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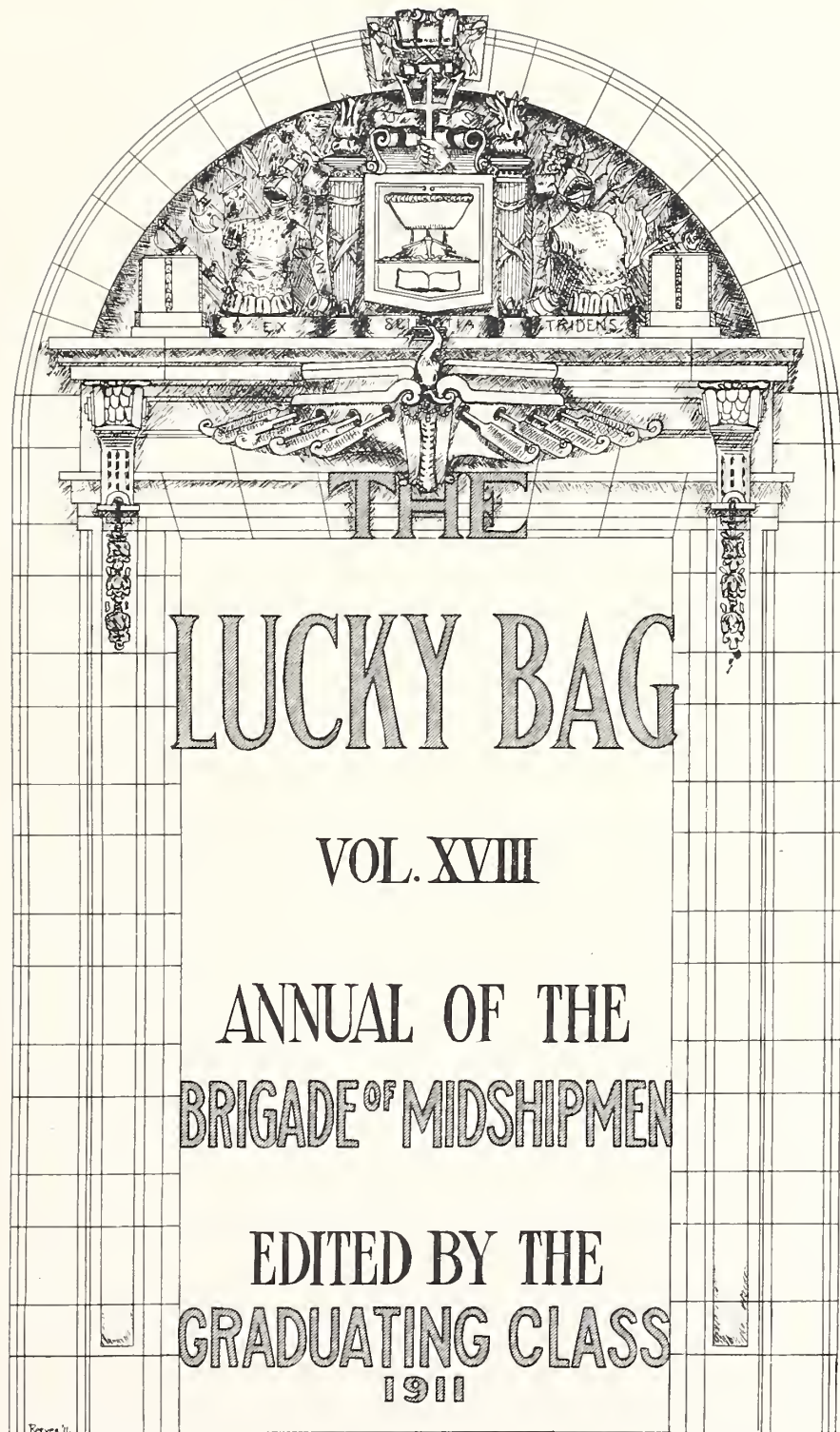
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The Lucky Bag
Volume XIII
Issued by the Class of 1911

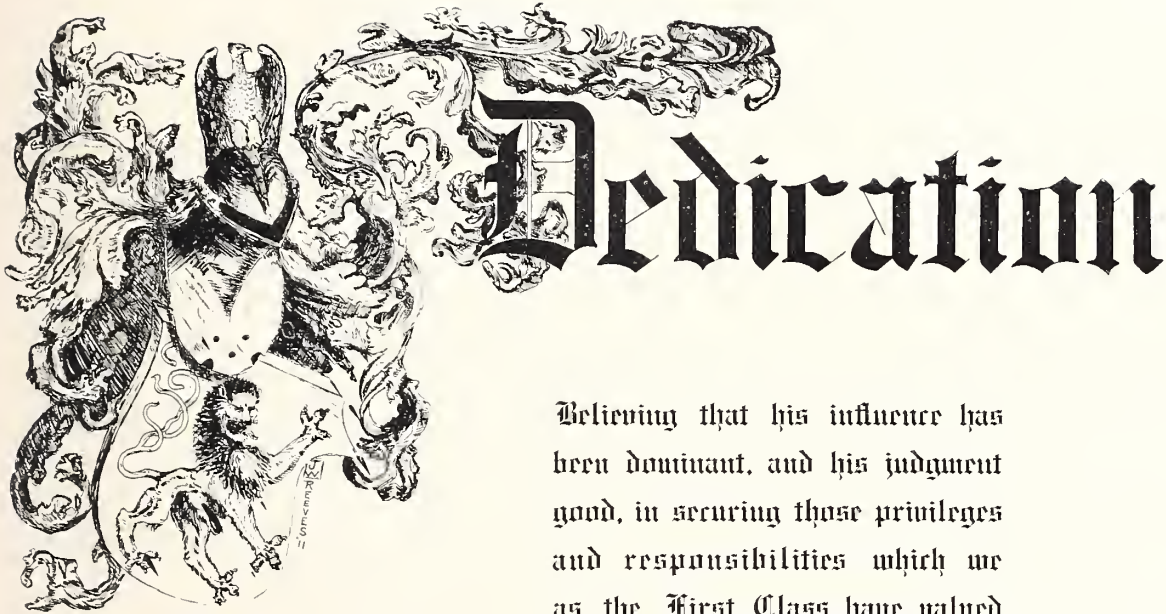




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J. W. YOUNG, N. Y.



Dedication

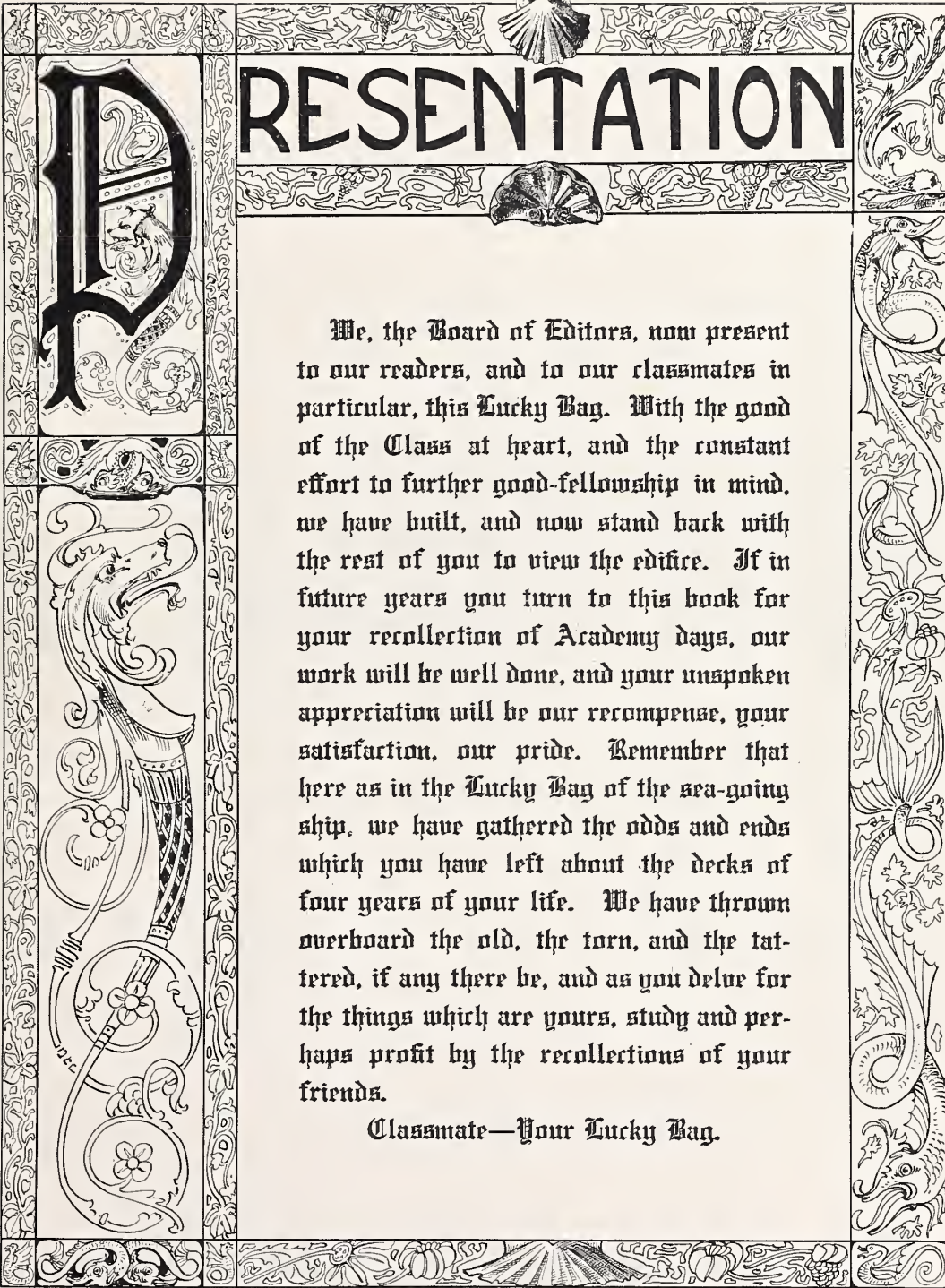
Believing that his influence has been dominant, and his judgment good, in securing those privileges and responsibilities which we as the First Class have valued so highly, and recognizing his officer-like qualities and kindly consideration at all times, we

The Class of Nineteen-Eleven

respectfully dedicate this,

our Lucky Bag to

Lieutenant-Commander Earl Perry Jessop



P

PRESENTATION

We, the Board of Editors, now present to our readers, and to our classmates in particular, this Lucky Bag. With the good of the Class at heart, and the constant effort to further good-fellowship in mind, we have built, and now stand back with the rest of you to view the edifice. If in future years you turn to this book for your recollection of Academy days, our work will be well done, and your unspoken appreciation will be our recompense, your satisfaction, our pride. Remember that here as in the Lucky Bag of the sea-going ship, we have gathered the odds and ends which you have left about the decks of four years of your life. We have thrown overboard the old, the torn, and the tattered, if any there be, and as you delve for the things which are yours, study and perhaps profit by the recollections of your friends.

Classmate—Your Lucky Bag.





THE BRIGADE.



Captain J. M. Bowyer

Captain J. M. Bowyer graduated from the Naval Academy in 1874, and was commissioned ensign in 1875. After performing duty on the European station, on the Great Lakes, and in the Pacific, he returned for a tour of duty at the Academy, 1891-94. During the war with Spain he was executive of the Princeton and on patrol duty off the Cuban coast. Later, he participated in the suppression of the Philippine insurrection and the Boxer outbreak. In 1906 he commanded the Marines ashore in Panama. As captain of the Illinois he made the cruise around the world. Afterwards he commanded the Connecticut. From time to time he has had important assignments to duty ashore, such as Assistant Superintendent of the Naval Gun Factory in 1905, and aid to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1907. In 1909 he became Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy.



Commander R. E. Coontz

Commander Coontz graduated from the Naval Academy in 1885. After his two years cruise he was commissioned an ensign. Subsequently he performed further duty afloat, notably in command of the Sitkoh Bay Relief Expedition in 1890, and on board the Michigan, making a survey of the Detroit River. Later, he performed duty in the Pacific, was present at the capture of Guam, at the fall of Manila, and on board the Charleston took part in the suppression of the Philippine Insurrection. After duty as executive officer of the school ship Enterprise his cruises were all in Pacific waters. As executive of the Nebraska he made part of the long cruise of the fleet. In September, 1909, he returned to the Naval Academy as Officer in Charge of Buildings and Grounds and in August, 1910, was made Commandant of Midshipmen.



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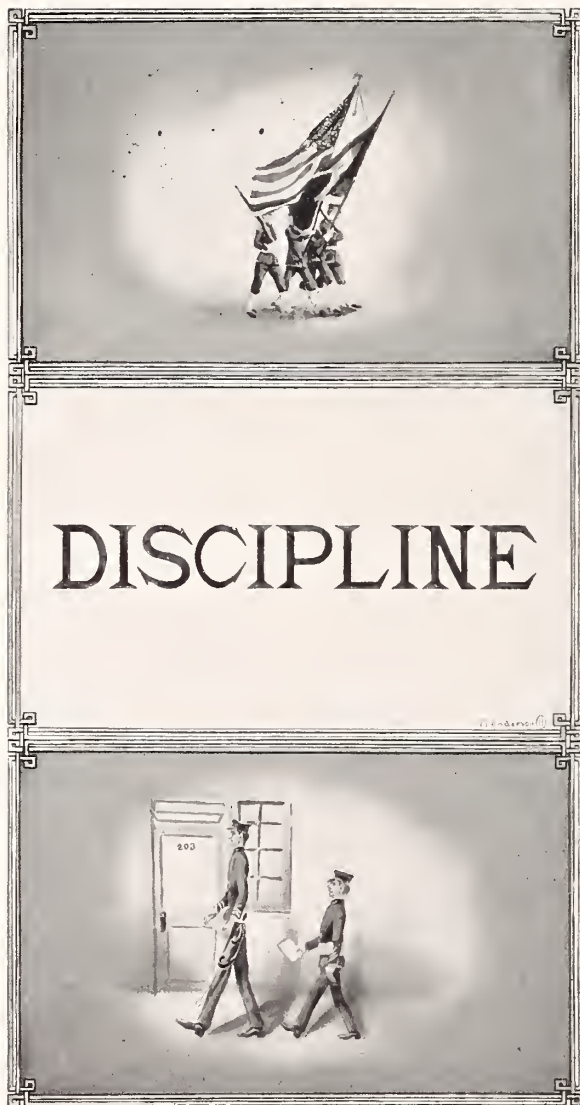
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WILLIAM DONNISON FORD,

HARRY WILLIAM STARK.



The Department of Discipline.

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Commandant of Midshipmen.**

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SURGEON J. A. MURPHY, U. S. N.

The Department of Discipline



COMDR. C. B. McVAY, JR.

S MIGHT be expected, we have more to do with this Department than any other at the Academy. For the maintenance of discipline the Brigade is divided into four Divisions, each under an officer of this Department. It is the duty of these officers to inspect the rooms of the midshipmen in their own division, attend to the conduct reports, requests, and so forth; in general, to govern the conduct and action of their Divisions in a manner similar to the division system on board our ships. These officers take turn in performing the duty of officer-in-charge, having, when on duty, general charge of the entire building in the same way that an officer of the deck has charge of a ship. The most important work of the Department is rather intangible, being to develop in us the qualities of zeal, energy, judgment, thoroughness and promptness of action—the qualities essential to the proper performance of our duty as future officers of the Navy. The various

drills and practical exercises under the Department are to train us in the discharge of responsibilities and to give us practice in the exercise of command. The entire course in physical training is under this Department. This includes all forms of gymnasium work, field and track sports, swimming and sailing, and all athletic contests and exhibitions. The various drills in artillery and infantry are held under discipline officers.



The Department of Seamanship

*Commander B. F. Hutchison, U. S. Navy
Head of Department*

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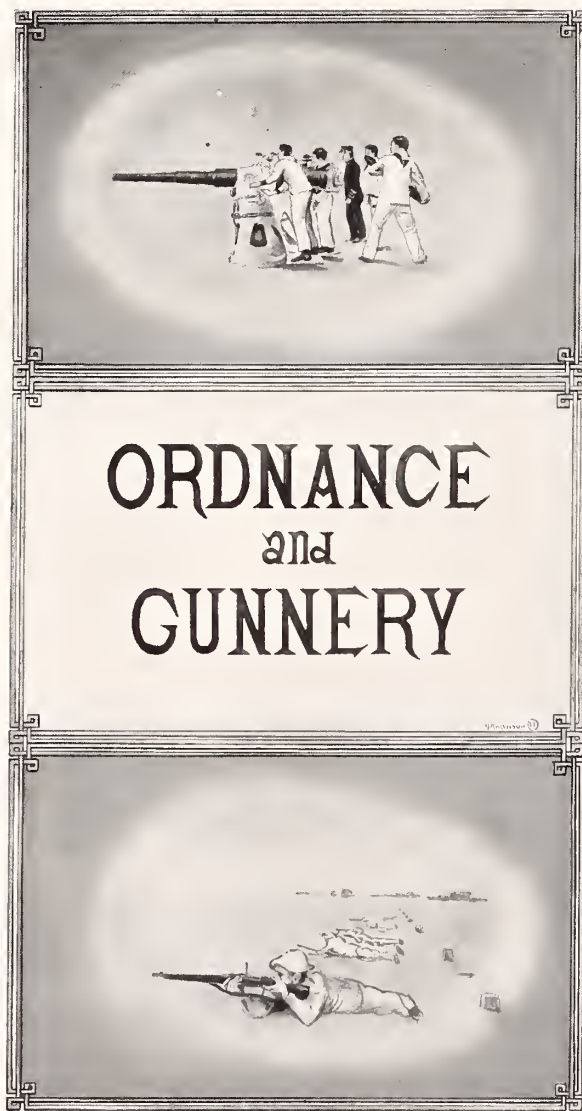
CHIEF BOATSWAIN P. J. KANE, U. S. N.

The Department of Seamanship



COMDR. B. F. HUTCHISON.

THIS is one of the technical subjects taken up in Second Class year. The first text-book used is the Boat Book of the U. S. Navy. In this we study the handling of the boats of a ship under sail, oars and steam, boats in a seaway, general principles of sailing, the rules of the road as applied to sailing vessels, boat salutes, the systems of signaling, and so forth. Later on, Knight's Seamanship is studied. The course then becomes more general, including a study of the rigging and handling of a sailing vessel, the process of manufacture of rope, chain, and anchors, the uses of blocks and tackles, together with such practical subjects as the lowering of a boat in heavy weather, rescuing man overboard, the steering of steamers, towing, and the rescuing of the crew of a wreck. By the use of excellent models in the Seamanship Building, and by the actual handling of boats at drill a very clear understanding of the work covered by the text-books is gained. During the summer cruises we have duties as officers of the deck, boat officers, helmsmen, signalmen and leadsmen, and then have excellent opportunity for learning to apply what we have studied. Toward the end of Second Class year Tactical Signal Books are loaned us, and the course in signals is then completed. In First Class year the work becomes of a deeper nature, involving a study of the manœuvring of a ship singly and in formation, formations and evolutions, battle tactics, tactical problems, and the problems of chasing, intercepting, searching and scouting. The text-book used is Grant's School of the Ship. Later in the first term Brittain's Elements of Naval Warfare is studied. This is a purely theoretical subject, dealing with the general consideration of naval warfare. Then comes the study of such parts of the Navy Regulations as relate to the rank, command and duty of officers, the honors paid to officials and to officers of high rank, and the particular duties of the officer of the deck and the divisional officers. Finally, we have a course in International Law with particular reference to that part which concerns the Navy, together with Military Law, dealing with the subject of Boards, Courts of Inquiry, and Summary and General Courts Martial.



The Department of Ordnance and
Gunnery

Commander E. M. Nulton, U. S. Navy
Head of Department

Instructors

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LIEUTENANT C. R. KEAR, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT H. T. WINSTON, U. S. N.

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LIEUTENANT W. W. GALBRAITH, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT W. T. CONN, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT L. H. LACY, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT W. R. VAN AUKEN, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT M. K. METCALF, U. S. N.

ENSIGN J. H. INGRAM, U. S. N.

CHIEF GUNNER J. DONALD, U. S. N.

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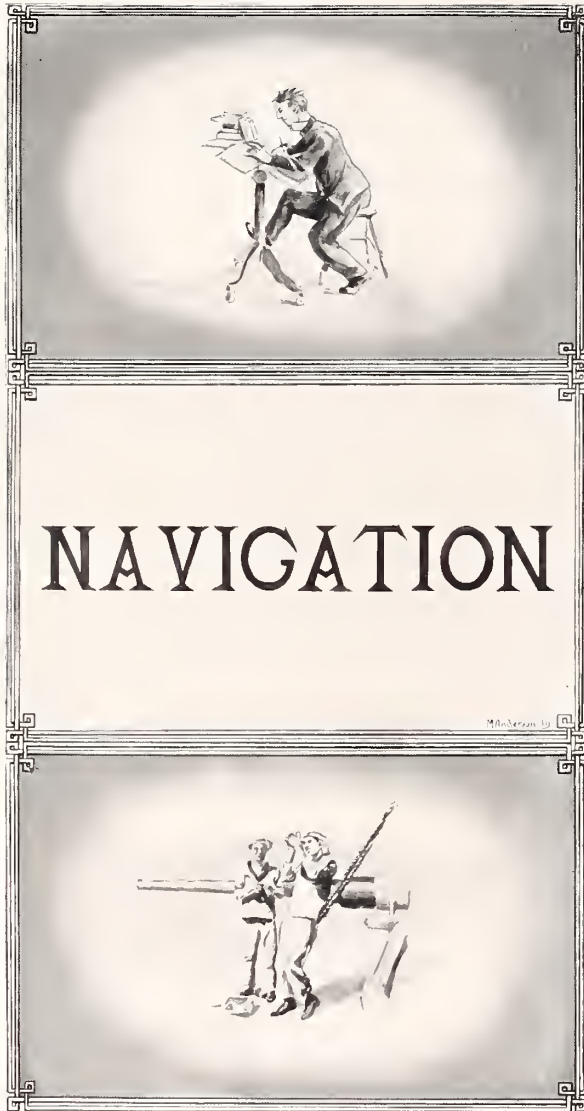
The Department of Ordnance and Gunnery



COMDR. L. M. NULTON.

THE primary object of the Navy being to destroy an enemy, this subject is a most important one. Our first work, in Second Class year, is on the landing force, using *The Landing Force and Small Arms Instructions* as a text book. In this we learn of the organization and the handling of the crews of a ship for service on land as infantry or field artillery. The study is general enough to include, besides the mechanical manœuvring of troops, subjects such as first aid to the wounded, camping and camp hygiene, patrols, ceremonies, and the method of conducting small arms target practice. After this we study ship and gun drills. Under this comes the organization of gun crews, drills for various types of guns, emergency drills, the inspection, marking and stowage of ammunition, torpedo drills and the methods of conducting physical exercises. Later in the year a general text-book on ordnance is studied. In this we take up guns and mounts and the process of manufacture, ex-

plosives of all kinds, manufacture, use and stowage; armor, its manufacture, disposition and the method of securing it to a ship; magazines, location and care; ammunition, hoists, and a general description of mine fields. In First Class year the confidential pamphlets on service torpedoes are studied. These give us an accurate description of all parts and their functions, the care of torpedoes and mines, and the use of each. We then take up Alger's *Elastic Strength of Guns*, covering the calculations of strains to which guns are subjected in firing and the strength of material necessary to stand these strains. Exterior Ballistics is the next subject, covering the motion of projectiles, the computation and use of ballistic tables, the derivation of formulæ for the correction of errors of fire and the penetration of projectiles. The last work is in gunnery instructions, giving us the methods of training crews, spotting shells at target practice and the scheme of fire control. All during the course practical exercises with service *materiel* supplement the book work. Included in this practical work are small arms target practice and fencing. Spotting and fire control are taught by our actually using guns and targets, on a reduced scale, faithfully reproducing target practice conditions.



The Department of Navigation

Commander G. R. Marvell, U. S. Navy
Head of Department

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LIEUTENANT-COMDR. C. W. COLE, U. S. N.

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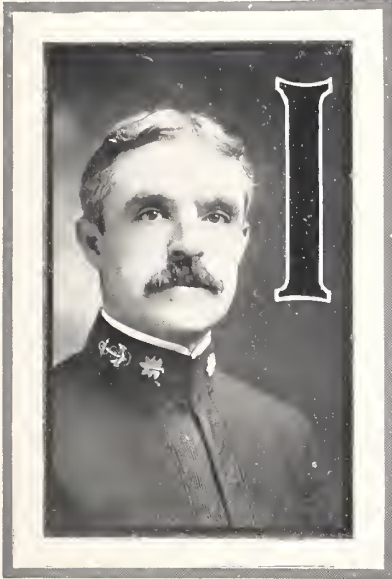
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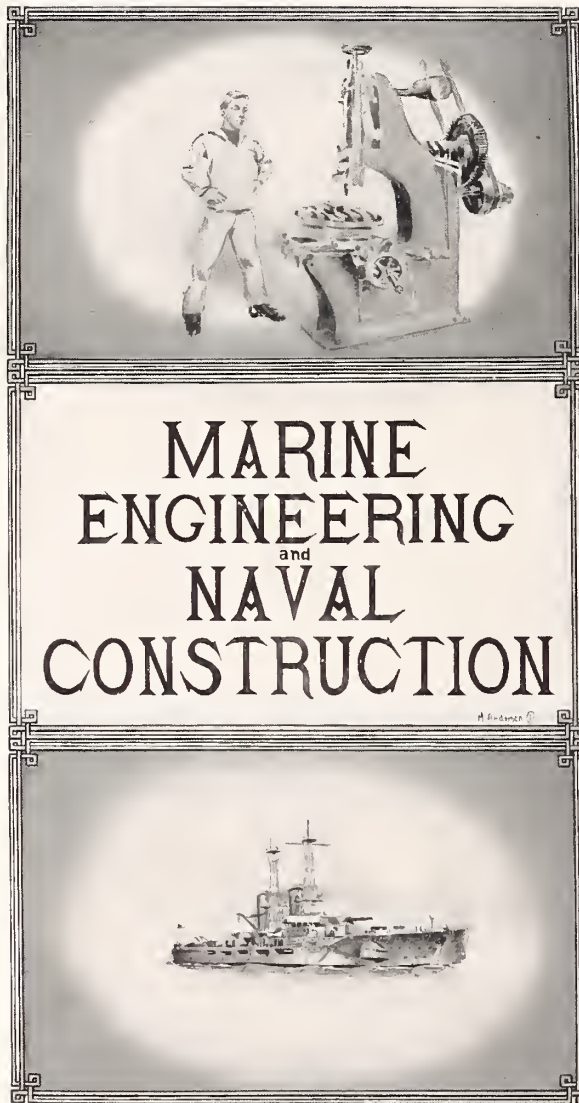
The Department of Navigation



COMDR. G. R. MARVELL.

IN POINT of practical value of subject matter learned, this is probably the most important Department at the Academy. The subject, known familiarly to us as Nav, is first taken up in the second term of Second Class year. White's Astronomy is studied with the idea of having us get a general idea of the solar system, the causes of seasons, cause of tides, eclipses, phases of the moon and other phenomena. Toward the end of the term Navigation in its true sense is started, our text book being Muir, with Bowditch's Tables, Nautical Almanacs, and Azimuth Tables as auxiliaries. The instruments used in navigation—compass, log and lead, sextant, artificial horizon, pelorus, chronometer, and so forth, together with the various methods of chart construction, the instruments used in chart work, and the meaning of chart terms, are studied and used practically. Elementary methods of fixing the position of a vessel both at sea and near land are studied so as to give us some knowledge

of navigation with which to start on the practical work of first class cruise. On the cruise, each First Classman is required each day to take sights, and thereby fix the position of the ship at noon, to determine the course and distance made good since noon of the day before, the direction and strength of the currents encountered, and the course and distance to the point of destination. The various methods of fixing the ship's position are learned practically so that in First Class year the mathematical explanations are much more tangible than they would otherwise be. The three weekly recitations are on theoretical work, interspersed with practical examples. On Saturday mornings throughout the year two hour practical works are given, in general, covering the work of the week. From time to time chart work is given, courses and distances being laid down and taken off as in practice at sea. Nearly all of the examinations are thoroughly practical. In the second term the Theory of Compass Deviations is studied and the various methods of compensation with their mathematical explanations taken up. The course also includes the elements of surveying. At the end of the year each First Classman constructs a complete chart of a portion of the Severn River from data obtained during the spring drill periods by surveying parties of midshipmen.



The Department of Marine Engineering and Naval Construction

Captain F. W. Bartlett, U. S. Navy
Head of Department

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 LIEUT.-COMMANDER H. N. JENSON, U. S. N.
 LIEUT.-COMMANDER W. B. WELLS, U. S. N.
 LIEUT. G. W. DANFORTH, U. S. N. (Retired).
 LIEUTENANT J. S. GRAHAM, U. S. N.
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 LIEUTENANT J. J. HANNIGAN, U. S. N.
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 LIEUTENANT O. C. DOWLING, U. S. N.
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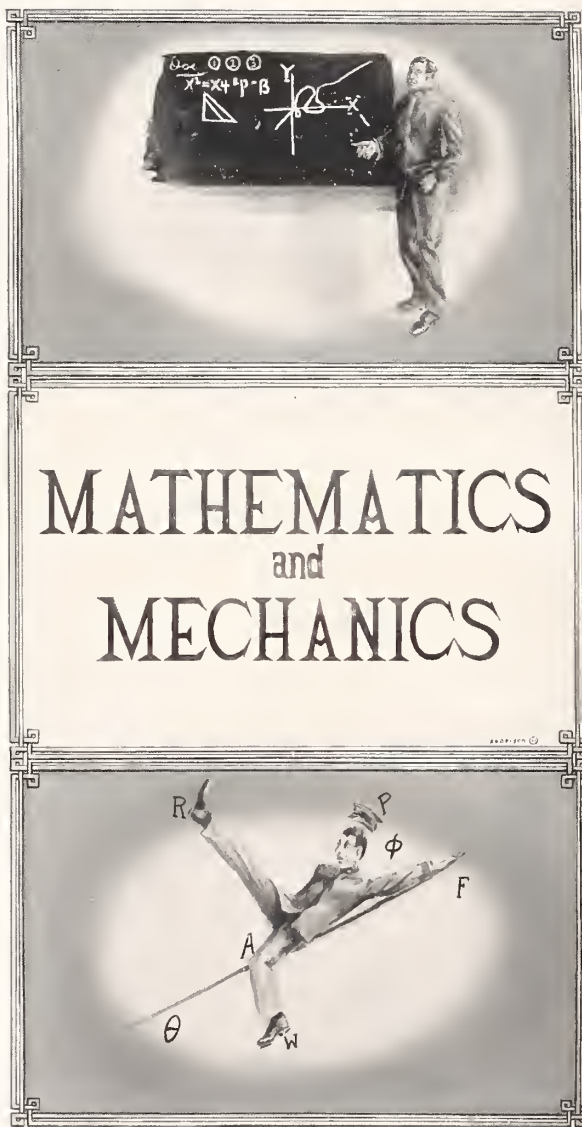
The Department of Marine Engineering and Naval Construction



CAPTAIN F. W. BARTLETT.

THIS Department, known in the Academy vernacular as Steam, is like the poor—always with us. In Fourth Class year we have Mechanical Drawing, together with so much of descriptive geometry, as given in Bartlett and Johnson's text book, as is necessary to give us a clear understanding of the methods of projection and of the development of surfaces. In Third Class year, during the first term, our work is in Machine Drawing, free hand sketches being required of all models. In the second term we study Mechanical Processes, using Barton's text book. This subject covers the making of patterns, forgings and castings, the manufacture of iron and steel and the machining of metal with all machinery used. In Second Class year, during the first term, we have Naval Boilers and Elements of Mechanism. Under Boilers, we study the various service types and the care and management of boilers in general. In Mechanisms we learn the different methods of transmitting motion—by links, belts, gears, cams and so forth, the mathematical as well as the practical part of the subject being covered. In the second term the work is in Barton's Naval Engines and Machin-

ery, giving us a knowledge of engines and their auxiliaries, the method of organizing the engineering force of a ship and the care and handling of machinery. In First Class year during the first term two subjects are studied. The first is Naval Construction, using Robinson's text-book. In this we get a general knowledge of the method of designing and building ships, including all the calculations involved. The other subject is Experimental Engineering, from Holmes' Notes. This gives descriptions of the various measurements, instruments, and tests used in engineering. After this we study Barton's Internal Combustion Engines, covering all types of internal combustion engines of any practical value. In the second term Naval Engines is again taken up, together with Machine Design, the latter subject involving all the calculations for the size of various parts of an engine. A great deal of practical work is given, the laboratories and shops being most completely equipped with the most up-to-date machinery that can be obtained. During the winter drills we have work in the shops on the methods of making, repairing, and testing machinery. The most valuable part of this Department's training is that given us while on the summer cruise, when we are detailed in the fire and engine rooms of the practice ships to perform the duties ordinarily given to enlisted men.



The Department of Mathematics and Mechanics

Professor of Mathematics **S. J. Brown,**
U. S. Navy, Head of Department

Instructors

- LIEUTENANT-COMDR. C. W. COLE, U. S. N.
 LIEUTENANT F. J. HORNE, U. S. N.
 LIEUTENANT C. P. SNYDER, U. S. N.
 LIEUTENANT E. P. SVARZ, U. S. N.
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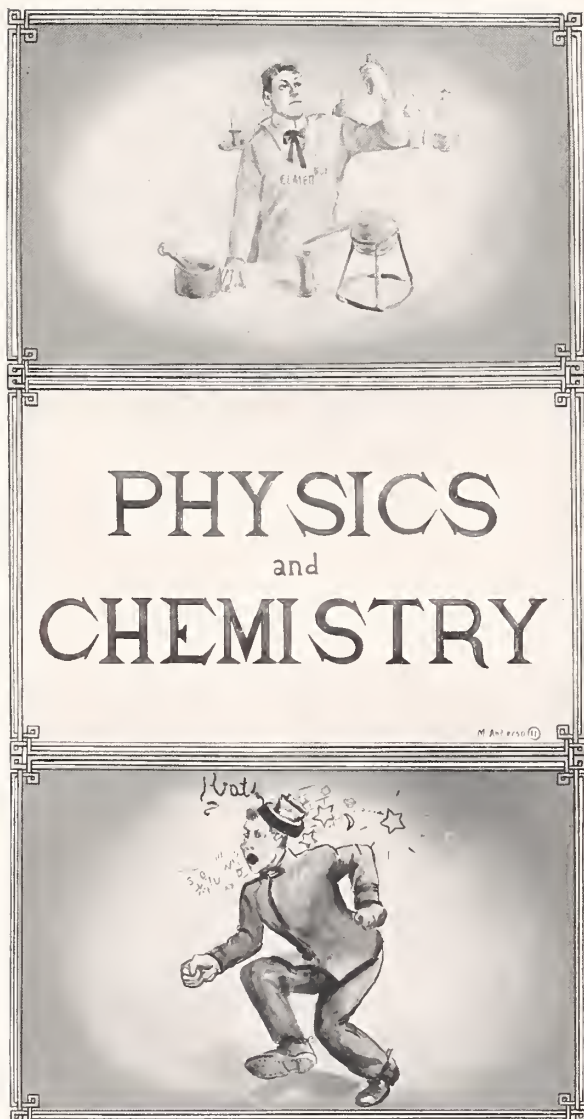
The Department of Mathematics and Mechanics



PROF. OF MATH. S. J. BROWN.

THIS is the only Department at the Academy having purely theoretical work. However, the great amount of more or less involved mathematics necessary in Navigation, in Marine Engineering, in Electricity, in Ordnance, even in Seamanship, makes a thorough course in the subject imperative. Although geometry and algebra are required on the entrance examinations, they are rather rapidly reviewed during the first term of Fourth Class year. Brown and Capron's Practical Algebra, Brown's Graphic Algebra, and Baker's Elements of Solid Geometry, are used as text books. Second term work is in Brown's Graphic Algebra and in Brown's Trigonometry and Stereographic Projections. The last two subjects are studied very thoroughly to give a foundation for the navigation of Second and First Class years. In Third Class year we study Calculus, differential and integral. The entire year is spent on this subject on account of its practical use later in the course

in such problems as finding the displacement of a ship. In the first term of Second Class year our work is in Mechanics, using Johnson's Mechanics as a text book. With this subject the course becomes a trifle more practical, dealing with the mathematics of motions, friction, and resistances, the application of mechanical principles to simple machines and to instruments, and with kinematics and dynamics in general. Another valuable subject is that of Hydromechanics, which deals with the laws and the action of fluids at rest and in motion. In the second term we study Smith's Strength of Material. This is a mathematical consideration of the method of finding the strain in any part of a structure or machine and the calculations for finding the size of parts. It includes the theory of structures, the strength and deflection of beams, the strain on rivets, and the proper spacing of rivets, and other subjects of a similar nature involving the calculation of stresses and strains. The practical application of most of the mathematics of Second Class year is given us in other departments,—notably Marine Engineering and Ordnance.



The Department of Physics and Chemistry

Professor N. M. Terry, U. S. Naval Academy
Head of Department

Instructors

LIEUT.-COMDR. H. H. CHRISTY, U. S. N.

LIEUT.-COMDR. RALPH EARLE, U. S. N.

LIEUT.-COMDR. C. M. TOZER, U. S. N.

PROF. OF MATH. P. J. DASHIELL, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT W. R. SAYLES, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT J. W. GREENSLADE, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT C. T. WADE, U. S. N.

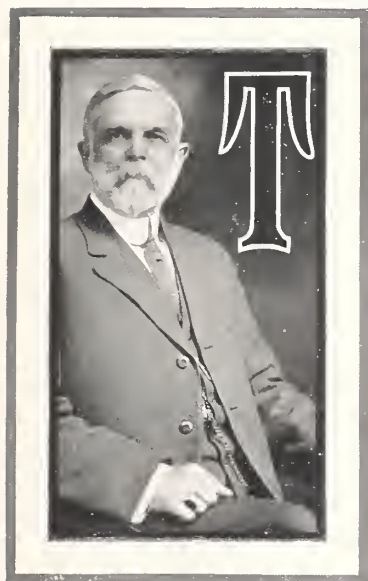
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LIEUTENANT J. A. CAMPBELL, JR., U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT H. D. COOKE, JR., U. S. N.

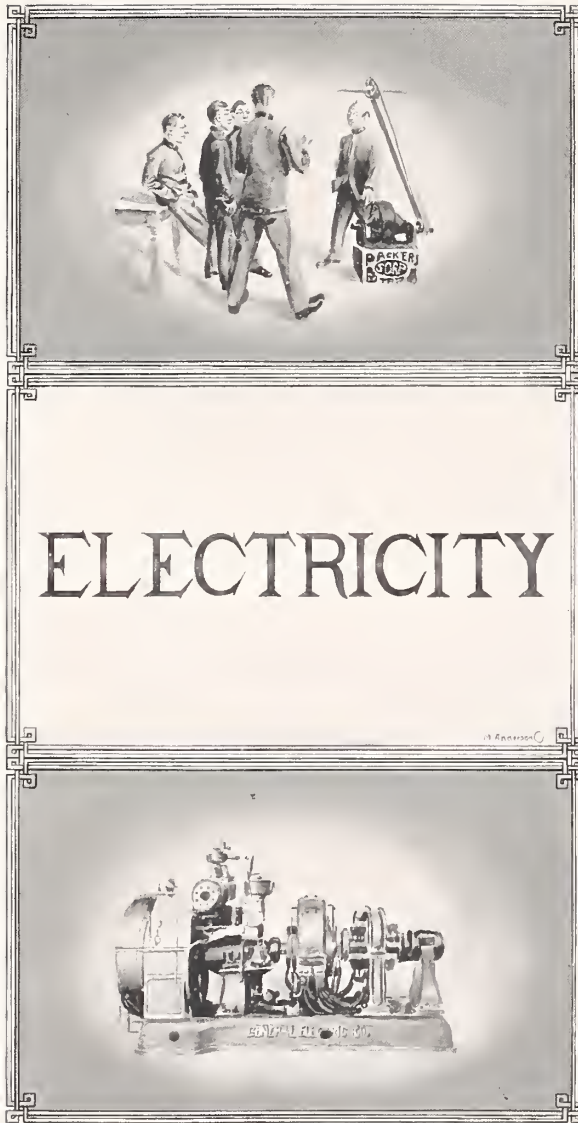
LIEUTENANT L. B. TREADWELL, U. S. N.

The Department of Physics and Chemistry



PROF. N. M. TERRY, U. S. N. A.,

THESE two subjects, known together as Skinny, are studied in Third Class year. The first part of the course is in PHYSICS, for which we use Daniell's Principles of Physics and Stewart and Gee's Practical Physics. The work embraces a study of the various standards,—length, mass, and so forth,—and the several systems of units used, gravitation and the measurement of the mass and weight of the earth, the resolution of a force into component forces, the action of liquids and gases at rest and in motion, and atmospheric pressure, causes and effects. The greater part of the time we spend on heat, light and sound, covering the theory of wave forms, the reflection, refraction and interference of waves, the theory of ether waves, the subjects of the production and propagation of the three forms of energy, the laws of thermo-dynamics, the theory of exchanges,—conduction, radiation, and convection,—and other subjects of a similar nature. We perform a great many experiments in the splendidly equipped laboratory and are required to fully explain them later in our note books. These experiments are designed to illustrate and supplement the course of study and to lead to the intelligent and skillful use of the instruments of precision used in measurements and tests. In CHEMISTRY, which we study during the middle part of the year, Remsen's Introduction to the Study of Chemistry is used. The course in this subject is not at all intended to develop chemists but rather to give us a thorough understanding of the properties of the various elements and their combination in chemical compounds to enable us to fully understand such practical subjects as the composition of explosives and the composition and analysis of smoke pipe gases, subjects that are taken up in detail in other departments. A short course in chemical analysis is given to illustrate the method of procedure in analyzing a compound whose component elements are not known. A large part of the time is spent in the chemical laboratory where we perform numerous experiments, explaining them in note books.



The Department of Electrical Engineering

Commander W. H. G. Bullard, U. S. Navy
Head of Department

Instructors

LIEUT.-COMDR. H. H. CHRISTY, U. S. N.

LIEUT.-COMDR. RALPH EARLE, U. S. N.

LIEUT.-COMDR. C. M. TOZER, U. S. N.

PROF. OF MATH. P. J. DASHIELL, U. S. N.

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LIEUTENANT J. W. GREENSLADE, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT C. T. WADE, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT W. BERTHOLF, U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT J. A. CAMPBELL, JR., U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT H. D. COOKE, JR., U. S. N.

LIEUTENANT L. B. TREADWELL, U. S. N.

The Department of Electrical Engineering



COMDR. W. H. G. BULLARD, U. S. N.

AN ACCOUNT of the large amount of electrically operated machinery on board our ships the subject of Electricity is one of the most important in the Academic course. Our work begins in Second Class year. In Thompson's Electricity and Magnetism we first learn the purely theoretical side of the subject. This includes a study of magnets together with the instruments used in calculating the intensity of the earth's magnetism, primary cells of all the different types and the various methods of grouping them, the instruments used in the measurement of electric currents,—voltmeters, ammeters, galvanometers, and so on,—the X-rays, and the theory of dynamos and motors. Our work becomes more and more practical as the year advances until finally we take up Bullard's Naval Electrician's Hand Book. In this we study the actual apparatus used on board ship and thoroughly learn it. A great deal of our time is spent on the practical operation of dynamos and motors and on the theory and practice of wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony.

The work in First Class year is thoroughly practical, embracing a study of all the apparatus found on board our ships. This includes the care and manipulation of storage batteries, the construction of induction coils,—used in wireless work—the study of generators and motors both for direct and for alternating current, switchboards and distribution panels, and the complete wiring system used on ships, rheostats, controllers and circuit breakers, work with motors for turret training, gun elevating, and gun loading equipment, a study of all means of electrical communication, the methods of measuring resistances and a thorough course in the location and correction of faults in the installation of a ship. The laboratory is fully equipped, having everything found on board a man-of-war. The installation is complete in every detail and during the many drills and practical work periods we are required to run the machines ourselves. During the summer we stand regular electrician's watches and wireless watches and so become thoroughly familiar with the practical operation of the plant and with the sending and receiving of wireless messages.



The Department of English

Commander E. H. Durrell, U. S. Navy

Instructors

PROFESSOR A. N. BROWN, U. S. N. A.

PROFESSOR W. O. STEVENS, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR G. P. COLEMAN, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR C. S. ALDEN, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR H. J. FENTON, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR C. M. HATHAWAY, JR., U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR H. C. WASHBURN, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR W. B. NORRIS, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR H. F. KRAFFT, U. S. N. A.

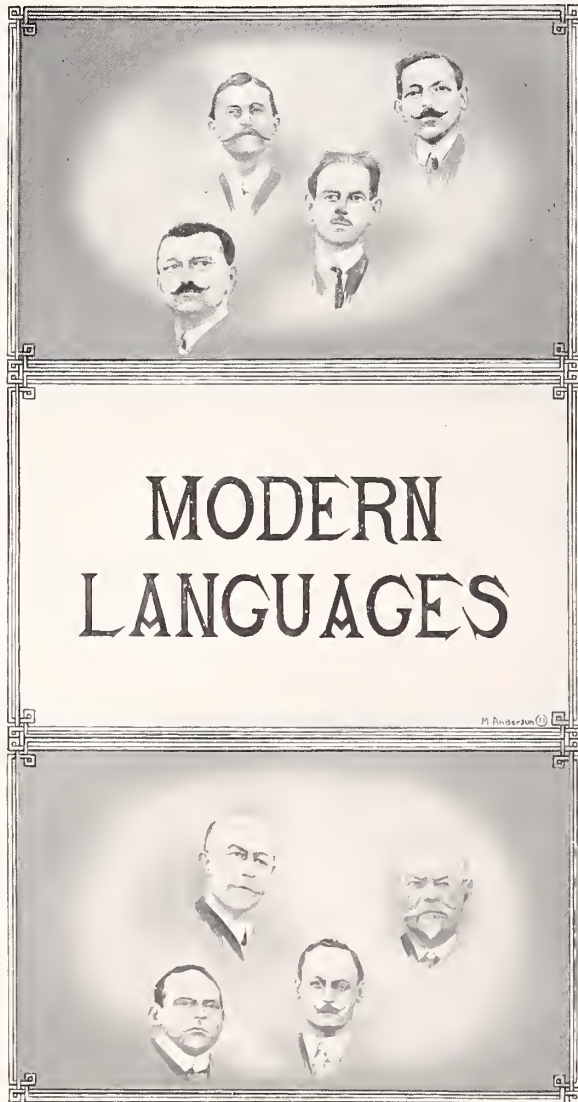
INSTRUCTOR C. H. FOSTER, U. S. N. A.

The Department of English



COMDR. E. H. DURELL, U. S. N.

THE course in this subject extends over the first year and a half. Hill's Beginnings of Rhetoric and La Mont's English Composition are studied first to insure a thorough knowledge of the principles of expression. Themes on original subjects are required in great number, the idea being not so much to cultivate originality of thought as to give exercise in its correct expression. To this end our themes are most carefully corrected in accordance with suggestions from the instructors. Our work in the second term of Fourth Class year is mainly on the study of the Constitution of the United States. Theme work is continued along the same lines as in the first term. In Third Class year we study American Naval History, with the underlying idea of gaining knowledge of what has been done by our navy in the past and inspiration for what is to be done in the future. We read a number of English and American classics and recite on them, giving us illustrations and examples of various styles of writing and encouraging the reading of the best literature. Themes are required on the subject in hand, though themes on original subjects are from time to time asked for. A very useful part of the course is in the composition of official letters, dispatches, and telegrams in accordance with the forms prescribed by Navy Regulations.



The Department of Modern Languages

Lieutenant-Commander S. H. Graham
U. S. Navy, Head of Department

Instructors

PROF. HENRI MARION, U. S. N. A.

PROF. C. V. CUSACHIS, U. S. N. A.

PROF. P. J. DES GARENNES, U. S. N. A.

PROF. P. E. VOINOT, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR GASTON COSTET, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR F. W. MORRISON, U. S. N. A.

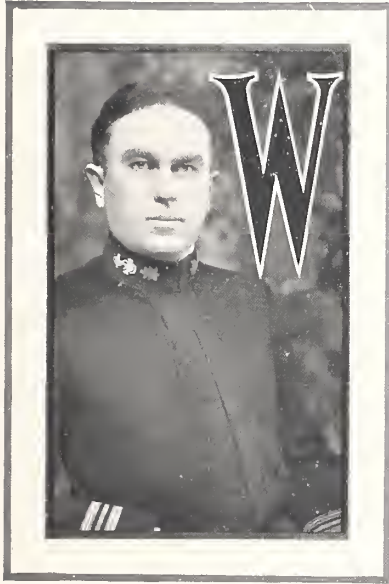
INSTRUCTOR ARTURO FERNANDEZ, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR W. E. OLIVET, U. S. N. A.

INSTRUCTOR R. BONILLA, U. S. N. A.

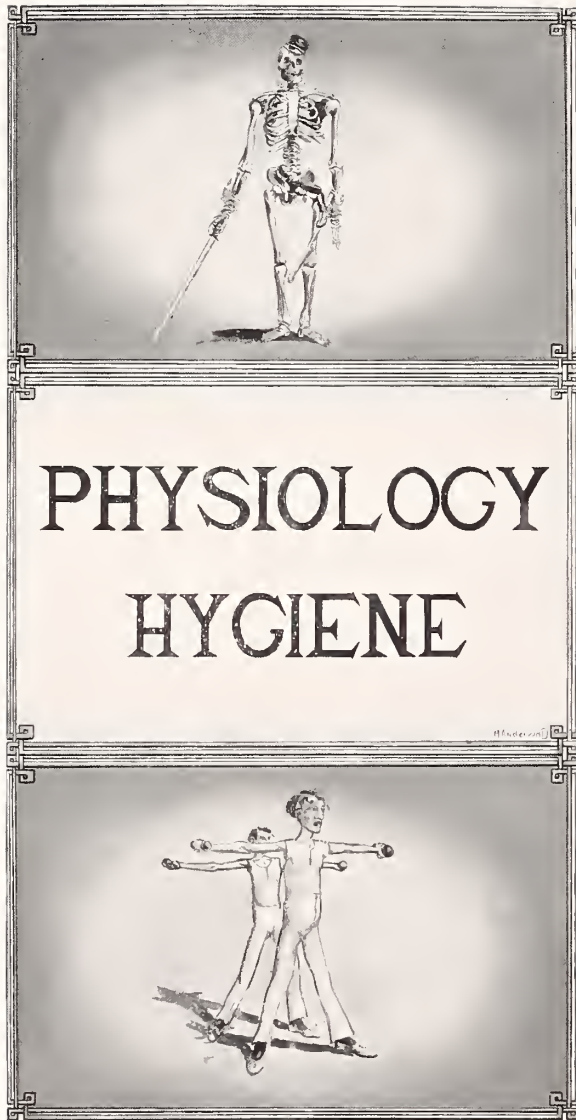
INSTRUCTOR M. A. COLTON, U. S. N. A.

The Department of Modern Languages



LIEUT.-COMDR. S. V. GRAHAM, U. S. N.
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT.

WHILE languages come under a minor department, the value of French and Spanish—"Dago"—to a naval officer cannot be questioned. In the limited time available for the subject it is not possible for all of us to acquire fluency in speaking the languages, it being intended merely to have us acquire a thorough grounding in each language upon which to build a vocabulary as opportunity may offer after we get out into the service. During the first year we study Bercy's *La Langue Française*, Marion's *Le Verbe* and the *Elementary Course in French Pronunciation*. In Third Class year Méras' *Syntaxe Pratique* and Guerlac's *Standard French Authors* are added to the text books and Spanish is started with the *Elementary Course in Spanish Pronunciation* and Marion and Des Garenne's *Introducción á la Lengua Castellana*. Later in the year we study Bransby's *Spanish Reader* and read French and Spanish plays. In First Class year the course is finished with seven recitations each in French and Spanish. These recitations on Friday evenings are only translations of plays. During the entire course no English is used in the section rooms, an effort being made by the instructors to develop out vocabularies by conversation. A certain amount of written work is required but most recitations are entirely oral.



The Department of Naval Hygiene and
Physiology

SURGEON A. M. D. McCORMICK, U. S. NAVY.

Assistant

SURGEON J. A. MURPHY, U. S. NAVY.

The Department of Naval Hygiene and Physiology



SURGEON A. M. D. M'CORMICK,
U. S. N.

IF THE many subjects that we study this one alone is required by law, an Act of Congress stating that there shall be included in the course at the Academy instruction to show the evils of tobacco and alcohol. The course under this department consists of fourteen lectures to the First Class during the Friday evening periods. The object of "Bones"—as we know the subject,—is to give us a general idea of Hygiene and Physiology so that as officers having independent commands, such as destroyers or submarines, with no surgeon on board, we may know what to do or where to find what should be done to maintain health in our commands. One of the most important subjects is that of first aid to the injured, giving the methods of procedure in the case of any accident or emergency such as might occur in action, in a fire or engine room, or on shore with a landing party. Under the last head come the important subjects of camp hygiene and the care of men in the field. Physical drills in the gymnasium under the Department of Discipline are supervised and arranged by an officer in this department. The same department makes physical measurements of all of us, requiring special exercises on the part of those in any way below normal.

Officers not attached to the Academic Staff

COMMANDER T. W. KINKAID, U. S. NAVY, *Head of Engineering Experiment Station.*
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER FRANK LYON, U. S. NAVY, *Duty at Experiment Station.*
SURGEON A. M. D. MCCORMICK, U. S. NAVY, *Senior Medical Officer.*
SURGEON C. E. RIGGS, U. S. NAVY.
SURGEON D. N. CARPENTER, U. S. NAVY.
SURGEON J. M. BRISTER, U. S. NAVY.
PAY INSPECTOR J. S. PHILLIPS, U. S. NAVY, *Pay Officer and General Storekeeper.*
ASSISTANT PAYMASTER O. D. CONGER, U. S. NAVY, *Pay Officer Ships, N. A.*
PAYMASTER SAMUEL BRYAN, U. S. NAVY, *Midshipmen's Pay Officer, Storekeeper and Commissary.*
CHAPLAIN H. H. CLARK, U. S. NAVY (retired).
CHIEF BOATSWAIN H. SEEDORFF, U. S. NAVY, *Special Duty Yard Craft.*
CHIEF BOATSWAIN J. HEIL, U. S. NAVY, *Special Duty under General Storekeeper.*
BOATSWAIN EDWARD HOSINGER, *Special Duty Under General Storekeeper.*
CHIEF CARPENTER R. H. LAKE, U. S. NAVY, *Special Duty Yard Craft.*
PHARMACIST J. T. OURSLER, U. S. NAVY.
PAY CLERK W. T. WILLIAMS, *Clerk to Commissary.*
PAY CLERK G. W. VAN BRUNT, *Clerk to Pay Officer.*
PAY CLERK R. A. ASHTON, *Clerk to General Storekeeper.*
PAY CLERK HARRY PRICE, *Clerk to Midshipmen's Storekeeper.*
PAY CLERK M. P. COOMBS, *Clerk to Pay Officer of Ships.*
DENTIST RICHARD GRADY, M. D., D. D. S.

U. S. S. Hartford (Station Ship).

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ENSIGN DOUGLAS HOWARD, U. S. NAVY.
ENSIGN J. H. INGRAM, U. S. NAVY.
MIDSHIPMAN G. R. MEYER, U. S. NAVY.
CHIEF BOATSWAIN G. B. MONCREIF, U. S. NAVY.
CHIEF MACHINIST B. F. BEERS, U. S. NAVY.
MACHINIST D. W. HARRY, U. S. NAVY.
MATE HARRY DAHIS, U. S. NAVY.

U. S. S. Olympia (in reserve).

COMMANDER A. H. SCALES, U. S. NAVY, *Commanding.*
CHIEF GUNNER G. W. PHILLIPS, U. S. NAVY.
MACHINIST W. S. FALK, U. S. NAVY.
CARPENTER W. E. WINANT, U. S. NAVY.

U. S. S. Bagley.

LIEUTENANT W. T. CONN, U. S. NAVY, *Commanding.*

NAVAL HOSPITAL.

SURGEON L. L. VON WEDEKIND, U. S. NAVY, *in Command.*
SURGEON J. H. IDEN, U. S. NAVY.
PASSED ASSISTANT SURGEON W. H. RENNIE, U. S. NAVY.
PASSED ASSISTANT SURGEON E. L. WOODS, U. S. NAVY.
PHARMACIST C. B. FURNELL, U. S. NAVY.

U. S. MARINE BARRACKS.

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CAPTAIN W. G. FAY, U. S. M. C.
FIRST LIEUTENANT A. B. DRUM, U. S. M. C.
FIRST LIEUTENANT H. M. SMITH, U. S. M. C.
FIRST LIEUTENANT R. L. DENIG, U. S. M. C. (POST QUARTERMASTER).
FIRST LIEUTENANT S. S. LEE, U. S. M. C.
SECOND LIEUTENANT A. M. ROBBINS, U. S. M. C.

LIBRARY STAFF.

PROFESSOR A. N. BROWN, U. S. N. A., *Librarian.*
J. M. SPENCER, *Assistant Librarian.*
R. J. DUVAL, *Cataloguer.*

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CADET COMMANDER, FOSTER, P. F.
 CADET LIEUTENANT AND BRIGADE ADJUTANT, UBERROTH, F.E.P.
 BRIGADE CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, LOFTIN, F.

FIRST BATTALION.

CADET LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER, STRICKLAND, S. G.
 CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT, FLETCHER, J. A.
 CADET CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, MOLTEN, R. P., JR.

FIRST DIVISION.

First Company.

CALLAGHAN, D. J., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 BARR, E. L., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 GROMER, J. G. B., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

SMITH, L. P.
 DEYO, M. L.
 RIEDEL, W. A.
 MURRAY, G. D.

PETTY OFFICERS.

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 MCCORD, F. C.
 BAIRD, J. A.
 REYNOLDS, F. F.

Second Company.

PERLEY, R. N., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 BOUSON, H. H., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 NIXON, E. B., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

RODGERS, J. L.
 BIERI, B. H.
 THOM, J. C.
 PATCH, E. L.

PETTY OFFICERS.

WEBSTER, W. W.
 McCLARAN, J. W.
 HAYES, W. C.
 PARROTT, G. F., JR.

Third Company.

GILMORE, M. D., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 HILL, H. W., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 NIELSON, J. L., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

LEWIS, R. W.
 VROOM, G. B.
 DENNETT, R. E.
 BUCHANAN, P.

PETTY OFFICERS.

REEVES, J. W., JR.
 WELDEN, F.
 MELENDY, F. B.
 OATES, E. T.

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Fourth Company.

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 DOUGLAS, H. G., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 MANN, J. R., JR., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

LOWRY, F. J.
 JACOBS, G. F.
 HOWARD, B. B.
 RIDGELY, C.

PETTY OFFICERS.

HAINSLIP, H. S.
 WRIGHT, C. Q., JR.
 LAMBERTON, L.
 BLACKWELL, J. M.

PETTY OFFICERS.

BRUNS, H. F.
 PICKING, S.
 LAPHAM, E. B.
 SNYDER, B. M.

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BREBETON, L. H.
 HOLT, J. H., JR.
 BROWN, M. L.
 MACK, A. R.

Sixth Company.

McCAUGHEY, S. D., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 GREEN, L. B., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 FIELD, R. S., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

ROOD, G. A.
 STARK, H. W.
 MEYER, V.
 BAUGHMAN, W. E.

PETTY OFFICERS.

HINRICHS, R. P.
 STONE, E. S.
 SKELTON, R. H.
 CRESAP, J. McD.

SECOND BATTALION.

CADET LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER, BULLARD, B. S.
 CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT, KING, T. S., 2d.
 CADET CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, CONWAY, U. W.

THIRD DIVISION.

Seventh Company.

HAMMOND, T. E., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 GORDON, C. C., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 HATCH, F. S., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

BYRNES, J. C., JR.
 DAVIDSON, W. S.
 GLENNON, H. R.
 McCLOY, T. S.

PETTY OFFICERS.

WOLFE, A. S.
 WOOD, R. F.
 WASSON, L.
 CALLAWAY, W. F.

PETTY OFFICERS.

BATES, P. M.
 McCLUNG, E. R.
 KIRK, N. L.
 MAYFIELD, P. C.

PETTY OFFICERS.

HODSON, M.
 ESLER, J. K.
 RIEFKOHL, F. L.
 HAGEN, O. O.

Ninth Company.

LOWRY, G. M., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 BAXTER, T., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 AWTRY, R. K., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

CYGO, J. R.
 SMITH, J. McE. B.
 ZIMMERMANN, A. G.
 McQUARRIE, D. S.

PETTY OFFICERS.

McHENRY, H. D.
 GOODHUE, W. E.
 QUIGLEY, W. M.
 ASHE, G. B.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Tenth Company.

FULLER, G. C., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 BOGUSCH, H. R., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 ANDERSON, M. H., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

CHEEK, M. C.
 WOLFARD, O. L.
 McGEHEE, E. C.
 FORD, A. W.

PETTY OFFICERS.

TAYLOR, JAS. H.
 GODWIN, D. C.
 CAREY, L. C.
 McMILLIN, G. J.

PETTY OFFICERS.

LAWDER, R. C.
 RISLEY, R. G.
 JOHNSTON, C. Y.
 PAINE, R. W.

PETTY OFFICERS.

BEACH, P. D.
 BUTLER, W. J.
 BIRDSALL, J. H.
 SYLVESTER, J. McF.

Twelfth Company.

PAMPERIN, L. S., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 HANSON, E. W., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 COMSTOCK, L. W., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.

DAY, S. K.
 LODER, A.
 McCORD, C. G.
 LEIDEL, O. W.

PETTY OFFICERS.

ZENOR, J. A. L.
 BALZLEY, F.
 BARNES, W. C.
 GOODRIDGE, M. K.

Cadet Brigade Officers for the Second Term

CADET COMMANDER, FOSTER, P. F.
 CADET LIEUTENANT AND BRIGADE ADJUTANT, UBERROTH, F.E.P.
 BRIGADE CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, RISLEY, R. G.

FIRST BATTALION.

CADET LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER, STRICKLAND, S. G.
 CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT, HAMMOND, T. E.
 CADET CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, LEWIS, R. W.

FIRST DIVISION.

First Company.

CALLAGHAN, D. J., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 BARR, E. L., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 GROMER, J. G. B., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 SMITH, L. P.
 RIEDEL, W. A.
 LODER, A.
 MURRAY, G. D.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 BAIRD, J. A.
 BAKER, P. R.
 HOWARD, B. B.
 COBB, C. H.

Second Company.

PERLEY, R. N., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 ROUSON, H. H., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 NIXON, E. B., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 PATCH, E. L.
 WEBSTER, W. W.
 THOM, J. C.
 DEYO, M. L.

Third Company.

GILMORE, M. D., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 HILL, H. W., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 HICKS, E. H., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 JR. RODGERS, J. L.
 VROOM, G. B.
 BEACH, P. D.
 REEVES, J. W., JR.
 DENNETT, R. E.
 BLACKWELL, J. M.
 McCLARAN, J. W.
 OATES, E. T.

SECOND DIVISION

Fourth Company.

ENGLISH, R. H., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 LOFTIN, F., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 LOWRY, F. J., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 FIELD, R. S.
 DOUGLAS, H. G.
 JACOBS, G. F.
 RIDGELY, C.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 WRIGHT, C. O., JR.
 LAMBERTON, L.
 HAINSLIP, H. S.
 CARSTARPHEN, R. J.

Fifth Company.

PHILLIPS, W. B., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 NIELSON, L. J., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 BADGER, O. C., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 BUCHANAN, P.
 BRERETON, L. H.
 HOWELL, G. F.
 PETERSON, J. R., JR.

Sixth Company.

McCAUGHEY, S. D., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 GREEN, L. B., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 ROOD, G. A., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 STARK, H. W.
 STONE, E. S.
 BAUGHMAN, W. E.
 COMSTOCK, L. W.
 MEYER, V.
 HINRICHS, R. P.
 MACOMB, A.
 McQUARRIE, D. S.

SECOND BATTALION.

CADET LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER, BULLARD, B. S.
 CADET BRIGADE STAFF PETTY OFFICER, RISLEY, R. G.
 CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT, KING, T. S., 2d.
 CADET CHIEF PETTY OFFICER, McCLUNG, E. R.

THIRD DIVISION.

Seventh Company.

FLETCHER, J. A., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 GORDON, C. C., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 HANSON, E. W., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 MANN, J. R.
 HODSON, M.
 DAVIDSON, W. S.
 BYRNES, J. C., JR.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 GLENNON, H. R.
 WASSON, L.
 CALLAWAY, W. F.
 KELLER, H. R.

Eighth Company.

HAWLEY, D. B., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 DOWNER, D. B., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 GATES, J. W., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 BIERL, B. H.
 BRUNS, H. F.
 KIRK, N. L.
 BATES, P. M.

Ninth Company.

LOWRY, G. M., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 BAXTER, T., CADET JUNIOR LIEUTENANT.
 MOLTEN, R. P., JR., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 CYGON, J. R.
 MAYFIELD, P. C.
 ZIMMERMANN, A. G.
 McGEHEE, E. C.
 McCLOY, T. S.
 SMITH, J. McE. B.
 BOOTH, R. H.
 ASHE, G. B.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Tenth Company.

FULLER, G. C., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 PAMPERIN, L. S., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 ANDERSON, M. H., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 CHEEK, M. C.
 JOHNSTON, C. Y.
 McHENRY, H. D.
 FORD, A. W.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 TAYLOR, JAS. H.
 GODWIN, D. C.
 MRIGS, J. F., JR.
 BALTZLY, F.

Eleventh Company.

MAGRUDER, J. H., JR., CADET LIEUT.
 CAPEHART, E. D., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 GRIFFIN, R. M., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 WOLFARD, O. L.
 PAINE, R. W.
 SYLVESTER, J. McP
 BROWN, M. L.

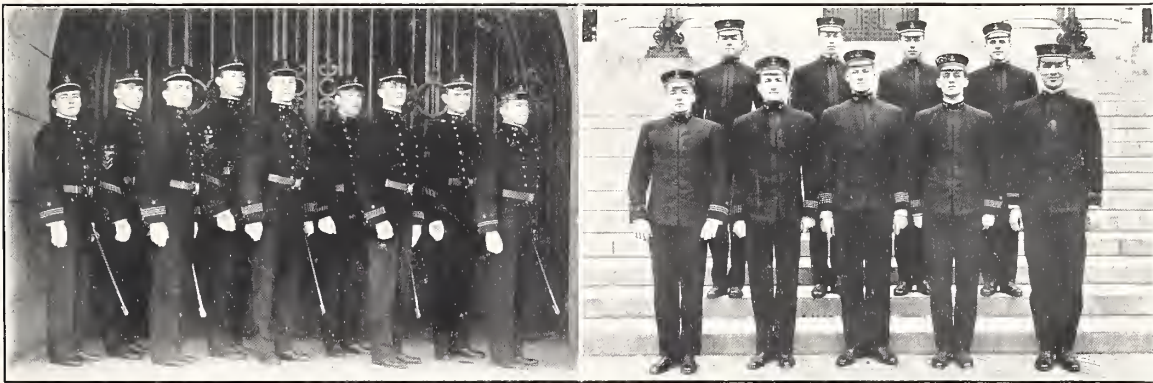
Twelfth Company.

BOGUSCH, H. R., CADET LIEUTENANT.
 HATCH, F. S., CADET JUNIOR LIEUT.
 CONWAY, U. W., CADET ENSIGN.

PETTY OFFICERS.
 DAY, S. K.
 McCORD, C. G.
 LAWDER, R. C.
 HAGEN, O. O.
 MELENDY, F. B.
 LEIDEL, O. W.
 CRESAP, J. McD.
 GOODRIDGE, M. K.



STRIPERS—FIRST TERM

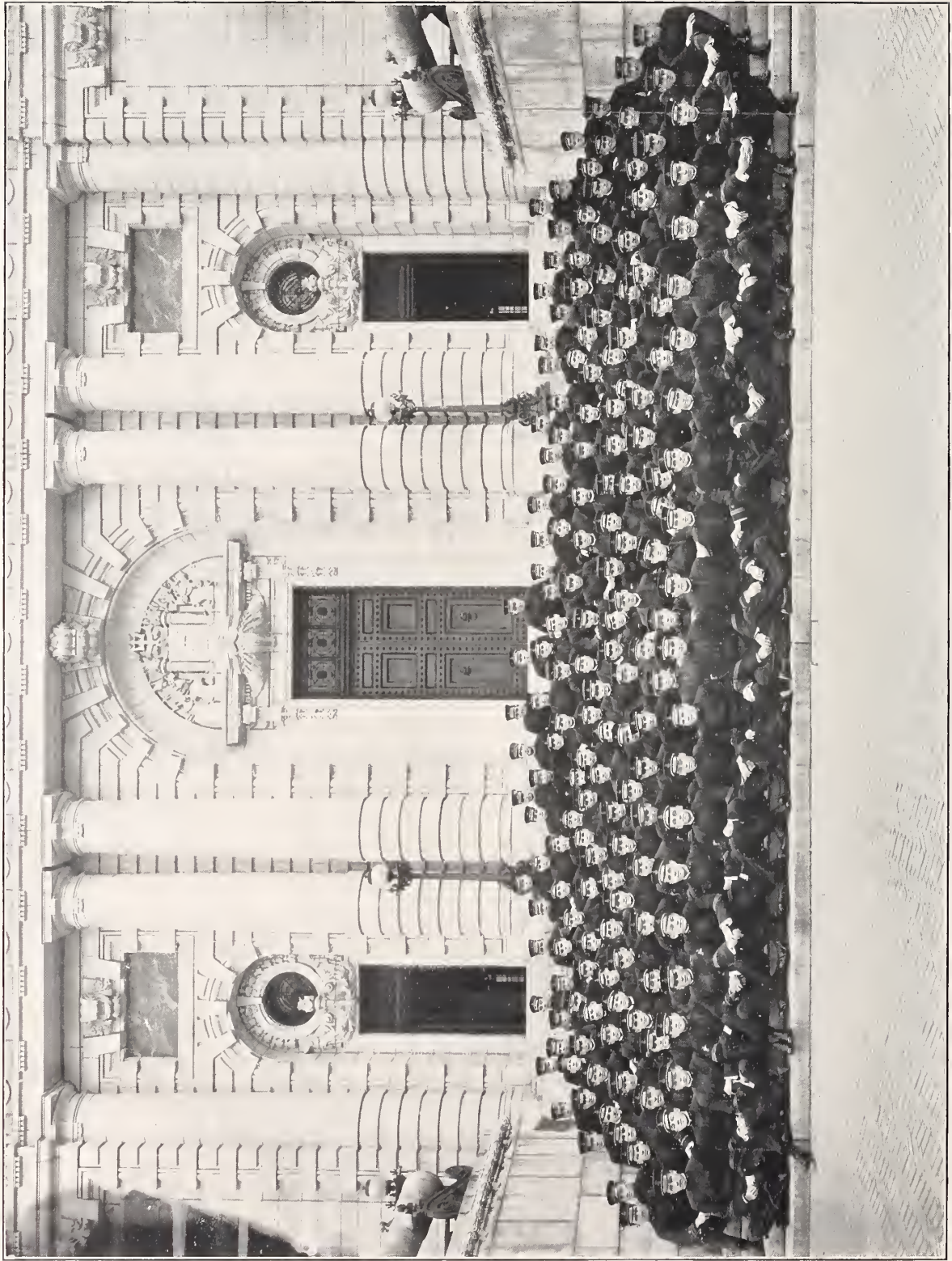


STAFF—FIRST TERM.

STAFF—SECOND TERM.



STRIPERS—SECOND TERM.



THE CLASS OF 1911.

BIOGRAPHIES

They journeyed on together, on and on, through black forests of Math, swamps of Skinny and Electricity, over towering mountains of Steam and glaciers of Ordnance, until they came to the parting of the ways. Together they had endured the perils of seasickness, pursued the phantom 3.0, and supported each other before the dreaded trees. As they stood together, one said to the other, "friend, look at me well, and let me look at you, write me on paper if need be, and I will do the same by you, for, though I know you now line for line, yet the years are long, and the memory of man is short." Then they shook hands and parted.



Jonathan Waverly Anderson

“WOOLSEY” “JOHN” “ANDY”

Jonathan W. Anderson was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on June 7, 1890. Before entering the Academy, he spent two years at the McCallie School, and was appointed to the Academy from Tennessee.



ANDY is one of the happy quartet who were unavoidably detained, and missed the West Point Game this last year. He is a good-natured Southerner who never rhinoceroses, and is truly reticent when it comes to his own troubles. Seldom known to be out of the makes, and never studies too hard to spare the time to “catch one”. He is one of the few men inside the Academy walls who know the real purpose of the Reception Room and Memorial Hall, compelled thereto by stern necessity. He spends a great deal of his spare time writing letters, and incidentally gets quite a few. When the two-bell system was inaugurated in the Mess Hall, it was undoubtedly meant for John, and spells “accelerate”. His graduation will be a great loss to the telephone company, as anyone will tell you who uses the booth much after dinner.

Milton Hudson Anderson

“ANDY”

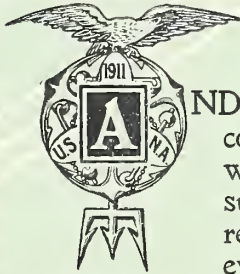
Baseball Team (3, 2, 1) Football (4, 3, 2, 1)

Lucky Bag Staff.

Star (2) Christmas Card Committee



Milton Hudson Anderson was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on May, 11, 1889. While he claims Seattle, Washington, for a home, he has travelled widely. He made the trip to the "tent city" of Dawson, Alaska, during the Gold Rush, and spent a year in that uncivilized country. Before entering the Academy, he spent three years at the Seattle High School.



ANDY is a husky, clear-skinned athlete who has combined his physical and intellectual growth with so much discretion that neither has suffered. On the baseball field he is the old reliable, and when Andy steps into the box everyone heaves a sigh of relief. His bulk and good-natured face inspire confidence, and his record sustains it. Being a "south-paw", he has evolved the weirdest, and most back-hand method of writing at a desk that our class can boast. That he gets there just the same is proved by the many drawings he has contributed to this book. When not lured away by a good book or a pressing letter, he bones conscientiously, puts up good recitations in the section room, and consistently adds a tenth or two to his mark by his brace and attention. A good fellow, and a welcome addition to any gathering.

“Hey fellows”



George Bamford Ashe

"MAZIE" "BAMFORD" "GEORGE"

George Bamford Ashe was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, on January 19, 1891. Before entering the Academy he attended the Raleigh High School, and the Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va. He was appointed from North Carolina by the Hon. E. H. Row.



FAIR-HAIRED, happy Southerner whose sweet disposition is liked by all. The pride of the Ninth, who are directly responsible for what little hardness George has been able to assimilate in the last four years. Joined the Second Deck Smoking Parlor two years ago, and has since been a devotee of My Lady Nicotine. Being naturally savvy, he has never had to worry about keeping sat, but possessing a lazy streak, has never stood very high. Never bothered himself with athletics, although each succeeding Spring his work on the mound for the Ninth's fast aggregation has shown him to be a second Christy Matthewson. He can be found in Recreation Hall any Sunday afternoon tearing off some classic on the piano. Loves to "put one over on the deacon", and often succeeds. He fusses occasionally, but really prefers being around with the boys.

"Goodness gracious, boy. Why don't you hurry."

Robert King Awtrey

“OTE”

Brown N 2nd. Expert Bar



Robert King Awtrey was born March 13, 1889, in Atlanta, Texas. He has lived in Georgia and Texas, and before entering the Academy attended the Marietta, Ga., High School. He was appointed to the Academy by the Hon. Gordon Lee, from Georgia.



TE is a naturally savvy man, who, among other things, has successfully accomplished the feat of bringing his errant room-mate through the perils and hardships of the last four years. He ambles happily through life with a skag in his mouth, his brace and his shoulder well to the fore. A loyal member of the old topgallant Ninth, and a charter-member of all its secret societies, his cronies are all to be found in that happy-go-lucky crowd. Smokes the most evil-smelling pipe in the Academy, and when Ote enters with that pipe, others go. He was a rifle team man well on the way to make good, but decided that the First Class Cruise was worth more to him than a brown N. He stands well in all his studies, has all the qualifications of a lady's man, if he chooses to exert them, and makes an excellent side partner.

“Confound it, somebody stole my pipe.”

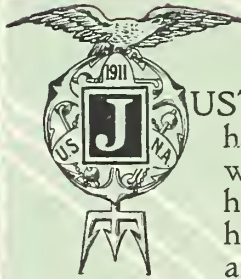


Oscar Charles Badger

“SUPE” “OSCAR”

Rifle Team (4, 3, 2, 1) Captain (1)
N. A. Gold Medal for Target Practice (2)
Masqueraders (3, 2)
Farewell Ball Committee Class football
Star (4) Expert Bar

Oscar Charles Badger was born in Washington, D. C., on June 26, 1890. He went to St. John's, Annapolis, for two and a half years. Appointed at large by President Roosevelt.



