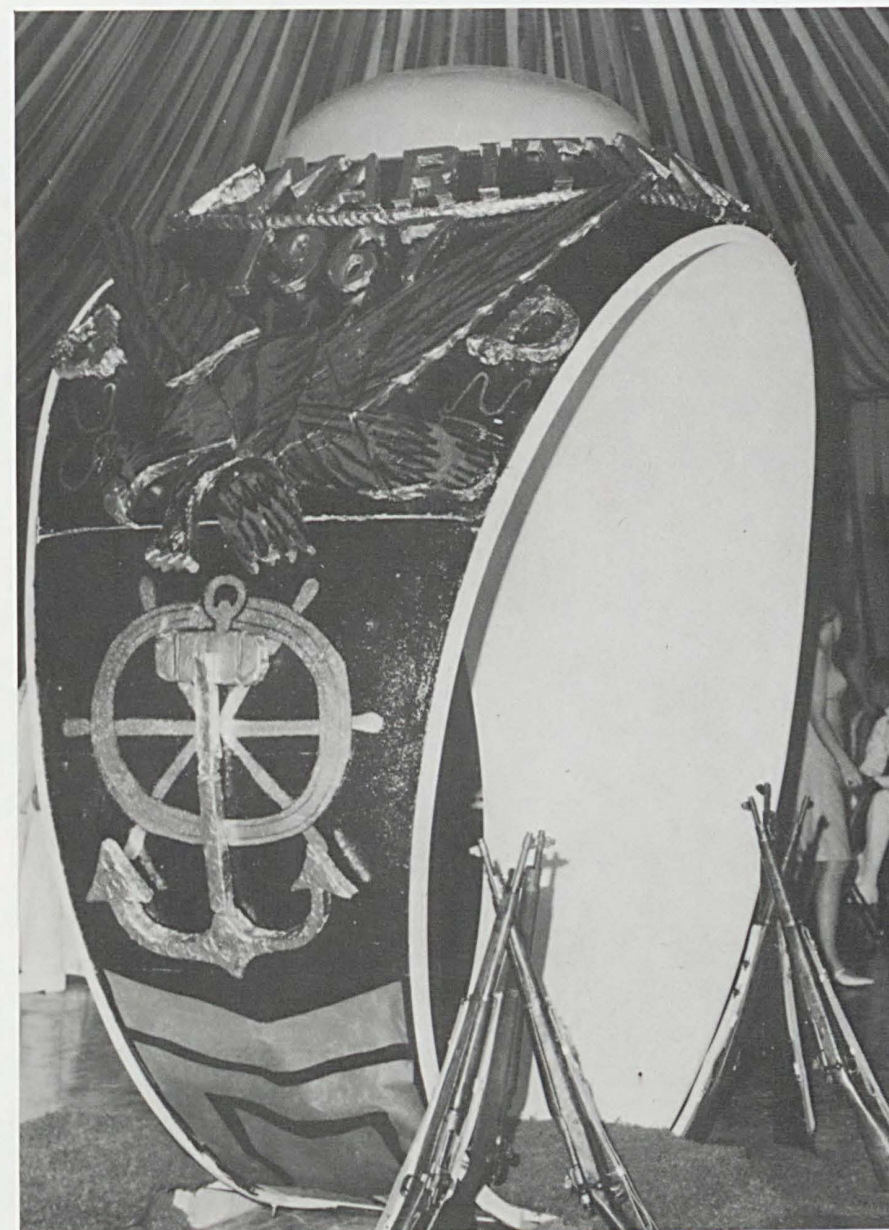
On the morning of graduation day, 1966, the impressive ceremony of the Change of Command was performed. With the entire Regiment formed in front of Leavitt Hall, the graduating seniors attended their final formation, while the junior rated men, for the initial time, took the responsibilities of the muster, formations, and indeed, the entire organization of the Regiment on their shoulders.

The Regiment marched down Pleasant Street, enjoying the beautiful June morning, turned onto Court Street and assembled on Richie Field. Rated men, incumbent and graduating, were assembled before the Regiment, and the formal exchange of swords and salutes was completed. With this the regiment was dismissed, the seniors going into the final preparations for the graduating exercises to be held that afternoon, while the junior class felt the first strains of being charged with the smooth operation of the Regiment and the entire Academy. For all intents and purposes, the Class of 1967 had become seniors, beginning the last act of its all too brief four year career. Graduation Day, 1967, appeared far off in the midst of that June morning, far past summer leave and summer maintenance periods. No one really realized just how close that day was.





# JUNIOR RING WEEKEND





# PATHFINDER TRIP

As the weekend for which we had all planned so long and meticulously finally arrived, we all savored the enjoyment of having the best girls at the Academy for what was perhaps the most memorable event, social or otherwise, in our four years in Castine.

The weekend got off to a flying start with the PATHFINDER making a brief foray out on Penobscot Bay loaded to capacity with members of the Class of '67 and their ladies. Cadet Captain Woodhull allowed fate to take over the helm for a brief period while Leona and Geri tried to steer a course.

With a feeling of impending pleasure permeating the entire campus, Pete Thorpe organized the annual Ring Weekend Picnic and the small but ardent time at Howdy's did justice to the delicious hot dogs, hamburgers, various beverages, and fine company.





# PICNIC



Class President and date begin a new tradition.



# BANQUET

We ate . . .  
We drank . . .



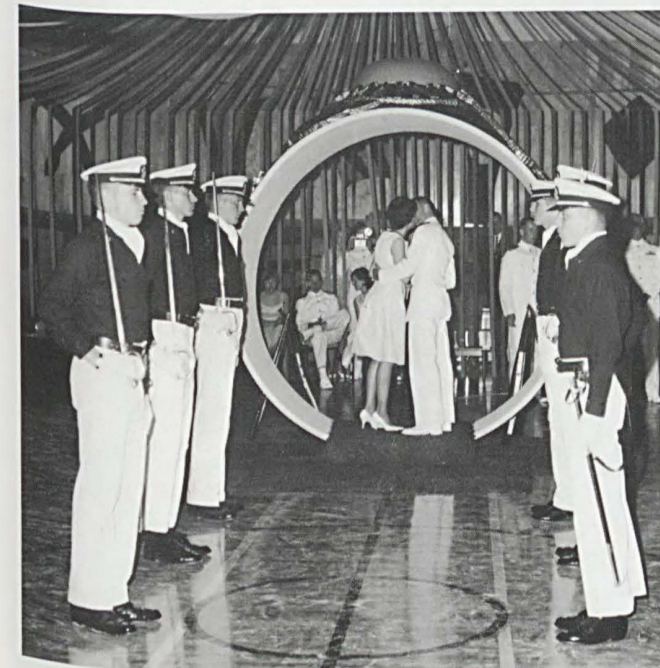
We enjoyed each other's company . . .



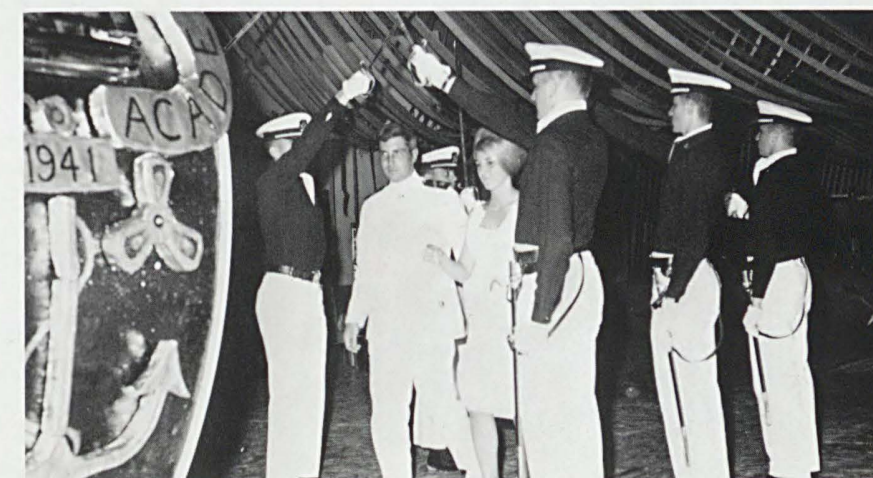


# THE DANCE

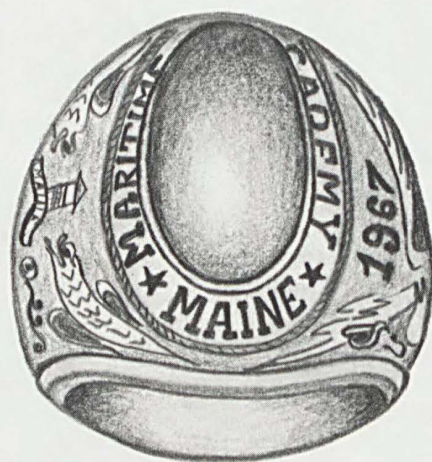
A most enjoyable evening . . .











The culmination of Junior Weekend, the semi-formal ball in the auditorium of Smith Hall was called by many able judges the most spectacular event in the Academy's social history. There was no doubt that Dave Pope's masterpiece, the ten foot duplication of our class ring, was second to none. John Lancaster handled the chores of the M.C. faultlessly, and the ceremony of the Seven Seas was enjoyed throughout. As Dick Condon and his lady led us past the honor guard, through the ring and to the reception line, there was present in the atmosphere of the beautifully decorated hall a feeling of union among the members of the Class of 1967; a feeling of pride and accomplishment at having attained this milestone in our four year sojourn; a feeling of ebullience that perhaps came from attending a military ball with your best girl and realizing the gratification of cordial camaraderie. The passing thought that you might never again be present at such a completely enjoyable evening did nothing to detract from the pleasure of being in attendance that night in June.



## SENIOR YEAR





I've eaten his bread and salt,  
I've drunk his water and wine.  
The deaths he died, I have died beside,  
And the lives he lived were mine.  
"Regimental Ditty"—R. Kipling

It hardly seemed like three years ago, almost to the day, that the Class of 1967 was born; as we commenced the Academy's first annual leadership course for first classmen, an air of excitement ran through each and every one of us, as we realized that we were finally beginning to shoulder the burden for which three years of intensive training had prepared us; that of leadership at sea.

Nostalgia was, perhaps, present in no small capacity as memories of the happy carefree days of adolescence drifted off forever. Gone were the images of the Class of '67 in leggings as freshmen; hungry for knowledge and experience as sophomores; know-it-all juniors; we were all surprised to see, that beautiful August day, the Class of '67 had become as it were, over night, a group that used surprisingly mature logic that thought before it spoke; we were emerging or more closely, beginning to emerge as the finalized product of the nation's finest Merchant Marine Academy. And soon we were to be gentlemen, by an act of Congress and the Grace of God.

It was gratifying to think that the mentally non-taxing efforts of summer maintenance were no longer ours. We were to spend our time to much better advantage, picking apart the finer points of leadership, trying to attain those elusive abilities which were to enable us to gain the confidence of others with our logical arguments and our rhetoric. With Captain

Brennan's, and all too infrequently Admiral Rodgers' copious and varied experience to guide us at this attack on the intricacies of becoming a reliable, responsible man and leader, we heard guest speakers rounding out our education on such varied subjects as religion and structure of today's unions. Mornings were given over to speakers from our own number and the debates that inevitably followed. Much was to be gained from these two weeks, and indeed it was.

All too quickly the sessions ended and suddenly classes were staring us in the face. But things definitely changed, for with all the talk of an early graduation these could possibly be the last few weeks in the classroom. The thought was a bit disconcerting. With the training we had received, there were no grounds for the qualms about our abilities. That we lacked self-confidence was evident, but this would be taken care of by assuming the responsibilities of a watch officer on our last cruise; and finally the pressure of our final examinations and "thirds" would adequately fill that void.

So it was, that during August of 1966, the Class of 1967 marked the three year mile stone, remembering the close friendships, the good times and the tight scrapes and the sweating we'd all done over now seemingly, minor offenses, that at the time were anything but; It was just fine, one realized, that the Class of 1967 had come of age; we were seniors.



Admiral Rodgers' at this reliable speakers subjects Morning number ch was was. iddenly finitely uation e class ith the for the d self-care of icer on r final ill that

Class o nberine e tight v seem anything Class o







Buzzard contemplates the C.B.



How's the chow on a Diesel ship? - Bob, Doug.



Everybody loves a picnic, but where is Black Bag? - Pete, Dick, Willie, Al, Frankie.



Tom, Mickey, Al, Schultzie.



MMA's contribution to the S.P.B.Q.S.A. - Dan, Tim, Larry.

# HOMEcoming

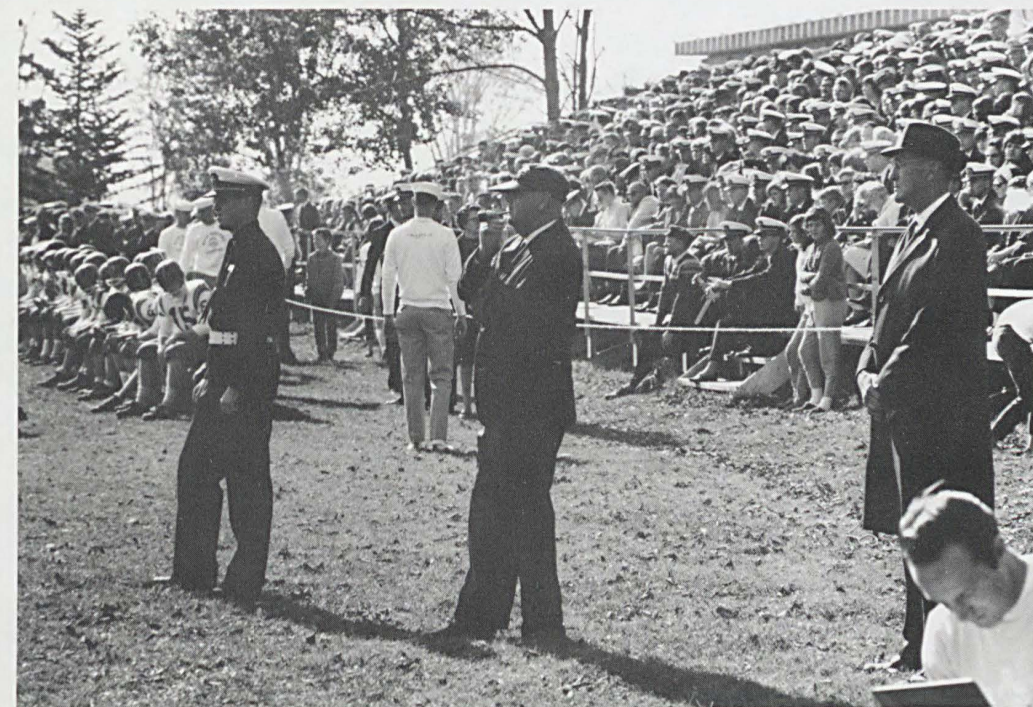
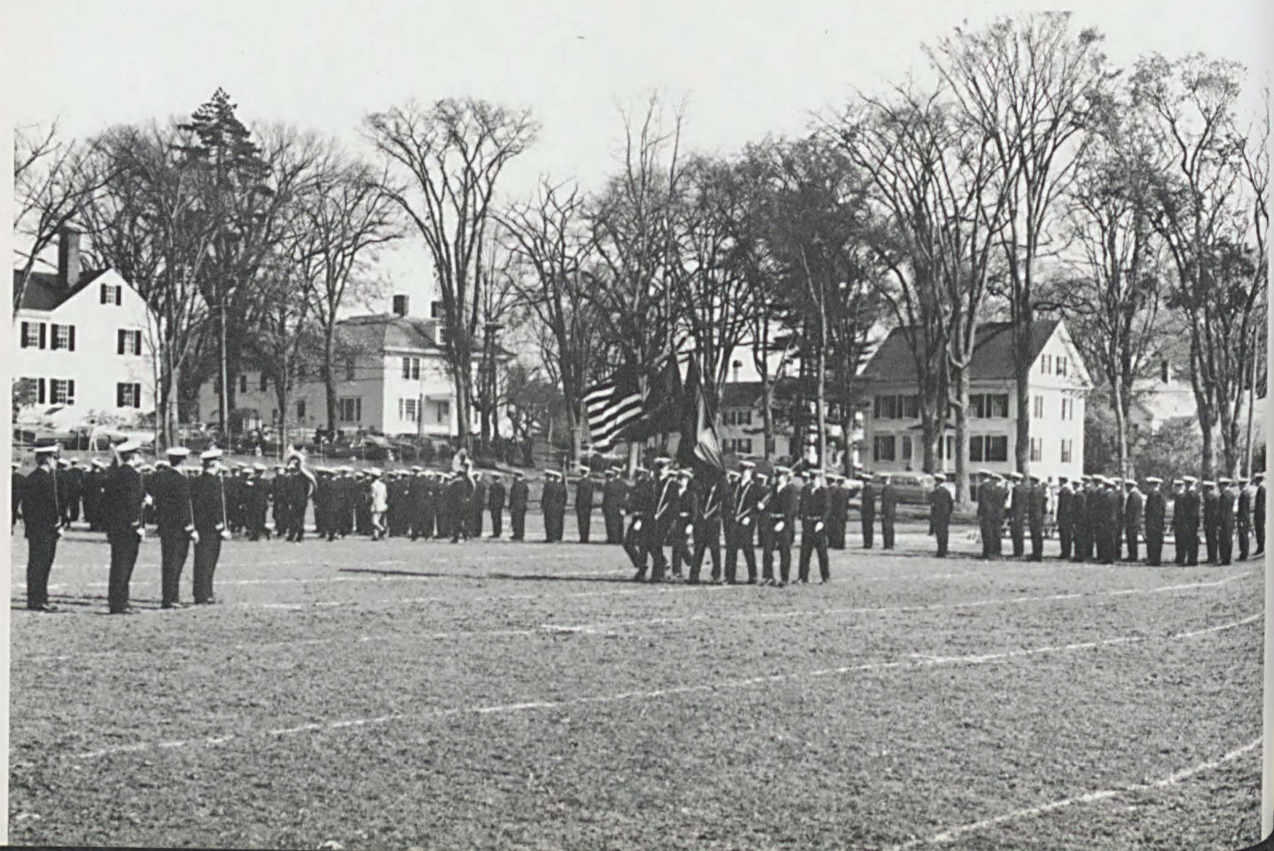


1966

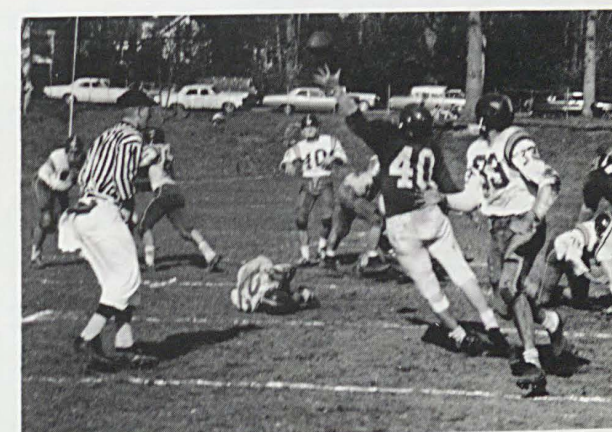
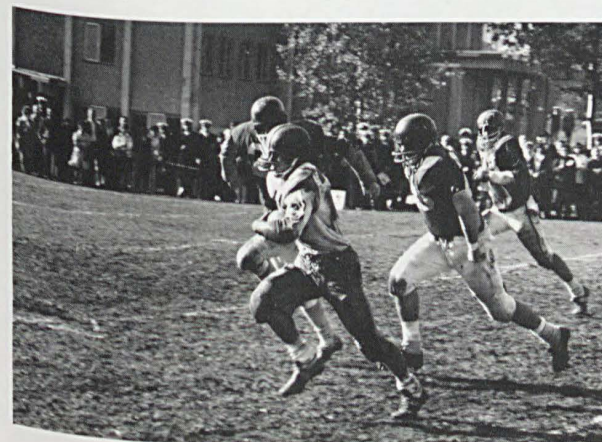




The Regiment Assembles



Omnipresent—Mr. Munger







Middies on the move.





The weeks preceding Homecoming were filled with the various and sundry preparations that go into making this the most spectacular social event of the year, for the entire Academy, "mugs" to seniors. Perhaps the only trouble with Homecoming is deciding which girl to invite.

Everyone looked forward to an enjoyable weekend; no one was disappointed. Partying Friday night gave way to a perfect effort by our eleven in downing Nichol's eleven on Saturday afternoon, and terminating with the semi-dress ball Saturday night at Smith Hall.

Red eyed and blurry from the night before, we watched lone senior Peter Hunter, Albie Harris, Mike Lynch, Dave Adams and the rest of our football team put on one of the finest displays of intestinal fortitude of the winning football season. The Middies marched 88 yards in 21 plays with less than four minutes to play, to grab a come-from-behind victory. The game being interspersed with queries from our Academic Dean, as to the whereabouts of our scoreboard.

One of the largest crowds (over 1500) ever in attendance at Richie Field saw the Regiment of Midshipmen put on a fine display of spirit, highlighted with the appearance of a float taking the form of the T.V. State of Maine; not to be overlooked was C-Company's (?) bell. Included in the fine halftime entertainment was a complete victory for the Cross-Country harriers as they took the first five positions against Massachusetts Maritime Academy. Later, everyone proudly watched as Superintendent Rodgers accepted various gifts to the Academy, including a beautiful portrait of Admiral Dismukes, presented by the Alumni Association.

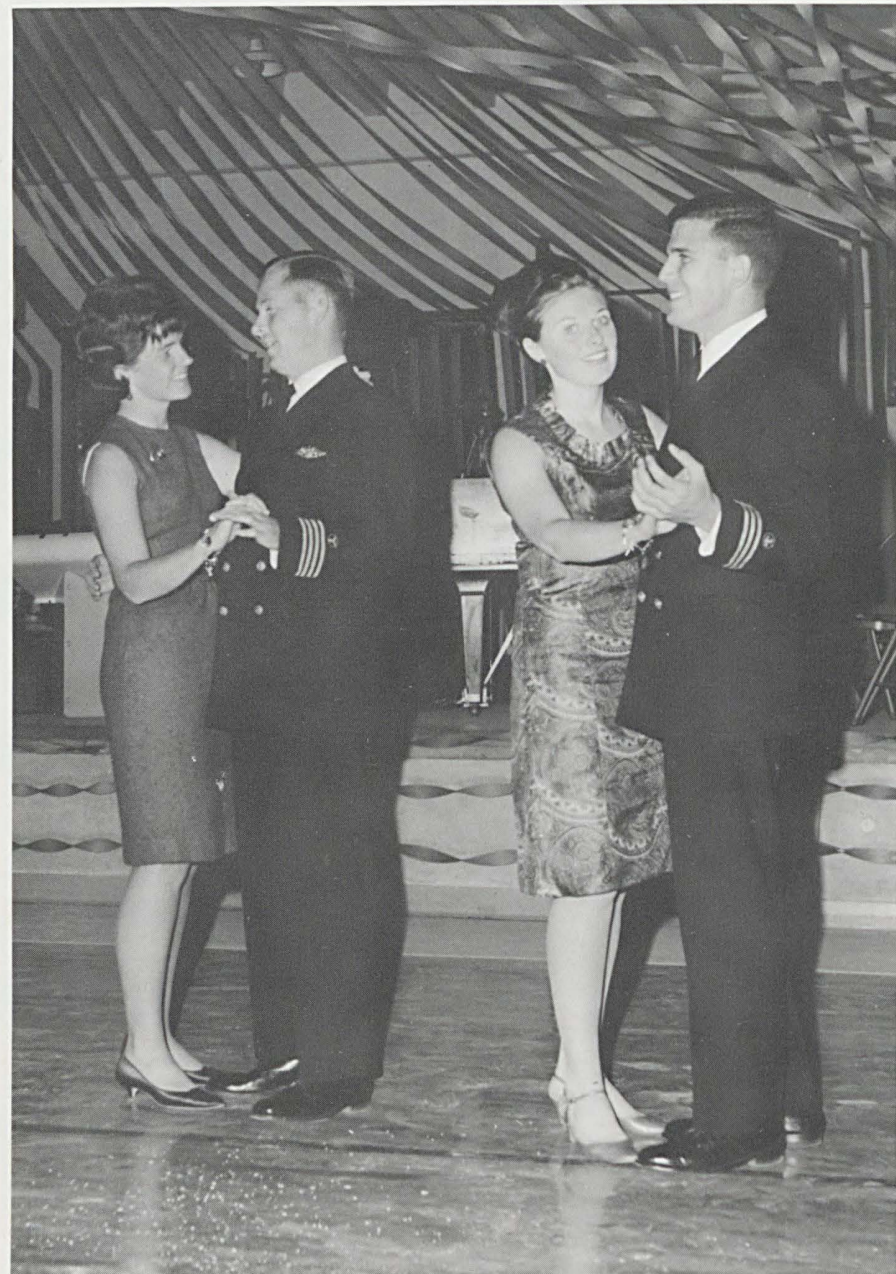
Saturday night produced the delightful strains of Al Wheeling's West Virginians, with Al Philbrick taking his annual shot at the drums, much to the ecstasy of the deckmen. The decorating committee, lead by Mike LaRose outdid themselves with a fine job of glamorizing Smith Hall.

Sunday saw the sweet sorrow of parting with your best girl, and the return to the drudgery of books and the daily routine; but the memories of Homecoming '66 will live forever.



... pinball, make, ...



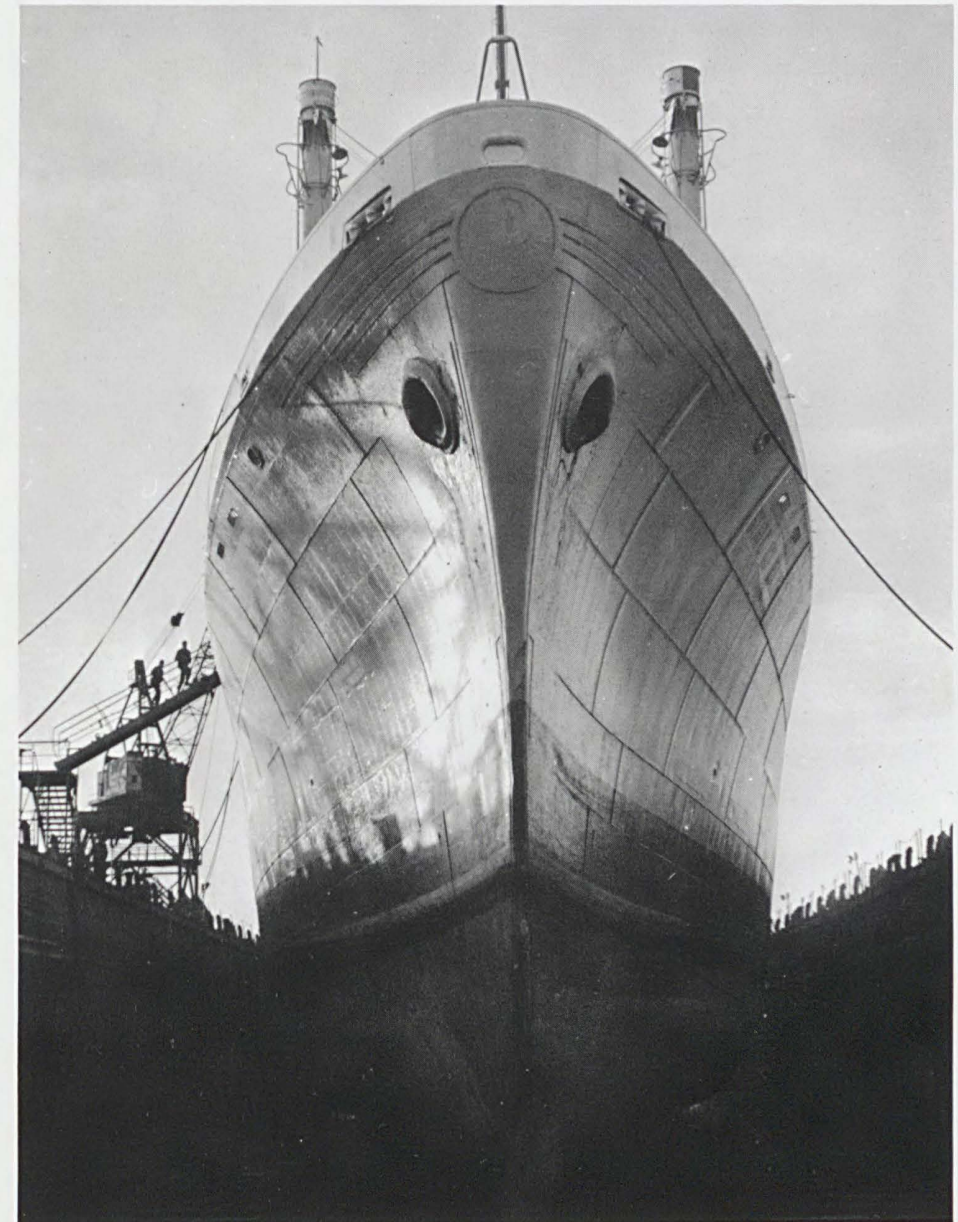


The Brass



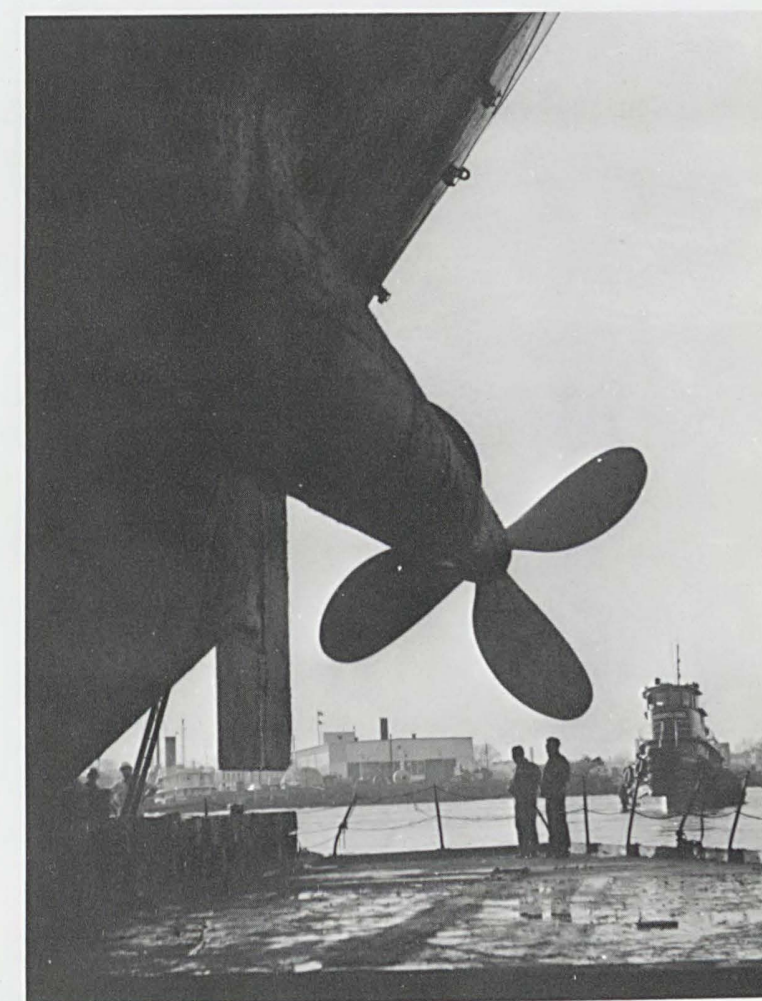
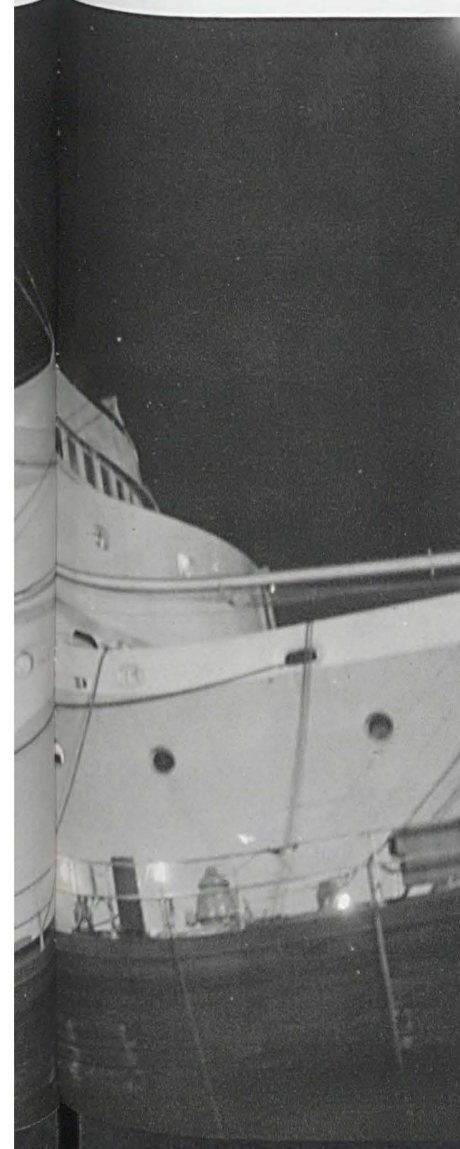
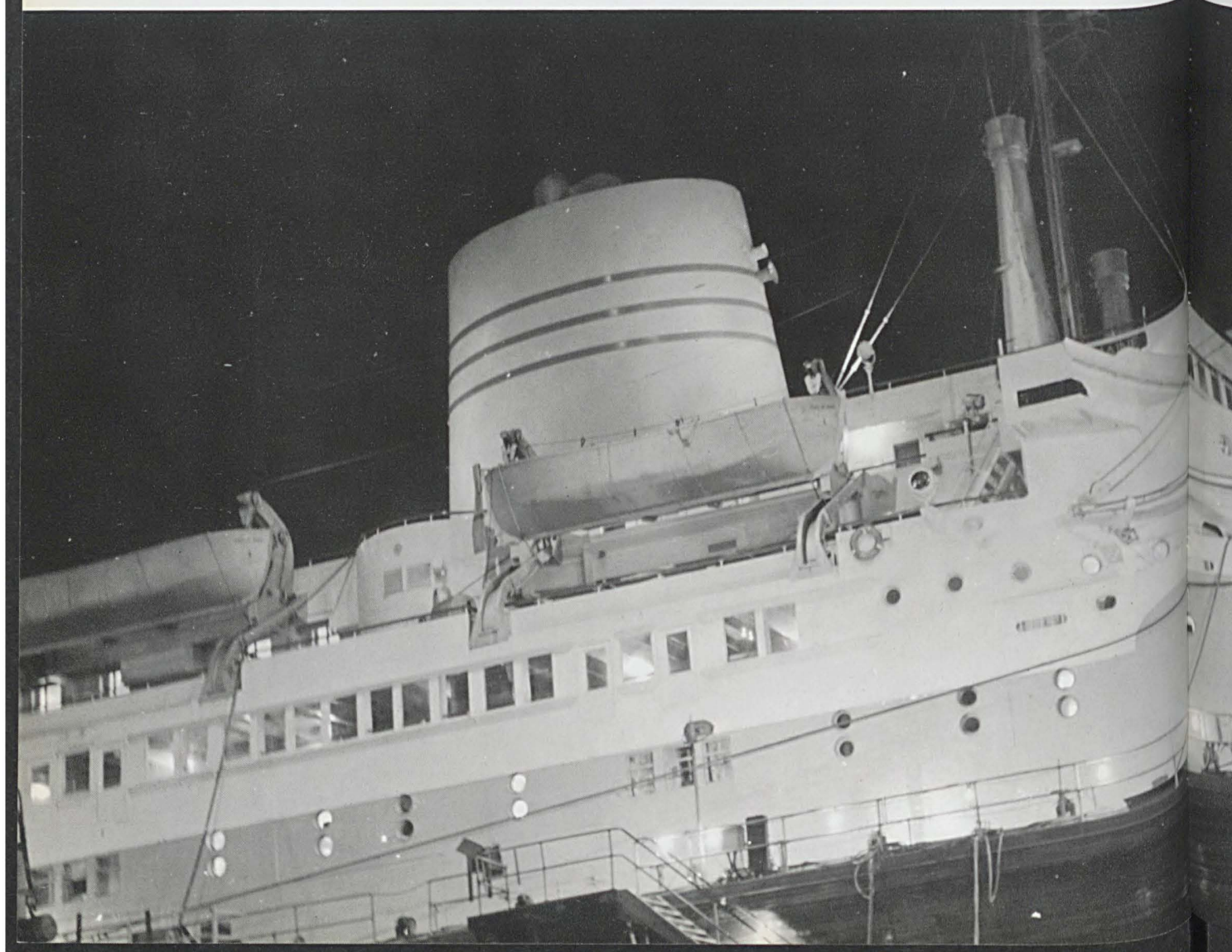


**SENIOR CRUISE**

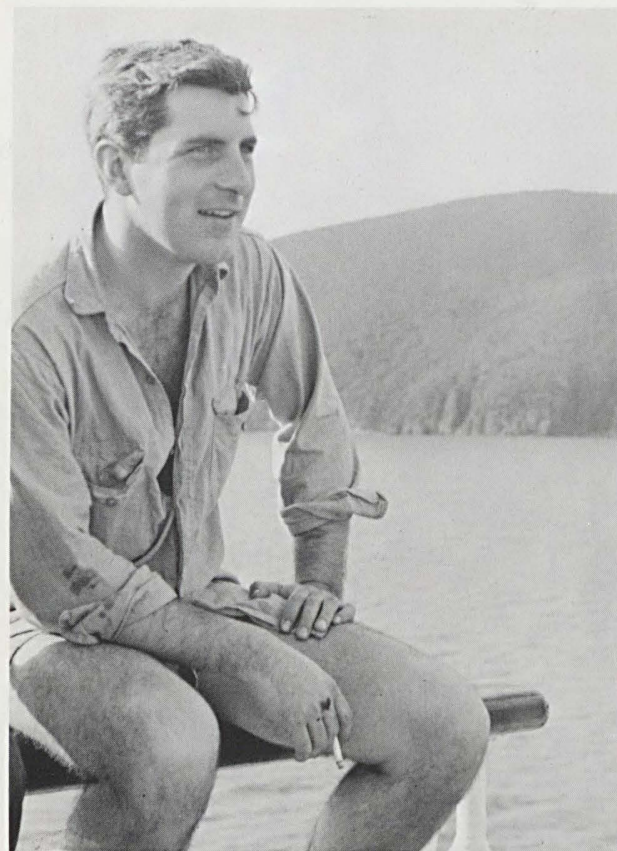


**NORFOLK, VIRGINIA  
SHIPYARD**









## ST. THOMAS??

And so once again we arrived in St. Thomas, but as it was when we were Mugs, we were not here for liberty. No, the sole purpose of our visit to this beautiful Carribean island was for ship's work and drills. The T.V. State of Maine had three days before she was due in Barbados, so to take up the slack, we spent one day in Roosevelt Roads and two more anchored off St. Thomas.



## PONCE, PUERTO RICO

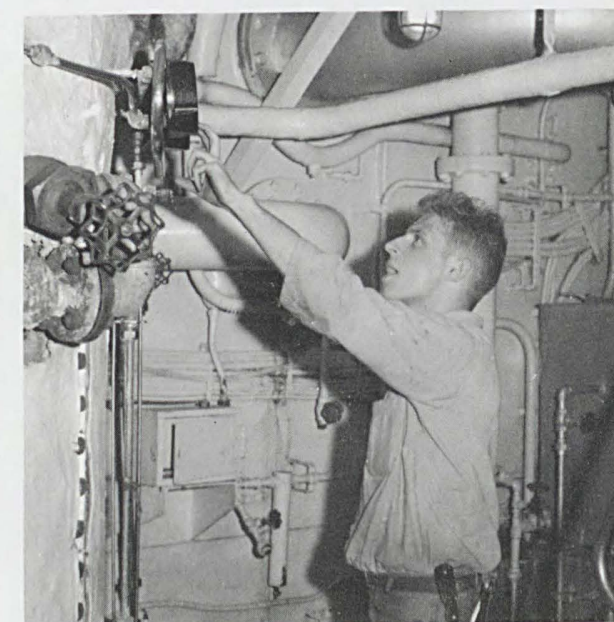
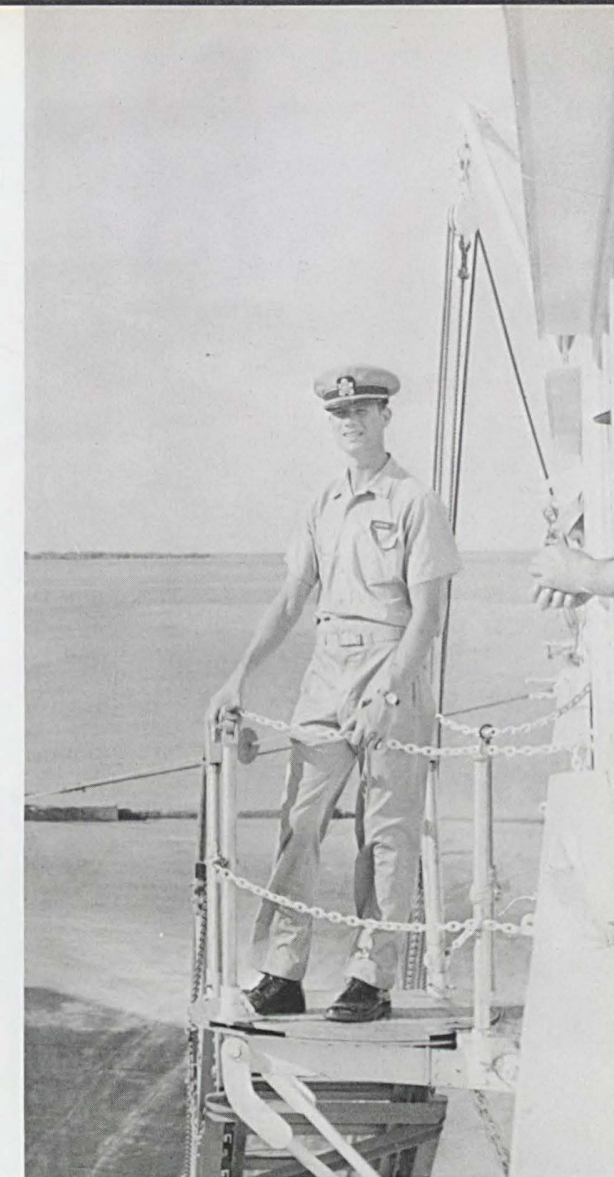
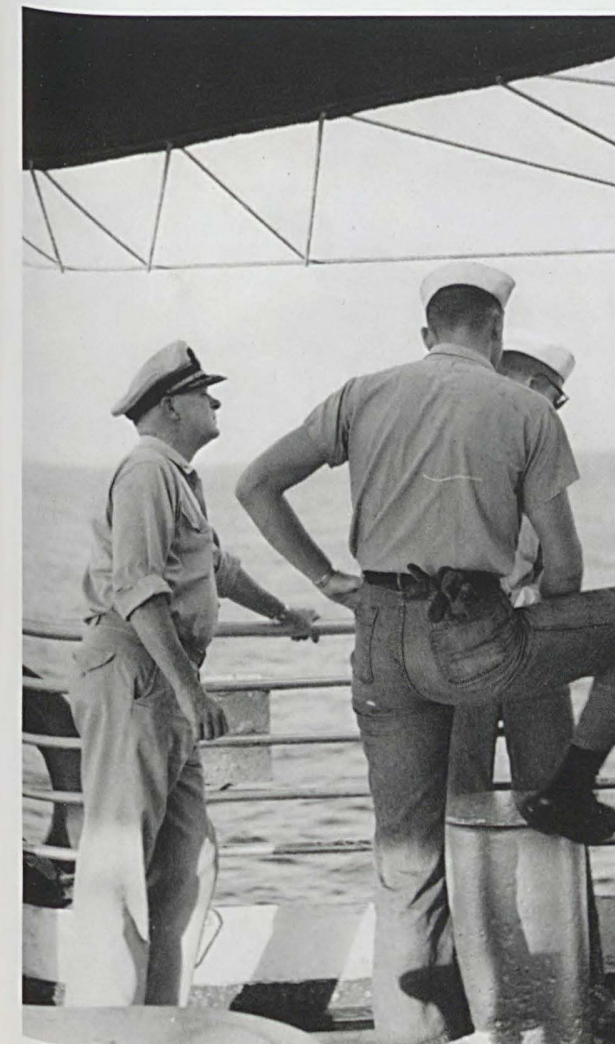
Ponce, located 76 miles southwest of San Juan, is Puerto Rico's second largest city.

