



*The
Lucky Bag*
1917







Annals of the Academy 1919



THE LUCKY BAG



*The Annual of
The Regiment of Midshipmen
United States Naval Academy
1917*



EDITED BY
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VOLUME XXIV



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ATTENTION!

If this volume of the Lucky Bag serves to record the many things of interest and moment that have happened during the past year; if it helps any of the four present classes to remember bright spots in their four-year course at the "School of the Pampered Pets;" if it furnishes a link to bind the four classes in a spirit of companionship and good fellowship and helps us to remember friends made during our four long years of toil; if it helps to instill into the "New Navy" the training and high principles of the "Old;" then it will have accomplished its purpose, and our efforts will not have been cast to the four winds



TO
CAPTAIN E. W. EBERLE
UNITED STATES NAVY

THE CLASS OF 1917 RESPECTFULLY DEDICATES THIS LUCKY BAG
BECAUSE OF OUR RESPECT, ADMIRATION AND LOVE
FOR A TRUE OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN





*With my sincere regard,
D. W. Eberle.*



CAPTAIN LOUIS M. NULTON

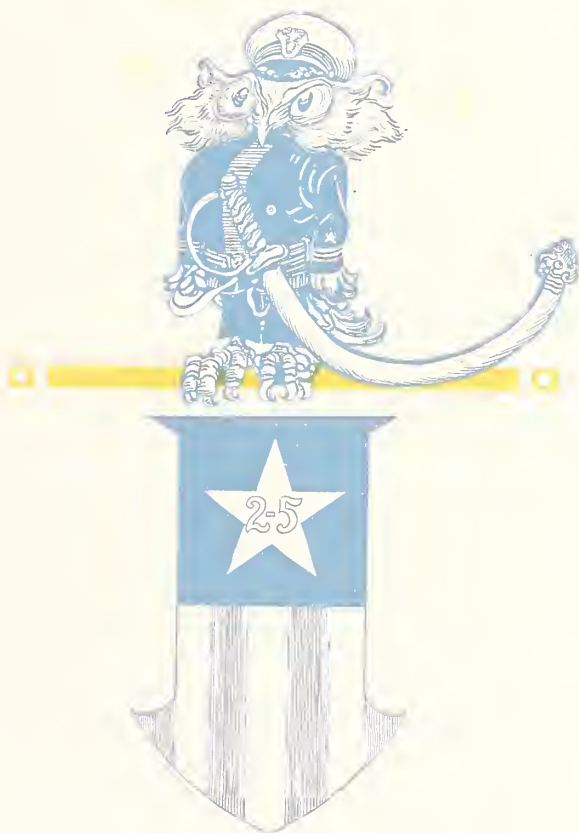




COMMANDER SINCLAIR GANNON



ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS





EXECUTIVE

.6.



Executive Department

Lieutenant Fletcher, at Saturday noon inspection; "Close ranks and march to breakfast, sir!"

"Get all those lates. Let not a one of them escape!"

Aside from inculcating in us the primary principles of discipline, the Executive Department has been the direct cause of numerous inventions and original ideas. The wireless system has been improved to such an extent that sound waves produced by a D. O.'s footsteps give warning to erring Midshipmen before the D. O. is anywhere within striking distance. Secondly, a system of espionage has been established that is equalled only by the W. J. Burns' Agency itself.

First Class year there are first classmen "frap the less, and do not realize the pap-sheet until their multhey find themselves a few class. So mark our words:



no conduct grades, but pap" regularly neverthe-significance of adorning a tiple has been added, and numbers lower in their "Stand from under!"



Seamanship





Seamanship Department

“Sail ho!” “Where away?” “Dead ahead”—and Seamanship looms up above the horizon in the form of the “good book,” the Admirable Knight. Many a time and oft we have had to picture red, green and white lights in a miscellaneous array, perpendicular and horizontal, neither and both, with and without. We have learned how to bring a schooner over the bar, weigh an anchor with a pair of scales, and how to make rope large enough for a belly-strap.

Serious things aside, Seamanship has not been a source of much worry to us. The practical part of our career, aside from the fact of its appealing to us, must be acquired. Hence, what do? No one but a Midshipman knows.

First Class Seamanship
rule applicable to boats

Answer: Never spit to



exam: 47b. Give universal
under sail.

wind'ard!



Comes & I Page 71
C = K = 40,82346 217654.10
X = 57000 49 4.75387
Z, 8558.75 17 3.75241



ORDNANCE



Ordnance Department

Lieutenant Parker, during gun drill this summer: "Aim at the horizon."

Jew Clark: "Which wire, horizontal or vertical?"

Jew Clark: "Sir, you can't use a range finder in a fog, can you?"

Lieutenant Le Bourgeois: "No, and a blind man can't use one either."

Grant: "Sir, why don't they make shells with two points instead of one?"

Lieutenant Soule: "For the same reason, I guess, that they don't make them with holes in them so that there won't be any wind resistance.

Lieutenant Le Bourgeois and Neilson on the practice cruise, discussing the gases generated upon explosion of powder in a gun chamber.

Neilson: "CO₂ forms the largest percentage, doesn't it, sir?"

Lieutenant Le Bourgeois: "Yes."



Neilson: "What gases are formed when you smoke a Fat?"

Same lieutenant: "I suppose tobac O₂."





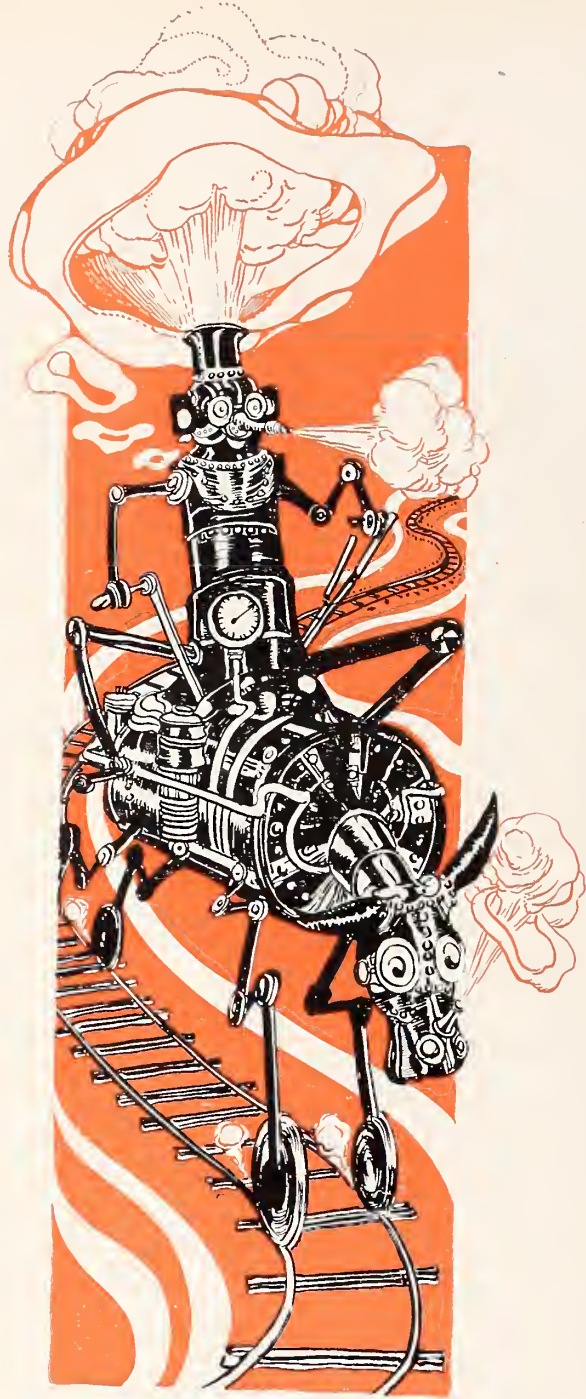
Navigation Department

If Marcq St. Hilaire had only lived, he would have realized the ambition we know he must have had, namely, that of seeing how much time and energy could be and had been expended in the process of determining those devilish, elusive, little "a's" of his. What unspeakable, inexpressible honor he would have experienced in seeing his lines of position all out of position, a sight of Polaris giving a South Latitude (as it has often done with us) and G. M. T's that wouldn't know Greenwich if they stubbed their toes on the O—meridian!

Oh, Bowditch, how sadly and wearily your meanings have been construed, how unappreciative the world has been of your true worth! But we know, good Bowditch, ah yes, we know! At last, we understand in the fullness of our knowledge (ye Gods! and why you got your mis-prehensible junk together. book, old boy (when we are hoping your life was hap-

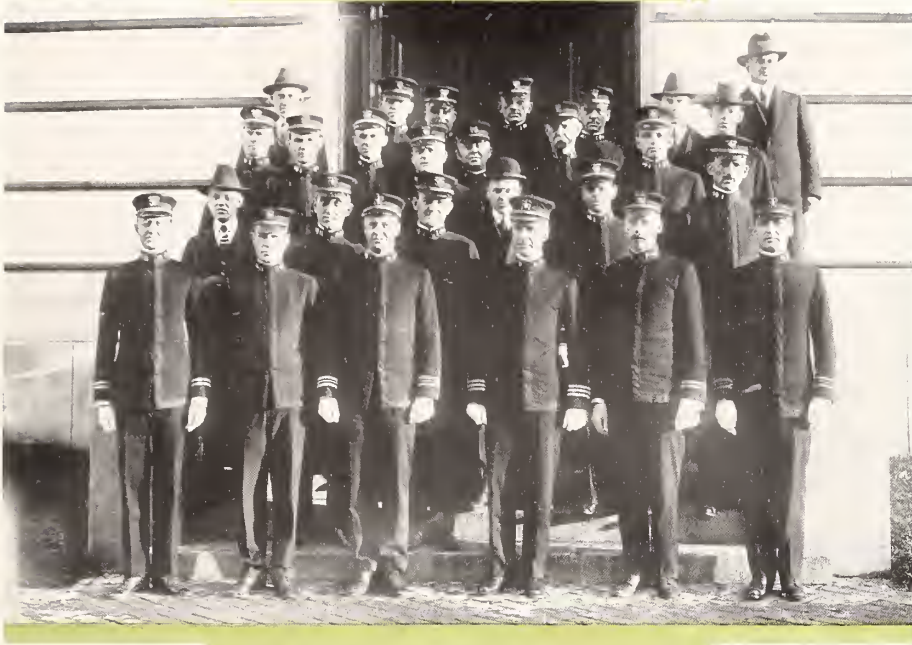


what bitter irony!) how cellaneous pile of incom- We treasure your good at a P—work), and here's pier than ours has been!



STEAM





Department of Marine Engineering
and Naval Construction

If you can "sketch and describe," you and the Mech. Department gybe very well. Otherwise, one might just as well throw up both one's hands and shriek, "It can't be done."

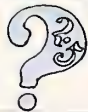
We have sketched and described everything from a rivet to a battleship, and now that we have rounded the last lap with a good lead, almost everything has been forgotten with the exception of that most elusive W. B. & A. boiler.

After Plebe year one's trials in the Mech. Department really end. With the passing of Mech. Drawing, descriptive geometry, and a few plebes (relatively speaking), sailing is not so rough. There are those, however, who find their path other than a bed of roses when they strike incidentals like mechanisms and turbines. The main drain is a 15 inch line of wood. Oh, my!!





MATH





Department of Mathematics

Brown and Capron's Calculus, page 6 (bottom)

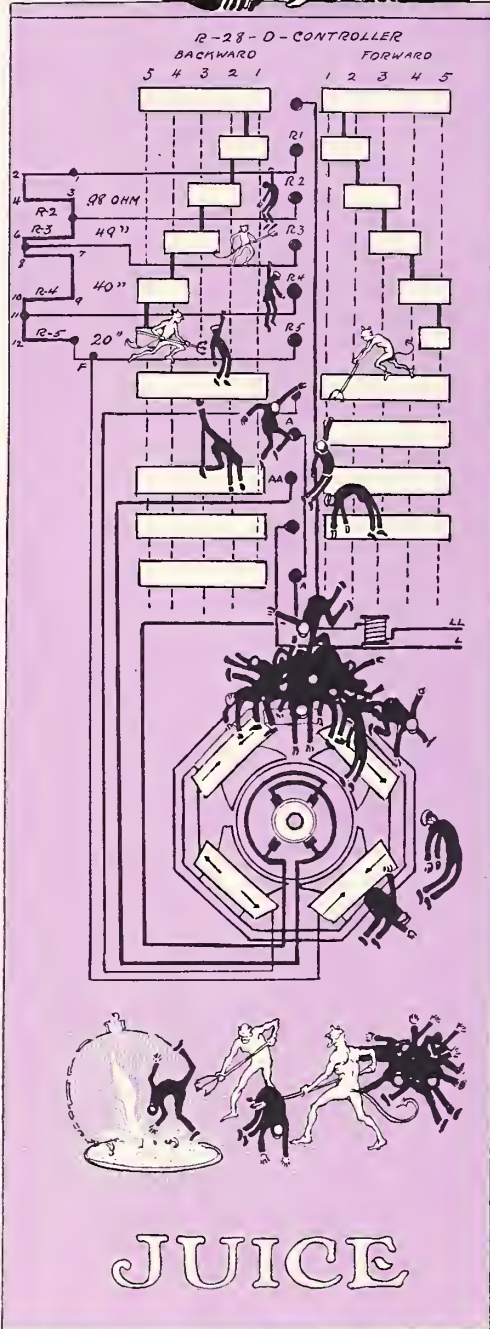
It will be understood, of course, that in this article the letters "y" and "x" have been used for function and variable merely for convenience and brevity; all sorts of letters may be expected in various problems. For instance, time is almost invariably indicated by the letter "t," and distance (or space) by "s."

It may all be true, old boy, but who told you it?

The Math. and Mech. Department satisfies itself by wreaking vengeance upon a resistless mass of helpless plebes, airily snatches a few from our midst Youngster and Second Class years, and even after solemn burial, it isn't content to die. Every time we go over to Nav. and Ordnance, Math. turns over in his grave, and it through this "continual have scraped and racked and puns on the Math. has been forthcoming.



is the same all the way round of pleasure." We our brains for a few jokes Department, but nothing There is no joke in it.



JUICE



Electrical Engineering and Physics

Lieutenant Commander Wallace: "Mr. Ludlow, with what ear do you hear a sound on the starboard?"

Ludlow: "With the ear you put to the starboard receiver, sir."

Skylstead, after blowing out two fuses during practical work, goes up to the electrician and says:

"Hey, get me two more circuit breakers."

We know it's there, but no one knows exactly where. What's that? "Juice!" Juice has been a bane to the existence of most of us and by its ravages has added its share towards depleting our much-thinned ranks. Brother Bullard with his little volumes seems to have played his part in bringing about the survival of the 40%.
 To get marks in Juice you have to know the subject. The "Bull" that is daily canned and served as meat in the various other departments does not 'meat' (?) with much success here. Oh, the bull may come, and the bull may flow, but the cow stays on forever.





ENGLISH



English Department

They reckon ill who leave me out
 When me thy fly I am the wings

this is what they give us after two years of studying english as she is spoke nobody has yet discovered what it means its all in the book and yet we still get a two five it is surprising though how many casualties are due to the evil machinations of this department and it is no uncommon thing to see a man who has a higher mark in the study of modern languages than he has in the study of the queens own one thing we learn is to punctuate and capitalize and paragraph our sentences and thanks to the afore mentioned department none of us ought to make busts on official correspondence we also learn how not to make after dinner speeches even though jeff ross did bust up one of those parties
 instructor seat your men section leader men seats





DAGO





Modern Languages

Why Dago is taught us leaves us in a quandary. Why we waste one hour and forty minutes (?) every time we have a Dago recitation, who knows? Perhaps, it was put in our path as a stumbling block (good idea, Henry, because it has certainly been that), or, perchance, it is to make us become acquainted with the chivalry of France and Spain. Whose nose?

Plebe year we started out with "Turlututu, chapeau pointu," French, I believe. Thence, after various transitory periods, one half of us studied French, another half Spanish, and the other third, who knows? Some of the best exponents of the stuff can actually make up words in either lingo, a truly remarkable state of affairs. Moreover, some of us can now really distinguish between a, e, i, o, and u. be anything else that we of languages, all we have 461 of the grammaire, and Don't forget the fricative



Oh you! Anyway, if there desire to know in the way to do is to turn to page there it is all before us! sound of "l" in Dago!!



BONES





Physiology and Hygiene

"Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well, Horatio."

Why a drowning man needs water and a baby loves tobacco are only too well known by all of us who have attended Doc Heiner's little lectures on Hygiene. Aside from the fact that these lectures have really been interesting, they have afforded us no end of amusement when we saw Snyder all bandaged up and no place to go, and that pained expression on his face when he had a tourniquet around his neck.

During our last year life became one funeral after another, and the Swedish drills we had endured for four long years kept us in splendid trim, and stood us in good stead during the season.

"But there are more things this department, Horatio, physiology." Not only doing place," but there have "Swoboda" Heffernan's, and our "Duke Kahana-of Annette Kellermans.



in heaven and earth and than are dreamt of in your we gyrate to "pants-hang-been developed among us physical culture cranks, moku" Twomey's troupe "Shove off, coxswain."

Officers Not Attached to Academic Staff

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MR. P. H. MAGRUDER, Secretary of the Naval Academy
Chaplain, SYDNEY K. EVANS

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Engineering Experiment Station

CAPT. T. W. KINKAID

Marine Barracks

MAJOR JOHN C. BEAUMONT

Naval Hospital

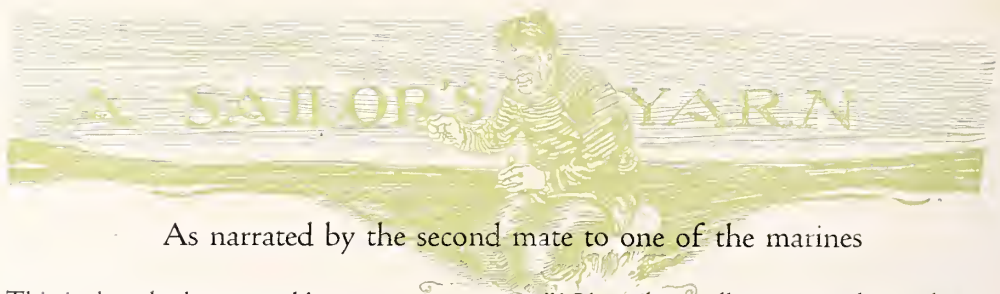
MEDICAL DIRECTOR JAMES G. FIELD

Sick Bay

SURGEON ARTHUR W. DUNBAR SURGEON REYNOLDS HAYDEN
PAST-ASST. SURG. GEORGE B. TRIBBLE
PAST-ASST. SURG. HARRY R. HERMESCH
DENTAL SURG. RICHARD GRADY
ACTING-ASST. DENTAL SURG. CORNELIUS H. MACK



"On the Rocks"



As narrated by the second mate to one of the marines

This is the tale that was told to me
By a battered and shattered son of the sea;
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

“‘Twas the good ship ‘Gyacutus,’
All in the China seas;
With the wind a lee, and the capstan free,
To catch the summer breeze.

“‘Twas Captain Porgie on the deck
To the mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the for’ard hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

“‘Oh, how does our good ship head tonight?
How heads our gallant craft?
‘Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.
And the binnacle lies abaft.’

“‘Oh, what does the quadrant indicate?
And how does the sextant stand?
‘Oh, the sextant’s down to the freezing point
And the quadrant’s lost a hand.’

“‘Oh, if the quadrant’s lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
It’s our body and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go.

“‘Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake,
And reef the spanker boom,
Bend a stubbing sail on the martingale
To give her weather room.

“‘Oh, bo’s’n, down in the for’ard hold
What water do you find?’
‘Four foot and a half by the royal gaff
And rather more behind.’

“‘Oh, sailors, collar your marline spikes
And each belaying pin;
Come, stir your stumps to spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in.’

“They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but, oh!
The water gained apace.

“They bored a hole below her line
To let the water out,
But more and more with awful roar
The water in did spout.

“Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship—
And he was a lubber brave—
‘I’ve several wives in various ports,
And my life I’d like to save.’

“Then up spoke the captain of marines,
Who dearly loved his prog:
‘It’s awful to die, and it’s worse to be dry,
And I move we pipes to grog.’

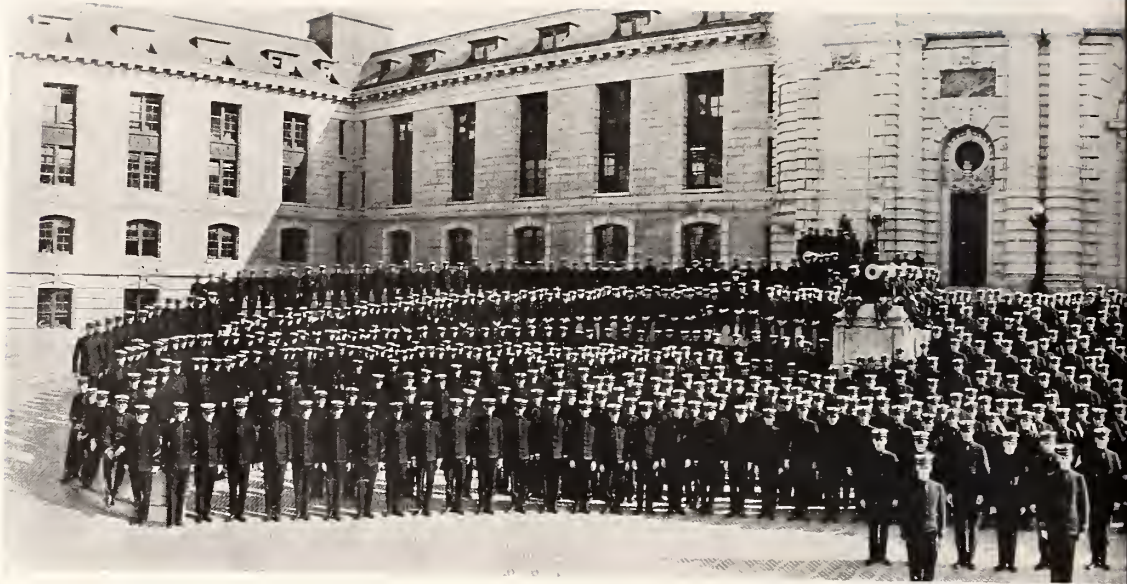
“Oh, then ‘twas the gallant second mate
As stopped them sailors’ jaw,
‘Twas the second mate whose hand had weight
In laying down the law.

“He took the anchor on his back,
And leapt into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way,
And sunk, and rose again.

“Through foam and spray a league away
The anchor stout he bore,
Till safe at last, he made it fast,
And warped the ship ashore.”

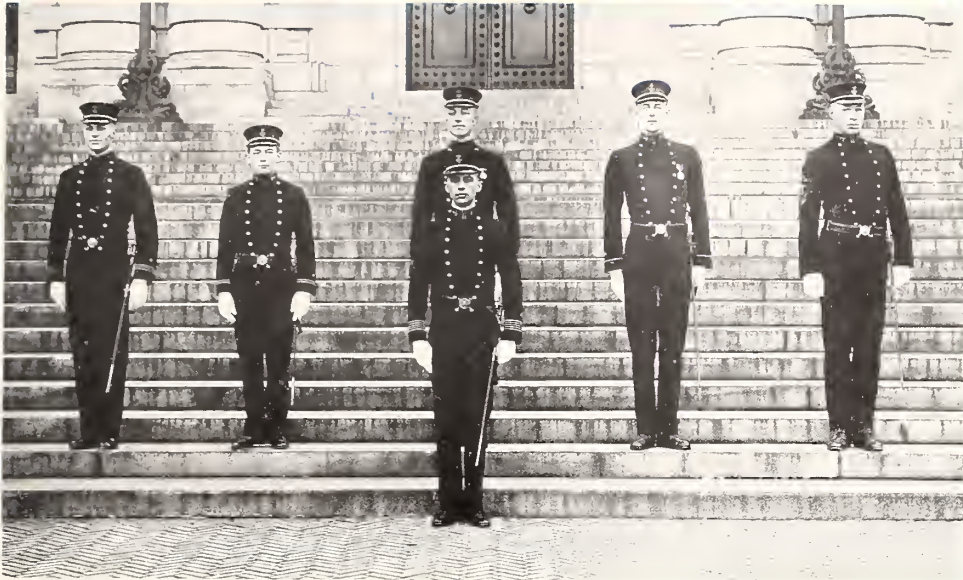
This is the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea.
And I envy the life of a second mate,
Though captains curse him and sailors hate;
For he ain’t like some of the swabs I’ve seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

—J. J. Roche





The Regiment



REGIMENTAL COMMANDER AND STAFF



Midshipman Commander
HAEBERLE, F. E.

Midshipman Lieutenant and Regimental Adjutant
DEAN, F. H.

Midshipman Junior Lieutenant and Regimental Commissary
PORTER, R. L., Jr.

Midshipman Junior Lieutenant and Regimental Signal Officer
CONYNE, J. H.

Midshipman Ensign and Aid
HEFFERNAN, J. B.

Midshipman Regimental Staff Petty Officer
CLARKE, W. P. O.



FIRST BATTALION STAFF AND STRIPERS



FIRST BATTALION

Midshipman Lieutenant Commander: BRADY, E. E., Jr.
 Midshipman Junior Lieutenant and Adjutant: CAMPBELL, C.
 Midshipman Ensign and Commissary: COMSTOCK, M.
 Midshipman Battalion Staff Petty Officer: WAINWRIGHT, L.

First Company

Maples, H. L.	Mid. Lt.
Reaves, A. G.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Stump, F. B.	Mid. Ens.

Third Company

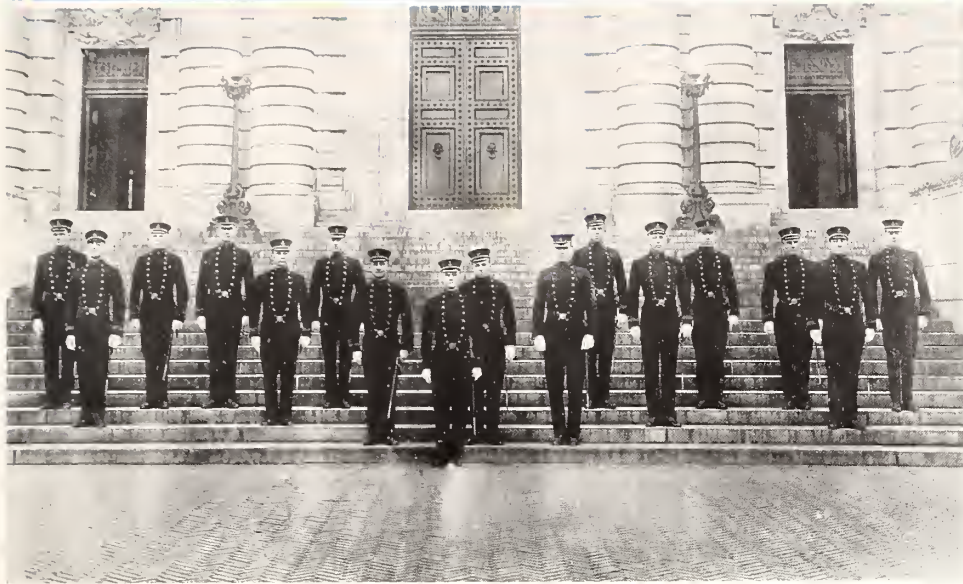
Vytlačil, N.	Mid. Lt.
Douglas, A. D.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Clark, H. W.	Mid. Ens.

Second Company

Mitchell, E. A.	Mid. Lt.
Collins, R. F.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Neilson, F. W.	Mid. Ens.

Fourth Company

Fleming, R. W.	Mid. Lt.
Grant, V. F.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Coe, D. W.	Mid. Ens.



SECOND BATTALION STAFF AND STRIPERS



SECOND BATTALION

Midshipman Lieutenant Commander: McKEE, A. I.

Midshipman Junior Lieutenant and Adjutant: SCHUMACHER, T. L.

Midshipman Ensign and Commissary: LUDLOW, W. G., Jr.

Midshipman Battalion Staff Petty Officer: McREYNOLDS, R. W., Jr.

Fifth Company

Oster, H. R.	Mid. Lt.
Dees, R. E.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Sallada, H. B.	Mid. Ens.

Seventh Company

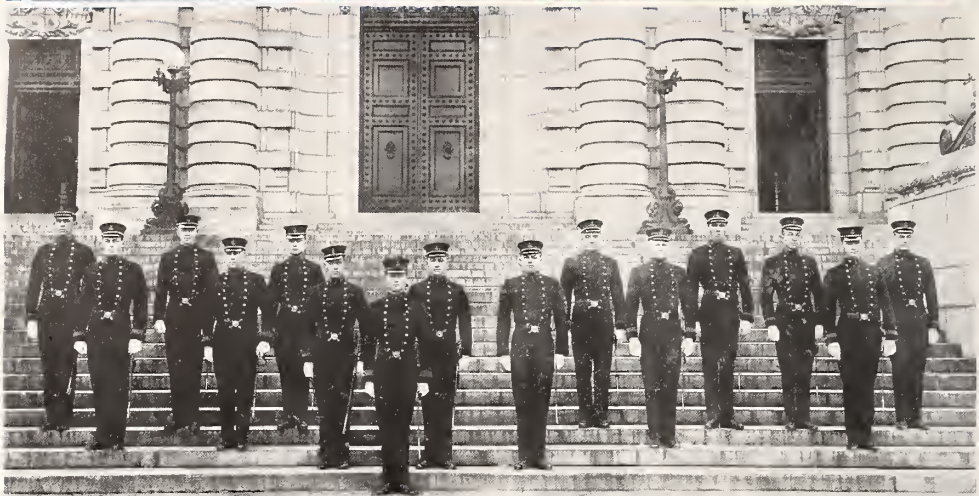
Denebrink, F. C.	Mid. Lt.
Metcalf, J. T.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Hudson, L. J.	Mid. Ens.

Sixth Company

Rogers, E. B.	Mid. Lt.
Tevis, P. U.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Anderson, H. W.	Mid. Ens.

Eighth Company

Moran, E. J.	Mid. Lt.
Dashiell, R. B.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
McIver, G. W., Jr.	Mid. Ens.



THIRD BATTALION STAFF AND STRIPERS



THIRD BATTALION

Midshipman Lieutenant Commander: WYNNE, S. J.
 Midshipman Junior Lieutenant and Adjutant: DUNWOODY, K.
 Midshipman Ensign and Commissary: IRBY, F. S.
 Midshipman Battalion Staff Petty Officer: WALTON, J. N.

Ninth Company

Johnson, C. W.	Mid. Lt.
Moore, V. J.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Cooley, T. R.	Mid. Ens.

Eleventh Company

Holden, C. F.	Mid. Lt.
Shepard, A. G.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Brewington, C. W.	Mid. Ens.

Tenth Company

Allen, J. K.	Mid. Lt.
Fabrion, F. G.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Staud, B. F.	Mid. Ens.

Twelfth Company

Keating, R. E.	Mid. Lt.
Duncan, D. B.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Jones, E. H.	Mid. Ens.



FOURTH BATTALION STAFF AND STRIPERS



FOURTH BATTALION

Midshipman Lieutenant Commander: RAWLINGS, N. L.
 Midshipman Junior Lieutenant and Adjutant: WYATT, B. H.
 Midshipman Ensign and Commissary: FULLINWIDER, S. P.
 Midshipman Battalion Staff Petty Officer: HYDE, R. U.

Thirteenth Company

Kiland, I. N.	Mid. Lt.
Huschke, P. W. F.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Wallin, H. N.	Mid. Ens.

Fifteenth Company

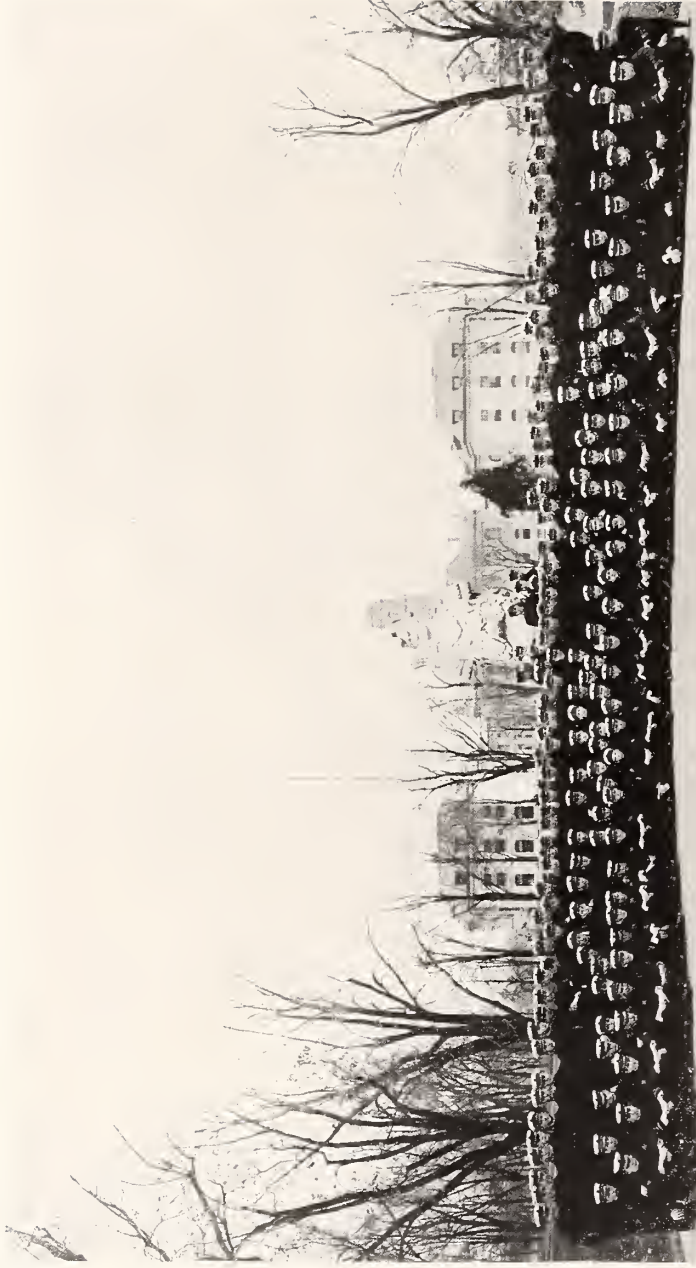
Avery, H.	Mid. Lt.
Davis, W. P.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Howard, G. T.	Mid. Ens.

Fourteenth Company

Richmond, J. O'D.	Mid. Lt.
Ostrander, J. E., Jr.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Headlee, C. DeV.	Mid. Ens.

Sixteenth Company

Ward, C. O.	Mid. Lt.
Tobin, R. G.	Mid. Jr. Lt.
Jones, C. M.	Mid. Ens.



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JAY K ALLEN

Albuquerque, New Mexico

"Jennie" "Fats"

JENNIE came to us from the wilds of New Mexico. After years spent in the blackness of silver mines he decided to become a man of the sea and get a glimpse of the sun occasionally. A true son of the West is Jennie,—extremely practical, self-reliant, capable, ever ambitious, a hard worker, and always on top after a gruelling exam.

Jennie is a man who has risen by his own efforts and fighting qualities,—qualities which one never sees him without. His wonderful driving power and level-headedness will inevitably lead him through a successful career in the Navy.

Is a friend in need? Then send for Jennie. He has always been ready to help a classmate in any way possible, and never hesitates to drop his work or his Cosmo to help some one less fortunate than himself. Fats has often proved himself a friend indeed by taking some one's duty on hop nights or holidays. Pink teas are not in Jennie's line, nor does

the fairer sex hold any attractions for him. It is rumored that there is a certain little girl out in Mexico—but what is the use of relating the usual story. Suffice it to say that Jennie is content to sit in his room for hours at a time, engaged in his favorite pastime of developing pictures, or fancy wood-carving.

Jennie has often talked about getting out of the Navy; but those of us who know him best have a hunch that it would take a forty-mule team to pull him away from it. He wants to make good at anything that he undertakes, and we know that he is determined to make good as a naval officer. And, believe me, Josephine, he will do it, too.

Here's to you, Jennie, old pal. Stick to your ideals and keep up your determination and punch, and there will be nothing left for us to do but sit back and listen to the tale of your success in the Service.

*Three stripes
Lucky Bag Staff*



*sNT (4)
Sharpshooter*



HERBERT WILLIAM ANDERSON

Missoula, Montana

“Herb” “Beagle Eak”

IF there ever was a man in this place who was proud of his home town, it is Handsome Herb, the pride of Missoula. Moreover, you can't get Herb rhino on the Navy; he likes his job and does his best to live up to it.

Herb is always obliging, and when things go wrong with him you never will hear him complain. He has steadied the Rabbi in his many “affaires du coeur” these past years, his knowledge in this direction coming from long experience.

Always with a good brace and brand new uniforms, Herb's amount available is always increasing,—in the wrong direction.

His natural ability with the pen got him a job as Cartoon Editor of the Log, and, for references see this year's Logs.

Herb has always had his troubles with our friends, the Academic Departments, except in Mechanical Drawing, and there he certainly is a “wooze.”

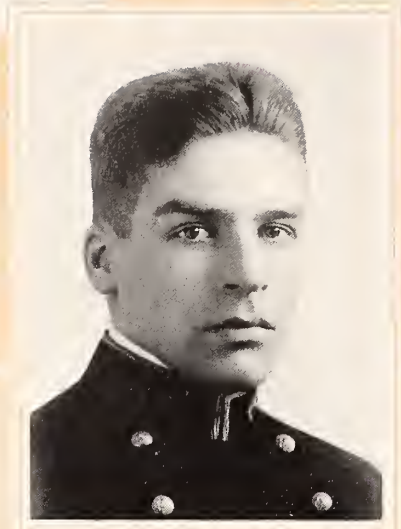
If Herb doesn't go into the Army so he can get attached to that post out in Missoula and live on his wife's ranch, we certainly shall be glad to be shipmates with him and hear some more of his experiences, of which he certainly has had his share.

“Gee! but she was some queen! Did you see her last night?”

One Stripe
Lucky Bag Staff
Log Staff (4, 3, 2, 1)



Masqueraders (4)
Bugle Corps (3)



LEONARD BYNNER AUSTIN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Len" "Tums"

LEN'S one ambition is to clutch the coveted sheepskin. At the same time, although his nose has been fairly well buried in his Academic books, he has not been entirely deaf to the siren strains of pleasure. His delvings into the rosy field of romance have not been many, but they have been more or less interesting, as anyone who made that memorable trip to Spanishtown can tell you.

In London he was not at all overawed by the British nobility, and conducted himself at the Wellington Club with the greatest savoir faire imaginable, greatly to the horror of "Poppy Gray," with whom he was associating at the time. Any time in London when Poppy wasn't taking him, protestingly, to Brighton, Len could be found

in the Hyde Park Hotel, which hotel had a singular fascination for him.

Len used to play football when the rest of us wore rompers. Youngster year he was well on the road to an N star when, for some reason best known to himself, he stopped playing.

Leonard thoroughly enjoys a bull fest, in which he generally takes an active as well as a passive part. He has been unsat several times, but by determination and persistence has managed to fool them and have a safe margin to spare.

In short, Austin is a man who will make many friends wherever he goes, and, as he says, there are only forty-one more years, a sleep and a butt, you can guess that many of us are going to be fortunate enough to be shipmates with him again.

Buzzard
Football Squad (4, 3)



Football Numerals (4, 3)



HARRISON AVERY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
"Madame"

MADAME, with fifteen years of sea-life to his credit, came to us from the Superintendent's office, acting as three-striper to eleven other good-bye-summer-vacation unfortunates, namely; Gus Hoover, Fish Halstead, and Critchfield, who, on June 28, 1913, constituted his personal staff.

It didn't take long for his "Capron" neck to be burned to a crisp under the hot parade-ground sun, and the third day he nearly cut off his own head while slinging arms at artillery drill. And you should have heard him tell about all the perilous adventures he went through in the twenty-two years before he joined the Navy, working in a gas office, and cruising about on the "Adams."—"Why, we went thirty-three days without anything to eat but mush."

On Youngster cruise, after every meal, if you went down a fire-room hatch, or back of an evaporator, you would be sure to find him. But he was sea-going, and our Harrison generally knew what to do.

On the never-to-be-forgot-

Three Stripes
Track Squad (4, 3)

ten last night in California, he fell in love at Venice. He was a different man from then on.—"And fellows, she has such a beautiful complexion."

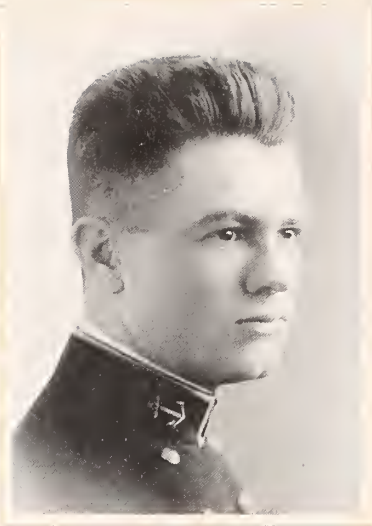
Then came the First Class cruise. He was put in the plotting room, and proved himself so proficient that he stuck there the rest of the cruise. He and Nichols became very much attached, and Madame came back with three stripes. Of course, on this cruise, too, he had to enjoy himself in Massy a little, and one fortunate Bostonian received the whole sum of fifty cents for saving him from being run down by an automobile.

Get him to tell you about his last September leave; how he and "SHE" rode horseback and had such a perfectly wonderful time; and incidentally about the day he "beat up" P. Forster.

Madame always let the Plebes alone, and made more friends than most people are capable of making. A fellow who can grasp Avery by the hand, and truthfully call him his friend, is a lucky man.



Mandolin Club (2)



WILLIAM HEREFORD BALL

Kansas City, Missouri

"Nick" "Lover 1" "Nuts"

IF Lady Nicotine ever possessed an abject slave, our Nicodemus is he. Nick started smoking before he was out of his swaddling clothes, and Fatimas have stuck to him like burrs in a horse's tail ever since. Behold that cadaverous look, that shaking hand, that hypertrophy and irregularity of heart; results of tobacco, says Doc Heiner. It is in his heart that Nick is most affected; in fact, Nick's heart has been affected, and not by tobacco, ever since we can remember, but especially since First Class leave, and then again since that wonderful New Year's Day, 1917. If Nick didn't have Haeberle and McIver to tell his troubles to, and hear theirs in turn, we are not quite in a position to say what would happen.

Nick has other virtues besides being in love,

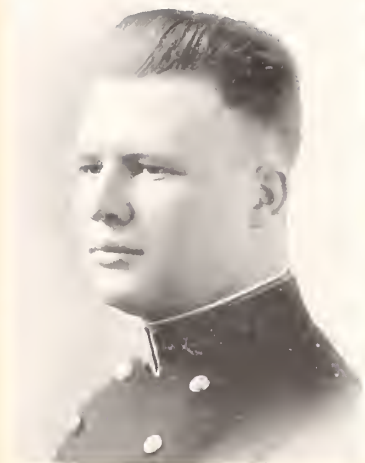
though. His drawing sketches adorn the pages of this book, and no hop card he ever made out was complete without a pretty little picture on the front page and another pretty little one on the last; he can handle the piano in such a manner that you feel so happy you rise right up and dance one minute, and the next you feel so blooming sad that it seems as though the bottom has dropped out of your life. And to hear the dear old boy tickle that guitar is a pleasure not to be missed. Nick made life bearable for us on the Missouri, First Class cruise, and he brightens things up the minute his fingers touch those strings.

Nick is a true friend, and that means a lot to those men who can call him friend. Ask the "Invincible and Inseparable Trio."

Buzzard
Lucky Bag Staff
Choir (4, 3)



Masqueraders (4)
Mandolin Club (3, 2)



JOHN JOSEPH BARTHOLDI

Prescott, Arizona

“Fats”

FAT, good-natured, and hungry:—Bartholdi. We could let that line stand as it is with no addition and it would sufficiently describe Fats. But that would never do. Does the world ever tire of reading about Falstaff, or—or—Fat? Not that Cupid is like Falstaff particularly in any way, except that he is,—er—rather large, and very likely to be great. So we must tell more of him than that.

Here is one thing; he is a mighty good center on a football team, and has done a world of appreciated work on the squad. His steady, affable temperament has helped him out in that great American game of the gridiron, as well as in the big game of a “two-five.”

Oh, yes, Fats has been unsat. He doesn't ever want to pose as a howling book savour, for that would entail too much work. But he has looked on studies as he looks on life in general,—easily and ever with good humor, and, as every one knows, that is one way to make a two-five come in your direction.

Fats, when we get aboard ship, there is one little thing that we hope to have with us, for it will make the day's routine bright, and will always raise our spirits. We hope to see that round, grinning countenance ease around the edge of our stateroom door, and hear you say,—

“What 'cher got tuh eat?”

Buzzard
Football Squad (3, 2, 1)



Football Numerals (4, 3, 2)



SAMUEL JOHNSON BARTLETT

Mooresville, Alabama

"Sam" "Sapper"

THE picture above will tell you all about Sam much better than it can be expressed in mere words. It will show you in a moment the slow, easy-going, come-what-may manner, and the humorous, whole-hearted kindness of this tow-headed son of Alabama.

Sam never has been known to be rhino, even when a three month's tour in the "White House" stared him in the face. His love for Lady Nicotine has been the cause of many close escapes and a few misfortunes, but the way Sam enjoys a smoke is almost worth the penalty he has to pay.

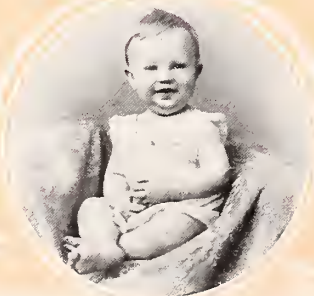
Ketchie has never bothered much about books, and is, therefore, usually unsat,

which, however, never disturbs his serenity, and he pulls sat each review month with ease, which shows that he could stand higher academically if he were not so fond of basking in the sun and dreaming about being back in Mooresville.

Trencher is of the "weak-old-man" type of build, and has been a member of Boehmke's Wednesday - Afternoon - Swedish Dancing Class since time immemorial; but even then he does the leaning rest with his same old smile.

We all have a big place in our hearts for you, Egg, and there is not a man in the regiment who is not proud to call you a friend. "Nothing under 84."

Buzzard



Keeper of the Bull



FRANCIS WYSE BENSON

Charleston, South Carolina

"Bennie" "Wyse"

BENNY Benson is not a favored child of the Luck Goddess,—that is why he is with us. But, say, if he doesn't receive that favor, he certainly ought to, for when the Creator in His wisdom made Benny, he endowed him plenteously with four qualities: sincerity, affability, efficiency, and a willingness to do his part.

Now we realize that in describing a classmate's character for the public, one is very prone to "spread it on thick;" but do this,—test him; meet Bennie and see if we have exaggerated one whit in this account. We are sure that such is not the case.

Two things we particularly admire in Ben-

son's make-up are, first, that if a piece of bad luck overtakes him, you will not see him draw a long face; he will grin and bear it; second, he does not try to invoke any pull in his favor, but turns to, and works to make it all up by himself.

In Second Class year Benny decided he wanted to "gym" and Benny "gymmed"—to such good effect, in fact, that a letter came his way with no trouble at all. You should see him perform on a horse!

All of which goes to show that Benson gets what he goes after. Why? Because he has realized that his course at the Academy is meant to fit a man for a man's life!



Buzzard
GNT (2)

Lacrosse Numerals (4, 3)

Soccer Numerals (4)
Company A



ANSON ALEXANDER BIGELOW

Chicago, Illinois

"Big" "Anson"

BEHOLD the non-reg Anson, non-reg from the top of his round head to the bottom of his flat feet! He cut his teeth in Illinois, and since then Chicago has won four world's championships. How he has resisted the midnight frolics of his fiery roommate is shrouded in mystery; but he has some hidden charm; what it is, we shall never know. Seriously, though, we have often wondered what occupies Big's inventive mind. Mayhap he thinks of his First Class leave in Newport, or possibly he muses on something that lies in the yet uncovered future. When the ship comes in, though, we look for something from the "old Frenchman" that will surprise us all.

Big is a willing, hard worker when he finds something to interest him. What he undertakes he puts his whole heart into, and sees through. He has never shone in ath-

letics, but it has not been through lack of ambition, for at any time you can see him getting in shape for class teams by limbering up and lumbering around indefatigably, wrestling with the mat, or sporting himself in the tank.

Possessed of a very keen mind, he could stand way up in his class, if we wished to, but he has been content with letting things slide gracefully and easily by.

Big wears a buzzard, and what worries him most is that he has to carry a flintlock and show up every morning at formation.

"A book of verses underneath a bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
The wilderness were paradise enow."

These words portray better than we can the character of the amiable Bigelow.

Buzzard
Lacrosse Numerals (3)



Soccer Numerals (2)
Chairman Christmas Card Committee



HARRY COLLINS BLODGETT

New York, New York

“Gyp” “Hank”

HERE, fellows, is a man who needs no introduction; we all know Gyp. Meet him and he always has a laugh or a joke for you, preferably on you. He likes to get your goat and claims that you can't get his, but we have seen him on the bottom of a pig pile. At such times look out, he is vicious and when vicious he is mean; he'll pick up an anchor or a radiator or some other little object to heave.

Gyp is a fiend for fou-fou; he uses mange cure to grow rope yarn on his head, tar soap for the complexion, Sloan's horse liniment for all ailments, internal or external as per label, and he was in a moke's seventh heaven when someone put Friday's fish down between the cracks of his active radiator.

His craving for fou-fou is only exceeded by his keen attachment for les femmes. Let someone say, “Hey, Gyp, I have a couple of queens coming down to the next hop;

want to drag one?” and Gyp is all excitement (?)—you know Gyp!

He believes in the line of least resistance as far as Academic work is concerned. He never wore himself thin as long as his radio set was working, or there was a good bed to cork on—he didn't need to.

Gyp is a little fellow, only six-feet-two with two hundred pounds to his credit. One of the best all-round athletes in the Academy, he has had about the worst luck of any. Playing with discus and shot, Plebe summer he broke the Academic records. For three years he was worth his weight in gold on the football team.

His one ambition is to play baseball, and he would rather do it than eat, which is saying something. Elected captain of the team, his captaincy didn't hold because he got ragged too often, but captain or no captain he is pitching the team to beat the Army and we are all with you Gyp—here's for luck.

Buzzard
Football N (4, 3, 2)
Baseball N (3, 2)



Track N (4)
Discus Record (4)
Football Medal (4, 3)



EDMUND EDWARD BRADY, Jr.

Ellsworth, Maine

"Harp" "King" "Twang"

HAIL to the twinging harp! The only renegade Irishman in the class! If you are not familiar with the general contour and topography of Ireland, just steer a course to No. 120 and take a good, long look at old Oliver. I warrant that you will never forget the experience in a lifetime. "Twing me Twitch" is Celt for heave me a piece of toast, a la First Class cruise aboard the ballyhoo Whisky. Outside of Flogler Jones, Brady was the most passive of the "Royal Order of the Lilies," and how he ever managed to stand so high in efficiency and proficiency is beyond the ken of those who know the extent of his inactivities during the pleasure trip of the summer of 1916. How our venerable and much esteemed "King" has changed since he arrived in civilization! He emerged from the wilderness decked out in a rubber, transferable, and washable collar with no tie, and a faded blue, neckless jersey. But the influence of his classmates, who were more fortunate in the place of their

abode, soon taught him the ways of the wide, wide world, and the results have really been marvelous.

Although he was unable to convince the Academic Department of his true ability during Plebe year, the Irisher lost no time in imprinting the fact of his savviness, and has succeeded in earning a constellation ever since that time. He is not the kind of a fellow that reserves his knowledge, but he is a boon companion of the wooden man. Through his efforts many a football star has been saved for the Army-Navy game.

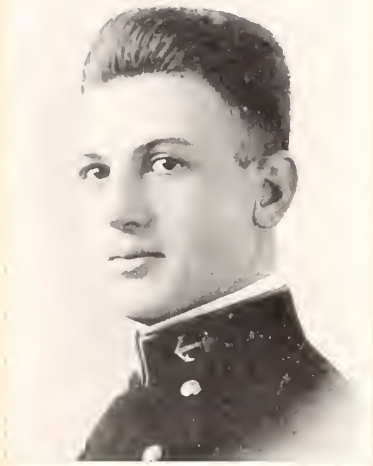
There is just one thing that I want to warn all of my readers about. A great many of the write-ups that appear in this part of the Bag are the result of the tireless efforts and patience of this same son of St. Patrick; so, if you have any stones to throw, please throw straight, point of aim being at the "Harp," range six feet, fire as many rounds as you please.

"Well, now, you see, it's this way—."

*Four Stripes
Star (3, 2)*



Lucky Bag Staff



SAMUEL BRAGG BREWER

Dadeville, Alabama

“Sam” “Beautiful”

TO begin with Sam Baby Brewer is six feet tall and handsome. He isn't a serious person, and, at times, is easily fussed. The fact is he is fussing most of the time. To see Sam “shaking a mean foot” is worth more than a three ring circus. He has a catching way about him that keeps catching them all the time. When there wasn't a tendency out of Tommy's window he had to climb six flights of stairs to the Tower.

Sam evidently believed in Sunday football, for he was a “ringer” in the “no cork tips, but superior quality” team.

With the aid of the Dadeville Weekly, “Spot Cash,” Sam can talk on any subject—county fairs, city councils, etc.

Regulations had Sam bluffed so, that only an absolute necessity (escorting) made him break them. Nothing put fear into his heart as much as, “Stand by for inspection,” for he was never ready. But when

Sam came into his own as 1st P. O. of the 5th Company, he became the model of efficiency. Everyone was there on time, for they knew a late would have to write up his next Thursday evening speech.

Sam is great at after-dinner speaking. He invariably prepares his talk in a logical order with an effective climax, and then forgets all about it. He isn't much at speechifying—to men.

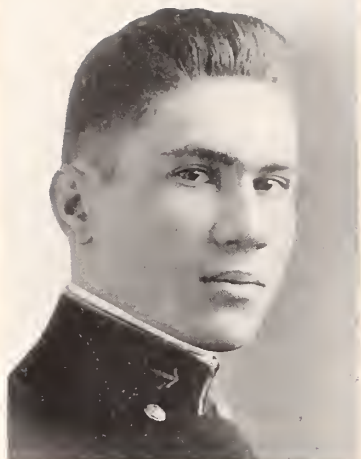
You don't have to go far to find out that Sam is an A No. 1 man with a capital A. A typical son of the South, one of whom Dadeville may justly be proud; easy-going and good-hearted, with qualities that are bound to make a place for him among men. Sam didn't star, but he was savvy enough to live comfortably at the Naval Academy for four years, which, in itself, is a rare accomplishment.

“No, sir! I can't go out for crew. Too cold.”

Buzzard



Crew Squad (4, 3)



CARL WRIGHT BREWINGTON

Stamford, Texas

"Tilly"

TILLY is the boy who will make you forget your troubles, for Tilly is sure to have a story to tell. "—And we were having field-day, and Mr. Hoey says, 'Brewington, hold dotter practice,' and Mr. Abbott says, 'Don't use that dotter today.' So there I was—etc., etc." Nobody but Tilly can tell a story in that inimitable Tilly way, so if you want an enjoyable half hour or so, just look him up and get him started.

We are not going to tell here the old-time tale of how Brewington battled valiantly for the coveted two-five, because that does not matter, and, anyway, you know and I know that he got it in all subjects, and far, far more in a lot of them with good-com-

radeship and efficiency, that rare combination, added on. How do you think he got that one stripe? Efficiency? Right-o, friend, you guessed it the first time;—for how things do hum when Tilly takes charge, be it either the bridge of a battleship, or that section of his.

After all, what counts in the Navy? To get along with one's shipmates, and to get the ball over the plate, whether done by integrating the analytical curve of the thing or not. We, who have been shipmates with Tilly for three long cruises, can answer with a will that Tilly knows how to come through with both of those requisites.

"Uh-huh, didn't I tell you so?"

One Stripe





DAVENPORT BROWNE

Lancaster, Pennsylvania
 "D" "Dumb" "Dav"

WHEN most of us go to a hop, we have to arrange to meet our friends "by the spiral staircase," or "by the bandstand." Not so with Davenport. All one has to do to find him is to scan the skyline for a handsome, intellectual dome, and gigantic shoulders. And speaking of hops, the metamorphosis of a caterpillar into a butterfly has nothing on our "D." When he came to us he was about as clever with his feet as a first classman making a landing alongside the dock with the Standish. But Dave knew the proverb about the light and the bushel. Perseverance and a build like Adonis can work wonders. Now all the "cuties" want to trip the light fantastic with Terpsichore's most ardent and adept disciple. Then, when he had all of the fair one's at his feet (or on them), he must needs capitulate to one of them. It all began back in dear old Lancaster, on Youngster leave. After that eventful epoch we felt a change in our little playmate's ways. No longer

did he invest in Cosmos and Snappy Stories. He was wont to spend hours in the seclusion of his room, and when he came forth the letter box would sag as he fondly sent the outpourings of his esteem to HER.

Second Class leave and First Class leave witnessed the introduction of a little, emblematic, golden, sparkling circlet into the equation, and the chance mention of Niagara Falls and Atlantic City. We haven't received cards yet, but we are standing by with a bag of rice for early June!

The girl that captured Davenport's heart got one of the warmest the Regiment can boast, and we are no flints at that. Always ready with his bottom dollar, or a kind turn to help out a comrade in trouble, Browne will make a welcome member of any ward room. Here's to the future, Dave; remember the class cup!

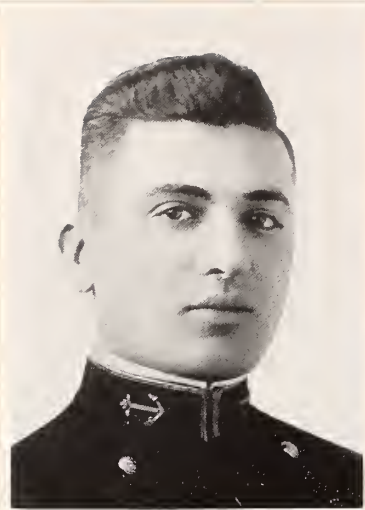
"Seizing the bull by the whiskers—."

"And the smoke went up the chimney just the same."

Buzzard



Weak Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)



BENJAMIN BUCHALTER

Terre Haute, Indiana

"Ben" "Buck"

WHENEVER you have a hard and big job that must be done, get Buchalter. He has a clear, active mind and a high capacity for mental or physical labor of any description. Where he shines particularly is in some blood-sweating job, such as coaling ship or taking indicator cards.

Ben stands well in his class, especially in those subjects in which real, man's knowledge counts.

In athletics he has made his mark. Equipped with a powerful, well-proportioned frame, he has made himself the best center in inter-class football during the last

four years, and in the spring he has done conscientious work under Dick Glendon.

Ben is not of the type that makes many friends, nor has he sought Dame Popularity. He has kept pretty much to himself, and, as a result, his friendships, though few, are firm and lasting. His ability to stand from under has always kept him out of trouble.

Good luck to you, Buck. A man of your courage and conviction will win out against any odds. If your career as a naval officer is as successful as your course here with us has been, we have no fear for your future.

Buzzard
Football Numerals (4, 3, 2)



Crew Numerals (3, 2)



EDMUND BELL CALDWELL

Tacoma, Washington

"Cutie"

NOW if you will but glance above you will see one of the products of the lumber regions. Cutie came to us when he was but a small sapling, but in the past four years, he has grown somewhat tall, and has developed that which has the prospects of being a heavy beard.

As for his accomplishments in the various sports, he has been on the swimming team for four years, and, when it comes to the Mexican category, he is the coming "champeen." Other athletics engaged in are the "Cosmopolitan" and "Radiator Clubs," and "The Order of the Sons of Rest."

To sleep is the greatest ambition of Cutie's life. He goes fifty-fifty with the authorities on this proposition, putting in about twelve hours every day. Besides this he

usually writes about four letters a day, and, at the same time, usually gets about the same number in return. We have our suspicions, but he seems to fuss a new girl every hop.

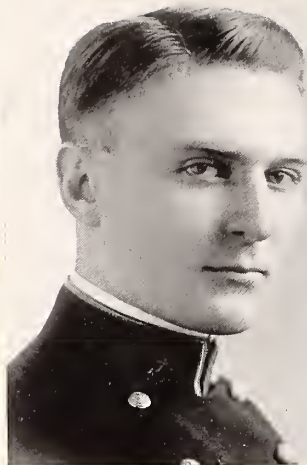
Studying has never bothered him much for the simple reason that he has never done any. He is just a natural-born savoir, and, as a result, he has stood pretty near the top in all his Academic subjects.

Have you ever been in trouble, either due to difficulty with your studies, or disappointment in some love affair? Then next time, just go to Cutie for help in the former and for sympathy in the latter. You'll come back happier and a better man for looking him up.

Buzzard
SNT (3)



Manager Swimming



WALTER CARSON CALHOUN

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Cal" "Cally" "Scotch"

WE have known him for four years — since Penn lost a man and Navy gained one—and that has been for our good. To tell you of him is an easy task: there is so little about him that we, as his friends, want to suppress. To tell of him is to tell of a canny Scot who never could, cannot, and never will swim, even though the waters envelop the earth; it is to tell of a man who spends the three months of the summer cruise caring for a sad-looking, sun-burned nose that gives no quarter; it is to tell of a linguist who even the far-famed "Ferdy" fooled when he attempted to "habla espanol."

But give Cal a T-square and he can draw anything; Math, that made our blood freeze in our veins, was fruit for Cal; and, as for electricity, Cal says, "me and my brother over in the Juice Department."

If you hear a rough-house, take odds that it is Cal and Bill Ludlow. To make sure

just listen and you'll hear some one of these: "Bring on the ice-cream;" "Oh girls! if I only had my health;" "Listen to the bull-frogs;" "Excuse me for living;" "Don't we hate ourselves." Then you can sit back and say, "I told you so."

To be serious concerning him for just a moment. Few of us will forget how Cal broke into Navy baseball Plebe year with three hits in his first game. Then there is basketball. Concerning that we can be brief; he is the skipper of the Navy 1917 team, and of him Jim Colliflower has said, "Calhoun is one of the most aggressive forwards in the South."

Just one more little thing, and we shall be done. The simplified spelling for Red-Mike is C-A-L. That is his secret and he has kept it well.

Now you cannot but help knowing him. He is a good friend, a ready helper, and a real man. What more can you ask?

Buzzard
Baseball N (3, 2)
Basketball N (2)
Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2)
Basketball Numerals (4, 3)



Football Numerals (3)
President Y. M. C. A.
Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2)
Class Crest Committee
Captain Basketball



COLIN CAMPBELL

Pittsburg, Kansas

"Red" "Colin"

HERE is a man who knows his job, and does it. Colin is just as savvy as his stars have indicated, but, besides this, he has good common sense and ready thinking ability, so that no matter whether it is a company to be drilled, or a battleship to be maneuvered, you will find that he is perfectly capable of doing it. His work on this year's Reef Points speaks for itself in regard to his business and literary abilities.

We have said that Heck is savvy. He must be to get along the way he does, for very few have ever seen him crack a book, or caught him really boning. Go to his room any time during study hours, and you will find him seated in the most comfortable corner of the room, a novel in his hand, feet on the table, and his mind completely engrossed in a romance.

Heck is a lover of the Havana weed also, and, now that he no longer has to go outside the Academy walls to enjoy one, you will see him on nearly all occasions peacefully chewing the end of a big, fat stogie.

*Two Stripes
Star (4, 3)
Editor Reef Points*

Once comfortably settled with a small, but appreciative audience gathered around, and his cigar in one corner of his mouth, he becomes a raconteur of the first magnitude. Droll stories are his specialty and seem to suit his dry humor exactly. Get him started on adventures while on cruise liberties, and you have entertainment for the rest of the evening. Such episodes as finding Crusty on a street corner in the wee hours of the morning waiting for his hotel to go by are particularly adapted to his fluent tongue, and he describes them with a delightful wealth of comical details which become more comical at every telling.

Colin is quite the fusser, too. Rarely does he miss a hop. He drags, generally well above the average, from his numerous friends in Washington, but has not found the right one yet to the best of our knowledge. Although he likes the company of fair ones, we think he will "bach" it for some time yet.

Colin, old top, you'll make a good shipmate, and we wish you all the success in the world.



*Class German Committee
Choir (4, 3, 2)
Glee Club (3)*



GUY WHEELER CLARK

St. Cloud, Minnesota

"Swede" "Swen" "Olaf"

IF we were to tell all we know about you, Swen, we could make some mighty interesting reading. But, as we lack space, we shall simply refer our readers to your numerous aliases, and let them draw their own conclusions.

But, between you and me, readers (be you gentle or otherwise), you will go a long, long way before you find a better man than said Olaf Clark. He bane from Minnesota, and he sure is a credit to New Scandinavia. The Swede is not exactly wooden, but he is a little slow in grasping the details of a few subjects, and, for this reason, he works like a fiend. None of this eleventh hour stuff, either. He bones "touts les jours vingt quatre heures," and, believe me, he gets there in the end.

Gifted with a magnificent physique and a sweet countenance, he is a born athlete, but he has common sense enough to sacrifice, to a large degree, his love for athletics to saving his energy and Bee-Tee-U's for mental gymnastics. In spite of his 170 pounds he is a mighty good tumbler, and only a bad knee has kept him out of big football. Few of us will ever forget the Youngster-First Class game he played two years ago

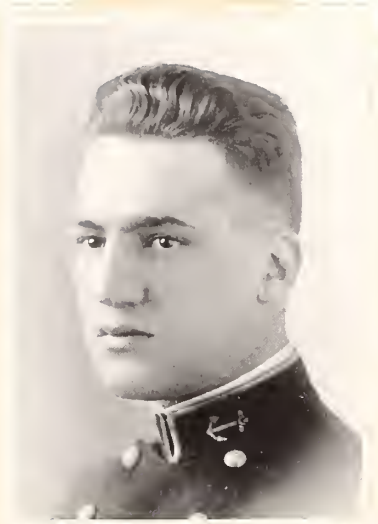
If you want a big time, make a liberty with Swen. No matter what happens you will enjoy the trip, for he wouldn't rhino if he were broke.

Swen, the hard working, happy Swede, will ever be a good shipmate.

Buzzard
GNT (3, 2)



Football Numerals (4, 3)



HOMER WEBB CLARK

Fredonia, New York

“Jew” “Homer”

THE Jew is as good an example as we have of the kind of man who makes the most out of what nature has given him. His cranium is not exactly boneless, as he has not infrequently demonstrated (see footnote); but, by consistent boning, he has left many of his brighter, but less persistent, classmates astern. His good work on First Class cruise netted him a stripe which any of the old first company gang will tell you he well deserved.

The fairer sex falls for him in a column of squads, and he loves to pull this see-how-the-women-pursue-me stuff. But he plays

no favorites for very long, because he always gets a new one in the next port.

In a school where the athletic standard is not so high, Jew would have left his mark in two or three sports. As it is, he has confined his efforts to the hurdles, and we hope to see him collar his track N this spring.

He will lend a friend his last jitney and forget all about it. In a fight or a frolic Jew is a good man to have by your side.

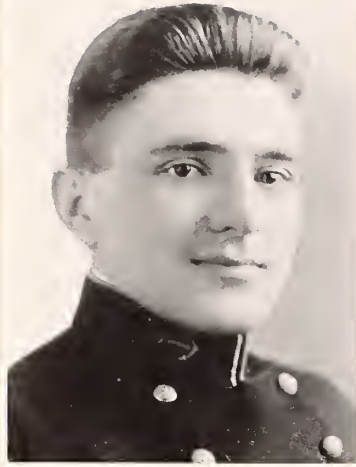
“Sir, are these range finders any good in a fog?”

Instructor:—“No; and they are of no use to a blind man, either.”

*One Stripe
Track Numerals (2)*



Track Squad (4, 3, 2)



VOLNEY ORAL CLARK

Wheatland, Wyoming

"Clarko" "Biff" "V. O."

BIFF comes from Wyoming and was one of the mainstays of the militia of that State. In the early days he took part in many fierce battles with Indians, outlaws, and coyotes, all of which he describes with a sang froid which proves him to be a true veteran. Once, too, he even went to camp with the militia, an event which was indelibly impressed upon his memory. Possibly it was in these battles that he learned to handle a gun. At any rate, Biff is the best rifle shot in the Academy, and winner of the Gold Medal for Marksmanship.

A natural savoir, Biff has stood well without excessive exertion. He is, however, a consistent worker where work is necessary, and, whenever he says he will do a thing, you may rest assured that it will be done.

Besides his feats with a rifle, Biff is known through his connection with class basket-

ball in the days of class athletics; and to many of the fair sex, because of his ability as a fusser. He has also become famous through other sources, such as his "Hop Agency," which has been the downfall of many promising stags, and through his attempted improvements in the course of practical work given at the Academy. Second Class year Biff thought that there should be more practical instruction in Juice and Ordnance. With this end in view he turned his room into a laboratory and carried out a series of experiments with such success that he attracted the attention of the Divisional Officer, and was on several occasions mentioned in the reports of the day.

He is as steady a man as you will meet in the day's work, and will do anything for a friend, as long as it is not contrary to his idea of what is right.

Buzzard
RNT (3, 2)
Gold Rifle Medal (2)



Sharpshooter
Expert Rifleman



WILLIAM PRICE OLIVER CLARKE

Dunsmuir, California

“Wop” “Bill”

THOSE who have seen him swing his arms and dig his cleats in terra firma ready to give the opposing tackle a blow that would fell a California redwood, know something of Wop’s reputation and character. He never goes at a thing half-heartedly, but believes in the old adage that says, “Anything that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.”

Notwithstanding all his athletic activities, Wop has always managed to find time enough to stand within the first thirty in his class, a fact which speaks as well for his mental ability as his six feet and one hundred and eighty-five pounds speak for his brawn.

If you want to know anything about the defects of our Navy, just ask Wop. Just mention that the English Navy is composed of old tubs of the Maine class, and the argument is on. Stand by to hear about all the weaknesses of our Navy, past, present,

and future, and listen to a dissertation on the right way to run a Navy.

There is only one thing in this world that ever made the Wop run backwards—namely and viz.: the Dago Department. He can write a 3.5’s worth of Dago any day in the week, but when it comes to performing gymnastics with his tongue, Wop is among those absent. For the same reason, apparently, he seemed to have some trouble in convincing Messrs. K—, F—, et al, that he really could write essays worthy of old “Emmy” himself.

If you want a man that will give his right hand for a friend; if you want a fellow with the map of a big heart written all over his face, just go right around and grab hold of the biggest ham you ever clasped in all your born days.

“Say, what’s the good of all this Dago, anyhow?”

Regimental S. P. O.

Football N (1)

Crew N (3, 2)



Football Numerals (4, 3, 2)

Crew Numerals (4)



WILLIAM SHEPARD BRYAN CLAUDE

Annapolis, Maryland

"Bus"

OLD happy-go-lucky Claude, the seagoin' Crab, is still with us in spite of the combined efforts of numerous departments. Believe me, it has been some struggle, for our hero is not overly burdened with savviness, and he loves his books like Rennie Ogg loves a coal shovel. There have been several times when most fellows would have packed their old wooden coffins in despair. But Bryan has always, with the aid of early and late lights, pulled through in time to catch the last boat. His success is the result of four years of hard, distasteful work, and he deserves a pile of credit.

However, it takes more than a little thing like being unsat in half a dozen subjects to destroy his smile. Claude rhino is about as unusual a sight as Nick Ball without a skag in his face.

Claude is as generous as they make 'em, too. He is there in a rough-house, for his body shows the effects of no skags and a well-regulated life. If it were not for frequent 2.4's, and less, he would undoubtedly have made good in some form of athletics. A man who has Claude's good will and determination is bound to win out against any odds.

Buzzard





DOUGLAS WITMER COE

Duluth, Minnesota

“Kid” “Doug”

CANNY he came to us and canny he remains: so canny in fact that he is uncanny. This little Scotchman came to the Navy to put behind him all theory and fiction,—to study only the practical facts of our curriculum, and to apply them practically in life. This he has done:—he has followed the practical in this most practical of institutions, and his reward he has found in his high class standing. Any man who can take a “Seth Thomas” apart, leave out a cog or two, put it back together, and have the yokel thing keep good time is certain to be able to tinker up a battleship’s inner mysteries so that the old tub will make good in any fleet. Agree with me, eh, Ed?

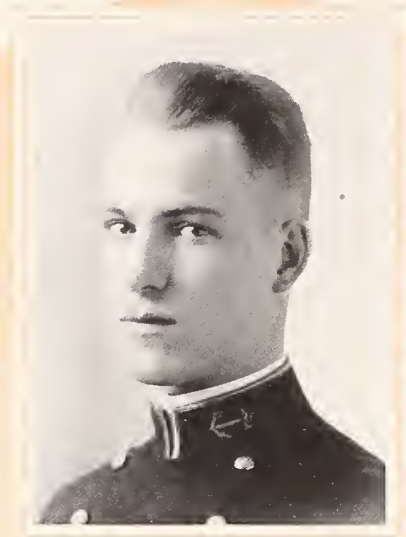
Speaking of love, Oscar—well, it is a great game, so say the Sages—and here we have one of the prime fans of the sport. Doug is a cat and a professional performer, if such there be, and herein he has found his Great Reward.

What he believes he adheres to firmly, and as firmly applies. He believes that all men are his friends. Therefore, does the fact not remain that all men are his friends? Doug, in a nutshell, is simply this: he has the requisites which make the Hits in the target practice of Life, to gain which is, after all, our object here.

“I think I’m ragged.” “I rate that, don’t I?”

One Stripe





ROSS FORRESTER COLLINS

Clinton, Missouri

"Floss" "Goof"

WHO is that precocious lad studying the "Genius of Naval Warfare?" Why, that is Flossie Collins, who knew more about strategy and the Napoleonic Wars when he was a child than we shall know for many years. He can tell you the name of any regiment in Europe, and its commander. While the rest of us have been reading trash, Floss has been consuming monstrous volumes on subjects we never heard of.

But his mental activities have not been confined to warfare, for, besides staying right along with the leading part of his class, he has been the originator of many profound and original theories. Among the foremost of these are his square hole phenomenon, and the Agua story. He can also discourse

freely on the reasons for hoisting meal pennants when large goats clear home ports. Ask him about it, but don't mind his modest blushes—he'll tell you a few things.

Floss has steered clear of the snares that have caught most of us during these four years, and still remains true to his ideals and to the girl back in Clinton. With several similar pictures on his locker door, and a miniature on his list of outstanding debts, the reason for his longing for the Coast Artillery or civilian life is plainly seen.

But we hope that he will stay with us, as he probably will do, because that quality of living up to one's ideals is one that we all admire and one that the Navy can make good use of.

*Two Stripes
Soccer Numerals (4)*



*Lucky Bag Staff
Log Staff (2, 1)*



MERRILL COMSTOCK

Fargo, North Dakota

"Darwin" "Commy"

FRIENDS and fellow citizens, especially those in Fargo, here we present to you the practical man of the Navy; Darwin, the solid and rotund thinker; the man who never takes a bite of meat before deciding which side of his jaw he will use for the purpose of masticating it thoroughly.

For the past two years he has been able to calculate to a nicety the precise moment when the O. C. would not be around, thus being the man to consult before catching a smoke. And his one short cruise on the Reina is ample evidence to the fact that his judgment, in this respect, is practically infallible.

Seriously speaking, Darwin is one of the kind who knows how to use his head and use it well. He can always be depended on

to do the best thing in the shortest time, this being one reason why we all think that he is bound for a successful career. He has been frowned upon only once by the Academic Board, and then got through a Math re-exam by steady work and thorough application, denying himself many a good time, in order to show the Math Department that they were in the wrong and barking up the wrong tree.

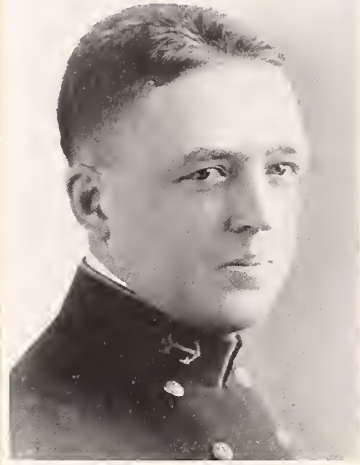
It is this same, sure, solid personality of Darwin's which is bound to make him come out on top in anything he endeavours to accomplish, and which draws him so close to those who know him.

Darwin, we don't have to wish you success, because we know you will get it.

One Stripe



Soccer Numerals (2)



JAMES POTTER CONOVER, Jr.
Concord, New Hampshire
"Jimmie" "Our Jim" "Sunny Jim"

"JIM, Jim, Sunny Jim—Our—" and that is about as far as you will get with your little yell, for he will be riding your neck like a cyclone. It makes no difference how big you are, he'll tackle you just the same, and that is Jim through and through—nothing too big for him to take a crack at.

For four years he has been one of the steadiest, hardest working men in the class. When we wanted something done that required grit and patience, we would always call on Jim, and he has never failed us.

Jim has had no easy journey, either. Math and Juice kept him guessing, but he never gave up hope, nor quit smiling. And who is there among us who could forget that smile?

Conover has not been one of the Navy's star athletes, but he certainly stars twice over when it comes to real Navy spirit. For three years he has been one of the mainstays on 1917's eleven, and First Class year, when class football went out of style, Jim was found doing his job in Carranza's Army.

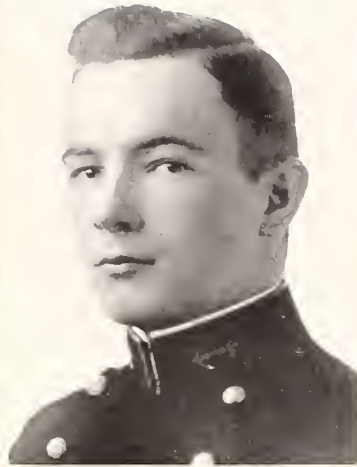
If you are picking out a few fellows for a little party, don't forget Jim. He is full of mischief, but ever, and above all, a gentleman.

Jim, we shall never forget you, and fortunate is the man who has won a place in your memory.

Buzzard
Football Numerals (3, 2)



Vice-President Y. M. C. A.
Company A



JAMES HENRY CONYNE

Montclair, New Jersey

“Cocky” “Don Jaime” “Wart” “Jim”

IF you think that George Ade is the best story teller on this green sward of ours, then you haven't heard Don Jaime at his best. Put him in a “tums” party, let him stick his feet on a radiator and spread his “wisdom” to “The Club,” or place him in the society of the fairer sex, and Jim is at home. If he doesn't provoke a roar of laughter from the bunch, one of two things is surely true—the Wart is either sick, or your “tickle spot” is on the wrong side of your spleen.

Cocky has made his pink N every year that he has graced these high, gray walls, and was unanimously elected by the Regimental Staff as “Lord High Keeper of the Bull” during his tour of duty at the staff table. Notwithstanding the reputation of one of our esteemed duty officers to sling the proverbial animal, the aforesaid master had to bow in submission to the ability of the Navy Mexican athlete.

But Jimmie is not only noted for his sharp tongue and wit. He is a charter member of the “Royal Order of the Lilies,

Wisconsin Chapter,” whose motto is, “They toil not, neither do they spin,” which motto describes Jim to a tee. He is anxious to do anything that will help out the general welfare and comfort of any of his friends, but he isn't looking around for trouble.

Cocky can toot more than one kind of horn, too. Those who received the benefits of Pa Tevis's band know that he is no slouch on a cornet, and to prove this, all you have to do is to attend a chapel formation, and there you will see the boy arrayed in his brass buttons and twenty-inch sword, with a pretty brass bugle under his arm. As leader of the Bugle Corps, Jim has raised more racket than anyone in the entire Regiment.

If a man were judged by his stature, James might fall short of a 2.5. But when a fellow is judged by his true worth and ability, Jim rates a cold 4.0.

“It don't seem to shine as far as it goes.”

“Fresh water mackerel aren't so salt as salt water mackerel.”

“We ain't as far as we are.”



Two stripes; Soccer Numerals (3)

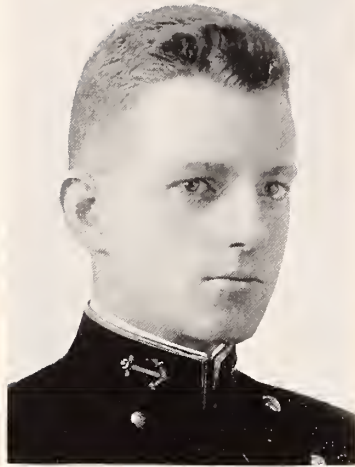
Bugle Corps (3, 2, 1)

Leader Bugle Corps

Masqueraders (4, 3)

Choir (4, 1)

Glee Club (3, 2)



SEABURY COOK

New Brunswick, New Jersey

"Red" "Doc" "Sea"

THIS is not the gink who discovered the north pole—not a chance; he is not that frigid by any means.

