

TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY MOODY COLLEGE OF MARINE SCIENCES AND MARITIME RESOURCES GALVESTON, TEXAS

HOW IT LOOKED TO A FRESHMAN

Five minutes to eight, and you're running late to your calculus exam. Then it happens, Thanksgiving vacation, you began to pre-The lights flash, the siren blows, the barricade drops, the bridge opens. Through past experience you calmly shut off your engine and wait for the shrimper to drift under the bridge. But at least this is the last time you'll have to wait for another three months. Hmm, the year really has passed quickly.

You remember your anxiety during campus orientation. When you got over the fear of being lost, you met the other students. The administration classified you as a MARE, MART, OR MARS student, but your fellow students classified you as a snipe, decky or fish freak.

Well, classes started on Labor Day of all days. In khaki uniforms or blue jeans, you spent the first week walking back and forth to the ship to buy books. Then just as you began to settle down, Galveston welcomed you with a hurricane watch. Wind and water shut the school down for a day and taught you how to tape windows.

September passed quietly and October started off much the same. You joined a club, went to a few parties, marvelled at the smallness of Cousteau's CALYPSO, visited Sea-Arama with the Russians, got to know your classmates. You felt like you finally belonged here.

Then there was football. You put on a pair of shorts, stuck a flag in your pocket, and ran up and down a long field. You got knocked down a lot, but it was worth it.

October ended with a Halloween party at Pizza Inn. You stepped through a pumpkin's mouth into a night full of beer and pizza.

Then November flew by. After a brief pare for exams and Christmas vacation. However, the month-long vacation soon ended. January brought with it the beginning of a new year and a new semester. You felt a great deal more relaxed then you had felt in September.

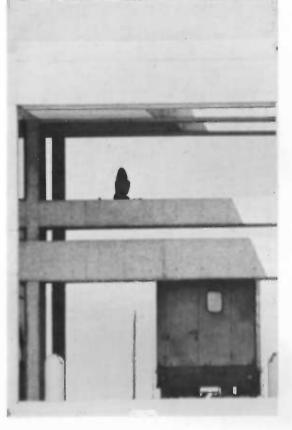
When you looked at your new schedule, you discovered that you no longer had time to eat lunch. Instead you tried to develop new skills: you learned how to get from Ft. Crockett to Pelican Island in five minutes, or you learned how to get from the CLIPPER to class in five seconds.

Football gave way to volleyball which, in turn, gave way to softball. You lost the Faculty vs Student All-Star's game, but deep in your heart you knew that the faculty players cheated and that the umpire was blind. Therefore you felt much better after you threw both the umpire and the opposing pitcher off the pier.

You fought many battles and learned many lessons. You fought the mosquitoes, the rainfall in chemistry lab, and the computer. You learned that the front sink in Room 221 leaks and that the door to Room 213 locks. You also learned that the beach is much more pleasant than afternoon classes.

The school year ended with a mixture of term papers, parties, and examinations. You struggled through the papers, staggered through the parties, and studied through the examinations. You watched the seniors graduate and wondered about your own future.

All of a sudden you stop remembering the past. The lights go off, the barracade goes up, and you start up your car.





Girl





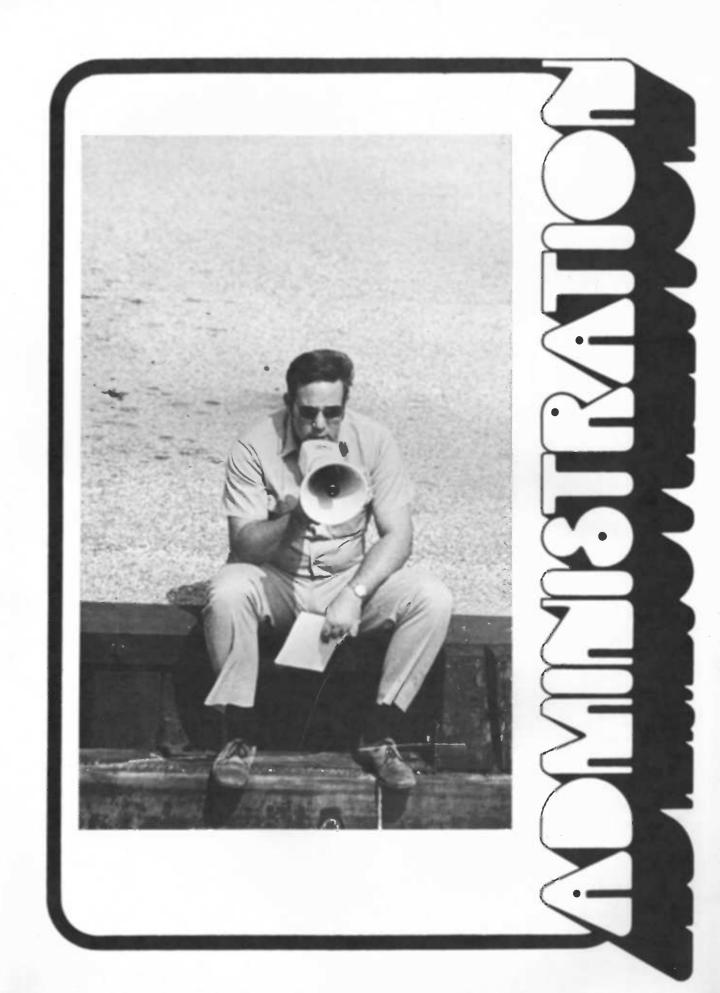
Enter: Boy



Corps Staff for year 73-74 Scott Craig - Ass't, MAA, Steve Jones - MAA Jack Tompkins - CPO, Rex Redfern - Corps Commander, Steve Willrich - Corps XO



The Corps passes in review on the Main Campus





Provost William H. Clayton



Rear Admiral John W. Smith Superintendent



Dr. James M. McCloy



Dr. Henry D. Pope



SEATED L-R: Tavia Meredth, Joyce Morris. STANDING L-R: Judy Allen, Judy Russ, Agnes Whelton, Tricia Ott, Nora McKenna, Barbara Box.