In the center of town are two charming plazas, which make up one great square. Here one may ride in ancient horse-drawn carriages throughout the city.

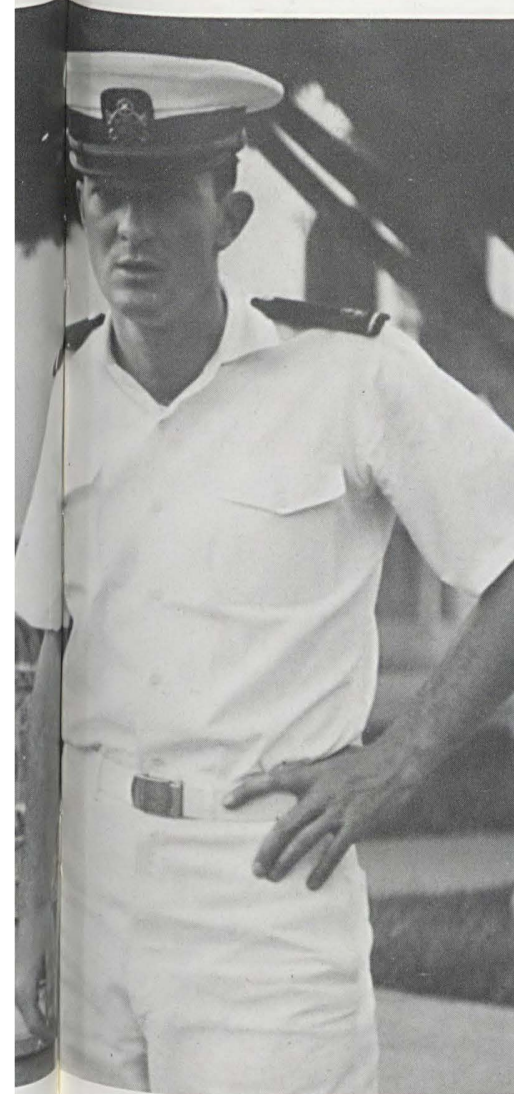
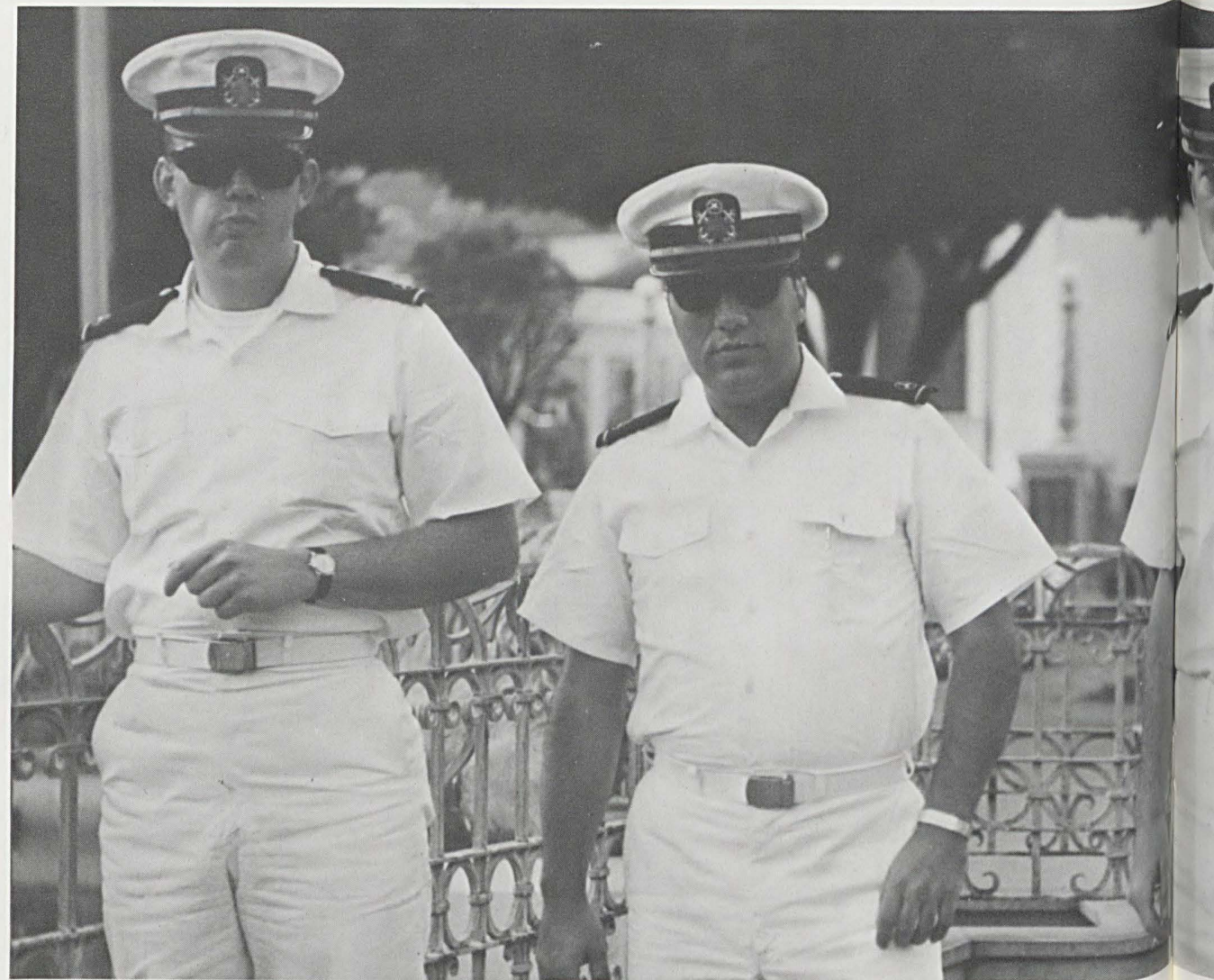
It was in this square the Band and Drill Squad put on a fine performance of popular music and precision drill. A fine party followed their show, given by the Mayor of Ponce.

Here in Ponce, the Middies visited everything from the Ponce Museum of Art to the beautiful Ponce Intercontinental Hotel.

Our stay in Ponce was memorable and will not be soon forgotten, especially by those who found, "Where the action was."

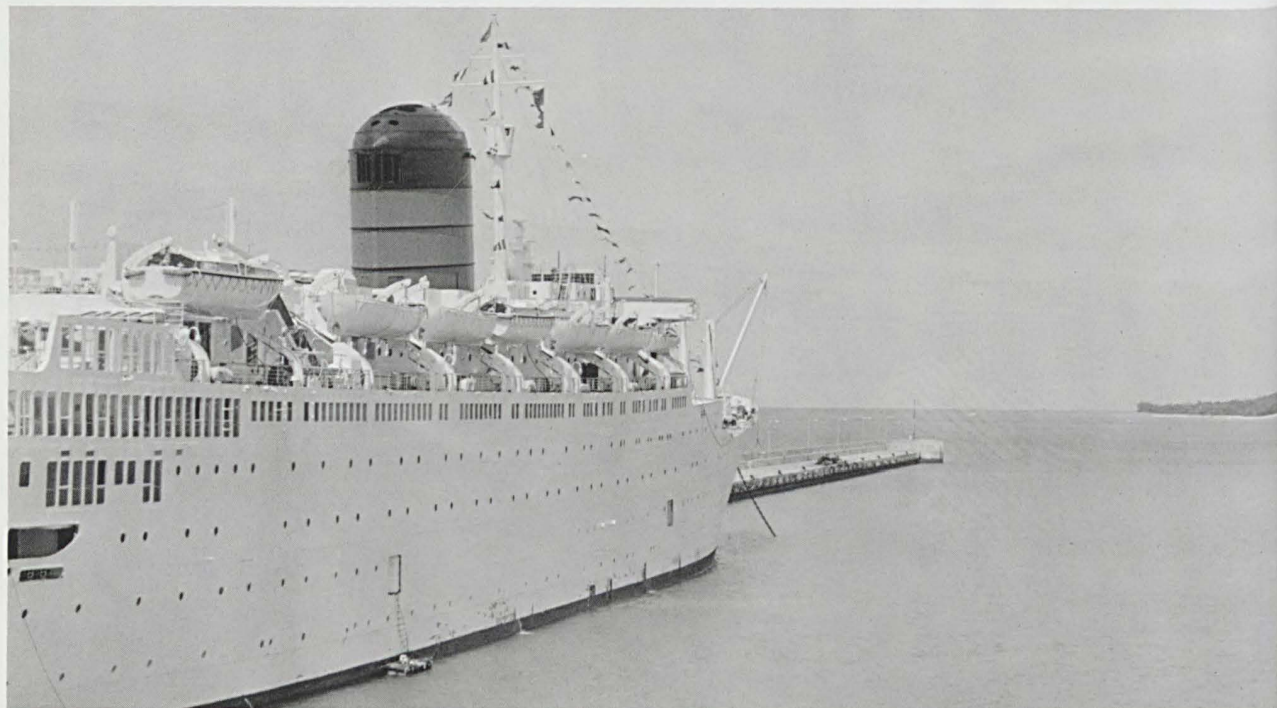








## BARBADOS





Bridgetown, Barbados was a cruise port where one could find a good time most anywhere. From basking in the sun on the fine beaches, shopping for bargains in the many shops in town, to making the scene at the numerous clubs, one was sure to enjoy himself.

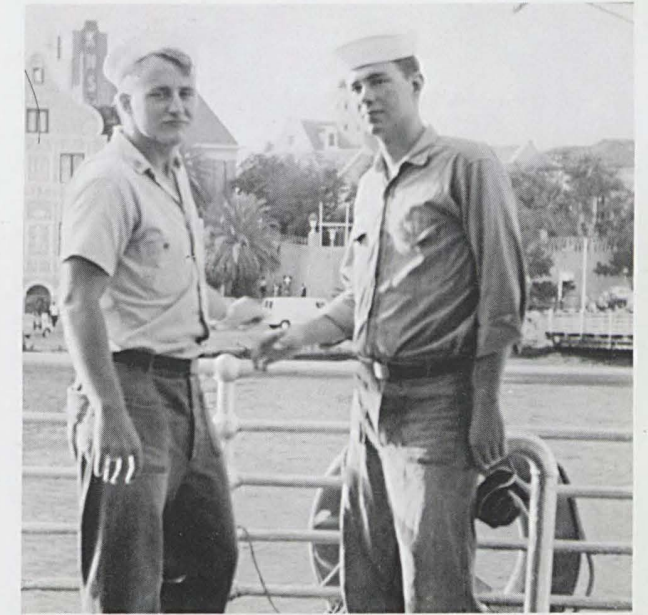
The night life was perhaps the best we have seen in our four years of cruises. Middies could be found in all the hot spots in town, from Harry's Nitery to the Dixie and the New Yorker.

We all left Barbados somewhat disheartened, but looking forward to Curacao.





# CURACAO

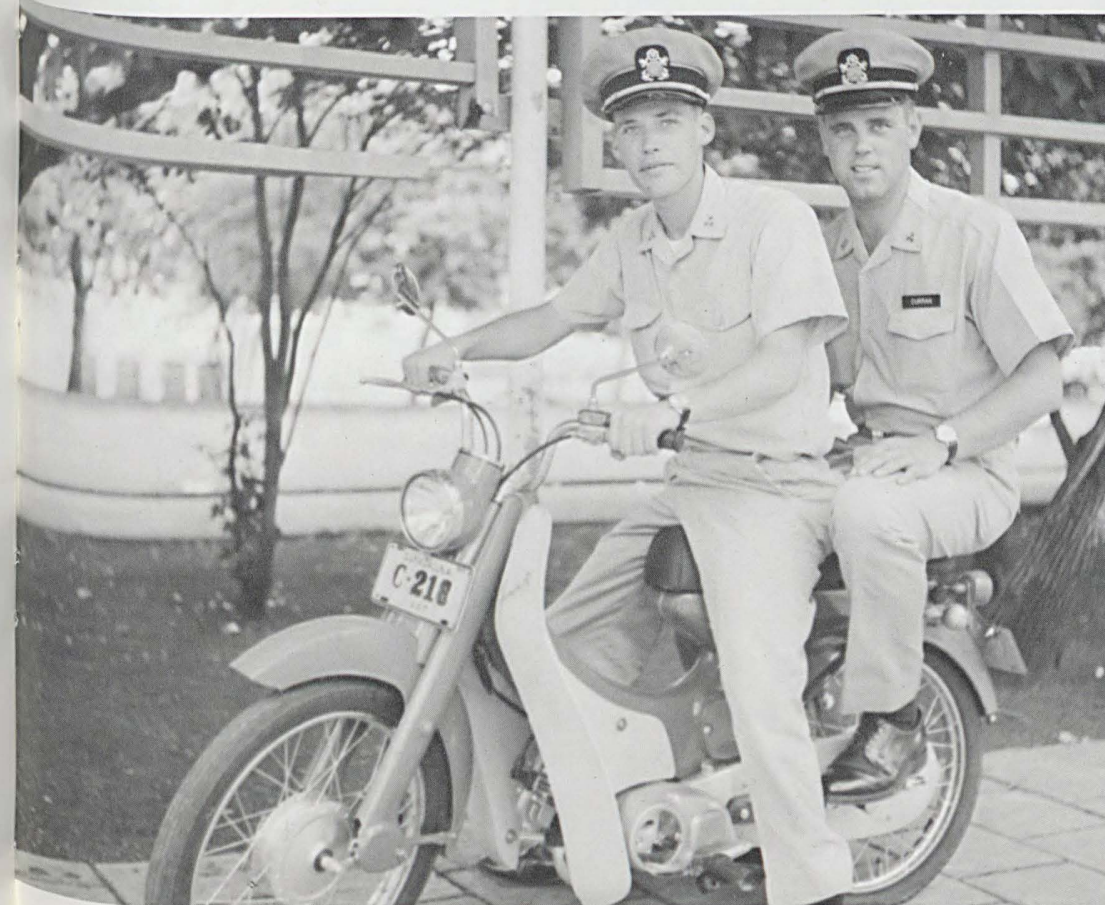


Many island buffs maintain that shopping in Curacao is better than anywhere else in the Caribbean. Most of the Middies found this to be true. Good buys were found in everything from Cameras to Sextants.

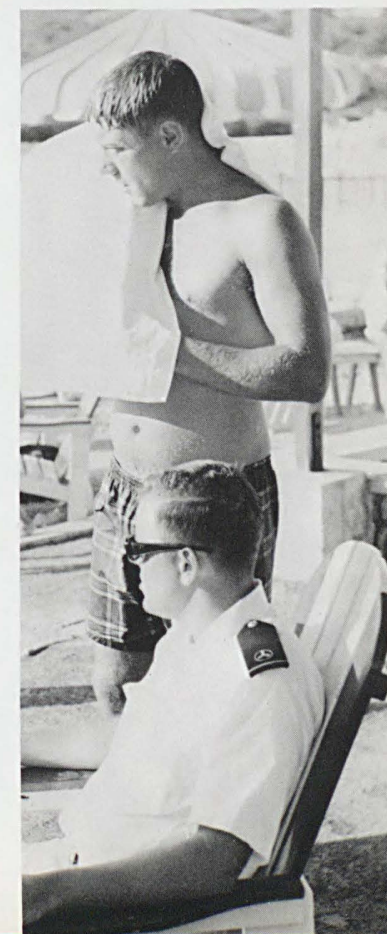
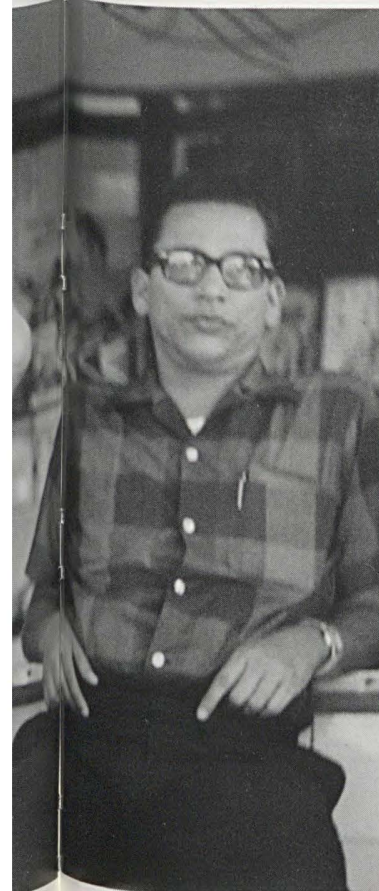
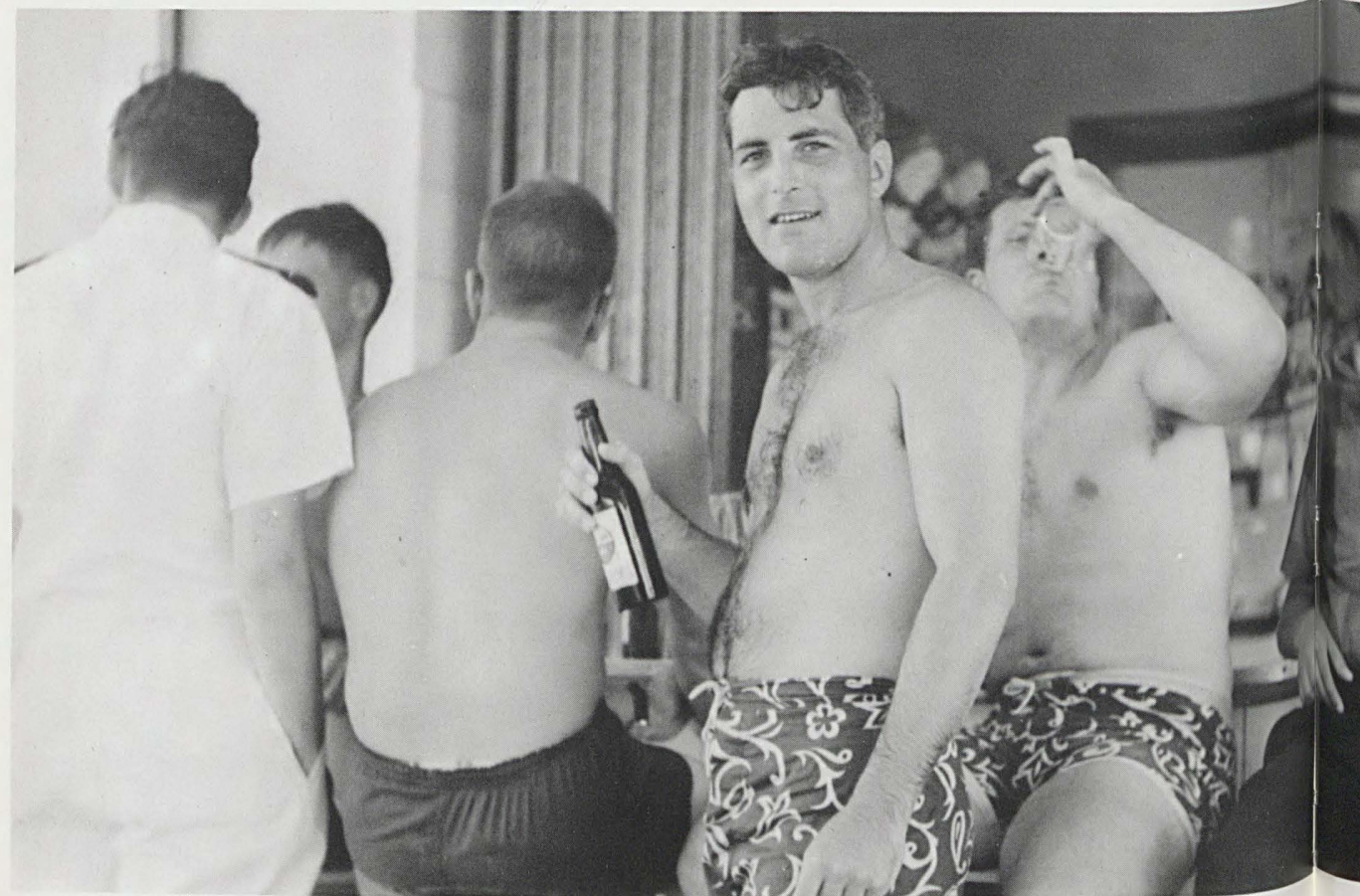
After standing Division Parade in the rain and passing through the swinging pontoon bridge, we arrived in Willemstadt. Many toured the city and a good portion of the island by Honda and Yamaha, which was found to be a cheap form of transportation (Though some discovered it wasn't as safe).

Leaving Curacao signaled the beginning of the end for the Class of '67, as we prepared for our final semester and Thirds.

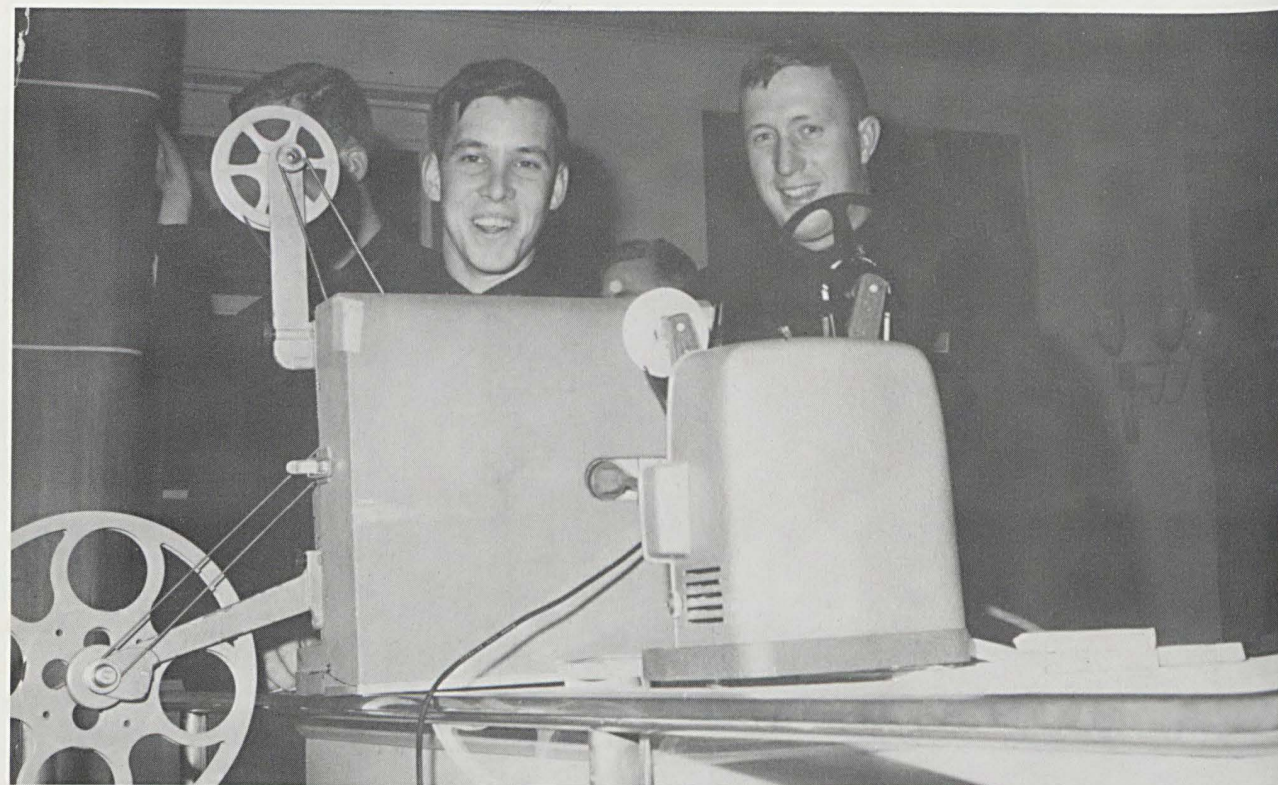




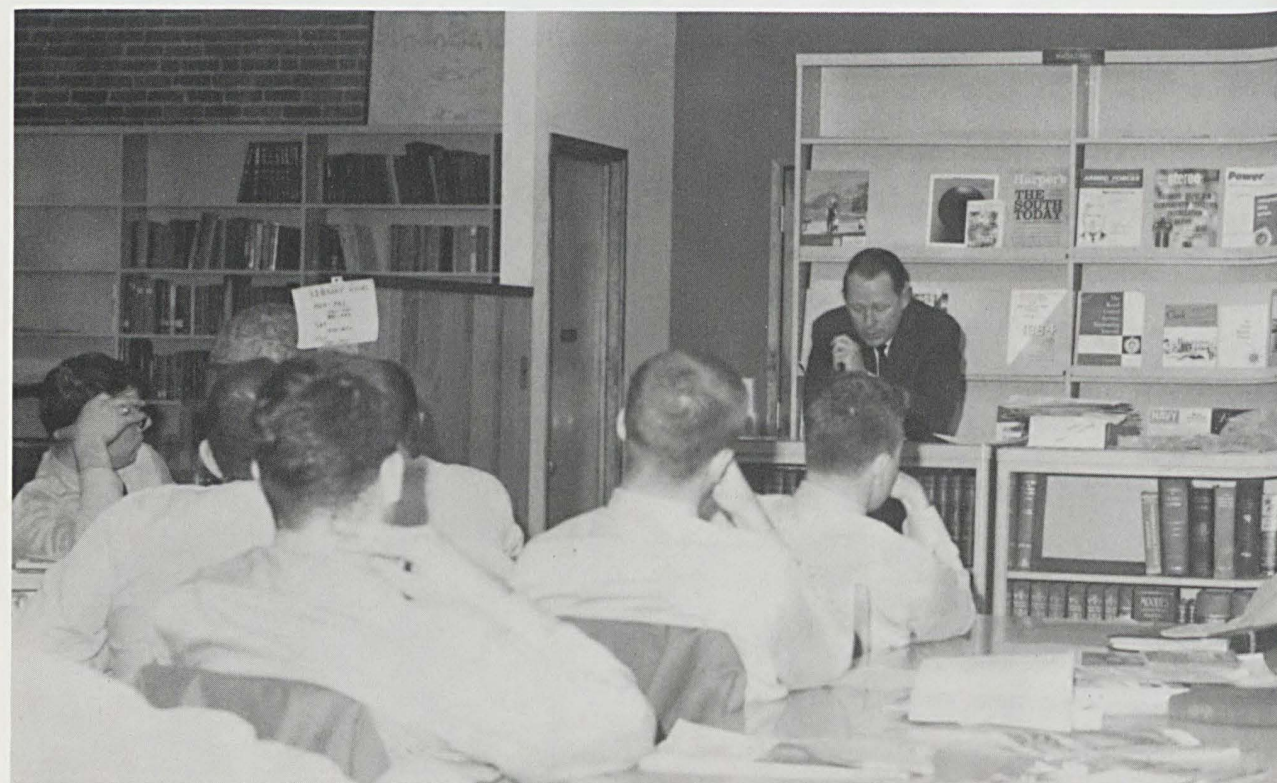






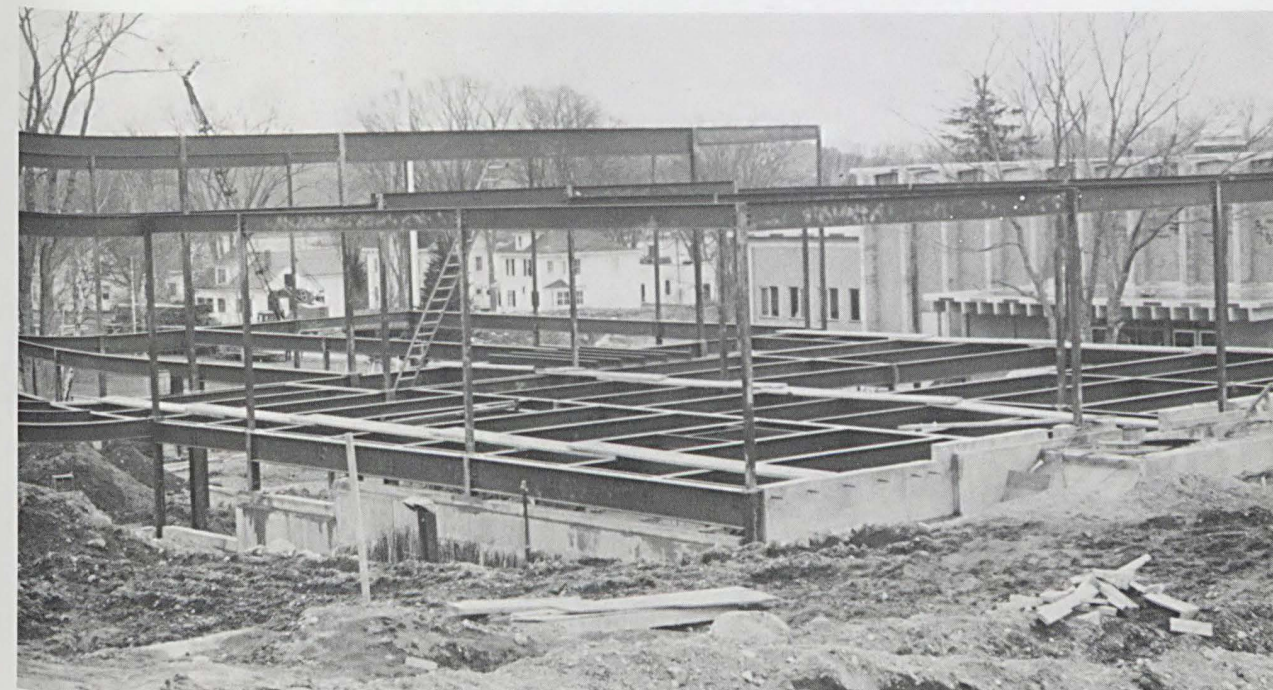


Cruise Movie Makers



Senior Placement Talk

## STUDENT UNION BUILDING





## DEDICATION



Governor Curtis MMA '52 speaks

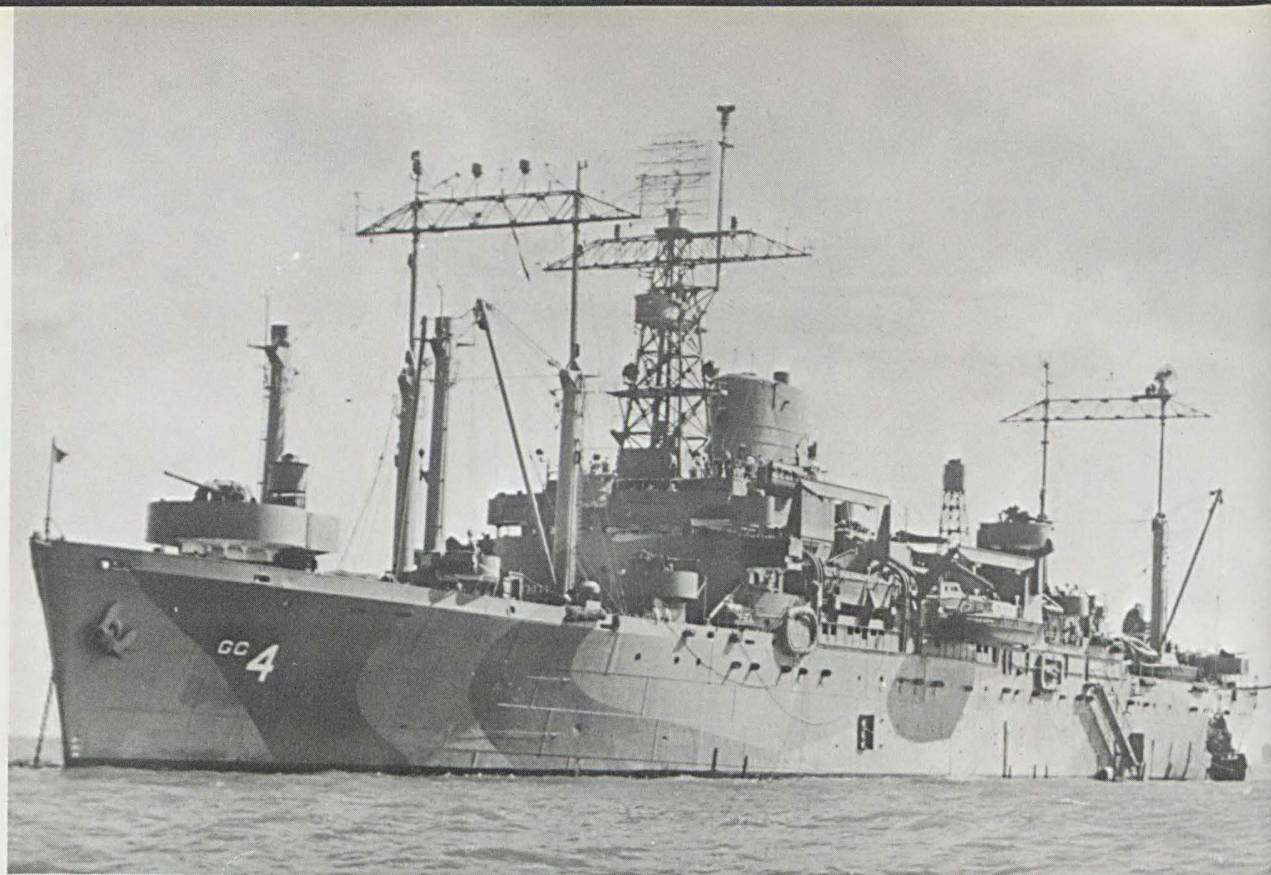


Mr. Leavitt speaks

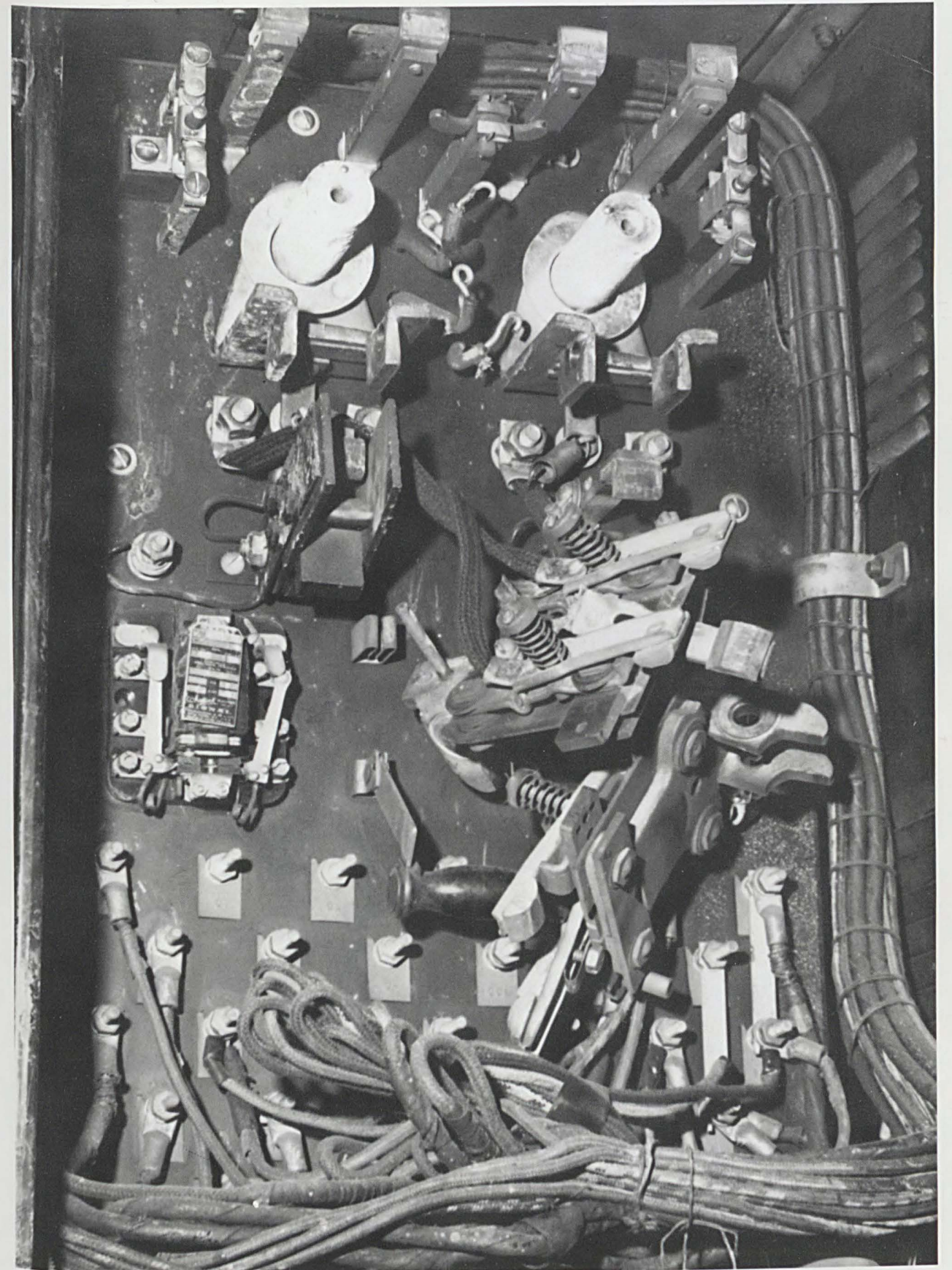
## BARON CASTIN HALL







AGC-4 U.S.S. Ancon







GRADUATION

29 APRIL 1967





A HIGHLIGHT OF GRADUATION was presentation to the Academy of flags of the Republic of Ghana and Black Star Line, Ghanaian shipping company. Left to right: Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, USNR (Ret.), principal speaker; Paul Ayree, Ghanaian Consul General in the United States; Rear Admiral E.A. Rodgers, Academy superintendent; and Elias A. Ayisi, from Ghana, first foreign graduate of the Academy. The flags were presented by Ayree and A.A. Bediako, Black Star Line executive, to Ayisi, who, in turn, made the presentation to Admiral Rodgers.





# SPECIAL GRADUATION AWARDS

Propeller Club of Portland.....	Richard S. Reinhardsen Chester T. Manuel
United States Lines.....	Richard C. Condon
American Bureau of Shipping.....	Ronald L. Terry
State Society of Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America.....	Ronald L. Terry
Brotherhood of Marine Officers.....	Chester T. Manuel
American Export Isbrandtsen Lines.....	Chester T. Manuel
MMA Association, Southwest Chapter.....	Alvin M. Winslow Thomas J. Lanza
MMA Association, Northeast Chapter.....	Peter D. Webb Jimmy W. Devitt
MMA Alumni Association.....	Frederick J. Harris
Marine Engineers Beneficial Ass'n, District 2.....	John C. Waller III
Society of Marine Port Engineers, New York.....	Robert P. Tasker
Lykes Bros. Steamship Co., Inc. ....	G. Roger Cook
Gulf Oil Corporation.....	Nathaniel A. Gladding III Bruce M. Ayer



Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, famed Naval historian, delivers Graduation address.

Norman K. Wade, president SW Chapter, MMA Association, presents award to Alvin M. Winslow.



E.F. Luckenbach Jr., president and chairman of Luckenbach Steamship Co., Inc., and artist David Campbell Taws, were saluted for contribution of the beautiful mural that now graces Baron Castin Hall.

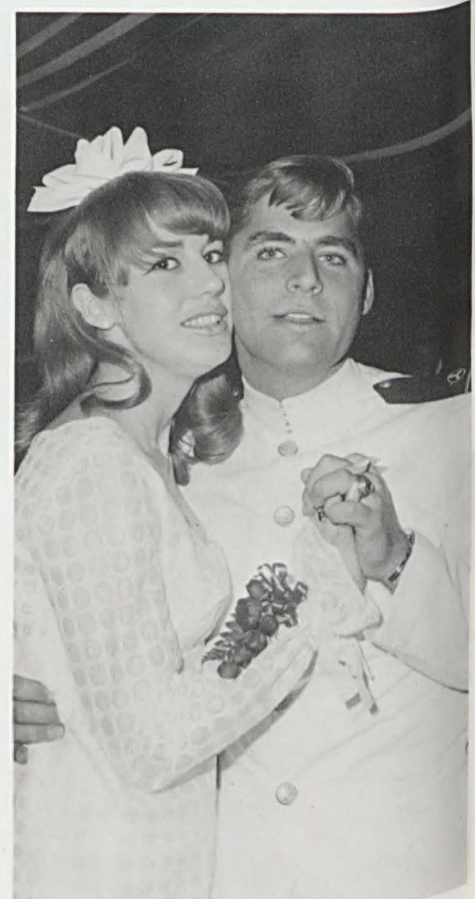


Alumni Association President G. David Fenderson presents wrist watch to Fred Harris for outstanding contributions to the Academy.



Captain E.B. Hendrix, Lykes Bros., presents camera award to G. Roger Cook.

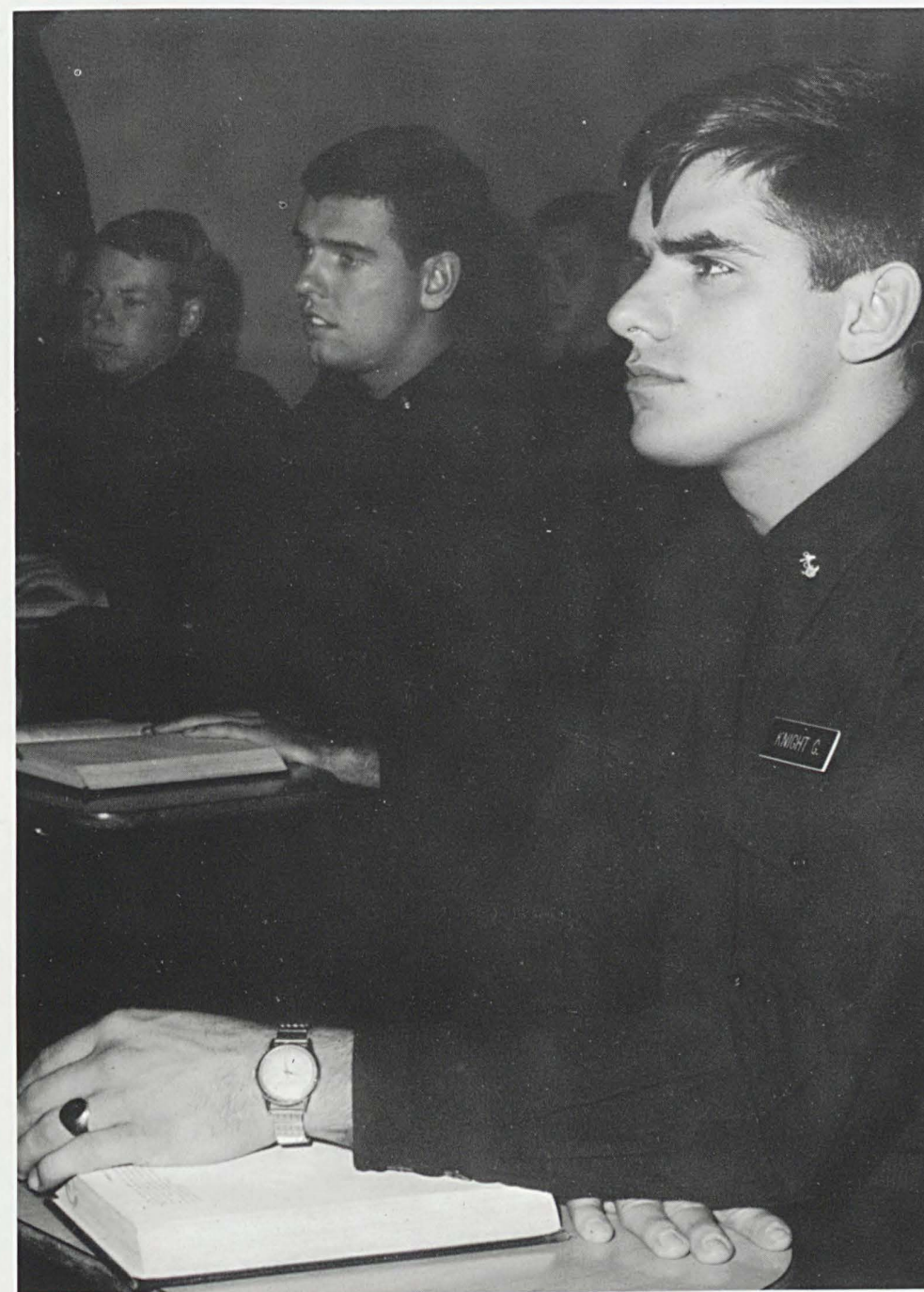
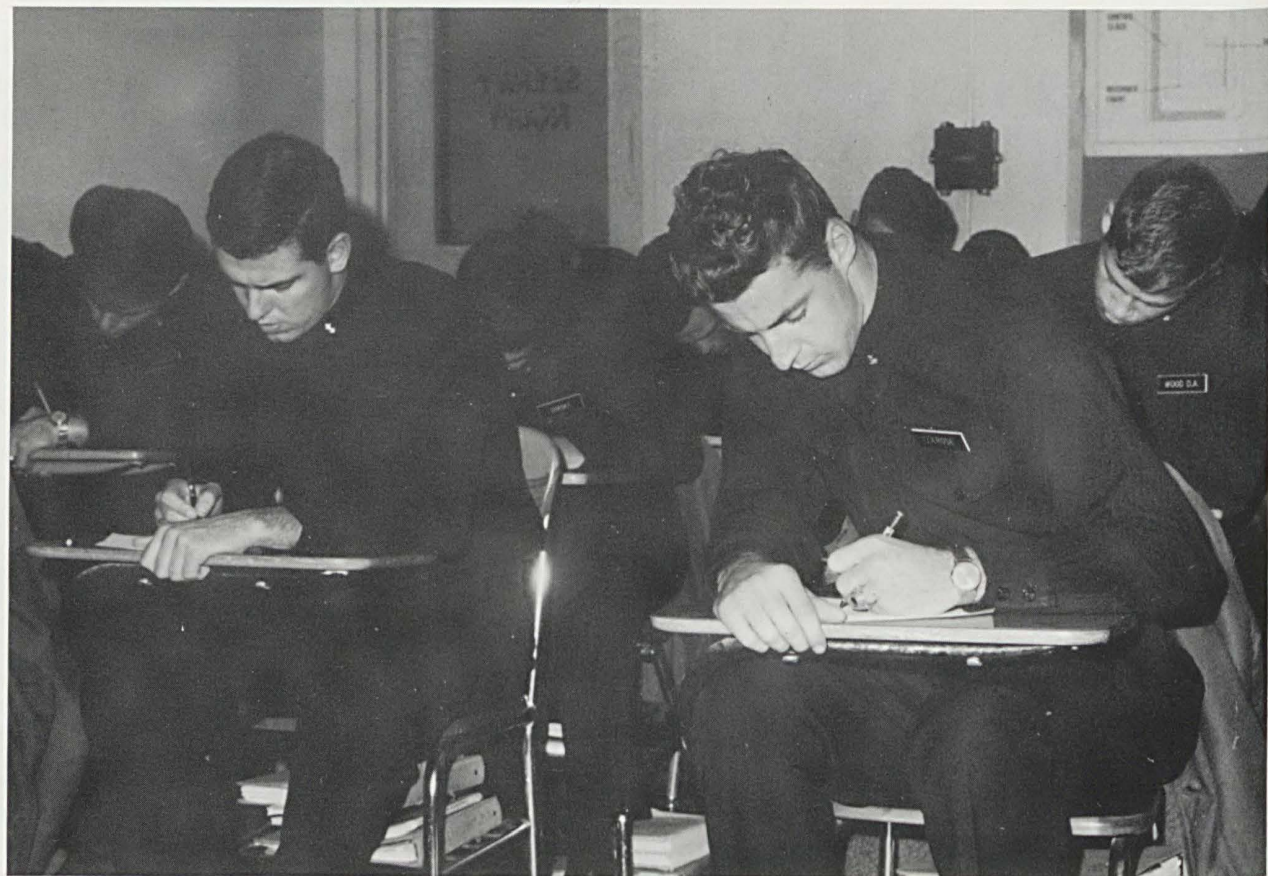




RADM Rodgers enjoys waltz with Miss Judy Fordan, Graduation Ball.





