



TEXAS MARITIME ACADEMY 1969



TAMU at Galveston-Library

Library  
Texas Maritime Academy  
Galveston, Texas



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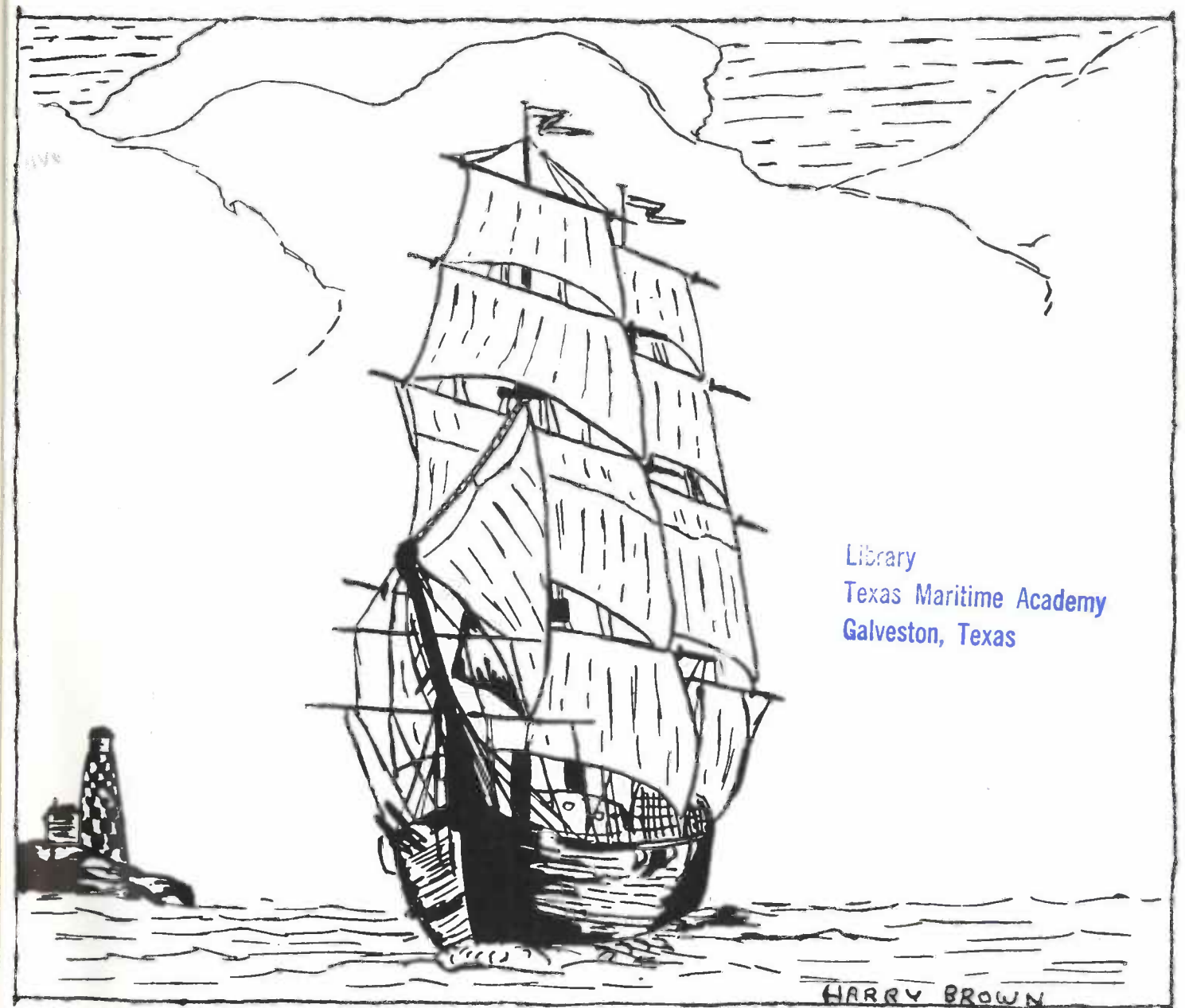
TAMU at Galveston-Library

# The Regiment of Midshipmen

presents

## The 1969 Voyager

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Library  
Texas Maritime Academy  
Galveston, Texas

*Editors-in-Chief*  
Harry M. Brown  
Robert L. Thrailkill

*Business Manager*  
Bruce G. Gustin

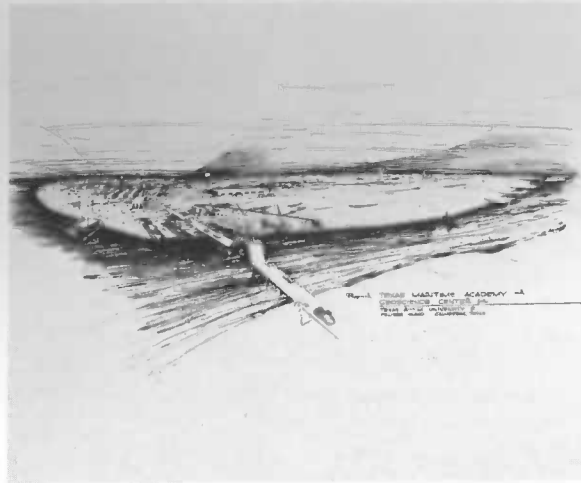
### Staff

*Photography*  
Jeff G. Cane  
Michael A. Milam

*Literary*  
Robert E. Jordan

Q768n10

11675



## Mitchell Campus

Texas Maritime Academy was established in 1962 as a part of Texas A&M University. The school has one building, of white stucco, formerly a part of Fort Crockett, facing the Gulf of Mexico.

The classes of 1965-69 have used this building for classroom and laboratory facilities, and as a dormitory. An enlarged student body, and a lack of space for suitable expansion resulted in the sophomore and freshman classes spending their first years at College Station.

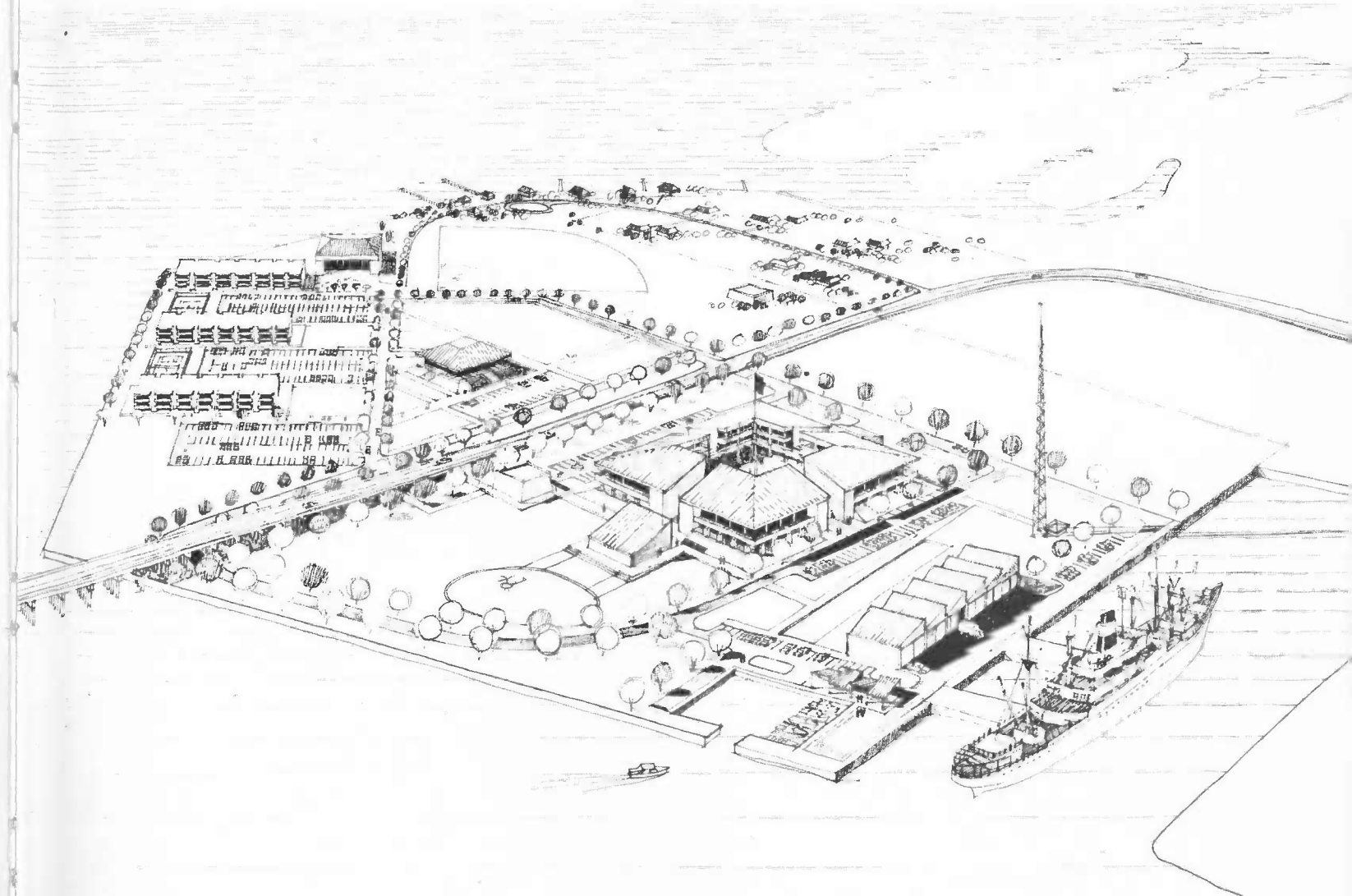
New facilities were needed to provide a continuous educational pattern. The first result of years of planning were seen in 1968 with the revealing of the architectural drawings and plans. On Friday, November 11, the new forty-acre tract of land, on Pelican Island, was dedicated.

## Fort Crockett



## Keel Laid for New Campus

REFERENCE



The new campus, called the Mitchell Campus, was received from Mr. George Mitchell, Houston contractor and land developer. Mrs. Mary Moody Northern and the Moody Foundation of Galveston have generously aided the school financially.

The Midshipmen at TMA see a great future for the new Academy, and are grateful to the Mitchell and the Northern families for their support.

11675





Junior and Senior Midshipmen pass in review on site of new campus.

President Earl Rudder expresses his desire for continuous growth and ability.



President Earl Rudder and Rear Admiral Craik, see visions of a new horizon.



Dedication of the new Mitchell Campus on Pelican Island.



President Earl Rudder and Rear Admiral Craik inspect the Corps of Midshipmen.

Unveiling of a sign of progress and continuation for a better United States Merchant Marine.





MRS. MARY MOODY NORTHEN

## Dedication

The 1969 *Voyager* is dedicated to a fine woman without whose support and financial aid the Texas Maritime Academy might never have been born, and would certainly not be what it is today. Mrs. Moody Northen has contributed much time and influence to the inception and early growth of our school and certainly merits all honor we could pay her. Her keen interest in the affairs of the present and the future of the Texas Maritime Academy command our respect and appreciation.

As a member of the third generation of one of Galveston's oldest and most prominent families, Mary Moody Northen has been involved in many varied civic and local activities. She became President of W. L. Moody & Company, Bankers, Unincorporated after the death of her father and serves as President of this bank to date. She serves as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Moody National Bank of Galveston, and also the National Hotel Company.

She served as President of the American National Insurance Company, The News Publishing Company, The American Printing Company, The Moody Cotton Company and Silver Lake Ranches, Inc. over a period of years. She is a Trustee of the Moody Foundation and served on all the boards of the Moody interests.

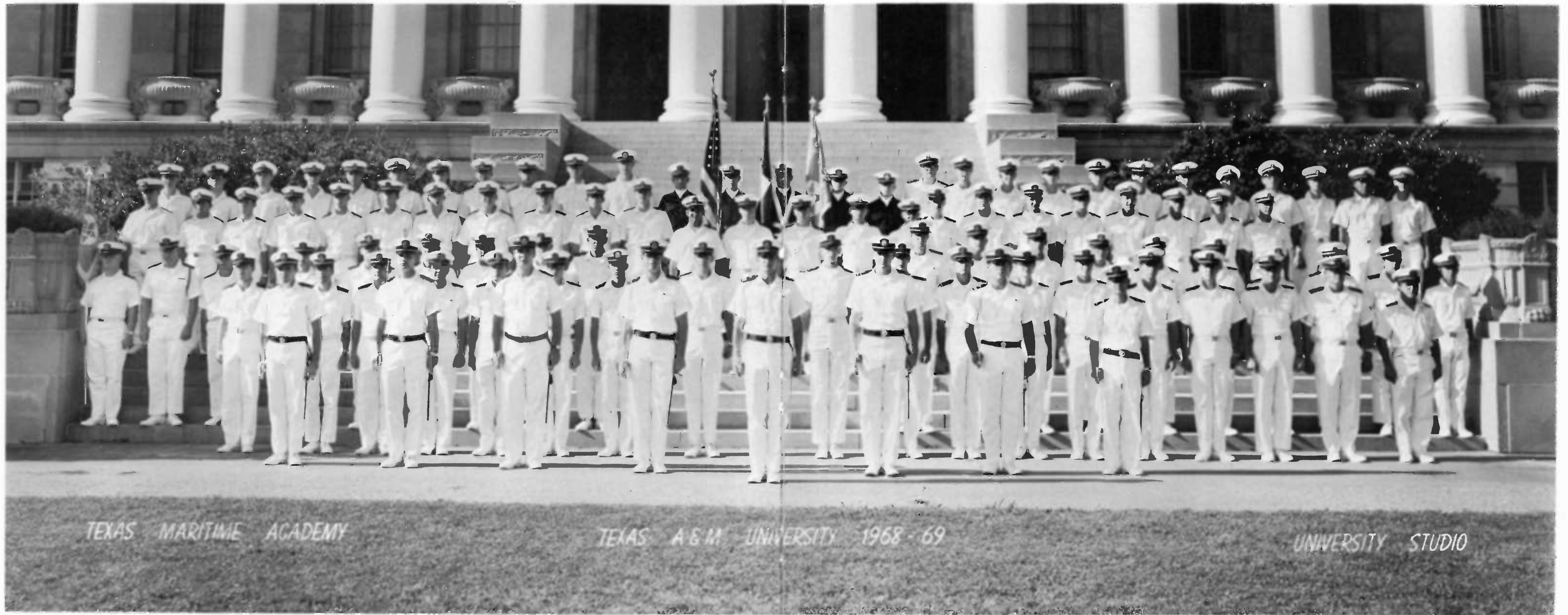
In her capacity as the only remaining original member of the Board of Trustees of the Moody Foundation, a philanthropical organization set up by her parents, Mrs. Northen was influential in making possible a generous grant to Texas A&M University for the sole purpose of establishing a maritime academy in Galveston. That grant will go to the new home of the Texas Maritime Academy on Pelican Island to be called the Mitchell Campus.

She first became interested in the idea of a Gulf Coast maritime academy while serving on the Century Council, a group of prominent citizens chosen to plan for Texas A&M's growth and progress. The need was realized for a maritime academy in Galveston and through the influence of some of Mrs. Northen's friends, such as President Rudder, Captain Dodson and Admiral Wetmore, the program was begun in 1962. Through the generosity of Mr. George Mitchell and The Moody Foundation the new campus on Pelican Island will not be lacking in size, facilities or room for expansion.

Mrs. Northen is a very active and interesting person who is genuinely interested in the midshipmen of the Texas Maritime Academy and the advancement of the school. The dedication of this annual to Mrs. Northen is only a small expression of our appreciation of her activities on our behalf.

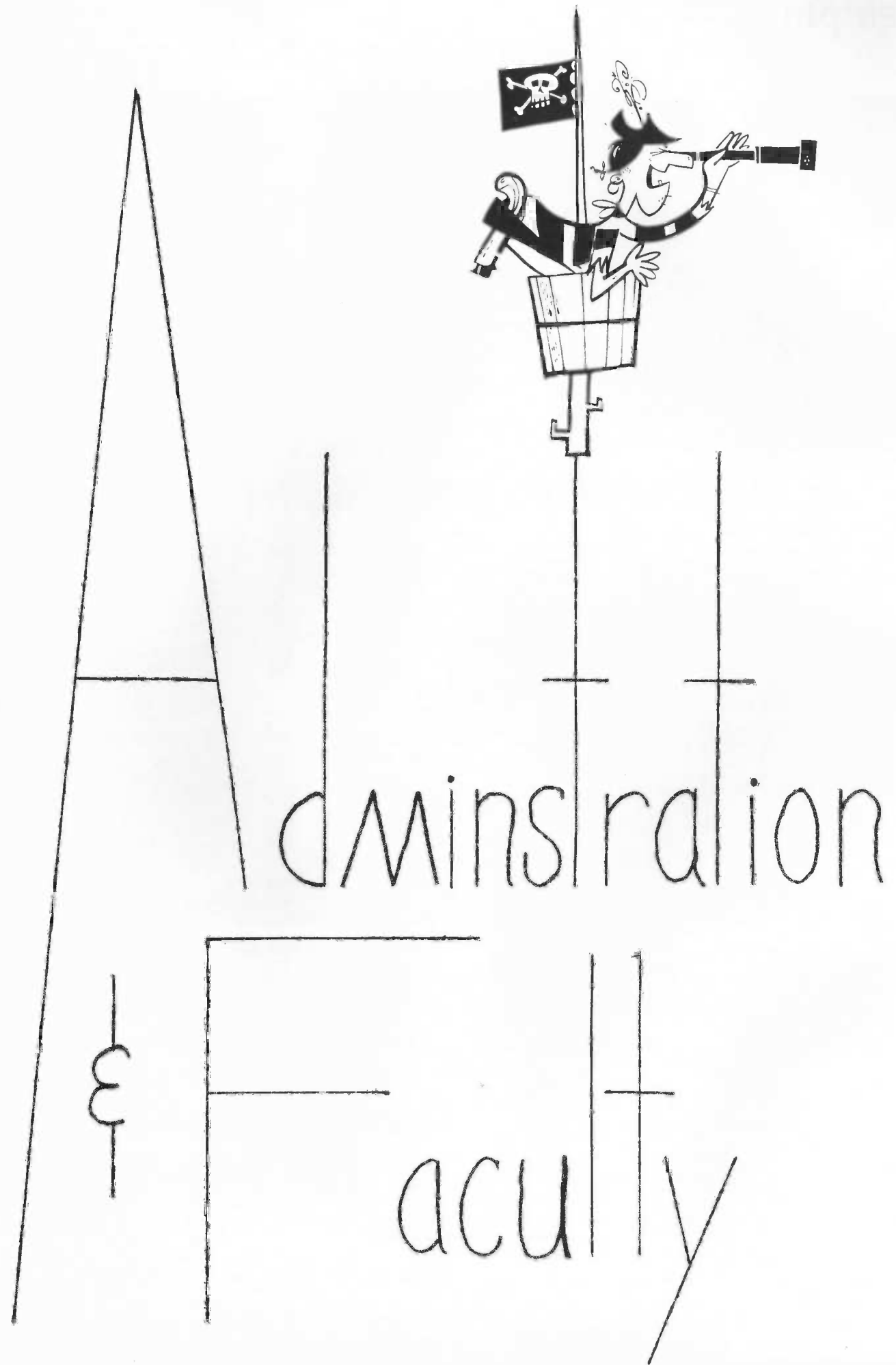


# Corps of Midshipmen



From left to right: First row: Lee, Daniel G.; Jordan, Robert E.; Paramore, Robert J.; Brown, Harold M.; McWilliams, David K.; Gustin, Bruce G.; Thraillkill, Robert L.; and Holt, Nathan C.; Second row: Nichols, Andrew E.; Holloman, Michael J.; Crook, Kenneth R.; Nicholas, Richard A.; Gibson, Thomas L.; Kremenich, Christopher J.; Smith, Lawrence R.; Greenwood, Paul B.; Schiksneit, Otto, E.; Cane, Jeffrey G.; Dabney, Oscar W.; King, James L.; Craig, Thomas A.; Johnson, Thomas J.; Sollid, Norman K.; Wagon, Van C.; Micheal, Hershel A.; Skopinski, Richard A.; Third row: Gant, Virgil F.; Bandy, Clyde M.; Hunzinker, Calvin C.; Wittendorfer, David W.; McCoy, Dwight M.; Georgandis, Simos E.; Uttmark, Robert L.; Patton, Richard A.; Blank five: Campbell, Allen F.; Newman, James P.; Gerdes, Michael J.; McIntyre, Brian T.; Platzer, Neal S.; Gunning, John G.; Potter, Warren E.; Williams, David M.; Cartwright, Thomas C.; Ramey, William D.; Fourth row: Handel, Glenn R.; Fossler, Andrew M.; Freeman,

