

ARCHIVES

IGHT BELLS



1940

A collage of black and white photographs depicting various scenes from the life of a sailor. The photos are arranged in a grid-like fashion, tilted at different angles. The images show sailors in uniform, ship decks, maritime activities, and crew members. One photo shows a sailor looking through binoculars. Another shows a sailor in a striped shirt. A third shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fourth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A ninth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A tenth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eleventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twelfth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirteenth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fourteenth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifteenth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixteenth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventeenth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighteenth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A nineteenth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twentieth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-first shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-second shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-third shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-fourth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-fifth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-sixth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-seventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-eighth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A twenty-ninth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirtieth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-first shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-second shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-third shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-fourth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-fifth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-sixth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-seventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-eighth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A thirty-ninth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fortieth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-first shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-second shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-third shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-fourth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-fifth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-sixth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-seventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-eighth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A forty-ninth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fiftieth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-first shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-second shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-third shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-fourth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-fifth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-sixth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-seventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-eighth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A fifty-ninth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixtieth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-first shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-second shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-third shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-fourth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-fifth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-sixth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-seventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-eighth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A sixty-ninth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventieth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-first shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-second shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-third shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-fourth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-fifth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-sixth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-seventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-eighth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A seventy-ninth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eightieth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-first shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-second shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-third shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-fourth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-fifth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-sixth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-seventh shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-eighth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A eighty-ninth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A ninetieth shows a sailor in a white uniform. A hundredth shows a sailor in a white uniform.



Eight Bells



ARCHIVES.

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1940

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Editor, RICHARD A. WHALEN · Business Manager, WILLIAM VAN WILGEN ·
Photographic Editor, ROGER J. BLOOMFIELD · Art Editors, F. DOUGLAS IVES and
MARTIN E. GARVIN · Feature Editor, ROBERT W. NICKSE · Advertising Manager
WALTER H. SUESS · Faculty Adviser C. D. SCHUTZ



The Gate

O Gate, O Gate,
Of thee we'd orate.
We passed thee by so many times,
Thou art worthy of much better rimes.
We see thee now, we saw thee then
As first year boys, as last year men.
Sometimes thou spied our footsteps slow,
At others thou marked the hour late.
Forgive us if we hurry now, you see we have a date—



To the Members of the Class of 1940:

In the world-wide war conflagration now going on it becomes imperative for America to take care of its own defense, and in this defense every red-blooded American, man or woman, must carry his or her share of the load. It is the citizen who makes the country. As members of the U. S. Naval Reserve, each member of the Cadet Corps has his part to perform in the great naval teamwork. It is recognized that the Navy is our first line of defense and our Merchant Marine the second, the Merchant Marine keeping the fleet supplied with food, fuel and material, maintaining Naval ships in repair under Naval supervision, bringing to America those essential commodities for war material not obtainable in America, and in maintaining our foreign markets under Naval protection. Thus the Navy and the Merchant Marine are the first essentials to American defense.

Whether our graduates serve in the Navy or the Merchant Marine, we can feel assured that they will perform their tasks to the utmost of their ability, eager to serve their country's need.

The reputation of the Academy is not acquired by having a splendid shore base, a Training Ship, and a fine staff of instructors, but in the ability, efficiency and accomplishments of the graduates. In this respect we have complete confidence in the final result—graduates who prove themselves and an Academy well qualified to perform its essential national function.

Our hopes and our highest esteem go with you as each one of you goes out to face the problems which assuredly will confront you.

Hit The Target!

J. H. Tomb



WE, the Class of 1940, should be remiss in our obligations as gentlemen and potential U. S. Merchant Marine officers if we failed to express here a debt of gratitude. To Captain Tomb and his able staff, we wish to express our sincere appreciation for their untiring efforts, their example of discipline, their scholarly instructions, their skill in molding character—all in our unworthy behalf. Through the years should there come to fruition a large part of that promise they detected in us and hoped to see realized, we shall be men indeed—men worthy to wear the insignia we expect to win.

The Class of 1940

E. K. BICKNELL '16



G. L. WICKES, M.D.



WARDROOM

C. D. SCHUTZ '15



W. T. COYLE '27

A. F. OLIVET '21

J. R. ARKINSTAN



C. A. MAASS '11

OFFICERS

W. G. GROENBECK '12



E. S. MOALE

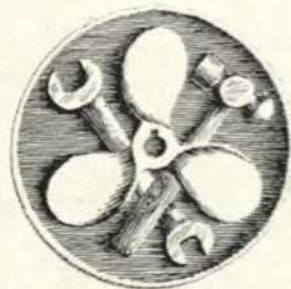
J. HENDERSON



H. GANDELMAN



G. R. WHITEHEAD





Our Alma Mater

CAPTAIN
G. W. R. HUGHES '06



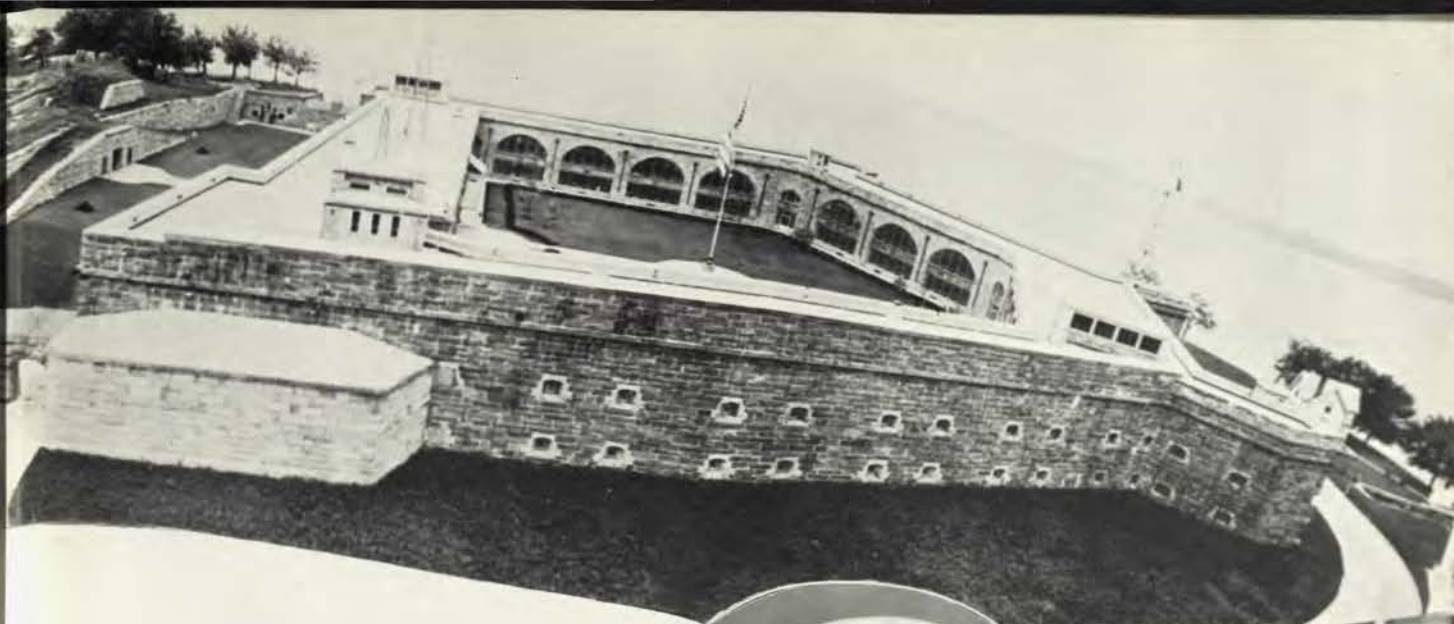
To us, the boys who came to the Academy in the fall of 1958, the massive building, the spacious mess hall, the fine modern classrooms, dormitories, washrooms, electric kitchen, and all the many other appointments of our land base constituted just a swell outfit to be accepted as a matter of fact without thought. But we were amazed when we learned from older cadets and from our officers what Fort Schuyler really looked like just a few years ago.

We learned that the fort was nearly eighty years old and that, when its usefulness was over as a guardian of the junction of the Sound and East River, it had been left to fall into decay and ruin.

And a ruin it certainly was, judging by photos taken before the magic of Captain Tomb got busy and transformed what was a miserable heap of tumbling-down walls and leaky roofs into what it is now, the finest academy of its kind in the world.

So, you tyros of the future, when you enter the hallowed halls through the battered door of the antique sally port, think of the genius of Captain Tomb who made





on Terra Firma

this dream come true for the benefit of America's Merchant Marine. Before we close this chapter about our beloved fort, we have to give a few words to the more romantic side of this hulk of granite. Where, for instance, could you find more inspiration for romance than in the winding hallways with their many conveniently dim corners which are so popular on our dance nights? And who among you has failed to explore the unimproved portion of the reservation, finding many a swell rustic spot where he could retire and ruminate about his troubles? And who will forget our palatial gate house, the cadet's own club?



J. McGRATH '16





TELEPHONES
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NEW YORK STATE MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY
THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

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OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
FORT SCHUYLER
THE BRONX, N. Y.

September 1, 1940.

To The Members of The
September, 1940, Graduating Class:

The occasion of your graduation is coincident with a new era in the history of the American merchant marine. For two years the Board of Visitors, representing ten important civic bodies in this State, has watched your progress with a great deal of interest and concern. When you had your final examinations, we worried along with you - were you going to pass?

Now most of your cares are over. Never before has a class graduated at such an auspicious moment. A shipbuilding program, fostered by the Federal Government, is now in progress which will rejuvenate the American merchant marine and, as new ships require new officers, trained in the modern way, you will be the new blood injected into the American merchant marine.

It is the Board of Visitors belief that your class will take its rightful place in American shipping. We will take as much pride in your successes in your chosen career as we took pride in your achievements while serving as cadets in the Merchant Marine Academy.

We wish you luck and "bon voyage".

Sincerely yours,

MILAN L. PITTMAN '07
Chairman



CAPTAIN PITTMAN



ERNEST E. COLE, LL.D., Pd.D.
*President of the University of the State of
 New York and Commissioner of Education*



LEWIS A. WILSON, D.Sc., LL.D.
*Associate Commissioner
 of Education*

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
 THE STATE EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
 OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY
 AND COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION
 ALBANY

To the Class of 1940,

New York State Merchant Marine Academy:

My greetings are extended to you as you embark upon a new phase of your progress toward a career. As Commissioner of Education I congratulate you upon the completion of a course of training unique in its quality and in its contribution to the welfare of a great nation.

The New York State Merchant Marine Academy and the University of the State of New York, of which it is a part, are justly proud of the record of the graduates of this school. As a cadet during the past two years you have had the benefits of housing, equipment and instruction superior to that of your predecessors. We are confident that these have contributed to your fitness for the responsibilities you will assume. May the traditions and ideals of this institution be further enhanced by your successes!

Very sincerely yours,

Ernest E. Cole
 Ernest E. Cole



What would the World's Fair Marine Day have been without N.Y.S.M.M.A.



F. HOLMES

To the Warrant Officers

The time is fast approaching when we shall make our final liberty party. After bidding one another goodbye certain memories will linger with us. Among them will be the stern, salty language always heard when docking or leaving port. The salty roll and loud bellowing seen and heard in our engine room will probably never be surpassed. The "suffrin alligators" of the little man and the silent stance in the fireroom will be good remembrances.

The word sab-o-nage will long be remembered, and the good-natured way of our assistant electrician will also linger with us. Little fancied grievances over our food, or files and money matters can never be forgotten, no matter how hard we try. Warrant Officers, we salute you! You have had a hard job but you've mastered it wonderfully. And we hope that our successors will give you fewer headaches than we.



