



THE VOYAGER

1968





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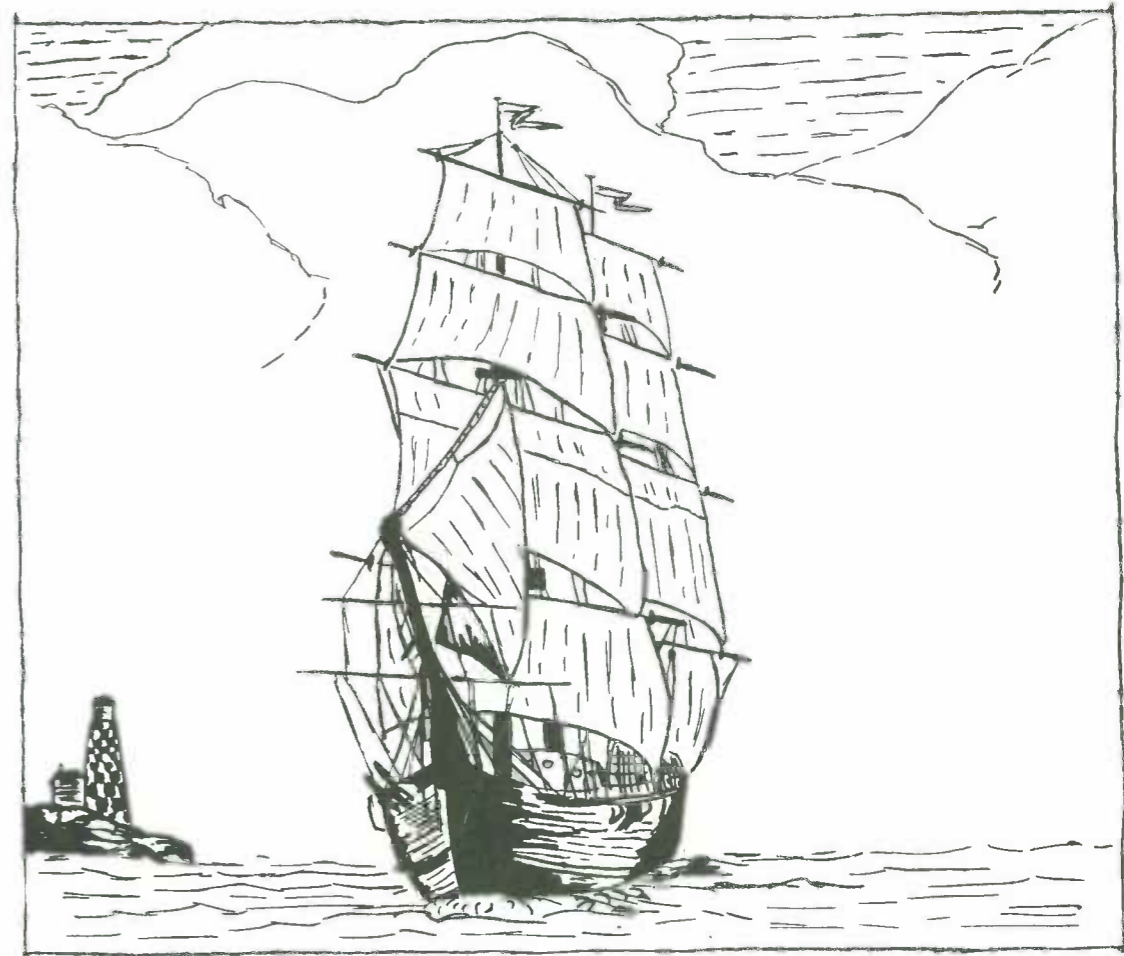
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THE 1968 Voyager



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Texas A & M
University

Texas
Maritime
Academy

First Annual Publication of the Corps of Midshipmen



Captain Bennett M. Dodson U.S.N. (Ret.)

Dedication

After serving five years as the first Superintendent of the Texas Maritime Academy, Captain Dodson retired at the end of the fall semester 1967. A more qualified man for the job would have been hard to find. His seagoing career dates back to 1926, when as a third Mate, he sailed the Pacific in cargo ships. He has been involved in the sea ever since—in the Navy, in the Merchant Marine, and in the training of men preparing for a life at sea. After twenty-two years in the Navy, Captain Dodson retired while serving as Chief of Staff, Service Force, United States Pacific Fleet in 1962.

Many people make deep impressions on the lives of students in college—some good, some bad. But these impressions, whether good or bad, help us form the basis for setting our ambitions and goals. Captain Dodson left us with a good impression and we will always be grateful for the benefits of his vast experience he unselfishly imparted to us. It is with this in mind that we dedicate this first yearbook of the Texas Maritime Academy to him.



TEXAS A&M UNIVERSITY

COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS 77843

October 30, 1967

Office of
THE PRESIDENT

To the Midshipmen, Class of 1968:

The events recorded in this, your first Voyager, will serve to stir many pleasant memories of your days as students of the Texas Maritime Academy. 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.

Only the first chapters of your careers have been completed here. The true measure of your success in the subsequent chapters of your life can only be completed by you and what you accomplish.

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

Sincerely yours,



Earl Rudder
President



Earl Rudder
President of Texas A & M
University System



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

Superintendent Of
Texas Maritime Academy

Board of Visitors



From left to right: RADM Sherman B. Wetmore USN (Ret.), Past Chairman of the Board; background, Capt. Alfred R. Philbrick, Executive Officer T.M.A.; Capt. Wesley A. Walls, Emmett O. Kirkham, Vice-Chairman; Capt. Robert L. Jones, Capt. Bennett M. Dodson, Past Superintendent T.M.A.; Capt. Ernest B. Hendrix, Capt. Thurman M. Gupton, USNR, Ex-Officio; J. C. Rudd, and Capt. Charles H. Glenwright, Chairman of the Board. Not Pictured: John A. Parker, Secretary-Treasurer; Capt. John T. Everett, Jr., Dean Wayne C. Hall, Ex-Officio; 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.

For over thirty years, the State of Texas had legislation calling for an academy but it wasn't until 1962 that it actually was founded. The impetus to get the Academy operating was due in large part to the efforts of Mr. John Parker and RADM Sherman Wetmore USN (Ret.) during the three years preceding the opening of the Academy.

These two men, and the others that compose the Board of Visitors deserve our highest recognition and sincere thanks. They have been an invaluable asset to the Academy, and have contributed greatly to its progress.