Randolph P.; Walker, William G.; Smith, Allen N.; Wildonger, Wayne K.; Gilbert, John M.; Mohnke, Rodney I.; Charnock, Richard H.; Alexander, Michael H.; Kreiger, Geoffery W.; San Miguel, Arthur R.; Taylor, Dirk R.; Hewitt, Stephen W.; Story, Barker H.; Tavary, Michael E.; Hickman, Kyrn L.; Rothenberg, Damon P.; Ricketson, John C.; Welty, Timothy W.; Conner, Alan D.; Gale, Michael P.; Derrig, Gregory J.; Stafford, Noel F.; Fifth row: Ogle, Gordon G.; Lewis, Thomas G.; Frost, Walter T., III; Cummins, James S.; Dwigans, Raymond P.; Butchaell, Stephen L.; Lange, Ronald G.; Griffin, Jack J.; Hickman, William H.; Gardner, Richard N.; Color Guard: Bonaffini, Anthony A.; Smith, Lester R.; Baum, Douglas A.; Warren, Richard F.; Osander, Edward H.; (Fifth row cont.): Phillips, Scott F.; Delamarter, Philip A.; Koster, Fred W.; Kelley, Stephen A.; Warfield, Joseph W.; Nathman, Edward T.; Rose, Anthony G.; Darnell, Stephen N.; Lodsins, Michael C.; Weyhmuller, Robert E.; Henderson, Eric G.; McKenna, Kevin J.







EARL RUDDER  
President of Texas A&M  
University System

TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY  
COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS 77843

Office of  
THE PRESIDENT

To the Midshipmen, Class of 1969:

The events recorded in this issue of the Voyager will serve to stir pleasant memories of your days as students of the Texas Maritime Academy of Texas A&M University. For the men who graduate this year, the memories will include hard work, goals reached and graduation. For those students who will return, the Voyager will remind you of the rich legacy left by the graduating class and of the tasks yet to be accomplished.

In a very real sense, this graduation is an end to one phase in your life and, at the same time, the beginning of another phase. It is our earnest hope that the lessons you have learned will serve you well to meet the challenges that lie ahead.

The Faculty and Staff join me in wishing you every success.

Sincerely yours,

*Earl Rudder*  
Earl Rudder  
President



Rear Adm. James D. Craik U.S.C.G. (Ret.)

Superintendent of  
Texas Maritime Academy

TO THE MIDSHIPMEN, CLASS OF 1969

The Voyager pretty much tells you where you have been;  
the future is up to you.

There is an old axiom of the sea - "Never put your ship  
into a place that you can't get it out from". This axiom  
conveys a great deal. Essentially it suggests that you  
weigh all factors involved before making a move, taking  
into consideration possible changing conditions. This  
axiom could have equal application to your personal life.

To each and everyone of you my sincerest best wishes  
for your future.

Come back and see us.

*Joe Craik*  
J. D. Craik



## Board of Visitors



From left to right: RADM Sherman B. Wetmore USN (Ret.); background, Capt. Alfred R. Philbrick; Capt. Wesley A. Walls; Emmet O. Kirkham, Chairman of the Board; Capt. Robert L. Jones; Capt. Bennett M. Dodson, Past Superintendent T.M.A.; Capt. Ernest B. Hendrix; Capt. Thurman M. Gupton, USNR; J. C. Rudd; Capt. Charles H. Glenwright; and *not pictured* are John A. Parker; Capt. John T. Everett, Jr.; Doctor Beyer; Capt. Robert M. Calder; C. E. Defries; Judge Peter J. LaValle; Sam D. W. Low; Capt. Neal S. Storter; Capt. Robert P. Walker; and Capt. Sydney Wire.



## Department of Naval Science



LT. MICHAEL D. CALDER USN  
*Head of Department of Naval Science*



LT. CLAUDE L. PRIEST  
USNR



LT. L. L. SCHOEN  
USNR



LTJG. ANDRES RAMOS  
USNR



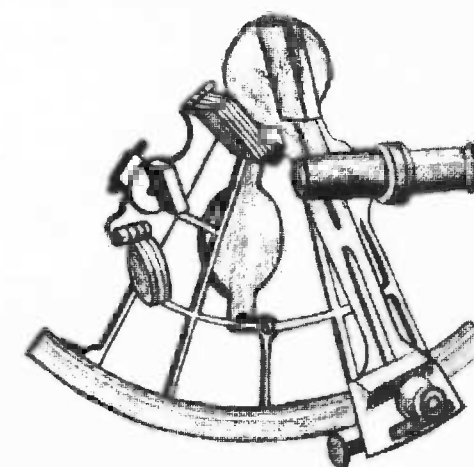
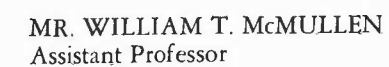
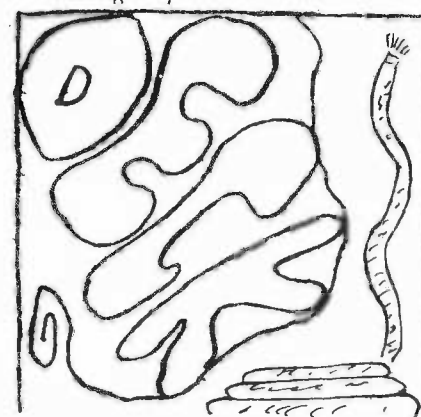
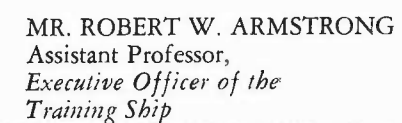
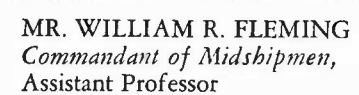
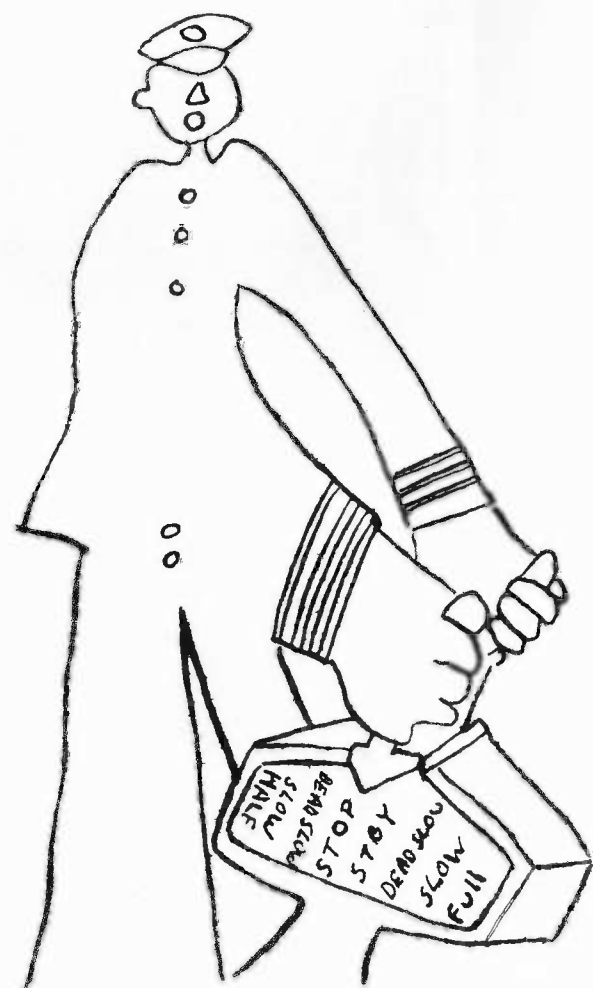
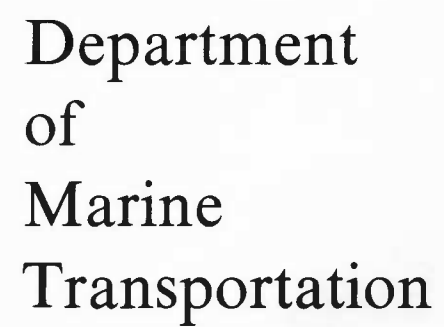
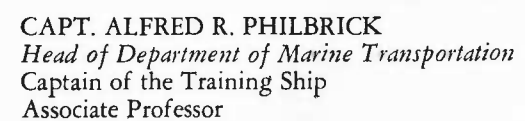
ROBERT C. KURTZ  
GMCS USN



MMC. M. E. CAMPBELL  
USN



MISS AGNES M. WELTON  
*Secretary*







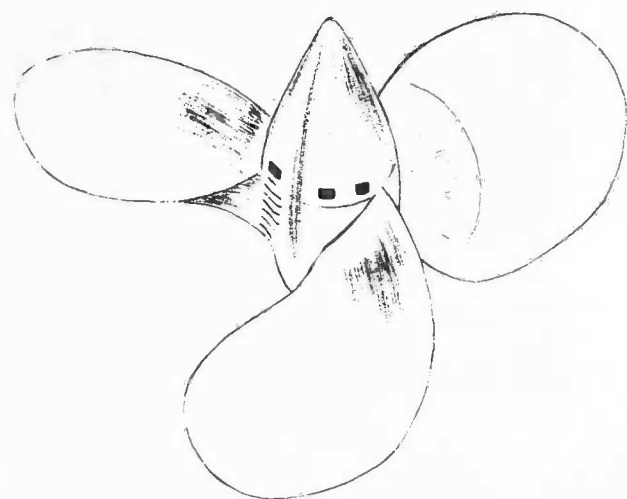
CDR. FRANCIS C. TORMOLLEN  
Head of Department of Marine Engineering  
Associate Professor



## Department of Marine Engineering



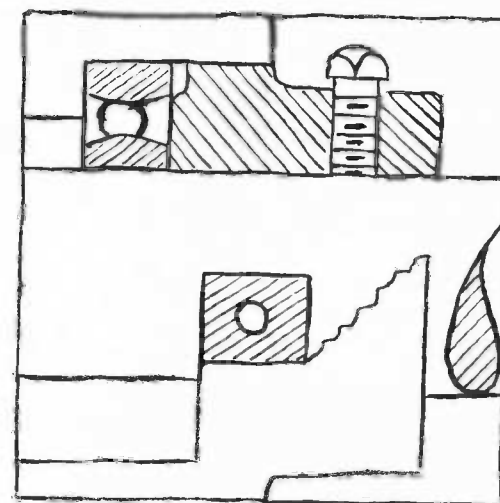
MR. RALPH A. DAHM  
Associate Professor



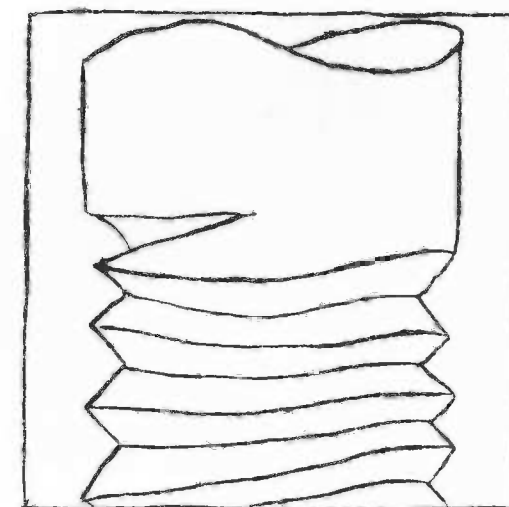
MR. GARY A. CROSBY  
Assistant Professor



MR. JOHN MOORE  
Lecturer



MR. JOSEPH SAN MARTIN  
Assistant Professor



MR. DAVID M. FRENCH  
Assistant Professor



MR. MILTON H. ABELOW, *Business Mgr.*  
MRS. JANET FREEMAN, *Secretary*

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MR. CHARLIE BROWER,  
Accountant



MR. JACK BAER,  
Accountant



MRS. JUNE ANNE MATA, *Secretary  
to the Superintendent*



MISS PEGGY LEADAMAN,  
Librarian



*right* CHIEF STEWARD G. W. GOODRICH  
*left* CHIEF COOK WILLIE HAMILTON



**Custodians**  
*left* PAUL E. BENNETT  
*right* ISAÏS ISAÏS

MR. LEON F. STCYR



## Stewards Department



Cooks *left* GERALD COOPER,  
*right* LARWENCE CARTER

## M.A.A.

MR. ROBERT H. NATION





# Ships Crew

Capt.—A. R. PHILBRICK  
 Chief Eng.—E. V. LaFILE  
 Chief Mate—R. W. ARMSTRONG  
 1st Engr.—R. SVAHN  
 2nd Mate—W. T. McMULLEN  
 3rd Mate—J. M. LANE  
 Watch Officer—W. R. FLEMING  
 2nd Engr.—O. J. ARKISON  
 3rd Engr.—D. M. FRENCH  
 Watch Engr.—J. G. SanMARTIN  
 Watch Engr.—R. R. ARLANDER  
 Elec. 3rd Engr.—S. GARCIA  
 Radio Officer—R. M. WARRINER  
 M.A.A.—R. H. NATION  
 M.A.A.—L. ST. CYR  
 Ship Surgeon—DR. G. B. BENSON  
 Intern—S. K. LAWSON  
 Orderly—N. R. SANDEFER  
 Nurse—G. H. McCLAIN  
 Chaplain—J. W. BRACEY  
 Chief Steward—G. W. GOODRICH  
 Chief Cook—W. L. HAMILTON  
 2nd Cook—L. R. CARTER  
 2nd Cook—G. T. OTEMS  
 3rd Cook—E. J. COOPER  
 Laundryman—E. E. HULL  
 Boatswain—J. VANDERLEE  
 A.B.—J. E. CURD  
 A.B.—J. QUARANTA  
 Purser—S. W. LIFFLANDER  
 Acct. Asst.—J. A. BAER  
 Machinist—C. P. DOLNEY  
 Asst. Machinist—R. JACKSON  
 Electrician—J. J. LISZEWSKI

JACK  
 LANE



MR. R. M. WARRINER



CHIEF ENGR. E. V. LaFILE



JIM CURD



STAN LIFFLANDER

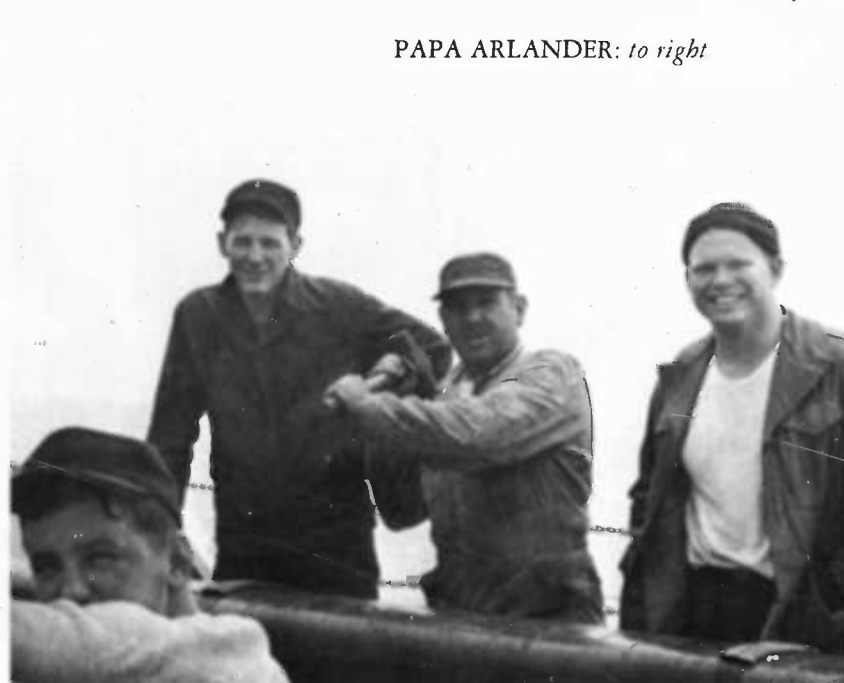


DOC. BENSON



L. to r.: Robert Jackson, Chuck Dolney, Owen Arkison, Chief LaFile, John Liszweski, Robert Svahn.

PAPA ARLANDER: to right



John shows how to chip paint with a five point sledge.



