

A Kings Point Memoir

OUT THE GATE IN '68!



Out the Gate in '68!
A Kings Point Memoir

by

The 1968 Graduates of the United States
Merchant Marine Academy

Copyright 2018
All rights reserved

Edited by the KP '68 - 50th Reunion Memoir Committee:

Chairman - Don Peavy
Editor-in-Chief - George Stupski
Photo Editing and Research - Boyd Goddard
Sea Year Editor - Chas Pearson
Assistant Editor - Geoff Gill

Published by Kevin Zahn at Createspace Independent Publishing Platform
Cover design: George Stupski and ebooklaunch.com

Dedication

In memory of all our classmates who have crossed the final bar -- may they rest in peace.

The 1968 Graduates of the United States Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N.Y.

Name (Deck or Engine)	Hometown
ABAIR, Harold Walter (E)	Westford, Vt.
ACUFF, Burnis Sylvester (E)	Charleston, S.C.
AHEARN, William Thomas (E)	Brooklyn, N.Y.
ALDRICH, David William (E)	East Meadow, N.Y.
ALLEE, Robert Gale (D)	Fort Scott, Kans.
BARRY, Richard Edward, Jr. (D)	North Haven, Conn.
BEESON, Ray Burton, II (D)	Denver, Colo.
BEILSTEIN, Cary Devin (E)	Sandusky, Ohio
BEVAN, Harry Stephen (E)	Flushing, N.Y.
BLOXOM, John Estel (D)	Pocomoke, Md.
BROCKDORF, Gregory Leigh (D)	Trufant, Mich.
BROWN, Herbert Earl, Jr. (E)	Tarboro, N.C.
BURKE, William Harris, Jr. (D)	Trumbull, Conn.
BYRNES, Raymond Joseph (E)	Saratoga, Calif.
CARROLL, Francis John (E)	Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y.
CARTLIDGE, Edward Sutterley (E)	Trenton, N.J.
CASAMASSINA, Robert Nicholas (E)	Brooklyn, N.Y.
CHRISTIANSAN, Mark Cornelius (D)	Ocean City, N.J.
CLARK, Donald Stone (E)	Fairfax, Va.
CLARKE, Stephen Dudley (D)	Southbridge, Mass.
CONROY, Patrick Thomas (E)	Hicksville, N.Y.
COSTANZI, Barry Vincent (D)	St. Paul, Minn.
DeMARTINO, Joseph Francis, Jr. (E)	Orange, N.J.
DOTTS, Richard Irwin (E)	Las Vegas, Nev.
DUNN, William Joseph (E)	Hollis, N.Y.
EASTMAN, Peter Andrew (D)	Eloy, Ariz.
ELLWANGER, Harold Lee, Jr. (D)	Harrington, Del.
ENGLISH, Joseph Raymond (E)	Bordentown, N.J.
FAUCETT, Robert Rian (E)	Marinette, Wisc.
FEATHERER, Robert Colonel (E)	Carney's Point, N.J.
FERGUSON, John Henry (E)	West Lawn, Pa.
FERNANDEZ, Raymond Antonio (E)	Middle Village, N.Y.

FIEDLER, Thomas Edward (D)	Orlando, Fla.
FLOOD, Alan James (D)	Port Sanilac, Mich.
FORISTER, Kenneth Eugene (E)	Jackson, Miss.
FUNKHOUSER, William Floyd (E)	Strasburg, Va.
GALIK, Albert Richard (D)	Passaic, N.J.
GALLAGHER, John Richard (D)	Bayside, N.Y.
GILL, Geoffrey Woods (D)	Tarrytown, N.Y.
GIOVENCO, Andrew John (E)	Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
GODDARD, Boyd Taylor (E)	San Diego, Calif.
GRANT, Jeffrey Eric (E)	Seattle, Wash.
GRENLEY, Aaron Lemuel (D)	Baltimore, Md.
HAAS, Jeffrey Allen (D)	North Bend, Ore.
HADO, Michael Dennis (E)	McKeesport, Pa.
HAMANN, William Albert, Jr. (D)	Cincinnati, Ohio
HAMBERGER, Thomas Lewis (D)	Sinking Spring, Pa.
HAMILTON, Robert Charles (D)	Miami, Fla.
HANELINE, William Jean (E)	Bellevue, Nebr.
HANFORD, Maurice James, III (E)	Downers Grove, Ill.
HANSON, Bernard Theodore, Jr. (E)	Missoula, Mont.
HARBACH, James Alfred (E)	Pompton Plains, N.J.
HEDDAEUS, William Edward (D)	Bradfordwoods, Pa.
HEFFERNAN, William James. III (D)	Wantagh, N.Y.
HEIMBURGER, Ronald Francis (D)	Overland Park, Kans.
HENDERSON, William Richard (E)	McLean, Va.
HICKEY, Raymond Francis (E)	Bridgeport, Conn.
HITCHENS, Philip J. (D)	Arlington, Va.
HJERSMAN, John Carl (E)	Sacramento, Calif.
HOTALING, John Monroe (E)	Otego, N.Y.
HOWARD, Cregan John (E)	Seattle, Wash.
HUNT, Theodore Clarke (D)	Vallejo, Calif.
ISABELLA, Joseph Anthony (E)	Upper Darby, Pa.
JEWETT, Denis Scott (E)	Waterford, Conn.
JUMP, Alfred Preston, Jr. (D)	Mobile, Ala.
KATSAMPES, Ernest Thomas (E)	Reseda, Calif.
KEHMEIER, Dean Frederick (D)	Denver, Colo.
KIHM, Randolph Lee (D)	Milwaukee, Wis.
KIRCHNER, William Harrison (E)	New Castle, Del.
KLEIN, Jonathan Frederick (D)	Farmington, N.M.
KLING, Richard Walter (E)	Massapequa, N.Y.
KOHL, George Alfred, Jr. (E)	Philadelphia, Pa.

KONNICK, Dennis Andrew (E)	Pottstown, Pa.
KRANZLER, Jon Alan (E)	Santa Susana, Calif.
KROEGER, Nicholas Bernard, Jr. (E)	Duquesne, Pa.
KRUEGER, Lewis Harold (E)	Brillion, Wis.
LAWSON, Michael Kelly (D)	Hampton, Va.
LEEPER, Robert Neal (E)	Fremont, Ohio
LEVENSHUS, Stuart Barry (E)	Wantagh, N.Y.
LEWIS, John Francis, Jr. (E)	Windsor Locks, Conn.
LEWIS, Robert Charles (D)	East Haven, Conn.
LEWIS, Robert Gordon (E)	Springfield, Va.
LOSCH, Richard Carl (D)	Fairfield, Conn.
LYONS, Kenneth James (D)	Alexandria, Va.
MacPHERSON, Douglas Alan (D)	Vacaville, Calif.
MACAULAY, John Scott (E)	San Francisco, Calif.
MASTROPIETRO, John Ernest (E)	Plainfield, N.J.
McCLURE, Robert Jerome (D)	Kansas City, Mo.
McCORY, Duncan Douglas (E)	Huntington, N.Y.
McDONALD, Charlton Thomas, Jr. (E)	Van Nuys, Calif.
McDONALD, Hugh Joseph, Jr. (E)	Waterford, Conn.
McKEE, John Conway, Jr. (D)	Waterbury, Conn.
McSHEA, George Patrick, Jr. (D)	Philadelphia, Pa.
MILLER, Carl AIan (D)	Port Huron, Mich.
MOORHEAD, Terrence Linter (D)	Silver Spring, Md.
MORRIS, Thomas Earl (E)	Endwell, N.Y.
MOTT, Harvey John Thomas (E)	Aberdeen, Wash.
MOZGALA, David Paul (E)	Holyoke, Mass.
MUCCI, James Adam (D)	Bethel Park, Pa.
MURELLO, Michael Anthony (D)	Virginia Beach, Va.
MURPHY, William Francis (E)	Willimansett, Mass.
NEEL, Douglas Bill (D)	Gothenburg, Nebr.
NIEMI, Eugene Charles (E)	Swedesboro, N.J.
NOWAKOWSKI, James Bernard (E)	Milwaukee, Wisc.
OHNSTAD, Peter-Rolf, Jr. (D)	Winona, Minn.
O'NEILL, Lawrence Joseph, Jr. (E)	Braintree, Mass.
OPET, John Richard (E)	Forty Fort, Pa.
PAGANO, Kenneth Robert (E)	Richmond Hill, N.Y.
PARKER, Terrence Lee (E)	Arlington, Va.
PARKS, Greig Houldsworth (E)	Port Washington, N.Y.
PATTERSON, Joseph Orr, Jr. (D)	Turtle Creek, Pa.
PAUL, Robert Cornelius (D)	San Francisco, Calif.

PAVIA, John Douglas (E)	Napa, Calif.
PEARSON, Charles Beverly (E)	Derry, N.H.
PEARSON, Robert Randolph (D)	Malverne, Pa.
PEAVY, Donald Roger (E)	Manhasset, N.Y.
PHILLIPS, Peter Howard (E)	Elmont, N.Y.
PIGOTT, John Hamilton (D)	Mohegan Lake, N.Y.
PILLSBURY, Charles Robert (D)	Beverly, Mass.
POPOVICH, Michael Thomas (E)	Gallitzin, Pa.
PRANULIS, Edward David (E)	Naugatuck, Conn.
PRINDIVILLE, William Aloysius (D)	Phoenix, Ariz.
RANDOLPH, John Michael (D)	Manila, P.I.
REHM, Russel Neil (E)	Pasco, Wash.
REICHART, George William (D)	Aiken, S.C.
REICHE, Raymond William (E)	Chicago, Ill.
REIMER, Laurence William, Jr. (D)	Bensenville, Ill.
RYDZEWSKI, Adolph John (E)	Las Vegas, Nev.
ROBERTS, Dennis Reginald (E)	Santa Ana, Calif.
ROBERTSON, Clinton Delahay ,Jr. (E)	Clayton, Del.
ROGERS, Lawrence John (D)	Demarest, N.J.
ROGERS. Robert Bare (D)	Collingswood, N.J.
ROLLINS, Merrill Henry (D)	Casco, Maine
ROWAN, Robert Michael (E)	Stony Brook, N.Y.
RYALLS, Richard Roy (E)	Algonac, Mich.
SAMMONS, William Dennis (D)	Tokyo, Japan
SCHECTER, Mark Stephen (E)	Searingtown, N.Y.
SCHROEDER, Charles Robert (E)	Chicago, Ill.
SCHULTZ, Alfred Edward (E)	Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
SEBUCK, Gregory John (D)	Chicago, Ill.
SEDDON, Ernest David, Jr. (D)	South Dartmouth, Mass.
SEMBER, William James (E)	Sharpsville, Pa.
SHAKESHAFT, Richard Stephen (E)	Schenectady, N.Y.
SIMMONDS, LeRoy Samuel (E)	St. Thomas. V.I.
SKRIPOL, Paul Gregory (E)	Simsbury, Conn.
SMITH, Raymond Russell (E)	Babylon, N.Y.
SMITH, Richard Randall (E)	Handsboro, Miss.
SOTTILE, Vincent John (E)	Brooklyn, N.Y.
STEVENS, William David (E)	Northfield, N.J.
STUPSKI, George Thomas (D)	Jacksonville, Fla.
SUTTON, Raymond David (E)	Western Springs, Ill.
SZULC, Christopher Charles (E)	Braddock, Pa.

TAYLOR, James Edward (E)	Staten Island, N.Y.
TEAGUE, Jim Cleadus (D)	Bitely, Mich.
THOMAS, John Allan (E)	Canastota, N.Y.
THOMPSON, James Glenn (D)	Ottawa, Ill.
TODD, James Michael (E)	Virginia Beach, Va.
TRAHAN, Scott Barry (D)	Islip Terrace, N.Y.
TRYON, James Robert (D)	Heidelberg, Germany
TURCHETTI, Eugene Adrian (E)	Wyoming, Pa.
VAN OSS, David Julius (D)	Granville, Ohio
WALKER, James L. II (E)	Little Rock, Ark.
WALTER, David Lee (E)	Monaca, Pa.
WALUS, Walter Edward (E)	Elizabeth, N.J.
WARE, James Marlyn (E)	Irwin, Pa.
WARNER, Kenneth Hanford (D)	West Haven, Conn.
WEIGANG, Richard John (E)	Carle Place, N.Y.
WELLER, George Alexander (D)	New Port Richey, Fla.
WESTOVER, Stanley Rodger (D)	Norwich, N.Y.
WHITE, EarI Timothy (E)	Stratford, Conn.
WIGTON, AIan Eugene (E)	Perrysville, Ohio
WILSON, Freddie Bazell, III (E)	Mojave, Calif.
WILSON, James Richard (E)	Trevose, Pa.
WOLF, John Paul (D)	Spring Valley, N.Y.
WONG, Christian Charles (E)	Honolulu, Hawaii
WOOD, Herbert Norman, Jr. (E)	Media, Pa.
WOODS, Edward Lawson (D)	Kirksville, Mo.
WOODS, Elliott Evan (E)	Painesville, Ohio

Contributing Authors

Burnie Acuff
Bill Ahearn
Dave Aldrich
Rick Barry
Cary Beilstein
Steve Bevan
John (Sonny) Bloxom
Tom Brennan
Greg Brockdorf
Phil Carey
Bob Featherer
John Ferguson
Ray Fernandez
Tom Fiedler
Ken Forister
Maureen Reiche Foster
Bill Funkhouser
J. Richard Gallagher
Geoff Gill
Boyd Goddard
Jeff Grant
Aaron Grenley
Jeff Haas
Mickey Hado
Marie Hado
Tom Hamberger
Bill Haneline
Jim Harbach
Ron Heimburger
John Hotaling
Creg Howard
Ted Hunt
Joe Isabella
Jon Klein
Neal Leeper
John Lewis
John Mazza
George McShea
Joan Niemi Meinking
Carl Miller
Harvey Mott
Dave Mozgala
Jim Mucci
Jim Nowakowski
Rolf Ohnstad
Jack Opet
Ken Pagano
Chas Pearson
Don Peavy
Russ Rehm
Larry Reimer
Clint Robertson
Bob Rogers
Merrill Rollins
Bob Rowan
John Rydzewski
Mark Schecter
Charlie Schroeder
Al Schultz
Richard Shakeshaft
Paul Skripol
Ray Smith
George Stupski
Jim Todd
Jim Walker
Jim Ware
Alex Weller
Stan Westover
Norm Wood
Ed Woods
Elliott Woods

Mission of the Academy

"To attract to the U.S. Merchant Marine a high type of young American with a definite ambition to become an officer in the Service: to impart to him the necessary academic background, and the fundamentals of a practical nautical education essential to a successful career at sea; to develop in him a high sense of honor, uprightness, and loyalty; to instill in him a pride in his profession, and a determination to uphold the traditions of the Merchant Marine; and, by effective teaching, training, and guidance, to send him forth to his calling with a deep respect and affection for the U.S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps and its Academy."

[Editor's Note: This was originally published in Polaris Magazine in June of 1943. It was written by LCDR Hyatt, head of the Seamanship and Navigation Department. It had changed only slightly by 1964].

Table of Contents



Introduction ..... p. 13

Part One: August 23, 1964 ..... p. 17

Part Two: Plebe Year ..... p. 41

Part Three: Sea Year ..... p. 101

Photo Gallery ..... p. 199

Part Four: Upperclass Years ..... p. 377

Part Five: A Licensed Officer Memory ..... p. 445

Part Six: "After Graduation I . . ." ..... p. 503

Crossed the Final Bar ..... p. 577

Part Seven: In Remembrance Of ..... p. 579

Appendix ..... p. 611

Acknowledgements ..... p. 617

Editor's Note: Throughout this book there are references to our class years, which were named differently than those of a civilian college. The equivalencies were:

Freshman year = Plebe Year, or 4th Class Year, 4/c
Sophomore year = Sea Year, or 3rd Class Year, 3/c
Junior year = 2nd Class Year, 2/c
Senior year = 1st Class Year, 1/c

Sea Year, unique to Kings Point, was a year spent serving as officer trainees on board regular, in-service merchant ships. Numerous cadets (or "cadet/midshipmen" C/M) had their Sea Year split between 3rd Class Year and 2nd Class Year, so they could be at the campus for their varsity sports all four years.

You will also see many references to "sections." This was a basic organizational group of cadets (about 20-24). You went to the same classes, marched together to meals, and lived in the same dorm. Each section had a unique number, beginning with your class year, such as "68-363." Larger than sections were companies, of which there were six, then battalions, of which there were three, then the whole regiment.

Introduction

[Editor's Note: This publication was written by members of the 1968 class of the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York. It was created in honor of our 50th graduation anniversary and reunion].

On Sunday, August 23, 1964, six months after the Beatles' first performance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, 334 young men reported for duty through Vickery Gate at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, NY. Upon arrival, they were directed to Bowditch Auditorium where, after taking the oath of office, they and their parents were told that one out of every three cadets would not make it to graduation.

Of course, the deck was stacked in favor of this prediction, as 21 years of operations had established a pretty solid record of high attrition rates. Nevertheless, each member of the earliest cohort of post-war baby boomers looked at the man to his right and left, and, as indestructible teenagers are wont to do, decided that the speaker was talking about one of those other guys. One candidate took one look at the campus and uniforms, and got back in his cab, never even making it to Bowditch.

Two weeks of indoctrination followed, during which new dungaree uniforms, Physical Training (PT) gear, and short haircuts were given. Each morning, following the playing of reveille on the ancient PA system, PT would begin, followed by close order drill instruction by Lt. Horton Spurr. Unfortunately, neither Lt. Spurr, nor the assigned footgear was very forgiving, and blisters were the first common denominator for the class of 1968. Plebe beats, squaring corners, *Bearings* books, cleaning stations, inspections, and mess duty were assigned and the weather was hot. There was no air-

conditioning in the barracks. The Mission, Obligation, height of the flagpole, origin of the word "Sir", and the "Good Word" were memorized as "plebe knowledge," and repeated ad infinitum. We saluted everyone.

Soon, the remainder of the Regiment arrived, and classes began. Having selected one of the two available course options, Deck or Engine, the class settled into a routine. A loss in the first football game resulted in depressed upper classmen who did not get liberty for a victory, and plebe beats were harsher as a result.

Although no leave was to be granted to plebes until Thanksgiving, a fortunate scheduling anomaly resulted in the Regiment attending the first football game played in New York's Shea Stadium. The bad news was that our Mariners lost to Colgate. The good news to the class of '68 was N.Y. State law at the time permitted 18-year-olds to drink, and beer was happily consumed.

At the end of the first academic quarter, our numbers were reduced by a few who went home at Thanksgiving and decided not to return. We began to learn the cruelty of the world as "Dear John" letters began to accumulate from girlfriends. At least one classmate who missed public transportation back to the Academy on time was given restriction because he "would have missed the ship" and should have taken a cab. The holiday season was pleasant, as the "World's Tallest, Unguyed Flagpole" became a Christmas tree and the first Regimental Ball was held. Decent meals were served and Christmas leave arrived to end 1964 on a high note.

The New Year brought intense drill practice in preparation for Lyndon Johnson's inaugural parade. Lt. Spurr instructed the Regiment to stuff newspapers under our "monkey suit" jackets if it was cold, which it was. The parade included an extended distance, during which no rifle arm changes were permitted, and we completed the parade with sore arms and cold feet.

Eventually, we were divided into "A" and "B" split Sea Year and full Sea Year groups and sent to learn our respective trades. Spring of 1965 passed and more of our classmates

left us, due to academics, demerits, or the sudden discovery that a life at sea was not for them.

A year before, Bob Dylan had released *The Times They Are A Changin'*, and even at Kings Point this became true. In the spring of '65 the First Classmen (Class of 1965) initiated a food strike (begun with a food fight) to raise awareness of, among other things, the sad state of commissary services. After a period of Regimental restriction (one of many mass punishments) an inquiry revealed that the Academy mess was being supported as a "field" mess, and that some other funding irregularities were discovered.

Eventually, our class was "recognized," but since it took so long, it was a non-event for most of us. We did not get back together as a class until September of 1967. Sea Year, the unique feature that attracted many of us to the USMMA, was both a relief and a rude awakening for most of us. We learned many things, both practical and profane, visited much of the world and actually learned many things which have stayed with us for life, such as: "Leave the system in ready condition, since you may be the one who has to start it up in an emergency."

Second (or Third and Second, if your Sea Year was split) Class year was spent taking courses to prepare us for our respective vocations, with just enough Regimental interference to make life miserable. The class of 1967 petitioned to graduate early, ostensibly to support the Viet Nam War effort, and was granted their wish. The result was that our class assumed temporary Regimental leadership early on a trial basis. Also, our already high academic workload increased as some instructors took advantage of the lack of first class level courses to double up so that they could have additional time off.

First class year was interesting as many of the following remembrances will attest. New leadership (below the level of Superintendent) resulted in some anomalous behaviors, but on June 5, 1968, the day Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated, 178 "High types of young Americans" were handed B.S. degrees. Most of us received our licenses and reserve commissions as well. Although the mission required the Academy to send us forth with a sense of "Deep respect

and affection for the United States Merchant Marine Academy," most of us were just glad to be "out of this place," as that song by the Animals proclaimed.

Following a long strike in 1965, wages won by the maritime unions, Masters, Mates and Pilots (MMP), and the Marine Engineer's Beneficial Association (MEBA) had accelerated the deterioration of the maritime industry by making U.S. flagged ships less competitive with those sporting flags of convenience. By the spring of 1968, the unions realized that the influx of ready reserve ships to support the war effort would require temporary manning for the duration, but would not result in long term employment. As a result the unions initiated group shipping regulations which essentially discriminated against new hires (Not unlike the dual pension rules established more recently by many large corporations).

The class of 1968 emerged into this world and was met with the prospect of bidding on less desirable jobs until 365 days of sailing experience were accumulated and a higher group assignment was received. As a result, many of us sailed on non-union ships (primarily tankers) or went on active duty in the U.S. Military. We lost some classmates at least partially as a result of the billets available on sub-standard ready-reserve vessels.

It is now 50 years since that June day when we emerged from the shadows. As the following pages will attest, some of us have accomplished great things, while many of us are merely willing to share some of our fascinating or mundane experiences. It is undeniable, however, that our common experience at Kings Point has contributed to the people we have become.

-- *"What a Long, Strange Trip It's Been"* (Grateful Dead)

-- Don Peavy, Chairman, KP '68 -- 50th Anniversary Memoir Committee

Part One: August 23, 1964

From Larry Reimer:

What I can remember about it as "clear as crystal" is that I flew out of O'Hare (Chicago) on an American Airlines 727 and Jim Thompson and Fox (can't remember his 1st name!!) were on the plane with me. We landed at LaGuardia at the old Terminal that looks like a hangar -- it was hot and muggy and we took a taxi to KP -- and there were pretty big festivities going on there with the USA Olympic tryouts at O'Hara Hall -- and I kind of remember asking myself "What HAVE you gotten yourself into??!!" Don't remember too much else about the day except meeting my roomie, Jim Tryon, when we were assigned rooms in 6th Company.

--Larry

From Joe Isabella:

I vaguely remember that day as a swirl of activity. My parents drove me to the gate, dropped me off with my suitcase and left. I can't remember the exact sequence but my hair was cut, I was issued a pair of khaki shorts, black shoes, a tee shirt and dungarees. The first few days we were taught to march (in our khaki shorts and black shoes), square corners, make our beds and a whole host of plebe knowledge. I remember both Harry Abair (my plebe roommate) and I trying to be outside our room, bracing, in our pajamas, bathrobes, shoes and socks with the shoes tied and our beds made by the last note of reveille. I vividly remember some guy yelling at me in the First Company basement at a plebe beat.

We took a lot of guff during those first few weeks but we gave a little too. I remember there was going to be some sort of administration social by the pool. Late the evening before the event, several of us, I can't remember who all was involved, went down to the dock, picked up a sailing monomoy and hefted it up into the pool and fully rigged the sail. I can only imagine the surprise when it was discovered the next day. We really proved the motto "Acta Non Verba" was correct because everyone who was involved in the "Acta" denied taking part in the incident -- "Non Verba."

I remember it all fondly now but I wasn't so fond of it then. I called my father during the first few days to tell him I wanted to leave and come home. God rest his soul, he said the exact right words for the occasion and even though it was 50 years ago I remember them as if they were yesterday. He said, "If you leave there, don't come home!" Eventually I stopped feeling sorry for myself, got an excellent education and had a blast at Kings Point.

--Joe

From George Stupski:

I drove up from Florida, with my parents in the front, and three younger brothers in the back seat. We stopped at Princeton to visit my older brother, but all I could think about was what might happen to me at KP. We went to the New York World's Fair; mostly I remember seeing *The Pieta*. I don't remember much about the first day except that after the parents left I got yelled at a lot. Some of the guys who had gone to a military prep school, or had been in basic training in the service, were way ahead in learning how to shine shoes and make a bed KP style. Our "pusher" was ok, though, and that helped a lot. The reasons I made it to KP included an odd meeting. I had been an alternate to the Coast Guard Academy, and was invited, with others, to tour the base in Jacksonville, Florida. The officer in charge took our group into his office and talked about how great a career in the CG would be. I kept looking at a large picture on the wall behind him. It hit me and I asked him if the photo was of the campus of

Kings Point. It was, and he was a graduate! That helped settle if for me, as I thought I could go "mostly civilian" in the Merchant Marine, but switch to the CG or Navy if I wanted to. I kept telling friends that my new goal in life was to see the world and get paid for it. I also felt fortunate to get a nomination to KP from my Congressman, Charles E. Bennett, a WWII vet. My family had no political connections and my older brother had rejected an appointment to Annapolis the previous year, from the same Congressman!

If it had been up to my US Senators, Smathers and Holland, I would not have been eligible for any of the academies. They, along with Bennett, required me to take the Civil Service Exam. Passing was 70, they said, and they each sent me a letter saying I had just missed, with scores of 69.something. All BS!.

Bennett would not have nominated me if that were true. It would have been a shock to a 17-year-old, that Senators would do that, except they had done the same thing to my older brother the year before. My brother was really smart, and a National Merit Scholarship winner. It is likely he scored in the high 90's and me in the low 90's -- our typical pattern.

-- George, aka "Ski"

From Jim Nowakowski:

The class of 1968 had 334 cadets admitted on August 23, 1964. I was admitted last. Like many 17-year-old kids, life was breezing along and I wasn't paying much attention. I always wanted to go to Annapolis, God knows why. The application date passed while I was daydreaming and the opportunity was lost. Later, my mom saw an ad in the *Milwaukee Journal* about Congressman Zablocki accepting applications to the United States Merchant Marine Academy. So, one day after school, I took a city bus part way to his office and walked the rest of the way.

Of course, like any other 17-year-old, I was brimming with confidence. After all, the Congressman lived in the neighborhood and had been a high school friend of my aunt – this would be easy. At the office, the Congressman wasn't in.

However the nice lady told me to write him a letter. I went home and "promptly" wrote him a letter requesting a nomination to the USMMA. Shortly afterwards, I received a response saying my letter was appreciated, but I needed to write a new letter in a different format.

So I wrote a new letter in the suggested format. Sometime later, another response came saying I was admitted to the USMMA. Easy so far! But, not so fast. The letter went into further detail saying I needed to take the SAT exam and take a physical at the downtown recruiting station. This was getting more complicated than I thought.

I did manage to take the SAT's and pass the physical. Next came a letter saying "You are the 7th alternate from the state of Wisconsin." Of course, I immediately gave up all hope of attending any Academy and ignored the rest of the letter which said to get dental x-rays, and other things to prepare.

I registered for the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee for the fall semester in September. I was peacefully back at my summer job -- a highly sought-after lifeguard position. On Thursday, August 20, 1964, my brother showed up about noon and said some guy (Vic Tyson) from New York called and wanted to know if I still wanted to attend the Merchant Marine Academy and to call him if I did.

Simple me -- I quit on the spot, even though I loved my job, and went home to make my first long distance call ever. After x-rays, and other preparations including packing my Dad's suitcase (which may have been new in 1920) on Sunday, August 23, 1964, I was on a plane to NY (Idlewild aka JFK). Getting off the plane, I felt very confident, but I wasn't sure where Great Neck was, and a New York cabbie, instead of ripping me off, actually steered me straight! At this point, my confidence was waning -- strange surroundings, families everywhere, tea parties on the Admiral's lawn. (Admiral, tea???). Next came supper, uniforms, roommates, and then the zero deck. A first classman (Gordon Inouye) gave us the rules for plebes. Lots of rules, but it was only the beginning. My thoughts were "This doesn't sound too bad; I don't know anybody anyway." Little did I know, the plebe rules were in force for almost a year.

This was my 1st step in becoming a “Kings Pointer.” After 4 years, lots of work and more fun, cadet # 334 finally became a Kings Pointer! August 23, 1964, turned out to be the most important day of my life, the day when everything changed. I would do it again in a heartbeat. What a fantastic and rewarding opportunity. I'll always be proud of being a Kings Pointer.

--Jim aka “Sneer”

From Jim Mucci:

I am standing in my first muster line outside 6th Company waiting for indoctrination instructions. Standing next to me in line is John Pigott, who would go on to be my roommate for most of my time at Kings Point. Jim Todd and Bill Stevens were directly across the hall. Bill Stevens and his later roommate, Jack Opet, continued our close relationship even through our post-KP life.

--Jim, aka "Guinea"

From Ron Heimburger:

Some comments about that beautiful, warm, sunny, 23rd of August, 1964, day at KP where we were all "sucker punched and mugged and pretty much scared shitless."

- we rose before the sun at @0430 the next morning

for a wonderful running tour of Long Island Sound and the Academy grounds

- followed by an hour of curious questions about totally useless trivia
- followed by our first room inspections
- and then a wonderful breakfast that we were allowed to look at
- and the day went "downhill" after breakfast
- with our full wardrobe selection (bare minimum selection on 23 august - I think)

- record time haircuts
- photo id pix
- running, running, running, questions, questions, questions, so many corners to square
- and an old rifle issued as our "new best friend"?? ah, the memories.

I think that 23 August, 1964, was one of the three scariest days ever in my life, along with 24 August, 1964, -- our first full day of plebe hell -- and 28 December, 1985 -- the preemie birth of our daughter Kimberly at 25 weeks and 2 lbs. What sums it up - we all moved forward and continue to look forward.

--Ron

From Al Schultz

I was set-back just prior to the early (January) graduation of the Class of '67, so my best memory re: the Class of 1968 (other than having a full 1st Class year with you guys) was that I was there as a "pusher" when you first came through the gate in 1964. It was a real rewarding experience for me to have worked with a great bunch of guys, and hopefully I helped get some of you off on the right foot.

--Al

From George McShea:

The day we reported aboard, my family (all 8 of us) came up with me from Philly and my two sisters (twins) were just a few days from their 1st birthday (8/27). I remember the two of them barely able to run, mingling among all the plebe candidates and families getting underfoot. My one sister had severely burned her hand a week before and ran around with that hand constantly raised in the air to protect it. When I look at pictures from that day -- that arm in the air still makes me laugh!

One big disappointment from that day was that there were four of us from the same high school joining '68 but only two of us (Moe Keating and I) showed up. But little did I know on arrival at KP that we had quite a group in our plebe class from the greater Philly area.

--George aka "McShoulder"

From Boyd Goddard:

Laying a course for KP

I first became interested in Kings Point from reading the November 1955 *National Geographic* article. I then studied up on what marine engineers earned -- $1000 a month! That and a deep desire to avoid life in a Viet Nam foxhole caused me to explore numerous college opportunities.

I applied for an NROTC scholarship, California Maritime Academy, and a nomination to Kings Point from my Congressman. I spent many hours in examinations and physicals for all these choices. My reward was an NROTC scholarship to Oregon State and I was accepted to CMA, but I had to reply within 2 weeks or my spot would go to an alternate. Kings Point's nominations weren't due out for over a month beyond that. I was in a dilemma but somehow felt that I had a good chance at KP, so I burned that bridge, declined, and went all-in for KP, keeping NROTC as an ace-in-the-hole. I eventually received the letter stating I had an initial appointment and official papers would follow in time.

My high school principal always promoted his school's performance by touting those that got into the best colleges and obtained high-value scholarships. My high school class was very large, over 600 seniors, and there was some pretty intense scholastic competition. Stanford was the principal's prime measure of each year's success, with one or two from each class usually getting in. Our class had nine, I think. There were several more with partial commitments, of which I was one. At the awards ceremony, there were all sorts of accolades for $1000 scholarships, etc. I was barely mentioned, despite having the appointment to Cal Maritime,

an NROTC scholarship, and a KP nomination. Looking back on it all, I probably got the best scholarship deal of all – 4 years fully paid tuition, room & board, and best of all, we didn't have to worry about 4 years of campus fashions!

I just had to wait for the official orders to arrive. Weeks went by. My family had scheduled a big trip to Hawaii that summer, and we left on our summer vacation before receiving my orders from the Academy. I worried that I was destined for the Army because of the official silence, but still had hope. The orders finally arrived while I was still away on vacation and a very prompt reply was required. In a panic, mail was forwarded Special Delivery for signatures and I somehow made the deadline. KP, here I come!

My mother and grandmother accompanied me to the Academy. We flew to Washington first, visiting oodles of Virginia cousins I'd never met. We then drove up to New York a day or so early to make sure I made it on time -- a day of site-seeing, a quick haircut, and out Steamboat Road to deposit me into the clutches of the Maritime Service. I remember feeling pretty cocky and special as the families were entertained on that first day. Then names were called, sections were formed up and family was shown to the gate. Suddenly I was on my own, the pushers got more demanding, and the realization set in that I was indentured for the next 4 years. Failure was not an option to be considered. It was going to be a long, hard haul.

--Boyd

From Ken Pagano:

I remember 8/23/64 very well. It seems like just yesterday even though 51 years have come and gone. On that day, after we had been separated into sections, our pusher told us to select someone to be our roommate. The guy next to me and I kind of nodded at one another and my roommate was chosen!

His name was John Frazier, and he came from Ceredo-Kenova, West Virginia. Who would have believed that a kid

from the hills of Appalachia and another kid from the streets of New York City would be a good match? But we were!

John was a great roommate and an even better friend. We worked together and helped each other get through the difficult times Plebe Year threw at us. Unfortunately, John didn't make it. He failed out the last day of Plebe Year. He was offered a setback, but decided against it.

We corresponded for a couple of years, but eventually lost track of one another. I hope all went well for him and his family. He was a good guy. If anyone who reads this note knows anything about John, I'd really appreciate the information. Thanks.

-- Ken

From John Ferguson:

Indoctrination day seemed to be a blur as it was the culmination of the events where I, out of the blue, called Congressman Rhodes and said I want to go to the Academy to suddenly, "Wow, I am here!" After the speeches, I do not remember anything except getting "buzz cut," meeting my roommate & listening to our classmates who seemed to know everything about the school. I do still remember one of my classmates saying we will all have lots of women after us as they cannot resist a man in a uniform. That was great news.

-- John

From Bob Featherer:

Early Sunday Morning (23rd), I got up and had a quick breakfast and my parents proceeded to drive the 115 miles up the Garden State Parkway to Kings Point. It was hot and humid as a usual August Day. I remember our first muster was in the Academy gym and 350 souls packed in with no AC. They told us not to lock our knees, but too late, four guys in my area of the gym collapsed from heat and humidity with a little apprehension thrown in, too.

I was towards the front of the group and was lucky to receive my gear and be assigned to a room in 3rd Battalion, 6th Company. I was wondering if I had made a mistake because I knew what real college was like. I had just finished the last school year at West Virginia University. The rest of the day is sort of a blur but I do remember how happy I was to get into the auditorium (it was dark and cool) to hear Admiral McLintock welcome us with the comment: "Gentlemen, look to the man on the right of you and on the left of you, come graduation one of you will not be here." I decided right then that I was not gonna be one of those guys who didn't make it!

--Bob

From Jeff Grant:

A high school friend and I rode ten-speed bikes from our hometown of Seattle to New York in preparation for the rigorous life at the Academy. I did not want the physical demands to get the better of me, so I used that trip to "get into shape." As luck would have it, the bikes were stolen at Flushing Meadow, when we were at the World's Fair -- even though we locked them to an iron fence in front of the main entrance.

So, when the day came to report, rather than ride a bicycle into KP, I took a taxi from NYC. I arrived at Vickery Gate just behind another taxi. The other man (I don't remember his name) was also reporting, and we exchanged some small-talk about where we were from -- his home was in Hawaii, and he had just flown directly into JFK that morning -- a very long flight. We actually signed into the log book one after the other and then stepped through the door onto the grounds. The other man was in front of me and he stopped short after one or two steps from the door. He slowly looked around and commented at the bland looking buildings, then turned to me and said: "This isn't for me!" He turned and went back through Vickery Gate and got into the same cab he came in, and back home he went. I never heard from him again.

--Jeff

From Ed Woods:

My mother and my Aunt Suzy, who had come from California for the funeral, *[Editor's note: Ed's Dad died suddenly on July 29, 1964]* drove me to KP for that day. We left Washington for the five hour drive to NYC, which in itself was an adventure. I had on my only summer blue, seersucker suit and had a basically shaved head. There is a picture somewhere of me in front of the anchor. We checked in in the afternoon. I said good bye to my mother and favorite aunt. I think there was formation and we were assigned roommates. I will never forget mine. His name is George Alexander Weller. He was a year or two younger than me as I had gone to college for 9 months and sea for 15 months. He was perhaps an inch shorter than me with flaming red hair and a square face. He was a cheerful but serious young man who I instantly liked. I would also not have done well in trigonometry the first quarter without his help. He was smart but not the least bit arrogant -- a perfect companion for the first year. He was from Bradenton, Florida. His father had recently retired from the Air Force where he had been a pilot.

That day was a wonderful day -- bright sky, not a cloud. It was a hot and humid summer day which we were all used to as air-conditioning was rare, at least where I lived. We went to our room which was on the third floor of Second Company. We lived at the end of the cross hall so our room was easily visible to all. We packed away our suitcases with our civilian belongings. Mine was my father's brown Samsonite which I had seen him carry to the airport a million times. It survived for decades. They were placed in a locker near our room, not to be seen again until Thanksgiving leave. Alex and I inspected our pipe rail beds and lockers. We had shelves and drawers as well as a Personal Box which I think was a random cardboard shoe box. There was a locker for our uniforms and overcoats. There was a reddish brown manual on our desk where our sturdy wood chairs faced each other. It was a great desk -- solid, just like the environment we entered.

On that first afternoon, after we had put everything away, we had nothing else to do that we knew of. We had a great view of the sound. We said "Hey, let's have a look

around!" "Great idea!" And off we went. We went all over the waterfront to see the life boats. To this day I love the memory of rowing and commands like "Oars!" "Hold water all!" And my favorite, "Toss Oars!" We visited the WW2 Memorial which I was anxious to see as my father had been a Navy Armed Guard on Merchant Ships in WW2 and was sunk by a German submarine in the North Atlantic. Then we saw the chapel, field house, pool, and every corner of the campus. I did not see that much again for nine months until our class was "Recognized."

We were having a great time. It must have been around 1700 or 1800, as the sun was beginning to go down a little on that beautiful afternoon excursion. We had so much fun. We thought "Wow! This place is great!" We decided we should return to our barracks. We quickly learned our first lesson. "Oh, my God -- we missed Bed-Making Class!" What were we to do? Somehow we found a classmate who showed us. It could have been Henry Firey as he had been in the Air Force. Anyway, we learned. We also learned never to wander off no matter how much fun it was. The second and critical lesson we learned that day was that this Plebe Indoctrination continued 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Although consciously I knew that, subconsciously I thought a "Siren," sort of like an "All Clear" would go off at about 1700 and we would all return to normal until the next morning. Boy, was I wrong -- huge psychological shock to this day. The next morning began at 0400 with a scratchy record going "shee-ert, shee-ert" for several minutes until the music started. Then down in formation for calisthenics under the Klieg lights. It reminded me of the old movie *Stalag 17,* at the time. Someone had a bullhorn, yelling at us as we did jumping jacks. I thought of that yesterday as I did jumping jacks and push-ups.

--Ed

From Tom Fiedler:

When I arrived at KP with my mother and father (an Air Force officer, and thus big on military pomp), I was far from

eager to be there. I was a last-minute admission, having been notified of the appointment by Massachusetts Congressman Hastings Keith only the previous week. I had suddenly moved up from first-alternate on the appointment list when the guy ahead of me apparently chose to go to some other school. By that point in the summer I had already completed freshman orientation at the University of Massachusetts and I was growing my hair as long as possible to fit in there. But when the Congressman notified me of the opening at Kings Point my parents were so thrilled that I couldn't turn it down. At minimum, I felt obligated to show up at KP on that Sunday knowing that if things went badly I could drop out and get to UMass in time for classes there.

My unsettled feelings were further rattled when we were gathered in the auditorium to be welcomed by one of the top officers (I don't recall if it was Admiral McLintock, but he was clearly of high rank). At one point in his speech he told us to look to the person on our left and then to the person on our right. And having done that, he told us, in words to this effect: "One of you won't make it here." So much for the official "welcome." Of course he was right as the initial 330 or so of us in that auditorium, less than 200 of us graduated four years later.

And it went downhill from there. Late that afternoon, the command came over the loud speakers that visiting hours were over and parents and friends must leave. The supremely polite upperclassmen who were escorting the families (only later did I realize that they were "pushers") looked on with smiles as I said my farewells to my parents and hugged my teary-eyed mother. I then went back to my room in Barry Hall to unpack and get better acquainted with my roommate, Bill Heffernan. Everything still seemed casual and, except for the lack of girls, not all that different from what I imaged UMass would be. Then the loud speakers came alive with some bugle call we had never heard. The previously polite upperclassman now swarmed the halls screaming at us to go down "the ladder" to something called the "zero deck." It was awful -- stiflingly hot, dark and claustrophobic. We were ordered to stand with backs to the "bulkhead." For the first time we became introduced to "the brace." I pulled my chin so

tightly into my throat that my hair hurt. The yelling at us was constant with the enraged pushers just an inch or two from our faces: “Suck it in!” “Stand up straight!” “Pull those shoulders back!” ”Sound off, maggot!” My brain was reeling from the noise and the stress.

At some point in the din, one of the upper classman stepped back to address us all at once and the other pushers fell silent. This leader’s face was as cold as evil. His words seemed etched in hate: “Your mamas are gone, you sorry sacks of whale shit. Your asses belong to me!”
And so it began . . .

--Tom

From Russ Rehm:

After four glorious high school years, the Class of 1964 graduated in June, and I went to work in the wilds of the Polouse wheat fields of Eastern Washington, thinking I would be attending the University of Puget Sound, in Tacoma, come fall.

Jim Devine found me asleep under my grain truck, and said the foreman had a message for me. He said my Dad had called and would meet me at the elementary school in Prescott, Washington. It was a hot, windy, dry August afternoon, with not a person in sight, when we met and my Father explained to me that the other candidate decided not to go, and if I wanted to, I could go to this Kings Point place.

> “Is it free,” I asked?
>
> “Yah, I suppose so,” he said. “It‘s a government school.”
>
> “Where is it again?”
>
> “New York, someplace,” he thought.
>
> “Well, what do you think?”
>
> “It’s up to you; whatever you want to do,” he said.

This was pretty much the sum total of parental guidance I would receive as pertaining to what I should do with the rest of my life: "It's up to you; whatever you want to do."

> "Well, I guess I'll go," I said, with neither excitement, nor apprehension.

It just didn't seem like that big of a deal. Patriotism, quality of education, prayer, or career goals weren't my criterion. Simply, I knew it couldn't be worse than driving a wheat truck, plus they had water, my nose told me.

As I recall, my parents drove me to Spokane to get on an airplane. I had the shirt and jeans I was wearing, plus a small suitcase, probably no more than $50 in cash, and a plane ticket. No checkbook, no credit cards, no cell phone, no food, no photos, but I had in my pocket a folded piece of paper with directions that said after I got to JFK airport, I would ride a bus, a subway, a train, another bus, and then I'd be there. I'd never been to New York, I'd never been on a subway, I'd never been to college, but I had absolutely no doubts that I would be just fine . . . if I didn't flunk out!

However, I did fall asleep on the final bus ride from the train station to the Academy. After I'd been around the loop more than once, and was the only other person on the bus, the driver asked me where I was going. He replied that he'd wake me up when we got to Kings Point.

It was a beautiful evening, the sun was just setting over Vickery Gate, but there was no one there. I mean no one that I could find. Finally, wandering the halls of sixth Company, I ran into a third classman, who told me to use any bed I wanted. With neither pillow nor sheets, I lay down on a bare mattress, and enjoyed my first restful night at Kings Point, hungry but happy.

The next day, August 23, 1964, over three-hundred and thirty boys like me began to arrive from every state in the nation, many with their families. I just hung out and watched them. I'd already been there one night; I was the old-timer. Soon uniforms with loud voices were telling us to line up. It was hot and humid, and running in my one pair of "church

shoes" was not pleasant, but compared with what I had been doing the past four summers, it was a piece of cake. By the end of the day, we were in uniform, in a basement, at what was euphemistically known as a "Plebe Beat." We were the plebes. They didn't actually beat us, but we didn't know that, for it seemed possible that just about anything might happen.

--Russ

[Editor's note: The following memories of our first day were in Dave Aldrich's KP magazine column marking the 40th anniversary of that day (2004). Edited for subject matter and included here with Dave's permission -- Thanks, Dave].

From Mickey Hado:

Hello KP '68 classmates, I was just sitting here wondering if anyone other than me realized that it was exactly 40 years ago today that we were herded into O'Hara hall to begin our four years of fun and frivolity. Hard to believe . . . Hope ya'll are doing well.

--Mickey

From Tom Fiedler:

Mick, wasn't that the day we were told to look to the person on our left, then to the person on our right, and to accept the fact that (statistically speaking) one of the three of us wouldn't be around for graduation? Of course I was immediately convinced that I was the dumbest guy who'd ever been appointed to KP and quickly would become that missing man. Thanks for this chance to wander down memory lane.

--Tom

From Jon Klein:

Quite a road we've all taken.

--Jon

From Ron Heimburger:

If I remember correctly things went awry when they started talking about:

1) Buttoning the top button of your shirt.
2) Look to your left and look to your right - one of you won't be here at graduation.
3) Taking away all of our human privileges and that we will have to earn them back - one by one - over the next year.
4) Fitting all of our personal items in a shoe box.
5) Something about 0500 reveille and then a scenic run by the water.
6) Something about the dimensions of a flag pole and some crazy thing about "Sir, Sir is a subservient word, etc."
7) Some crazy thing about change for a dollar, two movie tickets and a clean handkerchief.

But it was a beautiful day on Long Island. So, make this a good day.

--Ron

From Boyd Goddard:

I had to go back and look at the yearbook to refresh my memory. I can't quite get it all in the proper place any more. My first initial wasn't even right in the '65 yearbook. "Firey, Goddard, Hado, Henderson" is a ditty out of the 68-162 roll call that still sticks in my mind, however. Those late evening musters to make sure everyone was home and not OTW managed to subtly burn certain singsong lyrics into my head

from that roster list. Same as even now I can "sing" the first stanza of the ditty bag contents (to drinking cup, which didn't rhyme with bucket, and messed up the rhythm of the litany) for Salty O'Hara.

Then I went to the "We got ours" picture and even had a little trouble matching names and faces. Didn't we take several of those, with someone alternating as camera clicker? I began to confuse myself more and more, probably because 2nd class year and different section mixes makes 40-year-old memories blend into one. Thank goodness there's some memory left!

Now I suppose I'll have to find time to dig out some of the old photos of our induction day to help refresh everything. Thanks for the reminder.

--Boyd

From Cary Beilstein:

Thanks for reminder . . . I only remember June 5, 1968 . . . guess I put the other date out of my head. Great to hear you are out there . . . can't believe it's been a year since our reunion! Enjoy the remaining days of summer.

--Cary

From Jeff Haas:

And what a day it was. Pretty hot weather for an Oregon boy as I recall being braced as Mom and Dad disappeared beyond the gate. And as Tommy already said, who knew how good we really were.

--Jeff

From J. Richard Gallagher:

The ironic thing about nostalgia is that you have to be old to really appreciate it. August 24th has always been a big day for me . . . also my 35th wedding anniversary.
Best Regards,

--Richard

From Tom Hamberger:

Glad to see everyone else felt the same way I did -- hot, lost, intimidated by pushers, and wondering why I was standing in Barney Sq. The trek was long, however whenever I start to read "Sea Fever," I have fond memories of the years at K.P. and those after.

"I must go down to the sea again
to the lonely sea and the sky
And all that I ask for is a tall ship
and a star to steer her by."

Trust all are well and enjoying life to the fullest.

--Tom

From Bill Ahearn:

Actually I did remember that it was 40 years ago that we entered the Zoo. My anniversary is the 29th and I still mix up the dates. Maureen mentioned our anniversary and of course I told her I remembered what day it was. It then dawned on me how long ago it was that we were introduced to the pushers and Horton Spurr. I remember looking at Mo Keating and hoping he was a football player. Boy, was he ever. Thanks for the message. Best regards.

--Bill

From Ted Hunt:

August 23rd, 1964. It was a hot, humid day in a strange place. August 23rd, 2004 -- 40 years later -- the memory is a sharp and distinct as it ever was. If only I could remember some other, subsequent events as clearly. Congratulations to all who made it until June 1968 -- a labor.

--Ted

From Dave Aldrich:

For me, although I have many vivid memories of my days at KP, (actually I frequently dream I am going back into the Zoo, at a much more advanced age, and I have no idea what Freud would say about that) I remember little of that first day, beyond meeting my first roomie, Ed Averette, who helped me immensely to survive the first two quarters, then left to pursue his dream of becoming a teacher.

--Dave

[Editor's note: This ends the excerpts from Dave's column in 2004 about our first day].

From Greg Brockdorf:

The beginning, Plebe Year -- I flew out to Kings Point that first day with another cadet from Michigan. Both of us were from rural areas and, not a bit, but a lot overwhelmed at what we were getting into. We split up that first day, Sunday, but the next day during a short break at 1600 I went over to 3rd Co. to see how he was doing. He'd left for home as soon as he got up that morning. Less than 24 hours!

--Greg

From Bill Haneline:

The Beginning

My first recall goes back to that humid day in August of 1964 when we all reported to Kings Point. No back packs or bottles of water back then. I think nearly everyone was wearing a suit/jacket and tie. For some reason the only actual face I can remember is Mark Schecter's -- maybe because he was one of the tallest people there. On that day I remember

looking to my left and right, when the person addressing us at the podium told us that one of us would not be there when we graduated. He was wrong -- neither one finished.

--Bill

From John Hotaling:

Out the gate in '68 . . . I was almost was not part of the class . . . numerous times.

My story starts in a small upstate NY town of Otego. We had 1200 people in the one red-light village, and a graduating class of 39. It wasn't too hard to graduate with an honors regent's degree and be class president. Since I grew up with three sisters in a one bathroom house a block from the school, I played all three sports just to be able to shower in the school with lots of hot water. We were poor, but rich with friends, and getting the Academy nomination and passing the medical to enter Kings Point is another saga. We all entered and I found myself in a jock section with animals that didn't take it seriously and would not make the grades to get past Plebe Year.

I wondered for several weeks why I was in that section until one of the coaches who continued cornering me and badgering me to come out for football said he had read my application. Then I realized by having four letters in high school I had been flagged and they expected me to play. After that initial meeting in Bowditch Hall when they told everyone to "Look left and right and you wouldn't see one of them at graduation" scared the hell out of me I was determined to stay at all costs. However, since almost half the class had already been to college somewhere else, it was going to be an uphill battle and I was determined to succeed. I had no other options except to return to blue-collar jobs because there was NO money in my family and a federal academy was my only option.

--John

From Jack Opet:

The details of that first day are extremely sketchy, whether due to aging or done on purpose I cannot tell. For whatever reason, all that I remember is some upper classman saying something about looking to my right and my left; one of the three of us wouldn't make it to graduation. Hmmm, a dropout rate of 33%; that was high I thought. But the upperclassman was more correct than I realized; 47% of our starting class didn't make it, for various reasons.

--Jack

From Dave Aldrich:

I grew up on Long Island about half an hour from The Zoo, and had a step-cousin who graduated in the Class of 1961. I had visited the Academy, so it was not totally unfamiliar to me. Living so close, my parents were able to drive me there. Memories are a bit fuzzy after 50 years but I remember it as a hot sunny day. I was assigned to section 68-266 and that section was paired off alphabetically. My roommate was Ed Averette, the only black in our entering class, an ex-Navy man and a couple of years older than most of us. He would turn out to be a huge help to me, and my making it, in his short time there. One of my high school classmates, a big football star, was also in the entering class, but he only lasted a few days or weeks. Most of the rest of that first day remains a distant blur.

--Dave

From John Rydzewski:

I was appointed to the Academy from the State of Nevada. This resulted in my first cross country airplane ride. It is hard to believe how different things were then. We would go to the airline's counter to check the bags. They would handwrite the ticket. For seat selection they pulled a tab off a large seating plan located on an easel near the counter and

pasted it on the ticket. The overheads were open, similar to a bus or train. After most of the passengers were seated they handed out packs of cigarettes (a four pack)! I remember they were Chesterfields. At the Academy we even got cigars at the Thanksgiving and Christmas meals. Things have changed.

--John

From Carl Miller:

Like many of you, KP was one of several attempts I made to get a full scholarship, including Annapolis and Navy ROTC. I was a 1st alternate to KP, 2nd alternate at Annapolis and Navy ROTC at UofM was filled up. I assumed that I would not get in, so I registered at Michigan State and thought I would be a history or math teacher. I was not sure how I was going to pay for it, but my parents had made it clear that I was going on to college, which they never got a chance to do. That summer after HS graduation I got a job as a dishwasher at a *Bob's Big Boy Restaurant* on the 7 p.m. to 4 a.m. shift. That will convince you to get an education. My Father called me one night while I was working and said that the guy ahead of me on the KP list had bowed out and I had 24 hours to say yes or no. Obviously, I said yes and quit my fine job at the end of the shift.

While cleaning out my parents' house a few years ago, I saw a letter I sent to my parents during our indoctrination period. In it, I described life at KP as a living hell. However, there was nothing that would have made me quit after all.

--Carl

Part Two: Plebe Year

From Ron Heimburger

[Editor's note: Ron wrote this on the 51st anniversary of our second day at KP, i.e., our first full day as plebes. I don't know how he recalls such details; the first week was a blur to me].

I don't know if any of you got up at 0445 this morning (August 24, 2015)

- after sleeping on top of your made bunk
- to don your running gear and your bathrobe
- and check one last time what the breakfast meal menu was
- so that you were prepared to pop outside your bedroom door at 0500
- prepared to be harangued and harassed
- and then run along the seawall and grounds
- and enjoy (?) the beauty of the bridge lights and sea air

Then:

- a quick shower
- uniform inspection
- meal formation
- another quick uniform inspection (top buttons buttoned)
- your first non-meal meal - look at the food but no time to eat - answering questions at rapid fire pace
- first room inspection
- another formation and morning colors

- march around the flagpole circle and more inspections- "Third from the left -- fall out." *Oh, shit -- I am doomed*
- getting our new wardrobe
- getting our "record time" buzz haircut and ID cards
- getting our first little booklet of necessary - semi-useless information that needed to be memorized by 1900 hours
- another noon and dinner formation and inspections
- lunch and dinner non-meals - didn't even look good - but needed to eat something - if the upperclassmen did not eat it all first
- afternoon runs
- instructions how to stow our lockers - align our quarters - wax our decks - and stow our new best friend (Garand M-1 rifle)
- receive our 25 August pre-breakfast job duties assignments
- 1900/2030 plebe beats in the lower decks - spittle - face to face questions - yes some physical hazing - *please don't pick me*
- first lesson in learning how to hide and blend in and not be a smartass
- 2031 - hiding in our quarters - shining the hell out of shoes and brass
- trying to memorize more stuff
- afraid to leave the room to go pee and "get picked off" by a prowling pusher and harassed and harangued some more
- 2200 lights out - safety
- sneak the baby transistor radio out of the "personal box" - plug in the earphones - and listen to tell if there was a real world still out there
- mentally re-set for tomorrow ?

I think that if any of us knew that this fun was going to go on for the next 10 months (our class was "recognized" on 02 July 1965), we all may have bailed.

From minor schedule changes - reveille at 0600 - add 24/28 hours of class work - to intramural and varsity sports - and Saturday parades. Thank God we were "Young and Dumb and somewhat defiant/resilient," and that we did not know our future. And then finally we realized that "IGMFY" was suicide.

Today I chose to sleep in and not to get up at 0430 and walk/run to celebrate surviving this day. But I will have a beer or several to celebrate surviving this day and toast all of our class graduates and those "Who have passed the final bar." God Bless - Enjoy Your Day.

--Ron

From Boyd Goddard:

Settling in

Initial room assignments were made in the blur of activity and confusion of our first day. Looking back, I had 4 different room assignments plebe year. I was immediately teamed up with Hank Firey (alphabetic proximity) and we were placed on the main deck of 2nd Co., #2121. This location was highly visible and perhaps a bit of a liability. However, that room was apparently desirable for someone, as we were quickly booted out of it and relocated to the third deck above Reg Row to #2331.

That first day we found the room was a minor disaster area and required a lot of work to clean and shine everything visible. We worked all week to wax and polish the deck, using one of those weighted brushes and gobs of Johnson's Wax. We washed the windows, scrubbed the walls, brushed the dust out of the radiator, made up the bunks, and arranged all our clothes (at least, what had been issued so far) according to the plans in the Regs Book. That brown book centered on the desk told us something about how everything was to be. Then, when we thought we'd done a pretty good job, we were told we'd have to move. They waited until Friday night about 1900 hours and we were given a deadline of 2000 hours in which to accomplish all this.

Fortunately, we had only just received our first khaki issue so there wasn't a lot of material to move. Since all the rooms were identical, it was easy to just swap the drawers between lockers without having to repack anything. The condition of that new room was worse than what we had started with that first night on board. I'm remembering this only because it was in my first letter home. I suppose we were to have our first Saturday Inspection that next morning, which would explain the trauma of the move and why I was recording it for posterity.

I noted that we got the new deck polished satisfactorily after several hard hours and sorted out our bunks and lockers, avoiding any demerits. Looking back on it, I think our original room was commandeered by a First Classman who waited until all the work was done to give us the heave-ho. With a lot of early attrition, plebes were moved to keep them doubled up and to free up vacancies for First Class single occupancy.

An interesting footnote I made in that letter home was concerning plebe posture. "I've discovered that it's more comfortable to brace than to stand at parade rest. It's easy because I inherited grandma's chins!"

My follow-up letter home mentioned that my roommate and I had been working every spare minute shining belt buckles, shoes, polishing the floor (again and again), and going to what was known as a "plebe beat," or the alternative, a "plebe out." I stated that the plebe beats were the most fun. "I had to watch myself because I am prone to laughing – and the upperclassmen don't like that."

Word was also going around about the various "deals" available, and how to avoid plebe beats and inspections by belonging to various activities, such as the sailing team. Daily life, however, couldn't be avoided, and rules outside the room were strict. For the first couple of weeks, we had to walk within 6 inches of the bulkhead on the starboard, stop, hit a brace at every corner, face and continue on. (Thank you, Horton Spurr. This must have been our "homework" for drill practice). As we settled in, these rules began to slacken and we were allowed to "flank" around the corners. As long as we avoided any confrontations with the upper classmen, we were fine. I found a "friendly" upperclassman who took a liking to

me. Rather, he found me. He must have thought I was really smart and knew just about everything there was to know. He “invited” me to report to him every morning at 0610 with my plethora of available knowledge, wherein I would inform him of the breakfast, lunch and dinner menu for the day, as well as such necessary information that he seemed to have forgotten, i.e., the exact location of the flagpole, etc. After 2 weeks of this, it all became routine -- life went on and then classes began.

-- Boyd

From Don Peavy:

I probably got the smallest transportation reimbursement ($0.36) in the class as I grew up in nearby Manhasset. Although I had seen the campus from the water, surprisingly, my first glimpse of the shore side facilities was when I passed through Vickery Gate on August 23, 1964.

My Plebe Year was unexceptional, except for intramural belt buckles in rifle and sailing. I did take a liking to my Marine Engineering courses, and actually learned some of what I was supposed to.

Living on the "Flight Deck" of Jones Hall was interesting, as there seemed to be an inordinate concentration of Zombos and Zombo candidates collocated thereon. On one occasion, a severed PA speaker resulted in lost liberty for the residents.

One of my memorable section mates (68-372) was a football recruit named Tim. Tim received a GPA less than 1.0 for the first quarter but claimed that as a football player, he didn't need to study. He didn't make it through the 2nd quarter, putting that issue to rest.

Once we were entitled to Saturday liberty, I fondly recall downing pitchers of beer at Maurice's and propping up section mates for the ensuing muster. It seems that not all our classmates came from enlightened states like NY where the legal drinking age was 18.

--Don

From George Stupski:

My overall memory of Plebe Year is that of being poor. My parents didn't have much, so I never asked them to send me any money. Unfortunately, they thought that the school "provided everything." While that was mostly true, we could not withdraw cash from our accounts. My Dad had been in the Army, but likely forgot that in addition to uniforms, training and food, he got paid. There were no paying jobs at the school back then, either. We didn't get liberty for three months. I recall washing my hair with Ivory soap because it was the cheapest way, and I was not the only one doing that. We didn't have much hair anyway.

When we finally got liberty on Saturday afternoons, like many others, I took jobs in Great Neck, mostly doing yard work and garage cleaning. The cycle was brutal: get up early, clean your room and work station for Saturday inspection. Then perhaps a review, serve a table at lunch, then get in line for liberty party inspections. Go out the gate with a gym bag with work clothes in it. Find your ride to your job, work all afternoon for about $2.00 an hour. I think we could get about five hours' work in, so we made about ten bucks. Get dropped off at Maurice's, meet some buddies, have pizza and beer and walk back to The Pit for Saturday night muster. Get up Sunday in time for brunch then take stock -- tired and no money to go out even if we were allowed out.

After surviving that first year, and half a Sea Year, I realized that I actually might make it! I discovered that the Alumni Association would make small loans to me with nothing but a signature for collateral (the odds I would graduate and could pay them back increased every year). I started borrowing small amounts for things like formal dances (you know, rent a car and a room and hope for the best), class ring, a nautical sextant and tickets home. By graduation I owed them about $1,700., which was about the price of a VW Beetle (Port of Entry). Shipping was good and I paid them back in the first year. The personal loan program was one of the best things around KP, and I hope they still do it.

I had three roommates Plebe Year, all kicked out -- two for academics, one for demerits. I had my own room much of the remaining years -- go figure. One guy, Joey, liked to recreate the gang fight scene from *West Side Story*. One night, fooling around with his plebe knife, he accidentally stabbed me in the leg with the marlinspike. I still have a small scar to remember him by.

The demerit guy, Bobby, was an interesting case. He hated KP and the austerity and demands of it all. He wanted to quit and go home down South. But his dad kept writing him letters, praising him and saying how great it was he had a free education, so they could help his younger sister. He was torn about what to do. He stopped studying so he would flunk out. But he had to go to class, was smart, and took tests as a challenge. He kept passing courses.

One morning I had trouble getting him up at reveille -- he was sluggish and could hardly move. I later found out that the night before he had gone around borrowing aspirins -- he took dozens of them. I made him promise not to try it again or I would report him. Eventually he stopped going to musters he didn't like and started piling up demerits. The final straw was our marching in LBJ's inauguration parade. He refused to go. I don't think he had political views, he just figured he would get a lot of "D's" and go home; and he did.

I was still just 17 years old when we all started. I turned 18 just before our first liberty at Thanksgiving break. I couldn't afford to go home to Florida, so I took a bus down to Princeton, to visit my older brother. That was then an all-male school too, but you would never know it for all the girls they sneaked into the dorms.

I learned early that year that there was value in being on a sports team -- working off demerits at practice, and having some upperclassmen who might protect you a bit because you were on their team. I weighed 130 when I got to KP, and I went out for cross country, something I had never done. Coach "O" used to call me his "Frank Shorter," and said I would peak at the age of 27. I was terrible and often finished last. I started to lift weights and put on bulk, and that did not help.

There was an upperclassman named Tom on the team who played football and ran to stay in shape. We both often were last and dead last. But we developed a plan to help our better runners. Our home course went down a road and back, then into the woods. Tom and I would burn ourselves out to get into the woods first. Then we ran shoulder to shoulder on the narrow path, and only "let" our teammates through to pass. Eventually the course got to an open meadow and the jig was up -- everyone passed us! Sometimes when we got to the finish line, the actual line was gone; but we felt we had helped. Another favorite idea, typically on a Friday, was to put a dollar or two in our socks before practice or a race, and when we got to the meadow, we took a short cut to Maurice's for a quick beer or two (a glass of draft was about 35 cents). When questioned, we would say things like, "We just ran a race and coach told us to get some carbs."

Plebe Snapshots:

Too much beer at Maurice's . . . John the bartender at the Station Pub helping many of us . . . The LIRR . . . Walking all the way back from the station in the snow after missing the last bus . . . Hiding civilian clothes in the wall behind the medicine cabinet . . . Plebe beats with one particular upperclassman who obviously didn't like me, picking on me for months . . . I can still see his crooked teeth and spittle forming at the corners of his mouth as he put his cap brim on mine and yelled at me. The band -- playing drums and getting out of morning colors problems . . . Getting out of the Academy to do concerts and parades and appreciating the partial freedom . . . Heating a cup of water up with a hot water coil . . . Waiting and waiting for a pay phone and hoping I had enough change . . . Surviving calculus . . . Learning to find my way around NYC on subways and buses . . . Hitchhiking to Connecticut or Boston on weekends.

--"Ski"

From Russ Rehm:

It's hard to explain, the peculiar Kings Point attitude that gets passed down from one generation of cadets to the next. I'm sure that the Marines, the Seabees, and many institutions of higher learning have a similar mystique, but from 1964 to 1968, at Kings Point, especially among the engineering students, it felt really strong. There were two courses of study, four years long, with few electives that I can remember. (When I was in Spanish, where were you?) You were either an engineer down in the boiler room, or a deck officer, up on the bridge. To us engineers, it always seemed the "deckies", or deck cadets, were more G.I., and hence, more a part of the system.

It felt like a System; an unstopping, unfeeling conveyer belt that carried us inexorably into the future. In response, there grew in our spirits "that peculiar Kings Point attitude" which blended fatalism with grit, orneriness with humor, and brotherhood with hell-raising, just for the hell of it. We became resourceful, persistent, street-wise, loyal, and strangely loving of all things essential. By contrast, we also became suspicious and scornful of all things that smacked of "bull-shit."

Sorry, there's just no other way to explain that, but we all knew in our gut what it meant. For us to declare, with a bit of spittle, that something or someone was "bull-shit" was a declaration of war -- the final word on any subject.

There was about Kings Point, back then, a peculiar attitude that was passed down from one generation of cadets to the next.

We called the Academy "The Zoo," and not affectionately *[Editor's note: we also called it "The Pit"].* A popular song at the time contained the lines, "We gotta get out of this place, if it's the last thing we ever do. We gotta get out of this place; girl there's a better life for me and you." Back then, we sang this song at the top of our lungs, and we meant it, for it was us against the administration. They were out to get us. In order to survive, we had to stick together. The worst thing a guy could do was "F" his buddy. The best thing a guy

could do was “F” the system. This meant one had to demonstrate this, “I don’t care if they get me” attitude, while at the same time following the dictum, “Cooperate and graduate.”

There were thirty-two guys in my original Plebe section, 68-360. Once we got down to around twenty, we were combined with another engineering section, 68-260, that was down by half. Finally, we were reduced to twenty-three guys. These were the brothers I graduated with. Guys like Billy “Mo” Ahearn, Ray “Chico” Fernandez, Joe “Demo” De Martino, Pete Phillips, my roommate, and others. I thrived on these guys. They were *Mash, F Company, Good Morning Viet Nam, and Catch 22* all rolled into one.

The revered, official Kings Point motto was “Acta Non Verba” -- Actions Not Words. It’s a great motto, and lots of guys gave their lives living by those words, like our section mate Ray Reiche, who died right after graduation trying to control the bombs rolling around his ship. Acta Non Verba means you just get the job done! Act now, talk later. We were drilled in this philosophy, and we lived by it!

But we also had our own, non-official, Kings Point motto, passed down to us by the upperclassmen, which was FNF, meaning “Fat Neck F---.” The fat neck referred to was owned by the meanest, toughest psychopath to ever become a Regimental Officer. *[Editor's Note: This symbol, FNF, was written different ways. Mostly it looked like this: ΦNΦ, but also with Greek letters, ΦNΦ for Phi Nu Phi, and was seen all over the world, particularly in waterfront bars].*

We were mesmerized by the Zombos. Zombos were seniors without any cadet rank. Since cadet officers got to leave the Academy grounds an hour early on Friday afternoon, I signed as a squad leader, the lowest cadet officer rank. One day, having just rubbed-up the shine on our shoes and belt buckles in anticipation of running the noon gauntlet coming back from lunch, Mickey and I (Mickey was my roommate Plebe Year) were half-hiding, half-straining to see some upper class antics. We watched out our door as a Zombo we called Jim Sir came slouching down the hall, in shoes that hadn’t taken a spit-shine in several years, his tie askew, muttering about getting “F’ed,” he threw his Marine Engineering manuals on the desk and dropped into his bunk.

My God, what defiance, what balls, what manner of man was this? We weren't even allowed to be on our bunks until lights out at 10:00 p.m. We hadn't slouched since August 23rd! Incredulous, we watched like two-year-olds as this old Sea Salt came out of his room without a hat. My God, we didn't pee without our hats on!

Oops, there's the assembly for lunch bugle. Got to go! I'm squaring the hallway corners, marching as always, six inches from the wall, hoping not to meet a hungry third classman; because, oh darn, I just remembered that I failed to memorize the noon menu.

Something about persevering under stress -- something about acting out our feelings with humor, and thereby maintaining one's individualism in a repressive system. These are lessons not to be learned from a textbook or taught in a classroom. Perhaps there are some lessons that only a Zombo can teach us, because they really don't give a shit. Two things about Zombos: They didn't give a rat's ass, and they had balls. But Zombos also knew that we don't really have something until we're willing to give it up; that those who take themselves too seriously miss life's most memorable moments.

Finally Thanksgiving came, and for the first time since August, we plebes could leave the Academy grounds. I don't remember where I went for Thanksgiving, but I still can feel the culture shock of re-entering society. I felt proud of what we had accomplished. In my uniform, I experienced a great sense of belonging. Even as part of me pushed back against the system, another part of me was deeply in love with the place. The rhythm of college life seemed so perfect to me. Learning through the first part of the day, then from 4:00 to 6:00 in the afternoon athletics, followed by supper at 6:00 p.m., and then evening study from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. Unlike most of my classmates, I always went to bed at 10:00 p.m., and woke to reveille at 6:00 a.m. After 10:00 p.m., we were allowed to be up, but had to stay in our rooms. From 6:00 to 7:00 a.m., we had to scurry to shower, get dressed, clean our rooms, and do our assigned chores. At 7:00 a.m., we'd eat breakfast, and then gather for Colors at 8:00 a.m. From there we'd march to class. Even during my Plebe Year, I got used

to going to the Chapel for Communion on Wednesday mornings at 6:30 a.m. It was a nice time of reflection and prayer.

-- Russ

From Ed Woods:

Out the window of our room (George Weller and I) was the recreation hall which I seldom visited. We also had a wonderful view of the Throgs Neck Bridge. I loved that view. The lights always reminded me of a string of pearls. I watched the seasons change through that window and was very happy, particularly when it snowed. Also saw the power failure when NYC went black and the birth rate soared 9 months later. Alex and I took great pride in the maintenance of our room, particularly shining the pipe under the sink to a brilliance you could see your reflection in. We had a small battery powered radio. Mostly we listened to FM Classical music. How quaint and out of step we were as this was the sixties going wild except for the oasis of calm in our room.

I did remedial swimming that year, as I went straight to the bottom on the swim test. Polio epidemic -- never learned to swim. Thank you again KP for completing my education with remedial swimming.

What a year. What an adventure. What a life KP gave us. Thank you KP and thank you classmates, especially my Plebe Year section and 68-361. No, wait, that was my Company for the last three years when I had a soccer split. I was First Battalion Second Company. You know I cannot remember the number but I do remember sewing the 2 on my shirt. Someone "throw me a life line" with the number. It was a wonderful year making square corners, walking six inches from the wall, bracing outside our rooms in pajamas, bathrobes, shoes and socks before the music stopped. Sleeping between sheets one night a week and rolling up in our blanket with the second blanket for a pillow -- really fun.

--Ed

From Jim Mucci:

Both of my grandfathers were immigrant coal miners and their prevailing view on education was that it was a sign of physical weakness and only supported to a minimum to keep qualified for the most important aspect of life in Pittsburgh -- football. My father was connected to a US Congressman so I was given two college choices -- Penn State, where I was not good enough to play football, and KP, where I was, so off I went, to KP with no earthly idea what the Merchant Marine was.

John Pigott (DJ) and I end up living across the hall from Jim Todd & Bill Stevens in sixth Company. John was a great roommate since he had an understanding of the maritime industry (which I did not) and was a sailor. I remember being asked early on if we wanted to be Deck or Engineers. I had no idea, so I called my Dad and he asked, "Which one can become Captain?" John was able to answer that for me and I became a Deckie.

One Plebe Year Saturday night, after a football game, Bill Stevens and Jim Todd found me on the floor, convulsing. They managed to keep me from swallowing my tongue while contacting the authorities. This was the first of my five life-threatening situations and their actions most likely saved my life and they should be recognized for their heroics. After recovering from that episode, my football career ended.

Raised in Steeler Country, I was accustomed to abusive authority figures, so the KP indoctrination wasn't particularly troubling. Being Italian, along with acquiring my nickname, Guinea, I did however take note of a particular staff officer from 2nd Battalion that seemed to enjoy abusing his position. He was responsible for 90% of the demerits I received during my KP tenure. More on my efforts to repay him in the upper class year's section.

--Jim

From Tom Brennan: *[Editor's note: Tom was in our class Plebe Year; he left and graduated from Virginia Tech. He has this story about me, and then a memory about a classmate*

who died in Viet Nam, which I will put in the "In Remembrance Of" chapter].

George -- You may not remember me but I remember you from my one year at KP. I believe you were in my section but in 4th Company. You also played in the band if my memory is still functioning - drums? I recall you once reading the bulletin board outside the BOOW's office when the band master walked by and wisecracked something about not knowing you could read. I think your quick retort was, "I'm only looking at the pictures, Boss."

--Tom

From Paul Skripol:

During Plebe Year, when we were constantly harassed and somewhat confused by it all, I was quietly residing in a chair in my physics class one fine late October day with my section mates (68-162) when the door was thrust open and Dean Krinsky came in looking for a cadet named "Skuripole," and since no one else had a name remotely close to that pronunciation, I raised my hand. He then ordered me to follow him as "The Superintendent" was waiting to see me. Needless to say, I had only seen Gordy McLintock at a far distance and had no desire to become up close and personal. We went into the admin building, up the stone steps to the 2nd floor and I was told to wait in the hall until called. After about 10 minutes of introspective thought and getting ready to pack my things to go back home in disgrace, I was summoned into the Admiral's office. Standing there was the Admiral with a dour look on his face, Cmdr. Krinsky, and two other men who were dressed in civilian suits, all unsmiling.

The Admiral proceeded to inform me that I had created a serious problem for the Academy and that these two men were special agents from the FBI. Utilizing all of my will power not to lose it, I figured that my heretofore high school transgressions (and there were more than a few) had caught up with me. After staring me down for a few more quiet moments, the Admiral then smiled and complimented me on my "steadfastness" and went on to explain the situation. You

see, I was an early October baby and came to KP while still 17 and had never registered for the draft. I explained that I didn't see the need as I had already been sworn into the Naval Reserve as a Midshipman.

This did not impress the FBI agents, and they clearly stated that I was in violation of federal law by not registering. Being the friendly soul that I was at the time, I offered to do so then if that would make them happy and "just go away" (yes, I did say that to the agents as I was not intimidated by them since I grew up in a law enforcement family). They weren't amused, and the admiral then interceded by saying that my presence cured two problems . . . that I was not dodging the draft and that I was already in the Navy. I still suspect that they all had a good laugh after I departed, but I was proud that I held my own. Even to this day some of my section mates most likely wonder just what Skripol did to rate a personal meeting with the admiral. Oh yes, that was the closest I ever got to Gordy and was quite happy to keep it a singular event.

--Paul

From Boyd Goddard:

Saturday Routine? -- Or Anything But?

One certainly recalls the Saturday morning routine in the barracks. Johnson's Wax and those heavy weighted brushes were banged around frantically to raise a bit of shine out of the old WWII flooring. Bunks were made as tight as possible. How many actually slept under the sheets? Lockers were arranged as neatly as possible, with contraband carefully hidden out of sight. Sinks and mirrors were cleaned and polished except for the brass drain pipes, which we were forbidden to polish. (Previous cadets had polished them so much that they were thin as paper and were developing leaks). With the finishing touches applied to the room, cadets were to stand at attention at the head of their bunks awaiting inspection.

I think my roommate had been forewarned that he was on someone's blacklist and he should make himself scarce.

He often had the “chore” of cleaning one of the club offices on the zero deck of First Company. That was a way to avoid unwanted scrutiny, and that was today’s plan.

Moments before inspection, my roommate rushed into the room, rummaged around in his medicine cabinet for something and accidentally spilled a can of Ajax all over the sinks and floor. Of course, the can rolled all the way under the desk and behind our bunks, leaving a trail of white dust to mark its path. Just then the inspection bugle started to sound. He darted out of the room saying, "Oops, sorry about that, BT. Got to get down to the zero deck . . ."

Anyway, he left me with the mess while he went off to his hidey-hole to avoid inspection. Seconds later, I heard a voice in the hallway, "Staff, Halt! Fall out and inspect room 2212." That was our room!

The RC, Scott Robeson, and his minions burst in. I was most certainly a dead duck, shaking in my spit-shined oxfords! Visions of permanent Extra-Duty assignments flashed through my head. The room was such a total disaster, however, that they took pity on me. I don’t think they believed that a room could possibly look that bad! After picking as much of the room apart and finding most everything ship-shape otherwise, they left me alone to ponder my close call. I’m sure I heard giggles and laughter as they regrouped and marched on to their next “victim.” But that would have been beneath the Regimental Staff’s lofty position from a plebe’s perspective, so I must have been mistaken. With all that, I don't remember getting a single demerit out of it all. Perhaps the residents of Reg Row were human after all!

Lock Chains/Plebe Year

One of those little-obeyed regulations was a rule that personal lockers be kept locked when not in use. That included at night while we slept. This lax behavior provided a great opportunity for the upperclassmen to prank us plebes.

One early morning, our 2nd Class tormentors made the rounds of the barracks, sneaking into our rooms as we slept and collecting every combination lock they found hanging unlocked on our locker hasps. Picture them filling trash cans

full of assorted locks. They then locked them together and draped them over Amphitrite fountain, the trees, and elsewhere in long chains. Morning light had us plebes scrambling all over trying our combinations on every lock until we found our own. It wasn't funny to us at the time, but it was another tradition that would be salted away for our own amusement for the next year.

While this would seem to be the ultimate in campus pranks, it went one step beyond for my across-the-hall mates. Roommates Fat Lew and Kraut, aka Lewis & Krueger, awoke to discover the lock thieves in the act. They were naturally pretty groggy, but they confronted the thieves, who were quite contrite. The thieves apologized and even gave them back their locks, telling them to be safe and make sure their lockers were locked so nobody else would steal them. They dutifully closed their lockers and snapped the locks closed. “There! You won't get us with this prank!” they said confidently, as they crawled back into their racks and slept a peaceful remainder of the night, knowing they had foiled the pranksters.

Of course, the next morning at reveille, they discovered their locks wouldn't open no matter how many times they tried their combinations. In their sleepy foggy encounter with the pranksters, they failed to notice the thieves reached into their trash cans and gave them someone else’s previously pilfered locks. They were trapped in their room with nothing but skivvies, begging everyone to come in and try their combinations on the locks. My ability to crack Master combination locks came in handy that day. Lewis and Krueger eventually gained access to their lockers, everyone was eventually reunited with their own locks by the process of elimination, and life returned to normal by the end of the day.

Spastic Squad

I was not the greatest athlete. The physical fitness test determined whether we had to take Phys. Ed. Those who didn't pass the basic sit-ups, pull-ups, etc. test, had to take the afternoon class, which cut into the precious free time between classes and supper. Naturally, our classmates referred to this class as the Spastic Squad.

I tried my best to pass. I was great at sit-ups, but pull-ups had always been my nemesis. I struggled to complete the minimum number required, but fell miserably short. Long arms and slim muscle structure combined to make it almost impossible to do them according to regulation form. My classmate tried to help me out by counting my half-way-ups as ½ each. I tried desperately and struggled to get maybe eight or ten attempts, and he dutifully reported that I had completed five. Unfortunately the cut-off was something above that and I ultimately failed and was assigned to the Spastic Squad.

To “graduate” from the Spastic Squad, you had to show a certain percentage improvement over your original test. So this is where the “cheaters never prosper” adage hit home. I now had to complete ten pullups to cross off that requirement, and I really hadn't done even one decent pullup. What's more, the instructor was the observer for this effort, not a classmate. It took me several quarters to finally conquer that goal. It was definitely good for me, but oh, how I wished I had been a little more honest on that first test!

Reveille

For those who resided in rooms near the hall clock . . . The Simplex calibration tick at a minute before the hour was an audible warning that you only had a minute to get the rest of your quality sleep. Or, for plebes, to collect your thoughts and make sure you could reach your bathrobe and footgear in time to make it outside your door and hit a brace before the music stopped.

Haircuts

I knew we were supposed to have Marine haircuts when we reported to the Academy for indoctrination. I made sure I was well shorn before I presented myself at Vickery Gate. I was shocked to find many of my future classmates showed up with mid-60's long hair, but I, for one, wasn't going to give anyone an easy opportunity to start ragging on me. I needn't have worried because one of our first indoc destinations was the Ship's Service barber shop whether you

needed it or not. We soon learned to play musical chairs and jockey for position in the waiting chairs. You lost if you got the “Baron” for your haircut. The one time upperclassmen were considerate of lowly plebes was here. When they saw they were about to get the Baron, they would offer up their place in line to the nearest plebe. “No, I insist! And that's an order, cadet!” Telling the Baron to take a little off the top and sides would fall on totally deaf ears. Zip, snip, buzz and “NEXT!” was always the response.

Plebe Beats

I had a cousin who was in the Naval Academy, and his stories of upperclass torture had me quaking in my loafers. His stories of sadistic exercises and hazing had me ready for the worst. It took me over half the year to realize that KP upperclassmen were a cut above their contemporaries at Annapolis. I kept waiting for that other shoe to fall. I considered myself lucky because what I was expecting never materialized and what did happen seemed tame in comparison. Many of my classmates had no idea what to expect, and the “plebe beats” were a feared exercise in conflict and hazing.

Besides all that plebe knowledge we had to memorize, we were quizzed on such things as the steam cycle for engineers while the deckies got similar deckie topics. Later, the one thing I realized during my Sea Year was that this was a way to get one to think on one's feet under extremely stressful situations. It came in handy many times during my career. For me, that other shoe never did fall!

Monomoy Qualifications

In order to get our seaman's papers, we had to pass the coxswains’ exam. This required taking command of a monomoy (lifeboat) and maneuvering it at the sweep oar. This was a simple exercise that should have been an easy pass but for one glitch in the setup. The boat was powered by eight oarsmen that were your classmates, and who delighted in giving you a hard time. One slip-up in a command and they

would take advantage of you. When they weren't trying to mess you up, they would just plain screw up, like catching a crab as you were coming in to the dock. Somehow, we overcame this impediment and we all eventually passed.

Class Ring

Our class ring was designed during our Plebe Year. I volunteered for the ring committee and I think I was chairman, as I recall doing a lot of design work. Several major companies gave us presentations and we learned quite a bit about the lost-wax casting process and jewelry making in general. We finally selected the L. G. Balfour Co. to provide our rings. A class ring has two sides, one dedicated to the institution, and the other to the class, along with a bezel to hold the stone. We asked for design input from our classmates and had several dozen good ideas submitted. We were leaning toward something to represent the emerging technology that we would be dealing with during our careers.

We began to focus on the NS *Savannah* as the symbol of a new era in motive power, much as the SS *Savannah* was the precursor to the steam era, being the first steamship to cross the Atlantic. We decided to depict the old and the new, covering the range from sail to nuclear power. The federal eagle was chosen to separate the two ships in high relief. The SS *Savannah* under sail was placed on top in the middle of the class year numerals. The NS *Savannah* was placed beneath the eagle, surrounded with nuclear orbits and below that was placed a banner with “Kings Point” inscribed.

The Academy side of the ring was to be a depiction of the Academy Seal; Eagle, shield & anchor, with the motto “Acta Non Verba” on a banner at the bottom. The bezel carried the full “United States Merchant Marine Academy” spelled out surrounded by a chain. The two sides were joined at the bottom by a blank section surrounded with chain that could be adjusted to fit the size required.

The size of the ring was a matter of some contention. Bigger was deemed to be better by the majority. There was some reference to record weights of previous class rings, and some on the ring committee were swayed by the competition.

In the end, I don't recall where we ended up. Our rings are definitely hefty and not too practical for everyday wear when working in the engine room or climbing ladders into the hold. Once our design was set, the process was taken over by the ring company and the committee was dissolved.

When we returned from our Sea Year, orders were taken and production was set up. The ring could be had in either 10K or 14K gold, but the 10K was recommended for better wear resistance. There were a number of stone options available and clear stones could be ordered with an anchor or propeller behind the stone. Our names were usually engraved on the inside.

The ring dance was the indication of a good possibility for graduation and recognition that we had made it that far. We wore the ring with the Academy side facing us until graduation, at which time tradition had us rotate the ring to have the class side remind us of our brethren and display to the world our Academy affiliation.

--Boyd

From George McShea:

Entering Kings Point in August 1964, I really had no idea what I was getting into. My first roommate was Rolf Ohnstad from Wisconsin. As a pure-bred Philly boy I had only met people from Philadelphia and New Jersey and now I was with guys from almost every US state, including a Hawaiian -- Gordon Inouye – class of 65!

Our section started out in 6th Company and then got moved to 4th Company to make room in 3rd Battalion for the band. When we moved to 4th Company my roommate was Charles R. Pillsbury. My wife, Kate, and I always called him Bob, then later he was known professionally as Chuck, and we still called him Bob. He always said just don't call him late for dinner! He was a great guy and so very much respected in the maritime industry when he left us.

My plebe sea story was getting summoned to Wiley Hall before Christmas leave and being told that I had signed up to be an engineer. I replied yes that's right and got this look

like “Who let this clown in?” I was in a Deckie section and absolutely loving it. They told me I’d have to leave and come back in the class of ’69 as an engineer. I replied, "Can’t I stay Deck? They said sign here and you can stay in '68, which of course I did. We all remember the big power failure and the hunger strike.

The handling of the hunger strike by the Class of ’65 and, especially the RC Scott Robeson, really impressed me and showed real leadership. The first night of the hunger strike, Justice William O. Douglas, was scheduled to speak. At dinner at the Reg table, Douglas saw no one was eating, asked Robeson what was going on, and then he decided not to eat. What a moment.

Nautical science with Salty O’Hara, math with the walking sine curve Crum, and English with Giddings – all good memories.

I was so thrilled when I figured out knot tying, and wire splicing that I celebrated by doing a parallel bars routine in the rope locker, blew it of course, and tore my lip open. Explaining that to the doctor was interesting. He stitched it up without having me cough. NOTE: I had lunch recently with Alex Keisch of ’67 and we had a huge laugh explaining Dr. Nau to Alex’s wife Diane.

--George

From Boyd Goddard:

Inaugural Parade

Plebe Year, the entire Regiment was to be in the Inaugural Parade and Lt. Spurr was making sure everyone was well-drilled in our marching orders. We spent many hours practicing, to the point that we became completely bored and cynical of the entire operation. As the date approached, we did a final practice parade out the gate and down Steamboat Road through the village of Kings Point.

Finally having enough of all this over-prepping, someone began shouting out cadence, which quickly evolved into the Mickey Mouse Club song. At least it made the stroll

under arms a bit more enjoyable, but produced a big frown on Lt. Spurr's face. He was not amused in the least at this irreverent display while in public.

As an incentive to be more cooperative, word went around that we would be able to attend one of the many Inaugural Balls after the parade and that was just the carrot we needed to cooperate.

The day came and we were loaded into a fleet of buses with our formal uniforms, overcoats, rifles, and the barest of necessities. The long trip took us down past Washington to Patuxent Naval Air Station, where we were put up in recruit barracks, dormitory style, with bunk beds. That night, after lights-out, they turned off the heat to the barracks and we just about froze. I was perfectly comfortable when I went to sleep, but awoke about midnight, freezing cold. I reached down for the extra blanket at the foot of the bunk and it was gone. Someone had pilfered it and was now sleeping comfortably under three blankets somewhere in the barracks. I pulled on my shirt and pants over my pajamas, but still shivered through the rest of the night.

Morning broke and we dressed in our formal uniforms. It was cold and stormy and we wore our cravanettes over the dress uniforms for warmth. After suffering through the night, someone suggested that we wear our pajamas under our uniforms for extra warmth, which was a bit tight, but comfortable.

We were bussed to our staging location for the parade. Then conflicting orders were passed back and forth. Remove your overcoats . . . Put on your overcoats . . . Take them off . . . It appeared that they wanted us in our fancy formals and the cravanettes that we were issued weren't fancy enough for the occasion. Why hadn't they issued us the heavier Bridge Coats with their shiny brass buttons instead? They were much warmer and better looking than the cravanettes, which were your basic unadorned black trench coats. The rumor was that Regimental Commander Scott Robeson had forgotten his shoulder boards and the cravanettes could cover up that oversight. Warmth just about prevailed, but the final decision was to leave our coats on the buses. The RC rumor was apparently false, and for whatever the real reason, the

Regiment finally marched the parade in their formal dress uniforms.

We marched down Pennsylvania Avenue under right shoulder arms. It was a long march, and ultimately our arms were getting extremely fatigued. There was a lot of grumbling under our breath, but we held on. We finally passed the reviewing stand in front of President Johnson, performing the appropriate honor -- "Eyes, left!" When we were well past the reviewing stand, we were relieved to hear that a “left shoulder arms” order was imminent. When the order was given, there was a clatter of falling rifles and fumbled transfers, as many an arm or hand had become numb and lost grasp of their piece. Amazingly, everything was recovered and I doubt many spectators ever noticed the "oopses." Fortunately, we were well beyond the sight of all the officials and Adm. McLintock by that time.

We returned to the barracks and then found out that there were no invitations to the inaugural balls, no chance to meet any young ladies, and we’d been had once again. It was probably no surprise for the upperclassmen, but we hadn’t been at KP long enough to become jaded yet.

I’m sure every one of us had parents watching TV back home looking for a glimpse of their son in the parade. For my part, we were mostly covered by a commercial break.

Distinguished Service Medals

Plebe knowledge was something we had to jam between our ears and be ready to spit out whenever asked by an upperclassman. Besides the day’s menu, one of the more interesting memorization routines was to rattle off the names and deeds of the six cadet Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal honorees. This plebe knowledge was gleaned from the paintings hung in the Delano Hall lounge, but I noticed there were only 5 paintings for the supposed 6 medals awarded. I don’t know why someone hadn’t questioned that arithmetic over the years. When asked for the 6, didn’t a single upperclassman ever count our responses?

I was on the staff of *Polaris* magazine and offered to do an article on the subject. I went down to Wiley Hall and

was allowed to browse through the archives, including the WWII action reports filed by the Cadet/Midshipmen from their Sea Year. The intent was to put a little more meat on the stories. What I found surprised me. I had set out to find that sixth story and make it known. The surprise was that I did find 6 stories, but also 7 names and an 8th cadet that should have been awarded the medal but for wartime snafus.

I discovered two of the recipients were from the same ship and action, The SS *Daniel Huger*, and since their stories were the same, we logically only had 5 tales to memorize. I was able to correspond with Elmer C. Donnelly, the other cadet (who wasn't on our list) to be awarded the medal from that ship for some additional information. He told me that the award recommendations were fouled up because they were later reassigned and their Captain had actually submitted 3 recommendations. Because they were separated, the paperwork went in different directions and was lost in the shuffle. When his medal was awarded to correct the first oversight, there was some embarrassment and not much incentive to correct the error for a third medal. An interesting note -- I recently found that the third cadet, C/M Carl M. Medved, was finally awarded the medal in 2003, making the total now to be 8 WWII medals awarded to USMMA cadets.

The arithmetic still didn't add up, as there should have been 6 tales for the 7 awards I found, and we only had 5 to memorize. In the interest of accuracy and completing our plebe knowledge assignment even at this late date, I present a quick summary of the missing details.

My search found that a C/M Francis A. Dales from the SS *Santa Eliza* was awarded the medal for heroics in Operation Pedestal, the first successful (barely) Mediterranean convoy to Malta. His ship was under constant attack once in the Med and he commanded one of the 50 cal. machine guns in defense of the ship. After 3 days of relentless air raids, the ship was attacked by 2 torpedo boats and finally suffered a fatal hit. He was credited with sinking one of the torpedo boats. The SS *Santa Eliza* was carrying barrels of aviation gasoline which blew up upon the torpedo hit and sank. The surviving crew was rescued by a British destroyer, the HMS *Penn*. Soon thereafter, a tanker, the SS *Ohio*, was disabled

and the HMS *Penn*, along with another destroyer, was lashed along each side of it to continue on. C/M Dales volunteered to board the tanker to repair and man her guns for additional defense, as they were making painfully slow progress and sitting ducks. Nearing Malta, they were under constant air attack and the tanker finally took a bomb down the stack, blowing out the engine room, causing the ship to sink to the gunnels. With decks awash, they still managed to reach Malta air cover and delivered the much needed fuel to the Malta defenders.

For those that don't remember after all these years, these are the awardees:

Edwin Joseph O'Hara; Engine Cadet-Midshipman on SS *Stephen Hopkins*
Walter G. Sittmann; Engine Cadet-Midshipman on SS *William T. Coleman*
William M. Thomas, Jr.; Engine Cadet-Midshipman on SS *Edgar Allen Poe*
Frederick R. Zito; Engine Cadet-Midshipman on SS *Fitz John Porter*
Francis A. Dales; Deck Cadet-Midshipman on SS *Santa Elisa/*SS *Ohio*
Phil Cox Vannais; Engine Cadet-Midshipman on SS *Daniel Huger*
Elmer C. Donnelly; Deck Cadet-Midshipman on SS *Daniel Huger*
Carl M. Medved; Engine Cadet-Midshipman on SS *Daniel Huger*

These men provided the rich tradition we inherited as Kings Pointers -- Acta Non Verba.

1964 New York World's Fair

I was accompanied on my journey to KP by my mother and grandmother. It was a combination trip that allowed them to visit distant relatives in Virginia and North Carolina and

deliver me to the Academy. Southern hospitality included many family reunion picnics and such before driving up to New York.

Since we were already doing the tourist thing, we found time to visit the World's Fair before I was to report aboard. I actually remember little of that first visit to the fair. My uncle worked for Walt Disney and was responsible for the Mr. Lincoln exhibit, and we just had to see that. I was car crazy then (still am) and getting cut off just as we were about to get a ride in one of the Chrysler turbine cars does remain with me. A deep disappointment, but all that was overshadowed by the anticipation of my upcoming adventure. The butterflies in my stomach must have consumed the rest of my memories.

Once inside the gate, we endured a long "house arrest" confined within the grounds of KP. It was many months before we were allowed any weekend liberty. When we were finally turned loose, one of my favorite escapes that year was to hop the train into Flushing and the World's Fair. I usually wore the optional choker whites, a favorite summer dress uniform. Our summer khaki uniform was very hot, considering the layers of T shirt, long sleeve khaki shirt, tie, and wool jacket combination. The white uniform was loose fitting and airy in comparison, despite the high collar.

On one of those expeditions, I was in an attraction -- I think it was the Coca-Cola exhibit -- that depicted various places around the world with an immersion-like experience. You walked through the mossy jungle of Angkor Wat, etc. Somewhere in there was an idyllic nighttime scenario of a passenger ship deck looking across the harbor in Rio. I was resting, leaning on that rail under a lifeboat, sort of daydreaming in my own quiet world, thinking that I'd probably be there for real the following year. After a long rest, I took a deep breath and started to move on when a lady next to me let out a shriek. She leaped back and stumbled in fright. She was badly shaken, as she had thought I was part of the exhibit as a manikin. When I moved, well, you get the picture. I helped her up but it took her several minutes to regain her composure as I repeatedly assured her I had not meant to scare her.

I also encountered, as we all did, people thinking I was vending ice cream. They were either being facetious or derogatory. Considering the political climate of the era, being in uniform was not always a boon. We were “baby-killers” to a large portion of the hippy generation. Being out in uniform invariably precipitated a derogatory shout or two. The World’s Fair seemed to be a gathering place for the anti-war movement, and every visit had an unpleasant encounter or two. Still, it was by far my favorite liberty destination Plebe Year.

Sailing Team

Early in our Plebe Year, I thought I would like to join the Sailing Team. I had considerable experience sailing my small Sabot around San Diego Bay, but had never gotten involved in actual racing. I had several friends who did race, however, so I wasn’t completely oblivious to the tactics and other details involved. I showed up when the call went out for interested plebes. I quickly discovered that there was more of a need for slave labor than for sailors. Still, I persevered, hoping to get a chance to do some sailing.

One day, a practice dinghy race was set up to help settle the pecking order for the season. The top upperclassmen selected their boats first, and they had some experience concerning the faster and better of the fleet. They also selected their crewmen, much like a sandlot baseball team selection when we were kids. The unknowns and weaker were left shyly shuffling their feet, glancing down at the ground in humiliation. Of course, I was in that crowd, which finally dwindled down to, well, just about me alone. As they began sorting out their boats, I discovered there was a dinghy left unselected. I inquired if I could take it, since no one else was using it. I was told that I couldn’t take it out without a crewman, and they thought that would squelch me. I noticed another plebe standing around, however, who was desperately trying to find his niche, not knowing what to do or where to go. He had established himself well down the list in popularity amongst our classmates. At the moment, however, he stood out as my ticket to get a boat in the water. Having

solved the need for a crew, I was allowed to take the dinghy out.

It soon was apparent that my new crewman had no concept of sailing small boats. As we donned our lifejackets and set the dinghy up, I was teaching him the very basics of seamanship. Our dinghy class boats were cat-rigged, with only one sail to contend with. My little boat at home was of the same rig, so I was right at home. We managed to get the boat rigged and underway.

Racing starts are time-scheduled with a countdown and a race for the starting line. The idea was to arrive at the starting line at full speed just as the starting horn blows. Arrive too soon, and you have to circle back and recross the starting line; arrive too late and everyone else is already far ahead of you. Timing is critical. Jockeying for position is the real battle, trying to outmaneuver your opponents. In class racing where the boats are all identical, the start can well dictate the finish.

I did very well at the start, right in the mix of things. The race course started just off Crowninshield Pier and went down the Sound to Stepping Stones Light and back. The summer wind was blowing very strong at the start and we were going pretty much downwind. I might mention here that the Shields boats were also having a practice race, and the two courses intersected. The Shields boats were much larger, sloop rigged, and very fast, at least in comparison to our dinghies.

Halfway down the course, the Shields fleet intersected the course of our dinghies and there were some serious traffic problems. I was being passed by two Shields, one to port and the other to starboard. The boat to port created a gigantic trough from its wake and I saw we were about to fall into it. To keep the dinghy upright, I called for my crew to hike out over the side to balance the roll of the dinghy. As we started to roll, I kicked for the hiking strap and saw my crew hunker down into a ball, scared out of his wits and intent on self-preservation. My weight alone would probably have been enough, but . . . just then we were blanketed by the other Shields boat to our starboard, taking the load off my sail and pitching us to starboard, causing me to miss the hiking strap.

My foot sailed up past the boom, over my head, and then I backwards summersaulted over the gunwale and into Long Island Sound. The sheet was still jammed into the clinch and my dinghy caught the wind again, sailing off without me. My crew was hanging over the stern of the dinghy looking like "Kilroy Was Here" and hollering, "Help! What do I do?" I yelled for him to release the sheet and let the dinghy luff, which he actually figured out. Now all I had to do was swim back to the boat in that cumbersome lifejacket, a clumsy exercise at best. I caught up with the boat and clambered aboard, setting things straight and getting underway once more. We were now dead last and I was most humiliated at having gone overboard.

As we followed the rest of the fleet down and around the buoy at Stepping Stones Light, the strong wind gave out and fell to a whisper for the long stretch home into the wind. A number of the dinghies were trying to head too close to the wind and were actually drifting backwards with the current. My experience began to prevail, as I tacked past one after another of our competition. I ultimately crossed the finish line well ahead of everyone in what was supposed to be the worst dinghy of the fleet. Hurrah! Because of the low wind, half the fleet was becalmed and had to be towed back by power launches.Then came the race protest from the upperclassmen I had beaten. It seems I was to be disqualified for swimming part of the course!

I didn't get another chance to join the sailing team. I never understood how the cuts were made that year. I think all the slots were preselected. But, I'll always have that picture in my head of my crewman helplessly hanging over the stern with panic on his face.

Laundry & socks

Our initial clothing issue included the basic khaki uniform, complete with shoes and socks. The issued socks were of the thin nylon variety, and not really suited to wear during the long hot summer, as we would soon discover. The very next item on the agenda was the stenciling of all our gear to ensure its return from the laundry. We were issued a

stencil kit for the purpose, complete with black and white ink. My last name contains 3 “D’s” and the kit only had 2. Fortunately, with everyone doing the same thing at the same time, I was able to get an extra “D” from my roommate. We dutifully stenciled everything, including each sock with large ½” letters.

Imagine our surprise when our first laundry return included baby-sized socks with 1/8” names imprinted thereupon. The laundry was deluged with complaints over the shrinkage, but it fell on deaf ears. Ma Rooney simply said to stretch them back to size. There ensued an immediate run on the Ship Service Store for thicker cotton socks.

We were also quick to notice the label in our wash-and-wear khaki shirts: “Do not starch.” Without access to a washing machine, we were at the mercy of the laundry. Experience probably told the administration that we were not likely to wash our clothes on our own anyway. The laundry’s starch treatment had our khakis coming out of the package nice and crisp, but a hot summer day soon turned our shirts and pants to crumpled limp rags.

Plebe Gear

One of the first things we were tasked with was to learn what was known as “Plebe Knowledge.” Accompanying that was a requirement to always have on hand certain plebe gear, i.e., change for a dollar, matches, plebe knife, and 3 KP-30 Class Rates slips. The change was purportedly for the convenience of any upperclassman who suddenly needed more change for a phone call. The matches were for his sudden need to light up a cigarette. The plebe knife was to eliminate any Irish pennants he found on you or, in frustration, to maybe stick him with. The Class Rates slips were to surrender when you were found deficient in any of the numerous plebe requirements, such as rounding a square corner or deviating more than 6 inches from the bulkhead.

Some of these things were actually an attempt to forge a pattern in our daily habits. Having some change in your pocket was always a good thing, should you encounter an unruly panhandler on lower Market Street in San Fran. I

actually got the boilers relit once because my fireman smoked so heavily that he used up all the matches in the boiler room and then lost the fires. I've always carried a knife since the 1st grade anyway, and it has come in handy many times. But I've not an inkling of what benefit I might have gained from those slips kept in my hat.

Pavlovian Music

Working on our subconscious minds was that ever-present series of bugle calls creating a musical Pavlovian influence. Our daily rituals were controlled by the music blaring out of the loudspeakers, starting with Reveille at 0600. Without our ever really paying attention, we learned to salivate to the Mess Call tune. The military ritual of using bugle calls and melodies to control our movements was developed over a rich tradition of time and practice. Many of us barely noticed that the band always played the same tunes for the various segments of our formal reviews, and if we did, we probably just assumed they didn't know any others. That music controlled our entire lives, culminating in the wistful Taps turning the lights out at night.

Swimming qualifications

One thing that was certainly necessary for a career on the water was an ability to swim adequately. Plebe Year we were all required to jump into Eldridge Pool and tread water for a certain length of time. Those that drowned would have to take swimming lessons, I guess. It was somewhat chaotic and with all the splashing and bumping going on, I thought I might be one of those to drown, as I was born with the buoyancy of a rock. Actually, the chaos was probably a good simulation of a ship sinking beneath you.

Much later and well into the fall, each section was sent down to Marshall Pool (the indoor one, but it was not really any warmer than Eldridge) and some basic diving instruction was given. I think it was more of a tryout for the swimming team, as several of our section ended up on it.

The M1 Garand

The Naval Science Department was responsible for issuing us our rifles. They entrusted us with the real thing, and they were definitely operational. The only thing they didn't do was to give us a basic course in their operation and maintenance – a serious oversight. We studied 16" guns, but nothing for what we held in our hands. Consequently, we were left to discover the intricacies of the M1 on our own.

The first lesson learned, usually painfully, was known as an "M1 Thumb." After cocking the action, you had to depress the cartridge follower spring down into the magazine to release the bolt. A simple one-handed method was to use your thumb to depress the magazine spring while the back of your hand held the operating rod until you removed your thumb and let the bolt slide forward. "M1 Thumb" results when the bolt snaps forward before you have removed your thumb.

The take-down procedure was something else we should have been taught. Pulling on the trigger guard of the Garand allows the trigger housing to come free of the rifle, and the barrel assembly easily separates from the stock. The bunk hooks we had for rifle storage were supposed to cradle the grip and the barrel, but occasionally someone would hook the trigger guard instead and the rifle would come apart.

We rarely showed proper respect for the rifle. Barrel down into the football field turf made for a convenient leaning post. Mud-clogged barrels did little for the integrity of the rifling. But then, we never fired them nor had we any cleaning drills or instruction, so the apparent intent was merely to have a properly heavy "stick" to lug around the parade field in the finest military fashion.

--Boyd

From Russ Rehm:

After two weeks of Beast Barracks indoctrination, the upper-classmen returned and the school year began. We were awe-struck by these gods who moved into the rooms

around us. They were brown, rugged, worldly, and so confident. They seemed to barely tolerate our presence. Simply walking from the Mess Hall back to one's room after lunch meant a gauntlet of barking, snarling upper-class men giving out demerit chits. "Shoulders back, chin in, suck it up, Mister, and tell me who Nathaniel Bowditch was!"

Each of us had been given a small book entitled *Bearings,* which we were expected to memorize. Since that was pretty much impossible, I worked hard to memorize the mantra in the book we were to recite if we couldn't answer a question.

We marched everywhere we were going, and walked back from everywhere we had been. We marched to breakfast; we marched to class; we marched to lunch and supper; we marched to inspection; and in the mornings the whole Regiment marched around the Great Oval to the music of the band. We saluted as this huge flag was raised up the tallest un-guyed flag pole in the world, (Ray says 186 feet) and then marched off to class. I loved it! Through the reds, greens, and gold of the fall colors, the long blue lines of young men in white hats was a beautifully stirring sight.

--Russ

From Richard E. Barry Jr.:

To start with, I never wanted to go to KP. That was my father's idea. He had sailed as a licensed engineer in the merchant marine during WWII and survived trips on the Murmansk run and being shelled on the Anzio beachhead. He loved his merchant marine experience and used to sing "Heave Ho" to me all the time as a kid. All that I cared about in high school was baseball and girls. I was an all-league running back on our undefeated high school football team, but that was really about impressing the girls. Before graduating from North Haven High School, I was offered a contract to play professional baseball in the Chicago White Sox organization. I was all about signing, but thank god, my father said no way. I had been recruited by Kings Point football coach Harry Wright, who had agreed that I could play baseball as well as football

at KP -- “Liar, liar pants on fire.” Anyhow, that agreement meant nothing, since Coach Wright had moved on to coach the running backs with the New York Giants football team by the time I arrived at KP.

Of course, Plebe Year came as a total shock to me. I did play football and baseball and my highlights were hitting a home run to upset Hofstra in baseball and making the Bainbridge all-opponent team in plebe football. When the time came to “request” a split Sea Year, I of course, asked to be given a B Split. That was not to be. I was summoned to Assistant Superintendent Vic Tyson’s office, where he, A.D. Leibertz, and Head Football Coach George Paterno were waiting to speak with me. Captain Tyson told me that I was being given an A Split and that he wanted me to play football. I protested that I was a much better baseball player and Captain Tyson said that he knew that, but at KP I would play football. I said “Yes Sir” and the rest is history.