Before the stencil ink had dried off his "works," Doc knew everyone in the class and everyone knew him; furthermore he has kept all his friends. Red radiates good humor and friendship, and his presence adds that feeling of cheerfulness too often lacking in this narrow life of ours. Always generous and unassuming, he has worked his way into our hearts, there to stay.

Doc is not a savoir; that is, he cannot assume a sagelike countenance before the carnal mark-recorders and expound indefinitely upon such useless bits of wisdom as the nebular hypothesis. Neither does he consider "The Calculus" good literature for the rational mind. But, in spite of all this, he has played the game consistently with his characteristic humor. While the

Academic departments have been reaching and grasping singly and en masse for his scalp, Red has complacently watched the weeks roll by, waiting for hop nights, and has taken his 2.5 or better without cracking a book.

But as an athlete Doc has been more active. His strong point is swimming. For three years he has been one of the strongest members of the team, and made his sNt every year. He takes to the water like a duck, and only our invincible Bobby has been able to kick water in his face.

Well, Doc, we've come to the parting of the ways. We expect you to go out into the Service, not as a rising genius, but just as you have been here; upright, thoughtful and agreeable. The world needs such men as you, and the Navy will welcome you with open arms, and, above all, the Class of 1917 is more than glad to have you with them.

Buzzard

sNT (4, 3, 2)

Class Swimming Champion (3)

Silver Swimming Medal (2)

Manager Musical Clubs

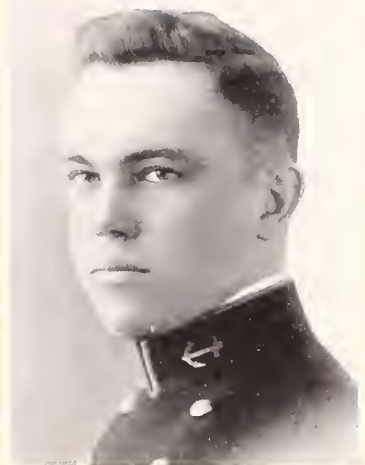


Glee Club (4)

Mandolin Club (4, 3, 2)

Masqueraders (4)

Choir (2, 1)



THOMAS ROSS COOLEY

Grass Valley, California

“Ross” “Sosh” “Tea-Hound”

EVER hear of Grass Valley, California? No? Well, neither have we, but, nevertheless, it is the podunk of one of the most shimmering snakes of the Academy. He is Mr. T. Ross Cooley. Now, I bet you thought he was from little, ole “New Yahk” all the time—he acts just that way, you know. Well, this same Cooley person is some rara avis, believe me! He is the only one of the species in captivity.

The “Roo” is a wild one to make a liberty with. Go with him and you will get the longest ride in the burg for a nickle. If you haven’t the wherewithal to get something to eat, go with Cooley and take some lessons. In London, T. R. would go into a hash-house, buy a fifteen cent meal and eat a quarter’s worth of lump sugar, or hold the hand of the waitress so he would get good measure. He has a knack of finding excitement, as well as eats, which is little short of uncanny.

One of the “Roo’s” most salient charac-

teristics is his ability to adapt his conversation to the situation. For instance, in London he would tell the girls that he “ree-uhly was having such a perfectly jolly time”—very, very English. When he is with a bunch of fellows, he talks hard—like one of “dem guys.” And when he is with the ladies—why it’s a shame the way he puts it on, so soft, deep, and suave-like.

Ever hear of his adventure at the Leicester Club, London? If you haven’t, we will not speak of it here, because his grandchildren might read this book.

Is he accomplished? Well ra-thah! He is one of the best dancers in the Regiment, and is a honey-heaver of world-wide reputation. Savvy? Well, savvy enough to stay on the safe side of a 2.5 without any trouble a-tall. Distinguished? I should shay so! Chairman of the Hop Committee, one-striper, and roommate of that wild Irishman for four long years—that’s reputation enough for anyone.

One Stripe
Chairman Hop Committee
Hop Committee (3, 2, 1)



June Ball Committee
Class German Committee



KENNETH LEE COONTZ

Sitka, Alaska

"Rameses II" "Cap'n"

HERE we have the Navy's staunchest supporter. Kenneth believes in it, loves it, and, in fact, thinks there is nothing outside worth mentioning. This, we are sure, will help him in his desire to become an efficient officer, and the example he sets for us has not been in vain in making others interested in their profession.

The Captain really has earned his title, for he has been in actual command (imagine it) of the Guam Cadets, as well as having served a term in the Washington High School Corps. Being modest by nature, he is very reserved in his allusions to his command, but the story has come to us through reliable channels that it was he who led the famous charge of Company A of the former body, when Company B dropped

their arms and, hampered only by the native uniform, fled as far inland as the size of the island would permit.

The Captain is not over energetic, but he does accomplish something once in a great while. He has devoted an endless amount of time to the Log, and is responsible, in no small measure, for the great improvement which "One-Lung" and his able staff have been able to produce in that publication.

Just a word to those of us who do not know the Captain as well as does the writer. Make his acquaintance, for he will prove a true friend and a man of much greater proportions than his size suggests. He has furnished a great deal of amusement for the old "eighth;" but we all must admire his attitude toward his career.

Buzzard



Log Staff (4, 3, 2, 1)



HOWARD FOLK COUNCILL

Hickory, North Carolina

"Hick" "Grand Old Man"

YOU might not think it to look at the picture, but here, before your very eyes, you see one of the chief claimants to the distinction of "Old Man of the Navy."

After a brilliant career in the North Carolina legislature, Hick decided to honor us with his presence during our four years of toil here at Annapolis. During all this time he has kept a watchful eye over the younger and more irresponsible members of his class.

The Judge had not been here long Plebe summer when he decided that the gym team needed strengthening, and strengthen it he did. In fact, he filled the bill so well that this year he is skipper of the team.

During Plebe year we had always thought that the Judge's heart was securely held in Hickory, but, after seeing the trail he left

behind after Youngster and Second Class cruises, our supposition failed. In Rome and Naples it was countesses and like celebrities; in Nice and Monte Carlo it was the same story; and finally in San Francisco, where we hoped he would redeem himself, his conquests were even more varied.

This thin-haired veteran has weathered many a storm and is due to weather many more, for he is a true son of the Navy. At times during Youngster cruise he had a yearning to settle down in North Carolina and raise chickens and tobacco, but he is thoroughly converted now, and will probably be a skipper before any of us, because of the dignity acquired in many years before the bar in Raleigh and various other places throughout the country.

Best of luck, Hick, but don't lose your animal, if you are ever mistaken for Lively's son again.

Buzzard

GNT (3, 2)

Gold Gymnasium Medal (2)



[Captain] Gym Team

Thompson Monocular (2)



JOHN ROGER CRUSE

Hardin, Missouri

"Beauty"

A REAR view reminds you of Goldberg's wig, toupee, and hair advertisement; a side view, of bull-dog tenacity; while a front elevation wafts a lively imagination back to the days of Captain Kidd and the Spanish Main. Few people care to kid him along, preferring to tamper with dynamite, or TNT.

A brief summary of Roger's character is included in a statement of his nativity. He hails from Missouri and is proud of it. "Whoa, January." However, his sojourn under the benign and somnolent influence of Crabtown has gradually wrought a change of heart.

He is genuinely kind-hearted, sometimes inadvertently so. To wit:—Scene: Corso, Rome; Props, one dilapidated fiacre and cocher, Roger in heated verbal combat with Italian mendicant. The latter flourishes a book of views under his nose and yells; "Five-a lire, meester, five-a lire." Roger

looks coldly in his impulsive, Southern eye, and says, "beaucoup too much, heap-a too plenty, no go! Ten centimes." There is a miniature Vesuvian eruption; the spig pulls his hair, throws dust on his tresses, and wails: "Banditti, brigand, sapristi, et bum spagetti. Gee me him quick, meester." He grabs the jitney, hoists his speed cones for forced draft, and beats it. Two minutes later Roger feels in his pocket for the trusty time-piece, and lets out a yell which rocks the walls of the Coliseum. The spig had eloped with his Waltham.

It is entirely unnecessary to offer excuses for what he might have done. His record is bona fide evidence. His intense personal independence sometimes makes it appear that he is reserved; but his friends find plenty of unadulterated humor and fine understanding to make them doubly value his friendship. He is solidly built, both mentally and physically. He typifies power, personality, success—a man with a future!



Buzzard



GEORGE CLARENCE CUMMINGS

Thorndike, Massachusetts

“Red” “Rojo” “Rouge”

RED is different! and as individual as the skags he smokes. To see the Rouge explaining the happenings of a four hour watch with the “Black Gang” to the Chief Engineer Officer between long drags on his class pipe was worth an eye. You admire him at least for his nerve and fidelity. Second Class cruise Red went below on our way to Guantanamo and stuck there till we sighted Cove Point coming back. Believe me, he sure deserved that chief-water-tender rating, and we don’t blame him for contradicting the steam book, when it comes to telling how a boiler should be fired.

We can also say that Rouge has it over the “crowd” from Massachusetts like a Barnum and Bailey tent. To see him at his

best you ought to take a Saturday night off and watch him from the balcony. It is then that you see him with his indelible, bewildering smile and supernatural foot-work.

In this little sport of dancing Red keeps up his individuality. The Castles may do their steps and get away with them, making people believe that theirs is the only way. But Red takes all the steps he ever saw, a la Failing, Jackson, et al, makes a cute little combination step of them all, and fairly brings down the stands with his new creation.

Red will stick with the best of ’em when it comes to tackling a man’s job, and what more should we say?

Buzzard



Masqueraders (3, 2,)



ROBERT BROOKE DASHIELL

Annapolis, Maryland

“Dasho” “Bobby” “Dash-Pot” “Deming” “Pot”

HERE we have the primitive man. He has without doubt the most ancient way of saying and doing things of any person that has lived since Noah was a third-class quartermaster. Bobbie is in all his glory when seated in an arm-chair well cushioned with an eight-inch feather pillow, his feet on the table, and a magazine securely held between his toes, reading out loud and sewing at the same time. Our Robert can do more things with his two feet than most of us can accomplish with our two hands, yet he isn't of the type that hangs from the chandelier by night.

Dave is our best bet in the swimming line, holding only three or four records and as many sNT's as could be gotten in four years. During the year, Bobbie sojourns in the swimming tank, and during September he hibernates in, actually in, the Severn.

But at sea anyone looking for the Dash-Pot will find him tucked away under the second steamer, interested only in “How many days?”

He had worked consistently at football and hustled so well that this year he got the big reward.

With the girls, Bobbie has earned the name of “Demon.” That's just what they think of him. Just ask him what queen he is dragging to the next hop, and you'll hear this, “Shucks, I ain't a-draggin' no girl.”

Bobbie has principles, and he lives up to them, at the same time holding the respect and regard of his associates. Bobbie is going to request a transfer to the Reina Mercedes on graduation, and there are lots of us who would even go through that in order to go to sea with our Deming.

“Ding-a-ling”

“Shucks, these Plebes are crummy.”

Two Stripes
Football N (1)
sNT (4, 3, 2)
Captain Swimming Team
Academy Champion Swimmer (3, 2)



Class Champion Swimmer (4, 2)
Football Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Hundred Yard Swimming Record
Two-twenty Yard Swimming Record
Class Secretary (2)



WARD PERCIVAL DAVIS

Lewiston, Idaho

“Ward” “Dave” “Pop”

THIS is Dave, the old “Nevvy” draw-back, rough-house king, and big-game hunter (leopard skins a specialty).

He has one of those happy-go-lucky personalities which nothing worries, except the fact that he has to study, and that worries him a whole lot. His love for languages is well proclaimed. He gets a lot of pleasure out of telling the radiator, or maybe, his pencil, what he thinks of the author, the book, and the language as a whole.

Dave has one great asset, the ability to talk on any subject for any length of time, the limit varying with the listener. Why, even sleep does not limit his talking any more.

And, what is stranger, he will bet four bits on any statement that he makes. Despite all the qualifications as a talker, Dave has not told the gang what happened in Chester.

As for his athletic abilities, simply look at the list below. He gave up crew manager-ship with all its temptations to try for his IN t, only to be injured in the first of the season. Football! Well, just watch him when he dons his togs and rips through and around the line.

“Alice, dear Alice, I love you. Meet me at the W— at seven o’clock.”

“This is hell, you know it?”

Two Stripes
Football N (2)
Football Numerals (4, 3, 1)



Lacrosse Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Hop Committee (1)



FRANK HOMEWOOD DEAN

Newark, Delaware

"Frank"

HERE he is, friends, just as fresh, bright and sunshiny as they make them. Yes, siree, he is right from the cow paths of Delaware, and you had better not try to pull a joke on him, because he is a pretty slick individual, and a right smart practical joker himself.

Frank came to us from college, not a "college boy," however, but a thoroughly educated engineer, and consequently he has had little or no trouble and a great deal of success with his Academic Steam and Math, etc., which are about all that are necessary to make an excellent start in this Navy. We nearly forgot to mention that Juice is A B C for Frank.

His class standing and excellent work on the cruise were responsible for his three

stripes, and nobody rates them more than Frank. He has that habit of making good and carries that spirit into everything he does. He managed our football team and made himself a consistent point winner on the track team, incidentally getting an N for his trouble.

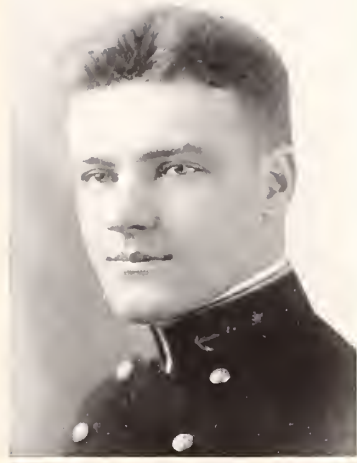
Nothing that should be done is work for Frank. He does his work as though it were play, and even smiles when arguing with Evans, because he knows he is right. Yes, he is, now; consarn it, didn't I say he was a pretty slick individual?

Frank should make an excellent officer, and if he will save some of that Delaware wit until he gets aboard ship, there will be fun in this Navy for some lucky devils.

*Three Stripes (Regimental Adjutant)
Track N (2)*



*Manager Football
Basketball Numerals (3)*



RANDAL EUSTA DEES

Crystal Springs, Mississippi

"Duse"

RANDAL, the Old Man of the Sea, as he is fondly called by some. And the name is not amiss either, for sea-going he is, while his serious face and solemn demeanor impress you as that of a wise, old man who watches the playfulness of youth in those around him, and one who had watched generations pass by. When upon occasions he is moved to speech, a hushed expectancy falls upon his audience, for they know that they are to hear words of deepest wisdom, as from a sage who sees and understands all things.

But, all bantering aside, he is quiet. Once when asked why he was so quiet, he said, "I haven't a word to say, therefore, why say anything?" If silence were golden, he would be riding in limousines. Nevertheless, when in the mood for it, he can carry on a conversation as scintillating as that of any social aide.

On the Academic field is where he shines, literally speaking; look at his collar. Just natural savviness, for we don't picture him boning very much. As a business man, he is shrewd and on the job all the time. Notice how promptly the Reef Points came out this year. He is on the business end of this Lucky Bag, and if it doesn't come out a couple of thousand to the good, there will be something wrong somewhere.

Randal's athletic activities have been mostly on the class football team which he helped along faithfully for two years. He is quite a fusser, but has shown no special concentration of affection as yet. At least we don't know about it if he has. He has a kindly heart within him, and will help a friend to the extent of dragging a brick for him, which is doing a whole lot.

And believe us when we say that he is the right kind of a man to have for a friend and shipmate.

*Two Stripes
Star (4, 3, 2)
Football Numerals (2)*



*Manager Lucky Bag
Manager Reef Points
Sharpshooter*



FRANCIS COMPTON DENEBRINK

Sheridan, Wyoming
"Denny" "Dinky"

THERE are snakes and snakes!! In the beginning a serpent broke up Adam's happy home in the garden of Eden. There is no record as to what species of snake this one was, but we have a hunch that it was one of the parlor variety, which leads us up to what we started to say; namely, that Denebrink is, before all, a parlor snake of the first water, a tea-hound par excellence. To see him navigating the sliding rugs of Porter Row, a cup of Oolong in one hand, heaving a melodious line of honey to the officers' wives with the other, is a sight ne'er to be forgotten.

It took three years of wearing a knit cap to bed to produce that wonderful hirsute effect you see, but just ask him if he regrets it. Why, that pompadour has broken more hearts than Doughy has regulations.

However, Denny has his sterner virtues. Beware, all ye breakers of the regs when he assumes that efficient "duty calls" look, and aggressively thrusts forward his chin—. But soft! We forgot. We were not to mention that topic. And we are men of our word. 'Twas a mere slip of the tongue, Denny.

But, Denny, old boy, we have lived and loved alongside of you now for nearly four years; we have all the dope on you, and you stand pretty well with us. You may try to hide your light under a bushel, but, as Davy Glick had occasion to say on the second day of Youngster cruise, "You can't keep a good thing down." If there ever was a man who rated his three stripes, his name is Denebrink, and as long as 1917 holds together he will never lack friends to rattle cuffs with.

Three Stripes
LNT (2)
Lacrosse Numerals (4, 3)



Class German Committee
Masqueraders (4, 2)



WILLIAM FRANCIS DIETRICH

Mount Vernon, New York

“Diet” “Admiral von Dietrich” “German”

DIET'S home port is New York, and in spite of his roommate's efforts to liberalize his education along that line, he still believes that the city is about half of this world. He was a sea-going man before he joined the functions aboard the *Reina*, for he had been a cadet on the New York Nautical Schoolship, Newport, and had cruised before the mast on that square-rigger. He had also been a cadet on the American Line and the Ward Line, and was a thorough sailor, although he does not advertise the fact.

Diet is not a savour, as the term is generally used, but neither is he engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle for a 2.5. He bones consistently and takes everything in an optimistic way that has enabled him to live with Hefernan for four years, without showing the strain. He invariably has the courage of

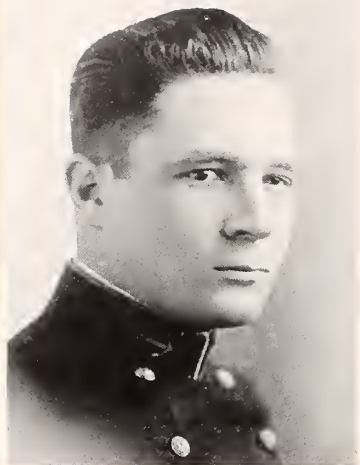
his convictions. He has become a diplomat, and is noted for his handling of callers who wish to thank the Editor of the *Log* for publicity that they have received. He understands men and knows how to handle them. In spite of his mild disposition he was suspected of hazing by the Duty Officer. This year he has been an active member of the Log Board and has kept the cartoonists busy night and day.

First Class cruise he was gun captain of a six-inch gun and during target practice he was knocked down by the recoil of the gun. Captain Plunkett hauled him up and asked him if he was hurt, but he merely grabbed the handle and opened the breech for the next shell, and he now denies that anything happened. He is quiet, but he has done, can do, and will do things worth while.

Buzzard



Log Staff (2, 1)



STEPHEN EDWIN DILLON, Jr.

Hot Springs, Arkansas

"Lou" "Steve"

SHADES of night! You may not know it, but this man thinks he loves the women! Periodically, for four years, he has been changing the picture on the locker door, and each time he assures us with that quizzical smile of his that the end is not yet.

In spite of his amorous nature, Lou Eye is quite an athlete, and no squad of Dick Glendon's would be quite complete unless he were on it, wearing blisters on his—what's that? Certainly not. On his hands I started to say, when you interrupted me. Ever since Plebe year he has been making the huskies on the first crew pull their heads off, and he was only prevented from making the first crew by a slight falling out with his Academic books. He should turn the trick this year.

Another one of his fortes is the sport of changing other people's maps at the gentle art of self-defense. He is one of the best we have in the light-heavy class, and he has

a wallop that makes it easy for his opponent to get a "fix" by star sights.

As we said before, he isn't much with his Academic books, but when the prof can't make the motor run at a Juice P-work, Lou Eye can usually give it the once over, and tinker with it a minute or two, and, presto! she do!

He has a fund of original ideas and some of his productions make Edison look like a rank amateur.

Lou takes to argument like an Eskimo to gum drops; the less he knows about a subject, the better, for then there are no facts to worry about. You ought to see him and Limy go to it.

All in all, Lou is a royal, good scout, and you don't have to investigate his family tree to find that out. If the whole world knocked as little as he does, the Hammer Trust would go out of business.

Buzzard
Crew Numerals (4, 3, 2)



Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2)
Mandolin Club (2)



LEONARD DOUGHTY, Jr.

Houston, Texas

"Irish" "Yupe" "Army"

HERE'S the only specimen ever encountered. Original from start to finish. Though it is hard to prophesy just now what the finish will be, we who know him have little doubt that it will be something worth while and well above the ordinary.

He started his career in the Army, but early saw the error of his ways and left the Point as a Yearling, in time to join us as a Function on the Reina. To the best of our knowledge he is the first Pointer to have come down here, so, at the very start, his originality was made apparent.

From the time of his entrance the unexpected has been the usual thing to expect from him by all hands. After establishing a "rep" as a savvy Plebe, his innate laziness got the better of him, and he has loafed his way through since, with the exception of a few spasmodic efforts which always surprise the Academic Department.

He has been in constant contact with the Discipline Department, who can never get accustomed to his tactics, and even with his friends there is always some new and surprising point cropping out.

Doughty has a true Hibernian temper, quick at flaring up and almost as quick to disappear; an intolerance for restraint and discipline that is constantly getting him into trouble; a generous, open-handed disposition, and a gift of "gab" that will lead him into argument over anything from drill regs to the value of lapis lazuli as a building material.

In athletics he has shown what he can do, if it pleases him. Last year he nearly captured the intercollegiate fencing championship, and we have good hopes that this year will see him in full possession of that title.

Altogether Doughty well qualifies as a member of the "aggregation—always ready for a frolic or a fray."

Buzzard
Fencing N (2)
Captain Fencing Team



Bronze Fencing Medal (4, 3, 2)
Fencing Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)



ALEXANDER DEAN DOUGLAS

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

"Doug" "Ook"

IT is hard to tell just what your first emotions are when you see this son of Oklahoma breeze around the corner. If he should be twitching his nose at the time like a rabbit, you would surely laugh—you might anyway; I know I did. It wasn't Doug I was laughing at—just the way he looked. The Old Man of the Navy made a mummy smile; but appearances are deceiving, as everyone will vouch for in Doug's case.

Ability is Ook's middle name; what he lacks in height he makes up in highly trained energy that sends him to the front in everything that he cares to undertake.

There isn't a single man alive that could beat Ook as a companion on a liberty, or on a rainy Saturday night, when the tendency of all is to get good and rhino—you

just can't get rhino with Douglas around. The man doesn't live that can beat him at telling stories—competition is simply useless. And as for wit—he is plumb full of the choicest repartee an Irishman could possibly be heir to.

But, pshaw—that isn't the best part of Doug at all. Brains! Why, the man didn't have room for all he owned—he should be six feet four instead of four feet six. When he knocks, the door cannot help but open. Yet he never lets his brains dim his appreciation of the glories of this world; not by any means.

Before you decide what ship you want to make your home, find out first which one Ook is choosing, and take that one. You will never live to regret the day.

*Two Stripes
Manager Fencing Team*



*Lucky Bag Staff
Log Staff (3, 1)*



DONALD BRADLEY DUNCAN

Port Huron, Michigan

“Dunc” “Wu” “Chinaman”

WU wasn't satisfied with any of the first dozen pictures taken for the Lucky Bag, but he had to have some resittings that didn't show his fast-disappearing locks. Dunc thinks too much of his amount available to buy Herpicide.

Wu's definition of economy is, “don't buy, if you can borrow.” He has gone through three years of work on one collar button, two shirts (he uses half a jersey during winter), and on the philanthropy of Jimmie Moss and Tubby Jones. We almost forgot to mention that he has a toothbrush all his own.

Don't ever wager with the Chink, because he

never bets unless he knows he is sure to win.

With all his imperfections he is a good chap, and has helped many classmates over the rocky places in the Dago course. His path has not been a bed of roses, but he smiles his best Chink under adversity, and makes friends wherever he goes.

You can always expect good things from the “Heathen Chinees.”

Favorite occupation: Boobing the game.

Aspiration: To talk better Dago than a “Spig.”

Motto: “I have taken my fun where I've found it.”

*Two Stripes
Soccer Numerals (3, 2)*



*Lucky Bag Staff
Company A*



KINGSLAND DUNWOODY

Brooklyn, New York

“King” “Dun” “Tums”

TAKE: Words, a lover, repartee, lacrosse ability, and energy. **COMBINE:** with a non-reg walk, and finish with a sewing-machine laugh. **RESULT:** King Dunwoody.

This article so made will argue till you're tired, and talk about anything from girls to sealing-wax, and, though he is always certain that the King cannot be wrong, it is ever with entire good humor and interest. He is a lacrosse player of no mean ability,—a valuable man on the team.

When he was Battalion Adjutant, ear-protectors were in vogue; when he “argufied,” ear-protectors were “en regle;” but, yokels,

when he played lacrosse, they put on their old head-protectors and made them fast!

But, perhaps, his greatest achievement (and there is a dissension here,—some maintaining that he should be hung for the act) was the formation of that cluster of thugs known as “Dunwoody's Gang.” Any Saturday or Sunday afternoon you would see them come down Maryland Avenue in company front, with wit (?), song, and laughter flung to the breeze.

His myriad friends owe a great deal to Kingsland Dunwoody, and it is certain that any of them will be happy to be shipmates with him.

“So strong!—but so gentle!”

*Two Stripes
Manager Lacrosse*



*Lacrosse Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Mandolin Club (3)*



WILLETT ELMORE

Demopolis, Alabama

"Tooth"

"A 'M from Alabam, Suh, an' proud of it sho-nuff," so says this good natured, rotund lad from the Sunny South. Tooth has been cold ever since he left Demopolis, four years ago, with the exception of Second Class cruise. His love for hot weather, fried chicken and Bull Durham has far surpassed his love for books. To look at Leon's name on the class register, one might think him wooden. During the winter months he spends most of his time trying to keep warm and arguing with Spencer, never thinking of cracking a book until his name adorns every tree that flourishes.

Willett is the ideal man to make a liberty with. He is ready for anything, but no matter how rough the party, you will always find him an anchor to windward and his

good common horse sense has kept many of his friends out of trouble. Tooth made a rather wild liberty in Boston with Tex, Madame and Rollo, but even when the total assets of the bunch consisted of an uncashable check, he faced the hotel clerk with a beaming smile and unruffled manner and demanded "all six suit cases."

Willett says that after these four years of grind and toil he is going to take a good rest by entering the Marine Corps. If his desire is fulfilled, the Navy will lose a good officer and we will see less of one of the best, most loved and trustworthy classmates.

"Have a Fat, Tooth."

"No, thanks, I'll roll one."

Buzzard



Sharpshooter



HANSON EDWARD ELY, Jr.

Iowa City, Iowa

“Handsome” “Major”

HAVE you ever met the Major? Well, if you haven't, take a look at Hanson, and you will see a chip-off-the-old-block; at least Coo is doing his darndest to be. That's the reason you find him running around all the time hunting for something to do. If he isn't taking the Youngsters for a row over to Hicackle Beach, he's getting up a smoker in spite of the 10th Company.

To show what kind of stuff he's really made of, in target practice he got a perfect score in spite of a misfire that put the turret captain out of commission, and with those short-nosed thirteens at that.

Youngster year Coo looked good to Dick, and gave promise of being one of the best strokes that an Academy crew ever had.

He gave 'em all he had all the time, and ruined his heart, so he was sentenced never to row again. Now he is Dick's able assistant. He went back to rowing just long enough in Guantanamo to show the big huskies from the Missouri that it takes a great deal more than brawn and brute strength to win a race, and, after leaving the Missouri's best bet about two lengths astern, he had to take himself back to oblivion as far as the rowing world was concerned.

Besides all this, Ely is somewhat of an inventor. Just at present he is concocting a range-finder in the hope that he may see his way clear to start a rough-house or shoe fight, or a chance to get Jake in a bridge game.

Buzzard
Manager Crew
Crew Squad (4, 3)



Crew Numerals (4, 3)
Class German Committee



HAROLD FAUL ELY

Jeannette, Pennsylvania

"Mike"

MIKE is an Irishman with a blue eye and a broad smile which immediately attracts you, whether you are feeling sad or glad. If you are rhino about marks, you will probably find out that he is in a worse plight than you, but you would never imagine it, for his care-free disposition throws off all minor worries; if you are happy, Mike is a kindred spirit.

As a savoir Mike does not exactly shine. It takes a close shave some month to set him to boning, but when he gets down to it, he usually puts away enough velvet to carry him safely past the semi-annual struggles.

If you want to have a rip-snortin' good time, just travel around with Mike. You will probably come back penniless, but you will have had a time that you will remember with the best of your adventures. No mat-

ter what port it is, he can size it up and take you to the place where you can get the best dinner and have the best kind of a time.

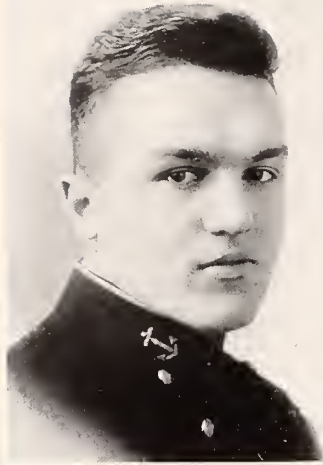
Mike is a charter member of all the Saturday night session clubs, and certainly does love to keep them bones a-rollin.' His and Johnnie's voices resound down the corridor as the excitement of the game increases until you would think the whole deck could hear their supplications for a natural.

But Mike has a serious side when seriousness is necessary. He has an old head and a common-sense viewpoint that makes his opinion worthy of attention, and his advice is as good as one can find anywhere. Altogether his make-up makes him a congenial and pleasant companion, and we are the better for having known him.



Buzzard
Manager Gymnasium Sports

Sharpshooter



DONALD RODNEY EVANS

Lewes, Delaware

"Admiral"

"WELL, what have you got to eat in here?" says Rodney, as he busts into your room any time of the day or night. It doesn't make any difference when it is, he is always hungry. Saturday nights there is always a bag of apples, or other eatables, in his room while he is comfortably seated on the radiator munching away and spinning some yarn about the hard gang that he used to know up at Lewes.

Evans has tried his hand at nearly all the sports; basketball, football and track. Last spring Speed burned all the cinders off the track, so that it was repaired with difficulty. The track squad called him Ted Meredith. The officials had a calendar out there to time him. But even if he wasn't so awful

fast, he had aspirations anyway, and went out and worked hard.

Deerfoot has one delight and that is to punch you in the ribs at any old time and place. Always punch him back, as it delights him to think that you resent it.

Evans isn't much of a fusser, but drags every once in a while just to keep his hand in, and usually enjoys it when he does, for they are generally queens. Usually he is most cheerful, but occasionally he falls into the deepest rhino fits, at which times the world and everything in it are wrong.

Ev, we like you and hope to see a great deal more of your noble foot-work on the deck of our ship.

*Buzzard
Three Diagonal Stripes*



Basketball Numerals (3)



FRANK GEORGE FAHRION

Pickens, West Virginia

"Spike"

"**S**AY, Spike, work out this Ordnance prob for me, will you?" "Give me the dope on Current Sailing, Navigator." "Make out a Juice exam, for a wooden guy, Captain." These, and any other similar requests, will get a ready response from Spike no matter what he is doing. But ask him to translate Dago, or how to integrate a fox trot, and there will be a fight.

Spike comes from the mountains of West Virginia, and that State certainly lost a good man when he decided to join Uncle Sam's pampered pets. He's just about as savvy as they make them, and his wisdom is not confined to books, either, for he has plenty of common sense to keep his head below the clouds.

Fussing is not Spike's strong point, and yet it is rumored that a trip to Raleigh one Christmas leave was not solely for Possum's companionship. It is also said that an erstwhile "Red Mike" is not adverse to—well, to holding hands once in a while these days.

Spike is a man's man first, last and all the time. He is one of the most dependable and straightforward fellows in the Academy, and there isn't a thing he wouldn't do for a friend. To know him is to swear by him, for he'll stick to you through thick and thin.

"By the way, Spike, just why do they call you Captain?"

Two Stripes





ROLLIN VAN ALSTYNE FAILING

Detroit, Michigan

"Rollo"

PERUVIAL Croost!!!—Have you ever seen an Annapolis crabbing schooner homeward bound with an oscillating list? There we have it—Our Rollo. The exploits of this roué would cover more lateral surface than his carcass, and you know that's some ground.

Next to T' Heath he rates the "plush-lined Obal" for forgetfulness.

Second Class leave he took up walking as an avocation, and the notorious jaunt from the wilds of — will go down in history.

He excels in two branches of athletics—football and Mexican. In the first he has hit the Army thrice, and in the second he throws a natural tous-les-jours. As a scandal-monger and practical joker he has no equal.

Although Halley's comet, or any of the other fifty-five additional brain flashes have never been in close proximity to his collar, he refuses to worry, and, after a week of uncracked books he takes a fiendish delight in perusing with much gusto Wessel's lofty perch sur l'arbre.

At the hops Rollo is as evident as the Vaterland in a fleet of tug-boats. Take a hint and keep clear (Pilot and Inland Rules applicable). But, say, that man can shake a wicked foot; he walks a la Carroll, but he dances a la Castle.

Who of us would not feel it a pleasure when going aboard ship to be met with that smile and old war-cry—"Hey, boy,—got a skag?"

Buzzard
Football N (4, 3, 2)



Baseball Numerals (4)



GEORGE RICHARDSON FAIRLAMB, Jr.

Richmond, Virginia

"H. A." "George" "Fairy"

FIRST Class cruise, Fairy distinguished himself in such a brilliant way that he gained the degree of "H.A." Ask him what it stands for, and he will answer in a disgusted tone, "Hour Angle, you boob." However, his professional activities are not confined entirely to navigation, for one Saturday, Second Class year, the Regiment stood at "P—rade Rest" listening to an order from the Superintendent announcing Midshipman G. R. Fairlamb, Jr., as the winner of the prize for having submitted the best essay on "International Arbitration." That is just George all over,—quiet, efficient and doing something worth while.

Fairlamb has lived with Tevis, and we don't know how he has done it, unless he has superhuman powers of endurance in taking care of the Old Roué.

George is, above all, a Virginia gentleman;

his character and bearing embody every trait which belongs in the make-up of the famous "F. F. V." His honesty and open frankness are as those of his predecessor "George" of cherry-tree fame, and his sincerity is one of his assets which makes one feel glad to be in his company, and feel that in Fairlamb is a man who will do anything in his power to make somebody's life brighter.

Of a sunny nature, he is usually the best of fun, but there are three things that will cause his goat to appear on the landscape—any insult to humanity; anything non-reg; and the inevitable "H. A." story.

When June the first rolls around, we'll say "good-bye" to George with a hope of being with him again in the Service, and with the same warm relations of the past four years.



*Buzzard
Crew Squad (4, 3, 2)*

*Lake Mohonk Peace Prize (2)
Log Staff (1)*



ROBERT WALTON FLEMING

The Plains, Virginia

"Bobby" "Cocky"

IF, on a spring afternoon when the crews are on the river, you happen to be within hailing distance, you will hear a most remarkable series of barks, yaps and growls from the river. If the imagination were relied upon to furnish a picture of this man, it would present a giant with a powerful, protruding chest and lungs like the bellows of a forge. But when the shell comes alongside the floats, out of the stern sheets steps a small, quiet, wiry, sandy-haired chap, and he is the noise producer. Bobby claims that when he does the grunting for eight big husks, he has done a day's work, and, judging from the noise, he has. Bobby is the best little coxswain around these parts and, in fact, one of the best that has ever driven a Navy Crew, or shocked the ladies in the Supe's barge.

Cocky's real worth was recognized First

Class year. He was the wise choice of the powers that be for three stripes of the fourth company. Within a few weeks he had that company eating out of his hand, and he did not do it by bowing his head to popularity, but he did it through sheer efficiency and knowing how. To see him stand erect, chest out, hands back, setting a perfect example in himself, makes one wish that the rest of us would do it, thereby improving the appearance of the Regiment a hundred per cent.

Cautious, not given to impulses, or taking chances. Furthermore, he has never suffered with the pangs of indecision as the less fortunate of us, for he came into this world with his mind made up, and its been made up ever since. With these characteristics to work upon, do you wonder that he is and always will be a success?

*Three Stripes
Crew N (2)*



Crew Numerals (4, 3)



KENNETH FLOYD-JONES

New York, New York

“Flogler” “Kenneth”

“JOSH!” “Cuddy!” and with the handshake of the “Lilies,” Jones and Hanafee have met somewhere in the corridor and the hop starts flowing. Between his heart and his “academic books,” on which he has held his “grip” with much difficulty these past years, Jones has had a strenuous time.

Moreover, Jones has had to keep Len in the straight and narrow during our four year siege and, when twenty’s and twenty-four’s are coming their way, you ought to see those boys bone!

Jones’ sole ambition is to get his hands on that sheepskin, and then get his commission and get on the biggest battleship afloat with New York as its home port. With these he will be content, even if he does have to write Lt. (j.g.) after his name for the rest of his life.

Jones founded the “Royal Order of the

Lilies” (see other references for charter and honorary members), and this explains his numerous athletic honors. He had good promises on the Plebe crew, but that sport called for a slight amount of exertion, and Jones believes in enjoying every minute of his academic leisure.

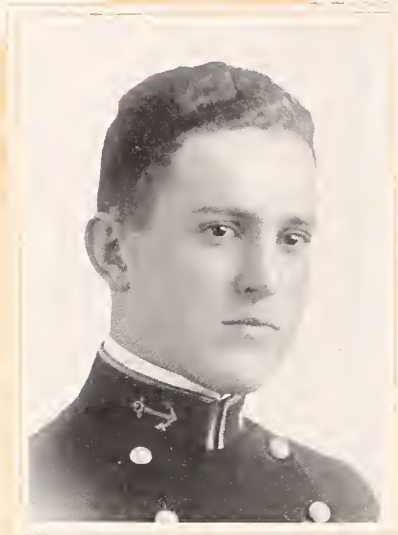
Flogler is original. He proved this when leading the ring committee for selection of our class ring. Furthermore, look inside his locker for the newest ideas in the science of medicine. The dispensary is merely a catalogue of his array.

Well, Jones, the fellows that get on that biggest ship with you will have a good mess-mate, and will enjoy to the utmost those days when we have finished with our “academic books,” and can have time for a reunion of the “Order of the Lilies” with the old “Royal Nabob” present.

*Buzzard
Class Ring Committee*



June Ball Committee



JOHN HILDRETH FORSHEW, Jr.

Brooklyn, New York

"Connie"

THE handsome youth from Flatbush! In his four years he has done battle with the Academic Department with great braveness. He burned the midnight oil in Sick Bay for many a night Second Class year, but came out victorious, though bearing a few scars.

A fusser, did you say? He gets the kerosene stove, and that smile of his gets the girls. He has never been known to miss a hop, and is the snakiest of stags. He is also a fond admirer of little Miss Nicotine, and was unlucky enough to woo her a little too publicly and to have to take a sea trip while the Regiment went to Philly Youngster year.

Connie is always cheerful and never lets anything worry him, though for a while he was far from cheerful company when his

First Class Christmas leave was hanging in the balance because he had the hard luck to miss the train after the Army-Navy game.

He is also possessed with a remarkable tenor voice, and is a member of the famous Smoke Hall Quartette and the Glee Club. That quartette can certainly agonize and harmonize at the same time, and if you want to hear some real minors like the coons down South bust forth, just come down to the old First Class haunt some evening after supper.

He is truly a gentleman and a student (if not a scholar), and all the rest. More we cannot say of any man. Here's hoping you have all the luck in the world, Connie, when you get into the Service.

"Oh, I think Connie is a dear!"

Buzzard
Lacrosse Numerals (4, 3)
June Ball Committee



Glee Club (2)
Mandolin Club (2)



GUIDO FREDERICK FORSTER

Summit, New Jersey

"Guido"

IF you were to inquire of the Juice Department the unit of resistance, they would inform you that it is the ohm. But that is where the Juice Department is wrong, as usual, for the unit of resistance is the "forster."

During Plebe year Pea got enough rough handling from the upper classmen to have made any other ten men resign to become, once more, care-free civilians. In fact he became so used to standing on his head that even now he does it several times a day through force of habit. (That is why his hair is thinning on the top.) The end of Plebe year was not the end of Pea's worries, for he has always been the goat for some one maliciously bent. However, like any

man with red blood coursing through his veins, Pea stuck and graduated.

Forster never was a lady-killer, or a big mixer with the "boys," His friends know him to be a big-hearted, clean, courteous chap, who entertains a fear of the fair sex and a reserve toward the other. If you really know him, he'll do anything for you—except drag to a hop.

Possessed with a marvelous memory (he can tell you the number of windows in Bancroft Hall, the number of fly-specks on the Chapel dome, or the number of bones in Porter's head) and of a desire to do neat, accurate work, he is certain to prove a credit to the Academy and an asset to the Service.

Buzzard





DAVID CARL FOX
 Lebanon, Pennsylvania
 "Carl" "Obal" "Dixie" "Crab"

BEHOLD the germ of a great idea! Here's a man whose ability in an original business line is being wasted in the Navy. He is the originator, founder, and owner of ninety per cent. of the stock in "The Great Obal Company, Inc." His ability as a sales agent is not limited, either; witness the great demand for this new product by our "Navigator."

He has not taken part in any form of athletics, save the swimming squad (extra), due to an inclination toward the simple life, coupled with a lack of weight. Physically, he is built like the proverbial brick chimney, and, but for those few pounds, we would see him sporting an N of some sort.

Mentally, well, he gets along on less boning than most star men, and at the same time keeps well within the fifty mark, hence the 1st P. O. job.

Morally, no questions need be asked.

Carl is in his element with a mandolin, accompanied by a couple of guitars. Who has not heard him rattle off the Oklahoma Twirl, and hasn't wanted to rise right up and dance? Not many.

As a lady's man, this gink is a mystery. He was a deep, deep lover Youngster year, but Second Class leave at home was too much, and the affair just naturally died. We suspect that he is true to some little Dutch girl way back in Lebanon. There are several who might be Her.

Carl, many of us know you, and we know a man who is a man generous almost to a fault, with a heart big enough for the two it holds, and with a smile that would make even old Hawkeye laugh with glee.

Here's to you, Dixie, and may our paths cross often, be you in the Service or out!

"How's trade today?"

"Sold him a velvet plush-lined set, bordered in sky-blue."

Buzzard
June Ball Committee



Masqueraders (4, 3, 2)



SIMON PENDLETON FULLINWIDER

Raton, New Mexico

“Fully” “Fuzzy”

FULLY was one of the heavenly twins—but he wasn't long losing his heavenly qualities; as soon as he learned the powers of dope, he began a systematic collection of all the dope that had ever been let out, and he soon became an ingenious inventor and relentless spreader of that stuff.

Ever hear one of his theories? He's chock full of them! They range everywhere from “why pins have points” to “what would happen if the Kaiser should become President of the United States.”

Where Fuzzy was reared we don't know; but he brought with him a habit of smelling everything he sees—it is his way of identifying things, and it is merely his good luck

that he never gets his nose into anything worse than glue.

But Fuzzy isn't all dope and theories and nose—he can fence, and fence good enough to win his N at New York when he helped bring back the “Little Man.”

Snooks has saved loads of time by never shaving—he doesn't have to; but he has admitted using the scissors once or twice.

Girls and reminders of San Diego are the only two topics that Fully finds embarrassing, and perhaps the only two he never talks about.

“Heard the latest dope?”



One Stripe
FNT (2)

Fencing Numerals (2)



THOMAS BOYLE GALE

Cedar Rapids, Iowa
"Tubby" "Tommy"

SAY! did you ever see Tubby in one of those inter-class basket-ball games? You must 've, for I don't believe anyone missed those famous affairs in our Plebe, Youngster and Second Class years. Well, that's the way Windy does everything that he sets out to do. None of this half-way stuff for him. He also filled a big hole in that '17 line that won the football championship our Youngster year.

And a "prince?" Why, say! that man would give a friend the shirt off his back, if he had it. (?)

But, when it comes to getting away with stuff, one wouldn't say he was born under a lucky star. Always ready to take a chance, but invariably gets ragged. Such occurrences gave him three months for participating in a dinner party with femmes his Youngster year, 25 D's for "extended liberty" Second Class year during June Week,

and deprived him of Christmas leave First Class year. "Hard lines," you say? "Right-o," and he rated getting away each time. In the first case the report came from an unforeseen source; the second, the launch ran out of gasoline; and in the last, sleep won the struggle.

When it comes to all-round fussing, Tubby is no piker. As one of the charmers said, "He is one of the best dancers and nicest men I have ever met." Make the lady a pretty bow, Windy. A few heavy cases have marked his course while at the U. S. N. A., but he has emerged unscathed and free, despite the fact that he prefers to be a "leather-neck."

Good luck to you, old man. If there is anything you want, name it, for there is nothing '17 has that is too good for Tubby.

"There's nothing the matter with my neck."

Buzzard
Football Numerals (3, 2)



Basketball Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Lacrosse Numerals (2)



LEWIS LYNN GOVER

New Decatur, Alabama

“Stony” “Lew” “Guff”

GANGWAY for the Stone! As he comes rolling down the corridor with his chin stuck out like the bow of the “Emma Giles” and that mean look on his face, you would never take him for a gentle, kind-hearted, souvenir collector.

Some call him Guff and some call him Lew, but to those who know him well, he is just plain Stone, which he was dubbed by Sam on account of his remarkable resemblance to the Rock of Gibraltar.

He used to have a goat which would romp forth on the least provocation; but he has been so well trained by a few of his intimate friends that his temper rarely rises above the flash point.

Stone’s one hobby is the collection of souvenirs, of which he has a grand array. If you ever have a chance, ask him to show you the fifty pound rock which he carried away from

Gibraltar, or the skull captured in the Catacombs at Rome, or the loofa sponges which he got away with from the engine room of the Missouri. However, if you get too inquisitive, he will confidentially whisper, “I don’t see that I am under any obligations to go into the details of the matter.”

Stone’s athletic efforts have been directed toward the boxing game, and, by consistent work, he has made himself the welter-weight champion of the Academy, and his sportsmanlike instincts have made him the cleanest boxer in the school.

Stone is a hard worker, is what we call a “good man,” and is a man who will be a real friend through thick and thin.

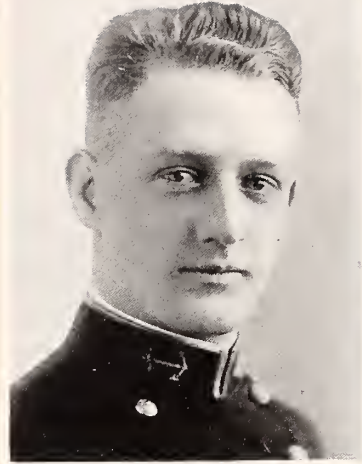
“Say, who’s to drag for me Saturday?”

“Well, Stony, it’s a fine day for the race.”

Buzzard
Welter-Weight Boxing Championship (2)



Three Diagonal Stripes
Class Pipe Committee



VERNON FRANCIS GRANT

Meridian, Mississippi

“Vernon” “Useless” “Henry”

PERSEVERANCE is a word that is ragged from overwork, but the fact remains that it names a very desirable quality possessed in abundance by Little Henry. Moreover, his energy is not dependent upon the support and encouragement of anyone else.

Vernon's size has denied him the privilege of playing football, but wrestling is also a man's sport, and he is a past master at that game. The Yale coach considers him the best featherweight in inter-collegiate wrestling, and I guess he ought to know.

He hails from Mississippi—Meridian, to be exact—and is proud of it, so do not run down Dixie in his presence, for he has a fiery temper, and the strings to his goat are always out. He is perfectly willing and anxious, however, to go half way and more in allowing for that temper, so any man that

has trouble with him has only himself to blame.

The work incident to target practice had no terrors for him—he didn't mind bore-sighting his own gun at all, and spent lots of valuable time in trying to make it train more easily, while the rest of us were below, making merry. “Yes! He told me to practice on some other gun—and you couldn't keep on with that gun of mine with a boat crane!!”

But his abilities are not confined to athletics and gunnery, for he has considerable talent with the pen—that is in English, and, of course, no sane man ever savvied Dago.

But Dago savoir or not, some destroyer is going to have a small, but highly charged, young ensign, who will act first, and then arbitrate afterward, if he arbitrates at all.

Two Stripes
WNT (2)
Special Weight Wrestling
Champion (3)



Bantam Weight Wrestling
Champion (2)
Log Staff (2, 1)
Sharpshooter
Expert Pistol Bar



JOSEPH WESLEY GREGORY

Kingston, New York

"Joe" "Nino" "Baby"

WE have many things to thank the Class of 1916 for, and the least among them is most certainly not Joe. It would be hard to find a more congenial man in the whole class, and he has adapted himself so well to 1917, that it seems as if he had always been one of us.

There are few people in the world who take a more active interest in things than Nino, and he has two years on the basketball team as a witness for this statement. Very few games in the past two years have gone by in which he has not played a prominent part in pulling a victory for the Navy.

But Joe's fondness for boning is not quite of the same character as that for athletics. However, he has always stood well toward the top, and would no doubt have sported

several stripes, except for his love of being "non-reg."

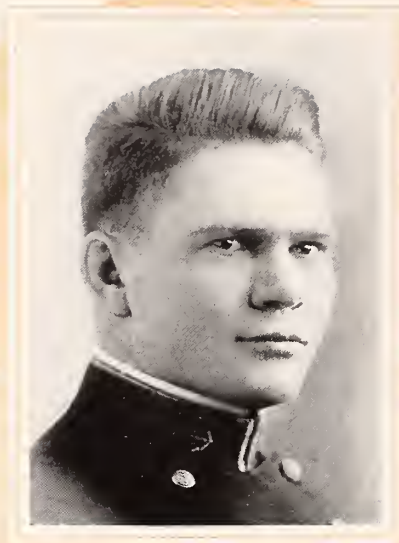
There is only one doubtful spot on this otherwise angelic personality, and that is his Youngster cruise, when dear old Sunny Spain, Gay Paree, not to mention Madeira, almost proved his undoing. But why bring up the past? Under the careful guidance of his roommate, Hyde, whatever evil influence his shady past may have worked upon him, has been, we hope, totally wiped out. Now he has settled down and is trying to make his amount available read with three figures as a first step toward buying that little farm on the Hudson, where he is going to raise chickens when the Navy shall have lost its charms.

"But he looks so young!"

Buzzard
Basketball N (2)
Basketball Squad (4, 3, 2)



Masqueraders (4, 3)
Mandolin Club (2, 1)



RICHARD WETHERILL GRUELICK

Lafayette, Indiana

"Fats" "Dick" "Hippo"

LOOK who's here! He is a rather peculiar, chubby-cheeked, little (?), young (?) man, isn't he? Well, it was this way. Hippo (commonly called that, although it is not definitely known whether this cognomen was bestowed on him because he did not practice what he preached, or because of his avoirdupois) dropped in on us one day Plebe summer. It is said that he hailed from the Hoosier State and was captured from the wilds of Purdue University.

Dick, in the days of Plebedom, was savvy, standing near the top of his class. (For exact mark and class standing see the Spy, a German periodical.) However, Second Class leave he contracted a deadly heart disease, fatal to any class standing. She was "one of three." Ask Hippo, and, with a little persuading, he may tell you how he took the final step in making his choice. Since then, with the regularity of G. M. T. a letter comes by Wednesday's mail to "Dearest Richard," and with the stamp

tilted to angle of 45 degrees. We can't blame Hippo, though, especially since her picture is now the sole adornment on his locker door, taking the place of a possible Cadet Commission. But he says it's more than worth it.

Fat could wrestle, too. He and Pretz would sit for hours discussing the fine points of the game, that is, if Hippo had his old Boiler No. 8 and Pretz an El Roi Tan.

Second Class year Hippo's balcony was as popular as Jack's after an Army-Navy game. A crowd could always be found "en tu balcon sus pipas a fumar," and talking of love and war and other things. It was here we first knew for sure that Perro Gordo was a German. Stubborn? Oh no! Often the party would end by Carlos and his lo-o-o-ve putting to test on the hard deck their ideas of wrestling.

Well, Fat, old scout, if you are as good a naval officer as you are a wrestler, we need have no fears for you. Here's to you!

Buzzard
Wrestling Squad (3, 2)



Business Manager Log (1)
Choir (2)



FREDERICK EDWARD HAEBERLE

Los Angeles, California
"Heb" "Dug" "Strip"

FRED doesn't say much, but when he does you might as well listen, for something is coming that is worth listening to. The only exception to this is when he gets in a corner with Nick or George. Right there the conversation turns serious-like, but we understand that Fred has it over Beatrice Fairfax in every department. So say Nick and George, but they believe everything he says. He needs consolation and advice himself at times, and he gets it even from those to whom he gives it.

Fred possesses the most useful pair of brains in the Academy behind those brown eyes. There are a few things he can't do, but they are about as numerous as 4.0's on Seamanship exams. Words and space do not permit us to even tabulate the accomplishments of this young (?) man,—who stands first in his class, who is Editor of the Lucky Bag, mainstay of the tennis team, who is as well versed in music as he is in books, who can relieve a radio operator at his phones, who can navigate a battleship as well as bring her right on after an "n"

Five Stripes
Star (4, 3, 2)
TNT (3, 2)
Tennis Doubles Championship (3)



degree turn. But what's the use, we haven't even begun to fight.

We suspect that the reason for his success among us children is due to the fact that he had had the lifetime experiences of any normal man before he ever entered this haven of delight. Have you ever heard him tell of his days at colleges, and later as city editor in Los Angeles? But even his years of life don't prevent him from being an enjoyable man to make a liberty with.

He knows just where the best of everything is found in every port, and what is more, he'll take you there.

Fred's first cruise, as soon as he can change into cits, will have Alton as a point of destination, and if the Navy ever has the misfortune to lose this man, we suspect that that will be his home port.

All in all, Fred is a man of unusual common sense, of high ideals, and he is true friend to any man whom he calls friend.

What more makes a true man?

"Well, let's see; it's like this."

Editor-in-chief Lucky Bag
June Ball Committee
Mandolin Club (3)
Sharpshooter



EDWARD GILLETTE HAGEN

Cranford, New Jersey

"Eddie"

HAVE you ever seen a great, gray man-o-war, as it plowed silently through the crashing waves of a tossing sea? It is a picture of splendid power, infinite strength, and it has its counterpart in human life, for Eddie is to each of us an example of what quiet, steady strength of mind and firm unobtrusive will can do. Gook also had a gayer side, and a goat; but it wasn't that which we noticed first and will remember longest. Peanuts are his long suit—he can eat them by the bushel and never regret it for two or three days.

Eddie is not going into the Marine Corps with matrimony as an object. Far be it! He is not afraid of Goo-Goo bullets, but women—excuse his glove!! His blue eyes—of which he is very goaty—may some time get him into trouble, but not if Eddie has a head start.

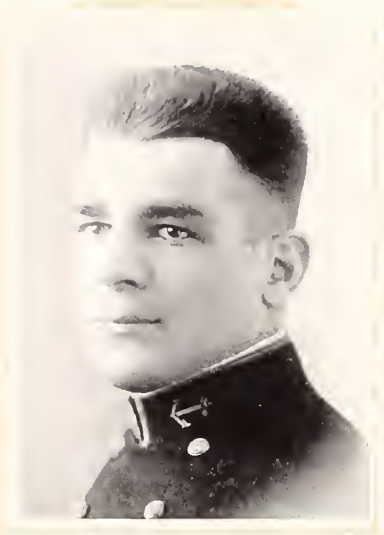
Eddie is a mighty true friend, he possesses a very keen sense of humor, and has an unusual amount of gray-matter in that little, square, Dutch gonk of his.

A 2.5 never bothers Boofuls, but his ears do, and we came very near losing him. Von Papen could speak French like the Aristocrat, and Spanish like any other Midshipman—but you should have heard his attempts at English! A curious combination of French and German with an occasional bit of New Jersey American—it was funny to listen to, but hard to translate. His brogue helps confirm the suspicion that he is a German spy—but spy, goat, peanuts and all, we will remember Eddie for what he is to us, and we envy his ability to play the man.

Buzzard



Soccer Numerals (4, 3, 2)



FRANK JOSEPH HANAFEE

New Albany, Indiana

“Ben” “Hanney” “Frank” “Hot” “Sleuth” “Schwartzburger”

“SO help me—did you see the look in his eyes,”—no one could fail to recognize the father of this ejaculation. Ben has more B. T. U’s per cubic inch than any of Woolsey’s forty-five favorite types,—hence the name “hot.”

You may have met so-called men in your wanderings, but if you ever have met a better, truer man than Hanney, you have something on the rest of us. Just tell him of a friend in trouble and watch him go the limit to help. Anyone will confide in him.

He is not a savoir, but he has never lost his Academic Grip. He has been a hard worker on the football field, showing the same de-

termination and fight that is evidenced in everything he undertakes.

Since widowed, he has been adopted by T. Heath and Jack,—needless to say he is a great help to them in their Academic books.

Among his many accomplishments may be mentioned his love for aquatic sports. Being an enthusiastic four year member of the swimming squad (extra), also being the sole originator of the “Yiddisher Hula.”

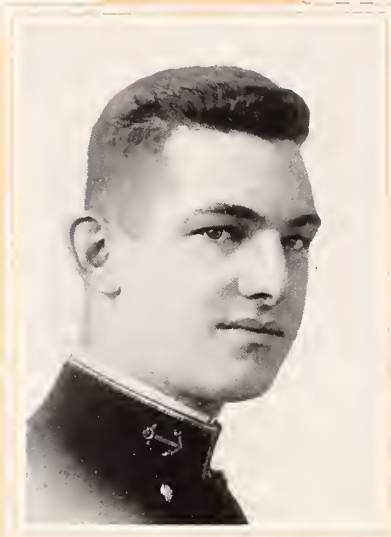
Frank, old boy—“go to it.” You will reach the top in anything and you have the respect and good feeling of every man behind you.

“Sol—so help me—there are two men crazy in this place.”

*Buzzard
Manager Baseball*



*Football Numerals (4, 3, 2, 1)
Baseball Numerals (4, 2)*



CARL LUDWIG HANSEN

Bismarck, North Dakota

"Carl"

MARK blew in on us from the land of farmers and Swedes. He comes from a sea-faring race and is a good sailor, except when the waves get boisterous about the third day out.

Athletics have never engaged his attention, not even the Mexican sort. This lack of "Toro" ability once almost caused him to become a victim of the English Department, but, after associating with Sam Bartlett, on the *Reina*, he was able to escape their clutches.

His one and only love is *Lady Nic*. For her sake he spent half of his Second Class year on the *White House* at the northeast end of *Farragut Field*. To gain her fancy he has adopted for a family crest a sack of *Bull* with crossed *Fatimas*.

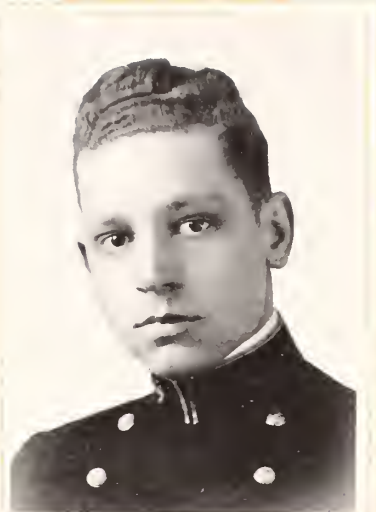
He is a humorist also. For this he received the name of *Mark Twain*,—but in most of his jokes you have to look long and far for the point; but if you have plenty of patience and time it can be found.

His attitude toward the fair sex is an enigma. Youngster year he took extra dancing lessons and then never went to a hop. He has always steered shy of the girls, but, unfortunately, they have been known to look for him. For fear of making him blush, do not say anything more. However, *Mark* is a good worker, always ready to do his share of the hard work, and, on a liberty is always willing to do anything that you will.

"Would you mind telling me who you are? They dared me to ask you."

Buzzard





EVAN GREENWOOD HANSON

Fillmore, Utah

"Gaby" "Gaboir" "Bovine"

BEHOLD the erratic Frenchman! "Forty per cent." behold your leader! When mercury is thrown on the deck, as run its particles, so run Gaby's moods and thoughts, so fly his words, and, in like manner, his actions. Gab will star one month, and be unsat the next. You will see him drag to all the hops one month, and be a Red Mike the next. The third Company long ago gave up trying to savvy the why and wherefore of Gaby. But listen, as the Gaboir makes people wonder, so does he make them happy.

Why, anything that the Gab has, you may have part, or all of it,—even to his last "Fat," or his last pair of clean cuffs. Generosity will make a man a friend with all the world, despite what other qualities he may possess. If he gives, the world takes.

Gaby puts no lock on anything he possesses, and his greatest possession is the ability to make and keep friends.

Gab's liberties on the cruises were famous. It was the best hotel, taxis, theatres, and the abode of the aristocratic waiter, one day; but the lowly bus, Charlie Chaplin, and Child's Beanery, the next.

But the Gab isn't all champagne bubbles and salt sea foam. He has a world of affection for his friends, and withal, enormous magnanimity of character. However, if this spiel were characteristic of Gaby, it would be impossible of interpretation, for no words can effectively describe him.

"Let's go catch. You got?"

Buzzard





RICHARD HARVEY HARPER

Houston, Texas

“Tex” “Hairless Wonder”

THOSE of you who read, consider a man whose resourcefulness and quick thinking will make a name for him in the Service,—or we’ve made a bad bet!

These traits have saved Tex many a cropper in Academic days—if you don’t believe it get some one to tell you of the time he jumped into bed with a Plebe when the O. C. came in. This little episode but serves to illustrate that Tex has learned one principle which we’ve had hurled at us; namely, do something quickly, even if what you do is wrong.

And the doughty Texan, though small in stature, is large in action, and you can profitably turn to him for results.

Those of us who call up a mental picture of Tex, generally picture him indulging in his favorite pastime—you know—poker. Tex

likes that game and when he plays, my eye, how he do enjoy it!! Put a 6x6 cigar in his face, his five favorite cards in his hand, and give him a chance to say, “I’ll kick that three,” and his cup is full.

As a pink-tea man Tex fills the bill gracefully and completely, but don’t—don’t mention how thick the hair is growing on top of his dear, old head. He conceals his dislike for this form of kidding admirably, but his goat will show signs of parading, if you but say in sepulchral tone, “Herpicide won’t save it!”

There is but small doubt that Tex will make a capable, high-principled officer, and we’ll “meet him later on” with all the joy in the world in our hearts.

Gentlemen—I give you the resourceful Texan,—a true gentleman and a true friend.

*Buzzard
June Ball Committee*



*Class Pipe Committee
Sharpshooter*



THOMAS FIELD HARRIS

Versailles, Kentucky

"T" "Field"

OLD T. Field! People, here is a gentleman. He is a representative of the good, old South; quiet, unassuming, gracious, and always ready to do you a good turn, and, above all, a mighty good sport. He is the kind of a man who makes life at the Naval Academy less arduous for his classmates.

Field has wooed Madame Nicotine for three years, and between his efforts to circumnavigate the Discipline Department and keep on the sunny side of a 2.5, he has been pretty busy. The latter has been a bitter struggle, for Field is far from savvy, but he has the quality that inevitably leads to success: "sticking to it."

On our European cruise T. saw the insurance sign on the Big Rock, and, if you don't believe that it is there, ask Field. He saw it, and when a man sees a thing with his own eyes, it must be so.

Field always has a good word for everybody, and everybody has plenty of them for him. Although as agreeable as the day is long, he had pretty hard luck with roommates—the loss of both Red and the Doctor went pretty hard with Field.

But you are a man all the way through, Field, and it is our earnest wish that in the years to come, we shall see a great deal more of you than we have during the past four.

Buzzard





GEORGE LATHAM HARRISS

Wilmington, North Carolina

"Monk"

G EORGE Latham Harriss—with two "s's" if you please—like many of the best things in life, comes in a small package. But our hero is an india-paper edition of all that is necessary and desirable for an officer and a gentleman. Above all aggressive and, tempering this quality with good, sound sense and tenacity, makes the Runt a best bet in procuring the bacon.

Having put in two cruises on our Spanish prize, he has become one of the most seagoin' men in the class—and, like the Ancient Mariner, is always ready to spin his yarn. In fact nothing pleases Musky more (unless it be his regular and systematic studies of the *Cosmo*, *Post*, etc.) than a

smoke hall yarn or debate, and his continued success in arguments puts the other veterans of the Ben Jonson Club in the "also-ran" category.

Musky is a sailor in more ways than one, having at least one girl in every port, not to mention several inland. But at that, he is no Blue-Beard, and, after a shaking-down cruise, we predict a trip to the Saragossa Sea of Matrimony.

Whatever he does will be done with a will; wherever he goes will be brightened, and we envy the Service, the ship, and the mess that has for one of its members the friend of all who know him—George Latham Harriss.

Buzzard





LAWRENCE HARVEY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Harve" "Colonel"

TO hear him tell it, you would think that the Colonel cut his eye-teeth on horseback. Maybe he did, and maybe he can ride anything in the Rosetree Hunt Club Stables, but he made a mess of things when he went navigating on a Chaney cayuse. He swears the horse fainted. Nobody was there to back him up in his yarn, but he did become an Iden Tonic fiend, and the lacrosse squad lost a hard worker. Chaney horses always were different, you know. The Colonel, though yet to win his letter in lacrosse, is always trying to cave in somebody's roof, or vice versa (mostly the latter).

Now you'll have to admit that anyone who could live with Jack Stone for three years, nursing him through the trials and tribulations of his many love affairs, or taking care of Carrol, or furnish the target for

Dave's shoe salvos, or be arrested in Genoa, or shave twice a day for Chauncey without losing his equanimity, whatever that may be, and without getting sore on the world as a whole, is a pretty good man.

The Colonel has the ability of heaving the honey which is only surpassed by Stoney himself. If you are seeking entertainment any Sunday afternoon, when the weatherman refuses to give you pleasant weather for an afternoon's walk, just wander down to Smoke Hall, draw your chair up alongside of the Colonel, give him a match to light his old corn-cob pipe, and say just one word. Then shut your trap for the rest of the afternoon, close your eyes and listen to the music of the spheres. You will find that his cheerfulness, dry wit, and amiability make him an agreeable companion.

Buzzard
Lacrosse Numerals (4, 2)



Class Crest Committee
Company A



CHARLES LYNN HAYDEN

Apollonia, Wisconsin

"Admiral"

LYNN hails from Apollonia, a classic name and, according to its "pride," it is still better than its name. It is up in the backwoods of Wisconsin, and Hayden never tires of telling his wonderful tales of deer-hunting, bear-hunting, etc. If you care to know anything about the modern wonders of ballistics, just ask Hayden what his 30-30 rifle will do. According to him it has the penetration of a greased Hertzian wave.

If you want to lead out his goat, ask him about that gatepost tale. Other times he always wears the sunniest of sunny smiles, and, in the days of the old Navy, many a perspiring upperclassman threw up the sponge in despair when he tried to make Lynn wipe it off.

Lynn was nearly bilged the first part of his Plebe year by old demon Math.; but he has since developed into a savoir and narrowly escaped a star Second Class year. This year, both Smoke Hall and the Goddess of Fortune have combined to lure him from his studies. Prosperity never spoiled him, and

many are the hours he spent after taps his Second Class year helping some poor classmate over another river.

Lynn never tried athletics much, but just to show 'em how, he went over to the gym and walked off with the singles handball championship and helped some one else win the doubles championship.

Of course, since he is practical and sensible, he is the most carmine of Red Mikes. You may see him any night out at Doc's. Something happened Christmas Leave and Buchalter was alarmed; but since, Lynn's actions have calmed a bit, and his roommate's fears have been quieted.

Always ready and willing to lend you his last cent, or go on duty for you on any hop night—and everyone will admit that that is true generosity. Whether you meet him afloat or ashore on that farm for which he yearns, Lynn is the best man you can stick to—a real friend.

"Yes, I know, but just a minute; listen to me a minute."

*Buzzard
Baseball Numerals (2)*



Handball Champion (3)



COLIN DEVERE HEADLEE

Everett, Washington

“Heddles” “Sword Pusher”

“**S**AY, fellers, I wonder if this wouldn't work?”—and then he'd launch forth a tale about another machine or piece of mechanism he intended to invent. Some of his inventions worked, some didn't—at least he got a long stay in the hospital when his aeroplane came to earth—and to grief. But his inventive brain was only stimulated to greater effort by seeming failure—he wouldn't stop; no, and he wouldn't stop trying to play that mouth organ either, much to the annoyance of all those about him. You could bet your hat that if you heard the organ, Headlee would be tagging on close behind.

But that wasn't all he could do—he could fence; and to see that man wield a sabre was a pleasure and source of envy to all. An intercollegiate champion, he did his share to bring home the “Little Man” and

to keep him here. His big N was as well earned as it was conspicuous.

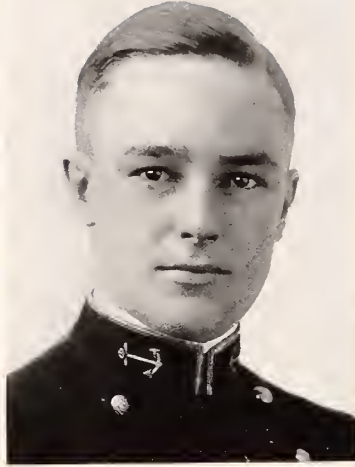
Headlee had a peculiar and subconscious sense of humor that evinced itself in a combination of a croak and the smile of a steam siren; and when he talked he was a cross between a semaphore machine in full play and a well oiled shuttle-cock. “By Criminy, I tell yew” was a prefix to those frequent outbursts of enthusiasm that made him such a valuable asset at any function, from a football game to a hop.

He went about his work with the same enthusiasm and wholeheartedness that he put into his fencing and his speech; what was done was well done. There's nothing Headlee doesn't rate, unless, perhaps, it's the privilege of playing that mouth organ, which we refuse to grant, even to him.



One Stripe
Fencing N (3, 2)
Intercollegiate Sabre Champion (2)
Sabre Team (4, 3, 2)

Class Sabre Championship (2)
Sharpshooter
Expert Rifleman



WILLIAM SHANNON HEATH

Camden, South Carolina

“Shanning” “Shannon” “Tanny” “T-h-eeth”

WITHOUT Jackson there would be no Heath. Bow your heads, Caballeros, to a true Southern gentleman. His heart is as big as his conscience, and the Rock of Gibraltar isn't so large after all. Friendship is a big thing to him, and he values a friend as a brother.

He is the most happy-go-lucky man in the world, and the sort who can smile when everything goes wrong.

Shannon has the terrible misfortune of always being ragged, but he takes his punishment like the man he is. Infatuation for that old girl, Fatima, has caused him much worry.

As Keeper of the Goat he was par excellence. When Bill the First departed to the Great Beyond, T'Heath's detective instincts were aroused, and, goaded on by Hanafee, he

would surely have landed the criminals, except for the timely intervention of “those higher up.”

In New York, Chin Chin and Bill II were the lights of the city. What matters if the goat did get him down in the mud—that was such a fine goat!

“Sol, where are my sewes?”

“What shoes?”

“My little low-quarter sewes.”

“Sleuth, I just got to go back to the room. Jack doesn't know where I am.”

Prof: “Tomorrow this section will have a two-hour P-work. Mr. Heath—you be there!”

Heath: “Aye, aye, sir!”

Oh! who the devil can help lovin' a man like this?

Buzzard
Football Numerals (3)
Soccer Numerals (3)



June Ball Committee
Keeper of the Goat



JOHN BAPTIST HEFFERNAN

Washington, Indiana

“John B” “One-Lung”

“**A**RMS upward, stretch! Trunk, forward, bend!” Who is that tall graceful bird over there? Why, that is John Heffernan, charter member and captain of that far-famed organization, the Weak Squad.

John hails from the wilds of Indiana, where the trolley cars go sixty miles an hour. He said so himself. An Irishman with German instincts, perhaps due to Willie-the-Hyphen, his roommate; a writer of no mean talent (witness the Trenchard medal) and a born seafarer—the Commandant said so himself.

John has two favorite occupations—eating and talking. As a result of his former occupation, he is a living example of Huxley’s theory of the protoplasm, for he eats enough for a build like Tom Chalmers’, but talks so much that he is far from it.

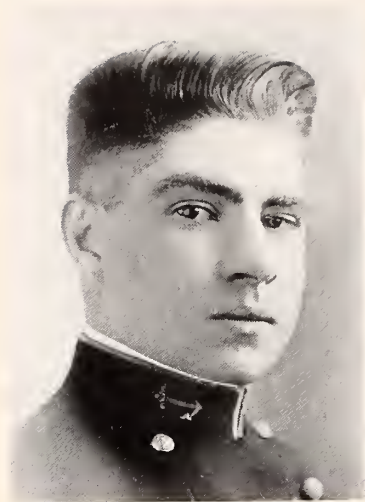
Speaking of eating, you should have seen the race at the Staff table one day, when John, Wop and Wild Bill Davis had a three-cornered race. They were off with the gun, both jockeys holding in their mounts, seemingly to save them for the final dash. At the end of the first lap, Wop led by a foot and succeeded in maintaining the lead for the next three laps. But on the fifth and final lap, John leaned over and spoke imploringly to his filly. “Come, Jean, lass, remember the reputation you have to uphold this day; lengthen out, old girl!” From then on Wop and Dave didn’t stand a chance. It was a walk-away for John.

Well, John, we all wish you the best kind of luck, and may all Wellesley be with you at your graduation.

One Stripe
Track Numerals (2)
Editor Log (1)



Log Staff (4, 3, 2, 1)
Admiral Trenchard Medal



THOMAS BENTLEY HENDLEY

Columbia, Tennessee

"Jake" "Major"

JAKE is that type of optimist who always expects the worst. He can elaborate on the worst until death would seem a pleasure beside the mere thought of what might happen—what is sure to happen. But he's happy while contemplating, and you'll be happy while listening. Jake will swear that he's the most cheerful man aboard.

He started life in the Academy with the Class of Sixteen, but he tired of Academic toil at the end of a year, and decided to try it over again. At the time of this writing it would appear that Jake has foxed them. We never knew why Jake quit the first time. He's been laughing at profs ever since, and while he'll swear that nothing could be gotten out of that description in the book, he never lets the prof know what he thinks.

Jake is another one of our number who have been wondering how the food is in the Marine Corps.

A member of the "Jake, Emile, Parson" Trio. They never agreed on anything in the world, and were extremely happy in their misery.

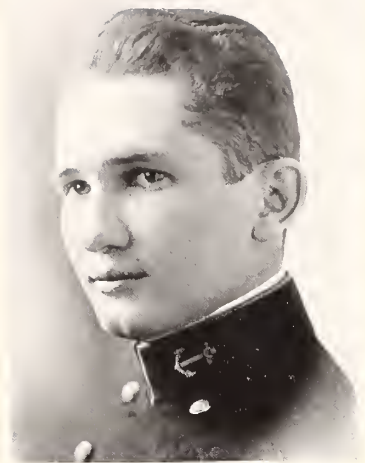
Jake can wear the most heavenly smile and say the most woeful things about life in general—'specially about the Nav-e-e. But if you want a little real amusement from a rather unusual man, drop in on Jake. Behind the mask he wears, we have found that he is really the happiest of men. We have also discovered without half trying that he is the truest and most generous of friends.

"Have you any apples?"

Buzzard



Soccer Numerals (4)



KENNETH MORTIMER HOFFEL

Green Bay, Wisconsin

"Kenneth"

HERE we have with us the real savoir of the class! Any fool can bone and, if he bones hard enough, get a high mark; but it takes a savoir of the first order to cut an even 2.5 term after term. This, however, the "Old Man" has done and at the end of Second Class year, he finally succeeded in standing within the class.

Kenneth may not be any tower of strength in the section room, but he has been a standby with the younger set ever since he broke out as a fusser beginning Youngster year. He never misses a hop, and one of the severest blows he received during the course was spending most of Second Class June Week "at sea" for introducing the vile weed into the Academic limits.

One of the old man's most prominent characteristics is his consistency in "Don't give

up the ship" spirit. This trait accounts in large measure for his being with us today.

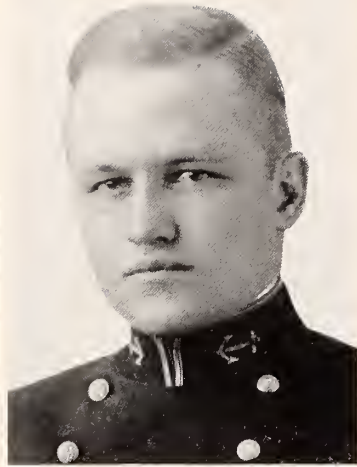
Kenneth is always ready to extend the helping hand, whether in the way of spreading the latest dope (direct from Chicken) or in the loan of a dollar until next pay day. There are several of us who appreciate this trait of his.

What could he not accomplish for himself, if he would only try half as hard in his own interests as in the interest of his friends?

Kenneth, old scout, when you get your quivering fingers around that dear old sheepskin, grip it hard, boy, and don't ease up for a moment. Realize then, lad, that you have something for which you have slaved for four years, so squeeze it till the eagle hollers for mercy.

Buzzard





CARL FREDERICK HOLDEN

Bangor, Maine

"Carl"

"WHO'S got my mail?" Have you ever heard that calliope-pitched voice racing past your door toward the assistant's desk? Just put your head out and witness a stout individual feverishly plowing through the letters to emerge with an "I-told-you-so" grin. This is Carl, for that is his maiden name, hailing from Bangor, Maine. But now you're treading on soft soap. "Bangor, as I want you to know, is the best city in Maine—we have."

A funny chap, eh, but true as a die. A fellow who is loved by all his friends and has no enemies.

But Carl has not been all letters and New York midnight frolics. He can whip the ball to first with speed and accuracy, and he

is no slouch in that little parlor game of soccer.

Have you ever heard about the wonderful leave he spent with Twang? They must have had some time, if the star gazers guess correctly, for Parson had to set them up to a breakfast, the last morning, and neither one of them cared whether he had coffee and rolls or a weenie sandwich.

To come into daily contact with him for four years, to make liberty with him for three summers has been our pleasure, and showed us the true stuff that Carl is made of.

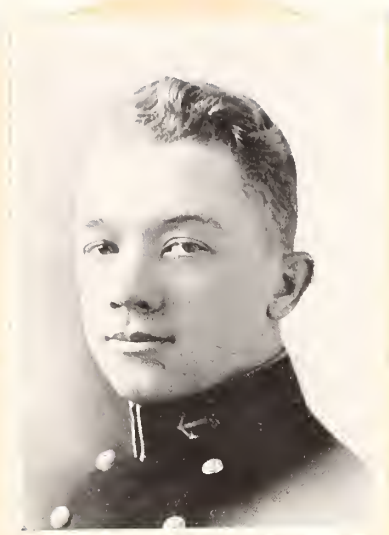
Have you ever remarked on his fat cheeks? "That's not fat—that's muscle, but as I was saying about Bangor, it is—"

"Hello Cutey, old bean!"

Three Stripes
Baseball Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Basketball Numerals (4, 3, 2)



Soccer Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Class German Committee
Company A



CHESTER MCKINLEY HOLTON

Portsmouth, Ohio

"Chester"

THERE are few in our class who have had an opportunity of knowing "Ches-tah," for he is seldom seen participating in the general mêlée in Smoke Hall, nor does he take an active part in any branch of athletics. Being of a philosophical nature, he is true to it at all times, taking things as they come—letting nothing have more than momentary effect—not even a 2.0 in Dago. This is where his vanity proclaims him a veritable master.

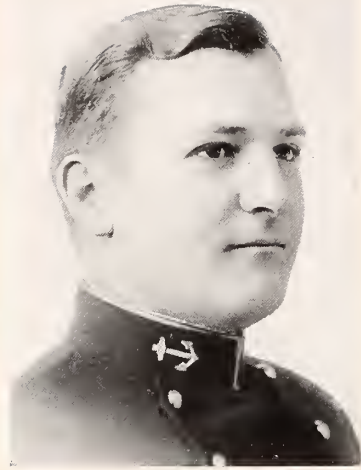
Holton is not the kind who is always raving about his unsatisfactory marks, but his vocabulary on return from a recitation, at which he has met the "Butter Producer," is eloquent, surprising for a man of so small a stature.

In the social world he is practically unknown with a few exceptions, for all remember when, during Second Class year, he and Jeff Ross decided to give the ladies a real treat. Hence Professor Bell received a double portion of Chester's meager amount available.

The height of this philosopher's ambition is to become a scholar, and anything that has addition and subtraction in it casts gloom in his camp immediately—which accounts in a large measure for Chester's apparent lack of brilliance in his Academic books. May we all in the future know him better, and come into closer contact with him, for such philosophy as his is good for any man.

Buzzard





GUY BASHFORD HOOVER

Condit, Ohio

"Gus"

WHEN Gus gets in ranks, the first P. O. starts to call the roll, for usually Guy comes along with wings spread about the time the bugler gives one blast. It is a regular occurrence for about half of the Second Class in the eighth company to walk into Hoover's room on Saturday morning to watch him make up his bed. Of all his absent-mindedness the worst was when he went to the library at the end of the second period and thought it was three-forty. Even Philo Gubb couldn't solve the problem, because Gus was never known to miss a meal before.