Kathy Lopez



Wayne Cotter



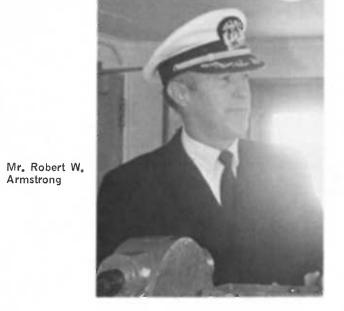
M. H. Abelow

Juanita Lawhon



Herman Whitten







Mr. Karl P. Fanning



Capt, Alfred R, Philbrick

8





Mr. William T. McMullen ÷.





Mr. Owen J. Arkison

Mr. Francis C. Tormollan



Mr. Gary A. Crosby



Mr. James H. Marcontell



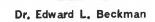
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Dr. Ernest L. Kistler

Dr. William B. Wilson





MMC Phillip H. Gable



Lt. Larry W. Darling



Dr. Sammy M. Ray



Dr. Edward T. Park



Dr. David V. Aldrich



Mr. William J. Wardle



Mrs. J. C. Kuhl



LtJG Jack W. Love





LtJG Robert M. Blankenship







Dr. Robert E. Graves

Dr. James M. Burns



Mr. George H. Carter



Dr. Jimmy D. Hatley

Dr. Stephen J. Curley

Mr. Tim J. Swarthout











Carl Sanders

Mart "Cool Carl"



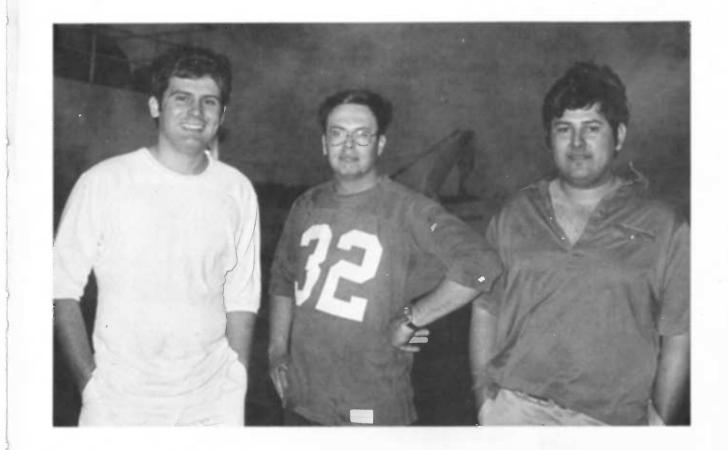
14

Hect**or** Garza



Steve Jones

Mart "Bever"









Rex Redfern

Mart "Little Gumbie"









1

Bart McReynolds

Mare "Buger-Bee"

a Wild a

111

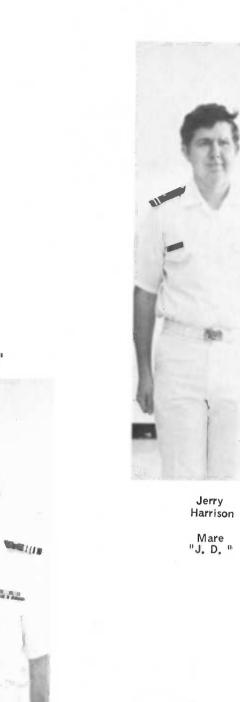
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P



McCall

Mare "Fat-Cat" Alias "Sports Model"









18

David Johns

Mare "Dr. Johns"

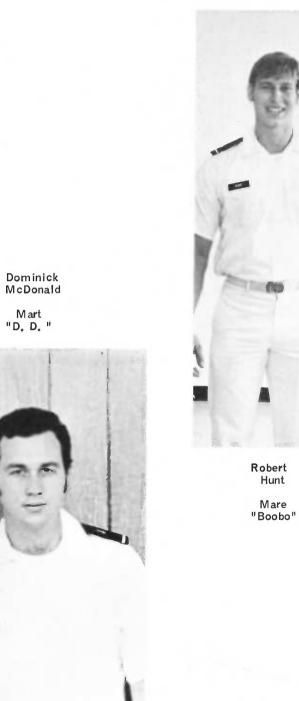
THE R. O.

\$



Steve Willrich

Mare











Mart "Coon Ass"



Gary Treadwell

Mare





Larson Mart "Ed Neck"



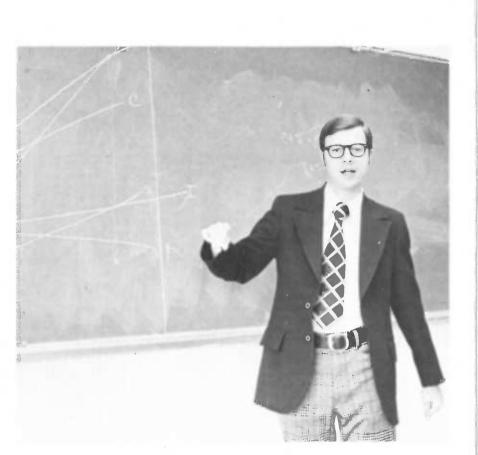




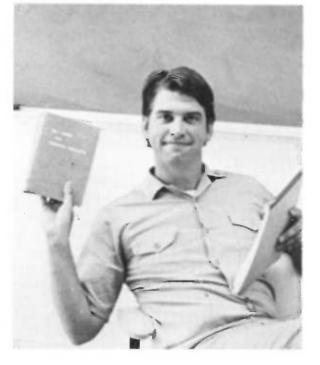


Why? Well

1-You were speeding 2-No safety sticker 3-No parking sticker. . .



My field is Economics - How do you expect me to draw a sailboat?