--Rick

From Merrill Rollins:

A Plebe’s Revenge

As you will no doubt recall, plebes were required to work two weeks per month in the mess hall, one as a table-setter and one as a server. For the benefit of anyone reading this who might not be familiar with the routines, customs, and traditions of these chores, I’ll provide a little background as I go along to give you a little better perspective.

It was sometime midway through the second academic quarter that I ran afoul of a particularly nasty 3rd classman who was on an “A-Split”, that is, apportioning his Sea Year over his 3rd and 2nd Class years so that he could participate in a fall season sport. I was serving his table which comprised nine other “A-Split” 3rd Classmen seated four to a side and one on each end. The guy on one end was the “Table Captain” (read recipient of demerits following a food fight) and the Officer/Gentleman I am referring to sat at his right in the cherished “Assistant Table Captain” position. This particular

table was about four tables down from the Reg Table where the Regimental Commander and other Dignitaries and Administrators would be seated. It was also about three tables away from the galley exit doors. The custom was that those plebes serving 1st Class tables lined up in the galley line to receive the food ahead of the servers for the 2nd Class tables, so as server for a 3rd Class table, I was way at the end.

The first time I arrived at the table with the entree, I was met with a volley of sarcastic invective from this guy that went way beyond the standard cojone-crusher's fare. None of the, "What's for chow tomorrow morning, Mister?" or "How many feathers on the wings of the flagpole's eagle?" No, this guy went right for the jugular, bringing it down to my apparent personal inability to provide him with even the simplest of services. "Geez, Flash! (This with a sneer). Glad you could make it. At this rate, we might make it back in time for taps!" With this his table mates would erupt with laughter and my face would blossom and elicit another slur perhaps questioning my family lineage. After everyone was done eating and most had gone back to their rooms, he would sit and drink coffee and send me out repeatedly for more butter or a clean fork.

This went on with no let up for several days. In survival mode now, I resorted to subterfuge. Between the fact that their table was close to the galley exit and that I had taken to sneaking into the 2nd Classmen's line, I was able, in many cases, to deliver their food even before some of the 1st Class tables had been served. Yet, still I was greeted by those squinting eyes and lop-sided, tight-lipped grin as he unloaded yet another irrelevant insult.

I had long ago made my peace with the whole hazing process. I actually could see how it had some value in training us to do a job that required accurate recall of constantly changing data under pressure. But this guy was different. He had a mean streak in him that had erupted as soon as the yoke of his own "plebedom" had been removed from his shoulders. When I stopped to consider that he was only a scant three or four months removed from my situation, my disrespect for him welled up in me to the point where I would have taken advantage of any situation to mess him up.

A 2nd Classman who lived next door to me was friends with the table Captain and would stop by at the end of evening meals and shoot the breeze. I asked him what the story was with this guy and he confirmed my opinion of the guy but advised me to just take it since at that point, I only had to get through Saturday breakfast and lunch. Late in the week, I had noticed a change in the response of his table mates to his continuous barrage of BS. No longer did they guffaw and slap him on the back. I began to hear covert comments like, “Come on man. He’s alright. Give him a break.” By then there was only Saturday lunch remaining and then I would be done with him and his attitude. But I <u>really</u> wanted to punish him! All the while the angel on my shoulder kept guiding me down the high road. “Just one more meal.”

Now, after Saturday lunch, if you wore your liberty uniform to the meal, you could go directly to Wiley Hall to be inspected for liberty. As an upper-classman you wouldn’t have to be back until Sunday evening. My guy, in what could only be construed as extremely poor situational awareness and a major tactical error, had chosen to wear his dress whites to lunch that day, no doubt intending to meet Natasha, his vampire love interest, at the gate on the first liberty party.

But it was not to be. After resignedly enduring his final fusillade of ignorance, I dutifully went out to the galley to pick up the desserts. I think that at that point, I was just kind of shuffling along, somewhat disconnected from everything going on around me. Then someone handed me the cafeteria tray with the ten desserts on it. I stared blankly at the tray for what seemed like a long, long time. You see, there were ten little bowls with ten little cake-like things in them. The less-than-attentive kitchen staff had ladled out the chocolate sauce rather carelessly and had spilled quite a lot of it into the tray where it wandered about quite freely. You hear stories about people who say that everything went into slow-motion during a battle. That’s what happened to me at that point. As I walked to the galley exit, I could see it all happening. I flicked my finger and booted the little shoulder angel for a field goal and totally succumbed to the wicked whisperings of the little devil on my other side. I practiced tilting the tray left to right and right to left, mesmerized by the impending catastrophe

represented by the semi-viscous dark brown fluid as it puddled about obeying my every command. I mentally rehearsed every movement, changing my routine slightly so as to make my movements appear as natural.

The routine for dessert serving was to approach the table between the Table Captain and, on his right, the Assistant Table Captain. Upon reaching the table you would support the tray from underneath with one hand and hold it over the table within reach of the five men at that end of the table who would then each remove one of the desserts whereupon you would pull the tray back and proceed to the other end of the table and repeat the process. Normally, I would have carried the tray in my right hand, but that would have made what happened next look a little unnatural. So I used my left hand and once the first five desserts had been removed, I administered the coup de grace. I turned my body to the right as I started to move away from the table but kept my head turned to the left so I could see what I was doing.

With the tray still in position over the table, I tilted it back slightly and the first drops of chocolate started to drip onto the tablecloth. I then started to move slowly away from the table and the stream of chocolate drippings moved obediently along as well, tracing a terrifyingly predictable path across the white tablecloth. My victim, now keenly aware of what was about to happen, desperately pushed himself back away from the table but he was trapped! With his arms fully extended, the entire front of his uniform was now available for decoration. I can't tell you how <u>just</u> I felt! His table mates' mouths dropped open and their eyes popped as they watched the scene unfolding. The chocolate drips marched across the table cloth like little machine gun holes and went right up the chest of his whites and over his shoulder . . . rat-a-tat-tat.

Well, Holy Shit! He exploded out of his chair, screaming, "You're on report, you idiot! I'll have your ass!" But by that time, I had fully turned away from him and was on my way around to the other end of the table, pretending not to hear. When I got to the other end, his table mates were howling with laughter and looking at me with what can only be called, I think, true admiration. "We <u>told</u> you!" They said. They were actually giggling! "We told you! You are <u>not</u> putting him

on report. You deserved it!" All he could do was stand there blubbering. You could watch the vision of the first liberty party fizzling out of his brain like a party balloon . . . and his whites? What did a set of whites cost, anyway?

My friend, the 2nd Classman who had advised me to just swallow it, was there when it happened and came up to me later and congratulated me. The whole time he was talking to me he was just shaking his head. I have to admit, I lived in a state of total paranoia for a while, but nothing ever came of it and in the end, I think we both came away with a better idea of what good leadership is . . . and is not.

--Be-Bop

From Greg Brockdorf:

I was blessed with great roommates at KP and Bob Allee couldn't have been a better one Plebe Year. We all know how tough that Plebe Year was, and on top of that, I was about as immature as an 18-year-old could get. Still, Bob stuck with me, and we were roommates the whole year. I also know I wouldn't have made it that first year without him. We lived in 2nd Co. next to the Company Commander and Company Adjutant and over the Regimental Commander and Adjutant. We had to be careful! We were even inspected one Saturday by the Regimental staff when the West Point staff visited and were invited along to invade our space. Our room was packed with gold braid!

So many classmates saved my ass that I really could write a book. Ken Lyons on dit-da, Jim Teague on calculus, Jim Mucci on graduation day, Brian Hope at the World's Fair . . . Oh yeah. I forgot that I am never to say a word about this to anyone about what happened at the World's Fair and after. Ever! So there I was Plebe Year at the World's Fair after a long day at the Lowenbrau Pavilion. And who walks by but Brian Hope. The 2nd Co. Adjutant -- the most feared man in the world for a second Company plebe. "What are you doing here, plebe?" "Waiting." "You realize you are going to miss muster and be on E.D. forever don't you?" "Ahhhh . . . hmmmm . . . What?" "Follow me!" So I get in the backseat of

his car, and he speeds towards KP informing me that I am ruining his planned evening, and if he ever hears of this I am a dead man. He drops me off on a side street and tells me I better run. So I ran. Everyone is formed up in O'Hara when I stumble in and I'm completely lost with about 400 cadets looking at me. Then I hear 30 voices whispering, "Over here, Brock, over here." They slide over, and I slip in line. No officers said anything at the muster, and I never told this story -- until now. Not a big deal 50 years later, but back then it sure was to me.

I was continually second guessing my decision to stay at KP until we started our navigation courses Plebe Year. The first time I walked into the chartroom in Samuels Hall and laid out that chart, I was hooked! To this day if I'm getting down or aggravated all I have to do is open a chart (I have many), and I become euphoric -- my whole attitude changes. Pictures of ships do the same. To my eye, ships are the most beautiful things man has ever created.

One more story and I will move on. In the fall after we could get liberty, our Plebe Year, a fellow section mate from Brooklyn (who later scrubbed out) asked me if I would like to join him for some fun. "Sure," I replied, "What do you want to do?" "Well, let's go bet on some ponies to get some money, get drunk, and then go into the city to find some girls!" He lost me at "bet on some ponies," but my education had just begun. You're not in Trufant, population 200, anymore Greggie boy!

--Greg

From Bill Haneline:

Plebe Year

Somehow quite a few of us survived that ordeal. The plebe beats on the zero decks were bearable. What was most unbearable, at least for me, was having to get back by 10:00 p.m. on Saturday nights. Not much of a social life for a plebe. My roommate that year was George Kohl, who was also my roommate 3rd/2nd class years (we were on the A split). I have fond recalls of going to visit George's family in Philadelphia.

As it turns out, George usually had a hot date and I'd wind up going to the pool hall with his dad, also a George. We had a couple of special events that eased the burden of 4th Classdom . . . the football game at Shea Stadium with the 25 cent (then quite expensive) beer . . . that was our very first outing as a group, and I'm sure we made the administrators sorry for that mistake.

The other special outing was the trip to DC for LBJ's inaugural parade where we all stayed at that Naval Air Station -- lots of basketball and some decent food. At least the sliced roast beef didn't have the light blue/green luminescent glow we'd grown accustomed to at the Zoo. One other special event, in Delano Hall, was the celebration of the 21st anniversary of the Academy. Other highlights that come to mind are the hunger strike that happened when, I believe it was Justice Douglas, paid us a visit one evening. Then there were the Miss Universe contestants that had lunch with us. Lots of memories coming back -- I could go on.

--Bill

From Creg Howard:

Back in the spring of 1964, we at the Howard household in Seattle's Wallingford District received an interesting piece of mail. From the Offices of the Honorable Senator Henry M. Jackson, WA (D) came a letter of appointment to the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, NY for Cregan J. Howard. Several months earlier, I had responded positively to a local recruiter who had indicated that Kings Point was an avenue to a free education, a lucrative career, and that I might even be able to play football there. What a deal!

I had graduated from Seattle Prep in 1962, was presently attending Seattle University taking basic undergrad courses, but really not too enthused by my educational lot in life. After talking to several of the 6/7 classmates from Seattle Prep who were then attending KP, it was evident that things at KP would be several stages more interesting than what I had in front of me. The stories I heard from them about their Sea

Year experiences in Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Latin and South America and the classes and other aspects of Academy life sold me and I heartily accepted the appointment. Of course, my mother was beside herself with excitement for me, but, my girlfriend was decidedly not. Remember those days? There were lots to think about, to organize and to get done. And, I had to get this body in some kind of shape so I could make a decent appearance on the football field. To that end, I dedicated myself to a regimen of weight-lifting and running right up to leaving for New York in August of that year.

So, all summer long I spent working at my spice manufacturing job running large pepper mills, cinnamon grinding machinery, vanilla plants, and other assorted devices that processed exotic raw spices from all over the world. My friends named my work tennis shoes "the cinnamon twisters" due to their obvious aroma. And I lifted weights, ran and sprinted everywhere in Seattle, did thousands of push-ups and other stretches and exercises of every variety and generally got myself in pretty respectable shape for football -- I thought. And, I did what every other 20-year-old male I knew did in summer in Seattle -- I drank beer with everyone I could, at every possible opportunity and in the greatest volume available. And, I hung out with my girlfriend Terese and patiently and continuously explained how she and I would still be together, just apart for a while, like until Christmas. Some of you probably know that drill. Overall, I thought I had a pretty successful summer and then it was August and I was in a Boeing 727 flying the "friendly skies" on United Airlines from Seattle to New York City and JFK Airport. Whaaat is happening to me!?

The plan was to spend a couple nights in Manhattan doing the sightseeing routine, then make my way out to Long Island and find this place called Great Neck, the location of Kings Point. Exiting that plane after a very long flight, the greeting was anything but pleasant. The torrent of hot, humid New York air that hit me was just an introduction to what was to come in the weeks to follow. From the cheap hotel that had been pre-arranged by a family friend, I made my way around NY, mostly by foot, and found most of the notable highlights. Yes, I did make it to the top of the Empire State Building and,

yep, I met Meg Ryan there. Thanks for asking. My make-shift touring routine quickly settled down to include a 4:00 p.m. Happy Hour stop at this dive bar I found where you could get a cold one for like 20 cents. "Schaefer's is the right beer to have when you're having more than one." Remember that jingle? Well, I definitely had more than one at each sitting and did so legally for the first time. Even drank some Piels to diversify. I was a pretty happy tourist, I thought.

But, on the last night in Manhattan, I was awakened by the unmistaken signs that all was not well in my digestion system. The reverie sleep, the heavy sweats, gut pain, high fever that I was dealing with were compounded by the realization that I had to get up, packed, check out, and figure out the details of getting out to Long Island and Kings Point. Luckily, my struggles that very early morning were rewarded with a very detailed and accurate description on a step by step from the hotel right to Vickery Gate at KP from the very patient and knowledgeable checkout clerk. I remember him concluding by saying ". . . and, young man, you're gonna need good luck gettin' der cuz ya look like crap."

But, several difficult hours of travel later, somehow I was able to rally myself across Manhattan, through Penn Station, along via the LIRR and the Great Neck bus and finally arrive at the Gate for the first time. I was the only one there and, after giving the guard my name, he wanted to know if I was to be a deck or engine cadet. I didn't even know the answer, but he located my name on the engine cadet list and that I was to be in 4th company. Then I was aware that he was carefully checking me out as I stood there full of sweat, fever and guts afire, swaying back and forth, barely on my feet. "Son, ya don't look good" was followed by a phone call, the arrival of a vehicle, and a quick ride to what turned out to be a 5-day stay in the on-campus hospital. I think I was the only patient there and the nurse on duty did a quick medical assessment, declared I had a temperature of 103°F, that I was to take a quick shower, and get into that bed over there.

The next few days I slept and dreamt; only reviving when the doctor came, when they had to give me an IV for fluids, and when nature prevailed. I was sick like a proverbial dog and the recurring dream apparently was pointing to the

source of the problem. That last night at the dive bar culminated with a challenge from the character next to me as to who could eat the most pickled Polish sausages from the jar. My reward for accepting was not only the food poisoning, but I also lost the bet and had to pay for all the horrendous sausages. And this guy was toothless! How could I lose to a guy with no teeth?!

After about 5 days in the hospital and the loss of at least 10 pounds, I was released into the Academy chaos that was in full swing for plebes -- indoctrination. And there was football practice to deal with. Although in better shape than previous, I was still a major energy-deficient guy, both physically and mentally. As I eventually made my way into the on-going cadet life, meeting section, class, and teammates, I found lots of support when needed and lots of humor to mitigate the frustrations. However, my bad Polish sausage decision and the resulting food poisoning had lasting consequences. My strength and endurance never did return adequately and my football performance was mediocre at best. My 1st quarter academic results suffered due to being over stressed from football. As a result, I had to quit football, took a B-split for the rowing team (did 2 or 3 yrs. only) and ended up wearing a silver star each qtr. after plebe year.

Every one of us had unique experiences regarding our Kings Point days. The above was just the beginning of the craziness that I went through at the Zoo. But, I did learn one thing: Avoid toothless bar rascals who taunt you into Polish sausage consumption. Run Away!

Finally, I don't know of any other true Zombos in our class other than myself and Paul Skripol -- a true Zombo having only 3 diagonal stripes on epaulets and no cadet leadership positions for the entire 1st class year. But maybe I'm wrong?

--Creg, 68-162

From John Hotaling:

Plebe Year wasn’t easy and my section mates bashed me around, bullied and tried to make it more miserable than it

was. But I came to be an engineer, not a football star or something I was not. Friends were also having trouble with academics. Quitting was considered and many did. Ellwanger, Bloxom and I contemplated switching to deck because it was easier and they did. But I knew if I could just get by the first year it would be all right. I played in the band, sang in the glee club, and served mass to keep my sanity.

At the end of the year I squeaked by with a 2.01 and CDCD in calculus just avoiding the no two D's in a row rule that might have eliminated me academically. I accumulated 298 demerits avoiding the 300 number that would have kicked me out, marched a lot of extra duty and restrictions and made it to 3rd class. Then I took a "B Split" which broke up sea year into two halves so the football players on "A Split" could be at the academy for all four seasons. This worked out great – the damned jock section was disbanded because most of them flunked out after plebe year. Now it was on to the 3rd class Sea Year adventures.

--John

From Jim Todd:

I did not yearn to be a Kings Pointer. I did not grow up harboring a desire to spend my life at sea, or among ships, or in the yards that design and build them. To this high school senior contemplating my future in the spring of 1964, a career in the classroom beckoned. I planned to become a math teacher, and toward that end, to study at the College of William and Mary. I'd already been accepted by the school. I was entranced by the learned air pervading its columned halls, its shaded lawns, and its libraries. I'd picked out a dorm room. I was eager to get started.

It was my parents who suggested another path. My father, a farmer turned naval officer, pointed out that as idyllic as William and Mary seemed, it represented years of debt, whereas the five federal service academies offered first-rate educations free of charge. So I applied to the Merchant Marine Academy because it cost nothing, was the only academy that my eyesight was good enough for and accepted

an appointment, and mustered on Barney Square that first August morning with the rest of the Class of 1968 not at all convinced that I'd made the right choice.

My ambivalence didn't last long. Today I can look back on my Kings Point years as the defining chapter of my life—a point of inflection that defined whom I'd become, what I'd do over the next half-century, and how I view the world and my place in it. I have experienced high adventure in place of the blackboard; have swapped real-world problem-solving for hypothetical calculation; and have enjoyed rewards a teacher could not imagine.

And the compass setting I've followed in this unexpected and happy life, from early in my midshipman days to right now, is summarized in the academy's motto: *Acta non verba*. That simple phrase has provoked me to action time and again. When I entered plebe year, I could not turn a wrench -- in fact, I could barely identify a wrench. I knew nothing of tools or how to use them, a fact made plain by my score on our first tools test: 45. Shamed, I strove to absorb all I could about tools and machinery from that moment on, which would soon prove a tremendous asset. Later that year we all witnessed the upperclassmen organize a hunger strike in protest of the academy's miserable food, a venture requiring courage and resolve and, true to the motto, action.

--Jim

From Jack Opet:

My first recollection of the summer of '64 was that after two weeks of going through plebe hell, I wanted to head back home to northeastern PA and go to Wilkes College on the scholarship I had been granted. I called my mother to let her know of my plans. The next day when I spoke to her, she said that the school had already given it to someone else and I was 'stuck' at KP. Years later she admitted that she had told me a 'fib'. More proof that mothers do know best. So for the next 10 months, I suffered through the same routines that everyone else in my 1st Company section did as we were being transformed from high school kids into young men ready to go

to sea; all thanks to the hard work and watchful eyes of Tex Snyder and Guy Wolf.

But along the way, we did lose a few sectionmates, including Paul DeLorenzo who was tragically hit by a car after a basketball game. A really nice guy and a shocking loss! Academically, I remember that we took 16 credit hours our 1st quarter (seemed like a heavy load) and it jumped up from there until we graduated -- a nice combination of academic and disciplinary hell. And who can forget marching in LBJ's 1965 inaugural parade; bus down to DC, march in the parade on a very cold day, bus back to KP. But I did manage to begin a life-long friendship with John 'Chief' Linster who joined me in painting a green stripe around the Oval in honor of St. Patrick (he extended our enthusiasm by leaving a few dabs on Wiley Hall). By the time June finally rolled around, I was ready to go to sea and leave Plebe Year behind.

--Jack

From Jeff Grant:

I almost did not attend the Academy

It started when I reported to the Naval Hospital for the entrance physical. I was recently nominated (and accepted) to the class of 1968, contingent upon successful completion of a physical examination. The problem for me was that I had a very difficult math test coming up the very next day -- and I wasn't prepared for it. I needed to study for the exam but I was required to take the physical the day before the exam. I was very nervous . . . .

I reported to the Bremerton WA Naval hospital for the exam in the morning, thinking I would be out by noon. The physical was very thorough and drawn out. At one point the Doctor was listening to my heart. After a bit, he excused himself from the room and when he came back there were about 20 other Doctors with him! They each listened to my heart in succession and after they did, looked at the attending physician and nodded before leaving the room. When they all left I asked the doctor what was wrong. He said matter-of-

factly that they were interns and he wanted them to listen because I have a heart murmur, something they all needed to understand.

After a long routine I finally had my exit interview with the head doctor. He told me "everything was fine". I asked him about the event when all the Interns came in to listen to my heart, and he told me I had a heart murmur, but I was in good shape and I passed.

By the time I got home it was after dinner time and I had only a little time to study for the big test the following day.

In early summer I had decided to ride a 10-speed bicycle to the Academy, from Seattle. I wanted to be in the best physical shape I could, because I knew the regimen would be physically demanding. I rode with a friend who wanted to keep in shape since he was on the University of Washington's crew team. Every Friday I called home to tell my parents where I was and how we were doing. At about Wisconsin my Mother told me to call the Academy when I arrived in NYC; she reminded me every Friday. I asked why, but she would not give me a straight answer.

Finally, after 42 days of biking, we arrived in NYC. I did not call the Academy, and when I talked with my Mother that Friday she asked me if I had called them. When I said "no", she told me to call the very next day. So, I called and was told I may not be accepted due to "high blood pressure" recorded during my physical in Bremerton. I was offered that if I was agreeable to having an intensive blood pressure test done, I would be reconsidered for acceptance into the Academy. I agreed.

I was to report to the Naval Hospital in NYC at 0800 the following day. When I got there I was told this test was both morning and late afternoon, each day for four days straight. I would start that same day, even though it was after 1100 when he took the first reading. After taking the reading he asked me why I was there -- was it for low blood pressure? I told him it was for high blood pressure. I then told him a little about the circumstances and where I had been for the past six weeks. He told me not to bother to come back -- he promised to make sure the results were transmitted to the Academy

properly in four days. When I called the Academy, I was accepted without further delay.

--Jeff

From Dave Aldrich:

Ed and I shared a room in 4th Company on the top floor in the corner. Two First Classmen lived across the hall and they immediately gave me the nickname Little Shit, which fortunately only they used. I didn't mind and the one assignment they gave me was to be sure they were awake & up for breakfast muster. One always slept in, sitting all folded up in the little wardrobe closet. Plebe beats didn't bother me terribly; I had no doubt I would get through that. What I really struggled with were Saturday room inspections, cleaning stations etc. Thank God for Ed, with his experience he would do his cleaning station and come back to help me. About mid-year, Ed decided he had enough, and was going to leave to be a teacher. I was sorry to see him go. My new roommate for the rest of the year was to be Rich Weigang. Things were different with Rich and I would come to meet the dreaded Reg Wedge one Saturday morning. Somewhere along the line that year I picked up the nickname Mouse, which I sometimes still hear to this day.

--Dave

From Al Schultz:

I had some political help in obtaining my Congressional nomination. I only applied to two colleges -- NY Maritime and Kings Point. I didn't think I would get in to KP as my 1963 high school classmate, Richard Monro, was a shoe-in (for all sorts of reasons) and that they wouldn't accept two guys from the same school. But my uncle was the head of the Republican Party in our city of Mt. Vernon, NY and our Congressman was also a Republican. Many years later I found out that my father and my uncle were making all sorts of phone calls on my

behalf. I was disappointed with that. So, I started with the Class of 1967 (more on that later).

The KP indoctrination and the following Plebe Year for me was a piece of cake -- like Boy Scout camp all over again. I didn't like the "class rates" system though, and still cast a wary eye at those upper classmen who are still around but were "pricks" back then. Academically it was a challenge, for the workload if nothing else.

After the first year, I was asked (probably as I lived only 40 minutes away) to come back to assist with the next incoming class indoctrination as a "pusher." Thus I was introduced to the Class of 1968. It was a lot of work, but one of the most satisfying things I've ever done. I believe I did a good job . . .

--Al

From John Rydzewski:

68-266 names

It seems my most vivid memories of KP are from plebe year. It's probably because everything was so new and different. I will never forget the Saturday and Sunday accountability roll calls. My plebe year section was 68-266 in fourth company. Aldrich, Averette, Brown, Clark, Doyle, English, Fernandez, Gauslow, Grosso, Heimburger, Howard, Katsampes, Kriz, Levesque, MacEwen, McNamara, Mott, Oakes, Parlato, Popovich, Robertson, Rydzewski, Shakeshaft, Sullivan, Touhey, Weigang, Wong. Parlato dropped out at the end of indoctrination. Of these 27 original section mates 15 graduated with the class of 1968 and a couple took setbacks. Mike Popovich and Chris Wong have passed away.

Something I could never understand was why the tall guys marched at the front and us short people were at the rear. The tallest section mate was Bob Grosso. He was at least 6'5", maybe a little taller. He also had long legs and a long stride. At the rear of the line were myself and Dave Aldrich. We would have to break step and literally run to catch up.

Memorable KP staff

There were quite a few memorable people at KP. Some of them we first encountered Plebe Year, several others later.

- Ma Rooney, the lady who ran the laundry room. She had a soft spot in her heart for Plebes. I never did get any of the cookies she baked.
- Tailor Herman who spoke briefly during noon mess just before his retirement. He started a short monologue by saying, “People have wondered where I get my material”.
- Who can forget Salty O’Hara? Enough said.
- The three barbers. I remember we called one The Butcher, another The Delinquent. Can’t remember what we called the third one.
- The mess hall crew (a cast of characters too numerous to mention)
- Cdr. “Chopper” Carlson” who taught machine design. At the end of class one day he announced the next day we would study “shafting.”
- Lt. Nickl, math professor who used colored chalk to better illustrate solutions to some of the problems. He had names for the chalk colors, for example “dry heave green.” I’m sure our classmates remember some of the other names, especially for red and brown.
- Lcdr Mahoney who allowed us to give a hot foot when a section mate would fall asleep in class.
- Lcdr. Stwertka who in one class calculated how much a person would get pushed backwards by the light streaming forth from a flashlight (it isn’t a whole lot).
- Lcdr. Billy Bay who appeared to fall asleep at times in mid-sentence.
- Catholic chaplain Cdr.Paul Bradley whose grace before meals started something like, “Bless us Oh Lord and these thy gifts, *and this food . . .* He could say weekday Mass in under fifteen minutes, which was a godsend (pardon the choice of words) when I had a cleaning station.

Parody of "Act Naturally"

At one point during plebe year there was a parody of the Buck Owens/Beatles song “Act Naturally.” I do not recall all the words but it started out: “They’re going to put me on the Batt Staff, They’re going to make an **shole out of me.”

Corey Oakes stories

One of our section mates during plebe year was a large football player from Georgia, Corey Oakes. Although he dropped out sometime during the year, his expressions and way of explaining things was quite humorous.

After colors while we were marching around on our way to class, Corey was pulled out by 3rd company commander Woolacott for a uniform infraction. I was also pulled out of line just behind him. When the band stopped playing Woolacott turned around and asked, “Mr. Oakes, why is your right pant's leg longer than your left?” to which he answered, “Because the left one hasn’t fallen down yet!”

We must have been wearing our dungarees on our way to a lab because we had to hem them to length ourselves. Many times we would fold them to the correct length and hoped they would hold, or that after going through the laundry the pressing would keep them in place.

Another instance was during a plebe beat. I was standing next to him when an upper classman approached. He asked Corey if he was from Georgia, to which he answered yes. The upper classman said one of his classmates claimed to also be from Georgia. If he listened to him talk, could he tell if he really was from Georgia or if he was a liar. The classmate came over and said a few words. Then they asked Corey, “Is he from Georgia or is he a liar?” Corey answered, “BOTH, sir!”

Smells

One of the senses closely associated with memory is the sense of smell. This is because the olfactory bulb has direct connections to two brain areas that are strongly

implicated in emotion and memory: the amygdala and hippocampus (thank you Wikipedia). Several smells bring me back to either the Academy or first days of Sea Year. They are the smell of salt water off Mallory Pier, the hemp rope in the basement of Samuels Hall, bunker C on my first ship.

Songs

We did not have radio privileges the early part of Plebe Year. Fortunately Clint Robertson and I had two first classmen across the hall who played their radio loud in the morning. At the start of Plebe Year some of the songs that were popular and that we heard from across the hall were "Pretty Woman" by Roy Orbison, "Because" by The Dave Clark 5, "Do Wah Diddy Diddy" by Manfred Mann, "It Hurts To Be In Love" by Gene Pitney and "The House of the Rising Sun" by the Animals.

Collecting Silver

The last year for silver coins, at least the dime and quarter in the US was 1964. Due to the price of silver there was a hoarding of silver coins and therefore a shortage. The “Coinage Act of 1965” called for elimination of silver in dimes and quarters. They would be made with a clad material. As plebes we were required to always have change for a quarter on our person. The first classman in the room adjacent to us would regularly ask us for change for a dollar. One evening we heard a crash from his room. Our lockers were back to back. It turned out he had spilled his hoard of change – apparently he was stashing away as many silver coins as he could get his hands on.

--John

From Carl Miller:

Joining McCammon’s motley crew, otherwise known as the Regimental Band, was a wonderful outlet for me. It allowed me to miss a few inspections, but more importantly to

join a less regimented group and blow off some steam, even if that meant marching all of you in to lunch during nice weather with Ski, Van and Terry. I also preferred carrying my drum than that wonderful M1 hanging under my bunk. Ben Tomb was a wonderful 3rd Company Commander, and Don and I got to sail with him during sea year.

--Carl

From Jim Ware:

I was in 5th Co. Plebe Year. Bill Ahearn was in my section. I was fortunate enough to have him in my section all 4 years. Early in our Plebe Year, both Bill and I flunked the mandatory requirement of swimming some distance and being able to stay afloat for I think it was 15 minutes. We had to go to make-up training to pass the tests. I remember Bill had the toughest time trying to stay afloat for the 15 minutes. He would sink like a rock because of his physical make-up. It was fun to watch him try to flail away, but he finally did it.

--Jim

From Norm Wood:

68-368

My first memories of KP were with a group of football players from the Philadelphia area visiting for a weekend and sponsored by the alumni (who evidently wanted to get into the big time). The alumni arranged for my Congressional appointment and I was off to Kings Point. Of the 30 some odd members of our plebe football team who started out, only a hand full of us actually graduated and fewer actually played as seniors.

Very few have any idea how close I was to washing out after that first quarter from trying to study, losing almost 30 pounds, and trying to play football which I came to realize I wasn't as good at as I thought I was. The best day of my life was a day after spring football practice when I noticed that

almost every upper class football player had scars from past injuries. I had never been injured playing football and was getting off academic probation and felt the old first quarter study habits returning. That afternoon I quit football. That may have been best decision of my life (aside from getting married to my wife Karen). Thanks to the support of several of my plebe section mates, I did make it through Plebe Year.

--Norm

From Bob Rogers:

In plebe year my roommate was Greg, from California. Greg was a nice guy, but he didn't make it past the 2nd quarter. Bob Lewis had another California roommate by the name of John. John was a pleasant enough fellow, but he made a horrible mistake in our first few days at KP. We had been told (I believe) to report with our hair properly cut. John had flown in from California and gone to an all-night barber shop in New York City the night before for a haircut. Apparently it wasn't short enough because the upper class cadre was all over him about it. On our 2nd or 3rd day there I was walking down the main deck of 5th company and I saw John in his room with his hat on, looking at himself in the mirror over his sink. I said, "Hunter! Take off your hat! You can't be covered in your room." He slowly took off his hat, and I could then see that he was bald – he had taken a razor and shaved his head.

Being anonymous plebe year was a good thing – but, being a short, slightly heavy BALD plebe drew a lot of unwanted attention. To this day I don't recall how I inherited John, but he was my roommate 3rd and 4th quarters of Plebe Year. He was a photographer, so for Saturday morning inspections he went to the dark room in the basement of Wiley Hall, and I stood room inspection alone. Almost every Saturday morning I would hear the cadence of marching feet, and hear the ominous, terrifying sound of "Wedge -- Halt!" As the members of the wedge came into the room they would instantly inquire as to where Hunter was. After that, the inspections usually went pretty well, and they toned down their

need to find things for which they could give demerits. I specifically recall wedges with the RC, RA and several with BC's, BA's and CC's. As I recall, John did not have a stellar academic year. He did not continue after Plebe Year.

--Bob

From Chas Pearson:

HOW I GOT INTO SAILING SMALL BOATS and got out of afternoon indoctrination

When I arrived at the Academy in August 1964, I came straight over from Wiesbaden, Germany (where I graduated high school -- was an Air Force brat) and was as lost as everyone else being thrown into the indoctrination process that intends to weed out the cadets that likely won't be able to compete and survive 4 years at the Zoo.

On one of the first days, certainly within the first week, I was in my room, still adjusting to my change in lifestyle, and heard a knock on my door and an upperclassman (Charlie Dake '66 from Houston, Texas) came in and asked me if I were Charlie Pearson and I confirmed I was.

Why he couldn't tell immediately (I literally weighed 97# and was 5'3" at the time) by my size, I'll never know, but bottom line is he smiled and then asked me a few questions. First, he asked if I had ever sailed in small boats or knew anything about sailing (answer no, to which he said "that's great") . . . I found out later that he was relieved that I was a blank slate and didn't have any "bad" habits from being in sailboats before and receiving poor training, so no bad habits to break. Next was if I could swim (answer yes, grew up around lakes and pools all my life and was a decent swimmer, but a better diver) and again, he said "that's great."

Next was if I were interested in skipping out on all the afternoon "indoctrination" stuff if possible (I quickly answered "SURE I WOULD"), to which he said "I'd like to make you a deal, are you interested?" -- to which I obviously said I was.

At that point, he said he was on the Intercollegiate Dinghy Sailing Team, that required a 2-man crew for most

College Competitions, and if I agreed to be “his” dedicated crew while at the Academy, that we’d be out on the Sound every afternoon (weather permitting) for practice when the rest of the class would be going thru the customary indoctrination routine . . . so I again said “works for me.”

He said that I would have to listen very carefully to EVERYTHING he said while he was teaching me what to do, and if I didn’t know what he was talking about, I should immediately ask and learn what’s important for winning races in these upside-down bathtubs with a tiny 110 Sq. Ft. single sail and a centerboard.

He then admitted that he had returned to the Academy early from his summer leave in Texas and had checked out the stats on the incoming Plebe class and noticed that I was (at 97#) the lightest person in the class. That, he said, would help him (he was also short) in competitions in the small I.C. Dinghy’s that were then the standard boats for Intercollegiate Competition in the country. He’d teach me how to sail, but more importantly keep me out of harm’s way during my plebe tenure there.

That began a LONG career of mine with sailboats, mostly small (I still own my 15’ Venture Cat and keep it at our lake house in the Lakes Region of N.H.), but I also was trained on larger sailing vessels while at the Academy, even some time on the 12-meter *Weatherly* -- the Academy’s 1962 America’s Cup winner. Most of my time was in the 11’ dinghies where I learned not only how to sail them efficiently, learned the rules of Intercollegiate Sailing Competition (cut-throat!) but also how to maintain them: sanding the rudders each year and re-varnishing them, sanding and re-finishing the fiberglass hulls of them, and generally learned a LOT about small boat craft that I never would have had exposure to if I weighed even 20 or 30# more.

I had always considered my height and weight to be a disadvantage growing up, but slowly, as I got older, I realized that there are real benefits in being short and underweight instead of tall and overweight . . . clothes are cheaper, I fit into small spaces easier (sometimes not a benefit) and there are a host of other things, but my size gave me access to the world of sailing that I never expected.

So, for the entire Plebe Year, most afternoons I was out sailing on the Sound with Charlie, counting the schools of "long island whitefish" that were coming out of the East River, under the Throgs Neck Bridge and floating past Kings Point and Steppingstone Lighthouse on their way out to the ocean. If you don't know what kind of fish a L.I. Whitefish is, just know it's NOT a real fish . . . just ends up looking kinda like one after a few days in the water getting stretched out in the waves. Ask a sailor who sails in that area, they'll let you know.

With Charlie's help, I survived Plebe Year relatively unscathed. There were some bad weather days when we couldn't sail, but there was always maintenance on the boats down at the boat shed, so even though it did happen on occasion, I pretty much missed out on the afternoon harassment many of the class had to suffer thru. I felt slightly guilty about having an easy ride of it Plebe Year, but I got over it pretty quickly. I loved the fresh air, cool breeze off the water, learning how to read the currents of the water coming from the East River to decide which side of the line would benefit by dragging off those currents if we could find them.

Sometimes we went WAY out of our "shortest distance" planned route to the next mark in order to find them and more often than not, picking up significantly more speed by finding these currents over the mud channels of Long Island Sound, hopefully picking up extra speed compared with the rest of the pack and often coming in over the finish line from some unusual place WAY outside the majority of the original group and then at the last minute come screaming toward the finish line from a direction no one anticipated on a broad reach and running often twice the speed of the rest of the boats.

I also learned how to read the small differences in wind rolling across the top of the water that often made the difference between first and second place in races . . . one reason the combined weight in these small boats is critical (wetted surface, etc.).

Learning how to sail small (and large) boats at KP at age 18-21 has served me well over the decades. I feel at home when asked to help run sailboats (or even a power boat on occasion) up or down the Maine coast for the seasonal changes needed to store them on land in the winter or to

moorage up in Casco Bay (we have several friends that have larger boats that they use on the ocean and cruise in the area from Cape Cod north to Casco Bay). There have been numerous times when traveling where I've rented or borrowed small sailboats and spent time on the water in beautiful places. Had I not had this experience at KP, I wouldn't have dared to take a boat out without a trained person on-board, and on small boats, that's sometimes not practical (or nearly as much fun).

Even in Danang at China Beach, where I learned how to surf while our ship (*Seatrain Ohio*) was tied up at dock for a couple of weeks on one voyage, the military allowed you to check out surfboards and small sailboats (sunfish/sailfish?) just using your military ID card, and I'd often spend days there enjoying the sun and surf . . . wouldn't have considered doing that without my training in sailing at KP.

--Chas

Part Three: Sea Year

From Ron Heimburger:

The battered and worn down Class of 1968 had survived Plebe Year. Now it was on to our Sea Year. Our first task was to complete our one day Sea Year Orientation on the 3rd of August, 1965. We were provided with lists of items to take on our first ships, how to conduct our behavior, additional reminders about sending in our Sea Year Projects, and reminders that we would receive performance reviews from our Ships' Officers and from our Academy Training Representatives (ATR's). We endured the full day of Sea Year Orientation. Many of us changed what we had packed to take home with us. Other than that our main thoughts were:

Where in the world do I get to go?
Who do I get to sail with?
Will I be really be able to do this?
How soon can we get out the gate?

We left/escaped the Academy gates the next day. We went home by rail, air and automobile, some hitchhiking. And at home we awaited our deployment orders for our first ship of Sea Year. Sea Year at Kings Point was a major – "hands on/officer apprenticeship" – training event. An engineering and deck cadet were usually paired up and assigned – for their third class year (or two six month periods during their third class and second class years) to actual operating US flag merchant ships. These ships could be breakbulk oceangoing cargo ships, bulk cargo ships, Great Lakes ships, oil and chemical coastwise tankers, the new Nuclear Powered Cargo Ship – The NS *Savannah*, and the plum assignments – the

fleet of passenger ships. Cadets could serve on one vessel for one or more trips before being assigned to another vessel.

We were assigned to Regional Academy Training Representatives (ATR's) who were based in New York City, New Orleans and San Francisco. We were assigned to these ATR's based upon where our family homes were located. These ATR's (and their secretaries) controlled our destiny during our Sea Year. The purpose of the Sea Year was to provide us with an opportunity to observe and perform some of the duties of a junior officer and give us the opportunity to prove that we could be useful to the officers on the ship.

We had to complete a series of assignments called the "Sea Project" during our Sea Year. The Sea Project was designed to guide our professional progress at sea. Assignments were forwarded to the Academy every three months. They were carefully evaluated and many of us had to remediate numerous errors in the early sections of our Sea Project. We were required to maintain a Daily Log of our work experience aboard each ship. This was reviewed with the Chief Engineer or the Chief Mate every two weeks. The purpose was to identify areas were we needed further work or assistance.

On many vessels we were given increasing opportunities to work "side by side" with the ship's officers in the actual performance of their duties. On a number of ships we were used primarily as a member of the deck or engine unlicensed crew. This was a great way to reduce overtime on some vessels. But it was also a way for us to really begin to understand the actual workings of the ships which we would have to manage during our licensed sailing years. This environment also taught us the value of watching out for our watch mates and shipmates. And on several vessels the Chief Engineers and Chief Mates would work us very hard during the ocean transits and reward us with time off in some of the most wonderful and exotic ports of the world. (We were definitely exposed to a lot of things that we were not exposed to in Kansas, or most of our home states!).

Every ship assignment was different – just like the physical characteristics of every ship that we were assigned to. But the Sea Project still had to be completed and watches

needed to be stood. This made for many long days – but such was our Sea Year -- and “The world was our classroom.”

--Ron

From Boyd Goddard

My Sea Year scheme was to ship out early and get a jump on my sea time so that I could lump it all together at the end with a whopper of a long summer vacation before heading back to KP. The plan worked well. After a short 4 week summer vacation, I caught the SS *Oregon* for States Line in my home port of San Diego on September 7th, 1965. I gained another two days with that artful maneuver, rather than flying up to San Francisco. It was also easier to get my overflowing sea bag, typewriter, etc., aboard with a little family help. I was one anxious cadet.

A trip to the Orient, around the world with American President Lines and then jump forward to what I thought was my last ship, the SS *M.M. Dant*, also of States Lines. I paid off in San Francisco on June 9th, 1966. A confident trip up to see Capt. O’Connell to get my leave papers and my well-planned double summer vacation ended rather badly. The ATR (Academy Training Rep, also known as the “ROC,” for his initials), thought I was leaving too soon, so he arranged for a “coastal” tanker to give me two more weeks of sea time. Oh well, two more weeks wasn’t going to kill me and I could whip out the ship’s data form in a flash.

I reported aboard the SS *R.C. Stoner* at the refinery at Richmond in San Francisco Bay and got settled in. This was a very unusual tanker, built during WWII. Sun Ship built a pair of these for Standard Oil of California (which became Chevron Shipping) using whatever surplus materials were available during those severe war shortages. As the Chief explained to me, they were originally going to be motorships, but diesel engines were all consigned to other builds, so she was redesigned for a Liberty ship plant. A boiler room had to be added to the layout, and the simplest solution for that was to raise the stack a bit and wedge the Liberty boilers underneath. (That ship was the favorite of the firemen, because they could

tend the boilers while leaning out the hatch like a train engineer and get a nice 10 knot (almost) breeze. Not so for the engine room watchstanders, who spent much of their time training the ventilation scoops just to get a waft of air here and there).

Another aside: The Chief told me he'd give me an A+ if I could trace out the fuel system from the fuel pumps to the boilers. I never did accomplish that. The pipe went into the bulkhead on one side of the fire room and disappeared, with the fuel coming out of another pipe on the opposite bulkhead to the boilers. Somehow, the bulkhead was double-walled, and nobody knew if there was a pipe in it or if the entire bulkhead was full of fuel. It was a tanker, so we had no burning torch, and no one dared to drill a hole to find out. It didn't matter as long as the fuel got to the boilers, so they just lived with the mystery.

Back to my story -- by the time they got ready to install the triple expansion engines, there were so many Liberty ships being built that not an engine was available. Ultimately, they scrounged up a couple of experimental Victory ship turbines (not the normal horsepower) and cobbled it all together into a complex piece of machinery that actually worked. This was not a fast vessel, compared to the ships I had been fortunate enough to ride so far.

Down the coast we went to Long Beach, with a planned shuttle up and down the coast. Then my scheming totally fell apart. Chevron had a need to send some extra fuel out to Wake Island and they picked my coastal "cruise" to do the job. My two week coastal trip turned into several trips out to Wake, back to Honolulu, back to Wake again, and, well you see what's coming. She finally returned to San Francisco at a miserable 10 knot pace and I paid off on August 16th, just in time to return to KP. So much for this scheming cadet's long vacation!

-- Boyd

From George Stupski:

I volunteered to ship early and asked for Far East. I got a call and ended up for my first ship on a bareboat military charter to Viet Nam. The Captain was a great guy and I learned a lot from him. I was sad no commercial ports. We sailed from the Gulf Coast, through the canal, refueled in San Pedro and headed to the war. I wasn't sick at all and thought I had it made. Then we went directly through a typhoon and I was sick for days.

The mates and Captain liked to play a card game called Hearts. They taught me how to play. The Captain was good at it. The mates set me up to help "get him." They would arrange the seating and my job was to help the Captain "get" the queen of spades, which counted 13 points against you! I never told the Captain that. He signed my report, but the mates wrote it and I stood watch with them.

If I recall correctly, when we sailed as cadets our pay was set at $ 111.15 a month. Then they withheld SS taxes so the take home was about $3 a day! And no real limit to how many hours a day "they" could work us. I think this was the same rate as in WWII. I recall years later the cadets' pay being raised. Some lines, like Lykes, had an NMU crew and the mate could work us on deck, with the sailors. It was a good experience, I thought, to see how the deck hands worked and lived. I learned much from the handier guys, especially the Day Men, but it made it more difficult to get your navigation sights in and do the Sea Project. There was some rule on the SIU ships, like Waterman Lines, that cadets could only work on deck if work/overtime was available to the whole deck gang.

The most unique ship I sailed would have to be the NS *Savannah*. I made one trip and the mates worked us hard. To be fair, they arranged for us (it carried two deckies) to get some overtime cash, so we didn't complain. There was an extra Sea Year project for it -- one reason many guys did not ask for it (you had to be recommended, too). I did learn about the nuclear power, radiation, the special construction, etc., but it was not the most memorable ship to me.

That honor goes to the MV *Del Campo*. She was an old, Delta Lines C-1 freighter. It was a small, dirty, busy ship, about 550 feet long, with booms for working cargo. It reminded me of the *Patna* in *Lord Jim*. Winter was approaching and we went to Brazil. It seemed full of odd characters, beginning with the Captain, whom we called Cap'n One Lung (behind his back, of course). The second mate was nicknamed Red (for his hair), my engine roomie The Crane (he was tall), the toughest AB was Curly (he was bald) and the electrician was Dirty John (after his habit of taking notorious pictures in the waterfront bars). It seemed a perfect match for the ships I had seen in the St. Johns River as a boy and wondered about.

Our last port before going foreign was Galveston. We docked port side to a wooden wharf, pressed up against it. It was night and I realized I needed to do a nautical architecture project. I took a bunch of measurements all along the hull, checking the clinometer for lists, and so forth. I got the official freeboard distances off official drawings. Over the next few days, I worked on it and made a startling revelation -- the only way the figures added up is if we sailed under the marks. I was standing watches with Red and told him about it. He confirmed that we had taken a few hundred tons of extra cargo, something the ship did only "when conditions were right." Yeah, I got it. We made a deal.

In return for my silence, he would teach me things and get me some time off in port. He helped me set up my cigarette smuggling business, too. If I worked hard with all the mates, he would pass the hat for spending money once in a while. He would write up my evaluation report. And he was true to his word. He taught me simple but effective navigation tricks, advice and practice avoiding collisions, how to sail through a large fishing fleet instead of around it, how to load frozen shrimp, and so forth. He also showed me how to smuggle expensive diamonds past the customs in the U.S., although I never tried it. I learned how to bribe working longshoremen with small gifts to get on their good side and prevent more pilfering than normal. I learned a lesson in how to treat workers after the Chief Mate cussed out longshoremen in Salvador. Rio was our next stop and we carried a new limo

for the U. S. ambassador in Brazil. When they opened the hatch, the car had been all smashed up. We had to take it all the way home, often putting it on the dock and reloading it. It was a source of much conversation on the docks!

I did get ashore a lot too; I saw the ugly side of Brazil like Monkey Wrench Corner in Santos, and the nicer side on Copacabana Beach. I got to experience dating a nice Brazilian girl as well as being in my first, true, all-out barroom brawl in the Moulin Rouge Club in Recife. The Crane and I stayed out all night in Paranagua, drinking with Curly. Trying to get back for cargo work by 0800 I somehow got the idea to steal the sentry's bicycle. He chased me, waving his rifle. Lucky he didn't use it, or maybe didn't have a bullet. Cap'n One Lung (a notorious partier) was most pleased that **his** cadet was causing a tremendous ruckus on the dock!

It was an extremely busy trip, and I didn't get much sleep until we were homeward bound. Some of the uglier side of that ship became real on the way home. Dirty John held his infamous "slide shows" and gave away the evidence. The Chief Mate got hurt tripping over deck cargo (broken hip I thought) and looked terrible. We were supposed to go directly to Baton Rouge, but the Chief Engineer, with me in tow, examined the Chief Mate and told One-Lung he had better anchor off New Orleans and get the Chief Mate help right away. With drink in hand, out on the bridge wing, our Cap'n said "No." The Chief then threatened to stop the engines himself if he did not help the clearly, seriously injured mate. He stopped, but it taught me another "*Del Campo*" lesson. Red sent a good report in to the school on me. It was one reason I got the *Savannah.*

Guys who shipped Sea Year out of New Orleans often went to the Attic Bar in the French Quarter. It is now Pierre Maspero's. I went there a few times in recent years, and talked to several waiters/bartenders there -- most never heard of the Attic. I believe that a retired NMU sailor owned it then.

We had KP log books behind the bar and guys wrote advice about ships, cheap hotels, where to meet girls, what officers were jerks, etc. I recall it back then as more of a drinking bar, or a place you might take a girl away from the more expensive tourist traps in the Quarter. It is now a full

service restaurant and not bad for local fare. It is at the corner of Chartres and St. Louis, across from the courthouse. There was/is an old building across St. Louis from it we called the Napoleon House. Rumor had it that Napoleon had been going to abdicate the throne and this house was prepared for him. Oh, in the Attic Bar there was a “secret room” with no windows on an upper floor. We used to take dates up there and tell them this was where Jackson and Lafitte the Pirate planned the defense of New Orleans in the war of 1812 . . . I used those stories after graduation, too. I shipped out of there and eventually had an apartment farther down Chartres Street that I shared with an older KP engineer grad.

--George

From Don Peavy:

My most memorable ship was not my favorite ship, which was the SS *Mormacdraco*. Unfortunately, Deck Cadet Carl Miller and I only made one trip on the *Mormacdraco,* so we weren't on her long enough to do anything memorable. (I did enjoy evening Martini time -- while it lasted).

The SS *Brooklyn Heights,* however, was an incredible experience -- the kind that Sea Year was supposed to be. The "Broken Hearts" was a 6000 Shaft Horsepower (SHP) Victory ship (VC2-S-AP3) originally christened the *Villanova Victory*. She was being operated by American Export-Isbrandtsen Lines and was being used to haul general cargo. Carl Miller and I boarded her in New York early November, 1965, and made a quick coastwise trip, stopping in Baltimore and Philadelphia before returning to New York to finish loading. Incidentally, that had us in the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal during the "Great Northeast Blackout" of 1965 (first indication was the loss of television signal in the wardroom).

We departed New York in late November, en route to Barcelona and the beginning of an around the world voyage, west - to - east. The initial Atlantic crossing took 13 days (6000 SHP) and seemed interminable, but we had plenty of time to get to know the crew and learn the ship's systems.

The Engineering crew was very friendly, and included two Kings Pointers, 2 A/E Thurland (Tom) Wilkinson '62 and 3 A/E Ben Tomb '65, along with a Chief from NYSMMA (in his day) and another 3 A/E from MMA. It was a pleasure to have Engineers who could relate to our lack of experience and need to learn more than how to drink!

After stopping in Barcelona, Genoa (where we were docked opposite the NS *Savannah*) and Beirut, we passed through the Suez Canal (before Israel closed it during the 7 days' war). I bought the obligatory bottle of camel urine (packaged as Johnny Walker Red) from a persistent vendor, and was amazed to watch ships passing one another while traveling through the desert.

We spent a very long week in Karachi and another in Chittagong and departed for Singapore. En route, our refrigeration compressor failed and I was assigned to help the First Engineer in its repair. After we had been working for about 14 hours straight, the First, who was trying to seat new piston rings using his pocket knife, lost it. I stood up and recommended that he take a break and fortunately, he agreed. While he was gone, I fashioned a ring compressor from a section of a coffee can with a pair of vice grips. My jury rig worked, and by the time the First returned, I had the compressor buttoned up and ready to be re-charged. What a confidence building experience!

We had great port experiences in Singapore and Hong Kong (where I accompanied Ben Tomb to a tailor's shop and after two drinks ended up having a suit made). We then proceeded to Japan where I was able to purchase a Honda S90 bike, which I had convinced the Captain to allow me to carry home.

Sometime along the way, I picked up a copy of *Time* magazine, in which there was an article about the latest entertainment fad in San Francisco -- Topless Dancing. After reading the article, the Chief kept remarking that when we got to San Francisco we were going to see Carol Doda, who had been prominently mentioned in the article.

After 15 days from Yokohama, we arrived in San Francisco, and true to his word, the Chief and I headed out to find the topless bars. On the way, we encountered a single-

sex couple holding hands. The Chief was flabbergasted and almost went back to the ship without completing our mission. He profanely remarked how times were changing.

We traveled to Los Angeles, passing by Vandenberg AFB en route, and witnessed a major rocket launch. While offshore, we spent a couple of hours drifting due to a brief loss of plant. I was fascinated by a school of circling hammerheads. That motivated us engineers to restore vacuum in a hurry!

Through the Panama Canal, and a brief visit to San Juan, we returned to New York via Norfolk, Baltimore and Philadelphia. In addition to gaining an intimate knowledge of obsolete technology, I learned many other things on the "Broken Hearts," including how to play pinochle, how to limit one's losses when gambling, and the value of patience.

While I was packing to leave the ship, the Chief came to me and offered me the builder's plate which he had found among the scraps in the machine shop. I didn't want to add anything to my already heavy sea bag, but he convinced me to take it, and I still have it.



-- Don

From Larry Reimer:

Only thing I can think of (remember, memory is 2nd item to FAIL!!!) is that I was a cadet with Lykes under two of the "Character Captains" mentioned in the book *Looking For a Ship* -- Terrible Terry Harmon and Rebel Frazier (Hulan J. Frazier) -- and can tell a few sea stories about that. I will try to

get my memories together NOW before they FADE again LOL!!!

I was with Terrible Terry on the *Almeria Lykes* for only a short time because we were in NoLa when Hurricane Betsy came up the river and we got blown off the dock and up on a levee across from the Lykes docks and ended up "high and dry" when the waters receded - then transferred to the brand new Marjorie Lykes where Frazier was Captain. He WAS a Real Character but had a basically kind heart - dressed in wrinkled Khakis - short sleeve with tattoos all over both arms -- many missing teeth and looked like some grizzled clipper ship Captain!! The 3rd Mate was a '64 KP Grad (Steve Woycke) -- and we were on the South & East Africa run.

Pulled into a brand new port in Tanzania called Mtwara -- only one brand new metal warehouse and one dock -- and I remember that Steve and I went ashore around 1600 to "investigate" the town -- ended up being an Old British Outpost and had an old Grand Hotel with a courtyard . . . so . . . we ate dinner and then went out into the Courtyard to drink MANY "Tusker Lagers" until about 1:00 a.m. when we decided to go back to the ship. It was pitch dark and the only "lights" were on the ship, so we decided to "take a shortcut" thru the tall grass instead of walking the dirt road; walked at least a mile thru the grass using the ship's lights as our Guide. When we got back all the African Longshoremen were sleeping on cots in the open warehouse. We asked the gangway guard why?? "Didn't they have homes to go to??" -- and he replied nonchalantly, "Sure -- but you see when they finished it was already dark -- and the past two nights three people were eaten by lions walking home after dark!"

Besides that I can remember the 2nd Mate showing me how to "plot" Great Circles on a plotting chart -- and Capt. Frazier walked into the chartroom and said -- "Here Junior, let me show you HOW to do this way easier." He then took a yardstick, laid it on its side and put each end at a waypoint and BENT it and said, "Now draw a line with the pencil!!" The 2nd Mate was mortified -- but you know what? It was damn near exactly at the latitude crossings on the plotting chart!!!!

--Larry

From Dave Mozgala:

In January 1966 I was assigned to a freighter, the SS *Australian Isle*, belonging to Farrell Lines in conjunction with my third class (sophomore) year at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, NY. As an engineering cadet, my job was to learn as much as possible about maintaining and operating the power plant. Normally each ship has one engineer and one deck cadet, but my partner was Dave Walter, another engineer. The ship, initially USS *Sheliak*, a Navy supply vessel, was previously named SS *Pioneer Isle* owned by U.S. Lines, then transferred to Farrell Lines when Farrell bought the Australian run. It was renamed the SS *Australian Isle*. This was my second ship that year, the first having been the SS *Export Builder* (American Export Lines) sailing to the Mediterranean.

We met the ship at a pier in Manhattan and prepared for a voyage to Australia. The Chief Mate, Hank, was a Kings Point grad and lived in Long Island. For some reason he needed something from his home, so he tasked me to drive his clunker car, which he kept at the pier, and get an item (now forgotten) from his mother, with whom he lived (should have been a clue about his personality). This was the morning of sailing day, so I had to make it a quick trip – quite a challenge not knowing how to navigate through Manhattan much less to the island. I did find my way to his house, and his mom met me with the item. Meanwhile, the clock was ticking, and I started to sweat missing the sailing time. On the way back the car started to overheat, so I pulled over and checked the oil and radiator. There was virtually NO OIL in the engine. I bought a few quarts and filled it up. Time was becoming critical and I was going into panic mode; not only was I literally starting to sweat, but also my asshole was puckering. I saw my career at the Academy going right down the tubes if I missed the ship. The gods were with me, and I pulled into the pier-side parking space and ran aboard, just as the lines were being let go. Hank was totally nonplussed about the entire event while I had seen my life pass before my eyes.

We steamed south toward the Panama Canal, and made a port call there in Cristobol on the Atlantic side. The engineers took us to a bar for a few drinks. As I was sitting on a stool, a hooker sidled up beside me and placed her hand on my crotch. I calmly said, “No quiero” in my best high school Spanish. She stepped back behind me as I was sipping a beer and slapped me so hard across the side of my head that I nearly fell off the stool and choked on my beer. The first engineer said, “We’d better get out of here.” I learned very quickly that I had maligned her whorish honor by denying her offer, but an international incident was averted.

The canal transit, my first of several, was very interesting, and the First allowed us to be up on deck to observe the process. The canal was truly a magnificent engineering feat and a transit should be on everyone’s bucket list. It’s truly one of the great wonders of the world.

Leaving Panama, we started the very long, slow trek across the Pacific. Being January, it was summer in the southern hemisphere and the weather was good. There were days that the ocean from horizon to horizon was as calm as a placid lake. On other days the surface was smooth, but storms in the Antarctic created huge rolling swells. We spent our days working in the engine room, working on our voluminous Kings Point Sea Project, and listening to tapes we made for my newly purchased tape recorder. The Sea Project required a great deal of effort tracing and diagramming the ship’s power and utility systems, and writing book and area reports. Submissions to the Academy had to be made a couple of times at specified dates. It was vital that they be mailed in time from wherever we were in order to make deadlines.

The ship was very old, having first been a Navy AKA (supply ship) built in 1944 (see the Addendum at the end of this story). Keeping her going was a never ending affair and there always was work to do. Dave and I worked long and hard alongside the engineering staff and learned as we contributed to the tasks at hand. Leaks of oil, water and steam were abundant. Several salt water injection pipes (intakes from the sea through the ship’s side for cooling) leaked at the ship’s hull, so we built wooden boxes around

those areas and filled them with concrete. The boilers were in bad shape. Dave and I climbed into a shut-down boiler to clean the interior tubes – it was incredibly hot, dirty, and claustrophobic work. At one point the main deck developed athwartship cracks going from port to starboard and we welded huge turnbuckles on each side of the split and tightened them to literally hold the ship together. In Sydney, our boilers broke down and we spent a couple of weeks right downtown at Woolloomooloo pier for repairs. Needless to say, it was a superb learning experience that prepared us for our Coast Guard engineering license exams and serving as Third Assistant Engineers upon graduation.

The Chief Engineer was pretty much a no-nonsense guy who had his hands full keeping the propeller turning and the systems operating. The First Engineer was an affable, rough-and-tumble guy who liked us. We also worked with an oiler also named Dave who had been released from prison just prior to our sailing. I believe he was a murderer. So we had three Dave's working down below; the First called us Black Dave, Brown Dave (that was me), and Red Dave based on the color of our hair. He often said of my roommate, who is a redhead: "Red on the head like a dick on a dog." We worked extremely well together, we three Daves.

The other characters of note in this vessel were the Captain, the radio operator, the chief mate, and several passengers. The Captain, if I remember correctly, was a Kings Pointer, and he was friendly and approachable, but we seldom spoke with him at length. However, he held fairly frequent cocktail parties where we learned a new drink—gin and bitter lemon, which is still one of my favorites. The radio operator was a weirdo whom we avoided. His large lips always seemed to be greasy, like he had just finished eating a plate of fried chicken without wiping his mouth. His radio shack and stateroom were on the uppermost deck of the ship. At night he often came to us and said, "Want to see a satellite?" That was a big deal in those years, but we chose not to observe satellites and be up there in the dark with him.

The Chief Mate, Hank, felt he had to take us under his wing, but he was totally obtrusive and a pain in the ass. He endlessly spoke of the *Pagliacci* opera and specifically the

song *Vesti la quibba*. I initially got the impression that he had just heard the song and tried to impress us with his knowledge, but he often did Shanghai us to go into his cabin to listen to his opera tapes after dinner. Following a few drinks, he would encourage opera sing-alongs (can you imagine ME singing opera??). Amazingly enough, I recall there was one passenger or mate who had a decent voice. Once Hank learned this, he told the rest of us to shut up so we could all listen to the soloist. It got to be such an ordeal that Dave and I used to plot ways to get from the officers' mess to our rooms without going past Hank's always-open door. Whether or not he was truly an opera aficionado remains unknown, but we tolerated Hank since he was an alum and our senior.

It's not unusual for freighters to carry a few passengers, and many ships have accommodations for them. It's a cheap way for people to get around the world, and their fares provide some income for the shipping lines. One of the passengers was a single, petite, very cute young blonde named Cherry. It didn't take long for the Captain to literally charm her pants off and she often was seen coming from and going to his stateroom. I'm sure she made his voyage an extremely pleasant experience. Another four people along for the ride were a family of missionaries who decided to settle in Australia. There were a mom and dad, and two daughters, one a teenager (Christine), and another who was younger. We enjoyed having the fair sex aboard and they were nice people. Christine's dad rightly kept a close leash on her and seemed to appear wherever she happened to be. I often spoke with Christine and we had some laughs. One dark evening we were outside on the port side of the bridge (the flying bridge) watching the water go by. I leaned over and kissed her, and was shocked when she stuck her tongue into my mouth. I asked her where she had learned to kiss like that, and she told me that that's how she and the boys did it at her school. My surprise, and perhaps naiveté, must have showed; I was amazed that a girl so young would have been so aggressive. Just then her dad showed up, and that ended whatever relationship may have been bourgeoning. The rest of the trip we remained friendly and never spoke of the incident.

I remember another passenger, a musician, who got drunk or doped up and tried to break into Christine's and her sister's cabin. The Captain and Hank locked him in the dispensary for the rest of the trip. When we got to Brisbane, our first Australian port, he escaped and Hank chased him down the pier with a revolver. Hank with a gun -- now there's a scary thought. Afterwards, Hank took great pride in describing the event with that goofy laugh of his, while showing us the revolver.

Another of the passengers was a young woman from Eastern Europe (I think). One of her pastimes on that long trip was sunbathing topless on the deck just below our cabin on the bridge level—not that we ever noticed. Maybe it was coincidence, but the deck hands seemed always to go aloft to slush the lines when she was sunbathing. I think we had the most well lubricated wire ropes in the Pacific that trip.

We unloaded cargo starting in Brisbane on the East Coast, and ending in Perth to the west. On the way back we made several port stops loading cargo. One port, in particular, was very interesting – Port Pirie. It was a lead smelting town and we loaded pallets of lead ingots. The town looked just like something out of our wild west. I expected cowboys to drive cattle down the main street at any time. There was a picture show and we took in a movie one night. The other ports, Port Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney were very interesting. This was 1966 and the famous Sydney opera house was in the process of being built. There was a huge scandal when the architect quit. On our visit to Sydney a couple of years ago my wife and I toured the opera house and learned that the designer did finish the edifice, but never stepped foot in it. He died not having had the pleasure of seeing his creation in person. That was the same year that Australia left the British monetary system and went decimal. I obtained a roll of Australian two cent coins which became part of my coin collection.

One day while we were in Sydney for extensive boiler repairs, the First summoned me from the engine room to the bridge. Since we were being repaired at a pier right in the downtown, there were high rise apartments all around us. The First handed me a pair of binoculars and we watched a naked

guy and girl screwing on about the 12th floor of one of the buildings. They had left the curtains open, and the crew members now on the ship's bridge were cheering. When the guy finished he went to the large picture window overlooking the harbor and our ship, saw us carrying on, and waved his penis at us in salute.

Then there was the third mate whose sister lived in Sydney. She invited us to a fancy dinner at her house. It was the first time I ever saw or used a salt cellar. She served us something which I thought was lamb, but turned out to be roast beef. It only tasted like lamb because of her roasting pan, which had years of seasoning from countless lamb roasts. The family was quite well off as the husband was an oral surgeon. They had a very big house, at least two cars with one being an American car (at that time there was a 100% duty on imported cars), and a small Sunfish-type sailboat at a sailing club. We got an up-close view of life in Australia. Their two daughters were incredibly attractive, one blonde and the other a brunette. Several times they picked us up at the ship in their VW Beetle and took us to Bondi Beach (of surfing fame) for swimming and for sailing on their little boat. It was great fun.

We learned that the Great Australian Bight (Southwest Coast of the continent) has some of the worse storms in the world—on a par with the North Atlantic. (I guess it's because the water is so shallow, like Lake Erie). I seem to remember spending quite a bit of time eating our meals on wet tablecloths to keep the dishes from sliding around, and I remember one night with very rough seas when a case of Coke stacked in our cabin flew/slid across the cabin and punched a hole in our screen door (or maybe it was just a dent, and I exaggerate).

I came to appreciate the vastness of the Pacific Ocean. It's a huge body of water and luckily, unlike the North Atlantic, generally is placid and relatively calm. I also have gained a deep respect for the sea and those who ply their trades on and under it. Incidentally, we crossed the Equator and had the ceremony that took us from being lowly Pollywogs to Royal Shellbacks. Since we had civilians and ladies aboard, the traditional initiation was very benign. Being doused with

water and shaving cream were the worse we endured. It was great fun and made us feel a part of the great maritime community.

The voyage took a couple of months and we returned to New York in the spring, where I was assigned to another ship, but that's a yarn yet to be spun. The trip to Australia was quite an adventure for a 19-year-old and certainly was one of the highlights of my life.

Service history – USS *Sheliak* (AKA-62)

USS *Sheliak* (AKA-62) was an Andromeda-class attack cargo ship named after Beta Lyrae, a binary star system in the constellation Lyra. She was one of a handful of AKA's manned by a Coast Guard crew. USS *Sheliak* served as a commissioned ship for 17 months.

Sheliak (AKA-62) was laid down on 19 June 1944 under Maritime Commission contract (MC hull 214) by the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Co., Kearny, N.J.; launched on 17 October 1944; sponsored by Mrs. Nellie Blanch Regan; and commissioned on 1 December 1944, Comdr. Searcy V. Lowery, USCG, in command.

Sheliak arrived in Hampton Roads on 14 December 1944 and underwent shakedown training there from 15 to 21 December. After repairs at Norfolk, Virginia, she arrived at Bayonne, New Jersey, on 28 December to load cargo for the Pacific. Departing Bayonne on 4 January 1945, *Sheliak* delivered her cargo to Pearl Harbor on 25 January. From 2 to 5 February, she underwent training at Pearl Harbor; and, from 5 to 13 February, she received 1,827 tons of Tenth Army equipment, plus other cargo and 201 troops. Departing Pearl Harbor on 15 February, *Sheliak* arrived at Tulagi on 25 February and underwent pre-invasion training there. Departing Tulagi on 15 March, she arrived at Ulithi on the 21st and sailed from there for the Okinawa invasion on 27 March. *Sheliak* arrived off the beach at Okinawa on 1 April; and, for the first seven days, provided cargo on call to troops ashore. After general unloading was ordered, she put the Tenth Army cargo ashore between 8 and 17 April. During these operations, she shot down one Japanese aircraft on 15 April.

Sheliak departed Okinawa on 19 April; and, sailing via Ulithi and Pearl Harbor, arrived at San Francisco on 14 May. There, her crew altered her cargo spaces to carry ammunition; and, between 28 May and 5 July, she made two round-trips carrying ammunition from Port Chicago, California to Pearl Harbor. She was unloading her third cargo of ammunition at Pearl Harbor when the Pacific war ended, and she returned the ammunition still on board to San Francisco. On 1 October, the cargo ship delivered 18 landing craft to Monterey, California; and, on 15 October, she sailed from San Francisco with general cargo and passengers for various Pacific bases. She called at Pearl Harbor, Manus, Samar, Subic Bay and Guam before returning to San Francisco on 22 February 1946. On 15 March, she sailed from San Francisco and arrived at Norfolk, Virginia, on 3 April for deactivation.

Sheliak was decommissioned on 10 May 1946, transferred to the War Shipping Administration the following day, and struck from the Navy list on 21 May. Sold into mercantile service as SS *Pioneer Isle* in 1948, she was renamed *Australian Isle* in 1965 and *Transluna* in 1969 before being scrapped later that year.

--- Dave

From Paul Skripol:

I had an A split Sea Year and sailed with one of my section mates (2 engineers) due to a lack of deck cadets. We really lucked out in each year. Year one started out with 8 (two-week) Caribbean trips on Grace Line's passenger ship, *Santa Rosa*, which we thoroughly enjoyed as the ship was pristine and we ate in the officers' mess off of the first class passenger menu. Truly, I ate so many lobsters on those trips along with a huge number of filet mignons that I really didn't eat either of these delicacies for years thereafter.

We then lucked out with Capt. Reed in New York and he assigned us to an APL mariner class vessel named SS *President Hayes* whereupon we went on a round the world trip of exactly 100 days. Each trip we felt that we had died and passed on to Heaven. Our year two began on Grace Line's

Santa Paula, sister ship of the *Santa Rosa,* since we "didn't quite finish our Sea Year project" on the *Santa Rosa* and wrote to Capt. Reed to request a few more trips in order to complete our work, and he obliged us with 6 more 2 week trips to horrible places as St. Thomas, Kingston, La Guaira, Venez., Curacao, Aruba etc. where he and I reacquainted ourselves with friends met in the previous year. Then on to a US Lines ship to northern Europe, normally a good trip, but we made it in December and everyone on board, including the Captain, was seasick the whole time. I experienced 100 foot seas there and still don't know how we managed the crossing. It was a "Victory at Sea" type of experience. Last ship was the SS *Exbrook*, from America Export Isbrandtsen Lines to the Med. with a number of Spanish and Italian ports, an uneventful run during the spring of 1967.

The only worthy sea story I have for you occurred whilst "Ralph" and I were in Columbo, Ceylon (Sri Lanka). We went ashore and spent the typical cadet day checking out as much as we could in limited time and space, and met up with a few young officers from a Norwegian ship that was docked near the *President Hayes*. Naturally, as we were all members of the seagoing fraternity, we were invited to see their ship. We ended up in the officers ward room and proceeded to enjoy the moment with some rotgut gin they had bought ashore. One story led to another, to another, to another . . . when we heard in the distance our ship's horn blasting that departure was in 2 hours. More stories, more gin and the 1.5 hour, 1 hour and 1/2 hour blasts sounded. I suggested to Ralph that we ought to consider catching the ship since our next port of call was to be Bombay. Ralph, by this time had bonded with a 3rd mate and was making plans to meet the mate's sister in Oslo the next year.

He was in no rush to leave but I implored him (read this as "I dragged his a*s out the doorway, down the ladder onto the dock" and then realized that our ship had just sounded that it was departing. We stumbled somehow onto our dock and they were letting go the lines and I yelled to him to haul his a*s as I ran for the gangway, jumped onto it as the ship was moving off the quay and held out my hand for him. He stumbled around as he was beyond clarity and I jumped off

again, grabbed him and threw him onto the gangway and ran and jumped onto the moving ship. We crawled up and were met by the 1st asst. engineer who immediately ordered us both down into the engine room to help with the boilers, for the next 8 hours. The Chief didn't talk to us for 2 weeks thereafter and we both had headaches for at least 10 days thereafter due to the gin. Alas, to be young (and dumb) like that again. To my knowledge, Ralph never made it to Oslo.

--Paul

From Bill Funkhouser:

While a cadet on the SS *Export Commerce*, I learned a valuable life lesson. We had very large and muscular Chief, First, Second and Third Engineers and a very tiny Jr. Third. On one occasion we needed to rebuild a fire pump but it was frozen in its stand. All of the engineers except the Jr. Third were working at it for several hours to no avail. Finally Frankie the Jr. Third told them to leave me with him and to go take a long break. He told them that we would take the pump out of the stand while they were gone. After much laughter they left.

Frankie had me go to the machine shop and bring some heavy chains, a very heavy duty turn buckle, a 6-foot pry bar and a come-along. We then hooked the turn buckle between the pump and a main column in the engine room and used the pry bar to tighten it as much as we could. We then hooked the come-alone to the pry bar and tightened till the pump broke out with a crack like a shotgun. Frankie then had me hurriedly return everything to the shop before the other engineers returned. When they came back they were amazed and wanted to know how two small scrawny people had managed that. Frankie's reply was that even if you are really big and strong, sometimes you can't overpower things. Little guys like us certainly can't overpower them, BUT we can out think them. That's all he would tell them.

--Bill

[Editor's Note: Some classmates sent me writings about Sea Year as a course of study, rather than a "ship story." Many of these were generated in the discussions about the 2016 "Stand Down." Some are in the "looking back" category, but I think appropriate to place here].

From Russ Rehm:

For the record and for what it's worth, I don't think Kings Point gave us a great education; I think we gave ourselves a great education at Kings Point. I may be wrong, but it feels right to me to say this. Then, as now, we spent four years in an institution with an identity crisis. Then, as now, the superintendent had some big issues, the least of which was that his administration and leadership carried little respect among the student body. Then, as now, most of the professors were average, with a few notable exceptions. A few were brilliant. (The man that taught us machine shop may have been the most courageous man in the world alive at that time!).

"We few hearty band of brothers" I would characterize as "survivors." Most of us were lucky to be there and down deep we knew it. Subconsciously we knew the alternatives sucked, and so as "second tier players," we did what we'd always done for the first 18 years of our lives – we took care of ourselves! The really cool kids didn't go to Kings Point. The really cool kids went to a really quality institution and were given a really quality education. It was given to them. By contrast, we went to Kings Point and gave ourselves one! Because it was what we were good at! We weren't that cool, but we were survivors. We were strivers (still are). We thrived; we stayed alive. It had never been handed to us. If we wanted it we knew we would have to make it happen for ourselves. We did!

It happened on the streets of Saigon; in engine rooms, bar rooms, and waking up in rooms wondering where I was at and what I was doing there. It happened taking Korean bar girls out for supper and wondering who all of Butch's other friends were. It happened looking into the eyes of guys on their way out the gate for the final time. It happened going up

the propeller shaft escape trunk on the stormy North Pacific thinking, “Hell, I could die here.”

It happened because we made it happen, then as now. So, I don’t know if anything needs to be solved or fixed. It was shitty then; it’s shitty now. But there is a certain kind of person – we call them “Kings Pointers” – who occupy a tiny, but superbly unique place in the annual production of America’s educational institutions. As has already been shared, these individuals are not necessarily produced at West Point or state maritime academies. These other institutions make incredible people, but they are not Kings Pointers. In many ways they are better; in a few ways they never will be. Because they are kids who were given a great education. We weren’t – not then, not now. We are the kids who gave ourselves one. Period. And that, for the record, is what makes it so damn special to be a Kings Pointer. I may be wrong. But either way, I don’t give a shit. Why? Because I’m a Kings Pointer.

--Russ

From: Jim Nowakowski:

Attending Kings Point and graduating was the single most positive event of my life. Why was I or we so privileged to have such a life changing experience? Simple . . . I was lucky enough to have been born in the United States of America.

Sea Year I / we learned more than any other year of my life. Of course we learned about ships. We also learned about people, countries and the world. The world truly was our campus. Everything learned was not easy, but it was learned. We didn't need protection from the men who crewed the ships; they were definitely "seamen" in every sense of the word.

The women of the Academy DO NEED protection, unless seamen have changed an awful lot. Protecting these women is a challenge the Academy must face and I'm sure they will. As I reflect on my life and the things that have required me to dig deep to succeed or avoid catastrophic failure, one thing has helped more than any other -- I am a Kings Pointer.

I / we had an opportunity and learned along the way -- learned from many of you, learned from the staff and teachers at the Academy, learned from the crew of the ships that I sailed on and learned from the many people of the world that we met along the way. Things could have been better; but somehow I (we) learned and was educated in the ways of the world.

If only other people from modest backgrounds are given the opportunity to attend Kings Point; keeping the Academy open and safe for everyone no matter its mission or cost will enable it to continue producing great Americans -- people that I am proud to be identified with and privileged to call my classmates and fellow Kings Pointers. We all owe a great debt to the United States of America. Let's give back in any way we can.

--Jim

From: Neal Leeper:

August 1965 to January 1966 – SS *Flying Clipper* (American Export-Isbrandtsen Lines) – Itinerary: Around the World -- New York, Baltimore, Suez Canal, Ethiopia, India, Singapore, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan, San Diego, Panama Canal, Puerto Rico, New York – The *Flying Clipper* was built by North Carolina Shipbuilding in Wilmington, North Carolina in 1944 for the US Navy as the USS *Southampton*, an AKA (Attack Cargo Ship) designed to carry troops, heavy equipment and supplies. She was converted to a cargo ship after the war and sold for scrap in 1971 to Chen Nan Steel and Iron Co., Taiwan.

Phil Hitchens was the deck cadet on the *Flying Clipper*. We did not really know each other before moving in together in the cadet cabin just behind the bridge on the *Clipper*. Most of the work in the engine room was “patching things up” to keep it running. The ship was old and cargo operations were slow. Because of this, we would be in port for several days at a time, which gave us time to sightsee. We left from Hoboken and made a quick stop in Baltimore before crossing the Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal to our first

overseas stop in Assab, Ethiopia. War had broken out between India and Pakistan after we left the US and we had to transfer our cargo for Pakistan to another ship. In India we toured Bombay (now Mumbai) and watched a snake charmer in front of the Gateway of India. On the way back to the ship, our taxi hit a sacred cow. The driver, a Sikh, just kept on driving. Phil and I visited local restaurants in most of the ports along our route. We ate in Indian, Chinese, Vietnamese, Korean and Japanese restaurants and enjoyed all of them. We arrived in Saigon in the fall of 1965 and didn't know how hot the war was, so we walked from the docks to downtown for lunch and visited the zoo. When we returned to the ship we were told it wasn't safe to walk through that area. We went to the top of Victoria Peak in Hong Kong for a view of the city. In Japan, we took the train from Yokohama to downtown Tokyo to visit the Imperial Palace and shop in the Ginza district. January found us back in the US in Los Angeles where we visited Disneyland. Then we sailed through the Panama Canal to San Juan and finally back to Hoboken, six months after we left.

I had not heard of Kings Point before I was nominated by my Congressman. My career goal was engineering, so the Academy was a good fit. Phil Hitchens, on the other hand, wanted a career at sea. I don't know how he came to the decision to attend the Academy, but I do know that a career at sea was his life's goal and a goal that he fulfilled.

February 1966 to April 1966 – SS *Mormacaltair* (Moore-McCormack Lines) a type C-4 cargo ship – Itinerary: Northern Europe, New York, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, New York –The *Mormacaltair* was one of the first fully automated cargo ships in the US, built by the Ingalls Shipbuilding in Pascagoula, Mississippi and delivered on March 26, 1965. The ship was delayed going into service by a strike by the MEBA over the number of licensed engineers required on board. The ship left for her first overseas voyage (with me on board) on February 11, 1966 and inaugurated weekly container service between the United States and Europe. On this voyage she set the trans-Atlantic speed record for a cargo ship averaging over 25 knots. She was

decommissioned in 1992 and is now in the National Defense Reserve Fleet at Suisun Bay, California.

I don't remember if there was a deck cadet on the *Altair*. The ship was new, but a lot of the automation didn't work as intended. The boiler operations were to be automatic, but a fireman had to be on duty at all times. The automatic bell logger didn't work, so I was assigned to keep the engine order log. It was the only air conditioned ship I ever sailed on, and we didn't need air conditioning in February and March in the North Atlantic. The flume stabilizers didn't work and we rolled 45º side to side. The good news was there wasn't much maintenance work. The bad news was that the ship had been converted to container service midway through construction, so port times were short, usually less than 12 hours.

April 1966 to June 1966 – SS *Mormacrio* (Moore-McCormack Lines), a type C-3 cargo ship – Itinerary: New York, Southern Africa, Namibia, South Africa, Mozambique, Boston, New York – built in 1946 by Ingalls Shipbuilding in Pascagoula, Mississippi for United States Maritime Commission. Originally commissioned as the SS *William Harris Hardy*, the ship was sold to Moore-McCormack and renamed the SS *Mormacrio* in 1947. She was sold for scrap in 1972 in Kaohsiung, Taiwan.

There was a deck cadet on the *Rio*, but I don't remember who it was and cannot find anyone in the yearbook that lists this trip. We were upgraded from the cadet cabin to a passenger cabin after we left New York. The passage from New York to Southern Africa was a long one, seventeen days at sea each way. We wanted to see wild animals in Mozambique and were told that the only wild animals were in the zoo!

--Neal

From Jeff Grant:

I read the complete Accreditation Report and offer the following:

USMMA failed the audit for the following reasons:

1. Lack of institutional authority over human resources, finance, and procurement.
2. Linking resource allocation to planning as well as to goal and mission achievement.
3. Important administrative positions remain vacant.
4. Institutional response to sexual assault and harassment.

Throughout the report it identified areas where authority and responsibility are unclear, and it appears that until clear lines of authority have been identified and a remedy in place, the issues will not be resolved. All four of the above identified reasons are pervasive and ongoing. It appears to me that clear identification of authority must be defined and maintained before an effective solution can be found. Reasons 1-3 are just procedural. The fact that they have not been sorted out indicates there is a deep divide among senior leadership and they cannot solve their petty differences. I have never been in a government leadership role, so I cannot comment directly. However, if this were to be exposed in a public company, it would either get solved in the next management review, or someone's head would roll and we would move on.

I would think it would be preferential to have such authority delegated to the Superintendent, mainly because he is closer to the problem and can solve it appropriately. That delegation would be from either DOT or MARAD. If it were not granted, then the appropriate agency should complete the requirements diligently and to the satisfaction of the Superintendent.

As an example, the sexual harassment has been identified and ongoing for at least the past 10 years! I would have expected that would be adequately addressed in a timely fashion when it was first discovered. The report did not

elaborate on this issue, other than to say there have been 14 incidents in the past 5 years. And now, apparently, draconian action (Sea Year stand down) has been initialized in response to this report. Such a knee-jerk reaction shows to me that the issue had not been adequately addressed previously.

What an embarrassment, especially for an elite institution with such a good reputation. I can only hope this issue will be put to bed shortly.

Thanks for listening -- Acta non Verba

--Jeff

From Larry Reimer:

There is NO more logical mission for KP -- when we went there -- there WAS. I say close it, OR, if the political lackeys still want to preserve their salaries -- then re-name it as "The US Transportation College" -- there is NO reason to give almost-FREE educations at the taxpayers' expense for degrees in Intermodal Transportation.

And while we're at it, let's shut down MARAD also -- another bunch of Political Parasites . . . who the H is Chip Jaenichen and just what is his background in the Maritime Industry? Remember Sashi Kumar? He used to be Dean and/or Interim Supt at KP -- he's now at MARAD -- see? This is all a "Good Ol' Boys Network" whose main goal is preserving their jobs.

Sorry guys -- things were much different when we went there. Now the industry opinion of recent Kings Pointers is that they're also on the take and that they all believe that the NEW KP Mission is to "train leaders in the industry" -- there were many from our time who did, in fact, become industry leaders, but that was NOT The Mission . . . I remain in the Industry now, 24 years after I sailed for 25 years after graduation. Let's control our emotions and focus on logic -- it's over.

--Larry

From Burnie Acuff:

I have been reading all the stuff concerning the Sea Year stand down, and I just didn't see where there was any really good logic and/or explanation of the action. I also did not really get a warm fuzzy feeling as to how it was handled in trying to rectify the situation. At long last I have found out the root of the problem. He is the current Superintendent. I have it from a very reliable source that he has actively bashed the Merchant Marine for ruining his C/M during Sea Year. They leave the Academy pure as the driven snow and come back acting like dirty old seamen. He has spouted this finding to MARAD, DOT and in other extremely high positions of the government.

We are in this situation because there is a definite lack of people in leadership positions at KP who really know, understand, appreciate and care for the U. S. Merchant Marine and how it works. Maybe the Super doesn't remember how we can't depend on foreign bottoms to handle our military cargo as happened during Desert Storm. To me that is the principal reason for the Merchant Marine. We have to be realistic about that situation.

Recently there was a request for ideas for the 50th. How about everybody buying an old Army field jacket and adorn it with Lt. Col. Insignia. Or we could suit up like a wiper who just worked a 12 hour day cleaning bilges. Think we would get noticed? There are too many qualified Kings Pointers out there for us to have to put up with this crap.

--Burnie

From Jack Opet:

[Editor's note: Jack sent me a link to an online Sea Year PowerPoint that was done by former '68 classmate Ron Fox. It is very long and detailed. If you have not seen it already, it is worth a look]. Here:

https://1drv.ms/p/s!Am_HHI6N08rxlSymuWylcR0lGim9

--Jack

From Boyd Goddard:

In the early hours before sunrise, we were steaming along through the Indian Ocean on the SS *President Coolidge* bound for Pakistan. My roommate, Dan Murphy, and I marveled at the bright luminescence in the water being disturbed by our wake before turning in for the night. We were later awakened suddenly when the ship started to shake violently. We immediately thought we'd had a collision, but the vibration continued without relief. We crawled out of our bunks and went to the engine room, which had reduced throttle to the point that we were only feeling an odd rhythm, but we were also running very much slower. The Chief and 1st were trying to increase speed again, but every effort was met with a significant increase in vibration.

We limped into Karachi at much reduced speed, with the suspicion that something had happened to our prop. Dockside examination confirmed that diagnosis, as we now had a 3-bladed propeller, whereas we had started the voyage with 4 blades. One blade had fractured very close to the hub. Frantic communications around the world left us with no immediate replacements. The nearest propeller was in India, but as we had cargo for Pakistan, we could not call there for political reasons. The next nearest choice was New York. Karachi was not the best place for stranded cadets to explore while jury-rigged repairs were formulated. Besides, the operation was fascinating, so we chose to watch the goings-on rather than absorb the local culture.

The cargo was off-loaded as scheduled for Karachi, and then the ship was ballasted and cargo shifted forward to get down by the head and raise the stern as high as possible. This enabled the propeller to clear the broken blade about a foot above the waterline. Measurements were taken of the break. It was a simple matter to jack the engine over to expose the opposite blade and mark it for a cut line identical to the damaged one.

A gang of local "ship repairmen" was hired to cut off the blade for a very rough balancing job. Work was slow and primitive. They drilled, torched, and hacksawed for several days. Finally, the job was finished. Almost immediately a

major labor dispute erupted and nearly turned violent. The workmen were being paid about 50 cents a day for their work, and they were led to believe they would get the large chunk they were removing as a bonus. (Karachi was known for the brass souvenir trade). A bronze propeller would be worth a relative fortune to those men. APL had the remnant hoisted aboard and secured. Somehow the revolt was quelled, probably by the judicious distribution of a little extra cash.

Cargo was re-shifted and the voyage resumed, with the Chief very concerned about the outcome. We were pleasantly surprised to find that our speed was hardly impacted and it took less power to achieve the same rpm's as before. There was still some vibration, but it was relatively tame. The only serious problem was the stern tube packing, which had been severely beaten during the original casualty. Every watch had to retighten the packing gland while we were underway.

We went on to follow our original route into the Mediterranean to Napoli, Barcelona, Marseille, and Firenze. We nearly forgot our troubles as we left the Med for New York. And then we were met by a massive hurricane in the Atlantic. The NS *Savannah* had been docked behind us in Firenze and left for New York a day later. It arrived a day before us, as we were forced to skirt around the hurricane, travelling as far south as Florida. We had a week of high seas, a near collision with a small freighter, and a serious problem with our stern gland in the middle of it all.

Tightening the stern gland every watch had kept the flow of water restricted until the gland became two-blocked and the bilge pump was working full time. We just had to add some more packing. It took hours of cold soaking as we struggled to fashion retainers alternately around the gland to hold what little packing was left while we backed off the gland follower ring. All the while, we were turning 100 rpm and 58 degree sea water was gushing in our faces. We positioned a new ring of packing, holding it in place and then getting it started by pulling retainers out one by one and squeezing it carefully into the gland. It took several attempts. Once we had the system perfected, we added a couple extra rings, hoping

that would get us to New York without having to repeat the process again, which it did.

We unloaded the cargo destined for New York and then went to dry dock in Brooklyn. The tail shaft had to be pulled because the stern tube lignum vitae had been pulverized from the vibration and imbalance over the last several thousand miles. The shaft had to be pulled inboard and then removed through a hole cut in the side of the shaft alley. The bearing was re-wooded and line-bored, the tail shaft was refinished and then all was reassembled with a shiny new propeller mounted. This made for a memorable precision heavy-lift education for this young engineer.

My roommate, Dan, had decided he'd had enough of the sea and resigned immediately after pay-off. I was alone, camping out on a dead ship through that shipyard period. It also left me without a sailing partner for the return to the West Coast and the remainder of my Sea Year.

--Goose

From George McShea:

I was on the B split and sailed both years with Joe Isabella from Philly. We started out with US Lines on the *American Crusader,* New York to London & Le Havre and then had to get off because the ship was transferring to the Far East and we wouldn't be back in time -- bummer! It took me another 17 years to finally sail to Asia.

The Captain on the *Crusader* was a Kings Pointer and a real jerk! He had me work every night from 6-8 doing menial crap jobs – almost made me quit. I learned on the Crusader that you can get seasick cleaning up the Carpenter shop below decks on the stern in storm conditions, and you should never paint the lee side of a cargo hatch in a strong wind; two more examples of my knowledge of, or lack thereof, of things nautical.

Our second ship was the *American Challenger*, with a great crew and bunch of officers, including Captain Smithies, who treated me like a future deck officer and helped steer me back on course to my career.

We finished up our first split on the Grace Lines *Santa Maria* running from Newark, NJ to the West Coast of South America. This run was a real eye opener for the two Philly boys in many ways. In Ecuador I had to see the dentist and wondered if I would leave with any teeth. All worked out but I was terrified. They loaded bananas walking up a board from a barge with a bunch or two on their shoulders. The actor Victor Jory was aboard with his wife and a professional photographer. The photographer would film them leaving the ship, driving off, then after the camera was off, Jory would return to the ship for the day. I guess the camera guy went to the sites and took pictures. Jory was King Neptune when we crossed the Equator and hammed it up to the max.

On our second split in early 1967 we sailed on Farrell Lines' *African Mete*or. A great four-month trip that stopped in Lobito, Angola on the African West Coast and progressed to many ports up the East Coast to Mombasa. We then re-tracked our route back around to Walvis Bay – where we loaded South African lobster, and on to Brooklyn.

During this trip, we had several "sea story" worthy experiences. In Capetown outbound, the officers took Joe and me out to the beach for a steak dinner. The place advertised that if anyone at the table ate their 48 ounce steak, then the table ate for free. One of the Third Mates from Mass Maritime said he could do it easily. He ordered the steak and started eating. The more he got into it the redder his face got and the more he sweated. The rest of us had no mercy on him as this meant a free dinner. Unfortunately, he couldn't do it and took heat the rest of the voyage. We had loaded two locomotives on deck in Brooklyn and discharged them right on to tracks in Lobito where they were driven away.

In Walvis Bay we loaded a small tank of live frogs in one of the hatches. The Chief Mate assigned me the task of monitoring and feeding them on the trip to New York. I said to myself "What an exciting job! – why me?" I came up with the idea of naming each frog and posting a daily report in the officers' lounge every afternoon at coffee. I thought I was showing the mate what I thought of this task but it ended up being the highlight of the officers' coffee break every day. I

lost one of the frogs and you would have thought that a crew member died.

--George

From Ray Fernandez:

Taxi Mistake = Bad Memory

My deck cadet shipmate and I completed our 2nd Class Year “A-split” classes and a successful swim team season in late February 1967. We had the privilege of sailing to the Med on the SS *Prudential Seajet,* one of the first semi-automated ships. Spain, France, Greece and Turkey had fabulous ports. We visited the Acropolis in the Company of my sister’s Pen Pal from Athens and her girlfriend. Of interest is that local Greeks never visit the Acropolis even though it sits on a high hill smack in the middle of the city, visible from everywhere. New York City residents like me act similarly in regard to visiting the Empire State Building or Statue of Liberty which are clearly visible but visited by tourists more than locals. Athens had great ouzo, octopus, souvlaki, stuffed grape leaves and “worry beads."

Istanbul, where East meets West, was beautiful but very different culturally and in dress than the rest of Europe. It did have Hookah pipes, hashish and like all countries gorgeous ladies. The regrettable story about Istanbul however is when my shipmate and I ventured into too many local drinking establishments and decided to take a taxi from the last pub to the ship even though it was less than a mile away. It was near midnight and we were both inebriated, but still reasonably good ambassadors from the USMMA. No vomiting or rowdy behavior but we did walk with a bit of a wobble and probably didn’t speak without some slurring of words. In other words, it was another great “night ashore in a foreign country."

Our trouble began when we asked for a taxi ride without confirming the fare first. The taxi entered the dock area and brought us near the gangway -- then the driver requested $10 for the less than a mile trip. We were in a state

of mind that understood this was a RIP OFF and we went bonkers. We told the driver that $10 was outrageous and that we would never pay that much for such a short ride. There was further arguing/yelling and I made the mistake of saying that we would rather be driven back to the pub and we would walk to the ship rather than pay such an outlandish fare. Our vocabulary may have been cruder.

The driver was about 35 years old, average size and spoke some English but did not agree to lower the fare. Our second mistake was not exiting the cab. The driver acknowledged our complaint and agreed to take us back to the pub and quickly pulled away with us in the back seat semi-satisfied with the fact that we were not going to get ripped off. BIG MISTAKE! Yes, you guessed it the driver took us toward the pub but stopped before we got there in an area where several taxis and drivers were mustered. He spoke to them in Arabic, yelling about us not paying. Deck cadet and I had exited the taxi and looked in the direction of the ship prepared to begin walking to it. Deck cadet tried to explain our view of the matter to the angry group and was quickly surrounded by a few of the drivers. I had a couple standing by me. As sure as night follows day the action started. My shipmate was unexpectedly punched in the eye with major force and grabbed by the group to do further damage. The two drivers next to me were smaller and not holding me, so I quickly ran to assist my shipmate. I pushed, shoved and punched the "bad guy" that sucker-punched my roomie and yelled “Let’s run!” or it may have been “Let’s get the f—k out of here!” One of the drivers behind me blind-sided me with a punch to the mouth that split my lip. I returned a harsh blow to his face but this was not a time or place for brawling, it was time to sprint toward the ship. Dragging my shipmate along at first, we began to run toward the ship. We did not run down the paved road but toward the railroad tracks and unfenced and unpaved grounds on the perimeter of the shipping terminal. The route was hazardous but it was only about ¼ mile to the gangway versus using the road which was about a mile. Meanwhile the bad guys were yelling and cursing at us with two of them running after us and others getting into their taxis to chase us.

Fortunately, the railroad tracks were about 50 yards from where the altercation began.

The taxis got to the tracks after us and could not proceed beyond the tracks (lucky us) but began throwing rocks at us. The two guys on foot were throwing rocks at us but stopped their chase shortly after they crossed over the tracks but continued cursing in Turkish. Luckily the two of us made it to the gangway, exhausted but without further harm. We wobbled up the gangway into our fo'c'sle, administered some first aid and crashed in our bunks.

My shipmate's eye remained swollen and blood shot for many days but thankfully without permanent damage. My swollen and cut lip healed in a few days and we both fulfilled our shipboard responsibilities. After the encounter my shipmate and I have talked about the fiasco a few times but took no pride in having it as a memory. Both of us realized we made a very stupid mistake and did not use our "street smarts." Fortunately, our judgment, decision making and pub-activities improved significantly from that day on. Experience is a good teacher.

--Ray, aka M-man

From Phil Carey:

Sea Year Memories

I sailed on the *Santa Paula*, and had it very easy, being assigned only one watch to stand a day. My previous assignment was on the *American Resolute* out of New York for Northern Europe. We sailed to LeHavre, London, Rotterdam, and Antwerp. I loved it and the rougher the weather the better. I remember my partner Al Williams being so sick on a very rough night. I stood watches, and worked a lot with the boatswain and his crew on deck. It was great fun being with those guys surrounded by the rolling deep green North Atlantic. Since I enjoyed working on deck so much, and only had one watch to stand on the *Santa Paula*, I requested to work with the deck crew. Big mistake!

I was assigned to chip and paint the bottom of a freight elevator by myself in a hold somewhere below decks. I believe my only Company were many bunches of green bananas -- totally disgusting job! This was my up close and personal introduction to, "Never volunteer for anything." I learned an awful lot during my Sea Year working and traveling. Some mistakes were made, but I learned from them. It also opened up a window into the richness to be had in traveling the world and seeing how different people and cultures can be. It also gave me great memories of many people that I met, and places that I enjoyed and learned from. It was great to be nineteen, and sailing the world's oceans to interesting ports in many countries.

--Phil

From Boyd Goddard:

USNR Midshipman status

We were the first class to regain full Midshipman status since about 1960. There was a distinct advantage in this, as it gave us military status to avoid the draft. Unfortunately for us, the wheels of government ground ever so slowly. Our entire Plebe Year passed without getting our ID cards. Because of this, our draft boards classified us as II-S, a student deferment, but which left us subject to the draft for another ten years or so. This was immaterial for those who graduated and got their reserve commissions, but a liability for those who didn't. Before leaving for sea, we did get sworn in as Midshipmen officially. But without that ID card, we had to cajole our way into the PX's at the military bases where our ships called. Plane fare home on military standby required orders from the Naval Science Department, along with some fast talking and the need to travel in uniform.

Kings Pointers were known as Cadet-Midshipmen from the inception of the Academy, abbreviated as C/M. The cadet part was the traditional term for status as Merchant Marine trainees, and the Midshipman designation indicated our Naval Reserve affiliation, qualifying us to wear the "ruptured duck"

insignia. Some years previous when the Midshipman status was dropped, cadets were designated in the Officer Candidate category. The Academy continued to use the C/M abbreviation anyway. There was a subtle difference; the Navy considered Midshipmen from the Naval Academy as active duty and NROTC Midshipmen as reservists, with Officer Candidates farther down the list.

PX shopping

The Chief Engineer on one of my ships was shopping for a Winchester rifle, and on a previous voyage had discovered it was much cheaper at the PX in Yokosuka than he could get it at home. He was a reservist, but access was only available to active duty personnel. He figured that I would qualify as such, but the lack of ID was a stumbling block. He had me dress up in my service dress uniform and he did the best he could to assemble one for himself. Turns out he was the oldest, scruffiest LT I had ever seen. He accompanied me to the PX as my “Commanding Officer” and attested to my status. Being in uniform got past the entry requirement and then the process of confirming Commanding Officer permission to purchase a firearm commenced. Somehow it all worked and he was pleased as punch with me for the rest of the trip.

Pompeii

On my round the world trip, the SS *President Coolidge* called in Napoli, Italy. We parked the ship near the Naval Base facilities and heard that the Navy had daily tours out to Pompeii, and they were a bargain compared to civilian tours. My sea partner, Dan Murphy, and I wandered down the docks to sign up, but were turned away without valid military ID cards. However, they slyly suggested that we needn’t show ID cards if we were in uniform. We returned to the ship, dressed in our service dress blues and signed up for the next day’s tour.

Each tour was assigned a couple of junior officers to chaperone the sailors and we got to talking with them on the

bus trip out to the ruins. They were very interested in what we were doing, and they invited us to dinner that night aboard their ship, the carrier USS *Forrestal*. The ID card problem re-emerged, however, so we invited them back to our ship while we changed into uniform. Problem solved. The JG's were very impressed with our quarters. They couldn't believe such great space was provided for lowly cadets. We were surprised, as we considered the Mariner class cadet's room to be comparatively tiny and cramped.

We went with them down to the Navy landing and took a launch out to the carrier. The weather was beginning to kick up a bit, and the transition to the landing platform was a little tricky, with the launch bouncing about while the carrier sat rock solid. They showed us their quarters, and then we realized what had them so envious of ours. They were fortunate in that they only had 3 men assigned to their room at the moment, but it was no bigger than ours, and it was set up for 6 officers.

We experienced a Navy-style dinner in the officer's mess with the XO presiding and then were shown about the ship until we heard that because of the weather there would be no more launches going ashore. Panic! Our ship was scheduled to leave early the next morning. Fortunately, the Navy decided to send the launch back to the dock for protection, and we were able to ride home with it -- another close call.

Coffee Time

Coffee time is a universal work-break, observed shipboard at 1000 and 1500 hours daily. Before the advent of automatic coffee machines, a Wiper was usually sent up 15 minutes early to get the coffee pots brewing in the officers' and crew messes. With cadets aboard, it was considered their duty to take care of the officers' coffee needs. I was given this chore one day early on in my cadet career. I had never developed a taste for coffee, and had never been educated in the finer points of brewing a pot of coffee -- their mistake. I gamely took on the chore with a "can do" attitude, thinking what could possibly go wrong? I had seen it done at least a

time or two. Anyway, I managed to get something assembled that was hot, black, and smelled like coffee. However, I must have been too valuable to waste my engineering talent on such a lowly chore because I was never assigned that task again.

Regimentation

While we were away during Sea Year, the cadet organization changed from the Army style designations to a Navy format. For example, the Regimental Adjutant (RA) title became the Regimental Executive Officer (RX). The Regiment/ Battalion/ Company structure remained the same as the Naval Academy, but they were large enough to have their primary unit a Brigade which consisted of two Regiments.

-- Boyd

From Ray Fernandez:

Midshipman/Employee Harassment, Sea Year 1967

Recognizing that our Alma Mater has recently experienced administrative problems related to harassment, I share the following before telling about the unexpected outcome of my final Sea Year voyage. As an executive with a large corporation I have experienced employees, managers, contractors and vendors doing or saying things that were acts of harassment. In the past many of these actions were recognized as inappropriate, rude or bad behavior but frequently had no corrective action or penalties imposed to deter such behavior. Over time guidelines, laws and regulations were developed to improve work place conduct (including age, gender, race and disability harassment) which benefited society as a whole. I still think Plebe Beats still have their place in leadership training.

My story begins with a deck cadet and I being assigned our second trip on the SS *Santa Mariana* of Grace Lines to complete our Sea Year requirements. The ship sailed from Newark NJ to the West Coast of South America stopping at

ports in Columbia, Panama, Ecuador and Peru. The passenger ship also carried freight including many bananas and other tropical fruit that required refrigeration which provided a great reefer-engineer training experience for me.

The training and work experiences on the ship and ashore were wonderful and of course provided a lot of knowledge, excitement and fun. Everything about the trips was fantastic until we approached the end of our final trip and Sea Year. A few days before the end of the trip the passengers were treated to the Captain's Dinner and Ball. As many of you know everyone dressed up for the event including ships officers and KP cadet Midshipmen if they were invited (a Midshipman at the time was still often referred to as "cadet"). On our return trip, I had befriended a 20-year-old lady who boarded as a passenger with her mom. Both ladies were friendly and very attractive. They had lived in Panama while her father, a military officer, was stationed there and were now returning home to the States. The young lady also befriended the Deck mate and as a result her mom requested the Captain of the ship to allow the two cadets to join her table for the Captain's dinner. And so it happened.

A day before the dinner I was told by the young lady, who was sharp and worldly, that the Chief Engineer had made several attempts during the week to seduce her and during his informal tour with her of the ship and his office. She said his communication was focused on "getting her to bed with him." She was surprised that this 40-plus-year-old, good-looking and sociable Chief was so assertive with her yet made no effort to seduce her very attractive mother who was his age. I was aware that this behavior was not out of character for the Chief as he had the reputation of "hitting on and scoring with" female passengers. The Chief also had the reputation of enjoying alcohol and acting boldly at times. None of this was of concern to me but helped explain what was to follow.

The night of the Captain's Dinner Dance my shipmate and I wore our formal uniforms and joined the ladies table seated with a mix of passengers including young adults. Dinner was formal and delicious and dancing began. Many at our table participated in the lively dancing but apparently I, the Midshipman Engineer, was dancing too often with the younger

ladies or maybe enjoying myself too much as the Chief Engineer signaled me to come to his table. From the smell of alcohol and his semi-slurred speech I sensed the Chief was "half-in-the bag." It was confirmed when he directed me to leave the dining room immediately and not return with no explanation. Which is exactly what I did, leaving my deck cadet and other's to enjoy the remainder of the Captain's Dance, with no regrets.

At about 2300 I was in my bunk when the door opened and my deck cadet entered with the young lady. He told me that the Chief said it was OK for me to rejoin the celebration. I did not believe him at first but they convinced me it was true and said that some of the younger folks were changing into their bathing suits and were partying in the ship's pool. Hard to believe what was happening but I agreed to join and put on my modest bathing suit (not the skimpy Speedo) and with my shipmate joined those at the pool. In the pool already, in an eye-popping bikini was the attractive and very shapely, young lady we had befriended. She was chatting with me in the pool for a while. Nothing inappropriate was happening nor could it in such a small pool with a group of passengers in it. I did notice the Chief Engineer looking down at the pool area from a couple of decks up. He didn't look happy, just straight-faced per my recollection. It was now close to midnight and suddenly the level in the pool started to get lower, and lower, and lower until everyone had to exit the pool which brought the partying to an end. My roommate and I returned to our room and went to sleep in our bunks, alone but fairly happy with the evening's events.

The next day we learned that the Chief Engineer was the reason the pool party ended as he had called the Engine Room and ordered that the pool be drained. I assume he must have been very unhappy with the fun some were having in the pool without him and decided to end it. It was routine activity for me in the Engine Room that day until I was told the Chief requested I come to his office. In his office there was no discussion of the prior evening events, the Chief said he wanted to discuss my USMMA Shipboard Training evaluation report. The report of course grades my performance in learning, and working as well as behavior and rapport during

the two months/trips I was aboard the SS *Santa Mariana*. The Chief asked me to grade myself on each of the numerous areas listed on the report. I did so honestly which included a few satisfactory ratings and the rest at higher ratings. The Chief said he felt anything less than Outstanding was not a good grade and told me he would fill out the report himself. Typically the report was completed by the First Engineer (who directed my work) with input from engineers I had worked with during the trip. I didn't give his comment a second thought and began to prepare for arrival the next day and the beginning of a small vacation before the start of my First Class Year.

Upon arrival in Newark, my deck cadet and I met with the Shipboard Training Officer, Lt. Cmdr. Don Boyle. He explained he was going to speak to the ship's officers and then would meet with us before we departed the ship. After an hour of so Cmdr. Boyle met with me and asked, "What happened during your trip?" as he never saw such a low rating for a 2nd Class Year engineer who had prior ratings that were better than average. OH SHIT, I thought. Upon discussion with the Cmdr., I learned that only the Chief provided the ratings. The 1st, 2nd and 3rd Engineers that I worked closely with and thought highly of my performance had no input. I mentioned the incident at the Captain's Dinner including what the young lady I had befriended had told me about the Chief's prior interactions with her. I assumed his behavior toward me was because of my socialization with her. I requested that Cmdr. Boyle speak to the other engineers as well as the Chief Mate (a KP graduate) and 2nd Mate who had interacted with me often and also knew the Chief Engineer well. The Cmdr. said he would speak to the other officers. He dismissed me, telling me to not worry, to enjoy my short summer vacation and wished me well in my First Class Year. Needless to say I was bothered by the Chief's action and what impact it might have. I did know however that the *Santa Mariana* was another great experience that confirmed that I enjoyed the marine engineer's work that I was educated and trained to perform, and enjoyed working with all levels of shipboard personnel (including Sparky).