To say that Gus is extraordinary is putting it lightly; just imagine if you can, a man making a 4.0 on a Math exam, and being unsat in two other subjects.

Guy would lend you his last cent and he has gone on duty on hop nights many a time to help out a man who was dragging. He has fooled the Academic Department so many times that we are almost sure he will be with us when the sheepskins are handed out.

We hope so, anyway.

Buzzard





GEORGE TURNER HOWARD

Augusta, Georgia

"George"

THIS man's home port is Augusta, Georgia, and he admits that he is proud of it, in fact four years in Yankee land have not taken his spirit away. He came to us Plebe summer with "previous military training" and consequently commanded the battalion of the "New Fourth Class" during Plebe summer with ennu and precision. As a Plebe he took his share of the rough stuff without a murmur. However, when he became a Youngster it was easy to see that he had profited by the wise teachings of his elders to such an extent that his room was familiarly known among the Plebes.

He fusses only semi-occasionally and has never yet been known to fall, that is from any great height. They all look more or less alike to him and he claims that he will never be any woman's meal ticket for life.

George Howard is a man of principles and, what is infinitely better, he lives up to them. He has a way of doing what he starts out to do and doing it thoroughly. His promise is a good thing to bet on, and he would give you the shirt off his back. George is true to his friends and the man who can call him friend is a lucky man.

So here's to you, George, you will be an honor to the Service.

One Stripe
Assistant Manager Log (2)
Class Ring Committee
Choir (4, 3)



Masqueraders (4)
Company A
Sharpshooter



LESTER JAY HUDSON

Pacific Grove, California

“Mike” “Duts” “Lester”

BEHOLD a true son of the sea! From his earliest infancy Lester has felt the sea, his natural inheritance, calling him. In answer to this at an early stage in his career he shipped on the good ship “Andrew Welch,” on a cruise for Honolulu. If anyone doubts this just start an argument on seamanship and hear how quickly old “Sinbad” retorts, “When I was on the ‘Andrew Welch,’ ” etc. Not satisfied with this brief taste of the briny deep, Lester came to the Naval Academy to further prolong his acquaintance with Father Neptune. He is an ardent supporter of the Navy and no one can conjecture to what ethereal heights his ardor would have taken him if he had not come under the influence of certain foreign agents, who threatened to ruin an otherwise brilliant career. Since his Youngster cruise to Europe, Lester has been having mysterious

communications from “somewhere in Germany.” Whether these were the result of a night on the Boulevard in Nice or Monte Carlo, or from a mysterious person with whom he was seen several times in Rome, we do not know.

The “German Spy” was originally a Red Mike, but since delivering several letters in a handwriting with which he thought he alone was familiar he has thrown all faith in one aside and now “drags” quite regularly. Lester is always willing to show his generous nature by dragging blind for some of his friends, and no one could give a better proof of friendship than this. They say Hudson is going to the Asiatic to “try to forget,” but we know better than that.

“I just got a telegram from her.”

One Stripe





EARL SCHAEFER HURLBUT

Oswego, Kansas

"Earl"

IF you hit a Juice or Steam tree, or have just been ragged smoking, and feel as if "the whole world was wrong," go around and see the Earl, for nothing can disturb the perfect equanimity of this personage. Throughout the four years of our rather stormy career, the pride of Kansas has come through unscathed. He bears a charmed life and is savvy enough not to let studies worry him, though we yet have to find anything which will really ruffle this individual. The only time he ever came near being upset at all was in San Francisco, when, after a week's luxury in a certain hotel, he went to pay the bill and found himself lacking the necessary collateral.

There is no more congenial man in the world to make a liberty with than this Beau Brummel, for his generosity is unlimited. When his own money gives out, he just takes Hick's and keeps up the good work.

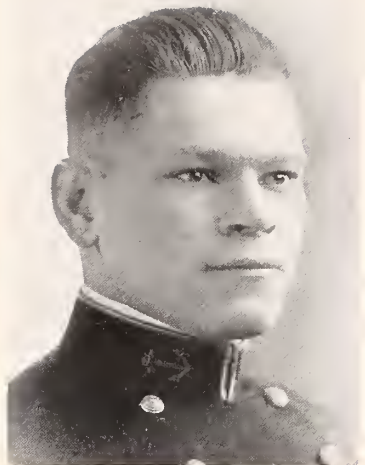
Very few have beaten Earl as genuine hard workers in athletics, and by sheer pluck and grinding away, Hurlbut has developed into a hustler with the lacrosse stick and a gymnast of no mean ability. His fussing prowess is so well known that little need be said about it here, only that all the debutantes and seminaries in Washington know him, as he is such a "self-possessed young man."

"And they say Kansas is dry!"

Buzzard
Gymnasium Squad (4, 3, 2)



Lacrosse Numerals (4, 3, 2)



PAUL WILLIAM FREDERICK HUSCHKE

Portland, Oregon

"Husk" "Il se gratte"

P W. F. was in Germany geboren, baptized in beer and cut his teeth on a pretzel. Like his fellow-countryman, the Kaiser, he had large ambitions. The Kaiser wanted a place in the sun; Huschke wanted a piece of the firmament for his own personal use. Both got it in the neck, but the Kaiser got it where the chicken got the ax, and P. W. F. got it where the savoir gets the star. His ambition was to hitch his wagon to a couple of stars and hitch the stars to his collar. The stars are there now, both of them, one on each side. Have you seen them? The story of his young life has any tale of Alger's (Horatio, not Philip) backed off the map. We propose to relate it in a nutshell. He worked for what he got, and he got what he worked for. When he entered as a Plebe, he gave the place the once over and concluded that many a less savvy man than he had starred. So why not be one of the boys, too? It took him three years to realize his ambition, but he got his star at last.

His assets are a brain or two in good working order, a willingness, nay an eagerness, to do more than is required of him, and an absolute and utter indifference to public opinion. "What will people say?" are four words not in his vocabulary. If you don't like his ways, the only remedy is for you to change yours. He does his work and his duty as he sees fit, and there's an end to the matter.

As a fusser he makes a good Red Mike, although he has been known to break forth on a few select occasions. It is reported that during First Class September leave he created quite a furore among the fair sex in Crabtown. We don't doubt it in the least, for he certainly is a lady-killer of the nth power.

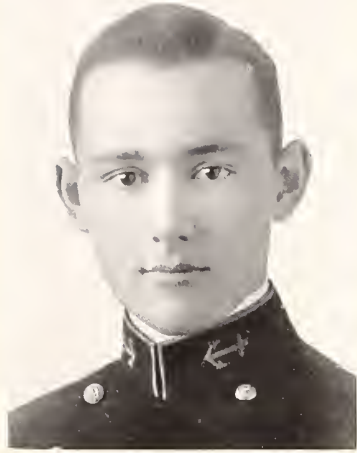
And he is a tennis player of no mean ability. We know this for a fact, for he told us himself.

"Sir, how do you seduce this formula?"

Two Stripes



Star (2)



RALPH UNDERHILL HYDE

New York, New York

"Ralph" "Ru" "Ruth"

BOYS, here's the lad with the pink cheeks and the baby smile. Gaze on him! "Isn't he wonderful!" "Isn't he an exquisite dancer!" "Hasn't he the prettiest, pink complexion?" That's what they think of him, fellows, and still his head is small enough for his hat, and his hat is regulation, too.

Now, if I had a whole bevy of girls saying nice things about me like that, I think I should go on the stage and chase Vernon himself therefrom. In fact there wouldn't be room for two people like Vernon and myself. But all this "mush stuff" seems to have no effect on Ru at all, and he sails on just as happy-go-lucky-don't-give-a-damn as ever.

Now Ru has the happy faculty that is given to very few of us poor grubs. Without any

effort to seek after popularity with his classmates, he has made the staunchest of friends and the truest of companions. There is just one thing about him that may be his secret of success in this line, and that is that he always has a smile and a kindly word for you, and never passes you up without giving them to you. He sees no reason why anyone should be dissatisfied. The Navy has given them an opportunity and they should make the best of their lot.

Ru's conduct is beyond reproach at any time, or on any occasion. He is the idol of "Pewee" Smith, who sees in him every virtue which he himself lacks.

Ru, old sock, if we ever meet somewhere on liberty in that great old town of New York, I'll—I'll—well, I'll have one on you.

Buzzard
Lucky Bag Staff
Glee Club (2)



Choir (2)
Sharpshooter



FRANKLIN SCOTT IRBY

Washington, D. C.

"Tobey"

"THE gentleman from Washington has the floor!" Allow me to present the Statesman. If you have never listened to Irby in one of his long-winded discourses, then you have missed the novelty of a lifetime, and you have something to look forward to in learning that Washington surpasses all great cities of the world, including Tangiers, Culebra, and Provincetown, to say nothing of Portland.

The Diplomat has been building air castles for us for four years, and we have enjoyed three cruises listening to what would happen IF—. Irby is the type of man who is never rhino, and his hearty laugh will in every case drive away the blues, and as for his jokes—oh my!!

Irby has not starred, but he is never found roosting on the trees. He is a savoir in his

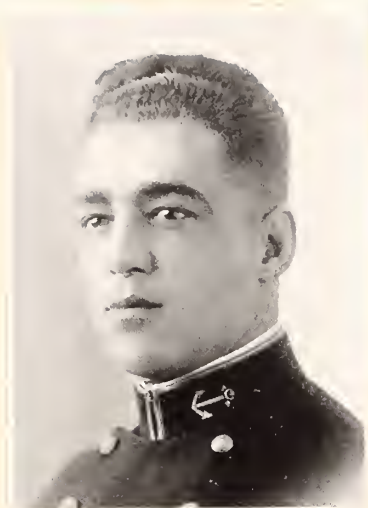
own way, and on First Class cruise, his ingenuity resulted in the manufacture of a toaster which served equally well in heating one's feelings as in browning the toast, as was very evident one day when he sat on it, and some one turned on the juice.

Irby is a thorough gentleman, showing consideration for a man's feelings, as well as for those of the ladies. One instance of this was Second Class June Week, when, disregarding his own personal sacrifice, he acted the part of a chivalrous knight, where many of us would have failed.

Irby, we are mighty glad that when Collins heaved a cup at you, he laid out the mess boy, instead of you, for we are happy to have you with us and of us, and—may the air castles materialize.

One Stripe





HERBERT WILEY JACKSON

Lincoln, Kansas

“Jack” “Herb” “Marse Jackson”

HERE is a man who can do almost anything and do it well. Jack shines in every phase of Academy life, except in his Academic books, and few men enjoy living as does this happy son of Kansas.

Every one who knows Navy football, knows Jackson. He goes into a game heart and soul, giving everything he has from whistle to whistle. At receiving a forward pass there are few better. Many is the time he has brought joy to the Navy stands by pulling down a high one for thirty or forty yards. Much-tooted stars are his meat, for he takes great delight in telling such men as Mr. Gilroy and Mr. Oliphant where to get off, and then going in and helping them off.

But there are other fields where Jack is just as necessary as on the gridiron. He carries

pep and laughter with him wherever he goes. If you haven't heard him holler, “Deacon, if you want to spread joy,” or render “The Blues” in true negro style, you've missed a treat.

Jack hasn't a care in the world—unless it is to look after Shannon—for, if he has, no one else knows it. Yes, he is wooden, but the one thing he knows is his fellow man, and for this reason Jack will make good.

Girls—he loves them all and they all love him, for who can resist that laugh?

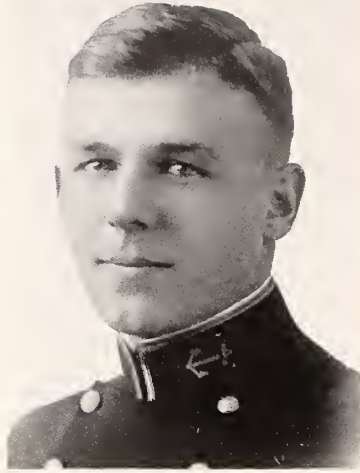
Jack is big-hearted, generous, enthusiastic and true. Boy, you have here a real classmate, a tried and loyal friend, and in days to come we shall know you as an officer who is doing things for the Service.

“Shannon, don't forget you recite the first hour today.”



Buzzard
Football N (2, 1)

Football Numerals (4, 3)
Hop Committee



CONRAD LEIKNES JACOBSEN

Portland, Oregon

"Jake"

HERE, gentle reader, we present to you the incomparable "Sueco." Yes, he is incomparable in many ways, but chiefly in sticking to his point in an argument to the very last ditch. He is very hard to convince, is the "Suede," but once he gets an idea, it stays with him until he sees it through, and you may believe that it is usually a good one. Only once in a while is he on the wrong side of the fence in an argument with the prof, one of the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten cases being that of Jacobsen vs. umpty-ump in the Nav. section.

While of a sunny disposition as a rule, Jake grows hot under the collar once in a while, and when he does, stand from under, or he may show better arguments than mere words, even if the pen is mightier than the sword.

Jake is in his element when flashing that million dollar smile, and telling a good one on Darwin, and he also has a reputation as a goat-grabber, some of the finest angoras in the class having been led forth to graze by his subtle uncovering of hidden skeletons, the Parson being the victim most of the time.

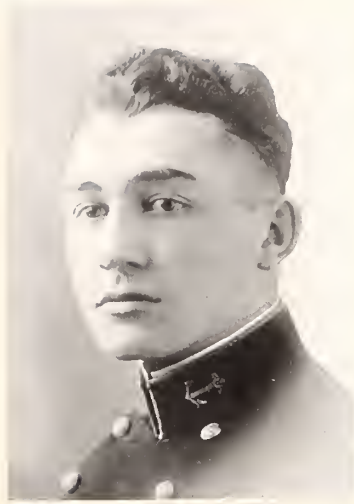
Jake's greatest qualification is his ability to carry a piece of work through to the end and do it successfully, and that is something which will carry him a long way toward the top rung of life's high ladder. Thoroughness is his by-word.

We nearly forgot to mention that Jake has a particularly soft spot in his heart for Baltimore. We have often wondered why.

Buzzard



Soccer Numerals (3)



JOHN HAYES JENKINS

Bellingham, Washington

"Jenk"

JACK is a clean cut fellow with quiet, unobtrusive manners which cause a man to be well liked. He has a faculty for keeping out of trouble, which has kept his record clear, and, having bounced through his Academic career on a 3.0, he has not a worry in the world.

Youngster year he dragged to everything, and with his wavy coiffure and Apollic countenance, he caused more than one feminine heart to flutter and then to wobble. But one Saturday, his own heart fell from its pedestal and rolled up to Philadelphia, where it has stayed securely ever since. Jack is sincerely in love and he is proud of it. There is a mighty nice reason for it, too,—up in Philly. It has been said that all the world knows a lover. You will rec-

ognize the truth in that saying, if you glance around Smoke Hall any day, after any meal, and see Jenkins sitting back in a corner with a dreamy smile on his face, thinking with extreme joy of the next time he will see HER.

Jack's one dissipation is taking a cross-country hike every time the opportunity presents itself. On one of these jaunts his eternal luck stood by him, when, with five miles to walk, and a half hour to do it in, a black roadster rolled up and its fair driver asked him to guide her to Annapolis.

We don't know how long Jack is going to remain in the Service, but as long as he does, it is certain that he will "req" for Philadelphia, and let us hope that it will be "until death do us part."

Buzzard



Company A



CLARENCE WILLARD JOHNSON

Minneapolis, Minnesota

"Swede" "Johnnie" "C-W"

ONE look at that map of Sweden which adorns those shoulders lets you know that here is a man who has something in him besides slum, and right away you begin to expect something. The best part of it all is that you find what you expect—namely, something worth while.

Johnny is not all seriousness by a long shot. Did you ever happen to drop around to his room for a quiet (?) little game? When the "bones" are rolling hot, he can be heard a mile—"Com' on you little Joe. Well, I didn't expect to see you all so soon." He and that little Irish wife of his, Mike Ely, are a pair that can't be beaten when it comes to keeping a happy home. It is still one of the Seven Wonders how they ever managed to keep the D. O. off their trail, especially when the noise from room 19 was enough to convict any ordinary per-

son for murder. But, as we said, this big Swede is "different."

One of his biggest disappointments of his four years came this last football season, when, early in the season, he had the hard luck to break his ankle. This put him out of the game, one of the best ends that we have had at the Academy for some years. He was one of the finds from the class teams a year ago, and had shown such fight and speed in getting down the field for passes as a running mate for Jackson, that we were a mighty unhappy lot when he got laid up.

Yes, here is one of the finest men in the Class, a man who just couldn't help but be loved by every one of us. Johnny, we like you and are darned glad to be able to say that we are your classmates, and we hope to see a lot of you in the future.

Three Stripes
Football N (2)
Football Numerals (3)



Basketball Numerals (3, 2)
Chairman Class Ring Committee
Director Y. M. C. A.



CHARLES MYERS JONES

Asheville, North Carolina

"Charlie" "C"

IF you want a man upon whom you can depend—look for Charlie Jones, late of Asheville, North Carolina. He still maintains that the mountains and woods and, incidentally, the girls of Asheville surpass anything else on earth.

Charlie is a man who speaks his mind, says what he thinks, and means what he says. For the same reason that a clear understanding of where one stands aboardship—results in a happy ship, this trait makes his friendship ring true and puts a man on a basis of the best fellowship with him. He is a bird with the guitar and at singing, and his favorite pastime is to break out the guitar, get the gang around equipped with guitars and mandolins, and then begin harmonizing. It's the best thing in the world

to drive away the blues, and great to listen to, especially for the unfortunate ones of us who can neither sing nor play.

He has never been hard beset by studies, and since semi-ans, Second Class year, because of his ever readiness to help, has been a constant source of aid to Ward, his then newly acquired roommate.

Charlie is essentially and primarily a man, that is the thing that counts in this "man's Navy," and for that reason he will make good out in the Service or wherever he may be. We can only hope after June, 1917, and after the smoke of June Week clears away, that we find ourselves billeted on the same ship with him.

"Now listen Yeah Brother—Lemme tell you somethin'.

One Stripe
Football Numerals (4, 3, 2, 1)
Class Athletic Representative
Hop Committee



Ring Committee
Choir (4, 3, 2)
Glee Club (4, 3, 2)
Mandolin Club (3, 2)



EDWARD HARRAL JONES

New York, New York

“Tubby” “Jitney” “Jonesy”

THE picture above can tell you more about this man in five minutes than all the biographers of the age could tell you in five years, even if they had all the facts in the case at their finger tips. One glance will tell you that here is a man; a real man with lots of character and the squareness of his jaw does not begin to compare with the squareness that is the outstanding feature of everything he does and says.

Jonesy has his own way of getting things done in the right way, which speaks a great deal for a successful and efficient career in the Marine Corps, for in that branch of the Service he has decided to cast his lot, and you can bet your last jitney that a great big lot it is going to be.

As a scholar we can't hand him quite a

4.0, but he has a way of batting things when the batting counts, and he stands fairly well up in the class at that.

His athletic abilities have been confined to the other great national game; not baseball. Although Mr. Schutz has tried three years to make him be a wrestler, Jonesy has always decided to save his energy for future use.

Just one more word to the wise; do the above-board thing when Jonesy is around, because he hates a crook, and he is a fighter from the word go.

There is not room to describe him further, or we could tell you some more good things about him. We love and respect him, and wish him the best success in his chosen profession.



One Stripe

Company A



ROBERT EMMET KEATING

Jacksonville, Illinois

"Keats" "Emmet"

JE suis français, and with the Frenchman's characteristic stroke of the upper lip Emmet ushers himself into your presence declaring himself a Frenchman. We all doubt this declaration and are inclined to believe that he hails from the land of the Shamrock. Emmet has a hard time keeping on the windward side of a 2.5, but he is made of the stuff that wins, and if he works as hard for the Service after he graduates as he works to defeat the Juice Department, he will make an admirable officer.

Emmet is talking seriously of going into the Marine Corps. If he does the Navy will lose a good man, but no matter where he goes, he will make good and we all wish him the best of luck.

Every once in a while you meet a man whose very presence cheers you; he looks happy, is

happy, and makes you feel that after all, perhaps, there is a reason why we should smile and take an optimistic view of life. His is always the ready sympathy, the kindly heart and the friendly deed. He is perhaps the most popular man in the Academy.

Now one more thing about him, and we shall have to leave him to the Marine Corps; that is this:—he can take a piano, any old piano that has two strings and a key-board, and make you think and feel that it is a whole Alexander Ragtime Band.

Emmet may not be so strong on those five feet of Academic books, but he has about five miles of common sense. He is a man, and men always succeed. So here's to the blue-eyed Irishman that has stolen our hearts away.

Three Stripes
Baseball Numerals (4)
Basketball Numerals (2)
Manager Basketball
Lacrosse Numerals (3)
Lucky Bag Staff



Log Staff (2, 1)
Hop Committee
June Ball Committee
Class German Committee
Class Supper Committee



JOHN HENRY KEEFE

Portland, Maine

"Parson" "John"

AND now we present the Grand Old Man of the Navy,—Mr. John Henry Keefe. This same John Henry has been in the Navy as long as any of us can remember, and, believe us, he has had more than his share of the bumps that every midshipman must receive. Rotten luck bilged him his first Plebe year, but he came back with a vengeance, although the jinx pursued him until Second Class year. The chances are that said bumps made him such a delightful rhino artist, and we are glad he is like he is, because he rhinos with such gusto that it is always enjoyed to the utmost by his audience. No matter how blue you are yourself, listen to Parson rhino and he will drive your blues away. He is actually funny when he starts out to tell just what a hell of a place this Navy is. But he is far from being rhino always. He has a keen sense of humor, and a chuckle which makes everyone laugh with him.

In years to come, when Keefe's name is mentioned, the picture it will bring before those who knew him at the Academy will be Parson ensconced in a big chair at Doc's, cigar in hand, holding forth during a session of the "Club." All the Club men used to wait for Keefe to arrive on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, and then the meeting would be called to order and the bull fest would duly proceed. First Class he transferred his throne to Smoke Hall, where he held forth as of yore.

Parson holds that the Navy is no place for a married man, and if, because of that fact, Parson does join the Army, some wardroom will lose a hop-heaver of the first magnitude, the funniest rhino in the world, and one of the most thoroughbred gentlemen that New England has ever produced.

Buzzard
Soccer Numerals (4)



Company A
Masqueraders (4, 3)



GEORGE MONTEITH KELLER

Hartford, Connecticut

"Shorty"

SHORTY is what they call "this tall Yankee." What is in a name, anyway? From his head all the way down to his feet is a distance of at least six feet six inches, maybe more. The doors of ordinary houses were never built for him to enter, unless in echelon formation. Several times has he forgotten to duck and nearly carried away whole chandeliers from their fastenings. Aboard ship, life is one continual bending over. One moment's relaxation immediately results in violent contact with a deck beam or hatch with small damage to the hatch. Even sleep has its troubles. Academy beds were never built for him; the result is a foot or so of extra length protruding from the end, and exposed to the wintry blast, for blankets only cover about two-thirds of his length. Yet, in spite of these troubles, he thrives.

Naturally savvy, he is seldom called upon to bone much, but stands well in his studies. He just can't help being non-reg. Even Plebe year he was known as "that ratey Mr. Keller," and, since then, he has not exactly reformed. Second Class year, he made a famous cruise on the Reina with Eddie King as the only other passenger for several months. According to reports, they enjoyed unique privileges, having their own little wardroom mess, their own orderly, and, in inclement weather, a taxi to bring them up to recitations.

Youngster year, he was quite a parlor snake, but lately he hasn't seemed to go around so much. Probably the social life was too much for him. We think that he will be back in the game soon again; he has such a casual and nonchalant manner about him; it would be a pity to waste such talents.

Buzzard





KARL MAYO KELLER
Greensburg, Pennsylvania
"K" "Karl"

THERE are very few birds who manage to flutter through Uncle Sam's aviary without changing in some respects, but here we have a man who has not changed a particle. Karl is the same care-free youth now that he was when he first left the wilds and smoke of Pittsburgh four long years ago. However, it's darn strange he hasn't changed, for he has had some terribly harrowing experiences. He was a member of the famous Company A, the roommate of David the Wild and Christy the Rhino, and one of the pampered pets of the Discipline Department, but he has always retained his unfurrowed brow and girlish laughter, even when he had one "D" to run on for the rest of the year.

Karl is noted for the ease with which he bats his Academic work, his skill as a Mexican athlete, his cheerful disposition, and his

talent for telling funny (?) stories. He's military, too. Betcher life, he's military! Why, one time on leave, Karl dolled up in blue service to call on a femme. When the maid answered his knock and saw his manly figure, she said, "Sorry, but we have nothing for the Salvation Army today." Karl beat it.

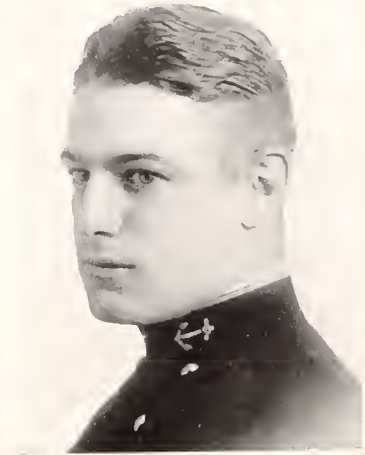
The Dutchman enjoys the cruises most. His liberties are large—and when he hits the beach his calorific value is some high. His pet aversion is walking, so it's taxi or bust. And how he do clutch adventure!

It seems as though Dutch might forsake the sea for the element which is above the sea, for he's all the time talking about joining the av-viators. If he does some ship will lose a good boy, for we who have made cruises with him, know him.

*Buzzard
Company A*



Sharpshooter



LAURENCE EDWARD KELLY

Chicago, Illinois

"Chuck" "Celt" "Milkman"

As you gaze upon this benign countenance, you do not even guess that the crafty Celt is figuring out how he will "slip one over on you." But look out! If you don't, you may find yourself at the embarrassingly short end of a good-hearted joke.

It doesn't matter where the place may be—join forces with the Irishman, and you will have a joyous party, albeit a rather strenuous one. The Celt is the only man in the Navy today who has a universal knowledge of milkmen and all their eccentricities. Whether it be in San Francisco or Boston—Kelly speaks their lingo, and they all take him aboard (he'll even drink milk—at times).

Our Chuck started life at the Navy School

one year before the rest of us saw the darkness therein. We chalk up one more point to the credit of '16 when they gave us Chuck.

Chuck has had his share of the bitterness of life since he came to us. He has taken it as it came; never a kick and always a smile for a friend.

We give him to you to appraise, but you will have to know him as we do in order to appreciate all the fine manhood and loyalty that is hidden behind those wonderful eyes. We know him—and we like him. If he is your friend, you are ours—if he doesn't like you, you'll know it. As his playmate, Dave, would say, "Betcha' a quarter you'll like him, too."

Buzzard
Football Numerals (2)
Lacrosse Numerals (3)



Soccer Numerals (2)
Hop Committee



INGOLF NORMAN KILAND

Madison, Wisconsin

"Swensky" "Ing" "Dinkles" "Swede" "Spig"

OH, girls! here comes our Ingolf! Just look at "their" hero, every inch a ladies' man, but he's a man's man too, for witness the verdict of the male population of Provincetown when he appeared in their midst: "Gee! he's the prettiest guy I've ever seen!" Hailing from the banks of "Leel Manitowoc Reeve" the Norwegian soon made himself popular with us, for who is there that can resist his smile and dimples?

There's not a single bit of grease about the Spig; he's just right there when he's needed and can be relied upon to put any job across to the Supe's taste. This attribute, and the fact that he is blessed with quite a few real brains, brought him three stripes, and he sure does rate them. For two solid

months First Class cruise, Ing navigated the Ohio with the skill and accuracy of an old hand. In fact he has never had any trouble in navigating any time, not even in passing through Chicago going on and returning from leave. Swensky may have his faults, but where he keeps them is a mystery. He doesn't know how to knock, is never rhino, and always has a smile and a cheery word for everyody.

Ing will make one of the finest officers the Navy has ever known, and we are proud to say that he is in '17. Shake, Swensky, old boy. Here's hoping we meet out in the Service, and that the good luck you rate will follow you clear through.

*Three Stripes
Baseball Numerals (4, 3)*



*Hop Committee (3, 2, 1)
Chairman Class German Committee*



HAROLD SAMUEL KLEIN

Ogdensburg, New York

"Pop" "Dutch" "Boche"

NOW this man is German, and he is steady, dogged, persistent, and true, and when he starts out to do a thing he does it, that is, everything but Dago. Second Class year Pop was unsat in Dago while his low mark in the rest of his course was around a 3.2. Just because the book says some formula is true and the writer works out a prob by it does not mean anything to Pop until he has doped out that formula or perhaps a better one for himself. And when Pop says a thing is so, that's all there is to it, so this is the reason that he and Mush have those terrible arguments, because they both know that they are right. Second Class year they kept the ground deck awake every night, and they ended by shaking to see who was right.

Pop's idea of a good time is to wrap himself up in a blanket, sit on a radiator, and read the Philadelphia North American. He has been famous ever since Plebe year for that classic "three men in a hack." Some day when you want to laugh just get him to tell you that story.

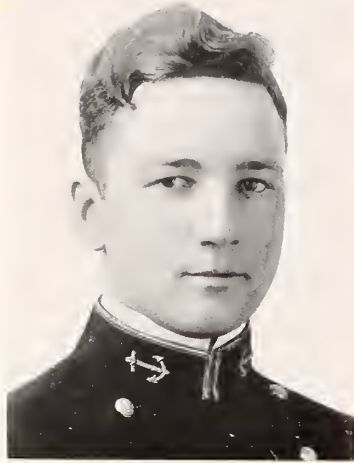
Pop would rather go over to the Gym, but not to a hop by any means. He has never been to one yet. He likes to fool around the mat with Fat, or bounce the handball against the board with all the ferocity that is in him.

Pop, you're a good, sound, solid chap, and as steady as the day is long. We know and hope that you will stick with us until old age runs us out of the Service.

Buzzara
Lacrosse Numerals (3)



Sharpshooter



HERBERT BAIN KNOWLES

South Berwick, Maine

"Knuts" "K-knowles" "Jeff"

HE came from the primeval forests of Maine, and plunged into the midst of civilization in its most contagious form. He rapidly became acclimated to the ways of men.

Women are not in his sphere, in fact, he was never known to talk with one until First Class year, and then he became mildly infatuated as a sort of pastime.

His athletic prowess is superb in its potential state, but being restrained by fear of over-work, he has conserved his energy for four years. Besides being a member of the close Radiator Club, he has been an enthusiastic lover of Nature on Thursday Cross-Countries. He was unfortunate in not being accepted for the various squads: Weak, Swimming, and Bone-Dome.

Senor has ever been dear to the Dago Department. From the first he has been able to savvy their English and speak their French, and has never been sur l'arbre perché, and has always managed to stand above the middle of his class and keep on the comfortable side of a two-five.

Jeff is a non-greaser, and for four years has turned out at reveille with a smile. He does not belong to the Rhino Club. He has been true to his ideals and a faithful worker and, moreover, his success in the Fleet is assured, because his dependability and steadfastness of purpose will ever mark him as an officer. He is a true friend and always a good companion.

Buzzard



Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2)



ISIDORE LEHRFELD

New York, New York

"Izzy"

IZZY, the thoroughbred of the Bronx. He came to us a bouncing boy from the city of "everlasting lights," and he brought with him a "character" medal from his high school and a laugh that infects everybody who surrounds him. If at any game you hear a high-pitched, tenor voice yell, "I smell oats," you know it's Izzy.

It has been Izzy's one ambition and dream to pitch on the baseball team, and, if hard work will satisfy his ambition, you will surely see his familiar wind-up in the box next spring. His fame as a twirler was not disclosed to the outside world until he beat Gyp Blodgett in a hot game last summer at

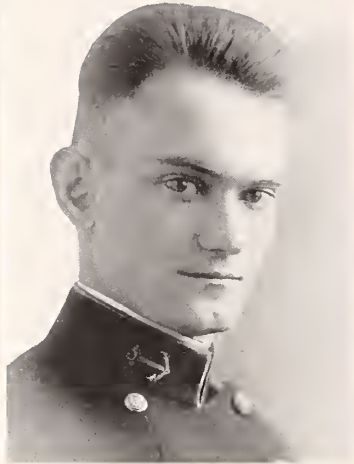
Guantanamo. But he met his Waterloo several days later, and this has been a source of much amusement to one of the duty officers, who, when he is not "frapping" Izzy on the pap, delights in telling anecdotes about the latter's ability on the diamond.

Iz is a friend in need, always ready to sympathize with a person, and to help him out as far as it lies within his power. Generous and open-hearted we wish him success in his fond desire to corner some day the maker of club sandwiches and planked steaks and to become the chief financier of Wall Street.

Buzzard
Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2)



Baseball Numerals (4, 3)



FRANK WILSON LIVELY

Charleston, West Virginia

"Sneck"

SNECK'S disposition should have been put into a man twice his size—or rather, Sneck should have been gifted with a form commensurate with his disposition—for then there never would have been need to search the corners of the earth for a white hope. The backers of the white race wouldn't even have had to go as far as the mountains of West Virginia, for they would have met Sneck coming out, driving the revenue officers of the land before him.

Maybe he used to pester the revenue officers first, just for plain deviltry; and maybe they used to pester him back. Anyway, he left his native haunts to become one of the Navy, and we are mighty glad to have him. Never known to go out of his way looking for trouble, but if any came along with a

chip on each shoulder, Sneck just had to knock them both off.

Nobody ever accuses him of being a parlor snake or a tea-hound, except now and then to draw out some snappy repartee, and the repartee always comes back snappier than it went and pleases everybody within listening distance.

Do you remember "Bessie-the-old-drunkard's-child" quartette on the third deck? Well, Sneck carried the tenor for that motley crew, and he didn't need a basket, either.

Sneck, you old Navy quarter-back, if you ever need help, just give us the secret signal, and we shall be more than happy to drop around and lend a lift to a mighty good friend.

Buzzard
Football Numerals (3)



Baseball Numerals (3)
Soccer Numerals (4, 3)



WILLIAM GOODWIN LUDLOW, Jr.

Worcester, Massachusetts

"Johnnie" "Billie"

HE asks you, and you do it. You can't refuse him. There is something about Billy that is irresistible. Some say it is his eyes and his smile, but when you know him well, you will see that it is just Billy himself. And, as for doing favors, he can't do enough for you.

Plebe summer Billy was second P. O. of the second company. Few who followed him into the Mess Hall will forget it. Was *he* out of step? Well, hardly. The company was.

Billy's middle name is Rough-house and he is always ready. Also, Billy and his stomach are fast friends. On the cruises it did not usually take him long to get on the good side of the Captain's Steward. You might not call him an epicure, but, at any rate, he'll eat a good thing when he sees it.

Second Class year, Billy was troubled with bad dreams. One night he rose in his sleep and tore the door off his locker. Rumor had it that there was a woman in the case; Billy said he dreamt there was a man in it (the locker, of course), but the resemblance between a locker and an ice-box furnishes the real clue.

"Come on, Izzy, let's go to the movies." Billy was always an enthusiastic movie fan, and he and Izzy, the inseparable, could invariably be found at the Colonial or Republic.

However, when in need of good company, cheering-up, a good disposition, and a real friend, choose Billy Ludlow. He counts among his best friends the whole class.

*One Stripe
Soccer Numerals (3, 2)*



Manager Tennis



ALLAN ROCKWELL McCANN

North Adams, Massachusetts

“Philip” “Mack”

IT is said he comes from Massachusetts, but he can't help that. Mack must have been somebody in North Adams judging from the wonderful newspaper article which in some manner managed to get into the hands of an upper-class fiend. We are sure Mack will remember the glowing account of the promising young man of North Adams who so nobly took it upon himself to represent his district in the institution of Uncle Sam, as long as he remembers his own name. He has been known to forget that, by the way.

What impresses one most about Allan is that fair complexion which would even make a girl envious. But after you get better acquainted with him you see what it means to be handsome. Mack is a sly one all right; he had us all fooled for two whole years. He never fussed, seldom attended the hops, and when he did, it was to join

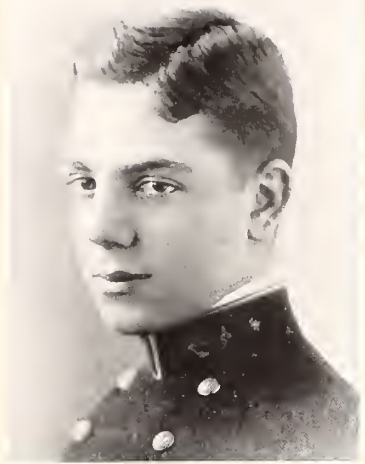
the stag line. It was a mystery. We didn't know whether he was a Red Mike, or whether some little girl back in North Adams held him in control. Beginning Second Class year a great change came over him. He fell. It was real sad. From then on he was always among those present, and it was the same girl. Nuf ced!!

We hear some great stories from the four corners of the earth about Allan. They might be published as “Liberties I have made with Mack.” Ask him about the fable of “Je suis un chien.”

Well, Allan is not what you would call a *savoir*, even if he is from Massachusetts. But, nevertheless, he takes things easy and, while the rest of us are trying to clutch a 2.5 on the run, Mack is usually catching one. If you haven't forgotten “those liberties,” I think Mack's home port after graduation will be Boston.

Buzzard





GEORGE WILLCOX McIVER, Jr.

San Francisco, California

"Mac" "George" "Ween"

WHEN Georgie blew into Crabtown towards the end of Plebe Summer, everybody broke out their rattles and teething rings in hopes of amusing him. For wasn't he the cutest, li'l thing you ever did see? When the upper-classmen came back he was one of the prize exhibits, and hardly a night passed that some one didn't see him safely tucked in bed and kissed good-night.

And behold him now with his nonchalant roll. Four years certainly have worked marvels. "Whisk broom" (as Bill Teasley dubbed him) has grown in more ways than one. In truth he might be real level-headed, were it not for the fact that he imagines that he is in love and that would make a Solon act simple.

Mack is a tennis player of no mean ability, but when tennis and tea fights conflict, he usually chooses the latter. For three years he has worn the "me and Bowditch" trademark on his collar and has been a regular Santa Claus to the football team around exam time.

George was in line for four stripes until one night he tried to play tag with the D. O. after taps, all of which resulted in his spending June Week sur le bateau and wearing one stripe instead of four.

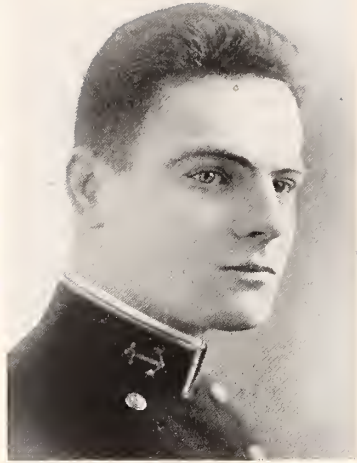
Although of Army stock George has taken his chance in the Navy, and it looks as though Norfolk will be his rendezvous in the future.

All in all, a good friend, well met, and a man with a future.

One Stripe
Star (4, 3, 2)
Tennis Squad (4, 3)



Lucky Bag Staff
June Ball Committee
Masqueraders (4, 3, 2,)



ANDREW IRWIN McKEE

Lawrenceburg, Kentucky

"Mack"

WAY back in May, 1913, Mack came to us from the land of blue-grass and shot-gun feuds, and, from the lowly function, has risen far above the common herd, as witness his four stripes. Savvy, but not greasy, his true worth was not discovered by the Academic Department until his battles with English were over Second Class semi-ans. First Class cruise he showed us how to do things in a practical way, and we were all glad to see him get his well-earned honors.

But do not think of him in this light only, for he also shines in athletics; his specialty, track. By dint of hard and consistent work he has become one of our best pole vaulters, and we were looking for a new record this year. It is a sight for sore eyes to see him soar over that thin rod, fall grace-

fully (?) on his feet, then pick himself up and walk away as unconcerned as only he knows how.

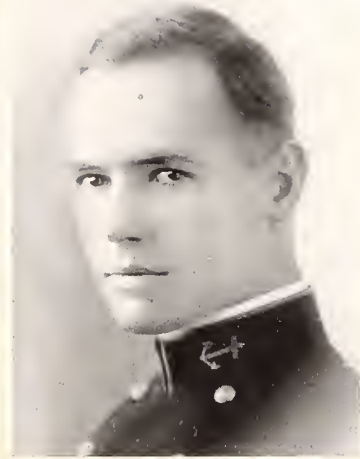
Mack has little need for the gentler sex, for Bobby has more than made up for their absence in the last two years. To see them together, and they are always together, is to see such an example of love and devotion as to put many a married couple to shame.

One of the youngest members of the class, it is safe to say that no man has had more birthdays in the last few years. "Hey, fellows, McKee's got a birthday," and instantly Mack is the center of intense operations. In spite of all this, he never loses his goat, and his unfailing good humor and his many sterling qualities have won him a high place in our affections.

*Four Stripes
Star (2)*



Track N (2)



ROBERT WING McREYNOLDS, Jr.

Mineola, Texas

"Simp" "Mack"

PLEBE year Mack got the reputation of being a boob, and he has never quite lived it down, but if Mack is a boob some of us ought to be spending our time in a padded cell. His credulity and open Southern manner have allowed him to be the one who always bites when anyone springs a joke, but otherwise he is as normal as anybody else.

The fact that he has lived four years with Sargent is a guarantee of a good disposition, for a poorer one would have been ruined long ago.

In studies Mack is just average, but in athletics hard work has brought him to the front. He has put everything he has into the work and his efforts have landed him a place in the first Navy crew ahead of heavier men.

On the cruises he exhibits a practical ability which assures him a successful career in the Service.

Mack secretly believes himself to be about as good looking as any man in the Academy, but his work in athletics and one or two disastrous attempts have prevented him from taking up fussing as a serious occupation.

Just as you have to pull long and hard in the old Navy shell, Mack, and have to grit your teeth and bear all sorts of grinding agony, keep a pulling for the big goal in the Navy, and you will meet some of the more fortunate at the end of the race, and they will all gladly shake hands and welcome their old classmate.

Buzzard
Crew N (2)



Crew Numerals (4)



ANDREW ROBERT MACK

Londonderry, New Hampshire

"Andy" "Dearie"

EMMET Keating swears that he has the handsomest wife in the class, and, upon looking at Dearie's blushing, dimpled face, we are inclined to think so, too.

Plebe year, he looked so cute that he softened the hearts of such "tougues" as Hatch and Slingluff; so much so, indeed, that they gave him a catsup shampoo and an oil cocktail for every meal. However, that was their way of spooning on a Plebe.

Dearie amuses his company three Saturday mornings out of every four by making up his bed for a reg inspection.

Andy's face may look effeminate, but nevertheless he has sand which he displayed wonderfully Second Class year, when he won his track N in the mile run.

Have you ever seen him in an argument? He can take on at least six at a time and hold them off without giving them a chance to say a word. He can argue so well that a certain Navigation instructor said to him, "Mr. Mack, it sounds excellent, but it's all wrong."

Dearie, old scout, you are just as good as you are good-looking. If you don't believe it, ask Emmet. We are proud of you, lad, and are glad to present you to the world as a true-blue representative of the class. Give us a Morris chair, a pack of "the best made," a bristling fire in the fireplace, and Dearie to look at, and what more could a man ask?

Buzzard



Track N (2)



HOUSTON LEDBETTER MAPLES

Scottsboro, Alabama

"Johnny"

AH! the gentleman from High Jackson County, the home of hominy, hogs, health and happiness! Maples dropped in on us somewhere around the first of October. With rare, good judgment the Senior Assistant turned him over to the tender mercies of Pike, who started him on the broad highway. Although Johnny was the last '17 man to be sworn in, never was the old adage truer about the first and the last.

Any night you can find this man with his feet cocked up on the radiator explaining some impossible problem on "the whichness of why not" to some bone-head along the corridor, and he will not rest until it is pounded in: "You see it's this-a-way."

Johnny is a sailor, a savoir, and a land-lubber all in one. As a fish feeder, Houston never neglected his duty, and perhaps, there is some truth in the story that he weighed eighty-seven pounds on Youngster Cruise. At least that's E. Topp's dope. But Johnny's land-lubber qualities have quite forsaken him. He is now a salty, old tar, having sailed the South Seas and the Spanish Main and seen Europe through a port hole, and also the Southern Cross.

Ask any man in the old sixth who the squarrest man in the company was. He is straightforward, meek, and modest. As a moralist he is not perfection, for none of us are, but, like Napoleon, he is above morals.

Three Stripes



Star (3, 2)



EDGAR FOSTER MARBOURG

Colorado Springs, Colorado

"Ned"

THIS promising young prodigy came to us from the wilds of untamed Colorado and brought with him a sunny smile and a disposition which absolutely refuses to be rhino.

He is a savoir in more than one sense of the word and spends most of his time dabbling with a host of diabolical devices which are more or less above the heads of the common herd. He early became an object of interest to us all and the workings of his subtle brain are indeed a mystery. You will visit Marbourg every now and then to find out what new contrivance he has installed to keep himself interested. His room closely resembles an animated menagerie except, perhaps, for the grand piano under the bed, and that radio outfit which has Gus Hoover backed clean off the board.

Ned has the invaluable gift of always being able to get away with something. If it isn't grafting a trip to Washington or Philly, it is taking sick leave in lieu of going on the cruise. His influence with the powers that be is unlimited.

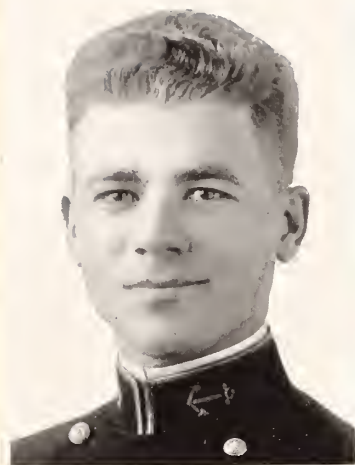
When it comes to fussing the Sultan of Sulu has nothing on the Duke. He is rather good looking; at least he thinks that the girls think so, and he contrives to keep them in the throes of consternation at his seemingly superhuman intelligence. He can talk on a multitude of subjects which will keep an ordinary human humping to follow him.

If you need anything from corn plaster to a golf club—see Marbourg—he's got it.

Buzzard
Lucky Bag Staff
Glee Club (4, 3)



Choir (4)
Sharpshooter



ROBERT BOWMAN MATTHEWS

Washington, D. C.

"Christy"

THE subject in this little sketch has been the hero of so many experiences that we hardly know where to begin. Hailing from the capital of the country, and with a determination to do or die, he fooled his prep school master by passing the entrance exams, and, what is more, he has fooled himself by sticking with us. We do not wish to infer that he is wooden, but our Christy is unfortunately addicted to pessimism.

Bob early showed his leaning towards a sea-going life. Plebe Summer, on being told to "put the helm down," he gently laid the

tiller in the bottom of the boat. But we are told that his knowledge of the P. O.'s ratings was sufficient to qualify him as a sailor. And ye sons of Neptune! you ought to see him heave the lead! It takes skill to heave a fourteen pound lead through a gun port.

Christy's scientific habits became evident on Youngster cruise in dear ole Lunnon, where he discovered an ingenious use for NaCl. Ask Keller, the chemist.

First Class cruise a bad knee gave him sick leave, and we were glad to see him back when this year started. Cheer up Chris, old boy, you'll graduate yet.

Buzzard





JOHN TUCKER METCALF

Wickford, Rhode Island

“Thug” “John” “Met”

IN the old days they would have called Met a prince among men, or something of that order—but nowadays we are well satisfied to let it go as just plain good scout,—which he certainly is.

During an expedition through the Riviera Youngster Cruise, he acquired a weird taste for sour French wine, and since then he has never felt thoroughly at home in the Mess Hall without the vinegar cruet alongside. Aside from this, his aberrations consist in making life precarious for ratey Plebes—a most commendable eccentricity these days, and keeping Lester from the influence of foreign spies.

Barring one failure Youngster year to stand sufficiently clear of the yard arm, which sent him to sea for a month, life for Met has been one grand sweet song. He has

had the Dago Department, that Chamber of Horrors for the average Midshipman, bluffed to a standstill, and he coasts along more or less easily in the rest of his Academic subjects.

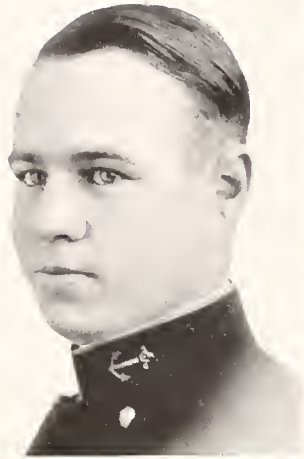
He has pleased everybody, and, to judge from appearances, everybody has pleased him; whenever they haven't he has had the good sense to keep it under his hat. His hat must have been a pretty hot place, sometimes, too. Met is one of those rare characters who can think “damn” and smile, and that gets a man a long way in this Navy.

Just give us the high sign, Met, me boy, when you drift our way, and we'll meet you at the gangway with open arms for our dear, old classmate.

Two Stripes



Class Crest Committee



EDWARD ALEXANDER MITCHELL

Washington, D. C.

"Mitch" "Mike" "Runt"

"HELLO, Mr. Gherardi, can I speak to San Francisco, please?" "Yes, I'm in Annapolis." It's one long line of telephone calls after another, and it is a remarkable thing how quickly one with as short legs as Mitch's can cover so much ground. We know that Mitch is devotedly attached to his family, but we do not take it seriously. We have wondered where the little fellow goes every afternoon when he bobs out into the depths of the metropolis. Perchance, you may say, it is to see his lady-love! But you are all wrong, Muldoon, Mitch is making money on the side by hanging lace curtains.

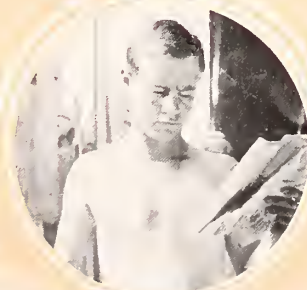
The beauty about Mitch, though (not

physical I assure you), is that he doesn't let anything interfere with his duty. Not being imbued with any sentiment to speak of, he can apply himself assiduously to his work, and the results are—his steady rise in the class since Plebe year.

What Mitch doesn't know about the Navy you can't find in the dictionary. Look for it in the Professional Notes in the Log.

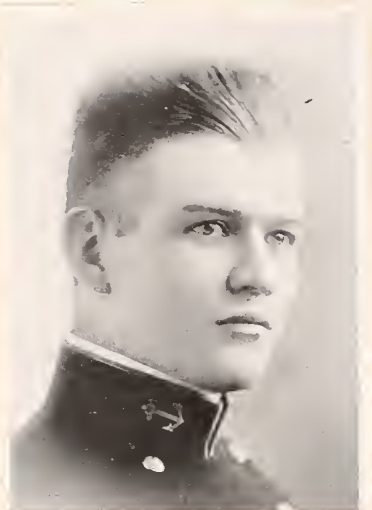
Mitch has all the requisites of a good officer, and, as such, he is bound to succeed, and nobody looks for it with more good wishes than we do.

"Now Alexander, you must take care of yourself."



*Three Stripes
Soccer Numerals (4, 3, 2)*

*Class German Committee
Log Staff (1)*



VINCENT JOHN MOORE

Minersville, Pennsylvania

“Irish”

AND shure, he's Irish and brags about it! Here he is, the noisest, and most happy-go-lucky man in the class. Always in a rough-house, always on the grade; also always happy. And savvy, say, if he would keep his books open and his mouth shut for an average of ten minutes a period, he would have more stars than a Broadway production, and Ross Cooley wouldn't be unsat. However, Irish is a good, solid, practical man with enough imagination to balance his brains, and enough brawn to get him most any place.

Not quite heavy enough to play Varsity football, he has been the terror of all opposing class teams in football, baseball, and basketball. He was one of the boys who helped to fill our pockets on the day that the proud colors of the “haughty ones” were

thrown around in the dust, and, if he didn't like to sit in Smoke Hall and chew the Fat so well, or go out in town and see “Theda,” we'd hear more from him in basketball.

He is the kind of a man that, if he wants anything, goes and gets it, and it doesn't behoove you to get in the track of this wild Irishman, unless you happen to be going the same way he is; and, if you are, stick around, as Irish is sure to start something. The only time that Irish was ever known to be on the bottom of a pile-up was one March 17th, when the lusty Dutchmen warmed him up a bit.

All we can say, Irish, is Heaven help the man who disagrees with you and tries to tangle, for he will surely come to grief. You're the fighting kind that the Navy needs.

Two Stripes
Football Numerals (3, 2)
Baseball Numerals (2)



Basketball Numerals (3, 2)
Sharpshooter



EDWARD JOSEPH MORAN

Chicago, Illinois

"Jake" "Mike" "Eddie"

NO one ever thinks of asking who Mike is, because it is taken for granted that everyone knows him, and we dare say that nearly everyone in Crabtown does know him, from the Governor of Maryland to the humblest plebe or the youngest kid in town.

Just look once at that sunny map of dear old Ireland, and that chin, and watch that sea-going roll—and you will remember Eddie Moran until the crack of doom. In addition to possessing the most Celtic physiog in the place, he possesses a sparkling wit that makes you feel good all over, and when Mike smiles, it's as gladdening as sunrise in Dixie.

Hard luck in getting hurt lost him his letter in basketball and football, but on the baseball field Mike is there and has been there since Plebe year. He covers the right garden for the Navy, and when it comes to

clouting that old pill, he gets the stove. When Mike strolls up to the pan, cocks his cap over one eye, and tells the pitcher, "How's it to stick it over" they sit up and take notice. Mike swears by all that shines that the Army jinx is ruined this year.

In the parlor Mike is a star performer aussi, and is in great demand among Crabtown society because of his talent with the drums and traps. You ought to hear him and Emmet get together.

Mike likes to kid us into thinking that he is going to resign from the Navy and become a farmer, but the chances are that he will remain in the King's Nave-e with the rest of the boys, and believe us, he'll make good, for he has the stuff.

"Hold her, Gabe, she's a new one."

"Now that we know each other so well, let's take off our shoes."

Three Stripes
Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)
Football Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Baseball N (3, 2)
Captain Baseball



Baseball Numerals (4)
Basketball Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Batting Medal (2)
Mandolin Club (3, 2)



WILLIAM JAMES MORCOCK

Washington, D. C.

"Rabbi" "Billy"

BILLY is the biggest fusser in the class, and there never has been a man so popular with the women. A second Vernon Castle, he is dancing with them Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and at all times not interfering with study hours. He falls in love at regular intervals of once a week, and then promptly forgets the last one when he meets the next attraction. Once we thought that he was hitched to the matrimonial bus, but the wheels came off, he lost his whip, and he seems doomed to go on through life, fussing recklessly.

He started off Plebe year by losing overboard two roommates, and he himself was saved by a life buoy in the form of a re-exam in Dago. Since then, he has never gone unsat, and has stayed on the weather side of a 2.5 by constant, energetic boning. Morcock always has a large amount available, for his ingenious methods for making

money go a long way; he actually shows indications of some day becoming rich in the Navy, impossible as it may seem to most of us.

On a hop Saturday, one can invariably find Billy standing before his mirror arranging every hair in its proper place, and improving his beauty (and it can stand lots of improving) with a shelf of fou-fou and other machinations of the fair sex. He has missed one hop in three years,—that time he could find no one to take his duty. At inspection of rooms, he never fears the scrutiny of the Battalion Officer, for the latter's eyes can see nothing but the art-gallery on the locker door, containing everything from movie actresses to nobility. Morcock is going to Philly, because it is near Washington, where the sun rises and sets. Woof! Woof!



Buzzard

Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2)



EARL WILLIAM MORRIS

Hamilton, Ohio

“Crusty” “Thirsty” “Red” “Snooks”

EARL William, alias Crusty, alias Snooks Morris,—a name which recalls more than one hell-raising anecdote in the history of the class. The first handle was wished on him by his parents, the second fell to him for these reasons—first, on account of the red mop that serves as hair, and second, due to the cast iron “crust” with which he is endowed, and which “gets him by” in nearly everything he attempts—and, as you may have surmised before, the ladies handed him the third. So he is Crusty to the Regiment, and Snooks to the femmes.

Plebe year he was a favorite of the upper-classmen, receiving untold attention. He developed signs of speed that year, too, but it was not until the next year that he really developed into a 4.0 quarter miler. Youngster year he had a failing for music and

whipped a Plebe band into shape, himself “playing” the trombone that nearly blew every one off the fourth deck. He was also famous for his Sunday morning guard mounts, when the in-charge-of-room plate was changed.

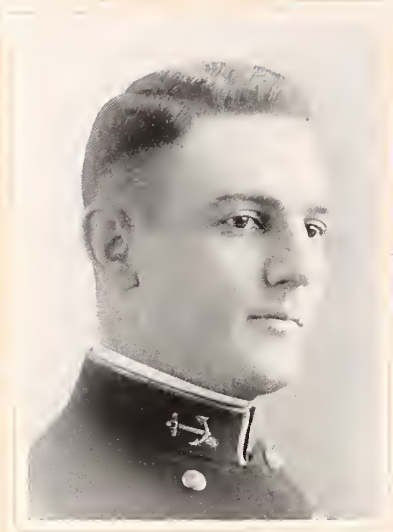
Some of the things that Crusty is famous for are:—his forced rests in Sick Bay and the Hospital, and the awful line he gets across; as an inventor of “all night circuits,” “forced ventilation systems,” and the cakes he receives via the U. S. Mail.

In closing, there is one thing we want to have remembered:—if there is ever a scheme that you want to put over, a week-end party that you want to make a success, or if you are ever in need of a friend, go get Crusty. He can always produce.

Buzzard
Track N (3, 2)



Captain Track
Track Numerals (4, 3, 2)



JOHN VERNON MURPHY

Brownwood, Texas

"Murph"

HERE'S a quiet little feller! He never has much to say, but it's always worth while listening to. His one wild passion is to sleep in peace and comfort. He can do it, too, with the least trial and effort of any man we ever saw.

Murph was always unsat more or less. "Nemo" and he would rather throw the hop all study period than bone. It "got" little Nemo Second Class year, but Murph still hangs on. It didn't make any difference to him how badly he was unsat, there were two things he would never do, namely: burn late lights and get on the call list. He didn't believe in them.

Murph was captain of our champion Youngster baseball team, and a mighty good player. He would have made good with the big boys had it not been for his poor blinkers. In fact, at one time, we were afraid that we would lose a classmate on that account.

If Murph liked to be in the company of the better half as well as he likes to snooze, he would be some fusser. As it is, he is pretty good.

"I tell you I wouldn't mind dragging to the hop, if it were not for Sunday afternoon."

"I tell you I must sleep then."

"Gosh! that was a short night last night!"

Buzzard



Baseball Numerals (4, 3)



EARLE EUGENE MUSCHLITZ

Reading, Pennsylvania

"Heinie" "Mush"

HEINE is one of the few men of the class whom the Academic Department can't get into their clutches. If you go around to his room during study hours, you will find him either dreaming of the pretzels (and what washes them down) back home in Reading, or making Pop's life miserable. He is the only man in the class who can lead out Pop's angora.

Mush is very observant. He can tell you everything that is in all the museums of Naples, Rome and London, and can describe the San Francisco Fair to the smallest detail.

He is supposed to be a Red Mike, but the number of letters he receives from Kutztown Normal School, and the fact that his

ring disappeared for some time leads us to think otherwise.

He has a huge heart, and will do anything for a friend, and, at the same time, he can take more oral abuse than any other human being. Mush's sense of humor is so deep that he can even find a joke in a pamphlet issued by the Juice Department.

Youngster year, when he and Pop got into an argument after taps, they usually shook to see which was right. Then, being as they lived in a Plebe room, they had to tell each other what they shook.

Mush's old, Dutch determination will get him there, while the rest of us are standing by trying to figure out what to do next.

Buzzard



Star (4)



FREDERIC WINTHROP NEILSON

New York, New York

"Freddie" "Swede"

FREDDIE came to us when Plebe Summer was well under way, after taking a short course in Washington in John Falstaff Gray's Correspondence School of Iniquity.

Freddie has many friends in the class, but the only one, not excepting his patient wife, who seems to really know him well, is Josh Cody. The Swede has never had any trouble with his books, but he has bushed himself a few times to show that he is human, and also to give notice of his displeasure with the Academic Department. It is always amusing for the onlookers when some one incurs Freddie's wrath, because he never employs any subtle means to disguise his feelings.

He can usually be found where there is

music and dancing, but he has always been wisely impartial with his favors. He was present at that famous tour of Spanish-town and was one of the intensely amused onlookers when Austin, of the Navy, gained undying fame.

Freddie has that rare quality of a highly developed sense of humor, which makes him an appreciative audience in himself. He was a volunteer member of Haeberle's life-saving corps just before the game, and helped defeat the Academic Department.

At heart, strong for the Navy, he has been a little rhino at times, but he got some inside dope somewhere on his First Class leave which cleared things up for him, so now all is plain sailing, and we hope to have the Swede with us for many years to come.

*One Stripe
Lacrosse Numerals (4)
June Ball Committee*



*Christmas Card Committee
Glee Club (2)
Choir (4, 3, 2)*



HARRY JAMES NICHOLS

Pleasant Hill, Missouri

“Monty” “Nick”

OF all those “lost at sea” Monty is one of the most lamented. He came to us from the wild mountain passes of Missouri with ideas worthy of a Farragut, seeking to realize those ideas in the Service of his country. At the end of three years the barometer of those ideas was falling rapidly, and Monty finally decided that he had not been called to a sailor’s life, so he cast about for another vocation.

Up in Pittsburg Westinghouse was having a pretty hard time struggling along with a few machine shops that he had filled with a lot of more or less useless electrical gear. He hadn’t been in the business long, and was still in the throes of the experimental stage. He had a few of the elementary principles of Juice in his gonk, however, and might even have aspired to pass a Second Class Juice exam on Kirchoff’s Laws and Theory of Conversion of Power, and there was every hope that some day he

would make a living out of it and be able to sport an office boy and a Persian rug. Monty was always tender hearted and, moreover, here was his opportunity to try something he wasn’t sure he could do. So he hung up his belt and rifle, bid the Sec. Nav. a fond farewell, and struck northward. Now Monty is up in Pittsburg, shrouded in smoke, and helping “Westy” along, winding armatures when most people would be glad to get a job winding clocks, if they resigned from here.

Wherever chance may lead him, he leaves behind in the Service friends who have heard his resignation read out with deep regret. Perhaps, some day, we’ll see him again, when he comes around selling some kind of patent “rough-on-dreadnoughts and their officers” that he and “Westy” have devised. Till then it’s “hasta la vista!” Monty, and good luck to you!



*Buzzard
Gymnasium Team (4, 3, 2)*

*Manager Track Team
Leader Choir*



ALBERT GALLATIN NOBLE, Jr.

Ardmore, Oklahoma

Charlie” “Chuck” “Lover” “Blondy”

THIS blond haired individual swears that he is not a Swede, but what else could he be with that white brush on top of his gonk, and those baby-blue eyes (?). Whether he be from Sweden by Norway, or from Ardmore (as he claims), he has a good set of brains under that thatched roof of his which have carried him along well up in the class, especially in that jinx for most of us unfortunates, Math. Anything that has “woo’s” or “theta’s” or “psi’s” is fruit for him. Here he makes the venerable Paul green with envy.

Alas, Math is not his only weakness. Needless to try to expose, for you all know what the other weakness is—blue letters of a surprising regularity,—many strong boxes full of them.

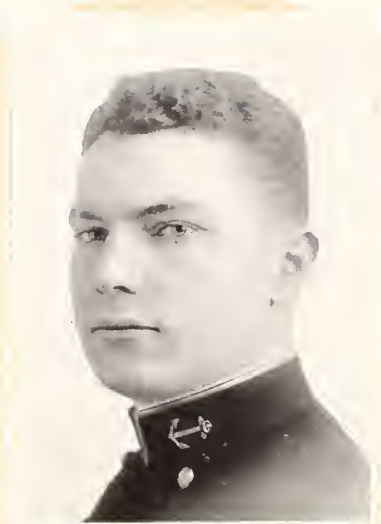
While in care of Perfesser Bell Plebe year, he wondered what any sane man could see in putting his arms around a girl, and walk-

ing about the deck to music (the greater part of the time on the girl’s feet). Along came September leave. The plot thickens. He falls. Oh, well, they say only a boob never changes his mind and Charlie is no boob. In eluding the ever pursuing D. O. was one place where he fell down. Luck did break his way in a game of hide and seek through the gate and over the wall; but when it came to catching one, he had no luck at all. One skag of his thrown from his fourth deck window had the audacity to blow into the third battalion office window down on the ground deck, and unluckily in said office was the Battalion Officer. Result,—cruise (incidentally heavy blue letter service).

As in wrestling Charlie hates to be on the bottom, we predict that that same old spirit will bring him to the top of the Service.

Buzzard





RICHARD RENNIE OGG

Buffalo, New York

“Rennie” “Scotchman”

WHEN you have to write up some bone-headed nonentity and make people think without exactly saying so that he is the acme of all that is significant of perfect manhood, it is no cinch, and it is a relief to take pen in hand and turn in a few brilliant remarks concerning such a man as Rennie Ogg.

The old Scotchman has had trouble from the start with the Dago Department, and it takes four hours of hard labor to get a lesson, but when it comes to technical subjects such as Steam and Juice, he can leave all but five or six of us hull down on the horizon. Like all Scotchmen he likes to see the wheels go round.

And when it comes to such arduous tasks

as coaling ship, or bucking fires, does Rennie fear this? Not at all, he will fall asleep right alongside of it.

If athletics had interested him, he would probably have left his mark, for he has lots of strength and stick-to-it-iveness. But his bed has too strong an attraction and a fellow can't get his fourteen hours sleep between taps and six twenty.

You can't help liking Rennie when you meet him, and this liking increases when you really know him, for he is quiet, unassuming and independent. “Without mental reservation or purpose of evasion,” we are here to state that Robert Rennie Ogg is a darn good, all-round man.

Buzzard
Basketball Numerals (4)



Lacrosse Numerals (4)



HENRY RICHARD OSTER

Utica, New York

"Hank" "Savvy" "Oyster"

OSTER is another one of these quiet birds whose taciturnity covers up unthought-of potentialities. Hank is noted for the fact that he is a star man. For three years he starred, not because he was so exceptionally brilliant, but for the reason that he worked. His application should be a good example to those who go at their books half-heartedly and hence are always on the edge. Hank has always been willing to aid the wooden man, and he has a way of making things clear that has helped save several of our beloved brotherhood from bilging.

Where Hank shines is on liberty, and believe us, he makes some liberty. He has a knack of finding the very best and coziest places where he can eat in style, smoke, and take a little tickler with safety at the same time.

In spite of his good looks Oyster never fusses. Why, we know not, but he prefers to go to the movies or get a feed, thus being cruel to the ladies by denying them a treat.

To those who do not know Oster well, he is quiet, but his old gang of the seventh know him as a Bull artist of no mean ability. On the cruises especially, he used to hold his own against such Hop slingers as Hefernan, Moore, and Cooley,—which is going some.

Being a through and through gentleman he will always make friends, no matter where life's paths lead him, and in the Service his good disposition ought to assure him of easy riding.

"Now what do you think of that gol-darned bo'sun."

"Ain't that a heck of a note."

*Three Stripes
Log Staff (1)*



Star (3, 2)



JOHN EDWIN OSTRANDER, Jr.

Amherst, Massachusetts

"The Anarchist"

HERE he is ladies and gentlemen, look him over:—"one of the few men at the Academy who are frankly agin the Government."

By all outward appearances one would expect him to be one of the most peaceful and law-abiding citizens, but if you will remember that old adage that you can't always judge the chicken by the trimmings around the platter, and look more closely into his propaganda, you will find him to be chief of the Bomb Thrower's Union, and one of the board of directors of the TNT Society for the prevention of cruelty to Midshipmen.

Under the old régime his class standing would have assured him four stripes; but his anarchistic activities have relegated him to the two striper class, notwithstanding the star on his collar.

Seriously, though, he has some good ideas as to how the Academy should be run for the benefit of all Midshipmen; even the Commandant suggested that when he becomes a Captain he should be appointed Chief of the Crabtown Police Force.

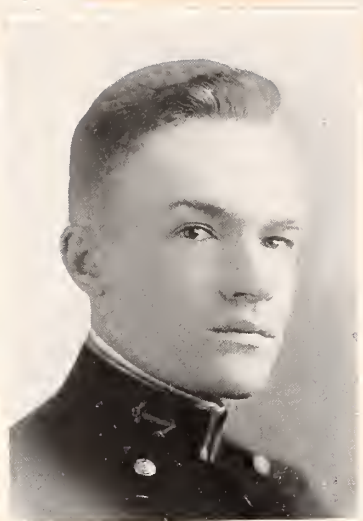
Ostrander is generous with his knowledge and always glad of a chance to sling the Bull or to help a classmate in Math or Ordnance—witness the mob in his room before any exam.

Edwin does not take kindly to the Navy and figures that he would rather be on land any day than standing watch and watch with himself on the briny deep; so we predict that the Construction Corps will get a good, hard-working man when J. E. finishes his course at M.I.T. in his dearly beloved Bay State.

*Two Stripes
Star (4, 3, 2)*



Choir (3, 2)



PEYTON HOGUE PARK

Raleigh, North Carolina

“Possum” “Pie” “Peyting” “P” “Gish” “Ketchie”

DID you ever hear a cheerful voice yapping around the corner, and then, when the yapper came into view feel disappointed? Well, you won't when the Possum heaves into sight. Look at him, I ask you, so help me, the one and only original—“Our Peyting.” Look at that fox-terrier face, consider the symmetrical loveliness of that slender (not to say thin) form,—and then look at the kind eyes and habitual smile.

Possum was born to be esteemed by his fellow beings, and he fulfills this happy fate by being affectionately looked up to by the underclasses, and well loved in his own. Born also to be comical, it lies within his power to amuse at will, and we miss our guess, if in later years, his wardroom mess will not ring to the laughter incited by his ready wit.

As a cheer leader on short notice, Pie filled

the bill completely. As to his exploits we can't enter them in detail, because volumes couldn't tell of his numerous pranks, nor could they show his kindness and cheerfulness under adversity and difficulty.

Possum's goat did not exist up to First Class year,—but now, if you wish to parade his animal among the breakfast dishes, ask him about his thumb and the Provincetown dance.

When graduation splits the class up, Possum, we say good-bye to you with sorrow and affection. Certain of your success as an officer, we'll expect to see you later popping up anywhere from Zamboanga to Constantinople, and until then—Adios!

“Where you goin' Possum?” Possum, going to the ship for three months: “Ho, Ketcher, I'm sojournin' on the Rayéna for a few days of rest cure.”

Buzzard



Cheer Leader



CONSTANTINE NICHOLAS PERKINS

Berkeley, California

"Perk" "Constantine"

PERK'S lordly H'English doncher-know air is a hard one to savvy, and just naturally would make one think that he wanted to sell a half interest in Bancroft or Wall Street.

But to those who know Perk, he is one of the most generous fellows that ever stepped around. Always ready to lend you something, or even give you his last Fat aboard ship, or even part with some real collateral in the friendly game to which he is one of the most persistent adherents in the class.

Perk is non-reg,—whether he wants to appear hard or not we don't know, but there

is one thing certain, he is as sure to get caught as it is to be foggy off Provincetown in summer.

Perk fusses occasionally, but he never comes back raving over the last one,—just takes it as a matter of course like a third smoking pap and such other trifles.

When he hits the West Coast, "which is near Berkeley," we think that this same old self-confidence will get him along all O.K. and he will be around with the rest of us when it comes to enjoying life and taking our fun where we find it.

"Hey, what do you say to a little game."

Buzzard
Soccer Numerals (2)



Mandolin Club (3)



GALE AYLETT POINDEXTER

Spokane, Washington

“Pointer”

THIS is the man who put the “rough” in rough-house; hence never enter the Senator’s room if you pale at horror. In a running fight his favorite weapon is the shoe, and he wields it in a manner that would make the curve throwing experts gasp in wonder. The danger space is the entire corridor, and Pointer’s military exigencies eclipse all regard for International Law.

The grave accusation has been made that Poin is allied with the forty per cent. yet we more charitable souls accept the decree that these eccentricities are fostered by excessive deprivations of the filthy weed. However, we can offer no alibi for the fact that the Senator loves the gassy odor of “burned powder.”

Gale is not extraordinarily savvy, but his bridges are rather stable, except for Dago. Second Class year he solved the riddle about

the fox and the grapes, and his confidence unwittingly inspired him to influence the Department to continue Dago First Class year. The Senator has so much good common sense (he says he can’t use it in Dago) that he doesn’t have to worry how the Academic Department decides his case.

Poin is conservative (except when haranguing the value of Dago) and carries out his ideas with precision. The Senator has many friends, and they certainly do assemble when he receives a shipment of brandied dates. It isn’t for the dates alone,—we like the spirit in which they are given. If you number Gale among your friends, you can be sure he will stand by you when the rest have gone by the board. How else could Dave have held a respectable course Second Class cruise?



Buzzard
Lacrosse Numerals (3)

Sharpshooter



ROBERT LEE PORTER, Jr.

Baltimore, Maryland

"Bull"

WHEN he came to the Academy he found that he was already a well-known character. Did this surprise him? Was he slow in learning why? No—in one afternoon he not only knew why, but could recite it.

During Plebe and Youngster years Robert spent his Wednesday afternoons in the "Physical Laboratory," but when he became a fusser he decided that he had had enough of Mexican Athletics, so he resigned from that squad to join Prof. Bell.

He has won enough rifle shooting medals to cover his dress jacket; also a couple of rNt's.

Plebe year he roomed with "Fish," but,

after the semi-ans "Fish" removed to other parts. Since then Carlos has been the target against which Porter's flow of genuine Irish (?) wit (?) has been directed.

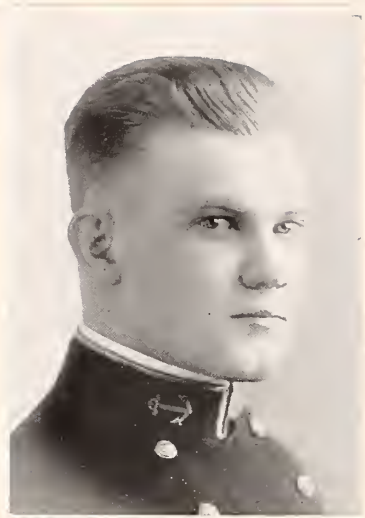
For many of us First Class Cruise was a pleasant (?) way of killing three months; but not so with Porter. His consistent work in No. 1 turret and as Junior Divisional Officer made due impression upon the powers that be, so now he is responsible for our "hash."

Porter is efficient and will make his mark in the Service if hard work has anything to do with it, and from all that we hear, that does it.

Two Stripes
RNT (2)



Silver Rifle Medal (2)
Sharpshooter



BYRON KING PRESNELL

Blanchard, Idaho

"Fatty" "Pretzel"

"FATTY" got tired of chasing game out in the wilds of Idaho, so he decided to join the Navy for a much needed rest. He fooled the Academic Board Plebe year by pulling sat on the ans when everybody in the class was thinking about making a bargain with him for his blue service before he took the train back to the big timber. Youngster year things went well until a legacy in the form of Sneck Lively was handed to this unfortunate bear-tamer. Taming bears is considered heavy sport in Idaho, but compared to pacifying Kanawha coal miners it is light. Say what you may, any man who keeps such an animal as Lively in subjection for three years deserves some credit.

Outside of this diversion, Fatty has had a

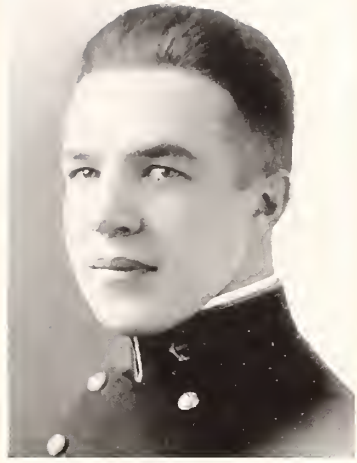
pretty quiet existence with the exception of one or two well remembered occasions, chief among which was his first intimate acquaintance in sunny Italy with the famed bottled product of Madeira, and his entertainment of the all-star chorus from the Follies in New York after the Army-Navy game. But we shall let by-gones be, Byron, and not tread any more on such sacred ground.

Fatty wants to go to the West Coast, so he can visit his native hearthstone after an absence of over four years, and we sure wish him luck. He doesn't depend on chance, however, for what he wants, but is a hard, consistent plugger, and that seems to be the man who gets there in the Navy, so turn to!

*Buzzard
Track Numerals (2)*



*Basketball Numerals (2)
Sharpshooter*



ALLEN INGRAM PRICE

Cleveland, Ohio

"Piggy"

DID you ever see a short, fat, little man coming down the corridor, throwing his foot around in a big circle, at the same time toeing in worse than any pigeon you ever saw? Then his face suddenly splits in two, issuing forth a hearty, ear-splitting laugh. Do you recognize him? Yes, I mean Piggy Price, otherwise known as "Chops."

His only accomplishments are not that wild foot and laugh. He is noted as well for his many wild escapades with that little devil, Cupid, from which in some miraculous manner he manages to emerge unscathed, declaring, "never again." Needless to say ere long he will fall again. Perhaps his most valuable asset is his faculty to get away with non-reg acts and clothes. They say that whenever he heard the Duty Officer coming along the hall he had to strip himself nigh to his birthday suit to keep from getting ragged. He has also been over the

wall a few times, and has gotten away with only one month's sea service.

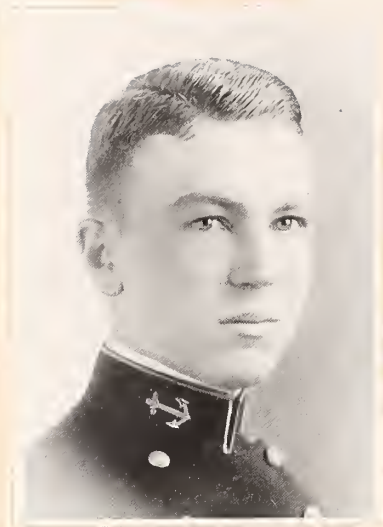
His weight has been an ever present worry to him. In order to reduce the various parts of his anatomy, he resorted most faithfully to exercise and basketball, track, and the Cosmo Club. His weight is still a worry.

Though amusement is his greatest attraction, Price has his serious moments as well. He judges those about him closely, analyzing carefully until he dopes them out to his own satisfaction, and the best part of it all is that he judges himself along with the rest. If Price will not give out his conclusion, the rest of us who know him will give out ours gladly—he is a fellow whom we are glad to know, and whom we will be happy to work with after the big day next June.

Buzzard



Manager Track



ROBERT LEE RANDOLPH, Jr.

Baltimore, Maryland

"Bobby"

HERE'S to our Baltimore giant! May he live long and prosper! Bob is a Vernon Castle, a Maurice McLoughlin, and a Caruso, all in one. If you are looking for Bobby and hear harmony and see smoke, you have found him. No habitué of Smoke Hall hasn't heard those bijoux, baritone notes of his, nor has failed to see that far-away look in his eyes, nor the skag in his face. As a tennis shark, here is our Captain and mainstay, and as for snaking, he wears a belt to all the hops, and, as Murph says, his knees are flat from holding tea-cups.

We don't know much about Bobby as a sosh, though. We suspect him, however. He seems to have gotten almost what he wants, though to the utter disappointment

of others. We say this, but maybe we don't know, and maybe we do.

Second Class year, when the wrestling team was sadly in need of material, our little champ came out as a dark horse, and made them open their eyes until finally a bad arm put him out of the running.

Bobby is human, though; he has his faults. One of them was an overly developed pugilistic character First Class Cruise; another is his devotion to the grand old American game of soccer. Still another is his devotion to Lady Nic, a vice or a virtue, which?

Bobby and Mitch are trying to figure out which home port is nearest to Baltimore. Well—you know why.

"She is simply wonderful."

"Where's Nick and Connie?"

Buzzard
TNT (4, 3, 2)
Captain Tennis
Soccer Numerals (4, 3, 2,)
Lucky Bag Staff



June Ball Committee
Hop Committee
Christmas Card Committee
Glee Club (2)
Star (4)



NORBORNE LEWIS RAWLINGS

Lawrenceville, Virginia

“Rim” “Father”

A MAN? Yes!—A gentleman? Yes! A good fellow? Yeah-bo!! Verily I say unto you, they don't raise better men than Rim. A true Virginia gentleman with manners of a courtier, and a heart that has won many a man for life. (Perhaps we may also add that not a few of the fairer sex have been snared by this fair Adonis.)

Rim is a staunch member of the famous “Canadian Club” and handles a cup of fiery tea as nonchalantly as he handles the fourth battalion out at drill. And talk, oh! my soul!—when a forced conversation is required, he can heave a line that would make Prince Rudolph remove his chapeau and bow with that wonderful poise, which is so characteristic of the “sensitive Spaniard.”

To show how Rim can produce, ask anybody who attended the June Ball last year. How he made it such a success still remains a mystery—unless it be explained as the fruits of good, hard labor.