NOEL SANDEFER



BOS'N VANDERLEE



Mr. Ableow spins his top for the boys.



Mr. McMullen explains the art of celestial bodies.



Commander Fleming, you're at half mast.



Oh, Chief Kurtz it couldn't be that long.



Mr. French loads up to shoot stone face Mills.



O.K., which one of you guys drank the varsol?



R. D. collects his goodie bag from Mrs. Mata.



Now if you can remember your right hand from your left, why can't you remember your right foot from your left.

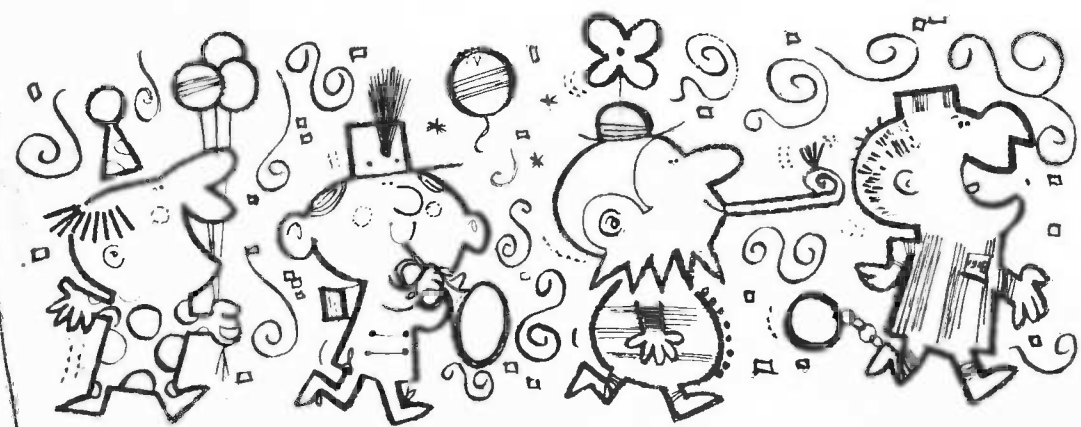


No, Holloman you're a deckie.

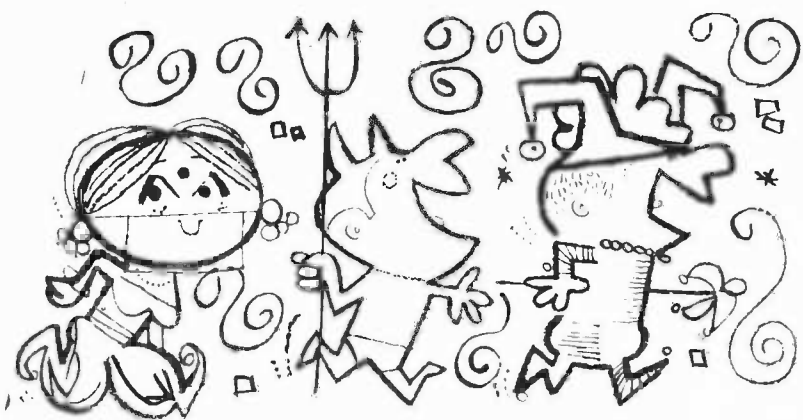


Captain Al explains how much fun it is taking 25 hours a semester.





civvie





# Voyager 1969



Editor-in-Chief  
ROBERT L. THRAILKILL



Editor-in-Chief  
HARRY M. BROWN



Class History  
NORMAN K. SOLLID



Photography  
JEFF G. CANE



Business Manager  
BRUCE G. GUSTIN



Literary  
ROBERT E. JORDAN



Photography  
MICHAEL A. MILAM



Left to right: Tony Bonaffini, Senior section; S. Georgandis, Photography; Ken McWilliams, Activities; and R. Patton, typing.



Wanda and Chris



Tommy Cartwrong and friend



Kenny speaks to our honored guest Mrs. Mary Moody Northern

## Christmas



Captain Oh Wow plays a little Kruppa



Neal and Elsa

## Dance



Red Dog entertains Pam, Ken, Marie and Bruce



Honest, it's good.



Priss and Uppie



David and Sharon



Rock puts on a show



Pinky Thrailkill and the LUV LIGHT





Craig takes a dip in full dress.

## Spring



Well, it started as a dance.

## Dance



Well Tom you finally caught her.



Oh L. R. not here.



Yes, I do have a few overdrawn books.



Oh dry up you big drip.



What's the matter Cpt., haven't you heard anyone laugh.



No wonder our pictures are fuzzy.



Sam, Brad, and Tom play a few oldies.  
The Sweetheart and friends.



No peeking 'til May 31.  
Togetherness with Coke.

Rubber Dolly lets loose.







Finalists for the 1968-69 TMA Sweetheart and their escorts.

Otto Schickscheit crowns Wanda Bowers the 1968-69 Sweetheart of the Texas Maritime Academy.



Wanda and her escort Chris Kremenic.



Melodie, Wanda, Janet, and Peggy.



## March-In at A&M vs Arkansas Game



Color Guard leads regiment past reviewing stand.



T.M.A., complete with Sophomores and Freshmen march together for first time at the A&M vs. Arkansas football game.



Staff

## TMA Sweetheart

Miss Wanda Bowers

# The Propeller Club

Port of Galveston, Texas Maritime Academy



*Left to right: First row: S. Georgandis, O. Dabney, R. Nicholas, and F. Johnson. Second row: P. Fallwell, M. Gerdes, B. Thrailkill, B. Gustin, and H. Brown. Third row: R. Jordan, V. Gant, R. Collins, D. Ramsey, N. Holt, L. Smith, K. Crook, P. Greenwood, and M. Blanton. Standing: V. Wagon, C. Rassinier, and R. Skopinski.*



SCONA DELEGATES  
Don Morton Mike Bandy



1969-70 YACHT CLUB  
President David Wittendorfer, Sec.-Treasurer Robert Uttmark.



1968-69 ROWING TEAM  
*Seated: Harry Brown, R. D. Collins, Larry Smith, Max Blanton, Jeff Cane. Standing: Hoot Gibson, Tommy Johnson; Kris Kremenec, Paul Greenwood.*



## Activities



Mr. John Moore shows Senior Engineers machinery at Union Carbide Plant, Texas City.



Bob, Randy, and Van visit the N. S. Savannah.



L. R., Ken, and Bob checkout loran transmitter.



Rock reads a loran log.



Mr. W. R. Fleming and Senior Electronic Class visit loran station.

## In General



TMA chows down at Rotary Club luncheon.



Mr. Armstrong's cargo class at work.



Congressman Jack Brooks receives plaque from Kenny McWilliams on behalf of the Texas Maritime Academy.



Mr. Brooks explains future of Maritime Industry and TMA.



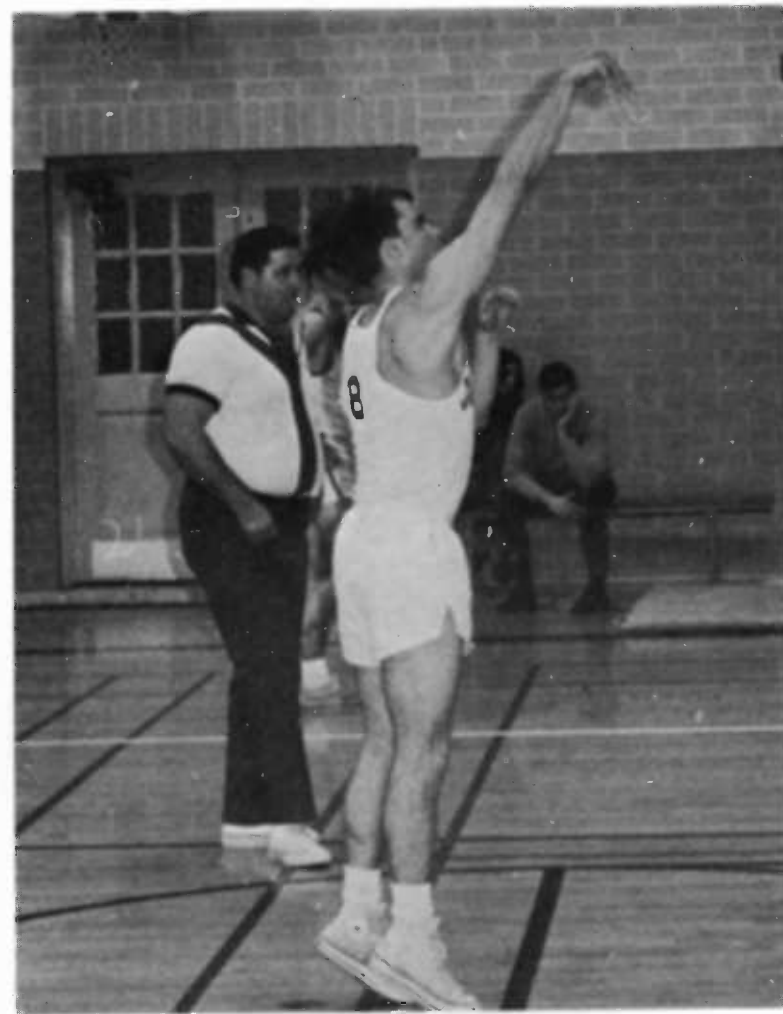
Max, you little devil!



# Basketball



Our favorite ref.? Watches Danny win the tip-off.



Witt for one



Dan dribbles before he shoots.



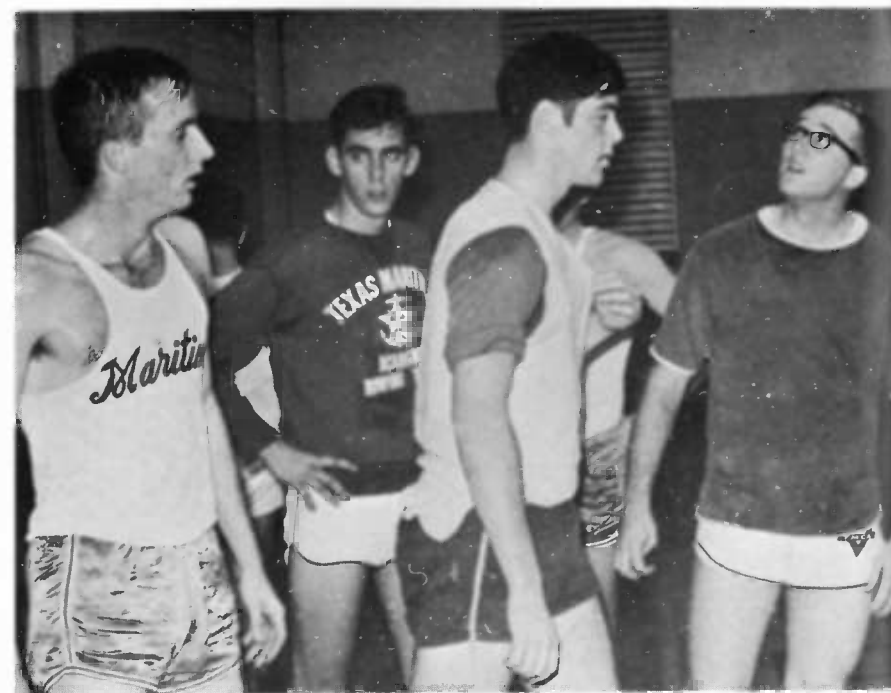
We're only down by 50.



The team never lost its spirit.



42 I'm telling you I've got the right uniform on.



Heavens, I think we've got one.



What do you mean traveling? I'm balancing it on my toe.



And the try for the extra point is ...?

# Intramurals



Harry pulls Pat's flag to stop a junior penetration.



Van outruns Lurch and Red.



So that's where the ball went.



Senior water-break at half time.



Kenny uses wings to get off a pass.

SCORE		
	Sr.	Jr.
Half	6	0
Final	12	6

Seniors enjoy post game refreshments at the juniors expense for their loss.



1968-69 YACHT CLUB  
Left to right: O. Schikschnit, P. Newman, A. Campbell, M. Gerdes, R. Uttmark, B. McIntyre, S. Georgandis, P. Fallwell, D. Wittendorfer, M. Cordasco. Seated: C. Hunziker and D. Ramey.



1969-70 SCUBA CLUB  
Left to right: R. Patton, A. Campbell, M. Gerdes, C. Hunziker. Seated: M. Cordasco, R. Uttmark, S. Georgandis, D. Ramey, and M. Milam.



# Color Guard



*Left to right: A. Bonaffini, L. R. Smith, D. Baum, R. Warren, E. Osander, Not pictured: P. Fallwell.*



Do we really need all these Deckies?



What do you mean I spelt it wrong.



Cotton Top dabbling in oils

## OSLO TO COLLEGE STATION

Early in November the Atlas Trucking Co. of Houston picked up our 42 foot Norwegian log to carry it on its last part of the journey. The log was purchased in Oslo, Norway for the 1968 Aggie Bonfire and traveled eight thousand miles before being delivered to the Texas A&M Campus at College Station, Texas.

A.R.P. trying to be one of the guys

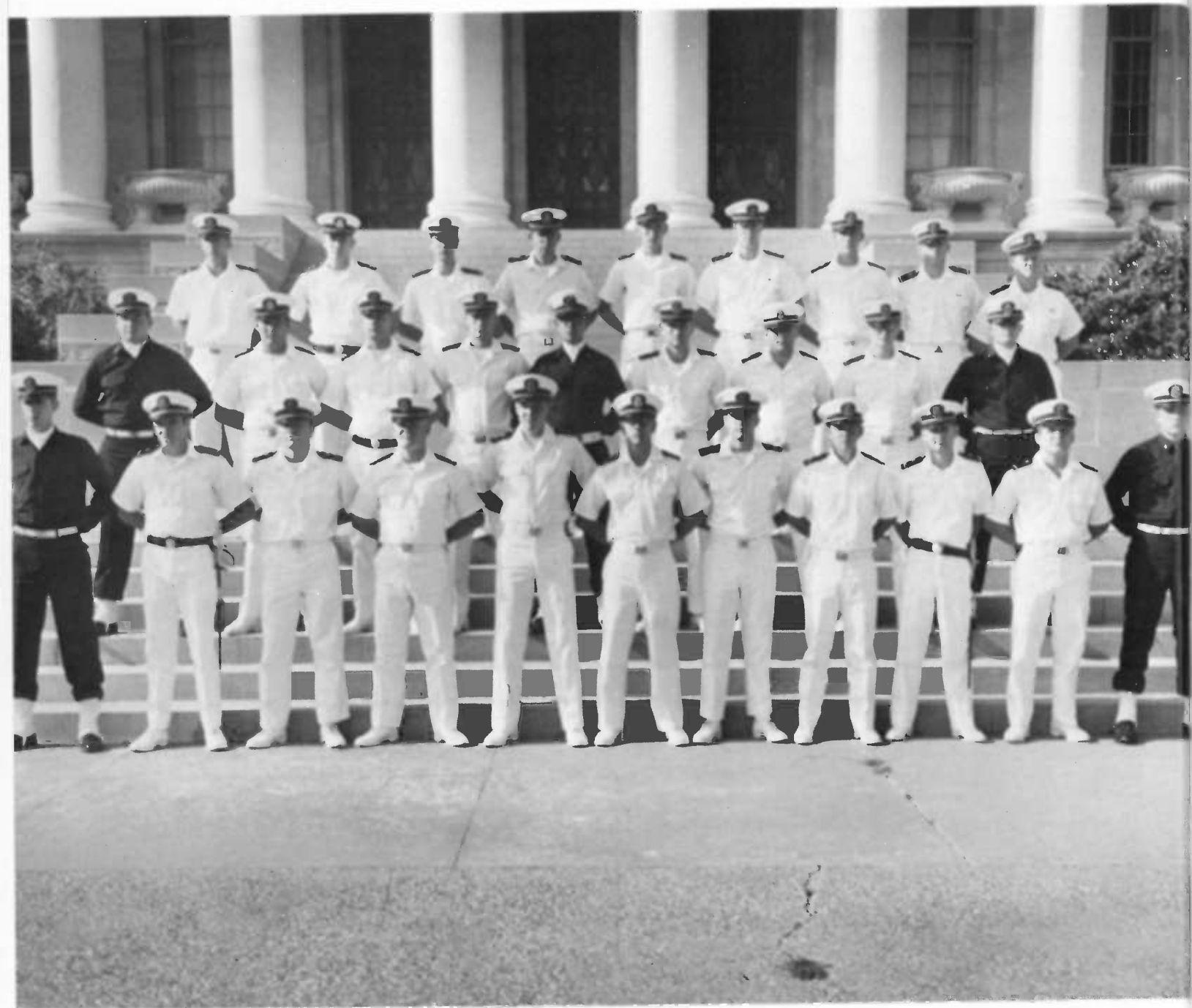


The loading from ship to truck took less time than did all the painting and "hamming it up" for the camera.



The Rocketts





#### MEMBERS OF ALPHA PHI OMEGA

*Third row l. to r.:* Greenwood, Gustin, Cane, Patton, Schicksneit, Campbell, Gerdes, Micheal. *Second row l. to r.* Baum, Georgandis, Jordan, Craig, Bonaffini, Wagnon, Williams, Kreminic, Warren. *First row l. to r.* Smith, Lee, Hunziker, Gant, Gunning, Potter, Wittendorfer, Ramey, Holt, Scopinski, Fallwell.



Craig gives a pint of his APE blood.



Wop gives his blood willingly.

## A.P.O Blood Drive



Scop, Stinky, Dog, Pseudo, Ed, K-Ron, and Otto in front of Bloodmobile.



## Boy Scout Jamboree

K-Ron Bond and Greenie

# CRUISE OF "68"

## Ports of Call

June 15—Galveston, Texas

June 24-28—New York, N.Y.