J. DOYLE



G. RISER



E. MOORE



J. MOVILLA



H. KESSLER



S. CRANE

OUR FLOATING ALMA MATER

Few students of educational and training institutions have the advantage of what we are pleased to call a dual alma mater. During the fall and winter months we of the N. Y. S. M. M. A. hibernate in comfortable halls while absorbing the intricate details of what makes a ship move. When spring arrives we pack up and move to our seagoing alma mater, the good old *Empire State*.

This ship, which has been in use by the N. Y. S. M. M. A. since 1931, is a former U. S. Navy unit, having served as the flagship of the train of the United States fleet. Remodeled under the capable direction of Captain Tomb, it is no doubt the finest training ship in the country.

Two other ships preceded the *Empire State*. Its direct predecessor was the *Newport*, also a Navy ship at the beginning of her career. Taken over by the Academy in 1908, her trim lines and her barkentine rig aroused comment and admiration wherever she sailed. Her triple expansion engine made her particularly well suited for the task of turning out capable mates and efficient engineers. When she was retired in 1931 many an old grad felt a nostalgic twinge. We should be grateful for the thoughtfulness of some of these men; otherwise the *Newport's* bell might never have reached the academy where it now occupies a place of honor where, we hope, it will toll out the "bells" for many generations of N. Y. S. M. M. A. cadets to come.

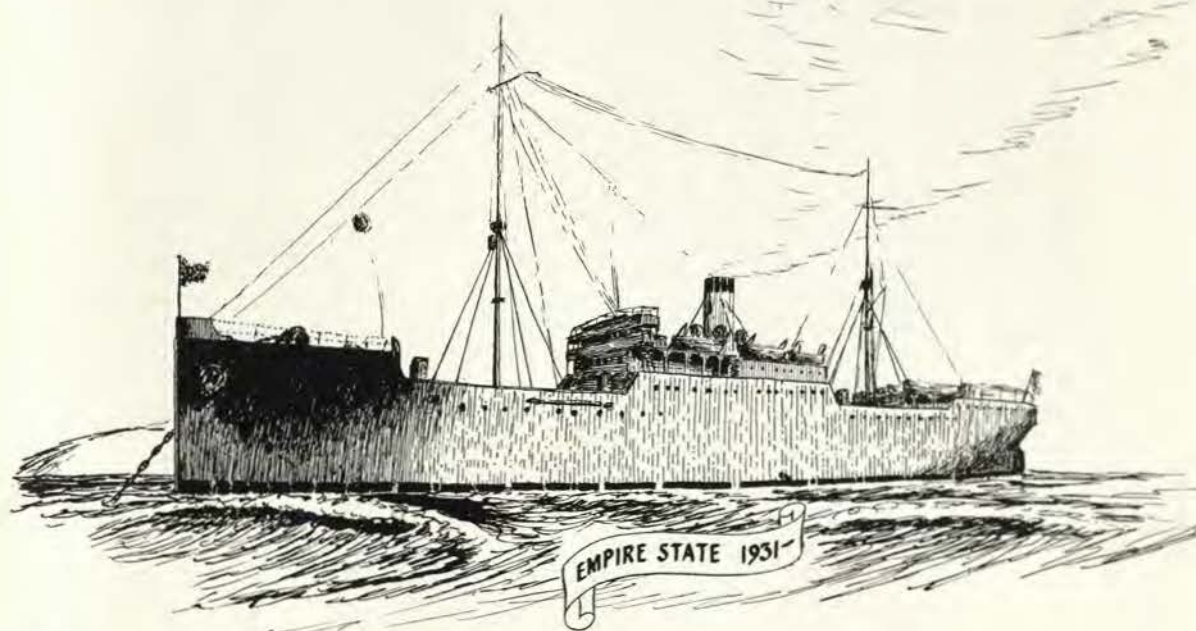
The first of our ships, the *St. Marys*, was also a famous vessel in her day. Built of live oak and full rigged, she was launched in 1844 as a Navy ship. She could outsail any craft her size and engaged in the Civil War and also in the Mexican War. She made the perilous voyage around Cape Horn, sailed all the seven seas and ended her colorful career in 1907 after thirty-two years as a training ship for the forerunner of the New York State Merchant Marine Academy, the New York Nautical School.



1875



1940





THE COLORS

GRADUATES

1940

FRANKLIN W. ADAMS
HERBERT J. AGUERO
JERE C. AUSTIN
FELIX E. AVERILL, JR.
FRED W. BADGER
DONALD R. BAXTER
WARREN S. BELL
WILLIAM R. BELL
JACK H. BENNETT
ROGER G. BLOOMFIELD
JAMES G. BRADY
EDWARD F. BRENNAN
NICHOLAS BULAN
ANDREW D. BUTKA
RICHARD CANN
CHARLES C. COLEMAN
ROBERT F. CORNWELL
JOSEPH E. CULLEN
JOHN D. DANIEL
EDWARD B. DAILY
BENSON H. DILLON
MATTHEW M. DRAG
EDWIN B. FAY
RICHARD H. FURLONG
MARTIN E. GARVIN, JR.
JOHN E. GILMAN, JR.
WALTER H. HESSE
EDWARD HOGAN, JR.
DAVID S. HORNBECK
THEODORE W. HOYLER
FREDERICK D. IVES
TOIVO E. JARVI
ERNST KEITEL
CHARLES H. KINNEY
ROBERT O. KOSTELAK
ROBERT L. LASHER
JOHN J. LENAHA
ADOLPH O. LILJA

ROBERT LORENZ
LOUIS J. MARESCA
RICHARD A. MARSTERS
WARREN MC CONNELL
WILLIAM J. MEAGHER
ROBERT F. MENGE
WILLIAM R. MERSON
RANDALL J. MILLARD
ROBERT W. NICKSE
BRUCE F. NOBLES
JOHN C. OKLAND
EUGENE A. OLSEN
ROBERT N. READ
MARTIN REILLY
JAMES J. REYNOLDS
CLAUDE F. ROBB
DONALD B. ROBINSON
THOMAS S. ROBINSON
PAUL ROSHKIND
LUDOVICO SAVARESE
ROBERT T. SAXTON, JR.
ERNEST V. SCHAEERER
THEODORE SCHARPF
WALTER H. SUESS
WILLIAM H. SWANSON
EDWARD J. THOMAS
RICHARD H. TIBBETS
GEORGE T. TREFFS
THADDEUS T. TRZEBUCHOWSKI
JOHN H. TUCKER
WILLIAM T. VAN WILGEN
BRIAN J. VINCENT
WILLIAM H. WEBB
ROBERT W. WERNER
RICHARD A. WHALEN
DUNCAN WHYTE
NEIL C. WRIGHT
HAROLD R. ZIEGLER



ADAMS, FRANKLIN W.

67 Fletcher Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"World's Fair"

Remember the words of the "Warden"? "Now lads, just any evening you get tired of the scenery here, drop over to the house and I'll give you my OK to take in a show!" Nothing backward about ole Frank—he took in the show, but forgot about the "Warden's" OK! We also hear Adams doesn't like to blow the bugle on the ship. How come, Frank?



AGUERO, HERBERT J.

23 Tarrence St., Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, First Class

"Mouse"

The "Mouse" as we all know, had this name bestowed upon him because of his resemblance (in size) to that species of rodent. He can usually be found in the wake of Ives or Badger or getting himself in somebody's hair. A good worker, and generally gets around.



AUSTIN, JERE C.

295 Bay Ave., Patchogue, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, Third Class

"Cowboy"

Jere is a firm believer in the motto, "Haste makes waste," and "Silence is golden." If there is any truth in these mottos he will never be wasteful and will soon be rich. Back at the Fort, he spent most of his time going ashore with Mr. Murphy. If the "Cowboy" ever tires of going to sea, he can probably earn a living operating a moving picture machine.



AVERILL FELIX E., JR.

Box "G", Walkill, N. Y.

Cadet Third Division Officer

"Felix"

Since our "Head" division officer was captain of the fencing team, it was no surprise to see how he wielded his sword on sailing day. Why, we never thought the steady stream of soda bottles, etc. would ever end after they set Felix and his gang of hounds to the hunt. It was a great day when Averill deserted the Fish Feeders Fraternity and became an "ole salt."



BADGER, FRED W.

65 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cadet Engineer

"Freddy"

NYSMMA got a break when Freddy laid down his plow and decided to be an engineer. This scholar left such a space between his and our averages, that the C.E. for 1940 was conceded to him after our first marking period. To describe Freddy in our own language, he is "Beaucoup savvy" and we all know he'll make a success on the "outside."



BAXTER, DONALD R.

40 Edna St., Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Madame"

They laughed when he sat down to play. That was the first time. They laughed again every time after that. But seriously the "Madame" was quite good when it came to playing the classics on the piano. Of course this is not his only accomplishment. He also plays a flute, sounds tanks, and is quite good at letting the latter overflow. The "Madame" memorized all the valves on the oil manifold which saved him time and trouble of reading them from the name plates. Practical, huh



BELL, WARREN S.

20 Clayton Place, Albany, New York

First Class Deck

"Short Shot"

The terror and most feared of the first class, "Short Shot" was afterwards referred to as "King of the Bridge-space Head" where he cracked his whip every morning during cleaning stations. Finally, it got to the point where the M.A.A. had to hold him down or his gang would have rubbed a hole right in the deck!



BELL, WILLIAM R.

507 7th St., Watkins Glen, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Cue"

Before the immigration laws became strict, Bill came in from Watkins Glen, passport and all, and entered NYSMMA where he immediately set to work under NYA typing for Mr. Maas. Because of his easy going nature and his quickness to grasp things, he took somewhat of a riding from his classmates, but he always smiled right on, and naturally had many friends.



BENNETT, JACK H.

Callicoon, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Beanetti"

Jack, one of the electrical boys, can generally be found in "lower four." Coming from a pharmaceutical family meant that many helpful articles could be obtained from him. Jack is an all around good fellow and can generally be found ashore where the most heck is being raised. "Beanetti" will long be remembered for his loud laugh and good natured way.



BLOOMFIELD, ROGER G.

4904 39th Ave., Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Squirrel"

In this corner we have the "Squirrel" sometimes known as "Garfinkel" who can use his hands for more than holding a wrench as he has often proved. If the officers came around when he was awake they would find that he is pretty savvy practically. "Squirrel" is one of the boys who really worked for a sport jacket and didn't get one anyhow . . .



BRADY, JAMES G.

87 Main St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Quartermaster, Third Class "Diamond Jeem"

'Twas quite amusing to watch "Bickey" jump for the engine telegraph when he thought that he had heard a fog horn, only to find out it was "Jeem" bellowing at his understudy. Ask the Q.M. sometime when night life begins in Paris, and don't be alarmed if he says, "There ain't any!" He was satisfied to just stay and have a nice peaceful time at the hotel.



BRENNAN, EDWARD F.

119-12 166th St., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Salty"

"Salty" was the mainstay of the Electrical Division for two years, and he was Mr. Crane's right-hand man when he could be found. The salty one used to quake with fear when McKinnell threatened to take him ashore in France and show him the sights. We wonder if "Salty" will keep his present ideals throughout his lifetime.



BULAN, NICHOLAS

202 Jersey St., New Brighton, S. I., N. Y.

Cadet Second Division Officer

"Butch"

The salt and bluster of Nick will long be remembered at NYSMMA. The Boatswain and the "Little Man" often got into an argument as to which one he should work for. Too bad he wasn't twins, for then he could have pleased both. "Butch" is a favorite of the sailing art, and did plenty of sailing in practically every port we hit.



BUTKA, ANDREW D.

825 Stone Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, Third Class

"Pushcart"

Andy is generally a bit on the loud side, but nevertheless he's a savvy and willing worker. Whenever a helping hand is needed, or whenever one needs a tyro taken care of, Andy's right on the job to help. We don't know what the "goo-gooes" will do next year when Andy isn't here to finish up Friday's fish.



CANN, RICHARD

2121 East 16th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Bottle"

"The Cowboy from Brooklyn," as he was known among the boys, could often be heard crooning some form of western song or other. About the nearest he ever got to being a bronco buster was when he was riding the kitchen range. Incidentally, he had the marvelous record of never being overleave, except three times in Boston. Could there have been romance in that fair city for him?