Marine Transportation



CAPT. ALFRED R. PHILBRICK
Executive Officer, TMA; Head of Department of Marine Transportation; Associate Professor; Captain of the Training Ship



MR. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG
Assistant Professor; Executive Officer of the Training Ship



MRS. FELICIE T. THIEL
Spanish Instructor



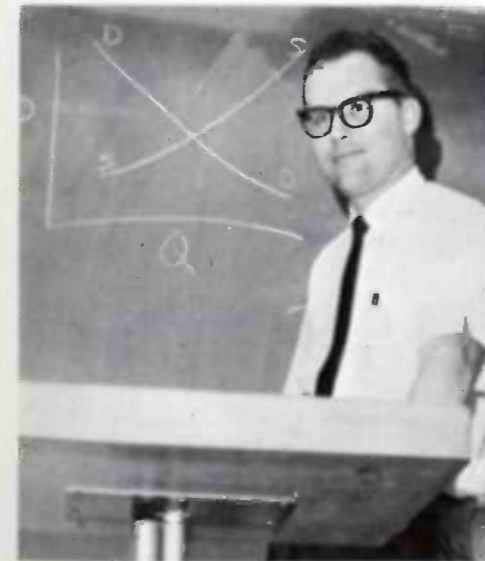
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Assistant Professor; Meteorology, Oceanography, Navigation



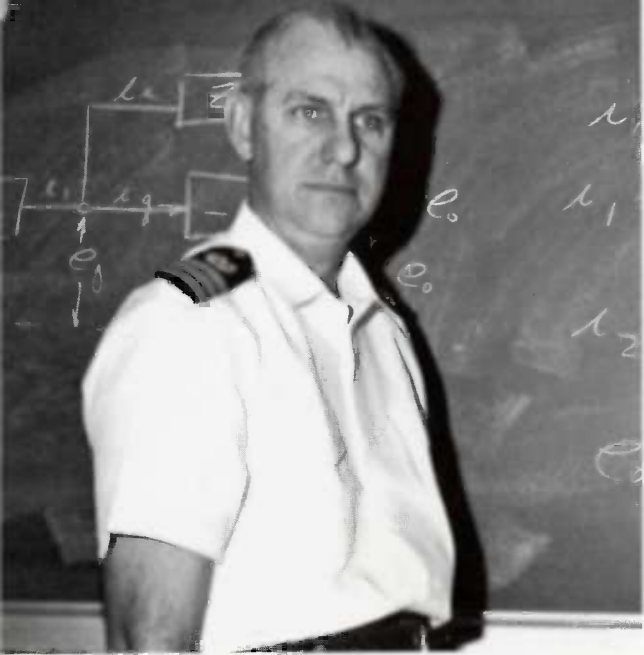
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Marine Engineering



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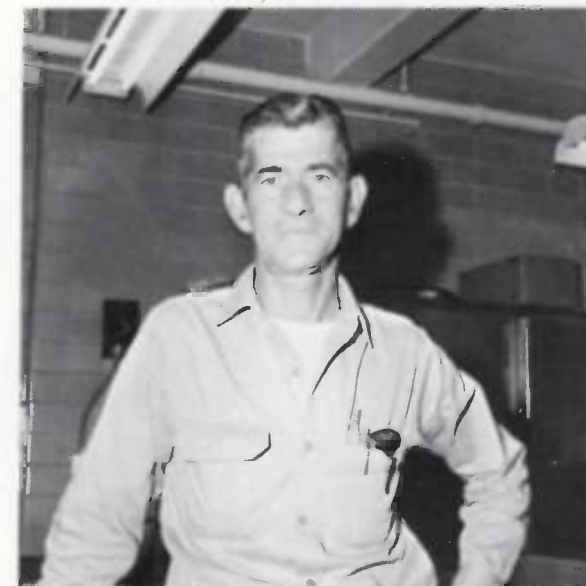
Mr. Willie L. Hamilton, Head Chef; Mr. Lawrence Carter, Assistant Cook, Not pictured: Gerald Otems, Assistant Cook; and Isais Isias, Laborer.