Two weeks into my vacation at home, I received a First Class mail letter from Grace Lines Personnel Department. The letter thanked me for my good work as a Midshipman engineer and sincerely apologized for the unprofessional, inappropriate and regrettable actions of the Chief Engineer towards me. It was very sincere and stated that my performance ratings as noted by other engineering officers was excellent. It further stated that Grace Lines would not assign a Midshipman to any of its ships that had the subject Chief Engineer on board. It also noted that upon my graduation from Kings Point they hoped I would consider Grace Lines as a Company to work for.

In the past I have shared the above story/experience with only a few people but today it may have more meaning as "harassment" of any kind has become a serious community, public, educational and business concern. I truly believe the experience has made me a better person by making me more aware of and sensitive to the need for all persons to be treated fairly and respectfully.

ACTA NON VERBA.

--Ray

From Burnie Acuff:

Capetown Adventure

Sea Year I ran into Mickey Hado in Capetown, South Africa. We made plans to get together on Sunday morning and go to Table Top and ride the cable car.

We met at the base of the mountain and waited for a bus. No bus ever came so we started walking up the switchbacks to the cable car. We get up there and find out it's closed on Sundays. So we started walking back down on the switchbacks. After a while I made the observation that we could probably walk through the terrain and cut down the walking. So we tried it.

It was a little tricky getting through the brush. I told Mickey that on the next stretch I wasn't going to just walk. I was going to run as I gained speed, and I would stop at the

next switchback and repeat it. Well, it sounded like a good idea. I started walking and picked up speed. I was moving pretty fast when I saw the drop-off ahead. I threw myself back and started grabbing for whatever brush and small trees I could. My feet and knees went over the drop-off before I stopped. The drop-off was about 12-15 feet. We walked the switchbacks the rest of the way.

--Burnie

From Alex Weller:

Sea Year -- Hurricane and Disaster

Engine Cadet Mark Collard and I joined the *Reuben Tipton*, owned and operated by Lykes Brothers Steamship Company, on September 9, 1965, the same day Hurricane Betsy hit New Orleans. I reported to the Chief Mate, Mark to the Chief Engineer.

"Stow your gear, cadet," the Mate told me, "and then we'll show you how to secure a ship for a hurricane!" Mark and I stowed our gear, changed out of our service dress khaki uniforms into work clothes and reported for duty, Mark to the engine room and I to the Chief Mate.

As I walked up the deck to the forecastle, I saw the deck crew hauling the largest and rustiest iron rope I'd ever seen out of the store room onto the foredeck. That iron rope looked like it hadn't been touched since it was first stowed below decades ago. Three inches in diameter, over 600 feet long, it weighed 20 pounds per linear foot, and seemed to be in an almost permanent coil. The 15-man deck crew handled it with great difficulty and much cursing out the bow chock, down to the wharf, secured it to the shoreward side of the bollards on the dock and moved it up the wharf with the aid of a fork lift truck to the stern. There, the crew hauled it aboard using the stern winch where it was pulled tight and secured to deck bits.

"Double up the lines," the bos'n ordered, and the deck crew scrambled to put out eight bow lines, two spring lines on each end of the ship and eight stern lines. If "Betsy" came to

New Orleans, we were as ready as we could be. A light rain began to fall as suppertime drew nigh, and I joined the officers in the "saloon" for a New Orleans-style dinner. Then, we waited, and watched the news of the approaching storm on the ship's television set.

Slowly, Betsy approached. It became clearer with every passing hour that the Mississippi river and New Orleans was going to be ground zero. The sky began to darken; the wind increased slowly, whipping through the ship's cargo gear. A light rain began to fall and then increased in intensity. About 8 o'clock (2000 hours), the Mate told me, "Come on, cadet. We have to check the lines."

As we struggled to walk up the deck, the rain, which was being blown sideways by the wind, hit my face felt like pellets from a BB gun. And, still it got worse. At 2200 hours, the wind was over 70 mph, near hurricane force, and the center of the storm was still 50 miles below New Orleans. I went up to the wheel house and navigation bridge deck to check the barograph. Instead of the normal roughly horizontal trace, it looked like some giant, invisible finger had forced the stylus recording the barometric pressure almost straight down, so that the "trace" looked like the profile of a steep cliff. I could feel the ship "riding" in the waves of the river, although it was still secured to the dock. It was my first hurricane "up close and personal" and I was excited.

But I was also bone-tired. When I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer, I went to our cabin and went to bed. Hurricane Betsy came and went while I slept!

When I awoke the next morning about 0600, the sun was shining; it was hot and not quite as humid. The sky was a deep blue and there was little wind. Indeed, at first, I saw little, if any evidence that Hurricane Betsy had passed right over us – just a few broken tree limbs and some stray brush on the wharf. Our ship was secured to the wharf as it had been the night before. Insofar as our ship was concerned, the only damage was a bent propeller and a dented stern plate, where the storm had blown a barge upriver into us. We had ship's power, fresh water and ample food in the pantry. But, the city was not so lucky. President Johnson issued a disaster

declaration and flew over the city to visually survey the damage. He saw devastating destruction everywhere.

Just over the levee on the other side of the wharf from where we were moored, the streets were flooded. Whole neighborhoods throughout the city were under water, some 6 feet deep due to the Army Corps of Engineers' levee system failing to perform as designed. Nothing moved, except the birds. The water and electricity were off. Only sporadic telephone service was available. There were reports of deaths and injuries by the hundreds. Upriver, two ships that had been under construction at Avondale shipyards for Lykes Brothers, were torn from their drydocks, and blown floating upriver, until they sank one on top of the other about 12 miles upriver, only the superstructure of the one on top visible above the surface of the river. They were never salvaged and became known locally as "the Lykes wrecks." They are still there resting one on top of the other on the river bottom, marked only by a Coast Guard wreck buoy.

Because our ship was the least damaged in the city, and aid cargo was urgently needed in the Caribbean islands that had also been hit by Betsy, our 3-month intended voyage to East and South Africa was changed to a 30-day emergency trip to the islands of Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic and Haiti. We sailed a week later to Houston for temporary repairs to the propeller and the tail shaft. The 8-hour trip down the Mississippi River from New Orleans to the Gulf revealed that the bayous and marsh lands of South Louisiana had not fared much better than the city. The effects of the rain and wind were visible everywhere, as if the entire region had been visited by a second biblical flood.

When we arrived in Houston, we off loaded what little African cargo we had on board and loaded "Care" rice, and other emergency supplies for the islands. We departed for Puerto Rico on October 5, 1965.

I settled into a routine of 4-8 morning watch standing on the bridge with the 2nd mate, and day work for four hours "on deck" learning the fine seaman's art of "chipping and painting." Most of the deck crew were eager to teach me what they knew and had good things to say about previous experiences with Kings Pointers. A few, however, were resentful of my being

on board and suspected that the company had put me there to deprive them of overtime. One of these dropped his chipping hammer from the top of the cargo mast to the deck less than a foot from where I was chipping on the same mast below.

The fall weather in the Gulf of Mexico and northern Caribbean was delightful. The sun shone brightly during the day, and the stars cooperated with my efforts to practice celestial navigation using my U.S. government-issued WWII vintage sextant. The Captain and deck officers took an immediate interest in teaching me everything they could. Mark had the same experience "below" with the ship's engineers and "the black gang."

In Puerto Rico, we called on San Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez, spending about a day in each port. It was long enough for me to go ashore and visit "El Moro," the Spanish-built fortress that guards the entrance to San Juan harbor and is a major tourist attraction on the island. In Ponce and Mayaguez, I went ashore to experience a Spanish town square. It seemed like a scene from a Hemingway novel, with senoritas walking through the park-like square, and flirting with the male singers and guitar players, while their mothers kept a close watch from a respectful distance.

Next stop -- Port Au Prince, Haiti. When we arrived in the harbor, and tied up to the wharf, it seemed like the entire population of the city came alongside in "bum boats" with all manner of island goods and wares for sale. There were primitive wood carvings, brass trinkets and fresh fruit galore.

The Haitians were the first really poor people I had ever seen. Poverty was rampant on the island. One of the longshoreman who was unloading the bags of rice from our ship, picked up a bag off the cargo sling, slit it open (perhaps to lighten the load, perhaps to render it unusable), and ran down the pier with it over his shoulder.

One of the uniformed guards yelled something in French and pointed his rifle in the direction of the fleeing longshoreman. The thief didn't stop, and the guard shot him in the leg! The longshoreman hobbled into a warehouse and disappeared carrying the bag of rice.

Later that afternoon, Mark and I were in our cabin, when we discovered what seemed like thousands of little ant-

like bugs crawling all over the wooden drum Mark had purchased from the native Haitians in the dugout canoe earlier in the day. Swatting them with towels, which was our instinctive and pathetic reaction didn't work. The bugs merely jumped off the drum onto the deck. They were everywhere. We called the steward, who was none too pleased when he saw that we had precipitated an insect infestation. He hurriedly left and returned with a can of bug spray and fumigated our cabin.

We departed Port Au Prince for Santo Domingo, in the Dominican Republic. DOMREP, as it is called, was almost as poor as Haiti. But, in the little port of Rio Haina, we were treated to a scene from a Joseph Conrad novel. The tiny port had the bluest water I had seen since living in Hawaii as a boy and lush tropical rain forests all the way to the water's edge. We anchored in the small bay because there weren't any berths big enough for our ship and unloaded more rice cargo into barges as they came alongside.

At the weekly fire and boat drill, the mate decided to actually put a boat in the water and exercise the crew and the boat's engine. That was a great learning experience for me. But, what happened when we were securing the boat after the drill was over, I shall never forget.

As we secured the boat into the davit, the deck maintenance man crawled out onto the bow of the boat to pull the canvas cover taught. He sat on the bow of the boat with his legs hung over each end of the bow, and his head was facing astern on the boat as he pulled the canvas cover taught. He had no life line or any other protective gear. Suddenly, he lost his grip on the canvas cover and with a cry of terror, fell backwards off the boat, hitting his head on the steel deck 10 feet below. We rushed to his side, but he wasn't moving. Blood was oozing from his ear, and he was moaning softly.

The Captain radioed the Coast Guard in San Juan Puerto Rico for a medevac. It seemed like an eternity before the Coast Guard helo arrived overhead. The Coast Guard hovered while its crew lowered a basket and a rescue man to lift the injured seaman into the basket. The injured man periodically groaned during all this, but was otherwise

mercifully unconscious. With the injured man and the rescue man safely aboard, the helo departed and flew off over the horizon. We heard later he had died.

It took some time to get over losing one of our shipmates. I suppose some never got over it. The life lessons: going to sea builds bonds that last a lifetime but it can snuff a life out in an instant.

--Alex

From Boyd Goddard:

Mal de Mer

First day of Sea Year and the SS *Oregon* sailed out of San Francisco Bay with two eager young cadets, still very wet behind the ears. It was a decent time of day, around breakfast time, and we both were invited to the throttle platform to maneuver the ship out to sea. It so happened that my section mate, Dan Murphy, and I shipped out together because there were fewer deckies on the West Coast. Two engine cadets also helped make the Sea Project a collaborative effort. We were excited and full of ourselves, ready for a year of adventure.

We took departure and were shown the process of opening the throttle full and then cranking open the extra nozzles to achieve full sea speed. As the ship settled into a steady pace, we began to feel the rise and fall of the swell. This was our first introduction to the “Potato Patch,” a stretch of water just beyond the Golden Gate and all the way out to the Farallon Islands. This is a notoriously rough passage due to the undersea topography and currents.

The First assigned us some lathe work in the machine shop, knowing that we had some decent machining skills. The ship was almost brand new, but the sea water sanitary system had already begun to suffer and all the ship’s toilet flushometers were failing. Our job was to manufacture replacement valve cages, something that was a simple extension of Machine Shop 101. I manned the lathe and began turning out a dozen or so blanks, turning down brass

rod to the proper diameter, cutting threads, and then boring it out for the valve stem. I was then going to set up the lathe to tap the internal threads, but it was approaching coffee time and the First came by to check up on us. He took one look at me and suggested that I follow the Day Third up to the forecastle and help him with some anchor windlass maintenance. He said I was looking so green that I might be mistaken for a tall leprechaun. “Get out on deck in the fresh air and focus on the horizon.” It was good advice and very thoughtful of him. Unfortunately, the bow was now rising and falling like a drunken elevator operator, and it didn’t take long for breakfast to escape. At least I was at the rail and upwind.

Meanwhile, Dan (the surfer) had been making good fun of my struggles to keep it all together at the lathe while he worked on salvaging valve stems from a stack of old flushometers. He took over my project, but rather than use the lathe to cut the inside threads, he found a shortcut to avoid the lathe setup procedure. He placed my blanks in the vice and hand tapped the inside threads. He quickly cranked out the entire batch! It didn’t occur to him to test one before he did them all. It turned out that they were all crooked and not one would seat properly. The First was none too happy with him over that, but considering it was our first day, he begrudgingly cut us some slack. Besides, we were free labor and the only real loss was a nice piece of brass stock turned down into shavings. And we advanced our trade school education a notch.

That afternoon, I was still pretty rocky, so I continued to follow the day Third on his chores. The First put Dan back to work on a second batch of valve parts. Dan made it almost to coffee time when he was startled to discover that he, too, was suffering the mal de mer. Unfortunately for him, he discovered it suddenly and without warning. I mean to say, it was apparent, and all over the machine shop! The First lost his sympathetic demeanor rather quickly. The machine shop became off limits to everyone except poor Dan, whose assignment for the rest of the day was to clean the place up. “Don’t you know what that bucket is for, cadet?” the First growled.

I continued to have that horrible green feeling all the way out to Hawaii, regardless of sea conditions. I began to fear that I was not destined to be a seaman. I was about ready to quit, but hoped that I might eventually overcome this. As we pulled in to Honolulu harbor, I did feel a wave of normalness come over me. It so happened that I had neighbors from home who were living on their yacht in the Ala Wai harbor for an extended vacation. They had been alerted that I was coming, and invited me out to dinner. The First turned us loose for the port stay, so we were free. Dan had other plans, wanting to go surfing, so I found my way to their yacht, a converted PT boat, and had a very enjoyable afternoon getting caught up. We went to dinner at the Ilikai and I ordered a nice steak, feeling hungry for the first time in a week. Halfway through the meal, that queasiness returned and I had to excuse myself for a moment. That was when I realized that something else was going on. How could I be sea-sick ashore?

Before we sailed, the Public Health Service visited the ship to check our health records. The Academy had not given us all the necessary shots. Not knowing where we would be sent, they left it up to the USPHS to catch us as needed. Whatever was necessary for the Orient turned out to be a concoction of several preventative vaccines that were injected into our arms in one big dose. It became obvious that I had been suffering from a reaction to all those shots, and they were just beginning to wear off. Dan recovered more quickly than I, but this realization helped calm our fears of an uncomfortable sea career. The green monster had been conquered and from then on, our sea legs were firm.

--Boyd

From John F. Lewis, Jr.:

The most memorable voyage during my Sea Year was on my first ship, the SS *Flying Enterprise II* (American Export Isbrandtsen). My shipmate was Geoffrey Gill. While it would have been memorable enough just being my first ship and the

excitement that came with going around the world, it was much more. The ship was a C-2 built in 1944 as the SS *Noonday* but was renamed in 1952 in honor of the first SS *Flying Enterprise* which sank in January of that same year. It was an internationally famous event when the Captain stayed on board the ship for days as attempts were made to save it. He was later assigned to the renamed vessel.

What was supposed to be a 4-month voyage ended up taking four months and three weeks (8/23/65-1/12/66) covering just over 26,000 miles. The ports during this trip were Brooklyn; Hoboken; Barcelona, Spain; Istanbul, Turkey; Port Said, Egypt; Massawa and Assab, Ethiopia; Karachi, West Pakistan; Singapore, Malaysia; Hong Kong; Keelung, Formosa; Pusan, South Korea; Kobe, Nagoya, Yokohama and Shimizu, Japan; San Francisco; Los Angeles; San Juan, Puerto Rico and return to New York.

We carried a few passengers. I recollect that it was about $1,600 per person for the entire trip -- a lot of money back in 1965, but they literally saw the world. For Geoff and me, as well as for the passengers, the ports were a mix of some great ports and some that were not such as the two in Ethiopia. It was eye-opening to see some of the poorer countries.

Originally we were supposed to go to Bombay and the two Ethiopian ports were not on the itinerary. However, after we departed, Pakistan and India started one of their periodic wars. The State Department did not want any US-flagged vessel to have cargo for both countries on its manifest so we met a sister ship in each of the two Ethiopian ports. Our ship was selected to go to Karachi and skip Bombay. Since our Bombay cargo was beneath the Karachi cargo we had to take out our Karachi cargo, remove the Bombay cargo, and reload our original Karachi cargo and that of the other sister ship. This added a significant amount of time to our voyage.

When we reached Karachi, a boat met the ship (can't remember if it was police or military). They took the Captain's firearm and we weren't allowed to take any cameras ashore. Geoff and I, along with a couple of officers, went to see *Lord Jim* with Peter O'Toole. We had to stand for the national

anthem and then a video came on of President Khan. It was a kind of “loose lips sink ships” type of speech.

The government was watching for people exchanging money on the black market. They checked how much money you had when you went ashore. Then, when you returned, they checked how much money you had, allowing for food, drinks, gifts that you brought back. If you had more money than you left with, you were in trouble. My recollection is that the Captain had to reclaim a couple of the crew to make departure.

When we left Japan we had loaded some Toyotas. Even with ballast we were riding high in the water. We hit a storm crossing the Pacific and it was pretty rough. It was the roughest sea I ever was in, Sea Year or after. It lasted for a few days I believe. The passengers certainly didn't enjoy that part and I'm sure no one else on the ship did either.

So it was a memorable trip: around the world, wonderful ports and not so wonderful ones, foreign intrigue and a very rough crossing of the Pacific -- quite a time for a first ship.

--John

From Burnie Acuff:

My first ship Sea Year -- Larry Reimer and I were paired together when we met in New Orleans. The ATR told us to get over to Houston ASAP and catch the SS *Almeria Lykes*. We hotfooted it over there and went to the pier. As we walked toward the pier and rounded the corner of the warehouse we saw the stern of the *Almeria Lykes*, and it was moving. We thought we had missed the ship, but then realized they were just shifting the ship on the pier. After the shift we boarded the vessel and asked “Where we heading?” The answer was “New Orleans.” Larry and I looked at each other and asked why had we just busted ass to get there. We set sail for NOLA and raced Hurricane Betsy up the river. We beat it there, but it caught up to us and slammed us at the pier. We were the 3rd ship in a long line of ships at the Lykes pier. The

1st ship was a dead plant Central Gulf ship. The 2nd was an old Lykes C-2 and we were next. Betsy slammed into the Central Gulf ship causing it to pull a bollard out of the pier. This allowed it to surge forward and cut the stern lines on the next ship which in turn lurched forward and cut our stern lines.

The Captain was pretty savvy and was ready with a good reaction. As our lines parted he ordered full astern and had the bos'n cut the forward lines which saved the next ship. The rest of the ships managed to stay at the pier. We managed to proceed skillfully across the river with alternating full ahead and full astern orders from the EOT. As a rookie cadet I found it to be very exciting watching the engine crew doing its job. After a couple of minutes we got a stop command. We waited with no contact from the bridge as the Chief figured the Captain was pretty busy. After a while he says "Gadget, go up and ask the Captain what's going on." I headed up to the bridge and came back a couple minutes later. Chief asks, "What did the Captain say?" I said "I didn't talk to the Captain." The Chief blew up. "I told you to ask the Captain what was going on." I said "Yes, Sir, but I figured that with the trees hanging over the bow that I didn't need to bother him." Chief looked at me and laughed saying "I suppose so. Wrap it up." And we secured the main engine.

That was a pretty good trip. A 30-year-old C-3 moving at about 25-30 knots across the river until we went aground up the river heading the opposite direction with both anchor chains crossed under the ship.

At least two good things came out of this experience. Where the ship ran aground it created a windbreak for a Country Cajun's waterfront shack. It was still standing after the hurricane passed. We left the ship a few days later with 3 feet of water at midships. The Captain gave us a letter of introduction and told us to see if any of the other ships had room for cadets. We made it to the pier and surveyed the ships there. I asked Larry, "Which one?" He said "No question. Head to the new one." And that's how we were assigned to the SS *Marjorie Lykes*.

One other thing I learned was about hurricanes in NOLA. It was so bad there for so long that I told myself that if the situation ever came up again I didn't care if I had to crawl,

but I would not go through a hurricane in NOLA. That might explain why I feel no sympathy for the people who hung around for Katrina.

--Burnie

From Greg Brockdorf:

Sea Year -- again, I had a fine roommate the whole Sea Year in Bill Funkhouser. We got along great and made trips to the Med, around the world and, finally, on a coastwise tanker. Three out of our first four trips across the Atlantic were in hurricanes. One right through the eye! I remember the crew grumbling about our incompetent Captain by running right into them and feeling some empathy for the skipper for his bad luck. Only later did I realize how bad he was. I mean, you have to work and plan to go through the eye. In the middle of the Atlantic with reports every hour!

This same Captain dressed Bill and me down for our room condition -- called it a pigsty. I'm so glad he pointed that out to us because we were completely unaware of that fact.

There's enough stories to fill volumes on the *Flying Enterprise's* six month trip around the world -- pretty much impossible to ever top that experience in anyone's life.

We were all a lucky bunch to have sailed on the boom ships between the sailing ships and containers. I sailed with two ABs from sailing ships in the 20s and 30s. So, as far as maritime history, a very short period we managed to be a part of -- H.O. 214 and all that is no more.

--Greg

From Ken Pagano:

During Sea Year, I made an around-the-world trip on APL's *President Hayes*. While we were docked at a port in Taiwan, an APL passenger ship came in and docked alongside us. One of the waiters on the passenger ship had just died and it was decided that they would transfer the body to us for burial at sea. Apparently, burials at sea didn't enhance the "party atmosphere" they were striving for.

The Captain of our ship (a Kings Pointer, class of 1950 as I remember) summoned me to his cabin. He explained to me what was happening and told me that there were rules on when we would be able to “bury the body” having to do with distances from land, currents, etc. In any case, he said it would be about three weeks until we could legally do so.

I was wondering why he was sharing all of this with me, when he gave me what he called a “simple assignment.” My job, as the Engine Cadet, was to (1) find a place to keep the body (2) make sure it doesn’t smell and (3) be sure it sinks quickly.

Later that afternoon our new guest arrived. He was put into a hastily made pine box that our ship’s carpenter had constructed. “Where to you want him?” the carpenter asked me. Having already discussed my new assignment with the Chief Engineer, we had the body moved to one of our small reefer boxes, which was empty and available.

Now came the big question. How cold do you set the temperature to be sure that bodies “don’t smell?” -- not something I remember covering in class Plebe Year. I’m not sure exactly how cold we got it, but our guest was covered in frost three weeks later.

The night before the burial the Captain again called me to his cabin to be sure that all would go well the next day. I assured him there was no smell and that the box would sink quickly. I told him that I had added some “weights” into the box and drilled a few holes into the sides for good measure. He didn’t ask for specifics, but his smile suggested he was happy.

I learned from the bosun the next morning that it was an old seafaring tradition to put a stitch through the nose of a person about to be buried at sea as a way of assuring the person was dead. Who knew? -- not exactly plebe knowledge. I would have thought that being frozen solid for three weeks would have been proof enough.

Well, after thawing out the deceased’s nose (I’m not saying how) the stitch went in! The burial took place without a hitch! He sank like a rock! His family would have been proud. Acta Non Verba!

--Ken

From Bob Rowan:

My Sea Year was spent with classmate Mike Popovich. Our first ship was the SS *Robin Gray*, a World War II retread C-3, leaving New York for Cape Town, Durban and Beira. We had an uneventful three week trip across the Atlantic and then hit a storm rounding the Cape. We were both bedbound with sea sickness. We also learned something about stowing our gear. The floor was littered with broken coke bottles, text books and clothes that we had left on desks or chairs. It was a long night hearing our debris slide from one end of the room to the other and back again as the ship rolled.

Things did get better after we docked and our stomachs returned to normal. Capetown is a beautiful city, as is Durban. Beira in Mozambique was more of a third world city. We did get to take a river boat up the Zambezi River to see some wild life and eat some of the spiciest food I have ever encountered. The *Robin Gray* was scrapped in 1971 due to no fault of her engine cadets.

We then sailed on a Grace Line ship out of New York on a banana run to Guayaquil, Ecuador with a transit of the Panama Canal and a stop in Buenaventura, Columbia. The ship also carried 50 passengers so we had great food but had to wear clean clothes on deck.

Our last ship was a U.S. Lines container ship on the New York to Bremerhaven run. We stopped in Amsterdam, LeHavre and Hamburg. This trip was my first serious introduction to beer consumption. We did learn to drink near the dock to improve the probability of finding our way back to the ship.

--Bob

From Bill Haneline:

Sea Year

I was a wrestler and was therefore on the A split. My first half of the split I sailed with Peter Worth. Our first voyage was on the SS *Robin Gray* to South Africa and Madagascar.

While in Durban, I ran into Bob Featherer. In the yearbook there is a picture of him sitting in a Zulu rickshaw. I took that photo and it was my first and only claim to photography. I recall the Zulu was quite upset with what we were willing to pay him for his services; we acceded to a higher compensation because we thought he might skewer us with his spear if we didn't. Our next voyage, we sailed on the *Export Bay* to the Med. We got a week off in Italy and went from Genova to visit Florence. We then took the train down to Rome for a couple of days, finally rejoining the ship in Florence. The second half of my sea year consisted of 3 voyages to the Far East out of San Francisco and the Pacific Northwest.

My deckie roommate on the first two voyages was Lee Bounds sailing on the SS *CE Dant*. Lee and I played gin rummy every night. One night I dealt a hand and turned up the card for Lee to take. At that he said, "Gin!", as I had dealt him a pair of straights. Okay, a little bad luck. We played for about another half an hour and I was dealing again. I invited him to pick up the top card and he said "Gin!" again. Except this time I had dealt him a 10 card royal flush -- so much for my career as a card shark. My third voyage that year was aboard the SS *Japan Mail* and I had the cadet's berth all to myself. There was nothing overly dramatic about my Sea Year. I will say that I felt competent to man a watch in an engine room by the time I'd completed my last voyage. Our training prepared us well for what we would be required to do as mates and engineers.

--Bill

From Cary Beilstein:

A funny story, funny after the fact, happened on the SS *United States* during an Easter cruise to Bermuda. I shared a room with Ray Smith (Smitty) and Richard Shakeshaft (Shake), also class of 1968 on Sea Year.

Previous to an engineering watch, I was out on deck socializing with non-crew and was caught in a rain storm. I went to the room to change into work shoes and khakis for my watch. I wanted my dress shoes (KP issue) to dry so I placed

them atop a waste basket to allow air all around them. I came back from watch and they were GONE. If you guessed that they went into the trash, you are correct.

My work boots would not have looked good with my dress blues. After about 12 hours of panic and staff looking for them, they were returned. Seems they were being fought over by multiple crew members who wanted to retrieve them from the "trash" for their own use.

On the same trip, no one was identified as the culprit, but someone placed a baby shark about 5 inches long in the main swimming pool. It was written up as part of the psychology/sociology sea project observing both staff and client reactions. It was amazing that none of us three were suspected -- an unsolved mystery!

--Cary

From Jim Nowakowski:

Viet Nam, January 1966 -- Indelible Memories

Arriving in the warzone, Ray Sutton and I were on the bow of the SS *Exminster* on a beautiful sunny day. First, a giant sailfish leaped across our course. Then, a US jet checked us out in a show of force, and then dipped his wings in acceptance. We had arrived in the war zone and our paltry $3 a day take home pay (for unlimited work) had doubled. Many days at anchor off the coast near the mouth of the Saigon River followed, along with 30 or more other ships all waiting for dock space -- we were fishing, socializing, and sleeping on deck.

Then a crew member went berserk, threatening many of the crew with a knife to their throats, pacing the deck throughout the night. Finally, the Captain and crew, including Ray Sutton, subdued the crewman, putting him in a straight jacket. Then, he screamed and roared through the night for several nights. Finally, the Coast Guard came and removed the man and we were again just at anchor waiting.

Meanwhile, from the safety of our ship, we watched strafing from helicopters, tracers, jets dropping their pods – it

was a no-bombing time. Offshore, a cruiser was shelling targets on shore, belching flames with deep sounds of the cruiser's guns, truly an intimidating sight.

Finally, dock space opened up for our first of two trips up the Saigon River. Signs of poverty were everywhere. We saw rice farming with water buffalo, families or groups living on barges, children begging or worse yet, 8-year-olds working in shops rewinding armatures. Why are we fighting for this, was my question.

In the bars, it was Chinese New Year, and Vietnamese patrons were nervous every time fireworks were nearby, worrying about damaging explosions. Soldiers talked about the effects of saltpeter, and much more seriously about the bodies of fellow serviceman they had seen.

Stupidly, one time I was out after curfew wandering around the outskirts of Saigon. South Vietnamese soldiers refused to help me because I didn't have enough money. A short while later an Australian army jeep pulled up and said these welcome words, "Hop in Yank" and gave me a ride to the ship, no questions asked. Trust me; this emphasized the true value of our allies.

It was an exciting 30 days in the warzone, including 10 days in Saigon and 4 trips on the Saigon River. At age 19, it was all taken for granted and barely understood; but today, more than 50 years later, in the security of my home, these are truly indelible memories.

--Jim

From Jeff Grant:

A tidbit from Sea Year

While sailing on the SS *Washington Mail* to the Far East from Tacoma, Wash, we were headed to a port in Borneo. I thought it so exotic. We had first gone to South Korea, Japan, Formosa and the Philippines. Then we went south to Borneo prior to the port of Hong Kong.

Every day I was given three small bars of soap for washing -- one for the shower, one for the sink and one spare;

supposed to be "single use" bars. But ever since we left Formosa I was given only one bar each day. So I asked the Steward why that was, and he gave me a vague answer, but I did get two each day after that.

Then we arrived in Borneo. There was no dock. We offloaded onto small boats, called "lighters," which then carried the material to shore. I was transfixed by the surroundings -- the ship was surrounded with small boats and canoes with people (mainly men) who were bartering for personal goods. The main currency was either blue jeans or soap! They were selling local items and some handmade jewelry. Now I knew why I did not get my allotment of soap on the way there.

I purchased a matched set of gigantic clam shells -- must have been three feet across. Very nice -- the price? I gave the man three pairs of used blue jeans and all the "extra" soap I had. I think I overpaid, but I liked the giant clam shells. I gave them to my mother, who used them in their roof rain drainage system -- as a base for their waterfall -- unique!

Another Sea Year Experience

While sailing on a W.R. Grace ship to the West Coast of South America, the Chief Engineer was a very interesting person. He had many sea stories from WWII, which he told us about constantly. There was one peculiarity though that had us stumped. When we asked him about what he did when he came aboard -- he would not answer, but we did see a reaction in his body language. So, we knew there was a story in him about his actions . . . The very first thing he had done was to remove the door to his cabin and replaced it with a heavy curtain. This was the only time in my experience that someone had done this.

After a few weeks of listening to his many stories, we arrived at a port in Central America and most of the engineers went together to town. Naturally, we congregated at the local watering hole and had a good time talking with one another. After a few hours, I asked the Chief why he had replaced his cabin door with a curtain. At first he didn't respond; I could tell that he was mulling over a response in his mind.

Finally, he started his long held secret. He was an older person with many experiences, thus the non-stop stories. I had heard of many mariners' sea stories, but none like this.

The old timer was an engineer aboard Victory ships in WWII, making the run across the Atlantic many times. On one particular run, his ship was in the lead of the convoy. He knew it was very dangerous, but as a young engineer he braved the episode and displayed his allegiance to the USA war effort. Anyway, as they got closer to the continent, they were under watch for U-boats in the area. He was off watch, in his cabin, when his ship was hit with a torpedo and they were ordered to abandon ship. He was in his cabin and when he ran for the door, it wouldn't open! He tried in vain to get it open, and could not budge it. In a panic, he opened the porthole to the outside and tried to get out. Although he was not a large man, he struggled to get through the opening. In his desperation, cutting himself in the process, he finally got out. He put his life jacket on just in time to jump off the ship into the freezing water. He was rescued a short time later by another ship in the convoy, and climbed aboard to go with all the others into the Officer's Mess, wrapped in blankets and wondering what would happen next.

While there huddled with the other men who were rescued, that ship was also torpedoed and was going down. Unbelievably, the door to the mess room was stuck closed, so no one could get out! There were a few portholes in that room, and he was determined to get out as soon as he could. Struggling to get through, he knew it was possible, and he finally got out and jumped into the sea. One of the last ships in the convoy scooped him out of the very cold water and gave him a warm blanket and a place to sit. He refused to go into anyone's cabin and stayed in the hallway.

From that day forward, he vowed never to get closed into a room. He did everything he could to make sure he could get out in case of emergency. He kept sailing, though.

--Jeff

From John Hotaling:

A month back home in Otego reassured me that whatever I did I had to graduate. As much as we all struggled with being at the Zoo, I realized most of all what a great opportunity KP was to get out of Appalachian poverty and I was determined not to screw it up. I got orders to meet the Export lines ship SS *Exford* in Hoboken in uniform and with sea bags packed. After many public transportation bus and subway rides in August with wool dress blues and a paper collar, toting heavy gear I got there – but no ship. Called the shipping line and academy but no help really – just wait . . . the *Exford* was at the Brooklyn Army terminal and would be shifting to Hoboken tomorrow.

I didn't have much money and no ability to do anything different, so I got a room above a longshoremen's bar and hid out locked above the ruckus. The next day -- still no ship. Wait another day. The third day still no ship and the ATR said go to the Brooklyn Army terminal and get on the ship. Making a long story short, I did that and arrived just in time to see it pulling away from the dock shifting to Hoboken. Then I took a $50 cab ride back to Hoboken hoping to get on because it was getting close to the last money I had. Poor country kid in the worst areas of the city but I had my issued 'marlin spike' knife at the ready. It all worked out and we sailed a few days later.

This ship had been on the India run going back and forth for years. The crew was not happy when after leaving NY it was learned it would be part of the new 'Around The World' service and we wouldn't get back for 4½ months. *Exford* was a WWII vintage C-2 bucket with no air conditioning. The two cadets lived on the main deck with the crew, sharing a room. No paint on this ship -- everything was covered in fish oil and lamp black because old man Isbrandtsen was a skinflint owner and it was the cheapest way to control rust. This made the entire ship filthy and we just kept putting down layers of cardboard in our room to have something clean to walk on. I was a little homesick at first; no Internet and cell phones back then -- just the fictitious mail buoy once in a while with a letter from home. But what an adventure!

I could write an entire book about that voyage alone. The major thing was it was an old, tired ship with lots of things breaking and lots to learn. The chief had me work with the electrician constantly fixing the DC winches necessary for the break bulk cargo handling and I got so good at it they had me standing winch watches in port so the electrician could get off once in a while. The ship helped me see the ports too and at the end gave me significant extra money and a lot of learned experiences. Many, many more stories to be told. Storms at sea in the Indian Ocean losing the plant, Gulf of Tehuantepec hurricane with cargo breaking loose, fires, crew fights and a mysterious death aboard. The body in the fish box had to be checked every day by the cadet, crew members doing drugs, danger and adventure at every turn, but what an experience!

Back at the academy, academics were getting easier because things were evening out now that we were upper classmen. Now, courses made sense because the ship experiences related to it. Seamanship, steam engineering, pumps and pipes, systems, and even the deckie stuff. Wow -- what a growth period! During the second sea period another engineering cadet, Bob Casamassina, and I were assigned to the SS *Pioneer Minx* to go to the Far East. It was a great trip in all respects until the final leg home. We saw all the best ports in the orient, learned a lot about ships and how the social life worked. Bob fell in love and I even bought two Honda motorcycles (S90 and S65 – not really motorcycles) and had them aboard. However Panama was our downfall. I was working on a lube oil pump in port when a piece of wire went through my eye and I was left at General Gorgas USPHS hospital for three or four surgeries and five weeks later medevac'd to the Staten Island PHS hospital for more surgery trying to save my eye. While I was in Staten Island a crewman from the *Pioneer Minx* who had visited the Blue Goose in Panama City got quarantined and joined me for a stay in the hospital. At least Blanca came from Long Island by train and subway and ferry once or twice a week to cheer me up. Support from the academy was sparse. I insisted on seeing my books and was determined not to fall behind a year.

Little did I know that when I did get released and returned to KP that Admiral McLintock would call me into Wiley Hall. He had already decided that I could not continue and I was being asked to leave. Thinking quickly, I replied that my lawyer and I had anticipated this and as long as the Academy was willing to fully fund me at MIT, I could start there next semester . . . but I would still prefer to graduate with my class from KP. It was one of the biggest bluffs of my life that I thought of on the spot . . . and it worked. At that point there was no lawyer and no MIT offer and I had nothing to lose. McLintock (I prefer to not glorify this A-hole with the rank of Admiral) was flummoxed. He snorted a few times and said they would get back to me. A few days later "they" decided I could stay. I struggled but "they" left me alone and I learned to read, write, drive and thrive with monocular vision. Denis Jewett and I made an extra trip on the *Mormacaltair* so I could sail monocular and have the sea time and experience and sit for the license exam -- a piece of cake after four years at the Zoo. They wouldn't give it to me then, but later it proved to be a brilliant move. Later, MARAD did pay for my MSME at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

--John

From Jim Todd:

That these were more than fusty Latin words, Acta non verba, came into sharper focus during my midshipman year at sea, which began almost as soon as classes ended in May 1965.

My first assignment -- working as an engineering midshipman on a U.S. Lines C-4 breakbulk cargo ship, on an around-the-world voyage through the Panama Canal, hopscotching throughout the Far East and South Asia, and into the Red Sea. While ashore in Ceylon the deck midshipman and I found ourselves in the middle of a barroom riot, and when it became clear that *verba* wouldn't extricate us from the melee, we *acta*-ed our way to safety. Later, in Karachi, the international hotel in which we were enjoying some cocktails was besieged by tens of thousands of rioting

Pakistanis, and we seized the day by hiding in the closets of a couple upper-floor rooms. We weren't heroes, true enough, but our academy training served us well, nonetheless -- we recognized trouble and got ourselves out of it.

A highlight of that trip came as we prepared to transit the Suez. The chief engineer gave me a choice: I could join our twelve passengers on a visit to the Sphinx and Great Pyramids or work the ship's throttles through the canal. I stayed aboard, answering the bells.

My second assignment, late that fall, was aboard a ship making the North Atlantic run between New York, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and LeHavre. It was a newer ship with an automated fireroom, so that at nineteen years old I was often one of just two other engineers on watch. On our second run back to New York, we sailed into a mammoth storm that churned up fifty-foot seas. For eight days we wallowed in the gale, unable to eat or sleep, the ship driven far off its course to the south. At one point a concussive wave caused the ship's jacking gear switch to engage, which in turn prompted the automated system to shut down the boilers. For a few breathless minutes we were without engines in mountainous seas, and if not for the quick wits and know-how of the first assistant engineer—who identified the problem and refired the boilers—we'd have gone to the bottom. It was a brutal lesson in an ocean's power and man's relative insignificance, and it impressed on me that in such a lopsided contest, a mariner had best understand everything about his ship and its gear.

I hit my stride learning about shipboard systems on my next assignment, which saw me glued to the First Assistant's side, standing watch and performing repairs on a cruise from New York to the Far East. I learned to weld and fit pipe and came to appreciate the rational predictability of a ship's machinery.

But it was the next assignment, aboard an old C-2 rust bucket bound from New York to multiple ports in Australia, on which I was able to put to use all that I'd learned. The ship ruptured a seawater inlet pipe while transiting the Panama Canal. I spent the transit in the bilge with the chief engineer, plugging the leak. Halfway across the Pacific, we developed a bigger leak in a much larger inlet pipe, and I was assigned the

on-the-fly patchwork that kept us going. A few days after that, we developed a hole in the top of our freshwater storage tank, and I was tapped to help develop a solution. We put into Tahiti for three days to do the repairs, but I spent our entire port call below deck.

My efforts endeared me to the Chief Engineer, however, and in Brisbane he and the Captain took me to the U.S. embassy and signed me up for the trip home as the ship's third assistant engineer, at full pay. On the way back across the Pacific, I was the 8-12 watch engineer. It was a heady development for a third-class midshipman, but also an affirmation of the training I'd received at Kings Point -- I could recognize a problem, figure out how to fix it, and *do* it. And the Chief Engineer had trust in my ability to safely handle whatever came up while I was on watch.

As part of my duties on that trip, I was ordered to report to the Chief's stateroom daily for happy hour. He drank scotch, so I learned to drink scotch. When the bottles were done, we'd bury them at sea. The First Assistant, a deep-voiced Kings Pointer who back on land ran funeral homes, would deliver the graveside benediction before we dumped the empties off a plank over the side.

Once we landed back in the States, a union rep insisted that I be busted back down to midshipman, but by that time I'd earned enough money to make time at Maurice's very pleasurable for the next year. I'd also seen and done things that most young men can only dream they'll someday experience. I'll forever love the academy for my sea year.

--Jim

From Jack Opet:

Sea year definitely accelerated my boyhood-to-young adulthood transition; it was also eye-opening for a young man who grow up in a relatively small rural part of PA where the only differences were which country in Europe were your ancestors came from and which religion (Catholicism, Judaism or Protestantism) your family followed. Needless to say, I came back home in '66 a transformed individual with a much

larger worldview. That's not to say that I didn't have any fun. Four voyages on passenger ships to Europe (the *Indy* and the *Big U*), a 4-month round-the-world voyage with AEIL that was the highlight of my sea year, and three runs to North Europe with USL and Mormac allowed me to visit 24 different countries and cultures (along with meeting various local residents in port). As a *Big U* aside, I later served as a pallbearer at Mr. Gibbs' funeral in '67. After my 2nd voyage on the *Indy*, the ATO paid me a visit and suggested that I refrain from fraternizing with any passengers if I wanted to stay in school (my next ship had 12 retirees aboard). On the USL freighter, the 1st Ass't. kept reminding me what a terrific engineer Barney Kroeger was (we later became close friends in Cambridge when he was at MIT and I was at Harvard). And I was really lucky to sail with some great shipmates like Dave Van Oss and Norm Wood. But after my time in Saigon, I started to get a sense of guilt about not serving in the war that carried over into my 2nd class year.

--Jack

From Dave Aldrich:

I shipped out of New York on the *American Pilot* -- two voyages to Germany for my first ship. My roommate was another engineer, Jim Wilson. My father met the First Engineer when he brought me to the ship; they had in common Knights of Columbus memberships and I still remember him telling my father that he would look out for me. My most significant memories of that ship follow.

I remember the green grass entering the port of Bremerhaven, the first place I had ever been outside Long Island and the New York metropolitan area. I remember seeing the First Engineer at the Bremerhaven seamen's club. He had a toupee on and I barely recognized him. I bought rubbers out of a vending machine in the club thinking it was chewing gum. Other things were: getting seasick the third day out, North Atlantic seas, soaking the tablecloths to keep the plates on them, the beer halls during Octoberfest, walking the Reeperbahn in Hamburg, the little street with baffles on the

ends and all the girls sitting in the windows. At the end of my second trip we called on the port of Boston. I remember being in the mess hall in the evening, hearing seven shorts blasts of the horn, followed by a long one then we hit a barge. We talked about the old Captain at the very end of his career being involved in this and mused about how it would affect him. I never found out. When the trip was over, in New York, my roommate pleaded some kind of family emergency and got some time off.

I shipped out, around the world bound, on the *President Adams*, with my new roommate, Class of 1967 football player and sea year split, Joe Bojko. The Captain, Captain Janus, had two daughters -- one joined the ship in New York to ride to San Francisco, the Captain's home. His daughters lived with friends when he was at sea. It was Christmas and he took Joe & me to spend the holiday at the home of his friends. The daughters showed us around San Francisco, and as I remember, we sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge on New Year's Eve. We carried eleven passengers. It was an interesting trip; we did a lot of tours such as the Pyramids and Sphinx with the passengers. The First Engineer, my boss, was my least favorite of sea year. I had to go to his room every evening for what seemed like hours, to write down his daily thoughts in his log, and listen to his BS. My last ship was my favorite, the *African Mercury*. The First and Chief did not get along and that again led to difficult "politics" on the trip as I worked for and really liked the First. Shrimp Peri Peri in Lourenco Marques was one of my strongest memories of that voyage and many, many of us trying a new restaurant the last night and all getting food poisoning, enough of us that there was no break from work, we were all sick, no one to cover for anyone else. The other was definitely dealing with apartheid in South Africa and us shipmates, splitting up at the gate, by race, when we went ashore.

--Dave

From Richard Shakeshaft:

We've all seen kids (maybe our kids or grandkids) doing impossible, insane tricks on hi-tech, composite material skateboards, but do you recall that they actually got their start in the 60's? Two enterprising Engine cadets, Ray Smith and I, saw the futility of just riding down a hill only to have to carry it back up the hill and repeat the process. So, what if you could ride down an endless hill?!! Say a rolling ship at sea. You're on the starboard side, the ship rolls to port, you skate "down hill'' arriving at the port side just after the ship starts its roll to starboard, make a sweeping turn and back you go. Time it right and you can do endless ovals and figure 8's . . . or so the theory goes. The reality was we had a few successful round trips across the ship and back -- quite exciting actually considering the potential water hazard and all. The captain of our C-2 was so excited he couldn't even talk -- just flailed his arms, shout/stammered and pointed.

--Richard

From Al Schultz:

Sea year lived up to expectations. Again, a lot of hard, and sometimes hot & dirty work, but what a great learning experience in so many ways. I remember telling my father about working in the engine room bilges or steam lancing inside a boiler superheater. He was a hard-working man, being a machinist and also a fireman, and his comment to me was "Is that what I sent you to college for?" He was very proud though of my being at KP, and learning to get my hands dirty.

--Al

From John Rydzewski:

My second Far East voyage on my first ship, the SS *Hong Kong Bear,* was my most memorable voyage. We just left dry dock. Among other things the boilers received new

economizers and the ship a new propeller. The evening before leaving for Japan the second mate called out to me as I walked past his room. He was bleeding from his head. I immediately found the first engineer and summoned help. It wasn't clear if he fell or was beaten up while shoreside. He didn't make the voyage.

We had a deck cargo of livestock (cattle, hogs, sheep) and a "cowboy" as a working passenger to care for them. The "cowboy" was from Trimble, MO and was missing a thumb. More about him later. During our entire voyage to Japan the new economizers kept leaking. The first engineer unsuccessfully tried to weld the leaks almost daily. They were finally repaired in Yokohama.

One of the passengers was a lady author. She claimed someone tried to break into her room, so for a couple of nights she stayed in the captain's quarters while he stayed in her stateroom. The story goes that she went through his files looking for material to write about (can't trust those authors!!).

When leaving Korea we found a nine or ten-year-old stowaway on board. He stayed with the "cowboy" who was now working as a wiper once the livestock were unloaded. When we arrived in Nagoya the young boy was handed over to the proper authorities.

Just before leaving Nagoya the jacking gear kicked out. The engineer went topside and checked around the stern of the ship but saw nothing unusual. He turned the jacking gear back on. Upon leaving Nagoya when we went to full speed the ship started vibrating. We limped in to the next port (I don't recall where but I believe Taiwan) and found that the new propeller had been bent. Apparently it hit something when the jacking gear kicked out.

When we returned to Japan before the journey home the "cowboy" got married and brought his new wife back with us. I often wonder how well she liked Trimble, MO (approximate population in 1965 was 200).

When we got back to the US I was going to change ships. I had everything already packed. For whatever reason customs officials came to my room and had me unpack everything. I don't know if they were looking for something specific. I was a little worried when they found the bootleg

engineering books from Taiwan, but they passed right over them. Guess I'll never know.

The ship's captain was very outgoing. He wanted to be the bride at every wedding and the corpse at every funeral. We were headed to Yokohama. The captain wanted to get there in time to pick up the pilot and tie up that evening rather than anchor overnight. If I recall correctly the turbine had 21 nozzles available, but were limited by the ABS to use no more than 14. In his desire to increase the ship's speed, he requested the chief engineer to break that rule. At dinner the captain proudly announced, "Yessir, today I asked the Chief Engineer to do something we aren't supposed to do. I told him to put 18 burners in the boiler!!"

On another occasion when the ship was rolling in heavy seas, the captain (same outgoing captain) asked if anyone saw how much it had rolled. One of the engineers said he saw a roll of 27 degrees. The captain loudly countered with, "Well that was in the engine room. We rolled a lot more than that on the bridge!!"

--John

From Jim Ware:

Joe Patterson and I shipped out together. One of our ships was on a Delta freighter to South America. I had heard that gem stones were a good bargain down there. When we hit Rio, I asked the officers where a good place to buy a bracelet or necklace could be found. Someone recommended a jeweler named H Stern & Co. Joe & I got a cab and asked to be taken to their store. We were let out in front of this high rise building with no name on it. We went inside and didn't see any stores. We looked at the list of businesses inside and saw that H Stern & Co was on the___ floor; no other info was given. We took the elevator to the designated floor and got out.

A young lady met us at the elevator and asked what we needed. I explained to her we were looking for a jewelry store called H Stern. She informed us that we were in the right place and escorted us to an office with a gentleman behind a desk. He asked me what I was looking to purchase. When I told him I

was looking for a necklace or bracelet for Terri, my soon to be fiancée, he told his assistant to bring a certain tray to him. After looking at the tray and realizing that they were out of my price range, he sent for another less expensive tray.

I picked out a nice aquamarine necklace, but I didn't have enough cash to cover it. This was before credit cards. He asked me if I had a checking account in the states. I did, but told him I didn't have any checks with me. He asked me if I knew the account number and bank. With just this info I gave him everything he needed and I walked out of the "store" with my new necklace. For about 10 years after that and while living in 2 different states I received a Christmas card from H Stern & Co.

--Jim

From Bob Rogers:

I was on an A split, and 3rd class year I started rooming with Doug Neal. Doug graduated and went on to have a wonderful career with Long Lines, being a legendary Captain of one of their cable ships – with Vince Sottile as his Chief Engineer. During my first sea year I was assigned to the *President Garfield* with M-Man – Ray Fernandez. Ray bought a Honda motorcycle in Japan, and I still recall traveling from Keelung to Taipei on the back of his motorcycle – which I believe was a 250cc.

--Bob

From Harvey Mott:

My first sea year voyage was on the States Line SS *Arizona* from the Pacific Northwest to the Far East including spending 10 days in Saigon. Upon returning to the Pacific Northwest, I was transferred to the Grace Line SS *Santa Juana* for a repositioning voyage of about a week to San Francisco to join the Pacific Far East Line SS *Korea Bear* for

three voyages to the Far East. The engineers on the *Korea Bear* were great and split the wages of one of the two missing engineers with me on the last voyage. John Pavia and Bob Paul were the engine and deck cadets on the *Santa Juana* and were the only cadets I sailed with during sea year.

--Harvey

From Carl Miller:

Throughout my KP life I was extremely fortunate to get paired up with great roommates like Doug Neal, Plebe Year; Don Peavy, Sea Year and Alex Weller for Second and First Class years. Don and I were not quite as lucky with getting berths on high quality ships. Our first, the SS *Santa Olivia* was a rusting C-2 that took us to the Dominican Republic during the Dominican Crisis and then to Venezuela. After a couple of month-long voyages, we got transferred to a wonderful Victory ship, the SS *Brooklyn Heights* for 4½ months around the world. Personally, the crews on both ships were great, especially the bosuns, senior able bodied seamen and the 2nd Mates. I learned so much about seamanship and fixing things during long ocean passages and celestial navigation from the 2nd Mates.

We overhauled everything in preparation for Coast Guard inspections when we returned. During that voyage India and Pakistan went to war, so we got to skip India and just visit East and West Pakistan. We finally got on a modern ship, the SS *Mormacdraco* going to the Baltic, but they took us off after one voyage to get tanker experience and put us on the SS *Texaco North Dakota.* Working out how to load and unload this floating drug store with 28 tanks and not contaminate product was probably the biggest challenge of my sea year.

--Carl

[Editor's Note: The following 19 pages were researched and provided by Boyd Goddard, who didn't want credit for doing this, but he is going to get it anyway!].

The Ships We Sailed On During Sea Year

Most of the ships we sailed on as cadets are gone now. We went off to sea in a transition period when the wartime vessels were reaching the end of their useful life and a new period of shipbuilding had begun. It is interesting to note that some of us sailed on the same ship, but under different names as the old vessels were demoted (in name) as the new crop of vessels replaced them. Many of those old vessels continued on for several years before meeting the grim scrapper.

This listing covers our ships' histories from the ways to the graveyard:

Company name (in 1965-67) delivered as	class history	builder	year
Alcoa Steamship Co.			
SS *Alcoa Commander*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding	1945
Courser	*Pioneer Land* 1949, *American Archer* 1956, *Alcoa Commander* 1963, *Columbia Rose* 1969, scrapped 1971		
American Export-Isbrantdtsen Lines			
NS *Savannah*	P2-N1-40a	New York Shipbuilding, Camden NJ	1962
Savannah	Deactivated 1971, laid up Baltimore, MD.		
SS *Atlantic*	C4-S-1a	Sun Ship	1953
Badger Mariner	Atlantic 1957, Universe Campus 1968, Universe 1976, scrapped 1996.		
SS *Brooklyn Heights*	VC2-S-AP3	California Shipbuilding, L A	1945
Villanova Victory	*Brooklyn Heights* 1949, *Northern Star* 1969, scrapped 1970.		
SS *Constitution*	P3-S2-DL2	Beth Quincy	1951
Constitution	*Ocean Constitution* 1974, *Constitution* 1980, sold for scrap 1997 but sank en route.		
SS *Exbrook*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point	1946
Exbrook	*Brook* 1975, scrapped 1976.		
SS *Excelsior*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point	1943
Excelsior	*Celsior* 1970, scrapped 1970.		
SS *Exchester*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point	1945
Exchester	Scrapped 1973.		
SS *Exford*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point	1946
Exford	Scrapped 1976.		

SS *Exilona* *USS Leedstown (APA-56)*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point	1942
	Laid down as *Exchequer*, assigned to navy as *Wood* (AP-101), reclassified as attack transport (APA-56) 1943, USS *Leedstown* 1943, NDRF 1946, *Minute Man* 1947, *Exilona* 1949, *Ilona* 1970, scrapped 1970.		
SS *Exiria* *Exiria*	C2-S-A1	Bath Ironworks	1942
	Scrapped 1968.		
SS *Exminster* *Exminster*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point	1944
	Sprang leak in ER & scrapped 1969.		
SS *Expeditor* *USS Windsor (AP-100)*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point	1942
	Laid down as *Excelsior*, assigned to the navy as Naval Transport USS *Windsor* (AP-100), redesignated Attack Transport USS *Windsor* APA-55) 1943, *Paul Revere* 1947, *Expeditor* 1949, scrapped 1972.		
SS *Export Adventurer* *Export Adventurer*	C3-S-38a	New York Shipbuilding, Camden NJ	1960
	To Farrell Lines 1978, *Adventurer* 1981 RRF.		
SS *Export Agent* *Export Agent*	C3-S-38a	Natl Steel San Diego	1960
	To Farrell Lines 1978, *Agent* 1980 RRF.		
SS *Export Aide* *Export Aide*	C3-S-38a	Natl Steel San Diego	1961
	To Farrell Lines 1978, *Aide* 1980 RRF.		
SS *Export Ambassador* *Export Ambassador*	C3-S-38a	New York Shipbuilding, Camden NJ	1961
	To Farrell Lines 1978, *Ambassador* 1981 RRF.		
SS *Export Banner* *Export Banner*	C3-S-46a	Natl Steel San Diego	1961
	To Farrell Lines 1978, *Banner* 1980 RRF, scrapped 2008.		
SS *Export Bay* *Export Bay*	C3-S-46a	Natl Steel San Diego	1961
	NDRF & renamed *Bay* 1977, to RRF 1984, NDRF 1993, scrapped 2010.		
SS *Export Builder* *Export Builder*	C3-S-46a	Natl Steel San Diego	1962
	To Farrell Lines 1978, *Builder* 1980 RRF, scrapped 2008.		
SS *Export Buyer* *Export Buyer*	C3-S-46a	Natl Steel San Diego	1962
	To Farrell Lines 1978, *Buyer* 1980 RRF.		
SS *Export Challenger* *Export Challenger*	C3-S-46b	Sun Ship	1963
	To Farrell Lines 1978, 1983 RRF, *Courage* 1987, scrapped 2001.		
SS *Export Champion* *Export Champion*	C3-S-46b	Sun Ship	1963
	To Farrell Lines 1978, 1983 RRF, *Champion* 1987, scrapped 1998.		
SS *Export Commerce* *Export Commerce*	C3-S-46b	Sun Ship	1963
	To Farrell Lines 1978, 1983 RRF, *Commerce* 1984, scrapped 2000.		
SS *Export Courier* *Export Courier*	C3-S-46b	Sun Ship	1962
	To Farrell Lines 1978, *Courier* 1981 RRF, scrapped 2008.		

SS *Exporter* *Exporter*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point Scrapped 1972.	1945
SS *Express* *USS Adair (APA-91)*	C3-S-A3	Beth Sparrows Point Laid down as *Exchester*, assigned to navy as USS *Adair* (APA-91), *Express* 1947, *Press* 1970, scrapped 1970.	1944
SS *Extavia* *Extavia*	C2-S-A1	Bath Ironworks *Empire Oriole* 1942 (British Ministry of War), *Extavia* 1942 (reverted to USA), to AEL 1946, scrapped 1968.	1941
SS *Flying Clipper* *USS Southampton (AKA-66)*	C2-S-AJ3	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Flying Clipper* 1947, scrapped 1971.	1944
SS *Flying Cloud* *Flying Cloud*	C2-S-B1	Moore Dry Dock Scrapped 1972.	1944
SS *Flying Eagle* *USS Venango (AKA-82)*	C2-S-AJ3	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Venango* 1947, *Flying Eagle* 1952, *Southern Star* 1968, *Anna* 1970, scrapped 1971.	1944
SS *Flying Endeavor* *Robin Tuxford*	C2-S	Beth Sparrows Point *Flying Endeavor* 1957, scrapped 1971.	1941
SS *Flying Enterprise* *Noonday*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding To Waterman in 1946, *Flying Enterprise II* 1952, scrapped 1972.	1944
SS *Flying Trader* *Petersburg Victory*	VC2-S-AP2	California Shipbuilding, L A *Flying Trader* 1948, *Transtar* 1969, scrapped 1969.	1945
SS *Independence* *Independence*	P3-S2-DL2	Beth Quincy Laid up 1969, *Oceanic Independence* 1974, 1976 laid up as *Sea Luck I*, *Oceanic Independence* 1980, laid up 2001, sold to Norwegiean Cruise Line 2003, scrapped 2009.	1951
SS *Remsen Heights* *Bates Victory*	VC2-S-AP3	California Shipbuilding, L A *Remsen Heights* 1950, *Eastern Star* 1968, *Philomila* 1970, scrapped 1971.	1945
American Mail Lines			
SS *Japan Mail* *Japan Mail*	C4-S-1s	Todd San Pedro Converted to Containership 1971, *President Truman* 1975, to RRF 1987 as *Diamond State* (C6-S-MA1xb) now NDRF	1962
SS *Oregon Mail* *Oregon Mail*	C4-S-1sa	Natl Steel San Diego *President Kennedy* 1975, *President Wilson* 1988, *Ocean Phoenix* 1989.	1964
SS *Philippine Mail* *Philippine Mail*	C4-S-1s	Todd San Pedro Converted to Containership 1971, *President Eisenhower* 1975, *Santa Paula* 1983, *American Banker* 1985, scrapped 2004.	1962

SS *Washington Mail* *Washington Mail*	C4-S-1s	Todd San Pedro	1962 *Pres. Roosevelt* 1975, *Santa Rosa* 1983, *American Builder* 1985, *Equality State* 1987 RRF.

American President Lines

SS *President Adams* *Palmetto Mariner*	C4-S-1h	Newport News	1953 Orig *Palmetto Mariner* (C4-S-1a), converted to (C4-S-1h) "Cadillac Mariner" *President Adams* 1956, scrapped 1974.
SS *President Arthur* *Lone Star Mariner*	C4-S-1p	Ingalls Pascagoula	1952 Orig *Lone Star Mariner* (C4-S-1a) converted to (C4-S-1p) *President Arthur* 1959, *Export Democracy* 1974, *Lone Star Mariner* 1978, scrapped 1985.
SS *President Buchanan* *Hoosier Mariner*	C4-S-1a	Sun Ship	1953 *President Buchanan* 1959, *Carter Braxton* 1974, *Hoosier Mariner* 1979, scrapped 1985.
SS *President Coolidge* *Cracker State Mariner*	C4-S-1h	Newport News	1954 Orig *Cracker State Mariner* (C4-S-1a), converted to (C4-S-1h) "Cadillac Mariner" *President Coolidge* 1956, *Export Defender* 1975, *Cracker State Mariner* 1978 NDRF, scrapped 1992.
SS *President Garfield* *Magnolia Mariner*	C4-S-1p	Ingalls Pascagoula	1953 Orig *Magnolia Mariner* (C4-S-1a), converted to (C4-S-1p) *President Garfield* 1959, *Samuel Chase* 1974, scrapped 1980.
SS *President Hayes* *Old Dominion Mariner*	C4-S-1a	Newport News	1952 Modified to (C4-S-1h) *President Hayes* 1955, *Export Diplomat* 1974, *Old Dominion Mariner* 1978 RRF, scrapped 1986.
SS *President Jackson* *Volunteer Mariner*	C4-S-1h	Newport News	1953 Orig *Volunteer Mariner* (C4-S-1a), converted to (C4-S-1h) "Cadillac Mariner" as *President Jackson*, renamed *Joseph Hewes* 1974, scrapped 1980.
SS *President Lincoln* *President Lincoln*	C4-S-1q	Beth SF	1961 (C4-S-1q) Searacer class, *Lincoln* 1980 NDRF, scrapped 2011.
SS *President Madison* *Sea Starling*	C3-S-A4	Western Pipe & Steel	1946 *President Madison* 1956, sold to Vintage Steamship Co 1972, scrapped 1973.
SS *President Monroe* *President Monroe*	C4-S-1qa	Natl Steel San Diego	1966 Converted to containers (C6-S-MA1qd) 1972, *Gem State* (T-ACS-1) 1986 RRF.
SS *President Polk* *President Polk*	C3-P	Newport News	1941 Requisitioned by navy 1943 as troop ship USS *President Polk* (AP-103), returned to APL as *President Polk* 1946, *Gaucho Martin Fierro* 1965, *Minotauros* 1966, scrapped 1970.

SS *President Taylor*	C4-S-1a	Sun Ship	1954
Hawkeye Mariner	*President Taylor* 1957, *Austral Pilgrim* 1974, scrapped 1980.		
SS *President Tyler*	C4-S-1q	Beth SF	1961
President Tyler	(C4-S-1q) Searacer class, renamed *President* 1980 NDRF, scrapped 2011.		

Bloomfield Steamship Co. (States Marine)

SS *Margaret Brown*	VC2-S-AP2	Permanente Metals Corp Yard No. 2, Richmond	1945
Fisk Victory	Laid up USMC 1948, *Margaret Brown* 1951, scrapped 1970.		

Central Gulf Steamship Co.

SS *Green Ridge*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula	1945
Sea Hare	*Hawaiian Educator* 1946, *Green Ridge* 1964, scrapped 1973.		

Chevron Shipping

SS *H. D. Collier*	T2-SE-A1	Sun Ship	1945
H. D. Collier	scrapped 1974.		
SS *Hillyer Brown*		Sun Ship	1953
Hillyer Brown	scrapped 1985.		
SS *J. L. Hanna*	T2-SE-A1	Sun Ship	1945
J. L. Hanna	scrapped 1977.		
SS *M. E. Lombardi*		Sun Ship	1940
M. E. Lombardi	*Nasugbu* 1972, scrapped 1976.		
SS *R. C. Stoner*		Sun Ship	1943
R. C. Stoner	Sank in storm at Wake Island, 1967.		
SS *Washington Standard*	T2-SE-A1	Sun Ship	1944
Kettle Creek	*Washington Standard* 1957, scrapped 1973.		

Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co.

SS *Cliffs Victory*	VC2-S-AP3	Oregon Shipbuilding	1945
Notre Dame Victory	NDRF 1948, lengthenedd to 601 ft. *Cliffs Victory* 1950, lengthened to 716 ft. 1957, laid up 1981, *Savic* 1985, scrapped 1987.		
SS *Edward B. Greene*	AAA bulk	American Shipbuilding, Toledo	1952
Edward B. Greene	Lengthened 1976, converted to self-unloader 1982, *Benson Ford* 1985, *Kaye E. Barker* 1989.		
SS *Walter A. Sterling*	T3-S-A1	Beth Sparrows Point	1942
Samoset	Laid down as *Mobiloil*, USMC *Samoset*, USS *Chiwawa* (AO-68), *Chiwawa* 1947, converted *Walter A. Sterling* 1961, *William Clay Ford* 1985, *Lee A. Tregurtha* 1989, converted to diesel 2006.		

Delta Steamship Lines

MV *Del Campo*	C1-A	Pennsylvania Shipyard, Beaumont, TX	1942
Cape Romano	*Del Campo* 1947, scrapped 1969.		

MV *Del Monte* *Cape Texas*	C1-A	Pennsylvania Shipyard, Beaumont, TX *Del Oro* 1947, *Del Monte* 1961, *Amicus II* 1968, scrapped 1969.	1944
SS *Del Alba* *Flying Eagle*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Del Alba* 1944, scrapped 1970.	1944
SS *Del Oro* *Del Oro*	C3-S-43a	Avondale Scrapped 1985.	1961
SS *Del Rio* *Del Rio*	C3-S-43a	Avondale Scrapped 1985.	1961
SS *Del Santos* *Talisman*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Del Santos* 1944, scrapped 1971.	1944
SS *Del Sol* *Del Sol*	C3-S-43a	Avondale Scrapped 1985.	1961
SS *Del Valle* *Memnon*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Del Valle* 1944, scrapped 1972.	1944
Farrell Lines			
SS *African Dawn* *African Dawn*	C4-S-58a	Ingalls Pascagoula *Dawn* 1980 RRF, scrapped 2011.	1963
SS *African Mercury* *African Mercury*	C4-S-58a	Ingalls Pascagoula *Mercury* 1980 RRF, *Cape Ann* 1980 NDRF.	1962
SS *African Meteor* *African Meteor*	C4-S-58a	Ingalls Pascagoula *Meteor* 1980 RRF, *Cape Alexander* 1980 NDRF non-retention 2017.	1962
SS *African Neptune* *African Neptune*	C4-S-58a	Ingalls Pascagoula Neptune 1980 RRF, Cape Archway 1980 NDRF non-retention 2017.	1963
SS *African Star* *African Star*	C3-S-BH2	Federal Steel & Shipbuilding (1968 fatal collision with a tank barge on Mississippi River in 1968, including C/M 3/c Hanley & Naegle), scrapped 1973.	1946
SS *African Sun* *African Sun*	C4-S-58a	Ingalls Pascagoula *Sun* 1980 RRF, *Cape Avinof* 1980 NDRF.	1963
SS *Australian Gem* *Whistler*	C2-S-AJ5	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Pioneer Gem* 1945, *Australian Gem* 1965, scrapped 1975.	1945
SS *Australian Gulf* *Defender*	C2-S-AJ5	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Pioneer Star* 1945, *Australian Gulf* 1965, scrapped 1970.	1945
SS *Australian Isle* *USS Sheliak (AKA-62)*	C2-S-B1	Federal Steel & Shipbuilding *Pioneer Isle* 1948, *Australian Isle* 1965, *Transluna* 1969, scrapped 1969.	1944
SS *Australian Surf* *USS Theenim (AKA-63)*	C2-S-B1	Federal Steel & Shipbuilding *American Inventor* 1948, *Pioneer Surf* 1959, *Australian Surf* 1965, *Surfer* 1969, scrapped 1970.	1944

Grace Lines

SS *Santa Adela* *Santa Margarita*	C2-S-B1	Federal Steel & Shipbuilding *Alboni* 1946, *Santa Adela* 1947, scrapped 1970.	1942
SS *Santa Ana* *USS Custer (APA-40)*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula Laid down as *Sea Eagle*, assigned to navy as naval transport (AP-85), commissioned USS *Custer* (AP-85) 1943, reclassified Attack Transport USS *Custer* (APA-40) 1943, NDRF 1046, 1948 *Mormacmar*, *Santa Ana* 1966, scrapped 1973.	1942
SS *Santa Anita* *Cape Cumberland*	C1-B	Consolidated Steel, Wilmington, CA *Merci* 1948, *Santa Anita* 1955, *Santa Victoria* 1966, scrapped 1971.	1943
SS *Santa Anita* *USS Grundy (APA-111)*	C2-S-A3	Ingalls Pascagoula NDRF 1946, *Mormacsurf* 1948, *Santa Anita* 1966, scrapped 1973.	1944
SS *Santa Barbara* *Santa Barbara*	C2-S-AJ4	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1969.	1944
SS *Santa Barbara* *Santa Barbara*	C4-S-49a	Sun Ship *Delta Bolivia* 1978, *Santa Barbara* 1980, scrapped 1990.	1966
SS *Santa Catalina* *Santa Catalina*	C2-S-AJ2	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1968.	1944
SS *Santa Cecilia* *Santa Cecilia*	C2-S-AJ4	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Julia* 1968, scrapped 1970.	1946
SS *Santa Cruz* *Cape Mohican*	C1-A	Pusey & Jones *Yucatan* 1951, *Santa Cruz* 1954, scrapped 1970.	1942
SS *Santa Cruz* *Santa Cruz*	C4-S-49a	Sun Ship *Delta Ecuador* 1975, *Santa Cruz* 1980, NDRF.	1966
SS *Santa Elena* *Santa Maria*	C2-S-AJ4	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Santa Elena* 1963, *Santa Sofia* 1968, *Sun* 1969, scrapped 1970.	1946
SS *Santa Elena* *Santa Elena*	C4-S-49a	Sun Ship *Delta Panama* 1978, *Santa Elena* 1980, scrapped 2003.	1966
SS *Santa Elisa* *Santa Elisa*	C2-S-AJ2	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Venetian V* 1968, scrapped 1969.	1944
SS *Santa Flavia* *Santa Barbara*	C2-S-AJ4	North Carolina Shipbuilding Renamed *Norseman* for USMC in 1946, reverted to Grace Line & named *Santa Flavia* in 1947, scrapped 1970	1946
SS *Santa Ines* *Santa Ines*	C2-S-AJ2	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Mantonna* 1968, *Grand Ocean* 1969, scrapped 1973.	1944
SS *Santa Isabel* *Santa Isabel*	C2-S-AJ4	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Santa Cristina* 1967, *Sofia* 1968, scrapped 1970.	1946

SS *Santa Isabel* *Santa Isabel*	C4-S-49a	Sun Ship *Delta Peru* 1978, *Santa Isabel* 1980, scrapped 2003.	1966
SS *Santa Juana* *Santa Cecilia*	C2-S-B1	Federal Steel & Shipbuilding Renamed *Silver Star* for USMC in 1946, reverted to Grace Line & named *Santa Juana* in 1947, scrapped 1970.	1942
SS *Santa Leonor* *USS Riverside (APA-102)*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula NDRF 1946, *P&T Forester* 1948, *Mormacwave* 1957, *Santa Leonor* 1966, grounded & sank 1968.	1944
SS *Santa Lucia* *Santa Lucia*	C4-S-49a	Sun Ship *Delta Venezuela* 1978, *Santa Lucia* 1980, NDRF.	1966
SS *Santa Luisa* *Santa Luisa*	C2-S-AJ4	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1970.	1946
SS *Santa Magdalena* *Santa Magdalena*	C4-S-49a	Beth Sparrows Point To Delta Lines 1980, laid up 1984, scrapped 1988.	1963
SS *Santa Margarita* *Santa Margarita*	C2-S-AJ4	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1968.	1946
SS *Santa Maria* *Santa Maria*	C4-S-49a	Beth Sparrows Point To Delta Lines 1980, laid up 1984, scrapped 1988.	1963
SS *Santa Mariana* *Santa Mariana*	C4-S-49a	Beth Sparrows Point To Delta Lines 1980, laid up 1984, scrapped 1988.	1963
SS *Santa Mercedes* *Santa Mercedes*	C4-S-49a	Beth Sparrows Point To Delta Lines 1980, laid up 1984, *Patriot State* 1983 (training ship for Mass Maritime), NDRF 1998, scrapped 2011.	1964
SS *Santa Monica* *Santa Monica*	C2-S1-DG2	Federal Steel & Shipbuilding *Maximus* 1963, *A & J Trader* 1964, *Santa Monica* 1964, *Cosmos Trader* 1966, scrapped 1969.	1946
SS *Santa Olivia* *Napier*	C2-S-AJ2	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Santa Olivia* 1946, scrapped 1968.	1944
SS *Santa Paula* *Santa Paula*	P2-S2-11a/51	Newport News Laid up 1971, *Stella Polaris* 1972, became hotel ship in Kuwait 1978, damaged by fire 1991, scrapped 1991.	1958
SS *Santa Rita* *Santa Rita*	C2-S-AJ2	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1968.	1944
SS *Santa Rosa* *Santa Rosa*	P2-S2-11a/51	Newport News Laid up 1971, NDRF 1975, *Samos Sky* 1976, *Pacific Sun* 1990, *Diamond Island* 1990, *Regent Rainbow* 1992, *Emerald* 1996, *The Emerald* 1996, scrapped 2012.	1958

Gulf & South American Steamship Co.

SS *Gulf Banker* *Gulf Banker*	C3-S-37d	Avondale Scrapped 2013.	1964

SS *Gulf Farmer* *Gulf Farmer*	C3-S-37d Scrapped 2009.	Avondale		1964
SS *Gulf Merchant* *Gulf Merchant*	C3-S-37d Scrapped 2008.	Avondale		1964
SS *Gulf Shipper* *Gulf Shipper*	C3-S-37d Scrapped 2008.	Avondale		1964
Gulf Oil Co.				
SS *Gulfcrest* *Gulfcrest*	Tanker *Montrachet* 1983, scrapped 1994.	Beth Sparrows Point		1959
SS *Gulfknight* *Gulfknight*	Tanker *Knight* 1985, *Anasazi* 1997, scrapped 2010.	Beth Sparrows Point		1958
SS *Gulfprince* *Gulfprince*	Tanker *American Osprey* 1982, scrapped 2009.	Beth Sparrows Point		1958
SS *Gulfsupreme* *Gulfsupreme*	Tanker *Coastal Manatee* 1984, scrapped 1999.	Beth Sparrows Point		1961
Hanna Mining Co.				
SS *Thomas E. Millsop* *William C. Atwater*	Laker *E. J. Kulas* 1936, *Ben Moreell* 1953, *Thomas E. Millsop* 1955, *E. J. Newberry* 1976, *Cedarglen* 1982, scrapped 1994.	Great Lakes Engineering Works		1925
Keystone Tankship Co.				
SS *Keystoner* *Keystoner*	Tanker Scrapped 1994.	Beth Sparrows Point		1953
SS *Keytanker* *Keytanker*	Tanker Scrapped 1976.	Beth Sparrows Point		1953
SS *Keytrader* *Keytrader*	Tanker Burned & scrapped 1974.	Beth Sparrows Point		1954
Lykes Brothers Steamship Co.				
SS *Aimee Lykes* *Aimee Lykes*	C3-S-37c *Cape Canso* (T-AK 5037) 1984 NDRF, scrapped 2008.	Avondale		1963
SS *Charles Lykes* *Charles Lykes*	C2-S-AJ1 Scrapped 1970.	North Carolina Shipbuilding		1945
SS *Charlotte Lykes* *Anardarko Victory*	VC2-S-AP2 *Charlotte Lykes* 1951, *Anardarko Victory* 1966, scrapped 1970.	California Shipbuilding, L A		1945
SS *Charlotte Lykes* *Charlotte Lykes*	C3-S-37c *Cape Charles* 1984, RRF, NDRF 1992, scrapped 2007.	Beth Sparrows Point		1963
SS *Christopher Lykes* *Christopher Lykes*	C3-S-37c *Cape Catoche* (T-AK 5043) 1984 NDRF, RRF 1989, Operations Desert Shield/Storm 1990-92, NDRF 1994, scrapped 2008.	Avondale		1963

SS *Dick Lykes* *Dick Lykes*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1970.	1945
SS *Dolly Turman* *Crest of the Wave*	C2-S-B1	Consolidated Steel, Wilmington, CA Scrapped 1970.	1946
SS *Eugene Lykes* *Eugene Lykes*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding Laid down as *Ocean Express* but completed as *Eugene Lykes*, scrapped 1970.	1945
SS *Harry Culbreath* *Harry Culbreath*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1971.	1945
SS *James Lykes* *James Lykes*	C3-S-37a	Ingalls Pascagoula Scrapped 1995.	1960
SS *James McKay* *Canvasback*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding *James McKay* 1947, scrapped 1972.	1945
SS *Jean Lykes* *Jean Lykes*	C3-S-37a	Beth Sparrows Point 1972 conversion to containers (C5-S-37e), *Velma Lykes* 1993, scrapped 1995.	1961
SS *Jesse Lykes* *Simoon*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Jesse Lykes* 1947, scrapped 1971.	1945
SS *John Lykes* *John Lykes*	C3-S-37a	Ingalls Pascagoula 1972 conversion to containers (C5-S-37e), scrapped 1995.	1960
SS *Kendall Fish* *Kendall Fish*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1970.	1945
SS *Kenneth McKay* *Kenneth McKay*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1971.	1945
SS *Letitia Lykes* *Nonpareil*	C2-S-B1	Moore Dry Dock *Letitia Lykes* 1947, *Falmouth* 1967, *Grand Quest* 1970, scrapped 1970.	1944
SS *Lipscomb Lykes* *Lipscomb Lykes*	C3-S-BH1	Federal Steel & Shipbuilding Scrapped 1973.	1945
SS *Louise Lykes* *Louise Lykes*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1972.	1945
SS *Louise Lykes* *Louise Lykes*	C4-S-66a	Avondale *Louise* 1995 NDRF, Scrapped 1995.	1965
SS *Mallory Lykes* *Red Rover*	C2-S-B1	Moore Dry Dock *Mallory Lykes* 1947, *Centerville* 1967, *Grand Peace* 1970, scrapped 1970.	1943
SS *Mallory Lykes* *Mallory Lykes*	C4-S-66a	Avondale *Galveston Bay* 1987 NDRF, Scrapped 1997.	1965

SS *Margaret Lykes*	C3-S-37c	Avondale	1963
Margaret Lykes	*Cape Carthage* (T-AK 5042) 1984 RRF, downgraded 1998, scrapped 2008.		
SS *Marjorie Lykes*	C3-S-37a	Beth Sparrows Point	1962
Marjorie Lykes	1973 conversion to containers (C5-S-37e), scrapped 1995.		
SS *Nancy Lykes*	C3-S-37a	Beth Sparrows Point	1961
Nancy Lykes	Scrapped 1973.		
SS *Reuben Tipton*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding	1945
Reuben Tipton	Scrapped 1971.		
SS *Stella Lykes*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding	1945
Stella Lykes	Scrapped 1971.		
SS *Stella Lykes*	C4-S-66a	Avondale	1966
Stella Lykes	*Tampa Bay* 1987 NDRF, scrapped 1997.		
SS *Sue Lykes*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding	1945
Tornado	Laid down as *Tornado* but completed as *Sue Lykes* 1945, scrapped 1972.		
SS *Thompson Lykes*	C3-S-37a	Ingalls Pascagoula	1960
Thompson Lykes	1971 conversion to containers (C5-S-37e), *Lykes Enterprise* 1992 NDRF, rebuilt into barge 1994, scrapped 1995.		
SS *Tyson Lykes*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding	1945
National Eagle	Laid down as *National Eagle* but completed as *Tyson Lykes* 1945, scrapped 1972.		
SS *Velma Lykes*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding	1945
Velma Lykes	Scrapped 1971.		
SS *Velma Lykes*	C4-S-66a	Avondale	1966
Velma Lykes	*Cape Bon* (AK-5059) NDRF, RRF 1986, USTS *Enterprise* (T-AK-5059) 2001 (Mass Maritime training ship), USTS *Kennedy* (T-AK-5059) 2009.		
SS *Zoella Lykes*	C3-S-37a	Ingalls Pascagoula	1960
Zoella Lykes	1971 conversion to containers (C5-S-37e), *Fred G.* 1992 NDRF, scrapped 1995.		
Matson Navigation Co.			
SS *Hawaiian Craftsman*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula	1945
Marguerite Le Hand	*Hawaiian Craftsman* 1947, conversion to containership *Pacific Banker* 1967, *Oriental Mariner* 1972, scrapped 1979.		
SS *Hawaiian Legislator*	C4-S-A4	Vancouver	1946
Willis Vickery	*Nevadan* 1951, *Coast Progress* 1957, *Hawaiian Legislator* 1963, sold & scrapped 1979.		
SS *Hawaiian Monarch*	C4-S-B2	Sun Ship	1944
Marine Dragon	*Hawaiian Monarch* 1964, *Maunawili* 1978, scrapped 1986.		

Moore-McCormack Line

SS *Argentina* — P2-S2-9a — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1958
Argentina
Laid up 1969, *Veendam* 1972, laid up 1974, *Brazil* 1974, *Veendam* 1975, *Monarch Star* 1976, *Veendam* 1978, *Bermuda Star* 1984, *Enchanted Isle* 1990, laid up 2001, *New Orleans* 2003, scrapped 2003.

SS *Brasil* — P2-S2-9a — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1958
Brasil
Laid up 1969, *Volendam* 1972, rebuilt 1973, laid up 1974, *Monarch Sun* 1975, *Volendam* 1977, *Island Sun* 1984, *Liberte* 1985, *Canada Star* 1987, *Queen of Bermuda* 1988, *Enchanted Seas* 1990, *Universe Explorer* 1996, *Universe* 2004, scrapped.

SS *Mormacaltair* — C4-S-60a — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1964
Mormacaltair
Converted to containership & lengthened (C6-S-60a) 1976, *American Altair* 1983, *Green Mountain State* NDRF 1986, converted to crane ship *Green Mountain State* (T-ACS-9) RRF 1992.

SS *Mormacargo* — C4-S-60a — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1964
Mormacargo
Converted to containership & lengthened to (C6-S-60a) 1982, *American Argo* 1983, Stella Lykes 1986, *Magallanes* 1989, RRF 1992, scrapped 2006.

SS *Mormacbay* — C3-S-33a — Sun Ship — 1960
Mormacbay
Bay 1977 NDRF, USNS *Vega* (T-AK 286) 1981, RRF 1998, scrapped 1999.

SS *Mormaccape* — C3-S-33a — Todd San Pedro — 1960
Mormaccape
Cape 1980 RRF, *Cape Catawba* (AK-5074) NDRF 1985, scrapped 2008.

ss Mormaccove — C3-S-33a — Sun Ship — 1961
Mormaccove
Cove 1977 NDRF, USNS *Northern Light* (T-AK 284) 1980, RRF 1984, activated 1990 for Operations Desert Shield/Storm, RRF 1991, scrapped 2015.

SS *Mormacdawn* — C3-S-A5 — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1946
Mormacdawn
Silver Gull 1970, scrapped 1971.

SS *Mormacdraco* — C4-S-60a — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1965
Mormacdraco
Lengthened to (C6-S-MA60b) 1975, *American Drago* 1983, Beaver State 1987 RRF, converted to crane ship *Beaver State* (T-ACS-10) 1997 RRF, NDRF 2006, converted *Pacific Tracker* (XTR-1) 2009.

SS *Mormacisle* — C3-S-A5 — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1946
Mormacisle
Silver Ibis 1970, scrapped 1971.

SS *Mormaclake* — C3-S-33a — Sun Ship — 1961
Mormaclake
Lake (AK-5016) 1977 NDRF, scrapped 2007.

SS *Mormaclynx* — C4-S-60a — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1964
Mormaclynx
Lengthened to (C6-S-MA60b) 1975, *American Reservist* 1983, *Corpus Christi* 1992, scrapped 1997.

SS *Mormacmail* *Mormacmail*	C3-S-A5	Ingalls Pascagoula	1946 *North Star State* 1970, scrapped 1971.
SS *Mormacmar* *USS Custer (APA-40)*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls	1942 Laid down as *Sea Eagle* but delivered as *Custer* 1943, 1948 *Mormacmar*, renamed *Santa Ana* 1966, scrapped 1973.
SS *Mormacowl* *White Swallow*	C2-S-B1	Moore Dry Dock	1944 Completed at Western Pipe & Steel, *Mormacowl* 1947, *Old Westbury* 1965, scrapped 1969.
SS *Mormacpride* *Mormacpride*	C3-S-33a	Sun Ship	1960 *Pride* 1977 NDRF, scrapped 2008.
SS *Mormacrey* *USS Griggs (APA-110)*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula	1944 NDRF 1946, *Mormacrey* 1948, *Santa Alicia* 1966, scrapped 1973.
SS *Mormacrigel* *Mormacrigel*	C4-S-60a	Ingalls Pascagoula	1964 Lengthened to (C6-S-MA60b) 1975, *American Rigel* 1983, *Mallory Lykes* 1986, scrapped 1997.
SS *Mormacrio* *William Harris Hardy*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula	1945 Mormacrio 1947, *Silver Owl* 1970, scrapped 1972.
SS *Mormacscan* *Mormacscan*	C3-S-33a	Sun Ship	1961 *Scan* 1977 NDRF, scrapped 2007.
SS *Mormacsurf* *USS Grundy (APA-111)*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula	1944 NDRF 1946, *Mormacsurf* 1948, *Santa Anita* 1966, scrapped 1973.
SS *Mormactide* *Mormactide*	C3	Ingalls Pascagoula	1940 1942 converted to troop transport USS *Lyon* (AP-71), 1946 reverted to USMC, *Mormactide 1946*, *Santa Regina 1966*, scrapped 1972.
SS *Mormacvega* *Mormacvega*	C4-S-60a	Ingalls Pascagoula	1964 Lengthened to (C6-S-MA60b) 1983, *American Vega* 1983, *Allison Lykes* 1986, scrapped 1997.
SS *Mormacwave* *USS Riverside (APA-102)*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula	1944 NDRF 1946, *P&T Forester* 1948, *Mormacwave* 1957, *Santa Leonor* 1966, grounded & sank 1968.
SS *Robin Goodfellow* *Sea Carp*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula	1945 *Robin Goodfellow* 1947, *Goodfellow* 1971, scrapped 1971.
SS *Robin Gray* *USS Fayette (APA-43)*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls	1943 Laid down as *Sea Hawk*, assigned to navy as transport USS *Fayette* (AP-88), converted to attack transport USS *Fayette* (APA-43) 1943, to USMC NDRF 1946, *Robin Gray* 1947, *Gray* 1971; scrapped 1972.
SS *Robin Sherwood* *Robin Sherwood*	C2-S	Beth Sparrows Point	1941 Converted to troop transport with Army Transport Service 1943, returned Robin Lines 1946, scrapped 1970.

MSTS

USNS *Gem. Alexander M. Patch*	P2-SE2-R1	Beth Alameda	1944
USS Adm. R. E. Coontz (AP-122)	USAT *Gen. Alexander M. Patch* 1946, USNS *Gen. Alexander M. Patch* (T-AP-122) 1950, NDRF 1970, scrapped 2001.		
USNS *Gen. Daniel I. Sultan*	P2-SE2-R2	Beth-Alameda	1943
USS Adm. W. S. Benson (AP-120)	USMC 1946, renamed USAT *Gen. Daniel I. Sultan* for ATS 1946, then to MSTS 1950, NDRF 1969; scrapped 1987.		
USNS *Gen. Hugh J. Gaffey*	P2-SE2-R2	Beth-Alameda	1944
USS Adm. W. L. Capps (AP-121)	Returned to USMC 1946, renamed USAT *Gen. Hugh J. Gaffey* for ATS 1946, then to MSTS 1950, NDRF 1969, returned to USN as a barracks ship 1978; sunk 2000 for missile target.		
USNS *Gen. William O. Darby*	P2-SE2-R1	Beth Alameda	1945
USS Adm. William S. Sims (AP-127)	USAT *Adm. William S. Sims* 1946, renamed USAT *Gen. William O. Darby*, USNS *Gen. William O. Darby* (T-AP-127) 1950, NDRF 1971, scrapped 2004.		

Oceanic Steamship Co. (Matson)

SS *Monterey*	C4-S-1a	Beth-Sparrows Point	1952
Free State Mariner	Orig *Free State Mariner* (C4-S-1a), Matson had converted to passenger ship by Willamette Iron & Steel 1956, sold to PFEL 1970, laid up 1978, sold to Edward J. Daley,then to Royal Hawaiian Cruise Lines 1989, sold 1991 to Star Lauro of Italy, scrapped 2006.		
SS *Sierra*	C3-S-A2	Pascagoula	1945
Sea Centaur	*Hawaiian Banker* 1947, *Sierra* 1961, *Vantage Endeavor* 1970, scrapped 1973.		
SS *Ventura*	C3-S-A2	Pascagoula	1945
USS Hanover (APA-116)	*Ventura* 1947, sold 1970, *Entu* 1972, scrapped 1972.		

Pacific Far East Lines

SS *California Bear*	C4-S-1a	Beth SF	1953
Golden Mariner	*California Bear* 1961, *Thomas Jefferson* 1973, scrapped 1980.		
SS *Golden Bear*	C4-S-1f	Beth SF	1953
Beaver Mariner	*Golden Bear* 1955, *Samoa Bear* 1971, *Lyman Hall* 1973, scrapped 1982.		
SS *Hong Kong Bear*	C4-S-1a	Sun Ship	1952
Keystone Mariner	*Hong Kong Bear* 1961, *Iberville* 1972, *Keystone Mariner* 1979, scrapped 1984.		
SS *Japan Bear*	C4-S-1a	Beth SF	1953
Grand Canyon Mariner	*Japan Bear* 1955, *American Bear* 1972, *John Penn* 1973, scrapped 1980.		

SS *Korea Bear* — C4-S-1a — Beth SF — 1953
Sooner Mariner
Korean Bear 1955, *Korea Bear* 1963, *Thomas Lynch* 1973, scrapped 1980.

SS *Philippine Bear* — C4-S-1t — Beth SF — 1962
Philippine Bear
Nathaniel Greene 1975, *Thomas Nelson* 1977, scrapped 1986.

Prudential Lines

SS *Prudential Oceanjet* — C4-S-64b — Beth Sparrows Point — 1966
Prudential Oceanjet
Delta Africa 1978, *Santa Adela* 1980, scrapped 1991.

SS *Prudential Seajet* — C4-S-64b — Beth Sparrows Point — 1966
Prudential Seajet
Delta America 1978, *Santa Juana* 1980, scrapped 1991.

Reynolds Metals Co.

SS *Inger* — T2-SE-A1 — Sun Ship — 1945
Fort Caspar
Atlantic Exporter 1946, *Wang Hunter* 1958, *Transnorthern* 1960, rebuilt as bulk carrier *Inger* 1962, scrapped 1995.

SS *Walter Rice* — T2-SE-A1 — Sun Ship — 1945
Atlantic Mariner
Walter Rice 1962, lengthened to bulk carrier 1963, scrapped 1985.

Sea-Land Service Inc.

MV New Yorker — RO/RO — Maryland Shipbuilding — 1960
New Yorker
Aleutian Developer 1976, scrapped 1987.

SS *Elizabethport* — tanker — Sun Ship — 1942
Esso New Orleans
New Orleans 1961, *Elizabethport* 1962, scrapped 1978.

States Line

SS *Arizona* — C4-S-1a — Quincy — 1953
Wolverine Mariner
M.M. Dant 1956, *Arizona* 1962, *George Walton* 1973, scrapped 1980.

SS *C. E. Dant* — C4-S-1u — Natl Steel San Diego — 1963
C.E. Dant
Santa Ana 1974, *Cape John* 1988, RRF, scrapped 2014.

SS *California* — C4-S-1u — Newport News — 1962
California
Santa Rita 1974, *California* 1980, *Cape Jacob* 1993; NDRF Suisan Bay.

SS *Hawaii* — C4-S-1u — Newport News — 1962
Hawaii
Mormacsea 1977, *American Sea* 1983, *Mormacsea* 1985, *Cape Juby* 1988; NDRF James River.

SS *M. M. Dant* — C4-S-1u — Natl Steel San Diego — 1962
M. M. Dant
Mormacsaga 1976, *American Saga* 1983, *Mormacsaga* 1985, *Cape Johnson* 1988; NDRF, scrapped 2009.

SS *New York* — C3-S-A2 — Ingalls Pascagoula — 1945
Sea Scorpion
Pacific Transport 1947, *New York* 1960, *Jeff Davis* 1968, scrapped 1974.

SS *Ohio* *Sea Quail*	C3-S-A2	Ingalls Pascagoula *Philippine Transport* 1946, *Ohio* 1960, *Mobilian* 1968, scrapped 1974.	1944
SS *Oregon* *Oregon*	C4-S-1u	Newport News *Mormactide* 1977, *American Tide* 1983, *Mormactide* 1986, converted to schoolship (S5-S-MA1ua) USTS *Empire State VI* 1989; NY Maritime RRF.	1962
SS *Washington* *Washington*	C4-S-1u	Newport News *Mormacwave* 1977, NDRF 1987, scrapped 2003.	1962
States Marine-Isthmian			
SS *Keystone State* *Marine Flier*	C4-S-B5	Sun Ship *Keystone State* 1955, scrapped 1971.	1945
Sun Oil Co.			
SS *Delaware Sun* *Delaware Sun*	tanker	Sun Ship *Medina* 1983, scrapped 1985.	1953
SS *Eastern Sun* *Eastern Sun*	tanker	Sun Ship *Cove Mariner* 1982, scrapped 1984.	1955
SS *Pennsylvania Sun* *Pennsylvania Sun*	tanker	Sun Ship Scrapped 1986.	1959
SS *Western Sun* *Western Sun*	tanker	Sun Ship *Mobile Bay* 1988, scrapped 1990.	1954
Texas Oil Co.			
SS *Texaco Georgia* *Texaco Georgia*	tanker	Beth Sparrows Point *Star Georgia* 1990, *Keystone Georgia* 1995, scrapped 1997.	1964
SS *Texaco New York* *New York*	tanker	Newport News *Texaco New York* 1960, *Star Oregon* 1980, scrapped 1993.	1953
SS *Texaco North Dakota* *North Dakota*	tanker	Newport News *Texaco North Dakota* 1960, *Blanco* 1981, scrapped 1984.	1953
Transport Commercial Corp.			
MV Tamara Guilden *En Gedi*	bulk	HDW, Hamburg, Germany *Tamara Guilden* 1961.	1960
United Fruit Co.			
SS *Morazan* *Morazan*	R1-S-DH1	Beth Sparrows Point *Coppename (2)* 1970, scrapped 1976.	1948
SS *Quisqueya* *Quisqueya*	R1-S-DH1	Beth Sparrows Point *Copan* 1969, scrapped 1975.	1947
United States Lines			
SS *American Challenger* *American Challenger*	C4-S-57a	Newport News Scrapped 1988.	1962
SS *American Champion* *American Champion*	C4-S-57a	Newport News Scrapped 1986.	1963

SS *American Charger* *American Charger*	C4-S-57a	Newport News Scrapped 1988.	1962
SS *American Chieftain* *American Chieftain*	C4-S-57a	Newport News Scrapped 1988.	1963
SS *American Commander* *American Commander*	C4-S-57a	Quincy *Pioneer Commander* 1967, NDRF 1981, *Pioneer Commander* (AK-2016) 1981 RRF, downgraded to NDRF 2001, scrapped 2012.	1963
SS *American Contender* *American Contender*	C4-S-57a	Quincy *Pioneer Contender* 1967, *Contender* 1983 NDRF, scrapped 1988.	1963
SS *American Contractor* *American Contractor*	C4-S-57a	Quincy *Pioneer Contractor* 1966, NDRF 1981, *Pioneer Contractor* (AK-2018) 1981 RRF, downgraded to NDRF 2001, scrapped 2009.	1963
SS *American Corsair* *American Corsair*	C4-S-57a	Quincy *Pioneer Corsair* 1967, Scrapped 1988.	1963
SS *American Courier* *American Courier*	C4-S-57a	Quincy *Pioneer Courier* 1967, scrapped 1986.	1963
SS *American Crusader* *American Crusader*	C4-S-57a	Quincy Pioneer Crusader 1967, Crusader 1981 NDRF, scrapped 2011.	1963
SS *American Forwarder* *American Forwarder*	C2-S-AJ5	North Carolina Shipbuilding *Interward* 1970, scrapped 1972.	1946
SS *American Importer* *American Importer*	C2-S-AJ5	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1972.	1946
SS *American Manufacturer* *Lookout*	C2-S-B1	Moore Dry Dock *American Manufacturer* 1948, *Transoceanic Enterprise* 1967, scrapped 1970.	1945
SS *American Merchant* *American Merchant*	C2-S-AJ5	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1970.	1945
SS *American Pilot* *Onward*	C2-S-AJ1	North Carolina Shipbuilding *American Pilot* 1945, scrapped 1972.	1945
SS *American Press* *Robin Hood / Belle of the Sea*	C2-S-B1	Moore Dry Dock *American Press* 1947, *Canterbury Falcon* 1967, scrapped 1971.	1945
SS *American Racer* *American Racer*	C4-S-68a	Sun Ship NDRF 1983, scrapped 2011.	1964
SS *American Ranger* *American Ranger*	C4-S-68a	Sun Ship NDRF 1983, scrapped 2003.	1965

SS *American Reliance* *American Reliance*	C4-S-68a	Sun Ship NDRF 1983, scrapped 2011.	1965
SS *American Resolute* *American Resolute*	C4-S-68a	Sun Ship Challenger II class, *Austral Patriot* 1969, *Mormacdawn* 1980, scrapped 2004.	1965
SS *American Rover* *American Rover*	C4-S-68a	Sun Ship *Austral Pilot* 1969, *Mormacmoon* 1980, *American Moon* 1983, *Mormacmoon* 1986, scrapped 2004.	1965
SS *American Shipper* *American Shipper*	C2-S-AJ5	North Carolina Shipbuilding Sank 1974.	1945
SS *American Traveler* *American Traveler*	C2-S-AJ5	North Carolina Shipbuilding Scrapped 1972.	1945
SS *Pioneer Contender* *American Contender*	C4-S-57a	Beth Quincy *Pioneer Contender* 1967, *Contender* 1983 NDRF, scrapped 1988.	1963
SS *Pioneer Contractor* *American Contractor*	C4-S-57a	Beth Quincy *Pioneer Contractor* 1966, NDRF 1981, *Pioneer Contractor* (AK-2018) 1981 RRF, downgraded to NDRF 2001, scrapped 2009.	1963
SS *Pioneer Cove* *Golden Light*	C2-S-B1	Consolidated Steel, Wilmington, CA *Pioneer Cove* 1948, scrapped 1975.	1946
SS *Pioneer Main* *Cotton Mariner*	C4-S-1a	Ingalls Pascagoula *Pioneer Main* 1956, converted to (C6-S-1w) *American Argosy* 1970, scrapped 1986.	1953
SS *Pioneer Mart* *Sunflower Mariner*	C4-S-57a	Beth Sparrows Point *Pioneer Mart* 1956, converted to (C6-S-1w) *American Accord* 1970, scrapped 1985.	1954
SS *Pioneer Mill* *Show Me Mariner*	C4-S-57a	Beth Sparrows Point *Pioneer Mill* 1956, converted to (C6-S-1w) *American Alliance* 1970, scrapped 1985.	1954
SS *Pioneer Ming* *Silver Mariner*	C4-S-57a	New York Shipbuilding, Camden NJ *Pioneer Ming* 1956, converted to (C6-S-1w) *American Legacy* 1970, scrapped 1985.	1954
SS *Pioneer Minx* *Gopher Mariner*	C4-S-57a	Beth Sparrows Point *Pioneer Minx* 1956, converted to (C6-S-1w) *American Leader* 1970, scrapped 1985.	1954
SS *Pioneer Mist* *Peninsula Mariner*	C4-S-57a	Ingalls Pascagoula *Pioneer Mist* 1956, converted to (C6-S-1w) *American Archer* 1970, scrapped 1986.	1954
SS *Pioneer Moon* *Pioneer Moon*	C4-S-57a	Newport News Scrapped 1988.	1962

SS *Pioneer Moor* C4-S-57a Beth Sparrows Point 1953
Mountain Mariner *Pioneer Moor* 1956, converted to (C6-S-1w) *American Ace* 1970, scrapped 1985.

SS *Pioneer Myth* C4-S-57a Ingalls Pascagoula 1954
Pelican Mariner *Pioneer Myth* 1956, converted to (C6-S-1w) *American Legend* 1970, scrapped 1986.

SS *Pioneer Star* C2-S-AJ5 North Carolina Shipbuilding 1945
Defender *Pioneer Star* 1947, scrapped 1970.

SS *Pioneer Tide* C2-S-B1 Consolidated Steel, Wilmington, CA 1946
Spitfire *Pioneer Tide* 1946, scrapped 1970.

SS *United States* P6-S4-DS1 Newport News 1952
United States Laid up 1969.

Abreviations used:

USMC	United States Maritime Commission
RRF	Ready Reserve Fleet
NDRF	National Defense Reserve Fleet

MARAD ship classification

Under the United States Maritime Commission and later, MARAD, ship designs for a number of vessel types are classified. They are designated with three groups of letters and numbers, such as (C4-S-1a). These can be interpreted as follows:

The first letter, then the number:

First letter	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	More
C= Cargo	Up to 400	400-450	450-500	500-550	550-600	600-650	650-700	100' increments
P= Passenger	Up to 500	500-600	600-700	700-800	800-900	900-1000	1000-1100	100' increments
R= Refrigerated	Up to 400	400-450	450-500	500-550	550-600	600-650	650-700	50' increments
T= Tanker	Up to 450	450-500	500-550	550-600	600-650	650-700	700-750	100' increments

During WWII Liberty Ships carried the prefix EC2 (E=Emergency) and Victory ships were VC2 (V=Victory).

The second group indicates machinery type, propellers & passenger capacity:

machinery	propellers	12 passengers or less	Over 12 passengers*
Steam	1	S	S1
Motor	1	M	M1
Turboelectric	1	SE	SE1
Nuclear	1	N	N1

*for multiple screw vessels, the digit reflects the number of screws.

The final group indicates a variation of the design within that length category.
There are a number of additional designations, but these were the ones our class encountered in the course of our sea year.

-Boyd

From Ron Heimburger:

The Still Afloat List

Below is a list of ships from our "era" that are somehow still afloat (as of this writing [2015]). The majority of these ships are in the National Reserve Defense Fleet and most have not been activated since Desert Storm I or II.

Several, however, are still in active service:

Oregon is the *Empire State* -- NY Maritime Academy school ship
India Mail is the Texas Maritime Academy ship
Velma Lykes is the *Enterprise* -- Mass. Maritime Academy
Australia Bear is the *Horizon Consumer*
New Zealand Bear is the *Horizon Producer*
Thomas E. Cuffe is the *Matson Lihue*
Austral Envoy is the *Horizon Navigator*
Austral Ensign is the *Horizon Expedition*
Austral Endurance is the *Horizon Hawaii*
Austral Entente is the *Horizon Trader*
American Legion is the *Horizon Challenger*
American Liberty is the *Horizon Discovery*
American Lark is the *Horizon Crusader* (ROS service)

The last three ships, above, US Lines Legion Class ships, launched as breakbulk and immediately modified to be container ships, may soon be scrapped due to the pending sell off of most of the assets of Horizon Lines.

Still Afloat:

American Export Lines: *Lightening, Adm. Wm. M. Callaghan, Red Jacket, Great Republic, Stag Hound, Young America, Export Leader.*
American Mail: *Japan Mail, Washington Mail, India Mail, Alaska Mail.*
APL: *President Polk, President Harrison*

Delta Lines: *Delta Brazil, Delta Mar, Delta Norte*
Farrell Lines: *African Mercury, African Comet, African Meteor, African Sun, African Neptune, Austral Envoy, Austral Entente, Austral Ensign, Austral Endurance*.
Lykes Brothers: *Charlotte Lykes, Mason Lykes, Frederick Lykes, Velma Lykes, Howell Lykes, Dolly Turman, Doctor Lykes, Almeria Lykes, Tillie Lykes.*
Matson: *Matsonia, Great Land*
Mormac: *Marmacaltair, Mormacdraco*.
PFEL: *Thomas E. Cuffe, Australian Bear, New Zealand Bear, Atlantic Bear.*
Prudential Lines: *Lash Espana, Lash Turkiye*
Sinclair Oil: *Sinclair Texas*
Sealand Services: *S/L Exchange, S/L McClean, S/L Commerce, S/L Finance, S/L Gallaway, S/L Trade, S/L Resource, S/L Market.*
States Lines: *California, Hawaii, Oregon, M.M. Dant, Idaho.*
States Marine/AEX: N/S *Savannah.*
U. S. Lines: *American Lark, American Legion, American Liberty*
[Ron's note: Sources include MARAD and Company data].

Photo Gallery



Kings Point Campus -- the former Chrysler estate

"Oh, stately, strife-born Alma Mater,
the sound flows softly at thy feet;
and sunset strikes across its waters
as silver notes invoke retreat.
Now dim the paths and trees in darkness,
the stars above our way appoint.
We'll sleep secure aboard 'til morning,
God steer thee well, Kings Point!"

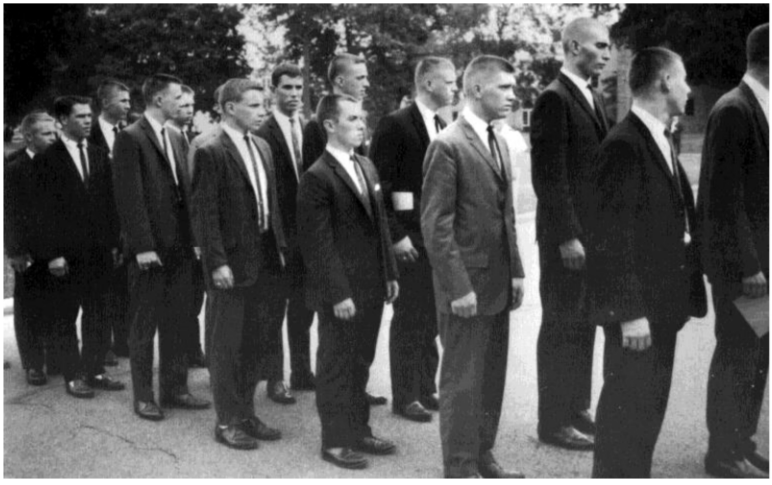
– KP Alma Mater

Vickery Gate was the first thing we saw as we arrived



Vickery Gate

And then. . .



August 23, 1964
68-162 forming up for the first time
Front rank, L-R: Ray Byrnes, Earl White, Chris Szulc
William Dunn, Larry O'Neil, Lewis Krueger, W. Ross
Rear rank, L-R: W. Day, Mark Collard, (blocked),
Dan Erwin, Boyd Goddard, Martin, Mark
Schecter, Dave Pranulis



Sections formed up, getting initial orders

Form KP2-2
(1-59)

UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY
Kings Point, New York

INTERPRETATION OF OATH AND AGREEMENT

TO A CANDIDATE ABOUT TO TAKE THE OATH AS A CADET IN THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE CADET CORPS

The Merchant Marine offers an honorable calling. Service as an officer in the Merchant Marine is a profession—not an occupation. Personal honor, professional pride and love for the Merchant Marine are the motives which impel a merchant officer to do his duty in full measure. Life in the Merchant Marine is one of *self*-sacrifice—sacrifice to an ideal. Before you take the oath of office you must understand thoroughly the obligation that will become yours. This is the oath:

"I, Paul G. Skrepek, accept appointment and having been appointed a Cadet in the United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter: So help me God."

You will take the oath as above quoted by holding up your right hand and swearing that you voluntarily bind yourself by its terms. You will also sign your name as a record to your oath. This must not be a perfunctory procedure in any sense and you should now consider carefully what you are about to do.