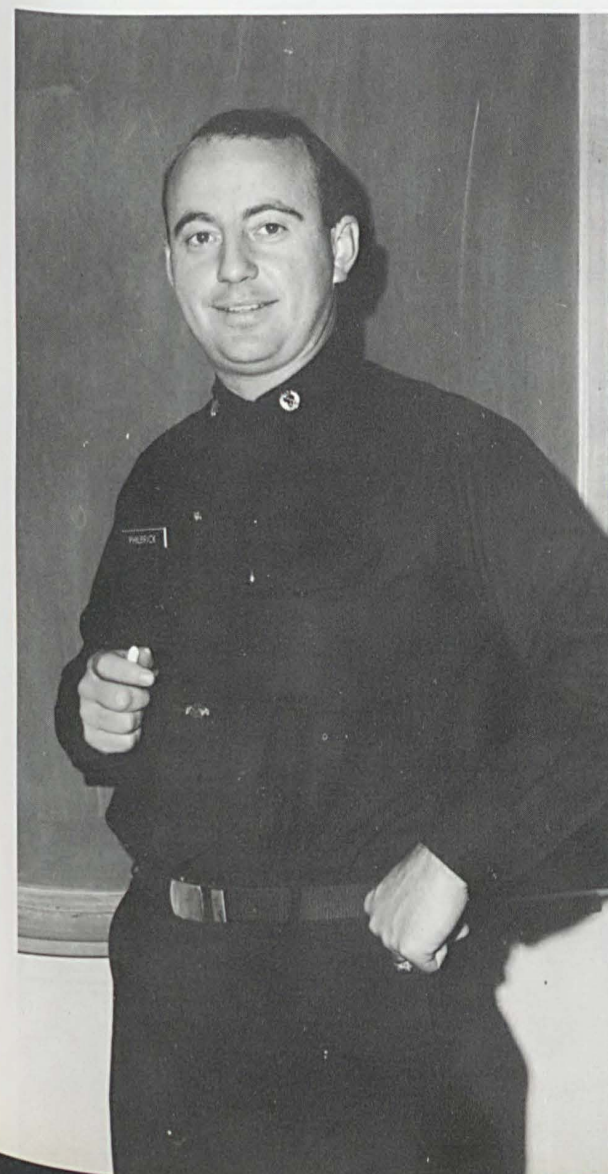


## CLASSROOM

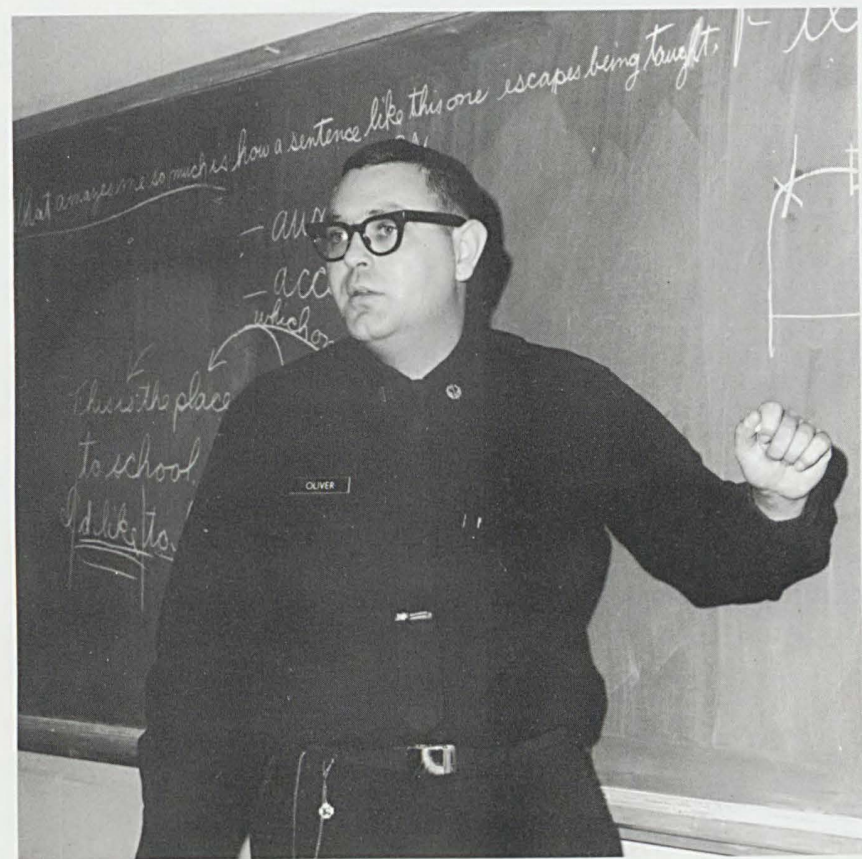




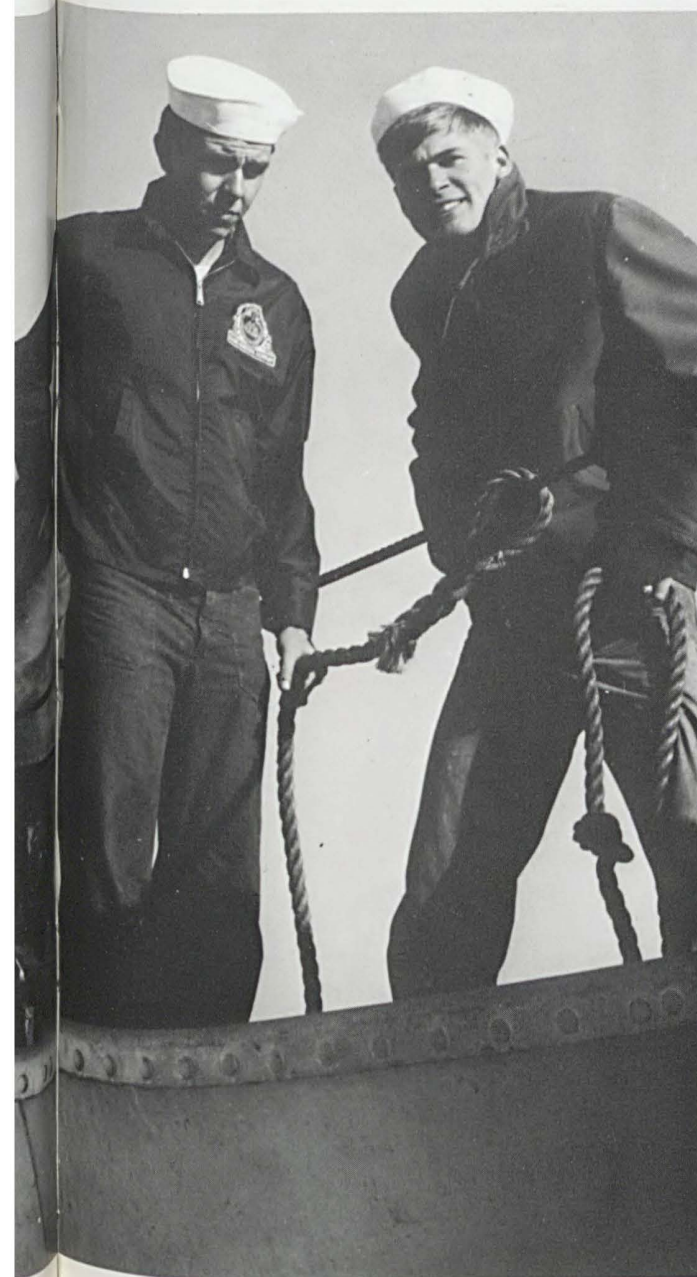
These are our teachers and instructors. Look how they smile. They are giving us the "business," laugh, laugh. They restrict us on weekends, restrict, restrict. They tell us we should study hard so we can pass. It is really for our own good, good, good. We call them Freddy, Big Ed, Baron, Fifteen-knot, Fid, Spinney, and Moe. We call them other things when we are mad, but that is not nice. They are really not that bad. If it were not for them, we would never get our licenses. Then MMA would be a waste of time, waste, waste. But these men were the builders and architects of our futures. Once we had out "thirds" there were many words of thanks to our instructors.







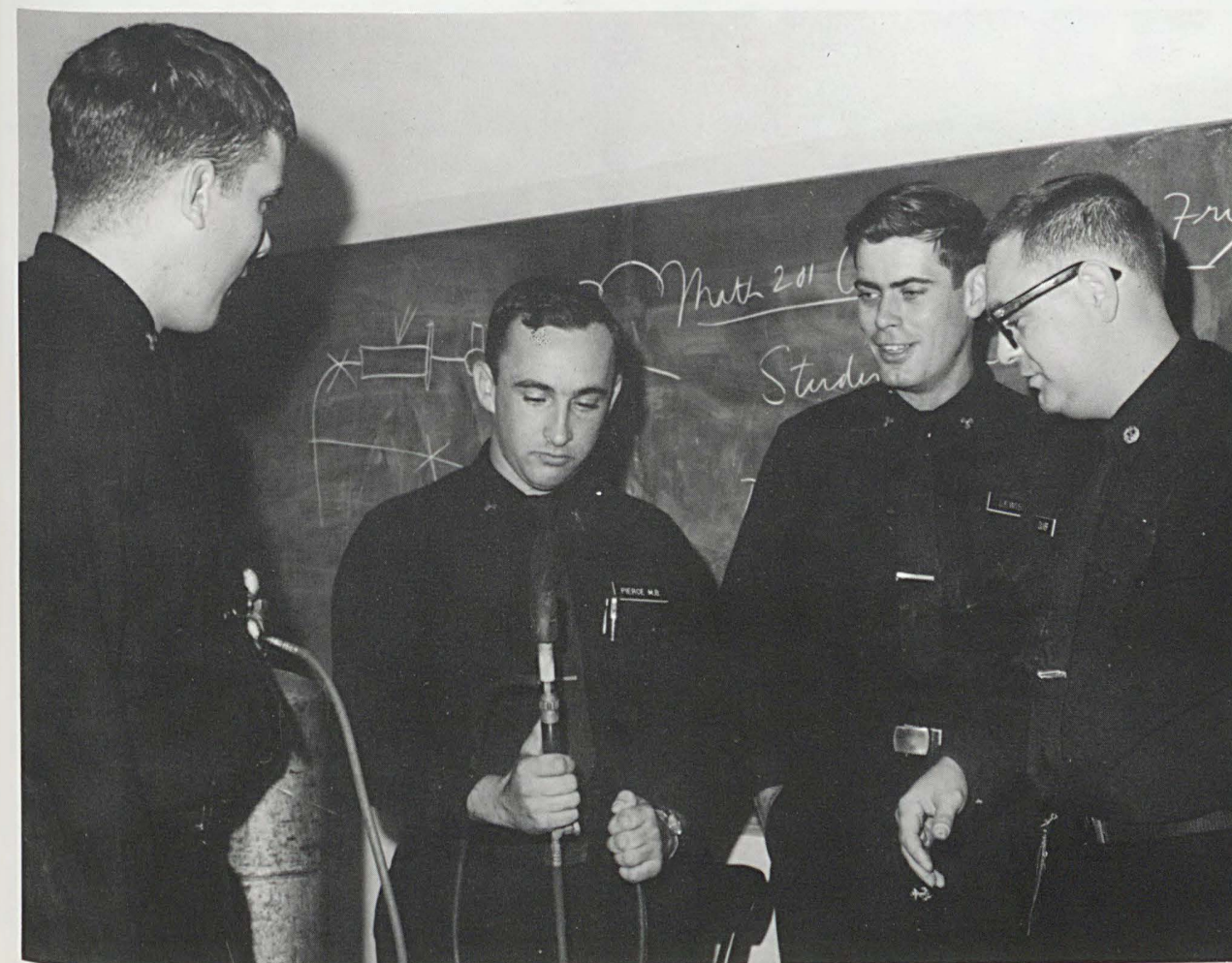
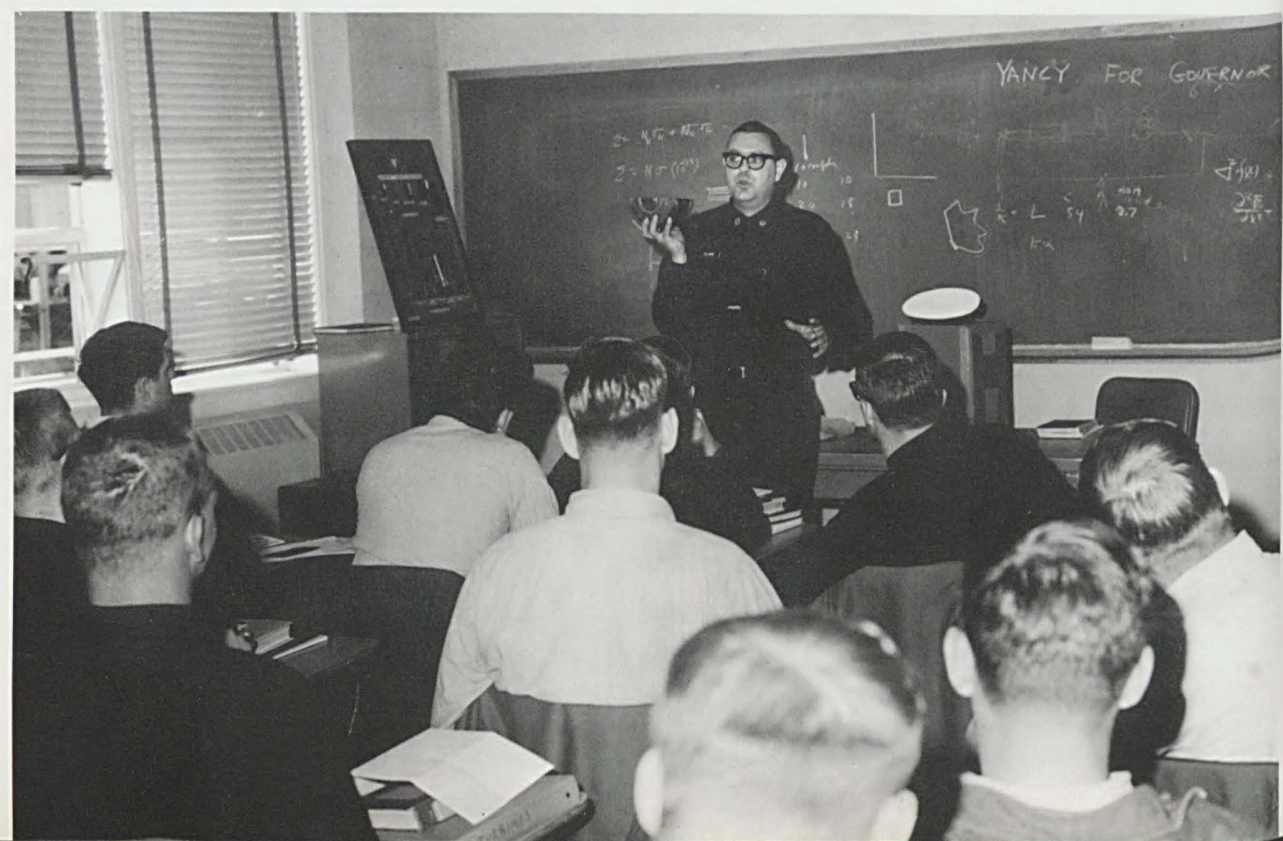




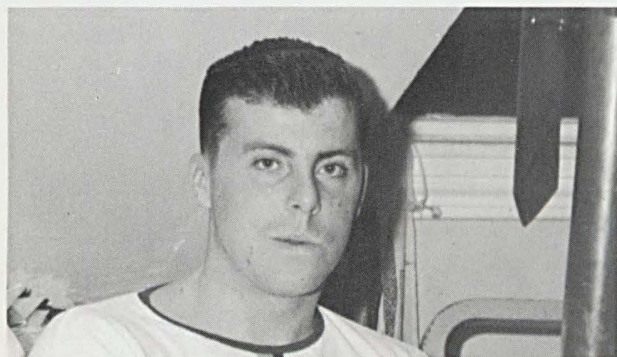
In these rooms we learn to be educated mates and engineers. The academic life at Maine Maritime Academy is not an easy one, but every class is a new adventure, another step closer to our licenses, and an interesting experience.

In the past four years, the classes in the Academy have changed considerably. The old rooms in Dismukes Hall have given way to a "new look" in which we now study. We have always known the dock area and the Andrews Building as they are now. "Down the Hill" the new Forge and Foundry is a rather unique class, unofficially known as the "Hoss Lab."





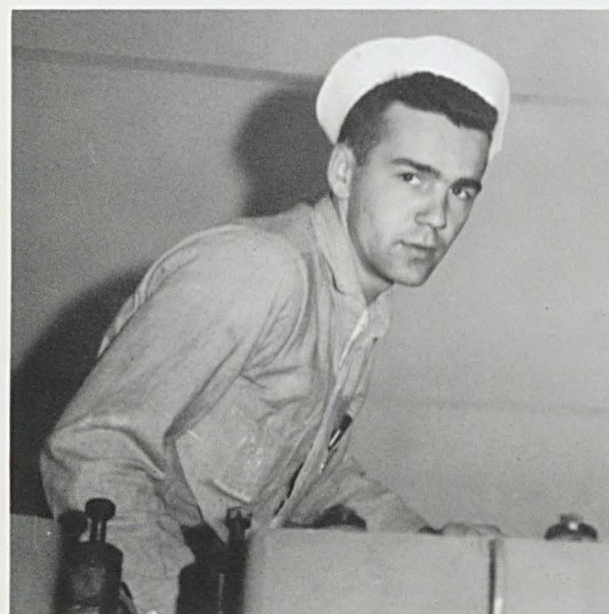




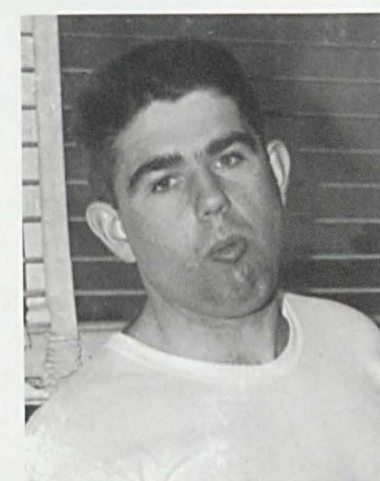
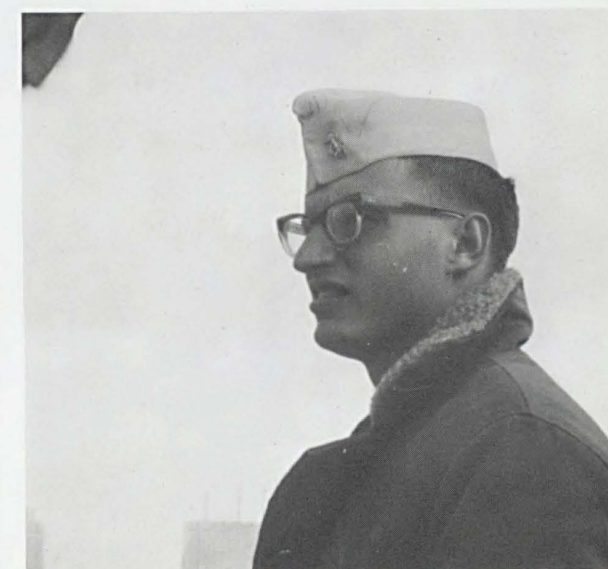
## EXPRESSIONS



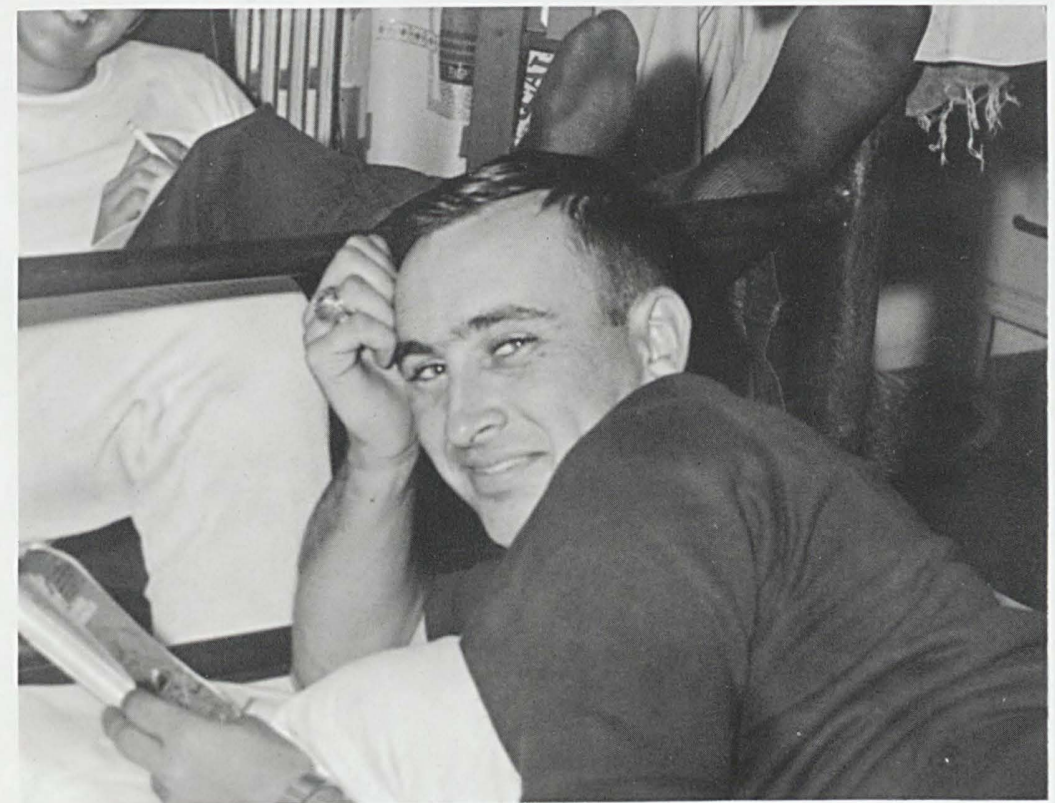
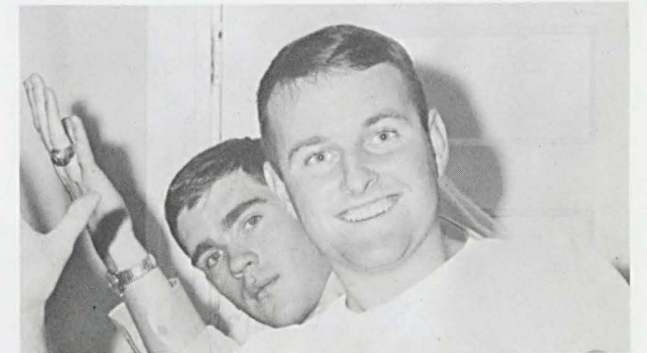
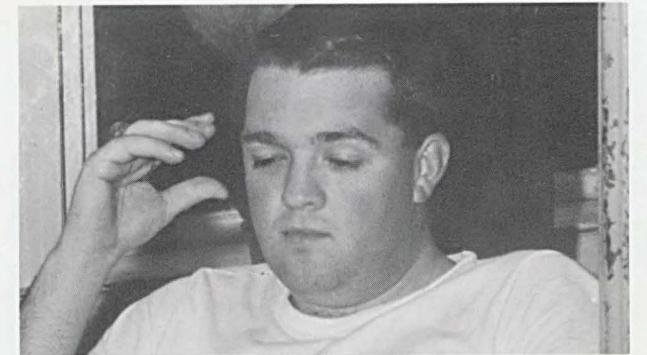




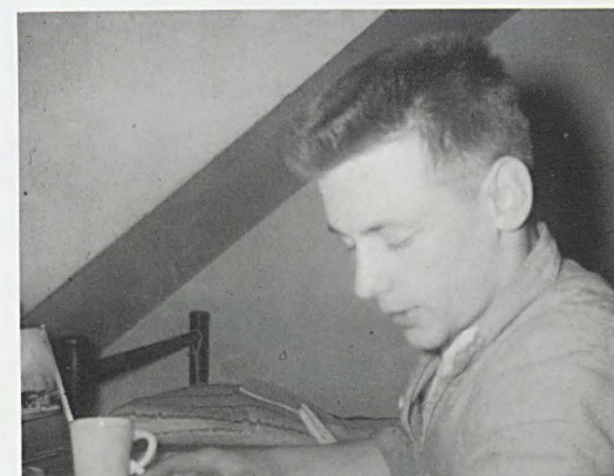
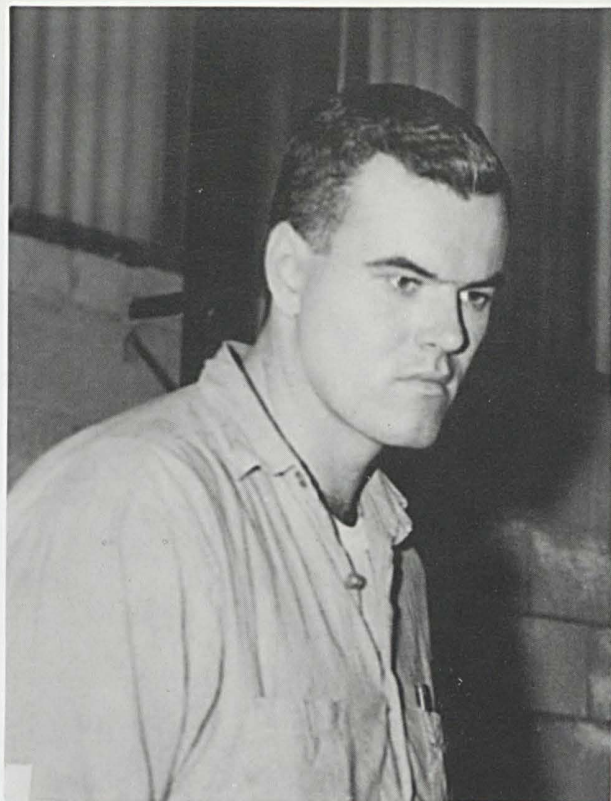
It has been said that one picture is worth a thousand words. On these pages should therefore be thousands upon thousands of impressions of us, the class of 1967, as we appeared to ourselves. Most times one's true self is caught when one least expects it. Here is the proof.













# THE CLASS OF 1967







## DECKMEN

WILLIAM H. CAHILL  
Willie  
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Propeller Club 2,3,4  
(Vice President 4)  
Band 2  
Gunner's Mate Chief Petty  
Officer  
Ring Committee Chairman  
Color Guard



Hearing those familiar words, "who stole my books?" you knew that Willie had misplaced something again. Bill, along with his industrious roommate, John, had the distinction of being one of the only men to go through four years at M.M.A. wearing stencilled "ours" or "somebodies."

Having received a good appearance at all formations since his freshman year, Will was appointed honorary commander of "E" Company. But most of all Bill will be remembered for his happy-go-lucky attitude, especially upon return from one of the numerous trips to Michigan.

His astute organizational ability was recognized and through many hours of hard work, Willie became leader of our impressive Color Guard, in the capacity of Chief Gunner's Mate.

An outstanding Naval Reservist, Bill proved himself efficient and conscientious time and time again through application of practical seamanship. Best of luck to a fine deckman and officer.



G. RODGER COOK  
Sleaz, Rebel  
Mobile, Alabama

Propeller Club 3,4  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Yacht Club 3,4  
Superintendent's List 3  
Drill Squad 1,2  
B—II Platoon Leader—LT.  
(jg)  
A—Company 1/c Petty  
Officer



And out of the South streaks a maroon Ford piloted by none other than—"I Believe." No class is quite complete without its own genuine Rebel, and not to be outdone, the Class of '67 was endowed with Rodger Cook.

Over his four year stay at the Academy, Rodger seemed to stick close to Castine most of the time. If not slapping paint on someone's old barn, he was prowling the Bagaduce shore blasting away at the local ducks.

Rodger had a unique quality, possessed by only a few. He very rarely seemed to take a loss. If not selling something to a mug, it was the charts . . . . . hundreds and thousands and millions of them! Everyone who was anyone had one of Rodger's charts. Say, Sleaz, you never did tell us how much profit you made on those.

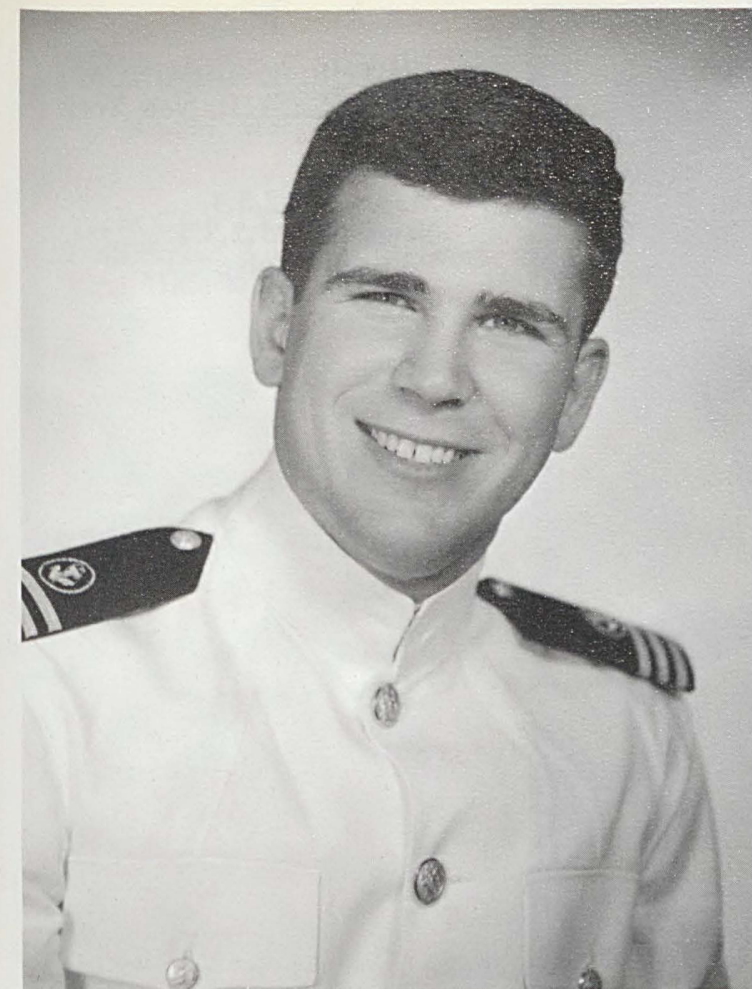
Rodger never did come around to our Yankee way of thinking, as much as we tried to convert him to the better side. That old saying, "You can take a Southerner out of the South, but not the South out of a Southerner," certainly applies to this man.

We certainly cannot end up without reminding Rodger of that famous tugboat ride that departed the serene waters of Mobile Bay to the dark stormy shores of Maine and four months restriction for being just a little late . . . . . good show, Rodge.

So long and good luck to a guy who deserves the best.

THOMAS HENRY  
DORSKY  
Tom  
Bangor, Maine

Drill Squad 1,2  
Propeller Club 2,3,4  
B—Company 1/c Petty  
Officer  
Regimental Executive  
Officer—CDR.

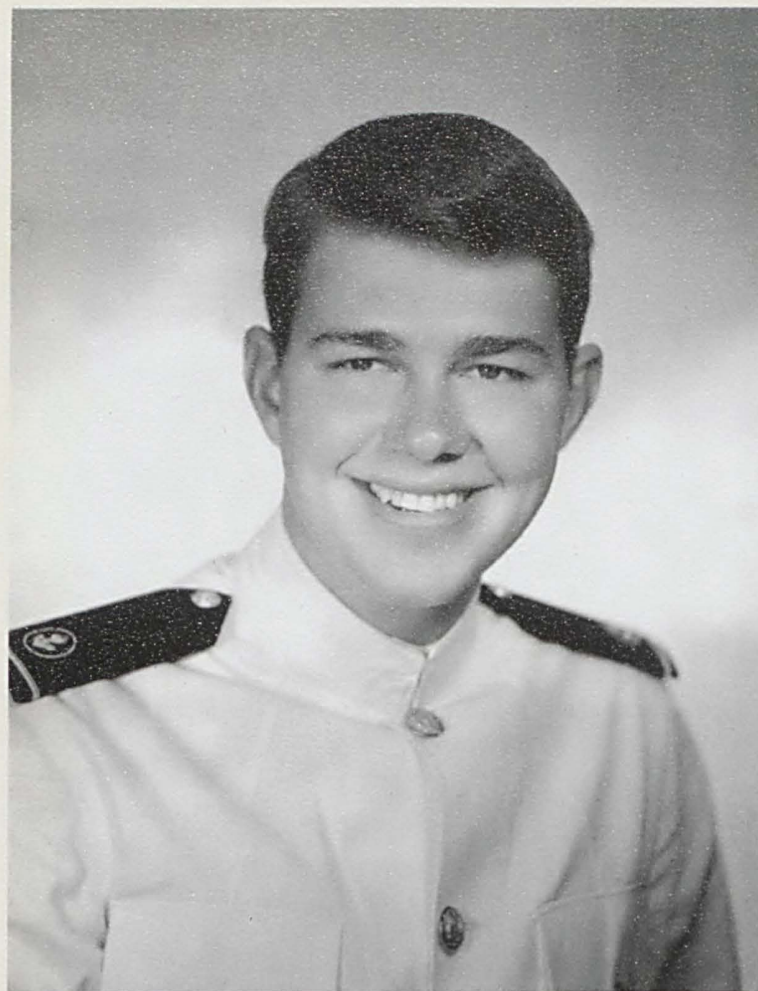


Tom, "Mister Squared Away," was the R.O.T.C. Hot Shot from Bangor High School, who made good at M.M.A. But he was also known far and wide as a happy-go-lucky type, who always had an eye open for a good time. His stern military appearance commanded the respect of the underclasses, and many is the time that a wrongdoer stood before his desk in Room 30 awaiting punishment. We will never forget all the parties we enjoyed at Tom's camp; we even let him come to some of them.

A genuine lady killer, at least at heart, he spent half of his free time in the pursuit of sundry females.

Tom professes that tankers are the only way to go, but we still ponder the point. We all know that he will make good in any endeavor.





GEORGE H. DUNCAN  
Bayport, L.I., New York

Mailman 1,2,3,4  
Yacht Club 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club

The proctor of beloved mailcall, from Castine to Curacao, George delivered our precious mail to and from home, as well as selling us stamps from every government.

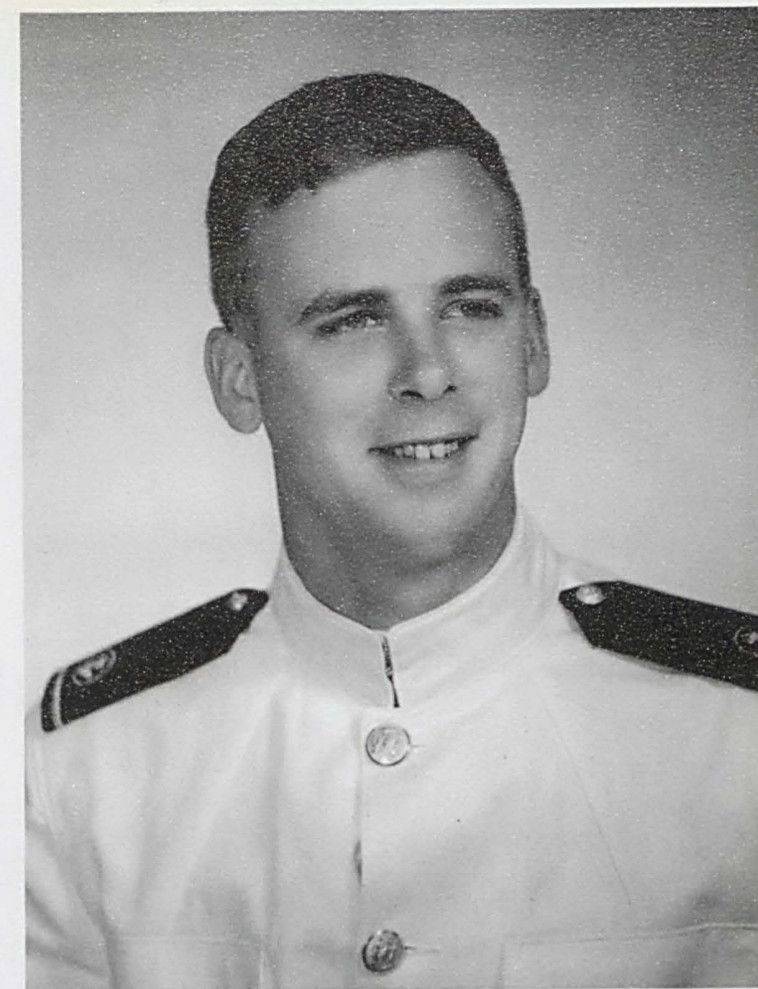
George was one of those deckmen who just "looked Deckie" through and through. But even more so George was a true New Yorker.

It was well known that George's first love was sailing, sailing in general and sailing the Windrose in particular; maybe a little too particular? It's hard to say where George spent more time, on the Windrose or in his Corvette.

An excellent cook and a truly fine deckman, all of us will wish George the very best in all his endeavors.

EDWARD E. FAIRFIELD  
Grumpy  
Boston, Massachusetts

Yacht Club 1,2,3,4  
Drill Squad 2  
First Mate WINDROSE



It seemed that Ed was forever headed, on a weekend, to Boston town, or Brooklin. For just what motive was never really clear, but rumor had Ed as a Blue-Blood from Beacon Hill, and he did his best over four years to make it ever bluer, usually with Black and White for the coloring.

Grumpy was always highly respected as a crackerjack deckie, known for his possession of the fine detail or intricate little piece of information that made the difference between a good and an excellent deckman.

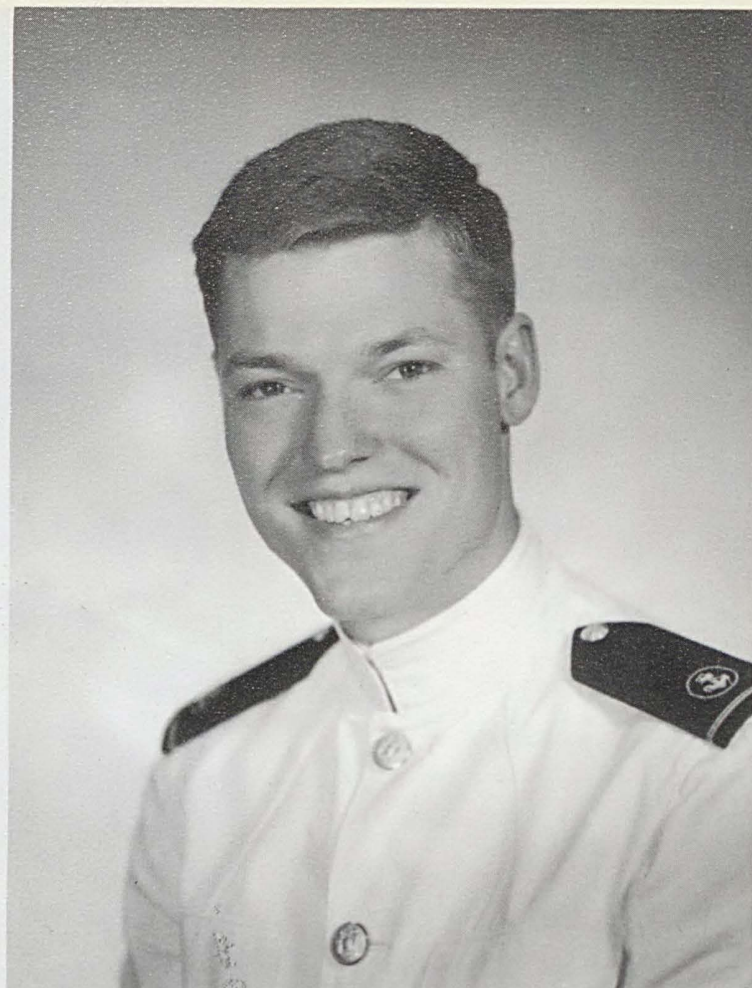
Eternally the quiet and reserved, undemonstrative fellow, a few of us took Ed to be of a bit sour disposition, until we got to know him to be one of the most considerate friends any of us could have.

Being a real old timer was never a drawback to Ed, and no doubt it won't be in the future either. May Grumpy meet nothing but continued efficaciousness.



WILLIAM GATCHELL  
Bill  
Cape Elizabeth, Maine

Chief Petty Officer-  
Boatswain's Mate  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4



If there was a difference of opinion in the area, you could be assured that Bill was there adding the weight of his opinion, pro or con. At times we wondered if the pro or con mattered, as long as he had someone to differ with. But as most anyone will agree, Bill was the person to talk with on the subject of Maine politics; it would seem that he had made a thorough study of the subject, judging from his correct predictions of local elections.

Bill was forever enhancing his knowledge of seamanship by a constant companionship with Bos'n Lunt, serving in the capacity of Midshipman Bos'n Mate.

We often wondered what a solid Cape Elizabeth resident would be doing in Connecticut so frequently, but Bill was strangely quiet on the subject.