Department

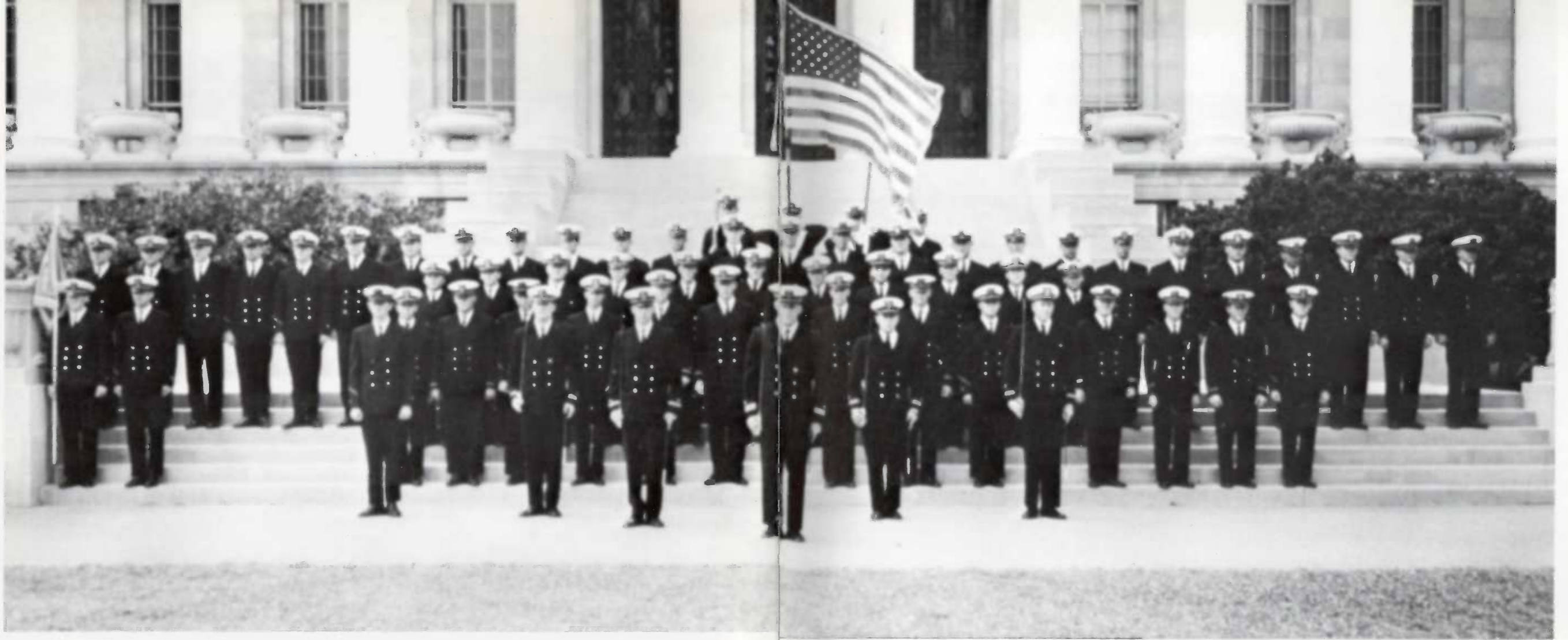
Ship's Crew



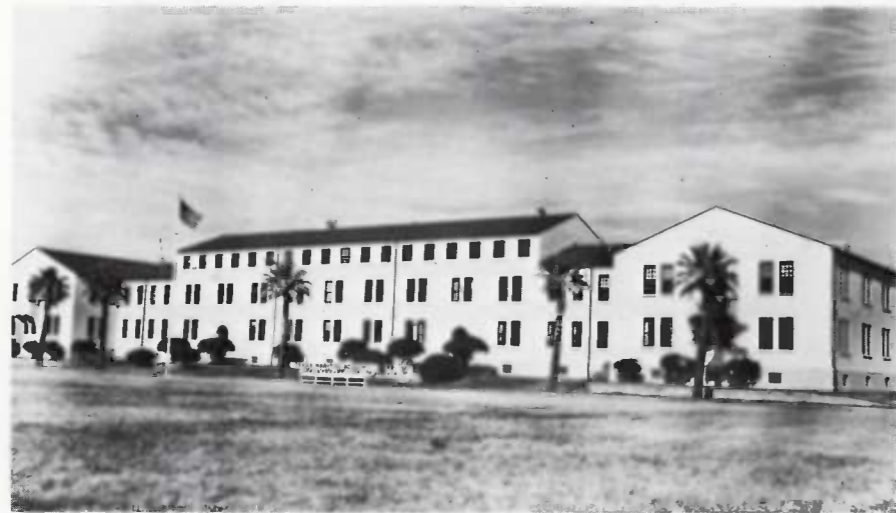
Left to right: Robert Nation, A.B.; Jacobus Vanderlee, Bosun; Salvador Garcia, Electrical Third; Owen J. Arkison, Second Assistant Engineer; Emory V. LaFile, Third Assistant; Not pictured: John J. Liszewski, Electrician; Charles P. Dolney, Refrigeration Engineer; Edward J. Curd, A.B.; Robert Svahn, First Assistant; and John A. Quaranta, A.B.



PAUL E. BENNETT, Maintenance Foreman



Corps Of Midshipmen



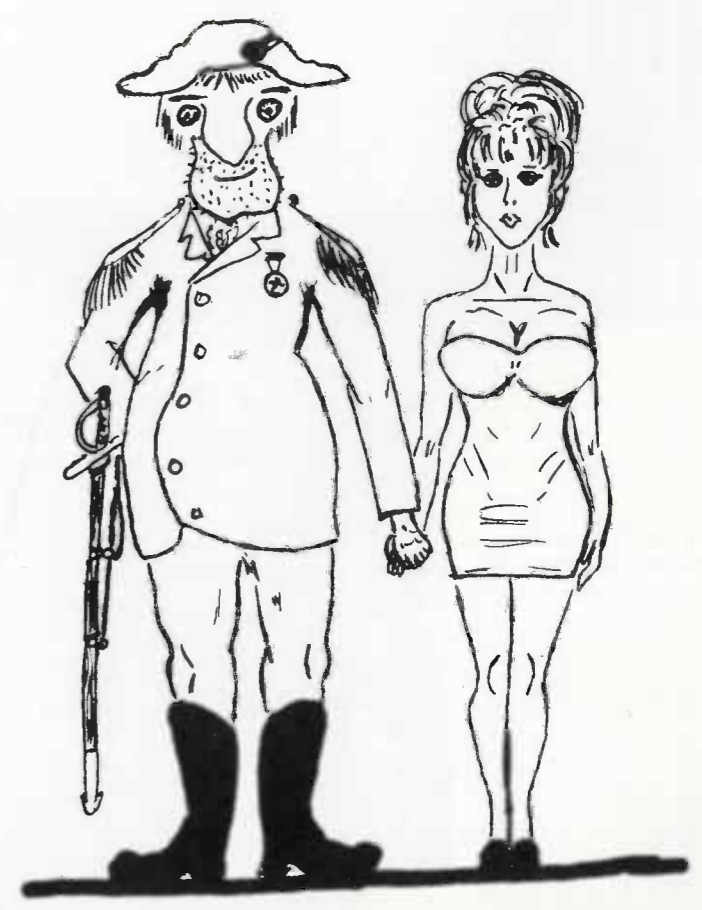
Galveston Campus



Color Guard



СУТ-НУЖ-НУЖ



Yes, it *all* starts
with
registration



Here they are.



"I'll sign if you'll take just one more hour—that'll only give you 29."



"Trout or no Trout. They're not going to hook me with this fishy schedule."



heh!!!



"Gustin, we don't mean to be rude, but—R.G. won't kill you."

