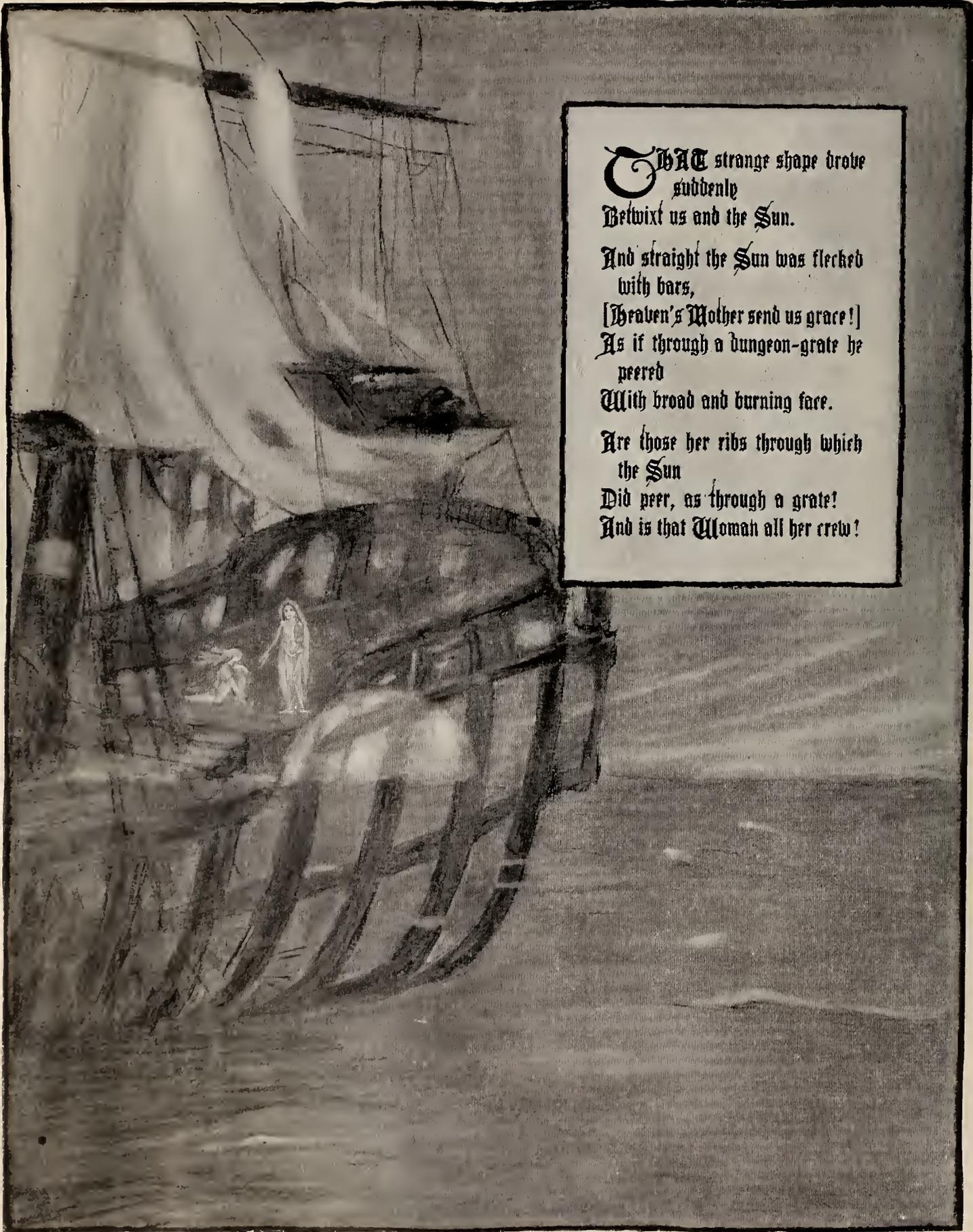




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*Over There*





**T**HAT strange shape drove  
suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.  
And straight the Sun was flecked  
with bars,  
[Heaven's Mother send us grace!]  
As if through a dungeon-grate he  
peered  
With broad and burning face.  
Are those her ribs through which  
the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?

Soer. 1111

415  
519

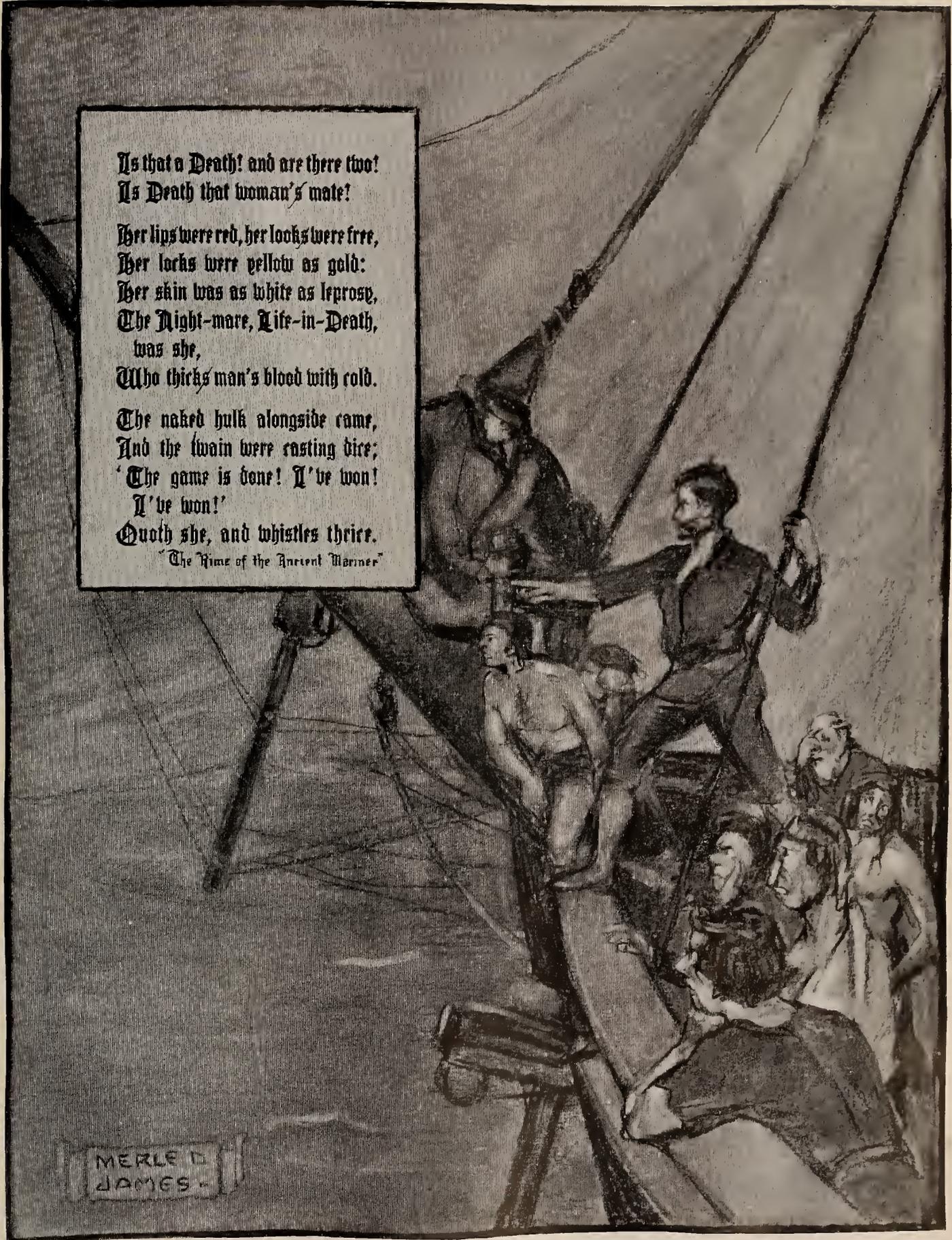
Is that a Death! and are there two!  
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Night-mare, Life-in-Death,  
was she,  
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
'The game is done! I've won!  
I've won!'

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.  
*'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner'*

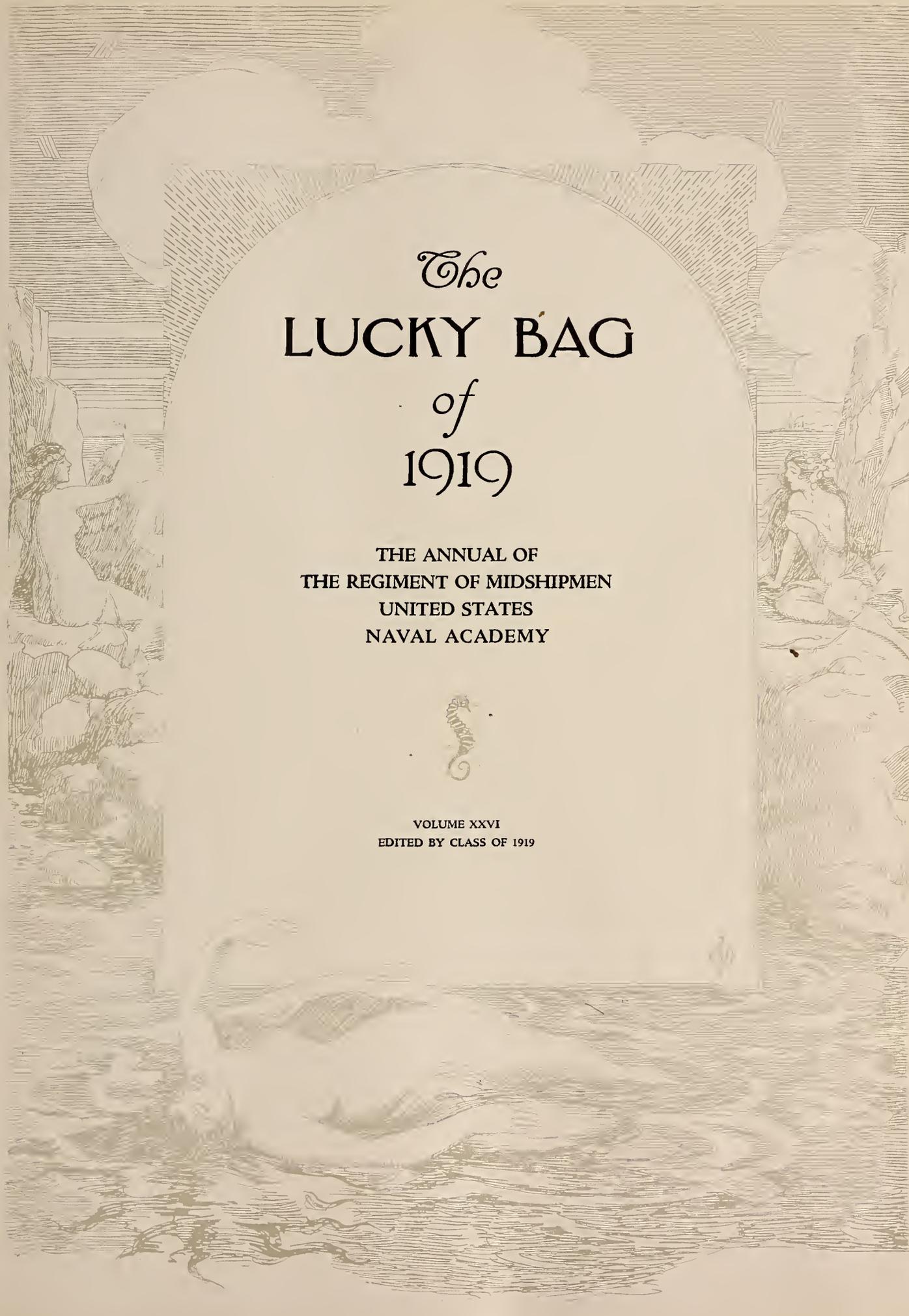
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*The*  
**LUCKY BAG**  
*of*  
**1919**

THE ANNUAL OF  
THE REGIMENT OF MIDSHIPMEN  
UNITED STATES  
NAVAL ACADEMY



VOLUME XXVI  
EDITED BY CLASS OF 1919

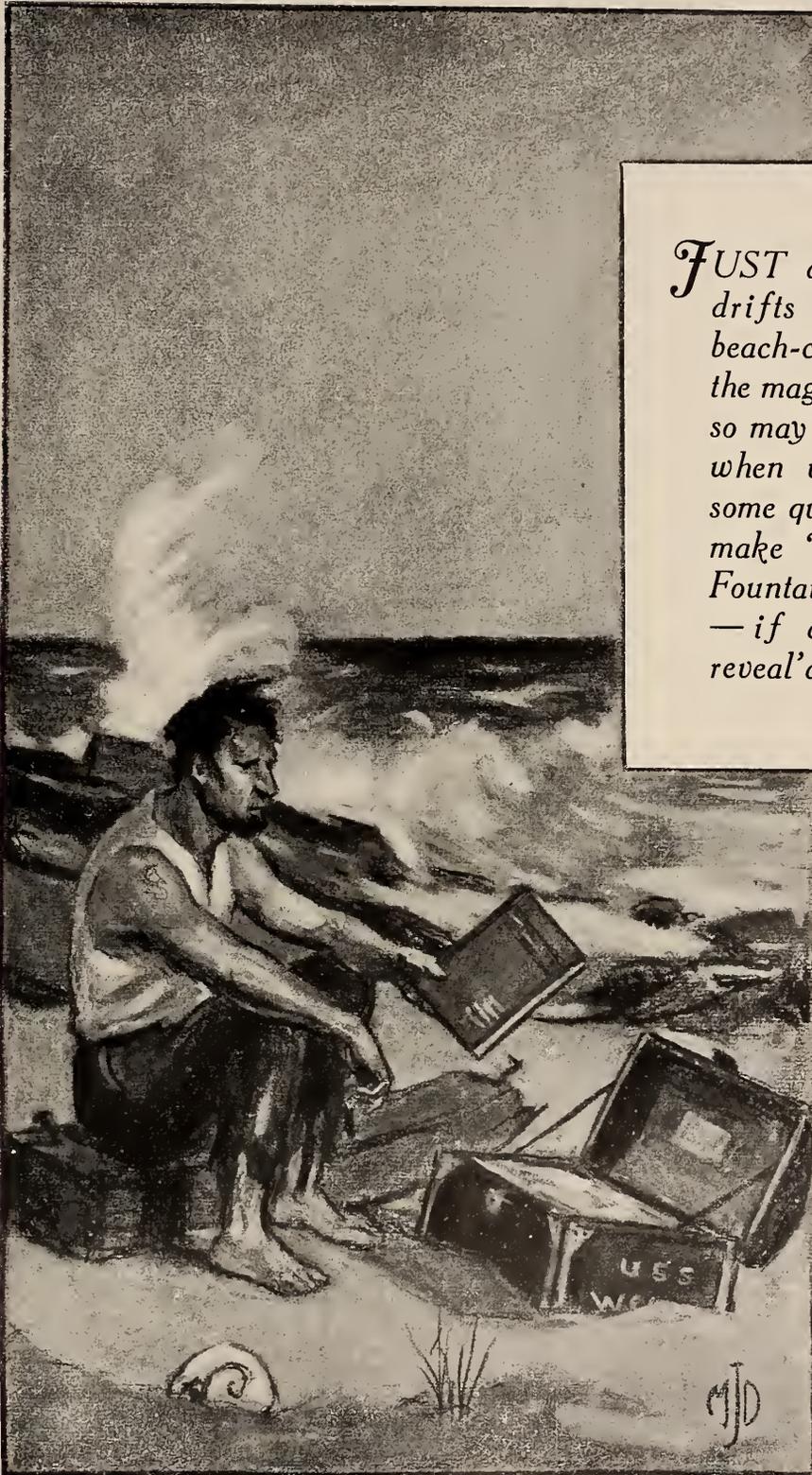


*The Sea-Wall*





*JUST as a wanton wave  
drifts to the world-lost  
beach-comber some key to  
the magic portal of memory,  
so may this "Lucky Bag,"  
when we are stranded on  
some quiet isle of later life,  
make "the Desert of the  
Fountain yield one glimpse  
— if dimly, yet indeed,  
reveal'd" ☽ ☽ ☽ ☽ ☽*







TO THOSE WHO  
SPEAK  
THE LANGUAGE



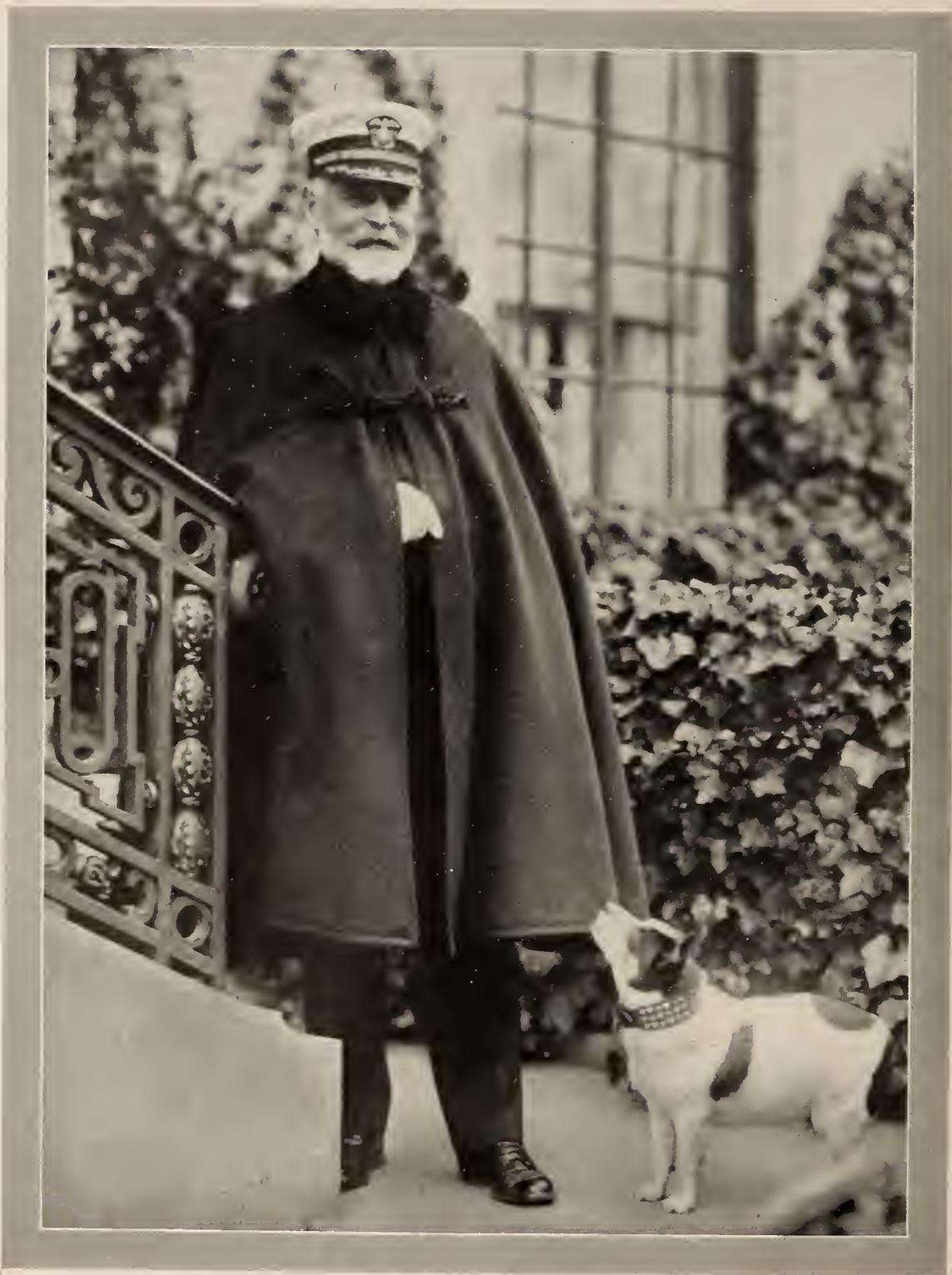






KENNETH RICHARDS FAILING  
Died, February 21, 1918





REAR ADMIRAL EDWARD W. EBERLE  
*Superintendent of the Naval Academy*





CAPTAIN LOUIS M. NULTON  
*Commandant of Midshipmen*





# THE REGIMENT OF MIDSHIPMEN

*Five Striper* CROSLY  
*Regimental Adjutant* NICHOLSON  
*Staff* THURBER GRIGGS  
OLSEN WISENBAKER

## FIRST BATTALION

*Four Striper* SCHOEFFEL  
*Staff* KIERNAN HAND STEIN

### FIRST COMPANY

*Three Striper* FITCH  
*Two Striper* ROBERTS  
*One Striper* NOBLE

*Buzzards* JOHNSTON  
SYKES  
KERN  
MASON  
SMITH, C. R.  
WALDRON  
BARLOW  
BUCHALTER

### SECOND COMPANY

*Three Striper* HAINS  
*Two Striper* CALLAGHAN  
*One Striper* DEMAREST

*Buzzards* FOSTER  
ALEXANDER  
HUNGERFORD  
DIERDORFF  
LEE  
WHITEHEAD  
TARBUTTON  
TALBOT



*The Five Striper*

### THIRD COMPANY

KINCAID *Three Striper*  
HICKS *Two Striper*  
SCHAEFFER *One Striper*

DEKAY *Buzzards*  
SETTLE  
SINNOTT  
RULE  
WINCKLER  
ANDERSON  
DYER  
WOODMAN

### FOURTH COMPANY

FRANCIS *Three Striper*  
LAMB *Two Striper*  
REND *One Striper*

ALER *Buzzards*  
SPRAGUE  
MCDONALD  
WELCH  
KIRKLAND  
RHOTON  
CULLENS  
BOWMAN  
THOMPSON



*The Regiment*

## SECOND BATTALION

*Four Striper* ALLEN, J. R.

*Staff* VON HEIMBURG  
 MENTZ  
 HERRMANN

### FIFTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* CHALLENGER  
*Two Striper* OFSTIE  
*One Striper* CONEY  
*Buzzards*

WILDMAN	WILLIAMS
HOLLOWAY	DuVAL
CRAWFORD	O'REAR
BRISCOE	FITZPATRICK

### SEVENTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* FINK  
*Two Striper* BROOKS  
*One Striper* VEEDER  
*Buzzards*

JENNINGS	MORGAN
ADAMS	PELZMAN
SELIGMAN	TUGGLE
ALLEN, C.	PACE

### SIXTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* THURSTON  
*Two Striper* STEVENS  
*One Striper* MAYS  
*Buzzards*

JETER	GREER
GRAHAM	BURLEIGH
STAUDT	LOWRY
BRASHEARS	HUGHES

### EIGHTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* HUNT  
*Two Striper* GARDNER  
*One Striper* WYNKOOP  
*Buzzards*

HILL	RICHARDSON
GRIFFIN	IVES
COOK	WILCOCK
HUSE	RAMSEY



*Formation Outside*

## THIRD BATTALION

*Four Striper* NELSON

*Staff* MASER  
PALMER  
MORAN

### NINTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* OLDS  
*Two Striper* MURRAY  
*One Striper* CRAWFORD  
*Buzzards*

PATTERSON	CARTER
POWELL	DINGWELL
FERGUSON	GILMER
MCGURL	WALLER
REDMAN	

### TENTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* JACKSON  
*Two Striper* CUSHMAN  
*One Striper* SCHETKY  
*Buzzards*

METZEL	WARNER
MARTIN	MILLS
PARKER	SHORT
RUNQUIST	SULLIVAN
ANSEL	

### ELEVENTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* NETTING  
*Two Striper* CLARK  
*One Striper* MCGAULEY  
*Buzzards*

SCULL	BELTZ
GRIFFITHS	SPAVEN
GOODSTEIN	FRIEDMAN
DORSEY	MOORE

### TWELFTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* POST  
*Two Striper* GIESELMANN  
*One Striper* HILBERT  
*Buzzards*

BRYANT	SHERRITT
SLOCUM	STRACHAN
SAYRE	WILLENBUCHER
WHITTAKER	ATKINS

## FOURTH BATTALION

*Four Striper* SCHILDHAUER

*Staff* IHRIG  
GRANT  
UPDEGRAFF

### THIRTEENTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* PITRE  
*Two Striper* RUSH  
*One Striper* JONES

*Buzzards* ORR  
DAY  
SMITH, R. McL.  
KING  
CASSADY  
FAILING  
MARSH  
MUIR  
ROCKEY

### FOURTEENTH COMPANY

*Three Striper* CARMINE  
*Two Striper* CRICHTON  
*One Striper* BAGGETT

*Buzzards* CLAYTON  
SAMPLE  
CAMP  
KIEFER  
HERBST  
DOWNEY  
COCHRAN  
KEGLEY



*The Four Stripers*

### FIFTEENTH COMPANY

GRISWOLD *Three Striper*  
BARRETT *Two Striper*  
READ *One Striper*

BROWN *Buzzards*  
KELL  
COLYEAR  
BOLLER  
FENGAR  
LANNOM  
PULLIAM  
ROCHESTER

### SIXTEENTH COMPANY

NEAL *Three Striper*  
GRIMSLEY *Two Striper*  
ANDREWS *One Striper*

REYNOLDS *Buzzards*  
SAILOR  
VOSE  
HALL  
ROPER  
TROOST  
WILSON  
MARTIN





"YOU KNOW HOW LITTLE WHILE  
WE HAVE TO STAY"





















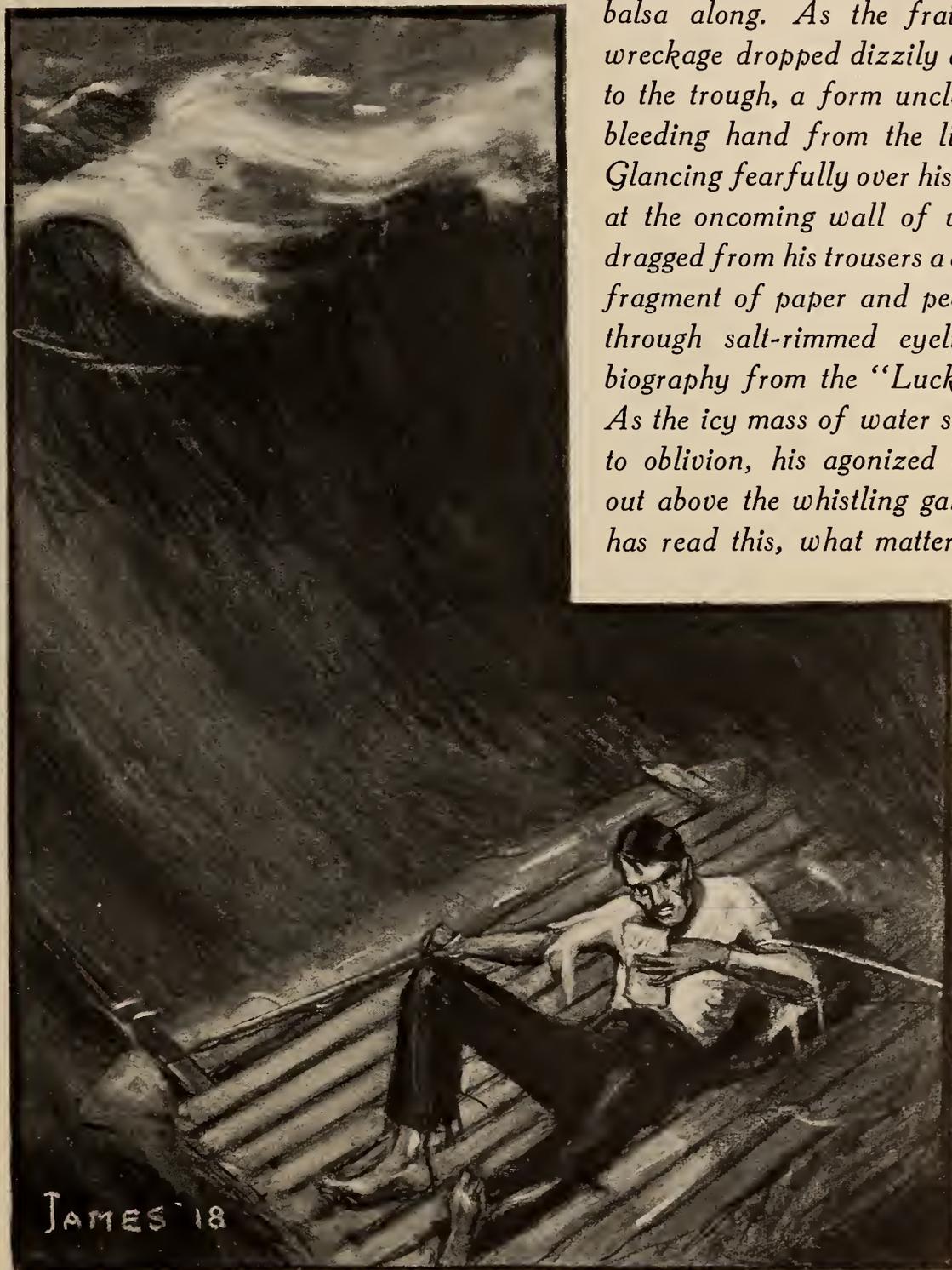




*White*

AND · ONCE · DEPARTED  
MAY · RETURN · NO · MORE · ”

*H*ISSING and surging on, gurgling and swirling, the massy black comber wildly tossing its white mane at the pale winter moon, swept the little balsa along. As the frail bit of wreckage dropped dizzily down into the trough, a form unclenched a bleeding hand from the life lines. Glancing fearfully over his shoulder at the oncoming wall of water, he dragged from his trousers a crumpled fragment of paper and peered at it through salt-rimmed eyelids. His biography from the "Lucky Bag"! As the icy mass of water swept him to oblivion, his agonized cry rang out above the whistling gale—"She has read this, what matters now?"







Eric Miller Grimsley  
Fayette, Alabama

**W**HY! Mr. Grimsley, where are you from?" "Alabama, suh, an' Marion Institute."

¶ Back in Alabama he was quite a ball-player and he showed up to some advantage in Plebe summer, but since then he has devoted himself to the making of a 2.5 and to philosophy.

¶ Any one who has had the pleasure of being enticed into conversation with him and who has noted that "smile that won't come off" and that happy-go-lucky manner, never doubts but that his philosophy occupies most of his time—philosophy neatly summed up in some such remarks as these: "That's where my money goes, to buy my baby clothes," or "Marriage is a business proposition."

¶ If there was ever a man that could make you an attentive and interested listener, that man is Eric. For talking he has the old woman who talked five husbands to death backed off the map

because of the simple fact that he makes you laugh and grow fat.

¶ He is a great old sea-dog, too. If you don't believe it ask him about his sail in the land-locked harbor of Guantanamo. Huge ripples dashed over the surface of the water and although Eric was of a pale green

*Honors: Two Stripes.*

color, and had those glassy eyes and a preoccupied expression, he just swears he was n't seasick at all. It must have been something he ate for breakfast.

¶ The greatest disappointment of his life befell him in Baltimore. As a loyal classmate it was his one desire to be present at the Class Supper, and he even left the "Best State in the Union" a whole day ahead of time that he might be there. But he must have been awfully hungry, for he started on his supper a little ahead of the rest. Just before the Supper he went to take a nap and he just naturally overslept himself and missed it all. ¶ "Come on, Spig; let's go pace the quarterdeck and talk of women and religion."



**Tracy Mitchell Kegley**  
Birmingham, Alabama

**W**ELL, in the first place it ain't a Youngster rate to tell a "First-Classman," and so forth, *ad infinitum*. If the Colonel had his little way there would be a specially built padded cell for all classes below his own. Of course he merely speaks thus in a spirit of momentary peevishness and, like the safety valve, settles on his seat once more in calm repose.

¶ With him it is a case of bang, slap, crash—haul carcass; the latter only when a surrender of the immediate territory offers strategic advantages for the preservation of his own life.

¶ Plebe summer saw Tracy in the prime of his youthful career. A charter member of the Vahz Carriers' Union, hardly a night went by that did n't see the boy in some sort of a devilish affair.

¶ Tracy is right there for sticking by something when he thinks he 's in the

right. As some one said, he'd buy skates and tackle 'em on ice if he thought that any principles of honor were involved in the scrimmage. He has quite a swing, too, as demonstrated when he held up a whole company with the lateral motion of his arms trying to get at his roommate for

*Honors: Buzzard; Weak Squad, 4, 3; Captain, 1.*

casting reflections on his size.

¶ Once in a while Tom develops uncanny savvyness in the section room, reciting page after page of rock-bound Juice or Navigation, but there 's always a reason. The village humorist from Hattiesburg and he probably have had a scrap the night before, usually starting with which one was the laziest, and ending with which one boned the most. It is a rule of honor that the one who speaks last wins the fur-lined bathtub for the evening.

¶ Above all the Colonel is harder—harder 'n nails. "Brace up, Mr. Bunker, you ain't Napoleon on a raft."



George Kirkland  
Montgomery, Alabama

**G**EORGE has braved the rigors of that breeze that howls around the gym more than anybody in this place, and all for those Distinctively Individual little articles. Yes, any of you who have done sea duty during the time when all good midshipmen are quartered and messed in Bancroft Hall will remember having been shipmates with George. Doubtless, too, you will remember the characteristically vehement negative with which George came down when Ike asked him, "Now, way down deep in your heart, are n't you sorry that to-morrow is the last day?"

¶ D' you know his usual phrase when some one asks him how he made out on a Black and White (subject from one of the Academic books). It's always the same, soft-spoken remark: "Well, I certainly did swab." All we've got to say is, if all those statements are true, George must be supplying all the wash deck gear for the fleet. It really is too

bad, though, the poor fellow has to work so hard to get by.

¶ There's one thing about writing up this youth from Alabama (short all the way through, please) and that is we don't have to think up some new way

to present this love stuff. George is the ideal bachelor type

and does n't claim to be anything else. We agree with him, this heavy fussing does n't put any seasoning in the soup.

¶ They say he spooned all over First-Class cruise, on account of the lack of the up and down, side to side motion. It certainly gave him a few bad half-hours on the old *Wiscy*, especially on that little excursion from Provincetown to Portland. But it was all forgotten after that liberty. That was when John Browning was with us, and when George was never seen without John, which latter fact was probably a good thing for one or the other every time.

¶ George, you need have no fear of the hereafter; you've smoked enough already.

*Honors: Buzzard.*



Carleton McCauley  
Montgomery, Alabama

**M**AC is a quiet, sandy-haired, blond young man. His greatest fault is his tendency to worry over even the most trivial affairs. One never sees him but his brow is all wrinkled up concerning something that would make the majority of us only laugh.

¶ However, he has at times shown that he is just as much a philosopher as the first man to try a second wife upon the death of his first. There is the time that he was ragged "ketching," and just before going to his new billet on the *Reina* he went up on the roof for a final fat. That is one time that he did not show worry.

¶ He loves to fuss, but judging from his sad and pitiful countenance after each attempt, we fail to see wherein he derives his pleasure. Just wait—we see

a light—perhaps he really enjoys the fussing, and it is the parting which makes him so sad.

¶ He is a home-loving individual and a great dreamer. But as to what his dreams might be—well, no one but Mac could enlighten you there.

And of course, any one who dreams, is

not expected to be overburdened with energy and animation. Mac is no exception.

¶ He is inclined to rest a great deal, his most violent form of exercise being horseback riding and dancing. Moreover, his love for "the line of least resistance" usually makes him perfectly content with a 2.5. At least, if he is n't content he does n't take the trouble to go higher.

¶ "Now see, I'll tell you, I'll tell you."

*Honors: One Stripe.*



George McFadden O'Rear  
Attala, Alabama

**W**ERE is the other proprietor of that Hick Heaven which has amused the non-rural population for the past three years. A First-classman Plebe year told George that he did n't see how George enjoyed life, so he began to appear happy just to spite him. In order to further this impression he has endeavored to develop into a regular tea-soaked city-slicker.

¶ His greatest delight is in cross-questioning an instructor, and he considers no recitation complete without an attempt on his part to confuse a minion of the Academic department. His hungry countenance once appealed very strongly to an eminent artist who offered George a five-spot to pose for an allegorical picture of Famine. In pursuit of this passion, or rather to mollify the cravings of the inner man, he is often

found patrolling the corridor in the pursuit of nutriment.

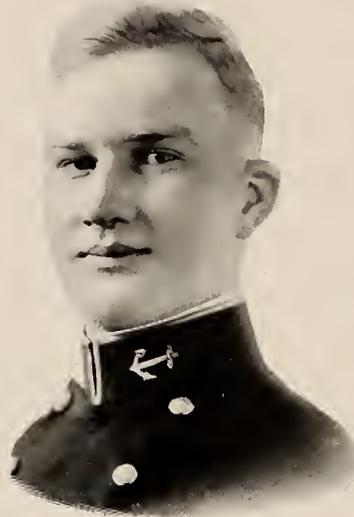
¶ His gyrations at the blackboard Plebe year did not appeal very strongly to Hugo, so he once remarked to that youth: "Mr. O'Rear, I object to people performing multiplication in my chalk tray—kindly step outside for that purpose."

¶ If you ever need sympathy, just go to O'Rear, as he is the best listener in the class, except when he has the floor himself *so so*

¶ George still cherishes all of his illusions and delusions, so that he is always willing to find some good in everybody, even when his rural wrath is roused.

¶ This angular inhabitant of McFadden's flats has, in the way of athletic endeavor, developed into the most consistent and enthusiastic rooter in the Regiment *so so*

*Honors: Buzzard.*



John Leeper Reynolds  
Centerville, Alabama

**W**OODEN and proud of it—that is John Reynolds through and through. He takes things just exactly as they come and never worries over the why and wherefores in the least. He is generous to the extent of asking you to take his last skag and feels all hurt and disappointed if you fail to accommodate him. He does n't look fat, but just the same he has great rolls of it around any part of his anatomy. He is exceedingly fond of candy, and of spending money for anything whatsoever. When September leave rolls around John has spent his total amount available, and has never been known to start home with more than ten dollars of Uncle Sam's money in his pocket.

¶ His pet aversion is books. They are

the bane of his existence, and especially that math book. He never bones, and is so lazy that he even hates the exertion of reading magazines. However, he at least realizes his failing in this direction, and if he gets over a 2.6 in any subject, he is worried to death for fear that he is cheating some prof most shamefully. He is in love, too, but he has n't energy enough to make it more than a Platonic Love.

¶ There is one thing he loves to do—tinker. He will waste more time tinkering with wireless and radio sets than it would take to make him a star man. A teetotalist himself, he is a great hand to take care of his erring brothers.

¶ "Now, Eric, you can't have more than three."

*Honors: Buzzard.*



Eugene Lawrence Kell  
Nome, Alaska

**S**AY, fellers, why can't we get a little civilized weather? I'm roasted." With a screech of rage, they give thumbs down by the numbers, and our own son of an iceberg lays below to enjoy the coldest morning of the year in shirtsleeves and a grin like a Hallowe'npumpkin.

¶ He's a funny animal in more ways than that—funniest Washington Seminary slouch you ever looked at—and say, did you ever hear a man talk with luscious laughter rolling up from his stomach, oozing into his words like "Aw, shucks, now I'm all fussed"? Well, you'll never know till you meet Gene *so so*.

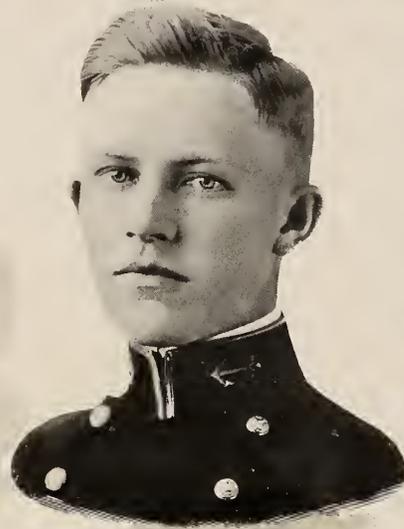
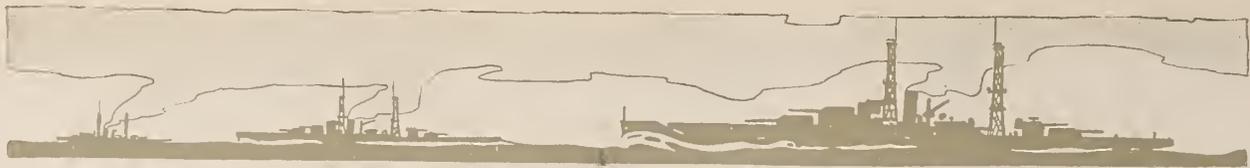
¶ As an athlete he's a waz—loves it for the sport that's in it, and even got married to Spig for the love of competition. Mex? Sure; go around and listen sometime if you're not afraid of

being blinded by the scintillations. Good Lord, how it do flow.

¶ Igloo is one of our consistent bilgers who never bilge. He never marches back from a single recitation without holding forth long and loud on how completely he bilged—and when the trees go up: 3.2 minimum.

*Honors: Buzzard; Basketball Numerals, 4.*

He must be a savoir of the worst order, for how any man can learn to sketch reducing valves, shunt wound, by absorbing Fengar's foolish frivolity beats us. ¶ From the model boy, the pride of Nome High School, to two smoking paps in one day is some transformation; and three operations for appendicitis in a year is a pretty average stretch of hard luck, but those are little things for Kell. He only comes up grinning harder than ever. ¶ Slip the skipper that grin, Gene, when you've sent your girl ashore in his gig; he'll fall.



Harry Browning Slocum  
Phoenix, Arizona

**I**T is customary if a man hails from California and knows a tennis-racquet from a lacrosse stick, to cite him as a proof of the fact that all Californians are McLoughlins. However, although this is n't quite the case with Si, you can see by looking at the middle of the page that it is not so far off. It's an awful temptation to make a horrible joke about forty love—but we'll refrain.

¶ Si deserves it, though. He's the most conscientious and thorough fusser that ever entered these haunts. He started Plebe summer, and barring the enforced abstinence Plebe year, he's been going strong ever since. "Yes, by cricky." Where the ordinary mortal contents himself with dragging one girl, Si drags three, and in one famous instance, eight.

¶ But to revert to the former subject of tennis. It's not the only game he's adept at. This other game took place at a house out in town. He played with

his customary dash, but when time was called, he wanted another period. The period was n't granted, however, and he was disqualified for holding. The game—Ah! What recollections the name brings back—was Post-Office!

¶ During September leave, Si went to call on a girl in a sorority house in

Lincoln. He was the only man there, but we have n't succeeded in portraying his character if you imagine that fussed him. No, the thing that carved lines of care on his ingenuous countenance was the fact that he brought his girl a middy blouse and the entire chapter put in special requisitions to him for more ~~so so~~

¶ He is pink-complexioned and tow-headed. He is gay, breezy, and frank as a baby. He can drink any brand of tea, eat any kind of cookies, and propose in any known language. And in addition to this, he is full of enthusiasm and youth. ¶ "Say, do you want to drag a queen for me?"

*Honors: Buzzard; Tennis Team, 4, 3; Captain, 1; TNT; Basketball Numerals, 4; Log Staff, 1.*



Bayard Henry Colpear  
Batesville, Arkansas

**W**ERE we have a young Beau Brummel from Yellville, Arkansas. Poor old Bayard has been buffeted by this cruel world for a great many years, but he looks as juvenile as Carmine and as handsome as Nicholson.

¶ He fusses every Saturday, rain or shine, grade or duty notwithstanding. Consequently every Sunday evening he descends to depths of dull, dark despair and lets out the usual week-end glad word, "Sunday night and very despondent."

¶ Bayard never tires of telling of that wonderful girl he fell for up in Boulderport Youngster cruise, and for whose sake he bearded the lion in his den—asked the Exec of the *Misery* for week-end leave. While the said Exec was considering the request Impatient Charlie ambled ashore sans permission.

His warm reception upon his return rather dampened his youthful ardor in that vicinity, so now he is looking at Miniatures for an East Orange lass.

¶ From the way he talks, the cruise First-Class year on the *Connecticut* must have been one large and expansive time. His tales of this

*Honors: Buzzard.*

excursion always begin "Me and the Captain of the *Connecticut*." But do not accuse him of being egotistical, as he is just the opposite—a modest and unassuming gentleman of the Old School. Though non-reg in some respects, he has proper respect for constituted authority.

¶ If you ever hear "Zowie! Bang! Wow!" ringing down the corridor, don't flee in fear that the Comanches are on the war-path, for the chances are it is only Bayard enjoying the latest epistle from East Orange.



**Riffel Garrett Rhoton**  
Little Rock, Arkansas

**H**AVE you ever noticed him strutting down the line with that full moon beaming over that pair of shoulders which sit so snugly on that broad expanse below, that heaving, rolling, wrinkling mass dangerously enclosed in his uniform of blue? That's Riff, our own dear Riff. Military? Oh my! He may be a Sixth P. O. now, but we all know that it's only because they don't make swords to do him justice. Why, he and Jonas were pals in those good old days back at Culver.

¶ Riff and the deep blue sea were made to be together. He even sacrificed his lunch one day, giving his beans to Father Neptune when he saw the dear old man tossed in agony by the heartless, cruel wind. When Admiral Rhoton hits the beach, ask the girls of Portland where their glances wander, or to be more correct, where they look when

their glances wander. Nothing was good enough for Riff the night of the Governor's ball. He even invited the Governor himself on board the following day, and sold him two of the twelve-inch guns, for decorations on his front

lawn. ¶ He was always a lover of nature and was so interested

in the canaries the first time he heard a boatswain's mate pipe an officer over the side. He even brought some bird-food for their breakfast, for he said the salt was hard on their dear little throats.

¶ If he ever leaves the Service there is always a job waiting for him among men who have made their mark. Did you ever see them sign checks? They usually use an "X."

¶ Riff, you're a sweet child, and we hope you hit a ship with wide and copious bunks—no destroyers for yours so so

*Honors: Buzzard,  
Wrestling Squad, 1.*



Paul Bristol Thompson  
Hot Springs, Arkansas

**T**OMMY, the handsomest man in the Naval Academy"—so said the *Daily Outburst* from his home town, heralding their hero's return, First-Class leave. Having gotten into the habit of not committing ourselves, the decision is up to you, girls. ¶ It is true that Tommy is there when it comes to the subject of ladies, but that is not the only way that he's there. Now Tommy apparently has nothing of evil in his make-up, and hence may seem a queer specimen for a lacrosse sandbagger, but such he is. Our private explanation is that he spills all his meanness on Riff and on the field, clipping gnomonic charts on the superstructures of other cutthroats, leaving naught but sweetness. Anyhow, he has worked like an erg  $\times 10^n$ , and while we hope we'll not be here for another season, Tommy sure rates a fair crack at an LNT.

¶ He loves a rough-house, and Youngster year it was nothing uncommon for

his neighbors to have their study hours shattered by such faint sounds as made by falling lockers, upturned beds, and busted sloboons coming from his room, which upon investigation proved to be Tommy and Riffel trying to take the first-classmen across the corridor into camp *so so*

*Honors: Buzzard; Basketball Squad 4, 3; Lacrosse Numerals, 4, 3.*

¶ The weed has another victim in Tommy, for he has smoked most consistently ever since he landed here, but has always had a horseshoe and has gotten away with it without once getting ragged. Youngster year he came rather uncomfortably close on a certain day when he, Abie, and Riffel were staging a triangular meet on one skag, but as the D. O. appeared on the scene just as it was Riffel's turn, Riff was the only one who was forced to pay the penalty. *so so*

¶ "Hey, Tommy, how does it feel to be a man?"

¶ "Oh, that's the seagoing way to spell it—d-e-a-p s-e-a."



William McCombe Callaghan  
Oakland, California

**OUR** local skeleton mast, as Jonas once remarked, resembles a cross between Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Boone. The resemblance to the latter is particularly noticeable at infantry drill. ¶ Quite serious-minded, he descended a little from his habits of reserve and conservatism during The Summer and wielded a broom or a pitcher of water. Such primitive methods of social etiquette as dropping a well-formed piece of ice-cream on the next table affected not one whit his dignity and pride, even if, figuratively speaking, he was above our heads.

¶ Pencil has stood well in his class because he has tried and endeavored conscientiously to do his best. That's all that is asked of any man. Baseball and tennis have occupied his athletic

trend of mind. Bill is particularly proficient in the latter, both because he is from the Santa Clara Valley, where they "tennis" continually and raise an eternal racquet, and because he can get an angle of impact of about ninety degrees *so so*

*Honors: Two Stripes; TNT, 4; Tennis Team, 3; Baseball Squad, 4, 3.*

¶ As a social butterfly he does n't do

much flittering. It takes four days and four nights to get her across, and then, too, these Eastern girls don't seem to grow up. The art of fussing, they say, is an acquired accomplishment anyway, and just about as important as the hole in a doughnut.

¶ Pencil, we wish you luck in getting a good billet, for we have a special interest in you, old man—we hope for your own personal comfort that you hit a ship with about four fathoms between decks *so so*



Grayson Birch Carter  
San Diego, California

**W**ERE we have one more. Chicken swears every Monday he'll never fuss again, and bursts forth every Saturday night right among 'em, shaking *beaucoup de* wicked hip—officer's wives preferred. Pisu's love for soching has led him to strange deeds, including a course of personal instruction on the piano by our beloved band leader, M. Torofsky. We might also speak vaguely of a handsome young officer who hopped in California with a sword-belt, and the sale, cheap, by one G. Pisu Carter, of one sword-belt, undress, antecedents two-fifty, at the end of Youngster leave.

¶ Uhuh, that's Chicken—listen to that high-pitched steam-piano voice making three hundred turns and losing by jerks. Here he comes, spotless, long-legged, long-eared, face animated like a chicken with seventeen worms in sight, and three-quarters of a phase out of step with himself. No mistake, it is indeed Chicken de Bubbelynx de Pisu Carter, the one and only fourteen-

foot, imported, Egyptian Glow-worm. ¶ That voice almost made an academic bilger out of him, for it gains a lap on his ideas every few seconds and he has to stop and wait for the latter to catch up. Moreover, the way he said "Tur-

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Director Y. M. C. A., 1.*

lututu" got him such an ungodly grease with Dagoran that the Dago department went out after him when he got found out. Which was unfortunate, for Chicken works hard for all he gets—there is no more consistent inhabitant of M. C.'s desks after taps so so

¶ Chick is thoroughly wooden, thoroughly good-hearted, and a passionate hero worshiper. And he grows more like his heroes every day—witness how he pulled off the weak squad. But the Pisu we will always remember as the upper-classmen's favorite in the Old Navy—standing on his gonk in 437 with a door-wedge in his mouth, singing Yankee Doodle backwards. Chicken, that was the only time you could n't pull that smile to good advantage.



Charles Boardman Hunt  
Pasadena, California

**U**OU remember the Earthquake in Frisco? I should n't tell you, but of course if you keep it quiet I might suggest—did you ever wonder why Chuck left California? I am not saying he caused it, but you never can tell. If you 've seen him on the football field you will see one reason for thinking so. When some one gets mixed up with Chuck, it's like turning an argument with a sportive wildcat. He has also some ability in the art of making whipped foam out of the crystal water in our swimming-pool and can manage to put enough of it behind him to stay in front of the other U-boats. ¶ Do you know anything about that gentle and quiet game of lacrosse? It is played by a class of men whose

*Honors: Three Stripes; Manager Lacrosse Team, 1; Lacrosse Squad, 3; Football Numerals, 4, 3, 1; Swimming Squad, 4.*

greatest delight in life is cracking skulls and breaking noses. You have as much chance when you come up against one of these cave-dwellers as a twelve-inch shell has of piercing a mess-hall plate—it can't be done. You've guessed it.

Chuck was one of the wildest of the wild and what a swing he did have with that club! ¶ Chuck was a fusser! you've all seen him march into an informal with a fair one dangling from his arm. Did you notice how she clung to those three stripes, turned her yearning eyes upward with that "Is n't he wonderful" look, and glanced around to see if any one was appreciating it? You can't help it if they fall for you, Charley, but be careful—you don't want to have to move to Utah.



Ellis Page Pulliam  
San Francisco, California

**W**AVE you ever met a really, truly, honest to goodness sure 'nough Italian Duke? Page, although he is not a title page, has all the earmarks of Prince Ionapergoda himself, and they brand them deep in California where our old friend hails from.

Why he left his sunny home is something we can't guess, unless it was for the visions of wealth and cruises on summer yachts held forth by our dear old Navy. But then he's a careless man with his money and has been known to spend his month's salary in a single afternoon. What he found in Annapolis to drop three large iron washers on is another of the numerous mysteries which surround this romantic young Sea Dog.

¶ It may be the love of the sea or yet again the hopeless task of finding his way out of the Black Forest, but what-

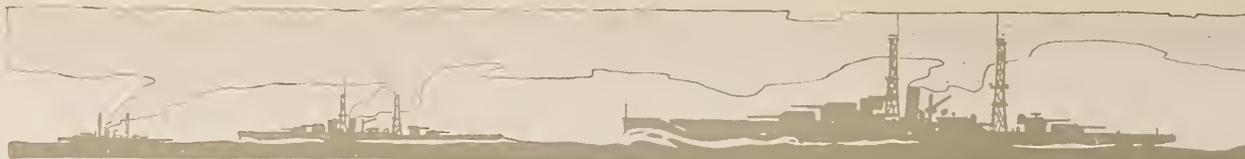
ever the cause, that far-away wistful expression is very becoming, especially at funerals. We don't mean to insinuate that he is a professional mourner, but there are more things than dead men to mourn about; take for instance, reveille;

that is enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened

as well as *d*'s to the most reg.

¶ If Page had n't come into the Navy, he would have earned a world-wide reputation as a novelist—*Parisienne* has already requested a story, but he was overworked as it was. Those special deliveries must get off each night or she lets him know about it. The date is n't set, but that's a minor detail.

¶ Even if he does cuss out Dago profs, even if he does play soccer, even if he did live in Oshkosh for three weeks to get an appointment—Page is a good friend and that's all we want to know.



Jack Carpenter Richardson  
Berkeley, California

“H, there’s that nice Mr. Richardson! Will you bring him around? I have something awfully important to tell him.” You fall, haul up the object of such frank interest, and for your pains are thenceforth *sans femme*. But don’t blame Jack; he has to go to hops to give the girls a good time, and if they enjoy it more than you do—well, you ought to be glad you are n’t absolutely tongue-tied and club-footed. They all know Jack, for there ain’t no man living what can pass him on the ballroom floor.

¶ When Jack starts to step, open-close, puts on that greasy grin, and starts his line of bum puns—well, he is too adorable for anything. He and his partner in crime, Willie Sample, manage to fuss everywhere, even in that town, which is saying a lot.

¶ Jack has put up a stiff fight with Red Waller and Late-Blast Harry to carry off the Anchor honors, but he has managed to get through somehow without much worrying, for worry is n’t in his make-up. Also he has run Rockey a close race for being the last man to formations on all occasions.

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Hop Committee, 3, 1; Chairman, 1.*

¶ Did you ever notice the angle at which he wears his cap? Jack is non-reg, not quite seriously, but just pleasantly so. When Richardson got frapped down for nonreg shoes, he explained to Max that it was all very much of a mistake. He meant to have the shoes in his laundry bag instead of under the bed.

¶ “Say, Bill, I guess we had better go over to Chapel instead of going out in town to church this morning. You know she said they were coming in for Chapel.”



Herbert Stanley Woodman  
San Mateo, California

**W**ERE 'S a boy who spoons on all South American spigs, speaks the language and all, you know. He certainly is good at it too, as you well realize if you 've heard him perform in Smoke Hall. But why should n't he be? The way he played around at the Masqueraders last year showed that he savvied the imitation stuff. D' you know, he was tickled to death to play that roué part; said he felt right at home in it. Well, we don't know much about Frisco, but we 've heard a lot about Tate's, the St. Francis, etc.; so we guess that he 's telling the truth all right.

¶ Stan has traveled all over the Pacific, as the themes he used to write Plebe year bear vivid testimony. Those

destroyers must wiggle quite a few, that is, if—. That little island of Guam must be a regular Lilliputian Paradise too, but we notice that the young fellow passed it up for the rather doubtful joys of Crabtown; so, "It may be so, but we don't know, it sounds so mighty queer—"

*Honors: "Nth" Petty Officer;  
Masquerader Squad, 3, 1.*

¶ He 's another member of that gang who, when "catchin' them" was the all-engrossing subject of the day, realized the wonderful advantages to be derived from an after-meal promenade, especially when taken around the gym. As usual in these cases, he 's lashed and carried, and has endured the perils of Pink Hash *a la Reina* at the regular intervals of twice-a-week.

¶ "Oh, I am ver' mooch depress'!"



Harold Lincoln Challenger  
Bridgeport, Connecticut

**W**HERE he is—Solomon in all his glory, and like Solomon, he keeps not the light of his wisdom under a bushel, but lets it shine upon the assembled throngs. As a gossip and a spreader of dope, he has employed that blasé air and fog-horn voice with such good effect that even Ross Allen has wept bitter tears of anguished envy. No subject in the universe from Russian politics to Siamese methods of courtship is too difficult or abstruse for him to tackle.

¶ He carries a complete line of cosmetics with which he daily anoints his Napoleonic features in an endeavor to attain the complexion of the heroines in his favorite magazines, *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*. These periodicals show all the latest fashions—hence his attachment to them. The editor of the *Well-Dressed Man* is his closest friend and the

daily recipient of an order from him for some article of haberdashery to round out Challie's outfit of gay raiment.

¶ His method of keeping his clothes in such good condition is his own private mystery, as his room generally resembles a Belgian village after a Teuton visitation. In fact, the

Duty Officer once left a memorandum to the effect that the room looked so bad he was afraid to venture within.

¶ It is well that he is savvy, for he never bones more than a fraction of the study periods. The remainder of the time he either spends in writing to some movie actress (no longer) or in getting on the exterior of the pile of nutriment with which his room is always stocked.

¶ "Say, I've got the straight dope. Don't tell any one I told you, but the skipper's cook told me it was so."

*Honors: Three Stripes; Gymnasium Squad, 4.*



H. C. Fengar  
New London, Connecticut

**S**PANISH Gold! Take a look at our swarthy friend above and you'll recognize him at a glance. Don't you remember him as he came over the rail with that red bandana flying, a pistol in each fist, and a knife between his teeth?

There you have him, but they often call a

rail a bar nowadays and those rails are somehow associated more with schooners than with Spanish galleons.

¶ Have you ever met a real sure-nough bull-fighter? Here we have one at his worst. The poor old bulls have n't got a chance in a million when Spig gets in the ring. He eats them up alive, literally chews them up and his jaws are made of steel—they never tire.

¶ Has he ever told you of his first great love? Have you heard of Rosa of the olive groves? The moon was mellow and Spig was courageous. Those Span-

ish words rolled off his tongue like peas off a hard-working knife. He told her of the beauty of her smile, the wonder of her eyes—that wondering puzzled look was so becoming. He thought it was modesty, but—what was that

slowly spoken reply?

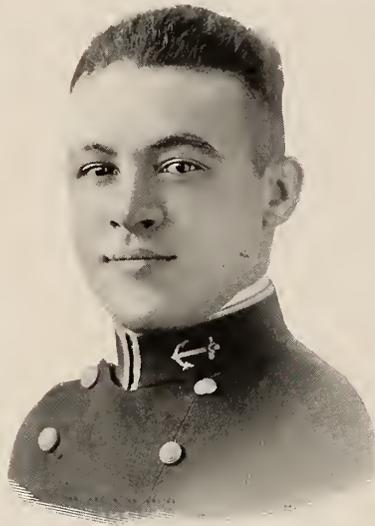
“Me no speak English.” He hasn't eaten

olives since, but then that was first love.

¶ Henry is unsurpassed in the art of capturing the submarine. After most of the spar buoys in the Chesapeake were shot away for periscopes, it was thought better to give him a job in a handling room where he could amuse himself, catching behind the powder bags and wondering why the crew looked so worried so so

¶ I don't know why it is, you nut, but somehow we can't help liking you.

¶ “Baa, baa, I will stand on my head!”



Antonio Salvator Pitre  
Seymour, Connecticut

**W**ELL, Tony, I see by the paper this morning that the Wops did n't stop many of Bill's henchmen yesterday." The above remark has never been known to fail to provoke a regular Chautauqua speech from our own little Tony. He says there is n't an army of any

country across the water that can begin to stop those "true sons of Garibaldi." Well, we hope that he is right.

¶ Believe us, though, the ideal scenic effect for a picture entitled "Argument," is produced by Dingbat and Tony discussing—oh, not much of anything, but just discussing. Talk about pantomime artists! Those boys would never miss the loss of their organs of speech.

¶ Pete takes the greatest delight in carefully and diligently pounding a few grains of that stuff that marks are made of into some wooden man's head, and

then going over to that place where we've spent many unhappy hours and calmly forgetting the prob that he's just explained. He gets all the rest, though; in fact we've often been tempted to believe that he was n't

*Honors: Three Stripes; Track Team,  
4; Track Medal Plebe Summer.*

Italian at all, because Pete certainly doesn't show any signs of that

indolence so characteristic (a la magazine stories) of the Latin temperament.

¶ Those stripes that look so well might just as well be black on white and all around for all the difference it would make to him. They are an ever-increasing source of worry, for there are some rather non-reg file-closers in his company, and—well, you can see how it is ☹ ☹

¶ When Tony beams that friendly smile, right away you make up your mind to spend the rest of your days in Naples or Capri, where there may be more like him.



Charles Edward Coney  
Pensacola, Florida

**N**OW, I'll tell yuh, man, the kind of a girl I'm going to marry has to be—" This is his one never-ending, non-reversible, four-cycle topic of conversation. Yen's idea is to line 'em all up, count off from the right, and then study in detail the merits of each, looks, temperament, capabilities for managing a home, *et cetera ad infinitum*.

¶ Ever since Plebe year Yen has alternately astounded and delighted the Academy by the startling originality of his requests. At the end of Youngster cruise, inspired by the aerial feats of Vernon Castle, he even had a request granted to go up with the rest of the birds. ¶ Charles has an original temper with an original way of displaying it. Picture a tall, blond, we'll say handsome and leave the rest to you, young Southerner,

steaming up Stribling Walk under forced draft, exhausting a smoke screen of hazy blue; he reaches his room and promptly proceeds to tear to pieces his last whole shirt. He merely forgot on the Nav exam that six times six is thirty-six and six is forty-two ~~so so~~

**Honors: One Stripe; Swimming Squad, 4, 3; Manager Swimming Team, 1; Track Squad, 3.**

¶ First-Class year Yen was more or less hardened to the trials of this naval career, and on the *New Jersey* they say he acquired the reputation of being a typical example of concrete hen-fruit. ¶ Despite his appearance, Charles has a serious nature which would well befit one of more advanced years. However, he is less dignified now than when he entered, and if he keeps it up, in thirty years we expect to see him frolicking and gaily gamboling about the bridge in the full regalia of a Rear Admiral.



Robert Franklin Nelson  
Moultrie, Georgia

**W**ERE he is, the bearer of four stripes, tall, dark, and oh, so handsome, like the villain when he first appears. Nellie is the personification of dignity and the embodiment of hard work. He did n't smoke until he was twenty; but then we knew that it would be cigars; a cigarette would be inconceivable, and a pipe, while more imaginable, does not give its possessor the same degree of stately grandeur as a portly Congressional cigar.

¶ Plebe year Nellie was the despair of Professor Bell. The only thing that made harder going on a ball-room floor was the greased pig at the Gymkhana. But Nellie decided that proficiency in this art was necessary for his future happiness, and now, due to hours of hard work and patience (Nellie's partners must have been very, very patient), he has attained such a degree of skill that it is rumored that the fair Irene tried to book him for a dancing partner.

¶ As a fisherman Nellie has all other disciples of Izaak Walton lashed to the

mast. Not satisfied with ichthysorial prey, he succeeded in catching a diminutive ornithorynchosaurus from his supposedly safe, arboreal roost. As far as we know this is the nearest approach to chicken-chasin' of which Nellie has ever been guilty, even if he does go to heaven with the Jay-birds on Fridays. ¶ But we don't mean to give the

impression that Nellie is a misogynist; far, far from it. He is an all-round ladies' man, even lowering himself to endure and even enjoy such plebeian work as washing the plates and dishes in which candy, made by fair hands, was cooked and served.

¶ In athletics, Nellie has put the same unflinching amount of hard work and perseverance and with the same results. He has met and defeated some of the best wrestlers that have ever come here primed for a victory over the Navy.

¶ But in spite of his four stripes and their attendant dignity, Nellie is still a human being with likable human qualities, including good-humor and an old-fashioned disposition.



Leonard Council Parker  
Americus, Georgia

**A**N unenlightened male would never guess it, but this chubby youth is the one the women can't resist. The worst part of it is, Elsie can't resist them either—he has a girl in every port from San Francisco all the way around the Gulf and up to Portland, and every one of them has some little remembrance like his watch or such. After reading the Register one girl selected Parker from the whole list with whom to start a correspondence. Can you beat it? He actually fares forth in his Revolutionary buzzards and successfully competes with four stripes and gets away with it. However, he never did raise Kane in Crabtown till 'Eighteen graduated, since when his cavortions have resulted in the capture of his ring.

¶ Elsie must be a savoir, for he survived a year and a half of connubial bliss with one classmate. He did assassinate some of the original youth's breezy daring—stole a big gold-framed picture of a girl and nearly passed out in a two-weeks im-  
passioned search therefor when Jones and Dorsey restole it and mailed it back. ¶ He always starts a riot and then sits back and watches and enjoys it in peace. He's the only man in the class who has never run a Plebe, for he never gets farther than "Who do you know that I know?" without getting a girl in the argument and spooning on the Plebe in question.  
¶ Parker is the best-informed man in the Regiment—no matter what is the dope, he always had it a week ago



James Leon Wisenbaker  
Valdosta, Georgia

**W**E who gazes on this page will see before his startled eyes a Picture. Look closely, boys, but hold back the women and children! In his milder moods he is like the foamy clouds that drop a raindrop on your nose when you think you're getting sunburnt. Most of the time he's got the crooningest chuckle you ever did hear, but let me whisper in your ear, he is in *love*. You know what that means. When he gets that letter he'd give you his last dollar and kiss you good-by, but when he does n't get it, he'll claim he's lent you five.

¶ Wisy, when he gets ashore, is the most innocent-looking anarchist that ever placed a bomb under the royal throne. That steady, hard eye of his has brought him more than the silver tongues of others could charm forth—

everything from the adoration of the fair, and the adulation of Boston Colonels, to the compliment of Gunner's Mate given him by the Exec of the *Wyoming*.

¶ That dear old pipe! Have you ever seen an old stove-pipe on an old stove, worn shiny by the feet of generations of hard-working loafers? If you have, do you remember the sense of solid com-

fort that radiated from it? That's exactly what that pipe is not. Within two miles you commence to wobble, and a close whiff will make you one more job for the undertaker. We challenge the Germans and all their poisonous gases to put Wisy under.

¶ Take a little butter, a little warm fat, a lot of sugar, and envelop them in a hot-water bottle, and you have the soft feeling that overcomes you when you meet Wisy and know him.

*Honors: Regimental Chief Petty Officer; Log Staff, 4, 3; Managing Editor Log, 1; Lucky Bag Staff; Lacrosse Squad, 4, 3; Soccer Numerals, 4.*



Walter Charles Ansel  
Elgin, Illinois

**B**EHOLD The Opposition, belligerence sizzling from his very shoelaces, creating truculent atmosphere all around him; get a clear lead to the door if you dare disagree. Trust not the proverb, for the Thug barks and bites too. Walter's contrariness has halved the result of

his brains, for he spends his time trying to prove the book and the Profs are wrong, and deliberately holds his knowledge to himself, disseminating no more than he can help on exams.

¶ He rose to fame in a hurry, for he innocently told the man his name was Walter, so his stencil and name-plate set forth that information to the delight of all beholders, and he's still explaining it. It also made Jonas his spoon while a charter member of the awkward squad.

¶ "Wally deah" needs no recommendation as a fusser. When they fall so hard that they send a man immense floral offerings, that man is qualified to

do the recommending. The Wicious Willain needed outlets for wiciousness last summer after throwing the Fleet-champion bantamweight twice; so he crooked a lot of resistance wire and rigged a toaster, which proceeded to

blow all the fuses in the section and ruined the Gunnery

Officer's plans for drill. Ansel has worked though, and lived wrestling for three years, and fought with Grant till the blood broke through, and this should be his year. His wNT will be deserved—not much fun in the game the way he plays it. Intense in everything, the Ostrich is either a friend that will give you his last cent and take your duty so you can spend it, or he's a holy terror on your trail.

¶ Mutt spots every peculiarity in every one he sees and tells it so you'll never forget.

¶ "Git outen here, ye'r' crazier'n a fool." *so so*

*Honors: Buzzard: Wrestling Squad, 4, 3, 1: Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1.*



Rex LeGrande Hicks  
Stronghurst, Illinois

**W**HILE the elimination of the final letter of his name does not leave a remainder that accurately describes him, still Hicks originates from a very young city in the wilds of Illinois, where the percentage of cranial-borne hayseed is rather high.

Undaunted by the gloomy grandeur of Bancroft Hall, Rex began immediately after his arrival to make his presence known. Particularly did he shine in the role of innocent bystander at Plebe summer nocturnal water fights.

¶ When the Academic year began, Spud became friendly with all the Departments except Math and managed to keep on speaking terms with even that one. Youngster year he became even more chubby with the others, particularly Skinny (he aspires to some day fill the shoes of the Bovine of Sampson Hall), but he almost severed diplomatic relations with those *Dx* Sons of Chau-

venet. Rex's athletic propensities manifested themselves in crew and in the usual Mexican branches. He excelled in the latter ☪ ☪

¶ His stern and inflexible exterior covers a disposition as sweet and good as Maud Muller's—that is, to every one except such unfortunate

*Honors: Two Stripes;  
Crew Squad, 4, 3.*

recent arrivals as happened to be brought to his notice unfavorably. These he scrutinizes with a high-power microscope and down they go for a chance if some gentle zephyr has wafted an infinitesimal particle of dust upon their green uniforms. The greatest indication of his strength of character is the persistence with which he has refused to join any of the prevalent pernicious organizations such as the Hod Carriers Union or the Palpitating Pansies.

¶ Conceive of an Americanized Bismarck with a rural sense of humor and you have Spud.



Harold Montgomery Martin  
Cairo, Illinois

**W**HO'S goin' to get some food? C'mon!" He waits about ten seconds for an answer and then breaks into a gentle but powerful snore and an hour later wakes up to ask what makes his feet so tired. "Aw, knock off the greasing, you poor fish, let's harmonize," and he gets so absorbed that he forgets his rhino and beams—voice and all. After three long years he still has that beam for Warner, and Warner for him. The two are a touching and beautiful sight—never apart ten minutes at a stretch, but always having the most absorbing news to confide and chortle over and crack each other over the gonk about and laff, and laff, and laff.

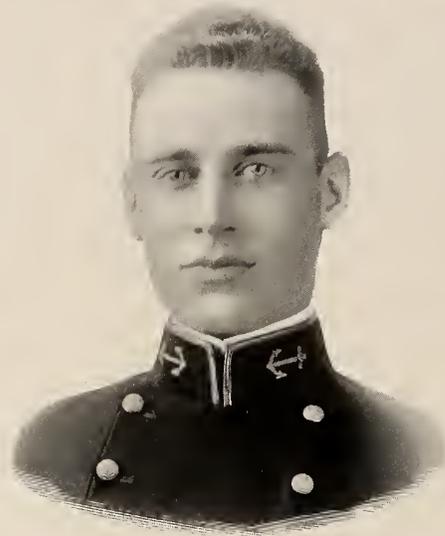
¶ Beauty wins everybody from Tacks Hardwick to the chaperones. You'd never know him for a gloom!—the captain of the cranium-crackers—whose very smile is brightened by the golden

fruits of battling a superior force of bean eaters. Sausage will tell you all about that, with trimmings.

¶ How that sleepy, sentimental, luxury-loving youth can force himself to hard labor for months at a stretch is hard to understand, but he sure does do it. He has brought us the thrill of battle and victory since first we

watched him streak through Pitt for the longest run of the season. "Stand clear or I'll knock you for a goal!" His eyes flash, he sticks out his jaw, gives a funny little hitch to his head, cuts loose, and good gawsh!—wait for the dust to clear. ¶ Basketball he plays for pleasure, and the clearance his smile gives his gold headlights shows he is successful. Beauty has friends in every port. Seventeen seconds after meeting a perfect stranger: (grin) "Spit Kit! Say, that's Old Handy Bill's home town. Married, you say? Well, I'll be——!"

*Honors: Buzzard; Football N, 4, 3, 1; Basketball Numerals, 4; Basketball N, 3; Lacrosse LNT, 4; Lacrosse Squad, 3; Captain Lacrosse Team, 1.*



Jeffrey Caswell Metzger  
Elgin, Illinois

**S**ET sail on the red-eye, we've got sliced bananas tonight." That's Jeff in his element. They talk about the Chinese having original ideas concerning their commissary supply, but we have with us the only original grub-mixer in existence. His only trouble is that he can't ask for more for the simple reason that his stop and check valve gets clogged and docs n't work properly. He gets up plenty of steam, though, and has no inefficiency with regard to incomplete consumption of fuel. ¶ Have you heard a crow cawing on a summer morning when the barn gate was creaking open and a proud young hen was explaining about that egg? Then you know all about Jeff and his mandolin. Something like the Bugle Corps, all right in its place, but it ought

*Honors: Buzzard; Basketball Numerals, 4; Track Numerals, 4, 3; Wrestling Squad, 3; Lucky Bag Staff.*

to be detailed to the Asiatic Station. Not meaning that Jeff should go too, for we need him every hour in more ways than six. Books never bothered him, and anybody can have a lesson or two explained if they have a little something with which to soothe his ever-ready battery, that is, his source of energy, which is situated a little forward of amidships on his center line. ¶ Jeff is a track man, and, if it was n't for the height of the bar and his trim by the stern, we firmly believe that the Academy pole-vault record would have come his way long ago. Even with his disadvantage of altitude, Jeff can show most of the boys his keel when it comes to fluttering from the end of a pole. If he goes as high in the Service he'll be all right.



Charles Eugene Olsen  
Waukegan, Illinois

**LE** brought with him every degree and order known to the Boy Scouts, which previous military training, stated with perfect confidence, took Jonas entirely off his guard and got Ole a First P. O. ☞

☞ Naturally lazy, the Swede (he swears he's Norwegian) works hard in two things; Athletics and M. L. That noble

team Kraft and Kolton put him on the defensive for two long years, but he won out. Olaf is our class hustler. He has been on the first string in football, basketball, and baseball, and since our Academic career started he has only emerged from the training tables for short spells of a week or so.

☞ His capacity for non-reg food is awe-inspiring, and the way he can locate and run down such supplies with no clue human or divine but his unfailing instinct is a caution to those who

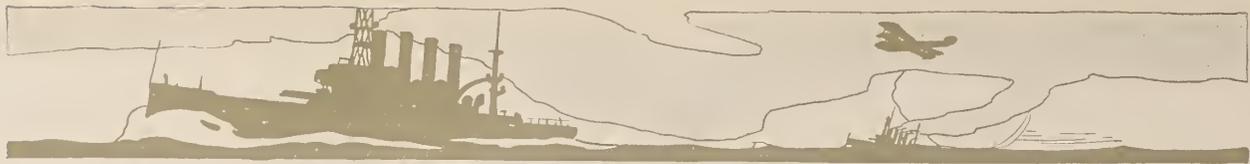
would keep secrets. ☞ Li'l Olaf prefers the *Red Book* to the ladies, that is, here; but he beats a life sentence back from leave each year, only because he comes early for football. He is never rhino to a serious extent, for his room is the

*Honors: One Stripe; Regimental Staff; Plebe Football Team; Football Squad, 3, 1; Basketball Numerals, 4, 3; Basketball N, 1; Baseball Numerals, 4, 3.*

scene of various and thrilling indoorsports—dominoes is the sport of sports—goboon tennis, at which game he and Hill are

expert by long years of evening study-hour practise. He and Metzger had the worst fiddling band that ever squawked, which grated on the ground deck for a whole year. However, be it said in his favor, he was not the worst musician of that pair ☞ ☞

☞ Olaf is surely our class incorruptible. He has never smoked—never even cussed, and has always been a faithful wife to Elmer Hill, without once defiling his lips or hands with bugle or drumsticks ☞ ☞



Charles Joseph Rend  
Chicago, Illinois

**W**IS line is famous and his smile divine—also his form. He has a rake for'ard as if from long and habitual use of that famous old maneuver—preparatory, spank. Hence his derelict roll—trimmed by the stern, with a list to star-board and a twist to port. The lily and the rose are blended in his skin, but he does n't enjoy it, for it is so transparent that his beautiful silky black beard shows right through and he is always getting frapped down before his razor is dry. The habit of turning out before reveille has given him one trait possessed by no other in all our seagoing Gehenna—he has never been known to participate in a non-reg cork. Charley is a Red Mike when there are no girls in sight, but the second that sail-ho bursts on his dainty ears, he is off on the double, trying to pull up the average he ruined the first time when he joined the rhino

*Honors: One Stripe; Rifle Squad, 4, 3.*

lodge of the fraternal brotherhood of Masons, organized for mutual sympathy.

¶ In contrast to Palmer, he is a walking argument for that old one of Cæsar's—"Thou canst not be both handsome and savvy too." Those proofs by the

binomial theorem, the theory of exponents and by intu-

ition never got through him—his intuition is more in the line of "what-do" questions. Three years on the danger line have given Charley a Point of View. He has a serious kind thought and good word for everybody, even the Plebes ☪ ☪

¶ After being put out of the tank for fear his ravishing form undulating through the water would cause a riot, he gave up athletics in disgust—although we'll give you a tip, math was the real cause.

¶ "Got any food, Charley?"

¶ "Yeeah."



Ralph Henry Roberts  
Tuscola, Illinois

**F**ROM the day when Shorty first fared forth from the wilds of Decatur to tender sword and service to the Navy and crown himself with (no, not glory)—with a goboon, he has given phenomenal promise of becoming a brilliant officer—an excep-

*Honors: Two Stripes; Crew Squad 4, 3.*

tional officer, in fact. For pure initiative and enterprise in professional lines he has several times received special mention (on the pap). At an early date he distinguished himself as an engineer by conducting extensive original experiments with torpedo-boat engines, unfortunately brought to an untimely end by the jealousy of the Duke. Geniuses are always suppressed at home. His efforts were treated coldly on the *Missouri*, too, because he took off a W. B. & A. manhole plate and lost a whole boiler full of the most luscious alkaline water.

¶ Thoroughly convinced that he was

cut out for an operatic career, he has a strange inability to learn more than one line at a time. Other parties who have heard his wauling agree that his voice is better fitted for a coxswain's megaphone than a Victor record.

¶ He gets spells when he runs around like a little pig, bumping into everybody's legs, and sets out to be a pest—with great success. It's joy to hear him cuss out the authorities every time he makes a bust, winding up by starting a rough-house.

¶ Nobody knows exactly why they like Shorty; they do though. Nobody but Shorty could or would pull this sort of comeback to Red Hoey's "What the hell are you doing?" (After much snapping of fingers) "Nothing, Sirrr, I've been standing here all the time." Then he gets the haw-haw. . . "Garsh darn youse guys, I'll let you hit the pap next time."



**Maurice Harris Stein**  
Mount Carmel, Illinois

**W**E looks like a kike, but he ain't." ¶ Abie began his carouse in the Navy as a member of the Second Company and soon became one of the most noted of after-taps men in the class. When the "Ac" year began he was the same Abe; in the non-reg Sixth Company he learned many more bad habits that have always remained with him. Now he is one of the most non-regest men they is. He was one of the leading men in Carney's and Steel's Plebe Amusement Troupe and was always to be depended on for something good (?).

¶ But he fooled 'em! Got ragged "catching" on the roof and took his first cruise. From then on his time in the Hall was short, for soon after his return from the ship he went to the hospital—he claims that he was really sick, but then, you know how you save money over there. While in the hospital he became famous by ducking out in cits

and having a miniature Sep leave all his own. However, after this he was good for a while—on the ship, you know.

¶ On Youngster cruise he was a member of the Famous Boston Tea Party—Ask Steve or Wisie for particulars.

¶ He is a savoir and never bones, as the greatest portion of

his study hours go to roof work and tracking the D. O. Why, Youngster year Abe, Cassady and Failing had a system of knowing the whereabouts of the D. O. at all times working so smoothly that no sleuth would have a chance with them.

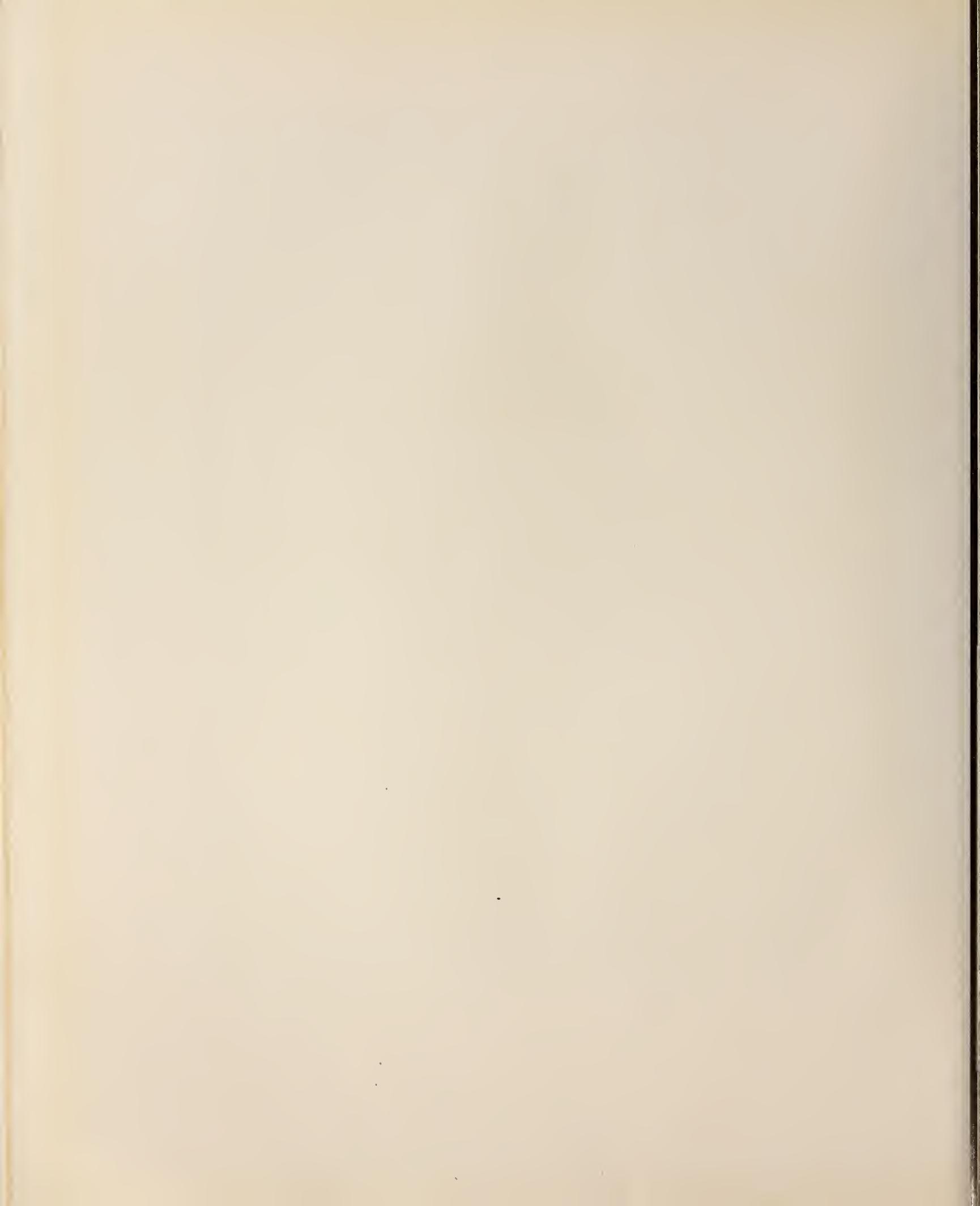
¶ His most predominant characteristic is his always being late. No matter when or where you may be going you will have to wait on Maurisse unless you're going to clutch. No one in the class appreciates Smoke Hall more than Abe, for he is a great lover of the weed.

¶ "Heet me again, Meester, I see diamonds." ☪ ☪

*Honors: Battalion Staff Petty Officer; Track Squad, 4.*



*Flamborough Head*





Joseph Buchalter  
Terre Haute, Indiana

**P**RAY do not turn this page in a hurry, for although Buck has a malign eye, his disposition is just the opposite. The only thing that ever punctures his equanimity is a bust in some recitation—then his section is treated to some vivid and startling sentiments about everything in general and the characteristics of the instructor's immediate ancestry in particular.

¶ Saturday is Buck's big day, although he has objected to Saturday drills ever since Plebe year, when he performed three hours' extra duty in one afternoon. He is blessed with a more than average think-tank, so he is constantly complaining of an insufficiency of required labor ☪ ☪

¶ Buck has been content to confine his

athletics to crew, with which he may be found laboring in the spring. Perhaps his strenuous endeavors along this line are responsible for his buckolic appetite. In spite of his love for paddling round in the water he is not quite as enthusiastic about the realm of old Neptune sailing out

on the Bay when the wind ripples become wild waves. In fact, he is entirely silent in such moments, except for a periodic groan. But the moment he hits the beach he becomes himself again and resumes his quaint air of diabl rie. It is because of this last characteristic that Buck makes such a hit with the Baltimore contingent of our week-end female invasion ☪ ☪

¶ If you have ever seen a cubist portrait of Ben Hur, you have seen Buck.



John Howard Cassady  
Spencer, Indiana

**W**HEN the tailor-men were looking about for the model to portray their superman in the latest English-cut suits, they picked out Long John Cassady. Who could be found more adaptable to the slender lines, the disjointed trousers and the form-fitting coat than our Ed? All that was lacking to make him fill the bill to a T was an entrancing face. They got over that difficulty by using another bird for that minor detail, thus crowning Ed as a figure such as his should be rounded off. So when you see any of those creations imagine Jawn. He is constantly picturing himself as he used to be in cit life, and as September leave draws near, the excitement of his latest creation surpasses even that of running along on three smoking paps with that intense craving just having to be satisfied ☪ ☪

*Honors: Buzzard; "Keeper of the Bull" Glee Club, 1; Basketball Squad, 4.*

☪ To see Long John in a little game of Auntie-won with a skag drooping from his lip and a crooked smile on his face and to hear that velvety line is enough to put you in a good humor. Even the officers on the *Florida* noticed that he had a head for business. For instance, the day most of us were wearing holes in our hands in the lighters, taking on cake after cake of unadulterated grime, Ed perched himself on some bitts well beyond range of coal dust and commotion, and once an hour received bunker estimates ☪ ☪

☪ It's some job to wean money out of hard-pressed First-Classmen, but as Keeper of the Bull Jawn has maneuvered successfully. It is some job, too, to educate strangers into noticing that the urns contain Bull and are not receptacles for butts, but Old Cassahdy proved to be the man for the job.



Herschel Paul Cook  
Anderson, Indiana

**W**EY, Lyle! Where 's Ruggles? Yeh —all but six—save 'em for pall-bearers!”

¶ You don't have to look twice to know who 's coming; that non-reg walk, that three days' mustachio and that breeze which precedes him spots him instanter. Who would think that

the owner of yonder cherubic countenance is the champion pie-snitcher of the bally *Ohio*, the conqueror of the haughty Emoline, fairest of Culebran maidens! The best scoop, however, is the account of a certain blood-dinner given by the officers of *H. M. S. Leviathan* at which (we have absolute proof) Doc sat with the best of them, the only time he submerged being to say good-night to his English brothers-in-arms at the last boat-call ☪ ☪

¶ If Doc had n't come in the Navy, he would have been a leader of the I. W. W. He smokes a nickel corn-cob (won't

look at your five-dollar briars), is honorary president of the Hod-Carriers' Union, and spends more time originating ways to avoid work than a gob on a Midshipmen's cruise.

¶ Now don't get the idea that our hero is a Red Mike; for as a fusser Doc plays no favorites. “Give 'em all a chance,” says he; result—a snappy average of about 2.0.

¶ On the windward shore of the first river we were afraid of losing this bundle of pep; the Dago Department could n't savvy his Hoosier pronunciation, and to complicate matters he actually saw five feet out of one eye and two out of the other (average 3 1-2) ☪ ☪

¶ Cookter, if you ever get in a hole like that again, heave the faithful followers of Abdul Shebad, the female Abyssinian naval critic, the old watchword: “Ickchamprodio—Solomaduke!”

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Basketball Numerals, 4.*



George Carroll Dyer  
LaPorte, Indiana

**L**OOK at him, just take one good look at him, and tell us if you don't think he has a handsome face. It is the only one of its kind in the Academy at present and we fear there never will be another like it. It is distinctively individual.

¶ George has had a hard row to hoe since his début into the natatorium. Jonas Ingram spotted him the very first time he hit the water in a fashion a la Hippopotamus, and he has received special instruction ever since. But cheer up, George, some day you may be an Annette Kellerman. ¶ He loves to play poker—poker, we said, not penny-ante—but he pays for his fun. Anyhow, if you want to hear a real hard-luck story ask him about the time he almost won that hundred.

*Honors: Buzzard; Soccer Numerals, 4; Lacrosse Squad, 3; Handball Championship, 3.*

¶ As O. O. D. this summer on board ship he suddenly decided to go on shore, even though there had just been an order issued that not even such an important personage as this was to leave the ship. When he came back, he found

the skipper waiting to receive him in order that he might personally present

Georgewith 25 D's and a little restriction.

¶ He bones hard for what he gets but he is n't very savvy and seldom gets over a 3.0. At the same time, he is very consistent and seldom gets less.

¶ If he had only been able to make a few more speeches in his English course he might have starred. He certainly did "argufy" whenever he had the chance.

¶ "By Heck! There goes that extra swimming call!"



Dean Dalrymple Francis  
Indianapolis, Indiana

**R**EMEMBER on the swimming squad (extra) last winter, how you looked forward to those warm baths? And that other bunch of fellows who *enjoyed* swimming? Beyond you, was n't it, enjoying that? Well, here 's one of those maniacs, the only Dean. And then late last May—remember that crowd on the track? Snap and pep, working all the time (the only thing about you that felt like running was perspiration). Yeh—Dean again

¶ And those long waits for the W. B. & A.—raining maybe, or cold. Car arrived, but no girl. Sunday morning you got that telegram the assistant delivered to a plebe by mistake. Ever see Dean in that gang? Never missed him at the informal though, did you? Stag line? Not a bit of it. There 's a broken heart for every light in Porter Row, 'cause Francois and Jack plan ahead their campaigns of wit and love:

*Honors: Three Stripes; Swimming Team, 4, 3, 1; Track Numerals, 4, 3, 1; Choir, 3.*

and—yes, that 's it—there are Dobies in every line. But at last the mighty fall hard, and a certain “tall, good-looking midshipman with dark, expressive eyes, regular features, and a lithe, athletic figure” pours out his love by reciting “Jabberwocky” and other classics for the little sisters and their friends, who listen open-mouthed and squeal with joy.

¶ Dean can do anything athletic or practical or social and do it well, but in his academic books he is not a howling success. Do you wonder—a man who tried to send letters to her from the Fleet by yard mail? Yes, Deedee is also the man who hunted all over the quarterdeck of the *Seattle* for the O. O. D. while we were making seventeen knots up the channel. However, he is still with us.

¶ Efficiency? Well, he wears three stripes. ¶ “Section commanders take charge and execute the maneuver.”



**James Ross Allen**  
Davenport, Iowa

**T**HERE was a commotion by the gate; the band struck up; the cheers echoed from Bancroft Hall to Sampson Hall and back again; the reception committees were ready. Then Ross appeared, smiling sweetly on this kind but ignorant world of ours—the smile of one who comes to Congress. Who was this vulgar person demanding so rudely who he was, where he was from, how he happened to be there and why in thunder he was ever born any way? Dear Old Ross was awakened that sunny June morning, and his first impressions of the Academy were not exactly those brought to mind by the reception of our old friend the prodigal. He actually had to carry his own mattress to his room—think of it!

¶ The fall found Noggy biting large mouthfuls of mother earth in a vain attempt to capture that nasty wind bag erroneously called a football.

¶ Did you ever hear a half shriek, half groan, half gurgle, and half growl in the middle of a basketball game? That was Ross wondering why baskets are made so small. You may have noticed though by our little epitaph above that he didn't miss them so often after all.

*Honors: Four Stripes; Captain Basketball Team, 1; Basketball N. 4, 3, 1; Star, 4, 3; Football Numerals, 4, 3; Track Numerals, 4, 3; Y. M. C. A. Director, 1; Lucky Bag Staff, '17, '19.*

¶ “Oh, there you are, wonderful!” If you've ever met him you'll have heard

it. You know what the doctors say about the forty per cent. We let you draw your own conclusions.

¶ Have you ever seen a punch-bowl full to overflowing with that good old egg-nogg? Have you ever seen Ross see it? If you have you will remember that the bowl was left. Hence his nickname, “Noggy.”

¶ Ross, you've tried herpicide, you've tried danderine, you've tried vaseline, but don't you think that a shining dome lends dignity to a four-striper? ☪ ☪



Robert Bruce Crichton  
Odebolt, Iowa

**P**ERMIT us to introduce you to our own Bardolph (ref. *King Henry IV*. Act III, Sc. iii, lines 29, 30). They say that when he was called on in English Plebe year to read that scene, he was all for beating up the prof. That's all right, Bug, we all know that you're innocent.

¶ Odie is such a quiet fellow that none of us realized his latent ability until he cut loose on First-Class cruise. Believe us, he certainly earned those two stripes that caused him so much worry later. When the dope got around toward the end of the cruise that he was recommended for stripes everybody kidded the life out of him, so much so that it was a toss-up as to whether he was going to split on the whole gang or not.

¶ It always has been a mystery to us why Bug sporadically breaks out with a line of baby-talk, you know the "oo-

ittle" kind, and gets all affectionate with everybody. We believe that the mystery is solved, however, when one just inquires into his whereabouts on Saturdays. He always believes in practise, and it's pretty good dope, too, if you just stop to figure it out. It must be great to be that way.

¶ Well, there's one thing about writing Odebolt up, and that is the fact that there is no chance to play up bonehead sayings. It is natural to assume that he probably has bonehead thoughts at times just like the rest of us, but he always keeps them under his hat, which after all is a pretty good hunch.

¶ So, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, here is Crichton of the Navy, who came all the way from Odebolt, Iowa, to join the B & O class.

¶ Don't fail to look up that reference in *Henry IV*.



**Cuthbert Ambrose Griffiths**  
Central City, Iowa

*“Cuthbert Ambrose, Brave and Bold, Head of Ivory and Heart of Gold.”*

**S**OME of the gold has burst through and colored his hair an ambitious brown, but enough stayed inside to warrant a 14-K stamp on his character. So (because of hair, not character) he has stayed about in the middle of things instead of making the extreme top or bottom as all our port running lights have done. Cuthie has it on all the boys for he prep'd in the real way—at sea. He stood in early Plebe summer with all stuns'ls and skys'ls set, a full-fledged graduate of the three years' course at the Merchant Skippers school, and moored fore and aft with three laundry bags and the oath of office. He started in by winning the P. S. knockabout race and is still final authority on the details of all difficult maneuvers such as clubhauling off the lee shore.

¶ After the Army game Griff waxed eloquent and the romance of the sea inspired his famous essay “The Lights of

Broadway, or Wild Women I Have Known.” Griff's long saturation with deep-sea brine has given him the form of Annette Kellerman (that is, the swimming form) and the speed of a torpedo. Designed a coal burner, the necessity for greater forced draft in swimming drove him to oil installation. The high altitudes of the fourth deck, aggravated by living with Swampy, left him entirely rational except for a culpable predisposition to uke ~~so~~ ~~so~~.

¶ Cuthie commanded the fire-control division of the *North D.* for over a month and became so expert at giving spuds drill that Bumpke, Wallin & Co. received anonymous warnings to look to their jobs, for he could dislocate arms and shoulders as adroitly as fire-control circuits.

¶ Among his many services to his classmates was the fattening they received from the J. O. mess of the old *N. D.* Poker may be a game of chance, but . . .

*Honors: Buzzard; Swimming Squad, 4; Swimming Numerals, 3, 1.*



Giles Elza Short  
Des Moines, Iowa

**V**ENUS " he is, and Venus he will always be until he outgrows that short, fat, wabby frame of his, and we hope that will never be. That round, chubby, dimpled face and that cute little figure would make him an ideal pet for any nice young lady domestically inclined.

*Honors: Buzzard; Football Numerals 4, 3; Choir, 4, 3, 1.*

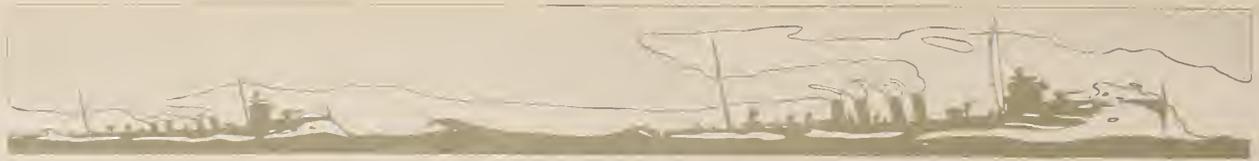
We don't think he would be averse to such a lot, either; so all you femmes look again at his picture, and we defy you, however critical your eye, to discover one single blemish.

¶ He is a smug little fellow with a saint-like attitude, but, believe us, there was never a better proof of the ancient adage that "Looks are deceiving." What saint would ever sit in the choir, right out in front of the entire congregation, and get up and sing in such a

manner as he is guilty of? ¶ He was once a wrestler, but he is now suffering from obesity, although in younger days, when he was more frisky, he went out for football. He was good, too, for he is a hard worker and has been blessed with an uncommon amount of weight on so short a frame.

¶ Venus and Tomb are a great pair and have lived happily together, except for a few minor quarrels which only add spice to existence. Tomb says that what he can't understand is how the little fellow can wear *his* shirts and collars, when he, Tomb, is only six feet and weighs—well, about one hundred and eighty *so so*

¶ "Ah, Señor Short! Your name ees Short, and you are Short, but you are not too short to reach ze tree!"



Spencer Hubert Warner  
Waterloo, Iowa

**U**R own choice for Secretary of Agriculture looks like Rameses II, talks like Artemus Ward, but an octave higher, and acts like a clown, cowpuncher, juggler, preacher, and contortionist simultaneously and individually. Seth and Ma Sunday began where Napoleon left off—at Waterloo, and he himself admits that he's a better man than old Nap ever was. The engineer of the Ioway Flier once cast an august but beneficent glance on little Spencer, who became fired with the exalted ambition to get that run, until he heard that the Midshipmen get one dollar a month spending money. He is older and wiser now, but he still likes it, and has more ambitions than ever, although he has had enough discouragement to down most anybody—it's a shame the way the class went back on him after he had modestly signified his willingness to serve as fencing manager and various other dignitaries by the delicate eu-

*Honors: Buzzard; Basketball N, 3; Basketball Numerals, 4; Inter-Company Tennis Doubles, 4; Football Numerals, 4, 3; Medal for Handling Football, 4; Lacrosse Squad, 3.*

phemism of nominating himself in open meeting. Over at Basketball Spencer was asked by the coach if he was trying to make the squad. "Trying to make the squad hell!" quoth he, "I'm going to make the team. Who'n'ell has the nerve to think he can beat me out?" And by pure bluff he became the best guard the Navy has had, although various arboreal explorations lost his "N" Plebe year. The Injy Rubber Man can raise more screams from the crowd by his balancing acts in football or lacrosse than the rest of the team combined. ¶ Seth's peculiarities, such as blowing smoke in the D. O.'s face and raising one long luxuriant hirsute appendage on his Adam's-apple, are too numerous to relate here, and anyhow they would destroy every reader in spasmodic gurgles. ¶ As a girl once said to Seth, "I like you, my farmer boy." ¶ Yep, there 's never one too many in a crowd where Seth is.



Festus Finley Foster  
Topeka, Kansas

**I**F you have never seen this shining countenance contorted in an effort to expostulate with effervescent energy, you do not know Festus as he really is. Moreover, you have not heard "English as she is spoke." His love of preciseness and rhetorical expression have won for him the recognition of being that *rara avis*—a literary genius. The modes of expression of his ethereal spirit are many and varied; still, Festus has his share of the old Adam. For instance, Plebe year he was strong for the eradication of class distinctions and rates, while now he resents even the thought of such a thing. ¶ Occasionally this scion of the What-Nots gets real devilish and commits some rash deed. Once, after great provocation, he was even heard to employ

strong and sulphurous language. In spite of his youth and innocence he displayed a profound and intimate knowledge of all of the words and a majority of the combinations.

*Honors: One Stripe; Tennis Squad, 4.  
Log Staff, 3.*

¶ Among his other gifts Festus shines as a navigator. First Class cruise he shot another ship's truck-light instead of Vega and got a fix that turned out to be the true position of his ship. In the realm of athletics he shines as the wielder of a racquet, confounding his adversaries with his line as well as his line drives.

¶ Festus is not only idealistic in the Bryanic sense, but he is also gifted with that gentleman's lingual ability.