July 9-12—Oslo, Norway

July 14-17—Amsterdam, Netherlands

July 21-23—Lisbon, Portugal

July 24-26—Gibraltar

July 29-30—Los Palmas, Canary Islands

Aug. 8-10—San Juan, Puerto Rico

Aug. 16-18—Corpus Christi, Texas

Aug. 18—Galveston, Texas







# All Hands Report Aboard for Registration



## And of Course Work



Watch-Dog on Quarter-Deck

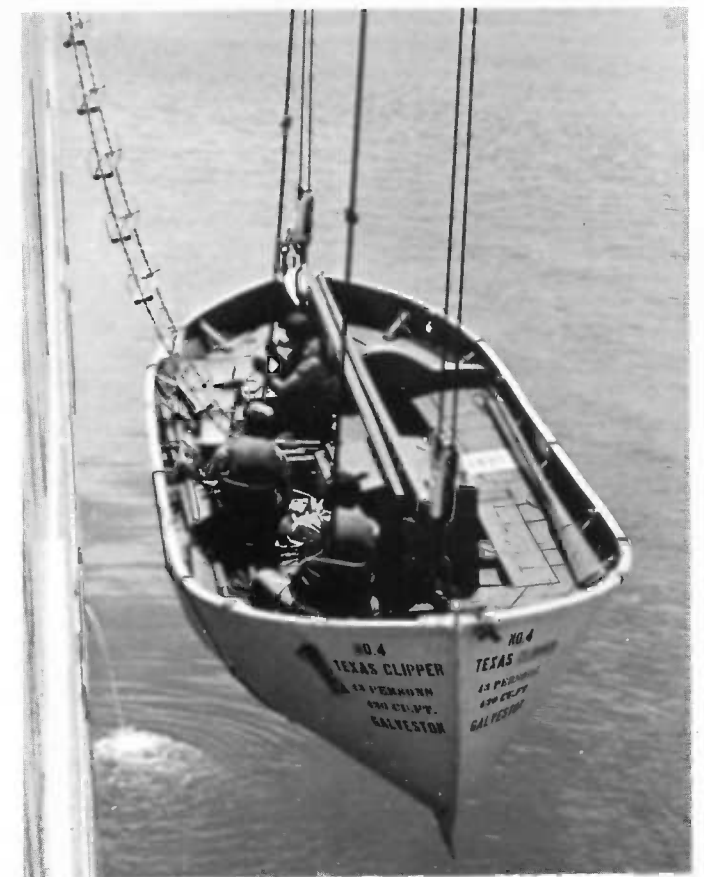


Misty eyes watch hair falling

Toad, Dog and Squirrel organize their troops



Pre-Cruise Room Cleaning Lurch and Tommy



Away all boats



First watch takes the conn.



It's either Papa or Sierra



We'll flip to see who takes her out.



Bird tightens the rubber bands



Foot already misses his Stick



Last  
Goodbyes



Cast  
Off







Depart Galveston—June 15  
Arrive New York—June 21  
Days at sea—9  
Days in port—4

At long last, preparations for the 1968 cruise were completed, and all members of the vessel's complement readied themselves for the first leg of a 64 day voyage with stops in 8 ports. On the fifth of June those aboard the Clipper said farewell to Galveston for the summer and set sail for New York City. Three days later we "dropped the hook" off the island of Dry Tortugas in the Florida Keys. All hands turned to the task of fitting the ship for her arrival in New York where a berth alongside the S.S. *Independence* dictated her best possible appearance. After two days of hard work in the sunny, crystal clear waters offshore of the historically famous island, the *Clipper* was once again underway.

Our first rough weather was encountered near Cape Hatteras as we skirted tropical storm Betsy. Among the majority of the more inexperienced members of the crew, the twinges of seasickness became a part of the routine. Although the Clipper avoided the brunt of Betsy's force, the heaving sea were upsetting to many a Prep Cadet's digestive system.

All hands turned out in the early dawn of June 24 to greet the impressive skyline of Manhattan and our nation's most cosmopolitan city. The Statue of Liberty and the Verrazano Narrows Bridge were memorable sights as we pulled into a berth at pier 84 for an enjoyable five day stay in New York.

Our time spent in New York was filled with varied activities for everyone aboard. All upperclassmen were required to attend the day long M.S.T.S. fire fighting school in Bayonne, New Jersey, which included both classroom and practical instruction in the field of fire fighting. When not attending school there was the major chore of loading spare parts. Machinery and parts stripped from our sister ship, which is being used as dormitory space for Stevens Institute, were taken on board forward, giving us good practical experience in cargo loading.

The time spent in New York gave the midshipmen a good chance to get out and explore America's greatest city firsthand. The city provided an exciting contrast to the South, which most call home. Times Square, Rockefeller Center, Greenwich Village, Radio City, Broadway, and the subways were all points of main interest.



Huh! We've got oil wells that tall at home.



We pass The Lady and our sister ship.



View from the top looking North up 5th Avenue from Empire State Building.





# M.S.T.S. Damage Control Fire Fighting School Bayonne New Jersey



Patton shows off Fall fashions

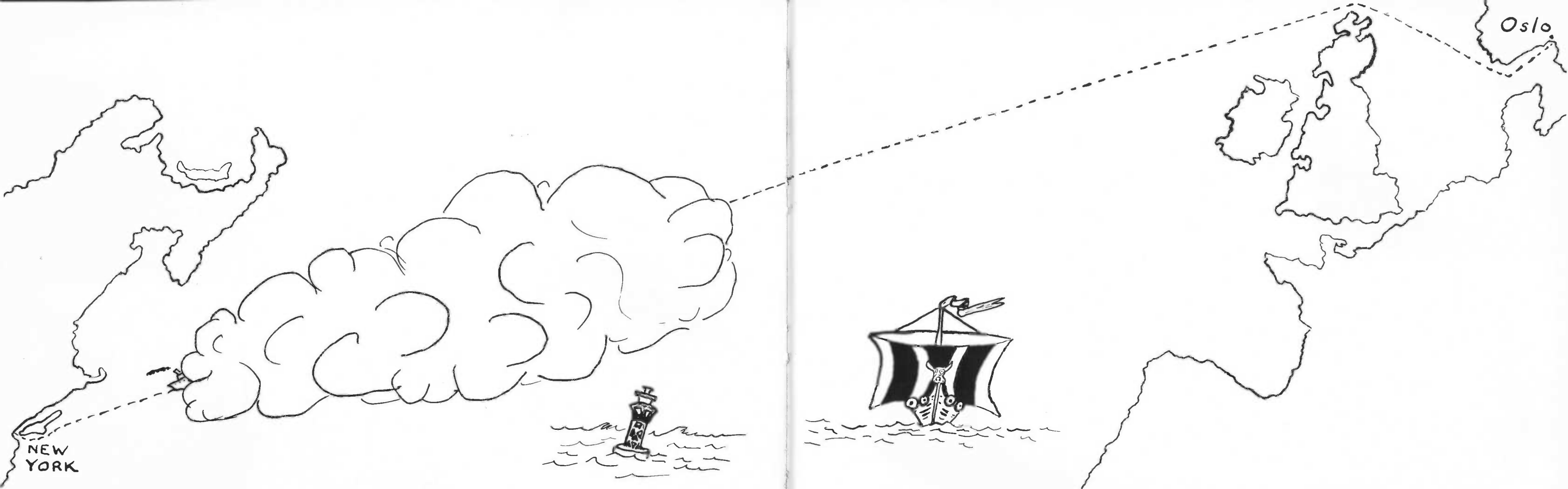


"C" Company is the first to complete school after fighting six fires, one gasing, competing in numerous unofficial water fights.



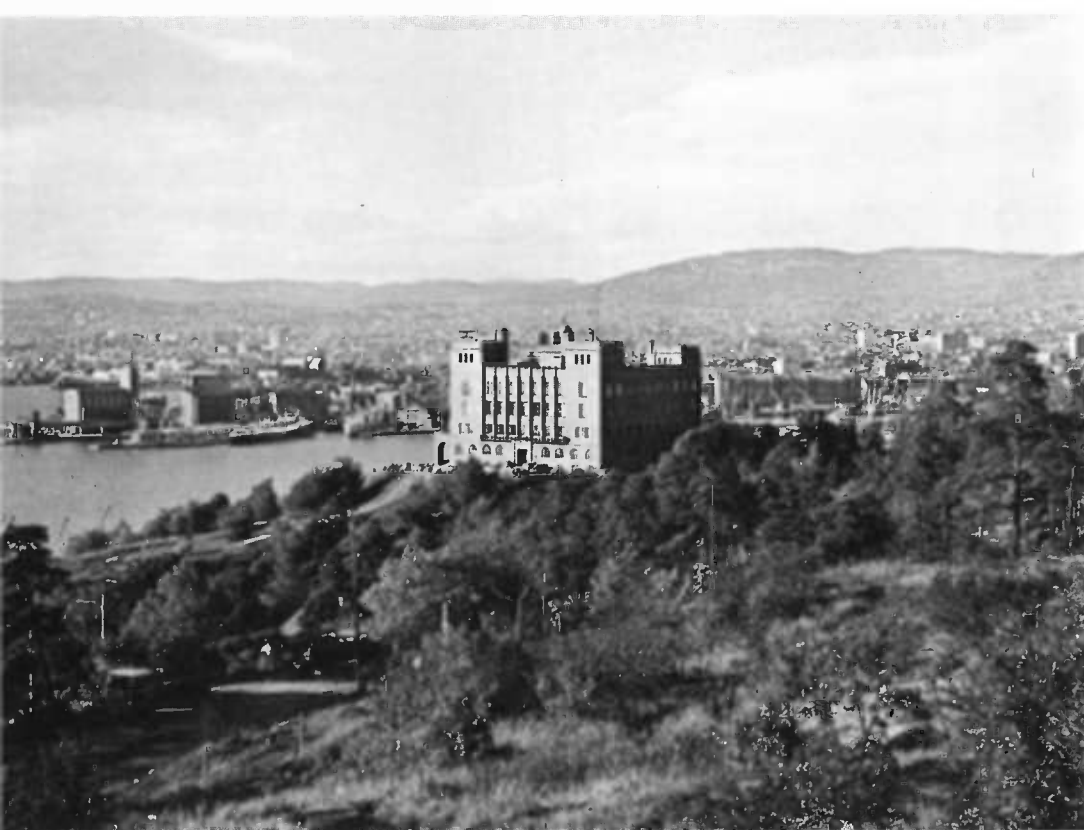
Luna thinks it's real chic.





Depart New York—June 28  
Days at Sea—10

Arrive Oslo—July 9  
Days in Port—3



On the 28th of June the *Texas Clipper* departed New York. Everyone took one last look at the city lights, knowing that there would be no more shore leave for the next ten days when we would arrive in Oslo, Norway. That meant 10 days of watches, maintenance, studying, doing sea projects, taking exams, going to inspections, and squaring away underclassmen. To relieve the boredom a beard-growing contest was held. There was to be a winner from each class with a cash prize being awarded on the basis of length and style. Rock Sollid tied for last place with Larry Smith even with a month's head start.

Getting to Oslo by sea involved taking one of the most impressive routes imaginable. The rugged beauty of the Norwegian coastline along either side of the fjord kept everyone's camera busy. The quaint, rural setting then opened up into the modern industrial port of Oslo where the Texas Maritime Academy was to be the guest of the Royal Norwegian Navy.

Our three days of port time in Oslo were much too short but generally well spent. There were tours to the Viking museum, Kon Tiki, Fram, The University of Oslo, and the towering ski jump on the edge of town. Many midshipmen managed to soak up a bit of culture as well as suds when they visited fantastic Frogner Park, the monumental sculptural work of one man. There was an outdoor basketball game with a local Norwegian team and abundant night life with many Nordic beauties to enhance our stay.





Pepsi anyone?



Lecture on social no's



## 11 Days at Sea

P.F. Flyers—Really now



July 4th Celebration and Work



## Fightin' 4th Follies



Neblett and Yeager



Mundy—Mundy



Sonny and Cher



Exodus?



Hungry



Good, huh Dog



Raybuuurn



One more time



Capacity crowd



Fightin' 4th



Careful Mundy



Doc, Al, Red Dog, Willie

T  
H  
E  
E  
N  
D



I thought Norwegians couldn't play basketball



Back oars!!!  
Pier dead ahead!!



How's this lighter work



Norwegian wood for Aggie bonfire



I thought you called a cab





Depart Oslo—July 12  
 Arrive Amsterdam—July 14  
 Days at Sea—2  
 Days in Port—3

After an enjoyable 3 day stay in Oslo, the Clipper made its way down the long fjord bound for another of Europe's great cities to be visited during the cruise, Amsterdam, Netherlands. The short interval between ports wouldn't be enough time to do much in the way of sea projects so we all took things easy—almost like a pleasure cruise. All hands not on watch fell out for division parade and our first look at the European mainland for the 1968 cruise.

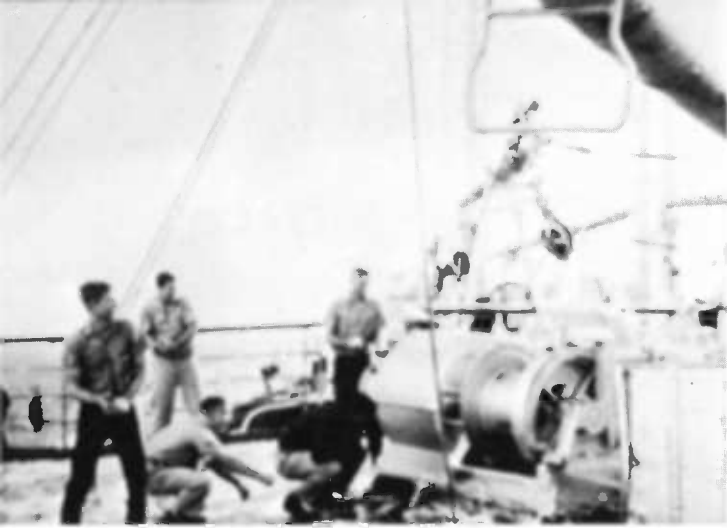
The American Embassy had planned well for our arrival in Amsterdam with a baseball game, varied tours, and a party at the Heineken Brewery being just a few of the activities provided for us. At the Heineken party, TMA being TMA, the record for volume consumption was seriously challenged and the Skipper entertained the midshipmen and our Dutch guest with a solo on the drums, and Prep Cadet Neblett entertained thoughts of suicide.

On short notice we managed to assemble a more-than-motley baseball team to play a team from the Amsterdam Baseball Club. The quality of competition was not professional on either side, but the enjoyment and international goodwill and understanding could not be measured in Yankee contracts.

Amsterdam, a city of both old and new, also had many things of cultural interest to offer the seagoing tourists. There were trips to cheese farms and tulip farms, to diamond factories where the actual stonecutting could be watched, and to an art museum which houses many of the great Dutch masters' originals. We saw a modern industrial center laced with ancient canals which double as a scenic attraction and a means for interurban commerce. The old style European architecture with crowded house-on-house buildings and the countless house boats seemed a slight anachronism in a modern, bustling city such as Amsterdam.

The city was well orientated towards the consumer as it had many things to offer in the way of souvenir items for the foreign shopper. Some of the places provided for shopping were as interesting as the Flea Market and especially Canal Street.





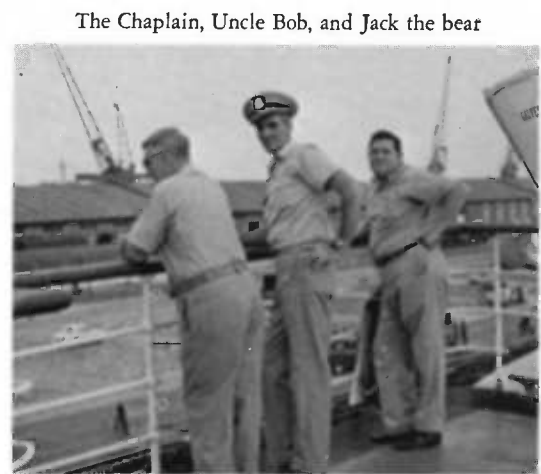
Snowballs in the summer?



Can you see your teeth?



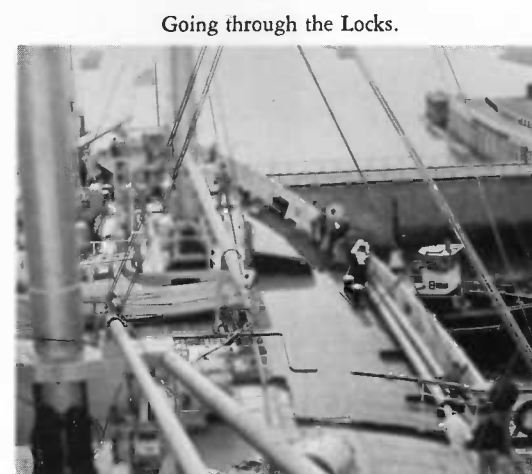
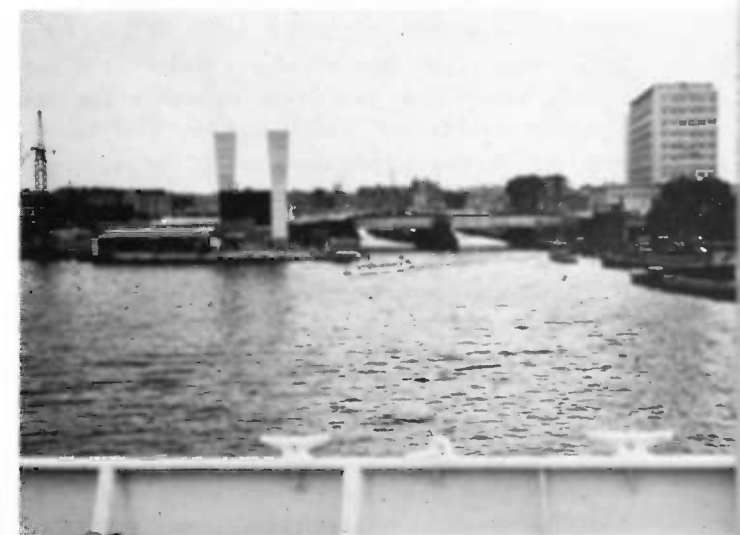
Mr. Avant and R. A. Abdo



The Chaplain, Uncle Bob, and Jack the bear



Tex in Amsterdam.



Going through the Locks.



Window shopping this way



Simon says



Tourists, more tourists



Tourists Newman and Gerdes



Depart Amsterdam—July 17  
 Arrive Lisbon—July 21  
 Days at sea—4  
 Days in port—2

We were all herded back onto the "Ark" for more at-sea training on route to our next stop, Lisbon, Portugal. A whisk through the busy English Channel and in only four days it would be time for some more of that "good liberty." The approach to our anchorage in the harbor at Lisbon took the Texas Clipper past several impressive monuments commemorating Portuguese contributions to early discovery. One statue dedicated to Prince Henry the Navigator particularly caught the eye of many of the camera addicts aboard. The long bridge at the mouth of the harbor and the immense statue of Christ, reminiscent of Corcovado in Rio, were sights to remember.