Yearbook Staff



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Co-Editor-in-Chief



Michael Leinhart
Co-Editor-in-Chief
Head Photographer



Dick Laughter
Business Manager



Wildon Mareno, Tony Bonaffini, Bill Pickavance
Class Editors

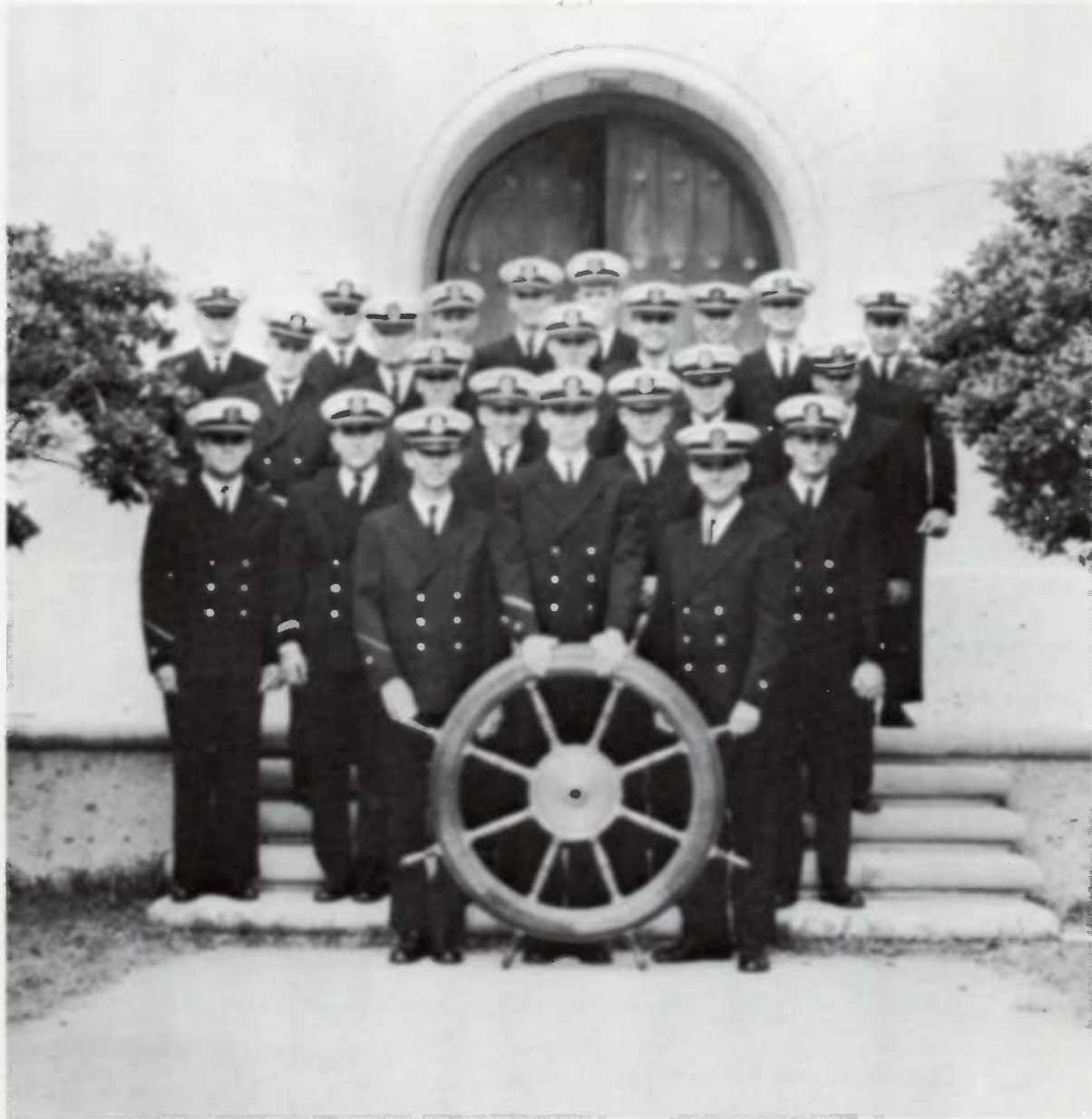


Harry Brown
Managing Editor



Kenny McWilliams, Activities Editor; Craig Rassinier, Sports Editor; Max Blanton, Assistant Business Manager; Ed Hamilton, Layout Editor

Propeller Club



From left: first row: Larry Smith, Secretary; Otto Schickschneit, President; Ron Crook, Vice-President; second row: Oran Crocker, Bob Hedemann, Wildon Mareno, Marshall Stover, Pat Quinn; third row: Mike Holloman, Tom Gibson, Danny Lee, John Mills; fourth row: Bruce Gustin, David Guernsey, Richard Nickolas, Tony Bonaffini, Alex Mota; fifth row: Ralph Collin, Bob Jordan, Oscar Dabney, Paul Greenwood, Tom Faust, and Max Blanton.



The Propeller Club held many a fine dinner, with many a fine speaker.

We learned of new things to come as Admiral Craik gave us his initial outlook on our future.



Academy Yacht Club

It
wasn't
all
work



"It's like this Duck . . ."



From left: Commodore H. M. Stover, T. Gibson, T. Bonaffini, D. Johnson, R. Crook, Capt. W. Mareno, L. R. Smith, O. Dabney, Secretary M. Blanton.

Why have a Yacht Club? So we can fish, ski, and have parties!! No, so we will have an opportunity to learn sailing techniques, small boat seamanship, and inland water navigation. We're doin' it too.



Commodore Crunch at anchor.



.Smilin Bob—Doin' his job—nothin'



Methodist

Linda, Sarah, Susan, and Mike

Youth



"And TMA will inherit the earth."



D. J., Marilyn, Linda, and K. Ron

Group

SCONA Delegates



John Mills and John Eckert

Phi Kappa Phi



Mike Leinhart and Joe Abschneider. Not pictured, John Eckert.



Every morning the cadet officers prime us for Friday's BIG EVENT—The siege of Flashlight Phil.

ON



Stand by your bags—



—prepare for a ram!!!!

LIFE



THE

CAMPUS

Morning Formation



Would you believe it! 0750?



0753?

0755?