Mike discovers textbooks



What do you mean the Coast Guard lost my license?



Jack Tompkins



Pat Boyd





Bob Schuckhart



Jim Haley



Tim Wilhite





Dan Disbrow

Chris Reeser

Scott Davison

Bill Ricker





David Driscoll







Wayne Esser



Jay Martin



Scott Craig

Sam Salvato



Lerov Leflore





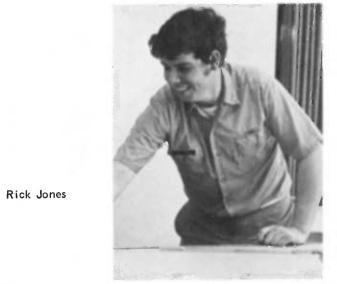
John Jochusch



Rick Fielder



Ralph Malone



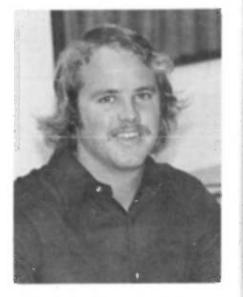
George Cooper





Bill Glidden

Marr Lonabaugh





Pat Titus



Margaret Whinnery



What do you mean Spock's ears aren't real?



How does he sleep and take notes at the same time?

12

31

I thought sure that was an anchor windlass





If you don't know that you're a damn fool!



Who are you calling a snipe?



SHUNKING





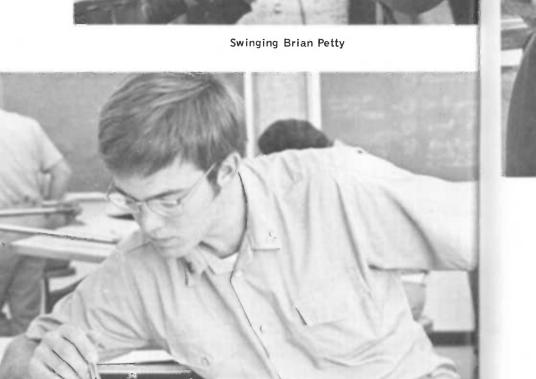
Al Beshel; Rick Moore-I ain't going to be here long.



Skip Walsh makes the stop



Braxton Scherz





Kirk Dunham enjoys Mike Barry's poetic readings



David Hodges



David Dawson

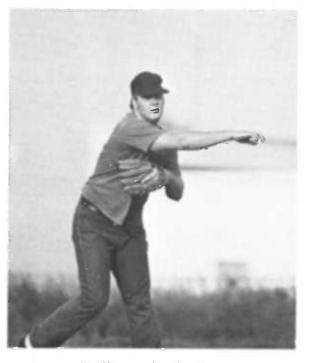


Deanna Miller



David Bennett

Steve Williams seems offended



Jim Heap makes the throw







Mike DeCharles is carried to "the quad"

36



Mark Burrough wonders if what he is hearing is true





"The Wizz", Mike Wisby



PHELPS





Casey Cutler



Smiling Ron Floyd



Ron Botting



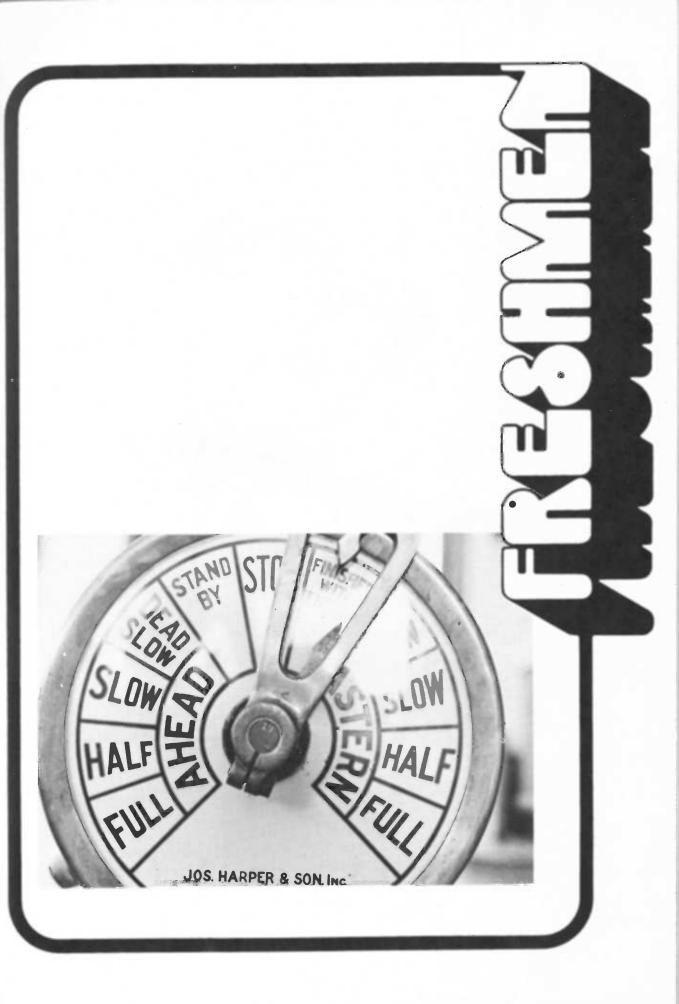
Rick Teeter



Chuck Fitzsimmons



Susan Carter





Bill Miller



Dan Stone



John Scoggins



Mark Pitman



Rusty Rippetoe



Steve Gibson



Jim Teeter





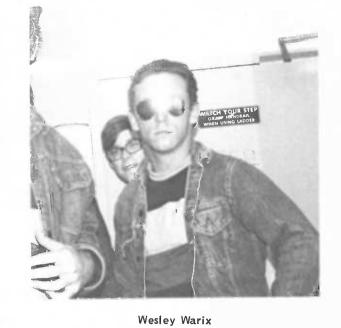
Lee Pendleton



Richard Moore



Jay Reynolds



Mark Odom





Kar Viu Dai





Henry Derickson



Paul McKinney



David Hedemann



Cindy Morrow



Bill Homer



Spencer Harlow



Tom Delemator



Danny Gift

A.