JUST a boy. That is the first impression one has of Supe, but he has seriousness in his brain which does not show in the merry twinkle of his eye. One of the best shots the Academy has ever had, he became captain of the team after three years of hard and consistent work. His Jacob's Ladder of expert bars would put an Austrian Diplomat to shame. Supe is of a rough-house disposition at times, and is responsible for much of the broken glass about Bancroft Hall. He longs for the old days of rates and rathskellers when as a “kid in the yard” he used to throw snowballs at those who now throw three-eights at him. Shaves faithfully every two weeks. Supe dearly loves a big liberty, whether it's his grand passion-bowling at the Magnet, or a taxi-cab joy ride in Boston. He has one serious ambition,—to make good with a turret-crew.

“She was only a little bit of a girl.”

Carlos Augustus Bailey

“ CARLOS ”



Carlos Augustus Bailey, born May 3, 1887, is a native of Somerville, Massachusetts, and a graduate of the Somerville High School. Before entering the Naval Academy he spent one year at Tuft's College, Medford, Massachusetts, where he became a member of Tuft's Engineering Society. Appointed to the Academy from Massachusetts.



CARLOS is quiet, almost solemn, with steady blue-grey eyes, and expressionless face. No one has ever seen him aroused. He is afflicted with the Massachusetts pronunciation and an extreme partiality for everything that hails from that part of the country. "Havahd" is his standard of educational institutions, and the Naval Academy often suffers by comparison. He reads his day-old Boston paper perfectly sure that he is getting as up-to-date information as the man who has just purchased the latest New York daily. From Howell, with whom he roomed three years, he learned how to smile, which he does on exceptional provocation. Although Carlos is somewhat of a hermit, and prefers his own room and negligee clothes to anything else, there is considerable fun and dry humor in his make-up, apparent to those who know him. It crops out now and then in little practical jokes.



John Absalom Baird

“ JACK ”

John Absalom Baird was born at Fort Meyer, Va., on June 23, 1890. Belonging to an Army family, he has lived in more states than we have space to enumerate but chiefly in Virginia, Arizona, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Before entering the Academy, he spent three years at St. Luke's School, Wayne, Pennsylvania.



DURING his career at the Naval Academy, Jack has been on the leeward side of a 2.5 about as often as any of us, but invariably makes good when its “ up to him,” and comes out all right. He is reserved rather than quiet, and when he blossoms out on hop-nights with his cherubic smile and youthful air, gets the pick of the fair contingent for his card. Though not very talkative, he is always happy, and is one of the few who have not sworn to resign on graduation. He lost his first love during Youngster year when a stern Academic Board removed the irresponsible Tucker from our midst, and this last year has enjoyed peaceful immunity under the wing of one of our sturdy three-stripers. His ever-ready smile and sweet disposition have won him scores of friends.

Philip Randolph Baker

“PHIL” “BAKE”

Philip Randolph Baker was born at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, on October 5, 1889. He has visited the Canal Zone and Porto Rico. His present home is Lincoln, Nebraska, where he graduated from High School, and later attended the University of Nebraska.



BAKE jumped into fame and to a broken arm toward the close of Plebe year and grafted three months sick-leave as a result. He found it so easy that he has been living along the lines of least resistance ever since. His quiet and innocent expression have won him an undeserved immunity from the O. C.'s for the last four years. He is nothing if not original, witness his arsenal, which, collected First Class cruise, comprised every sort of weapon from Japanese daggers to Spanish sword-canes. He has a thirst for excitement, and cherishes an ambition of becoming a soldier of fortune, or a South American dictator. An inveterate reader, and the greatest living authority on Omar. A great fusser, in his own way. Claims membership in the 40%, but those who know him best place a much higher rating on his mental powers.

“Is tha’ a fac’.”



Frederick Baltzly

“FRITZ”

Gray Numerals

Frederick Baltzly was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on June 5, 1889. He graduated from Hudson High School, Hudson, Mass., and was appointed to the Academy from Massachusetts.



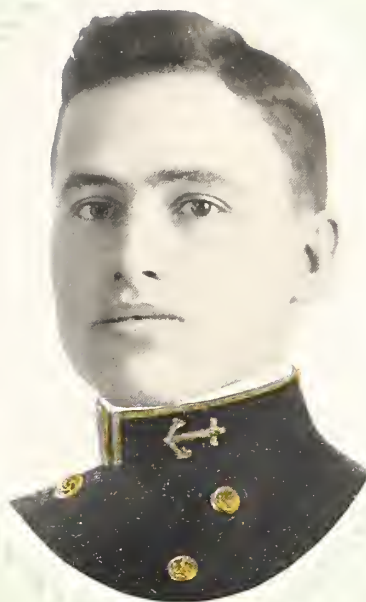
FRITZ is a true Bostonian who would rather delve in Chaucer, Shelley, or Scott than go to a ball-game or a hop. Thinks that heaven is made up of Morris chairs, bath-ropes, pipes, and an inexhaustable supply of books, not forgetting an all-morocco, gilt-edged edition of Omar Khayyám to boot. He is a good boxer, and more than once has shown his sand, being rather difficult to convince. One of the fencing squad, and handles both foil and cane with some dexterity. Once, a long while ago, he dragged to a hop, but the exception proved the rule, and he has since been the reddest of red-mikes. His hasty manner has kept him from having as many intimates as he otherwise would have had, for those who know him best find much to admire in him. He proved his mettle by lasting a term as the wife of Count Von Erlanger Bode.

William Clifford Barnes

“BILL” “JO-JO”

Masqueraders (2, 1) Choir (2, 1)

William Clifford Barnes was born in Atlanta, Georgia, on December 14, 1888. He graduated from the Boy's High School of Atlanta before entering. He was appointed from Georgia.



O-JO possesses a most contagious laugh, and works it overtime. Loves to torment most anybody but perhaps Hink best of all. Enjoys telling a story and harps way back to candidate days, when nothing more recent can be found, to trot out some gray-haired story, all trimmed up in his happy style, and appreciative giggle. He fusses intermittently but prefers sitting in at the great national game to dragging anything less than a queen. He has smoked almost everything since he has been here, and sad to relate, got caught nearly every time. Takes it cheerfully and returns good for evil by turning in wooden cigars, and bull tags with lemons on the other end. He has a melodious voice, but just can't quite hit the right note. He is a jolly companion and the life of any gathering.



Eric Lloyd Barr

“ERIC”

**Grey Numerals Special Light Weight
Boxing Championship**

Eric Lloyd Barr was born in Huron, S. D., on September 4, 1887. He has travelled extensively, and spent three years in Alaska during the Klondike Fever Period. He attended the Los Angeles High School, but left for the Naval Academy before graduation.



ERIC'S walk is his first striking feature. Its a cross between a drag, and the roll of a boatswain's mate, if you can imagine that. He was at one time a member of the California State Militia, and likes to tell of his experiences during the earth-quake. Of rather a serious turn of mind, and believes in enforcing the regulations. A clever boxer, and has plenty of nerve and grit, as anyone who puts on the mitts with him soon finds out. Ambitious in more ways than one, and was only half-pleased with the two stripes he drew from the Cruise grab-basket. He has ideas of his own, and the man who can convince him in an argument deserves a medal. Fusses occasionally, but prefers reading for recreation. He keeps to himself a great deal, but those who know him best admire him as a staunch friend and a man of great determination.

Harold Terry Bartlett

“HAROLD” “CULIS” “BART”

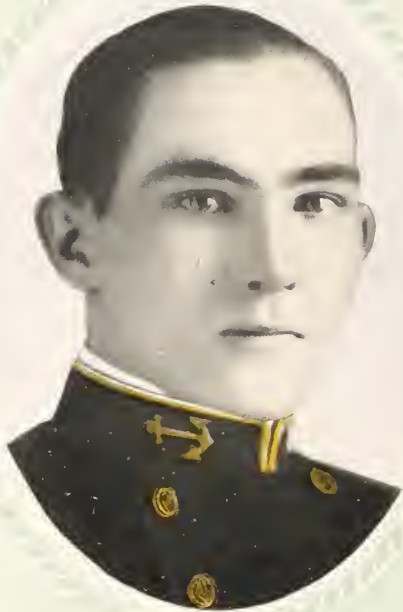
Brown N, Rifle Team 3, 2, 1, Expert Bar



Harold Terry Bartlett was born in Block Hall, Connecticut. Before entering the Academy he attended Block Hall High School, and graduated. He was appointed from the 3rd Connecticut.



HERE we have a man who would rather argue than eat, and who is a close second to the Pride of Maryland on the newspaper proposition. Always in trouble with the profs, but never loses his smile or his habit of strolling in about ten minutes before the end of the study-period to find out what the lesson is. One of the crack shots of the Academy, and his good work at Camp Perry contributed materially to the high standard of the Academy team last year. He likes to fuss, but believes in the time-honored phrase, “variety is the spice of life.” One of the boys, and loves a good time—and also the hospital, which he visits frequently. He is absolutely sincere in all that he says and does, hasn’t a spark of selfishness, and where 1910 lost, we most decidedly gained.



Paul Marshall Bates

“BIFF” “PAUL” “TOGO” “STEFFEN”

Gym Team (4, 3, 2, 1) Captain (1)

Finals Light Weight Boxing

Paul Marshall Bates was born in Birmingham, Alabama, on September 13, 1888. He attended the Bingham School, Asheville, N. C., and there became a member of the Kappa Gamma fraternity. He later graduated from the Hill Military School, Portland, Oregon. He was appointed to the Academy from the 2nd Oregon.



MAN of varied and cosmopolitan attainments. Short, swarthy, and stocky; soft-voiced and quick of temper, he is apt to give one the impression of a rhino temperament. On the contrary, that is not one of his failings. One of the old sixth company, and a leader in the famous “night riders” of Youngster year. Likes “guhls” very much, especially the little ones, and has a different “guh!” at each hop. Has done good work on the gym team each year, and does the giant swing to perfection. He bones conscientiously when he does bone, but likes a rough-house now and then to liven things up a bit. Received a gift of umptysteen demerits one Christmas morning as a result of the tragedy of the closed room. Captained a very successful cruise on the Argo during First Class Leave. Biff is a true, good sport whose worst enemy is himself.

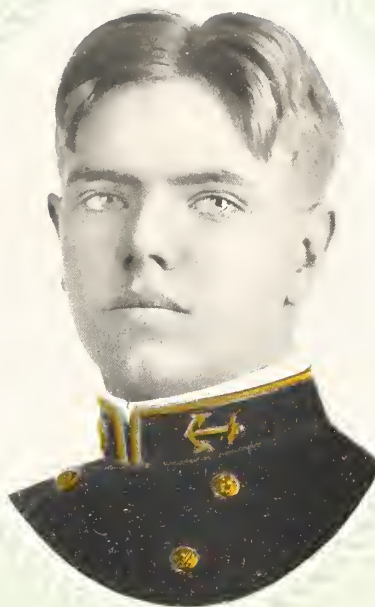
“Hullo, boys. Where you-all goin’? Ha! Ha!”

Loring Woart Batten, Jr.

"LORING"

Choir (4, 3, 2, 1) Leader (1)

Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1)



Born in Philadelphia, September 29, 1890. Lived in Pennsylvania and New York. Attended Friends' Seminary School, New York City, and missed graduating by four months. Was appointed to the Naval Academy from New York.



FAIR-HAIRED youth from the "big city." Very quiet until you know him well, then oft-times he will wax enthusiastic on some topic of the day—baseball perhaps or maybe therapeutics. Believes that singing is about the best sport going, and has led the choir to triumphant death during the last year. The quiet perseverance of four years has greatly increased his store of knowledge, but has not removed a characteristic stage-fright in the section-room, which shows itself in drops of perspiration and decidedly wiggley knees. He never busts either. A very sensible chap, with a good bit of natural reserve, he has not breezed himself into the hearts of everybody. But we admire him for his inability to go about vending superheated atmosphere, and those who have come in contact with him have found out his great worthiness. Always looks on the bright side of things and never rhinoes.



William Edgar Baughman

“BOCKIE” “PITTY-PAT” “WILLIE”

Finals in Boxing Special Weight
Track Squad

*Born in Cool, California, on July 28, 1890.
Lived in California. Attended Sacramento High
School, and graduated from there. Appointed
from California.*

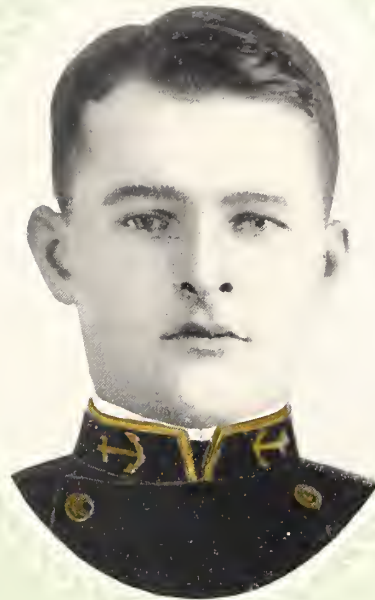


N affable little chap with a walk that bids fair to rival the motions of our old friend the oscillating engine, but gets there just the same. Dislikes sham in words or deeds, and lives up to this dislike by being frank and sincere himself. Bockie has a great deal of reserve, but once you get past that moral barrier you will find a man pleasant, agreeable, and interesting. Believes thoroughly in the manly art of self-defence, and is a bully little fighter, for he nearly captured one of those coveted Academy championships. One of the roughest of the Rouge Mikes, disliking petticoats in general and hobble-skirts in particular. Has a keen sense of humor which sometimes makes itself evident in pungent witticisms. Is very neat and methodical. Always greets you with a cheerful smile, and seems to be contented with the Navy as it is seen behind stout Academy walls.

Thomas Baxter

"T"

Class Football (2, 1)

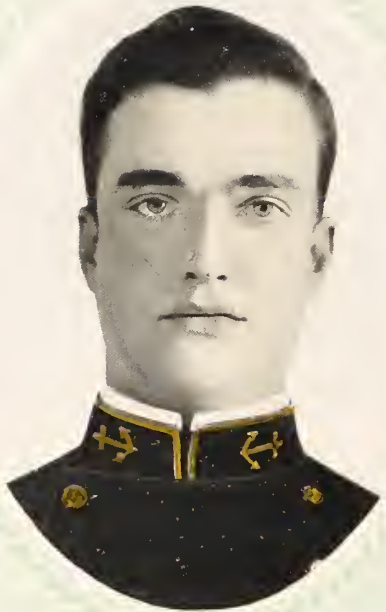


Thomas Baxter was born in South Dennis, Massachusetts, on September 6, 1889. He attended the North Attleboro High School for three years, and had a two years' cruise on the training-ship Enterprise to his credit, before he was appointed to the Academy from Massachusetts, by the Hon. W. C. Lobering.



HAPPY, husky, pink-faced lad from the Bay State, with a real "down East" twang. Claims that Attleboro is really on the map, that is—some maps. He came to us after a two-years' cruise on the Enterprise, and in consequence is really sea-going, and despises a land-lubber. He also has ideas of his own as to how the Navy ought to be run. Above the average considerably in class standing, and always willing to work, "T" has always had an easy time of it. Never happier than when puffing on his old pipe, and listening to Shorty spir. yarns. Didn't think much of his athletic ability until he went out for class-football Second Class year, and then proceeded to rip up everything in sight. Loves to see someone else up in the air, but simply can't stand it when he's the butt. In spite of all persuasion, "T"'s record as a red-mike is still clear.

"Say! Pipe down, can't you. I've got the mid-watch."



Philip Durphy Beach

“PHIL”

Philip Durphy Beach was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on December 19, 1888. He claims Connecticut as his home state, and spent three years at Bridgeport High School, before entering the Academy from there.

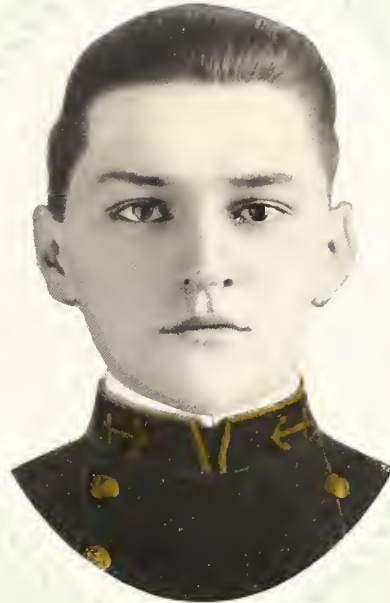


RESERVED, quiet, undemonstrative at all times,— this is Phil. He inclines toward pessimism, though Everett tried for a year to show him the evils of rhinoing, and succeeded with surprising results. Bones consistently, and is something of a plodder. Fusses rarely, but usually makes a hit when he can be induced to talk to one of the fair sex. Second Class year, the doctors discovered that he couldn't distinguish between the green grass below, and the blue sky above, so Phil spends most of his spare time poring over wisps of varicolored wool. He went out for the rifle-team, but the gun refused to shoot straight, so he gave it up as a bad job. Never speaks unless spoken to, and then speaks right to the point. Lost a lot of time First Class year with Typhoid, but came through all right. He is difficult to become acquainted with but his high ideals of conduct make him generally admired.

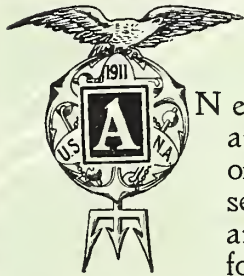
Bernhard Henry Bieri

“BERNHARD” “HOOKS” “HILUGIAN”
“SKIWEGIAN”

Class Football (3) Yellow 1911



Bernhard Henry Bieri was born in Walnut Lake, Minnesota, on June 24, 1889. Graduated from Wells High School, Wells, Minnesota. Present home address, Knapp, Wisconsin.



AN easy-going chap from Minnesota whose habits and characteristics savour more of Arkansas or Georgia. Bernhard came to us a quiet and serious lad and he is going to leave us a quiet and serious man. As a member of the “old fourth” he had endeared himself to “the hearts of the people,” and it was a great disappointment to him, and to the others when First Class year found him detached from the old crowd. He has brought Conrad and others through many critical stages and has been known to throw away his own chances on many occasions to help others. Has a positive dread of girls and never goes to the hops, even to hear the music. He stays in his room most of the time, but every Saturday goes out in town for one of those characteristic pompadour hair-cuts. A great chess-player and he spends many valuable study-hours playing with Gilmore.

“Say Bernhard, how’s to drag a girl for me?”



John Holmes Birdsall

“BIRDIE”

Brown N

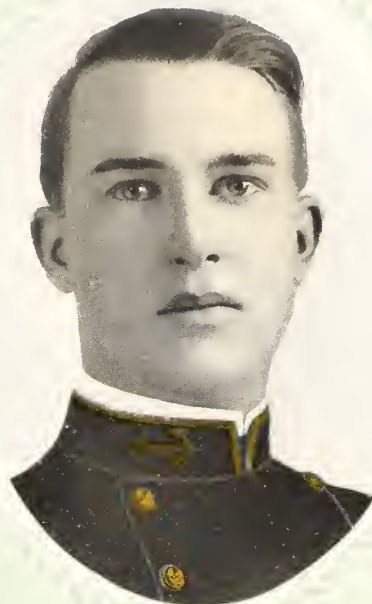
John Holmes Birdsall was born in Waretown, New Jersey, November 19, 1886. Before entering the Naval Academy he attended the Red Bank High School and later graduated from Shrewsbury Academy, Red Bank, New Jersey. He entered the Naval Academy with the Class of 1910, and was turned back after extended sick leave.



SOHABITANT of a “sanctum sanctorum” of classical learning and Modern Dago with Ben Butler, J. H. has always been noted for his studiousness. Before sick-leave sent him to our midst from Nineteen Ten he was the roommate of “Rusty Peter” Hall, of which fact he is exceedingly proud. Thus it was that, during Second Class year, few indeed were the favorable days that did not find him safely ensconced in the stern sheets of the Five Striper’s half-rater, with “Rusty” along as admiring passenger and crew. His particular delight, First Class year, was inducing reluctant bilgers among the Plebes in his immediate vicinity in ranks to take a brace. He is generally willing to pick a small bone, but passes up the larger ones. His temper, though present, is confined within equable limits, which, perhaps, is the secret of his inestimable gift of never getting in trouble.

Joseph Minor Blackwell

“JOE”

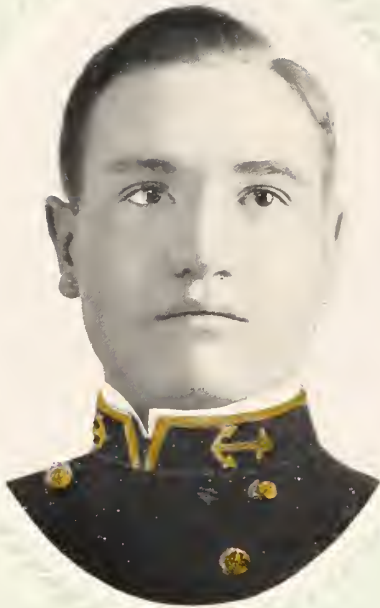


Joseph Minor Blackwell was born in Warrenton, Virginia, on April 20, 1889. He went to the Bethel Military Academy, Warrenton, Va., and was appointed to the Academy by the Hon. J. F. Rixey from Virginia.



AN unassuming youth who keeps his foot on the soft pedal, and looks at you with those bland blue eyes with an air of continual wonder. This, however, is no true index to Joe's character, for there is probably no one in the Class who has as many experiences in Baltimore and all points South as he. If in the mood he will wax eloquent, and spellbind you for hours at a time with the recital; if not, he is hard to talk to. He is seldom seen at the hops, and then does much of his dancing, "catching one" in a remote corner of the Gym. He enjoys a little game when the crowd is right, and is most natural when punctuating his quiet little side remarks with a puff from his ever-present cigarette. He is noted for his even temper, and those who know him best, like him most.

"Let's catch one."



Douglas Howard Bode

“COUNT” “BOAD” “HOWARD”

Douglas Howard Bode was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on January 23, 1889. Before entering the Academy, he attended the Woodward High School and the Walnut Hill Prep. School. He is a member of the Θ Π and Λ κ Φ fraternities. He was appointed from Ohio.



BEHOLD the Count—serene but rhino, graced with a bewitching smile and an exceedingly blasé air. A quiet, neat, and unassuming fellow, who dotes on plebes, and had reason to regret the failing. Turns in early on hop-nights, except on unusual occasions when he gives the ladies a treat by stagging. Every one of these special occasions is really his “last appearance.” He is haunted every now and then by visions of Pilsner, sauerkraut, zwieback, and the U. S. N. A. suffers terribly by comparison. Is a past-master of the art of sarcasm, and generally keeps the crowd in good humor while he is around. Smokes some kind of a dried plant for a cigar that absolutely couldn't let an O. C. lose him.

“Now look here.”

Harry Robert Bogusch

“BY GOSH” “HARRY” “SPIG”

Red Numerals. Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1)

Harry Robert Bogusch was born in Mexico City, Mexico, November 10, 1887. He graduated from Mason (Texas) High School, and entered the University of Texas soon after. He was in his freshman year when appointed to the Academy.



CARE-FREE Dutchman from the wilds of Texas who is outspoken in his opinions, regardless of time and place. Good-looking, with sparkling brown eyes, and possessed of a light, wiry build. Talks with his whole soul and body, and has a most infectious laugh.

Pulls a good oar in the crew squad each year, and only his weight has kept him out of the first boat. He prefers following the hounds with the A. H. C., or rough-housing, to boning. He was a most decided red-mike when he entered, but four years have developed him into a fusser of “first line of battle” rate. He was pleasantly surprised when stripes were dealt out and he was listed with the chosen few. He has a good brace, carries his honors well, and is merely a “holzenkopf,” as he says, but we know better. A good, solid man for a friend, and his friends are legion.



Richard Henry Booth

“DICK” “T. BEAR” “BOOT”
“BIG GRUFF DEVIL”

Red 1911 Red N 2d

Richard Henry Booth was born in Harlan, Iowa, on August 14, 1887. He graduated from the Harlan High School. While at home in September, 1910, he became a Mason.



HIS is the old T. Bear. One of the dauntless “Possums” who made themselves famous during Second Class leave by tramping the hills of West Virginia. Dick became known as a lover of romance when he climbed down the anchor chain to deliver a note to a fair sailormaid in Newport Harbor. He is a man who tries to make you believe that he is sore, but who likes nothing better than having the bunch around, running him about his love affairs and his curly hair. In London, while shopping, he refused to buy any article of clothing that did not have “London” labeled upon it. Dick is as he has put it, a “Big Gruff Devil,” with a heart to match. He has never graced any of the Savvy sections but he is always on hand at the final muster and he will make good where many “stars” fail.

“I’m Booth.”

“Sa-a-y kid, ’d you see Mister P-Possum?”

Herbert Horatio Bouson

“SNOOKUMS” “HERBY” “DA-DA”

Grey N 2d. Star (3, 2)

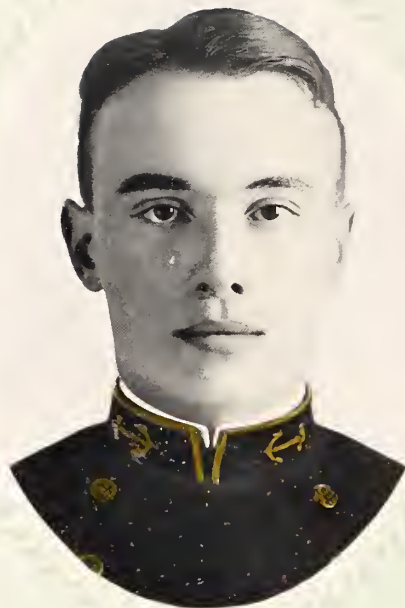


Herbert Horatio Bouson was born in Charleston, S. C., on November 12, 1889. He graduated from Charleston High School, and the Citadel, and was appointed to the Naval Academy by the Hon. Geo. S. Legaré, from South Carolina.



REAL savoir who has an unlimited supply of theoretical and practical knowledge. Thought out a new theory of wave-motion in the ether, and built a small mechanically perfect engine during his Second Class year. Missed starring Plebe Year because of five demerits, but has amply repaired the omission since then. Noted as a friend of the wooden man, and has saved many members of the old second company. In spite of this they have constantly made his life a burden by their good-natured running. One of the old-guard at fencing, and frequently gives exhibition of his ability with the broad-sword. Fusses as originally as he does everything else, and is a frequent attendant at the hops, though he never drags the same girl twice. He is short, stubby, and comical in many ways, but is exceedingly capable, and one of whom the Class may expect much.

“Come on, let’s see Herby.”



Lewis Hyde Brereton

“LOUIS”

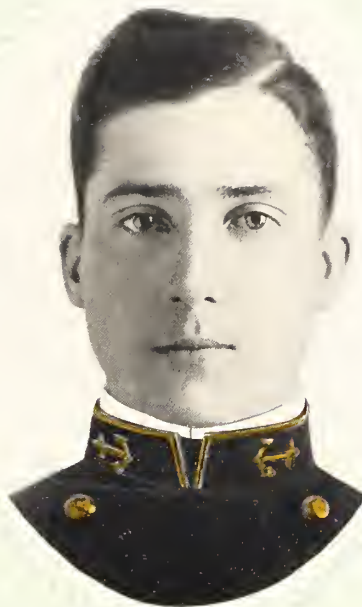
Lewis Hyde Brereton was born in Alleghany, Pennsylvania, on June 21, 1890. Lived in Pennsylvania, Texas, New York and Maryland. Went three years to the Alleghany Preparatory School, after which he spent two years at St. John's College, Annapolis. Was appointed to the Naval Academy from Pennsylvania.



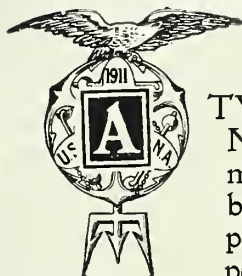
LL ready boys, now hip, hip hurray, three rahs for the Billiken Man. A corking chap whose only fault is that his conscience won't let him say too many nice things about Bancroft Hall. Louis believes that Leave ought to extend through nine months of the year, arguing that every one could then do much finer work in the three months remaining. Has never been known to smile on Sunday night, thereby demonstrating that liberty is not a good thing—that is for him. Has been heard to utter some wild thoughts about the Coast Artillery, with its attendant warm log fire in that little house on shore. Louis reads a good deal and will argue with anyone on current affairs of the day. He likes Robert W. Chambers, not because his stories are romantic—of course not. Is an extreme anti-red-mike. A fine fellow in every way, and a staunch friend.

Marvin Luther Brown

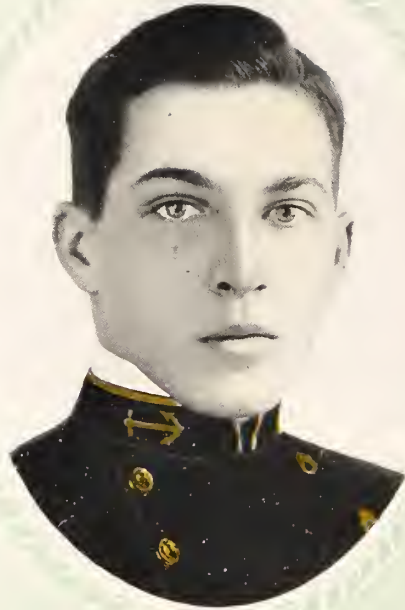
“MOSE”



Marvin Luther Brown was born in Gilliam, Missouri, Feb. 11, 1888, and lived there up to the time he entered the Academy. He graduated from the Gilliam High School, and during the year following, taught in one of Missouri's famous district schools.



TYPICAL Missourian, who thinks that the Navy would be all right if there wasn't so much water in the ocean, and more soil on a battleship. Has a crab-like motion to his propelling gear which gives him an odd list to port when under way. A pair of twinkling, blue eyes behind glasses perched on a very aquiline nose, over which he peers at you in a patriarchal manner, a queer chuckle resembling a chipmunk when amused,—and you have Mose. Reads treatises on deep subjects, is a deep thinker, and argues with the forceful manner of the erstwhile pedagogue. He is very austere to underclassmen, methodical in his ways and manners, and leans toward amateur photography and debating. In the section-room, he rolls his eyes around in a way that has brought him many a reproof. Not much given to fussing, but there may be a reason.



Henry Frederick Bruns

“PECK” “BRUNO” “HEN”

Star (4)

Henry Frederick Bruns was born in Ceredo West Virginia, on November 24, 1889. He graduated from the Ceredo High School in 1907. He did not prepare in Annapolis.



HENRY is a pleasant chap who always has something to eat in his room. Surprised himself Plebe Year by starring and has found the place easy ever since. Always willing to help a wooden man and frequently has done so at the expense of his own standing. Rhinoceros only on occasions but then he blows off at a very high pressure. Somewhat given to procrastination, that leave-it-till-tomorrow tendency, but he never leaves it till day-after-tomorrow, so he comes out all right. Peck goes to all the hops and is seldom seen in the stag line, but seriousness in connection with the fair sex never enters his head. Once, after Second Class leave he seemed to have an inward disturbance, or at least he would rhapsodize upon each appearance of the moon, but somehow or other these germs never rest long in Peck's system. Bruns has a good brace, common sense and is savvy.

“Sir, I've been in the hospital for six weeks.”

Pat Buchanan

"PAT"



Pat Buchanan was born in Bonham, Texas, on January 11, 1888. He graduated from the Bonham High School, and afterward went to the University of Texas for one year.



FROM wild and wooly Texas comes Pat. He is not at all the sort of chap one has in mind in thinking of a Texan, for with his Tecumseh-like quietness one is seldom aware of his presence. But Pat's is not the silence that comes from having nothing to say. It is decidedly golden, for Pat is a steady, consistent student, a thoroughly practical man, and one whose savviness should not be judged by class-standing. He is a shark in electricity, and one usually finds his room littered with wires, fuses, and instruments which kept the electrician busy putting in fuses, when Pat and Jimmy lived together Second Class year. His quietness has made the number of his intimate friends few, but any one of them will tell you that taking him full and by, Pat is a mighty fine man.

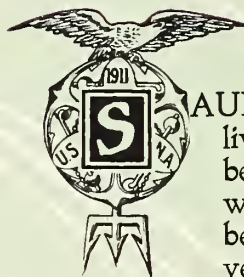


Beirne Saunders Bullard

“ SAUNDERS ”

White N2nd, Orange Numerals, Star (2),
Lucky Bag Staff, Masqueraders (3)

Beirne Saunders Bullard was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, August 7, 1890. As the son of a Naval Officer, he has lived in various states, but claims Maryland. He entered the Annapolis High School, and from there went to St. John's College for three years. He was appointed to the Academy by the Hon. J. W. Babcock, of Wisconsin.



SAUNDERS is one of the old Navy Juniors who lived around the Yard so long that he remembers when the five-striper of the jimmy-legs was an ordinary watch-man. He has always been efficient, drew a buzzard Second Class year, so that we were not at all surprised when he got four stripes this last year. He is a real savoir, who spends little of his time in boning, and infinitely prefers spending his evening study-period over a twenty-page letter. Owing to his good work on the second team, he has made a place on the baseball training-table every Spring. His stripes did not affect him at all, and he remained agreeably touge to the last. He loves a good liberty, and a good time, and spends lots of time reconciling love and duty. A charter member of the old ninth company crowd, and one of its leading spirits.

“Stop, you little goose.”

Andes Hailey Butler

“PINKIE” “ANDES”

Andes Hailey Butler was born on July 18th, 1890, in Alexandria, Louisiana. He attended St. Francis Xavier's Commercial College at Alexandria for six years, after which he was one year at Rugby Academy, New Orleans, and one year at Louisiana State University.



HIS chubby-faced youth from the land of the sugar cane, is what might be called one of the “characters” of the class. Pinkie is at times very good natured, and on such occasions demonstrates the exuberance of his spirits by sneaking up behind some one and pinching him or boxing his ears. Sometimes gets in trouble for talking too much, but as a rule you’ll find Pinkie an agreeable fellow, “be it for a frolic or a fuss.” Made a record for himself First Class cruise by having a watch officer suspended from duty. Being small, strong as an ox, and quick tempered, Pinkie frequently finds himself wanting to start a scrap, but his better judgment always rules and he compromises by simply sticking out his chin at you.

“Mr. Butler may be a Wiz with the omnimeter but he’s not much on the brain work.”



William Joseph Butler

“BEN” “ROJO” “ROJAS” “MARY”

William Joseph Butler was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, November 20, 1887. He is a graduate of the Classical High School of Worcester.



HE Enigma of Nineteen Eleven! Known to the Class as “Rojo” and “Rojas,” because of the permanent blush that stains his classic features, or perhaps because of his red-mike tendencies, he is hardly known by the Class, as a result of his quietness and reserve. Like most of us, he has peculiarities, among them a way of reciting that reminds one of a delayed action fuse, and the air of a man of forty. Also, a very marked lack of bad habits, excepting only a large and expressive vocabulary, consisting, metaphorically speaking, of one frog and one lion,—“Well I’ll be dahned!” and “Mercy me!” Ben was the victim of a practical joke Plebe year as a result of which he is a connoisseur in vegetable seeds, merry-go-rounds, baby-foods, and corsets. Seriously though, Ben is a man, one of the most upright and kindhearted in the Class, one respected first, and liked afterwards.

James Carroll Byrnes

“DOC” “CARROLL”

Green N, Track team (4, 3, 2, 1)

Lucky Bag Committee



James Carroll Byrnes was born in Norfolk, Va., June 10, 1890, and has spent most of his time there. After attending the Norfolk Academy, and the Brooklyn, N. Y. schools, he went to St. John's College, but did not graduate before entering the Academy. He was appointed at large by President Roosevelt.



It takes just about one minute to find that Doc hails from the “Saouth.” This fact, however, does not keep him from being energetic, and during Plebe year and Youngster year he plugged away on the track, winter and spring, running his mile or two every day, until now he is the Navy’s crack distance runner, and wears the coveted green N. He is of a musical turn of mind, and though he can’t sing, constantly warbles the latest song-hit. He also picked up the mandolin during Second Class year, and carries that off very well. Has considerable talent as an artist, and has helped much in the decoration of this book. Not a bonoid, but a good student, and if the medical department will pass his eyes as they have finally done in years before, he will easily make good in the Service.

“Look aout.”



Daniel Judson Callaghan

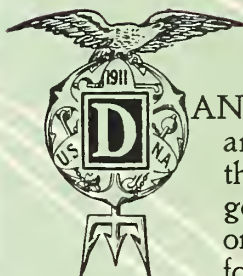
“DAN”

White Numerals (4), White N 2d (3),

White N (2), Hustlers,

Lucky Bag Staff

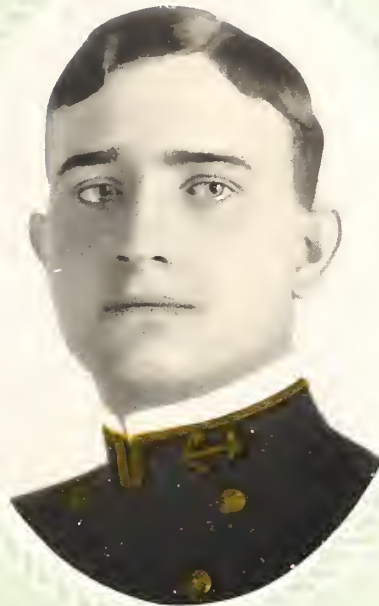
Daniel Judson Callaghan was born in San Francisco, July 26, 1890, where he lived until his appointment to the Naval Academy. Attended St. Ignatius College in San Francisco. He was appointed from California by Senator Perkins.



DAN came to the Academy a quiet, steady fellow, and leaves it just as quiet, but steadier. One of the very few men who have not changed their good habits and who have not acquired bad ones. He has a rare combination of straightforwardness, dignity, and generosity, that makes him one of the most respected and admired men in the Brigade. One of the big, strong men of the class, and his athletic record is enviable despite the fact that he has been handicapped by injuries every season. His buzzard Second Class year and stripes the next came as no surprise to his friends; his success as a three-striper has shown that he deserved all he got. He has a clear, level head and a remarkable memory, but his class standing has suffered because of his extensive letter-writing. His claims to being a Red Mike have suffered sadly during the last two years.

William Franklin Callaway

"DEADWOOD DICK" "DEVIL"
"DICK"



William Franklin Callaway was born in Clinton, Missouri, November 7, 1889. Before entering the Naval Academy he spent nearly three years at the Clinton High School.



DICK is one of the quiet men of the class, who steadily makes good without much furor. One of the Acey-Deucey sharps of Cruise days, and a member of the notorious Second Deck Iron-clads. He rhinoes on occasions, but merely for the fun of it, which few of us can say. He has a fetching grin of his own design, and makes good but quiet company. He is modest and rather too diffident for either a savoir or a fusser, though he has attempted the latter several times during his career. He loves a rough-house, as a good many quiet men do, and when "Bright Eyes" and "Alf" join him there is usually something happening. He roomed with Hyman for the first two years, until that little hazing incident occurred. Doesn't know what it is not to be worried over his eyes, and has a chronic dread of physical exams.



Everett Dole Capehart

“EVERETT”

Lucky Bag Staff. Masqueraders (2).

Everett Dole Capehart was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on June 26, 1890. As the son of a naval officer he has travelled extensively both at home and abroad, but found time to attend Rogers High School in Newport, R. I., and St. Lukes School, Wayne, Penn., before entering the Academy, to which he was appointed from New Hampshire.

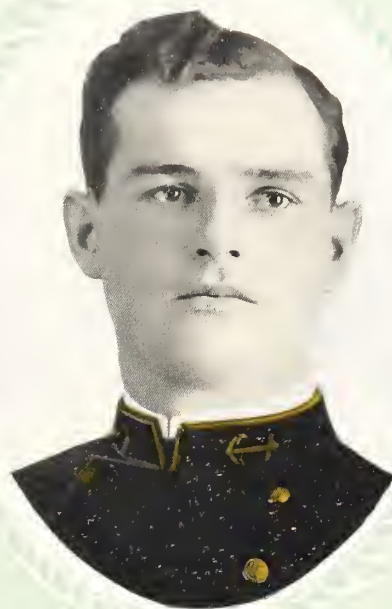


EVERETT is particularly noted for his brilliancy in all subjects expounded in the Steam Building. Is never happier than when chewing chalk over a sketch of a relief-valve or a four-cylinder gas engine. Warm hearted and generous, he is a friend most assuredly worth knowing, and one on whom you can rely to help you in your woes to the best of his ability. Has a wonderful amount of aplomb and refuses to be bluffed by anyone or anything. His polished manner, his conversational powers, and his dapper appearance, make him a favorite with the fair sex, and he can usually be found on a Saturday afternoon, ensconced on a comfortable sofa with a sweet maiden, or gracing one of the weekly “pink-teas”. Spends hours,—and numerous bars of shaving soap,—devising means to stop the growth of his heavy beard. Claims he will grow a “Van Dyke” and a moustache, as soon as he graduates.

Lee Cummins Carey

“LEE” “CUMMINS”

Football (3, 2, 1),
Yellow N, Track (4, 3, 2, 1) Green N,
Captain Track Team (1),
Welter-weight Wrestling Championship (4)
Midshipmen's Athletic Association.



Lee Cummins Carey was born in Berlin, Maryland, on May 7, 1887. He lived in Baltimore most of his life, and spent three years at Tome Institute before being appointed to the Academy by the Hon. Thomas A. Smith from Maryland.



WHEN Lee came to the Academy he had already won an enviable record for himself in the track world. Many people remember yet the time when he took off his cits after being sworn in on his re-exam, and won a track-meet for the Navy. The “Pride of Maryland” is too feather-brained and light-hearted to be a good student, and he would rather argue with Spig any old study-period than bone. He is noted as one of the most conscientious newspaper readers in the Class, and his political information is voluminous. He goes to every hop, dances every dance, and knows every girl that comes down. If you are looking for trouble, ask him what they said about him in the Minstrel Show. He is good-natured, easy-going but rather nervous, and has probably the most perfect build in the Class.

“No. It wasn't her.”



Rivers Johnson Carstarphen

"CHESTY"

Rivers Johnson Carstarphen was born in Fort Smith, Arkansas, on December 25, 1889. He went to Fort Smith High School but left during his senior year.



AN eccentric chap who was never seen in a disagreeable mood and who is always ready for a "pestle." Chesty can keep you laughing all the time without trying. He is one who never looked forward to First Class smoking privilege because he has always had it. Even during Plebe year he was the Chief Engineer of a big sea-going pipe which was always running under forced draft. Chesty never takes anything seriously and this may be a fault, but we are sure that when the real serious propositions present themselves he will be ready for the job. He will not attempt to argue with you; if your ideas vary from his he'll simply throw his chin in the air and say, "Aint you got no brains?" Chesty isn't much of a fusser, that is, he will not fuss just any girl, but when one of the little dames from Fort Smith is in town, why his name might just as well be Lucien Byron.

"I'm de pivot."

William Dwight Chandler, Jr.

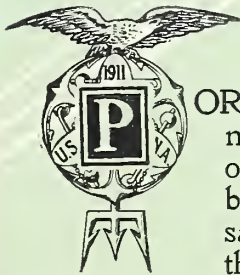
“PORKEY”

Gray Numerals (3, 2)

Captain Class Fencing Team (2)



William Dwight Chandler was born in Winona, Minnesota, on May 30, 1890, but later he moved to Concord, New Hampshire. He spent two years at the Concord High School but left before graduation. He was appointed from New Hampshire.



PORKEY kept his roommate on the straight and narrow path for so long that he was crowded off himself, and has since become one of the boys. One of those persistent and consistent savouirs who go along from day to day making the same old 3.9 spiel, even though sometimes it does verge on the edge, as when Porkey put the whole shrinkage table, word for word, on the board. Every year when fencing season rolls around, Porkey is found down in the Armory, banging away at a little black spot and wondering why he can't hit it. First Class cruise he got into a little altercation which wound him up in the same boat with a lot of others, though he had the right on his side. A hard-working, quiet fellow who is not given the credit he deserves and one who every day is finding himself more appreciated by his class-mates.



Marion Case Cheek

“COLONEL” “CHECK” “MIKE”
“MARION”

Marion Case Cheek was born in Ripley, Tennessee, on October 18, 1888. He graduated from Fulton High School and went to Kentucky State University at Lexington, Kentucky. Epsilon Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.



HE Old Kentucky Colonel is a hard man to write about. It takes moving pictures to describe him. Loves to show off his dago and made a big hit in Marseille. The Colonel is always in love with someone, and we must add that someone is always in love with him.

He likes good horses and has always shown a preference for Kentucky maidens, but as for the rest—he drinks Appolinaris. He has the reputation of being one of the squarest men in the class, with himself, with his class-mates and with the underclassmen. A good brace, a good voice, and the faculty of making himself popular without trying are three of his valuable assets. If you are in trouble and want some level-headed advice, he is a man from whom you can get it. The Colonel is one of the “Possums” and you can find him with T. Bear, or Johnnie or Dick most any old time.

“What’s the latest joke on T. Bear?”

Henry Sellers McKee Clay

“HENRY”

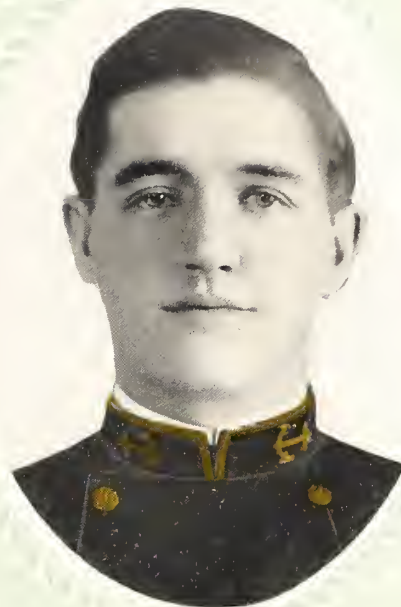
Football (4, 3, 2, 1) N Star. Red Numerals.

Choir (2, 1). Masqueraders (2, 1).

Athletic Representative (4).

Hop Committee. June Ball Committee.

Treasurer, Athletic Association.



Henry Sellers McKee Clay was born April 10, 1889, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Before entering the Naval Academy he attended the DeLancy and the Yeates Schools, graduating at the latter. He spent a year at Williams College where he became a member of the Delta Psi, before being appointed to the Naval Academy by Colonel Morrell from the 5th Pennsylvania.



WITHOUT a doubt Henry is one of the most thoroughly liked men in the class. Although naturally of a retiring disposition, when placed in a position of responsibility his inherent strong character asserts itself. His four years on the football team were characterized by his steady playing, and he has always been counted one of the “sure” men. He was chosen to lead the team his First Class year, but an unfortunate misunderstanding with the authorities during the Cruise deprived him of this honor. Despite this, he played his hardest during all the season, and no small credit for the 3 to 0 victory over the Army may be attributed to him. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on him for the sportsmanlike spirit he displayed while laboring under difficulties most men would have counted insuperable. Henry is a great favorite with the fair sex, every inch a man, and one whom we are proud to claim as a class-mate and friend.



Calvin Hayes Cobb

“GRANNY”

**Class Football (4). Football (3, 2, 1),
Yellow N. White Numerals (4, 3),
Orange Numerals (2, 1). Rifle Squad (2, 1),
Brown N 2d. Secretary, Midshipmen's
Athletic Association.
Manager, Rifle Team. Expert Bar.**

Calvin Hayes Cobb was born at Kittery, Maine, on November 21, 1889. He attended Traipe Academy (Class of '07) and left to enter Phillips Exeter (Class of '09). After passing his entrance exams to the Naval Academy, he returned to Traipe Academy where he graduated with his class. He was appointed from Maine by Senator Frye.



GOOD-LOOKING, fair-haired athlete from the banks of the Piscataqua. Walked right into first money on the football team Youngster Year, and would have shot in the 1910 National Match at Camp Perry but for an accident to his eyes. Early considered it a duty to help multiply the stag line, until finally he became one of the boldest fussers of them all. Kept a scrap book that bade fair to make him famous as a collector of queer odds and ends of literary fancy. Granny was always very agile during his Academic Career, and a particular instance is known when, at a pinch, he dived from the middle of the room to the under and far side of his bed sans saying, “how do” to the incoming O. C. Seldom rhinos, possesses a fair amount of saviness, and so has never worried much about that will-o-the-wisp, 2. 5.

Francis Marion Collier

“PAT” “EPLURIBUS”

Baseball Numerals (4, 3, 2, 1).

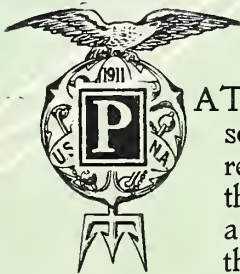
Captain, Class Baseball Team (2).

Manager, Class Football (3, 2, 1).

Expert Bar.



Francis Marion Collier was born in Big Stone Gap, Virginia, on March 31, 1888. Before entering the Academy, he had graduated from the Big Stone Gap High School, and from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He was appointed from Virginia.



PAT, early in his naval career, earned the sobriquet “Epluribus” from his remarkable resemblance to the bird of prey. He hails from that delightful little hamlet, Big Stone Gap, Va., and it is rumored that on his Youngster leave, the whole town, with the inevitable brass band, turned out to welcome the home-coming, “pampered pet of the nation”. Like a true Mick, Pat is ready to scrap on the least provocation, preferably a self-made one. Despite his fiery disposition, his mature appearance lends him a dignity and gravity not to be lightly reckoned with. Always stands well,—and that with very little effort, for he is an accomplished master in the art of bluffing. He has confined his athletic energies to baseball, and for three years has been one of the standbys on the class team. Contrary to his dignified appearance, he is always ready for a rough-house—the rougher the better.



Lewis Wells Comstock

“WELLS” COMMY”

Yellow Numerals. Green Numerals.

Orange Numerals.

Class Crest Committee.

Lewis Wells Comstock was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on November 15, 1888. He graduated from the Shaw High School, East Cleveland, Ohio, and then went to Western Reserve University for a year. While there, he became a member of the Zeta Chapter of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity.



COMMY'S greatest sorrow is the rapid thinning of his golden locks. He was quite fond of Herpicide Second Class year until Queen Lil poured in some peroxide. We yet remember the awful moment when Commy discovered that his hair had taken on all shades of the rainbow. Commy is the most independent man in the class, and he always says exactly what he thinks. He is an efficient man, rather savvy, and decidedly non-greasy. He likes fussing, and has a way about him that attracts the femmes, though they all stand somewhat in awe of him. He is so fond of running Plebes in fierce tones that they all hide under the nearest bed at his approach. He goes out for any form of athletics that pops into his head, and is usually found around most class teams. Frank to an extreme, you soon know if Commy likes you. Widely known, his friendship is a pleasure to a large circle.

Urey Woodson Conway

“UREY”



Urey Woodson Conway was born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6, 1889. He has lived in and around Washington, and attended Western High School there for two years. He has also lived in California, and Kentucky, and claims the last for his home.



REGULARLY every month, Urey blossoms out with a bran-new theory about something or other, and a bran-new hair tonic. He early attained fame for the number of pretty girls he brought to the hops for the first time, and in all probability the Farewell Ball will see him as enthusiastic and as successful as ever. He enjoys a big time, but not a rough one, and usually gets his share. By nature, he is a hard student, but he always manages to have the time to help others over the rough places. Some claim that his quietness is due to thought, and that when he talks he usually has something to say. This is more or less true. He intends to stay in the Service, and he has all the qualifications required. During the first part of First Class year, he was one of those afflicted, during the typhoid “epidemic”, but came through all right.

“Well, that’s fair enough.”



Francis Sanderson Craven

“FRANK” “OUI-OUT” “HERKEY”

Lucky Bag Staff.

Francis Sanderson Craven was born in Pittsford, New York, on August 16, 1890. Aside from two years of his early life spent in Alaska, he spent most of his youth at the Naval Academy as an officer's "kid." He spent one year at the Haverford School, Haverford, Pennsylvania, and was appointed to the Naval Academy by the President.



CRAVEN of the Cravens, lifter of the 800-pound shell, inventor and designer—that's Frank! He made a name for himself on two cruises, Youngster year by lifting a shell weighing a third of a ton, and as a Second Classman by working a sick leave graft. Although he has grown a foot since he came in here, this has not interfered with his intellectual development. Without any special boning, he has held his own well toward the top of the class, for he is naturally a savoir. Of an inventive turn of mind, we may expect to hear of him in the future. He is a consistent fusser of discrimination and taste, but of late he seems in this regard to have concentrated. To those who know Frank, he has proved a steadfast friend who will do anything to help a man whom he likes.

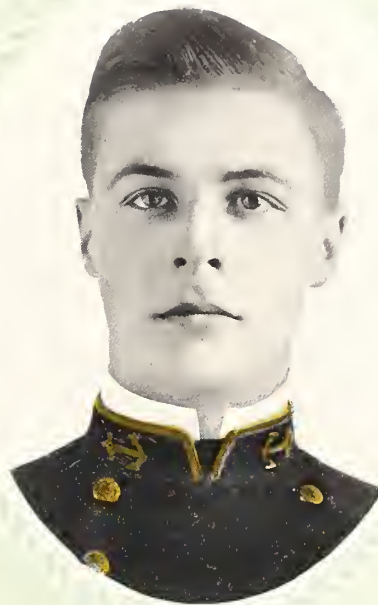
James McDowell Cresap

“JIMMY”

Yellow Numerals. Expert Bar.

Fencing Squad (3, 2, 1).

Masqueraders (3, 2, 1).

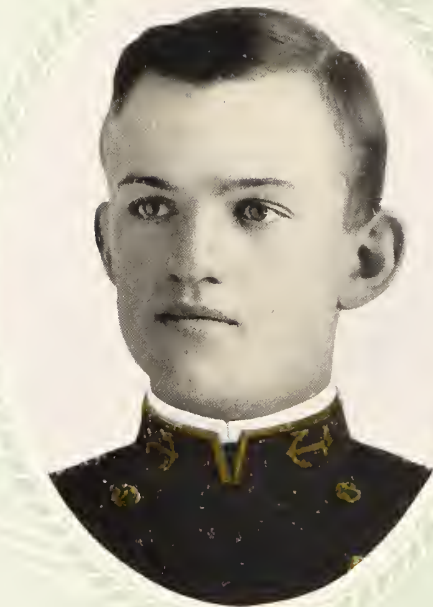


James McDowell Cresap was born in Annapolis, Md., May 19, 1889. He spent two years in the Annapolis High School and one year at the Charlotte Street High School of Norfolk, Va. Succeeding this he entered St. John's College at Annapolis, and spent two years and a half there.



OUR first experiences with Jimmy date back to crab cruises of the old Severn and he then impressed on us the fact that we were mere plebes. A cherubic choleric blue-eyed youngster who believes in some of the customs of the old Navy, and who looks his best when in the front ranks of the chorus-girls in the Masqueraders' shows. A terror on plebes, and has them do many novel stunts for his own amusement. Has a hard time to keep off the conduct grades and is forever squidding. With Pat Buchanan ran a chamber of horrors Second Class year, in which they "shocked" many of our sensibilities and incidentally almost assassinated Culis Bartlett. A former native of Crabtown, but says little on this score. A steadfast and true friend at all times. Jimmy has had more than his share of ill-luck here, but has come out of it all a better man.

"Hey, Mister! You good-looking Man!"



Charles Hill Curry

Expert Bar

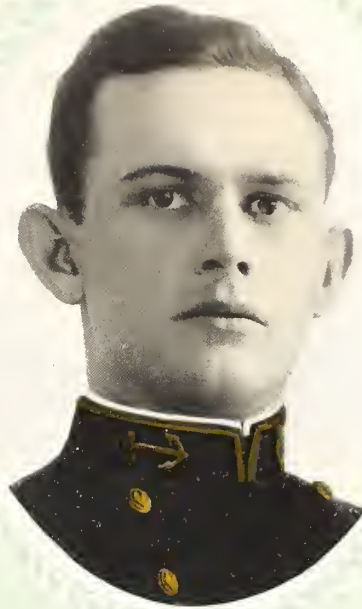
Charles Hill Curry was born in Elmer, New Jersey, on March 18, 1889. He lived in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Graduated from the Brown Preparatory School at Philadelphia, and then attended the University of Pennsylvania for one year. Entered the Academy on July 2, 1907, having been appointed from New Jersey.



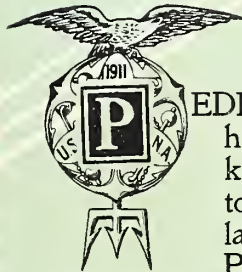
HERE is one of those fellows of whom the more you see the more you like. Quiet, unassuming, of equable temperament, more or less a dreamer, Charley is a man for whom everyone has respect and sympathy too. For, unfortunately, things technical and studies of a practical kind do not appeal strongly to his mind, and many's the battle he has had against the merciless ebb-tide of exams. But thanks to a good deal of grit he has pulled through and he is still one of us, despite dreams of a happy home in the Coast Artillery. They say Charles didn't do a great deal of sight-seeing in London or anywhere else for that matter. Merchandise called him, and he went shopping, shopping, on and on. Why? Well, he enjoyed it. He gained the reputation on the cruise of being the most consistent letter-writer in the class.

Joseph Ray Cygon

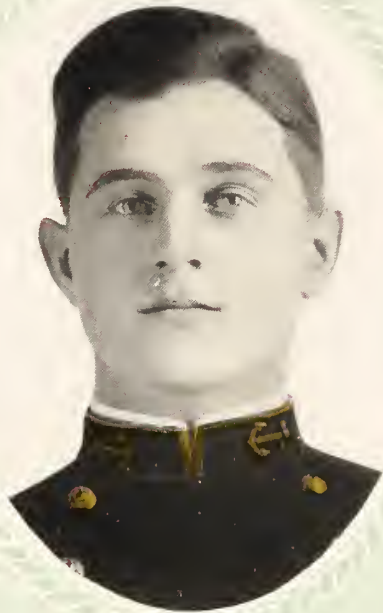
"PEDE" "CY"



Joseph Ray Cygon was born in Meadville, Mississippi, on January 29, 1887. He graduated at the Meadville (Miss.) High School, and spent two years at Mississippi College before entering the Academy. He was appointed from Mississippi.



PEDE the undownable!! Best natured and most happy-go-lucky man in the Class. Never known to rhino, Pede is always ready to listen to anyone's stories, with a smile and a hearty laugh at the end of them. First Class year, Pede left the ranks of the Red Mikes and joined the fussers. Since then he hasn't missed the smallest opportunity. Ran Pat Collier a close race on the Cruise, but finally won out, even though the Colonel swears it was his sketch of the Tabor Indicator that turned the trick. In spite of all his talk of resigning and going back to Mississippi there is no one who can hand out more dope on the Ensign Bill than Pede. He can start more rumors in five minutes than Hodson, and that's going some, and he tells it all with such a straight face and with such assurance that before long he believes it all himself.



Walter Sherman Davidson

"DAVY"

Yellow Numerals (I)

Walter Sherman Davidson was born in Waltersburg, Pennsylvania, November 8, 1889. He attended the Uniontown High School, in his present home, Uniontown, for three years before entering the Academy.



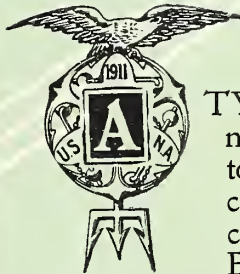
HE canny Scot. A rather quiet chap,—when asleep,—conscientious, determined, with high ideals and the character to live up to them. Not that Davy at all dislikes to go out with the boys. He is just as human as any of us, and when in the mood thoroughly enjoys a big liberty. The point is that the moods don't overlap and Davy knows a well defined limit. Made the football squad Second Class year but decided that training table grub was not worth the work. A great believer in the ideas of Fletcher. Dearly loves to join a bunch and start some agony. Also very fond of extracting odd noises from a violin, though he can play when he wishes. Regards hops in a very business-like way, simply as a means of killing time. Never spreads his fussing over a large area for the pure pleasure of fussing. Believes in concentration.

Samuel Kaercher Day

“HAPPY”

Yellow N 2d. Expert Bar.
Masqueraders (4). Finals Wrestling (2).

Samuel Kaercher Day was born in Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania, on March 10, 1888. After graduating from the Hazleton (Pa.) School, he entered the Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., where he became a member of Phi Chapter of the Theta Delta Chi. He was appointed from Pennsylvania.



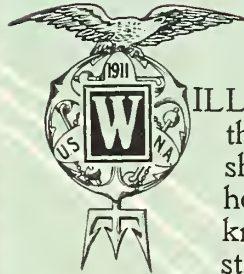
TYPICAL little Pennsylvania Dutchman. Is never-faillingly good-humored, and ever ready to laugh at a joke—including his own. Has a contagious laugh, and can give Bill Quigley cards and spades as a facial contortionist. Bones conscientiously and always stands well, though he had an awful scare Second-Class Year, when that dark-horse Mechanics, almost nosed him out at the tape. Being a husky little bruin, he played for four years on the Hustlers; but shortcomings as regards form prevented him from becoming an All-American halfback. Was a Red-Mike, as a Plebe, but fell into line with others, Youngster year, and since then invariably drags to every hop. Must be a Mormon, for he has never succeeded in living with one “wife” for two consecutive years. Pulled down a job as a First P. O. and performed his duties with admirable regularity and precision.



Ralph Earl Dennett

“WILL”

Ralph Earl Dennett was born in Kittery, Maine, July 30, 1890, and has lived in Maine, Massachusetts, Illinois, Georgia and Alabama. Attended Kittery High School and Phillip Exeter Academy.



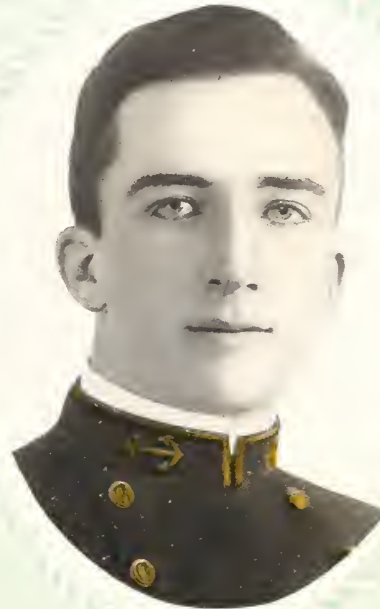
WILL is one of the quietest men in the Class, but the fact that he rooms with Casey Woodward shows that he is always ready for a rough house. In spite of his unassuming ways, he is known for his generosity and sincerity, which stamp him the true gentleman. He is absolutely non-greasy, and yet he has had no difficulty with that fatal 2.5. Although not an athlete he keeps in good physical shape by voluntary work in the Gym. One of the few who read only the best books. With Casey, Peck, and Billy, he forms a group of inseperables that has lasted for the four years. Aboard ship he does his work thoroughly and efficiently, but not because of a desire to show off. If sobriety, careful study, and hard work can help a man in the Service, he will have a very successful career.

Morton Lyndholm Deyo

“MORT”

Choir (4, 3, 2). Masqueraders (2).
White N 2nd.

Morton Lyndholm Deyo was born July 1, 1887, at Poughkeepsie, New York. He later lived in Wisconsin and then in California and finally resided in Albany, N. Y. He was appointed to the Naval Academy after spending one year at Yale, where he was a member of the Delta Phi Fraternity.



HE Beau Brummel of the class. A heavy fusser and all around good fellow. He came to us from Yale and at every opportunity tells of the virtues of that place of learning, although from his class standing he did not do much in the learning line. Has had many close calls with the Academic Department, but always manages to keep to windward of a two-five. He can give you the straight dope on anything you want to know from the progress of the Ensign Bill to the latest in Annapolis society. Made a great hit Second Class year with the Masqueraders. An old stand-by in the choir until First Class year when he tendered his resignation with the reason that, as Sunday papers were barred, he would also have to leave. He likes a good book, a good cigarette, and a warm radiator; with these he is perfectly contented.

“I say, Chas.”



Harold Gordon Douglas

“DOUG”

Football Numerals (3) N 2nd (2) N Star (1)

Basketball BNB (3, 2, 1)

Lacrosse LNT (4, 3) Crew Numerals (2)

Christmas Card Committee

Class Crest Committee

Harold Gordon Douglas was born in Brooklyn, New York, on the 28th of April 1890. He attended both the Boys' High School and Manual Training High School of Brooklyn for a total of three years, but did not graduate. His present residence is in New York.



DOUG is the Eiffel Tower of the Class, and is girthed in proportion. From the first he had all the Profs bluffed, and since he added a pair of eye-glasses with an intellectual looking silk ribbon to his equipment he has been able to knock off work altogether. His athletic career has been a gradual crescendo; he started out Plebe year with Lacrosse only. Youngster year he added Basketball to his repertoire, and now he lives on the training table all year round. Though he has never been south of Crabtown in all his life, he has one of the most perfect Southern drawls in the Academy; it took him two years to acquire it, but then anything you really want is worth working for. Doug has the gentle art of running down to a science and as he is possessed of a quick wit and is ever prepared with a ready answer, it is seldom indeed that you ever get back at him.

Delavan Bloodgood Downer

“DELAVAN”

White Numerals

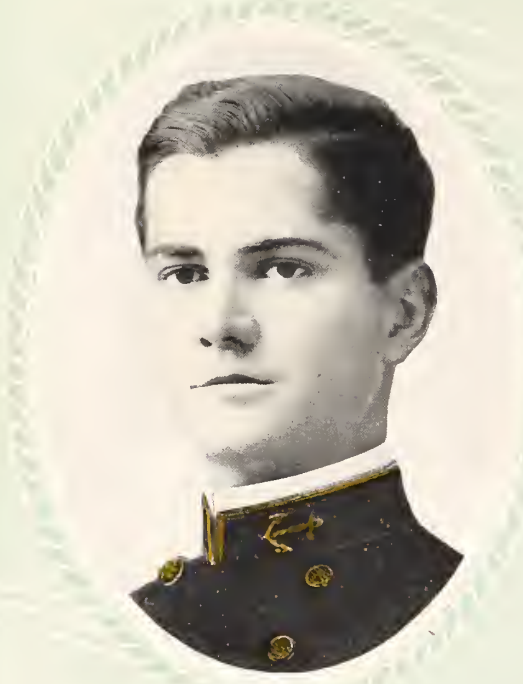


Delavan Bloodgood Downer was born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 24, 1888. He graduated from Lakewood School, and attended the Carnegie Technical School before entering the Academy to which he was appointed from Wisconsin. He claims New Jersey for his home.



DELAVAN is one of those unusual people that can be met once or twice in a lifetime, to whom Math is simplicity. He works a prob in two or three steps that it would take an ordinary man fifteen minutes to work, and he has so many short cuts that he is absolutely useless to the wooden man. He never bones, and gets most of his enjoyment out of life through his insatiable taste for books and his love for tobacco. He is a heavy fusser, rarely misses a hop, and his feminine friends are legion. His efficiency drew him his little present from the Cruise, for when he cares to be he is cool, collected, and possesses a good fund of common sense. During the last year he lost a good deal of time as a victim of the typhoid epidemic, but he could afford that. He and Jack Okie have no reason to remember English with any degree of pleasure.

“Got anything to read?”



Robert Morris Doyle

“BOBBY”

Robert Morris Doyle, Jr., was born at Peekskill, N. Y., on July 31, 1889. As a naval officer's son he has lived at various places on both coasts, and attended St. Luke's School and Whitworth College before he was appointed to the Academy by Senator Ankeny from Washington State.



BOBBY is a great book worm, not from choice, however. Has undoubtedly burned more midnight candles than anyone else in the Academy. An exceedingly reticent chap, but once you've broken the ice of his reserve and had a glimpse of his true self you congratulate yourself on the privilege of counting him among your friends. He is ready at all times to help you to the best of his ability, whether it be fussing your queen's dearest friend, whom she brought down to the hop with her, or lending you a collar two sizes too big. Enjoyed the distinction of receiving at the second hop First Class year, according to the Army-Navy Journal, and since then has been resting on his laurels. Essayed to woo "Lady Nicotine" on the Cruise but gave it up as a bad job. Rarely showed up at meals when at sea, and with Arturo is a firm believer in that old adage, "Any old port in a storm".

Robert Henry English

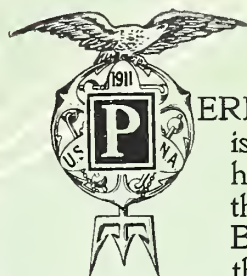
“BOB” “STUMPY”

Baseball (4, 3, 2). White (N).

White N 2d (4, 2).



Robert Henry English was born at Warrenton, Ga., January 16, 1888. He graduated from the Warrenton High School, and entered Georgia Institute of Technology in 1904 where he passed two years, becoming a member of the Gamma Alpha Chapter of Sigma Nu Fraternity.



PERHAPS the one best bet about Bob is that he is in earnest; he's in earnest about everything he does,—and he is doing something most all the time. Not that he is “sober-sided,” but Bob takes the serious things of life a little more than the rest of us, and that is one reason why he accomplishes things. He has a well-formulated opinion on every subject and is not averse to telling just what that opinion is. This very self-reliance is what probably kept him off the baseball team one year, for he made up his mind that the proper way to bat—but that's a long story. Bob is one of those quiet and unobtrusive fussers who does not flutter exclusively around one flame but is mildly singed by a whole galaxy of candles. However, we venture to predict that he will be one of our first Benedicts; Bob's instincts are essentially domestic.

“What's the tempertoor of the armatoor?”



Vincent Paul Erwin

“RED” “CUTEY” “VINCENT PAUL”

Class Football (4) Class Baseball (4)
Football N 2d (2, 1) Baseball N (3, 2, 1)
Captain (1)

Vincent Paul Erwin was born in Chapman, Kansas, on the 9th day of August, 1888. He graduated at the Dickinson County High School before entering the Academy from Kansas.



BLOND headed, big hearted youth who gave up life on a Kansas farm in order to serve his country. Became famous Plebe year through having an All-American brother at the Point, and immediately began to show them that he was some class himself when it came to athletics. Was elected baseball captain but studies forced him to turn the job over to Dan, and just missed his football N. Second Class year, through the cancellation of the Army game. With nothing but athletics, Red would star; as it is, however, studies are the bane of his existence. Takes to the sea like a horse does to flying; on the cruise it was a case of “up anchor, down Red, down anchor, up Red”. With these seagoing qualities, there is no doubt but that he will make a first class Army officer. A heavy fusser and the pride of the ladies, who refer to him as that “Good-looking Mr. Erwin”.

“Hey, King!”

Jay Knight Esler

“JAKE”

Wrestling (3)



Jay Knight Esler was born on March 20, 1888, at Grand Haven, Michigan. He graduated from the Lansing High School. He is a Master Mason, and a member of the Lansing Lodge. He was appointed from Michigan.



IN Jake we find a serious-minded classmate who never gets into trouble because of his sterling quality of “minding his own business”. He hopes soon to outshine all mechanical geniuses by inventing a very superior type of aeroplane. The *Scientific American* and *Aerodynamics* are delicacies for him. In wrestling, his work has stood out for years. A fusser—not Jake! When asked for what ship he was to req., he replied, “I want to hit the same ship as Happy Day, so he can fuss all the ladies while I stand his duty”. During his academic career he has been known to drag but once. Although Jake takes life very seriously and has never been known to rhino, he has always come through on the sunny side of a 3. 0. To make Jake happy give him numberless black cigars, a vile pipe, a good companion, a stool on the quarter-deck, and a rolling sea.



Milton Marion Fenner

"MILT"

Milton Marion Fenner was born in Fredonia, New York, on August 19, 1887. He attended St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire, for two years, and then was appointed to the Academy by Congressman Urecland from New York.

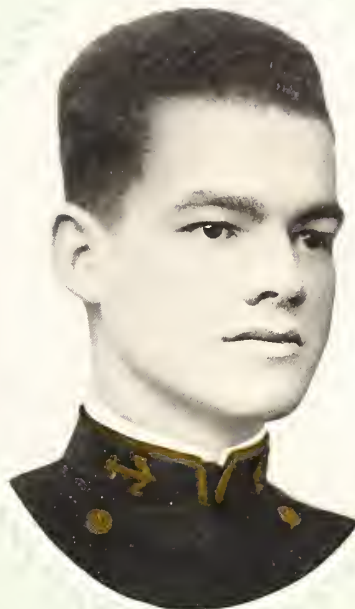


MISS FORTUNE seems to have singled out this man as her shining mark during the course, for Milt has been "up against it" right along. Incapacitated by serious illness early in Second Class year, the Jonah of the four, it was not until well along in First Class year that he was able to rejoin us. In the face of almost insurmountable odds he has bravely struggled to breast the tide of daily events, and its a safe gamble that he will come out O. K. when the bugle busts on that last great day. Milt has had all of the disagreeable features of our life here and practically none of the pleasant side, yet with all this, has preserved his same lovable good-nature and sense of humor. One of those who featured in the "Mystery of the Locked Room." Milt is a quiet, reserved person who says little and does much.

Richard Stockton Field

“DICK”

Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1. Choir (2).
Assistant Cheer Leader. Lucky Bag Staff.
Christmas Card Committee.
Class Song Committee.



Richard Stockton Field was born on Anchorage Plantation, Pocahontas, Mississippi, June 9, 1890. He attended the Jackson, Miss. High School for three years, then left school and went into business for two years. He was appointed to the Academy by the Hon. E. J. Bowers, from Mississippi.



DICK is one of those happy people who are never prone to see the seamy side. He is an optimist and a Southerner, and that about sizes him up. He has been a moving spirit in the old Sixth Company for four years, and his good judgment has carried its weight in the ruling of the Class. His wit and ready laugh make him a welcome addition to any company and have made him indispensable as an end man in the minstrel shows. He got into the choir one year on his grease, but taking all things into consideration, he decided that he was not a success as a song-bird and quit. He never secured high class standing, but possesses lots of good common sense, and opinions on every subject which he is always willing to support. His nature demands a crowd and plenty of excitement, and he usually has both.

“O, we are four Possums—”



John Asserson Fletcher

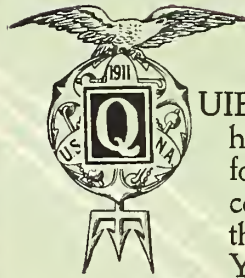
“JOHN” “JACK” “JOHNNIE”

Class Basketball (3, 2)

Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2)

Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A. (1) Masqueraders (3)

John Asserson Fletcher was born in Brooklyn on November 24, 1889. He was educated in the public schools of Rhode Island and Connecticut. His present home address is New London, Conn.

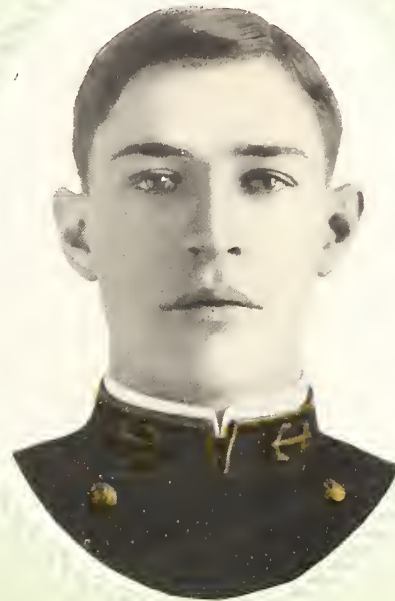


QUIET and unassuming, John is ever ready to help a friend. He couples a natural aptitude for study with moderate savviness, the combination placing him well up in the first third of the Class. A zealous worker in the Y. M. C. A., his efforts were rewarded with the Vice-Presidency First Class year. A trifle small for an athlete, but has displayed his worth on several occasions in Class basketball games. Fusses conscientiously but never became particularly worked up over any one girl till First Class year. One of the lucky ones to be rewarded with P. O.'s Second Class year, and when the final test came, John's efficient work aboard the "Massy" brought him a battallion adjutancy. A strong minded man of good principles, liked by his superiors and his classmates, who will be a credit to the service.

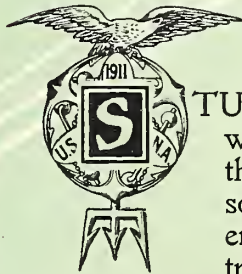
Arthur Woodfin Ford

“STUDE”

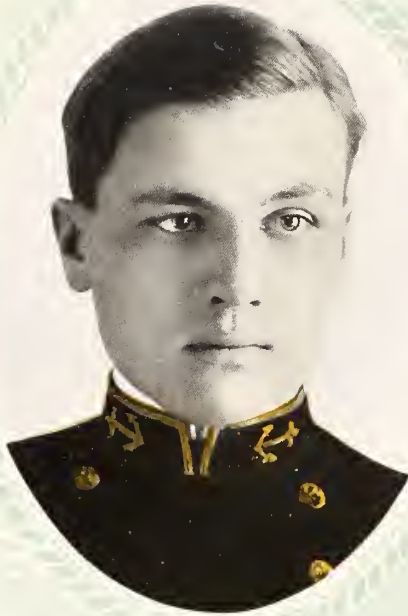
Expert Bar



Arthur Ford was born in Dorado, Kansas, January 3, 1888. He spent three years of his early life among the Osage Indians in Indian Territory. He graduated at the Lawrence (Kansas) High School and spent a year at the University of Kansas before entering the Academy.



STUDE is a quiet man who likes to be around with a crowd, though he seldom contributes to the excitement except at intervals to throw in some little witticism. Like some quiet men he enjoys fussing, but usually has a good deal of trouble locating his partners at the hops on account of his eyes. These have always given him trouble, the eyes not the partners, and ever since Youngster year, he has dreaded the annual seance with the examining board. If his eyes are bad his hand is not, and he is particularly savvy in anything that has Math in it. He is fond of reading, and may frequently be found buried in a volume of Victor Hugo. He had the rather unique experience of finding a lost affinity in his room-mate, with whom he played when a small kid back in old Kansas. He is a steady man and a good friend.



William Donnison Ford

“DON”

Lacrosse (4, 3, 2, 1) Bulletin (2)
Editor in Chief (1) Yellow Numerals (4, 2)
Lucky Bag Staff

William Ford was born in New York, August 21, 1889. He attended the Polytechnic Preparatory School of Brooklyn, and Manual Training High School of Brooklyn, spending three years at the first, and two at the second. He was appointed from New York by the Hon. George Waldo.