Spring Dance '67



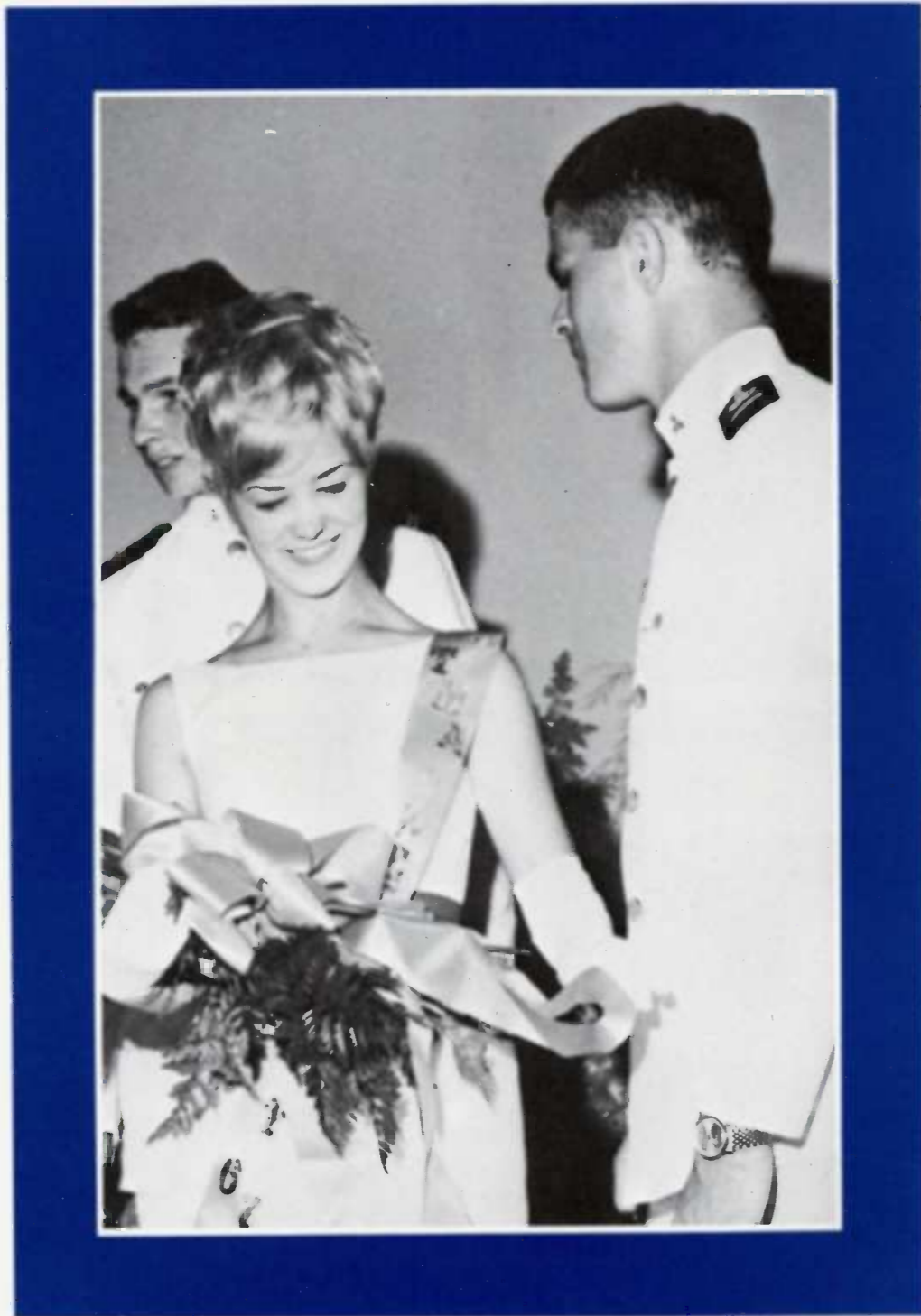
Aggie Sweetheart Kathy Austin prepares to greet the TMA Sweetheart, along with contestants Sharon Busch, escorted by Bob Wise; and Gwendolyn Busch escorted by Wildon Margeno.



The finalists await the decision. Kathy Morrow, escorted by Jim King; Patsy Stallings escorted by Van Wagnon; and Camille Thiel escorted by Harry Brown.

TMA Sweetheart "67"

And the band played on . . .



Miss Camille Thiel escorted by Harry Brown.



"Back in 02 . . ."

The pause that refreshes!



What's going on off the dance floor??

Drill Team



The TMA Drill Team, Sponsored by Navy Lt. Claude L. Priest USNR, was the pride of the Academy.



Field Trips



Various field trips during the Spring semester included a visit to the German training vessel DEUTSCHLAND.

Another weekend, we all ate "CROW". Strange there were not any pictures taken during the storm.





Sports





The Team That Beat Mass.



It works better if you put the oar in the water, Young.



Let's go beat the H--- out of Mass.

Rowing



That's the end, Schreiber.



Leaving Mass. in the wake.

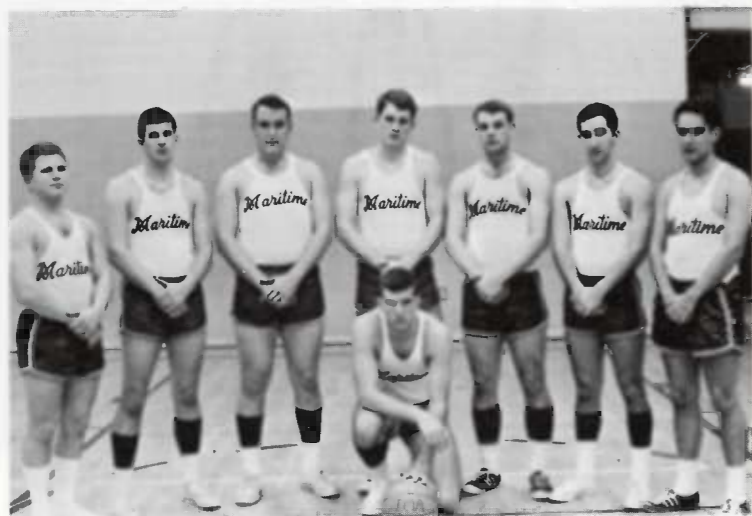


Bow lookout on a lifeboat!

Basketball



Greenie



THE TEAM



Cajun



PLEASE, go in!!!



T.M.A. Hits The Court



44 Monkey



Skop



Bruce



Dog



Coach Bob

Not Pictured:
John Robert Mills
Sheldon Schreiber



The starting minute fastbreak

Baseball



The Original Baseball Team



This is Ridiculous!



Now it is my turn, Gulp!



Hey Coach, What's this?



Hey Stinky, you struck out.



Watch your toes, Mass.

Football



Jordan's Jewels—The team that won it all.



Where'd everybody go.



Help!!



Squirrel kicks off.



It didn't work did it,



Alex, you go to Henke's; Smokey, go to Ft. Crockett; Greeny, you go to the Seawall and button book and I will throw to you; Stinky, to the showers.