Gordon Defilippo



Virginia Pierce



Judy Wern



Mark Reber



Kelley Hughes



Monte Ofiel



Dennis Renfro



Marty Meador



Robert Stearns

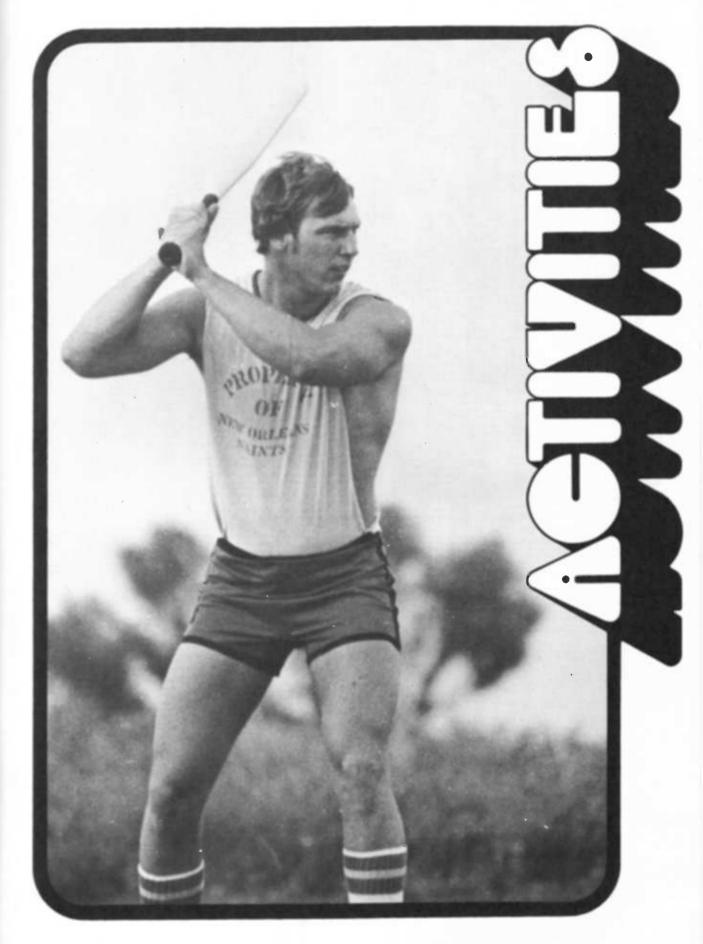


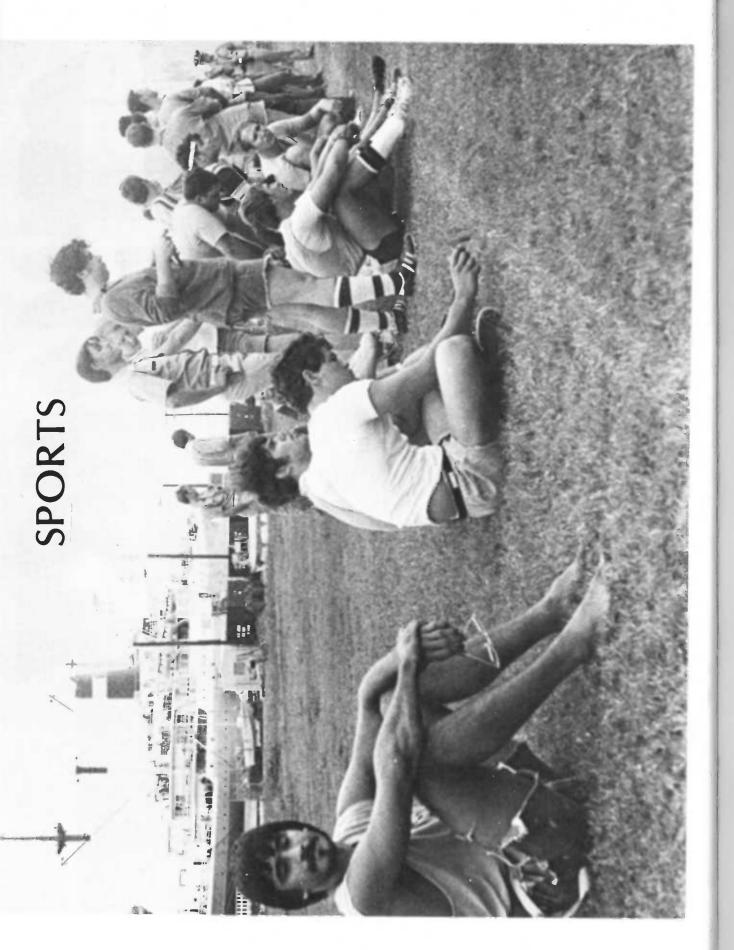
Tod Pennington



Joe Sybille









MARS made a clean sweep in the Intramural Football Competition. From then on it was preparation for "THE" Allstar Game.



And it sailed over the safety's head



Greg delivers the bomb.







Almost Pat

Doomsday Defense





Larry referees another perfect game.



Wee-Wee gets a flag!?

The old fake right-screen left on 2 play. . .





Mike makes it 13-6



I don't believe that last play!





52





Now that was a sinker.

A Company won the intramural softball competition and then it was time for the Faculty - All-Star Game.