COLEMAN, CHARLES C.

189 Eighth St., Troy, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, Second Class

"Chuck"

We often wonder if "Chuck" and Greta Garbo shouldn't get together. She wants to lead a lone life and Coleman is the typical Loan Ranger. He got to be a Boatswain's Mate, Second Class, and might even be a great skipper some day if his one pet weakness, "Ted," doesn't change his plans.



CORNWELL, ROBERT F.

Walker Ave., East Quogue, N. Y.

Cadet First Division Officer

"Cornstinker"

"If I were a little Coyle, I'd spring!". A typically feeble effort on the part of NYSMMA's No. 2 punster. The "Stinker" can often be heard boasting about his rabbit hound in East Quogue. "Why he'd just as soon play dead dog as wag his tail." We shall always remember Bob as one of the best all-around men in our class. "A damn good athlete and A1 student."



CULLEN, JOSEPH E.

Prospect St., Maybrook, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Joe"

The only engineer with a legal tattoo which he got from "one of them there fellers with the needle" back at the county fair, Joe is one of the best. He knows when to speak and he never gets into any arguments. With his "squeeze box" or harmonica, and a few vocals, he can provide some right smart entertainment. We all wish Joe the best of luck, always.



DAILY, EDWARD B.

Pinegrove Road, Smallwood, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Father"

Aside from occasionally challenging Tibbets to go a round or two, Daily has been waging a gallant campaign against the powers of the sandman ever since he came to NYSMMA, and seems to keep himself eternally on the verge of a good snooze.



DANIEL, JOHN D.

814 Rock Beach Road, Rochester, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Golden Boy"

Jack's a fellow who tries hard to please everyone, and generally does a pretty good job of it. He's really proud of his golden bugle and can hardly wait until the day comes when he'll be wearing four gold stripes. He seems to have a little to do with everything, good or bad, and is always in with the gang. He certainly was sorry to hear we couldn't go to Bermuda on the second cruise.



DILLON, BENSON H.

374 Washington Ave., Oneida, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Ben"

A foremost member of the "Fish Feeders Fraternity," we want you to know that there's nothing cheap about our Ben. Why, he went everyone just a little better when he tossed in a tooth to boot for the poor little fish to chew their dinner with. Maybe he had some fish blood in him though, because he was one of the mainstays of the swimming team.



DRAG, MATTHEW M.

61-47 56th Road., Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.

Cadet First Officer

"86 Drag"

"Chuck Junior" sees all, knows all, and doesn't let on too much. Someday, he'll make a good "exec" himself if he keeps following out his present ways. Mat took an awful riding after he got his sword, but took it like a man. We expect him to go a lot further than South Street after he leaves us.



FAY, EDWIN B.

641 Kimball Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, Third Class

"Foo"

"Apun my word ole sock, I daresay I beat you to the pun. Some crack eh!" This is merely a sample of what the ace No. 1 punster gets off his chest as part of the day's routine. His great joy lies in squelching Cornwell, his understudy. Aside from being our prize manipulator of the English language, "Feh" survives to be a mighty handy guard on any basketball team.



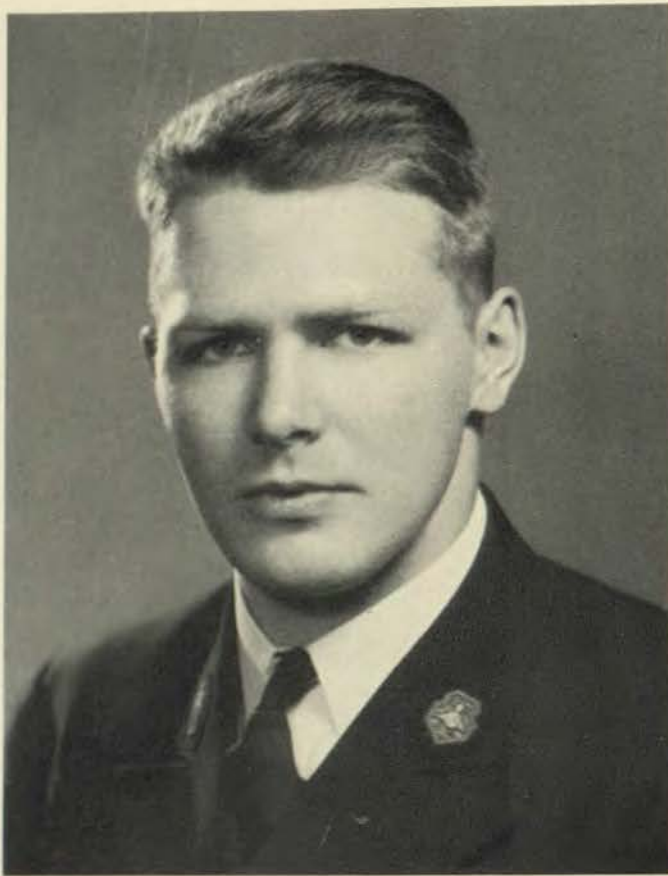
FURLONG, RICHARD H.

256 E. Fulton St., Gloversville, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, First Class

"Doc"

To the tyros "Doc" seems about the hardest character on the ship to work for. He does plenty of bellowing in the engine room and can always manage to get things done. Ashore "Doc" can generally be found in a nearby bar drinking with the best of them, and carrying on a congenial conversation with some unknown big shot.



GARVIN, MARTIN E., JR.

112 James St., Scotia, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, Third Class

"Bernarr"

During our mug cruise, whenever the Boatswain asked for steam on a winch, the upperclassmen usually broke up into two groups. Half to the engine room, and if they couldn't give us power, the other half got "ole man muscles" himself to operate the winch. He proved to be a very capable manager for the boxing team, and could certainly heave his weights around.



GILMAN, JOHN E., JR.

19 Broadway Terrace, New York, N. Y.

Gunner's Mate, First Class

"The Wart"

The "Ole Worry Wart" is certainly a menace to his shipmates when he gets in stride. He's the home of more rumors than any boarding house in the country. What a line he can hand out when called on to do so. In New London, he came so close to putting the shot line right into a fellow's hand that the rest of the docking crew scrambled and we had to anchor beside the dock.



HESSE, WALTER H.

5114 Rawlins Ave., The Bronx, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, Second Class

"Red"

The cadets at NYSMMA come far and wide and naturally Silver Beach had to donate a couple. Of course, Walter tried to keep it quiet, but it finally leaked out that he was a resident of that thriving community at the gates of Fort Schuyler. He wasn't exactly lazy, but he was allergic to work. Why should he work when he could make some freshman work twice as hard to make up for him?



HOGAN, EDWARD JR.

104-45 57th Road, Corona, L. I., N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Ettlebert"

We almost had a lightweight champ in our midst, only "Ettle" had to go and miss McCall with a right that nearly landed his arm in the "Deep Six." Speaking of the "Deep Six," it brings back fond memories of the bathtubs in Paris which held a happy sextet. If you have your doubts, ask Hogan. He was enjoying the bathing until Reilly turned on the champagne shower.



HORNBECK, DAVID S.

49 North St., Monticello, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Mortimer Snerd"

Poor ole "Mortimer" just couldn't resist the temptation to swing it on the accordion in the locker during cleaning stations. "Honest Sir, it was the spittin' image of one I have at home, Sir, and before I knew it, I had it up and was playing away!"



HOYLER, THEODORE W.

61 Pershing Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Red"

"Come on, you guys, fist on to these swabs and get going on the deck!" Ted is the best head supervisor in the business, and it was only natural that he was appointed to commander of the third division head. "She was a good gal, my Ora," he said, but then they took our Ted off to the hospital, never to see his love again.



IVES, FREDERICK D., JR.

Chappaqua, N. Y.

Cadet Assistant Engineer

"Trunk"

Doug is one of those small town boys who made good. Copping second place when rates were handed out meant his job was managing the engine room. A little on the quiet side where girls are concerned, but a pretty good fellow to have around when a stag is held.



JARVI, TOIVO E.

2520 Grand Ave., The Bronx, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Finn"

Here we have an all around man: athlete, Don Juan, photographer, etc. His abilities as a Don Juan and a photographer go hand in hand and earned him the name Tyrone. Finn had quite a habit of getting into trouble too, and none of us will ever forget the famous words, "Please Daddy, don't take him to the Captain!"



KEITEL, ERNST

157 S. Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.

First Class Deck

"Nazi"

What would Ernst ever do if the Polish-Nazi alliance was broken up? Guess he'd just have to go back to managing small stores. His buddie crossed him up in France, though. The French lassies think he's a fugitive from a nut house, but could he help it if he couldn't savvy the French lingo, and "Trezby" could?



KINNEY, CHARLES H.

68 Port St., Pulaski, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, Second Class

"La Lune"

Peculiar sorta title for a salt of the first water like Kinney; however, he was officially dubbed "La Lune" by the freshman's pal, Davidson, shortly after he entered NYSMMA. Sounds like it was French and what's more, it is, but we won't go into that. Lune survived his mug year and came back this year raring to take command of his share of "A" Company.



KOSTELAK, ROBERT O.

14-51 155th St., Whitestone, L. I., N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Tiger"

His pet diversion happens to be a mad dash and rush in the morning to get his teeth brushed and hair combed before muster. He claims he came to NYSMMA to escape from the members of the fair sex, however, we happen to know he has a definite interest in a blue eyed blonde named Bobbie.



LASHER, ROBERT L.

P.O. Box 145, Hancock St., Fort Plain, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Lightning"

Bob, quite different than his nickname suggests, started with us as a deck hand, but it didn't take him long to realize his mistake and switch to the Engine Department. A jovial apple-knocker and always out to have a good time, whether on the ship or on terra firma. Bob's just the type to hang around with in a foreign port when we want to raise the devil.



LENAHAN, JOHN J.

Mill River Road, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Pop"

Dear John J. of the Long Island Lenahans could always be counted on for a last minute thrill on sailing day. Just as the lines were being cast off, we can still picture J. J.'s colors flying high in the wind. Yes, all of his three or four sisters, we never did get an accurate account, coming along to get their last glimpse of the ship as our John comes screeching round the corner to a perfect four point landing by the gangway



LILJA, ADOLPH O.

65 East 97th St., New York, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Lilypop"

Adolph is a rather quiet looking chap but looks are sometimes deceiving. This Finnish boy is really a fine fellow and lots of fun. He probably will never forget a certain incident in Cherbourg, France. He also is adept at getting his share of trouble and the reward of demerits.



LORENZ, ROBERT

250 West 97th St., New York, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Woodchuck"

Did you ever hear of a woodchuck having a spider for a pal? Well come to NYSMMA then, and see it with your own eyes. We still laugh when we think of looking into Bickie's room. Why the woodchuck's mouth was so wide open, the spider could have climbed right in except that he too was cutting wood!



MARESCA, LOUIS J.

1122 71st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Two-Ton"

The Boatswain's right hand man could be depended on to get the punt lost somewhere around the bow or under the counter before the Boatswain had a chance to tell him where to slap the paint on. Them's was also mighty tense moments in Paris. We almost thought "Two-Ton" was a goner when the bouncer started to bounce a gat on his chest.



MARSTERS, RICHARD A.

Sherbourne, N. Y.

Cadet Second Assistant Engineer

"Farmer"

Dick, the old "plowboy," received his nickname from the manner of gait whether carrying a rifle or an NYA time sheet. Eating is one of his favorite pastimes. He was presented a small shovel so that he could get a greater proportion of food at one time. However, he is a very jovial fellow and has a magical touch on the evaporators.



McCONNELL, WARREN

60 South Main St., Spring Valley, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, Second Class

"Mac"

Good ole Mack had his trouble on the first cruise with the pill roller constantly after his neck, but he managed to reach Paris with the rest of us. Quite the Romeo too! Why the morning after a dance he was heard to remark to one of his ship-mates, "You know, I'll bet if I knew that gal I met at the dance last night for another month, I'd have her name and address!"



MEAGHER, WILLIAM J.