You must now acquire pride in certain traditions. You will find after you begin wearing the uniform of the Cadet Corps that the people of the country are quick to criticise you for any misconduct. At first thought this may seem a little unfair, but what it means is that they place a trust in the Cadets and officers of the Merchant Marine and expect them to so conduct themselves as to measure up to this trust. Do not let this criticism irritate you. Be proud that the country expects so much of you.

As to some of the standards of conduct:

FIRST: A Merchant Marine Cadet or officer not only tells the truth regardless of the consequences to himself, but he scorns the very appearance of untruth and of evasion of the truth. Do not think that by telling a part of the truth and concealing the remainder you are doing all that is expected and required of you. The highest standards of character are particularly vital in the Merchant Marine. The fundamental factor of an officer's value to the Service is his bond.

SECOND: The Merchant Marine teaches that no matter how hard the task assigned, we are expected to accomplish it. You will not be set tasks beyond your powers, if you are resolute. Obstacles are things to climb over, not from which to turn back.

THIRD: Avoid the use of profane, obscene and filthy language.

FOURTH: It goes without saying that an officer does not take what does not belong to him. The sentiment of the Cadet Corps is against the retention of any Cadet who is guilty of theft. You are told this in order that, through any mistaken sense of kindness or loyalty to another Cadet, you will not protect a man who is a thief.

FIFTH: It is important that a man keep his body clean and healthy.

SIXTH: It is a tradition of the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps that a Cadet fights to the last. This does not mean that each Cadet goes around with a chip on his shoulder, but that he does not quit. In athletic games you will see the team at the end of the game, whether they are ahead or behind, fighting just as hard as at the beginning of the game.

SEVENTH: Officer-like character means to all of us in the Merchant Marine the proper coordination of honor, truthfulness, uprightness, loyalty and energy. There is no simple formula for gaining it. It comes as a result of years of discipline. Character embodies loyalty; loyalty to country, to the service and its customs, and to your brothers of the service —both senior and junior. There are many other elements of officer-like character, some of which are courtesy, modesty, simplicity and straightforwardness.

say you "will support and defend the Constitution of the United States ..., foreign and domestic." You know what foreign enemies are. By domestic ... people within our country who try to break down the form of government founded.

...yal sentiments to your country, to the Merchant Marine, to other services, ...der whom you serve, and do not permit others to voice them in your presence. ...your country loyally and faithfully you will be bearing *"true faith and*

...tion freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion"—This ...re not being forced to enter the United States Merchant Marine Cadet ...hat you cannot say: "Yes, I take the oath, but if I find anything in the ...or in my service to the country or in the obligations of the oath that con... of any religious body or secret society I belong to, I reserve the right to ...visions of the oath." This cannot be. If there seems to be a conflict between ...chant Marine and any society or religious organization of which you are a ... choose between the Merchant Marine and the society which seems more

...and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to ...you are about to enter is that of a Cadet. Your duties are to prepare your... officer in both the Merchant Marine and the Naval Reserve; to prepare ...through your studies, lessons, recitations and lectures; physically through ...rts; and to develop the character you bring here into the character of an ...man.

...ent is really threefold: Mind, Body and Character. You are entering with ...very part of our country and you will be judged by them according to your ...not care whether you are rich or poor or whether you worked for your liv... the kind of a man you are that counts.

...rthwhile getting is worthwhile working for. Men cannot be trained for a ...ea by surrounding them with luxuries and by babying them. ...e do not wish to be coddled. The first few days, when the drills are over ...e, you will find you are tired and perhaps a little homesick. In a few days ...ou are feeling better, have a better appetite and sleep better than you ever ...will do your part you will find the Cadet Corps will do its part by you.

...the obligations that the oath as a Cadet imposes, and if so, are you ready ... the oath?

I do.

Paul G. Skrepek
Signature of Cadet

...stood that in the event I resign or am dismissed from the U. S. Merchant ...s, I will:

...tely to my local Selective Service Board for further classification.

... and clothing issued to me on custody receipt, and all official Government ...e issued to me.

...nt with the Ship's Service Officer to his complete satisfaction.

Paul G. Skrepek
Signature of Cadet

...re:

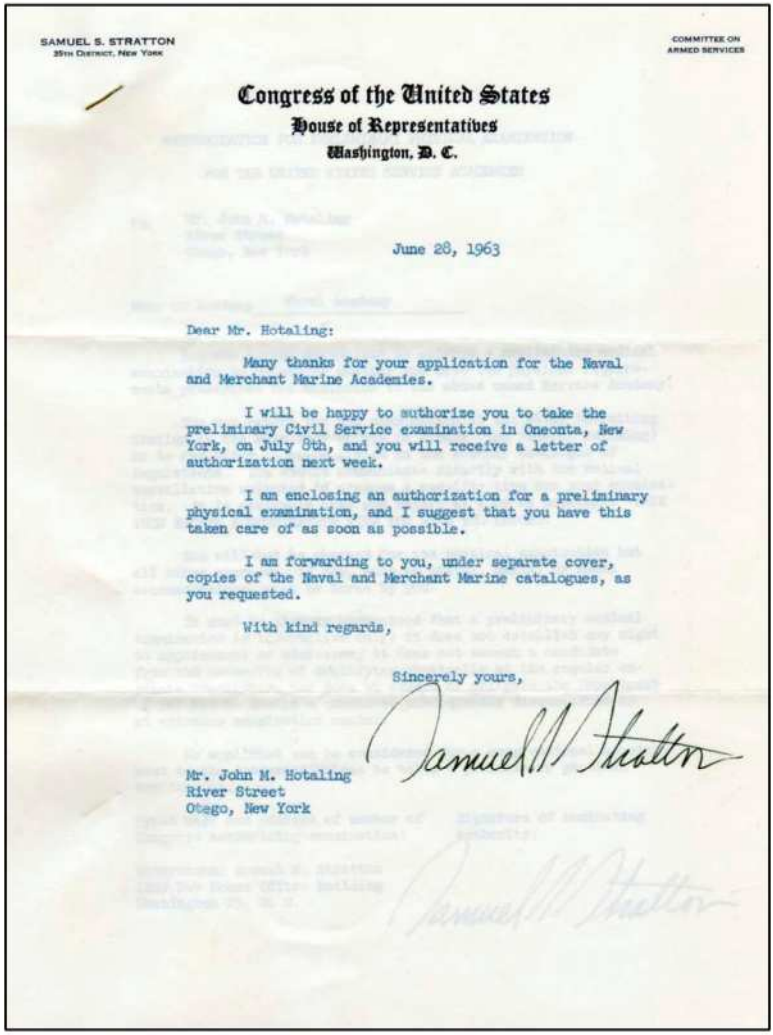
Frances M. Reuter

Date [illegible]

USCOMM-MA-K7-(3)-4-61

We signed on the dotted line
and joined the USMMCC.

It all started about a year before.
Across the country, we were submitting inquiries.



SAMUEL S. STRATTON
35TH DISTRICT, NEW YORK

COMMITTEE ON
ARMED SERVICES

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

June 28, 1963

Dear Mr. Hotaling:

Many thanks for your application for the Naval and Merchant Marine Academies.

I will be happy to authorize you to take the preliminary Civil Service examination in Oneonta, New York, on July 8th, and you will receive a letter of authorization next week.

I am enclosing an authorization for a preliminary physical examination, and I suggest that you have this taken care of as soon as possible.

I am forwarding to you, under separate cover, copies of the Naval and Merchant Marine catalogues, as you requested.

With kind regards,

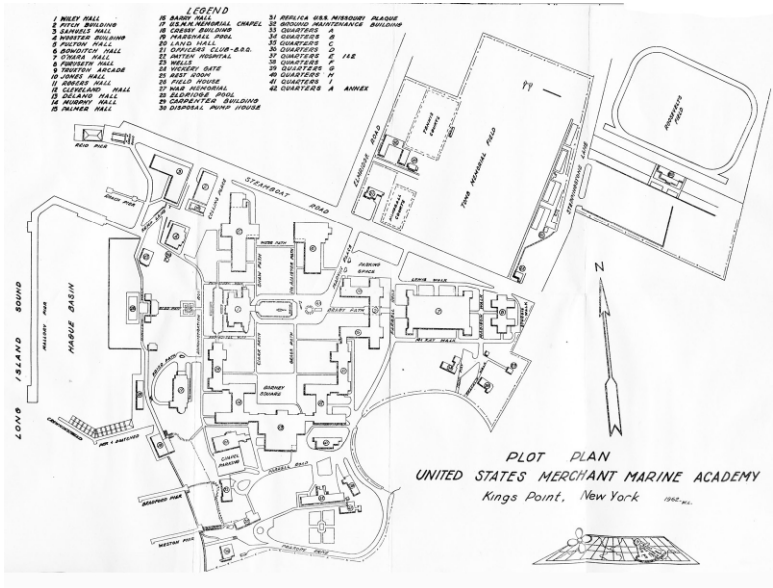
Sincerely yours,

Samuel S. Stratton

Mr. John M. Hotaling
River Street
Otego, New York

Letters like this were going out to a diverse crop of young men. Some made their way here via military prep schools, but most followed the path with nominations from their Congressmen.

This was what we found upon our arrival:



Map of the campus when we started



Wiley Hall

Our Heritage



An early, wartime appeal to enlist

Heave Ho! My Lads! Heave Ho!

Heave Ho! My Lads, Heave Ho!
It's a long, long way to go.
It's a long, long pull with our hatches full,
Braving the wind, braving the sea,
Fighting the treacherous foe;
Heave Ho! My lads, Heave Ho!
Let the sea roll high or low,
We can cross any ocean, sail any river.
Give us the goods and we'll deliver,
Damn the submarine!
We're the men of the Merchant Marine!

[E*ditor's Note: Our fight song was written during WWII by Ltjg Jack Lawrence, USMS, who trained at Sheepshead Bay. The following lyrics preceded the chorus, above,in the WWII original.*]

Give us the oil, give us the gas
Give us the shells, give us the guns.
We'll be the ones to see them thru.
Give us the tanks, give us the planes.
Give us the parts, give us a ship.
Give us a hip hoo-ray!
And we'll be on our way.



Honor Roll

Hidden behind the painting of the SS *America* in Delano Hall since WWII, recent restoration work exposed this bas relief last seen in 1945. The plaque listing cadet casualties was gone, apparently removed when the mural was installed during WWII.

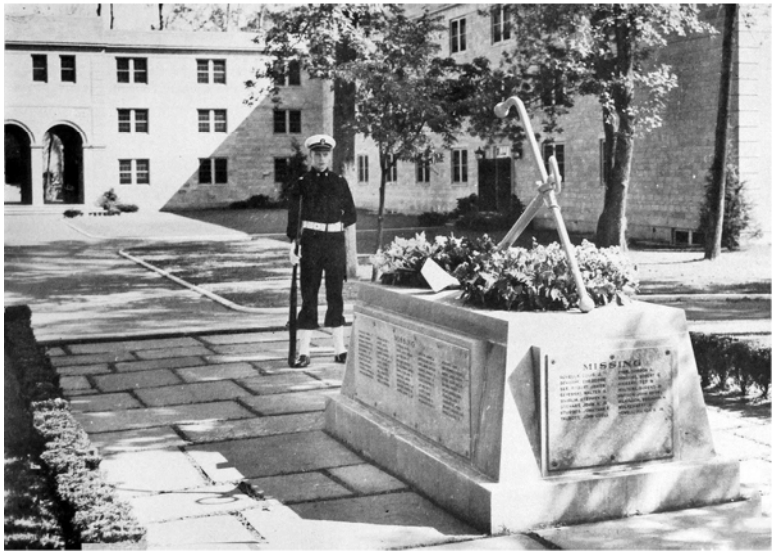
Back in 1994 a large brass plaque with the 142 names engraved was found in storage that might have been that original list.

As the casualty list grew with every passing day, it was deemed detrimental to cadet morale and the Superintendent, Capt. Stedman ordered it covered with the mural.



The original War Memorial

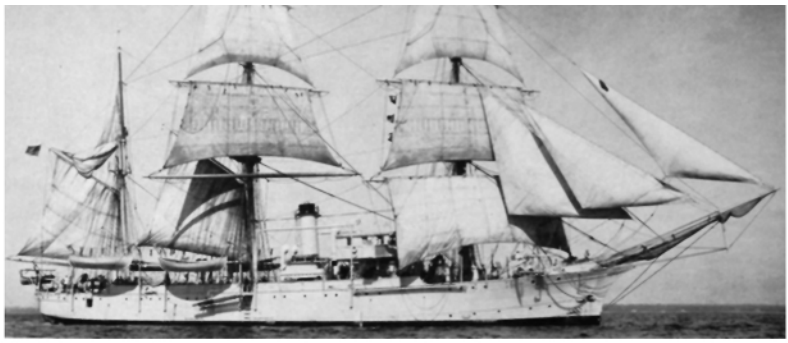
This monument to the fallen cadet-midshipmen of WWII was located next to Amphitrite Pool. Note the difference in these wartime photos as the number of names was growing longer. The placement of the present War Memorial facing Long Island Sound below Wiley Hall made this redundant and it was replaced with the USS *Missouri* Plaque.





SS *America* entering New York harbor

This mural was the central focus of our every meal in Delano Hall,
hovering over the head table with the RC and his staff.
It was placed over a list of casualties with *"The Last Full Measure"*
bas relief. Text beneath the mural refers to the Maritime Act of 1936,
and it represents the country's adherance to freedom of the seas
and the importance of maritime commerce.
The ship is shown in it's neutrality paint scheme,
fully dressed just before the United States entered WWII.
Not coincidentally, Capt. Stedman, who ordered the painting,
was the captain of the SS *America* at the time depicted.



TV *Emery Rice*

The *Emery Rice* came to Kings Point in the chaotic early years as the Academy was established.

She was launched in 1876 as the USS *Ranger*, a 12 gun, bark rigged auxilliary screw steamer. She served the navy in various capacities until she was loaned to Mass Maritime in 1909. Her name was changed to *Rockport* in 1917 and then *Nantucket* in 1918, operating as a gunboat during WWI.

In 1940 she was transferred to the Maritime Commission for use as a school ship. Renamed the *Bay State* in 1941 and destined for scrapping, wartime contingencies made her useful once again. Named the TV *Emery Rice* in 1942, she served Kings Point as a training vessel until 1944 when weather damage relegated her to museum ship status. She was finally scrapped in 1958. Her unique steam engine is preserved at the Museum in Kings Point.



Realistic training facilities

Deckies had kingposts to practice with, while the Engineers could play with a triple expansion Liberty Ship plant.

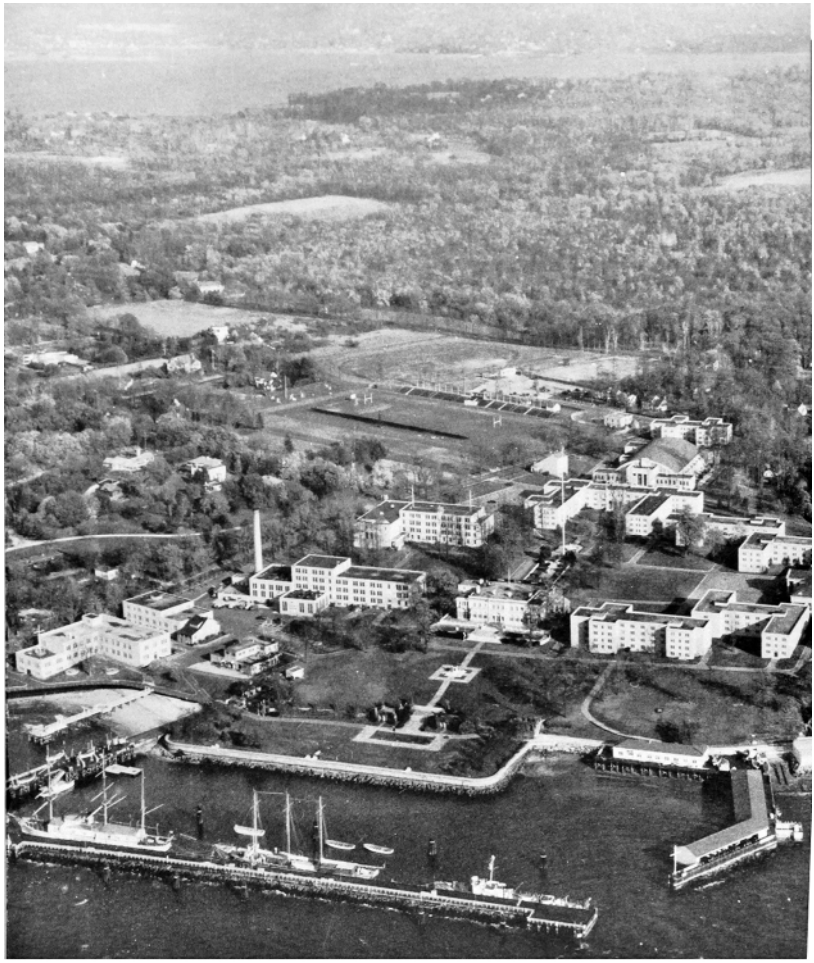


O'Hara Hall was well armed in the early years.
Merchant Mariners had to be familiar with the various armament
that might be installed aboard ship for defense.
This phase of Naval Science left us as the seas became safe again.
But for a time, we at least could defend ourselves
-- if an invasion came by way of Cleveland Gate.





The grounds were pretty much completed by 1944.



1948 and the Academy is well established.
The TV *Emery Rice* is now a museum ship, sharing Hague Basin with the TV *Ensign Whitehead* and TV *Vema*, a 3 masted schooner.

Remember?

“I’ve got mine!”
“Does she have a car?”
“Does she have a friend?”
“Is there a pony for that?”
"Are you on the mast list?"
Sky hooks and buckets of steam . . .
Working off demerits on ED . . .
Weekend passes for sports victories
“Regiment, pass in review!”
Footprints in the snow from "the wall" to a dorm entrance.



Wiley Hall in winter

$$\sin\alpha \pm \sin\beta = 2\sin\frac{1}{2}(\alpha \pm \beta)\cos\frac{1}{2}(\alpha \mp \beta)$$

Q: Tin oxide is heated with hydrogen gas to form tin metal and water vapor. Write the balanced equation that describes this reaction.

A: $SnO_2 + 2\ H_2 \rightarrow Sn + 2\ H_2O$

The Campus



WWII 5” Deck gun from a merchant ship guards the oval.



War Memorial



Mariner's Chapel



With winter came a blanket of snow.



Crowninshield & Mallory piers



The Throgs Neck Bridge
was the focal point across Long Island Sound.



Barney Square
First snowfall blocks Delano Hall



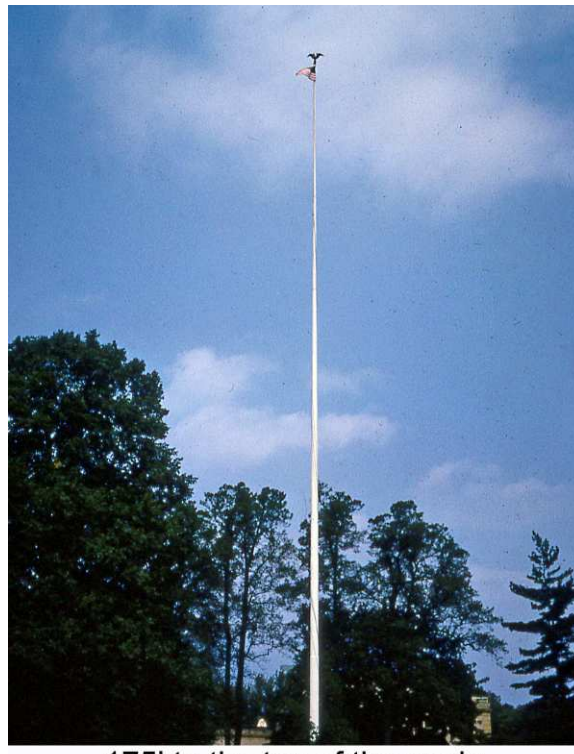
Public works starts to clear the Square



Land Hall - pool tables & relaxation



Seldom seen backside of Land Hall
from Patten Hospital



175’ to the top of the eagle
Lat. 40° 48’ 43.42” North
Long. 73° 45’ 47.85” West



Melville Hall - the Officers’ Club
was generally off-limits to us except special occasions.



Amphitrite Pool
goddess of 2.0
The replica USS Missouri plaque is in the shadows behind.



Barely visible, the American and British flags shared the flagpole at half staff upon Churchill's death, Jan 1965.



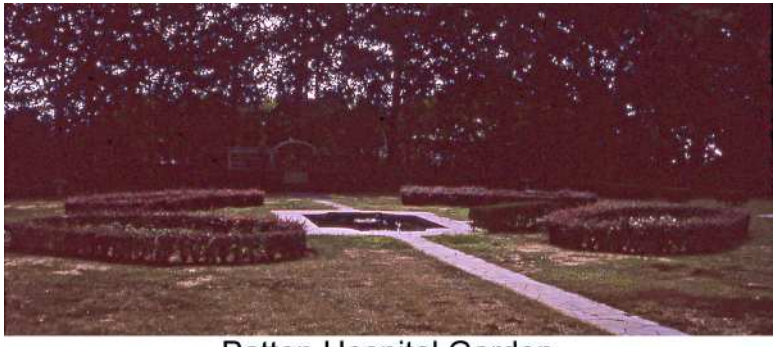
Delano Hall

We trooped up those steps to many a meal.



Patten Hospital

Since we faced the back side from the barracks, this front exposure we considered to be the back, but the layout is obvious.



Patten Hospital Garden

This out of the way serene setting was seldom visited by cadets. For that matter, Patten Hospital was to be avoided as well.



Truxton Arcade
Connecting Jones and Barry Halls with the
USS Missouri replica plaque in the foreground.



O'Hara Hall
Those gunmounts were replaced with the Penn Station Eagles
not long before we arrived.



Fulton Hall
Where the engineers got their smarts.



Samuels Hall
Deckies learned to drive in this building.



One of the 2 Eagles outside O'Hara Hall
They originally adorned the 7th Ave. facade of Penn Station.
There were 14 large and 8 smaller eagles,
removed when Penn Station was demolished and rebuilt in 1963.



The anchor at the entrance on Steamboat Road
greeted visitors.
These served as photo props for just about all of us.



Plebe Year



U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
MARITIME ADMINISTRATION
UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY
KINGS POINT, NEW YORK

IN REPLY REFER TO:

24 June 1964

1351707
10024 -300

Boyd T. Goddard
750 San Fernando
San Diego, California

Subject: Orders Assigning Candidates to the United States Merchant Marine Academy, Class of 1968

Reference: (a) Section 310.63(a), Regulations Governing the Appointment and Training of Cadets of the United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps

Enclosure: (A) Travel Instructions

1. You are hereby directed to report to the United States Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, New York, at the hour of 2:00 p.m. on Sunday, 23 August 1964, to commence the four-year course of study and training to qualify as a Merchant Marine and Naval Reserve Officer.

...ill be reimbursed for traveling expenses at the rate of ...) per mile not to exceed the distance between Kings Point, ... your home, school or duty station at the time such travel ...avel is chargeable against Appropriation 1351707, Maritime ...itime Activities 1965.

...owledge your acceptance or declination of these orders within ...24) hours by prepaid telegram addressed to the Admissions ...ed States Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, New York.

... THESE ORDERS WITH YOU WHEN REPORTING.

...re to comply in all respects with these orders will result ... your name from the eligible list.

Gordon McLintock
Gordon McLintock
Rear Admiral, USMS
Superintendent

68-162

Boyd Goddard

Goblet Steers Eastward

It will be down to the sea in ships for Boyd Goddard, 18, of 750 San Fernando St. He has been informed he has received an appointment to the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy.

He will leave today for the academy which is located at Kings Point, N. Y. Nominated to the academy by Congressman Bob Wilson, Boyd is one of 22 cadets selected from California.

He is a native San Diegan and was graduated in June from Point Loma High School. There he was a member of the California Scholarship Federation, the Malihinis, and the Science Club.

Boyd is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Goddard.

All across the country, orders were going out and newspapers were proudly announcing our appointments. This one, from a small hometown paper, stands out, if only for the caption writer's humorous headliner.
"Gob" was a term used for a sailor, probably originating with WWI or WWII. The caption writer assumed a diminutive form of the word for a fledgling sailor.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

CLASS OF 1968

WELCOME ABOARD

August 23, 1964

U. S. Merchant Marine Academy

Kings Point, N. Y.

1400 Class of 1968 and parents aboard

1415 Welcome Aboard to Cadets and Parents by the Superintendent and the Dean, in Bowditch Hall Auditorium

1445 Parents escorted on tour of the Academy grounds. Cadets muster in Battalions for room assignments and linen issue

1530 Superintendent's Reception and Tea, Class of 1968 and their Parents

1645 Reception terminates

1700 Cadets muster for evening meal; Parents depart

1730 Cadets return to rooms—square away rooms and bunks

1900 Indoctrination by Class of 1967

1930 Protestant Evening Service

2150 Secure—Tattoo

2200 Taps—ALL LIGHTS OUT

Visitors will be permitted aboard from 1:00 to 5:00 P.M. on Saturday, August 29, and Sunday, August 30.

We arrived on board, some with family, others on their own. It all seemed cordial enough...



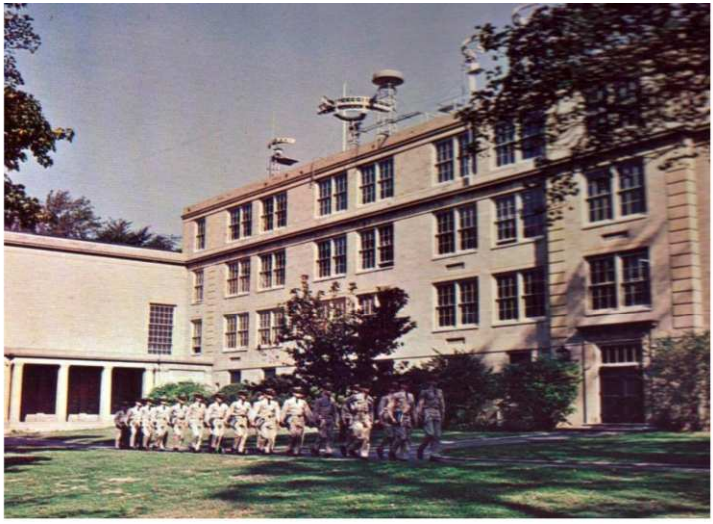
Brace, Mister!



We're awake, already!



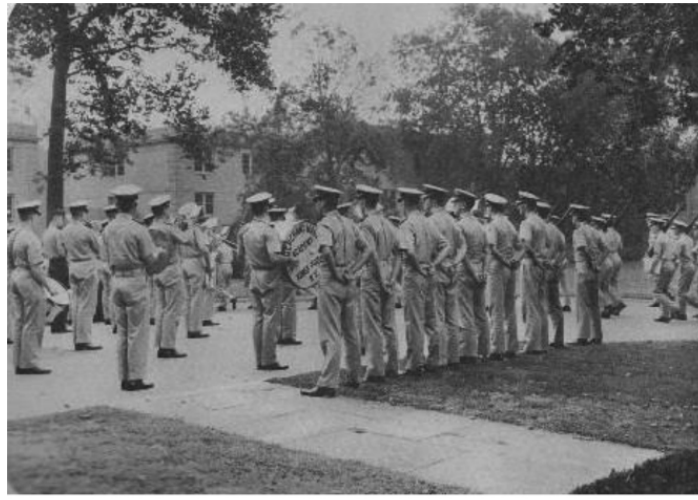
Okay! Now what?



We marched to and from classes (and just about everywhere else) in “sections”



A typical classroom



Practice, practice, practice



A rare, formal dinner



Section 68-162's rolling Hearts game
Delano Hall canteen
L-R: Erwin, O'Neil, Lewis, Hado



Bill Henderson caught cracking the books -
and some moo juice for power



Hado & Erwin exhausted & ready for Taps



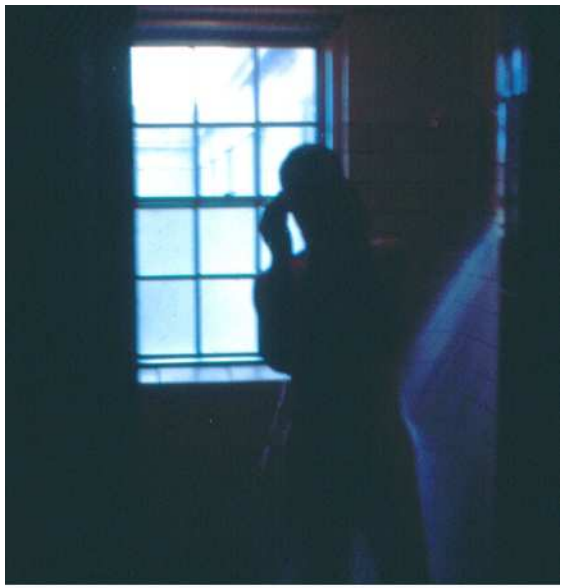
Erwin's Post-Reveille nap, avoiding the ROOW



Ray Beeson tuning up



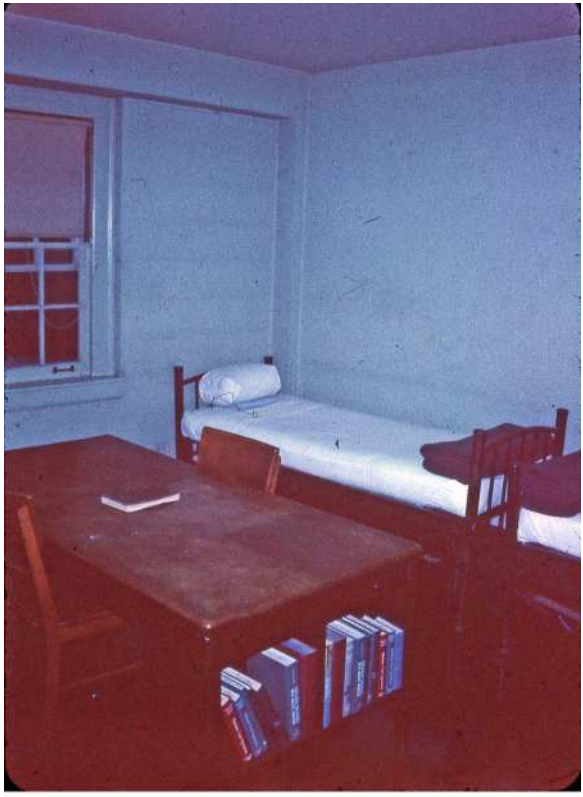
Mick Hado can play, too.



Morning wake-up
with a hot shower (hopefully)



Terry Parker cramming



Typical room



Bunk & Rifle squared away



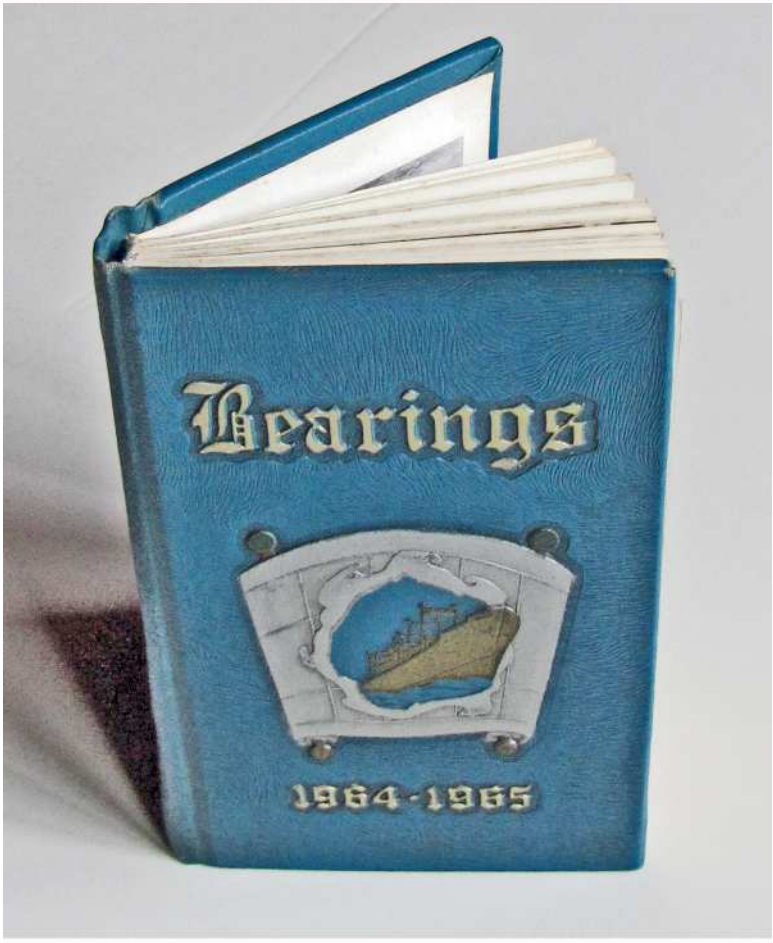
Our lockers
a place for everything & everything in its place.



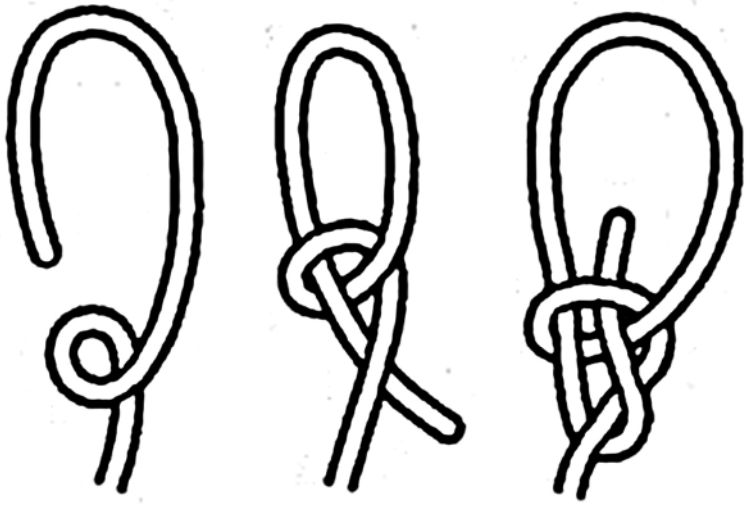
The grooming corner of our rooms -
from transom to sinks, wardrobe, lockers
& the overhead stowage.



Plebe Knife, original issue



The Plebe Bible



Down the rabbit hole, around, & back out
Most engineers were able to figure this out
as part of their knotty science class plebe year.



Mechanical Drawing Issue



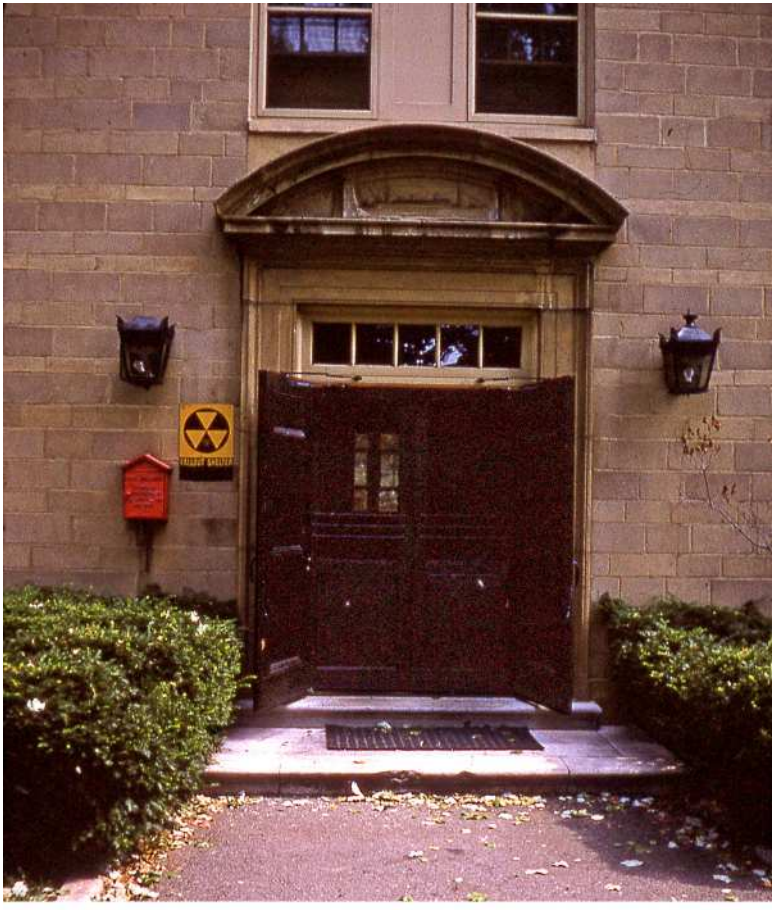
Some errant navigation?
A monomoy misplaced. (note- don't sign your pranks)



Polished decks were of paramount importance.
The method of attaining a shine didn't change much from when the floors were first laid down, as this photo from 1946 proves.



Murphy & Palmer Halls
Home to the 1st Battalion



Welcome to 2nd Company, 1st Batt



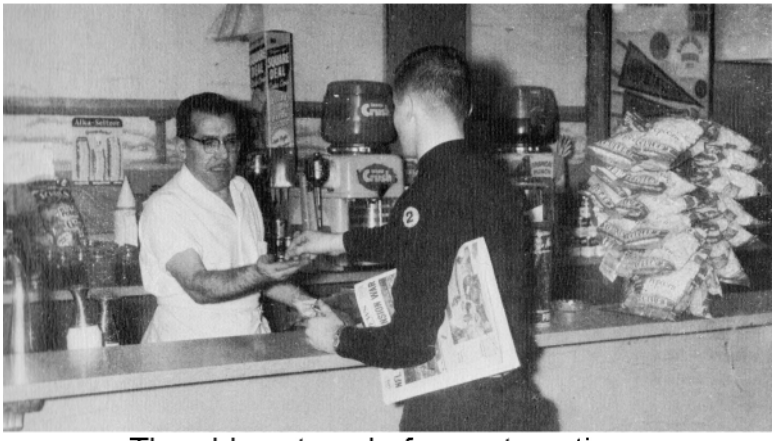
The Beach Gang - plebes at Eldridge Pool
Walker
Collard, Lewis, Mazza, Hado
Dunn, Murphy, Byrnes, Erwin, Krueger, Pearson



Blood Alley in the morning



The 3-lane Bowling Alley
Located on the zero deck (basement) of Delano Hall
behind the cadet lounge.



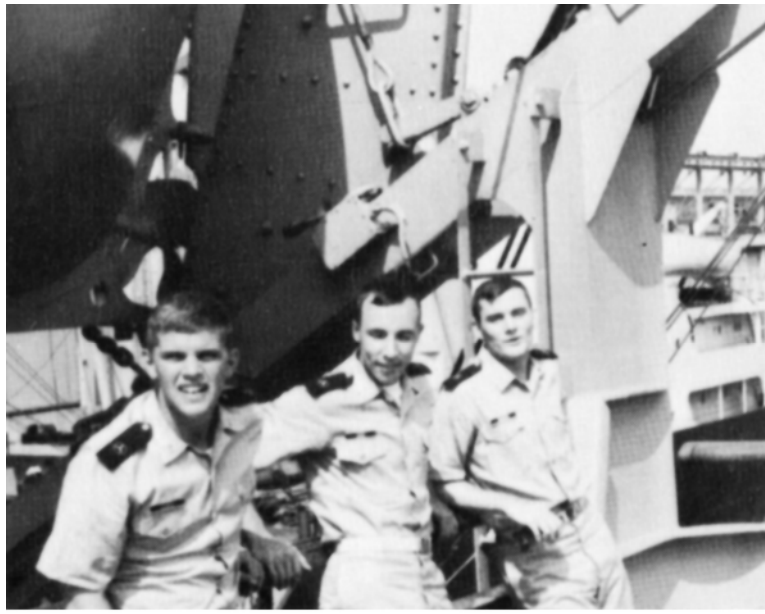
The old canteen before automation



Greg Sebuck & Phil Carey returning from liberty
in a '59 Plymouth; chrome & tailfins defined the era.



Plebes dressed and ready for the Innaugural Parade
at Patuxent Naval Air Station.
Phil Carey, Shiras Walker & Jack Coffey.



First Field Trip
Lewis, Hado & Skripol getting a feel for the real thing.



Bob Featherer
Convoy coats kept us warm to the knees.



In contrast, heading for the pool on a summer day
Pearson, Collard, & Krueger



68-162

Back row: Martin, Krueger, Murphy, Erwin, Firey, Pranulis, Day.
Front: Collard, Goddard, Byrnes, Melvin, Wood, Ross, Hado,
Dunn, O'Neil, Szulc, Pearson, Henderson, Lewis.



A typical mess table
Fine dining, KP style

FORM KP1-30 (10-59)

UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY
KINGS POINT, NEW YORK

CLASS ORGANIZATION VIOLATION

CADET: LAST NAME	FIRST	MIDDLE INITIAL	SECTION	ROOM

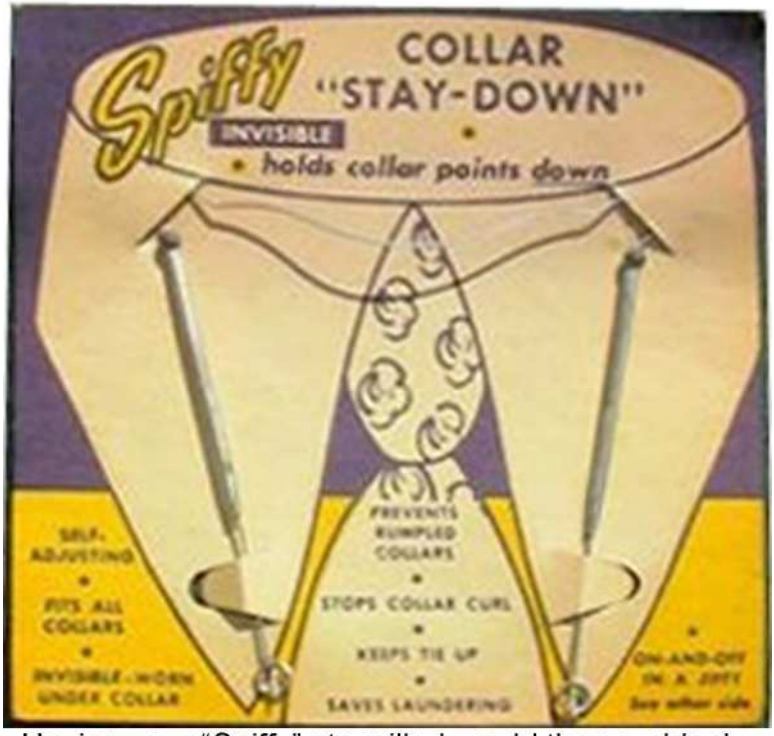
DATE OF VIOLATION	PLACE OF VIOLATION

REMARKS

DATE	SIGNATURE OF REPORTING CADET	SECTION

USCOMM-MA-KP-SM-10-59

Class Rates Slip
For a plebe, loss of one of these guaranteed unwanted scrutiny.
Too many and an invitation to your own private plebe beat was issued.



Having your "Spiffy" stencilled would then suddenly appear to be more important.



Regs required absolutely everything be marked, even the marking kit itself.



Our basic fashion selections

L-R Summer Khaki, Winter CPO's, Service Dress Khaki, Service Dress Blue, Service Dress White, Formal Dress.

Form KP 1-8

UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY
Kings Point, New York

REPORT OF DEFICIENCY (CADET)

CADET: LAST NAME	FIRST	INITIAL	SECTION	DATE OF REPORT

DATE OF OFFENSE:	TIME:	LOCATION

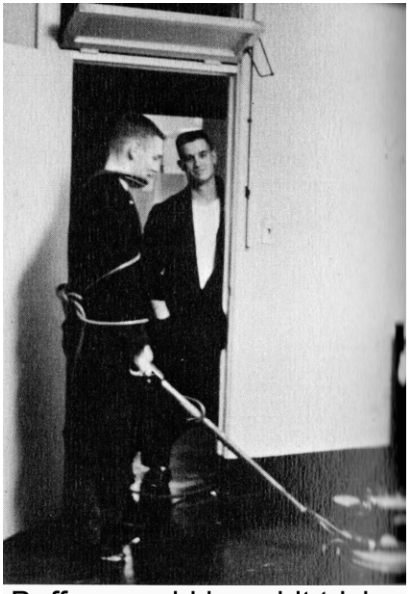
CHARGE:

SPECIFICATIONS: (GIVE COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF EVENTS RELATING TO CHARGE)

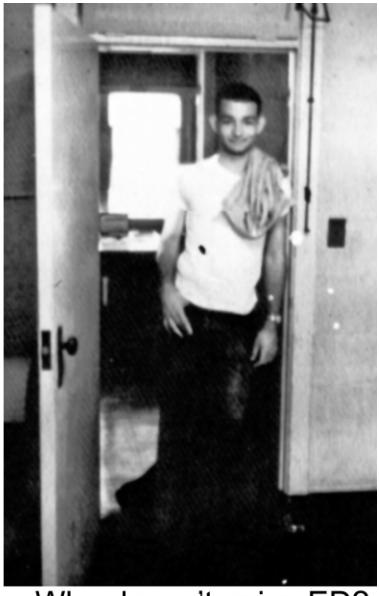
RECOMMENDED ACTION	SIGNATURE OF REPORTING OFFICER
ACTION	SIGNATURE OF REGIMENTAL OFFICER

RO-8

Some were more familiar with this than others.



Buffers could be a bit tricky



Who doesn't enjoy ED?



When we didn't want to stray too far, we could walk to Maurice's and find our way back home.



Slightly less frequented a little farther down the road was Curry's.

TAILOR SHOP ISSUE

CLASS 1968 - 1st ISSUE

2 - Chambray Shirt	@ $1.95 ea.	$3.90
2 pr. - Dungarees	@ $2.60 pr.	5.20
2 - Denim Caps	@ .75 ea.	1.50
1 - Fouled Anchor		.60
3 - Collar Insignias	@ .50 ea.	1.50
3 - Web Belts (1 Black, 1 Khaki, 1 White)	@ .50 ea.	1.50
1 - Rubber Coat		9.00
2 pr. - Black Lace Shoes	@ $10.35 pr.	20.70
1 pr. - Sneakers		5.50
	TOTAL	$49.40

I acknowledge receipt of above articles to be charged against monies on deposit or to be deposited with the Cadet Deposit Accounts Officer from funds allocated for same.

Section 64-162 Date 8/24/64 Signature Paul G Shripol

TAILOR SHOP ISSUE

P1

CLASS 1968 - 2nd ISSUE

4 Khaki Poplin (Long Sleeve Shirts	@ $3.65 ea.	$14.60
4 Khaki Broadcloth (Short Sleeve) Shirts	@ $2.50 ea.	10.00
4 pr. Khaki Chino Trousers	@ $4.50	18.00
1 Cap Frame		3.25
1 Khaki Vinyl Cap Cover		1.70
1 White Vinyl Cap Cover		1.70
1 Chin Strap 3/8"		1.50
1 Cap Device		1.00
2 prs. Shoulder Boards	@ $3.30 pr.	6.60
	TOTAL	$58.35

I acknowledge receipt of above articles to be charged against monies on deposit or to be deposited with the Cadet Deposit Accounts Officer from funds allocated for same.

Section 18-162 Date 8/27/64 Signature Paul G. Shripol

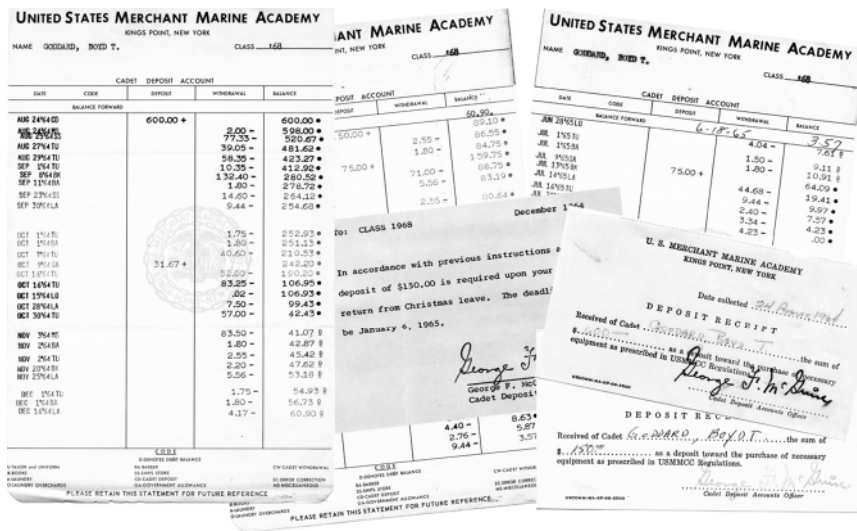
Print Name SHRIPOL - PAUL G

Our first 2 uniform issues were for the basics.
Note the dates; 8/24 & 8/27.

We were dependent upon the Tailor Shop and
Ma Rooney for clean clothes - no washing machines.



Did $1.50 really get us through a whole month?
And Boyd didn't even spend it all!
Is it too late for a refund?



By November of 1964, we were all overdrawn
on our cadet accounts and an additional $150
was required when we returned from Christmas leave.

ITEMS REQUIRED FOR FOURTH CLASS YEAR - CLASS "68"

The below listed items will be charged against monies on deposit or to be deposited with the Cadet Deposit Account Officer. Retain duplicate copy for your records.

1	Drawing Board	$ 2.10	
1	T-Square	2.20	
1	45 Triangle	1.30	
1	30/60 Triangle	.45	
1	Protractor	.60	
2	French Curves	1.55	
1	Pencil Pointer w/filler	.65	
1	Architect Scale	2.80	
1	Erasing Shield	.12	
2	Erasers	.16	
1	Drafting Tape	.30	
1	Pad Drawing Sheets	.60	
1	Expanding Envelope	.25	
1	Loose Leaf Binder	2.15	
2	Loose Leaf Fillers	.70	
1	Loose Leaf Index	.10	
2	Laundry Bags	1.50	
1	Jackknife	2.65	
1	Sewing Kit	.60	
2	Combination Locks	2.40	
1	U. S. Navy Marking Kit	1.65	
1	Ivory Soap - Personal	.08	
6	Pr. Black Stretch Socks	3.60	
2	Wash Cloths	.36	
1	Watch Cap	1.30	
1	Name Tag with holder	1.15	
2	Black Ties - Navy Regulation	1.60	
2	Grey Ties - Navy Regulation	1.60	
1	Black Bow Tie - Formal Navy	.80	
6	Clothes Hangers - Wood- Uniform type to fit wardrobe locker	.96	
6	Handkerchiefs - White	.90	
1	Bathrobe - Navy Blue Cadet Corps	12.80	
2	Suits Pajamas - Plain Blue	5.90	
3	Undershorts	2.40	
3	Undershirts "T"	2.40	
1	Pr. Grey Gloves - Navy Regulation	3.00	
1	Pr. White Gloves	1.25	
1	Pr. Blue Wool Gloves	1.30	
1	Sweat Shirt w/Kings Point design	2.25	
1	Sweat Pants	2.25	
1	Pr. Swimming Trunks - Navy Nylon	4.60	
2	Pr. Khaki Shorts - for sports	2.00	
	ENGINE TOTAL:		$77.33
1	Sail Palm - Deck Only	1.20	
1	Pr. Work Gloves - Deck Only	1.15	
	DECK TOTAL:		$79.68

I adknowledge receipt of the above material.

SECTION _____ DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

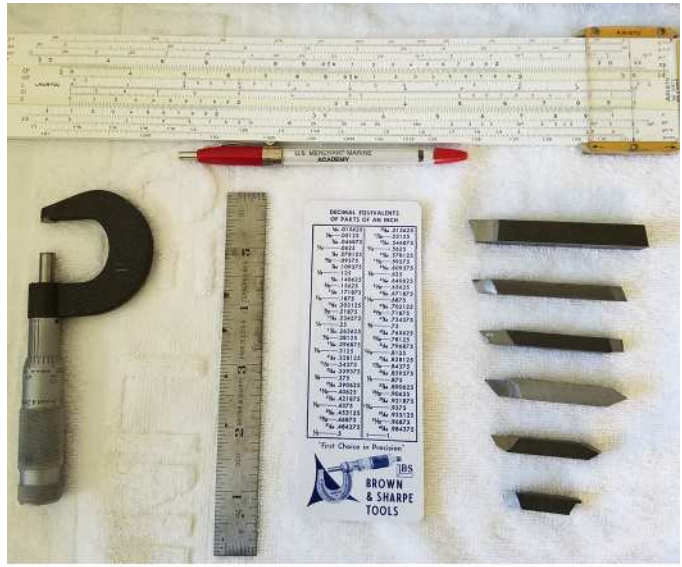
PRINT NAME _____

"GOOD LUCK AND WELCOME ABOARD"

This list covered the basics we were going to need for our first year. Uniforms and textbooks were extra. The prices might seem like bargains today.



Engineer's Machine Shop Projects



Tools of the trade for engineers



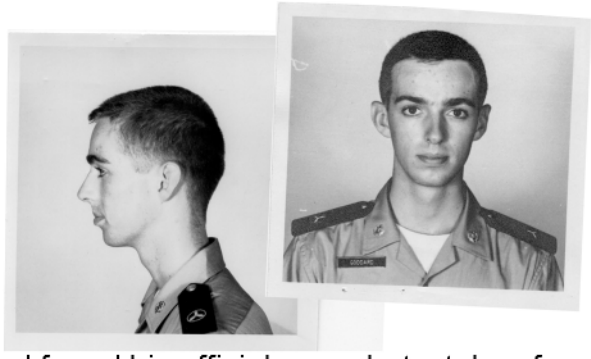
Plebes sightseeing in New York
Skripol, Pranulis & Hado at the Empire State Building



The Three Musketeers - Hado, Dunn & Erwin.
What are plebes doing with swords?



Ed Woods, first day aboard in his best seersucker suit.



Boyd found his official mug shots, taken for our Academy ID cards. Our khaki uniforms were freshly issued. Note nametag misplaced high for photo. Looking a little shell-shocked, perhaps?

S-1

ACCEPTANCE AND OATH OF OFFICE

INSTRUCTIONS: Use typewriter or print in ink
Original and one white copy to Bureau of Naval Personnel
Blue copy—Appointee
Pink copy—Commanding Officer (If active, copy to CNARY or District Comdt.)
Yellow copies—Disbursing (If active or in Organized Reserve)

FROM: Boyd Taylor GODDARD (Name of appointee) Midshipman, USNR (Rank) (Corps)* R01-00 1 (File and designator numbers)*

TO: SECRETARY OF THE NAVY (Bureau of Naval Personnel)

VIA: Head of Department of Naval Science
U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, New York
(Title of commanding officer (or) reporting senior)

I, Boyd Taylor GODDARD (Full name of appointee)

having been [X] PERMANENTLY [ ] TEMPORARILY appointed a Midshipman (Give rank) Line (Corps or classification) [ ] USN [X] USNR

to rank from the 23rd day of August 1964, do accept such appointment and do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign or domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter: So help me God.

Boyd Taylor Goddard
(Signature of appointee in full)

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of December 1964

Z. MUKHALIAN, CDR, USN 008902
(Signature and rank of witnessing officer)

*When appropriate.

EFFECTIVE DATE (Enter "effective date" stated in appointment or commission; if not so stated, leave this box blank): 23 August 1964

IF THIS IS YOUR FIRST APPOINTMENT TO OFFICER RANK IN NAVY GIVE DATE OF BIRTH: 16 MAY 1946

AUTHORIZING REFERENCE (Enter the word "Commission" or indicate reference and its number if appointing letter or cable): Pers B-2222 tk/dm of 27 NOV 64

ENDORSEMENT—1

FROM: Head of Department of Naval Science (Title of commanding officer (or) reporting senior) DATE 9 December 1964

TO: SECRETARY OF THE NAVY (Bureau of Naval Personnel)

Z. MUKHALIAN, CDR, USN
(Signature of commanding officer (or) reporting senior)

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
MARITIME ADMINISTRATION
UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY
KINGS POINT, NEW YORK

CADET: Boyd Taylor GODDARD (K)
CLASS 1968
FILE NO. 680979
DATE ISSUED 8-23-64
DATE EXPIRES 8-30-68
SIGNATURE OF CADET Boyd T Goddard
SIGNATURE OF VALIDATING OFFICER R.A. Gaynor Capt., USMS

IDENTIFICATION CARD

Proof of Midshipman, USNR status was hurriedly provided to enable military standby travel home just in time for Christmas. This well-worn onion-skin copy then went on to travel around the world during Sea Year, combined with an Academy ID because our USNR ID cards weren't issued until well into our 2/c year.



It also proved to our draft boards that we were USNR and were classified 1-D.



United States of America

Navy Department

By direction of the President of the United States you are hereby appointed a MIDSHIPMAN in the Reserve of the United States Navy from the Twenty-Third day of August one thousand nine hundred Sixty-Four

Given under my hand and seal of the Navy Department at the city of Washington this Eleventh day of January one thousand nine hundred Sixty-Five

Paul H. Nitze
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Midshipman

Paul Gregory Skripol

NAVPERS 921 (Rev 10-57)

FORM NPG-1 (9-63)

UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY
Kings Point, New York

OATH OF OFFICE
UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE CADET CORPS

PRINT SKRIPOL (Surname) PAUL (First Name) G. (Middle Initial)

I, Paul G. Skripol having been appointed a Cadet in the United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, accept appointment and do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter: So Help Me GOD.

Paul G. Skripol
Signature of Cadet

Sworn before Superintendent

Our apointments in the Navy and Oaths of Office for the USMMCC were required to be displayed in the picture frames provided in our rooms.

Memorable People

Those that impacted us, favorably or other…

Our marching skills were drilled into us under the relentless efforts of our Drill Master, Horton Spurr from day 1. "Your Left, your Left, your Left Right Left."



LT Horton Spurr, USMS receives Certificate of Merit from RADM Gordon McLintock, USMS upon his retirement.



"Salty" O'Hara
A Kings Point institution



FAL
Francis A. Litchfield, 1946



CAPT McCready & CDR Sandberg
Both men deserve mention as they were instrumental
in the development of the KP campus
from the very beginning.



Ma Rooney
"Mother of the Regiment" - 1953



Ray Ach
'54 - LT Ach by the time we left.



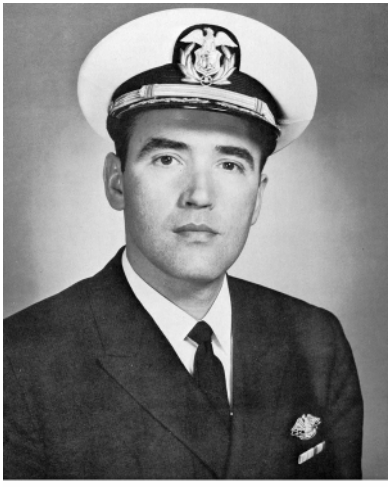
Flipper
Domenic DeFilippi
Seemed to be everywhere.



Fred McCammon
Ran the noise department



Black Mac
CWO William McCaffrey



CAPT O'Leary
Rose from Aide to RO

When you were in trouble, it only got worse if you had to report to them.



Doc Nau
"cough"



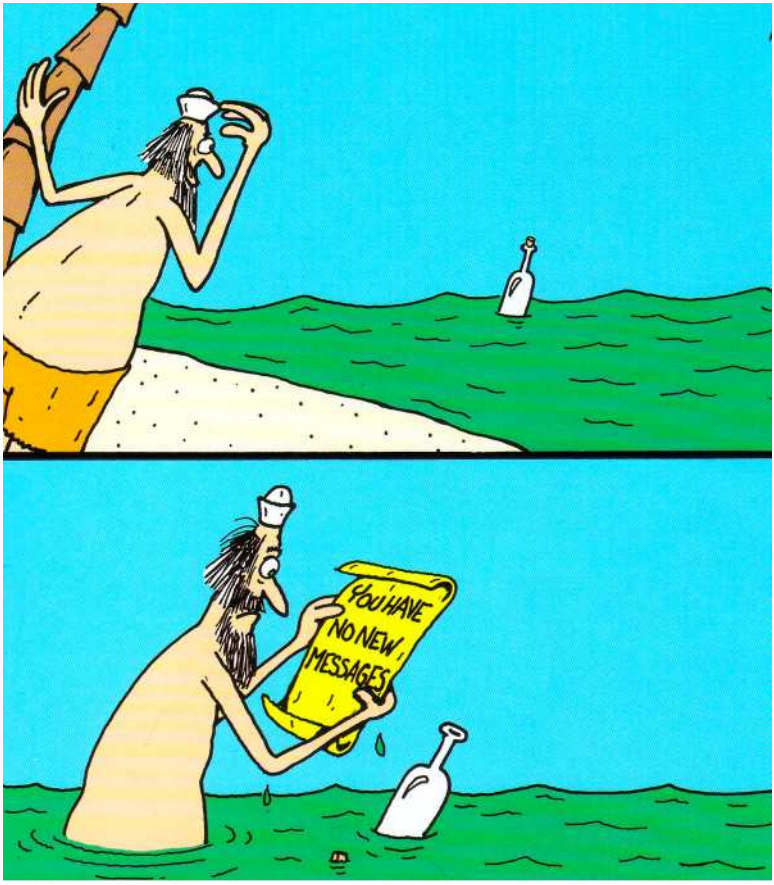
H.O. Travis
Engineering Instructor, then RO in '61 and last as ATR-NY
initials scrawled the world over



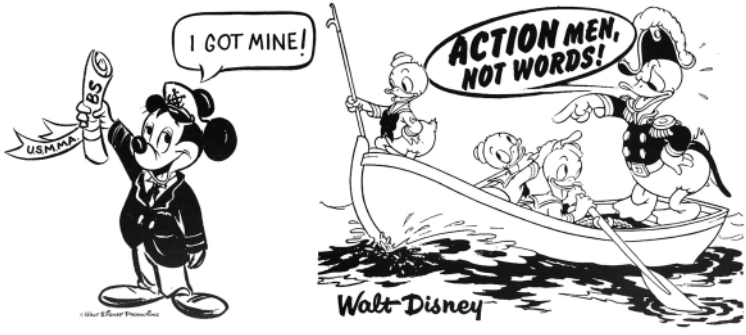
The "ROC"
CAPT Richard O'Connell
RO from WWII, then ATR SF



CDR T.H. Giddings
A favorite English Instructor

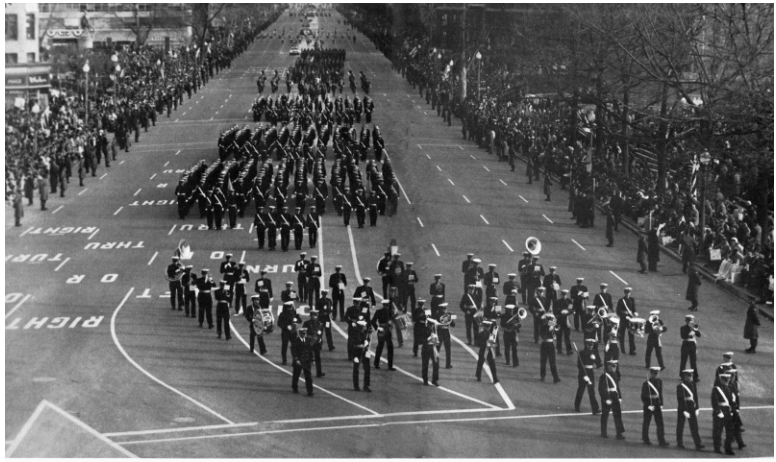


As aging fossils, we can laugh at our tech savvy.

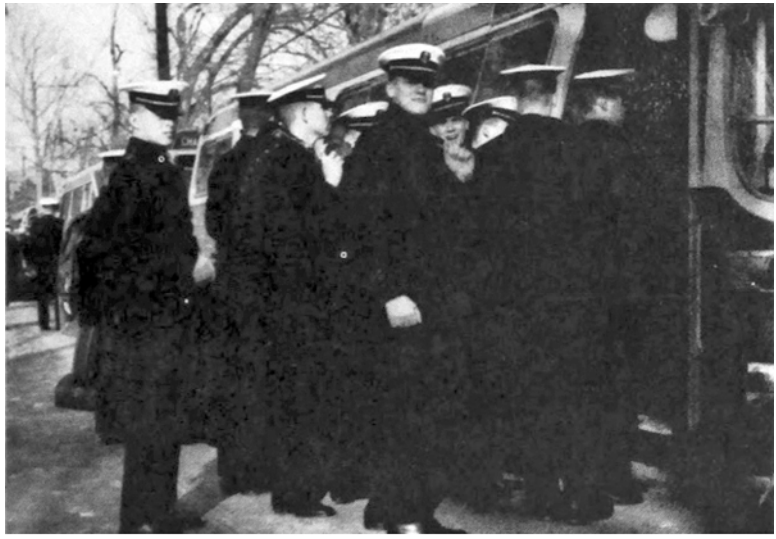


Disney did a lot of promo art during the wars,
and Kings Point shared in that.

Activities



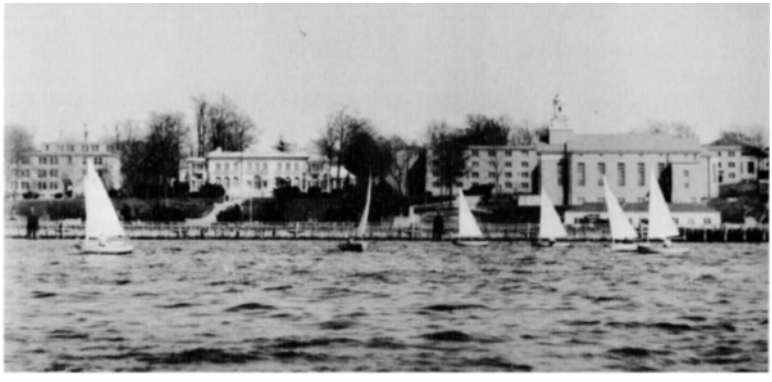
LBJ's Inaugural Parade - Jan 20, 1965



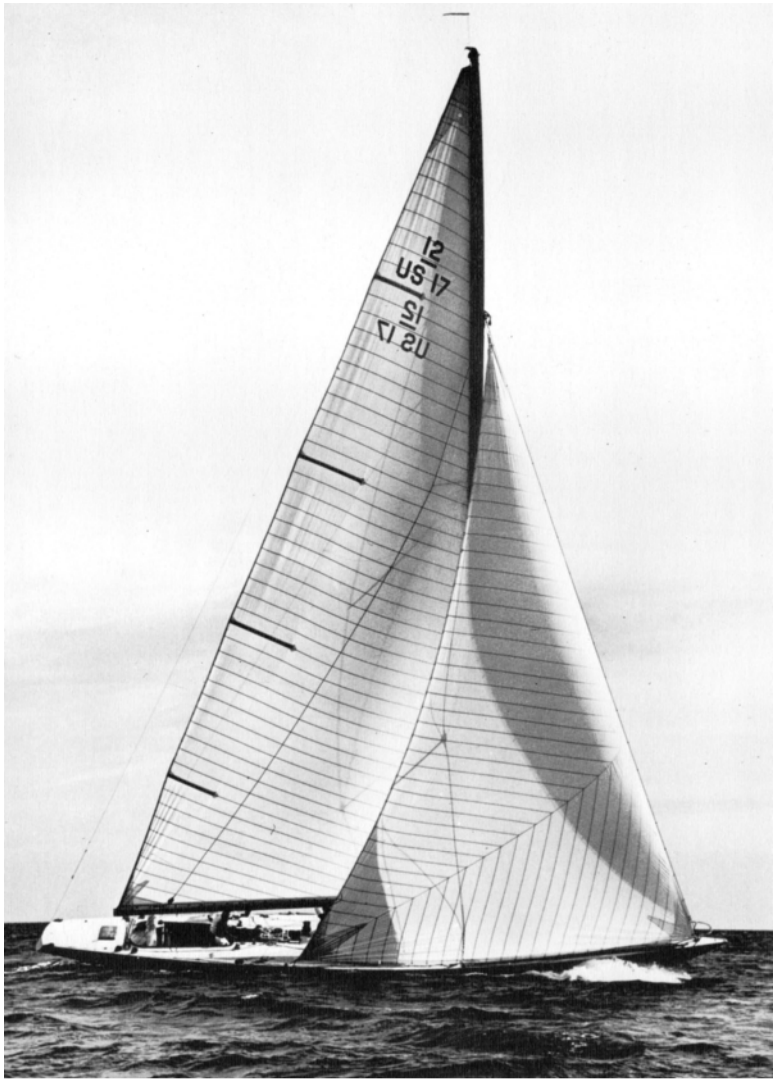
Boarding the busses to Patuxent River NAS



Niña
Our famous 1928 ocean racer



Dinghys in the Sound



12 Meter Yacht Weatherly
1962 America's Cup
During our tenure at KP,
Weatherly was used as a trial horse for the 1967
challenger, *Columbia*.



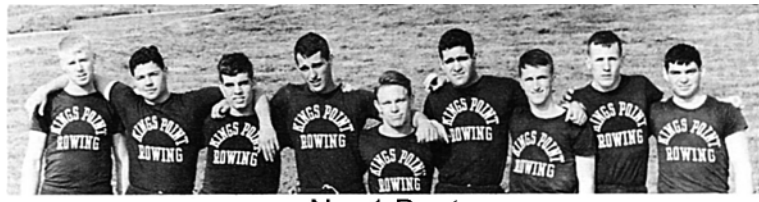
Shields Class
Our sailing team had a small fleet in which to compete.



TV *Kings Pointer*
She provided a bit more navigational practice for the deckies.



Rowing team
Maritime style in Monomoy lifeboats



No. 1 Boat:
S.White, B. Leske, R. Smith, P. Verrochi, R. Byrnes, N. Wood,
G. Stupski, S. Alexander, J. Martucci.



"Toss Oars," a traditional maritime salute



What we affectionately referred to as “The Moving Noise” practices for the Inauguration stroll down Pennsylvania Ave.



The Glee Club performed a number of performances around New York as well as at home.





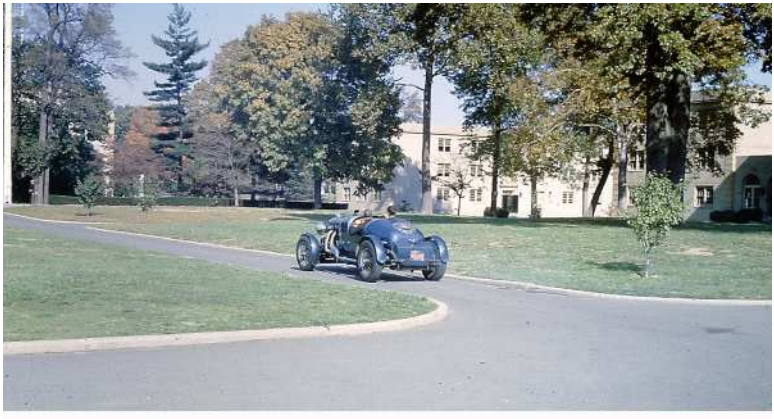
Gunslingers, KP Style



Nice Wooden Racquets, Guys!



Automotive Interest Club
seated in Bentley: Hado & Pagano
behind: Penner, Ryalls, Wilson, Holt, Macauley, Gaston,
LT. Kingsley advisor, Krawez, Parker, Brittin, Gilbert,
Jenkins, Hart, Forrister, Schyma



The “Rally” car - our 1929 Bentley



The Quarter-Mile Stop

circa 1965

The universal activity!

The end of Plebe Year



Getting 3rd Class boards was an achievement.



3rd Class stripes, Section 68-162
Top: Collard, Dunn, Day, Byrnes, Goddard, Murphy, Erwin, White, Firey, Ross, Szulc.
Front: Krueger, Henderson, Pearson, O'Neil, Wood.
Inset: Hado (from 2nd shot)

And the start of a great adventure...



Elliott Woods (L) and Gene Niemi
cadets on the *Santa Mercedes*



Boyd Goddard and his first ship 1965



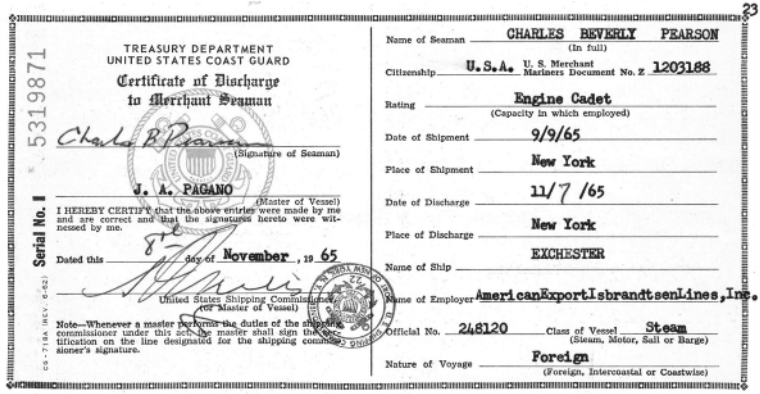
Joe Isabella, E/R Cadet



Stan's Sea Year Non-regulation facial hair



Charlie Schroeder
up out of the engine room for some fresh air.



TREASURY DEPARTMENT
UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

Certificate of Discharge
to Merchant Seaman

Serial No. 5319871

Charles B Pearson
(Signature of Seaman)

J. A. PAGANO
(Master of Vessel)

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above entries were made by me and are correct and that the signatures hereto were witnessed by me.

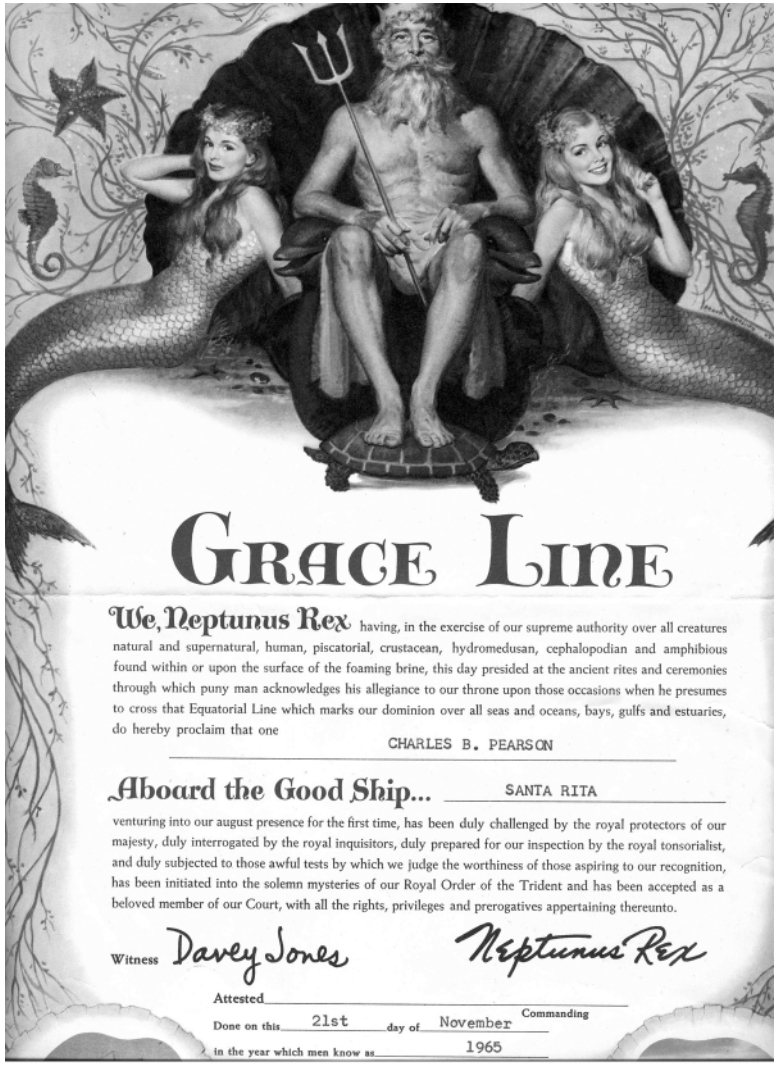
Dated this 8th day of November, 19 65

(Master of Vessel)

Note—Whenever a master performs the duties of the shipping commissioner under this section the master shall sign the certification on the line designated for the shipping commissioner's signature.

Name of Seaman CHARLES BEVERLY PEARSON (In full)
Citizenship U.S.A. U. S. Merchant Mariners Document No. Z 1203188
Rating Engine Cadet (Capacity in which employed)
Date of Shipment 9/9/65
Place of Shipment New York
Date of Discharge 11/7/65
Place of Discharge New York
Name of Ship EXCHESTER
Name of Employer American Export Isbrandtsen Lines, Inc.
Official No. 248120 Class of Vessel Steam (Steam, Motor, Sail or Barge)
Nature of Voyage Foreign (Foreign, Intercoastal or Coastwise)

Discharge books were no longer being used and we started a scrapbook full of these to document our sea time.



GRACE LINE

We, Neptunus Rex having, in the exercise of our supreme authority over all creatures natural and supernatural, human, piscatorial, crustacean, hydromedusan, cephalopodian and amphibious found within or upon the surface of the foaming brine, this day presided at the ancient rites and ceremonies through which puny man acknowledges his allegiance to our throne upon those occasions when he presumes to cross that Equatorial Line which marks our dominion over all seas and oceans, bays, gulfs and estuaries, do hereby proclaim that one

CHARLES B. PEARSON

Aboard the Good Ship... SANTA RITA

venturing into our august presence for the first time, has been duly challenged by the royal protectors of our majesty, duly interrogated by the royal inquisitors, duly prepared for our inspection by the royal tonsorialist, and duly subjected to those awful tests by which we judge the worthiness of those aspiring to our recognition, has been initiated into the solemn mysteries of our Royal Order of the Trident and has been accepted as a beloved member of our Court, with all the rights, privileges and prerogatives appertaining thereunto.

Witness Davey Jones — Neptunus Rex, Commanding

Attested

Done on this 21st day of November

in the year which men know as 1965

The South American run had it's rituals.



Getting back home could be a little difficult
when you're blurry eyed and beat.



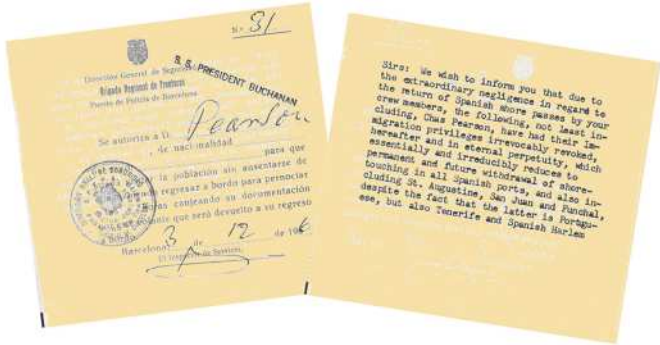
Looking aft along the catwalk of a T-2 tanker



Tool of the trade for mates



A few souvenirs from the bottom of the junk drawer. Every cadet passing through Manila made the obligatory stop at the Seaman's Club and more than one motorcycle came home from Yokohama.



Someone had fun with Chas' shore pass from Barcelona



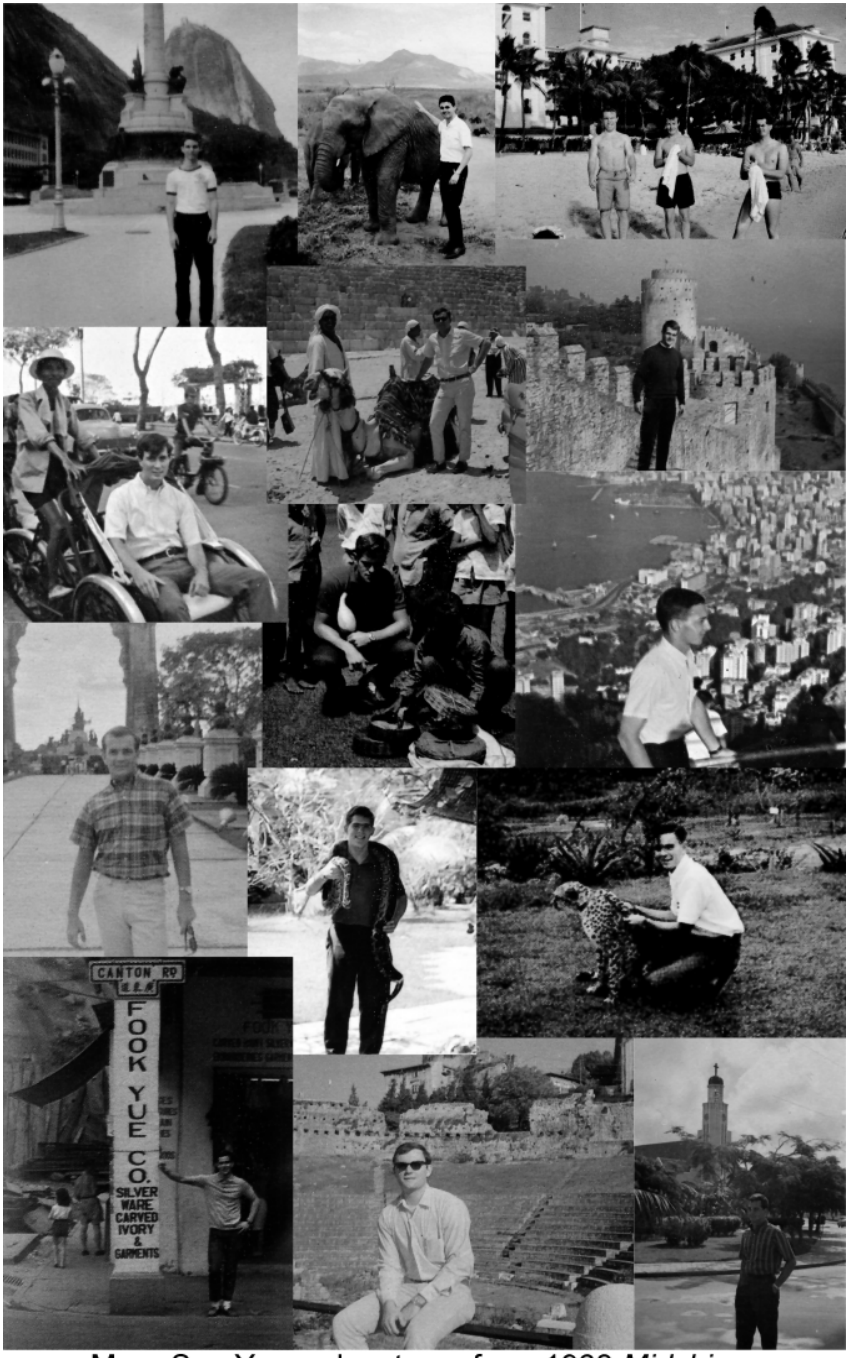
SS *President Coolidge* battling an
Atlantic Hurricane Feb. 1966



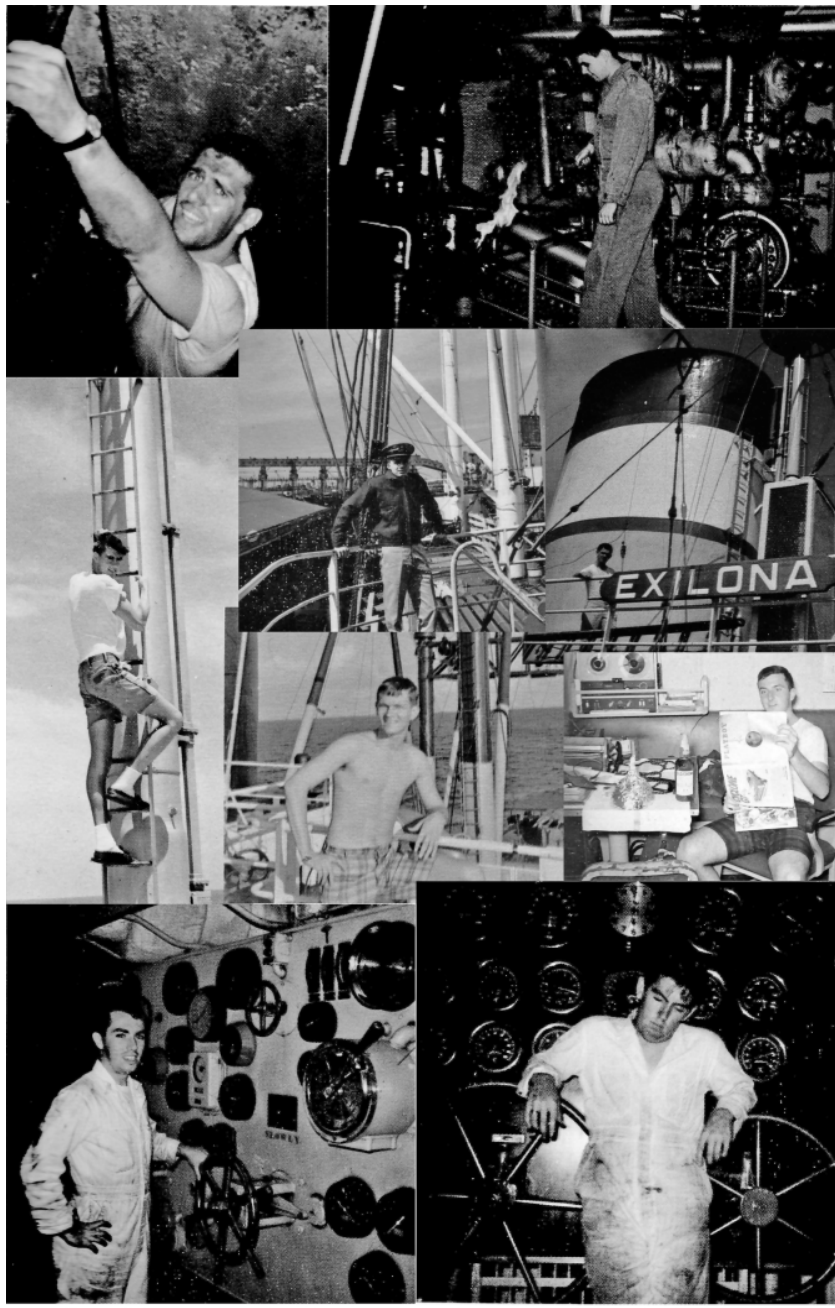
And looking aft



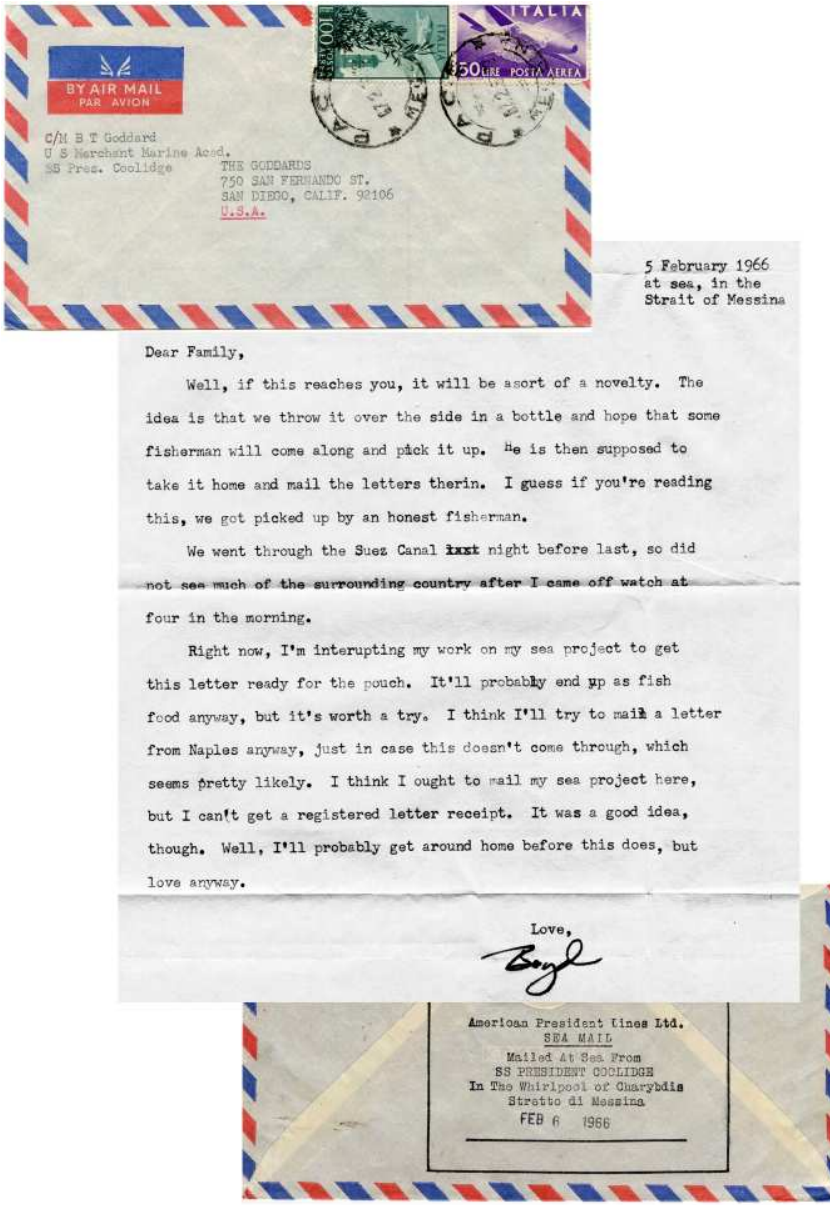
Sea Year adventures from 1968 *Midships*



More Sea Year adventures from 1968 *Midships*.
KPers travelled the world, you could find them anywhere.



Sea Year also had some serious work to do for both deck and engine cadets.
(Some of the time.)



BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

C/M B T Goddard
U S Merchant Marine Acad.
SS Pres. Coolidge

THE GODDARDS
750 SAN FERNANDO ST.
SAN DIEGO, CALIF. 92106
U.S.A.

ITALIA
100 LIRE
50 LIRE POSTA AEREA

5 February 1966
at sea, in the
Strait of Messina

Dear Family,

Well, if this reaches you, it will be asort of a novelty. The idea is that we throw it over the side in a bottle and hope that some fisherman will come along and pick it up. He is then supposed to take it home and mail the letters therin. I guess if you're reading this, we got picked up by an honest fisherman.

We went through the Suez Canal ~~last~~ night before last, so did ~~not see much of the surrounding country after I came off watch at~~ four in the morning.

Right now, I'm interupting my work on my sea project to get this letter ready for the pouch. It'll probably end up as fish food anyway, but it's worth a try. I think I'll try to mail a letter from Naples anyway, just in case this doesn't come through, which seems pretty likely. I think I ought to mail my sea project here, but I can't get a registered letter receipt. It was a good idea, though. Well, I'll probably get around home before this does, but love anyway.

Love,

Boyd

American President Lines Ltd.
SEA MAIL
Mailed At Sea From
SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE
In The Whirlpool of Charybdis
Stretto di Messina
FEB 6 1966

An unusual letter mailed at sea.
The Purser got the passengers all hooked on the idea and despite our cadet-savvy skepticism, we bought in. He rigged up a large jar, adorned it with flags and heaved it overboard with some ceremony. The letter arrived before those mailed regularly from our next port!

Back at the Zoo...



And now it was our turn!
Mild-mannered Szulc acting tough. Had them fooled!



Keeping plebes in line was a job for the 2/c.



The 1/c made sure the pecking order was respected.
Paul Skripol on BOOW watch
maybe taking guff from Alex Keisch '67?



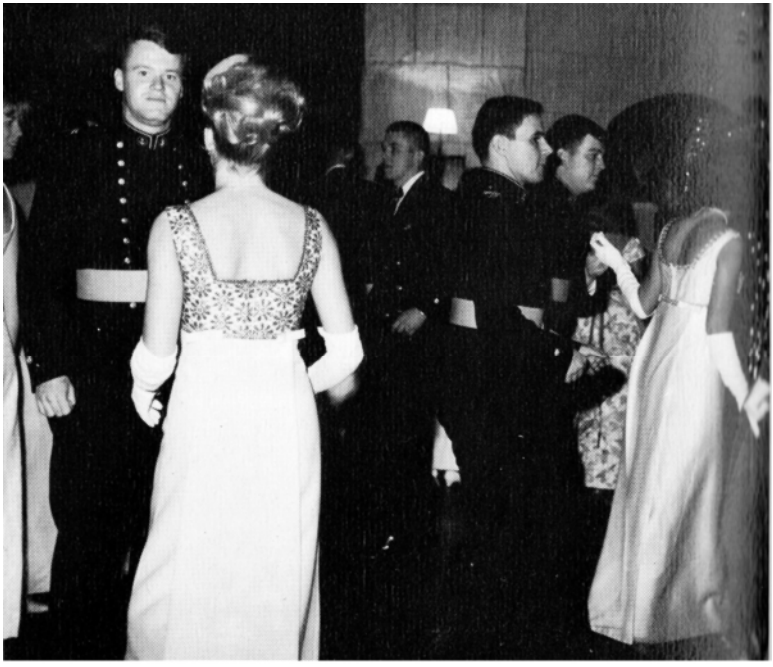
ED Muster
What to do today?



Kling & Dotts
"1 more twang and I'll..."



Pagano & Jewett play table tennis before class.
Note the state-of-the-art sound system.



A Formal Dance



100 Night's Dance
Doug Neel, Lewis Kreuger & Bill Henderson



M-Man makes his first appearance
but landed a little short...



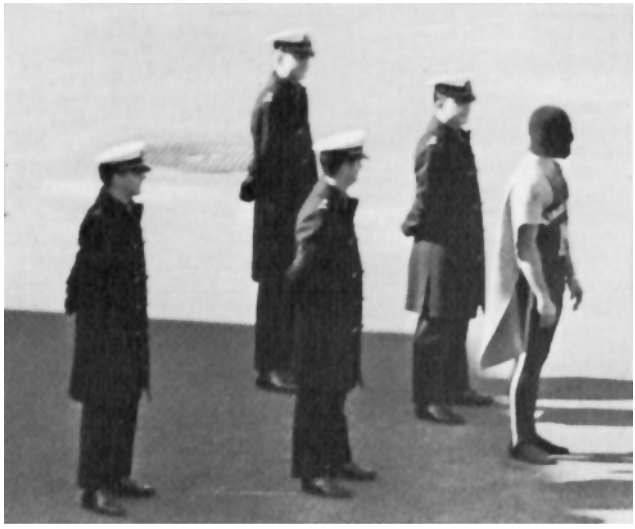
M-Man & Cyrano invade Delano Hall



Cyrano, foiled again!
Who cut the lanyard?



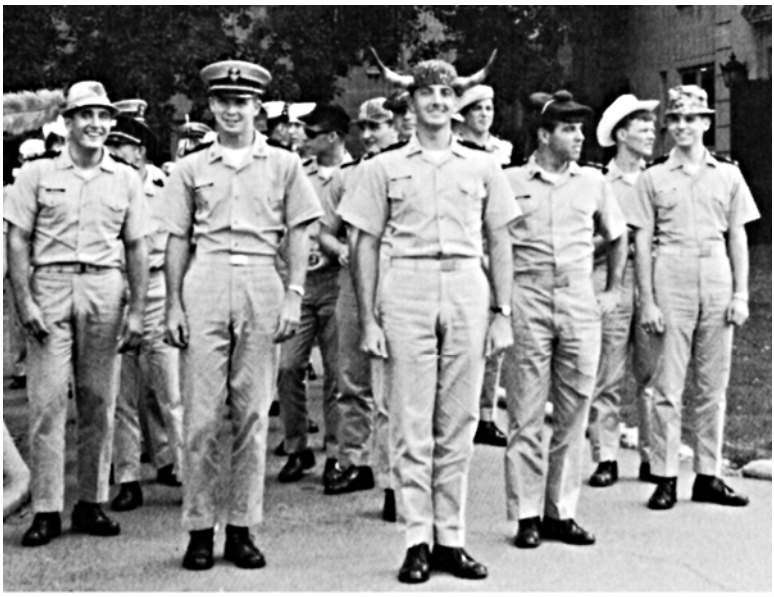
M-Man snorkels across the stage in another skit.



M-Man with a wedgie



Cyrano de Huntsalunch



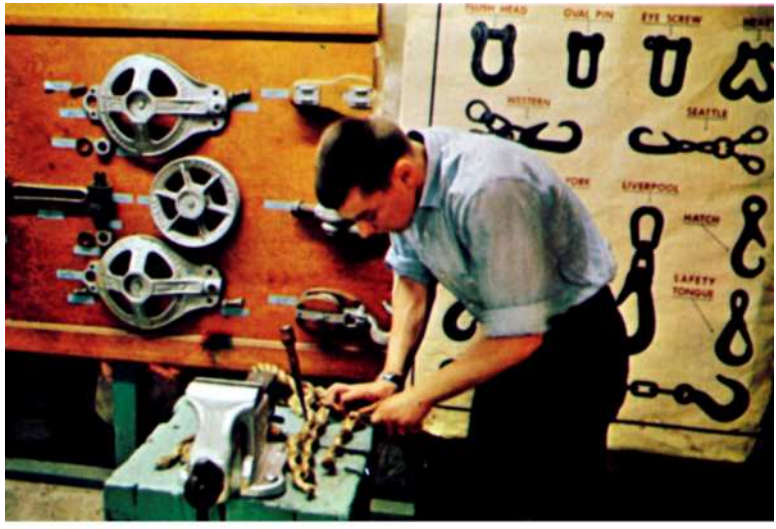
Optional Headgear Day
was a free for all exercise in ingenuity with some
fun results. Dave Mozgala, CC3, leads his company.



RADM McLintock
could join in the spirit of things.



Heading for Marshall Pool, guys?



Wire Fighting class



1968 Class Ring
&
Sweetheart / Mom's Pin

Top, the Academy Seal side of the ring.
Bottom, the pin and Class side, depicting the SS *Savannah*
and the NS *Savannah* encircled with nuclear orbits,
separated by a Federal Eagle.
It recognizes maritime advances from the age of sail
to our modern times and the ships we'll sail.



Mick Hado & Marie
Ring Dance Tradition



Dipping the ring in the binnacle



Tom & Sue Fiedler
at the Ring Dance



Souvenirs from memorable events



1967

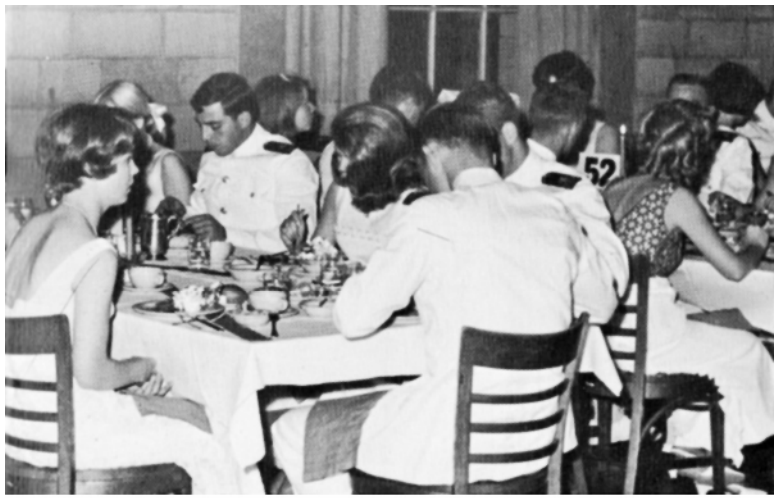
Welcome to Kings Point

Pretty girls make a welcome addition to the scenery at the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy, and Midshipmen John Rydzewski of Las Vegas, right, and Donald Peavy of Manhasset are out to give Karen Moran of Schenectady, left, and Susan Wheaton of East Meadow a weekend of wonderful memories. The girls are attending the annual Kings Point weekend, which opened with a barbecue yesterday, and continues with a parade, boat rides and a dinner dance today, concluding tomorrow with services in the Marine Memorial Chapel.

First Kings Point Weekend in the *Long Island Press*



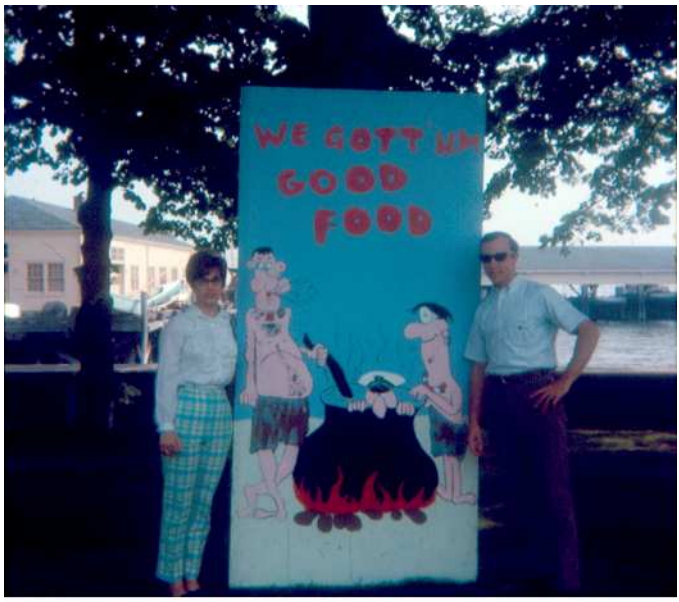
The wall around the library construction provided a canvas for cadet art.



Kings Point Weekend ‘68 Dinner
Delano Hall went upscale for a moment.



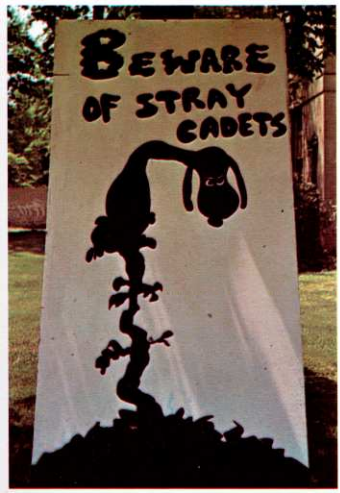
Barney Kroeger
headed up the RBU (Regimental Broadcast Unit)
and took the heat for the selection of
music played during our fine dining experiences.



Cadet artistic humor with Mick Hado & Marie



Cadet humor as ground is broken
for the new library





Other art sprang up as the occasion demanded.



Football season was one occasion
for outdoor expression.



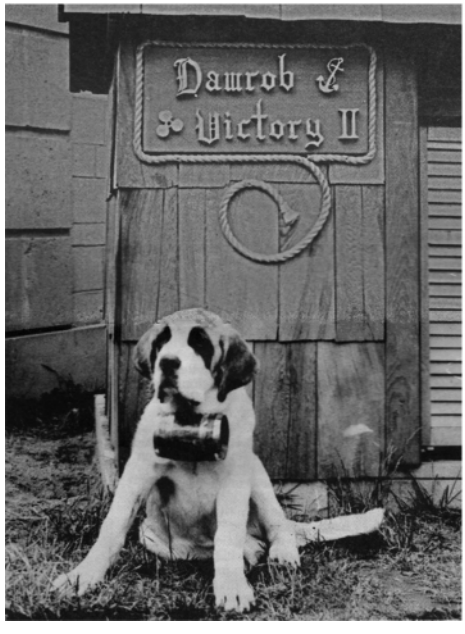
68-266 actually broke out the garrison caps once!
Shake, (bashful?), Funk, Peeve, Zero, Chris & Monk



We had been without a mascot for many years.
Enter Dawrob Victory II, thanks to Vince Sottile and his crew. The brandy barrel was an appropriate commentary on the sterotypical KP'er.



The new mascot required a barracks of his own. The team of Sottile & Mucci commandeered some real estate behind 2nd Batt to design and build a chalet suitable for a growing St. Bernard puppy.





M-Dog in his Review uniform and surveying his territory from the front porch of his new chalet.

From: M-Dog, Midshipdog, USMMCM
To: Head, Dept. of Naval Science
Via: Midn. V.J. Sottile, 68-266
Subj: Appointment as Midshipdog, USNR

Dear Sir:

1. It is respectfully requested that I, M-Dog (more properly known as Dawrob Victory II), be given an appointment as Midshipdog, USNR.
2. I have, to the best of my knowledge, a clear record and am known to come from a family of good origin. I feel that I should be entitled to wear the United States Naval Reserve Merchant Marine insignia on my uniform as mascot of the United States Merchant Marine Academy.
3. It is hoped that this appointment, if granted will help prevent my being drafted into the ARMY K-9 corps and obtain may I-D draft classification. I want it understood, however, that I am not looking for a deferment to avoid service; but rather to obtain an appointment so that I may more faithfully and properly serve.

Respectfully submitted,
Dawrob Victory II

FIRST ENDORSEMENT
From: V.J. Sottile, 68-266
To: Head, Dept. of Naval Science
1. Forwarded, recommending approval.

V. J. Sottile

MEMORANDUM FOR THE SUPERINTENDENT

Subj: Midshipdog, USNR status in the case of Dawrob Victory II.
Encl: (1) Dawrob Victory IIs request of 6 May 1968 with first endorsement
(2) Appointment to Midshipdog status USNR

1. In accordance with the request contained in enclosure (1), a security check was made with the appropriate national agencies (AKC, SPCA, etc.) and local police (North Shore Animal League). No derogatory information was received.

2. The Bureau of Naval Personnel was notified and interposed no objection to the Head, Department of Naval Science effecting a local appointment to the status of Midshipdog, USNR, in the case of Dawrob Victory II. Consequently, enclosure (2) is forwarded for presentation at an appropriate ceremony.

3. It is considered that this appointment entitles Midshipdog Dawrob Victory II, USNR to wear the Naval Reserve Merchant Marine insignia on his Merchant Marine Uniform.

W. J. FLANNERY



United States of America

Department of Naval Science

By the direction of the Chief of Naval Personnel you are hereby appointed a Midshipdog in the Reserve of the United States Navy from the SEVENTEENTH day of APRIL, one thousand nine hundred SIXTY-EIGHT.

Given under my hand and seal of the Navy the NINTH day of MAY, one thousand nine hundred SIXTY-EIGHT.

W. J. Flannery, Cdr., USN
Head, Department of Naval Science

Midshipdog:

DAWROB VICTORY II





We even got the Navy to get with the program, M-Dog received official recognition as Midshipdog, USNR.



Oct. 6, 1967
FIRE!
Loss of the Weatherly's spare sails stored on the
Zero Deck of 6th Co.s' Jones Hall.



Homecoming Float, 1967
with the submarine, Z-68



Amphitrite was seen in a variety of disguises
as the season or occasion arose.



As the season turns warmer, the 1/c has no need
for those scratchy CPO's, white belts and grey ties.



While we're at it, let's park the Academy truck
in the Oval and disrupt the morning ritual.



We doubt you'll recover your investment.



The RC's lair, ca 1967



Andy deep into it



Tom Fiedler, CC6



Mark Schecter
Reel-to-reel tape players were the big thing.



Ted Hunt
Dressed more conservatively than when with M-Man.



Chico Fernandez
Relaxed back in the M-Cave.



Jim Mucci



Brownie Gallagher



Bob Lewis, BC1



Dino Kehmeier
Wrinkling his bunk mid-day?



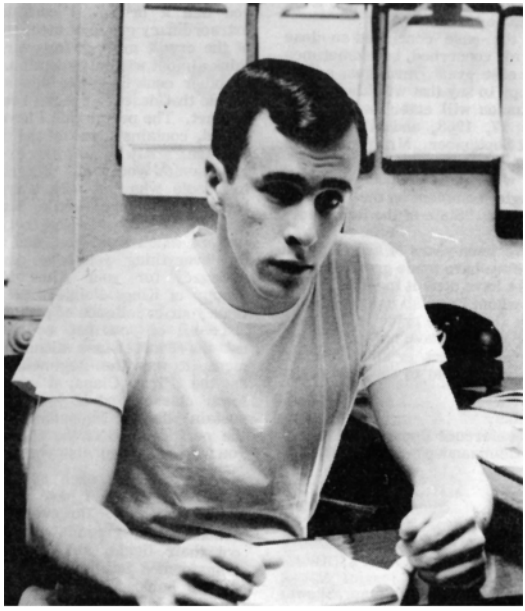
Vince Sottile, RZ
(Regimental Zombo) - Zombo extraordinaire
The puppetmaster behind all that was “M”.