Doug sneaks past Bump on third





Fun and games in Center Field







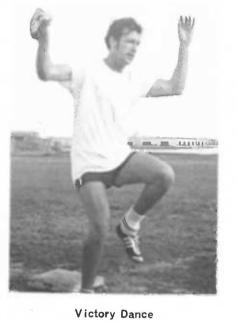




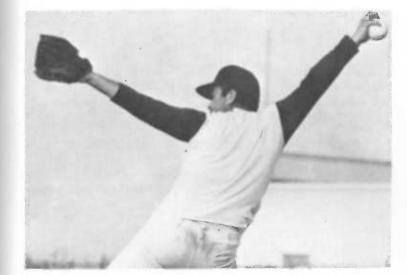
Mike bounces one to the shortstop



Rounding third - Heading for a cigarette



Lt. Darling makes it a double play



Dr. Pope showing his style





Ump calls All-Star out



All-Stars congratulating Dr. Pope on the 4-3 win





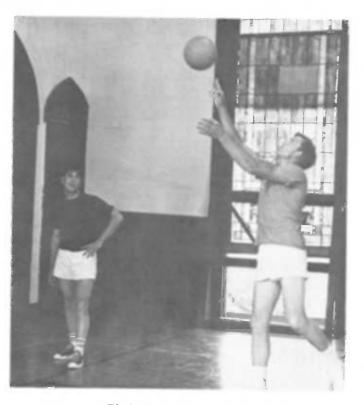


All-Stars throw Ump out



The season's only basketball game was between the disciplined, physically conditioned naval science team and a few cadets. The latter won.





That will never make it.







Hypnotized













It's a turtle, a shark? No it's Flipper





60

CLUB











"Roughing it" at Mr. Nations camp

MARINE SCIENCES



Waterskiing Marine Science style



In need of a snipe



A yearbook advisor must be a pillar of strength source of inspiration and administrative genius



WHO ME?



Dr. Stephen Curley Ron Botting Scott Craig Kar-Yiu Dai Scott Davison Paul McKinney Joyce Morris Deana Miller Braxton Scherz Mike Wisby

> Business Mgr. Mike Wisby



DAI - Chief Photographer



How did we ever get this book to print?



LICENSING AND COMMISSIONING



That's my boy





Who cut the cheese?



Dr. Graves--"Teacher of the Year"



Cut your hair and get a job!

Licensing



65

64

PORTS OF CALL

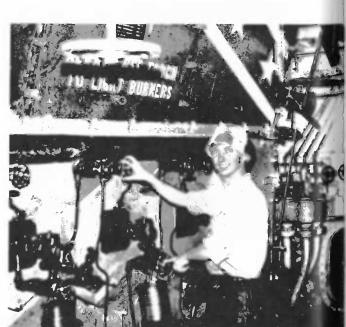
Shipyard (Gal.) Ocean Station Naples Virgin Is. Houston Tenerife Barcelona Maderia New Orleans Galveston

All Ports Lead to

HOME



Snipes - "The men behind the throttles are the men who run the ships." Instantly recognized by their ghost-like appearance. Their purpose: keep all mechanical equipment running. Deckies - "When you look upon a star, makes NO difference who you are". Chipping and painting specialists. Their purpose: Get us there on course and on time. Their responsibility: Avoid direct contact with as many ships as possible.



On June 4, 1973 we were scheduled to leave Galveston for the shipyard and thus begin the 1973 Summer Cruise. However, plans were changed at the typical TMA last minute, and we were gloriously towed to Todds Shipyards - Galveston. The fanfare of an emotional send OFF was subdued to a quiet "Oh Well". and "that's the way it goes". The cadets had many things to say, but the printable summary of their comments was - "Not another four days in Galveston!"



"Look Captain, they took the water out, let them put it back in!" Exclaims the Chief.

are proceeding.





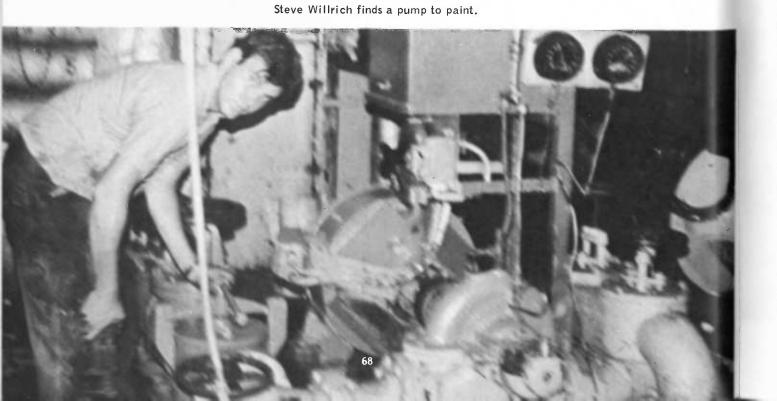


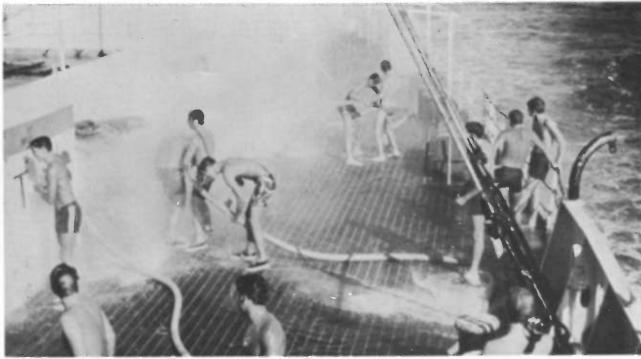
After leaving the dry dock, a heavy sigh of relief went up from all hands. At last, the cruise had really begun. The fresh, cool air, and the rolling ship brought most of the people to a mild anticipation. It would be a long cruise (seventy-three days), but there would be more than hard work ahead for everyone.

Washing up after dry-dock.



JOHN SCOGGINS executes a slap shot as WARREN BROWN defends his goal. Broom Hockey proved to be a great way to pass the evenings, before dark.





Cooling - Off

After fifteen days at sea, we anxiously awaited our first sight of land. The ship's engines slowed, and all looked forward to the port of SANTA CRUZ de TENERIFE. There would be news of home, new sights, foreign food, and good FUN. When the CLIPPER finally docked, we could not sign people out fast enough. T.M.A. had invaded it's first port of the '73 Cruise.