HERE are some people who go through this place, and get a reputation for fabulous savviness, just because they stand among the top-notchers of the Class. Yet here is a man who possesses far more general knowledge than any average two of our simon-pure savoirs, yet his standing doesn't show it. A broad reader, a clever writer, and possessed of a memory that might well excite the envy of many a litterateur, Don is a man whom it is a real pleasure to call a friend. Best of all, he is not in the least pedantic, and looking at him from the viewpoint of the mere surface, he is light, happy, witty, and almost too careless about many things. His energetic conduct of the Bulletin, his clever share in the "Rhymers Club", will long be remembered. At athletics he has been most successful, and throughout his course has breezed along, a human antidote to all rhinoing.

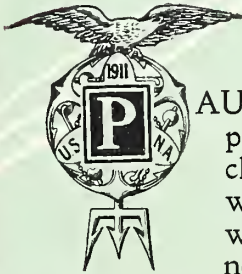
"Oh, what's a 2.3?"

Paul Frederick Foster

“PAUL”

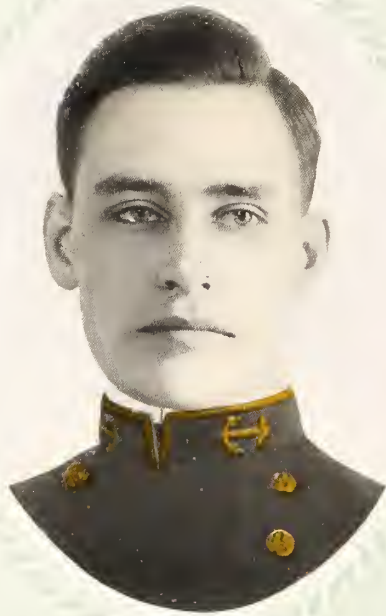
Red N 2nd. Christmas Card Committees
Business Manager of the Lucky Bag

Paul Foster was born in Wichita, Kansas, on March 25, 1889. He has lived in Kansas, Utah, Oklahoma, and Idaho, at different times, and found time to attend the University of Idaho before his appointment to the Academy by Senator Dubois, of Idaho.



PAUL'S Academic career may be divided into two parts; Before and After Pompadour. His first claim to distinction during the old B. P. days, was when he ran for something over a year without receiving any demerits. As a voluminous newspaper reader, and infallible dispenser of information, he has never had an equal. His record at the Academy has been one of quiet achievement. In studies he has maintained a creditable stand, and in athletics, though handicapped by lack of weight, he has gained a seat in the second boat, and finally he has received the highest military honor of the Institution, and has demonstrated that it was well-deserved. In spite of a conflict between his high sense of duty, and certain customs of the Academy, he has throughout retained his dignity and his popularity, and earned the reputation of being the best Five-Striper we have known.

“I presume so.”



George Cannon Fuller

“GEORGE” “MADAM”

George Fuller was born September 20, 1886, in Omaha, Nebraska. After three years at the Omaha High School, he passed the entrance exams for the Class of 1908, but was only an alternate. He was again appointed, this time from Arkansas, and entered with 1910, and was turned back after a long sick-leave into our Class. He is our oldest member.



GEORGE is a quiet, dark little man who was turned back from 1910 because of eye trouble. His pleasant manners and his willingness to work made him a favorite with the officers on the Cruise, and when the precedence list came out he was among the Three-Strippers. His cares and responsibilities have increased a little his absent-mindedness, and this may account for the little incident of the Steam P-work. At recitation, he writes a spiel that few but himself can read, and still fewer can translate. Reading it, he generally gives up after the first few lines and finishes orally, though the instructor never knows it. As a fusser he is very successful, favoring Annapolis girls rather than those from out of town. He is distinctly peaceable in his habits, likes a good pipe, and is not fond of noise and rough-house.

Jenifer Garnett

“GEN” “CLEW”

Jenifer Garnett was born in Matthews County, Virginia, December 12, 1889. He spent two years at the Port Haywood Academy and one year at Richmond College, where he became a member of the ΦΓΔ. He was appointed by the Hon. W. A. Jones from the First Virginia.



EW of us appreciate Clew. We know him only as a ruddy-cheeked, good-natured Southerner with an unpronounceable name—Guyahrnit—or thereabouts, who is very quiet and easy-going, but is always on the job when occasion demands. He is a regular bow-liner at Seamanship, and a stickler for naval etiquette. Would stop the engine and toss the oars (in a steamer), just to salute a passing doctor. He ought to be famous for his formula for tacking in a Service cutter,—“Stand by to tack! Tack! Let fly the jib! Reverse the helm!”, which commanded the open admiration of even that sea-dog “Reef Cringle.” He appeared in an unexpected role as a hazer early First Class year, and on losing his buzzard startled the Senior Assistant by a request for four buttons. Rhinocing is Clew’s recreation. Can’t you see him now, huddled over a radiator, a cigarette between his teeth, emitting smoke and humorous comments on things in general?



John Warburton Gates

“ JACK ”

Farewell Ball Committee (2)
Hop Committee (1) White Numerals
Golf Championship (2)
Class German Committee

John Warburton Gates was born in Marshall, Texas, December 27, 1888. He attended the North Western Academy for two and a half years. He was appointed to the Academy from Illinois, entered with the Class of 1910, and was turned back into the Class of 1911 at the end of our Youngster year.



WHEN the fickle goddess turned her back on Jack in 1910's Second Class year he found us waiting for him with open arms for we had known him by reputation at least for two years. We showed him the place he has in the heart of the Class by electing him to the Hop Committee the first chance we had. A man of sterling principles, we can add genuine respect to our love for him. If ever one feels blue or rhino, a trip to Jack's room and a little talk with him will do wonders, for his eternal cheerfulness is positively contagious. Needless to say, Jack is an ardent fusser, though he has sufficient reserve to concentrate his efforts whenever "honestly, just the dearest little girl in all the world" is anywhere around. Intended to resign upon graduation but thought better of it when the time came. Glad we were of it, too, for his is the sort that reflects only credit upon the service. "Let's go get some fruit, feller."

Morris Davies Gilmore

“GRACIE”

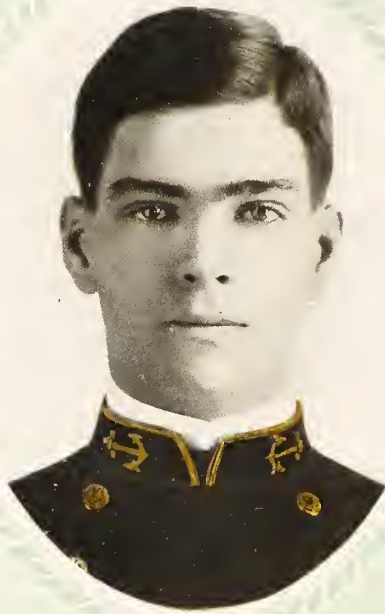
Lacrosse (2) Manager (1)

Morris Gilmore was born in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, November 14, 1889. He graduated at the Williamsport High School, and was appointed to the Naval Academy by the Hon. W. B. Wilson from the Fifteenth Pennsylvania.



WHEN Gilmore entered upon his Academy course, his mild manners and placid smile won him the name of Gracie, but when he first appeared on the lacrosse field, it was apparent that this was a misnomer, and that he did not have those choleric blue eyes for nothing. But the name stuck as names are apt to do. He is, however, even better as a student than as an athlete; not brilliant perhaps, but a natural student. As the mentor and affinity of Charley, he tided him over several rocky places, and has lightened the burdens of many others. To observe his thinning locks, one would imagine that he was well along in years, but when he is known better he is found to be endowed with extreme youthfulness of spirit. This, however, does not detract from the judgment and determination with which he is generously endowed.

“Did you people bring out those balls?”



Harrison Randolph Glennon

“FROGGIE”

Harrison Randolph Glennon was born in San Francisco, California, on June 28, 1890. Before entering the Academy he spent three years at the Western High School in Washington, D. C. He was appointed by Congressman Reeder from the Fifth Kansas.



ONE of the “Don’t pay to be touge” kind who isn’t touge by any manner of means. Froggie is well-named because the view from the South when he is going North resembles more the gait of a bull-frog than anything else. Harry made a reputation First Class cruise along with Dick Callaway by discovering “Rigororous,” and since then the Frog and Dick have taken to each other like young ducks to water. For two years he kept Salvation Nell on the righteous path, and as soon as he landed him there, left him to seek new worlds to conquer. He is an unassuming chap who doesn’t push himself forward into the lime-light as so many of us are prone to do, but like the prompter is content to stay back in the wings taking things as they come, putting in a word here and there when it is needed.

Donald Clark Godwin

“DON” “GOODMAN”



Donald Godwin was born in Williamston, North Carolina, on September 13, 1888. After leaving the grade schools he entered the Wilson Academy, but later entered and graduated from the Oak Ridge (N. C.) Institute. He was appointed from North Carolina.



ON is a member of that happy group of Southerners, Bubber Scott, Fount Parrott, Jack Melvin, Maitre Reynaud and Company, who are always keen for a good time, even if it is at the expense of one of them. He is quiet when undisturbed, and likes to smoke his pipe and ruminate, but if the occasion or the company demands, he is strictly one of the boys, and good for anything that may turn up. At regular intervals he makes a big liberty, and lots of noise, usually with the Minstrel Man to cheer him on. He is a non-fusser. During the trip to London on First Class Cruise, he astonished a sedate “Cabby” one night, by directing him to “Pillidickey Square,” but as a rule he talks quite naturally. He is good-looking, good-natured, and a light student, who gets more pleasure out of life by talking than by reading.



Wells Eldredge Goodhue

“GOODY”

Orange Numerals. Masqueraders (3, 2, 1)

Wells Eldredge Goodhue was born in Chicago, Illinois, February 3, 1891, being one of the youngest members of the class. He has lived in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Colorado, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia and Massachusetts. He spent four years at Staunton Military Academy, Staunton, Va., and was in his senior year there when appointed to the Academy.



Of us from Staunton Military Academy came Goody with a reputation. A slender, blue-eyed, fair haired youngster, a strenuous fusser with a good brace and engaging personality, lots of nerve, and great ability in the talk line. Has made many busts and breaks and has had to endure a great deal of running on this account. Impetuous and quick-tempered, and will not take anything from a man twice his size. Is a real terror on Plebes and under-classmen. Probably his most spectacular performance was that of First Class Cruise, when he attempted to light a cigarette from the anchor spark gap of the wireless set aboard the Massachusetts. 30,000 volts A. C. is not a pleasurable sensation, and would have probably been fatal to any one else, but Goody survived to hear others tell of it, and once more have the laugh on him.

“Us naval officers.”

Moses King Goodridge

“MOSE”

Moses King Goodridge was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, on September 21, 1889. Before entering the Naval Academy, he spent three years at the Haverhill High School. He was appointed from Massachusetts by the Hon. A. P. Gardner.



MOSE entered with the reputations of two Three-Striper predecessors to keep him in the straight and narrow path. As a Second Classman, he drew our only seventh P. O., but dittoed again First Class year. He is frank and absolutely positive on all subjects, though he is always willing to learn just a little more. He gives the impression of having swallowed Brassey's Annual, and Jane's Fighting Ships piecemeal, because of his very definite opinions on everything connected with this or any other Navy. He is a close, though probably unconscious, imitator of that august personage, "the Aristocrat", and uses this presence with great effect on such as disagree with his assertions, or otherwise incur his displeasure. In spite of appearances, he is really quite reasonable, and makes a mighty agreeable companion and friend.



Charles Clinton Gordon

“GISH”

Orange Numerals

Charles Gordon was born in Utica, New York, June 14, 1888. He claims Ilion, New York, as his home, and graduated at the Ilion High School. He is a member of the Tau Chapter of the Theta Phi fraternity, and in 1909 became a Master Mason in the Ilion Lodge. He was appointed from New York.



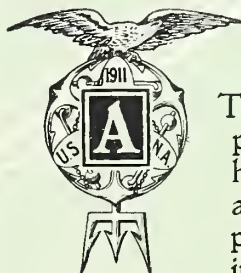
He is a man of many peculiarities, sufficient unto himself, and is not sufficiently tolerant of the feelings and good-will of others. He is rather reticent and has passed a more or less uneventful career in the last four years with us. During the first two years, he had a great deal of trouble with his eyes, and this trouble kept him from a higher standing that he would undoubtedly have drawn had he been able to bone more. He is a great reader, and divides his attentions about equally between popular fiction and classics. Enjoys a rough-house, and when drawn out of his shell is rather hysterical in expressing his mirth and joy. He is a consistent fusser, and spends much of his spare time in putting his thoughts on paper. The few who know him well pronounce him a pleasant companion and a good friend. Won his basket-ball numerals, but never cared to spend much of his time on athletic fields.

Lucien Byron Green, 2nd

"LU" "LUCIEN"

Manager, Track, Gymnasium and Wrestling Teams. Green Numerals
Farewell Ball Committee, Choir (4, 3, 2)
Masqueraders.

Lucien Byron Green, 2nd, was born in Hebron Illinois, on January 8th, 1889. He has lived in the states of Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois. He graduated from Rockford High School of Rockford, Illinois, his present home address. He was appointed to the Academy by the Hon. C. E. Fuller, of Illinois.



THOROUGHLY nice man who for some puzzling reason always makes a tremendous hit with the girls he meets. He can tell you anything from the best choice of a Christmas present to the surest way of making a girl fall in love with you at first sight. This is his delight—fussing. He has never seemed to concentrate—that's not his way, for he prides himself in the feeling that nobody knows anything on him. He is an authority on all that is dainty, and his locker is full of orangewood sticks and "Lucien's Lotions." Somewhat given to graft, he has escaped some things which others have taken, and has never been known to get into trouble without extricating himself gracefully. Above all things Lu has common sense and from him you'll never hear that narrow-minded rhinoing or complaining, so common to midshipmen.

"My Gad man, you don't know her!"



Robert Melville Griffin

“BOB” “GRIF”

Star (4) Class Secretary. Plebe Crew
Crest and Ring Committees Red N 2nd
President Midshipmen's Athletic Assoc'n

*Born in Richmond, Virginia, May 23, 1890.
Lived in Virginia and Washington, D. C., previous
to his entrance to Naval Academy. Attended
Western High School in Washington.*



BOB impressed us so favorably Plebe year and Youngster Cruise that we elected him our Class Secretary and we have never regretted it. He has a keen brain, good reasoning power, and as acting Class President he showed he had plenty of initiative and agressiveness when the occasion required it. Measles and mumps have twice kept him from starring, and incidently interfered with his athletics. Likes to talk about that good old second crew that he stroked most successfully. Would like to be a Red Mike but somehow he is swept off his feet occasionally by some queen. On the Cruise he didn't get as many stripes as he could have secured by working harder for them. He will be one of the leading men of the Class in the Service, not only because of his high standing, but also on account of his affability and integrity.

James Gillespie Blaine Gromer

“JIMMY” “JAMES”

James Gillespie Blaine Gromer was born in Atkinson, Nebraska, on August 27, 1889. He received his education at the McFall High School in the town of that name, and at the Stanberry Normal School, both in Missouri. He has lived in Nebraska, Missouri, and Colorado, his present home address being Hugo, Colorado.



HERE he is; the man with the beard; you can't mistake him. Jimmy could shave three times a day and need another right after the third. Has graced the First Company for four years, and helps to make the ground deck one of the noisiest in the building. Likes to rough-house and to talk and has a smile that is the pride of the "menagerie." Had the hardest kind of a time with Mechanics, but with a 2.2 for two months staring him in the face, Jimmy showed his mettle and perseverance, coming out sat when the time came. When the rest of us were rhinoing on the Cruise, Jimmy had the audacity to state that he was enjoying himself, and that after Second Class year, he felt as though he were on a vacation. Bubbling over with fun and good spirits, and never down on his luck.



Ole O. Hagen

Gray Numerals. Expert Bar (2)

Ole O. Hagen was born in Crookston, Minnesota, on August 9, 1889. He graduated from Crookston High School in the class of 1906.



It was Second Class year, when the Mechanics Department had a strangle-hold on us, that we awoke to Ole's worth. It proved that he is one of the few real savoirs in the Class, and that he is a man unselfish enough to give up starring for the sake of his wooden friends. Savvy in a theoretical way, he is also a practical, efficient man, who rated a much higher job than that he pulled out of the Cruise grab-bag. Despite all efforts of his friends, he still converses with an accent not unlike that of the great Yen himself. Except for a little fencing as a recreation, Ole never took the trouble to go out for Athletics. Fusses once in a while, although his sixth sense tells him not to. Good-natured to an extreme, he often allows himself to be imposed upon. An essentially reliable man.

Harvey Shadle Haislip

“HARVE” “PEEWEE”



Harvey Haislip was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, on July 12, 1889. Before entering the Academy he attended schools in St. Paul, Wisconsin, and in Milwaukee. He was appointed to the Academy by the Hon. T. Otjen from the Fourth Wisconsin.



Did someone say Milwaukee? Here's Harvey to defend his home town, renowned for its beer, its socialist mayor, and its two women "cops." Harve was a member of Hank Le Bourgeois' famous stringed orchestra long ago, and we yet remember the sweet tones of his cymbals, triangle, and drum. When he is not listening to the fascinating line of talk handed out by Scotty, Webb, or Culis, you will find him in his boudoir, enjoying a skag of the favorite Navy brand. Did anyone ever come into your room with, "Got any dope on the exam?" Ten to one that it was Harve. In going to recitation with the band playing, his peculiar reaching stride furnishes much amusement to his section. Harve is quiet and dignified, but readily appreciates a joke, and is a favorite with the fair sex and with his Classmates.

"Don't call me Peewee, call me Harvey."



Theodore Eaton Hammond

“TED”

Class Ring Committee (Chairman)

Christmas Card Committee

(Chairman) (3, 2) Expert Bar

Theodore Eaton Hammond was born in Los Angeles, California. He began his search for knowledge at the early age of five years. At thirteen having received the rudiments of education at a grammar school, he decided on a military training and entered the Harvard Military Academy. Soon afterward he entered Hollywood High School, where he remained till a few months before graduation. He was appointed from California.



SON of the beautiful south-land of California.

He is a savoir, and the best of good fellows. Has a wit that is quick, without attendant unkindness or sting, and is always exercised with a smile. His knowledge is the result of a clear head and consistent work. Never did much

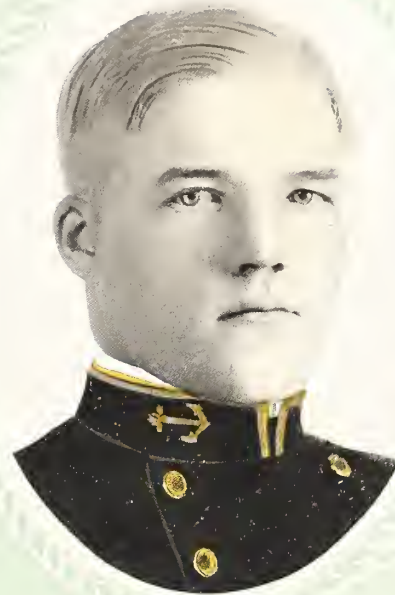
boning, and cared neither for marks nor standing though he had a goodly share of each. He has two foibles: he firmly believes that Los Angeles is the new “Hub of the Universe,” and that the weak squad is a pernicious encroachment upon the rights and liberties of the First Class. Is a fusser of high degree, but his changes of heart are so numerous that only a composite picture could approach the portrait of his ideal. We may say of him with Chaucer:

“He was a very parfit gentil knight,
And of his parte as meeke as is a mayde.”

Edward William Hanson

“YENS” “SWEDE”

Yellow Numerals

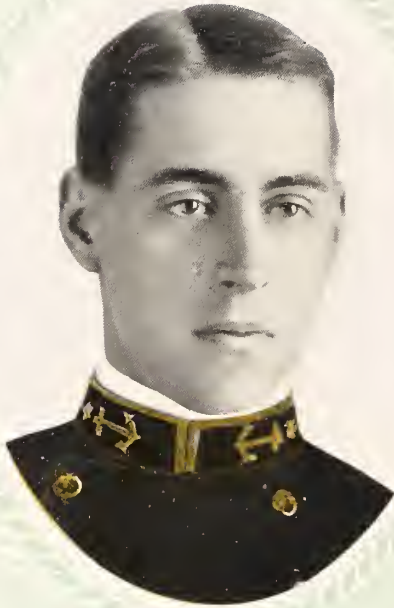


Edward William Hanson was born in Alexandria, Minnesota, February 12, 1889. He attended the Alexandria High School, from which he graduated before entering the Academy. He was appointed from Minnesota.



LIKE the true Viking he is, Yens drifted into the Navy, though he sometimes wonders whether after all farming isn't a pretty good thing. An all-around chap with the ability to make good whatever he undertakes. A faithful student, his clear brain and good common-sense have stood him high in the Class. An enthusiastic football man with a most remarkable memory for scores. While he wears no "N" the truth of the matter probably is that he has always chosen Class rather than Varsity teams. Goes at fussing in a characteristic way and usually manages to find all the fun the game offers. Smokes a stubby little pipe, and seems to thrive on it. A man of high ideals, clean in thought, in word, and in deed. It takes no prophet to predict a most creditable career for Yens in whatever field he chooses.

"Heard the latest score?"



Frederick Southard Hatch

“FRED”

Gray N 2nd Gray Numerals Expert Bar
Star (4, 3, 2)

Frederick Hatch was born in North Woodstock, New Hampshire, on September 5, 1890. He claims Concord, New Hampshire as his home, and graduated at the Concord High School. He was appointed from the second New Hampshire by the Hon. L. D. Cuneen.

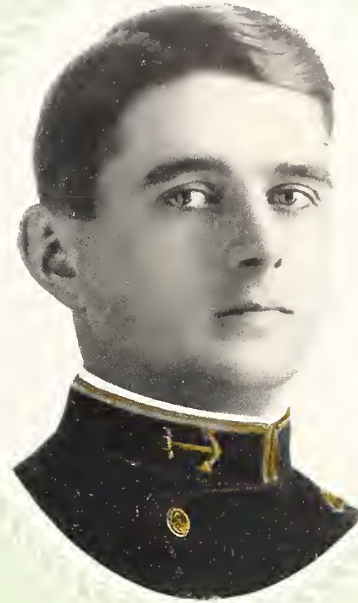


HARD-WORKING savvy man from New England who is right after them all the time and sets a pace that few of the ordinary mortals can follow. Has a mortgage on the sextant and other trophies, and will most likely get them just like everything else he goes after. Every year he turns out for the fencing team, and before First Class year is over his stick-to-itiveness will surely earn him the right to fence for the Navy, and once again send the gray legs back to the Point with a defeat instead of a victory. One could hardly call him a fusser, yet no more is he a Red Mike. His heart is never lost for long, however, because he looks on the serious side of things rather than the frivolous. Fred is a good fellow, efficient, and of the kind that is bound to make good everywhere and at everything.

Darrell Bertrand Hawley

“ DOLLY ”

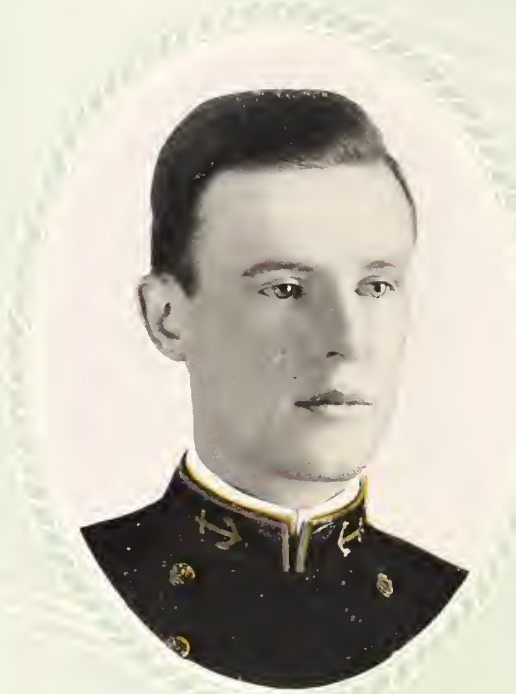
Yellow Numerals Green Numerals
Orange Numerals
Expert Bar



Darrell Bertrand Hawley was born in Parker, South Dakota, on June 15, 1889. He graduated from Sioux Falls High School before entering the Academy. He is a member of the Masonic Lodge.



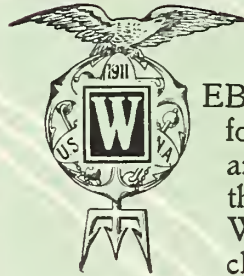
BRACE, a voice, and an efficient manner made Dolly an excellent three-striper. Though small in stature, he has made all kinds of Class teams. During under-class days, he was remarkable for his disregard of demerits, thus failing to practice what he preached. His toughness ended with a jerk Second Class year, when Buck walked in on a little party in the dark, attracted by the scent of Pierpont's best cigars. Since then he has been a model youth. Has strong and peculiar ideas on how the Academy should be run. Nearly as savvy as is Ole, and has a felicitous habit of getting at the root of things. He loves to smoke and to rhino as he puffs. Once in a while he breaks out for a little fussing. For his size, he has one of the best physiques in the Academy. Clever, independent, and with a mind of his own, he will make an excellent officer.



Webb Cook Hayes

“WEBB”

Webb Cook Hayes was born in Toledo, Ohio, on September 25, 1890. He was a student at the Howe Military Academy, Howe, Indiana, for three years but did not graduate. He entered the Naval Academy from Ohio, appointed by the Hon. J. J. Southers of the Ninth District.



WEBB'S several cruises on the Black Maria won for him remarkable fluency in the jackie dialect, and whenever he and Norm come together there is some high-class language to be heard. When he first appeared among us, he was inclined to be rather overfond of some of the good things of life, but Second Class year he reformed completely. One of the President's aids at the inaugural parade, and brought back to our envious ears talks of wonderful feeds, over which Washington's fairest daughters presided. Roomed with Henry Clay for four years, and when one was not unsat, the other was, Webb having a particularly strong antipathy for the Dago Department. Misses few hops and his smile and jesting air make him a favorite with the fair sex. Has a strong personality beneath his airy exterior and a more loyal friend is not to be found.

“Say, matey, where'd yuh get the rook?”

Edward Harold Hicks

“BILLY” “FAT” “MIDDY”

Yellow Numerals



Edward Harold Hicks was born on July 14, 1889, at Junction City, Kansas. He attended the Public Schools at that place, and graduated from the Junction City High School in 1905. He prepped at "Bucks" and entered the Academy on June 14, 1907, appointed from the 5th Kansas by the Hon. W. C. Caldenhead.



BILLY is a classmate who, with his ready supply of sunshine and funny expressions, is one of our sure cures for gloominess. Savvy, did you ask? Well not exactly. Hick's brilliant questions and answers have caused even the sternest officer to join his section in a hearty laugh. Billy thinks the Navy owes him a 2.5 and never bones for more. He has one recreation—fussing. Every liberty finds him in the company of the fair ones. No hop is complete without his presence. Not a mail leaves Bancroft Hall without a letter in Billy's hand-writing, invariably addressed to some fair expectant. Numerous newspaper clippings drift in now and then which show that Billy is as popular in Junction City as he is here. He has a sweetheart in every port, and so far has successfully kept unanswered the momentous question, "Who has Hick's extra class ring?"



Harry Wilbur Hill

“ HARRY ”

Lacrosse (4, 3, 2) L N T Captain (1)
Basket Ball (4, 3, 2, 1) B N B Manager (1)
Yellow Numerals (3, 2, 1)

Harry Wilbur Hill was born in Oakland, California, on April 7, 1890. He claims Oakland as his home and spent three and one-half years at Oakland High School before entering the Academy. He was appointed from the Third California, by the Hon. J. R. Knowland.



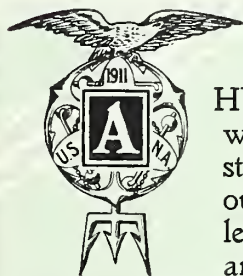
HERE'S one of California's own sons and a moving embodiment of its perpetual sunshine and genial atmosphere. Always good-natured, and fairly bubbling over with spirit and the joy of living, Harry is the surest cure for a "grouch" that one can find in the Academy. Nothing ever ruffles his equable temper, nor has he ever been known to rhino. Has never been guilty of boning, but his clear and methodical head easily places him among the savours in the Class. Harry has made good in athletics by his hard, consistent work, aided by his natural ability. His light weight has been a distinct disadvantage as far as football is concerned, though he was one of the best ends on the Class teams during the three years he played. It is at basketball and lacrosse, however, that he displays his skill and aggressiveness. Harry is a man in every sense of the word—a generous, warm-hearted, true, and loyal friend.

Robert Messinger Hinckley

“HINK” “BOB”

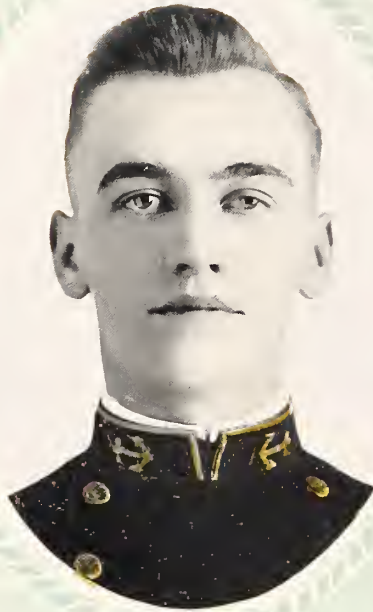


Robert Hinckley was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, on March 3, 1888. Before entering the Academy, he graduated from the Mechanic's Arts High School there, and was appointed from Minnesota by Senator Clapp.



HUSKILY built youth with a winning smile who surprised the O. C. one day when that stately person unexpectedly inspected, and found our hero at his duty desk, with his feet recklessly upon it, a big, black cigar in his mouth, and totally buried in a newspaper. The cigar, the newspaper, and the careless attitude thoroughly express him. He is usually unsat in two or three subjects or on the conduct grade, but by dint of grim determination and some midnight oil he makes up the lost ground on his exams, and then celebrates by blossoming forth at a hop. Is on several of the Class squads and goes about athletics with the same determination that characterizes every thing he does. He is a sincere, whole-souled chap who chums with the old Twelfth Company bunch to a great extent, and who is usually around when there is any fun in sight.

“Come on, let's have a feed.”

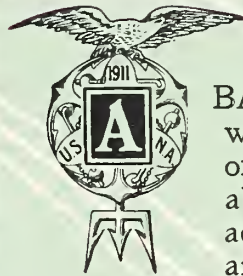


Robert Paul Hinrichs

“HEINIE” “HOOK” “BOB”

Class Crest Committee

Robert Hinrichs was born in Boscobel, Wisconsin, July 15, 1887. He spent most of his life in Davenport, Iowa, where he graduated from high school. He entered the University of Michigan, and spent two years there before receiving his appointment. While there he became a member of the Alpha Zeta Chapter of the Kappa Sigma. He was appointed by the Hon. A. F. Dawson from Iowa.



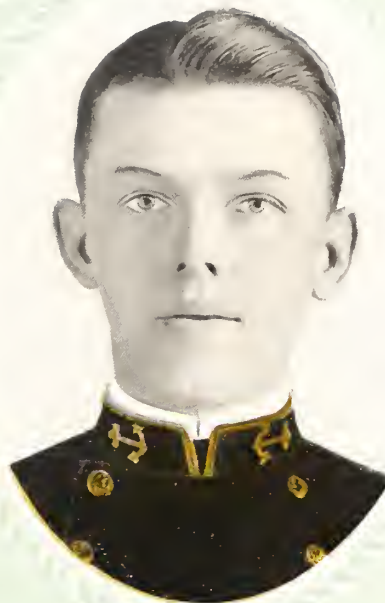
BASHFUL, wholesome young Dutchman who was lured from the U. M. by a gaudy recruiting-office poster, and thinks he regrets having abandoned the joys of cit life. He is not an adept at concealing his feelings, and his moods are plainly mirrored on his expressive countenance. Whole-hearted, dependable, and undemonstrative, to know him is to like him. He was one of the mildest and most inoffensive of Plebes, and one of the hardest and most incorrigible of Youngsters. He is the very opposite of his roommate, the effervescent Lucien, and does not allow that dynamic person to disturb the even tenor of his way. Remembers with a mixture of pride and horror how near he came to dropping a dozen Class-mates from the mizzen-topsail yard of the Severn to the deck during Plebe year. A favorite with the ladies, and fusses spasmodically.

“Oh, the little pigs lay in the garden-gate.”

Frederick George Hoddick

“LEGS” “CAMEL” “HODDY”

Red Numerals



Frederick Hoddick was born in Buffalo, New York, on August 13, 1889. In 1905 he changed his address to Denver, Colorado, where he attended the North Side High School for three years before receiving his appointment to the Academy from Colorado.



HE human dividers, and the heir to most of the ills of man. Hoddy has certainly had his full share of hard luck as regards sickness. If any little bugs go floating around the Naval Academy, he is sure to get them. This has had a tendency to keep his marks below their natural level, but he has fortunately and quite consistently fooled them all, for he is fairly savvy and is conscientious in his work. He and Chesty are the real charter members of Doc's special exercise squad, a couple of his old reliables. He has withstood the wild influences of the Second Company for four long years which speaks well for his strength of character. He is fond of music and sings quite well himself though very few know it. He is a true friend, who says, "Well, I don't know," and then does his best.



Merritt Hodson

“MERRITT” “HODDY”

Chairman, Class Pipe Committee
Baseball Assistant Manager (2) Manager (1)
Class Baseball (4, 3) Baseball N 2d (2)
Choir (3, 2, 1)

Merritt Hodson was born in Topeka, Kansas, November 7th, 1887. Early in life he changed his residence to Chicago, Illinois. After graduating from the Englewood High School he became connected with the Purchasing Department of the C. R. I. & P. Ry. Co. at Chicago, where he remained for three years. He was appointed from Illinois.



GOOD-LOOKING, rather heavily built young man from the Windy City, whose popularity has kept him prominent in all Class affairs. With “Shorty” formed one of the strongest political combinations in Class history. Early in the course, Hoddy became famous, or rather, infamous, as the originator and dispenser of all good dope. Unless we graduate as Ensigns there doesn't seem to be much chance of Hoddy's sticking to the service, for after his heavy fussing during the past few years, we fear the unmarried condition of the Middy will offer no allurements. Stood high enough in the Class to get out of most exams, and would have done better if he had boned a little more conscientiously. A real cub baseball fan and a fairly good player. His vocal inability won him a place for three long years among that select gathering that supplied noise for the chapel.

“Oye! Oye! There's strictly nothing regurgitating.”

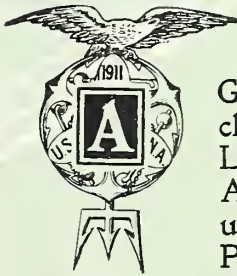
John Homer Holt

“PLUG”

Yellow Numerals

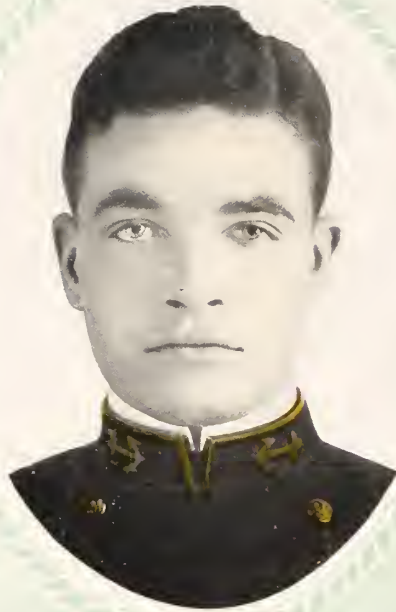


John Homer Holt was born in Grafton, West Virginia, on April 12, 1889. He left high school there in his third year, when he was appointed to the Academy by the late Senator S. B. Elkins. He entered with the Class of 1910, but was forced to fall back to the Class of 1911 after a serious illness during his Plebe year.



GOOD-LOOKING, sleepy-eyed, slow-going, chap whose enthusiastic biographer wanted Lazy (4, 3, 2, 1,) to go in with his athletic data. Apt to be pessimistic on occasions, but is naturally too good-natured to be long oppressed. Plug makes it very hard for one to know him well, but is very popular notwithstanding. He is reserved, but displays to his intimates at all times the fun-loving disposition of the true Plug. At times lets some things get the best of his good judgment, but is always sorry. He is death on the mere suggestion of greasing, and has never earned a reputation for being particularly savvy, principally because he spends most of his study hours “chewing the fat” from room to room. His section will long remember his Dago recitations as models of brevity and simplicity.

“Take a blow.”



Bushrod Brush Howard

“BUSH” “BOSH”

Brown N 2d Expert Bar

Bushrod Brush Howard was born in Annapolis, Md., on November 18, 1889. He was educated at the Annapolis High School and St. John's College. He was appointed by the Hon. H. S. Bontell, from the Ninth Illinois.



USH is a typical Southerner, noted for his drawl and slow movements. Hung on the football squad for three years, but lack of weight always proved a stumbling block, so First Class year found him in the bleachers rooting with the rest of us. Somewhat a savoir, but too lazy to bone, and consequently has never shone on the bulletin boards. One of the gang that used to assemble in George's room for a fume, Second Class year, and is always ready to catch one. Can sail a cat-boat or a Chesapeake canoe as well as any long-shoreman. If associations count for anything, Bush is pretty well steeped in Annapolis atmosphere, having lived in Crabtown ever since Frosty Gorham's first Plebe year. A very companionable sort of a man with a kind heart and sincerity as his maxim.

“S-a-a-y, Plug, got the makes?”

Glenn Fletcher Howell

“GLENN” “GLENN FUSSER”

Assistant Organist (4, 3, 2, 1)
Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1) Lucky Bag Staff
Bulletin Staff Class Song
Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (4, 3)



Glenn Fletcher Howell was born in Woodhull, Illinois, on February 5, 1888. Before entering the Academy he graduated at the Woodhull High School. He was appointed from Illinois.



ERE, it must be admitted, we have no ordinary man! Small of stature, yet fierce of mien—a veritable terror to Plebes—and possessed of a hardness truly astonishing, his name has been a household word with us since early Plebe days. At first we knew him only as an accomplished pianist, whose stunts in Recreation Hall paled those of Casey Green into insignificance, and whose spoons thereby numbered into the hundreds. However, he was soon in evidence in a dark corner of the Choir, and as a talented composer and general indispensable at Masquerader doings. He has succeeded in almost everything he has attempted, being the composer of much of the original music in the Masquerader shows, and the author of the Class song. His Class standing has suffered by his irresponsibility, but he never has to worry about his marks. The doctors have kept him guessing for four years on his eyes.



George Frisch Jacobs

“JAKE”

Orange N Captain Basket Ball Team (1)
Brown N Expert Bar White Numerals
Orange Numerals

Danville, Pennsylvania, claims George Frisch Jacobs as one of its sons. He graduated from the Danville High School with honors, and spent one year at the Susquehanna University. It was while at the latter institution of learning that he conceived the idea of embracing a naval career.

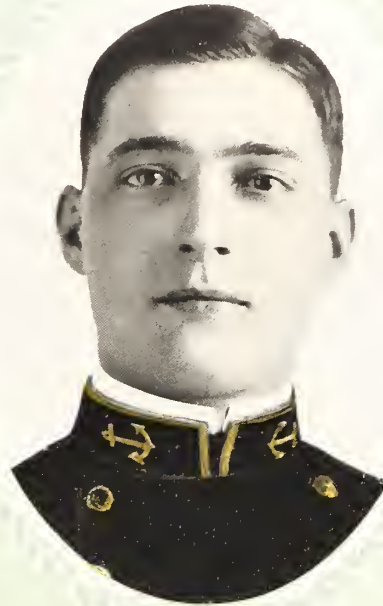


QUIET, reticent, reserved little “Dutchman,” and as loyal and true a friend as one could find. He has a cool, collected head, as is evidenced by his able leadership of the basketball team. Jake, besides being captain of the team, plays a remarkably fast and brilliant game. His very aggressiveness puts a fight into the other members of the team that has won many a hard-earned victory. He studies on rare occasions, and withal stands well up toward the head of the Class, and seldom, if ever, takes the exams. He has been known to fuss, especially of late, but is rather more inclined to be a Red Mike than a fusser. There is not a man in the Class who is more respected or liked, and it's safe to say his career in the Navy will be a successful and able one.

Howard Stafford Jeans

“HOWARD”

Expert Bar



Howard Stafford Jeans was born in Hillsboro, Ohio, on July 7, 1887. He attended the Hillsboro (Ohio) High School, and graduated before receiving his appointment to the Academy from Senator Foraker from Ohio.



PRETTY, pink-cheeked lad with coal-black hair, and the most innocent expression imaginable, who is, however, in the eyes of the powers that be, the one original hard guy, the worthy successor of Si Gilbert. But in fact Howard is just the reverse. Had hard luck First Class Cruise, and ran into Bertie at the wrong time, or rather Bertie ran into him. He is a hard-plodding lad who generally gets what he starts out after. Bones hard but none could ever call him a greaser. When he isn't working at something else, he is around electioneering for some candidates he has for Class honors. He has a good opinion of the men he selects, and is often disgusted when his candidate is defeated. However, bad politicians are generally good fellows, and Howard is very generally liked.



Cecil Younger Johnston

"CY"

Red N 2nd Red N

Cecil Younger Johnston was born in Granger, Missouri, on June 20, 1889. After spending a year and a half in Kirksville High School he entered Missouri State Normal, from which he graduated. He was appointed from Missouri.



Y IS a man naturally possessed of a good build to which he has added materially by consistent work on the crew, where he has pulled a Varsity oar for three years. He is remarkable for other things as well, notably his fussing and his "notions." The latter consist of ideas on certain people, Naval Academy methods, and conventions in general—all well and forcibly expressed. As to fussing, he doesn't do it. He merely knows a few girls,—but that's not fussing! Is deeply interested in machinery, particularly automobiles, and he has lost a lot of sleep pondering over his "Pressure Turbine." He has a character of remarkable strength, and his Missouri mule convictions of what is right and what is wrong make him one of the marked men of the Class. All know him, and all like him for the genuine, open-hearted man that he is.

Howard Sanford Keep

“ SOCK ” “ SOCKLESS ”

Tennis Team Captain (1)



Howard Sanford Keep was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on April 2, 1888. He attended the Lowell High School but did not graduate. He was appointed to the Academy by the Honorable Butler Ames from Massachusetts.



SOCK! Bankrupt from buying service stripes, and the holder of an enviable record of being the only man in our Class who entered when they still used bows and arrows on battleships. However, even with years and years of the grilling influence of the Naval Service, he remains good and kind of heart. Lady Nicotine has been his downfall, but that is all past and gone now. He has quite recently developed a positive monomania on the subject of aerial navigation, and at present hopes to outdo Glenn Curtiss with his “Sockless Stability Control.” He can certainly tell you more about an aeroplane than a Bailey Air Pump. He is a good tennis player, and is always out for Class baseball. He is a sociable kind of chap, always willing to please, and when he is doing the grand, nothing ever feazes him.

“Yes! Mr. Taft is coming over to see me next Saturday.”



Harold Russell Keller

“SNICK” “HERMAN”

Expert Bar

Harold Russell Keller was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on March 17, 1889. He graduated from Omaha High School in 1907, and spent one summer at Culver. While in high school he was a member of the Upsilon Chapter of Gamma Sigma. He was appointed from Nebraska.



EG old Snick! Quite the savvyest man in the place on things military. Snick's habit of plain speaking kept him in ranks for four years. He has been the pride of his section throughout the course, and his beautiful sketches in Steam during Second Class year are still spoken of with awe by those who were privileged to see them. Snick can stand more running than any man in the place. Has a most stubborn will and is a regular volcano of a rhino at times. Even came near resigning Second Class year when he was unjustly put on the Awkward Squad. Has a habit of taking long and mysterious cross-countries, some say even to the Dutchman's. He is a sober, clear-minded chap, who tends strictly to business, but if you want to rile him, just ask how it was that Mr. Gelm led him astray at the garden-party in Marseilles.

Jay Lewis Kerley

"JAY"

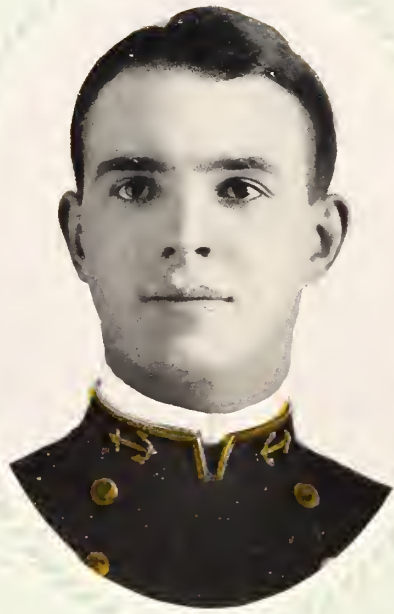


Jay L. Kerley was born in Morgantown, North Carolina, on February 4, 1889. He graduated at the Patton High School, in his native town, and was appointed from the 9th District North Carolina, by the Hon. E. Y. Webb.



JAY is an optimistic youth who is one of our first Class recollections. Although turned back from 1910 on entry, he utilized his first year's training by putting us through our first course of sprouts, but he did it so good-naturedly that we remember it only to laugh. He has been one of the old Twelfth Company rounders for four years, and has formed a strong combination around the table with Jo-Jo, Shorty, and the Cow. In studies, he never created much of a furor until First Class year, when he developed into a pronounced savoir. Four years of consistent Gym work have kept him in excellent physical trim, and from all fear of Doc's dreaded squad. The examining board, however, during the last two years have caused him lots of trouble and worry on account of his eyes. He is active, a large fusser and a friend of everybody.

"Sir! I don't exactly see that."



Thomas Starr King, 2nd

“STAR”

Class President Yellow N
Football Captain Yellow N Ringed Star
Red N Athletic Representative (3)
Star (4)

Thomas Starr King was born in San Francisco, California, on March 16, 1888. He graduated at Reid's School, Belmont, Cal., and spent one year at the University of California, where he became a member of the Iota Chapter of the Zeta Psi fraternity. He was appointed from California.



ANY honors have fallen to Starr in the course of the last four years, and he has accepted them all without changing in the least from the fine, open-hearted man of Plebe year. As President of the Class, he has shown the discretion and executive ability without which men must fail. In athletics, he has been a leader always, and his fine build and level head have endeared him to the Brigade for his work in football and in crew. Quiet, and in some ways reserved, he possesses a fund of humor which has stood him in good stead. He enjoys a good cigar during the little time of the year when he is not in training, and thoroughly enjoys music. Likes to fuss, but his attentions have never been very much scattered. He possesses the faculty of concentration to such an extent that in spite of his work in athletics, he has always kept near the head of the Class in studies. He is a man loved and respected.

Howard Fithian Kingman

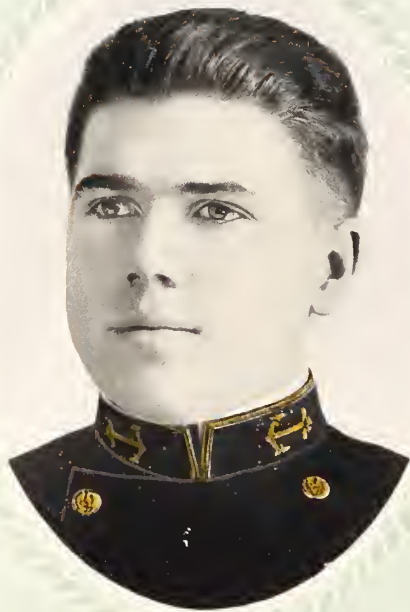
“SQUIRREL” “SWEDE” “FITH”

White Numerals

Howard Fithian Kingman was born in Hillsboro, North Dakota, May 5, 1890, and has resided at times in North Dakota, Michigan and New York. Previous to his entering the Academy, he spent two years in the Hillsboro High School. He was appointed to the Academy from North Dakota.



JOVIAL, round-cheeked Swede whose facial resemblance to the squirrel brought him his sobriquet early in Plebe year. His patient plodding through the intricacies of Plebe Math and Dago once over, he discovered that he was not as wooden as he would have us believe, and since this time has had no trouble in staying with the boys. Not a demonstrative person, preferring to remain in the background, yet has solid, original ideas on every subject. One of the main-stays of the “Bush Leaguers.” His blank expression in section-room has caused him to adorn many a tree. Hasn’t yet eliminated all the Scandinavian dialect from his speech. Once possessed a wildly be-chevroned bath robe that received official recognition from the authorities. Withal, a sea-going, unemotional chap who does not do things by halves but throws his whole soul and body into that which he attempts. “I’ll tell you, fellows, it’s this way.”



Norman Loyd Kirk

“JABE” “JIBBO” “JAB”

White Numerals
Yellow Numerals

Norman Loyd Kirk was born in Norwich, Ontario, on July 10, 1888. He graduated from the Le Sueur High School and soon after came to Annapolis to prepare for the Academy with the candidates for the class of 1910. He is a member of the M. W. A. He was appointed from Minnesota.



ABE, sawed off and growing shorter, the originator of the Night-Rider war-whoop. The only difference between Jabe and Paddy McElduff is that Paddy had three stripes and Jabe has three buttons—on his overcoat. He might have been a shining social light but his weekly designations as Plebe representative of the Sixth Company at the supe's receptions queered any sprout of tea-fight mania which may have existed, and he now turns his attentions to other matters. Never was known to rhino but once; that was when he and Paul went a week without speaking to each other. One of the crew of the Argo on her famous cruise in September, 1910. Jabe has a generous way about him that will always win him friends. There is not a selfish vein in him, but he has a shrewd way that generally puts Jibbo in the right place whenever there is any graft going on.

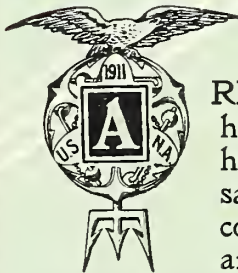
“Pollee eat too damn many Crackaire!”

Van Leer Kirkman, Jr.

"VAN" "LEGS" "KIRK"

Bulletin Staff

Van Leer Kirkman, Jr., was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on October 5, 1887. Went to Wallace's University School at Nashville, but left just before graduation to come to Annapolis. He was originally in the Class of 1909. He was appointed from Tennessee by the Hon. J. W. Gaines.



REPRESENTATIVE of old Tennessee who has had enough experiences to fill the state history. He has never been on record as a savoir, but he has a great big bump of good common sense which will insure his success as an officer. One of the favorite subjects of conversation among the R. C. Brigade; they are always guessing what he and Jack Okie will do next. He seems to have some sort of a charm with the ladies for he has never lost out with one, though even now his thoughts are as free as the winds of heaven. "Grand Master of the Old Guard" and one of its charter-members, he spends much of his time planning it's expeditions, and when not so engaged writes epigrams for the Bulletin. When Van and Sis go out for a party they generally go the limit, for Van's favorite maxim is that "You can do anything once."



Lambert Lamberton

“LAMMIE” “DA DA”

Expert Brown N
National Team Match 1910
Yellow Numerals White Numerals
Orange Numerals

Lambert Lamberton was born in Bradford, New Hampshire, November 20, 1887, and has lived at various times in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont. He graduated from People's Academy, Woarsville, Vermont, and spent some little time in teaching school in one of the lumber districts of his native state. He was appointed from the 1st District, Vermont, by the Hon. D. J. Foster.



EW there be who are cast in the same mold as this dreamy, mild-voiced son of the Vermont hills. Broad and generous in both body and mind, he finds it an awful bore to study and prefers rather to surround himself in the haze of a cigarette and dream of — graduation as ensigns. On Class teams he is far from lazy, and has proven himself an athlete of no mean ability. A crack shot of the rifle-team, he more than held his own against a big bunch in the national meet at Camp Perry. States that he sure had a good time on this trip of the team to Ohio. Frequently adorns trees and conduct grades, but never allows this to disturb him, and has never been accused of woodenness. He is a man who likes the good things of life, and shares with his friends their rejoicings and sorrows in a manner that has endeared him to the Class.

“Sa-a-ay, Bu-sh! Got the makes?”

Edward Benjamin Lapham

“EDDIE” “LAP”

Welterweight Boxing Champion (3)

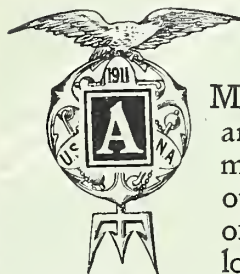
Masqueraders (2)

Business Manager Reef Points

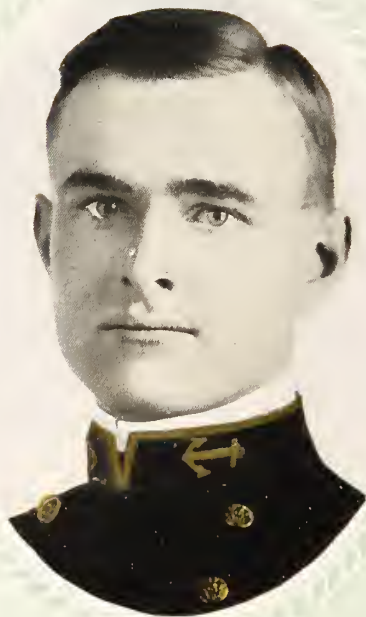
Middleweight Boxing Champion (1)



Edward B. Lapham was born in Clark, South Dakota, December 9, 1888. He later removed to Illinois, and before entering the Academy, graduated at the High School in his present home, Dixon, Illinois. He was appointed from the 35th District, Illinois, by the Hon. F. O. Snowden.



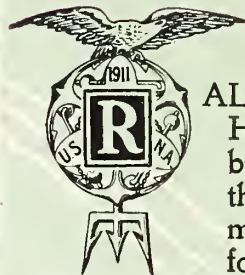
MODEST, rather quiet, but “always ready for anything” kind of fellow is Eddie, a fusser of no mean ability, and withal, a savoir. He accuses others of being fussers with the cool assurance of one who never looks a girl in the face, and loses much grace thereby. He occasionally rhinos, but is naturally too buoyant and good-natured for the fits to hang over him long. He won fame Youngster year by carrying off the welter-weight boxing championship, so don't be deceived by his pink cheeks, and his soft, brown eyes. As business manager of Reef Points during his First Class year he showed what he could do in a serious way, and carried the little book through in great style. He and the Supe have lived a happy domestic life, and their rooms have always been popular. While he has never aspired to the choir, Eddie enjoys close harmony, and “suttinly would enjoy playin' the mandolin.”



Ralph Clendenin Lawder

“RALPH” “IRISH” “SPUDS”

Ralph Clendenin Lawder was born in Rockwood, Illinois, October 15, 1888. Before coming to Annapolis to prepare for the Academy, he spent two years at the Campbell High School. He was appointed by the Hon. G. W. Smith of Illinois.



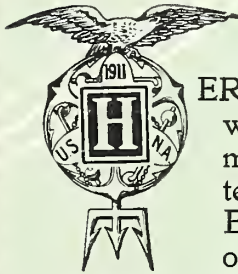
ALPH is that rare being—a reserved Irishman. He is not quiet, for he rooms with Melvin, but is rather inclined to think before he says anything, consequently what few comments he does make are close to the point. Ask him for information and he is sure to try to run you, though this is always made apparent by a slow grin and a peculiar expression about his eyes. Before answering he appears to weight his words carefully, shaking his head as though pondering deeply. He has investigated “Spring Valley” with Melvin and Godwin on several occasions, though none of them are enthusiastic about it now, if they were then. He has smoked consistently ever since he entered, with unusual luck, and also has been somewhat of a card enthusiast. When in section and at drills he keeps quiet and tends to business, and expects others to do the same.

Oscar William Leidel

“DUTCH” “LEEDUL”

Rifle Team Brown N

Oscar William Leidel was born in Greenville, Illinois, 1888. Has lived at different times in Kansas and Missouri. After two years in Greenville High School, he entered Iowa College at Grinnell, Iowa, and remained there one year. He was appointed from Illinois by the Hon. W. A. Rodenberg.



ERE we have a dark, powerfully built Dutchman who hails from Illinois. Has had quite a remarkable existence according to the tales he tells, anyone of which can make the spirit of Baron Munchausen sit up and take notice. One of the few pluggers of the Class, Dutch has managed to slip one over on the Academic board a couple of times each year. When not unsat he is one of the most easy-going men in the Class. Nothing he likes better than an argument or a rough-house, but it must be said in justice to his strength that he is much better at the latter. Became prominent Youngster year as a rifle shot for his great work that year in the Camp Perry matches. During the past few summers has come to know Boston pretty well, but still thinks there's no place like St. Louis.

“I'll betcher five dollars!”



Roy Wood Lewis

“STORK” “STARK”

3rd Crew

Roy Wood Lewis was born at Lamira, Ohio, on September 9, 1888. He attended and later graduated from the St. Clairsville High School of Ohio. He received his appointment to the Academy from the Hon. Cappel L. Weems of the 16th District, Ohio.



TORK is a tall, lanky son of the oil fields of Ohio, who, although reared in that slippery atmosphere, is strictly a non-greaser. Plebe year he pulled an oar on the Third Crew, but since then has been content with chest weights. He never rhinos, and likes a joke, but when he is the raconteur, his facial expression suggests a mental agony surpassed only by the expectation of his hearers. Stork fusses a little, and may be depended upon to drag a queen. 'Tis said that Dan Cupid long ago lost an arrow in his heart. He is a bonoid, and has worked hard for everything that he has received. Although usually on the ragged edge, he always keeps within hailing distance of a 2.5. Conscientious and sincere, his big-heartedness has won for him many friends and his perseverance will win for him success in after life.

Ames Loder

“LUDS” “AMOS”

Yellow Numerals Expert Bar
Green Numerals

Ames Loder was born in East Orange, New Jersey, on December 24, 1889. He has lived in most of the New England States, and spent several years in the East Orange High School. He was appointed to the Academy from New Jersey.



MES spent his Plebe year hiding away from upper-classmen, so his past is vague. During Youngster year, he practiced the Ichagoo and Wachidoodle languages with Risley much to the disgust of others of the forty per cent. He fusses sometimes, usually on request, and is one of the few that you can depend on to help you out in a pinch without your lying about the maid's appearance. He bought a canoe Youngster year with the idea of becoming a real fusser, but when that famous order against co-canoeing went forth, he used it for ragging fumes instead. He affects large pipes, vile tobacco, and a gloomy, superior manner, but stir him up and you'll find that while good-natured, he is dangerous as a bear. Don't rile him. Good-nature, athletics, passable savviness, certain girls, and few words give the keys to his character.

“Say, what do you think this is anyway?”



Frank Loftin

" CIT "

**Crew Numerals Red N Crew Captain
Yellow N Yellow N Star Track Numerals
Basketball Numerals Football Numerals
Wrestling N Captain Wrestling Team**

Frank Loftin was born on October 24, 1887, in Columbia, Tennessee. During his early life he attended many prep. schools in and around Columbia, but it was at the Columbia Military Academy that he acquired the foundation of wisdom which has carried him so successfully through his Academy life. He was appointed by the Hon. L. P. Padgett from the 7th District, Tennessee.



WHEN Cit entered as a green Plebe, no one would have picked him as the coming athlete of the Academy. Having first won his numerals in every branch of sport, he went out for football Second Class year and became one of the best tackles in the East; then he took up wrestling, and in the spring stroked the first crew through a successful season. This is Cit's athletic record, and certainly a most enviable one. On the Cruises he was known as an efficient worker, and a congenial messmate. He has a clear head and a sound, mature judgment, that makes him a power not to be ignored in Class matters. Stands well in the Class, and that without any exertion, and when necessary can bluff his way successfully through any recitation. He is known as a true friend and a loyal comrade.

"I wouldn't have minded it if he hadn't called me a damned native."

Frank Jacob Lowry

“FRANK”

Frank Jacob Lowry was born in Cresco, Iowa, February 15, 1888. He graduated from the Cresco High School and later attended St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin. He was appointed to the Academy from Iowa.



STURDY little Irishman with a heart of gold is Frank, a chap whose chief trouble lies in trying to make people think he can be serious. Never a star, but has always managed to sail along pretty well up on the rolls and that without losing one bit of any fun that's going on.

Was called "Sunshine" Plebe year and might well have kept the name, for his perpetual smile is truly marvellous. Once only did he lose it and that was when at a hop Youngster year a voice from the stag line advised him to get out an oar. A man with lots of ideas of his own and the courage to stand by what he says. As keeper of the wops First Class year he handled the matter in a way that commanded the respect of all of us, including the wops themselves.



George Maus Lowry

"GEORGE"

George Maus Lowry was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, October 27, 1889. He left the Erie High School at the end of his third year to prepare for the Naval Academy.



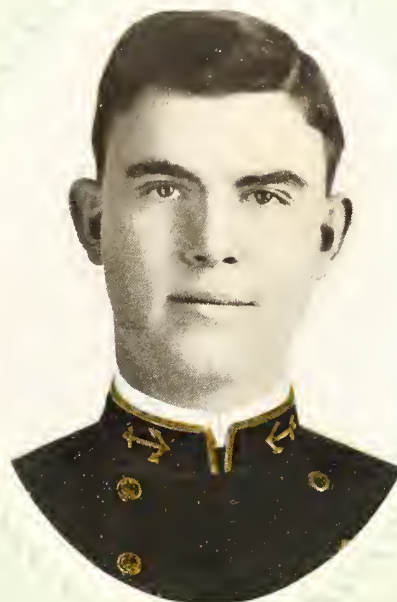
GEORGE bobs along with a pleased smile for every one and a walk marked by too much stride for a man his size. He has shown us what a man can do in this place by unostentatious hard work and a willing way. He is conscientious in all he does, and usually does everything well. Though not very savvy, his standing bears witness to his work, and his stripes to his efficiency. He has fussed consistently from our first June Ball, and "consistency" has been his motto. On First Class Cruise, he was largely responsible for the fact that our trip to London was not eventually cancelled, and every one feels grateful to him on that account. He is a great reader and does not spend much of his time on athletics. He commands our admiration that, in this place of unfortunate precedents, he has not been ashamed to do his best.

"Hello, fellows."

Scott Douglas McCaughey

"MAC" "SCOTT" "McCOFFEY"

Lucky Bag Staff Green N
Class Crest Committee
Christmas Card Committee
Class Ring Committee Yellow N 2nd

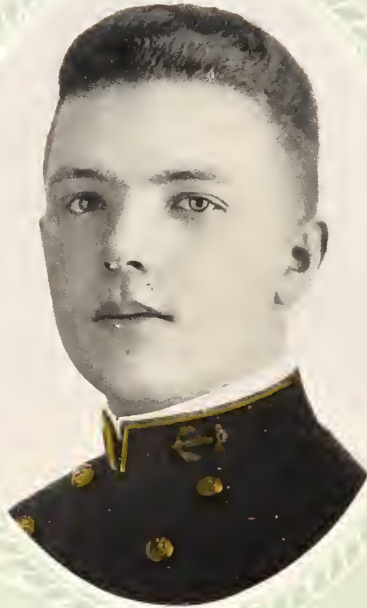


Scott Douglas McCaughey was born in Macomb, Illinois, January 20, 1888. He attended school there and after graduating from the Macomb High School spent one year at Western Illinois State Normal School. He was appointed from the 14th District, Illinois, by Congressman McKinney.



STOLID Celt who, like Tom Moore, firmly believes that "the queen of all islands is Erin the blest," and hence has no use for polite linguistic accomplishments such as English, French and Spanish. Built like an ox and has done good work in the shot-put and hammer-throw on the track team. A sturdy man on the Hustlers, and is the veteran of many a hard scrimmage. Savvy in Math and practical work, especially steam; must know how every piece of mechanism is assembled; how the "blamed thing" works; and sketches like a fiend. Many of the drawings in this volume bear evidence to his ability. The proud possessor of three ruffles and three stripes. Thinks he is bracing up when he tucks his chin into his neck, thereby displaying an additional ruffle. Liked the foreign Cruise, but was only sorry that we did not visit Dublin instead of London.

"By gad!"



John Walter McClaran

“MAC”

Manager Football Team, vice O'Brien
(resigned), (1, b)

Class Supper Committee
Christmas Card Committee

John Walter McClaran was born in Wooster, Ohio, October 1, 1887. He attended the Graded Schools, the High Schools and the Wooster University in his native town. He is a member of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity. He was appointed from the 17th District, Ohio, by the Hon. M. S. Smyser.



AC is a healthy-skinned chap with a Mellin's Food build who has gone through this place on an equal mixture of conscientiousness and bluff. He is not very savvy, but never bones very hard, and yet never stands very low. He has been rather too lazy to make good in athletics, although he did get to come back early with the football squad one year, only to give the coaches the extra chance to take his number. He is not much of a fusser, but is seen down at the hops every once in a while. It is said that he made his debut dragging only after special request. Many of us will remember the extraordinary grease he had on the good ship Chicago, and we are told on authority that he is requesting the Michigan on graduation. He is very popular, and one of the most consistently lucky men in our Class.

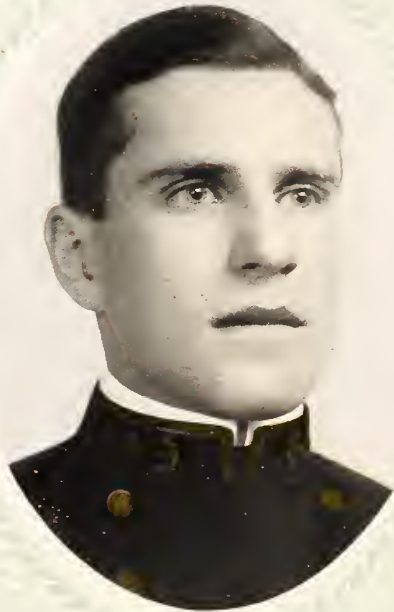
Thomas Shore McCloy

"SHORE"

Thomas S. McCloy was born in Monticello, Arkansas, on January 2, 1888. His home address is Monticello. He spent about three years at the Hineman University School before entering the Academy. He was appointed from Arkansas.



SHORE is a quiet chap from down Arkansas way who steadily makes his way without the aid of the fire-works some of us consider a necessary adjunct to our course. He is conscientious, and a hard-worker, and beat Soc Morgan out in a three year race for stripes. Likes to tell how he once licked Hyatt, the Army quarterback. Rarely seen at a hop because it is too great a problem to find his instantaneous center of motion when he is on the floor. He sprouted out First Class year as a real savoir, but one who keeps plugging all the time. He is good-natured to a fault, and never quicker to see a joke than when it is on himself. He will do anything for anybody at any time, though it may interfere with something he wants to do himself, and has stood twice as many watches for other people as he has for himself.



Edgar Raymond McClung

“MAC”

White N 2nd BNB 2nd

Orange Numerals Yellow Numerals

White Numerals

Edgar Raymond McClung was born in Liberty, Indiana, September 9, 1887. He claims Muncie, Indiana, as his home and graduated at the High School there. Before entering the Academy, he attended two years at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. He was appointed from Indiana.



AC is a huskily built chap, rather quiet in his ways, and conscientious in all he does. He has decided opinions on all subjects, and is usually one of the elements to be reckoned with in Class meetings. In athletics he has made good, playing baseball, football, and basketball, with great success. He does not smoke, and enjoys a good book. Can usually be found around with the people who set the Class standards, and his hearty laugh can be heard before he heaves in sight. On the Cruise he got the reputation of being the most consistent letter-writer in the Class with the possible exception of our old friend Charley Curry. He also kept a very extensive diary which made him a marked man. He has spent much of his odd time this last year working out laborious puzzles in the hope of getting an automobile, or a house and lot.

Charles Graham McCord

"MAC" "HELEN"

Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1)

Choir (4, 3, 2, 1)



Charles Graham McCord was born in Denver, Colorado, on February 12, 1888. Graduated from Manual Training High School of Denver and attended Colorado State College where he became a member of the Sigma Delta Fraternity.



ONE of the quietest, most unassuming men in the Class, yet with just enough twinkle in his eyes to let you know that he gets there just the same. Looks rather sore but belies his appearance as he is always ready for anything—in a none too enthusiastic mood,—and periodically wakes up the place with a laugh that is heard in Baltimore. Not a very consistent fusser but when dragging puts his whole soul into it. Sticks to his old corn-cob or briar, which every now and then gives way to the more prosperous “see-gar.” Made one big liberty in Newport, and since then has been known as the king of financiers, also rather enjoyed the trip to London, eh, what? Is a hard and consistent worker who has shown by weathering a year with Mose that he can put up with most anything and still smile. A friend of everybody and everybody’s friend.

“Say, Zenor, do I look bad?”



Frank Carey McCord

"ALICE" "MAC"

Frank Carey McCord was born in Vincennes, Indiana, on August 2, 1890. Prior to coming to Annapolis he lived in his native town, spending three years at the High School of that city. His present home address is Vincennes. He was appointed from Indiana.



LICE achieved fame Plebe summer through his blushing competitions with "Mac," the competitions being a feature of every meal. A very modest sort of chap and as straight as a die. Known as "Alice of old Vincennes" and until our return from Second Class leave, his continued refusal to be enticed to the hops led us to believe in his attachment to some fair one at home. Fond of relating experiences, the principal draw-back being that he insists on repeating them five or six times. One of the favored ones who can get through on very little boning. Reads novels in study hours and is an inveterate smoker, being particular fond of bull scags. Sick most of First Class Cruise, losing more weight than some of the boys on the "Iowa," which is saying a good deal. Of the sort who hoe their own row, doing much and saying little.

"Blush for us, Mr. McCord."

Edward Clinton McGehee

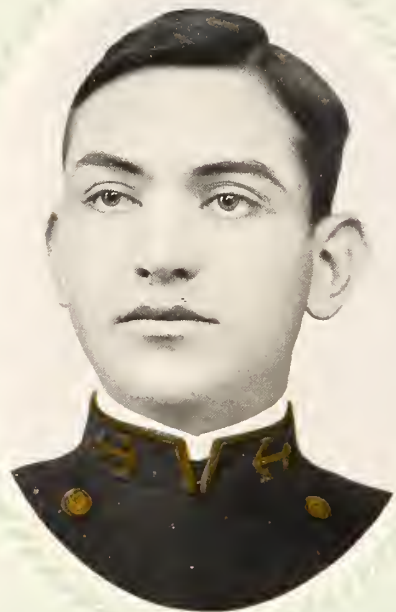
“MAGGIE” “MAC”

Expert Bar

Edward Clinton McGehee was born in Monroe, Louisiana, on October 8, 1887. After graduating from Monroe High School, he went for one year to Liberty College, Liberty, Mississippi. The succeeding year he entered the Louisiana Agricultural and Mechanical College, where he pursued a three years' course. He was appointed from Louisiana.



WHEN we first saw Maggie we pinched ourselves to see if we were really awake. But we soon became accustomed to him, and in time became fond of him. He has a rapid, voluble way of speaking that reminds one of a vessel not under control, but he is savvy enough to talk as much as he likes. He never went out for athletics, but takes his recreation at all the hops and informals. He cares not for the weed, but prefers to devote his leisure hours to a good magazine. Was strikingly savvy the first two years. The union of McCloy and McGehee Second Class year transformed him into a consistent Y. M. C. A. man. He is unselfish, and will go out of his way to help anyone, regardless of rank or class. He is widely liked for his good-heartedness, his generosity, and his pleasant kindliness.



Harry Dickson McHenry

“PUNX” “MAC”

GGT Gym. Numerals Expert

Harry Dickson McHenry was born in Punxautawney, Pa., on the 26th of September, 1889. Attended the Punxautawney High School for three years before he began to prep for the Academy. He was appointed from Pennsylvania.

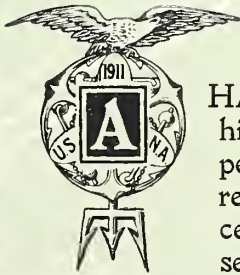


HE man who first informed us that there was such a place on the map as Punxautawney. Early in life, he decided to give up a precarious existence in the coal mines in order to serve his Uncle Sam. A man whose cheerful disposition and consistent hard work in every thing he undertakes have won for him innumerable friends during his four years. With the Dutchman, formed a combination of pluggers that not unfrequently hung one on the Academic Board. When “Mac” came to us, he was not what one would call husky; but, after three years of hard work and daily appearance at the gym, he has developed into a first-class gymnast. His great pastime is a rough house, and light as he is, he has given Leedul many a lively quarter of an hour. Was quite a heavy fusser Youngster year and during that time was able to keep the Ninth Company well supplied with fudge.

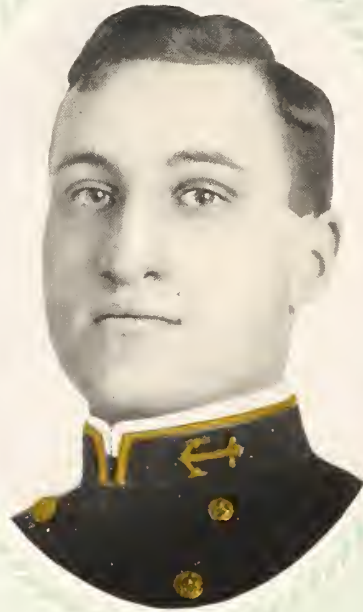
George Johnson McMillin

“BRIGHT EYES”

George Johnson McMillin was born in Youngstown, Ohio, on November 25, 1889. He has spent his life in Ohio, leaving the Rayen High School, of Youngstown, to come to the Academy. He was appointed from Ohio.



HANDSOME chap from Ohio who comes by his nickname quite legitimately. He is a quiet, peaceful youth, who works hard and gets good results. Usually on the right side of a 3.0, except when he strikes a snag like that of Woolsey's Theoretical during Second Class year. At that time he thought seriously of Matrimony and Youngstown. It is gently hinted that he might be a wiser man, were he to place less reliance in the Y. Vindicator, his sole source of misinformation. Bright Eyes is quite a fusser, and usually makes a hit. If he doesn't, it's only because the girls do not take him seriously on account of his apparent youthfulness. When he writes his left hand travels like a Chesapeake Crab in a heavy sea,—which has been the inspiration for another nickname. His best friends are those who know him best.



Daniel Segmiller McQuarrie

“DANNUL” “DEACON” “BISHOP”

Daniel Segmiller McQuarrie from Beaver City, Utah, was born in St. George, Utah, September 19, 1888. Early in life he came to New York City, where he spent three years at DeWitt Clinton High School. He was appointed from Utah by Senator Sutherland.

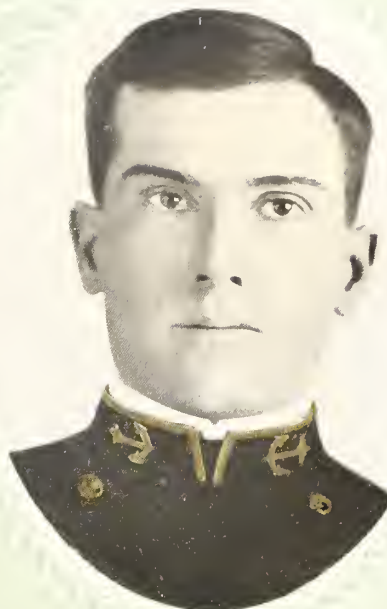


HE Deacon spent his earlier days in Utah but later removed to New York where he attained his present polish. One of the most impractical men in the Class, he is nevertheless very savvy theoretically. Is an authority on any subject from fussing to aeroplanes. By his happy and cheerful disposition, he has made himself popular with all, and we have grown so used to his light-heartedness that it is difficult to take him seriously, even when he wants us to. Although he captained the Ninth Company baseball team, he is not what one would call an athlete. His favorite game is chess and he just loves those intricate games which require deep thinking. Stands well enough to get out of most of the semi-anns and anns. Was a Red Mike until the end of Second Class year when he was sadly smitten and has since been one of our heaviest fussers.

Albert Roscoe Mack

“ROUGE” “AGUINALDO” “ARTURO”

Albert R. Mack was born in Hillsboro, Illinois, on September 2, 1887. He has lived most of his life in Illinois, graduated from Hillsboro High School and was appointed to the Naval Academy from the 21st District, Illinois, by the Hon. Zeno Rives.



ROUGE has had troubles of his own with those translucent orbs which the Examining Board do not seem to think very good, so maybe he will not be able to continue with us in the great “Navee.” We hope he will not have to go, for he and that violincello ought to while away many an idle—accent strongly on the idle—moment in the wardroom. “Aguinaldo,” as someone has named him, has auburn hair which is the envy of “Meestair Okie.” Refusing to show himself at the hops, Rouge has nevertheless enabled many another person to go by taking his duty for him. He is one of those sphinx-like people with whom it takes some time to get acquainted, but quietness in a person is more or less of a welcome attribute since four years here usually makes a man crazily garrulous. He is a good companion and a sensible chap.

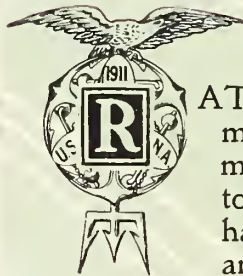


Alexander Macomb

“ALEC” “LIZZIE”

Masqueraders (1)

Alexander Macomb was born in Fort Reno, Oklahoma, on February 5, 1888. His father is an army officer, so he has lived in many places throughout the country. He spent a few months in the Philippines and visited Japan. He attended the Western High School in Washington for a year, the University of Arizona for a few months and was appointed by Representative Denby from the 1st District, Michigan.