58 East James St., Kingston, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, Third Class

"Wrinkle"

Sometimes called "Junior," and always known to be in deep distress over something or other even if he didn't have his pride and joy, the Captain's Gig, to frown about. He was always in there scrapping for the basketball team and could be often heard to say, "Aw, why don't you guys cut out the fooling around and play ball."



MENGE, ROBERT F.

134 Walworth Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, Second Class

"Chowhound"

The apple of any cook's eye is our Bob as he sits down to a typical NYSMMA meal with that gleam in his eye. Some people this it would be a shame to disturb him while eating; however, those who know him better realize it's impossible! Between his favorite pastimes (that is, meal times) he seems to be a rather savvy salt and will not doubt be the pride of the U. S. Lines some day if he doesn't eat up all the profits.



MERSON, WILLIAM R.

196 Clay Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Pharmacist's Mate, Third Class

"Seed"

When the "Seed" was in his first year, he spent it as the average deck hand. However, when "Hard Rock" resigned his rate the "Seed" stepped into it very willingly. As good a man as we expect to see in any sick bay, and always willing to give a fellow an extra pill or dose of castor oil.



MILLARD, RANDALL J.

101 Carstairs Road, Valley Stream, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Porky"

"Well fancy me in a nice red and blue sport jacket!" Oh well, we're glad it was only one of those passing fancies. Speaking about fancies, Porky is thinking about himself as an author. It is rumored that he's going to write a second version of *Two Years Before the Mast*. Porky has the last laugh on those fellows who brag about their ancestors coming over on the *Mayflower*. His were here to meet them!



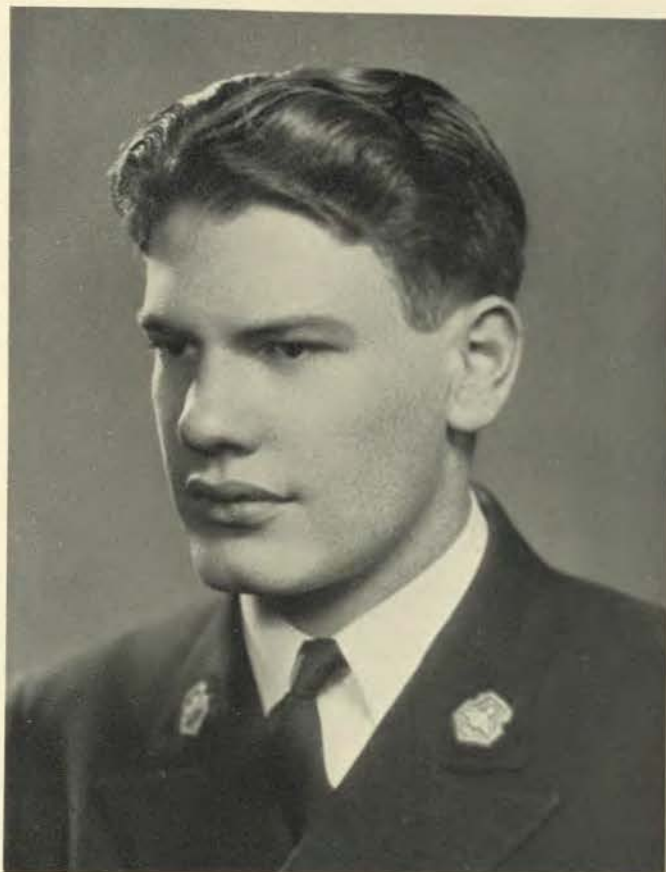
NICKSE, ROBERT W.

12 Innis Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, First Class

"Fat Stuff"

It was certainly a sad day indeed when the Battalion First Class Petty Officer emerged from the germ factory after a little vacation to find that Cornwell had not resigned his rate and that Werner was still in command of the Third Platoon. "Oh well, now I won't have to move all of my gear up above, anyway." Bob was one of the best navigators in the class and as a result received one of the new sextants for the cruise.



NOBLES, BRUCE F.

19 Boardman St., Rochester, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Budd"

Bruce is another of the madcaps that came from the wilds of Rochester to honor us with his presence. One thing outstanding with "Budd" is the fact that no matter how things break for him he can adapt himself to the situation. Many of his spare hours were spent in Flatbush in good old Brooklyn where his greatest heart interest lives.



OKLAND, JOHN C.

363 Lakeview Ave., Rockville Center, N. Y.

Boatswain's Mate, Third Class "Quincy"

Well, well, if it isn't "Quincy," the prize navigator who also got one of those new sextants with cloud eradicators, fog removers, plus a reading lamp. Too bad he didn't have that sextant handy when the fog set in over Paris. Sure was kinda hazy there from about four in the afternoon till around nine in the morning.



OLSEN, EUGENE A.

22-63 24th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

First Class Deck "The Swede"

The Swede is no doubt the pride of the baseball team. With his fancy curves, drops, and home runs he generally emerges the hero. His biggest trouble is working navigation. We're sure he never forgets those seven straight weeks he spent in the Fort.



READ, ROBERT N.

59 Nunda Boulevard, Rochester, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Bob"

Bob surely had a tough time staying with us and a good thing for us he managed. Often pleased by his sweet renditions on the accordion, we don't know what we'd have done without him. We'll admit that sometimes it's pretty tough playing an instrument you have to hold, especially when it's bigger than you are



REILLY, MARTIN

665 Warwick St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Trough"

How did that song go? "Salty seaman Reilly sat slumbering in the can, when upon the scene appeared another man!" Ask "Trough," he knows all about it. Martin regrets his peaceful good nature when his rigging is being climbed by the "Little Man." Down in Panama he was wishing somebody would chase him through a few states, back to the Province of Brooklyn and Blanche.



REYNOLDS, JAMES J.

20 Oak Ave., Silver Beach, Bronx, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, First Class "Moleskin"

The "Mole" is liable to be found doing anything on the ship from wrestling to carving a chain out of solid wood. If he would only let his hair grow we would not think that he was "tommyhawked" every-time we saw his head. Moleskin is another of the few quiet members of the Cadet Corps, but who every so often surprises us with a bit of wit.



ROBB, CLAUDE F.

157 Kingsboro Ave., Gloversville, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, First Class "Squeak"

Did you ever read *The Adventures of Marco Polo*? Well that was a nursery rhyme compared to the *Travels of Squeak Robb*. Squeak left a trail of broken hearts in every port we hit, and he was a staunch believer in the motto, "a dozen girls in every port." The touching part of this whole business is that back home there is the sweetest little girl you'd ever want to see, waiting for Claude's return.



ROBINSON, DONALD B., JR.

P.O. Box 15, Sickletown Road, West Nyack, N. Y.
First Class Engineer "Double Bottom"

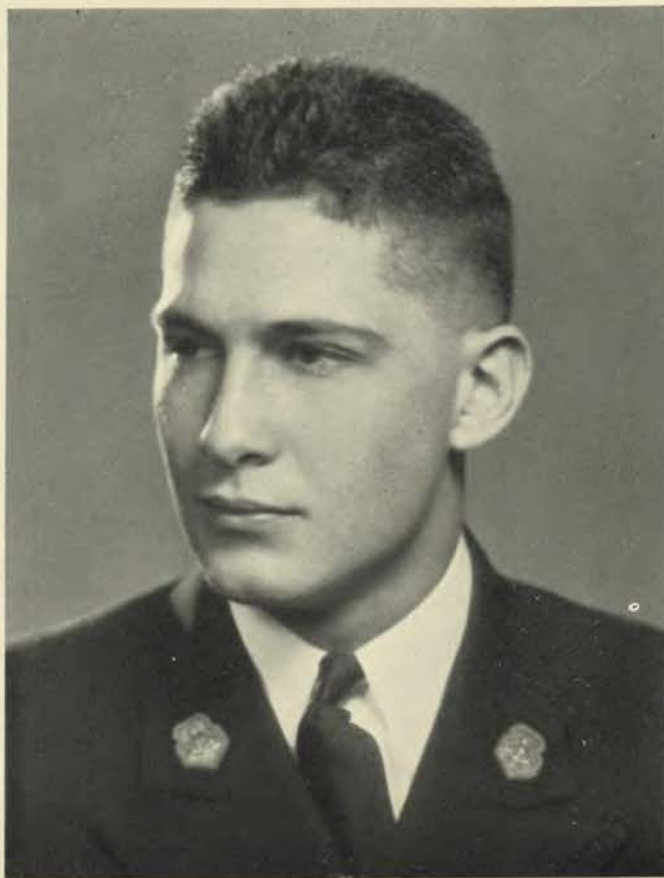
Perhaps we would see D.B.'s smiling countenance more often if he could see Bab's more. Seriously, this West Nyack flash is a jovial easy going lad who is usually in for his share of fun when it comes around. D.B.'s first class year was in the Auxiliary Division, but the Electrical Division saw a lot of him in No. 4.



ROBINSON, THOMAS S.

108 North Monroe St., Watkins Glen, N. Y.
First Class Engineer "Skeezix"

This fair-haired boy, one of the most good natured fellows bringing happiness to all, certainly makes a hit wherever he goes. His pet diversion is a motorcycle, but, of course, we all know he has others. Watkins Glen really lost one of it's best (?) boys when he left, and decided to follow the sea.



ROSHKIND, PAUL

279 Montgomery St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Rosco"

"Rosco" the pride of the Bull Line, was the inventor extraordinary of our class, having brought forth a few ideas which if financed would no doubt revolutionize the shipping world. Among his favorites were the lead bound Log Books and the floating plimsoll marks. During last winter he threatened to take his inventions elsewhere, but the Captain convinced him he'd better stay.



SAVARESE, LUDOVICO

8603 Britton Ave., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Zol Zeich"

If there was such a disease as Dieselitis, we would swear that Zol had it because according to him, if an engine was not a Diesel, it was no good whatsoever. Zol also is very much attached to a member of the fair sex and it is rumored that the knot will be tied soon after graduation. As far as we can see, these are his only two interests in life. Best of luck Zol in both.



SAXTON, ROBERT T., JR.

271 Part St., Upper Montclair, N. J.

First Class Deck

"Admiral Hep"

"Hey Saxton, here you go! Get up there and take over that guide post," and with that all too familiar phrase, we were off for our afternoon stroll about the Academy grounds. "Hep, Hep, Hep." Coming fresh from Admiral Farragut, Bob was all hepped up to go and spend most of his first year as the taller of a Mutt and Jeff act, the other half being his former classmate, Gage.



SCHAERER, ERNEST V.

419 Jefferson Ave., Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Chief Bugler

"Vic"

Indeed the Greeks may have had a word for them, but so has Schaerer, and how well we remember the familiar expression, "Smooth tootsies" as ole "Toots" was being kidded before or after liberty. When not roaming around the basketball court haunting opponents, Vic Could usually be found heckling his buddies with an endless chain of terrible jokes. The Grace Line may have a great skipper some day if he can improve on his stories.



SCHARPF, THEODORE

60-21 70th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, Third Class

"Teddy"

Teddy has the greatest yen for falling asleep at the slightest provocation. However, this sleeping sickness didn't hold him back because he was usually "right there," as far as marks in studies went. He would probably appreciate a job on the Staten Island Ferry or some other short run near his home.



SUESS, WALTER H.

45 North Macquesten Pkwy, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, Second Class

"Souise"

This former "East Sider" is really handy with the pen. If he makes out as well in engineering as he does drawing cartoons, he should be quite a "whiz." At first sight he looks like a bashful sort of fellow, but boy, are looks deceiving!



SWANSON, WILLIAM H.

3186 Fairmont Ave., The Bronx, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Barrel"

Here is a fellow that never gets tired of work. Maybe it's because he doesn't do any. He was usually found one step ahead of the nearest job and quite content at it. He is usually an easy chap to get along with whether ashore or aboard ship. We hope the ship he ships out on has no large empty boxes in its lower holds.



THOMAS, EDWARD J.