C
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"6
7"



Galveston



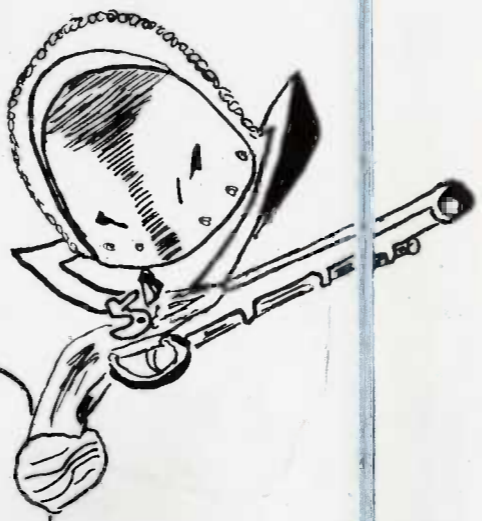
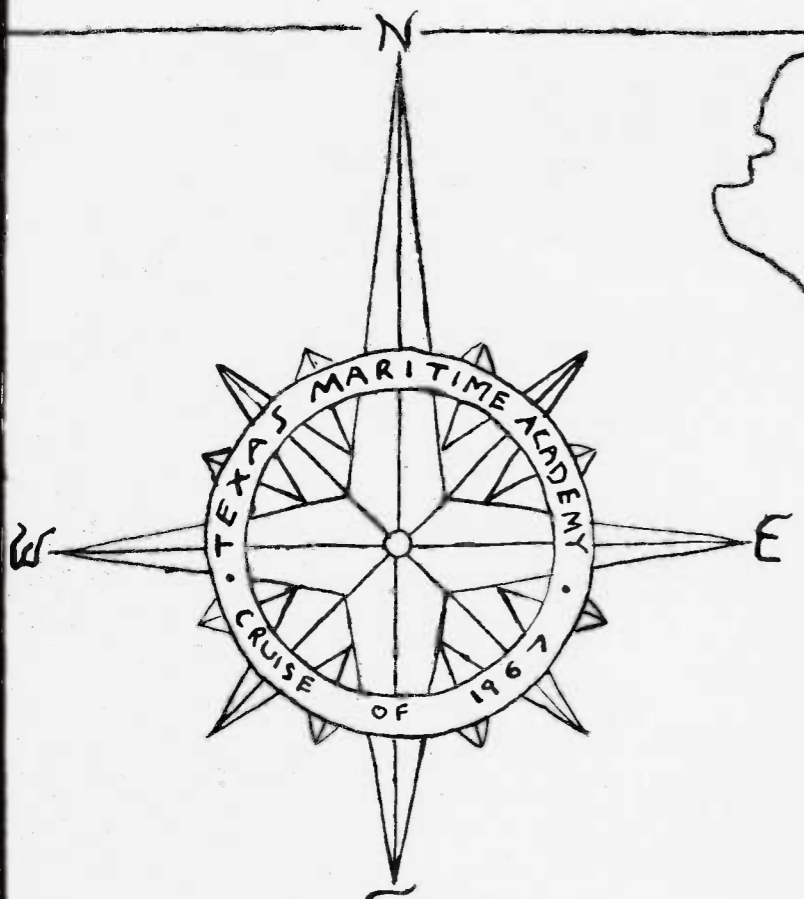
Williamstad
Port of Spain



equator

Recife

Rio de Janeiro



Harry Brown

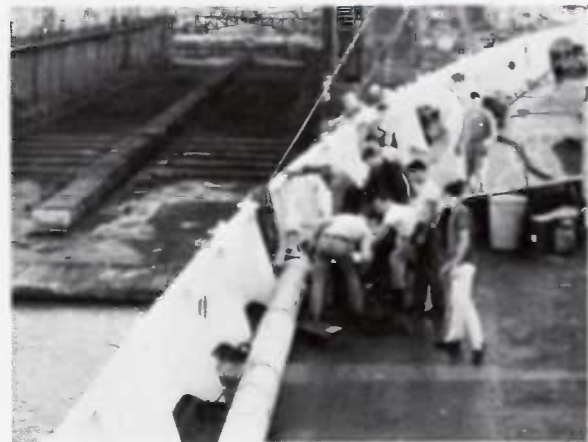
ABOUT ^{to} SAIL



Rocks and shoals!



Landlubbers signing aboard.



Teamwork!



"But I thought this was to be a pleasure cruise."

A T S E A



The B. S. once again.



"Who did you say was on the bridge?"



"Say maahn—you missed a spot."



It goes heah!



Commandant's Mast? Never heard of it.

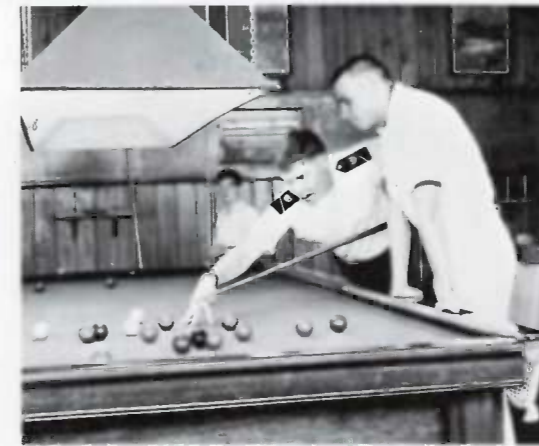
PORT OF SPAIN TRINIDAD



After ten days at sea and a stack fire, Port of Spain came into view. We were greeted by a band of local peddlers and our mail.

We will always remember the Hilton, the Mirimar, the Meadows, and Meana.