ATHER an odd sort of chap is Alec, one whom most of us have never quite understood. Not much of a mixer, he has preferred to let us come to him. Those of us who know him intimately have realized that he is a man whose acquaintance is well worth cultivating. Has lots of temperament to which he has just claim. A great lover of the beautiful, in women, in poetry, in art, and in music. Incidentally, he plays the piano very well. Has broad ideas of life, customs, and people, based on wide travel and intelligent reading. Made quite a name for himself through his ability as an actress in the Masqueraders First Class year. His knowledge of Dago and his willingness to help others in it always made his room exceedingly popular just before a Dago recitation. Though rather effeminate in his manners, he is a man of high ideals, and good determination.

“People of that sort don’t know anything.”

John Holmes Magruder, Jr.

“MAGGIE”

Manager Crew Red N 2nd
Red Numerals



John H. Magruder, Jr., was born in Washington, D. C., July 1, 1889. He prepared for Yale at the Cloyne School, Newport, R. I., and then attended Swavely's in Washington. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from West Virginia.



MAGGIE is a happy, easy-going gentleman of considerable length and small thickness. After four years with “Bob” for a room-mate, he has attained no small reputation himself as an artistic talker, and it has been aptly said of him “that he has given the Skinny Department more original dope than Watson ever put into his books.” He is a great fusser, and no hop is complete without his presence. For two years he was a crew man, then had to give it up, and was elected manager of the best crew the Navy ever put into the waters of the Severn. Though people had never thought of it before, it seemed perfectly natural for Maggie to draw one of the prize plums from the Cruise pudding, and though too non-reg and good-natured to make a “split” three-striper, he was efficient and popular with his company.

“What’s the matter?” “Oh, I just had a dance with that handsome Mr. Magruder.”



Joseph Reesman Mann, Jr.

"TOMMY"

Joseph Reesman Mann was born in Larned, Kansas, March 10, 1888. He moved later to Lewiston, Pennsylvania, where he attended the Lewiston School for three years. He was appointed from the 17th District, Pennsylvania, by the Hon. T. M. Mahon.



TOMMY, the old sea-dog. To the manner born, for all that he hails from well inland. Is never quite so happy as when, on a Cruise, he can find a quiet corner in which he can sit and smoke his pipe. From his jolly, free-and-easy manner, one gets the impression that Tommy is just a care-free drifter. Those who know the real Tommy realize the mistake. Bilged once, and then settled down with the grim determination to show that he can win if he sets his heart upon it. Heart-whole and fancy-free, he enjoys a hop as much as the most hardened heartbreaker. Has ideas worth while on a variety of subjects. Like the true sailor he is, Tommy can properly express himself when the occasion demands it, but never uses other than good, sea-going terms. A man one is proud to call a Classmate.

Paul Carlisle Mayfield

"PAUL"

Paul Carlisle Mayfield was born in Summer Shade, Kentucky, on October 18, 1888. He graduated from Dwight High School of Summer Shade before entering the Academy. He was appointed from Kentucky.



PAUL and Jubz Ball were such quiet members of the Eighth that one hardly knew them until Jubz dragged them both into prominence by bilging with a thud. There was a second time, later on, when Paul again occupied the public stage, and that was when he snatched Molly Sessions from the arms of the faithful Ben. Aside from these two occasions, Paul has remained steadily in the background, an extremely quiet, retired man. He rarely smokes. He has never been seen at a hop, nor has he ever openly shown any inclination to fuss, although it is suspected that his heart is stowed away some place out in old Kentucky. Not savvy, though he never gets unsat, largely because he has the faculty for consistent boning. Of domestic habits, he has managed to go through the Academy without making himself notorious for anything in particular. Not a mixer, he is known to only a few, but these few like him immensely.



John Forsyth Meigs, Jr.

“JOHNNY”

Red Numerals Red N 2nd

John Forsyth Meigs was born in Washington, D. C., on March 2, 1890. He spent four years at St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, before entering the Academy. He was appointed from Pennsylvania.



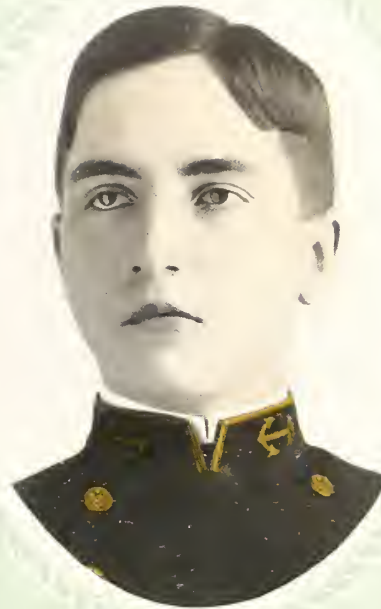
JOHNNY first attracted us by his good common sense. After a while, when we knew him better, we found him a fine Classmate and the best kind of a friend. In spite of his lack of weight, he came within an ace of making the Varsity Crew last year through sheer pluck and persistence. Talks with a slow drawl, but when aroused to action can slam things around a few. Lived with his cousin, Fritz Rodgers, until Freddy bilged, and then roomed for a while with his other cousin, the French Alexander May-comb. Cares for maidens fair in a general sort of way, and often graces the ball room floor. Johnny is thoroughly generous with all his belongings. Is not savvy, but what he knows at all he knows well. Quiet, unassuming, but with an immense amount of perseverance and independence, he is a man who is sure to succeed in whatever he undertakes.

“W-e-e-l, ———”

Franz Brunshofer Melendy

"SIS"

Expert Bar



Franz Brunshofer Melendy was born in Indiana, September 22, 1890. He attended the Tri-State College for two and one-half years. His residence was confined to Indiana, whence he was appointed to the Naval Academy. His present address is Portland, Oregon.



HE rosy-cheeked laddie who started in Plebe year, showing how he could play tag with the English language, purposely overwhelming his listeners with well-chosen words and with grammatical constructions that would have done credit to Henry James himself. Kept up this felicitous habit all four years, and has not fallen like many of us. Possessed of an excellent memory, "Sis" can repeat things almost word for word, and satisfied with that feat, he quite refuses to reason out the why and wherefore. Successfully jollied Grace all four years. It's a wonder that Sis did not cause the loss of his wife's stripes, in his absent-minded way, for he has had plenty of chances to get his worthy roommate into trouble. Laughs with the silvery tones of a Hiawatha. Always modest and unassuming, and consequently not a particularly good mixer, he has notwithstanding come to be well-known and well-liked.



John Tillman Melvin

“JACK” “ARTURO” “CARUSO”

Choir (2, 1) Masqueraders (2, 1)

John Tillman Melvin is a native of Selma, Alabama, where he was born on October 16, 1887. He left school—Dallas Academy in Selma—at the age of thirteen, spending the succeeding six years as a bank clerk. At nineteen, he was appointed to the Academy.



LL Selma, now that Jack is about to graduate, is swelling with pride in her famous representative—famous as much for his wit as for his avoirdupois. A noise like the outside of a circus sideshow, along with a clog-dance rendition of “All policemen have big feet” is a sure preliminary of Jack’s approach. He enters—with the deep bow of the real Arturo—and with a few preliminary fraps, makes himself entirely at home. The survivor of a three-round contest with Sesh Boy in the steam room of the Gym. As a proof of his astonishing versatility, he sings in the Choir, holds down two chairs on one end of the Masqueraders Minstrel Show, and gains one number on Pierpont Mohle each year. He is a joke, but a good one, and for this as well as for many other qualities he has enjoyed an ever-increasing popularity with the Class.

“I ain’t nothin’ if I ain’t light on my feet.”

Harry Lloyd Merring

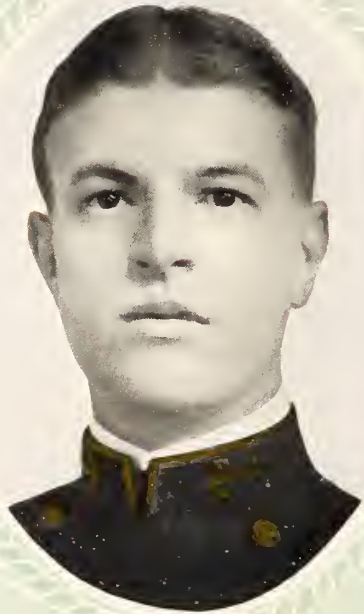
“SHORTY”

Red N Yellow N Yellow N Star

Harry L. Merring was born in Rathbone, New York, on November 25, 1888. He attended the schools in his present home, Woodhull, New York, graduating from the Woodhull High School. He was appointed from the 33d District, New York, by the Hon. J. R. Fassett.



ROAD-MINDED, intelligent, a good thinker, very savvy, a mighty fine athlete—all these make a harmonious combination of sterling manhood. Shorty is made up of the above components. Holding greasing in bitter contempt, he went perhaps to the limit in the other direction on the Cruise, thus losing out in the plucking of cadet plums. Cool and collected always, with a good clear brain, nothing can daunt him. We all hold this raw-boned giant in respect and awe. His talents are varied, and long sessions somewhere on the Iowa with Kink, etc., used to please him immensely, even though many hours in the land of Nod were thereby lost for aye. Ask him what he did on leave and the answer is “Went fishing.” Do you suppose that’s all?—he says so, and he is not one of those who rave about being graduated as Ensigns, so perhaps he only did go fuss—er, rather—fishing after all.



Vincent Meyer

“VINCE”

**Lucky Bag Staff Star (4) Red N 2nd
Editor-in-Chief Reef Points
Masqueraders and President (1)
Tennis Champion, Singles and Doubles (3)
Bulletin Staff
First Class Club Committee**

Vincent Meyer was born in New York City on August 29, 1889. He moved later to his present home, Brooklyn, where he attended the Boys' High School for three and a half years. He was appointed from New York by the Hon. Jacob Ruppert.



VINCE combines the manners of a count with a never-failing effervescence of spirits; the result is a debonair courtliness that seems to be irresistible to the fair sex. He is possessed of an extraordinary flow of language, and has been one of the mainstays of the Bulletin for three years. He has also been a pillar of the Masqueraders, and has achieved a well-earned fame for his work behind the footlights. Vince had a reputation for being reserved until soon after Second Class leave, when he developed a very “Mid-summer madness,” and sprang into immediate fame as a contortionist, and the originator of more of those funny noises than Sambo ever dreamed of. About the same time he concluded the Navy was no place for him, and used to decide on a new career every day. Vince is a man of the highest principles, which he consistently lives up to, and sustains his reputation as a good fellow without the sacrifice of one.

Stanley Mitchell

“STANLEY”

Stanley Mitchell was born in Phoneton, Ohio, on July 25, 1887. He graduated at the Defiance, Ohio, High School, and put in two years on an A. B. course at Defiance College. Before entering the Academy he spent several years as a reporter for the Asheville (N. C.) Citizen, and incidentally has climbed Mt. Mitchell. He claims Washington College, Tennessee, as his present home address.



TANLEY is known to his company principally as the “Russian Lion, or the Pride of the Gymnasium,” and is really quite an artist when it comes to anything in the wrestling line. Fusses consistently, and sometimes manages to pick out a dream. He admires the girls and believes in reciprocation. Has made good use of the sail-boats we have, but has been known to say, “Save the women and children; I can swim.” He has a good, light build, and does not drink or smoke. During First Class year he was sent out to Las Animas, but may be able to get back before the end of the year. Delights in telling how he hunted lions and things in the mountains of Western North Carolina, but that may be partly accounted for by the fact that he was a reporter for the Asheville local before he joined us. He is savvy, conscientious, and has done much for his less gifted brothers in the old Twelfth Company.



Robert Pierpont Mohle

"MOHLAH" "PIERPONT"

Robert Pierpont Mohle was born in Streator, Illinois, January 6, 1888. After a little over a year in the Waukesha High School, Waukesha, Illinois, he entered the Chicago Nautical Training School where he prepared for the Naval Academy.



It has often been said that the savviest man in a class is the one who graduates with 2.5 in every subject. On this rating "R. Pierpont Mohlah" undoubtedly stands Number One. With the same point of view, he is one of the first ten physically, weighing but a scant hundred and twenty on six feet of height. A sparse crop of light hair, and a deep hollow voice with a peculiar rattle complete this remarkable man. For three years he formed with Melvin the Long and the Short of the Eleventh Company, a pair notable as well for the beauty of their figures as for their grace of carriage. Mohle is rather quiet, not mingling much with the fellows, as he needs the time to bone, but he has the kindest heart in the Class, and would give anything he owns to be able to help a classmate.

Robert Potter Molten

"BOB" "BOBBIE"

Farewell Ball Committee

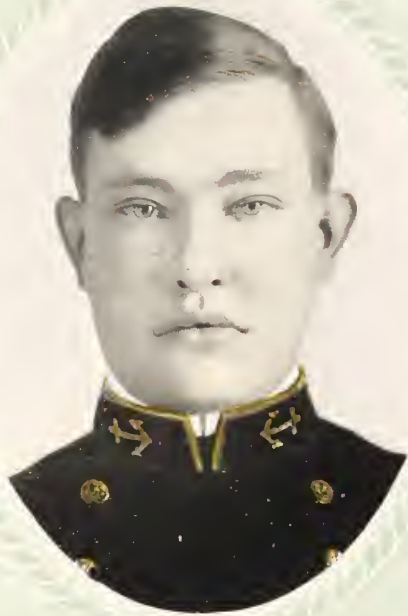


Robert Potter Molten was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on November 12, 1886. He received his early education at Chestnut Hill Academy, Episcopal Academy, both in Pennsylvania, and at Lawrenceville School. His present home address is Philadelphia. He was appointed from the 6th District, Pennsylvania, by the Hon. J. D. McCreary.



HE second oldest man in the class—officially—and if we are to believe all that Bob tells us, he has crowded some most wonderful experiences into his life. Can talk on any subject, and his fluency of speech and convincing manner cause many people to believe some of his highly entertaining stories. First and last a fusser, a pink tea is never fashionably replete without the presence of Robert Potter. Is somewhat of an artist, as past Lucky Bags will testify, and likes nothing better than to dabble in pen and ink. Became an honorary member of the Severn Hunt Club Second Class year and spent several afternoons galloping after that tame fox owned by the club. Was a comer as a half-back before he hurt his knee, but since then has been out of the game entirely. An exceedingly interesting man with lots of determination.

"Donche know."



Aylmer Lee Morgan, Jr.

“SOC” “SOCRATES” “ALMA”

Aylmer L. Morgan, Jr., was born in Camden, Arkansas, on August 19, 1890. He attended the schools there, graduating from the Camden High School. He was appointed from the 7th District, Arkansas, by the Hon. Minor Wallace.



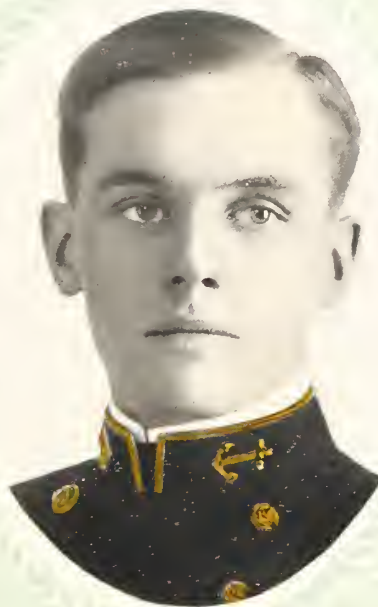
SOC could sleep for twenty years and at the end of that time awake knowing everything that had happened in the meantime. The greatest capacity for sleep of anyone in the Class. In his waking moments he is seldom known to look between the covers of any book except to study with rapt attention the pages of the Scientific American. It has been gently hinted that it was from this journal that Soc learned how to put the plug in a boat before lowering. However, that was years ago—on Youngster cruise,—and since then Soc has become as expert a seaman as he is a machinist. Machinery is his hobby and is a joy to his heart. Stubborn and hard to convince, and once his mind is made up has the strength of his convictions. The Prof, who argues with him, ends usually with a “Well, Mr. Morgan, I guess you are right.”

George Dominic Murray

"GEORGE"

Class Ring Committee
Class Crest Committee
Farewell Ball Committee Masqueraders
Manager Fencing Team

George Dominic Murray was born in Boston, Mass., on July 6, 1889. He has never deserted his native state, having spent all of his life in Massachusetts prior to entering the Naval Academy. He graduated from the Mechanic's Art High School, Boston. His present home address is Dorchester, Massachusetts. He was appointed from the 10th District, Massachusetts, by the Hon. W. S. McNary.



ENUINELY English, as far as manner of speaking and ability to see a joke go. When he first came to us he was as serious-minded as your typical Bostonian. After shining as a savoir Plebe year, decided to rest on his laurels and has been resting on them ever since. Youngster year, in addition to blossoming out as a fusser and a fumoid, George became one of the song-birds of the First Company. His room soon became a veritable smoking parlor, and Second Class year, when he installed a phonograph in it, the after-dinner sessions were very crowded affairs. One of the boys, and likes to tell of his experiences in London First Class cruise. Has a confidential way of speaking that gives him quite an important air. Gets angry at the "professors" once in a while but is usually a jolly fellow and a good companion.

"Come on boys, let's have a song."



Richard Pegram Myers

“DICK” “KING”

Yellow N 2d
Boxing Champion—Middle, Light Heavy,
and Heavy

Richard Pegram Myers was born in Petersburg, Virginia, on May 23, 1887. He attended the Petersburg High School for two years, and then spent two years at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. He was appointed from Virginia.



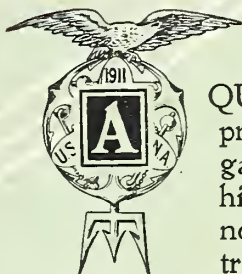
DICK became famous Plebe year for his habit of speaking as if he were having a pie race with himself. Even now his manner of speech is understood only by his intimate friends. He had a fearful time First Class cruise with Father Neptune, casting uneasy looks about him whenever much of a roll came along. On all cruises he has been known as the best kind of a man to make a liberty with, particularly at New London. On land he has no equal. He is one of the finest amateur boxers in the country, never failing to down his opponent. He went out hard First Class year after a yellow N, and lost out only because of lack of previous training. Lost a bunch of stripes owing to an unfortunate cruise incident. His independence, and his loyal pride in old Virginia, stamp him for the true Southern gentleman he is.

“Look-a-hyeh, got a nickel? Want to telephone.”

Cherrubusco Newton, Jr.

“SCRUBBY” “CHERRY” “COUNT”

Cherrubusco Newton, Jr., was born in Monroe, Louisiana, on July 5, 1888. He went to Washington and Lee University, where he became a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon. He was appointed from the 5th District, Louisiana, by the Hon. J. E. Ransdell.



QUIET little Southern gentleman, polite as the proverbial Frenchman and haughty as the arrogant Castilian. To those who do not know him intimately—and there are many who do not—he seems to carry about him an impenetrable air of dignity and reserve. The biggest thing Scrubby has done since he has been with us has been to live with Red Erwin three years without bilging. Newton's favorite pastime is to sit with an unlighted cigar between his jaws and either pick at his old mandolin or write loving bonbons on pink note paper. Studies come second with him—2.5 is his aim; he generally gets what he wants and seldom oversteps. Scrubby's little spells of rhinoing are more amusing than disagreeable, even though he thinks that the Discipline Department and the stripers are all leagued against “us clean sleeves.”

“All right old boy, you watch me.”



Joseph Leroy Nielson

“JO” “PÉPÉ”

“PRIDE OF POCATELLO”

Lucky Bag Staff White N 2d
Yellow Numerals

Joseph Leroy Nielson was born in Pocatello, Idaho, on May 10, 1888. He has lived most of his life in Pocatello, graduated from the Pocatello High School, and was at the Academy of Idaho when appointed to the Academy.



JUST how Pépé found out that his government had a Navy, and how he decided that he would rather be a sailor than a cow-puncher, is a long story. Suffice it to say that he's here, going to stay, and that we are glad of it. He is a clever hand with a kodak, and his interest and artistic taste have done much toward the completion of this book. He plays baseball and basketball, but shines at the former. If he had not been so unfortunate as to have a star man ahead of him to cover the first bag during our four years, he would easily have held it down for us. He has the rather unusual good fortune of being very clear in sketching, and that with other desirable qualities have kept him from all worry from his studies. When one meets Jo, and he doesn't wear the cheeriest of smiles, there is sure to be something wrong in the state of Crabtown.

“Sare! Dot vich I most desare ist——”

Elliott Bodley Nixon

“NIX” “YID” “WEENEY”

Basketball (b N b 2d) Orange Numerals
Captain Golf Squad

Elliott Bodley Nixon was born in New York City, October 26, 1889. He claims New York for his home, and before entering the Academy spent three years at Townsend Harris Hall there. He was appointed from the 11th District, New York, by the Hon. Burke Cochran.



ALTHOUGH he constantly wears a most injured expression, Nix is one of the few who never rhino. In athletics he has had nothing but hard luck. He tried for the basketball team and got his b. N. b. 2nd, but couldn't make the team. Then he tried for the Class team, but was kicked off the squad because of his N2nd. He went out for golf, became an expert, was elected captain of the team—and the squad was discontinued. He still has the weak squad, however. He is a good deal of a fusser, but seldom drags. In reciting, lets the prof do most of the talking, and so gets pretty good marks. He particularly delights in taking indicator cards, and some slanderer has said that he got his stripe by “the sweat of his brow.” He is no greaser, however. He likes sleep, “goils,” and a rough-house, and his New York twang is a welcome addition to any company.

“Poi, poi, apple poi.”



Eugene Thompson Oates

“TITUS”

Eugene Oates was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, on September 11, 1888. He claims Charlotte as his home and graduated at the Charlotte Military Institute before entering the Naval Academy. He was appointed from the 11th District, North Carolina, by the Hon. E. Y. Webb.



NE look into those eyes and his character lies before you,—they fairly scintillate with humor, sharpness, quick wit, sincerity and devilishness. He has more impressive original phrases than anyone in the Class, and when he is in the mood keeps the crowd in excellent humor. Fusses but little, and so deprives the ladies who grace our dancing floor of the pleasure of knowing one of our most interesting exhibits. He is perhaps most in his element when giving the bunch one of his straight tips—right from the President. Is rather slight of build, and as neat as a pin. Likes to believe that he can play baseball, and graced the old Ninth Company team. Is savvy, but claims that he likes the crowd down in the wooden section best. His experiences while President (?) of the Charlotte Electric Company have whiled away many an idle hour with their originality and humor.

“Well! It was this way.”

William Hunter O'Brien, Jr.

"JACK" "SHORTY" "BILL" "O"

Football, Assistant Manager, Manager (1, a)
First Class Club Committee (2)

William Hunter O'Brien was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, on Friday, January 13, 1888. He graduated from Lawrenceburg High School, and spent one year at De Pauw University, where he became a member of the Indiana Alpha Chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi. He was appointed by the Hon. L. M. Dickson, from the Fourth Indiana.



ONE of the most popular men in the Class, this little Irishman must surely have kissed the Blarney Stone. Small of stature, but large of heart, quick-witted and shrewd of tongue, Shorty soon won his way into our hearts. He will make an excellent officer, or a great politician sometime, and we hope that it is the former. He can make a speech, tell a story, or cuss out a Plebe with the best of them, but the Plebes in his Company gave him a box of cigars for Christmas. Occasionally rhinos about Service methods, and has had lots of cause since that hazing deal. His business ability and his popularity drew him the hardest and biggest managership, and he engineered the team up to and through a most successful season until he was forced to resign on account of his accumulation of demerits. Is tolerably savvy, has a weakness for sleep, and a good working knowledge of the English language.



John Brognard Okie, Jr.

"JACK"

Expert Bar

John B. Okie was born in Washington, D. C., on September 7, 1888. He has attended schools in a number of states, made two trips abroad, and punched co'vs. His present home is Lost Cabin Ranch, Wyoming. He was appointed from Wyoming by Senator Clark.



HERE he is! Jack, the cosmopolitan, of ranch fame, hailing from that little hamlet of "Red Dog" or Lost Cabin. Despite his lack of hirsute decoration, he is one of the most companionable and agreeable of men. Will talk on any subject whatever, particularly one about which he knows nothing. You can seldom get him to argue, for he positively refuses to listen to reason. Was a satellite of Tommy Jones during Youngster year, and invariably captivated the O. C. and the Plebes of a Saturday night by his extreme affability and politeness. Reached an advanced stage of case-hardened toughness Second Class year when he nearly hit the pap for introducing animals into quarters, to the accompanying discomfiture of Bert, who was too surprised to utter a protest. Is never still, but flits around from room to room during study hours, exchanging a jibe here and there telling of Cummin's latest escapade.

Roger Warde Paine

"ROGER"

Editor in Chief of the Lucky Bag Star (4)
First Class Club Committee

Roger Warde Paine was born in Akron, Ohio, September 7, 1887. He has lived in Ohio and Washington, D. C., and was appointed from the District of Columbia by President Roosevelt. After graduating from Central High School of Washington he made a cruise in 1906-1907 on the U. S. S. Fish Hawk, of the Fish Commission.



IN ITS choice of Editor-in-Chief of the Lucky Bag the Class secured a man who by his energy and singleness of purpose has well proven his worth. His high class standing is due to his ability to concentrate his attention during study hours and to his impressive manner in the section room. However, Roger is the last man we'd think of as a greaser. Took his recreation in canoeing and playing tennis. His room has been known since Plebe year as a gathering place where you would always get a hearty greeting and an enjoyable smoke. Once known as a confirmed fusser. Hard luck, and inability to stand from under, on the First Class cruise kept him from the stripes that his unquestioned efficiency deserved. One of the men who can speak with ease and fluency in Class meetings. Few in the Class are of steadier character or greater ability and none make a firmer or a more self-sacrificing friend.



Lyell St. Louis Pamperin

"PAMP"

Brown N 2d

Lyell S. Pamperin was born at Green Bay, Wisconsin, on June 1, 1887. He attended the schools in Oconto, Wisconsin, and graduated from the High School. He was appointed from the 9th District, Wisconsin, by the Hon. E. S. Unnet.



TOOD by the old Twelfth so well that at the end of three years was made its chief. Thinks Winnie Rankin the ideal three striper, and it is a treat for anyone to hear Pamp's melodious tones floating across the parade ground, "Company Halt-t-t!" Quite a rifle shot and sports a revolver for some of his work at Wakefield. Thinks he is a steam fiend but most of it is sheer bluff. Has the greatest collection of automobile catalogues in existence and vows that a one cylinder Cadillac has them all beaten. Would rather argue than eat. His favorite stunt is to work out a difficult prob, then go around to some would-be wise guy, ask him how to work it and then tell him how to do it after he has wasted an hour trying. Pamp is a true badger and swears that Wisconsin is the only place on earth worth while.

"How was that? Say it again."

George Fountain Parrott, Jr.

"POLLY" "BIRD"

George Fountain Parrott, Jr., was born in Falling Creek, N. C., on December 22, 1887. He attended successively the Kingstown Graded School and the Rhodes Military Institute, but did not graduate from either. He then went to the Oak Ridge Institute, N. C., from which he graduated. His present home address is Kingston, N. C. He was appointed from the 2nd District, North Carolina, by the Hon. C. Kitchin.



YOU may know Polly intimately for months and never hear him speak an unkind word of another. Appreciating the prevalence of criticism at the Academy, we can realize what it means to abstain from it. Quiet, unassuming, and, it must be said, far from addicted to work. Has a Southerner's love of ease, but actually mustered up sufficient energy to be a football representative of the Third Company once upon a time. Always in a good humor. About every three weeks, he becomes very voluble and musical. Though not remarkably religious, Polly was elected President of the Y. M. C. A. Second Class year. However, his high ideals of honor would not permit him to accept the office after learning that the ballots had been stuffed and he resigned in favor of one more religiously inclined. Has long dreamed of a medical career, but will make a better naval officer than doctor.



Ernest Llewellyn Patch

"DAN"

Green Numerals Expert

Ernest Llewellyn Patch was born in Stoneham, Mass., on June 21, 1887. He graduated from Stoneham High School in 1905, and then spent a year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was appointed from the 7th District, Massachusetts, by the Hon. E. W. Roberts.



IN SPITE of Dan's being a typical New Englander, he talks very fair American,—almost as good as that of Yens. Is a thorough savoir but loses out by not telling the pros all he knows. He is also efficient, and always does a thing right if he does it at all. Gave promise Plebe summer of becoming a track man, but the stiffness of old age has kept him from getting more than his numerals. Is a faithful attendant of the Baptist Church, a real Y. M. C. A. man, doesn't smoke, and never says anything stronger than "Rats!" Sat out two dances at the '09 Farewell Ball, but has never been guilty since. Has not written to a girl since he entered the Academy. Dan will make a fine, practical officer, but would much rather be a constructor than an attaché.

Reuben Noel Perley

“RUBE” “SALVATION NELL”

Lacrosse, L N T Orange Numerals
Expert President Y. M. C. A.



Reuben Noel Perley was born in Melrose, Mass., December 6, 1889. After graduating from the Wakefield High School, he was appointed to the Naval Academy by the Hon. E. W. Roberts.



ONE of the most conscientious workers in the Class is Rube. We like him for his straightforwardness, his gentlemanly qualities, and his earnestness. As a Youngster he became a member of Tums Johnson's Bible Class, but finding that he knew more along ecclesiastical lines than Tums, started a class of his own. Sunday nights at Y. M. C. A. he gives us this as a starter, "Fellows we have with us this evening, etc." Has obtained prominence along athletic lines, being a member of the Lacrosse team and also a basketball player of merit. He drew three stripes First Class year and has a reputation for his confidential advice to his company. Second Class cruise he received great honors from the Boston papers, which hailed him as "The future Admiral from Boston." He has always stood well on account of his consistent boning and will make a very valuable addition to any ship's company.



John Richard Peterson, Jr.

"SWEDE" "CLARENCE" "SWEENEY"
"ARCHIBALD" "PETE"

Lucky Bag Staff Orange Numerals
White Numerals Masqueraders

John Richard Peterson was born in New York City, October 4, 1889. He attended Fordham Preparatory School and later Fordham University, where he spent one year before his appointment to the Academy from New York.



WEDE is the most happy-go-lucky man in the Class, a jolly shipmate, a true friend, and always a gentleman. He is never rhino and can't stand to see anyone in that sorrowful plight. His chief delight is to get a bunch around the piano Sundays after chapel and make the building shake. Sing? No, Clarence does not sing, that is, no one has yet heard him. He doesn't kill himself boning but still manages to keep above the average. First Class leave he was arrested twice for speeding in New York. We have not heard who was chasing him or why Sweeney was hurrying, but we are surprised that he was speeding,—so unnatural for the Swede. He is a genius with the camera and to him we are indebted for many of the pictures in the Bag.

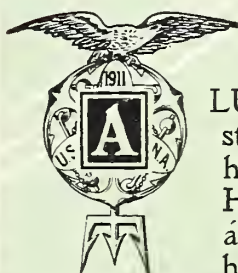
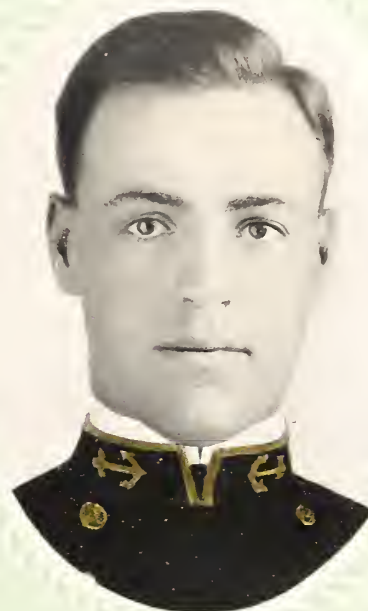
"Oh, Maurice I feel like feets ball."

Wallace Benjamin Phillips

“PHIL”

Yellow Numerals

Wallace Benjamin Phillips was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, on November 29, 1888. After two years in the Greensboro High School, he spent one year in Peele's Business College, Greensboro, North Carolina. He was appointed from the 5th District, North Carolina, by the Hon. W. W. Kitchin.



LUCKY chap from the South who is one of the strong men of the Class. Slow and easy-going, he is soft in speech, but a lion when aroused. He is a practically savvy man and can sketch à la Macaughey, but like all savvy men had his troubles with “Maître Corbeau.” Had hard luck Youngster year and was badly injured in the first play of an inter-class game, and so missed the trip to Philadelphia. Goes after things in a whole-hearted, earnest manner which brings results, and enjoys the confidence of all. For all his massive bulk, he has a gentle oscillatory motion when under way. Handles the non-reg Fifth in a snappy manner, and has proven an efficient and popular Three Striper. Fusses regularly and may be seen at every hop. He will make a conscientious and hard-working officer.

“Hey, Brandt! Get off my papahs. Them’s my papahs!”



Sherwood Picking

Sherwood Picking was born in Baltimore, Md., on the 21st of February, 1890. He went abroad in 1899 and remained in Europe four years, attending "Real-schule," Cassel, Germany, and "La Villa" Lausanne, Switzerland. On his return to the United States he attended Cheltenham Military Academy, and graduated. His present home is in Baltimore. He was appointed by President Roosevelt.



UR Admiral; the most ostentatiously "sea-going" member of the Class. Sherwood can tell you, more or less correctly, the tonnage, armament, and speed of every warship in the Seven Seas, and the characteristics of every yacht on the Atlantic sea-board. He is the inventor of an original war-game, by means of which he proved beyond a doubt that Cervera should have beaten Sampson "to a frazzle." Unfortunately for the War College, the narrow-minded ridicule of the Fifth Company caused this masterpiece to be laid away in a premature grave. His single-handed rescue of the stranded Argo and his material assistance that time on Youngster Cruise, when the Olympia's steamer fell from the davits, will long be famous. He is possessed of real capability, when he troubles himself to exert it. This coupled with an original point of view makes him a formidable opponent in argument, and a thinker whose ideas are as novel as they are practical.

William Middleton Quigley

"BILL" "QUIG"

Keeper of the Goat (I) Yellow Numerals

William Middleton Quigley was born in Brooklyn, New York, on July 9, 1890. He attended the DeWitt Clinton High School in that city for three years, but left for the Academy before graduating. He was appointed from New York.



BILL has the rep of being one of the original hard guys of the Class, but most of us wonder where he got it. Probably it was his Bowery slang that did it, but when he smiles the illusion is completely dispelled, for he has the jolliest and most infectious, most expansive smile in the Brigade. He does not always smile, however. He is, to put it mildly, temperamental, and is often wrapped in a dark, mysterious pall of gloom for days. He lost about a half a year once from sickness, and the Academic Board wanted to turn him back; Bill thought differently. It was an uphill fight, but he won out, and so saved to the Class a man we could ill-afford to lose. His crowning achievement was when he escorted the mascot goat to Philadelphia. The goat was frankly bored, but Bill—Well! Bill wasn't bored, nor were we.

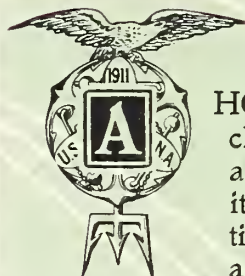
"Say, Bo."



Oliver Middleton Read, Jr.

“MONK” “OLIVER” “MONO”

Oliver Read was born in Beaufort County, South Carolina, January 12, 1889. He entered the Virginia Military Institute in 1905, and remained there a year and a half previous to his appointment to the Academy from South Carolina.



HOT-BLOODED, fiery-faced youth with all the characteristics of the true Southerner. He puts all he has into everything that he does, whether it's boxing, fussing, or throwing a bluff at recitation. Is not savvy, but gets along as well as the average, although the Dago Department has given him many a troublesome hour. He decided, early in life, to fight for his country, and got his preliminary training at V. M. I., which accounts for his excellent bearing. Though more than ordinarily efficient, he has been too non-reg to ever appeal to the Powers that Be. Since the King made his hit in the ring, Monk has followed the example of Bubba, and spends much of his time with the boxing instructor. Never so happy as when he receives a letter from "that little chile." Four years in civilization have not yet taught him to pronounce that little word, "goat."

"Go 'long man!"

John Walter Reeves

“MONK” “JAKE”

Lucky Bag Staff Gray Numerals



John Walter Reeves was born in Haddonfield, New Jersey, April 25, 1888. Graduated from Penn Charter School of Philadelphia, Pa., and was appointed from New Jersey by Senator F. O. Briggs.



VERY peculiar chap is Jake. He hails from a very peculiar state, so that might be the reason. A little hard to become intimate with, but once you know him he is one of the best of good fellows. Has very original ideas in regard to the ruling of the plebes. All he has to do at mess is to make a few vigorous passes through the air and you see the young gentlemen of the Fourth Class execute all kinds of peculiar manoeuvres and never a word is spoken. Has ambitions along the musical line, but is generally “tuning up” when asked to display his ability. He is a faithful adherent to the fencing squad and is making good. Savvy to a certain degree, he never has to worry about exams, and, consequently, absorbs a good many of the best sellers. To Jake’s artistic ability are due many of the drawings and sketches adorning these pages.

“Ach, mein Gott.”

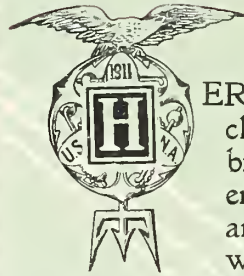


Frank Faries Reynolds

"GOLLY DING" "FRANK"

Expert

Frank Faries Reynolds was born in Clayton, Delaware, October 29, 1890. He attended High School in Smyrna and Wilmington, Delaware, before entrance to the Academy. He was appointed from Delaware by Congressman Burton.



HERE we have one of the terrors of Delaware, a chap who used to kill at least one nigger before breakfast every day, just as an appetizer. Since entering the Academy he has been very quiet, and except for an occasional "By heck!" he would have been thought very timid. Golly has always been very independent; in fact, too much so for his own good. Has never taken up athletics seriously. Would rather watch a rifle match or read a book on fishing than go to a football game. Always fussed when possible and always dragged a queen. Fond of a good "seegar" or a pipe. His buzzard Second Class year came as a reward for good conduct, and, consequently, his clean sleeve First Class year was something of a surprise to the Class. Has always been sore on the Navy, but will probably settle down and stay in the service.

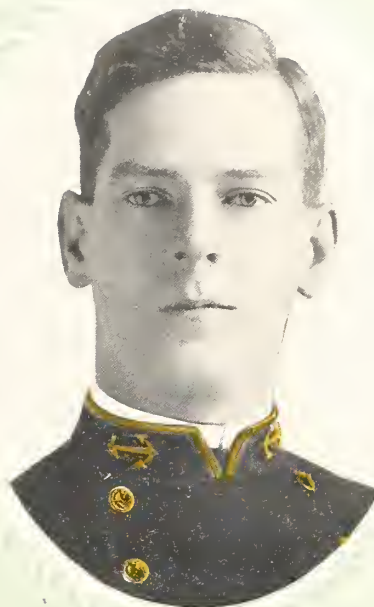
"By golly, man!"

Conrad Ridgely

“CON” “CONRAD”

White N 2d

Conrad Ridgely was born in Augusta, Georgia, on December 23, 1888. He graduated from Summerville Academy and then went to Georgia School of Technology, where he became a member of Chi Phi fraternity. He entered the Academy in 1906, appointed from Georgia by Senator A. S. Clay.



HE most polite man in the class. Whether addressing his favorite chaperone or requesting some plebe not to chew gum in ranks, he is always the same little Chesterfield, who would not offend for the world. As Conrad begins to get older, and his hair begins to get grayer, he says he doesn't care for the "little foolish ones" any more, and we take this to mean that he is beginning to have serious ideas on the girl question. He has changed his mind completely on the relative merits of Georgia and Maryland beauties during the past five years. Has roomed with Bob during most of his course. During Second Class year they used to have some heated disputes as to which had the longer legs. Everybody knows Conrad and everybody likes him, for his soft "Gawgia" drawl always sounds off with a pleasant word at the right time.

"Well—I hate to leave such good cumpny, but——"



Walter Arthur Riedel

“WALTER” “DUTCH” “FROGGY”

Sharpshooter

Walter Arthur Riedel was born May 23, 1887, in Trenton, New Jersey, where he lived until entering the Naval Academy. He graduated from the Trenton High School and then attended Lehigh University for one year. He was appointed from the 4th District, Pennsylvania, by the Hon. Ira Wood.



DUTCH early became known as one of the habitues of Doc's, where his hearty laugh and emergency vocabulary gave him high standing in the squad. For the first two years was a strong advocate of the doctrines of the Y. M. C. A., but since the Yale-Harvard race Second Class cruise he has devoted his efforts to an attempt to tame Jimmie. Drew a buzzard Second Class year for his ability to stand from under. Froggy has had enough trouble with his running lights to discourage an ordinary man, but he showed his mettle by determining not to be bilged. Would rather read a medical treatise than go to a hop; however, Jimmie usually gets him to fuss a few queens when necessary. Walter is endowed with a good supply of brains and lots of common sense; these, coupled with his perseverance and loyalty to his friends, insure him a successful career.

Frederic Louis Riefkohl

“RIEF” “FRITZ”

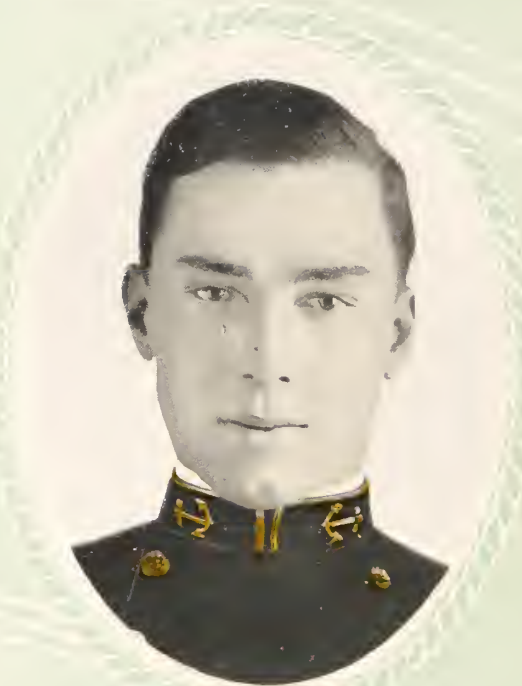
Track Team (4, 3, 2, 1) Green N
Bulletin Staff (3, 2, 1) Class Football

Frederic Louis Riefkohl was born in Maunabo, Puerto Rico, on February 27, 1889. He attended the Colegio de San Bernardo at Anogo, P. R., the Episcopal Academy at Santa Cruz and was three and a half years at Phillip's Andover. He was appointed from Puerto Rico by President Roosevelt.



RITZ is from Puerto Rico and Boston, but his ideas and accomplishments are not confined even to these limits. He has the Southerner's fighting blood, held in check by New England conservatism, the Westerner's fondness of adventure, and the American college man's weakness for all that's jolly. One of those who has raised the standard of the Navy track team during the last four years. He came to us from Andover with a reputation and has upheld it. "I just love that Mr. Riefkohl, he's always grinning," just describes him. Rief is very fastidious and he has very good ideas about the proper way to enjoy living. He spends a good deal of his time in sick quarters and he knows every hospital apprentice in the navy. He is as stubborn as the proverbial donkey, much more contrary, and is just fickle enough to make the model sailor man.

"Oh, Mabel, what are you doing in a taxi cab?"

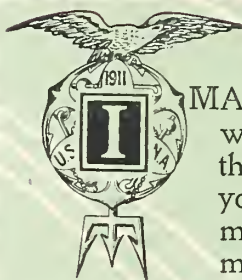


Ralph Greene Risley

“RALPH” “DEACON” “PARSON”
“RIS”

Expert Bar

Ralph Risley was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on September 1, 1890. He has spent most of his life in Hartford, and claims that as his home. He spent two years at the Hartford High School before his appointment to the Academy from the First Connecticut by the Hon. E. S. Henry.



IMAGINE, if you can, a pretty, pink-cheeked lad, with a strut like a turkey gobbler and a brace that would make any West Pointer envious, and you have Ralph Ris, the non-ratey Plebe and the model of conduct. One of the most immaculate men in the class, and one, judging from the frequent trips to Lover's Lane between twelve o'clock and luncheon formation, who will soon sprout out as the hero in the latest novel on Crab society. Red Mike, during Plebe year, but since then has got in the wake of the band wagon and has become a heavy fusser, but of the kind who looks around, picks one girl and hasn't eyes for any of the rest. A quiet, manly fellow whom anyone would be proud to call friend. Ralph was disappointed First Class cruise, but he is still the hard-working, conscientious fellow that we have known through all four years.

“Aw, say, now.”

James Linn Rodgers

“DUCKY”

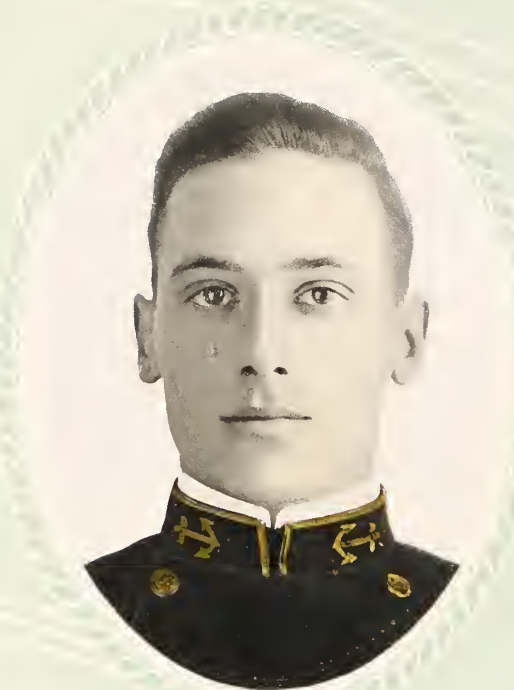
Hop Committee (3, 2) Chairman (1)
Thomas & Nason Memorial Committee



James Linn Rodgers was born in Springfield, Ohio, December 4, 1888. He attended the Springfield High School, later Lawrenceville, and then went to Princeton one year. He was appointed from the 7th District, Ohio, by the Hon. J. W. Keifer.



DUCKY once thought of taking up medicine, but like so many of us with youthful dreams of a cit career, he decided that it was too much work to make a living out in the cold world. His strength of character, truly democratic nature, and spontaneous wit early won him a high place in the regard of the Class and made his election to the Hop Committee Youngster year merely a matter of form. Though most decidedly not a fusser, he religiously attended all hops, and First Class year was elected Chairman of the Committee, a position he has most ably filled. Never having had to pursue the elusive 2.5, Ducky has always been able to enjoy every bit of fun that's going. He can size up a football or baseball situation to perfection and enjoys nothing better than sitting around with the bunch and talking over the plays. We expect to hear from Ducky before long as having done something worth while.

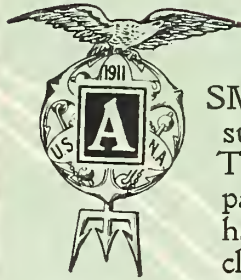


George Arthur Rood

“MONK”

White Numerals

George Arthur Rood was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on September 3, 1888. He was three years at the Terre Haute, Indiana, High School but did not graduate. His present home address is Terre Haute, Indiana. He was appointed from Indiana by Senator Hemingway.



SMALL man with a large man's ideas on all subjects, Monk, as one of the leaders of the old Third, was in his element. Whenever there's a party with G. Arthur Rood in it there's fun. He has a fertile brain for all kinds of machinery, and claims to be an inventor, though, so far, his genius has been devoted to no useful purposes. Will argue on any subject, from "belligerent units" to the best form of a "sniffle valve." Monk has a keen sense of humor, and though when on duty he rests serenely within the reserves of dignity, at other times he is out for any kind of a frolic. Has made himself known as an efficient man, and stands forth as one of the best exponents of the maxim that "Good things come in small packages."

"El mono es exhausto."

Solon Ezell Rose

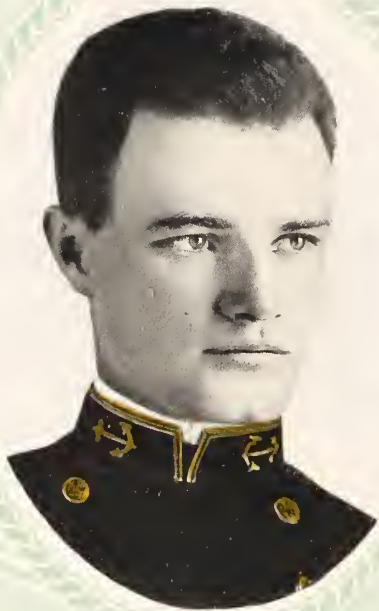
"SOLON" "ROSIE"



Solon Ezell Rose was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on August 20, 1890. He has lived in a great many states, and has attended a number of schools, among them the Wallace University School in Nashville, Tennessee, from which he graduated. He was appointed from Tennessee by Senator Carmack.



KOWN intimately by few men in the Class, Solon spends much of his time reading; in fact, he would rather indulge in a quiet literary session than go to a hop. The only time he displays any energy is when playing lacrosse. Persistent work on the squad and steady attendance at practice resulted in his getting into several games Second Class year. Gets along with the minimum amount of boning, and has a faculty of seldom failing to obtain the coveted 3.0. Fond of taking lay-offs in Sick Quarters and generally manages to hit the list Sunday morning. A difficult man to convince in an argument, being very decidedly a man of his own ideas. Showed the worth of these same ideas by inventing a gas engine First Class cruise, for the patent rights of which he received a tempting offer. He is a great reader, and was one of the collaborators in the "Rhymer's Club."



Allan Ansel Rutter

“ALLAN” “FUZZY”

White Numerals (1910)

Allan Ansel Rutter was born in Dana, Iowa, on June 4, 1888. He graduated from Jefferson High School of Jefferson, Iowa, before entering the Academy. He was appointed from Iowa.



LLAN was popular in 1910 before his sick leave Youngster year made him a member of our Class, popular for his quiet gentlemanliness and considerate treatment of us plebes. He is an adept at the fussing game, and can convince any girl, except the most hardened yard engine, that he is in love with her in less than five minutes after an introduction. Has quiet tastes, loves nothing better than Kipling and a good skag, and never has injured himself boning. His quietness has kept him from becoming widely known, but all those who have had the good fortune to come closely in touch with him have found in him a true man and a good friend. Not very savvy, he settles down and bones at the proper time, and is never in grave danger of coming out on the wrong side of a 2.5. He is little, liked, and lucky.

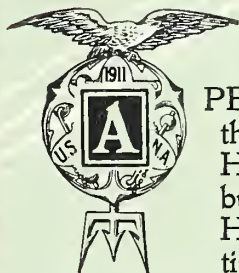
“——I’ll meet him later on——”

Norman Scott

"NORM" "SCOTTY"

Gray N Star Class Pipe Committee
White Numerals Yellow Numerals

Norman Scott was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, August 10, 1889. He was appointed by Senator Beveridge after completing three years in the Shortridge High School. His present home address is Indianapolis, Indiana.



PERFECT non-greaser, a good fellow, and, therefore, one of the best liked men in the Class. Has friends of his own, and it's hard to get in, but once you do Scotty will treat you right. He has a brace like a camel, which helps to distinguish him from the ordinary run of midshipmen. On account of having been the wife of the Wop, he has always had to fight for a 2.5, but manages to keep his head just above water. Obtained immortal fame by helping to beat the Army in fencing in New York, when he became one of the three intercollegiate champions. He was second choice for individual champion. You never see Scotty without his sea-going pipe. Started at one time to fuss, but for reasons unknown, he cut it out. We wish Scotty only the best, and when a showdown comes we know he will make good.



Richard Christian Scott, Jr.

“DICK” “BUBBER”

Richard Christian Scott, Jr., was born in Bedford County, Va., on January 1, 1888. He spent several years at the Lynchburg High School, and then entered the Virginia Polytechnic Institute where he remained until his appointment. He was appointed from the 6th District of Virginia by the Hon. Carter Glass.



AN easy-going, whole-hearted Southerner, who is in a class by himself when it comes to a mixture of Southern and Dago dialect. Always happy and smiling, with his ever ready “How d’ye” for every one, Bubby is a real character and one of the best known and best liked men in the Class. Has always been in for a lot of kidding, but takes it in the proper spirit. Though fairly savvy in most subjects, his fluency in Dago has had that Department completely bluffed for the past four years. Bubber has one of the best places in the Class. Has never attempted anything in athletics, although he has helped train Dick for his bouts, and has become pretty good with the gloves himself. Is never satisfied unless he is able to “catch one of those things.” A lady’s man always, Bubber never misses a chance to fuss.

“How d’ye sah! Touchez la, à la main!”

Frank Robert Sessions

“FRANK” “SESH” “SESS-I-ÓN BOY”

Frank Robert Sessions was born in Fennville, Michigan, November 30, 1887. He spent two years at the Fennville High School, but completed his course at the Grand Rapids Central High School. He also spent a year at Big Rapids Institute and part of a term at the University of Michigan before his appointment to the Academy by the Hon. W. A. Smith from the Fourth Michigan.



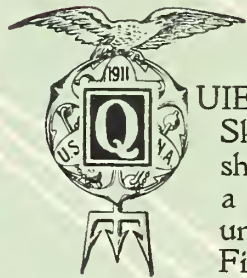
RANK is a mild-voiced, blue-eyed chap, who roams dreamily through life, taking everything with a placid smile and a passive belief. He has been described as not knowing whether he is alive or not, and in a general way that sums him up. He entered hardly knowing whether he wanted to come or not; has spent the course wondering whether he wanted to stay or not; and will probably graduate doubtful whether he is through or not. Always of a kindly disposition and very willing, a passable degree of savviness has easily carried him through. While never the center, or even demonstrative member of a group, he is usually present when anything is going on. They say that he had the Minstrel Man going one day in a three-round bout for blood, for, though light, he is clever with his fists. Though run considerably, he is known and liked by everyone.



Henry Jadwin Shields

"SKINNY" "HENRY"

Henry Jadwin Shields was born in Jermyn, Pennsylvania, on May 27, 1890. He spent two years in the Jermyn High School, and then went to Scranton, where he completed the High School course in Scranton High School. He was appointed from the 10th District, Pennsylvania, by the Hon. T. H. Dale.



UIET and retired, except with his closest friends, Skinny is not as well-known to the Class as he should be, for there are immense possibilities for a good, old-fashioned rough-house concealed under his calm exterior. However, the old Fifth, with whom he has sported for four years, recognizes Skinny for the man he is—a conscientious, hard-working, fun-loving Classmate. Plebe year he bilged Marmion, then tried to bilge Pinky Butler, and wound up by nearly bilging himself. Second Class year, he became suddenly and alarmingly savvy, but he still thinks that he will bilge before graduation. His athletic tendencies include Thursday cross-countries and roller-skating on the Second Deck. Persistently refuses to learn to smoke or to dance, believing that life is worth living without these indispensables. Living with Peck for two years without going insane or bilging, is the feature of his record of which he is proudest.

Robert Bentham Simons, Jr.

"BILL" "BLONDY"

Yellow Numerals Expert

R. Bentham Simons was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on April 29, 1888. He claims Charleston as his home, and graduated at the High School there. Before entering the Academy he spent two years at Charleston College, where he became a member of the Beta Epsilon Chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity.



BILL has always complained that his handsome head of hair has been one of the greatest drawbacks of his naval career, for as sure as anybody is ragged in a crowd, that one is sure to be Bill. He is a characteristic Southerner, talks with an attractive drawl, possesses abundant perseverance, and has a violent temper. He and Monk decided that they were tired of each other after a fast bout in which water pitchers figured conspicuously, and each hunted for a more even-tempered affinity. Bill is not savvy, but his energy and concentration have stood by him well for the last four years. He is quiet, usually, only fusses when he thinks his heart is touched, and has had a happy life with the erratic, but mild-tempered Doc. Plays football with vim and energy, and might have been in the Varsity class had he been a little heavier.



Robert Hewetson Skelton

"SIS" "BOB"

Robert Hewetson Skelton was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on October 11, 1889. He graduated from the East Division High School of Milwaukee. He was appointed from the 5th District, Wisconsin, by the Hon. W. H. Stafford.



LONG-COUPLED thoroughbred from the city of beer and pretzels. It has been said of Sis that he is "as true a sport and nice a chap as was ever born bow-legged," and we believe it. Though not the handsomest man in the Class, he is probably the neatest. No matter whether at a hop or on a cross-country hike, Sis always has a crease in his trousers that you could cut your hand on, and his shoes are like mirrors. Savvy, and stands close to the top, because he has a nineteen-carat brain and that invaluable ability to sit down and stick with it. A fluent linguist; thanks to his French he made a hit in Marseille that will go down in history. A member of the "Old Guard" and a man who will get to the top of the ladder a long time before most of us will. Rumble his hair or suggest music to him and see the fur fly.

"I know Jack Okie's in there."

Glenn Albert Smith

“GAS” “GLENN” “SMITTY”
“CAMEL”

Cheer Leader (1) Masqueraders (3, 2, 1)

Choir (3, 2, 1)

Glenn Albert Smith was born in Yankton, South Dakota, April 8, 1890, and has resided in Minnesota, South Dakota and Illinois. After one year in Lake Forest Academy, Lake Forest, Ill., he entered Lewis Institute, in Chicago, where he spent two years. He is a member of Delta Sigma fraternity, having entered the Alpha chapter at Lewis Institute in 1906. He was appointed from the 7th District, Illinois, by Representative Knopf.



CAME to us as quite an overgrown kid with a host of original and unique ideas on every subject. Has always had hard luck, but to hear him rhino is to laugh in spite of yourself. However, moods such as these are wholly dissipated if he but lays his hands on his mandolin, when he lapses into dreamy somnolence. Can generally be found in company with Heinie and Molly, and it's a safe bet that he is running either one or both of them. Has had a varied assortment of room-mates, but now has met his match with Heinie. Never bones, as he is too nervous. Has a great weakness for stunning girls, anything that resembles music, good eats and—Chicago. Glenn was quite a comer in football, but was really too lazy to stick to it. When highly amused, laughs like the exhaust of a gas engine. Smitty has made an excellent and humorous cheer-leader.

“I don't like that name. This is final.”



Joseph McEvers Bayard Smith

“BAYARD” “SMITTY” “ALPHABET”

White Numerals

Joseph Smith was born in New York, N. Y., March 20, 1888. He spent seven years at St. Francis Xavier before his appointment to the Academy by the Hon. J. A. Golden of the Eighteenth New York.

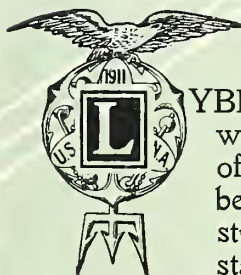


REAL New Yorker, who is right there when it comes to handing out the line of talk. Used to keep the bunch guessing pretty much at first until they finally got wise to him. An all-round good fellow and the best of friends, he has one quality which stands out before all others—generosity. He is never bluffed by a prof, and his frequent arguments, in which he usually gets the best of it, have lowered his marks. Has had his mind set on the Navy ever since he first saw a steamer on the North River. His hobby seems to be present-day art and cigarettes, and he is a connoisseur in both. In the Winter, musters with the handball squad on Thursday afternoon, and in the Spring, class baseball is his excuse. Fusses occasionally, but has never fallen in love, although there were numerous rumors floating around last fall as to the reason he had for taking such a brace.

Lybrand Palmer Smith

"LYBRAND" "PEARL"

Lybrand Palmer Smith was born in Decatur, Illinois, January 24, 1891. He has lived at various times in Florida and California, but claims Decatur, Illinois, as his home. He attended Decatur High School, and spent two years at the Academy to Milliken University (Ill.) before entering the Academy. He was appointed from Illinois.



LYBRAND can't keep step with himself, and even with our famous band playing the most stirring of martial airs, he is invariably two to three beats behind. Has never been caught boning in study hour—or out of 'em—and in spite of all, stands extremely well. Was wont to spend hours gazing fondly at the portrait of the "only only," to the intense amusement of Bobby. Delights in reading musty tales, like "Charles O'Malley" and "Vanity Fair." Worked hard for four years on the fencing squad, but was unable to acquire that graceful adeptness with the foils, which characterizes the fencing of Norm Scott. Spends hours and hours trying to invent a heavier-than-air flying machine that will be a world-beater. Inclined to harmless garrulity and never fails to elicit the admiration of his listeners at the vehemence of his expressions when anything goes wrong.

"Sweet—showers of sunshine!"



Harold Eugene Snow

“HAROLD” “DA-DA”

Masqueraders (3)

Harold Eugene Snow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 8, 1889. He went to the University School at New Haven for four months, then entered Yale where he spent one year. He was appointed by Congressman Allen from New Jersey.



HAROLD is a small, peaceable, hard-working man, who shines when it comes to mandolin technique. Is quiet, as a rule, and fusses consistently. He is happiest with a cigarette and a mandolin, and whiles away many valuable hours at this recreation. He has never gone out for athletics more than an occasional game of tennis, but has made frequent trips to the Gym during three years, partly through liking and partly through dire necessity. Harold has always managed to have the best of times on the Cruises, and had a peculiarly hair-raising experience one liberty in New London. Though small, he is lively, and is usually around when anything is happening. Technical subjects have always been his bug-bear, and if it had not been for the strong combination of Snow & Co. in Steam, he might now be treading the happy path of the cit.

Bert Maxwell Snyder

"BERT"

Star (4) Yellow Numerals Expert Bar
Lucky Bag Staff Secretary, Y. M. C. A.

Bert Maxwell Snyder was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, June 23, 1887. Graduated from Chelsea, (Mich.) High School, then took a two years' course in Architectural Engineering at the University of Michigan. He was appointed by the Hon. C. E. Townsend from the 2d Michigan.



BERT first attracted attention in his Y. M. C. A. work, when he showed that he had the courage to stand up for his convictions. By starring Plebe year he displayed his ability and energy, but Youngster year he developed eye trouble that nearly caused his resignation. However, after extended sick leave he returned, and since then has had to content himself with the very minimum of studying, with a consequent drop in standing. Although not of the goody-goody tribe, Bert did a great deal of good work for the Y. M. C. A. His generosity and loyalty made him one of the standbys in the old First, where he saved many a man in Math. Not much on fussing or pink teas. He hit the pap the first time he ever smoked, and has never contracted the habit. If you ever need any advice or want someone to help you, go to Bert and he will always do his best.



Harry William Stark

"MOLLY"

Lucky Bag Staff Bulletin Staff
Yellow Numerals
Manager Class Baseball Team

Harry William Stark was born in Wooster, Massachusetts, October 28, 1887, moving later to Findlay, Ohio. He graduated from the High School there before receiving his appointment to the Academy from Senator Charles Dick of Ohio.



CHAP who couldn't be rhino if he really had to be. Tries sometimes, but fails miserably, for Molly's smiling face is almost an inspiration. To his accurate knowledge of athletics and to his ability with the pen are due most of the clever Bulletin write-ups of the games. A practical athlete, too, as his numerals will show. While Molly is by no means a rounder, he does like to go out with the boys. Right there is where he shows his splendid character, being blessed with the happy faculty of mixing without having to actually participate. Molly never talks much, but we have reason to believe that he has a warm spot in his heart for Findlay for reasons other than that his folks live there. Nevertheless, he seldom misses a hop at the Academy. He dearly loves a good cigar, be it a Joe Gish special or a real smoke.

Ellis Spencer Stone

“ELLIS” “STONEY”

Assistant Editor-in-Chief, Lucky Bag
Class Ring Committee
Class Christmas Card Committee, and
Chairman (1)
Midshipman Commissary (2, 1)
Expert Bar
Business Manager, Masqueraders (1)
Star (4)

Ellis Spencer Stone was born in Camden, Arkansas, August 31, 1889. Being the son of an Army officer he has lived at one time or another in most parts of the country. He attended the Manual Training High School in Brooklyn. It was after graduating from there that he came to the Naval Academy. He was appointed from Arkansas by Senator Clark.



HE most practical man in the Class. Level, and cool-headed, and possessing a fund of information on any and all subjects, he early came into prominence in Class matters, and earned many positions of honor and responsibility. He is a *savoir* of the first water, something of an inventor, and bones consistently. He wants to learn all there is to be known about a subject—and he does. His efficiency gained recognition Second Class year, when he pulled down a buzzard—which he held during the year in a way that gave promise of Three Stripes, at least, during First Class year. Unfortunately, fate was against him on the Cruise, and he did not net as much as we expected. He thinks there is no place like the West Coast after spending the greater part of First Class Leave in Los Angeles—with Ted. A man who will make good.

“Oh, you fussers, be damned.”



Samuel Guy Strickland

“GUY” “STRICK”

White N

Samuel G. Strickland was born in Danielsville, Georgia, December 16, 1887. He graduated from the Athens High School, in his present home town, and later went to the University of Georgia Prep. School. He went to U. of G. for a year and a half, becoming a member of Ψ Δ Θ



UY is a handsome youth with unlimited grease, who dropped back from the Class of 1910 quite naturally into place as our Senior Four Striper. He is a fusser of great capability, and knows all the great circle courses to the places worth while about Annapolis, and keeps an up-to-date chart of all the principal coaling stations. Plays baseball, but might play better if he wouldn't wear those pink ankle braces. He talks with a drawl, which lengthens considerably when he thinks about it. His excellent brace and his ability to make some kind of an answer to every question asked him have carried him quite a ways in the section room, and a good voice and a reg disposition have made him a capable and efficient battalion commander. He has good intentions, is a good companion when he wants to be, and is apparently a hard worker.

“Do you know what I'm going to do?”

Eugene Chambers Sweeney

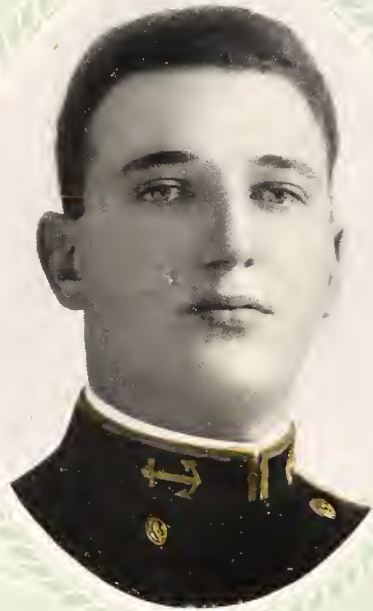
"SPIG"

Eugene C. Sweeney was born in St. Joseph, Missouri, on December 6, 1888. His home is St. Joseph, where he graduated from the High School. He was appointed from Missouri.



ONE of the old Twelfth, having stuck to that company during the entire four years. Titus' running mate for two years and the experiences these two had would fill volumes. Far-famed for the immortal speech he made to Bertie when he was ragged catching one in the shower of 395. Spent his first hours in the Naval Academy mourning for "Old St. Joe," the corner drug store, the fellows and especially the girls who called him "Eugene, sir." The girls at home may have called him Eugene, but to us he is known as Spig, one of the most loyal and non-greasiest men in the Class. Spig is very partial to red hair, maybe, because affinities go by contraries, his own being just as straight and black as possible. But, anyway, Spig, when it comes to that, we're from Missouri and you will have to show us, too.

"Say, Bill, let's ketch one."



John McFall Sylvester

“JOHNNY”

Choir (3, 2, 1) Masqueraders (3, 2, 1)
Lucky Bag Staff June Ball Committee
Class German Committee

John McFall Sylvester was born in Washington, D. C., on the 13th of July, 1890. After leaving the grade schools he entered the McKinley Manual Training School of Washington, but did not graduate. He prepared for the Naval Academy of the Army and Navy Preparatory School of Washington. While there he became a member of the Psi Chapter of the Omicron Kappa Pi Fraternity. He was appointed to the Academy by President Roosevelt from the District of Columbia.



JOHNNY has made a name for himself in the Class as one of our most consistent fussers. No hop is complete without his presence, and he sees that no hop is incomplete. He is popular with men, as well as with women, which is an unusual thing, and has drawn a coterie of kindred spirits around him during the course, who are pleased to call themselves the “possums.” He rhinos on occasion, and pines for the joys of cit life. These moods are transient, however, and he is usually sunny and happy. Was a good deal of a kid when he entered, but four years have given him a good deal of strength of character. He has stood by the Choir through all the calumny heaped upon it, and usually decorates the front row of the chorus in all the Masquerader productions. He has a good physique, but has been too lazy to ever make use of it.

“Gee! I wish I were up in Washington to-night.”

James Harvey Taylor

"JAMES" "JIMMIE"

Expert Bar Choir (4) Masqueraders (4)

James Harvey Taylor was born in Morristown, Indiana, May 24, 1890. He came within five months of graduating at the Indianapolis Manual Training High School. His home is near Fountaintown, Indiana, from which place he was appointed by the Hon. J. E. Watson, of the Fifth Indiana.



WHEN our Class started out we were strong in the bearers of this good old American name. But the road proved hard, and Jimmy alone stuck out the course. He is a happy-go-lucky fellow who does not bone very hard,—and so does not stand very high,—who demands a crowd for his thorough enjoyment, and who has formed a strong combination with his savvy room-mate. Fussing is the real joy of his life, and his tastes in this line meet the approval of most of his Classmates. He is a regular at the hops and has as good a time while stagging as he does while dragging. Not particularly strong on athletics, and could hardly be called a consistent reader. He writes many letters, and receives many, and usually has some brand new discovery that he is sure will take well on our ballroom floor. His instincts are good, and do credit to his heart and head.

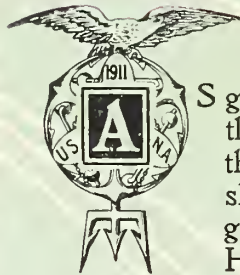


John Culbertson Thom

“JACK” “TOMMY”

Manager Track Team (1)

John Culbertson Thom was born in Buffalo, Wyoming, October 10, 1889. He claims Buffalo as his home, spent a year at the High School there, and two years at the St. Louis (Mo.) Manual Training School before receiving his appointment to the Academy, from Wyoming.



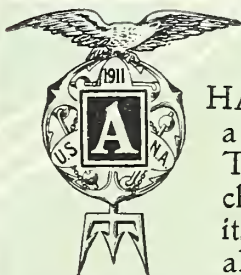
So good a man and as straightforward a little gentleman as it is possible to find. He hails from the wildest part of the Wild West, but does not show it, for he is as much at home giving the girls a treat as he is astride of a cayuse. Girls? He has them by the score, and apparently loves them all, for the assistant M. C. generally has about five scented notes for him daily. His athletic accomplishments are limited, although he did play the star quarterback on the Second Company Second Class team in all their struggles. On a Saturday night one may find him with Peter at the Magnet, where he invariably goes to view the popular attraction, moving pictures. We all like him and know his future will be of the best. A very companionable sort of chap, bright and entertaining. Beneath a calm surface there burns in Jack a fiery temper. It seldom breaks through, but when it does those around him who are wise will stand from under.

Frank Edwin Preston Uberroth

"UBEY" "DUTCH" "RUBBEROOT"

Class Pipe Committee
Chairman Farewell Ball Committee
Chairman German Committee
Hop Committee
Lucky Bag Staff

Frank Uberroth was born in Philadelphia, April 8, 1889. He graduated at the High School in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and then spent two years at the Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J. He has lived in most of the states but claims Philadelphia, Pa., as his home.



HANDSOME man with a round, rosy face and a happy disposition. Chief politician of the Twelfth Company, and foremost in all its mischief; leader of its near choir and proprietor of its smoking parlor. Lively and energetic, he is always too busy to bone. Though savvy and with a wonderful knack for machinery, he hovers around the wrong end of the Class, because he spends his time making his own auto, instead of studying someone else's hot-air engines. Generally admitted that the Farewell Ball, which he engineered his Second Class year, was the most successful ever given. He really worked during his First Class cruise, and ended up with one of the best records in the Class. This, with his splendid brace and his beautiful voice, made him the best of adjutants. Always a jolly good fellow, overflowing with wit and humor, he makes friends and keeps them.

"Say, Cutey, who tied your tie?"



Guysbert Bogert Vroom

“JUDGE”

Guysbert Bogert Vroom was born in Camden, N. J., December 6, 1888, moving later to his present home, Philadelphia. He attended the Penn Charter School there for four years. He was appointed from Pennsylvania.



JUDGE, the inscrutable, a Dutchman and proud of it. A dreamer who whiles away most of his time with a mandolin and was one of a famous four at bridge that held together through Youngster and Second Class years—results: one bilged, one nearly bilged, two don't wear stars on their dress jacket collars. Caught once red-handed by Buck, but finned out and palmed the cards and Buck was foiled but not fooled. Worked the fencing squad on Thursdays until he got tired and took up the regular Thursday strolls. No exception to the rule among midshipmen,—no girls Plebe year, many girls Youngster year, one girl First Class year. He is very fond of starting rumors that will keep the boys guessing. A great lover of the weed in any form. There are few of us who really know Judge, for he is unusually quiet and reserved, but to his little coterie of intimates he is wholly charming.

Lewis Talcott Wasson

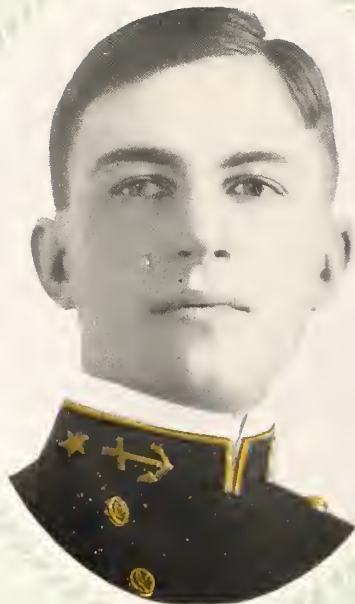
“MOOSE”

Thompson Trophy, Inter-Class Sailing (3)
Masqueraders (1)

Lewis Talcott Wasson was born in Kittery Point, Maine, where he spent the greater part of his life prior to entrance to the Academy. He attended the Portsmouth High School where he graduated in 1906. He was appointed from Maine.



EHOLD the Moose, the King of the Red Mikes. Nothing ever disturbs the serenity of the Moose's existence, not even seventy d's, the supe's Christmas gift Second Class year. Occasionally unsat, sometimes on the conduct grade, such things are merest incidentals to him. Achieved a record by never getting nearer to a hop than the location of his room in quarters necessitated his being, though he did have to fuss once in Second Class year on duty and spent many a sleepless night wondering how he could square matters with himself. Dearly loves a rough-house. Ellis' side partner and boon companion in his model work. Though he has never gone the pace, he is as fond of a big liberty as the next man. His almost impenetrable reserve has hidden from most of us a sterling chap, and one who will make an excellent messmate.



Walter Wynne Webster

"DUCKY" "DAN" "NOAH"

Expert Bar Star (3, 2)
Chairman Bible Study Class

Walter Wynne Webster was born in Fargo, North Dakota, July 28, 1888, and resided there up to his appointment to the Naval Academy. Three years and a half were spent in Fargo High School, during the last year of which he was the Editor in Chief of the High School publication.



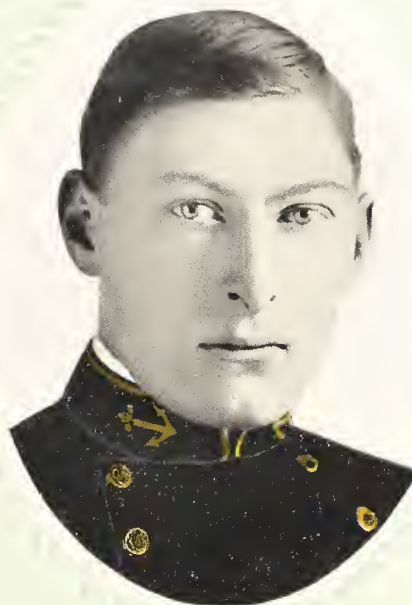
HE original hard-headed savoir of the Class. Has held down a number near the top ever since he left the wheat fields of North Dakota. Endowed with a remarkable memory, he can tell you the R. A. of any star in the celestial system for any date in the year. Recites in an injured tone of voice when called upon, as if complaining at the mere necessity. Is easily amused and giggles continually at the antics of Beak and Woody. Slow and methodical in his movements, but once get him going and you can't stop him. Started fussing Second Class year, but finds more relaxation and amusement in poring over his famous interpolating chart of the celestial system. Lived with Squirrel Kingman in true Scandinavian felicity until First Class year. Ducky has spent many a midnight hour with chaps less savvy than he; doesn't grease and couldn't if he tried.

"Sir, I don't just exactly see where they get this."

Fred Welden

“BEAK” “PETER”

Expert Bar



Fred Welden was born in Iowa Falls, Iowa, on October 4, 1888. He claims Iowa Falls as his home, and graduated at the High School there before his appointment to the Academy by Congressman Birdsall of the Third Iowa.



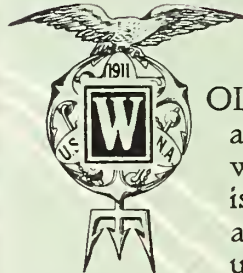
EARLY in Plebe year, Pete's remarkable resemblance to the crow attracted the attention of the upper classmen, and he will still go through his star performance if one approaches him stealthily and cries "Caw-caw" in his ear. One of the characters of the Class, a true Red Mike, steady and good-natured. He is practical and will not accept the book's proof if not perfectly clear, and is bound to know the reason why in every case. He nearly fainted in Seamanship recitation once when he thought the instructor questioned him concerning the Dog Winds in the Horse Latitudes. For three years Beak could be found every Saturday afternoon enthroned on the Divan at Doc's, puffing away contentedly on one of his famous cigars. He has spent his Saturdays this year in his room, and has been just as happy with the same old cigar. Lived with Sock one year, later found refuge with the inventive Pat.



Oliver Lodwick Wolfard

“WOOLIE”

Oliver L. Wolfard was born in Colfax, Washington, on June 18, 1888. He has lived in a great many of the Western States and has attended a number of schools. He graduated from the High School in Reno, Nevada, and was appointed from Nevada by Senator Newlands.