¶ "Literary aspirants should religiously eschew expressions of polysyllabic orthography." ❧ ❧



Philip Valentine Sullivan  
Salina, Kansas

**W**AVE you ever in your wanderings about the Academy seen a big, husky Son of the West possessed of a face usually covered with a prolific growth of sandy beard, and topped with close-cropped, kinky hair? Have you ever noticed that mournful expression, and listened

spellbound to that line of talk which reminds you of a parson's prayer in accent, and of the monologue of the star comedian at the ten-cent vaudeville show around the corner? If you have ever been through this experience you have met our famous "Tomb."

¶ Sully came to us from the wonderful town of Salina and he is proud of it. Since his arrival at the Academy he has spent the greater part of his time in telling side-splitting stories in the most solemn manner imaginable, cracking the punkest jokes most confidently, and

posing *somewhat* successfully as a model of ambition and integrity to credulous plebes. Somewhat, we say, because although we are on to him, we have known fond parents to point him out to their hopefuls as an example to be emulated. Other than this he has nothing more to do than to

answer love-letters from the admiring femmes and return thanks for photographs and knitted sweaters.

¶ Surely Sully's witty chatter and his graceful glide on the powdered decks make him the ideal lady-killer.

¶ "If that Math Department only figured that I profited by my mistakes, I'd make a cold 4.0."

¶ "Boys, lemme ask you something. I have two eyes, two ears, one mouth, and one nose, just exactly like all the rest of you. Now what is it that makes me so clever?"

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Baseball Squad, 4, 3.*



David Henderson Clark  
Henderson, Kentucky

IT'S a great thing to be able to take a good-looking picture, but it's a greater thing to be good looking. "Dave" does take a good-looking picture, and you know what a flighty little lady said at a basketball game last winter.

"Oh, isn't he the handsomest thing in all his togs!"

Such blessings as ability to dance, shoot a wicked line, and look adorable, carry with them certain disadvantages.

A young lady sent Dave a picture of herself while he was with the Fleet. Some one got hold of it and stuck it up in the First Class cabin. The First Class, feeling duly honored, wrote the young lady thanking her for the pretty poster. Clark got no more letters from her that cruise. Would n't that get

your goat? ¶ Now can you beat this for a regular Dave peculiarity? Young lady at a dance—"Oh, Mr. Clark, I'm so cold." Clark—"That's a shame. Your mother should make you wear more clothes." ¶ It can't be as easily

roused in athletics, that goat. Dave plays a cool game of basketball that has put him on the squad throughout. Though a rhino man's game, Lacrosse has n't been taken up by Young Apollo on that account.

Yet he can play it with the very best of them

¶ A crack on the head leaves him unflustered, but let a man repeat such phrases well known to our David, as: "I think Mr. Clark is the best-looking thing," and "He just thrills me to death,"—then look for flying chips.

*Honors: Two Stripes; Basketball Numerals, 4, 3; Basketball N, 1; Lacrosse Numerals, 4, 3; Choir, 4, 3; Glee Club, 3, 1; Hop Commitee, 1.*



**Robert Milton Dorsey**  
Henderson, Kentucky

**W**HY, Oliver!" Our Scarlet Tanager is making himself heard again with his clamorings for sustenance and the whole mess hall, including the D. O., must know about it. Chatter, chatter, all day long, and Clark claims he keeps it up in his sleep. However, his line seems to go with the women. He is a past master at the fusser's art. If you see two redheads bound down Blake Row, one of them changing course 90° right at Porter and the other holding his course or going 90° left, you can make a shrewd surmise that the last-named will be our little rough egg sallying forth with the gang to convoy the Crab Fleet. Yes, a signal from the Flagship read that Bob and the boys were the nicest first-classmen who had fussed them for several years.

*Honors: Buzzard.*

¶ When Red is n't on escort duty he is usually having a battle with the Academic Departments. But you cannot down a red-headed man and he has always emerged smilingly from every engagement. We believe he has talked most of them into believing he is almost savvy. If he doesn't

look out he'll get lockjaw one of these fine days ☉ ☉

¶ Coming from the Blue Grass State, Bob has a leaning towards beautiful horses, and other things for which that section is noted. He had a beeootiful time at the Class Supper. He is n't sure of it himself, but some one told him he did so, and he lets it go at that.

¶ If you are rhino go look up Red and you will shed your grouch *my pronto*, for there never was a gloom bacillus that could live near him.



Lucien McKee Grant  
Lancaster, Kentucky

**W**HERE is Schoeffel's greatest rival for the presidency of the Chauvenet Club, for Lucien is a regular Tanzola junior. The tangential stresses and reactions of his brains produce solutions to all kinds of problems faster than he can transcribe them to the blackboard.

Like Capron, his mind is a map of the log book. His ears are cardioids, his eyes are ellipses, his brain is an oblate spheroid, and his chin approaches the horizontal as an asymptote.

¶ Lucien wrote that famous song, "Logging, or felling the trees." Speaking of songs, he has the finest repertoire of wild and wicked ditties heard around here since the days of the instigator of "The Ballyho Massy." He is usually found chortling one of that kind of refrains while boning the next day's

math lesson. ¶ Among other things, he is possessed of something for which Navy cheer-leaders have been looking for the past five years, namely, one large and fiery goat. This animal, which is really terrible when aroused, is always irascible, even if it is easily captured *so so*

*Honors: One Stripe.*

¶ Lucien is the proud possessor of one of those faces which babies and dogs instinctively trust. Although not exactly classic cut, it serves as a front tube sheet to his math boiler of a brain with ninety-nine per cent efficiency,  $\mu$  equaling zero, and the only loss due to radiation from his smile.

¶ His normal views are usually perpendicular to those of constituted authority, so the curve of his efficiency marks is that of a damped S. H. M. ¶ "Sir, shall I use  $\pi$  as 3.1415927?"



Marshall Raymond Greet  
Pikeville, Kentucky

**W**OW Dopie has been able to stick it out here with all his obligations to the frilled and ruffled sex is a puzzle. Plebe year, just to gratify his desire to exercise his mellifluous line on adoring ears, he resorted to weekly pilgrimages through the yard and almost any afternoon, there he was exerting himself eloquently before any number of the devoted, balancing tea-cup and ration of cake in one hand, and punctuating his remarks by gesticulations with the other. He boasts that in all his snakely career he has never dropped a crumb on the carpet. A picture of Porter Row without Dopie, flouncing past in the background, would be incomplete.

¶ Dopie's nickname is well earned. He has walked off the artillery field and left his section orphaned. He has reported his division at quarters as "Rammer

and hoist in working order, sir," and when asked by an officer how the speed of the ship was determined, he has replied that it could always be found from the last entry in the log. Now what would you suggest for a nickname after all that?

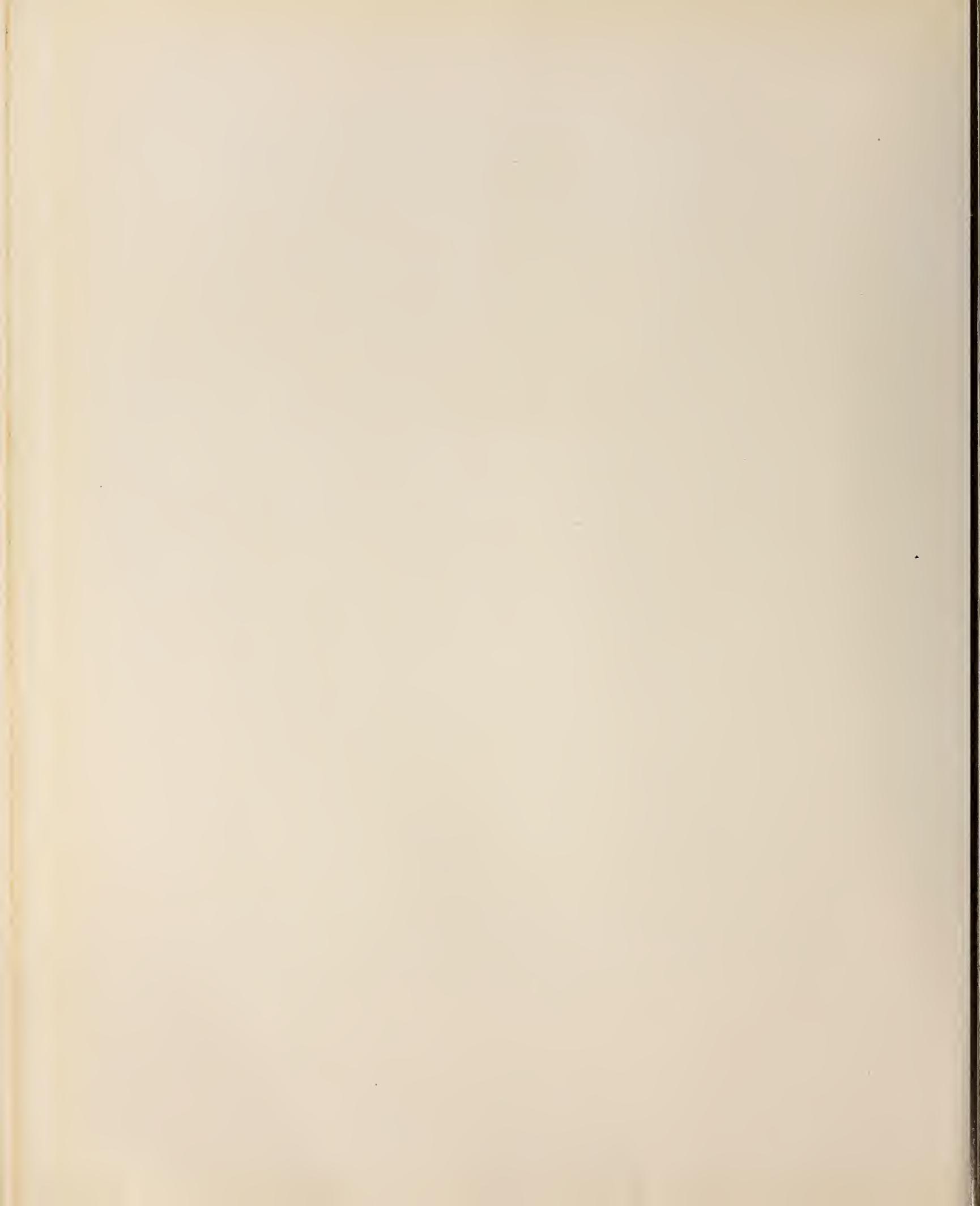
*Honors: Buzzard.*

¶ However, he is n't entirely spoiled. He has n't acquired that trait of "me first, you afterwards," and if you happen to be hungry, head for Dopie's room. This young fellow is always glad to part with some of his well-earned candy ☺ ☺

¶ Too, he always stood from under, which did n't mean that he was afraid of demerits but does mean that he has hit on the real spirit of the place. That old R. H. I. P. has his respect, and if he sleeps in now, comes in after 10:30, or is otherwise devilish, remember he waited till he rated it.



*The Corsair*





Joseph Semmes Ives  
Bardstown, Kentucky

**J**OE came to us, or rather, was sent to us from the ranks of 'Eighteen as a result of an over-ambitious and too well-advertised entrance into Youngster year—principally by way of interesting soirées in 437

¶ The only law in

Skinny which Joe can ever remember

is the one on the conservation of energy, and in all the practical applications of this, he has become most proficient. From somewhere way down under the blankets in Wiggle's bed: "Hey, Bill, get up and shut the windows, I'm freezing." But if you want to see all this lassitude vanish, just watch him when he catches a glimpse of some unusually chic dame. "Yea, bo! I must meet that queen." And he does.

¶ This lad from the country of blue grass and moonshine is a curious combination of genius and morbid temperament; genius in the way of devising

means to escape the D. O. when slipping down to breakfast formation—6:50; the morbidity comes after he's ragged

¶ We divulge the following low-down trick under protest, but as an example of ingenuity it's typical. From the wealth of material

under observation in Norfolk, this Oolong pugilist and the slender Jones had difficulty in choosing, but at last it was decided thusly: They sleuthed around and found out the various makes of cars represented. Soon they were whizzing around in Cadillacs, saying nice things to the little girls burning the gas

¶ Heard Joe's Plebe year:

¶ "Hey, Mr. Wiggles, have you got the seven years' itch?"

¶ "No, sir."

¶ "Then stand still, and secure that trap—you might swallow a fly."



James Dinsmore Lowry, Jr.  
Catlettsburg, Kentucky

**W**HAT'S *your* name, mister?" "Lowry." "Lowry what?" "Lowry, J. D." "Lowry, J. D. what?" "Lowry, J. D. Jr." "Lowry, J. D. Jr. *what*, damn it?" "Lowry, J. D., Jr., sir." Jim wanted to resign the first week, but parental influence was brought to bear, and now he is well on the way to the Marine Corps—says he is too wooden for the Navy.

¶ Jim is one of the quiet gentlemen from the bluegrass region, who never have anything to say until they get mad, and who then kill everything in sight. Nothing escapes his hawklike eye, and like a hawk, he never picks anything up without pouncing on it. He does n't say much, but ask him about any one he has ever seen and watch his eye twinkle as he chuckles till he chokes, and then comes down with a lot of stuff that you might have seen too, but did n't.

¶ Moke is a keen thinker—outside of books. He successfully played tag around the quarterdeck of the *Dela-ware* with one Lieutenant Wentworth

*Honors: Buzzard.*

who was strong on "T ships in harbor" and so forth until he could bone up every "what-do" in Knight. For more than two years, the brown-skinned Kentucky mare has been as reg as a parson, but with his usual luck he has somehow been maligned and misunderstood till now he is

chief anarchist of the C. C. I. B. L. (Fengar's version). That distinction is probably the result of the time the Duke oscillated into the fire room just in time to get a long puff from a Fat full in his twitching face. And through that smoke he saw Jim's wicked smile of enjoyment. ¶ Din is conscientious in his work, orderly and military in appearance, and has a love for Picnic Twist and athletics of a mild variety, such as lacrosse, which he indulges in whenever he gets sat. Moke declares there's no such thing as love, but gets and writes some six thick ones a week ☉ ☉

¶ "Me fuss?" (Great internal amusement.) "Boy, you never saw *me* make a cuckoo out of myself."



William Harold Mays  
Pikeville, Kentucky

**N**OW who would ever think that this innocent-looking youth had a past as a court reporter? But same is a fact, as friend room-mate, Johnny Greer, will tell you *con mucho gusto*. We are inclined to believe that long association with the majesty of the law has had its effect on our Harold, for he does n't play around much with the anarchists. There is a story around, though, that his main reason for keeping quiet is that it's so much more fun to cork. It really is a scream, though, to see him get over in recitation and break out a bored expression in the hope of counteracting the effect of the creases in his face, same being eloquently indicative of the fact that the previous study hour was spent in getting a little "shut-eye."

¶ Fatty is one of these boys whom fame will not let alone, much as he desires it otherwise. Witness the following dia-

logue which took place Plebe year, just after the first month's marks had gone up:

¶ **FIRST-CLASSMAN:** Where did you stand in Math, Mr. Mays?

¶ **FATTY:** One, sir.

¶ **F. C.:** Great balls of fire! How come?

¶ **FATTY:** Well, sir, I got a 4.0 on the entrance and so I

thought I'd show them that I did n't gouge on them. Might's well do it the first month as any other, and get it over with. ¶ And that's the reason he has n't cracked a book since.

¶ On First-Class cruise Harold had a little excitement one night while on picket-boat duty. A thorough search showed that one of his men was indisputably missing. With despair in his heart Mays set his course for the *Panther*, and mournfully reported, "Sir, I've lost a man." To which the O. O. D. answered, "Yes, I know you did. He just came aboard."

*Honors: One Stripe;  
Lucky Bag Staff.*



Richard Brittain Tuggle  
Harbourville, Kentucky

**W** I there, fellows, what 's the dope?  
By doggies, I got a good stunt.  
Let 's go ride the switch engine  
some more." When not doing that he 's  
trying to break his neck doing some-  
thing else. His prolific mind is always  
working on some new  
scrape to get into so  
it can have good

mental exercise getting out of it again.  
¶ A true son of Kentucky, Ruggles be-  
lieves in clay pipes and moonshine,  
particularly the kind that shines on the  
Palisades

¶ To see Dick waltzing down the cor-  
ridor you 'd think he was dodging hot  
biscuits. Maybe he 'll get over that,  
though, after he has been separated  
from them Hell Hounds of the Hand-  
some Seventh and taken his movies and  
white grapes alone for a while. Struggle  
goes out for Rifle because of the sleep  
in the kicker going and coming, and  
woe to the youthful, unsophisticated  
buzzard who flies near in search of

some dainty morsel washed up by the  
Severn

¶ His English compositions are master-  
pieces. He, and he alone, is the possessor  
of the colossal store of wisdom handed  
down by Abul Shebad, that great  
female Naval critic.

¶ After extensive  
browsings around the  
Bowery on the cruise, Tuggle decided to  
remain civilized, so he practised being  
civilized by dragging every Saturday  
as of old. If you want to find him during  
recreation hours, go out on the parade-  
ground and look for a black-haired  
youth experimenting on the rigidity of  
the trajectory with a football, but learning  
more about the rigidity of the human toe.

¶ Just as that crab newsboy, Verner,  
runs to meet him as soon as he gets out-  
side the gate, so you will try to see him  
more after you 've been separated from  
him, for this good-looking little devil  
makes men take to him like a Scotch-  
man takes to golf.





John Wimberly Cullens  
New Orleans, Louisiana

**L**ADIES and gentlemen, we introduce to you Capa Bianca, the famous chess player. He hails from the muddy banks of the mighty Mississippi and knows each and every river-rat by his pet name. He can eat, all at one time and without ever squinting an eye or twitching a lip, a whole plug of B's Mule, and will try anything from sleeping on a bed of nice warm snow to propping himself up against a closed door which is open.

¶ Once upon a time, when returning from Sep leave, he heroically extricated a fair young lady from beneath the burning wreck of a Pullman that had overturned in the wee small hours of the night. At the startling discovery of the damage done, he hurriedly and rudely

left for other parts. Was it modesty, or the fear of having the poor thing's doctor-bill to pay, that prompted him?

¶ Capa is a Dago shark and speaks the language with all the ease and facility of a true New Orleans Creole, or at least

*Honors: Buzzard.*

with which one would if he spoke Spanish.

“And how are you, Amigo mio; muy de veras, I trust.”

¶ According to Capa, New Orleans is the city of the United States. “A seaport town is so cosmopolitan, you know.” This is his argument, and that it might carry weight he presents himself as an example. Look at his picture again, but don't tell us what you think.

¶ That dark complexion, that sunny disposition, and that profusion of ivories, lend him a beauty all his own.

¶ “Now don't you yell at me!!”



**Francis Hook Gilmer**  
New Orleans, Louisiana

**T**HIS breech mechanism is an excellent mechanism. It has many good points; in fact, it is approved by the best authorities and used in the United States Navy. The operation is simple and satisfactory" (and painless we suppose). "To sum up, this mechanism is

good, safe, and practical. Sketch shows cross-section of the operating lever made to fit hand." All given with such perfect *sang-froid* and assurance (gestures included) that he'd get away with it if he didn't look at the prof so often to see how it is taking. ¶ Hook does everything with an air. His cocky brace, jerk of the head, crab-like walk, and left-hand chop-swing, are landmarks, and his five-striping report of a section has often brought him "ze 4.0 in my effency marks, I make." If he didn't carry his gun like he was squirrel-hunting, and once, just once,

did something right at infantry, he might not be carrying a gun now.

¶ Hook is a southern aristocrat, and associates *only* with such. This is the point where he falls for running. He almost put in a req to change ships when Fengar, Herbst, and the rest of the *Rhode Island* detail

*Honors: Buzzard.*

began telling him about their family bars, barber shops, fruit stands, and so forth.

¶ Dramatic effect is as natural to Hook as to Nick Carter—"By the living Gawd that made you, take off that hat!"—Bang! smash! No murder, boys, no murder, only an inoffensive googoo passing through the compartment.

¶ When not engaged in night pistol practise on fire-control watch, he is wont to gambol like a spring lamb among the coal piles whenever he can find an open bunker.

¶ "Now the only man in this room that 's not engaged is Max."



Winfield Alphaeus Brooks  
South Paris, Maine

**W**INFIELD ALPHÆUS came to us from the stern and rock-bound coast of Maine. For a while we feared that his nature had become saturated with the chilly characteristics of his native heath, until one day somebody had a couple of friends coming down for the hop and—well, you know the rest. Since then Brooks has lived only for Saturdays with an occasional letter to break the weary intervals.

¶ He started off his naval career in fine style. A year at the University of Maine and a naturally thorough-going mind brought him a star on his collar during Youngster year, but we are afraid that about that time he began to think more of moons (you know the kind) than of stars. At any rate the stars at least are not visible now. As to the moon, you'd better ask him. But even at that he still is n't exactly what you would call

wooden. His second favorite pastime is playing baseball, and after that comes rough-housing with Hiram and the rest of the gang from the old Second Company ☪ ☪

¶ Do you remember that time First-Class year when he introduced a visitor into the Mess Hall without authority and caused a near-riot when the visitor (a cockroach) started to run around the deck? And when he got frapped down, how he put in an oratorical statement saying that "the whole affair was brought about by the ludicrous attempts of the mess attendant to exterminate the cockroach"? ☪ ☪

¶ As a final warning, don't let that quiet manner of his fool you. It is just a disguise, and some day he is going to wake up and surprise every one. Stand from under then, for beauty and brains is a strong combination.

*Honors: Two Stripes; Star, 4;  
Baseball Squad, 4, 3.*



**Albert Pearce Burleigh**

Houlton, Maine

**W**ERE, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Naval Academy's entrant for the long-distance gastronomical handicap for the championship of the civilized world. He is not merely an epicure or a gourmand, but both—and an artist.

His days are divided into three glorious revels—breakfast, dinner, and supper. If he boasts of a coat-of-arms one of the quarters is embossed with a dish of pork sausage couchant on a field of beans

¶ As for his feet—those who worship the ground he walks on are enamored of about ten acres per hundred yards. His antipathy for drills is so pronounced that whenever he strolls into sick bay the Rainmaker hands him a soft-collar, drills and formations, excused slip. And when the Doctors are not moved by his piteous pleas for exemption he usually excuses himself and hies to parts

obscure until release. Then he emerges from his cave with that "Well done, Burleigh" smile on his face.

¶ Not even the favorite Latin-American sport lures him, but he is sure the Polaris of the Hod-Carriers Union. He has tried them all, Chevy Chase and Miss Spencer's, Goucher, Wellesley, and Vassar; and the sirenest siren of the crowd was a two-guesswhat. But no! there was one other, but he kept her so sedulously apart that we did n't even have a fair chance to envy him.

¶ If you want to find out where Al's ancestral halls lie, kid him about Maine. It is a rampageous goat! But in spite of the intensity of his local patriotism, he stayed on board once in the harbor of Portland itself to take a shipmate's watch and let him go ashore. When a man does that, there's something mighty real about him.

*Honors: Buzzard.*



Walton Rannels Read  
Portland, Maine

**J**UDGING from the rotund face pictured above, would you think he is a regular down-east Yankee? Yet he is, and moreover is never so contented as when not more than ten miles from Bah Hahbah or Poteland.

¶ Tubby is a musician of note and is often seen tickling the keys of that Revolutionary relic of a spinet in the throne-room of Queen Fatima. He vocalizes at times, but the only ditty he ever chortles is the song about "Christopher Colombo" and that gentleman's conception of the rotundity of this mundane sphere. But his greatest accomplishment is his unequalled naps. Tubby sleeps with a zest and abandon and in a weird minor key.

¶ His greatest misfortune is his inexplicable inability to keep his things together. His plaintive tones are perpetually lifted in some such sentiment as this: "S-s-somebody give Tubby a pencil" or more frequently "Somebody

lend Tubby a Fat." ¶ Always cheerful; the only time we ever saw him rhino was the first time he (officially) visited the *Reina*. "Had to live on *hard-tack* and *milk*, I tell you." And it takes a star man to calculate the exact amount he

*Honors: One Stripe; Mandolin Club,  
4, 3, 1.*

could eat without (Deah Heaven!) growing "stout." He's

too lazy to go out for anything except "graft" and that only at times. The lure of the Hall and a Herbert is too strong to be conscientiously resisted. Walton has never been really fathomed by any one, save, perhaps, his faithful wife, but say; if ever you're rhino, his original, guaranteed smile will chase the green devils out of range and make you glad there's a Navy.

¶ Imagine a grinning Cheshire cat from the pages of *Alice in Wonderland*, animated by an intense desire to sleep, and you have Tubby.

¶ "Cut loose of that stuff. Turn me go!" *so so*



Robert McLanahan Smith, Jr.  
Hagerstown, Maryland

**U**EH, but it has n't anything on Hagerstown. Oh, man, that's a wonderful place—all the roads stop there!" When you hear something like that you can bet it's Hoke, the greatest home-fan ever, who can tell you anything about who won the pennant in the Hagerstown league. Actually, he'd drop his math book to defend that burg if he were unsat with a 2.0, and he generally is. And when it comes to argufying with Hoke you might as well quit—his methods are n't given in Hamon and Derrick.

¶ Hoke's a real friend in need to the hungry bums who generally wander in the Hall about nine-thirty. You no sooner open the door, than it's "Have an apple, Joe," or "There's some eats over in that box—go to 'em." Then he leans back with the air of a Carnegie

hero, and registers perfect contentment while you are cramming it in.

¶ We hate to double-cross him this way, but some of the rare stunts he commits in that perfectly sober, serious manner are too good to keep. Youngster cruise,

*Honors: Buzzard; Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1; Hop Committee, 1; Track Squad 3, 1.*

as the *Old Whiskey* was standing into Boston Harbor, Hoke as you'd expect,

had to come down with, "Why, where's the Statue of Liberty?" It's a matter of record that this prodigy spent an hour trying to trace the exhaust of the steam whistle.

¶ As a fusser, Hoke is one of these lads who are always itching to try again. After a particularly unsuccessful weekend, you might hear something like this: "Aw, man, but that car raised it two tenths!" ¶ Smith (in Nav): "The elevated pole is the one that would be visible if you could see it."



William Edward Tarbutton  
Crumpton, Maryland

**T**ELL you what, kid, it's the garden spot of the world." With this as a beginning Tar will launch into a fervid eulogy on his native heath, the Eastern Shore. If we are to take his word without the proverbial grain of salt, that country is a second Eden, with everything there but the serpent. Be that as it may, we can safely say that, judging from the personal products of the Eastern Shore, it's almost as good a locality as our own September residence. ¶ Old Anthropomorphic Edward is usually of a quiet temperament, but he does not lack upon occasion both spirit and a certain quickness of temper, as shown on First-Class cruise when Settle, Sprague, and he staged a lively three-cornered spud-and-mess-gear battle so so

¶ Button is more reticent in affairs of the heart than in anything else, so we

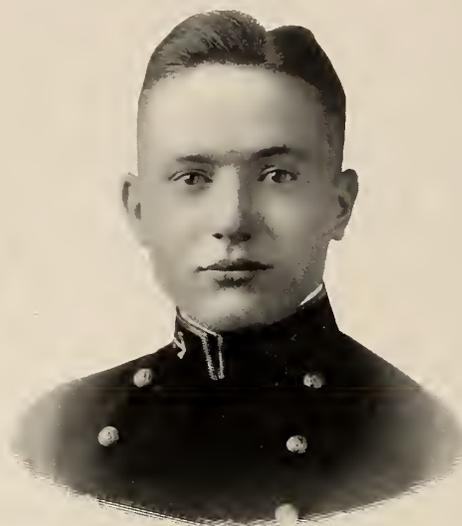
cannot plot an accurate curve of his relations with Cupid. However, the arrival, every now and then, of a box of delectable fudge, leads to the conclusion that his center is pretty well fixed. ¶ On Youngster cruise he ran round

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Baseball Squad, 4, 3.*

sort of reckless under Red Waller's guidance, but Gloom Talbot kept him on the straight and narrow First-Class cruise.

¶ In regard to athletics this non-agenarian midshipman is rather an adept at the national sport, and any spring day will find him pursuing a baseball over Farragut Field.

¶ The maximum age of admission to this kindergarten is twenty years, so Tar must have absent-mindedly divided by two when he signed. But whether there's any truth in the rumor that he was mistaken for a retired Rear Admiral when on leave, we're not prepared to say.



Franklin Pierce Waller  
Salisbury, Maryland

**B**ORN on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and raised on oyster shells and cobble stones, Red's accent, pink cheeks, red hair, and hard-guy attitude have long been beacons of tremendous visibility, even on a bright night and in a foggy atmosphere. He is short of stature, but can talk louder and longer than any negro parson exhorting his brethren and sistern to turn from their paths of sin and corruption. In spite of his small stature, however, he is a muscular giant. If you have a fondness for rolling around on the deck, then invite Red to wrestle with you. He will roll you around to your heart's content.

¶ It was on the *Arkansas* that Red laid the foundations of an everlasting fame.

His first official act on board was to inquire whether the First Class would be O. O. D. or J. O. D. His second was to ask how on earth he would be able to get anything to eat if he had to go on watch at 4 P. M. But for all that, he had as good a grease as any one else aboard ship. He was

*Honors: Buzzard: Choir, 1.*

liked so well that on one occasion at least he was asked to remain on board to revise a little Navigation he had worked out the day before. And speaking of Nav, Red claims that he can shoot the sun with two fingers and get its altitude just as well as he can with a sextant. We believe he 's right.

¶ "Calorific, did you say? Well, just ask John Griggs or Charley Andrews if he can't roll that seven."



Philip Pindell Welch  
Annapolis, Maryland

**W**E'S long and slim and he plays basketball, and they call him Ike, and he's so nice"—no, it's not you she means, it's Phil Welch. ¶ He received his military brace at Annapolis (St. Johns, we mean), and during his long life in this crustacean village he absorbed a profound knowledge of the art of war (feminine variety).

Still, he is only human, and he defeats himself gloriously. "Do you know, I believe I'm in love?" Yes, young man, we think you are by the way the marks of one Savvy Philip head for bottom about the Thursday before a hop.

¶ Notwithstanding his previous condition of servitude, Phil has a good deal of the old pep left in him, which he turns loose on the substantial deck of Dahlgren Hall. From St. Johnny to a member of an undefeated Navy team sounds like the Arabian Nights. Then in the Spring P. P. gets out his glove

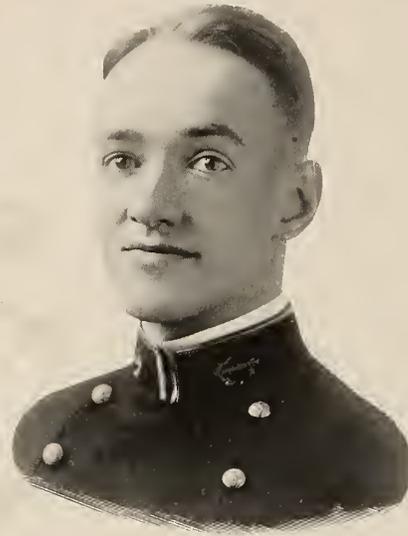
and sallies forth to the ball ground. If his batting eye was as good as his eye for the basket, "First-Base Welch" would be left standing on more than one composing stone.

¶ "Sir, what kind of a sound are these turret sounding tubes supposed to make? I have n't been able to get any noise out of them at all." That is a mild

one for Philly. Those little things, played up by the Dutchman, often lead Phil's animal out to graze, but he evens it up in good shape. "Yes, sir, the equinoxes precess at the rate of fifty-six inches a year; the book says so—right there, fifty-six—and I want to know how in perdition those academic relics at the observatory think they can measure a thing like that at ninety-five million miles."

¶ Gosh darn you, Phil, we'd like to hit your ship and make liberties with you again if it was n't so dam' reckless.

*Honors: Buzzard; Basketball Numerals, 4; Basketball N. 3. 1; Baseball Squad, 4; Baseball Team, 3; Class Supper Committee; Treasurer Athletic Association, 1.*



Arthur Stanton Adams  
Winchester, Massachusetts

**M**ANY and magnitudinous are the miracles that have been performed by this marvel from Massachusetts. ¶ Once the delight of our dusky tonsorial artist, this senile specimen has during his long stay in our midst mislaid so much of his thatch that his forehead does n't know where to stop. This deplorable state of nudity is induced, no doubt, by the increased size of his brain and the consequent necessity for an elongated forehead. ¶ Blessed by the gods with a voice, Beany has labored many years in the choir and Glee Club, rising at the close of his career to the position of soloist on Sunday morning, and master of the Glee Club. ¶ As if to offset his natural advantages the gods cursed him with an artistic temperament. The Class Pin and Ring Committees conducted their activ-

*Honors; Buzzard; Masqueraders, 5, 4, 3, 1; Chairman Class Pin Committee; Chairman Class Ring Committee; Leader Glee Club, 1; Star, 4; Chairman Christmas Carnival Committee, 1; Choir, 5, 4, 3, 1; Glee Club, 5, 4, 3, 1; Lucky Bag Staff.*

ities under his iron rule, and the footlights have often shone upon his undorned dome. His restless spirit craving expression in other fields, Beany blossomed out as a G. B. S. and emitted effusions for the *Log* and *Lucky Bag*. Now, having exhausted all possible fields of endeavor, he, like Alexander, sighs for other worlds to conquer. ¶ Beany was a practical joker until the Duty Officer ragged him secretly waiting to precipitate a pitcher of water upon the lair of that Discipline lion. Now his sense of humor has simmered down, although he still rejoices at the news of anarchistic activities. ¶ Imagine a man whose conception of a large time very nearly coincides with that of Omar—that “loaf of bread beneath the bough” stuff plus a good cigar and an attentive audience, and you have Beany.



**George Joseph Downey**  
Worcester, Massachusetts

**A**LL hands ready? Up curtain! Ah-hh-h-h-!!! Here, gentlemen, we have before us the indomitable Dublin exhibit. Observe that chest a la pigeon; who says there does not exist behind that barrel-like structure a heart as large as Ireland is green? And those eyes of baby blue, set in a physiognomy whose lines denote sincerity. Who, gentlemen, will be the lucky femme to cause those lucid orbs to scintillate with the light of love? ¶ Truly, it would be some gal, for Tim is still rating man of the Rouges Mikes. A conspiring brother made Pat drag once, just so he would "bust out." The Dooney busted, all right, and promptly retired into social oblivion. ¶ How the Patricia evaded the realms of public oratory we know not. When that broad well-shaped brow, those

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Baseball Numerals, 4, 3, 1.*

dramatic gestures, and that Shakespearean fluency are combined with a Lord High Admiralty strut, the Irishman approaches sufficiency into the infinitesimal increment thereof.

¶ Dooney has had much better luck with the Athletic Department than with the Math Department. With the former, his gyrations between second and third have been attended with considerable success. With the latter, he has ever been on the outs. In spite of his lack of demos, and his apparent ability, the Executive Department saw fit to place Tim "behind the lines," where he has assumed his limited responsibilities with a high degree of efficiency.

¶ "O-O-O-oo-oh! My ears!" "I'm not Irish, I'm German." ¶ "Oh no, Edgar, you're all wrong, it's this way—"



James Joseph Graham  
Boston, Massachusetts

**I**F you should see a youthful-looking fellow with innocent blue eyes and a cherubic expression, just like Whitey, only a little taller and thinner, you know it's Sparrow Graham. Only don't be fooled, for in spite of his young appearance, Jimmie is one of the grand old men of the class, and as to his guileless character, well, you will have to go on a little shore liberty with him some day to judge that.

¶ James hails from Massachusetts, that land of beans and brains, and he lives up to the reputation of his State pretty well, for although he has never worn a star, he has never been very far from it, and he manages to get by with a smaller amount of boning than almost any one in the class. The saddest blow to his ambition came when he was assigned to take Spanish after he had mastered the

difficulties of French before coming here.

¶ Jim made his Youngster cruise on the *Ohio*, and spent most of his time with the "Bull" in the Bull Ring, along with Sidney and Joe. His First Class cruise was made on the *North Dakota*, where his principal amusement was a little game with John

and Cuthie and Rollo, down in Number Seven.

¶ As an athlete, Jim started out by trying for coxswain on the Plebe crew, but a cherished hope of added weight, which has never materialized, caused him to give it up. But to keep up his work in the sporting line he tried out consistently for the weak squad and the submarine squad, until finally his defeat in the election for Fencing Manager gave a crushing blow to the brilliant career into which his cohorts were trying to beguile him. ¶ "Fitz, you're getting simple."

*Honors: Buzzard.*



**Paul Wagstaff Hains**  
Newton, Massachusetts

**W**RORKHFF!! After watching solemnly with calf-eyed innocence while the assembled five per cent laugh and roar and subside and forget there ever was a joke, Daddy comes down with his monosyllabic explosion, scaring some of our more nervous youths into a terrible flutter.

¶ Like everything else about Dad, that laugh is different.

Absolutely!—well, for example he went under the table at the Biltmore after a little adventure with a platter of chicken a la king. A la king? Why that man will eat anything on God's green earth that can by any means or miracle be jammed, rammed, or intruded between his jaws. A certain restaurateur in Norfolk bought his daughter a Rolls-Royce and then retired to a life of bloated ease after Daddy patronized his slumshop Youngster cruise.

¶ Paul's athletic tendencies are many and various. Plebe summer he used to

alternate with Anderson in dropping home-runs on unsuspecting Africans innocently engaged in their messmokia duties. He wallowed on the wrestling mat, and even had fencing aspirations, but not for long. He showed good form

in more ways than one in the racing shells, pulling a beautiful oar at bow in the Plebe boat.

¶ The most non-greasy man in the Regiment in all things unimportant, Dad is thoroughly non-reg and, well, as Bougie said Youngster cruise, "That man Hains is the most efficient man I ever met, and I like him better every day, but he is so dam' crummy I can't give him a grease mark and it hurts every time I take a tenth off."

¶ He also ornaments the choir, but we know that he can make real music when he wants to—his mandolin talks for him like no other in this home for the hopeless, and with it we like to hear him sing so so



William Edward Hilbert  
Holyoke, Massachusetts

**W**ERE you behold the Moke, our New England Puritan. His tendencies are becoming more and more modern, however, and we fully believe that he would be one of the hard, non-reg, anarchistic element if he only knew how, but alas! his habits have been formed and he

is n't sufficiently worldly-wise. ¶ Argue! Well, he will set out to convince you that Venus was a poor deformed cripple and if you so much as beg to disagree with him, it will only lend fury to his flow. Then there is nothing to do but hold up his left hand in self-defense.

¶ Two years at Boston Tech, preparing himself to be a Sanitary Engineer, made him a savoir in most subjects, but to hear him speak Dago you would think that about the only thing it fitted

him for is some easy job like changing the water for a canary-bird.

¶ He dearly loves to feast his mind on some such book as Character Analysis or Aids to Memory, and his book-shelf is literally stuffed with such. If there is anything wrong with your character, don't let

Moke get a look at you. Just why he bones those Aids to Memory we don't know, but did you ever see him begin undressing when he takes his reefer off in the section room? ¶ He is a hard, conscientious worker, and always willing to show a wooden man all he knows, which, by the way, is quite a bit.

¶ He is deeply in love and having noted certain symptoms, we feel sure that some young lady is going to have to pull that old "so sudden" stall soon if she has n't already done so.



Elmer Robert Hill  
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

**W**HEY—you got any dances left? ”  
When that wearied voice comes floating down the corridor you know our bashful bohunk has been snagged again, and there he stands—worried and anxious—one foot toed in—face like a red, red rose—mopping his streaming brow like he just came up from the evaps. Yes, he just said he’d drag for Mid. I. C. Zips and ten minutes till the first dance.

¶ Look at him once—he’s not fat at all—just heavy—same size all the way up. But say: You know that man gets a letter every twelve hours from Cheeseboro, Mass., and they have just the sweetest little messages under the stamps! Well, you can’t blame her at that, for if we were a woman we would fall for Elmer ourselves.

*Honors: Buzzard; Baseball Squad, 4, 3; Bugle Corps, 4, 3; Leader of Bugle Corps, 1.*

¶ He has been a steady plugger on the baseball team and reaped his reward of many blood-feeds Youngster year. His fondest dream is to hear “Batteries—for Navy—Olsen and Hill”—and he may do it yet. He and Ole make a good team at that—especially in the many and various breeds of indoor sports that are constantly going on in their palatial residence ☁ ☁

¶ Heavy does n’t look musical—he’s not. No, by gosh! From the first night P-rade on the sea wall he has been the worst among ’em, and when we arrive below we’ll expect to find E. R. Hill sitting on a cake of ice, swelling to an apoplectic asymptote, busting reveille for the lost and hopeless, with the Hounds of Hill arranged in neat rows about him.



Charles Raymond Smith  
Quincy, Massachusetts

**S**MITTY began his career in the Navy with a rep from Shad's that he has n't lived down yet—and does n't want to, even if he does insist that dignity is among his virtues. He's the prince of rough-housers, the gay Lothario, the all-around athlete—almost, the godson of Fortune (ever shake for oranges with him?), the champion borrower—and lender, the man who fits in with your crowd every time *so-so*.

¶ There's one distinction that no one denies him; he's been out for more sports than any one at the Academy. Even if he did usually come back, he came back only after he had given all he had to make good. Fencing got its share of consideration Plebe summer. From that time on Pigskin's been on some squad all the time and sometimes two. In tennis he soared at the top, and came home with the manager-ship. His other athletic experiments

netted him a job on the Hop Committee. If spirit and energy alone made athletes, Navy would have had a "Jim Thorpe" Smith.

¶ Sausage is one of these fussers who just naturally grow that way. Of course, we can't blame the girls for wanting to come with him, but just the

same we sometimes wonder . . . The prancing satyr stuff is his forte when evening gowns are seasonable, and his evident delight in feminine pulchritude is his profoundest compliment to it. His admiration and interest focus intensely from time to time, but change is the very essence of the butterfly life, so each week-end is as glorious as the one that went before. Oh, happy youth!

¶ With a bow and kind thanks we'll omit any reference to the Academic Board. They take too much attention anyway, according to Smitty. Savvy? Not exactly.—Wooden? Hell, no!

¶ "Lemme your shoes, kid."

*Honors: Buzzard; Hop Committee, 3, 1; Tennis Squad, 4, 3; Manager Tennis Team, 1; Football Squad, 4, 3.*



Albert Tilden Sprague, 3rd  
Revere, Massachusetts

**T**HIS Massachusetts savoir possesses both brains and a capacity for work. The latter usually remains unfilled because of the rarity of occasions when the display of "savoir bilger" on the part of the Academic Board (bulletin variety) impresses our hero to force himself

to show his sterling qualities and fight the Board with its own weapons.

¶ The object of our interest, however, is not hopelessly savvy, but can talk on everyday subjects, even as you and I. There is never a wild tale that goes the rounds but he can match it—yea, improve thereon. His words, it must be admitted, are often diamonds in the rough rather than pearls, but his evident joy in recounting wild yarns, his New England accent, and his original phraseology captivate even a hostile ear. As he once said in that deep rhino voice of his, on glancing at a

monthly board bill, "What with spuds a dollar apiece and food in general out of sight, it wa'n't no time for a poor man to get hungry." (Applause from the Consolidated Order of Housewives.)

¶ Al is a keen rooter at every form of athletics going, barring swimming, which he regards,

because of personal experiences, almost as any one else would regard utter ruin. He indulges in wrestling and crew to some degree, and has even been known to play handball, although he is not ordinarily considered as much of a hard guy.

¶ Last but not least, he is distinctly a non-fusser, while in the vicinity of the Naval Academy. But in his own home town—oh, boy! That's why they call him the Lover.

¶ Business of chimes and Mendelssohn's March, as Al ambles down the aisle with that familiar non-reg walk.



William Cecil Vose  
Lynn, Massachusetts

**Y**OU know Red, of course. Well, would you ever think that he had a care in the world? No, of course you would n't, unless you happened to be one of Red's choristers. We all have a corking time at choir drill, but if any one starts anything funny, "Woof-woof, cut that out, quick."

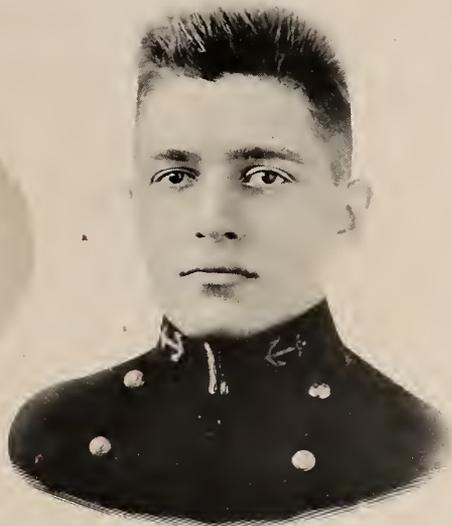
You'd actually think he was a D. O. with a mean disposition. He certainly is the original human harmonica though, and that Grand Opera air is hot stuff, believe us! But really that choir is the apple of Red's eye, and we can't imagine either what he's going to do without it, or what it's going to do without him, when we all shove off from here *so so*

¶ Some one told Red one day that his fortune would be made if he went on the outside and joined Ringling's. Red

has n't decided yet whether to feel complimented or insulted. Well, old man—we'll let you in on the inside dope. You certainly would make a 4.0 clown, and that's no idle line either. (It's really meant as a compliment, Red, so come on and make your little bow to the boys.)

¶ There's one thing about our Club-head that is really Distinctively Individual, and that is his little gesture to flick the ashes off his Herbert T. He does n't do it at all in the orthodox way with his little finger, the way the rest of us do, but bangs one fist down on the other; thereby shaking the ashes loose. No one but Red could ever conceive of an idea like that, now frankly, could one?

¶ "Now, Mr. Vose, I don't want you to allow any deadwood in the choir this year."



Walter Sherman Barlow  
Detroit, Michigan

**W** ALL the man who invented sleep, and Barlow will be the cheerleader. That seductive old boy, Morpheus, never had a more religious worshiper than this lumbering lumberjack from Michigan who is not even the least daunted by a regulation macadamized bed. He begins his devotions at Study Call on his curled-hair shrine and never cracks an eye until the clarion call to A. M. formation. The King of Indoor Sports—batting his ear on a slab of Paleolithic pillow

*Honors: Buzzard; Crew Squad, 4; Bugle Corps, 4, 3.*

¶ Barlow was a crew man once. He swang his twelve feet of spruce with the rest until one drear day, when he was rowing Number Five, the coxswain let them get rammed amidships by an oyster dredge. "It's too dangerous to row with a loose nut in the boat."

¶ As regularly as Sundays come, this

nature lover appears among the trees—no, not in the Academic orchard, in the farmers'. Every tree within walking range of this voracious settlement with which Nature has arranged to bear eatables, Barlow has a course laid to.

His foraging parties are productive enough in the fall, but it's

his own private little mystery whether his early woodsman's training has injured him to roots and tender shoots in the spring

¶ Another racial relic that he can not hide is that persistently sprouting cave-man beard. Clippers, he thinks, are more durable than a razor, and even then it takes him more time to pick the splinters out of his hands than to shave. ¶ But he has all these trials and troubles "in his old kit bag" and a smile that would make Billiken himself knock off skagging and try to grow.



Creighton Campbell Carmine  
Detroit, Michigan

**W**E may be a boy, but oh my! He can do a man's work! That's Camel, dear, sweet little chicken! As the girls say, he is just as pretty off the stage as he is on. Tell him that; he loves to hear it. Yes, and when he is out there before the assembled multitude, many are the hearts that flutter. Any of the fair ones at a football game would love to take him in their arms and mother him. Um! and a nice armful he'd be too!

¶ Plebe year Chicken went out for coxswain, but he gave up Severn Row and took to Porter and Upshur instead. He also went out for baseball, and although as yet he has not pitched a game he has been a wonderful little mascot, and this year he was elected manager.

¶ Chick loves an argument. He will argue on anything from the fine points

of bridge to the effects of alcohol on the human system, and many is the night in the Log Office we have listened to him discoursing on war and women (mostly the latter).

¶ Since he is on the Hop Committee, you will usually find him on Saturday afternoons over at the gymnasium with a bit of fluff on his arm so so

¶ Once last summer he was found sitting in a field picking the petals from a daisy, all the while murmuring certain feminine names. Who the lucky one was we do not know, but whoever she may be, let us hope she keeps him on the straight and narrow and does not let him go out nights to such orgies as Class Suppers and the like.

¶ "Aw! what do you think I am? Your private information bureau?"

*Honors: Three Stripes; Manager Baseball, 1; Cheer Leader, 1; Hop Committee, 1; Star, 4; Baseball Numerals, 4; Editor of Reef Points, 1; Masqueraders, 3, 1; Log Staff, 3, 1; Lucky Bag Staff.*



Kenneth Richards Failing  
Detroit, Michigan

**D**ID you ever come down to Smoke Hall about 9:55 and ease in with the little group harmonizing in the corner and then hear that gentle thunder rumbling along in the bass? That's Flinx. Did you ever hear that redeeming laugh, as some one wrecks the last barber-shop chord with an ill-aimed shot at a weird harmonic? Flinx again ☪ ☪

☪ Did you ever stop in at a hop and see a graceful bulk gliding around the floor like a young oak dancing with the daffodils and getting away with it? Watch Flinx, and learn what one Bell was supposed to teach you.

☪ There is n't much boning goes on evenings in Flinx's room, because some one on the way to the scuttlebutt always stops in to borrow his Red Book and stays to talk over the story a while. Then some one else happens in

to borrow a shirt, and by the time release busts there are enough of them to adjourn and populate Smoke Hall.

☪ Flinx's work in Plebe football saved him a lot of workouts around Bancroft Hall with the rough-house squad,

*Honors: Buzzard; Plebe Football Team; Football Squad, 3; Glee Club, 1; Basketball Squad, 4.*

for there is always a whirlwind comeback like the frolicking of a cinnamon

bear. It's funny, too, the way those dimples show up so easily, but we dope it out that they come so often that they just find it natural.

☪ Flinx never tries to slip anything over on any one else. It is n't so much because they're his friends, for every man in the class is his friend, but because it's just natural to him, and he's even stopped considering the discipline department fair game. ☪ Whenever you come down to Smoke Hall and find Flinx there, you know you have n't come too soon for a reason to stay ☪



**Kenneth Davison Muir**  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

**W**R. MUIR, are you any relation to the man who wrote that—Nav Book? ” ¶ “N-n-no, sir.” ¶ This happened on an average of four times a day during Plebe year, and to a man roosting on the Christmas tree in three subjects, such a question is adding insult to injury. But in spite of coming from the furniture town, K. D. is n’t wooden. The same thing that landed him on the bush deprived the Academy of a promising football man. Ken was a back on our famous Plebe football team and going strong, when a dislocated ankle put him out of the game for good and almost deprived the Navy of a future officer. He had therefore to devote himself to other fields of conquest, and Youngster year found him in the squad of the fussers, a position he has held

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Plebe Football Squad.*

down with ease ever since, barring a little mishap down in Norfolk.

¶ “ Well, you see it was this way. I was coming back from liberty and I thought the dock was right there instead of five feet away. You see it was kind of dark and my eyes are n’t very good.” You can take it or leave it,

but we have it on pretty reliable information that K. D. was seen drinking “Bevo” up in the Monticello that night ☉ ☉

¶ But this is the only shadow on an otherwise spotless career; whether from innate virtue, or whether he profited by the horrible example of his roommate we can’t say. Ken, with his quiet ways, is not much given to verbiage, but when he does say something he usually has a pretty good idea of what he’s talking about.



Ralph Bruske Netting  
Detroit, Michigan

**G**AZE upon the soulful likeness of this Adonis from the city whence emanates the Ford. Is it any wonder that they call him "Booful"?

¶ Cursed by his fatal beauty, and harassed by the unwelcome attention of the ladies of Detroit, Ralph decided to come to the Naval

Academy because it was non-coeducational. Even here he could not escape his doom, so Youngster year he threw up his hands and resigned himself to the life of an old-ladies' darling. "They go wild, simply wild, over me" was written for his special benefit. But two facts save him—his feet. An animal whose tootsies were an interpolation between the spreading paddies of a bull moose, the rotund props of Jumbo, and the Trilbies of Charlie Chaplin, would have for pedal extremities a close approximation of those possessed by this Byronic heart-breaker.

¶ Like Byron, he has one athletic accomplishment—rowing. Plebe year he pulled at a young tree in the Plebe

crew, and each succeeding spring has found him still laboring. By dint of hard work he won a place on the big crew Youngster year. His strenuous athletic endeavors gave him a huge appetite. Though at all times a thing of

beauty, Ralph appears at his best when seated at the festive board. All he did First Class cruise was eat and work. To quote our cruise-mamma, "Netting is by far the most valuable man aboard ship."

¶ Only one incident marred his tour of sea duty. One dark night he took unto himself a sextant and an Ingersoll, and during the middle of the movies, headed himself up on deck, then proceeded, with great care and precision, to take a star sight, undaunted by such a trifle as the invisibility of the horizon. ¶ But in spite of the handicaps imposed by his beauty and his appetite, Booful is n't exactly inefficient, as the three stripes on his arm attest.

¶ "My, how that woman can cook!"

*Honors: Three Stripes; Plebe Crew; Crew Squad, 3, 1; Log Staff, 1.*



John Jay Orr  
Saginaw, Michigan

WHO'S that little boy? I thought the Navy had a goat for a mascot." "That's not the mascot, that's Johnny Orr."

¶ Johnny weighs a hundred and forty pounds, which, although mostly sand, is an awful handicap for any one, even a player like J. O. It came to be a regular event for him to stop some two-hundred-pounder by a nifty tackle in the open field and then spend two weeks in the hospital. There are n't many of us who will forget one Army game. Oliphant had broken through. Except for Orr there was n't a man between him and the goal. It looked like a touchdown sure—to Army. Johnny waited, the only cool man in the whole sixty-thousand there, and when Ollie bore down like a forty-knot battle-cruiser, he laid him low. And then, as usual, they had to carry Johnny off.

¶ Johnny's also a track man, and

that's not the only thing he's speedy at. Up at New York, First Class cruise, he used to get more amusement in two hours than most people can in a week. Speedy? Why, he makes a rabbit look like a youngster stepping out to formation. During his two weeks there he visited every spot on the Great White Way from Jack's to the Midnight

Frolic, and when he left it's said the entire taxicab union went in mourning.

¶ In addition to all this, Jay's a habitual fusser. One hot and dusty day he was eagerly awaiting news from home, his exchequer being rather low, when a notice came that there was a special delivery waiting for him in the district postoffice. Buoyed up with high expectations, Johnny hurried ashore to the post-office. He opened the letter. It was from Dixie Kiefer, asking him for Y. M. C. A. tickets. What J. O. said ought to have disqualified him from his position for good.

*Honors: Buzzard; Football N., 4, 3; Football Squad, 1; President Athletic Association, 1; Director Y. M. C. A., 4, 3; Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1; Track Squad, 4, 3; Class Ring Committee.*



Frank Niles Sayre  
Flushing, Michigan

**N**OW why should this handsome pink-cheeked young blond with the pompadour be always so glum and sour looking? Who could have cast any shadow over his life? Surely no sweet girl could have done a thing so mean as that

¶ His greatest joy in life comes from his painting. Just let him get off all by himself, take out his pencil and pad, and begin work on a picture of a beautiful girlish head and he is happy. If practise really makes perfect, some of these days he will be famous as an artist. He draws so much that he occasionally finds himself below the required 2.5, but then there is one consolation for him, he is enabled to put in a request for late lights and have more time in which to execute some of his drawings. But

painting is not his only gift; he sometimes attempts (with varying success) to compose a song or poem. Moreover he delights in tinkering, tearing something up and putting it together again in an entirely different manner, and if

*Honors: Buzzard.*

he does n't succeed, he is at least pleased that he has torn it up and made it useless.

¶ One particularly good characteristic of his is his willingness to take a chance. This point is one that may be profitable to him in more ways than one in the future, and probably realizing this he has developed it greatly by dragging blind to every informal. The hops, tennis, and the movies are his favorite forms of athletics.

¶ "Sure, I'll drag her for you, what does she look like?"



Franklin LeVern Troost  
Niles, Michigan

**W**ERE we have the first cousin of Truthful Tolliver, namely "Trustful Troost." If you amputate the "T" from his surname you know what bats do in his belfry.

¶ He is famous for his intricate method of draping himself upon his fair partners at the Saturday soirées. ¶ His first Plebe summer he was designated as Cough B. Ike, due to the establishment of this cereal as his principal article of diet.

¶ Fou-fou is an athlete of note, easily winning year after year a prominent place on the Extra Swimming and Once-a-Week squads. Plebe year he tried out for a seat in the choir, but failed owing to the fact that the beauty and power of his voice excelled that of the choir leader. Undaunted by this early failure he came out again

First-Class year and succeeded, although Vose made him promise not to vocalize, as that soulful youth was jealous of F. L.'s ability.

¶ One of his idiosyncrasies is the possession of the longest, slimmest, blackest cheroot

*Honors: Buzzard, Choir, 1.*

clutcher in the Regiment. This, his pride and joy, has been purloined upon three occasions, but the heartbroken appeals to Martin's Detective Agency by its proud possessor have always been efficacious in securing its return. For at least six months after such occasions he is the most congenial and obliging man in the class ☪ ☪

¶ Conceive, if possible, of a youth whose greatest delight is chatting with the Dreadnought Dowagers and whose greatest ambition is to command a destroyer, and you have young Edgar.



Robert George Waldron  
St. Johns, Michigan

**W**HEN the upper classes got back Plebe year some one called him "Wampus" and Wampus he has been to us for the last three years. Every class has a Wampus, but I ask you like a mother-in-law, what class has ever had a finer specimen of the Genus Wampi

than 1919? ¶ Before following the Eagle for a living he went to the U. of Michigan, where he must have picked up something besides a woebegone expression, as he apparently never had any trouble with our esteemed friends across the way

¶ Our Wamp, like others of the species, is not over active until the spring, when he busts forth in rowing trunks and spends his afternoons on the river. He likes this form of exercise pretty well, but then he has to work so blamed hard

that the novelty begins to wear off. Yes, considerably more than the novelty wore off just between Bob and his seat Plebe year. Seriously though, he is a good man to have in a shell and has worked hard at the game ever since

*Honors: Buzzard; Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1; Mandolin Club, 4.*

Plebe summer  
¶ He loves to rhino and when you see

that lower lip trembling and his visage clouding with gloom, you know that some one has wronged him deeply. He will then confide in you and tell you the Navy's faults.

¶ His pet joy is to lead out Schetky's goat and tell that young man about barracuda fishing, and other interesting, though questionable, anecdotes. His pet aversion is having his ear bitten.

¶ Good luck, Wamp, and when the time comes may you be there with the rest of us.



**Elmer Reuben Runquist**  
Grasston, Minnesota

**N**O class would be complete without a Swede from Min-ne-so-ta, and here is our only remaining. He's still with us because his long apprenticeship at Bobby's College of Camouflage taught him the midshipman's universal aca-

ademic sailing rule, "Divide by two to get the answer," so well that his firm belief in his right to be a Naval Officer has never been shaken (except that one day off Hatteras).

¶ He's a mild-looking little Swede, and his face is a true label—easy-going, lazy, good-natured. But put a pressure on him and "Stand clear," for the wild Swede has broken loose.

¶ Swede's build is not conducive to athletic efforts, but when he did go out he went out with a wild impulsive rush and cracked his man over the gonk every afternoon to the extent that doctors,

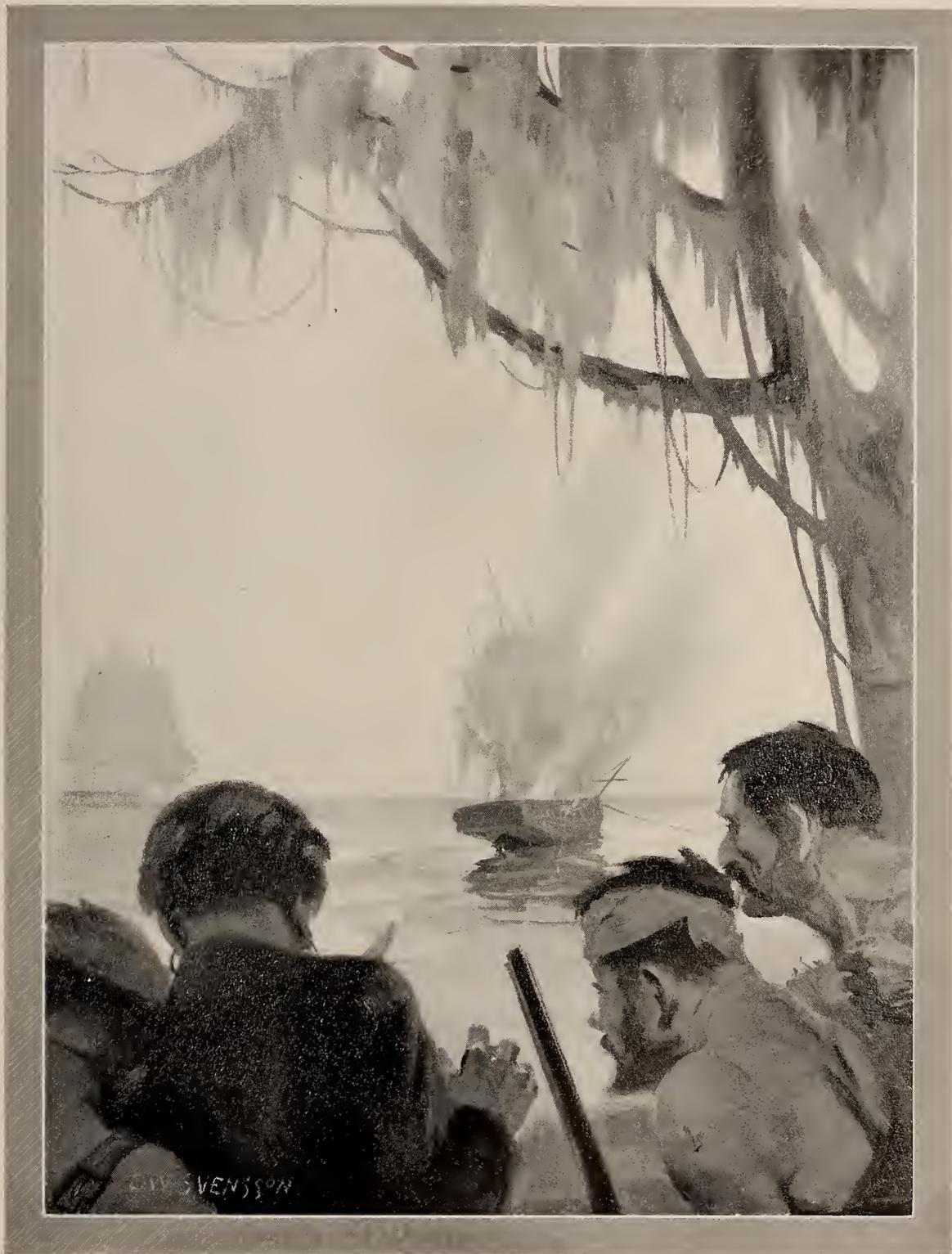
ambulances, hearses, and cemeteries were in demand for some weeks, and one big blood feed for the Fourth Batt Lacrosse team got its full share of attention from Elmer Reuben, a fine time being had by all.

*Honors: Buzzard; Choir, 1.*

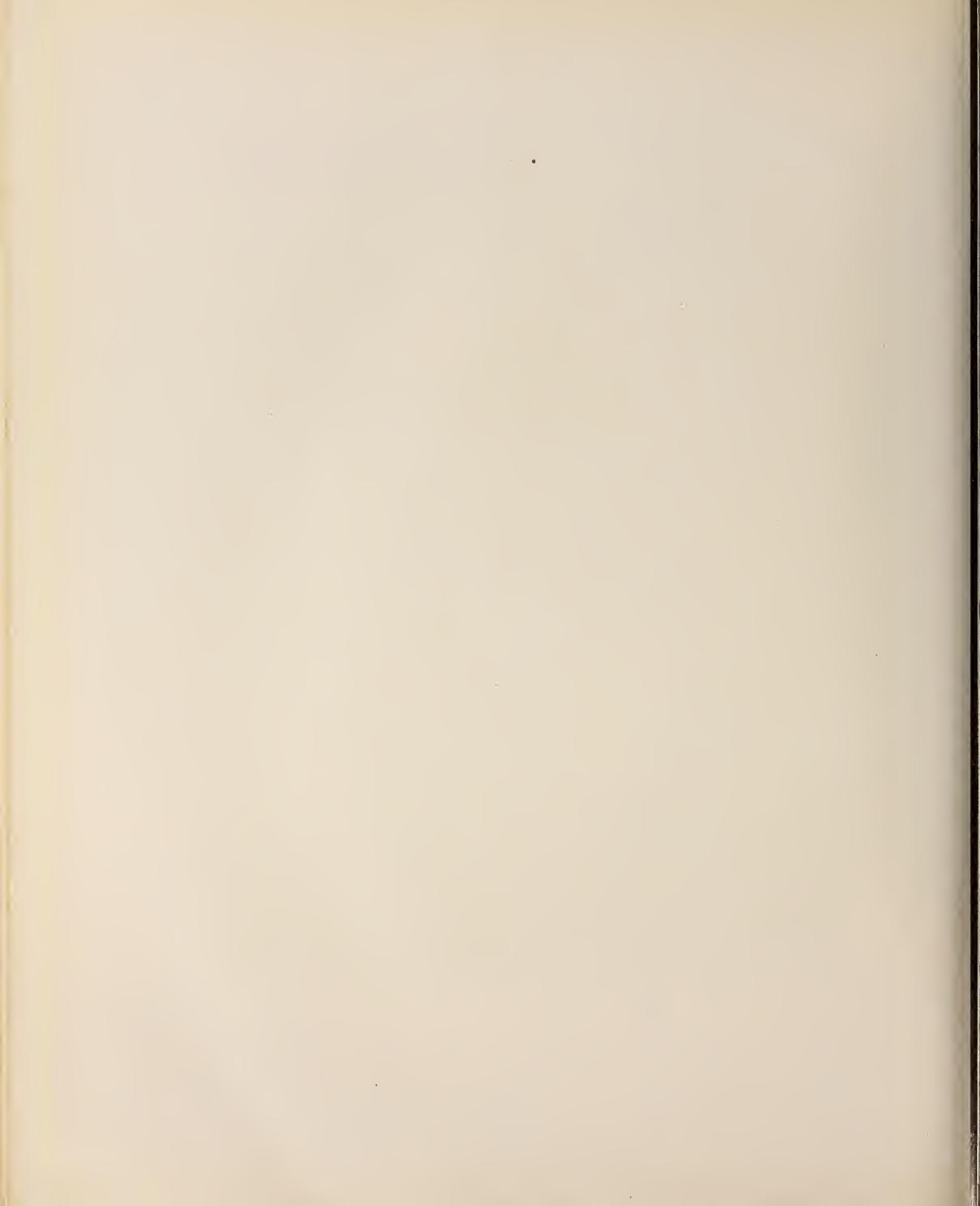
¶ Nobody can accuse him of being a snake like his wife.

He drags blind to more luck than any man we know. Then he gets his words mixed up as usual, and the result is that somebody else drags her next time, and poor Squeak has to try it blind again. Tea-fights have no charm for the Swede, but—you ought to see the chaperones fall for him *so so*

¶ Squeak has been watching quietly and taking everything in with a gentle smile ever since we knew the man. He knows it all. We're reserving seats for the great day when he tells all *he* knows *so so*



*Pirates o' the Caribbean*





Henry Dent Baggett  
Oxford, Mississippi

**A** CIGARETTE, pendulous beneath an aristocratic beak, a soft-spoken, lazy drawl, and a figure sprawled over two chairs advertise the presence of Speed.

¶ He first developed a spirit of adventure in this village of clams and oyster shells by hanging with his finger-nails from the Short Line trestle. It seems that he and the car had a hasty argument in which, with true Southern courtesy, Ike stepped aside to permit the passage of the latter. Why he chose this route for his weary wanderings we cannot judge, unless it cut off a few feet in reaching his destination. Speed's theory of nature is that energy which does not make for physical comfort is energy dissipated. ¶ Perfectly happy and care-free in disposition, unaffected by his espousal of a five-year course he still believes that a good line mixed with some antiquated

facts will satisfy Tecumseh. Hence the continuous decoration of the bush with the rest of the Academic twigs.

¶ Ike is efficient, and as a result contracted the malady of two stripes. He figures that common sense will carry a man through any thing from Ordnance drills to reveille ☛

*Honors: Two Stripes;  
Soccer Numerals, 4.*

¶ His affection for the sea and subservience to the yellow peril of old Nic caused an unbroken residence on the flag-ship *pro tempore* of the white squadron ☛ First Class year he did manage to escape the horrors of habitation with the "jelly-fish," though we may say 't was another case of the proverbial horseshoe.

¶ Due to a very amiable disposition, with a temper ordinarily difficult to arouse, Ike has ever been easy to live with, and if history repeats itself he will always remain so.

¶ "Ah beg yo' pahdon!"



Robert Pierce Briscoe  
Centerville, Mississippi

**S**URELY you know Briscarlo, the dark, slender, dashing Beau Brummel from Mississippi. He has the grace and manners of a Chesterfield, the breezy, careless, confident air of a traveling salesman, and all the characteristics which make us believe the legend of the forty per cent. For instance, once upon a time he went into a turret to "ketch." Arranging himself snugly under an open hatch he proceeded to light up; sad to relate, however, all officers are not blind and he did not have much luck. He has never understood yet how the officer was able to see through the open hatch.

¶ Another of his weaknesses are the Boulders of Boulderport. He must have spent four-thirds of his liberty sitting on those rocks. If any of you know the secret of their charm for him, we would

like very much to be put wise. And again, he has a peculiar fondness for ladies, large and plump. Any one who saw him pushing the buxom nurse around the ballroom at Provincetown would know we speak the truth. When he got her going at full speed there was n't a couple on the floor that dared dispute it with him. "T was hard work, but great fun," quoth he.

¶ He is savvy, and his greatest delight—next to penny ante, of course—is in making the prof feel himself to be an ignoramus. He also takes great joy in his prowess at the manly sports. When his boon companion heartlessly sets him on the deck his dark eyes will flash and his jaw will harden, but still, with the assurance of one versed in philosophy, he will say, "Aw well, did n't I let yuh do it?"

*Honors: Buzzard; Masqueraders, 3; Soccer Numerals, 4.*



Chauncey Camp  
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

**T**HE iron man of the Regiment: Ordnance and Efficiency Expert: versed in all subjects from plus or minus infinity to Hattiesburg. He left the banks of the North American Amazon, the desert wastes of cotton and sugar-cane, forsaking, with a solemn realization of the great step, the old-time customs of a forgotten land, to enter upon a new life of civilization for the benefit of mankind in general.

¶ Chauncey very nearly returned to the old plantation by reason of one of his few arguments, this time with the Steam Department. The pros could n't agree with him that inking straight lines could be developed into the silhouettes of rugged landscapes. Still, he gradually acquired the artistic touch and in due time was able to turn a perfectly good wood-trimmer into an excellent sketch of a daisy in full bloom. ¶ The Southern Gentleman has a peculiar variety of wit; a sort of dry satire, representative of the village humorist. He has undoubtedly elevated more goats than any single character

we possess, but here's a peculiar fact: a reversal of the procedure on the prosecuting attorney always causes a disproportionate upward acceleration of his individual mountain animal. His original plan was to appoint an honorary president of the Y. M. H. A. but the returns started coming in and great was his astonishment to find himself occupying the acknowledged position of esteem in the eyes of public opinion—the irony of fate.

¶ Gazing upon our military mass, marching in rhythmic cadence, there is noticed one white or blue cap producing a piston-rod motion, always a quarter of a phase in advance. This is the Camp; originator of the Antediluvian toddle increasing uniformly as the distance from Isherwood Hall, and the nightmare of the last few minutes' wrestle with a bottle of drawing ink. ¶ Stripes were not his lot the last year, though they say he stood around the top First Class cruise.

¶ "Oh boy! Watch me next Saturday, Kid! Snake, Colonel, snake—draggin' a cold 4.0!"



Hubert Haben Anderson  
Chillicothe, Missouri

**I**T is forsooth an ill wind which blows no one good, sayeth the old proverb, and indeed the same noxious blast which gave Andy such a raw deal blew him alongside one day early in the cruise. And with a cheery "Comin' aboard, Sir" that we can't help mentioning, he set himself down in the midst of his new classmates and proceeded to regale them with some wild experience of his on the Baltimore boat, and a word concerning the "two cutest little dames in that town." Indeed the very next week-end he and Doc set out to call on these "forties," but upon their return, the usual inquiries were answered by much deep silence and glum looks, of which the whys and wherefores are to this day a profound mystery.

¶ It's a curious thing that whenever

Jo-Jo and Anguish Al sallied forth from the old *New Jersey* upon some little expedition or other, they invariably were foiled and baffled. Why once, down in the little burg of Seaford, when he and Private John, all resplendent in their whites (rough-dry), were just about to make a capture, up strolled the village

*Honors: Buzzard; Wrestling Squad, 4, 3, 1; WNT, 2, 1; Lacrosse Numerals, 4; Lacrosse Squad, 3.*

sport all dolled up in his tan spats. There may not have been weeping, but gnashing of teeth there surely was.

¶ If some day you see standing in Smoke Hall one broad grin mounted on a number eighteen neck and emitting chortles of ghoulish glee, which sound like the oats call of his Missouri compatriot, you can bet it's Jo-Jo after baiting a Steam Prof until he is mad enough to fight. ¶ Foolish George: "Shut up, Mr. Anderson, you talk too much."





George Williamson Brashears  
Hannibal, Missouri

**A**W, what the hell's the use? I'm goin' to get out of this Navy and get back to Missouri. Whee! Listen to the band! Oh, boy-y-y-y!"

¶ Sore as they make 'em at one minute, and the very next as happy and care-free as a lark—that is George, the misunderstood savoir.

¶ There are only two things he does consistently and they are bumming skags and shooting the mokey. At times he is too lazy to even light a skag, yet when the spirit moves him, watch out for the Yoker. When he really got down to brass tacks he made 'Nineteen's Plebe crew and went to the Henley at Philly. He is never too lazy to break out the old fiddle and amuse you. If you ever hear some one ragging "Nearer, My God, to Thee," singing Christopher Columbus, or imitating Ferdie, you can bet that George is entertaining the

Gang when he should be boning his Academic books.

¶ Before aspiring to sea life, the Guason used to heave the lead on a Mississippi River steamboat. Tom Sawyer and his adventures have nothing on the memoirs of G. Washington Brashears, as told by himself so

*Honors: Buzzard; Plebe Crew; Crew Squad, 3, 1; Rifle Squad, 3; Keeper of the Goat.*

¶ His one ambition in life is to play a joke on the Count. He and the Dutchman have several traits in common. They are always plaguing poor Loo-eye, and take a fiendish delight in watching that dignified student wander off to formation with no shoes, or reminding him that he has no blouse on under his reefer so so

¶ George, you 'll be the death of us yet, but may we hope for no worse ending than to die laughing at you and your wit.

¶ "Ah, Señor Brash'. Why da hell don' you do eet r-r-right?—Eh?"



William Hays Ferguson  
Mound City, Missouri

**F**ERGIE, the prodigy from Mound City, where they have a "Great White Way" and six drug stores! Depreciate this metropolis? Never! Rather compare the several soda stands of his native hamlet to the dens of vice of Pikeville, Kentucky,

*Honors: Buzzard.*

but do not belittle its two miles of paved streets. Can't you see him now—sitting on the cofferdam, a Bull skag in his face, engaged in a vociferous argument with Dopey Greer on the relative merits of their respective Podunks, while the referees stand breathlessly by, pencils poised to jot down points as they are won? Then you behold him at the height of his glory—almost.

¶ And now here 's the real pinnacle. A hop; soft music; a riot of color; much fou-fou; and here he comes.

¶ Not that tall, handsome one over there? Yeh, with the good-lookin'

dame. Why, you 'd never recognize him. Really, some one mistook him for Mary Gardner the other day. No, it was a very quiet funeral.

¶ You 'd never know it, but Fergie is quite a seagoing young officer, despite

the fact that an extract from his memoirs (Youngster

cruise) reads more like Robert W. Chambers. This is no scoop: "It was in the still mid-watch, as I was pacing the quarterdeck. The moon cast its fitful gleam through the cloud rifts overhead, and my thoughts reverted to The Girl. She was no raving beauty, but she was a dainty little miss and—" Pipe Sweepers!

¶ "Hey, Lucien, heard the dope?" "Nope, let 's have it." "Why, Fergie's on the pap." "What 's he on the pap fer?" "Naw, can't tell—it's too good." ❦ ❦



Adrian Ogle Rule, Jr.  
Saint Louis, Missouri

**S**TAND from under, all you slum swiggers, for the king stands down the corridor, with both hands in his belt, cap angle eighty-five degrees, toes on converging courses in disconcerting danger of collision. He does n't see you, for he is pondering dark and deep pond's, whereof no man knows the bottom. Long years of connubial propinquity to Hick Duval and Schaeffer have made Ogle a philosopher. His theories and derived laws on Hick's hazing mystery or what makes Schaeffer put on his best suit of service and dust his rug and bath robe with a whisk broom merit absorption by every would-be logician. ¶ No, that oyoyish beak is a false witness. Adrian is not from Jerusalem. He came to these portals of passion straight from the home of Anheuser-Busch, where he was so important that Boy was the only name he needed. He

brought many honors in various lines, including a medal for a hurdle race for boys under fourteen, but alas! he has lost his ambition. He is now content with an occasional rough-house, a tennis match, sailing a half-rater into a coal barge, or some other equally restful diversion ☪ ☪

*Honors: Buzzard.*

¶ A perfectly good fussing career of conquest has been ruined by an irresistible impulse that makes him sing "Naughty, naughty, naughty" on every occasion and with no provocation. Too bad, too, for a man who can do the Griggs Elephant hop like he can. But for all that, he has an original but sound set of molars and principles which have kept him clear of many snares, including stripes.

¶ "Aw, you poor simple goof, ain't you got no sense at all? I'm gonta cork." ☪ ☪

¶ "Where's the Ostrich?"



Charles James Palmer  
Durham, Montana

**T**HAT'S most unfortunate." He grins a pash and knowing grin, shakes with internal laughter, and looks a wicked and knowing look. And as you strain your feeble wits to figure out what it 's all about, he smiles again, an inscrutable and wise smile, saying, "It's most unfortunate; I'd explain it but I'm too modest to parade my wisdom in that way." Don't feel wooden, though, for even our academic profs with Oxford education and full military authority have never been able to fathom him; he 's too many for them. ¶ Just as Adam named the beasts with unfailing accuracy, even so thirteen First Classmen simultaneously knew Goose for Goose the first formation. Goose could be nothing else with that inverse brace. "No unnecessary effort" is his word, and he does everything gently but accurately—not only less effort, but more results. This may

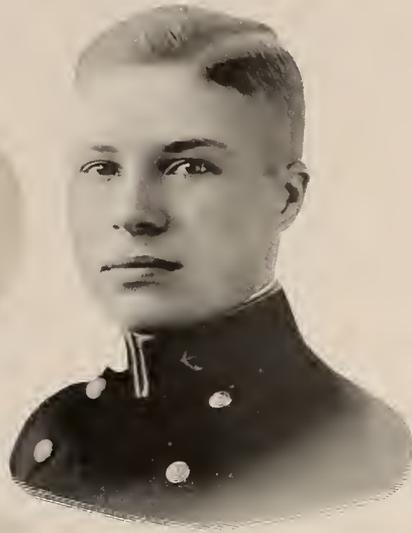
*Honors: One Stripe; Star, 4; Stage Manager Masqueraders, 1; Log Staff, 3, 1; Lucky Bag Staff.*

account for his silent sweet voice, but we have suspicions that that is a result of the guarded speech of the Oil Burner—for he is the King thereof.

¶ Pash loves to pose as a man of the world and never tires of telling how he first went to work way back in '87 at the advanced age of four years and never

saw a school till he landed here. ¶ Only twice has Goose failed professionally; once when he fell in disgrace from the top of the roll of Red Mikes and once when Ferdy wanted him to open his mouth wide enough to get two fingers in, in pursuit of true Spig accent. But he has more than made up for that by the number of unfortunates he has saved from bilging.

¶ Pash volunteered to write himself up, and then backed down—too modest to give himself a square deal, he said, so this is written in a more or less vindictive mood.



Howard Wesley Fitch  
Washington, Nebraska

**S**QUADS East! Go!"—but that's not really fair to Rosie, for he would n't do anything except in the customary reg way; and he always finds out beforehand how it's done. He's even reg about being non-reg. Perhaps that is why he has so seldom decorated the pap, but anyway, his game with the Executive Department has always left the chips on his side of the table.

¶ We suspect Rosie of ambition. Plebe summer he came in early with those first prehistoric explorers of this wilderness and got him a company to boss. He "Forward-Marched" and "To-the Reared" it with all the graceful tyranny of the proverbial Irish sergeant; and he must have liked it, for after tunneling through the dark middle years, he emerged and did it again. He wants to

get there, and there are no stopovers on his ticket ~~so~~ ~~so~~

¶ He has a naive way with the Academic Department, but it makes them come across. He does n't scintillate; he just glows, and kids them on. But that line

*Honors: Three Stripes; Basketball Numerals, 4; Mandolin Club, 3.*

of action, like the others he goes into, he carries on steadily, with honest-to-God seriousness. The Academy has never been able to break him of that, nor of his pristine innocence; but it has begun to crack his eyes to the wonders of the silken-ruffled sex. Funny, ain't it?

¶ Well, the old proverb goes: "If you have a few stripes, you can't fight 'em off," and Rosie accepted the inevitable with fortitude that would do credit to one worse stormed. Wonder if you realize that he can be efficient without being a pest?



Dixie Kiefer  
Lincoln, Nebraska

H, look at the crowd over there!"

¶ "Crowd—hell! That's not a crowd, that's Dixie Kiefer."

¶ Dixie is the Academy Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up. If we attempted to even mention the number of incidents he has crowded into his career here, it would take volumes. How he saluted the doorman of the Hotel Knickerbocker, how he fell overboard when visiting the Admiral in the capacity of Skipper's orderly; how he had the class standing at attention two hours in the corridor owing to his penchant for fishing with a waste basket in Youngster court; how he hid behind the piano in Rec Hall the day a fair inhabitant of our modern Athens came to see him; how—but enough.

¶ We had picked Dixie for the class Red Mike, but he disappointed us. After

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Plebe Football Team.*

two years spent here without even looking on at a hop, Dixie suddenly succumbed and began taking dancing lessons, and now he rivals Vernon Castle. It all goes to show that none of us are safe. But there were indications of his approaching fall. Reports began to circulate about an experience at that Modern Babylon, Ocean View, and when Dixie came back from September leave with a very knowing air and for him, a quiet demeanor, we knew that something was amiss ☞ ☞

¶ Good-natured, impulsive, generous, he makes friends everywhere, and when he gets the ordeal of reporting aboard ship over with, he will make a good officer and, in an emergency, mighty fine ballast ☞ ☞

¶ "Both rudders, full speed astern."



Donald Cooper King  
Omaha, Nebraska

**I**T was a pity to drag Donald away from home so young, for the eighth grade is lots of fun, but his education had progressed to the point where he could tell us that Omaha was a city, not a State, and that is much more than the average of Plebe intelligence. Under the experienced tutelage of T. H. G. Bailiere, 3d, our hero attained the nonchalant *savoir faire* and blasé don't-give-a-damness that marks a Youngster, and lo! after one year of being a Plebe he became a Midshipman. ¶ The Pants-Hanging Department did its Swedish best to bilge him, but his winsomeness had given him such a grease with the Brain Factory across the yard that he stuck. Scandinavian acrobatics got him off the weak squad they put him on, and now Donald can chin himself! His proficiency at chinning every-

body else had developed his line and his friendships long before that.

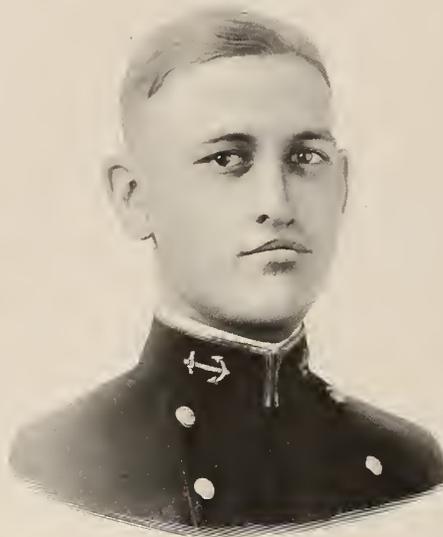
¶ As an athlete Don has been mighty successful in the usual way. He has the Toreador line; he is faithful to the track squad, whose track is the First Class

Gate every Five P. M.; he can wrestle with the best at the

*Honors: Buzzard.*

informals, and gets his share of falls.

¶ Here is one of the finest sympathizers in the Regiment, one who gives so much contented melancholy to a rhino bird that the contentment grows bigger than the rhino. He'll listen to the whole sad tale of the unexpected O. D., or the "4.0" that did n't arrive, or the fickleness of the girl back in Podunk and then—"Got any apples? Nope? C'mon, let's go out to a movie." You just gotta, and when you get back, it's still a hard life, but you have forgotten it. That's Don.



Lyle Newton Morgan  
Bassett, Nebraska

**W**ELL, I won't argue it with you any more, but you'll see it that way when you get older." The old wretch likes to get a big black segar and pose as the old experienced man of the world. ¶ He's tall and thin, with an evil eye and an even more evil line. In his milder moods he is playful and exuberant; he can make you think that he hails direct from Jerusalem, and that the only English he knows is that of the hands. ¶ Newt is sentimental. He is always picking up some yeoman or retired Lieut Com or British chaplain or such; extracting his family history and relaying it to the gang in glorified and heroic style. Those people instinctively know him for a friend, and they tell him everything, give him everything, get him everything. ¶ In his other moods he gets out his wicked grin and cuts loose—he's a

moving spirit in the Cook, Pace, and Tuggle aggregation, and you can judge by that alone. Lyle is our premier promoter and coach of mess-hall vaudeville, and his plebes are the most educated what are. ¶ He is a firm believer in the thumb rule that one should never pick up more than can be carried with ease. The Morganatic goat can be led forth by mentioning his leaning toward tall, emaciated females, whether or no they be red-headed, or possess an eagle beak and staring eyes. ¶ He is savvy and doesn't have to bone; hence an abundance of time to devote to the snappy fiction of the day, and to the latest records put out for use on the Victrola. If you ever want to borrow a magazine or a Fat, then go around to see Lyle—he is generous enough to really enjoy giving you whatever you wish ☛ ☛

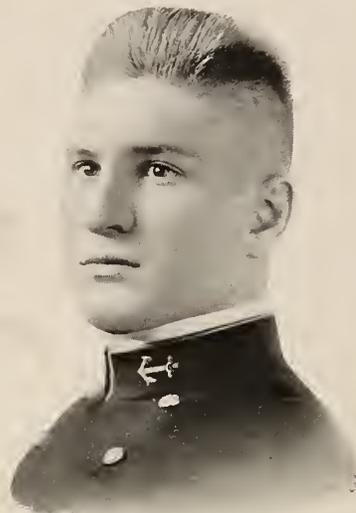


Leslie Clark Stevens  
Lincoln, Nebraska

**Y**OU may joke about Steve's infirm  
 amble, his oriental penchant for  
 ease, and his luxurious figure; but  
 you would not have the heart unless  
 you knew about his A. B., his Rhodes  
 Scholarship, and his nimble brain. It's  
 like picking on a blunderbuss and  
 poking the trigger while you are grin-  
 ning down the bore, to joke at Steve; for  
 if it does n't go off it does n't mind it at all,  
 but if she do, you get the merry ha-ha.  
 ¶ There has n't been any two-term law  
 to keep Steve from being the President  
 of 'Nineteen ever since we've been  
 big enough to have one; and if there  
 had been one, unanimous acclamation  
 would have been enough to have over-  
 ruled it; for as a diplomat alone he  
 rates the job. We have all just rested  
 securely and let him run things—and  
 been mighty glad to have him do it.  
 ¶ The great are always the subjects of  
 multifarious personal anecdote, more  
 or less hazily authentic, and Loo-eye is  
 a fruitful theme. A chin party never  
 ends without the latest version of how  
 "the Papa of us all" tried to tell a

*Honors: Three Stripes; Class Pres-  
 ident, 3, 1; Editor-in-Chief Lucky  
 Bag; Star, 4, 3; Captain Plebe Crew;  
 Crew Squad, 4, 3; Plebe Football  
 Team; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., 3;  
 Director Y. M. C. A., 1; Lucky Bag  
 Staff, '16, '17, '18; Log Staff, 3, 1;  
 Musical Clubs, 3.*

cow-punching reserve about the fresh-  
 water taps on the navigating bridge, at  
 two G. X. It is common knowledge that  
 he finds coaling the best time to sleep  
 in, too. The famous two-bit liberty  
 in Provincetown was immortalized by  
 his adaptability to Portuguese wood-  
 alcohol; but his star performance was  
 expatiating to a Boston cab-driver on  
 the Three Essentials of Life: Romance,  
 Mystery, and Another, while searching  
 for the Elusive Third. That "magic  
 casement—faery land forlorn stuff"  
 may explain his Persianesque style  
 of confiding his *affaires d'amour* when  
 the spell of night is deep. Still, we claim  
 that there is no greater adaptability  
 to circumstance than his, that could  
 appreciate a holly "Welcome" sign  
 over the gangway when his cruise on the  
*Reina* was beginning on Christmas Eve.  
 ¶ This is the only part of the *Lucky  
 Bag* that he won't see until it is too late,  
 so here's our chance to say that in all  
 the ways that Steve has made good,  
 there's none more complete than with  
 his hundred per cent of friends in 1919.



John Roland Redman

Reno, Nevada

**T**HE city of war-whoops, pugilistic combats, and negative matrimony has given us a Redman, who, though not a native American redskin, displays as many wild and woolly characteristics as the most painted Blackfoot.

In divorcing Nevada for the Navy, Jack was merely following the time-worn traditions of Reno. In his before-Adam wildness, the Rabbi has simply been true to traditions of the West. In leading the wrestlers, he has only lived up to the athletic reputation of his famous town. Yet of all the arrows the little Indian, Cupid, shot through Reno, we hear of none that penetrated Jack—this man whose schooled athletic form holds up so well against the men, but who is naught but child before a lady fair. His muscles melt as taffy from the heat of his childish blush at the softest flattering phrase from her.

¶ But he has been some rough-egg within

these walls, and has starred for the course in non-regness, a fact evidenced by the usual Academic adornment. An Academy without a Redman would be comparable to a sea without a storm—the storm of one who would commit

murder in lieu of having one think him a greaser. Red can eat, set you on your ear, and catch a skag

and a radio message, all at the same time.

¶ His athletic aspirations developed before entering the Academy because he wanted to lick a man—too bad he never got the chance. On the heavy squad he was brought up under the careful tutelage of the old wrestling school and became one of the Cap's best scholars. Red's arguments are based on the principle that might makes right. He usually wins his arguments.

¶ "Gee, that was a crummy trick to tell a girl I mentioned her silk stockings."

¶ "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

*Honors: Buzzard; Football Squad, 4, 3; Lacrosse Squad, 4; Wrestling Squad, 4; WNT, 3, 1; Captain Wrestling Team, 1.*



Ralph Edward Jennings  
Manchester, New Hampshire

**W**AN, this is something like." And with a satisfied sigh, that long, lean, cadaverous Yankee hook settled down to spend the day where he could enjoy to the utmost the ethereal odors of the Provincetown parlors for pickling our Navy Standard Ichthus. The only smell he likes better is gas. That drives him wild, thinking of his separation from his beloved motorcycle. ¶ But Hiram has been toned down a lot since he left New Hampshire, and is now a polished soche and falls madly in love every time he drags—but he and Stutz still can't see fussing while there is a perfectly good movie in town. Of course that keen flying face and lanky backwoods beauty make it superfluous for him to use all his brains in heaving a line which comes easily enough anyway, so he spends his energies in true New England style in invention. After a retirement of one

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Baseball Squad, 4, 3.*

week, with no other companions than Ballistic Tables and Bowditch, he burst forth to astound the Ordnance experts of the world with the greatest discovery of the ages—turn the rifling through 90° to the left, making the drift *up* instead of to the *right*, thus eliminating two-thirds of the infernal deductions of Exterior Ballistics and increasing the range of our guns by one-half!

¶ Theda is a character worth knowing. He makes a pretty creditable effort to live up to his name on the diamond, never fails to go unsat the first month of every term, and is in every respect, a true humorist so so

¶ That man can listen to your same old joke five times and make you think he never heard it before. Ralph qualifies as the Academy Fred Stone. His wicked song and dance is excruciating.

¶ "Aw, lemme sleep!"



Gustave Harold Bowman  
Dover, New Jersey

**A** STIFF neck, swaddled in yards upon yards of gauze, a black eye and a stiff leg, that's Chief. You never see him but he has something wrong with his anatomy, and we wonder how he manages to appear as cheerful as he does.

Chief has a lot of *Honors: Buzzard; Boxing Squad, 3.* hard luck, but he

is n't the kind to let it worry him.

¶ He came to us from the Service, and only one casual glance at him is enough to identify him as a real Salt. To hear him talk is to be convinced; for he uses such language as "from stem to stern" with the same carelessness that old seadogs would say "shiver me timbers."

¶ When he is n't in sick bay or the hospital, or has n't all of his vocal organs so entirely covered with bandages that they are of no use, he will always be found with his arms crossed,

hat on the back of his head, feet planted squarely and wide apart, telling of his experiences on the old *Brooklyn*. And when he has completed his reminiscences of the good old days and stalks off, you can plainly see the brine

dripping from him, and you feel sure that the roll and

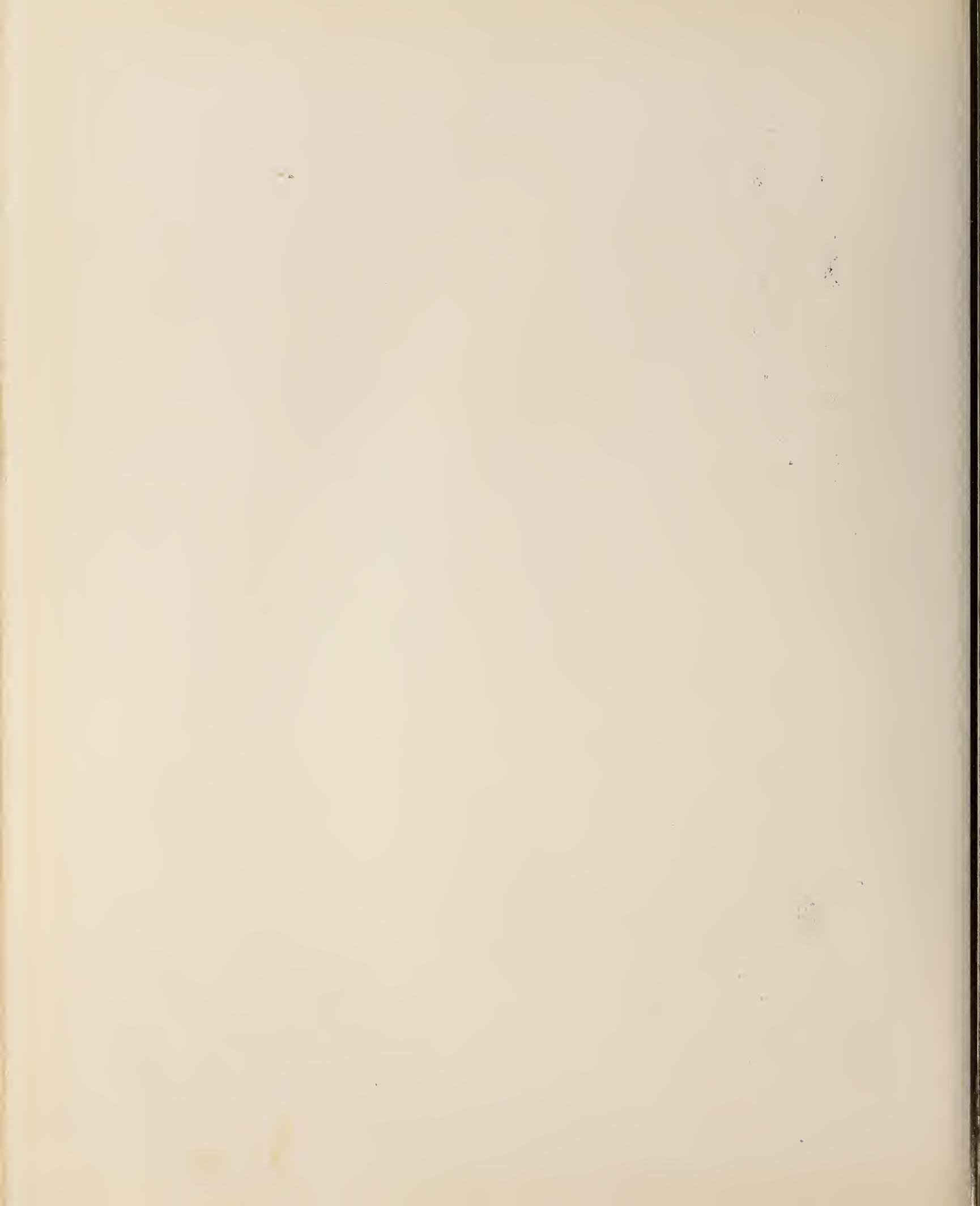
pitch of his body must have been handed down from a long line of followers of the sea. Practise makes perfect, you know ☪ ☪

¶ He never drags unless he can do the thing up brown. Two is the smallest number with which he is ever satisfied. And that seagoing roll do look grand on the waxed floors; no wonder he is able to inveigle so many of the credulous young things.

¶ "Back in the good old days when I was on the *Brooklyn*—"



*The Slaver*





Charles Henry Cushman  
Camden, New Jersey

**N**O thanks, fella, I'm training. Gosh, ain't I a mess, though? Look at this once." (Patting his rear-admiral rate with a satisfied air.) Don't you believe it, though, he'll eat. Tubba's only bluffing for an excuse to talk about his pride and joy—his fat. His other pride is his age and experience. He has been everything from a Naval Militiaman to a fireman on the Pennsy lines.

¶ Falstaff is as lazy and good-natured as his name—the mystery is how he holds his average of ten boxes of candy per hour without interfering with his sleeping hours—10 P. M. to 10 P. M.

¶ Since Youngster cruise, when he answered the O. O. D.'s "Where away?" with a hearty "Right over there," Cush has become efficient. In fact, he is

without exception our most efficient man in some ways. He writes one letter to the Camden Choir collectively. In return he gets long answers from each of the twenty-seven female members thereof. And the letters he does write—no human ever hove a line like that outside a poem so

*Honors: Two Stripes.*

¶ He is a conscientious worker and savvy, but has a tender conscience which works in strange paths. He bet twenty-five dollars he would n't get any stripes. Said if he did get any, then he'd feel they were paid for and he was square with the world. He bets on every exam on the same principle.

¶ "Well, I can't tell you about that gadget because I don't know. In fact I don't savvy it, but it works like this—" so so



Clayton Demarest, Jr.  
Hackensack, New Jersey

**W**E wanted to say he does n't drink, smoke, chew, swear, fuss, fight, or gamble; and now in the last lap he has gone and gummed the works. He does fuss! Not surreptitiously as the neophyte among the skirt-trailers is wont to do, but with flagrant openness.

It all came about thus—but why the tender details? Besides, it's a theme for Shelley or Keats. Poor old Demie!

¶ June had an ambition, a modest one but startling, for he gets away well with that reserve-energy pose. He wanted one stripe so that he would n't have to tote one of those Spanish-War-Relic Krag's. But now that he has it, he just can't help showing the girlies how much it looks like an Ensign's.

¶ That "June" was a slip. He kept the tender appellation discreetly undisclosed, but murder will out, and it fits so well we like it.

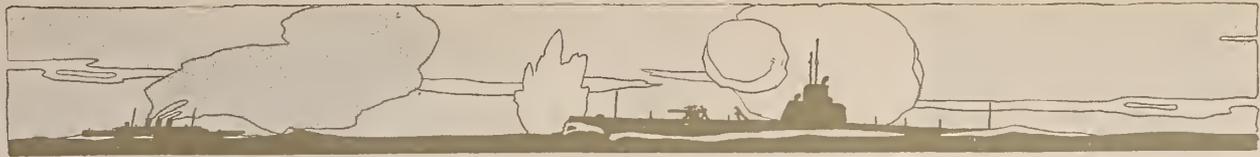
¶ Just a hint—when June squints his eyes like a kitten in the sun, and puts his teeth all out of joint getting his chin into prominence, he's being hard. Stand by for a zephyr of wrath.

¶ Demie's way with the Honorable Clan of Ignorance Detectors is unique. He bones and then

fools 'em; makes them think he did n't. He's full of little jokes like that, but he was serious about his prize idea in steam. "Sediment and salt in boiler, what do?" Demie: "Knock off the bottom plates." ☪ ☪

¶ His artistic bent is very much so, but not enough to be distorted. Its most malignant form requires a box-kodak with which he's always on hand to shoot you when you are in some position that you don't particularly care to have perpetuated. You can get along with him; his wife says you need only one pal if that pal is Demie.

*Honors: One Stripe.*



Gordon Macalister Jackson  
East Orange, New Jersey

**W**ERE we have another of those red-headed Apollos, gifted with a flexibility of person rivaling that of the historic wampus.

¶ Red has adorned our gym team ever since Plebe year. The result of this consistent hard work was apparent in the last strength test, which showed that Jackson is the Shadow of our class.