Cadets Strickler, Harlow and Counselor J. W. Adcock look upon the island of Tenerife. Maltz wonders if this could be the right place.





Dr. Graves contemplates Tenerife in silence as a few of the ship's professors and officers talk it out after lunch.

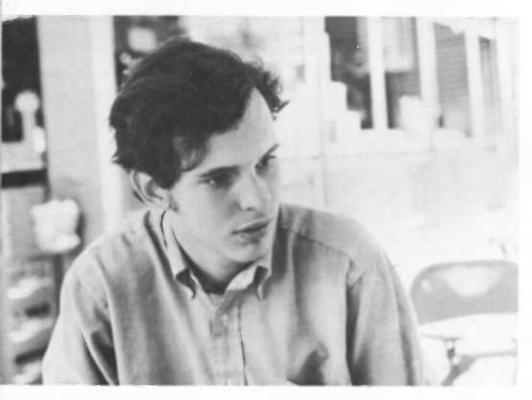


Tim Wilhite holds his loved one.

Silhouetted by the evening sun, Steve Williams continues his sightseeing on foot. We left Santa Cruz for our ocean station where we viewed a total eclipse of the sun. Once again it would be awhile before we saw one again. All waited patiently for the eclipse, and we were completely in awe as it occurred. However, as soon as the sun returned to its normal course, we were on our way to BARCELONA, SPAIN.



While in BARCELONA we were offered the opportunity to visit SPAIN'S sunny northern coast, COSTA BRAVA. Each enjoyed COSTA BRAVA in his own way if he enjoyed it at all, and it turned out to be a real learning experience.



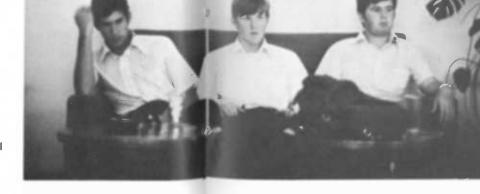
Reposing in a side walk cafe on Las Ramblas, Leroy LeFlore tried to grasp the fullness of time off in port.



Hurry up, I see a spot that no one has taken.



Lovely sights.



Preps Newsteader, Billingsly and Lewis wait with mounting anticipation for the "Free" meal offered on the sunshine tour.

We arrive in Barcelona.



After 4 days in Barcelona we sailed to NAPLES, ITALY. The CLIPPER docked in front of a sixteenth century castle located on the bay of NAPLES. There were many places to visit in the surrounding area, and lots of excitement to be found right inside the city. The pizza was good, Pompeii was interesting, and the people were loud, but all things fitted together to give each person his own concept of this busy city.





Bill Murphy hikes through one of Naples' parks.

Oh No! It's the bus to Rome (We almost had to walk back).



Ralph Malone, Bobby Hunt, and Bob Ashmore look on in mild annoyance as George Cooper bargains for an "Omega" watch. While docked in Naples we again had another opportunity for a genuine European tour. This time our destination was ROME. The eternal city was a tourist's dream, but we were only given two and one-half days to see the whole thing. We walked, bussed, taxied, and ran from place to place trying to take it all in. When the bus bound for Naples came to pick us up, we sighed and bid ROME a weary goodbye.

Bob Schuckhart, just what is it you are smiling about?





Spencer Harlow and Tim Wilhite look on in admiration at the Trevi Fountain?

After a run of big booming cities everyone was ready for a quiet rest .. FUNCHAL, MADEIRA was made to order. This island often called the "pearl of the Atlantic" is simply one of the most charming places in the world. It's people are friendly and the island itself is a storybook paradise. Many cadets bought wine, lace, and wicker furniture, things that MADEIRA is famous for. The pleasant atmosphere quieted the souls of cadets and crew alike. When we left FUNCHAL, we left a treasure and retained alonging to return someday.





Swimming in Funchal harbor,



Braxton Scherz takes a quiet, last look at Rome.

We left Madeira with reluctance, but there was much work to be done on the ship. We had to make ready for New Orleans. All hands turned to, the work went fast, and we managed to relax a little also. Therefore everything returned to normal and all had no choice but to follow the standard daily routine.

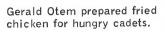


Pat Boyd shoots stars as most of the other people relax.



Tim Nelick, Larry Unzicker, and Prep Cadet Cole keep things in order while Mike Barry polishes brass.







David Gasemian looks for privacy on a crowded ship.

The Animal Mess.



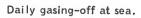




"This is fun," remarks John Patrick.

Weekly inspection at sea.





80



OOPS!

The Mike Miller cruise position.





Our last port off the continental United States was ST. THOMAS VIRGIN ISLANDS. We were thrilled at the wonderful diving and swimming areas in and around St. Thomas. Some cadets toured the island by motorcycle. Others rented cars, but all enjoyed the crystal clear water that the islands had to offer.