As a friend he is above reproach; there's nothing he wouldn't do for you and nothing he wouldn't give you.

The Service needs men like Rim and you can depend on it that he will make good, showing the same efficiency and thoroughness which is characteristic of him.

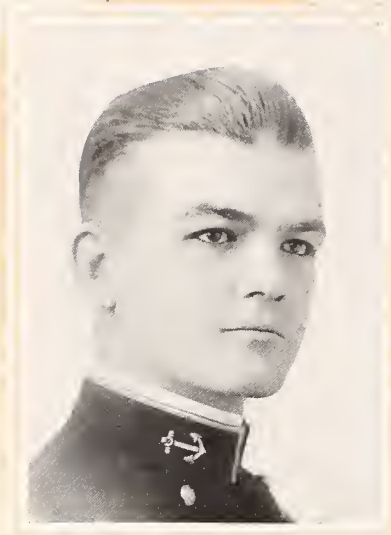
“Boy—what I crave is a home!”

“Say, Jones—sing that song ‘Mabel,’ will you? Please Brother.”

*Four Stripes
Hop Committee
Class German Committee*



*Chairman June Ball Committee
Sharpshooter*



ANDREW GLOVER REAVES

Orlando, Florida

"Al" "Algernon"

DELICIOUS fruits aren't the only good things that come from Florida—witness little "Al." Right from amidst the thickest of the Everglades, he came among us. We knew he meant business the minute we saw him from his determined manner and his square-cut chin. And we were not mistaken. Glover has put his whole soul into all his undertakings from the word go. That's why he's such a devil with the women—they can't resist him. How could they, anyway, once they know how divinely he trips the light fantastic?

In our sterner diversions Reaves has been equally successful. Twice he won his numerals by his ability with the pigskin spheroid. His "eagle eye and steady nerve" proved of great value to the Rifle team, and his splen-

did work made him the logical man for captain in 1917. The team realized this, and elected him accordingly. As captain he has organized and schooled the team till now they are rated as one of the best in the country. His experience in this direction will be no small asset on board ship.

In the role of gourmet "Al" was the envy of all his shipmates on the summer cruises. His sweet tooth has made him the fear of anyone with a stray bon-bon.

As a classmate, Reaves is of the ideal sort—not the least obtrusive, possessed of sound judgment, loyal to his friends, and never taking offense over petty matters. The girl that "lands" our "Al" will be lucky indeed, no less than the ship which can claim him as among its officers.

Two Stripes
RNT (3, 2)
Captain Rifle Team



Football Numerals (4, 3)
Sharpshooter
Expert Rifleman



WILLIAM McKINLEY REIFEL

West Unity, Ohio

“Johnnie”

A POLLO, n'est-ce-pas? Such a smile and such eyes! Go-hood-nus gracious!! He has Teddy and Theda backed off the map. MAN, that is the only conceivable definition of Johnny, straight from the shoulder, fair, square MAN. Never rhino and always ready for a flirt with Gaby and the fourth deck contingent.

Pistol puts his heart and soul into everything he takes up, except books, and they are regarded by him as the most terrible affliction cast on mortal man.

He is one of the best football players in the country, and, if any man had his choice between facing this hombre, in action, and the Navigator's pet 44 K. W. I. Can C. Juice Dispenser, he would take the Bull by the horns with some gusto.

And to hear him in the *salle-à-fumer!* My soul!—what a wonderful brand he throws, just as easy as tossing off one of Rector's finest (them with the olives). But when Dave and he make contact with Black-Eye Pointer in the backfield—Doyle's law No. 5 (resistance is useless), and Pile's P & I Rule 5 (avoid crossing ahead) can be strategically applied both locally and abroad.

Don't be surprised to hear big things of Johnny in the Service. There isn't a job he won't put through with the same thoroughness he is capable of, and he isn't afraid to tackle anything.

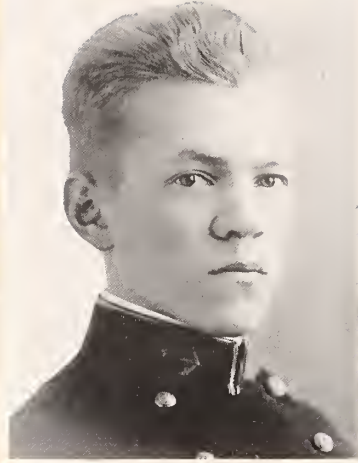
“Yes, I do feel queer at times, but I'm not sea-sick all the time.”

“I sure like port life, though, don't you?”

Buzzard
Football N (1)



Football Numerals (4, 3, 2)
Crew Numerals (4, 3)



WILLIAM PETTET RICHARDS

Spokane, Washington

"Dick" "Parson"

WHEN compared to our beloved "Parson," Shakespeare, Poe, Carlyle, and the rest of the world's greatest wielders of the pen are so far out-classed that their shades cry out in envy. No one who has followed the weekly trials of Hashimuri in the Log can fail to realize that. But, gentle reader, do not let the calm and unruffled exterior of this artist baffle you in your attempts to obtain deeper knowledge of his varied career. That he appeared before the crowned heads of Europe on his Youngster Cruise is a fact little appreciated by many, and what he did in Marseilles,—well, ask him.

Parson is not a fusser, though we suspect there is a reason somewhere in the region

of Spokane. He is not the type to make much display, but he is a quiet, consistent worker that the Navy needs. That actions speak louder than words is one of Parson's greatest beliefs. As for boning, his favorite text-book is "Vanity Fair." In his spare moments he devotes his legal abilities to writing out statements for his erring classmates, and how well he succeeds is known by those who remember our eventful Youngster year.

Richards is a good friend to have, and, wherever he goes, we are sure his quiet manner and clear head will take him safely through many difficulties and win him many friends.

Good luck, Hashimuri Togo!

Buzzard
RNT (2)
Manager Rifle Team
Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2)



Lucky Bag Staff
Log Staff (4, 3, 2, 1)
Sharpshooter
Bronze Rifle Medal (2)



JOHN O'DONNEL RICHMOND

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Jawn"

J O'DONNEL Richmond, not O'Donald, but O'Donnel. See? He arrived after trying out what the University of Pennsylvania had to offer, and we are mighty glad that he did, for, although we didn't hear much from him for a year or so, he has blossomed out into a man of the first water.

As a snake he has made wonderful progress, but he had everything in his favor, anyway. Never was a man luckier "dragging blind," that is except once, and then with true diplomacy, he retired to Sick Bay for the evening. Ask Lew Eye Dillon. Now he goes to every hop and makes a wild dash for "out in town" every night after drill.

Athletics have claimed him for class basketball and lacrosse, and with a little work he might have made the Navy squad last winter.

Managing a Smoke Hall Christmas Carnival and inveigling each Hula-Hula dancer to cut down her costume—in expense—is no mean job, either.

It was no surprise to find John holding down three stripes, and he certainly has proved his worth. Efficient, without overbearing, he has developed a strong company, in spite of his early training and some of the traditions of the Old Fourth that his roommate and the sixth P. O. would have liked to perpetuate.

"Jawn," we wish you the best of luck; with your versatility you will be heard from in the days to come, and we know that in a tight place we can count on your friendship, true and loyal, but unaffected.

*Three Stripes
Basketball Numerals (4)*



Lacrosse Numerals (3)



EDWARD BRIËN ROGERS

Herndon, Virginia

“Chippo” “Robby” “Baboon Baby”

CHIPPO'S most marked characteristic is his willingness and desire to do things for other people. He is always agreeable and pleasant when asked a favor, and he will put himself out to any extent to help anyone and everyone. There is no grumble from Chippo when told to do anything, and that is a quality which carries a man a long way in this Navy.

In athletics he has proven himself a persistent follower of a chosen faith. For four long years he has worked doggedly on the wrestling squad and has attained considerable distinction in that line. In the Spring, when wrestling is over, the tennis courts occupy his idle moments.

It is said that when he becomes excited or agitated he sometimes resorts to very strong language. But let me say right here and now that during his stay of four years à L'Academie Navale, no one has ever heard him utter a more violent word, phrase, or clause than “dog-gone.”

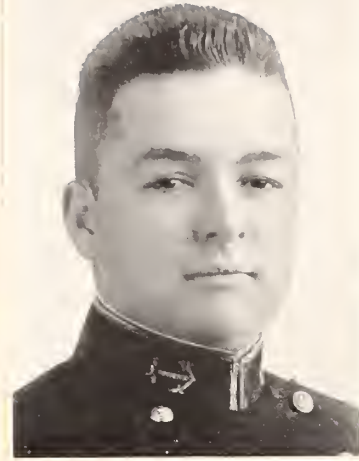
Chippo steers clear of the ladies and is scarcely seen on the ball-room floor; but in private and in seclusion he certainly can twist those bowed legs into the most elusive and fantastic fandangos that you ever saw.

But Pink Teas or no, Chippo is one fine scout to have for a friend, and he commands the respect of all of us.

*Three Stripes
Wrestling Squad (3, 2)*



Sharpshooter



THOMAS DASHIELL ROSS

Prescott, Arizona

"Jeff" "T. D."

"OH! girls, look at that cute, fat little Midshipman," said some girl as Tommy waddled to chapel. However, she missed one thing—that smile. As a Plebe, Tommy was noted for his singing of "Anchors Aweigh" under the direction of Monty Nichols. His speech of welcome to a First Classman beginning, "Why, you great, big, fat, lumbering piece of tripe, what do you mean by sliding your greasy carcass over here, and taking the seat of a gentleman?" will soon be studied in the English course.

Jeff's favorite saying is, "Let's play a little ball." He invented a game of indoor baseball that can be played during study hours. Second Class cruise Jeff forgot his hammock ladder, so he had no use for a hammock.

He was not used to high altitudes anyway, so he used to roll up into a ball in his blanket and sleep wherever he would not be stepped on.

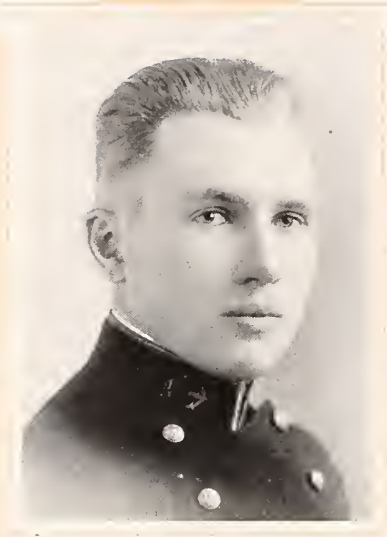
We don't know what Arizona looks like, but when passing the barren west coast of Mexico, he said, "Say, Chester, doesn't that make you homesick?"

There is not a ship in any Navy, be it Swiss or Irish, that Jeff does not know; in fact, the only books he bones are the World's Almanac and the baseball guide.

With Jeff it is quality, not quantity, that counts. You will go a long way to find a more cheerful, likeable shipmate than our Tommy.

Buzzard





HAROLD BUSHNELL SALLADA

Williamsport, Pennsylvania

"Slats"

HERE we have the champion baby-food baby of the Naval Academy. This blond youth, the problem of whose nationality was the despair of the old Seventh Company, claims that he owes his peaches-and-cream complexion and manly beauty to Mellin's baby food. Nevertheless, his goat romps when you kid him about it. Harold is known mostly for his good looks and quiet way—but look out, those quiet birds are some times those of the rarest possibilities. If you don't believe it, just make a liberty with this Skywegian. When the rest of us failed, old Slats found oodles of excitement in such places as Provincetown and Gravesend. Ever hear of his stove-winning stunt in Long Beach? Well, at this little resort, Harold purchased four dollars and eighty cents worth of rides on a roller coaster just because the frightened young lady he was with threw her arms around him on the first descent.

Slats' hobbies are; wearing good clothes, eating good eats, and smoking good skags, and he shares his good things with everyone. For three years he was the banker of the old Seventh, and without his financial aid many of the gang would have been out of luck on the cruises. We might name fussing as another of his hobbies, but he broke out so late in the game that we are waiting for developments before making any definite statements.

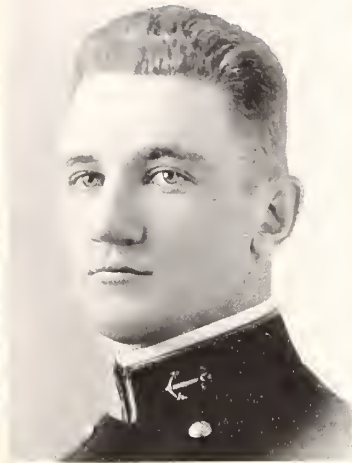
Slats' coolness was well shown at target practice First Class cruise when he was the first one to fire one of those antiquated cannon on the Wisconsin, while the rest of us stood around and held our breath.

His personality and big-heartedness will win him a home wherever he goes, and those who have him for a messmate will be lucky indeed.

One Stripe
Basketball Numerals (4, 3, 2)



Sharpshooter
Expert Rifleman



LAURENCE PRESCOTT SARGENT

Marshall, Texas

"Sarge"

SARGE is always ready for an argument, and his run-ins with the Discipline Department have been frequent and disastrous—to Sargent. He has collected as many "D's" as any man in the class, but he has also broken as many regs. He claims that it is worth it, so the rest of us ought to be satisfied.

Youngster year he decided that the Navy no longer needed his services, and resigned. He knocked off rates and studies for a week, and got a high mark of about seven-tenths. He was finally convinced of the evil of his ways, and then he succeeded in pulling through the year without even a re-exam, which shows that he is not exactly wooden. He has been known to drag at times, but he is not a regular patron of the art. He

and Mac have had a few rare experiences at this game; ask Crusty.

Rather quiet, he likes to sit off in a corner and get into some rich arguments with a few people. Then he is in his seventh heaven. But he is not a general Smoke Hall orator. He will argue about anything from the price of eggs to why no pockets in trousers.

He and Mac have lived together since Plebe year, and their discussions are sometimes heard by everybody on the deck, but they are more smoke than fire.

On the whole Sargent is a reserved man, unapproachable by those he does not care to associate with, but a good fellow to those he does.

Buzzard
Football Numerals (2)



Lacrosse Numerals (4)



ADOLPH PIENING SCHNEIDER

Los Angeles, California

"Dutch" "Pening"

THIS long, lean, and lanky drink of water hails from California, though from the spelling of his name we have our doubts. Adolph Piening Schneider. No. We rather suspect that his past condition of servitude must have been keeping that "Watch on the Rhine," rather than picking oranges, or observing those well-remembered Long Beach bathing suits in the Golden West. We must admit that we would never be the least bit surprised if this portion of Germany should produce from that non-reg pocket a hot-dog or a savory handful of sauer-kraut.

Whatever the nationality of Adolph Augustus Otto Pie Schneider, he never brought any wrinkles to that brow wondering about what criminal stunts the Academic Department would pull off next. It was much easier to float along at a good, comfortable and safe pace, than to leave a Snappy

Stories for such trash as Bullard, Vol. 1. Starring is not along his line, neither has he the habit of seeing his name on the bulletin board every week.

Schneider is quiet, without any bursts of silence, but he is quiet in a friendly, congenial way. You can never go into Smoke Hall to catch one without finding him ahead of you at the bowl of the Bull. Whenever there is a bunch relieving themselves of their hardships, or the tale of some wild escapade, he is a ready, but silent listener, coming down every once in a while with some quiet, but choice remark.

He is a good kind of a friend to have,—one who will give the rest of us talkative guys a chance to hear ourselves talk.

Schneider, let us know you better in the years to come.

Buzzard





ALBERT RICHARDSON SCHOFIELD

Warren, Pennsylvania
"Sco" "Dutch" "Al"

WHO would think that this slow, stout, young Dutchman was the best musician and the prize comedian of the whole Academy? He is, though, and if you have never heard the limpid notes of his flute or the groan of his saxaphone, you have something coming to you. This year, Al leads the mandolin club and he is an ideal and peerless leader, in spite of the fact that it is rather hard to see any of the Club, when he is up there in front waving his baton. Remind him of his abnormal development about the midship section and he is your bitter enemy, for it is his one sensitive point.

If you want to know Al, take a look at his locker door. It is completely covered with fair faces, which have from time to time taken our hero's fancy. He and Swede are consistent fussers, and each bricks the other just enough to make it even. Nothing so

far invented by a cruel and heartless world had ever worried Albert, and he has gone through four hard years with a smile, and the harder they crowded him the less he worried. Unsat in three subjects and having trouble with his ear, he actually helped and cheered up many of us, who would whine when we hit one-tree. He is never rhino, always has a good joke up his sleeve, and whenever you see him in a crowd, you can place a little bet that they are cheerful. His humor is fresh and very contagious, and if he can just get by the M.D.'s, the Fleet will have an efficient officer and a man whom the whole Service will be proud of and like.

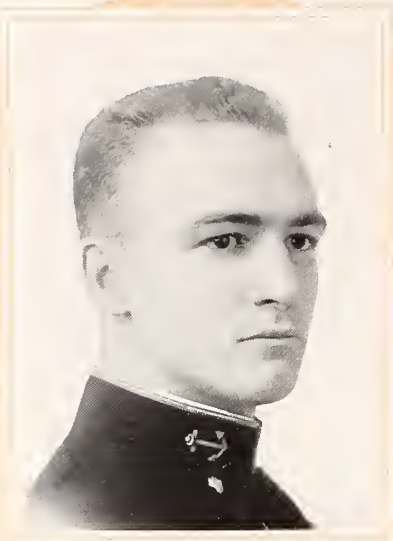
"The Germans would rather have cocoa than flour."

"I'll never make it, O—oh I'll never make it."

Buzzard
Leader Mandolin Club



Mandolin Club (3, 2, 1)



THEODORE LEON SCHUMACHER

Heron Lake, Minnesota

"Dutch" "T. L."

GENTLEMEN, the Dutchman, the greatest supporter of Wilhelm, and also the greatest arguer in the Navy. But always broke, never with any amount available, always figuring how much behind the game he will be on the next "Saturday nearest the tenth," we are all glad we know the Dutch-Jew.

Dutch is a philosopher of no mean ability, and he applies his philosophy to the Academic Department; hence his class standing. Dutch's multiple has differed from a 3.4 by the proverbial, infinitesimal increment every year, and we guess he'll get 'em this year.

Dutch is a worker, and if he weren't so

afraid of losing that abundant (?) crop of hair and ruining his beauty, he would be wearing a wNt. When it comes to voluntary firing or coaling ship, with never a "blow," Dutch is there, and that good old steady driving power is what inspires the rest of us. He is an example of a man with the courage of his convictions, even such that First Class cruise he wouldn't let himself join the "Order of the Lilies," (see references in other parts of this book).

Conscientious and faithful, Dutch will make as good an officer as any one in the class, and we hope that one of these days we shall be in the same mess with the pride of Heron Lake.



Two Stripes

Mandolin Club (3, 2)



HUGH SAINT CLARE SEASE

Orangeburg, South Carolina

"Souse" "Hughie"

DOWN the wharf came a kind-faced gentleman with a moke in tow. Imagine our surprise when we learned that the gentleman was coming to live on our new house boat. It was thus that Hugh came into our lives. Plebe year we were fairly quiet (that was the old Navy). Youngster Cruise Hugh hit Europe with a dull thud. He has always been the life of a party. To him it is a joy to plan and execute (execute is the word) anything by which his friends can be amused.

There is nothing hard about Souse. He does not try to appear touge. If Sease is your friend—you have a friend. If he has anything you want—ask him for it.

He has stood Dave sat for four years, a record any man should be proud of—but Hugh. He could stand him for four more.

You will not see any marks of scholastic honors attached to Hugh for his career at the Navy School. But his friends were not giving away the honors. We have known him and have liked him, and he has never been found wanting when it came to the test.

Did you ever see this old man from the Souf' swat that ball on the nose? Home runs come as natural to him as throwing a seven after he has made his point. And he can enrich his pocket book considerably at that little game of rolling the bones.

A true, Southern gentleman, we are more than glad to claim you, Hugh, and we send you forth to hit the ball and hit it hard.

"Ahm frigid!!"

Buzzard
Baseball N (2)
Football Numerals (4)



Hop Committee
Class Pipe Committee



ELLIOTT MARCHANT SENN

Greenville, Mississippi
"Red" "Pinky" "Radio"

EEL-I-OT is the laziest man in his company. He is also the company baby. He might have starred, if he had tried Plebe year, but the habits of sloth are upon him now, and he is hopelessly in the army of the 2.6. However, he gets by with a minimum amount of effort and inconvenience to himself.

The great weight which he carries around with him always is probably responsible for his hatred of action of any kind. He is six feet tall, as it is, and if there wasn't so much of him on the ground, he'd be a giant. He wears a fourteen shoe and has to pay double prices for the extra leather. He covers more ground than any other man in the place. It's a fact, Plebe year he used to break in shoes for Babe Brown.

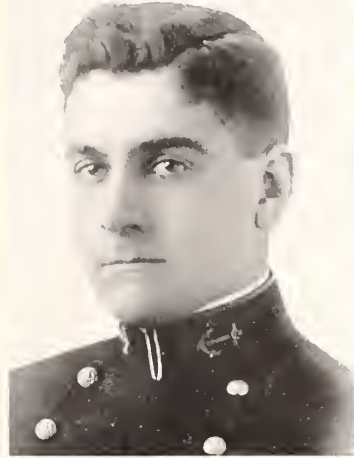
Radio is absolutely indifferent about anything and everything. Youngster cruise he stayed aboard ship in Europe, because it was too much trouble to go ashore.

Red is sensitive to ridicule or kidding—hence this article—and you can always tell when his animal is out by the rising color of his already fiery complexion. It is rumored that he once tried to masquerade as a piece of beefsteak by garnishing his countenance with parsley.

Some day Senn will grow up to see the world in a man's light, but until then we must be content to know him as a big, over-grown, warm-hearted boy.

Buzzard





ANDREW GILBERT SHEPARD

Syracuse, New York

"Shep" "Andrew"

SHEPARD joined this motley crew when he was just past sixteen, but goes out with us a full-grown man. He has developed into an officer with a high sense of honor and duty, and a lively interest in all professional subjects. At the start of Plebe year he made up his mind that he was going to stand well up in his class, and now he has a better chance of being an admiral than most of us have. He even said himself, "I may not be very big, but I sure am intense."

In athletics he worked with the class Lacrosse team for a couple of years, and developed into quite a mile runner. Everything he starts on, he goes into four bells and a jingle. Given some more weight with his push, we would have seen some real action.

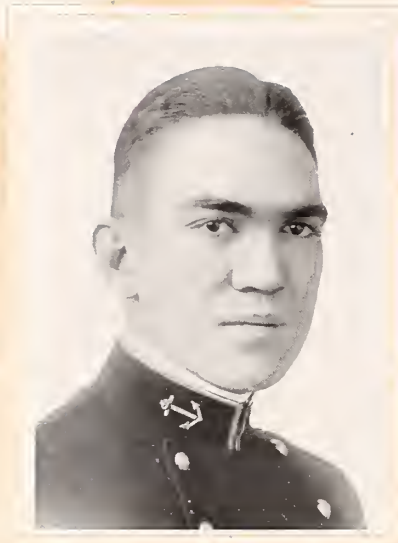
He has been Brewington's faithful spouse from the beginning, and 'tis lucky for Tilly that Shep was savvy, for, with his knack of hitting Christmas trees and May Poles, Andrew's help has been timely. When Brewington has his occasional attacks of rhinoism, Andrew pours the calming oil on the troubled seas.

Andrew fusses fairly often, but according to the best of dope he is still his own boss, and being sensible he will wait for the right one to come along. Afloat or ashore, Andrew makes the best kind of a companion, and his influence for good will be felt by all those around him.

Two Stripes



Lacrosse Numerals (3)



PAUL FEARSON SHORTRIDGE

Kansas City, Missouri

"Shorty"

IF you don't know how this brave lad got one of his listed nicknames, look on page 265 of "1916's" Lucky Bag, and you will have no doubt of its justness.

By some ingenious method he has managed to keep in a good, comfortable position near the top of his class without the expenditure of much energy. We don't know for certain, but this may be the best of proof for the truth of the motto sported by the "Lilies." At least it was due to his training in this principle that made him welcome into the midst of that famous organization, and did much to uphold the honor of that body.

His affaires de coeur have been brief and great in numbers, and, although we have been worried at times, he is winding up his

career at the Academy to the best of our knowledge without any entangling alliances.

Other places on this page will testify to his ability as an athlete, and his reward for good, hard service performed is captaincy of the formidable lacrosse team.

Shorty is more or less of a cynic, but usually stands on the side of Austin in defending the Navy against the "gyrene" and "would-be-cit" factions in Smoke Hall. He is also a firm advocate of the idea that the regs should be changed to make reveille an hour or so later, due to the fact that he can't sleep as fast as some people and hence requires more time. We believe that there really is something in this theory and it ought to be developed.

Buzzard
LNT (2)
Lacrosse Numerals (3)



Captain Lacrosse
Basketball Numerals (2)



WILBUR VICTOR SHOWN

San Antonio, Texas

“Bill” “Picadilly”

“**C**HLOROFORM Bill,” the laundry bag lad; Wilbur Victrola, the Pride of Picadilly; perpetrator of the famous ice-machine hoax; first expounder of the celebrated “Collision mat theory.”

The casual observer taking a slant at Wilbur’s bucolic countenance would hardly guess that his name was written in flaming letters on the Book of Fame (?). But it is.

Wilbur is the bird that breezed up to the London Bobby and quizzed him thusly: “Hi say, old chap, just what sort of a show is this ’ere Picadilly Circus, anyhow?” Yeh, this is the guy. Verily, friends, that was a fateful day for Wilbur. With ghoulish glee the Ninth Company seized upon the unfortunate youth’s reputation, and since that time Wilbur has had more boob stunts

laid at his door than any other man in the Academy. It may be that his habit of wooing the Goddess of Sleep among the laundry bags on the cruises has something to do with his usual anaesthetic air, but be that as it may, we unreservedly hand him the gold-plated oil stove.

But in spite of all the kidding that the boys give him, his goat seldom romps, and when it does it comes out cleared for action. But unfortunately it’s all baa and no butt.

Another notable achievement is the fact that he has roomed four years with Denebrink and is still sane and well-balanced. We doff our hats to such a display of moral resistance.

“This ain’t no ice-machine: it’s too hot.”

Buzzard





RALPH FREDERICK SKYLSTEAD

Havre, Montana

"Ole" "Swede" "Viking"

OLE says he's awfully proud of the royal Norwegian blood that flows in his veins—but Ole, the sturdy old Viking, is always the first to start shivering in fall and the last to stop in the spring. He hates the cold. Surely that isn't a Viking trait! And yet, perhaps, it was the old adventurous spirit of his hardy ancestors that made him such a snake—for he was a snake, heart and soul; and history records that he took many chances.

Outside of fussing, Ole's chief form of amusement was indulging in skags and athletics—Mexican without exception. His is a happy nature—rhino only by transient spells, and

on liberty, especially, he proved himself a wonderful entertainer.

That he fired a whole string at the range without a sight on his gun, and wondered why he missed the target, was but one evident fact of his oblivion to the serious commonplaces of this world. But Ole had his serious moments, too, and then one could get a glimpse of the Viking of the future; of the man who is to take his place in the hearts of his messmates, even as he has found a warm place in the hearts of each of us. When the call comes, his Viking blood, we know, will shout an honorable answer.

Buzzard



Soccer Numerals (2)



LISLE FRANCIS SMALL

Persia, Iowa

"Pete" "Tow-Head" "L. F."

FROM way out in I-o-way came a tow-headed young ruffian to the Navy, bringing with him the following: fun, a desire to clutch a good time, and rare musical ability. Peter and Bob made an invincible combination, and many are the poor victims that have fallen into their rough-house clutches.

On Christmas leave, Second Class year, Peter and a "bunch" went to Washington,—thereon hangs a tale. The Manager of the Ebbitt is still on the trail of a certain young protegé of Uncle Sam. Better get Peter to tell you about it; it's rare!

But life is not all a laugh and a joke to Small. He has a few serious thoughts un-

derneath those twinkling blue eyes, and has always been chosen a leader among his colleagues in any affair of moment. Freedom from all study-worries has allowed him to take an optimistic view of life and of people, always condoning faults in others, and putting himself in the "other fellow's place"—a rare, good quality in any man.

To tell all of Peter's virtues here would require far more than the space allotted by the Editor of this book, but, in addition to those given above, we may mention that he has ever been one of Navy's best wrestling men.

"Tommy,—he shoved a widow off on me."

"Let's go get him!"

Buzzard
Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 2)



Choir (4, 3, 2)



FRANCIS ADAMS SMITH

Fairbury, Nebraska

"Pee-Wee"

BEHOLD Smythe, the down-trodden of the profs, the most abused man in the Navy. His career has been one long fight for a 2.5, and we admire him for the fight he has put up. He can be found boning at ten-thirty at night, or at five-thirty in the morning, with a desperation which is explained by his statement that the Navy is the only place he could fill without danger of starving to death. He says, "Damn it, you have to show ability to make good in cit life; here I am trying to make an admiral of myself, and I haven't got brains enough to be an ordinary seaman." His failure to give himself credit for what he is worth has been one of his most serious hardships. He confines his attention to the femmes, to

dreaming of movie queens; while the rest of us are talking to some fair damsel in the gymnasium on Saturday night, he is building castles in the air, in which he is the imaginary hero who has won the love of a visionary heroine.

First Class cruise he invented a new method of using the stadimeter; also he is the author of Smith's new navigation. For particulars see Topp or Campbell.

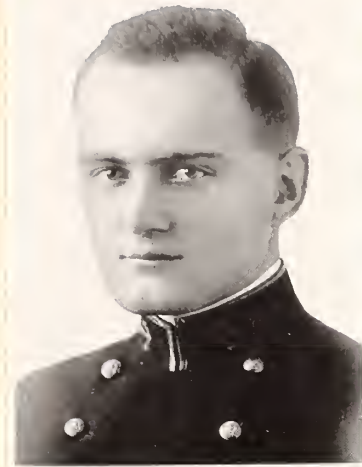
However, Pee-Wee is an interesting man to talk to, and those who know him have found his acquaintanceship well worth while.

"I wouldn't marry a woman who would marry me."

Buzzard



Soccer Numerals (4)



EDWARD SPARROW

New York, New York

“Limy” “Britisher” “Eddie”

EVER since the London crystal-gazer looked into the future and described our hero in Midshipman's full-dress with all its lack of after adornment, Limy has been headed for service afloat in our Navy.

Plebe year found the Britisher with ambition for a 2.5 or bust, but after that, with the exception of a combat with the Navigator, which by the way left him a widow, Chirp has had steady sailing with few storms.

Eddie, as one of the boys, is a total failure. But do not think him backward in partaking of those pleasures which at times Queen Fortune throws in his way; for instance, he rather enjoys a bally good show, and it is vastly amusing, you know, to see the persistency with which he tries to interpret the effervescent humor of the American stage.

Again, fancy the Britisher in a small party after the show. His eyes glisten, and his face wrinkles. He is not bored; in fact he enjoys it.

However, we have but blown the foam off the top. Let us deal with the more liquid substance. Because of his taciturnity, Eddie has lots of time to think, and he has evolved many ideas on various subjects. For example, he finds that there can be absolutely no pleasure in dragging to the hops, (and as for shaking his feet over a wax floor—“rot!”). Please understand, however, that he likes music and gayety, but the making and the interpretation of the same, Limy leaves to the more skilled.

When good fellows get together afloat or ashore, there will always be a place for the Limy.

Buzzard



Soccer Numerals (3)



FRANCIS THOMAS SPELLMAN

Boston, Massachusetts

"Frankie"

HIS beak and the enormous cavity into which it continually threatens to drop are easily the most noticeable parts of Frankie's most noticeable physiog. Then there is that delightful Bostonese twang with its profuse lack of audible "r's." But, best of all, there is Robin himself, the merriest man in the whole Regiment; he has a seductive smile and a twinkle in his eye that few can resist and none can ignore. That sly wink of the left eye and the gentle, backward jerk of the right fore-finger have more than once disarmed a hostile expedition against him—you just can't resist it.

Thackeray's ambitions changed from week to week, but the one he succeeded in obtaining was to have as good a time as the place could afford with the least possible effort on his part to stay and get it. He is

the only man on record who has two smoking paps and has never spent a day on the ship—lucky dog. He gets rhino occasionally, but all of us do that, so it isn't unnatural for him to indulge—but a few stories and a cup of tea (?) will soon bring him back to normal again—yea, and even past that stage, and then some.

At first, as rouge a Mike as ever trod the deck of the gym; he broke out Second Class year, as he says, because the ladies would no longer attend the hops when he wasn't present,—in reality it was to punch a few meal-tickets. But the person who isn't anxious to punch a meal-ticket with Robin is simply too dead for any use—you won't find him in this class.

"Mr. Spellman, you haven't got an 'r' in your system."

Buzzard





DOUGLAS ANCRUM SPENCER

Whiteville, North Carolina

"Spence" "Ora"

HERE is a true son of the sunny South. He possesses the sincerest love for his friends, the greatest amount of Southern chivalry and hospitality—and the longest memory of Civil War data,—of any man we know. He should have been a lawyer, for he has a fine grasp of details and an inborn love for debate; but he elected otherwise, and we have been glad to welcome him.

If you want to air his mule, just say that no South Carolinian troops took part in the Battle of Bull Run, and Dud immediately assumes the defensive attitude of a man fighting with his back to the wall, and retorts in harried accents that the Yankees can testify that South Carolina was well represented, and even tells what troops were there and who commanded them, and who got killed,—and everything.

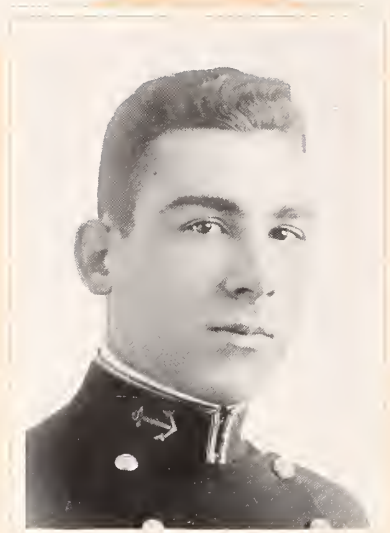
Dug's class standing has worried everyone

but himself, but he always pulls through. Time after time where a less worthy man would have faltered and gone by the board, Coling has come to the front, with a determination that shook him free of overwhelming odds as water is shaken clear of a Newfoundland. But he's not wooden. As some clown has remarked, "He's the savviest wooden man I ever see"—and it hits the nail on the head exactly.

We hope that his tendency towards the Marines will lessen, and that we shall always have him with us—but, whichever is to be, here's hoping that he will always find some one to argue with him, and that an easy chair and pipe will always be his. No man has, nor wants, a truer friend, and when the class breaks up, he takes our sincerest regard and friendship with him.

Buzzard





GEORGE BRUCE STAPLES

Alexandria, Louisiana

"Spanish"

NO write-up of Spanish would be complete without mention of Plebe year when he roomed with Liz Woolford on the fourth deck. Staples owes his life to his ability to dodge ink bottles, sloboons, and the like, which Liz used to heave at him in frequent moments of domestic infelicity. This practice has made him an adept at dodging the point whenever the prof wishes an explanation of the lesson, but Spanish gets away with his line of bluff.

Thanks to his ears, Spanish has only taken one Midshipman's cruise. No, gentle reader, we don't mean to insinuate that his ears are so big that he can't sleep comfortably in a hammock. He's merely as deaf as a stone post. But just whisper some juicy bit of scandal or dope, and he can hear it

clear across Smoke Hall in any kind of weather, even if he can only hear an Ingersoll two inches away.

The first time you hear his tenor voice, you wonder if he is bald. As a matter of fact he is too bald. His voice strikes high places like that of the Peruvian Prince in "Change the Name of Arkansas" fame. But worry over that fact, or any other, has not engraved any furrows upon his alabaster brow. He takes things pretty much as a matter of course, and consequently, is a good man to bum around with when out pleasure-hunting. He has a knack of having a good time wherever he is. But for the life of him, he can't see why a man can not marry his widow's sister.

*Buzzard
Company A*



Sharpshooter



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN STAUD

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

“Slats” “Duck”

IF Staud has his way, the Marine Corps is to be congratulated on having on its register a likeable, efficient, practical man of our class. Slats is a combination of those qualities which separately spell success in any walk of life. A keen perception and an unflinching judgment invariably exercised at the right time and in the right place insures his producing hits when hits mean runs.

The only thing his Teutonic tenacity has not overcome is that very Prince of Discomfort—sea-sickness. On every cruise Slats agrees with Mark Twain—“at first I was afraid I was going to die, and then I was afraid I was not going to die.” But he has

stuck it out, manifesting his never-say-die spirit.

In baseball, the Duck is an authority. He can give and give accurately the history of all the great and near-great of the diamond. He is as much at home with the bat as a fish is in the water, and to see him in these Sunday baseball games makes one agree that Hans Wagner was not the only baseball star produced in Pittsburgh.

Above all, he is a friend, and a friend in its fullest meaning. No one can know him but be the better for it, and the class wishes him the happiness and success proportional to his true character.

One Stripe



Company A



LELAND STANFORD STEEVES

Bangor, Michigan

"Steve" "Lover"

THE Wop is an exquisite, walking advertisement for what Ed Pinaud cannot do to a man. Verily, verily, the hair on his head is numbered, as the proverbial hen's teeth. Constant application of various remedies have served only to pickle the last rose, and to preserve it from old man Time in a mummified casing of various scented foo-foo.

After living with Charlie Noble for three years in a semi-conscious state of imbecility, he was finally induced to fuss the femmes—with disastrous results to the example he had set the Rouge Mike. Dame Rumor has it that there is a miniature in the case—but who can tell?

Steeves is more or less there in the broad jump, but where he shines is in swimming. He has graced the pool with his sylph form, attempting at various times to teach Jonas the most modern, classical variations of how the pigeon walk might be adapted for marine propulsion.

As a hop slinger, he has no equal. He can swallow the best with a straight face, and reply in kind with a tale that would stretch the credulity of the most credulous, and bring tears of mortification and envy to the eyes of Ananias. (E. Topp)?

"Where have you hid my pink letter?"

Buzzard
Track Numerals (2)



Masqueraders (4)



JOHN GILBERT MARSHALL STONE

New York, New York

“Stony” “John”

BEHOLD the Stone! Here is probably the most eccentric character in our class. You can never tell what he is going to do next. He doesn't know himself.

He is always unsat in something or other, but late lights and 5:30 call lists have kept him with us, although Math nearly got him a couple of times. He says Math re-exams can't be passed, and I guess he knows,—he has had two of them, and still he is here.

Stony is not as wooden as he would like people to believe, but something is always hanging heavily on his mind. Yes, he's a lover! Not one of these square-root lovers, but a real, sure-enough, true lover. You wouldn't think that women could fall for a face like that, would you? But, 'tis true, alas, 'tis true that Jack is without a

doubt the most “engaged” man in the whole class.

Stone is an authority on history and geography, due to his remarkable memory (and imagination). Most of his data is taken from his own varied personal experiences. That includes the Spanish-American War, the Civil War, and the War of 1812, although he admits that, at the time of the last named scrimmage, he was very young, and consequently doesn't remember all the details. And as for geography—don't get into an argument with him on that subject. He has lived in every town of any importance in the States, and has been born in an astonishing number of them.

“Mr. Stone, how do you derive that formula?”

“Sir, you don't derive it—you remember it.”

Buzzard



Sharpshooter



FELIX BUDWELL STUMP

Parkersburg, West Virginia

"Ma"

WHEN a man is born a politician, develops into an astute financier, and shows unmistakable signs of sea-faring ability, and crowns this with sterling honesty and a grouch which never wears off, even during June Week, it is more than probable that his course is frequently marked by application of the Rules of the Road, the Danger Signal, and forced draft. His log shows a varied career, a few pages relating to voyages on foreign soils being deleted by the censor.

He even abstains from experimenting with that eighty per cent. factor of friction which renders dancing in the gym such a source of muscular delight; but this has happened within the last year. However, he still attends the Swedish dances over there every Wednesday afternoon.

Stump comes from West Virginia, and he has increased in chest measurement four

inches in praising the sublimity of that region.

Plebe year he came near going back to the coal mines; but now the registers show him ringing the bell around a 3.2.

He has the happy faculty of delivering the goods without creating a riot, and the dangerous habit of meaning what he says. When he speaks and there are any plebes within a radius of his voice, there is much scampering of feet to get out of his way. He certainly is not all bark and no bite, either. This ability of his has served him well when in charge of deck, and woe be to the man who gets tangled up with Ma Stump on his tour of duty.

Ma, old girl, stick your red head up into the clouds, follow your freckled nose, and mind not what others think or say. Your code of integrity is good enough for anybody, so stick to it.



One Stripe



PAUL ULYSSES TEVIS

Newcomerstown, Ohio

“Papa”

PAPA, the grand old man of the Navy, has a record that any man ought to be proud of, and, like Johnny Walker, it is still going strong. They are crying for him back in Dayton, while on his breast he bears the medal of honor for conspicuous service in the cause of the allies.

We are genuinely glad to have had him with us these four years, except for one thing, namely, that unceasing, never-to-be-forgotten trombone. For Pa is a musician of no mean ability, as was shown by his band on the Wisconsin, First Class cruise. Many times have we been absorbed in the new Cosmo Sunday afternoons, or perhaps

deep in the innocence of sleep, when that agonizing sound would break forth from the sanctum of Paul Ulysses. It is rumored that Pa won early renown out in Dayton as leader of a standard, German band.

However, Pa is a conscientious worker and a man who will give the Navy all he has in him. He has been a good friend to us, and is always ready to go out of his way in order to help somebody.

With his stick-to-it qualities, together with his ever-readiness to lend a helping hand, he is bound to rise in the Navy, and it is the sincerest wish of his classmates that he may have a bon voyage.

*Two Stripes
Lacrosse Numerals (3)
Leader Glee Club*



*Glee Club (4, 3, 2, 1)
Choir (4, 3, 2)
Masqueraders (4)*



ROBERT GIBSON TOBIN

Danville, Virginia

"Fuzzy" "Toby" "Heavy"

FUZZY gets his nickname from his curly locks and his perpetual marcelle wave which is the envy of all the debutantes from Crabtown to Danville, Virginia. Under this priceless and perpetual treasure is a brain and a personality that anyone would be proud to have. Not many realize Tobin's savviness, for when it comes to boning, Fuzzy doesn't exercise his brain much. But he is blessed, as few are, for a short perusal of any lesson is usually sufficient to stand him up among those who have toiled.

If Fuzzy's time hadn't been so very much occupied during his sojourn in our midst by taking care of Gaby, which is some job, he would now be wearing a little bit of heaven on his collar. But that is where Tobin's loyalty and friendship come in. He would rather bilge himself than to see a friend go

unsat, and he is always ready to give all he's got, and then go and borrow some more, if need be, to help a friend.

For three years he has run cross-countries with the track squad in the winter, and torn around the cinder path all the spring, and, believe us, there are darn few of the boys that can come down the home stretch ahead of him.

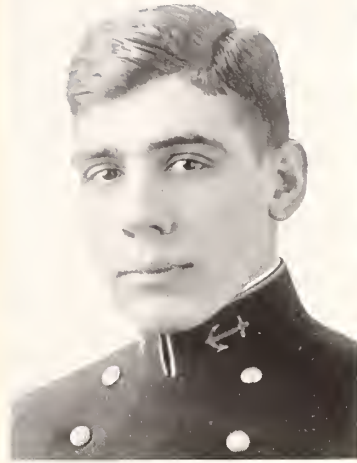
Fuzzy is a Virginian and an Irishman, with a pride and character intermingled in him. His State and the Service can both be proud of him, for his motto is to think of others first, and himself last. With him honor is everything, and what he says is as good as done.

Fuzzy, if those ears don't get you, we'll take you out with us and keep you till old Father Time comes along.

*Two Stripes
Track Numerals (3, 2)*



Track Squad (4, 3, 2)



EMILE TOPP

Prince Bay, Staten Island, New York

"Emile"

EMILE is a conservative. In fact, he might even be called a reactionary, since he is constitutionally opposed to reforms of any sort. First Class year, when we decided not to wear decorations and carry pennants to the Army-Navy game, Topp wept because we had departed from the system of draping our waists with yellow sashes.

No one has ever entered Smoke Hall at any time that they didn't see the sage smoking a pipe filled with good, old Union Leader. His chief delight while there is to listen to the harmonious notes of the Smoke Hall quartette, which satisfy the craving of his music-loving soul. As he would so aptly remark, "Them what has studied English don't speak no better than me."

On board ship especially, Topp's sterling worth is brought out. He can tell you just how everything ought to be done, and if

he could revise the Navy Regulations, the Navy would be changed to a perfect fighting machine.

His most notable exploit was his superb management of the forward handling room crew on the Ohio, First Class cruise. After the first salvo all the lights went out. It developed that only three powder bags had been passed up to the turret. The efficient Topp grasped the situation at once. He struck a match and stalked about the handling room, and commanded, "Who's got that missing powder bag?"

If your long line of hop as displayed at Doc's at the usual meetings of the Ben Jonson Club is a good example of your talkative and argumentative ability, Emile, you should have been a lawyer. But you're in the Navy now, and we can use that good nature and ever-ready wit to advantage.

Buzzard



Soccer Numerals (4)



JOHN JOSEPH TWOMEY

Lynn, Massachusetts

"Twoomy" "Jahn"

FOR the best definition of a Red Mike you need only glance at the picture above, and you have it at once. Even the warm shade of his hair adds to make the definition complete. Ever since the June Ball Plebe year, John has studiously avoided all hops, and his first appearance with one of the fair sex is still a thing of the future. However, as Dutch says, West Lynn and Annapolis are pretty far apart, and then again, one girl is enough to keep the man on the jump, anyway.

Second Class year John suddenly decided that the summer cruise was a long way off, so, early in January, he packed up his belongings and went for a month's trip aboard

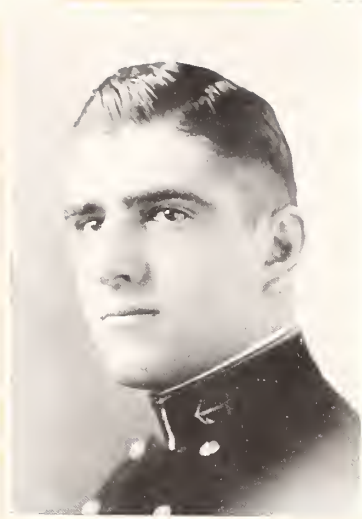
the *Reina*. Also, as becomes sea-going men, he is very fond of the water, and every week during the cold winter months he can be seen falling in with the swimming squad (extra) for a dip in the cool, refreshing waters of the tank.

But, joking aside, John is the kind of a man to have for a friend. Always ready to go out of his way to help someone, he is quiet, unassuming, and thoughtful, with never a harsh word against anyone. Not everyone can, or is willing to look always for the best in others, and to overlook their faults.

It is with pleasure that we have known you here at the Academy, John—may we continue to be friends after we leave here.

Buzzard





JOHN COOD TYLER

Louisville, Kentucky

"Jawn"

JOHN hails from Kentucky, the state that is famed for blue-grass and speed, but aside from his long, lean, race-horse build, there is nothing speedy about him, unless it's the way he falls for the women.

John is a rather aristocratic individual with a manner all his own, and his most striking characteristic is his congeniality. John is one of the few remaining patriarchs of the old Sixth company. Youngster year when the fourth deck roof was a constant temptation, John was one of the few who couldn't resist.

Youngster cruise, while manoeuvring in Marseilles, Tyler boarded a street car without the least idea of where he was going. He endeavoured to find out by turning to a little Frenchman along side. Referring to

a nearby building, he said,—“Is zees de Imperial Hotel?” (Simulating his best French). The Frenchman, much annoyed at being accosted, replied, “Naw, this ain't a hotel, this is a street car.”

John is not ostensibly a lady's man, yet it is not entirely unknown to see him break out occasionally. However, his youthful hopes were severely bumped in the bud when, after a terrific period of admiration, he received his girl's wedding invitation. However, such minor details are the least of his worries.

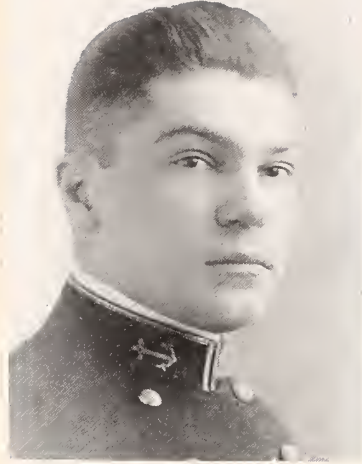
But seriously, John is a mighty fine fellow. He is big hearted and a firm friend—one could not ask for more.

“Oh! frailty, woman is thy name.”

Buzzard



Crew Squad (4, 3)



NICHOLAS VYTLACIL

Chicago, Illinois

“Vit” “Nick”

NICK is never heard proclaiming from the house tops what a wazzo this man Vytlacil is. But in the Navy, where results are the measure of the man, Nick stands out above the multitude. While others are blowing about what they are going to do, Nick is usually doing something. During the swimming season no one ever worried about the results of the breast stroke race when Nick was in the swim. And he boosted the record so high that the man who beats it will either have web feet, or wear an Evinrude.

Plebe year, he went out for crew. There were no loud reports as to what a gold-plated wonder he was, but Dick Glendon has a good eye, so Second Class year we find Nick stroking the first crew at the Henley. He was coming into his own, and there was a chorus of “Right-o” when the word went around that he was elected captain.

Nick’s life hasn’t been all bright and shiny. Don’t mention the “laundry bag lunch” to him, unless you can do the hundred in ten flat. The story is well told elsewhere in this book. Don’t swallow it hook, bait, and sinker, for it is belied by the three stripes that were awarded him by the powers that be for efficient work during that same session.

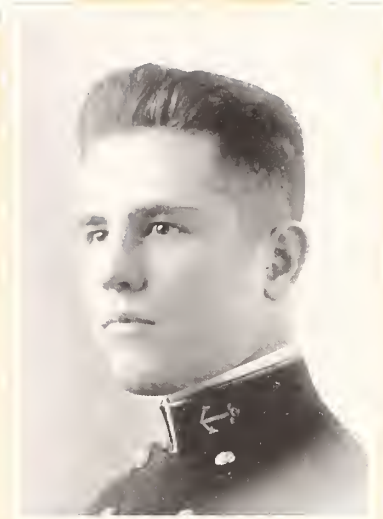
He is leaving us as he came,—unaffected, considerate, square; sometimes a bit worried, but never rhino; sparing in his criticism of others and spared in theirs. You might get the impression from all this that he doesn’t mix much, but if you do, you are far from home. He’s always in the gang, believe me!

“Mr. Vermicelli, read us what you have.”

*Three Stripes
Crew N (2)
Captain Crew*



*sNT (3, 2)
Expert Pistol Bar*



LAWRENCE WAINWRIGHT

Washington, D. C.

"Lawrence"

FROM the start this young Navy junior has shown a character which flatly refuses to be bound by conventions, or by anything else that he does not consider right and reasonable.

The Academic Departments have never had any terrors for him. He has always stood very well in his class with little effort, because he has always been interested in some of his work, and because his savvy-looking glasses and his knowledge of the dictionary have enabled him to get away with many things. There is just one trouble with the Admiral's gray matter. It is never satisfied with just ordinary work—the work of the book worm for him. He spends hours wrapped in the "History of Mathematics," psychology, the invention of a diffograph, or efficiency systems; but when it comes to an

ordinary steam lesson—"Oh what's the use; I've got too much else to do."

Where the Admiral has really shown himself at his best is in the Masqueraders. He has been electrician and general mechanical genius for three years, and this year he holds the well-merited position of manager. His electrical signs have often made Mahan Hall look like a misplaced section of the "Great White Way."

On the Log Staff his disregard for conventions, his dislike for anything that does not seem reasonable to him, his ready flow of unusual language, coupled with a keen sense of humor, have brought him into the lime-light—perhaps a little too much so. How about it, Admiral?

Wherever he goes, Wainwright will make good, and we send him on to make his mark.

Buzzard
Three Diagonal Stripes
Manager Masqueraders



Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1)
Log Staff (1)



THEODORE MAX WALDSCHMIDT

Lead, South Dakota

"Teddy"

TEDDY'S friends know him so well that a mere write-up in these pages will seem but repetition of various qualities that are essential to the make-up of a gentleman. He says so little about himself that it has taken four years for his best friends to fill in a skeleton of his life previous to joining us.

He is most noted for his subjugation of the Irish. Nobody has ever been able to explain this mystery, but from the beginning of Plebe year he has had John J. enmeshed in his smile—the battle of the Boyne to the contrary. That is nothing unusual, for a girl told him the same thing, and he hasn't got over it yet.

The Dutchman isn't much of a Rouge Mike, in spite of his deadly power. We haven't quite solved the mystery of why he doesn't drag oftener. He dances better than Per-fesser Bell and "civilans," and has a taking

way. One of the best theories brought out was that he was remembering some South Dakota queen, but an occasional hop during Second Class year fixed that. Ask him about the time that Sol was going to let him dance with "such a queen" out at Frisco.

Teddy is always willing to lend a hand. Witness the many times he has been on duty on hop nights, and what can be asked further from any man?

He is also more or less philosophical. He regards other people's faults with tolerance, and his smile is forever breaking out upon the least provocation. A Second Classman says of him, "Teddy is the kind of man that won't be downcast, always genial and unselfish, he has made himself liked by all classes." He is a man's man whom we would like to have with us during fun or trouble.

Buzzard



Masqueraders (3, 2, 1)



HOMER NORMAN WALLIN

Washburn, North Dakota

"Swede" "Belk"

SWEDE was brought up on wheat cakes and democracy and is still strong for both. When stencil ink first tickled his proboscis, he was in doubt whether he would rather plant his pedes in North Dakota again, or read meters. The Navy looked like the Red Sea to him, and he yearned to use a mule's tail for a compass, instead of the mysterious, gyrating Sperry. But as tempus fugited the Navy grabbed him with an iron mitt, and we now have the product—a straightforward, steady, savvy, sea-going (?) sailor.

He has had an easy time, with both the Discipline and Academic Departments under his control. The sea, however, seems to be his *bête-noir*. Everytime it kicks up a little, you can see him as three-striper of the company manning the nearest rail—or

trying to play possum in a dark corner.

He is the best man imaginable to make a liberty with, and is with us heart and money for making a good time. Common sense is his long suit,—essentially practical in everything—and this ability to use his bean will follow him into the Service and give us a shipmate of the first water.

In athletics Swede was a valuable member of that famous Youngster basketball team, and his distinguished work on that squad earned for him his numerals in that good, old sport.

May we never lock horns, Swede, because you are a better man than most of us. Keep your arms locked with ours, Belk, and we'll go out into the Service with a good, strong link in the chain.

*One Stripe
Basketball Numerals (4)*



Sharpshooter



JOHN NEWTON WALTON

Lansford, Pennsylvania

"Dutch" "Ike"

WHEN you see this son of the Fatherland come strolling along, you'll wonder why he ever left his former care-free existence to join the ranks of the future admirals, for since Dutch came into our midst his disposition has had a sore test, and he has acquired a double chin which lends much gravity to his already serious expression.

Perhaps much of the seriousness in Walton's nature might be laid to the fact that for two years he roomed with the famous Horatio Baker. Said man having a habit of always being unsat. But Dutch has had little trouble in this line.

First Class year he blossomed out as battalion staff petty officer, and since then his chief worry has been that Topp will cause

him to lose his coveted bird and stars.

On the cruises Dutch would join a party of well-wishing Germans, viz: Weitzel and Topp, etc., and none would be seen again until the last boat was ready to shove off. Rumors have it that they used to meet German spies, but I think that the truth is that they sought out a Hofbrau house, and then lost themselves in a maze of German delights.

As a man Dutch has the right idea, and no one can make him change his mind about what's right and what's wrong. Those who are friends of the Dutchman know his real worth, know him for the true friend he is at all times.

"Say, Topp, how is it to keep quiet and give someone else a chance?"

Buzzard





CLARENCE OLIVER WARD

Casa Grande, Arizona

“Cap” “C.O.”

ONE reason we call him Cap is because he was Captain of our boys on the gridiron; but the biggest reason of them all is because he has steered our class through all its trials for four long years without wavering from his ideas of what is right. He has his own theories of the proper thing to think and do, and yet he is more than glad to consider the thoughts of others.

Cap is a splendid example of what a stern, rugged sense of fair dealing, backed by unlimited grit and integrity, will do for a man when he determines to make good. Whenever we think of Ward we immediately think of a square deal and an almost uncanny ability to produce. Whatever he undertakes he accomplishes with honor and well-deserved success; when the Captain sets his eye on a distant goal, his wonderful determination, powerful will, and strength of character place him at the top of the ladder within easy reach of the goal, and every man feels happy over his success.

Cap is a natural born leader of men—and these are few and far between—and many a man in trouble, even while telling the Captain about it, has absorbed the latter’s healthy and sunny ideas of right, and has gone forth to execute them and to reflect credit upon himself.

Never within our knowledge has one knocker raised his voice against this man, and, in truth, had Bobbie Burns lived in recent years, we think it would have been the Captaining that he wrote about when he said, “A man’s a man for a’ that.”

When the time comes for a man to make good for his friend or for his country, a time that needs a man to put it across, there is one in the Class of 1917 who can do it, a man who has never had a word spoken of him that was not of praise, a man that possesses the respect and love of every man with whom he ever came into contact,—Cap Ward.

Three Stripes
Football N (3, 2, 1)
Captain Football

Crew N (3)
WNT (4, 3)

Light Heavy Weight Wrestling
(4, 3, 2)



Football Numerals (4)
Crew Numerals (4)
Class President (3, 2, 1)
President Athletic Association
Director Y. M. C. A.
Second All-American Tackle



PHILIP WILSON WARREN

Springfield, Illinois

"Saucer" "Sauce" "Phil"

WARREN'S specialties are boats and women. He has always represented his company in the inter-company sailing races, and no hop is quite complete without him. His reputation as a dancing man is demonstrated by the fact that he has represented the class on the Hop Committee, the June Ball Committee and the Class German Committee. His special fondness seems to have been for the Seminary variety with Bristol School as the chief contributor.

June Weeks you may see him established in his private car, which is always side-tracked for his accommodation at that time. He has never devoted his attentions to any one particular girl, but he would consider matrimony, if he could find some one who would support him in the style that he desires. When he makes a liberty he likes

to stay at the best hotels, and sit in the front seats at the best shows; in fact, to enjoy the best that any port offers in the way of amusement, regardless of the cost, or the means of attaining his wishes.

Warren has never been a savoir around the Academy; he has even had to take re-exams to stay with us, although First Class year he has managed to get by without much trouble. There is not, however, a more efficient man in the class aboard ship when it comes to getting results with the minimum of effort and confusion.

A good fellow, a gentleman, and one who is well liked by all his classmates. Warren is a good representative of the type of man who has gotten a great deal out of Academy life.

*Buzzard .
Hop₂ Committee*



*Class German Committee
June Ball Committee*



GEORGE KARL WEBER

Erie, Pennsylvania

“Geok”

GEOK—quite a name; you’re right, and quite a man, too. None of us ever knew all about Geok, but none of us ever worried about that, for he gave us enough to worry about after he came here. We never knew, for instance, whether he had been clear through college or not—but he sings like a bird, so we just supposed he had, and let it go at that.

Have you ever gazed upon a more beet-like “mush”? Looks like an easterly wind was going to blow all night, or the geeing side of a dredge with the white light out.

When Geok wasn’t too busy having a good time, he was quite serious—a young filusifer in fact, and he certainly had a good line. All around, though he’s a cheerful cuss, he can blush like a little girl when occasion demands it—or when he couldn’t help it. There was a queer thing about the old boy—he wouldn’t, like the most of us, discuss or

brag about his love affairs with the girls, yet he never would admit that anyone else had the queen. We wonder? But, just the same, leave it to Geok to cheer up the rhino boys.

But Weber had his rhino days once upon a time—just ask Wop, or any of the rest of the Plebes that roomed on the fourth deck, left wing, during Plebe year. It’s a long story and one that he would not like to tell for himself, or have others tell it about him, but it’s true, nevertheless, and it’s good, too.

Geok is a good lad, and we like him immensely. All you have to do, Geok, when you get your hands on that sheepskin, is to hoist your meal pennant and turn on your “not-under-command” lights, and your way will be clear.

“Aw now listen, fellers, you know as well as I do.”

Buzzard
Class Sabre Championship (2)
Fencing Numerals (2)



Expert Rifleman
Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2)



FREDERICK LEWIS WEIS

Providence, Rhode Island

"Carlos"

THIS short biography is intended to be serious, the subject is serious, intensely serious, George Ade or Bill Nye would never dare trifle with it. His mind, as well as that intangible something called spirit, constitute a revelation in the flesh. Perhaps his ancestors had something to do with it, they were Puritans of the nth degree, or at least second cousins to that redoubtable organization. His knowledge of his ancestors is exact and precise, a great deal more accurate than his knowledge of the sacred interior of a motor-generator.

To be absolutely frank, Weis is one man to whom a mark is as remotely to be desired as is an Admiral's cap,—to be reached in

time, perhaps. But in spite of a disregard for Tecumseh he does not belong to the radiator club. His study hours are spent in perusal of philosophies. To his friends, the involved and complicated creed and ideas that he occasionally elucidates are nothing short of marvellous. But even with these dead old fogies in his mind he gets along quite comfortably.

His personality marks him from the average midshipman as a man of intense moral convictions, with a sense of justice which is never betrayed, and as a man with a personal independence which has survived the batterings of three years in the wilderness.

Buzzard





CHARLES WILLIAM WEITZEL

Pueblo, Colorado

“Doggie” “Max” “Pretz” “Carlos”

GANGWAY for Carlos! He’s big and looks mean, but he has a nature as gentle as a maiden’s and a heart as big as—well, his feet might convey the idea if you’ve ever seen them. Carlos is a man, every inch of him, and it is that that makes even the Plebes swear by him.

Athlete? We should say so! The class football team couldn’t have been without him, and his wNT is two years old. He and we will long remember what he had to do to win it. But there’s one thing Pretz would rather do than anything else in the world—give him a big black pipe and somewhere to prop his feet up, and you will

have a picture of perfect contentment in less than two minutes.

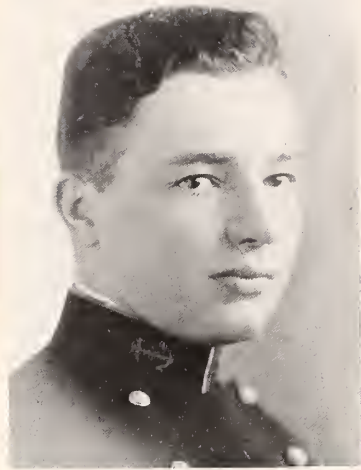
Charlie always says that the girls never bother him, and if it be faces that attract the fair sex, it is easy to see just why that is. His smile is a facial distortion. It frightened us at first, but we soon grew accustomed to it, then we learned to like it, and now we hate to see him without it.

Doggie can never tell a story straight—to wit “The Pajamas”—and his capacity for each is notoriously abnormal; but he has a healthy habit of pulling sat on the semi-ans, and that’s why we still can hear him say, “My God, you’re ugly, Irish.”

Buzzard
wNT (2)



Football Numerals (2)



BENJAMIN OSBORNE WELLS

Portage, Wisconsin

"Violet" "Lizzie"

EACH semi-annual marks an epoch in the naval career of our hero. Epoch No. 1 commenced sometime in April, 1913, when the wild Wisconsinite first entered the national nursery for pampered pets. Any rough-house that Violet missed has not been recorded, and when the Academic year ended that blissful and care-free summer, Wells had a front seat on the mourner's bench.

The Academic Board, with its usual thoroughness, ended the record Xmas tree of 1913 thusly; "Wells, B. O., Math, English, Languages, Mech Drawing." In fact, when it came to publicity, Violet was hitting a thousand. Exams came and went, as did many of our class, but Violet stuck with us, thus ending Epoch one.

With the progress of time Violet entered a

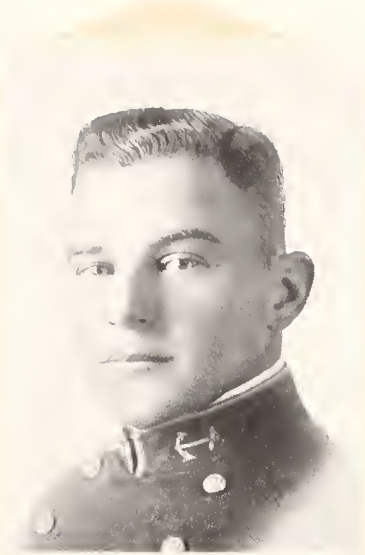
growing campaign. Mentally, this was a decided advantage, but at that, he had no tailor's bill for collar stars. But speaking of tailor's bills and growing—the other epochs in Violet's career have consisted in a hard fight to keep out of bankruptcy, as his faculty for outgrowing has made him already bald-headed in keeping the wolf from the door.

As an all round athlete (Mexican included), Violet has a first mortgage on the honors. His famous Fatima football team was certainly the most formidable of the Sunday afternoon irregulars.

A Red Mike at heart, Wells has attended hops spasmodically, because 'he deems it essential to naval life, and his duty. That spirit sums up his character in a nut-shell.

Buzzard





LEONARD PAUL WESSELL

Wilmington, North Carolina

"Dutch" "Weasel"

YOUNGSTER year the Navy lost a good quarter-back, and '16 lost a MAN, when Fritz fell and broke his arm. During his sojourn in the various hospitals, Dutch has learned to call more nurses, docs, apprentices, etc. by their first names than the rest of us could in a lifetime.

His middle name is efficiency, and had he been here last year, it's our dope that some striper would be wearing a buzzard and Fritz's tailor bill would be considerably smaller.

If all that we hear is true, Fritz must have had some harrowing experiences on that famous cruise of the "Illy." Mind you, we never hear of this from Fritz, except in his sleep, but the most of it comes from the boys who were there, too.

This susceptible Dutchman has a growing affinity for Cincinnati and one of the active members of the Theta sorority. The famous drag on that notorious New Year's

day has made Fritz a firm disbeliever of the friend's friend theory.

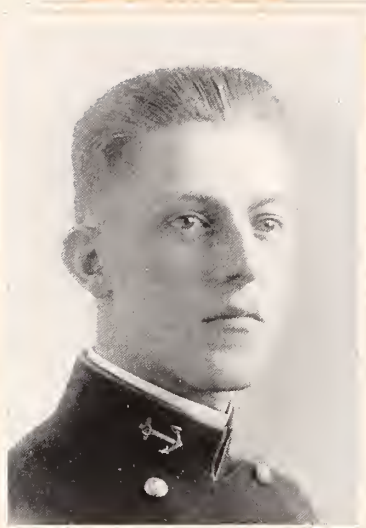
"E-yow-hou," and the Dutchman has arrived. To hear him you might think that one of Barnum and Bailey's famous ring-tailed tribe was having a little matrimonial misunderstanding, resulting in much tree-top chatter and clawing of fur. But such is not the case; Fritz, with his old-style, peanut hat and his pouter pigeon chest has slid into Smoke Hall on one wheel, and he has simply given vent to this gustacious ejaculation to let Nino know that he has arrived in the Hall of Many Memories. Upon arrival, hearing Emmet pounding the ivories, he is wont to viciously grab the nearest "Standby," assume a most heavenly expression, and indulge in that gentle art of treading on other people's toes.

With all his monkey calls, Dutch has a smile that would gladden the heart of a dinosaur, and we are glad he is one of us.

Buzzard
Football Numerals (4, 3)



Baseball Numerals (4, 3)



JULIAN LEVERIC WOODRUFF

Catskill, New York

"Woody"

HERE we have that perennial pest, the maker of the long-winded, pointless joke. He subscribes to the "Literary Digest," and such other magazines of staid nature, and sports a vocabulary of imposing words.

Woodruff has no trouble in making a 3.0, and has had time to at least make a training-table athlete of himself on the track.

For three years he praised and magnified the Lord on Sunday mornings, and this year he is leading others in their praises. He has also held down a corner on the Glee Club, due mostly to his choir abilities, and if he had his way, would grace the Mandolin Club

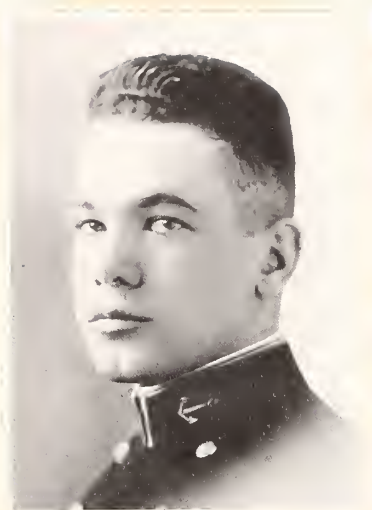
too. With joking aside, the boy can sing. He usually drags, has a fairly good time, and does not worry over the girl after he has put her on the car on Sunday afternoons. You notice we said "usually." Sometimes the girl could say "Hit, no change," but it would only last until the next hop, when there he was again, all primed up.

In his work, as in his recreation, he does just what is expected, no more, no less, and in his career as an officer, he will probably duplicate his career as a midshipman; a moderate success at everything he undertakes.

Buzzard
Track Squad (4, 3, 2)
Choir Leader
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1)



Glee Club (3, 2)
Masqueraders (4)
Mandolin Club (3, 1)



STANTON HALL WOOSTER

New Haven, Connecticut

"Bob"

NOW we come to a most unique character, a man full of life, full of enthusiasm, and, above all, full of an inherent desire to seize every opportunity to do a friend a good turn. The most remarkable feature about him is that, although he is always anxious to boost a friend, he is just as anxious to do it secretly and without any show or desire for praise. It is unfortunate for the medical profession that they did not get Bob, for he most certainly possesses the gift of making a blue fellow happy and contented.

Bob is a fellow easily moved, but good advice is to use a little discretion which way you move him. Just say to him, "No, I won't, Bobby," or ask him the latest method of washing buckskin gloves, and his old physiog will display the most attractive, reddish tinge, a substitute for which can only be sought in the modest cheeks of the fairer sex. Accuse him of cowardice and

he will show you by a process of "elimination" that your accusations are not well founded. Mars, the God of War, in all his horrible attire and accoutrements of battle cannot frighten him.

Bob would rather coal a battleship alone than study Dago. And by this I do not mean that he is wooden by any means. Just look at any of the past three Registers to assure yourself that such is not the case. Bob's savviness does not consist in remembering a mass of formulae; he simply dopes out everything.

To say the least, make Bob Wooster's friendship and you have added to your list a person whose high standards you are sure to copy. There is nothing mediocre in his entire make-up. His everlasting maxim is to be by and to do for a friend just ten times what he expects that friend to do for him.

Buzzard
Choir (4, 3)



Glee Club (4, 3, 2)
Masqueraders (4, 3)



FRANK LYMAN WORDEN

Missoula, Montana

“Red”

WE all thought that Red was intelligent until he told a steam prof that the main drain was made of wood, honest we did—and really, it's no reflection on us, for Red looks intelligent, and he usually acts intelligent, and then surely a man couldn't hold down a position on the best lacrosse team in the country, and be a more or less successful fusser, and evade the O. C. and smoking paps for three years if he wasn't intelligent! Maybe it was a slip. Red never would believe that it was his lovely dimples that made the ladies like him so—but it was, those and his smile.

For more reasons than one, Red is a bright

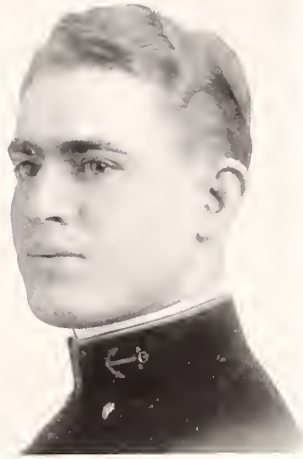
spot wherever he goes. It's too bad photographs don't show colors.

Red hates to bone and usually doesn't until he has to. And he hates that vile weed; so much so that he does his best to send up in smoke all of it that he can find. Beware if you have ever pulled off a boob stunt, for Red will be among the first on your heels to josh you about it. Red, without his repartee wouldn't be Red. His system of repartee is simple and easily learned. It is repartee by the numbers. Number one calls for “You ought to know,” number two says “You've been peeping.”

Buzzard.
LNT (2)



Lacrosse Numerals (3)
Soccer Numerals (4, 3)



BEN HARRISON WYATT

Williamsburg, Kentucky

"Ben"

ONE day the Duty Officer put his hands to his ears, took his feet from the desk, and went out into the corridor to see what the commotion was. He found out: Ben Wyatt had entered the Navy. Yes, he can talk; and you can hear him talk. It matters not what you give him to talk about, —he'll do it. Of course, in common with all of us, he has his pet subjects, consisting in this case of girls, tea-fights, and wrestling. With the ladies, Ben is a bear. We speak of Ben's fussing abilities from merit, not from the custom of always doing so in a Lucky Bag write-up. Why, we have seen Ben drag as many as four girls at once to some affair, and keep every one of them listening all the time. Did you ever hear a specimen of Wyattonian wit? Well, say, if you have not, then you have missed something that no man should lose out on. It will surprise you, we'll warrant that.

Now, as an athlete, Ben really is a wonder. Any man who can wrestle in two weights in every meet, make a clean sweep in his own weight for a season, and win all but one in the weight above his own, is quite a man, you must grant that. Whatever Ben chooses to do, he works hard at it, and there is simply some unsurmountable obstacle in the way, if he doesn't make good. He was a good man on the football squad, making the "A" squad and the table, despite his light weight.

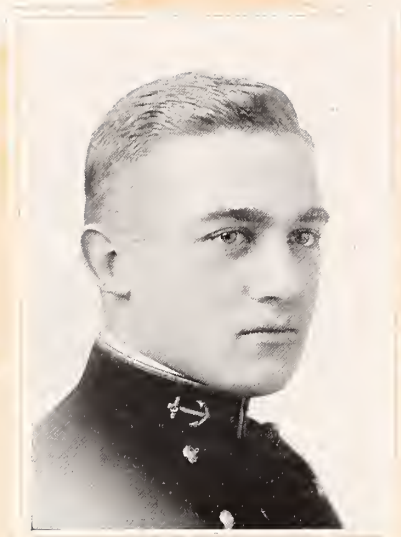
In after years, when you first hear from afar a musical voice, and then get a glimpse of light curly hair, you will know that you are in for no dull time, for it is Wyatt, Navy, and things begin to hum.

"Wall, now, I don't know about that. What is the dope, anyway?"

Two Stripes
WNT (4, 3, 2)
Captain Wrestling
Football Numerals (2, 1)



Special Weight Wrestling
Championship (3, 2)
Treasurer Athletic Association (2)
Director Y. M. C. A.



RALPH WYMAN

Shell, Wyoming

"Ralph"

RALPH comes from a little spot about fifty miles from anywhere, way out in the wilds of Wyoming. We don't know much about the town itself, the biggest thing about it being that it takes Wyman six days to get there (two of them by stage coach.) In spite of this he is enthusiastic about the country out that way. To look at him you would never believe that he was a rough and ready Westerner, but he is. He is ready and practical and the kind of a man to have with you in a tight place.

His practical mind is shown in the way he used to rig a tent over his cot at night on the cruise, and then laugh at the boys when the rain drove them below about 2 A. X. in the morning. This winter he turned his

attention to radio, and now has an excellent set and talks their lingo like old Marconi.

He is a quiet person in his way, and is one that you would naturally like upon meeting. As generous as they make them, and obliging to the extreme. He has quite spoiled Kiland by making up his bed for him time and again on hop nights, sweeping out the room, while Swenski is either fussing or slinging the hop in Smoke Hall.

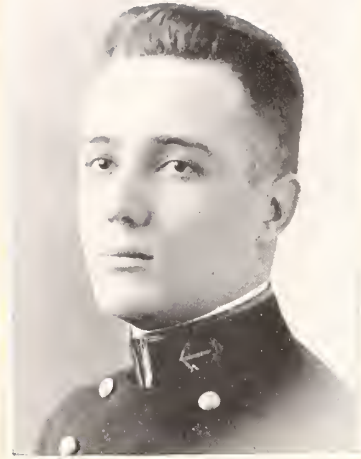
Ralph is not what you would call a fusser, but every once in a while he breaks out and drags just to show everyone that he is not against it.

You've stuck to Gyp like a flea to a dog's back, and we know that you will stick just as closely to the Service and your ideals.

Buzzard



Crew Squad (4, 3)



SYDNEY JULIAN WYNNE

Redlands, California

"Syd" "Hughkus"

JUST take a look at this Native Son and see if you don't think he's a pretty good looking chap. He's the prettiest boy around these parts, and is consequently a bear cat with the women.

And as for Syd himself, we like him through and through. Always a true friend, and congenial companion, and as generous as they make 'em. In the line of duty he is on the spot as his sleeve shows, and those stripes are no presents either. On our First Class cruise on the Ohio, when the Navigator became Exec too, Hukus showed that he could manage a thing or two, and held down the Aid to Exec's billet all summer, seemingly with no trouble at all.

Syd's athletic activities have been mostly in the swimming line, and there he is good. He is a fish in the water, and his fancy dives would make the fascinating Annette blush

with envy. Last year he came out to see what he could do on the track and found that there he could do pretty well, too.

Syd has been Piggy's gentle keeper throughout the course, which shows that he is pretty good-natured and patient, for Piggy is known to have a most potent line upon all occasions, and Syd has come through his baptism of words unscathed.

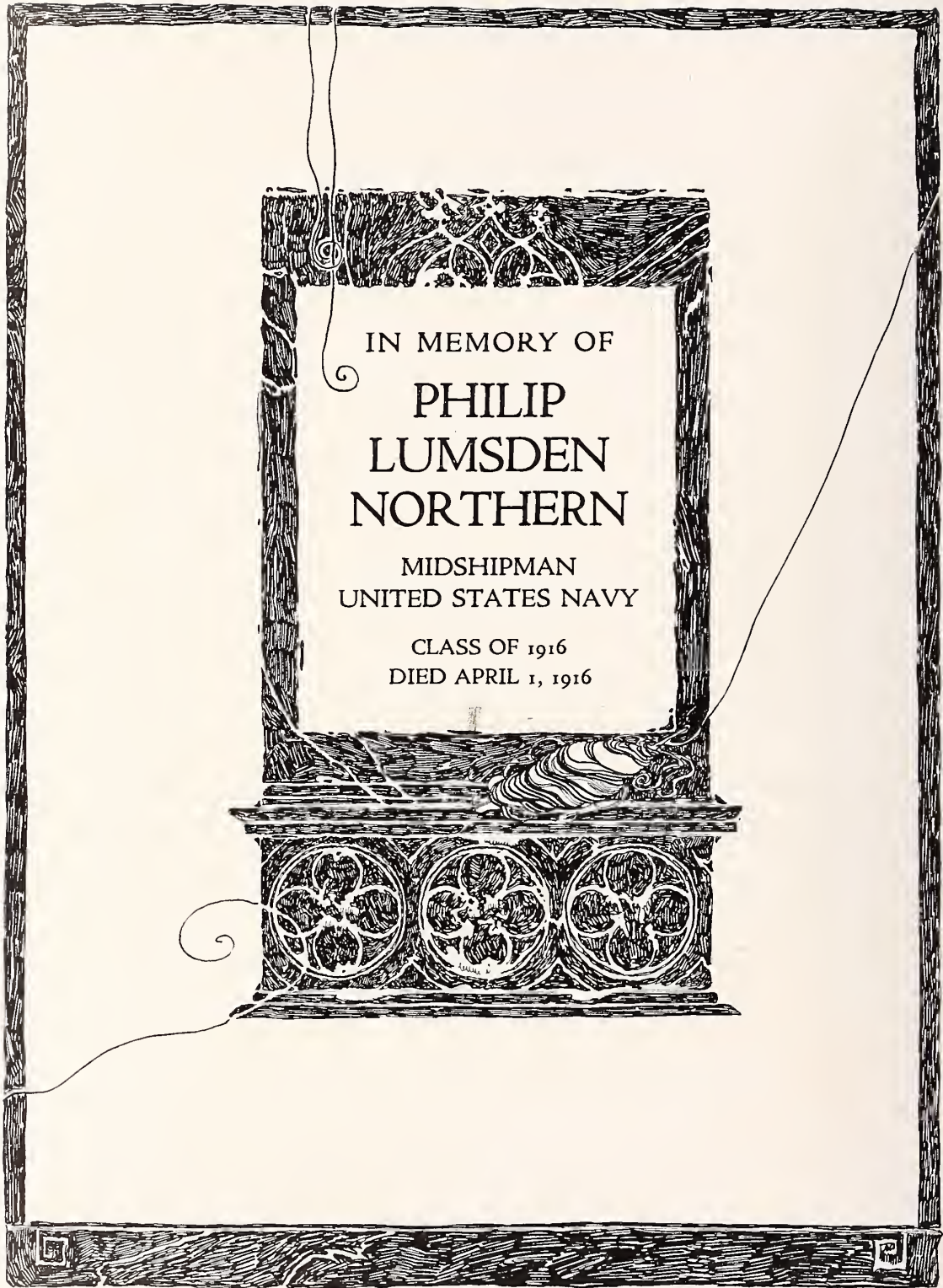
Two lumps and a piece of lemon, and the fight is on with Syd in the middle of the scrap. And that isn't the end of the story, either—in fact there is never an end, for he makes a touchdown every time he gets his talons on a piece of Jap china. If you ever see him at the job, just watch that little finger sticking daintily outward like the radiator of a tin Lizzie.