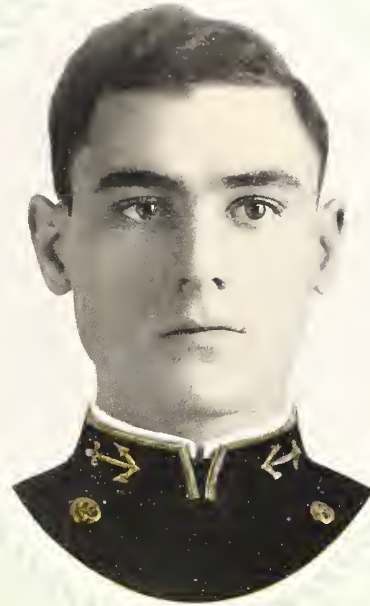
OLLIE is a quiet, dark little man with a memory as long as the coming of Leave. At gymnastic work he has shone throughout our course, and is as clever at that as he is in his studies. Enjoys astonishing his section by the use of long and unusual words, and always gets the benefit of the doubt by his cocksure manner. He carries his head careened to starboard, and when interested, brings all parts of his body into play. He has never gone in for a pink N, and believes in the old adage, “quality not quantity.” For the first few years he was a lion among entertainers, and his shower bath was always crowded. He handed out Jimmy’s makes with a lavish hand, and had a repertoire of stories that was hard to beat. He has the faculty of sizing up a situation at a glance, and the complementary one of acting immediately.

Alfred Shepard Wolfe

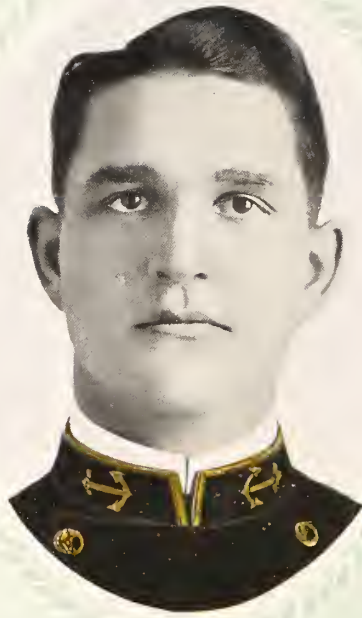
"ALF" "WOLFEY"

Gray Numerals

Alfred Shepard Wolfe was born in New Orleans, March 5, 1891. He spent one year at the New Orleans High School before his appointment to the Academy from Louisiana.



LF is a fiery little Southerner, possessed of a quick temper and the Evil Eye. Coupled with rather marked ideas on the subject of rates, these attributes have made him a marked man among the lower classes, but particularly with the Plebes. He was caught talking rather pointedly to one Second Class year and was reported for hazing, along with his inseparable friend, Hyman. The subsequent investigation, which made us all rather anxious, was, with the assignment of demerits, the cause of Hyman's resignation, and of Wolfe's sticking strictly to business for the remainder of the year. He is a regular tartar at rough-housing, breaking up considerable furniture at each session. He is not very savvy, nor lucky in the section room, so has worked harder than most to stay with us, but his grit and determination have carried him through successfully.

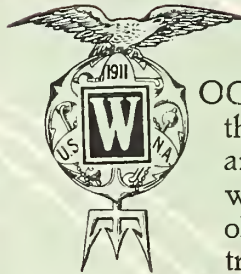


Ralph Frederic Wood

“WOODY” “RALPH”

Football Numerals

Ralph Wood was born in Goshen, Indiana, on July 6, 1890. He attended the Montreal High School, the Nyack High School, and graduated at the New York Naval School. He has spent a rather eventful career, lived in most of the Eastern States, made two Cruises on the training ship St. Mary's, and one on the Morro Castle of the Ward Line. He was appointed from New York.

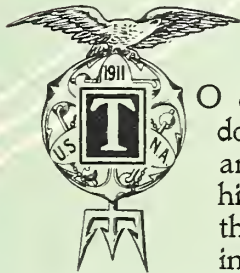


WOODY is one of the truly sea-going members of the Class, and is justly proud of his barnacles and sea slang. He is tough to a degree, and whenever anything happens down around the old Seventh, they usually look for Woody's tracks first. He is one of our leading Nav fiends, and delights in picking up the prof every now and then. On the Cruise he was always able to finish his Day's Work an hour before the rest of us, and sometimes threw in a few star-sights to boot. He is a consistent fusser of excellent discrimination, and blossoms forth serenely at every hop. Plays a hard game in the Class football series, and enjoys a good rough house. Affects good music and Omar Khayyám, and has learned a good bit of Kipling through three years with Bake. Has lots of common sense when he chooses to use it, and knows everybody in the Class. They are also wise to him.

Kenneth Carpenter Woodward

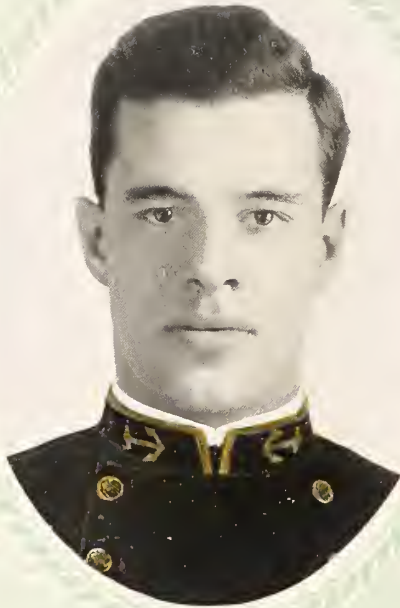
“K. C.” “CASEY” “WOODY”

Kenneth Carpenter Woodward was born in Newton, Massachusetts, December 25, 1890. He attended Grammar School and High School in Providence, taking two years at the Hope Street High School. Has lived most of his life in Providence, his present home address, though he has also lived in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Alabama.



Do even think of writing all that this chap has done is beyond the power of any man's endurance. Bright, cheerful, and full of the old Nick himself, Casey has laughed his way through the course. His saintly expression of innocence invariably disarms one of any suspicion that he is being run by Casey. Needless to say, his friends are legion. His unflinching cheerfulness, his ever-ready suggestion of something to start, is a sure cure for ennui. But not by any means is he a chap with no serious side. A man with a good, practical mind under all the fun, he has seldom had to worry about semi-anns and anns. His not standing lots higher is no doubt due to the fact that he has always found that studies interfere with his business of keeping himself and everyone around from being rhino, and, therefore, has stopped the studies.

“Let's start somethin'.”



Carroll Quinn Wright, Jr.

"C. Q." "JACK JOHNSON"

Yellow N 2d Yellow N Star
Yellow Numerals Red Numerals
White Numerals

Carroll Quinn Wright, Jr., was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on August 21, 1889. He spent three years abroad, visiting Italy, Switzerland, France and England. He had three and a half years at Central High School in his present home, Philadelphia. He was appointed from Pennsylvania.



HE good-natured, open-hearted, bluff, old grizzly bear from the Quaker City. A man of sterling worth, possessing a bull-dog tenacity that gives him success in all he undertakes. A veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, being as gentle as a lamb with the ladies on the ballroom floor, but a ferocious lion on the football field. Wow! Wow! C. Q. always has a genial smile illuminating his broad, swarthy countenance, and is modest in all things. You would never know in a thousand years, if you had to rely upon him for information, that he was acting captain of the eleven men in the big game of November, 1910. An A1 wrestler until that unruly ear started to imitate the pretty cauliflower, then decided it was time to quit the game. Has a good coat of tan all year round, thereby earning unto himself the mellifluous appellation of Jack Johnson.

John Alexander Logan Zenor

"JACK" "ZEN"

Red N Yellow N 2d

John A. L. Zenor was born in Clay City, Indiana, on July 20, 1887. He has lived in Indiana, Illinois and Colorado and graduated from the High School in his present home, Siguache, Colorado. He went to Colorado University one year and was appointed from Colorado.



HE wild man from the wild and woolly Siguache, who blew into Crabtown speaking a mingled Mexican and Cherokee dialect. Nothing has been able to change him, for he is just as wild as when he left his native hills. An authority on women, with experiences by the yard, and likes nothing better than to sit up and tell about them. Although he never saw water outside of a well before he rested his eyes on the blue expanse of the Severn, still, when crew season came around Plebe year, Jack was right there and has the distinction of being the first man in the Class to win his N. Second Class year he initiated Shorty into the mystery of "cyards," and since then both have spent a deal of time on opposite sides of a table. Jack is a true sailor, with a girl in every port, and the Lord knows how many more back in Siguache.



Alfred George Zimmermann

“ZIM”

Brown N 2d

Alfred George Zimmermann was born on April 12, 1888, in Newark, N. J. He lived his life in the town of his nativity and graduated from the Newark High School. He was appointed from New Jersey.

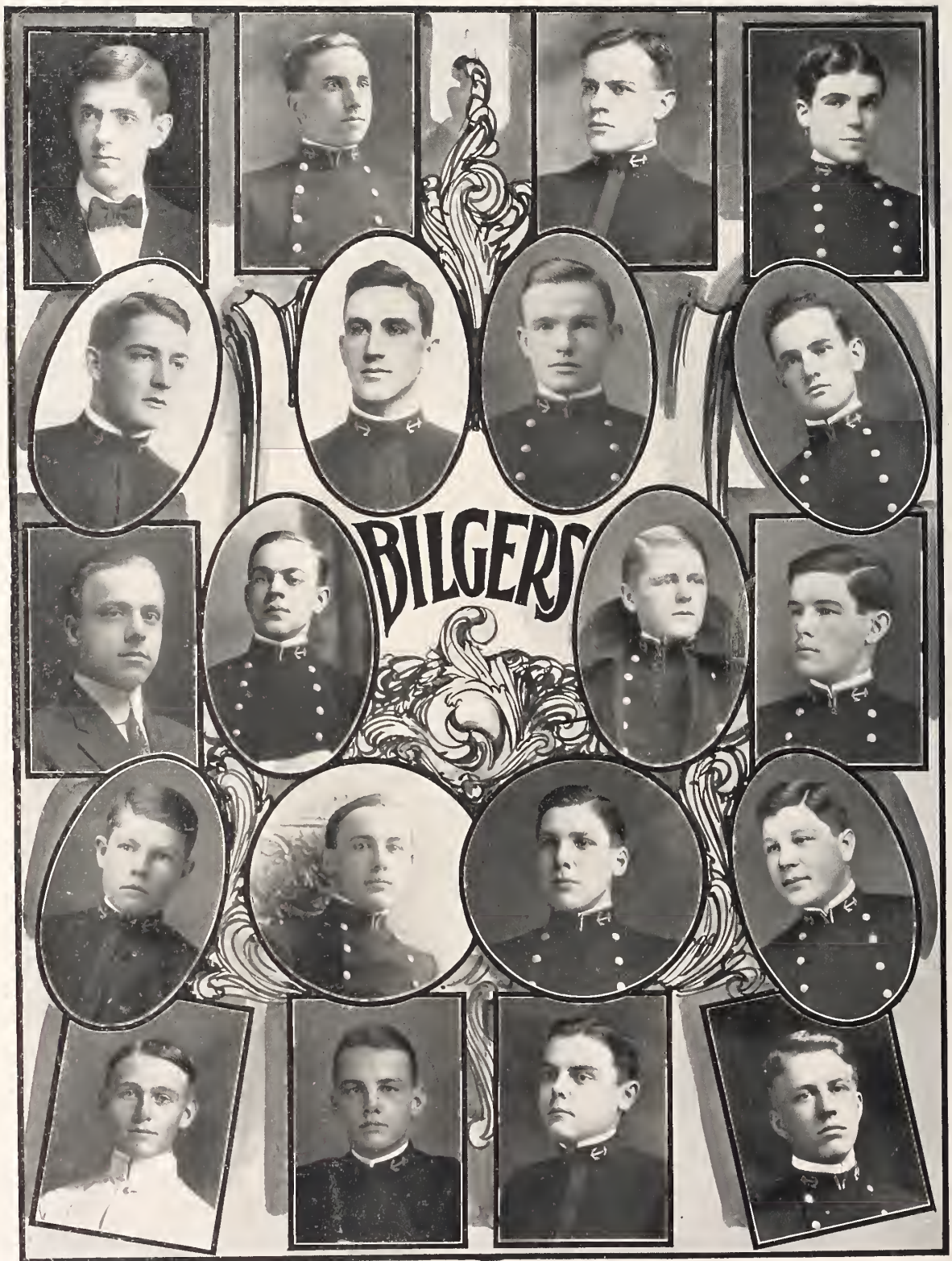


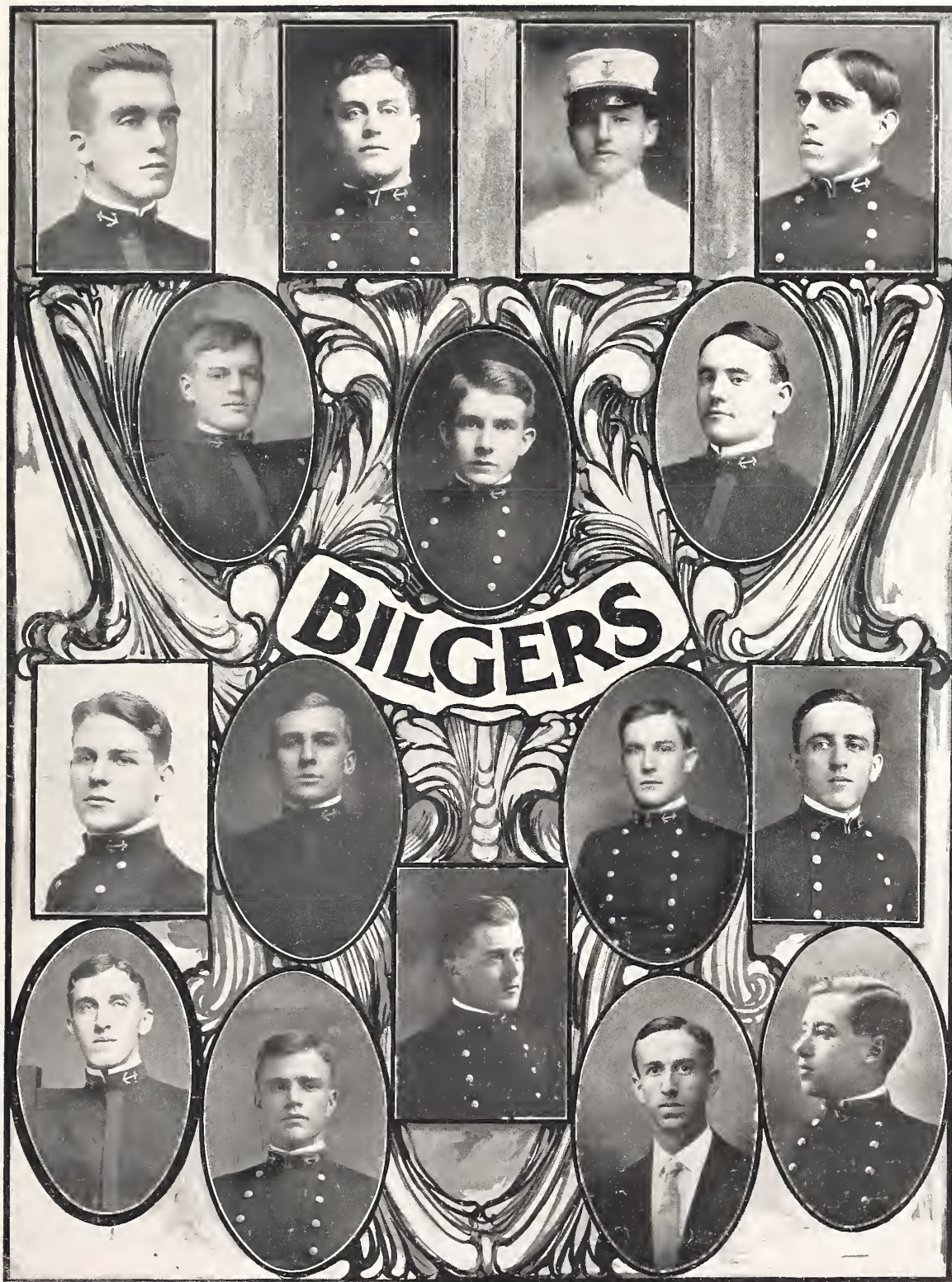
N easy-going savoir from the land of the mosquitoes, whose chief aim in life is showing the instructors how little they really know in comparison with himself. Zim is German clear through, his very atmosphere is Dutch, and he is never happier than when he is talking the ear off of someone in his native tongue. Says the best port we struck First Class cruise was Horta, because there he found someone who spoke Dutch. He is a conscientious sort of fellow who works hard for himself, and for everyone else. One of the kind who is always more than willing to stop anything he happens to be doing to explain some difficult prob. Zim never seems to exert himself, yet when everything is posted, even though his name is last on the list alphabetically, he is way up in another way.

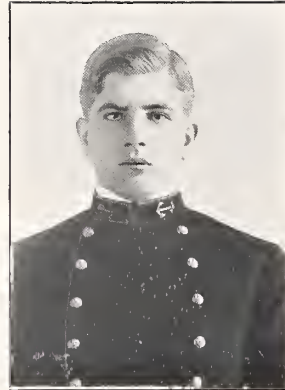
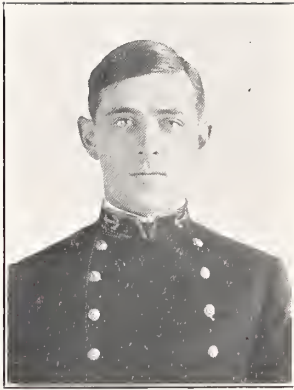












ARONSTAM, LOUIS
 ASHFORD, STANLEY H. H.
 BAILEY, JOHN F.
 BALL, JUBE H., JR.
 BEARD, JAMES W.
 BOOMER, HOLLAND B.
 BORDEN, DANIEL L.
 BOWDEN, JOHN P.
 BRANDT, WILLIAM VAN C.
 BUSH, ROBERT L.

CANOVA, DELL T.
 CARROLL, CHARLES B.
 CLARK, HAL L.
 COHEN, CARL L.
 COIL, EMORY W.
 COLHOUN, JOHN H.
 CONNER, ARTHUR D.
 CONGER, FRANKLIN B., JR.
 COOK, JOHN A.
 CROKER, EDWARD F., JR.

DAVIS, H.
 DAVIS, N.
 DECKER, STILES M.
 DICKINSON, EDWARD F.
 DREW, RICHARD
 DUNTON, HERBERT E.
 EBERLE, EDWARD R.
 EISENACH, WALTER L.
 EWALD, JOHN B.
 FAGAN, LEWIS E.

FALLIGANT, LOUIS A.	KURFESS, WILLIAM F.	REYNAUD, CLAUD F.
FLETT, CHARLES M.	LARIMER, MARC W.	RICHARDS, JOHN K., JR.
FLINT, HARRY A.	LEWIS, LLOYD II.	RINER, CLARENCE C.
FOARD, WALLACE B.	McAFEE, PHIL	RODGERS, FREDERICK, JR.
FORSTER, OTTO M.	McCAMMON, FURMAN E.	ROSEBOROUGH, ROBERT G.
GAY, BYRON S.	McKITTERICK, EDWARD H.	SALB, OSCAR G.
GENTRY, ROY I.	McNEILL, CHAUNCEY ST. C.	SAMPSON, HAROLD B.
GIBBS, TUCKER C.	McSHEEHY, THOMAS H.	SANFORD, ROBERT
GILL, EDWARD D.	MACARTNEY, PAUL B.	SIGLINGER, IRA
GLENDINNING, JAMES I.	MADDUX, SNOWDEN D.	SOMES, GEORGE S.
GRAFTON, DAVID R.	MARMION, PAUL C.	SPENCER, HAROLD S.
GRAY, JOHN A.	MASON, RICHARD O.	SPENCER, ROGER W.
GREENE, CHARLES F.	MILLER, WELMAN	STERN, RICHARD G.
HALL, CARROLL M., JR.	OFSTHUN, SIDNEY A.	TAYLOR, JOHN H.
HALL, JULIUS, JR.	OSGOOD, WENTWORTH H.	TAYLOR, LEMUEL K.
HENDERSON, HORACE F., JR.	PARKER, SUMNER P.	THACHER, EDWARD S.
HENDRICK, JACK M.	PATTERSON, DONALD F.	TIROCKMORTON, LUTHER W.
HIBBARD, CARL D.	PAYNE, RAYMOND G.	TRACHT, STANLEY P.
HOLTZENDORFF, JOHN D.	PERKINS, CHARLES N.	TSCHIRGI, ARTHUR M.
HUTT, JAMES B.	PERKINS, WALTER M.	VON ROEDER, CLEMENS N.
HYMAN, JOHN P.	PERKINS, WHITLEY	WADDELL, WILLIAM C.
JOHNSON, GERALD S.	PETERS, FRANK G.	WARREN, DOUGLAS S.
JONES, LEON A.	PRINCE, JOHN C.	WHITTAKER, HUGH
JOUETT, WILLIAM H.	RAGON, SUMMERFIELD K.	WHITESIDE, GEORGE W.
JULIAN, CHARLES C.	REGAN, FRANCIS P.	WHITING, HARRIS M.
KEENEY, WILLIAM D.	REHM, HERBERT E.	WILBUR, JOHN
KENNY, THOMAS M.	RENNER, HARRY W.	WOLFF, HAROLD G.
	RENNER, ROBERT S.	



IN MEMORIAM



Earl Dunlap Wilson

What didst thou leave us when thy spirit passed
Through the unguarded gateway of the grave?
Naught but the stirring memory of thy brave
Manhood sustained, unconquered to the last?
Only a shade of sombre sadness cast
Over our hearts; a name for each engrave
On memory's shrine or fame's fair architrave;
Thyself from Earth's communion fettered fast?
Nay, evermore with those that loved thee stays
Thy ethereal essence doom nor change can kill,
Dark death dissolve, nor time blot out with days,
Ever inspiring, leading us onward, till
Some of us here shall live to bear the bays
For that which, spite of death, thou shalt fulfill.

—*William Donnison Ford*



Sherman Mayer Nason.

Sincere, conscientious, of an ardent nature—what a hardy, true-souled man he was! Constant association with him showed us that the zealous, magnetic personality that helped so to make the man a success on the athletic field, was also potent in him at all other times, making him a leader of men, attracting all men to him. Possessed of a splendid mind he found no trouble with the difficulties that vex so many. He was always wont to look at life with a happy, whole-souled philosophy, that made him the envy of many a less rationally minded brother. Leaving us in such a sad, such a tragic manner was a blow hard indeed to bear. His loss created an unfilled void—a vacancy which time can never fill. Brave, heroic to the last, he left behind a name that stands for all that is just, upright, noble.

Grigsby Eskridge Thomas.

A fine student, an efficient officer, a man of purpose and determination, and withal a most lovable fellow—all these were lost to us in the death of Grigsby Eskridge Thomas. His loss was a personal blow to each of his classmates, who had known him throughout three years of close association, and who had learned to bear him in high esteem and affection.

He gave his life in an attempt to save that of another. Though he perished without accomplishing his purpose, if his example dwells with us as his memory does—ever green in our hearts—if his courageous, unhesitating devotion ever lives to inspire us to emulation, his sacrifice was not in vain.





Evan Carleton Howe.

Sometimes the day begins with a rush
Of beautiful cloud and glorious sun.
It lasts but an hour; then comes a hush;
A storm swift appears ere the day is begun.
'Tis but a moment since 'twas shining so clear—
One looked in safety with never a fear.
Then swift and sure comes the Storm King's
wild lure,
And the day's blotted out before it is run.
Thus was our classmate imbued with a life
All virile and strong with purposes large.
Like the day with its glorious promises rife
He lasted an hour; then Death took charge
Of the beautiful life and its promises bold—
And the rest forms a tale that can never be told
'Till the veil of the ages is torn from its place,
And then we may look for All Time on his face.

G. F. H.

Morton Frank Seiler.

Saddest of all our recollections are those of the Classmates whom we loved, and whom Death has taken from us. The memory of Morton Seiler will long remain fresh in our minds. He was a man, a man in every sense of the word. Big-hearted, lovable, and giving promise of a future marked by ambition and ability, the news of his death from a sudden attack of typhoid while on leave came as a shock to all of us. We are prone in this life never to recognize a man's true value, nor to estimate his worth, until his work lies behind him and he himself is gone. The loss of that merry laugh, the vacant chair in every happy gathering bear witness to this. It pleased the Father of all of us to give, and it has pleased him to take away.





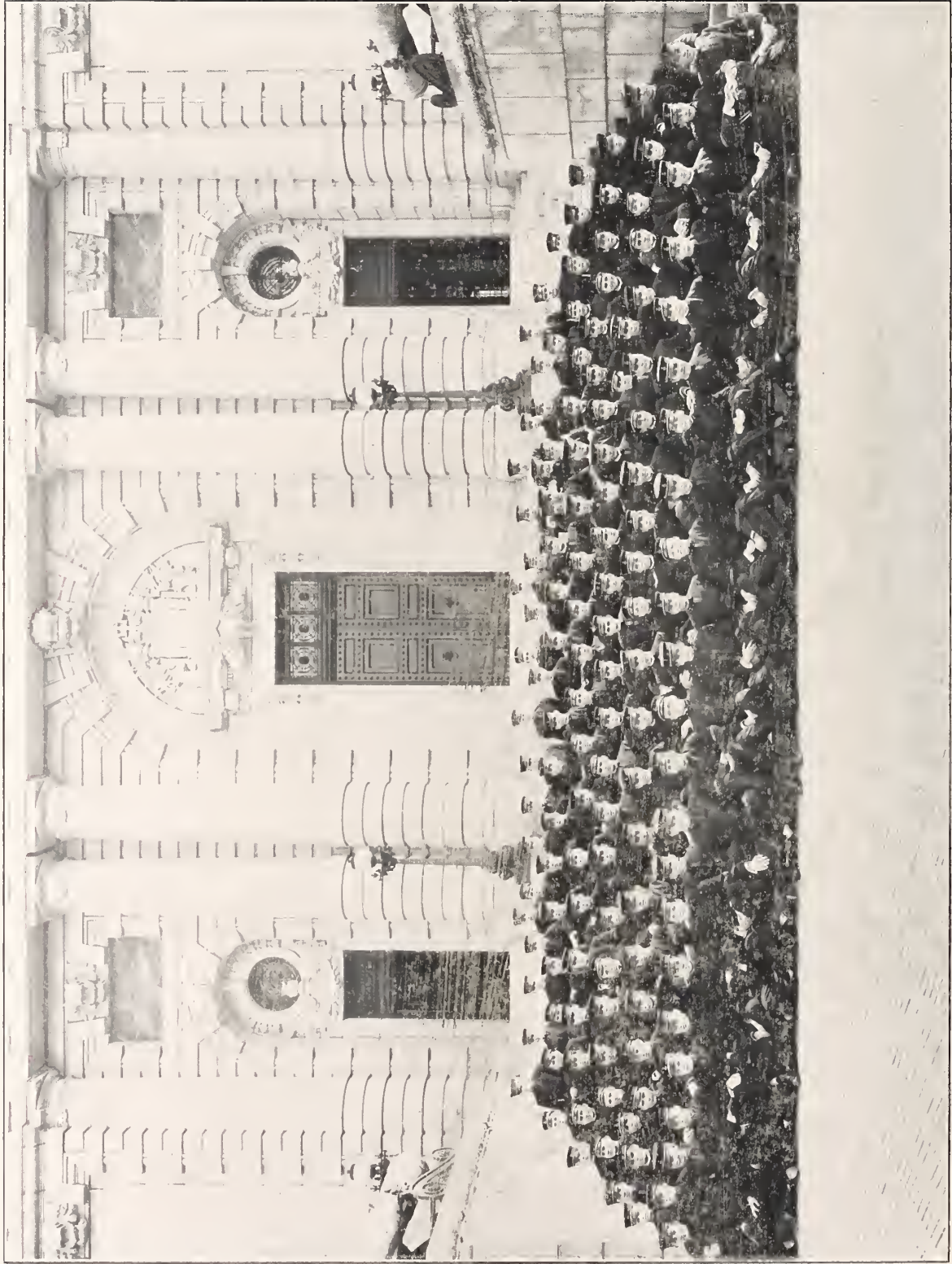
Harry Clarence Phinney.

The death of Harry Clarence Phinney so shortly after his entrance was one of the saddest incidents in the history of the Class. Before the ties which bind us together so firmly had been fairly formed—unknown to many of us, his classmates, he was called away—we lost a comrade we had but just gained.

Nevertheless, he is remembered with sorrow and regret; in the brief time that he was with us we recognized in him a nature full of promise, a man that in the future we should be proud to know and claim as a friend. Who shall say what potential honor and distinction was lost to the Class

“When that which drew from out the silent deep
Turned home again.”





THE CLASS OF 1912.



The Class of 1912

- | | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| ABBOT, J. L. | EIKEL, J. | KING, J. L. | ROBERTSON, R. S. |
| ALDEN, C. S. | ELDER, F. K. | LABOMBARD, H. V. | ROBINSON, S. B. |
| ANDERSON, A. B. | ELDRIDGE, E. P. | LAKE, F. U. | RUSSELL, E. A. |
| BAGBY, O. W. | ELMER, R. E. P. | LA MOUNTAIN, G. W. | SANBORN, A. B. |
| BARBER, E. H. | ERTZ, H. | LARIMER, M. W. | SAUNDERS, H. E. |
| BARBEY, D. E. | FALGE, J. H. | LAVENDER, R. A. | SAUNDERS, J. A. |
| BFNNETT, A. C. | FISCHER, H. E. | LEE, J. A. | SCHUIRMANN, R. E. |
| BISCHOFF, L. P. | FORDE, L. K. | LEWIS, J. H. | SCOFIELD, H. W. |
| BISHOP, J. B. | FORSTER, O. M. | LITTLE, H. H. | SHAW, W. A. |
| BOWDEN, J. P. | FORT, G. H. | LOCKWOOD, C. A., JR. | SIMPSON, E. P. A. |
| BOYD, T. S. | FOX, J. L. | LODER, A. W. | SMALL, E. G. |
| BOYDEN, D. | FRAZER, H. C. | MACCRONE, W. C. | SOWELL, I. C. |
| BROADBENT, E. W. | FULTON, G. | MCDONNELL, E. O. | TAYLOR, W. D. |
| BROWN, J. J. | GATCH, T. L. | McKITTERICK, E. H. | TEN EYCK, A. C. |
| BROWN, L. R. | GATES, H. G., JR. | McMORRIS, C. H. | THEISS, P. S. |
| BROWN, R. D. | GILLESPIE, G. S. | McNAIR, C. W. | THOMPSON, B. M. |
| BUCKMASTER, E. | GILLILAND, C. G. | MARTIN, C. K. | THOMPSON, H. |
| BURTIS, W. H. | GOOD, H. H. | MARTIN, R. L. | THOMPSON, R. R. |
| BYERS, J. A. | GREENE, C. F. | MASON, C. P. | TISDALE, M. S. |
| BYRD, R. E., JR. | GREENMAN, W. G. | MERRILL, A. S. | TRACHT, S. P. |
| BYRNE, C. B. | GRIFFIN, V. C. | MILLS, S. | VENTER, J. G. |
| CHASE, N. B. | GROW, H. B. | MONFORT, J. C. | WADDELL, W. C. |
| CHEADLE, W. E. | GULBRANSON, C. | MONTGOMERY, A. E. | WAKEMAN, R. H. |
| CLARK, J. C. | GUTHRIE, A. H. | MOORE, R. D. | WARD, H. A. |
| COIL, E. W. | HAAS, W. S. | MORRISSEY, E. R. | WEEKS, R. J. |
| CONGER, F. B., JR. | HAGGART, R. S. | NICKINSON, E. P. | WEEMS, P. V. II. |
| CORLEY, W. A. | HALL, C. M. | OSBORNE, C. K. | WENTWORTH, R. S. |
| CRENSHAW, E. A. | HALL, R. A. | OSGOOD, W. H. | WENZELL, L. P. |
| CRUTCHFIELD, J. A. | HAMILTON, D. W. | PACE, E. M. | WHITEHEAD, G. B. |
| CULIN, J. H. | HANNON, R. V. | PARR, R. S. | WHITESIDE, G. W. |
| CURLEY, H. P. | HARLOW, H. | PATRICK, H. G. | WHITING, F. E. M. |
| DALTON, J. P. | HAWKINS, R. II. | PATTERSON, D. F. | WICK, H. C. |
| DASHIELL, G. W. D. | HIBBS, N. W. | PAYNE, R. G. | WILBUR, J. |
| DECKER, S. M. | HITCHCOCK, G. C. | PEIRCE, H. J. | WILLIS, W. J. |
| DE LANY, W. S. | HOGG, W. S., JR. | PERKINS, W. | WILSON, S. A. |
| DENFELD, L. E. | HOLT, R. W. | PERLMAN, B. | WOMBLE, S. G. |
| DE TREVILLE, D. | HOGEWERFF, H. | PIERCE, H. C. | WOODRUFF, G. L. |
| DODD, H. | HULINGS, G. | POE, B. F. | WRIGHT, C. H. |
| DREISONSTOK, J. Y. | HUNTER, L. L. | RAMSEY, D. C. | ZACHARIAS, E. M. |
| EDGAR, C. D. | KERR, R. E. | RICHARDS, J. K., JR. | ZEIGLER, S. J. |
| | KIEFFER, H. M. | ROBERTS, A. C. | |

Class History

LONG, weary years ago, when we were plebes, we used to wonder why all midshipmen had to wait until they were Second Classmen before they could even have their class rings, and why they had to finish Second Class year before they could wear them. Now that we have passed through the fateful year ourselves, we can feel as others have felt before us—that we have emerged from the thickest of the fight, and that we can appreciate what it means to have been through the Naval Academy.

One would not have to look long to see how dignified we had become the moment we heard those words: "Shall be known as the Second Class." Second Class! Ahem—"Stand aside, please!" The exercises over, did we rush out of the Armory and race madly for some cherished spot, as the mob of elated Youngsters had done the year before? Not a bit of it! We were somebody then; the mainstay of the Academy; people to be looked up to and respected!

Second Class cruise, and a foreign cruise at that, was close at hand, and we went about preparing for it as Commodore J. Pierpont might have supervised the fitting out of his new steam yacht for a cruise along the Riviera.

Of cameras we had plenty, and requests for silk stockings and gloves—they were too numerous to mention! Some working clothes we took along—more to comply with the "regs." than to have them where we should need them. We weren't going to do any work, anyway; that fact was settled long before in our minds; so why have a lot of clothes and have to scrub them all? Sure enough, we took life moderately, not only on board ship, but on shore as well. We were never known to stay out later than 5.30 p. m. anywhere ashore—good little boys we were!



SECOND CLASS SAILORS.

Be that as it may, we found, this summer, the one exception that did not prove the old rule, "Anticipation is better than participation." Adventures we thought up by the dozen before the cruise began, but we found them by the hundreds in London and Marseilles. What need to tell of the taxicab rides in London; the theatre parties at "The Dollar Princess" and "The Arcadians"; of the Chateau d'If, the Cannebière, and

all the strange delights of Marseilles, of Gibraltar and Tangier; of Horta and Mount Pico! Never again will there be such a cruise as that!

Thirty wonderful, dreamy days of leave were over, and we were all back again in Washington, anxiously awaiting the great event which is so prominent in the life of a Second Classman—the Class Supper. “Tommy” Thompson and his faithful band had been on the job for no one knows how many days, preparing a palace and a dinner that might well have satisfied a king. Not one of us who stood in the New Willard that glorious night and sang “Aloft, Topmen!” can ever forget that scene or the joy he felt at being there—it was as if the whole universe had exploded in one burst of good feeling!

’Twas well that we enjoyed ourselves while we could, for the next day we “fetched up” with a round turn and a half hitch—a shock that some of us did not recover from for a week. Second Class year had begun in earnest, and we had already heard enough about it to know that we should have no flowery path to travel. We were somewhat dismayed, to be sure, by the size and number of our new books; that was nothing to what we felt when the lessons began to come. To say that we were completely helpless is putting it mildly. Imagine Robinson

Crusoe trying to sail up New York Harbor in a Chinese junk! Arguing profs. and stupendous lessons plagued us in the daytime; at night we were haunted by visions of contracted orifices, sluice gates, epicyclic trains, pantographs, shell boilers, flag signals, bending beams, transits of stars, and valve diagrams; inclined planes, and elastic balls; and last of all, by that awesome spectre that will stand up before us even to the day of judgment— $F=Ma$! Why, $F=Ma$ could work every problem on the semi-anns., said the powers that be; whether or not, forty-seven of us couldn’t get it to equal more than a 2.5, and great was the consternation thereat!

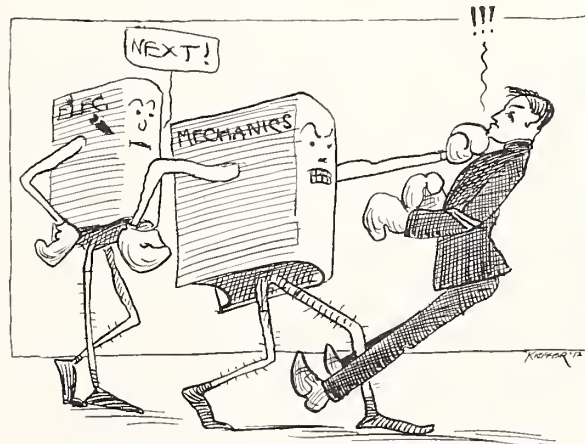
So on and on we plodded, mourning the loss of those who had been “tried and found wanting”: hopeful, yet fearing down in our hearts that we should never see the terrible year through. Yet all things must come to an end sooner or later, and now that the ordeal is over, we can feel that we have for once “earned our salt,” and we can appreciate much better the pleasures and the novelties of another foreign cruise.

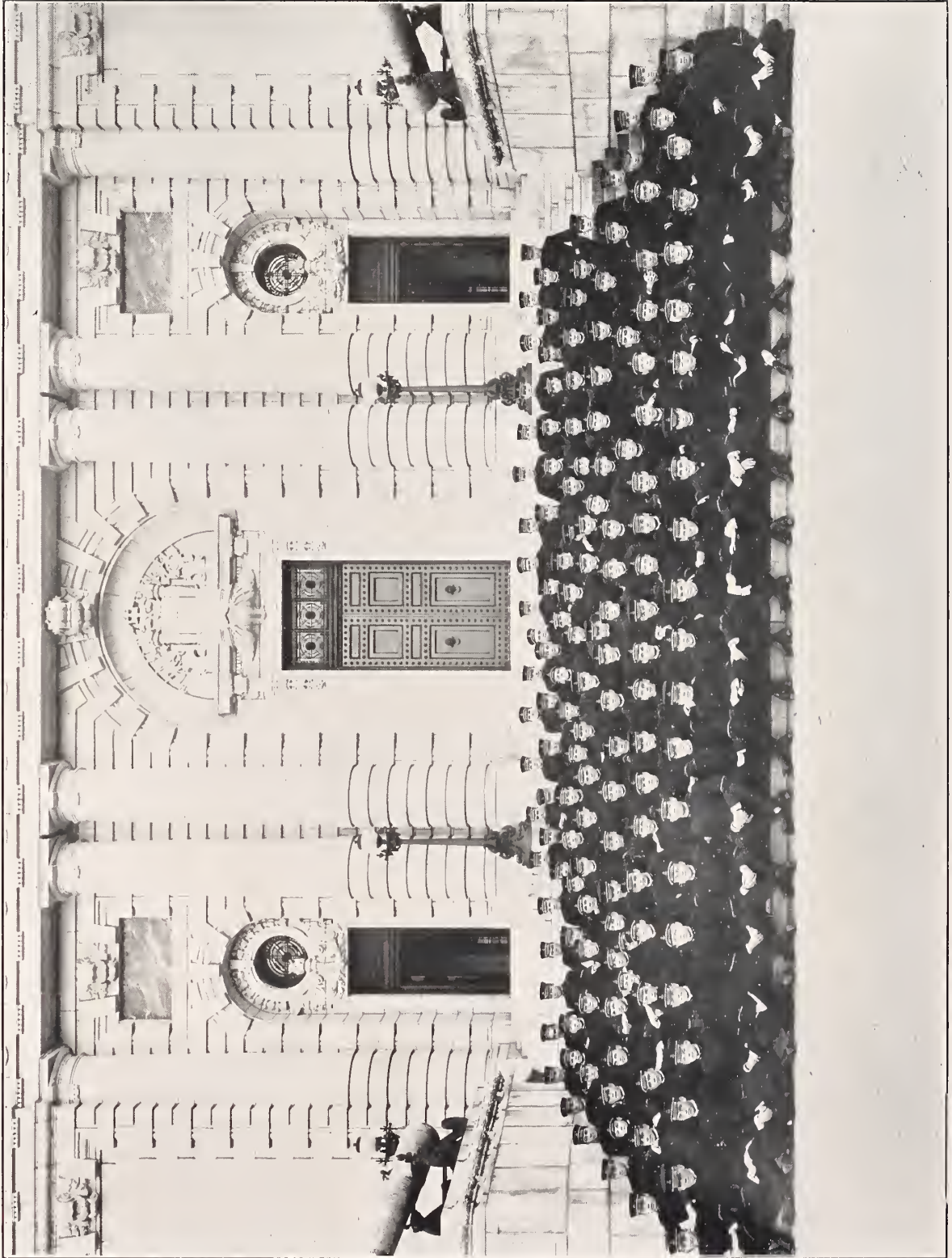


THE BASEBALL SQUAD.



A CRAB CRUISE RECOLLECTION.





THE CLASS OF 1913.

CASSROLL

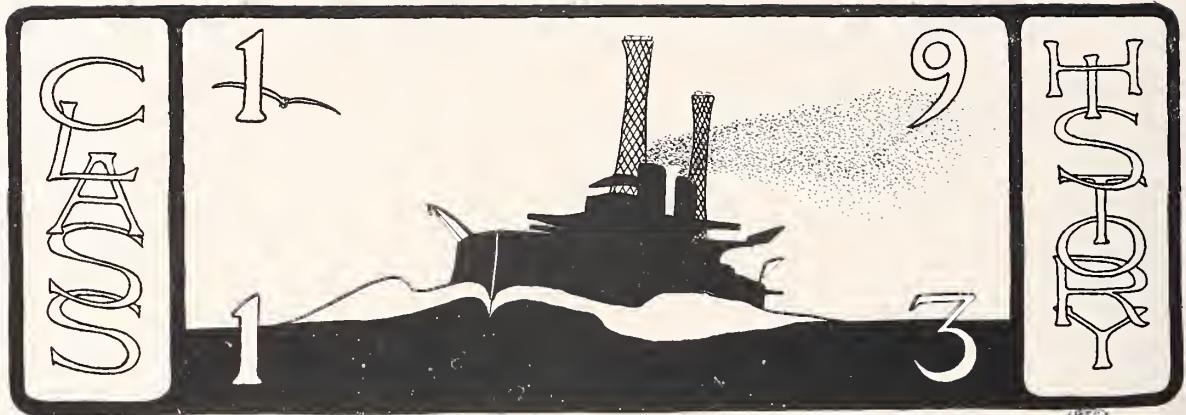
ROLL

ABBOTT, H. L.
 ABBOTT, H. W.
 AGRELL, L. R.
 ANDREWS, G. A.
 ANNIN, H. B.
 ARD, L. B.
 ARNOLD, J. B.
 ASSERSON, R.
 AUSTIN, C. I.
 BABBITT, L. L.
 BATES, H. G.
 BAUCH, H. W.
 BERRIEN, T. G.
 BLANDY, W. H. P.
 BRAY, S. E.
 BRENNER, J. E.
 BRIGGS, H. M.
 BROWNELL, J. A.
 BRYAN, H. V.
 BRYANT, S. F.
 CASSARD, P.
 CAUSEY, W. I., Jr.
 CLARK, B. F.
 CLARKE, L. W.
 CLARKSON, H. S.
 CLIFFORD, C. L.
 COCHRAN, W.
 COCHRAN, W. T.
 CRAVEN, T. A. M.
 CRISP, F. G.
 DALE, G. S.
 DAUGHTRY, R. B.
 DAVIS, E.
 DAVIS, G. B.
 DAVIS, H. C.
 DILLINGHAM, F. W.
 DONAHUE, A. H.
 DORTCH, W. B.
 DOUGLAS, D. W.
 DOWNES, O. L.
 DOYLE, W. E.

DuBOSE, L. T.
 DUDLEY, R.
 DUNBAR, P. H., Jr.
 DUNN, A. W., Jr.
 EDDINS, A. H.
 ENRIGHT, E. F.
 FENN, H. K.
 FLOYD, H. F.
 FOUTZ, C. L.
 GAYHART, E. L.
 GEER, S. H.
 GEISENHOFF, N. H.
 GELLERSTEDT, H. R.
 GILLETTE, N. C.
 GRAY, L. R.
 GRAYSON, R. H.
 GREENE, G. L., Jr.
 HAAS, A. L.
 HALL, J. L.
 HARTLEY, H. N.
 HATCH, W. G. B.
 HAZELTINE, C. B.
 HELMICK, C. G.
 HENDERSON, J. R.
 HENDREN, P.
 HENRY, W. O.
 HILL, J. L.
 HINTZE, K. E.
 HOARD, C. E.
 HOFFMAN, J. H.
 HOLMES, G. L.
 HUDSON, M.
 HULL, C. T.
 HULL, G. D.
 HUNT, B. T.
 HUTCHINS, G.
 INGRAHAM, C. N.
 JOHNSTON, F. L.
 JONES, J. C., Jr.
 JONES, J. D.
 JULIAN, C. C.

JUNKIN, G. B.
 JUPP, W. B.
 KATES, J. M.
 KEISKER, H. E.
 KIRKPATRICK, R. D.
 KNIGHT, R. H.
 KNOTT, A. W.
 LEAHY, E. F.
 LEE, D. R.
 LEIGHTON, B. G.
 LINGO, B. H.
 LOTT, J. M.
 LOYNACHAN, N.
 McCAWLEY, E. S.
 McFEATERS, C. P.
 McGUIRE, T. W.
 McKEE, F. W.
 MARCUS, A.
 MASEK, W.
 MATHEWS, J. T.
 MAURY, S. F.
 MAYER, J. L.
 MEEK, W. W.
 MILLER, J. McC.
 MOORE, S. N.
 O'KEEFE, E. J.
 O'NEAL, K.
 PAGE, H. B.
 PALMER, J. R.
 PARMELEE, H. P.
 PARRISH, C. J.
 PEARSE, C. L.
 PENDLETON, A.
 PFAFF, R.
 PICKERING, L. D.
 PICKHARDT, A. von S.
 PILLSBURY, H. W.
 POWELL, P. P.
 QUINLAN, E. H.
 RANSOM, P. C.
 REINIGER, G. G.

ROBINSON, A. G.
 KODES, P. P.
 ROTH, L. J.
 RUBLE, W. J.
 SAUNDERS, W. H.
 SEARLES, P. J.
 SEARLES, T. M.
 SEIBERT, W.
 SEILLER, H. A.
 SHINE, T.
 SHOCK, T. M.
 SKINNER, H. G., Jr.
 SLEEPER, P. DeV.
 SMITH, JESSE H.
 STEVENS, P. A.
 STRONG, J. H.
 THEBAUD, L. H.
 THOMPSON, T. B.
 THURSTON, S. S.
 TIMBERLAKE, J. B.
 TISDALE, G. M.
 TODD, C. C., Jr.
 VAILL, R.
 VALENTINE, R. J.
 VANDERKLOOF, E. L.
 VAN VALZAH, H. C.
 VENABLE, R. S. H.
 WALLACE, K. R. R.
 WALTON, A. S.
 WANT, C. H.
 WEBB, J. R.
 WHITE, H. L.
 WILD, L.
 WILSON, R. J.
 WITHERS, C.
 WOLF, G. W.
 WOOD, V.
 WOODSIDE, E. L.
 WRIGHT, W. L.
 ZEMKE, E. F.



THE eventful day had come; the fond farewells were spoken, the cheers echoed away in the distant hills of the Severn, and the fluttering handkerchiefs faded from view,—we were embarked on our first cruise! No more for us the tolling of the days that passed so slowly, or vain guessing at the elusive dessert; we had tramped the sacred confines of Lover's Lane, we had the freedom of the Short Cut and the Ratey Stairs—the world was ours, and we thought we had a fence around it.

We soon found our billet numbers and



JUST YOUNGSTERS.

our lockers, and, well content to be afloat, we were glowing with the prospects of a cruise to foreign shores when came the first rude awakening: "Now all you youngsters lay aft on the quarterdeck to pass in laundry bags." And we kept on "laying aft" for the rest of the summer. It did not take long to show us the truth of the characterization of a youngster on the cruise: "A past-plebe entirely surrounded by class rates." We became accustomed to that as one of the vicissitudes of a naval career, and having lost our appetites and gained our sea-legs, we made the best of our opportunity to become the most sea-going class that the Academy had seen in a decade. While our money lasted we played, to the best of our ability, the role of "Yankee sports

in foreign ports," and we turned away from Europe's shores with a close harmony chorus chanting the refrain:
 "And we'll get a quarter
 When we get to Horta,
 Just to make one liberty more."

Just at the time when all hands were on the lookout for the Capes of Virginia, and all thoughts were turned toward the homes that we had not seen for more than a year, our Class suffered its first great loss. By the death of Richard Robinson Landy, 1913 was deprived of one of its staunchest members,—a man whom the trials and discomforts of the cruise had proved to us a true friend and comrade.



OUR FIRST CRUISE.

The days we spent at Solomon's Island before disembarking seemed interminable; but when we got ashore there was a rush for city clothes and railway tickets that made the Academy seem like a blur as we passed through. Perhaps only experience can teach us how to use a month's leave to the greatest advantage; nevertheless it is certain there will never be a time of which we can have pleasanter memories than we have of our Youngster Leave.

To return to Bancroft Hall seemed like a fall from Elysium. But being there, we found how good it is to really belong,—to be one of the owners. The satisfaction of climbing up from the bottom round of the ladder and finding that there is someone hanging on below us can only be equalled by that of grasping a diploma and giving the cheers for those we leave behind.

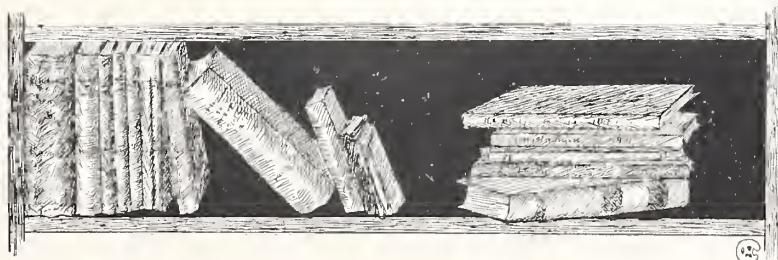
Having acquired our bathrobes and new text-books we advanced in our second campaign against the 2.5. In the heat of battle we learned several things besides our lessons—among them the fact that text-books written for the use of the midshipmen are not necessarily for their enlightenment. Those of us who did not get late lights and a good gouge turned in to dream of couples turning about an integral sign or the moment of a right side elevation, and woke in the midst of an effort to write a Spanish dictation translated from the "History of the Navy." But with the semi-ans over we knew the crest of the grade was passed, and slept more easily.

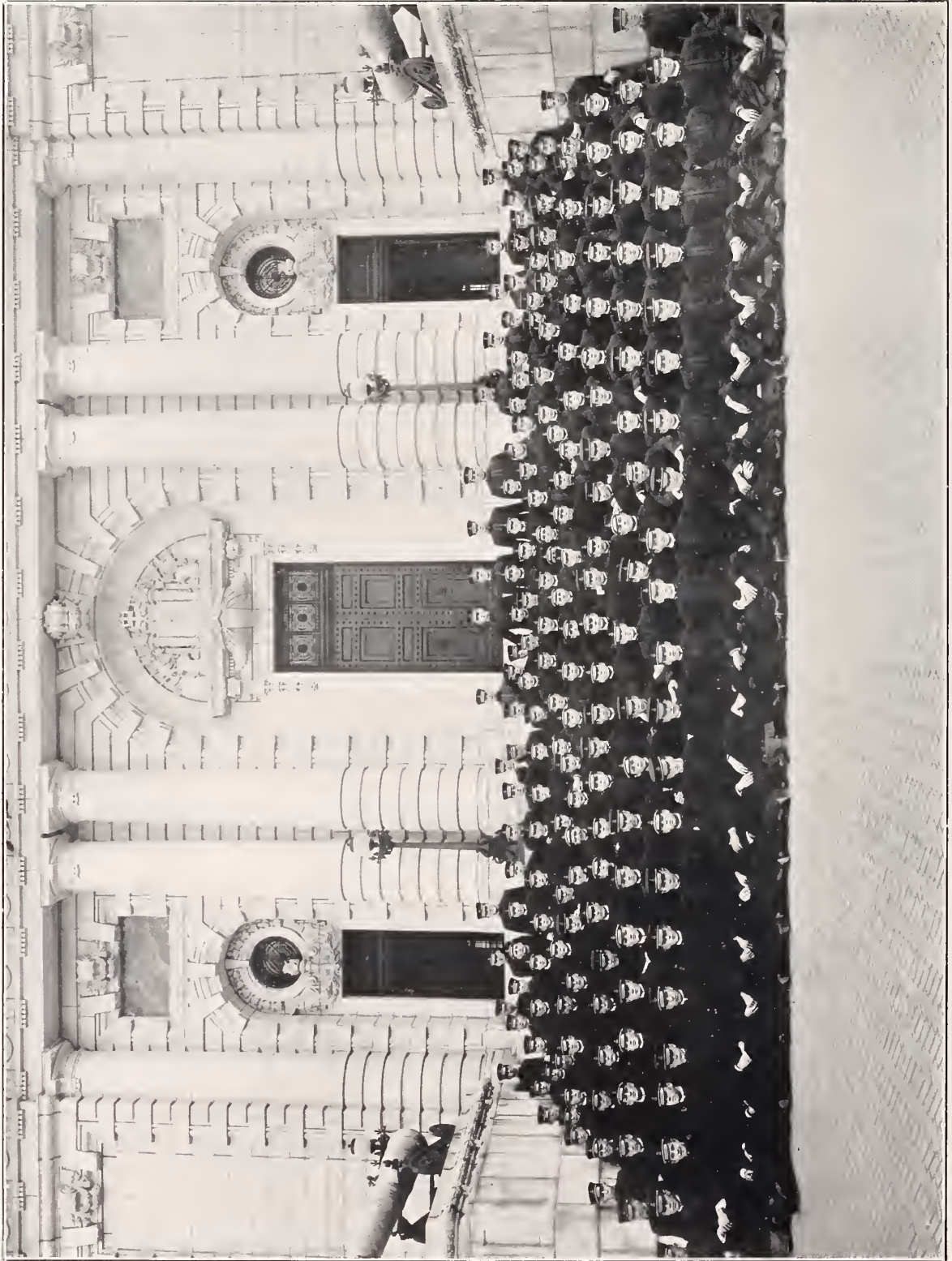
The joy of the trip to Philadelphia and a chance to crow over the Army was the great event of the year and a partial compensation for our disappointment in 1909. Every man in the Class is proud of the N* that Pete Rodes wears. Class athletics brought out a good representation from 1913; it was hard to have the plebes get into the final round of the football championship but we made up by annexing first honors in basketball. The first hops introduced into society a flourishing crop of youngster fussers that thrived and increased steadily. Some of our most promising Red Mikes utterly failed to fulfill their obligations, but appeared in the gym with two-inch collars and flowing pompadours. And the end is not yet.

We have had our troubles this year, as the boys who have been looking out from the inside will admit. But it has been a year of progress in which the Class has been welded together in organization and in comradeship. We are ready to go forward to our new experiences with a firm faith in the Class of 1913, and what it can accomplish.

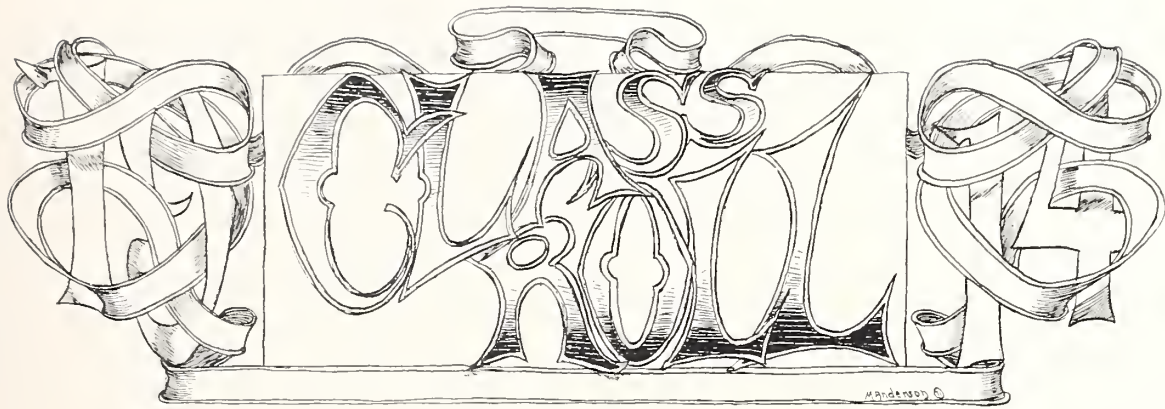


SOME OF THE ATHLETES.





THE CLASS OF 1914.

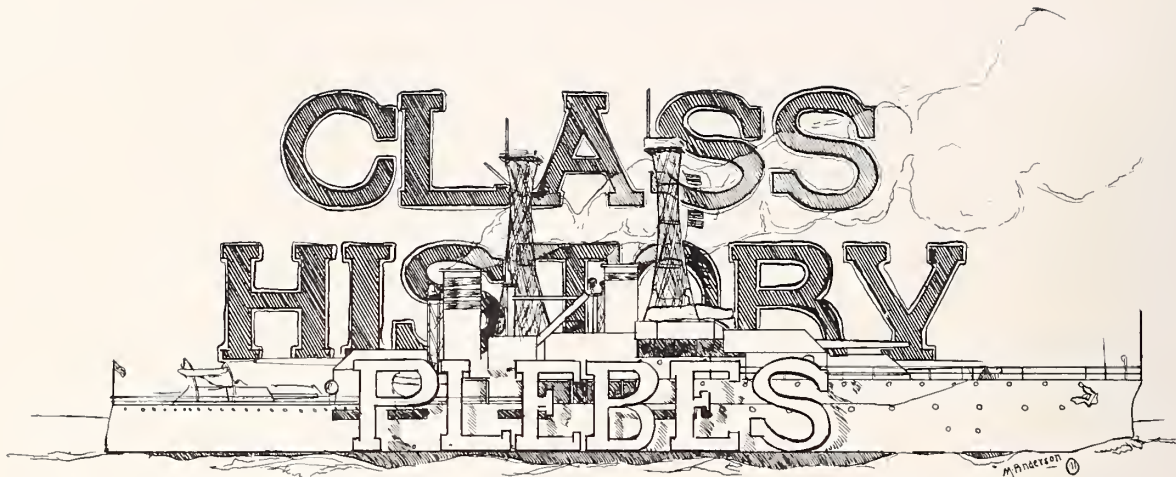


ADDOMS, A. H.
 ALFORD, L. O.
 ANGEL, C. F.
 ARNOLD, J. C.
 ARNOLD, M. B.
 ARVIN, G. S.
 ASHBROOK, A. W.
 AUSTIN, W. D.
 BAKER, W. D.
 BALSLEY, A. H.
 BAYLEY, W. W.
 BEARD, W. K.
 BERRY, A. G., JR.
 BLACK, J. D.
 BLADES, L. J. K.
 BLEAKLY, F. S.
 BOAK, J. E.
 BOWER, T. T.
 BRAND, A. A., JR.
 BROWN, J. H., JR.
 BROWNE, L. E.
 BRYANT, C. F.
 BUCHANAN, J. H.
 BUMPUS, F. C.
 BUNGERT, W. D.
 BURGY, W. C.
 BURROUGH, E. W.
 CALLAHAN, M. W.
 CAREY, C. B. C.
 CARY, R. W., JR.
 CENTER, E. A.
 CHRISTIAN, K. C.
 CLARKE, V. A.
 COCHRANE, E. L.
 COHEN, M. B.
 COHEN, M. Y.
 COLLINS, C.
 CONOLLY, R. L.
 CORN, W. A.
 CREIGHTON, J. M.
 CUNNEEN, F. J.
 DAVIS, NOEL
 DAVIS, R. O.
 DEMING, R. A.
 DICKINS, R.
 DICKINSON, H. T.
 DOMBROWSKI, B. L.

DOWNEY, T. F.
 DOYLE, T. J.
 DUGGER, T. W., JR.
 DYER, R. A., 3rd
 EARLE, F. M.
 EARLY, A. R.
 ELLSBERG, E.
 ENGLE, A. D.
 ESDEN, H. G.
 FERRELL, R. W.
 FITZSIMONS, P., JR.
 FLETCHER, P. W.
 FOREMAN, F. G.
 FOX, W. V.
 FRY, C. D.
 GEARING, W.
 GILCHRIST, K. P.
 GLADDEN, C. T. S.
 GRIFFIN, M.
 HALE, J. I.
 HANS, R. F.
 HARRILL, W. K.
 HART, W. J., JR.
 HATCH, R. S.
 HAWLEY, A. H.
 HAYLER, R. W.
 HEARD, W. A.
 HECK, H. F.
 HENDERSON, A. H.
 HOWE, G. T.
 HOYT, H. W.
 INGRAM, H. L.
 JALBERT, H. H.
 JONES, C. H.
 KELLER, C. L.
 KESSING, O. O.
 KILLMASTER, B. S.
 KING, C. A. E.
 LAHODNY, W. J.
 LARSON, W. J.
 LATIMORE, T. C., JR.
 LAYCOCK, J. N.
 LEONARD, H. R.
 LOWE, F. L.
 LUBY, T. M.
 LUKER, R. P.
 LYNOTT, G. H.

McCLURE, C. I.
 McCOWN, J. A.
 McDONALD, L. H.
 MACGOWAN, C. A.
 McGUIGAN, J. L.
 McREAVY, C. J.
 MALLOY, W. E.
 MANNING, G. C.
 MARRON, A. R.
 MARTIN, C. F.
 MARVELL, G.
 MAURY, R. H.
 MEACHAM, R. T.
 MECUM, C. H.
 MILBOURNE, L. J.
 MITTENDORF, H. C.
 MOLONEY, J. F.
 MOORE, S. G.
 MOSS, J. M.
 MOYER, J. G.
 NASH, T. L.
 NEILEY, G. F.
 NELSON, G. W.
 NELSON, H. J.
 NICHOLLS, W. M.
 O'BRIEN, F. K.
 OFFLEY, A. N.
 PAGE, B. H.
 PALMER, E. C.
 PEARSON, D. B.
 PECK, E. D.
 PELTON, F. E.
 PENNOYER, R. G.
 PERCIVAL, F. G.
 PERRY, R. E.
 POPHAM, W. S.
 PORTER, W. H., JR.
 POWERS, F. D.
 QUARLES, S. H.
 RABE, W. H.
 RALLS, O. B.
 RALSTON, B. B.
 RAY, H. J.
 REDMAN, J. R.
 REYNOLDS, B.
 RICHARDS, F. G.
 RICHÉ, S.

ROBERTS, S.
 ROEHL, W. F.
 ROOKS, A. H.
 ROSE, J. K.
 ROSENDAHL, C. E.
 ROYCE, D.
 RUDDOCK, T. D.
 SAMSON, H. P.
 SEARIGHT, H. F.
 SHEARS, K. R.
 SHORT, E. T.
 SLINGLUFF, T. C.
 SPANAGEL, H. A.
 STARKEY, R. C.
 STECHER, L. J.
 STEECE, D. M.
 STENGEL, S. C.
 STERLING, T. W.
 SWAIN, C. D.
 SWANTON, H. P.
 TAWRESEY, A. P. H.
 TEASLEY, W. A.
 THOMAS, A. C.
 THOMAS, F. P.
 TOLMAN, C. A.
 TRIPPE, G.
 TRUESDELL, S. D.
 VAIDEN, J. L.
 VAUGHAN, R. L.
 VINSON, T. N.
 WALKER, A. W.
 WALLER, J. B. W.
 WASHBURN, D. F.
 WEAVER, P. R.
 WESTFALL, T. D.
 WICKS, Z. W.
 WILLS, A. E.
 WILSON, G. B.
 WILSON, S. L.
 WILTSE, L. J.
 WINSLOW, J. S.
 WOLF, J. M.
 WORRELL, M. L.
 WYMAN, R. S.
 YEATMAN, P. W.
 YOUNG, G. C.



THE Academy life of the Class of 1914 has been short. The class began to enter early in June, and continued to enter until the end of September, when it numbered two hundred and twenty-one. Those of us who spent some time in Crabtown before entering knew what to expect. To the rest of us it was entirely new and unexpected. Our illusions, which were many, dissolved the moment we crawled into our beautiful canvas working suits.

A few early experienced the delights of a pie-race, and the subsequent investigation, from which we began to get an inkling of what hazing meant (and didn't mean).

We went through the usual round of drills in rowing and sailing cutters, in steam and in infantry. A large percentage soon became acquainted with the awkward squad, and spent their afternoons and evenings limbering up. Most of the remainder joined the weak squad in order to take advantage of the excellent opportunity to get in trim for pulling the cutters. Many of us, that is those who qualified in the tank, still have pleasant recollections of the daily trip across the Severn to go in swimming with the jellyfishes.

The memory of that night on which some one succeeded in getting us all turned out at one a. m. to stand at attention for an hour in front of the O. C.'s office, is still fresh. And then that other night when a certain plebe (since departed) woke us up in the middle of the night to run us when we were too drowsy to see who it was, and the revenge we took the next morning with razor strops when the author was discovered, can yet be recollected.

Those who hit the pap for smoking, and the number was large, soon learned the delights of marking targets on the range, where they were safe from the eyes of lurking O. C.'s.

In infantry we did very well, and received an opportunity not granted to other classes. We



A PLEBE SUMMER COMPANY.

had a parade for the edification of a real Chinese prince! For a few weeks before we practiced it assiduously, and when the booming of the guns announced his coming, we were on edge. But whatever may have been his thoughts concerning us, we were sadly disappointed in him. He wore flowing robes, all right, but they were of a retiring nature, and we saw nothing of the traditional gorgeousness of the East. All the orna-



mentation on that occasion was upon the uniforms of our own officers who accompanied him. We received some consolation, however, in trying to pronounce his name, and in commenting upon the special reporter of the "Pekin Journal" who was there, taking shorthand notes in Chinese, and probably surreptitiously sketching the fortifications of the gunsheds. We were glad when he left and we could again venture out into the yard; but our faith in princes was forever destroyed. The parade was a great success, so we were assured.

And then came the day when the people on the cruise came back, and a sudden interest was developed in practicing head-stands in the gymnasium and counting up the number of days before the game. When the academic year commenced, we reluctantly took up our books and began the hard work of the course. Our work in the gym. was not wholly wasted, for we received everything which we had been expecting, and a few things that were entirely new. We took it with good grace, or at least with as good grace as we could, and kept our minds upon the day when we might repeat the performance upon the next plebe class.

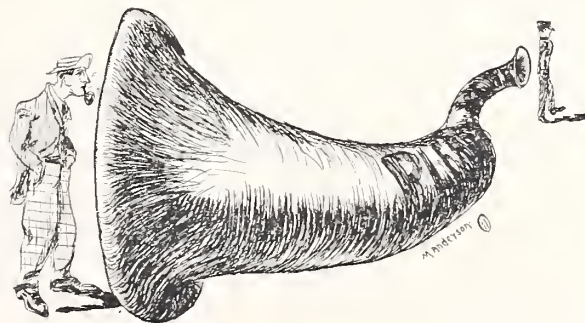
Through the football season we acquired a real love for the team, and when the day came and we went to Philadelphia, there was not one among us who doubted the result—a result which the members of our class on the team materially helped to bring about.

Soon Christmas came, with its welcome reminders of the ones at home, in the shape of boxes which made it hard for us to descend again to the ordinary level of the commissary grub. In one thing, however, we felt ourselves aggrieved. A combination of fates gave the First Class leave during Christmas, and we missed the anticipated joys of making some of them, at least, regret the treatment we had received at their hands.

The semi-ans came to bring to a fortunate few a week of rest, but to most a time of hard work and distress. Many returned to the joys of cit life, but the rest of us are still pressing forward to that longed-for goal, Youngsterhood, and we can look back upon a year which, while not one of unmixed pleasure, still has many pleasant moments to remember.



THE PLEBE BASEBALL TEAM.







FOOTBALL.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Carey, L. C.....N | Dalton, J. P.....N* |
| Clay, H. S. McK.....N* | Elmer, R. E. P.....N* |
| Cobb, C. H.....N | Hamilton, D. W.....N* |
| Douglas, H. G.....N* | Sowell, I. C.....N* |
| King, T. S., 2nd.....N* (ringed) | Weems, P. V. H.....N* |
| Loftin, F.....N* | Rodes, P. P.....N* |
| Merring, H. L.....N* | Brown, J. H., Jr.....N* |
| Wright, C. Q.....N* | Gilchrist, K. P.....N* |

BASEBALL.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Anderson, M. H.....N | Strickland, S. G.....N |
| Callaghan, D. J.....N | Abbot, J. L.....N |
| English, R. H.....N | Osborne, C. K.....N |
| Erwin, V. P.....N | Seibert, W.....N |

CREW

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| Griffin, R. M.....N | Merring, H. L.....N |
| Johnston, C. Y.....N | Zenor, J. A. L.....N |
| King, T. S., 2nd.....N | Weems, P. V. H.....N |
| Loftin, F.....N | Agrell, L. R.....N |

TRACK.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| Byrnes, J. C.....N | Dalton, J. P.....N |
| Carey, L. C.....N | Lockwood, C. A., Jr.....N |
| McCaughey, S. D.....N | Asserson, R.....N |
| Riefkohl, F. L.....N | Hintze, K. E.....N |
| Holmes, G. L.....N | |

* Played in a winning game against West Point.

* (ringed) Did not play in winning game, but was influential in securing success.

FENCING.

Scott, N.....N*

RIFLE.

Badger, O. C.....N
 Bartlett, H. T.....N
 Birdsall, J. L.....N

Liedel, O. W.....N
 Saunders, H. E.....N
 Woodside, E. L.....N

LACROSSE.

Douglas, H. G.....LNT
 Ford, W. D.....LNT
 Gilmore, M. D.....LNT
 Hill, H. W.....LNT
 Perley, R. N.....LNT

Hamilton, D. W.....LNT
 La Mountain, G. W.....LNT
 McDonnell, E. O.....LNT
 Sanborn, A. B.....LNT
 Ten Eyck, A. C.....LNT

BASKETBALL.

Comstock, L. W.....BNB
 Douglas, H. G.....BNB
 Hill, H. W.....BNB
 Jacobs, G. F.....BNB
 McClung, E. R.....BNB

Abbot, J. L.....BNB
 Bischoff, L. P.....BNB
 Ertz, H.....BNB
 Wenzell, L. P.....BNB
 Wild, L.....BNB

GYMNASIUM.

Bates, P. M.....GNT
 McHenry, H. D.....GNT
 Byrd, R. E., Jr.....GNT
 Clark, J. C.....GNT
 Kieffer, H. M.....GNT

Gillette, N. C.....GNT
 Waddell, W. C.....GNT
 Zacharias, E. M.....GNT
 Skinner, H. G., Jr.....GNT
 Hull, C. T.....GNT

WRESTLING.

Loftin, F.....wNT
 Elder, F. K.....wNT
 Scofield, H. W.....wNT

Sowell, T. C.....wNT
 Weems, P. V. H.....wNT
 Knott, A. W.....wNT





The Midshipman's Athletic Association

With the past year the Midshipmen's Athletic Association commenced a new era of its existence, marking its tardy advances to keep pace with the increase in athletics at the Academy. During our four years' sojourn here minor sports have risen in number and importance, complicating the business of the Association, while activity in major branches has increased rather than diminished. This development was in advance of our Athletic Association; for, without an office or clerk, and accustomed to the simple schedules of the major sports, the Association carried on its business more as individual teams than as a unit. It had furthermore been seriously handicapped by lack of co-operation of the Navy Athletic Association, with which it is intimately related.

During the summer of 1910, Lieut.-Commander Harris Lanning became secretary of the Navy Athletic Association, and Officer in Charge of Athletics. Immediately affairs began to assume a different aspect. Order took the place of confusion; the Association established its headquarters in a separate room with desks for the managers, and a clerk to keep communications filed and the records in order. Mr. Lanning took up his headquarters there, and at all times of the day was ready to discuss affairs with the captains and managers. The Midshipmen's and the Navy Athletic Associations worked hand in hand.

As a result, every team has been able to arrange a good schedule, offering contests to spectators on many dates, and each team is better equipped than ever before. The members of the Midshipmen's Athletic Association cannot but be grateful to Lieut.-Commander Lanning for his co-operation, and the Brigade as a whole deeply appreciates his untiring work on its behalf.



FOOTBALL TEAM.



NAVY	ARMY
3	0
Minutes to play 0	
Yards to gain 0	

L. R. GRAY

NAVY, 3; ARMY, 0. That tells the tale in a word of one of the most successful football seasons we have ever had. It is toward the winning of that game that every energy is bent; its result determines for us the success or failure of the whole season. Early in the spring, Wheaton, who played such brilliant football at Yale, was secured to coach the football team for the season of 1910, and it is to him and to the able assistance of Lieutenants Berrien and Long, Ensigns Ingram and Howard, and "Tubby" Meyer, that the credit is due for turning out such a wonderful team.

The first game of the season with our old friends, the Johnnies, though marred by a good deal of fumbling, augured well for our success in the big game. The work was fast and snappy, and even that early the splendid team work, which made for our success the whole season, was displayed. The new plebe material showed up in great style, Brown, Gilchrist and Davis being particularly noticed. Carey, with his great speed, was the star ground gainer of the day. No scoring was done in the first quarter, though Dalton did some fine running back of punts. In the second quarter a beautiful forward pass to Hamilton put the ball near St. John's goal, and Clay carried it over. Dalton kicked the goal. In the third quarter, after a series of gains, Carey made a touchdown, and in the last quarter Rodes made another. The final score of the first game was 16 to 0.

The next, with Rutgers, was rather a disappointment, as far as scoring was concerned. Rutgers passed our goal line, but Gilchrist, who had taken after the Rutgers man, was illegally blocked, and Rutgers was penalized fifteen yards, losing their chance of scoring. The Navy at times showed excellent defensive abilities, while its strength and speed were far in advance of what might have been expected at that stage of the season. Dalton shone for us, while the brilliant work of Alverson for the visitors enabled them to make the showing they did. That same day, Army simply swamped the Lehigh team, so things looked a little dark



THE MANAGERS, O'BRIEN AND McCLARAN.



"SCOTTY," TRAINER.



"HERE THEY COME."



LIEUT. BERRIEN,
HEAD COACH.

for us. The following Saturday the team got together and displayed remarkable strength and dash. They walked all over Washington and Jefferson, scoring two touchdowns and one field goal. They outplayed the visitors in every point of the game. Clay played his usual heady and consistent game, while McReavy showed up remarkably well at quarter-back. Dalton did not get into the game till nearly the end, but pulled off run after run for substantial gains, and played in truly wonderful form. The final score was 15 to 0.

That night news came that the Army had defeated Yale by a decisive score, and consequently Navy stock took another slump. But stories of Army's prowess did not feaze the team. They went at the game in practice, hammer and tongs, determined more than ever to down the "Army Gray." At this juncture the problem of picking out a good, steady quarter-back became a problem of no inconsiderable importance. In the game the next Saturday four candidates for quarter-back were tried out, and not one of them showed up in anything like the requisite form. Sowell, while a strong, aggressive player, showed lamentable lack of judgment at critical times, but as that was his first game in that position his very newness precluded the possibility of a brilliant showing. Erwin and Shaw were both too light, and McReavy, who did so well the game before, failed to make good. The line, however, with Cobb, Hamilton, King, Brown, Wright, Weems, Loftin, Gilchrist and Elmer, proved a stone wall. Dalton, as usual, was the best ground gainer in the backfield, though he was closely pressed by Clay for first honors. The game ended



THE HUSTLERS.



THE 1911 FOOTBALL MEN.



THE SQUAD.

with the small score of 3 to 0, Dalton finally booting the ball over the bar from placement on the 35-yard line, after two similar attempts had failed.

The team came back strong in the next game against Western Reserve, completely snowing them under, while our goal line was not in jeopardy once during the game. The Westerners were heralded as a dangerous bunch, but the splendid work of our line made all their attempts at ground gaining fruitless. Sowell again went in as quarter, and showed marked improvement over the form he displayed the game before.

In all, we secured two touch-downs, and two field goals, making a total of 17 to 0.

Showing improvement in every point of play, though more particularly in the attack, the team overwhelmed Lehigh by a score of 30 to 0. With the score 27-0, near the end of the game, Dalton booted the ball squarely between the posts, and the Brigade went wild—we had beaten Lehigh by two points more than the Army had done some few weeks before. The team played good, snappy ball at all times during the game, and its attack was the best seen during the season up



SIGNALS—WESTERN RESERVE.



SIGNALS—V. P. I.

to that time. Dalton, in usual style, smashed through the line for gains of from 5 to 15 yards, and alternating with Clay in carrying the ball, shoved it over for three touchdowns, while Sowell carried the ball over



THROUGH TACKLE.

once. Dalton also kicked two goals from placement, and Cobb lifted one over the bars in the first quarter. Sowell showed steady improvement in his handling of the team, and demonstrated the fact that he was the man for the pivotal position.