The hourly liberty launches were the only means of ship-to-shore transportation, and at times were a bit crowded and inconvenient. The haul up the bobbing accommodation ladder was quite a trick for some after a night ashore.

Lisbon was not only a place to shop, but the first port of the cruise where surfing was practicable. The water was cold and rough, but the several members of our complement who were die hard surfers and skin-diving fans would not be denied their fun and exercise.

Depart Lisbon—July 23  
 Arrive Gibraltar—July 24  
 Days at sea—1  
 Days in port—2

It was another "short trip" from Lisbon to Gibraltar, where the Texas Maritime Academy was to be hosted by the British Royal Navy and the Admiral of the British Mediterranean Naval Forces. Everyone has seen pictures of "The Rock" but few know of the town there and what it has to offer. The presence of the barbary apes was a welcomed sight to Craig Rassinier and John Gunning who found a home away from home.

To our good fortune we found that Gibraltar was a duty free port, and even though tourist prices on many articles were high, the shopkeepers were open-minded on price haggling. Hundreds of small shops lined the narrow streets selling every conceivable type of item.

Also a mention should be made of the radio publicity received by the Texas Clipper on a local broadcast featuring the latest in American music. This music was presented to those aboard our ship from the British Admiral's daughter.

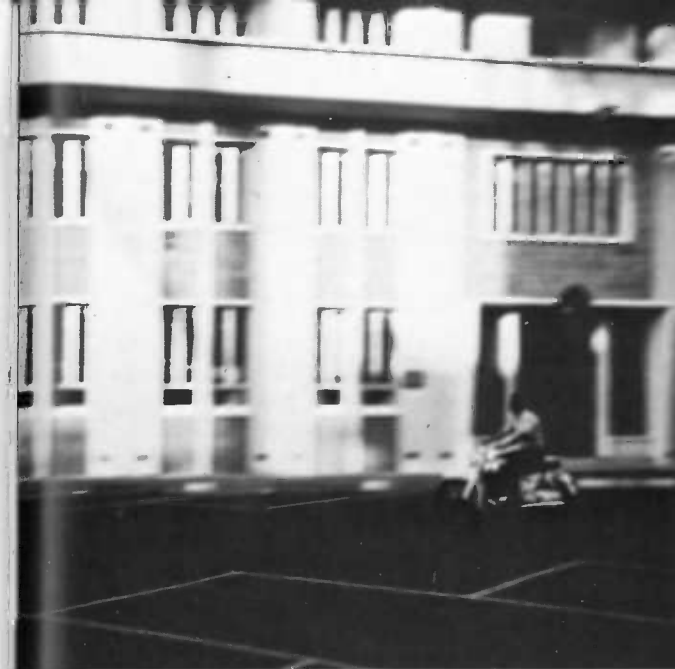




Deckie Maintenance?



Roger this is control



Al Oh Wow tries a chopper.

G  
i  
b  
r  
a  
l  
t  
e  
r



The Rock



Cadets stimulate international relations.

## Lisbon



Get in step.



Huh?



Waggon goes ape.







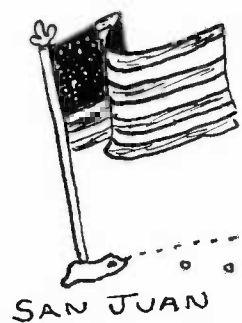
The thriving Port of Las Palmas was visited this summer for the second time in as many years by the *Texas Clipper*. Many of those aboard considered this city the ideal liberty port of the entire cruise.

The beaches of Las Palmas were only a short walk from downtown shopping centers and the docks. Every day during our stay there the midshipmen could be seen scanning the beaches in search of the city's Spanish señoritas.

Night life flourished in Las Palmas. With many fine clubs in which one could obtain refreshment at a modest price and at the same time view some of the best floor shows to be seen anywhere.

It is impossible, however, to speak of Las Palmas without mentioning the gift shops and bargain centers that abound the city. Since Las Palmas is a duty free port many items of quality can be purchased at half their regular price. Who could imagine purchasing a quart of the finest Scotch for \$1.15, tape recorders, radios, binoculars, watches, etc. at similar savings. It would be safe to say that the ship's draft marks sank several inches after we left this port simply from quantity of items purchased.

Depart Gibraltar—July 26  
Arrive Las Palmas—July 29  
Days at Sea—3  
Days in Port—2



Leaving Las Palmas put us well past the halfway point of the cruise and nearing the homestretch. Many of us were dead broke or near it with still another port to go. The long haul across the Atlantic meant more time for sea projects and security watches.

San Juan is the capitol of a United States possession, Puerto Rico, and therefore we came across some of our first familiar sights in 2 months. The *Clipper* was docked at a Lykes Lines pier near the cruise ship *Independence*, which we had seen in New York, and the *Calypso*, oceanographic vessel of the famous Jacques Cousteau.

San Juan had two intriguing faces to show those who explored; Old San Juan with its crowded streets and classical Spanish architecture and New San Juan, which looked like a cut from the downtown of a typical American city.

No one leaves San Juan discouraged, and we were no exceptions, but now our thoughts turned to the trip to Corpus Christi and things left behind in June.



Depart Las Palmas—July 30  
Arrive San Juan—August 8  
Days at Sea—8  
Days in Port—2

GIBRALTAR

LOS PALMAS



Another Division Parade.



Even in port the bag monster prevails.



## Snipes in Remodeled Pit

Las



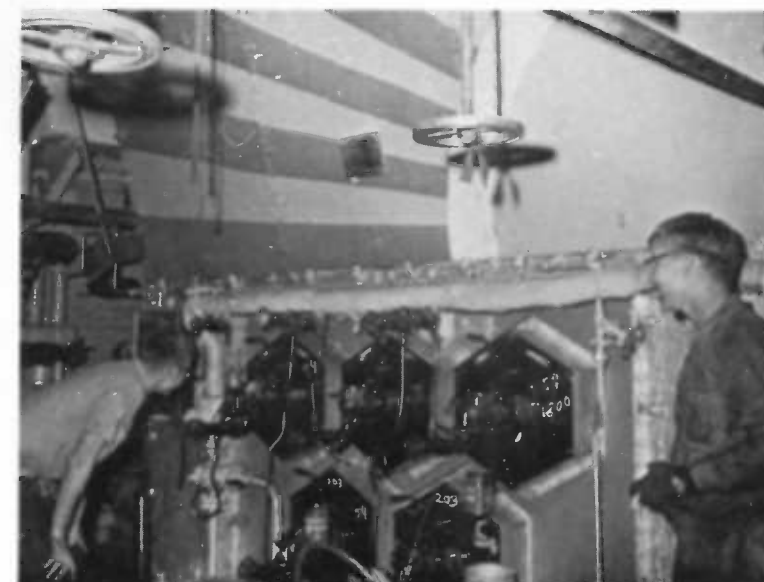
Palmas

P.A. maniac.



The pizza is almost done.

Michaelangelo Wagon.

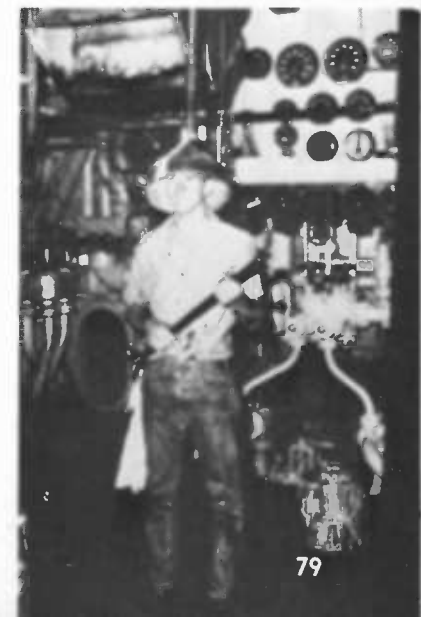


She's taking what off???



Snipes helping deckie paint job.

Fireroom sentry.



Something's Squirrely







Homeward Bound



Please Max no sheep stories.



I believe it's two hens and a drake, Dabney.



Adm. J. D. Craik and Capt. A. Philbrick present a gift to Mayoress Dona Felicia Rhacom de Gautrir, Capt. O'Darnell, Lykes Bros., looks on.

## San Juan, Puerto Rico

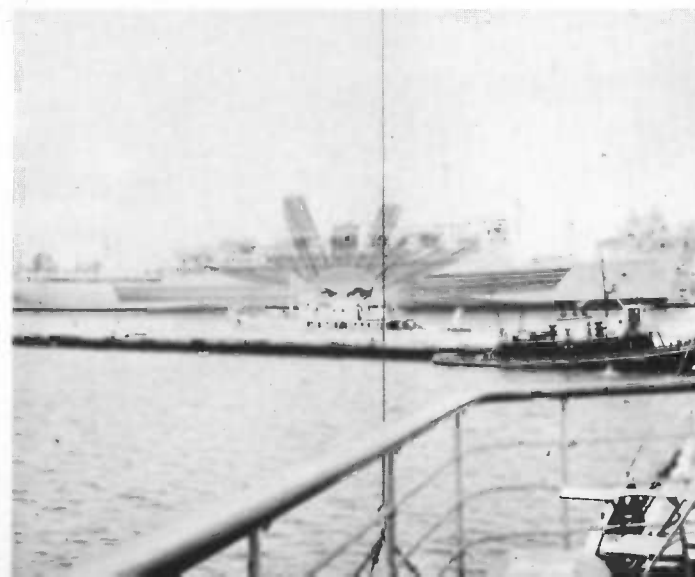


Honest, I painted it polkadot.



But Kenny, The Sophomores will be down next year.

## Deckies at Sea





Depart San Juan—August 10, 1968  
 Arrive Corpus Christi—August 16, 1968  
 Days at sea—6  
 Days in port—2  
 Depart Corpus Christi—August 18, 1968  
 Arrive Galveston—August 18, 1968  
 Days at sea—1

After an impoverishing, but pleasant, 2 days in San Juan the midshipmen, officers, and crew of the TEXAS CLIPPER were homeward bound for Corpus Christi, Texas where the prep cadets and several midshipmen would end the 1968 cruise. Admiral Craik was aboard once again for the last six days of sailing across the sultry Gulf which would take us along the southern shores of Cuba and the dense coast of Jamaica.

Sea projects were being wrapped up and classes ended to provide a pleasure-cruise atmosphere that had not previously existed. A clean ship is a happy ship and a constant washdown of the decks, most midshipmen, and some officers kept morale high. There was much painting, scraping, and general maintenance to be done in preparation for our arrival in Corpus. Final shakedown were made and gear packed as we prepared for our homecoming. On Friday morning, August 16, the CLIPPER, in full color dress, brought her boys back to eager girlfriends and families. After a short delay while waiting for Customs to clear all individuals, a mass evacuation took place as the prep cadets said hurried good-byes and headed for home with seabags of dirty laundry and memories of a unique summer, generally well spent.

Sunday morning, as our week-end in Corpus closed, various officials and friends of the Texas Maritime Academy embarked for the day-long shift to Galveston and the actual end of the cruise. Memories of the S.S. Excambion on cruise in the Mediterranean were brought back as our many guests enjoyed char-broiled filet mignons on a bright sunny day while cruising the Texas coast in gentle seas.

Sunday evening brought our second homecoming and final stop. Once again there were families to greet for those who had been missed in Corpus and by the next day the ship would be practically deserted. The few midshipmen remaining turned to the task of securing the ship for the winter and unloading surplus stores. The 1968 cruise was over and a vacation was in line for all concerned.





Preps form up



Admiral Craik notices changes.



Chaplain and Mr. Parker

## Corpus Christi to Galveston



Guest and  
Officials  
take day-  
long Cruise



Officers prepare for guests.



Bruce, Bob, Mr. and Mrs. Mate



Where's Larry?



First tug alongside



Corpus Christi Chamber of Commerce rolls out red carpet for TMA.



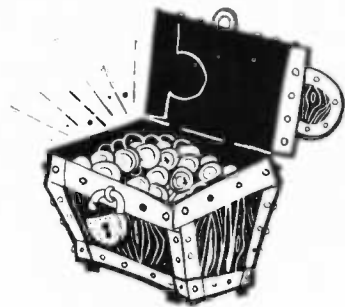
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assmen