Although as yet our Samson has not been sheared by Delilah, he may be seen proffering the scissors at any soiree or informal. Red is gifted with his own and part of Willie Hearst's gray matter. So notorious is he in this respect that some one when aggravated with one of his idiosyncrasies, once remarked, "Jackson, if you don't lay off me I'll blow out your brains one by one." As a

by-product of that same cerebellum, Red, because of his efficiency along certain lines, sports the triple badge of authority ☪ ☪

¶ But the sphere in which he has no rivals is a physical one. Because of his perfection of form he seriously considered entering himself in *Physical Culture's* Physique-Beautiful contest and was

*Honors: Three Stripes; Gymnasium Team, 4; Captain, 1; GNT, 3; Track Numerals, 4, 3; Choir, 4, 3; Glee Club, 4.*

dissuaded only by the fear that the published photographs of the winners might not do him justice. But he is justly proud, for he has a figure which would make Annette Kellerman jealous ☪ ☪

¶ Imagine a red-topped perfume bottle gliding along Blake Road with reptilian grace and you have "that dear Mr. Jackson."



Arthur Piers Thurston  
Orange, New Jersey

**P**ETE is one of the charter members of the 8-W gang: "We want what we want when we want it." For instance, he got three stripes. Now we won't accuse him of wanting them, but he got them anyhow, and now that he has them he does n't care for them

¶ This wild and woolly specimen has been petted and made much of for so

long that he is beginning to believe the blandishments of his admiring friends. Well, we don't blame him, we would too, under similar circumstances. He rarely ever drags outside of his own family, mainly because he finds nearer approaches to a 4.0 there than he can on the outside.

¶ Pete has given evidence of his ability along business lines in his handling of Reef Points and the Christmas Carnival. Yet he never indulges in the usual pleasures of the bald-headed T. B. M. (Crabtown is not on the Big Time)

¶ "Shoot the nickel, shoot the V,

shoot the ten—aw, shoot the Liberty Bond." This is how Pete waxeth warm under the persuasive influence of the impinging ivory cubes.

¶ Plebe and Youngster years Piers played football on the scrubs, but with the arrival of First Class year, three stripes, etc., he doffed his moleskins in favor of a sword-belt—said article of

attire being considered a snarky addition. Now he has developed into a social lion. His particular circle of scintillation is the O. W. faction out in town. Many others have felt their lure, but to Pete belongs the High-Chair. He is King.

¶ In spite of the worry caused by the early morning oscillations of one of his file-closers in an attempt to impersonate the eight, Pete has preserved his good-nature. He is not a member of the "Gimme, Let me have, Have you got" club, but on the contrary is always heard saying, "Are you sure that will be enough?"

*Honors: Three Stripes; Plebe Football Team; Football Squad, 3; Business Manager Reef Points, 1; Lucky Bag Staff; Business Manager Christmas Carnival, 1.*



Franz Otto Willenbucher  
Westwood, New Jersey

**W**ERE we have Otto, the middle member of the Willenbucher Family, rivaling in its glory the famous Kirtland Clan. His elder brother bilged, as did numerous Kirtlands, but is now in the Army. His younger brother is in the Marine Corps, although he aspired to the Academy. William, however, like the poor, we have always with us.

¶ He is of the care-free, don't-give-a-rap, nonchalant type, altogether different from the slow-going, patient, and dense Dutchman that you thought you were going to read about when you noted his ancestral name. Nay, William is always full of pep and talk, and even in his few and far-between moments of seriousness he carries a cynical and twisted smile. He poses as a man of the world, a jack of all trades, and yet he continually ruins this carefully worked

up impression by his pranks. His greatest delight is to give unexpected and unwished egg shampoos to his dear friends.

Franz is a member of the Gimme Gang. Since he is addicted to the use of the weed, having made numerous cruises on that account, "Fats" are what he usually seeks, but he will, upon earnest insistence, take anything else you may have at hand.

¶ He first gained a name for himself Plebe summer when he and Jack Redman became implicated in a hazing investigation all their own. He accused Jack of brutal hazing and had us all excited, but the truth came to light. Jack had only stenciled Franz's name thwartships across his beam with the laudable intention of saving him the trouble of spelling it out for those curiously inclined.

¶ "What 'd you get in Math?"

*Honors: Buzzard.*



**Edgar Ross Winckler**  
Asbury Park, New Jersey

**W**INK made a name for himself in Crabtown even before he joined the Navy, for he has the distinction of being one of the few people who have ever aroused the native police force from its trance. The event which brought this about was Edgar's trying to emulate a second-story man on his return from one of his evening promenades while a student(?) at Bobbie's. The police force was leaning against a lamp-post a block away and speeded up enough to bring him to the scene of action by the time that Wink had climbed through the window and had turned in.

¶ Wink claimed to be an old salt, and the fact that he came from a seafaring town like Asbury Park led us to believe he was one, until one day during Plebe summer when he took out a half-rater, met a squall, and went

down with his colors flying. After which he admitted that a canoe had been the largest craft he had ever commanded.

¶ He redeemed himself on his First Class cruise, however, as assistant engineer officer on the amphibious

*Michigan*; he helped overhaul the machinery while she was up at the

Island and is reported to have had on his hands enough parts left over when they put it together again to build a new engine. Anyhow he got several trips to Asbury Park out of his labor

¶ Wink is good-natured and jolly, and he has worked earnestly as football manager, and at everything else he has tried. He is one of the few men who come out victorious in the struggle with the Commissary.

¶ "Nobody loves a fat man"—but then Wink is n't that fat.

*Honors: Buzzard; Football Numerals, 4, 3; Manager Football Team, 1; Mandolin Club, 3.*



Morton Tinslar Seligman  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

SCENE: Mort's room.      TIME: Two minutes after dismiss from drill.      CHARACTER: Mort (himself).

*Zowie, Bang! (That's the chair going over).*

*Zwich! (That's the service coming out of the locker.)*

*"Where in Hades is that clean shirt?"*

THE whole idea of the above is to describe Mort getting under way for the formation over on Porter Row (late blast four minutes after recall from drill). Talk about action! We are led to believe that it is a right non-reg formation; for talking in ranks, not looking to the front, and such carrying-on are quite *en regle*. Perhaps that's the reason it appeals to Mort—the non-reg part. But after all, you know, he does love his liberty.

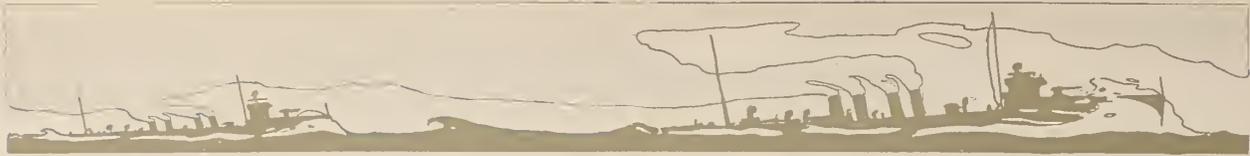
¶ "Did I tell you about the party I had—" *Some* parties, doubtless, no doubt, as the boys say when they want lots of emphasis. Really, Mort is *very, very* innocent. If you don't believe it, just ask him how little caused him to join us. And that sweet little smile with which he receives a notice that it's duty at the Barracks next day would absolutely remove all doubts as

to his cheerful, willing acceptance of things as they are.

¶ We're a little afraid, too, that he is prone to exaggeration, especially on the subject of being unsat. Believe us, if Mort went unsat in all the subjects in which he says he's going to get a flat 2.0, he certainly would be

a captain in the O. R. C. now. And the funny part of it is that the whole works is a mere detail in his young life.

¶ "Seagoing?" You ask. Look at that cap, that recitation blouse which made its debut to N. A. society back in 1910, and above all, that corkscrew roll which identifies Mort "on the ballroom floor." Many are the candidates that have learned to their sorrow the latent energy in that roll. ¶ If you want to know anybody in Crabtown, New York, Chicago, or any big metropolis, just go around to Mort. He'll give you a list.



**Charles Allen**  
Roslyn Heights, Long Island

**ORIGINALLY** Charles hailed from exclusive Tuxedo on the outskirts of nowhere, but has tried them all in turn—Harlem, Hoboken, Chinatown, and all. Such a habitation as this Tuxedo we would look for only in fairy verse—sort of castles in the air. Every human being that came near it was accompanied by two or three cops and a trained nurse. He was then a member of the *elite*. He has now graduated into the real society of the Shinnecock Hills of Long Island.

¶ As for girls, with Charlie on one end of the seesaw he'd be a sure bet against anything we've got in this little Zoo of ours. He falls often and hard, only to rise again and trip blindly over another bleeding heart. ¶ Charlie was once Chief of Staff of the Order of Hard, Heavy, Heaving Hell-

hounds of the Fighting Third, and as such was the victim of a great many raids directed at His Ballistic Majesty, Togo the Tuggle.

¶ Speaking of strife and conflict, with supreme and lasting final victory, he gets the platinum percolator. For any man to have crossed

**Honors: Buzzard.**

the shoals of Youngster year with about a half-inch freeboard and six feet of barnacles hanging on him is a feat which backs Houdini into the babbling waters of Spa Creek. Math and Skinny caused the waste of more calories in the power plant to furnish the necessary midnight illumination than all the rest of the "No bottom at ten" subjects in the alphabet.

¶ It's a great life, Savvy, if you don't contract the habit of deviating from the "paath" which you are endeavoring to pursue ☛ ☛



Charles Lee Andrews, Jr.  
Flushing, Long Island

**Y**OU know that throaty voice, the one that just can't be imitated—like Caruso with a door-block in his mouth. It must have certain sympathetic qualities though, for many a blush has mounted to fair ladies' brows and many a girl has looked at him with adoration in her eyes.

¶ Have you ever seen him during study hours? Now this is strictly confidential.

It's our opinion that it's at these times that he correlates his wicked ideas to spring on the young favorites who come down to see him, that they may be amused. He sits back in his chair with his feet on his table and looks into space. Space sure looks interesting through his eyes. A queer smile suffuses his calculating expression and some clever pun drops, like "You know the shoulder's tender. Why? Because of the tendons in it."

*Honors: One Stripe; Crew Squad, 4, 3; Plebe Football Team, 4; Hop Committee, 3; Chairman Hop Committee, 1; Secretary and Treasurer Midshipmen's Athletic Association, 3, 1.*

¶ When things come Andy's way they come in flocks. He gets his scented letters three or four at a time. Candy comes by the box, fruit in clusters, and now and then a responsibility or two. He was figuring on being engaged to

several girls at the same time, but that would n't work, so he decided on one, unofficially, you savvy. In the fall of First Class year

Football was undertaken; by his special request, owing to his imposing appearance and charming ways, he became usher at Chapel; and he was even considered for Glee Club for his interpretations of croaking frogs.

¶ We ask you as friends, watch Whiskey. He will bear watching. Most any time he's apt to take some one's Stutz, run over somebody, bust up the works, and then hide behind his Skipper's sword-knot until the thing's blown over.



Rodman Drake DeKay  
New York City

**D**E KAY, Navy!" Alas, gentle reader, we might as well get the worst over with at the start, for Deke is a fencer. But we might also have said "Touché" for Deke is right there when it comes to pushing the foils, in fact he got an "N" for it. Also he is manager of the fencing team, having won that much-desired office (in years when we send the fencers to New York) in a contest which brought joy to the hearts of all the frog-eaters. The fighting spirit which is a requirement for every good fencer made Deke a terror in the old-fashioned rough-houses held on the ground deck during Plebe year, and later on in the combats of the hellhounds of the terrible Third, which he finally joined. He

*Honors: Buzzard; Fencing N, 3;  
Manager Fencing Team, 1.*

has led a varied matrimonial life, academically speaking at least. After several unsuccessful ventures in that line, however, he finally settled down to a life of bliss with the beautiful Spud and they lived happily ever after, as the saying goes. ¶ The pet hobby of Monsieur Duckegg (as the Dago profs christened him) is sailing, and he does it fairly well, for, although confessing to come from New York, he has spent much of his time in East Hampton, Long Island, a great place (according to him) where sailing and sleeping seem to be the principal sources of excitement. ¶ Well, Deke, here's wishing you luck. Remember that life, too, is a game in which the object is "to hit and not be hit."



Thomas Benjamin Fitzpatrick  
Brooklyn, New York

**W**ERE we have an example who can create one of the greatest evolutions of impressions, during the period of an acquaintanceship, of any of those gay ones chained up in the Kennels on the Severn. First impression: A blasé, reserved creature, with a skag forever within his facial orifice. Second impression: Someone walks in on him arguing with Graham; Brooklyn and the Shinnecock Hills versus Boston and its Hill of Beans. Fitz is now looked upon as an oratorical expert with more than sufficient vivacity to bring forth admiration from the astounded audience. Third and last impression: He loves right well those twenty-three and a half hours sleep.

¶ We may say that Fitz undoubtedly has a great deal of energy, but it's all of the potential variety; inert, so to speak. Practically the only time any of

it was dissipated was in 'Frisco on his first cruise. It seems that around the Golden Gate flock the flower of Southern California and half the wealth of the East. Since then, upon all occasions requiring the expenditure of physical power he has preferred to rest in peace.

*Honors: Buzzard.*

¶ And finally, to develop the characteristics of this young aristocrat, we must mention the ladies, past, present, and future. Fitz bought a Miniature—yea, a beautiful Miniature—and has been having somewhat of a time ever since, trying to keep from building up a reputation warranting jealousy on the part of the girl back home in Flatbush. Tittering Tom tried hard not to fuss, but you know we just can't help it now and then, when millions are at stake.

¶ “Hey, Mike, can that religious stuff, will ye? Can it!”



Ernest Edward Herrmann  
New York City

**A**T first the complexity of the character of this staid young man confused the minds of the rest of us, but longer acquaintance cleared up some of the weird tangles. Early in Plebe summer he developed a remarkable predilection for the type of crustaceans that abound in Chesapeake Bay

—even to the extent of retiring with them placed under the pillow of his downy couch. Not satisfied with this personal delight, he attempted to create the same desire in his friends, but with indifferent success.

¶ On the day before Christmas leave, Plebe year, he was ragged while catching, but ambled out the gate the next day in cits just two jumps ahead of the order incarcerating him upon the *Reina*. When the Academic year gracefully expired Ernest convoyed his gear with the consciousness of “Well done, Hermann, well done!” for did not the

sign of the sovereignty of gray matter dot his collar? Once aboard, he joined the I. W. W. and won the five-hundred championship by the simple expedient of stacking the cards while the rest of the gang were laboring.

*Honors: Battalion Staff Petty Officer; Crew Squad, 4, 3; Choir, 4, 3, 1; Glee Club, 4, 3, 1; Star, 4.*

¶ His military abilities are well known to the authorities, for is he not in

military control of Vose’s sleep-inspiring songsters?

¶ Unaffected by the many signal honors conferred upon Ernest he has pursued the uneven tenor of his way, same being the momentary desires of E. E. Hermann. One of the most insidious of his pleasures is his frantic and always successful raid upon the mail-room in his search for that diurnal epistle from Her so so

¶ Imagine an interpolation between Ivan the Terrible and Alfred the Great in a Twentieth Century incarnation and you have Ernest.



James Joseph Hughes  
New York City

**W**EY, Mister, you of the pink face and red hair! What do the girls call you?"

¶ "Jim, sir!"

¶ This the first day of Plebe year, and Jim he has been ever since. Jim, as we will always remember him, is a little fellow with a detective stalk, quiet and unassertive, but ever ready to talk on any subject if you once wind him up; very serious, and very seagoing. He is a sailor of the old marline-spike type, and his idea of the seventh heaven is the rigging loft of the Seamanship Department.

¶ Have you ever seen the expression on the face of a bookworm, a little old man with glasses and a kindly smile, who had buried his nose in a dusty, musty volume? Well, when Jim gets both thumbs and his eight fingers twisted

up in a rope and has almost tied that knot, he has just such an expression, that of supreme contentment.

¶ When a plebe he was always a favorite with the upper-classmen. His sleuth-like walk, that deep bass voice, the harmony of his whistling, and his extreme seriousness,

made him rank head and shoulders above his classmates as an entertainer, although he never suspected it.

¶ His devotion to his pipe and his Latakia is indeed touching and pathetic, and the cause of a terrible smell. Chloroform has nothing on it as a sleep-producer.

¶ He is honestly, and almost reverently in love with his profession; has had a long hard grind and deserves all that the Service can offer.

¶ "Now, you see it's this way."

*Honors: Buzzard; Log Staff, 3;  
Log Board, 1.*



John Oldham Huse  
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

**W**ERE we have the gentleman who, with the aid of loaded dice, hollow balls and other diabolical devices, poses as a puzzling prestidigitator. Perhaps his presto-change, now you see me, now you don't, methods have aided him in other ways than in affording amusement

to his friends. Anyhow he has the knack of vanishing at opportune moments and reappearing just in time to prevent or allay the suspicions of the D. O. Indeed Jack's demure and gentle exterior camouflages a wild and woolly spirit. But then his long period of domesticity with Jack Richardson has influenced him so that between the pair Mary's hair is growing thin on top.

¶ In the course of his occult studies Jack has taken up mesmerism and has become quite adept in that art, as the

volume of his mail indicates. Not only the young ones but those of earlier vintage succumb to his catalytic maneuvers. All the dowagers swear by him or rather express profound admiration for his character and disposition.

¶ Though by no means wooden, he frequently lets things heap up until exam time rolls around and then he is apprehended in a state of incriminating ignorance. Hence his nocturnal occupations of the M. C.'s table so so

¶ His Saturday dragging ventures have interfered with his athletic aspirations, but in their place he has by hard work and constant attention to duty achieved the supreme power in the Mother's Aid Society.

¶ Conceive of Huckleberry Finn made up as John Drew and you have Jack.

*Honors: Buzzard; Masqueraders, 3.*



James Eugene Kiernan  
New York City

**C**AN you imagine that the above sweet, simple countenance serves as camouflage for the most terrifying and bloodthirsty disposition in captivity? Neither can we, but such is the sad, sad fact. His head of that infamous auburn tint seems to grow more fiery as he gloats over the gore of his (theoretically) maimed and bleeding opponents, for Rosy is a member in good standing of that nefarious nucleus of temperamental sword-slingers. He is never so happy as when hacking away at the anatomy of some misguided youth. The supreme moment of his life (as he afterwards confided to every one while in a delirium of ecstasy) was when Mr. Heintz spoke at fencing drill: "Mr. Kiernan, will you kindly step up here and help me demonstrate these parries to the class?"

¶ Aside from these athletic joys, the

infant's greatest pleasure is solving the mysteries of an inscrutable Juice lesson. Hence the supremacy of mind over matter insignia on his collar and the line of supplicants every night for his first aid to the mentally deficient.

*Honors: Two Stripes; Fencing Squad, 4; Fencing N., 3; Intercollegiate Champion Sabres, 3; Star, 4. 3.*

¶ The authorities, in order that his life should not be a sweet dream on a bed of roses, wished on him the job of battalion adjutant, with the accompanying task of making out the duty details. And Rosy with characteristic naiveté and zest proceeded merrily to twist the works. Is there one in our midst who has not hit duty the very night he was dragging? Chorus—"No, not one; no, not one!"

¶ Conceive of the setting sun, animated by righteous and conscientious wrath, smiting his enemies hip and thigh with a saber, and you have a striking likeness of our Rosy.



William Lawrence Marsh  
New York City

**T**HIS blasé first-nighter and cabaret-frequenter originated in the town of Hearst and Tammany where his haughty and aloof air was acquired in Mrs. DePuyster's finishing school. But somehow gold lace appealed to his æsthetic sense, so we have him in our midst. ¶ That same blasé and world-weary look which sits so well upon his distinguished countenance is induced by the mass of information he has had thrust upon him during his sojourn in this suburb of Eastport. The loofa sponges of his mental feed and filter tank have stopped so much sediment in the way of extraneous facts that it is sometimes difficult to force an idea through the passes of his mind even with high pressure. Not that Larry is n't intelligent, but his brains seem to have

descended to his heels, for when he dances his toes are possessed of an intelligence all their own. Plebe year he was old Barrin' Any's favorite pupil and was always selected as aide in demonstrating the latest antique steps.

*Honors: Buzzard; Plebe Crew Squad; Log Staff, 1; Lucky Bag Staff.*

¶ Still his gray matter seems to spot well from the low position.

It not only manages to extract sat marks from the two-five misers but also finds time to portray the fads and fancies of his classmates for the *Lucky Bag*. While a Smoke Hall athlete in most sports, he personally indulges in crew practise and may be found on any fine spring day paddling around with the rest of the tall boys.

¶ Larry's pose is good because it's genuine. He has an exterior that is picturesque enough itself and worth one's time if one can get behind it.



George Francis Mentz  
New York City

**S**AY, you ought to have been with us when we made that liberty in Naples, Gibraltar, Colon, Long Beach, Monte Carlo, Nice, San Francisco—"It matters not what spot on the globe you pick, old Sin-bad has been there on one of his Midshipmen cruises, and of each one he has a different tale. All of them are worth

retelling, but it would take a DeMau-passant to do justice to some.

¶ Among the uncensored ones are how he and Jimmy Wooten introduced themselves as Leftenants, U. S. N., to two young ladies in Nice, and asked them to call on board ship. They called all right, when the *Misery* was coaling, and Egg appeared in coaling clothes. . . 'Nuf sed; one more promising romance nipped in the bud.

¶ The Egg believes firmly in the adage "In Rome do as the Romans," so he tried to introduce Chianti to the palates of the Midshipmen. They

balked and Egg could n't let all that go to waste; again 'nuf sed—Egg does n't remember much about Pompeii except that the station is an excellent dormitory so so

¶ Any biography of Egg would be incomplete if we did not mention the struggle he has manfully kept up during his six years here.

However, perseverance is being rewarded and at the time of going to press Egg reports that he has at last found the elixir of hirsute life and before long we expect to have him making the Seven Sutherland Sisters look like a bunch of onions.

¶ There's a silver lining to every cloud, even bilging; and Egg in six years here has had an opportunity to collect more friends than most people do in their whole service career.

¶ He's a good scout and we're glad to see that after trying so many classes he finally decided on ours to stick to.

*Honors: One Stripe; Swimming Squad, 6, 5, 4; Class Supper Committee; Class Lacrosse, 6, 5; Class Soccer, 6, 5.*



Van Ransselear Moore  
Hudson, New York

**T**HIS scion of an ancient and honorable tribe attempts to uphold the pristine dignity of his patronym by his blasé and world-weary attitude. No doubt his long stay in the Vale of Tears (for he is an opponent of intensive training) has robbed him of his optimism. His gregarious instinct, impelling the search for companionship during study hours, won for him the pseudonym of Pest, especially when the Duty Officer chose the same time to pay a call.

¶ Frequently he has deluded the instructors into the belief that he was thoroughly cognizant of the quirks of the lesson, and then ruined it all by talking too long and displaying his real uncertainty.

¶ In athletics Moore is a jack-of-all-trades. Every new season finds him one of the best of the second-string men in

every branch of sport. First Class year while he was cavorting around with the "Z" squad, Shorty yelled "Give us a rough halfback" and Moore answered "Right here." Answered "Here," despite his aristocratic origin and distinguished manner!

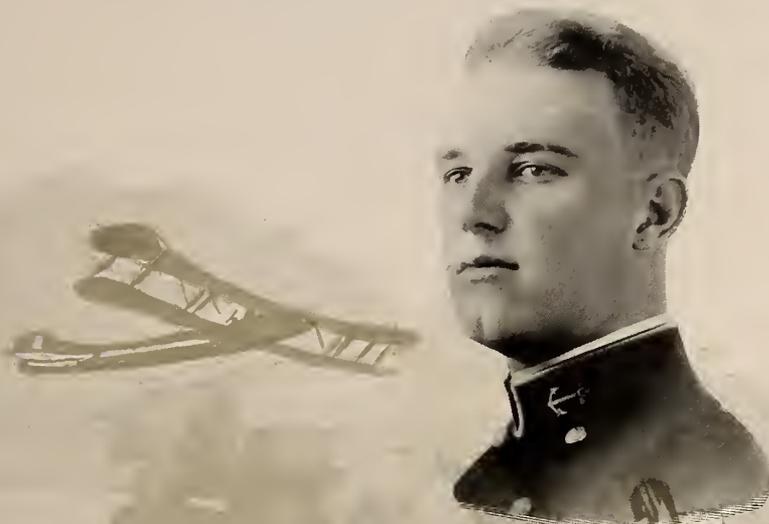
*Honors: Buzzard; Football Numerals, 3; Track Numerals, 4, 3; Bugle Corps, 6, 5, 4, 3, 1; Swimming Squad, 6, 5, 4, 3, 1.*

You'll never fool us again, Van Ransselear, into thinking you are a real blood,

for you have shown your cloven hoof. ¶ Nevertheless V. R. is a fine man to have for a friend, although such distinction places you on the eligible list of victims for his practical jokes.

¶ Added to his other accomplishments he has the reputation of being the only charter member of Hill's Jazz Band in the Academy.

¶ Imagine an inscrutable face graven in wood, surmounting a body in whose veins runs purple blood and you have V. R. ☛ ☛



Alfred Patrick Moran, Jr.  
New York City

**I**N the next cage, ladies and gentlemen, behold Alibi Al, the Cynical Celt. Why do we call him Alibi? Because, ladies and gentlemen, one night in New York at the Friars' Club — well, never mind, Stevens will tell you all about it. Don't you think he is good looking, though? And don't you adore his smile and those cerulean Irish orbs?

¶ The gold on his sleeve denotes a Battalion Staff P. O. You would think by his careworn expression that there is a lot of work entailed in holding down this job, but all the Harp has to do is warm a chair in 235, shave, wonder how soon he will be bald-headed and what his infantile roommate will do next, decide whether he will go out for baseball or coach the team, and worry about the next hop. The diaphanous skirt of Sheba's Queen could n't lure Pat to one

of those "dam' wastes of time" until he became the People's Choice on the Hop Committee.

¶ When he came to us it was with the reputation of quite an athlete, but a strain in his soupbone Plebe summer

*Honors: Battalion Staff Petty Officer; Football Squad, 5; Baseball Squad, 4, 3; Baseball Numerals, 4, 3; Lucky Bag Staff; Log Staff, 1; Hop Committee, 1.*

never gave us a chance to see Pat at his best. However, every spring sees him gamboling on the diamond or telling

the coach the fine points of the game. On the cruise he was known to the *Wyoming's* entire crew as "Pat," although it was "Mr. Moran" to his face. It's been said that he's lazy, but that's just the steadiness and conservatism of age. To see him working on these humble pages gives that scandal the lie. ¶ "Be nice, be nice!"

¶ "Now leave that chair be. It's my poisonous property and stays here, you dam' bunch of infants."



Charles Ambrose Nicholson  
Syracuse, New York

**G**ENTLEMEN: this seraphic phiz represents Charles in one of his comparatively placid moods. He did n't spoon much on having it taken because, curiously, he is not over-fond of his Phoebus-like map, and he had to knock off roughing up the Five-Striper and the Editor and other celebs long enough to sit calmly for it. Being one of the distinguished himself, he exercises his privileges flagrantly with the rest. Approach Nick in a friendly fashion, and he'll execute some of his gym team maneuvers by way of saying "Hello." ¶ It took Chuck two years of college to learn that he belonged in the Academy, and then he arrived and became "Nick" with us the first day. He still is, for in spite of his playfully acrobatic friendliness we like to have him around.

*Honors: Three Stripes, Regimental Adjutant; Class Secretary, 3, 1; Gymnasium Squad, 4, 1; GNT, 3; Captain Plebe Football Team; Star, 4, 3.*

¶ "The reason why all the girls go to Chapel" is Nick, and it is the despair of would-be fussers to see the fine carelessness of this Red Mike giving the maidens two hundred r. p. m. of the heart. He claims he has the best reason in the world for not fussing—out in St. Paul, Minnesota, rumor has it. With his nine per week average with the United States Postal Service from St. Paul, we are much inclined to take the dope straight.

¶ The powers that be over in the Academic building have a profound respect for the incidental efforts that Nick finds time to give them after his important duties with everything else. Must be he's savvy, but at any rate he's booked, girls; still we can't help wishing him the best of luck.



Charles Kintzing Post  
Bayport, Long Island

**L**ET me introduce to you the infant prodigy—young in years but old in experience. He is growing up fast, though, and with the aid of a little Irish advice, Charlie will soon be breaking razor blades with the roughest of us. Still it'll be a pity to see those roses disappear and all the girls will mourn for that "skin you love to touch."

¶ Niño and Simms were Plebes together, and although he still believes that square-rigged frigates are the only sane defense against the stealthy U-boat, he admits that the twelve-inch guns on the Sloop-of-War *Wyoming* are interesting little playthings; in fact, he knows how to handle a loading crew. ¶ He was commissary one month and had a priceless case of "Navy Spirits," with the aid of which we middies were expecting to drive away that awful Yorktown thirst. A ten-second load and the refreshing juice of the sun-kissed grape was theirs. Those men were a thirsty crew and . . .

well, Charlie was not our commissary the following month.

¶ Did you ever see our Venus in his silken tights on the brink of our well-beloved Natatorium? One look at those graceful curves and you would see why

Charlie is captain of the mermaid hunters. Have you ever wandered up to the crew shed, that rambling farmhouse hidden snugly behind the baseball stands? If you have, do you

remember who carried the stern of the Navy shell down the gangway? Then think back a few years and see if you remember a plump little fellow doing circles around the field. You never would connect the two, but as Jonas said, "Post, you'll be a man yet if you keep on going."

¶ We might mention a Stutz, a run-about just built for two, which haunts the Shinnecock Hills, but why go deeper—into that vale of gloom where all is bliss.

¶ "Waiter, bring me a duck!"

*Honors: Three Stripes; sNT, 4, 3, 1; Log Staff, 3, 1; Business Manager Log, 1; Swimming Team, 6, 5; Captain Swimming Team, 1; Record Plunge; Crew Squad, 4; First Crew, 3; Hop Committee, 3, 1; Chairman Class Supper Committee; Lucky Bag Staff.*



Harry Arthur Rochester  
Brooklyn, New York

**L**INE forms this way; stand back, gentlemen; don't shove; there's plenty left and then some. You may think it's a run on the old family bank, but you're wrong. Nothing but a wild and foodless mob of slum-fed Middies forming their nightly bread-line by Harry's room.

Or we might call it the cake walk. Those cakes of Harry's are famous. They come each night and leave each night—so do the midshipmen, who come in a howling, fighting crowd, but you ought to see them leave—some stagger out, some wobble, some crawl, but for the most part those that can't even roll are dragged away. Those cakes do fill you up.

¶ Harry comes from New York—I think you know the town—that little hamlet on the Hudson. Of course, he's not a bally rounder, but has he ever told you of those little parties down at

Brighton Beach? Get him in a confidential mood some day—you know how, with 'at little aid. He'll tell you all about them—we won't.

¶ Harry came back to us from 'Eighteen. It may be that he needed a change

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Soccer Numerals, 4.*

but if the facts were looked into, the doctor that prescribed

said change was more or less in league with the Academic Department. That's more than most of us are, but then a student and instructor often differ on certain little questions very necessary to the uplift, not to mention the downfall, of midshipmen. Before he left 'Eighteen, however, he was deserted by his wife, who resigned to get married. This may have caused his downfall, but we can't figure out whether it was from losing Gray or because Gray got the girl. He's with us now, and whatever the cause, we're glad to have him.



Herbert Meyer Scull  
New York, New York

**W**ERE we have another of those Army Juniors who have joined the Navy. This shift of family allegiance seems to have made him a disdainer of feminine charms, for the swish of a skirt does not connote the joys of fussing to him, but the expense of a family. To quote his own words, "It's not the initial expense, it's the upkeep."

¶ Scull is another of those resin-strewing handball fiends who ruin half the Gym floor for dancing purposes.

¶ His first cruise was fruit for this young Farragut. He reveled in the exotic fruits and feeds provided by the tropical populace and nearly ruined one man's orange grove-out in California. In Frisco he confided to an accomplice of his, "This sightseeing is great stuff, but I miss my daily nap."

¶ Scrooge, despite his pious look and wistful eyes, is one of that species known as a good sport. He once bet Greek Garrett that he would become a Rear Admiral before the Greek reached the grade of Commander.

¶ He never smoked until First Class year and then Demon

Nick got the best of him. He now holds his wooden kimono safety-pins (Piedmont brand), between his pendulous lower lip and his thumb in a gay and devilish manner.

¶ Among his favorite hobbies are an unfortunate predilection for that type of haircut affected by coal-passers; and presentations of the Battle of Santiago with himself in the rôle of leading lady.

¶ Imagine a good-natured, intelligent tapir and you have a life-size picture of Scull *so so*

*Honors: Buzzard.*



Desmond Joseph Sinnott  
Brooklyn, New York

**D**O, girls, it's no use—here's one man who is absolutely and unqualifiedly impervious—even prefers a movie without girls. And it really is a shame, for he's so good looking, and that Celtic line can't be beat.

Just to hear him say “turt'l dove” and “batt'l boat” makes

us squirm with joy. ¶ Sinnott is a man who can wear whites to a coaling and come out spotless. He stars in grease because he is efficient—maximum results with minimum exertion. He does things right—that is, except math. Sinnott's mind is sentimental and poetic and math is not, and there you have it. He has straightened out all his affairs in preparation for extended leave every winter, but somehow he has pulled up each time.

¶ Math has made him chronically

rhino. Talk to him five minutes and you wonder how you ever managed to tolerate this life so long, but talk ten minutes more and you will see why. In our whole Academic course there has never been one word said against him,

*Honors: Buzzard.*

even by the Executive Department, and we'll bet two to

one with the Com himself that no card index has any dope on Desmond.

¶ First-Class cruise he attempted to drown his woes in great clouds of smoke and is still doing so with great success.

¶ New York politics are his main interest in life just now. Wait a second—here is our gossip, with dope that the old standby is slipping—he has one and only one of those gray sweaters. Holy mackerel—if that calamity howler gets to worrying about a girl—us for the Asiatic! ☛ ☛



William John Kent Strachan  
New York City

**B**ILLY started babbling when he first came to these classic shades fresh from the hands of Bill Leonard, and he found the atmosphere so conducive towards Irish oratory that he decided to stay with us for an extra year. This was a little hard luck for Bill but not for us, as we love to hear him imitate

a brook. ¶ When he is n't setting forth his ideas on how the Navy has deteriorated or telling you of the wonders of New York and his chorine friends, he is usually boning. Bill admits he is no book savoir.

¶ His first Plebe year he played a little baseball, as he had a previous reputation to uphold, but he decided when he returned to the fold that you can not be an athlete and savoir too. "They got me once, and you can bet they

are n't going to do it again." One of his big cares is taking care of his German roommate. Bill spends his study hours civilizing Willen and his sleeping hours in educating himself.

¶ First Class cruise on the *New York*, his favorite pastime was to gather his cronies together in the blower room and

*Honors: Buzzard; Football Squad, 5; Class Baseball Team, 5; Track Squad, 5, 4, 3.*

start an argument. The Count would take the opposite side just to be ornery and then, as our antediluvian prototypes would say, "They're off." The discussion would usually end up with Bill's forgetting what the argument was about, but what was the difference? His tongue was getting exercise.

¶ Keep babbling, Bill, we like to hear you, and you'll get to the Big River yet.

¶ "Bottl'a beer, Bill?" "Make it two, kid, make it two!"



James Bennett Sykes  
Rochester, New York

**A**BOVE you see the man that invented the dictionary, he of the well-oiled jaw and a brain seething with words and ideas which make us poor mortals scratch our heads in wonder—that is Jimmy Sykes

¶ Although he claims that this dear old English language of ours is sadly deficient—why you can't even express the Second Periphrastic in it—he seems to find plenty of ways of expressing himself in its meager and sordid phrases

¶ Have you ever seen him delivering a speech in the recitation room? Do you remember that expression? He's certainly very impressive when he squints up that right eye in that temperamental manner, starts gasping for breath—the air can't get in while the words are coming out—and turns loose that Sykoic line on his helpless audience.

¶ Jimmy was born to be a lady-killer.

*Honors: Buzzard, 4; Crew Squad, 4; First Crew, 3; Lucky Bag Staff, Log Staff, 4, 1.*

At any informal you will meet him on the deck. If you're in luck he won't knock you down, but we advise you to steer clear. It's like trying to argue with a 13-inch shell—it does n't work. And oh, those girls! It was rumored at one

time that he was reported for destruction of government property—dragging bricks around the deck. These disappointed lovers are n't accountable for their remarks, though, and Jimmy has been suffered to make us suffer but we forgive him for all his sins. Why not? Carmine is the only man who can argue with him and even he can't convince him. ¶ Jimmy is a man with ideas all his own. He is addicted to gastronomical futurism—crabs, cheese, and ice-cream make a nice breakfast.

¶ “Sir, the authorities of the Midshipman's Store were unable to provide me with the proper raiment for my pedal extremities.”



Wilfred Charles Wilcock  
Buffalo, New York

**W**ILKY is no athlete so That bow-legged walk and smiling laziness forbid even entertaining such an idea. As an athletic fan, however, he has them all beat. Seldom is there a football practise that does not find Wilky in the

stands, saturating himself with dope on the bunch with which he bubbles over at those after-dinner speeches in Smoke Hall. ¶ Although he gets hung on the bushes with regularity, Wilcock always cheers himself with the thought that he once argued Mr. Gannon into changing a smoking pap into one of evidence of the use of tobacco.

¶ He's full of wicked little jabs, is Wilcock, pessimistic as they make 'em, and in consequence often rhino, but now and then he passes some clever remark such as, "Martin looks like money in my pocket. Why? Because he's a halfback." He does n't look like a

capricious man on the outside nor does he look particularly dangerous, but there was a time when things looked black. What are you to think when an irate father presents himself at the gate, asks for Wilcock, and demands, "Where is my daughter?"—

*Honors: Buzzard; Bugle Corps. 4, 3.* Trying? Yes, particularly when you've never heard of the young lady.

¶ To bring up a past such as Wilcock's is unfair. During his Plebe summer he started the ball rolling by putting a turtle in the Duty Officer's rubber-soled shoes, which were kept for the sole purpose of ragging smokers.

¶ That Plebe year of Wilky's was one in which the oldest traditions of the Navy were instilled into him. His determination to uphold these traditions caused us to learn a fine repertoire of songs and tricks, but there is this about his devilment—that's what made him a welcome classmate of ours.



Cyril Kennin Wildman  
New York City

**A** QUIET young man, usually solemn and serious, but when he wakes up and smiles, he sends a warm glow through you. On account of his unassuming ways, he is hard to really know, but once you become acquainted with him you are fully repaid for your trouble. He has the habit of feeling that the human path is one of thorns and no roses, but we must excuse him for the reason that he has had quite a bit of trouble in worming past the watchful willains who bilge poor midshipmen.

¶ When Sid tucks a girl under his wing at a hop his idea of a Real Time is to dance a straight card. He does n't know even his best friend under such circumstances. He never did believe in a girl's knowing too many people, anyhow. But he manages this Exclusion Act

with such consummate tact and diplomacy that his "Verily, I know you not" tactics give one the impression that he has conferred a favor.

¶ Sid was a demon boxer when he first came in the Navy. We say *was*, for there are few remaining who will still take a chance. Most of

*Honors: Buzzard; Wrestling Squad, 4; Boxing Squad, 4, 3, 1.*

his friends at some time or other entered the ring with Cyril and left it with a couple of hospital apprentices. We hand it to him—he deserves the Naval Academy Police Gazette belt for boxing so so

¶ At the beginning of First Class year, his big desire was to get in the Marine Corps. Result; his was the first req to go in so so

¶ Imagine a pugnacious clam with a desire to give every one a square deal and you have Sid.



**Frederick Prentiss Wilson**  
Schenectady, New York

**F**REDDIE has a serious and thoughtful look which would make you think at first that he was in earnest, but you will soon learn that it is all a bluff, for Freddie is one of those who believe in getting along with the least possible amount of work. He usually gets by all right, but Youngster year he lost his first bout with the Steam Department and perched on the Christmas tree, a terrible blow to him and also to the 1001 fair ones scattered from Schenectady to Tallahassee. Yes, the truth is out, Freddie is a steady snake and hunter of the pink letter.

¶ Music hath its charms for the savage breast, and Wilson is a strong Victrola fiend. He and his buddy, Frank Sayre, are always running their machines (Phonographs, not Stutz's) when they

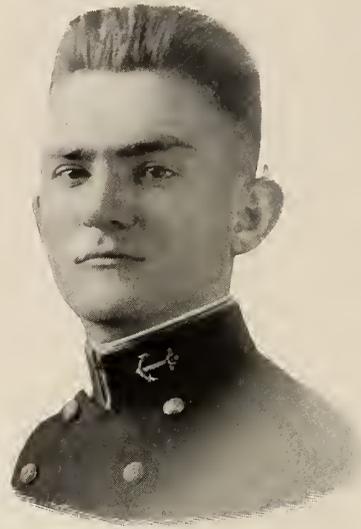
are n't too busy planning the Saturday campaign ☪ ☪

¶ First Class cruise found him busy trying to learn to play the mandolin. Also, it gave him an opportunity to see the sights of Norfolk with Wildman. Get him to tell you about it.

*Honors: Buzzard.*

¶ Schenectady is Fred's home port and he was raised in the G. E. Co., so Juice comes naturally to him. But he can't see why an electrically driven battleship needs any smokestacks.

¶ As we have said, Freddy is strong on women and song, and he is not rabidly opposed to the third of the trio. While he has a fairly catholic taste, if you really want to warm the cockles of his heart, whatever they may be, just invite him to have a Silver Fizz. "What's that?"



William Edward Clayton  
Laurinburg, North Carolina

**W**ILLIE came to us from a land of tar and turpentine; a land where all the Presidents play golf and fish, and from whence haileth that party known as SecNav. What they have in North Carolina, and much less in Laurinburg, we are unable to tell, but we can surmise.

It seems for a combination of post-office, station and probably swinging doors, the village is quite the essence of perturbed electrification—in other words a live wire.

¶ This beaming countenance came within an Ace, and we 'll say the Ace o' 'Earts at that, of retracing his steps over the same railroad that had Diogenes and his tub as original commuters. The Academic reducing valve of February, 1915, however, allowed him the privilege of continuing the festivities, and now the boy is savvy.

¶ There is nothing on this green earth for which he has n't a practical application, whether it be infantry or the fifth

dimension. Ask him how so and so, etc., and this is the result: "You see this yab thing goes around yuh and that connects up with this yah."

¶ Along the line of "goils" the ray of sunshine is there. Not satisfied with conquests in every port of the Atlantic seaboard, he has to

*Honors: Buzzard; Baseball Squad, 4, 3; Gymnasium Squad, 3, 1.*

do things up well, so back he goes to the ancient hamlet, posing as the Admiral of the Navy, and his flagship, the *North Carolina*, of course, resting where he had left it, at the mouth of the Severn. They fell without a murmur. He had to disappoint so many of them that he's been receiving marriage invitations ever since—mere expressions of spite.

¶ Ever since some one told him he had good form he has been developing a gymnastic frame and has had remarkable success, acquiring a set of muscles which were the pride of his constituents ☉ ☉

¶ "Suhtainly! Suhtainly!"



**John Bradford Griggs, Jr.**  
Elizabeth City, North Carolina

**D**O you remember one Hundredth Night when the Duty Officer spilled a knifeful of peas down his military sleeve in his enthusiastic appreciation of the impassioned oratory of John Bradford, as Johnny was taken from table to table like a winning candidate for Congress

amidst the wild cheers of his constituents? He is, without mental or moral reservation, the sole occupant of the coveted throne. The flowery oratory with which he sings all the straights and flushes to subdued stupor, and croons his magic words to them bones, is carried into his every-day conversation, and even into the cauldron of disseminated brain throbs of the Academic Building, where he lullabies all the pros into a 3.0 without the bore of boning beforehand.

¶ John is enough of a supporter of this Regiment to bet his first year's salary that Navy would score three touchdowns in a minute and thirty seconds, and he also has enough of the

royal horseshoe situated in his hip pocket to win this little bet. He himself got out in the field for two seasons and put his chubby frame up against anything they tried on him—just to give the big team some real opposition so so

*Honors: Two Stripes; Regimental Staff; Football Numerals, 4, 3.*

¶ Up to First Class year Johnny had not centered his attention on anything but the ordinary walks of life in the Asylum. With everything his way this last year, he burst forth with effervescence into social activity, causing a noticeable sag in the deck planking at every informal, but he seemed to enjoy it, even if the willowy dreams which he promised the gang he was dragging the next day did seem to sort of fatten up on him over night.

¶ When the Bluejays go to heaven on Friday, Johnny will be there. Somehow he always reminds us of a mint julep. Maybe that is why, when the Mendelssohn music crashes on the scene, we cherish a hope that John Bradford may be the stage manager, as there is no one who can stage a party better.



George Henry Mills  
Rutherford, North Carolina

IS N'T he just the *sweetest* thing?  
¶ Well, if you think so, you'd better keep it to yourself, that is if you are of the masculine gender, 'cause when Georgie gets mad he's quite a handful—ask General Lee—and he don't play no rules ☪

¶ Shorty is a fusser of the most virulent species; always head over heels in love, usually with not less than three girls. He is possessed, moreover, of a frightfully jealous disposition and woe unto the unfortunate who steps between him and the object of his affections, be it so little as to cut in during a dance. He will receive a look that should shrivel him in his tracks. However, it seldom does, and as his animosity is as transitory as his affections, he has forgotten about it in a week.

¶ Georgie is an adept at the two American sports, baseball and poker. If

the season for the former was n't in the spring Georgie might have made a name for himself, but in that fateful season he always had too much else to think about. He also is very skilful with the ivories—no, he does n't play the piano—and he claims he can drink any member of the class

under the table and give him a lead of one drink for each inch difference in height, which might prove considerable ☪ ☪

¶ In his indefatigable pursuit of work Georgie has not been satisfied with the present curriculum, having taken four extras; gymnasium, duty, swimming, and study.

¶ Taken all in all this Mephistophelean cherub has been a great addition to our class and if he only gets foreign duty in France (preferably Paris) his happiness will be complete.

*Honors: Buzzard.*



*Running the Blockade*





**John Neal**  
Louisburg, North Carolina

**I**F you will kindly glance above, you will see John not as he is but as the camera sees him. Don't let that expression of sprouting wings fool you in the least. We won't suggest that he's sprouting anything sharper, but he sure is a devil in his own

home town; that is, the other man in Louisburg is blind and slightly lame, so John has a clear field and nothing to stop him. Do you remember who it was Plebe summer that held down the C. P. O. job? He made a good one, but I've heard it said that there are others in the class who can do nothing just as diligently and with just as much energy. The upper classes didn't like that brace. In fact it's a Rear-Admiral rate to carry an arm rest on your forecastle.

¶ Have you ever looked into the locker room during the wrestling season and

seen a bundle of sweaters in a cloud of steam ripping up planks in the deck in a vain attempt to catch itself around the room? That's John.

¶ Academically speaking, John is not a shining light, and the monkeys have nothing on him when it comes to skipping from bough to bough.

¶ John is a lover of the sea and the sea certainly attracts him. But then, the magnetism of the sea has drawn more than one of us out of ourselves. For your sake, John, we hope you don't happen to hit a destroyer.

¶ Don't say "girls" around John. The plural does n't fit the case, and believe me, boys, it sure is some case with him so so

¶ You're lucky, John; even a Plebe would star her. And we've ordered the silverware, so don't disappoint us.



Walther George Maser  
Dickinson, North Dakota

**P**EPE sprang to fame in one short night Plebe summer, when in a state of mental saturation after an afternoon on the submarine squad, he betook himself to his packing box and dove therefrom into the roaring tide of the second deck

corridor. The roar he set up when he hit turned out the whole outfit to see who had been murdered. Then to complete it all, after being gently stowed in his little bed, he repeated the whole affair just as fast as he could get to sleep again. After that he came to be in great demand in the messhall whenever a plebe was needed to "sound off."

¶ The infinite complaisance with which he pulls his nose, licks his chops and mouths his words while staring fixedly into space charmed the executive department as well as the upper-classmen, and now he gloatingly publishes the papsheets

¶ Joe attaches an air of great importance to his smallest action, and deliberates weightily upon every word he utters. Maybe that is why he got ragged the first time he ever smoked. "Let me think." He does more things wrong by being reg than most people do by getting lit. Military

Joe—no joke in that name, for he is truly and conscientiously military in mind, morals and instincts. "The brace that won't wear off" is the pride of the regiment. Ask him why he could n't convince the M. C. he was n't a plebe.

¶ Extremely positive and assured in all he says, North Dakota methods are the final authority. We wonder if that North Dakota honey he is talking up is any relation to our own mess-hall variety. Don't blush that way, Pepe; you've got the makings in you, for you've got a big sense of duty to grow up to

*Honors: Two Stripes.*



Thomas Joshua Griffin  
Hillsboro, Ohio

**A** DOG, a pipe, and a fireplace! You marry a woman and have to have her around whether you like it or not; you can have just as good a companion in a dog, and when you are tired you can tell him to beat it." Griff never lets anything interfere with the steady and even run of his life. Duty and the regulations never bother him. He lives up to them naturally and easily, without the internal disturbances that make the rest of us anarchists in spirit at least.

¶ Everything is the same way. He is savvy enough so he can spend his time in the pursuit of real knowledge and bluff it through in the section room, and he does. He is absolutely the most nonchalant man that ever chewed chalk. He looks out of the window with great ennui, gives the instructor a sort of tolerating look when called on, and recites with a "you must be pretty

ignorant—I don't expect you'll savvy it but I suppose I'll have to try to get it through your skull to where your brains would be if you had any because that's what I'm getting paid for" air that is a great joy to behold.

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Basketball Numerals 4, 3.*

¶ Griff swings along with his head tilted back, doing what appears to him as the right thing without much caring what others think about it. He religiously stays out and works at some form of athletics all the time, basketball in particular, with the same solemn and disinterested air with which he makes his plebes get off the most original stunts that ever made our coaling station brighter.

¶ Thomas Jefferson regularly receives seven distinct varieties of tinted mis-sives while successfully posing as a cannibalistic R. M.

¶ "Gentlemen, I move we get together a little."



Wade Everett Griswold  
Warren, Ohio

**N**OW listen here. This is straight dope I am giving you. Why, I know he was drunk. I saw him myself. Now I am just willing to bet you five-dollars on it."

¶ The Gnome is off on some more of his scandal which is always straight dope. The little runt is forever snooping round in out of the way corners and gleaning bits of knowledge which will sooner or later be converted into absolutely incontestable facts. He gets in and out of trouble with the greatest felicity—why, he can even make you believe that the reason he was twenty-four hours overdue from September leave was because he forgot the date.

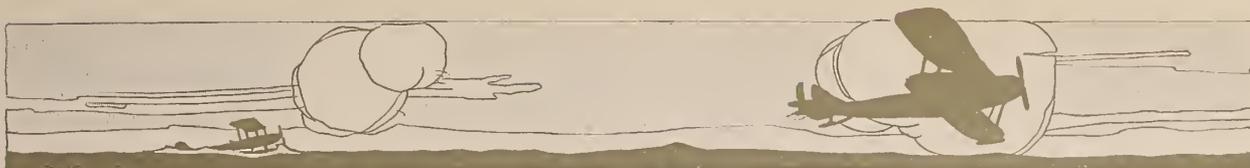
¶ Who was it who worked himself to a skeleton in order to cox 'Nineteen's Plebe crew? Who next to Loo-eye has lost more sleep than any other man on the staff? Our hardworking, efficient

little "hundred-legged worm." ¶ There is one thing he prides himself on, and that is that he is some photographer. On the cruise he snapped everything from Wisenbaker in swimming to Carmine in bed, from the *Pennsylvania* under way to the old *Dreamland* at anchor, and the proofs he got would have been wonderful

*Honors: Three Stripes; Coxswain Plebe Crew; Crew Squad, 3; Manager Crew, 1; Log Staff, 4, 3, 1; Photographic Editor Lucky Bag.*

if he had n't forgotten to turn the crank or the light had n't been bad. But still we refer you to some of the full-page pictures of this book as samples of his work. He used to be a traveling salesman, and you can well believe it when you hear him talk. You would think he chewed tar and spit dimes. But in truth he is the dearest, most innocent child that ever dwelt within these walls.

¶ Keep shooting the same old line, Grisy, and some day one of these queens you are always talking about will marry you and then—may we be there to see!



Stephen Ketcham Hall  
Ashtabula, Ohio

**W**HERE are you from, Mister Hall?"

¶ "Ashtabula, Sir." With a home port like that and a bass voice surpassed only by Tex Settle's he provided lots of amusement for Mick Carney and the rest of the gang during Plebe year

¶ Steve is the original, dyed-in-the-wool rhino bird. He can be pessimistic about anything, from dragging a brick to getting a swabo in an exam, but the funny part of it is that he usually gets a queen or a 3.0 at least. Steve is a regular performer at all the hops and informals and he also performs in that delight of a Midshipman's heart, the choir

¶ Cruises always were big times for Steve. Do you remember that time on Youngster cruise when he spent the night on a baggage truck in Provincetown and finally ended up in a ceme-

tery? Or later on, when he was caught in a storm in a liberty boat and took off his uniform to keep it dry, and then the boat sank with his clothes and he came back in the twilight?

¶ But if you want some really exciting stories of his wild escapades just get him to tell you of

*Honors: Buzzard; Choir, 1.*

some of those auto parties that he and his friend Ed used to take down in Norfolk

¶ First Class year he got a fine mark in grease by turning out to make reveille inspection and finding every one stepping out to formation.

¶ Steve's ambition used to be to become a second Samson, but in First Class year the lure of Lady Nicotine weaned him away from the gym and he became one of the regular habitués of Smoke Hall.

¶ "Say, who's got some Bull? I want to practise rolling them."



Scott Grisell Lamb  
Findlay, Ohio

**W**ERE we have another of those unfortunates who have been importuning the Chaplain to preside at their love, honor, and obey festivities ☪ ☪

☪ Wolf came down in the Palace of Gormandizers one Sunday evening with an expression of utter hopelessness and futility on his countenance. "S matter, Lamb?" "Oh, you know we'll graduate at about eleven . . . well, I went over and asked the Chaplain to officiate for me at twelve, but he had already promised some one else and now I won't get married until one." ☪ ☪

☪ Outside of his attraction towards femininity, the greatest interest of this escaped victim of Armour & Company is efficiency. E. E. (Efficiency and Economy, *not* Electrical Engineering) is his motto. However, the exercising of

this hobby of his has not interfered with his life, liberty, and so forth.

☪ As regards athletics, Wolf was ranked among the first ten of the type of athletes that abound south of the Rio Grande, and at the Naval Academy.

☪ During First Class cruise, in spite of the fact that he was posted property, he so far won the hearts of the Norfolk debs that he confided to one of his cohorts, "I've got some one knitting for me now."

☪ This member of the Royal Order of the Sons of Rest has a predilection toward penetrating perfumes. The second shelf of his locker is rather suggestive of the window of a beauty parlor, but even this has not detracted from his pleasant personality.

☪ Imagine a maiden of some forty summers after writing to a matrimonial agency and you have the Lamb.



Hobart Andrew Sailor  
Corning, Ohio

**S**PEAKING of musicians, have you ever in your dreams heard the music of the spheres or at twilight listened to such harmonies as the chirping of the crickets or the croaking of the bullfrogs? Well, if you have, and still have not yet heard Hobart tickle the ivories or rub the strings, then you may yet have a treat. He certainly can make the piano or the 'cello talk, moan, and laugh all at the same time.

¶ And besides being a musician he is a pugilist, or at least has strong inclinations in this direction. If you don't believe it, then just ask Chauncy Camp or Jimmie Hughes. So far, his battling average is a 2.0, having lost once on points and then having retrieved himself by administering a knockout in the

first round. ¶ He is—er—plump, and physically lazy, but mentally he is savvy. A queer combination, you say? Well, anyhow, it's applicable here. He, like all other people, except you, of course, has his peculiarities. Plebe year

*Honors: Buzzard; Mandolin Club,  
4, 3, 1.*

he won the attentions and interest of Mick Carney of

Old Navy fame by firmly insisting that he get his mail without any delay whatsoever. The better Carney knew him, the stronger his admiration became, and soon he made Sailor his own special protégé, and took it upon himself to bring him up in the way he should go. However, Hobart was reg; no one ever found any cockroaches behind his radiator or spots in his ink-bottle—and in spite of all things he got his liberty just the same.



Valentine Hixson Schaeffer  
Dayton, Ohio

**W**E won't admit it, but take a look: long—bony—center of curvature about one fathom ahead—walking with one foot at a time—each step planned deliberately and executed exactly—taking in every word and pondering thereon and then answering with a half laugh to be on

the safe side if there is a joke, and to make you think you are a joke if there is n't—what do you say? Aha! Typical German student. Right, my friend, right. ¶ Val may be slow but he is thorough and accurate; wish we all could be. And say, you ought to see that man get the girls going. They simply go wild with curiosity before he comes down with an answer.

¶ A war-worn old football helmet which he gets out and looks at lovingly when he gets rhino speaks of better days before his kneec went bad. Sincere

and trusting and steady; that's Schaeffer. But get him going, whether on the athletic field, a wild liberty (pop or roller coaster), or a raid on the plebes at midnight, and he is a terror. Yes, yes; oh yes—he is a bit of a mystery too.

His locker is full of boxes and cans which came from no

one knows where, and which seem to be the source of food and other supplies that appear when no one is looking and are just there on the table unaccounted for ☞ ☞

¶ To view Schaeffer in all his glory, though, picture him seated in state with a couple of 4.0's, going through a Hotel Chamberlain dinner at one third speed, both engines under three steaming boilers. He does n't get that chance very often in this pampered prison, but when he do—good gawsh, how he do enjoy it!

*Honors: One Stripe.*



Albert Raymond Staudt  
Canton, Ohio

**I**PPOPOTAMUS-LIKE means behemothian; behemothian describes "Stutz." There is something suggesting quiet, Durham-like amiability about Staudt—until he opens up that smiling, well-dimensioned mouth. Then the suggestion ceases. You may either get a smiling, seminary Giggle, a gigantic and growing Guffaw, or a Hell of a Shout! At any rate, you revise your illusion and put Stutz down in your memory book as suggesting a socialistic riot. You instinctively do this, don't you know, because of the noise and confusion. ¶ After associating with this brimming boy-bear for a few years, you assimilate a touch of wide-eyed wonder whenever you cross his path, for you must expect, you see, an outburst of joyous greeting that will outdo even that with which you used to be greeted at the "ole two-ring circus" sideshow. "How are you, bo? Say, I got an awful jolt today in a

*Honors: Buzzard; Plebe Football Team; Basketball Squad, 4, 3, 1.*

letter from my Dad! He called me his gross tonnage—" ¶ You insinuate that his Dad was about right.

¶ "Look out, you!" (violently) "I'll knock you for a goal!" Two seconds later, he has cocked his chapeau over

his left eye and is Charlie-Chaplining over to the piano to

outdo the loudest, and eventually to take charge of the barber-shop chorines. Despite the facts presented, and in spite of the fact that he is in love, Stutz has graced the gridiron and basketball court during his career within the walls. Only his nonchalant ambition has kept him off first teams, but he has done his bit in "making" them.

¶ Perchance Stutz, in his singing and his quiet, peaceful appearance, attracts the ladies. Who knows? We do know that this classmate of ours has a heart as big as his voice, and lastly, that he is one of those fellows whom everybody wants for a friend.



Paul Hopkins Talbot  
Willoughby, Ohio

THEY say Paul smiled when he came in the gate to learn how to swear from the Supe. It is rumored that he smiled once again before reveille busted on his first morning. But alas! That embryo smile was destined for an early death. His desire to cull some blackberries on the rifle range overcame his regard for his personal safety and a flock of D's was the result. Since then our Paul has walked in an atmosphere of perpetual melancholy, and hence the cognomen, "Gloom." Paul is now our best little Rhino Bird. You ought to hear him beefing when he goes on Sep leave, because he has to be back in thirty days. But please don't take this too seriously, because the Gloom does smile once in a while and when he do, oh, how we do enjoy it!

¶ Gloom is aquatic in his athletic tendencies. He liked those Plebe summer races from Light House to *Reina* so much that he decided to ask Dick

Glendon for a job. Gloom can catch and finish with the best of them, but his Academic books have kept him pretty busy dodging the hebdomedary arboreal orgies of the powers that be. He decided that an Ensign's uniform would become him much better than Numerals worn on a

red undershirt back in Ohio. ¶ Gloom does n't fancy fou-fou on his shoulder and consequently keeps away from the hops. He is also afraid he might laugh at the plight of some of his friends and thereby ruin his rep. However, we hear rumors of a certain tall midshipman making quite a hit with the fräuleins of the Buckeye State on First Class leave. Absence from the dear ones must cause the gloom.

¶ Despite his prevailing characteristic, old Il Penscrosso's always a pleasant companion on a party. He's really the best-natured man alive, and then while with him, everything else seems side-splittingly funny.



Stuart Shadrick Murray  
Kenetic, Oklahoma

**A** TALL, stoical, Indianesque man from the Land of the Sky-blue Water. Plebe summer passed before many of us even realized that he was with us. In fact he is accused of never having cracked a smile during that usually happy time except at the end of Skinny Rockwell's regular Friday morning tea-party between the Light House and the *Riena Mercedes* ☪ ☪

☪ Griswold's rallying cry in the late summer brought Sunshine out of his trance and now he's almost more at home in the little old shack down by Dorsey Creek Bridge than he is across the table from Pepe. His Plebe year brings to mind his winning fight with the Steam Department which at the same time kept him with us and secured his place at Stroke of 'Nineteen's Plebe crew.

☪ Youngster year Snake came back

strong and cinched Number Four in the Navy shell. ☪ His propensity as a joker of sorts also developed about this time. You know the kind, pulling one's chair from under him, busting gonks and ruffling feelings to a high degree. But

*Honors: Two Stripes; Plebe Crew; First Crew, 3; Captain of Crew, 1.*

you can't get sore at Sunshine, he just won't let you. Nevertheless, we sincerely hope he's cured. ☪ At the beginning of First Class year he went to the dogs all in a jump, being distinguished for hitting the pap right regularly for his wild misdeeds. But the effect of having a military wife soon brought him to.

☪ Well, Sunshine, never again shall we see the sinuous wriggle of your back down the last long stretch of the Henley as you catch and finish with the old Blue and Gold, and for that we're truly sorry.

☪ "Aw, pipe down, Sunshine. Don't make so much noise."



Willis Williamson Pace  
Orlando, Oklahoma

**W**ERE we have a leading member of the submerged two-fifths, a nihilistic propagandist, and a nut, all combined in the person of Steve Pace. ¶ Despite his self-confessed lack of mental equilibrium, he is the possessor of an aviator's sense of balance, as he is able to study only when his chair is on its hind legs, with his own legs oscillating in a simple harmonic motion. Once, after he had fatally wounded his chair, he was unable to study for a week until he hit upon the happy expedient of boning while perched upon the top of his locker.

¶ Plebe year he was the student-possessor of an ancient trombone with which upon all legal occasions and upon many illegal ones, he proceeded with great gusto to make night and day hideous with its fog-horn blasts and toots. That instrument must have been Steve's mascot, as ever since its mys-

terious disappearance he has been upon the verge of departing from our midst. Fortunately, however, he has weathered every gale, although his brow is still furrowed with care.

¶ He holds the distinction of being the only Midshipman ever consigned to the Wearing Sailors' Rest Home across

Dorsey Creek for giving too lifelike an imitation of a wrench. It was this achievement that caused Adams to gnaw his nether lip in envy.

¶ First Class cruise he belied his nickname of Fool by his attention to duty and consistent good work. First Class year he became Carmine's assistant and not only helped teach the Regiment the proper cheering rhythm, but also made several real speeches at mass-meetings.

¶ Conceive of Wamba the Jester in a modern setting and you have Stevish. ¶ "Them Fats is private stock. Lay off." ☪ ☪

*Honors: Buzzard; Bugle Corps, 4, 3; Cheer Leader, 1.*



Charles Harry Rocky  
Chickasha, Oklahoma

**R**OCKEY—Rockey—Rockey!" (Bell) "Rockey!" "Here!" (Blast from bugle.) Satisfied smile from one long stork-like youth—glare of thwarted rage from baffled D. O. as he chokes down half-spoken, "Get all those lates."

Harry does n't know they call the roll at formations; he has always sung out "Here!" as his first foot hit the goal, and harbors the fond delusion that this procedure is strictly reg.

¶ For originality, humor, and the longest reach this side of perdition, Harry wins. "Say, djever hear that one about the—," and down comes some kid joke, but new. He and Day have periodical disappearances of three or more days, emerging with a brand new dance, music his own composition (the fiddle 's where he shines). Ask him about the time Frank Friday ragged his improved Hula Hula!

¶ Rocks has a stamina and stick-to-

itiveness that few are blessed with, for only by coming through in one pinch after another has he held the hardest position in the class—anchor man. Going out for class standing that way has robbed Navy of a good athlete in several branches.

*Honors: Buzzard; Baseball Squad, 4. Mandolin Club, 4, 1.*

That long arm carried the plebes and the *Utah* to more than one victory. ¶ No cot or hammock ever could hold him all, so the mosquitoes used to do some gluttonous guzzling on the soles of his feet with horrible results. He did distinguish himself last cruise, though—got his name in the social column of the *Norfolk Wad*, a fix within two degrees of the Navigator's, and finally discovered what sort of engines they use turbines on. "Let 's go up top side and get some air, boys." ¶ Rocky's stunts rate a book to themselves. Example, one pap, "Shining mirror in Duty Officer's eyes, deliberate." *so so*

¶ "Where 's that good-lookin' plebe?"



Robert Leon Boller  
Klamath Falls, Oregon

**D**OC is a quiet fellow, big, round, and good-natured except when some one has the audacity to even think in secret that he can rough-house. Such nerve on the part of any one whatever gets him riled and he at once proceeds to

show the offender that no one but Leon

Boller is permitted to indulge in such. (Poor little Abie Stein will vouch for what we say.)

¶ During Plebe summer Doc showed great promise as a wrestler, but in an intercompany bout he unfortunately had his arm broken, and since has had to confine his athletic ambition to Lacrosse. In this game he is a wonder as a goal-tender, and "there's a reason"; for in addition to whatever natural ability he may have, that rotund figure, when placed in front of a net, furnishes a solid and complete shield.

¶ Doc claims to have numerous

queens on his string and that his correspondence with them is so heavy that he can never find time to keep them all happy, but we notice that he steers exceedingly shy of the beauties who attend the Academy festivals and we

are therefore of the opinion that he is addicted to one bad

habit at least, that of being a little misleading at times.

¶ Get him out with the bunch, however, and as long as he knows what he is talking about he compels an interested attention. Then again he is very friendly with strangers. If you can't take our word for it, then ask the gentleman in New York whom he invited down to see him. "And when you come to the Academy," he explained, "just ask for 'Doc.' Every one knows who Doc is."

¶ "Mister Boller, you certainly ought to disguise yourself as a balloon."



Ross Ainsworth Dierdorff  
Hillsboro, Oregon

**A** SCOTCH-GERMAN with lots of emphasis on the Scotch. He's another one of those minister's sons, and is in every way a fit companion for Dingbat and the rest of the gang. He and Doc Boller are big pals, too. Maybe we had better say *were*, because after all these stories they've told on each other, diplomatic relations are doubtless rather delicate. The stories all originate from Doc's visit to Portland First Class leave, and deal with such entertaining subjects as skating down stairs on a part of the anatomy never meant for skating, and so forth. They certainly are wild yarns.

¶ King is a business man, too, as you doubtless are aware, for you have probably been tackled as a prospective stock buyer of the Read-Dierdorff Metal Novelties Co. They advertise as having a volume of business second only to that

of Henry Ford, their field being especially among these boys who bounce out at formation.

¶ When this write-up was being evolved in that den of iniquity known as the L. B. Office, some one suggested; "He certainly is a funny little gooph," and that seemed to just about

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Soccer Numerals, 4.*

fit, because no one ever talked a second to King without very shortly breaking out a smile. There are few fellows that can be funny when they are rhino, but King can, and that's what makes him the King.

¶ It's a funny thing, though, how King lies down to bone, just naturally falls asleep, and then can't savvy why he did n't get through the lesson.

¶ Well, King, boy, we all hope that they'll break out a brass band of two-hundred-and-fifty pieces when some day you come sailing up to Portland.

¶ "Falling out, sir!"



Gerald Lawrence Schetky  
Hood River, Oregon

**L**ONG, lean, and lanky is G. Lawrence. Nature's specifications for his lay-out emphasized length but were rather negligent in regard to width. This extension of person has worked to his detriment upon several occasions. For instance, after a couple of trips to the Shrink and Decay Laundry the lower limits of Lawrence's khaki trousers extend to the equator of his legs. Hence that famous report against him: "High-water trousers, second offense." ¶ Accompanying his elongated person is a long and even temper and an equanimity equal to that of Marsh. One thing, however, is always sufficient to extract his Angora from its hiding-place—an insinuation that his ancestors originated from the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Outside of this his pet aversion is the ferocious barracudas encountered by swimmers in Guantanamo Bay. As

these terrifying ichthuses do not roam as far north as Crabtown he conquered his fear enough to join the crew squad and pull upon an oar, although it is a mystery how he contracts himself to even an approximate fit in the shell.

*Honors: One Stripe; Crew Squad, 4; Track Squad, 3.*

¶ Although quiet and unassuming, Lawrence's taste in the

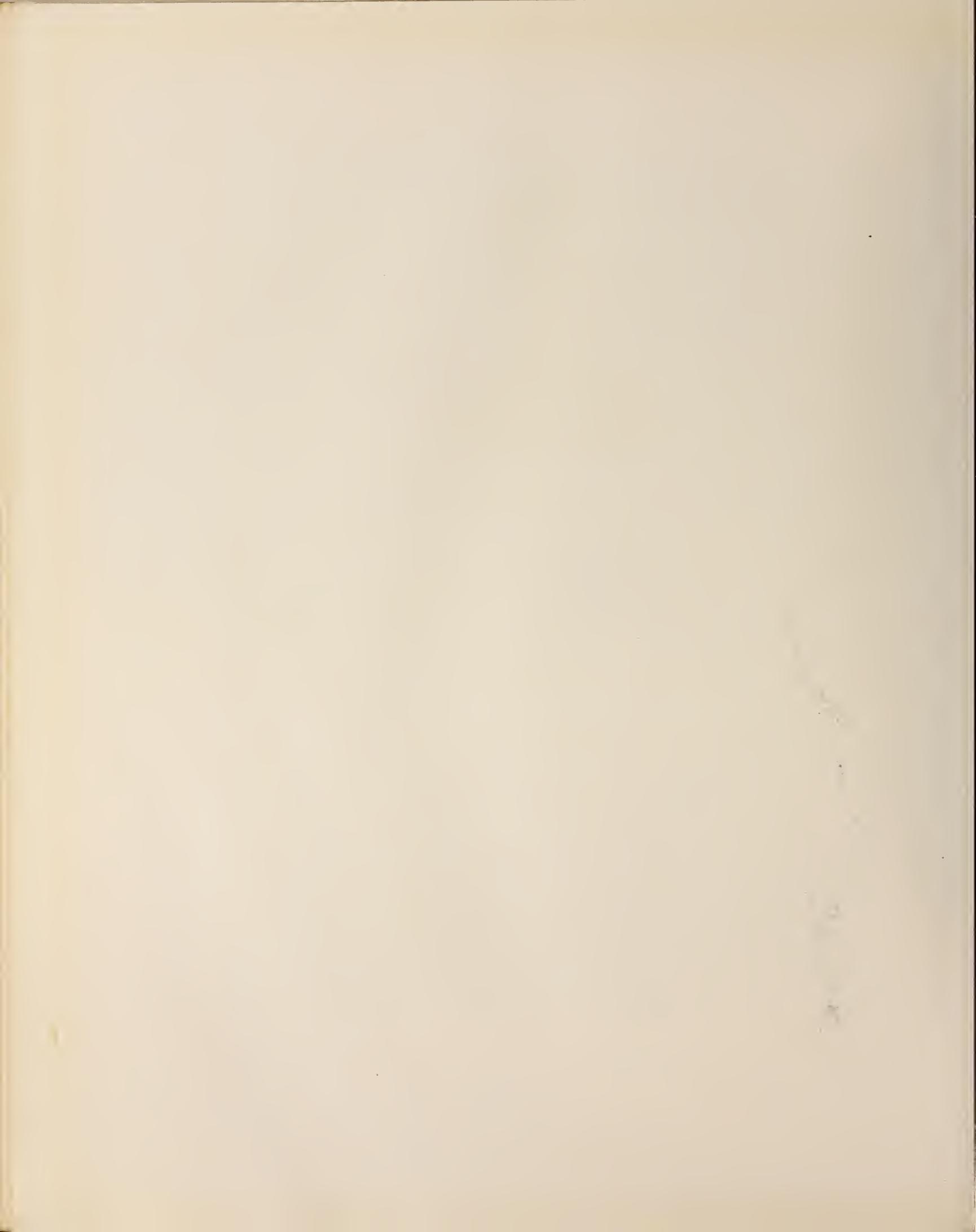
matter of lingerie is both wild and vivid, as he spoons in particular on pink suspenders. Among other things, he has ambitions of becoming known as a hell-raiser, but as yet his innocence is appalling *so so*

¶ Schetky carries himself well, and in a military manner. Did you ever stop to think of what a shock it would give you to see that seagoing cap of his anywhere but over his eyes?

¶ Imagine an animated lath with an expression of military repose and a voice as thin and high as himself and you have G. Lawrence.



*Shimonoseki*





Fred Wallace Beltz  
Schwentsville, Pennsylvania

**D**UNDER and Blitzen"— This is the hike signal for one large, violent capricornus of Dutch breeding. When you hear that, stand by to veer quickly, as Sawdust is on the War-path with a capital W. ¶ Plebe year Blitz had faith in the losing team in the World Series and was subtracted from his amount available. He endeavored to recoup upon the Plebe-Youngster game, but it only resulted in his receipt every month of a list of things for which to req for his creditors. In three months he bought six sweaters and ten blankets.

¶ As yet no girl has been lucky enough to be the recipient of a second glance from Blitz. Even Portland and Ocean View were unable to furnish Thedas to steal his heart.

¶ First Class cruise he won the hearts of his shipmates by his unfailing good-humor and his father's excellent cigars.

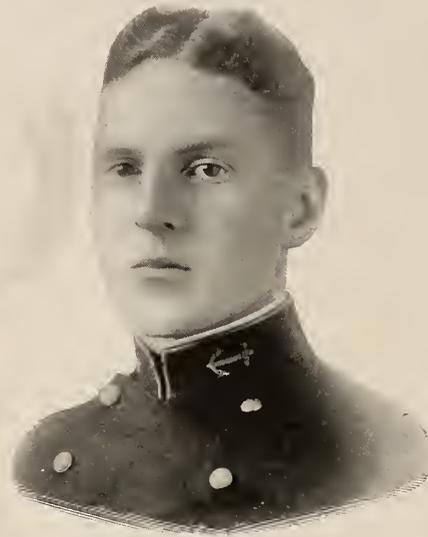
In Navigation he astonished the officials of the Bureau of Navigation by ordering the Quartermaster to steer a course of 373 P. S. C. He was also distinguished by being the only man aboard ship possessing a bathrobe; said garment being one of those fluffy blue atrocities with a pale

*Honors: Buzzard.*

cerise border. ¶ But it was as a trencherman that he shone most last summer. If a battleship could be devised that could stow away as much coal as he did food it could steam from here to the moon without coaling. He waded through the entire menu at the Chamberlain without overlooking an item and finished strong at the ninth dessert.

¶ Although his wicked look has brought terror to the heart of more than one plebe, Blitz harbors an amiable disposition ☉ ☉

¶ "Bring me the bill-of-fare, and some crabs a la King."



Peyton Skipworth Cochran  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

**W**ERE we have the original Antediluvian exponent of nonchalance, Bunny; the hook-nosed wonder. Without mental reservation he can be compared to anything from the chief of the tribe of Benjamin to a rusty-headed mountain ram. That crop of curly hair, surmounting an *oeuf*-shaped dome, bears more resemblance to the famous shipwrecked Adam and Eve on a raft than anything we know.

¶ Great and varied have been the conquests of his noble heart. We call them conquests because they involve a system of strategy and cat-like precision which is not witnessed to a marked degree in this wooden age of "meet, moonlight, and marry." He had it all so arranged that on certain days he would fuss one and on certain days the other, and on those days he was King, Cabinet, and

Supreme Court as well as Village Cut-up. This sort of thing lasted a full three months before the boys began to compute his number, and then his little game of pussy-in-the-corner fell flat.

¶ Bunny displayed his primeval instincts to raise Cain every time the Authorities took off the

*Honors: Buzzard; Tennis Squad, 4; Tennis Team, 3.*

leash and gave him a vacation. Nick and Syracuse are worthy examples to which we refer for our somewhat bold assertions. Also any man who will sit on a railroad track in broad daylight singing "Anchors Aweigh" does not present to the average human intelligence any reason for accepting the belief that he is "all there."

¶ Luck to you, Peyton; may you finally get one of the two you fussed every other afternoon for two years, and may you have the use of a French interpreter for emergencies.



John Graybill Crawford  
Mifflinton, Pennsylvania

**P**RETTY keen, eh?" he may be heard to impart with great satisfaction after receiving the first instalment of his daily serial. He then indulges in a beautiful spasm of rhinism on Naval Restrictions and the distance to Port Royal. Of course, for what we have received we are duly thankful, but them as wants more must answer. As a result, Dick is a cause of increased business for the red ink factories. The moon that shines on the deserted foc'sle is the recipient of many a poetic soliloquy on her eyes—her smile—her charms. In fact the First Luff took to Bevo trying to dope out how the paint got worn off his forward bitts.

¶ Goldilocks caught his way to toast and steak Youngster year, and consequently protected the backstop for the Florida team.

¶ "Early to bed and late to rise, Makes a man handsome and increases

his size." Greensnoot is a living example of old B. Franklin's inspired wisdom. His idea on the subject is that where sleep is not, only the dead can enjoy life. The only time he ever missed a chance to cork was one lovely night when a

*Honors: One Stripe; Baseball Squad, 3.*

certain family of *Insectivora bedbugisis*, who had been sharing

his downy bunk for some time, received a large addition to the family and extended their quarters to a section occupied by John Graybill himself. Being of a naturally touchy disposition, Dick tore his luffy hair and left that place. Said rates were n't like they used to be in the Old Navy.

¶ Dick came by his stripe honestly, for if hard work and a reg disposition can get a man anywhere, Dick rates that place *so so*

¶ "That man Service has the right dope. I'd give a month of my life to be home now. Oh, well, let's go to the movies." *so so*



Harry Goodstein  
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

**M**URPHY came here with full intention and expectation of playing center on the football team. The only thing that interested him was how much McEwen weighed. Now, of course, the logical thing to have happened was to have had him make third substitute for the C Squad; but not a chance Goodie not only played center on the team for three years, but he routed the redoubtable Peck of Pittsburgh and the mighty McEwen himself, and made the first touchdown against Army that the Navy has had in seven years. He not only was as good as he said, but better, and that's saying a great deal. ¶ Goodie is one of those natural savoirs who never seem to be able to make high marks. If you ever want to know

*Honors: Buzzard; Football N, 4, 3, 1; Lacrosse Numerals, 3.*

the exact value of the square root of minus one, or a proof of the existence of the fourth dimension, go around to his room and you will get an exhibition of mental gymnastics that will reduce you in three minutes to a state of

complete coma. ¶ Among Murphy's other attributes is a voracious appetite, particularly for candy. He's willing to do his bit in many ways, but when it comes to conservation of sugar he balks; and speaking of sugar, you should see Goodie on Saturday; the only drawback in his love for football is the hours it keeps him away from her side. ¶ "I bet you don't know whom you're dancing with." ¶ "Why, who?" ¶ "I'm Goodstein, the Navy center."



**Edwin Friedman**  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

**M**OST every candidate that comes to the Academy is either a fusser or a Red Mike, either an athlete or on the weak squad. Ed was none of these. With these topics eliminated, what *shall* we say about him? But there is one thing in which he did distinguish himself.

*Honors: Buzzard; Swimming Squad (Extra), 4, 3, 1; Log Staff, 1.*

In aquatic sports, Ed has seldom had an equal. He can furnish more amusement to the class in executing one simple dive, than most comedians can do after a lifetime of effort.

¶ Picture an attenuated form shivering at the edge of a swimming-tank, looking at the water with all the gleeful satisfaction of one of Captain Kidd's quondam passengers. He gathers himself together and with a last, agonizing breath, falls forward. Smack! bubble, bubble, bubble.

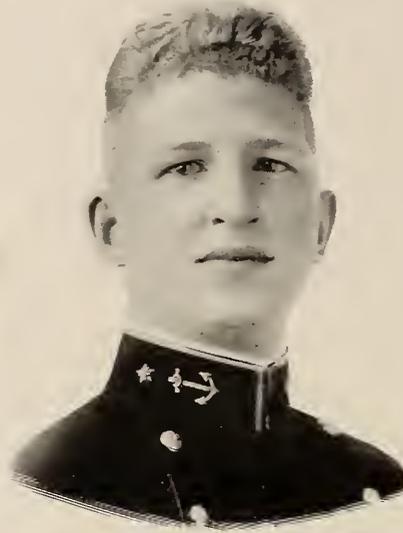
¶ Up in Philadelphia, every good Scapple goes to Penn; it's a matter of habit. What it was that induced Ed to

turn down a scholarship at old Penn's delightful haunts for the toilsome existence of a midshipman, we know not; but we do know, however, that he is not wholly with us, but has been taking a correspondence course at Goucher.

¶ Under ordinary conditions, Ed is a quiet youth, but once

let him start arguing with Murphy and the corridors resound with clamorous contentions. Murphy usually overpowers him with mere preponderance of verbiage and the fracas ends with Ed modestly disclaiming any right to existence. "Very well, you're right and I'm wrong." ~ ~ ~

¶ Ed is one of those who does n't take much stock in that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" stuff, and consequently expects to spend his career in that most worthy branch of the service, the Marine Corps. ¶ Did you ever see Ed demonstrate the passage of electrical flux by the use of the Left-Hand Rule?



Matthias Bennett Gardner  
State College, Pennsylvania

**G**ARDNER, Senior, is a professor of horticulture and Mary is an example of the kind of flowers he raises. The pansy-like face portrayed above will bear out that statement. Mary developed into a savoir very early in his academic career and only lost his star last year on account of the demerits he received for wearing white socks to the last steam exam. First Class year the powers that be wished on him the job of keeping that unruly bunch of Eighth Company file-closers in order; hence that harassed expression on his patrician countenance.

¶ In an athletic way Mary is among those present. The crew has been his first and only love, and he may nearly always be found on mild spring days laboring at an oar. The only thing that has kept him out of the first boat is his

deplorable tendency to capsizize the craft. Speaking of craft, his walk strongly resembles the perambulatory slouch of a certain wily member of the what-not organization so so

¶ Mary's greatest achievements are the large and expansive times he enjoys with such facility and cautious abandon at the Army games. From the Winter

*Honors: Two Stripes; Crew Squad, 4, 3; Star, 4; Assistant Manager Crew, 1; Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1; Manager Musical Clubs, 1; Log Staff, 1; Boxing Squad, 4, 1; Lucky Bag Staff.*

Garden to the *Follies* to Jack's is his unvarying itinerary. He is perpetually shaking some one for their breakfast apples with such uniform success that to the casual observer his locker resembles an ambitious young fruit-stand.

¶ Conceive of a Troglyditic lath with two stripes and a "here's where I get ragged" expression on his face and you have our Mary.

¶ "Have a heart, fellows, here comes the D. O."



David Stolz Crawford  
Muncy, Pennsylvania

**S**UCH a cute lil' fellow, don't you know, and the sweetest disposition! Coming from a place of blast furnaces and coal dust, he blew in on us one bright June morning with a funny little smile and a pair of large, innocent eyes. Everybody laughed when he first hit town, and they've been laughing with him ever since.

¶ Plebe summer saw him contented and happy, for nothing pleased him better than one grand hullabaloo over nothing and he refused to stop until the whole deck became involved. In the first few days of Academic year he managed to rest in peace till the boys got on to his wicked line and the Spigs rose in wrath at his effervescent wit.

*Honors: Buzzard.*

¶ You ask us why we call him "Gadget"; and we ask you right back again if he does n't look like a Gadget.

¶ We must, as in all cases, speak of his love and admiration for the dear, delightful women. Beyond this we can say little, for there is, according to authentic dope, the

one object of his admiration back in the Anthracite State, and though he is quite even-tempered, there is present in his disposition some sort of a danger space ☪ ☪

¶ "Who's that funny-looking little man over there in the corner?" Why, that's our own little Dumpy, who, with Piggy, has caused Handsome Dave more loss of sleep than his size warrants.

¶ "What's the dope?"



Daniel Whilldin Hand, Jr.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

**S**TILL waters run deep," says the old adage, and in those few words you have a life-size portrait of Dan'l. We hardly know what to believe of this quiet lad from nowhere in particular. From ranging with old Tex among the belles of Hawaii to living demurely in the Quaker City, he has been in almost every nook and corner of this little world, and what wealth of experience has been gained we can only surmise from his occasional I-had-mine-young expression ☪ ☪

☪ Dan'l began his training for commissary officer early in his Plebe year, as any one who sat at Wild Bill's table can testify. "Hey, Mr. Hand, don't take all them spuds—you ain't Jim Jeffries," or some similar expression was an every-meal occurrence. The only difference now is that he's in a broader

*Honors: One Stripe; Star, 4, 3; Log Staff, 3, 1; Lucky Bag Staff.*

field of action—nobody gets anything to eat. ☪ We're not surprised to learn of Dan'l's inventive genius; it has been a perfectly normal growth which has culminated, it seems, in a non-opening W. T. door, the blue prints of which are now resting in the archives of the Bureau of C. and R.

☪ No breath of scandal has as yet touched this upright young man, but we can't refrain from alluding to certain wild parties Dan'l-used to have with an Army padre at Old Point. Some sprees, we chortle.

☪ We can't believe that one so deliberate of action and weighty of mind, as evidenced by his brace, could actually be caught in a bust, but here it is. The *North Dakota* gig, a kippy little motor-boat, was alongside; Dan'l as J. O. O. D. leaned over the life line: "Hey, coxswain, need any water?"



Ralph Waldo Hungerford  
Hathboro, Pennsylvania

**W**HEN you hear the front part of his name, Ralph Waldo, and look into those big soulful brown eyes, you might readily think that you had found a poet in our midst; but if Ralph has any poetry in his nature he has kept it pretty well concealed so far. In fact, anything so frivolous as poetry is unthinkable in the character of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and Dent, though he stoutly maintains he is not one of the celebrated race, nevertheless comes from their part of the country and has the stolid and unruffled attitude for which they are famous. Also his horizontal dimensions are on the general lines of the traditional Dutch burgomaster. He is n't terribly fat—nobody but a freak could stay that way on the Mess Hall grub—but he does n't have much trouble

keeping his clothes filled out in the corners *so so*

¶ His above-mentioned phlegmatic disposition is absolutely necessary on account of his wife. For Gloom Talbot leads a gay, wild, and reckless life, and Dent would have a hard time if it was n't for his calm mind *so so*

*Honors: Buzzard; Rifle Squad, 4, 3, 1; Captain, 1; Mandolin Club, 3; Bronze Rifle Medal, 1.*

¶ His calmness also stands him in good stead on the firing line, for he wears one of those little ring-gadgets on his right sleeve and is a shooter par excellence *so so*

¶ Dent, although somewhat reserved, enjoys a rough-house or some other form of merriment as much as anybody. His quiet manner may make it hard to get acquainted with him, but when you once get to know him you will be rewarded.

¶ "Come on, Gloom, cheer up for once."



Daniel Michael McGurl  
Minersville, Pennsylvania

**R**IPES, we had a schwell time. And I met the schweetest little girl." Dan has a wonderful ability to enjoy himself. Liberty at Recreation Pier is as live as liberty in Portland when Max is along. And what's more he can tell about what he's going to do on leave

so well that he and everybody else present begin to think they are on leave and just natcherly have a hell of a time.

¶ For three years Dan has dug up more than his share of Farragut Field. If the coaches had only known enough to dislocate his shoulder a few more times we would have had another star, for Mac is a fighting demon when he is crippled

¶ Come into his stateroom most any time and you will find him sprawled over half-a-dozen chairs, with an open letter in one hand and a good old Irish grin on his face. "'S matter, Max?"

"Oh, boy—by the de-e-p blank! Wah! Zowie!" The grin turns into a melodious Irish laugh and his right ham comes whacking against his knee, and by golly, you feel that way about it yourself.

¶ Fussing is his delight, and it is sure a delight to watch his cavortions when so engaged. He opens

up on the talk then and runs 'em like plebes, and—shucks, there's no use trying to tell about a man of whom the girls write to their friends, "He is so won-der-ful—just like a Greek God."

¶ Get him to tell you about the wakes he used to attend, and his plans for his own. High-minded and a hard worker, his only fall from grace has been a series of rhum games played for knee stoops or leaning rests, which he always lost, to his own great entertainment.

¶ "Schlough 'im in the moosh—down wid the Orangemen—atte ould shtuff—schlap 'im again!"

*Honors: Buzzard; Football Numerals, 4, 3; Soccer Numerals, 4.*



Hugh Wilson Olds  
Union City, Pennsylvania

**W**ERE we have an addition to the Regiment from the Pennsylvania Volunteers. Like Edison, he was once an Erie train-boy, but unlike Thomas A. he never invented anything except perhaps a good excuse for some of his deviations from the straight and narrow. While these wanderings have been frequent and varied, Pop is usually considered very reg, as he never aerates any narratives of his clandestine endeavors. These may be attributed to his artistic temperament, for Pop poses as a regular musician. Not that the pose does n't become him, for there are few around the place who can twang a guitar or twitter a clarinet with his dexterity. When Pop was told that the uniform for the Saxophone Quintette was cit's full dress he hurried

*Honors: Three Stripes; Crew Squad, 4, 3; Plebe Crew; Mandolin Club, 4, 3; Leader Mandolin Club, 1.*

to his pet haberdashers and ordered a half-dozen black four-in-hand ties. ¶ First-Class cruise Pop discovered a meal-ticket down at Ocean View and alternated for nearly two months with another of the *Utah's* hungry gang. He and his roommate Powell are kindred spirits and are never so happy as when engaged in some perilous expedition. Among other things Pop is the proud possessor of a pipe—an ancestral meerschaum which, when in full blast, generates H<sub>2</sub>S in appalling quantities. Athletically, he is adept enough with the oar to own a locker in the boat-house. ¶ Picture a demure Ajax with a light of malingance and mischief shining in his eye and you see this bearded Methuselah.



John James Patterson, 3rd  
Millinton, Pennsylvania

**I**N Pat we have an enigma, a mystery as deep as a Zeuner diagram, for here's a man who's always unsat, but never hits a tree, who's never going to drag, but always does; and now he has gone and fallen in love. Of course we haven't any definite proof, but when he

comes back from leave carrying that soulful expression in his eyes, bones with a picture before him, and walks down the whole length of Farragut Field at slope arms when the company is at shoulder—why, there's something wrong

¶ Pat once had visions of being an athlete, but these soon vanished after the intercompany track meet Plebe summer. Pat ran the half—time, 10 flat (minutes)—and turned in Sick Bay for a week. The closest approach to a

realization of that early vision is when Pat's sitting on a lounge in the midst of 'em, and always the same lounge.

¶ From his predilection for getting something for nothing and the state of his nativity you may make a mistake,

but Pat's not Dutch—it's only an acquired talent. You

should have heard the Yeoman in the Log Room swear when he hunted for a pencil after Pat had been around. The only time on record when this aptitude failed him was on a little expedition with Johnny Orr up in Coney Island. Speaking of New York, we can't help mentioning that Pat was always able to return in a seagoing fashion. Why, one night after a particularly fine liberty, as he was groping his way back to the ship, the sentry on watch challenged, "Who goes there?" Quoth Pat, "No, no."

*Honors: Buzzard; Football Squad, 4.  
3; Track Squad, 4.*



Malcolm Francis Schoeffel  
Rochester, New York

**F**OR two years that poor wooden goof thought that just because he had the most violent top in the class he must needs be the Reddest Mike therein. Then he found out it only meant he must be the most conspicuous man, said conspicuity being that of Number One in the class, which he was anyhow; so he mildly let himself be seduced by some of his classmates, and now his locker door has disappeared behind a wall of pictures so so

¶ He evidently had not realized before the terrible loss of gold lace he had been inflicting on blighted femininity. We can prove this, too; he had the grease with the girls before and refrained from dragging strictly on principle, for he got all the mail on the *Oklahoma*.

¶ Malcolm looks like a bad little red-haired boy, bulging out from all parts of his clothes, with pale blue eyes, red as from recent spanking. The eyes are the result of midnight classes conducted

every night before exams, which are the immediate cause of the continued presence of Brashears and others, and he even kept Freddie Kirkland here one and one-half years. Then the next day he gives the prof a look like Gus Metzel looking at Hoey, looks supremely wooden, and works it without the shadow of a bust by non-reg methods and with no formula. When his drawl dies away the prof says not "good," "bad," nor even "seedown"—struck dumb!

¶ When Rojo is not at the Rifle Range he is absorbing Mahan or Luce, and he can detail every maneuver in any battle of history, and compare improvements in the ballistic coefficient of arrows, from Eros and Robin Hood to Tecumseh. ¶ He did bust once—left the Exec's booby hatch open in a rain-storm. Oh Gosh! Horrors!

¶ "Now just because Mr. Schoeffel sleeps through these lectures and gets a 4.0, that don't apply to the rest of you."

*Honors: Four Stripes; Star, 4, 3, 1; Rifle Squad, 4, 3, 1; Manager Rifle Team, 1; Gold Medal Rifle Competition, 1; Log Staff, 3, 1.*



**Horace Roy Whittaker**  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

**C**LATTER, clatter, clank, clank, honk, honk, chug, chug, rattle, rattle, a cloud of dust, and if you look around fast enough (that is, without snapping your neck off) you'll know that Duke just went by in the Stanley. Of course you know about the Stanley. Never could open her up wide—no room on this little globe of ours. Opened her half-throttle one day, but she started off the earth at a tangent and he had to shut her down.

¶ Do you like dogs? You've never seen the like of the one Duke had. He bought it for a toy terrier; cute little devil about six inches long. That dog began to grow. After two weeks it stood four feet high and he had to send it away because it would rip the tires off all the passing cars. It's earning its bread now though, as a plough-horse out on the farm. Some puppy!

¶ Duke is a quiet retiring sort of

fellow—retired from two classes already, but has n't gotten tired of ours yet. His quiet part is his duplex double-acting jaw mechanism. It can't be beat.

¶ When Duke found out that the first steamer on the *Wisconsin* was n't a Stanley he was so disappointed that he did n't talk for a week, but he's made up since for lost

time, and he'll love you forever if you're a good listener.

¶ Did you ever see a cowboy break a horse? Duke rides the same way except that he usually almost breaks his neck.

¶ Duke, you'll make a good officer if the old saying holds, "Where there's a wind there's a way."

¶ You know who made the bugle corps famous. He claimed to like it for musical reasons, but we know it reminded him of the dear old Stanley. He certainly can carry a tune with a drum.

¶ "Why, that's the Duke of Philadelphia!"

*Honors: Buzzard; Gymnasium Team, 6, 5, 4, 3, 1; Choir, 4, 3; Bugle Corps, 6, 5, 4, 3; Mandolin Club, 3, 1.*



Thomas Milmore Wynkoop, Jr.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

**T**HE ancestors of this shining light wore wide leather breeches and wooden shoes, but in our hero the width of leather has descended to his feet, and the wood ascended to a more lofty portion of his anatomy. Like his forebears, he delights in getting ahead of his friends.

(Did you ever see him look at the math marks to see if he got a better mark than Steve and see his face light up if he did?) Dutch never lets a recitation slide without propounding some pertinent or impertinent question to the prof. The following is his most famous query: INSTRUCTOR: After the mechanism is adjusted in this manner it will operate for at least three weeks without winding. DUTCH: Sir, how long will it run if you wind it?

¶ It does n't pay to argue with Thomas, as he inherited, along with his Holland

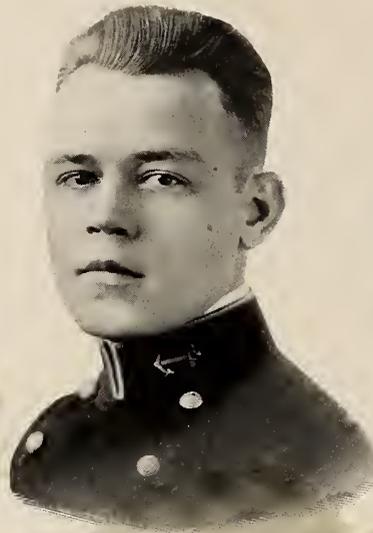
physiognomy, a good share of Dutch obstinacy. He'll admit your arguments are good and all that, but he sticks to his original opinion.

¶ He was very nearly shanghied First Class cruise when he was entertained so royally while visiting another ship that he failed to hear "All hands up anchor."

¶ In addition to his other accomplishments Dutch is the prince of pessimists. "'S matter, Wynkoop?" "Aw, I'm bilging, and my girl got married and—" But he can cheer up at times, although in his wittiest moods he delights in the sarcasm which is the envy and despair of Thurber and other eminent cynics. Imagine a wooden savoir, a cynical optimist with a real, honest-to-goodness smile and you have Dutch

¶ "Gee, I wish I was in Philly!"

*Honors: One Stripe.*



**John Stuart Spaben**  
San Juan, Puerto Rico

**ONCE** upon a time there lived in the fair tropic Isle of Porto Rico, a youth who aspired to the higher things of life. Seized with the wanderlust he stowed away on a banana steamer and came, after many days' travel, to the land where men and women wear clothes instead of cocoanut leaves. At first amazed at the strange sights he saw, he gradually became accustomed to fire-wagons and chu-chu trains and became a Regular Guy. But as time went on he yearned for the land of his birth and for a good reason (long-haired, with wonderful eyes).

¶ A brilliant thought came to him, "I will go to the Academia Naval and then when I do graduate I will go on a ship to my own San Juan and to mi Señorita, in my uniform. Maybe perhaps, too, I will get some education." ¶ And so it came to pass this youth's

desire was fulfilled. He acquired knowledge at the school of the Hon. William Leonard and a lot of this knowledge was not gained from books. After several years of this he finally reached his goal and was welcomed to Annapolis' classic

*Honors: Buzzard.*

shades by the debonair retired barbers and waiters of the Dead Language Department. Midst his new environment he grew—expanded even as a flower. His classmates held him at his true worth and took him to their tarry bosoms. He took to his books and Fatimas like a true son of the sea and the present day sees him almost ready to return to Puerto Rico and the Holy State.

¶ A bungalow on Flamingo Beach, Culebra, and a moke to shake down cocoanuts and milk the goats are his present plans. He is also thinking of going to France with Duke Whittaker—talking the Boche into submission.



Dorrance Kenyon Day  
Providence, Rhode Island

**T**O hear him talk you'd think he was a regular rough guy, one of the boys from the gas-house district. But Shorty does n't mean it, really, and we can assure you that he's absolutely sound in wind, limb, and disposition. *so so*

¶ Did you ask about his seagoing qualities?

Oh! he's there, a regular salt, concentrated solution of NaCl, you know. To wit: one day when the old *Nevada* was in or about Roads, Shorty spied a car float, and immediately piped up, "Hey, King, what fort is that over there, anyway?"

¶ He certainly is well versed in the ways of the world, too. When the gang was enjoying a round of Clicquot Club one night in the mess room, Shorty happened to see the label on the bottle Extra Dry. He immediately broke up the party with the following remark; "I'll be doggoned if I can see how a drink can

be dry." And yet again at a meeting of Dingwell's Bible Class on the *Nevada*, our boy Shorty glanced up from the magazine he had been reading, and with utter *sang-froid* remarked, "Oh, yes, I remember that story about David in the bulrushes."

Shorty, we ask you, what were you doing

when you were supposed to be listening to Sunday-School lessons back in those far-distant childhood days?

¶ The young thug has just one fault, he will pick on Dingbat. It really is a crime and we think some class action ought to be taken in the matter. Why, it's a wonder that Ding is n't in the Hospital most of the time.

¶ And finally, without Shorty, there could be no C. Harry, and the axiom works both ways.

¶ "Mr. Day, are you trying to be insubordinate, or is that your natural attitude?"

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Wrestling Squad, 4, 3.*



**Paul Douglas Dingwell**  
Pawtucket, Rhode Island

**D**O you know, we've often wondered about these ministers' sons, especially after we met Dingbat. They say, making it very impersonal, that Ding provided some rather interesting indoor sports for the boys during the early summer of 1915. At least that's what Spig Fengar

has been telling us for the last two years, and Steve insists that his present bulk is due entirely to the olive-oil dessert with which he was favored that summer. That was in the good old days, but it has furnished many a good story for the gang in Smoke Hall.

¶ But we ask you, did you ever hear Ding tell a story that really was a story, and provide all his individual facial contortions for the emphasis? You have missed something if you have n't. The only trouble is that you're apt to hear the same story about six times in six different settings if you just stick

around. And those little yarns about that year he worked for Fore River— So help us!