"Isn't he just the best looking boy you ever saw?"

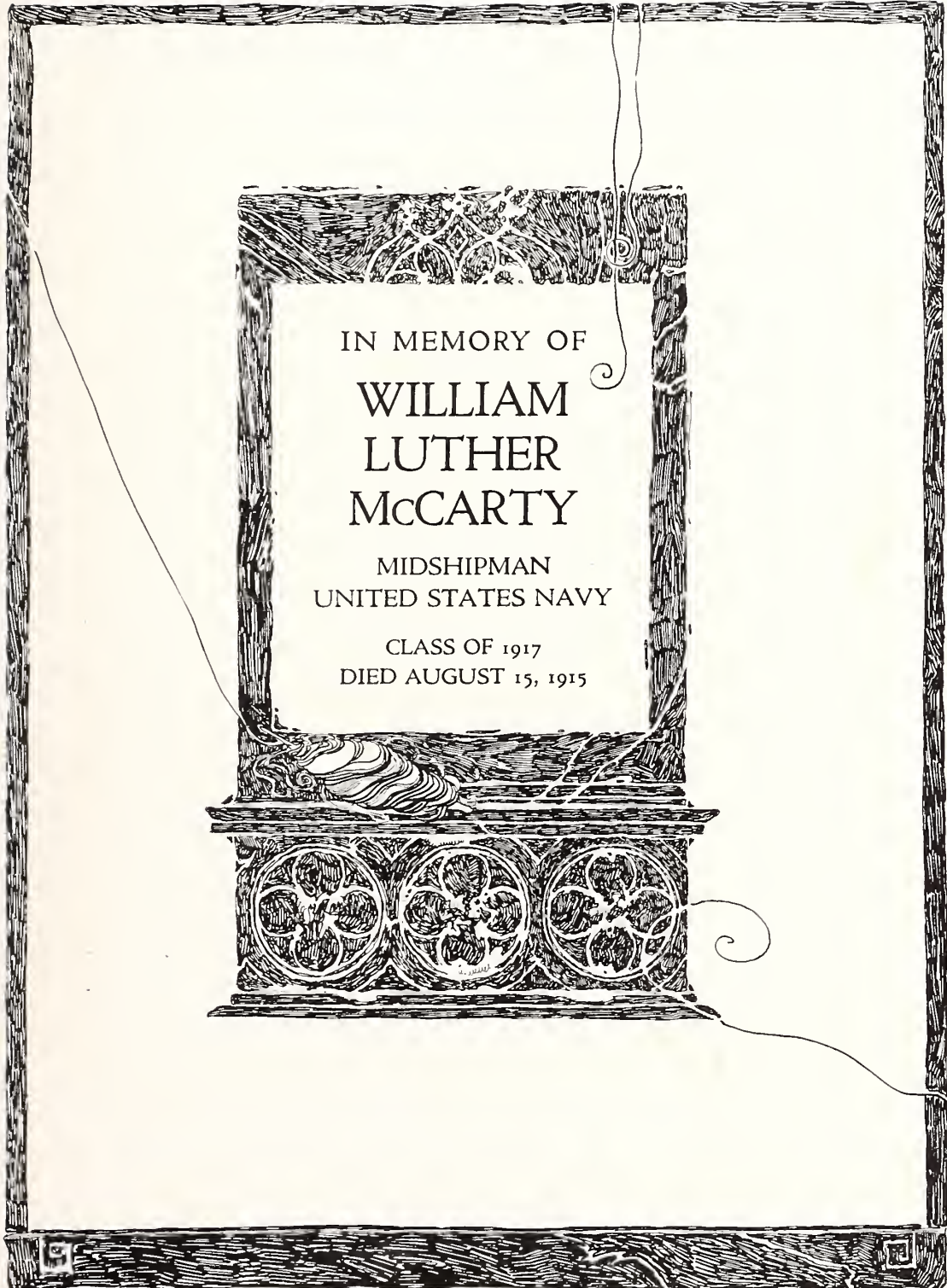
*Four Stripes
Track Numerals (2)
Swimming Squad (4, 3, 2)*



*Lucky Bag Staff
Class German Committee*



IN MEMORY OF
PHILIP
LUMSDEN
NORTHERN
MIDSHIPMAN
UNITED STATES NAVY
CLASS OF 1916
DIED APRIL 1, 1916



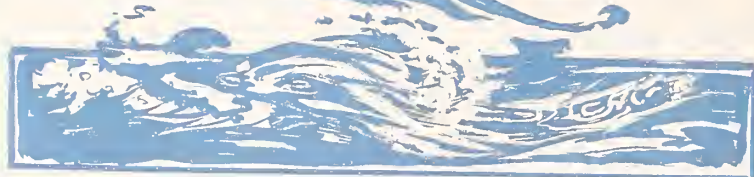
IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM
LUTHER
McCARTY
MIDSHIPMAN
UNITED STATES NAVY
CLASS OF 1917
DIED AUGUST 15, 1915

G O N E

BY THE



B O A R D



LOST AT SEA

Anderson, J. P.
Appleton, D. S.
Baker, H. O.
Beall, R. L.
Bennett, F. W.
Boehme, P. L.
Bontz, C. K.
Bowman, C. H.
Brightman, A. B.
Brown, H. W.
Browne, W. T.
Brush, O. G.
Burke, T. G.
Byers, R. R.
Bynon, J. F.
Carroll, C. S.
Chalmers, T. L.
Clark, J. J.
Conant, D. G.
Connolly, M. J.
Courtney, F. J.
Craig, A. B.
Creesy, A. E.
Critchfield, M. H.
Cronan, J. G.
Crosley, F. S.
Curr, C. R.
Curran, J. A.
Daab, P. M.
De Veaux, L. C.
Dobyns, T. A., Jr.
Downey, K. C. W.
Drought, H. L.
Duvall, E. E., Jr.
Eaches, R. M.
Fisher, T. G.
Fitch, D. B.
Fitz Simons, S. G.
Flagg, A. P.
Foley, F. C.
Fox, H. W.
French, I.
Frere, B.
Gallup, A. H.
Gamble, H. G.
Gathings, J. C.
Gayle, W. A., Jr.
Gleich, O. C.
Glick, D.
Goepfert, L. W.
Gray, J. F. W.
Grove, C. S.
Habrylewicz, L. L.
Haines, J. M.
Halstead, F. D.
Harrison, T. W.
Hayes, H. D.
Herndon, C.
Hooks, D. R.
Hopkins, W. H., Jr.
Houchin, L. A.
Hutson, A. L.
Jacobs, M. A.
Jemail, M. J.
Johnson, R. L.
Jones, W. D., Jr.
Kennedy, J. F.
Kimball, E. A.
King, E. D.
Kirtland, C. W.
Leggett, W. A.
Lindstrom, G. T.
Loth, M. A. R.
Lowry, E. J.
Lucado, T. J.
Luth, W. C.
McCarty, W. L.
Manton, J. P.
Mason, G. H.
Mentz, G. F.
Merrell, E. B.
Moen, A. T.
Moore, V. R.
Moss, J. E.
Naill, R. F.
Neill, J. B., Jr.
Nichols, H. J.
Overman, A. G. C.
Padan, F. L.
Page, A. H., Jr.
Paige, J. W.
Parkhurst, T. R.
Perry, J. DeW.
Phillips, E. R.
Phillips, W. K.
Post, C. K.
Quinby, W. P.
Ransbottom, R. E.
Reagle, C. M.
Reynolds, W., Jr.
Robnett, J. D., Jr.
Rock, B. N.
Rogers, F. O.
Ross, D. M.
Ross, G. E., Jr.
Routier, G. E.
Scott, J. B.
Sizer, B. L.
Smith, H. W.
Sobel, H. R.
Spicer, D.
Spruance, O. E.
Stanton, W. H.
Svec, W. F.
Sweet, R. F.
Thoma, C. G.
Tolman, T. W.
Toombs, H. J.
Truxes, A. H.
Villamena, V. A.
Vyse, W. C.
Waddell, J. E.
Ward, C. S.
Wertheimer, J. F.
Wheeler, E. B.
White, J. J., Jr.
Whitson, J. A.
Whittaker, H. R.
Woolford, L. B.
Wooten, J. C., Jr.



Well-Known Bilgers





THE TALE OF THE PAMPERED PETS



CHAPTER ONE

Joseph Gish, Function and Plebe

“ANNAPOLIS, West Street Station!” Joseph Gish, the coming Midshipman of Centreville, Iowa, stirred into action as the car slackened apace. For an hour there had passed before his brain the scenes of his departure and fantastic dreams concerning the coming ordeal. But now he sat up. It would not do to be napping already. So out he clambered, and inquired of a deaf fireman where the Naval Academy was. In sad consequence of his ambitious resolve he walked along under all the glory of a May sun while sundry “Sons of Africa, not of European parentage” tagged along with him with requests to “Carry your suit-case, Mr.?” By the time Carvel Hall was reached Joe decided he had better change his collar before letting the Superintendent of the Naval Academy know of his arrival. Once installed in that famous hostelry he perused his official papers for the $(n+1)$ th time. “You have successfully passed your mental examinations for entrance to the United States Naval Academy and are hereby ordered to report to the Superintendent immediately for physical examination,” read Joe. Here he was. Yonder, beyond the wall, was Babylon. Joe meditated: had he eight opposing molars; had he ozaena, polypi, or cachexia; could he hear a watch tick forty inches; at least he knew he was unmarried; and he thrilled as he realized he had passed by such obstacles as locating Tehuantepec, defining isotherm, bounding Wyoming, locating Yser, and journeying from Duluth to Calcutta, via the Straits of Gibraltar. Even fractions, roots, and decimals had proved no stumbling block. But, by gad, it was worth it. He remembered when he first saw the “movies” of an Army-Navy game. Somehow it all had interested him—the marching columns of blue and gray; the goat



and the mule; the cheer leaders, with their entreaties and gyrations; the rush of the colors at the close. No wonder Joe had wanted to get in it all. Cincinnatus, called to the defense of Rome from his plow, had had no such entreaty as this. For away off in the haze of the past there were Jones and Farragut and Decatur, beckoning.



Joe Gish, civilian, passed through the next day in a state of coma. Dante's seventh circle could have had no such tortures. He was told to do this; did that; and straightway wished he had done something else. To be brief, Joe passed by the strength of a new-born wisdom tooth. With a blasé air he telegraphed the good news home to Centreville. Noon found him in the Administration building. For once in his life, he unknowingly missed a meal. He was worn a bit; tired, perhaps; but, somehow, filled with a feeling that couldn't be downed; a feeling that comes with success in work and the exhilaration of the great unknown. A figure entered the room. Joe didn't realize that he stiffened instinctively. A tone, afar off, was reading something. That was it! The Oath. "Joseph Gish." And, just a trifle stiffer; just a wee bit taller; and, perhaps, just a wee bit chokingly, Joe answered "I do."

Midshipman Gish of the New Fourth Class drew "one white cap and anchor, one mug, two lanyards, hammock clews, three stencils, and thread and needles, together with four laundry bags and other articles which he knew



not how to wear or when to wear. His last half dollar brought his possessions and reg. book to the gangway of the U. S. S. Reina Mercedes. A tired, happy boy went up in civilians and the outside world lost sight of Mr. Joseph



Gish. A man with a mustache made up his "bed" and Joe "thanked him, sir." He never learned so many things in such a short time. He found he was a "function;" that he must be vaccinated and inoculated; that real Midshipmen wore neckerchiefs; that a wildcat lived in a dog house; and he swore

that if he ever were in a position to torment his enemies he would put them to work stencilling clothes and correcting regulation books. Never would he forget how naughty he felt when he bought candy from a blockade-running newsboy; how insignificant he became when he was marched up for a haircut. But, in the afternoons from the end of the dock, he watched the Brigade at drill—and the stiffening came back. Little did he realize the coup d'etat that gave him a seat at the June show of the "Masqueraders." That mythical thing—the Fleet—daily disgorged thousands of men liberty bent. June Week, whatever that was, passed in a blaze of glory, so he heard. Joe wasn't interested half so much in that as he was at the sight of one of his own kind walking extra duty on the dock with a real gun and a real bayonet for "evidence of the use."

And then, one morning, the dual reign of "Mike" and "Freddy" was over. A Plebe at last, Joe trundled his bags to his suite. He beamed on his iron-rusted, white-tiled bath—all his own. Later on, he used it more and beamed less. And his table gave him a chance to answer all those letters from Centreville. So many had hastened to tell him that "they always had said he would amount to something." Funny they were so interested in him. A stray box of fudge sometimes came his way, which brought Joe to the subject of girls. Strange he hadn't thought much about girls. They were always such a crazy bunch. He couldn't remember ever having



known one so intimately as to carry her books home from school. Oh! if he could only look into the future that the next four years had in store for him concerning Gish versus women. The table served its purpose to such an extent that his letters moved his mother to tears; his father to discourse at great length on “what they were doing to Joe down at Annapolis” and the value of military training; his sister to renew a heretofore unclaimed relationship because of stray stories concerning balls and hops; his brother to adopt a highly-developed swagger and a condescension befitting to the kin of a coming Dewey; and his grandmother to venture with emphasis “that Joseph wasn’t getting enough to eat and that it was brutal to send him away from home while he was so young.” The account of his first “pap” was a study in pathos and a livid picture of the misery of the human soul; his letter of thanks to the fudge-making girl, a marvel in aspiration, with here and there a trial thrust in the way of devotion and undying affection.



That long Plebe summer left its mark on Joe. He rowed a cutter that had the triremes of Caesar backed off the map as far as being cumbersome was concerned; he loosed sail and reefed and furled on the Boxer until Dana’s experiences seemed childlike; and he drilled at infantry, sweated at infantry, and cursed at infantry. But he cut down twenty-nine “busts” in his strength test to six. Thank Heaven for that shower. On Sundays he posed nonchalantly in Reg Hall while excursionists from Baltimore eyed him wonderingly. The die was cast when he drew his first installment of books—the

first of a carload. With October came a knowledge of the styles in men’s wearing apparel and a still deeper understanding in the ways of the old Navy. Joe became a tactician every afternoon at football practice. And then, with victory almost a certainty, there came, together with the mist and fog of the Hudson, a defeat that cast him down and down to





the very depths. That lump in his throat told him it wasn't right, but it also told him that he would rather lose in the Navy than win anywhere else. Christmas—an Old Navy Christmas—gave him heart. The upperclassmen weren't so bad after all. How the time flew to the semi-ans. There came the thought "when will we three hundred meet again?"

Days of feverish anxiety. Never had he appreciated his true opinion of the Navy until he saw that he had hung on. The year was all over now. Would spring never come? Each Sunday meant one less bumwad to write. There was the cruise to think of; the band playing in the yard; and the real smell of spring in the air. June Week came. He was dragging, but his timidity could not forsake him. Somehow he thought that maybe he would have liked to have his fudge girl instead of the girl from Washington. That last morning, '14 swung past, hats in the air. "No more rivers!" Rifle and bayonet could wait. Joe flew to that blessed gravel path. A step upward—and it brought the stiffening again. The next morning, laden with enough gear to equip a brigade, Joe embarked. No more a Plebe. That stripe was a reality at last. Joe wished that he could dance better and that he could talk to a girl without getting fussed. "Mothers, wives, sweethearts, friends," rang out, and, on a floating throne of laundry bags, with a toothbrush sceptre, King Gish, Third Class, was off to see the world.



CHAP.

TWO



YOUNGSTER YEAR



CENTREVILLE, Iowa, September third. Cadet Joseph Gish arrived home yesterday to spend a few short weeks with his parents and friends before he returns as a third classman to pursue his studies at the Annapolis Naval School. Those of us who knew Joe when he left our midst predicted a bright future for Centreville's most brilliant son, and our opinion has not changed after seeing what a manly, robust young man he has become while engaged in the service of his country. In fact, the metal of which he is made is being machined to the nicety of governmental precision. During the present summer Cadet Gish has been to Europe and Africa on an extensive cruise visiting Tangiers, Gibraltar, Naples, Rome, and London. We can well point with pride to his achievements and look to him to uphold the traditions of John Paul Jones.

September was only too short. But Joe was no slacker. In three days his class pin ceased to gleam from his vest. With the enthusiasm of an



explorer of darkest Africa he described the places which he had visited (?) while abroad and which he had read about in Baedeker on his return trip. (He didn't mention that he thought more of Simpson's and the Strand Palace than he did of Pompeii and the Coliseum). With the nonchalance of an inventor and the



gestures of a Dago prof he explained what a submarine was, how it ran by steam on the surface, and by gasoline while submerged. Small boys fervently swore that they were going into the Navy after hearing Gish graphically describe the excitement and thunder of target practice. But soon it was all over and the sight of the same old Crabtown cooled his ardour toward all things human. Optimism of things gone by and pessimism towards all things in the future! Not a man could he find who would admit he "hadn't had the time of his life" when pounced upon with that stereotyped phrase "what kind of a leave did you have, man?" And not a man who seemed to think that there were any silver linings in the clouds of the future. It took two swipes per sleeve now with the whisk broom; one down to that stripe—Boy! It's the stuff, all right—and then another below it. The fall passed per schedule, only Joe's ideas of what a Youngster rated soon outgrew the passing of Time. Every once in a while Joe would pile out of bed and discover a new set of stripers at breakfast formation. The Army game rolled around, preceded by a period of anxiety, of worry, and of supreme hopefulness. But the Gray-legs won—they won out there on old Franklin field at Penn. How Joe ever gathered his party together in that crowd afterwards he never knew, or really cared. But it seemed, in his dreams, that he



had dragged a dozen and that they all fell to fighting among themselves. The job of being manager of a theatrical company was puerile compared to looking out for his mob. Gravely he swore never to write so rashly again—and never, oh never, would he drag to another Army



game. Life soon lost its luster for Joe. Later on in his Academy life he used to think of the stormy nights when he waited at the Main Gate for the girl he was dragging—and it seemed that those he knew had no idea of when a hop started! Dago was the blight of his life and the Curse of the Course.

The semi-ans were a relief and their passing was almost as good as the end of a swimming test. But there were five more rivers—and wide ones, too. Joe's correspondence fluctuated worse than Bethlehem Steel. In the beginning if he didn't receive two letters a day—well, things weren't so good. But women were so shallow! How could even he love them all! So he chose of the several and could do well on \$1.00 worth of stamps monthly without buying more in town, or borrowing them from a Plebe. Then a spirit of melancholy took possession of him. The Navy was all wrong: it was founded on antique principles; the men at the head of it were idiots. For a few days would he rave thus—then would come that long overdue letter from Dorothy. Maybe it wasn't much but she might write that "she was thrilled positively because she could come to the hop with him." And then would come the change. Out of the lethargy. "Gad! But she's some girl." And he would be off to sing the praises of the U. S. N. He dragged constantly—sometimes for himself; other times, for a "friend." His luck was phenomenal. He was learning to dance. He started a collection of stationery seals and family crests. He wondered how he had ever been content with being a Plebe. Nothing under the sun looked so good as those two diagonals which he would wear next year. If he only were an athlete, maybe his fussing would be made easier. So Joe climbed off the radiator. It was the first time he had worked since he graduated from the Weak Squad. Another June passed. He had a better time. So the curses he heaped on everybody when he sailed away for Frisco were of the world-wise and travel-worn personage—Midshipman Gish, Second Class, if you please.



SECOND CLASS YEAR



CHAPTER THREE



MIDSHIPMAN Gish, Second Class, soon found that he was on no expedition which would later be remembered for the dispatch with which it started. The voyage to the Golden

Gate was delayed. Thank Heaven, he had missed out on that hazing investigation. For once in his life his heart was care-free and light. In the interim he assimilated more news concerning the conduct of the Annapolis thugs than he had ever imagined was within the realm of possibility. Also, he coaled ship, for the first time that summer. Thence to Cuba—for another coaling. This was a dog's life. For a brief spell Panama livened things up. "There are some people in the world who are savvy and who can do things," soliloquized Gish as he looked at the towering mountains on either side of Gaillard Cut. With admonishing from the Powers That Be to save his money for sight-seeing Joe straightway lost all interest in sight-seeing. Once anchored off of the Marina he discovered that the Exposition was only something to pass through on the way to the St. Francis, or to Fred Solari's. He took more interest in Chinatown than in the Industrial Palace; visited the Barbary Coast before he even considered seeing the Iowa building; and became initiated into the wonders of the "Pisco" punch. Daily he visited the waffle kitchen for his breakfast. The California building was built on the right system—with that



huge dance hall. Gish spent eleven dollars going to the Navy Ball, which was given in honor of the midshipmen. Thank goodness it hadn't been for him in particular. "California," thought Joe, "can be colder and have more fogs than any hot place I know of." A sight of the beaches closed his visit to California before the race against time back to Crabtown started, just as the parade for Teddy at San Diego had opened the book of the Golden West before him.

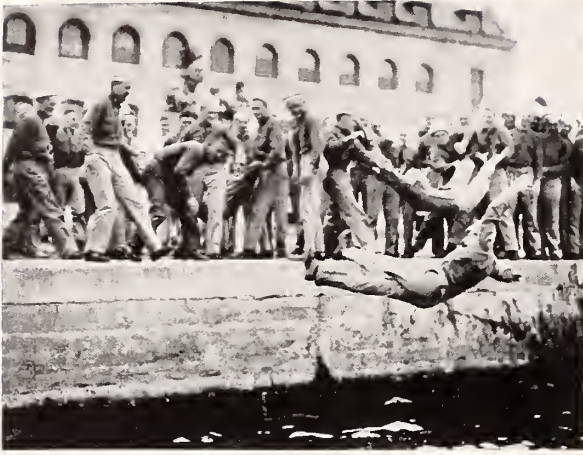


Then came that trip down the western coast of Mexico. The Black Gang was instituted and unheard of speed was maintained, but still the geographies and charts didn't seem to show the distance as long as it really was. September morn found Joe hustling "Coal on in Colon," and eating ice-cream from the canteen. Still, it had sounded pretty good while sitting on the Misery's quarterdeck that night going through the locks and listening to "Home, Sweet Home." Just to think that those people stayed in Panama—actually had to live there. Anyway, the Navy brought you home once in a while. Eight days late, Squadron B dropped their mud hooks off Greenbury Point—and twenty minutes later the last home-sick Midshipman had dropped his laundry bags into the waiting kicker.



"I wonder if I can make that 5.40 to New York?" The Whisky was coming a-scoot-in' over the horizon as Joe landed near the store. "Gad! but this is a rare place to look at," remarked Joe as he was beating it to the car.

Joe didn't go home that leave. He wouldn't have time to go away out West when he had so little leave, so he thought instead he would go



to New York; and to Atlantic City. But when October first rolled around he found he could have gone almost around the world on the coin he had spent trying to be economical. Gish, with his debts, was at last a real Midshipman.

Second Class year promised much. There was a fine bunch in the first class, and about the only thing he

didn't rate was the official Smoke Hall. Besides—he was an upperclassman in the full sense of the word. The portals guarding the secrets of tea fights and hops had been opened wide to him by his experience. He could navigate Porter Row by instinct. In fact—he was the stuff. But he was scheming and resourceful. During the week he wore sea-green service so shiny from long usage that he could easily have been used as a reflecting surface. His hat was a reminder of the sea-dogs of yore. Olaf Trygvesson was his hero when it came to sea-going. But on Fridays the transformation would start. And by Saturday noon he was worthy of being a member of "The best uniformed corps of young men in the country." He ate so little at mess after a strenuous tea fight that the Mess Hall saved money on him alone. Between times Gish boned. Later on in the year he boned and between times he fussed, for he found that electrical catalogues with the prices omitted could be understood only by a Nicola Tesla. He sketched the blessed B. & W. for the umpty-ump time and put grates on a Thornycroft oil-burner. Battered and torn, he still remained after the mid-year sacrifice. Only three furlongs to go. Woman, lovely woman! Joe was through



with books until May. He kept an account at the Western Union office; Kaiser had some of his cards; and Chaney thought seriously of buying a new hack. At least Joe still demonstrated that he was no slacker.

His girl (The girl) was more kind to him, so it seemed. Consequently he shunned her, lest she consider him roped and tied. But soon he made drastic changes in his routine. The bills were beginning to come in. He became a social butterfly. Whereas he had always been dragging at least three girls to a hop before, now he figured prominently in the stag line. As was his way he out-staged the best of them, which meant that he danced more than any of them. After the hop, as he would hang his damp dress jacket up to dry and hobble about making up his bed, he would thank Tecumseh that he wasn't saying good-bye at Carvel Hall. On would come his ring and Gish would tumble into bed to dream of mad races from Murray Hill to the rotunda in seven minutes with overcoat under the arms and pumps in overcoat pocket. And then one day, after April and most of May had passed and Joe had sailed, and played tennis, and loafed under the spell of weather that is unexcelled anywhere during the spring, with ring tied on his hand and glove over it for extra protection, Gish took the bath of Neptune. "Kerslosh, kerslosh, went his boots, as he went back to his room, but to Joe they said, "First Class, First Class." That last June Week before his ascendancy to the throne was tantalizing. He knew so many girls! And he felt he should be able to be allowed to show more than one girl a good time. Drills were over, the parade when 1917 came into its own had passed; and then the graduation that meant one more rung up the ladder. With a light heart he speeded 1916 on its way and with chest thrown back (that old stiffening again) he walked out to First Class year and *her*. His attitude had changed during the last few days. Frivolity was lost in the onslaught of Dignity. Indeed, he wondered how it was that he had never noticed how wonderful he was. His thoughts reverted to her. He always knew she was clever and beautiful and could dance—but now, he asked himself, how in creation was he so lucky as to know a girl with so clear an understanding of the real things of life. Joe was sinking deeper every minute in the quicksands of love. So, after that June Ball—that one supreme evening of his whole existence—Bailey, Banks & Biddle had another customer for a "small reproduction of the real thing," so Joe thought.

FIRST CLASS YEAR

CHAP.



FOUR



JOE was still thinking of love when the O-H 10 started south. He thought so while he tramped across country to the surf bathing at Culebra. And he still thought so during the tortuous days at Guantanamo. Then—damnation! That large envelope came. “A funny way to send a bill,” thought Joe. What his thoughts were when he read “Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Door announce the marriage———,” cannot be divulged. “Marriage—Oleo,” and Joe stopped. “Drat, women”—but no more of his thoughts. He would show her. He would work and accomplish things, so he would. Over night he changed. Like a true sailor and fighter he assumed the offensive. He did wonders with “this, that, and what not.” By the time he saw Boston and the artist’s colony at Provincetown, he had completely changed his views on life. In target practice before his eyes there swam a conglomeration of “Women I have met.” He made three bulls out of three shots. Again he sought home. Never had he realized so much the delights of a family fireside. He was dignified; he talked wonderingly of war games and of efficiency. With the clipping that told him of his stripes came another that told of her marriage. Why must joy and gloom go hand in hand. The end came all too soon. When he left for Annapolis it was with the realization that the boy Gish would never return. He was bound for the high seas. With the opening of the year and with his stripes there came changes. Changes that made the Old Navy seem like a ragtime formation. There



were so many things for him to get used to—every day liberty, Smoke Hall, and a realization that he was King. A cloud settled for a brief time when the Army smashed through for the fourth victory. Incidentally his hate of women was broadened to include Hoosiers. But if he did feel rotten about losing, it did not

trouble him for long. The Winter Garden, the Frolic, and Jack's precluded that. Here was an ideal place to spend Christmas—this New York town. And here he did spend it—here he rioted and lived; here it was that he forgot the gossip and rumor that filled the humdrum existence at the Academy; that he ceased wondering "what the dope was." And—if it must be said—he met The girl. Afterwards, he saw he could never have been in love before, for he had never met *her* before. She was the superlative of superlatives. He forgot her only during a mad week of cramming for the last river, but one; perhaps he forgot her on that weary tramp to Arlington. But he thought of her later on and he was comparing her wonders and beauty to the beauty of the former *she*. Even forecasts of bankruptcy, as shown by bills that would not stop coming, would not bring him to. Love and bankruptcy did not go well together—so bankruptcy was eliminated.

One March day Joe puffed on the old bowl in a corner of Smoke Hall. The windows were opened wide. The smell of spring was in the



air. His letter on the table before him to *her* completed the arrangements for her coming. Joe dozed, sort of. Before him danced his recollection of the past four years. Function, Plebe, and the rest. But only the delightful things appeared before him. He couldn't picture those coalings in Cuba,



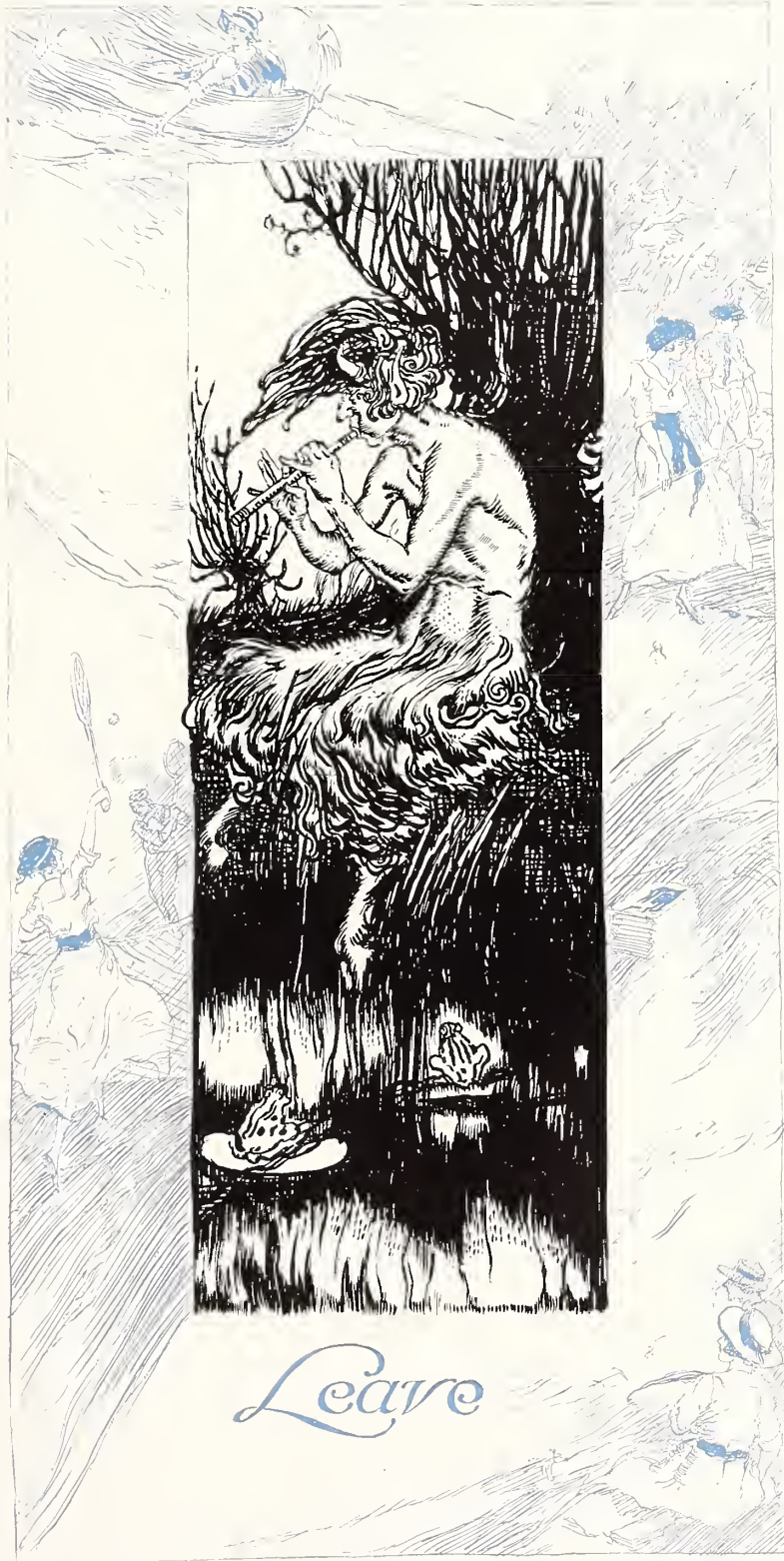
those night watches at sea, the four years of grind and struggle with Math, and Juice, and Steam. In a week he would be walking up that long aisle for the diploma that he thought he was worthy of. And he would have that old time stiffening of the vertebrae, too. How would he do out there in the Service? Would his ideas and actions and theories stand the test? Had his training been for the best? In his breast there surged the hope that he would be worthy of the Service he was about to enter and the Academy he was about to leave.

Down the parade ground his old company swung for the last time. "Heads up." The German. That talk with *her*—he hadn't even noticed the decorations. Then the Day! "Midshipman Joseph Gish," called some one. As in a dream, he went up to receive his record of four years' work—yes, hard work. Happy! Extremely so, and filled with that sense that comes

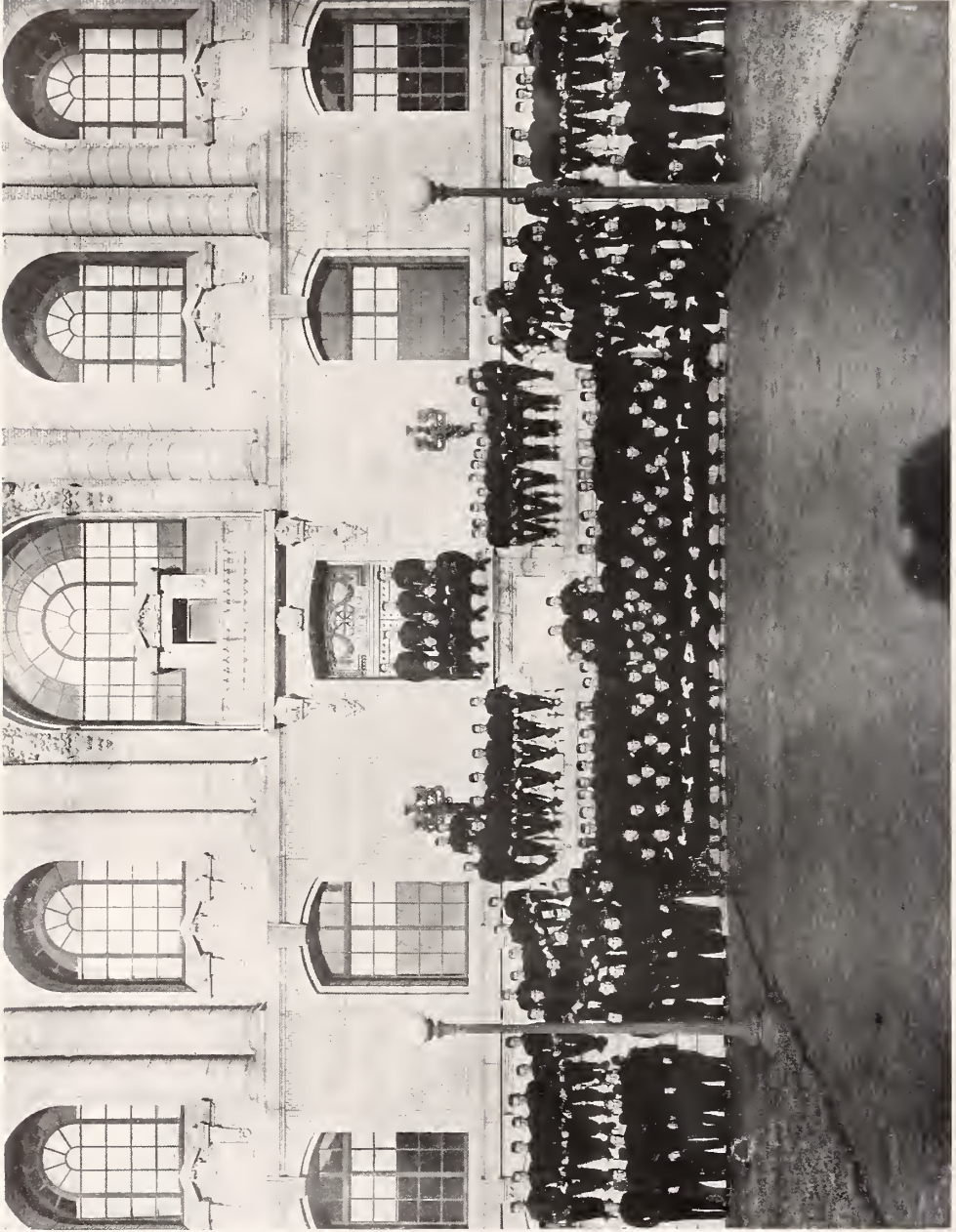


of undampened spirit and resounding determination.

It was the next morning, at least early next morning. Ensign Joseph Gish ambled wearily, but in a manner befitting a recent graduate, through the gate. He was tired—darned tired—but he was through. And, what was best of all, he was to be married—well, some day.



Leave



Class of
1918





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THOMAS FREDERICK REMINGTON

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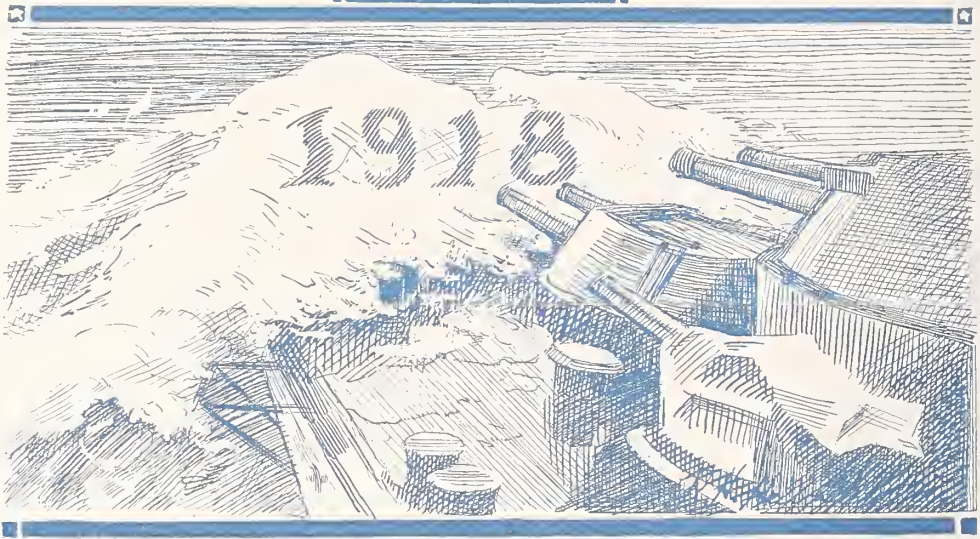
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NEW FABLES IN SLANG

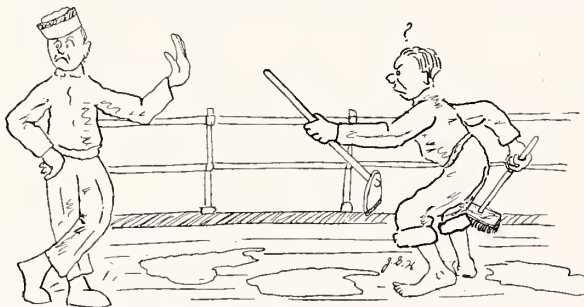
By Lime Ade

The Fable of a Toiler

ONCE upon a Time there was a Left-handed Loon whose Appellation was Joe. The Aforesaid had succeeded in garnering enough Aggregate (demerits subtract) to pontoon him precariously across the Fourht Canal. With Gilt the upon his Sleeve he was ready to make a long Trek.

The Migrater wasn't a Beetle for labor. In fact the Sweat-of-the-Brow Stuff never did seem efficacious to our Tulip.

His supersensitive Nature rebelled at the Cogitation of a Squilgee or a Holy Stone—at least as long as there were aboard those who didn't have as much Glitter-Glitter at the Forearm.



The Migrater wasn't a beetle for work.

The Steering-engine Room was Fruit for our Hero. He was a Practical Man; one not much on the Theoretical End, but a Oiseau at applying the Oil Can every Watch, and reading Snap-pies betwixt and between.

As for Signals, well, he could



hook-on and tail, and how that man could hoist! Occasionally Joe might read a Semaphore—provided a Naval Militia-man inflicted it.

When it came to Liberty on Saturday and the Sabbath, he was there like a James-Limb on the Morn of Duty.

How the Girls in Culebra and elsewhere did fall for this Flying Lizard. His Terp-

sichore, his Tales of the Briny, brought Unalloyed Joy to the Heart of every Fisherman's Daughter on Cape Cod.

After three Sheets had been torn from the Calendar the Embryos returned to Crabtown. Great was the Animation of the Crustacea thereupon. 'Twas the day of the Shearing, and the Lambs were Easy.

The Pamps were at last ready for the Month's Dash to Civilization. The Yearly Visit to the Native Heath was at hand.

The Local-Fungi in their Arrested Development looked Askance at the Mackerel and his flossy Delicatessen Outfit. From the Tips of his Number Elevens to his Lid, creased with a Geometrical Nicety (direct from Norfolk), he was there, much, yet, and besides.



His Amount Available would choke a Man-Eater, and how he did bleat Preparedness to the Rip-Van-Winkles in Jellapa!

Ere the Revolution Counter had made thirty Turns he was glad-handed to the Milk-train. Midst Weeping and Wailing and Gnashing of Teeht, Oblivion swallowed the Goofer for eleven Months more.



Joseph Justineau was a real Tamale. When the Six-fifteen docked in Baltimore, he hoisted the Bean-Rag, and made full Speed, both Engines, for the Class Supper.

What with the Food, the Moisture, and the Troupe of Chilblains, the Mel-



anchoia shuffled off the Coil, and he took a final Breath for the Long Lap. Once more in the Clan's Midst, our Yokel resigned himself to the Delights of Bacchus, and only left the Salle à Manger at the Earnest Behest of the Head Waiter, the Manager, and the Chief of Police, pivoted between two Beloved Classmates in the Last Stages of Saturation.

About the time the Sun crossed the Meridian, J. J. weighed-in. When the Abandoned Creature emerged from his Trance, he found himself domiciled above the Timber Line in Bankrupt Hall. He had drawn a Leeward Room in the Attic. To our Captive Meadow-Lark it looked like Aix-la-Chapelle after a Dose of Kultur.

At formation, there being a little more Latitude than previously, the Plebes pulled a Long-Lost-Brother's Line, that is, until they savvied that the Demi-god was peeved and didn't spoon on the Look in their Eyes.

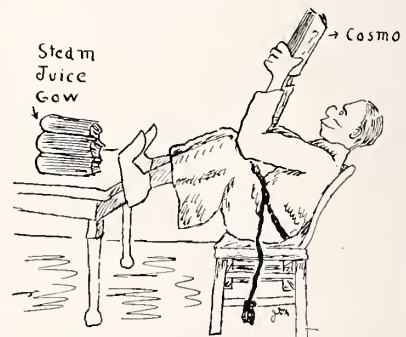
Academic Year began like a rainy June-Week. After the first Kick-Off Josiah took the Defensive.

In English he showed Some Class. All that Honey Drip, about "The Importance of Dust," and "Loyalty and Insight" was his Main Battery. He could disagree with any Prof. in the Department, and hold the Floor till Cease Firing sounded. He could absorb fifty Pages of the Magoo without once coming up for Air.

Math, Juice, and Gow dazed him. He was simply Present and not Voting. The Way those Authors had concealed the Subject Matter had Sanskrit backed off Mercator's Projection. It was a Marvel even to some of the Wise Ones.

That was where the Wife came in handy. The Spouse was a veritable Starboard Crane for lifting Obstacles from the Path of the Wooden Indian. In Naval Parlance, Joe's Room-mate was the Truck which brought up supplies to the Commander-in-chief.

With the Assistance of the newly-acquired All-



Math, Juice and Gow dazed him



Joe spent Christmas at Doc's

American Material the Goofer spent Christmas Leave at Doc's—except when on Duty.

The Semi-Ans got away like a member of the Submarine Squad on his Weekly Tryout. When the Red Ink was all accounted for there were a few Casualties coming, not to mention the Reign of Terror after the Math Department's Knock-out.

The Dynamic Pressure wasn't quite so great the Second Term, so he joined the Ranks of the Yard Snakes:—those Viperous Vertebrae who lurk in King's Palaces and Officers' Quarters. It isn't on Record that J. J. ever raised

the Average of the Shindig. It was the Sixth Lap. Phi-dippides had been running under forced Draft ever since he left Thermopylae three long years ago. But it was not his intention to reach Sparta in a Moribund Condition with just Breath enough to spread the News and send for the Undertaker. To the Victor belong the Spoils, but he wasn't going to violate Hooke's Law just to be a Victor. An Nth P.O. was good enough for him when it came time for the Powers-What-Am to pass out the Gold Lace.

Now the Balmies find him at the Window, todos los Dias, watching the Rubber-Necked Ones give the Place the Once-Over. Now and Then there filters through the loofa Sponges of his Mental Feed and Filter Tank fond

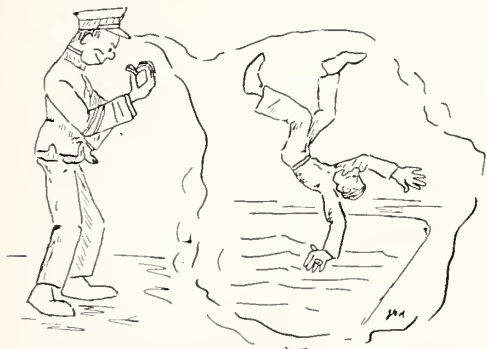


He joined the ranks of the Fussers.

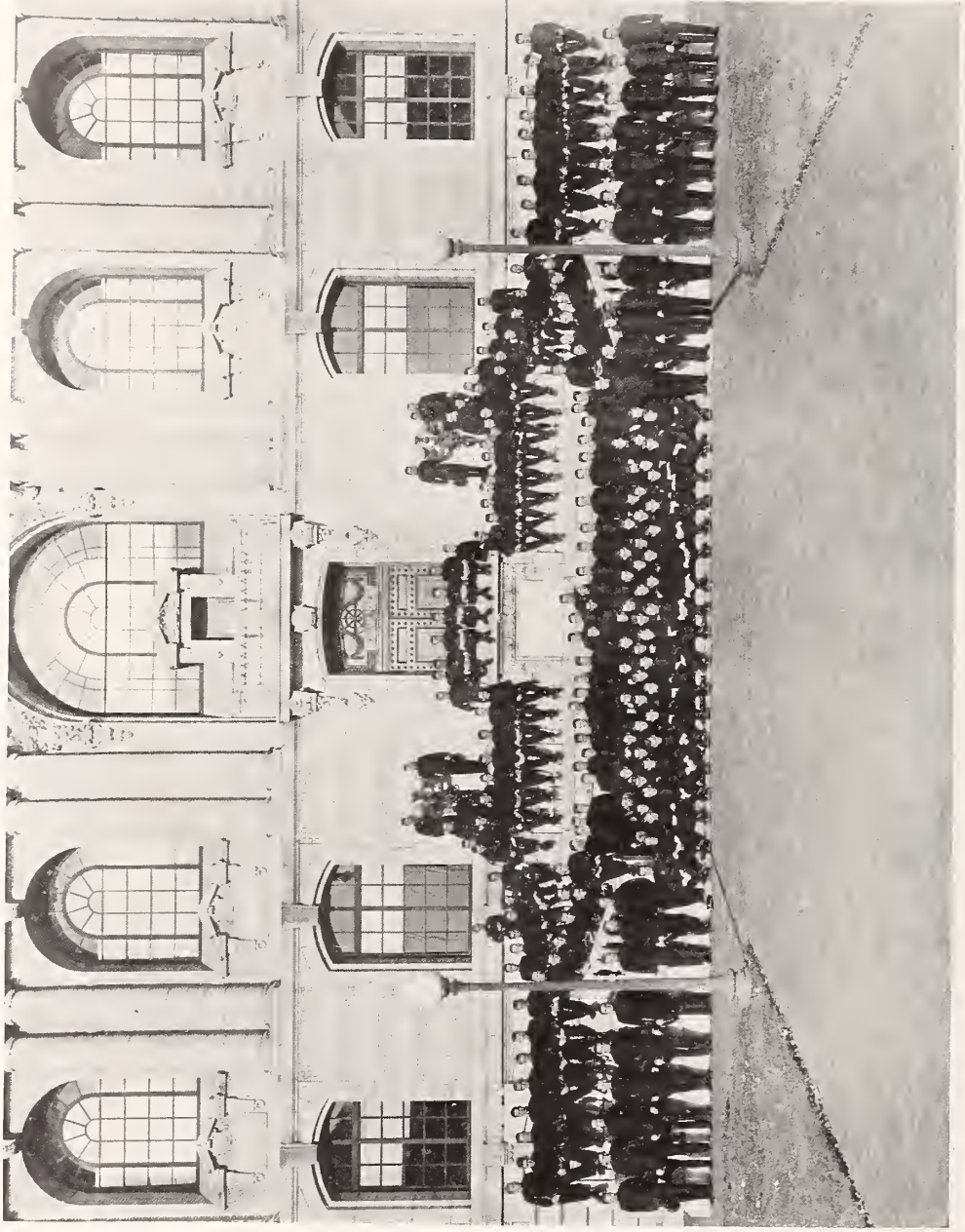
Dreams of things to come:—A Dip in Dewey Basin, the Open Door in Smoke Hall, and Immunity from Public Humiliation on the Battalion Pap Sheet.

MORAL:

*The Fruit is All in the Orchard, but—
You need a LADDER.*



*A Baptism in the brine
of Dewey Basin*



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1919



1919



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The Chronicles of Jobab, Third Class

CHAPTER I

- 1 Jobab goeth to sea. 5 He fain would see dry land. 8 He looketh out.
14 A vender of fruit giggeth Jobab. 21 He coaleth ship.
25 Jobab gameth himself a bum grease.



NOW it came to pass that Jobab, son of Gish, set foot upon an ark, and did journey into far lands.

2 And strange were the manners and customs of those which dwelt in the ark.

3 For, after the fashion of those who know not the ways of the sea, Jobab gat himself a hammock ladder and skan his shins grievously in the use thereof.

4 And when the ark was come to that place which was called Hatteras, the heavens did open, and the seas waxed great.

5 And Jobab took unto himself a color green and fasted.

6 But in the fulness of time the seas did calm, and the sun did shine mightily upon the seas.

7 And Jobab took unto himself a color red and swathed himself with cubits and cubits of fabric, and anointed himself with yellow oil, and the pain was exceeding great.

8 And Jobab went up into the high places, and did scan the sea for ships, and lo and behold, on the horizon a speck did appear.

9 Whereat Jobab was of two minds, and did shake with himself that he might be given wisdom.

10 Ship ahoy, quoth Jobab, having lost the shake.

11 Whereat the captain of the ship waxed wroth, and did beseech, Where away?

12 A far, quoth Jobab, and a teth beans for dinner.

13 But Jobab wot not of wot he spake, and the speck upon the horizon grew and grew until it was apparent even unto Jobab that it was the dry land.

14 Then Jobab sat foot upon the dry land and did waste his substance in the bazaars, and partook of green fruit and was smitten with grievous pains.

15 And the young men did vie one with the other on a day of feasting that they might know who was the most mighty with the oar.

16 And Jobab did also vie, and skan his hands upon the oar.

17 And after many days, the arks were turned towards the north, and skam the seas like unto the fowls of the air.

18 And the arks did tarry in Provincetown, in the land of the Cods and the Mackerels.

19 Then Jobab betook himself up into the very center of the universe, about which revolveth the heavens and the earth, yea, even unto Boston.



20 And Jobab did take unto himself an eater of beans, and did talk empty words of her beauty to his messmates.

21 And behold, Jobab did descend into a dark place, wherein was much coal, and hove mightily upon a shovel.

22 Wherefore he did take unto himself a color black, and the eater of beans did come upon the dock, and she knew him not.

23 And lo, as their *course* came again unto the open sea, Jobab hove the lead, and did crown a seaman grievously on the gonk.

24 And the arks strove mightily among themselves, and slang huge missiles at a mark, and the smoking-lamp was out.

25 And Jobab was indiscreet, and sat him down upon a powder bag, and did snatch a skag.

26 Wherefore Jobab stood the long watches of the night, with an humble and a contrite heart.

27 And lo, in the fulness of time came *the arks* to Crabtown, and joy sang in the heart of Jobab, for he looked upon the land, and it was good.



CHAPTER II

1 *Jobab busteth out in gay scenery.* 7 *He astonisheth the natives.* 11 *He giveth the poultry the once over.* 17 *He spreadeth himself.* 23 *A stranger hornswaggleth him.*

26 *Jobab squandereth his bottom jitney and*
27 *Returneth to the fold.*



AND so it came to pass that the cruise which was of three months had come unto an end.

2 Then the spirit of Jobab waxed great with joy and straightway he *betook* himself unto his pack-box and unto divers tradesmen, and returned lean in substance, but like unto Solomon in his glory.

3 And Jobab did array himself in his raiment of many colors, and gloried in the beauty thereof.

4 And into the Land of Canaan he came, and passed through the land unto the place of Podunk.

5 And Jobab was then in his home.

6 Wherefore great was the joy of

his brethren that he was returned to their midst.

7 And when they saw him, they were amazed, and all that heard him marvelled *at his understanding*.

8 For behold, he *spake* in strange manner and his lips formed words unknown.

9 And his mother said unto him, Why dost thou deal thus with us? for she would kid him fondly.

10 And he said unto her, Ma, knock off. And she understood not the saying which he spake unto her.

11 Then lo, at even, there appeared unto Jobab fair visions of daughters of Eve, and great was the loveliness thereof.

12 And Jobab tore himself from the

bosom of his family, for he had fallen for their charms.

13 And they did mount into a chariot, yea, even into a Lizzie built of tin.

14 And Jobab did heave them a line of great weight, of which the length extended even unto the Tabernacle of Nocturnal Gaiety.

15 Fine wines of many colors did they consume, caring little for the cost thereof; and Jobab *did shake* a wicked foot.

16 Now wise were these virgins, and not unlearned in the ways of the world. And so it came to pass that Jobab did fall into a snare, for he had found favour in their eyes, he did rejoice exceedingly, and was glad.

17 And it came to pass that Jobab spent many shekels that he might enrich himself in their favour, nor did he lack for opportunity.

18 And Jobab tarried thirty days and thirty nights in the land of his fathers.

19 Then did his father say unto him, Set thy affairs in order, for the hour of thy return *approacheth*.

20 And he turned his face to the wall and cursed the day that he was appointed.

21 And Jobab was of a mind to tarry, but he bethought himself of the day of reckoning, and the fear of the pap troubled sore his spirit.

22 Then did he journey unto the city of Baltimore, and foregathered with others even as he.

23 And they feasted and did drink strong liquor, wherefore Jobab was filled with love for all mankind, yea, love so great that he did lend his watch unto a stranger.

24 And the stranger was seen no more in that land.

25 And lo, it came to pass *on the morrow* that Jobab awoke, and did suffer exceeding great thirst, nor could many measures of ice water quench the heat thereof.

26 Then Jobab did barter his raiment, that he might purchase passage to Crabtown, the price whereof he lacked.

27 And he betook himself within the gates, and there was wailing and gnashing of teeth.

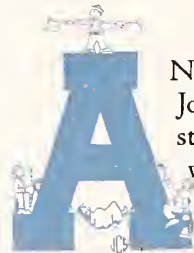


CHAPTER III

1 Jobab bendeth his neck to the yoke. 4 He hath cause to worry. 11 He draggeth a brick.

15 Jobab straineth a gut. 19 Jobab busteth.

24 He starteth a new life.



AND it came to pass that Jobab did find there a strange tribe, and great was the number thereof, and scant their understanding.

2 And Jobab did realize his worth,

and garnished his raiment with brightwork, wherein he gloried greatly.

3 Then Jobab hied him to the store and gat him many books of great price, and cracking them did wax glassy eyed with wonder.

4 And Jobab boned and fain would crack 2.5's.

5 Then came there a buzzing unto his ears, whereat he marvelled and lost three tenths.

6 And Jobab did reckon *upon the wall* and did make him curves of wondrous form.

7 And he did sketch cartoons of molds and lathes and riveters and all was clear but the working thereof.

8 And in strange tongues did Jobab speak, saying not what he thought nor what had meaning.

9 Yea, even in tongue of his fathers did Jobab halt, and chaw much chalk in *spreading* forth the Law.

10 And so it was that the Academic Department did fox Jobab, and Jobab mounted high into the trees.

11 Nor was the lightness of his spirit quenched, for he spake unto them, albeit alone, Go to, henceforth will I fuss fair dames.

12 But Jobab wot not wot he drug, and grievous was his disappointment therein.

13 For behold, when it had come unto the Day, lo, the fair dame was but as a cobble-stone, and beauteous only as a boiled owl.

14 And on the morrow did his friends kid him mightily, casting evil spirits into his heart.

15 And Jobab *clad himself* in padded raiment and did covet glory on the gridiron.

16 Sore waxed the conflict, and mighty the destruction thereof.

17 And Jobab bore the marks of cleated hooves, and spat forth teeth.

18 Then was he content with the glory that was his, and the gridiron knew him no more.

19 And lo, in the fulness of time, exams were handed unto Jobab, and he marvelled much but wrote little, for, in the words of the prophet, much is asked, but little is answered.

20 And to each exam was its mark.

21 And it came to pass when the marks were made manifest unto Jobab, that he rent his garments, and covered himself with sackcloth and ashes and *did* frap the pap for being out of uniform.

22 And lo, in the hours of the morn, there appeared unto Jobab the M. C., and Jobab did report himself unto the Office.

23 And the Office did say unto him. Come to; look alive. Set thy foot upon firmer ground.

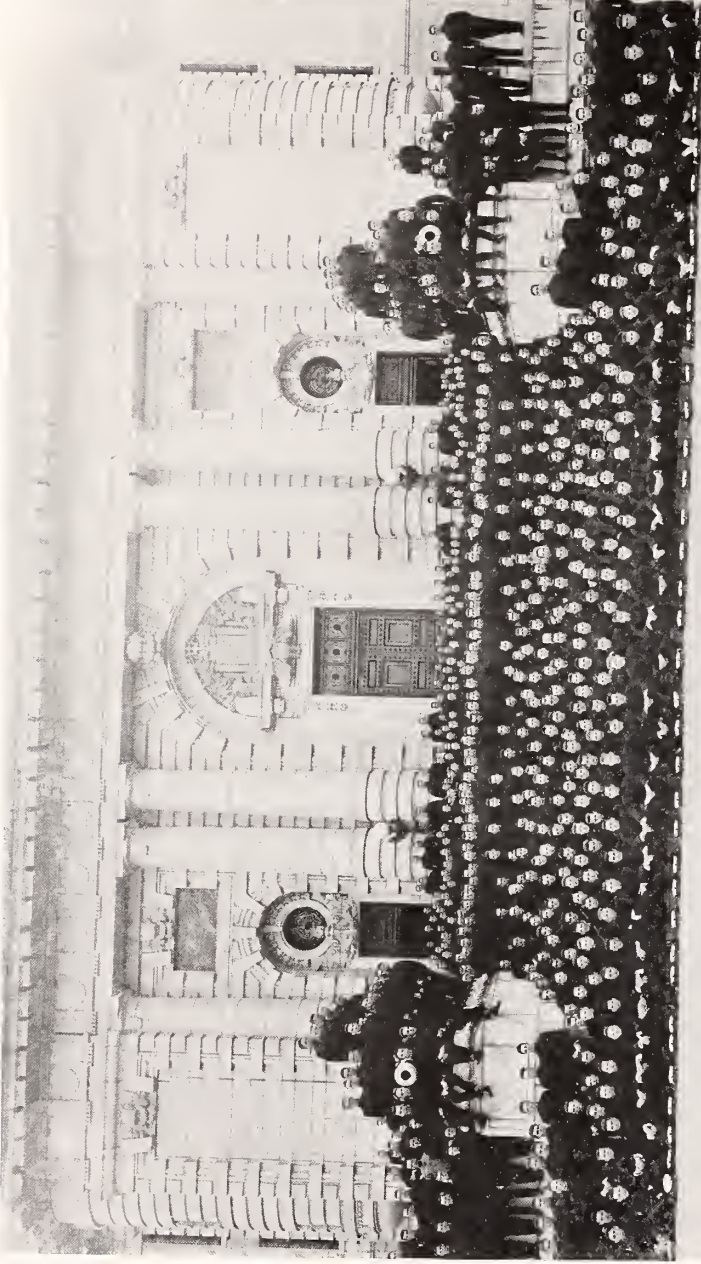
24 And Jobab came to, and did set his foot upon firmer ground.

25 And may that ground continue *in its firmness*, for God knoweth that we wish him well.





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 Ingram, W. A.
 Ingram, W. G.
 Isgrig, C. S.
 Isquith, S. S.
 Ives, N. S.
 Jackson, P. N.
 Jaffe, D.
 Jensen, L. C.
 Jessup, L., Jr.
 Jewett, R. F.
 Johnson, D. P.
 Johnson, F. L.
 Johnson, F. O.
 Jones, B. S.
 Jones, H. C.
 Jones, R. D.
 Jones, W. E.
 Kauffman, F. B.
 Keith, R.
 Kelley, B. J.
 Kelty, J. N.
 Kemper, W. P.
 Kernodle, M. H.
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 Wichita, Kan.
 Washington, D. C.
 Sanford, Fla.
 New York, N. Y.
 Havana, Cuba
 Ogden, Utah
 Minneapolis, Minn.
 Trenton, N. J.
 Cheyenne, Wyo.
 LaPorte, Ind.
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 Norwich, Conn.
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 Chicago, Ill.
 Lowell, Mass.
 Columbus, Ohio
 Washington, D. C.
 Wauwatos, Wis.
 Taylorville, Ill.
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 Shamokin, Pa.
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 Ft. Valley, Ga.
 Jackson, Miss.
 Micanopy, Fla.
 Franklin, Tenn.
 Murfreesboro, Tenn.
 Utica, N. Y.
 Portland, Ore.
 Greenwood, Miss.
 Butte, Mont.
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 Omaha, Neb.
 New York, N. Y.
 Elmira, N. Y.
 Mexico, Mo.
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 Brownsville, Texas
 Macon, Ga.
 Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
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 Miamisburg, Ohio
 Worcester, Mass.
 Plattsburg, N. Y.
 Mount Pleasant, Mich.
 Franklin, La.
 Graham, N. C.

Kerr, A. B.
 Ketcham, D.
 Keyhoe, D. E.
 Kiefer, E. W.
 Kiehl, E.
 King, S. W.
 Kinney, J., Jr.
 Kinney, P. R.
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 Krebs, W. J.
 Kuraner, W.
 Lademan, J. U., Jr.
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 Laird, L. C.
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 Lambdin, J. T.
 Lambright, P. W.
 Latta, H. S.
 Lawbaugh, L. C.
 Leahy, W. I.
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 Leighton, G. A.
 Lemler, P.
 Lewis, D. W.
 Lewis, E.
 Lewis, T.
 Litch, E. W.
 Livingstone, W. G.
 Londahl, F. W.
 Longstaff, J. B.
 Lowes, R. C., Jr.
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 Lyon, G. D.
 Lyon, J. B.
 Lyttle, G. H.
 Lyttle, H. D.
 McClure, R. B.
 McConnell, L. S.
 McDermott, J. T.
 McDonnell, J. A.
 McDuffie, W. A.
 McElduff, J. V.
 McKay, J. H.
 McKee, L.
 McMahan, F. W.
 McMenemy, E. H.
 McMillan, D. A.
 McMurry, S. J.
 McVay, C. B., 3rd.
 McWilliams, J. H.
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 MacElvain, F. H.
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 Mansfield, B. S.
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 Ottumwa, Iowa
 Mt. Carmel, Iowa
 Chester, Pa.
 Alexandria, Va.
 Roanoke, Va.
 Alexandria, Minn.
 Scottsboro, Ala.
 Stevens Point, Wis.
 Yonkers, N. Y.
 Gallup, N. M.
 Milwaukee, Wis.
 Lake Charles, La.
 Leavenworth, Kar.
 Milwaukee, Wis.
 St. Louis, Mo.
 Savannah, Ga.
 Syracuse, N. Y.
 Massillon, Ohio
 Los Animas, Col.
 Goshen, Ind.
 Carbondale, Ill.
 Hartford, Conn.
 Wood-Ridge, N. J.
 Oswego, N. Y.
 Lorain, Ohio
 New York, N. Y.
 Memphis, Tenn.
 St. Louis, Mo.
 Granite City, Ill.
 Boston, Mass.
 Luverne, Minn.
 Plattsburg, N. Y.
 O'Neill, Neb.
 Peoria, Ill.
 Aberdeen, Miss.
 Elkhorn, Wis.
 Sioux City, Iowa
 Meeker, Col.
 Meeker, Col.
 Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
 Gate City, Va.
 Wilmington, Del.
 Detroit, Mich.
 Columbus, Ga.
 New York, N. Y.
 Seattle, Wash.
 Lawrenceburg, Ky.
 New Haven, Conn.
 Manchester, Conn.
 Bamberg, S. C.
 Sulphur, Okla.
 Newport, R. I.
 Paterson, N. J.
 Springfield, Mo.
 Lawrenceburg, Ind.
 Princeton, N. J.
 Cohocton, N. Y.
 Savannah, Ga.
 Ashland, Ohio
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 Marienhoff, H.
 Markell, H.
 Martin, S. E.
 Martin, W. A. P., Jr.
 Marts, J. W., Jr.
 Mason, L. Y., Jr.
 Maxson, L. J.
 Maxwell, W. E.
 Mead, G. W., Jr.
 Melling, R. E.
 Mercer, J. G.
 Mergen, H. N.
 Metzger, S. W.
 Michael, S. J.
 Miller, P.
 Miller, R. B.
 Miller, W. E.
 Mills, DeL.
 Miner, O. R.
 Momsen, C. B.
 Moncure, J. P.
 Montgomery, M.
 Moore, D. W.
 Moran, W. F.
 Morehouse, T. B.
 Morrall, S. R.
 Morrison, G. D.
 Morse, R. S.
 Moses, M.
 Moureau, R. C.
 Mullan, W. E. A.
 Mullinix, A. P.
 Murphey, C. D.
 Murphy, C. H.
 Murphy, W. J.
 Musser, N. B.
 Myers, M. B.
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 Nesbit, W. H.
 Nibecker, T. B.
 Nicholas, H. G.
 Nolan, J. E.
 O'Donnell, C. O.
 Olds, F. P.
 O'Leary, F. M.
 Olson, J. L. B.
 Olswang, W. W.
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 Orcasitas, P., Jr.
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 Padgett, L. P., Jr.
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 Pare, E. E.
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 Peifer, H. E.
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 Kellyton, Ala.
 Nutley, N. J.
 Alton, Ill.
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 Gerard, Ala.
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 Attica, Ind.
 Newmann, Ga.
 Perry, Iowa
 Perry, Iowa
 Salt Lake City, Utah
 Cleburne, Texas
 Buchanan, N. D.
 Pittsburg, Pa.
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 Lynden, Ky.
 Chicago, Ill.
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 Portsmouth, Va.
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 Ishpeming, Mich.
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 Frederick, Md.
 Rives, Tenn.
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 Shawneetown, Ill.
 Easton, Pa.

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 Perry, R. F.
 Philbrook, R. A.
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 Porter, C. D.
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 Power, H. D.
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 Rees, J. F.
 Repplier, F. O.
 Rice, R. K.
 Rice, W. A.
 Richards, C. L.
 Robbins, T. H., Jr.
 Roberts, F. W.
 Roberts, H. C.
 Roberts, W.
 Roberts, W. H.
 Robinson, F. N.
 Robinson, R. E., Jr.
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 Rosenbaum, F. B.
 Rosinberry, G. E.
 Royal, P. K.
 Rule, H. C., Jr.
 Rush, A. S.
 Rust, H. C.
 Ryley, W., Jr.
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 Sachse, F. C.
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 Sanner, G. R.
 Saye, J. R.
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 Schubert, H. P.
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 Severyns, J. H.
 Sexton, H. C., Jr.
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 Shoemaker, W. R., Jr.
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 Sickel, G. H., 4th
 Sinton, W.
 Skinner, C. R.
 Skinner, G. C., Jr.
 Slater, R. I.
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 Greenville, S. C.
 Jefferson, Ohio
 Charleston, N. H.
 Malden, Mass.
 Meridian, Miss.
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 Erie, Pa.
 Reno, Nev.
 Columbia, S. C.
 Minneapolis, Minn.
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 Glendale, Ariz.
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 Louisville, Ky.
 Yonkers, N. Y.
 Springfield, Ohio
 Union, S. C.
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 Tawas City, Mich.
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 Marion, Va.
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 Nampa, Idaho
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 Helena, Mont.
 New York, N. Y.
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 Smith, R. H.
 Smith, W. M.
 Smith, W. W.
 Smyser, A. G.
 Snelling, C. M., Jr.
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 Sproul, M. F.
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 Steinhagen, P. W.
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 Sterling, P. R.
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 Stoddert, F. B.
 Stoker, E. S.
 Strother, J. H.
 Strother, W. J., Jr.
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 Surran, C. L.
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 Swanston, W. A.
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 Talbert, J. T., 2d,
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 Taylor, F.
 Taylor, H. McG.
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 Thompson, J. B., Jr.
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 Reading, Pa.
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 Oklahoma City, Okla.
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 Rocky Mount, N. C.
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 South Berwick, Maine
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 Terrell, Texas
 Devon, Ill.
 Yonkers, N. Y.
 Alexandria, La.
 Middlesboro, Ky.
 Winona, Mass.
 Washington, D. C.
 Kingston, N. Y.
 Richmond, Va.
 Yonkers, N. Y.
 Gloucester, Ohio
 Springfield, Mass.
 Washington, D. C.
 Paul's Valley, Okla.
 Austin, Texas
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 Greensboro, N. C.
 Dunlap, Ill.
 Washington, D. C.
 Middleboro, Mass.
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 Cornell, Wis.
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Walker, H. E.
Wallace, C. R.
Wallace, H. K.
Wallace, W. H.
Walsh, E. J.
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Ward, B. N.
Ward, B. P.
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Watson, P. B.
Webb, J. C.
Weed, W. H., Jr.
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Weller, O. A.
Wellings, A. J.
Wheelock, R. S.
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Wheyland, M. C.
Whitmer, D. T.
Whitmire, J. E.

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Colorado Springs, Col.
Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.
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Hebron, Neb.
Brownsville, Texas
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Jacksonville, Fla.
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Wiens, R. E.
Wiestling, R. C.
Wilkerson, D. C.
Wilkes, C.
Williams, D. C.
Wilmot, F. E.
Wilson, A. A.
Wilson, E. P.
Wilson, H.
Wilson, J. D.
Winter, F. C.
Wintermantel, E.
Woodson, C. R.
Wooldridge, E. T.
Wooten, C. T.
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Worth, D. F., Jr.
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York, L. D.
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Newport, R. I.
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Brockton, Mass.
Connellsville, Pa.
Easley, S. C.
Portsmouth, Ohio
Lyons, N. Y.



On the outside looking in

The Plebiscite

Class of 1920, U. S. N. A.

Founded A. D. 1916

Number 2. 5

EDITORIAL

ON the outside looking in; on the inside looking out—at ten o'clock we were civilians, ready to take the oath of the Service; at twelve-thirty we were in uniform, in ranks, and waiting to march to our first meal in the mess hall. Our dreams of months, of years perhaps, were realized.

Dreams? Yes. And they were not quickly dispelled. To the candidate and the new plebe the words Naval Academy hold a mystic significance; the very atmosphere breeds a spirit of romance, not soon nor easily to be forgotten. It stayed with us all Plebe Summer, and the remnants remaining have done much to brighten the hours when we not only were plebes in name, but rated plebes. Deny it openly if you will, but in your heart you admit it's true.



Dismissed!



Imbibing the Navy spirit seemed after a month of the Academic year a bitter medicine, but after the Big Day in New York, defeated though our team might be, the true Blue and Gold loyalty was born, to remain forever in the breast of one who has witnessed an Army-Navy game from the midshipman stands. What cared we that we were plebes? We had had a share in a Navy struggle and the true significance of the Academy had come to us.

And now, with our first river crossed, and the time approaching when our probation shall come to an end and we shall be admitted to the fellowship, as well as the muster rolls of the Service, our one wish is that our plebe year shall not have been in vain, and that we shall be worthy of "belonging."



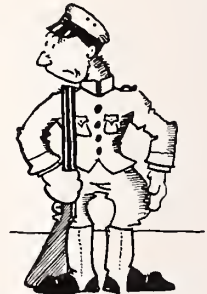
PLEBE SUMMER

Plebe summer ho! Forty-eight hours before we had arrived, and now, after a day and a half of the novelty of stowing our lockers and getting on speaking terms with our surroundings, we were on our way to our first drill.

That morning infantry led the program, and we were herded into the armory. For a week we aggravated Instructor Bohmke before Jonas condescended to take us in hand. Three months later he informed us, "I'm through with you, and you still look like a gang of Crabtown militia."

Our initial experience in Seamanship followed close on the heels of Infantry. Blistered hands and aching backs told the story of those first few days in the cutters, but eventually we learned port from starboard and that a sheet was a rope, not a sail.

Rifle range started quietly. The first day we all learned how to take a Springfield apart, and a few of us how to put one back together. The first casualty came when M. A. Baber had a couple of teeth kicked loose, but H. K. Wallace supplied the climax when he had a finger nipped with a bullet in the pistol butts. For two days after this episode he was the hero of the old Fourth Bat.





Five days in the week we wound up our exertions with a few Swedish movements, the weak squad proving an incentive to greater effort when other means failed.

Swimming and Steam proved welcome diversions, for we just naturally enjoyed the first, and a soft plank could always be found to curl up on and cork a bit at the latter.

Nights we had little social gatherings in Memorial Hall, where the Duty Officers alternately instructed us in the regs. and gave the Chaplain a chance to tell about the trip around the world.

The only breaks were the first Sunday in whites, the Fourth, and the day that swarms of upper classmen passed through Crabtown, bound for home and Sep. leave.

But it was a great life, and we were all going strong when October 1 rolled around; the advent of the upper classes reduced our rating a few numbers, and we began in earnest our plebe year.



AFTER THE SEMI-ANS

'T was Saturday night in Bancroft Hall,
The semi-ans just through;
Two sad-faced plebes sat wondering,
If still they'd wear the Blue.

"The Navy's not for me, I guess,"
Said the first to his roommate slowly,
"Of this first term I've made a mess,
By all that's good and holy.

"These semi-ans have had my goat,
And now I'm glad they're over:
But yet, old pal, I'm much afraid,
I'll soon be back in the clover."





“That’s my plight, too,” the other said,
And he bowed his head in grief,
“We’ve grown to love you, Navy
And our stay’s been far too brief.”

“In a week at most the list will come,
And we’ll be asked to part;
Though back to the woods I’ll have to go,
Right here will be my heart.”

“Till these semi-ans we had a chance,
But this the climax caps,
Only too soon has our dream its end,
We hear them playing its taps.”

Then into the room another burst,
“Why, what are *you* rhino at?
The marks are up, you two poor goofs,
And you have both pulled sat!”





CRUISES



YOUNGSTER CRUISE

U. S. Naval Academy Practice Squadron,
At Sea, June 18, 1914.

Dear old Alec:

I suppose you've been thinking you never would hear from your old pal, but honest, Alec, I never was so far away from home before in my life. I got so much to tell you, Alec, I don't know where to start. First I got to tell you that it is great to be able to say you've been across the ocean. Gosh, I'll bet the natives in Jallapa will be pointing me out all the time when I get home again—if I ever do.

Well, Alec, I guess the only way for me to do is start telling you all the dope right from the beginning, so here goes. We embarked on these here battle-busses on the 6th of June, and, Alec, it was hell to come on board these ships after being in heaven the day before. You see we became "Youngsters" (that means upperclassmen) the day before, and we rated a whole lot and everything else. And then we got to go to the June Ball, which was elegant, Alec, and I was fussing a queen from Baltimore. (Wouldn't Hattie Adams be jealous if she knew I dragged a girl from

Baltimore?) Well, I dragged Hortense (that's her name, Hortense Mulligan) and I had a wonderful time. The decorations and music and pretty girls and everything just seemed like heaven. We didn't have to be in till 2 o'clock in the morning—just think of it, Alec! And that's why I say it was hell the next day because we had to turn out early the next day and work to beat blazes to pack all our chattels and stuff. Honest, Alec, I never worked so hard in my life. I heaved baggage for over an hour and all I got for it was a cussing out.

Well, when we got out to the ships after leaving the poor dear girls crying their eyes out because we were going away, I did some more baggage heaving, and then was told to get settled. Now, Alec, telling a guy to get settled when he first puts his trilbies on a battle-wagon is like telling a cock-eyed gent to look straight to the front. They gave me a station billet (which meant nothing), a piece of canvas and some clews (which meant nothing), and told me to stow my excess baggage in the wing passage (which meant nothing some more). Believe me, Alec, I had some time getting organized, but a guy can do lots when he's just got to. Well, we got under way early next morning. I had to turn out at 5 A. X. and scrub decks just like a menial. (Don't tell Hattie I've got to scrub decks. She thinks I'm a real officer). I was ready to turn out when I was called because you see I wasn't quite used to a hammock. It wouldn't stay straight—but it stays straight now, except in bum weather, and nothing stays straight then, not even your grub.





The eats were pretty good the first two days—but on the third day, Alec, I ate something that disagreed with me, because I couldn't keep anything on my stomach. The weather was awfully rough and the seas were raging and everything, and there was a bunch of fellows sea-sick. I wasn't sea-sick a bit and I would have been all right if it wasn't for something that I ate that put my "little Mary" on the blink.

We've got lots of drills and night watches and have to work hard and scrub lots of white clothes, but I'm hoping that he who humbles himself will be elevated, because a "Youngster" is the lowest being you could ever think of, Alec, on one of these here cruises.

I am getting awfully tired of the ocean just now. I ain't seen nothing but water and sunrises for days and days, except yesterday when we passed the Azores which ain't much except they're land that you can walk on without its wobbling if you go ashore.

Well, Alec, I'll write you some more when I get to Gibraltar. Write me in care of that address I sent you. Give my love to Hattie Adams, if you see her.

Always your pal,

JOE GISH.

Gibraltar, June 23, 1914.

Dear old Alec:

I am in Europe at last! Think of it, Alec—me in Europe! I've been in Africa, too. (Some class to little Joe, eh!) Well, after seeing more water than we dreamed there ever was, we hit off Tangiers, Morocco, last Sat. morning. The burg's built on the side of a hill, and looks pretty good from the bay, but ye gods and little fishes, it's all different when you hit the beach and go through those narrow, honery streets and brush up against those crusty Moors. We just had to take a guide there, Alec, or else it would have been "curtains" as far as ever getting back to where we started was concerned.

We took in all the sights, such as the Moorish prison, the old forts, the English hotels, etc.

They have several regular little cafés there, with dancing girls, too! O you kid! You know what a devil I am, Alec, when I'm out!

We didn't linger long in Tangiers, thank goodness, but left the same evening for Gibraltar, where we arrived early Sunday morning and saw the Big Rock for the first time. It's bigger'n I expected, Alec, but it don't look anything like the Prudential sign.

We got liberty all day Sunday, which was fine. We all went over to Algeciras, Spain, and a bunch of us got one grand spread at the Reina Christina Hotel, which is the closest thing to Paradise I've ever seen, Alec, and





then we went to the bull-fight, which was awfully funny except for the horses, which were fruit for the bulls. All us guys kept pulling for the bull and the spigs got mad as everything. Gee, it was fun! I went ashore again yesterday early in the morning, because the spigs were going to coal ship and I didn't want to get dirty. I chased all around Gib., which is a funny little place, and I saw part of the insides of the Rock. I didn't go to Spanish Town, because it isn't nice there. Well, Alec, I did some shopping in the spig stores and bought a lot of Turkish cigarettes, too. Won't the natives at home think I'm bloody, Alec, when I bust out some imported skags when I'm on leave?

Without exaggeration, Alec, that coal dust was 10 inches deep all over. We turned in on the mole (which is a kind of pier where we are tied up), but a hellova big wind came up and chased us all inside to sleep in the coal dust. We turned out before the chickens this A. M. and started to clean this old tub. We just turned the hose on everything, because everything was dirty; but after much labor and perspiration we managed to get the ship clean by noon.

Am all in, esta noche. We haul for Naples tomorrow. Will write you from there. Remember me to all the gang at Sweeney's Drugstore, and give my love to Hattie.

Yours, JOE.

Naples, Italy, July 3, 1914.

Dear old un-smooth neck:

We arrived here last Saturday. I had to stay on board until Monday, because of the activities of the Crêpe Hangers on the flagship. Monday, however, I got ashore and the first thing I did was to take a cab trip through the burg.