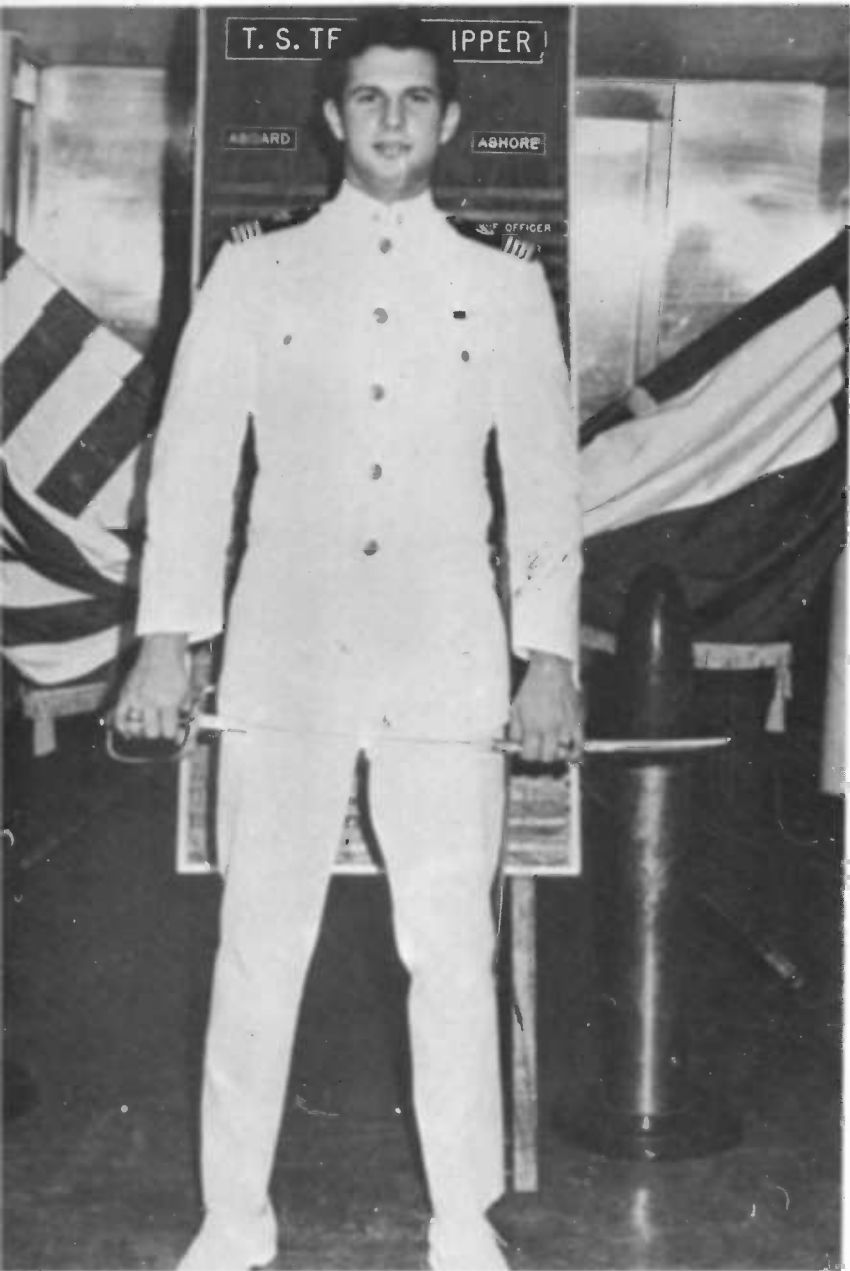


1969





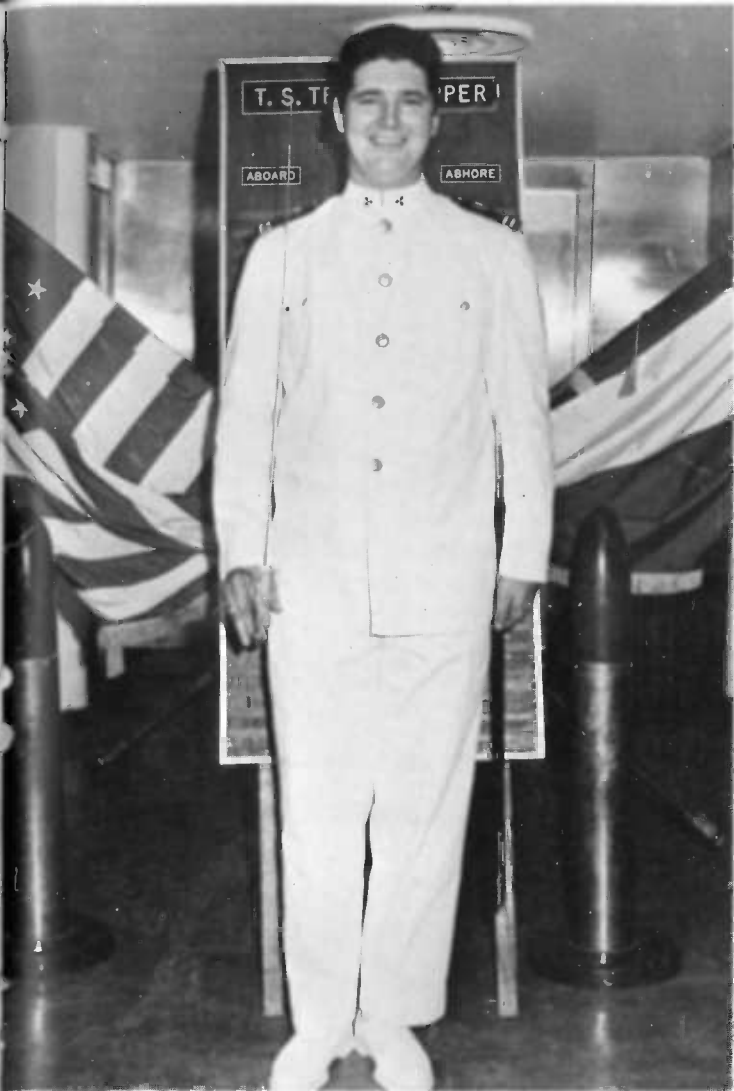
# Senior Regimental Officers 1968-69



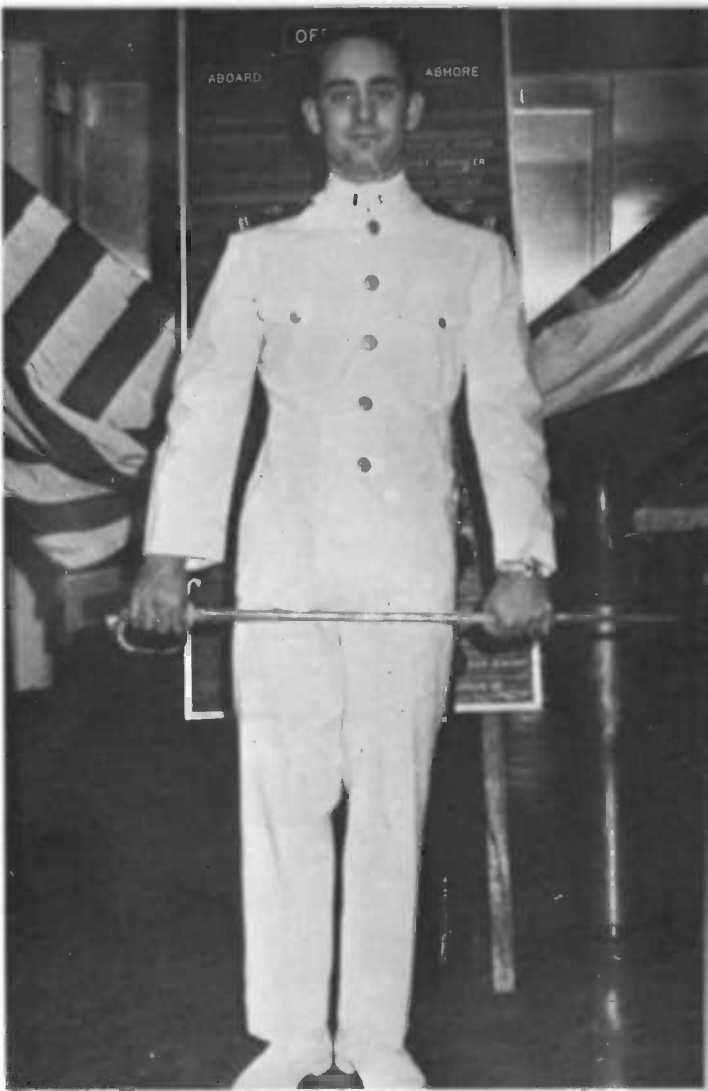
Regimental Commander, Kenny McWilliams



Executive Officer, Harry Brown



Regimental Supply Officer, Bob Paramore



Regimental Mess Officer, Nat Holt



Corps Adjutant, Bruce Gustin



Company Commanders, left to right: Danny Lee, Robert Jordan, and Bob Thrailkill.



ALEXANDROS ANTONIOU  
"Greek"  
Piraeus, Greece  
Cadet Ensign

Alexandros Antoniou, usually referred to as simply "The Greek," is one of the truly distinctive characters of our class. A refugee from Piraeus, Greece, he has had wide experience on merchant vessels before attending the New York Maritime College and finally coming to T M A. The Greek has had to overcome language barriers (English, then Texan) and his pronunciation difficulties have been a source of many laughs for all of us. Greek has some big plans for his future in the industry and we wish him well. Who knows but we may have spawned the Onassis of our generation.



ANTONY A. BONAFFINI  
"Wop"  
Bridgeport, Connecticut  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4  
Voyager Staff 3, 4,  
APO 3, 4

Tony Bonaffini is in strong contention for "Mr. Congeniality" of the class of '69. Possessed of an even temperament foreign to most Italians, "Wop" is seldom seen angry. Unsanitary locks of hair kinking down to cover his four eyes and a dirty, stretched T-shirt over old jeans are Tony's identifying physical attributes. Several reflections will make us think of Tony: his athletic prowess in gym class, his driving record in the pink Ford, greasy plates in the chow line, and his well-oiled military bearing. Tony, congratulations on finishing the struggle and may the future be better than the past.



MAX W. BLANTON  
"Cactus"  
Rotan, Texas  
Cadet Lieutenant Junior Grade  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Secretary Yacht Club 3,  
Sports 2, 3, 4

It's easy for us to realize the benefits that we have received from an association with Max with his continental, big city accent and his debonair demeanor. The old peyote coyote is known from Galveston to College Station for his God-fearing habits and gentle nature. Whoever named him "destructo" must not have known Max like we do. His kindness to animals and birds, especially when seen through the sights of his pellet gun, is legendary. Max's charm, especially his sheepish grin, is one of the reasons for our respect for him. For his exploits in Amsterdam, we nominate Max for the Nobel Peace Prize and wish him success from there.



HAROLD M. BROWN  
"Toad"  
Medford, Massachusetts  
Regimental Executive Officer  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 3,  
Voyager 3, 4,  
APO 3,  
Sports 2, 3, 4,  
Distinguished Student 3,  
Petty Officer 3

Harry is another one of the East Coast refugees who came to Texas to seek peace of mind and mild winters. His record speaks for itself; he has been named an honorary Deckie and an honorary Texan as well as head of the foreign relations committee. The Toad will always be remembered for his cordial greeting, "Ya gotta cigarette," and barroom ballet with its smashing finale. One of the more progressive-thinking members of our class, the "Goo-Ru" wants to be a hippie when he grows up. Harry has distinguished himself in the classroom despite his habit of saying he has blown every quiz he ever took. We hope his future equals his four years with us and may life be just one big lily pad.







JEFFREY G. CANE  
"Bird"  
North Andover, Massachusetts  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Voyager Staff 4,  
APO 3,  
Sports 2, 3



The big "Bird" from the North is another import from the Kennedy-country, but since coming to TMA has been labeled "Tex" because of his affinity for Texans and their language. Jeff also takes a culinary interest in Texas. He attributes his Herculean physique to his large consumption of grits. The connection between Cane and crane is easily made, and Jeff's appearance and mannerisms amplify the similarity. In 1968 he was chosen "Playmate of the Year" by the American Society of Ornithologists. He has since appeared as the fold-out in many racy nature magazines such as "Field and Stream," etc. Jeff is a very easy going person with a bright future and great potential. We groove on Jeff and admire him. We are proud to be his classmates.



KENNETH RON CROOK  
"K. Ron Bond"  
East Berlin, Pennsylvania  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 4, Vice Pres.,  
Yacht Club 2, 3,  
Voyager Staff 3



K. Ron Crook has graciously been loaned to TMA for an indefinite period of time by the Pennsylvania Secret Police to work undercover in Galveston. While using his job at the Yacht Basin as a cover for his clandestine capers, Crook, code name Bond, has also managed to earn himself the honor of poet laureate of the maritime industry. A well-known figure at the U. T. nursing dorm, Bond has created an unbelievable record for himself. It's a long hard road with miles to go before he sleeps. Luck.

THOMAS A. CRAIG  
"Uncle Tom"  
Flagstaff, Arizona  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 2, 3,  
APO 3, 4,  
Sports 2, 3, Rowing Team Capt.,  
Chief Petty Officer 3



Uncle Tom Craig is one of those whose good fortune permits him to spend an extra semester at TMA. In his junior year he transferred back to College Station to study Nuclear Engineering but couldn't keep away for long. Tom is the quiet type who is seen and not heard, but lately he hasn't even been seen; no doubt it's some girl. A good practical engineer and better than most in his studies, Tom is one of the few academic bright spots of our class. The old days of action at Uncle Tom's cabin are gone forever, but we feel sure that the days ahead hold good things for him.



OSCAR W. DABNEY III  
"Duck"  
Brownsville, Texas  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 3, Captain,  
APO 3,  
Rifle Team Captain



Oscar Dabney is another of the many unique characters in the class of '69. The unmistakable "Quack, Quack, Quack" emanating from his beak has not a few times brought a daydreamer back to the reality of TMA. A master of anything mechanical from boats to his decayed Ford, Duck always has his hands into something grimy and dirty. A love for life on the water is shown by his adeptness at picking up work in his professional subjects quickly. He also picks up other things quickly like junk auto parts or anything dirty that will fit into his car. Good luck, Oscar, and remember to fly high when you are in season.





THOMAS L. GIBSON  
"Hoot"  
McAllen, Texas  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 2, 3,  
Sports 2

Tom Gibson, the McAllen Meanie, transferred to TMA at mid-semester of our Sophomore year. Since then he has led such an exemplary life that he's almost above reproach—almost. We can't forget Hoot's antique transportation collection, though. First there was the old Cushman motor scooter called the Hoot-n-scoot. A Hell's Angel he wasn't. Then came the beach buggy that looked like a wrecked soap-box derby racer. Now he has a nice Chevy but doesn't drive it. What can you say about a guy like that? Aside from barbering or butchering, whichever you prefer, Hoot's favorite hobby is working for the Immigration Office in McAllen by repelling illegal immigrants and shelling them with empties from his patrolling ski boat.



BRUCE G. GUSTIN  
"Squirrel"  
U.S.A.  
Corps Adjutant  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 3,  
Voyager 4,  
APO 3, Vice President,  
Sports 2, 3, 4,  
Petty Officer 3,  
Athletic Committee

To describe Bruce in one word, one might use squirrely. The big Nut from the North put TMA on his long list of home addresses in our sophomore year and has been a leader of our class ever since. His expressions, quaint little songs, and ability to rattle his chair anyplace, any time have been just a few of Bruce's contributions to TMA. Among other things he is a week-end warrior *par excellence*. No one alive knows the highways and byways leading to Houston better than Bruce. Who can say when you can see Brillo Head twirling towards Marie's running over all sorts of dead animals on his way. Other than tankers and playing house with a nutty Cajun girl we don't know too much else about Bruce's future, but we wish him nuts.



PAUL B. GREENWOOD  
"Greenie"  
Galveston, Texas  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 3, 4  
APO 3, 4  
Basketball Team Captain 3, 4

Paul is a member of the Weekend Warriors Club who can be seen on Fridays heading to the East end of the Island at a turtle's pace of 10 miles an hour. As class univac he is noted to rewrite Naval Science books and for reciting Ohm's Law in his sleep. Greenie is a flash on the basketball court; cheered on by his many friends, he is usually top scorer. "Little Arrows" is a lifetime member of the Love of the Month Club. "Which one is it this week, Greenie?", are words that we will never forget. Best of luck in the Navy Coast Guard, Corps of Engineers, or whatever you choose.



MICHAEL J. HOLLOMAN  
"Granny"  
Waukegan, Illinois  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4

Mike Holloman, our Oriental exchange student from Illinois, is one of the quieter members of the class of '69, but nevertheless an interesting one. All of his roommates know of his meticulous system for storing everything he owns, but perhaps his punctuality is his most outstanding characteristic. Whether it's handing in a chart project, turning in a term paper, or returning from a vacation, Granny Chin is NEVER on time. He's the kind that's three days late to his own funeral. When Chin isn't drooling over Jane's Book of Fighting Ships, he may be found at his job as a five-finger discount consultant. We hope that no matter what Fortune holds in store for Mike he won't be late for his date with Destiny.







THOMAS J. JOHNSON  
"T. J."  
*San Antonio, Texas*  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 4,  
Sports 2, 4

Tommy Johnson is one of the main instigators of the age-old, pointless argument concerning the comparative worth of snipes and deckies. T. J.'s violent arguments about "dumb deckies" have almost brought about his own violent death at the hands of irate deckies. Tommy's the mischievous type who is always getting into trouble because he can't keep his fingers out of the way. Nicknamed "Badfingers" after an accident during a boat drill, Tommy still hasn't learned to keep his hands to himself. He is part Indian and looks it with his long straight hair. Tommy has been troubled by indecision as to his major, but we hope he has found what he wants to do now. Here's to your future, T.J., in whatever you do.



CHRISTOPHER J. KREMENIC  
"Chris"  
*Dickenson, Texas*  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
APO Treasurer 3, 4,  
Sports 2, 3, 4

Chris, the transplanted Yankee, originally hailed from the center of culture, Hoboken, New Jersey. He is Vice-President of the Ex Lt. Commander Club. Now he assumes the role of "Corps Doctor." In his desk you can find anything from aspirin to plasma. Chris's pleasant disposition will always be remembered by section one, and the people he chased with the "feed bag." Chris can be seen on weeknights in front of the telephone company building waiting for his old "Southwestern Belle." Best of luck in all your future endeavors.

ROBERT E. JORDAN  
"Dog"  
*Amarillo, Texas*  
Company Commander  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4  
Voyager Staff 4  
APO 3, 4  
Sports 2, 3, 4  
Petty Officer 3  
Distinguished Student 2, 3



Out of the dark comes a white flash, a new GTO coming from Austin, Corpus Christi, Houston, Texas City, or his hometown, Amarillo-by-the-sea. Yes, it's Bulldog Jordan, one of the more active 4-cruise men of TMA. A canine-looking Cassanova, Snow Bunny has many loves, including horizontal engineering, flying past radar traps, and well-proportioned "Dog Yummies." We don't mean to imply that the class Romeo is always asleep or girl-watching, after all, who can forget the great job he did whipping "C" Company into a sharp, alert outfit. In spite of the time spent avoiding work in any form, Dog managed comparative academic success. We wish him continued success ashore or afloat, and advise him to beware of dogcatchers.



DANIEL G. LEE  
"Muffet"  
*Medford, Massachusetts*  
Company Commander  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 3,  
APO 3,  
Distinguished Student 3



There is so much to be written about Drinkin' Danny Lee that nothing short of a novel would do him justice. This prematurely grey personification of the "good Boston Irish" is a legend in his own time in barrooms throughout Galveston. The front seat of his convertible is reserved for passengers and the back for empties and his shamrock green pillow. To complement his unending battle against temperance, Low Life Lee's favorite hobby is animal husbandry—of the pork and bacon variety mainly. Danny saw the light after a try at engineering and is well on his way to becoming an excellent mate. As long as the Muffet can balance on his tuffet, the forthcoming days should be wet and wild, just beware of the "Little People."





DAVID K. McWILLIAMS  
"Sparrow"  
Covington, Louisiana  
Regimental Captain  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Voyager Staff 3, 4,  
APO 3, 4,  
Sports 2, 3, 4,  
Chief Petty Officer 3  
Distinguished Student 3



Out of the swamps on a sagging pirogue emerged Kenny. He is one classmate we will never forget, from his ballet-like agility on the basketball court to his masterful use of "slurp" in the classroom. Flapping down the passageway, you could hear the cries of "Idiot" come from every room, but this didn't bother our Sperry, he just lifted his nose (scraped the overhead) and left. Being C. O., Kenny was chosen to represent TMA on various occasions. One such incident was being selected the Rotary Club's "student of the month." Using his finest Aggie diction, he swept the audience off its feet. Needless to say, they swept him out of the door. Good luck on your future endeavor, even if it is running contraband on the Atchafayla Floodway.



ROBERT JULIUS PARAMORE  
"Pig"  
Houston, Texas  
Regimental Supply Officer  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Sports 2, 3, 4



After sleeping and playing poker for much of his freshman year, Bob Paramore settled into the rigors of the life of a student seeking education, although on the cruise he occasionally managed to sit in on a hand or two. During his first two years in Galveston, Bob's subtle comments and quiet praise of the administration, faculty, and upperclassmen did little to endear him in the hearts of the hierarchy. He has always been outspoken on all matters from civil rights to the cuisine. In his senior year Bob was named Regimental Supply Officer and entrusted with the job of keeping the ship from looking like a pig pen. When the Pig is on his hog, he commands respect and fear from all of the local Frito Banditos. His snipe classmates consider him to be the best practical engineer of the group. We wish you a future free from dissent and calories.

RICHARD A. NICHOLAS  
"Censored"  
Port Arthur, Texas  
Lieutenant J. G.  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Distinguished Student 1, 2, 3, 4



Richard Nicholas somehow manages to divide his time equally between being an honor student at TMA and helmsman on the mile-a-minute Port Arthur Express. Few in our time have been more dedicated to the proposition of spending every spare minute away from beautiful downtown Galveston. His hair resembles Black Beauty's mane, and he sounds like a horse when he clip-clops down the passageways, but his quiet, slow Southern drawl overshadows these minor idiosyncrasies. One might compare his speech with that of Chief Goody. We all know Rich really has "a soul." Good luck from your classmates.



OTTO E. SCHIKSCHNEIT  
"To To"  
Staten Island, New York  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club Sec. 2, Pres. 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 3,  
APO 3, 4



One hardly knows what to say about Otto. This tall, gangly New Yorker is absolutely unbelievable! The first clue to Otto's personality is his sense of humor and laugh. Oh, that laugh! His coordination and graceful movements send everyone scurrying for cover whenever he enters a room. He is the only person in history to have seen the moon rise in the west, and his ability to make a bar of soap last a full semester can't be matched. Otto's greatest danger is himself; he's constantly running into doors at full gallop slamming doors on his thumb. Pale and thin, and sometimes looking freshly exhumed, Otto will never resemble Mr. Clean in any form. We must compliment him on his good nature, though, because he is always willing to take a watch for a friend, and he worked hard in organizing the various dances. We could never forget you, Otto.







RICHARD A. SKOPINSKI  
"Pole"  
*Seabrook, Texas*  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
A.P.O. 3, 4,  
Sports 2, 3, 4

A quick glance at our pugnacious Pole makes one wonder where Snow White and the other six went, but his diminutive size doesn't bother Randy when he threatens to take on Wilt Chamberlain, Deacon Jones, and Randy Matson at once. He knows you can't hurt steel. His spunk is shown by the fact that during a wrestling match with 250 pound Bob Paramore, Pole's gasping voice can be heard from somewhere under the Pig's prone mass, "Do you give up, Pig?" Holding his own in a constant battle against leprosy and the books has been hard work, but Randy has made good progress. He belongs in the pit and will soon be there making big money and doing a man's job. We wish you success.



LESTER R. SMITH  
"Stinky"  
*Houston, Texas*  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 2, Treasurer  
APO 3, 4

Lester Smith, the other half of the Smith brothers came to TMA with impressive seafaring experience dating back to at least '02. He's one of the few Houston dwellers that didn't hot-foot for home every weekend, but occasionally stayed in Galveston to spread his magnanimous personality—with a shovel. Aside from his aversion to soap and water, Stinky will always be remembered for his conversational ability and the strange hours that he kept. How often the midwatch was passed with L. R. spinning his Bible Stories over hot coffee and cold books. In spite of it all we cannot deny that he was friendly and personable and ready to talk things over.