The wily Redskins descended on us the next game with the firm intention of repeating their 16 to 6 victory over us in 1908, but they were doomed to disappointment. In one of the most stubbornly contested games of the season the team revenged themselves, winning a well deserved



KICK FORMATION

victory. Dalton played in brilliant fashion. It was his sensational 30-yard run in the last period which brought the ball to within striking distance of the goal. In two plunges he carried the ball over, but fumbled. Brown, however, was right on the job, and fell on the ball for the touchdown. That ended the scoring.

It was just before this game that the team suffered a severe set-back in the loss of Starr King, captain and left tackle, who was taken down by typhoid. The loss of his cool head and good judgment was keenly felt. Despite



WAITING.

but there is a mass of excellent material from which to replace them, and we expect to see "Dolly" Dalton lead his team through a series of winning games, ending with a big Navy victory over the Army.



ON YOUR TOES.



DOLLY MAKES 10 THROUGH LEHIGH.

It is hard to pick one man out above another from the men who made up the team to give the extra credit to. When Starr King went to the hospital, confusion did not result, as it so often does when a captain is lost, and the team "came" steadily under the leadership of C. Q. The Hustlers, to whom full credit is not always given, worked hard, and it was because they furnished such excellent foils to the first team that much of the success of the season is due.

The season is one we may well be proud of, for no Navy team has ever made a record as clear cut and decisive as that of the Football Season of 1911.



HENRY TAKES 5 FROM N. Y. U.

the great loss, the team played a hard, consistent game against New York University, and defeated them by a score of 9 to 0. This game ended the local season—a season in which our goal line remained uncrossed—truly a remarkable record for any team in this day of open football.

The story of THE game is told elsewhere—a game in which was shown the result of excellent coaching, hard work, and grim determination to win on the part of the players, and the wonderful fighting spirit of the Brigade. Of the thirteen men who played in the game five will be lost by graduation—Douglas, Merring, Wright, Clay and Loftin—



GETTING READY FOR THE BIG GAME.



MR. WHEATON,
FIELD COACH.



"JONAS" INGRAM,
COACH.



"DOUG" HOWARD,
COACH.



"TUBBY" MEYER
COACH.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

—1910—

DATE	NAVY vs.	SCORE	DATE	NAVY vs.	SCORE
Oct. 1	St. Johns	16—0	Oct. 29	Western Reserve	17—0
Oct. 8	Rutgers	0—0	Nov. 12	Carlisle	6—0
Oct. 15	Washington and Jefferson	15—0	Nov. 19	N. Y. U.	9—0
Oct. 22	V. P. I.	3—0	Nov. 26	Army	3—0



ARMY·NAVY GAME.



L.R. GRAY '13



PERHAPS the greatest day in the Midshipman's year is that of the Game. He looks forward to it, and the Plebes report the waning days regularly; he looks back to it, and perhaps, if he is about to graduate, it is the one particular recollection that he carries out into the Service. The Class of 1911 will carry a most pleasant memory with them. It is fine to look back, and say "our men put up a game fight, and only luck was against them"; but it is lots better to just be able to say, "We licked 'em."

The day of the Game had finally arrived. It was cool and clear, and amidst the inevitable bustle and confusion, overcoats were donned and the brilliant yellow megaphones were slung. We got away at last, and eight o'clock saw both battalions aboard their trains en route for Philly. The trip up was just like other trips, and as usual everyone was happy and getting all they could out of it. On every side absolute confidence reigned, in spite of the fact that West Point had been constantly making good, and was easily the favorite through the East.

In anticipation of bad weather, the powers that be had ordained overshoes as the uniform, and with considerable forethought the second battalion left their shoes in the car. The first battalion, not so provident, left a trail of overshoes from the station up to the field, and every true Navy girl has one as a memento of the Game.

The Brigade arrived before the Corps, and marching down the street in front of the Gymnasium, made a brilliant appearance with the pennants, ribbons, and megaphones set off by the dark blue of the coats. Ten minutes later the West Pointers arrived, and both bodies broke ranks for luncheon. The University of Pennsylvania had, as usual, provided an excellent lay-out, and entertained the majority



PHILLY SIGHTS THE NAVY BANNER.



THE TEAM.

of us. Downtown, the Walton, as the home of the Navy team, was bubbling over with girls, uniforms, and stalwart athletes. Through all the streets, venders of Army and Navy pennants and buttons filled the air with their calls, and the streets with color. Though we may have been partial observers, it seemed to us that Philly was easily a Navy town. The Navy flags were bigger, the Navy enthusiasts were more in evidence, and the blue was oftener seen than the gray.



THE BRIGADE MARCHES ON THE FIELD.



THE CORPS ABOUT TO TAKE SEATS.

About two o'clock, the crowds commenced to stream into the field. By the time the Brigade and the Corps had formed and marched on to the field, the great walls of seats were well-filled, and that "dress P-rade" of ours was much appreciated. The bands of each section lined up in front of their respective stands, and the enclosure soon resounded with yells and defiant songs. The seats filled magically, and by the time the Army team made its appearance the stands were filled to overflowing.



THE BANNER.

To one who has never seen such a game a mere description can give no real impression. A riot of color, with the bright yellow of the Navy stands sending a vivid challenge to the more somber gray on the other side of the field dominated everything. The air was full of pent-up excitement, except in the seats occupied by the real rooters, where yell and song could not be repressed.

Everybody was there—all officialdom, everybody's father and mother, and everybody's best girl, and then some. Everybody threw decorum to the winds, question, answer, and comment flew around, everybody was everybody else's friend. In the rooters' stands, rates had long been forgotten, and Plebe and First Classman dealt warmly in near futurities.



BILL AND THE NAVY GOAT.

We had hardly gained our places in the North Stand when a tremendous cheer from across the field announced the appearance of the Army team. A moment later we were given the op-

portunity of displaying our voices by the arrival of our own team—the Blue and Gold. The spirit which greeted the opposing teams signified fight—a spirit which has won many hard fought battles. The Army was a worthy foe; they had conquered Yale, and been beaten only by Harvard. Our goal line had not been crossed. We knew we had to fight, every man of us, to win that game; but win we must. After a short warming up practice Captains Wright and Weir met in the center of the field and tossed the coin. Fortune favored the Army leader, and he chose to defend the West goal, with a moderate gale at his back. The teams lined up—a shrill whistle, and Dalton sent the ball soaring toward the Army goal.



TUNING UP FOR THE YELLING.



ARMY TAKES THE FIELD,

Brown, Loftin and Gilchrist were down on the ball, and tackled Hyatt just as he recovered the ball on the 2-yard line. Dean kicked from behind his goal line to Rodes, who raced back to the 25-yard line before being downed. We were now in a position to try for a goal from placement, but the kick was partially blocked. Hamilton recovered the ball on the 20-yard line, and another try was made. The strong wind carried the ball to one side, and our first chance to score was lost. The Army kicked from the 25-yard line to Rodes at midfield. He was thrown hard, and lost the ball, which was recovered by the Army. The first quarter ended with the ball in their possession at midfield. The first quarter had been marked by

goal. Our team was down under the ball like a flash, and threw the Army back on the 26-yard line. The teams faced each other; the ball was snapped; the fight was on in earnest. As a result of the first play the scoreboard showed second down and twelve yards to go. Dean started a punting duel by kicking to Clay, who was downed on his own 45-yard line. Dalton returned the kick to the Army's 20-yard line. On every exchange we gained, until Dalton placed a beauty squarely between the Army backs, where neither could reach it.



AND LIMBERS UP.

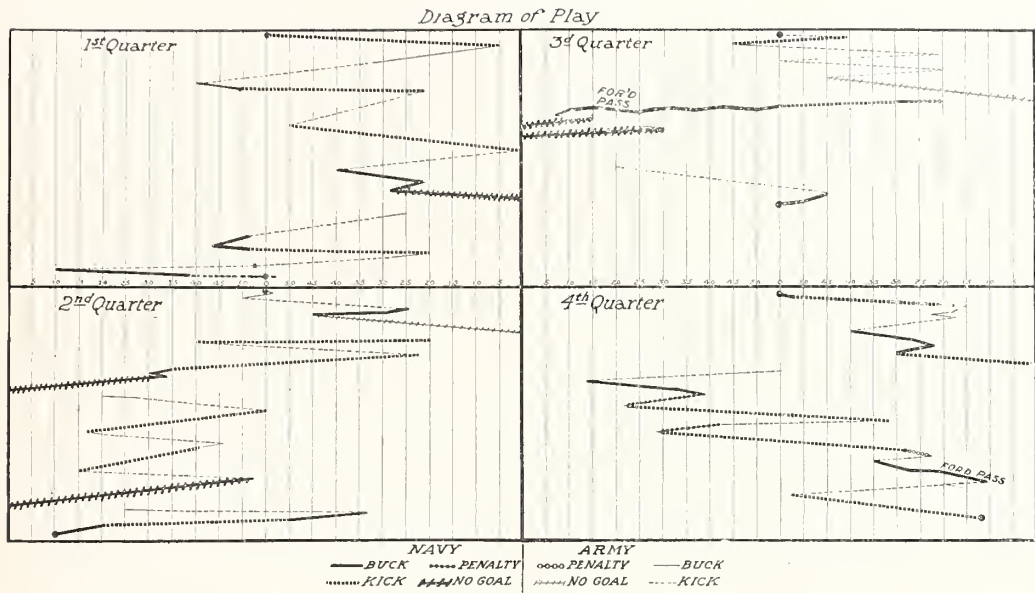


DIAGRAM OF THE GAME.

the superiority of the Navy in forcing the ball into Army territory. Neither side had made a first down, but Dalton's kicking had gained for us what the Army defence denied.

Goals were exchanged for the second quarter, and this gave us the wind, which we used to great advantage. On every kick we made from 10 to 15 yards. This was not due alone to Dalton's superior kicking, but also to the fleetness of our ends. Hamilton and Gilchrist never once let an Army back carry the ball back more than five yards. After about three exchanges



THE NAVY STAND.



THE KICK-OFF.

Clay placed an onside kick where the Army could not reach it. Loffin was right there, however, and started for the goal-line with the ball tucked under his arm. He was overhauled and

downed on the 40-yard line. In two plays Sowell and Rodes made six yards, placing us in a position for another try at goal. At a difficult angle Dalton's try fell short by inches. On the exchange of punts we gained 15 yards, and Shorty Merring was made famous by as pretty a tackle as has ever been made on any field. Another exchange of



A KICK.

punts brought us nearer the Army goal. Hyatt fumbled, and Gilchrist grabbed the ball, but was downed on the 10-yard line. It seemed as if nothing could stop us from scoring, but before the



NAVY ALWAYS HAD THREE MEN OVER THE BALL.

teams could line up the referee's whistle told that the first half was over. Fortune was surely not favoring us. We had had three tries at goal, but a baffling wind had rendered them fruitless. Our team had played superior ball, and it seemed hard to think of being inside the Army's 10-yard line without scoring.

The third quarter showed the best football of the game. The Army started out with a rush and made a first down. This looked bad, for they were also taking advantage of the wind. They were given one chance to score in this quarter—a try for placement from the 48-yard line. It was their only chance during the game. Shortly after this Dean fumbled at midfield, and Gilchrist recovered the ball. From this point the Navy began a forced march toward the Army goal line. Three first downs in succession brought the ball to the 20-yard line. Dalton, Rodes, Sowell and Clay alternated in carrying the ball, and none of them could be stopped before we had gained the required distance. On the 20-yard line, Dalton dropped back as if to make a place kick; the ball was snapped to Sowell, who, after making a feint, passed the ball perfectly to Hamilton on the 10-yard line. This was the prettiest play of the game, and brought the whole stand to its feet. It looked like a touchdown, but the Army strengthened, and we were forced to kick. Dalton missed the goal by a narrow margin. On the next play Army tried an inside kick, but the ball went to Wright on the 30-yard line. Another try at goal from



BUCKING THE LINE.

*Army tries
the end.*



*Shorty goes up
ten feet.*

*Clay bucking
the line.*

The TEAM in ACTION



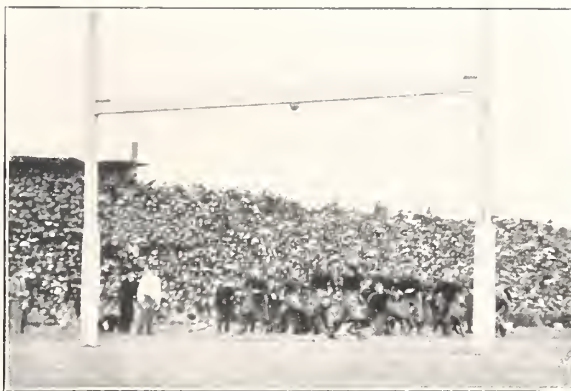
*Army gets away
with a kick.*

*Running back
a punt.*



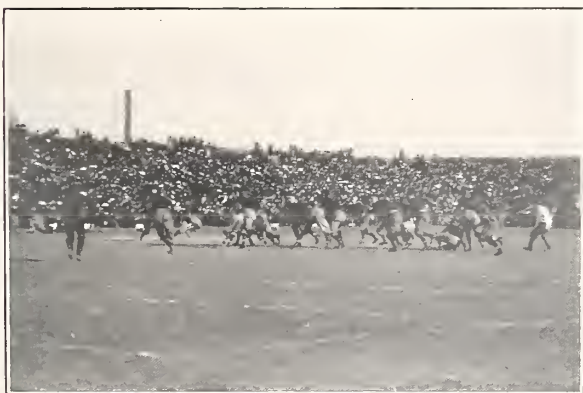
near the side line failed. The period ended with the ball in our possession at midfield. Three-quarters of the game had passed; our goal had never been seriously threatened; we knew we could not lose, but we braced ourselves for a spurt that would break the spell and give us the necessary score.

The fourth period showed the Navy in its true light. Shortly after it had opened Dalton thrilled the stands by making what proved to be the longest run of the day—a mighty plunge for thirteen yards through Weir and Arnold, the mainstay of the Army defense. The North stand was a scene of indescribable joy and excitement. Sowell and Rodes added six more



DOLLY TRIES FOR A GOAL.

through center, and a moment later Dalton dropped back for another kick from the 30-yard line. Breathless silence reigned when the ball was snapped back. It was held perfectly by Sowell, and the trusty toe of Dalton did the rest. The ball went true, and straight, clear of the bar, tallying the three points which won the game. The long pent-up enthusiasm in our hearts broke loose, creating a pandemonium which cannot be expressed in words. The dignity of years was cast aside when admirals, captains, and gray-haired civilians joined in the cheering. Across the



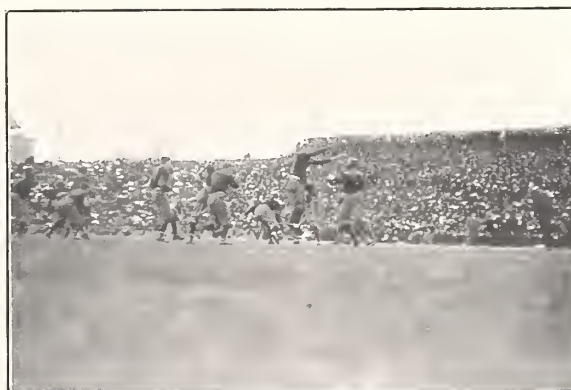
STONEWALL DEFENCE.

field the gray-clad legion sat in mute astonishment. Their hopes were shattered—their worst fears realized.

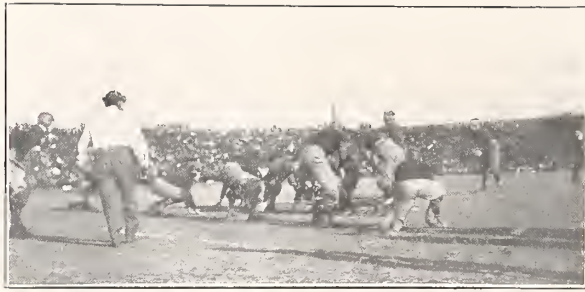
After five minutes of playing in which neither side gained materially, the game ended with the ball in the Army's possession on her own 10-yard line. Another gilt ball had been added to the six we had before.

The field of battle was instantly transformed to a field of celebration. Our colors were rushed—"Army Blue" (our version) was sung; and a rousing cheer was given for our defeated rivals.

In reviewing the game and the work of the players, no particular star who stands head



BROWN ALMOST BLOCKS IT.



SIGNALS.

with their aggressiveness and sturdy defense. Weems won his bet; Sowell played the nerviest game of his life with a broken rib and punctured lung, and our trio of backs did wonderful work in handling punts and carrying the ball. All this combined with Dalton's kicking gave us the game by the score of 3 to 0.

and shoulders above any one else can be selected. It was the team which played the game, and it was *the* team that won. A combination of great punting, line-breaking, and defensive work tells the tale. The work of our ends was superb, our tackles broke through the line on almost every play, Brown and Wright made the West Point line tremble



ARMY RUNNING BACK A PUNT.



ARMY KICKING FROM BEHIND HER OWN GOAL LINE.



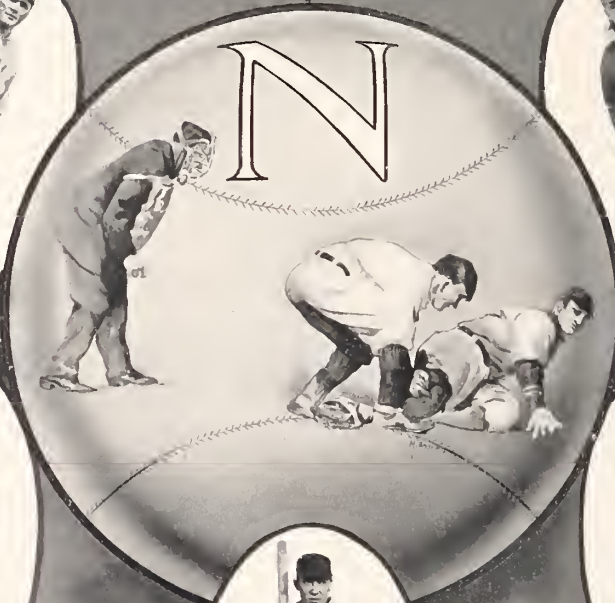
COL. ROBERT M. THOMPSON.

Col. R. M. Thompson has identified himself with Naval Academy Athletics ever since the best-posted of us can remember. Football and Crew especially have been his favorites, and all of us appreciate his interest and enthusiasm. As is his custom, he made a trip to Annapolis this year to present to the victorious team and its coaches the gold cuff-links which they prize so highly, and it was to him that they owed the trip to New York which furnished a fitting climax to the football season.

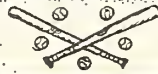
His interest and generosity have made possible many of the pleasant recollections we bear of our Academy course, and the Brigade takes this opportunity to thank with the team this true-hearted and Navy-spirited Academy graduate.



BASEBALL 1910



BASEBALL TEAM.



L. R. GRAY '13



SOON after the Semi-anns had passed into ancient history, and all the lucky ones had patted themselves on the back because another fight was finished, Captain Gillam issued the call, "All candidates for the baseball team report to the Armory after drill." Many aspirants for the White N turned out for the tedious work indoors before the real pleasure of the season came on the green grass of the diamond. This year inaugurated the graduate system of coaches, and before a week of the indoor work passed Lieutenant Weaver arrived to take things in hand.

The graduation of 1909 left the coaches but a small quantity of veteran material from which to pick a team. The only old men that had the call for places on the team were "Pop" Gillam, captain and short stop; "Bunny" Abbct, second base; "Beau" Battle and "Red" Erwin in the outfield, and Anderson and Bolivar Meade in the box. Still, everyone went to work with a will to put the best kind of a team on the field. The first game with St. Johns resulted in a Navy victory, 6-5, with Andy and Seibert, one of the plebe finds, doing the box work.

For the next three days the team worked hard, and in the next game with Cornell, sent them back home with a defeat of 2-1, where they had looked for easy pickings. Belinda the Beautiful Boilermaker was in mid-season form, and for the full fifteen innings had the men from Ithaca at his mercy, finishing things in the fifteenth by winning his own game with a long fly to left garden. It was a beautiful game from start to finish. Every inning some play brought the brigade to its feet wild with excitement.

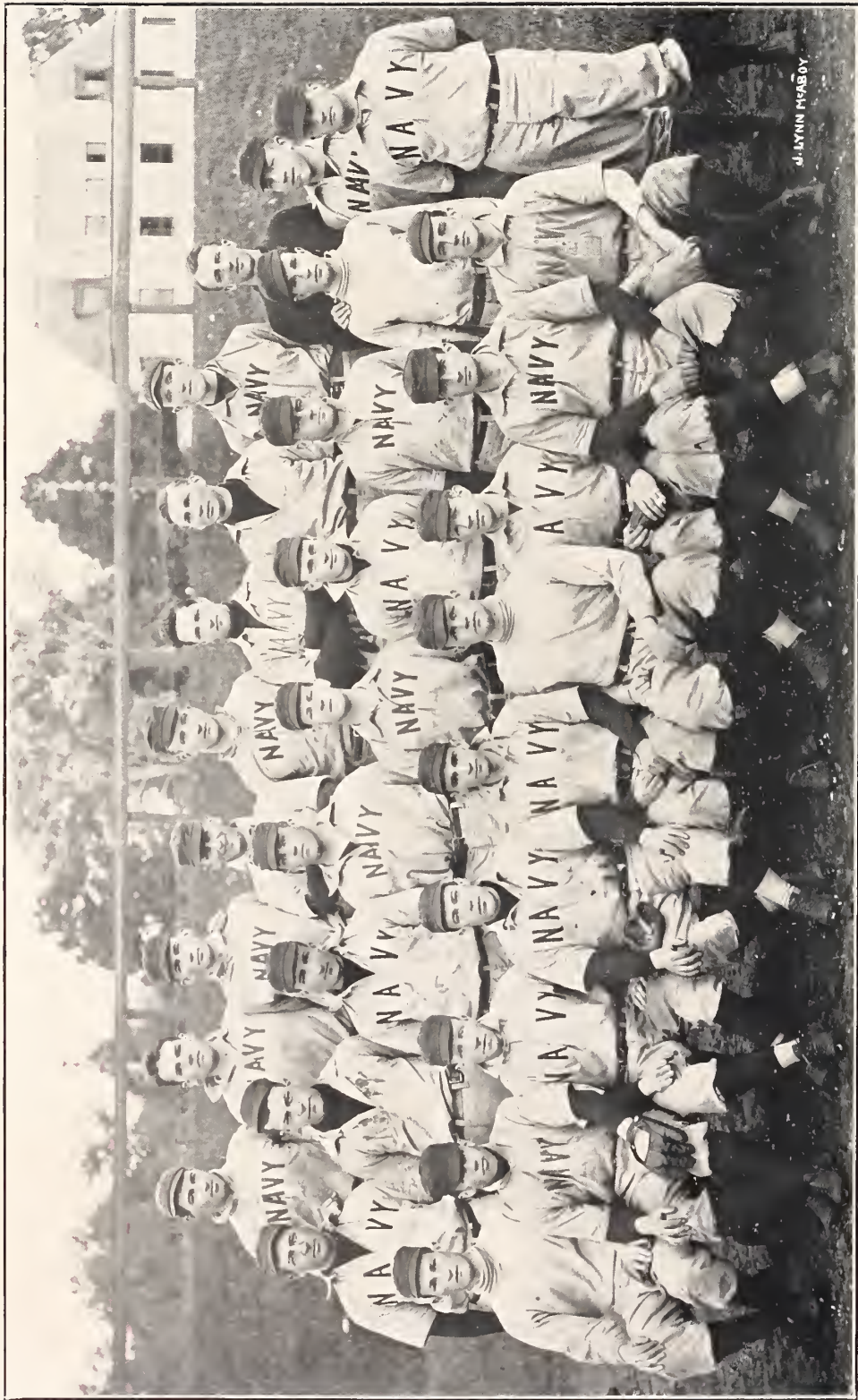
Every day from then on brought some change in the team, Josh Weaver shifting players from one position to another and endeavoring to find men from the unknown qualities of the Scrubs. Even Bill Corry's "—— knows what team" contributed some, Osborne



HODSON.



THE BUSINESS END.



BASEBALL SQUAD, 1910.

being placed in the outfield, where he became a fixture.

The Amherst game saw Dan Callaghan, who before had been only a passably good first baseman, relieve "Dutch" Metz at the receiving end of the battery. It was Dan's debut as a catcher, but he made good from the start. A great big husky man with a whip like iron, Dan was a menace to would-be base stealers.

The Maryland "Aggies" were defeated 7-0, and then came the game with Penn that resulted in an overwhelming defeat, 10-0. From then on the season progressed, the days before



WARMING UP.

the big game with the Army growing fewer in number. There were times of good baseball and times of poor. Andy and Bolivar bore the brunt of the work in the box, and it was not the fault of these two sterling pitchers that so many of the games found the Navy with the

small end of the score. Each tried to outdo the other, and it was nip and tuck between them the whole season through.



AT PRACTICE.

During the first part of May, the Atlantic Fleet team arrived for a week's practice, and it brought back old memories to see Harry Stiles and the rest chasing around Worden Field as in the old days. The game with them went the wrong way to the tune of 9-2.

But now a few words for the team. The main brunt of the catching was done by Callaghan and "Dutch" Metz. Dan was the best catcher, however, and Metz was shifted to left field for the Army game.

Anderson and Meade did the work in the box, relieved every now and then by Seibert. Si

was the find of the season from the plebes, playing gilt-edged baseball in any position. He started the season as a pitcher, was moved to the outfield, and finally wound up the season by covering first base.

For most of the season "Pepe" Nielson covered the first sack, while on second was Red Erwin. Red started the season on third, but toward the middle he and "Bunny" Abbot shifted positions, Red going to second and "Bunny" to third. Too much can't be said of



BATTING—SCRUB GAME.



CORNELL GAME—FIRST MAN UP.

was right there at times, accepting what seemed to be impossible chances and sending visiting teams back home thinking about our midget short stop.

In the outfield many were called but few were chosen. Seibert, Battle, Harris, Osborne, Strickland, Masek, English and Metz were all there at one time or another, but it remained for Metz, Battle and Osborne to play in the big game with the Army.

A word in passing for the scrubs. The Yanigans under Captain Hodson worked hard with little or no glory for the team's success. In seasons to come they will have their chance for the coveted White N, and then will come the time when they will show future Army teams what they learned while playing on the Midnight Leaguers.

Hard luck followed close upon hard luck throughout the closing days of the season. Games were played, some being victories and some defeats. Every man on the squad and team worked his hardest for success in the struggle with the Army. Lieutenant Weaver was right with the team in all their ups and downs throughout the season, and his untiring efforts in their behalf were duly appreciated by every man in the Brigade. The game with the Army was lost, carrying joy to the Hudson and leaving nothing but the bitterness of defeat upon the Severn. However, no one has ever been able to say that a Navy team did not know how to take a defeat. Anyone can win, but it takes men to lose, and the game was scarcely over before every man thought of the spring of 1911, when, under the leadership of "Red" Erwin, we will have two Army victories to avenge.



OUT AT FIRST.



BATTER UP.

"Bunny"; he covered third in a manner that reminded everyone of little Willie, and his batting eye was the only one that developed during the year.

"Pop" Gillam at short was not up to his game of seasons before. The worry given him by his constant thoughts of the team's success was mainly responsible for it. Still, "Pop"



MR. NEEDHAM.



AFTER A GAME.



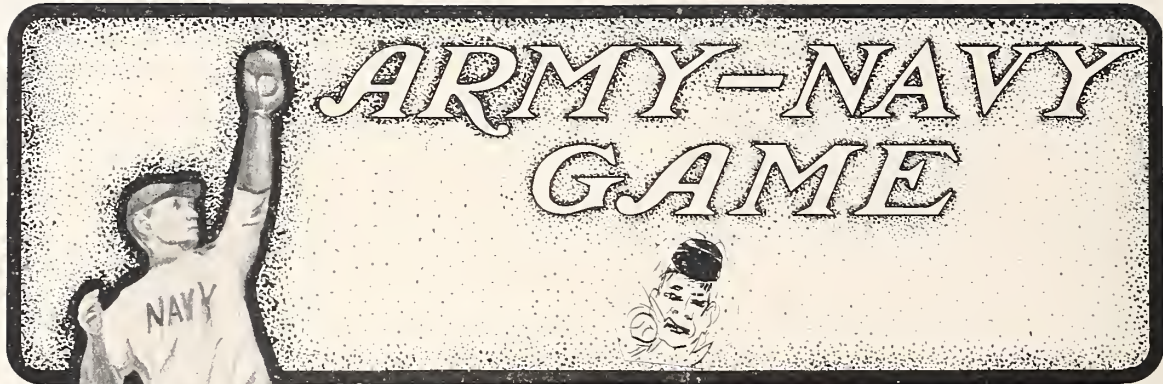
MR. WEAVER.

GAMES.

SCORES.

		Navy	Opponents
Mar.	23	St. Johns	0 5
"	26	Cornell	2 1
"	30	Trinity College	0 1
Apr.	2	Amherst	2 5
"	6	Maryland Agricultural College	7 0
"	9	University of Pennsylvania	0 10
"	23	North Carolina	1 0
"	27	A. & M., North Carolina	1 1
"	30	West Virginia	2 0
May	4	St. Johns	0 1
"	5	Atlantic Fleet	2 9
"	7	Penn. State	1 4
"	14	Dickinson	8 1
"	14	St. Johns	5 4
"	18	Maryland Athletic Club	1 8
"	21	Georgetown	1 5
"	28	Army	0 2





“EVERYBODY out on the front terrace to receive the West Pointers.” The M. C.s passed the word around the decks and people came piling out to give the Cadets the best reception possible. The memory of the welcome our team received the year before was in the minds of everyone, and we wanted to do as much as we could in return. It was not long before the Pointers came in through Sampson Row gate. “Winnie” Spencer was on the job, and the Four N with three “Armys” on the end of it rolled out across the campus to greet them. Every West Pointer had one or more escorts to show them the way up to the fourth deck and try to make him feel at home.

The whole atmosphere was tense with excitement over the coming game. West Point came down with the record of a successful season behind them. The Navy had nothing more to back their hopes for winning the game than the fighting Navy spirit that every team is bound to have. Friday passed slowly with only a light practice for both teams. Saturday dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for the game.

Long before the time set for the game to begin the gay crowd began filling up the bleachers and stands around the field. The demand for tickets was far in excess of the number available. Seats were at a premium, and even though they were numbered and reserved, the stands were filled early with the gay colors worn by the June Week Girls who braved the rays of the early summer sun.

West Point had the diamond first for the practice before the game, while our team was in the batting nets. At 2.15 the Navy squad came on the field and the whole brigade rose to their feet to give the men encouragement. The first team took the field, Hodson served out gum to those that had to sit on the bench, and the last few minutes before the game passed. It had been a close run all season through between Bolivar and big Andy, and no one knew who would be in the box for the Navy until Umpire Brennan stood before the stands and announced: “Batteries for to-day: For the Army, Hyatt and Lyman. For the Navy, Anderson and Callaghan.”

Belinda the Beautiful Boilermaker walked out to the box with his “smile-that-won’t-come-off” on his features, Big Dan adjusted his protector, and Mr. Brennan sang out, “Play Ball!”



BASEBALL TEAM.



THE CAPTAINS.

Lyman, the Army's diminutive catcher, was the first man to face Andy. The little fellow looked easy, but Andy could not find the plate, and the Hawaiian trotted down to first on four bad ones. The West Point Anderson laid down a beautiful sacrifice bunt, sending Lyman to second. Every man was on his feet talking to the players. It was a tight place at the very beginning, with a man on second and Whiteside, the Army's far-famed heavy hitter, at the bat. Andy was right there, and all Whiteside could do was a weak

grounder to the pitcher, and he was thrown out at first, Lyman taking third on the play. Billy Harrison, the Army captain, was next, and he showed what he was made of by a clean single to center, scoring Lyman, putting the Army one run to the good in the very first inning of the game. Big Dan caught Harrison stealing second, and our team came in for our half of the inning.

Hyatt must have been thinking of revenge for the last Army game on Worden Field, because he was in splendid form, Erwin, Gillam and Abbott all being easy outs. Both teams were out in order in the second, Cook, Surlles and Milliken for the Army, and Callaghan, Os-

borne and Metz for the Navy. Andy was pitching remarkable ball in the third, Ulloa, Hyatt and Lyman going out in one, two, three order. Up to this time we had not had a man on first, no one being able to connect with Hyatt's curves. "Beau" Battle, the first man up, sent a beautiful single to the right garden, but was forced at second by Seibert's grounder to Milliken. Seibert was out stealing second, and big Andy smote the atmosphere three mighty blows, thus ending our first faint chance in the game, and the Navy rooters subsided again into their seats in disappointment.

Nothing exciting happened in the fourth, but in the fifth, Osborne threw Cook of the Army out at first on what looked to be a safe hit. In the Navy's half, hopes were raised again when Callaghan, the first man up, could not get his big body out of the way of Hyatt's curves, but a quick double by Hyatt and Cook dashed them all to the ground. In the sixth it was one, two, three for both sides, but in the seventh came Navy's only real chance for a score when Seibert was on third and Osborne on second; but all "Dutch" Metz could do was to send a grounder to Milliken, who threw him out at first.



THE STAND.



ARMY AT BAT.

The Army chalked up their other run in the eighth, when Surles singled and went to third on Milliken's bunt and crossed the plate when Osborne dropped Ulloa's fly. Navy did not have another chance to score, and the ninth inning ended with the same three men who faced Hyatt at the beginning of the game, Erwin, Gillam and Abbot.

It was a beautiful game from all points of view. A true pitchers' battle between Anderson and Hyatt, with the odds a little in favor of the soldier. We lost, but it was the kind of defeat that has no bitterness for the defeated. The Brigade is proud of every man

that played in the game, because every one of them had the fighting Navy spirit, never giving up, but fighting until the last man was put out. A defeat one year means work all the harder for a victory the next, and the best we can say of the game of 1910 is that the best team won.

THE SCORE.

WEST POINT.	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	NAVY.	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Lyman, c.....	3	1	1	5	1	0	0	Erwin, 2 b.....	4	0	0	2	2	0	0
Anderson, r. f.....	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	Gillam, s. s.....	4	0	0	3	3	1	0
Whiteside, 3 b.....	4	0	0	1	3	0	0	Abbot, 3 b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Harrison, 2 b.....	4	0	2	5	0	0	0	Callaghan, c.....	1	0	0	5	0	0	0
Cook, 1. b.....	4	0	0	11	0	0	0	Osborne, r. f.....	2	0	0	3	1	1	0
Surles, 1. f.....	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	Metz, 1. f.....	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
Milliken, s. s.....	3	0	0	0	3	0	0	Battle, c. f.....	3	0	1	2	0	0	0
Ulloa, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	Seibert, 1. b.....	3	0	0	11	0	0	0
Hyatt, p.....	2	0	0	2	4	0	0	Anderson, p.....	3	0	1	0	5	0	0
Totals	29	2	4	27	11	0	0	Totals	27	0	2	27	13	2	0

SCORE BY INNINGS.

West Point	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0-2.
Navy	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0.

Left on bases—West Point, 5; Navy, 3. Sacrifice hits—Anderson (West Point), Milliken. Stolen bases—Surles, Callaghan, Osborne. Bases on balls—Off Hyatt, 1; off Anderson, 3. Struck out—By Hyatt, 4; by Anderson, 5. Double play—Hyatt to Cook. First base on errors—West Point, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Callaghan (2). Time, 1:45. Umpires—Messrs. Brennan and Moran (by courtesy of the National League).





CREW.



EVERYONE was fighting for a place in the 'Varsity boat as early as January, in the tank and on the machines under the watchful eye of Dick Glendon. No one was sure of his seat, and Dick used up a barrel of chalk making changes on the blackboard in the boat house. The crew was slowly working into shape for the Harvard race, the first on our schedule.

April twenty-first, the day of the race, was a miserable day. Rain fell in torrents all the forenoon, making everything disagreeable, but serving one purpose—to make the river as smooth as glass. The race was over the outer course, starting at the lighthouse and finishing off Cemetery Point. Everyone had confidence in our crew. "Mammy" Weems, one of the plebe crew the year before, was at stroke, and we counted on him to stroke out a victory to overshadow the defeat of two years before.

It was one time we counted our chickens before they were hatched, for Harvard went ahead at the start, and kept the lead during the whole race. That race was a mistake. We proved that by the record of the remainder of the season.

Nevertheless, our defeat caused a general shake-up in the boat. Cit Loftin was shifted to stroke in place of Weems. "Mammy" had pulled a magnificent race, but he lacked the experi-



DICK GLENDON.



"EMBARK."



MAGRUDER.



START OF HARVARD RACE.



COLUMBIA RACE.

ence to be the kind of a stroke the 'Varsity needed. Johnny Meigs, by far the best oarsman in the crew, lost his seat on account of lack of weight, "Squarehead" Brown getting his seat in the bow.

Slowly, under the coaching of Dick Glendon, the machine developed until the seventh of May, when Columbia came down supposedly to take our scalp. It was a big Navy day. All the races were over the upper course, and the Navy 'Varsity, pulling Cit Loftin's magnificent stroke, came in a length and a half to the good over Columbia. The third crew won from the Arundel Boat Club, and the Plebes ended the day by finishing ahead of the Central High School of Philadelphia.

The next two Saturdays showed the real qualities that were in the Navy crew. On the fourteenth, Georgetown sent down their first and second crews to try conclusions. The race was



CREW SQUAD.

really between the two Navy crews, and Georgetown went back beaten by both. On the following Saturday came the Syracuse race. It was the last race of the year, and the Navy victory that was won finished the most successful season that we ever had upon the water. Syracuse fought gamely until the last, but were beaten by half a length.

The success of the crew and the credit for its victories belong to two men, Dick Glendon and "Pug" Ainsworth. Everyone knows Dick's sterling qualities as a crew coach as well as they know that as long as he has charge of our crews there will be none better in the country.

It was the spirit any harmony that existed among the people on the squad that did more than anything else to bring us success, and it is this spirit that the crew of 1911 under Cit Loftin will have and will gain for them a record finer than that of the crew of 1910.



"PICK HER UP!"

THE SCHEDULE.

Saturday, May 14—

First Crew vs. Georgetown First.

Won by Navy.

Second Crew vs. Georgetown Second.

Won by Navy.

Saturday, May 21—

First Crew vs. Syracuse.

Won by Navy.

Thursday, April 21—

First Crew vs. Harvard.

Won by Harvard.

Saturday, May 7—

First Crew vs. Columbia.

Won by Navy.

Third Crew vs. Arundel B. C.

Won by Navy.

Plebes vs. Central High (Phila.)

Won by Navy.



"UP! OVER!"





TRACK TEAM.



LB GRAY

IT is only in recent years that track athletics have reached the high standard that is now maintained at the Academy. Little interest was formerly taken in this branch of sport; the only meets held were inter-class, and were not productive of wonderful performances. Now, however, track athletics is one of the major sports, and by the excellent showing of our teams in outside meets, they take no mediocre rank among the teams of the big colleges and universities. Princeton, Columbia, Lafayette, and Penn. State all lowered their colors to the Blue and Gold in the last season, and it's safe to say the team would have made as good a showing against Harvard and Yale had they met those teams.

All during the autumn of 1909, and in the early spring of 1910, when the weather was inclement, one could see of an afternoon the high jumpers, shot-putters, and long distance men working in the gym, getting down to form. From this preliminary work most of the track men were in excellent condition when "Scotty" McMasters arrived late in March, and began to whip the track team into shape, as well as to take care of sprained ankles and "Charley-horses."

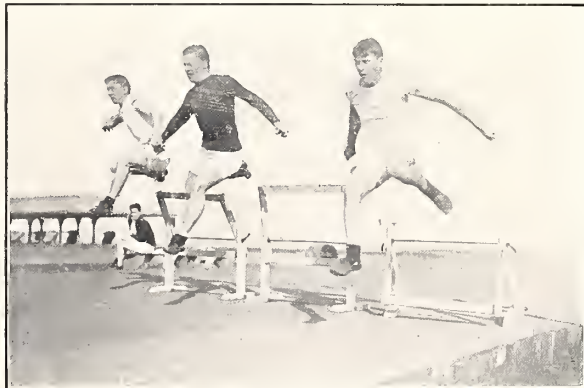
By the time the first meet rolled around, on April 23, with Princeton, the whole team was in tip-top shape, and performing in record style. Though recent rains had made the track heavy, the time in all the races was exceptionally good. Smith, J. H., 1910, was the star of the meet, winning both the quarter and the half in remarkably fast time, considering the condition of the track. Cummins Carey met his first defeat in the hundred, being beaten by Cook by a scant 6 inches. The score of the meet was close, and was not decided till the last event had taken place. Final score: Navy, 60½; Princeton, 56½.

Under ideal conditions, the Interclass Track Meet on April 30 brought out some very good work, four old records going by the board. In the low hurdles Dalton lowered the record by 2/5 of a second, and Miller lowered the high hurdle record by 3/5 sec. Asserson hoisted the record for the pole vault two inches, while Hintze and Loder added four feet to the hammer throw record. The meet went to 1910 with a total of 38 points, the Plebes running a close second with 35.

The team experienced little trouble in defeating Columbia the following Saturday. Dalton did exceptionally well in winning both hurdles in fast time, while Smith starred in the half and quarter. His finish in the quarter was as pretty a one as has ever been seen here. Carey won both dashes handily. Hintze took second place in the



GREEN.



THE HURDLES.



TRACK SQUAD.



SCOTTY ON THE JOB.



THE HIGH JUMP.



START OF THE 100-YARD DASH.



THE MILE RUN.



THE HAMMER THROW.

hammer throw and Riefkohl in the high jump, while McCaughey and Asserson each secured a third in the shot-put and pole-vault respectively.

The team simply swamped Lafayette on May 14 by a score of 85 to 32. The visitors were helpless in the dashes and hurdles, but landed first place in both the mile and two-mile runs. Dalton bested the Academy record in the high hurdles, setting the new record at 15 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

The last meet of the season came off on May 21, with Penn. State. In spite of a slow track, five records were broken—the broad jump, the quarter mile, the 220-yard hurdles, the hammer throw, and the pole-vault. The season ended in a blaze of glory,



THE SHOT-PUT.

with Navy on the best side of a 74 to 43 score.

The team made a record of which we may well feel proud, and we hope that this year's record will be duplicated next season and in many seasons to come.

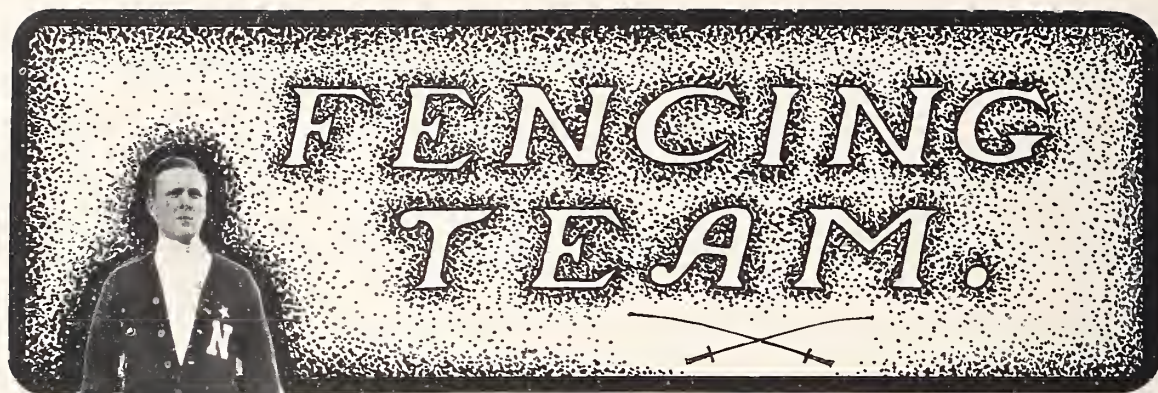
TRACK SCHEDULE.

Date.	1910.	Score.
	Navy vs.	
April 23—	Princeton	60 $\frac{1}{2}$ —56 $\frac{1}{2}$
April 30—	Interclass	1910, 38; 1913, 35
May 7—	Columbia	64 $\frac{1}{2}$ —52 $\frac{1}{2}$
May 14—	Lafayette	85—32
May 21—	Penn. State	74—43

RECORDS.

Events.	Acad. Rec.	Holder.	Intercol.
100-yd. dash.	.9 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.	Carey, '11	.9 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.
220-yd. dash.	.21 $\frac{3}{5}$ sec.	Carey, '11	.21 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
440-yd. dash.	.50 $\frac{3}{5}$ sec.	Carey, '11	.47 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
120-yd. hurd.	.15 $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.	Dalton, '12	.15 $\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
220-yd. hurd.	.25 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.	Dalton, '12	.23 $\frac{3}{5}$ sec.
880-yd. run.	.2 m. $\frac{2}{5}$ sec.	Smith, '10	.1 m. 53 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.
Mile run	.4 m. 30 $\frac{3}{5}$ s.	Rankin, '08	.4 m. 20 $\frac{3}{5}$ s.
2-mile run	.10 m. 8 $\frac{3}{5}$ s.	Carmichael, '08	.9 m. 34 $\frac{4}{5}$ s.
High jump	.5 ft. 11 in.	Lauman, '07	.6 ft. 4 in.
Broad jump	.22 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Donelson, '10	.24 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Pole-vault	.11 ft. 5 in.	Asserson, '13	.12 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Hammer thr.	.36 ft. 1 in.	Hintze, '13	.166 ft. 5 in.
Shot-put	.40 ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	McConnell, '07	.46 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.





FENCING TEAM.

L.R. GRAY '13



THE whole story of the fencing season of 1910 is told in four words—"We beat the Army." Way early in the fall Captain Merrill said we would, but no one thought for an instant that, without a veteran to call upon, we could develop a team that could win from West Point's champion team of 1909. It was hard, conscientious work that brought the laurels of victory and the Intercollegiate Championship back from New York. At the beginning, Larimer was the most likely candidate for a job. Captain Merrill had lots to learn, and as for the remainder of the squad they were all unknown quantities. For the first match Princeton sent a very weak team, and took home a defeat, 9—0. Merrill, Larimer and Scott comprised our team. After this came a series of club and professional matches that showed the vast room for improvement and the many points in which we were weak. The New York Fencers Club, one of the strongest teams in the country, was pushed hard to win, 6—3, and this result showed that the team had the making of one of the best the Academy had ever turned out. Larimer had been doing the most consistent work of the many men tried, but soon after this meet he had trouble with his eyes and had to stop, thus depriving the team of its best man. It was a hard blow, but Merrill, Hall, and Scott did not lose the confidence that played such an important part in the big match in New York. Columbia and Pennsylvania were disposed of, 7—2 and 6—3. Wendell, Penn's left-handed captain, captured all three of his bouts. Left-handers were our stumbling blocks. Cornell sent a team down with two left-handers and took our scalp, 5—4. Señors Ascension and Castillo, two of the best fencers of Spain, came down on the day of the Cornell match on Lieutenant Johnson's invitation and showed the team the style of the Spanish school of fence.

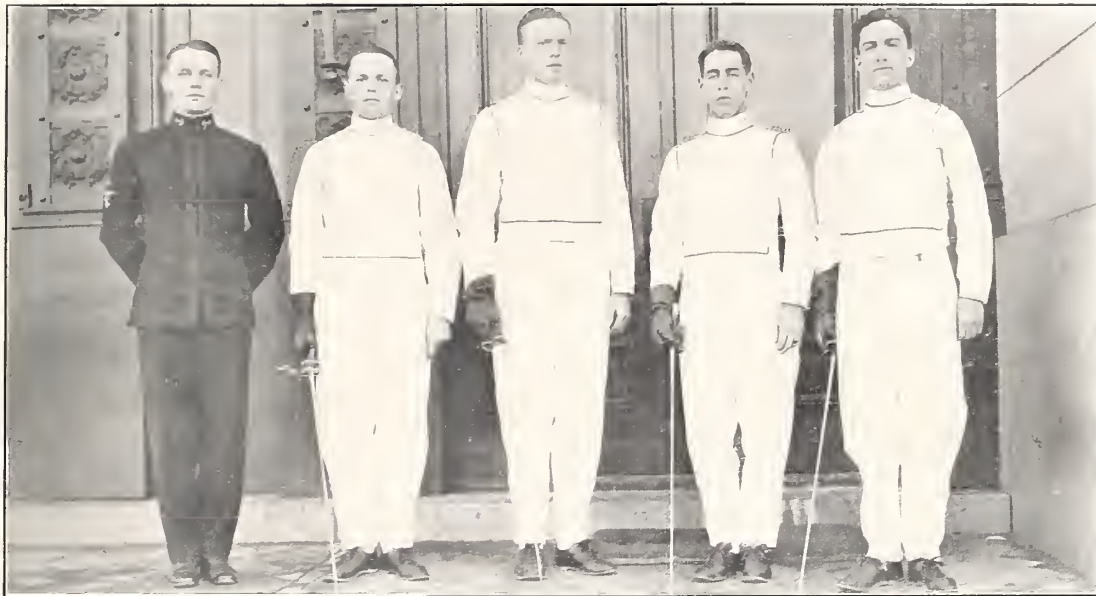
After the Cornell match the team went to work to analyze the style of a left-hander. Professor Morrison went down to the armory every afternoon and gave the team excellent practice that made itself felt during the remainder of the season.

Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Princeton were to come here on March 19 for the preliminaries of the Intercollegiate Meet, but Princeton did not show up, on account of the illness of one of their team. The two winning teams qualified to enter the meet in New York. After the bouts were finished the score stood: Navy, 13; Pennsylvania, 8; and Columbia, 6. On the following Thursday the team and a big squad of grafters left for New York.

The team were nerved up to the highest pitch, and were out to win from



MURRAY.



THE FENCING TEAM.

the start. After the Friday evening bouts Buddy Pownall sent a telegram back to the brigade: Navy, 10; Army, 9; Penn., 8; Cornell, 3.

A night of nervous excitement followed for the team, and the next day all of them showed the strain they had been through. We started out poorly, but the many months of training came to the surface when Norm Scott and Wendell got together. Both of them had a clean slate, and it was a beautiful bout, Norm pushing him hard, but the little left-hander won out after two ties.

Excitement was intense that night during the finals in the Astor ball room. We were out for blood, but had a damper put on our hopes when Scott lost to Cocroft of the Army, putting them one bout ahead and making the score between the Academies four to four. The next bout was between Merrill and Dargue of the Army, and Skipper, fencing in beautiful style, won handily. Scott and Hall followed this with two brilliant victories, giving us the meet and bringing the trophy back here to the Academy. The team of 1910 got it, and it's up to future Navy teams to bring it back here where it belongs.

The climax of the fencing season is always the Intercollegiate Finals in New York. This year, after the elimination meet on March 25, the Navy had high hopes, but an unexpected reversal of form forced them into third place.

The squad, consisting of Scott, Larimer, Hatch, Dodd, Reeves, Broadbent and Chandler, left Annapolis on Thursday morning, March 30, and arrived in New York that afternoon, and proceeded to the Hotel Astor. In the evening they were the guests of Mr. J. W. Young at a very enjoyable theatre party.

The fencing began Friday evening on the Hotel Astor Roof Garden, when sixty-three bouts were held, of which Cornell won seventeen, Army sixteen, Navy ten, Penn. eight, Columbia six, and

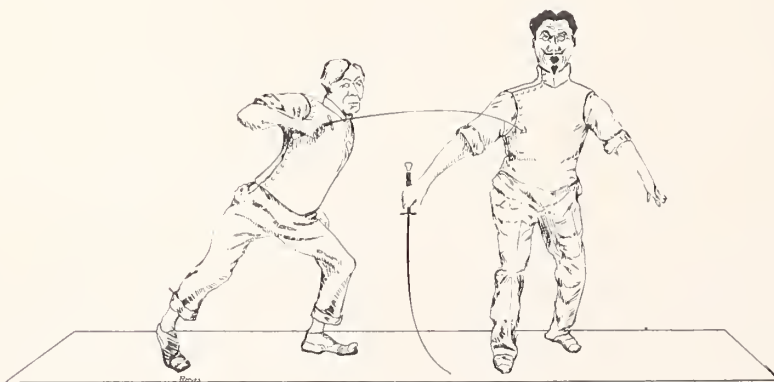


SWORDMASTER CORBESIER.

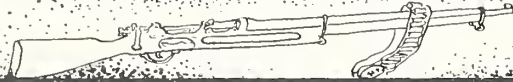
Harvard six. Larimer lost only one, the last, of his seven bouts, and that one was to Roos, the clever Cornell southpaw. On the next afternoon Navy won ten of her eighteen bouts, Cornell fifteen, Army thirteen, Columbia seven, Harvard five, and Penn. four. This put the Navy out of the running for first or second place.

Saturday night the finals were held in the ball room before a large number of spectators. Navy won only two of her six bouts, while the Army cut down Cornell's lead in a garrison finish from three to one. In the last of the scheduled bouts Rayner, of the Army, won from Roos, of Cornell, thus giving Roos and Larimer fourteen victories and one defeat apiece. In the extra bout to decide the tie Roos won by a narrow margin, and secured the individual championship. The final standing was as follows: Cornell, 35; Army, 34; Navy, 22; Columbia, 18; Penn., 14; and Harvard, 12. This is the first time for many years that one of the service schools has not won. After the fencing was finished a very enjoyable dance was held that lasted until one.

When one considers that Larimer had lost over two weeks of practice immediately preceding the meet, his record is all the more creditable, and presages a most successful season for him next year. The untiring efforts of Lieutenant Lannon, Instructor Morrison, and Swordmaster Fournon are greatly appreciated, and it is felt that their work this year will bear fruit next season.



RIFLE TEAM.



L.B. COBB '13

THE first real crack of the rifle was heard about the middle of March, 1910, when a squad of about one hundred candidates invaded the range across the Severn. The number of targets was limited, and it was not long before the squad was considerably reduced and ready for the first match, with the Maryland National Guard. The new men first experienced "Buck Fever," and many "Catholic Bull's-eyes" and "Flying Fours" or "Swabs" were recorded from the pits; but the team finally won.

The next match, with Washington, D. C., National Guard turned also in our favor. In the next contest, when the 71st New York started off at rapid fire, our men discovered their weak spot, and although we gained at every other range, we went down to defeat.

In June Week, a trip to Glen Burnie also proved disastrous, for on this strange range the Marylanders were too much for us.

During the first week in June the team spent most of the time on the range, but soon the Plebes came drifting in. Then the boys were turned to in the mornings instructing the Plebes in what they did know and putting up bluffs about what they did not know.

The squad all turned out for the St. John's June Ball, and although some mixed in with the Grand March, a Cadet rate, and had to be yanked out of the line by some of the more knowing middies, the crowd wishes to thank the St. John's committee for a very enjoyable evening.

The team left for Wakefield at the last of June, and pitched camp in true



COBB.



CLEANING THE GUNS AT CAMP PERRY.

THE 1,000-YARD RANGE AT HOME.



THE RIFLE TEAM.



THE 600-YARD RANGE.

Army style. Here most of the time was spent in shooting, and it was here that for a week the team went "hawk-wild." There were not enough black pasters on the range to cover the shots in the bull's-eye. In spite of this the Navy team and the Marines beat them in the All-America match. The evenings were spent by many at the lake, where some fussed the pretty Massachusetts dames. Jake was chief offender in this line. Others paddled around in canoes, fighting mosquitoes that seemed to turn out in droves to listen to the Home Town Brass Band. Bush preferred the camp and the phonograph on these occasions, and Bartlett, who was cultivating a moustache, dared not show his face outside of camp. On the first of August the team broke camp and left for Camp Perry. A long trip found them in Port Clinton, Ohio, and without the baggage car. It had disappeared, and the boys had to lay over in this town, where the chief attractions were slot machines and benzine buggies. A "rubber-neck wagon" took them to camp the next day, and they found that they were one of the first teams to arrive



THE RANGE AT CAMP PERRY.



THE SOCIAL SIDE.



CAMP PERRY.

at the field of battle. There were "dough-boys" galore, and when our bunch started to pitch camp, driving stakes contrary to regulation, setting up tent-poles upside down, and tents inside out, they stood around with a grin, and when the boys put a fore-stay on the "dope-tent" they showed that they thought we "didn't have no learnin'," and offered to put it up right. But when the real storm came—hail stones as big as baseballs—all of our tents stood, and—well, not a "dough-boy" showed his grinning face in our camp again.



FOURTH COMPANY, NAVAL ACADEMY, CHAMPION COMPANY TEAM OF THE UNITED STATES.

At reveille not a person ever stirred; but when Jake heard the paper boy come around, he immediately woke up the camp with the doings of the "Athletics" or "Highlanders," or of Snodgrass, his hero. Then mess-gear would sound, and Jake, always ready to eat, would race to the mess-tent with—almost anybody but Bush.

The Saturday before the matches, at the invitation of Colonel and Mrs. Hayes, the team journeyed to Fremont by automobile. The hospitality of the host and hostess was only exceeded by the attractive-

ness of the young ladies who were also guests. A dance, and a fine, quiet Sunday left the team in great shape to go back to camp for the final week. In the matches all of us went "pot-hunting" for prizes. Some succeeded in getting them, and every man in camp has some token of some match.

Finally the day of the National Match came. At 200 yards, off shoulder, the team stood eighth. At 600 yards, by tying the previous world's record, we pulled up to fourth. At 1,000 yards we again gained, and at rapid fire held on to third place. Oh! but that skirmish! We had worked harder here than any other place, but it was our Waterloo, and when the smoke had cleared we found ourselves in fifth place. However, we took the old "Hilton Trophy" as our prize for a hard-working but altogether enjoyable summer.



THE FIRING LINE—WAKEFIELD.



CAMP PERRY.

BASKETBALL TEAM.

NAVY 34 SWARTHMORE 28
SWARTHMORE 30 ARMY 28

L.R. GRAY '13.



THE basketball season was by far the most successful one ever witnessed at the Naval Academy. The record for the season of ten winning games and one defeat left us undisputedly Southern champions, and undoubtedly ranked the team as the leading one in the country. The only game lost was to N. Y. U., by a score of 24—26, and that was due to our lack of perfect team work, which the team soon afterwards acquired and maintained the rest of the season. "Billy" Wills, captain of 1910's basketball team, was coach this year, and full credit is due him for the wonderful record of this, the best basketball team ever turned out by the Navy.

In the opening game we took the Baltimore Medical College into camp without much difficulty, and swamped Loyola the following Saturday. These two initial games showed that we had a team on the floor which could do things, but they showed up the great lack of team work, which counts for so much in the winning of basketball games. The next game the team rolled



DROPPING IT IN.

up the biggest score of the season, and hopes ran high that our next game would bring us a victory over N. Y. U. We led them during the first half of the game, but in the second half they took a brace, and came back so hard that we had difficult work keeping the score down to 26. It was a royal fight from start to finish, and a mighty hard game to lose.

The team made up for the defeat, however, by defeating in succession St. John's, the strong U. P. team, and Lehigh. The next four games were won decisively, and the season closed with a 50 to 10 victory over Virginia, who had made claims for the Southern championship. Under



HILL.



WILLS.

the leadership of Captain Jacobs the team was in the game every minute. Wenzell played his usual brilliant game during the entire season, closely followed by Hill and Douglas.



WENZELL SHOOT.

THE SEASON SUMMARIES:

NAVY vs.		N. O.
Baltimore Medical College.....	39—18	
Loyola	49—11	
Gettysburg	73—13	
N. Y. U.	24—26	
St. Johns	49—16	
Lehigh	31—24	Virginia
Washington & Lee.....	60—25	Pennsylvania
Swarthmore.....	34—28	
Georgetown	65—18	Totals
		506 212



BASKETBALL SQUAD.



JACOBS



HILL



DOUGLAS



WENZELL

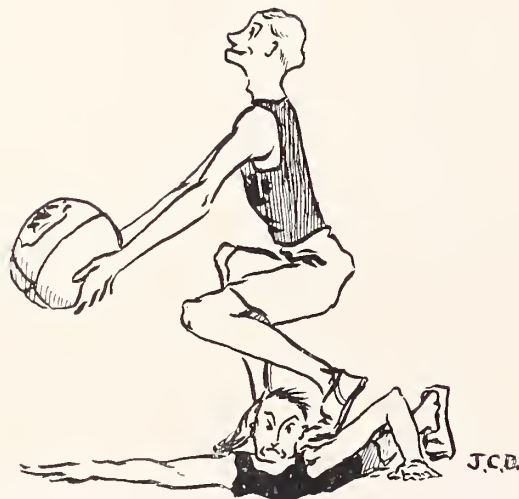


ERTZ

RECORDS OF THE PLAYERS.



Player	Goals	Assists	Fouls	Total
Wenzell	64	27	36	164
Hill	48	23	4	100
Douglas	43	16	0	86
Ertz	21	10	0	42
Jacobs	11	23	0	22
Bischoff	8	—	—	16
Abbot	13	—	1	27
Comstock	4	—	—	8
McClung	5	—	1	11
Wild	10	—	—	20
McReavy	5	—	—	10



LACROSSE TEAM.



L.R. GRAY '13

EARLY in the spring the lacrosse enthusiasts began practice on the athletic field, and a large squad was on hand when Captain Branham called for candidates. The schedule was a good one, and the record of the season was one of which we can feel justly proud. This game has only "arrived" within the last two years, and no better proof of Navy grit and "stick-to-it-iveness" can be mentioned than the wonderful strides we have made in this sport.

The initial game of the season, against the Mt. Washington Reserves, was a 6 to 0 victory for us. Though in no sense a walk-over, the game showed the excellent material from which Captain Branham could draw to form a winning aggregation. The first half was closely contested, ending 1-0. In the second half, however, the Navy managed to tire out their more experienced opponents, and scored the remaining goals with comparative ease. Poor shooting, a result of lack of practice, lost us several chances to score.

In one of the most exciting games of the season, the following week, Navy defeated Johns Hopkins by the close score of 7 to 6, and it was not until the last second of play that the result of the game was finally determined. At no time during the game was there a difference of more than two goals between the respective scores. A goal by Ford in the last few seconds of the second half tied the score, and necessitated an extra period of ten minutes. In this period Young, by some of the best head-work of the day, shot what proved to be the deciding goal.



MR. DILL, COACH.



WARMING UP.



GILMORE.



A TRY FOR GOAL.



AFTER THE BALL.

The next game was another victory—over Mt. Washington. We took the lead early in the play, and our superior condition enabled us to maintain it for the rest of the game. Branham and La Mountain starred for the Navy team, the latter stopping several hard drives at goal. Hill and Alexander also did some fast and heady work.

We met our first defeat at the hands of Harvard the next Wednesday. The field was slippery, which accounted for the fact that neither side was able to hold the ball long enough to tally.

The strong team from Lehigh suffered defeat in the following game, the superior team work of our team telling at the critical moments over the speed and fine stick work of the visitors.

The last two games of the season were defeats for the blue and gold, but were by far the hardest fought games of the season. By losing to Swarthmore, the team lost its chance to claim the intercollegiate championship, but we are expecting great things for the season of 1911 under the leadership of Captain Hill.



THE LACROSSE TEAM.



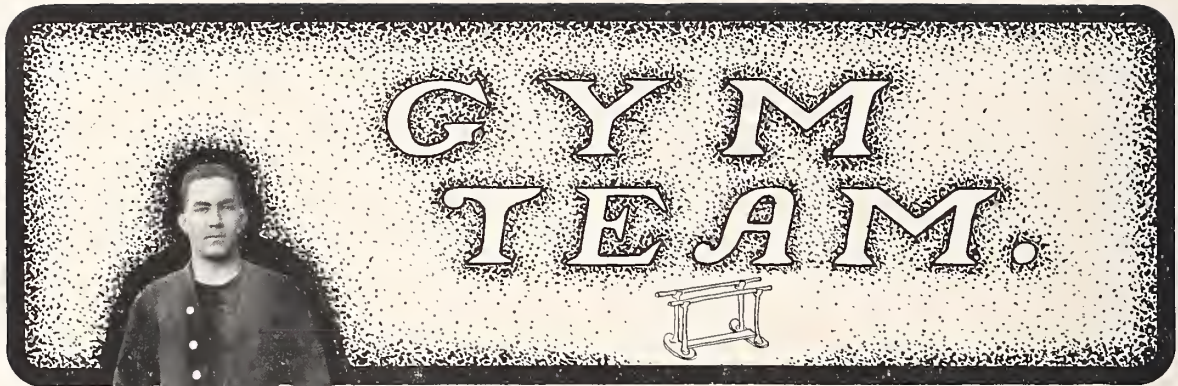
THE LACROSSE SQUAD.

The following men were awarded the LNT: Alexander, '10; Branham, '10; Gray, '10; Richardson, '10; Sherman, '10; Young, '10; Ford, '11; Hill, '11; Gilmore, '11; Perley, '11; Hamilton, '12; La Mountain, '12; McDonnell, '12; Sanborn, '12; Ten Eyck, '12.

The summary of the season:

March 26	Navy, 6;	Mt. Washington, Jr.,	0.
April 2	Navy, 7;	Johns Hopkins,	6.
April 9	Navy, 6;	Mt. Washington,	1.
April 20	Navy, 0;	Harvard,	1.
April 23	Navy, 4;	Lehigh,	2.
May 5	Navy, 5;	Swarthmore,	7.
May 14	Navy, 2;	Carlisle,	3.





GYM TEAM.

L.R. GRAY '13



THIS year saw the Academy gym team keep up the record made by our intercollegiate championship team of 1910. The record for the season was not as good, because it held one defeat, that at the hands of Yale, but taken all in all, the team of 1911 was a much better balanced aggregation than that of the year before. The success of last year's team was due to the individual efforts of "Frenchy" La Mont, while this year every man on the team contributed his share to the total number of points.

Interest in gymnastics has grown year after year in the Academy, as was proved by the award of the GNT to the winners of places in outside meets. Captain Bates had a very discouraging outlook at the beginning of the year. Clark, Wolfard, Waddell and Gillette, all of last year's team, though still in the Academy, were unable to come out. His call for candidates brought a large squad down to the gym every afternoon for about two weeks, but then they began to fall off and drop out. The tiresome, unrelenting hard work that is the share of a successful gymnast is not in most people's nature, and before long the squad had dwindled down to a few faithful ones.

Mr. Mang, the gymnasium coach, took the men in hand, and from his thorough and excellent knowledge of all the tricks of the game, turned out a well balanced team on every piece of apparatus.

On the horizontal bar we had Captain Bates and La Bombard. Biff we knew of old, with his front and back giant swings, loop the loops, and the rest of his category of stunts; but La Bombard was a new man who took to it like a duck to water. After one year's experience he should make a wonder, and be a worthy successor to La Mont and Bates.

Biff Bates also reigned supreme on the parallel bars, ably assisted by Merrill, Woodside and Cohen. A proof of his ability is his victory over Kelly, of Penn., last year's individual champion. The other three are coming experts, and will be heard from in future seasons.

On the rings were Byrd, Hull, and Skinner, all of whom have another season to prove their individual worth. Zacharias



MR. STEFFEN,
INSTRUCTOR.



GREEN



THE GYMNASIUM TEAM.

and McHenry held forth on the side-horse, and "Zach," the human snake, was pushed hard by the gentleman from Punxsutawney for first place. The tumbling was in charge of Kieffer and Russell, and their exhibitions were usually good enough to earn us first place.

But now to the season. The first meet, the one with Yale, was our only defeat of the year, and this was due to the work of Everhard, of Yale, who won first place on the parallel bars and side horse. In reality he should have been disqualified, being a post graduate student. This would have given us the meet by a good margin.

On the next Saturday, Pennsylvania came down and was easily defeated, Navy winning first place in four, and a tie for first in the other event. Kelly, Penn.'s captain, had an accident just



A PYRAMID.

THE LOCK.



A FANCY FIGURE.

and the trapeze and tumbling acts were worthy of more than amateurs.

We ended up by defeating Columbia by 38—15 in an easy meet on March 11.

It was a successful season from start to finish, and showed the great advance that minor sports have made at the Academy. Biff Bates made an excellent captain, and Lou Green, who managed the team, succeeded, after many trials and tribulations, in arranging an excellent schedule. The training table worked wonders in putting the proper spirit into the team, throwing them together and giving them a chance to talk shop at other times than in working hours. The team loses only Bates and McHenry by graduation, so that next year the coaches will have a nucleus of veteran material to start work with. The team of 1911 was excellent, and here's hoping that the team of 1912 will be better.

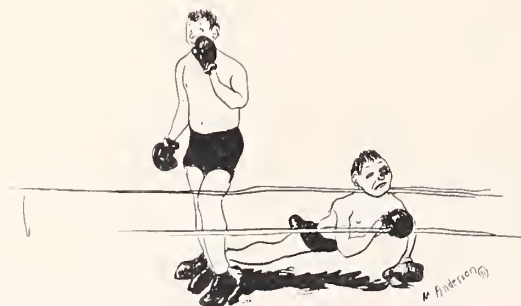
before coming down, giving one of his ankles a severe twist, so that he was more or less a cripple the night of the meet.

After the Penn. meet came the meet among ourselves to determine the individual champions. In former years this has been an inter-class affair, but this winter it was made to count for the Brigade flag, the eighth company winning hands down.

Princeton's gym team was here on March 4, and was also defeated. The gym that night resembled a three-ring circus, because Princeton brought some exhibition acts with them,



HAND BALL.





WRESTLING

OUR second season in this sport was short, though eminently successful. The meets with outside teams were witnessed with enthusiastic interest by the Brigade.

We lost our first meet to Yale by the score of 4 to 3. Not a bout was lost by a fall, though the advantage of weight was altogether with the visitors, so that, despite the defeat, the prospect for the season was most encouraging to the team.

The second meet, with the University of Pennsylvania, was close and exciting, but we came out on the long end of a 4 to 3 score.

The next meet was a walkover for the Navy. The team outclassed Princeton's representatives in every way, and won every bout.

On March 11 we took Columbia into camp with a 6 to 1 score, Elder being forced to withdraw because of a dislocated arm.

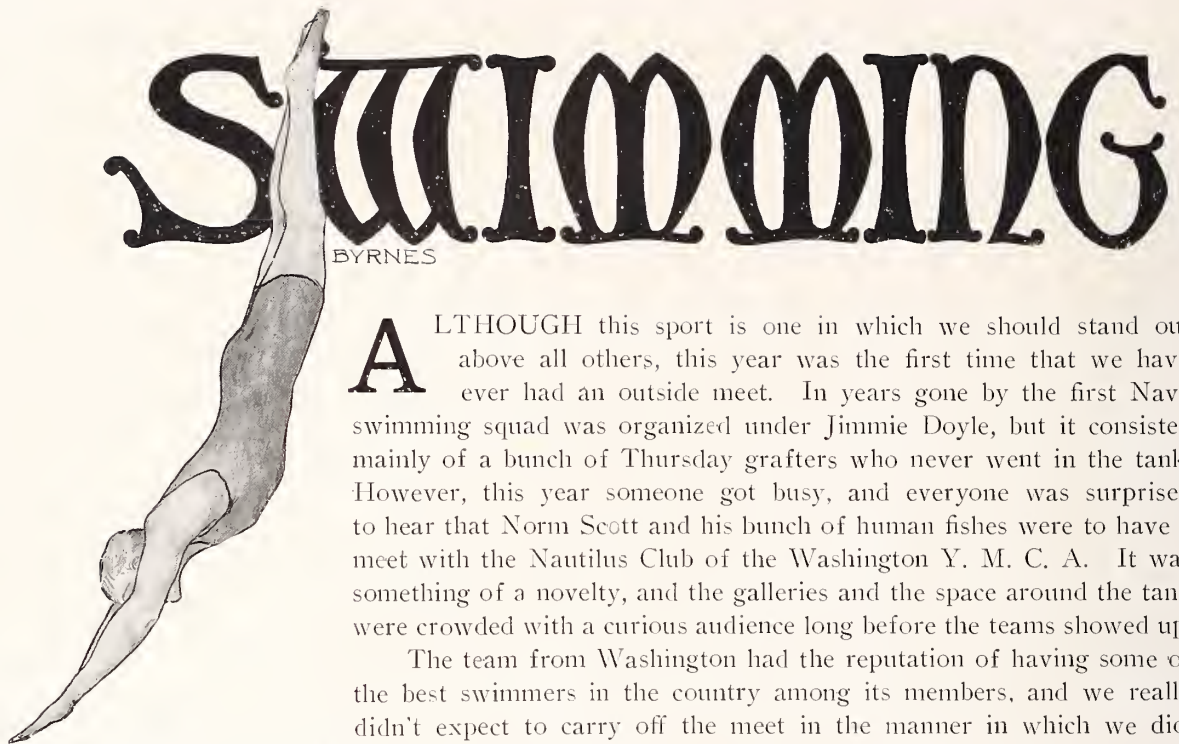
The way in which Navy has come to the front in this man's game is truly wonderful, but seems to be only characteristic. The team this year did remarkable work, leaving a high record for next year's team to live up to. Watch them do it.

The summary of the season:

February 11Yale,	4;	Navy, 3.	February 25Princeton,	0;	Navy, 5.
February 18Pennsylvania,	3;	Navy, 4.	March 11Columbia,	1;	Navy, 6.



THE WRESTLING TEAM.



ALTHOUGH this sport is one in which we should stand out above all others, this year was the first time that we have ever had an outside meet. In years gone by the first Navy swimming squad was organized under Jimmie Doyle, but it consisted mainly of a bunch of Thursday grafters who never went in the tank. However, this year someone got busy, and everyone was surprised to hear that Norm Scott and his bunch of human fishes were to have a meet with the Nautilus Club of the Washington Y. M. C. A. It was something of a novelty, and the galleries and the space around the tank were crowded with a curious audience long before the teams showed up.

The team from Washington had the reputation of having some of the best swimmers in the country among its members, and we really didn't expect to carry off the meet in the manner in which we did. Scott, Wright, Elmer, Whiting, Forster, Vanderkloot and Center, who represented the Navy, were more or less unknown quantities, and their success showed the possibility for the development of one of the best teams in the country. It is a sport in which we should be the natural leaders, and it remains for future years to build up a team like our others, ranking with the best.



THE SWIMMING TEAM.

TENNIS



LAST year was the first in which tennis as a sport assumed a definite standing in the sphere of athletic teams. Five outside meets were held, in three of which the Navy racket wielders came out winners.

The team, which comprised the following: Sampson, Underwood, Fulton, and Parmalee, experienced little difficulty in defeating St. John's in the first outside contest of the season, by a score of 3 to 1. Gettysburg College also lost to the Navy team in the second contest. The matches were all spirited and well played, Navy winning through their team work in the doubles. On April 30 the team defeated Bucknell after the hardest kind of a match in the doubles, by a close score of 2 to 1. The next two matches, with Cornell and the Maryland Athletic Club, were lost by Navy, due partly to the greater experience of the visiting teams.

We hope that a greater interest will be taken in this branch of sport than heretofore, and that this season is only a prelude to many a brilliantly successful one to come.

THE RESULTS OF THE SEASON.

St. John's.....	1	Navy.....	3
Gettysburg	2	Navy.....	4
Bucknell	1	Navy.....	2
Cornell	5	Navy.....	1
M. A. C.....	10	Navy.....	2



THE COURTS.



GOLF

GOLF at the Naval Academy has been nothing more or less than a joke during the two years we have been allowed the use of the links on the Government Farm, mainly because most people have the idea that it is an old man's game, and that there is not enough excitement in it for a red-blooded man. Let them try it once and they will soon find it isn't quite as easy as it looks, and before long you will find them scratching their heads and wondering how they could make the next hole in one less stroke than last time. And then again, the links, while good enough for an afternoon's fun, are hardly what could be desired for a match with an outside team so that the element of competition has never entered into the question. Every spring the annual tournament is held, and Jack Gates usually takes all honors; but he hasn't had an easy time winning, because there are many good golfers in the Brigade, and when the time comes they gener-

ally turn out to show what they can do. Gates, Nixon and Hodson are probably the best, and it's hard luck that we haven't the facilities to match those three and two others against the golfers from some of the other colleges.



FINE FORM.



GATES, CAPTAIN.



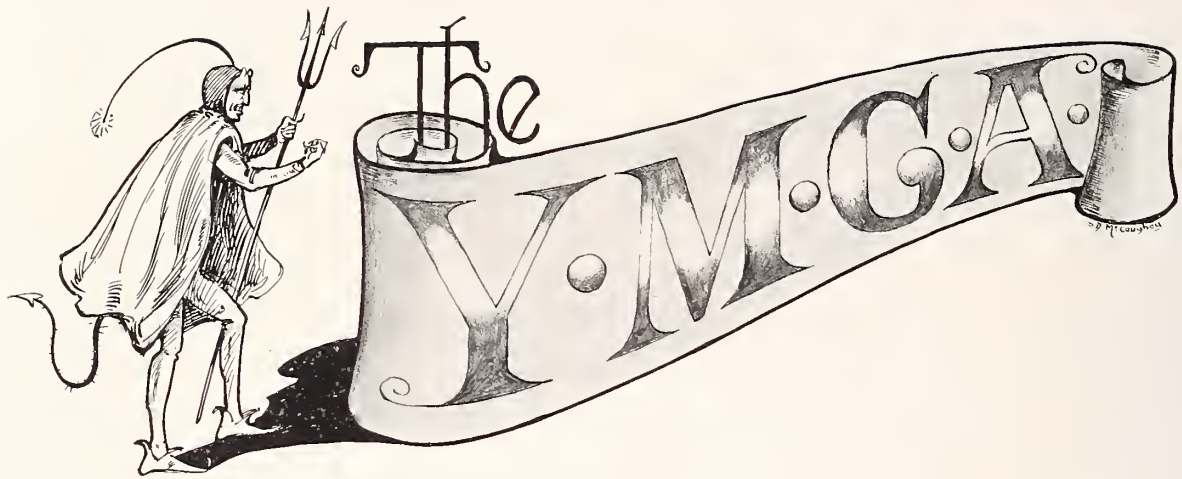
THE 1911 N'S.