Ken Warner



Bob Pearson



Chuck McDonald, BC2



Rick Barry
Stedman Trophy



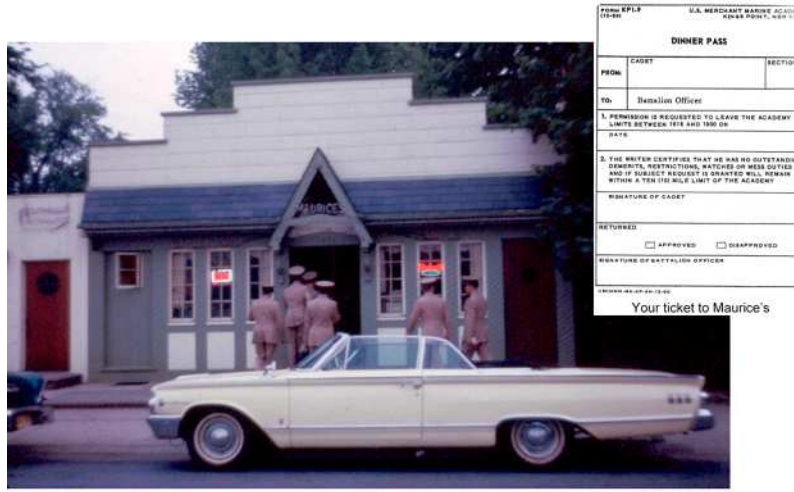
A. Preston Jump, RC



Out to dinner before the Ring Dance.
Mott, Pagano, Hado, Aldrich & Kling w/ dates.

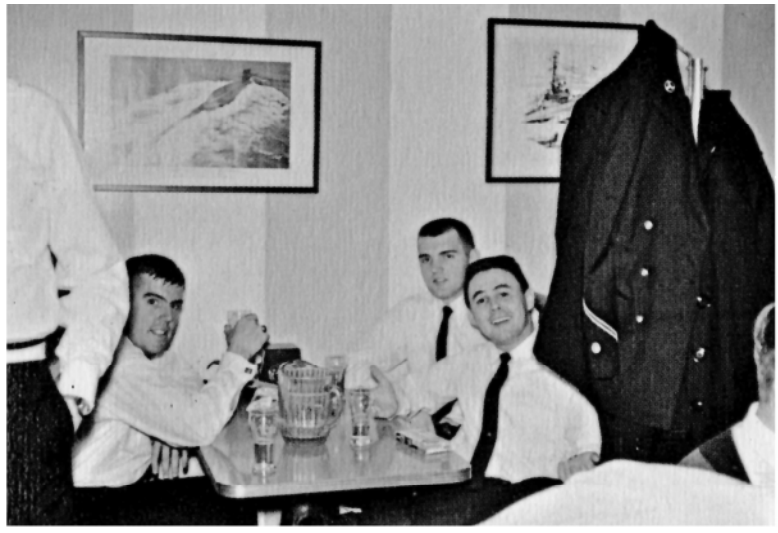


100 Nights Dance
Featherer, Pagano, Hado, Parker & Acuff



Your ticket to Maurice's

Dinner liberty at Maurice's



Maurice's was where Rheingold flowed like water
and was just about as cheap.
Featherer, Leeper, Walus
Who didn't bother to switch into his service dress pants
in his hurry to get out the gate? (white belt on left)



Change of Command
The Class of 68 took over early
Preston Jump & Jim Teague
take the reins from
Don Collar & John Ford

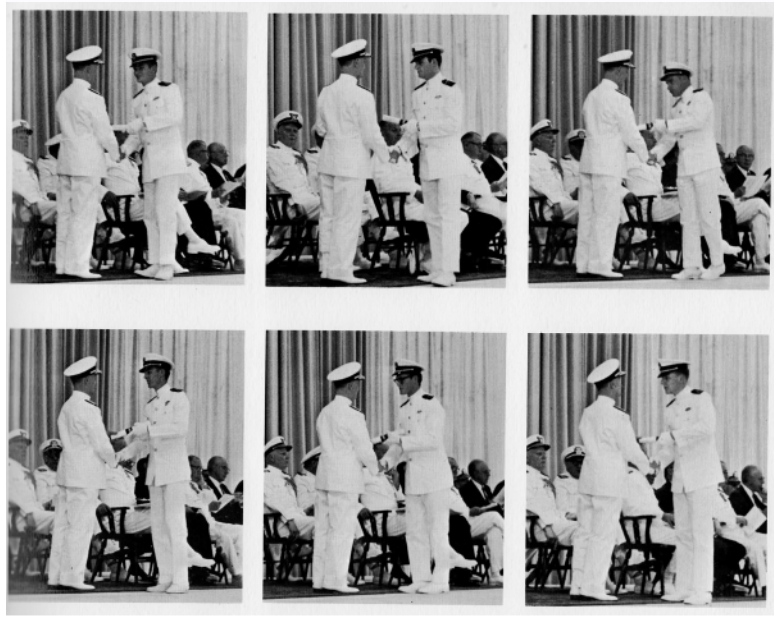


And 1½ years later the Regiment is passed on to '69.
Jim Cameron, the new RC accepts Preston Jump's sword
and Tom Richardson, the new RX accepts Jim Teague's.

Finally!



June 5, 1968



Admiral McLintock presenting diplomas.



Anchorman Greg Sebuck
gets carried off by Russ Rehm.



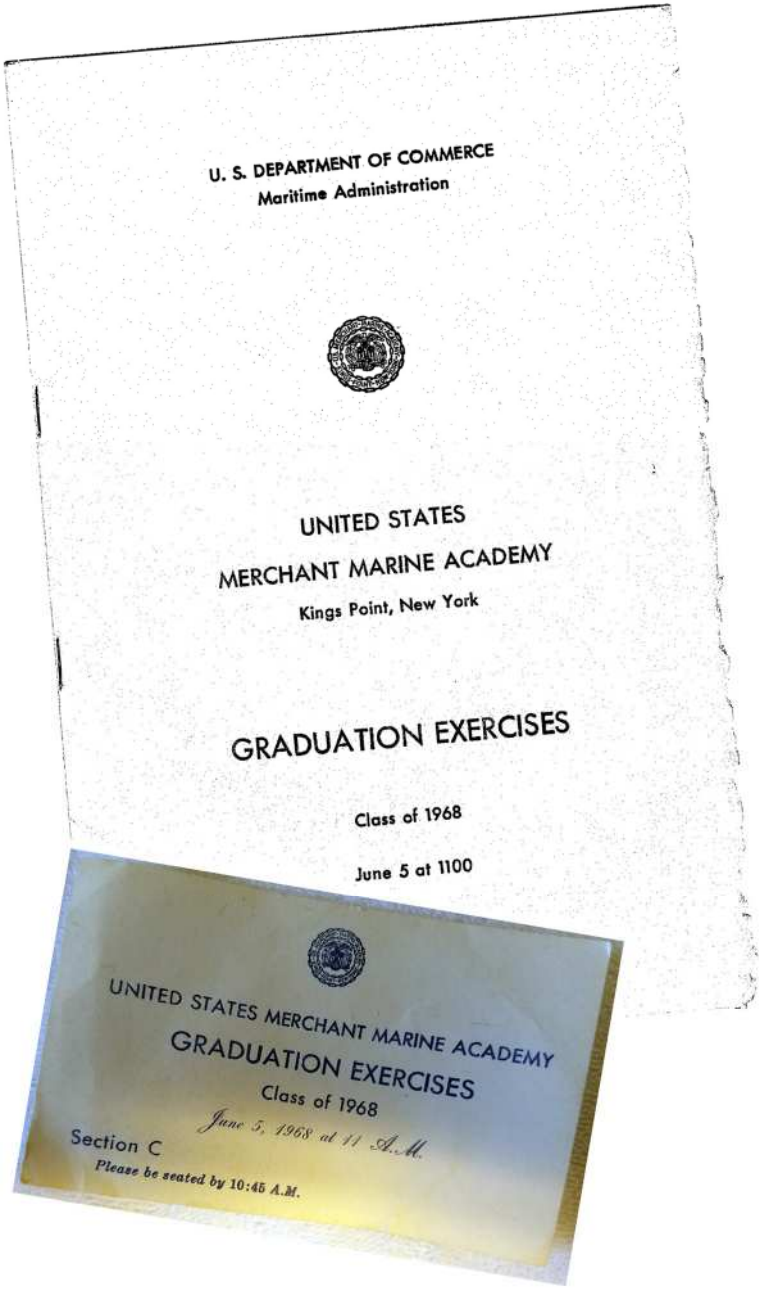
Russ Rehm, Pete Phillips, Jim Walker



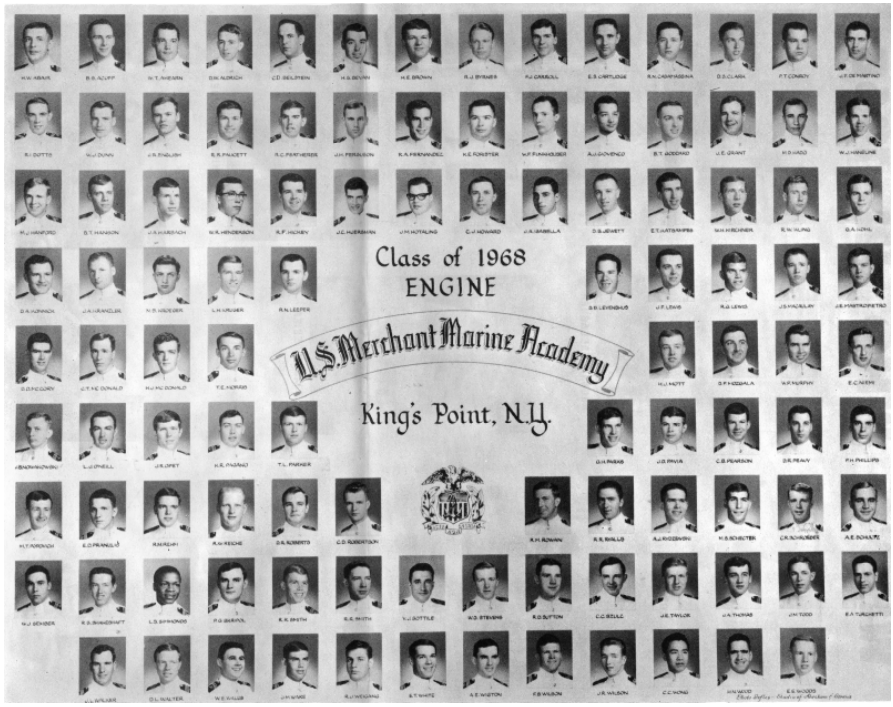
Fred Wilson (L) and Elliott Woods
June 5th, 1968

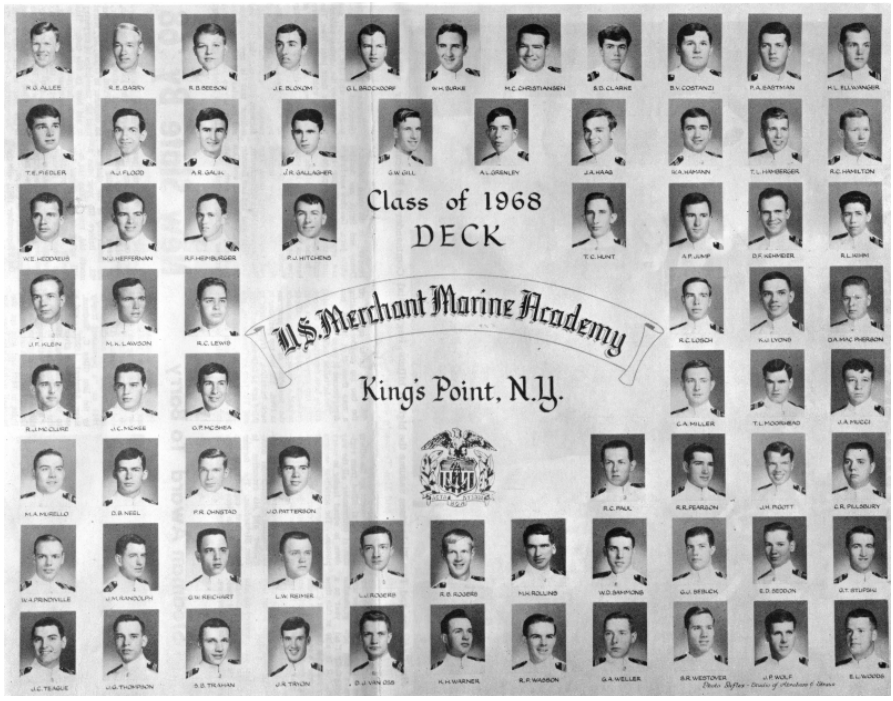


Rolf Ohnstad & Barry Costanzi



Ticket to the Graduation with program


Class of 1968
ENGINE
U.S. Merchant Marine Academy
King's Point, N.Y.


Class of 1968
DECK
U.S. Merchant Marine Academy
King's Point, N.Y.

We're on our own…





Representative of our chosen path; Deck & Engine



SS *Mormacdraco*



Nashville Avenue Wharf, New Orleans

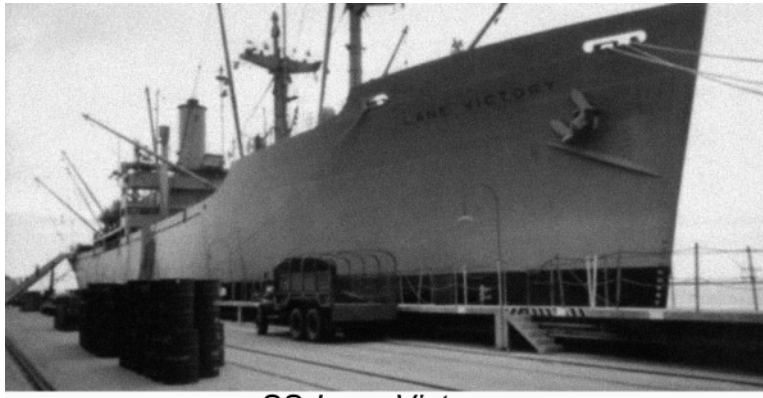


In the Panama Canal



The NS *Savannah* in Chesapeake Bay

“”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.”
– John Masefield



SS *Lane Victory*
WWII history still afloat



A Mormac ship in Cape Town



The SS *Austral Pioneer* in Sydney Harbor



The tall ship, *Californian.*
Geoff Gill has sailed this topsail schooner in the past and is now sailing other tall ships with the Los Angeles Maritime Institute Topsail Youth Program, helping at-risk youngsters.



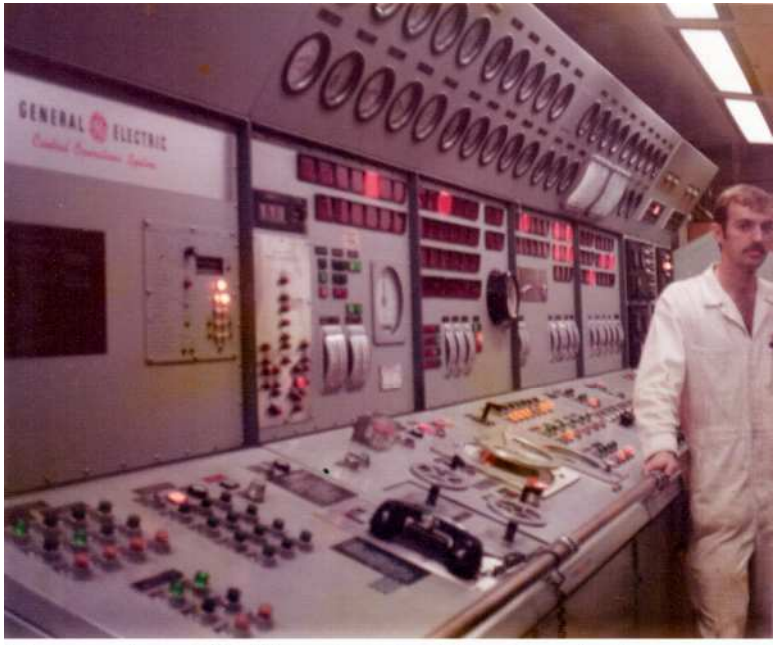
A maritime engineer's "office"



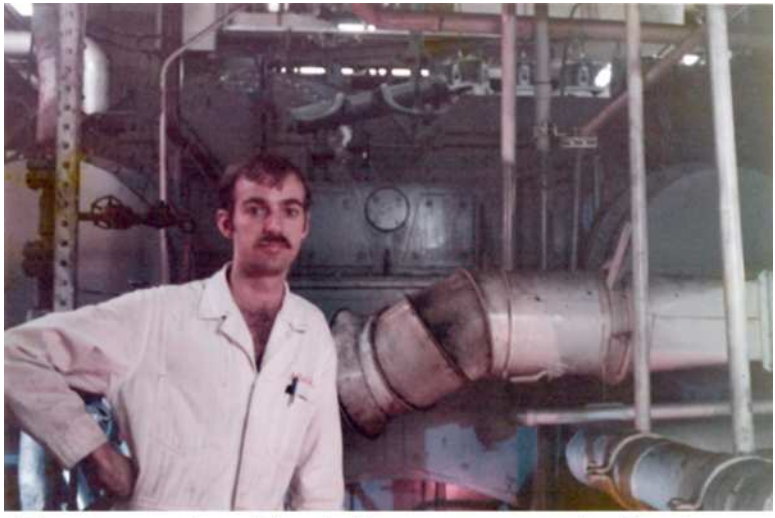
and a mate's "office"



Kings Point took the lead with the nuclear plant simulator for the Savannah, bridge simulators, too.



The modern (1974) automated throttle platform was a long stretch from our Sea Year ships.
(That's Boyd Goddard showing off his new ship)



Turn around and the boilers are conveniently close.



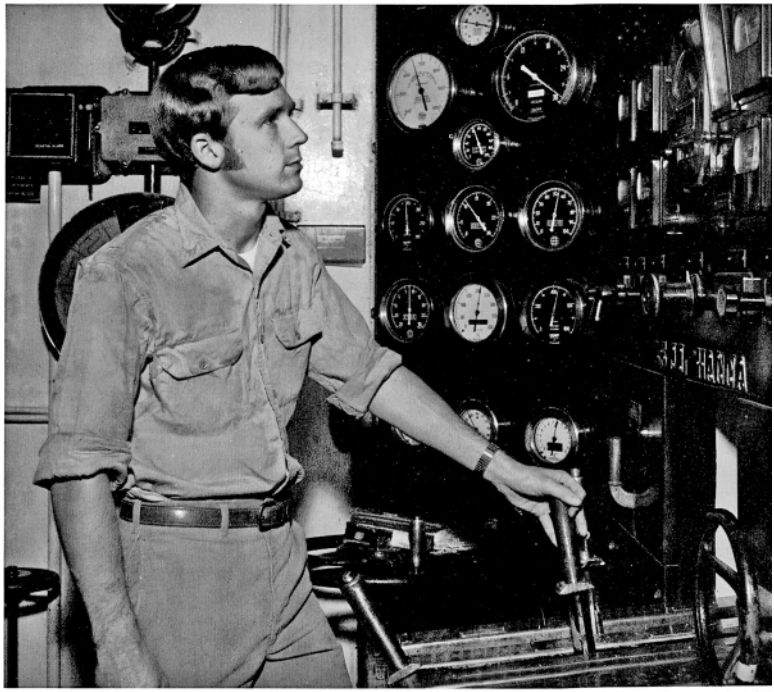
Al Schultz in the engine room



Neal Leeper soon after graduation at the starboard engine control panel of the MV *Mobil Chicago*. Manual engine controls and simple gauges.



George Stupski, sextant in hand,
navigating through the 70's.



An honor to the Academy

The quality of Kings Point graduates is well known around the Chevron Shipping Company fleet. Quite a few, we're proud to say, have seen the advantages of making a career with us, and have shipped with us since the first class was graduated.

One 1968 graduate who signed on with us is Maurice Hanford, Third Assistant Engineer aboard the J. L. HANNA. We think he'd tell you it's a fine thing to be a tankerman. These men have a special pride of their own.

Maurice and every other Kings Point graduate in Chevron Shipping are an honor to the Academy. It's in the way they handle their ships, their jobs, and most importantly, themselves.

One day soon your own career will begin. If it happens to be with Chevron Shipping, we'll do our best to make it rewarding.

We, too, value the Academy and the caliber of men it turns out.

Chevron Shipping Company
An Equal Opportunity Employer

Butch Hanford starred in a series of ads for Chevron right out of school.



On deck, SS *Seatrain Ohio,* near Anchorage, Alaska



Chas Pearson at the SS *Seatrain Washington* throttle.



and in utilitarian shipboard quarters



Chas in the tropical Far East on the SS *Seatrain Washington*



The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge departing NYC



The Golden Gate is the portal to the Pacific.

“It was the Law of the Sea, they said.
Civilization ends at the waterline.
Beyond that, we all enter the food chain,
And not always right at the top.”
-- Hunter S. Thompson

“I’m a deep water sailor just come from Hong Kong –
you give me some whiskey, I’ll sing you a song.”
– From the sea shanty "Blow the Man Down."



“A smooth sea never made a skilled mariner.”
– English proverb



"There isn't any symbolism. The sea is the sea. The old man is an old man. The boy is a boy and the fish is a fish. The shark are all sharks no better and no worse. All the symbolism that people say [is there} is crap."

-– Ernest Hemingway

(referring to his novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*).



calm seas at sunset

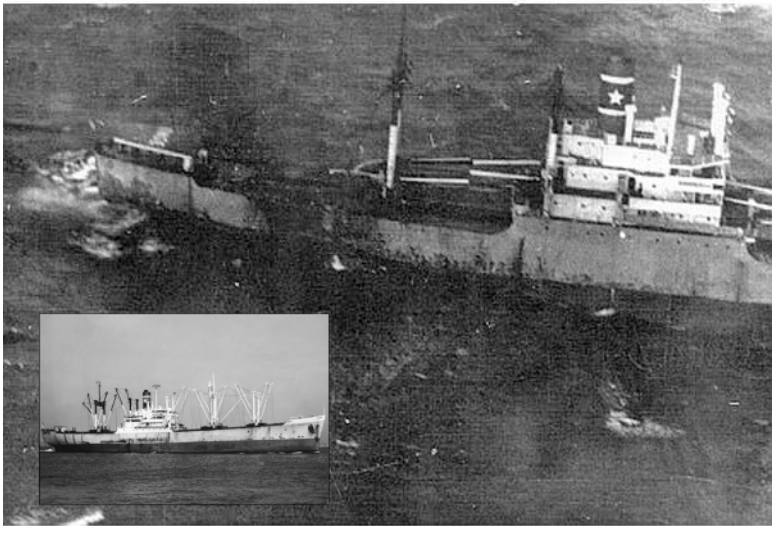
Risk is ever-present at sea.



Ray Reiche, plebe year.
As we'll always remember him.



Ray & Maureen
at the
100 Night's Dance.



SS *Badger State* sinking north of Hawaii.
Classmate Ray Reiche was 2 a/e and lost his life.

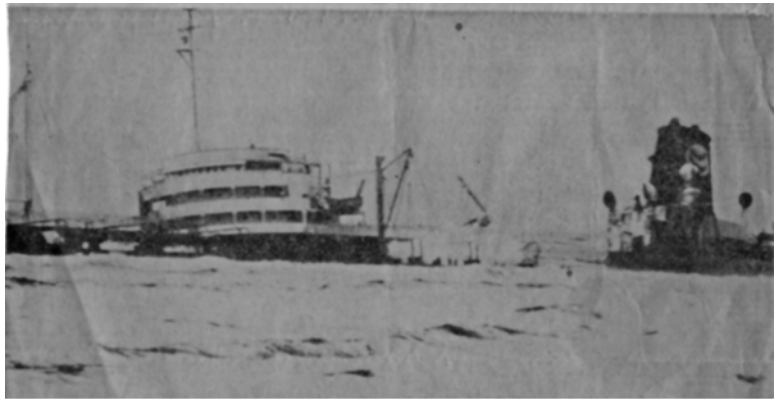
Things can happen suddenly



Collision in Strait Left Seatrain with Gaping Bow

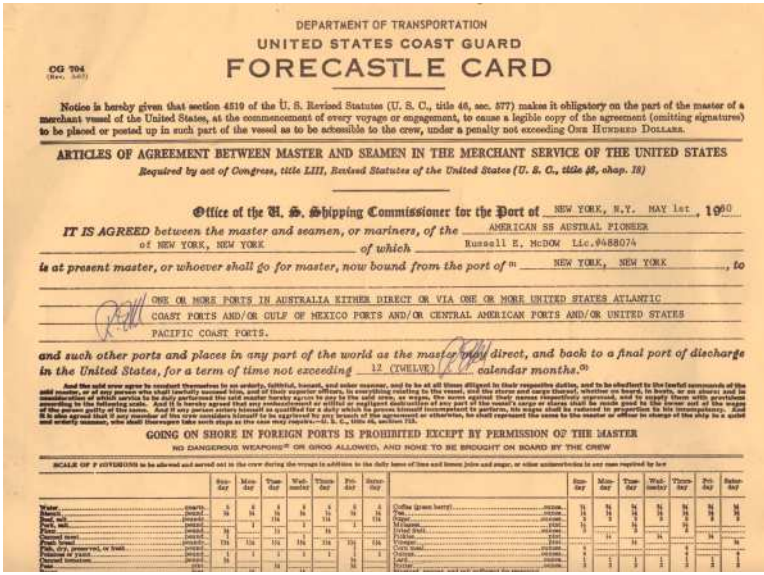
Newspaper clipping of tanker from Chas Pearson's first trip after KP.

The SS *Seatrain Washington* collided with a Liberian log hauling ship, the SS *Rose S* in dense fog off Seattle on Aug. 10, 1968.



Storms took their toll, too.

SS *RC Stoner* breaks apart after grounding at Wake Island 1967. Boyd Goddard was probably the last cadet to sail on her.



DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION
UNITED STATES COAST GUARD
CG 704 (Rev. 5-57)

FORECASTLE CARD

Notice is hereby given that section 4519 of the U. S. Revised Statutes (U. S. C., title 46, sec. 577) makes it obligatory on the part of the master of a merchant vessel of the United States, at the commencement of every voyage or engagement, to cause a legible copy of the agreement (omitting signatures) to be placed or posted up in such part of the vessel as to be accessible to the crew, under a penalty not exceeding ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN MASTER AND SEAMEN IN THE MERCHANT SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES

Required by act of Congress, title LIII, Revised Statutes of the United States (U. S. C., title 46, chap. 18)

Office of the U. S. Shipping Commissioner for the Port of NEW YORK, N.Y. MAY 1st, 1960

IT IS AGREED between the master and seamen, or mariners, of the AMERICAN SS AUSTRAL PIONEER
of NEW YORK, NEW YORK *of which* Russell E. McDOW Lic.#488074
is at present master, or whoever shall go for master, now bound from the port of NEW YORK, NEW YORK, *to*

ONE OR MORE PORTS IN AUSTRALIA EITHER DIRECT OR VIA ONE OR MORE UNITED STATES ATLANTIC COAST PORTS AND/OR GULF OF MEXICO PORTS AND/OR CENTRAL AMERICAN PORTS AND/OR UNITED STATES PACIFIC COAST PORTS.

and such other ports and places in any part of the world as the master may direct, and back to a final port of discharge in the United States, for a term of time not exceeding 12 (TWELVE) *calendar months.*(1)

And the said crew agree to conduct themselves in an orderly, faithful, honest, and sober manner, and to be at all times diligent in their respective duties, and to be obedient to the lawful commands of the said master, or of any person who shall lawfully succeed him, and of their superior officers, in everything relating to the vessel, and the stores and cargo thereof, whether on board, in boats, or on shore; and in consideration of which service to be duly performed the said master hereby agrees to pay the said crew as wages the sum of according to the following scale. And it is hereby agreed that any wilful waste or wilful or negligent destruction of any part of the vessel's cargo or stores shall be made good to the owner out of the wages according to the value thereof. And if any member of the crew considers himself unqualified for a duty which he proves himself incompetent to perform, his wages shall be reduced in proportion to his incompetency. And it is also agreed that if any member of the crew considers himself to be aggrieved by any breach of the agreement or otherwise, he shall represent the same to the master or officer in charge of the ship in a quiet and orderly manner, who shall thereupon take such steps as the case may require.—U. S. C., title 46, section 713.

GOING ON SHORE IN FOREIGN PORTS IS PROHIBITED EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF THE MASTER

NO DANGEROUS WEAPONS(2) OR GROG ALLOWED, AND NONE TO BE BROUGHT ON BOARD BY THE CREW

SCALE OF PROVISIONS to be allowed and served out to the crew during the voyage in addition to the daily issue of lime and lemon juice and sugar, or other antiscorbutics in any case required by law

	Sun-day	Mon-day	Tues-day	Wed-nesday	Thurs-day	Fri-day	Satur-day
Water	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Bread	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
Beef, salt			114		114		114
Pork, salt		1		1		1	
Flour	14		11		11		
Farinaceous food		14		14		14	
Fresh bread	114	114	114	114	114	114	114
Fish, dry, preserved, or fresh							
Potatoes or yams	1	1	1	1	1		1
Canned tomatoes	16					16	
Peas			14			14	

	Sun-day	Mon-day	Tues-day	Wed-nesday	Thurs-day	Fri-day	Satur-day
Coffee (green berry)	1½	1½	1½	1½	1½	1½	1½
Tea	½	½	½	½	½	½	½
Sugar	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Molasses	1½				1½		
Dried fruit		1½		1½		1½	
Rice			1½				
Vinegar							1½
Cocoa							
Onions					4		
Lard	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Butter							

Q: What shall we do with a drunken sailor, Early in the morning?

A: Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober
Pull out the bung and wet him all over
Put him in the scuppers with the deck pump on him
Heave him by the leg in a runnin' bowlin'
Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-arm under

Simple Rules for the Mariner

Keep the stack up and don't hit anything.

Keep the lights burnin' and the screw turnin'.

One hand for the ship, one hand for yourself.

FORM P-22

J. P. GEORGE, INC., Printers
338 William Street, N. Y. 38
Printed in U.S.A.

PAGE NO. 1

CREW INDIVIDUAL OVERTIME RECORD

RATE 8.63 PER HR.

VESSEL SEATRAIN WASHINGTON VOY. NO. DEPT. ENGINE PERIOD FROM 3 SEPT 71 TO 26 SEPT

NAME CHAS - PEARSON RATING 2AE WATCH 4 TO 8

NAME OF PORT OR AT SEA	DAY	DATE	WORK SYMBOL	STATE HERE IN DETAIL DESCRIPTION OF WORK DONE	TIME FROM	TIME TO	TOTAL HOURS
DAUSVILLE AT SEA	FRI	3 SEP	X	STRIPPING #7P F.O. TANK	2000	2400	4
BAYONNE	SAT.	4 SEPT	H	TANK WORK AND ENG RM. MAINTENANCE	0800	1600	8
BAYONNE	SUN.	5 SEP	H	F.O. FAN WATER MANIFOLD REPAIRS	0800	1200	4
AT SEA	MON	6 SEP.	H	WATCHES AND TANK WORK	0400 1200 1600	1130 1900 2000	14
NORFOLK/SEA	WED.	8 SEP	X	WATCH AND CALLED OUT FOR EVAP	1600 2100	2000 2120	6½
SEA	THU.	9 SEPT	X	TRANS. F.O. + WORK WITH 1ST ON GENS.	0800 1800	1200 2000	4
CHARLESTON/SEA	FRI	10 SEP	X	WATCH (EXCESS OF 8) CALLED OUT TO BLOW TUBES	2100	0145	4
SEA	SAT	11 SEP	H	H.P EVAP AND F.O. SER. SYSTEM WORK	0815 1300	1140 1600	7
SEA	SAT-SUN	11/12 SEP	H	WATCHES			16
						68?	67
SEA	MON	13 SEP	X	CHEM. TEST LOCKER + SECONDS STORES	0800	1130	
				REPAIR P. FEED PUMP GAGE LINE	1300	1600	7
SEA	TUE	14	X	REPAIR P FEED PUMP GAGE LINE	0815 1300	1200 1600	7
SEA/CANAL	WED	15	X	F.O. FAN WATER MANIFOLD REPAIRS RENEW FEED PUMP GAGE (PORT F.P.)	0815	1215	4
SEA	FRI	17	X	F.O. TRANS WORK INVENTORY + CLEAN 2nd Chem Locker	0800 1300	1200 1500	6
SEA	SAT/SUN	18/19	H	WATCHES	0800 1600	0800 2000	16
SEA	SUN	18	H	REPAIR AIR LINE IN FIREROOM	0815	0900	1
							108
SEA	MON	20	X	INVENTORY AND ORDERING STORES FOR 2nd	0800	1200	4
SEA	TUE	21	X	TRANS. F.O. AND MACH. SHOP WORK, SOOTBLOWER	0800 1300	1200 1600	7
SEA	THU	23	X	SOOT BLOWER GOOSENECKS F.O. TRANSFER	0800 1300	1200 1500	6
SEA/OAKLAND	FRI	24	X	CUT OUT BOILER E.R. REPAIRS	0100 1800	0330 2400	9
OAKLAND	SAT	25	H	E.R. REPAIRS	0800 1300	1200 1800	9
OAKLAND	SUN	26	H	E.R. REPAIRS	0800	0100	13
							156

CORRECT
DEPT. HEAD

CHIEF OFFICER
CHIEF ENGINEER
CHIEF STEWARD

WORK CLASSIFICATION SYMBOLS

W—ON REGULAR WATCH
P—PORT TIME IN EFFECT
X—TIME IN EXCESS OF 8 HOURS PER DAY
H—WORK PERFORMED ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, SUNDAYS & HOLIDAYS
N—WORK PERFORMED BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 5:00 P.M. & 8:00 A.M.
C—CARGO BEING WORKED
B—ON WATCH BELOW
S—SEA WATCHES SET

MASTER

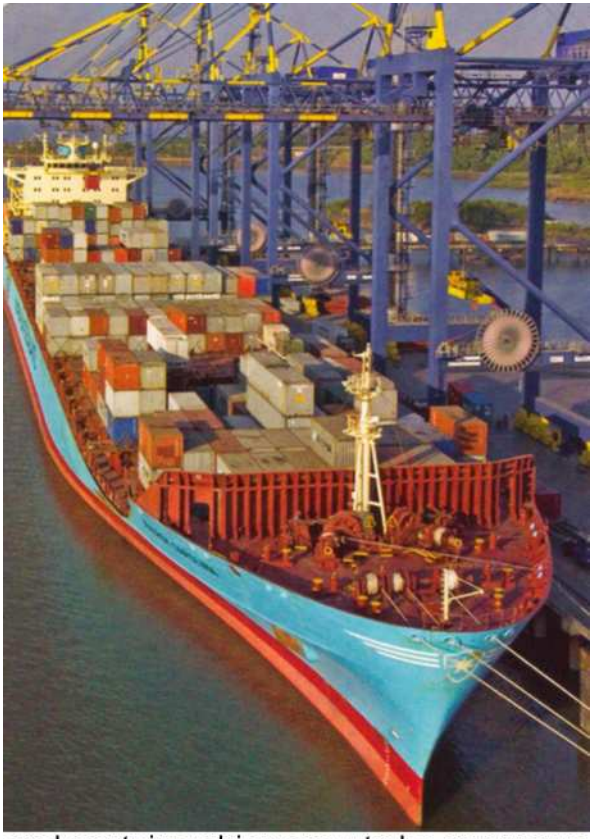
APPROVED

PORT CAPTAIN
PORT ENGINEER
PORT STEWARD

OT sheets were where we made the big bucks, where $4.23/hr. added up over the course of a voyage.



We witnessed the birth of the “supertankers”



and containerships grew to be enormous

We had a large selection of jobs to pick from,
at least at first.



SS *Trans Columbia*



The SS *Mormaclynx*, booms up



The *Aleutian Developer,* formerly the MV *New Yorker.*
As the *New Yorker,* it made RTs from NOLA to PR.
Guys in NO would kill for a permanent spot,
although it paid less than most, due to size.
10 day turnaround; Overnight usually in NO.



Solar eclipse as viewed through a sextant.



US Dredge *Comber*



Don Peavy at work on the US Army Dredge *Comber.* Don says they didn't use the charts, but the publicity photographer didn't want him pointing at a coffee pot.

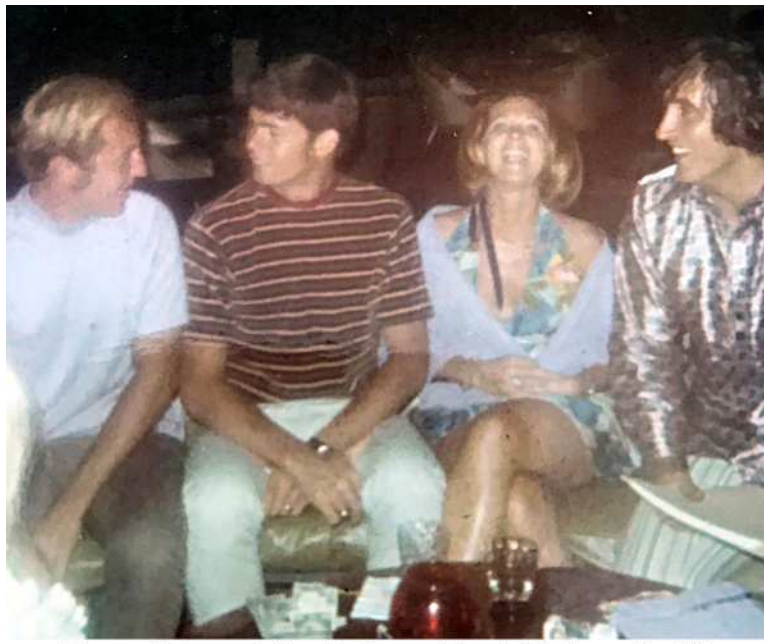


Ski with charmers

Snake charmers, that is. Yes, the snakes were real.



Niemi, Sottile, Fernandez & Byrnes, crewing the CS *Long Lines* and enjoying an evening ashore in South Hampton, ca. 1970. The cable ship had long port stays, making the job an easy one to stay with.



Gene & Joan Niemi, Doug Neel & Vince Sottile
enjoying Hawaii while the CS Long Lines is in port.



Joan & Gene Niemi in Hawaii



Boyd Goddard, C/E SS *Matsonia* 1976
All dressed up and nobody to impress.

Post-Grad Gallery
Where we are today



Ski at the Attic Bar, a New Orleans KP hangout for years. It is now Pierre Maspero's Restaurant, and no one he spoke to knew of the Attic, or the logbooks we used to keep behind the bar. Ski swears the bar is the same.



Bob Featherer (sponsor)
with pro golfer Annika Sorenstam
at the Blue Gray Golf Classic in 2012 in SF



Sheryl and Phil Carey, Williamstad, 2018



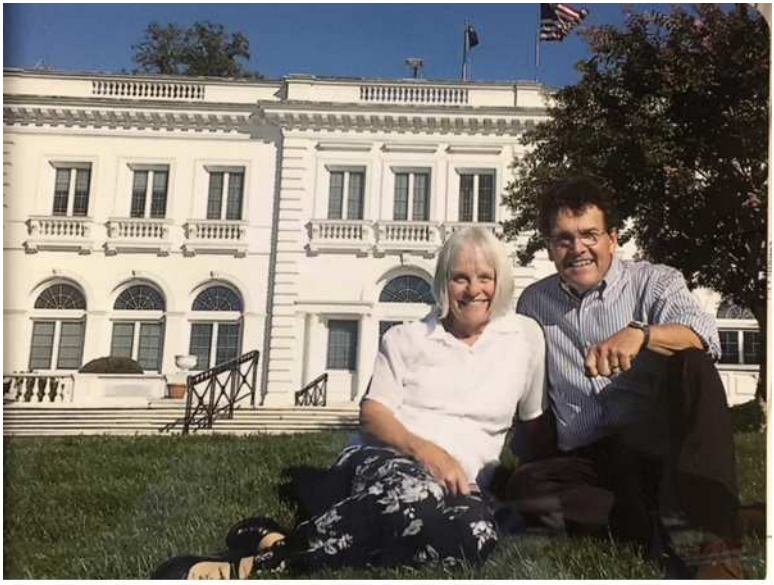
John Lewis, 2016



John Lewis in Washington, D.C., 2017,
with kids, Jennifer, Jessica & Michael.



George and Kate McShea, Antarctica, 2018



Tom & Sue Fiedler
at the 45th Class Reunion.



Jack and Mary Ann Opet, Berkeley, Ca.



CAPT Dave Mozgala



Larry Reimer
on Maiden Voyage of "*Oasis of the Seas*"
as Guest of the Captain Bill Wright



Harvey Mott & wife
at the 2013 Class Reunion.



Don and Karen Peavy, Sandbridge, Virginia, 2017



Al & Inge Schultz



Jim & Arlene Todd



Jim Todd



Dave Aldrich & grandkids - 2008



Chas & Jeanne Pearson
Sydney, Australia Opera House



Bob Rowan & Charlie Schroeder



Charlie Schroeder canoeing downriver
and with his wife, Susan at a Cubs game.





Jeff Haas & family
Croatia, 2016



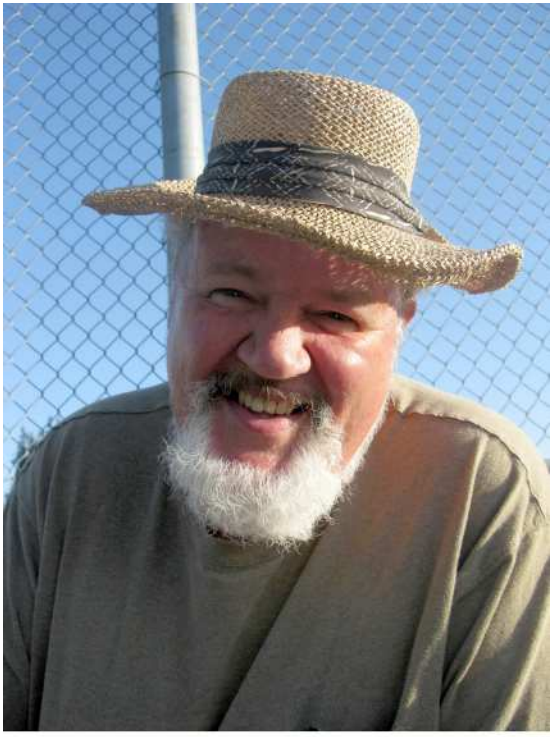
Grampa Jeff & with B Costanzi at the 40th reunion.



Steve Bevan, Inge & Al Schultz, Fran Bevan



The Bevan Clan - Christmas 2017



Russ Rehm



Ed Woods, equestrian



LT Ed Woods in his A4 Skyhawk



Dr. Ed Woods
Cardio Thoracic Surgeon



John Mazza
with the Captain of the VLCC *New Caesar.*



VLCC *New Caesar* (300k dwt) on left &
service tanker *Eagle Texas.*



Neal Leeper & Jim Harbach
at Alpenglow Stube Restaurant, 11,666 ft. altitude
atop Keystone's North Peak.



Neal & Kay Leeper with Jim & Phyllis Harbach
at Arapaho Basin ski area.



Tom Hamberger preparing to attend BBQ
for Midshipmen of
Southeastern States Parents Association
of Kings Point .



George & Kathleen Stupski
overlooking Dana Pt. Harbor - 2012



Ski and family on the trail in Arizona
-George Stupski



Richard (Shake) Shakeshaft & Fina



John Rydzewski & Junko
searching for his Polish roots.



Ahearn, Opet, Westover

Las Vegas mini-reunion 2010

Levenshus, Featherer, Aldrich, Fernandez, Ahearn





Las Vegas mini-reunion 2010
L to R: Phillips, Fernandez, Westover, Ahearn, Van Oss, Stupski, Woods, Pearson, Rehm, Opet.



Attending the graduation of our Legacy Class of 2018
Ed Cartlidge, Joe Isabella, Bob Featherer,
Paul Skripol, George McShea, Al Schultze, & Jim Harbach.



Boyd Goddard & George Stupski
enjoy a drive in Boyd's 1910 Velie while
collaborating on this class memoir.



Phil Carey

Fair Winds and Following Seas...



"We gotta get out of this place, If it's the last thing we ever do;
We gotta get out of this place, 'Cause girl, there's a better life
For me and you."

--Chorus to "We Gotta Get Out of This Place"
By The Animals, 1965

Part Four: Upperclass Years

From Boyd Goddard:

When we first got back to school as 2nd classmen, the 1st class was under obvious stress with early graduation looming. Consequently, we started getting leadership assignments almost immediately. Sometime in the first couple of weeks, I was selected to be a temporary platoon commander or something with a sword. That suited me just fine, as those Garands were heavy. Along with that responsibility was the Saturday morning inspection, and I took that assignment seriously.

I don't remember the 1st class Zombo's name now, but he took it as his responsibility to protect the plebes in his wing. I dinged one of “his” plebes for some minor infraction and entered it in the inspection book (remember those) with just my name, as I wasn't a bona fide officer. The Zombo “corrected” the book by writing in my title/position as "WWWW4." That raised some questions later in the Battalion office (Make that LCDR Denny Boyle), as there was no such position, and I was accused of a frivolous log entry. Somehow, it was finally revealed that the Zombo had made it up to mean "**W**hite **W**inged **W**eekend **W**arrior, **4**th Co." That hoopla eventually died down, but "WWWW4" evolved into "Goose," from the obvious derivation. It didn't help that I was tall, gangly and fit the description. For the next two years, I became "Goose" as well as "BT," which was carried over from my Plebe Year roommate's usual name for me.

Coincidentally, the early English derivation of my name, Goddard, (a mangled transition from Gossard/Gozzard) is that of “Goose Herder!”

The Rise of M-man

The football season at Kings Point saw a number of contests for poster art and pep rallies for the upcoming games. As plebes, we were indoctrinated into the pep rally practice of grabbing our trash cans and running amuck banging on them and generally making as much noise as possible. The first class arranged a bon-fire, and it was all pretty much a ragged band of cadets, mostly plebes, temporarily stepping out of bounds to let off a little steam. The general consensus afterwards was that most everyone just got a headache.

Come second class year, and the first class was so pre-occupied with advanced graduation that any cheer-leading was left to us. Memories of those Plebe Year rallies left us with little desire to waste our time destroying trash cans. Vince Sottile and I got to talking and thought maybe a little skit would be more entertaining. We needed a mascot or something to rally ‘round. Vince and Boyd rounded up a few other classmates and a plan soon gelled. M-Man was to be introduced to the Regiment at a skit in the Auditorium. Ray Fernandez volunteered to take the part, and was a natural.

The first skit had M-Man arrive through the air “to save the day” via a hawser zip wire strung from the balcony to the stage. Our engineering skills were somewhat underwhelming and M-Man arrived on schedule, but several rows short of the stage. Ray’s improvisational skills prevailed, as always, and the show went on.

M-Man was mostly inspired by the cartoon character, Underdog, with whom we all could easily empathize. Of course, Superman style tights were a given. And “Here I come to save the day . . . " was shamelessly adopted as the theme song.

No super-hero is without a side-kick, and Cyrano de Hunts-a-lunch took on the role, aka Cyrano, the boy blunder. That was Ted Hunt’s alter ego.

The Regiment got behind the idea and encouraged us to press on with additional M-Man capers for the next two years. The small group who were the “behind the scene”

writers thinking up all the silly stunts spent many a long night planning future escapades.

The best time I can remember was the night we re-wrote “The Night Before Christmas.” This skit was for the Christmas Dance. The ROOW had to quiet us down several times for all the laughter as we came up with replacement lines for that classic poem. It’s a wonder he didn’t place us all on report, but perhaps he had a heart after all!

We were fortunate to have a very sympathetic administration that allowed us a certain amount of leeway. We had almost two years at the helm because of the ’67 Class’ early graduation, and we apparently developed a trusting relationship. I don’t think we ever failed them. However, there were a few close calls. When M-Man took over (with administrative “I see nothing” approval) morning colors one day, there were distinct possibilities that things could degenerate into disgrace. M-Man replaced the Regimental Commander on the balcony of Wiley Hall, while Cyrano took the place of the Cadet Officer of the Day. “Permission to ring eight bells, M-Man,” requested Cyrano. “Make it so, Cyrano,” said M-Man. With a flourishing salute, Cyrano twirled around, plunged his sword into the ground, grasped the bell’s lanyard, and . . . unbeknownst to the skit planners, an underclass prank was occurring this very same day. Someone had cut the lanyard down to the last strand. Cyrano yanked hard for effect, and found the limp lanyard separated from the clapper. A shocked pause, and then Cyrano grabbed up his sword and whacked the bell with it, making the proper eight bells, while a muffled chuckle sounded around the oval. The dignity of the ceremony was preserved, albeit with a touch of M-Man irreverence.

Black Mac

We had been back at school some months after Sea Year when I was on watch and had the occasion to deliver something down to Wiley Hall. Now after a Plebe Year of being a goody-two-shoes and avoiding the “head office” like the plague, I was none too familiar with my way around. “Black Mac” (as CWO McCaffery was irreverently referred to by those

who frequently found their names on the weekly list of miscreants) was to be avoided at all costs. I managed to never cross his path my entire Plebe Year. This was to be my first face-to-face with him.

It had been snowing and the uniform of the day was convoy coats. Remember those heavy overcoats with the difficult braided button fasteners? Convoy coats were often used to cover a lot of uniform deficiencies, and they were very effective, as you only needed pants, shoes, shoulder boards and cover to appear as if you were in proper uniform. That wasn't my problem that day, however.

I entered the office and approached Black Mac, not knowing what to expect. I was shocked to have him look up and instantly say, "Good afternoon, Mr. Goddard." How he knew who I was has always been a mystery to me. He wasn't expecting my delivery. My name tag was hidden by the convoy coat. He could just have easily said, "Good morning, cadet." I returned to the barracks somewhat shaken by the experience, as I was certain I had been living completely under the radar, incognito to the higher powers.

There was some thought that he was behind our original assignment to sections and rooms. Someone with a wry sense of humor seemed to be behind those assignments because there were more than a few coincidences. You can blame the alphabet in explaining the pairing of similar names, but there seemed to also be a coincidence of similarity in the stature and build of many roommates. Our Plebe Year section speculated that our application photos and data were used to pair us up. I had forgotten all that until this winter meeting. Perhaps he had an exceptional photographic memory for faces and names, and it probably explains why we were rarely able to pull a fast one when trying to weasel out of demerits.

That was my only meeting with him, but it left a lasting impression on me. I was surprised that he had made the effort to know me as more than just a name on a list. I'm quite sure that many of my classmates were infinitely more acquainted with the gentleman than I. However, that was just fine with me.

1/c year quarters

One of the advantages to being a cadet officer was the certainty of a room to yourself. That is, until we reached that point when the rules changed. We had been spoiled by the early graduation of the Class of ’67, and many of us had spread out into the newly available space during the rotations of the second half of our 2/c year. By the time we left for home and summer vacation, we had already staked out our turf for the coming 1/c year.

But then, 3rd Company lost an entire wing for the Academy’s Civil Service program. That created a space problem and it became very apparent during the indoctrination period before the entire Regiment returned that there were not enough single rooms to go around.

I had accepted a Battalion staff position because it was only going to be two stripes (cheap re-striping of shoulder boards and blues) and a guaranteed room alone. The good news when they decided to downgrade all the stripes was that my uniforms were going to be even cheaper! Then the other shoe fell, and I was going to have to share a room with another staff officer. Bill Henderson, who had been my roommate 2/c year, and I were thrown together. Neither of us were particularly happy and we were promised a chance later in the year when some of the plebes began to thin out. I discussed it with him and we began to do our homework. I found that a room was going unused just outside of the mess hall and just before the off-limits Civil Service wing. It had been used as a linen locker and then housed one of the ’67 classmen who had not passed the license exam. Understandably, it was a filthy mess, but it was available. I took it in a flash.

There were some unique features to it. Since it had been a linen locker, a lock had been installed. I didn’t have a key, but it was no problem to unscrew the bezel, slide the latch bolt closed and screw the bezel back on again. Voila! It was locked and secure. A real advantage of not having the key was that nobody else had one, either. Not that I had anything valuable, but a locked room couldn’t be inspected, so

it could be left in disarray whenever necessary and nobody would be the wiser.

Soon after, Bill was once again threatened with having to double up and we discovered the room across from mine was available. For some reason, this room also had a lock and a key was available. As Bill was the Battalion First Lieutenant, he had access to the keys. He commandeered the room and we settled in to a very comfortable first class year housing arrangement.

Because we were on our own little section of hallway, we also had our own private shower room that no one else ever thought to use. We also had the first hot water of the morning as the water flowed from the boiler room through the barracks in Company order, with 6th Co. regularly suffering cold morning showers. We did have to put up with a lot of traffic from the mess hall, but we were given special permission (well, nobody ever challenged us) to close our doors when it was too noisy, even though the general rule was an open-door policy. We were also generally overlooked by the ROOW on his rounds. In fact, one morning I'd overslept. I was awakened by CWO Brummett with a gentle, "Mr. Goddard, it's time to wake up." Try getting away with that down the hall with an audience of plebes to witness a little special treatment. In all fairness, I had been on watch that night, but forgot to put the note on my door. Still, since the ROOW was known to ferret out someone camped out under his bunk in the shadows, I felt I was getting away with something.

Ambush

Second Class year there was an epidemic of practical joke ambushes that went the rounds. I think it evolved from a James Bond or Matt Helm movie. Slipping in to a classmate's room, filling his drinking cup with water, placing it strategically in his medicine cabinet and wrapping a rubber band or two around it and attaching it to the medicine cabinet door and carefully closing it set the trap. The unsuspecting victim would pull open his medicine cabinet and find his cup flying towards him, usually at a very inopportune time, such as just as the

inspection bugle sounded. This was particularly effective during khaki season, as a wet splotch was difficult to hide.

Word soon got around and everyone started opening their medicine cabinets with more caution. It then began to escalate into trash cans full of water perched strategically on the transom over a partially open door, at which point the prank fortunately faded out of favor.

The Officer of the Deck's Sword

Periodically, someone would sneak into Wiley Hall and replace the Cadet Officer of the Deck's sword with one broken off at the hilt. (How many broken swords were there? Too many Errol Flynn wannabes)? For morning colors, the unfortunate victim who didn't check beforehand would twirl about and draw the sword for a salute and discover the stubby embarrassment too late to do anything about it.

Reveille

Remember the tradition of playing Reveille Rock for the morning wake-up on big vacation days? It usually resulted in demerits, and the Regimental Watch Officer usually tried to assign someone who was demerit-less for the month to Wiley Hall duty those mornings. Christmas vacation morning usually had a series of Christmas songs. And the final day before summer vacation was always "We Gotta Get Outta This Place."

ED

Extra Duty was prescribed for those who accumulated excessive demerits for the month. It was also a way to get the basic housecleaning chores done at no government expense. At our age, adherence to rules was not our strong point, so many of us found ourselves begrudgingly assisting in the clean-up duties as assigned. Sweeping and buffing the corridors was always on the list. Operation of those electric buffers was sometimes difficult to master. Many a buffer spun away like a top until it wound the power cord around itself and

yanked the plug from the wall socket. Perhaps this wasn't always accidental? And then there was the occasional cowboy who would try riding the machine, usually with a rodeo-style ending. If you were in your own hallway, you might slip the buffer into your own room when nobody was looking and give your deck a good polish, saving the hassle of doing it later with that weighted brush on a stick just before inspection.

Weekend Musters

Keeping tabs on active young men was somewhat akin to herding cats. Weekend liberty was an escape, and we were sometimes a little careless with the time. Being late to check back in resulted in some heavy demerits, unless you knew you were not going to make it and called in, which only lessened the penalty slightly. (T/2+10, wasn't it?) If you made it back in time, the next hurdle was to make it to O'Hara Hall with your section for the evening muster. When someone wasn't gathered on time, the section leader would stall and we would march very slowly towards O'Hara Hall, hoping the laggard(s) would catch up before we entered. How many managed to sneak in to the gym, hop-scotching through the ranks of different sections to join up at the last minute? I think the ROOW was sometimes careful to avoid looking towards the doorway to allow these latecomers safe passage.

Optional Headgear

Periodically a little wackiness was allowed, such as optional headgear day. Some ingenuity and a weird sense of humor created a variety of fun displays for the noon meal formation. One of my favorites was the Viking helmet that Dave Mozgala sported as he led his Company.

Fire Extinguishers

A Public Works employee was injured in the course of his duties re-charging the barracks' soda acid fire extinguishers for their annual certification. The practice was to collect up the extinguishers and discharge them all together in

the drive in front of the fire house (the Fitch Building) before recharging them and replacing them at their stations in the stairwells of the barracks. The employee was found unconscious among the discharged extinguishers. A count found one of the extinguishers missing. It had apparently exploded, injuring the man. It was found on top of Fulton Hall several weeks later. Someone had plugged the nozzle with a matchstick, causing the casing to rupture when the soda acid mix built up pressure. A careful examination of all extinguishers was conducted following this discovery.

Khaki Season Returns

Every year, after a long winter trudging to class through snow and ice, it was always a relief when Wiley Hall announced the end of blues and scheduled khakis for uniform of the day. First classmen rejoiced and put away those scratchy and itchy blues for the last time. Coincidentally, the trees around Barney Square sprouted a bumper crop of gray ties, white belts, blue shirts and trousers. Spring had sprung once again!

Tar Beach

Tar Beach was our on-campus retreat, surreptitiously accessed. During the summer, those who were unfortunately detained on board or otherwise unable to afford a trip to Jones Beach, were known to frequent Tar Beach, so named for the material upon which one walked. The route to Tar Beach was in the stairwell, up the access ladder and through the hatch to the roof. A blanket, sunglasses and a portable radio were the usual accessories. Crawling through that hatch was a portal to freedom, away from scrutiny and Regimentation.

Olfactory Memories

They say smell is a great trigger for memories hidden in the brain. What do you think of when you get a whiff of Brut, English Leather, or Aqua-Velva? Immediate flashback to liberty weekends and shower room prepping.

Saturday Night at the Movies

One Saturday night, a slow-moving thriller was playing in the auditorium. After a long suspenseful build-up, someone in the balcony could restrain himself no more. “Push her down the stairs, already!” was blurted out. Henceforth, just about every movie scene set at the top of a staircase was announced by someone of us in the audience with, “Push her down the stairs!”

--Boyd

From George Stupski:

I recall Deckies taking some engineering courses most of us did not understand at all. One teacher gave one guy who did "get it" an "A," another a "B" and the rest of our section "D's" just so we would pass and he wouldn't have to teach any of us again! I think the cadet with the "A" was John Randolph. I considered him the smartest guy in our section, and maybe the whole school. The night before a big test, John would sit quietly in his room, tutoring anyone who came by for help. He already knew his stuff and didn't need to study more on his own.

When the class of '67 graduated early, I was rotated as 6th Company commander, and led that Company in a NY parade, maybe Armed Forces Day. Somebody had the brilliant idea to stay at "right shoulder arms" the whole parade. I shifted to left a couple times, which was appreciated. I was also RX (Reg Exec) for a month, but it didn't go well. I had a serious disagreement with RO O'Leary about my "real powers," which he didn't think existed. I sealed my fate for "boards" by telling him then the rank didn't mean much.

I had fun messing with the plebes while Company commander. About four of us pulled the old, "Steal your shoes during the night and hide them" stunt. When some kids woke up, I would say, "Officer here, just doing a bunk check." Then we took their shoes anyway.

Speaking of stunts, on page 199 of our last yearbook, top, the jeep stuck by the flagpole was one of my best pieces

of work! Although after I stole it and parked it there, an engineer (a long-held secret, but his name rhymes with "Harbach") did something (take the rotor out of the distributor) so it wouldn't run. No colors the next day!

I liked helping with Block M parties. I especially enjoyed being the one to check ID's at the door; met some real cuties doing that!

I ran cross-country for two years but was terrible at it. When I started KP I weighed 130 pounds. Coach "O" said I would be a good long distance man as many runners were slightly built back then. "You gonna be my Frank Shorter," he would say. But I would finish poorly and he would say, "Don't worry, you'll hit your stride at about 28 years old!" Then I started lifting weights and put on 35 pounds in one year. So I got on the rowing team and liked that better. Our coxswain, Ray Byrnes, weighed more than I did, but I didn't want to steer. I lied about my weigh-ins and frequently stuffed a towel under my sweatshirt to make my shoulders and pecs look bigger. But, if I had it to do over, I would have tried to join the sailing team (one of the best things KP has) -- also might have tried the color guard, especially as a plebe, as those guys got out a lot for events.

On weekends during baseball season, some of us learned that if you walked slowly around Shea Stadium in uniform, often a ticket-taker would call you over and give you free tickets that someone had left him, with instructions to "Give them to someone in uniform." A couple of times we sat in box seats with the owners and they bought us beer and food.

The rowing coach once accepted a challenge by an all-girl rowing team from a passenger ship. I was against it; if we won, the "guys" would say we just beat some girls and if we lost we would lose face for a long time. When the "girls" showed up, some of them were bigger than me and I got a bit worried that they might practice a lot and be good at this. We won but I felt it was one of those "Pyrrhic Victory" moments.

A few times we rowed past Steppingstone Lighthouse to a dock in City Island. We would chip in and someone would run up the dock and get some beer. We tied up to the

lighthouse to finish it before heading back. It was often a struggle to make it in time for supper call.

Playing with Bee-Bop and Willy Boy in our little rock band, *Local Apparent Noon,* was fun and a break from studies. Had we had more time to practice or do gigs off campus, who knows? I felt good about playing before some events just to give the Regiment some entertainment.

Quitting the band (I was Band Ensign): Because I just could not take any more abuse from the uncooperative band director. Four years of being cussed at by him was enough. He started to inspect my room and give me demerits for dust . . . a first classman? Really!!??? I went to see the academic dean and, starting***, finally***, to learn "how things work," told him my room was sharp for a first classman, and I only wanted to graduate and go to sea. I reminded him that that was our Academy's mission after all. Also, that being in the band was not required. Further, that if it continued, my Congressman was next. The harassment stopped and I became one of the few and last of the Zombos.

One of my best stunts was first class year when I got friendly with a couple of the hired landscapers and/or handy men. They had a break room on zero deck below 3rd Battalion. They had a table, chairs and a fridge in there. I made a deal with them that if they gave me a key, I would put a six pack of beer in there on the weekends and we could split it. I used to carry a gym bag ashore for the beer. Many a long night of studying ended with me down there, enjoying a cold one and sometimes a leftover sandwich. I never told anyone about it.

Lt. Bardot, the English Professor: I think many of us remember how he graded papers -- all technically, about punctuation, spelling and word usage. One quarter we read *Death of a Salesman,* and he assigned a paper about it. Hoping I would not get him again for a professor, I decided to have some academic fun. I wrote a paper explaining how Biff, the son of Willy Loman (the salesman), was really the key character in the play. I made it all up -- it was BS. I typed it on my manual typewriter. Then I proofed it and typed it again and again and again, until it was almost perfect. When I got it back, I got a good grade, but on the back he wrote an entire

page in red ink, of criticism, wondering how I could possibly miss the point of all his lectures! I said nothing. I waited. One day first class year, I was riding the LIRR train back from N.Y.C. and Bardot came in and sat across from me. He knew who I was. I told him the whole story -- he was flabbergasted. I then explained, politely, how he should count comprehension of the literature he assigned as at least part of one's grade.

All deckies had Professor La Dage and his naval architecture courses. He literally wrote the book on stability, and like others, I still have my *Stability and Trim for the Ship's Officer.* But one day a curious thing happened. We showed up for class and he had a tape recorder on his desk, one of those reel to reel ones. He explained that he had his lectures on tape. Then he started that day's lesson and retired to his office. There we were, all taking notes and listening to the machine, while he was in his office reading the newspaper. When the lesson was over, he would magically reappear, shut off the tape, and take a few questions. After several classes like this, we got the impression that this was not all "Jake," with him in his office reading the paper and all of us taking notes from a machine, and we should do something. I'm not sure who was lead, but we sneaked our own tape recorder into his next class. After he left the room, we wired his to ours to tape the lecture, and we all quietly left the building. No one was there to witness his expression when he came back to an empty room with two tape recorders running!

Another English teacher, Professor Giddings, was my favorite of all. It wasn't just that he was smart and a good teacher; he was a kind man who had some sympathy for what we were going through, especially the often heavy course load, and being tired in class. I recall Be-bop and I taking an elective course wherein we spent the whole quarter trying to comprehend *Moby Dick.* After I got a Master's in Teaching, I lived outside Boston for several years. I would come down to New York to ship out in the summers. I contacted Mr. Giddings and arranged a visit. I took the LIRR out, like in the old days. He had me over to his house on Steamboat Road, and we had dinner there with his wife. I think he appreciated having a former "military" student who also liked literature and teaching.

Sometime after going from Ensign to Zombo, an incident happened with a couple of plebes near me, that I think only we would totally comprehend. As a normal, symbiotic relationship was established between "my plebes" and "their Zombo," i.e., some protection from upperclassmen from me, in exchange for "work" or "favors" from them. They were, typically, supposed to warn me of approaching ROOWs when I slept in. One day they failed and I got demerits. I said nothing. But a few days later, something snapped in my mind.

I was talking to them and had one of those open milk cartons we were allowed to bring back from evening chow. I told them that if they wanted a really sharp deck, just before bed, to stuff a towel under the door, and spread a thin, even layer of milk over their deck and let it sit overnight. In the morning, you'll just buff it up and have the best deck around! They f'in did it! Of course, it dried and hardened and was a horrible mess. It took them days to clean and polish it. I include this story at the request of Boyd G. I doubt if anyone who did not attend an all-male, military school, would "get it."

Most all deck cadets likely remember Salty O' Hara. He was one of our "character" teachers. I used to think the term "salty language" was based on him. He taught us how to use a gyrocompass, and we called his course "Gyro." But he liked to tell stories so much, as well as invent nicknames for all of us, that I don't recall learning much in class. He once started a lecture on how to precess a compass in less time than it would take on its own. His example was that if you hung out in the Two Brothers Bar in Havana too long, and the ship was sailing and the compass had been off and was not ready, by putting slight pressure on different parts of the compass, inside it, you could precess it in minutes to the correct heading. But Salty spent so much class time with sailor stories that the only way I learned to do that was to come back after class and he would give me or others a hands-on demo.

And at least once in my career it did come in handy. We moved a dead ship in Capetown harbor to a new dock that was 180 degrees off the heading of the first dock. When we got ready to sail and powered up, we almost forgot to check the compass. It was out 180 degrees and staying there. I was able to precess it to the correct heading rather quickly,

thanks to Salty. If I remember, there was a famous grounding of a tanker that came out of NY harbor, with a compass off 180. They then went north instead of south, and aground.

Seamanship

There was a persistent rumor at KP that was passed down from class to class about one of the Seamanship instructors. The story was that while a mate, docking a ship in New York Harbor, he was standing by the anchors on the bow. Back then, 1950's, the radios weren't very good, and it was windy. The docking pilot came aboard and the conversation went something like this:

"Cap, I've got a tug coming alongside your starboard bow. Tell the mate up there, whatever he does, do not drop the starboard anchor."
"Ok. Bridge to bow. Whatever you do, don't drop the starboard anchor."
"Ok, Cap'. Bosun, drop the starboard anchor!"

Apparently, the anchor went right through the tug's little foredeck and sank it. Luckily, no one was killed. While unsubstantiated, I have used this story many times as instruction for cadets at sea, in part to show the effects of poor communication. I usually asked them what the mate's biggest mistake was. They would say, "Not understanding the order," and I would say, "He didn't look over the side first." After taking some grad courses, I learned that your brain reacts more to positive statements than negative ones. That is, the natural inclination is to "hear" the positive "drop the anchor" and ignore the negative, "don't," as in that old saying, "Don't think of an elephant," then you do all day.

Frye's Leap

One July 4th long weekend, Stan Westover and I flew (the Eastern Airlines Shuttle, remember that?) to Boston with Merrill (Be-Bop) Rollins. A relative of his picked us up and we all went to Maine for the weekend.

Be-Bop had a boat and we went out on Lake Sebago. There is a well-known cliff there called Frye's Leap. Apparently, many years ago, someone named Frye was being chased by Indians and leaped off the cliff to save his hide. It is a local custom to re-enact this. Stan and I climbed up the cliff while Be-Bop stayed in the boat. We jumped! Merrill took a picture which I had for years. The only sensible thing we did that day was check the depth of the water.

People are still doing this, as you can see on YouTube, etc. Most list the height of the jump at about 60 feet. My grandkids like this story, as they know well my innate fear of heights, and there I was, flying in a damn plane (twice) and jumping off a cliff, all in the same weekend!

Hot Plate, Anyone?

I had trouble with mechanical drawing, and failed to understand why Deckies took that. I recall having to do an "Ink on Plastic" final drawing for the course. There were guys who jury-rigged some glass plates, with a light bulb, so they could copy a drawing from their piles of ponies. I had a suitable drawing from my pony stash, but could not rig anything up.

A classmate, who shall remain nameless, bailed me out. He took his drawing and told me to follow him out the dorm, at night, with mine. We sneaked into the Engineering Bldg. and went upstairs. To my amazement, this nervy cadet I was with crawled through the transom of the drawing teacher's office door. He let me in and showed me the fancy, built in hot plate the teacher had in his tilted desk. We both managed to make our copies without being caught, and passed. When I graduated KP I gave most of my "gear" like my slide rule and plebe knife, to my younger brothers. One of the only things to survive all these years and return to me is my mechanical drawing tool set, which I hated!

--George

From Don Peavy:

Second Class Year

Although I never attended a varsity club (Block M) party as a plebe, I resolved to attend the first one after the beginning of second class year with my roommate at the time, Ron Fox. At the end of the evening, Ron asked me to drive the girl he met back to school, and not wanting to appear like a chauffeur, I asked if she had a friend who would be willing to keep me Company. Thus, I actually "met my wife at a Block M!" From that point on, my main goal was to accumulate as much liberty as was humanly possible.

We had been assigned a room on the main deck of Rogers Hall. Bob Lewis and Lew Krueger were a few doors down and on the opposite side. One evening, Bob and I were mooning one another when CWO Brummett (ROOW) entered the hall. That resulted in a memorable spate of extra duty, including Shore Patrol during the Coast Guard game. Fortunately, the weather was terrible, so I didn't have to intervene in any altercations.

After the holidays, Ron Fox decided that he was shirking his duty by not being in the military and resigned. I never did figure that one out, especially after he returned to campus in his enlisted Air Force uniform.

I joined the rowing team as a coxswain of the third boat. I recall rowing against the SS *Rotterdam* crew in frigid weather and 5 foot seas on LI Sound and I remember rowing against the Maritime School(s) off Governor's Island on a nicer day.

Late in the year, I enrolled in the advanced physics elective and became fascinated by nuclear power. Later, I tried to make a career in the field, but the Three Mile Island accident put an end to that dream.

Chris Wong and I were selected, among others, to take a non-credit course in computer programming. The administration was not convinced that second classmen could handle it. Chris and I discovered a "canned" program for plotting data, and after we used it to submit the results of one of our steam engineering labs, we were brought up on academic charges. Fortunately, the dean agreed that we

were only using what we had learned in an Academy-authorized class. Later, we both ended up managing software development projects.

I remember the first "Kings Point Weekend" fondly. Karen and I had our photo printed in the Long Island Press. Karen was absent from school on false pretenses, and worried that her dean would see the photo. I recall the excursion boat that took us on a tour of NY Harbor and all the engineers visiting its engine room to see the scotch boilers and reciprocating engine.

First Class Year

Through a complex series of events, I was assigned as platoon commander in Fourth Company. I had a room on the second deck of Rogers Hall on a corridor VERY close to the perimeter wall. I got bed checked virtually every night. I still wake up with a start when a flashlight is shined in my face.

I was also put on a committee to select movies to be shown on campus. I always tried to find one which would entertain, while inspiring thought. I was usually over-ridden by the chaplain, but I tried.

As I mentioned, weekend liberty was a priority. I had purchased a Honda Super 90 motorbike while in Japan and kept it in a garage in the neighborhood with several classmates' bikes. Friday evenings saw us riding down Steamboat Rd. in our blazers, headed for freedom.

On New Year's Eve, Karen and I joined a high school buddy and his girlfriend for the festivities in Times Square. We drank champagne at midnight and watched the crowd dissipate. I don't recall seeing Dick Clark, as I think he started his show later.

My favorite memories include the various social functions, including the '68 night's dance and the cocktail party on the SS *Santa Rosa*. I don't recall much about graduation, except recalling Russ Rehm giving a piggy-back ride to our anchor man, Greg Sebuck. Anxious to begin, I shipped out the following Monday, joining the SS *Texaco Connecticut* in Tampa.

--Don

From Boyd Goddard:

Secret Compartments

Plebe Year, after our first uniform issue we were not allowed civilian clothes. Everything had to be stowed out of reach or shipped home by the time of our first leave. This regulation applied to all but the First Classmen, who were begrudgingly allowed to have a basic suit ensemble for job interviews in the latter part of their graduation year. Despite these regulations, many upperclassmen were often seen off campus in civilian attire. “How could this be,” was the thought of many a plebe. A logical explanation would be that many cadets who lived nearby could go home and they shared their home closets with classmates. But that didn't explain the number of illicit departures and arrivals via “Cleveland Gate” in civvies. After hours, cadets often clambered over the back fence in civilian attire. The truth was that cadets found ways to conceal their liberty duds on board.

Part of the legacy of the USMMA is the resourcefulness instilled in graduates; a MacGiver-like ability to make do with whatever was available on board ship since the nearest Home Depot was a long swim away. We developed this quality early on as a simple matter of survival in the jungle. Could this have been some clandestine self-discovery teaching tool for self-sufficiency?

So where were the stashes? All barracks rooms were built with quadruple occupancy intended, because a large number of cadet-Midshipmen were passing through during WWII. By the time we were in attendance, the rooms were only furnished for double occupancy; 2 racks, a desk and 2 chairs. We still had the WWII bed frames and mattresses, but they weren't stacked as bunk beds. Each cadet had two of the four lockers and shared the common hanging wardrobe for our dress uniforms. The two sinks and medicine cabinets were our individual territory. The design of the rooms included a service trunk for plumbing as the sinks in adjacent rooms were mounted back-to-back. A common secret compartment was behind those medicine cabinets. Various degrees of workmanship could be found in these hidey-holes. Some

were just crude removals of the screws and clothes hung from a wire. Others were nicely hinged with hidden latches and a finely crafted clothes rod, hangers, etc. These could be a problem for those residing in the upper decks; however, as the service cavity behind the sinks was open down all three decks. (Remember the razor-blade slot to dispose of used blades? There's probably a huge pile of steel down there after 75 years). I knew of some that solved that problem with a built-in box bottom to catch anything dropped off the hanger. It was also important to coordinate your secret with your next door neighbors, because the service trunk was common to adjacent rooms. (Shades of that Right-Guard commercial with the "Hi, guy" in the medicine cabinet?). This was a fairly common solution, and I now find it hard to believe the administration didn't know about it. More likely, they chose to overlook it. Perhaps it was that self-discovery teaching tool?

The Zero deck was also a place to find some unused hidden space, although the threat of discovery was much higher. Finding such a place was usually because you had a connection and some form of access, such as the sail locker.

Personally, I took advantage of the extra locker space acquired with a room of my own 1/c year. I fashioned a false front of old text books stacked neatly library-style in a spare locker shelf. That afforded room for my sparsely stocked liquor cabinet . . . Wait! The statute of limitations has expired hasn't it?

Another unique solution I knew of was on Reg Row. The Regimental staff all had individual rooms on the main deck of Murphy Hall just down from the mess hall. I don't remember which staff officer it was, but there was a nicely crafted secret panel behind two of the lockers with shortened drawers and plenty of room to hang a suit, shirt, shoes and tie. We dressed more formally in those days, didn't we? I'm pretty sure there were many more of these hide-outs passed down from class to class. Then again, some plebes were assigned rooms with these hidden compartments and never knew it, while others stumbled across them while on their own self-discovery quest. It would be interesting to know what was found when the barracks were remodeled years after we left.

We were the last class to see these strict restrictions on

civvies. The blazer “uniform” was introduced during our tenure which seemed to satisfy much of our anti-uniform needs. That privilege was then rapidly passed down to the under classes and the need for clandestine clothes lockers disappeared.

One other case of secret compartments developed when we were building our new First Class Wardrooms. In the spirit of “The Great Escape,” 2nd Batt designed and built a secret storage space behind the TV compartment. The space was designed, engineered and constructed under the watchful eye of big brother. For the life of me, I can't recall what contraband we ever stored there. Just having it was our little rebellion. The wardroom for Reg Row had an even more elaborate hidden storage compartment with a sliding panel. It's hard to believe they needed one, considering their “favored” status, but they were the same as the rest of us. The magic of a few extra stripes didn't change that. I can't speak for the other Battalions, but I'm sure they had the same mindset.

Expensive TV Repair

During the second half of our 2/C year we were rotating command positions on a monthly basis after the 1/C graduated early to supplement the need for Merchant Marine officers on the Viet Nam Sealift. John Mazza was the 2nd Battalion Commander for one rotation when this tale came about. We were experimenting with different leadership styles, and John's was one of brotherhood and democracy.

Well, one day our wardroom TV went to snow. No Emma Peel, Batman or Agent 99! Our budget was tight, as our primary operating budget depended upon income from the profit on the coke machine in the wardroom. We tried to solve the problem ourselves, but we just couldn't figure out why we weren't getting a signal from the roof antenna. All the connections were checked and re-checked with no improvement. We swallowed our pride and called a TV repairman.

The repairman showed up and repeated all the steps we had taken, with no success. But he had diagnostic equipment and found that we were not getting a signal to the

TV set, but the antenna output was fine. Tracing the TV twin-lead wiring down from the antenna inch by inch, he discovered the wire had been neatly snipped out of the ribbon just outside a 2nd floor window. It was expertly done, with just a small bit of wire cut out of each lead, leaving the wire appearing intact. Underclass sabotage or prank? We intended to find out.

That evening, John called a Battalion meeting in the foyer. Plebes, 3/C Splits, and the ruling 2/C all lounged casually while he explained what had been found. In the spirit of democracy, there was casual discussion of what to do, as the service call bill was substantial and pretty much broke the wardroom budget. John suggested that it was a good prank, but that it had gone awry and restitution was needed. If nobody stepped forward to take responsibility, then the Battalion would not have liberty that weekend. Sometime during this “discussion” one of the 3/C Splits unwisely pushed the democracy experiment a little too far and whined, “But, John, you can't restrict us all . . .”

The mood suddenly changed and John set him straight. “That's Sir, to you. Stand at attention and show some respect!”

Thus ended our experiment in democratic military leadership and discipline. I think we all (both upper and lower classes) learned a little something about leadership, positions of authority, fellowship and responsibility in that moment. I honestly don't remember how the bill was paid or if everyone actually was restricted that weekend. That wasn't the lesson that stuck in my memory.

Housekeeping

One of the first things we were tasked with upon being assigned our rooms as Plebes was to make our bunks. For many, that was something that mothers were supposed to do, but we were on our own now, and we struggled with many a new concept. The Drill Instructor concept of being able to bounce a quarter off your bunk was nigh on impossible, especially considering the WWII vintage of our bedding. Those lumpy mattresses left many wrinkles that required a crawl under the bunk to pull the bulges smooth and tight. The

chore was eventually accomplished satisfactorily, but for some it was more than they wanted to attempt on a daily basis. Many chose to sleep on top of their made-up bunk to avoid having to remake it each morning. A little smoothing and tucking made it last all week until laundry day when bunks had to be stripped and linen exchanged. But a once a week chore was certainly better than once a day!

Double Windsor

Tying a tie was not a skill that every cadet arrived with. My roommate was one of those. He had me tie his tie and then he would just slide the knot down and slip it over his head to avoid having to retie it. (He wasn't the only one, by a long stretch). One day much later in the year, he went on an "unauthorized liberty" and borrowed one of my ties because he was in a hurry and had a hot date. I was a rule-follower so, of course, every item I owned was stenciled with my name. He came back very late at night via Cleveland Gate (over the wall) somewhat disheveled and missing his (my) tie. "Where did you put my tie?" I asked. "Oh, I think I left it in the park," was the casual answer. I had visions of "article left adrift" demerits whenever it was found, but fortunately it never turned up. It's probably still hanging on a branch somewhere out there.

Winter Heat

During the winter, reveille found us all trying to get warmed up as a first item of business. Those in 1st or 2nd Co. hovered over the radiator with a blanket over their head trying to trap the heat. Draping your shirt and pants over the radiator also made for a short period of comfort when they were donned. All this depended, of course, upon the engineering watch officer remembering to open the steam valve at 0500 to get the steam flowing through the barracks. For those on the other side of the mess hall, it took forever for the steam to flow through the pipes and return to the boiler room via Bowditch Hall. (Remember the bare patches in the snow where pipes ran between buildings?) 6th Co. would be lucky to have the

condensate pushed out of the pipes by mess call. Another routine, particularly for those in the distant reaches of the steam loop took a different approach. Immediately after reveille, plebes were dispatched down the hall to open all the showers and start the hot water flowing. Of course, the hot water also depended upon the flow through the piping loops. It sometimes took a long while for the water to stop spitting out ice cubes, but when the water was finally flowing warm enough, everyone crowded into the shower rooms to warm their blood in these improvised KP saunas.

White Belts

A unique twist to our uniform of the day was the winter blue CPOs with grey ties and white belt. Navy ties and belts were standard Navy, but for some reason we varied from the normal military issue. Those white web belts were notoriously hard to keep clean. It wasn't practical to put them in the laundry, so we were taught a method of washing the belts that kept them nice and white. A can of Ajax and a scrub brush were all that was needed. The window ledge in the shower room provided a perfect platform to perform this task. Sprinkling the belt with a generous covering of Ajax and then brushing the heck out of it would be adequate to bleach the belt back to white. A quick rinse in the shower along with our own personal cleansing did double duty. Back in the room, it was laid out on the radiator for a bit and was soon dry and ready to wear once again.

Those grey ties were another thing, but fortunately we wore them tucked into our shirts, hiding any need for cleaning.

Garrison Caps

One of our most senseless uniform items was the two khaki garrison caps issued with one of the first mass distributions of new uniforms Plebe Year. During our entire 4 years at KP they sat in the back of our lockers unused - never once prescribed in the uniform of the day. The cynical cadet explanation was that the Ship's Service Store needed the business. We did see much use of the denim garrison cap with our dungaree uniform, worn for work details and "dirty" engineering classes, but why the khaki one?

Plebe Year Instant Spit-Shine

Who was it that came up with the spit-shine-in-a-can? Some entrepreneurial upperclassman was peddling this stuff, which really made those oxfords sparkle, without all the hard rubbing and polishing. A good number of our section succumbed to the sales pitch and we had the glossiest shoes ever -- for a brief while. Then we began to notice the cracking at the crease lines. And then came some peeling. And then the leather cracked all the way through and the shoes slowly disintegrated. Demerits for dilapidated gear began to fly and a general uproar ensued. The Ship's Service Store sold a lot of new oxfords about that time. Whatever happened to that salesman?

Football Team Films

Early in our 2/c year, Flipper (CWO D. DeFilippi) somehow got the idea that I was familiar with movie cameras. Apparently there was a lack of "qualified" cameramen to take movies for the team to review. Ed Stribling was the 1/c holder of that job, and he was looking for someone to carry on the duties. It sounded like a good idea. The job would require missing the march-on with the rest of the Regiment – darn! So I said I'd give it a try.

My first day on the job was a bit of an eye-opener. It was a cold, blustery day and the camera position was on top of the officials' booth at the top of the stands. Trying to operate a 16mm camera was hard enough with frozen fingers, but changing the film was almost impossible. We usually had two cameras so that one would always be ready to roll with the plays. We managed to get it all shot and dozens of rolls of film would be sent out to be processed. (An hour's worth of 16mm film was a lot of footage!). We were somehow associated with the Academy photographer, but movie processing was not one of his duties so I'm pretty sure it was farmed out the gate as a rush job so the coach could have it to prepare for the next game.

The job also meant going to the away games. One game sticks in my mind, as Stribling offered to let me ride with

him -- Hofstra, maybe? He had a Corvette, and it was a bit crowded but better than the Academy Suburban and had the potential to draw chicks. By the time all our equipment was packed up, any chick hunting was pretty well shot, but it was a fun trip.

I just took the pictures. There was no editing that I was aware of. I never got to see a single showing of any film I shot. I probably would have been embarrassed to be present at a showing anyway. Trying to watch a football game through that tiny viewfinder is not as simple as one would think. It was like watching ants swarm a French fry at a picnic and keeping track of the one with the crumb. Keeping the ball in the center of the picture was the goal. I think I was faked out more often than any of the opposing players ever were. We had no fancy zoom lenses in those days. As long as I covered most of the action, even at long distance, I guess the coaches were happy. The bird's eye view from atop the stadium gave them a game board layout of the play action.

After my first freezing stint behind the camera, Ed Stribling let on that he embellished his uniform with a civilian sweater under his jacket. I happened to have a nice powder blue sweater that worked just fine and it usually didn't show. That became a regular part of my winter Service Dress Blue ensemble from then on. (Why didn't they issue us long underwear? Winter on Long Island just screams for such common sense, and the Ship's Service Store could have racked up more nice profits with their captive customer base).

The football movies segued into a trip up the Hudson to West Point for some gymnastics competition. That was when I realized that we had matured greatly during our Sea Year. Lunch with the brigade turned into a full-fledged food fight, which I learned was not an unusual occurrence. The goo and muck really flew. Fortunately, as visitors, we were not in the direct line of fire. Admittedly, we had a few volleys of hoagie rolls in Delano Hall ourselves, but they were nothing compared to the ruckus those boys in gray could muster up. I wonder if any of those films are archived somewhere?

The Cheapskate Ensign

After half a year rotating positions of leadership every month due to the early graduation of the 1967 class, the time came to settle on our permanent positions. The very top selections (RC, RX & BC) required strong leadership skills accompanied with strong academics because of the extra-curricular requirements associated with those positions. KP had established a long tradition of holding the posts for the entire 1/c year, unlike the other service academies that had two rotations during the year. (It has since changed at KP). Therefore, it was rather important to select cadets who had a good chance of maintaining their academics against the pressures of such lofty positions. Our 2/c year rotations made the choice easier for Wiley Hall because they had some experience with our performance to go by.

That was less important for the vast majority of us who would be filling all the lesser positions. Some selections probably came down to a simple roll of the dice. As a class, we were given some input into the selection process and were asked to rate our classmates with our assessment of their potential. It wasn't exactly a democratic process, but did allow for some consideration of who we recognized as leaders amongst our peers.

Our class probably had a larger pool of eligible candidates than most, again mostly because of our experience during the 2/c rotations. That made for a lot of competition, and difficult decisions for the administration. Another problem for Wiley Hall was in filling the Regimental and Battalion staff positions. Those were working posts that were important for the continued operation of the system. Of course, they were less glamorous, but essential.

My selection as 2nd Battalion Senior Watch Officer was rather convoluted as the process unfolded. I was called in for an interview with Flipper (CWO Dom DeFilippi) for possible BX, CC or CX posts. During the interview, he slyly suggested that I might be a shoe-in for any staff job I wanted, but that competition for the other jobs was going to be fierce. Whenever I would see him after that interview, he would always bring up the need for several of the Battalion jobs and

buttered me up, saying I'd be perfect for it. I was rapidly wearing down, but my ego was still shooting for the moon. Sometime during this process he gave me a short list of possible jobs that were open for the asking. I did a lot of soul searching and looked at the practical considerations. Two stripes wasn't very appealing to my ego (which unrealistically expected at least five), but it was a sure thing and the suspense would be over. Two stripes did have the definite advantage of being one stripe cheaper than even a Zombo when it came time for 1/c shoulder boards and blues re-striping. A couple of bucks made a huge difference in those days. I finally relented and told him I'd take the job. I'm pretty sure the method in this selection process was to get the drudge jobs filled first and narrow the field before announcing their final picks.

Then, as we all know, the positions were downgraded across the board by one stripe, i.e. the RC went from 6 to 5 stripes, the RX and BC's went from 5 to 4, and my lowly staff position shrank from 2 to 1 stripe. This didn't go over very well with us, but what could we do? Oh, well, at least I could rationalize that an even better economic benefit was to be reaped from the cheapest 1/c uniforms possible.

Another change contingent with the downgrading of our stripes was with the old 1 stripe positions such as RBU director, etc. The idea was to differentiate from a “line” officer in the chain of command. To accomplish this they broke up the single stripe on the blues by placing the USMS embroidered insignia patch over the stripe instead of above it. For the shoulder boards, they worm-holed the stripe into the shoulder board fabric giving the appearance of a broken stripe, a la warrant officer. The embroidered petty officer shoulder patches and 1/c stripes for the dress blues were also eliminated and replaced with simple chevrons below the USMS insignia.

Since we paid by the stripe, CPO boards were actually the most expensive, but arguably the most impressive. Three 1/c Zombo stripes and 4 pecker stripes put enough gold on your shoulders to be the envy of any Third World potentate. With the revamping of the uniforms for our 1c year, the petty officer ranks had Zombo stripes eliminated from the boards

and sleeves, helping the financial condition of those individuals considerably, not to mention reducing all the ripping and stitching in the tailor shop.

For a cadet officer, the situation most devastating by far to one's finances was to be unfortunate enough to accumulate too many demerits or have academic difficulties. This caused the powers to be in Wiley Hall to immediately promote you to Zombo status and that required you to get everything re-striped. At least you gained the prestige of the Zombo mystique and the rights to a laid-back existence for the remainder of the year.

-- Boyd

From Jim Mucci:

John Pigott and I were transferred to First Company for Sea Year infractions, which began my prosperous relationship with Commander Litchfield, aka Uncle Fal, saving John and I significant time on restriction up to graduation. We also became members of a great deck section in 1st Company with great classmates from all stations RC to Zombo. I have many fond memories of the non-regulation activities we organized with Mike Lawson and Terry, Knutz, and Moorhead. That section had most of the Regimental staff at the time and they treated those of us less disciplined cadets great and should be recognized.

--Jim

From Stan Westover:

Besides the great education, Sea Year exploits and lasting friendships, I enjoyed four years on the tennis team accomplishing Metropolitan Doubles Champion and was Captain senior year. Looking forward to our 50th but sadly remembering all our classmates that are no longer with us.

--Stan

[Editor's note: Like every other class, we had guys we started with who ended up "set back" and who graduated with another class (or not). There are too many of these and too difficult for me to attempt to track, although I have encouraged our graduates to write about them if you want to. But I think there are three exceptions. In our yearbook, on page 130, John Mazza and Shiras Walker are posted; they went to first class year with us and had medical reasons to set back. On page 128, Rob Wasson is posted as graduating with us, but he lost a long, legal battle with the administration and was let go just weeks before we all graduated. It would seem that these three would identify with our class more than any other].

From Paul Skripol:

At the beginning of 3rd class year, about the time I started walking around without crutches due to knee surgery, I naturally needed a change of scenery and activity. (This memory was stoked by me recently seeing an old Triumph Spitfire whilst resting here in FLA, as I walked up to the car and marveled at how small the damn thing is). Now the story . . . When I was in the USPHS hospital for my first operation (eyes) I was in recovery alongside of an ancient mariner whose name is lost in time, but he had sailed for 40+ years by then. He was a native Norwegian who lived alone in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. Since my eyes were bandaged for about ten days there, he really helped me in the most basic of needs, eating, relieving, etc. After hearing about his extensive exploits, he mentioned to me about all of the beautiful young girls from Sweden and Norway that had come to New York for work and for fun. This naturally caught my interest and he eventually invited me to stay at his apartment and indicated that he would show me around that area, especially the "Sons of Norway" Club.

A number of months went by wherein I experienced my travails, some already written about, and now I'm able to walk (and dance) so I called the gentleman up to take him up on his invite. He was happy to hear from me, extended his invitation again and suggested that I not come alone. I asked two of my original section mates in 68-162 if they were interested and

they were more than game to go. Remember the Spitfire? Well one of my buddies was Henry (Hank) Firey of Wash. D. C. (who sailed Sea Year and resigned). I vaguely remember that his mother was a Grand Dame of Washington "A" list society, wired in to Pres. Johnson, and I believe he really wanted to go to Georgetown. Now that I think of it, Hank mentioned a problem he had back home in D. C. related to the daughter of a U. S. Senator and he came to KP to let the heat cool down. Hank had a Spitfire in a local garage; so I solved the transportation problem.

The other fellow I invited along was the late Earl (Tim) White. The instant memory above written is that the THREE of us had to fit in that thing, and since Hank owned the car, he was the driver. That left Tim and me to decide who got to ride in the other seat and who would end up in the back storage area (no seat) straddling the gear shift with his legs. Do I need to emphasize that yours truly lost the coin flip and rode for about 25 miles in NY traffic in a semi-supine position. If I tried that today you'd need to have me placed in traction for a week in order to stand. We stayed at the sailor's apartment, changed into civvies and went on over to the club. When we walked in each of us thought that we had died and gone to heaven, as the incredible number of absolutely beautiful women far outnumbered the males present. Tim met a girl from Norway, Hank one from Finland, and I met my Swedish lady friend on that night. We drank, danced and absolutely partied until the wee hours of the morning, meeting many Scandinavian merchant mariners, and ultimately returned to the apartment to crash and take stock of our individual and mutual successes. It worked out well for me and, once the news got around, I was one popular guy with many of the A splitters. Not an overwhelming story, but one to remind us that we were quite young and adventuresome in those years.

Having been the recipient of an "A" split Sea Year, during our 2nd class year in the month of November, I was naturally getting mentally ready for my sailing time to come. Read this as I was getting bored with classes and looking for some deviltry in which to engage. Our outstanding classmates were hanging things from the flag pole, etc. and, since I would soon be departing, I felt a need to do something somewhat

unique as a parting gesture to the administration of our fine school. After racking my brain for a while, a class mate unknowingly gave me the inspiration in this time of my dire need. We all remember John "Chief" 408 who started with our class and finished with '69. He had a relative who must have disliked him intensely as that uncle sent the Chief a jar of the most foul smelling limburger cheese, which the Chief immediately ate with delight. When he was done, I asked him for the jar which contained the horribly smelling liquid that the cheese floated in. Since he was wondering how to get rid of the jar, he was more than willing to give it up, with no questions asked.

Now the plot thickens . . . in the admin was a CWO named McCaffery who, in this cadet's mind, was a pain in the a*s. Since I was about to leave for Sea Year, it seemed appropriate to leave my mark. I needed help so I engaged a section mate, no names mentioned, but he was our valedictorian, and a 1st classman, to be a lookout, and a strawman to keep the cadet 1st classman who was on watch in the building busy whilst Skripol accomplished his mission. We skulked out of 1st Company to the rear of the admin building around 11:30 p.m., just prior to the time the watch was to be changed. I entered through the rear door and went directly to "Black Mac's" office with the jar. What to do, what to do? I decided at that moment to spill the liquid on the warm radiator in Mac's office which immediately cast a sour odor throughout the room. Then I baptized the rest on other radiators that I felt were strategically located in the building.

The next morning when we marched for morning colors everyone in the admin building was standing outside in the cold complaining about the unsafe working conditions. They had to have the place fumigated as they felt an animal must have died somewhere in a wall or such. Three of us had quiet smiles that day, and just think, it took me fifty years to own up to the prank. See what happens when Skripol becomes bored.

Being a Zombo 1st class year did have its benefits. I had a long restriction senior year. Needless to say, this was meant to discipline me and also put a crimp on my social life. For those of us who experienced restriction, the process was

very intense on the weekends but very lax during the school week. Hence my mind started to work on a solution to the above stated "crimp." My room was in 5th Company, top floor in an alcove which looked out on the flag pole. Across the hall in the alcove were two plebes whom I had taken a shine to as they were good guys. This naturally led to a mutual understanding amongst us. We all remember that outside our rooms was a small slot where our names were placed, and if we were elsewhere during study time, we would have to place an index card denoting our destination.

Here was our deal -- I'd protect the plebes from harassment from upper classmen in return for their covering my "lost time" during the week. Every Tuesday and Thursday I granted myself liberty to go off grounds to visit friends and enjoy adult beverages at will. My plebes would place a card in the slot, say "library" and when the library would close, they would replace the card with another marked "canteen" or "infirmary" or even "steam lab" and keep alternating them until they saw me return. They had a few telephone numbers in case my nemesis, Ray Ach, came looking for me.

The system worked flawlessly through my time on restriction, but alas, I couldn't use the system on weekends as I had to report in each hour or so. My plebes were rewarded with certain goodies that they otherwise could not obtain in their structured environment. See what you can learn at KP . . . there's always a solution to each and every problem; you just need creativity and cooperative effort.

--Paul

From George McShea:

Many of you may not know that I flunked my Sea Project. My second tour I was so focused on being a mate that I foolishly told myself that the project was a real waste of time. Of course, in September of First Class year they called me down and told me I had flunked out, and, once again, was bound for the class of '69! I appealed the decision and had one of the Naval Science guys represent me. I told him I wanted to be reinstated in '68 and do a remedial project over

Christmas. He said, “You don’t understand -- your options are '69 or expulsion.” I said I wanted to appeal to the Admiral. I went and met with McLintock who came in looked at my record and ship reviews and said I could stay in '68 as long as I passed a mini sea project over Christmas leave. I did a coastwise run on an American President Lines ship, completed the project and returned to the Academy.

--George

From Boyd Goddard:

My 21st Birthday at KP

My 21st birthday rolled around and I didn’t give it much thought, but somehow an impromptu party developed at Maurice’s that night on dinner liberty. I decided to splurge and maybe discover a grown-up drink other than Rheingold. I found I rather liked the taste of a Rusty Nail and I settled in to enjoy it when the gang found me. I would add a lot more detail to this story, if only I could remember! That was one of the longest-lasting drinks I ever had. Little did I realize then that the guys (I think Larry Reimer was behind it) were topping it off every time I turned my back. We had a rip-roaring great time, laughing and joking and getting rather silly.

As the time approached to return to the Academy, I discovered I was in no condition to make the walk back down Steamboat Road. Fortunately, a group of stewardess trainees from the Grace Downs Airline Academy were out at Maurice’s and one of the girls took pity on me. They drove me back to Vickery Gate and pointed me in the right direction.

I awoke somewhat later in my bunk totally disoriented. It might have had something to do with the fact that my bunk was standing on end with me in it. The guys had tracked me down and heaved the foot of my bunk up against the bulkhead, which slowly got me coming around as I slid head down to the floor, but by the time I figured out which way was up, everyone had vanished.

Some of what had gone on was coming back to me, but only bits and pieces. I remembered getting out of a car and

stumbling through the gate, but I didn't remember checking back in. Suddenly panic set in and I looked in vain for my liberty chit. By now it was well past the check-in time and I was calculating the demerits at T/2 and that number was growing in my mind's eye as fast as an engine room rev counter at sea speed. I sneaked back out to the gate. Seeing no one in sight, I looked through the stack of liberty passes behind the counter and was greatly relieved to find mine in the stack, and it had been punched in on time! How that happened is lost forever in my memory, but someone probably deserves a big thanks.

As a postscript to this story, I met the girl at a dance months later. She introduced herself and was able to fill me in on details missing from my own memory, including her part in the story. I still remember her last name, but I never saw her again.

Graduation Snafu

I was pleased to be given notice that I was to be the recipient of the graduation award for having the highest Sea Year Engineering grade. I had no idea that I was that brilliant, although I did have one of the few Sea Year ribbons. Interestingly, that blue and gray ribbon was the civil war campaign medal with a unit citation device surrounding it. I was also asked, rather ordered, to write a nice professional thank you letter, and it had to be submitted to and pass Wiley Hall's approval beforehand.

I labored over the letter and carefully typed a nice clean version (no erasures – and I was not a great typist) after many attempts and submitted it to Wiley Hall. I thought nothing more of it until just a few days before graduation. I was told there had been a mistake and they had found someone else with a higher grade. No award. Then, to make things worse, I was given my letter back with orders to white out my name so the letter could be used by the new awardee because there wasn't enough time for him to write one and get it approved. So much for a clean error-free letter, but at least it wasn't over my name anymore. Why they couldn't have just whited it out themselves, I don't know.

I'm not sure exactly how it happened, and as I remember, some of the programs had already been printed. We graduated before the days of computers and spreadsheets, so clerical errors were common. I was a bit embarrassed when my family asked why I wasn't called up for the award, but I had already dismissed the situation as just more of the usual KP chaos. Besides, I was receiving the award I (we) had worked so hard for . . . that USCG license!

--Goose

From Dave Mozgala:

What is The Regiment of Cadets?

Plebe Year was an exciting time for many reasons, one of them being the Kings Point vs. PMC (Penn Military College) football game under cover in Atlantic City on Thanksgiving weekend. It was touted as the "Little Army-Navy Game." I felt proud and relieved to get outside the gate for the first time and spend the holiday at home, albeit for a short period, for we had to be back to attend the game.

Wanting to be home for a lengthier amount of time at Thanksgiving on Second Class Year, I chose to miss the game and volunteered to stand a facility security watch -- the last one, Saturday night. I was armed with a flashlight and had to tour every deck of every barracks building every hour or so. After dark, there were virtually no lights burning and no people in residence. This presented a sometimes eerie sensation as I walked the normally bustling, lively halls and shone my light down empty corridors and stairs, and the dead-still, vacant rooms.

I vividly remember being struck by the trite thought that these halls, trodden by thousands of cadets and perhaps haunted by many ghosts of Kings Point graduates before me, meant nothing without the young men who normally plied them and lived in the adjacent rooms. Without the seemingly constant banter, laughter, hustle, Clock Plebes, smack-talk, bitching, late night studying, and occasional arguments, Kings

Point was an empty shell, totally devoid of meaning. Even at that point in my young life I was starting to realize that I was part of something significant and important that would have endless implications as I moved along my journey.

Now, at 71 years old, I am spending more time looking back than looking forward. That Thanksgiving security watch is a still-vivid memory and a reminder that I truly belong to an elite group of guys who not only shared an invaluable, significant educational experience, but also bonded in ways we can only fully appreciate now as old men. Thanks, Class of '68 – God Steer Thee well.

--Moz

From Boyd Goddard:

The Lee Harvey Cadet Incident

There was an unfortunate incident 2/c Year involving a plebe in 3rd Company and a ROOW. As serious as it could have been, it probably was a matter of bad timing and being in the wrong place at the wrong time for both of them. This plebe returned from vacation a little early with a handful of 30-06 blanks. He decided to try them out in his rifle late one afternoon when most of the Regiment was still away on vacation. The unfortunate part was that as he fired down into Barney Square, the ROOW just happened to be passing by. As an ex-Marine, he hit the ground in the best defensive posture and then managed to pinpoint the source of the gunfire. The perpetrator was rapidly caught. Had this been a true ambush, he would never have used his own room, much less blank ammunition, but the humor of it was lost on the administration. He disappeared from the roles immediately. We irreverently referred to this as the "Lee Harvey Cadet Incident" with obvious reference to the assassination of Pres. Kennedy.

--Boyd

From Ray Fernandez:

ⅎ Halloween Raid

Unexpectedly, the future Class of ’68 Valedictorian and his “partner in mischief” decided that their final Halloween Eve at Kings Point warranted special and memorable action. They developed a plan targeting ⅎ in honor of the Midshipmen that were disciplined for misdeeds and missed a weekend or two of liberty for not following some silly rule. Where the large quantity of malodorous Limburger cheese came from doesn’t matter, just having enough of the super-stinky-stuff was important. The next critical step was assuring the duo accomplished a quiet and undetected entrance into Wiley Hall after the midnight hour. Via a small window the Midshipman on Duty for the 12x8 watch was confirmed to be in his small dedicated office.

The office was located adjacent to the main entrance to Wiley Hall which opened to the oval used for morning colors and faced the tallest unguyed flag pole in the world. The fact that the two large (one a heavy- weight class varsity wrestler and the other a broad six foot swimmer) 1st Class Midshipmen quietly slithered into Wiley Hall and tip-toed across the large center hallway to the entrance of the Administration Dept. offices was nothing short of unbelievable. The offices were adjacent to the locked rear entrance of Wiley Hall and any noise created would be enhanced and echoed in the large, high ceiling, hall and vestibule. Getting caught in the act of this mischief could have had terrible consequences but a positive attitude and *Acta non Verba* spirit kept the team of two motivated to succeed, so they continued.

Recall that the Administrative offices were staffed by a few ladies in the front area of the office and further back was another office area and door that was assigned to a Captain who had earned the reputation of being a harsh disciplinarian and carried the nickname ⅎ. To stink up his office area seemed like the right thing to do, on behalf of the Corps, on the last Halloween night for the Class of ’68. The duo continued with the planned mischief by smearing the Limburger cheese unto the wide, ornate, hand-carved wooden

molding bordering the office entrance way which was about 8 feet wide and 10 feet high with double opaque glass doors. A very thin coating of the stinky stuff was applied to avoid the greenish-white cheese from being detected by the administrative staff but enough to retain the desired STENCH into the morning working hours. Fortunately, the team was also able to enter the inner office and strategically applied more of the cheese in that area. The stink was awesome and with a true sense of '68 pride the team quietly departed Wiley Hall with big smiles of satisfaction on their faces.

Detection by the ROW-WOW (ROOW) was avoided and the team returned to their bunks for a few hours of sleep before reveille. After a Halloween morning engineering class a visit to the Admin offices was made. A request for some unimportant information was the stated purpose of the visit but determining if the "cheese-stink stuck" was the obvious reason. Success had been realized as there was still a stench in the air and office staff actually commented on the unpleasant odor in the main hallway area. The cheese had lost some of its potency and was only visible if the molding was examined closely. Few classmates were aware of the dastardly deed and those impacted were not aware that the Class of '68 had struck the ⅎNF offices in Wiley Hall on Halloween night, 1967 -- however there was a great sense of satisfaction and honor in the duo that made the last Halloween at Kings Point a special and memorable one!

--Ray

From Boyd Goddard:

License Exams

After four years of preparation, the Class of '68 entered O'Hara Hall to find rows upon rows of desks set up across the gym floor. Coast Guard officers were there to proctor the license exams for 3rd Mate and 3rd Asst. Engineer. Getting to this point had not been an easy course to navigate. Looking

at 4 years of transcripts, our easiest quarter was the very first one. Engineers only had 17.25 credit hours scheduled, probably because there was a lot of adjustment to be expected with plebe “stuff” absorbing much of our time. For the 2/c year our last quarter topped out at 25.25 credit hours. It was only natural that we had to carry a heavy load of credits because we were cramming a 4 year degree into the 3 years we were on campus. Still, using the quarter system gave us the same 12 quarters as most colleges provide with 3 quarters per year (with the summer off, of which we had a very short break). We ended up averaging well over 20 credit hours for each of our quarters, easily exceeding a usual college load. It was a grueling academic schedule that was proven by the number of drop-outs we recorded along the way. Approximately only half of our starting class graduated.

When we opened our exams to start, there was a hush and you could just about hear the perspiration dripping. The intensive cramming to memorize obscure details was finally over, and the results were about to be discovered.

For engineers, there had been months of practice sketching free-hand boiler cross-sections, pump diagrams, and engineering details. The memorization of marine machinery details including obsolete equipment such as scotch boilers, etc., was an ongoing drill. We were prepared to describe any shipboard system with great detail. Still, the fear that something was perhaps overlooked in our preparations hung heavy over the gym. We could all just about reproduce King’s *Practical Marine Engineering* from memory, and in our sleep, at that!

A particularly difficult section of the test was for Marine Safety because there were many tables that had to be memorized. It was multiple choice, which should have been simpler, but there was no margin for error. It was right or wrong. Fortunately, most of the exam was made up of essay questions where you could at least explain your answer. Every question required a paragraph or two at the very least. For example, one question that did not have a single answer was, “What are the symptoms of a superheater leak?” The answer depended upon the particular circumstances, i.e., a big leak, a small leak, where was it, etc. Multiple choice

cannot adequately indicate one's knowledge of the subject. The ability to explain yourself was paramount to a successful answer.

I remember having that sinking feeling when I turned to one easy part of the test. It was the math section and the problem was simple enough. The arithmetic was basic. The problem was that I suddenly realized I didn't know for sure what the definition of a taper was. We were given a tailshaft of a certain diameter with a propeller taper of, say ¼" per foot and asked for the diameter some inches down the shaft. Did the taper refer to the diameter or the radius? I remembered the problem from one of the ponies. "Oh, why hadn't I looked closer at that example last night!!!" The more I thought about it, the less certain I became. I was apparently not the only one, as it became the major topic of discussion around the wardroom that afternoon before we embarked on another round of intense study for the next day. We were about evenly divided on the subject, which meant half of us were in jeopardy for that question.

A whole week of this, and the suspense was driving us mad. How close were we to passing/failing? I called home one night and was lamenting my chances to my parents. I thought it best to set the stage for possible disappointment rather than have it appear all at once. My parents sounded surprised, and they inferred that they thought I had been doing pretty well. I couldn't understand how they could possibly know anything about it all the way back in San Diego. I figured they were just trying to give me a reassuring parental pep talk. Turns out, our neighbor's daughter was married to a Coast Guard officer stationed on Governor's Island and he knew the examining officers well. They were getting a daily update that I was passing, at least so far. I didn't find out about their inside source until the exam was over and the official results were out.