63 Central Ave., Albany, N. Y.

Machinist's Mate, Second Class

"Hardrock"

From the hills of Bonnie Scotland comes this rough tough and nasty fugitive from a dime novel. If you don't believe he's tough ask him. Actually Hardrock is one of the best-tempered most hectic cadets on the ship and is easy to get along with. The only real trouble with him is that he should have been born quintuplets so one of him could have gone to sea and the rest follow other adventurous careers in which he pictures himself. Since he isn't quintuplets, the only thing left to do is to take away his *Argosy* and *True Adventure Stories*.



TIBBETS, RICHARD H.

151 Hesketh St., Chevy Chase, Md.

Boatswain's Mate, First Class

"Sparks"

Whenever ole "Sparks" used to feel sorta run down, he'd head over to Sickbay for a little sparker-upper. However the quack got wise and then kept his 200 proof locked up. It wasn't long before Dick resorted to the better advertised brands . . . you know, Vitalis, Palmolive Lotion, etc. He received his nickname for being one of our fastest signalmen. It's rumored "Sparks" has a hear throb in Virginia, whom he met on one of those wild weekend jaunts to Washington.



TREFFS, GEORGE T.

87-58 Union Turnpike, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cadet Electrical Engineer

"G.T."

George was always on the lookout for a good time and usually found it. He could often be found running around trying to catch up with himself, but never quite doing it. He doesn't look very mischievous but George was always up to something. His good marks put him high in his class and his easy going manner made him popular with his classmates and especially with the girls ashore—and how!



TRZEBUCHOWSKI, THADDEUS T.

10 Newell St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Boatswain's Mate, Third Class

"Trebbby"

The "T's" have it as far as our "Trebbby" is concerned and that's not small talk. When we first came in and "George got a squint at Thaddeus Theopolis Trzebuchowski's name on the roll call, I guess he figured he might as well chase him through seven states including Texas right then and there and save him the trouble of putting that stencil on all his gear. Trebbby survived to become the brains of the Polish-Nazi axis.



TUCKER, JOHN H.

1096 East 17 St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
First Class Deck

"Tuck"

We shall always remember Tucker as one of the easiest fellows to get along with, and a regular guy to the "nth" degree. Wonder what ever became of the rifle team that Tuck was responsible for organizing? Could it have been the instructor's daughter that scared the boys away? Many was the night Tuck thought seriously of going for a little swim over to Connecticut when we were anchored in Smithtown Bay.



VAN WILGEN, WILLIAM T.

56 Averill Place, Branford, Conn.

Boatswain's Mate, First Class

"Snark"

Bill will always be remembered as one of those quiet type of lads with that crinkly blond hair the gals rave about. He never said much, however, could always be seen right in the middle of the gang enjoying and lending an eager ear to what others had to say. "The Snark" sprouted out with a brand of witty remarks that would do justice to any Jack Benny Program.



VINCENT, BRIAN J.

46 Westgate Boulevard, Plandome, New York

First Class Deck

"Rock Pile"

We can still feel the lump in our throats and tears in our eyes as we sat in B5 waving goodbye to Rock Pile on his way out of the gates. The Warden had sent him out that cold bleak morning to stand trial; however, he beat the rap and was back in with the rest of us that afternoon looking forward to getting out again.



WEBB, WILLIAM H.

45 Danner Ave., Harrison, New York

Boatswain's Mate, First Class

"Spider"

Since every spider has its web, it's not hard to figure out how Bill got his nickname. We could almost hear those wedding bells ringing, but the Spider couldn't go back to Bermuda this year. If wishes were wings he would have probably flown there. He took plenty of kidding but rallied to become one of our most popular top rank men.



WERNER, ROBERT W.

395 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Cadet Fourth Division Officer

"Bucko"

Hear ye! Hear ye! It walks, it talks, in fact it does everything! The only man in our class to coast through two years of NYSMMA without receiving a single demerit. Bob has had a few close calls, but he just always seemed to be one step ahead of the old pap sheet. We all congratulate "Bucko" and hope he will be as successful in the future.



WHALEN, RICHARD A.

185 Albany Ave., Lindenhurst, N. Y.

Cadet Third Assistant Engineer

"Windy"

The song Chatterbox just about defines Windy. He is one fellow who really knows what a mouth is for and how to use it. Without Dick though, life at NYSMMA would have been dull. He kept our spirits up with his wisecracks, jokes, imitations, magic, card tricks, etc. We'll never forget the long hours our editor spent working on our yearbook.



WHYTE, DUNCAN

19 Prospect Ave., Glen Cove, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Tool"

Work is not in the itinerary of friend "Tool" because sleep is much easier on the body. If a blower stops, Uncle Dunc doesn't start it, he just makes believe Mr. Maass shut it off and goes back to balancing an oil can on the generator. Dunc is a good natured fellow and can always be counted on to lend a cheerful word to one who is down and out.



WRIGHT, NEIL C.

Box 40, Osceola, N. Y.

First Class Deck

"Hay Seed"

Here we have a fellow of well defined ways. One who has a profound sense of duty when it comes to defining right from wrong. Boy, will we ever forget the night he put his foot down and decided not to get a baldy haircut in study hall. Neil was one of the few fellows in our class to knock off 100 in the final math exam.



ZIEGLER, HAROLD R.

37-40 98th St., Corona, N. Y.

First Class Engineer

"Casanova"

Harry gained a girl in Bermuda but the one in New York married. To keep his mind off his women he took lessons in lathe work from Junior, and this kept him occupied most of the time. His savvy in machine shop and Diesels will undoubtedly carry him far in the engineering world.

So You Want to Be a Sailor

"Hey, Ed! Hurry up. 'On deck with your sextants' was just piped."

"Okay, okay. Wait until I swallow this apple pie."

Two minutes later, on the fo'c'sle head with their sextants: "Say, it's twelve-thirty, and that thing hasn't started to dip yet."

"Sure it has—I think."

"Okay. I'll take your word for it."

"What's your sight? I got—lemme see — Say, how do you read this vernier again? Anyway, it's seventy degrees or sumpin'."

Two weeks later in the P. M.: "Hey, you guys, let's stow our gear. Only three-quarters of an hour to knock off." Any first-year man— "Jeez, when do I get some free time around here? I got gear to wash, nav. to do, and the twelve to four."

"Quit your bleating. Wait until you have mess besides. Why wasn't I an engineer? Look at those guys on 'boogie beach'."

Two months pass. Reams of nav. pass under the bridge; decks and bulkheads are painted, chipped, and repainted; life buddies and double life buddies are stood; demerits pass by; skivvies are worn thin from scrubbing; and—oh, well—in short, the cruise progresses toward its termination. It's now only twelve days before Empire State night. The ship is in port, Bermuda for example. "One hand in the port watch. Come on, shake it up. Hey, you! Relieve the man in No. One cutter for chow." This from one of the beloved upper classmen. Or else, "Say, will you take my mess for me tonight? I have a date and want to make the first liberty party." To which is usually replied, "Not me. I got the four to eight."

Empire State Night: "Well, it's over. I can sleep tomorrow night."

"I feel fine. I had four hours' sleep last night. You know it's gonna be o-o-kay as an upperclasman."



So You Want to Be an Engineer

Slowly from an open floorplate comes a black glistening body. Is it human? Faintly a voice is heard, "Some kerosene and rags, please." Good Heaven, it talks! Then as the horror slowly rises, we see it take shape and realize that some poor engineer has been in the fireroom coffer-dam. He may become clean after numerous cleansings but the dungarees will forever remain black.

FUEL OIL, that mucilaginous substance of ebony black has once more emerged the victor. (Still want to be an engineer?)

Today we paint. Tomorrow we clean off the paint and then next week the paint is chipped off and the vicious cycle begins all over again. However, the monotony is broken by a call for the machinist mate. No steam in the galley. Oh, this will be a cinch.

And then the steam manifold comes into view. Now let me see, the line comes in here goes round and round and it comes out he—No, this is a lube oil line. It goes out here, round in back and does a figure-eight.

Say, this is the line I started with! Suddenly something snaps. You begin turning valves right and left. Somewhere up above somebody sings out.

"Hey, the water is shut off up here."

"We haven't any pressure in No. 1."

"Turn that valve on, you stopped the feed pump."

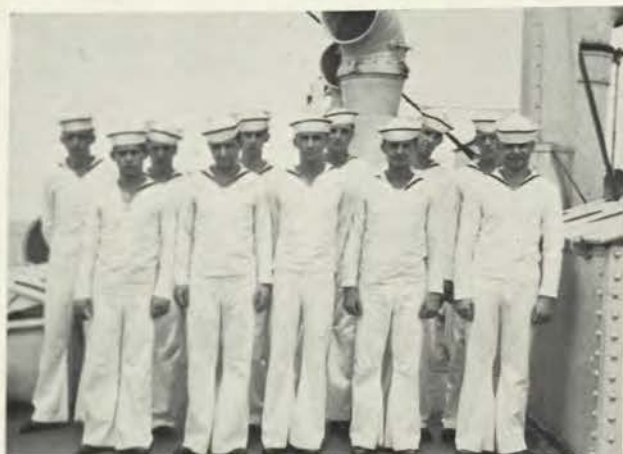
Tears begin to fall, valves, gears, fuel oil, wire brushes, chipping hammers, scrapers and paint, all begin to revolve in front of you.

Then from out of nowhere, Jerry's voice straightens out the chaos by informing you which valve is right.

Still want to be an engineer? O.K. Go right ahead because it is still the best life ever.



CLASS



FOURTH SECTION ENGINE

Miller, Skidmore, Croly, Tillman, Warren, Relyea, Lazzaro,
Ydoyaga, Scott, Becan, Antonetz.



FIRST SECTION DECK

Beck, Peet, Bornkessel, Ewen, Friedericks, Keim, Cleveland,
Hilt, Robinson, Otto, Mackenzie, Mellin, Baker.



SECOND SECTION DECK

Klocko, Volkemer, Mason, Mellick, Lippencot, Warnack,
Wyckoff, White, Savarese, Niss, VanDemark.



SECOND SECTION ENGINE

Grant, Clavin, Atkinson, Streich, Schiffer, Petri, Montelin, Grau,
Herman, McDonald.

OF 1941



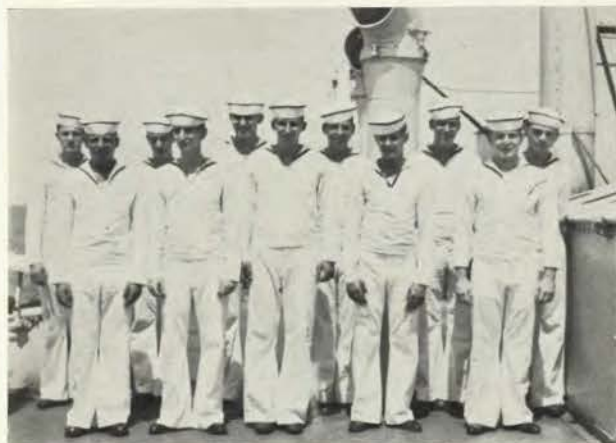
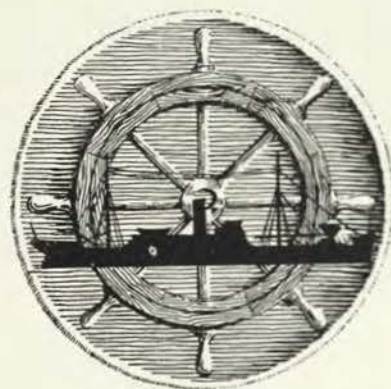
FIRST SECTION ENGINE

Sawyer, Meagher, MacDonald, Wakefield, Merserau, Gorges,
Adams, Shanahan, Broadhurst, Chirilo, Cormany.