To a sincere friend and a fine professional seaman the Class of 1967 wishes you the best of everything.

NATHANIEL A.  
GLADDING  
Nat  
Newtown Square, Pennsylvania

Yacht Club  
Skipper WINDROSE

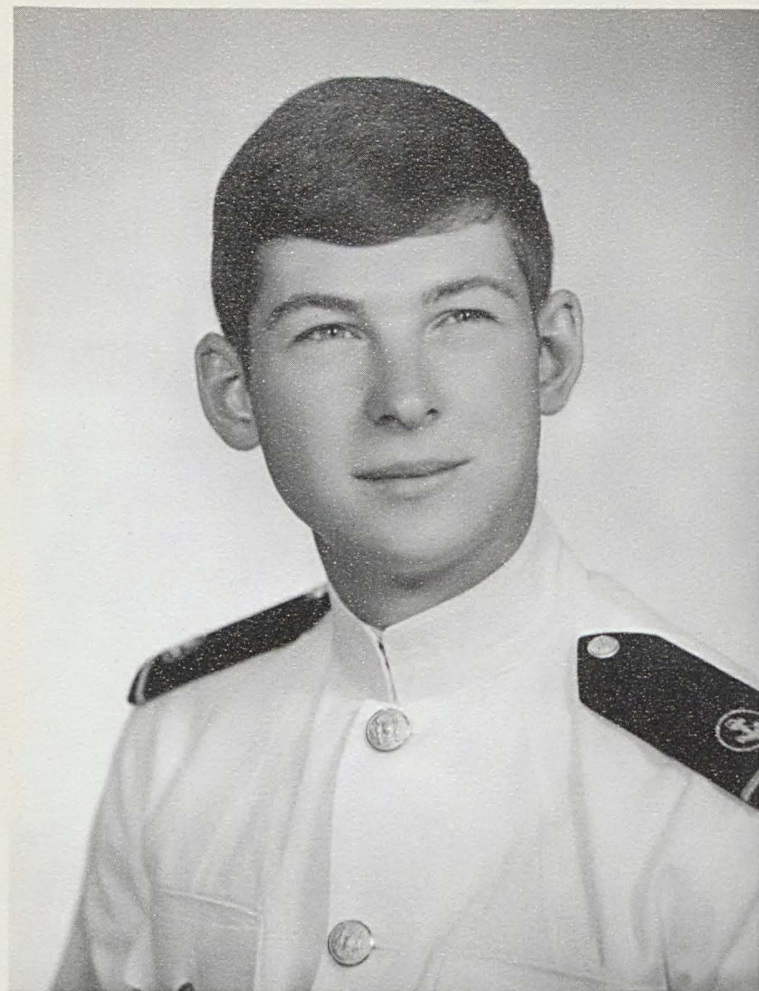


Nat was known far and wide as the leader of the Pennsylvania delegation to our Academy, making the long trek every chance he got. With the experience gained through our illustrious Yacht Club, Nat was often skipper of the WINDROSE on those awfully wet voyages to anywhere and everywhere on the Maine coast.

He was known as the official wrestling champion of the Academy Yacht Club. No one ever argued this point as Nat at one time was a pile driving football player. But in spite of all this Nat was extremely quiet and undemonstrative, but at the same time making his mark academically.

"Drone" carries with him the most sincere and best wishes that he could possibly have from the Class of '67 for vast good fortune.





ALAN DEXTER GRAIF  
Al  
Manchester, Connecticut

Cross Country 1,2  
Yacht Club 3,4  
Superintendent's List 2,3  
A Company 1/c Petty Officer

"There are wooden ships and there are steel ships, but the one ship we will remember about Al is his friendship." Of course we couldn't forget the fact that he was one of the few Connecticut boys; he wouldn't let you.

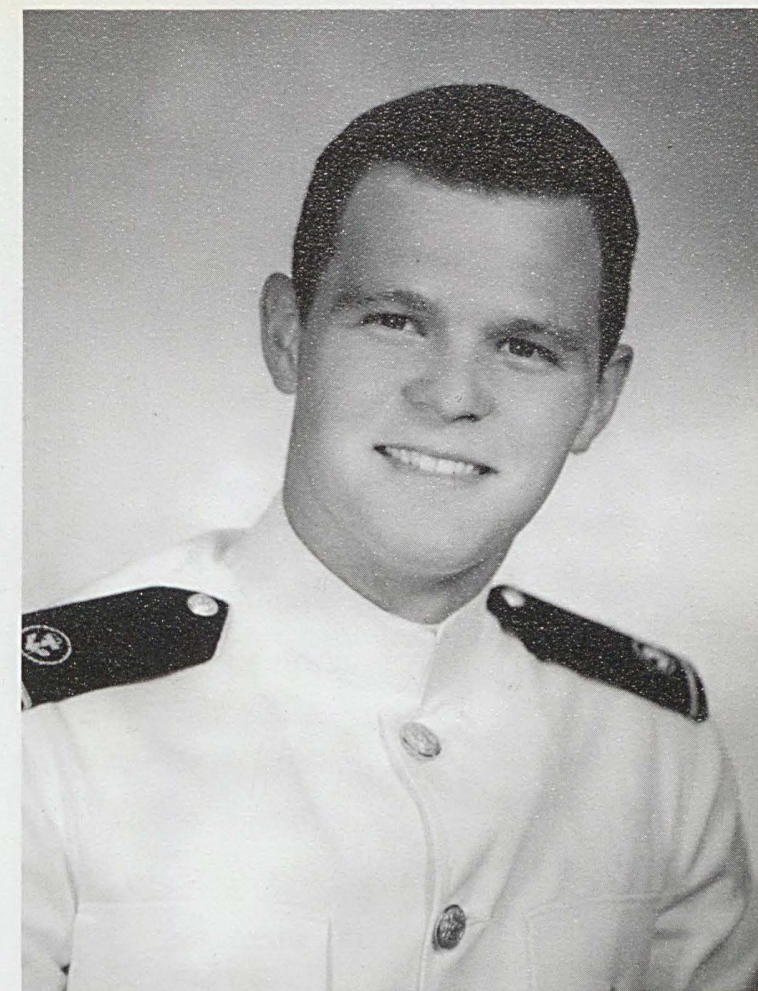
Through the years, Al has been a fine image of a midshipman, scholar and gentleman, ever ready, willing, and able to act and look the part.

"By the way Al, do you still park your car off campus? I understand the Major was looking for it." There was more to Al than met the eye, but with his closer acquaintance came the feeling that he was indeed a friend to be relied upon.

Best wishes go with Al to the four corners of the world.

JOHN McDONALD HESS  
John  
Natick, Massachusetts

Football Manager 1,2,3  
Yacht Club 2,3,4  
Ring Dance Committee 3  
C Company 1/c Petty Officer



John will long be remembered for his ceaseless effort to keep his room clean and his roommate "squared away." Reveille was never a problem for John, he just ignored it. His constant smile and ever pleasing personality made him one of the most popular deckmen in the Class of '67.

John never failed to make a smart, prompt appearance at morning inspections, being the only man to get a good appearance in "E" Company for two years running. If John couldn't be found, one could locate him either on or under his rack.

A native of "The Shores of Lake Cochituate," John was a familiar figure on the road of a Sunday afternoon, returning to the Academy after a wild weekend of lady killing, one of John's favorite pastimes.

Best wishes to a true seaman.



JAMES H. JOHNSON  
Jim  
Balboa, Canal Zone

Band 1,2  
Golf 1,2,3 (Capt. 3)  
A Company 1/c Petty Officer  
A Company Commander—  
LT.  
M Club 3,4  
Superintendent's List 3



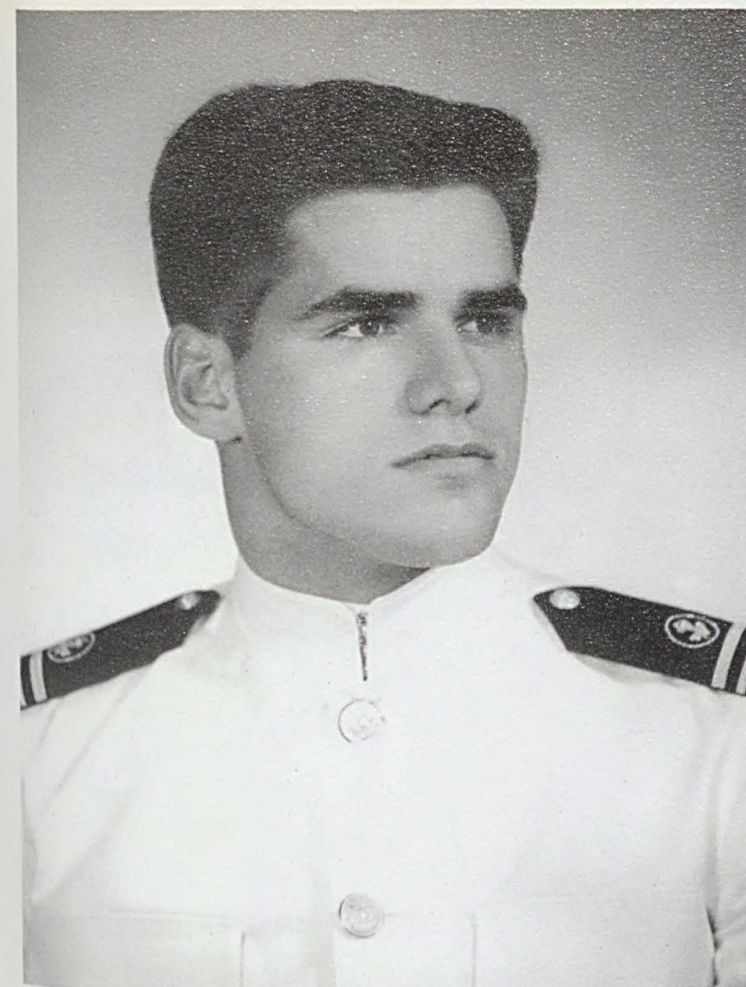
Jim came to our class from the ivy halls of Fort Schuyler just in time to miss our freshman cruise.

He soon became a member in good standing of the Class of 1967, both academically and socially, being one of the regulars to make the Friday and Saturday night runs to Bangor. During his junior year, Jim led the golf team to the Northeast Conference Championship and proved himself an able leader on Leavitt Hall's A deck.

Through his stay here at the Academy, Jim's activities were many and varied, forming an excellent background for the opportunities that lie ahead of him. Jim will capitalize on these opportunities, without a doubt, in the future years on the road to success.

GARDNER ROBERTS  
KNIGHT  
Gar, G  
Mattapoisett, Massachusetts

Football 1,2  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
C Company 1/c Petty Officer  
2nd Battalion Commander—  
LCDR.  
Yacht Club 2,3,4



Upper D veranda, senior year, was certainly enlivened by G. An expert at sitting around and shooting the breeze, he was always ready with a good story or a well thought out opinion on any of the Academy's internal upheavals.

Only one problem with D-4; the constant flow of Z's emitted from beyond that door at all hours of the day and night. And study . . . by the process of osmosis!

In the last four years, Gardner has without a doubt, proved himself to be not only a crackerjack seaman, but also a true gentleman and fine officer who will be a success after graduation.

Good luck, G.





ROBERT ANTHONY  
KOLOFSKY  
Ski  
Auburn, Massachusetts

Yacht Club 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club 1,2,3,4  
Regimental Yeoman—1/c  
Petty Officer  
Regimental Adjutant—LCDR.

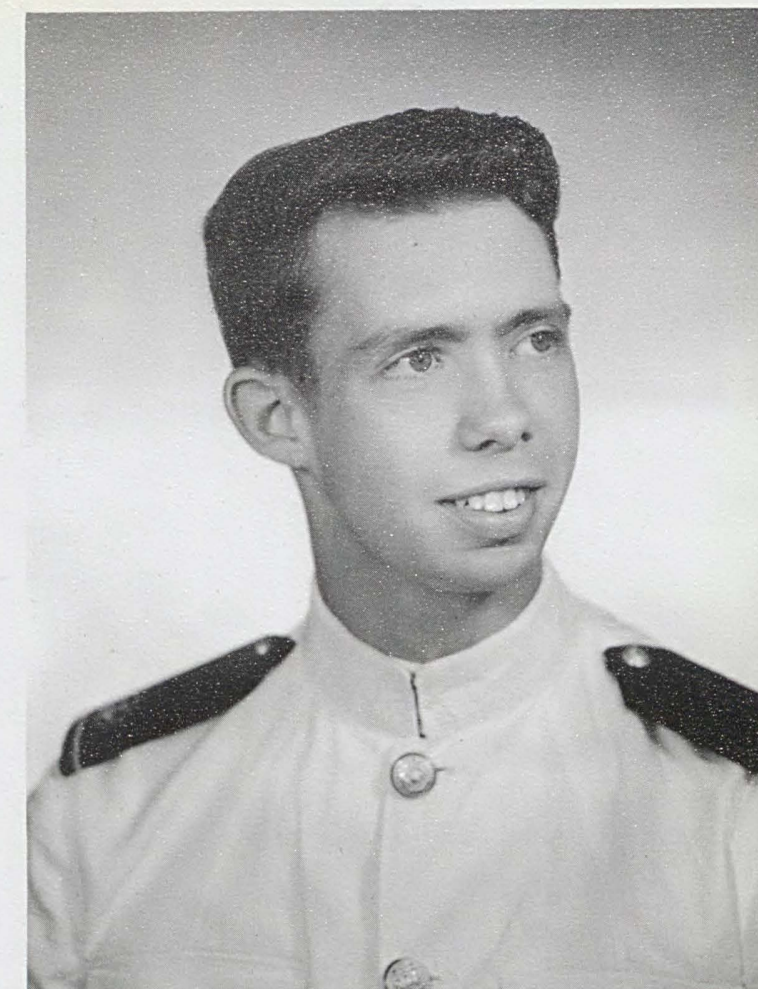
If we had to use one phrase to describe Bob, it would be "he's a good administrator." As Regimental Yeoman in his junior year, he saw that the yeoman department was run like clockwork. Although he was working behind the scene, without much recognition, his ability was noticed and he was appointed Regimental Adjutant his senior year. As Regimental Adjutant, he reorganized the yeoman into the efficient organization it is today. Although we all griped when we were stuck with weekend duty, we realize, now, the system was fair.

Most of Bob's weekends were spent working aboard Captain Guild's schooner, the "Victory Chimes," or sailing an Academy yacht on Penobscot Bay.

Bob's fine administrative qualities, his great interest in the sea and ships, and his ability to get along with people, should carry him far. We wish the best of luck and smooth sailing to a fine classmate.

FREDERICK A. LADD  
Lexington, Massachusetts

Drill Squad 1,2,3,4  
Rowing 1  
Ring Committee  
Ring Dance Committee  
Superintendent's List 3



Fred came to the Academy from the home of the original Minutemen, Lexington, Massachusetts. Known for being quite punctual and the most avid supporter of the "do-away-with-maintenance" program, he was always reserved but could be counted on to participate in almost anything.

Fred often exhibited a rare and enviable characteristic in that he was able to find beauty in what many people never found at all. On a Monday Fred would always be found searching for a ride home for the following weekend.

Ever the perfect gentleman and officer, Fred will put his spirit and determination to good use in the future while earning success in the capacity of a ship's officer.



MICHAEL PAUL LaROSE  
LaNose, Big Mike  
New Castle, New Hampshire

D—Company Commander—  
LT.  
Intramural Sports 1,2,3,4  
Chairman, Junior Ring Dance  
Committee  
Class Rowing Team 2,3



"Big Mike," one of the older and most looked up to men in the class (due, no doubt, to his 6'4" frame) hails from the pretty town of New Castle, New Hampshire.

In his freshman year, Mike had the distinction of rooming with the two most talked about "Mugs" this school has ever seen, Jacks and Kraly. After that year, anyone could understand why he forever strived to better himself; and he did, becoming D—Company Commander his senior year.

Those opposing softball teams will always remember that little satellites Mike usually put into orbit, and those rowing teams must have been sick of seeing him climb out of the winning boat.

In Castine on weekdays, Mike could be seen diligently working odd jobs for that extra dollar, and on weekends headed down the road in the gray Lark for Waterville.

An especially fine deckman, Mike was outstanding when it came to practical application.

Best of luck to a great guy and a seaman of the highest order.

JAMES JEFFREY LING  
Jeff, Bumpsy, Dinga  
Eastlake, Ohio

Yacht Club 3,4  
Band 1,2,3,4  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Assistant Bandmaster—1/c  
Petty Officer  
Bandmaster LT.



"Here comes the M.M.A. band!" And who is leading the way? That's right, Jeff Ling. The Class of '67 will long remember the renditions that were heard at Regimental formations along with the fine conducting done by the Bandmaster.

Castine will seem dull without that rust colored Ford running around—sometimes on the road, sometimes knocking over trees and in between making runs to Ohio to see that "someone special." One might wonder, is it worth traveling two thousand miles on a three day weekend? Well if our memories serve us rightly, Jeff was almost home by the time liberty muster was called for the rest of the regiment. How did you manage all those specials, Jeff?

To support these adventures, one could find Jeff painting houses and even an occasional church steeple. By the way, Jeff, how come the peak never received that second coat of paint?

We're sure the world will be his for the taking and may smooth seas always be with him. Best of luck in the future years.





KENNETH G. MERITHEW  
Ken  
Oxford, Connecticut

Color Guard 4

Ken will long be remembered by his classmates and little wonder! Ken seemed to have a strangely firm affinity for our Academy; spending very much of his spare and other time here. A true lover and connoisseur of aviation esthetics, Ken was often found deep in a discussion on any and all aircraft.

Predictions have Ken as the first Middie ever to receive an M.A. from the Academy.

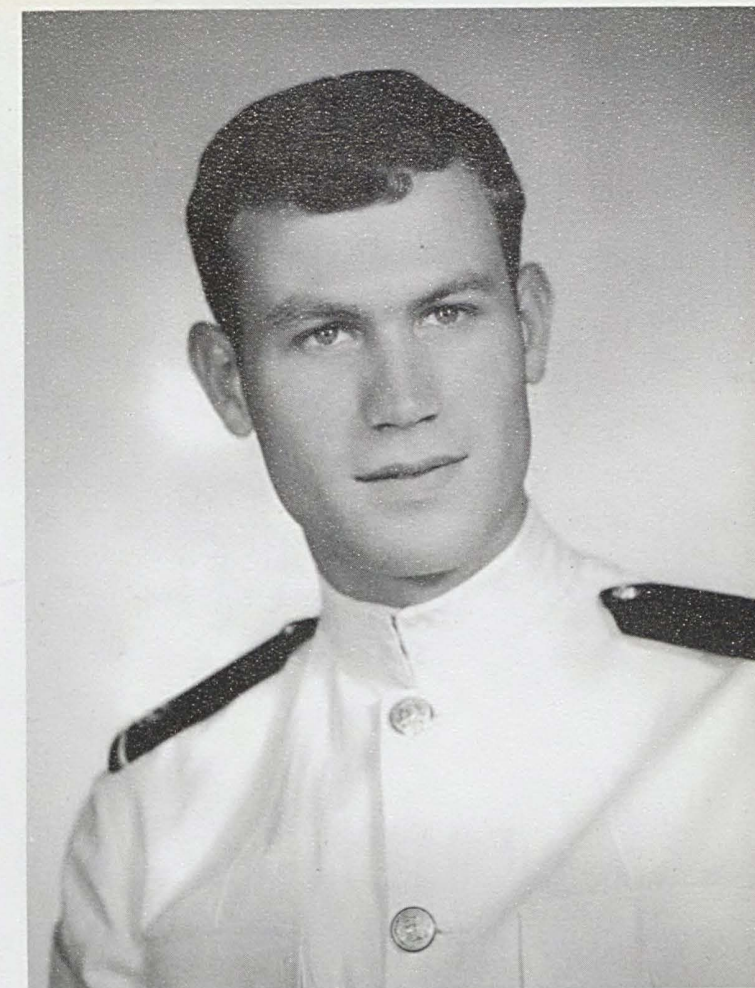
Sporting a far and wide reputation as "C" Company's lady killer, Ken was perennially seen with the fairest of the fair in Castine. He often claimed that he aimed to settle down, but we all see quite a few more years of kicking up his heels.

A good "deckie," and a sincere Middie, Ken will go high and far towards air-bourne triumphs.

W

GEORGE F. PERKINS  
South Dartmouth,  
Massachusetts

Color Guard 4



George was a deckman through and through, from the soles of his sea boots to the top of his sou'wester. He appeared very quiet to the casual observer, but under closer scrutiny it was found that he was the holder of the world land speed record and a master at beating parking fees.

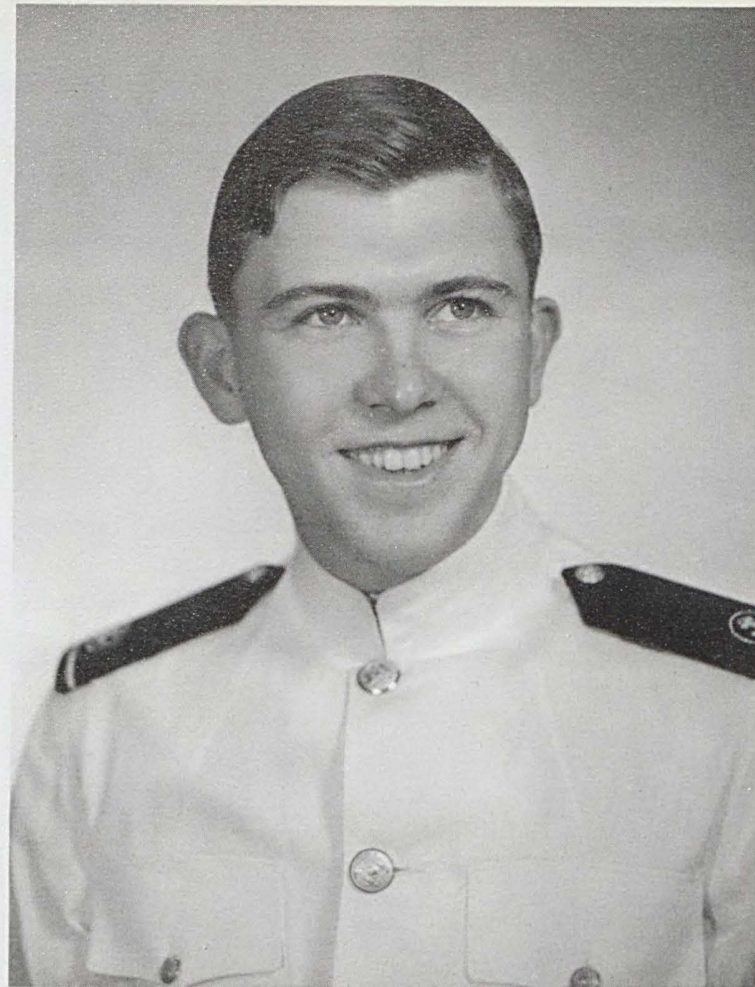
George was far from demonstrative, but even to a lesser degree on excursions and tours. The future seems to predict a fruitful career as a sea lawyer for George, but scuttlebutt has him at a large university gaining a deeper understanding of various economic structures.

Good friend and a very apt seaman, George will do well in the future years.



RICHARD S.  
REINHARDSEN  
Spike  
Redding, Connecticut

Helm 1,2  
Gun Club 2,3  
Ring Dance Committee  
Regimental Yeoman—C.P.O.  
Superintendent's List 1,2,3,4

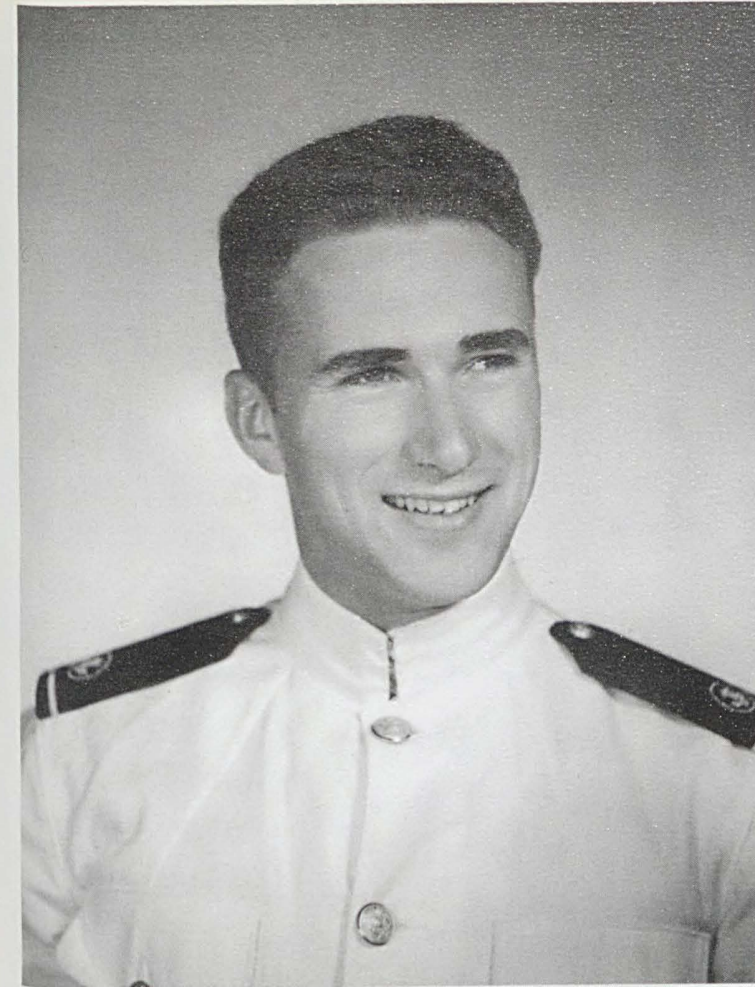


Whenever the Class of 1967 looks back upon their days at Maine Maritime Academy, John and Mary's in Bangor will be included in their thought and, of course, Spike will be remembered as part of the permanent scene. A faithful (?) duty rate, Spike always upheld the policies and traditions of the Academy.

Spike was sure to succeed in class after inspired study halls the night before. The new dorms would never have been so much fun without his constant comic contributions. A solid member of the class, Spike would always stand up and be counted when it was necessary. Academically he was omnipresent on the Superintendent's List. Spike contributed a great deal in making the Class of 1967 the finest, and no doubt will be sure to add materially to the success of any job he undertakes.

THOMAS H. SMITH  
T.H.  
Kittery Point, Maine

Band 2,3,4  
Ring Dance Committee 3  
Master-at-Arms—1/c Petty  
Officer

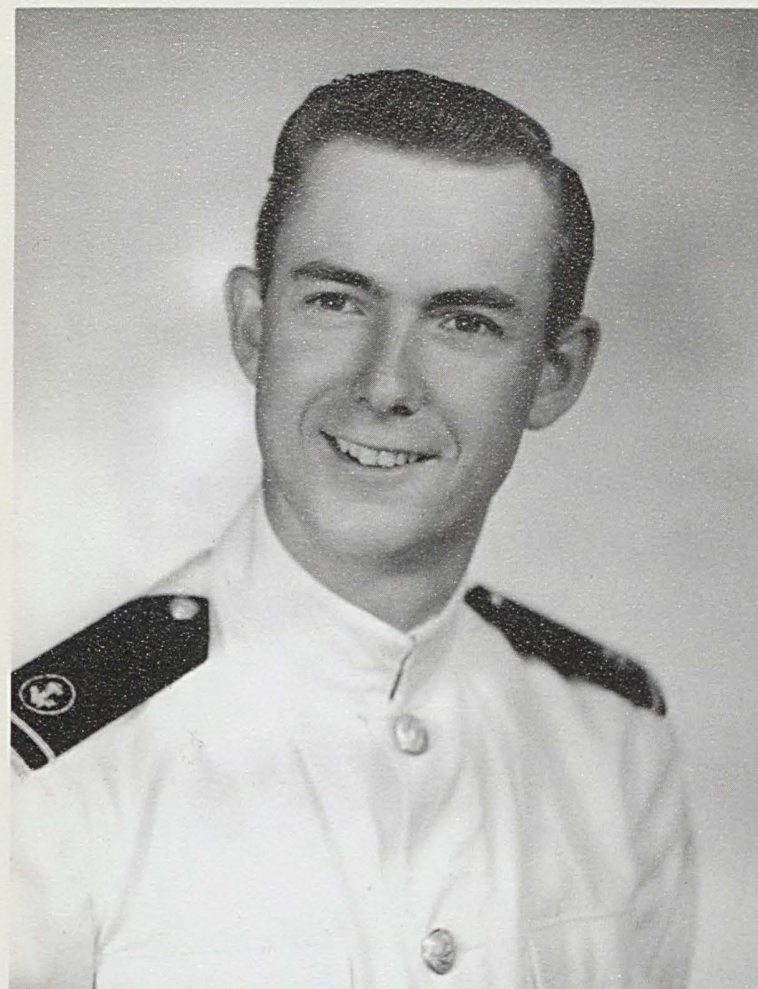


Tom will be remembered by the Class of '67 as a man who never had a lot to say; except when someone was beating him at cards. His quiet and reserved demeanor made him very well liked throughout his four years at the Academy. He was a man without an enemy.

It was always a sure bet that at liberty call on Friday, Tom would be first in line to "head out" in his "Bug." (Just for the record, Tom, how many liberty musters did you miss?) It's too bad the "Bug" only held three, or Tom could have cleaned up with a taxi service.

And then there was the Junior Cruise, when Tom wouldn't get a sun tan for fear that he would have to ride at the back of the bus in New Orleans! Good Luck, Tom.





THOMAS G. SPEARIN JR.  
Bird Dog, Speari, Tom  
Thomaston, Maine

C Company Guidon 4  
Lobster Festival Escort 1,2,3

Bird Dog arrived that sunny day four years ago in his typical un-military manner, but he has changed since. He's acquired a few traits over the years, though, like selling tap water in Cristobal for 50¢ a gallon, or pulling needed items and money out of the sky (it might be a money tree).

Tom hails from Thomaston, where he can usually be found bombing around on a Harley Sportster in a well lubricated condition.

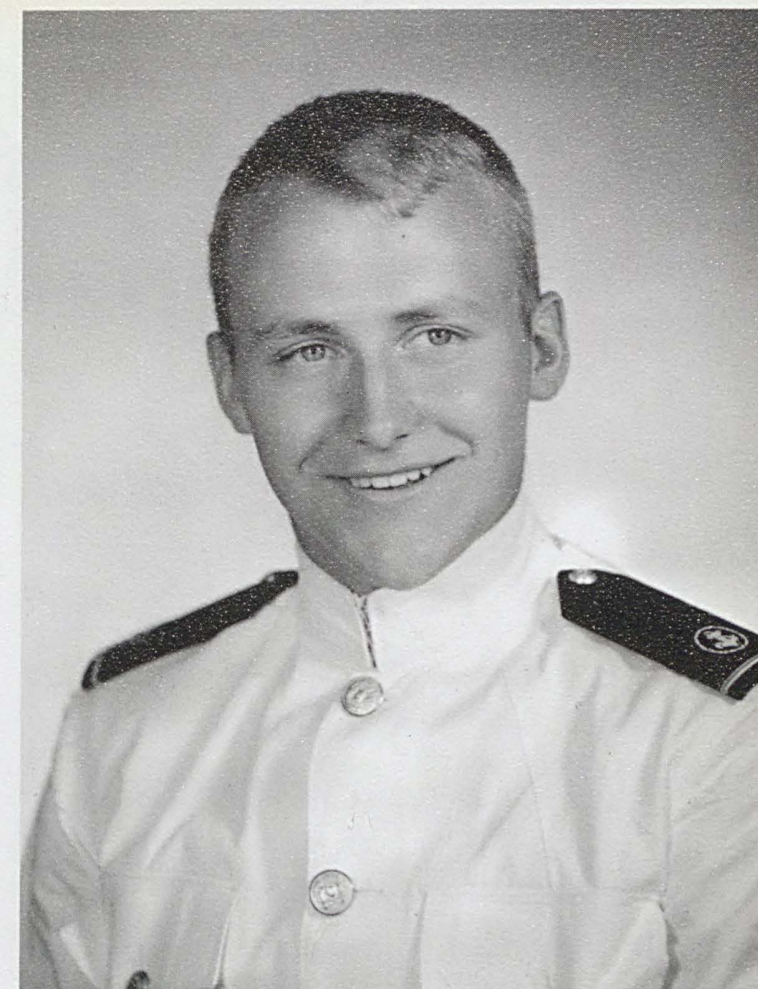
We don't usually see Tom with any of the local girls, but there's an answer to that fallacy. His hand is promised to Spanish Queen, with whom he communicates weekly in touching English prose.

Tom has been an excellent classmate despite his idiosyncracies. His good humor and dry sarcasm always seemed to ease matters and make life a little bit easier to put up with.

Good luck to a good friend and fine classmate.

RONALD L. TERRY  
Ron, P.A., Stereo  
Castine, Maine

Quartermaster-Chief Petty  
Officer



It was said that he had the most familiar voice in Castine. But being one of the most vociferous members of the class of '67 was no detriment to Ron. He could always be counted on to take a stand diametrically opposed to the one most popular; but in spite of this he was perennially at the top of the class academically.

His closer friends knew Stereo to be of very warm character and personality and a friend who would give you the shirt off his back.

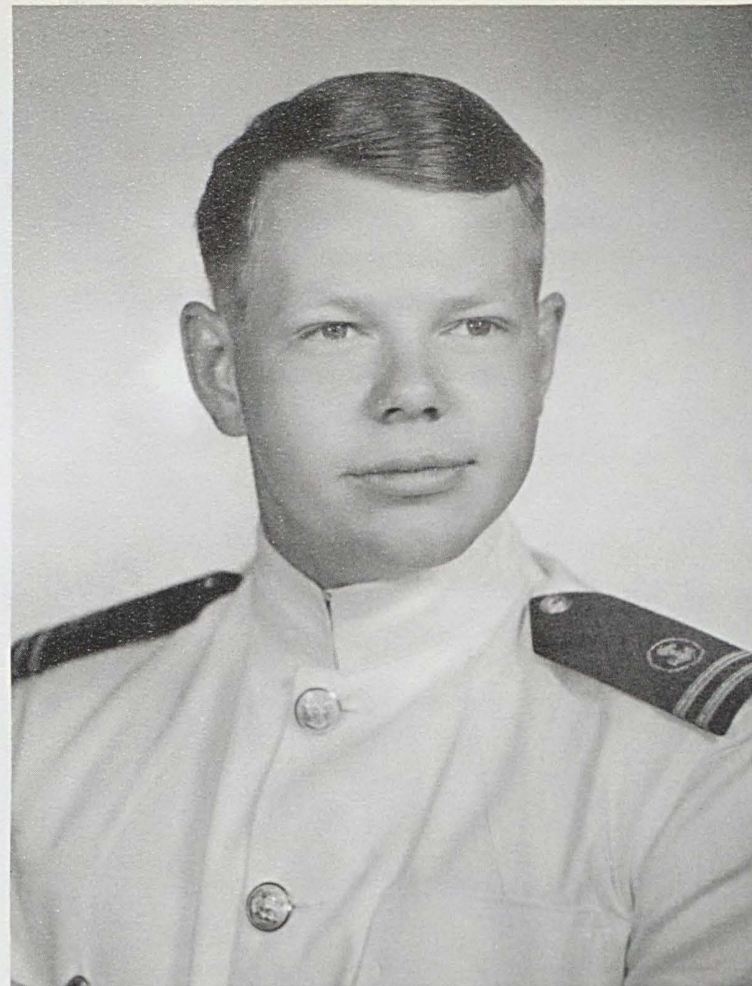
Ron became famous our "mug" year for going home while on local, the envy of the entire class. But as was found out to a man, living in Castine had its drawbacks.

There is no doubt that wherever Ron goes the good times will always flourish, and his friendship will continue to burn bright and warm to all who know him.



PETER A. THORPE  
Thumper  
Reading, Massachusetts

Superintendent's List 1,2,3,4  
Drill Squad 1,2,3,4  
Prop Club 1,2,3,4  
Assistant Drill Master—1/c  
Petty Officer  
Drill Master—LT.



Pete first gained recognition when he made the Superintendent's List his first year at the Academy, and you can be sure from that time on, Pete was a steady repeater. In his junior year he became Assistant Drill Master, started working very effectively with the squad, and their performances began to shine.

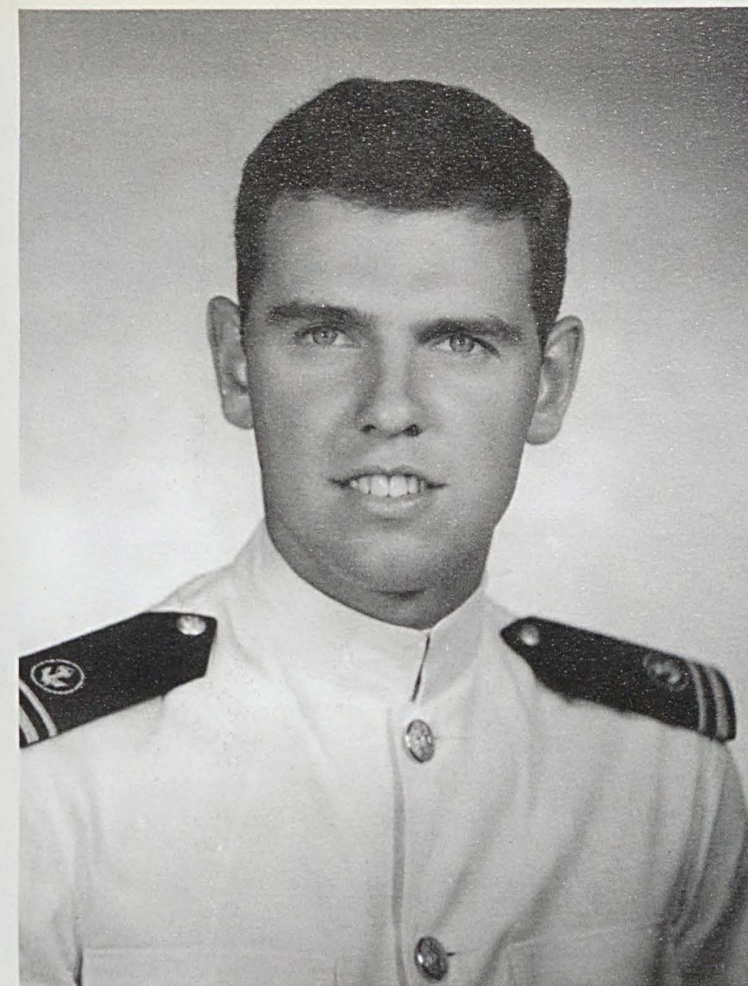
As a senior, Pete was appointed as Drill Master, Cadet LT. Every morning you could look out the windows in Leavitt Hall and see Pete practicing with his squad. The finished product was a fine military unit. When they were on the field with fixed bayonets, Drill Master Thorpe walked among the moving pieces to show the confidence he had in his men.

Although Pete was not a member of the Yacht Club, he did spend some of his weekend time sailing on the Penobscot Bay, that is, if he wasn't making the "Bangor Run."

We the Class of 1967, would like to wish Pete the best of luck in the future; no matter where Pete may be, we know he will do an outstanding job as he has done here at the Academy.

P. DAVID  
VAILLANCOURT  
Deputy  
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Yacht Club 1,2,3,4  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Drill Squad 1,2  
Asst. Fire Chief—P.O. 1/c  
Damage Control Officer—LT.  
(jg)  
Safety Council 3,4



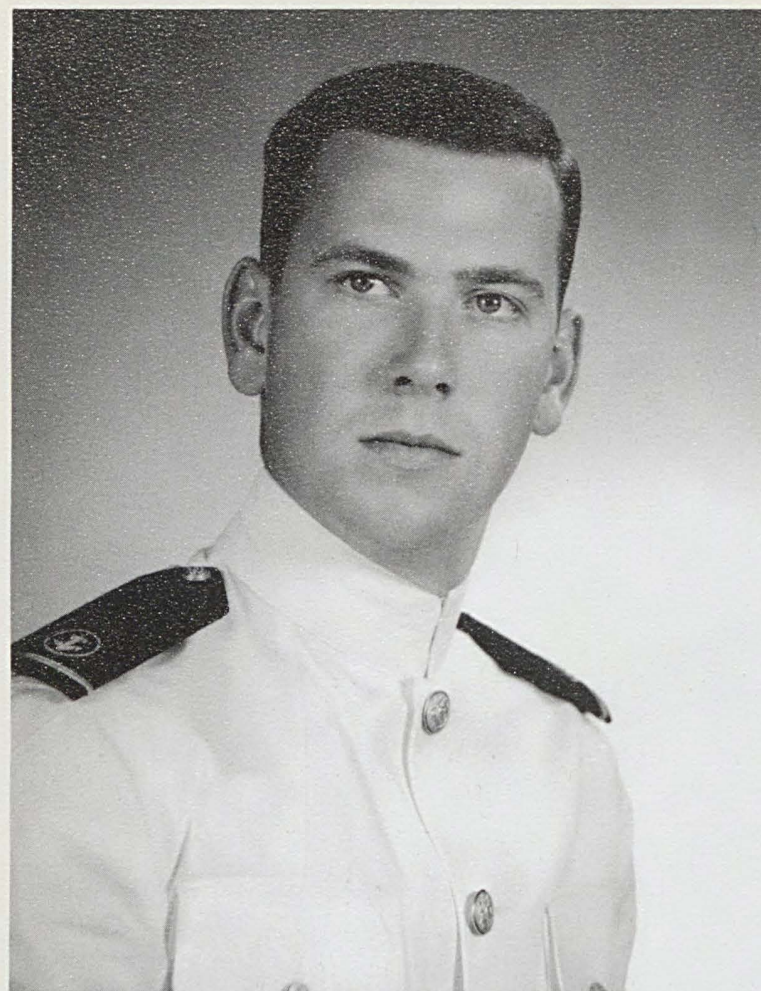
Dave left the picturesque town of Marblehead, Massachusetts to join us in our ambition to go down to the sea in ships as licensed officers. Quick to learn and interested in his profession, Dave could always be counted on to do his part.

Deputy was certainly one of the easiest-going men in our class until a fire extinguisher was mysteriously discharged, or his pumper somehow ran out of gas. We were fortunate to have a conscientious man looking out for our safety as Fire Chief. He was another in a long line of efficient North Shore smoke eaters.

Dave was a better than average driver, on those numerous trips to Bangor in his V.W. Whatever became of his driving prowess when he slipped behind the wheel of a green Triumph? And, what was in Bangor that required him to make so many urgent round trips after dark?

Your horizons are bright, Dave, and your shipmates wish you every success.





DAVID A. WADE  
Dave  
Lynnfield, Massachusetts

Assistant Editor—HELM  
Drill Squad 1,2,3,4

Dave will long be remembered as one of the quieter men of our class, but brother, give him a truly worthy cause and look out! A crusader of the first magnitude indeed.

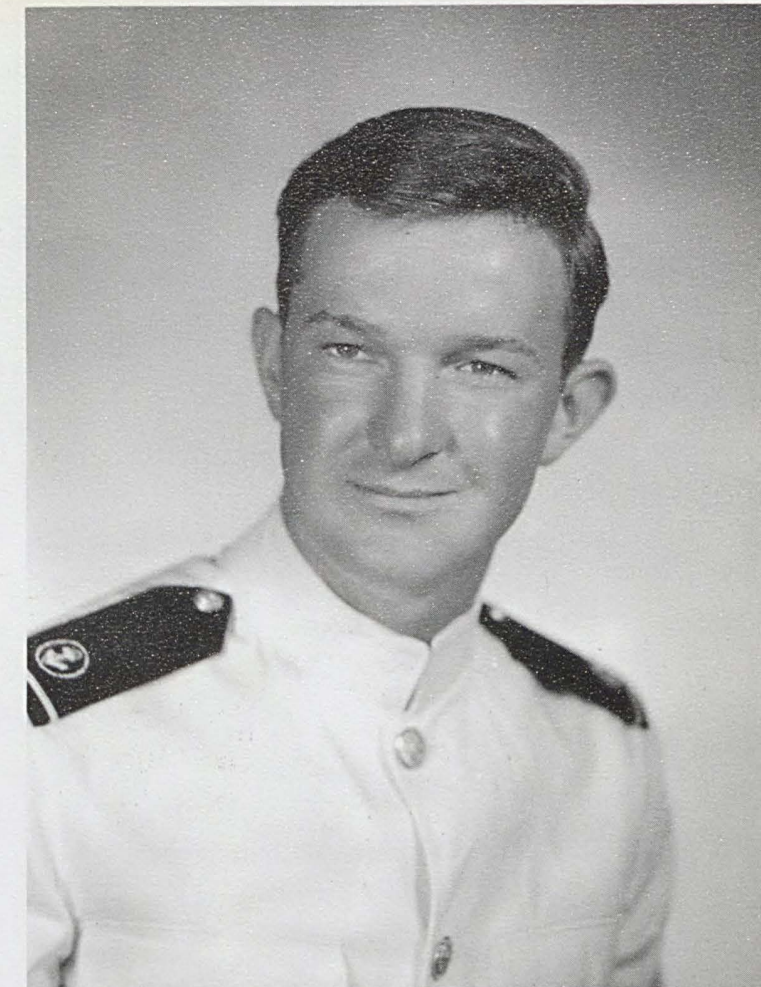
Known as our man in G.E., Dave did an excellent job as a member of our Drill Squad for four years. He was one of the not too few members of the Class of '67 that "looked deckie" and he did much to prove it, being super efficient on the blinker light as well as at other subjects, nautical and otherwise.