THE CLASS NUMERALS.



THE CLASS N2ND'S.



THE aim of the Association is to aid the midshipmen in developing strong Christian characters. Regular meetings are held every Sunday evening in Recreation Hall. Here an able speaker, generally some leading college association worker, though frequently a naval officer, gives expression to straightforward Christian sentiment. The attendance at these meetings is large, and this is particularly noteworthy in view of the fact that time for them is taken directly from study hours.

Much attention is given to Bible study. Surgeon D. N. Carpenter, U. S. N., again instructed the normal class. This man's intense earnestness held the interest of the group leaders, and his knowledge of the Bible aided them materially in conducting their classes. There were twenty-five groups of ten each through this past year.

Other minor activities of the Association consist in arranging promenade concerts and entertainments; supplying the reading-room with periodicals; providing each practice ship with books for light reading during the summer cruise; in fostering two publications, "Reef Points" and the Bulletin; and last of all in supplying teachers for the Chapel Sunday School, which is composed of children living in the yard.

As an experiment Y. M. C. A. work was continued during the summer. Sunday meetings held aboard the Iowa were well attended. Aboard the same ship, a large Bible class met daily, down in "Central Station," and as a result several group leaders were prepared for the year's work. Let us hope this experiment will be repeated, causing the Association to grow both in influence and in numbers.



THE OFFICERS OF THE
Y. M. C. A.

PERLEY, R. N.,
President.

FLETCHER, J. A.,
Vice-President.

SOWELL, I. C.,
Recording Secretary.

WEBSTER, W. W.,
Chairman Bible Study.

SLEEPER, P. DE V.,
Treasurer.

KIEFFER, H. M.,
Corresponding Secy.



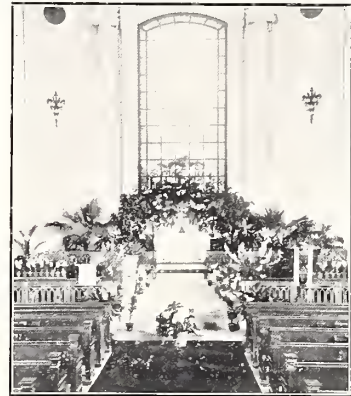
THE achievements of the Choir during the past year, though not notable, have been at least consistent. Under the leadership of Batten they have pursued the silent tenor—

and bass—of their way to the eminent satisfaction of all concerned.

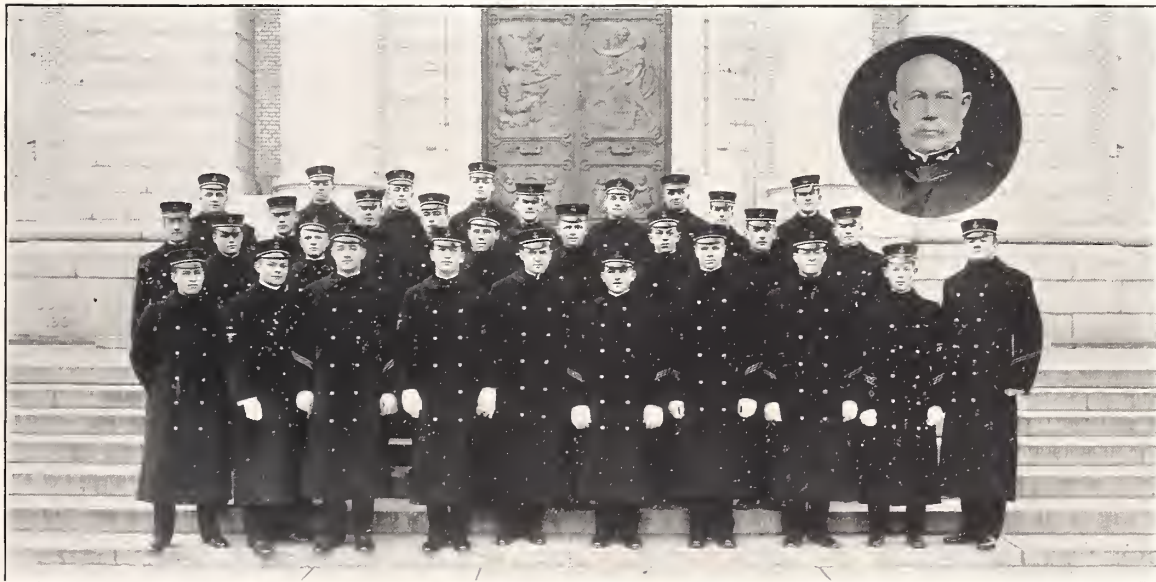
The Choir this year has made undoubted progress. They have added at least one new selection to their repertoire, the famous Barber-shop Chorus. Even the Mourners' Bench under the gallery woke up the day that it was first rendered, and we have never tired of listening to "Gussie" Wilbur reach for that high note, or of speculating on his chance of pulling it down.

But we admire the Choir; an earnest body of workers, they put up with many a gibe, they forego the delights of Friday drills and Sunday inspections all year; and we are sincerely grateful for their aid in our Sunday morning soporific endeavors.

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THE CHANCEL.



THE CHOIR.



APRIL and June, 1907, saw the origin of our Class in a swarm of candidates from Buck's, Bobby's, and the local district schools, who then presented themselves for the examinations. The exams came, and 'twas with mingled feelings of joy and trepidation that we saw our names posted at the main gate as being among the successful ones. Then began the metamorphosis of the festive cit into the meek midshipmite, and after being soundly thumped and tested by the physical examining board, we, almost three hundred strong, were sworn into the service and were real midshipmen at last. Can any of us ever forget the elation he felt as he walked through the Yard from the Administration Building to the office of the Senior Assistant in Bancroft Hall? Ah, short-lived elation!

After having been duly tagged and listed as one entitled to receive commuted rations, we drew our Lares and Penates from the store and marveled muchly at the variety thereof. Preceded by the ebon-hued servitor who bore our precious outfits, and who incidentally did not neglect to request remuneration for the same, we finally arrived at the rooms which had been assigned to us, but not until after we had been compelled to furnish every Second Classman whom we encountered with our life's history and various pertinent information. Now our life truly began, with one continuous round of drills and exercises under the direction of the Second Class left here for the summer, and right royally did they enter into the trying duty of initiating us into the mysteries and customs of the service. In our mind's eye we have now a picture of plebe days—a forlorn-looking creature whose body seemed one huge ache from setting up drills, with hands and fingers daubed with the



AT BAY RIDGE.



THE PLEBE TRACK MEET.



"PUDD'N" THATCHER.



WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

omnipresent stencil ink, blistered palms from those all-morning cutter drills, new and odoriferous white works surmounted by a round white hat and with feet stove up with those heavy reg. shoes. And then the plebe cruises of the Severn down the bay! Let memory alone speak of them. Yet, with all our trials and dejection, we found time to form the

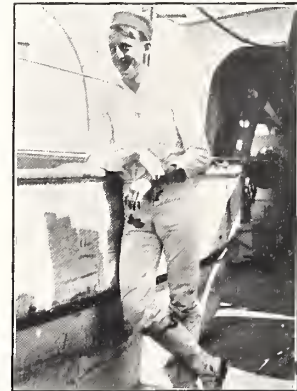


A CROSS-COUNTRY WALK.

friendships which are the dearest things on earth to us.

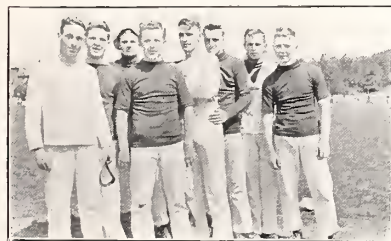
Very early in our existence as a Class, we were called upon to mourn the untimely death of one of our new classmates, Phinney, who was drowned at swimming drill one July afternoon. And then, but a few weeks later, Death once more entered our ranks and took Howe from us. All the more sad were their deaths at the very threshold of our Class life.

Song-fests in Recreation Hall, the inter-company track-meet, and baseball games, interspersed with occasional sailing parties and cross-country walks during our leisure moments, helped to take up the time, and before we could realize it, the first of October and the return of the upper classes from leave were upon us. We were split up into the permanent brigade organization, and found ourselves with a new bunch of classmates. Then the deluge that rainy, dismal Saturday evening, and very closely did we keep to our rooms for this trying ordeal. Red Erwin, Dunton, and others began to receive informally in their rooms, while the rest of us tried to appear as unnoticeable as possible.



THE WOP.

Heralded by seemingly unintelligible notices on the bulletin boards, began the Academic year, the Juggernaut of our careers, and we soon found ourselves struggling with the intricacies of plebe Math and Dago. With the curiosity of only plebes we gathered about our bulletin board five and six deep whenever a tree was posted, judging any man who graced a tree as surely bilged. Mild and inoffensive we were, yet the demerits and conduct grades would come in spite of our meek spirits, at which we muttered maledictions on the heads of certain upper classmen who seemed to be our Nemeses. The football season made the time pass quickly for us, and several of the Class did good work with the team. Then that glorious day at Philadelphia, when we saw the Army gray lowered to a victorious Navy team! Sweet it is to a plebe this day of victory. We still treasure it, our first glimpse into the world outside since our entrance. Freedom from class rates and distinctions, and a big Navy day—what more could a plebe desire?



THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Christmas, the First Class parade, and the formation at which we took charge of the brigade came next, and right royally did we brace up those of the upper classes who gave us attention at other times. Red Erwin's grin was seen behind a mass of stripes in the five-strippers position, while Shorty Merring tried to look inconspicuous as the adjutant. The New Year



BENNY'S CHAMPIONS.



COALING SHIP ON THE CHI.

came, and with it hopes and fears for the rapidly-approaching semi-anns. Many a plebe hit the pap at this time for creating disturbance during study hours by simply trying to master our old friend "Maitre Corbeau." When the smoke had cleared away after the exams, we found that they had cut a wide swath in our full ranks, twenty-seven of the class having been found wanting. Sorrowfully we bade them farewell, and then went on our way rejoicing towards Youngster Year now looming over the horizon. With the



FORMATION.

soft spring days at hand, very little boning was done by any of us, thanks to comparatively easy studies, and all lived out of doors as much as possible. We rejoiced in the phenomenal success of the baseball team that year and cheerfully reported "how many days" to the head of the table. Already we could feel the mantle of youngsterdom descending upon us, and grew carefree and happy at the prospect. June Week came at last, and the Army game turned out to be a disappointing one on account of the overwhelming score rolled up by the Navy. Then came the Day of Days when we turned out before reveille to see that the First Classmen received their immersion in the shower as per custom, and later marched over to the Armory, where we were soon to be transformed into Youngsters. Impatiently we waited for the word "dismissed," and then what a race for the heretofore forbidden precincts of the Lane! How we sang and capered round the monument! The memory of that bright day is still with us, and perhaps none but our own graduation day can eclipse it.

The next day we embarked for Youngster cruise up the coast, stopping at Hampton Roads, New London, Newport, Boston, Bath and Portsmouth. The major part of the time we spent in Gardiner's Bay, and sometimes when bright work or cleaning out boats did not interfere, we even went on liberty. Of course we enjoyed ourselves on liberty as only Youngsters can, and many were the races for the last boat. We made the same customary blunders and busts on the cruise as have other classes before us, but all grinned cheerfully when we got called. Caphart "almost" got bottom in the chains once, Picking was forever seeing a yacht in every smoke-cloud on the horizon, Sock Morgan got the plug in the boat, Comstock dropped the Olympia's steamer, and Hicks faithfully "watched" the anchor on anchor watch duty. After the parade at Bath, where we marched behind a band which persisted in playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and reviewed all the village fire departments for miles around, we dropped down the Kennebec for the reach southward and little old Annapolis. Youngster leave in sight, we gathered on the foc's'le every evening and sang lustily—"more days a-hangin' on the wall." Finally, one misty Friday morning, Annapolis light hove in sight, and we were soon moored in the Severn once more. The next day we went on leave. Oh, happy, joyous, Youngster leave! What can begin to compare with the joy of that day when with money in our pockets and a grin on each face we scattered to the four winds.

All too quickly passed the month, and soon we were back in Crabtown again, but this time



HLODDY.

with a stripe on our arm and a proper degree of toughness in our bearing. Many of us looked so much of the time at that stripe instead of at text-books that Calc soon got us in its clutches, and only by the most strenuous of efforts did we escape the spectre of Unsatia. Hops began to claim the attention of



YOUNGSTER EMBARKATION.



RETURNING FROM DRILL.

the bitter pill of defeat as our portion of the game. Another Christmas and the New Year past, the semi-anns once more loomed into view; but by dint of good fortune and hard work we weathered the storm with the loss of but three men.

Expectantly we awaited the fourth of March, 1909, when we were scheduled to march down Pennsylvania Avenue, the cynosure of all eyes. But old Boreas got busy, and sent such a blizzard down upon the country that no train could be got through to Washington, and we spent the day penned up in Bancroft Hall. Another spring came upon us, and once more we found it too much of an exertion to bone, with the soft breezes whispering through the old trees and the band in the Yard; our thoughts were filled with cruise dope and leave. Once more June Week, the golden time for the fussers. On a rainy June morning we bade farewell to 1909, and with dignity proportionate to our advanced stage, entered into our Second Class year.



A YOUNGSTER'S ROOM.

With a squadron of four ships, the Olympia, Chicago, Hartford and Tonopah, we left for the cruise over the same old up-coast route, but our hopes for a good lazy cruise were soon dispelled, much to the sorrow of Plug Holt, and we found that even we of the Second Class were supposed to work. We stood anchor and life buoy watches like veritable Youngsters, and marveled at the inability of the officers to see things from our view-point. Yet with all this we had an unusually enjoyable cruise, and made some big liberties in New London, Newport, Boston, Portland, and Bar Harbor. Swimming parties on the beach of Long Island, and a little game now and then in the fore-top, relieved the tedium of the cruise. Fuzzy Rutter and Wolfard made a quick getaway from Relentless Rudolph one evening by sliding down a ventilator for three decks; Sock Keep made a big hit with a fictitious young person on the Maine coast, and waited vainly in the rain for her to put in her appearance, while the rest of us gathered behind the mainmast and enjoyed the joke. Soon we were on the back track down the coast, and those of us who were fortunate enough not to have overstayed liberty and were not subject to a re-exam, went on leave with joyful hearts, fully resolved to have the best time ever as a final respite for the arduous year upon which we were about to enter.



THE "POSSUMS."

At the end of leave, we gathered from our native heaths at the Belvedere in Baltimore for our Class Supper, which marks the half-way milestone of the course, and enjoyed ourselves to the limit, with no thought of what the year had in store for us. Returning to Annapolis the next morning, we drew about forty pounds of good, solid text books and lined up for the fray. We soon found our-

many of the gay-hearted ones, while others developed traces of Red Mikisis. Once more we journeyed to Philly with a team which we thought simply could not be beaten, and there saw demonstrated that the fickle Goddess of Luck was not in the Navy camp. Oh, the agony of that moment when the ball bounded out of Lange's outstretched arms into the hands of the rushing Army back! Sadly we returned to Crabtown with



PE-PE.



ONE OF THE 40%.



THE OLD SIXTH.

selves up against a very peculiar and disheartening prospect—a new Regulation Book with countless departures from old precedents and customs was thrust upon us, and inspections and demerits were as common as house-flies in June; some of the chosen few and Barr drew buzzards. At the end of the



LOOK PLEASANT.

first month almost one half of the class found themselves on the grade or worse, while Mechanics and Mechanisms soon got those who were free from other cares. Then the full realization of what Second Class year meant came to us, and many, many joined the late light squad for the first time. "Inaptitude" was added to our vocabulary, and sorrowfully we saw many a classmate depart from us. The football season also shared in the general trend of events; with tears in our eyes we beheld the limp form of Willy Wilson borne from the field after receiving his mortal injury in defending the Navy goal-line. The game with the Army called off on account of Byrne's death at the Point, there was no climax to the season, which, save for the Princeton game, was dull and listless.

Then one bright Sunday morning we were all shocked beyond measure to hear the notice of the death of Morton Seiler read out before the brigade. All of us were busy in the pursuit of the elusive 2.5 in the rapidly approaching semesters, but by dint of good consistent work on the part of everyone, we passed through this trial with but two men lost. Then things began to look some brighter for us, and we could see First Class year in sight. Everyone tried on his class ring in secret, and laid fell plans for stripes. Sampson got to formation for once on time, causing consternation in our ranks, while Hodson bought a uniform with fuller lines than usual. The second term began with Strength of Materials and Nav, both mightily feared foes, and once in a while we managed to keep sat in all subjects and on the first grade at the same time. Towards the latter part of March we fell under the displeasure of the powers that be, and were restricted to the Yard along with the rest of the Brigade. Yet all took the confinement in a good natured spirit, save some few of the fussers who were forced to keep on the still hunt for a convenient nook about the Yard.



WILLIE'S FUNERAL.



THE SECOND CLASS BUZZARDS.

For over six months we had been reporting the Wooden Section with "Eighth Section, Wilson absent, sir," but just at dawn on Saturday, April 16, 1910, as the echoes from the reveille gun were resounding up the quiet Severn, the spirit of brave, true-hearted little Willie Wilson took its flight. Sorrowfully we looked upon his calm features for the last time, and followed him to the station



WAITING FOR HIM.



"SAILING, SAILING."



THE FIRST MAN OUT.

with mourning hearts. He has left a memory to the Class that will be ever dear and fixed in our minds.

The usual spring sports claimed our attention once more, and the Class baseball team pulled out as the leaders in the race. The varsity team had a very peculiar season, and the principal game, that with the Army, was lost after a close and exciting contest. The absence of Hops during the spring told on us to a certain extent, but once in a while the band gave a concert in the yard of a Saturday evening. The arms found us ready and prepared, so that we lost not a man as a result. On the day of the last exam. we gathered round the door of the Seaman-

ship Building waiting for the first man out. Charlie Carroll

it proved to be, and he was quickly thrown in the Severn as we at last slipped on our Class rings. June Week—a happy week for all of us, secure in the knowledge of a hard year's work over, and that we were soon to be the ratey ones. Finally, Graduation Day, and under our direction as temporary brigade officers, the brigade gave



IN.



OVER THE SEA WALL.

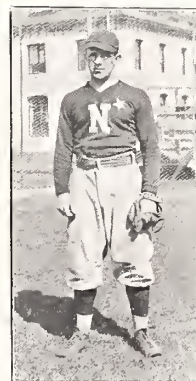
"three cheers for those about to leave us," and we were First Classmen at last, with all the prerogatives and privileges. Happy indeed we were to draw our "Bull" from the store, and to dance the "Farewell to 1910" that evening.

The next morning, burdened with the convenient laundry bag and a blasé air, we embarked on our First Class cruise to foreign shores, and said farewell to the good old U. S. A. for several months. The story of the cruise is told elsewhere in this volume, and it is sufficient

to say that we had a hard-working cruise, but one which brought good results to us all. We had more than our share of experiences both afloat and ashore, and it is a pleasure to hear a bunch get together to tell of "how we did London, Marseilles, etc." Ole Hagan hit the pap for permitting a heavy sea to wash his hammock overboard; the moment the



PUTTING ON THE RINGS.



"WILLIE."



A FIRST CLASS SECTION.

sad news of the deaths of Nason and Thomas, two of our most beloved members?

How happy we were that morning when we navigators made our landfall of Cape Henry light and the sandy shore line of the Virginia Capes lay before us in the early morning sunlight! After a lazy week spent at Solomons, during which time we gorged ourselves on crabs, fruit and ice-cream—especially did the Iowa bunch—we pulled up anchor and ran outside of Crabtown Light. The next day we went on leave a full day ahead of scheduled time, and once more donned the gaudy cit raiment. Truly a First Classman knows by ex-



DURING THE TYPHOID EPIDEMIC.

perience how to enjoy his leave to the utmost, and we were busy having a good time every minute, regretting only the time which we must spend in sleep. Some of us returned without our class rings, and many of the Red Mikes deserted the clan. Soon the end of the month rolled around, and once more we gathered, this time for our last year. Now things were different from on our return from previous leaves; stripers and buzzards and clean sleeves mingled, exchanging greetings and experiences of leave. With some exceptions, we found that the stripes had been given out in a very fair and equable distribution. We entered on our First Class year with a determination to make a good name for ourselves as a Class, and feel that we have succeeded better than we had hoped. We soon found affairs running much more smoothly than at the corresponding time in our Second Class year, and found that it meant something to be a First Classman after all. The Discipline Dept. was not like so many policemen on the lookout for malefactors; new and sensible regulations were in force. Changes in the routine and rigid inspections of Reinhardt's "goot fits" were in order. Nav. and its attendant terrors stared us in the face, but we jumped at it in hearty good spirit. Then the phenomenal success of the football team in defending an uncrossed goal line for the season, culminating in the climax on

anchor appeared above the water was a signal for Zenor to lay below to sick-bay; Chick Curry astonished a French port official at Marseilles by firing a salute of six guns in his honor; Solon Rose relieved his man on time once in a while; Bill Simons found his I. C. after a frenzied search for the same; and Sammy was unsat in conduct as usual before the first month was up. Who of us can forget that foggy, dripping night as we lay at anchor in Plymouth, when the cable brought us the



THE ARGENTINE MIDSHIPMEN.



A GOOD ONE.



ODD.

Franklin Field, when the boasted Army line crumbled before the gallant Navy team, and we frolicked over the field in front of the Army stand. We had waited for three years for this moment; yet 'twas worth the waiting, all the doubts, and fears. The reception we gave C. Q. and his victorious team will live long in football annals.

The typhoid epidemic scared us some for a while, and all took strenuous measures to rid our systems of the germs. Then, much to our surprise, as a reward for our good conduct, we of the First Class were given two days' leave at Christmas time—the first concession of this nature ever made by the authorities. Appreciative and thankful for this privilege, we made the most out of it, and New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington each claimed its quota. Then the New Year and 1911 had come at last. Joyfully we sang "One more river," with a full realization of what it meant to us, and then lined up for the opening gun of the semi-anns.

The shake-up in the brigade organization as a result of the first term left some of us without our buzzards or stripes; but we found consolation in the fact that a clean-sleever looked more resplendent, due to the abolition of a p. o.'s service stripes. Much to our surprise, three of our number were lost as a result of the semi-anns—a very unusual occurrence when one has progressed as far as First Class year. Sorrowfully we bade them farewell, and then settled down for the final long pull that brings us to June 2, 1911.



BRIGADE ORDER NO. 49.

And now, with that last bright day in sight, we view its approach with mingled feelings of sadness and jubilation—sad in that it means the breaking up of the Class, and jubilant in that we have surmounted



RAGGING THE MARKS.

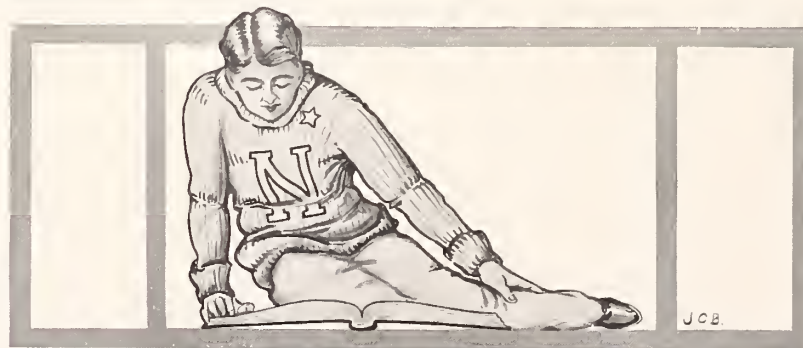


"SIR, I DON'T EXACTLY UNDERSTAND THIS."

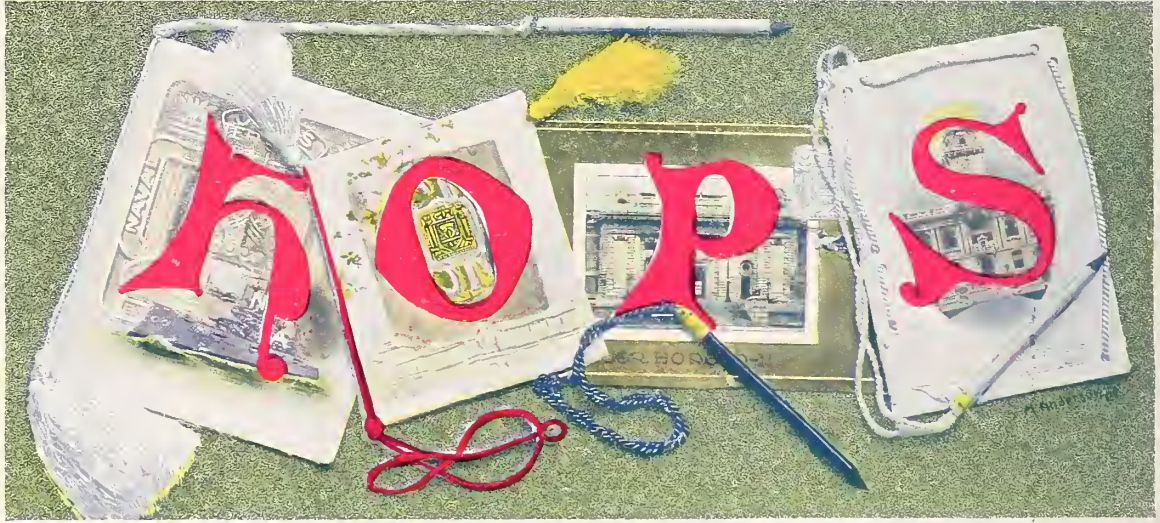


THE CLASS OFFICERS.

the difficulties of the course. In perhaps no other institution in the world save one like this does one form such firm and lasting friendships. Here one learns to know everything there is in a man. The old U. S. N. A. will move on without our presence, yet we hope that we will be remembered long after we leave. Forgotten are all the hard knocks and blows of fortune, and in our four years' retrospect we recall only the pleasant side of our life. Our story as a Class is soon told; we have sung our Swan Song, and we go out to the guns of the Service with the thought that the happiest days of our lives have been spent here during the formative period of our existence as naval officers.







TO our hops more than to any other of our recreations is due the credit for relieving much of the intensity of Naval Academy life. True, athletics are of absorbing interest, alike to player and spectator; some of us have hobbies; and there are always the gatherings of good friends for rough-house or spree; but these help to bear the monotony rather than relieve it. Hops, though, have a potency unrivalled, for they bring us into closer contact with the great outside world. Then, too, they introduce the feminine factor, and serve as the sometimes necessary excuse for much of the "fussing" that has always been so strongly in vogue at the Academy. As a body, we recognize their benefit, and by far the most of us embrace every opportunity to enjoy them. Of course, there are some who never attend; but they can't dance, can't talk, are not pretty, or have a hobby, or an aversion for women in general.



The Vortex

To an observer in the balcony at the gymnasium the spectacle of a hop must greatly resemble a giant whirlpool. Except for the intervals between dances, there is the steady whirl in one direction—a whirl increasing in speed of rotation as the center is reached, where devotees of the "Boston" and the "drop" hold forth, forming a fitting vortex. There is the more or less quiet outskirts, formed of the seated rows of placid and stately matrons, and little groups of uniformed men looking out over the scene. Occasionally petty excitements create stirs at places in the border, much as unexpected little eddies break at random places through the outer surfaces of the pool. In the corners are occasional little back-lashes, where isolated couples "Boston" violently, in comparative freedom from interruption, like the reverse currents of slack water at places along a river's bank. There is the hum of conversation and the sound of many feet, partly neutralizing the individuality of the music, and lending suggestion of the muffled roar of distant falls and the rush and hiss of the whirlpool.

The pauses, the splendid medley of colors, the individuality of the dancers themselves, dim the illusion. The mighty whirlpool dissolves into its component parts, revealing a complexity of formation as wonderful as its effect as a whole. The solid monotone of the men lends character to the scene, endowing it with an impressiveness that causes a lasting effect in the mind of the observer, but perhaps a closer scrutiny of the men themselves, as they pass in the relative quiet between dances, and a more discerning glance at the myriad types of wholesome American beauty in evidence on all sides, will lay greater claims to remembrance when the hops are past and gone.

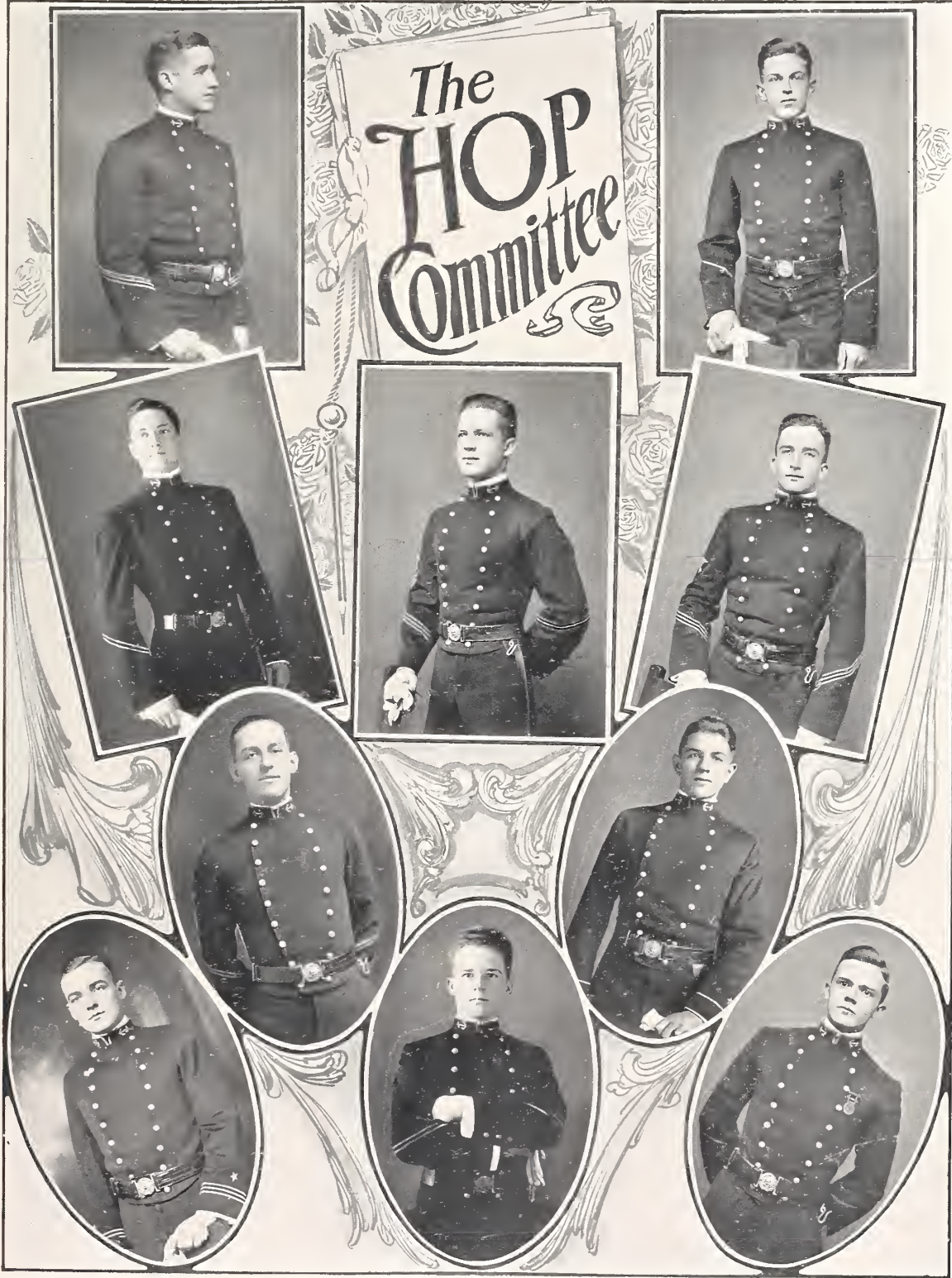
Near the center of one side of the great gymnasium stand the receiving party, in a pleasant little alcove of palms, shaking countless hands, mumbling countless names, instantly forgotten, and repeating countless formal words of greeting. But how inspiring, on the morrow, to read in the *Evening Capital* how graciously the charming Madame X received, in a magnificent gown of paté de foie gras garnished with onions, assisted by Midshipman Z of the graduating class.

Forming a splendid border for the scene are the stately chaperones. They range from recent bride to silvery-haired grand-dame, yet they share alike a lively interest in the evening's merriment. Occasionally a



Madame X in a gown of paté de foie gras and Midshipman Z received.







A Cutey passes the stately
Chaperoneo.

youth creates a stir in the ranks as he hurriedly searches for an obliging friend to relieve him of a "queen" so he may get the dance with his next partner.

Peering over the balcony rail is a wistful-looking band—the Red Mikes and the Plebes, relics of the past and hopes of the future. With the promised joys of the years to come thus acted out before them, the eyes of youth become bright with anticipation and longing, feasting on the glorious blending of pretty girls, color, and motion. Then suddenly from the darkness without crashes the warning gun, and silently the Plebes withdraw. For yet a while the Red Mikes remain, assuming as the right of old age the pose of the excessively bored. Ancient eyes, remarkably alert, search out the "bricks" in the throng below; ancient ears hear the trombone vieing with the bassoon, the wind, whistling outside, with the scraping of feet on the floor below; ancient tongues voice the sentiment that the Navy has gone to the dogs.



THE Red Mikeo and the Plebes
Relics of the Past, and
Hopes of the Future

ripple of suppressed excitement animates a group as some enraptured couple floats by, too occupied with each other to heed the presence of others. Or perhaps a new candidate for a place in the constellation of the "Cutneys" makes a strong bid for official recognition, and a whispered conversation, punctuated with a splendid display of silver lorgnettes, ensues.

Then, lo! another group of the great assembly comes into action, spurred on by vivid descriptions and damning gestures. The relentless "Censors of the Hops" are loosed to the chase—a touch on the shoulder, a muffled word and meaning glance, and thenceforth—oblivion? Nay! by the eternal Anthony Lee, not so! Notoriety! Everlasting fame!

At one end of the room, in massed formation, are the stags, silently and steadily encroaching on the rights and privileges of the dancers. On their various faces are depicted indifference, exasperation, anxiety, or pleased vanity, perhaps, as a glance is exchanged with another fellow's girl dancing by. Now and then a face lights up suddenly as its owner makes a dash for a waiting maid who has cajoled her erstwhile partner to dance by the stag line, in the secret hope that some acceptable youth will break in on the dance. Occasionally a distracted



THE CENSORS OF THE HOP.

There are spectators in the balcony aside from the Plebes and Red Mikes, but the soul of the hops resides among the dancers. There beauty and grace, and feminine charm of the highest order, are displayed in their most effective setting, among manly youths and distinguished officers. There are vividly portrayed life, love and happiness. There are found the hope and joy of these United States—the best of her sons and the fairest of her daughters.







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DRESS P-RADE, upon P-rade, sweltering heat, beautiful girls, a maze of gorgeous color, much music, lots of dancing, plenty of fussing and drill after drill—all these thrown together make up the grand, delirious, fantastical pageant known as June Week. But, Lord bless us! we wouldn't want to escape from these few days of delirium. With all the hard work they bring, the good so far surpasses the evil that all the year could be a June Week and no one would rhino.

Old Robin Hood and his merrie band cavorting gayly under the ancient greenwood had a very jolly time of it, no doubt. But right here in modern times we have the greenwood and the greensward, and what more could ye blithesome swain desire as he wanders o'er the campus with his pretty lassie? Dear old greensward! So invitingly offering its verdant bosom to lovers' tread. O you Rosalind! O you Orlando!

There is a spirit of good fellowship in the air, a touch of harmless revelry, which no one has the least desire to dodge. Since June Week comes but once a year, it may always be counted upon to furnish its quota of delightful surprises. Even the veteran damsels, who have passed through a baker's dozen of them more or less, are never too bored to refuse another chance for a week with the Middies in their habitat. It means for them a week of frivolity, of frank good time, of martial exhibitions, of Hops militaire. Then indeed dull care is banished—"then if ever come perfect days."

Way back in the fifties, when somebody started the idea of the Naval Academy, and somebody else put it through to its actual culmination, do you suppose the wildest visions of these men opened up to them a perspective of the vista of regal magnificence which now

greet the oncoming June horde? The grounds are so large, the buildings so enormous, the studies so varied, and the different enterprises so numerous, that none of the fair ones that come for that one week can possibly realize how variegated this life in the Naval School really is. Shades of George Bancroft! If he could but come along now and stop a minute by the Herndon monument during that week of all weeks. What queer conversation he would hear between Her and Him. They are talking it over—and what is the subject? Well, you might say offhand, the Ensign Bill. That is really a good thing to talk about during June Week, for that is the season when everyone feels so delightfully spoony and romantic.

There are so many interesting problems that arise during June Week for the Girl to solve. In the first place she really ought to know just what to say to her Laddie Buck in order to cheer him up after a gruelling infantry or



CAPTAIN BOWYER AND THE
LADY OF THE COLORS.



PARADE REST.



PASSING IN REVIEW.



BENNION GETS THE SEAMANSHIP CUP.

company of militia back home, and parades every Fourth of July. He may get sarcastic, and Heaven forfend you then from his tirade of jocund pleasantries!

On the last Sunday before Graduation, June Week is unofficially ushered in with the valedictory sermon, preached by our venerable chaplain, whom we all love and honor. At the completion of this service it is always good form to weep copious copes when the choir turns on the "Till we meet again." This helps to make the end of the service pass off most merrily. Furthermore, dear friends, did you ever realize before that it is the first real chance of the year offered to you of crying over the choir in public. Therefore make the most of your opportunity. The louder and more violent your sobs, the more comfortable you make everyone else around you feel.

According to the modern calendar, Monday follows Sunday, and it does not depart from that time-honored custom just because it is June Week. Our Monday is Decoration Day, however, and a holiday for all concerned. By this time practically everyone has arrived on the scene of action, and the Yard and the adjacent "city" look like a veritable finishing school.



READY FOR THE SHAM BATTLE.

artillery drill out on the sizzling parade. Watch out, girls, about angering him who is your consort for the week. Of course he loves you, and wants to see you do well, but too much sun makes the best of us peevish. Look out for him after he gets back from that drill, in which he has endured the agonies of a boiled lobster and has prayed for the freedom of a bathing suit. Then is the time when the dear boy wants your sympathy, not your compliments. Don't tell him how sweet and cute he looked as he marched down the field. Don't tell him how he strongly reminded you of your pompous popper who commands a



SETTING-UP.

On Tuesday morning at ten o'clock officers attached to the Yard gather in full dress regalia around the reviewing stand, and await the onslaught of the Board of Visitors. The Brigade of Midshipmen meanwhile has been marched on the field, everyone in full dress, and every last man feels a goose chill running down from his medulla which tells him that the week for which he has so long been waiting is at last come. Suddenly the clatter of hoofs breaks the stillness of the oppressive air, and, lo! up the driveway come Chaney's fiery

animals, galloping at a tremendous rate, with their noses touching the ground. The Board of Visitors is here! The bugle sounds attention. Then comes "open ranks," then inspection, and after that "close ranks," and the Brigade passes in review for the first time on the first day.

Then follow in kaleidoscopic succession all kinds of drills ashore and afloat, demonstrating what the arduous year has done in developing and rounding out each of the four Classes. All these drills are entered into with a snap and vim by all concerned, their one thought being to get through and back to that bully shower which awaits them as the reward for hard labor.

Another dress parade takes place in the afternoon, at which the colors are presented to the company standing first in "General Excellence" during the year that is just drawing to a close.



THE REPULSE.

Three cheers are given with right good will for the lady presenting the colors, and also for the fortunate company receiving them, and that very pretty, very striking ceremony is over.

The next morning, and the morning after, a similar routine of drills is pursued. At the afternoon dress parade medals, cups, swords, sextants, and still more medals are dispensed to those who have striven valiantly and won merited success during the year.

The nights, the glorious, summer, semi-tropical nights, are the times when the fusser comes into his own. No bugle calls to disturb

him then; no drills to summon him to show forth his prowess, and he may be constantly at the side of the Friend Indeed until—nine thirty in the evening! Then, alas! the stern Regulation Book says they must part, and great is the wailing.

How popular, too, are those afternoon dress parades—especially when you have about five minutes to shift and take a shower after your company is dismissed in the Armory! What care you then for June Week and its festal gaiety! You make a wild, terrific dash for your room, and if you can run faster than your wife, why of course you beat him into the shower. But what pleasure do you derive therefrom, with him standing outside, so mad that he is literally hopping up and down as though he were doing the dance of the seven towels, and cussing you out with the utmost frankness and sincerity for taking so long.



CHARGE!



A CASUALTY.



THE YARD.

Then to cap the climax the call for formation is fiendishly blown by the bugler, and by the time you stagger into ranks you feel as much like a boilermaker as when you left the Armory—and you wonder what in the dickens it is all about anyhow. But!—when you go out and see Her, and dine with Her, and She googles at you! Wow! wow! All is then forgotten in the divine rapture of her presence, and your environment seems intensely roseate.

Then comes the Last Parade—on the afternoon of Thursday. What bother it now that the air may be hot, or the dress uniforms stifling! These things are forgotten in the bewildering splendor of that last scene on the field. With snap and precision the various units of the Brigade form in their respective

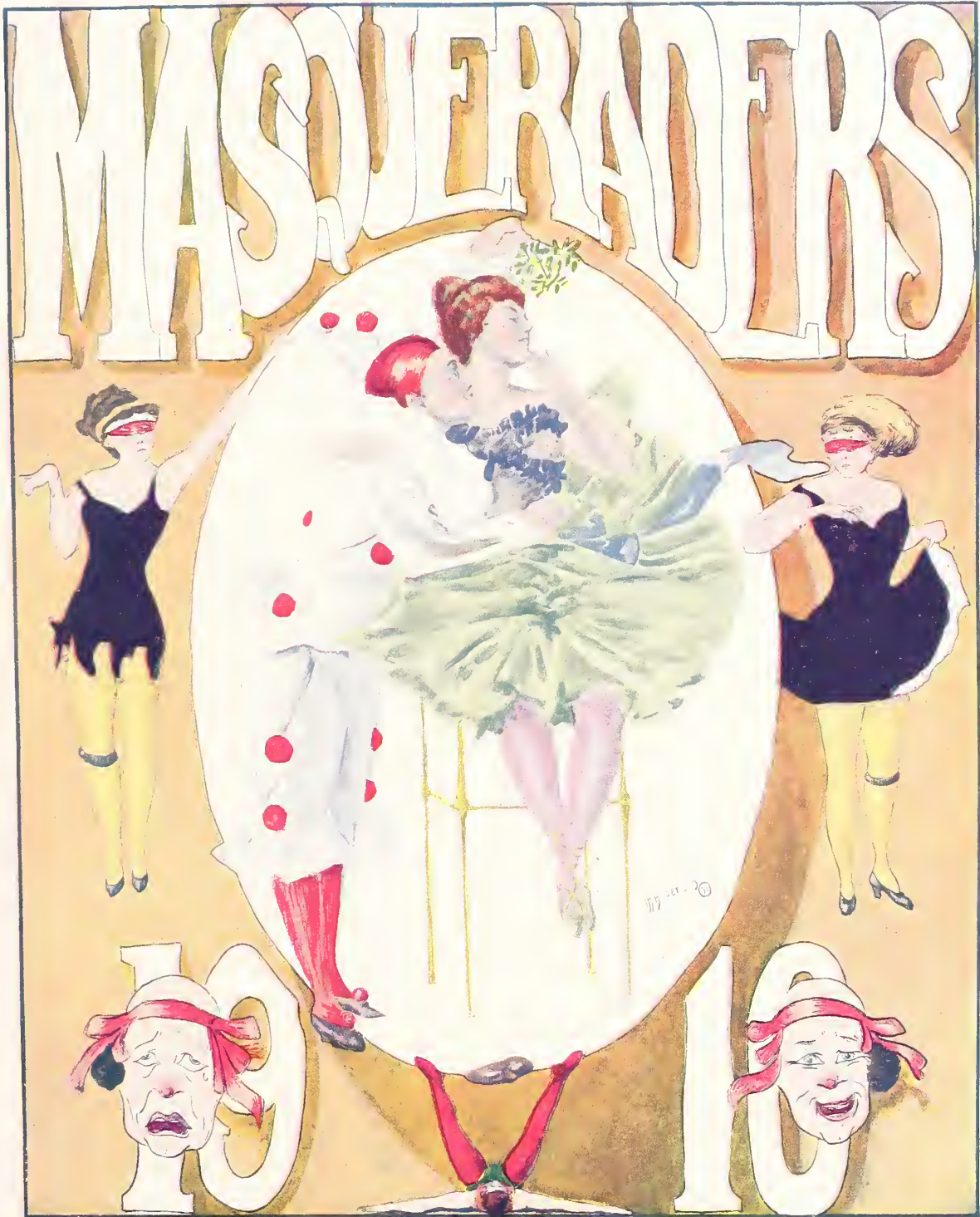
parts of the parade. Then all at once the notes of the bugle—sweet to our ears now!—ring out the clarion call to attention, and the evolutions are well under way before the last echoes of the bugle fade across the waters of the Chesapeake. For the last time ranks are opened: for the last time adjutants front and center; and for the first and last time we hear the reports, so significant, of “nineteen men absent, sir,” and “eleven men absent, sir.” Then the order is given to pass in review, and with quick step and perfect alignment, company after company—twelve in all—swing past the Reviewing Stand, and give the last salute—Eyes Right!

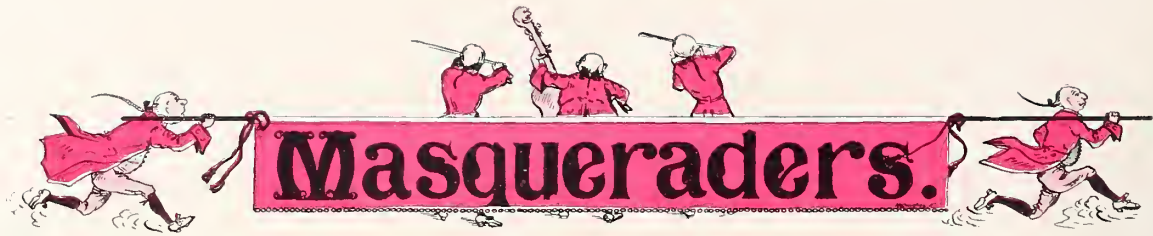
The Class German that same evening makes a fitting ending to the day—and then comes the climax of the year!

It is about ten o'clock on the morning of Friday. The friends of the graduates are seated in the southwest end of the Armory; the Brigade of Midshipmen, minus the Graduating Class, is drawn up, one battalion facing the other, forming a long central aisle. There is tense excitement in the air. Then down the broad stairs comes The Class, led by their president. Proudly, triumphantly, they march down the center and to the seats reserved for them. Everybody knows there is not much longer to wait—and they are right, for the band strikes up a march, the Brigade presents arms, and down the center comes the officer, or other gentleman, who is to deliver the diplomas. The welcome address is given; the oration of the day delivered; the Admiral of the Navy, or the Secretary of the Navy, is introduced; the cabinet holding the precious documents is brought forward; and then—why then we get that which four years of toil and hard labor has in truth made of priceless value!

Graduation Day closes with the enormous, bewildering, June Ball—a scene never to be forgotten. The Armory with its magnificent decorations! The beautiful girls! Their exquisite costumes! So ends the Day in a scene of glory—so ends another June Week!







Masqueraders.



THE Masqueraders added another to their ever-lengthening string of successes last spring by the production of the musical comedy, "Money Talks." The book, by Clark, Meyer, Field and Pendleton, was clever and quick of action; just enough plot to give interest and continuity, without puzzling the audience with attempts at too great intricacy of situation. The lyrics, from the pens of Dodd, Smith, Clark and Field, were bright, and the music, composed by Smith, Dodd, Howell and Clark, left little to be desired.

The play dealt with the wooing of a country magnate's daughter by a young millionaire, her childhood playmate, who met her after a lapse of many years only to fall desperately in love. Complications arose when the young man's secretary attempted to pose as his patron in an endeavor to secure for himself the heiress's hand—and bank-roll. After many difficulties the course of true love was finally smoothed out, the erring secretary forgiven, and the curtain fell to the tinkle of wedding bells in the distance.

The work of the cast was admirable throughout. Meyer and Clark, as the hero and his secretary; Field, Brown, Spencer and Roesch in the comedy roles; and Wilbur and Chevalier, as the "maidens fair" of the play, all proved themselves clever, even finished actors; while Dodd and Harlow as the Alimony Sisters were a whole *corps de ballet* in themselves.

The chorus work far surpassed anything that had been previously attempted, and for this the credit is entirely due to Charley Morgan, who gave much time and more work to the production, solely through his good will, and interest in amateur, and especially college, drama. Under his direction many intricate and spectacular chorus effects were produced, and this with a bunch of coryphees absolutely green to the work, who did not know a *pas seul* from a *demi-volante*. In a few weeks he changed them into as well-drilled chorus-girls as are to be found on or off Broadway, and their work, especially the cinematograph chorus in the Champagne Isle, will live long in our memories.



Under Charley's direction also, Wilbur as the heroine, and Clark as one of her wooers, did a charming piece of fancy waltzing, that was encored until they

were forced to stop in order to give the rest of the cast a chance to exhibit their talents.

The stage setting under the direction of Pailthorpe was the most elaborate that has been put upon the boards of the Auditorium. Though greatly hampered by the small dimensions of that stage, he produced for the first act a highly realistic country hotel lobby, complete down to the smallest detail, while the setting for the second act was little short of a masterpiece. The garden scene presented, with its trellis of climbing roses, its row on row of festooned lights, and in the background a fountain gurgling and plashing, made under the soft glow of the footlights an effect truly witching—a picture that one would be well content to watch longer than a brief three-quarters of an hour.

The whole show went off with a snap and a dash that was a grateful contrast to the



THE OPENING CHORUS—"MONEY TALKS."

usual course of amateur productions, and never for an instant was the interest of the audience allowed to flag. A high standard was set that will be hard indeed to eclipse in future years.

The Holiday Show, which came off on the seventeenth of last December, also marked a distinct advance in the work of the Masqueraders. The program included a minstrel show preceded by a short farce from the pen of Vincent Meyer. This dealt with the troubles of a budding young "Professor of Music" whose absent-minded proposal to a Broadway beauty while in a hectic condition



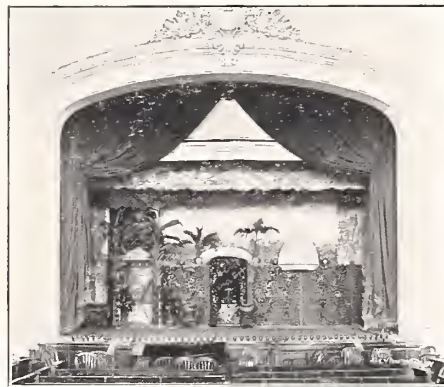
FINALE, ACT I—"MONEY TALKS."

plunged him into a whole series of side-splitting complications. The unfortunate youth was played by the author, and his proceedings while simulating madness—a course recommended by Martin as a friend with a penchant for giving dangerous advice—were fearful and wonderful to behold. The rest of the cast comprised Dodd, Macomb, McCord and Batten, their work being without exception of a high order.

The setting for this skit was a sumptuous studio, and herein Stone, the stage carpenter and business manager, again demonstrated what can be done in a very small space with limited material.

The minstrel part of the evening was also good. Meyer again appeared as the interlocutor, Melvin, Field, King, Barnes, Hull and Kates being the end-men. Their jokes were bright, and kept the audience in a gale of laughter, while the cruise of Field and Melvin across the stage in their own canoe brought down the house.

The singing was in keeping with the rest of the pro-



PAILTHORPE'S CHIEF D'OEUVRE.





gram; the soloists, Brown, Field, Eldredge, Melvin, Bryant, King, Corn and Ramsey, all covered themselves with glory, and were throughout nobly aided and abetted by the chorus. The quartette, consisting of Eldredge, Wick, Ramsey and Wilbur, gave an exhibition of the highest brand of "close agony." Meyer wound up the evening by the recitation of "The Death of Porthos."



On the whole these two entertainments constituted the most successful year that the Masqueraders have ever seen, and great credit is due to Clark, '10, and Meyer, '11, who have been the leading spirits in the work of the last two years. We look forward to this year's Spring Show, now in preparation under the direction of Meyer, Stone, and Charley Morgan, to keep up the high standard attained.



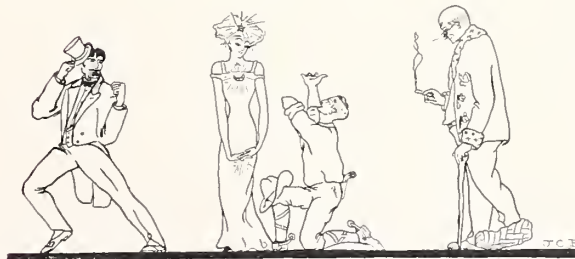
STONE.



PAILTHORPE.



SOME CHORUS MEN.



FUMES





HICKS: Have you seen Gromer?

CHESTY: No! I ain't even heard him yet.

INSTRUCTOR: Mr. Strickland, in case there's a fight in the wardroom, who is responsible for the preservation of order?

GUY: The senior line officer not fighting, sir!

OCTOBER 1.—LITTLE PLEBE (*entering Sammy's room*): Sir, I'm a wop.

SAMMY (*just back from leave*): What's your name?

LITTLE PLEBE: Samson, sir!

INSTRUCTOR: The port bucklers are removed by the First and Second Pointers.

PHILLIPS: Sir, who removes the starboard bucklers?

INSTRUCTOR: Mr. Ragon, in case the President comes on board a torpedo boat on an official visit, what salute should he receive?

RAGS: Twenty-one torpedoes, sir!

FIELD (*in Marsilles, over the rail to the first bumboatman alongside with newspapers*)
Avez-vous un journal Americain?

BUMBOATMAN (*sarcastically*): Aw, watcher want, a Noo Yoik Herald?

INSTRUCTOR: Mr. Grafton, what is a gun?

VENUS: A gun is a piece of iron with a hole in it, made to shoot with.

INSTRUCTOR: Mr. Hicks, can a man win a battle with a telescope?

BILLY (*confidently*): No, sir! It takes a man with wits.

INSTRUCTOR (*seeing that Meyer is cramming his board to get enough room*): Stretch out a little, Mr. Meyer, and get some room.

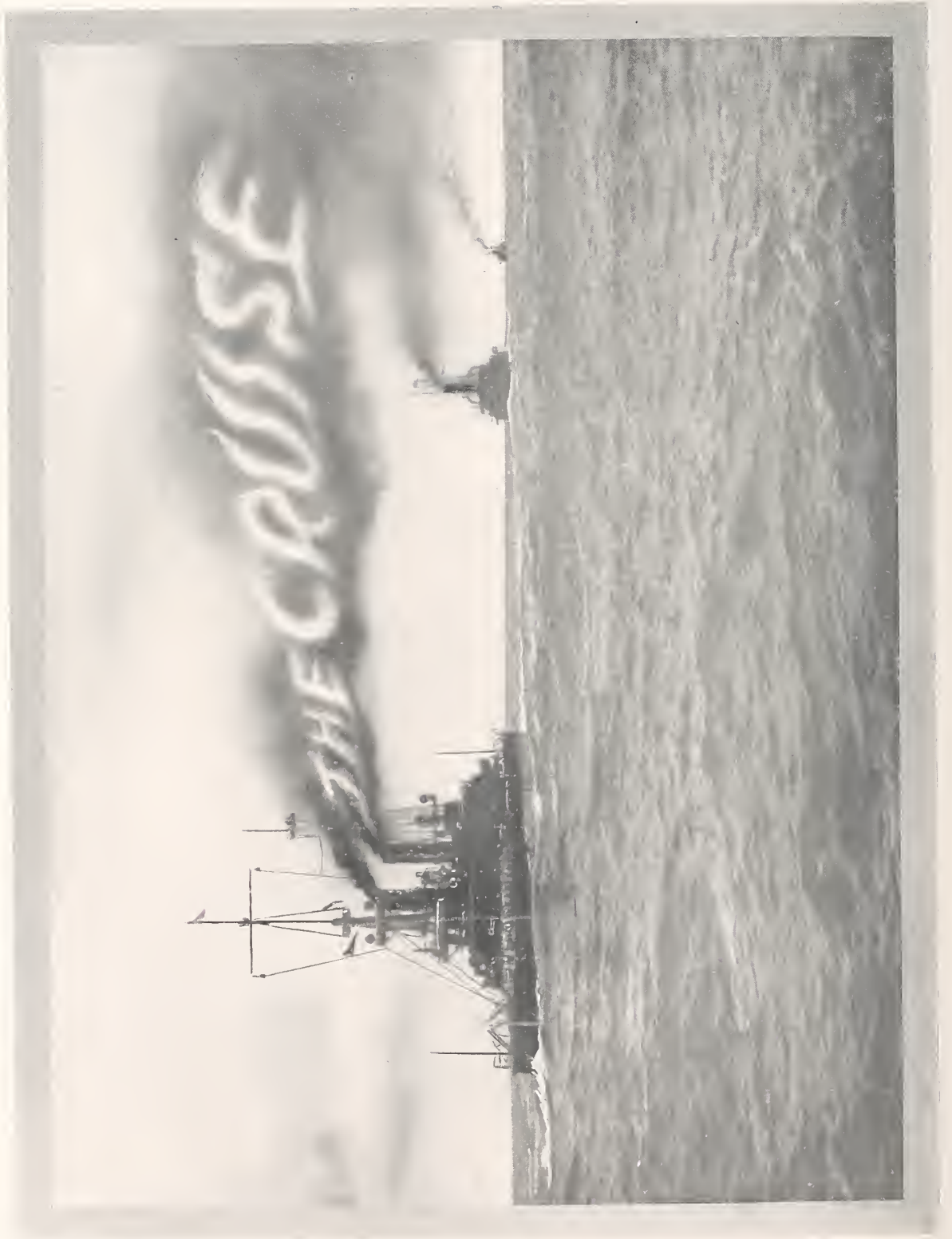
VINCE (*fussed*): I'm all right, sir; my trousers are just a little tight, that's all.

INSTRUCTOR: What's the best thing to put inside a pair of shoes when about to start on a march, Mr. Foster?

PAUL: Clean feet, sir!

INSTRUCTOR: Mr. Hinckley, when do they use all these fog signals?

HINCK: In fog, snow, rain, and heavy dew, sir!





THERE were hundreds of people down at the sea wall on that bright, sunny morning after the night of the June Ball. The crowd could be separated into five distinct classes—girls, relatives, friends, midshipmen, and laundry bags, with the girls and laundry bags most in evidence in point of number. There were the usual mad dashes back into Bancroft Hall by the poor wretches who at the last instant remembered some article of importance left behind. There was the usual long delay during embarkation on the Standish and in the cutters. But there were more than usual of the fluid evidences of grief on the part of the fond parents—and friends. For we were off at last for Europe.

The rumor of a foreign cruise, starting about Semi-Ann time, had grown by leaps and bounds until it reached such proportions and attained such kinetic energy that the Powers succumbed to its force. The Iowa, Indiana and Massachusetts were detailed for the cruise, and upon this particular morning we found ourselves embarking on the three ships, the Iowa men from the Standish, and the others from cutters. The Massy was anchored in midstream, and her outfit was aboard in no time at all. The other two vessels were two miles out beyond the lighthouse, and it was past noon before the Standish and the cutters discharged their cargoes.





We found the ships very broad, each of twice the tonnage, several times the fighting ability, and any number of times the inconvenience, from our point of view, of our old friend, the Olympia. We knew from the start that we were to be crowded, but our former cruises had in a way inured us to such a condition. In passing, one might remark that it requires considerable ingenuity to stow away in a tiny cupboard-like space enough clothes to last one for three months. However, we all managed to accomplish this feat, even the Youngsters succeeding at last, after agonizing struggles.

Divine service in the Academy chapel, which was scheduled for the morning after embarkation, was called off on account of the choppy weather, and as the day wore on the Bay became so rough that no small boats dared venture out.

Thus it was that we sailed the next morning without having seen any of the fair femmes who had promised so faithfully to sail out and spend Sunday aboard.

The day's run down to Norfolk was as intensely stupid as most Chesapeake voyages usually are. We had barely anchored off the old familiar Chamberlin when the coaling gear began to make its dusky appearance, and we turned in early that night in preparation for the next day's hard work.

Assured in advance that we would coal but once during the cruise, we fairly ate up the coal during the whole long day. The Iowa, as flagship, having snatched most of the lighters, finished first, but the poor old Massy had to complete the job by searchlight. However, we had all day liberty on the following day. All hands went ashore, and one would have thought from the appearance of the Chamberlin's dining room that it was the last meal of the condemned. Most of us, none too certain as to our sea legs for the morrow, and absolutely certain as to the quality, or lack of quality, of our mess, made the most out of our last civilized meal. Even now the memory lingers as one of the most pleasant of the cruise.

When land finally disappears from view, one is theoretically supposed to have some kind of a thrilling feeling, especially upon starting on a long voyage. However, about all the feeling most of us had when we watched the low Virginian coast sink out of sight was a sense of profound relief at not being seasick as yet. Some hours later we experienced thrilling feelings of





a different nature, and when the cold gray dawn of another day appeared, it found us unutterably, profoundly, miserably sick. Some attempted breakfast. They were sorry! Others did not attempt breakfast. They were also sorry. In fact, it made no difference as to what we did and what we didn't. We felt just as badly either way. We wished that we were dead or back in Crabtown, and we wished most of all that our ships would sink. We felt that we would be twice as happy as pale corpses in battleboats miles beneath the sea, where they would lie quietly on their sides, than as nearly dead midshipmen on rolling, pitching, twisting, heaving ballyhoos.

Let us pass quickly over those first three days and their absolute misery. The fourth day found us in the Gulf Stream. The weather was warm and pleasant, and the sea much calmer. Most of the First Class soon got the hang of Nav, and the Day's Work took us on an average about six hours to complete. Some of us never did savvy the system, and were forever sitting up late at night, working feverishly away, stopping now and then to mutter and to light a fresh cigarette.

The food was continuously and everlastingly awful. The common mess proved not only shy of luxuries, but also of nourishment. One of the most popular dishes was composed of 99 per cent. water and 1 per cent. oatmeal. At least it did not injure us. Most of the First Class subsisted on bad coffee, chocolate purchased at the canteen, and cigarettes.

For three or four days after we crossed the Gulf Stream we had a merry little gale. We rolled, pitched, and shipped water over the foc'sles and quarterdecks until their hatches had to be battened down. The waves were so beautiful that camera films were used up in a magically short time.

The principle on all the ships seemed to be to allow as little sleep as possible. In regard to noise, it was even worse than our dear old Benny-puggy Chi of pleasant memories. At all hours of the night one heard exhortations bawled out and shrieked from all sides, "A-a-ll the Third Section lash and carry!" "Man the ashwhip! One! Three! Five! and Seven!" and such pleasant little exclamations sifted through our dreams.

And then those mornings! When you were dead with sleep, after having spent three-fourths





of the night down in a dirty, greasy, smelly engine room, watching that everlasting counter to see that 65 was added each minute to the reading, some beast came along under your hammock at six o'clock, paused for one awful moment, and then dealt it a mighty blow, at the same time bawling in a hoarse and bloodthirsty voice,



"Turn out! Rise! Lash and carry! Rise, and sniff the early moon!" This last with a horrible nasal twang. As if anybody could sniff the early moon, or any kind of a moon, even

if he wanted to do such an abnormal thing! It's sea-goin', though.

But we survived it all. To break up the monotony the Iowa gave a couple of shows, which made a huge success, in spite of the fact that only local talent participated. The Wop made a scene at one of these shows by nearly breaking his neck. At the close of the entertainment the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," as is customary. The Wop, who had been seated astride one of the big turret guns, with his feet dangling above the heads of the audience beneath, attempted to stand at attention, and promptly fell off, disappearing into a very indignant outfit below, who jumped on him roundly at the conclusion of the national air.

When we at last sighted the Scilly Islands and steamed past them, we all felt that the first and worst leg of the cruise was over. We felt better yet when we swept past Eddystone Light into Plymouth Harbor, and at last dropped our mudhooks in the Hamoaze, with Devonport lying before us. Never had ordinary grass appeared so green; never had a crowded town looked so attractive. The rows and rows of little oblong chimneys, and the several old towers that rose from among the houses like landmarks made us all eager to go ashore.

But we wasted no time on the scenery. We were below happily packing for our London trip on the morrow when we heard shouts of rage and screams of anguish above. Rushing up, we were confronted with an order forbidding our cherished three days' trip to London on the grounds that the largest city of the world could not accommodate five hundred extra guests. "Due to the height of the social season," so the order ran, and there was some wailing and





gnashing of teeth and profoundly impressive remarks. However, since everyone was talking at once, and no one was paying the slightest bit of attention to anyone else, it made no difference. An hour later the order was belayed, and we were happy again.

When the word was passed the next morning for "All the midshipmen" to fall in on the quarterdeck, the gun decks of the squadron were in wonderful confusion. There was a mass of blouses, whisk brooms, suitcases, and midshipmen, apparently hopelessly mixed. In two minutes, however, not a midshipman was to be found below decks. On either side of each quarterdeck were two solid ranks of midshipmen, each man with his suitcase. Here and there some, wiser than the others, carried rainclothes on their arms.

It was no time at all before our cutters had carried us the distance to Millbay Docks. There was some attempt made to keep a military formation while waiting for the trains, but for once the outfit would not stay put.

Those two funny little English trains never fully realized what had hit them. Each compartment was full to overflowing, both with smoke and with midshipmen. It was well for the peace of all concerned that they made no stop between Plymouth and London. The guards and the waiters of the dining car were soon reduced to a state of fear and trembling, and we had no trouble from them. They looked worn and haggard, and anything but happy.

The scenery was not so very different from that observed from the windows of an American parlor car. Everything—fields, houses, hills—reminded one of a toy shop. It was pastoral, all right, with here and there an overgrown ruin. We saw King Alfred's Horse—a giant landmark—a perfect animal formed by cutting away the turf and exposing the chalk cliff on the





side of a steep slope. Upon our arrival at Paddington Station there was one mad scramble for taxis, and then a melting into thin air.

To attempt to enumerate what we did in London would result in some five hundred pages to be added to this book. We invaded the Cecil, the Savoy, and all the hotels. We lived in taxis, and spent most of the day and night skimming along at a good speed. Most of us tried conscientiously to do the town. The Tower proved very popular. There we saw relics and grewsome things galore. The headsman's axe and block on which certain honorable gentlemen—and ladies, too—paid the penalty of disfavor with the powers that were, was really rather a passable relic. The armor of the different ages, the coronation robes which the late King Edward and his queen wore, the wonderful old swords and sabers, and above all, the Tower itself, were so fascinating that it was very hard to tear one's self away.

Everybody went to Westminster Abbey, with its beautiful chimes, old naves and towers. The famous names and interesting inscriptions seemed so numberless that one could have spent days reading them alone.

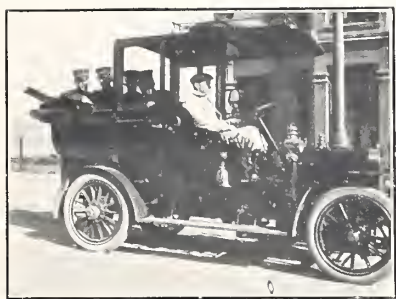
We taxied out to Buckingham Palace, saw guard mount, and came back by way of Hyde Park and Rotten Row. We went along the Thames Embankment, across the famous London Bridge, and came back from old London by way of Trafalgar Square, where we saw Landseer's beautiful lions.

We lunched at Simpson's, dined at Scott's, dined again after the theatre at Prince's, waited until the next day for Frascati's, and never ate two meals in the same place.

We mobbed the theatres. A few very high-minded persons went to the Covent Garden Theatre and heard Tetrassini in "Rigoletto" or "Louise." The majority, however, made a violent rush for "The Balkan Princess," "The Arcadians," or "The Dollar Princess." "Our Miss Gibbs," and Pavlova in her Russian dance, were also great favorites. In fact, each man came back swearing that the show he had just seen was the best ever.

It certainly was hard to leave a city containing such a multiplicity of attractions, but we all returned on time. The homeward journey was one continual interchange of wild and thrilling tales, though most of the experiences were similar. The unanimous opinion seemed to be that





we had never had a better time.

We found the ships coaled and fairly clean. For the two succeeding days the main desire was not food, but sleep; for we were all worn out with the London pace.

After London, we found Plymouth stupid. To get there, we had to take trams from Devonport—big, unwieldy, two-story effects with seats on the open top. By the natural laws of American gravity, an American tram would upset at the first corner. In England, when it comes to speed, they treat life like a funeral.

There are just three things to see in Plymouth—the Town Hall, St. Andrew's Chapel, and the Hoe. The Town Hall is oddly beautiful in its architecture, the Chapel is interestingly old, having been started in 1300, or some such date, but the

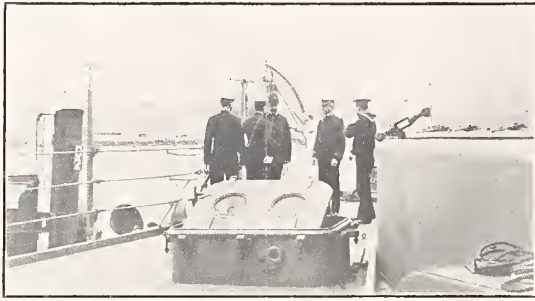


Hoe is the only thing worth while. It is the promenade of Plymouth. Running along a very high bluff, it commands a wonderful view of the harbor. In the middle of the basin lies Drake's Island, small, heavily wooded, and crowned with an old stone fort. Across the harbor lies the magnificent estate of Lord Mt. Edgecombe, which estate the leader of the Spanish Armada intended to cop for a private dwelling house—that is, after he captured the town. They are strong on the Armada here. There are pictures and little reminders of it all over the place.

Well, to come back to the Hoe. There are several statues on it. Naturally there is a statue to, or rather about, the Armada. They couldn't miss a chance like this to rub in the defeat of the Armada. Just why they think it so very nifty is more than we could see. Yet they seem as cocky over it as we are over the surrender of Burgoyne, or the Fourth of July, or something really worth while.

On the Hoe is something truly interesting—the old Eddystone Light. In one of the narrow windows near the top is placed a long telescope, through which one can see, far away in the distance, the new Eddystone Light, keeping just as faithful a watch as did its predecessor for so many long years.





an intervening space of several hundred yards, but as to getting any of the new principles of British naval construction—nothing doing.

It seemed no time at all before we were out at sea again. After the first morning, when we all felt a little squeamish, we soon found our sea legs again, and were shortly engaged in battling with our old friend, the Day's Work, or fighting with indicator cards.

Taking an indicator card is the pleasantest job imaginable. First you get an indicator from the log room. An indicator is an invention of the devil—a shiny, nicked thing, with a string, springs, and a pencil point. This pencil point is peculiar because it is always blunt, and it makes a mark two inches broad. The springs are phony, too. You spend an average of four hours getting your three cards. You get them eventually, but not until you have broken two indicators and three strings, lost four springs, insulted everybody in the engine-room, dropped a wrench on the chief's head, are dripping with perspiration, have exhausted your vocabulary, have sworn to resign immediately, and—well, are in a mess generally.



away astern of us just as she had emerged from the clouds before us earlier in the day.

For several hours before we got into the harbor of Marseilles there was a heavy sea, and we were all glad to pass between the huge rocks that mark the entrance. As we steamed along we were attracted by the delightful scenery, the high, whitish cliffs with the town in the background, the Chateau d'If, and the beautiful Cathedral de Notre Dame de la Garde. We were delayed getting in by the foolish act of a Second Classman on the Massachusetts, who left the ship without permission. However, he was soon picked up, and we ran around the end of

While lying off Devonport, the First Class were invited ashore to inspect the Royal Dockyards. We spent a whole morning ashore, where we were hospitably escorted about the Yards by the British officers. We were free to ask whatever questions we cared to ask—but we learned nothing. We did a great deal of looking at empty dry docks, of walking along dark tunnels, of peeping into buildings at a safe distance from the machinery inside, of viewing new ships across



Outside the Rock we were greeted by the soft and balmy mistral. One brief hour we saw the Rock, and then the great landmark faded





the breakwater and into the inner basin, where we moored amidst a group of shipping from all nations.

Marseilles was fine. The shops, the people, the little cafés, with their tables on the street, all were fascinating. Everybody visited Notre Dame de la Garde, ascending

to it by means of a remarkable hydraulic elevator. The Chateau d'If, isolated as it is, though not lacking in interest, was not generally visited, although a few went out to look over the scene of the Count of Monte Cristo's imprisonment. Everybody took the drive along the fashionable Rue del Prado, enjoying the cool shade and the light, pretty villas and prettier mademoiselles. Coming back, we returned on the Corniche, the prettiest road in France, and everyone visited La Reserve. With the sea on one side and high cliffs on the other, with a hazy blue appearance to everything, the road is very picturesque.

The American and British consuls gave receptions to the First Class on Monday and Wednesday of our stay. These were charming, and they form part of our most pleasant memories of the cruise. Our own little Iowa band, led by the stately Signor Cariana, supplied the music, and with pretty French girls and stately old countesses and generals floating around, we had a glorious time.



On Thursday, July 14, occurred the French imitation of the American Fourth, their celebration of the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. A number of us were invited to attend the manœuvres of the Fifteenth Army Corps, and in spite of the tremendous heat and the dust, we enjoyed the spectacle very much.

Our own ships proved so attractive to the populace that they literally swarmed aboard. The tiny boats scrambled about the gangway in such numbers that it became dangerous. Resort was ultimately had to the fire hose.

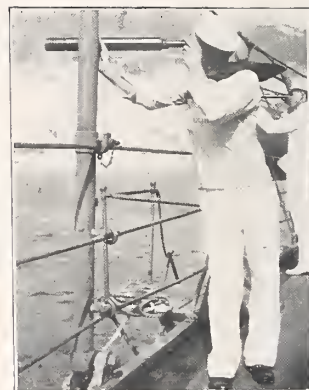
"Allez vite!" bawled the quartermaster to the mob alongside the gangway. "Non!" replied a chorus of voices. And then they turned on the water. Its effect in making the Dagoes change their minds was truly remarkable.

The leg of the cruise from Marseilles to Gibraltar proved to be tiresome. To begin with, some idiot and a wrench got mixed up with one of the Indiana's cylinders to such an extent that we limped along at slow speed during the entire leg. The Mediterranean remained calm during the whole trip, and one could not have gotten respectably seasick even if he had so desired.





Although we had been promised at the beginning of the cruise that we should have to coal but once, four o'clock of the first morning after anchoring off Gibraltar found us in coaling clothes and ready for work. We coaled from miserable little lighters, and it made a long day's work.



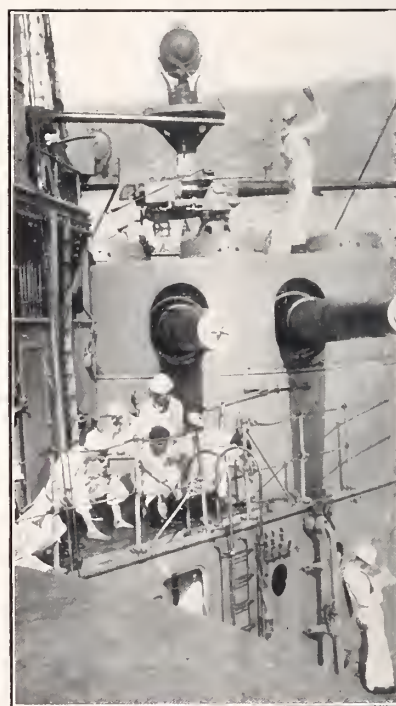
The next morning a large party on a special steamer left for Tangier, while the rest of us went ashore to investigate the little town that snuggled up under the leonine Rock.

Shortly after we had landed we found ourselves on the main street of the town—long, narrow and picturesque. There was but one sidewalk, and that was so narrow that pedestrians solved the difficulty by walking down the middle of the street. Small one-room shops lined both sides, with here and there an odd Moorish-appearing house, windowless, and with balconies on the second floor overhanging the street. There the Indian bazaars made their presence known by gay silk robes fluttering in the breezes.

In these bazaars lay the real sport the town offered. They contained a profusion of shawls, curiosities, laces, and silks, and these were for sale at what seemed to our American-bred ideas of value to be extremely low prices. Warned in advance, however, we bought nothing without bargaining for it. The general procedure is this: You saunter into a bazaar rather vaguely, attempting to look as if you were bored to death. Oh, no! You want nothing. You merely came in to rest from the heat. You take your time about everything you buy. You haggle over each article until you have beaten the Hindoo down to fifty per cent. of his stated price. Then you argue with



Updavadagos, or whatever the Hindoo calls himself, and beat him down on the lot. Then you have the bundle put aside. You may call later, but are not sure. You must see what the other stores have to offer. In a paroxysm of fear, Updavadagos comes down two dollars on the lot. You remain firm. You leave. By three o'clock, after haggling all day long with everyone you see, you are in such a state that you feel equal to tackling Updavy again, and to Updavy's establishment you go. Updavy welcomes you with the Hindoo equivalent for the American "I told you so!" But you are



grieved and displeased. Yawning, you tell Updavy that you have all but decided to throw over your claims to your reservation of the morning. You really could buy the lot for much less at other places, but if he is ready to talk business you will consent to argue with him a little, although it is pure waste of time. Updavy perceptibly weakens. It is robbing his wife, but you may have it for eighteen. You tell Updavy in a calm, unimpassioned tone that you will give him fifteen and no more, and that fifteen is too much for his outfit anyway. Updavy moans, squirms, twists, argues, and swears that he is losing money at eighteen. Do you wish to ruin

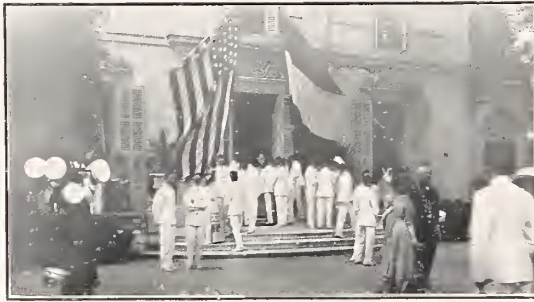


him? "Updavy," you say, in a soothing tone, "my dear young Christian friend, to ruin you is the least of my ambitions. My grandfather would roll over in his grave should I pay you more than fifteen. I refuse, though, to ruin you. This is an annoyance, but I shall have to buy it elsewhere." You begin a dignified and leisurely exit. Updavy holds his ground until he is sure that you mean to go. At the last minute he shrieks, "Seventeen! seventeen!"