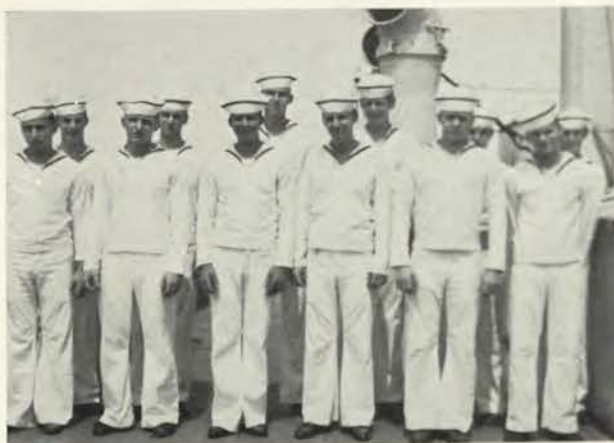
FOURTH SECTION DECK

Smith, Ricketson, Judge, Henning, Kolbe, Olsen, Franke,
Mason, Middleton, Brewer.



THIRD SECTION ENGINE

Carlson, De Vantier, Novak, Haywood, Seitz, Coyne, Baruzzi,
Stewart, Contreras, Berg, Lynch



THIRD SECTION DECK

Price, Monceau, Owen, Miller, Larkin, Olsen, Grey, Flood,
Moritz, Rodeau, Ruppert, Barney.

ONE TO EIGHT



YOU'VE got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up in the morning. This morning greeting put to the tune of reveille starts the day off for one hundred seventy cadets. Out of your bunks, make them up, into your dungarees, and with a quick wash you are ready for work. Ninetenths asleep, you hardly feel able to work the long drawn-out hour before chow. Knock-off soon comes and a mad scramble for the washrooms. "One Bowl," "Get out of the Way," and the quicker you wash the nearer the beginning of the chow line you get. "Pipe-Down" and you draw your *delicious* meal. Perhaps the "State" is in port and you enjoy milk; otherwise you'll get Klim.

All hands turn to: first section and messmen to master-at-arms, remainder deck department to boatswain, engineers lay below. Day in and day out, it's as certain to come as death and taxes. All hands immediately drop what they are doing and report for work.



Perhaps you're lucky to have a 12-4 or a 4-8 watch and rate the morning off—oh boy, up to boggie beach, the only beach in the world without sand.

Three and one-half hours later comes the most pleasing pipe of all: "All hands knock off." Once again the wild rush for leadership in the washroom and chow line.

Comes one o'clock and the well known "all hands turn to." The same grind in the afternoon as in the morning. Then ah—"Knock off."

"All hands in the starboard watch desiring to go ashore shift to liberty blues." This is more like it, and also what we came here for, to go ashore and raise hell in ports all over the world. Now life on board doesn't seem so bad. After all, think of all the pretty girls ashore dying to meet the new American cadets.



All too speedily liberty expires and then comes that hateful journey back to the ship. Perhaps you walk or make a running boat. However you go, it doesn't seem fair to go back so soon. Why can't they give us a couple of days off? What's this, we're going up the gangway! Sure, we passed the inspection.

Boy, this bed feels good. Well, now for a nice snooze so we'll be ready to start all over again tomorrow.



Scrambled Captions-Intelligence Test No. XYZ

The above pictures represent: A first class row . . . Manual of arms . . . Heavy duty . . . Massage parlor . . . Approaching storm . . . Whistle while you work . . . At the sound of the bell he may wake up . . . Thar she blow . . .

BASKETBALL

Vincent, Mgr.
 Brennan, Mgr.
 Shanahan, Asst. Mgr.
 Schaefer, Co-Capt.
 Meagher, Co-Capt.
 Cornwell
 Wright
 Bloomfield
 Lorenz
 Webb
 Fay
 Robb
 Olsen
 Cullen
 Daniel
 Sawyer
 Broadhurst
 Mason
 Tillman



BASKETBALL

The 1939-40 basketball season was ushered in with the election of Schaefer and Meagher as co-captains. As the practice sessions progressed the prospects for a good team looked exceedingly bright with quite a number of good recruits coming out of the new class to swell the veteran squad of last year's team. The season got under way with the team divided into two units that alternated quarters. The system proved quite successful and many of the major college teams around New York found it tough going against the scrappy NYSMMA Club which was always in there fighting for the "ole ball game" until the last whistle had blown. We wish next year's team the best of luck and hope that they have as enjoyable a season as we did.



SWIMMING

Ricketson
 Hesse
 Dillon
 Jarvi
 Nickse
 Haywood
 Baker
 Skidmore
 Middleton
 Suess
 Schneider
 Montelin
 Carter
 Austin
 Berg

The modesty and retiring nature of the players made it impossible for the photography editor to secure a picture. Excuse, please.

BASEBALL

"Batter Up" and NYSMMA was off in high style to her first victory of the season over the Brooklyn Navy Yard team. A lack of practice was more than made up for by the team's fine spirit as they went ashore in Provincetown to add another victory to their string, and they well evened things up for last year's defeat against the same team. Going south of the Mason-Dixon Line didn't faze our Yanks in the least as they put up another fine showing against the U.S. Marine team in Yorktown. This game, which was the last of the season, was topped off by none other than the "ole square head Olsen," who was the backbone of this year's team.

BASEBALL

Vincent, *Mgr.*
Fay
Lorenz
Webb
Cann
Dillon
Lenahan
Olsen
Robb
Suess
Mason
Mellin
Moritz
MacDonald
Chirillo
Lynch
Antonetz

TENNIS

Tillman
Keitel
Menge
Okland
Bell
Henning
Adams





BOXING

Brady, Mgr.
Thomas
Garvin
Cullen
Cann
Bloomfield

McGinty
Flood
Judge
Mersereau
Warnoch
Olsen

Cunningham





FENCING

Averill, Mgr.
 Thomas
 Baxter
 Lenahan
 Brewer

Baruzzi
 Grau
 Henning
 DeVantier
 Knapp

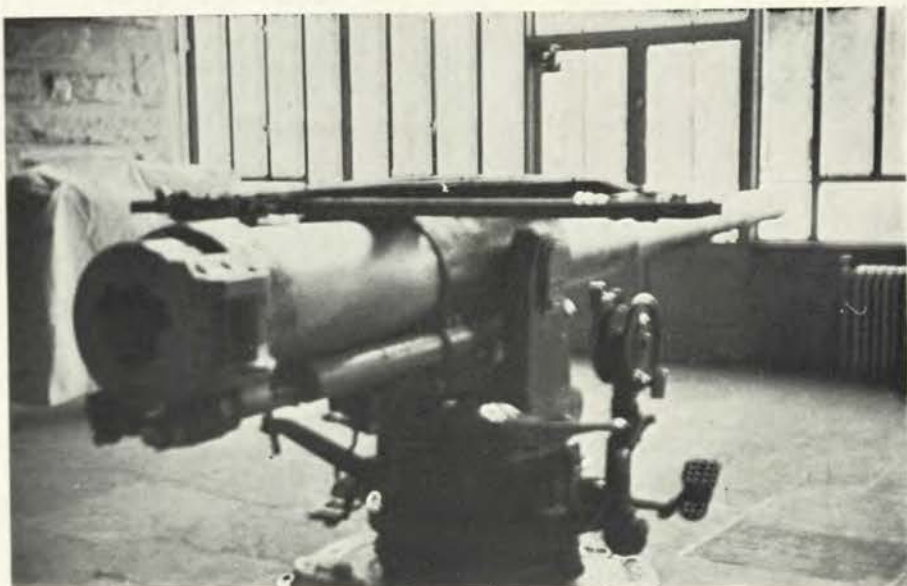
Seitz





NAVAL RESERVE

NAVAL Reserve training, started in 1939, has proved a welcome novelty in the cadets' life, for it provides something more adventurous than the dry winter classes. But the surprise came when there arrived at the Fort two real guns, a three-inch quick-fire gun and a four-inch piece that looked like a big Bertha of First World War fame.





Soon these guns, that are similar to the guns mounted on merchant vessels in time of war, were mounted on the lower floor at the Fort at the circular stairway and our instructions in gunnery were started in earnest. We were soon quite expert in loading and sighting the guns. Many times our imaginations ran away with us and when we peered along the fine telescopic sights we visualized hostile submarines coming floating through the sally port and we lost no time in pretending: getting dead center on it and slapping a four-inch shell on her conning tower.

It was also lots of fun to show off before our visiting landlubbers as real tars and future admirals (Reserve) of the Navy. But this training is of great value and in the present unsettled conditions one never knows when such knowledge will come in real handy. Our thanks are due to *Commander Vale, U.S.N.*, for his patience and kindness in drumming into our skulls some of the various Navy routines. Some of it stuck and the procedure of deck courts, summary courts, courts martial, etc., is no longer quite Greek to us, or some of us, while the use of the maneuvering board proved real entertaining. And when we visited some of Uncle Sam's fighting ships while in the Brooklyn Yard, we were able to spout some real language and act like crusty old salts.



Society



News

Our first dance was held at the fort, in December, 1939, and was very successful. As always, the first problem faced, for an Academy dance is the decorations needed to liven up mess hall. The committee, ably headed by Robb and Treffs, soon solved this difficulty, by making a sky of blue overhanging the hall. Floodlights, placed at advantageous points around the floor, accented the illusion of a moonlit night, and the beautiful gowns of the ladies and the dress uniforms of the cadets added the final touch to transform the plain messhall into a palace of beauty.

The proceeds of this dance went toward the purchase of the blue ceiling to be used for future dances, for everybody liked the effect. Plans for the next dance to be held in February were drawn up and the big night finally came. Then trouble hit. A snow and ice storm hit the metropolitan area and held many of the couples in its grasp. Only a few braved the elements to attend, and this, while making the dance floor less crowded, did not help the profit side of the ledger. However there was no deficit after all the "take" was counted, and those that did attend felt sure that this our last dance at N.Y.S.M.M.A. measured up to all standards set by other classes.



LEST WE FORGET



WITH the release of FRED E. PERKINS to the Maritime Commission Cadet Training Staff, the N.Y.S.M.M.A. has suffered a real loss. For many years Mr. Perkins was engineer, instructor, and companion to us cadets. His work began on the schoolship *Newport* in October 1950, and since that time every cadet who came in contact with this man was impressed with a deep sense of confidence in him.

Truly a marine engineer, Mr. Perkins possessed in addition those inherent qualities that are so essential to pedagogy. Here was a man to whom one might put any question that might arise during the course of study and receive a thorough, understandable answer. No student was ever left to grope for a solution. We shall always remember the willingness with which he met our searching minds and guided us in our quest for higher learning. We shall never forget the familiar, "Yep, fellows, you've just got to study a little."



ONE of the earliest instructors at the Academy and certainly one of the most popular is JOSEPH J. "JO-JO" DESIZE. Himself a graduate of the Academy, it is not surprising that he was so familiar with the routine on shipboard and accomplished so much with his classes. Beginning in May 1956, he served first as machinist instructor and later was given charge of the fireroom. Cadets under his guidance knew well the respect and obedience he commanded, recall with pleasure the Black Pan served at sea during the 12 to 4 watch, and like to talk of his considerate, human qualities that enabled him to anticipate the needs of all.