There isn't one of us who won't recall the often stirring editorials in the Helm, written by Dave.

A go-getter who will not stand for any form of injustice, Dave will be a solid bet for success at sea.

PETER D. WEBB  
Pete  
Portland, Maine

Lobster Festival Escort 1,2,3,4  
Track 1,2,3  
Band 1,2,3,4  
Rowing 2,3  
Basketball 1



Pete's home port is the largest city in the state of Maine, Portland. No doubt, he will always be remembered for his caustic arguments with instructors in nearly every course as well as his unique manner of speech.

On liberty weekends one could find him at the head of a caravan of Middies and their dates, leaving his home and headed for a party among the pines at his camp on Watchit Lake.

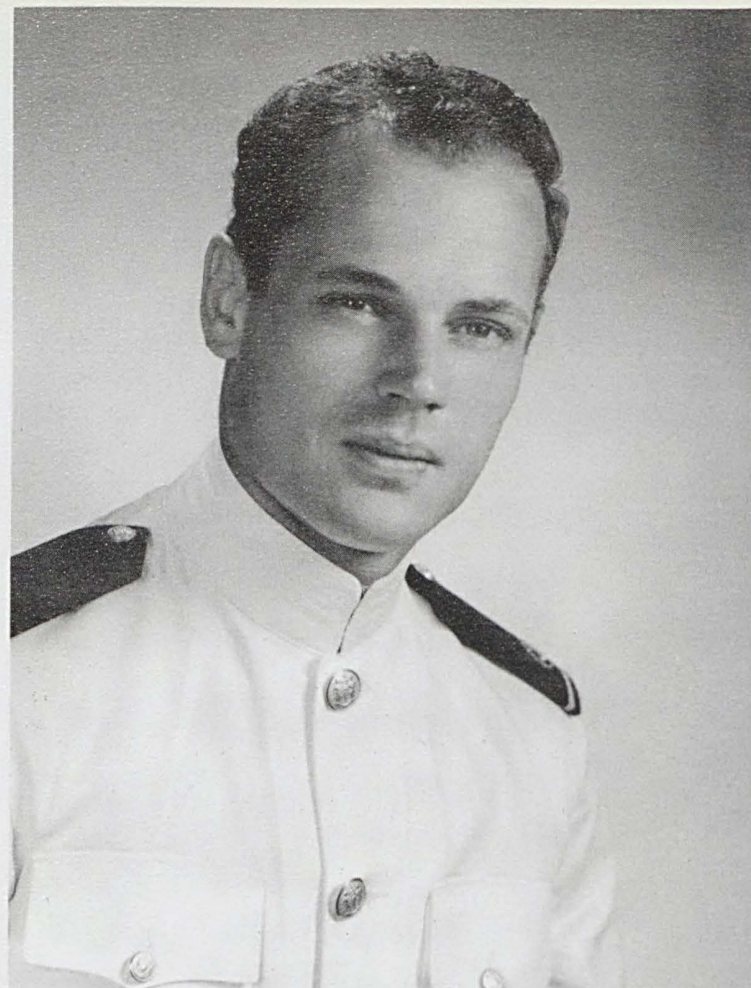
Pete's senior year was tempered to some extent by his weekly trips to the M.M.C. in Portland. We wonder if there are other than ship's bells in the background?

A solid friend, Pete's comradeship will be missed by one and all; good luck through future years.



ALVIN WINSLOW  
Al  
Rockland, Maine

Cross Country 1,2  
Drill Squad 1,2,3,4  
Recreation Committee 2,3,4



We are glad that Al has been our classmate at the Academy. As he sets his course for distant shores, we know that he takes with him many a friendship he has gained here.

He studied most of the time, but still found time to write letters, run cross-country, and march with the Drill Squad.

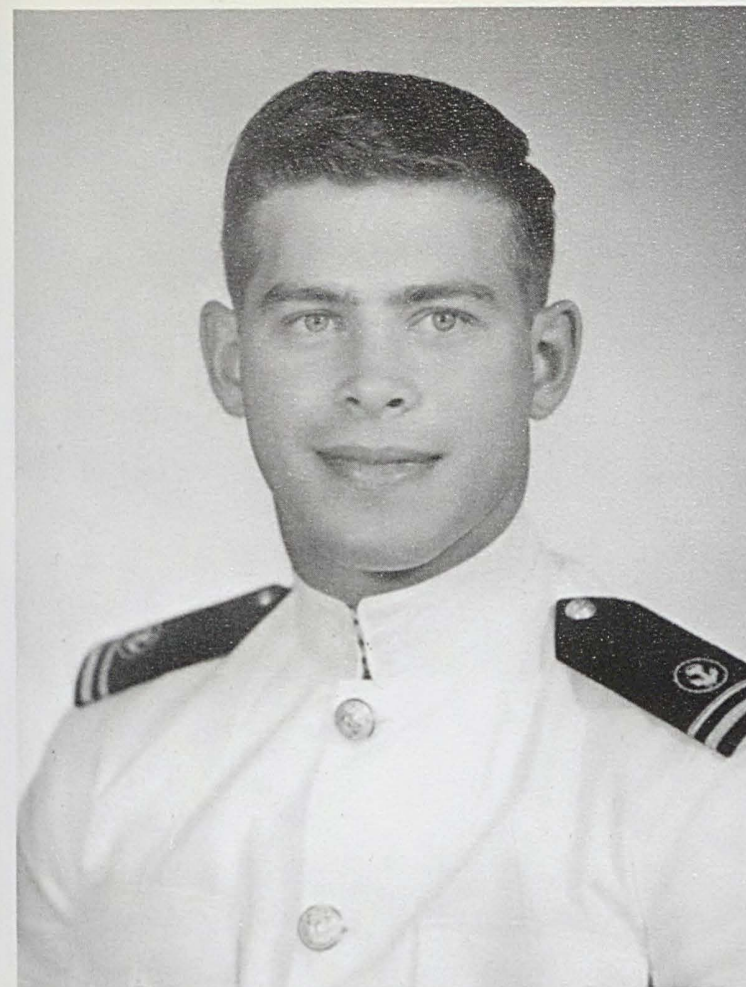
Al built up an enviable record both academically and socially. He "qualified" in the 30-footers, and got his "Ph. D" in Electronic Navigation.

Among Al's many attributes is his intense desire to get ahead. With this drive and ambition, we know that he will be a success in all that he attempts.

Again we wish the best to Al and hope that his home port is sunny and calm.

DAVID ALLEN WOOD  
Stump  
Fryeburg, Maine

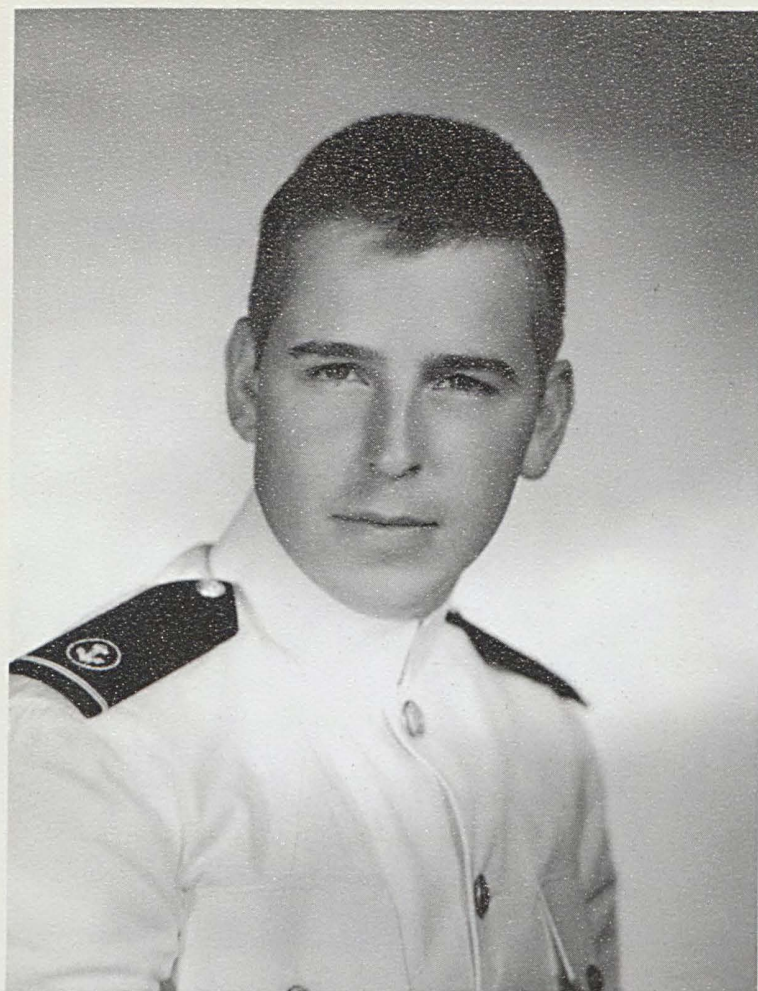
Sports Editor 1967 TRICK'S  
END Staff  
Superintendent's List 3,4  
D-11 Platoon Leader—LT.  
(jg)



An undemonstrative member of the Class of '67, David was anything but in the classroom. Asserting his academic prowess during the first term of the tough junior year, Dave was a regular on the Superintendent's List from then on.

He was a good skier from way back, and many a bull session was built around reports of Dave's escapades, carried out on various weekend jaunts with Linwood; not the least famous of which was David's campaign to make Fryeburg a wet township! Graduation will provide some ship with an A-1 mate in Dave.





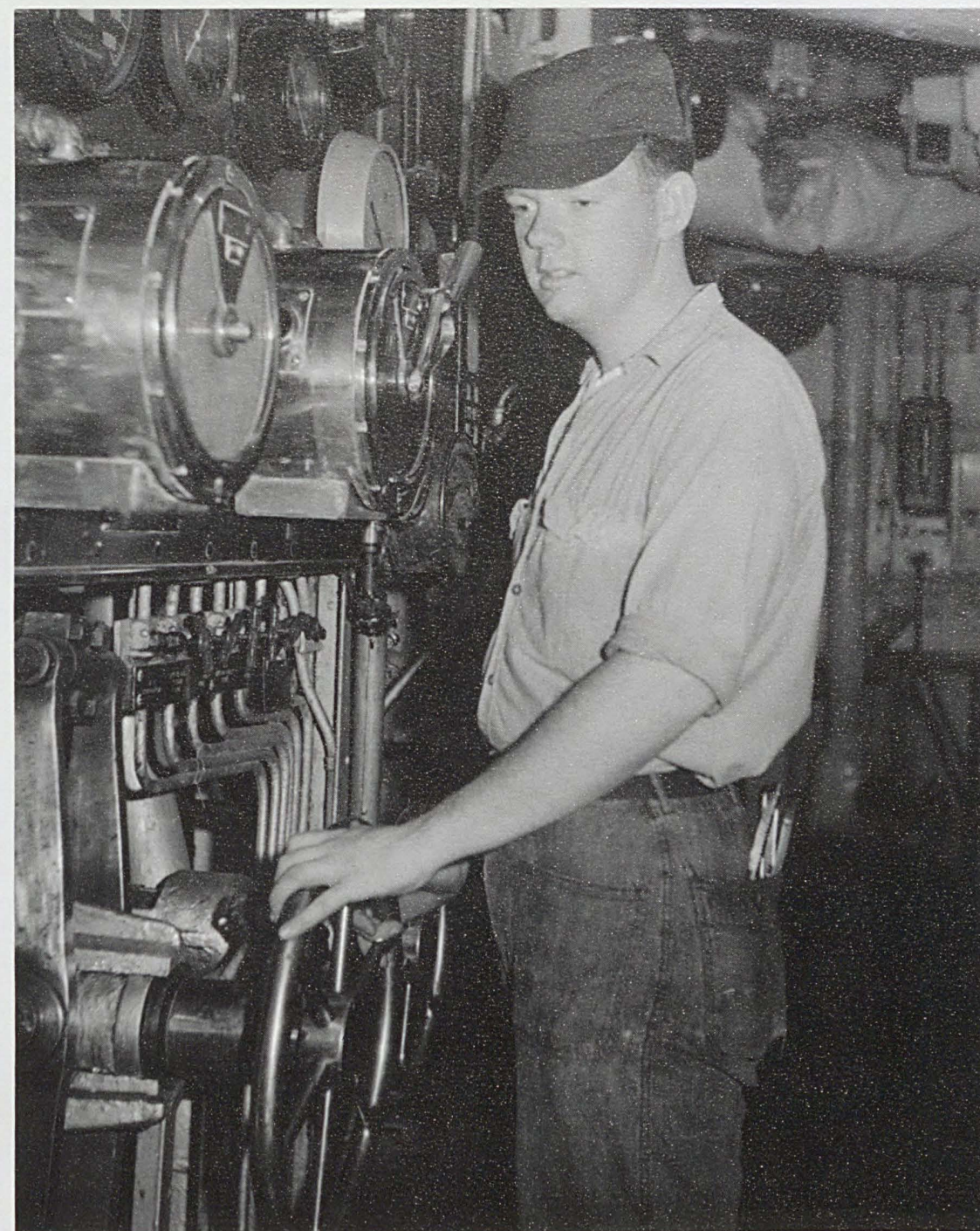
GEORGE THOMAS  
WOODHULL  
Woody  
Cutchogue, Long Island N.Y.

Rowing 1,2  
Yacht Club 3,4  
Propeller Club 2,3,4  
Class Rowing Team 1,2,3  
Captain—Pathfinder 4  
Medical Aid-Chief Petty  
Officer  
Superintendent's List 2,3

“Woody” will always be remembered as the inhabitant of the “Bachelor Pad” on the south side of M.M.A.’s campus. A good student, Tom gained access to the Superintendent’s List on several occasions while at the Academy. But he usually had to throw John and Bill out before being able to get any studying done during study hall.

Tom was a particularly reliable member of the deck watch section on the cruise. While on liberty, if you found Tom, you usually found Mike.

Certainly, if Tom can resist the call of potato farming, he will have a long lucrative career at sea.

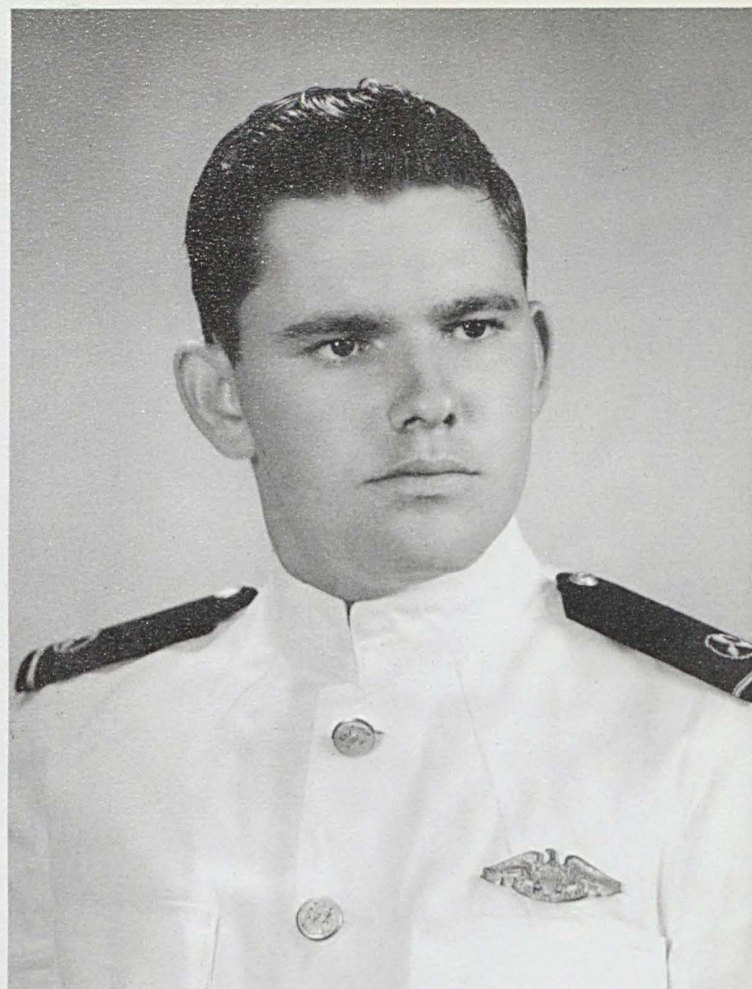


## ENGINEERS



ROBERT WILLIAM  
AHAESY  
Bob Ashley,  
Ashley J. Goodshine  
Portsmouth, Rhode Island

Drill Squad 1,2,3,4  
Rifle Club 2,3  
Assistant Drill Master—1/c  
Petty Officer



Who is that squared away Reservist with the Drill Squad guidon?  
It's Ashley, Mr. Grey Stacker!

Bob was a real happy-go-lucky jasper, who was easy to get along with; except before an inspection! He could sleep all through study hall and "goof" off all the rest of the time, but came exam time, he had the uncanny knack of being the first to leave a final examination but always with one of the highest grades. Even Mr. Brown discovered that, during that murderous set of junior year finals.

Whether Bob sails on a destroyer or a tanker, with the Navy or the Merchant Marine, he will always be a real champ and a true Middie.

MARK POWERS ALFORD  
Alf  
Southampton, New York

Yacht Club 3,4  
Big Brother Committee 4  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
1st Battalion Yeoman—Chief  
Petty Officer



Alf was one of the original "Weekend Warriors." One could find him at the Academy almost any weekend because of the distance from his home. But as anyone would be quick to agree, this ordeal didn't affect Alf a bit.

Possessor of a great imagination and the ability to learn quickly and easily, Alf found study hall no problem.

An agile sailor, Alf was equally at home in the galley or on the deck of the good ship Clio. But for a while we thought he had forgotten the location of the barber shop. He had taken on a resemblance to Harpo Marx.

With a keen wit and a philosophical outlook on life, Alf will adapt well to any future environment.





FREDERICK JOSEPH  
ATKINS  
Fred, Rat  
Salem, Massachusetts

Yacht Club 1,2,3,4  
Projectionist 2,3,4  
Propeller Club 3,4  
Ring Committee 3

Cutting corners was Fred's speciality. Everything from making a few sleazy dollars running the projector, to scurrying down the Castine road on a Thursday.

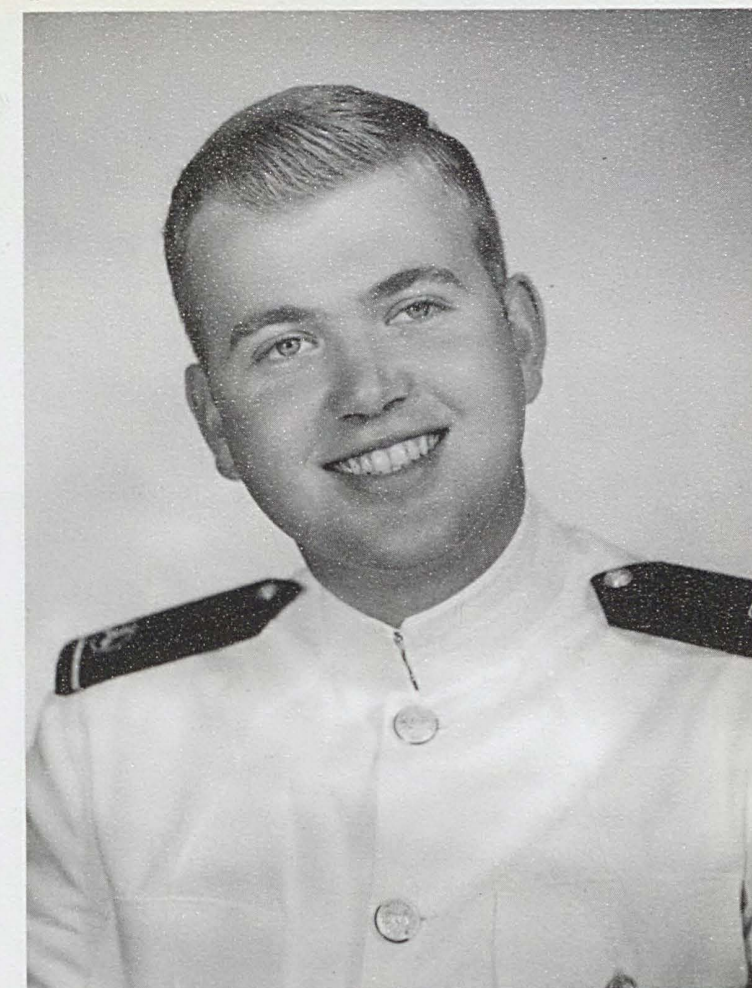
Experimenting with recipies was his favorite pastime until the "Silver Fox" got into the beef stew. Fred kept in superb physical shape during the New York cruise by winning the foredeck sprint. (The Major came in second).

Equally adept at scholastic achievement, Fred could be found spending many a late hour over his books, (with the possible exception of Sunday nights). An excellent sailor, he created many a fond memory for his close friends while cruising and cavorting about the coast of Maine in the Academy's sloop.

We all wish Fred the best and we know he will be a success, due to his shrewd business capabilities.

BRUCE MANNING AYER  
Bru, Cousin Bruce  
Kennebunkport, Maine

Shore Patrol 3,4  
Yacht Club 3,4  
Gun Club 4  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Color Guard 3,4  
Master-at-Arms—1/c Petty  
Officer



One of the most colorful and jovial characters in our class, Bruce was tall and very level headed and an excellent leader as shown when the Mess Deck came under his and Rod's direction. We will all miss his friendly smile and quick wit.

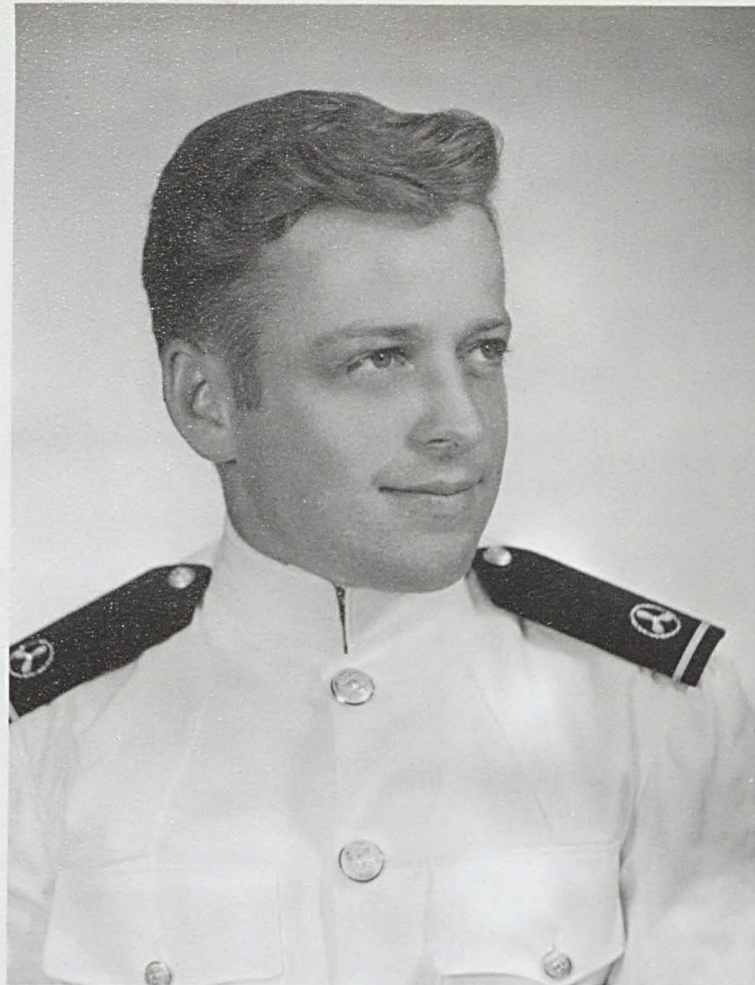
Although his study habits put him at the head of his class, there was no one, who, when the weekend arrived, was more ready for the bright lights and the big city. Some of the most notorious parties that have been thrown in southern Maine were Cousin Bruce's, thrown along with his cohort "Granny".

Wherever Bruce may sail, he is sure to be an asset to his ship with his expert engineering skills and his fine sense of humor.



IRVING F. BANKS  
Bud  
Newcastle, Maine

Ring Dance Committee 3  
B Company 1/c Petty Officer



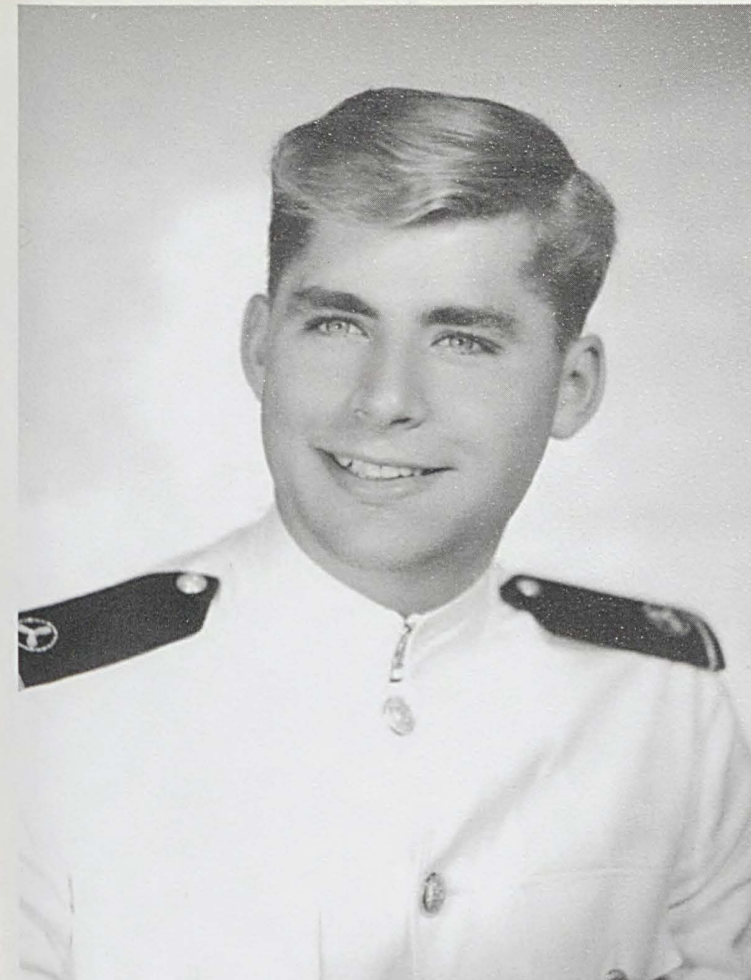
Bud, was one of the "hicks from the sticks" our freshman year, enrolling from the booming metropolis of South Jefferson. Standing all of 5'3" tall and sporting red hair with side burns, Bud served a long apprenticeship in the Rec. Deck of Leavitt Hall, learning ins and outs of the laundry business.

But make no mistakes, Bud is one of those who knows where the action is. As he goes through life he will make many lasting friendships and continue the success he had during his stay at the Academy.

The Academy can boast one of its best engineers in Bud.

STEPHEN R. BARBARA  
Steve, The Pussycat  
Cambria Heights,  
Long Island, New York

Rowing Team 1,2  
Ring Committee 3  
Yearbook Staff 3



"What's new Pussycat?"

When we hear that we know the youngest member of our class is around and about. Steve is a typical New Yorker who decided to come up to Maine to learn a sea-going profession. We'll see him someday, no doubt, on the East River with his own fleet of tugs.

We didn't really get to know him until our sophomore year, perhaps because of our two "mug" cruises. But now he is a well known member of the class, always to be remembered for his affinity towards Spanish, "Horse's" course, weekends with the "Stagecoach"; and a passionate dislike for sloppy roommates, 2.4 grades, final exams, and extra duty.

Steve will do well at sea, we know, and the Class of '67 wishes him God speed.



WILBUR C. BELL III  
Bill  
South Portland, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Ring Dance Committee 3



We had one of the most creative midshipmen ever to graduate from M.M.A. in "Bill." That is, when it came to ideas for obtaining special liberty. It sometimes seemed that his only other thought was for "cutting Z's" and somehow he always got his fair share of sleep.

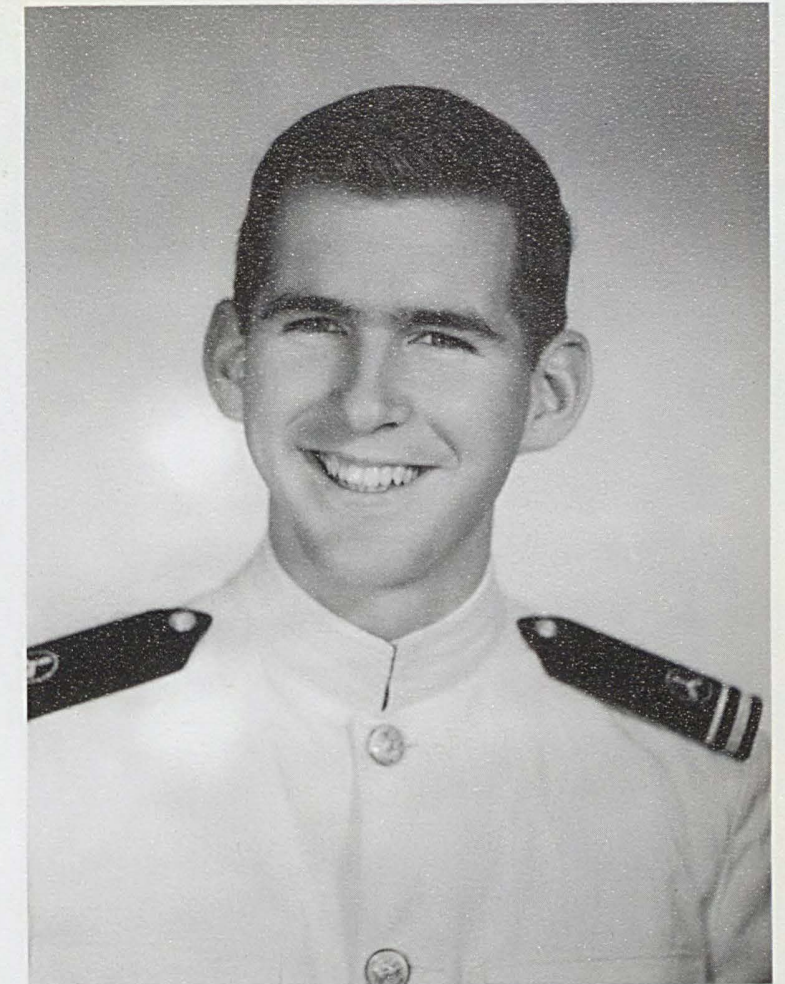
When weekends "happened" you would find Bill heading south, to Portland. Under what motive, though, it's hard to say; but according to Wilbur there were quite a few "shapely reasons."

When he bought a car his troubles only just started; he was such a good driver that within the space of three months he was involved in only three accidents, none, of course were any fault of Bill's. Maybe this is why he didn't go deck!

But as Bill has been a good friend, classmate and companion certainly he will be an excellent engineer.

GEORGE LOTHROP  
BRADLEY JR.  
Boots, The Big Fisherman  
Warwick, Rhode Island

Superintendent's List 1  
Basketball 1  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
A-1 Platoon Leader—LT.  
(jg)  
Senior Class President



If ever there was a person to be looked up to in the Class of '67, it was Jeff; for he stands just over a fathom tall, in fact six inches over (in more ways than one, as anyone will be quick to agree). He was often reminded of this fact by low overheads and the inevitable inquiries pertaining to the prevailing weather "up there."

Jeff came to our Academy a fisherman and leaves an engineer, well prepared to meet the low overheads of the Merchant Marine with a grin on his face and a wrench in his hand. We are sure he will go a long way in his chosen profession, if he manages to limit his love of wine, women and song.



CHARLES L. BROWN JR.  
Charlie  
Brunswick, Maine

D—Company 1/c Petty  
Officer  
Regimental Mess Officer—LT.  
Propeller Club 2,3,4  
Intramural Sports 1,2,3



As Charlie's position indicates, he was among those in our class who accepted responsibility, and did an outstanding job. He could be termed a "middle of the roader."

If you deserved a reprimand, you were sure to get it; but you also received praise for a job well done.

Charlie was extremely active in intramural sports and the spectator soon discovered who was playing, and usually winning.

"Charlie Brown" also lived up to his name. Many fond memories will go not only with Charlie, but also with those who shared his many "liberty experiences." He usually could be found supporting the "Rusting Cabin" when in his home port.

Wherever Charlie goes he will be known for his good nature, friendly smile and happy-go-lucky attitude toward life. From the Class of 1967, the most sincere wishes for a happy and successful future.

JOHN M. CASAVOLA  
Mike, Pizano  
South Windham, Maine

Cross Country 1,2,3,4  
Ring Dance Committee 3  
A—Company—1/c Petty  
Officer



Mike, a true engineer, could often be seen walking across the dock area in a pair of "salty" dungarees, the shirt cut off just below the elbow. His gaze was 180 degrees from the stack on the Steam Lab. I wonder why?

True perseverance and determination was displayed by him. This could be seen by his participation on the Cross Country team, helping to create and maintain the fine reputation and record they now enjoy.

His leadership qualities were put to test when he was appointed as A—1 Platoon 1/c Petty Officer. This was no strain on Mike as he came through in good order as may be seen from the appearance of "His Boys."

Hunting season; large rifle, small pistol being carried through the woods by a short man. Look out, deer.

Good luck Mike; we're sure you'll make a fine chief some day.





RONALD ALAN COCHRAN  
Ron, Spud  
Caribou, Maine

Basketball 1,2  
Baseball 3  
M Club 3,4

"Hold it right there!" These four words spelled trouble in the form of a two hundred and five pound red-headed "Spud." If ever anyone wanted to know about the inner workings of a potato farm, one need only ask Caribou's greatest and foremost farmer. During the last four years we all have heard quite a lot about the intricacies of potato farming, and few of us will ever forget "Spud."

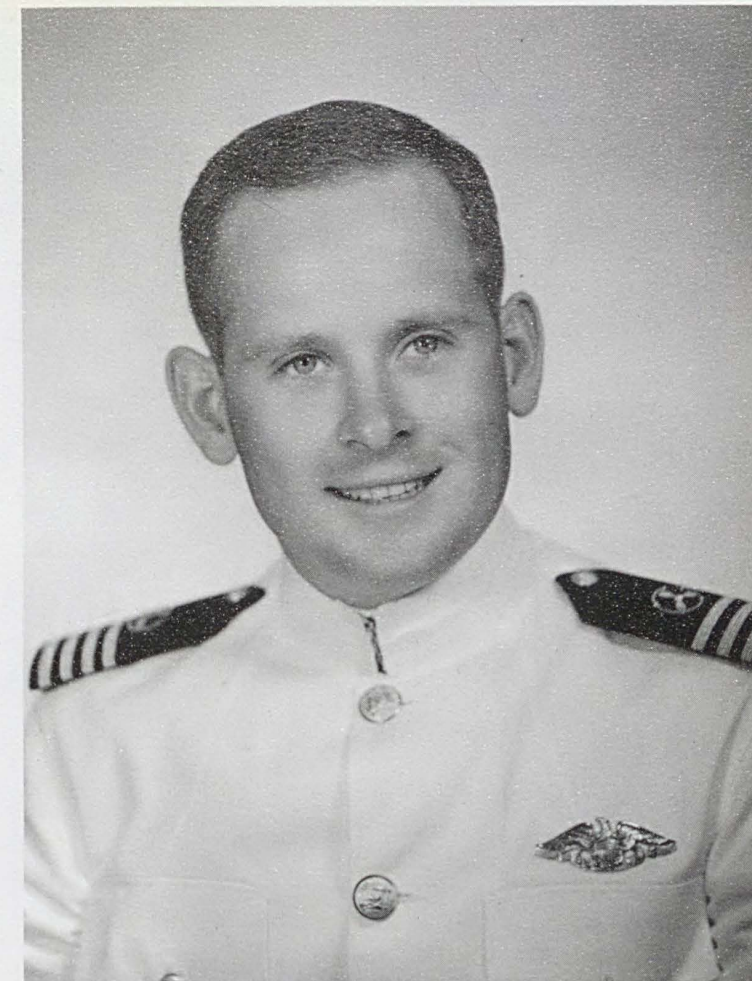
When it came to matters concerning work or fun he could be counted on to do his share, and his natural ability in the field of engineering could be matched by few.

After three years of single bliss, (freedom), we understand that Ron has developed an interest in the medical profession and is being tutored by a very attractive R.N.

We are certain that Ron will enjoy smooth sailing throughout his career.

RICHARD CYRIL  
CONDON  
Dick  
Framingham, Massachusetts

Band 1,2  
Rowing 1,2,3  
Class President 2,3  
C—Company 1/c Petty  
Officer  
Activities Council 3  
Regimental Commander—  
Captain  
Superintendent's List 1,2,3,4



After attending various institutions of higher learning, Dick set his sights on a position as Regimental Commander at Maine Maritime Academy, and a career following the sea.

Dick was a leader, organizer, and a helpful friend during his two terms as class President; but he could always enjoy himself to the hilt, even in a foreign port like Madeira.

The Navy will be receiving a fine officer when Dick graduates.

May four stripes come quickly, Dick, in an outstanding Naval career.



JAMES EDWARD  
COUGHLIN  
Bag  
North Weymouth,  
Massachusetts

Varsity Rowing 2,3  
Propeller Club 1,2,3,4  
Shore Patrol 4  
Master at Arms—1/c P.O.  
Intramural Softball 1,2,3,4  
(Capt. 4)  
M—Club 3,4



Jim was definitely “one of the boys” during his four years at the Academy. Inspections, room or personal, were strictly taboo. How Jim kept his shirt clean was an unsolved mystery!

His Green Bomb, (to the layman-Land Rover) was known by all. Who could ever forget those rides to and from Boston with literally, “cases stacked for reserve.”

“What do you mean it’s uncomfortable back there? Wait an hour and you won’t know the difference.” These words were heard by many and spoken by the driver, Jim.

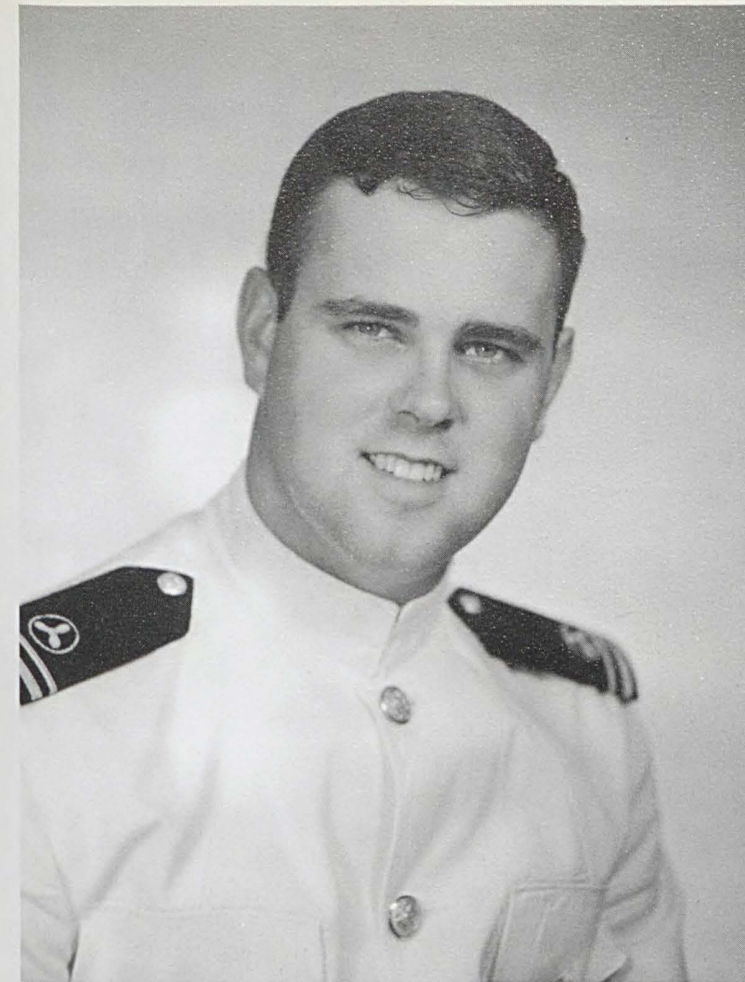
Jim turned out to be a valuable asset to our class. His senior year he became a 1/c Petty Officer and proved himself deserving of the responsibility. He participated in many extra-curricular activities and helped bring recognition to the Academy as a member of that tremendous rowing team.

Jim was an especially competent engineer and proved himself proficient in practical application.

Best of luck to a great guy who, without a doubt, will be a big asset to our merchant marine.

EDWARD L. CURRAN JR.  
Ed; Eddie  
Bangor, Maine

Football 1,2,3  
M Club 3,4  
A—Company 1/c Petty  
Officer  
B—Company Platoon  
Leader—LT. (jg)  
Safety Council 3,4



One of the long line of Bangor boys, and a fine quarterback, Ed decided on a nautical career to be launched at Castine. A quiet type, but don’t expect to beat him at cribbage.

Seemingly a permanent resident on the boat deck, Ed was forever worrying about a diesels makeup, and usually his worrying wasn’t without good cause, right Mr. Brown?

Never a lover of duty weekends, he was forever trying to shuffle the duty rotation. “See Spike.” was the word. We just wonder how many weekends he really did stand duty.

Best of luck be with you upon graduation, Ed; may all your troubles be small ones.





WILLIAM L. DAISEY  
Lambie  
Millinocket, Maine

Football 1,2  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4

Lambie, it was said, was the first Middie to have yet to discover girls. A Millinocket paper maker to most of us, Bill was an excellent operating technician, knowing his material inside out. Bill had a great love for football, but most of all he loved his rack more! The only Middie (with strong competition) that spent 16 hours per day in the rack for a solid month to attain a new record.

Bill was an avid fisherman, but also known to worship the porcelain goddess upon occasion at his camp up north of his beloved Millinocket. When he's not hunting, fishing or doing most anything with Mel, he is usually working on his car, which required constant attention.

Never to be forgotten for providing us with many a laugh, everyone wishes Bill the best of good fortune to come.

DEAN LINWOOD DAVIS  
Dino  
Methuen, Massachusetts

Band 1,2,3,4



In Dean's first two years at the Academy, he acquired the habit of contracting that dreaded disease, "Spring Fever." As a result he was able to enjoy many fine spring days in Castine. However, as was usually the case with Dean, he put his "spare" time to good use and learned much about engines, car and marine, during those long weekends. The long hours of work and study earned him the title of "Mechanical Wizard" about our campus.

Driving the "Red Hornet" on a prayer and a shoestring, Dean was able (some say miraculously) to set many of the time honored Middie records. A tribute to his great popularity at the Academy was the fact that he never headed south towards Berwick with less than a full car.

With Dean's drive to gain a better understanding and his "make it run better" initiative, he will be a top notch engineer.



DANIEL WARREN  
DAYTON  
Dewey, Danny, Thermo  
Newtown, Connecticut

Ring Dance Committee 3  
Yacht Club 3,4  
Propeller Club 3,4



It didn't take long for Dewey to be singled out as a different breed of cat. His rare and warm personality carried us through many a dark day at M.M.A. In and out of the classroom he was always a certainty to produce a few laughs with his "thought for the day."

When it came to studying, he was extremely conscientious, but when the weekend rolled around, he was Bangor bound. Exchange Street was his province and his game was "wild mouse."

We all agree that Dewey will be triumphant at anything he attempts, due to his special ability to leave a lasting favorable impression. We will all look forward to meeting Dewey sometime in the future and reminiscing over a "couple of frosty ones."