LARWRENCE R. SMITH  
"Larry"  
*Ft. Worth, Texas*  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 3,  
Voyager Staff 3,  
Sports 3

Larry Smith is the pretty half of the Smith brothers (Yea, we know, big deal!) He was given a 3-month head start in the cruise beard-growing contest and won last place. After a rough time with his grades at the start, Larry has come along fine. You know whose room you're in when you see thirty pictures of the same girl. And his room—all of the clutter would strangle a tornado; and the wall behind his rack—you just couldn't beat it. Whether contemplating a girl or school work, Larry was always pressing his sheets. His days were in slumber and his nights were in a daze. Your classmates wish you smooth sailing.



NORMAN K. SOLLID  
"Rock"  
*White Plains, New York*  
Lieutenant J. G.  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Voyager Staff 4

"Hey, uh, little boy, ya got a smoke or what? Ya wanna go get a cup or go to the bank so's I cans cash a check? Youse guys is doin' me wrong!" These expressions typify our own all-American mooch, that Southern-bred, Yankee fed, New York Cityfied main man, Norman Sollid. Whether standing on a corner shooting a game of pool, doing a slick step down the passageway, or sleeping (which, is a considerable part of the time) The Rock's pockets are never empty, except when he talks which involves his fingertips on his chest. His expressions and inimitable style make Norm a pleasure to be around. Getting him dressed and his eyes open is a good trick, but once done he's always ready to tell you where the action's at. Rock plans to follow in the footsteps of his father and seek a career as Master. We have confidence in him and hope he'll soon have something in his pockets besides his hands.





ROBERT L. THRAILKILL  
"Bobbo"  
San Antonio, Texas  
Company Commander  
Propeller Club 2, 3, 4,  
Yacht Club 2, 3,  
Voyager Staff 4,  
Sports 3, 4,  
Basketball Coach 3,  
Petty Officer 3,  
Distinguished Student 3

One of the six remaining members of the Prep Cadet class of 1965 is Bob Thraillkill. A characteristic comment about Bob is, "The guy's nuts, grab him!" For the last four years his zany antics have kept us laughing either with him or at him. Bob is unusually diligent and persevering in his studies, a quality that will always stand him in good stead. He's known as the guy that made Pearl Beer famous, and his portly figure shows no signs of malnutrition. We will always remember his deadly aim with empty Coke bottles or ashtrays, his red fire engine with the homing device, and his generally insensible sounds and comments. He's always the center of attention, but with a figure like his, what else could he be? Our best wishes go with him.



VAN C. WAGNON  
"Foot"  
Houston, Texas  
Cadet Ensign  
Propeller Club 3, 4  
Sports 3, 4

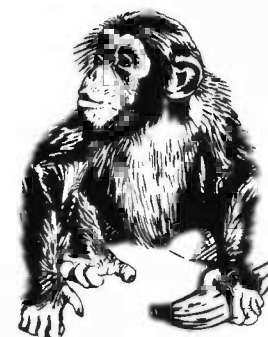
Van Wagon, the Houston Hayseed, came to TMA from a two-year vacation at San Jacinto Junior College where he picked up an average of two credits per semester. Van has managed to stay with the program at TMA through a greatly increased amount of studying and a quick game of Pick-up-Sticks every weekend. Also known as "Foot," Van has won the admiration of his classmates for his liberal racial views (despite the type of shoes he wears), his deadly aim with spitballs, an ability to ask DUMB questions in class, and his conscientious effort put forth in doing the daily dishes. Van, just say it loud, and stick to whatever you do.



Mills—The Brain Trust

Not Pictured:

COLLINS, RALPH D.  
JOHNSON, FRANK E.  
HOLT, NATHAN C.  
MILLS, JOHN R.  
NICHOLS, ANDREW E.  
RASSINER, CRAIG M.  
KING, JAMES L.



Monkey Says "It's Cush!"



#?&% "cc Up



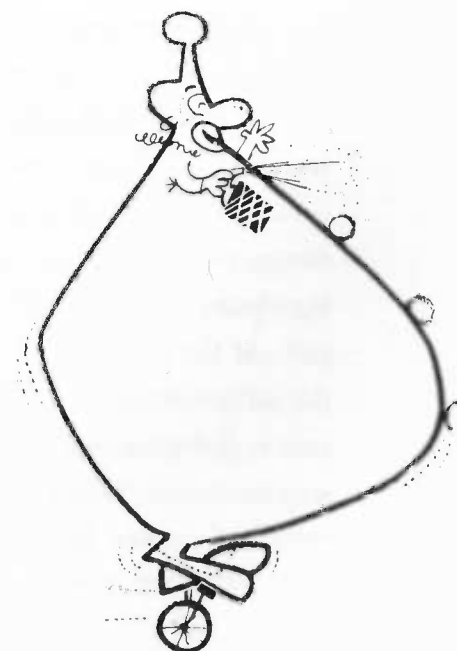
Mess Officer Mouse



Pseudo



"Andy, Do All OhiOites Drive Like This??"



Rubber Dolly



## Class History

The members of the class of '69 first met as a complete group in the fall of 1965 on the A&M campus at College Station. (This was the beginning of an experience long to be remembered by its members). During the next four years, our class was to experience many joys and disappointments, but everything was part of the education acquired at TMA. During our freshman year on the A&M campus, we encountered our classmates and future shipmates originating from all parts of the country, which naturally led to mimicking others unaccustomed accents and regional traits. Some had the benefit of a prep cadet cruise and spun salty yarns to the others of incredible episodes in Copenhagen and other exotic sounding ports at the slightest encouragement. Those of the class in the "Corp" received their instruction in personal neatness from upperclassmen while the personal appearance of the many "non-regs" was inspired by our dean and part time Pre-Vet student, Mr. Cannon. Mr. Cannon's high regard for the Academy was probably the catalyst for our own deep feeling about TMA. Many informative hours were spent absorbing knowledge in Mr. Cannon's weekly evening Marine Transportation class, which was held at the Academic Building and later moved to the Physics Building due to the hazing of the janitorial help. College Station, hub of the universe and garden spot of the western world, surged with flamboyant night life and countless forms of entertainment to occupy the few hours left after studying. Available were such pre-occupations as pool games at the MSC, mid-nature study films at the Campus Theater, and Fresca parties on the picturesque Brazos River. The ranks of our class diminished slightly by the finish of our year at A&M, but were strengthened again by transfers in the transition to Galveston in preparation for the summer cruise.

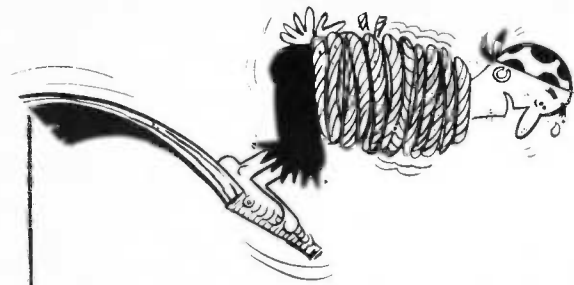
With the new status of sophomores, we enthusiastically set out on our two month voyage on which we would encounter the warm Irish people in the Metropole, the French people in the Astoria, wild Torremolinos on the Costa del Sol, Las Palmas with its low customer prices and finally Nassau with thoughts cast homeward bound.

The fall brought our migration to Galveston, a city with real cute girls and other things foreign to College Station. As well as beginning our first serious professional studies while living aboard the "Clipper," we had to adjust to being the lowest class for the second straight year. At the polite request of the seniors we occasionally made pilgrimages to our Mecca to the north, College Station, to those soul raising "March Ins." During our first brain-straining year in Galveston, the place where we found solace, relaxation, diversion and a liberal age requirement, was "Mike's Place," where we always received a friendly, "How y'all" or "Y'all come back," from Dotty. Many happy hours were spent there soaking up the local color and Pearl, becoming involved in garbled verbal intercourse with the waterfront crowd and doing

the flamenco with Spanish beauties. While living on the "Clipper," our keeper and overseer was Commander Fish who initiated the idea of a dance aboard the vessel hosting nurses from the nursing dorm, and furnished his Cadillac to transport them. Sorry to say, Commander Fish is no longer with us; rumor has it he is now inspecting yachts on Long Island, a job making more use of his natural abilities.

Our Junior year started off with a bang-up, lusty Latin cruise to colorful Trinidad, across the equator (to the dread of all polywogs), to the night life of Rio de Janeiro, and Recife in Brazil, and to quaint Willemstad, Curacao. Our second year in Galveston again saw us adjusting to being the lowest class once again (third year Fish). The Administration changed their minds and the sophomores did not come down. This year we were living at the Academy at Fort Crockett, making necessary a migration from Mike's Place to a closer recreation hall, the New Ace Lounge on 45th Street and free beer on Wednesday night (our only week night out). But the Academy had not changed in a year, consistently maintaining its inconsistencies, this year, as the previous one, saw a continuous turn over in faculty, an unfortunate, but common growing pain symptom of our young school, struggling to get on its feet and maintain its balance. As juniors, we began to look forward to the day when we would have ours. We felt half pity and half envy for the seniors going through the struggle to pass license exams, because while they racked their brains, we played on the beach. Justice prevailed as they graduated (a fact for which we were all grateful) and we still faced at least another year at TMA.

Our senior year began with our last cruise, for most of us, on the Clipper (Wha!) to thriving New York; Oslo, city of gorgeous women; window shopping and Heineken's Beer Bust in Amsterdam; picturesque Lisbon; to "the Rock" in Gibraltar; familiar Las Palmas; and to sultry old San Juan. Anxiously we were looking forward to Corpus, and to Galveston, U.S.A. Our third and last year in Galveston (hopefully) we were living on board the "Clipper" again, and finally no longer the lowest class, but in keeping with our fate, lost many senior privileges due to TMA's expected growth (next year the sophomores are coming down, in '70 ...). In the annals of TMA's history we will be known as the martyred class, but that's what it is—past history, and it's the future that we are now more concerned with. Good times always seem to overshadow the bad and it will be no different in the future, when looking back on our years as cadets at the Texas Maritime Academy. We, the class of 1969, feel that we have done our part in helping our young school grow. Now a new class must carry the burden and after that, another class. We are on our own and must contribute to something bigger than TMA. Whether each individual goes to the Navy, the Merchant Service, or industry, we now have to help our nation grow. In the future, may TMA be proud of us and we proud of alma mater.



Underclassmen





# Juniors



CLYDE M. BANDY  
*Chief Petty Officer*  
Marine Engineering



DOUGLAS A. BAUM  
*Petty Officer*  
Marine Transportation



ALLEN F. CAMPBELL  
*Petty Officer*  
Marine Transportation



THOMAS C. CARTWRIGHT  
*Petty Officer*  
Marine Transportation

MICHAEL F. CORDASCO JR.  
*Petty Officer*  
Marine Transportation



DWIGHT M. GANDY  
*Petty Officer*  
Marine Transportation



VIRGIL F. GANT  
Marine Transportation



CALVIN C. HUNZIKER  
Marine Transportation



JOHN G. GUNNING  
*Petty Officer*  
Marine Transportation



BRIAN T. McINTYRE  
Marine Transportation



MICHAEL A. MILAM  
Marine Transportation



DONALD MORTON  
Marine Engineering





ANDREW E. NICHOLS  
Marine Engineering



NEAL S. PLATZER  
Marine Engineering



EDWARD H. OSANDER  
Marine Transportation



WILLIAM D. RAMEY  
Marine Transportation



WARREN E. POTTER  
Marine Transportation



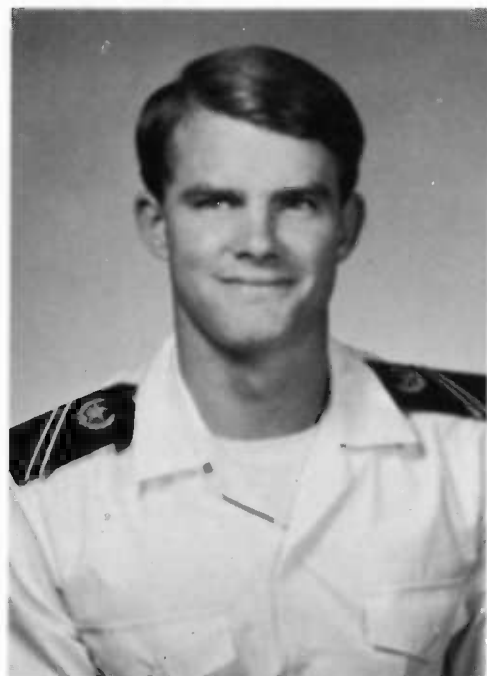
CHARLES J. SPARKS  
Marine Transportation



ROBERT L. UTTMARK  
Marine Transportation



DAVID M. WILLIAMS  
Marine Engineering



DAVID W. WITTENDORFER  
Marine Transportation

## Sophomores



Richard H. Charnock



Andrew M. Fossler



Richard N. Gardner



Glenn R. Handel



Kyrn L. Hickman



Stephen W. Hewitt



Fred W. Koster



Ronald G. Lange



Thomas G. Lewis



William D. O'Connor



Lawrence A. O'Toole



Charles Russel



Roland K. Scott



James B. Sterling



Barker H. Story



Michael E. Tavary



William F. Torsen Jr.



J. W. Warefield



Timothy W. Welty



# Freshmen



Michael H. Alexander



James C. Derric



Lee G. Gant



Donald W. Park



C. G. Phifer



Anthony G. Rose



Randolph P. Freeman



Kevin J. McKenna



Rodney I. Mohnke



Damon P. Rothenberg



Alvin N. Smith



Noel F. Stafford



Ronald H. Moore



Edward T. Nathman



Gordon G. Ogle



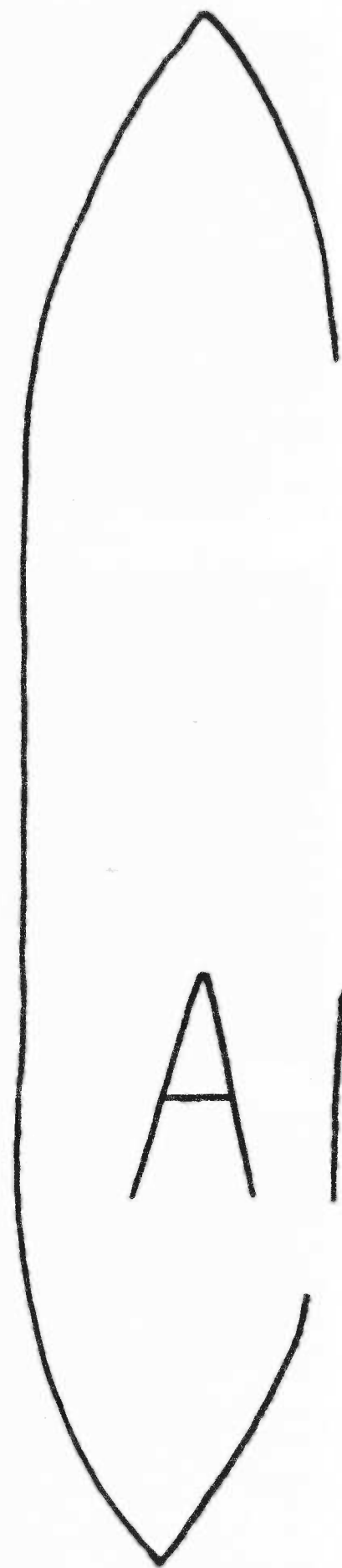
Robert E. Weyhmuller



Edwin C. Wilbur



Wayne K. Wildonger



CANDID





Love those report slips.



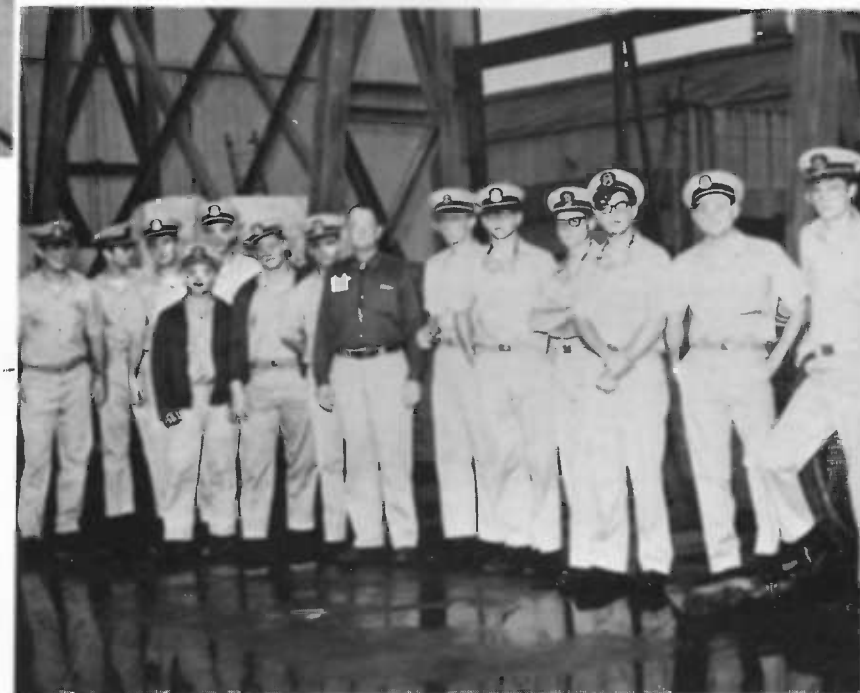
Sleepy runs off the road.



OK ... Who took Bird's hat?



Bob feels the first sign of wisdom after three years of college.



Which is the guilty one?



Now are you sure you want to come to TMA?





There will be no hippie demonstrations in my class, Henry.



Preparation for license the engineering way



First Class wharf rats Bruce and Max



Discussion of the ghettos in Connecticut



Us Poles have to get back somehow.