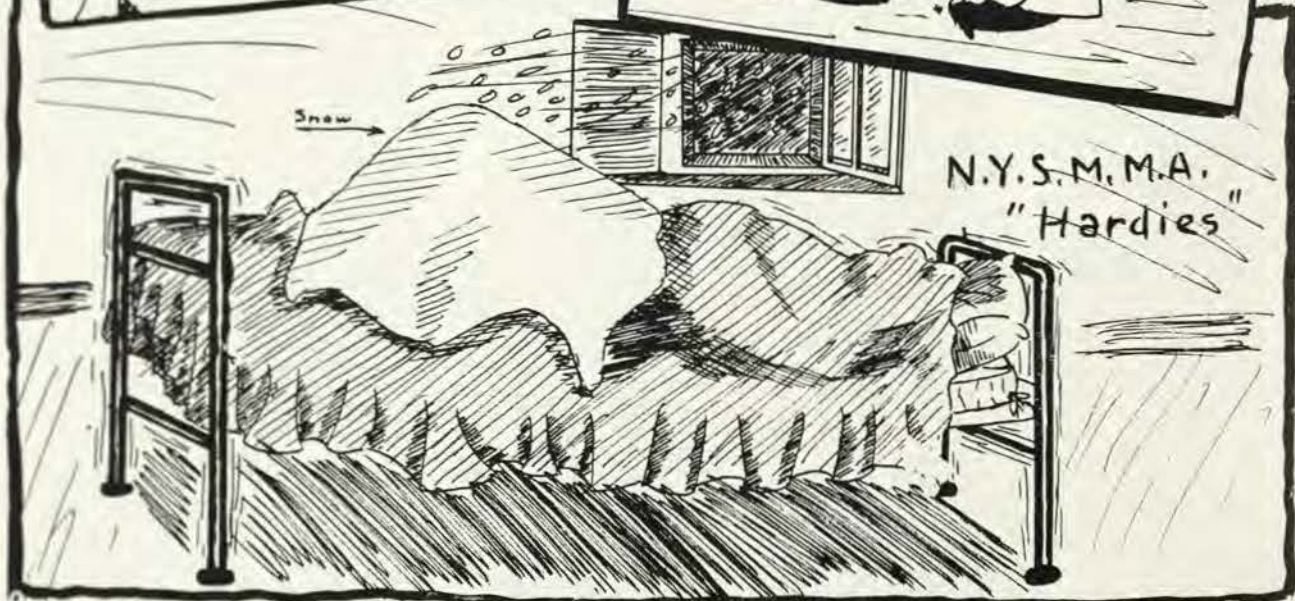
Wherever he may go, whatever he may do, we wish Jo-jo Desize fair winds all the way!



MY MOTHER TOLD ME THAT

*A handy billy is a jack-of-all trades.
A cutter is a kind of knife.
A counter is something goods are sold over.
A stem is the lower part of a flower.
A dog house is a canine residence.
A domestic tank is a tame animal.
A catwalk is a dance step.
Free gangway means something for nothing.
The port watch has only one half the ship to guard.
A nigger head can be found in Harlem.
A strongback is something possessed by a fellow like Garvin.
A sea-painter paints the sea.
A winch is a girl from Sands Street.
A boom is the noise of a cannon.
A compass is used to draw circles.
A truck is a motor vehicle.
A sounding line is like a telegraph cable.
It costs money to go on the quarter deck.
A tube sheet is a cloth covering tubes.
A steam pump, pumps steam.
Reduction gears help one lose weight.
A trunk is used to pack things in.
A scale is used to weigh an anchor.
The bridge space is where bridges are built.
The crow's nest is a bird's home.*









5-1-40-1000 (7L-8211)

TRAINING SHIP EMPIRE STATE CRUISE — 1940 ITINERARY

Port	Arrive	Depart	Distance
New York (Fort Schuyler)	5 June	25 May	297
Boston, Mass.	15 June	12 June	635
Patuxent River, Md.	27 June	25 June	450
Long Island Sound	2 July	2 July	1435
New London, Conn.	15 July	6 July	482
San Juan, P. R.	22 July	20 July	699
Curacao, N. W. I.	26 July	22 July	998
Colon, C. Z.	5 Aug.	1 Aug.	515
Havana, Fla.	13 Aug.	9 Aug.	1066
Pensacola, Fla.	24 Aug.	19 Aug.	795
Charleston, S. C.	30 Aug.	26 Aug.	7372
New York (Fort Schuyler)			

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postage.





The
CRUISE
1940

For weeks we had talked about the cruise. Open mouthed tyros would gather around and listen to us spout about the '39 cruise, about our exploits in Paris, London, Bermuda. We made plans to revisit old friends, to see places we had had neither time nor money to see before, to check up on a certain "peaches and cream" blonde at Yarmouth, to eat more of that delicious French chow, — altogether we had a grand and glorious time thinking of the forthcoming European jaunt and many a hard nut that we encountered during the midterm exams was softened by the thoughts of the approaching cruise.

We saved our money, we schemed to raise a loan here and there, we went on a strict bud-



get, denied ourselves many an extra treat all because of the cruise, — oh boy, what a swell time we were going to have. But we lived in a fool's paradise. Came the dawn . . . Blackout . . . fate in the guise of Mars, that Tony Galento among the gods, reached across the ocean and "blitzkrieged" our cruise, our cruise gone flooe, our dreams shattered, our hope of seeing a certain Mademoiselle squashed and a dank, dark, gloom settled on Fort Schuyler.

Next came the rumors, plenty of them, where will we go? Westward? — Panama? — South America? — to Little America with Byrd or maybe to Coney Island. Some suggested a trip to Gimbel's, 'round the world choo choo at the Flushing Meadow County Fair with an educa-



tional side trip to the "Streets of Paris."

The office worked overtime doping out itineraries only to have them scrapped by the higher ups.

Supply chief Gandelman figured on whites one day and ear muffs the next, schedules were made up and scrapped like European treaties, everybody we met we greeted with Hello — Goodbye — Hello. Bets were laid with fancy odds we sail, we sail not; finally it looked as if we would get something resembling a cruise. Provisions were taken aboard, the ship made ready, and down the river we went to Uncle





Sam's nautical workshop, the navy yard. There we could see the echo of Europe's bellyache. The place was jammed like a Bronx express and the prevailing spirit of work stung even the laziest first year man to herculean efforts. After a couple of hectic weeks that included a private war with some of the over-zealous inmates of Uncle Sam's battlewagons, we returned to the fort for the official farewell.

Our parents and sweethearts, etc. all were there to see us off. Off to sea we would go,— chests expanded, eyes blazed, true sailor spirit prevailed, the melodious voice of our good

bos'un resounded from stem to stern, everything ready—let's go—blow the whistle—BANG—what the H—, the good old whistle had burst out of joy of hearing itself and gloom once more decended. The cruise is off—we don't sail—we sail—on Monday—on Tuesday—tonight at six—at seven—at eight—goodbye—hello—goodbye—we go—we don't—orders—counter orders—rumors—phone calls—telegrams—finally taps and we retire still tied up at the pier and Monday, May 27, 1940, we sneaked out.

We're on the cruise, we're on our very own, the oldtimers settle down to routine, the tyros hang around wondering how old Neptune will treat them. The first night at sea, a thrill even for the oldtimers, the steady rhythm of the



engines. the tramp, tramp of the watch, silently we glide along the dark sea wondering what the cruise will be like —

Two days later found us anchored inside the "Cape" at Provincetown, where the ship underwent the metamorphosis of thorough soogee-ing and painting from stem to stern and from truck to waterline, emerging clean and proud. Amidst the work involved we found time to accept the local council's invitation to march in the annual Memorial day parade and attend a dance in our honor the following Saturday at the town hall.

Soon our stay at this lovely place was at an end and "Up Anchor" we went out to Boston. Here we realized what a great vessel our Em-

pire State is, because we were berthed right along the famous frigate *Constitution* better known as "Old Ironsides." and this historic unit of our navy certainly did look small beside us and a visit on board convinced us that she was not built for comfort. Some of the other attractions were Revere beach, the Common, and Bunker Hill; on Maritime day we kept open house on the *State* and the ship had a decided list to starboard due to the numerous sightseers who were crowding the gangplank all day.

We finally arrived at the river and the starboard anchor went rattling to the river's bottom about a mile from the metropolis of Yorktown. The first day ashore the port watch rated liberty. All tried to find the center of the town at the same time with the result that some were shoved into the adjacent water, which fact,



however, was not really unwelcome due to the fire room heat. We also visited Williamsburgh, Norfolk, and Richmond in the pursuit of happiness.

The New York cafe afforded to those of ample means a chance to refresh themselves and the local marines permitted us to visit their barracks. In return for this hospitality they trounced us at baseball.

The tyros received their first instruction in rowing and small-boat handling with the inevitable result of a bumper crop of blisters on their delicate hands. The attempted sailing race proved a flop, all efforts to buck the tide were of no avail and the race was never finished.

After ten days of intensive instruction and practice augmented by some swell muscular strains and sunburn, we felt that we had made



great strides in becoming veteran sailors and so set sail once more heading north to New London. On the way a day's stop was made at Norfolk and the lucky port watch was permitted ashore, which resulted in them coming back flat broke.

On the way north we passed Chesapeake Lightship and Montauk Point, anchoring at times and also practicing various drills. Indeed, never a dull moment. Off the Thames river the four deck division officers and Drag were rolled into one and replaced Mr. Bicknell as navigator. While the ship proceeded to Barnegat and back by way of Fire Island, they did the navigating. At the darling little town of New London we were forcibly reminded that we had a navy as the place is literally jammed full of sailors. We were permitted to visit the Coast Guard Academy and had a glimpse of the Sub-





marine Base. New London is plenty nautical. A very interesting event took place on July fourth. We had the Vox Pop broadcasters come to call on us and put us on the air and some fun we had for what seemed to us the longest quarter of an hour ever. The program was not rehearsed and the questions put by the grand Mr. Butterworth were really tricky and some of the answers classic; who will ever forget Windy Whalen's reply as to why he picked a nautical career. Windy will have a lot of explaining to do to a certain girl. Last and not least was the fact that some real money was copped by the fortunate cadets that were quick on the answers.

July 6th. This date was the start of our longest continuous period at sea — 9 days. To the seasoned veterans of last cruise who twice spent seventeen consecutive days on the brine, this seemed like a drop in the bucket. Gradually, as the time dwindled, the temperature rose proportionately. Because of the heat, most of our time was spent on deck where it was a cool 100 degrees under the canvas. All this

hardship was endured because, wasn't San Juan to be the real beginning of the cruise?

The pilot stepped aboard Monday afternoon and guided us through the colorful tropic harbor to our berth at the Bull Line pier. The first night souvenirs began piling in — sombreros, maracas, machetes, anything of Latin-American origin. In order to prevent the cadets from spending too much money on the local population, several activities were arranged. Among them was a short tour inland to the University of Puerto Rico, a picturesque scene of buildings apparently painted with water colors. Switching from education to the higher things in life, the bus next stopped at the Corona Brewery, where the intricacies of beer manufacture were exhibited and the simple art of



drinking it was indulged in by all hands, thanks to the courtesy of the company.

In the sports world, our basketball, baseball, and tennis teams all sallied to their respective wars, unsuccessfully from an athletic viewpoint, but most successfully from a social way of things. These, our athletes, were showered with the choice femininity of the island. Unhappily, you can't take it with you, so we all sailed away on an equal basis for Coco Solo.

Sure enough, five days later found us at Lat 9 25 N. Long 79 55 W, which to youse landlubbers is the position of the East Breakwater at Colon, Panama, where East meets West, melting pot of Spanish, French, Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, Americans, and what not else. Here are the products of a hundred nations — and did we suckers buy them! The savings of a whole two months was splurged in five days on everything from kimonos to



razors, including perfume, belts, silks, knives — all tax free, but in many instances not free of the tithe which is suffered by the person who thinks he is outdoing a Hindu.

Swimming at last was afforded in the personnel pool at the naval base. Bathing suits for liberty party! Ah, at last I feel at home.

While many of us had our heads in the clouds figuratively, six or seven lucky lads were asked to go flying with the navy patrol and had their heads there literally. Others traversed laterally to Balboa and Panama City to see the Pacific, which, when you come right down to it, isn't a heck of a lot different than the Atlantic.

July 31st finally arrived and with it sailing day. Then, with lockers full and pockets empty,



we quickly headed north for Havana and its offerings. Morro Castle was sighted early Monday morning and several hours later we dashed past it to mid-harbor where the hook and running boats were dropped in preparation for a short stay of four days.

Havana will also be remembered as the port where NYSMMA went fruit, but literally. Whole cargos of pinas (pineapples) were shipped aboard daily, for consumption at breakfast. Dozens of limes were acquired for flavoring the water. Bananas, oranges, avocados, and mangoes were devoured by the bushel, well almost, anyway. (*Editor's Note: Please excuse the above remarks. We believe the writer has had one too many grapefruits.*)

During our stay, eight cadets were invited a flag presentation in our honor. At this affair a Cuban flag and naval pennant were given to our academy. This occasion was concluded by a cocktail party at the Plaza Hotel.