DANIEL E. DENMAN  
Arbuckle  
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

1/c Vice President  
Propeller Club 2,3,4  
Shore Patrol 4  
Superintendent's List 1  
Helm Staff 1  
D Company 1/c Petty Officer  
Barber 2,3,4  
(Head Barber 4)



You could always hear Dan saying "study hard and learn things." A product of Dean Academy, Dan will always be remembered for having a way with words.

If there was a smoker in the air, or a combo getting together for a jazz session, Dan could be counted on to contribute vocally or proficiently with various musical instruments; to say nothing of his "verbatim" knowledge of innumerable ballads.

A charter member, if not founder, of "Death Row," Arbuckle was an easy going, fun loving type usually found on a weekend with Check and other upperclassmen, making the wet run south in a semi-enclosed Jeep.

Best of luck to a solid reliable friend.





JIMMY W. DEVITT  
Jim  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Chief Petty Officer  
Machinist's Mate  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Standby Engineer Fraternity 3,4

After having close association with Jim, one would be certain that he was one of the finest operating engineers in our class. Disliking the daily routine of the classroom, he was a source of practical information that was to be trusted.

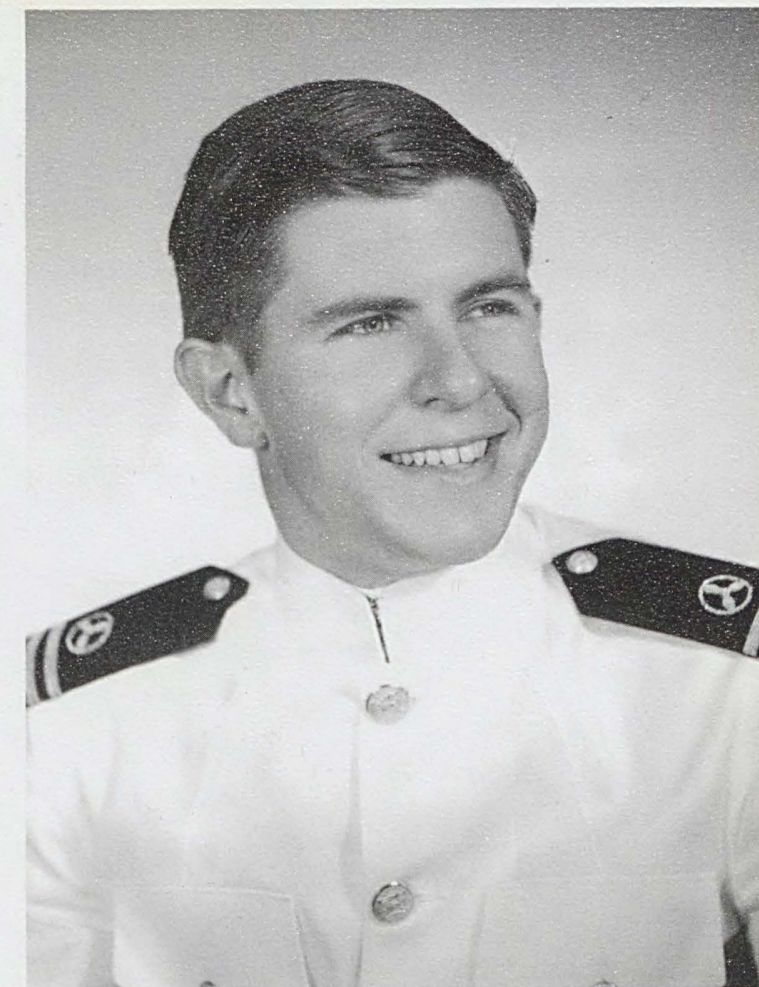
Jim came quite a distance in search of a nautical education, and as a result, he rarely was able to visit his Pennsylvania home. However, this didn't hold him back at all, judging from the stories that filtered back to Castine, describing his escapades in Portland and elsewhere.

His senior year at the academy, Jim was chosen to fill the exhausting job of Chief Petty Officer on the training vessel, being largely responsible for the proper operation of much of the machinery aboard. That the choice was an excellent one, was proven time and time again, as he and Seth were awakened at two in the morning to check the steam lab; and never a complaint was registered.

We are all assured that Jim will make a solid chief engineer in the not too distant future. Good luck to a fine friend.

DONALD R. DOORNBOS  
Dutch, Bos'n  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Rowing Team 1,2  
Yacht Club 1,2,3,4  
T-2 Club 2  
Regimental Master at Arms-  
LT.



Although he enrolled at Maine Maritime Academy from the hallowed halls of Admiral Farragut Academy, we're not sure where "Dutch" really comes from. But to be sure he made M.M.A. his home from the very start. Preferring proficiency in the tough competitive engineering curriculum to Academy social life, he kept his room off limits to all personnel except, perhaps, those searching for some obscure piece of information on ballistics, calibers, or weaponry in general.

But come the weekends, though, Don could be found close by the Sail Inn. Indeed, who could forget all those popularity awards won by the omninefficient extra duty system?

Good luck, Don, at sea.



ROBERT J. ECKERT  
East Orange, New Jersey  
Bobby, Eckert J. Eckert, Eck

Drill Squad 1,2,3,4  
Yacht Club 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club 2,3,4



Bob enrolled at the Academy after some time at Pennsylvania State College. His first impression was, "This place isn't for real," and it took Bob three months to realize that the rates were serious about spit shined shoes, shined brass and two blocked ties.

Bob is noted for his exceptional talents with a triangle and T-square. However even he had some trouble in passing the "Horse's" drawing tests.

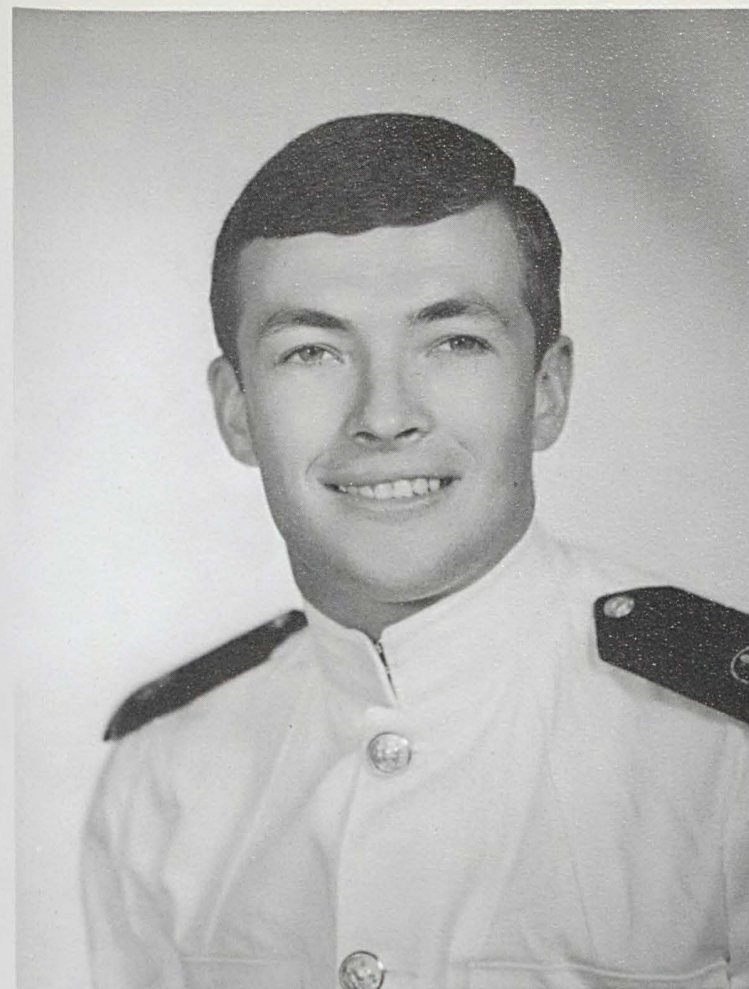
Bob is also famous for his sailing capabilities, being Skipper of the "Diana" during one of the Blue Hill Races, and bringing the Tinkens Dam Cup to the Academy.

All consideration, Bob is one of the most popular members of our class, always having time to say hello to everyone and showing an interest in everything that's happening on or off campus.

Best of luck to you, Bob, in the future.

THOMAS ELDREDGE  
Tom  
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Intramurals, 1,2,3,4  
Class Rowing Team 1,2,3,4  
Varsity Rowing Team 2,3



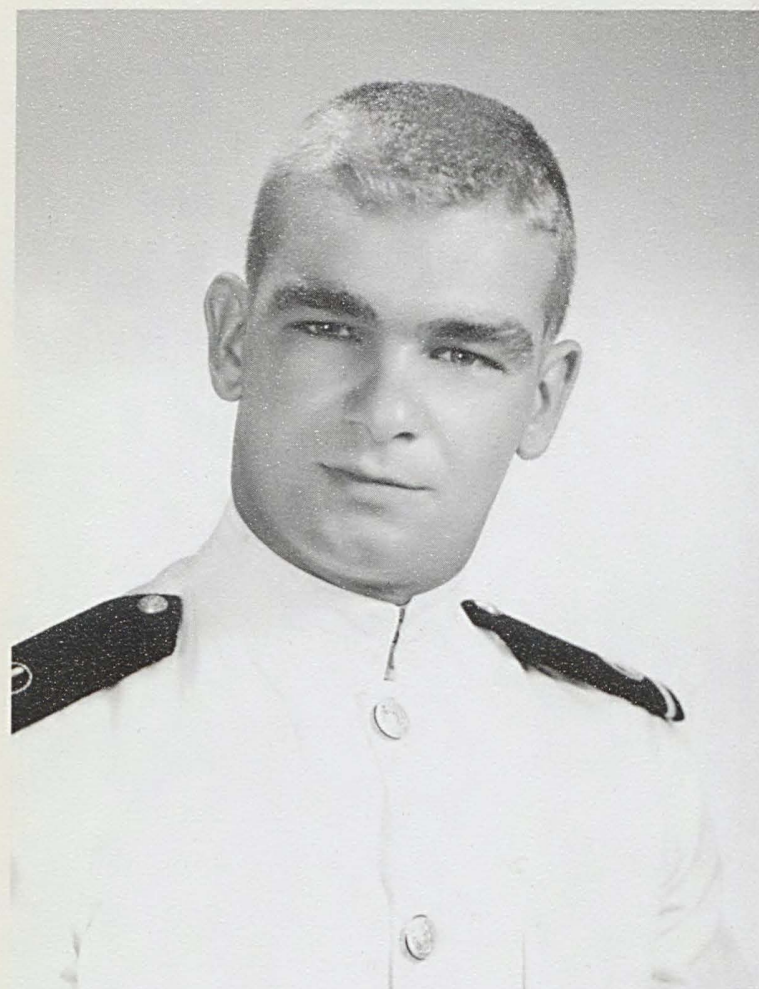
Tom, ever since his freshman year, has been one of the less obtrusive members of our Class. He had a very practical motto which was his daily byline; "Acta Non Verba."

If you sought Tom during homecoming festivities you simply looked for our class team at the annual rowing race; there would be Tom and the rest in the winners circle, as usual.

Tom showed a hard and determined drive while handling an oar, but his enthusiasm tapered off somewhat when it came to the books. He was often found reaping the knowledge of the past semester's work, well into the wee hours of the morning during exam week.

Tom's cool head and knowledge of engineering will make him a valued asset to any ship afloat.





FREDRICK BURBANK  
ENGERT III  
Buster, Tuna  
Wiscasset, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Shore Patrol 4

Buster, one of the friendliest men in the class, could always be found where the fun was being had, either sitting at a poker game or at a "crazy" night in Bangor. After taking a leave of absence (although not his idea) he came into our class with many fables of M.S.T.S. and the frauleins of Germany. Many times he would come back from liberty and holler down the Prom deck, "look out, here comes Grumpy," then his roommates would come in feet first, as likely as not.

He had a knack of making even the dullest experience sound like a big adventure. One of Rod's tunas (so Rod thought), a whiz on the pin ball machines, an excellent athlete and, most important, a very capable engineer, as has been proven many times over.

FRANK N. FAMULARI  
Frank  
Hyde Park, Massachusetts

Assistant Drill Master-Chief  
Petty Officer  
Drill Squad 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club 2,3,4  
Yacht Club 2,3,4



Frank is a native of the Boston suburb of Hyde Park, thoughts of which he apparently can't erase from his mind. For by the expiration of liberty on a Sunday night, Frank was already looking for another ride south on the "liberty train."

Frank was an avid competitor on the M.M.A. inter-collegiate pinball team. Each morning prior to Drill Squad practice, Frank could be seen hammering at the back door of "MA's" trying to rouse Dave to get that precious, life giving first cup of coffee, and get in a few pre-game warmups on the pinball machine.

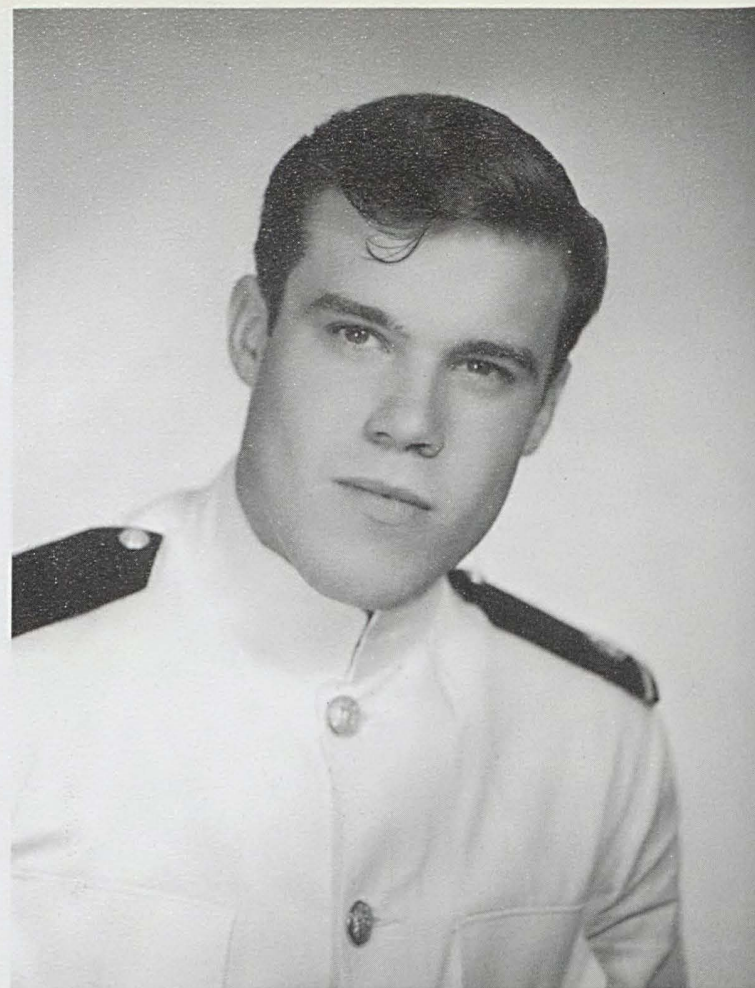
Studying was never easy for Frank, and he had to put in many long, tedious hours with the books. But the time was well spent, as Frank's grades will testify. Possibly, studying would have come easier to Frank if not for the \$32 "billboard" covering half of his desk!

The best of luck to a fine classmate, and the smoothest of future cruises to you.



SETH C. FENNER  
Fender-Bender  
Camden, Maine

Rowing Team 1,2  
Electrician's Mate—Chief  
Petty Officer  
Yacht Club 1,2,3,4



Seth, truly a Middie at heart, always had a pleasant way of saying "Hello" to everyone. It may have been just a smile or a simple friendly gesture, but it was expected and welcome.

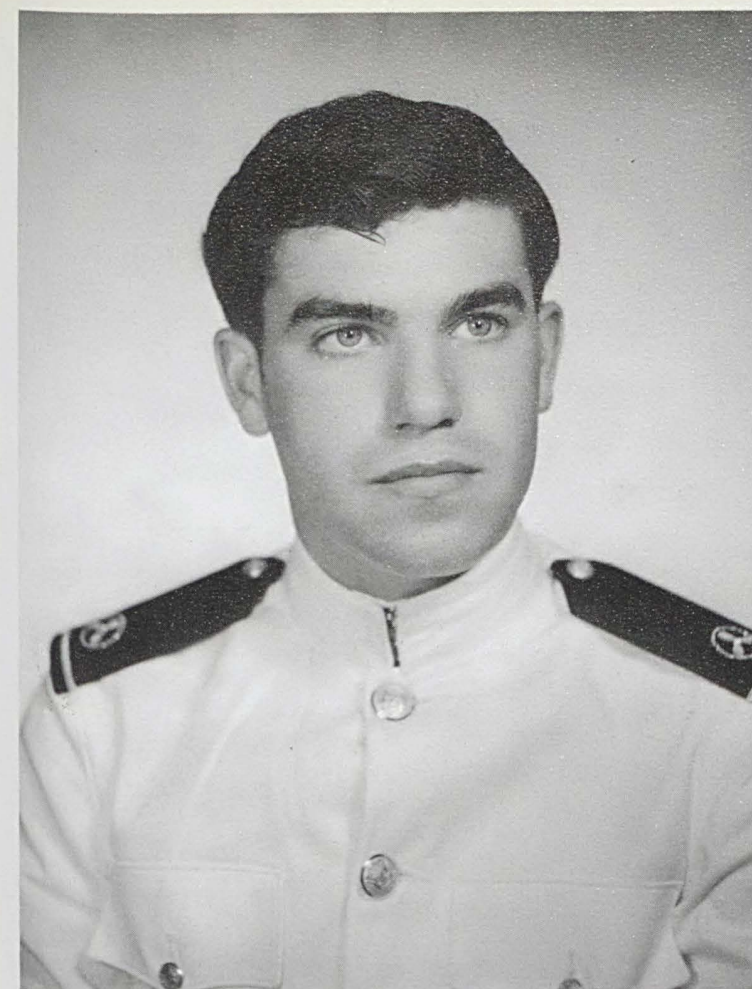
He had a very colorful way of leaving part of himself wherever he made his home; Isn't that right? . . . . "Seth-Baby"

Seth's first love was sailing, and he spent a great deal of time wishing he were on the *Diana* instead of studying. Indeed, many of the Yacht Club members will remember him for his skillful handling of small boats of any description, to say nothing of his ability to start any engine.

Life is full of rough seas, Seth, and we wish you the best of luck in weathering any storm.

MELVIN GEORGE  
FERGUSON  
Ferg  
Millinocket, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Basketball 1,2

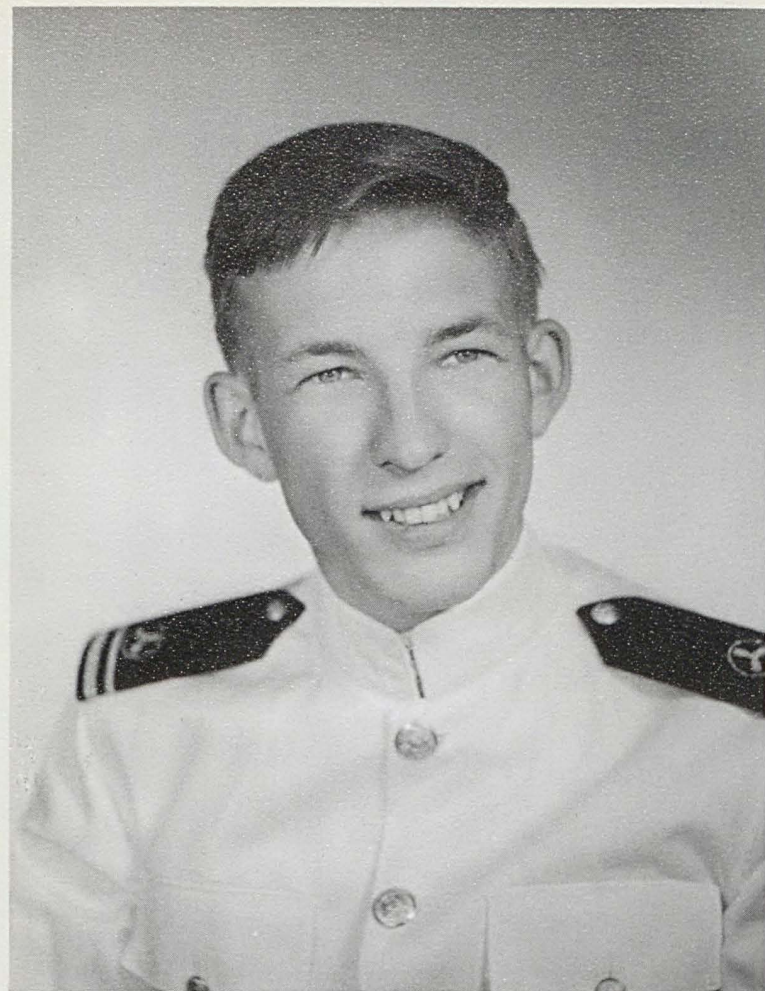


One of the most amiable members of our class, Ferg always seemed to be smiling and quiet except when he was with one of the rates. The only person who could talk for hours about Corvettes, he almost went grey waiting for his to come. Under the right circumstances, he could always come across with the word for the week or a big string.

Ferg was one of the junior members of Cargo's "Illya Club." His easy going nature helped keep him out of trouble during four years at M.M.A., although there were a number of close calls.

An excellent basketball player and a top notch engineer, Ferg will be a credit to any company and ship in the fleet.





ALBERT GRAY III  
Terry, Buffy  
Stow, Massachusetts

Safety Council 3,4  
B—Company 1/c Petty  
Officer  
Plans and Training Officer  
Lt. (jg)

Terry came to the Academy from Stow, Massachusetts, but he was no stranger to the State of Maine, having spent many of his summers here. Terry quickly realized that the Academy needed his leadership and joined the hallowed ranks of the yeomen. By his junior year he had attained the position of Battalion Yeoman. Many a night you were turned away from Terry's door by the seemingly ever present "Do Not Disturb" which hung there. It was said that Terry sat inside typing out specials for himself.

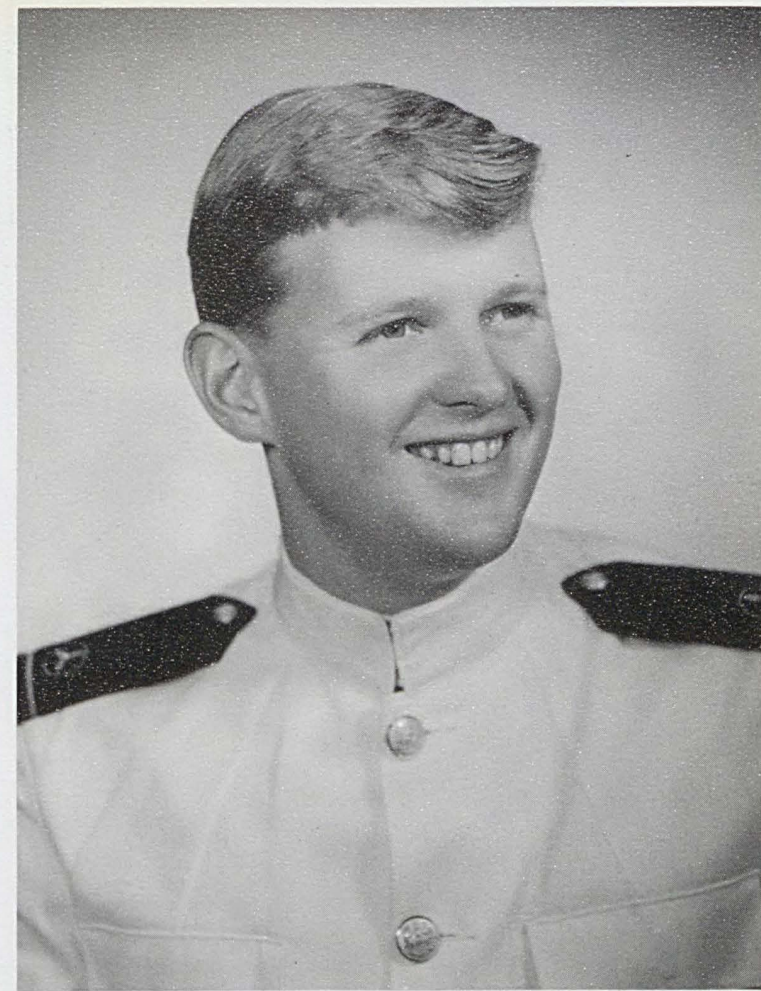
Nevertheless, we appreciated the complex problems "Buffy" had to deal with and we must praise him for handling watch bills and duty lists with efficiency and fairness.

Our senior year was filled with many surprises and changes, so the post of Plans and Training was created (created by whom is still an unanswered question!). But with typical administrative ability, he did the job.

Buffy could be counted on in a tight spot and for this the class will always be grateful. May success and happiness garnish your path through life.

LAWRENCE A. HANSEN  
Larry, Lar  
Milton, Massachusetts

Rowing 2  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club 3,4  
Shore Patrol 4



The only Midshipman ever to own a life-size Llama—for a short period of time! He will always be remembered for his jovial expressions and gestures.

Always to be found where the music was loud and the "Spirits" were flowing, Larry could be counted on to lead the way to good times on weekends. "Swede's" singing ability gained him great fame, from Valparaiso to Ellsworth.

At Homecoming or Ring Dance, Lar could be depended on to have either the prettiest or most exceptional date.

No slouch when it came to the books, Larry was always right at the top of the class in the engineering curriculum.

A fine engineer and athlete, whose ability with an oar will long be remembered, we wish Larry all the luck in the world in making Chief.



STEPHEN HARRIMAN  
Harry  
Belfast, Maine

Assistant Mess Officer 1/c  
Petty Officer  
Assistant Master-at-Arms  
Chief Petty Officer



Certainly, any of the Class of '67 would stand in amazement if the question was asked, "Do you remember Steve Harriman?" How could anyone ever forget this almost unbelievable character. There have been many enjoyable mealtime conversations on such topics as: How did you like Valparaiso, Chile? What do you plan to do in the future? What do you think of Belfast, Maine?

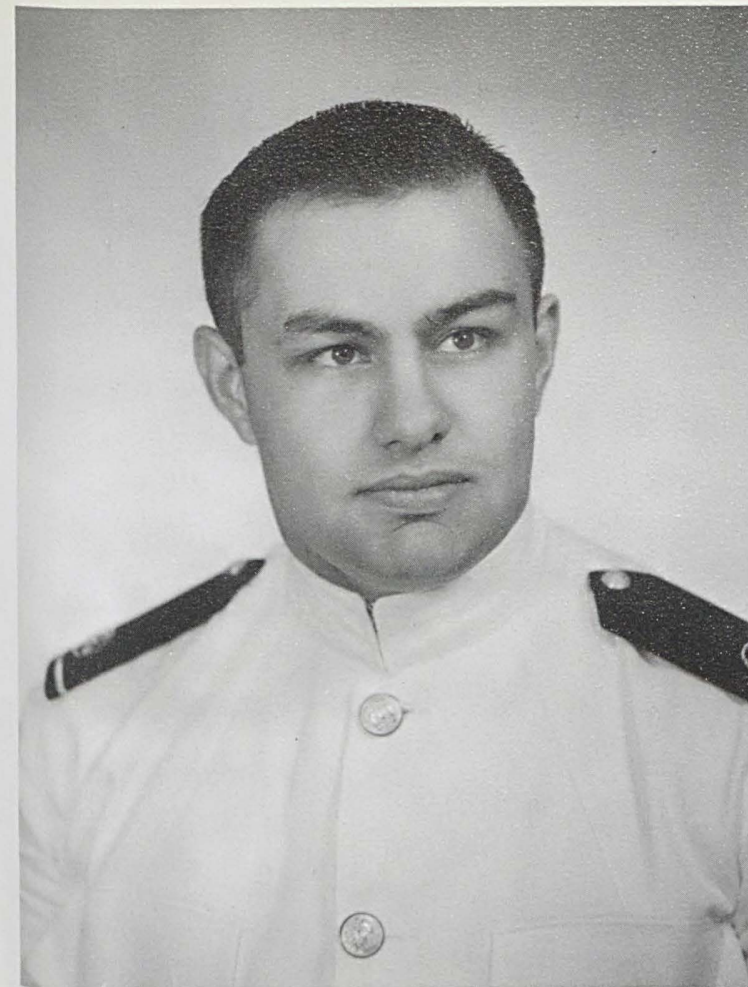
Steve truly enjoyed work and "Laying in to" the members of the freshman, sophomore, and junior classes, while holding the position of Assistant Master-at-Arms.

Who else in the class could enjoy the distinction of being in Spain, Portugal, Chile, Peru, and Panama, and only going ashore to take off the rubbish barrels? Almost as bad as Dave W.!

The entire class wishes you the best in the future, "shipping out for as long as possible, then retiring to raise chickens and beans."

FREDERICK J. HARRIS  
Fred, Nana  
Hopkinton, Massachusetts

Football 1,2,3  
Ring Dance Committee  
Class Party 3  
Master at Arms—1/c Petty  
Officer



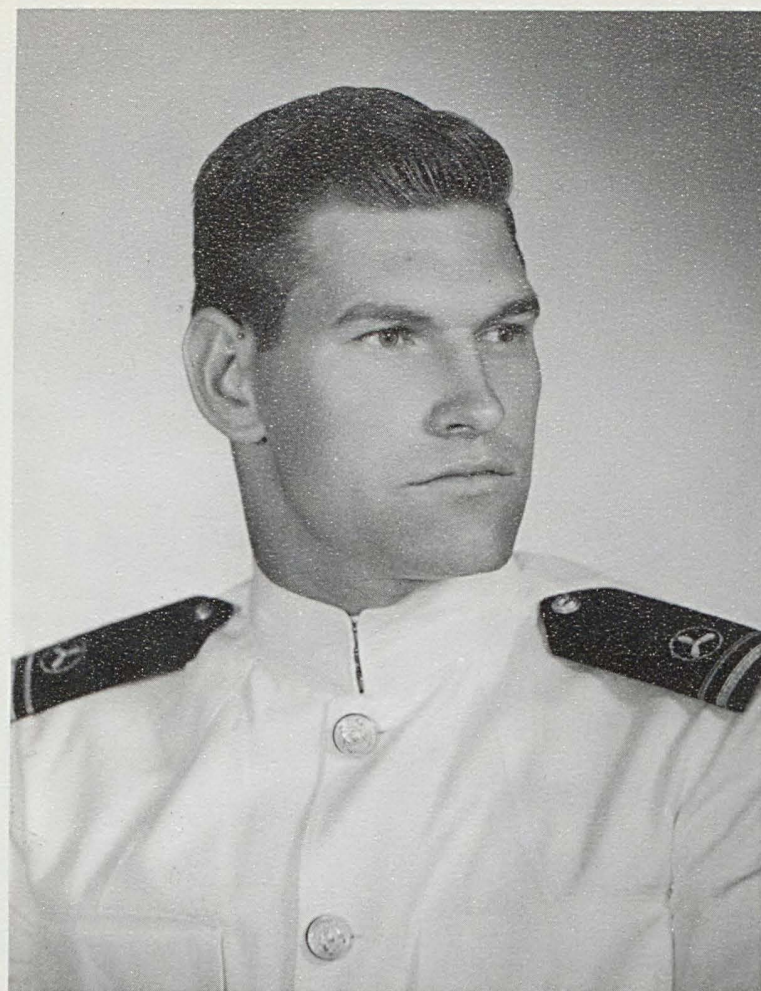
Fred, one of the most underestimated members of the Class of 1967, was constantly in the top quarter of the class, academically. Fred's parents are no doubt, very proud, Fred being the elder of two brothers at the Academy; both were vital spark plugs of the Academy football team.

At first glance, Fred's world seemed to center around the football field, but it was soon discovered that he had an uncanny mechanical ability, both theoretically and practically.

We understand that upon graduation Fred will be marching down the aisle.

May the best of everything be yours in the future.





JOSEPH HARRIS JR.  
Joe, Portsmouth, Carrot  
Bailey's Island, Maine

Football 1,2,3  
Rowing 2  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
C-1 Platoon Leader—Lt.  
(jg)  
M Club 3,4

Joe is one of the old men in the Class of '67. Since he was very unobtrusive during his freshman year, no one ever bothered him until one night on our freshman cruise he was caught in the act of eating the Captain's night lunch. This was the start of Joe's troubles, but from that night on, Joe always seemed to have at least one good friend in the upper classes.

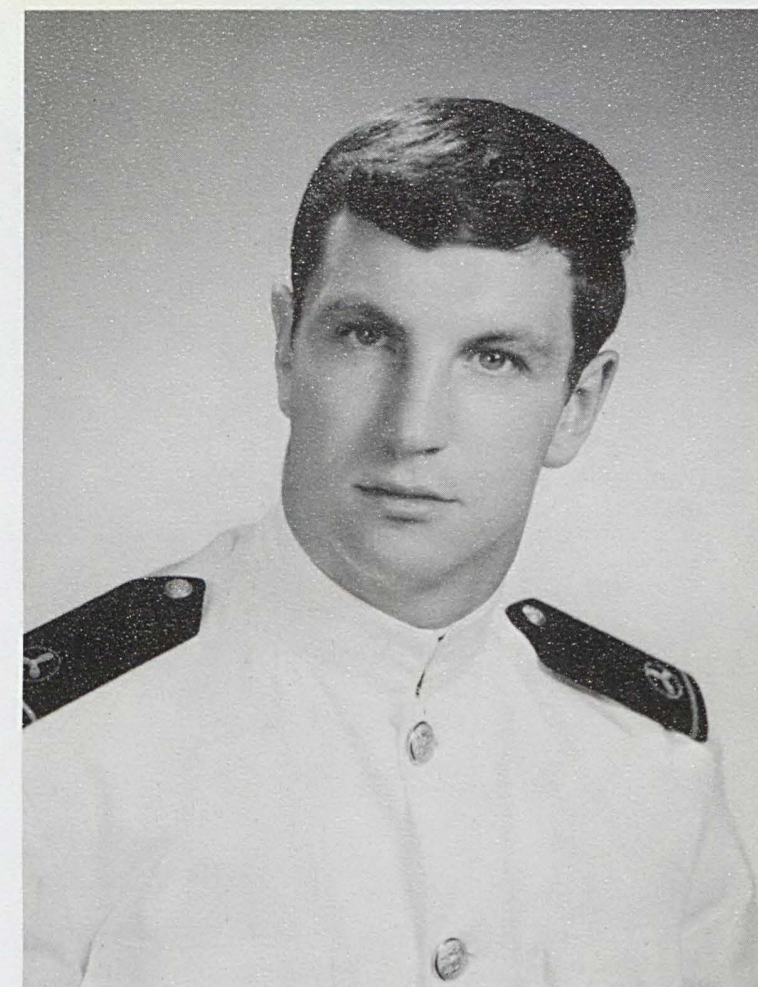
During our sophomore cruise, Joe became very fond of the song "Sugar Lips" and acquired this as a nickname. After the cruise, Joe became quite interested in girls (strangely enough!), and spent more time writing to them and talking to them than he did studying Spanish, his favorite subject.

All kidding aside, Joe was one of the nicest guys in our class. He was always ready with a helping hand when asked. He played three years of varsity football and no matter how much he complained of his performance after the games, we all thought he did a terrific job.

Best of luck and may happiness be yours in the coming years.

PETER M. HUNTER  
Pete  
Fairfield, Maine

Football 1,2,3,4: (Captain 4)  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Color Guard 4  
"M" Club 3,4:(President 4)



Pete might well be called the "Mr. Popular" of the Class of '67; Pete was everybody's favorite grid captain and during the season he lived only to play football. He always added color to the game, as well as a key effort to victory.

In the off-season, weekends would find him somewhere around the Waterville area. Pete was a great party man and has been known to travel as far as Popham Beach in search of a good time.

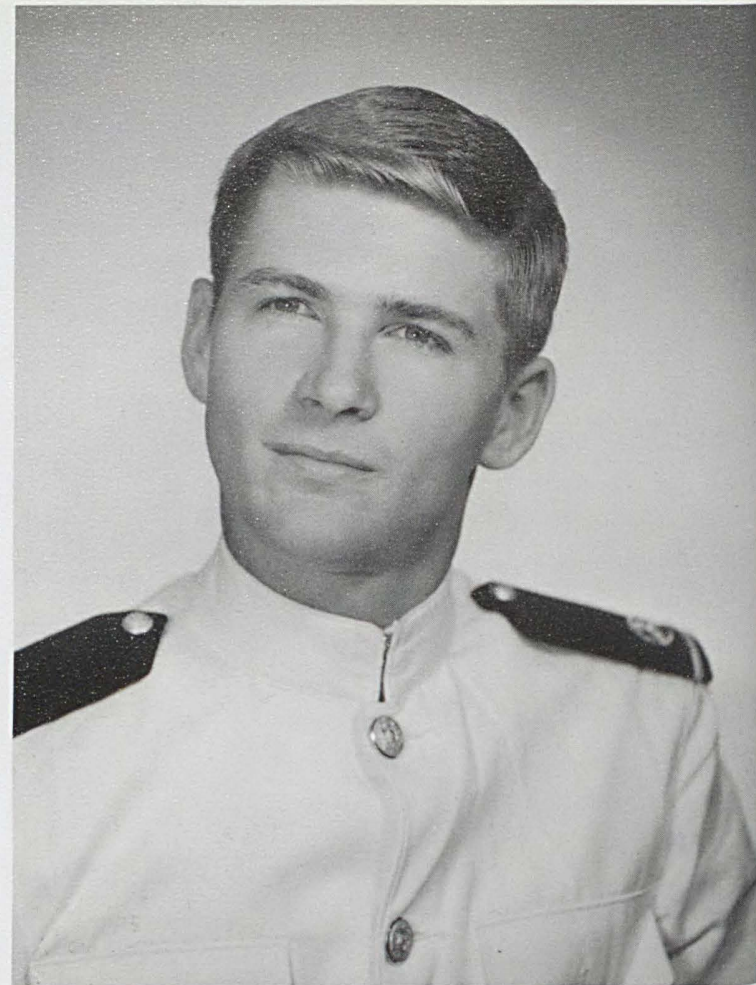
Pete's cheerful greeting will certainly be missed by all, as well as his honest friendship, which was familiar to everyone.

Good luck in the future, Pete, and no matter what you run into, remember to tackle hard!



NORMAN ANTHONY  
JACKSON  
Tony  
Watertown, Mass.

Drill Squad 1,2,3,4  
Assistant Mess Officer 1/c  
Petty Officer  
Business Manager 1967  
TRICK'S END  
Graduation Committee 3  
Ring Dance Committee  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Standby Engineer Fraternity  
3,4



Everyone seemed to know the tall quiet member of the Drill Squad well. Tony seemed to generate a certain personal magnetism that made it easy to become good friends with him. He will never be forgotten as the type of person that would give you a nickel if he had a dime.

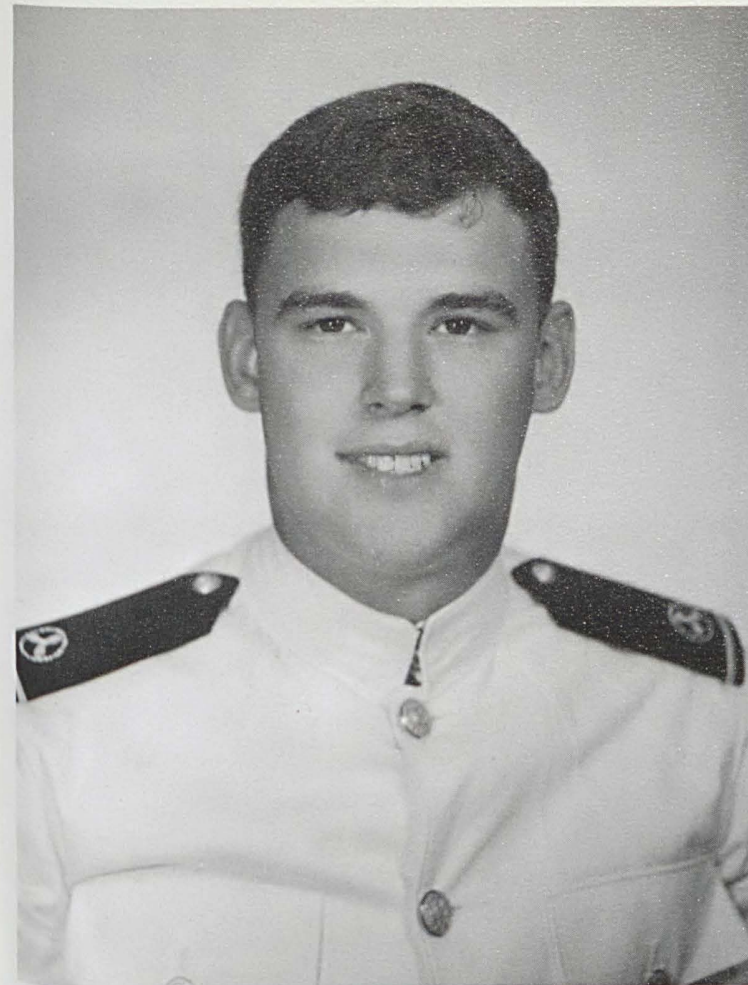
However don't be fooled, for underneath the friendly veneer was a wily business man emerging to meet the challenge when need be and arise it did. Tony met the challenge of handling the awesome task of being the business manager of our yearbook, with a vigor that ultimately led to success. Thanks to his Herculean efforts our yearbook ended well in the black.

Tony was always the promoter of sharp military bearing and his own effort on this part made him one of the finer members of our unsurpassed Drill Squad.

We all hope that Tony meets with continued success in the future.

RICHARD S. KNIGHT JR.  
Knute  
Ogunquit, Maine

Propeller Club 1,2,3,4  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
D Company Guidon 4



Knute, one of the loyal troopers of the Class of '67 was definitely considered one of the boys. He was famous for his extraordinary, "Dewy Downs Overhang," and tales of his lobstering and hunting exploits.

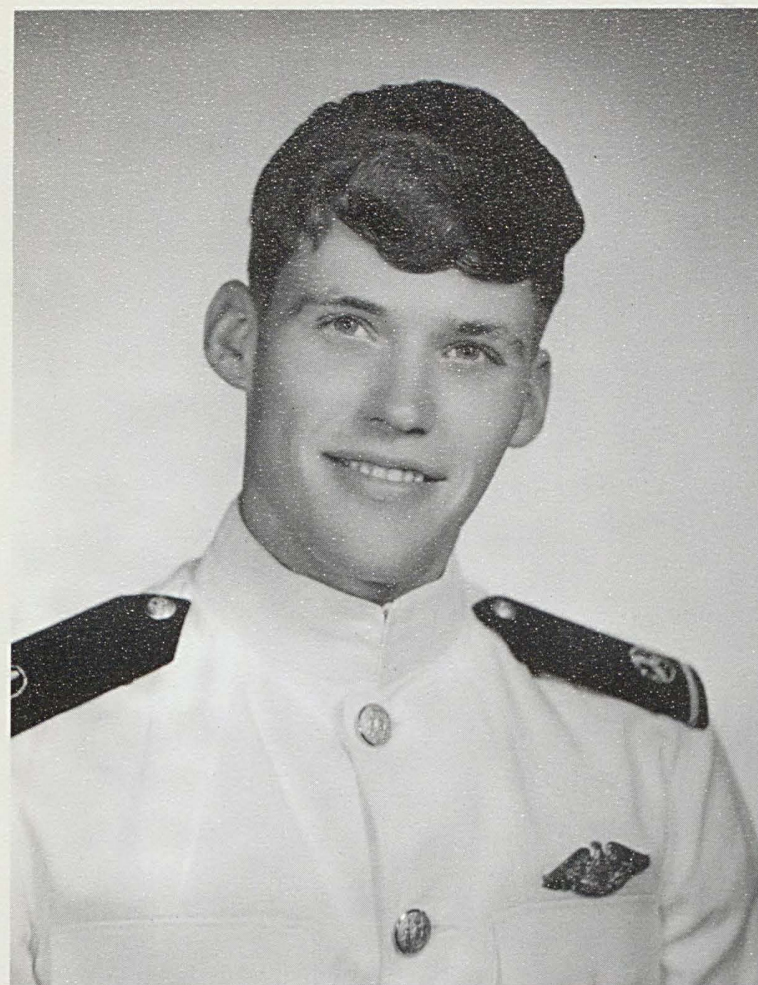
He had the distinction of being the one and only Middie to ever get his car stolen from our impregnable parking lot. Quite an investigation followed the crime, but with Knute's help it was never completely solved.