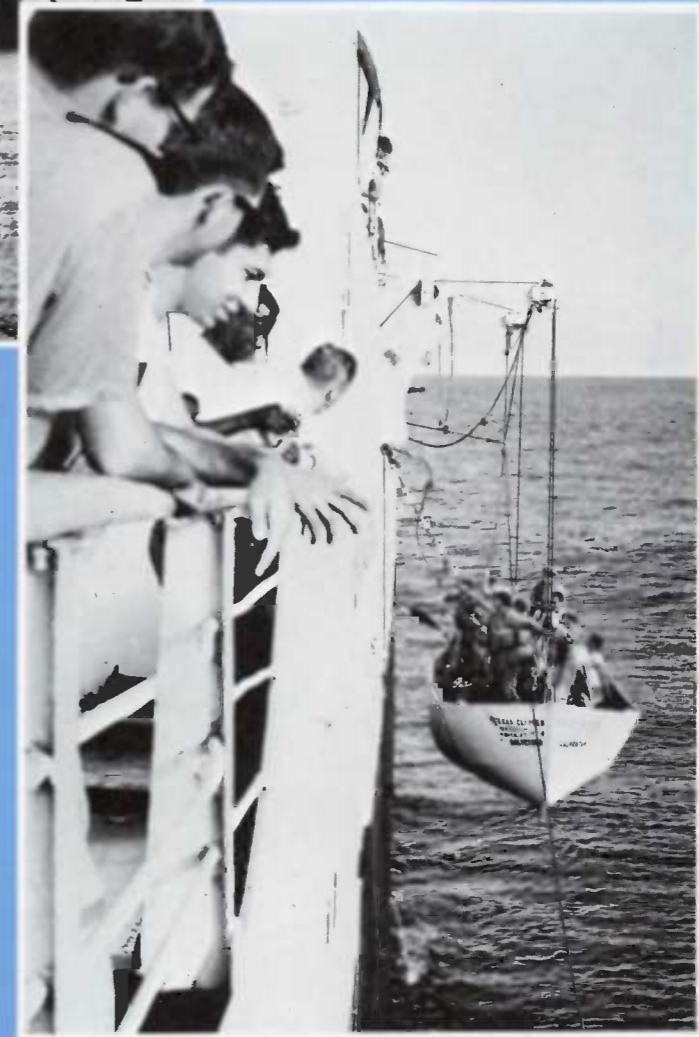
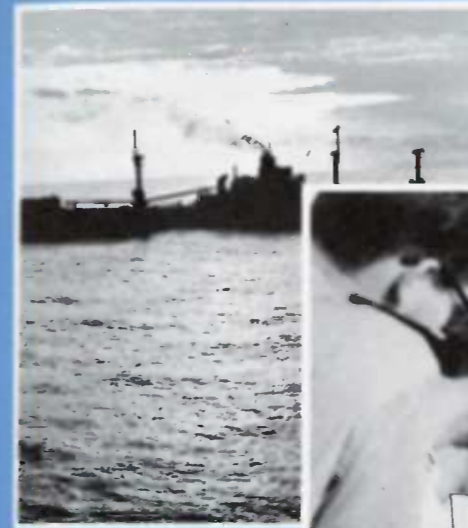
We set sail for Rio after three days liberty.



Rescue at Sea

At 1845 on July 5, we received an emergency call from the SS ALBINO asking for medical assistance. Having a doctor on board, we diverted our course 275 miles to the north.

At 0515 on July 6, the Albino came into view and rescue operations began. Captain Marmaris of the Albino was taken aboard, treated and carried to our next port of call, Rio.



IMPERIVM NEPTVNI REGIS

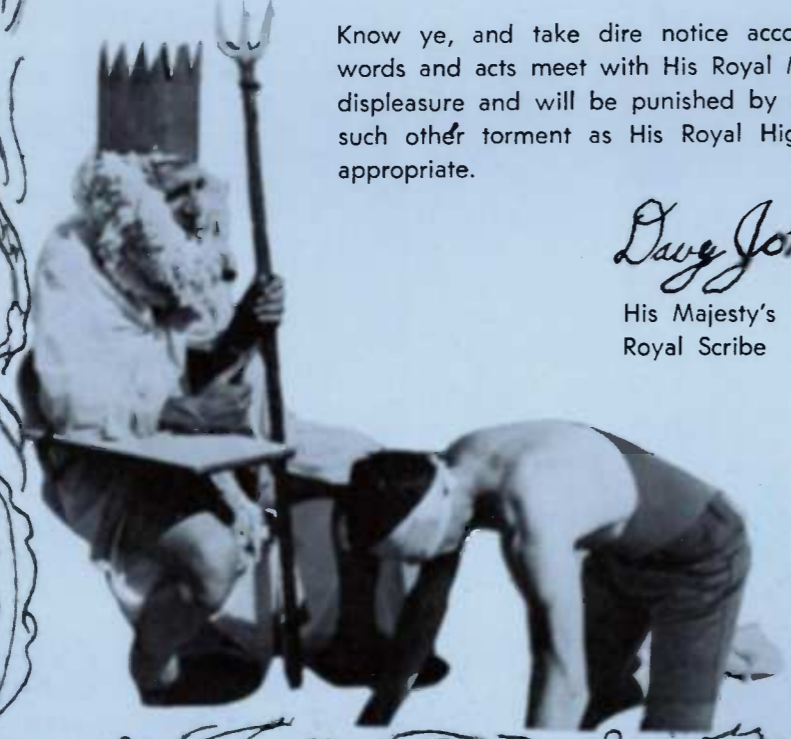


On Tuesday 4 July, the following message was received:
"It has been brought to his Royal Highness Neptunes Rex through his trusty Shellbacks that certain of box car tourists and park bench sitters, hay makers and other land lubbers attached to the good ship Texas Clipper and soon to enter my domain, are treating His Royal Highness with contempt, and are committing acts of insurrection and sedition.

Know ye, and take dire notice accordingly that such words and acts meet with His Royal Majesty's profound displeasure and will be punished by eternal pickling or such other torment as His Royal Highness may deem appropriate.

Dave Jones

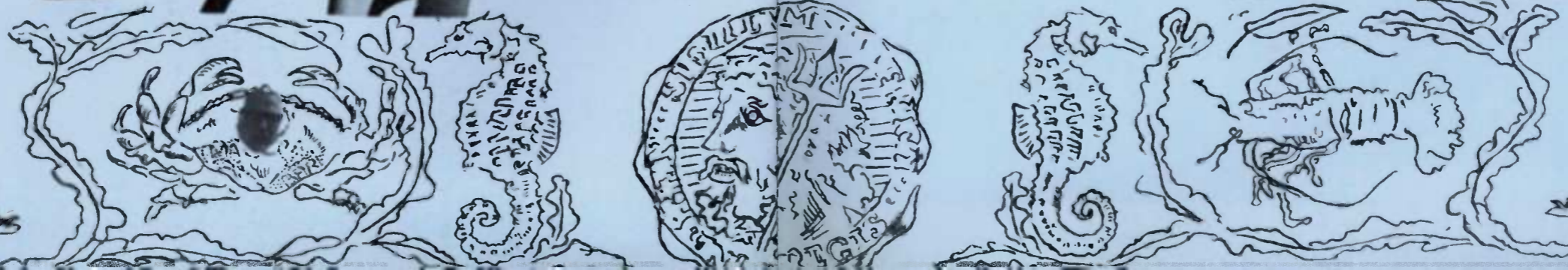
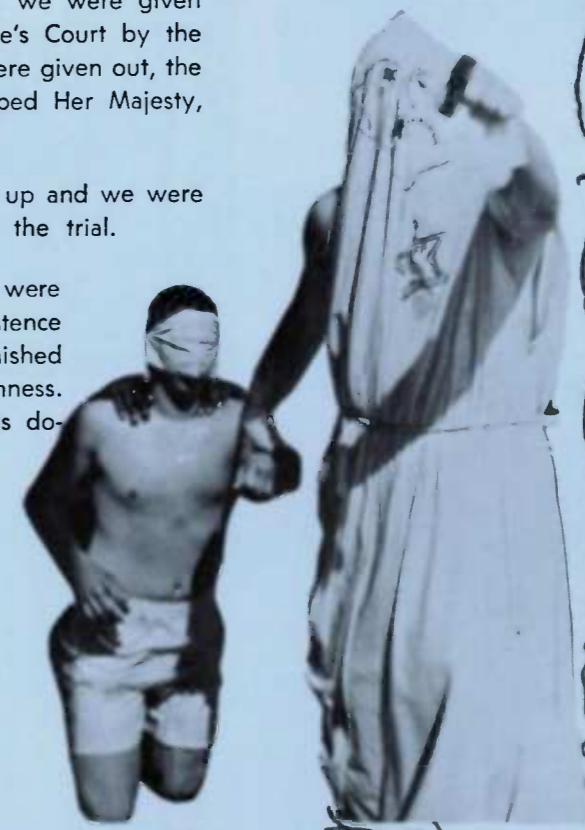
His Majesty's
Royal Scribe