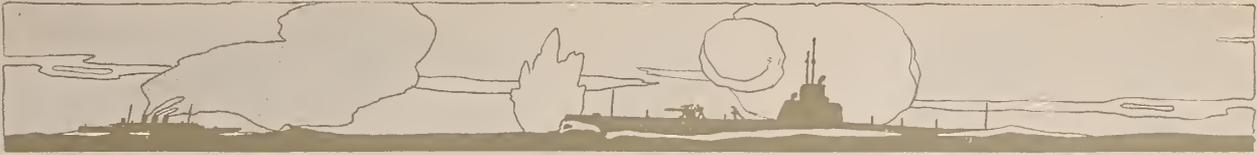
¶ We ask you though, like a friend and brother, would you ever think that Ding was truck to keel in love? Why, there's a story that he used his best friend as a paid chauffeur

just because a girl, or rather the girl, was sitting beside him.

¶ Not only that, but he always has some absolutely original remark to make on some one else's story, or on the general discussion. For instance, the gang was talking over the Western Reserve game and Ding comes down with the following gem, rendered in the most disgusted manner possible, "Huh, that was n't a football game, it was an obstacle race!"

¶ So there you are, P. D. Dingwell, U. S. N., the boy who talks out of the side of his mouth.

*Honors: Buzzard.*



Alonzo Bernard Alexander  
Spartanburg, South Carolina

**A**LEC has reminiscent features—a long hooked nose, and the wisdom of the ages in his eyes. But no, he's got red hair, and a positive aversion for permitting money to loiter in his hands. ¶ We can't say he has no eye for business, for he has never let his parents know he draws a monthly salary, so every now and then he gets a dainty check which he uses on telephone messages to Washington.

¶ He grew confidential with the D. O. before he was a day old in the Navy: "I, Alonzo Bernard Alexander, report having stowed my locker."

¶ "Ah! And what else have you done?"

¶ "I have had myself measured for blue service."

¶ "Very thoughtful indeed. Mister, that name of yours is a blessing. Get out." ☛ ☛

¶ Since then Alec has been gaining wisdom. Not much, however, without

forceful reminder. That's how he found out that the pampered pets were n't accorded the privilege of the starboard gangway. A long jaunt around the yard with Commander Gannon convinced him that funeral marches on the drum weren't in vogue after semiannns.

*Honors: Buzzard; Soccer Numerals, 4; Bugle Corps, 3; Wrestling Squad, 1*

(You know Alec was a wicked hand with the clashing cymbals.) ¶ The cruise opened a wide field for Alec's talents as a real officer. Efficiency was the goal, and to hear him say to some youngster, "How's to skip down to the fire room and trace those pipes for me," showed great promise. In the picket boats he was a bear. One dark night his vigil eye caught a light. "Gunner's mate, break out the ammunition and clear the decks for action,—a submarine!" Commotion everywhere, with Alec's heart beating like a trip-hammer. The light rose, then disappeared; "Aw, it was only a lightning bug!"



Thomas Powers Jeter  
Aiken, South Carolina

**F**ROM that first day in Plebe summer when he appeared at Bancroft Hall in a Palm Beach suit, white shoes, and a Panama hat, Thomas has never ceased to do the unexpected. He does n't look much like

a fighting demon, but he started off with a rush in the foils and didn't

stop until he won the Intercollegiate Championship in his Youngster year.

¶ His work in this line brought him special prominence during Plebe year. "Where 's Mr. Jeter? Stick your head out of that window, Mr. Jeter!" A holder of a well-deserved big "N," he is modest about displaying it, as he is in the rest of his actions.

¶ To pass quickly to other scenes, as they do in the movies, we find Thomas on his First Class cruise. Here he sprung another surprise by improving the existing methods of Navigation.

Briefly, his scheme was this: Don't bother to get nearer than ten minutes to the correct answer. If you get within ten miles of a place you can see it unless there is a fog, in which case Navigation

does n't do much good anyhow, and the best plan is to anchor with a long scope of chain. ¶ Besides this one brilliant

effort, Tom spent most of his time on the cruise at his favorite pastime, corking. He even went to sleep once in a steamer while going ashore on liberty with a crowd of officers in the boat.

¶ Thomas Powers started out his life in the Navy with a model career, but he has fallen considerably during his stay with us. On the cruise he learned to "roll his own," and he has developed into an inveterate snake, in spite of his previous predictions to the contrary.

¶ "I held her hands all the way out to the gate."

*Honors: Buzzard; Fencing N, 4, 3; Captain Fencing Team, 1; Academy & Intercollegiate Champion Foils, 3.*



Wilmot Plunkett Martin  
Blackville, South Carolina

**F**AT, good-natured, wooden, a Southern drawl, and negro accent—there you have Bill Martin. Lazy! Well, you would hardly expect a man from the South with such characteristics to be otherwise, would you? His one idea is to get enough sleep, and even though you may find him turned in each afternoon after drill, dead to the world, he never seems to catch up. There are times, however, when several unsat marks cause him to burn midnight oil, and also drag him out of that delightful three-by-six bed at 5:30 A.M. But even then his good-nature never deserts him, nor his tendency to sleep, for his chair becomes his couch and his book his pillow. And speaking of midnight oil, that is n't his only brand, and by no means his favorite.

*Honors: Buzzard; Gymnasium Squad, 4, 3, 1.*

¶ The height of his ambition is to get acquainted with a good-looking girl. Though he has n't had any luck as yet, he is still trying. During his summer cruise, while the *Pennsy* was in dry dock, he simply camped ashore around the famous resorts, but even then 't was the same old story—

no luck. Perhaps this is due to his most peculiar style of dancing—who knows?

¶ He never has what may be termed a thought. That is by far too strenuous an exercise—very straining, you know. In fact, his mind is often so blank that should any one suddenly ask him his name he would have to think twice before he could give the correct answer. ¶ But with all his faults we love him still. We just can't help it; his nature demands it.

¶ "Say: can any one give me a skag?"



**Eliot Hinman Bryant**  
Watertown, South Dakota

**T**IME!" One-Round Bryant steps into the ring and the battle is on. Bang, blooey, and the Knockout King has another victory to his credit. This happens in the winter. In the Spring, when a young man's fancy should be turning towards the gay Annapolitan atmosphere, if you will take an afternoon off and go up the river

you will see him again at work, only this time at the short end of an oar. At other times during the Academic year he worships at the altar of Lady Fatima, indulges in Smoke Hall athletics, and occasionally, nay, quite often, fusses. ¶ And speaking of the last, the Swede is quite a lion among the ladies, but he *will* say "Both" when asked: "Lemon or cream?" and he *will* make such *faux pas* as neglecting to trice up his Hole-

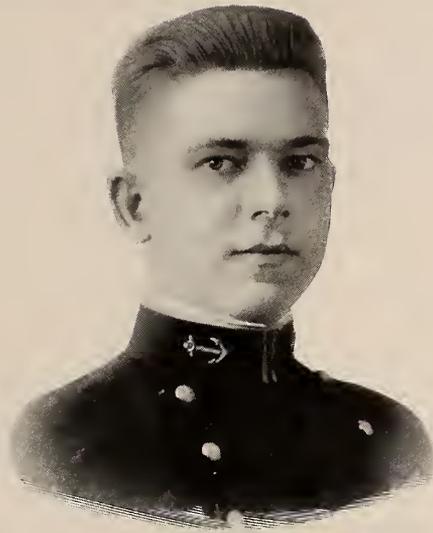
proofs when calling on the First Lady of the Yard. Of course, these little incidents have a droll element to those humorously inclined, such as H. Ray Thurber, H. Clay Fengar, and his two loving roommates who are perpetually causing the Royal Ibex to run amuck. This is rather dangerous business by the way, as he is so big and strong, though

usually so gentle ☺ ☺

¶ Savvy? He is still one of us and expects to be on hand for the Great Day. Stripes? No! And why, nobody knows. We expected to see him with more than a First P. O.'s buzzard on his arm First-Class year, but what do stripes count when you get out in the Fleet and can really prove your worth?

¶ Fill up your schooners of Scotch, fellows. We give you the Swede!

*Honors: Buzzard; Crew Squad, 4; First Crew, 3; Boxing Squad, 3; Choir, 3; Glee Club, 3, 1; Silver Medal, Small Arms Competition 1919.*



Adolph Otto Gieselmann  
Memphis, Tennessee

**G**ANGWAY, gentlemen, here comes the Weather Bureau, information artist, *et cetera*, probably the most all-round champion of the gentle art of gossiping that we possess. "Well, you hit the pap this morning, didn't you?" "Why don't you keep off the Dago

tree?" ¶ Gonk always comes around when you're feeling—oh, so fine—and shatters all your hopes for a pleasant day with some of his "always" acceptable dope, though sometimes one feels like accepting it with a brick or a bowl of water

¶ Plebe year the boys in the third company got all riled up because the Dutchman started on a career of savvyness, and no one ever could see a savvy Dutchman. It all came out in the wash, though, for he finally admitted that pretzels and beer should not be

adopted by Congress as the national diet

¶ He's sort of quiet and reserved when you first meet him, and he has a peculiarly simple way with the women. Once in a while he drags, and when he do—oh, how he do!

*Honors: Two Stripes; Crew Squad, 3; Basketball Squad, 4.*

It was his ambition at the beginning of

Youngster year to navigate those gigantic dogs of his in front of the dainty ones of a charming if not handsome girl, and the Gonk has now and then attained the lofty height of his ambition.

¶ Two stripes First Class year satisfied his commanding qualities and he developed a great liking for getting humorous with the rear rank, much to everybody's amusement.

¶ The Gonk has never failed to enclose within his brain some sort of dope, whether it be on next Saturday's game or the high price of eggs.



**Joseph Robert Lannom**  
Humboldt, Tennessee

**R**AISE you five"—“Five and raise you ten”—“Ten and raise you ten more.” “Too hot for me, I’ll drop.” “Thug” lays down a pair of sixes and hauls in the pot with that “come to me” smile. Money never bothers him; it comes to him like the morning after the night before; not by luck but by certainty.

¶ Plebe year they thought he would like to wear an N\*, they look so sporty, but after he had expended many calories and proved that the conservation of energies theory is false, he found that a little rest in the hospital was pretty good, even if you can’t go to recitations and have a good time kidding a 2.5 out of the profs.

¶ Did you ever hear Lannom on Femmes?—two volumes bound in morocco and stowed away in one of his vacant attics? Sometimes it’s rather convenient to

have some stowage aloft, but it’s also useful to stow something there. Thug might, with the aid of a chain hook, manage to stow away a little more of that most useful article, academic knowledge, but his drains work freely and the calking is n’t as good as might be.

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Plebe Football Team.*

¶ The girls, as a rule, think that they have been honored by a chat with the King of England when he leaves them, but one preferred a drug-clerk. . . . He (Thug, not the clerk) never has recovered from that.

¶ Thug was going to celebrate his last football game at the Academy with a 4.0 on each arm. He knew a friend who had a friend who had a 4.0 friend—he dragged! Poor Thug! He’s a firm believer in the convent system now and has plans for a Committee of Censorship.

¶ Memory is strong, but time will cure you, Thug. Better luck next time.



James Lemuel Holloway, Jr.  
Dallas, Texas

**J**IMMIE deposited his \$300 and drew an outfit with the rest of us. No one ever knew it. Just look at him! That hat 's marked Andrews. That shirt has an 1147. On the lingerie is 502. The trou are Pop Jeter's. The rest of the get-up belongs to the Buz. If you call him for taking the things he just smiles. That is some smile, and it covers a multitude of sins. He can make a girl's heart flutter with one benign glance. A steam prof on receipt of such a token thaws and his cramped fingers relax to show consideration

*Honors: Buzzard; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1; Log Staff, 3.*

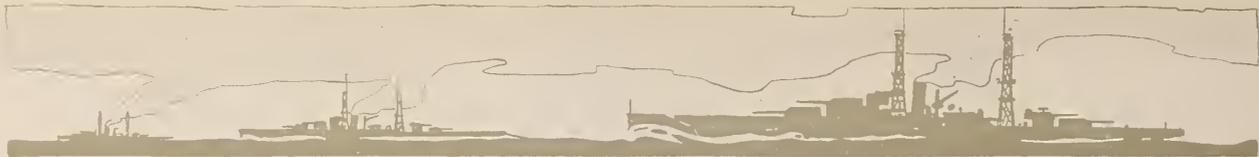
¶ The tabby cat 's from Texas, and he has one truly Southern propensity. He sure is lazy. He can sleep through drills, formations, in fact everything but meals. Athletics have never appealed. They all required too much exertion. He 's knocked-off smoking because he 'd have to go to all the bother of inhaling. "Aw, go on, old man, you can do it so much easier than I can."

¶ Once in a long time he snaps out of his sleep. Those are occasions rare, but productive. Once he even bamboozled a Turret Officer into figuring him an indispensable aide. Now and then he 'll open up and tell you he is going to leave the Navy, marry and become a cotton merchant, but that he

reckons he is too fickle and the Navy looks pretty good for a single man. That shows rare judgment in a man who falls for the girls as easily as Tabby.

¶ That 's not the only place where he shows rare judgment. If you want to know any little thing about the Navy from the daily rate of the skipper's watch on the *Vestal* to the reason for the half-degree error in the gyro of the *Arizona*, ask Jimmy—he knows.

¶ You 're right, Jimmy, the Navy 's the place to be, but the girls will miss you so—that strapping young blonde from Texas; and he has such darling eyes



Julian Bennett Noble  
Timpson, Texas

**S**TEADY, steady." It is the easiest thing for Si to say, because it's natural for him. Regular as the reveille gun and twice as fearful to plebes, he encourages them to stand from under by his stony eye ☉ ☉

☉ Si was drawn from cow-punching out in Texas by the lure of the rolling deep and regulation beans, and then in sheer recklessness joined the National Association of Pampered Pets. He has stood the pampering without softening all right, but he never could work up the energy to open his mouth wide enough in the Dago section room. "Ah, Señor Nobly, open ze mow-ooth wi-i-i-ide. Steek tree fingers in ze mow-ooth—so—now say a-a-h." Si's mouth does n't open much, but when it does, if you have n't got the thing all doped out the way he has, you are pretty much all wrong. You need n't

prove it by saying any more; he is from the Fleet and admits he's right.

☉ One of the wonders about this Farragut-in-the-egg is how he collected so much information about the Fleet in his brief life there that does n't jibe with

what we've been able to learn. You don't find out unless you monkey with the buzz-saw; but if in some unguarded moment you do, then bewail your ignorance. Noble's profound respect for the Academic Board has not been much damaged by three years' living with Savvy Red Schoeffel's nonchalance, and their Mutual Admiration Association has much of its basis in that ☉ ☉

☉ Si is on the job and steady at it. Grand-stand players may go on and electrify the crowd, but old Si is just going to be there plugging away to boost "the average."



John Carmichael Williams  
Texarkana, Texas

**A**S a firm believer in Swedish and the physique beautiful, Mike's your man. Those after-taps runs on the fourth deck and the daily chinning and stoop falling exercises are evidence. No less is his extreme care in the selection of his diet. Tell him that he will ruin his constitution by eating the sauce ladled out with the apple dumplings and you can coal on it to your heart's content while Mike sits there figuring out the millions of calories and ergs saved for the preservation of that Apollo-like figure.

¶ With several of us jellyfish sliding through the course with minimum exertion it seems strange that a conscientious fellow like Mike should be all the time bilging. It is all due to little things upsetting him. Tell him that he never looked better in his life, and he'll bust at every recitation for the day,

*Honors: Buzzard; President Y. M. C. A., 1; Track N, 4; Track Team, 3; Captain Track Team, 1.*

while trying to account for the particular training that put him in such fine fettle. A note from some Yard Engine will so affect him that he'll let go of some question like "Sir, just how do you use a telescope?" His favorite

remark is "Sir, I don't just exactly see that." ¶ Mike has two hobbies. The

first is to make speeches at Y. M. C. A. when the speaker of the evening is just itching to be at it, and the other is to get in shape to break the pole-vault record so so

¶ Speaking of speeches, that's where we have to hand it to Mike. He can get you in a corner and make you yell for mercy, but his eloquence, heavy as it is, is backed by genuine friendliness and sincerity which will get him more than his line any day.

¶ "Be firm, Mike, be firm; there's a serpent winding herself about you."



**Russell Million Ihrig**  
Salt Lake City, Utah

**G**O 'way and let me sleep!" You notice it is n't, "Please go 'way"—it's a murderous threat. Russ shows this same belligerency towards Tim, the Irishman, who sits across the green baize from him. Tim says, "There's no telling what that man Ihrig will do when he gets peeved.

Now, for instance, look at my ears—" ¶ You really might expect this from a man who hails from the land of Brigham Young, but the moment you begin to make derogatory remarks on the Western Wilds, he will mutter something under his breath to the effect that the West got the better of the Great Divide, and will point to his battered roommate, who hails from the land of non-practical savours, as proof of his statements.

¶ "No, I'm not a Mormon!" But really you can't judge by this, don't you know. First Class leave, for example, Russ ran amuck, and in place of se-

*Honors: Two Stripes; Basketball Numerals, 4; Log Staff, 3; Assistant Editor of Log, 1.*

lecting many, took much in one, a red-haired Amazon twelve stone gross, with a twenty-one stone tendency. Russ, by the way, is a slender and nervous blond. Tim says that he and the auburn-haired one used to take walks in the green woods just to get in on the color scheme of a dazzling sunset.

Russ has written thirty-six-page letters to Her, endeavoring to explain the psychological effect of the spectrum, but thus far has failed dismally.

¶ Give him anything but a street organ attended by a dusky Italian and a monkey, and Russ is perfectly rational. In fact, he is too often rationally perfect in the class room, even though no shining meteors have garnished his blou. Lead him into the squared arena of the tea-room, or the Log Office, or tell him anything except that he should n't abuse Tim, and you will have something in the way of a Kansas cyclone under way. That's Russ!



Paul Francis Lee  
Spanish Fork, Utah

**U**TAH, the garden spot of the universe, is the home of Mormons, cowboys, wild Indians, buffaloes and General Lee; the greatest State of the Union, where even the cheapest of life's necessities costs forty cents a pound.

¶ General roomed with Pewee Gilman, Youngster year, First

Class year he decided to get back on some one for the numerous and just chastisements he received, so he chose King Dierdorff, and the trenches would seem a restful heaven to any one that escapes from their room.

¶ General went out for wrestling Plebe and Youngster years, and just about had his position cinched when a dislocated knee put him out of the running.

¶ Around the Academy the General is one of the Reddest of Red Mikes, but once away from its restraining influence, he develops the composite qualities of a Don Juan, a Lothario, and a Stewart

Crosley. He believes in secrecy, however, and the one thing on which he is unwilling to talk is the true story of his various affairs. There are rumors, however, of a Puritanic damsel of Provincetown, a daughter of the South in

Norfolk, and proof positive of the purchase of a Miniature for the girl back

home. But this is the only subject on which the General is unwilling to elocute.

¶ Without exception he has one of the finest imaginations and most convincing art of any fictionist extant; compared with him the Baron Munchausen is in a class with George Washington.

¶ General is a seagoing-looking dog, but the things that appeal to him most are a home, a hearth and a half-dozen little Generals. We wish him all success, and trust that they will look like their mother.

¶ "I don' care what you shay, champagne and lemonade don't mix."

*Honors: Buzzard; Wrestling Squad, 4, 3, 1; Manager of Wrestling and Gymnasium Teams, 1.*



William Nicholas Updegraff  
Ogden, Utah

**O**O, he is n't a Mormon, even if he does come from the Promised Land, and has a well-developed ability for keeping about six of the dear things on his correspondence list. Just to put you straight, too, he is no relation to the Math Prof of the same name; a denial he reiterated many, many times Plebe year.

¶ First Class cruise had the same effect on Oody that the advent of darkness has on the night-blooming cereus. We are in receipt of several rather interesting bits of dope on our young friend in regard to his playful antics ashore. They say that of all the shining constellations of the social gang, Oody outshone the whole crew when it came to snatching ancestors out of mid-air for purposes of embellishing the conversation, gathering up all the croquet trophies, and obtaining the wherewithal for two less than a foursome on the back porch. And it is a verified fact that each Saturday the Oldest House in

the old town resounded to his earnest pleadings of "Iced tea, please, no lemon, thank you." He is still trying to find some one who can explain to him why after a heavy siege all afternoon he always came back to the ship

hungry ☪ ☪

¶ We'll wind up with a short sketch

illustrative of Upde's chief joy in life.

- 1 Oody walks ten miles on a hot afternoon ☪ ☪
- 2 Gathers a bucket of raspberries.
- 3 Returns to ship.
- 4 Has steward convert raspberries to pie form.
- 5 Comes off mid-watch expecting to scoff several large, luscious mouthfuls of said pie.  
Ad interim; Youngsters eat all pies.
- 6 No pie for Oody.
- 7 What happened?

¶ Oody (on seeing the meatball flying on the *Texas*); "Why do they fly the meal pennant from the masthead?"



Russell Sper Barrett  
Newport News, Virginia

**A**PERAMBULATING pyramid, a trunkless elephant with a dainty tread, a smile cast loose from its moorings and drifting around in mid-air—Buck Barrett. He may not be very savvy, but if you labored as hard as he does on the football field and in a shell, those sketches wouldn't be fruit for you either. ¶ In spite of his gas-house-gang style of football, he has an artistic taste that is the envy of even Adams. Did n't he turn out the Christmas Card that made the patriarchs of Bancroft Hall dig down into non-reg pockets to buy an extra dozen, cash? ¶ Buck is a mighty busy man. When he is not pounding his ear, or thumbing Webster in the composition of an epistle or a basketball letter, you can find him loving up a football or working his passage in one of Dick Glendon's excursion bateaux.

*Honors: Two Stripes; Plebe Football Team; Football Numerals, 3; Football N, 1; Plebe Crew; Crew Squad, 3; Basketball Numerals, 4, 3; Manager Basketball Team, 1; Chairman Christmas Card Committee, 1.*

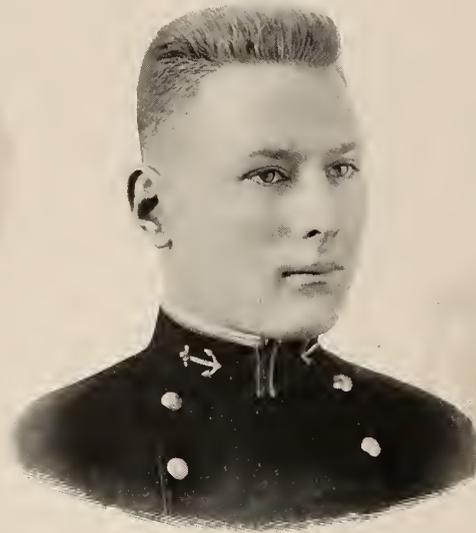
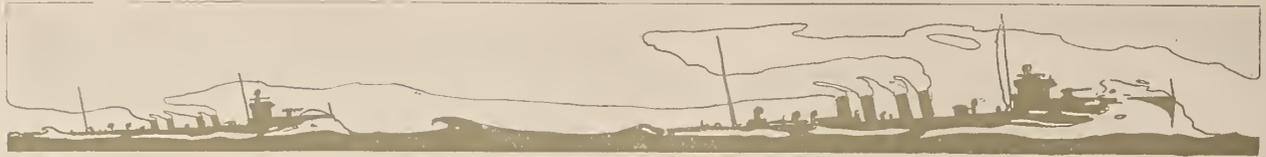
¶ Did you ever run afoul of Buck at an informal? Have you ever tried to dispute the right of way with a grizzly bear under way at twenty-two knots? Have you ever rammed the rock of Gibraltar? Have you ever tried Christian Science on the

Twentieth Century Limited? It's all the same. After the steam-roller has passed, you get yourself as much as possible in one piece

again, and know all about why it's wise to keep your motor-sailer out of the road of the *Pennsy*.

¶ This shy, sweet little violet is one of the best arrow-dodgers we know, for little Eros has n't got him yet. Femmes cannot turn his head here, but rumor hath it that there were shiny eyes and damp lashes at the C. & O. when Buck shoved off after Sep leave.

¶ He rates good luck; there's a Regiment wishing it for him.



Allen Dudley Brown  
Newport News, Virginia

**T**O look at that classic countenance you'd never guess that Dud was one of the most non-reg men in the regiment. Yet sad to say, it's true.

¶ Dudley comes from Virginia and is proud of it, but the second day of Youngster cruise he wished he'd never come within five

hundred miles of Cape Hatteras

¶ Dudley is another of that noble band who determined to achieve the honor of being genuine Red Mikes, but who succumbed First Class year. If you feel particularly reckless and crave excitement just ask Dud about the bet he made with Dutch Schildhauer about who'd drag first. A man who drags for the first time deserves commendation, but when he cheerfully gives up ten bucks to do it, he ought to get a war

CROSS

¶ Dudley played on the Plebe football team and rowed on the Plebe crew in spite of his handicap of lack of weight in both cases. He has never worshipped the Goddess Nicotine but makes up for it in his unswerving devotion to

*Honors: Buzzard; Plebe Football Team; Plebe Crew; Crew Squad, 3.*

Morpheus. The only reason he didn't wear a hole in the boat deck of the *Wisconsin* was that he'd have to move around to keep out of the sun.

¶ It's lucky that Dud is really savvy, because he counts it a day lost when he can't turn in at eight o'clock, and were it not for this little habit he might be going around with a decorated collar—that is, if he could keep his sense of humor under control.

¶ "What's the marking for ten fathoms on the lead line, Mr. Brown?" ¶ "A hole with a piece of leather round it, sir."



*Dewey*





Floyd Stewart Crosley  
Norfolk, Virginia

**F**OUR ruffles and three blasts on the siren! Here comes Flotilla's gold mine with his gang of retainers in the rear, all bedecked in samples of enough glittering ore to make the Queen of Sheba blush with shame. At a distance, with that perfect form and snappy appearance, and at close range with those sparkling eyes deep-set beneath dark brows, he is the culmination of our attempts to produce a perfect five-striper.

¶ He also possesses somewhat more than a vacuum beneath that canopy of black hair. He started out in 'Seventeen, but hit his gonk on a picket fence, which sort of caused a basic reaction in the gray matter. Back he came to the old day nursery, where he ends up as head warden.

¶ The brunette had a graceful time on Second-Class cruise trying to create a general coördination of a pack of hyenas and to instil some semblance of order in

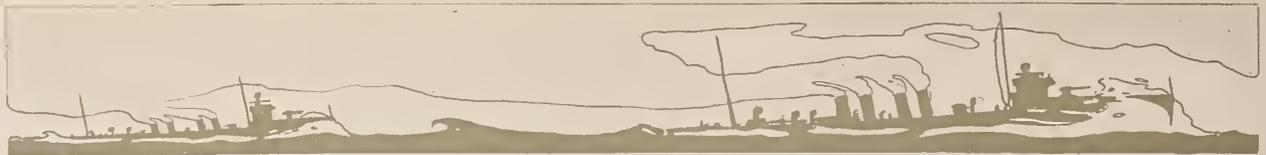
the *Wyoming's* J. O. quarters. On the *Kansas* there existed conditions calling for pity rather than censure, so he did n't have the heart to try and keep things accelerating.

¶ The business end of this literary compilation attracted him more than the other end, though why he was not unanimously appointed to edit the

society column we are unable to comprehend. He has at last sacrificed himself at the shrine of woman, the ever-present human cobweb, and we're afraid that he is gradually becoming entangled in its meshes.

¶ Stewart's winning personality and stunning figure are sure to make him one of the most efficient officers in the Service. This is not merely our own proud opinion, but also that of almost every officer who has seen him in action. But even at that to hear his line you'd think he was the simplest man west of Greenwich ☁ ☁

*Honors: Five Stripes; Masquerader Squad, 3, 1; Manager of Masqueraders, 1; Hop Committee, 1; Lacrosse Numerals, '17; Star, 3; Lucky Bag Staff.*



Miles Percy Duball, Jr.  
Portsmouth, Virginia

**W**ILES entered the Navy with somewhat more mature ideas than the rest of us. He was, and still is at times, amused to a high degree by some of our childish antics. He is extremely methodical, precise, and careful about his room and person, never varying a very complicated routine in even such a detail as the number of drops of Danderine per hour which he showers on his gleaming pate.

¶ Percy was not flattered by our reception by the upper classes and was all for going back to Portsmouth, but he has had changes of heart periodically in more ways than one. After a year of swearing he would never bother a plebe, he was driven to desperation by their crumminess, and since the second formation Youngster year he has had about a million plebes report to him for inspection. He is now with us to

stick, with the high ambition to play the mandolin like Rocky.

¶ Hick is a handy man around a ship, too. He was coxswain of the whaleboat's crew on mail-buoy watch, and also performed distinguished service in search of the Fourth Division fireworks, but some obstructionist

*Honors: Buzzard.*

blocked his requisition. He's not strong for the ladies, but when it comes to showing strangers the sights of a ship or this here A-cademy, he is second only to Schaeffer. ¶ Hick eats raw eggs for brain food, and will help you patiently in anything as long as you can stand his scraping his feet on the deck when he thinks. Next to Abie Stein on Saturday night, Hick is our most confidential member, but he always leaves you with a wise smile and detekative glance which convinces you he could tell a lot more if he would. ¶ "An Irish pennant is a green flag with a gold Harp."



Earle Hill Kincaid  
Cobington, Virginia

**W**ERE we have a gentleman who has always something strictly confidential to impart. It may be anything from the next move of the German General Staff to the possibilities of the reduction of the H. C. L. In any case the dope he spreads is always confidential and usually startlingly original. He is perpetually projecting some perverted scheme to make things go better than they are at present or like they were managed in the past. In this respect he is a veritable God of Things as They Uster Was.

¶ Among his more famous devices are his newer methods of Navigation—the prize being awarded to his formula: Local Sidereal Time equals Right Ascension Mean Sun plus Hour Angle of Venus. His views, while 99.44 per cent logical, are usually those of the opposition. In Vermont he would have

been a Democrat, in Texas a Republican, and in Germany a corpse.

¶ Due to his prestige as Virgil to the Dante enacted by the instalment of Reserve Officers and his triple-striped sleeve, he has acquired dignity. He still

*Honors: Three Stripes: Track Squad, 5, 4, 3; Plebe Summer Track-Medal, 5; Lucky Bag Staff, '18, Log Staff, 4, 3, 1.*

regales us with tales of the executive difficulties that Captain Hough and he overcame daily. Since his acquisition of that purely Congressional quality his favorite expression is "Don't be a kid all your life." Among his other accomplishments he stands head and shoulders above the rest of the Brigade of Slide-Rule Shovers, though he once came to grief because he left the gadget on the radiator and the blame thing warped. He cherishes an ambition to join the Aviation Corps and yet wants to remain a member of the sea-going navy so so

¶ "And the next day it rained."



Homer Irwin Sherritt  
Norfolk, Virginia

**W**AAL, naow looky here, that ain't right and yew know it, Atkins. I'll make my legs chop kindling wood if it is."

¶ Sherritt and his roommate are off on their usual nightly argument about everything in particular and nothing in general, which keeps the whole corridor awake till "Out all late lights." (They always have late lights. If our Rhino Bird is n't unsat the Tommy is.)

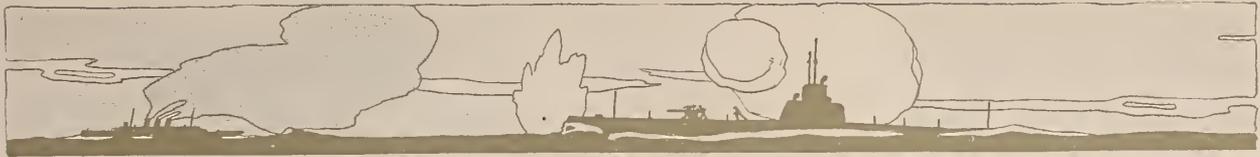
¶ He came to us from the wilds of the Dismal Swamp with weird tales of squirrel and bear shooting and the fixed idea that pyjamas had B.V.D.'s beaten at all times of day, night or year. "All you have to do is take off your blou, trou, shoes, and cap and you're ready for bed." Oh, no! Dismal is n't lazy, he's just ingenious.

¶ With this ingenious trait is coupled one of stubbornness. You could n't

tear him away from an idea, once he gets it fixed in his mind, with a Barton tackle. That is one of the reasons he rowed in the first boat last spring. And speaking of rowing, have you ever sat in a shell behind him, and enviously watched his shoulder muscles bulge? *sc*

¶ There is romance in Dizzy, however, with all his laziness and stubbornness. Whisper it, ye winds! Dizzy is in love. Yes, First Class leave he somehow or other spent a few days away from the Swamp and saw one of "them thar onelegged critters." Now he is a member of the pink-letter brigade and he and Dick Rush lead the scramble for the mail at eight bells. Here's to you, Dizzy, but for the love of Mike don't make her take up her abode among the alligators.

¶ All in all, Homer is one of the best P. O.'s in the Regiment. Here's luck! *sc sc*



Harry Raymond Thurber  
Hoquiam, Washington

**W**ERE 'S what makes the wheels go round. Ole Thurb is *Deus ex machina* of the literary productions around here, the Supreme Exalted Mogul of the *Log* and the unyielding link between mundane necessities and the divine aspirations of Steve for the *Lucky Bag*. No financial contingency has been able to jar him in his managerial seat, for his mathematics are practical; but when it is a matter of a little Liberty Loan—well, that's a different question—it will happen to any one. When you have a "special" for Her and need just one official stamp, Ray makes Scrooge and old Si Marner look like King Croesus of Pittsburgh loose on Broadway.

¶ We've heard of people who could dope out logs to the base *e*, while they rivaled the lyrics of Shelley with the other hand, and plumbers who had Madam de Sévigné's notes in mauve suède to temper their prosaic toils; but our private little curiosity in that line is Bus. Mgr. Ray out among 'em. The

fiscal baseness of his monetary mind is completely camouflaged by *parfum des anges* and exclusive creations. Seaman-ship can't teach him anything about carrying out a line.

¶ Thurber has been known to drop sinister hints about his revels with the touge guys back in his college days, and on occasion he has shown seductive proclivities, but never signs of reverting to type. The only time he's really a Touge is when he's lacing up a plebe.

¶ Unfortunately for his flourishing friendships among the class the powers-that-be perceived his pecuniary abilities and appointed him Regimental Belly-robber. His serene equanimity is marvelous on days when there are only pellucid slum and absolutely non-butyraceous lacteal extraction of the female bovine to quell ravenous cravings between breakfast and dinner. But he has stood even this test, and there are none in the class who are not glad to feel they know him. ¶ "Smoke cigars?" "Hell, yes! Any given number."

*Honors: Two Stripes, Regimental Staff; Editor-in-Chief Log, 1; Log Staff, 4, 3; Plebe Football Squad; Football Numerals, 3; Basketball Numerals, 3; Crew Squad, 4; Crew Numerals, 3; Class Crest Committee; Business Manager Lucky Bag.*



Walter Dexter Whitehead  
Anette, Washington

**A**N angelic, baby-like face; a pink, rosy, unblemished complexion; a slim, graceful figure; frank, innocent eyes; and a mop of hair that had not the slightest trace of a part; that was Whitey, as we first knew him. Fresh from the salty Pacific, Whitey was a strange mixture of the fifty-seven varieties. He seemed too young to be worrying over the ladies, yet under the tutelage of his three-striper, he at once began to cultivate that part in his hair, all for the privilege of fussing that three-striper's sister during June Week. And when June Week came, sad to relate, it was decided that Whitey was too young and unsophisticated to entertain the lady.

¶ Whitey went out for crew once, tried to get a job as coxswain, but he found that he had grown into a plump

young fellow of seventeen and was too big to ride for half fare any more.

¶ For one so new in this world he has much to say on every subject in which his elders engage in conversation.

¶ But Whitey is rapidly growing old.

He sometimes shaves now, is occasionally seen with a skag

between those sweet red lips, and he is getting ideas in his head. He was introduced to the Crab Fleet and each Saturday afternoon saw him at the gymnasium doing his utmost to make them enjoy the informals. Best of all he was never stingy with his charms, and in order to be free for them all he never dragged.

¶ "Mr. Whitehead, you'll never learn Spanish." Whitey, back in his room, "Aw, dawgon' them spigs—what's the use in learnin' Dago anyhow?"

*Honors: Buzzard.*





Frank Vernon Aler, Jr.  
Martinsburg, West Virginia

**A**ND when I get to be about a commander, I'm coming back as head of the Dago Department, and maybe I won't make those snail-eaters step around."

¶ Aler sure rates a crack at those birds, though. They weren't satisfied with bilging him once—they had

to try it again, and they pretty near scored too. His present revenge consists in getting any and all profs sore. He has little trouble in that—he can give you a supercilious look that will make you want to rise up and annihilate him. And at the same time he is very sensitive, and his goat is easily seduced, but he recalls it very soon. Frank can heave a high gravity test line on most anything, and tells his joke with great solemnity.

¶ To look at that keen hawklike face you would label him savvy, but from long habit he is never happy till he is unsat, which tendency has cut short

every athletic attempt he has made. Moreover it takes an original cuss to buck Wall Street with one share of stock in a brickworks (paving, not hops) so so

¶ Frank is also a handy man around a ship. One day he was particularly good with the stadimeter,

*Honors: Buzzard; Basketball Squad, 4; Track Squad, 3.*

and raised collision quarters on the ship ahead without ever getting off standard distance on the instrument; thereby exhibiting great skill as a mechanic and a plumber. Then one Saturday morning he let his newly started career as a fusser get the best of him and worked out a very pretty little Nav prob; got December 32 for an answer, smiled the smile that makes him look like the Com, signed his paper, and left. Well, Aler is one good scout.

¶ "Now Me and Max, on the U. S. S. *New Jersey*, the Superdreadnaught, we did it this way."



James Malcolm Johnston  
Union, West Virginia

**T**HERE was a panic in his breastie when this microcosmic sea lord first lined up with the fledgling plebes under the truculent stare of Company A. All Plebe year he lived the mouse life, unknown and unnoticed, thereby gaining a good grease with his stripers and contented freedom from hazing, running, interference, and other forms of humiliation. Johnny seems to have liked it, or else it grew on him, for here we have the type of monastic recluse. Celibate, too; the silken swish of petti-skirts sends him terrified to the safe fastnesses of his B. H. suite. Whenever Christmas comes twice a year, Johnny drags ☪ ☪

☪ But in the section rooms he beards the lion. His stentorian tones boom out, and he lies about valves and formulas he did n't bone, as boldly as if he were

old Doc Zeuner himself giving the dope on his infernal Teutonic Scheme to tell what a cylinder might do but does n't. ☪ There is every reason to believe that Johnny lived in the District he was appointed from, except that he's not a gun-toter nor a moonshiner nor any of the bold bad things

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Soccer Numerals, 4.*

that the mountain-going West Virginians are in the *Sat. Eve. Post*. He's reg and honest, a law-abiding Mid, but he has any 'possum of his native hills stopped ten hours a day for sleeping. To be almost traitorously frank, he has been known to bone for two hours steadily, a rare feat of intellectual acrobatics in the Marble Castle.

☪ Give Johnny a chance and he will show you that a friend that's hard to get is good to have. He'll make a good husband; girls, here's your chance! ☪ ☪



Henry Robert Kyle Herbst  
Sparta, Wisconsin

**D**'YE ever see Robbo in swimming? Those large, soft, brown reading-lamps peer up at you with a yearning that one does n't see very often in a shellfish. We say shellfish because his attempts at oceanic buoyancy resemble rather the submergence tests of that

type of aquatic gymnast *so so*

¶ Seriously though, with that innocent stare and loving expression, do you wonder that one fair Juliet has already fallen for his artful wiles? Oh, but he has a terrible line of honey to pass on the great subject of matrimony, particularly on Sunday night as an accompaniment to the sumptuous repast of the evening. Music with your meals, for it is really a pretty tune, that steady thump-thump of an aching heart *so so*

¶ His process of argumentation is always an original one; that is, it was once. If Bowditch, Angelo Hall, and the Nautical Almanac said "yes," Bobbie would insist on "no," and thus precipitate a general upheaval in the

ranks of the opposition. The topics, by the way, have no general point, but range on anything from Yard Engines to the Duke. The subject matter involved could probably be termed the lighter-than-air variety, but its volume extends to the limits of ye celestial sphere *so so*

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Masqueraders, 3, 1.*

¶ And yet another thing—we omitted the cruises, First Class cruise in particular. We have fond memories of a little pouter pigeon strutting up and down the quarterdeck of the *Rhode Island* *so so*

¶ There is a great deal of real philosophy in many of his sayings, and Robbo does his best to put it to practical value. He has a hard time convincing Ike of the sanity of his conclusions, but there are some serious-minded ones who willingly lend sympathetic ears.

¶ Cruise-Mamma: "How old is Mr. Herbst?"

¶ Voice: "Twenty-one, sir."

¶ Cruise-Mamma: "Huh, he looks like seventeen." *so so*



Ralph Andrew Ofstie  
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

**W**ERE we have the original wise guy, the winner of the pewter spoon for sagacity. But Swede is not too wise to look up things or too intellectual to work. He is both energetic and savvy, and one of the most enthusiastic men we have ever met. Just get him started and

in two minutes he has you believing the Navy is the best place on earth to be. ¶ Plebe summer the down on his satin cheeks attracted the attention of the Duty Officer. "How often do you shave, Mr. Ofstie?" "Once and a half every two weeks, sir."

¶ O-fisty never became really famous until First Class cruise, but then he made up for lost time. All the officers on the *New Hampshire* are now advocates of the Ofstie System of broadside battery drill. The Swede objected to loading drill without primers. ¶ He never missed a chance to sleep topside

despite weather forecasts, or the *New Hampshire's* nocturnal attempts to play Vesuvius to the quarterdeck's Pompeii.

¶ It was this summer that Swede blossomed out as a Squire of Dames, and with the usual beginner's luck. He started out on the double to see one girl, only to be stopped

in his mad career by another who demanded his escort home. Consequently he was late returning to the ship. After this harrowing incident he always smoked a cigarette (which he seldom did before) to steady his nerves before going ashore to meet this determined damsel.

¶ First Class year he gained fame as a raconteur—his specialty being tales of the lumberjacks in the wilds of Wisconsin.

¶ Upon the cinder-path and in the section room the Swede is a hurdler of note. May he continue through life clearing obstacles with the same ease.

*Honors: Two Stripes; Track Numerals, 4, 3.*



Clarence Henry Schildhauer  
New Holstein, Wisconsin

**I**N his famous drive for subscriptions, Kraut happened to run into his own Biography, presumably while trying to dislodge some prospective four dollars from the vasty waste of copy in the corners and under the desks in the *Lucky Bag* office. Of course he became interested and wanted to know, and knowing, of course he was not satisfied. Hence he kicked. And because he kicked, we changed it and it's no good any more. Hence he'll be sore again. Sorry. What did he kick at? Look above at his name and home and guess. We ask you, like a Dago prof—could he ever hope to hide it? He runs true to form, big, conscientious, earnest, slow, and steady. "I tell you what"—and off goes the Dutchman on a solemn and serious line with a deep voice that makes it sound like preaching.

¶ Brodie's one aim was a job on the team, and after two years on the Hustlers it

came very near his way. By way of training he wrestles and rows, but so far his efforts have been thwarted by a broken rib and a strange taste for using his oar as a sounding machine. Kraut has an original and awful habit of getting his

*Honors: Four Stripes; Football Squad, 4, 3, 1; Crew Squad, 3; Wrestling Squad, 3; Lucky Bag Staff.*

eyes blacked most gaudily by dropping some sylph like Cap Ward on himself,

and giving the little yard-engines who flatten their aristocratic probosces against the mess-hall windshields bad dreams for weeks at a time.

¶ If you want to know anything at all about the gyro or a Bliss torpedo, or anything that works, see Kraut.

¶ Never has he invaded Upshur Row, and never has he fussed but once, though the latter is more the result of a fool bet with D. Brown than of natural disinclination or disability. But don't ask him about his Katinka—he'll only say, "Wot?"

¶ "Now I'm tellin' yuh—"



Ernest Herman von Heimburg  
Marinette, Wisconsin

**S** EÑOR von Hindenburg—did the Señor your Papa evaire spank you? ” “ Si, señor, muchas veces, sehr oft! ” (Ferdie *vs.* Count.) Von’s Dutch accent never had any delights for an ear accustomed to the sweet angelic goo drooled out in Sunny Spain, but Ferdie forgave him for his athletics. ¶ Yes, our playful young elephant has been at it since the day he came. He made his name with Big Smith, Gilly, and the rest, as a plebe, and, except when out with minor casualties, as when one of his hurricane tackles brought up against a hard toe and he handed a few teeth to Jonas to hold until the end of the game, his imposing figure has lent grandeur to every game. He held the man, but for a month after whenever the Count laughed at a funny tale, his teeth would hurt, and he would get sore and annihilate the wretch. The funnier the tale the sorer he got. ¶ But when this vast towering T. Cobb

meets the baseball—most satisfying sound this side of perdition, and when you see that ball—well, if you stop yelling before they retrieve it from some Lieut. Com’s front parlor, you’ll certainly be the first one to stop so so

*Honors: Two Stripes; Captain Football Team; Captain Baseball Team; Football N, 4, 3, 1; Baseball N, 4, 3; Basketball Squad, 4, 3, 1; Athletic Representative, 4, 3.*

¶ The gentle Diplococus does n’t float in air, so Von’s locomotive appendages have no slouch of a job and (according

to himself) that’s what kept him off the basketball team.

¶ Heinie is our Regimental Alibi Ike. Can’t pull any alibi on him, though—nor gospel either. “ My name’s fish, kid, drop me a line. ” When he believes a thing it’s so. That’s why he has been able to keep sleepless, absent-minded Loo-eye from bilging. Heinie has n’t come in for all the glory he rates—partly because his play and work are good so consistently you never notice it, and partly because he is nominated for so many offices at every election that he splits his own vote.



Carl Kenneth Fink  
Washington, District of Columbia

**C**ARL came here with the tremendous advantage of previous military training. He belonged to the Washington Cadets, where he became the proud possessor of a medal for drilling—the best inexperienced cadet. In addition to these warlike pursuits he engaged in commercial activities. There were two rival soda-water emporiums much frequented by the feminine *elite* of Central High. Carl took the position of dispenser of sodas, sundaes, and soft drinks in one of them, and in less than two months the rival store shut up shop and moved elsewhere. You can guess the reason when you learn that Carl was used once by Christy as a model for the Modern Galahad ☪ ☪

☪ Carl has never done himself justice in athletics. If he could ever have spared time from his social activities he might have done something in almost any branch of athletics, for at Central

High he was the King Pin, all-around athlete, and idol of the masses.

☪ In his battles with the Academic Department Carl has also been hampered by his pursuing Nemesis. Sitting on the roof of the Hall, gazing over the starlit bay, and strumming Hula melodies on the mandolin are not conducive to cracking 4.0's the next day.

*Honors: Three Stripes; Track Squad, 4, 3; Manager of Track, 1; Class Ring Committee; Hop Committee, 1.*

☪ First Class cruise he was thirty-two days in Norfolk. During that time he fussed thirty-one days and the same girl every time. The extra day he spent writing letters. And speaking of letters: it's a sad day for Carl when the diurnal pink one does n't arrive.

☪ You'd never guess from gazing on his pulchritudinous puss that Carl is one of the class babies, for to see him with an eight-inch cigar implanted in his face, you'd at least think he'd reached years of discretion; but far from it. The word 's not in his lexicon ☪ "Say, how's this?"



**Harry McCoy Jones**  
Washington, District of Columbia

**D**AMMIT, Mr. Jones, every time I get one part of you braced up you bulge out somewhere else. You gotta learn some self-control, 'at 's all."

Pat was n't the only good man who tried and failed.

One day Chauncey himself took a hand.

He worked like a

Trojan for a while and stepped back to survey the finished product. Then things began to happen. First it was the top button; the second put up a game fight to no avail; the third. . . but with a wild look of despair Chauncey fled.

¶ Have n't you ever heard a riot out in the hall that sounded like a cross between a D. A. R. election and the Russian revolution, and stuck your head out just in time to see a shrieking, jumping shape do a Charlie Chaplin around the corner with the gang in full

cry? Nine chances out of ten when you followed them up you found him with that little red tongue of his sticking out of one corner of his mouth, standing with a vahz in one hand and a shoe brush in the other gayly promising to

crown the next bird that came near him.

¶ Now while this is no bouquet-throw-

ing contest we may be permitted to remark that Piggy has got them all backed off the boards as a gloom dispeller. And eat! Did you ever hear about the time, September leave at a cit party, he swiped that cake of chocolate from the old academic mantelpiece—and it was n't that kind of chocolate? Dance, did you say? Why, brother, to watch that animated rubber ball shake a foot brings memories of better days. But there are better days coming, Piggy, for us all, and we know you 'll get your share.

*Honors: One Stripe; Log Staff, 1; Choir, 3; Swimming Squad, 4; Glee Club, 3, 1.*



Everett Dean Kern  
Washington, District of Columbia

**N**APOLEON was a General; so was Cæsar. Eddie is a General, too, a General Stowage Place for all the food within his visible horizon. We can but refer to the fifteen-cent liberties in Norfolk with Dixie. The latter has a waist measure of between 42 and 48 (dependent upon whether the measure is taken before or after), but appearances are deceiving; for Kern had developed just enough appetite for a good meal when Dixie began to suffer—stretched beyond his elastic limit.

¶ We 'll hand it to him for being a conscientious upholder of good principles, and not necessarily abiding by the viewpoints of the majority. For instance, a majority did not agree to a course in Swedish in the fighting top before breakfast. Of course, the rest of the day he slept.

*Honors: Buzzard;  
Soccer Numerals, 4.*

¶ Then came Sep leave, and the summary of reports seems to have it that he intends never, never, to be a Red Mike again, a claim fully substantiated by his appearance at all informals during the last lap of the three years at the Navy School. *so so*

¶ Since Sep leave he has never, as in the days of old, kept pace with Dixie all the long afternoon, shyly keeping a forty-foot interval between themselves and the unsuspecting objects of their mute adoration. *so so*

¶ Some day he may be drilling a three-inch gun's crew and we pray to Jobab that he trains on targets and not on distant lighthouses, as has been his custom in the past. It is no disgrace to hit a lighthouse, but as long as they were intended to be permanent, there is no need of bucking the system.

¶ "Hey—had lunch yet?"



Gordon Hancock Mason  
Washington, District of Columbia

**A**PRIL twenty-eighth, nineteen-thirteen, Gordon Hancock Mason, from Washington, D. C., sir, while still going ahead four bells and a jingle (mostly jingle), dropped his mudhook among the Crabs. We find him playing the rôle of Function on the good ship *Reina*, that

famous old Spanish Warhorse. During Plebe summer he officiated as Second P. O., the snake-dance variety. After a year and a half of heavy firing between Hancock and the Academic Department, diplomatic relations were severed and passports tendered.

¶ But in true Navy style he came back for more, and got it. By the use of good headwork and footwork, he outpointed his former adversaries, and acquired an exceedingly nifty insight into Naval Tactics

¶ Here he was aided and abetted by his athletic tendency (soccer). Gordon was likewise engaged in the frolicsome sport

of dodging "James Legs and Bros., Inc.," for Dame Nic had some strangle hold on the young hound. Many's the wintry night he's swung his seagoing hammock on his beloved ship. Many a time has he traversed the Bancroft Hall-

*Honors: Buzzard; Soccer Squad, 6; Swimming Squad, 6, 5.*

White House route, and oft and often has he disembarked from

the *Reina*, but only to return.

¶ With the advent of First Class year, Gordon showed his true form. Walking and skagating constituted his heavy exercise. His walks started at Porter Row, embraced Annapolitan residences and ended at his Bancroft Hall cubby-hole. There he sat and moped, till the next week-end rolled round.

¶ We must admit that with a credit of four midshipman's cruises (total, one year), one black "N\*\*\*," and a license as a Crabfleet pilot, "El Maison" should be some sea dog.

Grand Honors: Self-elected keeper of the Golden Five.



Louis Benjamin Pelzman  
Washington, District of Columbia

**D**EAR AL: We're through, boy, graduated b' gosh—and what's more old Son Pelzman got by with us—filled with learnin' to the “gunnels.” He's been cast, shrunk, annealed, machined, star-gauged, inspected and stamped, and now he's fitted to take his place on the “Big

Machine.” ¶ You were in the High School Kaydets with him at Washington so you know all about those seventeen medals he won for being the best “Untrained Colonel.” This got him a job Plebe summer as second P. O.—he spent all his time trying to trip the rear squad

¶ He made his academic début from second class door, and, needless to say, he was the hit of the season with the upper classmen from then on. Strange thing about that Academic work of his—stop valves never seemed to have any openings, and B. & W. boilers were always minus their steam drums.

¶ Youngster year was about the same. He came through like he always did in a swimming test—just before old Slobwatsky hollered “time.” No, Al, he never were the Athlete you are, was n't built that way, he had too much Prologue. Still he could lob a few over short of the basin.

*Honors: Buzzard.*

But when it came to indoor sports he was the King of Kings.

¶ Speaking of femmes, that boy was some fusser. Why, a 1.7 was n't nothing for him to drag. I remember once he made a mistake, wrote the wrong girl, and came over to the hop with a 2.3 draped on his arm. He claims his sylph-like movements are due to his unbroken lineage from Terpsichore, but I believe he would have come closer to the truth if he'd said Bacchus, seeing as how I had to put him to bed to-night. He's been out hitting Clicquot Club, but don't worry, Al, he's E Pluribus Unum.



Douglas Appleby Powell  
Washington, District of Columbia

**D**OUGLAS believes in the lowering of prices of food and other necessary commodities to an irreducible minimum, hence the pseudonym "Cut-price." ~ ~

¶ Gifted with a cast-iron nerve and a personality, he has a way with the women. He is a lounge lizard

of note, the kind of fellow who will surreptitiously and with malign intent abstract your girl at a hop. He has crust enough to stock a wholesale bakery. While he is not in love with himself the following answer is credited to him.

"Dear, I'll bet you have a girl in every port you've visited?"—"Not at all, not at all, I have n't a soul in Boston."

¶ First Class cruise, when none of the gang knew any of the natives, he took four of us to call upon a girl he had never seen before, although he was armed only with a letter of introduction. No

social dilemma could ever feaze him. Even a meeting of two of his affinities did not confuse this Relentless Rudolph.

¶ As his own difficulties trouble him so little, he is not very sympathetic with the rhino fits of others. Nobody can mention a disaster, either major or minor, in his presence,

without being treated to the remark, "That is a distressing misfortune." In addition to his other traits, he is a nihilist of the *n*th degree. Still, ever since the Commander told him his locker was "as neat as a railroad wreck," he outwardly conforms with the 995 U. S. N. A. regulations. In fact he has achieved a degree of efficiency entirely incommensurate with his First P. O.'s job.

¶ Imagine a prowling panther, animated by a desire to get something for nothing and by Draconian ideals, and you have Doug. ¶ "That's most unfortunate."



Logan Carlisle Ramsey  
Washington, District of Columbia

**T**WO years from date Ramsey will be either a dead one or a chronic dyspeptic! To be frankly frank, Logan is carnal.

¶ To be poetically brief, he is a word-monger, entirely omnivorous, stopping short of nothing and beginning about the same place; modesty notes that he never speaks about himself!

For instance, he'll never tell you of that exciting moment in Plebe year when he almost nipped both cheeks off the O. C. at the rifle range with a misplaced shot from a .44; or of the awful tragedy of Plebe year when, after skipping formation, he stood proudly at attention on the roof when colors sounded, and was ragged by the hawk-eyed D. O. below.

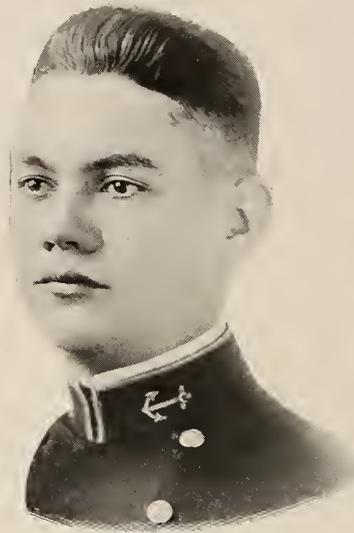
¶ Logan is a poet, which perhaps explains his rabid imagination, displayed on July 4th, 1916, at Guantanamo, when, as captain's orderly, he valiantly trod the quarterdeck and called on Christopher Colombo to bring on his dirty, slathering savages.

*Honors: Buzzard; Plebe Football Team; Football Squad, 1; Choir, 5, 4, 3, 1; Glee Club, 4, 1; Lucky Bag Staff; Log Staff, 1.*

¶ But to get to the point, Logan has the prime requisite of a poet—a Her. Of Her, there were five pictures on his locker door the last cruise; they were his suicidal despair and shrine. To his classmates, also, these pictures were a shrine. But one day, what ho! The pictures were gone—were gone for a week!

All was black—until —Midshipman I. Klutchem gave the startling Q. E. F.—Logan had been on picket-boat duty for a week. Hence, with a mighty sigh of relief, all was well!

¶ Conceive of a ponderous Rear Admiral rate like unto an octopus with its food-reaching tentacles. When you have been fascinated by this spectacle, consider the whiteness of his teeth, the rosiness of his complexion and the friendly spirit he always has; then you will see that, after all, our Tank is rapidly whipping into shape as a very valuable addition to the wine mess aboard whatever ship is fortunate enough to get him.



John Wesley Roper  
Washington, District of Columbia

**W**ERE he is, girls, J. Wesley Roper! Hails from Washington, D. C., and seems proud of it.

¶ When he first timidly slid into the Academy he was small and thin; in fact, one inspired genius advanced the theory that he was an Incubator Baby. Plebe year he was afraid to eat, and crept around in a meek manner on his toes. If an upper-classman spoke to him he would blush, roll his eyes and gasp for air. Then in the middle of the year he began to grow. His trousers, failing to keep pace with his increase in stature, gradually became less and less clubby with his shoetops and at last severed diplomatic relations. Like the famous bullfrog in the fable he puffed out, and the best of it is that he is still at it. Now he can take on

all comers of his own or of a smaller size ☪ ☪

¶ John is a fusser—admits it himself, but he is a true sporting man. He never drags for himself, preferring to emulate Justice and do it blind. Considering the fact that his habitat is Washington and that he never drags

*Honors: Buzzard; Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1; Choir, 1.*

from there, an analytical mind would deduce that his initial attempt in this line was the result of naval training.

¶ The reason that the Rough Egg rates about three-fourths of us is that he is a natural savoir. He helps them all, from Beany Adams to his own wooden roommate ☪ ☪

¶ J. Wesley leads a rather quiet life, his mandolin being his chief diversion. He talks but little, but what he says is worth listening to.



Richard McKee Rush  
Washington, District of Columbia

**W**HO is it that always gets a pink letter? Who is it that transports the aforesaid volume to the privacy of his boudoir, and after digesting contents of same, tenderly deposits it in his strong box and carefully turns the knob to obviate the possibility of burglary? Why, our Richard, of course. ¶ The evil machinations of the sons of Sunny Spain held no terrors for him. He even wept upon the occasion of our *Ultima Leccion*. Dick never joined the Royal Order of the Sons of Rest. Even the drills with old "Boon—drip—drip" found him laboring with that "do-or-die" cast of countenance. Speaking of facial expressions, he has the finest collection seen around this Vale of Tears since Crosley was a plebe. They range all the way from that

*Honors: Buzzard; Two Stripes; Baseball Squad, 4, 3; Star, 4, 3; Log Staff, 3, 1.*

determined look mentioned above to that seventh-heaven-of-bliss-kill-me-while-I'm-happy expression he wears on Saturdays after the arrival of the two-o'clock car from Washington.

¶ If you're wooden, go to Dick with your troubles—he'll help you. If you're gullible, go to Richard—he'll tell you about a rhinoceros with oranges growing on his horn and make you believe it so so

¶ The lure of the diamond brought Dick out in spiked shoes and a fielders' glove, but the lure of another diamond brought to bear on Saturdays during the game caused his retirement from the realm of sport. Imagine a man with a bulldog countenance and whose pet bugaboo is a 3.39 and you have Richard. ¶ "M. C., where's my mail?"



Thomas Greenhow Williams Settle  
Washington, District of Columbia

**B**ORN in a martial atmosphere, this blasé globe-trotter acquired at a tender age what is now the most rigid brace in the Regiment. The torrid wastes of the Tropics hardened him until "the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as rubber bands." He stands so straight that he bends over backwards. During his Plebe year Major never received the pleasant admonition, "Take a reef in your beer muscles, mister."

¶ Some great sorrow saddened his mien and deepened his voice until his lower register resembles the rumbling of thunder. Major's initial appearance in the rôle of section leader early caused a sense of uneasiness among the First Class, but when he thundered "Settle," and answered "Here," the equanimity of those lords of creation was shattered. ¶ Although Major appears contented with the lot of a midshipman, he is

constantly wishing he was in Texas, "where even the June-bugs carry six-shooters." *so so*

¶ The bug he wears upon his collar seems to indicate that either he has brains, or else the instructors quail before his imposing appearance. You would never think it, but Tex is a humorist of the Irvin Cobb type, and he is never as happy as when pulling a new one, especially a tale based upon one of his many adventures.

¶ Major is gifted with genuine efficiency, although he sports only a bird on his sleeve. Imagine an animated ramrod with a sense of humor and a sepulchral voice, and you have Major.

¶ "Where were you, Mister Settle?"

¶ "On the running track, sir."

¶ "Where does the track run?"

¶ "Around the gym, sir."

¶ "It does? And how often?"

¶ "Only once, sir."

*Honors: Buzzard; Star, 3.*



Ten Eyck DeWitt Veeder, Jr.  
Warrenton, Virginia

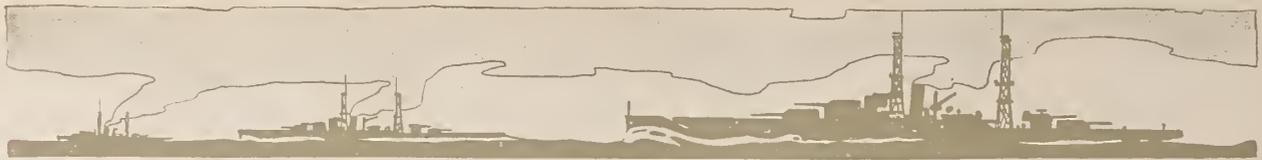
**T**ED'S name is Dutch, but at times we've embraced the fleeting idea that he had a little Scotch in him. He is the most unassuming member of the "one of the boys" gang, but with half an eye any one can see by the easy *savoir faire* with which he does things that he's "been around some." Many and varied, true and otherwise, are the yarns told about that gang on liberty; Norfolk and Newport News being especially discussed. From all accounts their doings would make wonderful material for a movie director who craves action and lots of it.

¶ To get back to our young hero, we've been able to unearth only one difference of opinion he's ever had with our friends of the Discipline Department; they look askance at his intimate relations with Old Lady Fatima. Yes, he's been rocked asleep several nights

by the motion of the old *Reina*, as the seas broke over her bows.

¶ On the whole, he has solved the riddle of keeping off the pap, and the solution after all is very simple; it is to keep your mouth dogged down at all times. Nobody ever heard Ted telling wild tales, either on others or on himself.

¶ Our boy Teddy is certainly a blood of rare hue. He looks it, acts it, and every time he signs his name, it is impressed upon you. If this last idea seems to be rather obscure, don't start to think that we've got sand in our gear-box, but just look at that young alphabet which goes to make up his initials. To those among us who may have aspirations to attaché duty, we would invite attention to young Veeder. You've got to step out to acquire a *distingue* air that'll beat his. Hot stuff, we're here to state! ☪ ☪



John Bacon McDonald, Jr.  
At Large

**W**ERE is the man for whom that wine, women, and song phrase was invented. If you want to make Mac your enemy for life and cruelly crush his tender feelings, just suggest that you think he has even the slightest amount of good hidden in his system, and he'd be liable to answer "Yes, I got some good in me—some damn good Scotch." But judge not elections by straw votes nor Mac by his alcoholic tales—he just wants to be known as one of the gang. The sober truth of the matter is that Mac is one of the hardest-working, most conscientious men in the class. ¶ He has been all over the world and has left (to judge from his many yarns) a minute portion of his bleeding heart in every port he has visited. He dotes on

*Honors: Buzzard; Gymnasium  
Squad, 4.*

big black cigars almost as large as himself, and with a villainous aroma of essence-de-hemp. Frequently the windows in Smoke Hall have to be opened to clear the place of the odoriferous exhalations from one of John's stogies.

¶ Mac never tires of relating to all who care to listen the

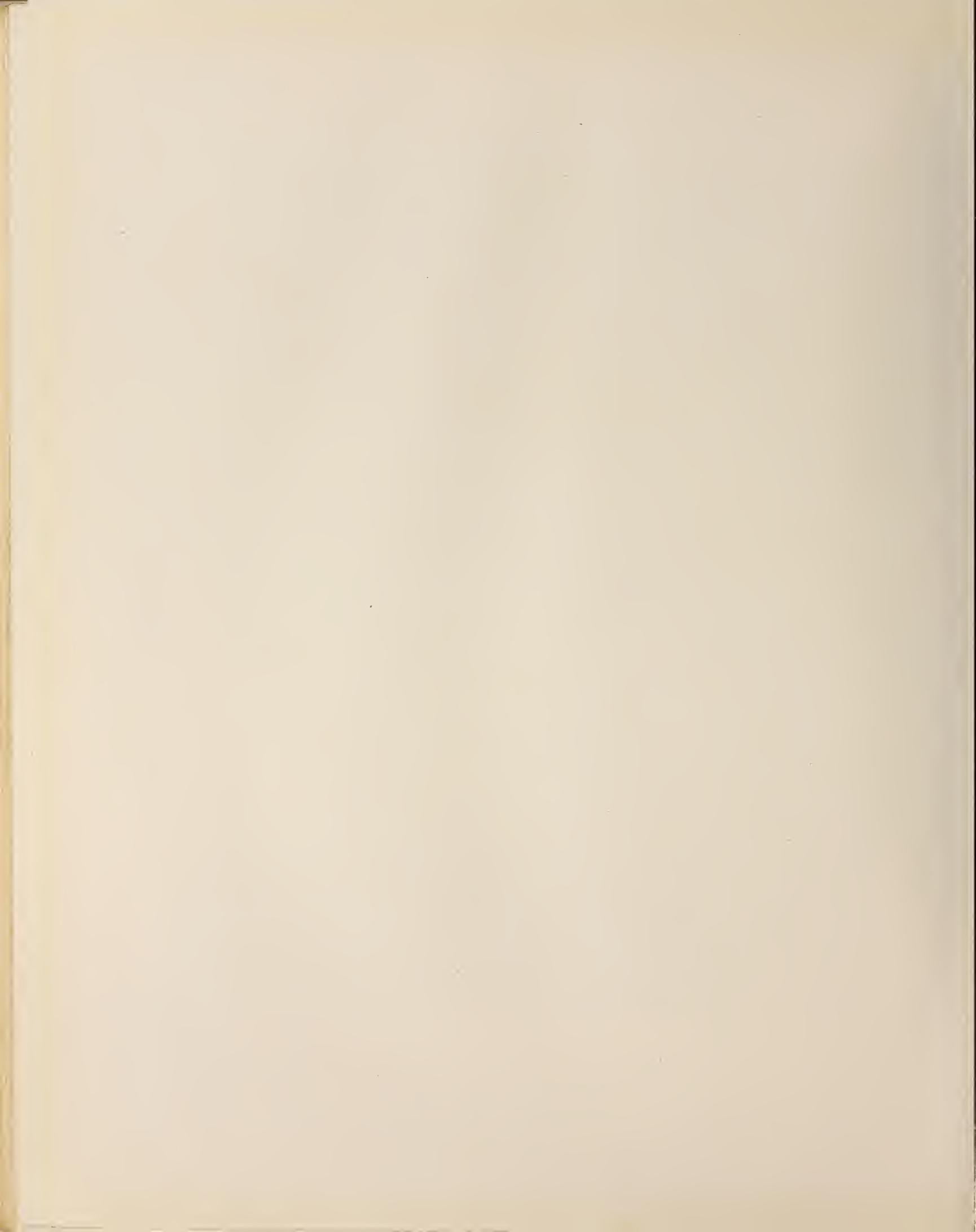
relative advantages, from a pleasure-seeking midshipman's standpoint, of Frisco and other cities; always to the detriment of the other burgs. The beach at Waikiki has a new meaning to us after we have seen it through Mac's eyes ☉ ☉

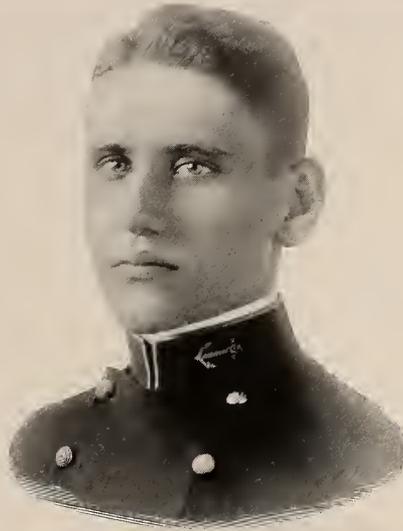
¶ Conceive of a man who after a quarrel with his better half deluges himself with perfume to make her think he has been out with another woman; then you have a good idea of Mac and his follies.



C.W. SVENSSON '17

*The Day*





William Dodge Sample  
At Large

**B**ILL is an Army Junior, but he saw the error of his ways in time to correct them, and so we have him with us now in the old Navy.

¶ He is an inveterate fusser, never missing a Saturday, but from the wide variety that he favors with his company and the nonchalant manner in which he

goes about the game, we are forced to conclude that he only regards it as a pastime and that the real thing is waiting for him—he does n't claim any particular residence so we can't say just where she's at. Perhaps West, or maybe over in the Islands, or down on the Border—you never can tell with these Army people.

¶ As if it were not enough of a handicap to have to live down an Army reputation, Bill has the additional hardship of living with Bunny Cochran, and if any one can live around Bunny, and listen to his line, especially since he has

left the ranks of the Red Mikes, and still remain in his right mind he deserves a lot of credit.

¶ If you'd ever seen Bill in a blanket and feather headdress, you might have thought it was Chief Eaglebeak himself,

*Honors: Buzzard; Plebe Football Squad; Football Squad, 3; Crew Squad, 4, 3.*

but as soon as he opened his mouth you would have seen your mistake, for who can

imagine Bill with his quiet drawl, giving a real blood-curdling war-whoop?

¶ Can you imagine a combination vacuum cleaner and steam shovel standing down on a helpless little Mess Hall meal, with decks cleared for action?

If so, you can get an idea of Bill eating, especially after those little cruises you take up the river when you're out for crew. Even the entertainment he provided as "Mr. Simple" during Plebe year could n't stop him. But in spite of all that, the Navy will get a real officer when Bill graduates, provided the Army does n't win him back again.



James George Atkins  
At home with his hat

**T**OMMY is another of these real rough eggs hailing from God knows where. He didn't believe in tradition Plebe year in general and was thoroughly intolerant of such of the ancient customs as did not coincide with his own ideas concerning his comfort and convenience. Youngster year, however, found a complete change of heart in Tommy and today there is not a more ardent supporter of the *ancien regime* than James George. Unfortunately this handsome specimen of splendid young American manhood is a misogynist—there are only about thirty female faces forming a festoon on the locker door. Tommy long ago became obsessed with the idea that the sounding of one's own particular wind instrument would be accomplished only

by the endeavors of the individual concerned. Hence his flowing line.

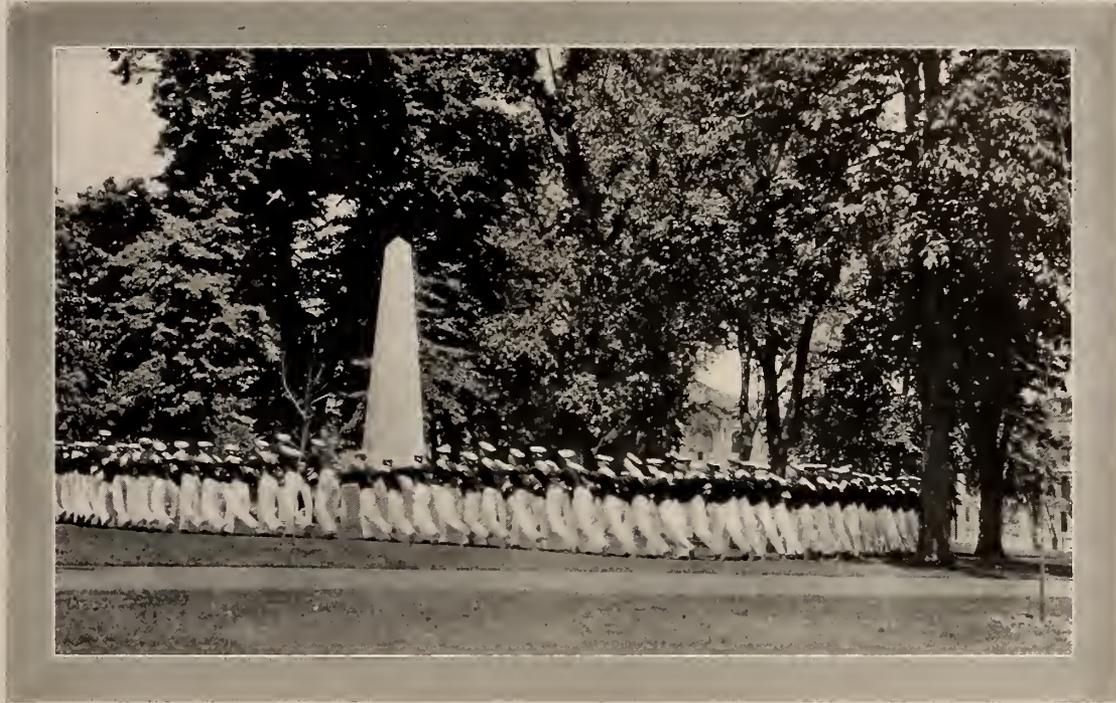
¶ The inscrutable gods, when blessing him with a physique which lends itself well to statuesque effects, put in the best part of their work on Tommy. If you have missed the sight of Tommy attempting a diet of Naval Academy

*Honors: Football Squad, 3; Track Squad, 3; Basketball Squad, 4.*

chalk, you have missed contact with the seamy side of life. But there is one branch of our Academic life in which he is really proficient—namely, that buzzing and blinking that beats the best of us. Any signal James George can't catch is n't catchable.

¶ Imagine a red-faced ruffian with a "What in hell's that formula" look and one hand trying to turn an ear inside out and you have pictured Tommy.

¶ "When I was on the *Wyoming*."

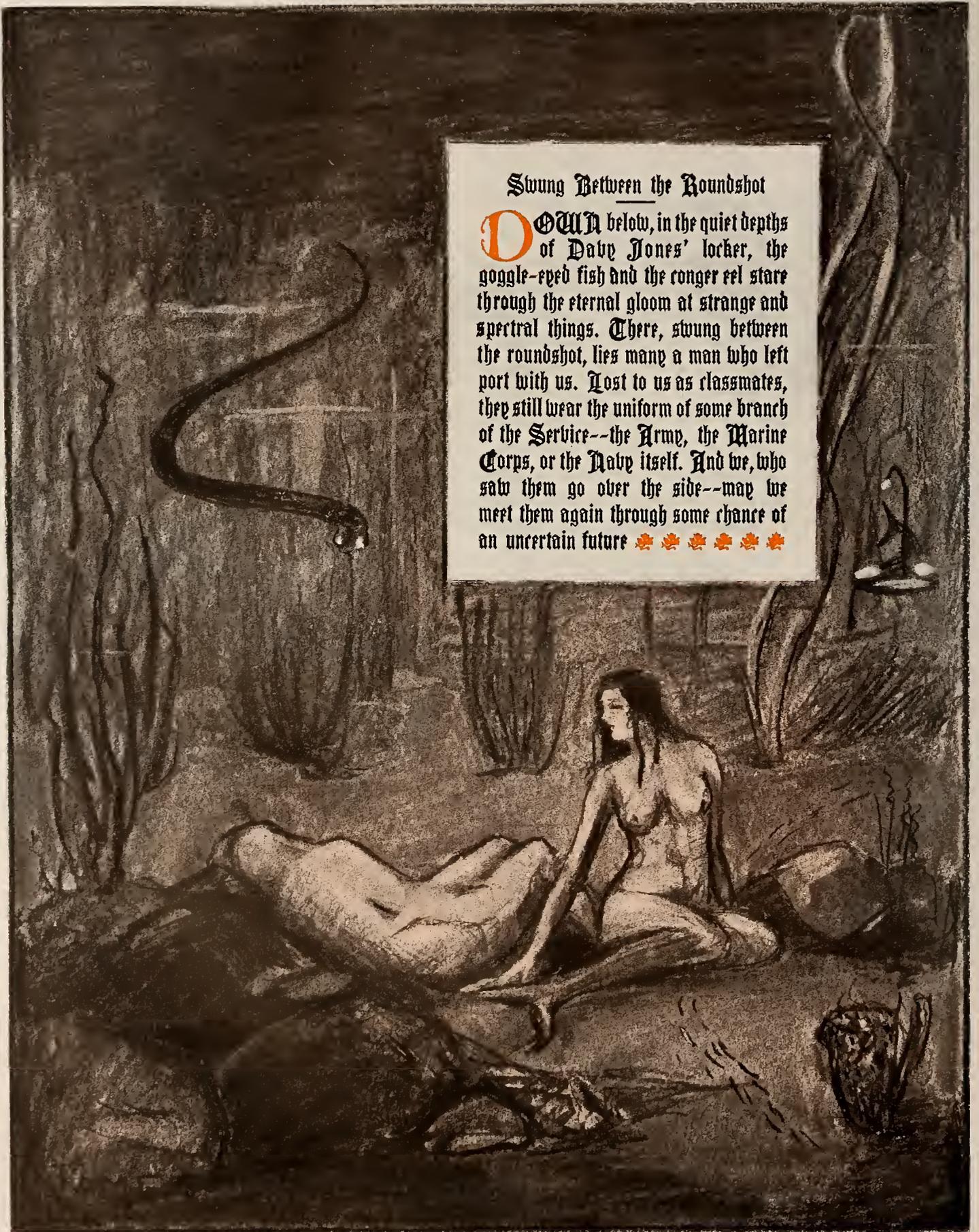


*'T ain't No More Plebes*

**G**OU may talk of the joy of heaving your cap away on the final day of graduation; of the pride that fills the gallant airman's heart, as the croix de guerre is pinned above it; of the rapture that thrills you as, with downcast eyes, she softly murmurs yes; but these are as nothing when compared with the insane delight with which you hurl your gun and cartridge belt at an upper classman and join the mad stampede through the Armory door to the sinuous line that wreathes round Herndon Monument &

Swung Between the Roundshot

**D**OWN below, in the quiet depths of Davy Jones' locker, the goggle-eyed fish and the conger eel stare through the eternal gloom at strange and spectral things. There, swung between the roundshot, lies many a man who left port with us. Lost to us as classmates, they still wear the uniform of some branch of the Service--the Army, the Marine Corps, or the Navy itself. And we, who saw them go over the side--may we meet them again through some chance of an uncertain future ❀❀❀❀❀❀



# The Ballad of The Bilged

The hellcats' rattling drums have beat  
 The bilger's last tattoo,  
 No more among the trees shall meet  
 That anxious wooden crew.  
 Unseaworthy 'gainst Neptune's rage  
 Below their wraiths abide  
 For brains is king in this sad age  
 And brains must breast the tide.

No rumors of the foe's advance  
 Disturbs that quiet bight;  
 No pap sheet there vindictive haunts,  
 Nor even one late light.  
 No nightmares of the morrow's strife,  
 The bilger's dreams alarm;  
 No braying horn nor screeching fife  
 At dawn rends slumber's charm.

Their hated books are thick with dust,  
 In their homes so far above,  
 But moon-eyed sea snails crawl through rust  
 Where prowling swordfish shove  
 Long gashes through the eerie ooze,  
 And barracoudas' maws  
 Break on the roundshot 'neath their shoes  
 As near the Grampus draws.

Yon squidgy squid's blunt baleful beak  
 May carve thy mooring loose,  
 And fan-tailed badgets float thee far  
 Through ocean's murky juice.  
 Nor carps nor sharks nor pobbly snarks  
 Nor time's remorseless doom  
 Shall make your guesswarps firm unreel  
 From mem'ry's quarterboom.

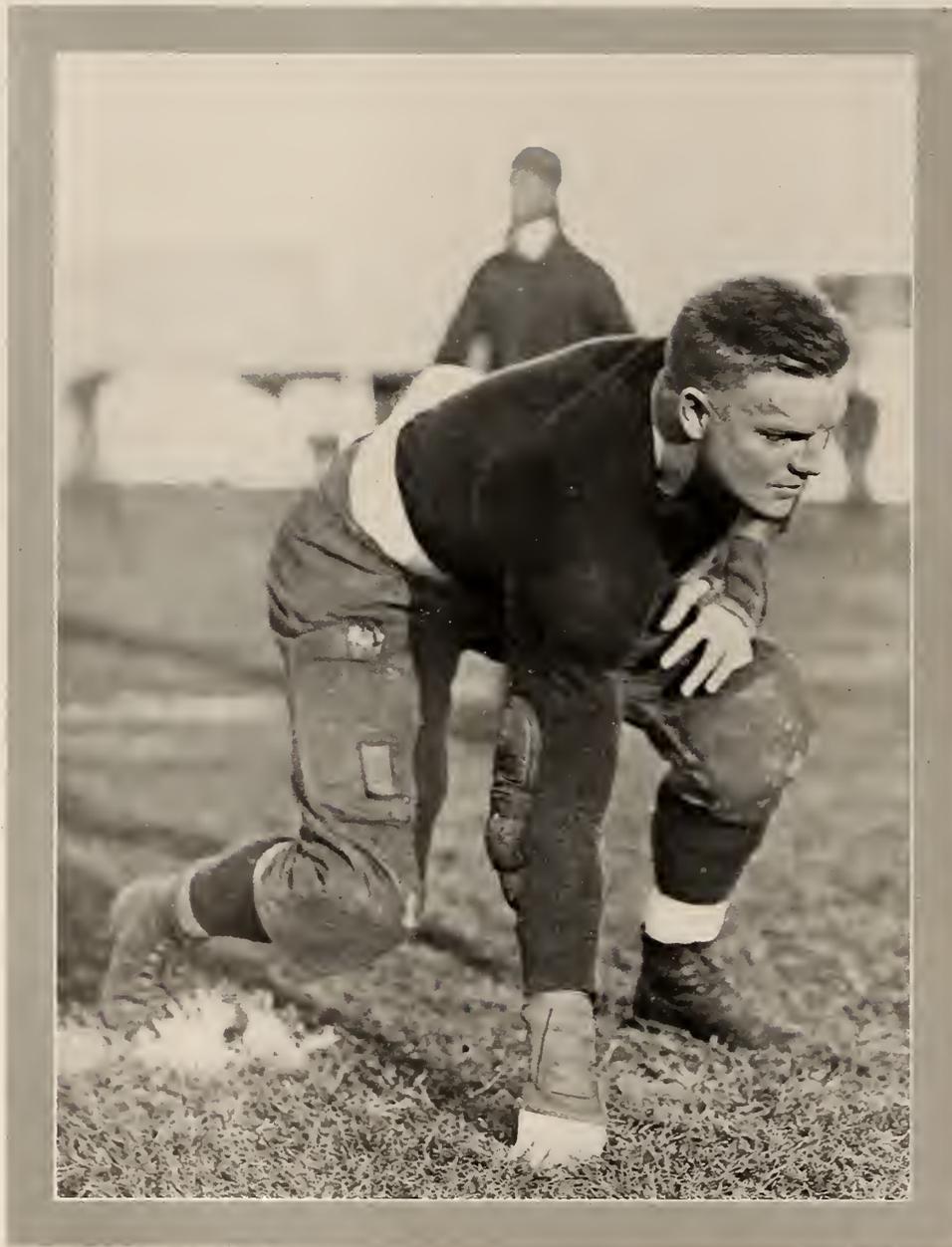
Anderson, C. C.  
 Bailliere, T. H. G.  
 Benson, R. B.  
 Bonney, C. T.  
 Brantly, N. D.  
 Brimmer, H. W.  
 Brittain, T. B.  
 Brown, G. W.  
 Browning, J. N.  
 Canfield, J. P.  
 Casey, J. R.  
 Collins, B. F.  
 Cooley, W. B.  
 Crowe, J. F.  
 Daniel, R. J.  
 Ditmars, W. E.  
 Evans, C. V.  
 Feraca, S. J.  
 Gamble, H. G.

Gearing, H. F.  
 Gilman, A.  
 Haberkorn, J. A. jr.  
 Hale, D. W.  
 Hayes, T. A. jr.  
 Howe, J. H.  
 Humes, J. A.  
 Hunter, J. H. 2nd.  
 Hurff, J. E.  
 Hutchinson, M. C.  
 Jackson, H. M.  
 Johnson, J. S. jr.  
 Jones, B. S.  
 Killian, W. McK.  
 Kinney, J. jr.  
 Kirtland, C. W.  
 Kirtland, F. R.  
 Laird, C. B.  
 Lamb, C. J.

Livingstone, W. G.  
 McDermott, J. T.  
 McEathron, E. D.  
 MacNamee, A. J.  
 Maichle, F. M.  
 Martin, D. C.  
 Maxwell, W. E.  
 Mills, DeL.  
 Minard, D. P.  
 Moran, W. F.  
 Naill, R. F.  
 Onley, W. B.  
 Pearsall, L. M.  
 Peterson, C.  
 Post, N. J.  
 Pulliam, E. P.  
 Rand, E. B.  
 Richards, C. L.  
 Roberts, H. C.

Schiffli, H. J.  
 Schmidt, G. E.  
 Shope, W. K. B.  
 Smith, E. H.  
 Smith, E. R.  
 Spaulding, J. W.  
 Surran, C. LaF.  
 Thomas, F. C.  
 Thomas, J. W.  
 Walker, H. E.  
 Wells, S. L.  
 Westphal, F. A.  
 Wheyland, M. C.  
 White, R. D.  
 Whitson, J. A.  
 Wilkes, C.  
 Williams, R. jr.  
 Woodward, C. D.  
 Wright, J. E.

Poor little middies who 've lost their way,  
 Baa! baa! baa!  
 Sailing around on Chesapeake Bay,  
 Baa—aa—aa!  
 Gentlemen sailors from over the lea,  
 Bound through hell to eternity,  
 God ha' mercy on such as we,  
 Baa! baa! baa!



ARTHUR GILMAN

*WHENEVER* Nineteen pipes are lit, and talk shifts to and fro, sooner or later a lull will come in the conversation and out of a cloud of smoke some one murmurs, "Gee. I wish Gilly were here." And from slow nods of approbation he will know that he has spoken for them all. Out in the field the team feels the lack of his smashing charge. The little crowds around Smoke Hall miss his booming laugh. Our glorious parties are a shade less merry now that his jovial spirit does not preside at the board. And if he ever literally drops in on us from the skies that he now roams, he will find a welcome as warm and unflinching as his own big heart   👁️   👁️   👁️   👁️



## Nineteen Chronicles of Ye Goode Olde Dayes

**T**IS June; the breath of the Chesapeake floats carelesslie in among the tall chestnut trees and ober and arounde the chapel dome; verilie is it a dape of absolute stillness with perfect peace and quietude. Through the gate strolls a youthe, garbed in the habits of the dape, careless in walke, carefree and abandoned, he whistles his way toward the chancellore's office. Little does he reck what is to befall himme. **T**he curtain changes and animation is depicted. Infused with the spirit of the grizzled veteran of the wars, the would-be-knight sallies forthe to do battle with the triales of a Midshipman. The waye is long and covered with stones. Thorns abound, yea, the very grasse seems to wither. Farther and farther away sink the olde pleasures; tough as the hickory and olde as the pew tree arises the problem.

Wherein ye page passeth within the portal.

### ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ The First ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

**I**NTO the portals of the castle was conducted the youthe, eben unto olde Bancrofte. Here was lost the carelessness of the outside worlde; keenlie alibe and penetrating was the air, orderlie the work. Down to the bazaar the youthe wended his waye, but for the fullness of his goodes a carrier was not. With the chattels heaped high upon his shouldres, he slowlie climbed the stairs toward his cell, but verilie, he was out of luck. "What is your lineage? Whence is your

coming? Put down your hands and carrie yourself more seemlie! Hold your head up! Trice up thy entrails!" Startled was the youthe; in soothe, in his surprise, he dropped his hands and much of his stores fell thither and pon upon the castle floore. **B**ut as dape followed unto dape, accustomed grew the youthe to such language and little startled was he by the ceaseless clangor of the bells, and unseemlie noise of the heralds, and the ceaseless drille following drille. Det after a moon following a

Wherein ye page learneth newe tricks.

moon, his feares took shape and mounted high, for the wanderers were to return. **A**nd upon a listless dave, even did they returne—yea, upon three great shippes did they float up the Chesapeake; and the huge host came in to olde Bancrofte on barges. But useless were the fears, for they tarried only for soape and towel, then hurriedlie besting themselves with costlie robes meete for their departure upon their seberal journies, they made haste to sallie forth for the conquest. Then



with frolicsome gambols did the youthe rest, like a grasshopper in summer months, for another moon.

§ § § § § § § § § § The Second § § § § § § § § § §

He learneth the language.

**I**N October; browne turn the leaves, and pitter-patter go the chestnuts upon the greensward. Through the gate come a throng, not sorrowful, though with a serious mien. Their stride slackens not, until they are within olde Bancrofte's portals. But to every dave comes the mealtime and in the forming thereof, great was the confusion. Anon, they

sate at meat in the great banquet halle. **A** "Marry," quoth the elder squire, "How many daves?" **A** "In soothe, I know not of what you speake," fearfulie answered to him the younger page. **A** "You know not!" shouted the elder squire in a great rage. **A** "Verilie then do you submerge for that—yea, beneath the festive board betake yourself."

§ § § § § § § § § § The Third § § § § § § § § § §

De dave of daves.

**W**EKE followed weeke, and many were the preparations; for the annual clash at armes was soon to occur at Polo Grounde. Nightlie, out upon the tourney groundes, was heard the noise of strife. Keen and spirited grew the competition in the fray. Anon the dave appeared, and in the early dawn sallied

forth the entire courte and retainers. Happie were the pages, for they were squires eben for the dave. The space was traversed as if they had on the seven-leagued boots, and with wonderful blare of trumpets and fluttering of penons, the courte entered the jousting space. A gun spake loudlie and the heralds announced the combatte. **A** Great

was the fighting that day before the assembled Courte of the Nation—many and many were the brave deedes that were done. But in the ende, verilie, did the great grey pennant conquer, whereupon a merveillous sorrowe overspread the stand. ¶ But forgotten for the season were the sorrowes, like unto these, for lo and beholde! the letters had been remobed for the night and the squires

went readilie abroad in the uproarious spirit of youthe seeking entertainment. The spirits soared in and out, and up and about. From boothe to boothe disported the squires, and though extremelie stout the ale, nebertheless, mighte was righte, and perhaps the sorrowes were all happilie drownde, though sad indeede was the homecoming of the morrowe.

§ § § § § § § § § § The Fourth § § § § § § § § § §

**C**OLD blows the winde and bitter falls the snowe, but Christmas formations are no more. No longer does the smallest page take charge of the assemblage, nor does the largest herald read forth the "report of errors committed," nor the squire in charge direct the movements of his bodie of men from his loftie casement. For gone were the squires from the castle; forsoothe, they returned to their own altar fires, but

remained the lowly plebeians imprisoned in the foure walls. But verilie, the feast was present by the numbers, even to the bringing in of the boar's head. Thus the sorrowes were drownde for a time, for eber present was the grape-juice. Yet all thinges must have an ende, and even on leave, they go forth into the world but to returne. Nebertheless, in spite of the sadnesse of the inevitable morrowe, the problem began again.

De passage  
of Puletide.

§ § § § § § § § § § The Fifth § § § § § § § § § §

**I**n the sorroweful month of Februarie, like the brewing of a sudden storme, came sweeping over the castle the *Academic Death*. Sorely smitten were many of the inniates—yea, they went forth to wage combat in the section room strife, neber to return. Throughout the struggle, they had battled against the long bows of the sons of Castille and of Normandie, and had struggled with weeklie trees, but verilie, at the last moment, the retainers of Mahan Halle loosed darters and arrowes which traced straunge curbes in the air, and in the assault that followed, they gave no quarter.

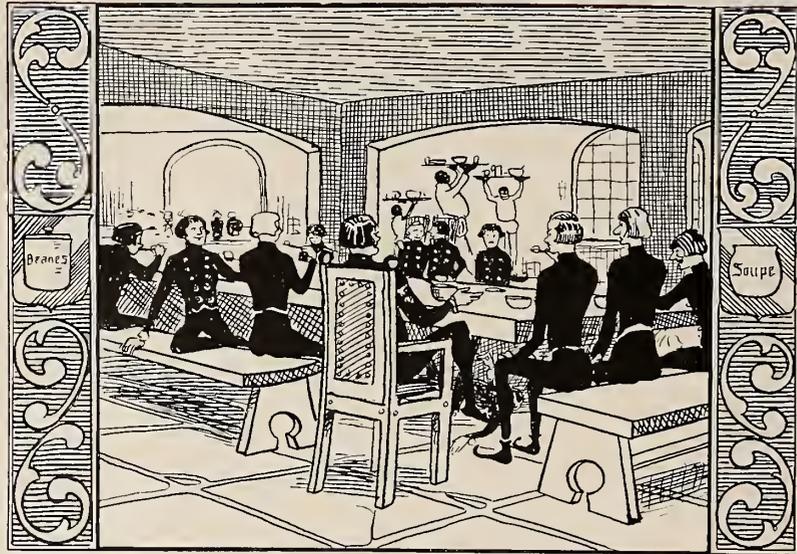
¶ "Do you rooste upon the boughes?" demanded the table head of the youthe of sorrowful mien. ¶ "Yea, verilie am I seized with the dreaded maladie; the Departmental Coroneres do sit upon my case; and henceforthe do I carrie on." ¶ "So said Belshazzar at the great feast, but like him, you wis not whereof you speake; so trimme your sails or else submerge." ¶ "Aha!" quoth Willis Wamba, "Marry, but even the funerales are without flowers." ¶ And so the dayes pass by, slowlie, even as the serving Moors of the banquet hall hasten after meate and drinke ☉ ☉

By ye skinne  
of his teeth.

XXXXXXXXXX The Sixth XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

De Heabie  
Dragge.

**O** came the spring, borne on the floode from winter's snowes, yet as speedilie as the coming was gone, bringing the Farewell Ball. ¶ Heabie was the dragge—yea, a giant's portion was to the hektie youthe of the redde and beautiful complexione, yecept John; but in his simplicitie, quantitie not qualitie counted, for he was not of the Epicurean



School. ¶ “Ha!” laughed a newlie ordained knight, “but that squire has his share.” ¶ “Do you ken if he belongs to the bricklayer's guilde?” ¶ “I know not,” exclaimed a third; “marry! but he does now.” ¶ And

what did they see but the poore ex-page struggling to arise from the great halle floore where the faire damsel had fallen upon himme. ¶ “The bigger the yew tree, the greater the downfall,” laughs Willis, the jester, as the dance goes on.

XXXXXXXXXX The Seventh XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

“Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main. For manie a stormie wind will blowwe, till Jack comes home again.”

De Squire  
ups ye  
Mudhooke.

**A** GAIN, all was bustle in the castle, for the newlie made squires and esquires were about to set out on the annual searche of adventures. The parting was filled with thoughts of great deedes, for they were away to tropical climes. ¶ “For an ending, there must be a beginning,” quoth Dudlie, the Sloth, “'s trewth, but the sea is like a mountain! Alack-a-daye! but 't is a helle of a life, for I weaken.” ¶ But upon a

morrowe drew away the men of valour to the far Northe. Nigh unto the city of Portlande came the shippes, even within the castle gates. Loud came the shout of welcome. In the halle, the feast was spreade, and far into the night the revels lasted. ¶ “Marry,” quoth Sunshine, the tallest of the squires, “but the damsels are thicker than butterflies on a Maydaye; yet how much easier to catch.” ¶ In great spirits, the throng departed, and even the vessels were likened unto the Iron Duke. ¶ Dayes passed and the mimic battle began. ¶ The pursuing and the pursued, the Redde and the

Blue, the eternal question went on, but the sailing master forgot his way and even passed by the Capes on his returne. But turning their faces toward the Northe again, they came within olde Chesapeake's throat. ¶ Up the bay came the shippes, though the lowlie Whiskie, creeping up like the snail-like schooleboy, was always far behinde. Anon, over the hilltoppes were seen the spires; the murmur of the bustling castle came creeping over the dales and with joyfulle spirits, their veins began to

course again. ¶ "What ho! the dome!" cried a squire. At once all was astir about the vessels. The Sleeping Beauties caste aside their lethargie, and gathered up their goodes in preparation for the Quest of the Fleeting Happiness. With light, unloving glances at olde Bancrofte, the returning throng, cladde in the newest hosen and shoon, the anticipators of freedom, mounted upon one of the two iron steedes and disappeared at once upon their quest of beckoning joy. ☞ ☞

§ § § § § § § § § § The Eighth § § § § § § § § § §

**F**IGHT bells! ☞ The gate to the barbicain opened and in hastened the returning throng, for it was September the thirtieth, and a bare two houres remained. ¶ "Gadzooks! What are you trying to do?" one squire demanded of another on seeing him returne from the bazaar with his shouldres heaped highe with folios. ¶ "By the bones of Saint

Thomas," answered the other, "I do but begin upon my annual quest for the elusive knowledge, and try my skille against the Academic Challengers, who stand readie to meet all comers." But in the dayes that come, the quest was too soone forgotten, for the tournament loomed up in all its glorie. "When work runs a course with pleasure, the work is always unhorsed," goes the olde saw.

*He becometh in truthe a squire.*

§ § § § § § § § § § The Ninth § § § § § § § § § §

**T**HE daye appears. Up with the cocke before the dawne are the squires. "Squaddes righte and lefte," quoth the Golden Five, and the procession forming like a wabe for its next dash upon the jagged cliffes, wendes its way through the castle gate. ¶ "We bid you goode den," quoth the watchman at the gate. ¶ "We bid you goode den," deep-throatedly echoe back the castle walls. ¶ Again the iron steedes carried the array ober hille and dale, and anon the standes of Polo-Grounde appeared. ¶ Mid blare of trumpets and clash of cymbals, the heralds stood forth, announced, with-

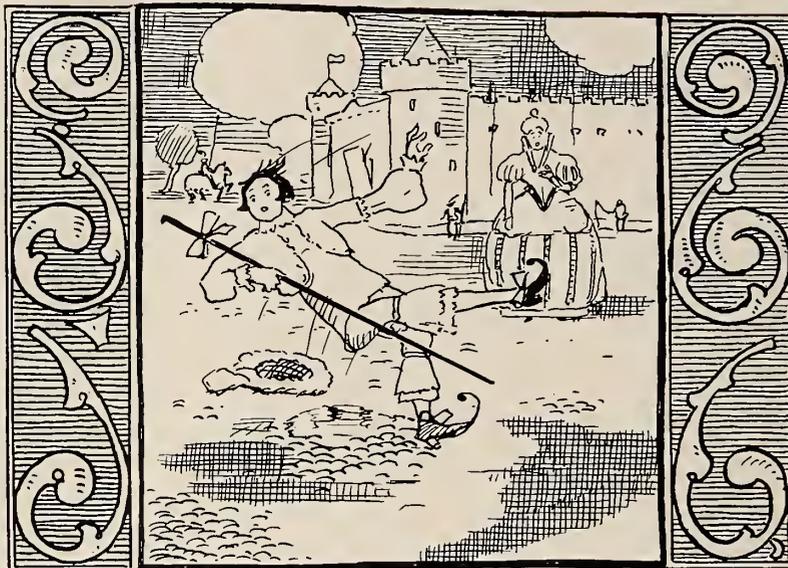
drew, and the game was on. ¶ "'Tis better to have foughte and loste, than never to have foughte at all," quoth a squire to the ladie of his heart at the end of the game, but in such courtlie language were not couched his thoughts. ¶ The lightes of the bazaars and boothes were brighte, but as unquenched as the desert's thirst, the sorroweful fact remained. Still for the nonce toy-ing with Bacchus and entangled with Hecate, in the pursuite of the sock and buskin, speedilie slipped the joyfulle houres away, until the too soon returning dawne again resumed the wearie problem. ☞ ☞

*He forgetteth his troubles.*

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ The Tenth ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

De squire  
absorbeth  
much goode  
nogge.

**R**ED are the hollie berries on the hille and down near the brooke's edge, the waxen mistletoe reigns supreme Christmas! ¶ Away throng the esquires and squires and even the lowlie pages ¶ "By the Ladie of the Fountaine," quoth Willis Wamba, "but this cane gets too familiar with my legges." Even as he spake, the cobble-



stones suddenly rose to meete him, and crushed was his gay new cap. ¶ Sweetlie and happilie, though speedilie, passed away the Pule-tide houres, and soon the time to returne

drew nigh. But the turkey had succumbed to the solicitous attentions, and filled with new spirits were the squires. ¶ Verilie was Christmas, Christmas.

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ The Eleventh ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

He again  
slippeth one  
obet.