*En route Havana to Pensacola
12 August, 1940*

*From: SUPERINTENDENT
To: CADET CORPS*

The Superintendent congratulates the Cadet Corps and especially the eight Cadets attending the flag presentation made by the Cuban Naval Cadets on the fine impression they made in Havana.

Such incidents as this one tend to create greater cordiality in the relations of the two countries concerned.

*(Signed) J. H. TOMB
Captain, U.S. Navy, Retired*

With only twenty days to go before Empire State night, we gave three cheers and pointed north again to Pensacola and the U. S.

The local Propeller Club, in conjunction with the Chamber of Commerce, had planned a full week of entertainment, including dances, banquets, sports, and tours. The first affair was a reception at the San Carlos Hotel followed by a dance aboard the ship in accordance with our annual custom. Between these two get-





together, most of us met the girls who were to be our dates for the dances and beach parties.

Tuesday night the Pensacola Yacht Club was the host to another dance. Due to some confusion as to the location of it, there was a notable lack of partners and many of the cadets had to do without.

The grand climax and termination of the fine time here was a banquet and dance at the San Carlos. The delicious turkey dinner was topped off by some speeches from representatives of the army, navy, and merchant marine. These talks seemed to follow the form of a debate, with the speakers taking sides on the question "Resolved, a hammock is more comfortable than a bunk." Much to the delight of the partial listeners, the war waxed hot and heavy. Tiring of the sport, we all turned to dancing in the Barcelona Room. All hands finally returned aboard at one-thirty, sans sleep and ready for their bunks. Sunday was a quiet day, punctuated only by the numerous visitors who came to bother the freshmen.

The sports program was well filled with events during the week also. The baseball team

played three games, two hardball and one softball, the latter under the arclights. Though unsuccessful, it was a new venture to all those who participated. Thursday and Friday nights the boxing team worked out with the YMCA team who were too light to afford us a match. Saturday the tennis team warmed up for a match with the naval cadets on Sunday. Sadly enough, they too were beaten, but only after a hard fight to the finish.

Certainly, NYSMMA got the warmest reception at this sport it has received on the cruise and possibly in two year. We the cadets sadly resigned ourselves to leaving. These southern girls must have something. With many sad faces on the rails and an equal number on the dock, we turned tail and ran for Montauk. Only eleven days now remained before the end of this, the 1940 cruise.



Much was to happen before this great day, however. For several days the *State* outdid herself in making speed, aided of course by the Gulf stream. A day's run of 275 miles was nothing exceptional and one week after leaving Pensacola, Montauk was sighted. Making our anchorage off Block Island, we maneuvered around this area for two days while the first class deck-hands practiced ship-handling.

Also, this period gave us the necessary time to run off our annual boxing and wrestling tournaments. After two days of heated eliminations which saw several knock-outs and many close battles, only ten contestants were left for the boxing championships and twelve for the kings of the mat. MacKenzie and De-Vantier, the flyweight finalists, supplied three fast rounds, with the former coming out on top for the crown in his class. The next bout for



the 145 lb. title was between Kolbe and Coyne who battled closely and evenly to a non-decision afternoon. The best fight of the day found Lynch emerging victorious over T. S. Robinson after giving the spectators a nice lesson in boxing. Both were in the 155 lb. class. The first class had a winner finally when Thomas decisioned McGinty. Bloomfield was the uncontested winner in the 175-pounders. Cornwell provided the only K.O. of the day when he flattened Ewen in the third round.

The mat was spread after the boxing and the grunt and groaners went to it with plenty of wim and vigor. Again Bloomfield was a victor, pinning Haywood in short order for the heavyweight crown. Nowak beat Hoyler in similar fashion at 175 lbs. Thomas failed in his bid for a double crown when he fell before Dillon. Suess tried desperately to pin Becan but only succeeded in winning on points. They both weighed 145 lbs. Robb retained his championship at 155 lbs. as he easily downed Relyea. In a close match for points, J. S. Meagher eked a decision over Croly. This was the final bout at 155 lbs.

Winner or loser, everybody was happy when we pulled into New London for the mail.

Thursday night we were all anxious to get back and get it over, but no more so than we were to have Empire State night. With Monceau as master of ceremonies, the program rolled along smoothly and hilariously, supplying plenty of laughs for all at the expense of the first class in general and the cadet corps

and routine in particular. "Chow-hound" Menge defended his title successfully against "Trough" Reilly as the champion eater of NYSMMA. Both were exhausted at the finish of the race to see who could eat a watermelon first. To let the personnel know what their idea of a perfect cleaning station is, the fourth division conducted one right before the eyes of all. Such able hands as Hogan and Fay, Reilly and Lenahan, Roshkind and Shearer, et al, entertained while the poor freshmen as usual turned-to.

'Whindu' Whalen, disguising himself as a Panamanian salesman, humorously sheared Keitel while poor Treby looked on in helpless disgust. To show that he was using magic, he later came back to demonstrate the remainder of his Whami and wuffle powder. There was no mystery, however, to the fine music of the band or the juggling act of Shearer and Co. On the sober side we had a variety of pieces on the violin by Grau and a fine monologue dramatization by Coyne of the old story that crime doesn't pay.

The first class and mugs finally joined hands when Baruzzi and Hornbeck pealed forth their voices in glad harmony, serenading the finis to a glorious trip.

To say that the show was a howling success would be underestimating it, so we'll just say that it was the perfect ending to that first year for the mugs and hope that the graduates will keep in mind the spirit shown on this, their last night as cadets on the *Empire State*.



THE "30" CLUB 1940

Be it herein enacted by will of the graduating Class of 1940, that the high and mighties to be, namely, the Class of '41, shall receive and accept, graciously or otherwise, the following -

To Owen - A little of the salt and bluster of Nick Bulan.
To Rupert - A few of the demerits Werner never received.
To Franke - Some of van Wilgens' excess sleep.
To Keim - T. S. Robinson's razor.
To Schiffer - A few of Schaerer's tootsies.
To J. B. Mason - $\frac{1}{2}$ of Butkas' beef.
To Rodenhau - Drags Stance.
To Lazzaro - Some of Brennan's salinity.
To Cunningham - Averill's rate.
To Carter - Some of Trzebuchowski's wit.
To Ydoyaga - A bit of W. R. Bell's talent.
To Meagher - Baxter's sounding lines.
To Niss - Daniel's golden bugle.
To Kanpp - Badger's office.
To Croly - The key to Treff's Hotel.
To Saverese - Suess's good virtues.
To Cormany - Some of Menge's chow.
To Grau - Keitel's Mein Kampf.
To L. J. Mason - Merson's pill roller.
To Otto - Cornwell's division.
To Bornkessel - Nobles maternal attitude.
To The Class of '41 - The talent in the Class of '40.





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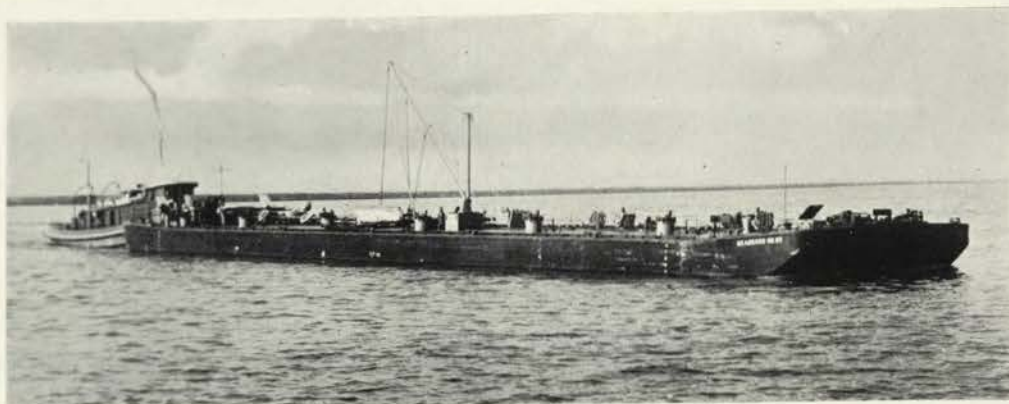


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The alumni has been vitally interested in the careers of the Academy graduates since it was founded in 1903. It has played a vital part in the development of the Academy and has fostered that spirit of comradeship so inherent among our members.

May we be the medium by which you can, in after years, not only aid in the development of the Academy but renew those friendships which were established on the Training Ship?

The Association extends to you its best wishes for your future career.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

NEW YORK STATE MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY

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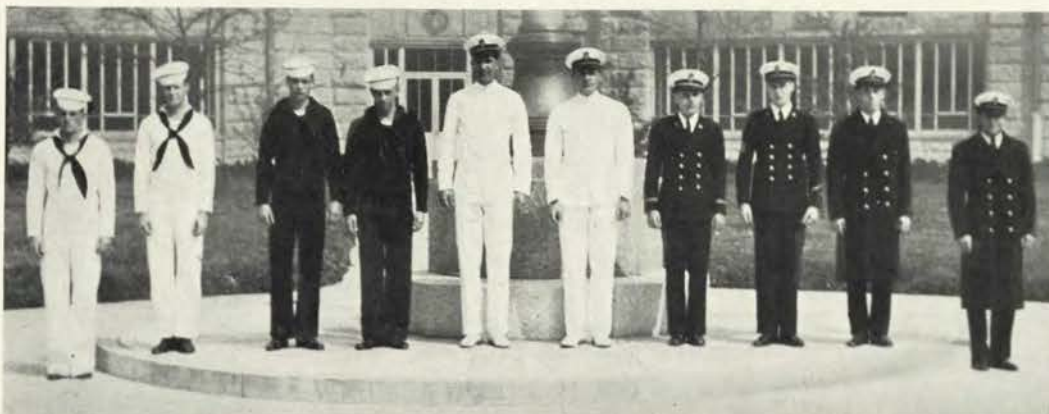
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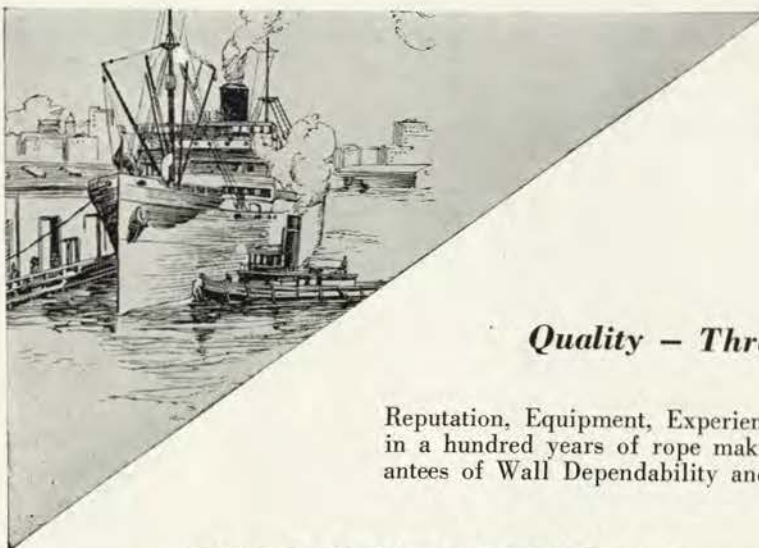


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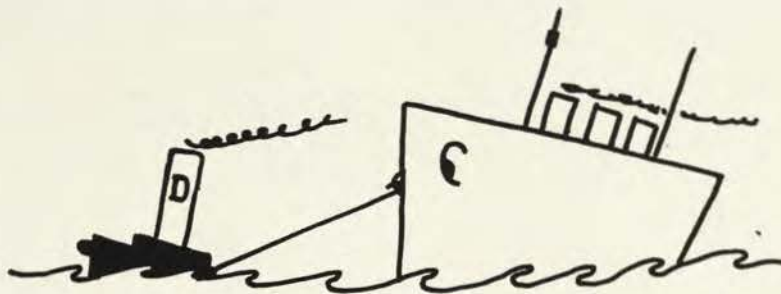
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