Being one of the boys, naturally he never did enjoy the inspections, the formations, and the musters which were so much a part of Academy life. With help from his roommate, "the Bag," he was forever coming up with ways (legal, illegal) to conquer his dislikes and still come out smelling like a rose.

Knute's one burning desire in life is to own the biggest and best "Beast" on the Maine coast. With his winning personality, his ability to get along with everyone, coupled with his all important knowledge of Marine Engineering, he will undoubtedly make his wish come true.

Best of luck to a great engineer.





JOHN B. LANCASTER  
Jon-Jon, J.B.  
Bangor, Maine

Editor in Chief—1967  
TRICK'S END  
Drill Squad 1,2,3

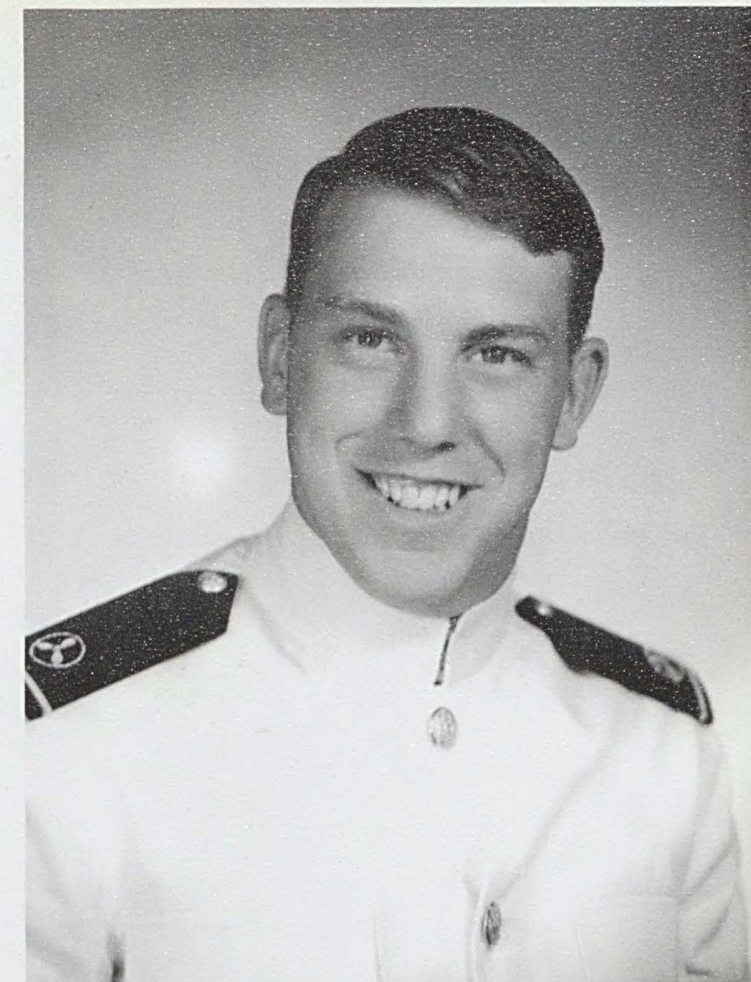
Often found in the middle of a group of engineers, John was usually the contributor of the witty comment and the interesting story, whether the subject matter was controlled superheat or the opposite sex.

A genuine old salt, having put considerable time in the U.S.N.R. John was always asserting the finer points of leadership, picked up on his yearly two week naval training cruises. But you'd never have known it if John's inexhaustible, deadly precise knowledge of all things mechanical, be it turbines or car engines, were the measuring stick. If you had a problem with your car, you consulted John and saved the service charge.

Being one of the most reliable friends one could have, and possessing a ever helpful manner, John will be the first chief from the Class of 1967.

THOMAS J. LANZA  
Buzzard, Mario  
Revere, Massachusetts

Baseball 1,2,3 (Co-Captain 3)  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club 1,2,3,4  
M Club 3,4  
D Company—1/c Petty  
Officer  
Football 3



When you heard that familiar, but completely indescribable sound you knew that the "Buzzard" must be near. Tom was one of those rare individuals gifted with an easy-going personality that made him automatically accepted everywhere and a true friend to all. Undoubtedly the funniest guy in the class, Tom was endowed with a spontaneous wit, which he exercised via his numerous little poetic verses.

Although a conscientious student, Tom always was up for a good time in Bangor or on the home front in Revere. Friday afternoon would find him in the "Bag's Green Bomb" on his way to Georgetown, and just what was her last name?

Though one of the youngest middies in the Class of '67, Tom showed his outstanding abilities as a first class Petty Officer during his senior year. An avid sports fan, Tom showed his interest and ability for four years on the athletic field, and proved an outstanding baseball co-captain.

Only our best wishes can accompany Tom upon graduation, fine engineer and good companion that he was.



ALBERT T. LaTOUR  
Tim, Tessey  
Oceanside, Long Island,  
New York

Drill Squad 1,2,3,4  
Assistant Mess Officer 1/c  
Petty Officer  
Propeller Club 3,4  
Intramurals 4  
Class Secretary 3,4



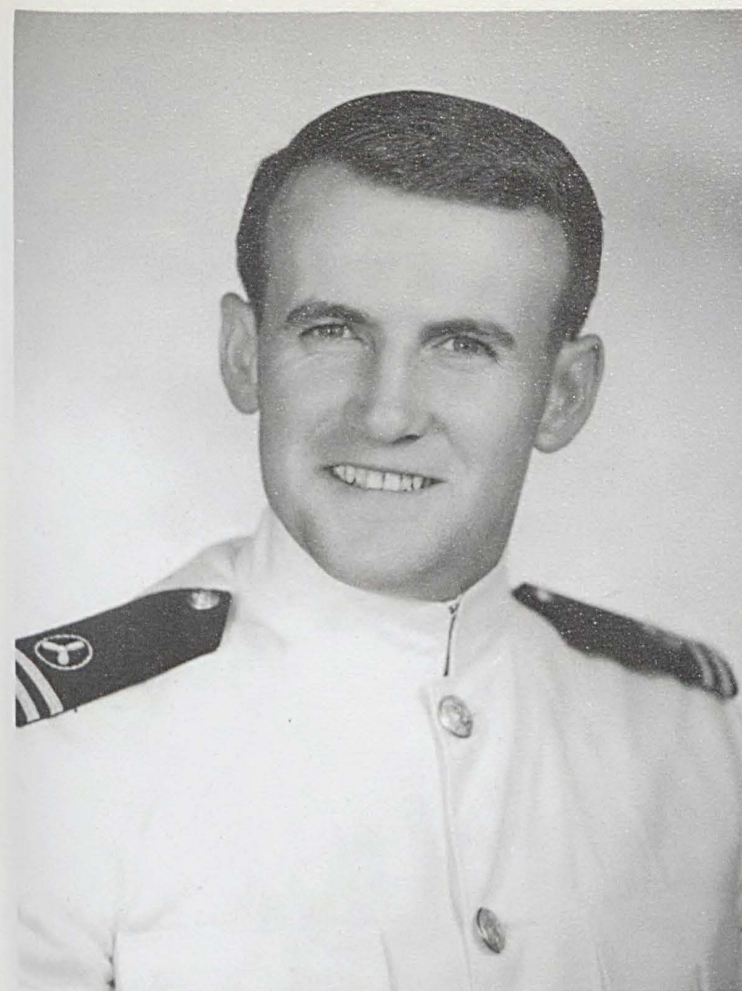
Tessey was one of the new breed of cat who came to the Academy from the "Big City." He introduced many of those "Big City" traits into our class and we'll have to admit that they were quite new to some of us, and very interesting indeed, especially the new way of handling the opposite sex.

During the first two years at the Academy, Tim could be seen on that long road to New York about once a month; but we found it to be a different story during his last two years at the Academy. We never found out exactly what it was, but something held his interest enough to keep him in Maine.

Tim will always be remembered as one of the "gang" and a man who was perennially up for a lively time, no matter what the circumstances. His poignant personality will enable Tim to "make out" well wherever he goes, and be a fine marine engineer.

ALBERT PHILIP  
LEVESQUE  
Al, Froggy  
Waterville, Maine

Football 1,2  
C Company—1/c Petty  
Officer  
C Company Commander—  
LT.  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4



No one would dispute the fact that a frog should have his own lilly pad, but how does one get him off this pad? Just ring his bell and he will come a leaping.

Al worked hard for everything at the Academy and achieved every goal. Sports were a large part of his personal interests and activities. Football was his first choice and everlasting favorite.

In the true Middie fashion, Al will go far in his chosen profession. We all wish him well in the future. By the way, Al, how many bells is that, when the O.D. is coming?





JOHN MICHAEL LEWIS  
John  
Eastport, Maine

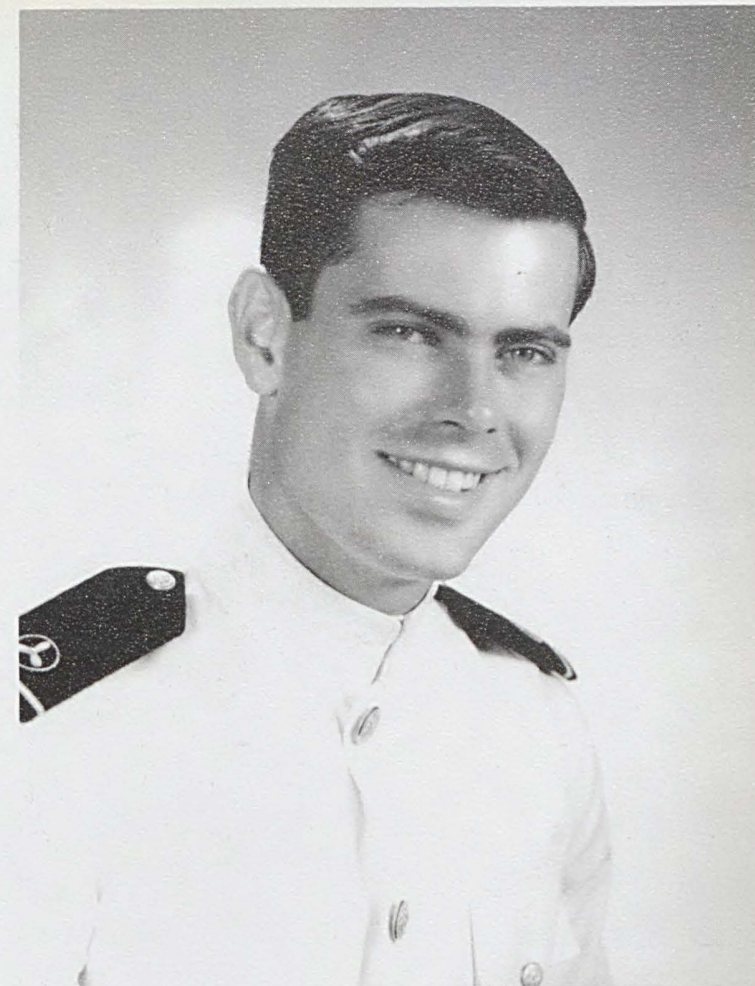
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Tending Ye Olde Ship's  
Store 3  
A—Company—1/c Petty  
Officer  
First Battallion Commander—  
LCDR.

This quiet, but mischievous individual spent most of his weekends following the sun and bikinis from Eastport to Block Island, with many "pit" stops at Old Orchard Beach, where John took part in many and varied indoor sports. He enjoyed snow skiing and all water sports as well. Being a "Downeaster" hasn't slowed him down any, as is attested by John's being one of the most popular members of our Class as well as one of the most active in its affairs.

John worked his way from 1/c Petty Officer of A—II Platoon to First Battalion Commander and proved his ability to handle responsibility by his sage command of the T.V. State of Maine. His future plans—to stockpile money and ladyfriends. No doubt, as usual, he will succeed.

NORMAN LEWIS  
Normie  
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4



One of the infamous "Beach Boys," Norm was well known and well liked by the entire class. Always ready to express his opinion, he never failed to amaze, with his knowledge of the intricacies and peculiarities of cards, women, and money.

Tales are still told of the wild weekends in St. George and the frequent trips to Quebec.

An excellent engineer, he will be long remembered as a good trooper and "one of the boys."



FRANCIS PAUL  
LOIACONO  
Frank, Lokie  
Brooklyn, New York

Band 1,2,3,4  
Intramurals 2,3  
Assistant Band Master—1/c  
Petty Officer



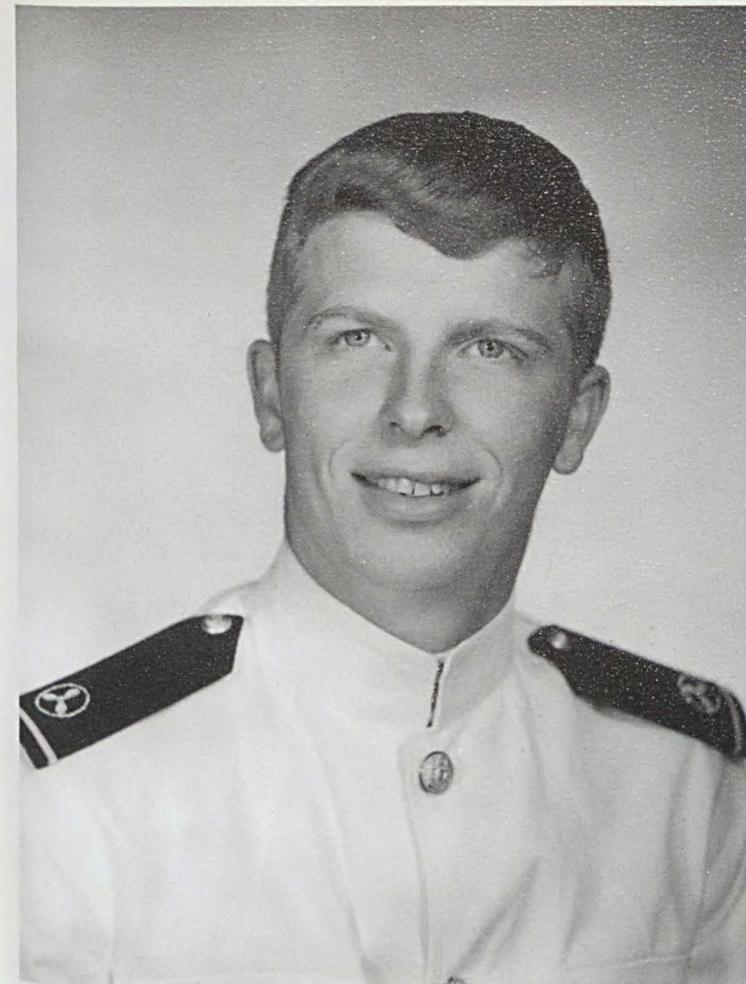
We all wondered how Frank got on a first name basis with the instructors, until we looked at his last name. No wonder! Frank's musical ability was quickly noticed at M.M.A. No one will ever forget the first Morning Colors that went under the direction of his baton. How did the Ensign ever make it?

One of the quietest men in the senior Class, he was, nevertheless noted for being where the action was. Study hall presented no problem, for you could always find him in someone else's room. All the same, he was always there to give a helping hand when needed.

With a love for, and a better understanding of life than most, we are sure that Frank will be successful in all he endeavors to accomplish.

TERRANCE SEAN  
McCARTHY  
Mac  
Falmouth Foreside, Maine

Football Manager 1,2,3  
Golf 1,2,3  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
M Club 3,4  
First Battalion Guidon 4  
Superintendent's List 1



When skies are gray, and things are dim, you can't count on Mac for anythin'.

When things are right and money's not tight, Mac's there without a fight.

On the lathe and in the lab, they'll never forget that famous lad.

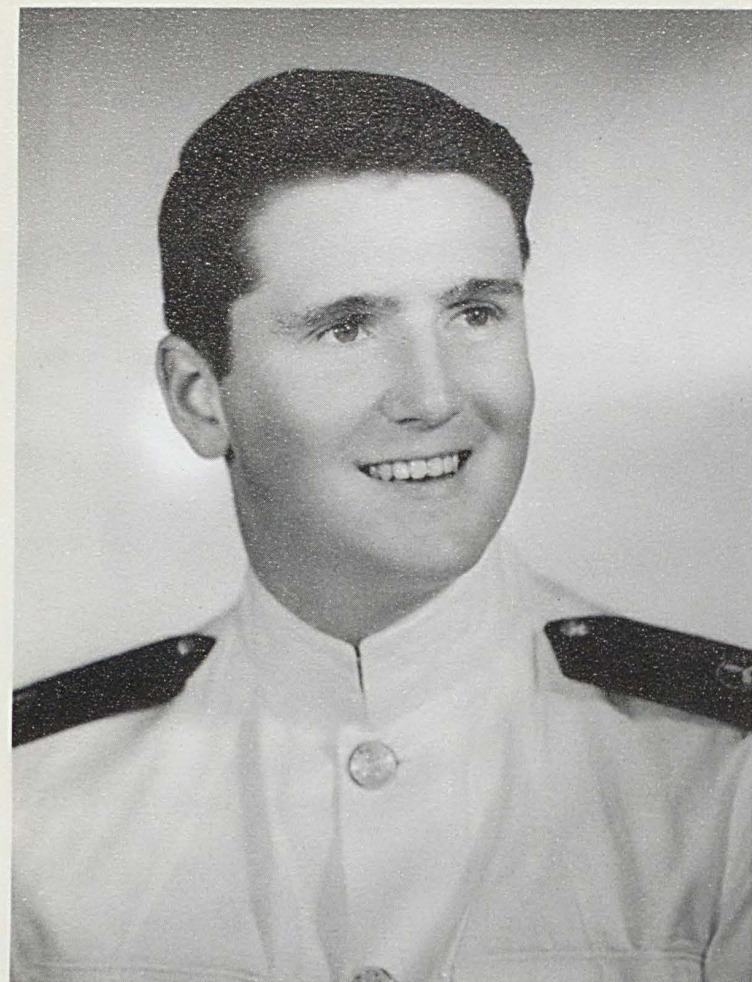
For in the shop his shirt came apart, and in the lab a tube did depart.

But Mac is known both far and wide, to be a man of great pride.

He walked around as a Middie true, and a friend to any and all of you.

A man like this you will agree, is sure to make it on the sea.





JAMES HOWARD MAHAR  
Minnie, Argon, Jim  
Woodland, Maine

Baseball 1  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Color Guard 4

"Hey . . . , gota make?" Don't bother to look, it's "Moka Minnie Mahar," Woodland's contribution to the maritime industry.

Jim, with his complete understanding of the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of the pinball machines, could inevitably be found at Ma's; the habitat of all those so afflicted. Cup of coffee in hand, he was always ready to take on a challenger.

When not at Ma's he could normally be found playing cards; or in the rack. How he found time to study is still a mystery, but with his grim determination, and constant diligence he is sure to make a top-notch marine engineer.

CHESTER T. MANUEL  
Chet  
Medford, Massachusetts

Band 1,2,3  
Cross Country 1,2,3,4 Co-  
Capt. 4  
Safety Council 2,3,4  
Class Treasurer 2,3,4  
Propeller Club 2,3,4  
Superintendent's List 1,2,3,4  
Ring Dance Committee  
Graduation Committee 3  
Intramurals 2,3,4  
C Company—1/c Petty  
Officer  
Student Welfare and Recreation Comm.  
Regimental Supply Officer—  
Lt.  
First Battalion Commander—  
Lcdr.



As one can see, Chet was one of the more active members of our class. His drive and determination won him many honors and a vast number of friends. Chet was truly an asset to our class, in devoting much of his valuable time to various class functions.

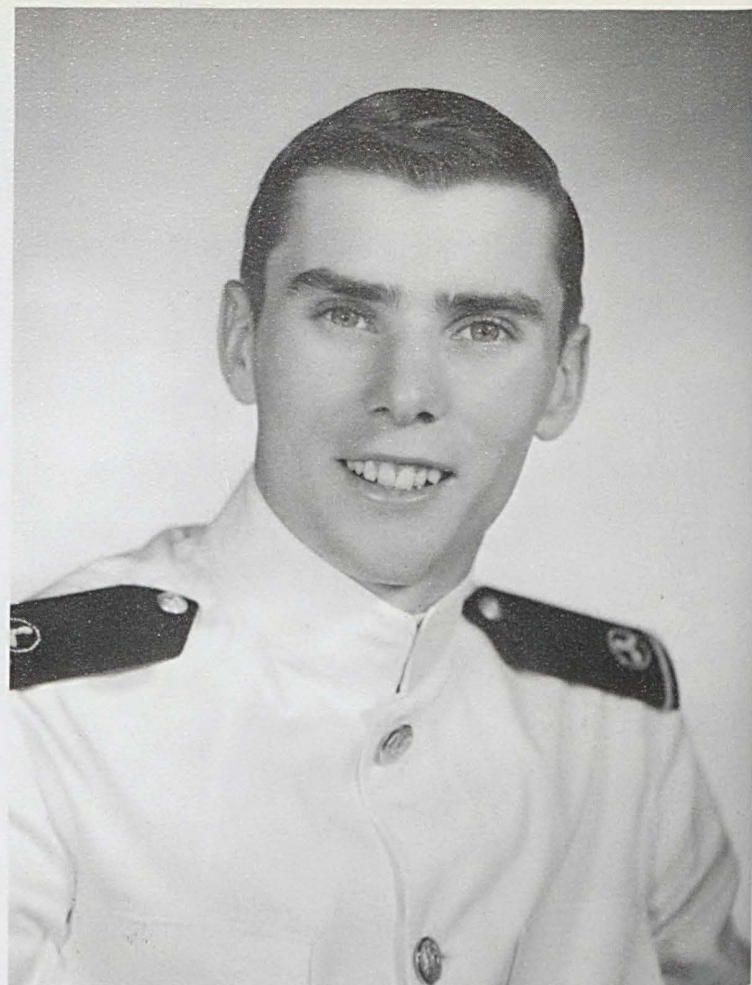
On weekends, Chet could be seen heading toward the nurses dorms. From what we can gather, he was just seeing one in particular; but we don't know, smooth operator that he was! What is the story on that, Chet? No profits in that sort of business you know!!!

Best of luck and smooth sailing in the future.



JOHN MATHIESON  
Rockland, Maine

Basketball 1,2,3  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
"M" Club



A Knox County boy from Rockland, John came to the Academy seeking an education in marine engineering. During those first months it was doubtful that any of us were going to get much more than a janitorial degree, but things soon got better. Like all Knox County boys that have come through M.M.A. and maintained a good standing, John was determined to make it.

The "Golden Word" that was to become so much a part of life was "Liberty." Although the end of the liberty trail meant hard labor at P.G. Willey's, it was a relief to get out of Castine. Remember the Ross Mobile, and who used to get the seat next to the pneumonia hatch?

Some people said John was the leader of the sickbay commandos. Only the antagonized A—II petty officer will remember the "hunt and search" mission every morning at colors.

The one weekend John looked forward to the most was the one after graduation, when at five o'clock that Sunday he didn't have to hunt for a ride back to Castine.

We all wish John the best of luck on the Great Pond, he is a fine engineer and you can be sure that if the chief wants 425 pounds of steam, he'll get nothing but.

DAVID MOORE  
Dave, Steve  
Abington, Pennsylvania

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Various Rates 3,4  
Football 1  
Midshipman in Charge of  
Linen 4



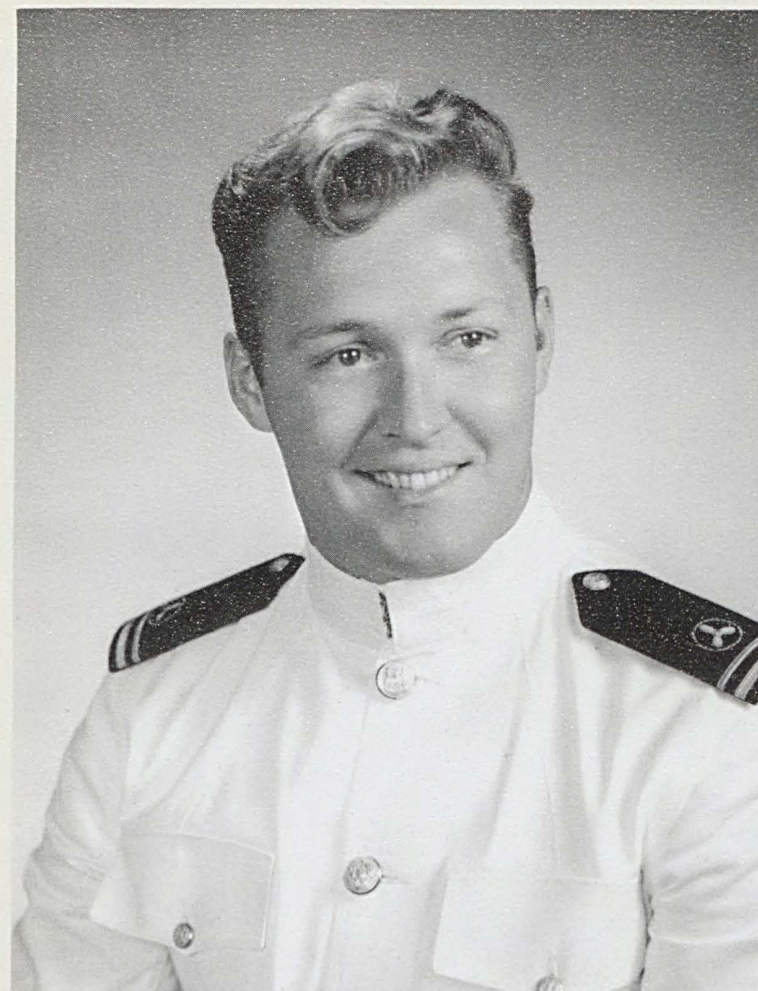
Dave, better known as "Atlas" was one of the stronger members of the Class; he was always known for his "Steve Reeves physique."

If Dave wasn't going home to Pennsylvania, you could be sure that he was on his way to Boothbay Harbor, to spend a few quiet hours at the Thistle Inn, a well known night spot thereabouts.

Dave's constant flow of correspondence was a never ending source of tall tales about his harem.

If Dave can forego the enticing advantages of a banking career, we are sure that he will make a top notch chief engineer.





RICHARD STANLEY  
MORRIS  
Dick  
Wiscasset, Maine

B Company—1/c Petty  
Officer  
A—II Platoon Leader—LT.  
(jg)  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Football 2  
Rowing Team 1,2  
Rifle Team 2

Dick enrolled at the Academy from Wiscasset, Maine, and he stepped right into its fine indoctrination system; which he must have liked, as he was involved in it for the next three years.

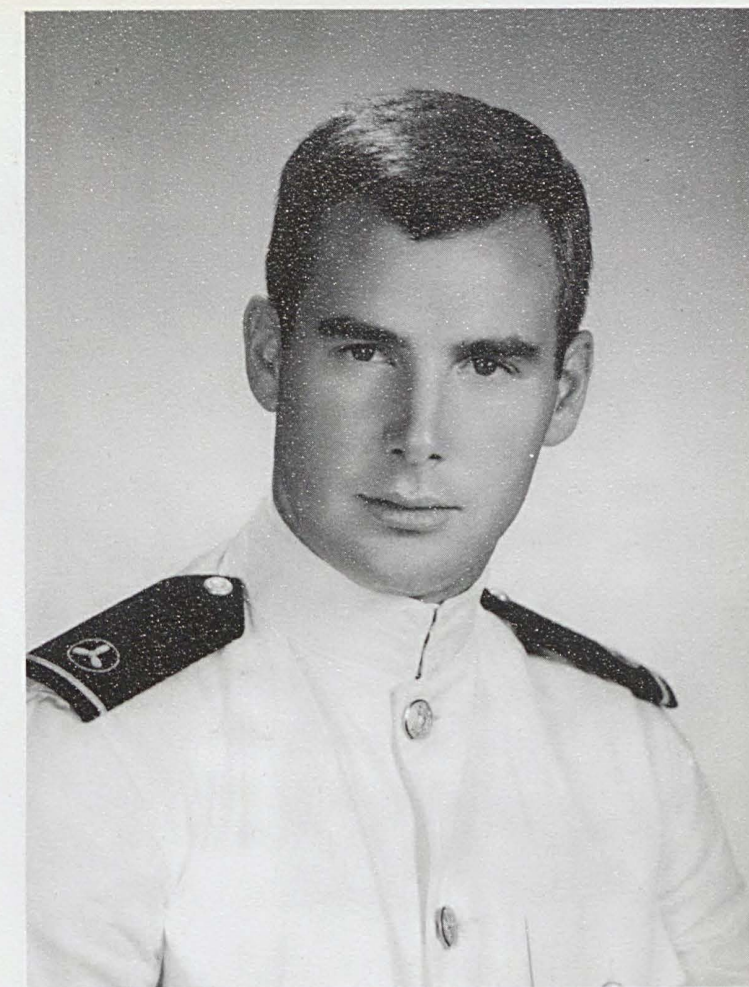
Dick was well acquainted with life at the Academy, as he spent most of his summers aboard his father's boat practicing many of his favorite water sports on Maine's beautiful coast.

A reputation as a model midshipman seemed to follow Dick around, but this didn't change his complacent manner or the ease with which everyone got along with him. We all will remember "those shoes" which looked like glass day after day, and when it came to grades, Dick was usually found on top.

Best of luck to a fine classmate and a fine engineer.

DAVID S. NORTON  
Dave; Nasal  
Camden, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club 2,3,4  
Shore Patrol 4  
Master At Arms—1/c Petty  
Officer



It seemed that whenever there was a congregation of middies, one could always find "Nasal" in the middle of the discussion, telling of his unbelievable predicaments while in Cincinnati, Boston, or any place in the state of Maine. Some of his escapades just didn't seem to balance out.

A proud owner of a '56 T-bird, and an able man with the fairer sex, Dave could always be found where the action was, on weekends or on Wednesday evenings; but when it came to the books he could put in many hours of concentrated study.

One of Dave's main sources of trouble was listening to "Cargo," who was forever putting "Nas" on the wrong track, but always with the best of intentions.

Following in the footsteps of graduates from the Camden area, Dave will probably ship American Export and make good doing it.



DOUGLAS E. PALMER  
Doug  
Belfast, Maine

Battalion Yeoman 1/c Petty  
Officer



Displaying a certain cool-headedness and always quiet, Doug comes from the "chicken city" of the state, Belfast.

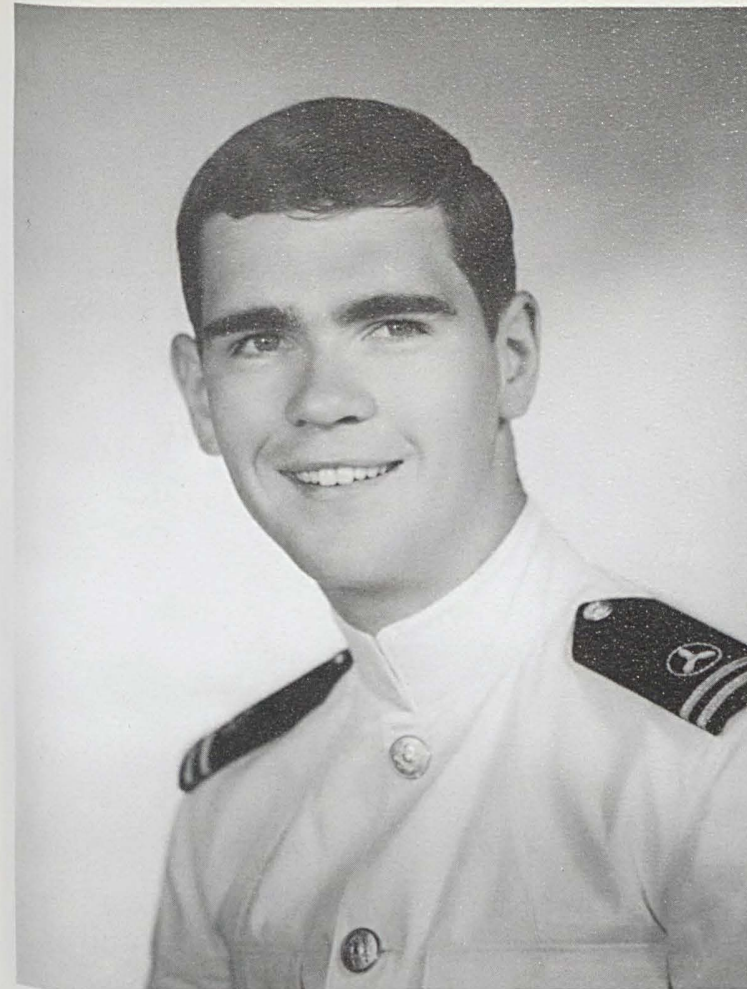
Doug was the never-to-be-forgotten "marrying type," or so we thought. It seems that there are quite a few things that a man likes to do once in a while, when he gets away from girls.

Being well known for owning one of the biggest "Apes" in the State of Maine, Doug had some of the most interesting motorcycle trips. All who were lucky enough to accompany Doug will agree.

We all know he will make one of the better engineers in our class, and maybe we'll meet on the high seas somewhere if he can manage to stay away from women, wine, and song.

FREDERICK C. PALMER  
Fred  
Brewer, Maine

Superintendent's List 1  
2nd Battalion Yeoman—1/c  
Petty Officer  
C—II Platoon Leader—LT.  
(jg)

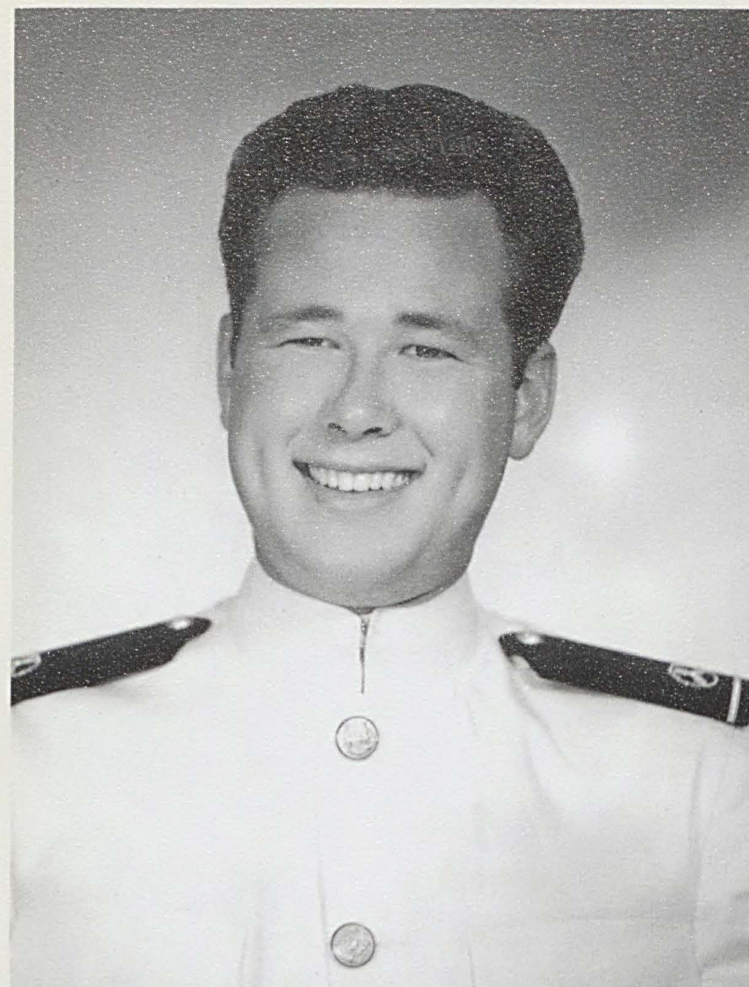


That tall, soft spoken, reserved midshipman who was the distinguished leader of C—II Platoon was none other than "Fearless Fred." Fred hailed from the U. of M., Bucksport, or Brewer, but not necessarily in that order. We never did know just where you called home, Fred, but on Fridays we could follow the blue smoke from your car and usually end up at the U. of Maine.

Fred was always on the go, whether it was going on liberty or just getting down to the books. He was noted for coming out on top of every test, even Brownie's "easy" ones.

As an engineer, he will bring credit to the Academy and to himself.





LINWOOD A.  
PENDEXTER  
Lin, Dexter, Whimpy, Penny  
Steep Falls, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Band 1,2,3,4  
Superintendent's List 1,2,3,4  
Master at Arms—1/c Petty  
Officer

Most marine engineers fall into one of two categories; the engineer who does well with studies, but who is all thumbs in the pit; and secondly the engineer who can do anything with tools and nothing with books.

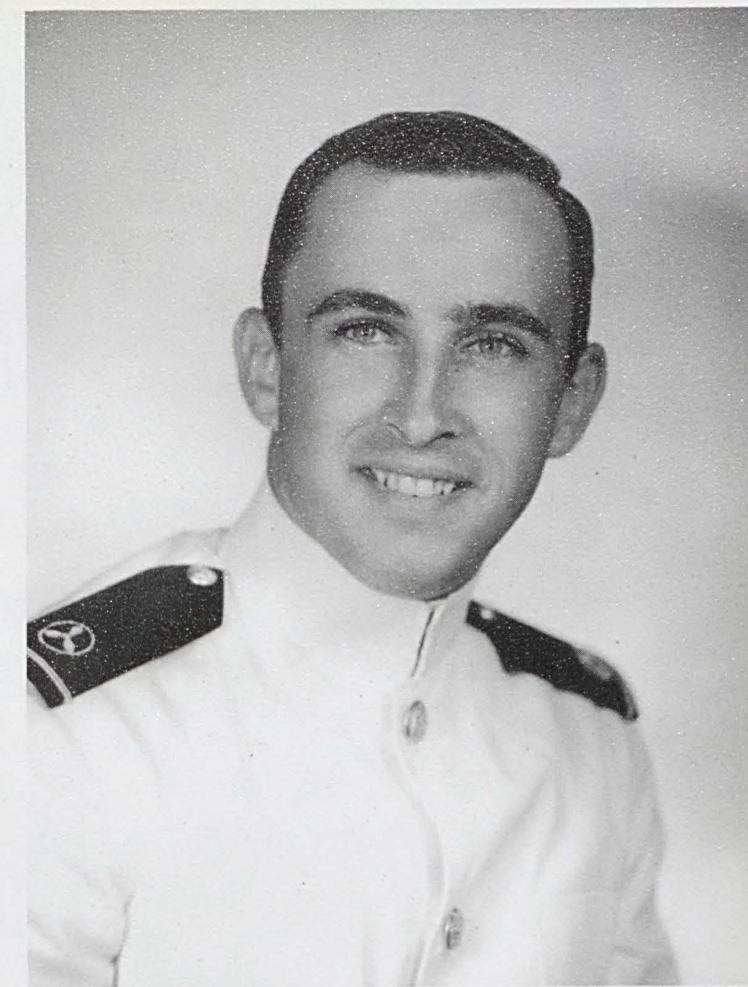
Lin is the best of both, getting himself on the Superintendent's List and receiving the respect of many, as a qualified engineer on watch and on maintenance.

It's not all work and no play. Just ask him about his glass collection; and those trips to exit 8 weren't always on dry pavement, whether made by car or motorcycle. With Lin in your presence, don't go near McDonald's, it's a danger to your health and wallet.

A close, fine friend, we all wish him the best of luck in his endeavors as he sets out to sea.

MERLE B. PIERCE  
Mickey  
South Harpswell, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club 3,4  
2nd Battalion Guidon 4



Mickey, probably the most likable guy in all respects, in our class, came to us from the big town of Harpswell by the sea. Whenever there was any story telling to be done, or a good time to be had, Mick was always there adding to the occasion.

Mick, an avid Ford man, will always be remembered for numerous autos and their accompanying troubles, of which he seemed to have had more than his share.

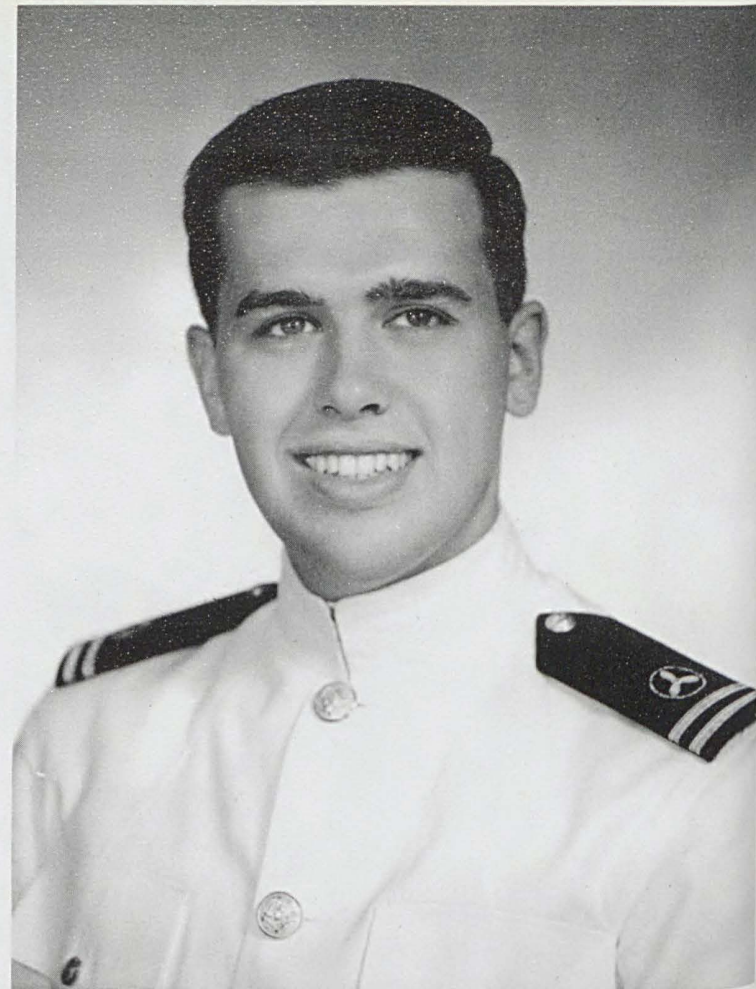
In his senior year at the Academy Mickey turned out to be quite a ladies man and has been known to travel far in pursuit of his recreation.

We want to wish you the best in whatever you may attempt in the future and know that you will become very successful if you maintain the same standards that you have had in the last four years.



DAVID JOHN POPE  
Pope David—1, Dave  
Essex, Connecticut

D Company—1/c Petty  
Officer  
B Company Commander—  
LT.  
Art Editor—1967 TRICK'S  
END  
Art Editor—Helm 3,4  
Propeller Club 2,3,4  
Class Vice-President 3



A "Connecticut Yankee" by birth and a C.C. man from way back, Dave perhaps, is the Class of '67's most probable candidate for ideal midshipman.

Dave seemed always to instill a feeling of confidence among his associates, not the least cause of which was his impeccable dress. On and off campus he was always prepared to enjoy a good time and ever ready to hear or tell of some current, often hilarious, scrap of Academy news.

Achieving a respected academic standing in the tough, highly competitive engineering curriculum, while shouldering the burdensome responsibilities which came with high authority aboard the training vessel, Dave's career here at M.M.A. was certainly worthy of underclass emulation.

Combining a philosophical outlook on life, with the virtue of being a genuine friend, Dave will rise to the top of his chosen field.

TIM RACE  
Supercargo, Cargo  
North Edgecomb, Maine

Basketball 1  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Shore Patrol 4  
Propeller Club 2,3,4



Tim, better known as "Supercargo" or just plain old "Cargo," could be found trying desperately to talk his friends and classmates into joining anything from the John Birch Society to the Navy, but as always, only as a joke. He spent many hours prophesying to his friends on religion, the opposite sex, or anything people would listen to. He always had a theory of his own on life (even though it did change occasionally).

Senior year, for Cargo, was a different story as far as scholastics were concerned; at least a little different than his underclass years. He became just a little more serious, with one main objective in mind—graduation from our Academy. After graduation Cargo could be expected to be found just about anywhere in the country, from a skiing trip in New Hampshire to just bombing down Route 66 on a cycle. Who knows, maybe someday "Old Cargo" might take women seriously and settle down, but according to him, never.

Success will crown his efforts.



DAVID A. RAYE  
Razor  
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Barber 2,3,4  
Master at Arms—1/c Petty  
Officer  
Propeller Club 3,4  
Shore Patrol 4  
Color Guard (alternate) 4



Dave, came up to the Academy from the Old Orchard Beach area, and brought with him his unique sense of humor which became quite evident to everyone in our "mug" year.

His reputation as a barber was one of the best, and it was not long before he acquired the name "RAZOR". During the week he could be seen rounding up business, knowing that the weekend was close by.