**W**HAT means this?" asked one squire of another. "The damsels can gather no more to carrie us to the seventh heaben, for the hoppes have succumbed and no longer can the pages gather on the balconie to hand out their customarie swabos." ¶ "I knewe not so," answered his friend, "berilie must the brick-layer's guilde seeke other fieldes." ¶ A moon went past and again a scourge appeared on the horizon and another reckoning dape drew nigh. ¶ "I'm bilged! I'm bilged!" exclaimed a smit-

ten one, whereupon he gathered up his goodes to depart. ¶ "Whither is your going?" demanded a friendlie squire of the one smitten unto Academic Death. ¶ "I go but to Washington, where I shall become a knight ere one can say 'Kraut Schildhauer.'" answered the plagued youthe with ghoulish glee. ¶ "In soothe, 't is so," a third softlie answered, "they are made knights quicker than a goode clothyarde's flighte." ¶ Verilie did gloome, high and impressible as an iceberg, engulft the Esquires.

\*\*\* The Twelfth \*\*\*

**I**n the Leap Yere, in every  
four, comes the great pil-  
grimage to the re-opening of  
the Courte of the Nation.  
Armed cap-a-pie were the Squires,  
readie to march in the procession.  
The going was as harde as Goose's  
tales, but the ende, like the harvesting  
of apples in the autumn, justified  
the labor. "Marry!" quoth Murf  
of the Goode Stone, "Home was never  
like this." "In soothe," spake

Willis Wamba, "What does the mess-  
halle rate against such a banquet place?"  
"Swabo!" shouted a score of the  
esquires just as the hostess entered,  
whereupon great was the confusion for  
such a thoughte was more distant from  
their mindes than fastinge from the  
thoughtes of a fatte bishope. Anon,  
struck up the minstrels, and the joy  
continued in the dance. Sad were  
they to depart, for verilie, memories of  
such pleasant times are eternal.

He weareth  
out his  
buskins.



\*\*\* The Thirteenth \*\*\*

**W**AS Marche when windes  
do blowwe and twigges their  
courage try, yet the moon had  
appeared, and fulled and  
waned ere the welcome newes had come.  
Across the court-parde came a longe  
file of squires winding in and out among  
the trees like the olde sea-serpent of

Arthur's daye. "What is the mean-  
ing of this?" the Dutie Knight de-  
manded. "'Zounds! Hast thou not  
quaffed the newes? The Courte of the  
Nation has sent greeting and has or-  
dered the older Squires to be Knights."  
The daye was set; as Knights they  
departed; but onward went the problem.

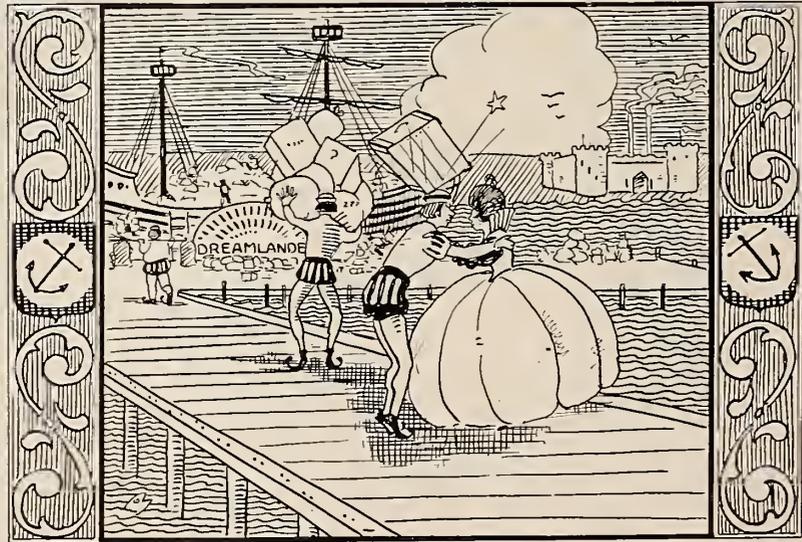
He yet hath a  
helle of a  
wayes to go.

§ § § § § § § § The Fourteenth § § § § § § § §

The busseth  
many faire  
maids.

**T**HE showers of Aprille had come, but ere gone took shape the rumblings and rumours of strife, and great became the uproare within and without. Throught the lande knights resumed their armor in readiness for the worlde war. ¶ Before the monthe of May had waned, up to the wall was hobe a barge, and upon a foggie morning thereto did marche the Adventurers. Thronging the shore were all the courte, for new was the adventure to young and olde. ¶ “Now buss me, maid,” quoth he of the flaming hair and the clattering tongue, whereupon he stole a faire kiss, amid the laughter of the crowding damsels, though another redde-haired youthe of merveillous comeliness of forme laughed more like the fabled Rhino Birde. ¶ Still another talle and winsome youthe who was wont to fuss to and fro about the castle yarde as completely as an egge is full of meate, was also surrounded, like the knightly champion of the tournament, by the prettie young maids,

each eager for their share. ¶ “I must have one faire kiss arounde,” quoth the lithe and beautiful youthe. ¶ “La!” cried the lassies, “How you make sporte of us!” ¶ “Alas, sweet chucks, here I must leave you.” So saying, he kissed them each blithely, and leaped over the rail upon the thronged decke of the barge, eben as he was wont to leap for the plaudits of the multitude. ¶ “To the homecoming is the partin—,” began the wise younge Chicken. ¶ “Dea, but how helpeth that the yarde engines?” interrupted Willis Wamba, and amid the laughter of those standing by, the barge slowlie began the journie.



§ § § § § § § § The Fifteenth § § § § § § § §

We worketh  
like helle.

**F**ORSOOTHE, what mottie throng is this?” wonderingly questioned the Fleete as the bandes of squires came float- ing in like wedding guests returning

from the feast after the cocke had announced the daye. ¶ “Herald, bring forth the master, the guarde, and eben the Barge’s cooke, for I wot the squires desire meate. Hasten you sluggards,”

shouted the Knight of the Watch, "get your chattels on the greate decke before the moon foregibes her radiance." Three moons did full and wane and

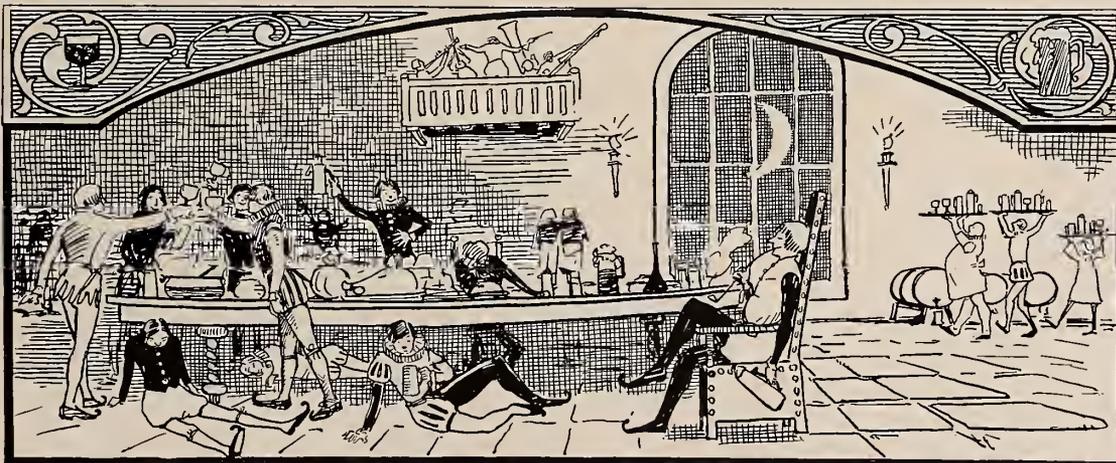
many the adventures spy, ere once more the dome peeked o'er the greate hille, whereupon, for the season, there came respite to the problem.

✠✠✠✠✠✠✠✠ The Sixteenth ✠✠✠✠✠✠✠✠

**F**ROM Northe, from Southe, from East to West, eben upon a faire dape, came trooping in the esquires all a-pleasure bent, for dun deere had been slain, peacocks prepared, and with browne capons heabilie groaned the Boards. "Lo! I drinke to you," quoth the buxom Pino, for bubbling over with joy and goode spirits, like unto the Fountaine, in which he was wont to gambol, he gave the signal, and the feast was on. "Olde Bacchus never enjoyed such a night as — Ha! Look you, the minstrels!"

exclaims the Egge, chuck full of goode spirits. "Say not so, for verilie, the damsels have come," quoth Dixie of Keeffe from his loftie perch beneath the Board. "Marry, but they sing righte sweetlie." "Odstwoonds, thou foole!" answers Longe John, "they looke, not sing, looke, not si—, looke—sing,"— as he slowlie subsided like the dormouse at Alice's breakfaste. Swifter than a hawke flew the houres away, and with the ghouls and ghostes at the stroke of twelve, not silently they departed, as up with the twelfth stroke arose anew the problem.

After which he signeth ye pledge.



✠✠✠✠✠✠✠✠ The Seventeenth ✠✠✠✠✠✠✠✠

**T**HINKS," quoth Piggie, "that I'll go on libertie." "Shame on you!" quoth Willis Wamba, "Come out and watch the practise of the game." "Dea, verilie," quoth Longe John, through cloudes of spirial smoke, "is

the Buzzarde on your arm trying to fly away with you and carrie you into yon towne? Then remember that now we can use any of the gates." "Pipe downe!" quoth Charlie of the evil foote, "tell me in your stead, when come again the troubadours of Gaul?"

He rolleth his owne.

“Aha! he goes a-wooing!” shout the General and the King together, in their most terrifieing tones. “Girles are all righte for—” beginneth Ma-

dame. “There he goes,” quoth the fellowe of the Christmas cardes, “and foreber, like the pap scroll, he abideth with us.”

XXXXXXXXXX The Eighteenth XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A well-filled stockinge falleth to his lot.

**R**OUNDE and rounde go the handes of time. Never tiring; eber over-turning works the houre glass as moments dashe fleeting by, over-turning minutes and houres, sending dayes into eternitie from whence there is no returne. “Christmas!” crowes the cocke on the stroke of twelbe. “Christmas!” echoe back olde Bancrofte’s grey-growne

portals. But the echoes were not hearde by the eldest squires, who had thrown aside the cares for the nonce, like the wayfarer who reliebes himself for a time of his burden, and had gone away a-seeking Saint Nicholas’ joys in other hamlets. Many were the adventures crowded into those shorte, sweete houres, yet too soone was the returne, bringing anew the problem.

XXXXXXXXXX The Laste of the Nineteen XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Ye partinge of ye wayes.

**L**IKE a calme before a brewing storme, all is quiet about the castle. “Oh! What a hardshippe it is,” sighs the damsel to the knight at her side, “what a beautiful beginning, yet ere long thou wilt be gone even as yon sun sinks steadilie behinde the shadowie curtain of yon dreamie wildwood.” “Say thou not so,” answers the knight, though who knows what greate buzzing and humming his heart was tryng to sup-

press, “think not so sorrowefully. Rather think how that greate ball of fire, dimmed but now by the shouldre of the earthe, passeth on to fling wide the shadows, and to disclose to eager eyes the greate adventure.” “Colours!” shouts the garde. “Colours!” echoes the multi-colored chapel dome. Hande in hande, like the bow interlocked pine and spruce, they rend’ honors to the ending daye. Is ending or beginning the problem?







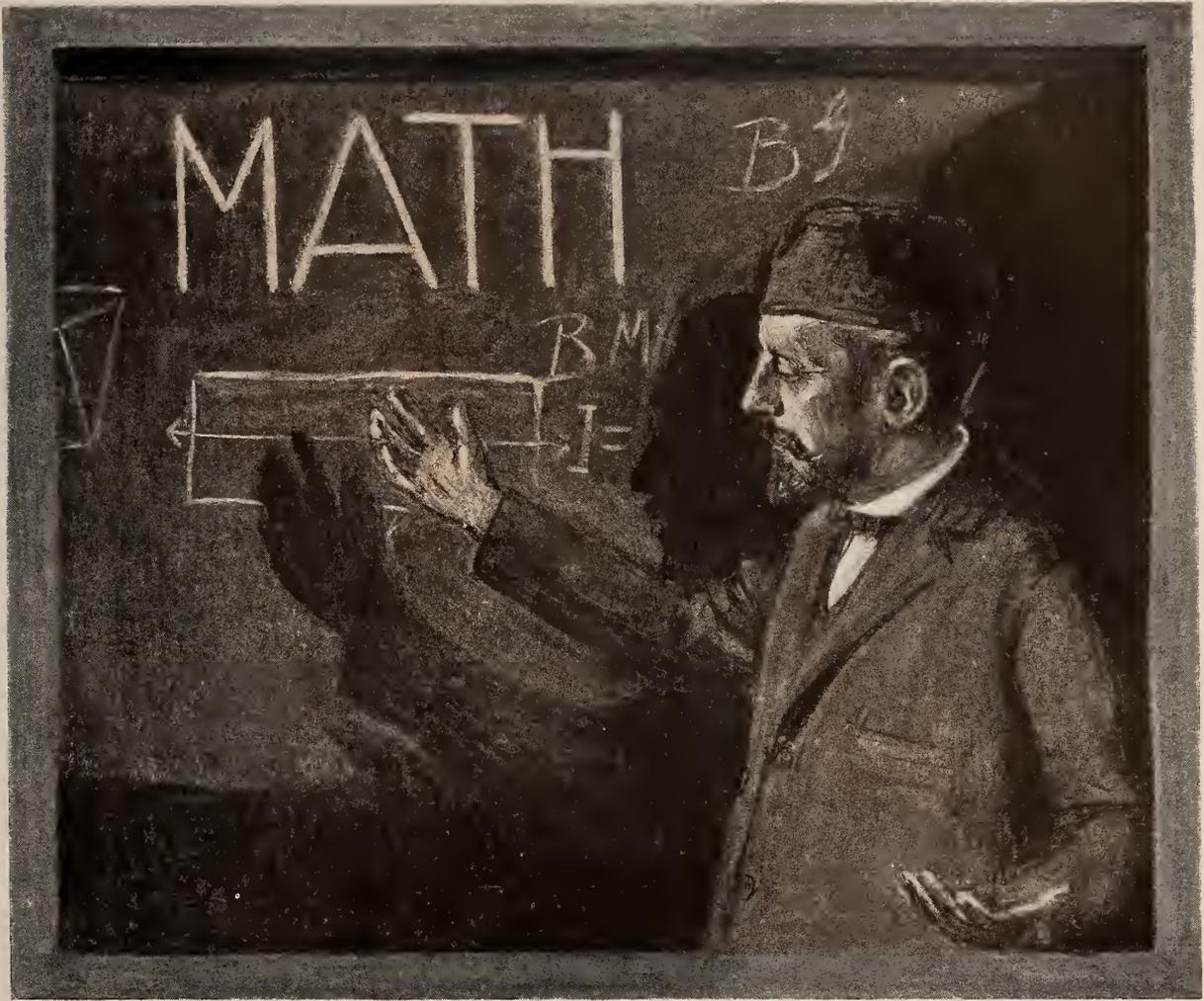
*Arthur W. Sears*  
*Lieutenant Commander U. S. N.*



*George W. Laws*  
*Captain U. S. N.*



*Edward B. Fenner*  
*Commander U. S. N.*



*Roscoe C. Moody*  
*Captain U. S. N.*





*John G. Church*  
*Commander U. S. N.*



*A. St. Clair Smith*  
*Commander U. S. N.*



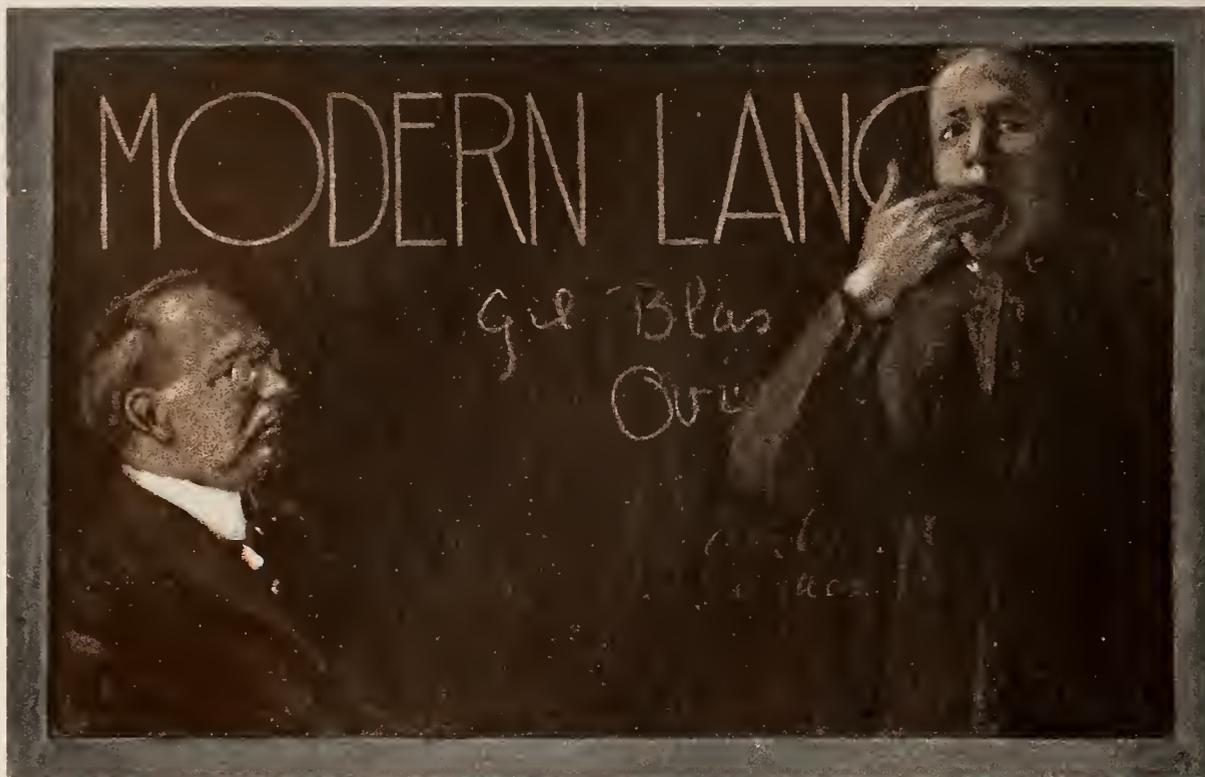


*Wat T. Cluverius*  
*Commander U. S. N.*  
*Succeeded by*  
*Joseph L. Hileman*  
*Commander U. S. N.*



*Prof. C. Alphonso Smith  
English Department*





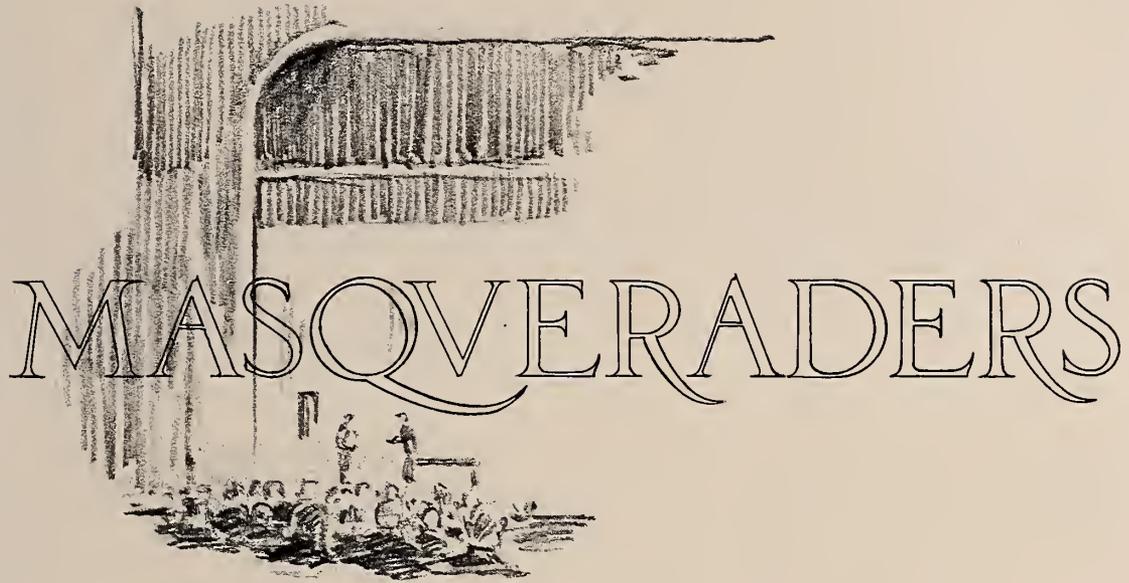
Cassius B. Barnes  
Commander U. S. N. (Ret.)



*Albert M. D. McCormick  
Medical Director U. S. N.*









**I**MAGINE yourself transcended from the realm of routine into an atmosphere of carefree abandon. Amid the laughter, enthusiasm and goodfellowship of a new environment, you find yourself. You wonder what will happen in the intricacies of affairs behind the thick velvet folds of that heavy-hanging purple curtain before it rises with the cadence of the orchestra on the first night.

You go through weeks and months of preparation and earnest endeavor; of trial and discouragement and disappointment—bordering at times on surrender. Every evening, when peace and quiet brood over the low-lying mass of the Hall after the last note of taps has drifted to you across the frosty air, Doug Moore, Stewart Crosley and the rest of you are still trying to enshroud yourselves in the veil of new personalities. Now is experienced the first sensation of the glow of the foot-lights; the pleasure and excitement of the blinding rays of white incandescence at your feet. Then comes the final touch. The air is fluffy with powder and paint and the revelry of a masquerade. Men rush to and fro in the dressing-room, changed in character and purpose by the stroke of a pencil or the dab of a rabbit's foot.

In one corner stands a handsome brunette, brush-

ing an already immaculate livery, while he casts covert glances of longing at Carmine, the beautiful heroine. That's the

leading man, Crosley, the inimitable. And who is that with him portraying Claude Melnotte? It's Adams as the friend in need for our hero. Above the chattering of the group you hear the gruff voice of a petulant father scolding the heroine who stands well braced while officers of the law, Goldstein and O'Brien, are putting forth an honest effort





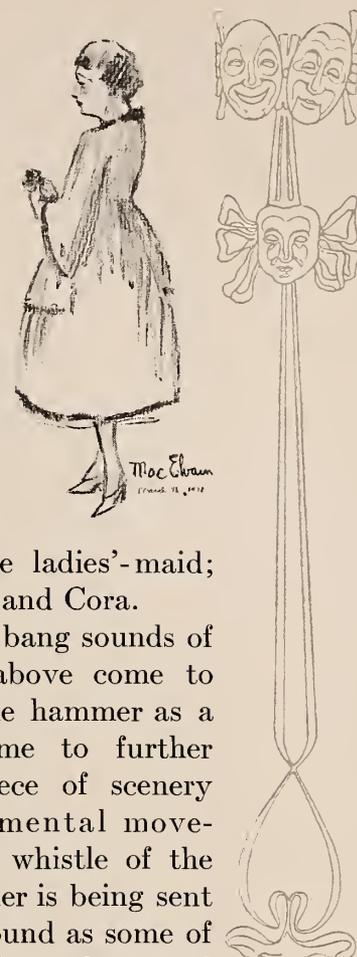
to make both ends meet. Mrs. Conway, a sprightly matron, attempting an entrance into the puzzling parts of female attire, suddenly gives a startled squeal as in the doorway there appears a dark and sinister figure. He slips stealthily into the room and casts his furtive eye around. A row of glistening teeth beneath that military moustache and a foreign accent brand him as the villain; a Russian villain at that, Count Karloff. The object of his search seems to be a coquettish little maid in one corner conversing with a dignified and



severe interpreter of the law. The former is Nancy, sister of the hero, and the latter Judge Watts. His Honor is suddenly interrupted by a pugnacious looking, bluff old gentleman, Colonel Raleigh, who calls his attention to a heated discussion between a burly French chef and a dainty little ladies'-maid; Pierre, "Ze fat cook," and Cora.

With a clatter and a bang sounds of action on the stage above come to your ears. You hear the hammer as a final nail is sent home to further secure some flimsy piece of scenery against the temperamental movements of the cast. The whistle of the voice tube as a final order is being sent to the flies, a grating sound as some of the props are shifted into place, and the tinkle of a bell as the electrician tests the telephone, tell you that Goose Palmer is on the job.

Outside is heard the buzzing murmur of the expectant audience. Now is when the hearts of those behind the purple draperies commence thumping. With the final crash of the overture, the curtain rises slowly. The glare of the foot-lights blinds your eyes and behind them is black, ominous space. For an instant you waver, and then collect yourself. Somewhere from the depths within you a voice speaks, and the play is on.



# Mandolin Club

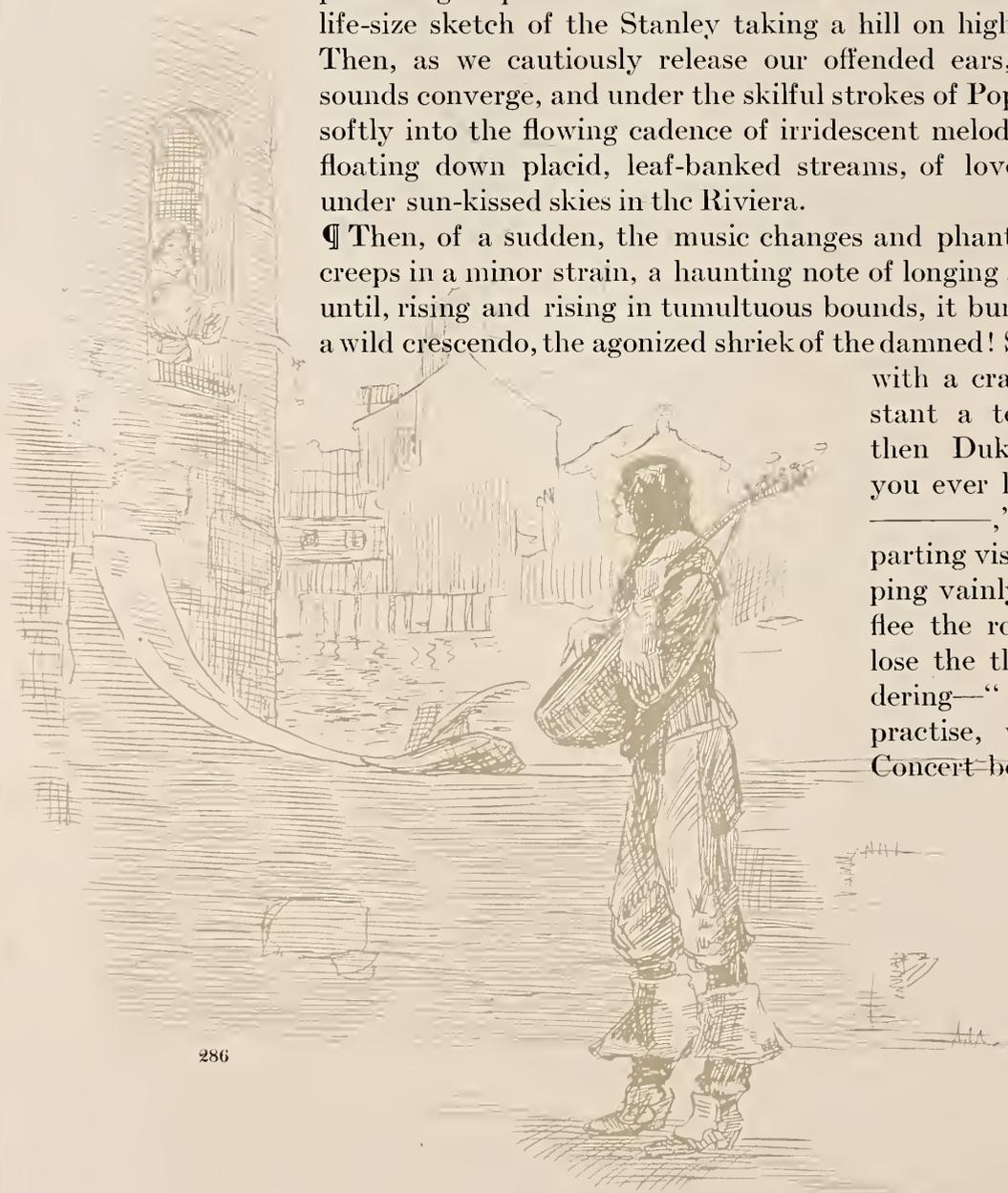


**C**RASH! Bang! No, it's not a suffrage parade—merely that classy wind-up the Mandoliners put on their temperamental efforts. But on approaching this apparent source of melody, our vision of syncopated dreaminess is rudely shattered—everyone is tuning; the tinkle of an E grates raspily on a sonorous G flat, and mingles with the tintinnabulation of the lilting clarinet, producing a perfect bedlam—while Duke on the traps gives a life-size sketch of the Stanley taking a hill on high.

Then, as we cautiously release our offended ears, these foreign sounds converge, and under the skilful strokes of Pop's baton blend softly into the flowing cadence of iridescent melody—a dream of floating down placid, leaf-banked streams, of love and idleness under sun-kissed skies in the Riviera.

¶ Then, of a sudden, the music changes and phantom-like, there creeps in a minor strain, a haunting note of longing and of sadness, until, rising and rising in tumultuous bounds, it bursts at last into a wild crescendo, the agonized shriek of the damned! Stops the music

with a crash. For an instant a tense silence—then Duke: “Say, did you ever hear about the \_\_\_\_\_,” when, with a parting vision of Pop rapping vainly for order, we flee the room fearing to lose the thrill, and wondering—“if that's a practise, what will the Concert be?”



# Glee Club



**H**ONESTLY?" she queries as she snuggles in even closer than the crowded Auditorium bench demands and turns up a puzzled little face to see if you are n't running her again. "Do they really practise all the year just for these concerts this week-end?"

Then you tell her all about the reason for the Glee Club: how cool fall evenings carry the dulcet melody of some tuneful group up through open windows; how blustry winter afternoons are defied from the snug fastnesses of Smoke Hall with a laugh and merry minstrelsy; how spring is welcomed by blithesome serenades when the troubadours gather to blend their chords with the soft breath of evening; how the lure of their harmony leads them—but hush!

You hear a sonorous hum and Beany's bated whisper, "Little action, fellows, get your

chord right." "D-o-o-o," purls Long John in his mellow whisky tenor.

"D-o-o-o," chants Caruso Broadhurst trying to supply enough tone

for Tank Ramsey's volume. "D-o-o-o"—you never can miss Red

Vose's bassodrone. "D-o-o-o-o," booms the gentle thunder of Stutz. You hear

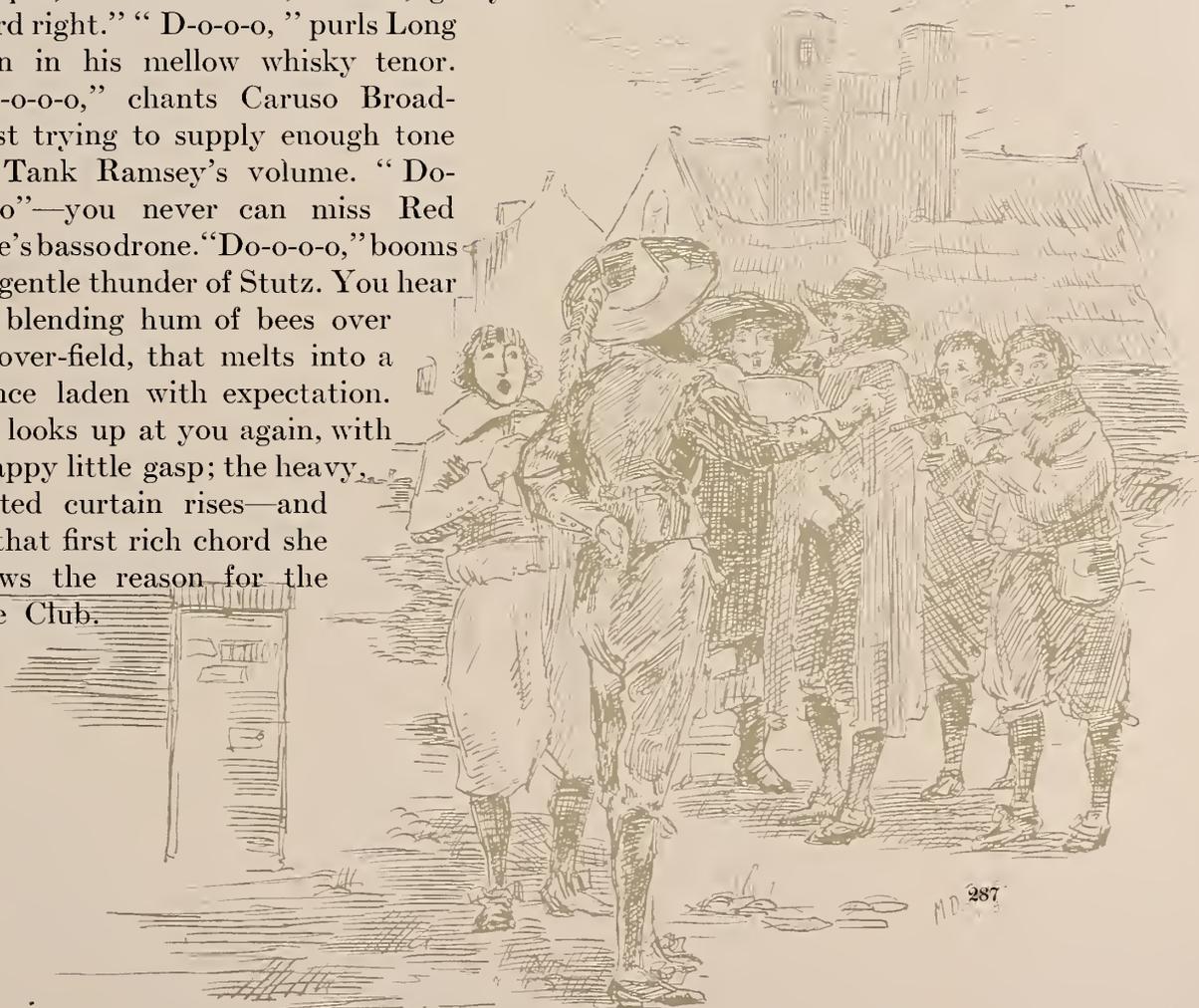
the blending hum of bees over a clover-field, that melts into a

silence laden with expectation. She looks up at you again, with

a happy little gasp; the heavy, crested curtain rises—and

by that first rich chord she knows the reason for the

Glee Club.



# SEPTEMBER

*Hot Summer dies. Behold your help is near,*

*For when men's need is sorest, then come I.*

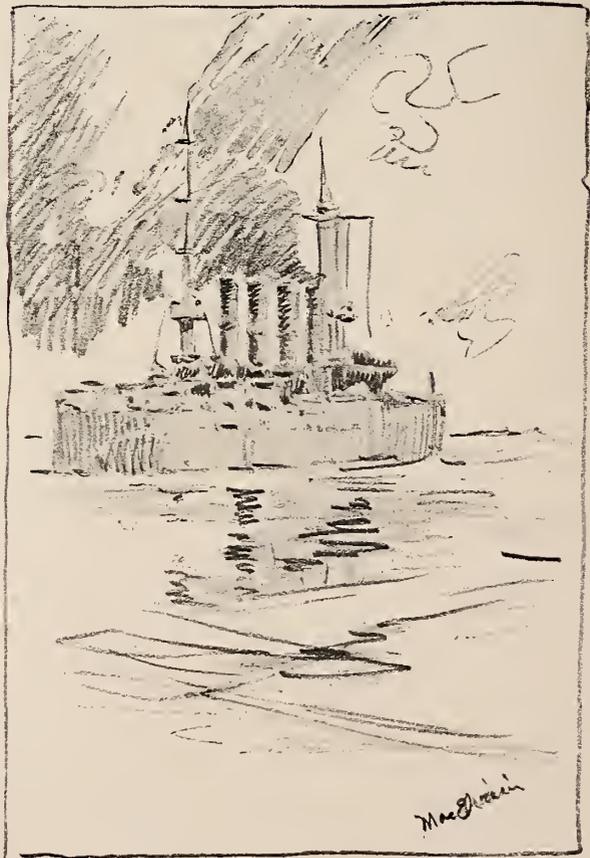
*Kipling's "September."*

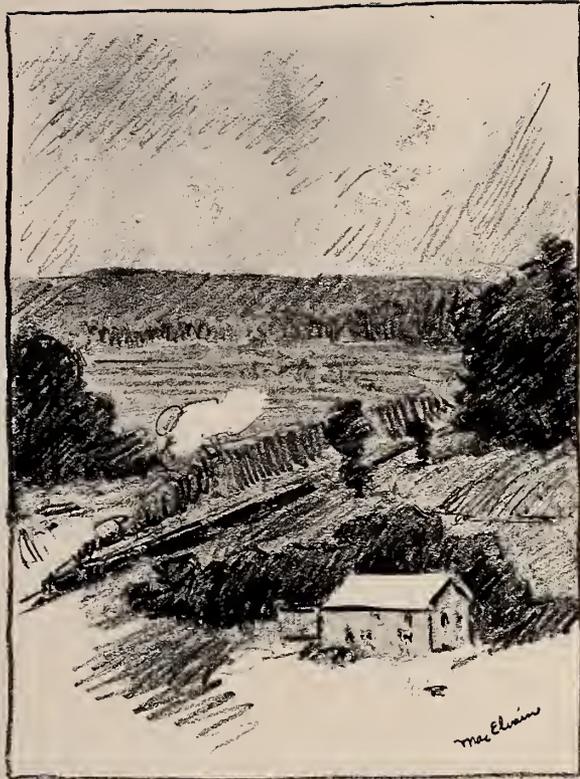
W

ILL you ever forget that last night aboard ship before you go on leave? Is there another feeling like it, when you just can't get to sleep, and you sit on deck watching the blinkers flash and the side lights of an occasional steamer silently slipping by? Far into the night you lie under the boats and thrill to the talk of the month to come, finally to turn in and dream of the morrow.

¶ For the first time in months sleeping-in has no lure, and you turn out to find the old hooker piling along with a big white bone in her teeth and her stacks belching smoke off to leeward; boats ready to swing out when the mudhook drops and all hands straining to catch a first far glimpse of the gilded dome. No sir, no homeward bound whaler ever sighted the spires of New Bedford with as much joy as the gleam of old Bancroft brings to a seaworn crew of leave-hungry midshipmen. How interminable

are the minutes until the symbol of rank is slipped on your finger, the nobby cane taken aboard, and you are ready





to shove off for God's country and The Girl *so so*

¶ Then, a couple of hours later, in those few minutes between trains, when you begin to think of the dust and heat of travel, across the street you go and spy those two little swinging doors with a revolving fan above in the cool interior, and the gleam of a brass rail below. Don't you get the sensation of meeting a long-lost brother when you range up alongside a shipmate with his foot on the rail, and you toast 'em all from Com to Commissary?

¶ The fast train speeds along, and the gleam of the silver is equalled by the sparkle in your eye as you contemplate the Lucullian bill o' fare and touch the glasses as you would a butterfly. You spend half the night staying awake so you can enjoy the click of the rails and

watch colored switch-lights slip by like bats outa hell.

¶ Morning; meadow and stream flash by in a medley of gold and brown and blue in the autumn sun-light. You recognize old familiar haunts, the shallows where you landed the big trout, the riffle where the canoe upset—all bringing a thrill of happy memories and withal a touch of regret. With a sigh of content you lie back and close your eyes, while the click-click of the wheels sings its refrain of home, home, home. I ask you, can you beat it?

¶ When you sit down to that first *real* dinner, you remember another reason why there's no place like home. And then luxurious joy—when you can set the old alarm for reveille and when it goes off heave shoes at it with a clear conscience and tell it to go to hell *so*

¶ Oh, you'll never forget the days that follow; the mid-night gaiety that need



not end, the hum of a two-reef breeze in the twanging rigging, the rush and leap of the gleaming bass, the whirling splash as that pair of teal come hurtling to earth, the indefinable thrill of silent happiness as just you two speed along, hearts atune to the purr of a perfect motor and the song of the night air on the wind shield, while the moon-lit road unwinds, a silvery ribbon, before the dimmed lights of the big roadster. Then She snuggles down into the deep upholstery, and the little blonde head droops drowsily toward you—Oh! Man!

—these memories—these memories!

¶ But as it must, there comes the end. The hundred and one last things are left undone, the many farewells unsaid, and you speed along into the final chapter of a perfect leave.

¶ From North and South and East and West, little groups of seagoing cits ascend that marble stairway into the lobby, and there by ones and twos they push the little button, and nonchalantly order "Roof!"

¶ Gradually, the small round tables are filled, and the pink-shaded candles cast a roseate gleam on jovial faces, for in those last few hours a class defies the approaching shadow for a sip of effervescent happiness. As the sips become more frequent, the buzz of animated conversation swells apace; louder and more barbaric grow the strains of the jazz orchestra; brighter and more merrily dance the ever-increasing lights; faster and more furious waxes the merriment.

¶ And in this riot of pagan splendor the last leave—the best leave—flared up and flickered out.



The Second Book of Jobab



# THE SECOND BOOK OF JOBAB

## CHAPTER I

1 Jobab becometh a salt. 5 He gaineth ascendancy over the gobs. 9 He entertaineth strangers. 10 Jobab getteth in a mess. 11 He becometh one. 14 Jobab beateth it.



When it came to pass in the fulness of time that the elders in council had wisdom, and did send out Jobab and his brethren and the great multitude even unto the mighty seows of war, whereat he rejoiced exceeding and wrote a letter to a maid belittling not his glory therein.

2 And the journey thereto did mind Jobab of the days of his youth; for he did eat as formerly at the Sunday-school picnic wherefore his stomach did support his trousers roundly, and did stretch his length in the sun; then was he chased off the hurricane deck and did eluteh a regulation fat below; and vile was the reef thereof.

3 And on the fifteenth hour of sidereal time, the which is reckoned from the first point of Aries, he did arrive and was there; and he was on his ship.

4 And he straightway fashioned for his stern a ropen bight, for he wot not the ways of those that traffic upon the waters and did bust sorely.

5 But lo, with time arrove wisdom, and he did gain favor and a seat among the mighty, an asset highly prized; then gave he the gobs pants-hanging and did number the multitude which hit the beach; and even did he array himself in a sword-knot and mount the guard.

6 Then did the First Ruff mount Jobab.

7 And lo, the mighty did arrive on the ship, even the Toy Bean-eater and the Prince of Italy, whereupon Jobab did gaze and was Italicized.

8 And behold the River below did steam, but the Arks moved not, and did remain, and Jobab swat.

9 And these are the things which Jobab did; he gat him ashore and did feast upon the fat of the land, whereupon the prodigal chiggers did leave their huffs and corn-cobs and gat them aboard Jobab and did feast upon hams and fatted calves.

10 He gat him a tin chariot and did journey downward and up a furlong whilst a eubit ahead, and great was the massage thereof; and he did try to pass under a train with the top up and he forgot not the day; and oft he sate him on the doek and did number the stars while his brethren swore sorely and stood his watch.

11 Now in these times the rains rained and the squalls squalled and the splendor of his raiment was dimmed; nor did the goo-goos cleanse it and Jobab waxed grievously erummy.

12 Then it was that a day came and the Ark was in a dry lake where the barnacles shew on her bottom; wherefore Jobab did serape and span his honds and the barnacles did fall in multitudes; and in these days was much leisure wherein he wrought other works.

13 And when it was come night, he was wont to borrow ten hiefs, and did revel among the Gothamites.

14 And his gonf swoot grievously on the mocrrow.

15 Now in these days was the dope slung by the prophets that Jobab and his brethren should early be delivered unto their own will; and he did swipe the skipper's grape-juice that he might regale himself therewith.

16 Now the days of the wanderings were four-score and ten, and lo, in the fullness of time did



he stand clear of the port chain, and the anchor smote the bottom.

17 And Jobab gat him ashore and all his goods and did *bust forth* in gay scenery and his shefels did slip away.

18 Now this was the cruise of Jobab; praise ye the Sunav, it was finished; praise ye the money-lenders; praise ye Sep leave.

## CHAPTER II

1 Jobab getteth rank. 5 He getteth hep to himself. 6 His horseshoe droppeth. 8 Jobab taketh to drink. 9 He poundeth his ear. 14 He catcheth a worm. 18 He squirmeth. 22 Jobab taketh a rest. 25 His pa hath a slick time.



And it is written in the earlier chronicles how Jobab did spend his Sep leave and his shefels, so that he did return to the fold on that day when each and the other was gone.

2 And when he was come back lo, he was a petey officer of the nth degree, and with fine gold was his raiment garnished, yea, with much *fine* gold and his amount available was no more.

3 And he did stand in his place among the mighty aloof from the rabble and sware much.

4 And he did listen to the teachings of the doctors, and did learn strange things of that which was *within* him.

5 And his ears pricked and his eyes did bulge like unto doorknobs.

6 Now in these days did Jobab roll the bones and did wax calorific.

7 And he did beseech them saying, Little Joseph hath need of a new pair of sandals; get ye hither seven, and seven came not, but in its stead arrove the D. D., whereupon Jobab did save many *shekels* on the ship.

8 And Jobab did cleave unto the submarine

squad, and his trimming tanks did flood, whereupon he clove to the bottom even as a clam.

9 Now when the ninety and nine were numbered, lo, there was one lost clam, and it was *Jobab*.

10 And they did see him out with a grapnel, and the plebes bore him on their shoulders rejoicing, so that he did belch forth much swimming pool.

11 And Jobab did sleep in, and the trumpets moved him not, so that when the hours of morn waxed late, the trumpeter did sound great blasts before his door whereat Jobab waxed wroth and stuck out his *gonk*, and did fing out, *Secure*, thou boob!

12 And the cry smote upon the ears of the D. D. and he rose in grievous wrath, crying, *Who* calleth my trumpeter a boob?

13 And Jobab *answered* saying, *Who* calleth that boob a trumpeter? and did become an early bird.

14 And lo in the early morn was the deepness of his slumber shattered by the clangor of his tin alarm.

15 Sell's bells, spafe Jobab and did report in flowing raiment to the D. D.

16 And the D. D. hearing the clamor *of his report*, reproached him, saying, *Pipe* down, thou poor goof. Thou foundest like a lot of rabbles.

17 Thou disturbest my slumbers.

18 Whereat Jobab squirmed, and his squirming was not of the rebuke, but of his winter underwear.

19 For the lilies shew their glory no longer in the field, and a time of coldness was come upon the *land*.

20 And the brooks ran not, neither did they babble, the which was strange in those days, like unto two oysters in a mess-hall stew.



21 And music filled the heart of Jobab, and he went forth upon the brooks and did *skate* by ear.

22 Now it came to pass that Jobab did gather unto himself a case of measles, and the number of the measles in the case were two hundred thousand thousand.

23 And he knew the number of them.

24 And when the new year was come nigh, Jobab was measly no more, and he did gird up his loins and did foregather in the company of Thomas and Jeremiah.

25 And in that day did Jobab's dad make a journey that he might see his off-spring, and seeing him from afar did go forth to meet him, and verily it was a slippery day, for he did fall on his neck and did *embrace* Jobab halfway between the back-porch and the wood-shed.

26 And Jobab's pa did counsel him wisely. Selah.

### CHAPTER III

1 Jobab hoppeth. 3 He hoppeth not. 5 He waxeth balmy. 9 Jobab giveth a dowager a treat. 11 She treateth him rough. 13 Jobab entertaineth bats indeed. 18 Jobab getteth the right dope.



**M**AN indeed, hops were few in the land, and Jobab *fain* would hop; wherefore he did hire a hall and did haul a friend's friend.

2 And the friend was no more his friend.

3 But Jobab trusted in the Lord and drug from the Land of the Seminaries; and she bowed the hearts of all the men of Jobab's gang even as the heart of one man, *so that* Jobab hopped not with her and did hawl out the Stags.

4 For her eyes were as limpid pools, and her lips were as the parted pomegranate; her grace was that of the cypress, and her mussy locks did breathe sweet odor; and Jobab felt funny.

5 And he did conceive fond dreams and bat swabos in Juice.

6 And he did eat scantily in the mess-hall, whereat none marvelled; and scrove epistles of exceeding bulk wherefore he did borrow stamps from plebes and gained popularity like unto that of the lowly *bug* which biteth in the dark.

7 And the maid savvyed the game and did fid Jobab on.

8 And lo, the goldsmiths did rejoice, for Jobab trusted mightily in her and in grad-terms, and he had sent unto her rich gifts, whose use was nothing else.

9 Now Jobab did become righteous and grievously holy, for such is the folly of love, and at an infernal hop did beseech the spouse of a high man in the land that she *disport* with him among the revellers; but she did reply unto him, Behold, I am dawnsed out.

10 And Jobab spake unto her with grace saying, Not so darned stout; just nice and plump, and did hit the tree in greaze.

11 Now when it was come time that the hoppers should uncover their features, for the time was Gallowe'en, she did seek out Jobab and befought him saying, Bran remove thy mask.

12 And Jobab waxed hot *within his* neck-cloth and spake, Lo, I ain't got no mask on.

13 And in these days Jobab did smile much in solitude and did gaze emptily at the moon and wrought verses, for verily did he think his joy was of large benefit to the world and that he was blessed beyond his brethren.

14 Now deep was the understanding of Jobab's gang for his state, and great their compassion, *wherefore* did they fid him merrily and did each wink an eye.

15 Know ye, it is written that the flame of love frisketh not twice in the same place, but verily it smat Jobab for a gool.

16 And time did stretch on its chain of days and between each day and that which came next was a night, so that at no time did two days impinge; but Jobab took not notice of these things, but did reckon *over* many scrolls of fine parchment on the elasticity of an ensign's pay.

17 Now the Lord brought forth a day whereon Jobab remembered not his name, for such were his thoughts of her; and Jobab did wroftle with his memory nor did it avail him aught, then did he unhoof his raiment and lo, on his nether garments was his laundry *number*; and he did loof up his *laundry* number on the books of record and did know his name, and was glad.

18 But in his heart was wisdom and he wot well that a woman hath fondness for a timid man

even as a cat hath love for a prudent mouse; wherefore he did treat 'er rough.

19 And her bluff was called, and she did put her sandals in his chest, and in those days did she kiss with her mouth half-open.

20 Now hear ye, all ye children of Mr. Jones, that the earth lacketh a word of more delight and danger than when a woman saith, Yes.

## CHAPTER IV

1 Jobab backeth into a jam. 3 He cheweth chalk. 6 He worketh miracles. 8 He pulleth a bone. 10 Jobab wotteth not wot. 12 He busteth for fair. 14 Jobab gidgeth them all.



For these were the days that Jobab did take an Academic chance and verily he was out of luck, for they smote him zips and high places on the tree, wherefore opened he his mouth and cursed his day.

2 And the hand-writing on the wall did thrice daily augur him tough luck and he sped its coming; for in the eyes of the judges was Jobab grievously ignorant and he took not counsel with Alger and with Knight.

3 And he marvelled greatly at balls which did impinge and turned his face to the wall and his reckoning was of the hours until the moving of the movies.

4 And cylinders did pendulate, blocks slad uphill and planes waxed rough with Jobab, whereat Jobab's brain swat and he waxed wall-eyed getting scoops from the board that was next him.

5 Now the judges did mock Jobab and did allow all boofs, wherein Jobab searched and marvelled at that which he knew not was there, and his P-worf book was straked with scarlet.

6 For he did turn night into day and the sun did stand still, and the truth was not in his Nav.

7. Saith not the prophet that when the stars of the sky shall be turned back in their courses and the

polar transit of Argus Alpha shall obfuscate the circum-meridian of Saturn's Second Circle with paralaxis of Table 26 there shall be swabos and sorrow in the land?

8 And Jobab did leave his slide-rule on the radiator, wherefoe the wretch warped and came nigh unto bilging him.

9 And the blinker blinked, whereat Jobab blant likewise, and lost three tenths.

10 And Jobab did wreck a fleet of chalk ships inserting them in dry docks and did make out oyster-dredgers in the midst of the deep where oysters swam not for he wot not that oysters grow in the shallows.

11 Now the lord high pharisee spate unto Jobab saying, Nipples on the port bow, mail-buoy expected, coof turned in, what doeth?

12 And Jobab spate, speaking in thus wise, School of clams, one long blast on the soup-horn, and sain would unspeak that which he spate but it was not.

13 And thusly did Jobab learn to find his Horse Latitude and long was his stay in the doldrums.

14. Now it came to pass on a day that Jobab did make of himself a boob—spelled backward.

15. For he wot not the dope and the prof had holpen him not, wherefore he spate: Verily I say unto you these profs have minds like unto trunks—fair tight-packed

with wisdom, and no air and a multitude of moths.

16. And it came unto the ear of the prof, and had Jobab been a flivver, his license number would have been breafen into fragments in number like the stars.

17. Now the nights fell and the dawns brofe, and Jobab did loof for his marks to meet his expectations.

18. But, Vo, it was a meet-less day.

19. And he did ficken sore of printed boofs but great was his spirit and even as a tube of Kolynos in the end did he squeeze through.

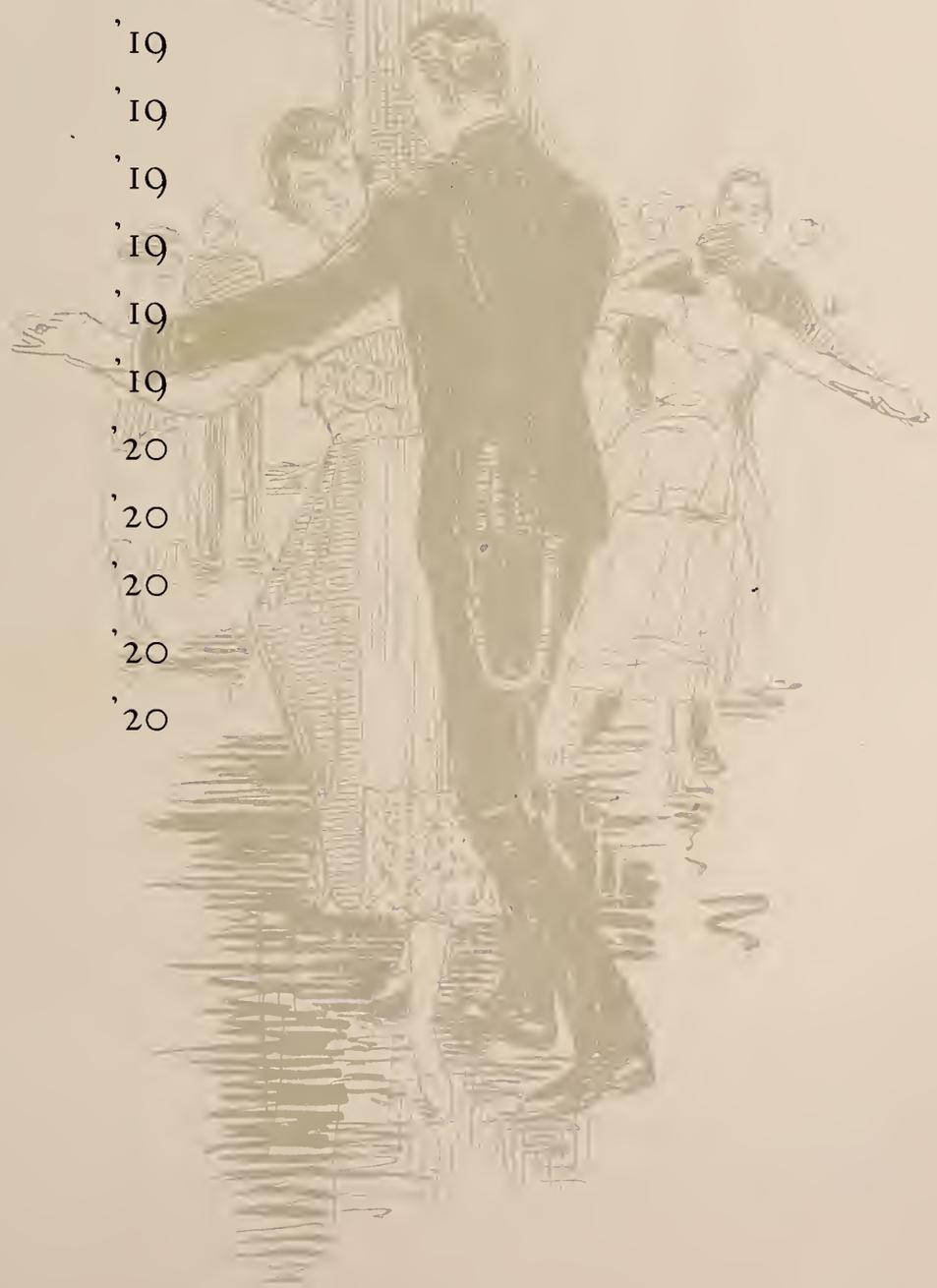


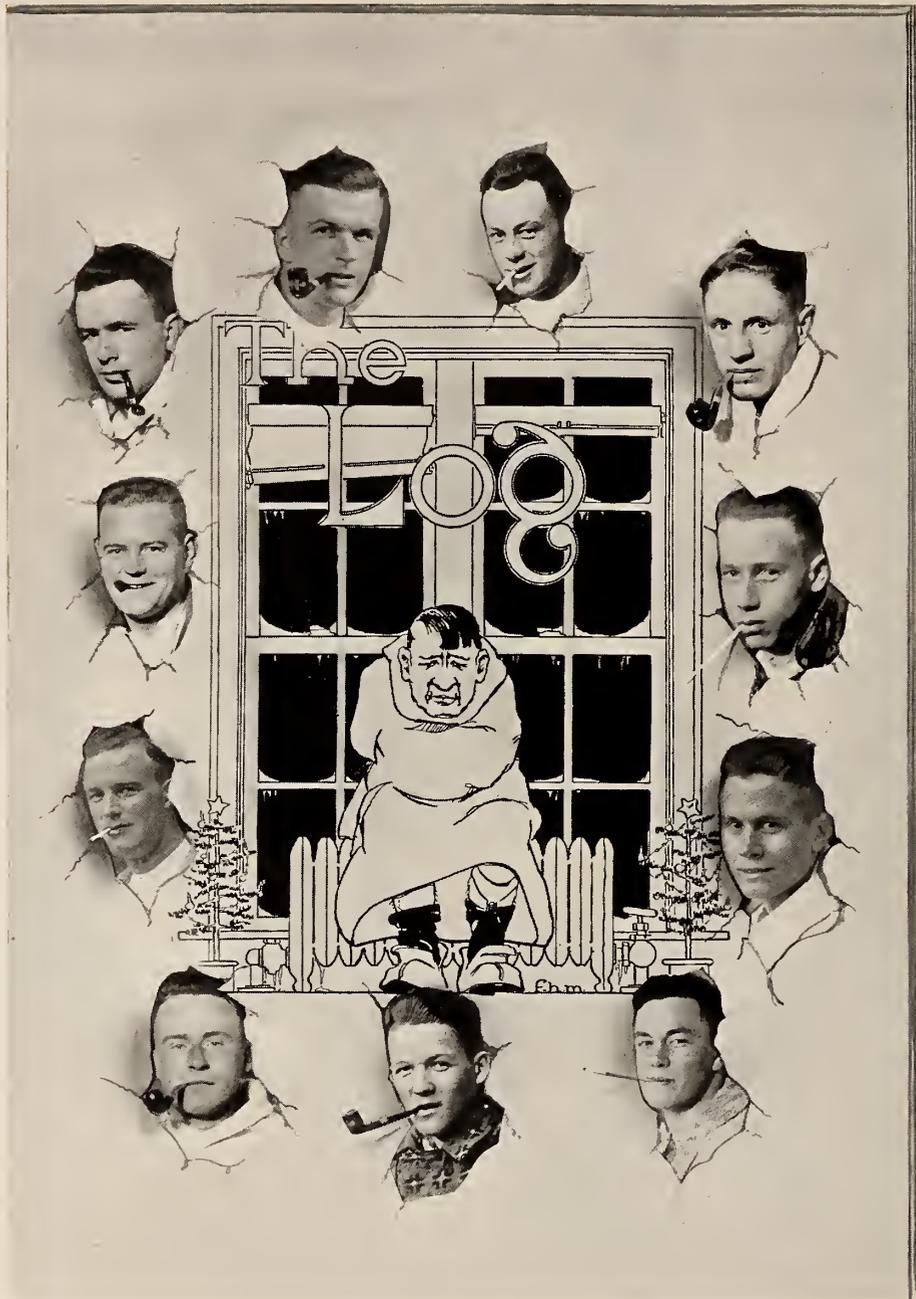


# Hop Committee



Richardson <i>Chairman</i>	'19
Carmine	'19
Clark	'19
Crosley	'19
Fink	'19
Mentz	'19
Moran	'19
Post	'19
Smith, C. R.	'19
Smith, R. McL.	'19
Battle	'20
Glass	'20
McVay	'20
Perry, J.	'20
Whelchel	'20





**L** "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Ho-he-ha-ha-ha—" "D'ja get that one? Good, eh?" 'Tis Friday night! The nucleus of a great, hazy cloud of blue smoke in a far corner of Smoke Hall is gurgling and shouting over—What?—why the hated Log!

Out in the main concourse, the Log is being handed along. "Rotten!" "That thing otta be killed!" "No worse than last week's!" (Follows another outburst from the corner.) "What's that going on over there?" "Oh," remarked another, "that's only the Log Board telling each other how clever they are!"

Address: MID. H. R. THURBER  
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- |                      |                          |
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| F. B. Rosenbaum, '20 | Sherman, '21             |
| R. P. Erdman, '20    | Harper, '21              |

Spring! Spring!! Spring!!! Well, in on will have the Sprig

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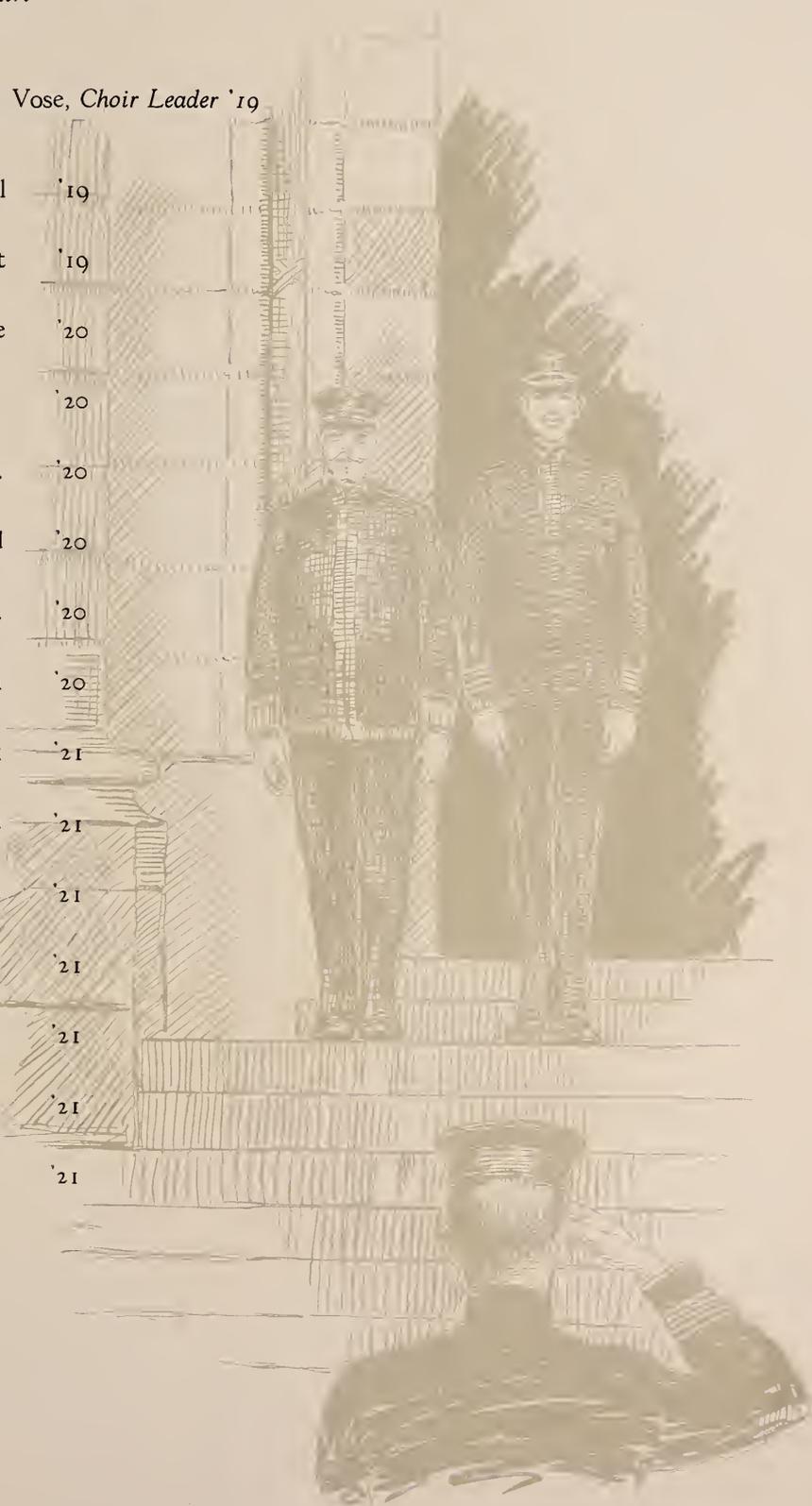
# Choir

Sidney Key Evans, *Chaplain*



Vose, *Choir Leader* '19

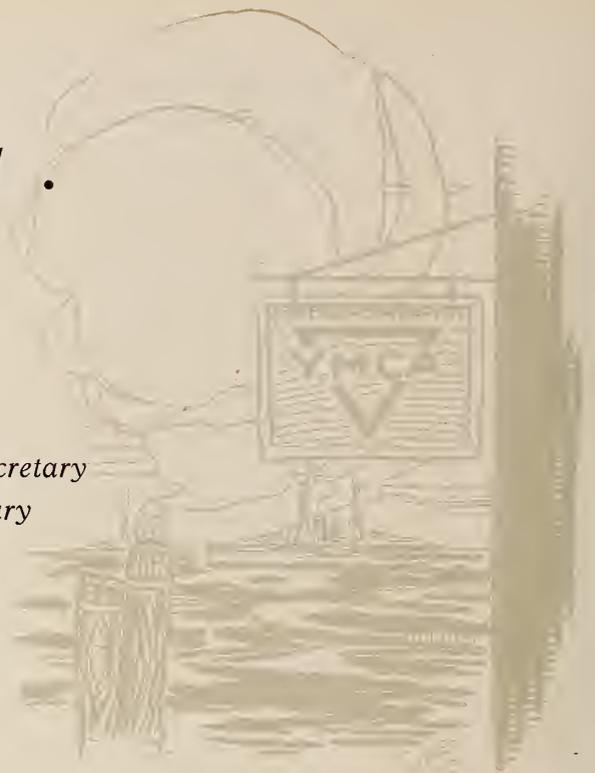
	Adams	'19	
Herrmann	'19	Powell	'19
	Ramsey	'19	
Roper	'19	Troost	'19
	Abercrombie	'20	
Broadhurst	'20	Cleave	'20
	Cowdrey	'20	
Glass	'20	Graham, R. M.	'20
	Heineman	'20	
Hopwood	'20	Ingram, W. G.	'20
	Lee, C. V.	'20	
MacLaren	'20	Mallard	'20
	Mansfield	'20	
Powell	'20	Taylor, F.	'20
	Whitmer	'20	
Wiestling	'20	Wilkerson	'20
	Wilson, H.	'20	
Ball	'21	Chadwick	'21
	Colvin	'21	
Du Bois	'21	Francis	'21
	Guernsey	'21	
Jessup	'21	Kane	'21
	Kloman	'21	
MacKinnon	'21	McKinley	'21
	Morrow	'21	
Riddle	'21	Russell	'21
	Schneider	'21	
Sloane	'21	Sundberg	'21
	Taylor, L. V. D.	'21	
Thayer	'21	Thomas, A. S.	'21
	Walker, E. T. jr.	'21	



# · Y · M · C · A ·



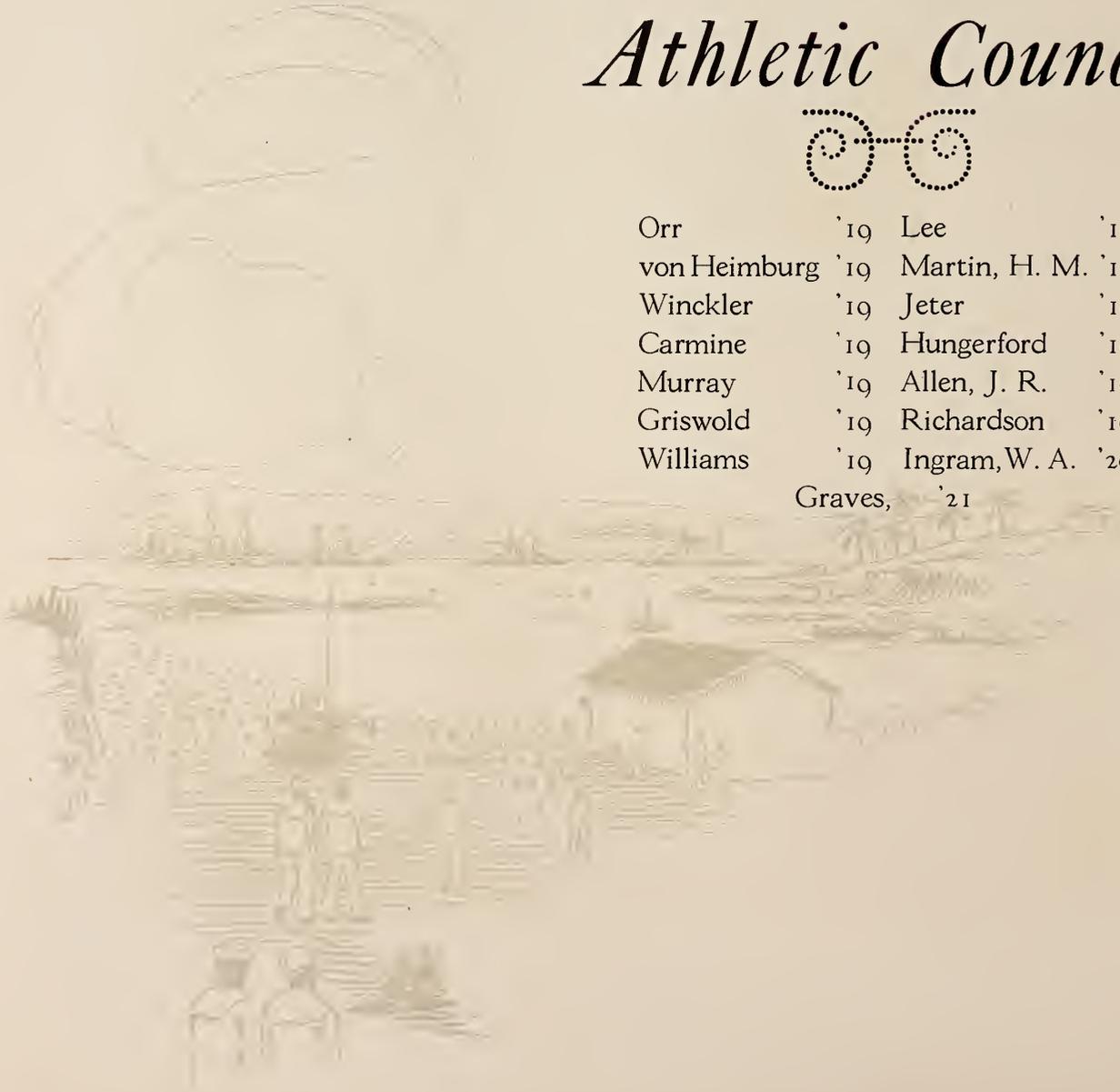
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Hains	'19	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
Orr	'19	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
van Buren	'20	<i>Treasurer</i>
Allen, J. R.	'19	<i>Director</i>
Carter	'19	<i>Director</i>
Stevens	'19	<i>Director</i>
Butler	'20	<i>Director</i>
Coldwell	'20	<i>Director</i>



## *Athletic Council*



Orr	'19	Lee	'19
von Heimburg	'19	Martin, H. M.	'19
Winckler	'19	Jeter	'19
Carmin	'19	Hungerford	'19
Murray	'19	Allen, J. R.	'19
Griswold	'19	Richardson	'19
Williams	'19	Ingram, W. A.	'20
Graves,	'21		









# Youngsters

W. C. Ingram, *President*  
W. R. Dowel, *Secretary*

**O**LD Blackwall Hitch, bos'n's mate, first-class, parked himself in a canvas chair under an awning of the good ship *Kansas*, applied a fresh match to his half burned out pipe and waxed "remunerative."

"Sartinly, I've folleyed the sea all me life an' I jedge that I kin most allus tell a sailor-man when I sees one—well, 't ain't no special knack, jist be the cut of his jib, I guess; but first impreshuns don't allus count. Now there 's ol' Squinty Bent, been to sea ever sence he was knee-high to a marlin-spike. You recollect the night we was swingin' to th' ebb-tide, an' that ol' side-wheeler comes up in th' Fleet, an' them midshipmen heaves in sight over the side? Well, Squinty sez to me, he sez, "No, siree, you can't make a sailor wid nothin' but book-larnin', they've jist got to be fetched up to it from th' time they 're young uns." Well, I looked that gang over—they all had on them cockeyed soots, shiny chin straps on their caps, an' maybe they did n't just look as sea-goin' as they might'er be. They was a few in the complement that I reckoned might of seen a battleship afore, but we finds out arterwards they wuz first-class, an' was kep' so busy studyin' how to navigate an' sich, that us gobbies did n't see much of 'em.

"But them youngsters—wait till I tell you. About two days arter they comes aboard, Squinty an' me was up here on the fo'c's'l when one of them new boobs from the Nooport trainin' station, what we has the misfortune to have to put up wid, drops a buckit of war-paint on th' deck. One of them mid-



shipmen sees the accident, an' come over to the place where it happened, makin' forty knots, an' starts in on that rookie summat as folleys: 'Wat the — are you doin' with that war-paint? Stand up! How long have you been in the Navy? You look like a long, hard Massachusetts winter to me. Why the blankety-blank did n't you stay at home, an' send your blind auntie to sea? She 'd be wurth more to the Fleet. Some swabs just naturally was n't built to wear bell-bottom trou', an' you 're one of them. You could n't of made good as second cook aboard an Erie Canal woodscow!'—An' say, bo, that gobbie sure looked like he wuz mos' scairt to death. Talk about flooency—say, most any of that bunch could command a wocabulery what made ol' salts like Squinty an' me turn red wid shame. But as Squinty sez: 'I tol' you so. Jist look what eddy-cashun kin do fer a man. Think how that lad will be able to lay 'em out by the time he gits to be a skipper.'

"But 't want all hot air, neither. About a week after that I goes down into the fire rooms on a eighteen-knot steamin' watch. 'T was hotter 'n blue blazes on deck, but they had 'er all battened down, down there, an' was usin' the forced draft. Two would-be coalheavers has already passed out on that watch, an' I was lookin' around int'rested-like, when I sees one of them youngsters mannin' a shovel. I eases over to kid him on a bit, an' asks how he 's makin' out. He looks at me a second, takes his butt outer his face, an' sez wid a grin, 'Oh, fair. This is fruit. You oughter study steam at the Naval Academy if you wanter know what work is.'

"An' so it went. We was downright sorry when that gang shoved off at the end of their cruise, all shoutin' about leave, an' home, an' the gals they 'd left behind 'em. I expects to hear that they eat things alive when they git back ter that Academy of theirn, which I believes now ain't no ladies' seminary, an' if they makes another Fleet cruise, I wants to see the same bunch come back on this here bally-hoo."



W. J. PHILLIPS

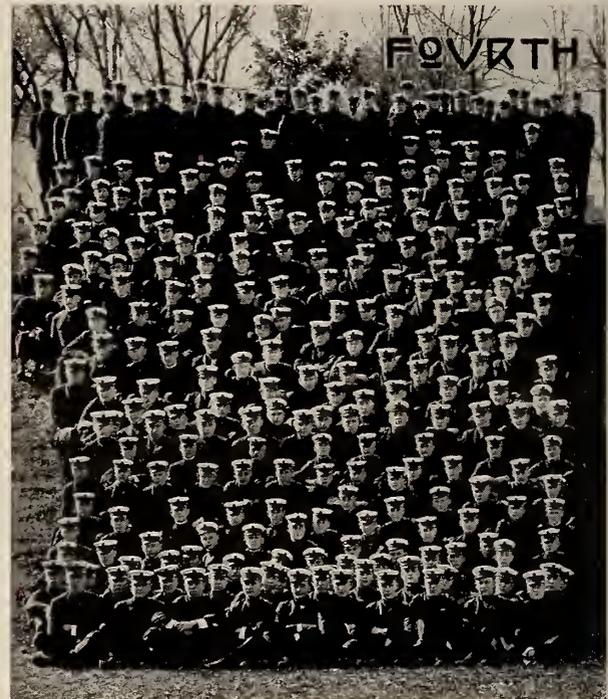
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 Craig, W.  
 Cronin, J. C.  
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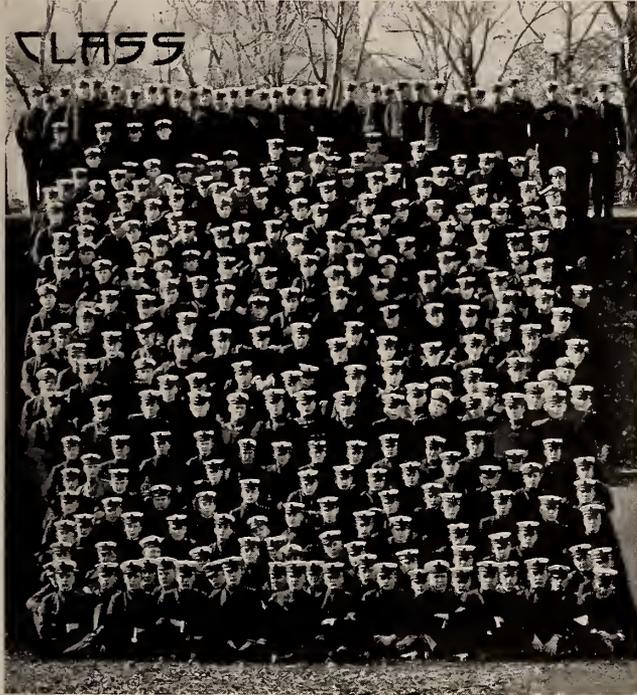
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 Eisenhardt, C. F. McN.  
 Flynn, D. T.  
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ONCE there was a Sheltered Child who decided to sever the Ties-That-Bind and cleave a salty and illustrious Career in the Wake of Farragut. The Parental Head of the Can-

Factory that supplied the Hearth with Provender wrote to the Local Protector of the American Eagle and secured permission for Reginald to Play Tag with the Academic Board for admission to the Naval Academy. After four months' proximity to a Bostonese Spasm with Vandyke Foliage, Reggy was able to narrate Napoleon's favorite Breakfast Food and locate Podunk to five Decimal Places. When the April Agony had passed, he found himself among those winning a Meal-Ticket in the Lottery, and with three hundred Life-Savers and a High Heart wended his way to Maryland's Historic Desolation to have his Physical Imperfections noted. After he had successfully Perused a Printed Effusion located on the Visible Horizon and had counted the Misfires in an Ingersoll at 100 yards Range, he was allowed to divest himself of a 1950 Custom-Made Mistake and don the XXX Quality Canvas Monstrosity jocularly known as Working Whites.

¶ He spent the First Afternoon assembling the Results of his Amount Available with the Monetary Assistance of an Afro-American Colonist. With Evening Roll-Call his Conceptions of Table Atrocities suffered a Revision. When he began to Siphon the Liquid Nourishment perpetrated under the guise of Soup, the Powers-That-Be acrimoniously quoted an adage suggesting that the Rising Generation should be Visible not

## Plebes: *The FABLE of* a PAMPERED PET

MORAL:

“THE LAST HARD PULL  
GETS OVER THE HILL”



acutely aware of an intense Manifestation of Disapproval from Those-Present and was firmly piloted by Solicitous Hands to an Erect Posture, and invited to improve Nature's Handiwork in the region of the Shoulder Blades. He made a game fight

Audible. After the Fluid Remains had been removed and Reggie had transferred the Debris to his Sleeve in one Comprehensive Movement, he leaned back to Recuperate. He became

with a Five-Acre Slab of Beef guaranteed by the Goodyear Rubber Company, and turned a fork point on a Well-Worn Spud, but retired from the Bout when his Tongue slipped and he nearly choked on the Unfamiliar Angles of a Navy Pie, necessitating Drastic Measures to clear a Gangway in his Anatomy.

¶ In the Evening he was regaled by the Social Advances of the Front Rank. In a short time he became

so proficient that when the Exit opened with a Vicious Swing he was on his feet and clear back to Grandma Dudley in his Family History before the Inquisitor could enter. With the newborn day his First Contact with the Discipline Department resulted in Five Set-Backs for "Shoelaces Improperly Tethered," and he discovered that a Whisk Broom is just as necessary to the Appearance of the Lower Mentionables as Suspenders. During the Academic Violation of the Eight-Hour Law he propelled a cutter around the Bay with the aid of a Life-Sized Oar and eight other Young Hopefuls. His most strenuous previous nautical experience had been a \$1.50 Round Trip Moonlight Sinecure on the original product of Robert Fulton, and

his Scintillations on Navigation were confined to piloting a canoe into the Boathouse. It was quite a shock to find such Primitive Methods as Manual Contortions still in vogue in Salt-Water Etiquette, and when the Morning Pastime was over, Reginald returned to his Hang-Out considerably frayed.

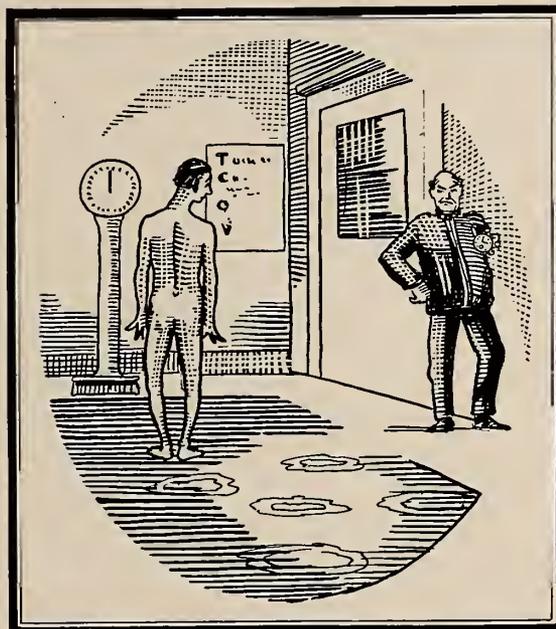
¶ When the First Class executed the final Hang-Over and received a written admission of their Successful Maneuver, the Recent Additions knocked the Slats off Navy Traditions and began to Exist. Reggie had never belonged to the Early Rising Squad. He was a firm believer that the Worm would not have been the Goat if it had kept Respectable Hours, and hitherto Sunrise had been merely an interesting Astronomical Phenomenon recorded

in Lydia Pinkham's compilation of Symptoms and Useless Information. When he started to knit up the Ravelled Sleeve of Care, he extended his Repairs to the Whole Garment. Now that the Reigning Element had Cashed In, and he found that he could Navigate without throwing a Half-Nelson into his Stride, Reggie began to Systematize the Matutinal Ordeal. Reveille became Common Knowledge at 6:20 in accordance with the Articles for the Misguidance of the Navy. At 6:35 Reginald's Morning Paroxysm occurred. In one Agile Contortion he impaled his trousers and leaped into Semi-Respectability; a Sweeping Gesture embracing the Outer Requisites and he stood in Full Attire. While immersing his Salient Features in a pre-arranged solution of the Floating Purifier he tied his Shoe-Laces by

the Touch System, and 6:41 found him attentive to Daily Indictment of Discrepancies as he added a Final Glow to his No. 10's by an Oscillating Motion on the back of his Jacob Reed Hand-Out.

¶ The Reign of Terror began the First of October. Reggie had always been able to Stack the Cards and recover his Ante in the

Game with the County School Board Selections, but this Hand was Dealt from a New Pack and he was Left Cold without Openers. Between Section Seats and March Out he sat in a Daze, and his I. O. U.'s were Flaunted Every Week with no Prospects for Cashing-In. By December his chances of Sitting-In for the balance of the Deal were Meager. He was Anchor Man and the Academic Department was cutting the Cable.

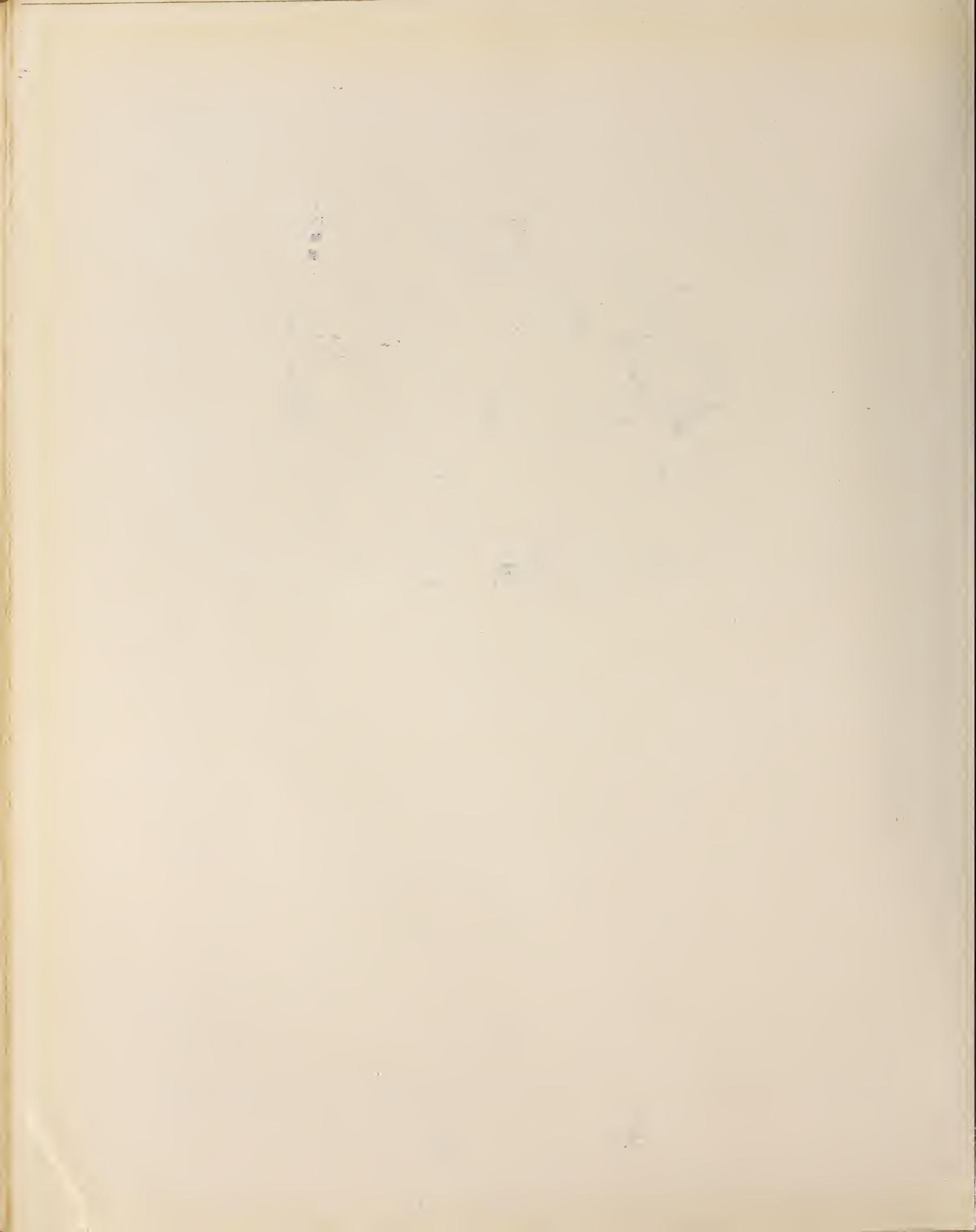


Whenever he Rose to Recite he had the Haunted Look of one who has just discovered a Glue Factory with the Wind in the Wrong Direction, and his Verbal Effusions were as convincing as Roosevelt's Refusal of a Third Term. Reginald did not require a Diagram, Raised Letters, and a Club to perceive that a Radical Change was Requisite or he would have to Leave without Rain Checks before the Close of the First Act. He commenced an Intensive Survey of the Lingual Spasms of Spain, and by Waylaying his Math Prof while adrift in the City Limits and rendering a 4.0 Salute he contrived to keep in the Twilight Zone of Semi-Security. After Two Months of Concentrated Endeavor, he Weighed-In, badly Warped yet Intact, and as he witnessed the Winter Exodus of Academic Victims, a Great Peace filled his Soul.

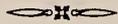




The  
Passing Show



# The Passing Show



*○ a maiden bred in the lap of luxury within a plush and satin sphere there comes some day when the life in her stirs for the adventure and the big-ness of the world beyond. Poor Patricia, her sweet, cramped little spirit expresses itself only nega-tively, and she sighs in ennui, prettily bored. The flesh and the devil she knows, but the world! So there creeps in a blase lack of color in her everyday regime of peeping out at the sun at — say noon — and placidly urging past the rest of the day in the cycle of motors, tea, dinner, theatre, and dance, among blushing debutantes and budding society grooms.*



¶ Par consequent, one bright Spring morning when little Miss Ysobelle, propped up languidly among billowy pillows, reached to Celeste for her letters, with more interest in the gesture than in its object, her sleep-dimmed eyes opened brightly, for there it was, a message from outside her world! Her eagerness almost spoiled one daintily-tipped, rosy finger-nail as she slipped it underneath the tightly gummed leaf of the "Annapolis" envelope, and drew out a midshipman's letter with all its elegant tact and delicate expression.

Room #357,  
Bancroft Hall,  
March 31st, 1916.

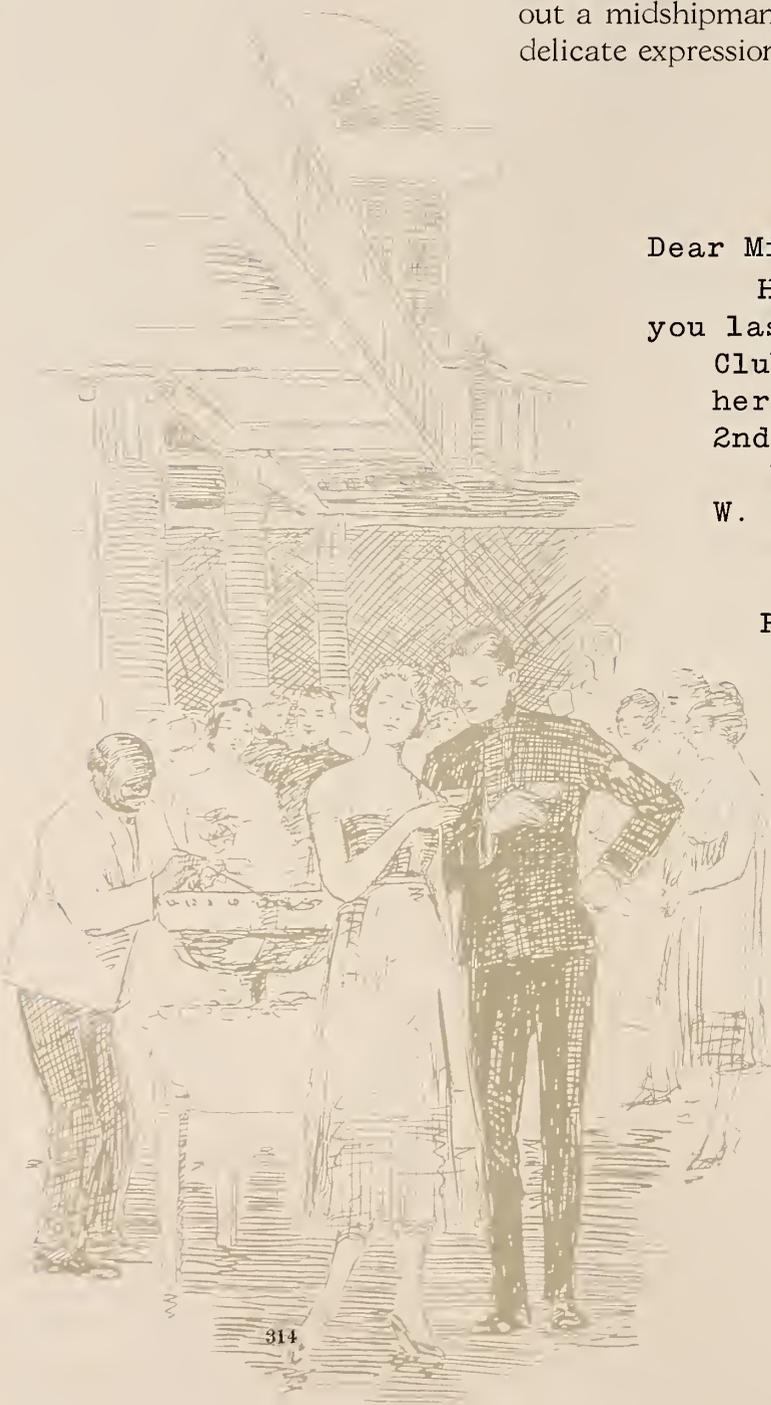
Dear Miss Beauy,

Having got an introduction to you last year at the Pelham Yacht Club, I want you to come down here to the June Ball, June 2nd, 1916.

You had better come on the W. B. & A., and I will meet you at Carvel Hall.

Yours truly,  
R.S.V.P. Carl DeLong Shunt.

¶ Oh, Romance! Her life was opening up to the world; the faery portals were swinging, and this was a glimpse through the magic casements! Our little heroine was so sparkingly thrilled that she gave Celeste but four hectic minutes to perform the mysteries of her hair instead of the usual thirty, and flagrantly defied the Rules of the Road with her flashing Mercer in her eagerness to tell it all to Yvonne Eclair. Now Yvonne was a girl of experiences; she had been to this vague, somewhere place called Annapolis—in fact, had been there many times in the last several years.



¶ “Crabtown, dear?” queried Yvonne when the girls were properly curled up in the deep window-seat, just as they had seen the irresistibly charming baby-vampire do it in “Upstairs and Down” the evening before.

¶ Ysobelle almost forgot to be baby-vampirish. “Why, no, Silly! I said Annapolis.”

¶ “C’est egal. It’s really ‘Crabtown,’ you know, and you’ll probably be a crab if you stay there long enough, too. Just now you’re from New York, and so you’re new. If you were——”

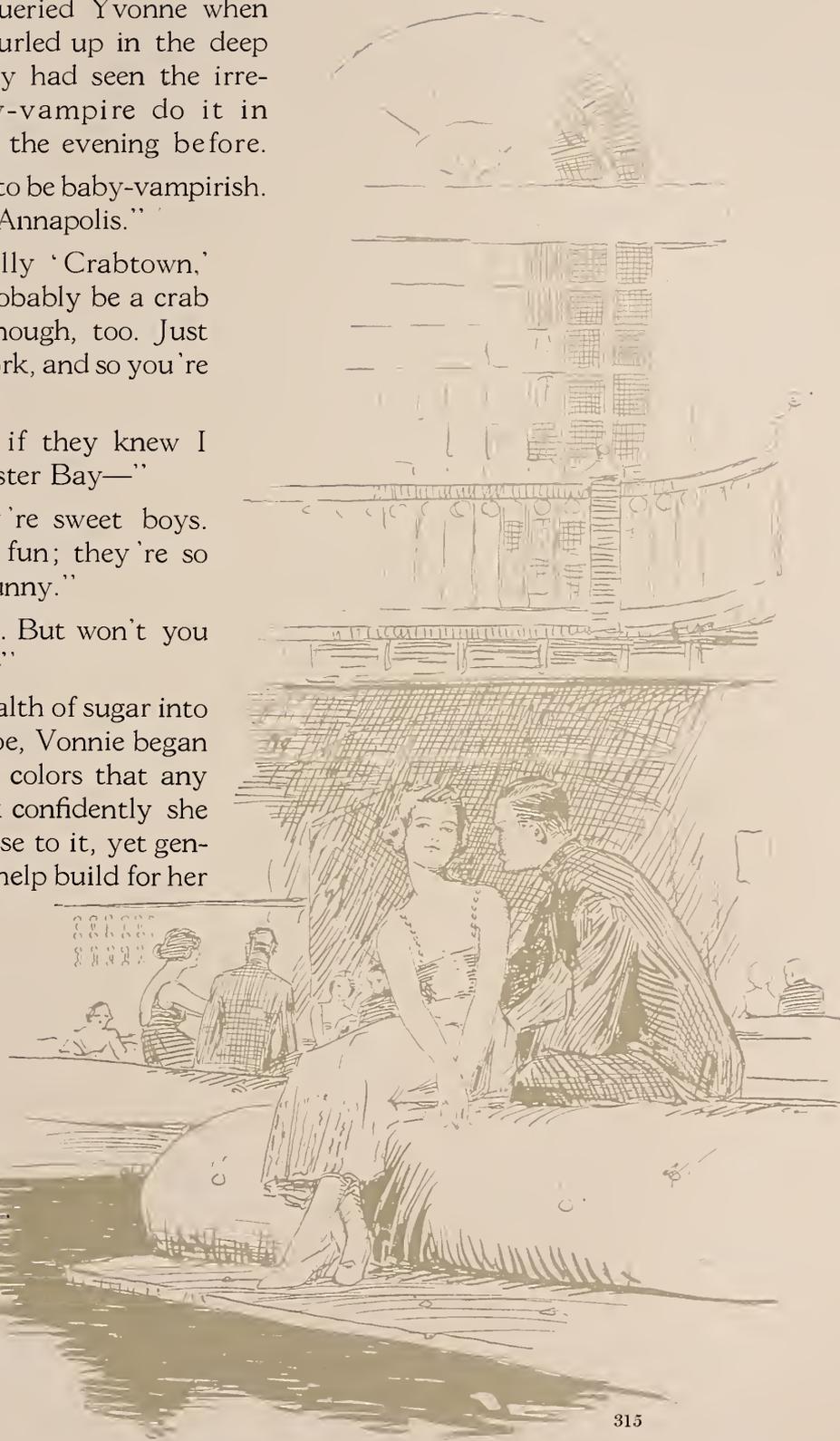
¶ “Yes, I suppose that if they knew I spent the summer at Oyster Bay——”

¶ “No, no, dearie; they’re sweet boys. You’ll have an ocean of fun; they’re so confident, and awfully funny.”

¶ “Carl isn’t. He’s nice. But won’t you tell me, Vonnie, please——”

¶ So slipping another wealth of sugar into her cup of steaming pekoe, Vonnie began to paint the Academy in colors that any midshipman would think confidently she believed. But she was wise to it, yet generous, too, and willing to help build for her innocent little friend the aura of splendor and marvel that measures the depth of a maiden’s delight at Annapolis.

¶ The tete-a-tete bore fruit, for along late in June a dainty little pink scented envelope crinkled prettily as Yvonne opened it.



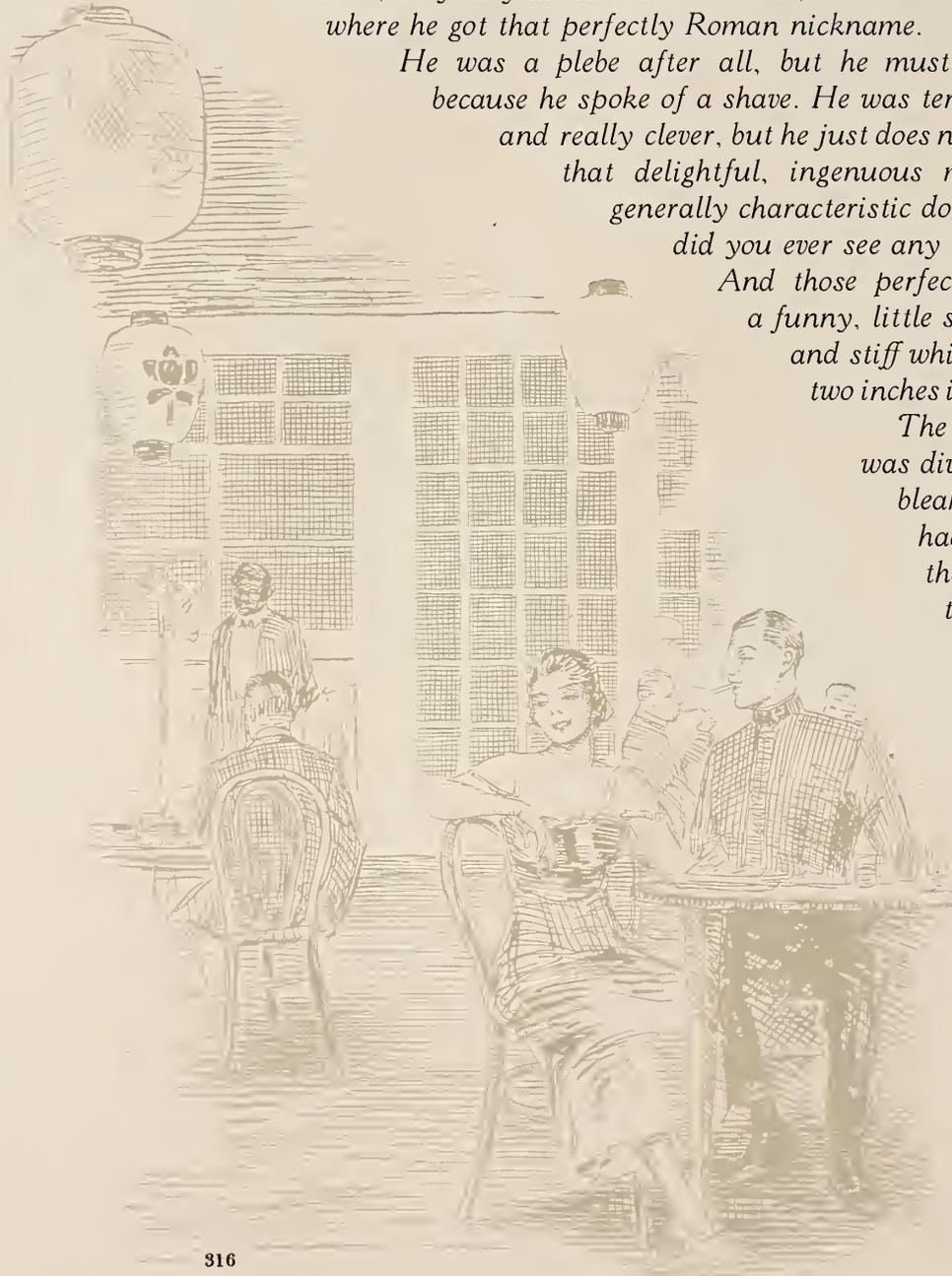
Dear Vonnie,

Of course, you remember that perfectly adorable invitation from DeLong Shunt to go to Annapolis for June Week,— well, I went! Dreams of Romance! It was actually bizarre, and I surely hope you forgot how terribly wooden I was that day I went to see you, because I'm beginning to savvy it now. Those expressions—*Sacre Nom!*—A sort of a hybrid between the patois of a Mexican bandit and an East Side gunman. I was being dragged blind, sure enough—a certain Mr. Fred I. Bottel, only they all call him “Tubba,” and he would n't even tell me where he got that perfectly Roman nickname.