The streets of Naples are awfully narrow and filled with the funniest people you ever saw, Alec. We visited a lot of old churches and things. I guess they were pretty once upon a time, but you know I never did like ancient history, so I didn't enjoy them much. We went to Pompeii the same afternoon. Gee, but it was hot and dusty out there! The old burg itself is pretty well preserved, considering that a large part of Vesuvius fell down on it once. Judging from what I saw, those old Pompeians must have been speed—believe I!

Tuesday and Wednesday we went to Rome. The "Missouri" Chaplain fixed us up a good party and we got to see all the old places and got a bath and everything—all for eight dollars—which is reasonable, Alec. Those old places like the Catacombs, Coliseum, Arch of Titus, etc., are just like their pictures. Rome has some awfully good cafés—if you like spaghetti and can savvy a little spig.

On Wednesday we all went out to St. Peter's and had an audience with





His Holiness Pope Pius X. It was very solemn and we considered the audience quite an honor.

Alec, this country is alive with fleas—not those little kind you see at home, but regular man-eating fleas, that run off with your bedding at night. The fellows all carry combs to bed to scratch with, and the air in the compartments is blue at night with horrible language.

We haul today. We are leaving suddenly. I hear they're going to transfer the Idaho's crew at Gibraltar, because she (the Idaho, not Gibraltar) has been sold to Greece; but we don't know for sure, because you can't tell about nothing on these cruises.

Alec, will write sometime again, Lord knows when.

Your pal,

JOE.

Gravesend, England, July 27, 1914.

Dear ole good-looking:

I'm late in writing, my lad, because I've been too darn busy. We are just about to haul out of Merrie Old England. Honest, Alec, I've had the largest time here I ever had in my life, and I'll have some wild ones to tell you when I get home.

Let me see—I believe I last wrote you from Naples. Well, that was the 3rd of July and we were at sea on the Glorious Fourth—and a glorious day it was, I don't think. We had a field day in the morning, but not the kind of field day you're thinking about, Alec. This kind of field day is where you roll up your jeans, holystone the decks and scrub paint-work and shine bright work. It's a bit not exciting, Alec. Well, we had a big feed at noon with canned chicken and everything, but it was coming to us to make up for the insult of the morning.

We arrived in Gibraltar on July 8th and stuck around just long enough to leave the poor "Ida" behind to her fate.

Well, believe me, Alec, it was like getting to heaven to get to England after being in those Mediterranean ports. Here everything is green and clean and sweet-smelling, which is just the opposite of the other places we've been in. Gravesend is a quaint little town, typically English—if you're cultured enough, Alec, to know what that means. They have





several cinema palaces (which is the slang for jitney shows) here, and lots of terribly nice girls.

As to dear ole Lunnon—well, take it from me, Alec dear, that's some burg! I made up my mind that when I reached London I was through with sight-seeing for this cruise, and was going out for a time. Well, I had it—you know me, Alec, I saw several famous places like Westminster Abbey, the Museum, the Tower, St. Paul's, etc., but I saw them when I was going some place else.

I've been living like a blood, Alec. You know you can ride all over London in a taxi for two bits and can eat till you have to let out on your belt, at a place called Simpson's, for about 55 cents. Well, to proceed, Alec, we took in all the shows, lounged around the Savoy, Ritz and other swell hostelries, and visited the Night Clubs.

The Britishers have treated us fine and I hate to leave, but now we're going to home-sweet-home. The good old U. S. A. looks better to me than anything I've seen on this trip.

Well, good-looking, I hope my next letter will be written from the good old States. Until then, I remain,

Your chicken,

JOE.

Carvel Hall. Annapolis, Md., August 28, 1914.

Dear old Alec:

I'm free! Hit the beach yesterday morning, am in cits now and absolutely free for one whole month. Gee, Alec, you cits can't realize what it means for us birds to leave those old scows where we have been the under dogs all summer, and hit the beach as free men again. There's no feeling in the world like it.

Well, Alec, I've got to tell you all the dope again, I guess. To start, I got to tell you that we arrived in the good old U. S. A. on August 13th. Don't you know, Alec, we could smell that good old fresh land before we could see it. Never do I want to leave this good old land again. We anchored off Old Point Comfort, which has the premier grub emporium of the world—the Hotel Chamberlin. They gave us special rates of a dollar a plate for a feed that was a regular banquet, Alec. I had four kinds of dessert, because that was all they had.

We had target practice on August 17th. I didn't do any shooting—only First Class men did that. I wasn't a bit scared—but I was darn happy when it was over. We knocked around Chesapeake Bay for over a week maneuvering with two ships. It was awfully exciting—just like a funeral, Alec.

Hones', Alec, in spite of everything I ever said about the Naval Academy the old ranch never did look so good to me. We brought some of our chattels and stuff off the same day and disempruned for fair yesterday and never was I so happy in my life.





Alec, I'm just crazy to get home to see the folks and Hattie and all the gang. Am going to stick around Baltimore for a couple of days to get braced up for the trip home, and then it's me for Jallapa.

I'll see you in a couple of days.

Your pal, JOE.

New York City, Sept. 10, 1914.

Dear friend Joe:

Was sorry as—as everything that I couldn't join your little party in Baltimore the second night of Leave, but you know how it was—we didn't get back until Sept. 4th. Was never so doggone sore in my life.

You see, after you birds left us at Gib., we pulled for Villefranche and turned to to get the old "Ida" ready for the Greeks. We gave the old ship one grand cleaning, but we all came to the conclusion that it was a case of "Love's Labor Lost" when we saw the same battle-wagon a couple of days later, after she had been transferred. Just picture, if you can, Joe, several bovine specimens strolling around that quarterdeck, which was once the pride of Hugo.

Well, when we left the Idaho, we transferred our persons and goods to the U. S. S. Maine. Now, Joe, you've never heard me exaggerate so you'll believe me when I say that that tub was the filthiest one-spot I've ever seen in my life. She won all the hardware, all right. Ye gods, when I

think of those decks I start itching even now. They hadn't been scrubbed since the cruise around the world, but if the bally-hoo wasn't clean by the time we got to Crabtown, it wasn't the fault of the First Luff.

We made some good liberties in Villefranche and Nice and managed to separate ourselves from a few sheckels at Monte Carlo. When the war broke out, we were about as welcome as a certain quadruped at a house-party. We put on all the coal the British didn't want, and took a hike for ourselves for Tangiers.

But at last we got started, Joe. The Maine had a movement ail her own, but we managed to make the Azores without sinking. Here we had to put on more coal to compensate that which we had swept off the quarter-deck during the trip. Nothing happened on the rest of the journey home, except the starboard engine went on the Fritz and had to be nursed along.

You had left Baltimore and were probably at home with your tootsies under Mother's table by the time we landed. We forgot the most of our troubles when we hit the beach, but if I live to be as old as Hugh Sease, I'll never forget that Maine.

Here's hoping I see you in Baltimore before leave is over. We'll more than make up for that party which the Greeks broke up.

Hoping you have a big leave, I am,

Your pal,

W. T. DOOR.





SECOND CLASS CRUISE

FULL of hopes we embarked for Second Class cruise. Visions of South America, with an initiation at the Equator into the Order of the Ancient Mariner, and chances of hitting the high spots in Buenos Aires, the “Gayest City in the World” gone by the board along with the usual and sincere hope of early graduation; out of the cloud of conflicting dope there appeared a cruise to the West Coast—Panama, California, and The Fair. We moved our dunnage down to the wharf, said “Au revoir, but not good-bye,” to sisters, sweethearts, and wives-to-be and set out for the good old Crab Fleet.

We set out and we got there without trouble, but after we had begun to get settled on board it seemed as if we shouldn't get any farther; for the Academic Department had begun an exhaustive study of the constitutional rights of Plebes, and determined to settle the matter once and for all—as had been done with great effect ten years or so before—had decided to call in all the expert testimony to be found in the three upper classes. So the Crab Fleet grew Chesapeake Bay seaweed on its bottoms for a month or more until we began to calculate the speed the Fleet could shake out of its boilers and divide it into the distance to Frisco and back, and the chances seemed good for an East Coast cruise and maybe an early Sep. leave.

But one fine day we grabbed loose of the bottom off Crabtown and put out to sea. The Wisky was given a head start—wisely, according to the

gallant crews of the Misery and the Ohio—but, worse luck to her, with the conscientious efforts of the Black Gang, showed she didn't need it, and used it by putting into Guantanamo to coal. Our previous experience in this line had consisted in field days, following the depredations of the Spigs, and so we had a taste of the real life.

At Colon there was another coaling party in which all hands took part and then we slipped up through the locks into Gatun Lake and sent liberty parties ashore. The big dam at Gatun is a humdinger, the power house and spillway wonderful to behold; but best of all—while they lasted—were the pop and ice cream at the Y. M. C. A. We went back on board feeling like Merchant Princes and enjoyed the astounding luxury of all the fresh water we could use; it actually ran out of the hoses and all over the decks.

Next day we passed through the Lake and fired a salute in honor of the occasion at noon, being the first men-of-war through the Canal; we also took careful note of the exuberant brush on shore and were glad we weren't





in the Army. The fauna was interesting, too, the sea gulls of our native haunts being replaced by big, heavy pelicans, who for all their sea going builds, can spot a fish—or whatever they eat—from forty feet up in the air and flop on it before he can bat an eye.

Slowly we passed through the long cut, the banks lined with soldiers and brass bands, so that it was like a regular triumphant procession, except that the soldiers would ask foolish questions and say that it was three o'clock when three bells struck, and finally reached Culebra. The big cut was all that could be expected; the banks seemed to run right up to the sky, and we unanimously handed the laurels to the Army engineers. The black Jamaica mokes aroused some interest too. They all carried umbrellas, though it wasn't raining, and they stood to lose nothing in their complexions—any one was as black as any two mokes in Crabtown.

The locks at the other end were navigated with much manhandling of springs and bowlines, without mishap, and the forecastle division of at least one ship turned in at 2 a. m. with the consciousness of a day well spent. Next morning we found ourselves far out on the briny, ran out guns, which had previously been run in to pre-





vent their knocking off slides and damaging the locks, and we set out, all secure, on the second leg of our journey.

On the way up the coast diversion was found in attempts to harpoon the big man-size turtles which drifted by close alongside, but so far as is known, they all got away alive, unless they had the misfortune to get tangled up in the propellers. There was no getting around it, though; they would have made a welcome addition to the bill-of-fare.

The Black Gang, previously organized as a volunteer rescue party to enable us to get anywhere at all, was now put on a business-like basis; work in the fire room became a part of the practical instruction and all hands got a chance to heave coal into the furnaces and to learn that if you drink cold water with the temperature at 140 degrees the result will be disastrous.

The signal force had some practical instruction, too, and learned how to stand up under a six hundred word bull message without flinching; and many a time a disgruntled signalman, standing on top of a hot turret,





his arms tired out with waving a wig-wag flag, hollered and swore when the receiving ship signalled back "Please Repeat."

The weather was hot and the scenery, except for an occasional turtle drifting by with a sea gull standing on his back, was uninteresting. The coast of dear old Mexico looks all right from a distance, when it first heaves in sight, but from close alongside you wonder what they find to fight over down there, and why they don't all leave in a body and come up to God's country.

We were all glad when we blew into San Diego one fine morning, and, after helping out festivities with a little Regiment of Infantry, proceeded to obey the injunctions of the Powers That Be to "make the most of our unusual opportunities for sight seeing and advancement." But the Pacific Coast is a big place, comparatively speaking, and \$20 is, comparatively speaking, a small amount of money, so that we regretfully came to the conclusion that it was a bad plan to spend too much of it in one place.

When we left San Diego we were temporarily minus everybody who lived on the West Coast, they being privileged for once to spend some leave at home, and

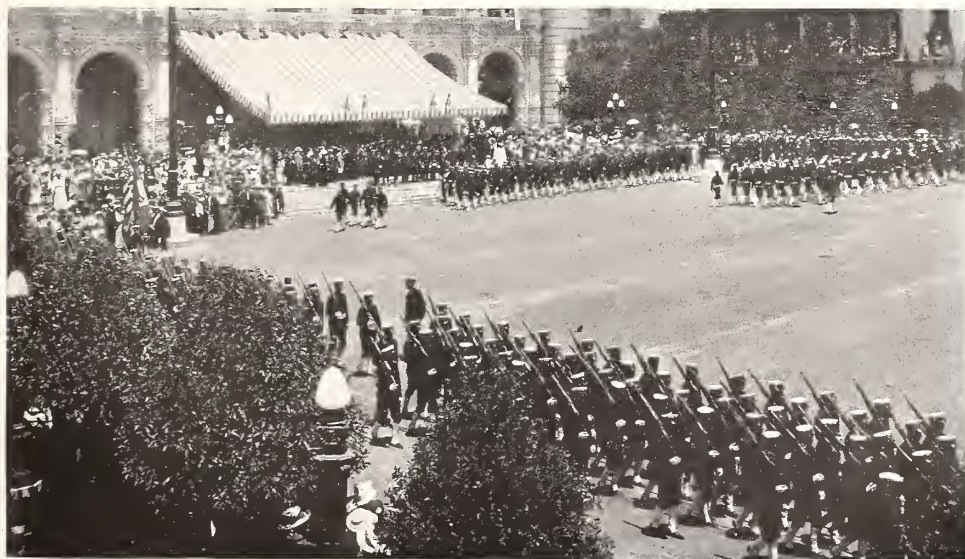




some lucky prestidigitators besides, who had mysteriously conjured up relatives within hail.

The next ports of call were Frisco, Los Angeles, and vicinity. The people there did their level best to help to live up to our traditional life of pleasure and enjoyment and we did our best, too; but it's a doggone hard thing to do when liberty is up at 6:30 on the dock. We got away with it, though, even at that. The cruise was for practical instruction, you see, and even in unimportant matters like knowing how to spend your time there is nothing like being able to make a little go a long way.

A man-sized coaling at Frisco caused a feeling of joy—when it was over—which is more easily experienced than described. And the Navy ball in Frisco and the more informal but possibly gayer hop in Los Angeles caused—while they lasted—a feeling of joy more in keeping with joyous occasions; while they lasted, I say; for there is a hollow for every hill and few things can compare with the rhino spell a midshipman undergoes when he turns out at 5 a. m. on the morning after the





night before to scrub down the decks, with icy cold water coming out of the deck pump and a thick fog hanging over everything.

But, even as all things come to him who waits—faster sometimes than when he sets out to get them—so it came to pass that one day we kissed our hands a sweet good-bye to California and put out to sea again, Crabtown bound; glad, not because we were getting away from California, but because Sep. leave and all the comforts of home waited us at the other end of our journey.

Once under way the Black Gang worked with a will and heaved coal into the boilers with a spendthrift disregard of the pains taken in getting it aboard; the signal force was on the job day and night hoping to capture some dope about Sep. leave that might filter through in a bull message; and before we knew it—almost—we had slipped back through the Canal, swiped some more coal from the vast stores at Colon and were out in the Caribbean. Cuba and Haiti we gave the go-by completely, only taking care not to run into either and so arouse a delay; the balmy Bahamas were noticed by nobody but the lookouts; and the Island where Columbus made his landfall aroused no interest at all. For we





were Homeward Bound—"Home, boys, Home, to the Land of Libertee!"

A heavy swell in the neighborhood of Hatteras showed what it can do to bally-hoos when it gets going, and rolled the muzzles of the six-inch guns into the water; but it didn't make us seasick and just so long as we didn't turn turtle and so delay affairs, we should worry. In short, the Fleet weathered the swell and everything else; and though there were wrathful words on the Wisky when her steering gear broke down in Chesapeake Bay so that she followed a cork screw course and made three miles by patent log to one mile over ground, yet we pulled in somehow, only eight days overdue and minus target practice, disembarked double time, and, all ready for frolics or fusses, made the best record yet out through the gate.

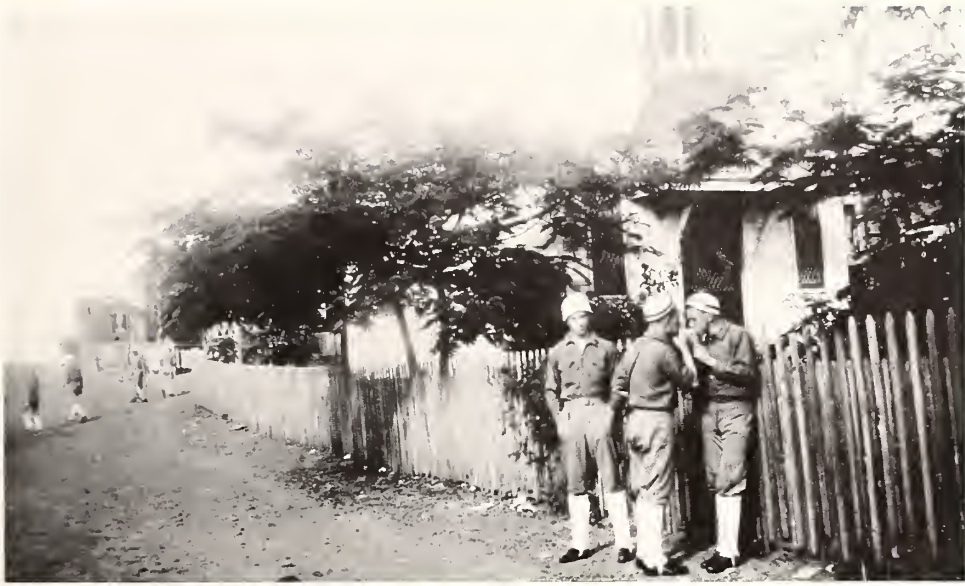




FIRST CLASS CRUISE

AND now I sit me down to write about the cruise that was the Last Word the cruise that won the stove the cruise that oh what's the use I'll start from the beginning because that is where it commences 'twas on the bright and glorious afternoon of June 6th that we bade the folks and the maidens fair adieu at Dewey Basin and after haughtily superintending the work of embarkation proceeded via Severn River and the inner bay to those gorgeous palatial ya-chettes de guerre to those elaborate supermaximo dreadnoughts to those invincible bull dogs of the Navy all the foregoing referring to Uncle Sams wagons Missouri Ohio and Wisconsin which were lying peacefully in the road-





stead where we arrived after a beautiful rhino soul racking ride and boarded said palatial battle busses into the various and sundry corners of which we stowed our chattels and Fatimas and despues we proceeded to acquaint ourselves with the smoking regulations which were not as ample and elastic as they might have been but which were ample and elastic enough if you used your bean which is neither here nor there so I accordingly go on to expatiate upon the subject of our getting settled on board and of our spending the week end off Crabtown to which burg we finally said good bye on Monday when we got underway at five o'clock and started on a long long journey of about five hours to the mouth of the Patuxent River where we waited for sunrise next morning because it was considered bad form to pass the Capes at night or





something like that or at any rate the Powers who wielded the sceptre thought so for they decreed that we wait for the morrow which we did because we could not help ourselves but it was satisfactory in the end because the morrow arrived in due time and we pulled up the mud hooks and started for the beautiful blue Atlantic which was blue all right on June 6th but green as hell on June 7th with the result that a goodly number of embryo admirals began to feel weak in the knees and vied with each other in manning the lee rail in honor of Father Neptune in pursuance of a grand old custom established long before our time but the young tars recovered sufficiently to take several altitudes of the sun betwixt the aforementioned date and the day we arrived at a Godforsaken piece of real estate





in the West Indies called Culebra which was made part of the itinerary because some wise hombre in Washington whilst scalling a chart magnified 10000 times with a microscope saw this unheard of spot and having never heard of it hit upon the brilliant and happy idea of sending the Midshipmen down to explore the place which they did in their thorough little manner and finding only land crabs naked kids dirty spigs cocoanuts and darn hot weather they prayed to the gods for permission to haul and it so happened that their prayers were answered because after a long wait of 4 days the bally hoos weighed their anchors and the squadron sailed through sizzling waters for Guantanamo Cuba where Uncle Sam maintains a naval establishment consisting of a blacksmith shop and a canteen where the boys spent good elegant money for warm pop





which was all they had to cheer them in that awful port where sea routine was carried out on all days except Saturdays when through the overwhelming and unbounded kindness of the Powers we were enabled to go ashore in pursuit of elusive and fickle Pleasure who seemed even more elusive here than in Culebra which has nothing to do with the fact that we coaled ship under the rays of a tropical sun on June 29th but were fully repaid by being given a holiday on the Fourth of July the celebration of the said consisting of boat races a ball game and a swell smoker on the Missouri where the talented and versatile exponents of the arts of Terpsichore and Jim Jeffries entertained us to our fill and then some but we stood it all right in view of the fact that we were about to resume our jour-



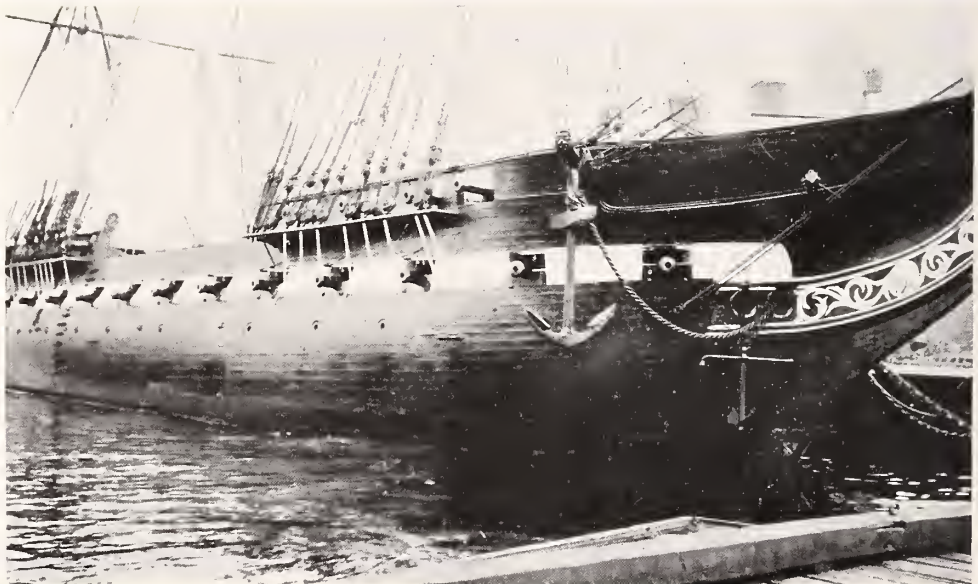


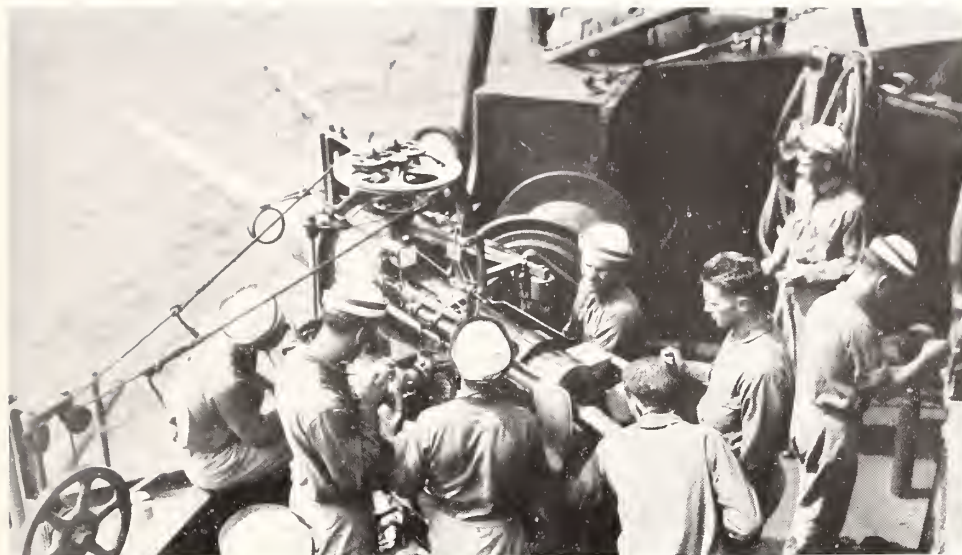
ney shortly and leave the tropics where the enervating climatic conditions were such as to make corking the lightest of all light occupations well nigh impossible but we said we could make up for the time wasted in the tropics when we arrived in Provincetown Mass where we arrived in due time after a pleasant voyage and proceeded to make said port our base of operations which operations consisted of going out to sea for a little sub calibre practice whenever there was not a fog which was about three days out of the month and I might as well state here that the liberty we had here would not wad a shotgun but the boys were so tired that they positively would go ashore once in a while march up and down Main St look at Pilgrim's Monument and wind up the wild liberty by purchasing a bag of peanuts to eat on the dock while they





were waiting for the kicker to take them back to the ship and the helovit was that this was kept up for over a month the only relief being week end trips to Portland a very hospitable city to Boston a great coaling station and extremely disappointing podunk and to Rockport which is everybody's idea of no place to go but since days as well as love affairs will pass in spite of everything there came a day when we headed for Hampton Roads in a gleeful mood because we knew what hospitality the Chamberlin Hotel would extend for a dollar and accordingly in August our hopes were realized for we fed beau-coup visited the beaches and gay places around Norfolk inspected Fort Monroe and got ready for target practice which was held and which was very successful in view of the fact that no one





was killed and that damage to the material was reduced to a minimum but with target practice over we were put to the hardest job of all namely killing time until the end of the cruise which job was made somewhat easier by participation in the war game which subsequently proved to be as exciting as a tiddledewinks tournament even if we did have the opportunity of seeing the Fleet and have the pleasure of being sunk which was precisely what we wanted for being sunk was synonymous with saying that we would go ships left ninety degrees and head for Crabtown as fast as 16 tubercular boilers and 6 rheumatic engines would take us which was pretty fast this time for we dropped the hooks off Crabtown on Sunday eve August 27th and next morning we placed our goods on the kickers and started for the beach where we ditched our chattels and





offered up a prayer of thanksgiving to think there were no willie and beans meals no more rotten watches no more of the thousand and one real or fancied hardships of a Midshipmens cruise after which prayer we dolled up in the clothes that good sense intended men to wear and started for home and I take this opportunity of thanking and congratulating you if you have had the courage and patience to read this.





ATHLETICS



WEARERS OF THE N

Football N

Blodgett, H. C., '17
 Clarke, W. P. O., '17
 Dashiell, R. B., '17
 Davis, W. P., '17
 Failing, R. V. A., '17
 Jackson, H. W., '17
 Johnson, C. W., '17
 Reifel, W. M., '17
 Ward, C. O., '17
 Fisher, T. G., '18
 Holtmann, O. H., '18
 Mills, E. W., '18
 Whelan, J. N., '18
 Gilman, A., '19
 Goodstein, H., '19
 Martin, H. M., '19
 Orr, J. J., '19
 Von Heimburg, E. H., '19
 Westphal, F. A., '19
 Butler, W., '20
 Ingram, W. A., '20
 Perry, L. S., '20
 Roberts, W., '20
 Scaffa, T. C., '20
 Whelchel, J. E., '20

Baseball N

Blodgett, H. C., '17
 Calhoun, W. C., '17
 Moran, E. J., '17

Sease, H. S., '17
 Connolly, M. J., '18
 Fisher, T. G., '18
 Von Heimburg, E. H., '19

Crew N

Clarke, W. P. O., '17
 Fleming, R. W., '17
 McReynolds, R. W., '17
 Vytlačil, N., '17
 Ward, C. O., '17
 Alvis, J. D., '18
 Lawyer, J. V., '18
 Jupp, S. D., '18

Basket Ball N

Calhoun, W. C., '17
 Gregory, J. W., '17
 Allen, J. R., '19
 Martin, H. M., '19
 Warner, S. H., '19
 Welch, P. P., '19

Track N

Dean, F. H., '17
 McKee, A. I., '17
 Mack, A. R., '17
 Morris, E. W., '17
 Vosbury, B. P., '18
 Wade, W. C., '18

Withers, C., '18
 Williams, J. C., '19

Fencing N

Doughty, L., '17
 Headlee, C. DeV., '17
 Jeter, T. P., '19

Lacrosse INt

Denebrink, F. C., '17
 Shortridge, P. F., '17
 Worden, F. L., '17
 Douthit, F. L., '18
 Garrett, W. S., '18
 Jacobson, J. H., '18
 Murphy, V. R., '18
 Martin, H. M., '19

Wrestling wNt

Grant, V. F., '17
 Ward, C. O., '17
 Weitzel, C. W., '17
 Wyatt, B. H., '17
 Bieseimer, H., '18

Gymnasium gNt

Benson, F. W., '17
 Clark, G. W., '17
 Council, H. F., '17

Swimming sNt

Allen, J. K., '17
 Caldwell, E. B., '17
 Cook, S., '17
 Dashiell, R. B., '17
 Vytlačil, N., '17
 Browning, M. R., '18
 Grove, C. S., '18
 Haight, S. M., '18
 Post, C. K., '19

Tennis tNt

Haeberle, F. E., '17
 Randolph, R. L., Jr., '17
 Callaghan, W. M., '19
 Slocum, H. B., '19

Rifle rNt

Clark, V. O., '17
 Porter, R. L., '17
 Reaves, A. G., '17
 Richards, W. P., '17
 Grimm, O. E., '18
 Perkins, J. L., '18
 Rowe, G., '18
 Wilson, J. D., '18
 Wright, J., '18

Fencing fNt

Fullinwider, S. P., '17
 Sherman, F. P., '18



Midshipmen's Athletic Association EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



President
WARD, C. O.

Secretary
REMINGTON, T. F.

Treasurer
JUPP, S. D.

Captain of Football Team	Ward, C. O.
Manager of Football Team	Dean, F. H.
Captain of Baseball Team	Moran, E. J.
Manager of Baseball Team	Hanabee, F. J.
Captain of Crew	Vytlačil, N.
Manager of Crew	Ely, H. E., Jr.
Captain of Track	Morris, E. W.
Manager of Gymnasium Teams	Ely, H. F.
Captain of Lacrosse Team	Shortridge, P. F.
Captain of Fencing Team	Doughty, L.
Captain of Rifle Team	Reaves, A. G.
Captain of Basketball Team	Calhoun, W. C.
Captain of Swimming Team	Dashiell, R. B.
Chairman of Hop Committee	Cooley, T. R.
Representative for Third Class	Von Heimburg, E. H.
Representative for Fourth Class	Denfeld, F.



Shannon and the Goat

SONGS



YELLS



BOOST

THIS is just a further reminder that the Army Game is almost here. It is up to you to do your share towards a Navy Victory. Have you in the past done it? If not, *GET BUSY!* We all want to hear that old bell out there ring this year, so start boosting *now*. Keep on boosting and boost, *boost, BOOST*, until it is time for us to pile out of the stands and show the Grey-Legs how a Navy Victory feels.

Tune—"Anchors Aweigh"

Stand Navy down the field,
Sail set to the sky;
We'll never change our course,
So Army you steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll up the score, Navy,
Anchors aweigh;
Sail Navy down the field,
And sink the Army,
Sink the Army Grey.

Tune—"Old Gray Mare"

The Navy team will smash up the Army line,
Tear up the Army line,
Throw them a heaving line,
Stand by today
To call all your boats away,
So good-night Army Grey.

Army Grey, fade away,
You've run afoul of a gang that is mighty bad,
They're here to make you sad,
Cause they are fighting mad;
The goat will rule that poor old Army mule,
So good-night Army Grey.

Tune—"Quand Henri Henshaw Chante"

There's an aggregation known throughout
the country,
Always ready for a frolic or a fray;
From their high and mighty station
They are known throughout the nation
As the boys from down in Crabtown-on-
the-Bay.

Each year they sally forth to face the Army,
And turn the Army mule into a lamb;
In the midst of scrap and scrimmage
You will see the busy image
Of the spoiled and pampered pets of Uncle
Sam.

Chorus

So 'round the ends and through the line
we'll run.
Show those Grey-Legs how the deed is done.
Oh, Navy crew, we'll see you through,
Here's how! To the boys of Navy Blue.

Tune
"The Pride of the Navy"

We're all for the Navy,
She's got the right team,
She's got the right spirit,
She's got the right steam,
She's got the right coaches,
She's got the right men,
She's GOT to make good
For the Navy again.

So it's rip up the Army team,
Tear up the Army team,
Smash up the Army team,
Fight, Navy, FIGHT!

The poor Army mule
He will never say die,
But look out for the goat
With the blood in his eye,
He's noted for grit
And he'll fight to the end,
WHOA MULE! step aside
Or he'll get you again.

The Army knows all
About war on the land
But sea-going tactics
They can't understand,
So into it Navy
And do them up right,
We're up here to lick them
So fight, Navy, FIGHT!

Tune
"You're in the Navy Now"

You're playing the Navy now,
We'll ram you with our bow,
The poor Army team
They haven't the steam
To hold the Navy now.
You'll smash the Army Grey,
You'll smash the Army play,
The Navy Blue
Goes through and through
When they get under way.
The Navy wins today, today,
The Navy wins, the Navy wins,
The Navy wins today, today,
The Navy wins today.

YELLS

Four "N" Yell

Navy! Navy! Navy!
N-N-N-N
A-A-A-A
V-V-V-V
Y-Y-Y-Y
Navy! Navy! Navy!

Gangway Yell

Ray! Ray! Gangway
Ray! Ray! Gangway
U. S. N. A.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

H₂O Yell

R-a-y R-a-y R-a-y
Hoo-oo—Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah
Boom Ray—Ray Ray Ray Ray
Boom Rah—Rah Rah Rah Rah
Hoo-oo RAH
Navy-Navy-Navy.

Yea Team Yell

N-a-v-y N-a-v-y
Hoo-Rah-Hoo-Ray
U.—S.—N.—A.
RAH!
Y-e-a—Y-e-a—Yea Team.

Hobo Yell

Rah Rah—Rah Rah Rah
Rah Rah—Rah Rah Rah
Whoop Whoop Whoop—ee
Navy Navy Navy

Automobile Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Na-vy Rah! Rah!
Na-vy Rah! Rah!
Hoo-Rah! Hoo-Rah!
Na-vy-Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Na-vy!

Hooray Yell

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
U. S. N. A.
Navy! Navy! Navy!

Touchdown Yell

Rah! Rah! This way
Football we play
U. S. N. A. Rah! Rah! Rah!
Right through we break
Touchdowns we make
We leave our wake
Rah! Rah! Rah!



COACHES

TO use the words of Jonas, "The coaches can only give the team the fundamentals, and the instruction in the proper carrying out of these fundamentals and rudiments, but the men themselves make the team what it is."

True enough, but how many men could impart their knowledge to and inspire fight in the team, as Jonas and his "Staff" have done? A few could impart the knowledge, but no one else could inspire the driving fight.

In past years it has been considered good form to criticize the coaches and their system, but this yearous by its absence, even in more or less than an aciment appreciates the imthe coaches, and that it man in the Academy, or out, more deeply imbued in him

Jonas, we can't tell how that of your coaches; at least really express our apprecia- we can say, Jonas, is that we finish, and know that next Navy, if you are at the helm



such criticism was conspicu- Smoke Hall. It is nothing knowledgment that the Reg- mensity of the task before knows and realizes that no has the spirit of the team than any one of our coaches. we appreciate your work and we cannot do so in words that tion strongly enough. All are with you from start to year will spell success for the of the old Blue and Gold.



WHAT WE WANT—GO GET IT!



FOOT BALL

The Squad



FOOT



BALL

SEASON 1916

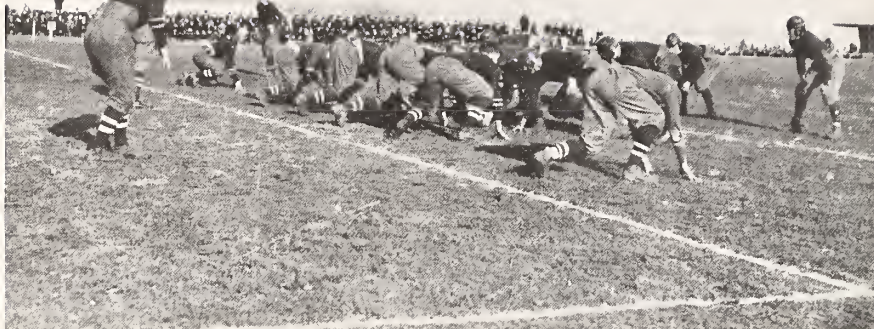
As is usual in our history, practice started late in September, with a wealth of material already developed in the Plebe class. With only a week of practice, most of that spent in falling on the ball, we started the season.

The Dickinson team came and went with neither the long nor the short of the score. We expected a victory, and were disappointed, but the work of the team showed promise. It was rough in spots, but the general result was encouraging, to the coaches, if not to us.

Our next game was a source of joy to all hands. Georgetown came down to have a practice game, and they had practice, lots of it. In the first quarter Navy was in danger, but our line held like a stone wall for four downs. Then we started and when the smoke blew over, the score board showed Georgetown on the lean end of the score, by one touch-down; 13-7.

Wednesday's game with Maryland was a curious exhibition of good and bad





football, with the latter predominating. Our forward passing was phenomenal, both touch-downs being direct results of heaves ranging in length from fifteen to forty yards, but on the whole, the work of the team was not encouraging. That was left till the next Saturday.

The game with Pittsburgh was the greatest game of football ever played at the Naval Academy, none excepted. True, we had the breaks, but we made them; our overhead work seemed almost perfect, and our line and backfield worked together like clocks. Navy scored in the first five minutes of play, by recovering a



Pittsburgh fumble of the kick-off, a kick, another recovered fumble and a pass over the goal line to Jackson. Pitt followed our score by two others, by straight steam-roller football, and they led us 14-6 at the end of the half. In the third quarter a sixty-yard run by Welchel and three line plunges carried the ball over again. Pitt again followed with a score, but Navy came back and scored, and but for a missed goal we would have tied the score.



West Virginia gave us a close call, for we suffered a relapse, while their passing was the most spectacular ever seen on our gridiron. The mountaineers led by one touch-down at the end of the

second quarter, but Jonas talked to the team so well that we succeeded in pulling a touch-down in each succeeding period, both the results of aerial football.

The Georgia Crackers also came and went after putting up a well-fought interesting game, particularly from our point of view. The game was marked by frequent penalties and numerous fumbles, as well as by hard tackling and beautiful running. It was mainly a punting contest, but Navy was not to be denied, and the energy of our two "first backfields" brought home the bacon.



The next Saturday was the darkest day of the whole season. We slumped and Washington and Lee played a brand of football in every department that they may well be proud of. Apparently Navy was powerless, either on defense or offense. They ran through us, around us, passed over our heads, blocked our kicks, and simply walked right through our line. In a few spots we played well, but all in all it was a terrible day, and it took a mass-meeting in Smoke Hall to revive the Regiment.

The game with North Carolina A. & M. was won by the largest score





rolled up by a Navy team since the days of the "Big Team." After each kick-off Navy's march down the field ended only in a touch-down, followed by a kicked goal, until even the spectators were satisfied.

The high scoring record of the previous week fell in the game with Villanova. Navy played the same slashing, tearing game that she had played against North Carolina. The big team started, but after a few minutes of play the second and third teams went in. Villanova worked a number of short, lateral passes, but the majority were made against the third team,

so we felt no discouragement.

Taken all in all, the season up to the Army game was successful. With the exception of

one game we were never outclassed, or even approached being so; the team, a green team in October, developed into a well-balanced machine under the careful handling of Jonas and his men; and we left Annapolis with every feeling of confidence that the team would take the Army into camp.





SCORES

Navy	0	Dickinson	0
Navy	13	Georgetown	7
Navy	14	Maryland	7
Navy	19	Pittsburgh	20
Navy	12	West Virginia	7
Navy	27	Georgia	3
Navy	0	Washington and Lee	10
Navy	50	N. C. A. & M.	0
Navy	57	Villanova	7





“Cap”





ARMY-NAVY GAME

WHEN we saw the Pointers leave those stands and pour out on the Polo Grounds as the final whistle blew on November 27, 1915, there was not a man in the Regiment who was not gritting his teeth, and swearing that next year we would "get the Army," and there was not a man that would not have given anything he possessed to attain that end.

That spirit animated the Regiment and it animated the Team throughout the whole season of 1916. The ultimate end was the Army, and everything else was subordinated to that end. When we won a game, the feeling that we would get the Army was rampant; when we lost, the feeling was subdued, but not once was it crushed. And when that Team left the Short Line Station on November 23 we felt that the time was ripe. There was no undercurrent of feeling, that maybe we had a chance if luck favored us, as in past years, for had not Jonas said that we had an even fighting chance? That was all we wanted, and it was enough.

Signal practices were held Friday afternoon and Saturday morning on the Polo Grounds, and after a light lunch Saturday the squad took a rubber-neck out to the field. The Corps had already arrived, and as the Team passed by, a Long Corps Yell, three Navys, went down the line. That was the finishing touch. It got under every man's skin, and right there they resolved that nothing could, nor would, stop us.

At twenty minutes to two o'clock the Pointers came on the field. Down the field in column of squads, then back again in company front they came, and finally massed in front of their seats before double timing up. Ten minutes later their field piece, substitute for the Army mule, was brought in, and a position taken directly in front of the Army stands, point of aim—the Regiment of Midshipmen.

It was not long before all eyes were turned toward the other gate, from whence



issued our band, to be followed by the Regiment. Down the field we went in column of squads and instead of doubling back, across the field in battalion front we came, halted, and double timed to our places. The usual interchange of yells followed, but in the midst of one the Team appeared. That yell went unfinished.

The story of the game is soon told. We kicked off to Army's ten-yard line, Oliphant receiving the ball, and no one needs to be told how he carried the ball 85 yards, to our five-yard line, on the first play. Three downs, Oliphant carrying the ball each time, saw a touch-down. Goal was missed.

Again we kicked off, and on straight plunging by Oliphant, Place, and Vidal, Army carried the ball to our 28-yard line. A forward pass was broken up, but more plunging carried the ball to the 10-yard line. Ollie dropped back, and made a clean placement kick. Score—Army 9, Navy 0.

This time Army kicked off, and Fisher ran it back to the 35-yard line. No success was made with line plunging, so we punted, Jackson getting the receiver. More plunging by Ollie, then a punt, which we returned, losing on the exchange. More straight football, first by



Army, then by Navy, finally resulted in Army's ball on our 45-yard line. Then they began a charge down the field, five yards at a time, and many of us thought of that charge down Franklin field two years before. The team must have remembered, too, for at the 16-yard line they stiffened. But Army had one trick left. Oliphant dropped back as for a placement kick, but instead passed to Vidal, who carried the ball over. The attempt at goal again failed.

We were now 15 points behind, but from then on Navy started an uphill game which convinced us, if not others, that no matter what the final score might be, our team was as good as Army's.

Roberts and Butler alternating with the ball, Perry punting, and our ends receiving passes, gave us small but steady gains, and we secured our first foothold in Army territory. The whistle cut our work short, but in the second half we began where we had stopped. Then came the one part of the game which will be remembered when even the final score is forgotten. Army attempted to punt, but Goodstein was too quick, blocking it, then recovering the ball, and carrying it over for a touchdown, the first since Douglass carried it over in 1907. One jinx is broken, at least. Reifel kicked goal. We did not lose the offensive, once we had

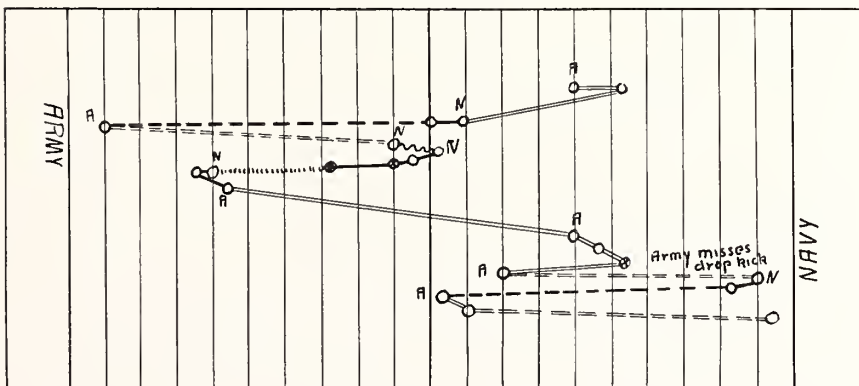
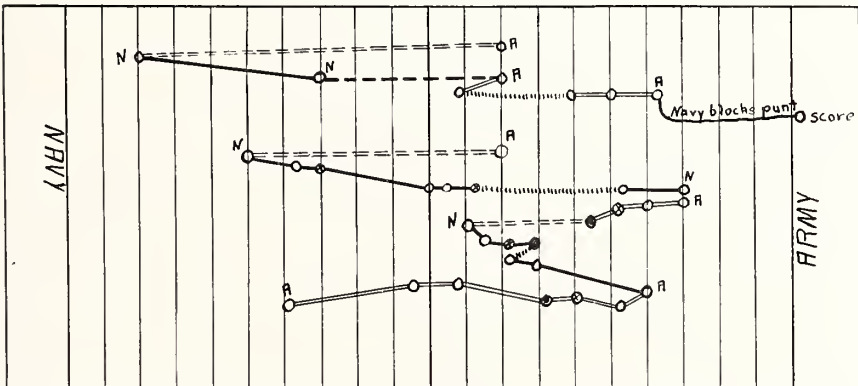
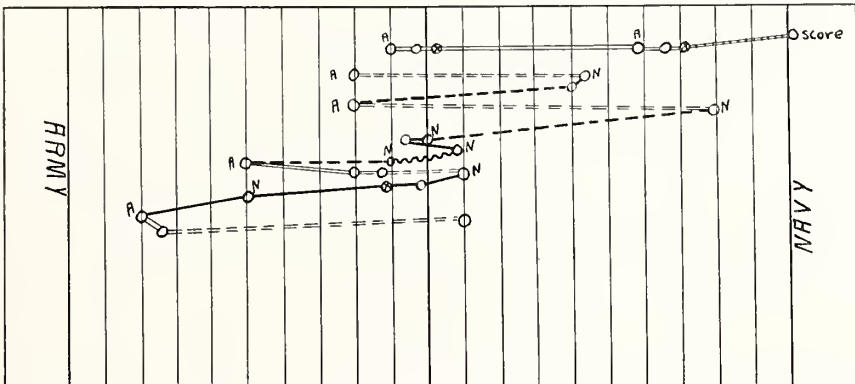
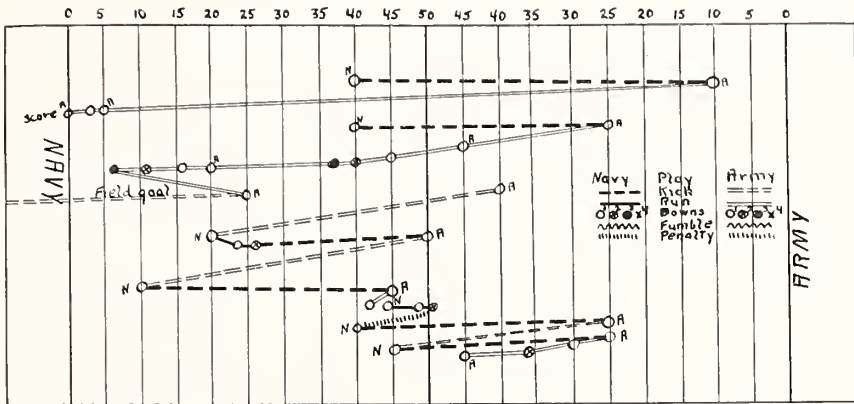




gained it. Ingram ran the kick-off back 25 yards, Roberts and he plugged through the line for six or seven yards each time, Army was penalized for slugging, and we found ourselves on their 25-yard line. A forward pass netted nine yards, but we couldn't push the extra one, and it was Army's ball. Ollie was twice stopped, and with one yard to go, Army punted. Again our overhead work was successful, but unfortunately Gerhardt intercepted one on his 20-yard line. Army worked the ball for 20 yards, but Roberts turned the tables, running back 20 yards on an intercepted pass. Our passes, at the crucial moment, wouldn't work, so the ball again went over. Here Oliphant got free, and started down the field. With only one man, little Orr, between him and the goal line, Army was squeezing for another score. Orr proved his stuff by stopping him, knocking himself out in so doing. Army punted, we returned, and they passed, but Ingram cut it down. Line bucks proved ineffective, so we punted, Oliphant making a fair catch in mid-field. Time was almost up, so Army contented themselves with a few line plays which gained little, until the final whistle put an end to our hopes.

The class of 1917 will go out from the Academy without ever having seen a Navy victory, without ever having rushed the colors, but in all those four defeats we lost to a team which proved itself worthy of defeating us, and this year's game was the best and the most glorious for both Army and Navy.





The Team





BASEBALL

The Squad



★ ★

B A S E B A L L

★ ★



SEASON 1916

THE baseball season was alternately a source of joy and sorrow to its followers throughout the whole season. The team was slow in finding itself, but once it did, exhibitions of the national pastime were seen on Worden Field that could hardly have been surpassed, even in the major leagues.

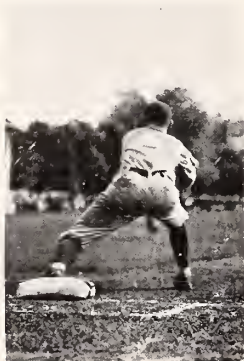
A long spring practice was not held, and as a result the team entered the first game comparatively green, even though rain had given us a few extra days of work. Pennsylvania was our first victim, or rather Blodgett's first. He let them down with a single hit, while we scored twice. Rain again interfered next week, and the lack of practice showed up against the Maryland Aggies. The game itself was nothing unusual, except for the heavy batting of both sides.

The Amherst game was well worth seeing, closely played, and with a





single run score, that by us. A period of depression followed on our trail until almost the last of April. The team played good baseball, but something was wrong. Little or no scoring was done and we managed to come out just one or two runs behind, successively to Georgetown, Tufts, Colgate, and Harvard. Right there was where the team got mad. In the next three games we checked up 37 tallies. The team got right, the bleachers got pep, and the result was, "Navy wins." We looked

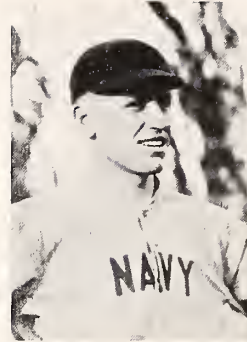




like a million. North Carolina A. & M., Bucknell, Catholic University, Pittsburgh, all of them came and went. Three times a week Navy took the field looking for blood, and three times a week, for the last four weeks of the season, Navy got what she wanted. Twelve straight victories was the record from April 26 till the Army game. Some of the games were close, others were won by big margins, but the results were all the same.

Any professional team that wins three-fourths of its games, provided it plays good teams, is regarded as having had a successful season. We felt that our season had so far been successful, but the big question,





the Army, was yet to come. The team felt confident, the jinx had apparently left us for good, and what is better, there was not a single man on that squad who did not have his mind on the game and his eyes on the ball every minute, and they were all veterans.

SCORES.

Navy, 2—U. of Penn., 0	Navy, 8—Trinity, 1
Navy—Villanova—Rain	Navy—Fordham—Rain
Navy, 9—Md. Agr. College, 3	Navy, 13—U. of N. Carolina, 2
Navy, 1—Amherst, 0	Navy, 6—Bucknell, 1
Navy, 5—Lafayette, 1	Navy, 16—V. M. I., 2
Navy, 4—Georgetown, 6	Navy, 4—N. C. A. & M., 2
Navy—Williams College—Rain	Navy, 2—Catholic University, 1
Navy, 5—Cornell, 2	Navy, 1—Pittsburgh, 0
Navy, 1—Tufts, 4	Navy, 8—Johns Hopkins, 6
Navy, 1—Colgate, 2	Navy, 3—Georgetown, 1
Navy, 3—Harvard, 4 (10 innings)	Navy, 5—St. John's, 0
Navy, 8—Holy Cross, 4	Navy, 7—Catholic University, 4
Navy, 1—Lehigh, 8	Navy, 2—Mt. St. Joseph's, 1
Navy, 3—Army, 13	



ARMY-NAVY GAME

FOR several days before the game the dope was passed around that we were going to get the jump on the Army by bringing them down the Severn on the Biddle. The deep laid plot was this: we pray for a rough day, bring them down the river in a small boat, and they, having no sea service to their credit, all become sea-sick, lose then we win the game. the honorable powers they arrived via car as welcomed them by man- ion, from the gate to their batting eye, and However, the counsel of that be prevailed, and usual. And as usual we ning the rail, land fash- Bancroft Hall.

The Army squad spent how it is done in the rade, seamanship drills, mentioning. They did



the idle hours watching Navy, taking in the pee- and others hardly worth not neglect their prac-



tice, notwithstanding the pleasure of watching somebody else brace up and fin out for half an hour, and then take a little jaunt, double time around the field. Their spikes knew Worden Field and found it good.

It was good, too, for no more perfect weather for baseball could be found. Everybody was there, too, with the

possible exception of Henry Ford, who, as we well know, detests such blood-thirsty combats, and can't bear to see so much antagonism between fellow men. At any rate, the day was good, very good, indeed. And the game, you say! Yes, the game was good, very good, until the fourth inning.

Army took the field at two o'clock and after passing the ball around for fifteen minutes, gave way to Navy. The jinx was conspicuous by his absence, and everybody was squeezing for the first big Navy day in three years.

Gerhardt, the first man up, beat out an infield hit and was sacrificed to second. An attempted bunt was nipped in the bud by Gyp. Unfortunately Neyland, the fourth man up, was hit on the head by the first ball, and it was found necessary to substitute Sarcka in his place. An attempted steal by the latter was stopped by Hammy.

Neyland had by this time recovered, and was greeted by cheers from both sides. Apparently he was little the worse for wear, as he had the old stuff on the ball throughout the game. Fisher beat out a short hit, and went on to second on a wild throw. On Calhoun's out he continued to third and rambled on across when Rogers made a clean single. Bert managed to get as far as third, but three outs stopped him. Things looked bright for us.

A strike-out, base on balls, and a clean single by Army made things look dark for us, but Blodgett turned the trick by getting the next two men. We did little better. Moran and McFall went out on infield hits, and Blodgett fanned in short order.



The third inning went one, two, three for Army. It also went one, two, three for Navy. So far it was all for us, but we neglected to knock on wood at this point. McNeill singled, a clean hit over second; Coffin walked, and House attempted to sacrifice. Gyp came in and made a wonderful stop, but in the excitement tossed high over Fisher's head. One score here. A low throw to home failed



to get Coffin—two runs. Schlenker walked. The next man was put out by some hook or crook, but another single and another error let in three more runs. Anyway, when the smoke blew over we were five runs astern. For us Rogers popped out, Von Heimburg struck out for the second time, and Connolly followed in his footsteps.

Another ascension, staged by us, took place in the sixth inning. House made his second hit of the afternoon, Brittain walked, and Gerhardt got another hit. Von pegged perfectly over home, except that the ball passed the plate at an approximate altitude of eighteen feet. Three men scored, leaving us eight behind. Army was content with this, and the scoring mercifully ended. For us Moran started with a triple, McFall followed with a single, and Mike scored. Blodgett sacrificed Andy to second, and Hamilton walked, but was forced out on the next play. Fisher was run down between second and third, but Andy scored in the mix-up.



The sixth inning lasted very shortly, Army having but four men up, and we having but three. Seventh inning—same, same.

Again the Army got wild, but they weren't so hot this time, and consequently scored but two runs. With one more inning and nine more runs to go, we went out in natural order. Not content with the lead they already had, Army scored again in the ninth, only a great stop by Moran letting us off



that easily. We simply could do nothing with Neyland, he becoming better and better as the game wore on, and in the last inning finishing us without further delay.

Very naturally, we were depressed, for the reason that we knew the team could play better baseball, for they had done it. We have no alibi, nor do we need one; Army outplayed us from start to finish, and they rated the game without a doubt. Our only statement on the case is the same one as in the past eight years, "Wait till next year," but in 1917, with the same team that lost last year, we intend to turn the trick. Score—Army 13, Navy 3.





CREW

Crew Squads





CREW, SEASON 1916



CREW has been carried on under the greatest of difficulties during the past few years, and accordingly seems to have suffered, up to last season, the loss of a great deal of prestige. There can be no question that studies, drill, lack of squad privileges, and more than any other factor, the lack of time, play a large part in increasing the difficulties of producing a well-balanced crew. In spite of everything, Dick, with two N men to start with, developed a crew that was second to but one in the country at the Henley, and which lost but one other race.

But perhaps the greatest gain made during the entire season was not in the number of races won, or the time made, or the records broken, but was in the spirit and the support given the crew by the Academy, but even more in the spirit of the squad itself. It speaks well for next year.

Our first race was with the Analostan Boat Club eight over the two-mile course. Navy displayed the cleanest form seen here in many seasons and, in spite of adverse weather conditions, we crossed the line with ten lengths of open water between the two shells.

Dick had two weeks to prepare for the Penn race. But when Saturday, May 13, rolled around not a man had been changed from the first boat. Penn, having just beaten Yale, came down with a confidence that left them only when the race was over. The Plebe-Freshman race was held first, and although Penn conceded this to us, both were surprised. The Fresh-





men won by a good two lengths. In the second crew's race we conceded the victory to Penn by a good margin. Herein lay the second surprise of the day. Half a mile from the start Penn led by two lengths, but as they crossed the line Navy was less than half a length behind. The big race started out with Navy in the lead, Vytlačil leading a long, powerful stroke. Penn could not gain an inch, and

when we sprinted at the little red house, the tale was told—two lengths.

On May 13 the first, second, and Plebe crews and the four left for Philly. What they did follows shortly, and it was a lot.

Syracuse came down and scalped, rammed, and sank us on May 20. The two-mile course was again used, but Navy was out-rowed, not badly, but enough so that there could be no question but that Syracuse rated their victory. The same day the Plebes took Central High School into camp over the shorter course.

As we look back now, we can say that the season was on the whole successful, compared with the previous one it was phenomenally successful; and every one of us knows down in his heart that Navy is once more back on the rowing map, in large blue letters.





THE AMERICAN HENLEY



A GLANCE at the results of the Henley will no doubt give the idea that Navy spent a rather unprofitable afternoon. But, not so, Julius. Here is the dope: Light practices were held on Friday, both morning and afternoon, with a short spin Saturday morning. The day was warm, with a light wind, and Navy, in three of the four races, had the inside course, the poorest of all.

The Junior Collegiate race for the New England Challenge Cup, in which we were represented by the second crew, was held first. It was run off in two heats, the two winners of each heat entering the finals. Our heat, the second, resolved itself into a contest between Harvard, Yale, and Navy, Princeton dropping easily astern early in the race. Harvard led Navy by a very narrow margin till near the finish, with Yale creeping slowly up. For some reason, due to the confusion near the lines, when the time came to spurt we neglected to give the big heave, and the three crews crossed the line so that no one other than the judges could tell who had won. When the numbers came up, both Harvard and Yale had nosed us out by inches. In the finals, Syracuse won easily, with Harvard second and Yale third.

The next race saw our only victory, when the four pulled across the line ahead of both the Vesper Boat Club and the University Barge Club, after having led easily the entire race.

The Child's Cup race, the big event, was next. Again we had the inside course.





After a considerable delay, caused by Columbia jumping the gun, the crews got off to an even start, with the exception of Penn. They lost a length here, and never regained it. Under the trolley bridge we crossed Penn's bows, being so privileged under Rule 16 of Knight, and were but a few feet behind Columbia and Princeton. A quarter of a mile from the finish Vyt-lacil jumped the stroke from 34 to 36, then to 38. The other two crews also sped up, but the strain told on Columbia. We passed them about twenty strokes from the finish, but Princeton, not to be headed, still led us by half a length as they crossed the line.

We felt confident of making a good showing in the Freshman race. The Plebe crew had undergone several changes, and had improved steadily. After securing a jump on the other two crews at the very start, Murray set a long, slow stroke, and the Plebes were drawing ahead every stroke, until one of the starboard men caught an untimely crab. When we recovered, it was too late, and we crossed the line a poor third.

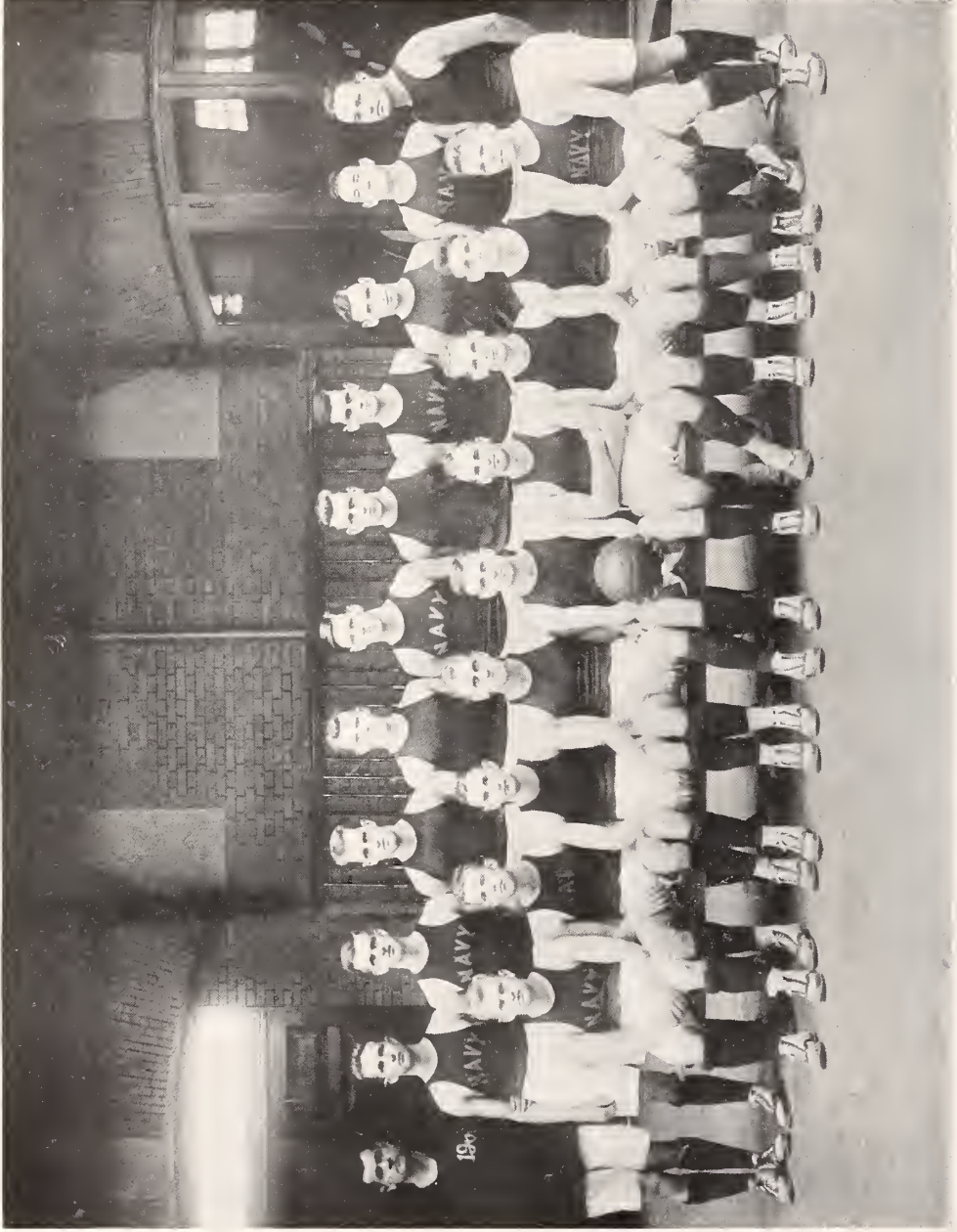
While we returned with no N cross oars, we can feel justly proud of our showing. For some years Navy has not been considered as a likely contender in the rowing world, but inasmuch as we came in ahead of other crews that are considered as good crews, we can feel and do feel that next season will spell absolute success.





BASKET BALL

Basket Ball
Squad





BASKET BALL

FOR the second time within four years Navy has gone through the basket ball season without suffering a defeat. This year our record was even more commendable, for the reason that at the beginning of the season, Captain Calhoun was the only veteran player on the squad. The new men were finds, and Coach Colliflower is due a lot of praise for his work in developing them.

We made a bright showing in the opening game against Johns Hopkins. They were reputed to have an all-star team, but after the first few minutes there was no doubt about the result.

St. John's of Annapolis came next and they exhibited a degree of basket ball efficiency that made us hump to get the long end. We humped very effectually toward the end, with the result, 26-14.

City College of New York, fresh from a victory over Yale, was expected to be a hard nut to crack, and they were. After a hard, clean game, in which first Navy led, then C. C. led, the bell rang and found them but one point behind. That work-out didn't seem to affect the team to any great extent, as George Washington was handily taken into camp. One noticeable feature of this game



was the facility with which we committed fouls, and the equal ease with which Almon, their clever forward, converted those fouls into points.

The game with Yale was the best of the year. We started off well and managed to pile up a comfortable margin in the first half, but Yale put some life into the game, and incidentally some few gray hairs on to our heads during the second period. During the last ten minutes both teams showed a defense that has seldom been seen on our floor, and it was a toss up as to which was the better team.

Catholic University seemed a trifle easy after the Yale game. They were handicapped by having several men unsat, but in spite of this they treated us to a good scrap.

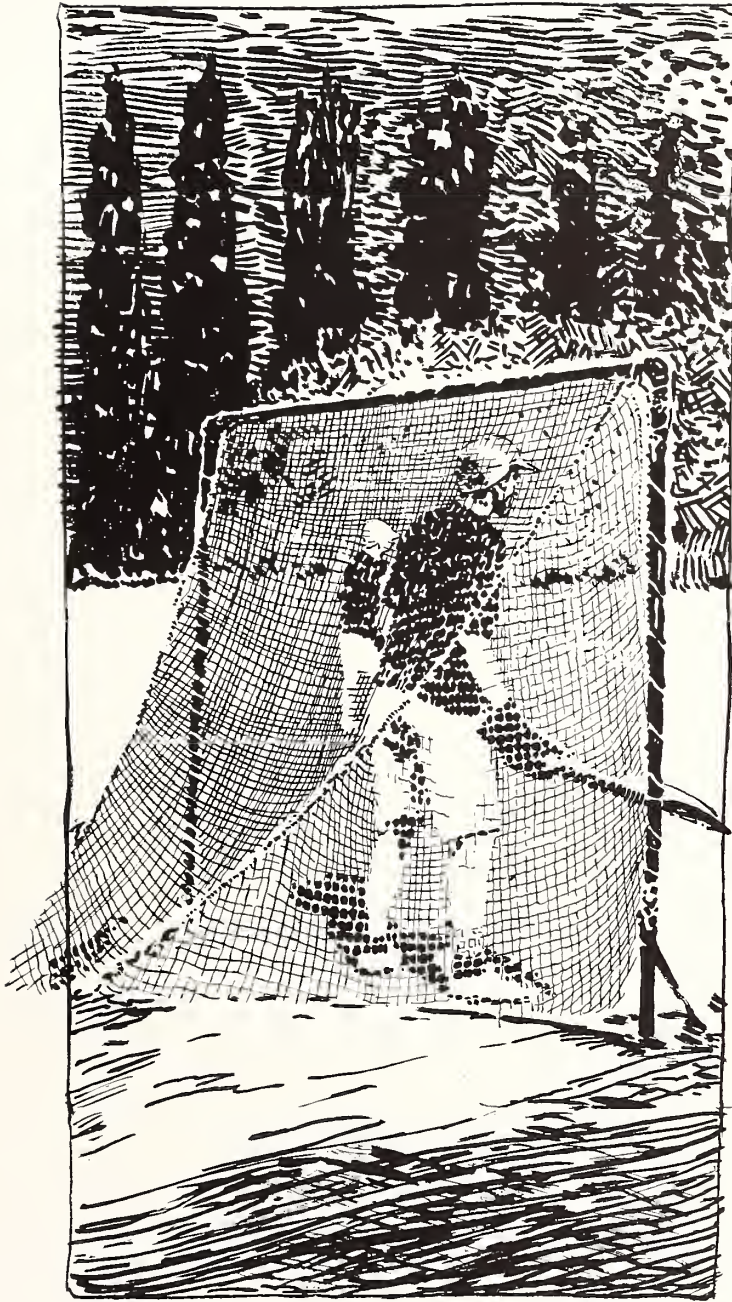
The next victim was Crescent A. C. of New York. In past years they have given us the best games of the season and, as their rep. this year was quite imposing, we expected as much again. However, after the first ten minutes, there was no doubt as to our superiority. They brought only five men, but as we made no substitutions, it was an even game.

Our old rival, Swarthmore, was taken into camp next. Last year her five was the cause of one of our two defeats, and on this account the result was particularly pleasing.

Georgetown and St. John's of Brooklyn were bowled under successfully, though not without a little strenuous exertion on our part. The same can be said of our last game, that with Virginia. Unfortunately the war scare brought the season to a premature end, the last scheduled game, with West Virginia, being called off at the last moment.

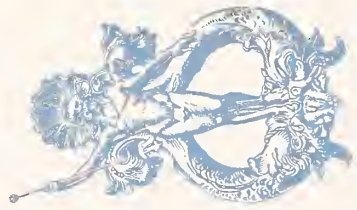
Looked at from every point of view, it was a tremendously successful season, well up to our standard, and one of which we are proud.





LACROSSE

Lacrosse Squad

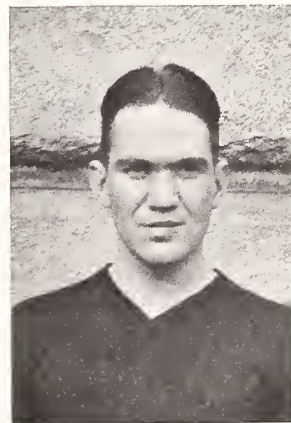




LACROSSE

LACROSSE is hardly a lady's game, nor is it one for an Apollo desiring to preserve his facial beauty. Anyone who has seen the game, especially as played by a Navy team, will testify to the truth of this. The players often become absentminded and cannot distinguish between the elusive ball and an opponent's gonk, or, as they inadvertently make passes at the long grass, it often happens that some poor devil on the other team gets it about the knees. Body blows are foul, because no logical excuse for them has yet been discovered. However, the opposing teams feel right at times themselves, and when they do everybody journeys to Worden Field and views the scrap.

Our opening game was against Baltimore City College. They were not up to their form of the last few years, and the score was all one-sided, the ball being in Navy's territory but once during the game. Nothing spectacular was noticeable in our playing, but, inasmuch as almost every man on the squad got in for one or two licks, this was excusable.





The Cornell game was a fast, clean and well-played contest, with the score just about indicating the comparative strengths of the two teams. Our offense was slow in getting started, but at all times the defense was airtight, both of Cornell's goals being made on long shots.

Keeping up their winning streak Navy managed to down Penn 6-2. All but one of the goals were made in the first half. After that we took a slump, and with the exception of Durgin, no one played consistently well throughout the rest of the game.

Our next game saw our only defeat of the season. Johns Hopkins came down with a rattling good team, and cleaned up 6-3. Our defense was kept busy at all times, Johns Hopkins forcing the fighting at every moment. In spite of the score, we played creditably, the defeat being due more to Hopkins' excellence than to Navy's poor playing.

The tables were turned in the next game, however. Harvard expected at least a draw, but again Navy was right, and was not to be denied. At just about this period of the season Johnnie Wilkes, Wead, and several others became known as "the meanest men in the world."

It required two extra ten-minute periods to decide the Swarthmore game. The two teams were evenly matched, and the game itself was by far the best of the season. Toward the end of the second extra period, we rolled two in the net, and held the lead.

The season ended by snowing the veteran Mount Washington twelve under by a score of 4-1. At no time was there any doubt as to the Navy's superiority, and Mount Washington's goal tender spent a strenuous afternoon.

Considering everything, the season was a great success. Starting with a green team, Coach Finlayson developed it, so that it reached its best in the last game. For years Navy has been well toward the top in the lacrosse field, and this year was no exception.



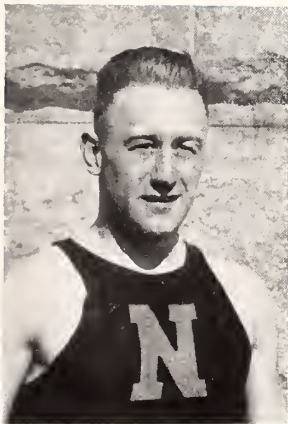


Track Squad





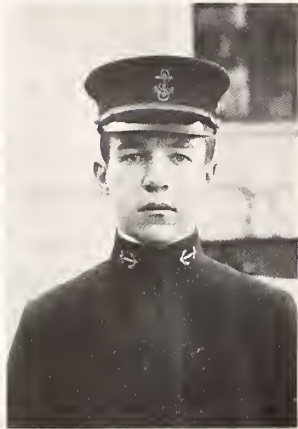
TRACK



A HARD task confronted Coach Mang at the beginning of last track season. With five men lost by graduation, among them a star sprinter, a relay man, a pole vaulter, and two weight men, he had to develop almost an entirely new team. That he did his work well is shown by the season's records.

Indoor work during the winter was held as usual, but an increased number of candidates were on hand and the prospects looked bright.

The interclass track meet was won by the First Class, Thompson being responsible in no small measure for their success.



There was, however, one thing still lacking in the Track Team, namely, lack of ability in the weights. In the 1915 season the same failing lost us our only two unsuccessful meets of the season, and in 1916 we lost to the same two teams for the same reason. In track events Navy has never been considered slow, but in the field activities we are not, and never have been, much. The sole reason for this is lack of interest, so you huskies get together.

Johns Hopkins was the first victim of Navy's speed, 73-31. Tommy Thompson was the particular star of the afternoon.

The first mile race in three years produced a new find in Mack, who raced a dead heat with Weeks of Johns Hopkins.

Virginia defeated us for the second time in two years by the same methods she employed in 1915. They made a clean sweep in the





weights and, inasmuch as we had but a small lead then, they emerged victorious.

Next week the dope went wrong. With two of our best men out, Lafayette expected to come out on the long end of the afternoon. A surprise in the person of Vosbury put their hopes to bed. Every race was close, but the big kick at the end of each race gave us the honors, 58-46.

Revenge was what we wanted the next week against Columbia, and revenge was just what we got. It was a close meet, not particularly fast, but almost every event was well contested. We showed increased strength in the weights and decreased strength in the distance races. Against a strong team, a team which defeated us in 1915, we came back and did nobly. Revenge was sweet.

The season ended, as is usual, with a victory over Georgetown, 80-26. It was hardly an exciting meet, as the superiority of Navy's runners, jumpers, and heavers could not be questioned.

All in all, a very successful season; successful in so far as scores go, but more than that, successful in that we overcame in great measure one of our greatest weaknesses—inability to heave the weights the necessary distance. Al-





though we lost one meet through not scoring in these events, it must be remembered that Virginia had in Barker and Coleman two exceptionally good men, and a defeat at their hands cannot be considered a disgrace.

Again we lose five men by graduation, but the new material that came to the front last year will do its level best for Captain Morris, and that, we think, will be enough to keep up Navy's reputation.





RIFLE

Rifle Squad



RIFLE



TEAM

A RIFLE match differs from any other branch of athletics, as practiced here. There is no way to hold down your opponents' score, and the only thing to do is to shoot better. The usual fall and early spring practice was held, and, although four men were lost from the team of the preceding year, these vacancies were more than filled and the team showed great promise.

Our first real opportunity to demonstrate our ability was in our match for the Intercollegiate Championship. When the final scores were checked, Navy, while not winning, nor even showing in the first three, finished well over half way up.

Following this came a match with the National Guard of the District of Columbia. They were out for blood, we might even say they were hot, after our victory of 1916. Anyhow the pace was too swift for us. We shot well, but their work was excellent; they shot well at all ranges, and we were forced to put one red check for Navy in the little book.

A three-cornered match with the Marine Corps and the "A" and "B" teams of Navy resulted in a complete victory for us, the teams placing in the order named, with the Marine Barracks on the short end of the tally.

The bout with the 71st New York was gratifying to us in the extreme, and it was one of the most closely contested matches held in years. When the smoke blew over, and the holes all pasted, it was found that the scores checked exactly. The tie was shot off at 600 yards, and we won by one point, the last shot deciding the match. Needless to say "David" is still with us.

The reward for all those lost liberties came toward





the end of May, when the team tried out their range and ballistic tables on the D. C. range. Apparently Ingalls' and Alger's methods are correct, for we amply revenged ourselves for that little red check earlier in the season.

While not so successful as the previous season, we feel that the team need never feel other than proud of their work. They are handicapped by insufficient practice, and the matches are all with older and more experienced men, so that, all in all, their work merits more than it gets.

The man who deserves a great deal of credit for the success of the season is Lieutenant Wickham, upon whose shoulders fell a comparatively thankless task after Lieutenant Denny left. However, the scores and work of the team speak for him better than we can, and his efforts resulted in a well-balanced, well-drilled team.





TENNIS



TENNIS

WITH a season not quite as hard as the previous one, the team did not make as good a showing. Four of the five lost matches occurred in the early part of the season, when Captain Watters, following the example set by his predecessor in 1915, spent a large part of his time on the hospital list, thereby depriving us of one of our best players. Upon his return the squad got down to business, and managed to put up a very creditable game consistently for the remainder of the season.

We started successfully, winning from St. John's by a score of 5-1. Next came the days of leanness in the land. We lost successively to Lafayette, Johns Hopkins, Princeton and Cornell, and then tied Ford-

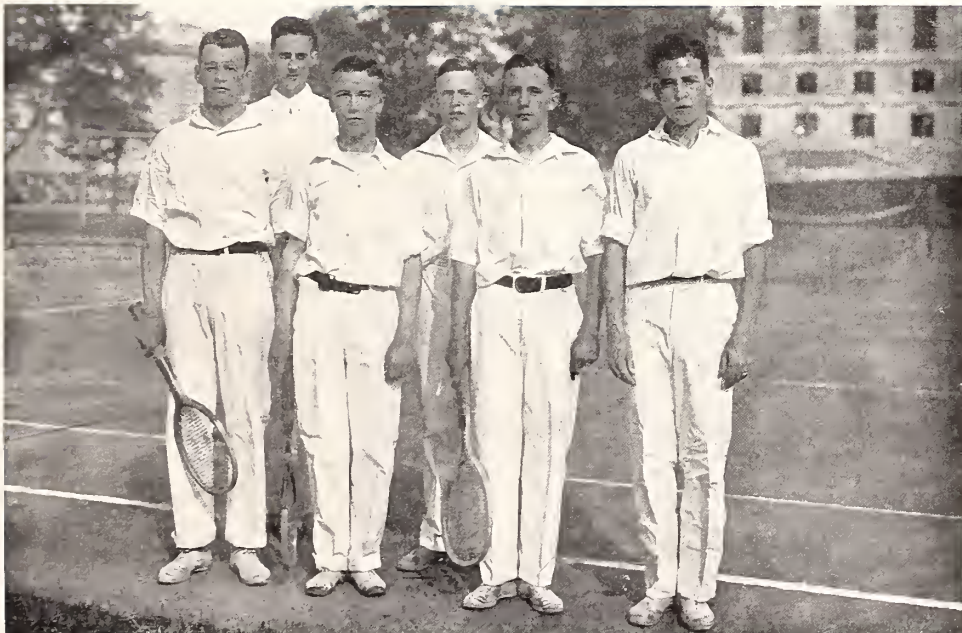




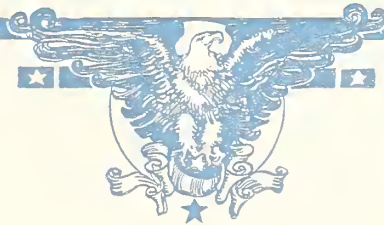
ham. It was at this point that we got angry, and, as a result, we lost but one match, that to Pennsylvania, throughout the rest of the season, taking into camp Rutgers and Virginia, and tying Michigan in the last game.

The consistent playing of Randolph was the noticeable feature of the otherwise usual season. In singles he was, with one or two exceptions, sure of his match, and, paired with Haeberle in doubles, was usually responsible for another point in each match.

Great credit is due Instructor Foster for his untiring efforts and boundless patience in the face of most trying circumstances, and it was due to him that the team displayed the brand of tennis that it did.







GYMNASIUM

CAPTAIN Council's gymnasts made their first appearance in disguise at the Gymkhana, and, judging by some of the new tricks displayed there, they intend to do material damage to our opponents this year.

For years Navy has been in the limelight in the gymnastic world, but, having lost two sure point winners, Berwind and Hardison, there now exists a gap in the team that will take two good men to fill.

The "Old Guard" has turned out again this year, better than ever, and they have been reinforced by a number of Plebes who appear to have all the requisites of good gymnasts.

At the time of the present writing the results of the season cannot be foretold, but no matter what they are, no Midshipman should believe or should feel for a single moment that the team could possibly have made the showing and the record it has in past years, and the record they are making this year, without the efforts of our able instructors in Swedish. Some Monday afternoon when you are executing such tactical maneuvers as “feet upward—stretch,” or “arms stoop falling—place,” you may think that those men are inhuman machines; but, if you have ever watched them showing the team how it should be done, you’ll know why Navy is counted as a hard nut to crack in gymnastics.