In the engine room, Dave had that quality of confidence within himself which brought out many of his excellent engineering facets. Although there might have been some differences with the department heads on maintenance, Razor always bailed himself out with tact, and a tremendous amount of smooth maneuvering.

All of us wish Dave the best of everything.

HERBERT D. ROBINSON  
JR.  
Herbie  
Walpole, Massachusetts

Football 1,2  
A—Company 1/c Petty  
Officer  
Activities Council 3  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4



Herb came to the Academy from the small town of Walpole in the great state of Massachusetts, and at any one time he could give you ten good reasons why the State of Maine should be turned into a national park. Of course, Herb really has nothing against the state, he just hasn't got used to it yet.

Being the quiet, sincere type, Herb inspired confidence, and men came to him with their problems, ranging from girls to politics.

When Friday came along he could be seen heading south, down the Maine Turnpike, and our guess is that his ultimate goal was Worcester and a cute little blonde.

Herb has been a wonderful classmate and we wish him (and her) the best of luck and a life full of happiness.



RODNEY P. RODRIGUE  
Rod  
Winslow, Maine

Band 1,2  
Master at Arms—1/c Petty  
Officer  
Baseball 1,2 capt. 3  
Color Guard 4



During our freshman year, Rod had the distinction of being the "wisest" member of our mug class, an honor paid for with many hours on and below the deck plates of our fair ship.

Willing to bet anything, he could be relied on to add life to the party; and if there wasn't a party, he usually started one.

On weekends he could be found at the Rotary Club, or out dazzling the opposite sex. He had such a great knack for destroying cars and making motorcycles into unicycles, that various cities "rewarded" him on several occasions.

Considered by the experts as the biggest "mover" in Central Maine, Rod had the wind taken out of his sails by a little someone from Skowhegan.

Whether leading our baseball team or running one of his many business enterprises, we all wish him well and the best of everything.

J. MICHAEL SANBORN  
Mike  
Bath, Maine

Cross Country 1,2,3,4  
Basketball 1  
Master at Arms—1/c Petty  
Officer



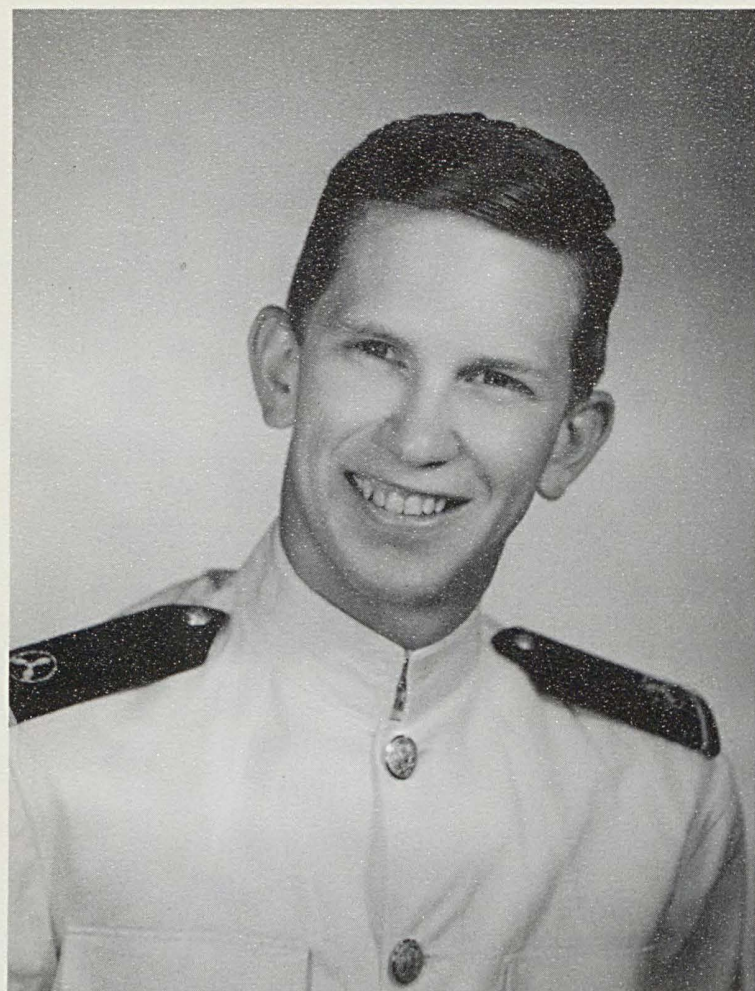
Mike was one of the quiet men of the Class of '67, always willing and ready to help out on any occasion. He's long and lanky with a few freckles and red hair; and the combination makes up a pretty great guy.

If you were to look for Mike on any afternoon, (other than during cross country season) look in his room; Mike would be there enjoying a literary classic.

Most of our classmates in Spanish owe him a debt of gratitude for his skillful leadership to good grades.

It is certain that Mike will do well in anything he tries; but if he ever needs it, we wish him luck in the future.





DAVID A. SCHULTZE  
Slutz, Super Retina  
Flushing, Queen's, New York

Baseball Manager 1,2  
Photographic Editor, 1967  
TRICK'S END  
Cruise Queen's Escort 3

Dave was one of the original commuters of our class. It seemed that every weekend he was bound for New York and home; even more frequently than some of the "in staters." He was meticulous in everything that he did and at times drove himself into a frenzy of detail. A merchant mariner through and through, possessing a great love for the sea, he will surely acquire his chief's ticket in the shortest possible time. Being a "Black Stacker" all the way, S.R. will probably sail for a certain bulk carrier line.

Known for his abilities as "Marine Reporter" Dave was the person to see for any current news or rumor concerning the Academy or the industry. Probably he earned this cognomen for his excellent efforts as author of a painstakingly accurate column in the Helm. The preciseness and scope of Dave's knowledge of the industry was legend. The last word was "ask Dave, he'll know"; and he usually did.

Whenever in the New York area, drop in on Dave and discuss old times and the current industry.

DENNIS E. SIMMONS  
Den  
Rockland, Maine

D-1 Petty Officer  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
D-1 Platoon Leader



Den came to us from the heart of Knox County, Rockland, seeking a leisurely campus life. It didn't take him long to decide that survival at MMA constituted making every liberty muster for the next four years. It took sheer fortitude to face up to those liberty weekends with the positive attitude that he was going to someday, graduate. We never knew what he had at home waiting for him, but we could guess at his motives.

John McCann will be one of the many here at the Academy who will remember Den. It's a rare sight to find a midshipman running around wearing an instructor's shirt.

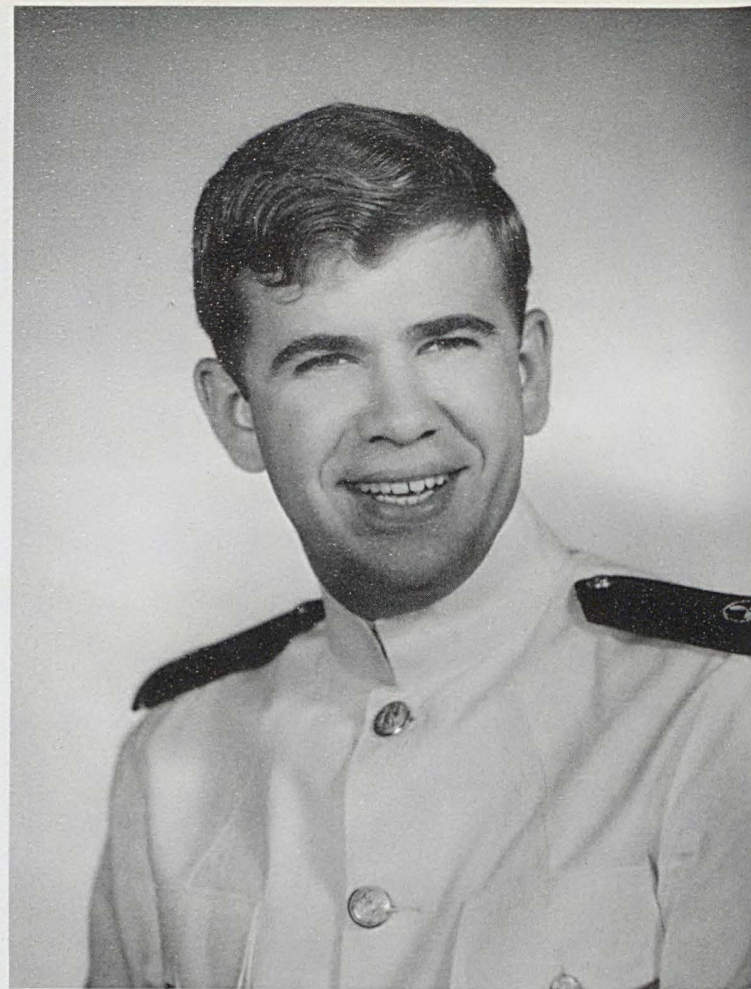
As a student, you couldn't beat him when it came to getting top marks with the least amount of study. When finals came around, it was a cinch that he would remember so much about what he didn't study that passing was taken for granted. Nobody will ever worry about Den and his easy ways, for he is most likely to make out in whatever he does. As an engineer, he could handle any situation. "If it's running, let it run. If it stops, call the chief."

Smooth sailing Den, and may your trips be short.



PETER K. TAPLEY  
Finius T. Bluster, Tap  
Hartland, Maine

Color Guard 4  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4



Pete was, among other things, known as "The Hartland Flash." But no matter what you called him, you could be sure he was where the action was. Finius exuded energy from 0600 in the morning until he racked in at night.

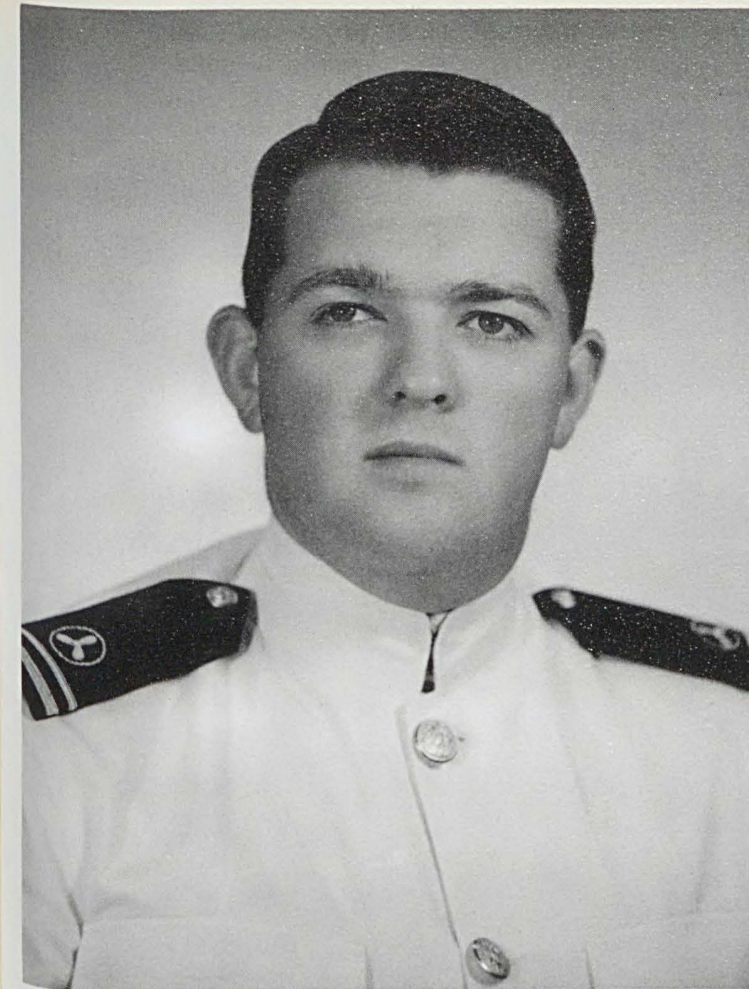
You could usually find Pete studying or agitating someone in his adamant Hartland style. A hard worker, Pete did everything with a vigor and enthusiasm that was enviable.

Away from school, Pete's favorite recreation spot was the greater Bangor area.

No matter where he is or what he is doing, Pete will be remembered by all, and his friendly greeting will be welcomed to our ears.

ROBERT PAUL TASKER  
Black Bag, Abler  
Milford, Massachusetts

D Company—1/c Petty  
Officer  
D—II Platoon Leader—LT.  
(jg)  
Superintendent's List 1,2,3,4  
Class Vice-President 1,2  
Assistant Editor 1967  
TRICK'S END  
Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Ring Dance Committee



Who would ever fail to recognize that omnipresent "Black Bag?" It was rumored that it contained a three day supply of emergency rations; but Bob's closer friends knew this to be a myth.

Equally well known for his scholastic and military leadership, Bob managed to attain the top 10% of the engineering class academically for four years while maintaining order on Leavitt Hall's A deck and making sure that D—I Platoon always got an "excellent appearance" come Wednesday afternoon.

Bob's favorite pastimes were reading and traveling to Massachusetts on any and every weekend; ostensibly, to get away from the state of Maine, but those frequent letters in a feminine hand seemed to suggest other motives.

To be sure, Bob will earn the professional respect of his shipmates and their close friendship while on his way to a chief's ticket.





JOHN C. WALLER  
Jack, J.C., Wally  
Sharon, Massachusetts

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Propeller Club 4  
A Company—1/c Petty  
Officer  
Superintendent's List 1

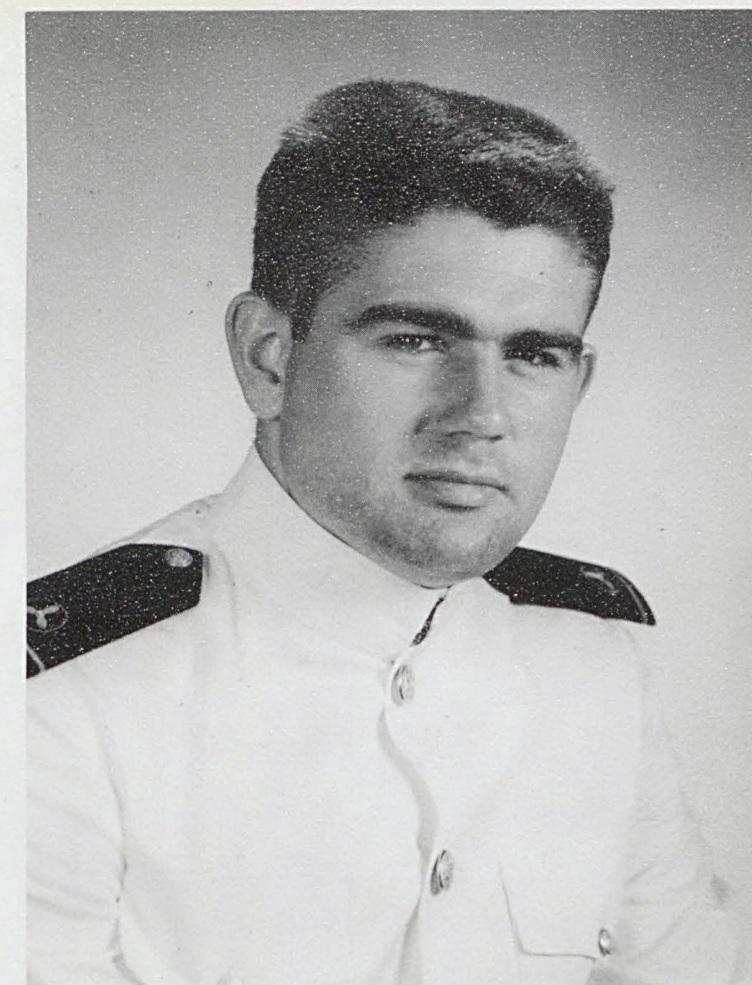
Jack came to the Academy from a small suburban town in Massachusetts. Being carefree and easy to get along with, he mixed well with his classmates.

His skill with automotive machines was always appreciated and forever in demand. On any Friday afternoon you could see him and three or four others striking down the Castine road in his bright orange (?) Chevy, better known as the "Passionate Pumpkin." It seemed that his destination always depended on the whereabouts of a certain young lady, but Jack was never saying.

With the basic plans for a home already developed and with his perseverance and steadfastness, we are sure Jack will have nothing but a bright future and prosperity.

DAVID CHASE WALSH  
Weasel  
Barrington, Rhode Island

Football 1,2  
Class Rowing Team 1,2,3  
Varsity Rowing 2,3  
"M" Club 4  
Master-at-Arms 1/c Petty  
Officer



A book the size of a New York telephone directory wouldn't be large enough to list all the talents of the "Weasel." Perhaps Dave's qualities were best exhibited through participating in varsity competition and during sessions in the pit. But even at this, not all the "Weasel's" talents were able to keep him on the straight and narrow. Who else can say that he made a thorough survey of all dock facilities in the Mediterranean?

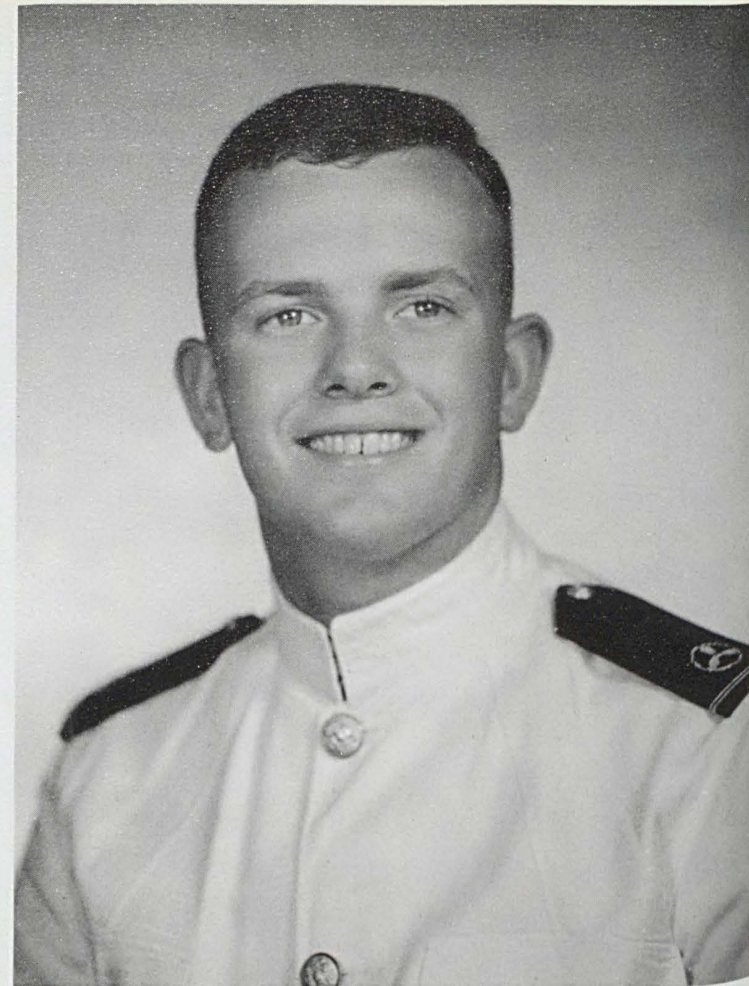
The "Weasel" proved his true worth as a torpedo with the highly dubious M.A. force.

Buena surete, Dave, in all your travels.



JAMES V. WEAST  
S.H.; Jim  
Bar Harbor, Maine

Intramurals 1,2,3,4  
Class Ring Committee 3  
C Company—1/c Petty  
Officer



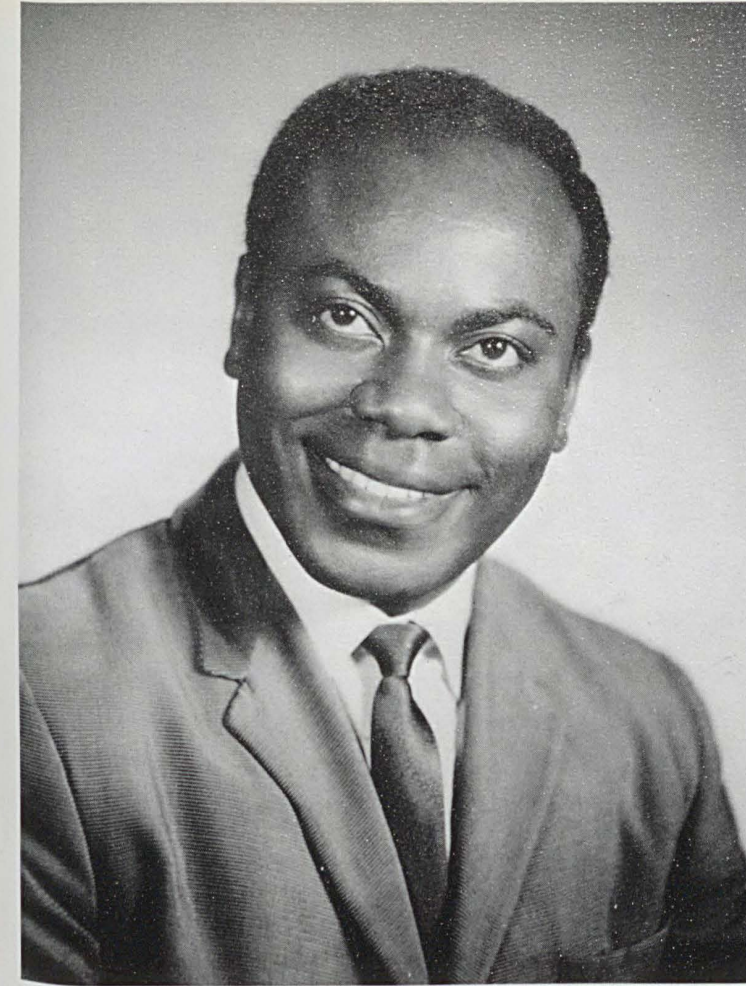
It's doubtful that any midshipman, or officer, escaped Jim's razor sharp wit. Many a class was broken up by timely comments originated from the big, curly headed fellow in the corner.

The roads leading from Castine to the University of Maine and Bar Harbor will certainly be a lot safer minus, Jim and his mighty, gray V.W.

One of the "boys" until he took over the internal workings of C—II Platoon, Jim was always a good, reliable friend, never sparing any effort when asked for a helping hand.

Best of luck in the future to a true middie.

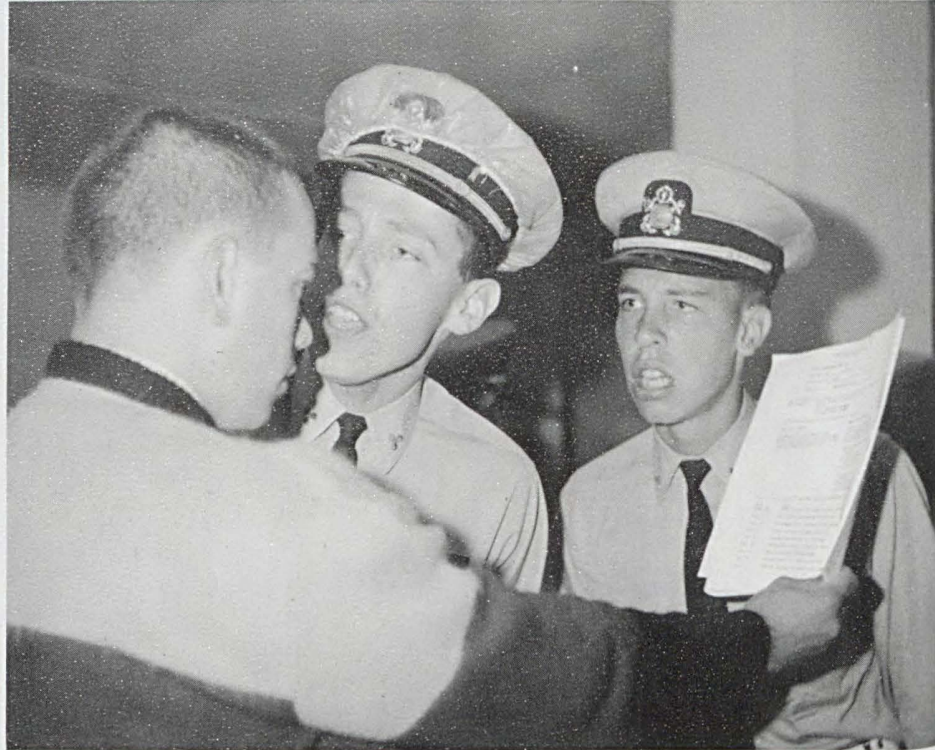
ELIAS AKUFFO AYISI  
Larteh-Akwapim, Ghana



It wasn't until after several weeks that we realized that "Cease" was part of our class. Despite his unobtrusive disposition, we very quickly came to realize that our little friend from Ghana was of quite a superior intellectual ability, which was coupled with an enjoyment of the more advanced fields of knowledge. He was the only individual in our class who was able to hold an active conversation on more or less equal ground with Professor Robinson; which is quite a feat in itself. As the Academy's initial exchange student, we all consider Elias's presence at Castine very rewarding, and we all hope to see more of this program in the future. In closing we would like to say that we hope his stay at Maine Maritime has been rewarding and pleasurable to him as his company has been to us.



## 1966 INDOCTRINATION



### GETTING IT STRAIGHT

The sirens shrieks its farewell note and proudly on her way,  
The brand new giant liner moves in grandeur down the bay.  
A marvelous creation, her builders joy and pride,  
The great hope of her owners as she floats upon the tides.

The passengers in festive mood, mid laughter, jest and quip,  
With keen delight enjoying the great ship's maiden trip.  
"She is sure to break the record, She'll do thirty knots or more,"  
Is the hope of all aboard her as she leaves her native shore.

Upon the bridge the Captain proud like all skippers bold,  
Bedecked in gorgeous rainment of navy blue and gold.  
All eyes fixed upon him, it is going to his head,  
As he stops to drop the pilot, then rings down, "Full Speed Ahead."

And now begins the battle for the trophy of the seas,  
By men, not clad in blue and gold, but lowly dungarees.  
On deck the scene is blithe and gay, fair ladies, song, and wine,  
But hell is popping down below, beneath the deep load line.

The chief snaps out his orders to his staff on watch below,  
His men obey his mandates as about these tasks they go.  
The pressure must not fluctuate, the bearings can't run hot,  
The revolutions must not fail to make the thirty knots.

At dinner on the first night out, the skipper loudly boasts,  
"We'll surely break the record," as the gallant ship he toasts.  
The task of breaking the record put no gray hairs on his head,  
His contribution ended when he rang, "Full Speed Ahead."

Through weary day's and sleepless nights to consummate their dream,  
The engineers work ceaselessly 'till Ambrose Light's abeam.  
The record has been broken, average, "Thirty-one point four,"  
The Captain wears another stripe, he's been made Commodore.

And thus he claims the credit for what better men have done,  
He boasts through press and radio of the victory *HE* has won.  
Neglecting e'er to mention, as he prates his ballyhoo,  
The men of brains and brawn and guts who shoved the great ship through.

So keep this simple thought in mind when thrilled by record trips,  
The man behind the throttle is the man who drives the ships.

Anon.



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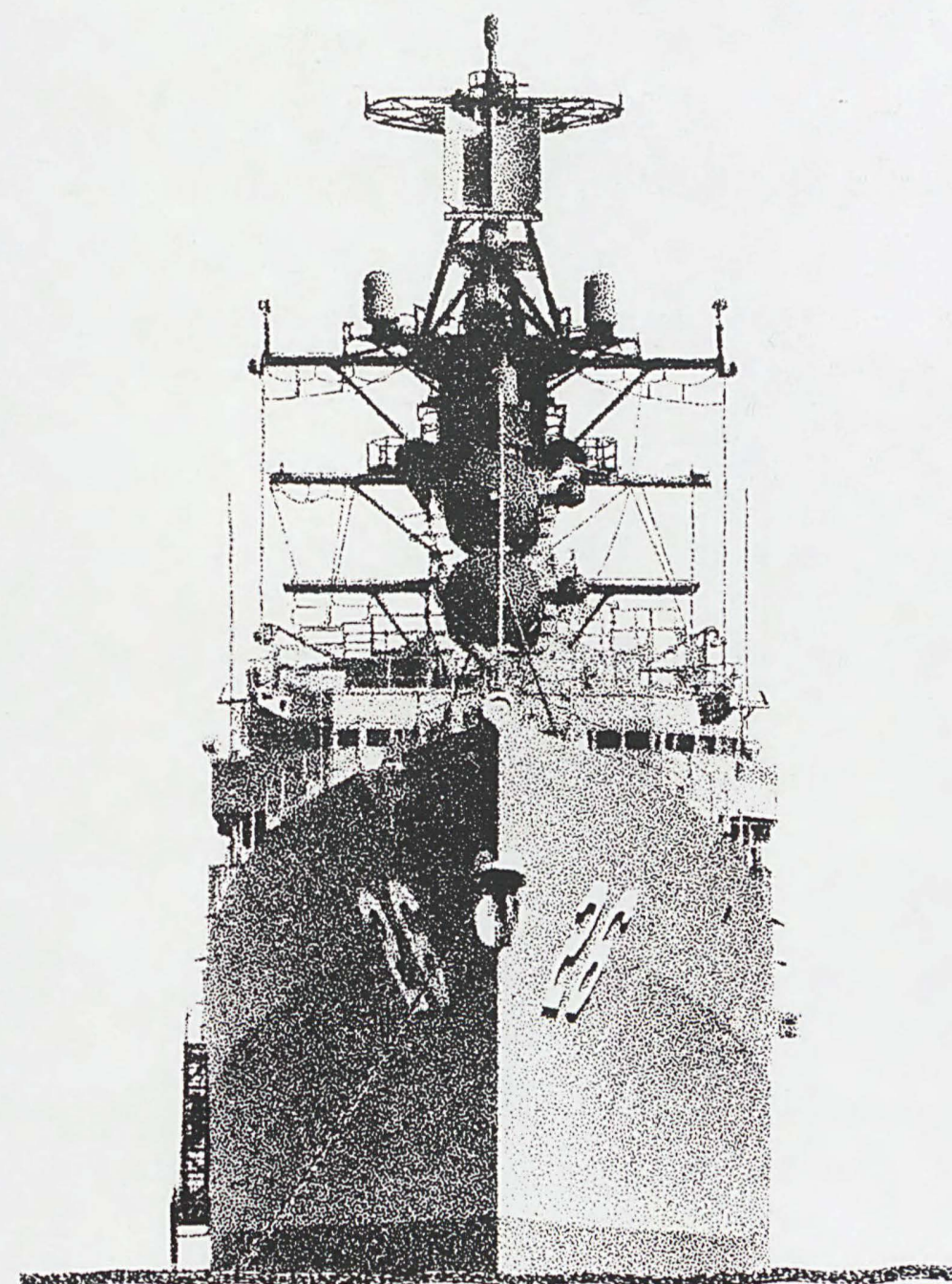
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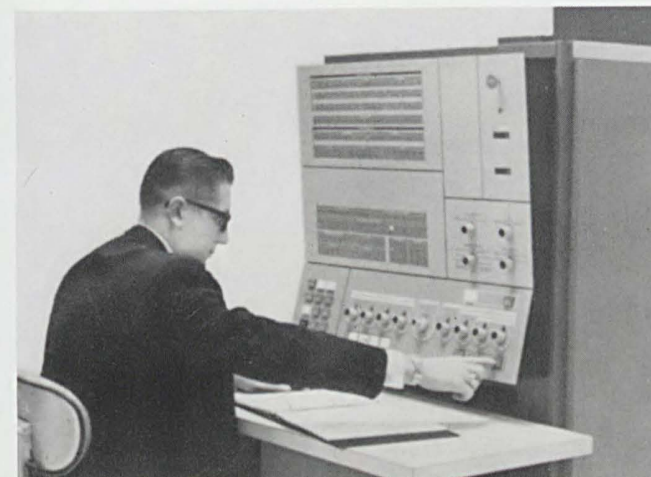
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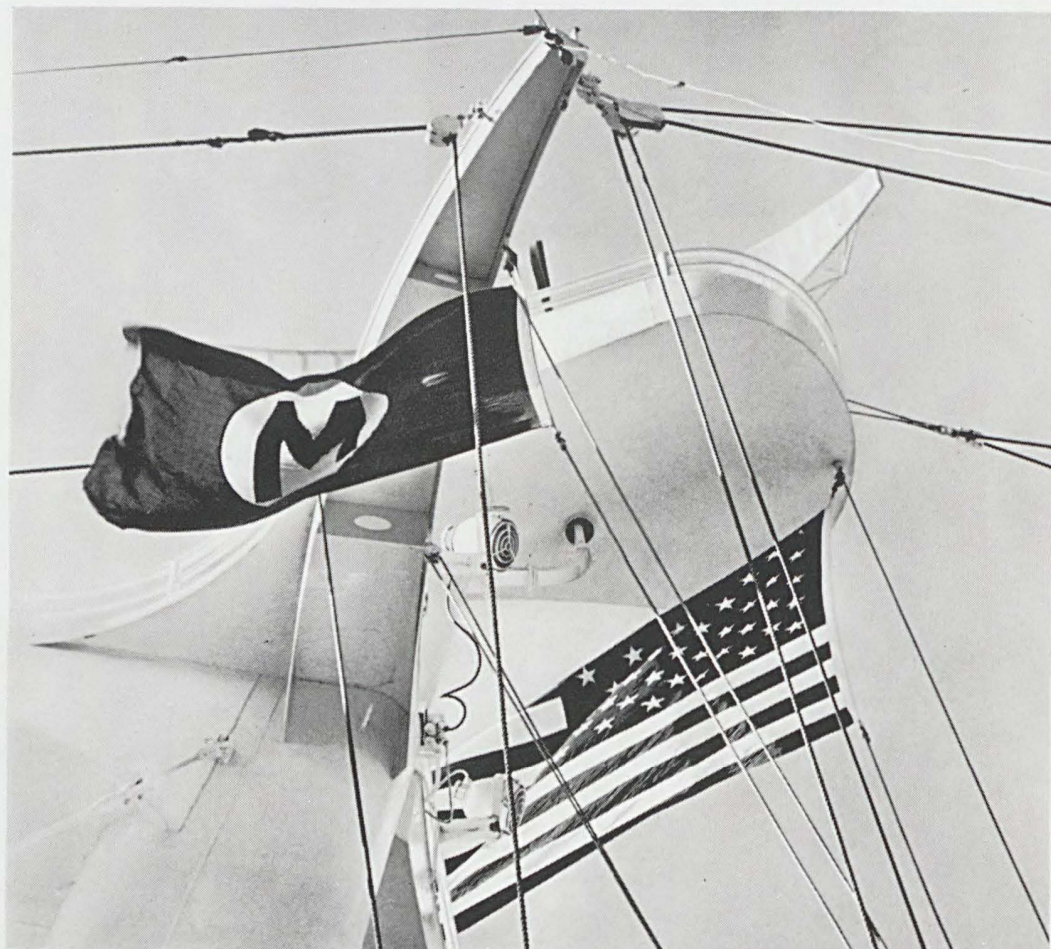
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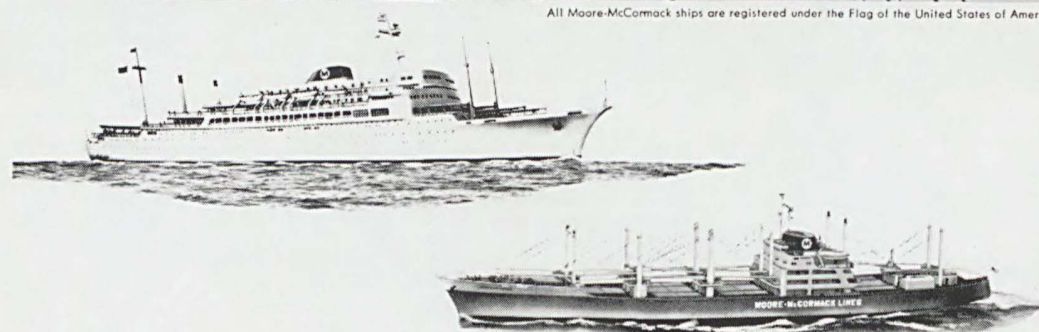
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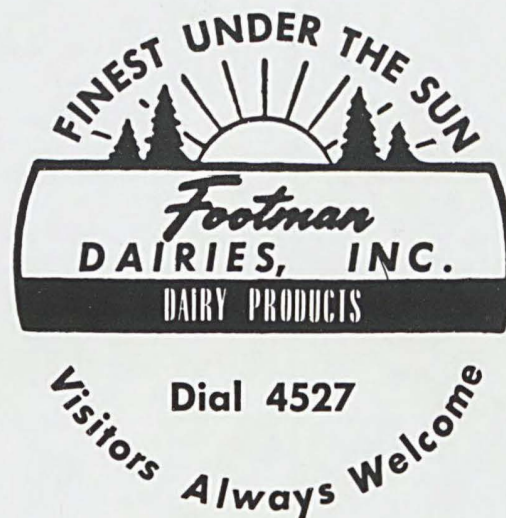
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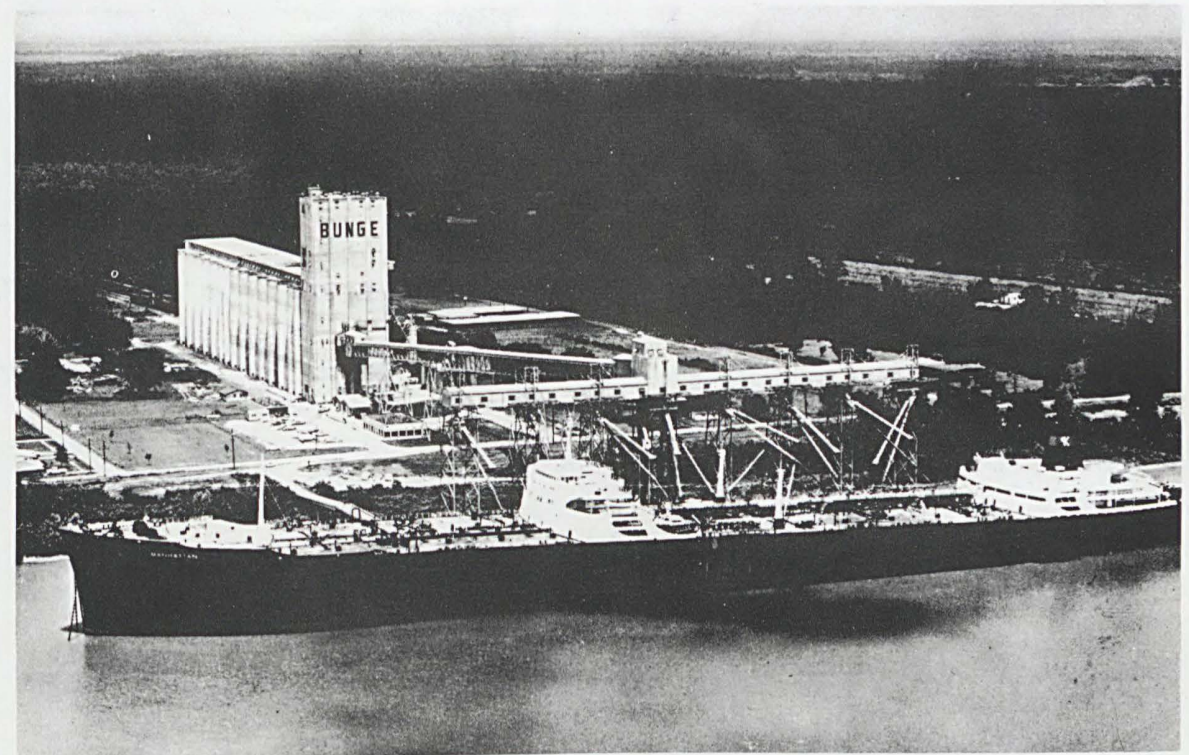
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PORT OF PORTLAND, MAINE

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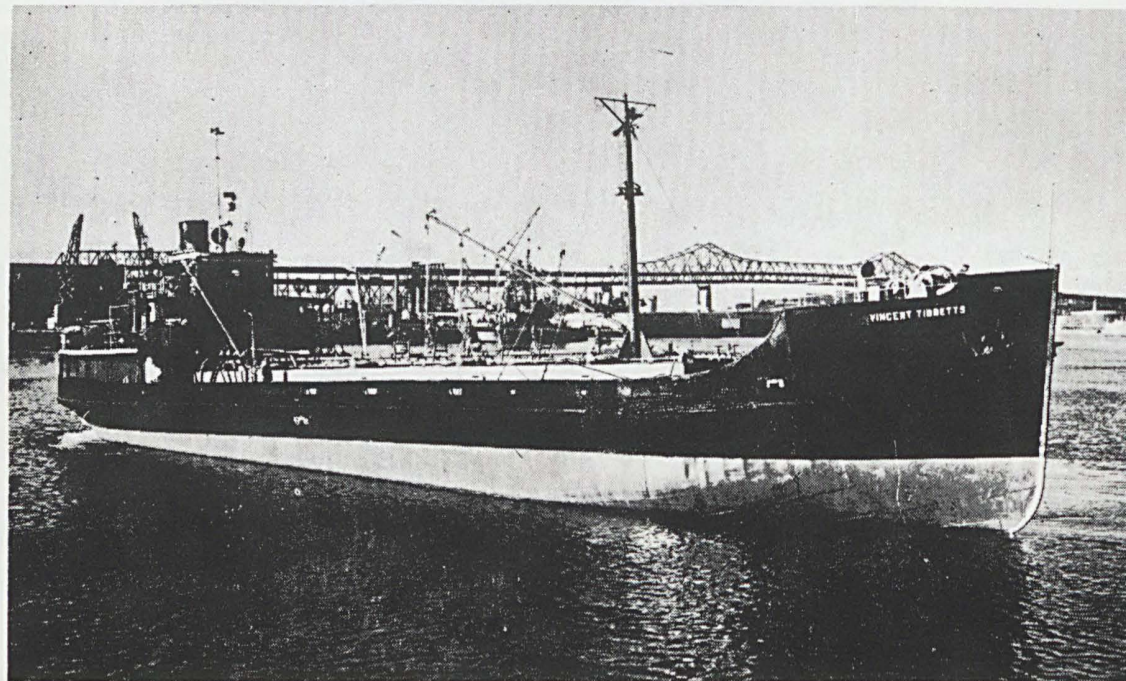
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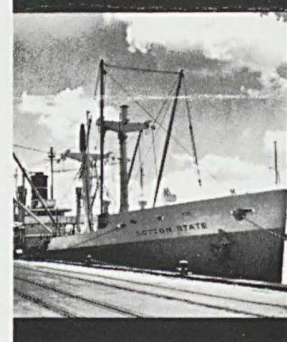
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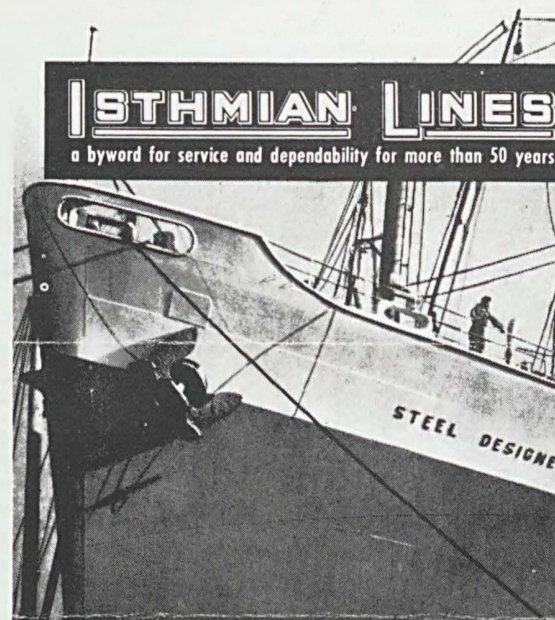
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*IN CLOSING*

I wish to thank all those who helped transform the 1967 TRICK'S END from a dream to a reality. In particular: Bob Tasker for his literary work, Dave Schultze for his many hours pointing his lens and in the darkroom, and Tony Jackson for pulling us through financially.

Also to Dave Wood, for his work on sports, Dave Pope for his artwork, and to LCDR Howard C. Jordan for his advice and encouragement, Mr. Lin Card for his numerous trips from Portland and without whose help this book would not have been possible, 4/c Dale Waine for his hours on the typewriter and to many others too numerous to mention.

Our job is done, we have done our best to tell an interesting story, and hope in the years to come it will bring back many pleasant memories.

John B. Lancaster  
1/c Midshipman  
Editor-in-Chief  
1967 TRICK'S END