-- Boyd

From George Stupski:

I remember the first two weeks of First Class Year working in a shipping office. Stan Westover and I went to U.S. Lines' office on a pier. I doubt if we contributed anything memorable to that company, but we did learn a bit. There was one guy who hounded us about containerization. At that time, most of the older cargo vessels just carried 20-foot containers lashed on deck, with a padlock. When I occasionally go past a major dock and see the huge container ships now, I think how right that guy in the office was.

License exam week is mostly a memory blur of being tired, worried, and cramming that came out okay for most of us. Some of our courses contained material, for four years, that we would need to know. Unlike some other memories, above, I particularly liked the multiple choice questions. I had always done well with them. If I had "seen" the question and answer before, I had a good chance of finding the correct answer. I even let a high school biology teacher talk me into taking an advanced SAT test in biology, even though I had no inkling of becoming a biologist. The test was the challenge.

I think our grandchildren would be shocked that we did math computations with no calculators. A lot of the navigation stuff used logarithm tables and things like "log sin tables."

I also knew from a successful Sea Year, that I could handle navigation sections. I do recall worrying about Nautical Astronomy, if that is the right term, as passing was 90%. I knew how to shoot the stars and plot them, what the hell did I need to know the definition of "right ascension" for? It made sense to me that Rules of the Road was also a 90% pass. A mate's number one job is not to hit anything. And like the engineer's question with many answers, we had some too. One of them was, to paraphrase, "You see a single white light ahead, at sea, at night. What is it?" There were several possible answers to that one.

--Ski

From Burnie Acuff:

As most of you know, I flunked Juice (Electricity) the last quarter of first class year and had to hang around campus until I passed the re-exam. McCready, in his infinite wisdom, decided I wasn't ready to take my license exam with my class. I would have to wait until I passed the re-exam. I finally passed the exam and was deemed good enough to take the license exam. I decided that I didn't feel like commuting to NYC to take the exam and directed that my file be forwarded to the Office of Marine Inspection Charleston, SC where I would take the exam.

I showed up early on the scheduled day and got to work. The Commander issued a set of 5 questions to answer. About 10 minutes later I took the cards to the Commander's office, and he asked "What's the problem?" I replied, "No problem, Sir. I need the next set of questions." He sent me off with the next set of 5 questions. About 5 minutes later we repeated the same scenario, but this time he said, "You're spending too much time walking back and forth. Take the whole set of questions." And that's how we did the rest of the sections.

I wasn't wasting time fluffing up the answers. An example was "What is the purpose of intercoolers on an air compressor?" My answer was, "To increase the volumetric efficiency." The Commander said "That is the correct response, but how about giving me a few more words defining volumetric efficiency." And that's the way we rolled through the exam.

I completed the exam in 8 hours. The Commander commented, "You might not be making the highest grades, but damned if you aren't the fastest person to take this exam." That's how I did the rest of my license exams -- 8 hours max.

--Burnie

From Don Peavy:

Thoughts on License Exams

First, a few recollections on tests at Kings Point in general:

As a graduate of a New York State High School in the 1960s, I was completely comfortable with the concept of exam prep known as “ponies.” NYS offered a “Regents Diploma” which was based on passing an appropriate number and variety of standardized tests, given simultaneously to all volunteering students. As preparation for these exams, prep books were commercially available. These books included questions from prior exams along with answers that had been deemed appropriate. Standard questions seemed to appear frequently such as: “Trace the growth of democracy in England from the Magna Carta through the Glorious Revolution.”

Thus, once I discovered that Kings Point had a thriving pony system, I was entirely comfortable. Also, recognizing that teachers, like everyone, are not enamored of repetitive efforts and that with the average tenure of the academic staff approaching infinity, I reasoned that previous questions might be expected to reappear on current tests and prepared accordingly.

Of course, license exams were administered by the US Coast Guard, and the proctors were active-duty USCG officers. The questions, however, were selected from a library. Many of those questions had appeared in previous exams. Thus, license prep consisted of two parts:

Active prep presented by Kings Point faculty members, who emphasized the important elements, such as making sure that one’s sketches revealed the salient points like the increased seat area of a safety valve after initial pressure release so that the pressure would be lowered beneath the set point. Passive prep -- reviewing ponies provided by prior classes. I think this was instrumental in my success.

I recall that prior to each exam, we were each allocated one question to memorize and that following the exam, we’d

reproduce the question for inclusion in the pony for the class of ’69. I hope they used them successfully.

I recall also that the exams were given in the O’Hara hall Gym, on bare tables with no notes permitted. I recall that we (Engineers) were permitted to bring drawing aids and I think we could bring our slide rules, but I’m not sure of that. Exam results were posted shortly after the test completion. Fortunately, I didn’t have any re-tests, so I think the pony system helped me.

Finally, as I probably already mentioned, after the final test results were posted, I called my Dad to let him know. He wasn’t available, so I asked his secretary to give him the message “Finished with Engines.” Not being a sailor, when he responded, he asked me, “What’s this about engines?”

--Don

From Boyd Goddard:

LCDR Poos

LCDR Poos was known for lecturing to the upper back corners of the room. His Comparative Culture class was an alternative to a required language course. Upon returning from sea 2/c year I originally intended to take French, thinking it would be good to learn a different language from my high school Spanish. Wrong! There were only two of us taking French for the first time, and it became obvious that the professor wasn’t going to waste his time teaching us from scratch when he had students with 3-4 years under their belts. The handwriting was on the wall, and we bailed before he flunked us out.

We transferred to the Comparative Culture class in the middle of the quarter, immediately placing us eight weeks behind everyone else. A section mate, Richard Smith, and I soon figured out that LCDR Poos lectured directly from his course outline and the test questions were invariably based on that outline. We started taking notes in a comparable outline form as he delivered his lectures up to the far corners of the room. If we missed some of the lecture (it was easy to fall

asleep in that class) we could always crib the missing outline points from his binder on the podium after class. When it came time to study, we compared our outline notes and created mnemonic cues for the subject at hand.

Come test time, Smitty and I would quickly write out the first letters of our memorized hints before we forgot them. Only then would we look at the question and figure out which part of the lecture he wanted us to regurgitate. He always marked up the test papers based on every lecture outline point mentioned. The more points you hit, the higher your grade became. We became so good at this that we rose to the top of the class, competing to see who would get the highest score. Every test came from those lectures. We didn't have to waste our time reading all the extra books he assigned as long as we could get that outline down on paper. Leave it to cadet ingenuity to avoid any more work than necessary.

Then came the final exam and a book he'd never touched upon in class was the subject of one major question. It was embarrassing to try to bluff an answer when we hadn't a clue. Fortunately, our previous average grades floated us through that disaster and I skated with a B.

Cleveland Gate

During one of our rotations 2/c year, I was assigned as 4th Co. Executive Officer and moved into a room designated for the position. It was on the 2nd deck of Rogers Hall facing out back. There were a couple of plebes across the hall from me that were a bit troublesome. But that's not where this tale is going. I had a nice view of "Cleveland Gate" from my room. Cleveland Gate was so named unofficially for its proximity behind Cleveland Hall. The "gate" part of the name was a bit of cadet humor, for this was the path taken to liberty for those cadets not eligible for same.

After dark one night I happened to glance out and saw the ROOW making his rounds, which included a nightly check of the path behind the barracks. I noticed a bit of motion in the trees at the fence line just as the ROOW was passing by. He stopped abruptly as a satchel dropped onto the path directly in front of him. The unfortunate owner of the bag saw his

mistake almost immediately, dropped back over the fence and fled into the shadows. I think maybe the ROOW showed a little mercy and understanding -- boys being boys, and let it slide. I never did hear if there were demerits involved. There should have been. There was probably enough in the bag to identify the culprit. Maybe this was one of those times someone got away with something. CWO's Brummett and Benedetto did have a sense of humor that showed itself occasionally, but they couldn't afford to let us get a hint that they were actually human. As for the satchel, I have often wondered if it ever found its owner.

Photo lab & pool

I was introduced to some of the hidden features of Wiley Hall by way of the photo lab and darkroom, which was situated in the basement. There was an indoor pool down there, a hidden feature of the luxurious Chrysler estate, but I never remember it actually having water in it. To get to the lab, you skirted around the pool to a door on the far side. Printing photos from negatives was something I'd learned in Jr. High, and my grandfather was an amateur photographer with a dark room, so I knew my way around the equipment. Since we had no copy machines or scanners, everything was done in the dark under a red light. Helping to make fake girlfriend wallet photos was one of my primary photo lab duties. I guess there wasn't a need for fake IDs because New York's drinking age was 18, so developing images from Playboy was the next best thing.

Phone booth hijinks

It may seem like something out of the dark ages, but in that pre- cell phone era, we had to use pay phones. There were two phone booths on each deck of the barracks, one at each end of the main hall. Periodic contact with home was possible long-distance, but a fistful of coins was required, unless you called collect or your parents had given you a calling card. (No swiping – you had to read off the number to the operator).

It was also the only means of communicating with your girlfriend, if you had one. Cadets' sadistic humor surfaced when it was suspected you were trying to sweet talk your girl. A little lighter fluid squirted under the door could make a nice flash fire. On such occasions, there would be a staged frantic call for help, "FIRE IN THE PHONE BOOTH!" and someone would be conveniently passing by with a large trash can full of water to quickly douse the conflagration (and the victim). Of course, a foot race would then ensue through the barracks and a wrestling match would break out, lasting until everyone was totally consumed by laughter.

-- Boyd

From Burnie Acuff:

The Girls at Maurice's

One cold winter evening several of my section mates and I stopped in at Maurice's. We found an empty table which just happened to be next to a table full of young ladies. Needless to say, we started chatting with them. We were all enjoying the banter when it took an unpleasant turn when the girl closest to me made some rather derogatory remarks. I was kind of shocked wondering what brought this on. So, she starts mouthing off to me about "The cat got your tongue? You don't have anything to say?" I responded, "Well I just didn't want to gross you out!"

She says "What? You gross me out? I don't think so!" That was when Harvey Mott, who was sitting next to me, started moving away from me as she had a full pitcher of beer in front of her. When I finished my rebuttal she was staring at me with her mouth opening and closing with no sounds coming out, and all of the girls jumped up, grabbed their coats and left. Then I got dumped on by my section mates "Way to go, Cuff." "Really couth, Cuff." But they all agreed she had it coming.

A couple of months later in early spring I was on a long weekend and left the barracks on a Saturday morning to miss inspection since I didn't have to be there. I walked up to

Maurice's, and Bob, the bartender, was there setting up. Surprisingly, there was a young lady by herself at the bar. Needless to say, I sat at the bar near her and struck up a conversation. After a while I said, "I know it's a lousy line, but haven't we met before?"

She said "No. I don't think so." We continued talking and I said, "I would bet that I have met you here at Maurice's before." She replied "That couldn't be. I've never been here before." We continued talking and about 15 minutes later she jumped up and said "You're Burnie from South Carolina! My sister told me about you." She grabbed her coat and stormed out. Glad to see I had made such a lasting impression.

--Burnie

From Boyd Goddard:

Some People to Remember

Tick-tock

We were rather insensitive to one of the mess hall workers we called Tick-tock. He was obviously mentally disadvantaged, and in our youthful self-centered way we made fun of his characteristic gate. I don't think anyone ever confronted him directly in a cruel way, but we were guilty of making fun of his disability. As far as I know, he was always on the job and went about his menial tasks with a purpose. Can you name another mess hall guy as memorable?

CDR Dittrick

CDR Dittrick had a voice that would lull us into never-never land in a short hypnotic moment. To keep us awake through his lectures he would fling open all the windows in the Chemistry classroom during the height of winter. He was wise to our attempt at wearing our convoy coats in class, and we had to leave them in the hall so we would be vulnerable to his freezing tactics.

LCDR Kane

"Entropy is a property" The professor who was always covered in chalk dust.

LCDR Crum

LCDR Crum was a math teacher who had suffered an accident causing one leg to be considerably shorter. The nickname we had for him, "sine curve Crum," was due to his proclivity to draw long horizontal lines on the blackboard, which had an up-and-down wave to them as he paced from one side to the other.

Bosun Cooney

I think it was CWO Cooney who we had for knot tying Plebe Year. "You get goose-egg, cadet!" was his memorable phrase. When the time came for our knot tying exam, I remember easily rushing through the bowline knot, but pulled too tightly. The knot reversed itself and he came by before I could spread it out properly. Goose got the "Goose-egg" for that one.

CWO Malinoski

Machine Shop was a basic hands-on course, teaching us hand tools and lathe operation under the tutelage of CWO Malinoski. The threat of serious demerits for leaving the chuck key in the lathe unattended hung over us like the sword of Damocles. Of course, one day there was a clang, clatter, ping, ping as a chuck key flew across the room. I don't remember who was the unfortunate lathe operator, but I think he had ED for a month.

CAPT McCready

He was a part of Kings Point from the very beginning. He was instrumental in turning the Chrysler Estate into the Academy. As head of the Engineering Department, he oversaw the installation of the boilers in Fulton Hall and the acquisition of equipment necessary for cadet training. He was an expert at wheedling scarce equipment needed to furnish the Engineering Lab.

CDR Sandberg

CDR Sandberg was McCready's assistant in developing the Engineering Department. While McCready was USMS, Sandberg was originally USN assigned to Kings Point. During the war, there was a lot of cross-over of the services as the needs demanded. He stayed on after the war as Asst. Head of the Dept., transferring to USMS.

"Salty" O'Hara

Some historical data indicates he was at KP nearly from its inception.

ADM McLintock

ADM McLintock was the longest serving Superintendent of the Academy. Born in Scotland, he followed a long family maritime tradition by becoming a cadet in the British Merchant Navy. He was purported to be one of the youngest ship masters in 1927 at the age of 24. He became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1921. His maritime career led to being appointed a steamship inspector with the Department of Commerce in 1930. Leading into WWII he supervised the licensing of merchant marine officers and became the chief inspection officer for the War Shipping Administration and the Maritime Commission. He naturally had close ties for the development of the Academy and became a special assistant to ADM Telfair Knight in 1946. That led to his being appointed after the war as the 4th Superintendent, replacing ADM McNulty. He held that position from 1948 to 1970.

I think most of us had respect for the man, although we did attribute our stiff paper collars to him. As much as we grumbled about those collars, we wore them in deference to him. He had that stiff British posture that made him stand out on the Reviewing Field. We were quick to gripe about many in the administration, but our ire seldom fell on him. *[Editor's Note: In gathering material for this book, I received a few very negative opinions of the man we called "Gordy," behind his back, and the necessity of his position].* As the head of the Academy, he was removed from day-to-day contact with us,

so that perhaps insulated him from our focus. If you had any personal contact with him, you were probably in big trouble.

LT Horton Spurr

Horton Spurr, our "Von Steuben of the American Merchant Marine," retired in 1965 after preparing us for the Inaugural Parade. He was one of the first instructors we encountered, teaching us our left foot from our right.

His KP career began as a small arms instructor and drill officer in 1942 as the Academy was being formed. Thus, every cadet passing through Vickery Gate up until his retirement marched under his watchful eye.

He served in the Navy during WWI and then went on to a career in show business. Vaudeville, actually, performing with the Ziegfield Follies and appearing with Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields, and Will Rogers. He also worked for Billy Rose. Somehow, as Vaudeville faded and WWII grew on the horizon, he segued into the drill instructor's position as a WO with the Maritime Service, later promoted to LT.

Short in stature, no KP cadet from any class before us will ever forget his name and influence on our posture and bearing.

---Boyd

From Rick Barry:

My football highlight reel would certainly include our upset wins against Temple and Hofstra, and winning the first KP-Coast Guard game. The Boardwalk Bowl in Atlantic City was always special, especially first class year when I received the Naval Academy Scholar Athlete Award during the half time ceremony. Just goes to show you how little they know at the Naval Academy.

Perhaps what I remember most about KP football was the passion of our offensive linemen, Dennis (Nails) Konnick ('68), Mo Keating and Tom Marone. These guys played with an intensity that bordered on fury, not only in our games, but during every practice. Unfortunately, I never told them how

much I admired their efforts. Being awarded the Stedman Trophy and being considered to be one of our class's best athletes was certainly an honor.

--Rick

From Jim Walker, Waterfront Ensign:

Since I spent my 4 years of athletic endeavor at the Academy on the waterfront as a member of the KP Sailing Team, most of my fondest memories are related to our sailboats and the waterfront Sailing Master, Capt. Joe Prosser.

The jewel of the waterfront during our time at the Academy was the sailing vessel, *Niña*. (We also had the 12-meter *Weatherly*, but the jewel was the *Niña*). *Niña* had been a donation of the DeCoursey Fales family after she participated in the 1966 Newport to Bermuda Race, where she finished respectably. For the 1968 Newport to Bermuda Race, she was crewed by KP cadets and some on-board officer advisors, one of which was DeCoursey Fales' son, Tim.

After our 3 day transit, we finished the race at George's Point, Bermuda. From the finish line at St. David's Head, we had 2 channels to choose from for the run into Hamilton harbor. We chose the outer channel, and I turned in below for some needed rest. But it wasn't long before I was awoken by excited shouting on deck. We had run aground and were stuck on a coral reef and listing about 30 degrees. Apparently, the navigator had mistaken our next buoy for one on the inner channel, and we were cutting directly across the reef. Luckily the tide was rising, and we only had to wait a few hours to be free of the reef and underway again.

Only after we returned home from Bermuda did we hear that the *New York Times* had reported the race results -- including a little sidebar about how the cadets (and officers) of the US Merchant Marine Academy had managed to run their vessel aground after finishing the race -- embarrassing to say the least.

That bit of seamanship was probably only surpassed by the time we were docking the *Niña* at the NYC South Seaport Museum. During that maneuver, Capt. Prosser became

concerned that we were being carried into the dock by the East River current and ordered that we drop the bow anchor over the side. Unfortunately, he did not mention we should attach a line to it first. Salty O'Hara would have been disappointed for sure!

--Jim

From Boyd Goddard:

Fate of the *Niña*

The beautiful Academy yacht, *Niña*, was sold several years after our tenure. My brother was on the KP sailing team during that time, and thought I might be interested in buying it, so he sent me some details. However, after looking over the marine survey reports, there were some serious deficiencies that were beyond my means at the time. It was, after all, a wooden boat over 40-years-old and time had taken a toll. Rot around the main stays in the hull was a major structural problem. It would have been a fun trip bringing it around to the West Coast, but it was not meant to be.

Niña was sold and languished several years before finding a caring owner. It passed on eventually to the Dyches' family in 1988, who took it on world cruises. They and the *Niña* were lost in a storm in the South Pacific in 2013, a mystery of the sea that has yet to be solved.

--Boyd

[Editor's Note: This is an edited excerpt from the student publication Hear This, dated 23 November, 1967]:

"CAPT. MUCCI SKIPPERS ARK DESPITE NE'er"

This is the tale of "The Ark." It is a tale of vision, of daring, and of heroic struggle — against the odds, against nature, against time, and against skepticism. The tale has its beginnings in September, when the idea of the Regiment marching onto Tomb Field

for the Homecoming game through the side ports of a huge ship originated in the Regimental office.

The idea was to construct a large mockup of a merchant vessel, march the Regiment quietly and unobtrusively behind it, and then have them do the pre-game march-on from the ship. The idea was kicked about by the higher-ups. Time — could the vessel be ready by Homecoming Day? Materials — could they be readily obtained? Labor — could enough Midshipmen be beguiled into devoting their spare time to the project? The answers to these questions were affirmative in the preliminary discussions. Midshipmen James Mucci, 1/c, who had almost single-handedly directed the construction of First Battalion's wardroom last year, was called into the Regimental Office and asked to volunteer to head the project. Further discussions between Mr. Mucci and Capt. O'Leary brought out the fact that Mucci would have the complete backing at the Regimental Office, and the Department of Public Works. Mucci would be directed only to complete the ship on time — period. Everything else during the construction would be left to him. Mr. Mucci accepted. A call went out for volunteers, and was answered by eleven adventurous plebes, who reported to Tomb field to assist in the construction. These gentlemen were Messrs. Woodward, Canonica, Fuller, Power, Gilbert, Fogarty, Guill, Krystal, Ferino, Trueg, and Crane. They were destined to work day and night for three weeks — on their own time -- quite an effort for any plebe. Mr. Mucci had this to say about his followers: “These eleven men cannot be commended enough for their superior efforts, with nothing to go on but faith in the project."

The basic idea of the project was to make the framework out of wood, to cover the whole thing with chicken wire, and to take squares of plastic fabric, wad them up, and stuff them into the chicken wire. Some 30,000 square feet of plastic was used. The hull was to be black, with "WELCOME HOME KINGS POINTERS” written in bold white letters on side. The vessel's name, *KP VICTORY*, was to be placed on the bow and on the

stern. The superstructure was to be white, and the funnel black with a white band. The vessel was to be over 215 feet long, and some 44 feet high.

Skepticism ran wild in the Regiment. Many thought the project to be impossible. Some thought the R. O. had finally gone "round the bend." Most of Mucci's classmates thought he must have been crazy to accept the challenge.

Progress went along surprisingly well. The vessel gradually took shape, section by section. Those who were betting against completion in time began to lower the odds. As each day came, more midshipmen came to the field to help out. As Homecoming Day approached, Mucci began to become confident that the vessel would be completed on time. Then Mother Nature stepped onto the scene. High winds came up that evening, and in a very short time, much of "The Ark" lay flat on the field. With victory almost in hand, the project suddenly seemed defeated.

Mucci and his eleven followers, faced with the problem of rebuilding the Ark in less than 48 hours, sent out an SOS — which was responded to by Mr. Teague, the RX, and by Mr. Lewis, BC, who rallied some 200 men to support the cause. They were met on the field at this time — about 2000 — by Admiral McLintock, Capt. O'Leary, Capt. Dry, Capt. Hurder, LCdr. Litchfield, LCdr. Baker, and Chaplain Willson, who had all hurried from their homes to render assistance.

Within two hours, the main portion of the hull was re-erected, and it now remained to rebuild the superstructure, replace it, and complete the "stuffing process." The work on the deckhouse was quite a task, as the structure had to be assembled in sections, pre-stuffed, and then put together in place. It weighed almost two tons. A 32-foot scaffolding was built to support it.

The daylight hours of Friday were spent in constructing the scaffolding, assistance being rendered by Messrs. Teague and Gauslow. At this time, the stack was being assembled by first classmen. The remainder of the stuffing on the hull was also completed during the

day. During the evening hours, the superstructure was completed at ground level. By 0400 Saturday, the house was completed, but its raising was delayed by extremely high winds. By 0800, Mucci was faced with the problem of raising the 32’ by 16' by 16', two ton deckhouse, 16 feet in the air by manpower alone — shades of the days of the pyramids. With five hours till game time, Mucci, assisted by first classmen Niemi and Sember, second classmen Gauslow and Tierney, and the original eleven plebes, began the task in the face of the still prevalent high winds. With five minutes left and the Regiment already in place behind the Ark, the superstructure was in place.

Meanwhile, work had been proceeding on a somewhat smaller project — the construction of a submarine to be used as part of the pre-game activities. This vessel was the "Z-68," commanded by the notorious "Baron von Kautz." Several first classmen served as the submarine's main engines.

As game time arrived, the Regiment was marched, on schedule, and as planned, into a position behind "The Ark," and totally concealed by it. The game announcer invited the audience's attention to the "Ark", and gave them a brief resume´ of its history. During this time, the Z-68 moved quietly and stealthily onto the field and began stalking the Ark.

"What's this?" gasped the announcer. "A submarine stalking our vessel? It can only be the Z-68, commanded by the insidious Baron von Kautz." At midfield, the Z-68 "surfaced" and stopped. The conning tower hatch popped open, and Baron von Kautz eyed his target through a spyglass. Then, slowly, the Z-68 maneuvered into position, and swung around for a torpedo attack using the stern tubes. As the audience held its breath, the "torpedo" (a first classman wearing a light framework covered with plastic, and carrying a C0-2 fire extinguisher to provide a wake) was fired. The torpedo made its way—somewhat erratically, it is true — to the side of the ship, and slammed into it just at the sideports. There was a loud explosion (provided by

a small carbide cannon) and the sideports swung open. The Regimental Band, stationed near the "Ark," struck up the final lines of the "Heave Ho" song -- "Damn the submarine! We're the men of the MERCHANT MARINE!" And the Regiment emerged from the "Ark" — not two by two, as you may have guessed, but by companies, in perfect formation, singing the "Heave Ho" song. The project had succeeded.

In conclusion, Mr. Mucci tells us that special thanks are due to LCDR Litchfield and Chaplain Willson, without whose help the project could not have succeeded.

--end article

From Bill Haneline:

Upperclassmen

As I was on the A split I did the academic portion of the actual 2nd class year in two steps. The 3rd class portion was a bit difficult. I'm sure all of us were ready to go to sea at the end of Plebe Year. Hanging around for another 2 quarters before shipping out was like sailing in the doldrums. On the plus side, the only "full" years we had as "splits" were Plebe Year and 1st Class year. The second part of our split, while at the Academy, was a little difficult. We had a particular Battalion commander, whose name I don't and won't recall, who seemed to have it in for George Kohl and myself. I think we had the privilege of a Battalion Wedge inspection one Saturday. This guy even had a ruler measuring our hair to make sure it didn't exceed the prescribed 2 inches. The fun thing I remember was our then customary trip down to Atlantic City and the Boardwalk Bowl where we would terrorize the locals and business owners.

First Class Year was just a lot of fun. I was a member of the Block M club and I vaguely remember a trip we took to Gettysburg to attend the football game. The first stop was a liquor store where we purchased around $400 worth of "refreshments" -- that bought a lot of refreshments in terms of 1967 dollars. It wasn't all alcohol. Oh, I also vaguely

remember the 100 Night's dance. Aside from the events at and in conjunction with the Zoo we also had a lot of Saturday night parties where the specialty of the house was something called "Bash." The only part of the recipe that I particularly recall was it had to have a shoe in it and it was ideally prepared in a galvanized wash tub. And then somehow June 5th, 1968 arrived and you had to say "So long" to a group of guys who'd become, not only your best friends, but your brothers. We had completed the portion of the journey of our lives where we transformed from, for the most part, high school kids to young men.

--Bill

From Geoff Gill:

'Twas shortly before X-mas and throughout the Regiment, most were at the Holiday Dance.
I alone in my room but what to my wondering ears should sound but the footsteps of my Company Commander,
Similarly adrift on this festive night.
A knock on my door, his stern face appeared.
I sprang to a brace, as he had taught.
In he advanced and with holiday spirit allowed my chin a bit to relax.
Conversation ensued, the thread being that Company Six lacked a Company Christmas Tree.
I but a slight petty officer, in awe of the Big Boards filling my vision, could but agree -- though dreading the trend.

Subservient to the authority gradient, my good judgment overwhelmed,
I reached for my watch cap and other dark garb, and per command secured a fire ax from the nearest bulkhead
And unwillingly became the second of a two man quest for the "Perfect Company X-mas Tree."

Neither a BOOW nor ROOW seemed to be stirring, so over the Wall did we fly
But not a proper tree could we find.

Relieved that no infraction would be charged, I looked forward to regaining my rack -- but such was not to be.
A sinister compulsion seemed to be in the air -- that some success must be had.

More rapid than eagles our course across the grounds we did follow,
By some evil design to the top of the porch of the Admiral's Quarters,
Where more impressive than a tree was seen the Admiral's house sign.
Not a word was said but a look exchanged -- a twist and a yank, and The Sign was ours!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away to the barracks we raced,
As leaves that before the wild hurricane do fly, The Sign in hand.

By some twist of fate, and in a twinkling of the eye we heard on the deck the footsteps of my trusting roommate, SW.
The prancing and pawing of each foot coming from the Dance,
No doubt, we supposed, coming to gain some extra study time
In lieu of adjourning with his date (later his wife).

Such a social gaffe we could not permit, so upon his rack we must anchor The Sign.
Our target of opportunity we intercepted and Word was passed that the Admiral's Sign had been taken,
For which all eyes should be alert.
For when the culprit be found, more demerits than lumps of coal in a Christmas stocking there would be.
Away we did go when but the night air was rent by a shriek -- The Sign had been found!
To our shock, awe and amazement, the ensuing less than festive utterances suggested that somehow we were to blame.
Appalled by such aggressive accusations, we departed the scene but with a backward glance did see SW
Had crouched in a near-by phone booth -- no doubt expecting to hear incriminating admissions.

Our loud disclaimers of innocence and expressions of concern over the penalties to befall upon the miscreant when found Elicited moans from within the phone booth.
We spoke not another word but convulsed in laughter -- what we then heard from within was quite the opposite of "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

The eventual whereabouts of The Sign remain a mystery.
Only after 50 years has the truth been told -- and for me an early lesson of the peril of subservience to the authority gradient!

--Geoff

From Jack Opet:

My transition from sea year to Academy life started off on the wrong foot. My new roommate Bill Stevens and I volunteered for the Jerry Lewis 24-hour telethon in the City and after our early morning stint, we went out for breakfast. Found a nice sidewalk café and proceeded to consume $32 worth of screwdrivers (they do contain orange juice). The end result was being placed on 'social probation' for one-year by LCDR Hannigan; a new form of punishment meaning that I couldn't volunteer for any off-campus activities.

Thus started the most rigorous academic year of my life, made all the more difficult by the inclusion of Tovarishch Gitman's Russian classes with my fellow comrades in 5th Company. It was also a difficult year because of a sense of guilt about not serving in Viet Nam. I considered resigning and going active but as the year progressed, so did my thinking about the war. My upper class years were a transition to adulthood and getting to meet and know classmates who would become lifelong friends. With the class of '67 graduating early, life became a bit more college-like and a bit less academy-like, and the last 18 months sort of flew by. The academic workload during my 1st class year seemed to be somewhat lighter than the 2nd class grind when we hit 36 credit hours during one quarter.

These years proceeded along with the normal activities (e.g., cramming for a test, intramural sports, social visits to

Maurice's, the Ft. Schuyler flag football games, hopping over the wall when you didn't feel like wearing a blazer, Block M parties, etc.) except for one near-tragic off-campus incident -- the "flying car" episode. It was during a late night drive back to Long Island from John Pigott's home in Yorktown Heights after a typical KP party. My date owned a new MG but she didn't want to do the driving back or stay at John's place. Unfortunately we both fell asleep with me at the wheel and the car flew off the shoulder of the Taconic Parkway and just missed a very large tree (my best friend from home was following us and saw the whole scene). Neither of us was injured (thank God), but her car had quite a bit of damage and her parents weren't too happy about it. I loaned her my '59 MG while hers was in the shop and paid for half the repair cost when I started sailing. During graduation week, I spent my free time doing some repair work on my MG (it had died at her place) so I could drive it home after the ceremonies with my mom. It was "Out the Gate in '68".

--Jack

From Dave Aldrich:

Second & First Class Years - this was a time I actually really enjoyed. I came back to Second Company -- new section, new friends, many of which I remain close to, to this day. With the Class of 1967 graduating in February and on a very compressed last year of classes, it seemed like they hardly existed and we were like First Classmen for the two years.

Fond memories were: the canteen and endless Hearts games there, Bridge in the Wardroom, Crazy Fred, on restriction the whole year, chasing Crazy Rosemary around the canteen, and rearranging his room, when we were given the authority to do that, a stray cat getting locked in Mickey's room for the whole weekend, M-Man and Cyrano & their exploits. Also a couple of weekend trips to NYC with Gene Niemi and the young ladies he knew. And of course, the lovely ladies my small crew dated that last year, all of whom were high school friends or sisters from Queens.

--Dave

From Al Schultz:

Second Class year was tough academically, but I got through it OK. Then came First Class year. We were on a shortened year because of the Viet Nam War, with graduation being pushed up to January '67. That meant a full year's academics in half the time and the class load was very heavy; I loved the more practical engineering courses though. Well, one Wednesday that Nov.'66 the Administration decided we should have a review, and that the First Class should attend -- heavy class load notwithstanding. As a cadet officer (4th Co. Adjutant) I went to the review, but a great many classmates did not -- thinking their other classmates would not put them on report, as per tradition. But Danny Boyle (3rd Bat. Officer) was out there that day and did the deed. That night I got the bright idea that if we took all the mast lists down, there might not be any record of who was on report . . . or at least it would be a good protest!

Two of the guys involved broke into the Regimental Office to get that copy, but unfortunately they also destroyed some other files. We never kept this "prank" secret, but it blew up and O'Leary already had all our names right away. We had disrupted the military paperwork for a day . . . heresy for sure! (Perhaps it was also a way of my protesting the Viet Nam War, as were many of my friends back home.) Two of us were set back to the Class of 1968, the other two got thrown out -- 11 days before graduation! That hurt, and has affected my feelings for the school to this day. The two of us setbacks made the best of it though, going to sea as oilers for about 5 months before joining our new class that summer. The seamen's union (NMU) loved us because of our KP problems, and I got to pick an around-the-world voyage on the *Expediter* for those months. It was like sea year all over again, but with some money in your pocket. It was good pay, but the loss of a year and a half as a licensed officer was an expensive price. At least we did get to have a full senior year, and to graduate, with a great group of guys!

--Al

From Mickey Hado:

Sleeping in at K.P.

For most people, 6:00 a.m. (or 0600) is very early and at the Zoo it was an agonizing time of day. As if listening to that bugle over the raspy PA system wasn't bad enough! Even 5 extra minutes of sack time was a coveted experience and we did our best to figure out a way to do so.

In second company, it was Denis Jewett who came up with a unique way to get a few more precious minutes of sleep before the ROOW showed up to make sure everyone was up and about. I thought it was genius and you might think that this would be something that everyone would like to participate in, but we found out rather quickly that it was not as popular as we thought it would be.

The plan was to have an alarm system such that one cadet (we took turns) was the lookout and he would alert everyone on the floor who was sleeping longer than they should. How to do that? We knew that the power for the wall outlets in each room was wired from a circuit breaker in the slop sink closet on the end of the floor. By figuring out which breaker served which room, we would power off the appropriate breakers for the participating rooms prior to 6:00 a.m., and usually the night before.

If you were one of those wayward participants sleeping in, a radio or other audible device was plugged into your wall outlet. If the lookout saw the ROOW coming, he made a mad dash to the slop sink closet and turned on the breakers and Voila! Power was instantly restored, and the radio or other noisemaker immediately woke up the snoozing cadet before the ROOW would notice. Brilliant, right?

Well, the best laid plans, as they say, are not always successful. The odds of the circuit breakers covering only the rooms of the participants of this scheme were remote since one breaker typically covered several rooms. Considerable friction ensued when the non-participants didn't have power at 6:00 a.m. for their shavers, tape decks, radios, or whatever. In the end, the sleepers were outnumbered by the get-up-and-

go guys and the brilliant plan was snuffed out. Of course, we made sure that Denis got all the heat.

-- Mickey

From Richard Shakeshaft:

1967 Marblehead to Halifax Race: Kings Point's schooner *Niña* won EVERYTHING. I was a grunt crew. I believe John Pigott was mid-captain, and Mike Lawson also crewed. My bet is that there were others from '68, but I don't recall. We started in the fog, sailed the 360 miles in fog and finished in the fog -- never saw land; no Loran and way before GPS. We were first to finish and won every other title/trophy we qualified for including: First Overall to Finish, First Overall Corrected Time, First Class A to Finish and Corrected time, First American Boat to Finish, First Schooner to Finish and First Academy Boat to Finish and probably others. I hope some of that silver is still around!

--Richard

From John Rydzewski:

The Academy has enriched my life in many ways. In addition to a top notch education, lifelong friendships and unique sea year experiences, it has given me recurring nightmares. Well, not really nightmares but recurring dreams. The most prominent dream is returning to the Academy after Sea Year. It is just before colors on the first day of class. All of a sudden I realize I have not sewn on the company patches, and am missing parts of my uniform. A variation is frantically running through the passageways unable to find my room. Fortunately, as the years have passed they have been less frequent.

--John

From Jim Ware:

My first class year on the top deck of 5th Co was about as good as it got at the Zoo. I had great section mates and the guys in the other sections were also fun to be around. Just hanging out with them and playing B-Ball in the afternoons in O'Hara hall were simple but very enjoyable interactions. One example of the simple pleasures in life were the hard fought wiffle ball home run derby games Rich Weigang, Joe Isabell and I had in the grassy area behind 5th Co. and 4th Co.

Terri and I decided to have our wedding on the Saturday before graduation. Though George McShea did it for several years, it was hard to keep it a secret with all of the pre-graduation activities and parties at the Academy, but we managed to only tell a couple of people who were there. Terri didn't want to take her wedding band off on graduation day so she wore white gloves with her dress. After the graduation ceremony we were standing outside O'Hara Hall talking to someone when one of my instructors walked by. It was LT Percy Bardot. I still remember the weird expression on his face as I introduced him to my wife. It was priceless.

--Jim

From Norm Wood:

I enjoyed sea year immensely and found new friends in 68-368. Junior and senior year, besides section mates, there were new friends on the rowing team. For me, rowing was the most fun one could ever experience in sports. No real coach, hard but fun work and success. I still brag to my grandkids that I was on a National Championship Team. I leave out the fact that there were only 5 other boats in the competition.

--Norm

[Editor's Note: Boyd G. found this: This letter was sent by Jack Haeflich, class of '56. It was originally printed in the Nov.-Dec. 1996 edition of HEAR THIS.]

Dear *HEAR THIS*,

I enjoyed last week's conversation regarding the genesis of "Zombo," coined by me and four classmates (Pete Dloss, Jim Gilleeny, Charlie Momm and Dick Szatkowski) back in 1954. We made a pitiful group, and, in a desperate bid to avoid a foreign language requirement, were the only people in our class to take a recently introduced elective, entitled, "Comparative Cultures," taught by LT D'Esopo, an English Department Professor. LT D'Esopo explained that six castes of social hierarchy had evolved in Latin and South America after the arrival of the Spanish conquistadors in the 16th century. At the top of the pecking order were "Castilians;" at the bottom were "Zombos."

Since none of us were destined to be *c*adet *o*fficers, we acknowledged our relative social ranking by referring to ourselves as *Z*ombos. Our other classmates (1956) warmly embraced our self-imposed debasement and enthusiastically conferred the title on all remaining non-officer wretches. My Comparative Culture associates and I often regret our lack of foreign language fluency, but simply knowing that our sacrifice has contributed, at least in some small way, to the language enrichment of USMMA, makes it all worthwhile.

--Jack Haeflich-'56

Part Five: A Licensed Officer Memory

[Editor's note: Some submissions here are more of a "looking back" memory, than strictly a "ship experience," but I think suitable for this chapter. Some of them were generated with the Sea Year stand down discussions].

From Boyd Goddard:

While still at KP, I was one of a number of engineers who paid the MEBA treasurer their first union dues. He visited the Academy to solicit us to join his organization. He assured us that our shipping cards were good at any MEBA hall. That was my indoctrination into the real world! After traveling around the world Sea Year, I should have been more skeptical.

Anyway, with some considerable trepidation I flew up to San Francisco after a short vacation and I felt I was ready to step out into the world of the working class. I found the MEBA hall and presented myself and the shipping card I'd been given. “What's this?” was the response. It would appear there was no record of my original “donation” to the MEBA and I would have to start all over, shelling out a substantial part of my skimpy seed money in the search for my first job.

Viet Nam was at its peak and there were numerous jobs on the open board just waiting for a warm body. However, most of my cadet experience had been on Mariner class vessels, and I thought I should start out in familiar territory. That proved to be slightly more difficult, as I found the Mariners were somewhat sought after. I waited patiently, but got beat out for every Mariner that pulled into port. After a very long week, maybe two, I lowered my standards and went

to the national open board (a very long list in those days!) and threw in for an APL Mariner sitting in Jacksonville, Florida. Before I could gather my gear, I found it was already on the move so I bought a ticket for Baltimore, Maryland. That cross-country trip seemed more daunting than anything I encountered during Sea Year.

I eventually found my way up the gangway and went straight to the Chief's office, suitcase in hand. I timidly knocked on the door and announced myself in the best Academy/military fashion. I stated I was assigned as his new Third Assistant. The Chief grunted and said, “No, you're not!”

Somewhat taken aback, I couldn't believe I was being fired after travelling all the way across the country and before I even unpacked. The Chief went on to say, “You from KP? You're not my new Third – You're my new Second Assistant.” I should have been flattered, but this abrupt promotion threw me for a loop.

“I just graduated and the ink's not yet dry on my license. I don't have a Second's license and I'm not sure I'm ready for the responsibility of the boilers,” I said.

The Chief turned out to be a man by the name of Charlie Strohacker, who became my first mentor. He was an ex-Navy flier who had some minor medical problems (gout) and chose to leave the service for the Merchant Marine. As his story goes (I had no reason to doubt him), he went to the Coast Guard and took the Chief Engineer and Master's license exams at the same time. The inspector balked at issuing both top licenses at the same time and gave him a choice. He chose the Chief Engineer's license and settled for a Chief Mate's license.

The ship was the SS *President Coolidge*, one of APL’s “Cadillac” Mariners and the closest I ever got to sailing on a passenger ship. The Captain was a retired admiral, and he had a lot of confidence in Charlie. Both deck and engine departments were extremely short-handed, thus my promotion. There was also a somewhat unstable Third Asst. aboard that the Chief had absolutely no confidence in. He was assigned as a Day Third (with more pay) but spent almost the entire trip in his quarters, being ordered to stay away from the machine shop and any tools. The Chief, First and I (Acting

2A/E) stood the engine room watches. There were supposed to be 8 engineers, but it was just the 4 of us, and the aforementioned 1 of us didn't amount to much other than a license to allow the ship to sail.

Up on the bridge, the situation was similar. The Chief Mate stood a watch, as did the 2/M and 3/M. The 3/M was in the same category as our 3 A/E. The Chief Engineer took the 8-12 engine room watch so he could go to the bridge and watch over the 3/M on the 12-4 watch, alternating with the Captain. Fortunately, there was a lot of open ocean on the East Coast to Viet Nam route and the Third Mate couldn't get into too much trouble.

My oiler was another character, in his early 20's, a bit of a rebel and somewhat unreliable, with just enough experience to work all the angles. He didn't seem to care much for the engine room and his steering gear rounds generally took over two hours. I developed an evening routine of making myself a sandwich and leaving it in the fridge for when I got off watch at 0400. I began to get irked when my sandwich began to disappear regularly. I thought maybe the Chief was dining on my night lunch on his way to the bridge, or the First was getting it on his way down to relieve me, but I was too timid to complain. Then one day my oiler let slip his observation that “You officers got all the perks over the rest of the crew. Up in the passenger pantry you get ready-made sandwiches!” he complained. In the course of his rounds, my oiler prowled the sleeping ship in those wee hours of the 12-4 watch. After I explained the source of those sandwiches, he apologized and began to placate me with chocolate bars every night upon his return from the steering gear check. But he was gone longer and longer, to the point that he couldn't complete his engine room round. I had to mention it to the Chief, who also thought it highly suspicious. The Chief took a little time off from his bridge watch and laid in wait for him. Turns out my oiler had expanded his roaming to explore the holds, where he found we were carrying a load of C-rations. That's where my candy bars were coming from! The Chief set him straight, and I subsequently had the full services of an oiler for the rest of the trip. He was actually pretty harmless, but totally clueless.

My fireman was not much better. He was an old guy that spent his time chewing tobacco and gouging his ears with a cotton swab and iodine. At least he generally kept the fires going and water in the boilers. Then one night I heard what I thought was a distant muffled shout of “HELP, HELP!” Everything seemed normal and I glanced over the rail from the throttle platform, but didn't see a thing. For a moment I thought it was my imagination running wild in the early morning, but then I realized I should have seen at least something! The entire fireroom was totally black. Somehow, he had managed to overcome the safety lockout on the fuel oil strainer and pulled the active basket, resulting in a shower of Bunker C rising like a broken hydrant and spraying everything for a twenty foot radius. Not to mention the hot boiler fronts covered in hot oil ready to ignite. Fortunately, the escaping oil also cut the fuel pressure to nil and the fires went out before the fireroom could go up in flames. A panic call for help brought out all hands, the fireman was scrubbed down (he had completely blended into the new boiler room color scheme), the boilers were brought back on line and the next week was spent cleaning up the mess. We never did really figure out how he managed to get that cover off.

When we arrived off Viet Nam there was the usual hurry up and wait shuffling of ships. After a day or two, we were finally sent alongside in Da Nang. One night there was a loud explosion near the engine room, damaging the contaminated evaporator and a bunch of salinity alarms went off. I'd already learned to stop and assess a situation before running off wildly, but it was another thing to corral my oiler. He took off like a shot, screaming that we were under attack! I had to chase him up the ladder and hold him until he calmed down, convincing him that we were still alive. Then I suggested he go out on deck and report back to me what he saw. His report was, “There's a Boston Whaler out there with two guys and a picnic basket.” I think he was disappointed that we weren't going to get a combat bonus. It turned out that it was a regular patrol randomly dropping concussion grenades from the “picnic basket” to thwart Viet Cong divers from attaching limpet mines to the hulls of ships in the harbor.

After leaving Da Nang, we went back out to wait some more. Eventually, we were ordered to head up the river to Saigon. Because of the sensitive nature of that passage, the Chief offered to let me stand the steering gear watch in his stead while he and the First handled the throttles maneuvering. What he didn't mention was that anyone on deck might be a suitable sniper target. But our trip was uneventful, aside from a few close fly-overs (by our side) and a long, chatty conversation with our armed guard (Two Second Lieutenants with a box of hand grenades).

Our Radio Operator was in the same general category as our Thirds. He went ashore in Saigon and disappeared for several days until just before departure time, when he was delivered back to us by the MP's. They'd found him half-naked and shoeless wandering the back streets. He'd been rolled and stripped clean of all his valuables, but was fortunate enough to stumble into a patrol who picked him up and brought him down to the docks. Of course, he had shipped out with only one pair of shoes, thus earning himself the nickname of “the Barefoot Sparky.”

The trip back down the river found me at the throttle this time. We went on to Sattahip, Thailand, where I actually got some time off to explore. It was a long launch ride to a dusty backwater, right out of an Indiana Jones set. I hoped to get some souvenirs, but only managed to obtain a nasty case of the Hong Kong (Sattahip?) flu, which lasted well past our stop in Manila. As shorthanded as we were, there was no choice but to stand (well, sit, slumped against the hand rails) my watch. I was so jaundiced that I kept thinking the lights were dimming and kept getting up to check on the generator. The worst part was being too sick for the 8 hours of overtime every day doing day work that our Third wasn't getting done. At $4.23 an hour, it wasn’t much, but it added up.

The Panama Canal passages were long and tiring considering the maneuvering requirements. It was a great confidence builder to be entrusted with the maneuvering watch alone, but which probably broke a number of rules.

Our 3/M, who went by the moniker, “Catfish,” finally got his chance to screw up as we approached New Orleans. The Captain and Chief were busy with pre-arrival details, and he

was left alone, with orders to call the Captain when we were in sight of land. He managed to get off course in the very last 20 miles and missed the channel approach. Instead of calling the Captain and fessing up, he thought he'd just turn along the coast until he got to the channel. Catfish was not too capable with his navigational skills, to say the least. (That was why the Chief and Captain hung out on the bridge while he was on watch). He managed to steam for an additional 2 hours until the Captain got suspicious and discovered that he'd been steaming 2 hours in the wrong direction. As Maxwell Smart would say, “Missed it by that much!”

I learned one final lesson at the end of that trip. We went up river into the shipyard for repairs. When I got off watch, I went ashore to the one phone booth (remember those?) out at the end of the drydock to call home. The lesson: don’t close the door of a phone booth at night in the South. The light will come on and every bug in a two mile radius comes for dinner!

Were it not for the dire need to keep the ships operating, those crazy guys would not have been aboard, but the license rack had the bare minimum number of licenses required to sail and the Captain and Chief had no choice. There was a silver lining in it all. Split wages doubled my paycheck and I used the extra money to pay my full union initiation fee, getting a legitimate receipt this time. Later, when the books were closed on new members, I was a full paid-up member and my career path was set.

After Graduation

I was on the East Coast and stopped by the Academy to visit my brother, class of ’72. While there, I happened to walk through the hallway of Bowditch Hall behind the old library. I saw a trashcan full of old USMS correspondence courses being discarded. In the move to the new library, they were thinning out a lot of duplicate and unused items. This roused my curiosity and I picked through that trash, dumpster diving with aplomb. I salvaged a stack of about 70 booklets about a foot tall. They covered every possible subject relating to marine engineering: Electricity, Boilers, Pumps,

Reciprocating Engines, etc., all dated in the 40's. It was definitely worth the trouble to lug them home to the West Coast.

This was a treasure trove of information that I used for my license upgrading preparations. I dare say the same people wrote these booklets that wrote the license exams. They were invaluable to me, particularly on subjects that were becoming obsolete, as the license exams weren't advancing at the same rate as our modern technology, which I was more intimately acquainted with. They still hold a place in my professional bookcase today.

-- Boyd

From Jim Mucci:

Upon licensure, I signed on with Hudson Waterways with the SS *Transoneida* running from California to Alaska carrying JP4 -- operative words, "Goddesses and California." One voyage as we are traveling northbound past San Francisco my duodenum ruptures while I am standing watch. Coast Guard transports me from sea to the Public Service Hospital in SF. Once I recover I am unfit for sea duty, so I head to Washington DC as an administrative assistant to my Congressman, the Honorable James G. Fulton. It is there I take up with the bookkeeper at the Republican National Committee.

When I became "fit for duty" the *Transoneida* had been converted from a T2 tanker to a container vessel for the new Hudson Waterways Hawaii Service Seatrain Lines. Since I was the 2nd Mate on the ship when I went unfit for duty, Local 14 of the MM&P held that spot for me as the vessel recommissioned in Norfolk. I inform my Dad that I am leaving Washington and the Congressman and going back to sea and CA (did not go well). Tell the RNC girlfriend and she says she will leave the RNC and go with me.

When I go on sea time vacation from the SFO to Hawaii run, the shoreside folks in Hawaii hire me to work with Terminal folks while I am on vacation. That brings the end to my seagoing career. Jack Opet, Ray Fernandez, Vince

Sottille, Doug Neal and Gene Niemi of '68 were all in Hawaii at the same time. One of the best years!

My RNC girlfriend is now my 1st wife and 6 months pregnant with Jr. We live across the parking lot of the Kapiolani Maternity Hospital -- better known as the place the current President was born. However, I get promoted to Director of Operations for Seatrain Lines and transferred to Oakland so Junior was born in San Leandro, CA.

--Jim

From George Stupski:

I sailed on the SS *Seamar* (Calmar Lines) when I was a 22-year-old 3rd mate. The Captain was in his 70's and on his retirement voyage. We approached Cristobal harbor at night, on my watch. Captain Charlie had been through the canal so many times that he did not take bearings or even look at the radar. The result of this, along with his fading eyesight, was almost fatal for our ship. I wrote about it in a book; what follows is an extract from that book:

If you drew a north-south line on the chart from Gatun locks, it would go right through the breakwater and outside the harbor. This was (south) the true course for the harbor entrance. The mate had taken a fix with visual bearings on two lighthouses ashore, and drawn the bearings on the chart. Where they crossed was his location. If your gyrocompass was accurate, it was the best position you could get. The mate's position showed that the ship was already to the west of the line, and steaming at full sea speed for the rocks to the right of the entrance. If they did not change course soon, Calmar would own a wreck instead of a ship.

My position must be wrong, he thought. *Captain Charlie would never have waited too long to make the turn*. He took the bearings again, and he took a position from the radar, with the distance off the breakwater. Hell, you could see the goddam space the entrance made on the radar screen, and they were definitely to the right of it. Every sweep of the radar showed the rocks closer and closer. The mate

began to sweat. He had to convince Charlie, and he had to stay calm. He went out to the port wing.

"Captain, we're off course to the west. We missed the turn. I've got to swing the ship around right now."

"No, mate, that can't be. I'm watching the range lights on the locks. They haven't lined up yet. When they do line up, I'll come left to about 186. That'll allow for the current, and we'll slip right in."

The young mate ran into the wheelhouse and grabbed the binoculars. He searched through the maze of lights on shore to find the range lights Charlie was watching. Range lights are a pair of lights on land, with the one farthest away higher than the nearer one. When the two lights lined up, you were exactly on the range, or bearing, of the lights. The range of the first Gatun lock was due south, 180 degrees. When you got on the range, and steered a course made good of 180, you would then steam right into the harbor. Charlie had done it over a hundred times. He didn't need to look at the chart or the radar. The mate frantically searched for the range lights. The lower one was to the left of the upper one. This confirmed his positions. They were already past the due south line.

The quartermaster was steering along, on the same southwesterly course the Captain had given him. As the 22-year-old mate literally ran from wing to wheelhouse to chartroom, the helmsman could see that there was something panicky going on. The mate checked the radar again, hurriedly. They had less than two minutes to turn. All his training and experience to this point beat one thought in his brain. *Act, and do it now, no matter what. Take the conn away from Charlie, fight the AB for the wheel if you have to, never mind who's legally in charge, argue about it later, do it now, now, now!* He grabbed the telephone and rang the engine room. The engineer on watch answered.

"This is the bridge. Bring her down to maneuvering speed now, as quick as you can; be ready to answer bells, and don't call me back -- I've got a problem here!" He knew that if you told an engineer that you had a problem, the son-of-a-bitch would bust a gut changing the speed of the ship. He would know that he didn't have the normal time to get

everything ready. The rocks were now less than a mile ahead, not much room for a large ship; hell, it would take almost half a mile to turn the goddam ship. He had no more time. The mate ran out to the port wing again.

"Captain, I don't have time to explain this. The lights are never going to line up, we're past the range. I need you to give me the conn right now!"

"Are you sure?"

"I'm goddam sure, Cap! I need to turn right now, there's no time left to check it again!"

"Okay, okay, do what you have to do."

He ran into the wheelhouse.

"Put your rudder hard right!"

"Hard right, mate?"

"Put the rudder hard right, and don't question my orders! I've got the ship!" *Christ, that was all he needed, the quartermaster hesitating.* Hell, it wasn't his fault, the Captain had given him orders, now the mate was; he was confused as to who was in charge, and he knew there was something serious going on. Who would most people believe -- the experienced, wise old skipper, or the young mate who had just joined the ship?

--Unquote

It should have all ended right then, when I turned to starboard, maneuvered through the outside anchorage, and began a wide turn to starboard to shape up for the harbor entrance again, but it didn't. Right then, the signal light onshore opened up the usual "What ship?" signal. When I ran up to the flying bridge to answer, I felt the ship turning again to the right. When I got down to the wheelhouse, the Captain had taken the conn back and was mad. That conversation went like this, as best I can recall it:

"Captain, what's going on? Why did we change course?"

"Goddam it, Third, I've been running down here for more years than you've been alive. The signal station always opens up on you from your port bow. The signal light was on

the starboard bow. I turned the damn ship around to put it on the port bow, where it belongs. Now I'm going to line up the goddam range lights like they should be!"

--Unquote

A lot went through my mind in a short time, including images of wrecks, a court battle over who was in charge, and our demise being studied in places like KP as what never to do. I checked the radar again, and yes, we were again to the west of the proper course. The next conversation I had with our totally sober Captain was a bit different:

"Captain, I don't know how to tell you this, but you have made a serious mistake. This is your last assignment before you retire. If you don't give me command of the ship again, right now, you are going to wreck this ship on the rocks to the west of the entrance to Cristobal Harbor, and finish your long career with one of the worst disasters in maritime history. No one is going to remember you for your 50 years at sea. All they will remember about you is that you crashed a healthy ship, in clear weather, at full speed, in a place you have been to a hundred times. Guys below decks are going to get killed!" The young mate had puffed himself up, and looked the skipper right in the eye, in the most serious way he could.

--Unquote

Luckily, he did give me the conn again, and told the helmsman that I had the ship again. We made the same turn to the right and through the anchorage again. Charlie just sat on a stool by the window and said nothing. He was so confused that I suddenly realized that I was going to have to maneuver the ship into the harbor and pick up the pilots by myself! The chief mate was on the bow and hadn't stood a watch in years anyway, so no time to explain it all to him. We made it just fine, although I was very nervous, having little ship handling experience at that point. To this day, I credit my KP training, like never relying on one type of position if you can get others, with getting me through that night.

After Panama, the Captain had the Chief Mate give me a lot of easy overtime. When back in our home port of Baltimore, he arranged for me to be interviewed for Calmar's Executive Training Program, and I was accepted. You sailed some and worked in the office some. The goal was to be a Captain and then an exec with the shipping Company. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. The Chief Mate even took me to his house to have dinner with his single daughter, who "understood the life of a sailor." I was set for life. I turned it down. I was only 22, shipping was good, and I didn't feel I had seen enough of the world yet!

--- George

From Ron Heimburger:

My first licensed ship - *Margaret Lykes* - MSTS time charter. We were red lined (safeties tied down) to deliver APC's and M-48 tanks - APCs right up on the DMZ - discharged into LARKS and BARKS while we were at anchor. Ran into typhoon en route - thank you Fleet Weather Routing Alameda. Of course we were a tight ship - little cargo weight - but a lot in the UTDecks - but MSTS failed to bunker us in Rodmen, Panama. APCs broke loose as we rolled 48° -- ugly.

CE made the decision to flood fuel tanks with sea water - major Company blowup. Yes, LaDage was a bear - but he taught us well. I spent the remainder of the *Margaret Lykes* voyage learning how to work the stabilogauge and learning from the Chief Mate about longshoremen cargo paperwork.

Just to add to the fun of this voyage - the Seabee Da Nang longshoremen pulled up 20 ft. of our starboard gunwale by overstressing the vang wires on the jumbo boom; of course on my cargo watch. Welcome to Viet Nam and sailing.

My wife says that, "Sailing gets better every day we get away from it."

My second licensed voyage - that one on an Ammo Victory. We sailed very short - bumped to 2nd mate - tons of overtime - but still at $4.23/hour. Chief Mate was a

boozer/wacko - always in the cargo holds checking(??) on the ammo stow.

Our Skipper refused to stand a bridge watch or let the Chief Mate stand a bridge watch. We two 3rd mates stood all the bridge watches. Skipper was nuts over potential drugs. We did unlicensed stateroom searches every dang night; much crew unrest.

Navy dropping percussion grenades alongside ship at anchor in Da Nang. We were putting out fires in the lower holds all the time -- and watching the hull plates move in and out. We did get a port bonus - VC dropped a 122m rocket right in the middle of pier 2. It killed the 2nd mate off the *Del Alba*.

I think everyone but the Chief Mate quit when we got back to Bayonne.

--Ron

From Bill Funkhouser:

Just a comment on the quality of our education -- shortly before our graduation, Barney Kroger contacted MIT to see if they accepted our degree and if so, what GPA would be required for admission to their master's program for mechanical engineering. Their reply made me feel proud -- "If you can graduate from Kings Point you are welcome in our graduate school." No other comment.

--Bill

From Ed Woods:

I applied to 3 medical schools and got in 3 -- MO, VA, MCV. I took a few night school courses at junior college in Pensacola and San Diego for organic chemistry, analytical chemistry and biology as well as a statistics class. Otherwise, the admissions committees thought it was fine. Russ Rehm is one of the smarter people I have encountered in my life. I think he would have benefited from a stint at a high powered university such as Stanford, Harvard or MIT. I had the

opportunity to go to some of those schools. They were not for me.

I thrived because there is a practical application to what we studied. Trigonometry is Celestial Navigation. I remember when the calculus professor said, "If you cannot integrate the forces on a plate in the hull of your submarine, you and your crew will die!" I woke up and said "Die! This has to do with dying?" Yes, dying. "Well, in that case, I'd better pay attention!"

Our Asian English professor was a great teacher. I never grasped *Hamlet* until he taught us. I never truly appreciated Shakespeare until then. I loved the practical seamanship courses including the physical feeling of rowing the whaleboat. For me reality finally equaled my imagination. I fully planned to spend my life at sea. My ambition was to be master of a ship like the *Challenger* through the North Atlantic.

I had no idea the Viet Nam War would intervene. Nor did I expect the Naval Science teacher would talk to me about Flight Training and give me a copy of Saint Exupery's book *Night Flight*. Nor did I plan for the air war to be at its apex during our last year. When I went to KP I had no interest in the Navy or medicine. We don't always know how our lives will unfold. I am glad I am in contact with you all again.

--Ed

From George Stupski:

I once sailed a Mormac ship to South Africa and Brazil, as 2nd. The Captain's name was Ken. He was on his retirement voyage. After a few dockings and undockings, the Chief Mate came to me. He said the Captain was getting upset with me for calling him by his first name. I replied that I would never do that, and had not done so. After musing about it, we realized that I had a habit on the bow of saying things like, "Can I make the spring line fast?" He thought I was saying "Ken." So I had to start saying "May I," which was more proper anyway. We got along fine after that.

Another time, on a different ship, we sailed out from Rio de Janeiro, at night, on my watch. Fog set in heavily and we departed just in time. As I looked astern, all the lights in the whole harbor and area disappeared. All that is, except one place. The floodlights on Corcovado lit up the statue of Christ. He seemed to be suspended in the sky, high above the city. I am not as religious as many, but it was an eerie sight I will never forget. As the statue was on my chart, I took a bearing of it, and remarked to my AB that Jesus himself was helping us navigate.

I always liked steaming along a coast, or between islands -- lots for a mate to do, like trying to ID lighthouses during the daytime. Along the Florida Keys, southbound (from roughly Hillsboro Inlet Lighthouse to Dry Tortugas), it became a game known as "Riding the Pink." At least back then (I was a cadet on two coastal tankers, where I learned this) many of the buoys/beacons that indicated rocks or shallow water showed a white light if you were in the safe zone, and red if you were not. Going north you, of course, tried to stay in the Gulf Stream for added speed, pestering the engineers for the water temperature all the time. Going south we would hug the shore as close as possible to stay away from the strong current. If you did it perfectly, at times the lights really did look "pink" as you were right on the edge. Maybe the guys in the engine room would rather not know this!

One of my early licensed trips was on an old C-2 to the Far East. We spent many nights docked and everyone went ashore. If you had the deck, you were alone. Even the Captain and Chief Mate would be ashore. One 4-mid deck watch we had emptied (I think) a deep tank that had been filled with bags of (I think) graphite or some other messy material. A cleaning gang came aboard to clean. It was a co-ed group of various ages.

When they came up out of the hold, it was spotless, but they were all covered in a black, soot-like material. The boss asked me about using the ship's showers. I was ready to say, "No," but my AB at the gangway intervened. He said he "Knew these people" and he would take the blame and deal with the crew if anyone bitched. He was one tough AB, and that influenced me. The crew shower/bathroom was

communal. I agreed but worried. I went past the "head" a short time later and was surprised to see them all in there, all naked, washing and chattering, having a grand time and not a tad embarrassed.

Then, before they left, they cleaned the entire space! It had never been so clean. The AB had known they would do that, saving the crew a lot of work! As the gang filed past me at the top of the gangway, now with clean clothes on, and the dirty ones packed in bags, each one paused and gave me a slight nod with his/her head. I knew enough to return the respectful gesture. It was, to me, one of those classic "Learn their culture" moments we all likely experienced at sea.

When I took my second mate's exam in New Orleans, I passed no problem. Then a secretary said I had to take the color blindness test, with that book of spots. I always had some trouble with that. She said I failed and "That's it." End of career. I got a tad apoplectic and demanded to see the officer in charge.

Thankfully I knew about the "Lamp test" (basic colors of lights that ships use, using a device) and that I basically could demand it. He gave it to me and I passed. Otherwise, the end of a career only one year out -- this, at a time when ships sailed short-handed! I thought back about how it seemed at KP that so many were trying to get rid of us for any reason, when the MM needed more officers! I don't recall getting any counseling or much help with "staying in," just admin efforts to boot a lot of us out who might have made damn good ship's officers.

I liked using navigational short cuts that were not in any book. One of these was a quick way to check on your compass error if you sailed into or out of San Francisco at night. Some of the main streets near the water were on the harbor chart. With the hills there, some of these streets went straight up. At night, with street lights on, you could take a bearing on the bridge wing as you passed a known street and get an instant compass check. Of course, every salty mate would have first checked that all the compass repeaters matched the gyro, especially when sailing out.

Passenger Pranks

Most of us likely sailed on ships that carried passengers. The cargo ship limit was 12, and many of the newer ships back then carried them. It was also common to have a bit of fun at the passengers' expense, and I'll relate a few incidents that I recall.

One of the common jokes was telling passengers when you would pass Gibraltar, at night, so they could get up and see the Prudential sign. I did this more than once and always snagged one or two. When they would say the next morning that they couldn't see it, we made up lies about the "Spanish coastal fog," or "They turn the sign off sometimes when fuel for the generators is low."

I left New Orleans for the Med. one time, and as the Captain seemed friendly enough, pulled the old "Mail Buoy" prank. I announced to all the passengers, at supper, that we would be passing the mail buoy off Tortugas on my watch, and anyone who wanted mail dropped off should get it to the Captain by 2000 hours that night. I got a glare from the "Ol' Man," but he went along with it, and sure enough, several post cards and letters were delivered to his cabin. He kept them and never told; I think he had our agent at our first port of call mail them back to the states.

My best work was an original hoax. (I don't think we used the word "prank" back then, more likely "hoax" or "trick"). I don't recall what started it, but I had some discussion with some passengers about the difference between a Great Circle course and a rhumb Line. Something snapped in my brain and I typed up a "story." In it, I explained the history of the rhumb line -- all made up, of course.

I stated that in the old days on the British warships, sailors were given "grog," mostly rum, every day. I said that the sailors would carve cups out of old wood, like staves from a cask. They would line up on deck for their daily ration. Many would gamble with their allotment, so they got pretty drunk. Often the cups were tossed overboard, and being wooden, they would float. Sailors would look aft and joke that they "were steering a rum line." I made up some lie about the Admiralty changing the spelling to "rhumb." I also stated that

many sailors would carve intricate designs into their cups, like scrimshaw.

The tale ended with my advice to be careful if you want to buy one of the cups in an antique shop in England. There were phony ones around! You had to be sure you were dealing with a reputable dealer; often the sailor's name and ship were on the bottom.

I sneaked around one night and posted typed copies of this "story" on the passengers' bulletin board, and the officers' as well. It worked better than I had imagined, as the Captain thanked me for posting it, and said how he had never known the origins of the term! I let him stew until right before payoff (I wasn't going to piss off my boss for the whole trip). When I let him in on the secret, he just laughed and asked if I minded if he used my story on future voyages!

--George

[Editor's Note: Per a couple of requests, we need to have in here how we were all paid when we started sailing -- in cash! I remember my first licensed voyage was a long one to the Far East; at payoff there was a Brinks truck by the gangway. I also recall some of the Gulf Coast crew who had been losing at Bourré having to pay the card sharks off at sign off. I have long thought the cash payoff was a result of sailing ships cheating crewmen at the end of voyages and attempts to clean that up. We likely all heard stories of sailors who didn't go straight home with the cash getting robbed by those who knew we got paid in cash. As cadets, we got $111.15 a month; they withheld SS taxes so our take home was about three dollars a day].

From John Mazza:

I used to get days of fog in the North Pacific when in the Valdez trade. But the absolute worst I ever experienced was coming in to Ulsan Korea about 36 hours after a category 5 typhoon back in 1987. If you stood on the bridge wing and extended an arm you could not see your fingertips. The radar was working, and we zig-zagged our way around about 30

anchored ships to get to our designated anchoring location as per Korean port authorities' request. We also posted a note from the Navy about the typhoon having set loose mines left over from WWII and Korean hostilities, and suggested to anchor with caution.

In the morning, as the fog was less dense, there was a Korean mine sweeper passing down our starboard side about 100 feet off. I did not think much about this until a few years later . . . after the *Valdez* incident in Prince William Sound, and I found that the Boston Globe had written a story which stated that I had anchored the ship in a North Korean minefield. They never retracted the article. Complete BS . . . now called alternative facts.

But after the *Valdez,* several Exxon captains got accused of all sorts of things by disgruntled unlicensed crew members -- unlicensed company union in tough negotiations for a new contract, and they thought they could help their case by getting bad publicity for the company. The story continues with me getting called in to company HQ and getting grilled about whether or not I anchored an Exxon tanker in a North Korean mine field. After looking at the company lawyer and marine manager, I broke out laughing . . . and then asked how much did Exxon pay to get us released and get their ship back. In return, they looked at me with wonder. I said, "How the hell can you really ask me this idiotic stuff, because if it had happened there would have been a huge international incident!" After a few more questions, I was told I could leave and go home. I went out to the parking lot by the Exxon building in downtown Houston, only to find out that my car had been "stolen."

--John

From Boyd Goddard:

That Important Step #1

Naval Science was usually an easy course requiring only basic common sense and memorization. Our 1/c year Maneuvering Board course was an easy one for me and I

aced all the plotting board tests right up to the final, when I overconfidently blew a simple first step on one problem. I had enough time to go over it 3 times and still left early. Made that same impulsive mistake all 3 times!!!

What killed me was the original bearing of the target, which was given as 300 degrees and some thousand yards off. For some reason, I plunked it down due west, which was, of course, 30 degrees wrong. Every time I went back to check myself I used the original positions I had laid out, skipping directly to step #2 in the process -- such a simple exercise, yet a major error. It was a good thing I was going to be an engineer. I would have put the ship on the rocks for sure! And why isn't there a decimal system for a compass?

Years later, step #1 became important one day in the course of my career as a chief engineer. Leaving Long Beach one night, we had a severe forced draft fan failure which required a return to port for emergency repairs. We pulled alongside about 0300 and a shore gang swarmed aboard, ready to replace the fan motor with our spare. These motors are the size of an executive's desk and weigh more than an elephant. No easy trick, but by about 2000 that evening, we were ready to test the installation. We fired it up and after a few seconds of success, suddenly the fan stopped turning while the motor spun just fine. The new coupling had failed for some reason.

I conferred with the shore gang's supervisor. He assured me that the coupling was identical to the original and there couldn't be anything wrong with it. However, we saw that the coupling cover was able to shift over an inch, which allowed the internal gears to disengage. I finally demanded to see the installation instructions that came with it to see what had been missed. All the while, I was assured that they had done everything accordingly and they had done this identical job many times in the past.

I had a sudden inspiration and flashback to that Naval Science exam. A quick look at the instructions showed step #1 was to install the coupling gear on the fan motor shaft with the gear side toward the motor. It was an unusual design, and it looked wrong to the shore gang crew, so they put it on the motor shaft in their usual way. Quotes of "I don't need no

stinkin' instructions" and "Missed it by that much!" immediately come to mind.

Of course, the gear wouldn't come back off the shaft easily, and had to be burned off as time was of the essence. A new coupling was installed (properly this time) and ultimately the ship sailed at 2400, a full day behind schedule. Lesson learned: pay attention to step #1.

A post script to the story: I took a 3-trip vacation at the end of that voyage. Upon my return, the same forced draft fan failed catastrophically one night in heavy seas. I awoke to a loud noise growling louder and louder in the fiddley. Before I could get the engine watch to the phone, the ship went black.

When the improperly installed coupling was burned off, the heat transferred down the shaft to the bearing, cooking most of the grease out of it. It lasted about 2 months before it finally disintegrated, sending shrapnel into the motor windings creating a dead short, which tripped the main generator circuit breaker and plunged us into instant darkness.

My crew and I repeated the job that the shore gang had done, but under extreme circumstances because of the heavy weather. The ship was rolling 15 to 20 degrees consistently, and we had to rig the damaged motor out and the spare replacement into place without getting squashed by that unwieldy elephant! This time, I made sure to get step #1 right. Making the proper alignment and shimming the motor accurately was the most uncertain part of the operation, but we did what we could. We managed it all in about 24 hours, and were relieved to find it operating successfully.

Upon docking, the shore gang was called down to make permanent repairs, but they found we had successfully aligned it within the required .001" tolerance and nothing more was needed. A happy pat on the back for me and my crew!

All this transpired because that critical first step was overlooked, much as the proverbial horseshoe nail cascaded into a lost kingdom.

Formal Dining

After graduation and before I settled in with my permanent job, I took a 2 a/e job on the SS *Robin Locksley*, a C-2-S class vessel originally built for Robin Lines and taken

over by Moore-McCormack in the late 50's. She had some extra passenger accommodations that were a plush upgrade over a standard freighter, although she hadn't seen any passengers for some time. The Captain and Chief were still of the passenger mindset, however, and immediately informed me that the passenger areas were off-limits and we were to dress for meals -- meaning clean khakis and tie or shoulder boards. No boiler suits or dungarees in the dining room. The Captain showed up in full dress blues.

I fortunately had my school khakis and a tie with me, but they had been starched well beyond wash-and-wear condition at KP. I'd been using them for work, and I had no desire to go to all that trouble. That evening, since the ship was docked under the Bay Bridge, I hiked up Market Street to Joe Harris Co., a well-known old uniform supplier, and found a pair of engineer's LCDR boards amongst their WWII left-over stock that they were glad to clear from inventory. I then hit JC Penney for a couple pair of khaki wash and wear pants and shirts and then spent the rest of the evening sewing shoulder loops on the shirts. I hoped that would satisfy my new Captain's delusions

That first day aboard, I was shown to my room, which had an overstuffed armchair (missing one leg) from the passenger quarters, a bunk that made our KP accommodations look luxurious by comparison, abandoned clothing strewn everywhere, and everything else generally run-down and in derelict condition. But first, I had to attend to my duties and assess the condition of my new charge -- the boilers. My first task was to address the boiler chemistry. It was apparent that the previous 2 a/e had done little testing, but I found enough chemicals to get started. My resulting conclusion was that the boilers were basically full of sea water. Testing every source of feed water gave the same results. When I informed the Chief of these facts, he sort of shrugged and said, "Well, she's an old ship, see what you can do." I was doubly concerned because the ship was in the midst of an annual USCG inspection and the inspectors were going over everything very carefully.

After many delays and a long list of discrepancies, one of the inspectors stepped on a wasted section of deck plating

at a hatch coaming and claimed he nearly fell through into the hold. More detailed metal gauging commenced and after only 5 days on the payroll, the entire crew was laid off and the ship was sent to the scrapyard. My concerns over the boilers' condition were obviously of minor significance in the broad scheme of things and it was probably fortunate that it didn't sail again, as it would probably have fallen over the edge of the earth in that condition. Thus ended my short experience with formal shipboard dining and dressing for dinner.

-- Boyd

From Russ Rehm:

Three Beautiful Ships

Let me tell you about three beautiful ships I served on: The SS *Oregon Mail,* a C-4; the SS *Bengal Mail*, a C-3; and an old triple expansion steam engine Victory ship which may have been called the *Alaska Mail.* Leave it to an engineer to not even know what kind of ship he's on! But for their own reasons, these were all beautiful ships.

Now why I didn't own a camera is beyond me! Young and dumb, right? But the truth is, we thought these ships would be around forever, when in fact, it was just a little sliver of time and they were all gone forever. In fact, for the Class of 1968, because of the Viet Nam War, the window opened wide for just a few years and then closed forever. Over 500 WWII-era ships were brought out of mothballs and we got to sail these historical relics!

Plus, we sailed at the end of an era when merchant ships still went port to port picking up and discharging break-bulk cargoes. Today it's all containers, twelve-hour turn-a-rounds; or open the doors and drive out the cargo. But back then, like with the *Bengal Mail*, we would sit on the hook at some remote Thailand island for two weeks loading tapioca flour off lighters. Why, that was enough time to fall in love and raise a family!

Looking over the edge of the hammock, out across the sandy beach and turquoise water, puffing and trying to remember what day of the week it was, I thought, "What a

piece of crap that ship is." But then seeing her white deck house gleaming in the tropical sun, I thought, "No, she is beautiful in a kind of timeless, Lord Jim sort of way. Like me, she's a wandering child of the world; knowing no home but at home everywhere (pensive pause). Oh crap, I've got to get back aboard for my next port watch!"

Since I was the Third, I was responsible for making fresh water. I don't know how many times I'd muscled the single action steam pump into the shop to repack the glands, and then hooked it up to the air compressor to fiddle with the valve timing. At Singapore, a work crew had poured a concrete patch to contain the seawater leak around the hull side of the pump inlet valve. Jamming my finger into that jet of water shooting into the bilge, I thought about how close to death we lived minute by minute, down there in the engine room, out there in the vast Pacific.

Death was certainly an option, as I stood chest deep on the propeller hub, in filthy Calcutta river water, trying to untangle a docking hawser. Via the Mate on the stern, to the Captain in the wheel house, to the First Assistant in the engine room, the word from me would be slo-o-o-w forward or reverse so I could take a deep breath, reach down and undo the knot.

Dumb and young, right? But here's the thing: We graduated on a Wednesday morning at 11:00 a.m., right? By Friday afternoon at 3:00 p.m., I was in Kobe, Japan, on the *Bengal Mail* heading for Viet Nam, and a five-month trip out to India and back. And like hundreds, if not thousands, of mariners before me, that old rust bucket brought us all safely home, like a mother hen taking care of her chicks. In my mind, though gone forever, she remains a thing of beauty. Let's raise our glasses, lads, to that despicable sweat bucket, that 'ol beautiful beastie, the SS *Bengal Mail!*

By the time I shipped on the *Alaska Mail*, I just needed a quick financial turn-around so I could get back to the real world. F--- the romance, it was a job – the last trip north for this piece of living sailing history. Where the hell is my camera? Every crew member on that ship looked like they were due for a heart attack, and I guess the permanent Third actually had one and that's why I got the job.

An unfortunate accident almost delayed our departure. Just as we were finishing loading, the longshoremen accidently dropped a whole pallet of beer in the water. I didn't know beer could float, but that was floating beer. It must have been the lite beer we were starting to hear about. There was no yelling or cursing; somebody got a line on it so it wouldn't delay our departure; and everyone just efficiently went about their jobs battening down the hatches, and on that vessel they really did batten down the hatches. We left right on schedule, but I knew they all felt bad about the accident, because they all stood respectfully right there on the dock waving good-bye with the beer now tied to the dock we'd just cleared!

As soon as we rang "All Clear," the Chief asked me to step into his office. Like a famous actor out of central casting, he was really a fine looking old gentleman. You know, those khaki work pants made by Dickie, with the starched front crease and matching khaki shirt, and always the same coffee mug with the ship's name in gold letters. I thought when the ship retires a taxidermist should retire him with the ship. He politely told me that I could stand my watch in the engine room but that I wasn't to ever touch anything for any reason. If I had a question, I could ask the oiler or fireman, or call him, day or night; but for no reason, was I to touch anything in the engine room. Did I understand?

Now I've always had a rebellious streak in me. My Momma said I was the easiest child to raise, but somewhere along the line, I got radicalized. It's why I smeared limburger cheese all over the wood panel walls in Wiley Hall in the spring of our senior year. You f___ with my friend Pete, and I'll f___ with you. It's that simple.

The Chief wanted to know: Did I understand? "Yes, Chief," I replied, "I understand perfectly; I'm not to touch anything in the engine room." And I didn't. But here's the thing: I didn't have to. Walking down into that engine room was like walking into the workings of a well-oiled sewing machine. The mammoth flying cranks of that iconic steam engine were so finely tuned, so perfectly balanced, that it ran like a whisper. It was a marvel of engineering beauty; an instrument of perfection.

Every night and morning, at exactly one hour into my watch, the Chief would appear in the engine room, with the same coffee mug, and make the same circuit of the engine room. He would nod to the oiler, say a few words to the fireman, but neither acknowledge nor recognize my presence. I would stand in exactly the same place, in front of the gages, and in turn, ignore him. We were tuned, you see, to be a part of that perfect machine.

I suppose you'll be surprised to hear me say, I loved it! Why? Well because, now that I was married (or close to it!) I was beginning to learn this great lesson: A lot of times, it's just better to do what you're told. Whether it's the Chief, my wife, or my good friend Jesus, or even my grandchildren, or my clients, or even my children, a lot of times, the voyage is more enjoyable for everyone if we just do what we're told. It was a great last trip and I was proud to be part of it. She was a beautiful ship, and guess who got to spin, closed for the very last time ever, the main steam valve when we docked in Seattle for the last time? Hell if I know; I was up on deck just doing what I was told – staying out of the way!

Three beautiful ships, and now the last one, and by all measures, certainly the most beautiful – the ship I served on as a cadet – the SS *Oregon Mail*. Wow! With her clipper bow and wine glass stern, the backward rack of her gleaming deck house, and her A-frame cargo boom masts, she was built for speed and comfort. Once out the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, once off Port Angles we had dropped off the last pilot, Captain Wentworth would call down to open her up and then we would chain-padlock the main turbine valve wide open. Screaming with thousands of horse power, she would bash and thrash her way through northern Pacific winter storms for eight days until the lights of Yokohama glowed in the soggy Western sky, and only then would we dare unlock her source of superheated steam.

My impressionable eyes would scan the docks of Pusan, Inchon, Manila or Hong Kong, for her equal. Here a Liberian, there a Chinese, or even a Norwegian, all stink pots, to me they all looked like cab-over, stubbed-nosed diesel trucks, for none could even compare with my Greyhound of the Sea, this racehorse of grace and beauty that leaped

forward when we shot her muscles with that invisible superheated power called steam.

We had passengers -- twelve of them. We all ate together, we all dressed for dinner, we had a schedule – and as the cock-of-the-walk, we would park uptown in the inner harbor, right across the street and down a ways from the Parliament Building; which simply meant that we had some pretty good-looking girlfriends. I wasn't always sure who was paying for what, but I always seemed to have money, and miraculously, we always managed to get back to the ship before she sailed. Plus, we went to really cool places, like Zamboanga, in the Philippines, to pick up exotic hardwoods. Let me tell you what, that's not all that was exotic in Zamboanga. There was an establishment there called "Josie's Place."

Like us cadets, one of our engineers was on his first trip because of the Viet Nam thing, and he discovered, that like himself, Josie was a very fine ballroom dancer. For two nights, they "Tripped the light fantastic," and this engineer had gotten pretty darn excited about Josie. I don't know how it happened, since I was only a cadet, but believe me, my learning curve was straight up. I think Captain Wentworth, fearing he might lose a much needed officer, finally pulled the plug. The funny part is that by then even this naïve cadet knew that Josie was a bennie-boy. Gee, we said, we thought you knew; he, ah, she was a good dancer; it was fun, huh? He didn't think so, and took his meals in his stateroom for several days until the pain subsided.

Do they teach stuff like that in regular colleges and universities? This was in the spring of 1966, and almost 50 years ago we were integrating into our world-view universal cultural values that America is just now getting around to. Said differently, because of our Kings Point education today's news seems to us like old news.

So there we were, barely men, at the end of an era, with the pick-a-ship window wide open, banging around the world, seeing and experiencing things perhaps never to be again. What fun adventures! What beautiful ships!

--Russ

From John Lewis:

I sailed on Texaco tankers during my obligation. The most memorable of my voyages was on the SS *Texaco Florida* (built 1956, scrapped 2000). On December 28, 1968 off the coast of Jacksonville, Florida, one of the two Ingersoll Rand turbine-driven feed pumps was being switched over when it began to over speed. The over speed trip didn't function and the turbine blew apart, scattering debris over the lower engine room.

I was just a few feet away when the incident occurred. While I was fortunate enough (miraculous, the First Engineer later told me) to not get hit with any of the debris, I was unfortunately hit with steam along one side of my face, arm, back, belt line and other “unmentionable” areas. I had just turned away as I heard the turbine speeding up. At the time, I didn't know that I had been burned. I ran up to the operating level and spoke to the Chief Engineer. I knew that one of the other officers was in the lower level and was worried that he had been injured (he wasn't).

The Chief saw what had happened to me and had a couple of the crew take me to see the Captain. It was a split house tanker with a catwalk in between. I collapsed when I got outside to the colder air and had to be carried the rest of the way to the forward house. The Captain drew his bathtub with cold water which also was filled with buckets of ice. That, the hospital later said, saved a lot of scarring. Two shots of morphine also helped with the pain.

In the meantime, the Coast Guard was called and they sent a helicopter from St. Petersburg, Florida to rendezvous with our ship. While the helicopter hovered overhead a basket was lowered and I was strapped in. I do remember that just as I was being lifted off the deck, the ship rose and slapped the bottom of the basket. Thank you, morphine.

I was flown to the U.S Public Health Hospital in Savannah, Georgia. I spent three weeks there, two of which were in isolation. A newspaper article the next day said it was estimated that I was burned around 25% of my body but I don’t believe it was that extensive. No skin grafting was

needed. The burns were a combination of first, second and third degree.

I then flew home, recuperated for several weeks and returned to work. It was a very close call but I came out of it in good shape.

--John

From Bob Featherer:

There was a relief Chief I sailed with on the Singapore Shuttle for APL. The only reason he got the job was because he was a former ABS Inspector, who I guess someone in the APL office liked, and that is why he was there in the first place. I was Permanent 1st Assistant Engineer and carried this guy the whole trip. He sat in his room the whole trip and drank and played solitaire. We had a gantry crane and that made the job very interesting. If the gantry crane went down, it cost the company a fortune in lost cargo and that was my responsibility too. The only ports I could go ashore in were Singapore and Dubai as these were the only ports on the run that didn't require our ship's gantry crane to load and unload cargo.

I was foolish enough to accept the Chief's offer to go ashore with him in Dubai. As we left the ship I could see that he was in his usual condition. At the gate to the port we hailed a cab and we managed to get a few miles down the road before the Chief leans over the front seat and says to the Cabbie, "How much for a woman?" The cabbie grits his teeth and says "Ah, Sir, VERY expensive. Then the Chief responds and says, "Well then, how much for a camel?" The Cab Driver hits the brakes and throws us both out of his cab in 110 degree heat half way between the port gate and the Seamen's Club, which was a two-mile walk. Needless to say, I never went ashore with that Chief again!

-- Bob

From George Stupski:

One of the skills we all learned that was not taught in a "regular" or "civilian" college was how to handle money exchanges in foreign countries. Also how to pocket your dough so a pickpocket wouldn't get it, and if one did, you had a second stash somewhere else.

Some of this depended on circumstances -- for example, as a cadet you would think you might not ever get back to that country, so you would exchange only what you thought you needed. Back then, it was also true that a lot of countries wanted American dollars, and you could pay with them.

Over the years, I, like others, developed my own "money plan." I would change a little on the ship with the money-changers/longshoremen, so I had local currency for bus, cab, etc. I kept this in one front pocket. I kept my US bills in a different pocket. In rough places, I used to tape my passport and some cash (later also a credit card) to my ankle, under a sock. Once safely off the pier, I would find another money changer, usually in a bar, and negotiate a better rate than the one the guys on the ship gave. I never carried a wallet.

In more stable countries, or where, heaven forfend, the other currency was better than dollars, you could exchange at a bank, or one of those "tourist services" places, like Thomas Cook and Son.

I happened to be in Chili after the Allende government fell, and the inflation was terrible. The locals were desperate for other currencies. The officials had put a price freeze on to help. But, for a savvy sailor, this led to opportunity. I went ashore with my watch engineer, and we went to what looked like the nicest hotel/bar in town. We ordered a beer and I asked the barkeep if anyone was there to change money, since the banks were closed. "Si, Pedro." Next thing you know, I was checking out the men's room where Pedro wanted to go, to make sure I wasn't outnumbered, while the 3rd watched the entrance to the bathroom.

I remember exchanging about $80 and Pedro was unhappy it wasn't more. I promised to come back the next

night at the same time (I didn't). Pedro was a big guy and had a huge money belt under his shirt. He would take dollars as well as pounds, yen, or marks. He likely worked for some crime syndicate which was desperate to get rid of as many escudos (the currency then, now it is pesos) as possible. Pedro was like a walking, talking bank!

Once we did this, we realized that we now were buying a bottle of beer for the equivalent of about a nickel. Other guys from the ship came in with similar stories. We lined up to use the pay phone to call the states. Peddlers came around and most of us trudged back to the ship with guitars, rugs, sweaters, you name it. In the whole night I did not spend anywhere near the $80.

Bum Boats and Rug Sellers

As we transitioned, over the years, from break-bulk ships to containerships, one of the more colorful aspects of sailing changed too -- the cast of characters on the docks. When we started, many came up the gangways, selling all kinds of things, changing money, or looking to smuggle American cigarettes. This was more prevalent in the ports where the docks were right downtown -- like Rio or Barcelona, where you could take a short walk to the bars, shops and restaurants. There were often what we called "bum boats" on the offshore side, in a river, anchorage or harbor, as well.

Some of these folks begged for whatever you might throw down to them on the dock or their boats. Food, cigarettes, chewing gum, laundry soap, all included. The poorer the country was, the more prevalent these activities were. In some ports, the authorities kept them off the ships, and in others you were swarmed all over the decks and passageways. In others, the sellers would line up on the dock, and you went down to negotiate with them if interested. Many a time ships left a port loaded with rugs, blankets, straw hats, hammocks, bird cages, caved figurines, glassware, you name it.

Certain places became known for particular items -- alpaca sweaters in Peru, butterfly trays in Brazil, carved jade or cork in the Orient, hammocks in Panama, ivory chess sets

in India, bird cages in Ecuador, marble in Livorno, glassware in Venice, etc. Kaohsiung, Taiwan had a specialty in refurbished mini-fridges. They would line them up on the dock. You went down, made your deal, and the locals would haul one up the gangway, to your room, and plug in for you so you could see that it worked.

Then, too, there were many "fake" items. Many a sad sailor learned the hard way not to buy a bottle of whiskey from someone on the docks. The most aggressive sellers I ever saw were in Egypt. They would get aboard, somehow, and literally follow you to your room and bang on your door to buy something, yelling all the time. You were warned not to retaliate, or beat one up, as the inside of a mid-Eastern jail was commonly known to be a hell-hole.

In the old days (dunno about now) in Panama, you could arrange a purchase with a line handler on one end of the canal, and he would order it for you to be delivered at the other end by an associate. Line handlers came aboard when you went through the locks. This included the potent smoke known as "Panama Red," for those so inclined, and willing to take the risk. For years, there was a "laundry lady" in Genoa, Italy, who somehow had the run of the whole waterfront, and got on all the ships.

The advent of the containerships changed this. Tanker docks had historically been far from downtown for safety reasons. Container ops required a lot of land, so were often built far from town also (cheaper land and often near a freeway). Plus, being closer to the sea made it quicker to dock a ship. For security reasons, these terminals were fenced in and watched over. No more letting just anyone down to the ship -- and no more colorful haggling over the price of something.

--Ski

From Stan Westover:

Geoff Gill and I took our first ship to Da Nang in July /August 1968 on a C-2 Cargo Ship, the SS *Amerigo*, Mast Steamship Company, carrying beer and soda pop plus trucks

for the Seabees. There were over a hundred ships at anchor when we arrived and thought we would be there for weeks. The first night I was on gangway watch watching the F-4 Phantoms bombing the hillsides when I saw a flash from the hillside and a Viet Cong rocket sailed over my head into the water but fortunately didn't explode. The next day we docked because of our priority cargo (beer) -- the ammunition could wait. We ended up being in the war zone for over 8 days with double pay. Because of my reserve navy career I was eligible for the Merchant Marine Viet Nam Service Medal and wore it on my uniform for 25 years.

--Stan

From Tom Fiedler:

My ship, the *Columbia Tiger*, delivered several tons of rice from Louisiana to VN. It has always struck me as paradoxical to be shipping American rice to VN, the rice bowl of Asia. Several years later I read that the Vietnamese refused to eat the American rice because it was grown from seeds that were genetically mutated in some way, an early example of what some of us might today even call "Frankenfoods."

My suspicion was that a powerful Congressman with an interest in the Louisiana rice business persuaded Lyndon Johnson (and the Pentagon) to buy a lot of Louisiana rice and pay shipping companies like my employer to carry it to VN, where most of it was likely wasted . . . It never made sense to me otherwise.

--Tom

From Clint Robertson:

I remember being on three ships going to Viet Nam. The *President Hoover* went to Saigon and the Chief Engineer, Herb Kenyon, maneuvered the ship up the Saigon River with just a fireman in the engine room with him (he had been on a

ship that had been sunk in the Saigon River shortly before that voyage). I was on the same watch as Scott Robeson.

I was on a States Marine ship, the *Lone Star State,* which lost a boiler about the same time the *Badger State* went down. We went in to Honolulu for repairs then were in Saigon, Vung Tau, Cam Ranh Bay and Danang for weeks!

The third trip there was on the *President Jackson* on a 'round the world voyage. A quick stop in Saigon then three days in a typhoon! The first engineer was fired and sent home in Karachi and one of the third engineers had a paralyzing stroke and was flown home from Colombo -- made me reconsider my career choice!

--Clint

From Bob Featherer:

I was another who saw no VN Service. Sea year was spent in the Med, South and East Africa, South America and the Far East, but no VN. After Graduation, my first trip was to Brazil on the SS *Mormacbay* and then on the C-2 to West Africa, SS *African Glade*, a West Coast C-2 left over from WW II well past its prime! That was a six week voyage that turned into over 4 months due to many mechanical problems including a boiler fire that I won't expound on here. After that trip it was off to Hawaii for some R&R.

After 4 months on the beach in Hawaii and working Night Relief jobs, I got a permanent job on the SS *Monterey*, a passenger ship operated by Matson Lines, and the run was a six week trip to Australia that called at Rarotonga, Tahiti, Auckland, Sidney, American Samoa and Fiji. We would also call at Oahu, San Francisco and Long Beach. In the summer we made trips to Alaska and Mexico.
Acta non Verba,

--Bob

From Rolf Ohnstad:

I spent 30 days in 1966 in downtown Saigon moored right across from the My Cahn restaurant. Our cargo was beer. That gave us the priority berth -- that was on the *John Lykes*. One morning the Army Sgt. in charge of discharge took me out in the surrounding area to show me where there would be a firefight. It made me think of the Civil War where people rode out to watch the early battles of that war. I was happy to get back on board. We also had a lot of exchange stuff that the soldiers could get for their girlfriends. It was a different war than what I saw going back several times in 68-70. After what I witnessed, I came back to the States carrying the aircraft from the *BonHomme Richard* carrier, which was being decommissioned. I was on the *Seatrain Florida* crawling around those planes. When I got back to the States I requested flight training and had orders to Pensacola thirty days after my request. Many years later as Master of the *President Jefferson* I saw the *Seatrain Florida* towed into Kaoshiung to be scrapped.

That closed the door on the Viet Nam era while I was opening others -- Desert Storm for two years and Haiti in '95. My last active duty I was in charge of putting the commercial helicopter program in for the MSC working with the *Carl Vinson* off of the USNS *Niagara Falls*. For me, I got more from the KP experience than I could have expected after the Zoo years. A career which paid me well, paid for all my fuel and over 300 carrier landings. The MM&P gave me pension credits for my Naval Service because I was recalled from inactive duty. And I can't forget all the good friends that we made while in school. No complaints here.

I was the delivery Master for the *Bob Hope* LMSRs at Avondale for five years. When Chuck Pillsbury died they needed instructor help at Mitags so I went there 12 years ago and have been there since. Chuck was in my section plebe year and had done a ton of good work at the school -- looking forward to the reunion.

--Rolf

From Burnie Acuff:

In Sept. of '68 I caught the SS *Beauregard*, a converted Waterman C-2 fitted out to carry Sea-Land containers, and headed to VN. We were back in the States in about 3 months, and I stayed on for another trip. As we pulled away from the pier in San Francisco the CE, Lloyd High, said you are on the 4 to 8 and are now the 2nd. We always sailed short at least one engineer. I stayed on the *Beauregard* for another 364 days as 2nd and was preparing to go again when the MEBA patrolman came on board and said I had to get off as I had accumulated too much vacation time and had to take it. So I got off for 8 months' vacation. By the time vacation was up I couldn't get back to the *Beauregard* as shipping was starting to turn upside down. So I caught some Sea-Land ships on the East Coast.

While on the *Beauregard* I made several trips to VN. Two of them turned into 3 month shuttles out of Cam Ranh Bay going to Saigon, Qui Nhon and Danang. I ended up with well over 6 months in country. Now that was good money. One person who might have a good bit of in-country time was Bill "Bunny" Haneline. Saw him going up the Saigon River on a tug. He had to have been there for a year. I believe those were one year contract jobs.

I applied for my VN Medal in the 80's and still have it. Picked up another one for Desert Storm -- took the USNS *Gilliland* to Kuwait.

--Burnie

From Paul Skripol:

After graduation, joined MEBA Dist. 2 and sailed to VN in '68 and '69, saw all of the high points that others on this thread have mentioned, (then weekly trips between NYC and Puerto Rico in '70 and '71). The only redeeming aspect of VN was the overtime and war zone premium, as all ships I was on seemed to have serious boiler issues and/or generator breakdowns whilst in port which required often waiting weeks

for needed parts. Alas. Now to bore you all: favorite ship as a cadet -- SS *President Hayes* on a "round the world" trip; favorite as an engineer -- SS *Transcolorado*, a roll on-roll off vessel which carried tanks and APCs (Armored Personnel Carriers) to VN.

Best job as an engineer -- 2nd on the steam yacht owned by the maritime union (SIU) which was the mother union of MEBA 2. It was berthed in Piney Point, MD at the Harry Lundberg School of Seamanship, allegedly to be used as a school vessel for students. HA HA. The school was basically a front for wining and dining influential members of Congress and the maritime industry. After one pleasant interlude with a Rhode Island Congressman at the swimming pool who was surrounded by a shapely rainbow (blonde, brunette and redhead) in bikinis, I determined that it would be best if I stayed on board and only left the ship on my days off or when I went to the gym to work out. For my engineering classmates, the ship was bought from the US gov't as it had served as a backup to the presidential yacht *Sequoia*. Looked much like that vessel but it had a steel hull and a steam reciprocating engine . . . also looked very much like the USS *Sand Pebbles* in the movie, and so did the engine room.

We took it out on cruises for entertaining Paul Hall's guests (Pres. of the SIU), and, trust me, I stayed in the engine spaces during all of these jaunts. I put in 8 months of my obligation on her. I also learned how to jacklight for blue crabs, which our cook/chef was truly gifted in preparing for us engineers and mates. Believe it or not, after 8 months I was ready for anything else, just to get away from the circumstances there. Oh yes, in case you're wondering if I met any mobsters, the answer is yes. By the way, the "boys from New York" who frequented the seamanship school all traveled in long black Buick Electra 225s or Cadillac Fleetwoods with drivers who carried Colt 1911A1 pistols for stopping power . . . you just can't make this stuff up.

Besides being surrounded by members of Congress and unsavory characters (mobsters), I had the chance to work out with members of the 1968 Olympic boxing team, just prior to the games that year. The coach was a great guy and he taught me their full workout (with weights) which I still do three

times a week. The reason the team was there was because, so I was told, the union had a piece of 3 or 4 of the fighters who were going to go pro after the games. Again, those 7 months there were far from boring!

Finally, when I was leaving, Paul Hall asked me what I saw as my future. I told him that I'd be going to either business school or law school after I fulfilled my commitment. On the spot he offered me a vice presidency in the union and offered to pay my way in either of Columbia or St. Johns law schools, my choice, with a guarantee that I would graduate. Told him that I'd let him know after I returned from vacation. Never did respond.

--Paul

From Charlie Schroeder:

I want to congratulate the great memories of many of my classmates, that they recall the details of their 3 years of sailing after graduation. I can remember most of the events of my 3 years at the ZOO and sea year, but many details of my 3 years at sea following KP are a bit foggy -- maybe early Alzheimer's. Many of my experiences of those 3 years are similar to the emails I have read, just thought I would throw in my 2 cents. Out of KP I immediately joined the *Tucson Victory*, freshly out of mothballs. I was joined by another KP '68 engineer whose name escapes me (Alzheimer's kicking in, maybe if he reads this he will refresh my memory).

We were shorthanded and we flipped a coin on who would go 2a/e, and the 2a/e from KP '66 I believe went 1a/e. I don't remember seeing the chief much in 3 months. We loaded ammo and maybe Carling Black Label beer on the East Coast. During the voyage we broke down numerous times and needed repairs, like in the Panama Canal, then had to pull into the West Coast for repairs where the Coast Guard tried to nail us. We also had to pull into Hawaii for repairs, maybe also the Philippines where I swapped cigarettes for San Miguel and filled my closet to the overhead. Finally made it to Nam and definitely got shot at going up the Saigon River to Saigon. We made it and everything was great in Saigon,

except the first watch when I was down below and the Navy was throwing percussion grenades near the hull to discourage Viet Cong divers.

Next we went to Da Nang and, as explained by a classmate, saw the jets bombing the mountainsides. Got off the *Tucson Victory* with a pile of money and took some R & R. I then caught the *Transcolumbia,* a C-4 converted to a heavy lift ship. It had a sister ship named the *Transcolorado.* Someone wrote in saying it was a roll-on roll-off but as far as I knew it was a heavy lift ship. Maybe they also have a little Alzheimer's. Awesome run when you are 22-years-old, picked up shot-up tugs and fast boats and took them to Korea, Taiwan or the Philippines for repair and just shuttled back and forth. Great memories. From then it got boring -- grain ships, tankers and then got married and got on the container run from Jersey to San Juan, a good run. All good three years of my life.

If anyone wants a good book to read to remind you of your sailing days, try *Steaming to Bamboola*, by Christopher Buckley. He joined the ship in 1979 to write a book, 10 years after I was on it. Names changed a bit but it was the *Transcolumbia*.

--Charlie

From Bill Haneline:

Sailing

My first ship as a 3rd Assistant was on the *Mayfield Victory* sailing out of LA to Danang, Viet Nam and Sattahip, Thailand. My second voyage was aboard a Sea Land container ship and I don't recall the name of it. It may have been the SS *Oakland.* Before I left on that voyage I'd applied for a job with Alaska Barge and Transport that had a Navy towing contract in Viet Nam. When the Sea Land ship returned from Viet Nam (we'd gone to Cam Rahn Bay) I had a letter of acceptance. After a short trip back to Nebraska to visit my family, I left for Viet Nam. I worked there for 16 months, primarily from the ports of Vung Tau, Saigon, Danang and

Cam Ranh Bay. Most of my time in Viet Nam was fairly vanilla. I was in one rocket attack in Vung Tau and one of the rockets landed about 50 yards from where we were berthed.

I did a 2 week R&R during that time and spent a couple of weeks in Surfers Paradise, Australia. I left Viet Nam in February 1970 needing about 4 weeks to qualify for overseas tax exemption. I decided to go down to Singapore and wait it out. When I got there I heard through the grapevine that there were jobs there for licensed engineers working on vessels in the oil fields. I found employment as a Chief Engineer on utility vessels serving the drilling ships in the Java Sea. I did this work for about a year working for a couple of companies, Tidewater Marine and Santa Fe Pomeroy. The vessels were diesel and hauled supplies, fuel and water to the drilling ship (actually a jacked-up drilling platform). The utility vessels looked like a flatbed truck on water. The second year I worked as a 3rd Assistant on the *Glomar V*. We would work 2 week, 12 hour shifts and then have a week off in Singapore. At the time we were drilling in the Sunda Straits between Java and Sumatra and in the Indian Ocean off the coast of Sumatra. My last voyage was a 42-day trip from Singapore to Cape Town. My last day as a mariner was December 31st, 1971.

--Bill

From Jeff Grant:

I was assigned aboard the SS *Seatrain San Juan* just as it was being retrofitted at the Savannah Shipyard. I was able to go over all the operations of the engine room while it was being overhauled. Then, when it sailed, the run was from Weehawken NJ to/from San Juan PR. I was a Third on the ship for my first year, and the as a Second on the second year.

While sailing as Second, we had a Captain change in Weehawken, and this little story is about him. It seemed odd that he did not eat any meals with us in the officer's mess for the first couple of days. Then, quite suddenly (for us), the ship's carpenter erected a plywood barrier on the dining table. There was one piece running the length of the table, attached

to the table with little "L" brackets every so often. This barrier was about 30" high. Then he built another at 90 degrees across the table in front of the Captain's seat, also at the same height. Attached to these pieces of wood were holders for the condiments. The wood was not finished, just rough-sawed pieces of 3/4" plywood (good on one side).

This barrier effectively cut off all communications between the Captain and all the other officers, as well as no talking between the sides, where all deck officers were isolated from all the engine officers. I think he was trying to isolate us! As far as I know, there was no talking between the two groups of officers, and no talk with the Captain. The favorite nickname among the engineers, referring to the Captain, was "Captain Bligh" (not to his face).

Later in his tenure came his demise. We were steaming up the Jersey coast in the early morning, expected to reach NYC harbor for an 8:00 a.m. docking. I was on the 4-8 watch in the engine room. I was on standby because of dense fog, but we were steaming at full speed ahead. I was in the boiler room getting coffee, with the oiler at the controls until I got back. I heard three blasts of the ship's whistle and then very shortly after that, the ringing of the engine order telegraph (EOT). I quickly shot over to the engine controls, answered the EOT (which was ordering an Emergency Full Astern)! This ship was a Turbo-electric, so I immediately moved the controls to full stop, turned the interlock so I could change engine direction, and then shoved the controls into reverse and started to bring up the speed as quickly as I could.

I was so nervous, I did not call the Chief prior to the maneuver and as quickly as I could, got to full speed. The screw was cavitating so badly, the ship was heaving up and down so severely that it threw the Chief out of bed. He quickly came down to the engine room. I told him what I knew; he went throughout the engine room and came back. He told me he was going topside to see what he could see.

Soon, the EOT told me to stop the engines, and then slow astern, then slow ahead. We were maneuvering. I calmed down. The Chief came back down with a huge grin on his face, took the controls and told me to go topside and look over the starboard side . . . I saw a calm sea, with some swells

-- normal for the New Jersey shore. I also saw a schooner with both its masts in the water, broken from the ship, and full sails also in the water, about half way up the masts. There were four people on the deck, three in PJs.

Here's what the Second Mate told me: At the beginning of the voyage the Captain had a meeting on the Bridge with all the mates and displayed a chart covering from NYC at the top and San Juan at the bottom. On the chart was a heavy red line with some zigs and zags starting in NYC and ending in San Juan, which the Captain referred to as "The Track". He told them that the only speed is full speed ahead, and deviate from the track and you would be fired. Any problems or issues required that he be notified immediately.

On the way north, off the New Jersey shore, there was always marine traffic. The Captain still required the two conditions: on The Track and full steam ahead. The Second Mate was on watch when a sailboat, on a starboard tack, was on a non-changing bearing and therefore, perhaps a collision course. The Second kept his eye on the sailboat, and was increasingly getting nervous. Finally, he made the decision, and ordered the AB to go wake up the Captain. The AB objected, but was persuaded to go rouse him. He got an ear full from the Captain, who came lumbering onto the Bridge.

The moment the Captain stepped onto the Bridge, the Second Mate gave him the situation: "Sailboat on starboard tack is on a collision course -- we are on The Track and going full speed ahead." Then he said, "Captain, you have the conn." Immediately, the Captain blew the whistle three times.

Imagine you were on the sailboat. Here is a huge steamship coming straight toward you as fast as it can travel and now it blew the emergency distress signal. What would you do? The sailboat tried to drop its sails and steer clear of the oncoming ship. By the time the two vessels hit, the sailing ship was dead in the water, bobbing to and fro in the swells, with its sails luffing.

Quickly after blowing the whistle, the Captain sent the order to the engine room for an emergency full astern. Right after that the two vessels engaged and our ship hit the sailboat masts and severed them both at the point where they

were held by the ship's main deck -- two loud cracks and down went the sails.

We maneuvered for about three hours. The Coast Guard came. No one was hurt. Then we slowly made our way to the dock. The Coast Guard came aboard. I saw them leave with the Captain. I never saw the Captain again. The Chief told me to memorize the event. If there was an inquiry, I would be a witness. There was no inquiry.

--Jeff

From Jack Opet:

I spent two years sailing as a licensed engineer. Between mid-'68 and mid-'69, I made four roundtrips between California ports and Viet Nam with Seatrain Lines on converted T2 tankers. Hit pretty much every major port in that country plus an offshore call about 15 miles south of the DMZ where one of our battleships was shelling inland targets. I was on watch one night in Da Nang when our guard started dropping percussion grenades overboard to 'discourage' any VC frogmen. Otherwise these trips were pretty uneventful. Needed a short-term billet before the summer of '69 so I sailed for a month on the *Sylvania*, a very old (1905) bulker running between a Toledo coal pier and Detroit power plants.

I spent the period between the fall of '69 and mid-'70 back on the Lakes aboard the *Armco* that hauled iron ore down from Silver Bay, MN to Toledo. It was aboard this ship that I experienced the coldest weather in my life while we were laid up in Superior, WI. The wind chill factor was about -30 degrees and I had to walk about a mile into town every night for dinner. My strongest memory of the *Armco* was also the most of my life. The last Chief Engineer I worked under (Edward Bindon, a really great guy) and the last Captain I sailed for (Ernest McSorley) were both aboard the *Edmund Fitzgerald* when she went down in a storm in Whitefish Bay on Lake Superior. During the summer of 1970, I got married to Mary Ann on July 25th, moved to Maryland where she was teaching. I was prepared to complete my 3rd year sailing obligation when Jim Mucci called and asked if I wanted a job

in Honolulu. Four days later, I was on a flight to Hawaii (Mary Ann also had a travel bug) where I spent four years working for Seatrain Lines.