One of those exciting, fulfilled, informal lectures



Turtle . . . easily amused

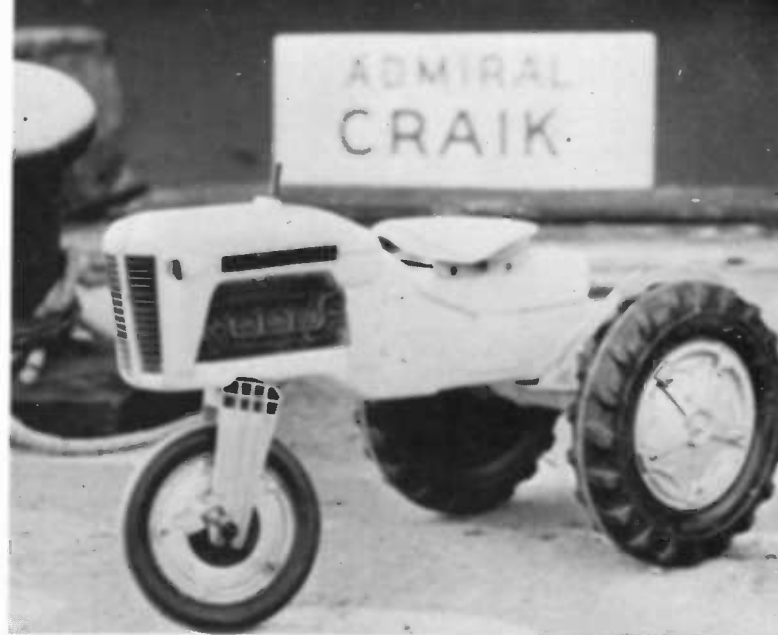


Little John coaching Big John up the gangway after a little ball practice.

Oh, come on Dog, don't get any ideas.



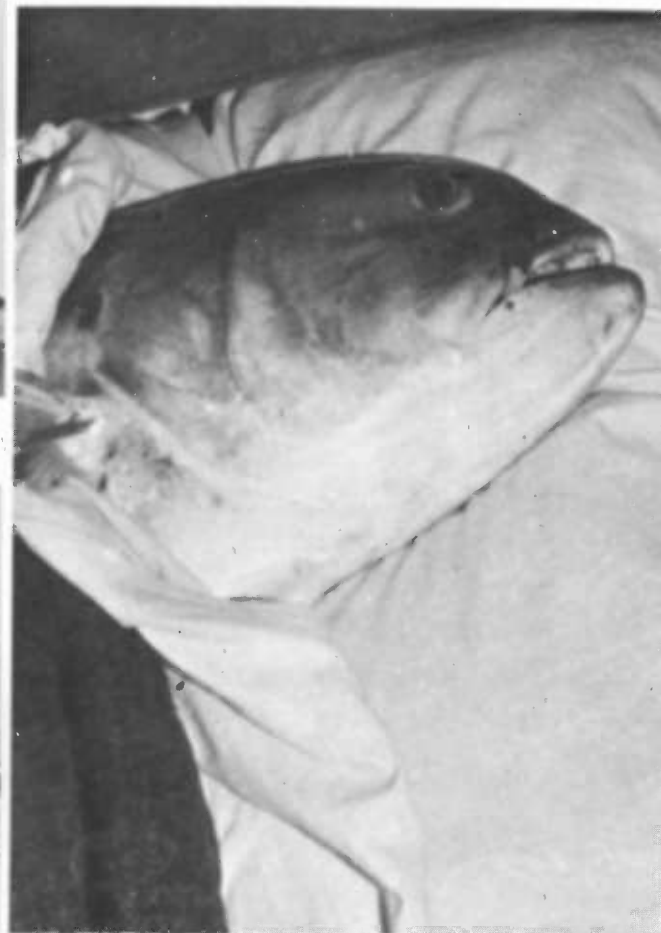
Please Greenie, no more jokes.



Everyone adjusted to crowded parking conditions on Pier 19.



Pre-class warm ups, Cal and Danny



Who's been sleeping in L. R.'s rack?



Randy, on his way to meet the angels



Mike takes the boys around the track to keep them in shape for those exciting AggieLand march-ins.



Salt water bath off Pier 19.



Band try outs.





## First TMA Disaster of '69



No, Greek, You suck on it.



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Is it dead yet, Willy?



The food around here will kill ya!



H'm this is dirty, too!



Educational?



Galley Grease Jockey





Dog and his famous nozzle are known throughout Galveston.



Educational programs ? always maximum crowd.



Patton . . . suck it in.



Seniors practicing for A.B. license with juniors assistance on artificial rain storms.



But where's Captain?



No, Henry, it's not a strobe light.



The new Kid from the other school, Pat Sidie



Why of course I'll be on board by ten.

So that's the guy that got the seniors.



The day the winds blew



A little get together with Uncle Otto



I think I am going to be ill.



Chipmunk in action, gathering nuts

The quarterdeck jet set





The "Grabber" and The Goo Rue



Greenie unwinds another tape.



Blow in my ear, and I'll follow you anywhere.



Mind over matter



Chow hogs, Frank and Mike



And then there was that little get together at the Carys' ...



Of course Danny Boy provided the entertainment.



Skop. practices for U.S.C.G. lifeboat exam.



T.J.





The "Wop"



Gee, Can you make it Frank?



Horizontal engineering



Skop makes neighborhood reveille at 0200.



Deckie Brown and the Sparrow Hawk talk about lifeboats.



Otto and friend



Deckies take lifeboat exams.



Testing lifeboat signals by throwing them out the 2nd deck window.



Sorry Larry pirates didn't wear serapes.



Cactus Max



Seniors try their hand at net fishing.



Bruce and Piggy have a drag on their choppers.



Rubber Dolly



I wish we could use the idiot sticks.



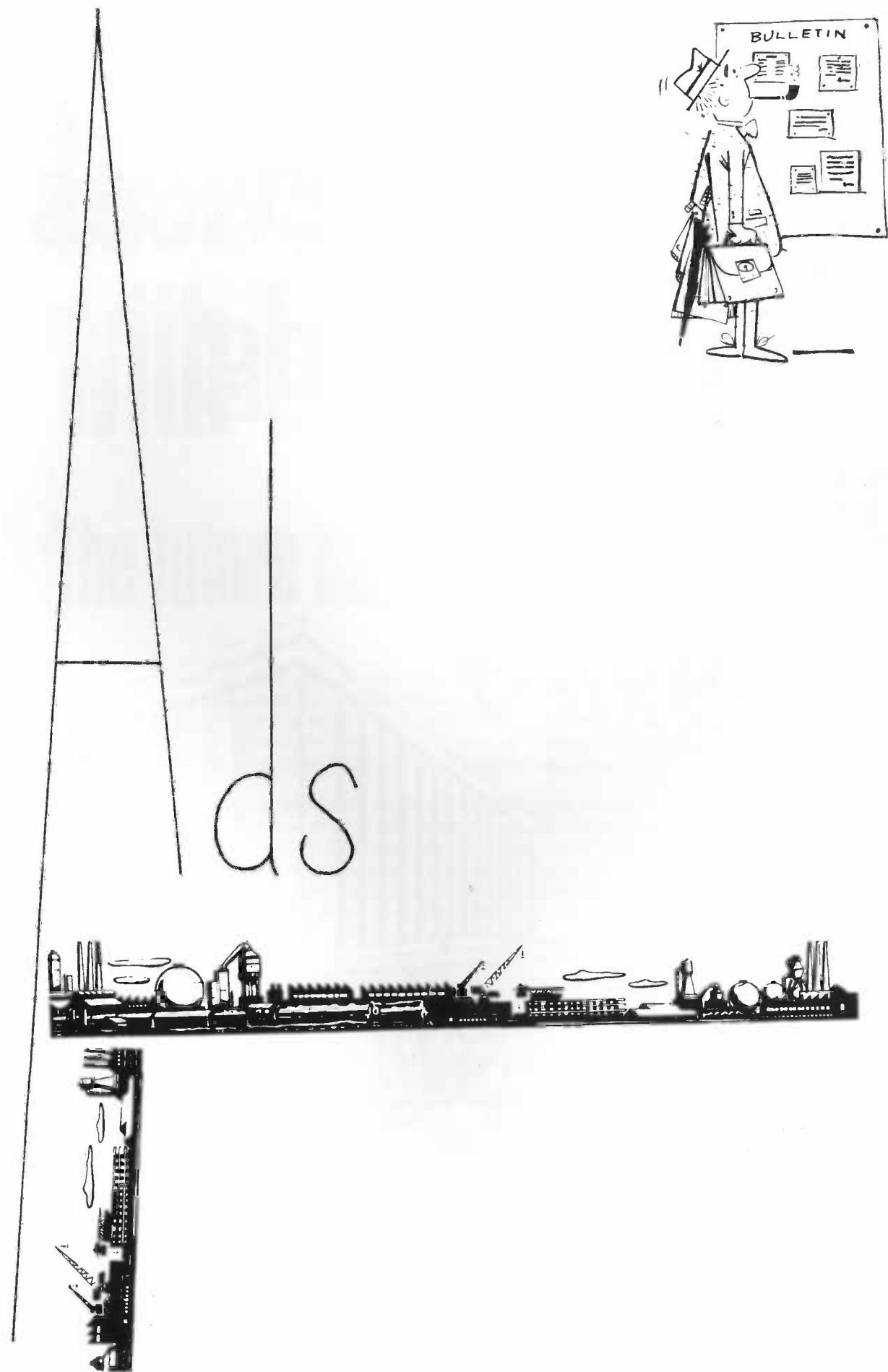
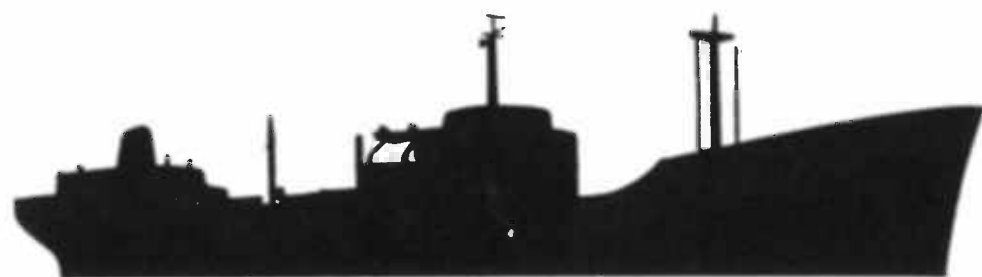
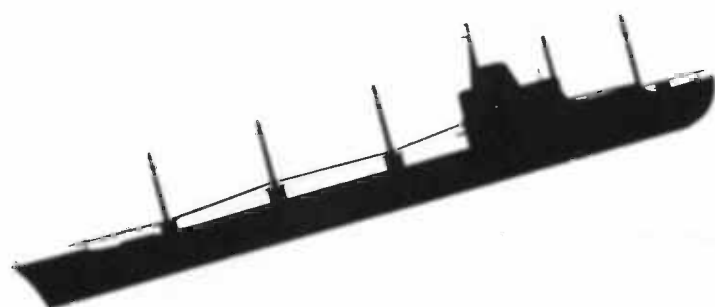
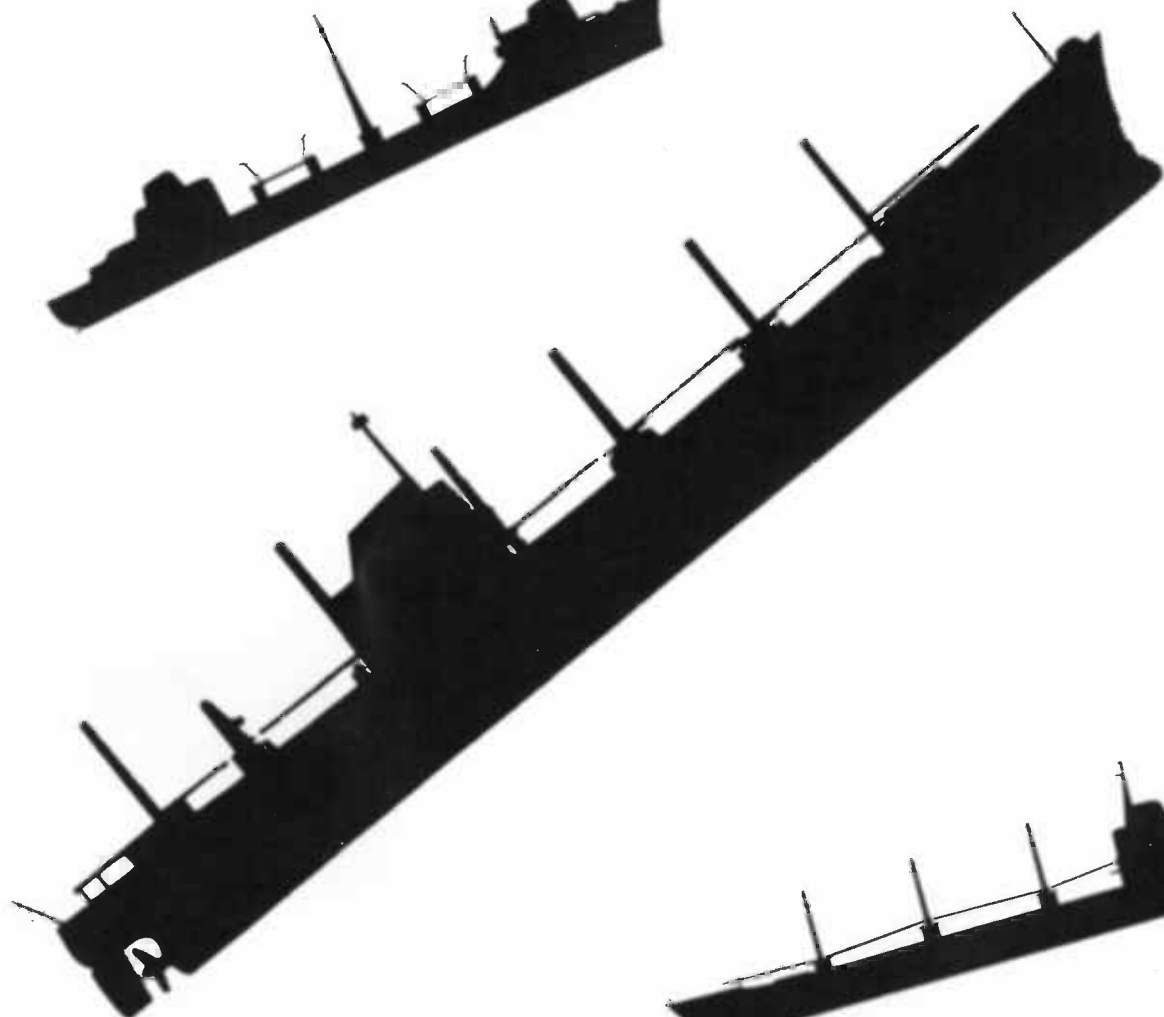
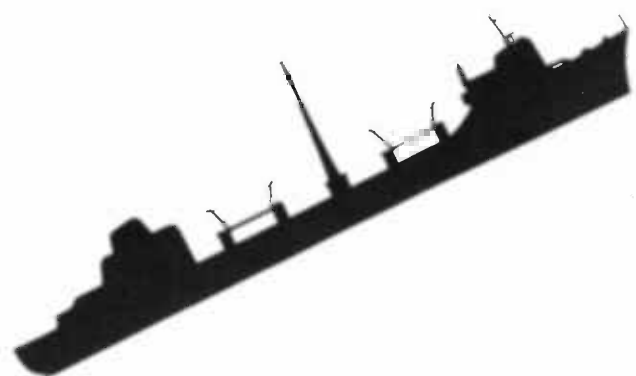
The Man, Lt. Borman U.S.C.G.



Granny Chin dreams of Hong Kong.

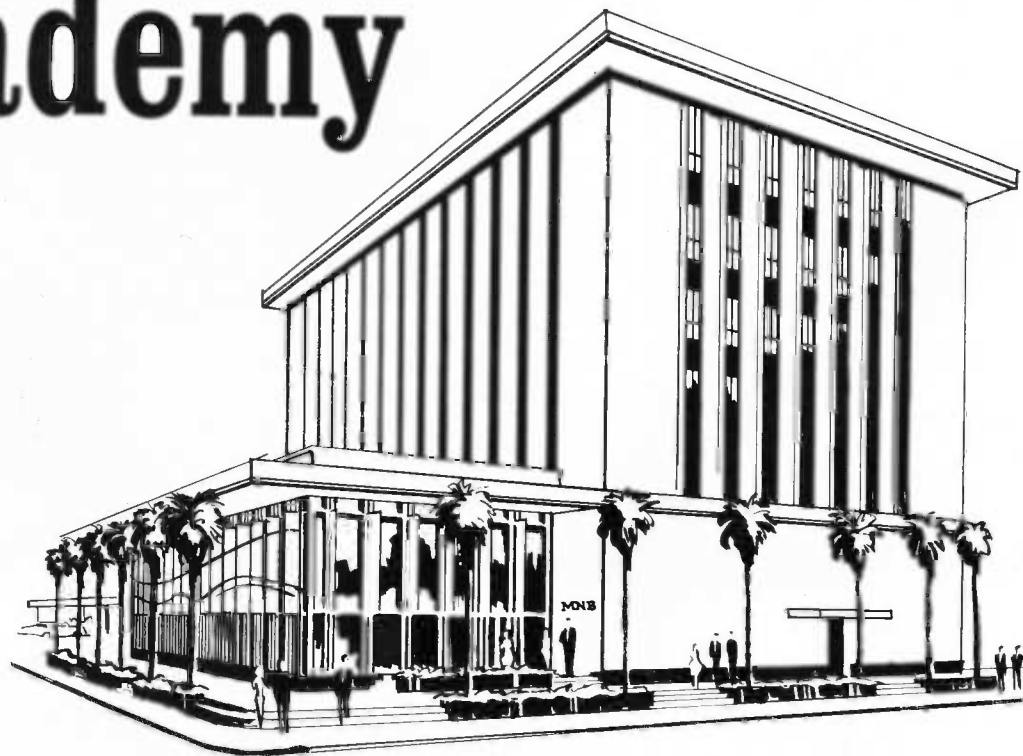


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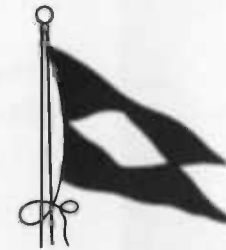
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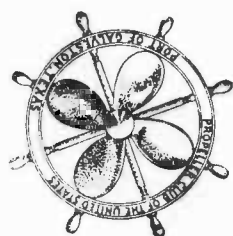
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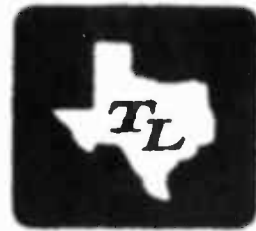
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