WRESTLING

WITH a veteran team this year we thoroughly expected to make an excellent showing for the Navy in this man's sport, but at the time of present writing the outlook is not cheerful. We still feel confident that we shall not lose a single meet, but the international situation is such that there exists a doubt as to whether there will be any meets at all. The training table still remains, however, and this alone gives us a real ray of hope.

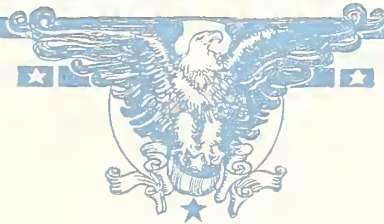
Captain Wyatt has behind him men enough and men good enough to fill out any two college teams, and competition is more spirited this year than ever before. The men who made the team last year still remain in the limelight,

but they are being crowded by a number of dark horses who seem to be on the job, and as a result one look at the mat any afternoon will convince even the most sceptical that the squad means business and is out for blood.

That is well, for in this one sport we have an almost spotless record. Last year we lost one match, that to Yale, and at a time when we were seriously handicapped by injuries and by the newly enacted unsat law. Before that we had three seasons free from defeat, a record that anyone might be proud of.

Mr. Schutz has done more to put the team where it is now than any other coach of any other team has done for his squad. He has done his work consistently well, and he has taught his men how to do it in the same way, and the result is what it is: "A closely contested meet, but one in which the superior stamina and the superior skill of the Navy wrestlers wore down and finally overcame their opponents."





SWIMMING

THE swimming season of 1917 was successful beyond a shadow of a doubt. We started off by romping unmercifully upon the aquatic representatives of Princeton University, and we finished up by doing the same thing. The fact that it all happened in the same meet makes no difference to us.

Only three meets were scheduled for the entire season, but these were picked with great care, and each one of those meets would have shown us some close races.

Of last year's veterans probably Captain Dashiell in the short dashes and Cook in the hundred were the best men, but they were ably backed by Browning, Haight, Post and Griffiths, all men who had shown the stuff last year and who

were all showing that same stuff again this year. In the Plebes, there were many good men. Campbell has already broken the Academy record for the plunge and Guerin, another believer in that stream-line theory of resistance which disregards all coefficients of form, has pressed him closely. Still another man, Goggins, made his place on the relay team and is making Cook speed up in the long races.

Our prospects for next year are of the best. Although two good men are lost by graduation, we will still have an almost intact team. It is probable that the authorities will be a little more lenient in the matter of meets next year, particularly as we shall spend the rest of our lives on the water, and will very probably end up actually in it, and no better preparation can be had than that afforded by the swimming squads, both of the voluntary and of the extra types.





FENCING



IF ever a sport labored under difficulties imposed by the Midshipmen themselves, this is it, and the wonder of it is that we have done so well. With practically ninety per cent of the Regiment uninterested in the outcome of any match, except the Intercollegiates, it speaks well for the work of the sword men. Heintz and Darrieulat have made it possible for us to keep the "Little Man."



The 1916 season was a good one. We lost none of our college matches, split about even on those with Fencing Clubs, and won the Intercollegiates. While it is not an exceptionally unusual thing for the team to go through the season without a defeat, yet when one considers that the men composing the fencing teams of the clubs which defeated us are older and more experienced handlers of the foil, we may agree with the fighting Amazons when they say, "Not so bad, eh, not so bad."

Harvard was the first victim, winning but one bout. Then we lost, both foils and sabres, to the New York Athletic Club, won from the New York Turnverein, and lost to the Washington Fencers' Club. On March the fourth we split even with the New York Fencers' Club, they taking the foils and we the sabres. From that time till the end of the season it was a clean sweep for us, Cornell, Pennsylvania and Columbia all falling before our prowess.

In the Intercollegiates, Captain White, Jeter and Doughty displayed the form they had consistently shown throughout the season, taking second, third and fourth places respectively in individual scoring.

Headlee outclassed all other competitors in the sabres, winning every bout, and amply justifying all reports as to his skill. Fullinwider split about even on his matches, which was particularly commendable for a first season man.

As a result of the hard work during the season and the careful dieting by all hands on raw meat, butter and eggs three times a day, the "Little Man" is with us still, and if this year's squad follows the excellent precedent set last year, Navy need have no fear but that we will keep it.

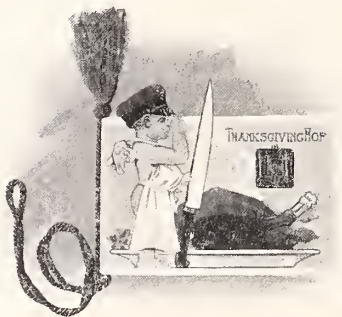






HOPS, 1917

THERE are two kinds of hops—hops and hops—both are good (in their places), but they say that it does not pay to mix them; for all know that it is hard enough to navigate on the ballroom deck without having your stable equilibrium diminished by a free surface of the other kind of hops. (Take notice, ye, of the Steam Department—pretty savvy. Yes? No?)

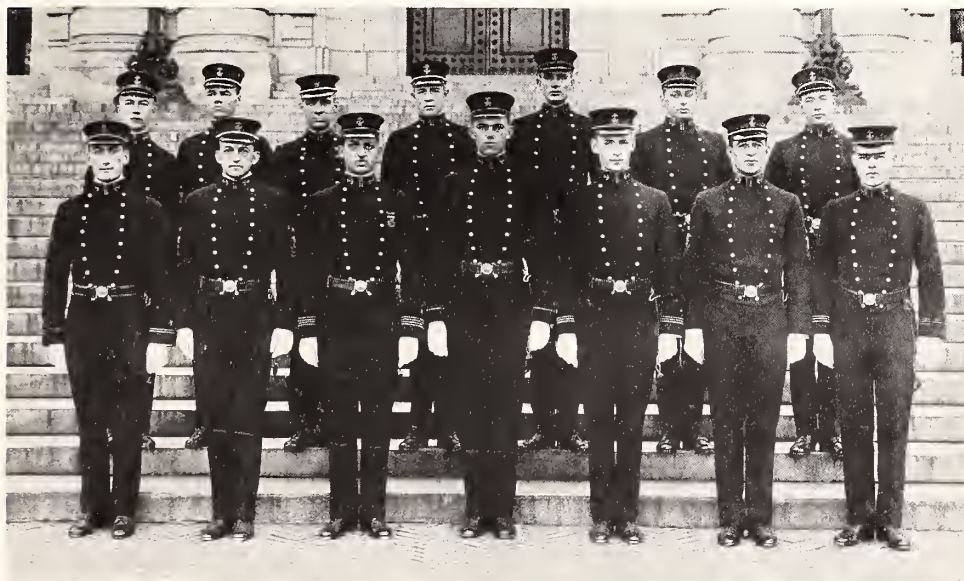


Whatever the ballast you carry (brick, water, or the above-mentioned hops) it is a work of art, this little war-game in “Lucy Hall.” You not only have long-striding Failings to contend with, but you have, as well, slow-moving Hick Councils to avoid when overhauling and running free.

Some wise people say that the women

“only come to the hops for the brass buttons,” but after a thorough, exhaustive and comprehensive research and application of Ingall's and Alger's simplified (?) equations this department concludes that their sole attraction is to see the Fashion Show, and to titter and wonder how that Miss Gadgette ever dare to come to the hops with *such* a gown. (Some gown, boys, but not much.)

But seriously speaking, it was a good hop season. The Saturday afternoon informals were a pleasure that we won't forget, and the music at the hops was unusually good. The Hop Committee was hampered on all sides and were not allowed to get out a great variety of dance cards, but those that they did get out were of good, sane design, and besides, why can't a person have as good a time dancing, whatever the card?



Problem: You are a Midshipman with a heavy tow (a friend of a friend) and you sight a red light dead ahead (Pinky Senn); on your starboard bow is a coal barge (Dago Prof.); on your port bow is another red light (Red Worden); astern is one white light (Charlie Noble), and bearing down on your port quarter with all sails set, a pleasure craft (Piggy Price). On starboard beam are two red lights (Red Cummings and a red-haired friend, said outfit not under command.)—WHAT DO?



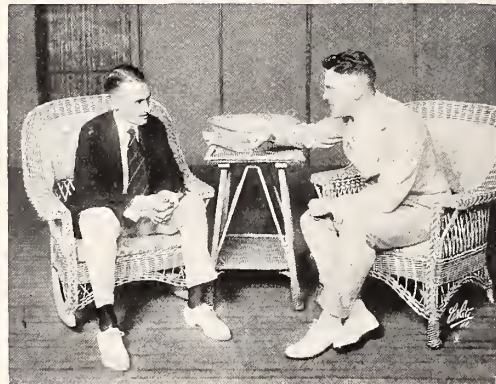




THE MASQUERADERS

LAST June the Masqueraders blossomed forth in excellent form, presenting as their June Week Show, "Christopher, Junior," a comedy in four acts by Madeline Lucette Ryley. The parts were well filled, the staff capable, the stage setting equal to that of any Broadway theater, and the aggregate effect most gratifying.

Though styled as a comedy, the production came nearer being a serious drama, and consequently called for some strong acting in parts. Since the inception of the Masqueraders by Lieutenant Donavin in 1906, nothing half so difficult from a histrionic standpoint had been attempted. During their first years the unvarying practice was to produce the efforts of local talent, particularly musical talent. Then the Academy could boast such men as Gay, who bilged himself composing for the Masqueraders, but later made a place for himself as a successful professional composer. The craving for music seemed to possess the Regiment, for, up to and including the June Show of 1914, musical comedies were the undeviating rule. The two shows of 1914 showed this radical departure, however, that whereas all previous shows had been local products, the vast field of professional composers was drawn on for "Pinafore" and the "Serenade." In many ways this innovation worked for the betterment of the quality of the productions. With the material of a proven success to build upon, more effort could be directed with greater certainty to the development of the cast and chorus.





It remained for 1915, under Wotherspoon, to break the spell of music. This disenchantment was most effectively accomplished by the presentation of "Facing the Music" for Hundredth Night, followed by "Seven Days" for June Week.

1916, guided by Grosskopf, followed suit, giving "What Happened to Jones" in February and "Christopher, Junior" in June.

About this time public opinion, at least in part, began to clamor for the re-instatement of Euterpe. The ordinary farce comedy had become a drug on the market, despite the splendid manner in which they had come to be produced. A change was needed, but the obstacles in the way of producing a musical comedy up to the new high standard were insuperable. How can you possibly handle a chorus on a stage just twelve feet from curtain to wall if you aim at more than the merest slap-stick type of show? How can you expect to find among a regiment of *men* enough "girls" who combine with slight figures, faces capable of being made-up so as to be at least "possible," and voices that will not remind one of the fog horn on an ocean liner? Let one of these three important details be lacking and your "girl" is no girl at all, but a target for every ridicule ever known to the stage and calculated to turn a well-meaning amateur production into a howling fiasco. You see, past performance has made our audiences very critical and content with only the best.

A happy solution to this baffling enigma of giving up farce without returning to music was found in the modern "crook" play. "Raffles," while requiring only the usual-sized cast such as our meager stage will accommodate, is yet sufficiently "different" to satisfy the most radical.



Scenically, as well as otherwise, the Masqueraders owe much to Hussey of '16, who put the stage on its feet. The blue velvet curtain with its gold trimmings, and the original pieces of the handsome oak set are the results of his initiative. Less evident to the casual observer, but more real to those placed to appreciate, are the results of his abilities as an organizer. The equipment of the stage, and the training of the "gang," were thoroughly standardized, and many sources where material assistance might be had were developed.

To the present manager, Wainwright, the Masqueraders must give credit for placing the society on a nearly self-supporting basis and reducing the managerial aspect to a firm foundation on modern business methods and incorporating many of the principles of efficiency which make for success.

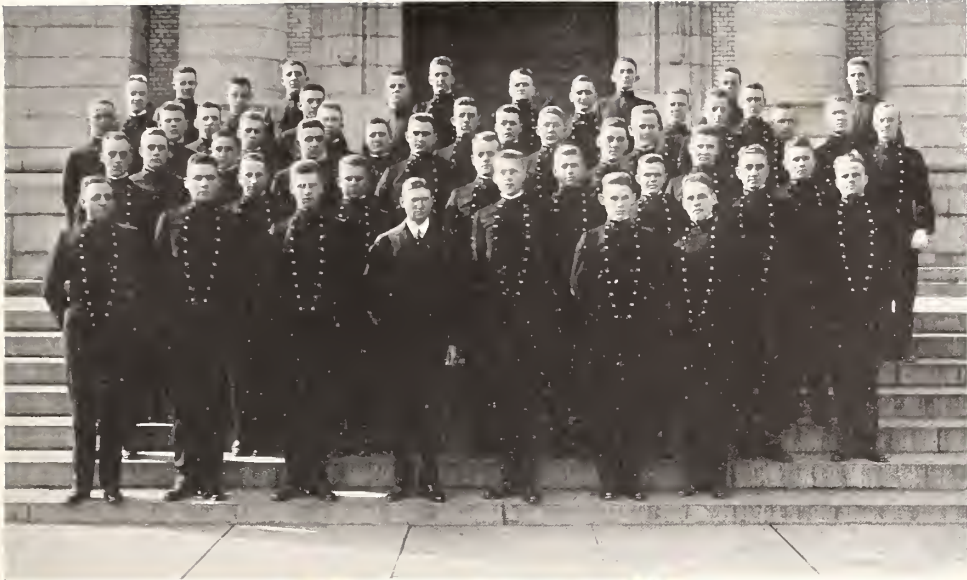
Lieutenant Donavin, besides conceiving the Masqueraders, and leading them during his midshipman days, has proved a constant source of inspiration and guidance. "Patsy" is always in evidence at rehearsals coaching the cast and advising the staff. Whatever success we may attain is due in a large measure to his careful coaching and his unfailing enthusiasm for the work in hand.

This year we have added another to the list of our able advisers—Commander Cluverius. Despite all the many, many calls made on his valuable time (and being Head of a Department is no rest cure) he has never been too busy to give us the advantage of his dramatic experience and ability. His assistance has been invaluable.

Having Courtney with us again is enough to insure success. His almost-professional ability won applause from all hands year before last, and he is even better, if that is possible, this year. Bailey, the heroine of last June, is cast in the role of vampire and will doubtless prove most seductive.

The diplomatic situation made necessary the indefinite postponement of the HUNDREDDTH NIGHT SHOW. Sherman said it. War is hell. The Masqueraders feel that they have assumed international importance when their play must be postponed because of a break with Germany. However, at present writing (February, 1917) we hope that the war clouds will blow over and the frolic be not long delayed. Whatever the outcome, the time spent in preparation has not been spent in vain.





★ CHAPEL ★

THOUGH the Midshipmen are required to attend Chapel each Sunday, they can, through official channels, be excused from the services; but the number of those who do request to attend other churches is relatively so small that it surely speaks well for our services in the Chapel. These services are conducted

along lines as nearly non-sectarian as possible, and, consequently, whatever a person's creed the result is a good one for all hands.

The Choir adds a good touch to the service, and has been fine all this year, through plenty of hard work and a willingness to tackle anything new—and to carry it through.

We have had, now and then, throughout the year, the opportunity of hearing good speakers "from the outside world," and have certainly appreciated them, but what we value most is the good fortune of having stationed at the Academy such a conscientious, beloved worker as Chaplain Evans.





Y. M. C. A.

‘SIGN up—75 cents for the Y. M. C. A.’ is not an unfamiliar word to us, but I guess we don’t mean our kick half as badly as we think we do, for if it were not for this same Y. M. C. A. we would be out of luck when it comes to getting the reading matter for Recreation Hall, and the indispensable Reef Points each year.

The Sunday night services are necessarily short, but in those short times we have had the good fortune to hear a great variety of speakers—many of them holding down big positions not only in Washington, but in our Fleet. These informal talks (for they are as a rule not cut and dried speeches) are one of the best means by which we can come into touch with men who are worthwhile, and whose opinions and ideals cannot help but carry weight with us. We sincerely hope that next year the Regiment will be able to hear still more talks by our officers.



Mandolin Club



MUSICAL CLUBS



THE Musical Clubs, composed of the Mandolin and the Glee Clubs since their start three years ago as Masquerader entre-acts have come into their own and afford us one of our strongest stand-bys. Tevis with his warblers and Schofield with his mandolins and moaning saxophones ought to give us some good music this spring.



Glee Club



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The Log—the most abused and downtrodden of all periodicals! Every one of us takes a fiendish delight in knocking The Log—a fiendish delight in taking well aimed kicks at it. Yet when it comes down to brass tacks, each one of us is mighty glad to go in our rooms and pick up The Log and read it from cover to cover, laughing at the jokes (provided that they are on Frank Jack or not on us) reading the professional notes, which give us all the important dope in the shortest possible time—and no Midshipman is averse to saving time!

The Log was born the year we made our bow to the Academy, and has been weaned; discarded long dresses; and has donned trousers while we have been doing the same, until now it is a full-grown paper and a good representative.

Yes, we all use our hammers freely, but just the same it has been coming through and producing the goods these last four years. Keep up the good work.



LUCKY BAG STAFF, 1917

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R. U. Hyde
R. E. Keating
G. W. McIver, Jr.

E. F. Marbourg
W. P. Richards
S. J. Wynne

G. G. Breed, '18
J. W. Fowler, '18
J. G. Huntoon, '18

J. R. Allen, '19
L. C. Stevens, '19

R. F. Good, '20
J. C. Smith, '20

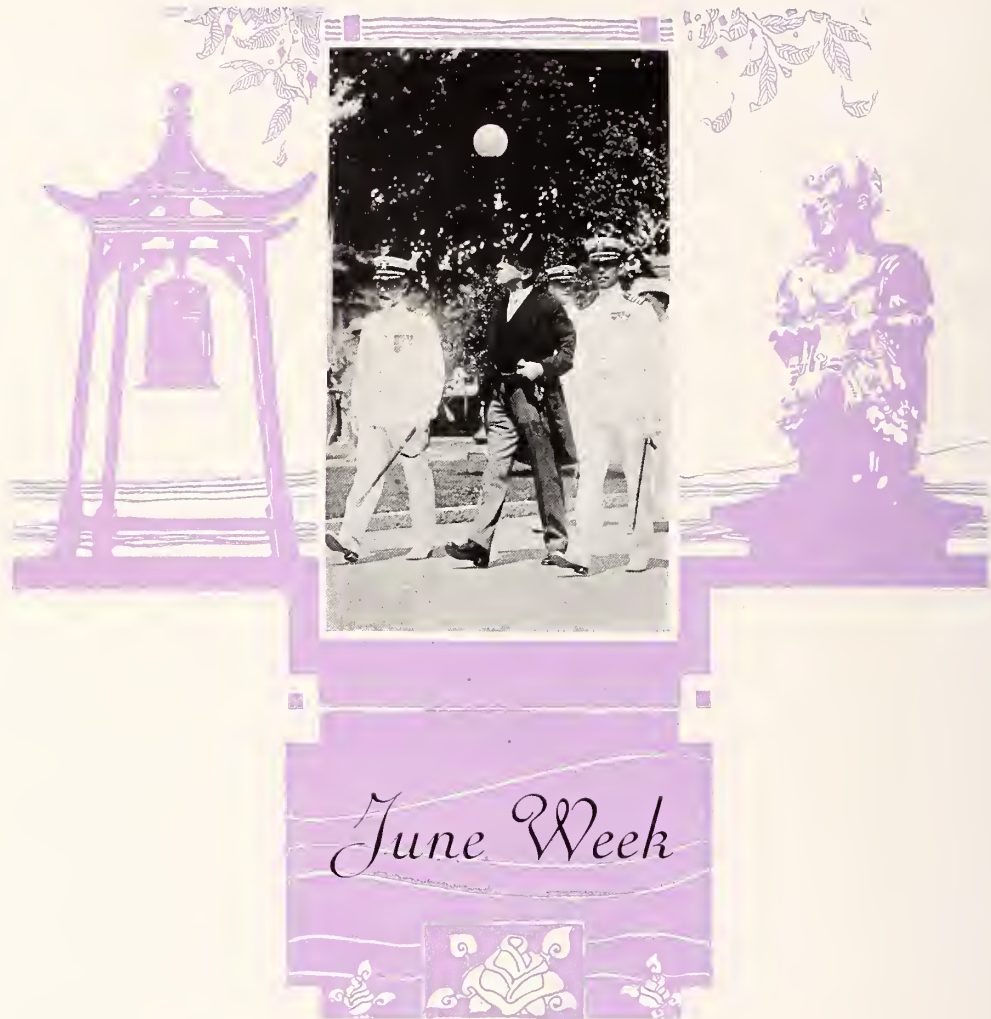


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W. J. ...



June Week



THE Regiment is formed on the terrace in front of Bancroft Hall. Smartly the Regimental Adjutant faces about to publish the orders—"The attention of the Regiment of Midshipmen is called to the program of annual examinations now posted on the bulletin board." Unconsciously a groan goes up—but that is for the sake of tradition. Some may, deep down in their hearts, shiver disconsolately, but they are only suffering from a 2.0 or mere inexperience with these annual sieges. Not so, however, the war-tried veteran of seven rivers and two anti-typhoid inoculations, not to speak of four swimming tests. Nonchalantly, though seemingly painstakingly, he flicks some specks of dust from his sea-green blouse, rears back like a rooster at eight bells of the mid-watch and pipes out "Gangway for June Week." To some his actions seem premature.



Doesn't June Week begin with the Army-Navy baseball game? True enough, but the experienced habitu  of Bancroft Hall knows the faults of June Week as well as he knows its wonders and its privileges. Looked forward to for months—yes, years—then gone like a flash, it leaves only memories that are so easily brought back to mind. For although there isn't a one but who sighs with keen regret when it is all over, especially if it be the last June Week—



for the last means the closing of the book which has been opened before us for four years—one week is too short a time in which to counterbalance the shortcomings of the rest of the year. So who would wait until then before beginning to look at life through rose glasses? No! The awakening comes with that first whiff of spring when one anxiously leans out of his window at reveille and is rewarded for his long vigil. From then on Mother Nature works to set things aright for the great climax. At first there is the pungent odor of moist earth, of growing grass, and of budding trees. In a twinkling the dismal signs of winter are replaced by the warmth and the green and the energy of spring. Soon there is thick green foliage on the trees and beckon-



ing shadows are cast on the benches; there are soft comfortable seats on every ter of the Severn is as blue up by gentle breezes glislight upon it, and overhead blue. Who can study at forsakes the basement for in the Yard; windows are and the entire Regiment with bat and racquet, and spiked shoes and lacrosse stick. From far out on the river come the swish of oars and the entreaties of the coxswains. The Severn is dotted with the white sails of half-rater and cutter and cat boat.



Lane, now sprinkled with green lawns to make combank and terrace; the waas indigo with waves set tening in the warm sunthere is a sky of cloudless such a time? The band the band-stand out there opened for good and all, takes to the great outdoors

All of this goes on blithely until the Academic Board, stung by the leash of inattention to study, and with its back to the wall, plays its last card—"the Ans." But books and boning don't jibe with one's feelings—why, they haven't for ages. Besides, there are so many other things to think about. Everyone is more prone to dream about what will be happening next year. The Service is beckoning "To those about to leave us." The Second Class are dreaming about how that ring will look and how an honest-to-God drag will seem in Smoke





Hall; the Youngsters ponder seriously as to why they ever thought a Youngster was much as compared to a Second Classman; while the Plebes—those who have yet to become initiated to a swagger and to the Gravel—tear desperately at their bonds of serfdom and wonder what a June Ball is really like. Unconsciously, though, thoughts of exams. bring one and all to the mark. The big battle starts with a vengeance. Not for long, however. It seems darned unreasonable to have to know so much at such a season of the year. Gradually the struggle becomes one of desperation. As the ordeal unrelentingly continues there comes more and more that only consolation, “Thank Goodness, it’s the last river.”

The last Marcq St. Hil- usual, and the old storm brought to anchor and over—the end of the perse- rise up as the bell clangs is submitted. Strangely, tually shown, but down in lifted. Not even a thought Why worry about things the discard. A shower is



aire comes out wrong, as battered ship is lustily abandoned. At last it is all cution. Mingled emotions out and the last exam. there is little jubilation ac- the heart there is a load of “how did you bat it?” that are now shoved into more important just now.

Dripping Second Classmen from the sea-wall, where tune. It is their first big into action and Tecumseh, as he has heard it from meaning "No more rivers." works. Done—all through! Just a lingering weariness as if the whole four years away. "It's all over."



noisily pass on their way they paid homage to Nep-sea-way. The band is called the Wooden, hears again, time immemorial, that all—No more books, no more P—No thought of them now. from the strain of it all—has suddenly been taken June Week—bring it on!

The reflex action doesn't come immediately. It is so good to just sort of loaf around and enjoy life. Everywhere there is a place to stretch out and gaze dreamingly up into that blue vault overhead. You can guess where everyone is—out on the clay courts; up on the roof, or on a balcony, basking with pipe in mouth and magazine in hand; on the river; over on the Lane with the Girl; or out just wandering around.

Saturday brings the Army game—and the first of the fair ones. The old town fairly overflows with the scions of officialdom and—girls, more girls, and still more girls. Out on Worden Field they gather. Will the Navy do it? But it is the old, old story. As the crowd drifts slowly away and leaves the diamond

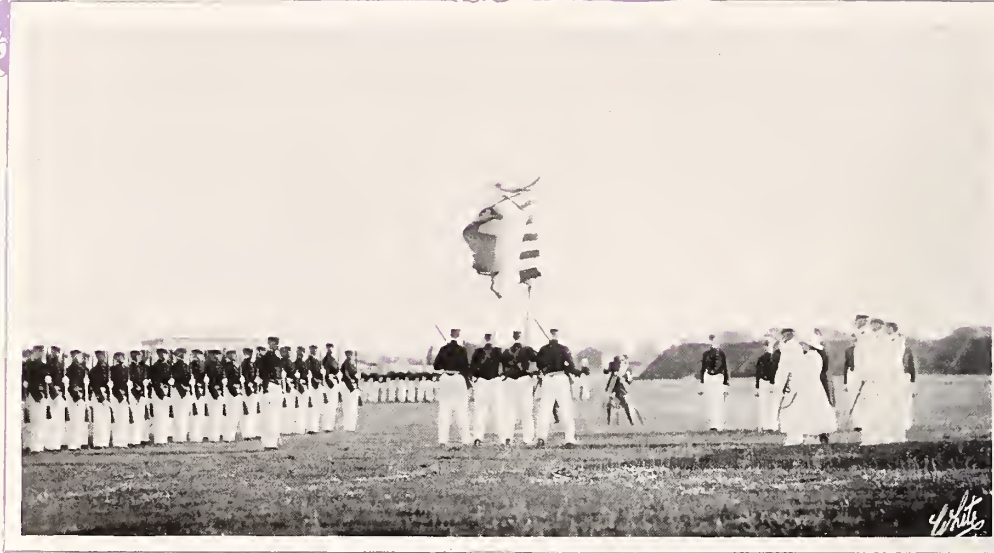




deserted for another year, there surges up question after question—and the Chinese bell is not clanging forth its note of victory. Fortunately, the Army hop works wonders in helping to forget the afternoon's disaster. But who wants to dance in May? The silvery moon has risen over Greenbury Point and throws its gleams on the rippling waters. Here and there is the silhouette of a yacht, rising and falling gracefully. From the sea-wall can be seen the lights of the Misery, the Whisky, and the OH₁₀. They twinkle but they do not entice. For a moment thoughts wander to all that has passed on those three summer cruises—coaling, scrubbing decks, hammocks, crowded compartments, the Black Gang. The days of those cruises are over—the big cruise is just beginning. Strains of the music floating dreamily back to the present and behind. The next morning service as a midshipman.—they have heard it for the shaft strikes home this old class meet like this. stretches out its broad hand and yon over the globe. At met, and worked, and



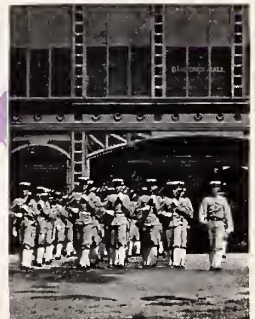
from the "Gym" bring one leave thoughts of hardship there is that last chapel All know what is to be said four years. But somehow time. Never again will the Next week the Service and scatters them hither the Academy they have played. Now comes the end



of it all, and the indescribable sadness causes a lump that just won't be swallowed. "God be with us till we meet again." The lump grows a wee bit bigger. In a few short weeks they will be numbered among "those in peril on the sea."

Monday arrives—but not so the Board of Visitors. An extra session of Congress does not deter the gaiety of June Week and the drills are done for those out there on the bleachers on either side of the reviewing stand, fresh in its gaudy, new canvas canopy. For there are the mothers, fathers, sisters, and sweethearts. They have come to judge the Academy from an intimate point of view and their report is not going to be pigeon-holed without discussion and debate. They watch the Regiment form for infantry and ponder more on the heat of the noon-day sun than on the technicality of parade—they did not come to be critical.

Now the real influx begins. "Grads" of long ago mingle with men who hazed them and tell wondrous tales of the Santee and the "Old Navy." Parents wend their way here and there—quietly and unassumingly enjoying it all from the vantage point attained by having a son who is to graduate. But the predominating feature is the June Week Girl. With her vivid sweater, rainbow parasol, and futurist skirt she is a radiant picture of loveliness. The joy of the whole week rests with her ability to make one happy or unhappy.





The dress parade—just as the sun disappears behind the chapel dome. There is such an air of absolute serenity. The stands are splotted with gorgeous colors. There is the presentation of awards—meaningless to the men back there in the Regimental line, but everything to those who go forward to receive the reward for work well done.

The company lines file past, there is the mad rush for the shower and the Lane and Her. She must get those tickets for the Masqueraders that night. Perhaps the June Week show is no Broadway production, but it is far more pleasing—it represents the efforts of those in our midst and the success is shared by one and all. That is the secret of the Academy spirit—the proximity of one man to another; the interest displayed in the efforts of those who work for the well-doing of the Academy, and the whole-hearted man-to-man friendship.

On Tuesday the blue flag of infantry is exchanged for the red flag of artillery. "Supports and reserves on the line of pieces." The wind carries the blue clouds of smoke over the parade ground, together with the pop, pop, pop of hundreds of blanks. Hard work, yes, but made easy when done for appreciative eyes. So bear a hand in dismounting and grab that wheel at "Disperse to the rear."

There is no loafing today. All hands put to sea, manning everything that will float. Cat boats, half-raters and cutters swarm out of the basin; the staid





Argo and Robert Center contrast strangely with the Standish and the perk Biddle; the steam launches perform every evolution in the Battle Signal Book—and a lot that are not in it; and fond parents anxiously stand on tip-toe as the gusts of wind put the lee rails under the water.

But all is not drill. Preparations must be made for “getting-away” day. Messengers do valiant service transporting the wares of sleek tailors and haberdashers to those who need them—or think they do. Regalia—from collar buttons to epaulets—transforms the office into a department store. Letters are taboo and telegrams are as common as torn-up correspondence in the corridors. Judgment is passed on everything which one possesses. Bills are separated from long-kept letters—the wheat from the chaff—and silently filed away with an inward vow that Graduation debts are a darned nuisance. A description of what is relegated to the overflowing corridor entails a knowledge of the fashions in midshipman’s wear since the days of the Santee and an infinite faculty for diagnosing one’s amount available. Battle-scarred bath robes and smoking jackets of preceding generations are handed down to some underclassman with the injunction not to keep it but to pass it along upon graduation.

Wednesday brings the fight of artillery competition and woe unto the man who busts. Interest runs high as to the winner





and carries over into the afternoon, which is dedicated to Steam. Little work is done in comparison to the noise made, but everyone makes a great show at being a blacksmith, machinist, boilermaker, or foundryman.

In the evening the garden party at the Superintendent's—well-wishing for the future. Thursday—infantry competition. No slacking now, heads up and look proud. A last chance to win the colors. That afternoon the Regiment forms in hollow square. In the center is the company of the colors. A lucky devil, that three-striper. Cameras click as the lady of the colors is escorted before the company by the Superintendent.

A speech follows—faltering, but earnest and sincere. The cheers—Hip, Hip—and then comes the report, one man, nine men, one man—Fourth Battalion, seven men absent. The day has arrived.

Who can describe the German, as it should be described? It is too difficult. Outwardly it isn't so much different from the ordinary hop save that it is exclusive to the First Class. But the accompanying emotions play the major role. No hop is more thought of than this—no plans have been more carefully and zealously laid. Anticipation alone makes this evening supreme. The walk on the dock to watch the waters rippling in the moonlight. Gad! But it is worth waiting for!





The Final Day. Joy is paramount. There is the well-wishing reveille shower bath imposed by the under classmen and the last formation with the Regiment. The Yard is alive with the cocked hats and braid of officials and the dainty gowns of the fair ones. Surely the whole world must be centering its attention on Dahlgren Hall. As a class the graduates march through the new formed Regiment. Many have fallen from the ranks during the four years and those who have been left by the wayside cannot take part in this triumphal march. There is the boom of ruffles and the President enters, accompanied by his official party. Then come the speeches—heartfelt and sincere, but scarcely heeded because of the incessant pounding of the heart. There is the stand with the coveted diplomas. From a long distance a voice





drones out the names monotonously. Have they passed him by? Why doesn't his turn come? At last! As in a dream he walks to receive it—there is the hearty hand clasp and well-wishing smile of the President; there is the applause from the gallery. Surely life is sweet. The rest follows in quick succession. There is a joy-maddening attempt at the class song, and then that other song that touches the right chord with its all-meaning "Out of the Wilderness." Shouting, rollicking, surging, they dance to the door. Good-bye, old hat; good-bye, Midshipman Gish. They have no thoughts of the official party or of the Plebes rollicking on the Gravel and around the Herndon monument. Up there in that bedlam place—his room—are the "cits." How in the world can so much joy come all at once? Years of work, ages





of pessimistic thought that transfigured one's whole ideal of the world, and then this—the goal, so long in the distance but now—reached.

The rest is a dream. It all seems so wonderful. Bedecked in the new uniform, flushed with the victory that comes with success—the graduating class attends the June Ball. There is a maze of color for you. No place for a mere civilian on a night like this. This can't be the Armory—that big barn-like forbidding place. This great, wonderful hall, decorated with flags and flowers and columns and streamers and lighted with a subdued glow from hidden bulbs. What if it is unmercifully hot, and if the floor is rough? Tomorrow brings the unknown future. For once, for once be uncomplaining.



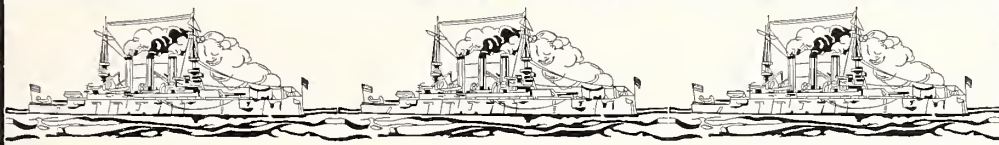


The dance is over. June Week has passed, like they all will pass—too quickly, too soon. A class has been graduated from the institution. For four years it has been buffeted about; it has decreased in size; but its remaining members have grown in character and self-reliance and strength as the numbers diminished. The class represents the finished work of the great producing plant. Tomorrow it is to be scattered—heaven knows where. But with the tomorrow will come the new sense of responsibility, the new realization of duty, the new conception of achievement and work well done. On the threshold of the great Service the men are standing. They face it resolutely and with a desire to bring to the Academy the praise of the accomplishment of good work. And the Service beckons!





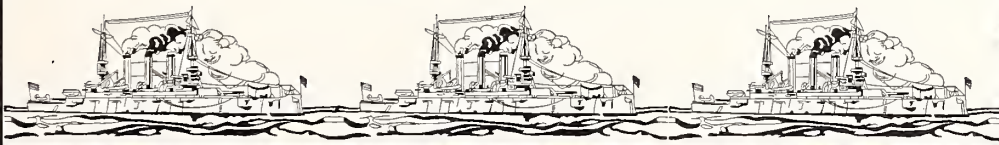
LIFE

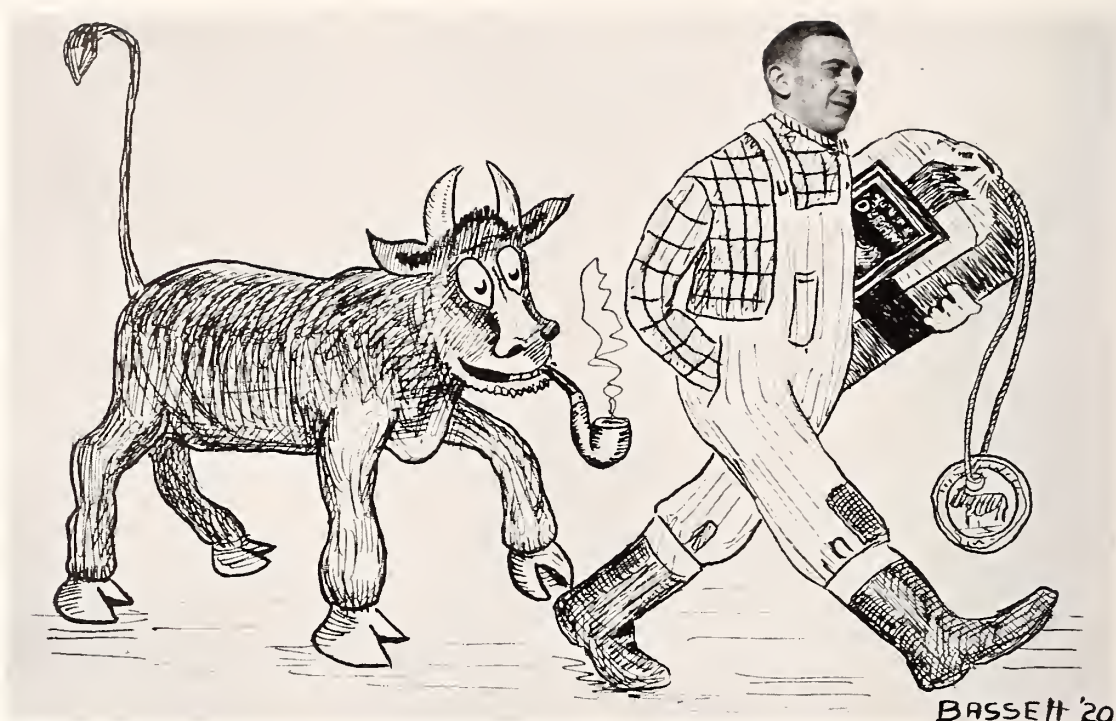


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“Egg” Mentz—“Why, sir, you just use a tube expander on it and that will get ‘em.”

Prof.—“Fine. And now, perhaps you can tell me how to get inside of a boiler?”

Egg—“Certainly, sir. Just unscrew the double butt strap, open her up, and crawl in.”

Prof.—“Excellent, Mr. Mentz, excellent. And maybe you know what a slice bar is used for?”

Egg—“A slice bar is used, sir, to keep the clinkers from falling into the ash pit.”

Prof.—“Mr. Mentz, your knowledge is amazing. What is the main drain made of?”

Egg—(With visions of a 4.0) “The main drain is made of wood, sir.”

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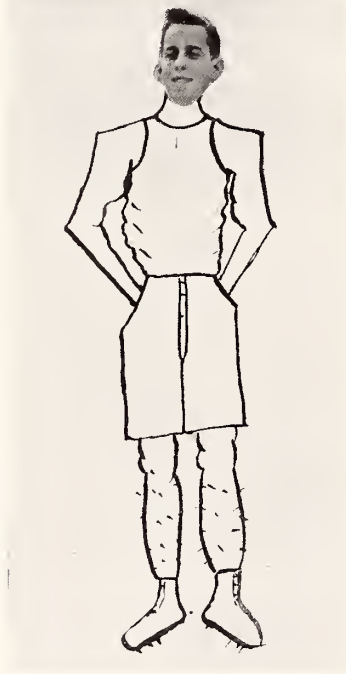
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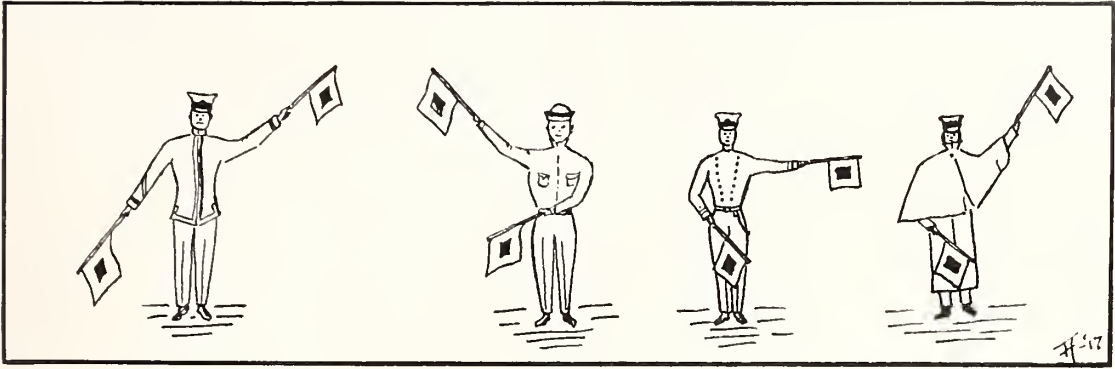
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YES, ladies, I'm the guide. Yes'm, I'm very well qualified. I've been here ever since Sidney Appleton first came in as a Plebe. Now, before we enter this bone-yard of Uncle Sam's future sea dogs, I want to impress on you that this here place ain't no mere college. This here yard has more history to the square inch than any other yard in the country. The Academy was founded in 1845 as a result of a petition, signed by every commanding officer in the Fleet, requesting that the midshipmen be removed to a place of safer confinement. In its earlier days, the institution consisted of some thirty inmates entirely surrounded by twelve discipline officers and a company of gyrenes especially trained in handling riots.

"This little building on your right is where the Jimmy-Legs hang out while—Mam? Jimmy-Legs? Oh yes, that is the name given by the middies to the yard sleuths, because in 1846 one of them wore his legs out chasing a 'frencher' named Jimmy. Their chief job is to keep the visitors from feeding peanuts to the animals.

"That building on your left,—yes, mam, the one that looks like a morgue,—is where the married officers hang out while their wives are out at some soiree with a First Classman. It's called Grape Juice Hall, but it used to be quite a mess. It was a sort of post-graduate school where they learned to steer a rum line course. The bar was removed in 1914 and sold to Doc Feldmeyer.

"On the right is the office of the Superintendent, wheré the Academic Board holds autopsies twice a year. That gun on the corner was taken out of the forward turret of the Massachusetts. The green seas swept over her so much that the gun has acquired a green tinge. Now, ladies,

that imposing obelisk over there is the only thing in the yard that I don't know the life history of. I never have been able to find out what Hern-done to deserve that monument. The other monument is the Tripoli Monument, captured by Farragut at the battle of Lepanto, from the Barbary Coast pirates.

"That affair with the gilded dome was designed by Stanford White for Harry Thaw's tomb. They shoved it off on us, and now we use it as a chapel and last resting place for the ashes of John Paul Jones who lies in state in the cellar.

"Now just step down Maryland Avenue, please. Here, in front of you, is Mahan Hall, named after 'Packy' Mahan of Harvard. On the left is Sampson Hall, so called because every day it slaughters as many as the jaw-bone of an ass. On the right is Maury Hall, I never heard tell of that fellow. On farther is Phlox Landing and Sands Road, named from the little poem, 'Little flocks of sand, little drops of water, make the pleasant land and the deep blue sea.' Pretty sentiment, isn't it?

"That there edifice, built on the lines of St. James Cathedral, is the Power House. It runs the fire whistle, furnishes the lights for Bancroft Hall, keeps the radiators froze in winter, and runs the models in Isherwood Hall. Mam? Oh yes, the Midshipmen study from models. They get the theoretical instruction in models here and the practical handling in New York during Christmas Leave. This Isherwood Hall; (the name is a contraction of the phrase I-should-worry)—is also called the Steam Building because they can put you thru 212 degrees there. There the Mids are instructed once a day in the art of building our leviathans of the sea. Them

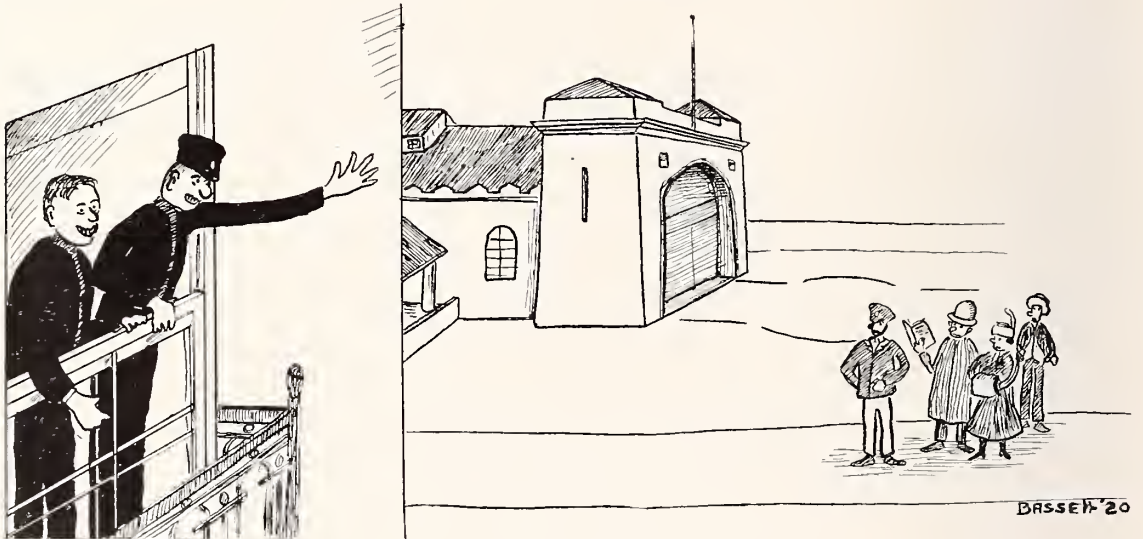
red buildings in the distance are in that part of the yard known as Oklahoma, probably because it is near Indian Territory. Across the creek is the Naval Academy hospital and the cemetery. Yes, mam, it is quite a handy arrangement. And that cemetery is one of the healthiest in the country. Dry as a bone.

"Now we will go over to Bancroft Hall, so called because the Treasury Department went bankrupt after it was paid for at the usual midshipmen's rates. It's second only to the Ritz-Carleton in size, upholstery and modern conveniences. That's where the pampered pets lie in the lap of luxury, living in suites of three rooms and a bath, with hot and cold water on

bite the hand that fed it, as it were. That 'flower pot' that you refer to, lady, was planted in Havana, and originally contained flowers of a highly explosive nature.

"Back here is the Mess Hall, so called for obvious reasons. Them dark shadows around it aren't statury; they're just mess hall mokes helping Carroll do nothing.

"In the distance is the White House, named after one of the legendary kings of Spain. It was left on the beach at Wai-ki-ki, Cuba, in the hopes that the Americans would get stuck with it. It has seen considerable service, having been under fire once for almost several hours, and is the last resting place of several good-sized shells, which



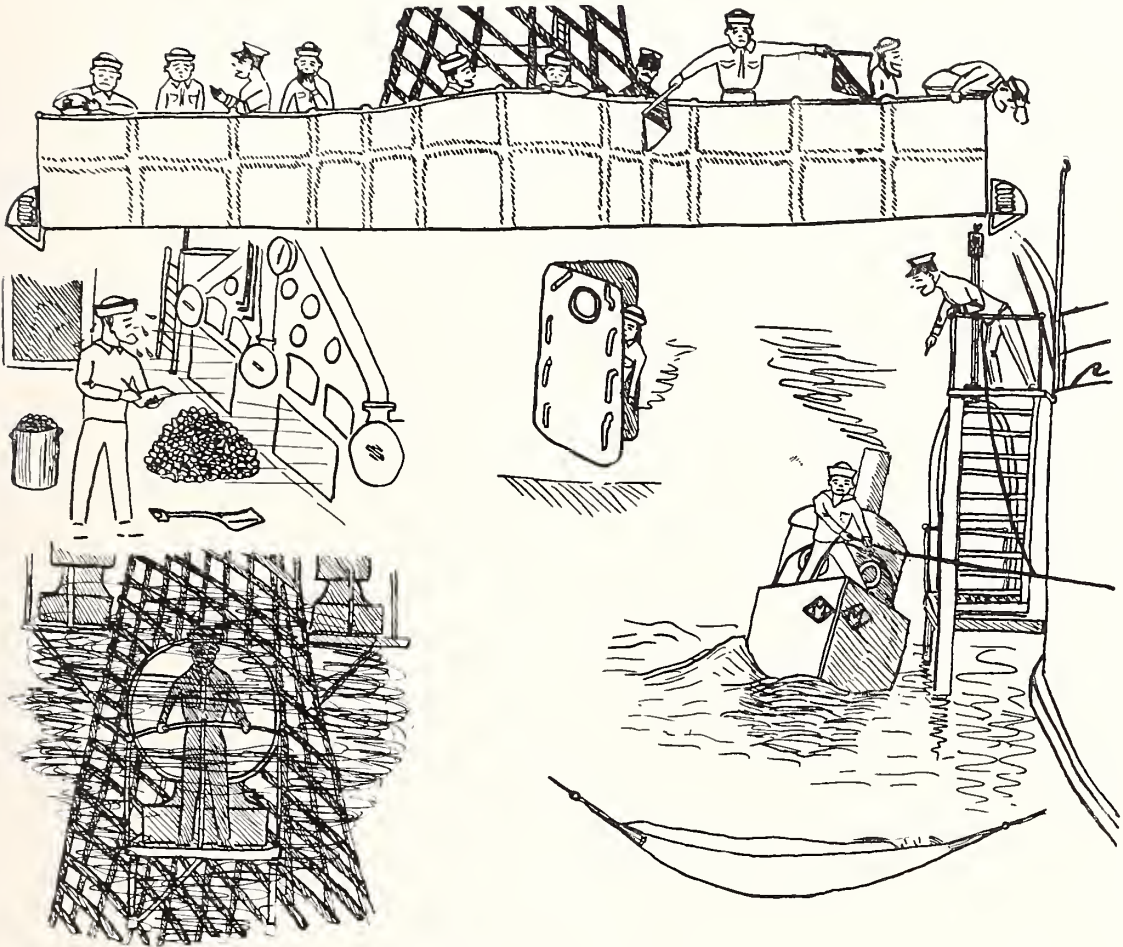
two decks, two elevators, and six Duty Officers to see that the Mids lack for nothing.

"On the right is the Armory. The artillery you see isn't included in our coast defence as there is no ammunition for it. That clumsy affair over there was captured by Sherman on his march to the sea. When the Confederates got it built they couldn't move it. If Sherman hadn't stopped to capture it he would have reached the sea twenty-four hours sooner. The big one over here was captured from the Spaniards at Cavite. It fired just one shot and that didn't go quite all the way out of the muzzle. This torpedo is the one that described those logarithmic spirals around Lieut. Com. Hugh Brown's destroyer. Tried to

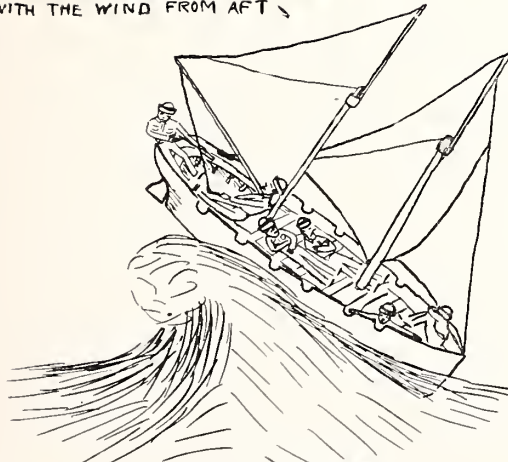
never burst because their bursting charge was made out of cement. Being too slow for duty as a coal lighter, it was detailed as a prison ship for the Mids, who needed one badly after the bottom dropped out of the Santee.

"The last thing of interest is this wooden masterpiece, that originally stood in the Louvre, in Rome. It is a bust of Tecumseh, executed by U. S. S. Delaware. The chief himself died before he could be executed, too. It used to be a superstition around here that he brought good luck, but that was later found out to be a bust.

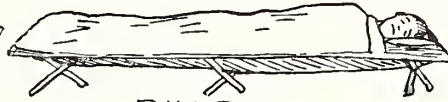
"Now that is all, ladies. A quarter each, please. I hope that you will recommend me to your friends."



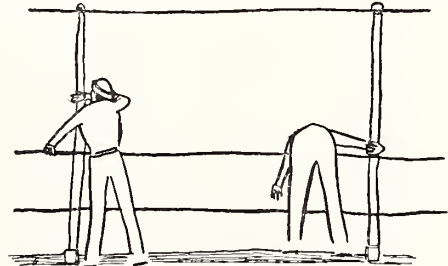
WITH THE WIND FROM AFT



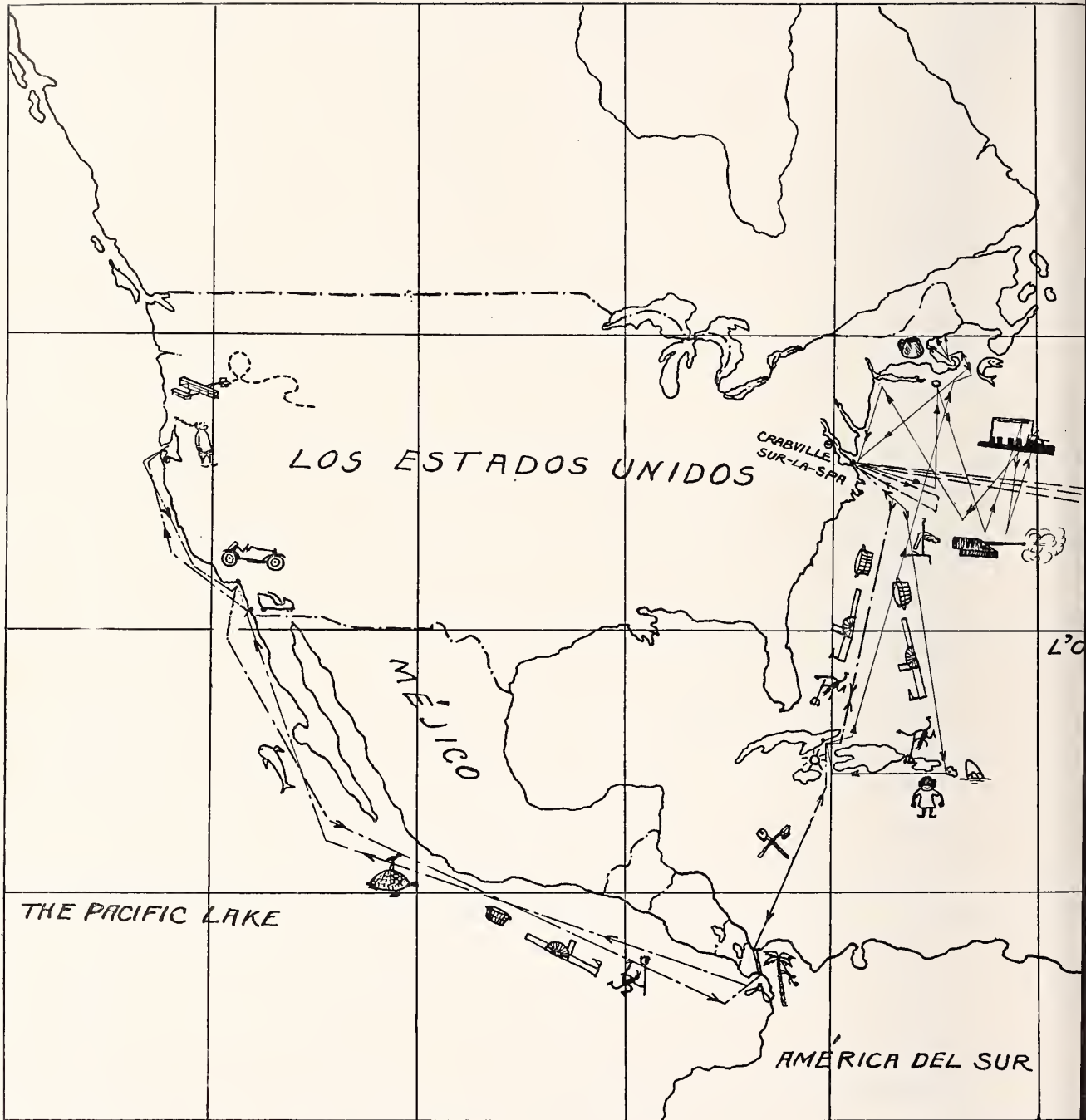
THE WILDS OF GUANTANAMO BAY

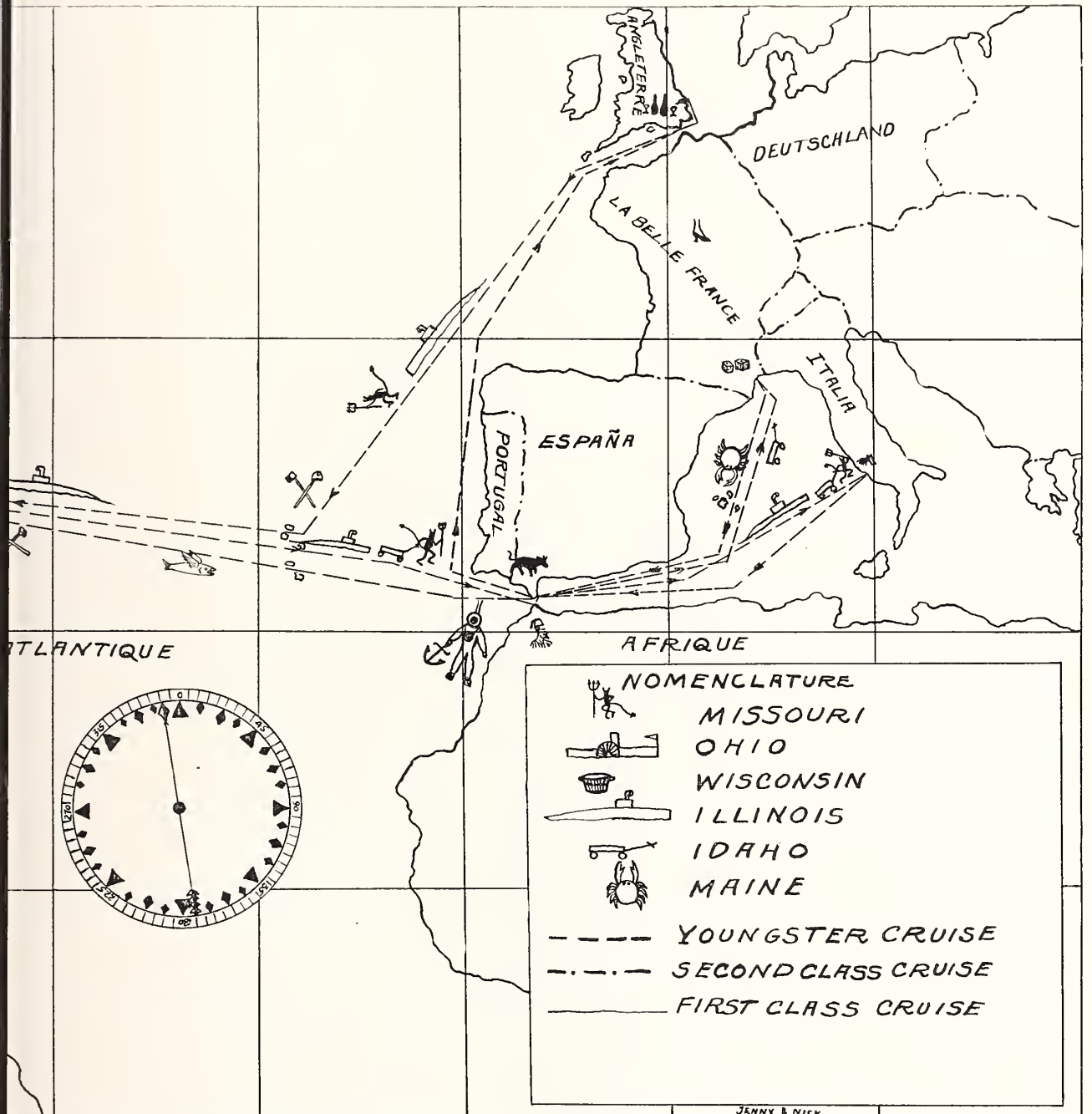


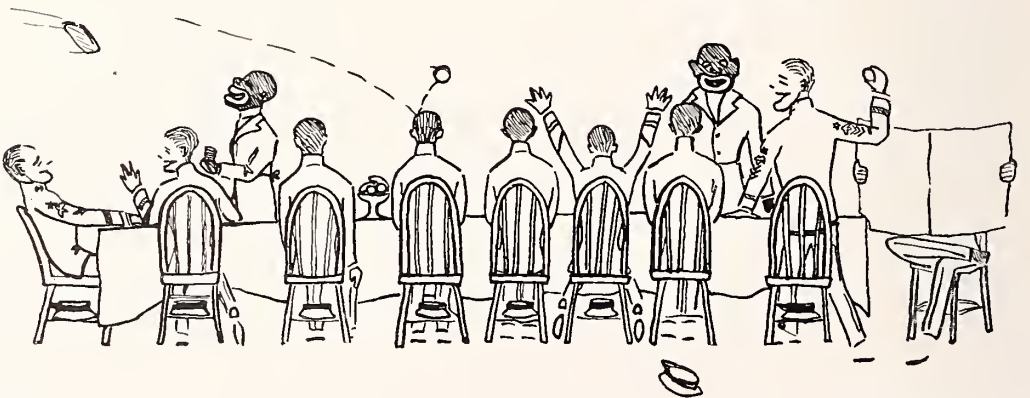
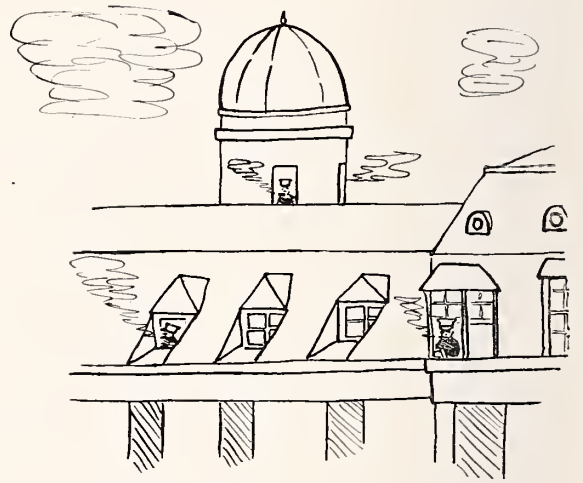
R.H.I.P.



BALL







BALL-17

Annual Examination,

May, 1917.

FIRST CLASS

Department of Theoretical and Practical Bilging

May 32, 1917, 8:15 A.M.

PART ONE Time allowed, 2 hrs. 20 min.

NOTE ON YOUR EXAMINATION PAPER THE TIME AT WHICH IT IS SUBMITTED

1.

(a) Give a short sketch of the life and works of the author of the Deck and Boat Book. What else did he write, and who gave him any encouragement?

(b) You are a Mess Attendant, 3rd class, on board the U.S.S. Spit Kid, anchored in the Yangtse Kiang river, China. The head of the Manchurian branch of the Keeley Institute comes aboard with a load of 'vodka' internally carried. What honors do you render?

(c) Explain the salient points of Shown's collision mat theory, showing what it has to do with the high cost of living at the Naval Academy.

2.

(a) Sketch a cross section of Bancroft Hall, showing why the showers do not run on the Fourth deck at 5:30 a.m. Plot the route taken by Karl Keller in entering the mess-hall during breakfast. Show location of all tendencies.

(b) On same sheet plot a curve showing the location of the D.O. at intervals of one minute, from 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. using time as ordinates and decks as abscissae.

3.

Translate the following from Dago into any civilized language.

- 1 Chickey, chickey, Marguerita.
- 2 El rabo de Ramon no tiene perro.
- 3 S.O.S. y S.O.B.
- 4 Qu'est que c'est que ca.
Que celui-ci cela.
Sleuth, sleuth, sleuth.

4.

Given the following data, compute the time of flight of a Mexican gunboat as a fight draws near.

- 1 Semi-apparent wind blowing from aft at rate of 1 knot per wk.
- 2 Little 'a' equals 10' away.
- 3 Temperature of powder, $21\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in the shade.
- 4 Relative humidity of sea water, zero.
- 5 Co-efficient of error, an empirical multiplier, deduced by Mayevski to get the right answer, equals 1.

5.

(a) State the advantages of oil for fuel as compared with kindling wood.

(b) Where are the demerits used at the Naval Academy made? If Doughty hits the pap for three counts every day, how soon before the present supply gives out.

6.

Write a composition of at least 1000 words on any four of the following three subjects.

- 1 Loyalty and Insight as an Aid to Efficient Spotting.
- 2 The Value of a College Education, or How to Know a Good Sport When You See Him.
- 3 The Time Relation Between Venus and Mercury, or A More Intimate Knowledge of the Stars.



WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME

SIR WILBUR VICTROLA SHOWN, L.A.T., N.Q.G., S.O.S. PRINCE OF THE PERFORATED PAIL;
KNIGHT OF THE ICE MACHINE; ORDER OF THE INVERTED ENSIGN; PROPOUNDER OF THE FAM-
OUS "COLLISION MAT" THEORY. "ALIAS PICADILLY CIRCUS."

Someone Once Said

"THE Midshipmen are geniuses at concocting nicknames." If you don't believe it read this list of 'endearing' names given to some of the various officers that have been and still are attached to the Academy. There are a good many others, but they were censored by the Committee of Public Safety.

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 'Red, the Souse' H. | 'Hang-Over Harry' F. | 'Fanny' H. |
| 'The Rat' McC. | 'Lousy Lou' L. | 'Prince Rupert' S. |
| 'The Oeuf' W. | 'Baron' H. | 'Beany' G. |
| 'The Cow' W. | 'Frappem' D. | 'Skinny Paul' D. |
| 'Crêpehanger' R. | 'The Walrus' C. | 'Rouge Mike' M. |
| 'Doggie' S. | 'S. O. S.' | 'Squidge' B. |
| 'The Roué' } G. | 'S. O. B.' | 'Pumps & Condensers' P. |
| 'Scrooge' } | 'I. O. Joe' B. | 'Charlie Chaplin' L. |
| 'High Pressure' P. | 'Dip' R. | 'Dolly' H. |
| 'Gunboat John' G. | 'Ferdie' F. | 'Son' H. |
| 'Pussyface' E. | 'The Aristocrat' V. | 'Cutey' S. |
| 'Pink Whiskers' L. | 'Nancy' W. | 'Pants Hanger'. |

The New Navigation, or The Method of Mark St. Hilarious

Being a compilation of various and sundry gems of wisdom culled from divers sources, and relative to Navigation and Seamanship

"A sailing vessel, having the wind on the windward side, shall keep out of the way of a vessel with the wind on the leeward side."

"When the Captain goes ashore they display one vertical white light at the main."

"By international law, a contact mine must be inoperative against neutral vessels."

"How are we to tell whether this latitude by Polaris is North latitude or South latitude?"

Karl Keller's method of taking a sounding at night:—Haul the line up on deck and measure the part that's wet.

"A fishing vessel, by day, carries a fish basket at the yard arm, and at night they fill it with dead fish."

Lieut. Dillon: "Why do you blow two blasts on your whistle and sheer out to port, when your course is already clear, Mr. Lehrfeld?"

"Izzy": "Safety first."

Lieut. Donavin. "For these deviations, the exact coefficients are expressed by the capital letters of the Spanish alphabet."

Professor: "How can you tell the distance from a submarine bell, Mr. Holton?"

Our Chester: "You take the interval between strokes of the bell and multiply it by the velocity of sound in water."

Lieut. Dutton to Ward Davis:—"Mr. Davis, if the wet and dry bulb thermometers read the same, what is the matter?"

Ward Davis:—"Someone has been pouring water on the dry one, sir."

Possum Park, in International Law. "A hostage is a cessation of hostilities for a short time. It is used in war to give the belligerents time to bury their dead."

"Why are those new torpedo boat destroyers always so hot?"

"Search me."

"They're oil burners, and they never get coaled."

"A red light is used at night instead of a meal pennant."

"Concentric with the plate of the Polaris is the adelaide."

"This is called semi-circular deviation because it varies in each quadrant."

"To secure the anchor chain, take the bitter end, tie it to the wildcat and then put it in the chain locker."

Question. "How fix position of ship off shore?"

Answer: "Drop both anchors, sir."

"Izzy" Lehrfeld. "What's this order about getting new Nautical Almanacs at the store? More expense. What's the matter with the ones we've got now?"

Question on Shown's slip in Seamanship. "You are O. O. D. of a vessel standing into Boston harbor at night, and you sight four red lights under a white light. What is it?"

After much deliberation, Shown evolves the following: "A steam pilot vessel not under command, port side to."

Professor: "Mr. Worden, you are the coxswain of a cutter. What are all the orders that you would give in shoving off from the gangway?"

Worden: "Well, first I would give 'Shove off in the bows,' then 'Let fall,' then 'Give way together,' and then 'In bows.'"

Professor: "In bows? What on earth would you give the order 'In bows' for?"

Worden: "Well, sir, the bowmen would be standing up, and I would have to get them seated in the boat somehow."

Shown in Seamanship: "Sir, I don't see how these whaleboat foils are rigged."

Seamanship Professor: (After Topp has finished a comprehensive discussion of the principles of physics involved in the sounding machine). "You must have done very well in physics, Mr. Topp."

Topp: "No Sir, I have never done well in anything here."

"Chippo" Rogers: "Naval officers cannot be required to do hard work."

Examination Question: Give the universal rule to boats under sail.

Answer: Never spit to windward.

Lehrfeld's new Rule-o'-Thumb.

Green to green
And red to red,
Perfect safety,
Go ahead.

Lieut. Com. Pegram, in Seamanship: "You don't know a lot about Seamanship, do you Mr. Hanafee? Have you ever been in the rigging loft?"

Hanafee: "Yes sir."

Pegram: "Well, what's a rope end?"

(No evidence of comprehension from Hanafee)

Pegram: "It's the end of a rope, Mr. Hanafee. Sit down."



SMOKING ON THE ROOF

Tecumseh: An Invocation

1817-1917

God of two-five, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

Lines written to the figurehead of the ship of the line "Delaware," 1817—the Midshipmen's "God of 2.5"—standing in front of Bancroft Hall, and dedicated to the class of 1917, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis.

The years seem but a fleeting dream
Unrolled before yon edifice,
That writes upon her shield supreme
"EX Scientia Tridens !" —But this ?
Grim image ! Thou of noble mien,
Though grizzl'd, seam'd, and carved of wood—
The patron saint of "Seventeen"—
I'd canonize thee if I could !

White jumpers swell, and supple knees
Bend in obeisance at thy throne,
With sacrifices to appease
Their deity of wood and stone:
Strange that for them—this painted bust
Carved of the perishable wood—
Time should defy, decay and dust,
To bring luck to the Eagle's brood !

In silence, brooking many a jest
From thronging class on throbbing walk;
Of austere port and kingly crest,
Thou feather'd Knight of Tomahawk !
A century, brooding, thou hast stood,—
Inscrutable, with frozen stare;—
Could'st thou but speak, O thing of wood !
What would'st thou, Stately Delaware ?

Wraith of the "stoic of the woods !"
Peer through futurity thine eyes,
And nothing moves thy fortitude's
Composure, nothing can surprise;
Though war should shake a continent,
A nation battle for its life,
Yet thou look'st on, indifferent,
As gods are wont to mortals' strife !

Thou'st witness'd wondrous changes come,
The hundred years thou'st stood alone,
Pond'ring, Gorgon-like and dumb,
Upon thy pedestal of stone.
The age of wood and stone has passed,—
A new regime thou'st seen arrive,—
Yet, still thou broodest, as thou hast,
God of the Wooden-man's 2.5 !

Sphinx-like, thou gazest—sombre, strange—
Beyond the veil of Time and Place;
Nor wreck, nor ru-t, have wrought their change
To thy fixed pose and furrow'd face:
And, as the sweep of years are scanned,
With all life's phantoms—ghostly, dread,—
I pay thee homage with this hand
Of vanish'd youth, O Figure-head !



Another race thou'st seen disturb
The fields Elysian of thy pride.
The paleface came; his ship superb
Supplants thy birch-bark on the tide:
Where once thy people dwelt and roam'd,
Whose right usurper dared dispute,
Lo, rears yon pile, now spired and domed,
And thou look'st on his ravage mute !

In ruthless Culture's widening rounds
The braves, thy brethren, have no place;
All gone to happy hunting grounds
Of ghosts !—To represent a race
Thou stand'st, lone Figure-head ! Yet thou
Look'st grand on thy new war-path there:
A breezier, boundless realm hast now
Than wigwam, royal Delaware !

Here, amid trophies of our might,
The conquer'd flag, the captur'd gun,
No dream—no phantom of the night—
There, frowning in the noonday sun !
Invulnerable to Time's fell flood,
Inviolable as yon ensigns are—
Imperial Indian Chieftain, brood
Through years of Peace, as once of War.

They touch thee not—the changes vast
Of Time, from which no art can save.
Long since thou'st seen the ship outclass'd,
Which with thee proudly graced the wave:
The builders of a thing so staunch,
Wrought for the glory of the Past,
Ne'er dream'd her figurehead, at launch
Would prove the sail-iconoclast !

Where once roam'd Chieftain of the foam,
Come others with ambition's torch:
Rash youth, who'd fire th' Ephesian dome,—
With awe approach yon sacred porch !
Pause, reckless fool, in impious shame,
Who would profane thy high behest !
Oh, let him shrink, ere he proclaim
Contempt for that stern warrior-breast !

Who fails to first propitiate
 That deity, or bend the knee
 In homage, ere 'tis yet too late,
 Before yon aborigine;—
 Or doth not rev'rently salute
 That grim dispenser of 2. 5,—
 His hopes the Powers will confute,
 No matter howsoe'er he strive!

Weird effigy of Scalp and Bow,
 Of Pipe of Peace and Tomahawk!
 Who'st seen the reign of Red-men go—
 Plunder, pillage, rapine, stalk,—
 They, who once ranged the forest green
 Ere we, a nation, had begun,—
 O Patron Saint of "Seventeen"—
 Be merciful unto—thy sons!

—Constantine Marrast Perkins, *Class of '81, U. S. N. A.*

Mother Goose Up To Date

Hey, diddle, diddle,
 Bailey, Banks & Biddle
 Have sent me my bill for the year.
 To-day or to-morrow
 Some coin I must borrow
 To pay up my debts, I fear.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 Oft I wonder why you are
 Getting 4.05 for a line
 That sounds at least as weak as mine.

Jack Spratt could never keep 'sat,'
 His 'wife' was a savoir true.
 And so betwixt the two of them
 They managed to pull thru.

Apropos of 1915's Reign of Terror

Dedicated to Second Class Cruise

Dickory, hickory, hock,
 Liberty's up at seven on the dock.
 So see all you can
 My 'natty' young man,
 But keep one eye on the clock.

There was a man in our bat,
 Whose name was Johnny Gow;
 He used to wear a non-reg pair
 Of 'muy' high water trou.
 But when he heard that order read,
 With all his might and main
 He shook the reefs from out his pants
 And wore them low again.

Diddle, diddle, drunking, my son
 John
 Went to bed with his 'cit' clothes on,
 One shoe off and the other one gone,
 The night of the supper at the Emer-
 son.

Jack be nimble,
 Jack be quick,
 Jack 'drug' blind
 And drew a brick.

Three wise Mids of Crabtown
 Went to sea in a boat.
 If their stomachs had been stronger
 This tale would have been longer.

Humpty Dumpty perched in a tree,
 Humpty Dumpty had a 1. 3.
 All the king's horses and all the king's
 men
 Couldn't pull Humpty 'sat' again.

Care gives Quality to this Famous Candy. We emphasize the healthfulness of OUR MILK CHOCOLATE, because it satisfies that craving that an insufficient diet sometimes causes. It supplies nourishment that other foods lack. One taste will convince of its delightful quality.

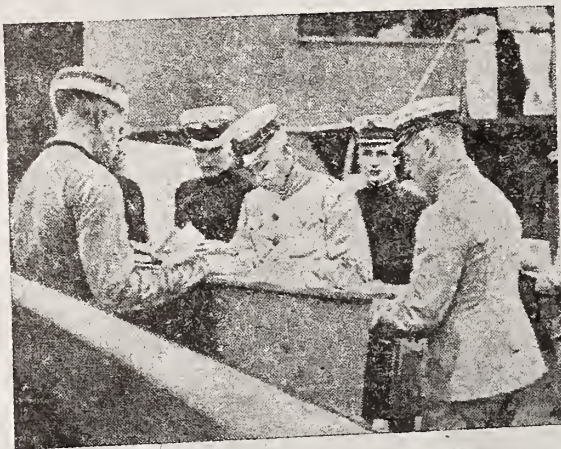
GET THAT UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR? INSUFFICIENT DIET!



COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.



Annapolis Middies Visit Boston; Call It Best Ever



ASSIGNING THE DOG-WATCH TO ITS DUTIES. Members of the midshipmen's cruise from the naval academy receiving their instructions at the Charlestown navy yard.

A number of handsome, strapping youths, dressed in a uniform of blue with an anchor on the lapel of their coats, and who have been admired by the passersby, are to be seen in Boston for the next few days.

They are the midshipmen from the naval academy at Annapolis, 200 of whom arrived at the Charlestown navy yard on the cruiser Ohio. It is the first visit for most of the lads to Boston, and they expressed pleasure at the hospitality accorded them by the citizens.

BEST PLACE EVER

"It is the best place I ever struck," one of the young officers expressed himself as he returned from his leave yesterday. "I had hard work to make my way around on account of what I might call crooked streets, but whenever I

great pleasure to the party to show me."

Yesterday was a pretty hard day for some of the future admirals of the navy for they were "coaling ship," which is not an easy task at best for the men who are used to such work, but when a person who has been using his brains and hands for nearly a year is put to the task of hoisting bags of coal from a lighter, the pleasure of a navy officer's berth vanishes, for the time at least.

The Ohio will remain at the yard until Tuesday morning, when the ship will return to Provincetown for further instruction for the "middies." Tomorrow they will be taken on a tour of the shops at the Charlestown navy yard and shown how work is done in the various departments.

Quite a few of those who enjoyed "leave" yesterday spent the time in visiting the historic spots around Boston. A number went out to Harvard College and some went to the double header at Fenway Park. Commander J. J. Eaby is in command of the ship, but the midshipmen are supposed to perform all functions that would be required if they were commissioned.

CADETS' SWIMMING PROWESS

The cadets from the two battleships, who have been making themselves at home in the town during the past week, appear to be keen athletes and sportsmen on the whole, and were early attracted to the swimming bath. They expressed a desire to swim in competition with Gravesend Swimming Club members, with the result that the latter entertained a team from the ships on Tuesday, following the successful ladies' gala at the bath. A magnificent display of treading and diving was witnessed, but, unfortunately, from a patriotic point of view, the honours all went to one side. The home club were beaten handsomely in every event.

The defeats, however, nowise affected the enjoyment of the Gravesend team and their supporters, who were unanimous in their praise of the exhibition. Many of the midshipmen accompanied their team and most interesting was the "war chant" of the visitors at the commencement and end of the racing, which was responded to by the usual hearty British cheers.

The visitors were charmed with the bath, and doubtless, will visit it very freely during the remainder of their visit to Gravesend. The races were as follows:

AN ATTRACTIVE MEETING

The Americans will be pitted against the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers in an athletic meeting at Milton Barracks, on Saturday, and it is to be hoped the soldiers, as representing the British Army, will show their best form in this encounter with representatives of the U.S. Navy. The events, which are open to units of both "Missouri" and "Illinois" and the battalion, include flat races of 50, 100, 220, 440 and 880 yards, a relay of one mile (four runners per team), high jump, long jump, putting the shot, and hop, step and jump. Each unit will enter two men for each event.

BASEBALL

Quite a large crowd gathered on the Recreation Ground on Tuesday afternoon to watch the American game of baseball played between two teams from the battleships. It is apparently a sport abounding in mysteries and technical points, but the Americans seemed to enter into the game with zest. To the uninitiated it was simply a case of a mighty swipe at a small ball, with an "impement" closely an Indian club, and then running round a sphere of about three-hundred yards. The clothes worn for the occasion were, to say the least, grotesque.

ENTERTAINMENT

His Worship the Mayor has arranged kindly to entertain about 150 cadets to dinner at the Clarendon Royal Hotel this (Friday) evening. The function promises to be an enjoyable affair. The naval band will play on the hotel lawn during dinner, and a smoking concert will follow, the musical fare being provided to a good extent by local talent, while we notice the London "star," Ennie Mayne ("The Simple One"), is announced to appear.

THE ARGOT AT ANNAPOLIS.

Curious Slang Expressions Current at the Naval Academy.