It was a stevedoring supervisor gig and it sounded like a fun opportunity for a year. Before the year was out, Jim was transferred to Oakland and I took over as the GM of Operations. I worked for Seatrain there until they sold out to Matson in April of 1974. I then accepted an offer to work for Matson in their M&R department in Honolulu. That lasted all of two weeks before Seatrain offered me a position in Long Beach as the port manager. We moved on short notice (again Mary Ann followed later on) and worked there from mid-'74 through mid-'78 when I transferred with them up to the Oakland headquarters.

During the spring of 1971, I completed my obligation by serving for 30 days aboard the *James C. Owens* (DD-776) based at Pearl Harbor. My high point aboard the *Owens* was taking command on the bridge during some Williamson turn training drills off of Oahu -- thus ended my seagoing days.

--Jack

From George Stupski:

[Editor's note: I think we need a passage about union hall shipping and job calls; most folks never experience that. So I am going to paste in a description (New York MM&P hall, circa 1971) from a book I wrote].

He sometimes went up to New York to ship. That union hall was larger, and older. It was located in the southern end of Manhattan, within walking distance to South Ferry. Right at South Ferry, the southern tip of the island, was the Seamen's Church Institute, where a seaman could get a small, clean room cheaply; it helped keep you afloat, but it wasn't a party. You could have no visitors in the room, the place closed early, and at night, there wasn't much around there to do. McAnn's Bar was the only joint around, and it was for drinking, not much else.

The main room of the New York hall was full of old, mismatched furniture, and ashtrays. There were offices upstairs, and a small room that had one pool table and some lockers you could rent to stow things in. There was a window between the main room and the dispatcher's office. There, dispatcher Lenny would call out the jobs twice a day, offshore work first, if any. He started the bidding on the assignments with the call, "Hear your numbers, please!" Each shipping card had a number on it. They were consecutive, so that the older your card, the lower your number. Lenny would holler something like: "Third mate, 180 days, on the *American Archer*, hear your numbers, please," and the bidding, just like an auction, would begin. You shouted out your number, and Lenny repeated it, then other guys would yell lower numbers, and he would repeat those too, until there were no lower numbers; then, like an auctioneer, he did the: "Going once, going twice, gone!" routine.

The problem with this method was trying to figure out what to do if there was more than one job, on top of the usual problems wondering if you should bid, say, on a two-month job, when you really needed four months. Would something better be on the board tomorrow? When there was more than one job, you might have the lowest number that would be bid on the first job called, but pass it up because the second was a better one -- longer job, more pay, or going somewhere you wanted to go. If you passed on the first one, however, then got beat by a guy who was waiting for the second job, you went home, or to the Seaman's Institute, empty-handed. It was no work, no pay, and another day of expenses in New York. You would call home again from Seaman's Church and try to tell your family that things would be better tomorrow, all the while sick to your stomach, worried about bills and kids, knowing that you could have been on the payroll that day if you had played it the other way around.

When shipping was bad, more guys would be crowding around the bulletin board where the job listings were, next to Lenny's window. When Lenny tacked up a job sheet, 15-20 guys would crowd around it. With two or three minutes until the official call, the tension would mount. *Who's that son-of-a-bitch? Does he have me beat?* Shipping cards in those days

were good for two years. If you didn't ship out in two years, the card expired, and you had to get a new one, putting you at the bottom for bidding. There you'd be, with, say a nine-month old card. You hadn't shipped in all that time, and could reasonably expect to get at least a four-month assignment. But, you never knew who had a card that was nearing its expiration, and the son-of-a-bitch would throw in on a short job because he had to use it or lose it. It was all a gamble. The mate saw guys beat out for a job by a guy who had registered for work on the same day, but minutes before, thereby getting a lower number. Even tough sailors sometimes looked sick when that happened.

As the years went by, the mate got to know most of the regulars in the halls. Eventually, little groups formed, and sat together. The guys who lived in the port stuck together, and acted as if they owned the union. Younger, academy graduates tended to hang out together, and would go out at night drinking, or hang around the Institute shooting pool. Hard-nosed seamen, who had come up the hawsepipe, working their way from crewman to officer, were another group. The alcoholics tended to find large chairs in the corner and sleep most of the day. There were also the loners. These were the guys most likely to beat you out, if they had come in from another port. "Check his dues!" was a typical cry when some stranger snagged a good job, in the faint hopes that the bastard wasn't up to date on his union dues, and could not only be denied the job, but have to reregister to ship, and go to the bottom of the list.

The mate also learned about the various job advisors who always seemed to be present at job calls. These guys would appear at your elbow a minute or two before Lenny did his act, and ask you if you were going to bid on a particular job. If it seemed you were, comments would follow from your new friend, the advisor:

"The captain on that one is a real mother. Tries to get every new guy fired."

"That thing is a goddam rust bucket. Goin' to the bottom anytime."

"The food on that ship sucks, and there's no overtime. You can't make anything."

Advice like that was frequent and free. At times, it would be amazing to see, a few minutes later, the same helper bidding on the ship he had just tried to talk you out of. It did make sense, however, to try to handicap the process. If you hung around with the young guys' group, you would learn from each other who had what card, and what they would throw in on. Guys would share information that they had about other sailors in the hall; for example, if a guy bid on a job and missed, you would then know what his number was. From then on, if that guy looked ready to bid, you would know ahead of time if he had you beat. After you had sailed with a guy, he became your old shipmate. Guys didn't mess around with an old shipmate much, and you generally got truthful answers or advice from them. Some of the old-timers were actually very helpful to younger guys they had sailed with, and respected. They would tell you what they knew about the ship, the company, the captain, and who else in the hall might be bidding on the job.

After the last job call of the day, most sailors went on their way. Those that had shoreside incomes, from a business, or from a wife who had a good job, were always in a better mood than the poor bastards who desperately needed to ship out and couldn't. Some guys hung around the beat-up hall until it closed at 1700. Some of them simply had nowhere else to go. Others sat in quiet agony over their state of affairs, hoping for a pierhead jump. These were supposed to be "emergency only" replacements for a ship that was sailing that day. Sometimes it appeared that these rare jobs were not just unusual, good luck, but perhaps something else. The ship would still be in port the next day, and the guy who took the job ten minutes before the hall closed, when there was no one else around to bid on it, was an inside guy who knew everybody, especially the officials. Nobody ever seemed to see anyone offering up a bribe, or anyone taking one, but everybody suspected it happened here and there. It was, after all, a waterfront union.

--Ski

From Jim Harbach:

Sailing after Graduation -- Viet Nam

Like I'm sure many others of our generation did, I watched the recent PBS series on the Viet Nam War. It brought back many memories of the two years I spent after KP graduation as a Third Assistant Engineer on old WWII era steam ships hauling supplies (mostly munitions) into Viet Nam. Many times ports I had been into were mentioned (Saigon, Cam Rahn Bay, Da Nang, Qui Nhon, Nha Trang) and I kept telling my wife "I was there". One trip was carrying a complete ship load of 500 lb. bombs for Da Nang Airbase. Another was a complete ship load of napalm. We did get hazardous cargo pay for the bombs, but not the napalm. They insisted it was inert as loaded. I didn't believe them. I didn't think too much at the time about the impact these cargoes would have, but the video of the bombing and use of napalm in the PBS series was sobering.

A couple of things I will never forget are having a Viet Cong mortar fired at us going up the Saigon River, and being anchored in Da Nang harbor near the battleship New Jersey as she was firing her 16 inch guns inland. Another is being on watch in the engine room tied up alongside in Saigon when a patrol boat lobbed a grenade into the water right next to the hull. They did this to discourage "swimmers" who would attach explosive charges to a ship and sink it at the dock. The unbelievably loud bang definitely got my attention. No, they didn't warn us they would do this.

--Jim

From Jeff Grant:

We were in San Juan, PR to complete a major repair on the port boiler. We had removed the boiler from service and waited a day before starting so it could cool off. As the Second, I was in charge of the repairs; one task was to replace the safety valve. I gave that job to one of the Thirds - told him what to do and when he needed help taking the valve

off, give me a shout. He got wrenches, rags and put stuff in a bucket and went up to the fiddley to start.

After a while of working in the firebox, I decided to give the Third a look. As I came into view, I could see him sweating up a storm. He was seated with his legs wrapped around the safety valve, working to loosen the flange bolts one by one. He did it by taking out every other bolt around the valve. There were eight bolts, and he was proud to say he was just starting bolt #5.

Only problem he had was the extreme heat. I realized what he was doing and told him to "STOP!" He was loosening the bolts on the safety valve for the starboard boiler! I told him to carefully replace the bolts he had just taken out. Escaping super-heated steam would have cut him to ribbons. I would not like having to complete the safety report if that gasket had blown.

--Jeff

From John Rydzewski:

My first voyage after receiving my license was as Third Engineer aboard the SS *Texas,* a C-3 freighter pulled out of the boneyard, given a fresh coat of paint and therefore considered seaworthy. After reading some of the experiences of other classmates I realized my experiences paled by comparison.

We had continuing issues keeping both generators in synchronization while in port. One would hog the load then kick out. Immediately the remaining generator would be overloaded and kick out also. We had a leak in one of the day tank heating coils. We were in heavy seas and high winds in the North Pacific, returning to the US in November 1968. At 0400 the 2nd engineer switched day tanks. When the oil contaminated with the condensate from the leaking steam coil got to the burner the fires went out, the steam pressure dropped, and the ship went dark. The emergency generators came on but kicked out. We were bouncing around – no lights, no foghorn. At the time I wasn't scared, but thinking back we were in quite a bit of danger. I guess naivety has some

benefit. Eventually we dropped enough connected load to keep the emergency generator on, switched back to the good day tank, bled the oil lines, re-established a flame, built up steam pressure and got underway.

After graduation I sailed for 5 years and upgraded my license to first engineer. The last ship I was on was the USNS *Pioneer Valley*, aT-2 tanker run by Marine Transport Lines for MSTS. I had just married my wonderful wife, Junko, and within a month had to return to the ship. Before I left on vacation I had an understanding with the First Engineer that when I returned he would take vacation and I would sail as first. Instead he stayed on and I continued as Second Engineer. We left around the first of February and didn't return stateside until August. We were on a European run, delivering oil to US military bases. When we returned, the union required the First to take vacation. I got to sail as first for about 10 days. The *Pioneer Valley* was being taken out of service and put in the boneyard. With the prospects of having to sail months longer than anticipated before being able to sit for a Chief's license, I decided to look for shoreside employment.

--John

From Chas Pearson:

SAILING IN THE FOG ON MY MAIDEN VOYAGE WITH MY LICENSE:

I boarded the *Seatrain Washington*, a jumboized T-2 tanker conversion to bulk cargo in Alameda, Calif. on July 23, 1968 (my first ship after graduation) after it had spent time in drydock for repairs, the ship was totally empty and we left there bound for Seattle to pick up our load of cargo to bring across the Pacific to Viet Nam for the war effort.

After I got off watch at midnight on the morning of Aug. 10, 1968, I was "resting" (with the fog horn blowing every few minutes preventing me from "sleeping") and around 0300 I felt a significant bump and the steady monotonous vibration and sounds from the engine room suddenly changed . . I'm a light

sleeper, so immediately jumped up, quickly got dressed and ran down to the engine room to see what was going on.

At that time, maybe 3 minutes? after impact, when I got down to the engine room, the controls were STILL in full speed ahead, to my surprise. Once I checked with the watch engineer (second or other third) that all appeared OK in the engine room, things started happening . . . quickly.

After several calls back & forth with the bridge, we finally received a full stop command and were informed that we had collided with another ship and then the fun began. Once it was determined that neither vessel was in danger of sinking, both ships limped into ports and we ended up in Todd Shipyard's Seattle drydock for another 2 weeks to repair the bow before loading up our intended cargo and continuing on our mission to Viet Nam.

(See photo in the gallery of our damaged bow)

Below is part of the official record from the front page of the Port Angeles Evening News of Aug. 12, 1968:

"A second major collision occurred three days later, on August 10, also in dense fog, when the *Seatrain Washington* of Seatrain Lines, Capt. Ole Ruemert, and the Liberian freighter *Rose S* commanded by Capt. Chul D. Sung, a South Korean, collided in the Strait of Juan de Fuca 17 miles east of Cape Flattery at 3:00 a.m. The officers of the *Seatrain Washington*, a 523-foot converted Mission class tanker, claimed that the *Rose S*., a 518-foot bulk carrier built in Japan in 1967, had cut across their bow. In the ensuing crash the American vessel had her bow section partially torn away, while the Liberian-registered carrier suffered hull damage amidships. The *Seatrain Washington* joined the *Eagle Courier* at Todd's Seattle yard for repairs, while the *Rose S* discharged her cargo of logs at Port Angeles before proceeding to Seattle for repairs. Gordon Newell, Maritime Events of 1968, H. W. McCurdy Marine History of the Pacific Northwest 1966 to 1975, p.52."

To be involved in a collision at sea on my maiden voyage gave me cause to reconsider my choice of profession, but I soon got over that paranoia and didn't really think much

about the inherent risks of sailing on the high seas for the rest of my time at sea.

Looking back, and with the many incidents resulting in deaths at sea over the past decades, even involving some of our classmates, perhaps I should have been more concerned, but at the age of 22, I felt I was invincible and dismissed the risks. Luckily, this was the only collision I experienced in my 5 years of sailing . . . but there were other very real risks I experienced while sailing in the Viet Nam theater during that time.

As the investigation proceeded into the cause of the accident, we heard many rumors of testimony, but fortunately I was never interrogated, so I don't have any first-hand knowledge of the investigation.

The *Seatrain Washington* staff claimed that the radar must have been damaged as a result of the collision because when the investigators boarded the ship, it was inoperative and there was speculation by some that it wasn't working reliably at the time of the collision and may have been a contributing factor leading to the accident.

It's also notable that our ship was completely empty of cargo at the time . . . had we been fully loaded at the time, this accident might have turned out VERY differently, especially for the *Rose S*, and NOT in a good way . . . so we dodged a possible major incident out of coincidence since we had just left the Alameda Drydock.

I never got too involved in this incident investigation, after the repairs we loaded up as intended and proceeded to head west to the Far East to support the Viet Nam war effort for the Military Sealift Command (MSC) for my first licensed voyage after graduation that lasted 168 days.

CHASING STORMS AROUND THE SOUTH PACIFIC LOOKING FOR FRESH WATER

These Hudson Waterways converted tankers were a challenging effort to keep running due to the age of the equipment, the lack of spare parts, the fact that everything was "cosmolined" when drydocked after WWII, and the resultant efforts to remove it all were often less than effective.

In general, the minimal effort to make these ships “seaworthy” during sea trials due to the need to get them in service as fast as possible for the war effort, is something that many in our class experienced. Due to this compressed process as the war ramped up in 1967-8, they provided an intensive learning experience from an engineering standpoint just to keep them running. We were authorized to put in all the overtime we could, just to keep ahead of the constant breakdown of systems on these ships that were originally built in the 1930s and 40s.

On this particular voyage, we visited several of the military-related ports in the Far East (Pearl Harbor, Guam, Okinawa, Saigon, Danang, Vung Tao, Cam Rahn Bay, Qui Nhon to name a few) ferrying different types of cargo from place to place as we were on an MSC “bare bones charter” contract where the military basically rented the ship with its operating crew on an open-ended contractual relationship where there was no planned itinerary. The military sent us where they needed us when they needed to, so usually we had no real idea of when the voyage was ending, where we were going, or really much of anything . . .until we got orders and proceeded as directed.

One “sea story” of note on this voyage is about the extremely poor quality of the old equipment we had to maintain and this saga relates to the main evaporator that is used to boil salt water using steam fed copper coils and condense the steam produced to make fresh water for use aboard ship, both as domestic water for the crew, but also as make-up water for the boilers (that had their own sets of problems -- leaks, etc.), so this one piece of equipment is a very critical part of the successful operation of any ship, even today.

Our boilers had several on-going leaks in the tubes and fittings, we used superheated steam to periodically blast off the carbon soot build-up on the boiler tubes as a result of burning bunker C oil (almost sludge when cold) and there were other steam leaks that meant that we had to continually run the evaporator to produce make-up water for all our needs.

On this voyage, we were told, several times, that this ship had pretty much run its course, that there were so many problems with the engine room equipment that Hudson had decided to send it to Kaoshung, China for scrapping and we were supposed to get paid off there and flown home . . . and after over 100 days on this ship by then, that was great news for everyone.

But that changed once we reached Kaoshung, a crew came aboard and did some more repairs, and they then said after a few more ports that we'd get to Pearl Harbor (Hawaii) and the ship would be scrapped there and we'd be flown home.

The leaks continued to increase over time and the ship was placed on severe water rationing for the crew since we needed to keep the boilers operational to function at all. I recall at one point, when our fresh water tanks were dropping faster than the evaporator could keep up with, even with water restrictions, we actually ended up attaching fire hoses to the deck scuppers (these ships had big open decks for bulk cargo storage, but in our case provided a large area to collect rainwater) and we ran those fire hoses down to connections that could recharge the fresh water tanks with rain water and we then ended up chasing storms all around the South Pacific, trying to collect enough rainwater to make up the difference between what the evaporator could produce and what the boilers and crew needed.

After managing to collect some rainwater this way and keeping the boilers happy, we eventually made it to Pearl Harbor where the ship was supposed to be scrapped and we were to be paid off and flown home. Again that didn't happen and they actually had 2 coils for the evaporator flown to Hawaii -- those were installed in the evaporator, we regained the ability to make more fresh water than we were losing or using, and after those repairs, we were directed to head to Mobile, Alabama thru the Panama Canal, to end this voyage.

After all the stress of keeping this vessel functioning, we ended up approaching Panama City on the Pacific side of the Canal, on New Year's Eve day, and even though we had to drop anchor and wait for our position in line to go thru the locks up to Gatun Lake, the Captain refused anyone shore

leave, fearing that the crew (after being involved in one collision and about 140 days of traveling all around the Far East under difficult conditions) was burned out and if any of them got ashore, they'd likely NOT return.

We finally got clearance to proceed thru the Canal, and once in Gatun Lake, we took aboard some fresh food supplies from bum-boats while slowly under way thru the lake, and then continued on to Mobile, Alabama where I finally got off.

At that time, we were told the ship was going to be scrapped in Mobile, but . . . I actually ended up sailing on it again in September of 1971 for another trip west, and in a continuing degraded state, and I understand that it made 2 or 3 more trips to the war theater after I got off in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii when I was discharged with a medical issue in October of 1971. I don't know how many trips it made between January of 1969 (when I got off from the first voyage) until I got back on it again in September of 1971, but likely it made several trips in that time span.

While transiting the Panama Canal going west at the start of that 1971 trip, I picked up a small piece of steel in my left eye when I walked past someone in the engine room who was grinding a large piece of steel. Oddly, I didn't even feel it at the time, which is surprising, but true, but within a day or two of the incident, my eye started watering all the time and I would see halos around light bulbs, so I realized something wasn't quite right.

A piece of that metal that was ground off hit my left eye, about ¼" away from my center of vision (luckily), it was bothering me more and more each day, and by the time we got up to San Francisco, I still didn't recall what had happened, so I continued on that voyage to the west, thinking it would resolve itself over time.

I didn't realize it was serious until our trip across to Pearl Harbor. It got even worse each day heading west, and I finally had to wear a patch on that eye full-time till we got to Hawaii where I was discharged October 5, 1971 and treated at Tripler Hospital (Big Pink) overlooking Honolulu for 2 weeks while they dissolved the metal in my eye without surgery and I was paid off there and the ship continued on to the Far East without me.

On the upside, I only had to go to the hospital for a brief visit every other day for 2 weeks; they would scrape off the scar tissue on my eye to expose the metal piece and then put more chemicals (called a chelating agent) in my eye to dissolve the steel in place and they put on a new patch and I was all set to go for another 2 days.

The rest of the time I was there, I did a lot of surfing at Waikiki Beach, connected up with ’69 (started with us in ’68) Walt Skinner’s brother Lee Skinner, who was working in a hotel on the strip at the time and even caught a live performance of Jesus Christ Superstar at the Ala Moana Arena in Honolulu with him before I said aloha to Hawaii and flew home for the winter ski season in NH.

THE DANGERS OF BLOCK-M PARTIES

After one of those infamous Block-M parties, on our way back to the Zoo after drinking WAY too much, a bunch (must have been 6 or 7 of us) of us piled into someone’s Jaguar sports car for the trip back.

This was a convertible, and I ended up sitting on some classmate’s shoulders in the tiny “back” seat that we crammed into, we had all had too much alcohol (as usual), but as the driver (fortunately I can’t recall who that was-if you end up reading this, let me know) tried to negotiate a 90-degree turn at the end of the street we were driving on, he didn’t quite make it and ran into the side of a big Cadillac parked on the street.

I fell forward and hit my forehead (luckily) on the top of the front windshield metal trim. I was numb from the alcohol and didn’t think much about it, but if you’ve ever had a cut on your face, you know how much blood pours out, so once we came to a stop, picked ourselves out of the mangled mess of arms, legs and torsos, someone looked at me and asked if I were alright, to which I said “I’m fine.”

Well, I wasn’t, and when the rest of the guys looked at me, they said I needed medical attention because my whole face was covered in blood.

That seemed to sober us up quickly, and in the meantime, lights came on and the owner of the Cadillac came

out of the nearby house to see what had happened. When he saw my face, he brought me into the house and they cleaned me up, put on some bandages of some form, and fortunately neither the Jag nor the Caddy were damaged too badly, the owner said not to worry about it, he'd take care of his car, so we drove back to the campus and didn't say much about the event.

We later found out that the owner of the Cadillac was NOT the husband of the woman that was living there, so (obviously) HE didn't want to make a big deal about it. I managed to keep the small horizontal cut in my forehead from bleeding too much (never went for stitches), and at this point in time the small scar there just looks like another wrinkle over my nose.

I learned a valuable lesson at that time, and even to this day, whenever I am out and have a little too much to drink, I have NO problems handing the keys to Jeanne for the drive home (she's much more responsible than me), so this was another one of those experiences that we don't appreciate in the moment, but later on recognize were important life lessons that we benefit from without realizing it at the time.

--Chas

Part Six: "After Graduation I . . ."

[Editor's note: I wrote this for the KP magazine in 2017, about what Ed Woods did after graduation].

While visiting Washington, D.C., in June, 2017, with family, I was able to arrange lunch with classmate Ed Woods. I had not seen him in 49 years, although we have emailed for the last four years. I think his post-graduation life is fascinating, and with his permission, I'll give you the basics.

Although he fully intended to sail in the Merchant Marine, after graduation something changed within him, perhaps a call to duty, and he joined the Navy. He became a fighter pilot, mostly in an A4 Skyhawk (see photo in the gallery). He flew many missions over Viet Nam. He told my grandkids a great story about what it is like to land on a carrier for the first time.

When the war ended, he decided to become a doctor. Why he went from warrior to doctor is a story best told in person by Ed. He is planning on coming to the 50th. Eventually he became a cardio-thoracic surgeon. He still does it part time. In that capacity he has treated a variety of people, including a US president.

Ed still rides his horse over jumps. In his travels he has known people as diverse as RFK (who was a pall bearer at Ed's Dad's funeral -- shortly before Ed started at KP) and Dr. Oz (whom Ed did a residency with in France).

From George Stupski:

Graduation night I spent at my brother's place in New Haven, CT, as he was at Yale Law. My family was there too;

they drove up from Florida. My brother and I stayed up late watching the news on the shooting of RFK. The next day, I reported, as arranged, to the public health hospital on Staten Island, for a pre-arranged dental surgery to fix my under bite. They kept me there six weeks, with a wired jaw.

I went home to Florida, joined the MM&P and began to ship out of and live in New Orleans. I became a union hall rat and liked it; shipping was good. In 1969 I used some piled up vacation time to do a semester of grad school at the University of Texas in Austin. I played rugby there. After sailing my obligation, I entered Boston College and got a Master's degree in Teaching. Several years of teaching and coaching in junior high, while shipping out of New York in the summers, followed.

With bills piled up, I quit teaching and went back to the union hall. During a temporary summer job in Phoenix in 1986, I met my current wife. Between us there are three kids and two grandkids (now in high school -- really?!!). I quit the sea for good in 1987 and ended up working for a county government as, eventually, a GIS analyst.

I retired in 2007 and now split my time between homes in Sedona, Arizona, and Dana Pt. Ca. I played tennis for many years. I do hikes with my dog and some creative writing. I often feel, despite some "lean/mean" times in the past, that I now have it all.

--George

From Jeff Grant:

Three days after our 6/5/68 graduation, I was married at Mariners Chapel and did not have to report to my ship (the SS *San Juan* was being overhauled) until September. So, Linda and I went on an extended honeymoon. We received about $200 in cash gifts, so I suggested we explore the West until the money ran out. My parents left their car in Vancouver, BC when they came to our graduation and that is where we started. We flew from NYC, with a stopover in Calgary. The terminal in Calgary was about the same size as the plane, with two doors marked "ENTER" and "EXIT" leading to the

featureless boarding area. They did not have a skyway and they rolled a set of stairs over to the plane for disembarking. We stayed at a family friend's home that night and then off we went.

We drove down to Seattle and stayed at my parents' home for the next two weeks. Nobody was there except the two of us. The house was almost brand new, overlooking Puget Sound (to the west) -- it was a perfect honeymoon shack! During the day we explored the Greater Seattle area and then came back to the shack to finish the day, watching the sun go down over the Olympic Mountains. An interesting feature of the house was a shower in the master bath which had a full length, four foot wide picture window looking toward the Sound, so, as my Mother put it, "You could look at the view while taking a shower." We visited my friends from my formative years, etc. Then off for a road trip; a big circle through Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, California and Oregon. I will relate a few incidents along the way.

Lake Coeur D'Alene Idaho -- we stopped at a little motel of cabins at the north end of the lake, far away from the "tourist traps" built along the mid-section of the lake. When checking in, the desk person asked if we would be interested in a complimentary breakfast. I did not see a restaurant on the grounds, nor nearby, but agreed that would be nice. He said to go down to the dock at 0900. So, we made a point to get up "early" and while we were walking down the path toward the dock, we heard a boat speeding toward us, and sure enough it came to the dock we were. It was a nice small boat, what we called a "runabout" in those days. The skipper told us to hop in, and away we went to the "other" side of the lake . . . the boat ride was at least 20 minutes and during the trip he said, "I hope you don't embarrass me and try to give me a tip, since this is all part of the package." We arrived at a very large log lodge and he escorted us to the main dining room. He told the greeter that we were "special" guests and that breakfast was complimentary. We were seated right next to the picture windows looking out at the waterfront. We were offered anything on the menu, and it was all delicious! We watched the boats, water skiers, swimmers and others on the shore --

breakfast lasted two hours that day! We then went back to the runabout for the high speed trip back to our cabin. We could have stayed there the entire honeymoon, but of course we had to get going.

This was my way of showing my new wife, who was born and bred in NYC, what the West was all about. We were in downtown Seattle one morning, walking down 4th Avenue (the main drag), when a couple walking the opposite way on our sidewalk approached; the young woman at about 10 feet away welcomed us "good morning," to which I replied, "Good morning." The young man addressed us: "Good morning," and my new wife asked me under her breath: "What is he a homo, or something?" She was not used to the niceties of Seattle. Can't say that now -- too much political correctness.

Outside Cheyenne, Wyoming, sits the small town of Tie Siding. I saw it on the map and decided to take a small detour from our planned route that day; it is 18 miles south of Laramie. There were two buildings: a post office/general store and a schoolhouse. In the back wall of the general store a sign said it was the "Tie Siding Public Library" and it was filled with school books. The store proprietor told me the one room schoolhouse was there for the rancher children. The residents of the town lived in the back of the post office. That summer there was an increase of population since the granddaughter came for the summer. They started a ritual of changing the population number on the highway sign, by x-ing out the "two" and made it a "three." The grandfather told me his long term goal was to someday own the whole town. The "highway" through town was always closed in the winter because it was too much effort to plow the snow off, so they went to their vacation spot in Laramie each winter.

One day we arrived in Paradise, Montana for lunch. It was a side trip from I-90; all in an effort to show off anything unusual . . . it was a dusty small town with one diner. We sat down and I promptly put a dime in the machine at the table to play some music. Before it started, I heard a creaking sound over the front door -- it was a small replica of a music stage, where the drapes were being drawn. When the music started the figures on the stage would bob their heads and make believe they were singing. It was a "rock & roll" band stage! I

have never seen another, nor even heard of one. The waitress was about 16 y.o. and seemed very energetic. I asked her what she did for fun on Friday nights, as I didn't see anything in the small town. She told me they would drive to Helena to go to the movies -- that's about a three hour drive that she claimed they could make in two; she said they would leave "early" to make it on time.

I remembered the "Painted Desert" in Arizona which was featured on the Mickey Mouse Club. So, when we got close I had to go see. When the sun is just right, the drab landscape came to life and it was just exquisite. It became a National Park in 1962.

Driving I-5 north of Los Angeles, I found I was passing all the cars on the highway, since I "always" drive about 7 mile/hr. faster than the posted speed limit. Naturally, I always keep an eagle-eye out for the cops. I would look ahead, then to the right lane (I was always in the left "passing" lane), rear view mirror, and kept scanning all the time. I was quite surprised when the rear view mirror showed a motorcycle cop right behind me with the flashers going! I pulled over on the left since there were too many cars to try to make it to the right, and the cop was right behind me. In those days, you got out of the car and walked toward the cop to show your willingness to discuss whatever infraction you may have committed. So we met half way between my car and his motorcycle. He was not smiling. He asked me why I was speeding, so I related what I said above. I figured I would get a ticket and then be on my way. Instead, seeing the Washington state tags, he asked me how I was proceeding. I told him I was going up the coast highway (101), to which he responded: "Up there the cops will pull you over if you go 2 mph faster than the speed limit, and they will write a ticket." He gave me a verbal warning and let me go. At the end I asked him how he got right behind me without me noticing, especially since I was scanning so hard to see him; he said "We have our ways." I still do not know how he got there without me seeing him sooner.

Of course, we had to go through Grant's Pass Oregon -- just because.

In Northern California we were on the road too long one day and when we started to look for a motel, could not find one with a vacancy. Rather than stop and search in a town, we kept on driving to find one next to the highway. We finally found a nice one at about 10:00 p.m. When I went to check in, they said they only had the "Presidential Suite" available -- for a very high price (that I didn't want to pay). I started to tell him our woes of not being able to find any accommodations, and mentioned that he was probably not going to be able to rent the Presidential Suite that night because it was already so late. I told him we would not mess anything up and leave early in the morning if he would rent it for the same as a standard room. He agreed! So that night we stayed in the Presidential Suite. I told my wife it was a special room just for our honeymoon.

At the end of the trip we flew back to NYC, as our first apartment was in the Bronx. My wife gave me a big smile when we started to land because she could see the smog in the air. She told me the trip was wonderful, but she missed the NYC smog.

A three month long vacation is a perfect way to start a career.

--Jeff

From Bill Ahearn:

After graduation . . . The first three trips to SE Asia were MSTS runs and Joe DeMartino and I were not only former team mates and former classmates, but now we're former shipmates. We're still close and it's great when we get together with Ray Fernandez, George Kohl and the ladies. I sailed a few years after that, got a First's License and then went to work with General Electric as an Installation and Service Engineer, doing mostly gas turbine work. I moved on to a Port Engineer's job with Trinidad Oil, which was transporting Chevron products at the time. I had a fancy office in Rockefeller Center but I was never there. I used to commute to Florida on Saturdays to unload tankers and the travel got to me. I decided to take a break, stay in the New

York City area for a while and consequently took a test to be a New York City Fireman. When they called, I took the job, not thinking I'd stay very long.

But I became a Chief Engineer in the New York City Fireboat Fleet and eventually retired. I then got into the restaurant business and have been a part owner at four locations. I think I'm finally down to the last "Suspenders" location with the current version, as at my age I've realized that it doesn't get any easier. When I do pack it in it will give me more time to spend on my favorite hobby -- researching the provenance of antique firearms. Most memorable Kings Point experience since graduation? That would have to be attending the ceremony in which Ray Reiche's name was placed on a special section of the Viet Nam Memorial in Washington. We attended the ceremony with Maureen Foster and Ray's daughter, Kate, as well as with other members of Maureen's family. It's not something you forget easily.

--Bill

From Stan Westover:

After graduation I joined the MM&P and set sail. After a year, I married my girlfriend, Joanne. We are still together and next year will be 49 years. We have a son, Christian, a daughter-in-law, Samantha, stepdaughter, Briana, and our granddaughter, Katelyn (9).

In 1971, I went to work for Toyota, becoming their Import Planning Manager. I developed strategic national short and long range plans for port facilities. I was responsible for all administrative functions, including budget analysis, contract lease administration, negotiation with various maritime and transportation related companies, and strike contingency plans and operations pertaining to importation of vehicles into 9 ports of entry. I directly managed a staff of 18 employees with an annual operating budget of $6 million.

In 1982, I became the Director of Operations for the Port of Long Beach, Ca. I directed the utilization and management of all waterfront activities and Wharfinger, Security, Tariff/Pricing, Risk Management, Safety and Loss

Prevention Departments. I managed the second largest Division in the port, with 50 employees.

After seven years there, I took a similar position with the Port of San Diego. There I directed the operations and use of the port's maritime terminals, commercial and cruise ship berthing piers and facilities; assisted in promoting trade development and developing and implementing plans and programs to enhance maritime related revenue and improve the growth of economic development and commerce.

I still play golf. For three years I even worked part time as a golf shop pro! I am active with the KP Alumni San Diego Chapter, and several other professional organizations. Starting with graduation, I stayed active in the Navy Reserve for 25 years, retiring with the rank of commander.

--Stan

From Alex Weller:

What I did after graduation -- sailed with Bill Sargeant ’64 RC, and ’65 1st Battalion Commander Frank Menser on a couple of Sea Land ships. Then law school, USCGR active duty for 4 years and 21 years practicing admiralty law in New Orleans. Then I spent 13 years in the USCG as a senior civilian attorney doing maritime safety, maritime environmental law and maritime security, including the legal issues associated with the response to 9/11 and the Deepwater Horizon oil spill.

--Alex

From Don Peavy:

After graduation, I sailed for Texaco and the US Army Corps of Engineers. Karen and I married in May 1969 and were blessed in April 1970 with a daughter, Jennifer.

I worked on commercial nuclear power plants as a Mechanical Engineer for Combustion Engineering at its Nuclear Division in CT. and then on naval nuclear power plants for General Electric Company at its Knolls Atomic

Power Laboratory. I worked on advanced carbonate fuel cells for GE's Advanced Energy Programs Department in Schenectady, NY, then was relocated to Valley Forge, PA. There I developed a welding and machining demonstration facility for GE Domestic Apparatus and Engineering Services. I then moved to Space Systems working on Information Systems of strategic national importance. GE sold Space Systems to Martin Marietta which subsequently merged with Lockheed to form Lockheed Martin where I continued to work until my retirement in 2007.

Our daughter graduated with a BS in Mechanical Engineering from Lehigh University, (where she was inducted into the national mechanical engineering society Pi Tau Sigma) and a Masters of Engineering from Penn State. In June 2004, she and her husband presented us with a beautiful Granddaughter, Abigail.

I raced sailboats (Kestrel and Laser), embraced running in my 30's, and Karen and I enjoy Ballroom, Latin and Argentine Tango Dancing.

--Don

From Dave Mozgala:

After graduation, I sailed briefly for Texaco and then decided to make the Navy my career. I became an Aircraft Maintenance Duty Officer and earned a Master of Science in Management. I served as head of aircraft maintenance on the USS *Enterprise,* then Executive Assistant to Commander, Naval Air Systems Command (3-Star Admiral). I managed a $6B Electronics Test Equipment System procurement and was awarded the Legion of Merit, three Meritorious Service Medals, and other awards. I retired with the rank of Captain.

I then worked as an engineer at TMA, Inc., providing engineering and logistics for the Landing Craft, Air Cushion (LCAC), and as a Senior Manager, ARINC, Inc. in Electronic Warfare and Financial Management at Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, MD.

I earned a Master of Arts in Teaching and taught middle school science, becoming Assistant Headmaster and Military

Director of Leonard Hall Junior Naval Academy (6th thru 12th grades) in, Leonardtown, Maryland. I also taught SAT and math at the Sylvan Learning Center in New Bern, NC. I am currently working at our local country club as a starter, part-time -- minimal responsibility and free golf for us!

My wife, Kathy, and I have 8 children and 17 grandchildren!

--Dave

From Boyd Goddard

After graduation I took a short vacation at home to decompress before heading up to the MEBA Hall in San Francisco. I had trepidations over the unfamiliar, so I was looking for a Mariner class vessel to start, but they were too popular for a high shipping number. Finally settled on a fly-away job on an APL Mariner, the SS *President Arthur*, on the East Coast on July 10th. Immediate promotion to 2 a/e due to shortage of engineers. Two trips to Viet Nam and home on Christmas Day. Next ship was a relief job with Matson to the Far East. The Chief liked me and told me to watch for a permanent job with Matson. They were hard to find, so I picked another trip to Viet Nam, which lasted half the year. Returning to the Hall, I found a permanent job open on the SS *Pacific Trader.* Thanks to that first Chief, I was quickly moved up to the SS *Hawaiian Rancher* as 2 a/e.

Then Matson pulled me off for a class at the Calhoun MEBA school for automation training in preparation for Matson's new vessels being built. My high school experience with electronics got the notice of another Chief, who asked me to crew the SS *Hawaiian Progress* under him. Several years there, and then back to Sun Ship for the first of Matson's Ro-Ro's, the SS *Lurline,* under that first Chief who had mentored me and encouraged me to sign on with Matson. Delivered that ship and made three trips before being reassigned back to Sun Ship for the SS *Matsonia* due to the need for experienced inspectors.

The unfortunate death of that first Chief a year later created an opening that shuffled several Chiefs around the

fleet, and gave me my first Chief's assignment. I spent so much time in shipyards (the Coast Guard only allowed half credit for shipyard time, despite the excellent experience gained) and I was still several months shy of time for my Chief's license. The permanent Chief was happy to oblige me and stayed with the ship while I got the last few sailing days under my belt, and then I took a long accumulated vacation and sat for my license. I'll forever be grateful to him for that.

After that long vacation, I returned to make a re-familiarization trip with him as First before taking over -- then he finally got his own long vacation. It was a trying trip because of various problems that developed, and we really didn't get much time to go over the Chiefly things that needed to be covered. My review of everything that mattered didn't happen until the last day of that trip. A quick review over the voyage abstract files and he said all I had to do was copy the data into them with the current numbers. He also pointed to the bottom right corner of the engine room log book and said, "You sign it there, and don't forget the carbon." And then I was Chief. That was September 4th, 1975.

In the course of my time as Chief on the SS *Matsonia*, classmate Dennis Roberts was my First. Dennis dropped a copy of the *Kings Pointer* on my desk one day which had an article on Elliott Woods being the first of our class to sail as Chief Engineer. We had a chuckle over it and then a discussion as to exactly what date was involved. There was obviously a time lag for publication, so the claim was probably good. Later correspondence with Elliott indicates that Andy Giovenco actually has the class honor for that distinction.

I went on to oversee new construction and take delivery of two more ships during my career, the SS *Maui* and the SS *Kauai*. I retired from the sea in 2000, settling in to a life of domestic engineering duty, keeping house and home together.

During my time on the SS *Matsonia*, I met my wife and we were married in 1976. Two boys and seven grandkids later, life goes on with a household dominated now by several Dalmatians. Over all these past years, we've raised and bred the breed.

I continued my Naval Reserve commission with minimal actual active duty. The Merchant Marine Program was difficult

in those years after graduation, and it took some perseverance to stay with it. With the advent of the New Orleans office, permissive orders to drill with local Reserve units became possible. I did considerable time with Naval Control of Shipping and SupShip with Navy Base San Diego in my back yard. Somehow, I managed to make Captain some years before retiring at the mandatory 30 years in 1998.

I now have a collection of horseless carriages we tour in, and I am the Editor of *The Cap Sheet*, a newsletter for the La Jolla Reg. Group of the HCCA. I've done a bit of historical research and recently had a long article published in the *Horseless Carriage Gazette* (HCCA) on the historic San Diego Road Race of 1915.

--Boyd

From George McShea:

By our 50th reunion, Kate and I will have been married 52 years. We have three kids, two sons and a daughter, four grandsons, and a granddaughter. We are enjoying their very active lives, and have traveled with them to Alaska, Italy, and the Jersey shore (of course), and hope to help them experience the world as we have.

We have been on a safari in Africa, attended the Winter Olympics in Torino, Italy, cruised rivers in Europe, cruised from Hong Kong to Viet Nam, Thailand (with a side trip to Angkor Wat in Cambodia), and Singapore. In November 2016, we cruised from Barcelona, across the Med., through the Suez Canal, and finished up in Dubai. By the time you read this my goal will be to have set foot on Antarctica and accomplish my life's target of walking on all seven continents.

After graduation, I boarded the *Gulflube*, a multi-grade oil, chemical, and lube oil tanker for Gulf Oil. I sailed for Gulf until 1978 when I moved to Apex Marine to sail as Master. I sailed as master on tankers until March 4, 1989 with Apex, Attransco, Keystone and American Ultramar. Most of you will remember that on March 27, 1989 the *Exxon Valdez* ran aground in Prince William Sound and the tanker shipping industry changed forever.

American Ultramar asked me to come ashore as Port Captain after leaving my last ship, the *Ultrasea.* I agreed and started my shoreside career. After American Ultramar sold off their US Flag fleet in 1993, I was named Director of the Portland Shipyard, in Portland, Oregon. In 1996, I recommended privatizing the shipyard (it was owned and operated by the Port of Portland) and had to change jobs again.

Through the Kings Point alumni network, I landed a job with ARCO in Long Beach, CA as manager, operations, and through two sales and a merger stayed with that one organization until I retired in 2011 as President of Polar Tankers -- one of the premier US Flag tanker companies in the industry -- and a subsidiary of ConocoPhillips.

I consulted occasionally for a couple years after retiring, but Kate and I wanted to travel the world while still healthy, so we have focused on travel for most of the last 7 years.

After retirement I have stayed active in the Alumni serving on the Board of Directors, sponsoring the Blue & Gray golf outings, and assisting with distributing the Kings Pointer magazine to Congress. Living where we do in Oxford, PA, I belong to three alumni chapters -- Philly, Baltimore, and Washington, DC. When we lived in Houston, I was a member of the Chapter Board of directors. More importantly, I have re-connected with many of our classmates over the last 10 years -- Bill Sember, Larry Rogers, and Mike Lawson in Houston; and Bob Featherer, Elliott Woods, Jim Todd, Jim Ware, my old roomie Rolf Ohnstad, and Stan Westover at the golf outings. Kate and I had dinner near Ocean City, NJ with Mark Christiansan, Joe Isabella and their significant others. Hopefully, I will finally have convinced Mark to be at our 50th, but we shall see.

--George

From Tom Fiedler:

Barely a week after graduation, on June 15, my high-school sweetheart and Ring Dance date, Sue Bowlin, and I exchanged vows in the chapel at Andrews Air Force Base

outside Washington, DC. This place was chosen because both of our fathers were Air Force officers, and Andrews was conveniently located between their locations. Jim Tryon and Steve Clarke were my groomsmen and remain among my closest friends.

Sue and I moved into an apartment in Orlando, near my parents' home so Sue wouldn't feel abandoned when I shipped out from Tampa, where I had joined Local 4 of the IOMM&P. Within a week of settling in there and enjoying what newlyweds enjoy, I was on a World-War II era freighter, which had been pulled out of the moth-ball fleet and renamed the SS *Columbia Tiger*, heading to Viet Nam. Like so many in our class, I spent the better part of the next six months, from July to December 1968, shuttling among several ports in Viet Nam dropping off bits of cargo to support the build up to the war effort. This was only months after the Tet offensive, a tense time to be there. If I recall correctly we were variously in Vung Tan, Cam Ranh Bay, Saigon, Qui Nhon and Danang. Our primary purpose seemed to be to act as a floating warehouse because there was insufficient capacity ashore at that point. When we weren't shifting the ship, my days were largely spent on anchor watch and sunning myself on the wing of the bridge. At night I would watch the mortar rounds fly overhead and the white-phosphorous flares light up the sky above the surrounding swamps. Not very glamourous as war stories go.

We left Viet Nam empty at the end of the year, and sailed up to Hong Kong. On the way we were stopped by Chinese gunboats and boarded by armed soldiers because they claimed we had steered into China's territorial waters, which extended far out into what the rest of the world regarded as international waters. Fortunately, because we were literally empty of all useful cargo, we were allowed to proceed after a several-hour standoff.

The return voyage was largely uneventful except for the brief stop to load cargo in Hong Kong. Moments after we tied up we were "invaded" by prostitutes and hawkers of all kinds of junk, who wandered up and down our passageways. The crew almost immediately found ample supplies of alcohol and all seemed roaring drunk in a short time. Once loaded and ready sail we were able to muster only five crewmen from the

deck crew capable of standing up sufficiently to help with the undocking and watch-standing. It took a couple of days at sea before my watch sobered up.

The ship returned to the West Coast at Longview, Washington, where I was relieved and flew back to Florida. Only a few days later the union called and begged me to take a relief job on a coastwise tanker, the SS *Louisiana Sulphur*, which, as its name implies, carried a cargo of liquefied sulphur (constantly heated above 200 degrees so it wouldn't return to its solid state). The route was terrific: load the sulphur in Texas and discharge it at terminals near Tampa, Jacksonville, Savannah, Baltimore and Bayonne; then return south in ballast to pick up the next load. Round trip was 21 days. It was boring, but I was able to see Sue for a few hours whenever we hit either Tampa or Jacksonville. The downside was that, because of the sulphur, the ship stunk like rotten eggs – and so did everyone on it. When Sue would meet me at the pier she would drive with the windows open to the nearest motel where I would have to put all my clothes into a plastic bag, which would get shoved in the car trunk, and immediately get into the shower. Only then could the reunion begin . . .

After a few trips on that ship I switched to a permanent job as third-mate on the SS *Marine Floridian,* also a liquid cargo tanker, but a relatively modern one. It ran almost the same route as the other tanker and I found life aboard pretty amenable. One trip we had to sail short and I was given a Coast Guard waiver to sail as chief mate, which put me in charge of the loading/discharging operation – a daunting but interesting assignment and which put me in good standing with the Captain and the Company.

But during this time our first daughter, Terri, was born and Sue and I began to plan a career change for me, one that would give me a semblance of normal family life. Since I had been a teenager I was interested in journalism and in writing. But with a KP degree, I didn't have an immediate pathway into that field. I spent many hours on the ship researching graduate schools and trying to answer the question, "What do I want to do when I grow up?" I looked into law, physical education, transportation management, and so on, until one

day I came across a scholarship offered at Boston University for a student interested in boating. The scholarship was endowed by a man named Thomas Fleming Day, who had started the magazine that became “Yachting.” This was ideal. I applied for and was accepted into the BU graduate journalism program (somewhat to my surprise) and, even better, I applied for the scholarship and won it. It entailed an internship in New York City working with the PR firm that handled press-relations for the New York Boat Show in January.

That was my big break. I was able to have many feature stories about the boat show and the recreational boating business published in many newspapers and magazines (including *The New York Times*), which beefed up the portfolio journalists need when searching for jobs. I finished my masters in May, and then had to complete a Navy stint as a navigator in the USS *Moale* (DD-693) to complete my active sailing obligation to KP. The ship was based in Newport, RI, not far from Boston. When that cruise ended and I was relieved, Sue and I and our baby girl drove to Florida, where I figured I would easily find a job as a boating writer for one of the newspapers there.

Not so easy, I quickly found out. After unsuccessful visits to *The Miami Herald* (irony there), the *Fort Lauderdale News,* the *St. Petersburg Times* and the *Daytona Beach News-Journal,* I decided out of desperation to try the *Orlando Sentinel*. To my surprise the managing editor invited me in for an interview, though I knew the paper didn’t have a boating writer on its sports staff. Turned out it didn’t matter. The ME, after glancing through my portfolio, offered me a job as a weekend police reporter, based on a paper I’d written for a journalism class about car theft in Boston, which was No. 1 in the nation. I knew that because my car had been stolen by teenage joy-riders while living there. My professor liked my paper enough to persuade an editor at the old *Boston Herald Traveler* to print it. That clip, though buried in my portfolio, caught the *Orlando Sentinel* editor’s attention. He apparently concluded that it demonstrated my prowess as a “cop's reporter” and thus the job offer.

Here's where fate stepped in again. On my first weekend on that beat – mid-July and deadly slow as far as cop news went – the city editor called me to his desk and noted that, because I wasn't otherwise occupied, I should drive out to the preview center for Disney World, which was under construction, and check out a potential story. That day Disney was holding auditions for people who wanted to be characters in the theme park – the costumed characters posing as one of the Seven Dwarves, or Goofy or Pluto, etc. People literally had come from the world over to try out. I interviewed several of these would-be Disney stars and found the story hilarious. So I drove back to the newsroom, wrote the story and, to my delight, saw it run on Page One the next morning beneath my by-line. On the following Monday, when I came into the newsroom, the senior city editor called me into his office, pointed at the story, and complimented me. He told me that he was putting together a team of reporters to cover all aspects of the Disney World story, including the Disney corporation's machinations in building the 27,000 acre park. Rarely would a day go by when Disney's lawyers weren't appearing in front of some government body or agency – federal, state and local – to seek a zoning change or permit to do something connected with developing Disney World. They wanted to drain swamps, build roads, get waivers from one law or another. Part of my job was to follow these lawyers around and report on these appearances. Also, when Walt and Roy Disney were secretly buying the land that would become Disney World, they created an entity called the Reedy Creek Improvement District, which gave them broad powers under a 19th century Florida law intended to encourage pioneers to drain the myriad wetlands so the state could be farmed, used for cattle grazing and otherwise commercialized. When Disney's plans became public, the name was changed from the Reedy Creek Improvement District to Lake Buena Vista, the brand of Disney's production Company. Besides the many powers that the law allowed, it also required that this entity create a governing body and hold regular meetings – just like any municipality. So among my duties was to cover this Disney-owned government.

Just as one thing leads to another, in fairly short order everyone forgot that I had been hired as a cop reporter -- now I was regarded as a government specialist. What a fraud I was. But I loved the beat and was fascinated by the interplay between government policy setting and political power, especially as it was wielded by the Disney people – the most powerful political entity in all of Florida. In retrospect, I think the fact that I came to this beat with fresh eyes and wrote about what I was learning with a kind of wide-eyed "Holy shit, did you see what Disney is doing?" attitude, my reputation grew in the newsroom and I got some great assignments.

Again, fate dealt me another good hand. In January of 1972, Florida was preparing for the Presidential Primary, the first to be run under the new primary rules instituted after the catastrophic 1968 political conventions culminating in the Chicago police riots. Nixon was up for reelection, so the Republican side of the race was fairly calm. But 13 people qualified to get on the Florida ballot on the Democratic Party's side, including such big names as Edmund Muskie, George McGovern, Hubert Humphrey, John Lindsey and others. The newspaper was rolling in cash and the editor decided that each candidate should be covered by one Sentinel reporter dedicated to that candidate. So, all the senior reporters volunteered to cover the big-name candidates. But there were more candidates than there were volunteers, so my editor came up to my desk one morning and asked if I was interested in being on the team covering the primary. Of course I said yes, because that's what you do.

He ripped a sheet of paper from his clipboard, handed it to me, and said: "You'll cover Alabama Governor George Wallace. Call his press secretary and find out how you can hook up with his campaign." Wallace, of course, was the racist segregationist who became infamous for, among other things, saying in his inauguration speech that he believed in "segregation then, segregation today, and segregation forever." His campaigns in that year created the template that Donald Trump would follow closely some 45 years later, from race-baiting to press-hating. Wallace won or finished strongly in every primary he ran in that spring. He won Florida in a landslide, forcing Muskie out of the race. My stories about his

campaign events were regularly page-one news. When he was shot by a would-be assassin in May, Wallace was leading the Democratic Primary and almost certainly would have gone into the Democratic Convention as the leader in delegates. Only a bullet into his spine stopped him and allowed George McGovern to get the nomination – then go down to humiliating defeat 49 states to 1 because Wallace's primary voters shifted to Richard Nixon (it was the beginning of the shift of white southerners to the Republican Party). Although I wasn't with Wallace when he was shot, my coverage of his campaign and the aftermath of the shooting gave me the additional brand as a political writer.

A year later, largely because of my Wallace campaign coverage, *The Miami Herald* (the paper that wouldn't hire me as a boating writer), recruited me to be a government and politics reporter. That was October, 1973. Over the next 25 years I would be a state capital correspondent (Tallahassee), a Washington correspondent (covering Jimmy Carter's White House), a national political reporter, and the *Herald's* political columnist. I covered every presidential campaign between 1972 and 2000 and more state and local campaigns than I can count. I even did a stint as a war correspondent during the Persian Gulf War in 1991.

On July 1, 2001, much to my surprise, I was named executive editor of *The Miami Herald*, the newspaper's top job. I held that position until the summer of 2007, when I retired after 34 years at that paper, and 36 years as a journalist. My plan at that point was to find a glide path toward full retirement, perhaps doing some free-lance reporting and working on some book projects. I was offered a wonderful opportunity to think through these options while spending an academic year at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, which entailed writing a paper about political campaigning and teaching a graduate course about the nexus between the media and politics.

Enter fate again: While I was still editor of *The Miami Herald*, the president of Boston University invited me to join the University's board of overseers, a position that essentially asks alumni to serve as outside observers of their particular alma maters. I chaired a committee assigned the task of

doing a SWOT analysis of my former school, now the College of Communication, which was in some turmoil, including a faculty revolt against the dean. (SWOT is the acronym for strengths, weaknesses, opportunities and threats, an exercise designed to assist an organization in refining its strategic direction). It was an interesting assignment that culminated about the time I left Miami to move to Harvard for my year-long fellowship. The principle thrust of the committee's report was to advise the university in the qualities we thought would be needed if the next dean was to succeed.

Three months into that fellowship I was encouraged by none other than the BU president to be a candidate for the dean's position. Despite my many misgivings (starting with my complete lack of experience in academia and my lack of a PhD), I joined the candidate pool with zero expectations of success. Sue convinced me to go forward, though, if only to "Get it out of your system." I felt much like I had during those first weeks at the *Orlando Sentinel* where I was sent to cover government and politics without a single qualification that I could point to.

I am not being modest to write now that I was stunned to be offered the dean's job, which I have now held for nine years. I think I have learned two lessons from my path. The first is that if you surround yourself with people who are smarter than you, and if you are humble enough to learn from them, you can succeed as a leader. Second, if you graduate from Kings Point you will have learned that first lesson.

The foregoing has been all about my career path. More important has been the blessings I have been given through my family. Sue and I will celebrate our 50th anniversary in June, 2018, along with our 50th anniversary of my KP graduation. We have been blessed with two daughters, Terri and Tiffani, both of whom have made us proud with success in their chosen work and in being wonderful human beings. Tiffani is the mother of our two grandchildren, Vanesa and Drew. Nothing can give me greater pleasure than they do, and nothing makes me prouder than holding the position as patriarch of this family with Sue by my side as the matriarch.

--Tom

From Rick Barry:

Experiencing Sea Year with my sea partner, Rich Weigang, was terrific. We had so many adventures, and somehow Rich kept me focused and out of trouble. By the way, Rich was the KP baseball Captain in '68. I helped out as assistant coach, due to injuries. I never really considered making sailing a career, until after graduation when sailing with Johnny Wolf ('68) on old MSTS Victory ships carrying munitions destined for Viet Nam. The Captains and officers we sailed with on those vessels were so horrendous that I started to think that I could certainly do a better job than those clowns. After sailing as master for 30 years on some of the world's largest and fastest container ships, I hope that I was right in that assumption.

Upon retiring from deep sea sailing, I had the pleasure of working with many of the KP midshipmen, as Captain of the Training Ship *Kings Pointer*, for four years. I also trained numerous young officers, as an instructor and Department Head, at the Maritime Institute of Technology and Graduate Studies for ten years.

--Rick

From Greg Brockdorf:

After graduation I sailed for Gulf Oil, short for "Give Until Life Fails." This was a good company for me as I was able to be near my family but still sail foreign to South and Central America, as well as to the East and West US coasts. I sailed mostly Chief Mate, which was fine with me as this was my favorite position. In almost three years on the *Gulfseal*, I sailed third, and finally Chief Mate. Lots of job security on that ship as we carried 25-30 different grades of distillates, oils, and chemicals, and no one I knew in the company wanted any part of that if they could avoid it. A great ship because it had a great crew.

Other opportunities popped up, so after about eight years I moved on, and remarried.

For me, I have to say the best experience from KP were the guys from our class. I can honestly and truly say there was not one person I disliked. We were all different in one way or another, but we bonded over the shared goal of graduating from KP. That's why it's so sad for me to remember our classmates who have passed over the bar. I miss them all because I knew them all even though some not intimately. But two stand out and hurt the most because I knew them so well -- Mike Murello and Ken Lyons. For two years Ken lived across the hall from me and Mike around the corner next to me. Too many memories to recount, but we shared many times and secrets together. And certainly laughs! Both good and decent men with the human faults we all have.

My mom, bless her heart, from as long as I can remember always told me I would live a long life because only the good die young. I know this from my own mother! I don't know why these classmates died so young, but I know they were good.

If I could say the one best thing I received from KP it would be an attitude. Whenever I met problems or jerks in this life I always said to myself, "Well, I sailed around the world as a teenager, and I graduated from Kings Point! So f*** you!"

--Greg

[Editor's Note: The following articles were written on the occasion of Bob Featherer receiving the Acta Non Verba award from the Alumni Association].

From Gregg Matalas:

The Class of 1968 is proud to congratulate our classmate and friend, Bob Featherer, for receiving the ACTA NON VERBA award.

Bob has lived the Kings Point motto since his days at the Academy and has been an example to all Alumni. Upon graduation Bob immediately went to sea and sailed for 30+ years, retiring as Chief Engineer.

After retiring from the sea, Bob has ceaselessly championed Kings Point and the Midshipmen through his Blue & Gray Golf National sponsorship - with his own KP-logoed golf cart mind you!!; Being an officer in his local Alumni chapter in the San Francisco Bay area; prodding and inspiring his classmates to attend reunions and Academy functions of every kind; and most recently by fighting and bouncing back from a severe illness.

Bob, in all aspects of his life and career, has demonstrated the leadership qualities that Kings Point ingrains in each and every graduate.

Well done Bob! May you continue to have smooth seas and following winds.
See you in Vegas in March at the Blue &Gray!

From Jeff Grant:

- Acta non Verba: best one of all . . . hard to live by, but just trying has set us apart.
- Take Personal Responsibility: when most people shirk their responsibilities, we accepted them -- and then stood out.
- Anticipation: many a time we were prepared to address a situation that came our way
- Dedication: unwavering, and able to exceed all expectations
- Perseverance: meeting the day to day challenges and then some
- Generosity: giving selflessly to others in need
- Leadership: in all you do. This is especially apparent in the Blue and Gray Golf Classics
- Compassion: to fellow inmates (KPers) and graduates
- Values: apparent to all who encounter you

You were my 'roomie' during Plebe Year and taught me many things as we shared our mutual experience. Hauling me

away from studying to go to every single Wednesday night movie . . . Sharing a home meal at Thanksgiving . . . Hanging out late and then going fishing the next morning, trying to make me sea-sick that entire day . . . Teaching me not to over-do it, when I polished the floor of my room to a glass-like finish . . . showing me the good life at the Jersey Shore. These were life lessons I could get from no other. Thank You!

These are some of what we were taught. The KP experience is invaluable; I salute all who have graduated from KP! You are an excellent example of what can be accomplished.

We pursued our dreams and were successful -- you have put that to good use and have given back to KP in spades!

Congratulations for your Acta non Verba award -- you deserve the best!

-- Jeff

From Burnie Acuff:

What I did after graduation -- sailed with SeaLand to Viet Nam. Went over on the SS *Beauregard* as a third one trip (3 months) and pulled away from the pier for the next trip. The Chief says "You are now the 2nd." We didn't get a 2nd from the union hall. By the time we got back I had enough time to get a temporary 2nd's endorsement. Ended up staying on the ship for 15 months, 364 days as the 2nd. Sailed until the longshoreman's strike in '71.

Since I had married my first wife I had to get a job. Worked as a Production Manager in a plant producing custom-made fiberglass products for the chemical process industries. Did pretty well there, but I saw an opportunity to go back to Charleston and started my job in the Planning Department, Design Division of Charleston Naval Shipyard in 1974. Rose to Branch Head in 13 years and stayed there 8 years until the shipyard closure in 1995. During my time at the shipyard was divorced and remarried. With a daughter from my first marriage and 3 kids with Diana I managed to stay

busy raising the family. Transferred over to the Navy's Space and Naval Warfare Systems Command (SPAWAR) as a Procurement Manager for INFOSEC products when I left the shipyard. Enjoyed 11 years at SPAWAR.

In 2000 I managed to strike a deal with my boss that allowed me to do relief work on the ROS ships in Charleston and do my office job at night. After 9/11 I would take a leave of absence and catch one of the gray boats for a trip every year, and due to the rules of the day, SPAWAR had to give me my job back when I returned. This allowed me to accumulate the necessary days every year to retire from the MEBA in '06. I retired from SPAWAR in '06, also. After those retirements I became a Port Engineer with Crowley Maritime on the ROS fleet in Charleston and retired again in '11. This was a forced retirement as I had blown out my knee crawling through a tank, and the doctor said "No more ships for you." So, now I work 1 day a week in a Coin Shop, my hobby job.

Back to the family side -- I became heavily involved in the kids' soccer. All 4 of them played rather well, and I started coaching and officiating -- had a great time. Kids have done well. Oldest daughter is a nurse, my son is KP '02 and has his Master's License, and daughter number 2 got her JD, passed the VA. bar exam and is an Associate Vice President at Tulane University, and daughter number 3 got her BS in Architecture and is a Section Chief with the DOT of Montgomery County, Maryland. Diana and I have 1 grandson and 5 granddaughters. Luckily, Diana is still working as a CPA and this allows me a lot of time and money to chase after my coins.

--Burnie

From John Lewis:

After sailing for three years on Texaco oil tankers, from 1971-2010 I was employed by Travelers Insurance in what was then known as the Commercial Lines Engineering Division, which finally morphed into the Risk Control Division. One of the reasons they hired me was for my boiler and machinery (B&M) experience. At the time, the safety

engineers were “all lines,” which meant they did property and casualty safety surveys and B&M inspections which required entering firetube and watertube boilers and sometimes furnace spaces, and issuing state operating certificates in most jurisdictions. We also were trained to do elevator inspections which required riding the car tops, entering the pits and machinery room, also in most jurisdictions issuing jurisdictional operating certificates.

Eventually the B&M work was split off to a dedicated engineering staff. I chose to stay with the property and casualty group which focused on doing safety consulting work for property, liability, fleet, product liability and workers compensation lines of coverage.

I had increasing levels of responsibility from Engineering Supervisor, Branch Manager and Regional Manager for the New England region. Eventually I became a Director with responsibility for Safety Product Development and was the Records Management Officer, the latter to help the division meet various legal requirements for document retention.

I obtained the Certified Safety Professional designation in 1976 from the Board of Certified Safety Professionals and kept it until my retirement in 2010. I also held for a period of time the National Board of Boiler & Pressure Vessel Inspectors commission.

On the family side, I married Barbara in 1970. I met her at the end of our Plebe Year, as a KP dance blind date that Dave Mozgala arranged. It turned out to be a <u>great</u> blind date! We have three children and six grandchildren. Unfortunately, Barb passed away in 2013. Our children and grandchildren continue to give me great pleasure and I am very proud of all of them. They are all less than an hour away so I try to do things with them as often as I can.

--John (Jack)

From Aaron Grenley:

After graduation I became a Charted Life Underwriter and Registered Financial Consultant. I am a Life Member of

the Million Dollar Round Table and I am retired. I married Ronny in 1966 and have two children and one grandchild. We have homes in Carefree, Arizona and Flagstaff, Arizona. My health is good, except since I suffered a spinal cord injury from a fall in 2006, I have been forced to use a walker.

--Aaron

From Paul G. Skripol:

After graduation, I sailed as a 3rd engineer in MEBA District 2, mostly to Viet Nam, from 1968 to 1970. My goal was to complete my commitment ASAP and to get on with my life. Also did a series of runs from NYC to Puerto Rico to complete my months, even while I was in law school in 1971 and in 1972. I never sat for an upgrade exam as I really had no intention of staying at sea, although I did get a temporary 2nd ticket as an endorsement -- go figure.

I attended Suffolk University Law School, Boston, MA, earned a Juris Doctor (J.D). and am a practicing attorney, actively engaged in general practice of law in state and federal courts. I was also a Professor of Business Law, Connecticut State College System, and a Principal in Koram Associates -- International Business Consultation Firm. I was privileged to serve as an advisor to Connecticut Governor William A. O'Neill and Connecticut Lt. Governor Robert K. Killian, as well as an executive aide to Connecticut Attorney General Robert K. Killian. I've been involved with numerous Connecticut state boards and commissions and have a prestigious position in the Sovereign Military Order of the Temple of Jerusalem (Knights Templar). I have resided in Farmington, CT from 1972 to the present.

Most importantly, I was lucky enough to sufficiently fool a beautiful, bright and charming lady into marrying me, the best move I have ever made. However, Roberta has only made one mistake in life, and she has continued to live with the consequences for the last 45+ years.

I had a lot of fun playing politics here in CT, wisely at a young age. Bob Killian, see above, asked me to be the director in charge of his run for Governor in 1974. He did end

up as Lieutenant Governor and I was offered the job as his executive aide, but instead I chose not to become a political hack, but to study and take the CT bar exam that I had put off for almost 2 years after graduation. I did participate actively, politically speaking, for about 17 years and had a lot of fun times . . . had a hand in electing two governors and two US Senators and a few US Reps. I preferred the background and not the spotlight, as you can get more done.

Finally (thankfully for you) I have had a lot of fun putting international business deals together with my partners in Koram Associates. Basically, we broker deals relating to technology transfers between continents. I had to learn "business protocols" in more than a few countries, but we have met with a comfortable amount of success. Working on a deal now relating to a group of investors wishing to build a production facility and marketing system for their products with a targeted customer base throughout the Far East. Sorry, but I just can't sit home and drive my bride crazy and watch Oprah all day. She thanks me every day.

I try to exercise every day, outside, but not when the temperature is below 17 degrees. Not a golfer and tennis is out due to knee injuries at KP. I mostly do cardio stuff, but I try to put in 2-3 miles a day.

--Paul

From Geoff Gill:

Immediately following graduation, I made a memorable voyage to Viet Nam in the C-2 freighter *Amerigo*, with my former roommate Stan Westover as the other third mate. Later, while sailing as second mate with Sea-Land Services, I was admitted into a Naval War College course of studies which, combined with the more interesting and challenging "boom" ships being superseded by less interesting container ships, turned me toward "the law." I became a maritime attorney, formally admitted to the bar in New York, Florida and California, and provisionally admitted in other jurisdictions as necessary. I also served as a federally appointed arbitrator (New York) and accepted an invitation to several times revise

and annually (to date) supplement a major maritime law treatise.

My law work predominantly involved litigating major casualties, an activity that stimulated my curiosity as to why similar casualty-inducing errors were regularly and predictably repeated. I plunged into extensive multi-discipline research, which included the Navy embedding me in an MSC fleet replenishment vessel, enabling me to witness contemporary navigational and operational practices. The result was the book *Maritime Error Management* (413 pages, 724 end notes), published (ironically) several months prior to the *Costa Concordia* casualty. Subsequently, a senior Carnival Corporation vice president characterized the book as the "safety Bible for the maritime industry." Gratifying as that comment was, more gratifying has been the opportunity to discuss maritime error (afloat and ashore) issues with senior operational personnel, as well as with students at several maritime academies or colleges, and speaking before professional groups.

More recently, I volunteer as mate or crew on 121' traditionally-rigged sailing vessel brigantines operated between San Pedro (CA) and Catalina Island and off shore for the benefit of Los Angeles area "at risk" and under-served youth. I also volunteer as an attorney proctor within a "teen court" program that gives criminally charged teens a "second chance." In sum, not particularly remunerative but definitely rewarding and, hopefully, putting my Kings Point experience to good effect.

-- Geoff

From Neal Leeper:

June 1968 to March 1971 – MV *Mobil Chicago* (Mobil Oil), a canal tanker built in 1953 at the Todd Shipyard in Houston, Texas. Originally christened the MV *Chicago Socony* and renamed in 1962 when the Company name changed. The *Chicago* was based out of the Mobil refinery in East Chicago, IN, but occasionally sailed on all of the Great Lakes and beyond. Most of the time she sailed on Lake

Michigan, but on occasion went through the Soo Locks to Duluth, MN and to Lockport, IL via the Chicago Sanitary & Ship Canal. I made one trip on a sister ship, the MV *Mobil New York* from Providence, RI to Detroit, MI through the New York State Barge Canal and Welland Canal. The *Chicago* was scrapped in 2002 in South America.

The *Chicago* was a diesel boat and I wasn't sure I was prepared to stand watch alone. (Great Lakes "ships" are always called "boats"). The only diesel experience I had was in the lab at the Academy, and there were no unlicensed crew in the engine room on the *Chicago*. (There were only 13 people in the whole crew). As it turned out, the other engineers were very helpful, and I quickly acclimated. My experience on the *Chicago* served me well as the rest of my work career was with diesel engines. Bill Hammond (KP'68) came onboard as 3rd Mate soon after I joined the *Chicago*, but he only stayed a couple of months. The *Chicago* sailed 12 months a year, and the bow was reinforced to break through ice, which we frequently did in January and February.

Two of the ships I sailed on were scrapped within six years of my Sea Year experience. The third ship is in the Reserve Fleet. The ship I worked on after graduation fared somewhat better, sailing another 30 years after I came ashore.

Licenses held: 3rd Assistant Engineer Steam & Diesel and 2nd Assistant Engineer Diesel.

Post Graduation:

March 1971 to September 1990 – Cummins Engine Company, Columbus, Indiana.
Application Engineer and Manager in the Marine Group – instrumental in developing Cummins marine engines for recreational vessels and commercial crewboats. Developed installation recommendations for all marine engines and created online and PC based customer support apps using Basic, QBasic and Fortran programming languages.

October 1990 to December 2007 – John Deere Power Systems, Waterloo, Iowa.
Application Engineer and Lead Engineer in the Marine Engine Group – instrumental in developing the first John Deere marine engines for propulsion and genset applications in recreational vessels and small commercial fishing boats. John Deere marine engines are used by many genset manufacturers, including Kohler and Cummins Onan marine gensets. Also application engineering for John Deere land-based genset engines. I also helped develop installation recommendations for all marine engines and created PC based customer support apps using QBasic and Visual Basic programming languages.

Industry

- Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE)
  - SAE Marine Technical Committee – member 1973 to 2007
  - SAE Marine Technical Committee – chairman 1987 to 1996
  - SAE Specialized Vehicle and Equipment Council – member 1987 to 1996
  - SAE Specialized Vehicle and Equipment Council – chairman 1993 to 1996
  - SAE Technical Standards Board – member 1993 to 1996
- American Boat and Yacht Council (ABYC)
  - ABYC Marine Engine and Powertrain Committee – member 1973 to 2007
- Engine Manufacturers Association (EMA)
  - EMA Marine Engine Committee
    - Negotiated the 2002 EPA Recreational Marine Engine Rule and the 2008 EPA Marine Engine Rule for Category 1 & 2 Marine Diesel Engines with the EPA.

Hobbies & Interests

- Downhill Skiing in Colorado
- Biking
- Camping in 5th wheel camper

- Flying radio controlled model airplanes
    - Teaching a “drone” class at community college
- Website development for church and model airplane club
- Finance and Properties Committees at First Presbyterian Church of Cedar Falls, IA

Family

- Spouse – Kay Leeper (married 50 years in August 2018)
    - BSN – Community Health Policy Development for State of Iowa (Retired)
- Children
    - Bill – BS Computer Engineering – Programmer for Aetna Insurance
    - Patricia – BS Statistic, MS Education – Middle School Math Teacher
    - A total of 9 grandchildren ranging in age from 11 to 21

My Thoughts on Kings Point

Many have commented on the uniqueness of Kings Point. I think the true value lies in the blending of education (or “book learning”), knowledge (learning by experience) and skill (the ability to solve a problem). Colleges are institutions of higher education with a little knowledge thrown in. Trade schools teach skills with a little education thrown in. The Kings Point experience provides an appropriate balance of all three. It’s important to know hydraulics and plumbing. (I remember “pipe fighting” and Salty O’Hara’s seamanship class!). We learned electrical theory and how to wire a motor. Knowing thermodynamics is good, but so is knowing what to do when the vacuum is dropping or an engine is overheating. I have always been grateful for the Kings Point experience.

The other thing that Kings Point developed was character. I remember that as plebes we were a bunch of characters. Somehow, by the time we graduated, we had developed a set of moral and ethical values that served us

well the rest of our lives. I'm not sure how or when it happened, but the class of '68 is proof that it did happen.

--Neal

From Bob Rowan:

After graduation I started sailing with Hudson Waterways and their Seatrain ships. My first ship as a third engineer was fittingly, *Seatrain Maryland*, a roll on-roll off ship from Port Hueneme, California to Viet Nam on June 11, 1968. I made about five trips to Viet Nam as a third and then 2nd Assistant engineer. I also sailed on the *Buckeye Atlantic*, an oil tanker, from New York to Hawaii with a stop in Aruba carrying jet fuel.

I had to get relieved on my second trip when we were redirected to the Persian Gulf about three weeks before I was scheduled to marry Mary Ann on May 2, 1970. I had the great fortune of meeting her at a block M party as a freshman. After the wedding I returned to sea on a Seatrain ship making the New York to Puerto Rico run with a one week turn around. It was a good run for a newly married couple living in Port Washington. I sailed with Ed Cartledge, the first time since graduation that I had sailed with a classmate. Ed was taking flying lessons in Puerto Rico on each stop. I regret not joining him after he got his pilot's license.

When Mary Ann was expecting our first child, I signed up for active duty in the Naval Reserve to complete my three year commitment. I spent 30 days on the USS *Hank*, a World War II destroyer. We left from the Philadelphia navy yard for a month chasing submarines and taking target practice at the island of Culebra off Puerto Rico.

I have spent the last 45 years in the facilities management business at Parkway Hospital in New York, B. Altman Department stores and the University of Maryland Baltimore. I have been blessed with a beautiful and loving wife, three wonderful children and five marvelous grandchildren.

I retired from the University of Maryland on January 2017. I spent a good part of the spring of 2017 training for the

Camino de Santiago, a 500 mile pilgrimage trail in northern Spain. My brother-in-law and I finished that trip in June of 2017. It was a great experience which I hope not to repeat. I am looking forward to spending more time with my family and traveling in between some volunteer work, skiing, and of course seeing my "vintage" classmates at our reunion in September.

--Bob

From John E. "Sonny" Bloxom:

Five days after graduation, I flew to San Francisco, CA and reported to my first ship as 3rd Mate aboard the SS *Limon*, a reefer owned by the United Fruit Company and chartered to MSTS. We ran between the West Coast and Midway Island, Japan, Viet Nam, Thailand and the Philippines, with later voyages to South Korea and Japan. Seven months later, the Company transferred me to their banana operation where I served as 3rd then 2nd mate on various ships homeported in New Orleans, LA, running to Panama, Costa Rica, Columbia, Honduras, Jamaica and sometimes to Europe and the Mediterranean. I stayed with the United Fruit Company until they eventually transferred all their U.S. Flag ships to their foreign subsidiaries.

Then I went to work for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers on their sea-going dredges, first the Dredge *McFarland* out of Galveston, TX, then eventually the Dredge *Essayons* out of New York. While on the *Essayons*, classmate and section mate, Terry Moorhead and I served together as 2nd mates until I left in September of 1973 to attend law school at Suffolk University in Boston, MA then onto the University of Maryland School of Law in Baltimore, MD for my last two years.

During my three years in law school, I sailed in the summers as 2nd mate for Empressa Hondurena De Vapores, a Honduran subsidiary of the United Fruit Company. My agreement with the Company was that whenever I was to report back to law school, they would send a relief and fly me back to Baltimore at their expense. By sailing with them during

each summer, I was able to earn enough money to pay for the entire year of law school tuition and room and board. When I graduated from law school in 1976, after taking the Maryland Bar Exam, I went back to sea for six months with Empressa as Chief Mate on the M.V. *Condata*, sailing from Central America to the U.S., Europe, North Africa and the Middle East, till I was sworn into the Maryland Bar in late December 1976. I then got a temporary job as a mate on a harbor tug in Baltimore until May of 1977 when I quit sailing to practice law fulltime.

During my 40 year legal career, I have served as a States' Attorney, Public Defender, City Attorney, private practice attorney and finally as the fulltime County Attorney for Worcester County, Maryland, until my retirement from that position in December 2015.

Meanwhile, I stayed in the Naval Reserve for 28½ years and drilled with various units in Baltimore, MD and then Washington, DC, until my retirement from the Navy in October 1996 as a Commander. Also, during this period I was an elected official having served 13 years as a County Commissioner for Worcester County, MD (six years as the President of the County Commissioners). I served on various State Commissions and organizations in Maryland, such as the Chesapeake Bay Critical Areas Commission, the Local Government Insurance Trust (two years as Chairman of the Board of Trustees) and the Maryland Association of Counties.

I was married for 25 years to my wife, Donna, whom I met while in law school, and together we raised three children, Janie, Carlie and Ray, until her death in 2004. I eventually remarried and my wife, Christine, and I currently live in Marathon, FL, enjoying our retirement in the Florida Keys!

--Sonny

From Rolf Ohnstad:

Oct 2006 – present Adjunct Instructor MITAGS (Advanced Stability, License Advancement, Basic Stability, Ship Construction, SAR/EP, ECDIS).
Sept. 2005 Jan 2006 Hurricane Katrina/Rita Salvage Coordinator for Don Jon Marine in Alexandria, LA, and New Orleans, LA

providing salvage coordination at the USCG Rescue Command Center.
Marine Consultant expert witness services for Emard, Danoff, Port & Tamulski, LLP in San Francisco
Sept 1999 - December 2003 completed assignment to LMSR- (large medium speed roll on/roll off) program as New Vessel Delivery Master working with Avondale Shipyard for Patriot Contract Services assigned to the Strategic Sealift ship delivery program of the Military Sealift Command.
Providing operator interface in all levels of ship construction and all Sea Trials, Northrup Grumman Litton Avondale Industries shipyard in New Orleans.
Provided all pre-commissioning crew training and commanded as Master at their delivery the following:
Sperry ECDIS equipped vessels USNS *Seay*, USNS *Fisher*, USNS *Mendonca*, USNS *Pililaau*, USNS *Brittin*, USNS *Benavidez*.
Prior commands of commercial containerships MV *America* 1999, MV *President Grant* and MV *President Hoover,* J10 Containership in LA-Guam Taiwan, Okinawa, Korea, Japan and Mexico service.

Sperry VMS vessels : TAK-R USNS *Benevidez*, USNS *Brittin*, USNS *Gordon*, USNS *Mendonca*,
USNS *Pililaau*, USNS *Fisher*, USNS *Seay* as Master. C-11 *APL Korea*, C-10 *President Kennedy* as C/M

PROFESSIONAL
U.S.C.G. MASTER, any Ocean, any gross tons, issue 11 Radar Observer,
CAPTAIN, U.S. Naval Reserve (30 year Honorable Discharge July 1998)
CAPTAIN, Cessna/Citation II, Airline Transport Pilot, F.A.A. issued Multi Engine CE-500-National Jet Industries, 12/77
Flight Engineer Turbojet, F.A.A. issued - DC-10, 6/78
Emergency Medical Technician (National Registry) , 9/96
Helicopter Control Officer
GMDSS Radio Operator, 4/97

EDUCATION / Training
MARITIME INSTITUTE TRAINING AND GRADUATE STUDIES- Linthicum Heights, Maryland:
Train the Trainer, Diesel Control Systems ,Ship Handling Simulator, Shipboard Medical Course, Oceanography Firefighting Basic/Advanced,Bridge Team Management Radar Observer,

GMDSS, Hazmat, Emergency Medical Personnel Management, Windows, MARINE SAFETY INTERNATIONAL Newport, Rhode Island, Ship Handling Simulator

MASTER MARINERS READINESS COURSE
U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, New York
QUALITY TRAINING - American President Lines
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Systems Engineering Project Management 1976

NAVAL FLIGHT TRAINING
Pensacola, Florida, Corpus Christi, Texas
Designated Naval Aviator - May 1973
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
Domestic Transportation and Management 1971
UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY
B.S. - Marine Transportation - 1968
WINONA SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL: 1964 - Winona, Minnesota

EMPLOYMENT History
Retired October 2004 Masters, Mates & Pilots
Last employer: Patriot Holdings, LLC, American Ship Management
1996 Active duty with the Military Sealift Command in Washington as the Project Coordinator for the first civilian deployment of commercial helicopters aboard MSC vessels. Assigned by Vice Admiral Quast to oversee the program and ensure its adherence to the highest standards of the Navy. Responsible to the USS *Carl Vinson* Carrier Battle Group in its work up in Guam prior to its deployment to the Persian Gulf and for the predeployment coordination at MSC headquarters in Washington, D.C. Ultimately this led to the first successful deployment of the K-Max helicopter aboard the USNS *Niagara Falls*.
1988 – 1998: American President Lines, MASTER, SS *President Jefferson* and SS *President Harrison*- 32,000 gross ton containerized steamship (C- 8).
Previous assignments on various automated diesel and steam container vessels, C-9, C-8, Pacesetter, and Seamaster classes). Sea trial Master of SS *Cape Isabel.* Served as Master of Activated Ready Reserve Fleet Vessels: SS *Cape Intrepid*, steam turbine single screw Ro/Ro in Operation Uphold Democracy operating in Port-Au-Prince, Haiti, Guantanamo, Cuba and the Panama Canal, Sept-Oct 1994: USNS *Comet*, a steam turbine, twin screw Ro/Ro and SS *Jupiter*, steam turbine Ro/Ro from November, 1990 through

December, 1991 in Operation Desert Shield and Operation Desert Storm - Persian Gulf Sealift.
Master for RRF: Activation of SS *Mercury* Nov 93. Port Captain for RRF activation of SS *Comet* Mar 94. Master of SS *President Harrison*, February-April 1995 in Seattle-Japan express service. Master of SS *President Jefferson*, in Far East Shuttle - Manila, Subic Bay, Hong Kong, Kaohsiung, Pusan and Okinawa. Chief Officer, SS *President Harrison*, APL fleet *Presidents Taft, Kennedy, Madison, Eisenhower, Jefferson*, in Far-East and Indian Ocean.

1980 - 1988
Chief Officer, Sea-Land Service, Inc., aboard Company's container vessel MV *Sealand Liberator* (D-9J Diesel Class) in service to Japan, Taiwan, Korea, and Hong Kong, Pacific Northwest and Southwest Service.
1979 - 1980
Sales/Application Engineer, Measurex Corporation of Cupertino, California in Sales/Marketing Division, providing customer interface in the rubber, plastics, and metals industries.
Conducted engineering analysis for computer control of continuous process manufacturing.
Responsible for the sale, installation, and post installation training of personnel interfacing with all levels of corporate management.
1978 - 1979
Senior Systems Engineer, General Dynamics Convair Division, San Diego,California, responsible for the Ground Development Test of the Tomahawk Cruise Missile. Conducted Engineering Review Boards, Integrated Design and Development Tests for Systems Verification of both submarine and ground launched cruise missiles.
Designed and conducted hydrostatic tests and pressure chamber tests which led to the successful redesign of under- water launch capabilities.
Reported to the Chief Engineer of the Cruise Missile Program.

1971 - 1978
Naval Aviator- U.S.Navy, Airborne Early Warning System, Grumman E-2B Hawkeye, Twin Engine Turbo Prop, carrier based.
Progressed through levels of increasing responsibility and complexity through two squadron tours of duty as:
Carrier Aircraft Plane Commander Selected Flight Instructor, Fleet Replacement Air Group, NAS Miramar, San Diego, California
Aircraft Facilities Project Manager, Post Maintenance Check Pilot

1968 - 1971
Merchant Marine Officer, fulfilled obligated service in positions of Third and Second Officer aboard various vessels of U.S. Registry. Dry cargo experience aboard automated vessels of the Lykes Bros., Delta Lines, Moore-McCormack fleets. In addition, positions aboard Sea-Train Lines and tanker experience with Amerada-Hess.

ACHIEVEMENTS:
2500 Hours in seven different aircraft
Viet Nam Service Bar - MARAD
Merchant Marine Expeditionary Medal 2
Operation Desert Storm Service Medal
Council of American Master Mariners - member
International Organization of Masters, Mates & Pilots - member
Veterans of Foreign Wars & American Legion - member
Certificate of Achievement - U.S.C.G at sea rescue
Eagle Scout – 1963

COMMAND SUMMARY

MASTER OF	TYPE
USNS *FISHER*	T-AKR/LMSR
USNS *SEAY*	T-AKR/LMSR
USNS *MENDONCA*	T-AKR/LMSR
USNS *PILLILAU*	T-AKR/LMSR
USNS *BRITTIN*	T-AKR/LMSR
USNS *BENEVIDEZ*	T-AKR/LMSR
USNS *GORDON*	T-AKR/LMSR
MV *PRESIDENT GRANT*	J-10 CONTAINER
MV *AMERICA*	J-10 CONTAINER
MV *PRESIDENT HOOVER*	J-10 CONTAINER
SS *PRESIDENT JEFFERSON*	CONTAINER
SS *PRESIDENT HARRISON*	CONTAINER
SS *CAPE ISABEL*	RO/RO
SS *CAPE INREPID*	RO/RO
USNS *COMET*	RO/RO
SS *MERCURY*	RO/RO

CHIEF MATE OF CONTAINER SHIPS

MV *APL KOREA*	C-11 CONTAINER
SS *PRESIDENT HARRISON*	CONTAINER
SS *PRESIDENT TAFT*	CONTAINER
MV *PRESIDENT KENNEDY*	C-10 CONTAINER
SS *PRESIDENT MADISON*	CONTAINER
MV *PRESIDENT EISENHOWER*	CONTAINER
MV *SEA-LAND LIBERATOR*	CONTAINER

--Rolf

From Bill Haneline:

After Sailing

While in Singapore I met and married my wife Violet. I decided to become a chiropractor and graduated from the National University of Health Sciences in Lombard, IL. I have practiced in Oregon, Hawaii, California and 5 years in Jakarta, Indonesia. I have to say my experience in Jakarta was the highlight of my career. I returned from Indonesia in September of 2013 and have since then conducted a very small, part time practice in Lake Elsinore, CA, which is inland and about 75 miles north of San Diego. We have a son, Jeremy, who graduated from UCLA and works as a Senior Financial Advisor for Merrill Lynch in Los Angeles. My daughter, Sonie, is also a graduate of UCLA and Loyola Law School, Los Angeles, Ca. She practices in Los Angeles. Both of my children are married and my son has provided us with 3 grandchildren; two grandsons and one granddaughter.

Obviously, a lot more than that has happened since and during our Kings Point years. I can wholeheartedly say that the years I spent at Kings Point were the most transformative years in my life. Certainly, those years would be the most transformative years in nearly anyone's life; but the Kings Point experience is a very special and limited experience and I was very blessed to have had it.

--Bill, aka "Bunny"

From Ken Forister:

I started my sea going experience in 1964 with Lykes Bros. to the Caribbean then to the Mediterranean. We returned to NOLA just before Christmas, but as a cadet, we had to get our days in. So, my next assignment was to Viet Nam and the Far East. It took quite a while to get there, and for the last two weeks of the voyage, the ship rolled approx. 30 degrees. The weather was bad enough that we actually went through a tsunami, and couldn't tell the bad part. We carried 7 helicopters, and one hatch full of small arms ammo. While going up the river to Saigon, there were several small boats with boarders trying to board the ship. I helped man the fire hoses to keep them off. When we got to the dock, the divers checked the ship for attached bombs. We were there for four days unloading the cargo.

After this voyage, I had found that I wanted to become an engineer instead of going deck. I returned to Kings Point, and became one of the few people to change from deck to engine. At this point I joined the class of '68. I graduated June 5th, 1968, and got married a few days later at the Mariner's Chapel, on June 8th. My wife Pat and I will be celebrating our 50th this year. We have two children and three grand- children. After graduation, I worked for American Export lines, and got my chief engineer's license.

I then worked for several companies until I joined the AMO (American Maritime Officers, formerly MEBA, District Two). I was able to finish out my career with them, and retire in 2006. I was at sea for 38 years before retiring. As an extra note, I went to Viet Nam in the beginning of my career, and very close to the end, I was called on to report to New Orleans to assist in Hurricane Katrina efforts. We moved government ships out of harm's way, and I did receive a medal for my efforts. When I got home, I had to turn around and go back because there was a second hurricane. I also helped with that. There are many "sea stories" between my first and last ships, and it has been quite a career. I am thankful for my time.

--Ken

From Bob Rogers:

As for me, my life has been pretty simple. I sailed for a few years, met my future wife, and then got married. I found standing bridge watches across the Pacific to be boring after a while, so I decided to explore the shoreside aspect of the industry. My first sailing company had been Keystone Shipping in Philadelphia. I lived in South Jersey -- they were in Philadelphia -- and I applied to them for a job. They said what department, and not really understanding all the workings of the company, I said "Personnel." And through pure coincidence, by the Grace of God, that was the beginning of my shoreside career. I was hired in Marine Personnel and Crewing, and stayed with Keystone as an Asst. Mgr. for 7 years.

I then saw an ad in a Philadelphia newspaper for a Marine Personnel Manager. That was amazing -- to actually find an advertisement in a local newspaper for such a specialized job within a maritime company. I met with the company, was interviewed over a drink, and was hired by Interocean Management (which became Interocean Ugland, Interocean American Shipping and finally Tote Management) and found a home for the next 37 years. It was a wonderful career and I was blessed. Had a few promotions and was eventually VP HR and Insurance for my final 15 years. Interocean was a ship management company, and we managed a fleet of US flag, and occasionally foreign flag ships. The fleet got up to 35 ships at one time. I negotiated with the maritime unions and was an employer trustee on all the union plans of our licensed and unlicensed unions. Everything was on-the-job training, and I came to have -- and still have -- a great respect for the maritime unions. In 2014 the company decided to move to Florida. I was 69, and couldn't move away from my grandchildren, so I retired.

Turns out that was a good move in several ways, including one which was tragic . . . in October 2015, one of the ships I was involved with for over 30 years sank. This was the SS *El Faro*. I was on that ship probably more than 100 times during my working career, and I personally knew most of the officers and crew. TOTE is a good company, staffed with

experienced maritime people who care about the jobs and seafarers. If you read about the final voyage you can draw your own conclusions as to the causes as well as what should and shouldn't have happened prior to and during the voyage. It is not my place to add my opinion or criticize anyone else. I'm just glad I wasn't there as this was a horrible experience for everyone involved. God bless the 33 men and women lost in this tragedy, as well as their family and friends.

For me, life in retirement has been good, and I have been blessed. I've been married for nearly 48 years; have three children and two grandchildren. My passions have been road running, biking, and painting. Never got good at any of them, but always enjoyed trying (although the running has come back to haunt my joints.). We down-sized a few months ago and are really enjoying having a smaller over 55 property. We're active in our church -- I sing in the choir, and we are involved in the St. Vincent de Paul ministry. My grandchildren are 6 and 3, and we watch them from 0730 to 1630 five days per week while my daughter teaches. It is tiring, but I wouldn't have it any other way.

KP prepared me for a career in ways I never appreciated at the time. I enjoyed my time at KP, and look back fondly on our cadet days. After graduation I stepped into the maritime community and never left it. I dealt with seamen, unions, ships and shipping companies all my life -- and it was wonderful.

--Bob

From Russ Rehm (April, 2018):

What have I been doing since graduating from Kings Point? The past 27 years I have owned my own construction company by day, and been a professional marriage counselor by night. Before that, I was a United Methodist minister for 20 years. I spent four years at seminary, eventually getting a Doctorate Degree. Was a great husband to Mary Ann for 47 years, and raised two wonderful kids and grandkids.

Right after graduation, I did a five month voyage to India via Saigon on the SS *Bengal Mail*, a C-3. Also sailed a

Victory Ship to Alaska, and did several trips to the Bearing Sea on a research vessel. Oh yes, also was active Navy for a month! But our real sailing has been all over the Northwest on "Wing Song" for the past 37 years! After graduation, I rode a motorcycle across the Sahara Desert and got saved by Jesus in more ways than one! Also rode with Mary Ann through Europe and America.

I was sent by myself to North Dakota at age 14, to work on the family farm. Since I'm still working full time, that makes 57 years. As I got older, the wife used to ask, "What happened to your ass?" I'd say, "I worked it off!" I enjoy work — it keeps me busy! I credit hard work with not getting kicked out of Kings Point. When they told me I was Valedictorian, I was as surprised as anyone. I wish the real reason had been being smart!

It's been a great life! We probably could have made a lot more money, but we sure did have some great adventures! I'll have to tell you about the time we got de-masted off of Cattle Point! Jesus really saved our asses that time!

--Russ

From James L. Walker II:

As a recent Kings Point engineering graduate and just licensed 3rd Engineer, I joined the BMO (Brotherhood of Marine Officers) and began to ship almost immediately with American Export-Isbrandtsen Lines out of Hoboken, NJ. (I still remember The Clam Broth House as a men-only, waterfront bar where the clam shells ended up in the sawdust on the floor).

My first shipping job was as 3rd Engineer aboard the SS *Flying Clipper*. She was carrying bulk grain and was bound for Pakistan, India and Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). The *Flying Clipper* was a C-2 vessel built during WWII by North Carolina Shipbuilding Company, Wilmington, NC, launched on 28 July, 1944. She served in the Pacific and was then sold to American Export-Isbrandtsen after the war. When I joined her, she was already 24 years old -- three years older than me.

The supposed three month trip dragged on to be almost six months, as the only method for unloading the bulk grain in India was for the local stevedores to shovel it into burlap bags by hand while still in the ship's hold. This took *forever*. I remember the return cargo as being jute and cashew nuts. After our return to New York, I did my fair share of night engineer work. Night engineering can be a bit intimidating, when the only "real" experience you have is from a single C-2, and then to find yourself on a variety of vessel types.

My other American Export-Isbrandtsen ship turned out to be the SS *Independence*. This was in her heyday as a cruise ship, and included an Andy Warhol-like sunrise painted on the hull. (Or was it a sunset?) Serving as an engineer on board a cruise ship turned out to be boring, as we were not allowed in any of the passenger spaces. So, no fraternization. The food however, was first class!

In 1970 I was accepted into the nuclear power training program at KP, supporting the only commercial nuclear ship, the NS *Savannah*. The *Savannah* was then being operated by the First Atomic Ship Transport (FAST) Company, a subsidiary of American Export-Isbrandtsen. In late '70, our class (of 12?) completed our training and we were certified by the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) as Reactor Operators.

I sailed one short voyage as a 3rd Engineer/Reactor Operator aboard the *Savannah*, before she was laid up for decommissioning in early 1971. Since I was about to get married to Jeanne Reilly of Elmont, NY, I decided it was time to abandon the seafaring life, for some better life ashore.

Coming ashore, I became a nuclear power plant Startup Engineer with the Bechtel Power Corp, and was involved in the startup of the Peach Bottom Atomic Power Station in Delta, PA. Subsequently I became involved with nuclear power plant pre-service and in-service inspections, working for various small engineering and testing companies. As the nuclear power bubble slowly burst, I found myself in need of re-inventing.

After training on the Microsoft networking methodology, I became a MS Certified System Engineer and from there moved into enterprise level computer programming. This re-tooling of myself worked to my advantage, and I remained in

the software business for the next 25 years, until retirement in 2016, at the age of 69.

Upon retirement, my wife Jeanne and I moved from our long time home in Newtown, CT to our current home on Cape Cod (in Marston's Mills, MA). There, I became associated with the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, where I am currently an assistant sailing coach. If you are ever in the Cape Cod area, let us know!

During our 38 years in Newtown, we raised three fantastic children (Christy, Laura and Kevin) -- who have now blessed us with seven grandchildren. Life is good! And it all started with the opportunities afforded me by attending KP -- aka "The Zoo." Long live The Zoo!

--Jim

From Harry Stephen Bevan:

Musings from the 3rd Shift at the M.S. Hershey Med Center's Utility Plant:

During my sailing days I always thought, "I really like this job. Too bad it's not down the block." Well now it is -- 2 miles from home in lovely Hershey, Pennsylvania. It's my semi-retirement, doing the things we used to do in the engine room so many years ago.

Unless you were in the 3rd Battalion 1st Class year, we probably don't know each other well. Due to a lapse in good judgment, after 3 plus years with the class of '67, I, along with lifelong friend Al Schultz, were welcomed into 68-368. If you're a believer, you will say it's all part of "The Plan."

Many of my KP memories were those shared with '67 classmates, especially my Sea Year adventures with Jerry Shanley. But many were in common with '68 (and previous classes) -- Horton Spurr, Ma Rooney, The Baron, Flipper, etc. Some of most vivid ones:

- Finding a pile of ponies in the overhead on day 1. Thank you Mister DeSa -- '63 -- he paid it forward. Ponies were always the topic of ethical debates. I chose to use

them but share according to the guideline of cooperation = graduation.

-The KP-Coast Guard plebe melee, which was ended by the "moving noise" playing the National Anthem.

- My plebe year roommate, Terry Albright, had applied for Special Liberty to take his girl to her Senior Prom. Battalion Officer Litchfield approved the request, but then disapproved it as the acting Regimental Officer. The reason - R.O.'s need to look at these things from a different perspective. Go figure!

-Shanley and I scraping and wire brushing checker plate all the way home from India. (The old-school 1st Assistant hated the academy system, leading to a "character - building" trip for us).

After graduation, my very first watch was shared with my Steam teacher, Ed Ferenczy. We were on a 3-day shakedown cruise out of NY aboard a naval ship sold to some South American country. What a way to get eased into the career!

I was slated for a Hudson Waterways ship from L. A. to Nam and asked for a short-run temporary assignment to put some money in my pocket. Providentially, the *Seatrain San Juan* became my home for the next 3 years with a 10-day turnaround between NJ and San Juan. On the *San Juan* in '68 I shipped with Jeff Grant, also a newlywed. After a pay-off in Red Hook, Brooklyn we went to a bar to call for a ride and attracted the attention of a local denizen of the hood. When he telephoned for reinforcements, we had to trot our cash-filled pockets out of there on the double.

Jeff, as some may recall, arrived at KP plebe year after bicycling all the way from Seattle. He never once locked his bike. After arriving, he went to the Great Neck LIRR station for a visit to the Big Apple and thought it prudent to use his lock. On returning later that day the bike, chain, and lock were gone!

--Steve

From John Mazza:

I went 3.5 years with the class of '68, and then spent a year in the hospital. I got out in January of '69, and went back for the last half of that year at KP, and graduated with the class of '69. Dave Van Oss was my roommate for a time prior to my medical issues. I am planning on attending the 50th class reunion at homecoming.

I am still going to sea (*Editor: written May, 2018*) and have a valid Unlimited Master's License with all the STCW endorsements. I am not sailing on the license but acting as an offshore lightering advisor. I need to keep the license current for this work.

I retired from SeaRiver (ExxonMobil) in 2004, and have been working as a contractor for them as an Offshore Lightering Advisor, doing STS work in the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, plus some ship inspection work, and miscellaneous consulting. All of the ship-to-ship work has been on non-US flagged ships, except for one time on the Pacific with a SeaRiver ship.

So far this year I have spent 50 days offshore on four different ships doing lightering. It is still fun, and always interesting working with the various nationalities of crews. I just got off a COSCO tanker, the *Cosflying Lake*; a state owned Company, Chinese flag and all Chinese crew, top to bottom.

I hope to see you guys at KP for the reunion; best regards.

--John

From Ray Fernandez:

Quickly after graduation I joined MEBA 2 and sailed on the MV *Puerto Rico* for 3 short trips and then joined the Cable Ship *Long Lines* for a cable project in Florida in Sept. ‘68. I discovered the ship planned to be on “stand-by for cable repair” status in Honolulu about 9 months per year for 4 years between planned transatlantic cable projects. I signed up and shortly after was joined by Vince Sottile, Gene (and Joan)

Niemi, and Doug (and Karen) Neel. I married Joyce (M-Girl) in April '69 to honeymoon while "working" in Hawaii for the next 3 years. Jack (and Maryann) Opet and Jim (and Pam) Mucci had shore side jobs in Honolulu for most of the period. Needless to say we had one very long and fabulous LUAU in Hawaii. On cable projects, Bill Ahearn, Ray Byrnes and other alumni joined the ship, making the experience even more wonderful.

Ready to work shore-side, I began a 40-year career with Public Service Electric and Gas Company in NJ. This allowed us to be close to NY/NJ family/friends, buy a house near the shore and not be concerned about having to relocate elsewhere in the country. Ray Jr. was born in 1973 and lives in NJ. Over the years we had many gatherings with classmates Bill and Maureen Ahearn, Skip and Eileen Hanford, Joe and Betty (RIP) Isabella, Pete and Joyce Phillips, George (pre-Karen) Kohl, Joe and Marge Demartino and when they were in NJ, Jack and Maryann Opet, Russ and MaryAnn (RIP) Rehm, Bob and Dolly (RIP) Featherer and others.

Professionally, I could not have asked for a better experience. Over a 15 year period I worked in five different power plants (oil, gas, coal, nuclear, gas turbine power generation technologies) and did start-up work on the company's first nuclear plant (Salem 1). I was lucky to also spend a couple of years coordinating the planning of our corporate computer technology when the Ethernet i.e. Internet, e-mail and IBM architectural programming were key issues. The last 15 years were the most satisfying of my career. As VP/Director and Chief Operating Officer of a $100+ million energy service company, I operated a business that helped customers save energy and money. Improving the efficiency of steam/energy systems in hospitals, manufacturing processes, and heating and lighting systems in offices and homes was a rewarding and enjoyable experience. Dealing with technical issues, customer relations, work force competence, employee morale and seeing the impact on a balance sheet and profit statement was something I would never have imagined I would experience. Seeing the benefits

of helping customers, employees and the corporation was a thrill and privilege.

Six years ago, at 65 years and 1 month of age, Joyce and I graduated from the professional career stage in life to the stage in life (some call it retirement) where we do what we want, when we want and thankfully with good health -- family, friends, Kings Point and God have steered us well.

--Ray

From John Hotaling:

I DID GRADUATE – OUT THE GATE IN '68 – with my class and was 36th out of 108 engineers. Yeah, those to the left and right of me in Bowditch were not there on June 5, 1968, as predicted.

The Maritime Administration hired me and I had a great career in ship design. I later got my private pilot's license and USCG 3rd A/E license, became head of the MARAD trial board and did many special projects at both NAVSEA and MARAD with ships that supported the military. After 25 years of MARAD and NAVSEA managing joint T ship conversion programs and state schoolships, USCG projects and all the unusual stuff, I took a position with NOAA fleet modernization program. We brought all the existing fleet of fisheries research, charting and oceanographic ships into regulatory compliance and then designed and built a new class of super quiet NOAA Fisheries Research Vessels (FRVs). I retired as the Program Manager for ships and aircraft acquisition when the contract to build four of these ships had produced the R/V *Oscar Dyson*. For the next five years I represented MARINETTE MARINE SHIPYARD, assisting them getting the contract for the 5th of that class and also representing GLOBAL SEAS LLC, RAPP HYDEMA, and R. W. FERNSTRUM. I still keep my hand in the maritime field when asked.

Now I am in the most fun position of my entire career, working every day with my son, Bob Hotaling, as a RE/MAX agent. We are remodeling and flipping properties in Northern Virginia. This is very gratifying, and much less stress than

shipbuilding and repair. Our family with both sons and all five grandchildren inside the beltway. I have Kings Point to thank for all the "school of hard knocks" lessons, world travel experience, and the contracting, design and practical experiences that I rely upon every day. We hated it when we were there but it made us the fantastic fraternity that we are. And most important of all, it enabled me to meet, love and be with my most precious partner for life -- Blanca. She was with me through thick and thin. Many of you knew her at the academy. Denis Jewett was our best man; Mickey Hado, Ken Pagano, and Dave Aldrich were at our wedding **50 years ago -- June 15, 1968. Life is good and God is great.**

--John

--From Jim Todd:

On graduation, I was recruited by Mobil Oil, where I became a third assistant engineer aboard a supertanker. I left that job when the company insisted that I sign year-long foreign articles, and joined the MEBA to ship out on an old steam cargo ship carrying 10,000 tons of rice from Pascagoula to DaNang, Viet Nam. After transiting the Panama Canal, I noticed some worrisome reduction gear gauge readings in the engine room and called them to the Chief Engineer's attention. He waved me off. Next watch, I saw that temperatures were spiking in those and other main reduction gear bearings. It turned out that the First Assistant Engineer had taken aboard lube oil with too high a viscosity for the bearings. The bearings, upon inspection, were partially wiped. We limped into Hawaii, where every engineering officer in the department but me lost his job. After ten days of repairs, we steamed on to Viet Nam, delivered the rice and watched, from the fantail, the nightly firefights between the Marines and Viet Cong on a mountain overlooking the harbor.

Next, I worked on a coastal tug traveling up and down the Atlantic coast, and then took another breakbulk steam ship to Viet Nam with a load of helicopter parts and bombs. En route we stopped in Manila, where the Second Assistant became too drunk to make it back aboard, so I was promoted

to second assistant engineer. No sooner had we reached Saigon as part of a heavily armed convoy than I received a telegram from the Navy, informing me that my reserve commission had been activated. So my Navy career followed.

The brass wanted to train me on automatic controls on boiler systems, which by this time I knew well. I asked to skip the training and take the test, which the Navy agreed to. I passed, and instead took a course to become a boiler inspector. In short order, I reported aboard the guided missile destroyer USS *Goldsborough* DDG 20, fresh out of an overhaul in Hawaii, as main propulsion assistant. I was soon personally prepping the boilers to get underway when a master chief pulled me aside. “Sir,” he said, “in the Navy you’re not supposed to do this. You’re not supposed to know *how* to do it.”

That bought me a lot of cred with my crew, and again demonstrated the difference between a Kings Point education and training just about anywhere else. I wasn’t simply a manager. I knew the gear better than my men and could fix it as well as they could -- *Acta non verba*.

We deployed to Viet Nam for six months and actively engaged in that war with carrier escort and protection duty, gun fire support and other assignments along the coast. On our way back from carrier task force support during the USS *Pueblo* incident off North Korea, we experienced a boiler explosion in our after fire room. I was on watch at the time in the forward engine room; I did everything I’d been trained to do, that I was supposed to do, to save the ship and the people in the affected spaces. Unfortunately, the Chief Engineer did not and was relieved of his assignment in the ensuing investigation. I was promoted to chief engineer during repairs in Subic Bay, Philippines and took my ship back to war.

From there, my career became mostly shore-based. I was assigned to a technical command of an East Coast maintenance group, and then became the Atlantic Fleet’s evaporator expert, flying all over to troubleshoot warships with complex issues that others couldn’t fix. I went to the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, and after earning a master’s Degree in Mechanical Engineering and a post master’s Degree of Mechanical Engineer, moved to Pearl

Harbor Naval Shipyard, serving first as a Ship Superintendent who liaison between ships and the shop, and later as head of tests and trials on all replacements and repairs. I met the love of my life, Darlene, in Hawaii. She was a U.S. Public Health Service Commissioned Officer earning her master's Degree in Public Health at the University of Hawaii. We were married in 1975 and have had 40 great years together.

After that we both drew postings in Seattle, where I was assigned to Lockheed Shipyard as a program manager's rep., supervising the government people overseeing the construction of three amphibious ships and three submarine tenders. I was well-prepared for the job when I got it—I had Kings Point with me, and my years of unique experience in the merchant fleet—and I was ready for bigger things when I left it three years later.