He was a plebe after all, but he must have been quite old, because he spoke of a shave. He was terribly good-looking too, and really clever, but he just does n't hate himself at all—that delightful, ingenuous modesty seems to be generally characteristic down there. But, Cherie, did you ever see any of the dress parades?

And those perfectly sweet uniforms—a funny, little short coat, all buttony, and stiff white trousers, with about two inches in between—I love 'em.

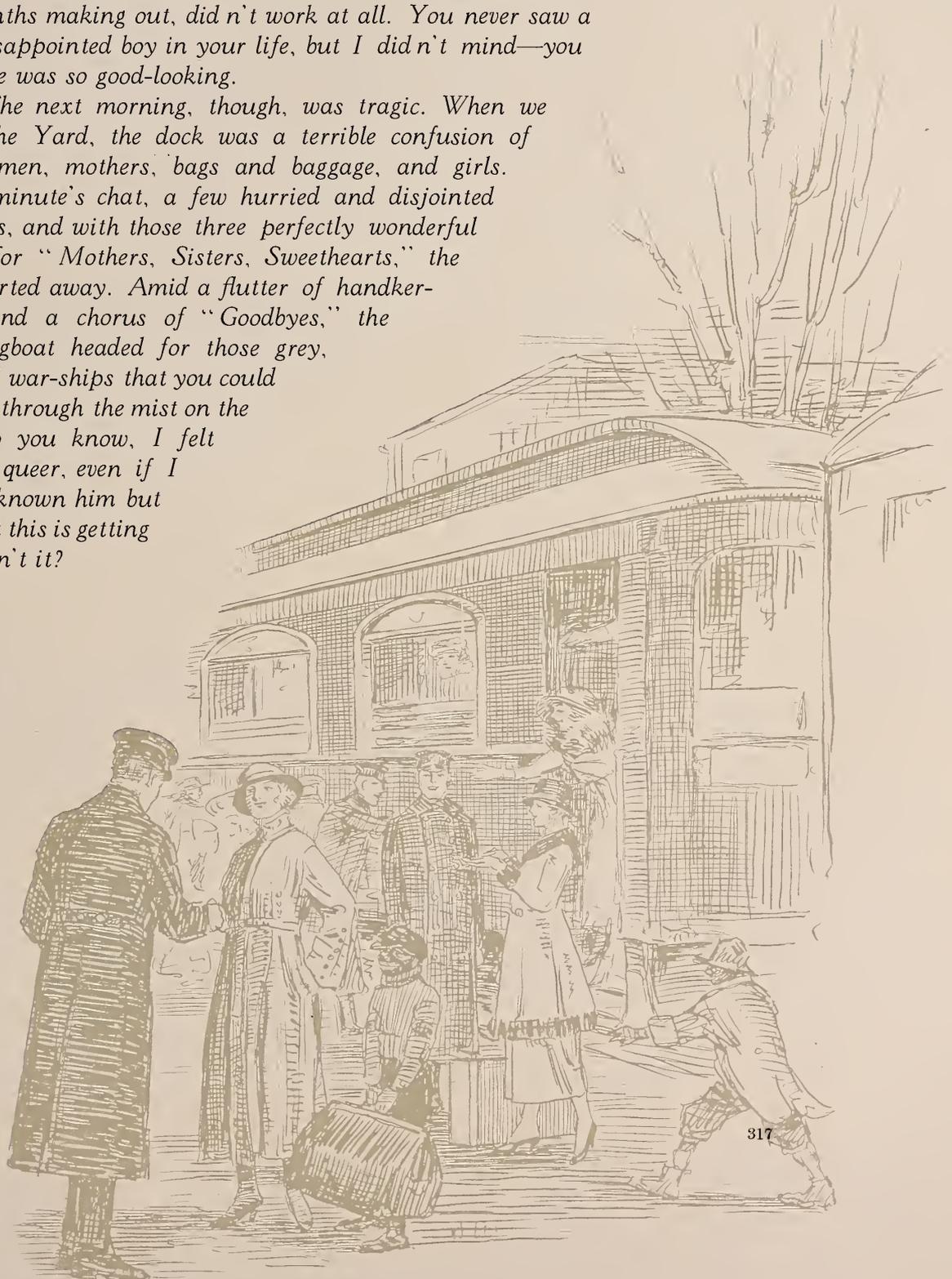
The June Ball, Vonnie, was divine! That great, big, bleak building where they had the graduation in the morning was changed that night into a garden of dreams. Through an Eden of sylvan dells and woodland nooks flitted a weaving throng of vague, fantastic shadows in



the opalescent lights. The maze of color, dotted with the gleam of white shoulders and snowy uniforms was perfectly marvelous! Finding anyone was a mere accident, looking for them was utterly useless.

As a result, the beautiful card that Tubba said he spent two months making out, did n't work at all. You never saw a more disappointed boy in your life, but I did n't mind—you know, he was so good-looking.

The next morning, though, was tragic. When we got in the Yard, the dock was a terrible confusion of midshipmen, mothers, bags and baggage, and girls. Just a minute's chat, a few hurried and disjointed farewells, and with those three perfectly wonderful cheers for "Mothers, Sisters, Sweethearts," the boys started away. Amid a flutter of handkerchiefs and a chorus of "Goodbyes," the little tugboat headed for those grey, grim old war-ships that you could just see through the mist on the bay. Do you know, I felt horribly queer, even if I had n't known him but for—but this is getting deep, is n't it?



*I just must close,—but tell me, dear, what is a “brick,”—is it a form of punishment? I overheard one of them say he “boxed himself with a brick.” Quite Spartan of him, I thought.*

*Au revoir, mon amie,—*

*With oceans of love,*

*Ysobelle.*

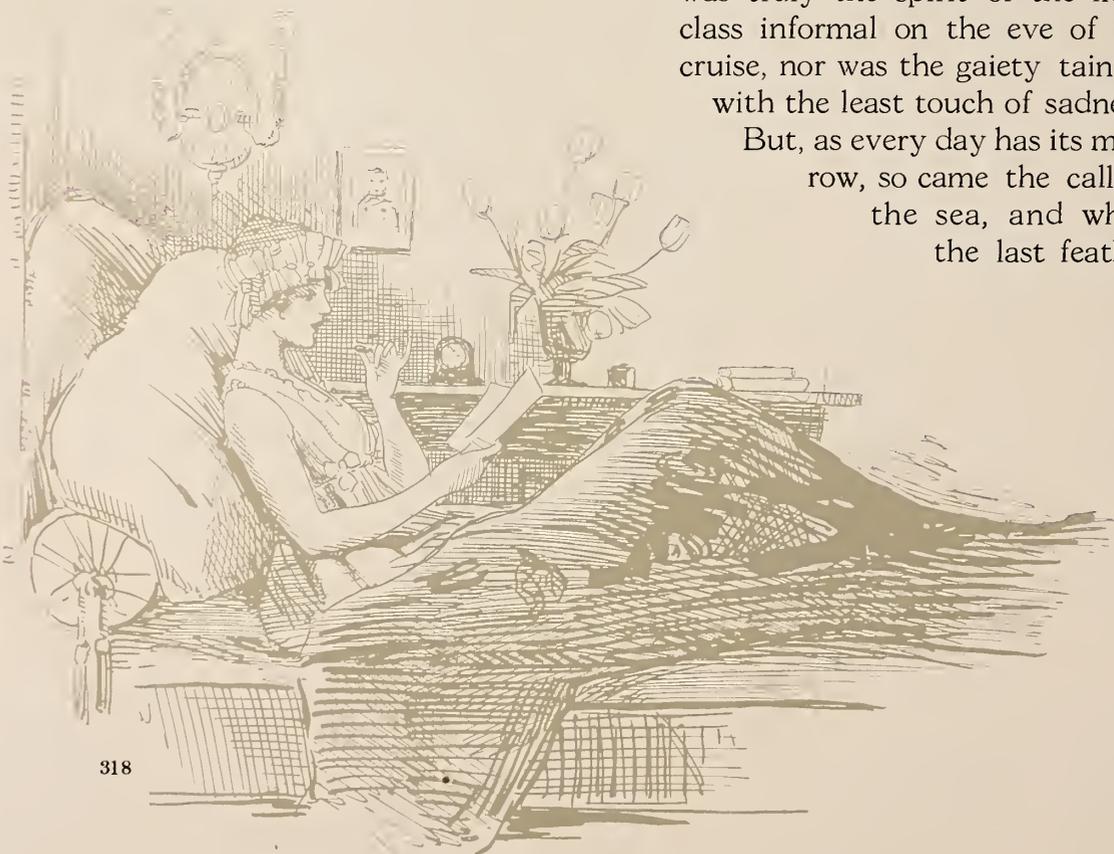


¶ A year had come and gone; the cloud of war cast its shadow on the usual festivities of June. Hops of the Fall and Winter were but vague memories of the past, reminiscent of flags, color, and note-paper programs. In that short, sweet interval of darkness, so opportune for lovers' greetings and bilgers' revenge,

Ysobelle and our hero had heard together the resounding notes of the bell, as the watch was changed, the old rung out and the new rung in. “Be merry, for tomorrow—”

was truly the spirit of the little class informal on the eve of the cruise, nor was the gaiety tainted with the least touch of sadness.

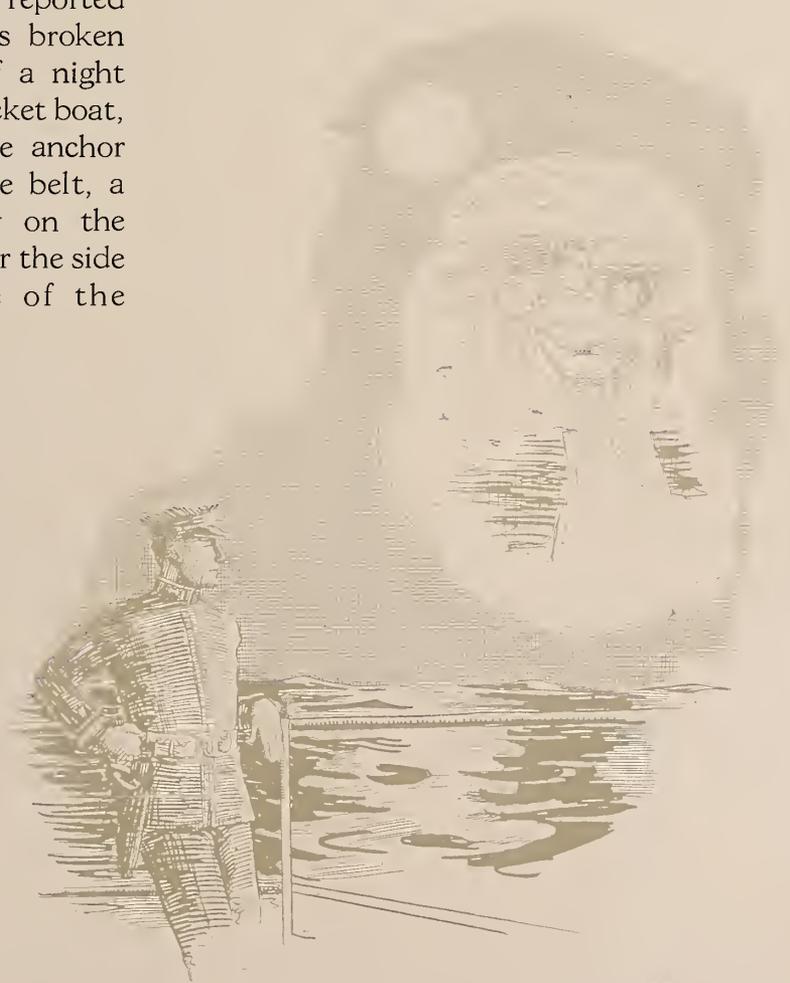
But, as every day has its morrow, so came the call of the sea, and when the last feather

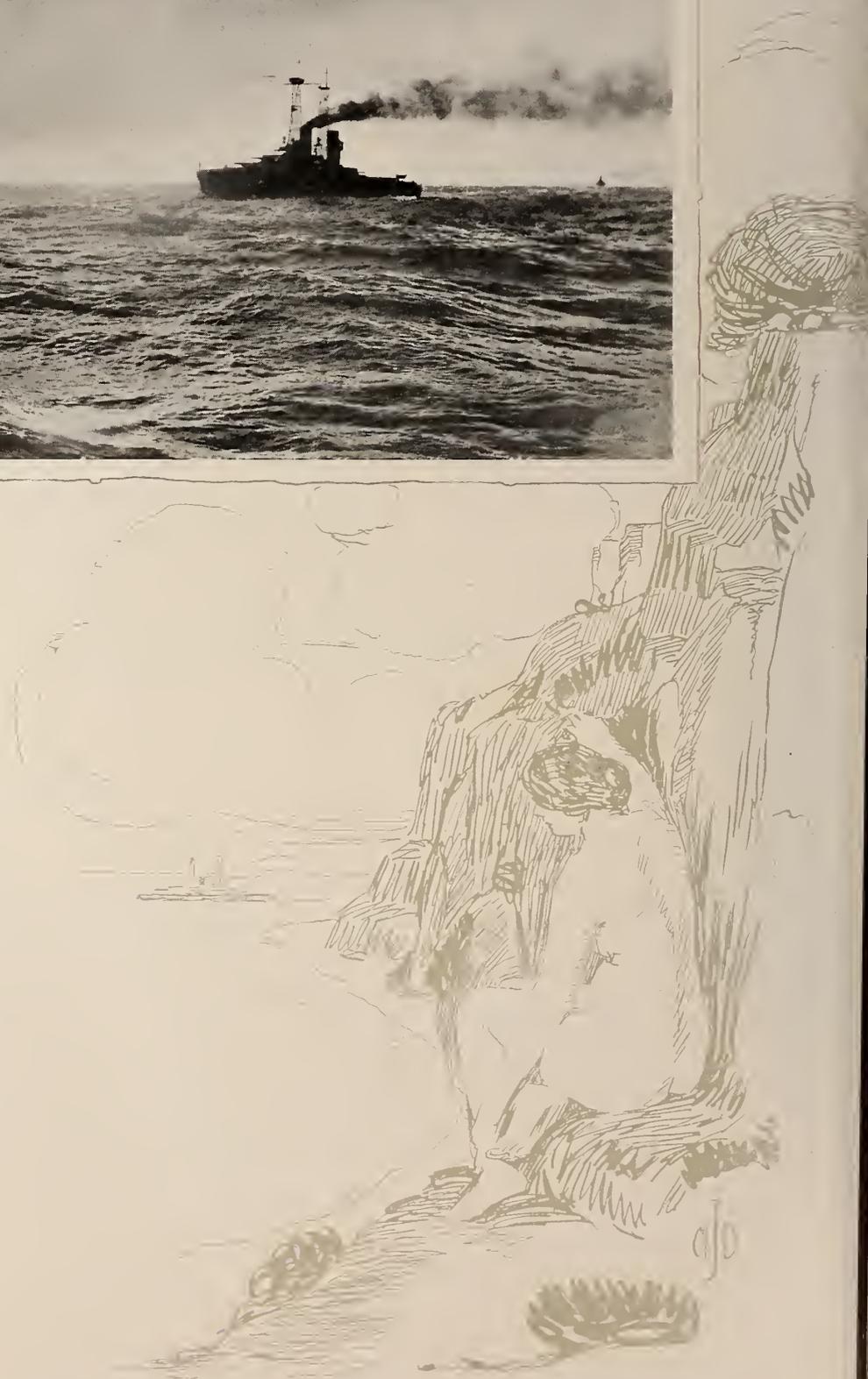


of smoke faded over the horizon, Ysabelle turned away with a little catch in her breath, a dewy mistiness in her eyes.

¶ First Class year—with its rates and privileges, with its stripes and buzzards, but no chance to display these attractions for the maidens—indeed a case of all dressed up and no place to go. Surely a world without women is no more desolate a spot than the Academy without hops. At last the welcome order brought back the old times of memory—again the gym became periodically a maze of color, once more the plebes held up accusing fingers, which, of course, the fair ones never see. Christmas Week, New Year's, mile-stones in drear Winter—skipped by to the strains of Jazz music—Oh! Eliza, lil' Liza Jane! Till at last, the budding trees and clear blue skies brought the Big Day, and with it Ysabelle. Together they danced the last dance at this last Farewell Ball, as at their first, and the sweet, echoing strains of "Home, Sweet Home," brought with them her promise—a pledge of love eternal. . . . .

¶ It is four bells of the Mid. Sentries and gun-stations have reported and the stillness over all is broken only by the distant cry of a night bird, the fading chug of a picket boat, or the barefoot tread of the anchor watch. Thumb in cartridge belt, a Lieutenant leans dreamily on the life-line and as he peers over the side into the phosphorescence of the ebbing tide, there comes to him from its spectral gleam, memories—from his first June Ball to that last perfect waltz—  
*The Passing Show.*



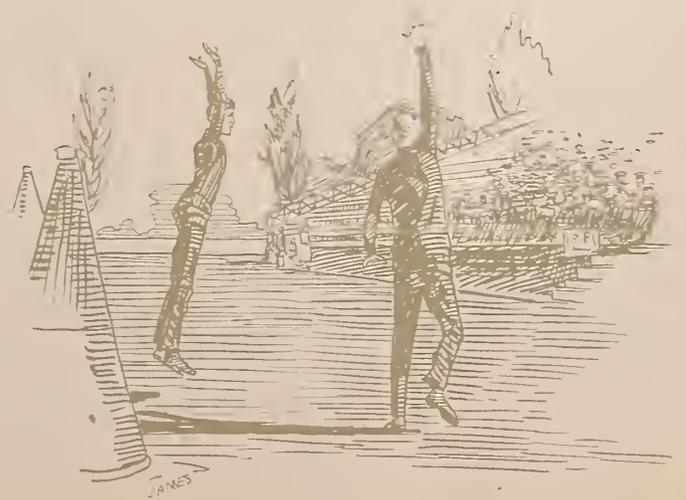




ATHLETICS

elo









## Football

**I**N 1913, Navy, with what was one of the greatest teams the Academy has ever seen, went to the first Polo Grounds game. Navy was a heavy favorite, Army was considered weak,

never done anything but fight to the finish, and she did on that day, but she had no forward pass defense and was helpless.

¶ Navy saw her mistake and has been



and the experts said it was only a matter of how large a score the Navy could roll up. But she was beaten after three straight victories. The effect of this defeat cannot be estimated, for it meant that Navy had not kept pace with the methods of playing football. She was still playing the old-line smashing football and Army had taken up the new overhead attack. Navy has

slowly building up the present wonderful team. In 1914 a good deal of the old style was still left in the team, and she was beaten. In 1915 there was a shift of coaches. Navy showed improvement but was again beaten. In 1916 we arrived. Pittsburg Intercollegiate Champions barely beat us, 20-19, in one of the most wonderful games ever witnessed on Farragut





Field. In the Army-Navy game Navy, after a poor start caused by the team being young in Army-Navy games, played Army off its feet. Given the smallest break of luck, even with her poor start, Navy would have defeated Army. But Army had the horseshoe

experts have watched closely the entrance of the western style of playing football in the East. Many comments were made on Navy's new move in football, but how well it succeeded can be seen by noting the season's scores that follow.



with her, and down in her heart she knows it.

¶ With the present season it was decided to try professional football coaching, for the graduate system had been in effect at the Academy for many years. Mr. Gilmour Dobie, the Western marvel coach of the University of Washington and the only football coach in the United States with a record of twelve years of unbeaten teams, was chosen to pilot the team. Eastern

¶ The team started slowly. Dobie was building a solid foundation, and as a result Navy lost one game to West Virginia. We have no excuses for this defeat; it was simply due to the fact that she was not yet ready to play her best football. Many thought Mr. Dobie was wrong in his slow building process, but we now know he was right. Navy finished the season as the greatest scoring team in the East—442 points. Navy's one defeat alone stopped her



from being the greatest team in the country. In meeting teams that the Army had played, Navy tripled Army's scores and West Point was rated far below Annapolis. Experts state that Navy is one of the most wonderful teams of all times and that Army was saved from defeat by the grace of the present war. It is the saddest blow the Midshipmen have ever suffered to fail to play the army when the Academy's greatest team numbered Von Heimberg, Martin, Goodstein, Ingram, and Roberts as All-American stars 30

Sherman was more than right—in fact he was putting it mildly.

¶ The Editor wishes to state that in order to put the type of football that we have witnessed at the Academy on an unbiased basis, the entire football text from now on will be made up of actual newspaper clippings from papers throughout the United States. In this way he hopes to present the past three seasons to the Regiment from a different viewpoint than that to which they have been accustomed in the past, namely, the point of view of the outsider.





stein, backs, Ingram and Roberts.  
 Mr. Purman in picking von Heimburg for his All-American Team says:

"von Heimburg is very powerful and is usually able to take care of both the opposition tackle and end. He seldom permits himself to be boxed and is fast getting down the field. The Navy man is a crafty field general and his ability to diagnose plays makes him a constant menace to the opposition."

**VILLA NOVA EASY FOR MIDSHIPMEN**

LAST GAME BEFORE MEETING  
 ARMY SATURDAY.

NAVY ROLLS UP 57 POINTS

**NAVY HAS EASY TIME WITH N. C. A. AND M.**

Registers 50 Points, the Largest Total for Midshipmen in Recent Seasons.

Annapolis, Md., Nov. 11.—With speed and dash that warmed the heart of the navy crowd, the midshipmen went at the North Carolina Asteles this afternoon, and overwhelmed them by 50 to 0.

**NAVY TEAM OF 1917 GRIDDERS STRONG AGGREGATE**



**NAVY MASSACRES CARLISLE INDIANS**

Midshipmen Play Great Football, Winning by 61 to 0.

**Navy Gridders Roll Up Record Score of 95 to 0**

Annapolis, Nov. 3.—For the third time this season the Navy football team broke its high score record. Western Reserve, following after Carlisle and Haverford, was sent back to Cleveland beaten by 95 to 0.

**NAVY SWAMPS HAVERFORD.**

Sailors Run Up 89 Points Against Weak Opposition.  
 Special to The New York Times.  
 ANNAPOLIS, Md., Oct. 27.—When they piled up eighty-nine points against Haverford College here this afternoon, the midshipmen completed three games in which their total ran to the unusual sum of 212. In the three games, those with today's opponent, the Indian and Maryland State College, the Navy goal-line has not been seriously endangered. Probably because of the subtlety of the

**STATE NO MATCH FOR MIDSHIPMEN**

Gives Way to Navy's Great Backfield by 62 to 0.

Annapolis, Md., Oct. 13.—Gilmore Dobie's Navy football machine, with

**MIDDIES PILE UP SCORE**

State's Goal Line Is Crossed 13 Times.

**NAVY DISPLAYS GREAT**

Sailors Flow Through Line, Kick Puns And Throw Forward Passes At Will.  
 Annapolis, Md., Oct. 18.—The Navy football players ran riot over Carlisle's aggregation at Maryland State College here this afternoon. They rolled up a total of 62 points, one of the best scores that has been registered by navy eleven in recent years. No other eleven invaded the field in the game. Ingram was successful of the tries for goal. State scoreless.

**CONSTANT TO WEAK FOR NAVY TO WEAKERVE GOAL**

**VON HEIMBURG**

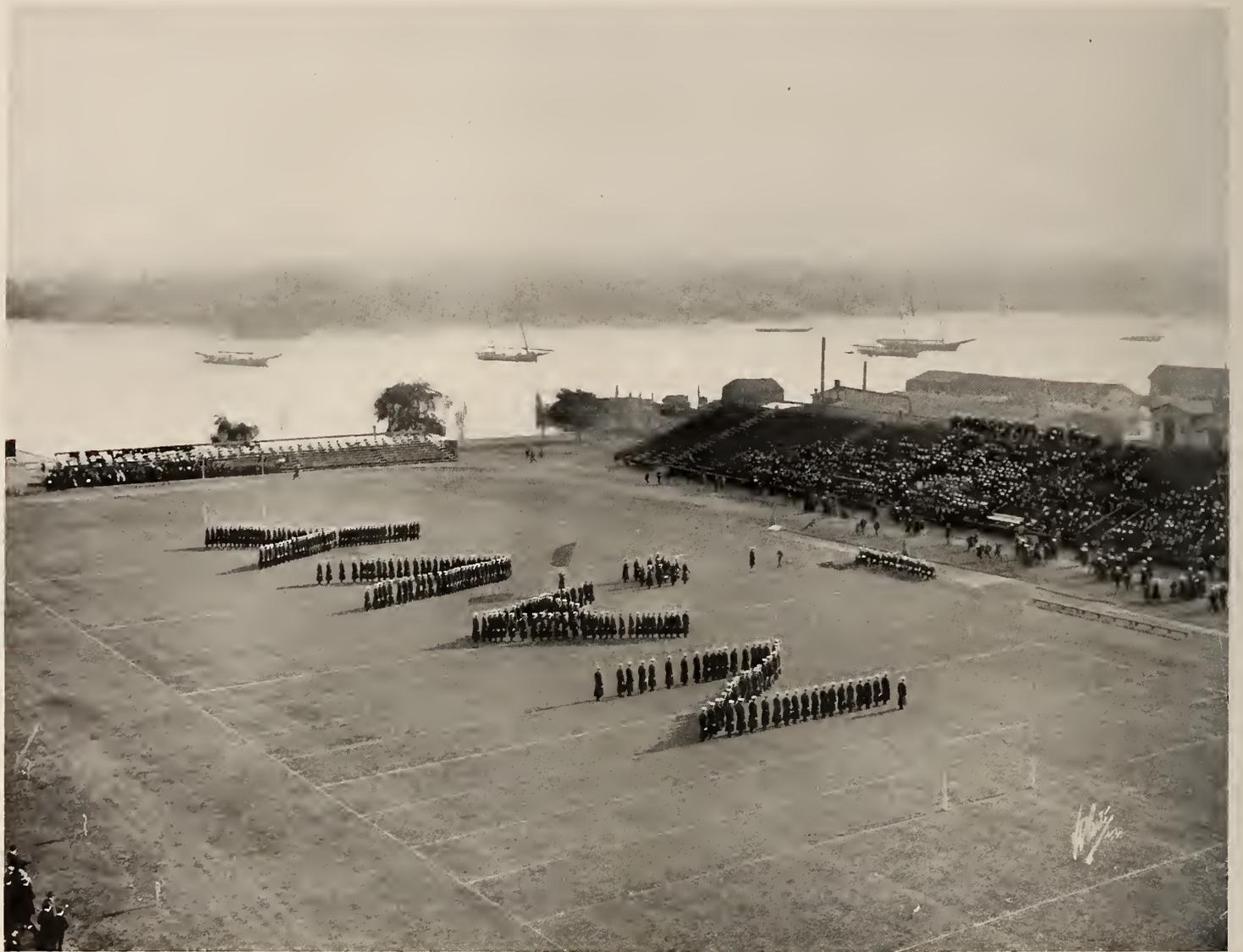
... may have existed in the minds of many as to whether the Navy has a team rated among the best, if not the peer of others in the country, is removed by the decisive victory and slashing play by which it (the defeat of Georgetown) was brought about."

**MIDDIES MAKE RECORD**

Up 89 Points And Hold Haverford Scoreless.

**CROSS GOAL LINE 13 TIMES**

All Sorts Of Plays Used Against The Pennsylvanians—Forward Passes Are Successful.  
 Annapolis, Md., Oct. 27.—Working like one of the new Liberty Motors, the Navy football team completely routed Haverford College this afternoon, the sailing machine almost worked its way to the century figures. The sailor simply bowled over their opponents, when the foul whistle blew they piled up 89 points to nothing, a record for a navy team. Haverford was hopelessly outclassed.









## Midshipmen Prove Power by Defeating Georgetown Decisively—Other Gossip of Yesterday's Big Contests.

Printed with the 1915 Army's Standard. This is the only copy of the Standard that is printed in the city of Washington.

Grades—Gilmann, Navy; Good, Colgate; Henning, Pa.; Metcham, Army; Welton, Notre Dame; Nourse, Pro.

At guard is found another plebe—Smith, a big 200-pounder with lots of fight but slow on his feet. Coach "Babe" Brown is devoting lots of time to this man and hopes to make him into a guard of the Navy standard. Kercher is

In the center of the line, Scaffie, Coldwell, Arthur, Schildhauer and Barrett showed that Navy will have a stiff backbone to present to opposing plungers. Nor was the line weak-

at the Navy would do to the Army this year if the two were to meet is a question on everybody's lips. Such a question will not be answered, but down at Annapolis the Middles are answering it for themselves and in all probability they are right in the belief that they would take the measure of the Soldiers by a comfortable margin. Army won from Carlisle yesterday by 28 to 0; a good margin, it is true, but the Navy lambasted the life out of the Indians by 71 to 0.

The Navy eleven must be given credit for the highest type of courage and fighting spirit, and the gameness and recuperating power which enabled it to come back and make a good battle out of what at first appeared to be nearer a rout than an ordinary defeat. The Army may well be proud of its team. It has gone through the year without a defeat, it has shown itself to be one of the strongest eleven in the country and it has closed the season with a victory over its greatest rival.

The girls cheered vociferously, naturally, one supposes, in support of one side or the other as they flung immense chrysanthemums and waved fragrant banners, but mostly, I should think, in favor of the Navy. Possibly one mistake, but this seemed to



BARRETT

soldiers always have followed Army-Navy games will remember it is a peculiar fact that on the majority of occasions West Point has done its scoring in the first and Annapolis in the second half. Unless memory fails me, this was true in the games of 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1912. Last year the Army made its first touchdown in the opening period. West Point appears to have the faculty of getting the jump, while Annapolis almost invariably shows a steady increase of power and finishes the game strong.

When fireworks, Vidal tried to punt the ball hurried through the Army men had been paper, the ball struck a hole he picked it up on the yard and bounded over the goal line with a clean touchdown. Referee kicked the goal.

They are young gentlemen with a lot of life and vigor in them. They did not seem to be so much affected by the half ended with scrimmage at about midfield, not even young Oliphant, and only one fact that in five minutes or so the Navy team had found itself, was a new team almost and purposed for the rest of the game to give Oliphant & Co. a genuine rough and tumble scrap.

Year	Player and College	Td.	Fg.	Yds.	Pts.
1913	Spiegel, Wash. & Jeff.	12	0	1	127
1914	Barrett, Cornell	4	1	24	108
1915	Gilroy, Georgetown	22	1	27	162
1916	Ingram, Navy	21	0	38	161
1917	Ingram, Navy	19	0	48	162

BY H. C. BYRNE.

Navy probably has one of the few real strong foot ball teams in the east. Right now the Midshipmen would start favorite in a contest with any eleven along the Atlantic coast, and that takes in the University of Pittsburgh, Washington and Jefferson, Penn State, Dartmouth, University of Pennsylvania and Cornell. Navy, with the exception of the game with West Virginia University, will go through its season without a defeat. Its decisive victory in the struggle with Georgetown, following the rolling up of enormous scores against smaller teams, just about does away with any possible bit of doubt that may have existed in regard to the power of the Midshipmen.

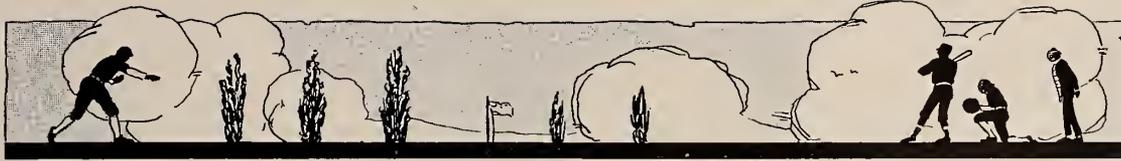
One competent critic who watched the game between Navy and Georgetown spoke highly of the winner. "Navy is strong," said he, "and don't you make any mistake about that. Right now I believe the Middles have the best backfield in the United States, and their line is not the worst by any means. Georgetown has a heavy, powerful set of forwards, though they are somewhat young, but Navy's line simply outclassed it from start to finish. Those powerful clever backs, though, are the main strength of the team, though, of course, Dobie should get the credit for having drilled his men well in all the elementary and more advanced tactics and rudiments of the gridiron. I would be willing to bet on the Navy against any team in the east if a game were scheduled for next Saturday."

MIDDLES EASILY SUBDUED CRACKERS  
HUMBLE GEORGIA UNIVERSITY  
BY 27 TO 3.









# Baseball

**N**AVY plays baseball against a jinx that lets us play like the very devil for a whole doggone season and wollop everything that comes our way, and the last minute lets that Army gang come down here all decorated with hoofprints and cop off the one thing for which twenty-five men miss supper formation nightly. We ain't so very superstitious, but when the jinx goes so far as to curve a ball into Neyland's gonk and elevates Gyp long enough for them graylegs to loop the loop around the bags for a winning score, we get our piratical blood aroused. If this was the old hoodoo's first offense we wouldn't howl, but we ask you, do you expect us to stand it for time indefinite? What we got Billie Lush for, what was Count Von captain for?

Billie has a mighty hard job ahead of him, but he's got a darn good record behind him; he snaked Yale out of the same kind of a hole, and don't you believe that history is the only thing that repeats itself.

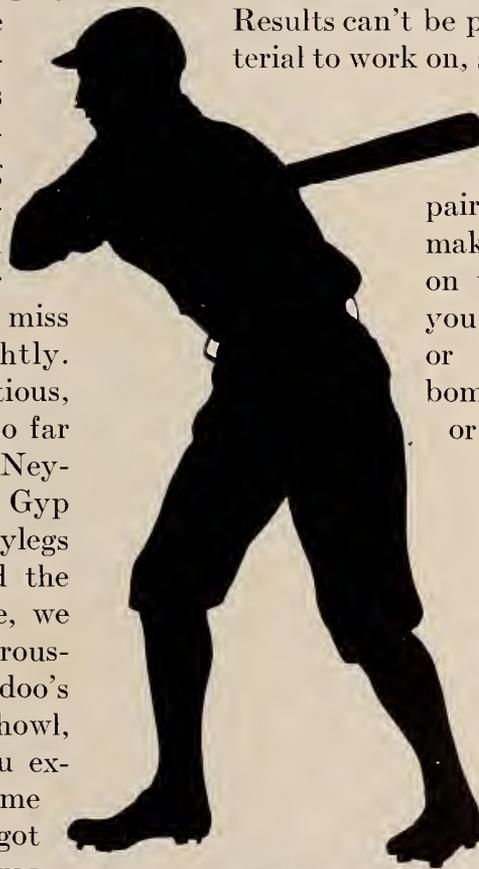
¶ Chicken Carmine serves out the rain-checks this year and he has already

fixed up one of the best schedules that the athletic officer ever O.K.'d. Results can't be produced without material to work on, so give Billie a chance

to decide on who's the best man for the place by grabbin' a pair of gray panties and makin' yourself numerous on the baseball field. If you can swing a shillaly or can heave an Irish bomb, get Tim Downey or his successor to show you the way over to Worden Field and the rest will be done by Lush and Company ☪ ☪

¶ What we want is a bunch that can work in a pinch, because that is what we have n't had during the past few years. But when Billie gets our gang lined

up if he don't say that this is the best team he's seen for some time to come, we'll miss our guess. West Point—hell's brewing for you in the Sou'west and if you weather the gale it'll be because they're handing out Kaydet appointments to the whole National League.



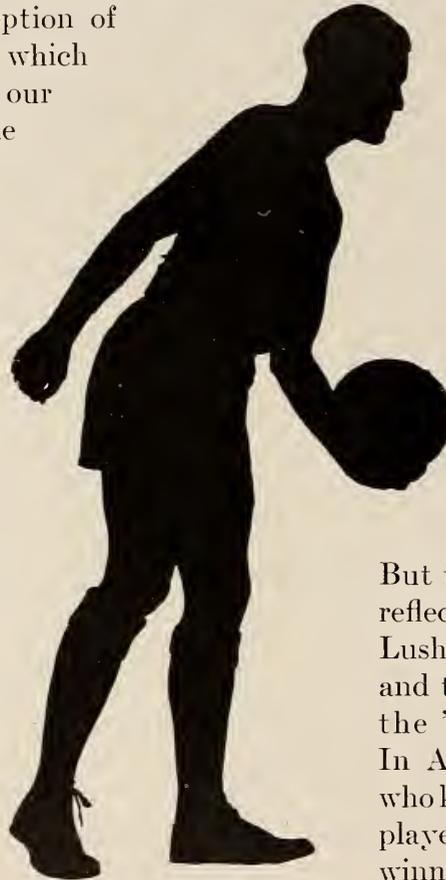
VON HEIMBURG



## Basketball

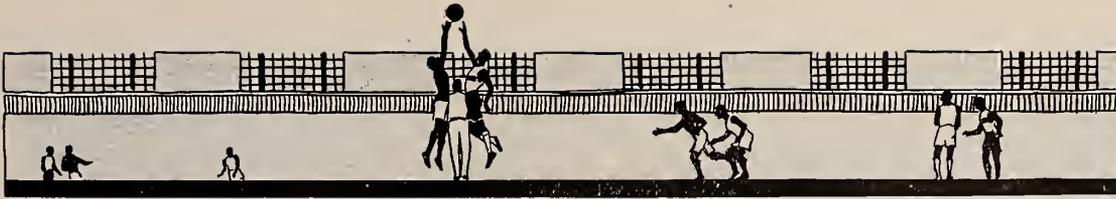
IF you take the trouble to look up the records, you'll find that Navy is right up among 'em in every sport (with the possible exception of a few like skiing, from which we are kept only by our balmy climate), but the best thing we do, or the thing we do best in an athletic line, is to play basketball. The record of the present year, like those of the past, justifies this statement. And what's more it is the concensus of expert opinion that this year our team reached its highest state of perfection, and was without any doubt the strongest scoring combination that has ever represented the Navy. But for a cumulatively compounded string of bumps that would have put an ordinary team up the river for the year, the season would have been without defeat, as was that of last year. Now Seth Warner is the most phenomenal guard afloat, and he and

Martin work together like an ordnance prof and the gouge. Well, Warner started it all by taking his horseshoe into eclipse on the *Reina*, and about the time Staudt began to fill his shoes, *he* got the measles, and right in the midst of a complete change in coaching and style of play came two of the hardest games of the season—Pennsylvania and C. C. N. Y., and the patched up team couldn't come across.



ALLEN

But the games that followed reflected great credit on Billy Lush and his whirlwind tactics, and the clean, heady work of the 'Nineteen combination. In Allen, Lush had a player who knew the game better and played a steadier all round winning game than any man who ever battered his feet against that unyielding armory floor. Phil Welch, with a year's first team experience and a cool head carried through the plays in a masterly manner. Olaf broke into the game with brilliant floor



work and accurate shooting, showing up every guard that he faced, and netting an average of eight baskets a game. Martin, as always, was there with the goods. As Billy himself said, there was no improving his game. And Dave Clark filled the breach in great fashion. Together they played so fast it made you dizzy to watch. And what's more they played the cleanest game of any team of recent years.

¶ Staudt's reliable solidity and Von's towering might came to the rescue more than once, and never once did our amiable young colossus fail to cop off first honors in field goals. And there were enough first string men of N calibre to play four big games at the same time, even our next captain, the wild and angular Lowes, being



ALLEN

VON HEIMBURG

kept on the side lines most of the time. "Simply wondahful," as Allen says

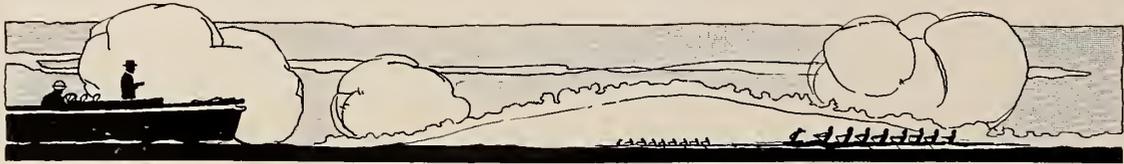
¶ The scores show that the defensive work of the team was the great feature

of the scores made. Games were won without a field goal being made by the opposition, while four baskets was their grand average. Figures speak louder than words, so think this over, remembering that we played the best teams in the country; among them Penn, Crescent A. C., Swarthmore, Loyola, Lehigh, Catholic U., Georgetown and N. Y. U.

¶ Total scores, Navy 704; opponents 203: Field goals, Navy 235; opponents 59: Foul goals, Navy 54 out of 159 chances; opponents 85 out of 153 chances

¶ Basketball is a Navy game, and it is particularly a '19 game. Ever since we used to yell "Yea, plebes!" as a substitution would make it a '19 five fighting for Navy, we have had the joy of seeing a

'19 team in nearly every game—and since Cal left each game starts right out that way. Say—we wish they'd let us turn that gang loose on the Kaydets



BRYANT

**Crew** **R**EADY all! *Embark!*” And with that seagoing, flying shove-off, that would swamp any other crew in the country, the shell leaps clear. They ’re off with a snap, rowing with that long, easy stroke, in and out together with a clocklike precision, until to the overcoated spectator on the float, the long eight fades to a dark spidery blot on the darker chop of the Severn, now silhouetted against the snow-clad banks, now lost to view as they pass the bridge. The interested one on the float casts a glance at the leaden sky and with a shiver draws his coat more closely around him and makes for the shelter of the boat-house to await the return of the squad and to pass a line with old Cantler, who knows more about crew and crews than does Bryan about campaigning.

¶ “Waal now, this here rowing game ’s just like this—” whereupon he launches into a highly technical description of rowing, of his pretty pets, the highly polished shells, their past history and occupants, until coming down stream can be heard the stentorian “Set ’er up! Set ’er up! This ain’t no cradle!”

¶ Out rush the two in time to see the First turn to make the landing. In they come with two bells and a jingle—eight young giants laying back on that racing stroke—knees wet and red, riggers and oars coated with ice, breaths like the exhaust of the main engine—straight



for the float, while the uninitiated holds his breath awaiting a smash; but just then—"Let 'er run! Ho-o-old 'er star-board!" and in a rush of foam she rounds to and lays up alongside, as seagoing as the skipper's gig.

¶ Through all the confusion Dick stands in his *Dart*, leaning on a megaphone, greatcoat pulled up around his ears, cap over his eyes, seeing all but saying little.

¶ "Around her! Up and over!" And through the door they go in a shower of icy spray, with another as cold awaiting them within.

¶ Our bystander, not yet satisfied, approaches one husk sprawled on the rubbing table with, "Now, what is there in this sport that makes you want to work this way?"

¶ "Did you see us come in?"

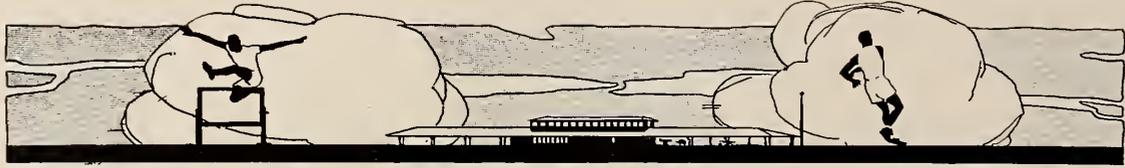
¶ "Yeh! It was great!"

¶ "Well, there yuh have it."

¶ And there it is: the jump of the craft as you hit the catch—that long glide as you ease back on the slide—the thrill of joy from everything going right. And when you reach the little red house, and they jump it to forty, and every breath is a living coal, still she 's going up—up—up—good God, will it never end? You tilt back your chin for a pint more air, and everything goes black, black and numb . . . Why, that 's what makes 'em work—the sensation, the spirit of the great God Crew!



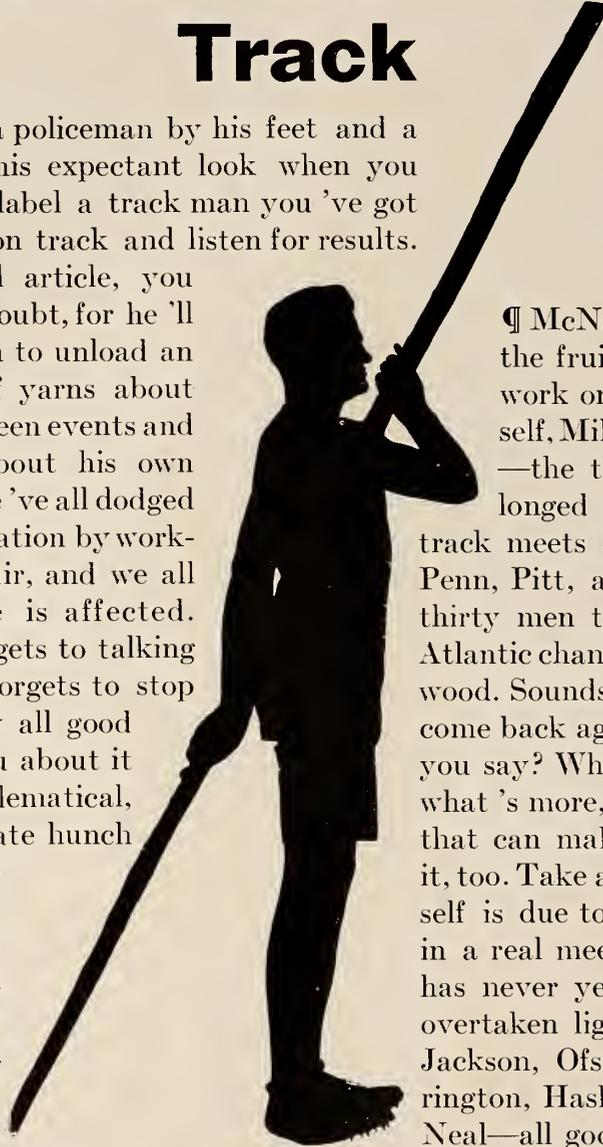
MURRAY



## Track

**Y**OU can tell a policeman by his feet and a cit prof by his expectant look when you pass him, but to label a track man you've got to casually mention track and listen for results. If he's the real article, you won't be long in doubt, for he'll immediately begin to unload an endless stream of yarns about any one of the sixteen events and twice as many about his own particular act. We've all dodged a seamanship recitation by working that on McNair, and we all know how Mike is affected. Why, he actually gets to talking so hard that he forgets to stop at all. ¶ Just why all good track men tell you about it so much is problematical, but our own private hunch is that they are never happy without some new record to discuss, so they have to go out and make the record for themselves. ¶ Yes, it's a funny sport—absolutely individual but still developing a team spirit that sticks. Take any man who has struggled painfully through the torture of the back stretch every night for three years and let him meet another such and those two are brothers for life.

¶ Mulligan is going to educate those, and



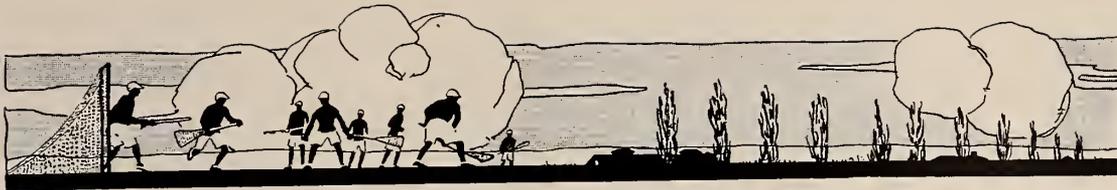
WILLIAMS

if the reputation he earned at C. U. is any indicator, he's going to be a big friend for Navy.

¶ McNair left behind him the fruits of a year's hard work on the part of himself, Mike, Fink, and Ofstie—the thing that we have longed for for years—big

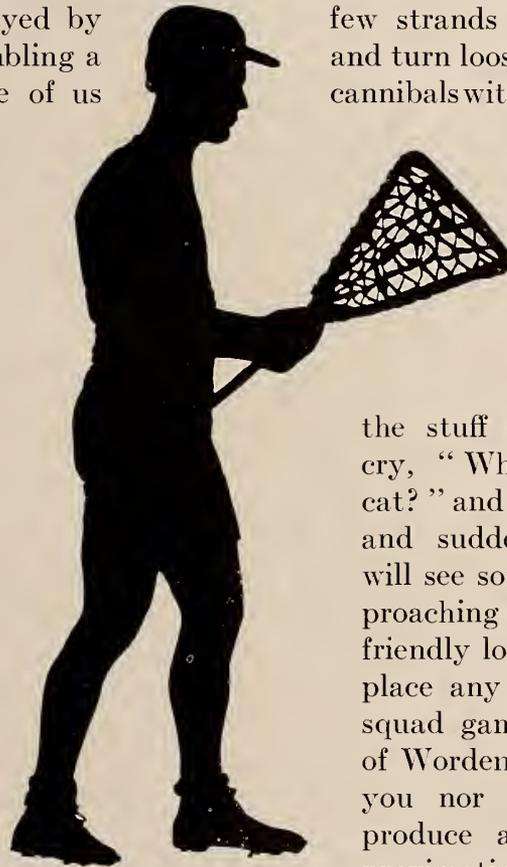
track meets. Look at them: Penn, Pitt, and Princeton, and thirty men to go to the South Atlantic championship at Homewood. Sounds like the old Navy come back again. Sounds like it, you say? Why, it *is* like it, and what's more, we've got a team that can make the results like it, too. Take a look. ¶ Mike himself is due to break that record in a real meet this year. Hibbs has never yet had to show the overtaken light, Allen, Francis, Jackson, Ofstie, Fleming, Harrington, Haskell, Heintz, Lewis, Neal—all good for First in any meet. ¶ And say—did you know

that Navy has n't lost the track events of a meet for so long that we have n't been able to find any one who can remember that far back? What more can you ask? Not a thing but to keep pushing and bring Navy the glory in track that she had of old, and which she still rates.



## Lacrosse

**B**EFORE our introduction to this home of extra duty we all had a hazy sort of idea that lacrosse was some heathen game played by Indians and much resembling a war dance. After those of us who were lucky had seen that immortal game with the Indians when seventeen redskins hit the stretchers, we decided that it was not a war-dance but war itself, and that it was best played by a set of seafaring men who would have been roughnecks in contrast to Cap'n Kidd's burliest Boatswain's Mates. As George Finlayson says, "We want all those with a touch of disposition and a lot of wind," and it would seem that he imparts to them a lot more disposition and a lot more wind, for Dobie has ordered his All-American aspirants to go out there and become aggressive. Take all the destructive features of hockey, basketball, soccer, and the ancient sport of quarterstaff, and put a hardy child of



MARTIN

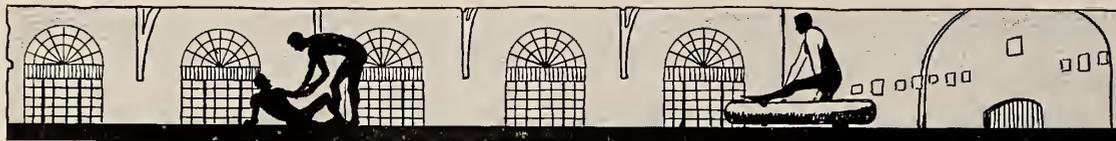
calamity in front of the goal where he does a big league catcher's-act with nothing but a little shillaly with a few strands of rawhide on it; and turn loose twenty-one other-cannibals with similar bludgeons,

give them a three-inch round shot and lots of room, and take off all clothes that could be any protection and fill them up with

the stuff that made the rat cry, "Where in hell's that cat?" and the spirit of murder and sudden death—and you will see something mildly approaching the frolicsome little friendly love-game that takes place any spring day as the squad gambols on the green of Worden Field. But neither you nor anybody else can produce anything even approximating the game Navy plays in a match, as our great

colleges have found to their sorrow, for this is another undefeated team ☉ ☉

With Beauty's sweet smile of anticipation to inspire them, they'll stay that way this year.



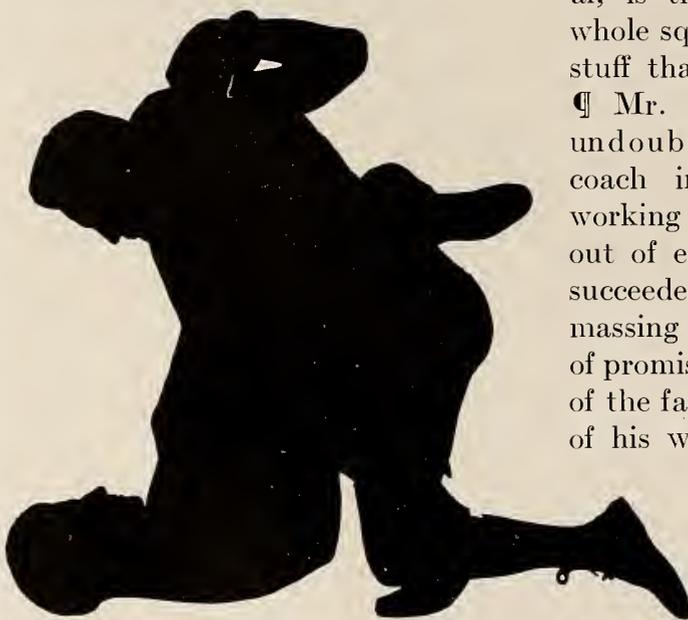
## Wrestling

**S**HAKE hands! Go to it!" The crowd on the gymnasium floor hitch forward their chairs, straining their necks to see from the beginning to the end; the plebes lean over the balcony rail with ten times the eagerness that they are wont to display on every other Saturday night. One wild moment of uncertainty and then the two men lock in each other's grasp, tugging and straining first

one way and then the other while the crowd yells with excitement and delight. ¶ Wrestling, the sport that makes you forget your dignity whether you will or no, has a splendid reputation to look back upon and maintain. Built up in past years by such men as Broadfoot, Ward, and Wyatt, this reputation must be kept up by the Navy squad, kept so unsullied and intact that it will make the constant of a noon-sight

taken at anchor in Carvel Hall look like the fickle epistles of a fair damsel of sixteen. This determination which we have seen so strikingly in the General, is the spirit of the whole squad, and it's the stuff that wins.

¶ Mr. Schutz, who is undoubtedly the best coach in the East, by working thirteen months out of every twelve, has succeeded this year in amassing a large number of promising men, in spite of the fact that nearly all of his WNT men of last year have been graduated. He believes in the squad, and his well known proverb, "The

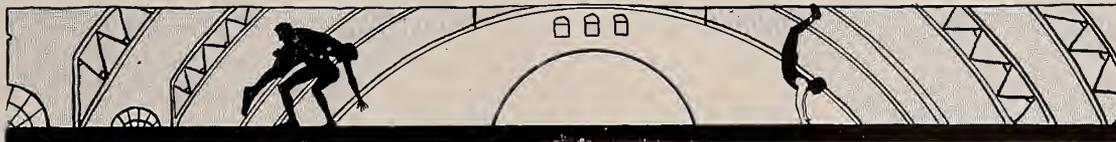


LEE

REDMAN

bigger they are the harder they fall" usually brings results.

¶ With Captain Redman in his accustomed place, to say nothing of the veteran Maichle, who was kept out of an Intercollegiate place last year on account of an injury, aided by the rest of the older men, Anderson, Ansel, Nelson, Neal, Lee, Hill, Scaffa, and Wyatt—the outcome could never be feared ☛ ☛



## Gymnasium

**F**OR deliberately aiding and abetting and being party to their own brutal hazing, the following Midshipmen of the First Class are deprived of all privileges granted under the regulations and are assigned 125 leaning rests apiece, and are sentenced to do pentshenging, dangle, until further notice: Jackson, G. M., Nicholson, C. A., Martin, W. P., Whittaker, H. R., Clayton, W. E. And they have the insolence to act like they enjoy it and come back for more, and with true Bompkian perversity they thrive on it and grow fat and famous and are held up as examples of what Swedish will do for a man, whether Swedish had anything to do with it or not. Just because Jack and Nick get 3.99's in something and Jack is the strongest man in the class, and Nick is the handsomest, and Martin is the most comfortable, and Clayton is the most profound and irretrievable Red

Mike, and Duke has the most melifluous bear's-greased shunt-wound line, it is all laid to Gym, and the First Class is put through on Mondays to make the rest of us just like that.

¶ Undefeated in eight years in a dual meet, and with a second in a triangular one as the only black mark in our record, we can trust Red Jackson's team to comport themselves likewise so Jackson on the rings and Nick on the parallels have beaten intercollegiate champions, and sure do exhibit the human form divine in a most remarkable set of gyrations that scare the powder off the fair watchers in the gallery. The usual victims—Cornell, Yale, Princeton, Penn, and the rest will

probably be back for their annual beating year after year, we will have as many medals as Mr. Mang, and again the gym score board will preserve to memory a final victory.

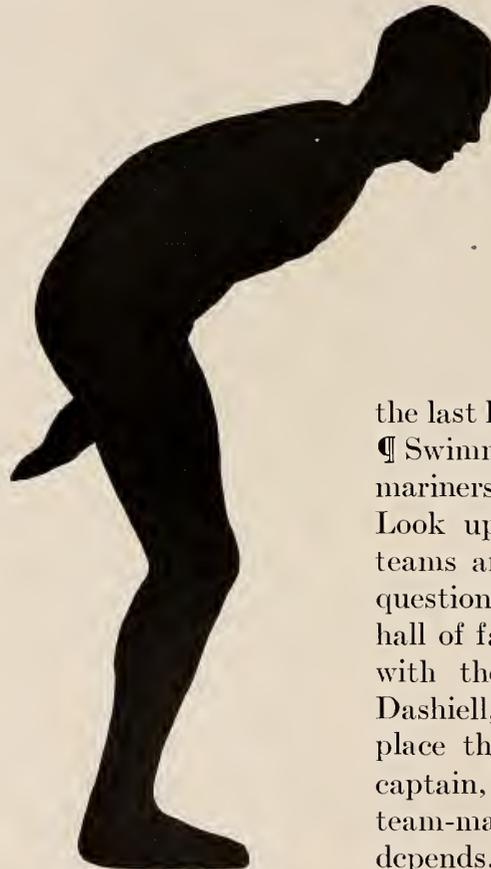


JACKSON



# Swimming

**N**OW the Gym profs have a language all their own, and we know little thereof, but we give you their word to take for what you can get out of it, and their word is this—the downward path of an athlete is from grap to pug to sword swallower to monk to pollywog. We don't believe it, though; in fact it seems to us a good thing, for see how it has worked the surplus blubber off Niño, our baby sea-lion (may his whiskers soon sprout). At drill they try to make us swim like a frog with our legs and do calisthenics with our arms, but these who swim without an instructor to drive them develop forms with flatter trajectories and better chances of landing up at the goal for which they started. That old swimming test stroke with one foot on the bottom won't work where they



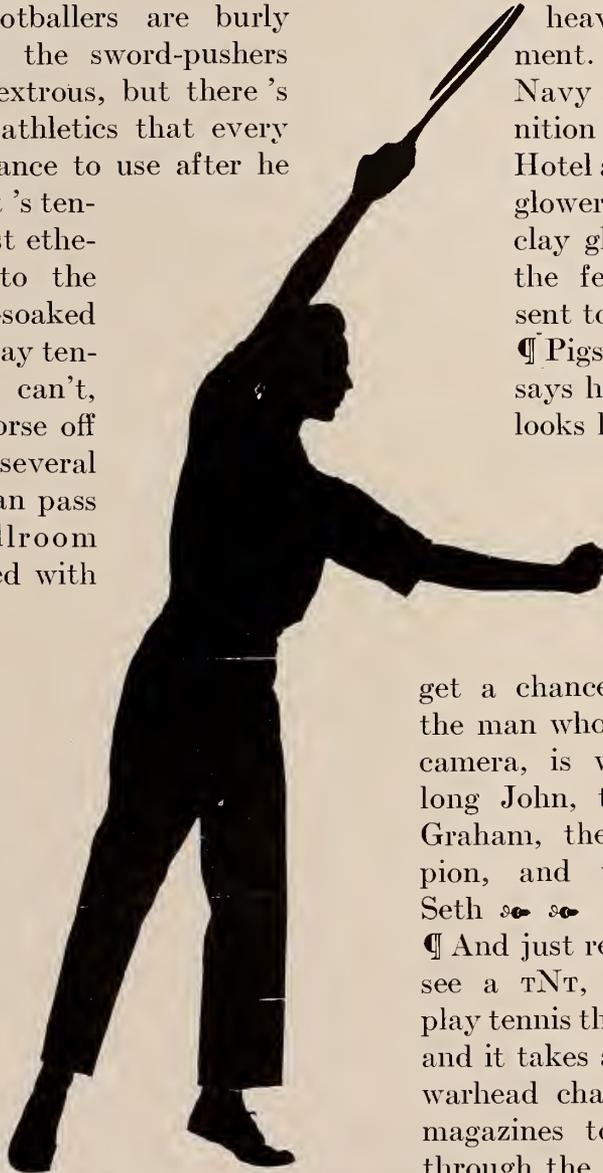
POST

ain't no bottom. If you take a few hints from Chuck Hunt the Porpoise, Yen the Trout, Dean the Pike, or Griffiths the Tuna, you'll be less like an old stern-wheeler chasing a destroyer when you find yourself in 56-50° N. and 12-45° E. with a periscope making its departing bubbles and the last lifeboat 100 yards away. ¶ Swimming is a sport wherein mariners should excel. Do they? Look up the records of Navy teams and never ask us a fool question like that again. In the hall of famous Amphibes, along with the likenesses of Bobby Dashiell, Doc Cook, and others, place the replica of Niño Post, captain, coach, and star, and his team-mates on whom our name depends. This year we start over, meeting Princeton, Boston Tech, and Pittsburgh, and once more we have that grand old crush around the tank as we fight for places after the wrestling meet, to shriek with joy as one Navy man after another crawls out a winner.



# Tennis

**N**OW the footballers are burly brutes, and the sword-pushers are dainty and dextrous, but there's just one kind of athletics that every officer has the chance to use after he gets out—and that's tennis. From the most ethereal of queens to the roughest old salt-soaked skipper, they all play tennis, and if you can't, you'll be a lot worse off than if there are several men living who can pass you on the ballroom floor. This, coupled with the fact that it is good sport and a lot of fun, made that last order "Court number one is assigned to the first class, reserves, and instructors; court number two, to the third and fourth classes, gobs, mess-mokes, band and gyrenes" a



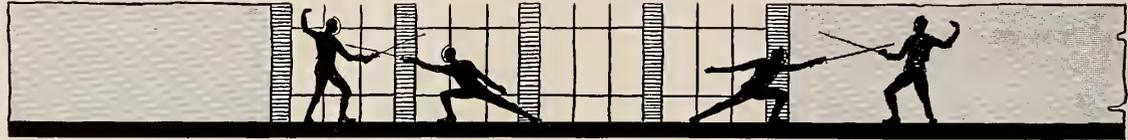
SLOCUM

heavy blow to the Regiment. Yea verily, is the Navy going to the Dem-nition Bowwows, for the Hotel and the Chalet now glower where once the red clay glared fiercely upon the fearsome plebes we sent to clutch us a court. ¶ Pigskin, the manager, says he has hopes, but it looks like the season will

die for want of a home, which will be a repetition of the Army game at which we did n't

get a chance this fall, for Si, the man who's too fast for the camera, is well supported by long John, to say nothing of Graham, the Honolulu champion, and the insuppressible Seth ☪ ☪

¶ And just remember when you see a TNT, more midshipmen play tennis than any other game, and it takes a man with the old warhead charge of TNT in his magazines to smash a breach through the mob to the top ☪

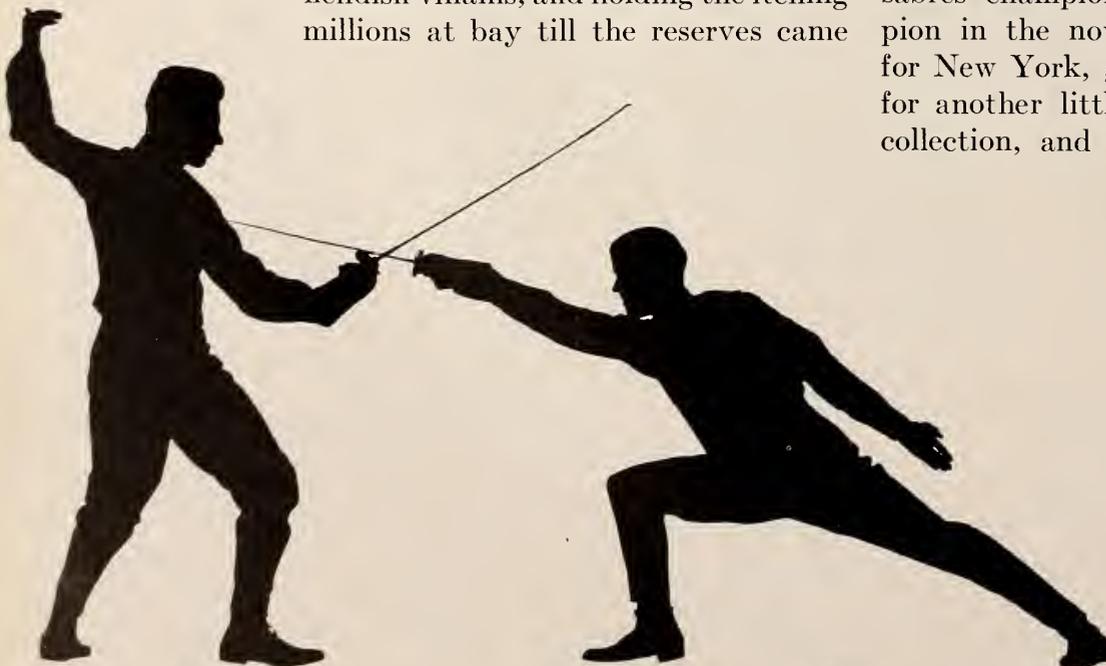


## Fencing

**R**EMEMBER, when you first wept to have one more chapter of *An Annapolis Plebe* read to you before being sent to bed, how you thrilled and swelled with pride as the dauntless D. Bottom with a mighty twist and lunge disarmed the under-slung C. Urchin and stood triumphant before the howling throng? And how you confided to Mamma when she tucked you in and kissed you good-night that your life's ambition was to become one of God's anointed and make the Navy Fencing Team by your superb strength and courage, and graduate and become a second D'Artagnan, and bawl burlily along the boulevard in quest of fair damsels in distress to rescue and finally to go up the flume in a blare of ecstatic heroism, hitting the deck with the ruined ramparts after slaying single-handed and alone 890 fiendish villains, and holding the itching millions at bay till the reserves came

up and turned doom into complete and frabjous victory? Yes, so do we. And you arrived within the circle and set forth to fulfil your ambition, and then you found the game was not one of brawn and daring and mad excitement, but of cold-blooded mathematics and eternal practise and tantalizing self-restraint, that it was too scientific even to be appreciated by the mob, that after laborious hours of stabbing a little spot on the wall, your mahogany crock was still impervious, and you retired with much talk about sword-pushers, but knew yourself that you were only doing it to hide your own futility.

¶ Yes, we all did that, but the few who stuck were indeed the chosen; Pop Jeter, twice intercollegiate foils champion, the marvel of the fencing world for speed, dash, accuracy, and consistency; Rosy Kiernan, intercollegiate sabres champion, and DeKay, champion in the novice class. All aboard for New York, gentlemen, they're off for another little copper god for our collection, and they'll get it too



KIERNAN

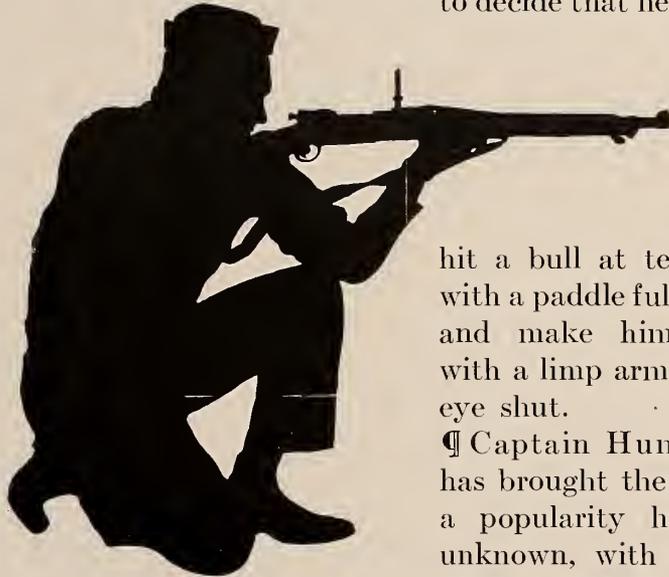
JETER



## Rifle Team

THE Rifle Team will report at the dock at 5:30." That's about all most of us know about this team except that they consistently keep that little David away from the 17th Regiment and stand high up in the indoor league. Now the fact is that there are some accomplishments and customs of the Rifle Team that we should know better. Did you ever see that wonderful range somewhere under Bancroft Hall? Did you ever know that in addition to being a lovable old cuss generally and dispensing dope to the First Class particularly, our old friend Huge does about three men's work every night during the outdoor season making things easy for the disciples of Deadeye Dick? Did you ever know that one of the oldest traditions of the Naval Academy is that the maker of the highest score in each match must go over the stern of the kicker for it on the way back? Well, those of us who worked, either

on the squad or as plebes skagging in the butts, know; and we also know that squatting on the five-hundred-yard range with your front sight doing an old-time waltz around a little black spot on the horizon has caused more than one aspiring sniper to decide that he couldn't



HUNGERFORD

hit a bull at ten inches with a paddle full of mud, and make him depart with a limp arm and one eye shut.

¶ Captain Hungerford has brought the sport to a popularity heretofore unknown, with a squad seven times the usual size.

With him to lead and such men as our gold medal Schoeffel, the dark horse Swede, and Cush, Ike, and a goodly array of youngsters and plebes to back him up, Navy should again rank high in the indoor league, and again walk off hand in hand with the Pebble Slinger.



*Excused this date*

FOOTBALL

von Heimberg, E. H. (N)	'19
<i>Captain</i>	
Winkler, E. R.	'19
<i>Manager</i>	
Barrett, R. S. (N)	'19
Goodstein, H. (N)	'19
Hunt, C. B.	'19
Martin, H. M. (N)	'19
Moore, V. R.	'19
Olsen, C. E.	'19
Orr, J. J. (N)	'19
Ramsey, L. C.	'19
Schildhauer, C. H.	'19
Warner, S. H.	'19
Arthur, S. H.	'20
Butler, W. jr. (N)	'20
Coldwell, H. (N)	'20
Combs, T. S.	'20
Foster, R. R.	'20
Ingram, W. A. (N)	'20
Perry, L. S. (N)	'20
Roberts, W. (N)	'20
Scaffé, T. C. (N)	'20
Skinner, G. C. jr.	'20
Wellings, A. J.	'20
Ewen, E. C. (N)	'21
Graves, E. D. jr. (N)	'21
Harvey, S. W.	'21
Murray, R. G.	'21
Newbern, P. A.	'21
Saunders, W. H. (N)	'21
Willkie, E. E.	'21

BASEBALL

von Heimburg, E. H. (N)	'19
<i>Captain</i>	
Carmine, C. C.	'19
<i>Manager</i>	
Downey, G. J.	'19
Moran, A. P. jr.	'19
Olsen, C. E.	'19
Rush, R. McK.	'19
Vose, W. C.	'19
Welch, P. P.	'19

Anderson, C. C.	'20
Blakeslee, V. F.	'20
Bolton, R. jr.	'20
Doyle, A. K.	'20
Gates, O. E.	'20
Whelchel, J. E.	'20
Clark, H.	'21
Cloughley, S. T.	'21
Gaines, W. R.	'21
Milner, E. J.	'21
Pino, H. M.	'21
Poole, E. J. jr.	'21
Stubbs, F. H. jr.	'21

BASKETBALL

Allen, J. R. (N)	'19
<i>Captain</i>	
Barrett, R. S.	'19
<i>Manager</i>	
Clark, D. H. (N)	'19
Martin, H. M. (N)	'19
Olsen, C. E. (N)	'19
Staudt, A. R.	'19
Thurber, H. R.	'19
von Heimburg, E. H.	'19
Warner, S. H. (N)	'19
Welch, P. P. (N)	'19
Bolton, R. jr.	'20
Deringer, H. H.	'20
Lowes, R. C. jr.	'20
Roberts, W.	'20
Thomas, F. J.	'20

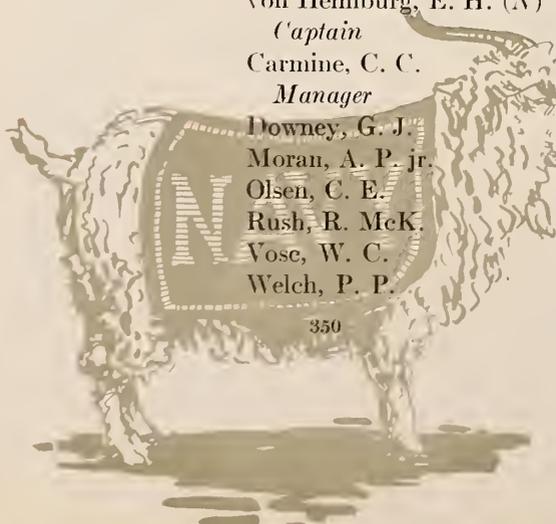
CREW

Murray, S. S.	'19
<i>Captain</i>	
Griswold, W. E.	'19
<i>Manager</i>	
Andrews, C. L. jr.	'19
Barrett, R. S.	'19
Brashears, G. W. jr.	'19
Brown, A. D.	'19
Bryant, E. H.	'19
Gardner, M. B.	'19
Hains, P. W.	'19
Hicks, R. L.	'19

Marsh, W. L.	'19
Netting, R. B.	'19
Olds, H. W.	'19
Post, C. K.	'19
Roberts, R. H.	'19
Sherritt, H. I.	'19
Stevens, L. C.	'19
Sykes, J. B.	'19
Talbot, P. H.	'19
Thurber, H. R.	'19
Waldron, R. G.	'19
Aller, H. C.	'20
Arthur, S. H.	'20
Ballreich, C. J.	'20
Beard, F. W.	'20
Couple, A. J.	'20
Crawford, A. D. A.	'20
Graff, J. P.	'20
Harris, M. D.	'20
Ingram, W. A.	'20
Kinney, P. R.	'20
Repplier, F. O.	'20
Sickel, H. G. 4th	'20
Skinner, G. C. jr.	'20
Talbott, B. T.	'20
van Buren, H. S.	'20

TRACK

Williams, J. C. (N)	'19
<i>Captain</i>	
Fink, C. K.	'19
<i>Manager</i>	
Allen, J. R.	'19
Francis, D. D.	'19
Jackson, G. M.	'19
Metzel, J. C.	'19
Neal, J.	'19
Ofstie, R. A.	'19
Bonney, C. T.	'20
Burdick, G. F.	'20
Curtis, J. P.	'20
Davis, W. L.	'20
Edwards, J. B.	'20
Fleming, C. H.	'20
Harrington, A. O.	'20







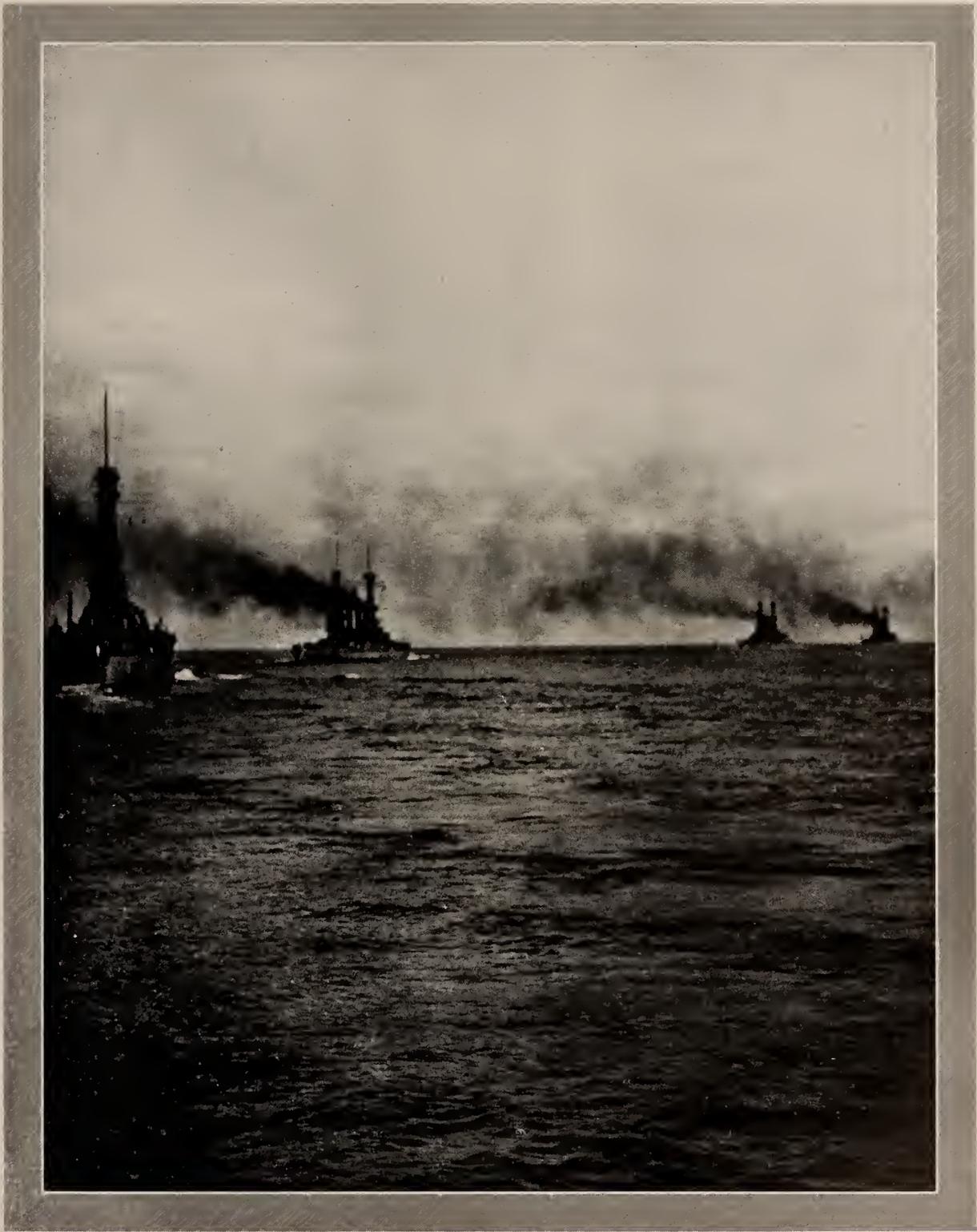
THE dust of battle and victory has settled for us forever on Navy football fields; for the last time we have seen the flaming sun sink beneath the purple of the hills as we raced blindly in the driving Navy shells; never again will we snuggle closer in our reefers as we watch the dim forms pounding past in the autumn twilight. But as surely as the wardroom talk will drift to those days of Navy's glory as we knew it, so surely will the thrill that brought us to our feet of old stir our hearts again.





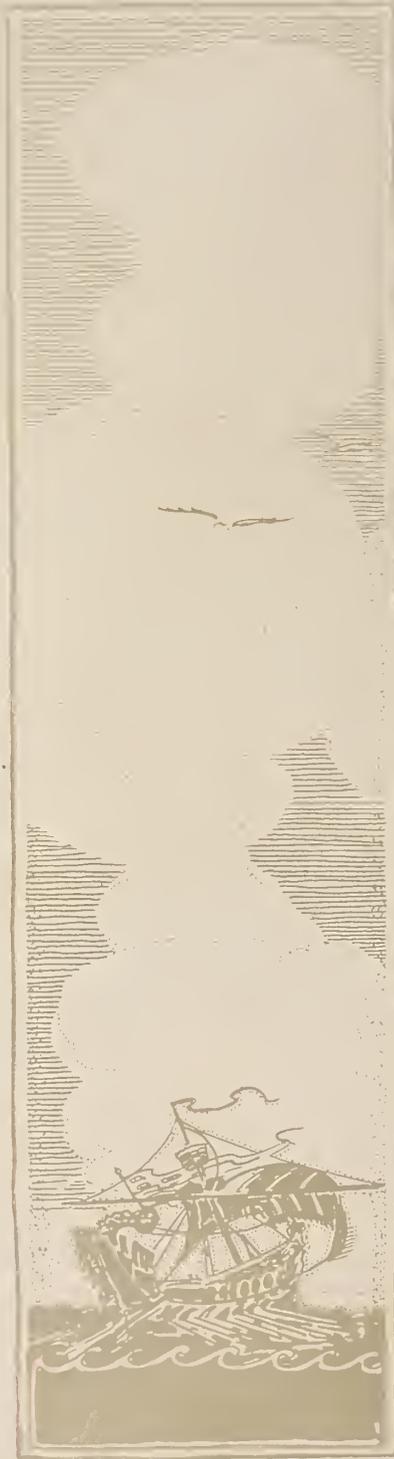


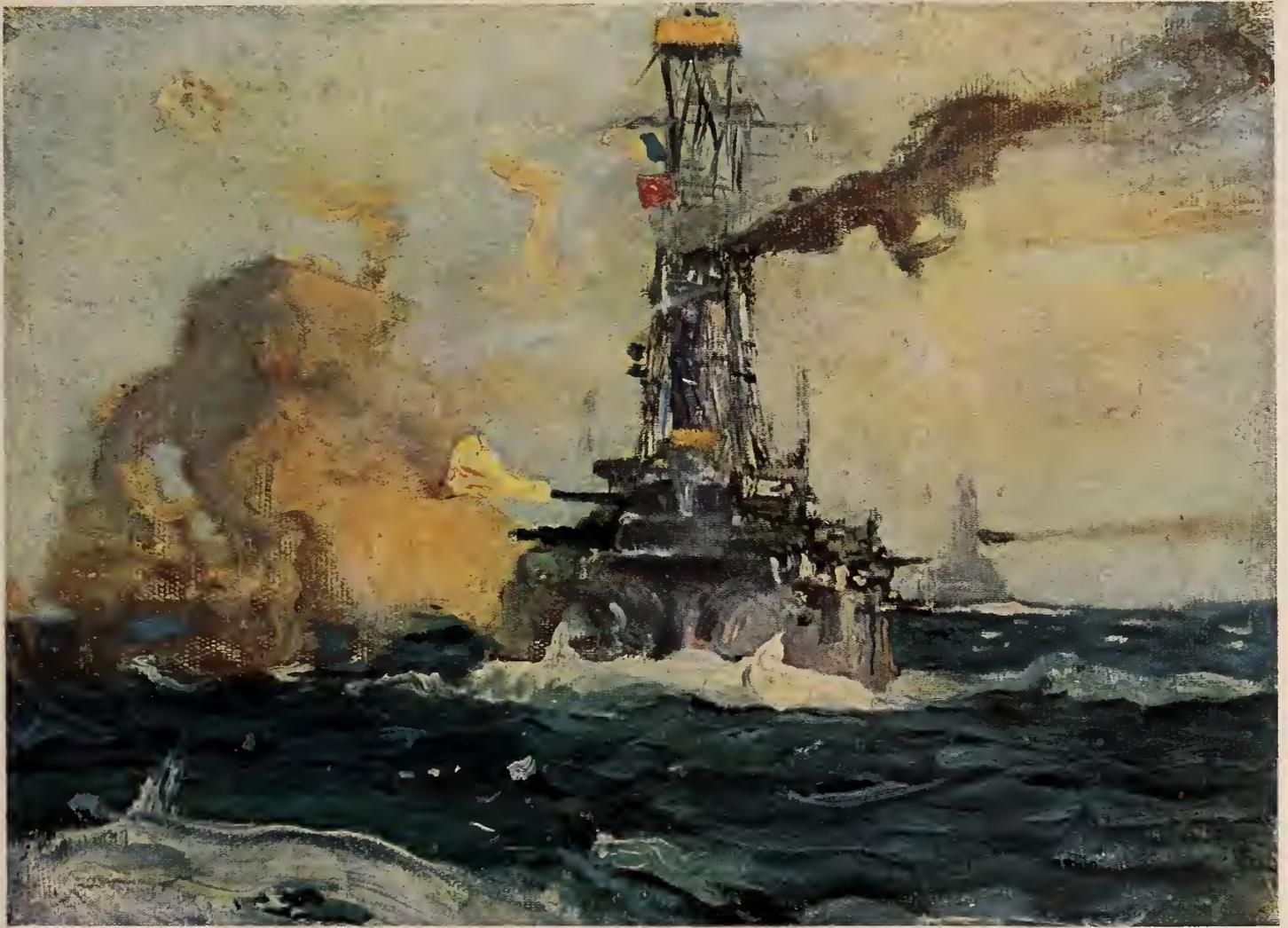






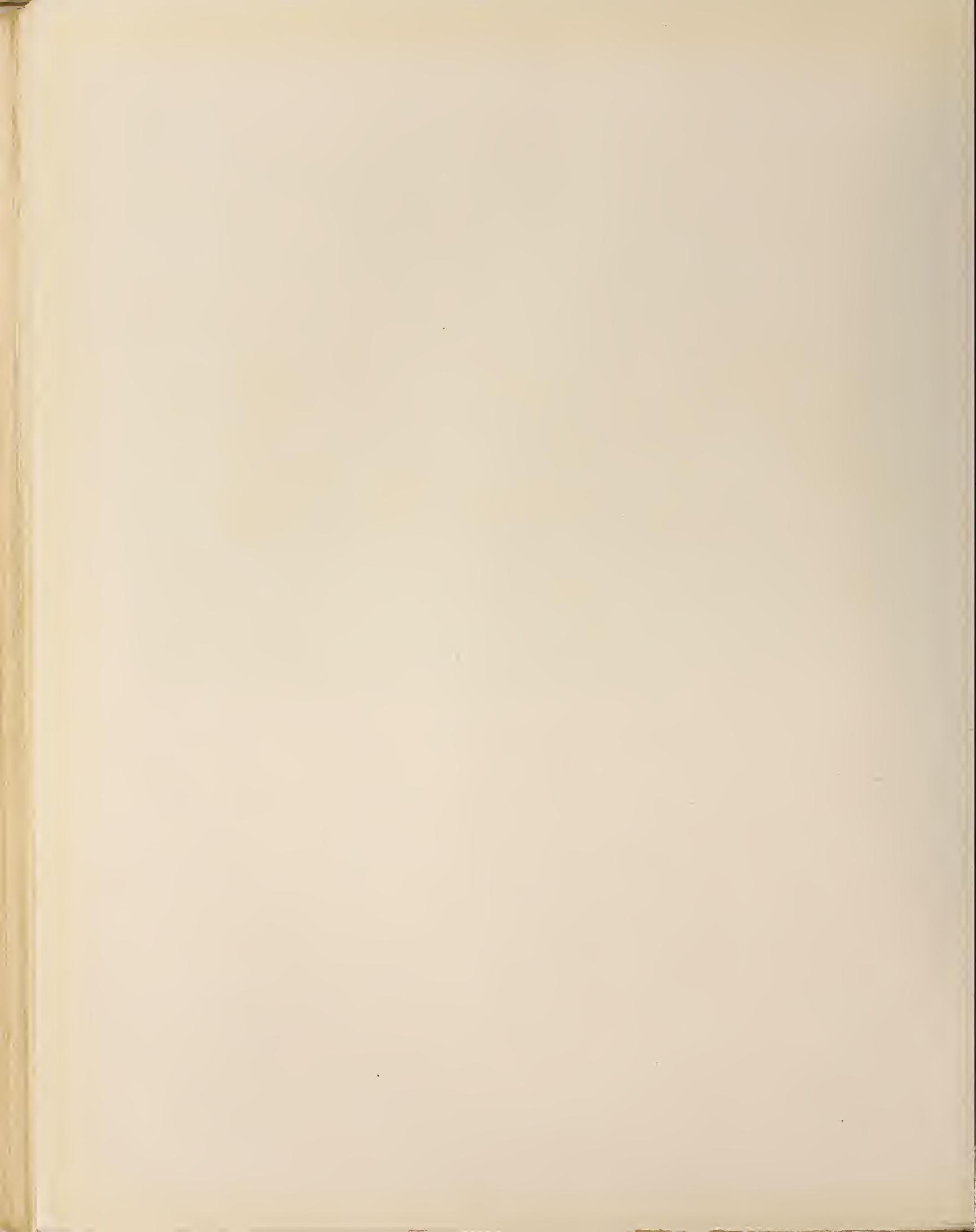






SEA-SERVICE







## SEA SERVICE

*Time:* Taps and afterwards.

*Place:* Palais de Fume.

*Characters:* Odd ones.

“An’ I heard the Skipper beller ‘Hell’s bells!’ as the fog seemed to sort o’ break and showed that old six-master wallowing across our bow so close you could see—”

The mellow glow of days which never can return filled the hearts of the few Red Mikes and famous raconteurs that gathered over in the sou’east corner of Smoke Hall on this rainy Saturday night. Through the wide, open French window there floated faint strains from the hop, blended with an occasional cool rain-refreshed wisp of air from the Bay. Long since had the wailing notes of the bugle sounding Taps taken the noisy throng and left a few congenial souls with the company of their pipes. Soft fuzzy slippers had slid along the polished floors as their occupants, clad in

cubist robes, fled out to make taps inspection or to woo the Sleepy God. The final chords of “Where Do We Go From Here?” had been struck by Thurb to the barber-shop accompaniment of Stutz, Beany, and the rest, and the last quivering notes of the “Humoreske” had died away as the music lovers about the Vic doused their evening Herberts and bubbling pipes. The dopesters, who had been discussing in heated terms the latest ravages of the Duty Officer, yawned in succession and reluctantly left.

Two three-stripers, one red-haired, marched out arm-in-arm, discussing their plans for the week’s campaign with serpentine grace and assurance. The closing outburst occurred when Spig, clad in green and yellow tights,





flapped across one end of the Hall, pursued by Late-Blast Harry with a lath. From the Lucky Bag office came the click of typewriters and an occasional guffaw as Larry pulled a good one.



¶ Quietly the lights ceased their glimmering on the Big Brass Bull Bowl, and it winked out a sly good-night to its disciples. A great sigh of relief welcomed the soothing robe of night, as the descendants of Munchausen snuggled closer to the flannel and silk, and allowed the fascination of their tongues to ease forth to expectant ears.

¶ The thread of conversation weaved to and fro, from ships and shoes and sealing wax, to cabbages and kings, until it was spun into a fabric dyed with the flowing purple of the seas, whose pattern began in the long hot summer days and starry nights of the Virgin Islands.

¶ "The morning we picked up St. Thomas, a mountainous, blue cloud looming on the horizon, I was scrubbing wash clothes when I heard the lookout, old Tubba, sing out 'Boat ahoy!' Comfort B. had the deck, and, after a 'Damn these midshipmen,' yelled, 'Where away?' 'Over there, sir.' 'Can you make her out?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, what is it?' 'A buoy, sir.'"

¶ "Say, remember when Seth Warner was standing life-buoy watch and the O. O. D. came up and began a conversation? 'When do you drop the buoy in case of a man overboard, Mr. Warner?' 'When the man is just a little forward of me, sir.' 'And crown him with it, I presume?' 'No, sir, I'd ring him and haul him in.'"

¶ Then we talked of how we arrived at Culebra, a land flowing with bulls and sandfleas. It was so hot that when the skipper

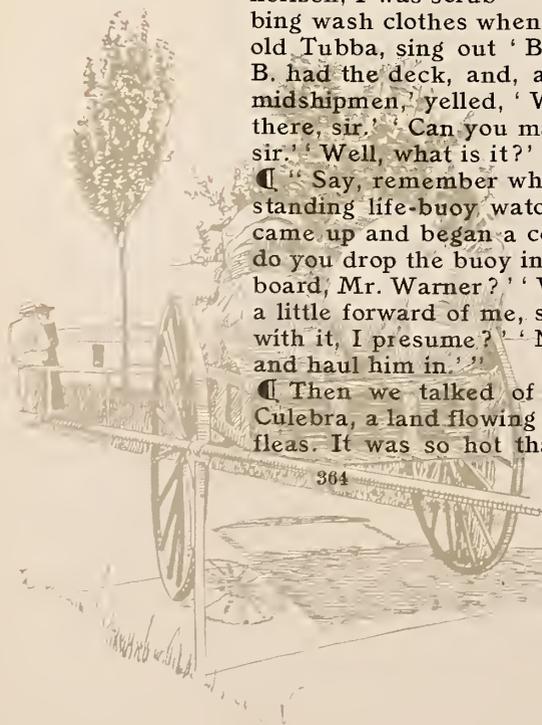
came up on deck one day and sat down on a bitt, he scorched the seat of his white trousers. Across those blue, hazy hills, Vaughan used to take the football squad through coral-strewn paths to where the warm surf beat and roared at the foot of the palm trees on the shores of Flamingo Bay. There they used to hang their clothes on the bushes of vivid, tropic green and scorch the sapphire skies with sulphuric sea-oaths as they poured the sand from their shoes and played "She loves me; she loves me not," with the cactus thorns in their small-stores B. V. D.'s.

¶ Scattered exclamations recalled how the roaring nor'east trades pitched and battered us as we plowed into Guantanamo Bay to drop our anchor through the copper-green water to the coral, when a voice from the darkness took up the thread—"I was helping furl the quarter-deck awning, with one eye on a skulking shadow and a sharp fin in the water below, when I heard a mammoth splash. The

shadow hesitated a moment, and fled. Three seconds later the dripping apparition of a captain's Fat Boy climbed wearily up the gangway. Old Savvy Joe met Dixie at the



## Missouri





side with a frown and a roar—' Where have you been, young man? '

"'Oh, I just fell out the port-hole, sir.' The old boy looked at Dixie's forty-eight-inch stern, then looked at a port-hole. ' Humph, the soaking certainly fattened you up! '"

¶ Then Hiram revived the old scandal of why we moved North. He said Tex swiped so much chicken and lobster from the Skipper's ice-box that the old boy had either to starve, eat spig rations, or go North for more.

¶ The night we were making the Crooked Passage, Abie Rule fell out of his hammock and through a hatch to the deck below. He started looking for his hammock on that deck but, after an hour's fruitless search, reported to the O. O. D. and delivered a lecture to that worthy upon the lowhungness of a practical joker.

¶ Beany used to sleep on top of a locker. One night the pal of his bosom yanked him

to the deck, and the Hairless Wonder did n't wake. Then some brilliant youth hit upon the idea of shellacking the top of the locker. This was done, and they tipped Beany off that he was on the deck. Slowly and with many curses he crawled up on top again. Next morning at Reveille Beany tried to rise and shine, but his career was firmly shel-



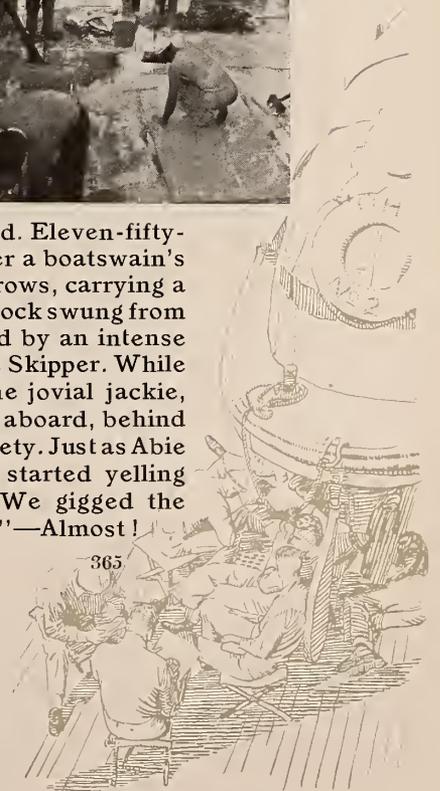
lacked to the locker, and it took two buckets of hot water to loosen him up.

¶ We finally reached the Land of Cod and learned how to box the fisherman's compass

—" Cod, cod by fish, cod-cod fish, etc." They surely are a thrifty folk up North—doughnuts six cents for six and two bits for a view from the top of the Provincetown Monument. Then we went to Boston, where every bird of us went out in the byways and hedges and acquired an aunt or uncle for week-end leave purposes. Up in Boston one night, Steve, Abie, and Wisie arrived at the dock at eleven-fifty somewhat shunted. Horrors! The Duke had the deck! Liberty was up at twelve, so there were only ten minutes in which to circumvent the old bloodhound. Eleven-fifty-six, and all was despair. Enter a boatswain's mate submerged to the eyebrows, carrying a deckload of geese, an alarm-clock swung from his neckerchief, and animated by an intense desire to shake hands with the Skipper. While the Duke was incarcerating the jovial jackie, our heroes wavered their way aboard, behind the barbette, and thence to safety. Just as Abie got inside the bulkhead, he started yelling out at the top of his voice, " We gigged the Duke! We gigged the Duke! "—Almost!



Ohio





¶ In Portland every one indulged in summer flirtations, whose fabric was as delicate as moonbeams and as frail as woman. But the call of the sea thundered in the Old Man's ears, and we up-anchored for target practise.

¶ "Say, speaking of target practise, will you ever forget Chicken's child-like wonder at how they removed the powder-bags after the guns had been fired?"

¶ The spray of the last splash had settled back into its oily slick; we had seen the sweep of countless search-lights across the dark sky at the rendezvous; the long gray shapes of the Battle Fleet had faded back into the mist of the horizon after the destruction of the Blue Squadron;

and our column had set its course for New York, before the *Missouri* swung slowly toward the South, heading for the Capes and the Tail o' the Horseshoe, and the rest of Youngster Cruise was measured by the miles to Crabtown.

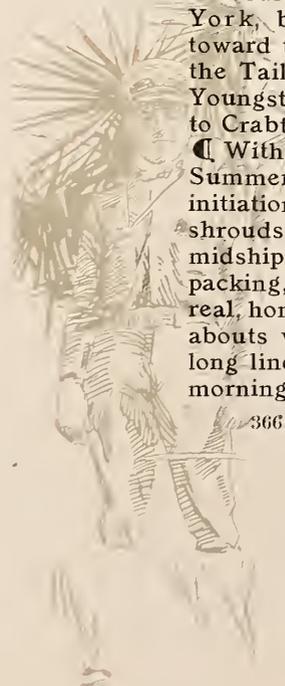
¶ With the next spring came dope of that Summer's cruise, and we were promised an initiation behind the veil of mystery that shrouds the Battle Fleet in the minds of midshipmen. In the chaotic upheaval of packing, we felt the magnetic lure of the real, honest-to-God Navy, whose very whereabouts was a thing of mystery, and as the long line fell in by ships one showery May morning, we had our first taste of authority.

¶ On the *Dreamland* we basked in the lee of the deck-house watching the steam profs gaze with solemn speculation at the walking-

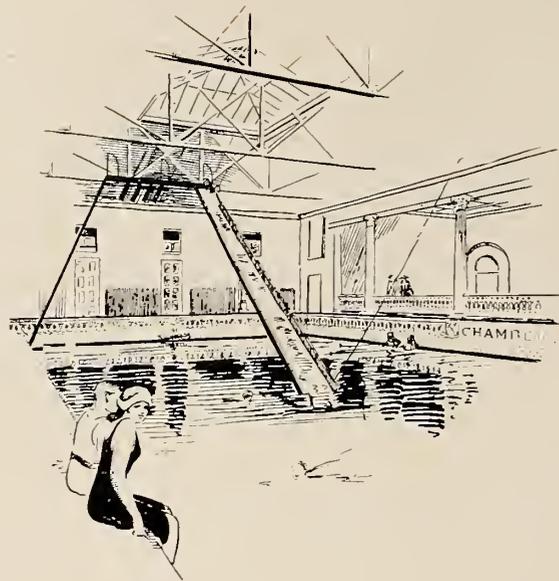
beam while the deep content of our first reg smokes calmed our restlessness. All that day we coaxed lazy-footed time with wreaths of smoke and dope of all degrees of wildness, until as we rounded the Spit full toward the flaming west—a cry—"The Fleet!"