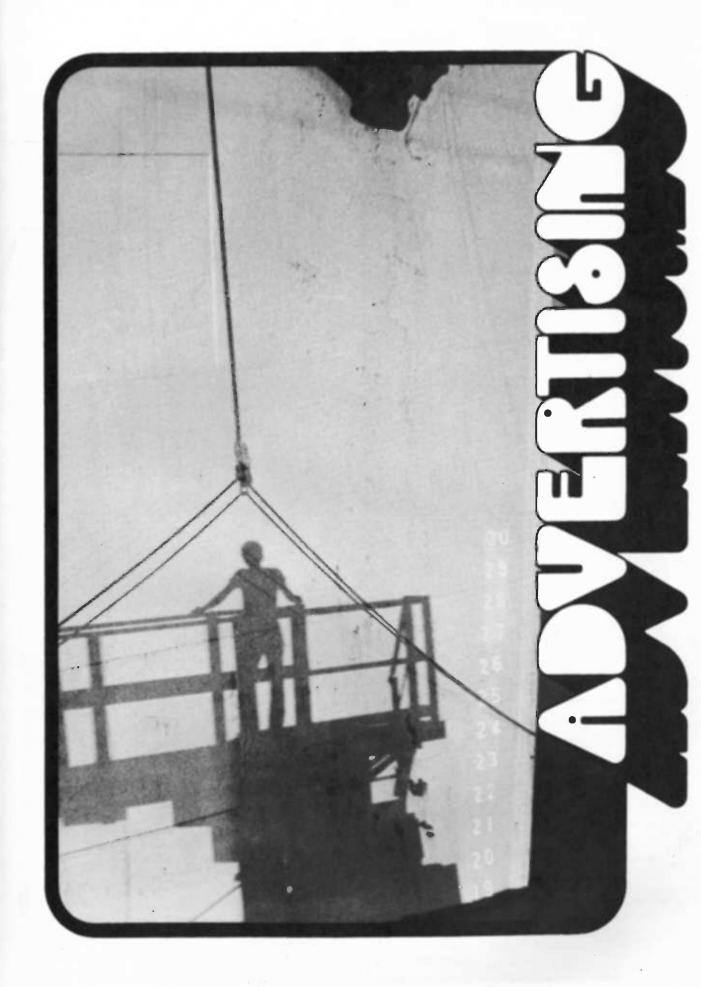
Bob Schuckhart takes one last dip.

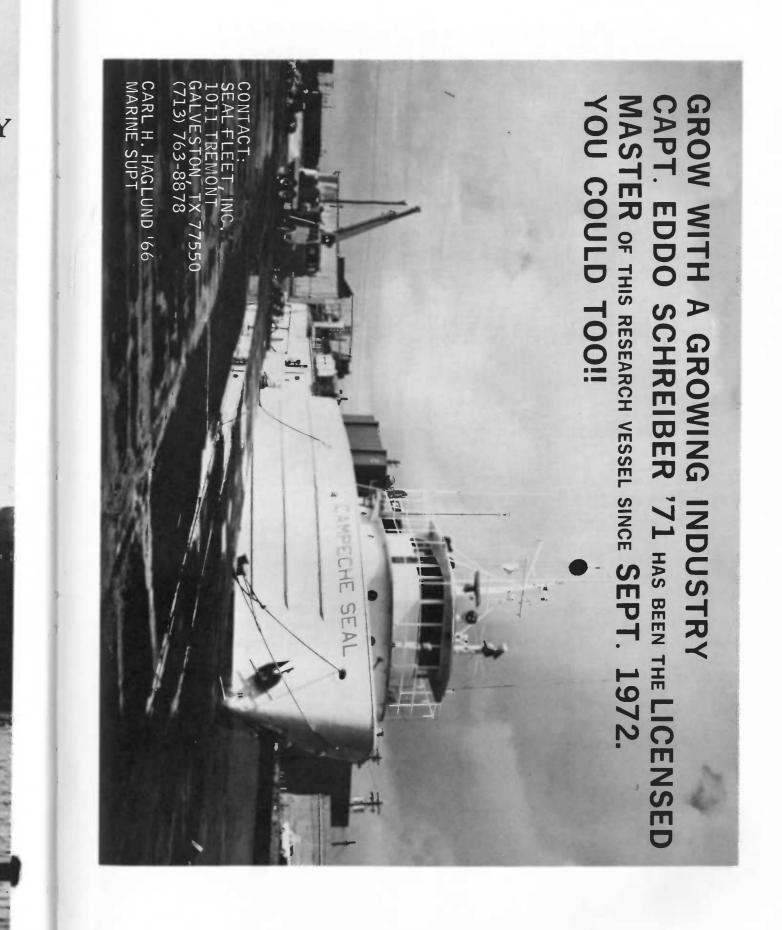


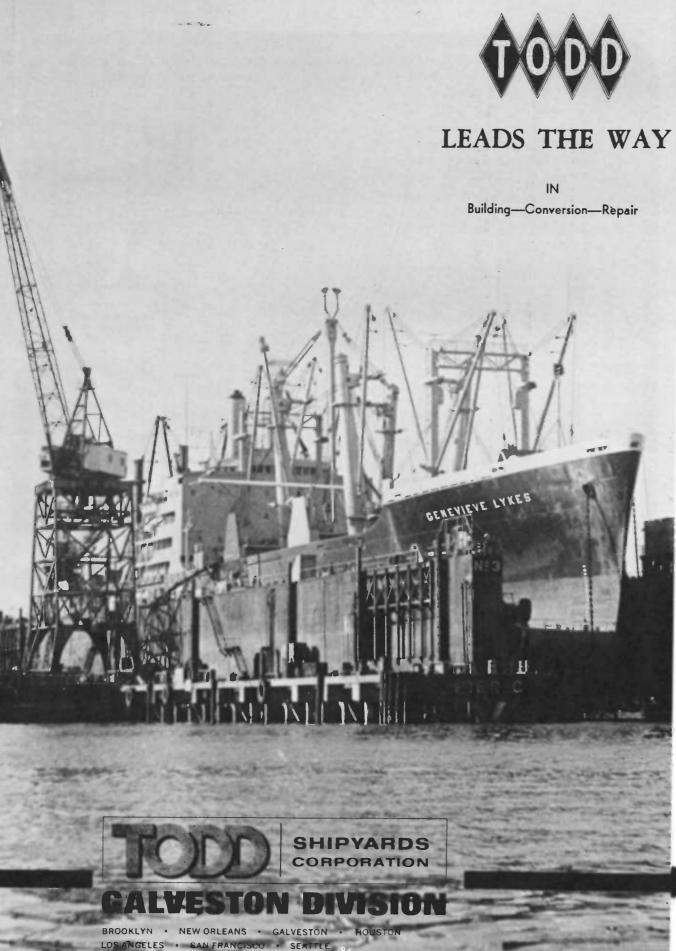
The pilot boat tells us good bye.