This message meant that we were approaching 0-00' latitude. Later that night we were given summons to appear at Neptune's Court by the Royal Sheriff. After summons were given out, the polliwogs revolted and kidnapped Her Majesty, the Queen.

Our rebellion was soon broken up and we were all given extra punishment at the trial.

On 5 July all lowly polliwogs were mustered on the Prom deck, sentence was passed and all were punished for contempt of His Royal Highness. We were then initiated into his domain as loyal Shellbacks.





Onward Christian Soldiers.



A Loyal Shellback takes gas.



The salt water wash next.



Guilty!



You love it and you know it.



Take your hands off my—



Shellbacks at last!

Port of Rio



Corcovado

We finally arrived at Rio after an equator crossing ceremony and a rescue at sea.

The American colony and Brazilians arranged parties and tours to Sugarloaf, the statue of Christ and many other places of interest.

Never will we forget the many happy hours swimming, surfing and girl watching at Copacabana and Ipanema beaches.

We met many friendly people who took us on tours and even to their homes to show us their way of life.

Seven days after our arrival we weighed anchor and began our long trip home.

The fun we had and the friends we made in Rio will someday bring us back to this most beautiful port.



Smoky and friend



WAH . . . WAHH!!!



Rio Harbor



Restricted again.



Sugarloaf



Brazilian sculpture



Brazilian Maritime Academy



The girl from Ipanema



Did your mother have to come?



Some midshipmen stayed on board.





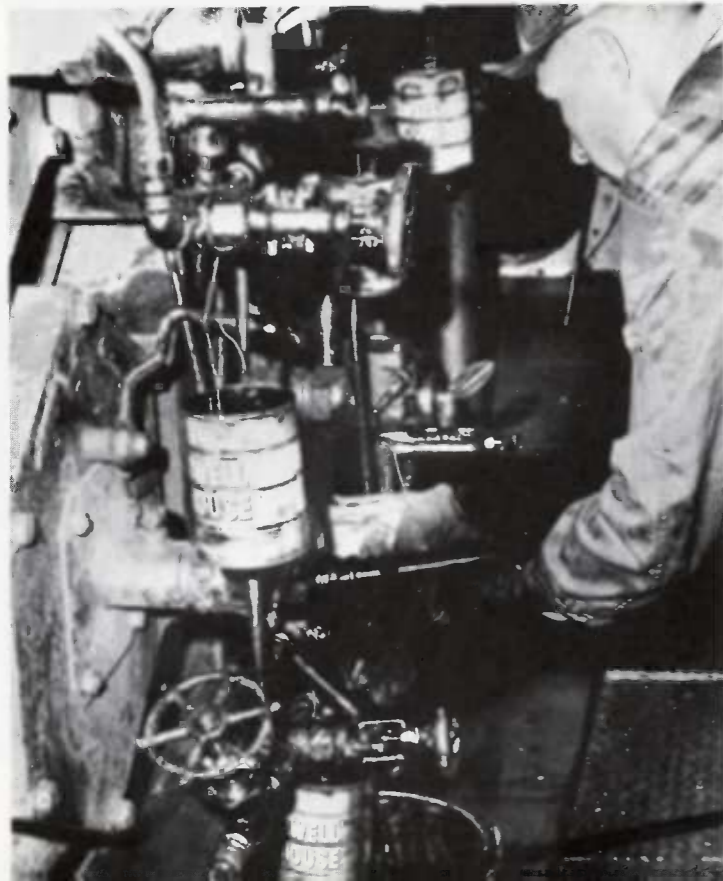
Shut up and eat it, the "old man" is looking.



Snuffy Smith and the boys.



Go Greek.



Good to the last drop.



WW's Sea Bat.

PORT OF RECIFE



And the band played on.



Sand Castle Kings



Where are your shoulderboards Dave?



Love that maintenance.

After a weeks run from Rio and with some of the roughest water we had yet seen, behind us, we entered the almost unprotected harbor of Recife. The city proper was typical of the other South American ports we had seen except intertwined throughout the city were canals navigable by small boats. Traveling around the city via these canals provided us with a unique and enjoyable change of pace from the usual shoeleather express.

SENIORS



It only happens in pictures.



Like father like son.



Another course change??



Heck, we were here yesterday!



It ain't Miami Beach. I'm not cutting my hair.



It's a blond!



Willemstad



Hellp!



Cheetah, liberty expires at 0100.



Senior Toast

Entering through the narrow channel into the protected confines of the Dutch port was a novel experience in close quarters navigation. The port was impressive at first sight due to the general cleanliness, common to the Dutch people. The beaches were clean and attractive and the water so clear, depth was deceptive.

Curacao



It's all gone.

Our visit to Willemstad was studded with intense social activities, beach parties, swimming, gambling, surfing, skin diving, and excursions all over the Caribbean island, and we all realized that even though it was our final port before our return home, it was one of our nicest.



When does the riot start?

PREPS



No more pencils—no more books—



The beach set.



I want to go home—



C. Q.