¶ There they were in the failing light, their grim, but graceful lines fading into the gray-green of the sandy shore to leeward. The sun, glowing redly, sank over the water, its sharp rays gleaming over smooth sides and unexpected angles. It silhouetted the dark hulls and peered through the

skeleton masts, whose towering tops melted into the upper air. Whitish-gray clouds, shot









through with crimson shafts, zigzagged across the sky, their ragged lines reaching from the dome above down to the horizon.



¶ We saw those scenes again as summer lightning glowed through the clouds over Kent Island. Some one spoke from the shadowy darkness of the edge of the circle—spoke slowly and quietly into the mellow silence.

¶ As we got closer our rail was crowded. I heard others saying, "There 's the *Pennsy!* There 's the *Wyoming!* That's the *Texas!*" I could n't speak much myself; something rose inside of me—a feeling of awe, mixed with pride that would n't even let me speak. I was afraid I would n't be equal to the task. I just exclaimed, "Whew!" and let that go. I was hard hit!

¶ Remember? The whole Fleet lay at anchor, from the first ship in line, almost



within hailing distance, to the last, miles away into the sun. As we slackened speed, the freshening breeze whipped down the tide, spreading the Ensigns flat in all their colorful beauty. As its farewell for the night, the setting sun tipped a purple cloud just over the Flagship with streamers of gold, crowning its lithe grace with the accolade of power. It gave me the impression of invincible strength held in leash, waiting only for a command to leap and lead into action.

¶ Then Colors sounded. A hush, disturbed but by the faint swishing of our paddlewheels, fell over the *Dreamland*, and I stood at attention, oblivious to all about me, for I felt as if I were coming home. Our old tub came to a stop, wheezed a little—whistled. Somewhere, I heard an anchor rumbling to its berth. Another silence ensued, and, like a gently falling coverlet that was being

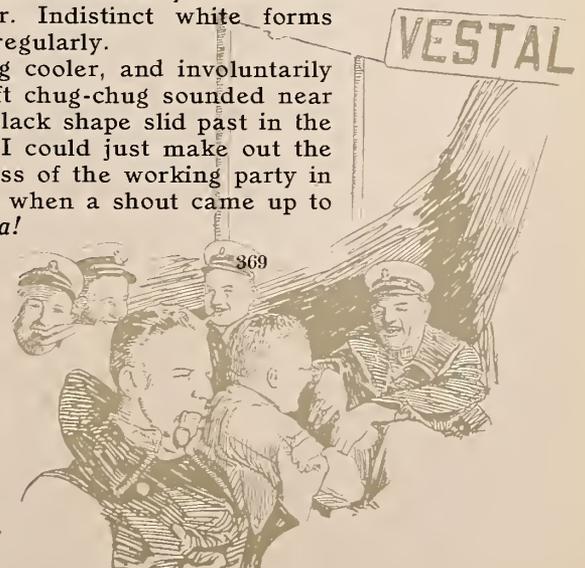
quietly tucked around us, the blue of evening crept over the placid Leviathans.

¶ As the twilight deepened, little sparklets of yellow from the half-ascended gibbous moon wrinkled the surface of the water; ricocheting and hopping along with the cool land breeze. The great, cold ball of light shone in greater radiance. From the black shapes of the ships of war specks of light flashed out, and flickered feebly in the more dazzling splendor. Indistinct white forms paced the decks regularly.

¶ It was growing cooler, and involuntarily I shivered. A soft chug-chug sounded near my feet, and a black shape slid past in the water alongside. I could just make out the shadowy whiteness of the working party in the kicker below when a shout came up to me—*Pennsylvania!*



*The Fleet*





☞ Then I woke to cries of "Pennsylvania party this way!" I knew that I was supposed to go, and I turned around, only to find the bunch gazing over my shoulders, a far-away look still in their eyes and faces.

☞ I looked back, just once more. More boats were creeping up. "Well!" I sighed contentedly, "I guess it's time to shove off!" ☞ ☞

☞ We shoved off, and the thing

I remember first on the *Pennsy* is the weather-beaten face of the Captain. He must have made his first cruise as bos'un on the Ark. The day after we got aboard he lined us up on the quarter-deck and gave us our sailing directions for the rest of the cruise.

☞ "I'm glad to see you aboard; we're all glad you came. I'll welcome any suggestions as to how the ship could be run more efficiently, but if I hear of anyone belly-aching about the privileges other midshipmen are getting, I'll take it as a reflection on my ship and make it so hot for that bird that he'll go down to the fire rooms to cool off." ☞ ☞

☞ He sure was a seagoing old salt. One morning during target practise as the great turrets were swinging around in the tense silence, one of these cit movie operators planted his machine about twenty feet from the muzzles of the forward high turret. Nothing missed the Skipper's eye. When he saw this he swelled up like a porcupine and bellowed, "Hey, you dodgasted swab! Git out of there, you simple son of a sea-cook!" The man got, and the skipper turned away rumbling like a young earthquake about "them darn scientists."

☞ Wonder what he thought about us? Would n't it be funny to hear him getting

confidential with the Exec—something like this: ☞ ☞

☞ "Say, did you hear what one of those fool midshipmen said? Got called for not makin' inspection at Reveille, and he said he did n't see how he was going to make inspections and get his mornin' tub at the same time. Wha' d'ye think of that? Mornin' tub! Why, when I was a midshipman, the only times we took baths were Christmas and the day before going on leave.

☞ "I'd like to know where those midshipmen get their hair cut. They don't need to brush it, ought to use pink ribbon. Why, last Saturday, one of 'em, Mr. Lee, looked like a Japanese spaniel. That fellow Mentz

is the only one of 'em that wears his hair to suit me.

☞ "Sent Mr. Mills out in a kicker for the mail yesterday; gave him a chart and compass. Only reason we picked him up again is that we were faster than he. If we had n't, he'd be off the Bermudas by now.

☞ "Some way or other they got hold of the idea that we're going across in September, and two of 'em, Nelson and Mills, came down and wanted to know if the first class could spend September leave aboard. I said yes. Then they kinda hemmed and hawed, and finally one



## Pennsylvania

# Flying the Blue Pigeon



M.D.  
JAMES





piped up and asked, if the ship went across would they go too. I said I reckoned not. 'S funny I have n't heard anything more about it since.

☛ "You hear the midshipmen talking a lot about September leave, but I'll bet my epaulets against a deck swab that they don't have one like I had first class year. We hired a yawl—pretty craft, 'bout fifty feet over all—and cruised up to New York. Had all modern conveniences, ice and . . . everything that goes along with ice, but with the aid of the Lord and good luck we made New York all right. That's the way for a seagoing man to go on leave, not spend all his time in a lubberly railroad train.

☛ "Say! Where in Jehosaphat are all the midshipmen? The only time that McDonald and Martin are n't down at Ocean View is when they're on their way there. Mebbe when we pull out I'll get a chance to see what they look like. And the next time Mr. Moore

leaves his locker door open, and I bust into it, I'm going to string him from the main yard-arm ☛ ☛

☛ "Did you see that fellow Lamb trying to shoot the Sun to-day? Had his sextant arm clamped tight, and was trying to bring the sun down by moving the magnifying glass. ☛ "Just learn-



ed that a midshipman got put on the binnacle list. Coming back from liberty, young Muir tried to walk where there was n't any deck and stove in a couple of frames; curious how things like that happen in a dry town."

☛ "Yeah—reminds me of once when my Stanley went dry, and I had ten minutes to go forty miles. You know, I just—"

☛ "Aw, stow that line, Duke, that rubber tree's only artificial. . . You people don't give a man a chance when he's got something to say."

☛ "Now the Old Rhode Island was some ballyhoo; as Spig would say, she's old, all right. But let me tell you, we had a more perfectly organized association in the J. O.

Mess-room than the Yeggs' Protective Lt'd ever was ☛

You've probably heard of us—The Royal Order of the W. W.'s, a tried and trusty band of six, full of wim, vigor, and witality.

☛ The gang did n't often get a chance to operate, though, for whenever things would begin to look rosy and Hook would come up with a liberty list, some accident always had to gum the works. It was during one of those halcyon week-ends, y' know, while we were being wined and dined at that quaint, historic port, that orders came to coal at the Roads. Every one, including Robbo, wanted to stand all the watches in the dynamo room that night—two o'clock liberty—so to settle the dispute we shook around and Fergie won—great stuff! But we never set foot on the beach, and Fergie was so tickled he wrote a poem. As I remember it goes something like this:

☛ "The afternoon was warm and calm; the Rhody stern and gray, leisurely steamed into her berth, and anchored in the Bay. The outlook was not bright; indeed, the ship was rigged for coal; but thoughts of liberty that night gave cheer to many a soul.

☛ "'Lay aft those bound for liberty! Stand by to leave the ship!' The second motor sailor's crew was ready for the trip. But look



### Rhode Island





—what 's up! In close to us a swift destroyer drew. She semaphored excitedly, as if the end were due! 'Send some one over in a boat to whom we may relate the details—all that we have seen—a sub or

six or eight. The bugle burst its startling blast, our hearts all took a spurt; the guns were manned, the hose led out; we waited—tense—alert.

☐ "The Admiral paced the quarterdeck and ordered all in reach; 'Make out her periscope—then fire! And — what 's on the beach!' Well, we were scared pop-eyed, pea-green. We knew what was the rub—there was n't room in all the Roads for *Rhody* and a sub.

☐ "The Skipper bawled out more commands and crawled the Engineer; 'Stand by with steam on all your stoves, to haul away from here!' We beat it out to sea that night; the old girl groaned and creaked—she made almost eleven knots, until the speed cones leaked. A hectic night upon the bridge, as dark as Mocketown's queen; we craned our necks and strained our eyes, but saw no submarine. We longed for trenches safe and snug, across somewhere in France, instead of meeting up with subs—we never had a chance ☐ ☐

☐ "It might have been a soap-box, and again a turtle-dove; it might have been a beer-keg that destroyer warned us of; for the Skipper of the Sub Patrol, the Skipper—don't you see?—we saw his log, the old sea-dog—a U. S. N. N. V."

☐ Believe me, the only people that had anything on them were Dopey and the rookies. That brilliant wight had to report his division at quarters; so to find out the procedure he

inquired of Rosie, who, being a range-finder specialist, did n't know, but referred him to Festus and Lucien. This was the result: Dopey at quarters—salutes all snappy-like, "Sir, I report the Third Division, rammer and hoist in working order"—I ask you, like a brother!

☐ Here is one both Mary and Eric can vouch for, you don't have to take my word. One of the rookies was sitting on the Admiral's hatch catching his after-dinner smoke. The Admiral came up and gave him the once-over. "Well, young man, what are doing here? How long have you been in the Navy?"

☐ "Two weeks. How long have you?"

☐ "Forty years," replied old Hugh gravely.

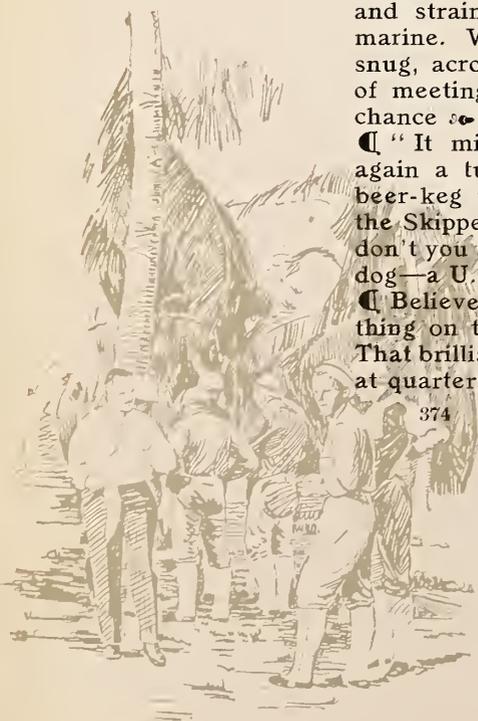
☐ Whereupon mother's pride spat a tobacco-crum upon the gleaming bright-work and sympathized—"It's hell, ain't it?"

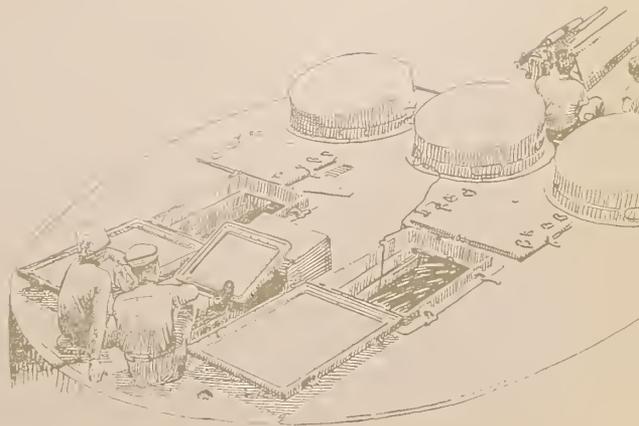
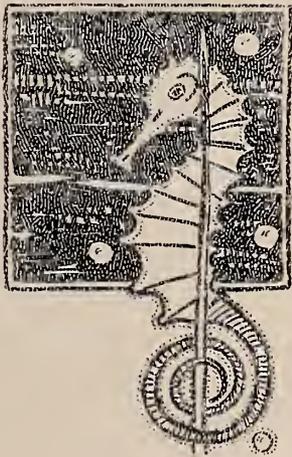
☐ "Your rookie reminds me of an N. N. V. Reserve we had on the North Dakota and a letter he wrote to a girl of mine that he was crazy over. She sent it to me to find out what I could say for myself. I have it here in the pocket of my bathrobe; if you'll hand

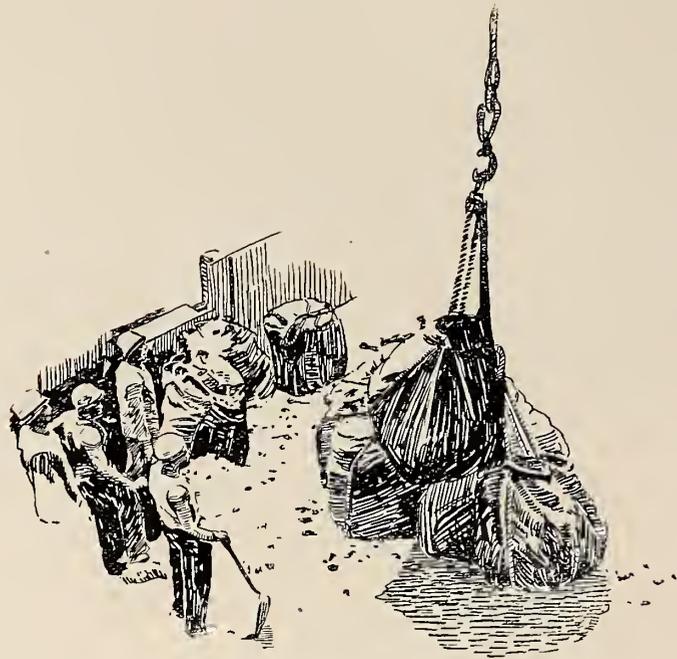
me that flashlight you've been blinking over towards Porter Row, Dave, I'll read you part of it.

☐ Those midshipmen of yours certainly keep this ship in a high-pitched fervor. I can't for the life of me see why you think so much of a certain one of them and are so cold to me.

☐ Why, they are the best thugs and second-story men in the Service. Some time ago one of them they call Gonk made a midnight raid on the bakery shop. He cleaned it out absolutely, and I believe he would have carried off even the flour barrel had he been strong enough. They almost put the baker









in the brig for it, and as it was, before he got straightened out again, he had the whole crew eating salt in their pies and sugar in their bread. Such a mess! I almost starved to death.

Then there are four of them that the devil himself would not let act as his imps. I hate them worse than I do the buglers who blow Reveille every morning. Griggs and Graham room together and their room always looks like a Jew-shop during a sale. Moreover, they raise more Cain than a bunch of Boatswains' Mates trying to get the deck swabbed. The other two, Griffith and Hicks, don't make any fuss, but they just sit down and smoke their wicked pipes all day.

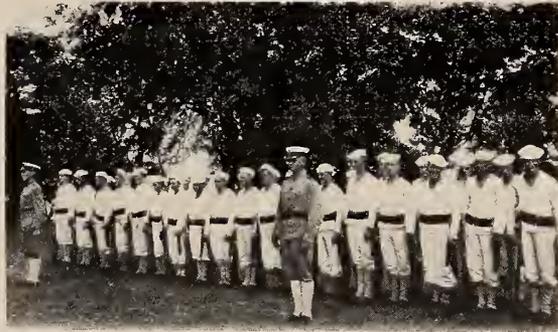
There are only three quiet ones on board. They are Hains, Hand, and Hill, and the only reason they appear quiet is by contrast with others. Perhaps Hains is quiet because he is always playing poker, and as for Hill, he is afraid it will cost him something to be otherwise. I think Hand suffers from some great disappointment or blasted hope; anyhow, he always struck me that way. Maybe it's his room-mate.

I think a fellow named Goodstein is senior man of the bunch. I don't really know, but he has that busy and authoritative air, you know. One day I heard him planning a line of action for getting several new electric toasters. That was one thing I liked about them.

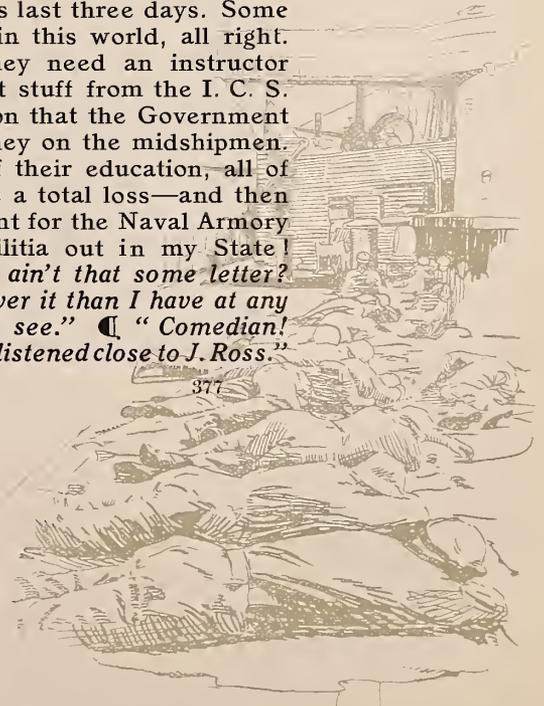
They had a way of bringing back a toaster with them after every trip to another ship. The other two, Griffiths and Herrmann, had charge of the Fire-Control Division for a time, and believe me, I spent many a sleepless night for fear the ship would catch fire. I knew that if it ever did while they were in charge, it was simply good-by to us all. Then they have a fellow in charge of them, a jolly lieutenant whom the midshipmen all call Dolly and who always backs them up when they get in trouble. Tries to teach them navigation occasionally, but if I were he, I would fan the bosoms of their pants to a fare-you-well. But evidently he thinks it too much exertion, and other than giving them this navigation he seems to have nothing more to do than to try to make a suit of whites last three days. Some people have it easy in this world, all right. I don't see why they need an instructor for I learned all that stuff from the I. C. S. I am of the opinion that the Government wastes a pile of money on the midshipmen. Think of the cost of their education, all of which appears to me a total loss—and then we could n't get a cent for the Naval Armory we built for the Militia out in my State! "Now I ask you, ain't that some letter? I've laughed more over it than I have at any comedian I ever did see." "Comedian! Must be you've never listened close to J. Ross."

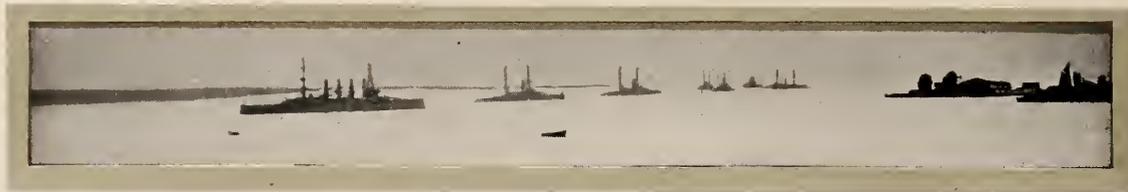
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North Dakota





*Florida*

☞ "Oh, I say, you old devils—"  
 ☞ "Say, Wicked, whatever became of your hot line you were planning to perpetrate on the patrons of Keith's in case you should bilge? It's so natural that you'd ought to be able to spill it to us sort of offhand."

☞ "Oh, you jokers! I might delight the party. Hist . . . the Muse!

Scene: Upstairs and down on the Yacht *Florida*.

Time: Lots of it.

Director: The Lieutenant, who corks.

Producer: The Instructor, promoter of bum grease marks and a childish mustache.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Aleck (Chief Warrant Officer of P. A. Can, who loves a lassie)  
 Alonzo Bernard Alexander.

Wonderful (Chamber Maid of Clicquot Club, who grows bald), James Ross Allen.

Thug (Hard Man of Club, who loses heavily),  
 Walter Ansel.

Buck (Club Chesterfield, who shakes a mean foot at Old Point), Russell Syer Barrett.

Winnie (Club Cynic, who has lost his little piece of heaven), Winfield Arthur Brooks.

Roscoe (First Class Loafer's Mate, who is expecting a carton of Fats),

Robert Pearce Briscoe.

Chief (Aid to Director in corking, who is worth a million by his boils),

Gustav Horatio Bowman.

Chauncy (Beau Brummel of the Club, who was jilted the third week out),

Chauncy Camp.

Ed (Club Banker, who toils not, neither does he spin), John Handsome Cassady.

Green Snout (Sentimental Know-Nothing, who has gobs of hair and every hair in its place), John Graybill Crawford.

Chorus Third Class.

Stage Hands Fourth Class.

CONNIPTION ONE

(Director and Company with Producer and Comedians arrive at Yacht *Florida*. Enter Prussian Graf at gangway.)

Prussian—Coxswain, did n't I tell you to keep away all bum-boats?

Coxswain—This, sir, is a prize assortment of the U. S. Midshipmites. (Agauntformemerges from First Luff's boudoir. Company stands awe-stricken by his august presence.)

Director—Pipe down! Here comes the King of Siam.

Prussian—Messenger! Messenger! Tell the skipper to bust out the fatted calf and have Spig Fields bring the baggage aboard

(Enter mob of 'Sixteen and 'Seventeen Ensigns.)

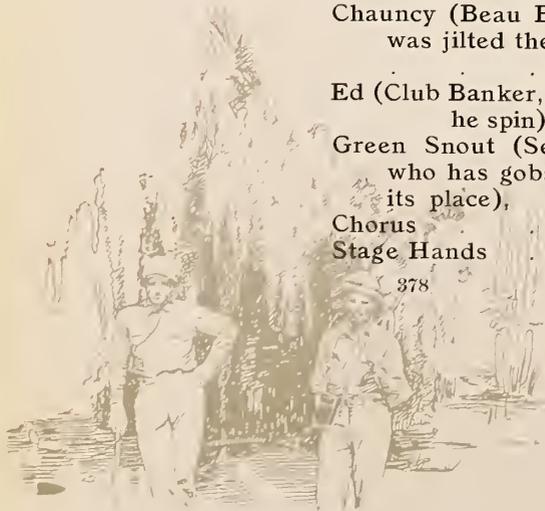
Chorus from Mob—Hello, fellows, we're mighty 'glad to see you. Got any Fats on you? If so, bust 'em out.

(Torpedo defense busts; mob disperses, and company lays below to take on chow.)

Orchestra plays "Oceana Rolls."

SPASM TWO

(Time—7:30 A. M. Sounds of Mess gear in





the offing. Gentle tap at stateroom door and steward pokes in head. All is silence save for the wood-sawing in the bunks.)  
 Steward—Chow am served, gennlemen.  
 Voice (from beneath the covers—muffled tones)—Very well, steward, take your post. (Moments pass. Budding signs of life. Aimless splashes and gurgles.)  
 Aleck—Hey, Ed, how 's to slip over here with our stopper?  
 Ed—Stopper my ear; it ain't your stopper! Anyhow, you might send the goo-goo for your own water and knock off using mine.



Wonderful—Say, whoin this motley crowd has the toasting watch this morning?  
 Aleck—Hey, Thug, jump down there and take it for me. I 'd do it myself if it were n't my morning to wash.  
 (Company troops out ensemble to prunes and dogs. Curtain.)

### FIT THREE

(Announcement at dinner—" There will be a meeting of the Club immediately after the evening meal.")

[First Class repairs to Drawing Room No. 3 for respite after day's toil. Club is brought to order by Banker Ed. Chauncy takes cards off to himself and feverishly stacks them. Thug, as per usual, is late, having been delayed by members of the Club. The game begins,



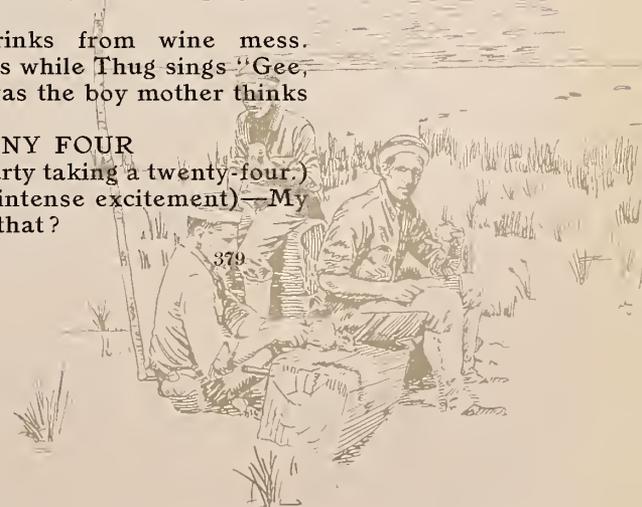
Chauncy dealing and Ed counting out the ditty-box chips.]  
 Chauncy—Who 's got 'em?



Buck—Ah, I 'll try 'em for one.  
 (Thug draws one card and Chauncy stands pat.)  
 Buck—Check the bet.  
 Thug—Bet five.  
 Roscoe—Up you five.  
 Aleck—She 's up five more.  
 Chauncy—It 'll just cost you ten.  
 (Chorus from Buck, Roscoe and John—Boys, you ain't talking to me.)  
 Ed—The boys are under way with way upon them.  
 (Play progresses with the boys getting lighter every minute. Thug begins to chuckle. Ominous silence from Chauncy.)  
 Chauncy—Well, I guess I 'll take a look at you ♠ ♠  
 Thug—Come on! Up me again, won't yuh?  
 Chauncy—Nope, what yuh got?  
 Thug—Well, four aces used to win in Elgin. (Starts to rake in kale.)  
 Chauncy—Hold your hand on your hip. According to Hoyle five treys looks pretty good to me.  
 (Thug collapses after quick calculations show that he has lost \$8.64.)  
 Chauncy—Lord, boys, were n't she stacked sweet?  
 Thug (arising from coma)—Well, I played it right, anyhow.  
 (Crowd orders drinks from wine mess. Orchestra plays while Thug sings "Gee, I wish that I was the boy mother thinks I am.")

### AGONY FOUR

(Evening. Picket party taking a twenty-four.)  
 Aleck (in tones of intense excitement)—My Heavens! What 's that?





Ens. Kelly (bouncing aft on the run) Where—?  
Aleck—A submarine! see it there! There 's  
the light of her periscope!

Ens. Kelly—Break out the colts  
and shooting-irons! Man the  
one-pounder! Look alive or  
we 'll get wet!

(There is a mad scramble for  
the guns and all hands are  
afflicted with St. Vitus  
Dance, and Aleck registers  
great dismay, with signs of  
weakening.)

Ens. Kelly—I don't see your  
bloomin' submarine; where 's  
that light?

Aleck—Not there, not there. There! There!  
(Then in tones of deep disgust)—Oh, cripes!  
It 's only a fire-fly!

(Curtain is rung down with  
Aleck the object of caustic  
comment. Orchestra plays  
"I Did n't Raise my Boy to  
be a Sailor.")

#### CONVULSION FIVE

(Train arrives at rustic South-  
ern settlement with Buck,  
Pinkie and officers in various conditions  
of efficiency. One look at the absence  
of jitneys and the marshy road and all  
hands change into the uniform of the  
night, which is whites rolled up to the  
knees, suitcases in one hand, rain-  
clothes in the other, and shoes around  
the neck. The pilgrimage to the anchorage  
is begun, amid the groans and  
gnashing of teeth promulgated by the  
unfortunates who insist on kicking the  
rocks out of the puddles.)

Pinkie—How much further is it, Buck?  
Buck (Rather cheerfully)—Oh, a matter of  
seven or eight miles.

Pinkie (Staggering under his load)—Love of  
Mike, man, I 'll never make it.

(Dense silence except for the rhythm of feet  
pattering in the mud. Intermittent  
sounds of "another stone!" "Ain't  
this war!")

Buck—Say, Pinkie, what were you doing  
this time last night?

Pinkie—Aw, pipe down, will yuh! (Silence.)  
Stragglng wayfarers finally troop into  
port, and curtain goes down  
with Orchestra playing,  
"It 's a great life if you  
don't weaken."

#### DELIRIUM SIX

(10:30 A. M. Saturday. Men of  
the good ship *Florida* as-  
sembled. Enter Skipper.)

Skipper (Casting eyes on ultra-  
rube white shoes of Aleck's)—  
Young man, are these regulation  
shoes? They seem to be rather  
out of place here.

Aleck (wilting beneath the steely  
gaze of the Skipper and Exec)—Er—er—  
yes, sir. Er—er—no-o, sir.

Skipper (gaze falls on Thug's  
non-reg kicks)—Ah, there seems  
to be some irregularity in this  
young man's make-up also.  
What have you to say for your-  
self? *so so*

Thug—Why, sir, you see we  
are First Class now, sir, and as  
my other shoes were worn

out, I thought I would be economical and  
buy a pair of buckskin shoes for next year, sir.  
Skipper—Oh, you did, did you? Now, my  
dear young man, do you think that just be-  
cause you admired an admiral's uniform, you  
would feel justified in wearing it? I think,  
gentlemen, this has been unwarranted.  
You will remain aboard until action is taken  
in the matter.

(Some time later. The Skipper inspects the  
officers' staterooms and arrives  
at those occupied by the cast.)

Skipper—Boy, whose apart-  
ments are these?

Mess Boy—Sah, dese am de  
quarters ob de midshipmans.

Skipper—Well, we will have a  
look at them, eh what, Watson?

Com. Watson—Yes, sir—yes,  
sir *so so*

Skipper (in angry tones)—Who  
is in charge of this apartment?

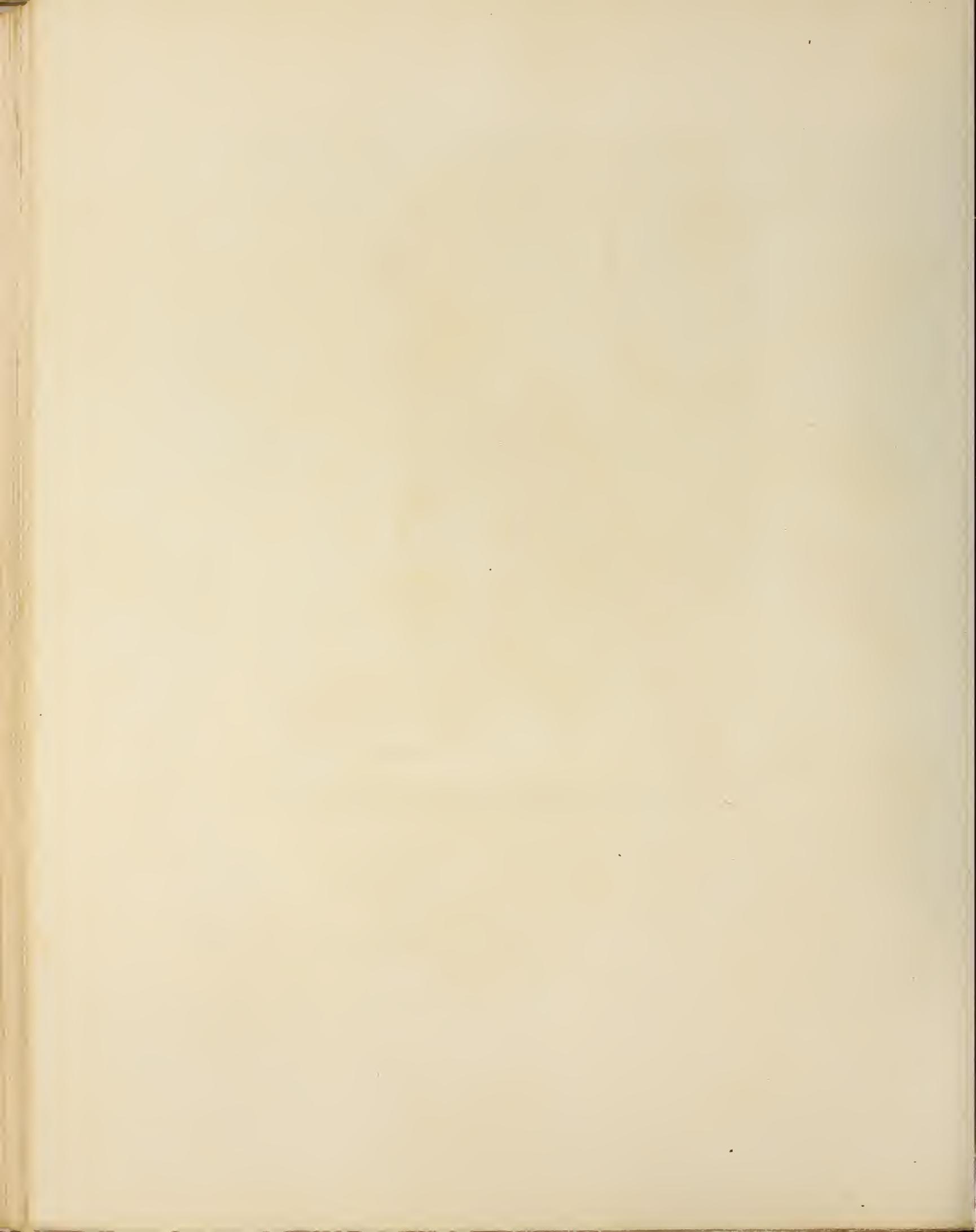
Boy—Sah, Midshipman Barrett.





M. D.  
JAMES

*Five  
Decks  
Below*





Skipper—Call Mr. Barrett; I want to see him.  
 Boy—Sah, Mr. Barrett am went ashore.  
 Skipper—Who else is in this stateroom?  
 Boy—Mr. Crawford am, sah, but he am ashore too, sah.  
 Skipper—Any one else that I can talk to about this disreputable apartment?  
 Boy—No, sah, I believe all de midshipmans am ashore.  
 Skipper—Well, when do they return?  
 Boy—Well, sah, I ain't sure but I tinks dey 'll be heah foh quarters Monday.  
 Skipper—Very well. We 'll let the matter drop this time. We must n't spoil their vacation, you know; eh what, Watson?  
 Com. Watson—No sir! No sir!

**TREMEN SEVEN**

(Happy hour aboard the *Florida*.)

What is shown on the screen between reels: "Well, you dizzy ones, how do you like being trimmed? It took the midshipmen to do it, I guess. Who are the real ball players on this old bally-hoo? It 's the midshipmen. What team have n't they beat? Not a one, I believe." There follow boxing matches and minor wrestling bouts. Then comes the main attraction with Thug facing Landis in a seven-minute tilt on the mat.)

Wonderful—Well, Thug, how do you feel, old man? Do you think you can throw him for a gool?

Thug—Well, I 'm not so sure. You see he 's a good fifteen pounds heavier, and is the champion in his class.

(Bout begins. In a minute the men are down with Thug on top) ☉ ☉

Jackie—'Atta boy, Landis, turn him over! Try the flying mare!

Green Snout—Over he goes, Thug! We 're

counting on you, old man.

Chorus from Company—That 's the stuff, old man. A little heave now. Yea Navy!

Pretty soft for you, Thug, old top. Just three minutes and ten seconds. Pretty good, eh what, Ed?

Ed and the Whole Bunch—Yes, what!

Crew—Bring on the next act! We want the song-birds ☉ ☉

(Quartet enters and the grand finale is run off in fine style with the *Florida* Blues singing "There 's no Sunshine in Virginia.")

**CHORUS**

All the old-time sailors shake their troubled heads

When the *Dreamland* passes by;  
 And when the sailors go ashore,  
 They always come back mighty sore

And swear they 'll never go no more,

But when the bo's'n pipes his call,  
 the boys all gather round

And beat it to the recreation ground.

If you 've got a heart within yuh,  
 For Pete's sake take us from Virginia,

For there is no sunshine in Virginia.

☉ Thunderous applause from the gallery, yells, whistles, hoots, catcalls, stamping of feet. Then spake a soulless brute, "Hail the King of the Forty-Percent."

☉ "The American midshipmen are n't the only ones who struggle along with a submerged two-fifths. Why, I was lolling around in the Chamberlin one day, sort of hoping to be mistaken for Admiral Mayo, when a couple of Lime Juice snotties hove in sight and dropped anchor nearby. One of them had the dope all right."

☉ I say, old dear, you should have been with me today. Spent the afternoon on board a Yankee with a snottie by the name of Cook. Met him last week when he came aboard and had dinner on our bally old craft. Rother a gay old time he had too; when he said ta-ta to the Exec, they were all feel-





ing a trifle spiffed, distinctly elevated if I may say so; everlasting friendship, and all that sort of thing, you know.

¶ Well, as I said, I returned his call and had a rather jolly time. Got an idea of their life

### Connecticut

in that beastly school of theirs they talk of, in a village called Annapolis. Rather different from our Dartmouth, I gathered, more strain on the old head, don't you know—mathematics and all that sort of rot—don't see what the devil a snottie needs to know about mathematics. From what they said I gained the impression that they must have a deucedly rotten time with the entire Navy doing its bit to foil their efforts to become officers.

¶ Interesting lot. Met one chap named Buckholder, or something of the sort. Rather distinctive manner he had, reminded me of one of those Egyptians you see decorating the Pyramids—you know the pose, I'm sure. Took me all over the bally craft, rather like one of our Victorian battleships, sort of on the *Cressy* type you know, except for those extraordinary cage masts. They invited me down to their wine mess and a sporty chap they called Collier gave me the most remarkable drink—Bevo, they call it, or something of the sort, rather dreadful stuff, but I downed it like a gladiator (unflinching courage, do and die, you know). I say, I am glad I'm in the British Navy. It must be beastly unpleasant to have to superintend washing down the decks on a frosty



morning without the knowledge of a stiff B. & S. waiting below for one.

¶ But they're inured to all sorts of hardships. Fancy being all spiffed up in one's best ducks to go on liberty and being forced to row ashore in a bally whale boat, and then having to return in it in the wee, small hours. Fearful, what?

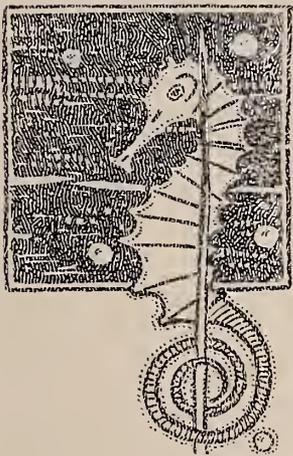
¶ They were ragging a chap by the name of Burleigh. It appears that he was taking a beastly star sight and after working out his position found that he was using the altitude of one of the gangway lights. Rather ingenious, what?

¶ One chap named Callaghan—they claimed he was nine feet tall, seven feet high in his socks and two feet in his shoes. It sounds logical but I can't help feeling

there's a catch somewhere. He had a most prepossessing appearance for all that. They gave me to understand he had been elected chairman of the Purity League. Now, old dear, can you imagine such a thing in our Navy? I was quite taken aback—aghast, as it were

¶ But this man Carter. Fancy, my dear fellow, a slender Johnny with a high voice and a face like a tu'-penny bun. They told me he was a fighter of parts, who had seen more contests than any man in his class. On the face of it that appeared strange, but you never









can tell. At all events I gathered that he was very much of the Don Juan—devil of a fellow with the ladies, and all that sort of thing ☹ ☹

☹ Then there was a literary chap by the name of Downey, author of a very amusing tale entitled "The Navy Non-Reg Bean." I'll tell you the story sometime—devilish clever ☹ ☹

☹ Well, I stayed to dinner, and you can't imagine where we had it—no, not in the gun-room. It appears they have n't any such thing, and so they were quartered in a sort of canvas tent, rather like their own Bailey and Barnum, and it was immediately abaft the galley. There was the most penetrating odor there. I could n't imagine what it was until they brought in the dinner—and that dinner—but really, it was indescribable. For all that, they ate voraciously, and really it was all I could do to keep the old life-spark fluttering. One chap named Demarest came in late. Rather put out, I imagine, at not finding anything left. He seemed a peaceful sort of chap though, much like his chum Clayton. Played a deuced dashing game of chess both of them, and Clayton it appears is rather the crack on their ball team. We 'll have to arrange a cricket match sometime when we have a week free. But I forgot to tell you of a heavy-set fellow named Cushman. The others said he was very savvy—

that's an Americanism I learned—means there with the head-work and all that, you know, but it's possible that they were spoofing me. Taken all in all, I had a perfectly ripping time, instructive, interesting and all that. I do wish, old thing, that you could have been along.

☹ "Well, we were n't honored by any visits from the British aristocracy, but I was talking to a scion of a noble Burgundian line—"



☹ "Yeah—you've got a noble Burgundian line yourself this evening, but let's have it."

☹ "Pipe down, John! Out at Carvel tonight I shoved off with a greasy 'Bon soir, m'sieu,' and then ducked behind a table in time to avoid any Gallic demonstration of affection."

☹ Ah! bon! I haff long' to see my frien' John, eet ees good to see heem once since he has left my dago class. I see you haff at last zee uzzer stripe. Eet geeves me great plaisir to see myfrien's—how you say zat?—promote zemselves in zee sairvice. Oui, you are zee fine lut'nant now . . . Bon!

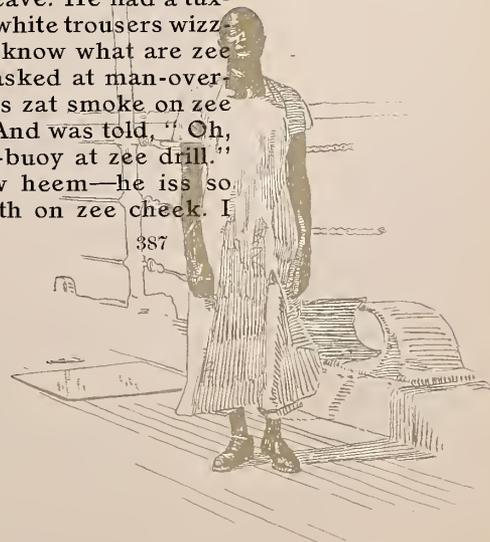


☹ And haff you seen any of my boys on zee Arizona? I haff to tell much about zose meedsheepman which were zere ziss summer. I haff zem in instruction and zey tell me all zee dope. I like to be zee frien', not zee mastair wizz zem—but zee last day—zee foo-foo! Eet was terreabl'! Ugh!

☹ Zat Meestair O'Rear—I haff very much wanted to see heem on leave. He had a tuxedo for to wear wizz hees white trousers wizz out any pumps. I wish to know what are zee styles in Attala. He has asked at man-over-board drill, "which means zat smoke on zee water, Mr. Wainwright? And was told, "Oh, zey sometimes use a life-buoy at zee drill."

☹ Meestair Orr—I know heem—he iss so petit—and has zee smooth on zee cheek. I

### Arizona





haff heard zat at zee cabaret—zere Meestair Orr is zee man of zee hour wizz all zee girls,

I like to see heem zere. Zey told me also zat he was zee keeper of zee mess-money, mais he has spend it on Johnnie Walker. Alas! Eet iss too bad! Such a nice man. I haff to



say also about Meestair Patterson. He has changed greatly since he was a leetle boy. He iss zee heavy drag—zee snake. I haff heard of his experience in New Yor' an' of zee "Some leetle wife" and . . . I heard he has collected zee soap and zee laundry from all zee uzzer meedsheepmen.

☞ Haff you evair seen what engines haff been made by zee meedsheepmen? Meestair Pelzman and Meestair Neal haff roosted in Sammy's office fer zee long watches to show how zee drawings go and to swop zee poems. Zey haff been wiz zee

man who went to zee *Solace* wiz zee crazy-head and haff nevair been zee same. Eh! you speak of Meedsheepman Pulliam? He has zee sore-face look so—maybe he has not enough sleep—he had zee night watches—mostly in zee city. But he like to sit on zee searchlight platform to see zee meedsheepman run to formation. Meestair Olsen and he haff been zee athletes of zee *Ar-r-izona*; one is zee great pitcher for baseball and zee uzzer gives zee kneestoops and leaning rests—beaucoup.

☞ Do you know zee doctair? Zee meedsheepman were making target practise at zee black boy Perree once at mess. Perree ducked and zee doctair get zee dog in zee face—Ha! Ha! He haff no use for zem

afterwards. He jumps Meestair Nicholson for hanging zee bare feet over zee chair at heem ☞ ☞

☞ I haff heard zat Meestair Reynolds—"Honest John"—was zee one man which has nevair been seen ashore in New Yor'—he has somesing on zee mind, I think—for which he forget zee White Way. He has zee clear head for argument and when he and Meestair Sayre talk on zee how and why to bore-sight a five-inch gun—zey haff zee floor alone. Eet iss bad to get excited wizz Sayre—he iss zee man of honeur and will fight on zee quarterdeck.

☞ Zee drills wizz zee rookies haff been fine.

You nevair see so many oars in zee boat as when zey haff zee cutter drill—Ah! like zee spider. And at zee small-arms practise zee meedsheepman say, "Ready, fire—Bang!" He feel for hee'self hees trousers are seatless . . . Eh! Bon!

☞ "Leave it to Ditesmoi to get the dope on anything that's out. But say . . .

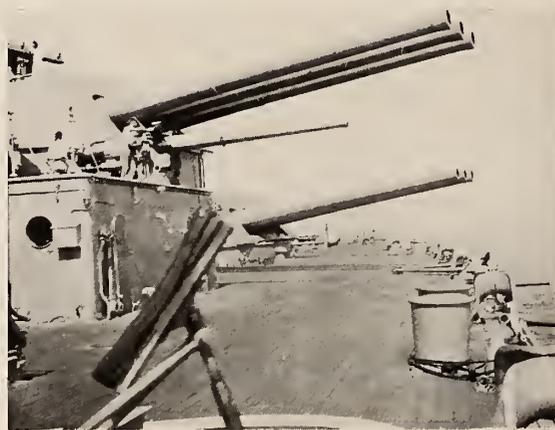
☞ "Sufferin' cats!" ☞ A vivid glare of

lightning outlined the group and then left them in deeper darkness while the thunder rolled and rumbled.

☞ "Say, this reminds me of the squalls we used to get every day. Used to take three suits of whites to stand one watch, but it was an easy way to take baths." ☞ ☞

☞ "You know, the first thing we heard when we came aboard the *Minnesota* was:

☞ "March the midshipmen down to the after port casemate—buckets and soap will be served out there." Our appearance as we came over the side





must have suggested urgent need of a field day, or else the surgeon was a fiend for sanitation. Anyway, we went below and drew the buckets, though some of the Youngsters declined the soap. That began *an* cruise!

¶ Of course, every bunch claims that it was the busiest in the Fleet, but we really were. The proof of our meriting that proud distinction is too long to be presented here, but there's one thing about it that you don't want to forget; we had "Hurry-up" for a divisional officer, and believe me, we found out why they always called him that. That simply clinches the matter—we were the original toilers of the deep.

¶ It was n't all work though. One day some adventurous spirits, Moke and Russ and Thomas among the number, heaved out at two G. X. for a fishing trip. They broke out pelican hooks and reg'lar hawsers for the big fellows they were going to catch. Well, there were "seconds" for every one at breakfast that morning and likewise at lunch, for the sportsmen were still absent.

Along about four o'clock in the afternoon, they came back, sunburned and weary, but making no mention of fish. We asked no

questions, because we naturally supposed they would grace our mess tables that evening. Evening came eventually and brought with it the fish—both of 'em, hardly big enough to bait a hook with. Those sardines must have busted in their D. R. and sat down on the bait or hatched out in the boat overnight.

¶ Sometimes the wrinklebellies would take out a whale-

boat or a dinghy for an early morning row. They always had a row about who would be coxswain, but there was n't much need for it, because no one did any more work than the cox, anyhow.

¶ On the evening of 'Eighteen's graduation day, was one of the best little parties that ever happened aboard our noble ballyhoo, since the day Sims made her famous, a class supper in honor of our accession to the rank, dignity, and emoluments of first class.

I've got the menu yet, and whenever I want to enjoy a cigar I read it.

¶ We liked patrol duty at first just the way the rest of you did, but when Jack got lost in the nets and Rosy became famous throughout the Fleet by pulling the submarine warning signal, and we came back from each trip so all over whiskers that the O. O. D. did n't recognize us, it was n't so much fun.

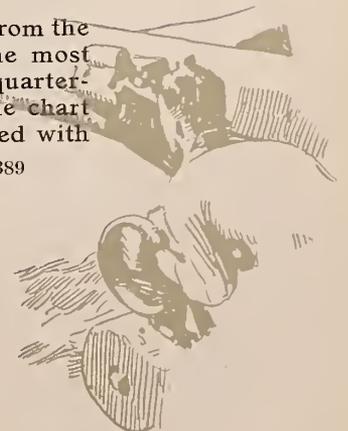
¶ Although our apartments were a fly heaven, that one-lunged pianola could wheeze out "The Garden of Roses" until the fly bites through our khaki seemed like the thorns on the roses.

¶ The J. O.'s library was all ours, too, but after Jimmy Hughes sprained a brain reading the snappiest books there, "Liberalism in Russia" and "Chaucer and His Contemporaries" we were sorry we had disturbed the dust.

¶ Still, she was a seagoing old ship, from the Skipper down through the crew. The most seagoing of the lot was an old quartermaster who used to spin yarns in the chart house while Igloo and George listened with



Minnesota





eyes as big as ham plates. Jack and Hungie could n't keep away from the upholstery of the chart house club, and Red found it a place where he could bone Nav without being disturbed by quarters or T. D.'s. He was always determining the latitude of the anchorage when the J. O. D. came to write up the log.



“ We had a good l'il old chart house on our battle-wagon too,” said Piggy, his moon-face glowing in the light of a borrowed match as he lit a borrowed Fat. “ But believe me, if it had been left to any midshipman J. O. D. to write up the log, it would sure have been a wooden log. About like this—”

U. S. S. LOUISIANA.

Enroute: May 28 to Aug. 22.

Captain Billy Phelps, commanding.

May 28, 8 P. M. to Midnight. Lying to ebb tide, at seaward end of line. Visibility rotten. 8:30 P. M. A party of midshipmen tourists, under the guidance of Lieut. Forgas, reported aboard. Considerable difficulty experienced in stowing midshipmen and gear in No. 12 gun compartment. Much surprise evinced that they were not given J. O. quarters.

June 2.—Commences and until 4 A. M.—Deep but quiet sleep on quarterdeck. Kiefer tells story about Old Bill Domer in his sleep. 1:30. Rain begins to fall. 1:33. Awning commences to leak. 1:34. The innocents, led by Joe Ives, lay below to double bottoms. Piggy and his stalwarts brave the tempest and enjoy sweet but not dry slumber.

4 to 8 A. M.—Nothing stirring.

8 A. M. to Meridian.—Midshipmen report that mess table has collapsed. *Louisiana* gyrene band plays tunes mellowed by age. Kiefer regales the midshipmen with a good story about Old Bill Domer.

June 14. Meridian to 4 P. M.—Mutiny suspected among midshipmen. Youngster in forward searchlight platform points gat at deck and pulls trigger to see if it was loaded. It was. Shortly after, Fink drops general signal book on Skipper's head as he is descending from conning tower.



4 to 6 P. M.—Mutineers well in hand. Fink punished by being forbidden to go to Ocean View this afternoon. Plea that this is cruel and unusual punishment not sustained.

6 to 8 P. M.—Midshipmen's mess table collapses. Kiefer pulls a good one about Old Bill. Crew begin to realize that midshipmen aren't gyrene rookies.

June 29. 8 A. M. to Meridian.—Torpedo practise. Midshipmen sent out as retrievers. Strong swell running; they rescue torpedoes despite poison gas, but lose about everything else. King has boat's crew working five feet under water to put on propeller lock.

Meridian to 4 P. M.—Kiefer holds target practise on picket boat. Establishes world's record: 500 rounds of ammunition and not a hit. Slight friction between O. O. D. and Kiefer about wasted ammunition.

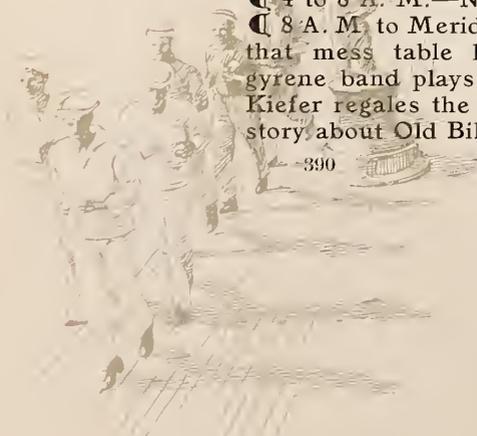
4 to 6 P. M.—Friedman returns from picket boat after trying to eat sardines. Mental, moral and physical wreck. Kiefer tells a good story about Old Bill Domer. Friedman's downfall complete.

July 5.—Commences and until 4 A. M.—Kern stands mid. watch.

4 to 8 A. M.—Kern keeps

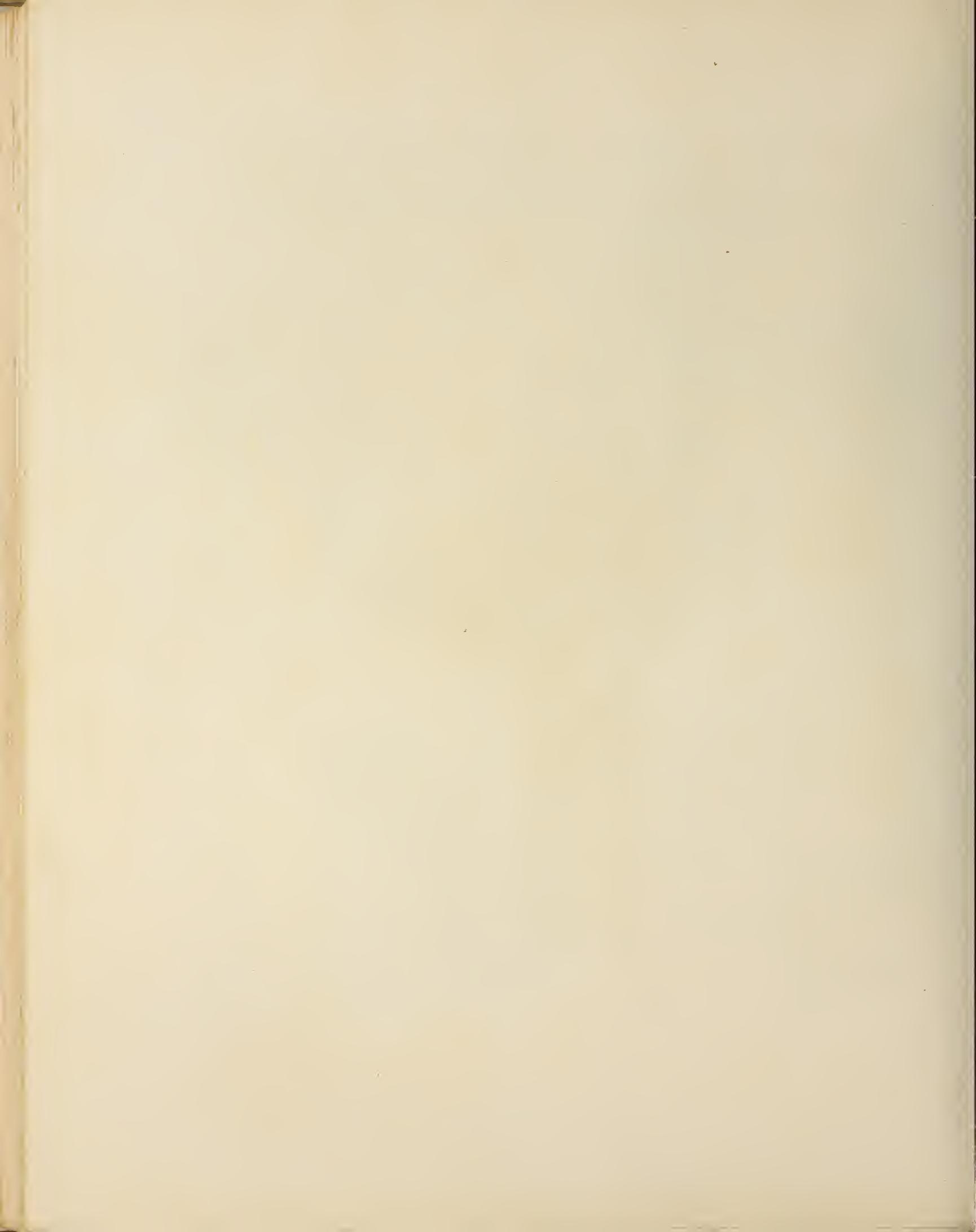


*Louisiana*





Eight  
Bells  
o' the  
Watch





cool by sleeping in bathtub full of water.  
 ☾ 8 P. M. to Midnight.—Enemy submarine reported. Establish submarine watch.

☾ July 6.—Commences and until 4 A. M.—Head out full speed. 1:30. Run over sunken wreck and puncture two tires; submarine watch awakened by shock ☾ ☾

☾ 4 to 8 A. M.—4:30.

Run hard and fast on sand-bar. Submarine watch much annoyed at being awakened second time. Conclude to stay there for remainder of the night. Submarine watch now can enjoy quiet slumber ☾ ☾

☾ 8 A. M. to Meridian.—Never expect to get off sand-bar. Heavy squall. Big schooner drifts down, smashes our boom, breaks up two boats and causes all hands to be called to repel boarders.

☾ Meridian to 4 P. M.—Take out all the ammunition on board ship

☾ 4 to 6 P. M.—Afloat at last ☾ ☾

☾ 6 to 8 P. M.—Put all the ammunition back again. Kiefer revives us with a good one about Old Bill.

☾ July 10. Meridian to 4 P. M.—Midshipmen inspect Navy Yard; find people who can excel every one of them in art of loafing; returned disheartened but determined not to be outdone.

☾ 8 P. M. to Midnight. Ship's dance. Midshipmen delight the natives with original steps invented by one Bell of Annapolis, Md.

☾ July 14. 8 A. M. to Meridian.—Mid'n

Rochester and Hall and two Mid'n 3 cl. report aboard having overstayed leave 8 hours. All reported out of uniform. Mid'n Rochester attired in dungarees, plaid overcoat and bedroom slippers. Hall dressed simply and chastely in a mackintosh and suit of red-flannel unmentionables. Account of disaster: Midshipmen arrived on beach at 1 P. M. and find ship's boat shoved off. Hire a shore boat. When

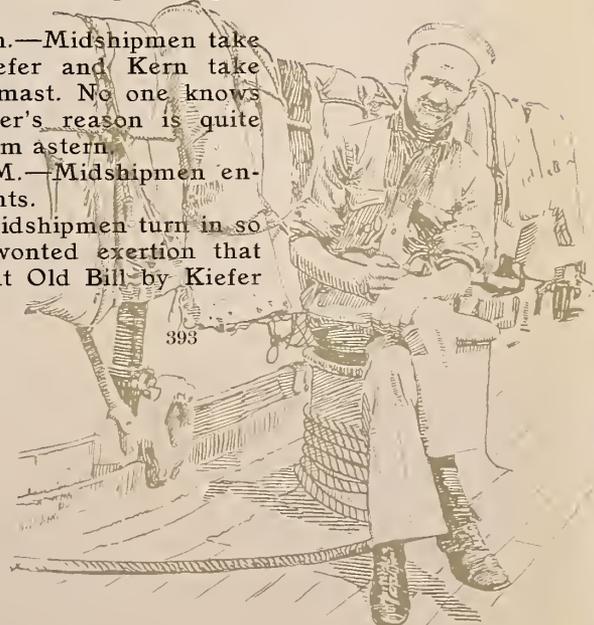
middle of the Roads, squall comes up and engine breaks down. All bail furiously and completely divest themselves of their raiment. Rescuing ferry boat appears. Rescuing ferry boat runs them down. Crew and passengers of rescuing ferry boat bombard them with life preservers. Owing to poor shooting they escape and climb aboard. Thirty-two female passengers faint. Spend night in hay-loft. Borrow clothes from firemen and return next day. ☾ Commences and until 4 P. M.—Put to sea. Midshipmen take star sights.

☾ 4 to 8 A. M.—Midshipmen take morning sight. Midshipmen report mess table collapsed.

☾ 8 A. M. to Meridian.—Midshipmen take meridian altitude. Kiefer and Kern take diurnal stroll up mainmast. No one knows why Kern does. Kiefer's reason is quite apparent, especially from astern.

☾ Meridian to 4 P. M.—Midshipmen endeavor to work out sights.

☾ 4 to 6 P. M.—All midshipmen turn in so exhausted by the unwonted exertion that even a good one about Old Bill by Kiefer fails to arouse them.





☐ August 20. Meridian to 4 P. M.—Midshipmen leave ship. Skipper orders flag half-masted and all officers to wear crepe on side-arms—like hell! ☐ ☐



☐ "Well, however your grease with them was, there certainly is one man around here who's sure got a good grease with us, and that's the D. O. who's on tonight." ☐ ☐

☐ "Yeh, that's just the way the old boy was on the cruise—the best ever. One night he had us down in the fire room of the New Jersey for a lecture on boilers.

*It was something like this:*"

☐ Now, this here on my right is a boiler—steam maker, see? Makes steam—a boiler. All right now, coal here, water here—coal burns, heats water, makes steam: very simple. Steam goes here, and stops—stop valve, see?—boiler stop valve. Now, what the devil are you gigglin' for, Mr. Boller? That's the trouble with you first classmen—no dignity—act like a bunch of kids. I guess that's why you need so much sleep, is it? I saw Mr. Allen eating breakfast in pink pajamas this morning. I know you wear those when you're in Newport, Mr. Allen—but this is a battleship, see?—battleship. And Mr. Anderson, next time you lay below the chain tierers, don't lead 'em by the hand—lay 'em! If I ever hear of any of my first classmen going up on deck like that reserve ensign and telling the bugler to blow the clothes off the line—well—don't do it—it ain't done that way. That means you, Mr. Bryant—you're too big to be savvy—I'm pretty big myself. Well, take charge, Mr. Aler—I never did spoon on this stuff—know more about bicycles.

☐ Well, Mr. Baggett, you don't seem to be

enjoyin' yourself around here. Suppose you play around for a few weeks with this scale. Don't know how it works myself—don't give a whoop. Find out yourself; you first classmen gotta have initiative—that's it, initiative; do somethin' without bein' given a whole library tellin' you why, when and where. Here 's a sheet of paper; thumbtacks; one in each corner—see?—one, two, three, four. Here, you take it—I'm gettin' sick o' lookin' at it—makes me lose my appetite.

☐ Now when I was a midshipman we had to work, Mr. Beltz. Took a starsight or meridian altitude or something like that every mornin' at Reveille. I always wound up in Montana—never liked navigation anyway; nothin' to it but a log book. I used to play round with an omnimeter—less work, less mental strain

all round; wheel, numbers, turn 'em around, read upside down, answer—very simple, very simple; you oughta get one, Mr. Coney.

☐ By the way, Mr. Brashears, a little bit of work from you'd be greatly 'preciated and might bring your mark up to a 1.5. Efficiency mark;

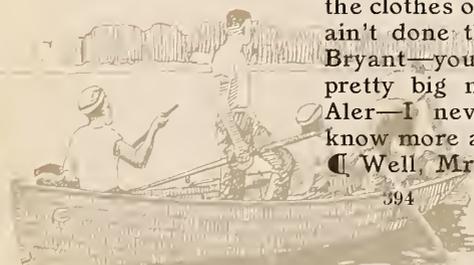
gotta be efficient. I don't get all this stuff of lyin' around looking up at the sky. Most I see of you is sittin' around the 8-inch turret on your camp stools and once in a while at the movies. Like the movies myself, but that's got nothing to do with this.

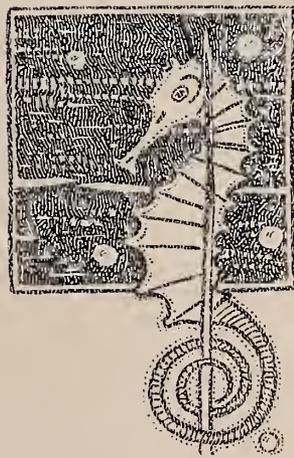
☐ 'Nother thing. Because I give Mr. Brown a forty-eight is no sign the rest of you are goin' to get your September leave now, because you ain't—no, you ain't. Get together—take up navigation for fun and quit loafin' around that turret.

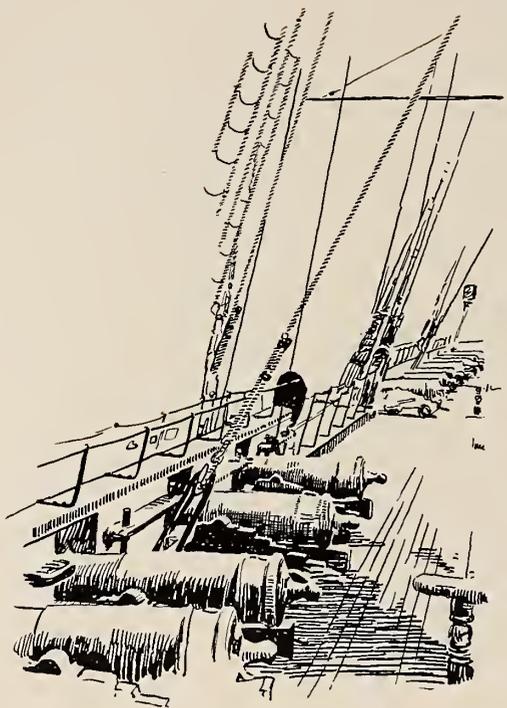
☐ Got a big chance to make good out here—make a name for yourself—come down on



## New Jersey









'em, and if anybody don't like the way things are goin', send 'em around to me and we 'll just have a friendly little discussion—all alone—see? All alone.

☐ "Swat was champion heavy-weight in his day and he got results." ☪ ☪

☐ "Some of us ought to go over and call on Max some of these days just to sort of get together over the cruise." ☪ ☪

☐ Pash Palmer, who had just prowled up from the Log office,

eased into the circle quietly and slipped some confidential dope.

☐ "This calling on them and talking over the cruise is great stuff. I was at a macaroon fest over on the Row today. I overheard our cruise mama on the Utah telling all about it, and I certainly got fed up on it."

☐ Yes, indeed, I had a sort of a queer time this summer being nursemaid to those simple midshipmen. In getting aboard they only lost three or four laundry-bags overboard and nearly smashed my trunk. Had a civilian nuisance from the Steam Department along who was about as military as a forty-year-old chorus girl. As he went over the side he gave the boatswain's mate on duty a two-finger high-sign, and then asked me, "Don't you think I'm catching on to military etiquette?"

☐ I happened to get up early one morning about nine—could n't sleep—and saw all the Youngsters on the deck. I looked at first for Powell, who was acting Junior Officer, but did n't see him. Then I looked for

Palmer, who had borrowed my watch. No Palmer in sight. Then I was seized with a faint suspicion that the First Class had jumped ship during the night. So I went

below to their compartment, and heard the steward muttering, "Ef de gennlemen don't turn out directly, de grub 'll get cold and den Ah 'll git bawled out." The young rascals were about as lazy as I was when I was a First Classman. Things were always happening—

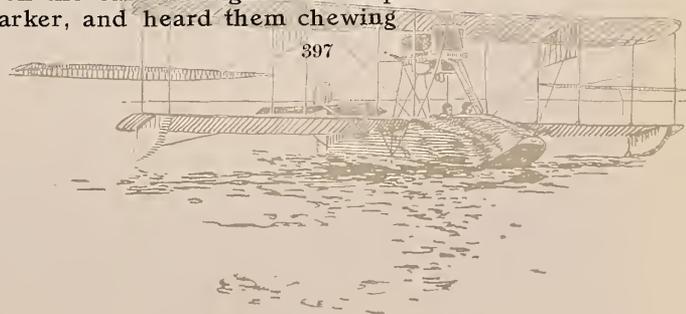
if it was n't a Youngster falling down a ventilator, it was a First Classman swiping mercury out of the artificial horizon. Turned out one night at about two bells to the cry of "Help! help! Man overboard!" The lookouts

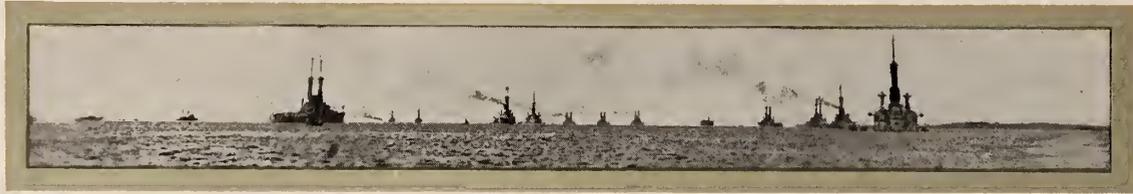
dropped the buoys, and the Officer of the Deck was having a spasm trying to get a boat off. Nobody saw the man, but the unearthly cries continued. The Exec, clad in a bath robe and a steaming cap, was yelling, "Who saw him? Who saw him?" Yet when every one was beginning to think of spooks, Ofstie discovered the source—a nightmare-riding Youngster corking in a hammock.

☐ When the ship went to Norfolk, I gave the bunch liberty every night, so I could go ashore myself. This gave Netting a chance to return to his old habits, for he got mixed up with a Sunday-school and had to have liberty every Sunday for the rest of the cruise. I came out on the car one night with Pop Olds and Parker, and heard them chewing



Utah





about something or other. It seems that they were punching a meal-ticket down at Ocean View. "You did n't rate going there to-night; it's my turn to eat there." After I left the car and was strolling down the beach, I saw a rather daring young lady disporting herself in the surf, and was so



shocked I turned my back until I saw that it was one of my midshipmen—Powell, in a girl's bathing suit. That gang of mine could raise more Cain per square inch than a gang of Zulu cannibals. Young Read and Rockey used to get their names in the society columns every night, and would pretend to be sore, so that the jealous ones would kid them along. But young Steve Pace took the prize. I was strolling along the park at about ten one evening, when he got up so hurriedly to salute me that he spilled a young lady all over the ground. Then one night Theda's lures were opening every eye wide when the siren went off. "Cripes! One of those big freighters must be drifting down on us! Collision quarters!" Every one tore to his station, but nothing happened. The word "Secure" came, and everybody heaved a sigh of relief. No sooner had all hands settled down than the siren wailed again. Yes, you've guessed it. One of those savvy Youngsters had swung his hammock between the siren cord and the binnacle. When he turned in, the siren blew, so he turned out and went to quarters. After "secure" he turned in again and had another sirenical lullaby. But once, when we were all taking indicator cards, the Gooph (as they called the cit steam

prof.), dropped a monkey-wrench on Ramsey. He must have thought that it was one of the oilers, for he yelled up, "Say, for Pete's sake, watch what you're doing up there!" The Gooph came down on the double, and the black gang gathered around to see the fun. "I hope you don't think I did it on purpose, Mr. Ramsey." But you should have heard



Big Smith's snort of disappointment! Smith was one of the detachments of husky firemen who, at the taking of Vera Cruz, drove the snipers from the Hotel Delegencia and the Cathedral. He served a Benet-Mercie. You know, the kind that rests on tripods and is fired from the ground; but Smith picked it up like a rifle and squirted the stream of lead directly from the shoulder

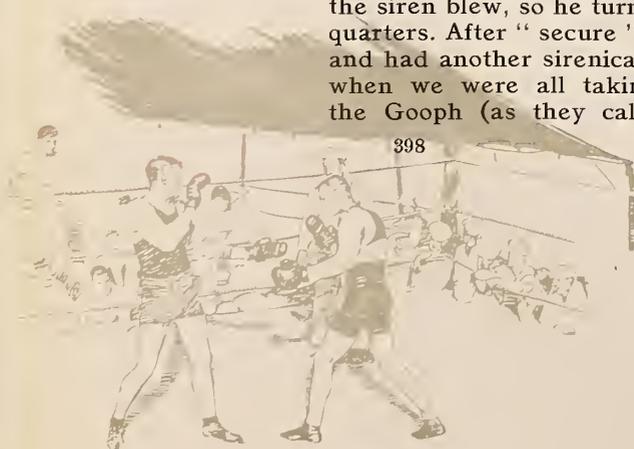
for more than two hours. So Big Smith rated a snort of disappointment.

But that Gooph was continually pulling a good one. He had a stateroom way up forward, by the hawse-pipe. We dropped anchor about midnight, and before the Bos'un had veered to forty-five, an apparition in a flapping nightie flew up the ladder onto the fo'cs'le, and up to the Bos'un. "Good Heavens! Is the ship sinking?"

There wasn't another macaroon, nor a place to sit that was n't too accusingly surrounded by crumbs, so I thought I'd dig before the old boy recalled anything else while I was there.



## New Hampshire





☞ "No wonder these officers' wives know more than . . . Hey, look what 's here! Somebody left the milk-box open," sang out one on the edge as Smitty, with his sylph-like grace, came chortling across the floor. "What'd you leave the hop so early for, kid?"

"Tinkle, tinkle on the bar, Pretty glasses near and far," caroled Smitty. "Methinks we heard you birds resurrecting the cruise; y' oughta hear ours!"

☞ "Musta been some snappy little jane you had tonight, Pigskin."

☞ "She was! But say . . ."

The Muse awakes and lightly shakes Away the mists of slumber's veil; She bubbles joy, oh boy, oh boy, Just listen to the tale!

☞ Rumble tumble and developed dope —effervescent excitement all stirred with laundry bags, and a lock-box. Smoky smoke, skags, cigars, and the ship's smoke, sandwiches, bull and a smoke. Joyous joy with a gladsome hope, the *Dreamland* and 's a great life.

☞ The Fleet and a gasp of wonder, a wondrous gasp and a proprietor's pride. Cauldron bubble, ubble, ubble; tumble in the boats, and a laundry bag. Hither, thither, willy-nilly wander, no boat, no ship, no *Oklahoma*. Sorry, sorry, 't were to wish and wish 't were. The *New York*, and long, red sausage and a long, red bean. The *Dreamland* and a long, red cushion to sleep on.

Grunt and a roll, and try to sleep, swear and a nightmare; the *Oke*, chez nous, chez nous.

☞ Inspecting, exploring, poking around, a

steep ladder and a maze of gadgets; an ant in a torpedo, where, what, why? A microbe on a Zeuner diagram, whither, which, wherefore? Poke, twist, turn; a rattle and a crash—and a wish we hadn't.

☞ Big, big, big and a J. O. D. A gattley gat, a swelly chest and a big bust. Squeak as big as the Skipper. Trice up the gantlines, bowse 'er well aft; ranks, ranks, two ranks for the liberty party. A long, dark mid-watch, a long watch and a

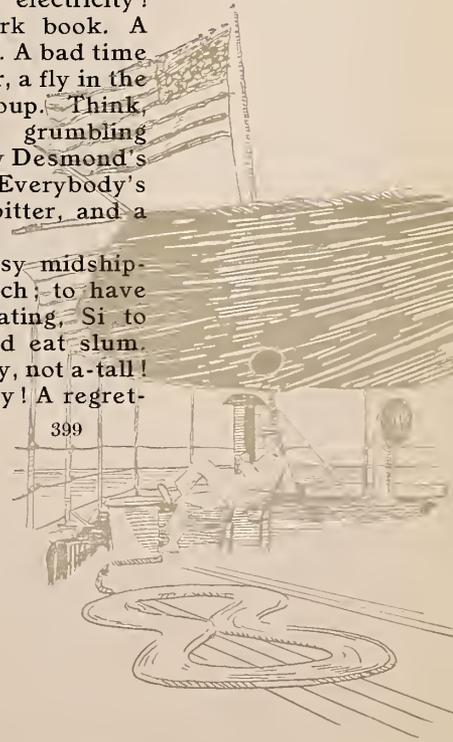


dark watch, all-alone watch and a pipe and think of Her. Pigskin thinking of Her, Abie thinking of Her, Savvy Red thinking of Her! Let's all think of Her. A dull nothing-to-do-ness and a late relief. That which was sleep is watch, watch and see nothing; hours, years, eons, a long longness and no end.

## Oklahoma

☞ Happy, happy, hurry Valentine—get ashore. A beach and a summer resort; there she sinks! A manly arm and Venus Short to the rescue. Brave, brave, and a fluttering eyelash; violets, champagne, electricity! Tedious, tedious, and a P-Work book. A blind sight and a Horse Latitude. A bad time in a good day, a hair in the butter, a fly in the ointment, a mouse in the soup. Think, grumble, swear—a swearing, grumbling thinking on a wobbly table. Savvy Desmond's R. A. M. S. and a big bust. Everybody's answer and a big bust. Bitter bitter, and a might-have-been.

☞ Mess, a messy mess, a messy midshipmen's mess. Grab, clutch, snatch; to have and to hold, to eat and keep eating, Si to dream of pates de foie gras and eat slum. Shorty, the gastronomic nonentity, not a-tall! Keep the beets away from Smitty! A regret-





ful reproach and a Jack to pray for better days. Your nose knows—smell 'at toast?



Help, improve, better, better, and something good to eat. Eat to live, eat and grow fat, a fat living and a merry mess. Joy, joy and the soup-horn ☪ ☪

☪ Sail far, sail wide, sail full, sail on the

ocean with a lot of ships. Sail to Hellangone and not a U-Boat. Watch and worry and sight a soap-box, sight the sun, sight the shore.

Rattle, clatter, climb on the *San Diego*. Eat not, sleep not, work not, empty days with nothing in them but wait. An upward joy curve and the Academy Dome. Globulous gobs of gallup-tious joy! Speed, haste, rush to hit the beach. Bancroft Hall and railroad tickets. Hurry home and a jubilant joy. Happy, happy, happy and a great big joy. Happy, happy, happy, and a great big sea of joy.

*Texas*

☪ Yea, Navy! Yea, Sep Leave!

☪ "Take him up to bed!" whispered *Beauty* ☪ ☪

☪ "Hey, Sausage, calm down and tell me how much Bill's catch lowered the average to-night."

☪ "Understand she's one of his friends from the Hampton Club. How about it, Hoke?" ☪ ☪

☪ "Yep! The Chamberlin terminal. We coaled there once and that day as the *Texas* lay in the Roads, old Bill hied himself ashore all spick and span—invitation to the Club so we heard afterward; Mort was below, aide to the Exec. No comments from you, Mort. Ah, that scene on the dock under the eyes of the Exec from the *Arizona*, the J. O.'s of the Fleet and the five-o'clock liberty parties!—

Here comes Jewish blowing along with his long-vaunted queens—bent on seeing the *Texas*. Nonchalantly as ever, our hundred-and-ten-pound bantam steps into the dinghy and offers his arm preparatory to taking aboard the fair ones.



☪ "Oh, Mr. Seligman, I'm going to jump; here I come."

With a delicate scream and a swish a generous armful of fluff hit Mort a wallop

on the chest and he met the bottomboards coming up. From the depths of the hold came a faint, 'Oh, I think you're perfectly awful, you might have caught me.' ☪ ☪

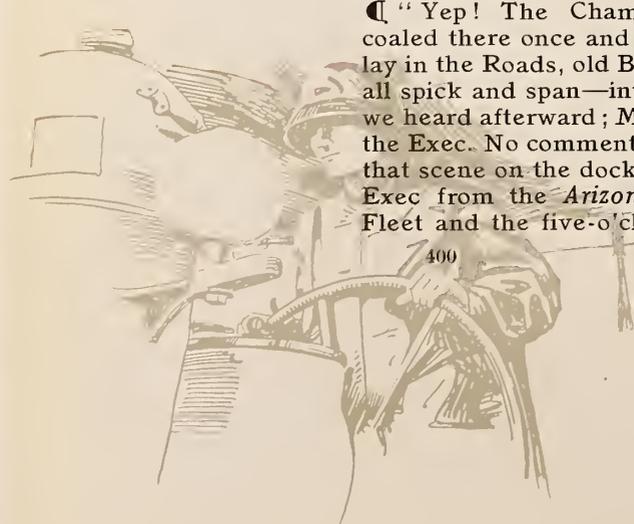
☪ "Well, I did n't miss you."

☪ "The Oeuf asked me to-day if Hoke had ever done plot work. 'Yes,' I said 'He done it! He finished me turret. He

went to quarters for early visual practise one morning. Eight-ten, eight-twenty—Plot—plot—'s matter, Hoke, no drill?'

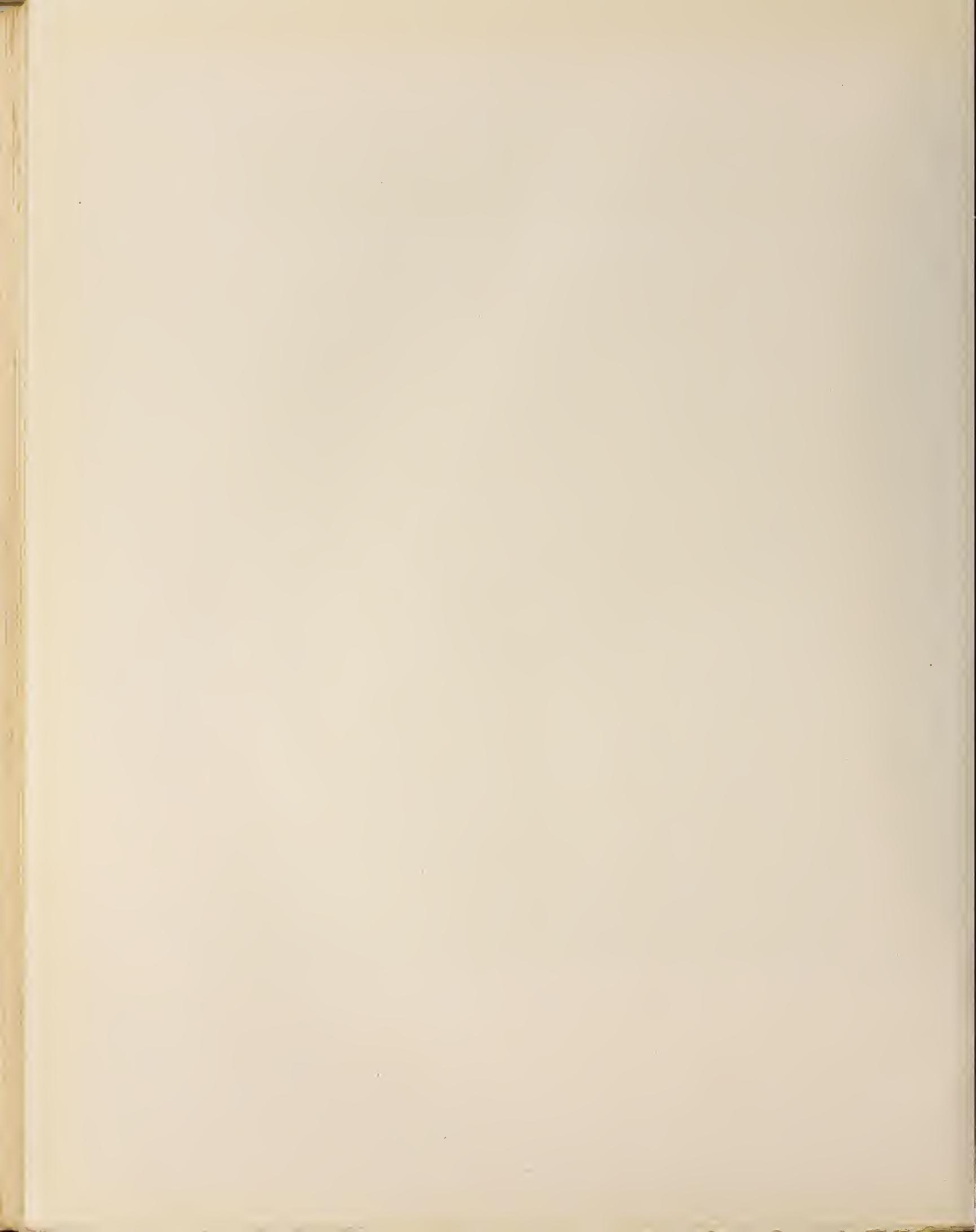
☪ "No drill!! will you blind boobs come to up there? I've been sending ranges for a half hour.' Silence while Hoke investigates below—'For Pete's sake! Get some juice on those turret visuals.'

☪ "But we were sea-going all right, all right, for we got ourselves talked about at the very start—did you ever hear Shekels, J. O. D., coal the steamers? 'Second steamer, how much coal do you need?' Runs aft to the quarter-deck. 'In the





*The Black Gang Comes on Deck*





gig—in the gig, there.' 'Aye, aye, sir.' 'How much coal do you need?' 'Sir?' 'I say, how many buckets of coal do you want?' 'We burn gas, sir.' And do you know that man got seventy-five cents a week from all of us the whole summer, and all we got was coffee and beans!



“Remember how J. Wesley and Troost used to come back from liberties with dreamy far-away looks in their eyes? And how they used to spend all their time aboard ship building air-castles about how, next June Week, they would march their companies up to receive the Regimental flag from Her hands?”

“Yeah, and how they dreamed so much they ended up as non-ratey P. O.'s?”

“Old Dizzy struck an easy berth when the rookies came aboard. I'll bet they dreamt 'Squads right,' and 'Toss oars! Hey! that means you too, bo.' For six months after he took to them like a sailor to his corking-mat and raised them like plebes. I heard Sailor later cussing one of the children for having made an untimely and puzzling query while the Exec was there!

“Mort and Oody finished our seagoing reputation with the *Arizona*. Standing by a five-inch port they were watching the broadsides fire—a few minutes' wait—and Blouie!—a fourteen-inch salvo right overhead. If that port had been large enough for

two, the pair would have followed Mort's cap to sea without a doubt.

“It's too bad Dick is n't down here tonight to do justice to the life we lived on the Texas. We'd ought to have a collection of his letters bound in pink satin.”

“Well, my taste inclines more to Nick Carter than to Beatrice Fairfax,” boomed Tex. “Something like this—'From Chicken Coop to Chain Lockers, or From Barn to Brig.'”

“Curses!!” It was the Navigator of the U. S. S. *New York* who shattered the simmering waves of heat that rose streaming from the freshly shellacked deck of the chart-house with this fearful imprecation. Little he recked that this was but the first of many outbursts for him, for aboard his ship had come the Terrible Ten and their thirty apprentices and they were not yet warmed up to full power. “Curseses!” he repeated with ever-increasing sibilance, “Aha, I scent a plot to undo me!” Small wonder he felt danger, for there, in the smooth log, the gospel of the sea, glared the entry “Temperature 29° F.” With

*New York*



vengeful tread he strode out on deck and in a thunderous voice demanded the temperature of the J. O. D. “Still 29, suh!” I replied, for I it was. “Aha, the plot thickens!” growled the Navigator under his breath. Then came a flash of inspiration. “Show me the instrument!” He looked, and as his





gaze fell upon the mercury tube, he knew that he had foiled fate again, for it was his own barometer. "Are you trying to run me, Mister?" he roared. "No, suh," I answered, "I thought that was a cold weather thermometer—it only registers to 32°." Still the Terrible Ten were not machinating for naught and, before the Navigator had turned out of sick bay again with nerves stilled after the shock, he was joined by a C. B. M., a C. M. M., and the ordnance officer. They had run afoul of some of the apprentices, and their fact-cramped minds did not have the elasticity needed to absorb such declarations as these:

"I am looking for some clothespins to hang these pants up with," and "The round, shiny things over the engine are the boilers." Also, "We are going to dry dock because the splinters are all worn off the splinter deck and have to be renewed." ☪ ☪ ☪

☪ Then came a day when the true talent of one, Stutz the Howler, had its opening, and like lightning he dealt the stroke that paved the way to fortune. In a moment of ecstatic abandon at the good fortune of an officer who was about to take his place at Hymen's shrine, the Ten collected twenty-five bones for a present which would express their delight. In a flash, Stutz was on the job. Gracefully he dashed off with the cash, and gaily spent it—at Coney Island. "Aha!" gloated a rival for his prominence, "I've got the goods on him now!" But the next morning the envious one crawled into the background, gnashing his tushes with true villainous desperateness. "Foiled! Harold Hambone, you great big bully, there is the lamp in all its glory." Our hero was launched on his career with a little slip "A. R. Staudt one banquet lamp, \$25.—Graduation terms."



☪ Meanwhile our friend the Navigator again ran afoul the Ten, for now they were after his job, and another of our heroes was doing things of which Bowditch himself had never even dreamed. That honest sailor-man never had the originality and courage of Gloom, who submitted a meridian altitude of Venus of 112°, giving a latitude of 15° East. The armor-piercing New Jersey mosquitoes punctured their pride

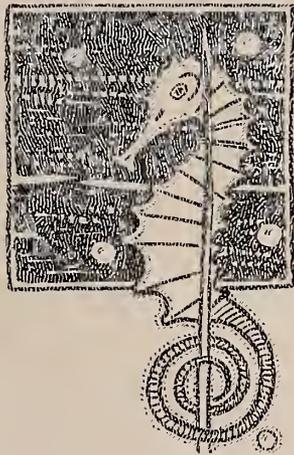
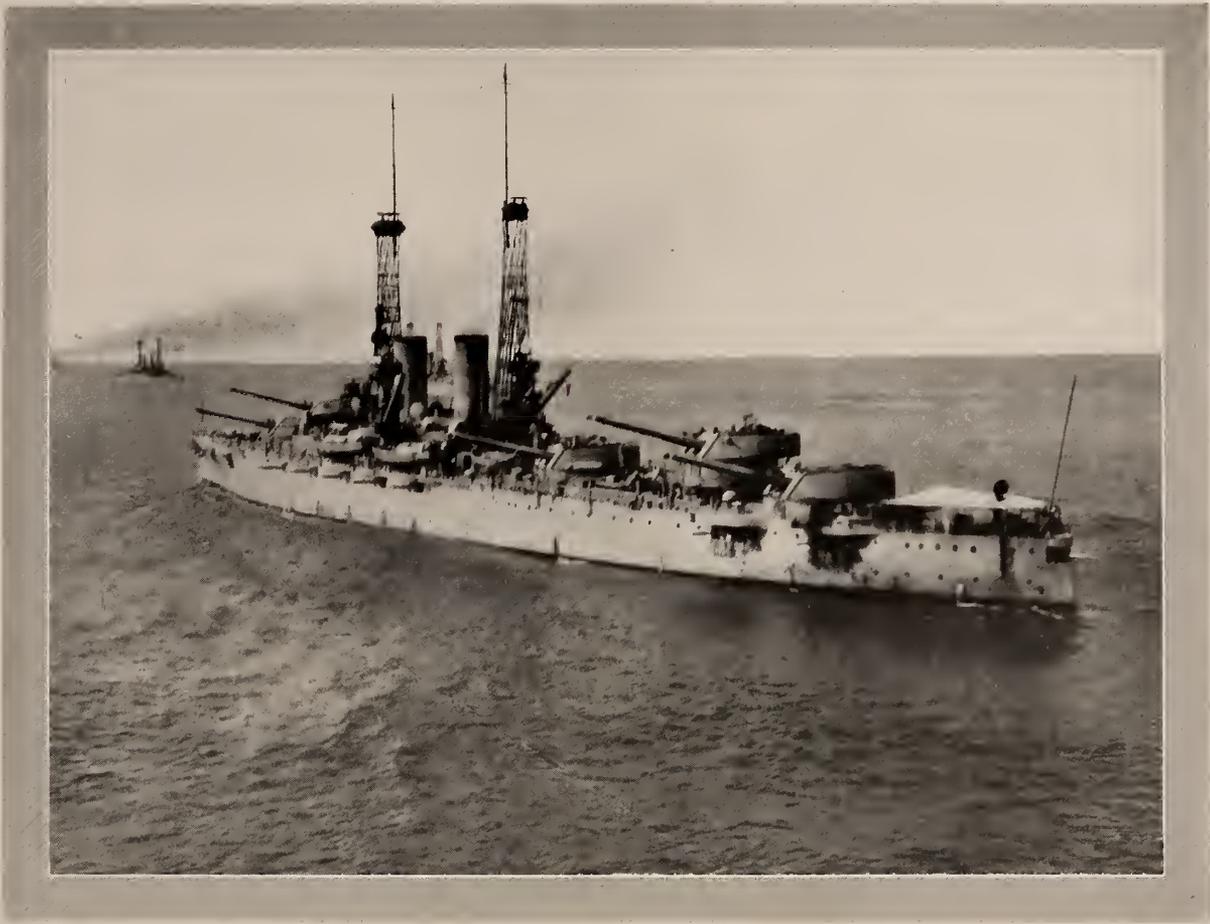
when they visited Pete and broke the heart of the Muse Terpsichore, who's getting too old and crabby, anyway. With true perseverance in all things great and small, Tar and Sprague won every bout in the game of hide and seek, for the girls admitted those boys found their feet every time. "Oh, I could just die dancing," began Tar. "Well, I might just as well," she retorted, "I'll be a cripple the rest of my life." ☪ ☪ ☪

☪ But such a rebuff did not steel the hearts of our heroes against any place where there was a chance to surround free vittles. In

the modern Babylon, Tuggle showed his true savviness by camouflaging himself as a cellarette, hoping that people might keep him full, while his accomplices showed true appreciation of the Gunner's hospitality by camping 'longside his wife's ice-box.

☪ Then the bloodhounds of Fate bayed on their trail; and though Billy Scratchem thought he was foiling the beasts by giving his Her the first miniature of 1919, Kraut knew well that he was out of luck, for he jabbed a screwdriver into a light socket and a blinding flash lit up the dark and the screw-









driver melted and foamed and splashed all over his Sunday shoes. But this dire disaster shrank into pale insignificance in comparison with the tragic climax that a vengeful Nemesis had malevolently planned for them. For one dark and dismal night the Count, searching below for a letter, forgot his country was at war and switched on a light. That same glim glittered in the Skipper's eye when he came aboard and bounced down to romp on Von, whose very name fed his fiery fury.

☞ *The Major's voice was rising and booming until it rivaled the distant thunder.*

☞ *"Sh-h-h! Wazzat!"*

☞ *Light footsteps echoed through the vaulty halls and the rattle of a sword threw silence into their midst. Straight toward the group they came, until, just in time to save them all from suffocation by holding their breath, the intruder showed his colors—*

☞ *"Anybody got a match?"*

☞ *"Gee, I've got a weak heart! Don't do that again."*

☞ *"Well, if you've got a weak heart here is something that'll stop it. I found it in the corridor on the way down. Somebody strike matches for me while I read some of it."*

☞ *"Say, do you think that matches don't cost two cents a box? Break out that ship's flashlight again."*

☞ *"Then listen to this:"*

☞ *May 28.—Made Delaware's starboard gangway. Received by rough old Exec, "thirty-eight men—dammit, I only had orders for 37—boatswain's mate, heave one man overboard—MOVE!" Chuck volunteers.*

Youngsters observed easing behind stanchions. Laid below and found J. O. quarters, gun compartment, F. W. showers and "all the comforts of home" waiting for us. Also granted ten o'clock lights and six A. M. reveille (Youngsters only). Ten miles of trenches to scuttle butt. Set up Lyle's phonograph and made noise therewith. Holloway in command.



—Max sits through it with his Red Book. Jeff thinks censor's stamp sufficient postage.

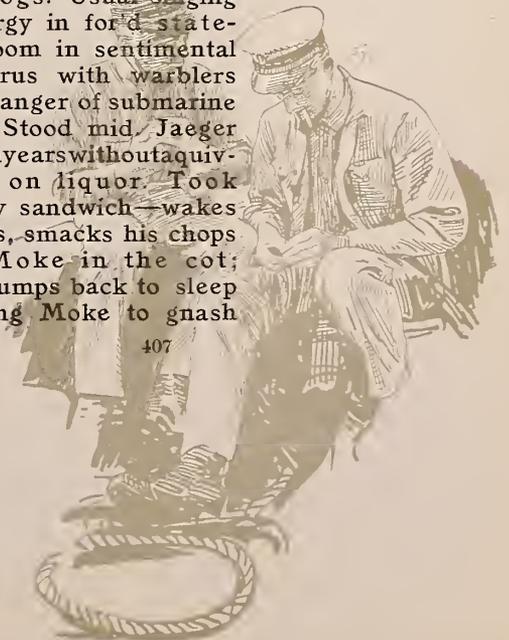


Fooled. First mail from home. Youngsters getting hammock lashing down pretty well, but still call us Sir.

☞ *Monday, June 11.—Contract closed with Shorty the bumboat man for ice cream mess. New details. Logs. Usual singing orgy in for'd stateroom in sentimental*

darkness—alternate chorus with warblers in J. O. Mess. Radio: "Danger of submarine attack. Bright lookout." Stood mid Jaeger disinclined to talk. "Tenyearchwithoutaquivvah!" Chief holds forth on liquor. Took Beauty his 4 A. M. galley sandwich—wakes up, sits up in bunk, beams, smacks his chops continuously, waking Moke in the cot; absorbs sandwich and slumps back to sleep with satisfied sigh, leaving Moke to gnash

## Delaware





his teeth in rage. Heard great riot in No. 1 stateroom. Found Max D., Jr., waking up the Mexican Mare, who thought he was a horsefly. Wednesday, June 20.—Tracy decides to become disciple of El Duque and I. Klutchem. That J. O. D. watch we started on our own authority is panning out fine—regular ship's J. O. D. watch knocked off in our favor—



## Georgia

thanks to Lyle. In fact we are O. O. D. and O. O. D. is safety precaution. Getting liberal education on watch between Lorenzo's heavy line and Moore's Rhino fests and Bowman's clear, straight advice.

☛ Tuffy, the Cow, makes great impressions on watch officers—also various femmes. Volunteer O. O. D. has first division lay up on fo'cs'le to break out mooring board. Much chortling from Herbie Cooke. Al introduced "Long, tall, brown-skinned gal" and takes mandolin. Beauty tries harmonica. Confidential lecture. Turned in early and corked plum' through 5-inch firing. Tuesday, June 26.—North D. detail gone. After all dope from liberty and visits we do unanimously decide that the *Del* is the best ship in the fleet. Descended upon Chamberlin and bankrupted food department. Scull navigated her down the Bay. Moke missed boat looking for Cap. Who had it? Charley Best on the volunteers. Tracy soches at hop.

Chuck causes femme stampede on gallery of swimming pool. Back to ship at twelve. Yaps watch with Frenchy Demers.

All about Tsu-Shima this time. Mulligan and Java over wood bonfire. Hutch and Hildy drop in to talk it over.

Thursday, June 28.—Graduation. Two more rivers. Still chipping stacks.

Wednesday, July 25.—Morning watch at sea. "Fergy dog" relieves the deck. Radio fiends get dope on Best's baby. Congrats. Boston O. K. but Georgia for us. Calamity meeting. Max commences to count the days. Started getting packed. Long pull in dinghy. Round trip through driving cold rain. Funny

what some people will do for sport. Brought back much food and got up steam on our lap-wound long-shunt toaster. Never realized

before how we do love this ship from the skipper down.

☛ Saturday, July 28.—The day of doom. Introduction to the possessors of ragged ears. "Get out on the stairway, you cadets. Push off, boatman." Traffic cops and drawbridge tenders. No room, no hammocks, no nothing. Sea-bags coming. Turned in on deck. Militia gobbies stand around and watch us

eat as if we were animals at the Zoo. Thursday, August 2.—No joy yet! Mr. Gulliver takes a friendly interest in us. Looks like John Neal. Suppose John will act like





that some day. Custodian of the scuttle-butt key. Secondary station has become first-class heaven, isolated from this Midshipman's hellship. Spent afternoon in secondary defence howling through voice tube. Reserves report ship haunted. Back to academic



condition of loafers, after hard work on *Delaware*. Loafed, and talked, and read, and wrote home, and watched, and laughed, and got sore, and explored the ship, and got run over, and stepped on, and hooted at, and told to go to Hades, back to school, etc., etc., and finally had to take a few particularly hard guys in hand and show them where they got off at, which did very effectively and with satisfactory results. Thug gives demonstration of trimming down. Masterpiece. Poker gives way to Five-Hundred. Gus and Beauty find password to J. O. canned fruit and Anolas which become heavy stakes. Al and Jimmy song-and-dance act, "Beer sea, and whisky river." Terpsichorean impersonations by Beauty. Usual evening chant.

☐ Sunday, August 10.—First class makes another big liberty in both punts. Scullion as mighty hunter. Underway at 7. "Qualified sense" in evidence again. Rain. Mysterious departure of Mr. Gulliver's pillow. Lyle: "Too bad, Mr. Best, wish we could help him out." Nightly meeting of Ananias club after turning in on those cots good old Yancey Bill sent us.

☐ Monday, August 18.—Ensigns Kelly and Burgess, N. N. V's., sight coast of Liberia. Joy in wardroom. Jimmy ragged with pair of shoes on, both his own. Moke has usual luck. Back to old glory—J. O. D. at sea.

☐ "Yes, you were glorious J. O. D's all right. You must have had the deck when the Georgia mounted the Rhode Island's quarterdeck." ☪ ☪

☐ Small voice from the rear: "Has anybody heard whether the Georgia managed to stay afloat after you left her?"