We left the Virgin Islands and stopped at New Orleans for some improvements to the CLIPPER. There was not one person who was not glad to talk to American girls, and simply enjoy the sounds of his own country.

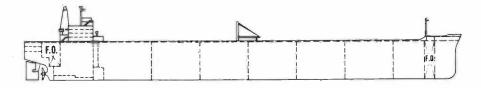
We docked once again in our home port. The cadets worked very hard to secure the ship and when all these matters were attended to, the '73 cruise officially ended.

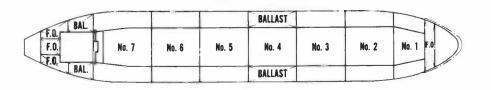






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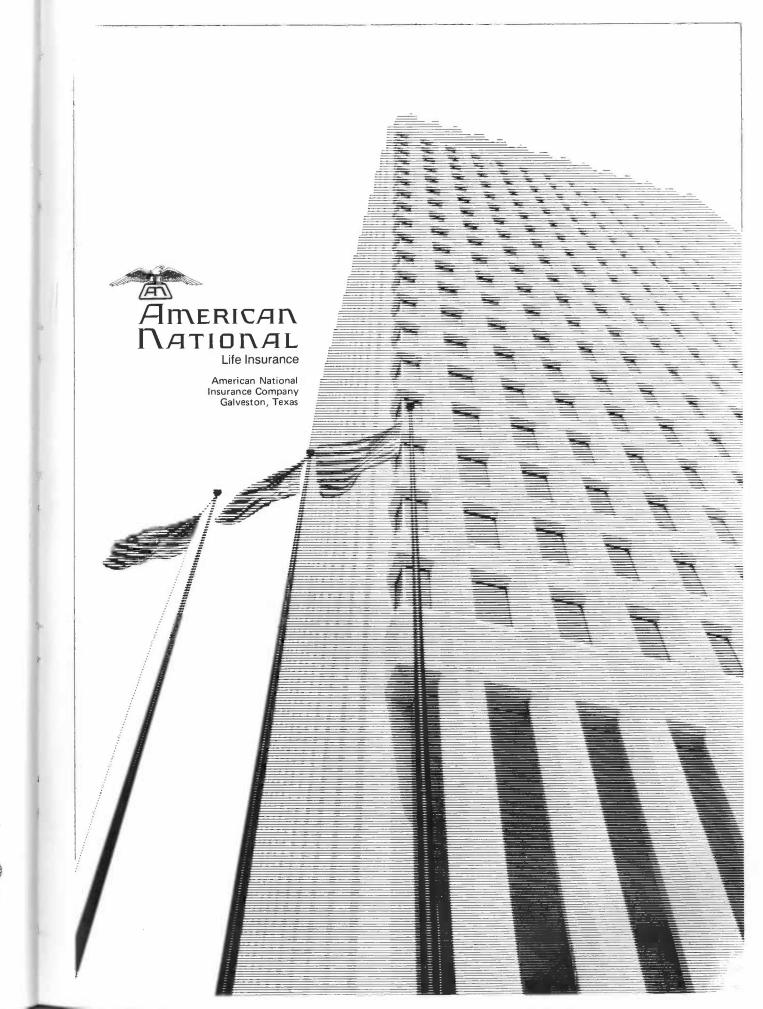
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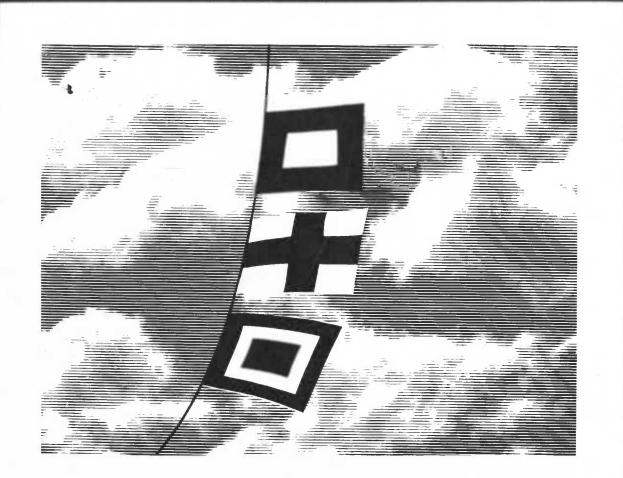
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The my, Granda Nue and my, W, P, Lellworf, pushboats in the facet of LeBoool Brothers Towing Groupsny, Inc., have been working long and hard, usually Zichnures a day, in the petrolosum marken along the Missioloppi River and Gulf Intracostal Canal. Both hosts are equipted with Reinitjae reduction genes from Karl Senore, Inc. Nather has had a single breakdown or loss of downtions in Guession.







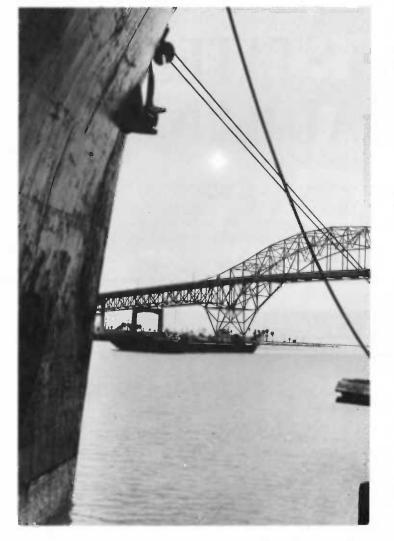
. P. LeBouuf Brat

Mv. Creol Sua

Mv. W. P. LeBe

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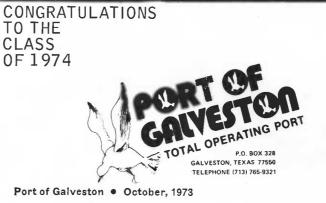


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