The Navy obliged me. Now a commander, I moved to Norfolk as maintenance coordinator for the East Coast's minesweepers, amphibious fleet, and auxiliary ships. Among my duties was helping the Navy build a pilot program emulating commercial practices in warship maintenance and repair. On the backs of port engineers trained at Kings Point and other maritime academies, the program was a tremendous success. These guys could go down into a ship's belly, watch the equipment run, figure out what was wrong, and guide its repair. As I'd learned on the *Goldsborough*, that skillset we learned from our education and experience set marine engineers apart from most maintenance "experts."

Inevitably, I was called to Washington. I worked as an acquisitions manager for amphibious ships, then as a detailer. I was the only officer in my year group to be early selected to the rank of captain. I became a major program manager at the Naval Sea Systems Command (NAVSEA), overseeing $11 billion in construction contracts for auxiliary and special mission ships, some of which I still can't talk about. One of those contracts put me at odds with George Steinbrenner, of all people. It's too long a story to go into here but suffice to say he won one of our arguments, but came to wish he hadn't, and I won another, and we were both grateful I did.

Despite the monolithic bureaucracy I had to navigate, I loved my work. Darlene and I were sick of D.C., however, and

when I couldn't convince the Navy to give me a command anywhere but Washington, I retired. That was in 1991. I was forty-five. I still had a lot of *acta* left in me. So, I took a job as number two at a shipyard in Georgia, Intermarine USA, which was building minehunters for the Navy in a deeply dysfunctional shipyard. Hired to fix those flaws, I eventually became the production manager, the de facto logistics boss, and the lead engineer. It wasn't always pleasant—I had to clean house—but we launched a bunch of ships and delivered the first of the class before our Italian holding company went belly-up and I left.

With that, I returned to familiar ground. I was hired to work in Norfolk for American Management Systems, which ran the contractor side of the Port Engineer Program—the very program I'd helped create years before. I was eventually promoted to vice president and placed in charge of the company's Navy Division when I was lured away to become the President and COO of VSE Corporation. VSE was a publicly traded big government supplier that hadn't won a contract in three years and had consequently seen its revenue and stock price plummet. I restructured the operation, brought in better talent, and put the company on a course to win a big Army contract, which it did. The stock price doubled but my success challenged the CEO. Rather than get into a Board of Directors fight with the CEO, I negotiated my departure from VSE, and with Darlene, set about deciding the next chapter in our lives. Darlene, who'd long since resigned from the Public Health Service to be a mom, proposed what now seems an obvious next step. She said to me: "You've spent your career making other people look good, not to mention rich. Why don't we start our own company?"

So began T-Solutions Inc. in 2002. We started as consultants to NAVSEA and became a real company with benefits and all the trappings when we bought a Port Engineer Program subcontract from AMSEC in March 2004. That transaction brought 27 employees to T-Solutions. A year later, Amtrak asked us to revamp its locomotive maintenance practices, and then hired us to do the same for its entire rolling fleet. Two years later, the Virginia Chamber of Commerce named us the state's fastest-growing company. T-Solutions

has subsequently been honored as Small Business of the Year in Chesapeake, VA; Business of the Year in Chesapeake, VA; A Best Places to Work in Tidewater, VA; and a Roaring 20s Award for entrepreneur success in Tidewater VA.

Today we employ almost 300 people, of whom more than a third are Kings Pointers, and another third are graduates of the other maritime academies. That makes running the company close to stressless, because I know our people never give up before solving whatever challenges they face. They always solve problems and never just pass them along. I know they have all that's needed get the job done.

All to say that this once-reluctant midshipman is immensely proud of my school, and of the kind of Americans it continues to graduate. I've tried to pay Kings Point back by hiring a whole bunch of its graduates, and those men and women have paid *me* back by doing a tremendous job and making our company a success. Our current young engineers are savvier with computers, of course, but in most respects they're much like we were. They have the same capacity to get things done—to find a problem's root cause, rather than fix it for the moment. They don't seem to know how to fail, and they don't.

I realize that I can never fully repay my debt to the academy. It gave me a great engineering education and made me a hands-on, practical expert in the engine room, and gave me the desire *to act* when I saw a problem. It gave me the knowledge and confidence to take calculated risks, and to engineer in creative ways. That gave me a huge advantage over my peers in the Navy.

Its lasting effects might have been even more profound off the job. Its lessons of personal involvement, of loyalty and camaraderie, and of forthrightness and honor, have made me a better father to my four children, a better friend and, I hope, a better husband. Kings Point made me who I am.

Just how uninformed I was back in 1964 is illustrated by an exchange I had with an upperclassman on the first day we reported for plebe summer. He asked me, "What do you want to be, engineering or deck?"

I didn't have a clue. "Well," I stammered, "I'm good at math."

To which he replied, "You're an engineer, then."

And so I was.

--Jim

From Tom Hamberger:

After graduation, I was immediately assigned to a cargo ship (C-4) loaded with bombs and ammunitions, headed to Viet Nam. I did that for 3 years, sailing as Third Mate and Relief Second Mate. I also sailed on a T-2 tanker up and down the East Coast delivering gas and fuel oil from refineries to major destination cities.

In 1973, I came ashore and started working for the DuPont Company in Wilmington, De. Got married and had 5 children -- 3 girls and 2 boys. I did all the neighborhood and Little league activities for 21 years while still working and traveling the US for DuPont as a Project Engineer. I even had my picture on the cover of several professional magazines for new and innovative ideas in Logistical Engineering.

I left Wilmington after a divorce and moved to Atlanta where I met and married my current wife Susan. Have been married over 25 years and love every minute of life. In the early 2000's we were both downsized from corporate America and entered a career in real estate. In Atlanta that was a great decision as we rode the growth wave of the housing market to the Top ---becoming the #13 realtors in the City of Atlanta in 2008.

With the economic recession we were still quite successful with real estate and now spend more time traveling to our beach paradise condo in Destin, Florida. Susan and I enjoy our grandchildren and traveling. We went to Europe for 2 weeks 2013 to see my daughter in USAF and in 2014 to The Kentucky Derby. Every year we have a "bucket list" destination to visit and enjoy. In the spring of 2018, we took all the grandkids on a Caribbean cruise.

We are both in good health, are part of a loving family and enjoying life. We wish the best to each and every one of

you and your families. If ever in HOTLANTA . . . give us a call. My “new career” is Umpiring Little League baseball.

With regrets, I must say we will not be attending our 50th class reunion. Again I pass along my heartfelt best wishes to all my classmates and wish you fair winds and a following sea as we all set sail for the later chapters of our lives -- Acta Non Verba!

--Tom

From Ray Smith:

Wow, 50 years on 6/5/18, hard to believe! Looking back:

Cannot ignore the great and rewarding times during Sea Year that I had with Dick Shakeshaft…what a guy and shipmate! One memorable stop, along with Cary Beilstein, was in Le Havre, France, aboard the *SS United States*. Amazingly, we ran into Jack Opet and Bill Stevens (peace, Bill) and, well . . . let’s just say . . . a drinking escapade best forgotten, eh? (I have the “bucket-on-head” picture).

Then comes 1968 . . . adios KP, married Marie, and off to sea on tankers, banana boats, and Army Corps dredges. While “dredging” with Don Peavy, we often discussed our post-sailing futures and Don suggested GE Power Systems as a possibility. Well, Don, that worked! As the next 40 years proved, covering turbine field engineering, turbine parts and services sales, and account management of industrial and utility customers throughout NY. It was a good company and people, to be sure. Marie and I enjoyed a lovely and fulfilling life, spent mostly in Syracuse, NY, raising our daughter, Jen, and busy supporting civic and charitable organizations and events. Ah, the good old days!

We retired from GE and shoveling snow in 2011 and moved to Don Pedro Island, a bridgeless, barrier island community in SW Florida. We enjoy boating, golfing, and watching the dolphins and occasional manatee swim by, with a nice wine in hand. More than ever, we still enjoy supporting charitable events, protecting Gopher Tortoises, doing Sea

Turtle Patrol, and driving for Meals on Wheels (great for a couple to consider).

So, we're in the good new days! The best to all my classmates and . . . Dear Lord . . . mahalo.

--Ray

From Richard Gallagher:

[Editor's Note: This is an extract from his resume].

Richard ("Dick") Gallagher is a graduate of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point where he was Editor-in-Chief of the Academy newspaper (B.S., Marine Transportation) & University of Miami School of Law where he was on the Dean's List (J.D., with Specialization in Ocean Law). He is admitted to practice law in Texas & Florida, is certified as a Mediator in Texas & has been designated a Proctor in Admiralty by the Maritime Law Association of the United States. He is also a licensed ship's officer & a retired Naval Reserve Officer. His professional experience includes three years sea duty on a variety of oceangoing vessels (including Viet Nam service), three years as a maritime trial lawyer, three years with SEDCO, Inc. (time split between Marine Superintendent and Sr. Counsel), and ten years at Hunt Oil Company as Sr. International Counsel.

Since 1997, Dick has maintained an international and maritime legal consulting practice based in Dallas with an emphasis on performing domestic projects and overseas assignments for oil industry clients. He has also served as an expert witness, worked as a Sr. Contracts Advisor on projects in the Middle East and Africa, and performs *ad hoc* legal services.

Dick's work has carried him to over 40 countries. He is adept at dealing with foreign governments, enjoys working in multi-cultural environments and is a speaker at legal seminars. He served for three years as Chair and three years as Vice Chair of the International Law Section of the Dallas Bar Association and received the "2008 Special Section Award" from the DBA. He is co-founder of the International Law Mentorship Program between the DBA and SMU Dedman

School of Law. Since 2014, Dick serves as an Advisory Board Member of the Institute for Transnational Arbitration, a division of the Center for American and International Law. He is a trained Arbitrator, and has been a Member of the College of the State Bar of Texas for the past several years.

The son of a Kings Pointer, Dick was President of the Miami Chapter of the USMMA Alumni Association at the same time his Dad was President of the Long Island Chapter. He was also one of the co-founders and first President of the North Texas Chapter of the Alumni Association Since 2010, he has been a Council Member of the Junius Heights Historic District, where he resides with his wife of 49 years, Betty.

--Richard

From Al Schultz:

Upon graduation, I sailed as a shipboard engineer for 3 years, went to graduate school for marine/environmental science, then ended up working for a leading international chemical tanker company (Stolt-Nielsen). I was initially in operations, then with regulatory, safety & environmental affairs pertaining to the carriage of bulk chemicals -- which involved a lot of committee work with the USCG and with the UN and industry groups in Europe (particularly London). I've also been involved with the oil spill contingency planning and response industry since 1996. I have been retired since Jan. 2014 but still manage to keep busy, particularly with the Danbury, CT Men's Club. Have become a bit of a cook . . .

I met my wife Inge in 1979; she comes from a large German dairy farming family in upstate NY. We have one son who is now 33 and living in Jacksonville, FL. He's involved in sales/marketing. Inge is a psychiatric nurse practitioner; she has a busy practice and is now mostly providing her and others' patients with psychopharmacology services. We live in New Fairfield, CT (next to Danbury), which is about an hour north of Mt. Vernon. Along with family, I still see a group of guys from the old neighborhood or high school on a routine basis.

--Al

From Jim Harbach:

28 Years on the USMMA Faculty

After four years sailing on my USCG license after graduation, completing a Master's degree at Cornell University, and six years working as a design engineer for Gibbs & Cox (FFG7 frigates) and Burns & Roe (nuclear power plant systems), I decided to accept an offer to go back to KP as an Assistant Professor in the Engineering Department. A number of the professors we had were still there: Don Paquette, Ed Ferenczy, Wally McDonald, and Moe Hirschkowitz. The department was in the initial stages of upgrading the program for engineering accreditation by ABET and I was tasked with adding design content to the senior Marine Engineering sequence. Our accreditation review a few years later was successful.

A few years later I was made Director of Laboratories and supervised a major upgrade to the facilities. After a short stint as Assistant Department Head, the Department Head position opened up. I applied, and was promoted. Probably one of the most surreal parts of that job was having to do annual performance reviews of faculty that had me as a student in their classes twenty years earlier. After two three-year terms as Head of Engineering, I had had enough of the politics and was ready to go back to full-time teaching. When I started seeing the sons and daughters of my former students show up, I knew it was time to consider retirement. I finished my KP career as a Full Professor and was made Professor Emeritus a few years after retiring. If someone had told me on June 5, 1968 I would be coming back to KP to work and would spend the next 28 years there, I would have fallen on the ground in laughter.

--Jim

From Jeff Haas:

Greetings from the Camino de Santiago in Burgos, Spain.

After walking 220 miles along the Camino de Santiago from Saint Jean Pied de Port in France to Hornillas, Spain, I am sitting down to chronicle my thoughts for our reunion. But, before I do, I want you all to know that the Camino de Santiago is an amazing, inspirational adventure that awaits. John Pigott has walked the Camino many times and leads a group in Portland, Oregon. John can be reached at Portlandia@americanpilgrims.org.

I have had a great run as a lawyer in San Francisco, a bit of which is documented at jeffhaaslaw.com. While continuing to work on some cases, I am relying more on my longtime co-counsel and friend, Cliff Weingus.

After two transitional marriages, I found my soul mate, Susie Hughey, in September 1995. We married the next year, blended our families and embarked upon the most incredible journey. Susie and I are most proud of our kids. They are educated, well-traveled, employed, and actually enjoy spending time with us.

Early on, Susie and I made a commitment to introduce our children to the wonder of travel, hoping they would see and embrace a world view. Every year, we would travel somewhere, mostly in Europe. One of the most poignant moments for me was when my son, Jeffrey, ended a poem he had penned with "For I am a citizen of the world." Bravo!

We celebrated our 20th anniversary and my 70th birthday with our entire group in Croatia. Sons Jeffrey and Matt, and daughters, Lauren, Lacey, Ashley and Allie, along with significant others, all made the trip. Our Croatian friend and host Pero, the patriarch of the family, and I ended the extravaganza, emboldened with Croatian Walnut Brandy, dancing with each other to Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire." It was a Zorba the Greek moment!

After Croatia, we flew to Tanzania where Allie was living and working for the Clinton Health Initiative on a program designed to educate women about HIV prevention

and treatment. Allie had the good fortune to have Chelsea Clinton as a professor while working on her Master's in Public Health at Columbia and was inspired to help in the global fight against AIDS. Lacey was also in Arusha on her way to the Serengeti, where she is doing her doctoral field work studying the migration of the Wildebeest.

This was our second trip to Africa. It started when we took Ema and Ezster, visiting from Tanzania, out on our boat in San Francisco. After learning that Ema was a Masai Warrior, I proposed that I would teach Ema how to operate the boat and he would teach me how to stare down a lion. While passing under the Golden Gate, we shook hands, cementing the deal. Ema took us on an unforgettable adventure into the Ngorongoro Crater and beyond to his Masai Village.

To round out our group, Jeffrey and Matt are both mechanical engineers. Matt and his wife Cristy work and live, along with 18 month old Lexi, in Arlington, TX. Jeffrey, who is studying for his master's degree, lives and works in Ormand Beach, Florida. Ashley and her husband Pascal live down the road from us in Sonoma. Both still commute to San Francisco -- Ash to a medical start-up and Pascal to LinkedIn. Lacey and her boyfriend Max live in Charlottesville, where Max is a first year professor at UVA. Lauren and her boyfriend Chris live in Sarasota. Lauren is just starting an exciting new gig working for a company that promotes programs like PINC, a European version of TED Talks.

In November, we sold our house that I built 35 years ago, bought a condo in Sonoma and are getting ready for more grandchildren.

--Jeff

From Jeff Grant:

We all had a three year commitment to sail after graduation. Yes, I sailed for three years, but I want to share my experiences while being a commissioned officer in the US Naval Reserves (Inactive). While sailing I was sent a letter each year in December from the Navy asking what I was doing. One of the answers was "sailing in the Merchant

Marine." I would check that off and send the questionnaire back and I would not hear from the Navy again until next December.

After I decided to stop sailing (in October 1971), when the questionnaire came that year I checked the box that stated I no longer was sailing in the Merchant Marine and sent it back. I received another letter quickly after that telling me to report to the "ACDUTRA" -- Active Reserve Duty Training Facility in Washington DC. There was no address, nor a phone number. Back then there was no Internet so I couldn't just Google it. So I disregarded it.

The following December I received the same form, but this time it had the instructions to contact the ACDUTRA. Again I disregarded it. This continued each year until the year I was retired from Naval Service. Right after the attack in Beirut, I received a large envelope from the Navy with my honorable discharge.

I did start one correspondence course but didn't complete it. Funny thing, though -- I kept on getting promoted. I retired a Lieutenant. My Service? I never saw another Naval Officer (except my brother from time to time), I never completed a correspondence course, and I never contacted ACDUTRA.

--Jeff

From Marie Hado:

"Hang on Snoopy, hang on…"

This turned out to be a real theme song for me the first few years of our life together. First, waiting for summer vacations, holiday vacations, and Kings Point weekends; then after our wedding in 1970, waiting for ships to return home. I did a lot of waiting and letter writing. Sometimes it was hard to hang on.

But 50 plus years later I still remember the first weekend I spent at Kings Point for the Spring Fling in 1967, and my first plane ride, taxi ride and night in a hotel. I met

many of Mickey's classmates and their girlfriends -- some who have remained lifelong friends. Some died too soon.

The first night of the Spring Fling, the cadets had a beach barbecue and raw oysters for an appetizer. I think they may have caught them themselves. I didn't want to try one, but I was assured how delicious raw oysters were. No one said to just let it slide down your throat, so I chomped down and hit sand . . . that was the end of raw oysters forever.

There was a formal dinner Saturday night in the mess hall before the dance. We were seated and served at long tables just like in a movie. The guys wore their dress whites. I particularly remember the romantic candlelight and Mickey pouring the cream in my coffee and pulling out my chair, etc. I think they had been coached in how to treat their guests. I would like to say that hasn't changed much since then. He still will pour the no-fat milk in my coffee when we are dining out.

A lot of time has gone by since those days, but the memories of my weekends spent at Kings Point are fresh in my mind. A Saturday afternoon having a beer reminds me of the lazy Saturdays spent at Maurice's playing pool and darts. I always say I feel like I am back in college having a beer on a Saturday afternoon.

I know for the guys who attended Kings Point it was hard work and discipline and going without. Just having the pocket change to call my dorm was an extravagance. The day their phone broke was one of our longest conversations dorm to dorm. But I am sure each of the guys in the Class of '68 would not change their experiences gained from attending the USMMA. Most have had successful lives and careers.

For me, I am always proud to say that my husband is a graduate of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy.

-- Marie

From Charlie Schroeder:

It seems like only yesterday, I can remember most of my first day at KP 50 years ago perfectly. But something happened in between -- I could not find my keys this morning.

We are all in what is supposed to be the GOLDEN YEARS; I believe the GO in GOLDEN stands for GO to another doctor. Names of many of the players at that time in life stand out when recollecting that time in 1964. Starting in First Company 68-160, we got to know Ramrod "Tex" Synder very well. Some of the names that come up in an instant stand out for various reasons good and not so good -- who can forget Slick Dick O'Leary. Salty O'Hara, Horton Spurr, Dom the Flipper, Russian Professor Gitman and the most famous of all H.O. Travis, with his name carved or scrawled in every head in every dive bar in every port in the world. I can't do the backwards ⅎ on my computer but we all know what it means . . .

I do have fond memories of my 4 years at KP. I was so fond that I did not want a split sea year for sports; I just wanted to get away for a full year. It was a great year as most of you experienced. My year took me to the Far East, Northern Europe, South America and The Med. I could not ask for anymore. I have not done anything famous like write a book or invent something that made millions, but I have had a great life -- giving many thanks to our Creator and to the life education KP gave me, not just the book stuff. After graduation, I did my 3 years on commercial ships as I outlined in a previous email to Pat. I always envisioned being in business for myself and as soon as my 3 years at sea ended I bought a small business in Virginia to satisfy my goal. I grew it to 3 locations in 2 states with 70 employees. After selling my business in the late 90's I took a little time off to think about what I wanted to do.

Number one on the list was go back to sea; sounds crazy to many of you, I am sure. I hung up my suits and ties, which I had been wearing for the past 25 years. In 2000, I got my Coast Guard documents straight, went down to the MEBA Union Hall in Norfolk and shipped out to the Med within a week. I have a wonderful family with 4 children of whom I am very proud. One is an artist and trains dogs, one has followed in my footsteps and works on the water, and one is in the administration of Portland State University, and one is in the medical field. We now have 6 grandchildren. Today I live in Cape Coral, Florida, with my lovely wife Susan. I still ship

out 3 or 4 months a year, when I get the urge. I was lucky enough to have my plebe roommate Bob "Red" Rowan come down to my boat on the Chesapeake and get out to sail for a few days. I have seen Jack and Chief a few times in the past few years. We are all the same except just more BS. I have seen Bob Faucett a few times and used to get together with Bear Costanzi in Chicago before he passed away, a great loss.

While I have been sailing the past 18 years, I have thoroughly enjoyed the camaraderie with fellow mariners and the younger generation -- I feel it has kept me young. I, of course, still love the travel. I have to say that KP is still putting out a great product, kids who work hard and play hard. The cadets and officers from all the academies whom I have met are also a great bunch of gals and guys who are good to work with and share a beer or two.

I gave Jack and Chief notice the past couple of years that sailing under the Golden Gate Bridge is on my bucket list, but they have not come thru yet. I have done it on ships numerous times but want to do it on a sailboat.

--Charlie

From Richard Shakeshaft:

So, I told my high school guidance counselor that I wanted to be an engineer, but I didn't want to sit behind a desk and I wanted to get dirty. He pulled down a college catalog and handed it to me, "You might want to consider the US Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point" . . . be careful what you wish for.

After graduation I went down to the NYC MEBA hall, signed up and shipped out relief on an MSTS ship to Europe. I continued to sail relief for a year or so until I landed a permanent job on the *Ponce de Leon* a roll-on-roll-off that made a weekly run between Staten Island and San Juan, PR and back with an overnight in NYC. This was a great gig for me since I had gotten married and a year later we had our first daughter.

I thoroughly enjoyed the work, but I soon realized I didn't want to be at sea while my family was growing. I sent resumes out to any company on the coast that made or used boilers, pumps and/or turbines. I needed to be on the coast to have the opportunity to sail -- having been infected by that bug at KP. I landed a job with PEPCo, the electric utility for Washington DC and surrounding Maryland. And the rest, as they say, is history.

We soon had two more daughters (they were all in high school at the same time). I've been sailing on the Chesapeake Bay for the last 45 years or so. Went through a divorce and seven years later I remarried (coming up on our 30th, soon after the reunion). Our three daughters and two sons all live in the DC area, and we have five grandkids.

I worked for PEPCo for 30 plus years in power plants -- 10 as plant manager of a 700MW coal and combustion turbine plant (remember that wish?). There were five other engine Kings Pointers who worked for PEPCo, and I crossed paths with many others in the utility industry. It's impressive that a school that puts out about 100 engineers a year can have such a representation all across the country.

PEPCo sold their plants in the first wave of generation "de(re?)regulation," and I retired. I started what turned in to be a second career as a sailing instructor in Annapolis, MD, our home. I teach bareboat cruising and coastal navigation courses at a sailing school and keelboat sailing at the Naval Academy. I found time to pick up a few crew rides on a transatlantic sail and several runs back and fourth to the Caribbean.

Life is and has been good. And if I look back, all the good dots connect back to Kings Point.

--Shake

From John Rydzewski:

I sailed for 5 years and upgraded my license to First Engineer. I married my wonderful wife, Junko, in January of 1972. After my last voyage from February to August, I decided sailing was not compatible with being a husband and father. Although many have done so successfully, it was not for me. I

got a job as a car salesman to buy some time while I decided on my next move. I kept my union membership in case I had to go back to sea, if money got tight. I wasn't a very good car salesman!

In early 1973, I received a call from my KP roommate Clint Robertson. He started working for DuPont at their plant in Seaford, Delaware. He said one of the consultants (a 1948 KP graduate) from DuPont central engineering said they were hiring. I sent him a letter, received an application, went for an interview and was hired. My wife, first daughter and I moved from Nevada to Delaware in August 1973. I stayed with DuPont as a direct employee for 32 years, retiring in 2005. I continued to work for them as a contract engineer until 2013.

Junko and I have four children (three girls and a boy), and ten grandchildren. Two of our daughters are KP graduates (1996 and 1998). Our other children are University of Delaware graduates (1994 and 2003). We enjoy gardening, grandkids and traveling. I also enjoy working on antique cars.

--John

From Jim Ware:

I sailed for 3 years with ESSO, raised my license to 2nd Assistant Engineer and sailed as a second for a while. I came ashore in 1971 and moved to Virginia to take a job at Newport News Shipbuilding. I was a nuclear Shift Test Engineer on boomer overhauls and SSN 688 Class New Construction Submarines. In 1979, I left Newport News Shipbuilding to work for the Dept. of the Navy in the engineering department at Norfolk Naval Shipyard for 3 years, transferring to Supervisor of Shipbuilding (Dept. of Navy) at Newport News Shipbuilding in 1982. I retired from the federal government in 2007. Most of my work has been in the nuclear field. My last job at SUPSHIPNN was Deputy Program Officer for the Virginia Class Submarine Project. After raising two sons (six grandchildren), I enjoy golfing and working on the never ending array of projects that my wife has for me in the only house we have lived in for 45 years in the quaint village of Rescue, VA.

--Jim

From Norm Wood:

I now have 4 great children and 7 grandchildren who I enjoy immensely. My only minor regret is that between work and raising a family, I have lost touch with friends and classmates from KP. I am looking forward to the reunion.

--Norm

From Harvey Mott:

Joan and I were married in the Mariners Chapel on March 1, 1969. We have three daughters and five grandchildren. Upon graduation, I sailed with Poling Transportation for four years coastwise in the Northeast corridor. During this time, I sailed with Kenny Warner for a couple of years who was a great shipmate. I came ashore to work for Mobil Oil Corp in 1972 and the company lived up to its name as we moved 12 times, including 4 overseas assignments. I retired from ExxonMobil in 2002 and, subsequently, joined Seabulk Tankers and worked for them from 2002 until my retirement in 2012.

--Harvey

From Dave Aldrich:

After our June 5th graduation, I took some vacation time, then in July headed out to Viet Nam, sailing out of MEBA District 2. I did most of my sailing to Viet Nam and the Far East until 1971. Highlights included a stop for fuel in Hawaii and across the dock was the CS *Longlines*. Gene Niemi and Ray Fernandez were on her and we chatted for some hours until my ship moved on. Out in Viet Nam, I also ran into Bill Sember who was working on a ship stationed there providing power to one of the towns and Skip Day in a seamen's club. Other than that my sea time was pretty uneventful.

I came ashore, got married, and worked for Prudential Insurance Company in the Buildings Department for three

years, my only time outside the maritime industry. In 1974, I went to work for Exxon International Company Tanker Department, which at one time operated 85 ships. Ten years later, with the Tanker Department dwindling down, I was laid off, and soon thereafter the department was gone. My highlight there was the three months I worked and lived in Aruba, a dream assignment.

My son was born in 1973; in 1984 I left Exxon, filed for divorce, which became a two year ordeal, and commenced working for Admanthos Shipping Agency, a small Greek family-owned shipping company, operating three tankers. My wife to be, Naomi, was the treasurer there. We married on my birthday October 13th, in 1990, in the Mariners Chapel and son, David, who I had won custody of, was our best man. We would eventually renew our vows in the Chapel at one of the reunions, I believe the 40th.

I began working for Exxon in NYC, after which they moved to New Jersey. Admanthos also was in NYC, down by the Battery, eventually moving to Connecticut. I commuted through the World Trade Center from 1984 to 1991. I stayed at Admanthos the rest of my career, retiring as President at the end of 2008. Naomi & I sold our home in Connecticut in 2016 and moved to The Villages in Florida with our two standard poodles. We have a park model trailer in Rhode Island where we spend the summers, as long as we can stand driving back & forth. We have three granddaughters in Connecticut -- 18 year-old identical twins, at the time of the reunion, and an 11 year- old.

I bowl and golf -- Naomi bowls and is currently taking golf lessons. She is an active singer in our church choir and other choruses. We are loving retirement in Florida.

--Dave

From Chas Pearson:

After leaving KP, I sailed for several months a year, some years more, some less, from 1968 thru 1972, mostly on Seatrain vessels supporting the Viet Nam Conflict effort. During winters thru ’72 I spent most of my time on Ski Patrol at

a small NH ski area, and I still ski when conditions are good (midweek) whenever possible here in NH.

I have 2 wonderful kids (Dawn & Keith) who have their own families now -- Dawn & Chris in Arizona with my 18-year-old granddaughter (just graduated Scottsdale HS) and Keith and Kelly now living in Houston, Tx. with my 10-year-old grandson Liam, and all are healthy and doing very well.

Jeanne and I are still living in her childhood home (she's lived in this 1853 farmhouse since 1950!) in Sandown, NH, and we're looking forward to celebrating our 19th year of marriage (been together 24 years now) this year.

After sailing part time thru 1972, I entered the University of NH, studying Mechanical/Electrical (control systems) Engineering. When my money from sailing ran out, I started working with my dad (retired Air Force Lt. Col.-Civil Engineer) in the small Land Surveying business he started after he retired (for the 3rd time) in 1971.

I was at UNH for 3 semesters, but soon found out that instead of tweaking pneumatic control accessories in the lab, I really enjoyed being outdoors doing land surveying work (when the weather was nice) and facing the challenge of solving historical land surveying (deed) problems when weather was bad . . . these problems are like giant jigsaw puzzles with the added dimension of time, so I developed a specialty of solving the location of where "the old hundred acre lot in the Chester South Woods" is that someone inherited, but no one has a clue where it is due to the exceptionally poor descriptions and convoluted title issues that I took on as a challenge.

I became a partner with him in '73, and after achieving my PE license in '73 and my Land Surveyor's license in 1976, I purchased his part of the business from him and have been involved in Land Surveying, Civil/Mechanical/Sanitary Engineering ever since. I have worked mostly on my own (with a few notable exceptions) over the years as president of that corporation, but have taken on several large projects out of the office personally as Resident Engineer and Clerk of the Works on several major construction projects in southern NH, and was Construction Services Department Head for RG Vanderweil in Boston for a time, and have done over 2500

civil/land survey/construction projects in our firm's 46-year history.

I'm past President of the NH Land Surveyors Association, past Director of the NH Septic Designers Association, won a HUD/DOE grant for a Passive Solar Energy design for a home I built in Chester, NH, and achieved Senior Ski Patroller rank while working in that industry in the early 1970s.

I still enjoy sailing (small boats mostly) and we keep our 16' Venture Cat (as well as a lot of other water toys) at our Blueberry Island camp in Barnstead, NH, a small private island retreat we own in the Lakes Region of NH. Jeanne and I enjoy traveling in our 22' motorhome (Winnebago Rialta) and have taken many extended trips in it since she retired from Digital Equipment Corp. in 1999 and when I have the flexibility to take chunks of time off, as long as I plan my work commitments ahead of time.

In 2006, we did a 3-month, 13,000 mile loop across southern Canada out to Tofino, Vancouver Island, south thru the Redwoods, Mt. St. Helens, Crater Lake, Canada and California wine country down to SF, Monterrey and then east to see the Sequoias, Death Valley and visit with our kids on the way home.

When Jeanne turned 66 (2010) we did Route 66 from Chicago to the Pier at Santa Monica, hitting many of the old, abandoned sections of that road -- it was a great time with a lot of history. We even were able to plan our schedule on that trip around the 2010 "West Coast" reunion in Las Vegas, leaving Kingman, Az, from Rt. 66, headed north over the Hoover Dam and spent 3 days in Vegas with some of our classmates and their wives, then back to Kingman to finish the trip out to the pier . . . was a GREAT time.

Summer of 2017, we did a 10 week, 11,000 mile trip west to the Rockies National Parks from Glacier south to Big Bend, picking up a full door of fridge magnets of those amazing sights, another memorable bucket list trip.

Speaking of bucket list items, Jeanne and I bit the bullet (long flights) and toured Australia and New Zealand (guided tour, not our RV) in February/March of this year and enjoyed the amazing sights, people and food that area has to offer. I

never managed to get that far south while sailing in the Far East, so that was a BIG check mark on my bucket list.

One thing I have learned over the past 50 years since leaving Kings Point . . . don't take life too seriously, it's not permanent; life is too short (as we're learning at our advanced ages), and there's always some solution to a problem that eventually presents itself, with often unexpected positive results and benefits.

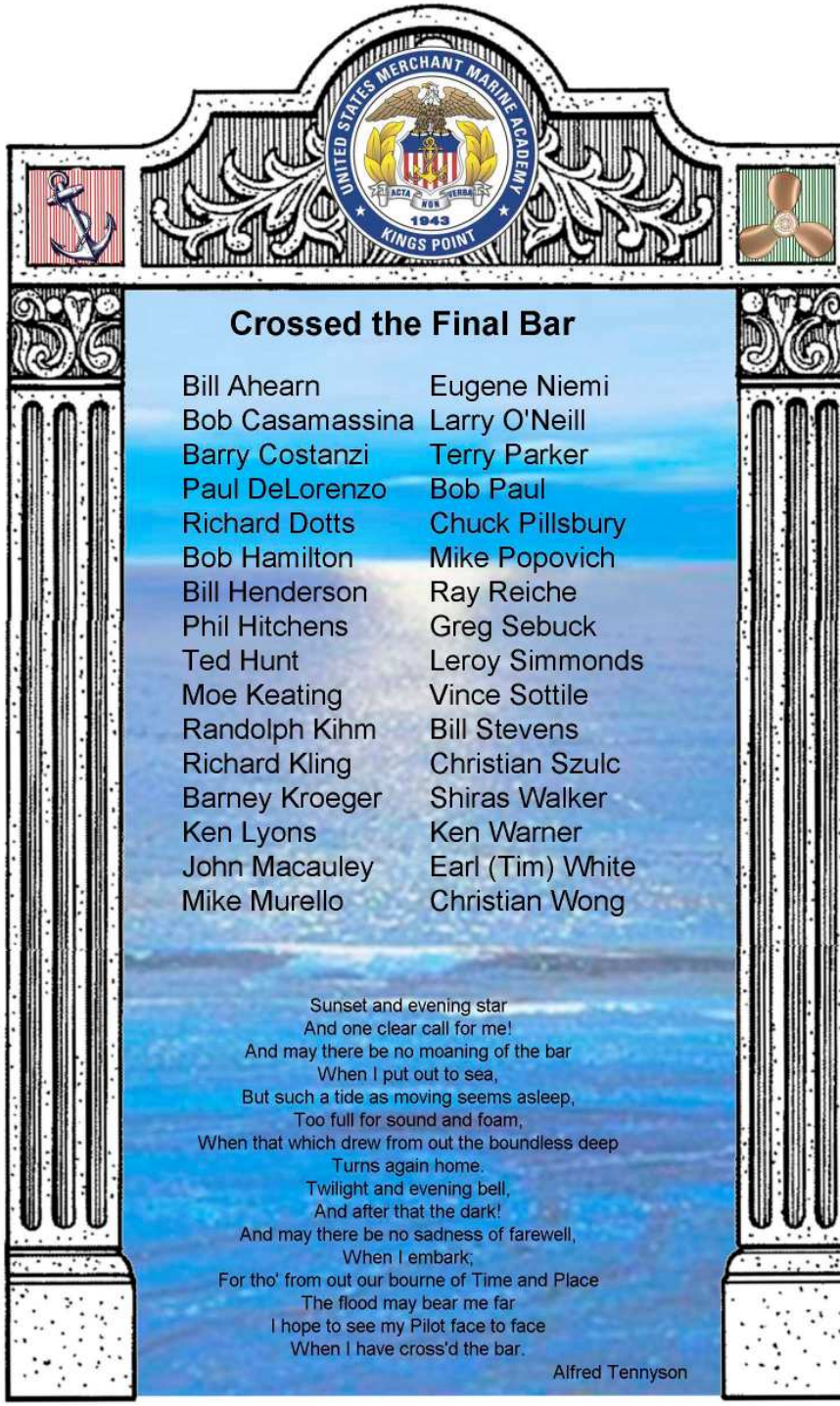
--Chas

From Carl Miller:

I was one of the two in our class to graduate without a license. If you remember, I had several nocturnal grand mal seizures during our Second Class year. I got to visit the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Staten Island where they determined that they did not know what caused my episodes and put me on medication. The Navy said goodbye and the Coast Guard said that I could get my license if I was seizure free through First Class year, which I was. I had secured a job sailing tankers and planned to get married the day after we graduated. A month before graduation, the Coast Guard changed their mind and advised me that I would not get a license.

That was devastating, but I graduated, got married the next day and took off to Bermuda for my honeymoon. The placement office got me a couple introductions and I had a job as a hull underwriting trainee with AIG's marine subsidiary. It was great to find a job utilizing what I had been studying for four years, but the pay half of what ya'll made at sea, and it was a sweatshop. After two years, I knew life had to be better and started my corporate gypsy life of various underwriting positions in Tampa, Atlanta, Houston and finally Bermuda where I had tried 25 years earlier to get a job while on my honeymoon. That job was the best job in my 43 years of working, and instead of going for 3 to 5 years, we stayed for 10 and didn't come home until I retired and moved back to Houston.

--Carl

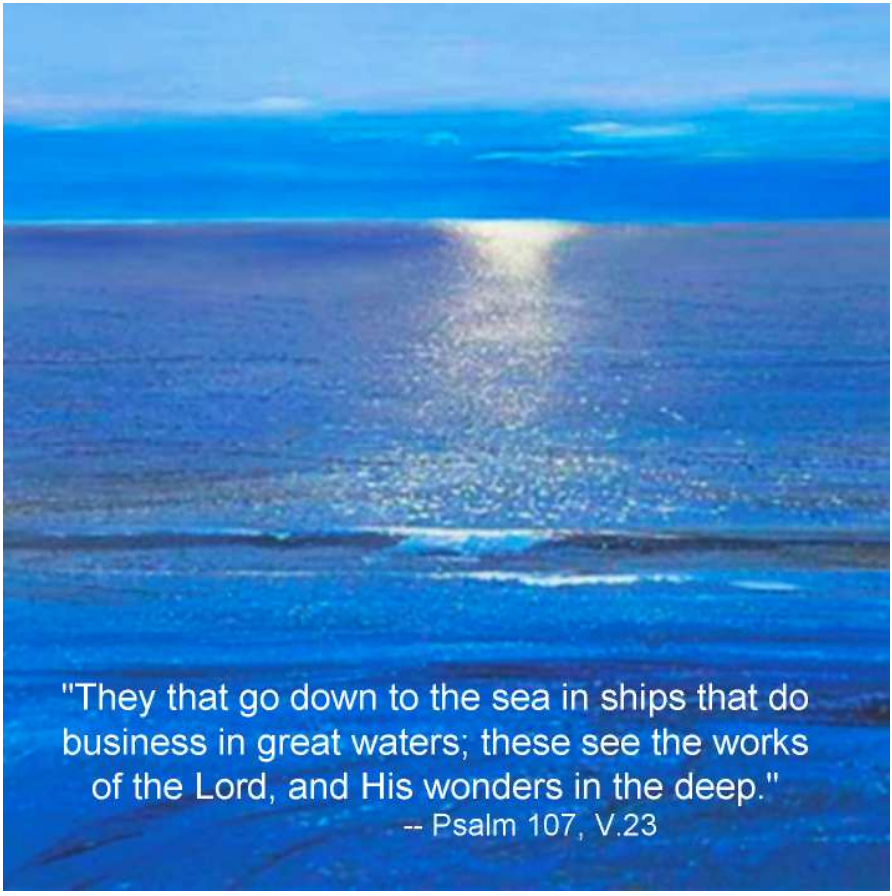


Crossed the Final Bar

Bill Ahearn	Eugene Niemi
Bob Casamassina	Larry O'Neill
Barry Costanzi	Terry Parker
Paul DeLorenzo	Bob Paul
Richard Dotts	Chuck Pillsbury
Bob Hamilton	Mike Popovich
Bill Henderson	Ray Reiche
Phil Hitchens	Greg Sebuck
Ted Hunt	Leroy Simmonds
Moe Keating	Vince Sottile
Randolph Kihm	Bill Stevens
Richard Kling	Christian Szulc
Barney Kroeger	Shiras Walker
Ken Lyons	Ken Warner
John Macauley	Earl (Tim) White
Mike Murello	Christian Wong

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

Alfred Tennyson


"They that go down to the sea in ships that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."
-- Psalm 107, V.23

Part Seven: In Remembrance Of

From Jim Mucci: *[Editor's Note: This is mostly an excerpt from the eulogy Jim gave at the funeral of his good friend and our classmate, Barney Kroeger].*

Barney Kroeger: The ideal shipmate seemed to be one who was a good spender ashore, who could take his liquor without too much quarreling, and who would fight for you without asking for a reason . . .

Forty years ago, three kids from Pennsylvania entered the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point New York. As plebes, we were required to stencil all our possessions with our 1st and middle initials, last name and graduating year. Jamucci68, jropet68 and nbkroeger68. I was quickly renamed "Guinea,", jropet became "Jack" and nbkroeger became "NBK" as we have affectionately referred to Barney since. Thirty years ago, while working on a ship stability program, I became stalled for months on how to store hull configuration tables. Since Barney was then living in Downey, driving his famous Datsun B210 which he started by crossing 2 wires, I took my problem to him. Shortly thereafter I had a practical solution. Over the next 30 years I will have repeated this scenario 100's of times. Can't figure something out, call Barney. Can't get something to work, call Barney.

Since that time, I cannot remember any major decision I had not consulted with Barney. When you wanted to be sure that your thought process was sound and that you were doing the right thing — you called NBK.

My close relationship with Barney came after we left Kings Point, because he was a member of Second Battalion, the source of 95% of all my demerits coming from his gumba, Dom DeFilippi. In 1983, while on business in New York, we

visited our 15 year reunion at Kings Point for the football game. After some strong encouragement from our classmates in attendance, we joined the dinner at the Officer's Club "out of uniform," one of the things we both prided ourselves on.

Twenty-five years ago, during happy hour at Houlihan's, our favorite hangout in Long Beach, I learned how Barney and his RBU associates bugged the officer's conference room in Wiley Hall. I also learned how they managed to get a tie around the neck of the eagle on top of the flagpole and how he managed to have keys to all the doors at the Academy. He also liked to point out my benefactors; Ray Ash and Cmdr. Litchfield (Uncle Fal) were responsible for most of his time on restriction.

Twenty years ago, *The Duquesne Times*, named after the Kroeger family business, sailed single-handed from Long Beach to Hawaii. The skipper, NBK. Barney subsequently joined Dr. Jim Selevan, Bob Bradley and his generous friend, Dick Rosic, on board his Ariel for the 85 Trans Pac. That Trans Pac bound Barney & Dick as "brothers," with Barney going on to work for Dick's irrigation Company. They have shared 13 years of formal New Year's celebrations in Catalina, Xmas lighting for numerous boat parades, many other voyages and races, parties, ham radio, and endless electronic and mechanical projects.

Nine years ago, on my 50th birthday, I was presented the jacket I wear here today, by non-other than our beloved NBK.

Just this last year, with great pride, Barney announced that Sue had achieved National Board Certified Teacher Recognition for federal excellence in achievement and creativity in teaching. Sue had worked diligently on this three year program assisted by her # 1 fan and cameraman -- NBK.

For many years Barney has been assisting his 95-year-old father-in-law, Jack, with relocation, remodeling and medical transportation. Barney had a special VA case for his materials used for numerous trips to the VA with Jack. He said it helped him keep up with his reading.

We wish to express our deepest and most sincere sympathies to Barney's sister, Carol, his niece and nephews, Chris, Rob and Michele, his stepsons, Brian and Steven and .

. . to his dedicated wife, Sue, whose care and treatment of Barney these last many difficult months has been extraordinary. Sue, you have shown great patience, compassion, support and love in putting our dear friend Barney's best interest 1st throughout your relationship. It takes a very special woman to be independent enough to allow Barney to go off sailing, smart enough for someone with Barney's special genius, industrious enough to keep up with the to-do lists and caring enough to sooth Barney's wounds. You have been a great mate. Thank you.

I have been asked to erect a memorial to Barney. Jack suggested we follow his example of dignity & honor as our monument to him. "Sounds like a Plan," as Barney would say. One of the ways that we can honor Barney is to provide the ongoing support to Sue and his family as he would do for anyone of us.

I will leave you with a remembrance from 10 years ago when Jim Colby, Atle and I donned our lederhosen to celebrate Barney's 50th birthday and present him with a plaque displaying our definition of "Barney:"

A Gumba
A lover of the Grape
Erudite
Scout Master
Eagle Scout
Master Engineer
Seaman
Printer
Mechanic
German
Organized
Provider
Father
Husband
Precise
Dependable
Reliable
Honorable
Fair & Reasonable

Generous
Brave
Dignified
The Standard by which Society's behavior should be measured.
The Final Authority

Barney, we will be shipmates again and when we dock in heaven, I am sure you will have it better organized.

--Jim

From all of us: *[Editor's note: Our classmate, Paul, was killed in an auto accident after a KP basketball game when he was a plebe. What follows is in our yearbook. I don't know who wrote it].*

Paul DeLorenzo: Paul was a good scholar and eager participant in all facets of Academy life. His quiet, deeply-rested self-confidence made him highly regarded by all who knew him. Paul was a fine athlete whose poise was often noted by his teammates. His coolness and determination under pressure will be remembered and admired for a long time.

His easy-going, friendly manner made everyone, even new acquaintances, feel perfectly at ease. He always had a good word for everyone, at any time, no matter what the situation.

We, as his classmates and friends, feel it was an honor and a privilege to have known Paul. His passing was a loss to us and to the Academy. He was as fine a Midshipman as we have even known. Although his stay was short, his memory will long remain in our hearts.

--The Class of 1968

From Mark Schecter:

Paul DeLorenzo: We were in Schenectady, NY, walking in our dress blues after a basketball scrimmage. It was dark. The only light-colored clothing we had on was our

white "cover." We were walking with traffic. A car hit Paul as we were walking along the shoulder. I really don't remember much else. That was the last time I ever walked “with the traffic.”

--Mark

From John Ferguson:

Earl (Tim) White: Earl, who I think went by the name Tim, was a hand ball player with a gambling instinct. We used to play on the outside courts with Tim teaching me the game. Handball was a new experience for me and a great stress breaker after classes. Handball was like playing tennis with a "sawed off" tennis racquet.

One beautiful sunny warm afternoon we were playing. There were two cadets on the adjoining court and looked to be very good players, playing long rallies and hitting equally well with both hands. I was very surprised when Tim challenged them to a doubles match. We played hard but they outscored us. I mistakenly thought that was the end of the match but Tim suddenly challenged them with let's play again "double or nothing." I cannot remember what we were playing for! I thought that maybe Tim was "holding back" during the first game and we were on the way to victory. We lost again! I believe Tim struck again and we played a third round. You guessed it! What a great memory!

--John

From Ed Woods:

Earl White: Yes, that is him. He was French Canadian. His dad Anglicized it to "White." He was an engineer. We went to sea second class year. His family name is Le Blanc.

--Ed

From Jack Opet: *[Editor's note: This is a quote from Chris's official obituary].*

Chris Szulc: Christopher C. Szulc, 69, of Avon, cherished husband for 47 years to Carol (Cherpak) Szulc, passed away suddenly, Sunday, January 3, 2016. Born in Braddock, PA, son of the late Charles Szulc and Margaret Szulc of Braddock, PA, he was raised there, graduating from St. Thomas High School in 1964. Christopher earned a BS in Engineering from The US Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, NY and served four years on tanker ships in the Merchant Marine as a Lt jg. After his maritime service, he was employed in the nuclear division of Combustion Engineering, Windsor, as an engineer, until 1992 when he decided to become a financial planner. He earned his CLU, CHFC, and Wharton Retirement Specialist designations. For the past 15 years, he was a partner in the AXA Advisors of Bristol.

Christopher enjoyed spending time with his wife Carol and supporting her work as Vice Principal of Windsor High School. He volunteered and raised funds for the American Cancer Society and enjoyed his mentoring role as a board member of High School Inc. of Hartford. He was a communicant of the Church of Saint Ann, Avon. He and his family lived in Simsbury several years before moving to Avon in 1992. Besides his loving wife of 47 years Carol; he leaves his son, of whom he was extremely proud, Joel P. Szulc, his wife Jennifer, and their two daughters whom he adored, Veronica and Caroline all of Houston, TX; a brother Tom Szulc of PA, a sister Lisa Folz of Chicago; several nieces and nephews, and many close friends. Beside his father, he was predeceased by a brother Charles Szulc.

--Jack

From Mickey Hado:

Chris Szulc: He & I were both from the Pittsburgh area so we traveled home from school together a few times. We were in the same section Plebe Year and the biggest

challenge for those who met him for the first time was how to pronounce his name! We had some fun with that -- great guy.

--Mick

From Tom Brennan (Re: Nick Natzke): *[Editor's note: Tom was with us Plebe Year, as was Nick; one weekend in 4th Company a few of us heard Nick, then a Marine, being interviewed on the radio from Viet Nam. Tom is the one who found out what happened to him].*

Nick Natzke: Classmates might be interested to know that Nick enlisted in the Marine Corps and was killed in action in Viet Nam, 22 September 1967. I saw Nick the summer of 66 before he shipped out for VN. Nick is buried at Arlington National Military Cemetery in the section just above what is now the Women in Military Service to America section. I think Nick, who was something of a hound dog, would appreciate that irony. Nick was in Force Recon in a Long Range Reconnaissance Platoon, and his tombstone states that he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal with a cluster.

I learned about Nick's death only after visiting the Viet Nam Memorial in 1983, shortly after it was erected. I had corresponded with Nick intermittently until shortly before his death. At that time, obviously, I stopped hearing from him but didn't know why, although I suspected something might have happened. When I visited the memorial, I decided to look up his name and was saddened to find it. Nick's name appears on the top row of Section 27-E on the memorial.

Those who knew him then might agree that Nick added some color to our Plebe Year. He was not really cut out for the school but was quite a lot of fun when we had liberty. I recall vividly his travails with the old salt who taught us rope and wire splicing, and the occasion when Nick didn't properly seize up a length of non-preformed wire before cutting it. The strands shot out like an explosive, lethal, flower but fortunately no one was hurt. Nick collected a few demerits for that mistake. It was an event others may recall as well since we had it beaten into us that non-preformed wire could be

dangerous if not handled properly. Nick roomed with a fellow named Schneider in 4th Company.

--Tom

From Paul Skripol:

Chris Szulc: During our Plebe Year I was cast together as roommates with Chris Szulc. To the degree that two inexperienced kids from different backgrounds can do, we adjusted to each other relatively seamlessly. After about two weeks of our plebe treatment, we both came to the same conclusion -- that we had enough of this place and the next afternoon we would both go to the admin office and resign. Chris, who was from the Pittsburgh area, had a full ride at Pitt and I was lucky enough to have the same situation at the school of my dreams, Bates College in Maine. So every day we'd get up, agree that we'd go to class and then resign that afternoon. This happened every day of Plebe Year and, every afternoon we'd be too tired to think, let alone go and resign. Later we would mutually conclude that each of us was too proud to fail and going home would be evidence of that, so we indirectly kept each other going until recognition day.

About Chris as a person -- he was extremely bright in an unassuming way. He was a dreamer and wanted only the best that life could offer him. He was also a good and reliable friend and would man up when needed. Now comes the story: some people thought that I had a modicum of athletic talent and wanted me to come to KP to engage in soccer and in baseball, my two sports of choice. The memory is somewhat hazy, but in the first or second soccer practice I engaged in a massive collision with someone while angling on the ball and got hit in the head, saw stars, and wandered to the sideline to "suck it up" and shake out the cobwebs. This was the concussion protocol in that day. I was dizzy continuously and constantly had double vision, the latter of which wouldn't go away. This eventually led to a medical evaluation and ultimately an 8-hour eye operation in January, 1965, and my missing 4 weeks of classes.

Without my asking, Chris, every day, came to me in the infirmary where I was recovering and went over all of our classes with me. This so I wouldn't fall too far behind. About half of the time my eyes were bandaged and I couldn't see. Oh yes, I never asked him for help as I knew he had a lot on his own plate, he just did this on his own, for me, his roommate. I ended losing most of my depth perception but the operation got my eyes coordinated. Ultimate result was doctor's orders of no more contact sports or I'd risk permanent double vision. Hope this story gives many of you members of '68 a glimpse of Chris's character.

--Paul

From George Stupski:

Greg Sebuck: I think we all remember Greg as a good guy, a garrulous fellow and a terrific athlete. He also was our anchorman and was constantly worried about grades. One upperclass year he lived across the hall from me. It was winter. For my birthday, my brother had sent me Carl Sandburg's biography of Abraham Lincoln. One snowy night I was alone in my room, reading it. Greg came in. The conversation went something like this:

"Ski, what are you doing?"
"I'm reading a book Greg -- some people like doing that."
He came over and looked at the cover. "This is about Abraham Lincoln?"
"Yes." He left. He came back about ten minutes later.
"Nobody in our section is reading that!"
"I'm not surprised."
"It's not an assigned book then?"
"No."

At this point he looked at me like I had lost my mind and left, shaking his head and muttering something about "Wasting f'in time on something not required for a grade!"

Terry Parker: Terry and his family "rescued me" once when something went awry on a long weekend, and I had no place to stay in D.C. He also loved it when he found out that I graduated from Terry Parker High School in Jax, FL (not named for a relative). He would often say, in the presence of others, "Hey, Stups -- tell them what high school you went to," and smile when I answered.

Chuck Pillsbury: He was my roommate for a while 2nd class year. We both took some defensive karate lessons in the gym. One early lesson was on how to stand and be ready to protect yourself while standing at a bar (the instructor knew his students). We practiced this in our room; Chuck said he had it down, and there was no way anyone could sucker punch him in a bar. He begged me to try. I didn't want to, but he was so sure, and he kept saying, "Don't hold back, and really try to hit me." So I did, with predictable results that I punched him in the face and down he went. I felt terrible but luckily he wasn't hurt much. All these years later, I think we both still smile at that memory.

Bob Hamilton: Bob was another section mate in 68-363. In my mind, he was, pound for pound, one of the toughest guys in our school. He looked so thin, but played football, and could tackle with the best. His no nonsense attitude towards most things I think helped him get through KP. When I, perhaps foolishly, accepted a last minute challenge to get into a boxing ring, I chose Bob for my corner man, knowing that he would not let me fail to give it my all.

Second class year I told him I wanted to go out for football our senior (first class) year, so I could say I played college football, like my older brother. He asked me if I had ever played, and I answered, "No." I weighed 130 in high school, at the most. He then explained that I might make the team, but the coach might never put me into a game. Further, that no matter my position, sooner or later I would have to block and tackle, and if I didn't know the proper way to do it, I could get really hurt. He went on with a list of his and others' injuries. He was right, and I gave up my quest. I did play

rugby one season with the Austin, Texas Rugby Club though, so I matched my brother a bit, who had played rugby at Yale.

--George

From Boyd Goddard:

Bill Henderson: When we returned to KP after Sea Year, we had to get reacquainted with our old friends and with the formation of new sections found many new ones. I was assigned to a new Section, 68-266, and needed a roommate. Bill Henderson was in the same boat and we solved it mutually by quickly laying claim to a room in 4th Co. overlooking Barney Square. I can't remember now if it was 2nd or 3rd deck, but it was near the end of the hall beyond the stairwell, avoiding a lot of traffic. We enjoyed some anonymity because of our "cul de sac" location. We were better able to concentrate when studying without a lot of random traffic going by to distract us.

Bill was easy to get along with, and we never had any disagreements. I especially enjoyed his sense of humor. When he laughed, he sort of exploded in a chortle that one of our farm-boy classmates thought sounded like the pigs back home. That led to the nickname of "Henderhog," or "Hog" for short and the moniker stuck.

One Saturday after a review, he hung his rifle under the rack and somehow managed to have it fall apart all over the floor. He was in a bit of a panic, thinking he had broken it and he'd have to face the music. Good thing we were engineers. It took us both awhile to study the pieces and figure out the takedown feature of the M-1 Garand before it was safely assembled once again.

During all this time, we really didn't exchange much personal background information. Life at KP was mostly in the "here and now." We took our brotherhood as a fraternity of new opportunity. The past was behind us and we were making our way on our own for who we were and how our classmates saw us. Bill and I developed a comfortable relationship of trust and confidence based on our immediate needs. Our cozy togetherness lasted until the class of 1967

graduated early and we began our various rotations, which included as many room changes as there were trial positions. One of Bill's favorite posts was as Company CPO. His reasoning was you got to wear a fake pistol for the Saturday Regimental Reviews, unencumbered with that heavy Garand M-1, or the intricacies of the sword manual-of-arms. And it was a leisurely stroll following the Company around the parade ground in your own rank.

Bill had become the understudy of the 2nd Battalion First Lieutenant during that 2/c year, and spent a lot of his time supervising the waxing and buffing of the halls and various other housekeeping chores. (Remember those ED details?). Along with the job came a nice bundle of keys that accessed who-knows-what. His mentor was well versed in some of the more hidden features of the campus, presumably because of the easy access those keys afforded. Bill took possession of those keys more seriously than his predecessor, scrupulously avoided any questionable use of them and took it as a matter of pride that he was entrusted with them.

1/c year had a lot of room shuffling going on, as we were a bit more crowded than expected. Bill and I chose to again room together, even though we were to be Battalion Staff because of the room shortage. As soon as possible, we were able to appropriate separate rooms across from each other just outside the mess hall, which we held for the remainder of the year. Bill enjoyed a view of Barney Square, and I overlooked the service access to the galley. Despite high traffic after meals, it was an ideal location for quiet studying, much like our original 2/c room, and we enjoyed our unique isolation.

I lost contact with him after graduation, as we were all pursuing active careers. I was shocked when I learned of his passing so early in life. I regretted not staying in touch, as he was probably my closest friend at KP.

-- Boyd

From Phil Carey:

Friends Remembered

I would like to remember two guys who have passed away. Greg Sebuck was a section mate during our Plebe Year and my roommate afterwards. As roommates we became best friends. We shared whatever we had. On weekends whoever had money covered our weekends of great fun . . . and we did have fun! Greg was also a heck of a good football player . . . tough and talented.

After I left the Academy and joined the Navy, we lost touch for a bit, but he found me again to deliver a marriage congratulations card and a gift from my classmates that he had rounded up for my wedding. I was also in Greg's wedding party at the Academy along with Bob Hamilton who has also sadly passed away.

Greg was a fun loving, smart, and what you see is what you get guy -- a loyal and true friend. Nothing false about him. We were two peas in a pod. All was easy between us. I still consider him to be one of the best friends of my life. He died way too young. A great smile. Easy going.

Barney Kroeger is another friend that I would like to remember. We were shipmates during Sea Year on the SS *Santa Paula* for four trips to South America and the Caribbean. He was another easy going, unpretentious guy, and a pleasure to be around. I can still see his happy smiling face. We enjoyed the pleasures of a Caribbean cruise. Barney was in Engineering and I was Deck.

[2018 Update]: I just returned from a cruise which included Willemstad, the capital city of Curaçao. Barney Kroeger and I visited there in 1966 as cadets on the Grace Lines SS *Santa Paula*. During my recent visit I came upon a place where Barney and I climbed a hill together just outside of town. Not a significant event, but it gave me a warm moment of recollection and pleasure of Barney's smiling face, deep voice, and good memory of time spent with him.

--Phil

From Burnie Acuff:

The day Geeter blushed

Gene Niemi: He was without a doubt the coolest and most unflappable guy I have ever known. He was my roommate and worked with me in the Color Guard. Second class year some TV production Company asked the Academy to supply a Color Guard and 50 cadets in support of the College Queen Pageant. The College Queen Pageant was a new TV special similar to the Miss America Pageant with the difference being the College Queens were not selected on beauty and talent but rather for good looking, all-American female college students. And they were good-looking. The Color Guard was to present the colors and the other 50 cadets were to be the escorts for the young ladies. We were transported to the studio in NYC twice. Once for a rehearsal and the 2nd time for the show which was broadcast live. At the rehearsal the director explained what we were to do to open the show presenting the colors. We were to march in from under the camera and march straight to the center of the stage. There was a very large chandelier over the stage.

Well, the music started and as we marched in Gene stabbed the chandelier with his flag. The 50 girls were already arranged on the stage and got to see the whole thing. They all laughed when Gene stabbed the chandelier and he blushed. He had never had 50 good-looking girls laugh at him before. Gene recovered his cool and we went through the routine again -- successfully this time.

When we came back for the live show I found out there was a lot of money being bet amongst the production staff as to whether or not Gene would repeat his gaffe. The production went off without a hitch, and I will never forget the day Geeter blushed.

Vince Sottile: I ran into Vince in Saigon in 1969. He proceeded to tell me of his adventures earlier that week in Saigon. He was on an ammo carrier heading up the river to Saigon and was sunning himself on the boat deck during the transit. He was half asleep on his cot when he heard "Pow

Pow Pow" and thought (correctly) “That must be the VC shooting at us.” Then he heard it again and thought “That must be us shooting back.” This happened a couple more times in quick succession. Vince sat up and said “Us shooting at them? Bullshit! We don’t have any guns." He rolled out of his cot and crawled on his belly into the house. The deck watch got a great laugh looking down at him. The ship proceeded up to the ammo discharge point south of Saigon and was anchored out in the river.

To go ashore he had to get on one of the little bumboats crowded around the prow. Vince had to take a little jump from the accommodation ladder to get into the bumboat and managed to stick his foot through the bottom of the boat. Vince just stepped onto the next boat while the first boat sank. Vince made it into Saigon and was walking along one of the main thoroughfares when he realized that this little guy beside him was trying to pick his pocket. Vince turned and grabbed the guy by the neck and was shaking him with one hand. One of this guy’s accomplices started pounding on Vince’s back. He turned around and grabbed this guy by the neck also. So, Vince is standing there holding two guys by the neck and shaking them in the air when the MPs showed up and told him to put the men down. Vince dropped the second guy on the sidewalk and lifted the pickpocket over his head and threw him over a parked car into the street. Apparently, this banged the guy up pretty good, and the MPs told Vince to take the pickpocket to a medical facility just down the street. Vince gave a little laugh and told the MP that if he took him down the street he wouldn’t need any medical care. The MP told him to take off, and they would take care of the issue.

All this activity took up some time and Vince was not able to make it back to the launch/bumboat service in time and missed the last boat. No civilian traffic of any sort was allowed on the water after dusk. He thought he was really screwed. He struck up a conversation with the crew of a PBR (Patrol Boat River) that was at the pier. The Petty Officer in Charge felt some sympathy for Vince and offered to take Vince to his ship and away they went. En route to the ship the PBR got a message over the radio with instructions to head to a firefight somewhere else. The PO told Vince he couldn’t take him

along for the ride, but he made arrangements with a friend of his at a helo pad on the riverbank to give Vince a lift. They dropped Vince off and he gets a helicopter ride back to his ship and everybody on the ship goes nuts trying to figure out why this helicopter is flying around them. Vince is lowered to the deck in a harness and reported to the CE. All the Chief could do was laugh at this story of Vince's day and why he was late for his watch.

You have to admit this story has Vince Sottile written all over it. I would have really enjoyed being a fly on the wall for that day in Vince's life.

--Burnie

From Elliott Woods:

In remembrance of Niemi, Macaulay, and Constanzi:

In 1975, I was sitting in the San Francisco MEBA hall with a newly minted Chief Engineer's License. A Second Engineer job came up on the SS *Santa Mercedes*. I was on that ship as a cadet with Gene Niemi. You may remember Grace Line's presentation Plebe Year (required attendance). They came out with a novel idea: containers.

The new ships (4 M Class vessels were C-4s) were going down the East Coast, through the Canal, then on south to the banana ports. They had everything: 100 passengers (military families to/from the Canal), Freon 11 chill for the bananas, Freon 12 freeze for fish, gantry cranes for the containers, freight and passenger elevators, cargo booms, and steam propulsion.

Grace ran them out of the East Coast until the banana blight shut them down (I think). They resurfaced later on the West Coast as Prudential-Grace ships. This time they went west to east through the Canal, then around South America. They hit all the best ports. The joke was: no allotment, no payoff.

So for a trip down memory lane, I took the fly out job to catch her in Rio. Prior to departure I reported to the home

office, I was interviewed by the Marine Sup, not HR. What's going on? Maybe the union guy gave them a heads up.

Anyway, it was a half trip as Second, the next trip as relief First. For the third trip, the Chief had an emergency at home. Yep, I got the call. Lucky me. Guess who else made that trip. A retired Admiral McLintock and an advertising guy from Prudential Grace! So that's how my picture came to be on the front of the Kings Pointer, shaking hands with Admiral McLintock.

Because of that picture some thought I was the first in our class to sail Chief. Andy G. wondered aloud at one of the reunions, so we compared discharges later. He won. As I'm sure others did too. Congrats to all classmates who sailed successfully on their licenses. BTW, First day as Chief was May 6, 1975.

Another time in the San Francisco hall I ran into John Macaulay. I was standing around, and, suddenly, there's John standing beside me. "How's life?" begins the conversation. Well, John had attended the police academy and was now a San Francisco police detective. Well, what do you expect from a guy named Macaulay? He showed me his shield. You remember his laugh? Look down, heh, heh. (I'm crying as I type this) Very proud. I guess so! Two academies, two professions! Well done. I came back from a trip and called the precinct -- the guy got really upset with me. Why do you want John? Old friends -- just got back in town. He told me John had stopped a car suspected in a robbery. Driver shot him.

One link to his story:

http://www.odmp.org/officer/8381-sergeant-john-s-macaulay.

[Editor's note: The following is posted on that link]:

Sergeant John Macaulay succumbed to a gunshot wound sustained 10 days earlier when he was shot by a robbery suspect near the intersection of Van Ness Avenue and Willow Alley.

Sergeant Macaulay noticed a vehicle that was wanted in connection with an armed robbery of a supermarket that occurred the previous week. Sergeant Macaulay stopped the vehicle and walked towards it. The suspect attempted to draw a Walther P38 pistol from a briefcase that he had in his stolen car. Sergeant Macaulay attempted to restrain the suspect by putting him in a headlock. The suspect then drew a .38 caliber pistol from his waistband and shot Sergeant Macaulay, mortally wounding him.

The suspect fled to a local hotel where he fatally shot his wife and then committed suicide.

Sergeant Macaulay had served with the San Francisco Police Department for 11 years, and was one of their most decorated officers. He had received three Medal of Valor awards, five Police Commissioner Awards, and over 100 Captain's Commendations.

He is survived by nine siblings.

[*End post*].

In the 90's I was Chief on the SS *Galveston Bay*, then laid up in Malta shipyard in the capital, Valetta. FYI Malta is an island country just south of the boot of Italy. I was the only Company rep in country at the time. Using my rental car, I go to the other side of the island to eat dinner at a restaurant I heard about. As I'm finishing the salad, guess who walks out of the back room? Barry Constanzi and Vince Toughy. They were Captain and Chief respectively. I recognized them both as they did me. Vince and I belong to MEBA. We knew each other from the union school, and we would meet at the Baltimore union hall get togethers; small world. It amazes me that half way around the world, we can run into friends. They were discharging in port with plans to sail later that night. Our conversations started up right where they left off -- Barry and graduation, Vince and the Baltimore union hall.

I can remember details from years past, but my wife has to remind me of some guy's name I met last month. I guess that means the last guy standing can tell any story he wants. Just like my father-in-law.

--Elliott

From Stan Westover:

My thoughts and prayers go out to the families of the classmates that have crossed the final bar, especially to our section mates Bob Hamilton, Randolph Kihm, Chuck Pillsbury and Greg Sebuck. Greg was my roommate Plebe Year. Fair winds and following seas to all.

--Stan

From George McShea:

Some of you may remember Moe Keating, who played football and ended up in the Class of '69. Moe and I were high school classmates, and were very close at the Academy. Moe sailed for a few years, then moved to Hawaii and lived his dream of living the surfer life. Moe died, I believe, in the late 70s. When I went to his funeral in Surf City, NJ, I ran into Mark Christiansen who, to this day, lives in the same house in Ocean City, NJ that he lived in while at the Academy.

In 1969, while I was at sea, my mom received a phone call from Greg Sebuck, whose ship was in Philly. He wanted to connect but she told him I was sailing. As she was known to do, she invited Greg over the house for a home cooked meal but he begged off. I tried to track Greg down when I got home but no luck and was shocked when I heard he had died so young.

--George

From Jim Nowakowski:

Bill Ahearn: My deepest sympathy to Maureen and Bill's family. My sympathies to all my classmates who have mourned Bill in their eloquent and thoughtful letters.

Bill was my roommate for most of Plebe Year. We became roommates because I was having trouble adjusting to life at the Academy. Did anyone else have problems? Bill helped me through that initial adjustment and we became friends and were together a lot.

He took me home to Brooklyn at Thanksgiving -- our first liberty, a welcome relief. As I recall, we went to Coney Island Ave. for a few brews each evening. We studied together a lot. Bill was proficient at the humanities and I helped with the Fulton hall subjects.

He was a great believer in "ponies," exams from previous years. We were both fans of "light boxes" -- an aid to the drafting courses. Upper classmen were always around helping and running interference, because of football and swimming. John Macaulay and I spotted for Bill when he bench pressed 365#, all the weights in the weight room.

Bill, John Macaulay and Bill Stevens and I spent many of our liberty days at the World's Fair -- particularly the Rheingold pavilion. It's hard to believe they all have taken their last voyage, a lesson to us all.

Again, I thank Bill for helping me through that difficult Plebe Year. He was my friend for all four years and I owe a great debt to him for his help. My deepest sympathy to all who miss him.

--Jim

From Steve Bevan:

Passed Classmates

I met Billy (The Mole) Ahearn in 1959 when we were freshmen at La Salle Academy in lower Manhattan. In '63 there was some friction with the school's tough guy-wannabees. I was with Billy when he took a 2" x 4" across the

noggin. The Mole told me that the perp got his upcoming a couple of years later when he (unfortunately for him) moved to Billy's turf in Brooklyn.

Bill (The Screamer) Stevens - Right from the start of my Class of '68 year, Bill was there to get Schultzie and me to join in and feel welcomed. He was lots of fun, always there to tell a story and put a smile on your face. Anyone remember the "pressed ham" incident on the bus ride to an away football game? I met my future wife, Fran Jennings, at a Block M in October of '67. Soon afterwards, Bill dubbed her as my "Anchor" for holding back some of my excesses. I guess he was right -- we're celebrating 50 years of marriage this year -- five kids, 10 grandkids.

--Steve

From Don Peavy:

Raymond W. Reiche: On the day after Christmas, 1969, the SS *Badger State* sank in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, taking with it our classmate Ray Reiche.

According to the January 1970 issue of the *American Marine Engineer*, the ship, a States Marine C-2, was loaded with 6,000 tons of rockets and bombs at Bangor Naval Ammunition Depot near Bremerton, WA and was en route to Viet Nam.

In mid-journey, the ship encountered a massive storm, which caused the poorly secured cargo to come adrift. The movement caused the inadequate cribbing to deteriorate and on December 26, one-ton bombs broke out of their crates in the upper tween deck of the number 5 hold.

One of the bombs exploded, forcing abandonment of the ship. A lifeboat with 33 members of the crew aboard was being lowered when a bomb pitched out of the hole in the number 5 hold and landed on the lifeboat hurling the men into 56-degree water. Ray, sailing as 2nd Engineer, was among those lost.

Foul weather and the state of weather prediction caused the ship to divert several times contributing to the tragedy. A subsequent investigation revealed that the ship

was loaded poorly and that the load was inadequately secured. The tragedy was extensively reviewed in the book *Sailing into the Abyss* by William R. Benedetto (Citadel Press, copyright 2005).

--Don

[Editor's Note: Shiras "Mike" Walker was in our class and started First Class Year with us. Due to an illness, he was set back and graduated with the class of 1969. He became a river pilot in Jacksonville, Florida. On April 3, 1994, while piloting a large tanker inbounds, he suffered a heart attack. He called for a relief pilot but continued to pilot the ship, refusing to give up the conn. He had to pass two large ships in the twisting river and he kept his ship safe. Soon after relinquishing the conn, he lost consciousness and could not be revived. There is an award given in his name by the KP Alumni Assoc. It is likely he would relate to the class of 1968 more than any other].

From Rolf Ohnstad:

[Editor's note: This is a slightly edited version of the eulogy Rolf gave].

Barry Costanzi: We met as high schoolers at an induction physical in Minneapolis not knowing we would meet again as midshipmen at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point in Great Neck, Long Island, across the Sound from Manhattan. Barry was the big city guy from St. Paul, and I was the little city guy from Winona. We bantered with each other at our first meeting throughout our humorous physical. Arriving at Kings Point we renewed the banter as we found we were in the same section. A bond was formed that would last our lifetimes.

Barry and I had a secret we could keep from our classmates -- we knew before Garrison Keillor ever wrote in Lake Woebegon, “Where all the women are strong, the men are good looking and the children are above average.” We were Minnesotans! Quickly as our friendship materialized

so did the relations of our two families meld. Barry loved his father Nello and mother Marianne as did I. When we had our too infrequent visits back to the “old country” of Minnesota from the Big Apple we would visit both sets of parents. Those were the best of times. Barry’s large Italian family welcomed me in as a brother and son.

Progressing through four years at the Academy offered untold amounts of stories -- many that have been shared, many untold. We joked often that what we experienced required no embellishment and laughed that those who had heard of our exploits would find them hard to believe. Many were the times crazy things were going on in the world, i.e. Viet Nam and the flower-child rebellion of the Sixties. He loved the music of our time. I frequently would ask Barry, “What the hell are we doing?” and he would answer, “Making memories.” It is those memories of him that we celebrate.

Post-graduation, we sailed together as third mates on the SS *William Lykes* to ports all over the world. We were proud members of the Masters, Mates & Pilots and believed that someday we would command our own ships. We separated for many years as Barry returned to Minnesota and built a very successful company and I went off to be a carrier pilot. We were never out of touch and many were the times that Barry, the proud father of Amanda, would fill me in on his successes and his life with Mandy. I got to be her “Uncle Rollo” -- a relationship we still share today.

Years later we both returned to the profession that had given us life as young men out of the Academy. In that return to our livelihood we shared again many of our professional experiences that led to the final advancement to Captain in the U.S. Merchant Marine. I was excited to be his best man when he married Joan and to be included in the joyous announcement of the birth of his two fine sons, Nick and Luke. Barry loved being a father and later a grandfather to Dominic and Vincent. Throughout all this time, Barry remained a steadfast Minnesotan with a passion for the Vikings and Twins, not to mention the Lynx and Wild. Barry cherished the Minnesota outdoors, family deer hunts and the venison meals. He was certain he was the only

one who had the right recipe for porketta. We both had family ties on the Iron Range and Barry loved to talk about his extended “Ranger” family.

While most of his family ties existed in Minnesota, Barry had a professional family that extended around the globe. Word of his passing reached all the way to Hong Kong and China, not to forget Alaska. He was revered by his classmates and was the last man in the Class of 1968 still actively sailing as Master. Today I am here to represent those thousands of friends and co-workers who worked with him -- out of the limelight -- in one of the most challenging jobs a person can have -- that of being a Ship's Master. He was held in the highest respect by the officers and crews of the ships he commanded.

The mission of the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy in our day was “To attract a high type of young American with a definite ambition to be an officer in the U. S. Merchant Marine and to send him forth to his calling with a deep respect and affection for the U.S. Merchant Marine.” Barry upheld that mission many times over and left a legacy of giving more than he ever received. He served his country and honored his family and all of his shipmates with his dedication to that mission. He passed while on board, as Master of the *Horizon Reliance*. While he is now on another mission, he is finally at home from the sea and at rest in the “old country” that he so deeply loved.

In saying goodbye to my Wingman and in the Latin he learned, *Vini, Vidi, Vici*. From those of us I represent, “Who go down to the sea in ships,” yours was a life well-lived and loved and we will never forget you. God steer thee well, Captain.

--Rolf

From Harvey Mott:

Bob Paul: Third Mate Robert C. "Bob" Paul (68-267) was one of the 31 fatalities when the SS *Texaco Oklahoma* broke in two at 0330, March 27, 1971 approximately 120 miles northeast of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. Below is a

synopsis of the United States Coast Guard "Marine Casualty Report" of this tragic event.

The 1958-built 632 ft. tanker was fully loaded with a cargo of black oil enroute from Port Arthur, Texas to Boston, Massachusetts, and was proceeding at very slow speed in a severe storm when the casualty occurred. The ship split in the vicinity of No. 5 cargo tanks and submerged all the crew asleep in the forward deckhouse with only part of the bridge deck and the bow section above water. The forward section then reversed direction and drifted down on the stern section, destroying the starboard aft lifeboat before the stern section was safely backed away. The forward section drifted out of sight and reappeared briefly around 0600 before drifting off never to be seen again. None of the 13 crewmembers on the forward section survived.

The stern section stayed afloat for about 27 hours before sinking at about 0600 on March 28th. During this time frame, the 31 crew on the stern section tried to attract passing ships by firing flares, blinking white and red lights, and sounding the ship's whistle. The crew also operated the portable lifeboat radio transmitter for at least 12 hours until one of the cranks broke, without realizing that they were not sending out an SOS. This was because the dummy antenna used to routinely test the unit without sending out an actual distress message had not been disconnected. All the deck officers and the radio officer who was familiar with this unit had been lost in the forward deckhouse. Two vessels passed within sight of the stern section on the 27th but did not appear to see the crew's attempt to attract attention to their situation.

At about 1900, a third vessel, the MV *Bouganville*, saw the blinking lights but could not change course to come closer than 5 miles to the stern section because of the dangerous sea conditions. The *Bouganville* tried without success to communicate by radio and flashing light in response to the observed blinking from the stern section. The *Bouganville* then communicated with the Coast Guard and asked if any vessel was in distress in its area which the Coast Guard's reply was negative. The *Bouganville* then reported that the light signal changed to red over white (international signal for fishing vessels) and that nothing appeared to be wrong. The Coast

Guard checked and found no special naval operations in that area and concluded that the ship was probably a foreign fishing vessel and so informed the *Bouganville*. *[Editor's Note: The red over white lights are supposed to be used only when engaged in fishing, which no one would be in such a storm. It is true, however, that many fishing boats display them all the time to try and claim right-or-way].* The *Bouganville* spent a total of 2.5 hours in the vicinity of the stern section.

At 0530 on March 28th, the aft section had inclined to about 50 degrees and the 31 crewmembers had assembled at the stern to abandon ship. The wind was still strong and the waves were 20 to 30 feet high. The air temperature was about 55F and the sea temperature was 74F. All crewmembers wore life preservers and some also carried ring buoys. The aft port 37-man lifeboat had been carried away by breaking seas earlier. The crew had made two rafts, one of three empty oil drums, and one of two empty oil drums to supplement the 15-man inflatable rubber life raft. The rafts were thrown over the side and held to the side of the ship with lines. The crew descended into the water via a Jacob's ladder. The men and rafts became covered in oil making it impossible for any of the crew members to hold onto the makeshift rafts. About 14 or 15 crewmembers had gotten into the rubber life raft when the painter broke.

Then a cargo tank ruptured releasing a large wave of oil washing everyone out of the life raft. The men were very weak from swallowing oil and sea water. Eleven men were able to get into the rubber life raft. Four others clung to a large board and the others drifted off. The stern section assumed a vertical position and sank at 0605 March 28. The 11 survivors in the life raft were rescued about 1700 March 28 when the tanker *Sasstown* had come upon them by accident. The *Sasstown* notified the Coast Guard of the casualty and they then initiated a search and rescue operation. The *Texaco Nebraska* rescued one survivor about 1320 on March 29 and another survivor about 2 hours later. Of the crew of 44, 31 perished, 13 with the bow section, and 18 after leaving the stern section.

The Coast Guard did not determine a specific cause for this incident but concluded it was a combination of the following factors:

1) The ship was in a very severe sea state imposing high hull stress at the time of the failure
2) *Texaco Oklahoma*'s scantling was slightly less than class design but was within the ABS and Coast Guard rule requirements.
3) Load Line Regulation changes allowed the vessel to be loaded 1 ft 6.5 inches deeper (2,130 tons) imposing a higher stress in the hull.
4) Coastwise trade allowed the tank ships over 328 ft to operate year round at the summer load line again imposing higher hull stress loads.
5) Coast Guard regulations required cargo tanks to be inspected every two years> Cargo tank 4C, 4S; 5P, 6C, and 6S had not been inspected for over two years and 5C and 5S had been inspected 23 months prior to the incident. Inspection of a sister ship in the Texaco Fleet did not show any unusual condition, however, the report could not rule out possible defects in the hull structure contributing to the hull failure.

Rule changes as a result of this accident:

1) Coast Guard tightened up its inspection program for tankships and this class of vessels in particular.
2) Per Texaco's vessel reporting procedures, the *Texaco Oklahoma* became unreported at 0700 Sunday the 28, one hour after the scheduled ETA. This was 27.5 hours after the ship had broken in 2 and 1 hour after the crew had abandoned ship. No decision to ask for Coast Guard help was made for another 8 hours. No one knew the *Texaco Oklahoma* had been lost until the rescue by the *Sasstown.* Reporting procedures were changed so that a ship had to report its position each day.
3) The high loss of life on the stern section was attributed to the inability of the crew to correctly utilize the portable lifeboat radio transmitter, failure of the rubber life raft painter, and lack of rubber life raft capacity on

the stern section. As a result, the following were implemented:

a. Training to operate the portable lifeboat radio transmitter implemented for all crew.
b. Coast Guard implanted new regulation for stronger painter and relocation of the weak link.
c. Required life raft capacity was increased to accommodate crew level on the amidships housed tanker stern section.
d. Secondary radio antenna fitted forward of the amidships house.

--Harvey

From Joan Niemi Meinking:

Gene Niemi -- Sweet Memories of Gene:

The night Bernie Acuff, Gene and I went to a cocktail party given by Grace Lines at the Brooklyn piers. The ride in Burnie's blue GTO convertible was so much fun!

Our cross country honeymoon . . . he planned the route to include stop overs with friends Burnie Acuff and Terry Parker. Terry and Pam were great fun to be with.

I will always remember the weekends camping in Hawaii while on the CS *Long Lines*. Cruising around Oahu on the Norton 750 Commandos Ray and Gene bought while in England.

He had an extraordinary life. But most of all he treasured those he loved and his friends.

--Joan

From Jack Opet:

Three former classmates and close friends jump right to mind – Bill Ahearn, Barney Kroeger and Bill Stevens. I was able to stay connected to each one throughout my post-KP career and each left me with very fond memories -- Billy for all of the enjoyable times spent at *Suspenders*, Barney for our

many enjoyable times together in SoCal, and my former roommate Wild Bill for all good times we shared together in SoCal and the Bay Area. May they rest in peace and never be forgotten.

--Jack

From Clint Robertson:

I do have a "sea story" I'd like to share, about my travels with one of our departed classmates, Bill Stevens.

I spent the first half of my Sea Year sailing with a second classman, Bob Antos. We enjoyed several cruises to the Eastern Mediterranean and on a coastwise tanker. Our last voyage together was on a Mormac passenger ship, the SS *Brasil*.

Bob had to return to KP after the first voyage and Bill Stevens and John Piggott joined me for the next voyage, the "Carnival Cruise" to Rio! Bill turned out to be a really great shipmate! He enjoyed the workings of the engine room and ship's systems much more than I did and his occasional wit and sarcasm certainly made the days' work more enjoyable.

He was a great shipmate, but a really fun shore-mate! Anyone who knew Bill can only imagine the incredible time with 3 days at the Carnival in Rio! I don't think we missed any of the waterfront attractions, including the Florida Bar. We saw the Carnival parades, went to the top of Sugar Loaf and spent several wonderful afternoons on Copacabana and Ipanema beaches.

Bill and I were then transferred to a U.S. Lines ship, the *American Corsair* for several voyages between the East Coast and London/LeHavre. My best memory of Bill on that ship involved the electrical third engineer who would get extremely drunk on a daily basis and the chief bosun's mate. In a bar in LeHavre, the engineer, with way too much to drink, confronted the bosun's mate about his destroying the capstan winch because of his stupidity. The bosun's mate proceeded to pummel the engineer. I remember Bill jumping in between the two of them, breaking up the fight and sending the engineer back to the ship. After the fight, the Bosun's mate came over

and told us “That guy is a ‘mashist,’ I was doing him a favor by beating him up!”

Bill and I had one more voyage together, on a MSTS troop transport, the *General Alexander M. Patch* from New York to Bremerhaven. We had several days off, so we took a train to Hamburg and stayed several days exploring the Reeperbahn and other landmarks in the city. Great memories from a classmate with a big personality! I just wish he could be with us at the reunion to relive some of those memories!

--Clint

From John Rydzewski:

Chris Wong was a Plebe Year section mate. His family was from Hawaii. During sea year when I was on States Steamship vessel SS *California* his parents met me at the ship in Honolulu and took me for a mini tour of the island. I even stayed overnight with them. They were very gracious. It was clear where Chris got his values. He was a very kind and loving person.

--John

From Maureen Reiche Foster:

[Editor's note: These are Jim Walker's comments on the occasion of Ray's name being added to The Wall].

Ray Reiche. What do I remember about Ray? It's been over 45 years now. A lifetime for many of us -- a lifetime cut short for Ray.

Ray was my college roommate senior year. We had been in the same classes for 2 years, but in senior year we shared our room, our jokes, our hopes, our plans, our dreams.

The dreams were similar -- a good job, marriage and family. Ray's dream was to marry his high school sweetheart and start that family. He did both shortly after graduation,

marrying Maureen Downs and fathering Katie Reiche -- the spitting image of him.

As roommates, Ray and I became close friends. We enjoyed each other's company, and shared our slightly off senses of humor. Ray was good for that. Always brightening your day with some off-center joke. Always smiling. Always. If you were bummed or having a bad day, Ray would pick up on it and lift you up immediately, with those twinkling eyes and that devilish smile. And did I mention his special sense of humor.

Ray and I helped each other. He helped me begin to understand world history -- although at times I am still lost in that subject. I helped him understand thermodynamics. (It's really just all about hot and cold.) Together we made it through some of the most grueling senior year courses. And working together, we passed our examination and achieved our Merchant Marine Engineer's licenses.

After graduation, Ray and Maureen did me the honor of asking me to be in their wedding party. A wedding where they gave tribute to the full meaning of "young and in love." A love that would endure, and which has.

Ray -- an officer and a gentleman, but most of all, a best friend. We miss you!

--Jim Walker, June 5, 2013

Appendix

Didja Know?

Author F. Scott Fitzgerald lived in Great Neck, on Gateway Drive in Great Neck Estates.

The U.S. Merchant Marine Academy is the only federal Academy authorized to carry a Battle Standard Flag, by virtue of her 142 cadets killed in action.

If you “Let the cat out of the bag” today, you have divulged a secret. But in sailing ship days, it meant getting the cat-o-nine tails out for flogging. Traditionally, punishment was dealt out on Mondays, which led to the phrase, “Blue Monday,” or it could’ve been “Black and Blue Monday.”

The USMMA was the first federal Academy to admit women (1974).

The flagpole at KP is 172 feet high. It held the record for the tallest un-guyed flagpole for many years.

The two eagles outside the gym came from the original Penn Station.

The America’s Cup is the oldest international sporting trophy, from 1851 (and named after the yacht that first won it, not the country).

The Great Neck LIRR station we used was built in 1925. The Flushing and North Side RR, precursor to the LIRR, reached Great Neck in 1866.

Bubble wrap was invented in 1964.

What did Louis L' Amour (western writer), Sean Connery (James Bond), Carol O' Connor (Archie Bunker) and Jimmy Dean (the sausage king) all have in common? Yup, they were all merchant seamen.

When there is no wind at all, a sailing ship becomes "listless" as it does not list (heel). Today, of course, "listless" means "lacking energy" or "lethargic."

1 in 26 mariners serving aboard merchant ships in WW II died in the line of duty, suffering a greater percentage of war-related deaths than any other U.S. service. Casualties were kept secret during the war to keep information about their success from the enemy and to attract and keep mariners at sea. (per www.usmm.org). Other sources list the merchant marine dead at 2.73% of total, with the Marines the highest, at 2.9%.



1964 - 1968 Log

1964

Gulf Of Tonkin "incident" between the United States and North Viet Nam. U.S. Surgeon General warns against cigarette smoking. Cassius Clay Beats Sonny Liston in a championship bout. China tests her first atomic bomb. World's Fair held in New York. The Beatles arrive on their first visit to the USA; other popular performers are the Rolling Stones, Supremes, and Bob Dylan. First Ford Mustang produced. Major earthquake ("Good Friday Earthquake") hits Alaska. LBJ signs the Civil Rights Act. Buffalo wings first made at the Anchor Bar in Buffalo, New York. Verrazano Narrows Bridge is opened, joining Staten Island and Brooklyn. St. Louis wins the World Series. Summer Olympics are in Tokyo, winter in Innsbruck, Austria. 334 young men go through orientation at Kings Point (23 August). Average income: $6,000 ($2.89 an hour). Average new house cost: $13,050. Dow Jones year-end avg: 874. Movie ticket: $1.25. Loaf of bread: 21 cents. Stamp: 5 cents.

1965

Kings Point Regiment marches in President Johnson’s inauguration parade (Jan.20). Winston Churchill dies. Viet Nam War escalation begins; 150,000 US troops deployed to Viet Nam. The mini-skirt appears. Hurricane Betsy makes landfall in the Bahamas, Florida and Louisiana. Riots in Watts section of L.A. The Voting Rights Act is passed. Warren Buffet gains controlling interest in Berkshire-Hathaway -- in 1965 @ $18.00 per share -- by 2008, it would rise to $150,000 per share. Hypertext for linking text on the Internet is invented. Cosmonaut Aleksei Leonov becomes the first person to walk in space. Construction of the Gateway Arch in St. Louis is completed. Boston Celtics win the NBA Championship. The Rolling Stones release “Satisfaction.” Gallon of gas: 31 cents.

1966

Chinese leader, Mao Zedong, launches Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. England wins the soccer World Cup, defeating West Germany 4-2 after extra time. U.S. has nearly 500,000 troops in Viet Nam. The Houston Astrodome is built with the dome measuring 710 ft. in diameter. Charles Whitman kills 14 and injures 31 on a killing spree at the University of Texas. Soviet Union Lands Luna 9 on the Moon in February and the U.S. follows in June with the Surveyor 1 soft moon landing. Montreal Canadians win the Stanley Cup. Hovercraft service begins over the English Channel. First episode of the science fiction television series *Star Trek.* Popular Films include *Thunderball* and *Dr. Zhivago*. Popular Songs include “Good Vibrations,” by The Beach Boys, and “Monday Monday,” by The Mamas and the Papas. Average cost of a new car: $ 2,650.

1967

Israel wins the Six Day War. First ever Super Bowl -- Packers over the Chiefs, 35-10. Dr. Christiaan Bernard performs first heart transplant in Cape Town, South Africa. A military coup overthrows the government of Greece. *Sesame Street* is first broadcast. The Suez Canal closed (until 1975). Jimmy Hoffa begins an 8-year prison term for defrauding the union and jury tampering. Following the publication of Ralph Nader's book *Unsafe at Any Speed* there is pressure on the government and the automobile industry to improve safety in cars. RMS *Queen Mary* -- retired. *Queen Elizabeth II* is launched by Cunard. Francis Chichester arrives in Plymouth after sailing round the world single-handedly. Monterey Music Festival features some of the 60's Icons including Jimi Hendrix, The Who, Janis Joplin, The Steve Miller Band, Simon & Garfunkel and the Grateful Dead. Federal minimum wage increased to $1.40.

1968

Soviet forces invade Czechoslovakia. Communists launch Tet offensive in Viet Nam. Crew of the USS *Pueblo* captured in North Korea. Martin Luther King, Jr. assassinated -- riots in many cities follow. Lyndon Johnson signs the Civil Rights Act of 1968. The Redwood National Park is created. The Zodiac serial murderers begin in SF. The nuclear-powered U.S. submarine *Scorpion* sinks in the Atlantic Ocean. *Apollo 8* orbits the Moon, becoming the first manned space mission to achieve the feat. The emergency 911 phone service is started. The first Big Mac sells for 49 cents. Popular Films include: *The Graduate, 2001, Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, The Odd Couple* and *Bullitt.* Robert Kennedy assassinated. Detroit Tigers win the World Series. Summer Olympics in Mexico City; winter in Grenoble, France. Police clash with students outside the Democratic Convention. Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty established. Average income: $7,850 ($3.78 an hour). Average new house cost: $ 14,950. Dow Jones year-end average: 943. Gallon of gas: 34 cents. Movie ticket: $1.50. 178 men graduate from Kings Point (Wednesday, 5 June) -- 53% of those who started in that class.

[Editor's Note: Items within each year not necessarily in any particular order].

"Being in a ship is like being in jail, with the chance of being drowned." – Dr. Samuel Johnson

Acknowledgements

The committee members thank all the grads who sent us material -- thanks, guys!

The photos in the gallery section were contributed by a variety of folks, primarily Boyd Goddard, Mickey Hado, Paul Skripol, Ron Heimburger, George Stupski, John Lewis and Chas Pearson. Other classmates, too numerous to mention (since Ski did not keep track), sent a pic here and there. Other photos came from the NOAA, and some were scanned from KP publications (*Hear This, Midships, Bearings*).

The memorial pages were as up to date as the committee was aware, at the time of publication. We regret it if we missed anyone. We also regret the passing of all.

The Appendix was created for the Las Vegas, unofficial, "West Coast" reunion, in 2010. Shortly after this reunion, the memoir will be for sale on Amazon (they set a minimum price). One can search for the title, or go to author Kevin Zahn's page.

Huge thanks to the organizers of our 50th reunion, for all their work, in this year and those past, and for letting us be a part of it.

Thanks also to Angela Poland (Ski's daughter-in-law) for her unsurpassed technical help. Thanks to Bob and Dee Chadwick (Ski's retired teacher friends) for being good resources for questions about word usage, punctuation, etc., for the last four years. Ski says he may have broken a rule or two standardizing things and trying to be consistent.

Thanks also to the contributors' significant others who allowed themselves to be subjected to yet another recollection of bygone days without losing patience.

Finally, thanks to all our instructors, administrators and classmates, even those who chose not to participate.
We would not be who we are had it not
been for their influence.
Fair Winds and Following Seas
--The Memoir Committee

FWE



INDEX

(‘68 graduates capitalized - Photo references italicized)

ABAIR 4, 17
Ach, LT *257*
ACUFF 4, 9, 129, 144, 154, *314,* 419, 424, 480, 526, 592, 606
AHEARN 4, 9, 35, 50, 94, *371, 372,* 508, 551, 577, 598, 606
Albright, Terry 549
ALDRICH 4, 9, 32, 36, 38, 89, 90, 169, *314, 359, 371,* 438, 553, 571
Alexander, S *265*
ALLEE 4, 79, *290*
SS *America* *207*
Antos, Bob 607
ATR 101, 103, 154, 164
Averette, Ed 36, 38, 90
Band, The 48, 54, 61, 72, 74, 85, 92, 93, *266,* 388, 434, 549
Bardot, LT 388, 442
Baron, The 59, 91, 548
BARRY 4, 9, 74, *313,* 428, 523
Bay, LCDR 91
BEESON 4, *230*
BEILSTEIN 4, 9, 34, 159, 559
Benedetto, CWO 423,
BEVAN 4, 9, *363,* 548, 598
Black Mac *258,* 379, 408
BLOXOM 4, 9, 85, 536
Bojko, Joe 170
Bounds, Lee 159
Boyle, LCDR 143, 377, 439
Bradley, CDR 91
Brennan, Tom 9, 53, 585
Brittin *268*
BROCKDORF 4, 9, 36, 79, 156, 523
BROWN 4, 90, *281*
Brummett, CWO 382, 393, 423
BURKE 4
BYRNES 4, *200, 239, 243, 265, 270, 280, 346,* 387, 551
Cameron, Jim *316*
Carey, Phil 9, *241, 350, 374*
Carlson, CDR 91
CARROLL 4
CARTLIDGE 4, *372,* 535
CASAMASSINA 4, 165, 577
CHRISTIANSAN 4, 515
CLARK 4, 90
CLARKE 4, *267,* 516
Cofey, Jack *241*
Collar, Don *316*
Collard, Mark 145, *200, 239, 242, 243, 270*
CONROY 4, *279*
Cooney, CWO 426
COSTANZI 4, 267, *319, 362,* 568, 577, 596, 600
Crum, LCDR 62, 426
CYRANO *287, 288, 289,* 378, 438
Dake, Charles 96
Day, W *200, 243, 270*
DeFilippi, CWO *258,* 401, 403, 548, 567, 579
DeLorenzo 87, 577, 582
DeMARTINO 4, *281,* 508, 551
Dittrick, CDR 425
DOTTS 4, *285,* 577
DUNN 4, *200, 239, 243, 252, 270*
EASTMAN 4
ELLWANGER 4, 85
TV *Emery Rice* *208, 210*
ENGLISH 4, 90
TV *Ensign Whitehead* *210*
Erwin, Dan *200, 228, 229, 239, 243, 252, 270*
FAUCETT 4, 568
FEATHERER 4, 9, 25, 159, *241, 281, 314, 315, 350, 371, 372,* 473, 478, 515, 524, 551
Ferenczy, LCDR 549, 562
FERGUSON 4, 9, 25, 583
FERNANDEZ 4, 9, 50, 90, 134, 140, 174, *280, 287, 288, 289, 308, 346, 371, 372,* 378, 414, 451, 508, 550, 571
FIEDLER 5, 9, 28, 32, *294, 307, 352,* 477, 515
Firey, Henry 28, 33, 43, *243, 270,* 399, 407
FLOOD 5
Ford, John *316*
FORISTER 5, 9, *268,* 543
Fox, Ron 17, 129, 393
Frazier 24
FUNKHOUSER 5, 9, 121, 156, *224, 300,* 457
Gald, CAPT 154
GALIK 5, *281*
GALLAGHER 5, 9, 34, *309,* 560

Gaston *268*
Giddings, CDR 62, *259,* 389
Gilbert *268*
GILL 2, 5, 9, 152, *326,* 435, 476, 530
GIOVENCO 5, *245, 246, 306,* 513
Gittman, LT 437, 567
Glee Club *266*
GODDARD 2, 5, 9, 23, 33, 43, 55, 62, 103, 130, 137, 150, 176, *200, 222, 223, 243, 245, 249, 253, 254, 270, 271, 277, 282, 329, 339, 348, 373,* 377, 380, 382, 395, 410, 413, 415, 421, 425, 430, 445, 463, 512, 589, 617
GRANT 5, 9, 26, 87, 127, 161, 484, 492, 504, 525, 529, 549, 564
GRENLEY 5, 9, 528
HAAS 5, 9, 34, *362,* 563
HADO 5, 9, 32, 33, 144, *228, 229, 230, 239, 241, 243, 245, 252, 268, 270, 293, 298, 314,* 440, 553, 565, 584, 617
HAMANN 5, *267*
HAMBERGER 5, 9, 35, *224, 267, 368,* 558
HAMILTON 5, 577, 588, 591, 597
HANELINE 5, 9, 36, 80, 158, 434, 480, 483, 542
HANFORD 5, *290, 332,* 551
Hannigan, LCDR 437
HANSON 5, *279*
HARBACH 5, 9, *367, 372,* 387, 492, 562
Hart *268*
HEDDAEUS 5
HEFFERNAN 5, 29
HEIMBURGER 5, 9, 21, 33, 41, 90, 101, 196, *279,* 456, 617
HENDERSON 5, 33, *228, 243, 270, 286,* 381, 577, 589
Herman 91
HICKEY 5
Hirschkowitz, LCDR 562
HITCHENS 5, 124, 125, 577
HJERSMAN 5
Holt *268*
Hope, Brian 79
HOTALING 5, 9, 37, 84, 164, *200, 277,* 552
HOWARD 5, 9, 81, 90
HUNT 5, 9, 35, *287, 289, 308,* 378, 577
Hunter, John 68, 95
ISABELLA 5, 9, 17, 132, *272, 291, 372,* 515, 551
Jenkins *268*
JEWETT 5, 166, *285,* 440, 553
JUMP 5, *279, 280, 313, 316*
Kane, LCDR 426
KATSAMPES 5, 90
Keating 23, 35, 428, 577, 597
KEHMEIER 5, *310*
KIHM 5, 577, 597
Kingsley, LT *268*
TV *Kings Pointer* *264*
KIRCHNER 5
KLEIN 5, 9, 33, *280*
KLING 5, *285, 314,* 577
KOHL 5, 80, 434, 508, 551
KONNICK 6, 428
KRANZLER 6
Krawez *268*
Krinsky, CDR 54
KROEGER 6, 169, *297,* 577, 579, 591, 606
KRUEGER 6, 57, *200, 239, 242, 243, 270, 286,* 393
LaDage, LCDR 389
LAWSON 6, 405, 441, 515
LEEPER 6, 9, 124, *315, 367,* 531
Leske, B *265, 330*
LEVENSHUS 6, *371*
LEWIS, John 6, 9, 152, *300, 351,* 472, 527, 617
LEWIS, RC 6, 95, *310,* 432
LEWIS, RG 6, 57, *228, 239, 241, 243,* 393
Linster, John 87,
Litchfield, LCDR *256,* 405, 432, 549, 580
LOSCH 6
LYONS 6, 79, *281,* 524, 577
M-DOG *300, 301, 302*
M-Girl 551
M-MAN 136, 174, *287, 288, 289,* 378, 438
MACAULAY 6, *268,* 577, 594, 598
MacPHERSON 6
Mahoney, LCDR 91
Malinoski, CWO 426
Martin, P *200, 243*
Marone, Tom 428
Martucci, J *265*
MASTROPIETRO 6
Matalas, Greg 524
Mazza, John 9, *239, 290, 366,* 397, 406, 462, 550
McCaffery, CWO *258,* 379, 408

McCammon, LT 93, *258*
McCLURE 6
McCORY 6*, 280, 281*
McCready, CAPT *257,* 419, 426
McDONALD, C 6, *245, 312*
McDONALD, HJ 6
McDonald, LT 562
McKEE 6
McLintock, RADM 26, 29, 54, 64, 166, *256, 290,* 410, 427, 432, 595
McSHEA 6, 9, 22, 61, 132, *352, 372,* 409, 442, 514, 597
Melvin, A *243*
Menser, Frank 510
MILLER 6, 9, 39, 93, 108, 175, 575
MOORHEAD 6, 405, 536
MORRIS 6, 300
MOTT 6, 9, 90, 174, *314, 355,* 424, 571, 602
MOZGALA 6, 9, 112, *281, 290, 354,* 384, 412, 511, 528
MUCCI 6, 9, 21, 53, 79, *301, 309,* 405, 430, 451, 487, 551, 579
MURELLO 6, 524, 577
MURPHY 6
Murphy, Dan 130, 138, 150, *239, 243, 270*
Natzke, Nick 585
Nau, Doc *259*
NEEL 6, *286, 347,* 551
Nickl, LT 91
NIEMI 6, 9, *271, 346, 347,* 433, 438, 452, 551, 571, 577, 592, 594, 606
Niña *262,* 429, 430, 441
NOWAKOWSKI 6, 9, 19, 123, 160, 598
Oakes, Corey 90, 92
O'Connell, CAPT 103,
O'Hara, Salty 34, 62, 91, *256,* 427, 430, 534, 567
OHNSTAD 6, 9, 61, *267,* 479, 515, 537, 600
O'Leary, CAPT *258,* 386, 431, 439, 567
O'NEILL 6, *200, 228, 243, 270, 281, 319,* 577
OPET 6, 9, 21, 38, 86, 129, 168, *353, 371, 372,* 437, 451, 487, 551, 559, 579, 584, 606
PAGANO 6, 9, 24, 156, *268, 285, 314,* 553
Paquette, LT 562
PARKER 6, *231, 268, 314,* 577, 588, 606
PARKS 6
PATTERSON 6, 173
PAUL 6, 175, 577, 602
PAVIA 7, 175*, 279*
PEARSON, C 2, 7, 9, 96, *239, 242, 243, 270, 273, 274, 277, 312, 333, 334, 339, 341, 360, 372,* 494, 572, 617
PEARSON, R 7
PEAVY 2, 7, 9, 16, 45, 108, 175, *280, 296, 300, 345, 356,* 393, 420, 510, 559, 599
Penner *268*
PHILLIPS 7, 50, *318, 372,* 551
PIGOTT 7, 21, 53, 405, 438, 441, 563
PILLSBURY 7, 61, *267,* 479, 577, 588, 597
Poos, LCDR 421
POPOVICH 7, 90, 158, 577
PRANULIS 7, *200, 243, 252*
PRINDIVILLE 7
Prosser, CAPT 429
RANDOLPH 7, *224,* 386
Reed, CAPT 164
REHM 7, 9, 30, 49, 73, 122, *318, 364, 372,* 394, 457, 467, 545, 551
REICHART 7
REICHE 7, 50, *291, 338,* 509, 577, 599, 608
REIMER 7, 9, 17, 110, 128, 154, *355,* 410
Richardson, Tom *316*
ROBERTS 7, 513
ROBERTSON 7, 9, 90, 93, 477, 570, 607
Robeson, Scott 56, 62, 63, 478
ROGERS, L 7, *280,* 515
ROGERS, R 7, 9, 95, 174, 544
ROLLINS 7, 9, 75, *270,* 391
Rooney, Ma 71, 91, *249, 257,* 548
Ross, W *200, 243, 270*
ROWAN 7, 9, 158, *360,* 535, 568
RYALLS 7, *268*
RYDZEWSKI 7, 9, 38, 90, 171, *280, 296, 370,* 441, 493, 569, 608
SAMMONS 7
Sandberg, CDR *257,* 427
Sargeant , Bill 510
SCHECTER 7, 9, 36, *200, 307,* 582
SCHROEDER 7, 9, *273, 360, 361,* 482, 566

SCHULTZ 7, 9, 22, 89, 171, *330, 357, 363, 372,* 439, 548, 561, 599
Schyma *268*
SEBUCK 7, *239, 267, 318,* 394, 577, 587, 591, 597
SEDDON 7
SEMBER 7, 433, 515, 571
SHAKESHAFT 7, 9, 90, 159, 171, *370,* 441, 559, 568
Shanley, Jerry 548, 549
SIMMONDS 7, 577
Skinner, Walt 500
SKRIPOL 7, 9, 54, 84, 119, *201, 241, 248, 252, 255, 279, 280, 284, 372,* 406, 480, 529, 586, 617
SMITH, Ray 7, 9, 159, 171, 559
SMITH, Richard 7, 421
Smith, R *265*
Snyder, Tex 87, 567
SOTTILE 7, 174, *290, 301, 311, 346, 347,* 378, 550, 577, 592
Spurr, LT Horton 13, 35, 44, 62, *256,* 428, 548, 567
STEVENS 7, 21, 53, 437, 559, 577, 598, 606, 607
Stribling, Ed 401
STUPSKI 2, 7, 9, 18, 46, 105, *265, 331, 346, 349, 369, 372, 373,* 386, 418, 452, 458, 474, 488, 503, 587, 617
Stwertka, LCDR 91
SUTTON 7, 160
SZULC 7, *200, 243, 270, 283,* 577, 584
TAYLOR 8
TEAGUE 8, 79, *316,* 432
THOMAS 8
THOMPSON 8, 17, *290*
Tick-Tock 425
TODD 8, 9, 21, 53, 85, 166, *358, 359,* 515, 553
Tomb, Ben 94, 109
Toughy, Vince 596
TRAHAN 8
Travis, CAPT HO 50, *259,* 414, 567
TRYON 8, 17, 516
TURCHETTI 8
VAN OSS 8, 169, *279, 284, 372,* 550
TV *Vema* *210*
Verrochi, P *265*
WALKER, J 8, 9, 109, *318,* 429, 546, 608
Walker, Shiras *239, 241,* 406, 577, 600
WALTER 8, 112
WALUS 8, *279, 280, 281, 286, 315*
WARE 8, 9, 94, 173, 442, 515, 570
WARNER 8, *311,* 571, 577
Wasson, Rob *280,* 406
Weatherly *263, 303*
WEIGANG 8, 89, 90, 442, 523
WELLER 8, 9, 27, 52, 145, 175, 510
WESTOVER 8, 9, *272, 371, 372,* 391, 405, 418, 476, 509, 515, 530, 597
WHITE 8, *200, 270,* 407, 577, 583
White, S *265*
WIGTON 8
Williams, Al 136
Willson, LCDR 434
WILSON, F 8, *268, 319*
WILSON, J 8, 169
WOLF 8, 523
Wolf, Guy 87
WONG 8, 90, *300,* 393, 577, 608
WOOD 8, 9, 169, *265,* 442, 571
Wood, M *243, 270*
WOODS, Ed 8, 9, 27, 52, *253, 267, 286, 364, 365,* 457, 503, 583
WOODS, Elliott 8, 9, *271, 319, 372,* 513, 515, 594
Woyke, Steve 111