☐ "Oh, you birds ain't got no more respect for persons than the mess-moke that got confidential with me one night on the dock."

☐ So yo' all wants to know when de last *Michigan* boat came alongside. Yo all can't be off 'n de *Michigan*, 'cause Ah knows ebery midshipman off 'n her by his first name. Yas, indeedy ☪ ☪

☐ Ah was designated by de Cap'n ter be haid Mess Boy ter 'em when dey fust come aboard. Well, jes' gimme one ob dem "Fats" an er match, if yo' please, sah, an Ah 'll tell yo' some s'prisin' information.

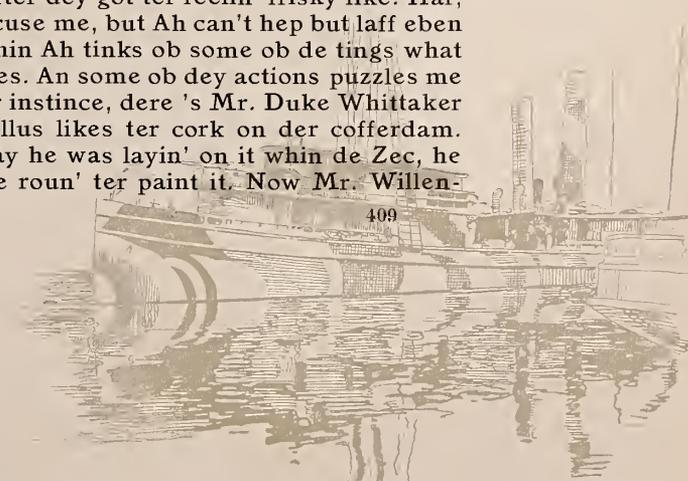


*Michigan*



☐ Whin dey fust hit de deck de Cap'n he give 'em er little speech an sent 'em below. Me an mah 'sistant helped 'em ter git fixed up an feelin' better by givin' 'em sumpin' ter eat, an lemme tell yo folks whin dey got dey stummicks full dey was ready for anythin'.

☐ Ah suttinly did have some times wid dem boys after dey got ter feelin' frisky like. Har, har, 'scuse me, but Ah can't hep but laff eben now whin Ah tinks ob some ob de tings what dey does. An some ob dey actions puzzles me too, fer instince, dere 's Mr. Duke Whittaker what allus likes ter cork on der cofferdam. One day he was layin' on it whin de Zec, he sint me roun' ter paint it. Now Mr. Willen-





bucker and Mr. Spaven like ter cork dere too, and whin Ah waked Duke (Ah allus called him Duke) up an said all fren'ly like, "Hey dar, Duke, bust out ob it, Spig and Willum is done up already." An now what



does yo' tink? Duke gits mad jus' like er ole billygoat, an den he don't speak ter me agin fer er week. An Ah was only doin' mah dooty, too.

¶ But when de *Michigan* moved up ter Philly de boys got so much liberty an drill till dey did n't sleep much mo' for a while. Dat is ter say, dey got dat liberty whin dey cud up de nes'sary Rocks an Relatives (an it was surprisin' too, de number ob relatives what dese boys hed in Philly.) Dar was Mr. Stein what hed so many kinfolks dere dat one ob dem invited him out to mos' ebery meal ob de day. He sho wus fond ob one ob his relatives too, an dey tell me dat he jes' happen ter meet her in de park one ebenin'.

¶ But dem boys did n't dine out all de time, dey had work ter do. Dare wus Mr. Winckler what repaired de ship, (or at leas' he tho't he did; fer he was 'sistant ter de Senyer Engineer Ossifer) an dare wus Mr. Warner what wus allus busy at cyards. Mr. Warner did some good work too, an he ought to be promoted in mah 'pinion, 'cause he trimmed Mr. Thompson so bad de fust time he 'veigled hin inter er game dat Tommy wus in debt de rest ob de cruise an scairt ter

play again fer fear he wud be in debt fer der rest ob his life.

¶ Gimme one ob dem "Fats," will yo' please, sah? Thank yo', sah, yes sah.

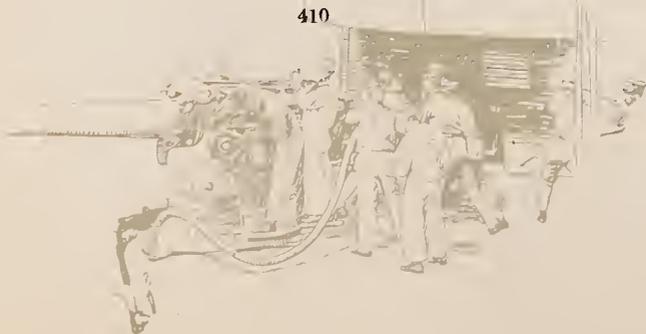
¶ Har, har, one ob de funnies' sights Ah eber seen was Mr. Whitehead in his Filipino kimono! He says it wus er bathrobe, but Ah knows better. Dat t'ing hed flowers, fans, dragons an ebery'ting on it jes' like er kimono. Mr. Williams he wus allus goin' roun' singin': "God bless de wimmin, Ah love 'em all," an Ah feared dat kimono was givin' him too much inspiration.

¶ But de prize young gen'leman on de cruise was Mr. Sullivan. Dat 's de funnies' white man Ah eber saw. Ah use ter laff at him till Ah thot Ah 'd kick de bucket, an de bes' joke wus de letter dot de Cap'n wrote his son tellin' him dat Tomb wus er young man what he wud be proud ter have him emolate ☉ ☉

¶ An' den, Ah 'membahs de time in Philly dat Mr. and Mrs. Holmes give de First



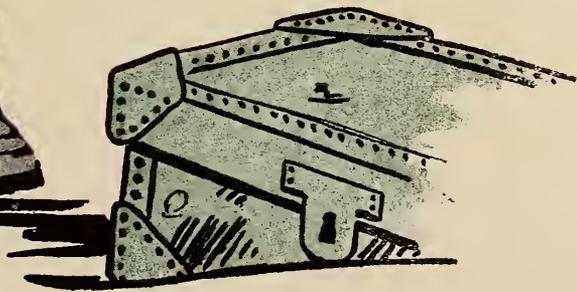
Class an' Mr. Keester de splendid party. Day say de two big hits ob de night wus whin the chile ob de Holmes fambly come up ter Mr. Keester an say: "It 's time ter go home, Mr. Sniffsniff," an whin Mr. Warner, on de way

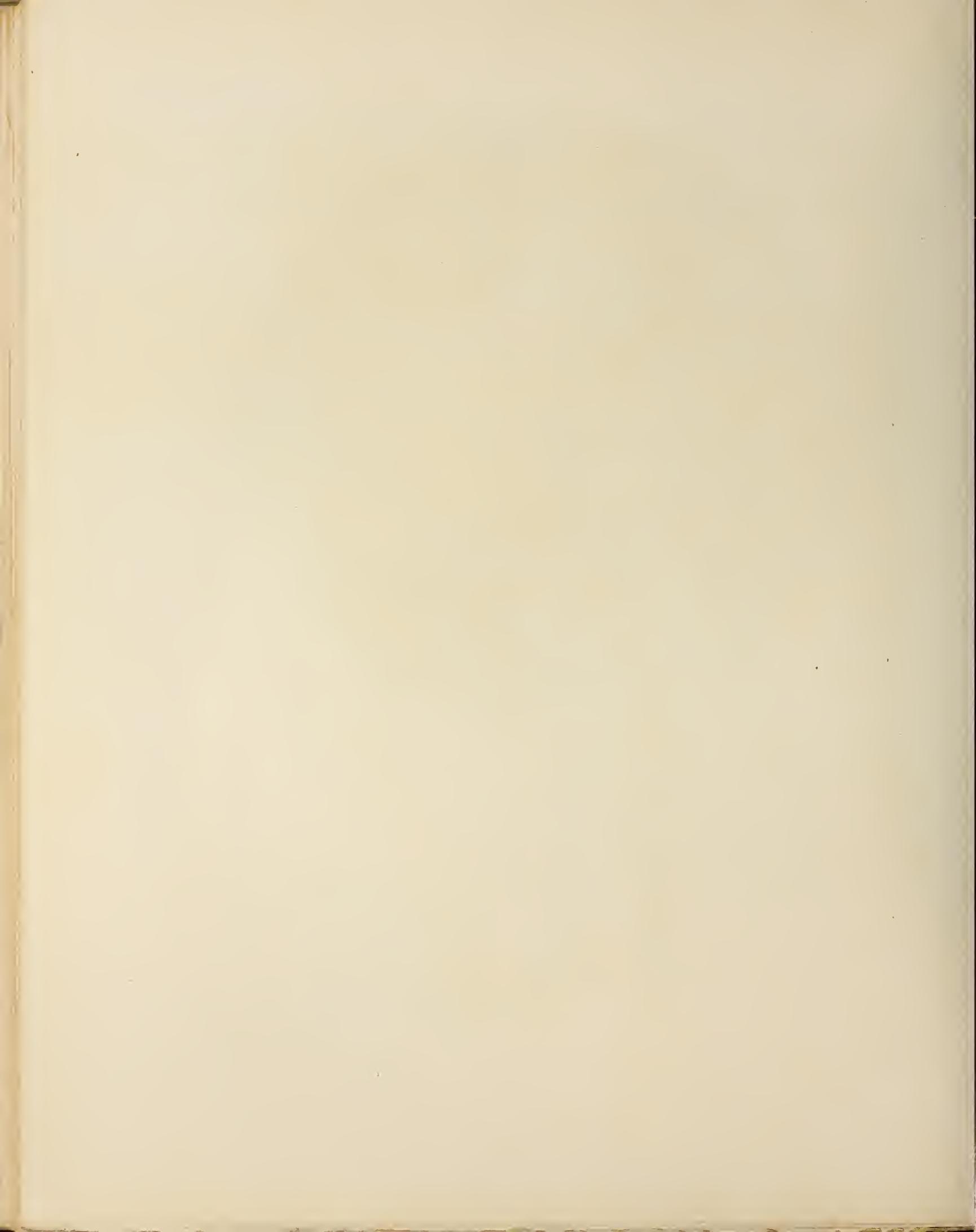




M. D.  
JAMES

# Deep Sixteen







ter de ship in mah fren' Duke's Stanley, passed Sniffsniff in anotheah cab an give him de salute an say, "By yo' leave, Sir." Dat wus all right den, but whin dey git back on board dey sho did fin' out an' step lively.

☐ Yes, sah; 'pears to me dat dem boys is havin' a highly successful cruise. Ah sho' am havin' myself a

wan place. I guess hees theenk thees Buckrow Beach ees wan good place thees esomer. But hees not be soch a coo weet de women lik' thees tall boy w'at have de good look. Aha! Welch—dat ees hees name. Hees foss wan gel so mooch dey tell heem, "Pues bien, Don Juan Felipe, how are tings een Moddy Bomps?"



time, up to las' week, which Ah spent in de brig. When Ah come back de boys sho' wus stahved

☐ Yo' all have n't got another "Fat," have yo', sah?"

☐ "Say, if you've got any of those Fats left, you might slip me one now, and I'll tickle your ears with a little tale. I was on leave, disguised as J. Gotrox himself. Took care of a Latin lieutenant off the Arkansas. He beat me to it by about sixteen cocktails, so his memory and tongue were in beautiful order."

☐ Mebbe you t'ink eet ees de fine stoff for to have de same quarters weet t'irty, forty meedsheepmen for t'ree

mooch, but eet ees for me to say, no. I am at wan time weet dees crowd on day w'at you call battle-waggone, de Arkansas. For me, I do not min' dem onderclassmen w'at are wete me. Dey are all time quiet, dey go op een de topp for to catch de smook, an' dey seem to me lik' all good follers, weedout dat guy Hotcheenson. Hees be ver' mooch like wan rratey firrs' classman.

☐ Now you can beebe see dat foller Vawse, de wan dey call

Peenkie 'cause he 's have de rred hair. Ever' wik hees leav' de sheep an' hees go only to

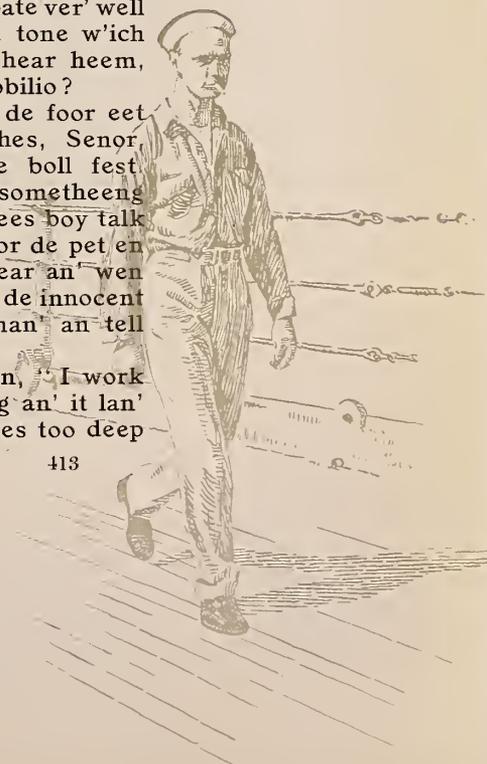


Ever' tem he 's get wan letter. I theenk hees ween dat gel eef he have wan seek shirt an' also carry wan cigarette case of silver like thees Lamb. Meebe though he 's not do so good eef hees do de bad theeng w'at I know of heem. Eet ees wan ebenin' wen hees go ashore to fuss. Hees hear of wan place where there ees de wan beeg bottle of de aquardiente—ah, thees geen, w'at ees de good dreenk. I guess eef he get caught that night w'en he try to climb een de weendow of dat house hees be wan gone man now. I am ver' mooch elate wan night w'en I hear een de room of thees man Wilson who syncopate ver' well wan mandoleen a tone w'ich ees of my coundree, You have hear heem, thees wan about de Spanish Nobilio?

☐ W'en dat crowd see me een de foor eet ees wan shout, "Buenas noches, Senor, come een to seet down to de boll fest, Woodman, he ees to tell us sometheeng fonny." W'en I am seet down thees boy talk of wan moonkey w'at he have for de pet en Maneela. Eet ees hot stoff to hear an' wen hees finish Wynkoop, who ees of de innocent nineteen years, hol's op hees han' an' tell heem, "You ween."

☐ "Dey all ween," say Wil'man, "I work out my time sight thees morning an' it lan' me in Omaha. Thees Nav. eet ees too deep

## Arkansas





for me. Dat dey do not have een de Marine Corps w'ich I go een."

¶ Eet ees then thees boy Red come een weet de eye all flash an' he 's have ver' mooch anger. W'en I tell heem, "W'at ees de bad happening?" he bost out weet de mad talk.

¶ "Thees man hees get my goat. Yesterday, Lenow come to me weet de glad smile an say, 'W'at for are you all time peev' weet me, Waller? You have de wan beeg grease lik' any one else.' Now w'en I ask heem de permiss' to go ashore to buy de chow hees jomp op an' tell me eet ees not to be. W'en I tell heem de firs' class need de eggs, he only say 'Meebe so, but no!' I am mad for all time."

¶ Hees feel all nervous and brosh agains' thees Waldron w'en he lean over to light de cigarette on de lighter w'ich dese boys have invent. De Wampus wake op from hees sleep an' roll over een de bonk to tell thees crowd, "Veeder got night watch, I wan' torn een." ¶ Eet ees at thees they all laff an' say to heem, "Aw, you crawl een your tent," but I do not see why dey laff. Eet ees another wan of dose jokes which I do not onderstan' ¶ Many tam I am weet dem w'en dey laff at sometheng which I do not see. There ees wan night w'en de weend blow strong on de nets. Wilcock, who have been weet me on patrol, come back to de Ark' an' tell to thees bonch of meedsheepman, "Ah, I am wik, I am depress'. Las' night de boat roll so mooch I am force to shoot de loonch." At thees dey all laff an' theenk eet wan ver' fonny theeng to be seeck lik' dat.

414

¶ Eet ees strange to me—I cannot onderstan' soch a midsheepmans. Eet ees for me to return home soon, I guess."

¶ "Well, did you get him home, Stan?"

¶ "Get him home? That sounds like you doubt my capacity."

¶ "Doubt your capacity, my ear! We got wise to you the last night of leave. That's why we asked."

¶ "Well, you see, I was a little off form—"

¶ "Formless absolutely, I should say. When I helped pour you into your bunk you were talking about crocodiles and a pterodactyl named Fido."

¶ "I did have a dream that night—"

¶ "Dream!" exclaimed Cappa, "Say, let me tell you all that I'm the dreamin'est bird you ever did see. This was n't any dream, though. I'll swear it

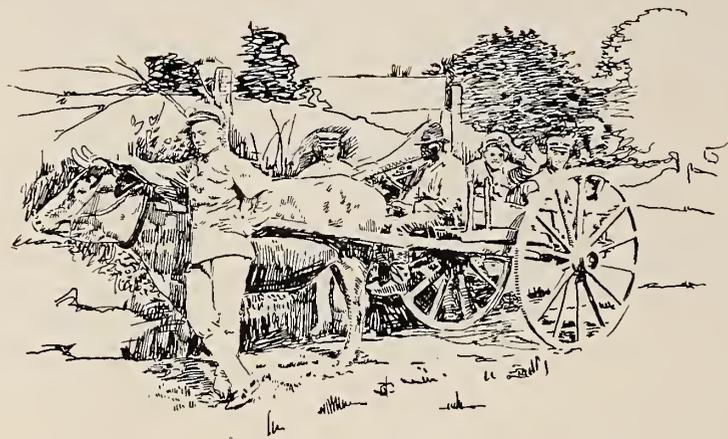
was true."

¶ You guys won't believe this, but it happened while I was over at the rest station with a case of mumps—more than two dozen in the case, too!—and it's as honest-to-gawd as those mumps were. One night I heard the funniest swishy, squirtin' noise, so I stuck my gonk out of the kivers and there was the critter perched

on the front of my bed. He was holding on to the rail with a thousand legs or so, and was sticking a chunk of Navy Twist into his hind-pocket with forty others, while he spit tobacco juice on the molecules of nitrogen that floated by; all over hair and fuzz and pretty as a piece of moldy cheese!







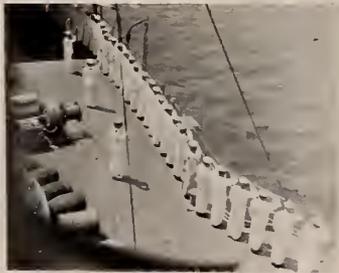


“Shivver me timbers, mate”—as he dodged an atom of disinfectant—“I’m shovin’ off.”

“Who in blazes are you anyway?” I asked and tried to think what I’d had for dinner, before I remembered I had n’t had anything to eat but diluted fish-bone broth for two weeks



“Them ’s hard lines, old pal, not to have you recognize me. I’m the little bug wot gave you them mumps o’ yourn. I been livin’ with you ever since the last o’ last summer, and it’s sure buckin’ a gale to have to shove off from a good home like you in the middle o’ winter.”



whether I was a mump or a measle, and that’s where I met up with your crew of

midshipmen. I was so full o’ tar and tangled up with rope yarn that I hopped the first one o’ you that came aboard the *Nebraska*, but I busted there. Me and Miles did n’t get along somehow—Miles is c’rect—he was just about the speed of the *Standish*. We did lots of resting, but when he began to get efficient with the gobbies, I left for a sweeter climate



“So I jumped Flinx one day in the Roads just as he was going over the side on liberty and crawled down under his collar and waited. I dunno what happened, because every time

*Nebraska*



I looked out, it seemed safer where I was. Bimeby, somebody said, ‘Yesh, lesh shwim,’ and we all went into the pool-room. In those little compartments where they put on their swimming gear, the collar I was on got loose and rolled along the deck, and somehow when I got over being dizzy, I’d lost friend Kenneth’s whereabouts. But I found a woman’s in this other little room and got aboard. Blast me timbers, but I was glad to



get off—got altogether too educated!



“ It happened this way, mate. She was dancing with Dave later on, and I was skipping around in the powdery snow on her cheek, and all-of-a-sudden-like I was on Dave's chin! and I'm not much of a ski-jumper, either. Well, I thought I'd like him first-rate, but then he went and tried to hold a revolving door open for her, an' I 'lowed to myself as how I would n't even give him mumps.

“ Those shore parties were shore parties, but I lost my taste for 'em when I eloped to Gadgett, and he showed their effect: ' Bosun's mate, bosun's mate, pipe the chorus girls!'



“ Along then in the middle of the summer I was having a rattling good comfortable time with Cochran and his special delivery pillow when he went and took an unexpected bath Tuesday night and I got lost in the flood because I did n't have time to get safe. Those were hard days sitting on the soap waiting for Saturday for some one to come and use it. It was Ivory soap, so they could use it on their heads, but the worst was the noise Dean D. made with his crash towels.

418

“ I had a bit of rest-cure exploring deKay after that, but he was so fond of sitting on his back in our captain's cabin quarters that I got scared I'd get ragged for giving him something and got off on his shirt the next time it came Fitz's turn to wear it.



“ My complexion does n't go so well with red, so I had to pass up Dorsey, and you were my last chance, Cappa. Me an' you 's had a pretty fair time, but if I ever get out of this and settled on some quiet soul, no more Navy for this li'l Mike!

“ Just then a speck of dust came along, and he dropped on it and sailed off waving a few hundred hands and feet at me, shedding tears of tar. “ Good-luck, mate. It's a hard world, but a pal's a pal wherever he is. So long, Old Top!”

“ Like a brother, Cappa, I'm telling you, you'd better sign the pledge.”

“ Ah, I'm through signing things. I signed the hop liberty list last week and then decided not to go. Turned in instead, and at Reveille I got hove on the pap for seven hours late returning from Liberty!”

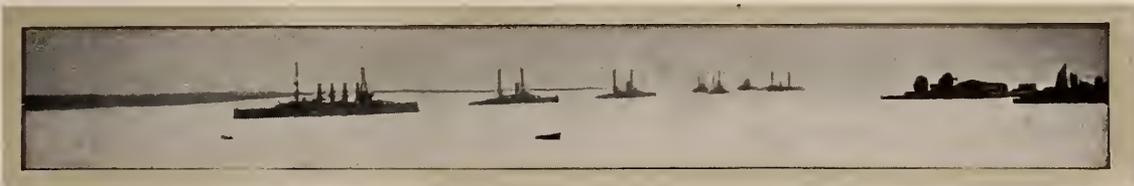
“ Say, talking about busts, did you hear about the time Gordon Mason took out the South Carolina's picket boat?”

“ Oh, chestnuts, spring something new!”

“ Knock off, for Pete's sake!”

“ Well, as you insist, I'll tell you. They'd been out for about five hours when Gordon





thought he'd take a cork. On the next patrol was a *Michigan* boat. Sighted spar buoy. Well, of course the Reserve Officer in charge staged a young Battle of Santiago with his one-pounder. The C. P. O. cut loose with a pyrotechnic display—regular Exposition stuff—and returned to the ship. Gordon woke up as they came alongside, and



climbed up the gangway to report to the O. O. D. Every one was at the torpedo defence stations, the searchlights were glaring and spluttering, and the blinkers of all the ships in the Fleet were flickering like a meeting of suffragette lightning-bugs. Mason looked sleepily around. 'Say, what's all the fuss about, anyway?'

“Aw, I can beat that! Pepe Maser was Junior Officer of the Deck when the engine room asked permission to shoot ashes. 'Go ahead,' said Joe. They did. It took two days to get the ashes out of the steamer that was lying alongside.”



aboard we took charge of them; showed them how to lash their hammocks, gave them fatherly advice, and blew their noses for 'em, tucked 'em in and kissed 'em good-night.”

“Well, what if we did make some busts? Responsibility, that's what we had on the *South C.* Every time a draft of boots came

“One time the Exec was all in a glow to hit the beach. Bounced on deck, hollered for a boat, and went below again. There was only one boat lying out and the Officer of the Deck called it alongside. While the O. O. D. was down in the double bottoms looking for a messenger to send across the deck, Sunshine got on the job, leaned over the life lines, and sang out, "Shove off! Make your regular trip and return." They did. Five minutes later the Exec came up.”



*South Carolina*

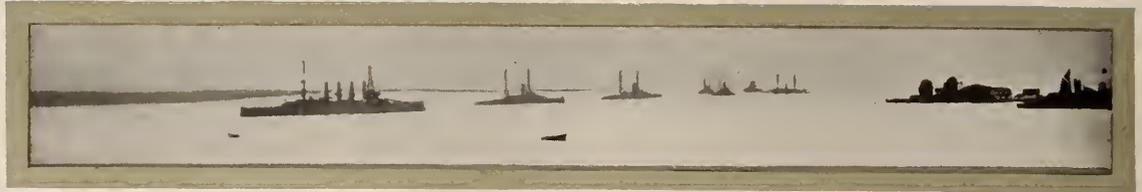
“Yes, and Mays did his bit, too. He was in command of a picket boat, when one of the men fell overboard. About fifteen minutes later they noticed his absence. After frantic but fruitless search, they reported to the



*Panther.* “Sir, I think we lost a man overboard.” “You think you did! I know darn well you did. He came aboard here two hours ago.”

“Still, you can bet that nobody got by the nets when he was there. A fishing-boat tried to get through without stopping to show her pass. Mays hailed her twice and she did n't stop. He did n't fool around with such new-fangled gadgets as guns or pistols. He went after them like the ancient Romans. Gave full speed ahead and rammed her so hard she thought she'd hit the *Pennsy.*”

“We used to take charge of the engine



room, too; ran the whole darn thing."

☞ "Yes, I heard about that. Some C. P. O. scrawled out something in the log about the loofas in the feedtank. Next day Mr. James read in Rend's, Pitre's and Noble's notebooks that in some inexplicable manner the feedtanks were full of gophers ☞ ☞



☞ Chorus: "It may be so, but I don't know—"

☞ "Well, ask Rabbi Redman if it is n't so."

☞ "If you people had n't spent your entire time corking—"

☞ "Just the same, as Riffle said, if you can't eat you've got to sleep, and the Lord knows that a menu consisting of a variation of Mark I eggs, pink hash, and collision mats, is apt to pall after three months."

☞ "You got enough exercise, did n't you? Scrubbing decks and spuds drill ought to



give you an appetite. And anyway you can't tell me that corpulent cupid Rhoton did n't eat. The fact that his khaki blouse did n't bust is due only to the grace of the Lord. It was at least four sizes too small."

☞ "Oh, we only scrubbed decks for two weeks, when there were n't enough gobbies, and as for spuds drill—did I tell you the time McGauley gave the men knee stoops for ten minutes? The next day they were so stiff that the only way they could go down a ladder was to sit and slide."

☞ "Aw, g'wan!"

☞ "I don't give a hoot. The *South C.* is the best ship in the Fleet, best officers, best men, best everything."

☞ *The sudden shifting of chairs as the circle made room for another vague form drowned out Pat's crushing retort.*

☞ "Ah there, Beany, how go the Masqueraders?" ☞ ☞

☞ "Oh, so-so," replied Beany, as he carelessly flicked the ash from his cigarette in his studied manner.

☞ "Is it as good a show as the act you staged



for the smoker, the other night?" ☞ ☞

☞ "You know it, Kid. But they missed their chance when they did n't take my suggestion. I had a seagoing skit which would have made 'Pinafore' look like that mistake the Colonial put on last Thanksgiving. Why, that whole Fleet Cruise was full of dramatic possibilities." His face lit up with a professional smile. "Take the Nevada alone. Start out with business of manning rail until that decrepit offspring of a Guantanamo garbage-scow, the Dreamland, lists to the extent of burning one paddle wheel up to the shaft while the other does an electric fan act."



☞ Then the first Scene.

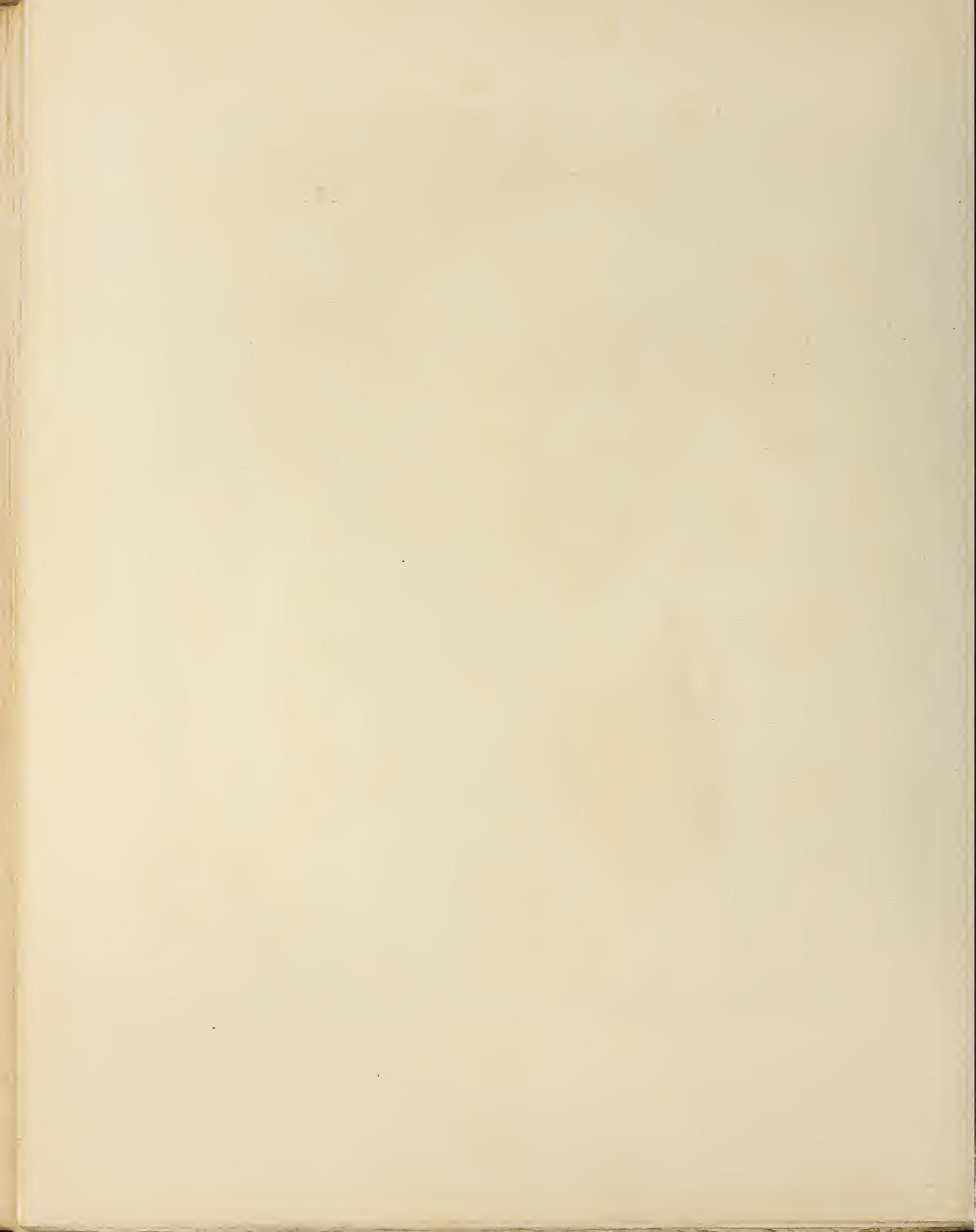
#### NEVADA

Dingbat—Did you get the dope? Us poor unfortunate Nevada boys are going to swab



Lay aft  
the  
Midshipmen's  
Liberty Party

M.D.  
JAMES





down the *Dreamland's* scummy deck by corking on it to-night!  
 Chal—Fruit for my side. I've got a grease with the skipper. It ought to be good clothes-bag spreading in the pilot-house.

SCENE II

(Setting—Aboard the *Nevada*. All the boys in the "boudoir" making one bunk do the work of ten.)

Shorty—Gee, I wish they'd let us smoke.

King—So do I.

Tommy—Aw, get away with that stuff—the nearest either of you came to smoking was some time when you made a lamp-post of the main steam line.

Bug—Well, all fooling aside, do you realize that Pa gave us three sights to work out before taps to-night? I'm shoving off.

Brown (to Bug as he exits)—Give me the dope when you get through.

Beany—Well, Ding, this is n't much like traveling for Fore River, is it?

Ding (dryly after discourse of great length)—Powell, go up to the cigar mess and get four bottles of the best.

Powell (the Steward)—Yas, suh!



Ding—Well, let's have action. What are you sticking around for?

Powell—They won't give me no mo credit up there, suh!

Ding—All right, let's shake around. I don't think any one else wants any, but let's shake anyhow.

SCENE III

(Time—To fuss again. Characters—As before. Scene—In the mess-room. Ocean

View melody on Victrola. Much swish of iced tea.)

One of the Fair—Well, I must say that this is the nicest party I ever went to. May I have another of those delicious hot-dog sandwiches? *so so*

Beany—Certainly (turns to serving table, and immediately acquires Mother Hubbard air—aside to Powell) Hey, Powell, break out something to eat quick.

G. W.—Let's dance some.

Chorus—Yes, let's!

*Nevada*



Tommy—Put on the loud needle, and get one of those records that's got action in it.

Shorty (at Victrola)—All right, there's "Pray for the Lights to go Out."

(Cranks Victrola, and Carvel Hop in the miniature gets underway. Three minutes of (He) "Is n't this the life?" (She) "M—m—huh!" Enter Commander's orderly.) Orderly—Pardon me, sir, but the commander says to shut off that blasted phonograph!

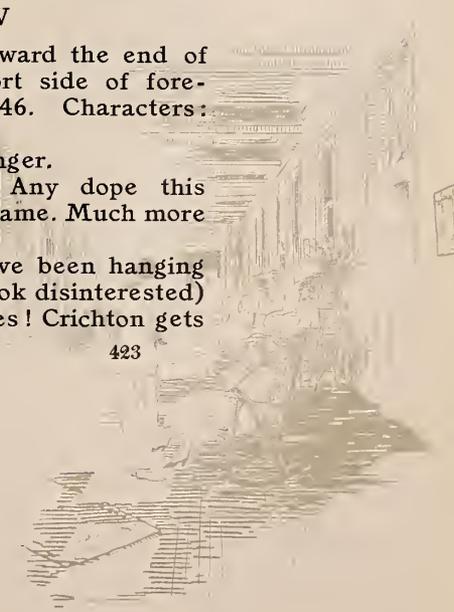
SCENE IV

(Some Sunday morning toward the end of the cruise. Scene: Port side of fore-castle abaft frame 46. Characters: No change.)

Pa—Good morning, Challenger.

Chal—Good-morning, sir. Any dope this morning, sir? (More of the same. Much more of it.)

Chal (Rejoins gang who have been hanging on the outskirts trying to look disinterested)—Got all the dope on stripes! Crichton gets





three. (Chorus—Oi, Obie.) Dierdorff two. Dyer would have had three if he had n't gone ashore while on watch. Shorty—How many did Ding get? Chal—One, and you got one too. In fact, Barlow and Dyer are the only buzzards in the bunch. We're sort of present, eh what? (All hands assemble for a meeting of the Admiration Society. Dreams, idle dreams.)



#### LAST SCENE.

(Time: The day before. Place: the whole J. O. Quarters.)

G. W.—How 's to return those shirts you borrowed two weeks ago, Ding?

Ding—Now I ask *you!* What do I want with your shirts when I've got six of my own? Wait a minute, that's right—I did get some from you, did n't I? Here you are, thanks!

Dyer—How are we going to get this box off, Beany?

Beany—Parcels post (Attempts to lift one end of the box with no further results than a slight extension of both arms)—I meant express. Do you think we can get a working party of mokes to take it ashore for us?

(Enter Bos'n's Mate)—Officer of the Deck says for all you midshipmen to lay aft with your gear.

Chorus—At last!

(Bugle heard calling away first motor sailor.)

And finish up with Quick Curtain.

☞ After such a display of dramatic talent, the submerged followers of *Queen Fat and King Bull* came up for air. Soft swish-swishes from the Lucky Bag office heralded the approach of Jimmie.

☞ "Well," he grunted out by way of welcome, "from what I can gather, you birds seem to think that your little old ships were about the grimmest, grimiest, fire-spittin' pieces of tinder on the water. But, let me tell you, on the Wyoming—"

☞ Concerted cries of, "Aw, pipe down! What the —! Where do you get that stuff?"

☞ "As I was saying, on the Wyoming—"

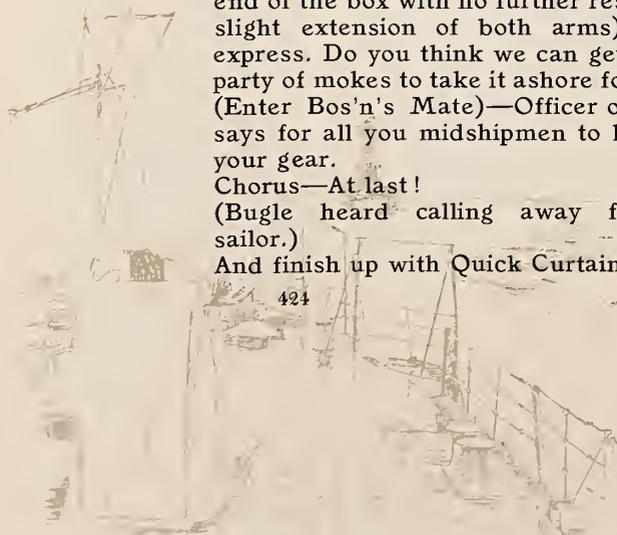
☞ "Oh, yeah!" drawled Buck, "Let me see, though, you were on the *Kansas* too, were n't you, Jimmie?"

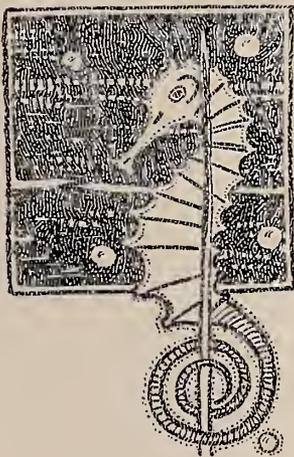
☞ Great glee followed this sally, for it was well known how the Wyoming midshipmen suffered great loss of pride when they were delegated to the old line.

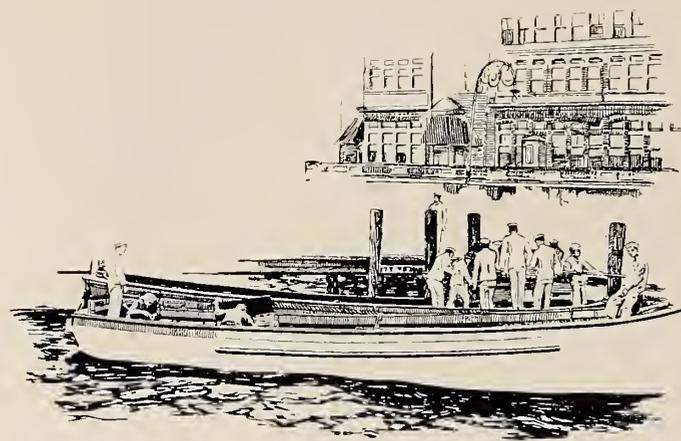
☞ Aw, well—yes. You know we had some



quarters on the *Wyoming* though; all this bridal suite stuff, and a couple of Ethiopian valets who used to herald the morn with a song with a moral about, "When you marry









—a girl for—looks!” Spuds borrowed Thurber’s typewriter the second day out and laid down a beautiful system for keeping



these rooms in order, but finally wore the machine down until it would not write anything but spaces, making author’s corrections in his order-book as we relinquished suite after suite to new arrivals until we had ten men in two staterooms, and thirty down with the blowers.

Perhaps you birds remember the renown we achieved when we put on that show at the Officers’ Club for the Navy Mutual Comforts. It was a good show, too, so good that the *Wyoming* minstrel show, which was to be given some days later to feature our performance, never happened. Well, we got more renown the same night when Wisie and some more of the cast went on a joyride



(their first and last) to an adjoining suburb, smashed into a buckboard, depositing the owner on his stern in the middle of a potato-patch, and were the recipients of three return party-calls by the county sheriff, by gosh, during the next week. While he sat on the dock waiting for us to go ashore, we stayed in our state-

rooms and boned Navy Regs to find out what would happen to us if we did.

Shortly after this distressing incident, the good ship became infested with cats. Some sailor’s pet presented us with a dozen or so more pets, so that every time we went up on deck to be J. O. D. there were kittens crawling up our trousers-legs, what do? A meeting was held; Niño and Pat deserted their bunks; Wisie knocked off writing letters; Crosley brought sweet Chicken along; Thurb belayed the “Brains is King”; Steve and Andy broke away from the mimeograph grape-juice. Then Grizzly’s absence decided us. He had been so efficient in



*Wyoming*



plugging up the cursed autopiano that before had been played from night till morn by the musical Youngsters, and so well deserved the title of Ganymede, the Thousand-Legged Worm, for his restless activity, that we gave him the position of Cat-Catcher. Ganymede appreciated the honor gratefully, and in the last moonlight watch of our stay on the *Wyoming*, the last four kittens were





... tied to a fire-room grating, and buried at sea with honors.

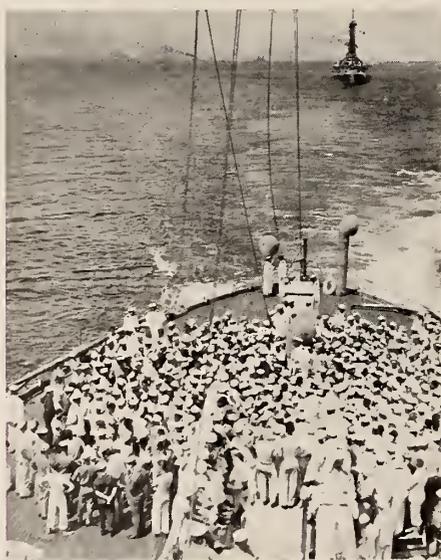


*Kansas*

¶ Not many days later, our little Eden was shattered and we were forced to watch from portholes on the good ship *Kansas* as the *Wyoming* steamed past for the port where the gay White Lights sparkle. Gosh, man, that was awful! One day a week for liberty, and three hours from the dock at that, and a J. O. D. watch where we were not admiral *ex officio*, on a weird

fan over that eight-man transom we would have quietly croaked.

¶ We did manage to survive, though, and oh, yes—I forgot to mention that the *Wyoming* first classmen were, supposedly,

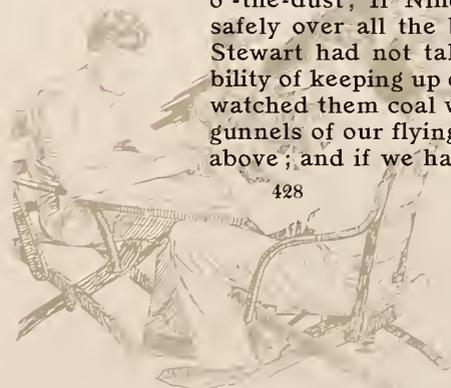


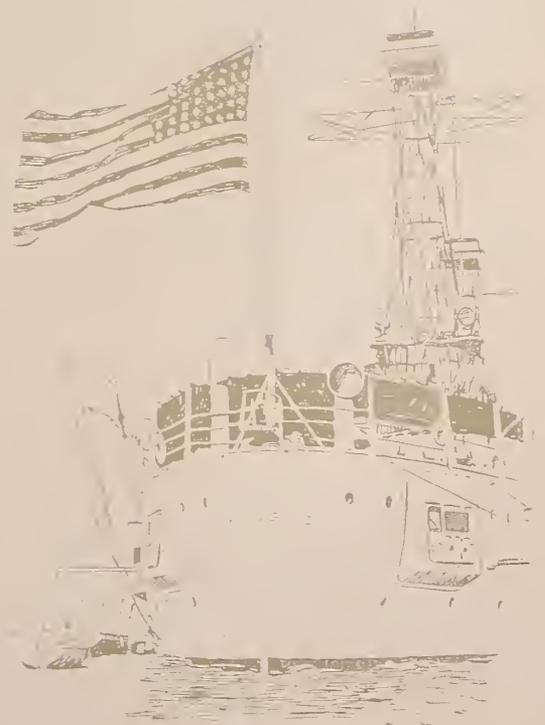
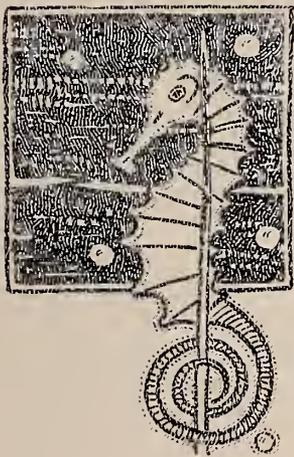
sort of ship whose plugs vanished from the lifeboats as soon as they were put in, and strange rumors were afloat.

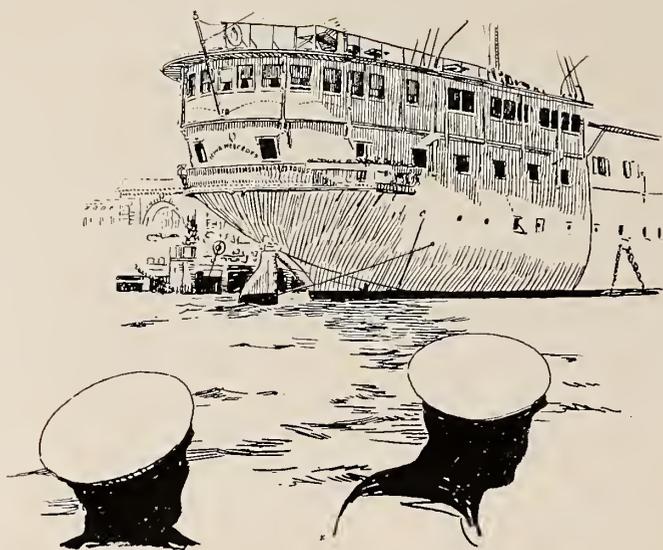
¶ If Pat Moran had not kept us from starving to death by his grease with the jack-o'-the-dust; If Niño had not navigated us safely over all the bumps of the bottom; if Stewart had not taken the whole responsibility of keeping up our grease; if we had not watched them coal while we peered over the gunnels of our flying-boat one thousand feet above; and if we had not had that bar-room

the *Lucky Bag* genii, gathered for the cruise to work on this literary monument. I believe I did hear Steve tell Thurb on the *Seattle* that he would meet him at Chicago during Sep leave, and talk it over on the way back.

¶ That last day on the *Seattle* and the *San Diego* we saw the salty, sea-going crews that we had expected to find on all the ships when we first went out. They were just back from the barred-zone, and everything about their easy efficiency filled our consciousness with the realness of the war. But while we spent the damp nights in the eyes of the ship, watching the phosphorescence boiling and surging against our bows like white-hot steel, our thoughts were more of leave than of war.









¶ No words were spoken as Jimmie ended his tale. Memories were gliding through the minds of the little group; memories that pulled and tugged at the hearts and desires, memories that were full of unhappy unrest. Out of courtesy, Buck roused up long enough to say: "That was some cruise we had, Jimmie," but there was no further remark—none was needed. Over in the darkest corner, Long John shifted his legs and removed his glowing bowl from between his teeth as if to go; but, on the next impulse replaced it. "Some cruise!" he murmured.

¶ Outside the sky had cleared, the stars twinkled down on Old Bancroft, and the night breeze sighed as it turned over, to sleep the



¶ Snatches of heavy-weight argument rumbled from the green-lit, glass doors of the Lucky Bag office.

From the unhal-  
lowed portals of  
that den came  
the appeal, so  
"Let's go up,  
Steve!" and a  
moment later  
the shaded elec-  
trics went out  
and the sleepy  
crew departed, mumbling in low tones on  
their way through Smoke Hall.

¶ The quartette in the corner shifted their positions so so



The End



remainder of the night through. The dance had ended and the faint, distant laughter and chatter of the passing show drifted on the fragrant air through the windows. A few of the tale-bearers took advantage of the lull in the talk to slip easily out of Smoke Hall so

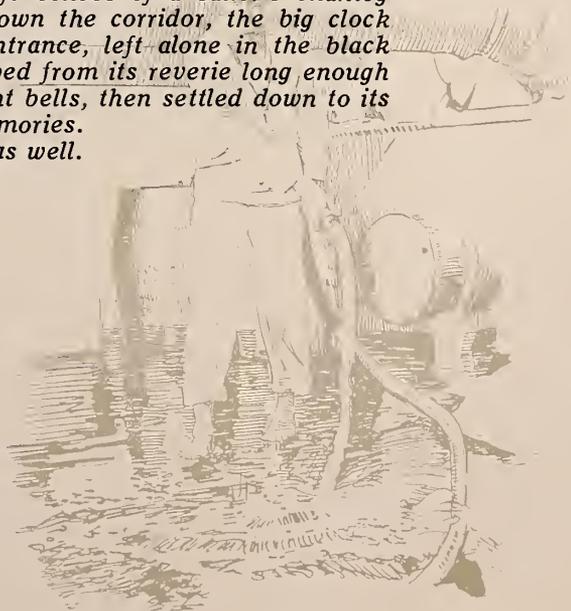


Only four of the circle remained, smoking on, thinking of the Fleet and wishing they were there.

¶ "Well, I guess we might's well go up, too!" said Buck. With a yawn and a stretch they arose, and slip-slipped toward the door.

¶ As the soft echoes of a sailor's chantey died away down the corridor, the big clock above the entrance, left alone in the black silence, jumped from its reverie long enough to round eight bells, then settled down to its sleepless memories.

¶ And all was well.







# THE LUCKY BAG STAFF

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THE LUCKY BAG wishes to take this opportunity of acknowledging its indebtedness and expressing its deep thanks

¶ To Lieut. Henry Reuterdaahl, U. S. N. R. F. for his three incomparable pictures;

¶ To Mr. Anton Otto Fischer for his sympathetic and understanding portrait of one "who speaks the language";

¶ To Mr. C. W. Svensson for his eight spirited pictures of the United States Navy;

¶ To the White Studio for its excellent cooperation through the perseverance and skill of its photographer, Mr. R. Bennett, and the personal interest of Mr. Dexter White;

¶ To Mr. James E. Abbe for his artistic photographs;

¶ To Rear-Admiral Edward W. Eberle, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, who has never failed to grant our requests;

¶ To Captain L. M. Nulton, Commandant of Midshipmen, whose constructive criticism and friendly aid have been invaluable;

¶ To Ensign Chas. A. Winters, U. S. N. R. F. for the delicate beauty of the sketch he so kindly contributed;

¶ To Mr. J. Lynn McAboy for excellent photographs;

¶ To Midshipmen MacElvain and Allen of 1920, and to Midshipmen Murphy, Bayless and Berry of 1921, who have stuck by us under trying conditions and who have made many things not only less difficult but even better;

¶ To the Roycrofters, for the sincerity with which they have wrought this book, particularly Mr. Hubbard, whose interest and hospitality have been truly appreciated; Cy Rosen, whose old-fashioned manner and open heart and mind have made it a pleasure to work with him; Mr. M. D. James, the versatility and charm of whose artistic work is evidenced on almost every page; Mr. Axel Edw. Sahlin, whose typographical arrangements have done much to enliven these pages; Mr. John Hall, pressman extraordinary; Mr. C. W. Youngers, whose consistent efforts have led to a binding supreme; and to Mr. Montgomery, whose engraving art has found full expression in this book.

¶ And The Editor rises to remark that the whole Staff has worked like hell and that it has been a real and lasting pleasure to have been associated with them.

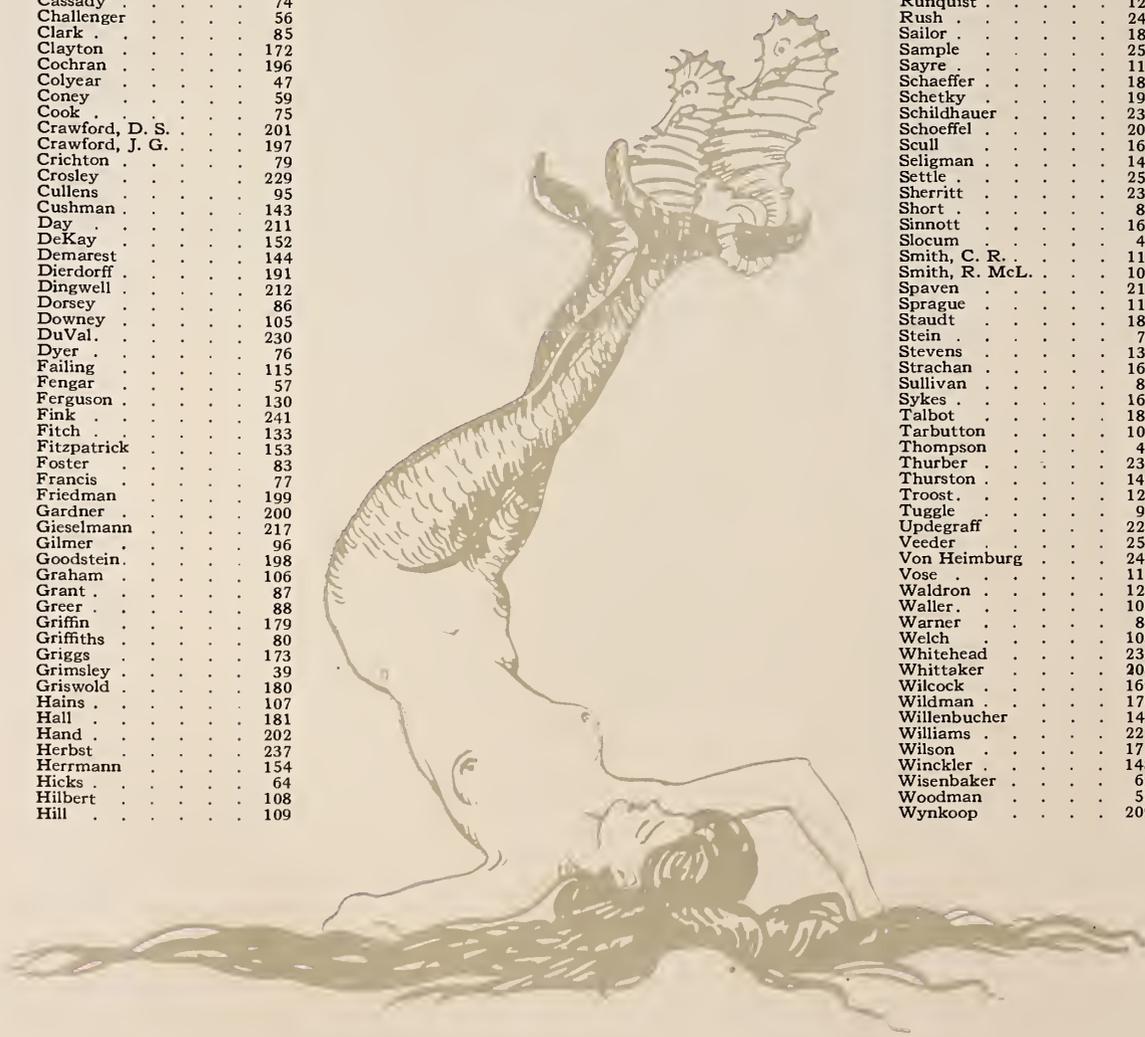
# WHERE ARE YOU FROM, MISTER?

	PAGE
Adams . . . . .	104
Aler . . . . .	235
Alexander . . . . .	213
Allen, C. . . . .	150
Allen, J. R. . . . .	78
Anderson . . . . .	128
Andrews . . . . .	151
Ansel . . . . .	63
Atkins . . . . .	256
Baggett . . . . .	125
Barlow . . . . .	113
Barrett . . . . .	225
Beltz . . . . .	195
Boller . . . . .	190
Bowman . . . . .	140
Brashears . . . . .	129
Briscoe . . . . .	126
Brooks . . . . .	97
Brown . . . . .	226
Bryant . . . . .	216
Buchalter . . . . .	73
Burleigh . . . . .	98
Callaghan . . . . .	50
Camp . . . . .	127
Carmine . . . . .	114
Carter . . . . .	51
Cassady . . . . .	74
Challenger . . . . .	56
Clark . . . . .	85
Clayton . . . . .	172
Cochran . . . . .	196
Cochran . . . . .	196
Coney . . . . .	47
Coney . . . . .	59
Cook . . . . .	75
Crawford, D. S. . . . .	201
Crawford, J. G. . . . .	197
Crichton . . . . .	79
Crosley . . . . .	229
Cullens . . . . .	95
Cushman . . . . .	143
Day . . . . .	211
DeKay . . . . .	152
Demarest . . . . .	144
Dierdorff . . . . .	191
Dingwell . . . . .	212
Dorsey . . . . .	86
Downey . . . . .	105
DuVal . . . . .	230
Dyer . . . . .	76
Failing . . . . .	115
Fengar . . . . .	57
Ferguson . . . . .	130
Fink . . . . .	241
Fitch . . . . .	133
Fitzpatrick . . . . .	153
Foster . . . . .	83
Francis . . . . .	77
Friedman . . . . .	199
Gardner . . . . .	200
Gieselmann . . . . .	217
Gilmer . . . . .	96
Goodstein . . . . .	198
Graham . . . . .	106
Grant . . . . .	87
Greer . . . . .	88
Griffin . . . . .	179
Griffiths . . . . .	80
Griggs . . . . .	173
Grimsley . . . . .	39
Griswold . . . . .	180
Hains . . . . .	107
Hall . . . . .	181
Hand . . . . .	202
Herbst . . . . .	237
Herrmann . . . . .	154
Hicks . . . . .	64
Hilbert . . . . .	108
Hill . . . . .	109

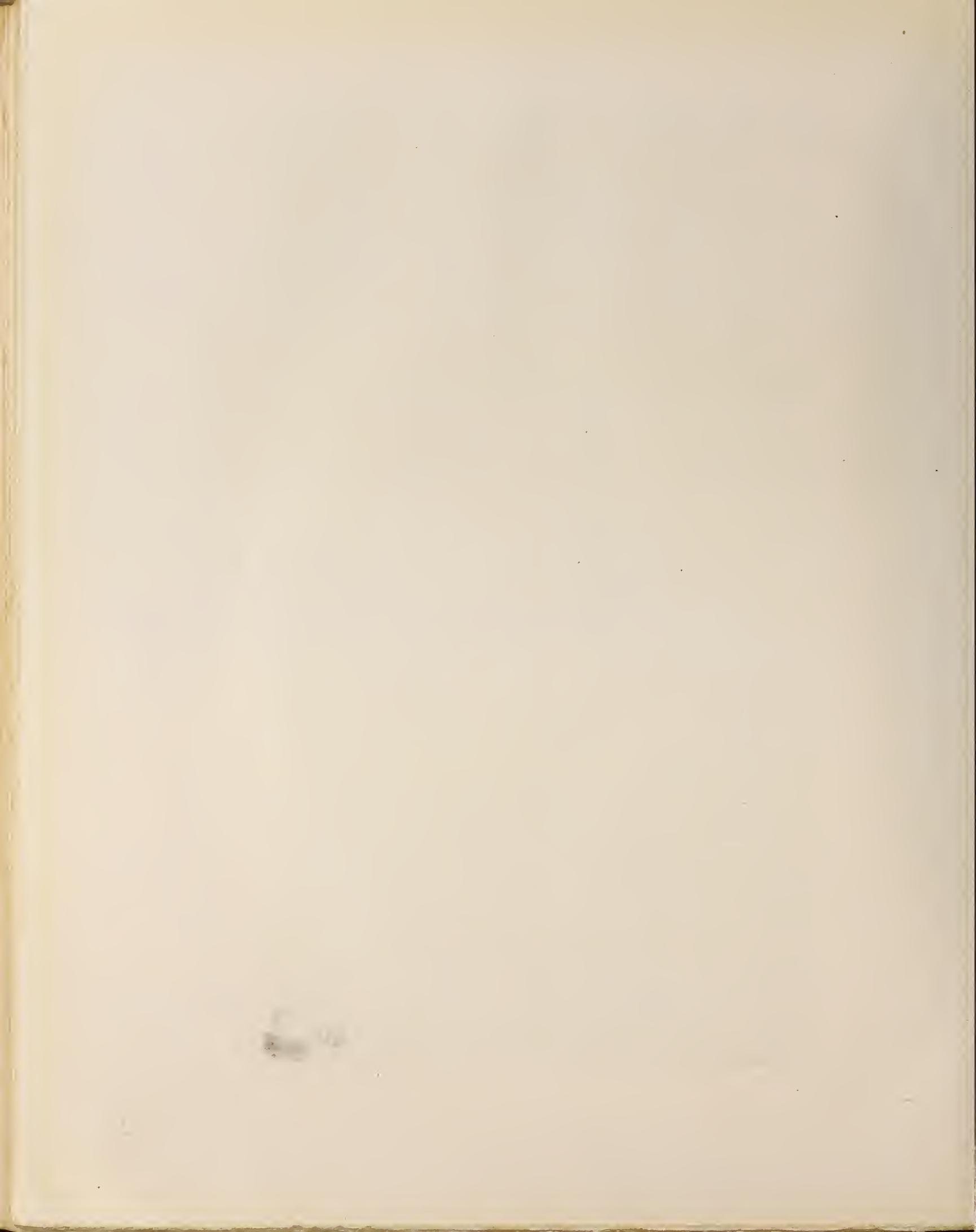
	PAGE
Holloway . . . . .	219
Hughes . . . . .	155
Hungerford . . . . .	203
Hunt . . . . .	52
Huse . . . . .	156
Ihrig . . . . .	222
Ives . . . . .	91
Jackson . . . . .	145
Jennings . . . . .	139
Jeter . . . . .	214
Johnston . . . . .	236
Jones . . . . .	242
Kegley . . . . .	40
Kell . . . . .	45
Kern . . . . .	243
Kiefer . . . . .	134
Kiernan . . . . .	157
Kincaid . . . . .	231
King . . . . .	135
Kirkland . . . . .	41
Lamb . . . . .	182
Lannom . . . . .	218
Lee . . . . .	223

	PAGE
Lowry . . . . .	92
McDonald . . . . .	252
McGaully . . . . .	42
McGurl . . . . .	204
Marsh . . . . .	158
Martin, H. M. . . . .	65
Martin, W. P. . . . .	215
Maser . . . . .	178
Mason . . . . .	244
Mays . . . . .	93
Mentz . . . . .	159
Metzel . . . . .	66
Mills . . . . .	174
Moore . . . . .	160
Moran . . . . .	161
Morgan . . . . .	136
Muir . . . . .	116
Murray . . . . .	187
Neal . . . . .	177
Nelson . . . . .	60
Netting . . . . .	117
Nicholson . . . . .	162
Noble . . . . .	220

	PAGE
Ofstie . . . . .	238
Olds . . . . .	205
Olsen . . . . .	67
O'Rear . . . . .	43
Orr . . . . .	118
Pace . . . . .	188
Palmer . . . . .	132
Parker . . . . .	61
Patterson . . . . .	206
Pelzman . . . . .	245
Pitre . . . . .	58
Post . . . . .	163
Powell . . . . .	246
Pulliam . . . . .	53
Ramsey . . . . .	247
Read . . . . .	99
Redman . . . . .	138
Rend . . . . .	68
Reynolds . . . . .	44
Rhoton . . . . .	48
Richardson . . . . .	54
Roberts . . . . .	69
Rochester . . . . .	164
Rockey . . . . .	189
Roper . . . . .	248
Rule . . . . .	131
Runquist . . . . .	122
Rush . . . . .	249
Sailor . . . . .	183
Sample . . . . .	255
Sayre . . . . .	119
Schaeffer . . . . .	184
Schetky . . . . .	192
Schildhauer . . . . .	239
Schoffel . . . . .	207
Sculp . . . . .	165
Seligman . . . . .	149
Settle . . . . .	250
Sherritt . . . . .	232
Short . . . . .	81
Sinnott . . . . .	166
Slocum . . . . .	46
Smith, C. R. . . . .	110
Smith, R. McL. . . . .	100
Spaven . . . . .	210
Sprague . . . . .	111
Staudt . . . . .	185
Stein . . . . .	70
Stevens . . . . .	137
Strachan . . . . .	167
Sullivan . . . . .	84
Sykes . . . . .	168
Talbot . . . . .	186
Tarbutton . . . . .	101
Thompson . . . . .	49
Thurber . . . . .	233
Thurston . . . . .	146
Troost . . . . .	120
Tuggle . . . . .	94
Updegraff . . . . .	224
Veeder . . . . .	251
Von Heimburg . . . . .	240
Vose . . . . .	112
Waldron . . . . .	121
Waller . . . . .	102
Warner . . . . .	82
Welch . . . . .	103
Whitehead . . . . .	234
Whittaker . . . . .	208
Wilcock . . . . .	169
Wildman . . . . .	170
Willenbacher . . . . .	147
Williams . . . . .	221
Wilson . . . . .	171
Winckler . . . . .	148
Wisembaker . . . . .	62
Woodman . . . . .	55
Wynkoop . . . . .	209









## *Advertising Section*

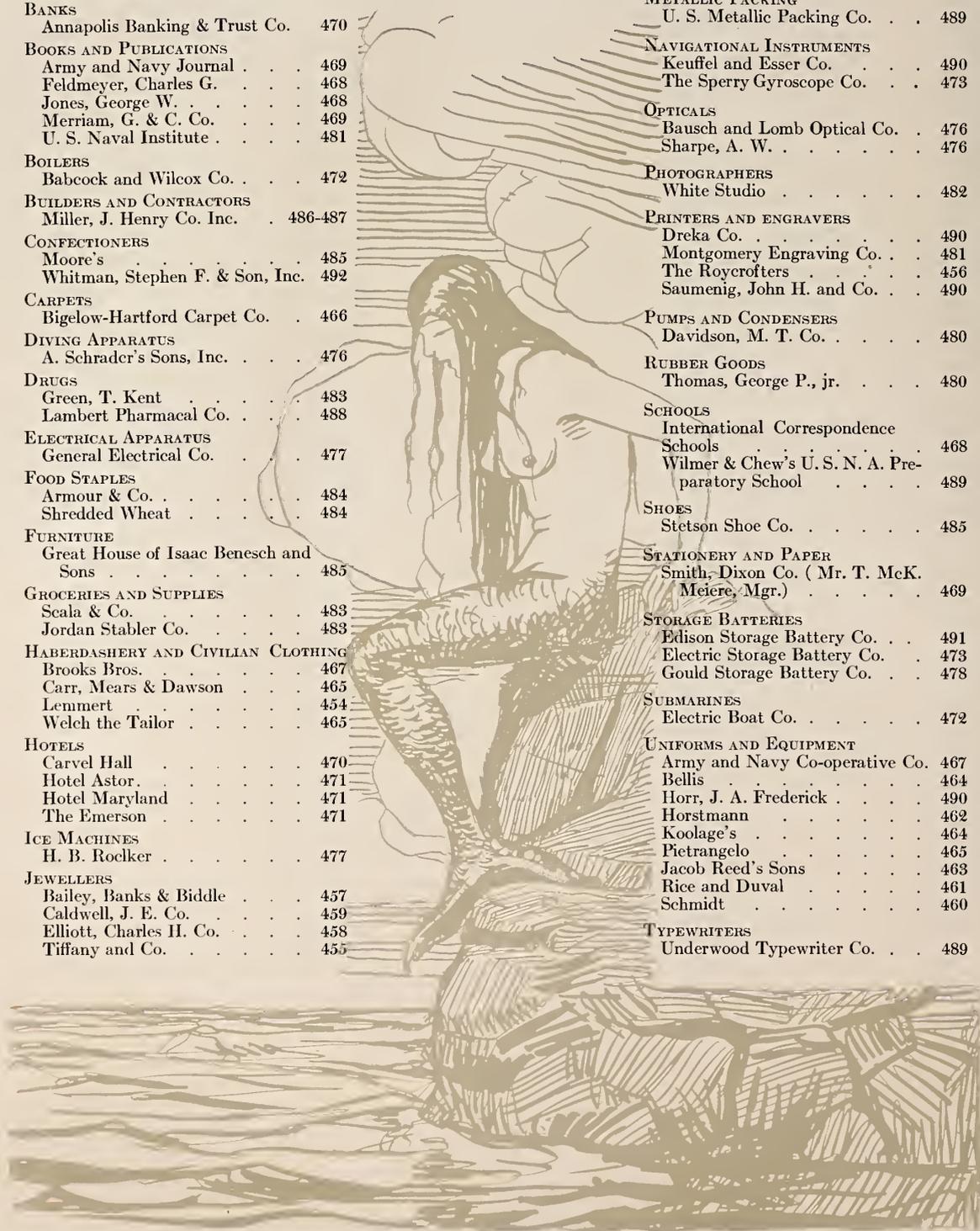
THE DAY'S WORK ENDED!

**Q**To the advertisers, the 1919 *Lucky Bag* wishes to extend its heartfelt thanks for their aid in bringing this volume safely under the boat sheds — and home! ❧

*When writing to advertisers kindly mention the 1919 Lucky Bag*

# INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>AEROPLANES</b>		<b>LIVERY STABLES</b>	
Curtiss Aeroplane Company . . .	453	Chaney, Richard G. . . . .	489
<b>ARMOR AND MUNITIONS</b>		<b>LUBRICANTS</b>	
Bethlehem Steel Company . . .	475	Keystone Lubricating Co. . . .	479
Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co. .	474	<b>METALLIC PACKING</b>	
<b>BANKS</b>		U. S. Metallic Packing Co. . . .	489
Annapolis Banking & Trust Co. .	470	<b>NAVIGATIONAL INSTRUMENTS</b>	
<b>BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS</b>		Keuffel and Esser Co. . . . .	490
Army and Navy Journal . . . . .	469	The Sperry Gyroscope Co. . . .	473
Feldmeyer, Charles G. . . . .	468	<b>OPTICALS</b>	
Jones, George W. . . . .	468	Bausch and Lomb Optical Co. . .	476
Merriam, G. & C. Co. . . . .	469	Sharpe, A. W. . . . .	476
U. S. Naval Institute . . . . .	481	<b>PHOTOGRAPHERS</b>	
<b>BOILERS</b>		White Studio . . . . .	482
Babcock and Wilcox Co. . . . .	472	<b>PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS</b>	
<b>BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS</b>		Dreka Co. . . . .	490
Miller, J. Henry Co. Inc. . . . .	486-487	Montgomery Engraving Co. . . .	481
<b>CONFECTIONERS</b>		The Roycrofters . . . . .	456
Moore's . . . . .	485	Saumenig, John H. and Co. . . .	490
Whitman, Stephen F. & Son, Inc. .	492	<b>PUMPS AND CONDENSERS</b>	
<b>CARPETS</b>		Davidson, M. T. Co. . . . .	480
Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Co. . . .	466	<b>RUBBER GOODS</b>	
<b>DIVING APPARATUS</b>		Thomas, George P., jr. . . . .	480
A. Schrader's Sons, Inc. . . . .	476	<b>SCHOOLS</b>	
<b>DRUGS</b>		International Correspondence	
Green, T. Kent . . . . .	483	Schools . . . . .	468
Lambert Pharmacal Co. . . . .	488	Wilmer & Chew's U. S. N. A. Pre-	
<b>ELECTRICAL APPARATUS</b>		paratory School . . . . .	489
General Electrical Co. . . . .	477	<b>SHOES</b>	
<b>FOOD STAPLES</b>		Stetson Shoe Co. . . . .	485
Armour & Co. . . . .	484	<b>STATIONERY AND PAPER</b>	
Shredded Wheat . . . . .	484	Smith, Dixon Co. ( Mr. T. McK.	
<b>FURNITURE</b>		Meiere, Mgr.) . . . . .	469
Great House of Isaac Benesch and		<b>STORAGE BATTERIES</b>	
Sons . . . . .	485	Edison Storage Battery Co. . . .	491
<b>GROCERIES AND SUPPLIES</b>		Electric Storage Battery Co. . . .	473
Scala & Co. . . . .	483	Gould Storage Battery Co. . . . .	478
Jordan Stabler Co. . . . .	483	<b>SUBMARINES</b>	
<b>HABERDASHERY AND CIVILIAN CLOTHING</b>		Electric Boat Co. . . . .	472
Brooks Bros. . . . .	467	<b>UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENT</b>	
Carr, Meats & Dawson . . . . .	465	Army and Navy Co-operative Co. .	467
Lemmert . . . . .	454	Bellis . . . . .	464
Welch the Tailor . . . . .	465	Horr, J. A. Frederick . . . . .	490
<b>HOTELS</b>		Horstmann . . . . .	462
Carvel Hall . . . . .	470	Koolage's . . . . .	464
Hotel Astor. . . . .	471	Pietrangelo . . . . .	465
Hotel Maryland . . . . .	471	Jacob Reed's Sons . . . . .	463
The Emerson . . . . .	471	Rice and Duval . . . . .	461
<b>ICE MACHINES</b>		Schmidt . . . . .	460
H. B. Roelker . . . . .	477	<b>TYPEWRITERS</b>	
<b>JEWELLERS</b>		Underwood Typewriter Co. . . .	489
Bailey, Banks & Biddle . . . . .	457		
Caldwell, J. E. Co. . . . .	459		
Elliott, Charles H. Co. . . . .	458		
Tiffany and Co. . . . .	455		



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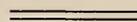
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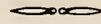
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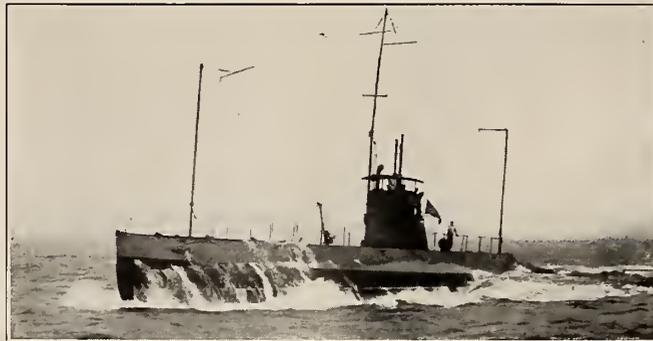
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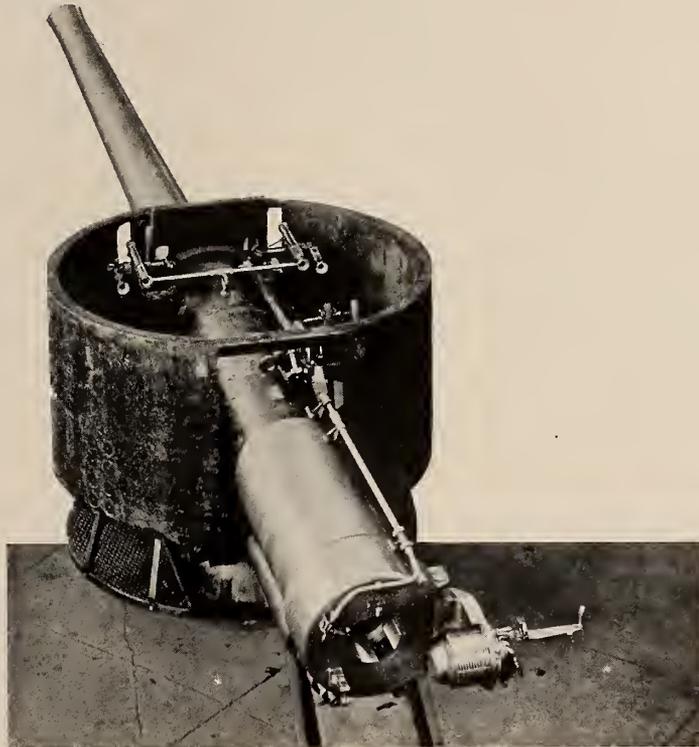
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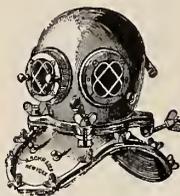
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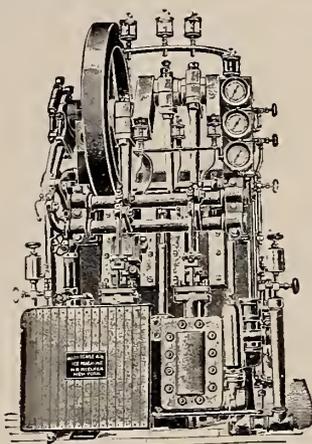
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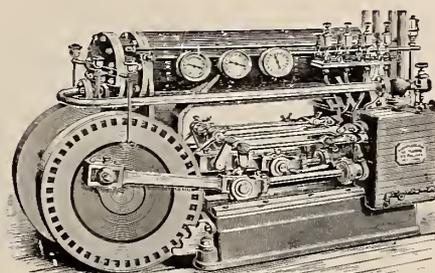
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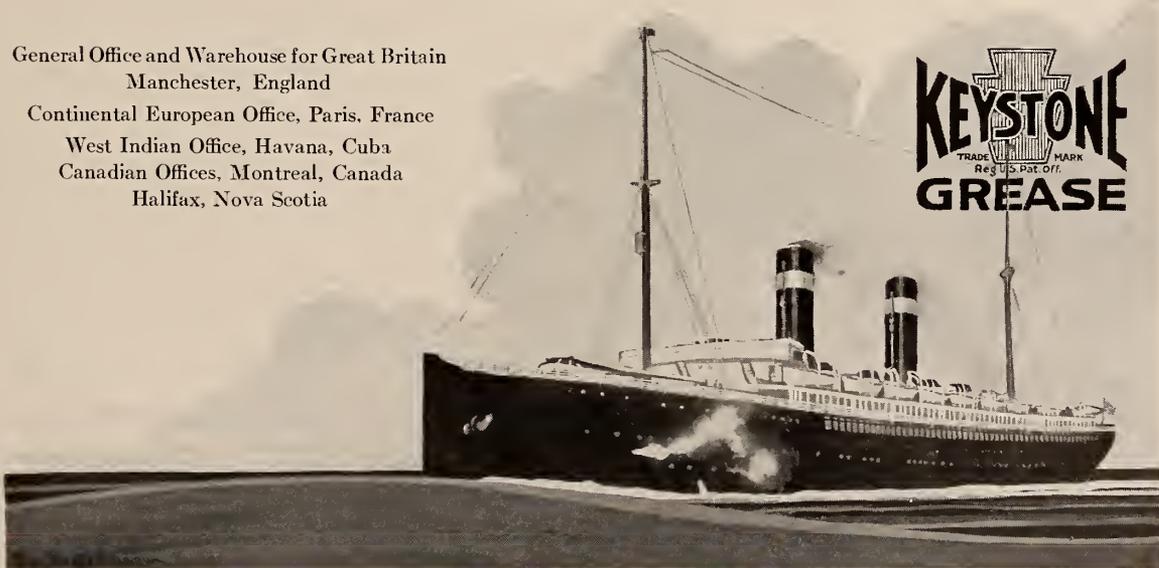
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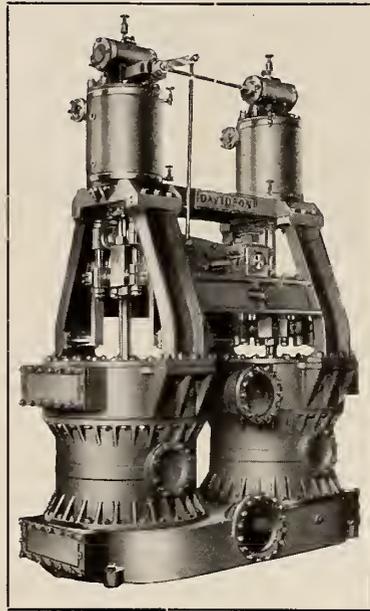
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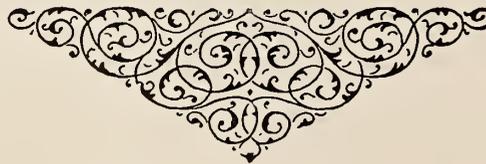
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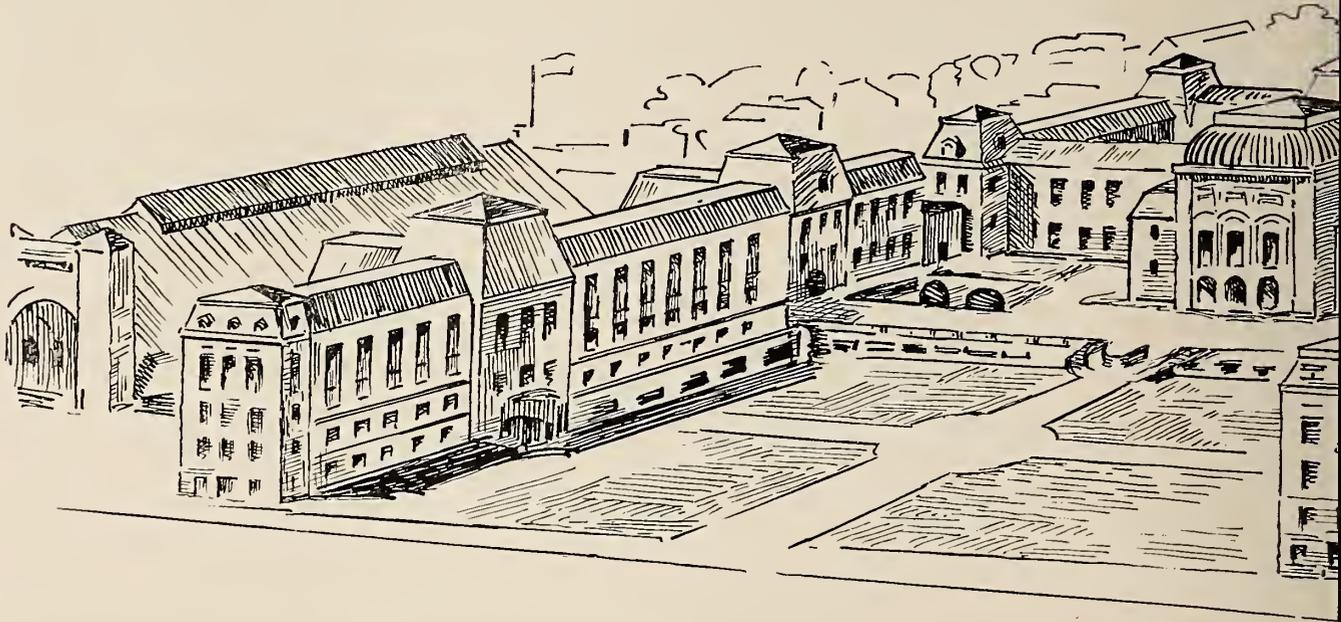
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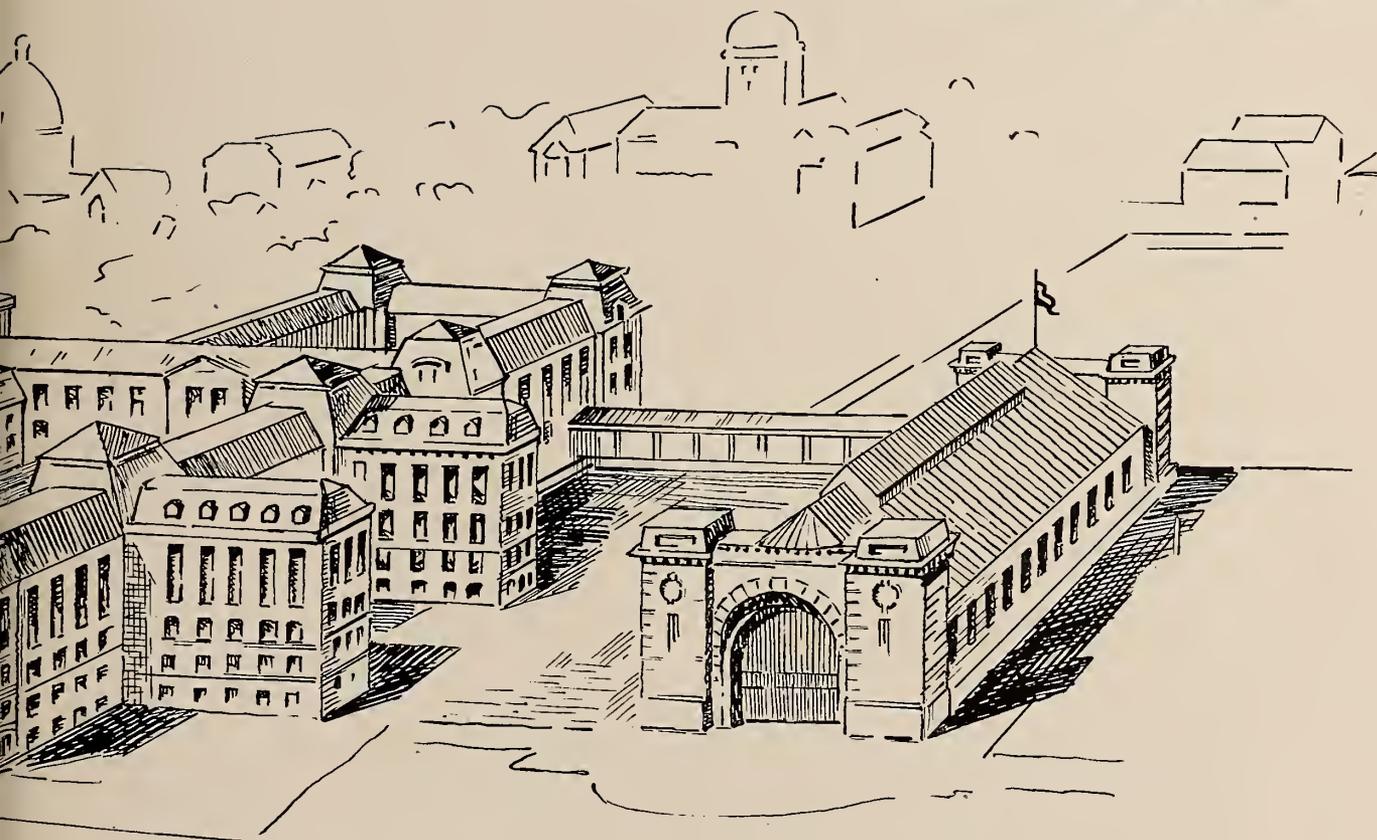


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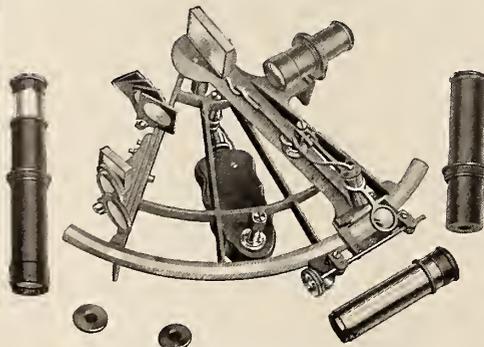
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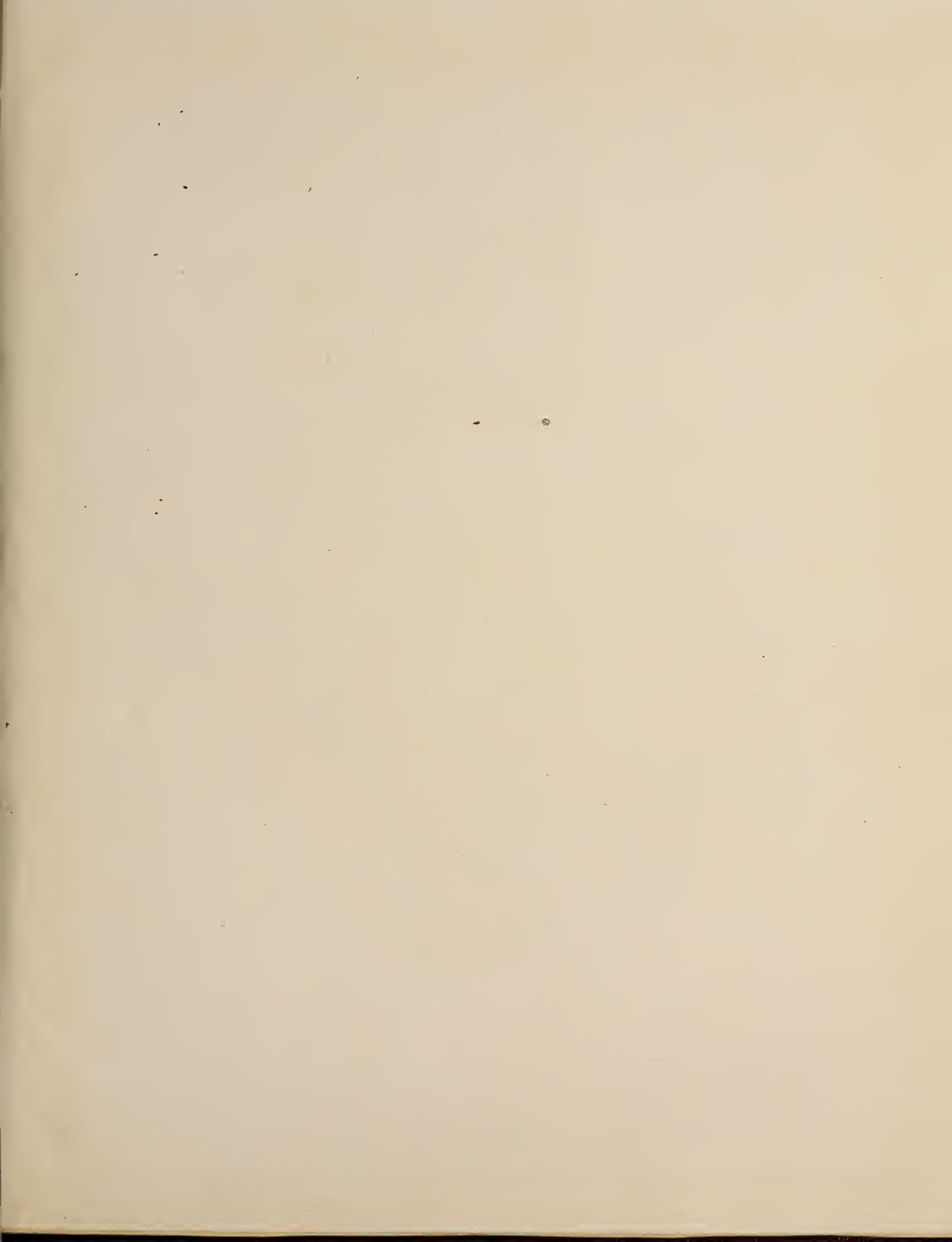
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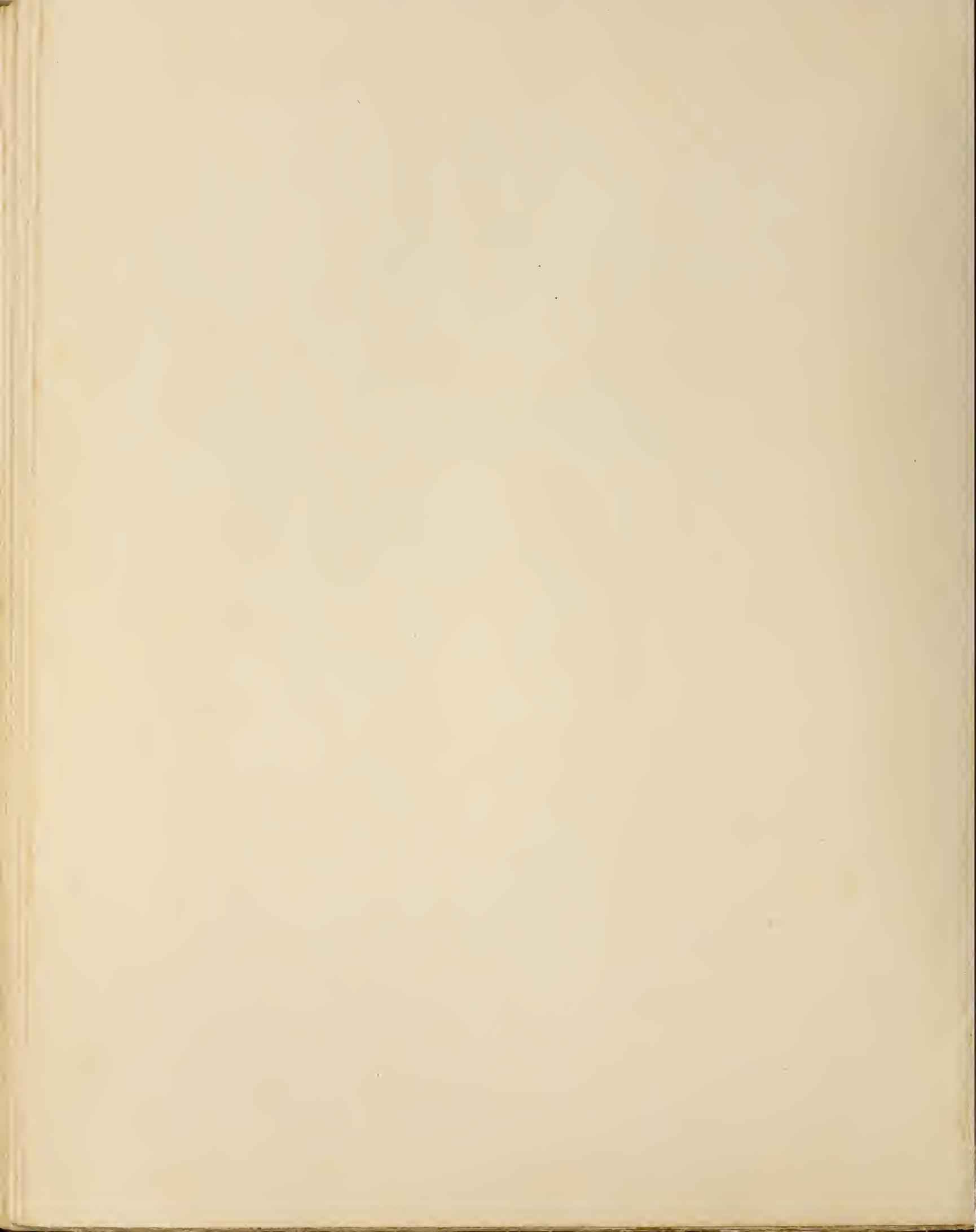
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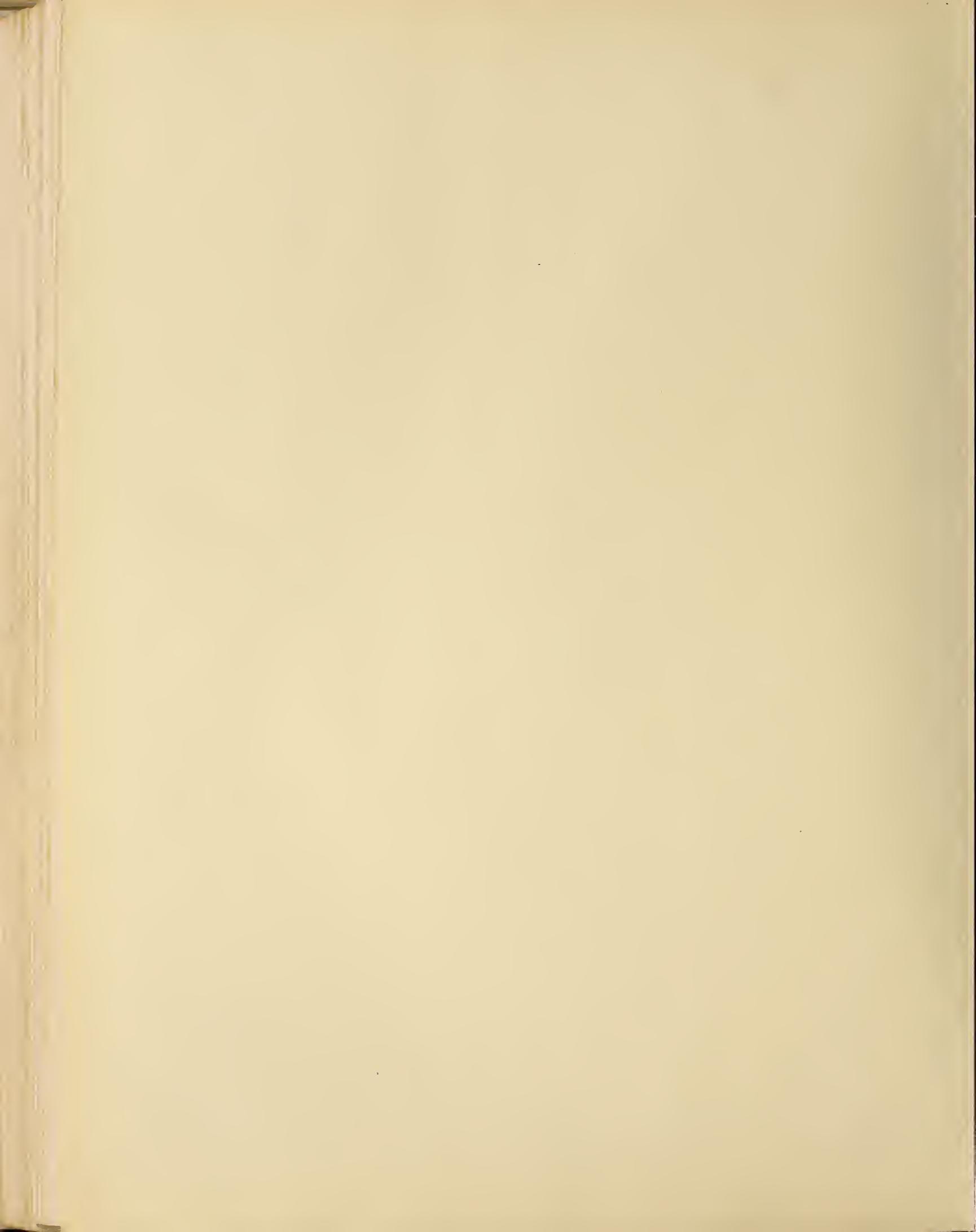
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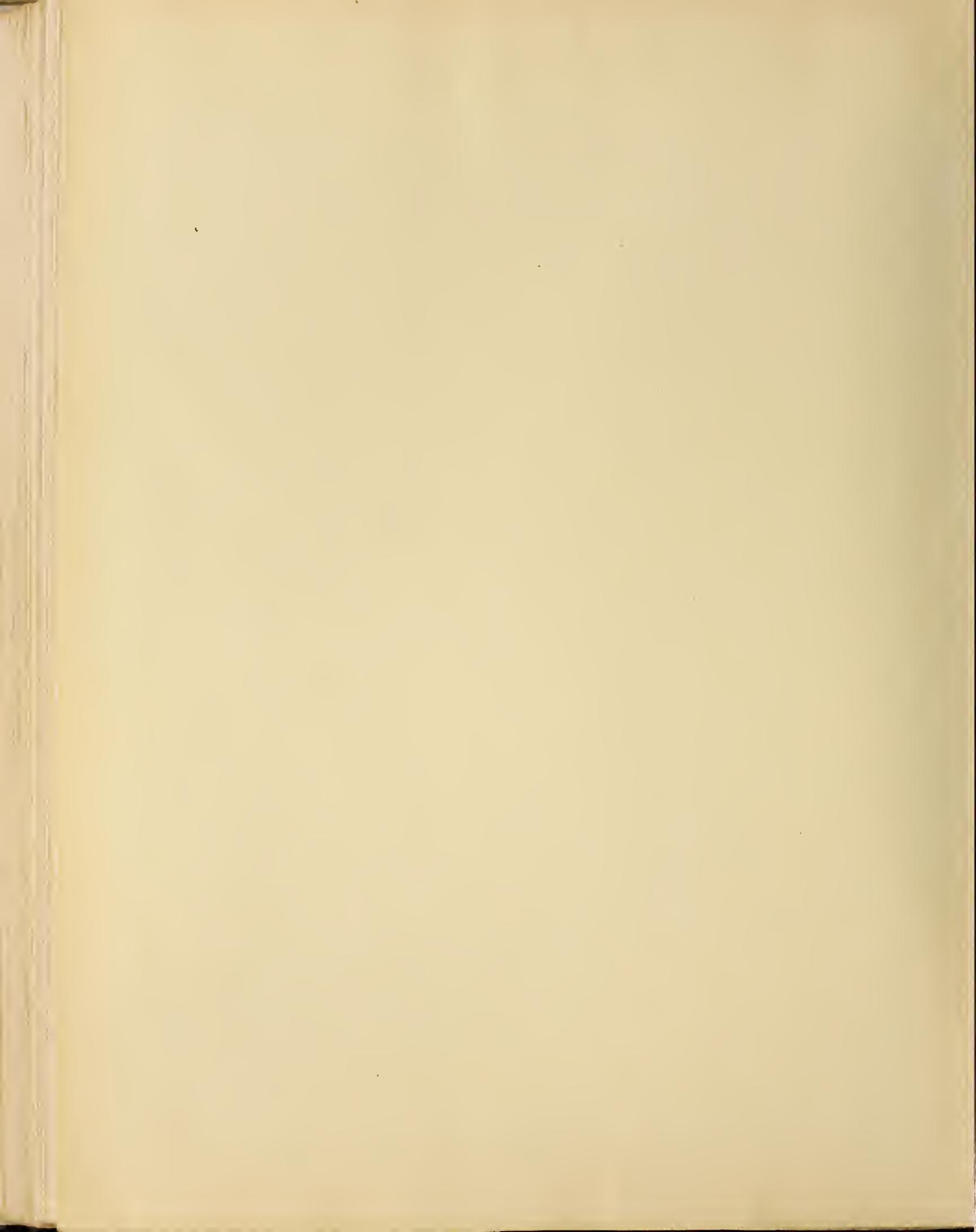












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