Julius Street, in Collier's Weekly, says: "For certain slang expressions used by the cadets I am indebted to a member of the corps. From this admiral-to-be I learn that a "bird" or "wazzo" is a man or boy; that a "man shoot" is a report covering delinquencies and that to "hit the pup" is to be reported for delinquency; that "steam" is marine engineering and to be "bilked" for "juice" is to fall in examinations in electrical engineering; to get an "unsaid" or unsatisfactory mark, or even a "zip" or "swabo," which is a zero.

Cadets do not escort girls to dances, but "drive" them; a girl is a "strak," and a "heavy drug" or "veteck" is an unattractive girl who must be taken to a dance. A "sleuth" or "flimmylegs" is a night watchman, and to be "ragged" is to be caught. Mess hall waiters are sometimes called "mokes," while at other times the names of certain exalted dignitaries of the Navy Department or of the academy are applied to it.

GIVE BALL TO NAVAL MEN HERE

Brilliant Affair At City Hall Last Night.

Midshipmen and Officers of U.S.S. Missouri and U.S.S. Wisconsin Are Guests --- Only Civilians Present Are Ushers

THE DECATURS DAILY MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1917

Lewis Gover Wins Signal Honor at United States Naval Academy



Lewis Gover of the Decatur, welterweight champion of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Lewis Gover of the Decatur's won a signal honor recently when he was awarded the welterweight boxing championship of the United States naval academy at Annapolis.

Midshipman Gover won the championship after a four-contestants in the preliminary bouts and then downing Henfield of Vermont.

the academy's previous champion. The boxing contests are held each year under the direction of officials of the academy who encouraged sports among the students. In June Midshipman Gover will be awarded a medal by the academy for his prowess.

SAILOR BOYS AS DANDIES.

AMERICAN "MIDDIES" IN LONDON.

Hundreds of American midshipmen are holidaying in London. They are the world's most fashionable sailormen.

When the two "Eiffel Tower" battleships, Idaho and Missouri, arrived at Gravesend the 400 "middles" who are enjoying an instructional cruise in them immediately decided to "torn" London. They did so by donning their finest clothes and engaging rooms at several of the best hotels.

They are not doing the sights on the conducted-tour plan; they prefer to enjoy themselves in small, finical. And it was in twos and threes and fours that they were seen yesterday.

A representative of *The Daily Citizen* who "scouted" a party of them in the porch of a great West-End hotel found them to be most agreeable young men. Compared with anything in the British Navy below a flag-lieutenant they are simply immaculate. Influenced in design by the apparel of the L.C.C. bandmen or the American constabulary, their dim green tunics, tight at the waist, jacket not too long, broad, black braid all round, are "the smartest yet," as they would tell you in their own expressive way.

Some amusement was created in one of the inner lobbies of the House of Commons yesterday afternoon, whether a quartette of American "middles" had penetrated without being challenged. How they got past at least three guards and through the Central Hall they know best themselves; but when overtaken by an astonished "bobby" they were heading straight for a tea-room!

The formalities of Westminster having been explained, the four sun-burned youths laughed at their own daring and speculated who the member for America might be! Eventually a green card was sent in to a young Tory member, who obtained seats for them in the gallery.

They were out again in half an hour, a little subdued and bewildered, but one of them spoke up for the rest, saying: "We guess your Abbey's just wonderful!" Surely a naive comment on the proceedings of the British Parliament!

MIDSHIPMAN ENGAGED

PORTLAND, Me., Jan 13.—Miss Mildred L. Schonland and J. Henry Keefe of this city announced their engagement this week and congratulations have been the order of the day. She is the daughter of former Alderman and Mrs. Richard H. Schonland, the latter a well-known business man of this city. They live on State and the daughter is a graduate of St. Joseph's Academy and the Waynflete School.

Mr. Keefe graduated from Portland High School and is now a midshipman at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis. He is the son of John D. Keefe, druggist of this city, and a son that his parents are justly proud of. He is of the class of 1917.

OFFER ELKS' HOME AS HEADQUARTERS FOR MIDSHIPMEN

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

CIVILIAN SAILORS TO HAVE EASY TIME

Practice Cruise Will Not Include Shoveling Coal and Rough Work.

NUMBER TO GO CUT DOWN

Naval Rookies Will Be Treated as Midshipmen—Plans for the Cruise.

WANTED A MEAN, FIERY GOAT

WANTED—The meanest and fiercest GOAT possible. Address communications to W. S. Heath, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. Would like to see same before purchasing.

Commissionary Ball
Fort Assiniboine

Midshipman Ralph
Skylstead
BEST OF HONOR

Post Dance

Monday, September Eighteenth

MIDDIES ARE SEEKING MEAN-TEMPERED GOAT

They Want One As Ugly As You Please For Mascot At Army Game In New York.

FRATS



Alpha Delta Phi

HIGGINS, R. L.
HITCHCOCK, N. R.
METCALF, J. T.
TALBOTT, B. T.

Alpha Chi Rho

RICHMOND, J. O'D.

Delta Phi

RANDOLPH, R. L., JR.

Kappa Sigma

BEIGHTLER, C. S.
NEED, H. W.
SINTON, W.
SMITH, H. H.
STROTHER, W. J.
WADE, W. C.

Chi Phi

CRAWFORD, J. G.
OSTRANDER, J. E., JR
TEVIS, P. U.

Pi Kappa Alpha

PARK, P. H.

Phi Tau Delta

MORSE, R. S.

Pi Gamma Delta

BURRUGH, H., 3RD.

Phi Alpha Delta

HAEBERLE, F. E.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

CURTIS, J. P.
DODGE, F. R.
SMITH, W. W.

Theta Delta Chi

COLLINS, C. A.

Phi Gamma

KEITH, R.

Sigma Nu

BREWER, S. B.
DEAN, F. H.
DOWNES, E. H.
HARVEY, L.

Theta Delta Chi

SITZ, G. A.

Phi Gamma Delta

PRESTWICH, G. F.

Zeta Psi

HARRIS, M. D.
SPOUL, M. F.

Psi Epsilon

NICHOLSON, C.
SYKES, J. B.

Delta Kappa Epsilon

BROOKS, R.
SEVERYNS, J. H.
SULLIVAN, J. B.

Sigma Chi

PADGETT, S. P., JR.
FERGUSON, R. R.
WALDRON, R. G.

Phi Delta Theta

JOHNSON, J. P.

Alpha Gamma Rho

OLDS, H. W.

Delta Epsilon

CHRISTMAS, W. F.

Delta Tau Delta

PEIFER, H. E.
SAILOR, H. A.

Phi Kappa Psi

ROBERTS, W.
THURBER, H. R.

Phi Sigma Kappa

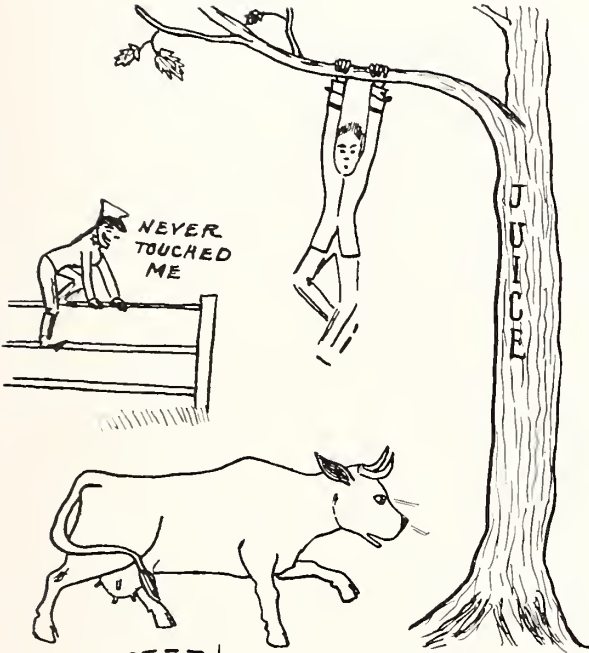
WELCH, P. P.

Beta Theta Pi

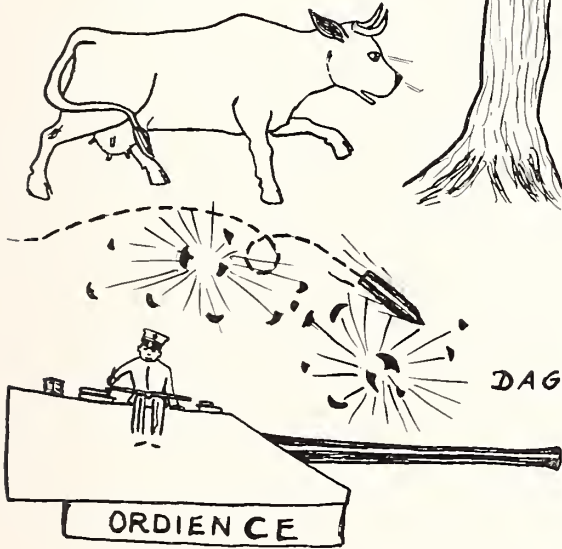
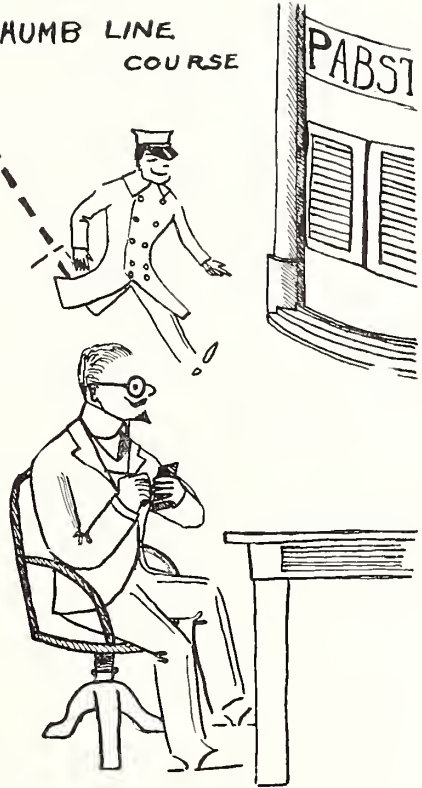
AKERS, A. W.

Kappa Alpha (Southern)

BRYAN, E. D.
DOWD, W. R.
HARRINGTON, A. O.
HURT, S. H.
MARTIN, W. P.
WISEBAKER, J. L.



A RAUMB LINE COURSE
NAVIGATION



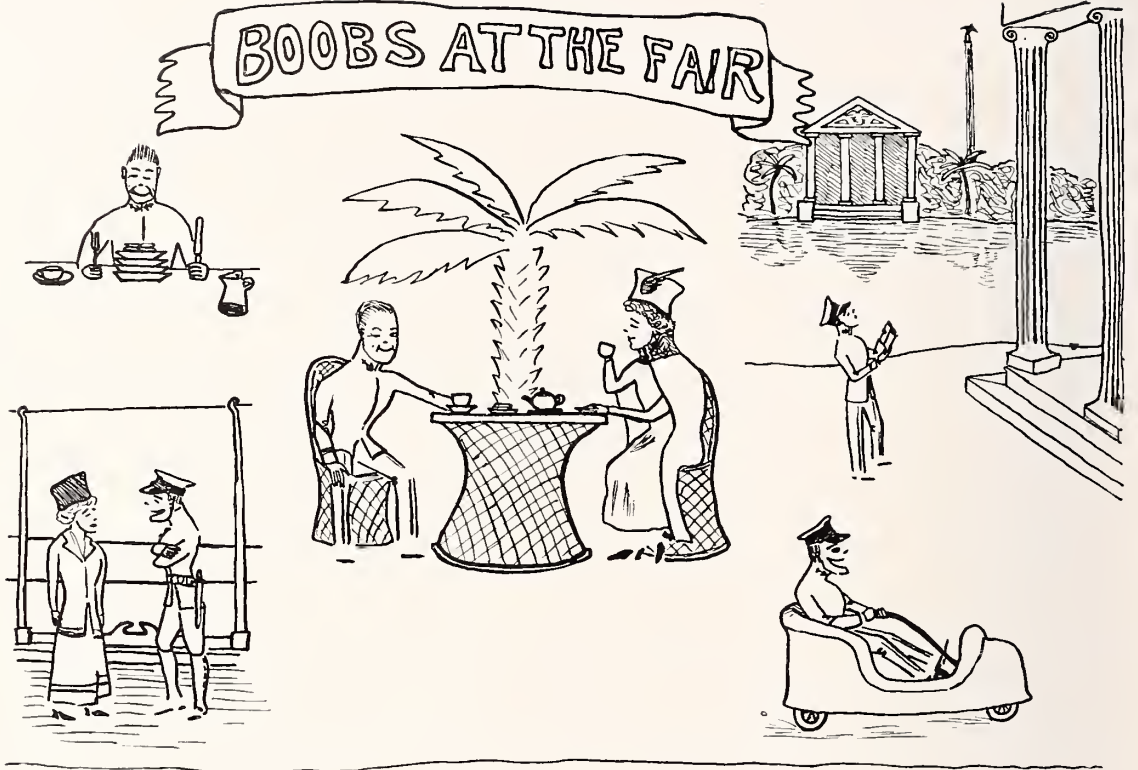
DAGO: "MEBBE YOU KNOW EET,
MOS' LAKLY YOU DON'."



B
O
N
E
S

BALL

ENGLISH



Asked and Answered—Sometimes

This column is conducted for the benefit of those of our readers who desire correct information on all kinds of subjects from beauty secrets to cracking safes. If you have any unsolved problem clouding your mental horizon, unburden yourself to us. Our staff of experts will give you a straight steer. Address all queries in care of Cassandra, Lucky Bag Publishing Co.

Cassandra:—

Continual brushing and the application of wax has changed my hair to a pale radish color. What might I do to remedy this?—RED WORDEN.

*Answer—*You might try an application of blue paint.

Miss Cassandra:—

I am thinking about choosing Parson Keefe as a member of a committee of which I am chairman. Do you think he is steady?—X. Y. Z.

*Answer—*If he were any steadier he would be motionless.

Dear Cassandra:—

Enclosed please find my photograph. It is considered a good likeness. Is there any chance of my ever becoming handsome?—BEAUTY CRUSE.

*Answer—*You have the wrong address, Beauty. We never did claim to be fortune tellers.

Cassandra Dear:

I think that I would make a very efficient three-striper my first class year. How might I insure getting three stripes?—F. P. SHERMAN.

*Answer—*Send a self addressed, stamped envelope to Wainwright, Staud, Evans or Blodgett for full particulars.

Cassy:

My wife's snoring keeps me awake at night. It sounds like Schofield's saxophone trying to gargle its larynx. What do?—PORKY.

*Answer—*Maxim once invented a silencer. Strap one on the Jew's nose.

Cassandra:—

I smoke so many skags that my constitution is becoming unseaworthy. How may I knock off?

—ROBIN SPELLMAN.

*Answer—*Apply to Ole Skylstead. He has knocked off three times a week since Academic year started.

Madam Cassandra:—

Something is the matter with me. I must be working too hard on Emo Hogi. Nearly all the time I see specks before my eyes.—PARSON RICHARDS.

*Answer—*Take off your glasses and we feel sure that you will no longer see specs before your eyes.

The Youngster's Nightmare

A POEM

Last night, as I lay dreaming,
I dreamed a dream so fair.
I saw a hypocycloid go,
Go curving thru the air.
A paraboloid follows after
A cissoid that was square.
And I laughed with mirthless laughter
To see a sight so rare.

A Bernouillian lemniscate
Limped by with mournful air.
"Pray, why so pale and wan?" quoth I,
"What burden dost thou bear?"
"I was bound for the end of finite space
My asymptote to touch.
But I've lost my slope, and my only hope
Is to find a hyperbolic crutch."

And he went his way with despondent mien,
And I wept at his sad, sad fate.
For many years will I remember the tears
Of that poor little lemniscate.

Cheer Up

What if you should hit a tree?
Cheer up.

If things ain't what they ought to be,
Cheer up.

What if you did bilge in Math,
Put a stopper on your wrath,
Tread again the primrose path,
Cheer up.

Are you thrust upon the pap?
Cheer up.
For having soup stains on your lap?
Cheer up.

Remember the joy the D. O. had
In ragging you, so don't be sad,
Even the tailor shop is glad,
Cheer up.

What if you did lose your leave?
Cheer up.

You're saving money, so you should grieve,
Cheer up.

If you are quartered on the ship
You save expenses of a trip
To home and back, so take this tip,
Cheer up.

Life's Short Story Contest

The short story contest ended in a blaze of glory. That is, we burnt all but two of the manuscripts submitted. The judges couldn't decide which of the two printed deserves the booby prize. We'll leave it to you.

A Dark and Stormy Night

It was a dark and stormy night. The wind howled thru the trees like the wail of a lost soul. We were all seated around the camp fire, and the Captain said to the Lieutenant: "Lieutenant, tell us a story." The Lieutenant shifted to a more comfortable position, took a couple of reminiscient drags on his jimmy pipe and began. "It was a dark and stormy night. We were all seated around the camp fire, and the Captain said to the Paymaster: "Pays, tell us a story." The Paymaster poked the fire till the sparks flew upward and began in a low voice, "It was a dark and stormy night. We were all seated around the camp fire and the Captain said to the Doctor: "Doc, tell us a story." And the Doctor began, "It was a dark and stormy night," etc., etc. ad nauseam.

Snappy Stuff

Evidently Natalie was retiring for the night. As she sat before the mirror in her boudoir, combing her golden tresses, she was a radiant vision of loveliness. Her wonderful hair, falling in shimmering cascades, hid a form that even Venus de Milo, in her palmiest days, only approached as an asymptote. Eyes that were twin pools of voluptuous amber flame, now alluring now repelling; daring eyes that challenge and invite; coy, sweet eyes, full of tenderness and love. Lips the color of a full blown rose, framed for a kiss.

Small, tip-tilted nose, pearly Pebecco teeth—Ah, Natalie, of a truth, you are easy to gaze upon, and you know it, Miss, as you sit smiling at your reflection in the glass!

In the corner the radiator merrily radiated B. T. U.'s that permeated the atmosphere, driving out the chill. Their all pervading warmth percolated into the blood of the fair young damsel producing a drowsy languor. A badly suppressed, adorable yawn, a fluttering of white, heavily-fringed eyelids, and her shapely head fell forward among the intimate litter on the dressing table. Natalie slept.

The clock in the tower struck the witching hour of midnight. As the last stroke rang out thru the snappy winter air, the door of Natalie's bed-chamber was softly opened and a young man, in the uniform of a Midshipman, stepped into the room. And the coldness of Death was in his look, and the B. T. U.'s turned and fled. With a horrible, insane leer he gazed at the sleeping form of the young girl, chuckled a ghastly chuckle, then turned and turned the key in the lock.

At this moment Natalie awoke with a start, and drew her negligee closer to where it belonged. Then she sensed the evil presence and slowly turned around, a light of fear slowly dawning in her lambent orbs. As she caught sight of the villainously triumphant face of the intruder, she shrank back with a shudder of fear.

"You!" she cried, in a choked whisper, and her face was as white as Blanco.

"Yes, it is me," ungrammatically

rasped the harsh voice of the villain. "I, whom you have spurned and dragged in the dust! I, whom you have used and then thrown away, as a Midshipman does his books after the last river is crossed! For fifteen months I have been waiting on the hurricane deck of a dry goods box, and now your time has come. The door is in my pocket and the key is locked. You are in my power house and you cannot fire-escape me now. Your portion is death, so prepare to meet thy God!"

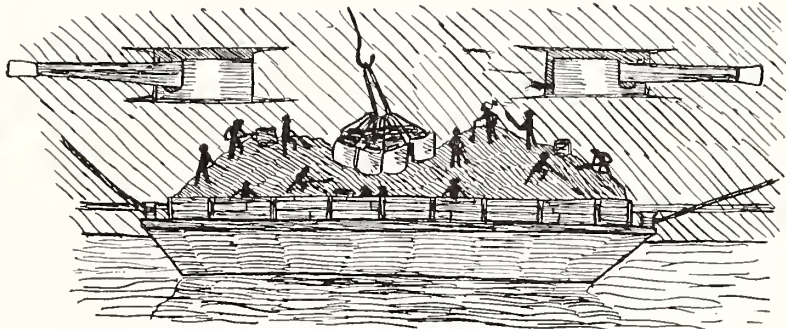
He took a step towards Natalie, but suddenly recoiled as he found himself gazing into the black muzzle of a Colt's Automatic that Natalie had drawn from the innermost folds of her vanity box.

"Now, you slimy specimen of a parlor snake," quoth our heroine in a voice quivering with righteous wrath and indignation, "I'll give you exactly thirty seconds to ooze out of my presence, or I'll fill you so full of holes that you won't be able to hold even an idea."

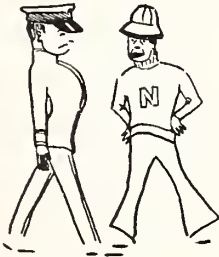
But the intruder was too consummate a villain to be disconcerted by the turn events had taken. With the skill of a ventriloquist he made a noise like a piece of Swiss cheese and immediately a troupe of trained mice scampers across the floor. Natalie gave a shriek, and leaped for a chair, dropping the revolver as she made her mad scramble for safety. The villain captured the gun, and pointing it at her fair breast, pulled the trigger. There was a sharp click, but no report—for who ever saw a woman with a loaded revolver?



WHEN WORKS WERE IN FASHION?



THAT COALING IN GRAVESEND?



WHEN THE UPPER CLASSES CAME BACK?



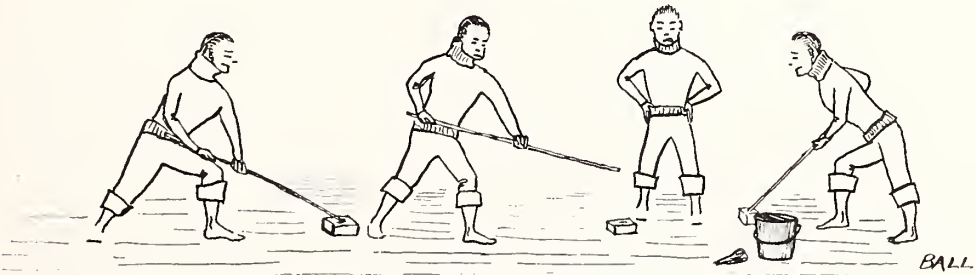
THOSE BLOOD DINNERS?



A.D.O. THAT SLIPPED ON THE ICE?



THAT FIRST YOUNGSTER HOP?



THAT HOLYSTONE BRIGADE YOUNGSTER CRUISE?

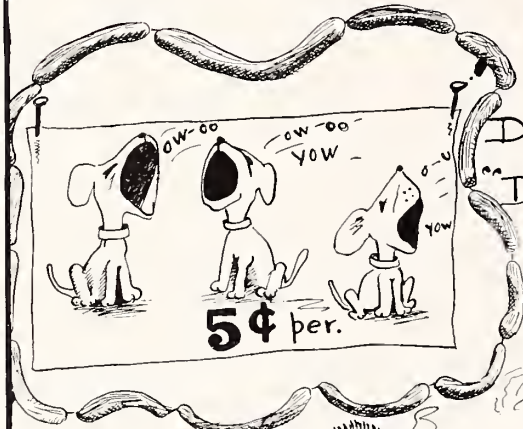
C



"THE WHEEL OF FOR-R-TUNE, GATHERED IN THE SHEKELS."

A

R



Davis & Reifel Co.
"Dog" Fanciers.

N



WHOSE PAINTY MASCULINE FEET

AT THE MIDNIGHT FROLICS'

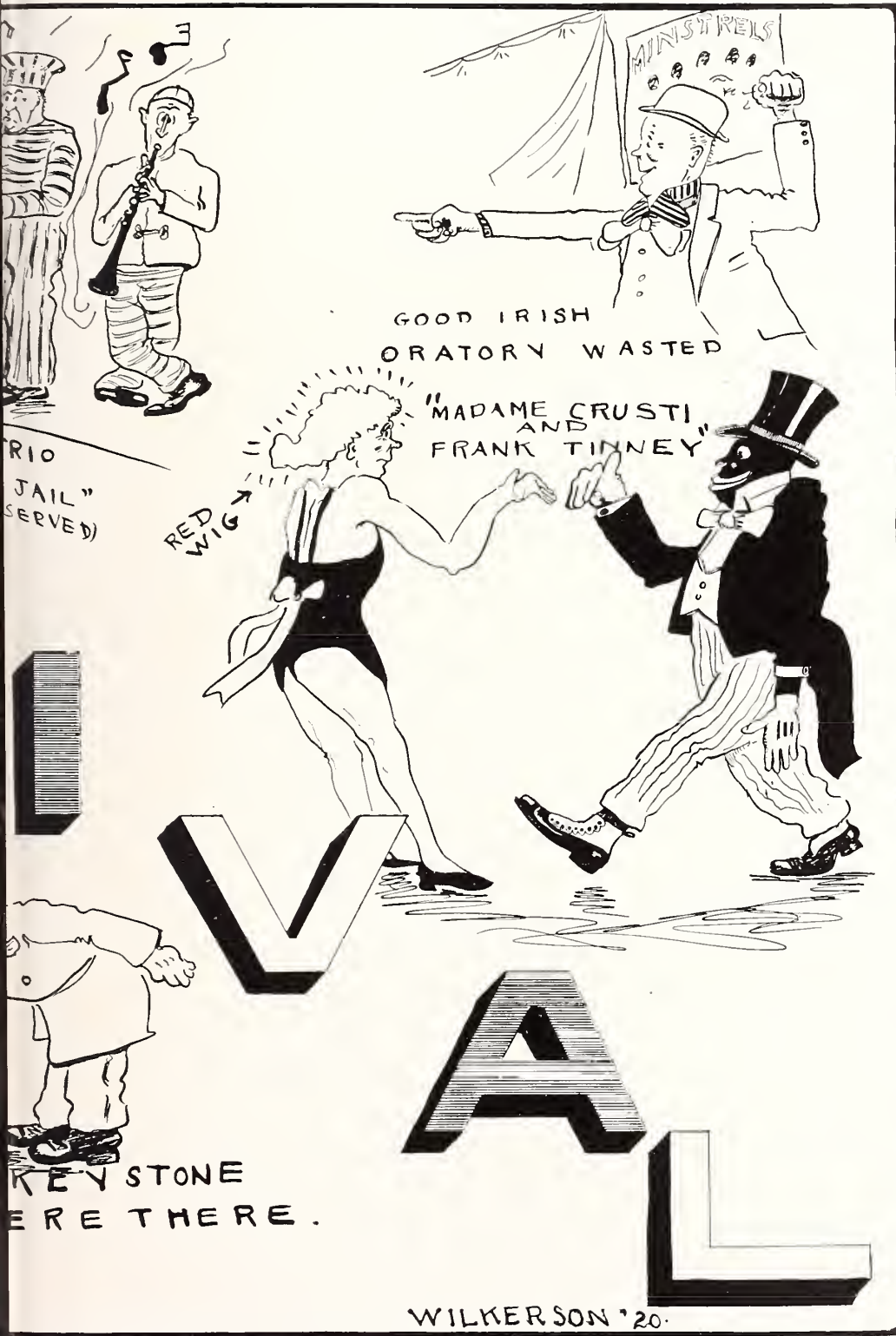


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"MADAME CRUSTI
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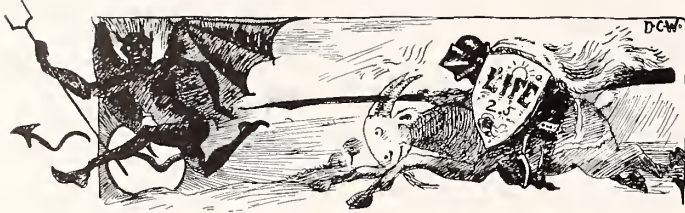
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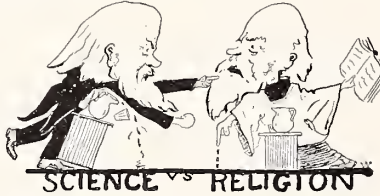
KEYSTONE
HERE THERE.



Is the Conflict Between Religion and Science Real?

A Theme, by Jack Gray

Mr. Royce in his speech, "Loyalty and Insight," points out what he thinks the trend of human life should be based on: *they* are but of two in number—loyalty and insight. People, he says, in order to get the best results out of their lives should pick out one thing—take it as their hobby, as it were, and build their ideals and pleasures of life around this. Mr. Royce points out the fact that many centuries ago nearly all men built up their lives around their religion—this being what you might say was their *hobby*. As is the case today many men guide their lives and actions by science. *Now the question*, as to whether there could ever arise a conflict between religion and science of this day seems to me to be easily explained in the negative. In the first place, religion does not begin to have the hold on people of today *as* it had on those of yesterday—of course I am speaking very generally—many people who would have been ardent church-goers then hardly ever enter a church now. In the second place, science *has got such little and unimportant* connection with religion that it seems almost entirely obvious that there would never arise a conflict between these two factions.



The lives of men should be based on their ideals—*some* of these would be *science* and *religions* or a dozen other things according to their temperments or *likeings*. How many men's lives in comparison are based solely on science? Very few. This, it seems, would be for the reason that science is not a thing on which a man could entirely base his life or ideals—it seems to me to be what you might say, *to harsh*—that is it takes up continuously too much energy of the mind and body and does not leave enough time and thought for the more *diverting things of life*. I do not doubt but that there are numerous men in this world whose lives are given over to science and scientific research entirely: *but surely this must be hard on them and eventually wear them out*.

Mr. Royce says in his speech: "Be loyal, increase your loyalty." Which-ever path of life is taken, either religion or science, these too sayings will apply well, and the man who is loyal to religion, it is quite sure, will give *little thought to religion and vice versa*.

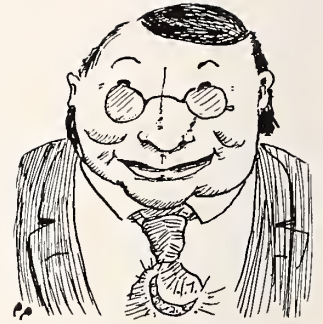
On account of the distant and divided meanings of these too words, religion and science, and the different ways people, whose ideals are of one or the other, shape their lives, it seems to me almost impossible that there could ever arise a successful conflict between the two.

NOTE—The foregoing is copied, verbatim, from a theme handed in by Jack Gray during Second Class year. The following are the various comments made by Instructor Washburn:

1. Antecedent? 2. It seems rather crude, not to say frivolous, to consider religion a "bobby." 3. Paragraph. 4. Grammar?? 5. Diction. 6. In what a lordly way you dismiss this grave problem. 7. Grammar??? 8. Spelling. 9. Spelling. 10. Hence, not a religion? 11. Purely nonsense, if you will allow me to say so. 12. Have you read the essay?

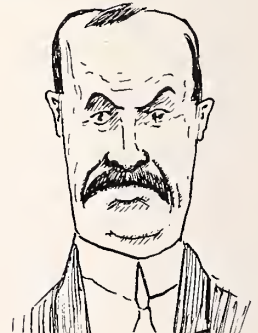
And on the back, this comment:

Ungrammatical to a degree. Shows no sign that you have grasped Royce's main idea—or even a sub-heading in his thesis.



Professor Bell

Now, pay attention, gentlemen! You can't never learn if you don't pay attention. I want to learn you a little ballroom etiquette. First, you got to learn how to bow. Just like this: one, two—three, four—five, six. There. Now try it. Take your partner by the hand and bow—one, two—three, four—five, six. Now we want to get this machinery. First we will take from here down (indicating waist). Now listen to the music. Bum drip drip—bum drip drip. Out! Now what does it tell you to do. You got to dance from here up (indicating waist) not from here down. There's my brother—aint got no more music in him than that there radiator. One of the best dancers you ever seen. Now listen to the music again. Dance! Step, open, close—step, open, close. Out. OUT! Now leaders pay more attention to your feet. Them as was leaders that time, follow this time. These Naval Academy hops are just ONE DEGREE superior to any in the land, barring any. Never cross your legs in the presence of ladies. I'd rather see a man chew tobacco and spit on the ballroom floor than cross his legs in the presence of ladies.



The Krafty Bird

"Sir, I report the n-th section for recitation."

"Seat your men. Now, er-r, gentlemen, this essay is very simple. There

are how many divisions? As I say, there are—first—the first is—Anybody. What is the first? All present, Tobias. Now, as I was saying—what was I saying? Well, So-and So, the general or the captain or the skipper, or whatever you call him, made a what-you-may-call-it error here. He should have brought his thingabobs about into a—a—What's the word I want? You! You! Well, he should have brought his boats into a what-you call-it formation and charged the enemy's fleet, and so on, and so on, etc.

Man the boards, gentlemen, and write for ten minutes on this subject. Put a comma after your name, Mr. Door,—no, no—before the initials. Now here you have repeated this what-not "gadget." Didn't you use that thingabob in a theme last month? Never repeat your words; strive for variety, this that and the other. Wake up, Mr. Ely! All wrong, Mr. Gish, sit down. You should have had a balanced sentence here. Anyone, what is a good example of a balanced sentence? You! You! Here. "On the one hand Johnson was a water drinker

while on the other hand Boswell was a wine bibber." Now, Mr. Smith, this what-you-may-call-it is unnecessary. Emphasis, you say. Tautology! Tautology!

"Take charge of your section."

Ferdie

"Who ees the sackshun leeder?" "Who is it that what you call him muuster the sackshun in Bancroft Hall?" "Senor Austine you are the sacum sackshun leeder. I am order to repor't all the misshipmen who do not to know the Reg'lations. The nex time the sackshun leeder is not here I will put you on the repor't."

"Senor, Senor, how you call it, Senor Floyd, or Senor Jones. Senor Floyd dash Jones mebbe yes. Sabe Vd. la leccion de hoy?"

"Si Senor, sabe mucho."

"Sabe mucho, what he means? I tink you mus talk in Japane. I gif you anodder try. Cuantos anos tiene Vd."

"Yo soy de Baltimore."

"Dat's nice, but I did not to ask you where you from come. Senor

Jackson mebbe you can gif me the answer, yes—I tink mebbe not."

"Senor Calhoun gif it to me your note-buk. What ees thes that is on the cover? What he means dago? I tink you to estudy dago las year across the corridor. You did not to write the ejercico of today? Was'a'mater you don't to estudy the lesion. I gif you bad mark."

"Senor Lerfel for why you laf? Eet ees not fonny. You all time try to make fon at someboddy lak a lit'le bebbly."

"Senor Clarke, how you call in espanish bull-fiight?"

"Corrida de toros."

"Tha's-a-rite. Eso es. En Espana the bull-fiight ees the spoort of the nashum. Eet ees much better as base-baal. I don'to tink you learn mosh espanish. Some time when you go to Espana, and the Queen gif you invite to a big baile, you will to be sorry thet you did not to estudy the espanishlanguage when you was misshipmen. Thes estoody ees the mos important at the Navalacedemy."

"Tak-a-charge sackshun."

Clubs We Do Not Care to Join



THE WARNING HOWLERS
THE AGONY QUARTETTE IN THEIR FAMOUS SELECTION,
"BESSIE, THE POOR DRUNARD'S CHILD"
RANDOLPH FORSHEW JONES, C. M. BALL

ORDER OF THE LILIES

"Consider the lilies of the field; how they
toil not, neither do they spin."

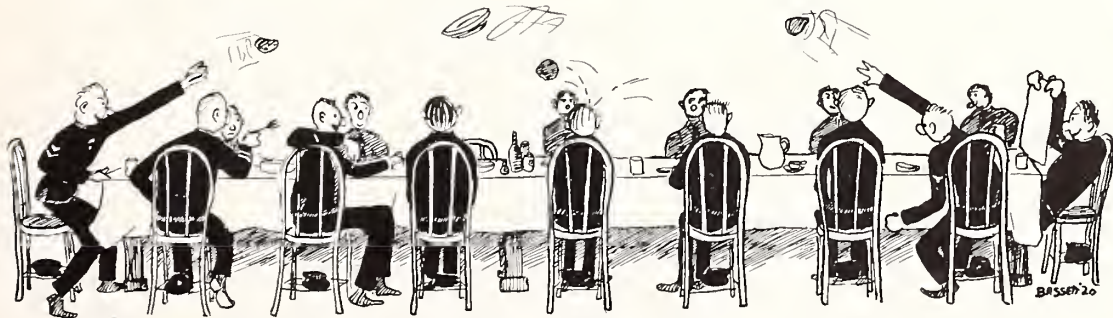
Motto—Never stand up when you can sit down
Bugle Call—Release

President . . . Floyd-Jones, K.
Sec. and Treas. . . Egg Mentz

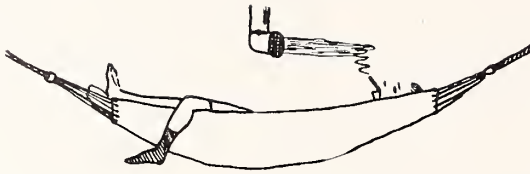
Members in good standing:

Austin	Conyne	Gale
Brady	Collins	Haerberle
	Shortridge	

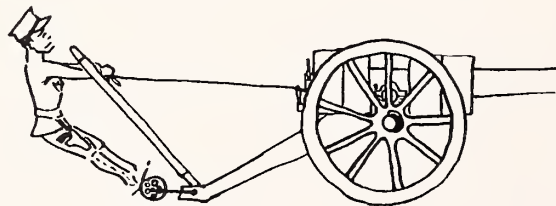
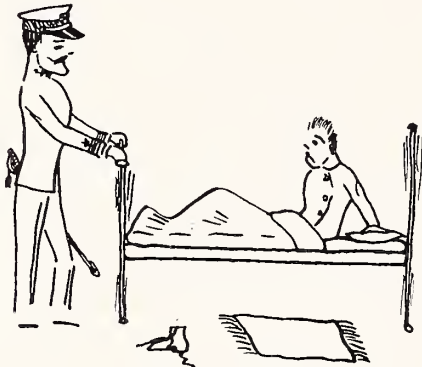
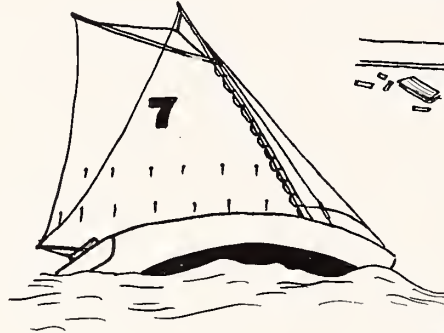
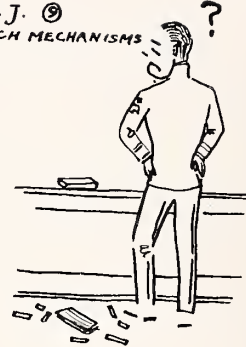
Pass Word—"Man the Lockers"



MESS HALL YEGGMEN
FOR THE SAKE OF DISCRETION THE NAMES OF THE MEMBERS OF THIS AGGREGATION ARE SUPPRESSED. BUT THEIR NAME IS LEGION



GISH, J. ©
BREACH MECHANISMS



BALL.

Funeral Ceremony at the Burial of Math. and English

Members of the Congregation:—

I had intended having the Reverend Dr. Thingambob of the Whatnot Cathedral, Podunk, who is also Chairman of This That and the Other Committee, officiate, but unfortunately he has been called away to the mountains of West Virginia and so you have, instead, a man who does not know much about preaching, but who knows more about King James, the First, of England than any other living mortal.

This ceremony has been prepared especially for the Midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy. The text is brief on account of the short time allowed in which to cover the subject, but it is hoped that it will be found helpful for others following the same course elsewhere.

We will now proceed with the obscenities,—I mean festivities.

These children, which we will now proceed to commit to the deep (hoping never to see them again), were only two and one half years old, but they were *some* babies.

Whereas, the Academic Department, in its infinite wisdom, has seen fit to call them off in the heights of their triumphs, for which we are truly thankful:—

We will now commit the bodies to the deep.

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If Math. don't get us, English must.”

The congregation will now join in singing “God help us if we meet again.”

“English Department, quick to bilge,
2-o's were given out by Gill.
Who bidd'st the Math. Department deep
Its own appointed limits keep.
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the Tree.”

The firing squad will please fire into the coffin instead of into the air, to avoid taking any chances.

LAWRENCE HARVEY,
Chaplain.

JANUARY 18, 1866.

REGULATIONS FOR BATHING ROOMS.

MIDSHIPMEN will be marched to the bathing rooms in crews, and the Captains of crews, will be held strictly accountable for every want of decorum.

Crews will bathe about once a week, if any take more baths than that, they will pay the Barber 6 cts. extra.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT CIVILIZATION IS ADVANCING JUST READ THE ABOVE CLIPPING
FROM SOME NAVAL ACADEMY ORDER OF 1866

MIDDIES DELIGHTED WITH LONDON VISIT

**Annapolis Boys More at Home
There Than Here Because Uni-
forms Are Not Stared At.**

GET MUCH SHORE LEAVE

**Patronize the Hotel Bars, the The-
atres, Music Halls and Opera,
and the Night Clubs.**

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, July 18.—The American invasion reached a picturesque climax this week, when a landing party of 300 midshipmen, members of the first, second, and third year classes of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, supported by large detachments of blue-jackets from the battleships Missouri, Idaho, and Illinois, descended on London and effected a speedy conquest.

The battleship training squadron anchored off Gravesend on Tuesday and was welcomed by Commander Symington, the Naval Attaché, with a formidable list of hotels where accommodations were still to be had at the rush season. After that nearly every incoming train brought its quota of future Admirals, three divisions out of four receiving precious shore leave at a time, "for educational purposes," and the happy middies, let loose from the "grape juice" battleships, lost no time in acquiring a more liberal shore education.

"Can you tell me which is the way to the bar?" was the question most frequently heard in the hotel lobbies on the first day.

Nor was the occupation of Vera Cruz effected with any more clocklike precision and smoothness than the peaceful occupation of London. The American bar at the Savoy was quickly turned into a temporary naval base, while simultaneously smaller bodies of middies established a protectorate over similar points of vantage at other leading hotels.

At night other detachments, high-spirited but always of gentlemanly bearing, occupied orchestra seats at music halls and theatres, "chorus girl" shows proving the most potent magnets, but *serious dramas and even the Russian ballet and grand opera finding favor with many.*

After midnight the middies found their uniforms an open sesame to Murray's and other night clubs, where they sported themselves till after dawn and showed the natives the very latest thing in "hesitations" and "rags."

Uncle Sam's clean-cut youngsters form as fine a body of young men as have been seen here in many a day, and are conspicuous figures everywhere in their natty blue or cool white duck uniforms and they have cheered up London wonderfully, as one Englishman put it.

Groups of them are seen along the Strand and Piccadilly at all hours of the day, while the

shopping district of Bond and Regent Streets is overrun with them. THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent found half a dozen in an Irish linen shop buying table-centres, doilies, and other merchandise, presumably for mothers, possibly for sweethearts at home.

The only fly in the ointment is the fact that liberty comes to an end with the end of the month, when the training squadron sails away. One middy told THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent:

"Two-thirds of us have never been in London before, and we are all having the time of our lives. London's welcome has been wonderful. We feel much more comfortable in London than in New York or Boston, where people stare at us as if we had on pajamas; but here they are so used to uniforms that nobody turns around even to look at us in the street.

"The visit to England is educational, you know. No, I have not seen Westminster Abbey yet, but I have seen the night clubs. About the only thing we have not done here is to sleep. We thought the first night here that London was the deadest town on the map, because we could not find anything open after 12.30. We have managed to change our opinion since.

"Some of us are planning to go to Switzerland or elsewhere. You see, if you have relatives or friends here, you can get two weeks' leave. The men have had no trouble in finding friends."

SAILOR SONS

BY ALMA WHITAKER

Maybe we did not raise our son to be a soldier; but since we have seen the middies some of us have decided to raise him to be a sailor.

If a midshipman's training can be relied upon to turn out such wholesome, healthy, well-mannered bright boys as the eight hundred samples we have been entertaining for the last few days every mother's heart must yearn for the improving influence of the sea for her man child.

"Jack's the boy for work,
Jack's the boy for play,
Jack's the lad when girls are sad
To drive their tears away.
Hard as nails afloat,
Best of friends ashore,
Jack ahoy! you're just the boy
That all our hearts adore."

Every one of those boyish faces was a delight. Not an evil glimmer anywhere, just wholesome, intelligent goodness, unspoiled, unsharpened. At the middies' ball, the most anxious of mammas felt at rest. The informality was perfectly safe; even seven dances with the same young man caused no alarm. They were just shy enough but not too shy, just merry enough but not too merry, self-control, dignified bearing, courteous gratitude, gracious manners were the order of the day and there were no derelictions, never a one.

The vaudeville songster who dared to chant, "I did not raise my son to be a sailor," would find himself hooted off the stage just now. Why, those visiting sailor boys have restored our faith in mankind! They brought a fresh

sea breeze with them that blew all our cobwebs away. The "Bought and Paid For" style of play is unthinkable in connection with such men. The ugly social problems promptly take a back seat when a gay company of wholesome young middies appear on the scene. They simply ooze upright manliness, and a Purity League Congress becomes a meaningless insult to humanity. It would not be possible to entertain a Purity Congress and those middies in the same city at the same time; the most tactless of civic authorities would feel the unfit fitness and absurdity of the occasion.

They are the best argument for intelligent, constructive discipline—one of the most worthy products of civilization. Perhaps we can't make all our boys sailors, but we will guarantee that the mother who raised her boy to be a sailor would never feel the heartaches of one that raised her boy to be a politician, a get-rich-quick aspirant, an effective office clerk, or the hundreds of other vocations that call for slick dealing or a grubby, sordid office.

While we are busy shouting what we did not raise that son of ours to be, it is fitting that we pause to consider just what we did raise him for, and whether we are entirely satisfied. The mothers of those middies can know nothing but pride and satisfaction.

There wasn't a smarty, "fresh" young man among them. Their bearing towards womanhood was almost old-fashioned in its courtliness. Even the friskiest of maidens felt the influence and profited thereby. No impertinent condescension, no coarse compliments, no liberties. Their whole attitude was about as ideal as we could wish it to be. "I respect you and I respect myself," was the air, and it did not mitigate against the fun in any way.

Yet we know very well, deep in our consciousness, that the same informalities that were permitted to the middies would be a grievous risk in a similar company of young civilians. Many a mother who comfortably allowed Dorothy and Gladys full liberty at the naval ball would never for a moment have considered the same attitude at a civilian function. The trust was instinctive—and thoroughly justified. The most youthful of debutantes was perfectly safe—with a roomful of ready and genuine young protectors, self-controlled and self-respecting.

It was good to see the pride with which the admiral looked at his boys. Boys who could heave coal and clean decks in the morning, and be courteous, well-bred gentlemen in the evening. They talked joyously of the good time they were having, which they were able to so fully appreciate because they had earned it. They take a personal, individual pride in their country, too, not the flag-waving, verbal patriotism, but the deep fundamental kind that comes from service. To them their country is a thing to protect, to work for, to aid, to uphold, to love, a thing to make sacrifices for, not to exploit for personal gain. They give so much more than they will ever receive, except in the personal satisfaction that comes from duty well done.

"And the heart that loves truly ne'er forgets but loves truly on to the close."

Dear midship boys, your country needs you, your country is proud of you, your country loves you!

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,
our tears,
Our faith triumphant, o'er our fears,
Are all with thee."

Not for the protection alone which you offer our beloved country, but for your example, your influence, the wholesome worth of you.



FAMOUS AMERICANS
COMMANDANT OF MOKES, U.S.N.A.



FAMOUS AMERICANS
"NO CHANGE. CEASE FIRE ON THE VISUAL."

New Books Received

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SHAVE
BY SIMON FULLINWIDER

Mr. Fullinwider is a prominent authority on the subject. The book is a delightful treatise on the manly art of shaving and beard lore. Combines a quaint wit with a thorough knowledge of the subject. Many of the excerpts from the book merit quoting, as 'Alum in time saves blood,' 'What is a barber shop without its Police Gazette?' 'Funny, but barber's children are always such cute little shavers,' 'No matter what other faults a barber may have, he seldom cuts a friend,' 'A barber shop is the best place in the world to scrape up an acquaintance.'

\$6.00 net to Midshipmen.

WRECKED ON THE BARBARY COAST, BY CARLOS WEITZEL AND ELMER DUVALL

These two authors will be remembered for their joint success in producing last year's best seller, "Spanish Bessie," a novel of love and intrigue in San Francisco. WRECKED ON BARBARY COAST is a thrilling recital of actual adventures and hair-breadth escapes experienced by the authors, who were wrecked off this coast while cruising in their palatial yacht, the Missouri. Besides its gripping interest as a tale, it contains many valuable observations of the life, manners, and customs of the inhabitants of this little explored coast, which should prove to be of historical interest. It should be on every book shelf.

HOW TO PITCH, BY I. LEHRFELD

Countless thousands of books have been written on this subject, but it is doubted if any will give the satisfactory results that a painstaking study of this little book will produce. The author is known as a pitcher of WIDE experience, having served four years on the Naval Academy nine. It comes recommended by such top-notch pitchers as 'Rube' Waddell, 'Christy' Carmine, and 'Babe' Cuddihay.



FAMOUS AMERICANS
"NEXT, SAH."

U. S. S. MISSOURI.
OFFICIAL SIGNAL

DATE TIME A M P M CODE SENT RECEIVED BY

To Squadron. ADDRESS

It is the intention to grant liberty to midshipmen at Cristobal after supper tomorrow until the next morning. Rates will be arranged with hotels at Panama or Colon or both if possible. Instructions regarding issue of monthly money will be signalled later.

SIGNED Fullam.

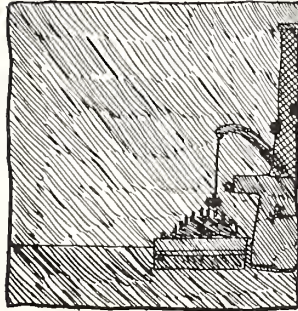
NUMBER OF WORDS OFFICER IN CHARGE OF WATCH

DAILY REPORT OF CONDUCT OF MIDSHIPMEN ATTACHED TO THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Christmas, 1917

RANK	NAME	BOAT	DELINQUENCY	REPORTING OFFICER	STATEMENT	POINTS	CLASSIFICATION	REMARKS
Mid.	Avery, H	4	Impersonating Paul Capron.	W. Dream Wille		5		
"	Callhoun, W.C.	1	Irreverant conduct at Y.M.C.A.	the Chaplain		25		Singing
"	Duncan, D.B.	3	Evidence of use of soap.	F. Friday F.		3		
"	Harris, G.L.	2	Being impolite to a plebe.	The Plebe		10		
"	Keefe, J.H.	3	Contemplating matrimony without authority.	The Comm.				} Held over.
"	Anderson, H.W.	2	Same.	"				
"	Haeberle, F.E.	2	Libel. Editing Lucky Bag.	The Class		100		To be thrown over sea wall.
"	Lvalow, W.G.	2	Taking food from mess hall. Soup on blouse.	Carroll.		5		
"	Kellar, K.	1	Walking on grass, two particulars (Both feet)	The Baron		2		
"	Mitchell, E.A.	1	Winking at prof.	Red the Savse.	... accepted			Warned.
"	M ³ Iver, G.W.	1	Needlessly exposing himself to measles.	Doc M ³ C.		10		
"	Dgg, R.R.	1	Out of uniform. Wearing pajamas and bathrobe on liberty in Annapolis.	The Comm.		1		Naughty! Naughty!
"	Sarcent, L.P.	2	Turned out at reveille, 1 st offense.	Hang over Harry		10		
"	Shown, W.V.	2	Pompeian Massage Cream adrift.	Same.		1		
"	Tobb, E.	4	Button off pajama at a.m. roll call.	Same.		3		
"	Same	4	Brace on backwards	The Devf.		5		
"	Worden, F.L.	2	Spots on face.	The Reve.		15		
Published at a.m. roll call, December 25, 1916								
J. J. Finittney, N ³ P.O. Officer of the Day.								<i>W. M. ...</i> Lieut. Comm. & SN Duty Officer

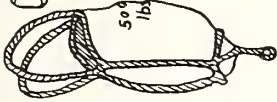
Remember That Liberty—Wasn't it a Wahoo?



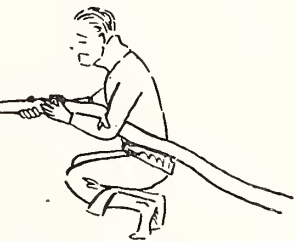
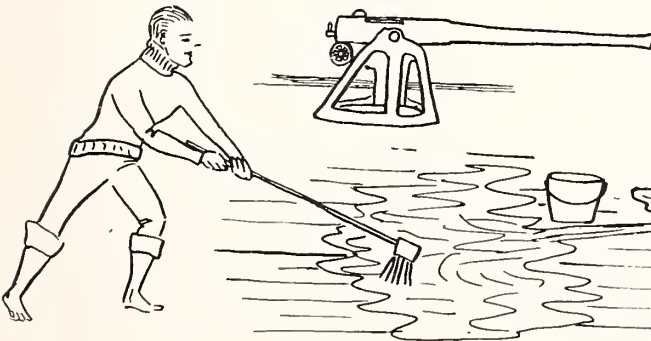
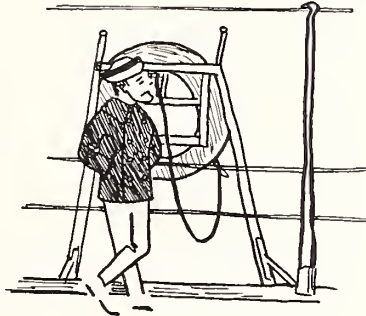
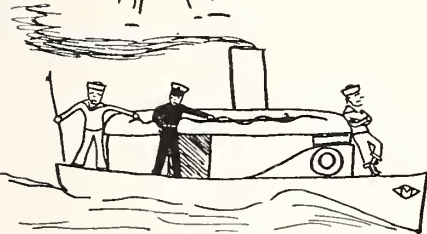
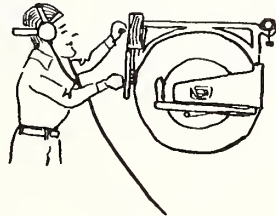
DURING



AFTER



BEFORE



BALL



LET THE COAL DUST TWINS DO YOUR DIRTY WORK

One day we were sketching a watertight door
When Rankin came down with a h—— of a roar,
Some of us corking and some burning oil,
And a pap was the price of our tireless toil.

Chorus

His name it is Davis, you all know him well.
The place where he hangs out is hotter than h——.
He makes us sketch engines and every damn trap,
And if we don't do it we all hit the pap.

Chorus

He's long and he's tall, and you all know his name,
The Midshipmen everywhere sing of his fame,
He wears a moustache, and his eye has a twitch,
It's (censored), it's (censored). The rest of it's rich).

Chorus

Oh, the Bally Ohio,
The Bally Ohio,
The Bally Ohio,
That damn submarine.

The Bally Ohio

Tune: The Pride of the Navy

We've all seen destroyers and cruisers, also.
We've sailed in half raters, and cutters we row.
But of all the damn tubs that we ever have seen,
We pray God will spare us damn submarine.

Chorus

Oh, the Bally Ohio,
The Bally Ohio,
The Bally Ohio,
That damn submarine.

The Bally Ohio is there like a duck.
The Midshipmen on her are surely in luck.
Her engines are rotten, her guns on the blink,
And down in her hold is a h—— of a stink.

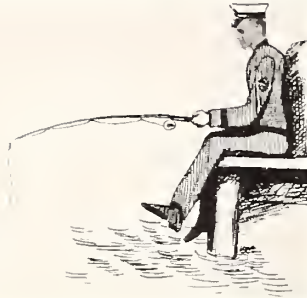
Chorus

At sea we were constantly heaving the lead
And hitting some poor goof right over the head,
When down from the bridge came a h—— of a shout,
"Oh, put in a seaman, and take that boob out."

Chorus



THIS AINT A MARKER TO WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM WHEN THE LUCKY BAG COMES OUT

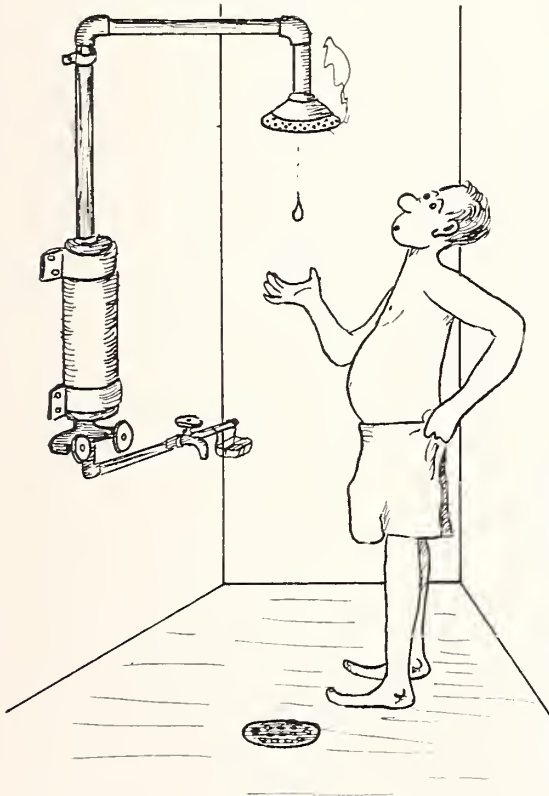


In Bergen

In Bergen, when the weather's warm,
 They fish both night and day.
 In Winter it's too cold to fish
 So at other sports they play.

A Toast to "Water" at the Class Supper

Water! I have beheld thee in all thy myriad forms! I have seen thee in the form of the boundless ocean, tossing upon its mighty billows the greatest battleships of the world. I have seen thee in the form of the brackish, lukewarm trickle from the scuttle butt on a practice cruise. I have seen thee in the form of the mountain lake in whose clear, pellucid depths could be seen the reflection of heaven's star-studded firmament. I have seen thee in the form of a rusty, reddish torrent leaping down from the nozzle of a shower bath on the ground deck. I have seen thee in the form of the babbling brook, gurgling its joyous way to join the deep blue sea. I have seen thee in the form of the babbling brook, gurgling its joyous way to join the deep blue sea. I have seen thee in the form of a cold and relentless swimming pool, sucking all the joy out of the lives of the poor luckless devils on the extra swimming squad. I have seen thee in the form of the early morning dew sparkling like miniature diamonds in the red, red heart of a half blown rose. I have seen thee in the form of the tear drop, wending its way down the powdered cheek of some sweet, demure damsel. BUT, Water, to me you are a Hell of a poor drink at a Class Supper!



THEORETICAL—JUICE—PRACTICAL

BASSET '20

With the College Wits

Extract from the Bones exam.—“As soon as the water is emptied out of the man, pull out his tongue and wrap it around his jaw.”

“A spring bearing is a bearing on a strong spiral spring.”

“When the same image is seen side by side it is duplicity.”

Abe Martin says, “It may take guts to face a wounded lion at bay, but give me the man with sand enough to holly-stone the quarter-deck.”

Heinie Muschlitz speaks thus of Provincetown, “Laid out like Naples, smells like Tangiers, climate like Frisco, and looks like Hell.”

Jackson, at the Coast Artillery Dance, Fortress Munroe, breezing up to a queen. “My name’s Jackson; let’s dance.”

Sol Phillips in Steam.—“Now watch me make a Short Line sketch of a W. B. & A. boiler.”

“How long was the Tennessee in European waters?”
“Four hundred and fifty feet.”

“What do you sing in the choir?”
“Culebra.”

“What you mean, Culebra?”
“Advanced naval base, you boob.”

At Juice P-Work.

Ole Skylstead. (As he hands two burnt out fuses from a motor generator to an electrician.)

“Hey, get me two more circuit breakers.”

Trust the old Viking to know what to do in an emergency.

Spanish Staples can’t see why a man can’t marry his widow’s sister.

Weitzel.—“You want to keep your eyes open around here today, Frankie.”

Spellman.—“Why?”

Weitzel.—“‘Cause if you go around with them shu people will think you are a damn fool. Ha-Ha.”

Jimmy Conyne.—“Yea, that was some big devil-fish,—that is, for a small one.”

Frank Fechtler, at turret telephone, gets this from plot.
“Does the visual read ‘cease’ or ‘fire’?”

Frank yells over to the man setting sights, “Hey, over there, plot wants to know if the visual reads ‘feet’ or ‘miles’.”

This from a plebe to his Three-striper.—“Mr. Denebrink, sir, will it hurt my grease mark if I stay on the excused squad?”

At the Hop:—

He.—“You are the first girl I have ever kissed.”

She.—“What you think I am, anyhow, a prep.school?”

Huschke, in Juice.—“Sir, how do you seduce this formula?”

Spellman.—“Hey, Doggie, they say that the Russian generals have ordered 1000 suits of pajamas.”

Weitzel.—“So? Why’s that?”

Spellman.—“Because the Russians are going to retire.”
(Weitzel thinks that is a fine joke and hastens to spring it on Pat Downey.)

Weitzel.—“Hey, Pat, I hear that the Russian generals have ordered 1000 suits of pajamas.”

Pat.—“You don’t say so. What’s that for?”

Weitzel.—“The Russians are going to bed, ha-ha.”

POWER OF WILL

Be Forceful Be Assertive

Make your mark among men. Give the world a battle My book, “The Power of the Will” will teach you how.

Don’t delay. Send now for full information. Know your own mind. My system of will training made me what I am today. It can do the same for you. It can teach you to be dominant. Get a strangle hold on success.

—
“Power of Will”
—

BY

PEA FORSTER

POLAR AVENUE WOULDN'T
BE SO WORSE

IF YOU HAD ONE OF OUR
PORTABLE HEATERS



You cannot bat the Winter Ordnance
Exams without one

**BURNS
OIL, SLUM OR RED-EYE**

Does Dago Get Your Goat?

*Do You Find It Difficult to Speak
the Lingo of the Spigs?*

WELL, CHEER UP
THERE'S A WAY OUT

Professor W. C. Calhoun, probably the most famous "spig" savoir of the day, has perfected a phonographic method of teaching dago that will **positively make you like garlic in a week.**

*Make your own records in the privacy
of your room*

Never fails to fool the Profs.

Results guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded

Prof. W. C. Calhoun, A. M., M. & P. M.
Box A-103

DO YOU REALIZE THE VALUE OF \$1.00 ?

Do you realize that it means five pack-
ages of Fats, ten trips to the movies?

Then why pay the
corridor moke one
third of your month's
allowance to clean
out your boudoir?

**Buy a Handy Vacuum Cleaner and
Raise Your Grease Mark**

It also makes a good tendency



"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

Lapsus Linguae, or The Midshipmen's Vocabulary

- Absolute zero.—A cold zip; a cipher with the rim knocked off; a minimum mark on an exam.
- Amount available.—What is left of your \$60 per after the Pay Department finishes with it?
- Anchor man.—The tail ender in the race for a diploma.
- Anns. (n)—The yearly slaughter of the innocents; annual exams.
- Aristocrat.—The Chesterfield of the Dago Department.
- Army.—Our dearest enemy.
- Bat. (v)—To hit hard; to get a good mark on.
- Bat. (n)—Short for battalion.
- B. C. (n)—Busted candidate; one who took the entrance exams and failed to get in.
- Bilge. (v)—To run on the rocks; to cease to be a pampered pet.
- Bilger.—One who has bilged and 'come back.'
- Blinker.—Three-tenths off your Seamanship mark.
- Buzzer.—Three-tenths off your Juice mark.
- Bluff. (v. & n.)—The key to success; a substitute for boning.
- Blood.—One of the Elite; Member of the Naval Academy Smart Set.
- Bone. (v)—To study hard; to endeavor to find out what the lesson is about.
- Bones. (n)—A series of lectures on how to be discreet; physiology and hygiene.
- Boy.—Any of the mokes on duty at the Naval Academy.
- Brace. (n)—Formerly a distinguishing mark of a plebe; something a Youngster hasn't.
- Brick. (n)—A Jane, who, when it comes to good looks, is discharged for lack of evidence.
- Buck's. (n)—The candidates' knowledge factory.
- Bull. (n)—The prime requisite in 'rolling your own;' a line of hot air.
- Bull. (v)—The science of talking without saying anything; Denebrinkism.
- Bust. (v)—To fail dismally; to make a faux pas.
- Butt. (n)—The south end of a skag going north; a part of anything.
- Buzzard. (n)—The emblematic eagle; the bird above the chevrons.
- Calc. (n)—The Math. Department's one best bet; the danger shoal of Youngster year.
- Candidate. (n)—A cit. that doesn't look before he leaps.
- Chaney's Best. (n)—A contraption like unto Bates' limousine.
- Christmas Tree. (n)—The handwriting on the wall; the Academic Department's first warning.
- Christmas Leave. (n)—Self-explanatory; a three day's jag for some.
- Cit. (n)—A citizen of the United States; one free to do as he pleases.
- Cits. (n)—Clothes worn by a cit.
- Clean sleeve. (n)—Void of horizontal stripes.
- Cold. (adj.)—Complete, as to make a 'cold' zip; synonymous with radiator.
- Com. (n)—The skipper of U. S. S. Bancroft Hall; the Supe's Man Friday.
- Cosmopolitan Club. (n)—The I. W. W. of the Naval Academy. (I won't work.)
- Cosmo. (n)—Our idea of the quintessence of nothing to read.
- Crab. (n)—A denizen of Annapolis.
- Crabtown. (n)—Annapolis-on-the-Spa and vicinity, not including the U. S. N. A.
- Crack. (v)—To make, as to 'crack' a 4.0 on an exam.
- Cross Country. (n)—A former Thursday afternoon constitutional of the Cosmopolitan Club.
- Dago. (n)—The jargon taught by the Dept. of Modern Languages.
- Day's Work. (n)—The comprehensive name given to a two hour session with Nav.
- Demerits. (n)—Little harbingers of trouble; records of misconduct.
- Doc's. (n)—The Saturday Evening Post.
- Doyle's Laws. (n)—A concise summary of the Navy Regs.
- Drag. (v)—To escort to a hop.
- Drag blind. (v)—To go Steve Brodie one better; the real thing in taking a chance.
- Extra Duty. (n)—The price of folly.
- Fat. (n)—The Queen of skags, Fatima.
- Femme. (n)—A young lady; girl.
- Fillyloo. (n)—The bird that sticks its head in the sand and whistles, etc. etc.
- 4.0 (n)—A perfect mark; a perfect queen; theoretically a possible grade.
- 40% (n)—Those midshipmen that the squirrels chase.
- Frap. (v)—To be thrust upon the pap; to thrust someone on the pap.
- French. (v)—To go over the wall; to take French leave.
- Fruit. (n)—Something soft, easy; a snap.
- Function. (n)—A cross between a candidate and a plebe.
- Fuss. (v)—To flutter around the fair sex; to give the dear things a treat.
- Fusser. (n)—One who basks in woman's smiles.
- Gish, Joe.—Analogous to John Doe; any midshipman whatsoever.
- Goat. (n)—A partially domesticated animal sometimes led out for inspection; the Navy mascot.
- Golf. (n)—A game that teaches one the art of intrenching; the brand played at the Naval Academy may be played with or without a ball.
- Gouge. (v)—To crib on an exam; a dishonorable practice punishable with dismissal.

- Grade. (n)—The monthly list of ineligible for liberty; 'to hit the grade'—to get more demerits than the law allows.
- Grad. terms. (n)—The sugar coated pill; the siren call of the Shylocks that prey on the poor midshipmen.
- Grease. (v)—To assume an oily manner; to bone outside of study hours; to try to slip one over on one's classmates.
- Grease. (n)—The common name for 'efficiency.'
- Greaser. (n)—One who is out for class standing; one who greases.
- Grey-Leg. (n)—A West Pointer.
- Gyrene. (n)—A Marine.
- Hazing. (n)—A relic of the old Navy; formerly an important factor in a plebe's education.
- Head. (n)—Until recently, the Second Class Smoke Hall.
- Hell Cats. (n)—Reveille busters; drummers and buglers who wake the slumbering dawn; harsh dispellers of sleep and rest.
- Hit. (v)—To grace; to adorn; as 'to hit the tree'—'to hit the pap.'
- Holy Joe. (n)—The Shepherd of our flock; the Chaplain.
- Hop. (n)—The bi-monthly festival in honor of the muse Terpsichore.
- Hustlers. (n)—The Navy second teams that deserve twice the credit they get.
- Hundredth Night. (n)—One hundred nights, a sleep and a butt until Graduation.
- Hundredth Night Show. (n)—The midyear display of local talent.
- Jimmy Legs. (n)—The Frencher's Nemesis; yard policemen.
- Johnny Gow. (n)—The endearing name given to a bunch of incomprehensible junk masquerading as a text book.
- Jones. (n)—An ambiguous person often reported dead, by God.
- June Week. (n)—The period between expectation and realization; the annual showing off for visitors.
- Juice. (n)—A course of study that teaches one to ponder on 'watt is ohm without my joule.'
- Kaydet. (n)—An inhabitant of Sing Sing's rival institution on the banks of the Hudson.
- Krafty Bird. (n)—One of the large calibered hot air guns of the good ship English Department.
- Leave. (n)—One grand, glorious, abandoned month of LIFE; an oasis in the desert.
- Liberty. (n)—Permission to visit Annapolis; a sack of peanuts and a trip to the movies.
- Log. (n)—The Friday Evening Pest; the weekly dope sheet of the Regiment.
- Lovers Lane. (n)—Suffrage Alley.
- Makes. (n)—Bull and Riz-La.
- Man Overboard. (n)—A spoon adrift in your coffee.
- Masqueraders. (n)—An organization for the uplift of the drama at the Naval Academy.
- Math. (n)—The wave that washes many overboard; mathematics.
- May Pole (n)—The spring warning to ships about to be torpedoed.
- Mech. (n)—That branch of Math. whereby you can calculate the force necessary to drag a brick around a ball room floor.
- Mess Hall. (n)—Our Dairy Lunch.
- Middy. (n)—What the girls and newspapers call us.
- M.C. (n)—Midshipman-in-Charge; a figure head changed every day.
- Mokes. (n)—A corruption of 'smokes' or 'mozo'; the colored section of the U. S. N. A.
- Nav. (n)—That course of study that teaches you how to steer a rum line course.
- Non-reg. (adj.)—Not according to the Blue Book.
- D. O. (n)—Duty Officer; a henchman of the Discipline Department.
- O. D. (n)—A midshipman masquerading as a D. O.
- Oil Burner. (n)—One addicted to the Piper Heidsieck habit.
- Ordnance. (n)—That branch of study that teaches you how to shoot a 4.0 in the fatal spot; also the study that gave Farragut his dope on torpedoes.
- Pap Sheet. (n)—Daily report of misconduct of Midshipmen attached, etc.
- P-Work. (n)—Practical work; so called because it is not practical.
- Plebe. (n)—The under dog at the Naval Academy; a fourth classman.
- Pred. (n)—One who has gone before you.
- Prune Navy. (n)—An organization of the champion prune eaters of the Academy. The record holder has the title of Admiral of the Prune Navy.
- Prince Rupert. (n)—One of the Counts and No Accounts present at the Royal Ball.
- Queen. (n)—A swell looker; a 4.0 girl.
- Rag. (v)—To catch red-handed; 'to rag a skag'—to catch a smoke illegally.
- Rate. (n)—A privilege.
- Rate. (v)—To enjoy the privileges of, as 'to rate bilger.'
- Ratey. (adj.)—Applied to one who thinks he is the only spud in the slum; not respectful of class rates.
- Red Eye. (n)—One of Heinz's 57 varieties.
- Reg. (adj.)—Applied to one who stands from under; according to Regulations.
- Regs. (n)—Regulations of the U.S.N.A.; the Blue Book.
- Red Mike. (n)—One for whom woman has no charms; a misogynist.
- Reina. (n)—A prison ship captured from the Spaniards to keep our desperadoes on.
- Req. (n)—A written request for anything from punching a meal ticket to a pair of socks.
- Rhino. (adj.)—Overburdened with disconsolation; suffused with gloom.

- Rivers. (n)—Annual and semi-annual exams.; eight deep rivers to be crossed during the four years course.
- Run. (v)—To kid along; a former very mild sort of hazing.
- Sat. (adj.)—On the lee side of a 2.5; satisfactory in studies.
- Savoir. (n)—One who is gifted with brains and can use 'em.
- Savvy. (adj.)—Able to comprehend; endowed with intellect.
- Scuttles Butt. (n)—Drinking fountain on board ship.
- Seamanship. (n)—That branch of study that teaches a Midshipman not to wear his cap on the starboard tack when coming about a D. O.
- Semi-Anns. (n)—Mid-year examinations.
- Showers. (n)—The practical constant in Doyle's Laws.
- Skag. (n)—A coffin nail; cigarette; Fatima.
- Skinney. (n)—A course in physics intended to soften the shock of the Juice course.
- Sleep. (n)—A night; used in such expressions as 'two days, a sleep, and a butt.'
- Smoke Hall. (n)—The First Class shrine to the Goddess 'Lady Nicotine.'
- Spoon. (n)—A friend of a plebe among the upper classmen.
- Snake. (n)—A fusser; tea hound; navigator of the sliding rugs of Porter Row; parlor snake.
- Snake. (v)—To fuss or drag.
- Spud. (n)—A species of fruit sometimes known to the uninitiated as 'potatoes;' one of the known ingredients of 'slum.'
- Slum. (n)—A dish of unknown origin, content, and food value prevalent on Navy menus; a second cousin to Irish stew.
- Speed Cone. (n)—A speed indicator on board ship; more commonly a sort of rice patty or mush dumpling edible if lubricated with syrup.
- Squad. (n)—A group or number of individuals bounded together for mutual support; as—Reina squad, weak squad, extra duty squad, extra swimming squad, etc.
- Stag. (n)—One who has neither the courage to drag to a hop nor the will power to stay away.
- Star. (n)—The distinguishing pennant of a savoir.
- Star. (v)—To acquire the right to wear a star on the collar; to have an average grade of 3.4 (85%) in one's studies.
- Statement. (n)—An oily excuse intended to grease the skids under a pap.
- Steam. (n)—The course of study that teaches a Midshipman how to generate and distribute a supply of hot air.
- Straight Dope. (n)—A vague rumor after it has undergone one or two translations from mouth to mouth.
- Striper. (n)—One who drew horizontal stripes in the Regimental stripe lottery.
- Stripes. (n)—Horizontal—an evidence of grease; diagonal—an evidence of class.
- St. Johnny. (n)—An imitation West Pointer found cluttering the environs of Annapolis.
- Swedish Movements. (n)—A course in calisthenics under the tutelage of Pants-hanger and his able corps of assistants.
- Tea Fight. (n)—A social gathering patronized by parlor snakes, tea hounds, and other such forms of life.
- Tecumseh. (n)—God of 2.5; God of Things as They Have to Be.
- Tendency. (n)—A draft that blows the smoke away; 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.
- Two-five. (2.5). (n)—The 62.5% score necessary to qualify as a naval officer.
- Tree. (n)—Weekly reports of stragglers in the various Departments; monthly lists of grades.
- Unsat. (adj.)—The antithesis of 'sat;' on the weather side of a 2.5; unsatisfactory in studies.
- Valentine. (n)—A comic request for your resignation.
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- Walrus. (n)—A certain Dago Prof.; usually waiting for those at the board.
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- Youngsters. (n)—The happy-go-luckiest class in the Academy; no cares, no brains, no use.
- Zip. (n)—Zero; nothing; O.

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(SEE PAGE 465 FOR INDEX)



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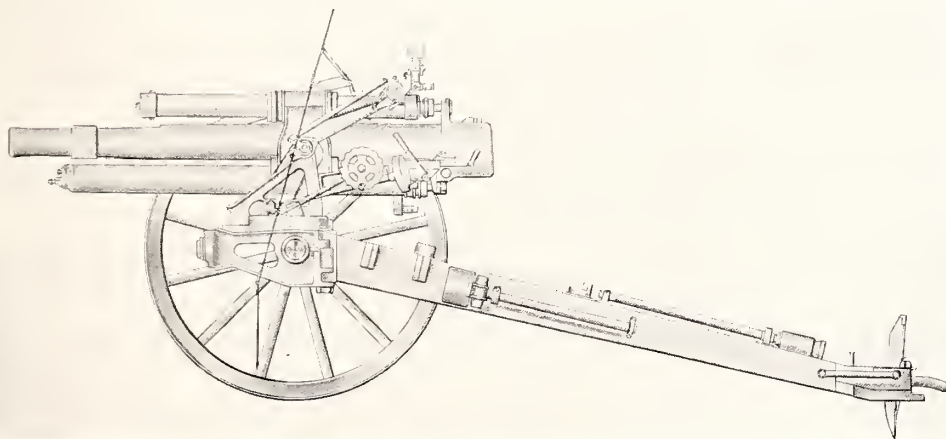
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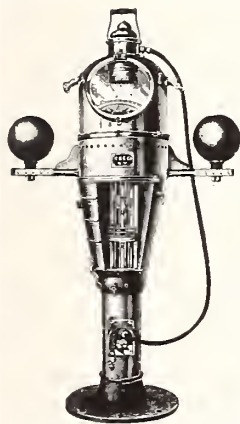
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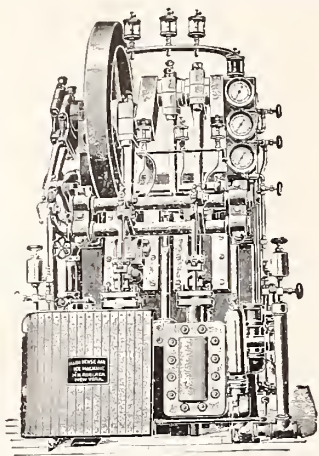
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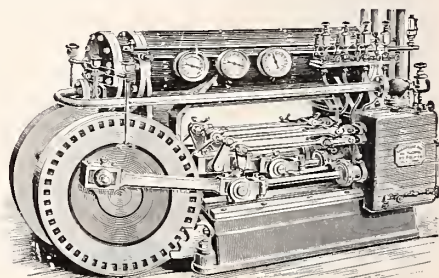
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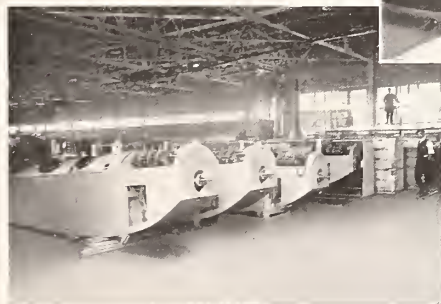
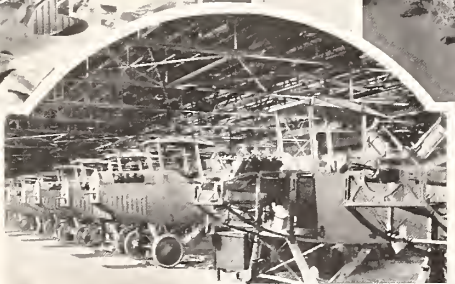
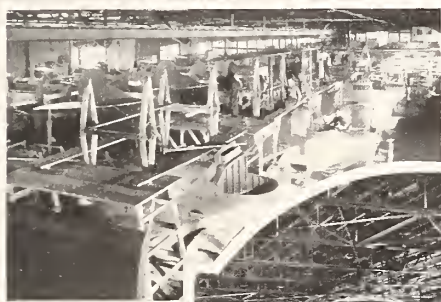
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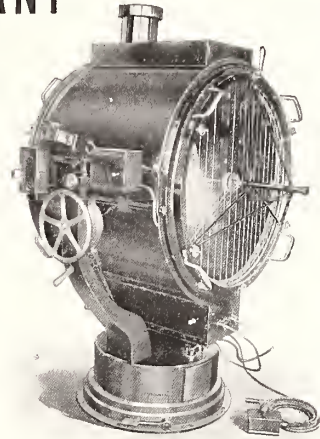
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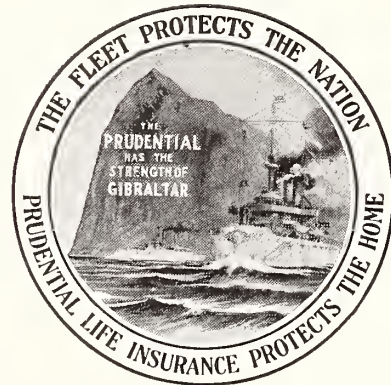
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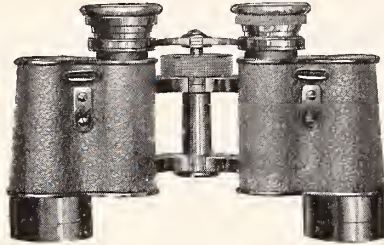
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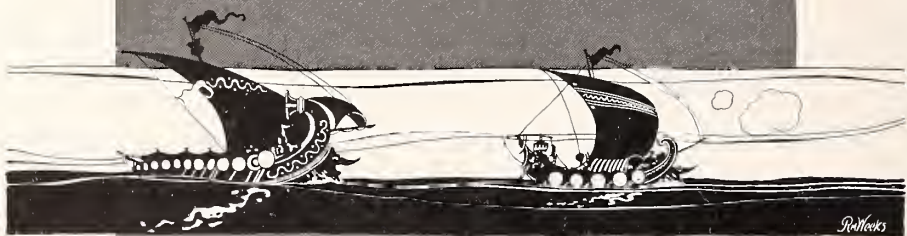


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