"Now, Updavy," you say, as you come back in, "now you are talking more like a sane crustacean. But the truth of the matter is that I have but fifteen dollars." You hold up your pocketbook to circumstantiate your lie, for while you were going out you cleverly abstracted from your purse all but the required necessary. In this way you beat him down to sixteen, and there you stick. He swears that you are tearing the teeth out of his baby's throat as it is, and he will go no lower. You swear that you cannot pay more than fifteen. There matters hang. At last you cut the Gordian knot by offering sixteen if he will put in a shawl. Quite unexpectedly he succumbs to the glitter of the gold held enticingly up before him, and the bargain is completed. He takes the gold, you take the bundle, and you are bowed out of the shop by a smiling, satisfied Hindoo. You are both satisfied. Each feels that he has carried his point. He knows that he has gained a fair profit. You feel as if you had just gotten away with a successful burglary. But you are both happy.



Algeciras lay directly across the bay from where we had anchored, and it looked so enticing in the distance that several of us determined to visit the place. We crossed in a little yawl yecept the Margharita, and landed on a full-



sized dock with many soldiers strutting about on it. Algieras proved to be a rather pretty town, with scores of little pink and white houses. The domicile of the mayor of the city was the only residence of any size. It looked somewhat like a fortress, and was surrounded with a walled garden.

It was very hot and dusty throughout the day, and we were glad to seek the cool shade offered by the gardens of the Hotel Reina Victoria, where King Alfonso and Queen Ena of Spain spent part of their honeymoon. The tables were set out of doors, where one had a full view of the beautiful gardens. One magnificent arbor in particular was wonderful in its riotous coloring. It was a full hundred yards long, and it was completely covered with a mass of deep pink and purple flowers, the like of which we had never seen before. We felt that here was a place in which even a king and queen might spoon.

We who went to Tangier had a beautiful time. We embarked on the crazy old steamer about half past eight. There was a considerable sea running during the whole three-hour trip across, yet due to the course steered we rolled but little. A kind of lemonade was available, and we drank it with doubtful relish. However, the time passed quickly enough, and at eleven o'clock we found ourselves anchoring off Tangier.

Due to the shelving beach, we had to anchor about half a mile out, and the natives swarmed out in tiny boats to take us ashore. In less time than it takes to tell about it, we were all packed neatly away in these boats, and were being rowed quickly ashore by the lusty Moors in their odd costumes. We could not understand for some time why some of them wore red fezzes and others turbans. We soon found out that unmarried men

wore fezzes, and the benedicks turbans. The remainder of the costume consisted of a robe of light material reaching to the knees, and wrapped curiously about the body, and large, baggy trousers. The younger men did not wear the outer robe, but had short jackets instead. The legs were bare from the knees down, and their feet were encased in red or yellow slippers with no heels.

Arriving at the beach, we each seized upon a donkey, after the usual bargaining, and started up





accelerate—in plain English, to shake it up. After an obstinate balk at the start, off we went.

Such a town! The streets were just wide enough to allow two donkeys with their little side panniers to pass, and the thoroughfares wound themselves up into an extremely intricate puzzle. The narrowness of the streets had one advantage. One was always in the shade. The houses were old and very odd.



Englishman strolled along, looking very much out of place, but at the same time apparently as bored as ever.

We came at last to the main hotel of the town. Here we had a bountiful luncheon. We were decidedly *en famille*, sitting down at one long table that held the whole fifty of us. We were served by impassive Moors. The luncheon consisted in the main of an excellent omelette, a thrice excellent curry of rice, an attempt at a



town. A donkey has a retinue. First, and most important, is the owner and driver. His office is two-fold. First you bargain with him for your donkey, and then you hire one for him so that he may go along as your guide. Now a donkey is stubborn. So to urge him along you hire two drivers—one to run ahead and pull, the other to run behind and beat, and cry "Arrah! Arrah!" which is Spanish or Moroccan, or some such tongue, and means to



As we neared the main section of the town, the racket grew to unbearable proportions. We passed through a continual crush of donkeys with their riders and drivers screaming "Arrah! Arrah!" A horde of small boys, nearly naked, beset us with postal cards and matches. Pretty Spanish girls with their mantillas passed. Here and there a stout



steak, which for Morocco was a pretty good try, and a lot of fruit of all kinds.

Luncheon over, we broke up, and started off in a dozen different donkey parties. And then we did the town. An even half the time we devoted to beating the donkeys. Eventually we found ourselves pitching our voices with those of our retainers, and yelling all in concert, "Arrah! Arrah!" While returning to the ship that night, Keller solemnly asserted that his



donkey had run so fast that he fell off. Several kind First Classmen took Keller below and locked him in a stateroom, where he could not possibly do anyone any harm. It was probably the heat, anyway.

We were a gay crowd going back—for a while. Everyone wore a red fez hung rakishly over his ear, all were brandishing cutlasses, and all hands smoking shamelessly. This riot lasted until we were well out from land. Then, one by one, we drooped. A frightful pallor settled down on all our faces. One by one we sneaked to the side. We were heading directly into one of the worst head seas we had ever experienced. That little steamer rolled, twisted, and creaked. We rolled, twisted and groaned. This was seven times worse than the rolling we did coming across. There were no well men left in the whole party of fifty. We lay about the deck in an abandon of red fezzes, cutlasses, and half-smoked cigarettes. Oh, it was glorious!

But it could not last forever. At eight o'clock we were inside the Gibraltar Mole—and very glad to be there; and at eight-thirty we were aboard the old ships again, vying with each other in telling the biggest and most interesting lies.



Royal Mail steamer, the only other vessel of any size in the harbor.

Funchal is not a large town. It is spread out along the beach in the form of a semicircle. The streets are somewhat higher than those of Gibraltar, but the houses are more foreign in



We had a rough passage to Madeira, and were consequently very glad to sight the big, round, brown island at dawn of the fourth day. We ran along the coast most of the morning. Rounding a point about noon, Funchal lay before us, and we headed directly for the harbor. Imagine, if you can, a semi-circular Grecian amphitheatre, put the bluest of water for the stage floor, and stick rows and rows of houses in for seats. Then put a blue sky overhead, and a long, abrupt rise of brownish mountain behind it, and you have Funchal. Very pretty, very interesting it looked as we ran in close to the shore and dropped our anchor within hailing distance of a handsome British





appearance. The outlines of the houses follow the curves of the streets. The vegetation is entirely tropical.

The main excitement in Madeira is to go sleighing. This sounds like a fairy tale, but go sleighing we did. The streets are paved with a soft kind of cobblestone which two or three centuries of travel have worn off into a smooth and slippery condition. Hence, practically all travel in Funchal is carried on by means of sleds of different kinds drawn by small oxen. The sleighs make riding slow but very comfortable. Numbers of us made a trip up the mountain on a small railway, dined at the hotel there, after smashing in the door, and then

tobogganed down on a steep two-mile stretch.

The most interesting feature of Funchal was the "Heave-I-Dives," as we dubbed them on the day of our arrival. Even before we had anchored, the tiny native boats swarmed about the vessel. They were filled with small lads, ranging from six or eight years of age up to twenty. Each little brute kept up a continual howl of "Heave! I dive!" accompanying this with gyratory gestures. We broke out our copper coins, just as tourists here have done for years, and heaved



them one by one into the clear water near the boats. In a trice one could see an agile figure gliding down—ten, fifteen, twenty or more feet, and then emerge, triumphant, the coin held between the toes or grasped securely with the fingers. This we never grew tired of, and we rarely saw a coin lost.



On the whole, Madeira proved rather an interesting place. Its possibilities for amusement, however, were easily exhausted. It is an ideal place for a honeymoon or a rest cure, but since we were out for neither of these sports, the beauties of Funchal soon palled. To be sure, about the last day of our stay there, Henry Bruns nearly started a riot in the mountain hotel by slipping into the kitchen and snitching a whole bunch of bananas. This, however, proved to be of but transitory interest, and we left Madeira with the vague hope that Horta would prove more exciting.





the ordinary, everyday breakfast. There was the same old turning out and turning in, lashing and carrying, and carrying and unlashng, reveille and drill call, with nights when the stars shone with wonderful brilliance. The First Class had their daily Nav squabbles.

These Nav squabbles can be easily divided into three parts. Most important comes the squabble with Nav itself, which is almost big enough to be called a fight. The G. M. T., which may be twelve hours sooner or later or a day before or after, having been



downed, you are confronted with a mass of dope that you attack with cheerful madness. One nice thing about Nav is that it never disappoints you. You always get it wrong. You know in advance that you could not possibly get it right, and you know that if you did get it right that it would be wrong anyway. So you really feel quite cheerful when you discover that by your reckoning your ship is heading the opposite direction from which you know it to be going, and that the current has carried you some three hundred miles out of your course. However, you submit your book with a pleasant sense of having done your duty, turn it in, and then go up to "ketch one" and to rhino with the boys.

The second squabble is with the other people, who are sure that they are right. You know that you are wrong, but out of force of habit you have it out.

Last of all comes the squabble with the Nav instructor himself. This is briefest of all, and should you indulge yourself in it to any extent, the results are disastrous—to you.

The second day out from Funchal we passed Santa Maria, the first of the Azores, on our starboard hand. It was the next morning before Pico and then Fayal came in sight, and we saw the white houses of

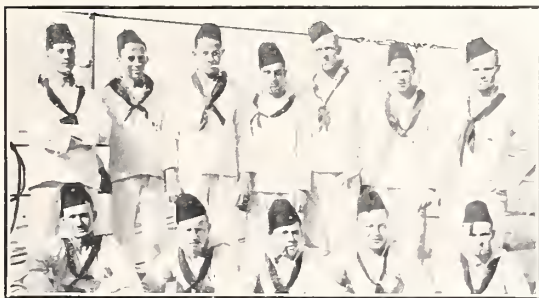
The leg of the cruise from Funchal to Horta brought forth nothing unusual. There was the same old breakfast, where you again had the pleasure of turning down the fat Irish spud that had been making his tri-daily bow to you for the past week; the regular half cup of warm coffee was spilled down your neck by the ever-watchful dark-skinned attendant; the same smudgy water leaked through from the deck above; everybody rhinoed—in short, it was





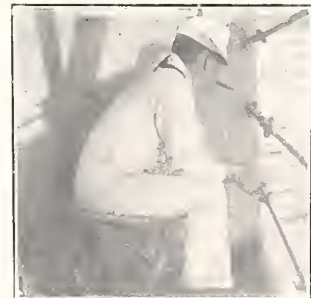
Youngster hyperbolas. On one side of the summit is a cone-shaped hill, looking for all the world like a little cocked hat on the side of the head of some fat old Dutchman. This cap, with the severe regularity of the slope, gives the peak an artificial appearance. The effect is dispelled to a great extent by the soft, white clouds which hide part of the upper half of the peak. There is a crater at the summit, and a streak of smoke makes a regular appearance from the interior of the volcano.

On the Fayal side is a large extinct volcano. Its slopes have been cultivated for years, and have been cut up into tiny square fields until they resembled nothing so much as a huge green chessboard, with a small white castle on top for a player.



The town itself is stretched along a semi-circular shore from the extinct volcano to the precipitous bluff which mark the further harbor entrance. The houses are all white or pink in color, and they appeared from the ships to be scattered about without any semblance of order. A small breakwater sheltered a lone Portuguese Dreadnought about as large as the Standish. The main beauty of the place lies in the exquisite contrast between the soft greenness of the meadows and the bold, sharp outlines of the two volcanoes.

After another day's coaling from an American collier, we were shoved ashore to make a big liberty while the ships were cleaned. Horta was hopeless. There was nothing to do, and no one with life enough to do it if it could have been done. The town, so pretty and clean-looking when viewed from the harbor, reminded one of Eastport reduced ten numbers. It wasn't worth a 1.0 as to providing places of interest, and a 0.5 would be its mark as an amusement





resort. Everybody took to the country, which was really beautiful. We walked miles and miles through most wonderful country—volcanoes, Dutch windmills, and pretty fields. The many red and white crosses on the stone walls along the road advised us of the necessity of returning before dark. However, this had become such second nature by this time that no one ever dreamed of staying out later than half past five.

Visits were exchanged with the midshipmen of the Freya, a German vessel on a nine months' practice cruise. We found that their life was just about the same as ours. One of the fiendishly joyful moments of the cruise was to see them out at boat drill one rough morning, and to watch the cutters come by with both rails manned. They were a fine lot, and by jabbering both French and English we got along well with them in the matter of conversation. On the last night of our stay they gave us a dinner, at which many of the First Class were present.

The Governor of the Azores held a reception for us on that same last night, and a large party took the nine-mile walk to and from the Governor's Mansion on State Cir—that is, on a beautiful hill commanding a view of the whole harbor. The gang who went had a very agreeable time, in spite of the confusion of tongues. To be sure, there was a little *faux pas* committed by Jack and Cit while returning, when they thoughtlessly kicked a native off the sidewalk, but they got out of that with only three D's. They always were lucky!



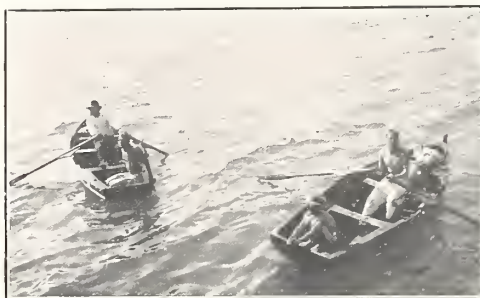
We started back to America thoroughly satisfied with our own country, and very proud of it. Full of the thoughts of leave, of genuine white folks, of water-melon and ice cream, we bestowed no backward glances on Fayal.

We had a very smooth run home. The weather was ideal, and for the first time since the cruise began one actually felt like enjoying it. But our perfect weather was forgotten when, after four or five days out from Horta, Midshipman Richard Landy, of Tennessee, was pronounced seriously ill of typhoid. In spite of all our doctors could do, he died just two days out from the Capes. In passing, let us pay the just tribute of saying that here was one of our best—a true little Christian gentleman whom we feel honored to have known. His industry, his kindness, and his cheerful disposition endeared him to all of us, and we regretted his death as we have regretted few things in our course.



Due to actual lack of proper food, each ship had its full quota of sick men when we made the Capes. Nine dollars and thirty cents may be enough to feed a growing youth on, but it has to be carefully managed. Our mess may have been all right, but the fact remains that most of us went on leave in poor physical condition. It is to be hoped that the under classes may never, in future years, have to endure what the Cruise of 1910 brought forth in the way of food.

By this time we had accumulated all varieties of pets aboard the ships. A census taken of the Iowa's outfit undoubtedly gives a fair average. It consisted of two monkeys, one Wop, two cats, one black cat, one ordinary rabbit, one pink rabbit, one starved puppy, two canaries—one without a tail which could sing, and one with a tail which could not sing; three green birds, which resembled parrots but were not; two white rats, and one brown bird, variety unknown. They afforded us considerable amusement all the way across. We teased the monkeys, chased the dog and the cats around the deck, poked at the parrots which were not, listened to the canaries and the brown bird sing, and annoyed the Wop when he read novels with a pipe in his mouth.



We passed through the Capes at seven o'clock Monday morning, August 22. After a delay while the quarantine officers inspected, and an hour at anchor while we transferred the body of Midshipman Landy to the Bagley, we steamed on up the Bay.

Just at sunset we dropped anchor off our dear old Solomon's Island. The low green banks, the murky water, and the score of white houses huddled together on the island had never looked so good to us. It was America, and we were glad to be home at last.

The week we spent at Solomon's was one of the longest, dullest, deadiest, deadliest weeks we ever spent in any port. The members of the football team were delayed in getting off until they fairly boiled. Few boating parties were allowed at Solomon's. Due to the raging of the calm sea, it was feared that we would capsize if we went out sailing. So we sulked around day after day at Solomon's, waiting with a gnawing impatience for that event-

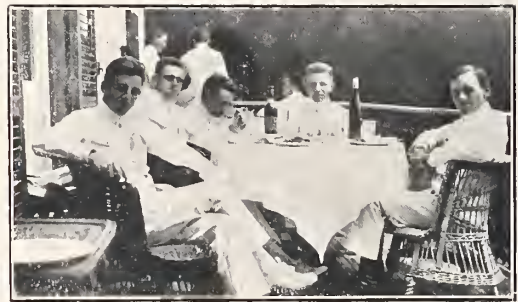




ful Tuesday. The days were endless. The nights were infinitesimally long. It was hot. The mornings were tiresome; the afternoons unbearable. They were painting the ships inside and out, with the result there was no place for us to hang out. So we spent the long, long week amidst the oils and tar and smells of the ship, while the cool, green trees of the tiny village and surrounding country grew more and more inviting in appearance as the days dragged by. Certainly it was not a cheerful

time. Before the end of the week the entire Third Class, half the Second Class, and fully twenty-five per cent. of 1911 had irrevocably made up their minds to resign from the service.

On Saturday night there took place on the Iowa the best of the three shows and smokers given during the cruise. The hits were distinctly made by V. Meyer and by the "Alimony Sisters." It was difficult to believe that these pretty little dancers were really plain ordinary Second Classmen who ate boiled spuds and cabbage along



with the rest of us. When Vincent came down with a few remarks about the pleasures in "seeing Europe from 1:00 to 5:30 every third afternoon," the applause was deafening.



The run up to Annapolis the next day was uneventful. We left Solomon's in the morning and found ourselves off Greenbury Point at three in the afternoon. Never had Bancroft Hall appeared so comfortable and homelike. Never had the golden chapel dome looked so welcome and so wedding-cakey. From the distance everything appeared the same.

"Let go the starboard anchor!" We were

home! And we were happy!

* * * * *

It was a fitting end to a contradictory cruise that the time of disembarkation was shifted at an hour's notice. Most of us were fairly well packed up, and at ten o'clock on Monday morning were loitering around on the top side.

Suddenly a great shouting arose from the steerages, and travelled like a wave forward into Youngster quarters.





"We must investigate this," said some one. "It sounds joyful."

At this instant a Youngster rushed by. We grabbed the dear little thing by its port ear, and demanded the reason for the excitement.

"Oh!" it gasped. "Don't you know? We disembark at one o'clock to-day."

"Shove off" we remarked, letting it go. "And don't come around here again spreading such rumors."

Strolling aft, to our intense surprise we found the thing true. Nothing much mattered after that. The paymaster (he does not rate a capital P)—I repeat, the paymaster, who had been an absolute nonentity during the whole cruise, suddenly became an all-important factor. Not having any money, he could not give it to us. Then ensued an annoying wait of two hours, during which

time we berated the ship, everything on her, and—the paymaster. However, he came across at last with the green goods.

We disembarked with accelerated rapidity. We steamed right up to the same old seawall, and were off in a jiffy. The cruise was over. We looked neither backwards nor to the right or to the left, but hied straight for the basement, and—leave.

And just as abruptly as the cruise of 1910 ended, so this chronicle ends here, standing as a more or less true account of what actually happened.

The cruise of 1910 had ended. Upon looking back over its memories, we say that it was at once the best and the worst of all our cruises. Its paramount advantage was that it was seagoing, something sadly needed after our Crab cruises along the coast. The heaving billow, the night watches, the constant travel—all were highly beneficial to us in our professional training. Then, too, the Day's Work, that terror of all previous First Classes, became even as a welcome diversion to us after our enforced familiarity with its peculiar little topographical features.

In particular the cruise broadened us. We met new peoples, we saw strange sights, we heard the chatter of strange tongues—a most welcome widening of our lives after the pent-up atmosphere of Crabtown and







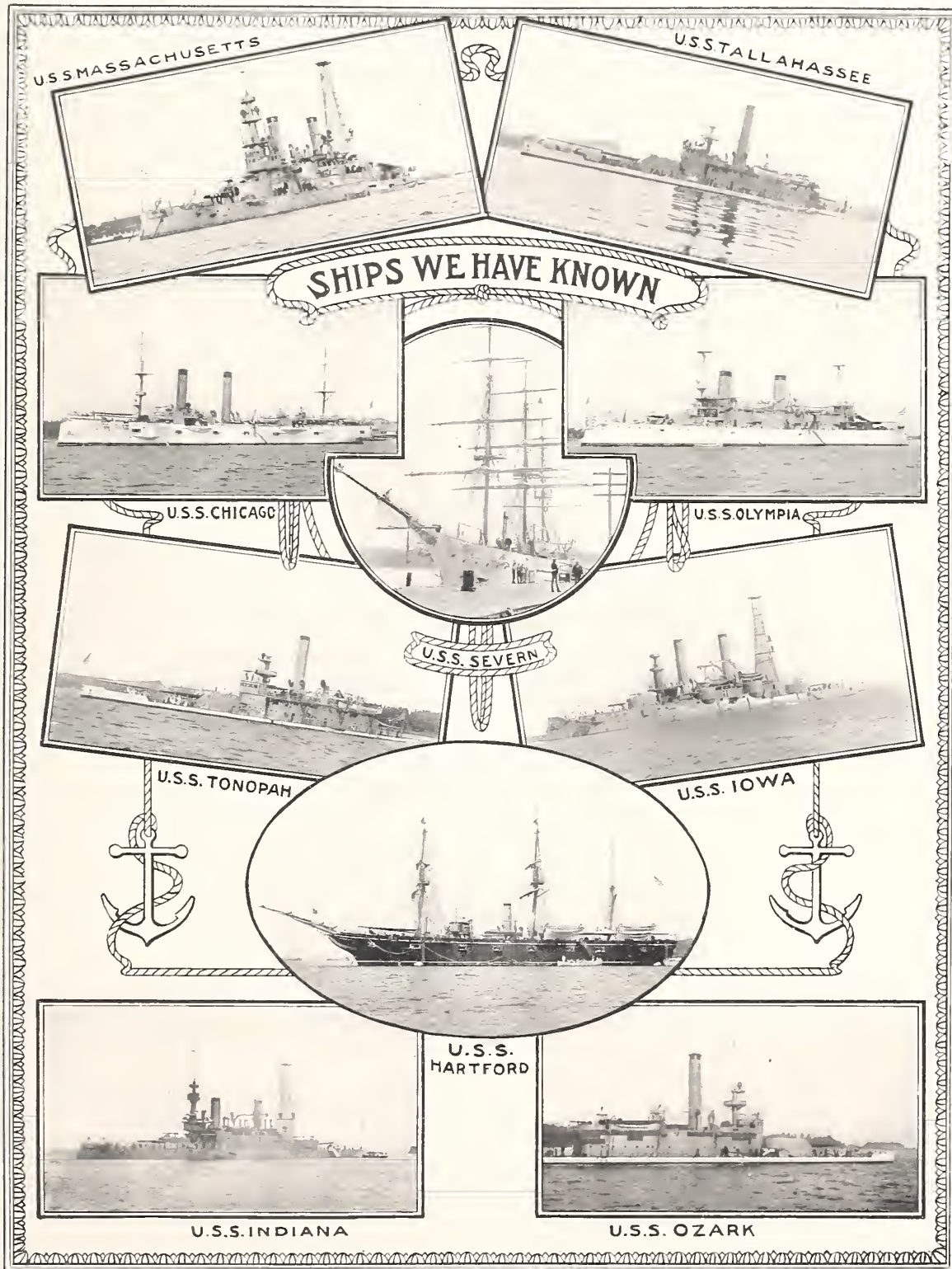
the well-trodden path along the coast from New London to Bath and back again. We gained new ideas and a better adjustment of our own settled opinions. The fascination of travelling was revealed to us—the wild beauty of an angry sea, the port to port existence, the kaleidoscopic views one stores away in his memory, and the pleasure in the exchange of experiences and happenings.

Under slightly different circumstances the cruise might have proved vastly better. It is to be hoped that the false system of economy in regard to the question of food may never be attempted again during any succeeding cruise. The Indiana fared passably well, the Massachusetts poorly, and most of the denizens of the Iowa left the ship looking like 'ghosts rather than like seafaring men. It is also to be hoped that more liberty will be given during future cruises.



However, taken all in all, we had a cruise alive with interest, full of the hardest kind of work, and yet teeming with pleasures galore. In future years we will read this chronicle with laughter, remembering only those wonderful liberties in London and Marseilles, and forgetting those long, dreary nights we spent in pacing up and down the bridge.







M. Anderson ©

I give you a song of New London Town
 One summer day when the ships came down
 Like a raging wolf on a sheltered fold
 With a landing party, strong and bold.
 They carried the village, they stormed the "beach,"
 They grasped all the prizes within their reach ;
 They danced with the fair, and fought the brave,
 And courted an "anti-watery" grave.
 They flattered the chaperones, jollied the girls,
 They begged for photos and sighed for curls.
 They swore by the moon to be true alway,
 And remembered their vows for almost a day.
 Then the ships weighed anchor and sailed away
 In the reddening dawn of another day.
 For the world is round and the voyage long,
 And we part with a sigh, and meet with a song.
 So here's to the officers, here's to the crew,
 Here's to the ships, and the Middies too.
 May the wind set fair and the sea be right,
 No mist of doubt to obscure their sight—
 May no treacherous reef through life avail,
 For the Master Pilot will never fail.

—A NEW LONDON GIRL.



WHILE First Class cruise is the all-important one, those on which we went as underclassmen have had their share in the practical education of the Class as "seafaring men," and must not be forgotten.

As plebes we were the last class to make that trying ordeal of plebe summer, the cruise on the Severn. Four different cruises she made down the Bay, each time with a new one of the four plebe companies. Who of us can ever forget the dejection and dark depths of despair through which he passed on board that awful hulk? Fresh from the joys of cit life, we soon found that there were to be no yachting trips after all; the Youngsters quartered aboard did what they could to make our cruise agreeable, of course, while shoulder to shoulder with the swarthy sons of Ham we toiled on deck with gear of which we knew not the purpose.



Sometimes we almost lost sight of the chapel dome, so far away from the Academy were we, going once even as far as that haven of rest and ice-cream, Solomon's Island. After a bunch had accumulated a proper degree of grime—for somehow there never was any water aboard—they were ordered to pack up the thousand and one unnecessary things that only a plebe takes on a cruise, and to stand by to be transferred to the Standish while another and still greener bunch took their places. So for each of us ended our brief plebe cruise, but for all its brevity, the impressions of those sweltering two or three weeks, when we knew not the difference between the cross-trees and the hawse pipes, are still with us. The friendships formed then are still our most valued recollections of this summer.

Along towards the spring of plebe year, we near-youngsters began to realize in a sort of hazy way that we were soon to embark on our Youngster cruise. We began to increase the size of our monthly requisitions, and by the time the day of embarkation arrived we had accumulated that outfit which only a Third Classman takes with him on the cruise. A First Classman has learned better—he takes a tooth brush and a sack of Bull. The practice squadron was a motley looking one, being composed of the Olympia as flagship, the Chicago, the Hartford, the Arkansas and the Nevada, all under the command of Commander W. S. Benson. The prospect of the cruise didn't hold much in store for us, as it was originally scheduled to be on the Southern Drill Grounds.

However, when we reached Hampton Roads the orders changing the itinerary were received, and we were delighted to learn that we were to make the up-coast cruise. We soon had our first experience in the joy of a seaman's life—coaling ship—and then had our first real liberty, all hands going over to the Chamberlin for dinner. We felt real bad indeed when we were permitted to stay out until eight o'clock that night.

The next Monday we put out to sea, or to see in our case, and contrary to our expectations we found the vasty deep as quiet as a mill-pond. We found our duties as look-outs, leadsmen, and flunkies in general were very necessary to the safety of the ship, and, save for the few ordinary and customary busts which have been made ever since Noah started to navigate, such as reporting the moon as a lighthouse under way, all went along smoothly. Off Block Island we ran into a





fog, and had to come to anchor, the Nevada incidentally almost ramming the Chicago in so doing. Next day the fog lifted, and we ran into New London in time for the big event, the Yale-Harvard race on the Thames.

For the next month the squadron rendezvoused in Gardiner's Bay, and here each day we had "away all boats," routine drills, and other exercises of a sea-going nature, so that we Youngsters began to drop into the way of things on ship-board. Each Friday the squadron ran over to New London for the week-end. The memory of the hops and dinners at the Griswold, the affairs in the Crocker grill, and the trips to nearby towns will long be with us. Near the end of July we said good-bye to New London and touched for a few days at Newport, then on to Boston.



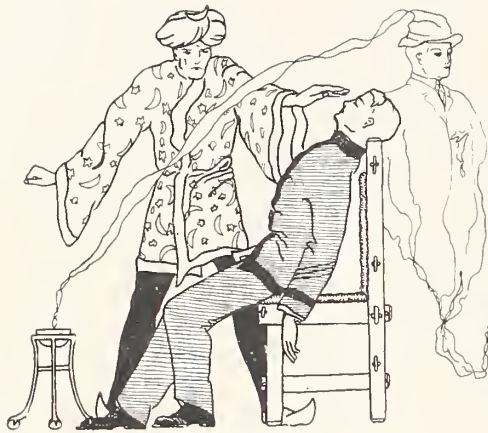
In Boston we made some good liberties, in spite of the fact that we were continually being mistaken for bellboys, or K. of P.'s, who were having their encampment there at that time. A trip through the Charlestown Navy Yard proved very interesting, and here we saw for the first time ships of the real Navy. Leaving Boston after a week's stay, with every man Jack broke, we stopped at Portsmouth a few days, proceeding up the Maine coast to the Kennebec and up the river to Bath. We had heard from our predecessors of the warm welcome extended to the Practice Squadron each year by the townspeople of this pretty little city. We found the tales not the least bit exaggerated. From the moment we entered the mouth of the river we were made to feel that we were welcome. A street carnival was held while we were there, balls were arranged in our honor, and there was something doing for us every day of our stay; on the last day a parade in which we participated as a battalion marked the close of the festivities. The next day we dropped down the Kennebec to the sea, and thence down the coast for little old Annapolis and Youngster leave.

For the summer of 1910 the practice squadron was composed of the Olympia, the Chicago, the Hartford, and the erstwhile Nevada, now masquerading under the name of the Tonopah. The itinerary was to be over the same old up-coast route once more. So, with the proper degree of emui in our bearing as Second Classmen, we sauntered down to the sea-wall on the morning of embarkation, and watched the struggles of the new Youngsters with their effects. Soon we were aboard, and after sleeping off the effects of the June Ball of the night before, found ourselves into the routine of the life on shipboard once more. As Second Classmen we had expected an easy cruise with little work and lots of liberty, but we soon found that we were to be disappointed. Yet we had an unusually enjoyable cruise. There was all the liberty that one could ask for—in fact, every day in port was a liberty day. After spending the first six weeks in Gardiner's Bay again, during which time we hoisted the boats out and in countless times, we said farewell to New London, and went on our way up the coast. While at New London on the Fourth of July we went up to Norwich as a battalion under arms to participate in the three hundredth anniversary of the town, and marched about 'steen miles behind Schweister's Cornet Band. We stopped at Newport



for a brief stay, and after coaling ship at Bradford, left for Boston. Here we tied up to the dock at the Navy Yard and those of us who could rake up the necessary and had a clean collar went on liberty,





"IF I WERE A GIT AGAIN JUST FOR TO-NIGHT"

Editor's Note.—This is no joke. These were actually handed in, and it is only with a feeling of natural hesitancy that we hide the full names of these lights under a bushel.

If I were thrust out into the whirling whirl of the world to-night, my first impulse would be to pave the way to an interview with the President, and have him order the Secnav to review the evidence in the hazing case—in which I was an interested member—feeling assured that I would be once more restored to that high pinnacle that I once occupied in the minds of my beloved classmates. I would take all possible precautions to maintain my accustomed equilibrium upon this unexpected occasion, for I have not stood upon the soil of that dear old beloved, commonwealth of Maryland since that "glaring irregularity" was discovered on the memorable night of October 8, 1910. I would uphold my reputation by introducing into my stomach a repast that would make a Ritz dinner at three pounds per plate look like a mess-hall luncheon. I would order for hors d'œuvre, O'Brien potatoes; entrée, spuds O'Brien; for salad, Pommes de terre à la mode O'Brien; for dessert, Pistachio Cream with Irish lace trimmings.

W. H. O.

I would to Ghita's, and in the fire-light, listen to music such as *you* have never heard. In one chord, all scridiness, all sorrow would fall from me. All worldly cares forgot, I would become a child—dream dreams; and Harmony would build me new thoughts—and me—a better man.

R. F. W.

Where would I like to be to-night?

A hard day's work done, and left behind, a cold, crisp evening, a brisk walk home in view—Premeditation.

A yard, a gate, steps; a door, a hall, a room, an open fire, warmth, a welcome—Recognition.

A presence, a being, a queenly figure, God's masterpiece, a pure woman—my wife—Anticipation.

She rises, approaches, greets me—an embrace, joy, pleasure, a kiss—Gratification.

And now this room, the fire, its warmth; the chairs, the table, the pictures, the books; the lounge, the cat, the comfort, and the ticking of the clock. Friends, enter—this is Home!

R. N. P.

Holy smoke! just think of it. Gosh! Me for the fastest train to Philly. Why Philly rather than New York is left to the imagination. However, having once arrived, a taxi would be none too swift to get me to *the* particularly interesting place. What would happen after that is nobody's business.

F. E. P. U.

I am sitting in a comfortable leather-back chair. Before me there is a large fireplace in which the fire from hickory logs glows with a red heat. Above the high mantelpiece there is a large picture of "Love's Barrier"; to the right, one of the hunt, "The Start"; to the left, another, "The Finish." Around the wall, arranged in order, various other pictures. My friend, who is reading "The Rider and Driver," says something about the fine shot I made that afternoon, when I killed two birds on the wing with a single charge. I rise and go to the window, and look out at the sky. There is a light rain falling, and I think of to-morrow's meet. Raising the window, I can hear the horses in the stables, the rattle of the dogs' chains in their kennels—and far away in the negroes quarters, the sound of singing—and the music of their banjos. I close the window and sit down again. Then comes to my ear the faint tinkle of glasses. I look at my friend. There is a glad light in his eyes. The door opens, and Remus, a gray-haired old darkey, enters, bearing two steaming hot punches. Where is this? Where I would like to be to-night—down in old Virginia!

R. C. S.

If I were a cit to-night I would be very happy, not so much because I were a cit, but because I would be near her, and to me to be near her would be real happiness. To look into her eyes, to touch her hand, and then to know that she loved me like I love her, and finally to tell her that there was no horrid graduation or Ensign Bill to mar our happiness, but that our life would become one in a few short weeks—ah! that's what I would be doing to-night!

L. C. C.

If I were a cit just for to-night,
I'd hustle to Washington—no, not to get tight.
But just to forget this Academy,
And well, for a night to live in delight.
I'd go to the Willard just for the sight,
And I'd have a big dinner just that I might
Order and eat just what suited me.
I'd go to the opera, or some other show,
And sit in a box and think, perhaps grieve,
O'er how long it is before I shall know
What are the joys of Christmas Leave.

P. C. M.

At the Café Republique in dear old Washington. A table for two in a far-away corner. The orchestra playing "Home, Sweet Home." A bottle of Moët et Chandon, and a silver platter of Long Island duckling. Sitting opposite is the one person in all the world—the girl I love.

J. M. S.

If I were suddenly transported to Selma, Ala., I would first want to get my share of the fatted calf (young cow). Then I would go down Church Street—right past all the churches—and hang one over on the Red Mike Association. I ain't nothin' if I ain't a Romeo!

J. T. M.

AROUND THE GROUNDS WITH UNCLE SIM⁹⁹ JCB AND THE GIRL FROM HOME

Scene—Naval Academy and Annapolis, a suburb. Time—Present.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—Midshipman John Doe; his uncle, Sim Perkins; and his cousin, Dorothy Perkins.

UNCLE S.: Yes, John, I want ter see the whole works.

DOROTHY: So do I! Do tell me what that little man with the gun is walking around here for, and why did you salute, and what did you say "Worst grade" for?

JOHN: The gentleman's official cognomen is "Keeper of the Gate," and he is charged with keeping Japanese spies from defiling the sacred precincts of the Naval Academy. I saluted the midshipman with the sword to show him that I saw him, and I said "Worst grade" from habit. I'm usually on that grade, anyway. I have so many kind friends in the Discipline Department who hate to let a day go by without making me some sort of a present. Demerits are the cheapest presents, so they can aff'rd to give me lots of those. *(Suddenly devoting himself to Miss Perkins, who is really very pretty)*: It's awfully slippery in the yard, Dorothy; hadn't you better take my arm? We'll have a peach of a time to-night, and——



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.



COMING IN.



VIEW FROM BANCROFT HALL.



THE SAMPSON WINDOW.



VIEW FROM THE ACADEMIC BUILDING.

UNCLE S.: What's that building?

JOHN (*with muttered exclamation*): That's the Administration Building, where the midshipmen are given their first lessons in swearing. One lesson is supposed to last for eight years. You see, some backward youths come here who don't even know the rudiments of swearing, and as fluency in that line is essential to the success of a naval officer, no one is allowed to enter the naval service without first giving an example of his capabilities. That large granite building is Bancroft Hall, where we bone, eat, sleep, and hand out the latest dope to our unsuspecting friends. That little wooden stand is for the use of the band in the day time, and at night for antagonistic midshipmen wishing to settle disputes by the weight of fist. (*Turning to Dorothy*



THE CHAPEL.



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE.

naturally follows that to-morrow the plate will be passed. I always pass, but some people ante up now and then to try to save their souls from being haunted with Nav. P. works. Say, Dorothy, you must have thought me pretty slow for not making use of my cousinly prerogative when you first got off the car. We'll sit out a few to-night, though.

DOROTHY: Really, you speak as though I were simply dying to have you kiss me!

JOHN: I wish you were. What's the use of my being a cousin of yours anyway, if you're going to treat me just like everybody else? That's the house you may live in some day, if I'm not retired for old age before I have rank enough to become a Supe.

DOROTHY: Oh, do you think so?

JOHN (*feigning anger to see how it works*): No; I'm just talking to hear the tinkle of my melodious voice. Here's the Armory, where we drill, Uncle, also famous as the scene of the



THE ARMORY.

again): Do you know, I dreamed about you last night. I dreamed that we were at the hop, sitting on the spiral stairway, when suddenly I——

UNCLE S.: This looks like the angel cakes that make the young folks sick at birthday parties. What is it used for?

JOHN: That's the midshipmen's chapel. Everybody who wants to, and those who can't hit the excused list, go there every Sunday. You'd better go to-morrow and help to fill up the plate. You see, to-night being a hop night, it



THE MAIN WALK.

annual farewell balls to the graduating classes, and, better yet, of the administration of the rites of graduation. There are a few torpedoes, captured from the Dagoes in the war. Don't touch them; they're loaded!

DOROTHY (*seeing a line of gloves strung up outside of a window in Bancroft Hall*): You don't have to wash your own clothes, do you?

JOHN: No; but some of the laundry girls grow so fond of us that they keep sundry articles of our apparel for souvenirs.

As a rule, they limit their desires to right-handed gloves, however. That's Sampson Row, where the heads of departments hang out.

DOROTHY: Oh! let's go inside of Bancroft Hall; can we?

JOHN: Don't let that man with the stick see you, and we can go in. He's dangerous. He's lived around here too long; he's a watchman. Here's the famous building. On your left as you enter is the office of the officer-in-charge—the officer delegated to make life unpleasant for the midshipmen. They change them every twenty-four hours to let them wrap up their presents—those demerits I told you about.

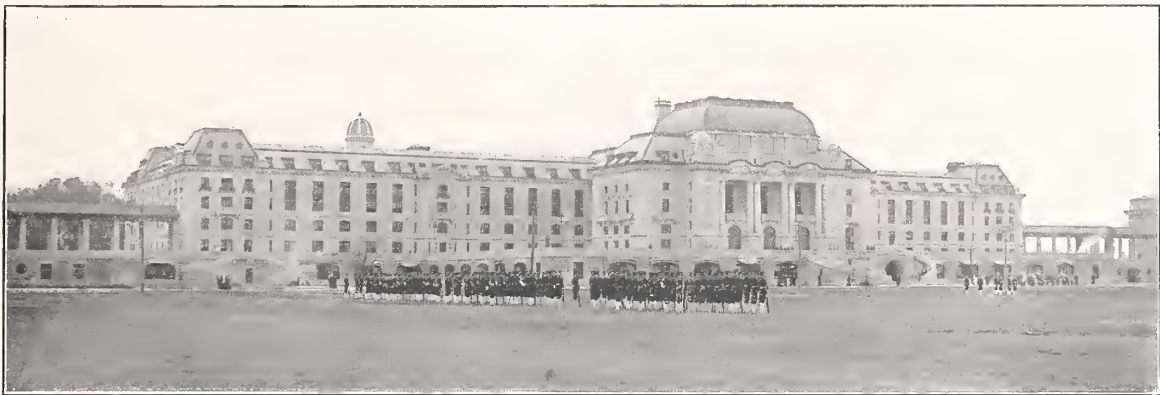


THE ROTUNDA—BANCROFT HALL.



THE MAIN DOOR.

Here's the casket that is supposedly inhabited by John Paul Jones, but he's changed so since he left this world that nobody can recognize him now. That's Memorial Hall, where the alumni hold their annual jollification parties, and just below is Recreation Hall, the midshipmen's reading room. Now we're ready to see the rest of the show. There's the gymnasium, where the midshipmen go to get strong, and where the weak squad wastes one hour every Friday afternoon. Those cutters hung up to dry are the midshipmen's yachts. We used to row eight or nine miles a day plebe summer for sheer love of the exercise.



BAY VIEW OF BANCROFT HALL.



THE GYMNASIUM.

UNCLE S.: What's that ship with the poles on it for?

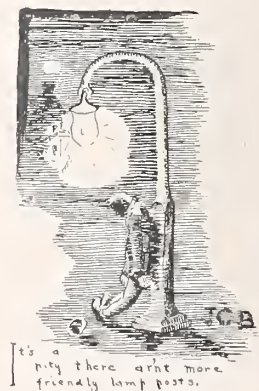
JOHN: That's the Chesapeake—the ship that fought the Shannon. Her name has been changed to Severn, though. See that highest piece of wood sticking out perpendicular to the second mast? We used to amuse ourselves by climbing up there and then dropping down to the next yard. Soft wood, you know. They call those side-pieces yards because they go outside the housings. There's the famous Hartford, Farragut's flagship at the battle of Manila Bay. That thing tied up to the dock that looks like Noah's Ark is the Santee, where midshipmen used to be sent as a punishment for cheating and getting more than their share of demerits. Here are some more of our private yachts, only these are steam yachts. Dorothy, do you believe in love at first sight?

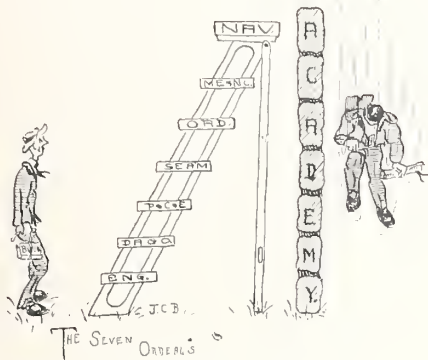
DOROTHY: Um—well, sometimes. Why?

JOHN: I was just wondering what your ideas were on the subject. You see, if the Ensign Bill goes through, making yours truly an Ensign on graduation, I'll be able to get married in a few months.



THE SHIPS.





colored men doing in there?

JOHN: Those are mokes kneading bread. That bunch on the side are rolling speed cones—the Navy croquettes.

UNCLE S.: Them fellers ought to get purty strong.



JOHN: You'd think so if they waited on you. We'll go through the building and take a look at Lovers' Lane.

DOROTHY: What a romantic name!

JOHN: I thought you'd like it.

DOROTHY: Oh, you think I'm the sentimental sort, do you?



JOHN: No; but—er, sentiment is a good thing when directed at the proper person; for instance—

UNCLE S.: What's that monument fer?

JOHN: That's for what Hern—done.

DOROTHY: What did he do?



MIDSHIPMEN'S MONUMENT.

JOHN: Why—er, I think he died! There's the Academic building with the library in the middle. Every Saturday morning the First Class engages in deadly conflict with the Navigation department in that



HERNDON MONUMENT.



THE CLASS BENCH.

building. Last week the enemy hanged ten of my best friends.

UNCLE S.: Look here, young feller, I don't believe nawthin' like that.

JOHN: It's true, though. They're still perched up on the trees in Bancroft Hall. That's just an expression of ours, Uncle dear, meaning "unsatisfactory for the week." The midshipmen give their plays in the auditorium, which is the lecture room of



THE TRIPOLI MONUMENT.

the library. You should have seen our chorus girls last June, Dorothy; they had the best looking, ah—lavender dresses you ever saw. Gee! I almost made a fox pass!

DOROTHY: What did you do in the play?

JOHN: I had to make love; but I'm not very good at it. You'll have to give me some lessons. These are the famous class-benches; the one on the left is for the exclusive use of First Classmen and white nurses; the one on the right for Second Classmen and colored nurses—white babies, of course, too. And here is the only original hell on earth—excuse my French! This is the Steam Building, where the vassals of his most fiendish majesty, in the guise of instructors, put the midshipmen through the seven ordeals. The first of these is Mech. Drawing; the last is Machine Design. We design all the machinery used in vessels of our Navy; you didn't know that, did you, Uncle?



THE ACADEMIC BUILDING.



THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

UNCLE S.: No; you must be an awful smart bunch of young fellers, John. I reckon you've learned a lot sence ye left Peoria.

JOHN: I've given enough money to the "Charity Fund for Extravagant Officers" to be in a class with John D. and Andy Carnegie.

UNCLE S.: What's that?

JOHN: Whenever an officer's creditors pester him to an annoying extent, he writes a book and sends it down to a Head of Department, who publishes an order for the midshipmen to draw the book from the store. The author gets 50 per cent., the Head of Department 40 per cent., the publishers 10 per cent. It's really very nice for officers possessing literary tendencies.



THE STEAM BUILDING.



OVER THE SEVERN.



TO THE ACADEMIC BUILDING.



TO BANCROFT HALL.

Here's the athletic field, where we play football and baseball and lacrosse. These bleachers on the right are for the exclusive use of the midshipmen, and, incidentally, are the birthplace of the famous siren yell. Those two lines of cottages constitute Upshur and Rodgers Rows, and are for the use of officers and their families. This stand was formerly used by the colored element of Annapolis, but is now reserved for the St. Johns collegians. Let's meander back towards the gate. That granite affair is the Tripoli monument, erected to the memory of Decatur, Somers, Dorsey and Israel, who helped make history about 1804. On your right is the Officers' Club, which I don't know very much about, except that a few friendly lamp-posts would be a great help to some of the members after a night with the boys. Here we are at the gate again, and there's your gallant friend with the sword. Somehow he looks as though he had just taken a drag.

DOROTHY: What do you mean by drag?

JOHN: As I just used it, the word means to rag a fume, smoke a skag, a cigarette, in other



THE OFFICERS' CLUB.



FROM A WINDOW.



DISMISSED.



DISPERSED.

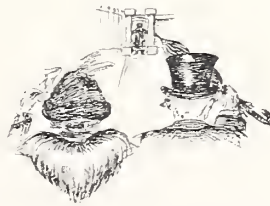
words. Two weeks ago I dragged a brick; to-night I'll drag a queen. In this sense the word means to take a young lady to a hop. Now that you've seen the place from A to Z, what do you think of it?

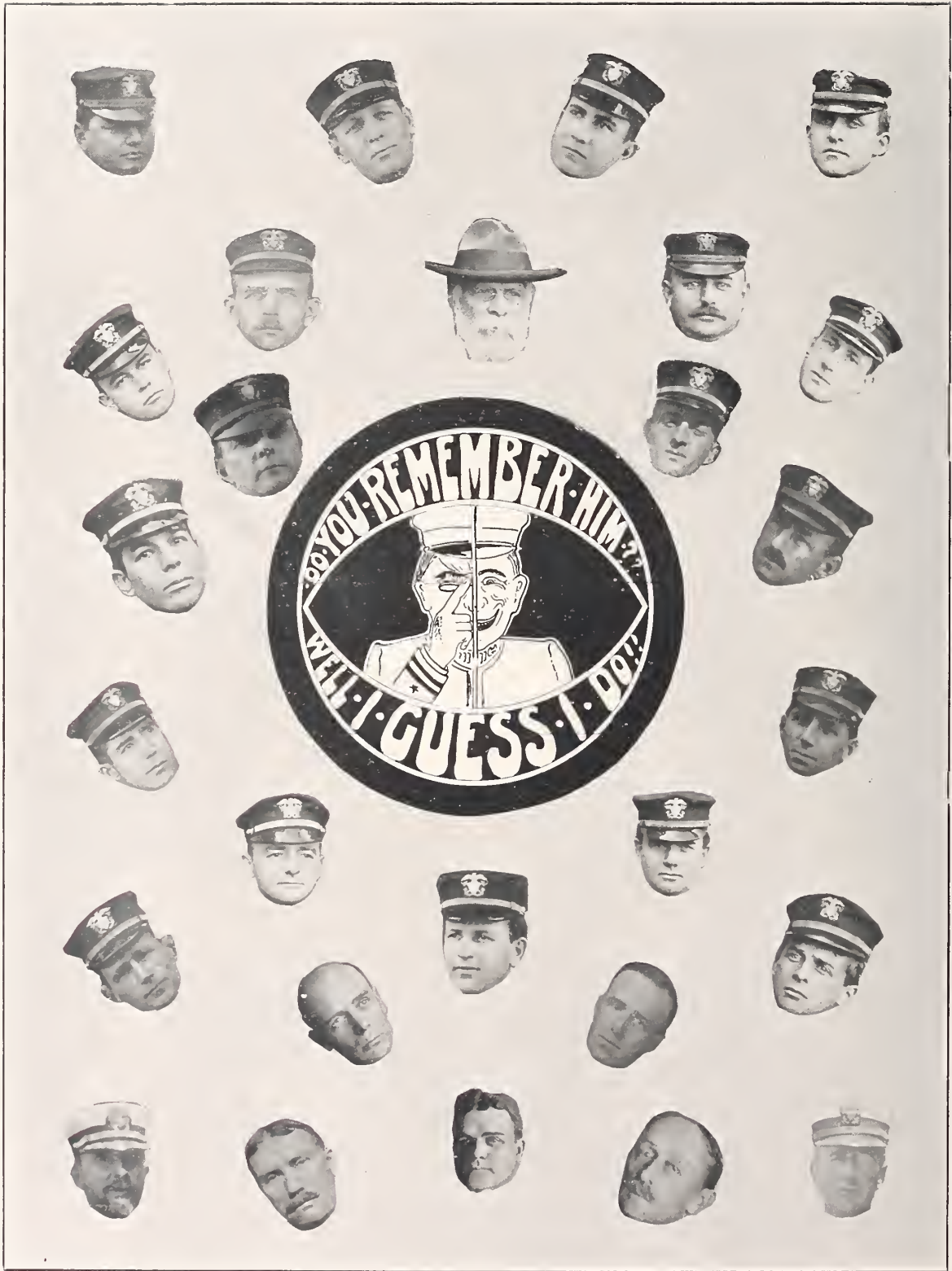
DOROTHY: I think it's just too lovely for words! You must have a perfectly wonderful time!

JOHN (*sarcastically*): Oh, yes! The pampered pets of the nation have a cinch; but somehow we've got a hunch that "it's better to be on the outside looking in than on the inside looking out."

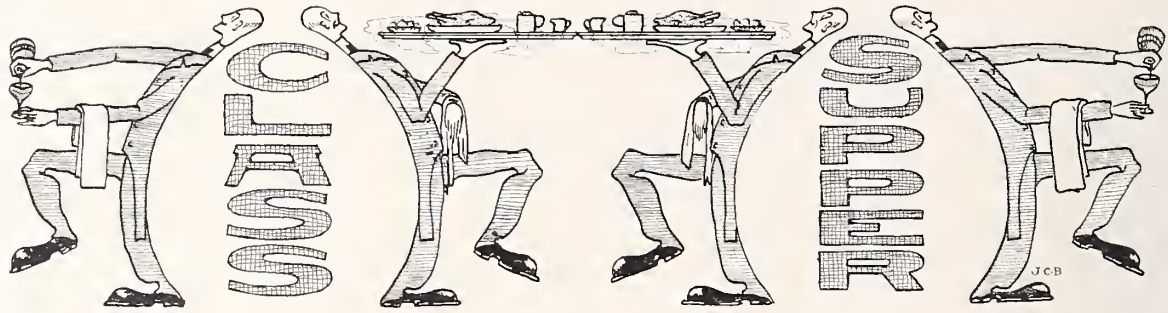


GOING OUT.









IT is seven thirty p. m., September 29, 1909. All is quiet in the peaceful city of Baltimore. Little do the mild-mannered inhabitants realize the horde that is gathering in their midst. The forces have been drifting in all day long. District after district from all over the United States has been sending in its quota of men.

Excitement runs high. Every middy composing the invasion realizes that to-night he must do or die; that to-night he must lay down all, if needs be, to satisfy the whim of the Goddess of Good Fellowship. So he has journeyed to the scene of battle, which is on the twelfth floor of the Hotel Belvedere, in the city of Baltimore.

Everybody is keyed high with enthusiasm. Strange, too, for leave is just about over. No one gives thought to such sordid ideas, however, and smiles play across the countenance of even those whose features are usually as gloomy and solemn as old Charon himself. Every new arrival is hail fellow well met. He is vociferously greeted with cheers, laughs, slaps on the back, and worlds of good-natured chaff—all of which go to make even the most rhino feel actually happy for the nonce.

Of course, everyone wants to know how everyone else enjoyed leave—a bromide which never fails to elicit a most enthusiastic reply. Then remarks fly around as to the joys of life on shore in the Army, with its attendant, etc., etc. The "Girl I Left Behind Me" comes in for lots of praise, and all feel forsooth that life is indeed worth living.

At last comes the word to "fall in," the various columns are whipped into shape for the entry march, the doors to the banquet hall are thrown open, and the strains of the Class March are torn off by Prof. Zimmerman's band. Proudly, happily, the Class marches in. Odds bobs and bodkins! What a sight greets the eye! The room resembles a veritable fairy abode. The decorations are splendid—the table setting magnificent—the ensemble extremely artistic.

The strains of the Class March cease, the diners take their allotted places, and the feast commences. Conversation runs riot. Everyone wants to tell everyone else, all at the same time, just how it happened, and between the Canape of Caviar, the Lynnhaven Bays, etc., the diners have a mouth full of words and good food all at once.

Then the various toasts are given by those to whom this task has been assigned. Since the toasts do not come till late, it makes little difference whether they are funny or not. The speakers create storms of laughter, let them but give the least sign of humorous intent, thereby demonstrating the extreme joviality which prevails about the festive board.

About midnight the diners quietly—oh, so *very* quietly!—flit away, some with fire extinguishers, some with— Anyhow, the Class Supper is over, and within the course of say five or six hours afterwards, each and every one of the diners has turned in.

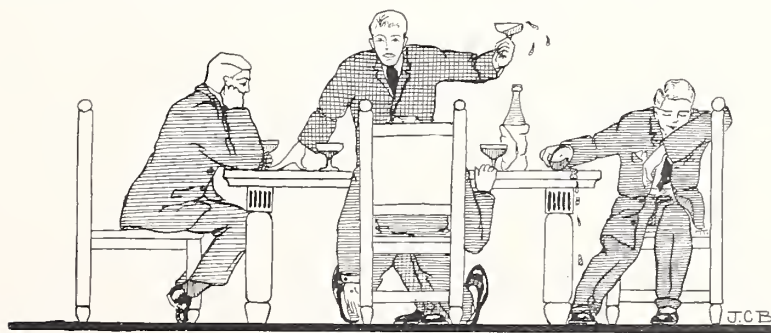


TOASTS.

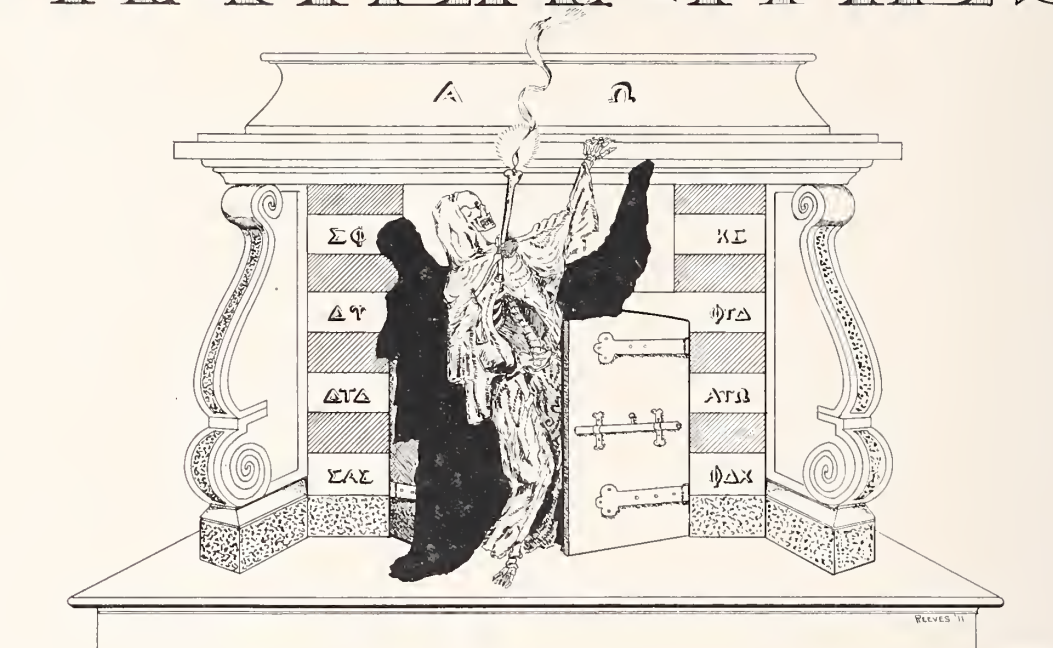
THE CLASS.....THOMAS STARR KING, 2D
 ATHLETICS.....WILLIAM H. O'BRIEN
 TWO-FIVE.....VINCENT MEYER

MUSIC.

1. CLASS MARCH—"Stand By".....Zimmerman
 (Dedicated to Class 1911, U. S. N. A.)
2. GRAND SELECTION—"Il Trovatore".....Tordi
3. VALSE—"Lady Luna".....Lincke
4. Melodies from "The Girl Question".....Hoschna
5. "Twilight in Alabama".....Pabst
6. INTERMEZZO—"Musette".....Morci
7. SELECTIONS—"Three Twins".....Hoschna
8. "On the Mesa Grande".....Maurice
9. GRAND MARCH—"The Flash Light".....Paull
10. "The Star Spangled Banner".....Key

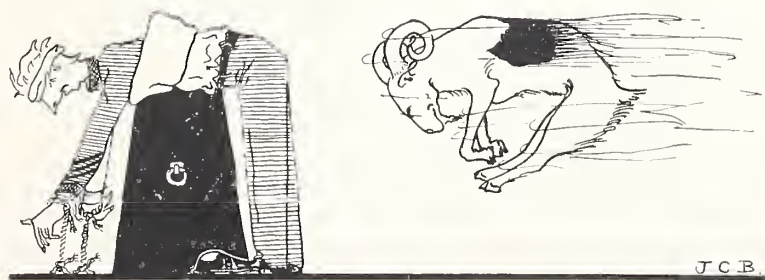


FRATERNITIES



NAME.	FRAT.	CHAPTER.
S. F. Bryant, 1913.	A. Δ. Φ.	Minnesota.
G. W. Dugger, 1914.	A. T. Ω.	Beta Beta.
M. L. Deyo, 1911.	Δ. Φ.	Yale Sheff.
H. G. Bates, 1913.	Δ. T. Δ.	Beta Epsilon.
L. W. Comstock, 1911.	Δ. T. Δ.	Zeta.
H. S. M. Clay, 1911.	Δ. Ψ.	Williams College.
W. H. P. Blandy, 1913.	K. A.	Southern.
R. E. Byrd, 1912.	K. A.	U. of Va. (Southern).
C. T. Hull, 1913.	K. A.	Southern.
R. W. Ferrell, 1914.	K. A.	Southern.
C. F. Martin, 1914.	K. A.	Beta Gamma.
D. De Treville, 1912.	K. A.	U. of Texas.
J. A. Hall, 1913.	K. Σ.	Nu.
W. K. Harrill, 1914.	K. Σ.	U. of Tenn.
R. P. Hinrichs, 1911.	K. Σ.	U. of Mich.
F. U. Lake, 1912.	K. Σ.	Trinity, N. C.
H. F. Searight, 1914.	K. Σ.	U. of Texas.
W. A. Teasley, 1914.	K. Σ.	Alpha Tau.
C. Ridgely, 1911.	K. Φ.	Omega.
S. K. Day, 1911.	Θ. Δ. X.	Lafayette College.
J. G. Venter, 1911.	Θ. Ξ.	Alabama, Nu.
L. B. Ard, 1911.	Σ. A. E.	Union University.
M. W. Callahan, 1914.	Σ. A. E.	Rensselaer Poly.

NAME.	FRAT.	CHAPTER.
M. C. Cheek, 1911.	Σ. A. E.	University of Ky.
E. Le R. Gayhart, 1913.	Σ. A. E.	Ohio Rho.
D. R. Lee, 1913.	Σ. A. E.	Kentucky Kappa.
W. W. Meek, 1913.	Σ. A. E.	Tennessee Kappa.
C. Newton, 1911.	Σ. A. E.	Virginia.
M. S. Tisdale, 1912.	Σ. A. E.	Minnesota Alpha.
R. H. English, 1911.	Σ. N.	Gamma Alpha.
V. C. Griffin, Jr., 1912.	Σ. N.	Alabama Theta.
C. W. McNair, 1912.	Σ. N.	Gamma Alpha.
E. L. Vanderkloot, 1913.	Σ. N.	Gamma Beta.
C. G. McCord, 1911.	Σ. Δ.	Colorado A. & M.
W. T. Cochran, 1913.	Σ. X.	University of Ky.
H. K. Fenn, 1913.	Σ. X.	Rho Rho.
P. Rodes, 1913.	Σ. X.	University of Ky.
C. H. Want, 1913.	Σ. X.	De Pauw.
O. W. Bagby, 1912.	Φ. Γ. Δ.	Zeta Phi.
H. T. Dickinson, 1914.	Φ. Γ. Δ.	Nu.
J. Garnett, 1911.	Φ. Γ. Δ.	Rho Chi.
J. W. McClaran, 1911.	Φ. Γ. Δ.	Rho 2nd.
H. C. Van Valzah, 1913.	Φ. Γ. Δ.	Zeta.
R. W. Cary, 1914.	Φ. Δ. Θ.	Missouri Alpha.
R. A. Dyer, 1914.	Φ. Δ. Θ.	Williams College.
T. J. Doyle, 1914.	Φ. Δ. Θ.	Nebraska Alpha.
S. G. Strickland, 1911.	Φ. Δ. Θ.	Georgia Alpha.
M. B. Arnold, 1914.	Φ. K. Ψ.	Missouri Alpha.
R. Asserson, 1913.	Φ. K. Ψ.	Brooklyn Poly.
W. H. O'Brien, 1911.	Φ. K. Ψ.	De Pauw U.
B. B. Ralston, 1914.	Φ. K. Ψ.	Ohio State University.
S. A. Wilson, 1912.	Φ. K. Ψ.	Rhode Island Alpha.
T. S. King, 1911.	Z. Ψ.	Iota.



J C B



THE FIRST BATTALION
COMPANIES





THE SECOND BATTALION
COMPANIES





BOB ENGLISH had just finished telling us the story of the two mokes who had a fight over the question of whether Jack Okie was a First Classman or a Youngster, Jimmie Gromer, the collision mat, had for the third time trained the fan on his bed and turned in, Curry had finished the fifteenth page of his daily letter, Bub Hicks had reported that Mr. Hannigan was turned in securely for the night, Heinie had completed his indicator cards and had taken off his "steaming whites," "Our locker" had been duly rough-housed, Joe Blackwell had been gagged so he could not tell us of his experiences in London, Chesty had just finished "pestling" Cit, George had gone up to take a final look at the grease marks before turning in, the Teddy Bear had chased out in search of a certain little animal which was continually wandering forth, Wood had put the fifth and last hammock stretcher into his "flat swing," Bobbie Griffin was raving over the last pretty bather he had seen, Sammie had been down to borrow a suit of pajamas, Jack Reeves was playing the piano, Snick was raving over the fine white cider of Marseilles, Paul had just been in to tell us who was on the pap for the next day—in fact, everything was assuming its regular course in the starboard steerage, when Bub piped up and said: "They tell me George Murray is trying to get an action through so that we can draw that \$30 mess entrance fee." "Yes," said Casey, "there's about as much chance for that as there is for Christmas leave for the First Class."

"For goodness sake knock off and turn in; don't you suppose some of us have to stand mid-watches?" This from the only made-up bunk, in the N. E. upper corner, where Rief was "peacefully" waiting for quiet and darkness.

Maggie McGehee enters. "Now, fellows, *please* turn in. We're right next to the ward room, an' some o' those officers might come in here."

Chorus: "Say, Maggie, did you know that Shorty and Jo Jo and Jay and Kasey are playing poker in that coat room?" Maggie beats it.

Reuben enters. "Say, fellows, do any of you know anything about some hymn books that were lost? I brought 500 of them on the cruise, and I can only find 497 of them now."

Chorus: "Sure! Jimmy Gromer has one, Froggy has one, and Wood has the other. Good night!"

Rief (from upper N. E. corner): "I'm going to sleep on deck after this. This damned steerage smells bad anyhow."



Theory of Tendencies

FOREWORD.

THE author, in preparing this treatise, feels that it will, in an infinitesimal measure, fill a long-felt want among the under classmen.

It must be thoroughly understood that the operator need not be brilliant, or exceedingly crafty, but he must possess an average amount of common sense, so that should the Officer-in-Charge put in an appearance, no false move or undue signs of agitation will lead to suspicions or moral certainties on the part of the inspecting officer. Furthermore, no mention is made of tendencies induced when the wind blows from the opposite side of the building. The ease with which a window across the hall may be raised, thus causing a strong draft, is already too well-known to the veriest novice.

To the Discipline Department this manuscript is affectionately dedicated.

DEFINITIONS.

Tendency: That form of air-current, natural or induced, which, when directed in the proper manner, will completely scavenge a room of smoke.

Deflector: Any kind of plane or curved surface, such that when tilted at the proper angle, will be highly instrumental in directing a tendency.

Radiator: That which produces heat.

Heat: That form of energy which, when applied, produces the sensation commonly known as heat.

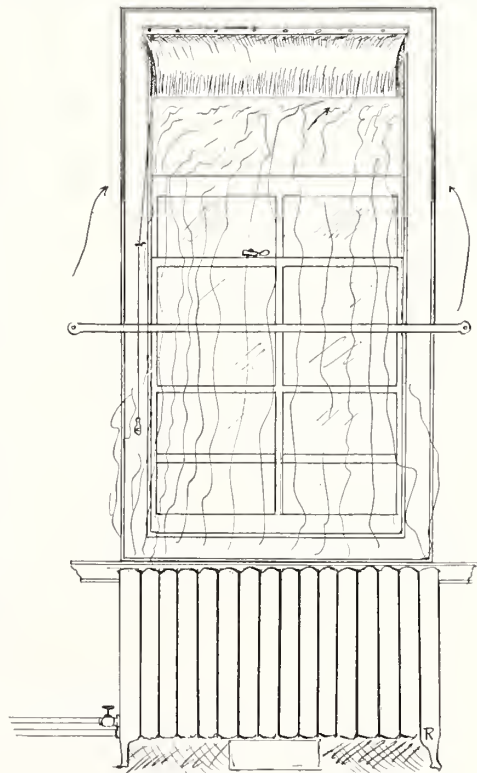
Window: That which must be kept open, even in zero weather, thus causing water to freeze, cracking pitcher, and incidentally boosting the profits of the Store.

CHAPTER I.

In this chapter tendencies will be dealt with when there is no natural means of producing them. In other words, the outside air is perfectly still, the day is calm, and conducive to the O. C.'s staying in his room, holding down that green Morris chair. A good strategic move, and one that is always appreciated, is to have the Officer of the Day place a Police Gazette within arm's reach of said chair. It not only insures the O. C.'s staying in his room, but also puts him in a happy state of mind should he subsequently inspect. However, such details as this are left to the fumoid. The best advice that can be given is to study the O. C. It does not take an intelligent observer long to become familiar with his movements, and to arrange the stage-settings accordingly.

Axiom 1. A First Classman always has a good tendency.

Axiom 2. No fear may be entertained when the O. C. is at the ball-game.



Corollary. No tendency need be rigged under this condition.

PROBLEM I.

To rig a tendency in winter, no outside air stirring.

Construct a deflector—cardboard, about 18 in. by 24 in. answers best. Bend board to shape—a hyperbolic curve gives the best results. This should be placed in the window, concave side inboard, so that tangent to point two inches from the inner edge is horizontal. In this position all upward currents of smoke-laden air will be projected out of the window, as in Fig. 1.

Proof. In this position, using the above dimensions, the focus of the curve comes about over the center of maximum velocity and heat intensity of the upward projected currents. We may assume that all particles of the aforementioned current rise in parallel lines. Upon striking the deflector, they are reflected toward the focus, and as the focus is at the point of greatest movement, the air after passing through point F (focus) will receive greatest velocity, and will be thrown with great force from the room. An interesting point which may be brought out in connection with this is that the smoke will not roll out of the window as though the whole orifice were filled with it, but will be projected from the focus in a small cylindrical stream, gradually expanding into a cone. This last is due to the phenomena of interference with which the operator is doubtless familiar.

In Fig 2 consider particles A, B, and C after having been reflected from the deflector, and travelling in their respective paths AF, BF, and CF. The components of their directions resolve into, from A, OS and SM; from C, OS and SN. Upon meeting at F, the opposing components MS and NS, being practically equal, neutralize each other so that every molecule thus retains its component parallel to BF, and is acted upon by that alone, imparting a motion from point F along the line BF. Thus every particle, inasmuch as it has to pass through F, and is projected from F along BF, forms a thin cylindrical stream.

Note. Means for producing upward currents.

In winter, the radiators (see definition) are conveniently placed, and form the best source of thermo-dynamic energy. In summer, however, these will not answer, but the fumoid need not be at a loss, as properly directed sun's rays concentrated upon an ordinary plate, which may be surreptitiously removed from the mess-hall, serve equally well. As seen in Fig. 3, the shades should all be pulled down except the one in the window used, or better, cut a circular hole in the shade, say about 18 in. in diameter. Pulling down the shade not only renders the temperature of the room lower, and the relative temperature of the plate higher, but lessens to a minimum the probability of being perceived from without. Now get four circular hand-mirrors—yours, your room-mate's, and the two across the hall being the handiest—and place them in the sunbeams so that they all reflect and concentrate on the plate,

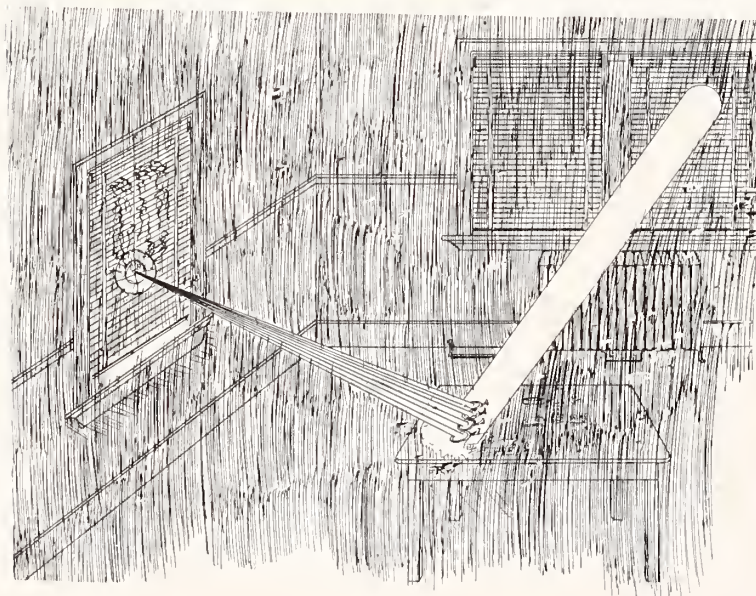


FIG. 3.

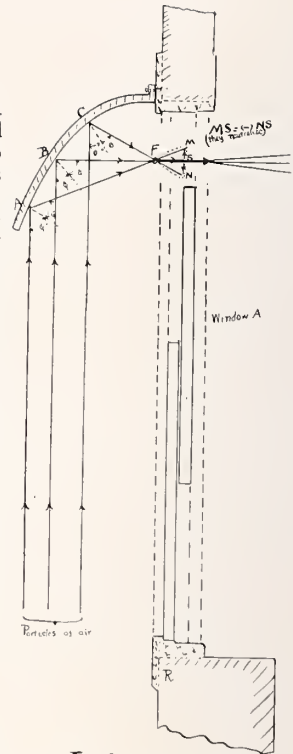


FIG 2

Q. E. D.

directly below the focus of a deflector in an opposite window. The concentrated rays soon heat the plate, which gives rise to convection currents acting similarly to those used with the ordinary radiator. In the evening no sun-light is available, but an electric flat-iron (the lights being turned on about six o'clock) suspended in the place occupied by the plate, will serve equally well. Care should be taken, however, not to blow out any fuses, as this would interfere with some other fellow's rig for a tendency.

CHAPTER II.

It is the earnest endeavor of the author to set forth in this chapter the ease with which a tendency can be procured on windy days. As mentioned before, if the wind does not blow in your windows, but out of them from across the hall, it is so easy to get a tendency that but few take advantage

of it, and resort to towers, First Class rooms, shower-baths, and the roof. These tactics, however, are not looked upon favorably by the select few who would rather be cits than not.

PROBLEM II.

To produce a tendency with the wind blowing at an angle to the outside wall.

Say that the wind is blowing with a force P per square inch on the outside wall, and at an angle μ with it. First, leave the transom open, but place cardboard sheets between it and the jamb, so that no air can go out through it. Externally, the transom appears open, and a dead ringer for a pap is thus eliminated. Open window A (Fig. 4) wide, so that a full blast of air can enter. Now open window B half way, preferably

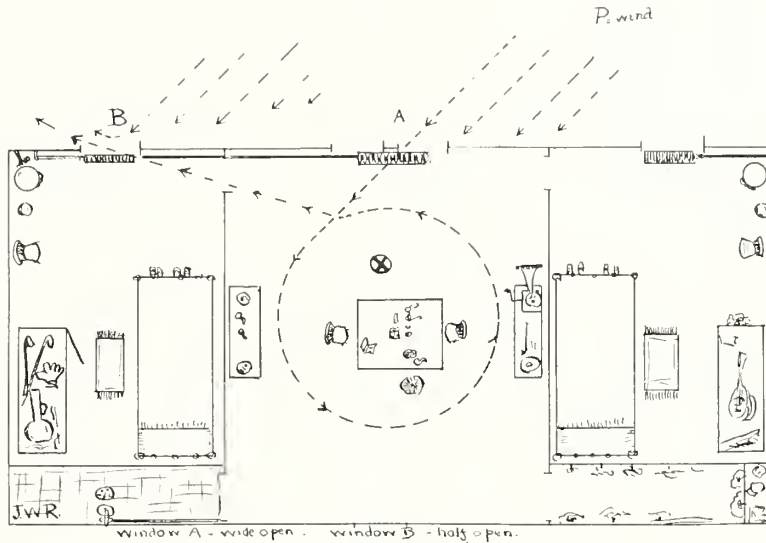


FIG. 4.

from the top. Say the dimensions of the wide-open window are a and b , then the open area is equal to $\frac{1}{2} ab$. Area of window B is $\frac{1}{4} ab$. It can readily be seen by anyone who has studied under Professor Smith, that the pressure at A is $\frac{1}{2} Pab$, while at B it is only $\frac{1}{4} Pab$. Thus we have two forces opposed, transmission being gained by air in the room, one force twice the magnitude of the other. Pb will thus be overpowered, and we will have a flux in the opposite direction with a pressure of $\frac{1}{4} Pa \times ab$. Consequently, with air entering at A and passing out at B, a continuous draught will be caused through the room. This draught, however, will not be propagated in right lines, but will take the form of a whirl (Fig. 4). The fumoid should stand at the point marked x . No care need now be exercised, as exhaled smoke being breathed into the rotating atmosphere of the room soon acquires sufficient centrifugal force to throw it from the center into the rapidly revolving air currents which eventually find their way out of window B.

This system can sometimes be made much more effective if combined with the thermo-dynamic method. However, it is left for the persons utilizing these ideas to combine them to the best advantage. Should anything happen, or the arrangements be found faulty, do not blame the systems herein set down, as they have all been tried and found most efficient. Rather look for something wrong in your combination of them.



Stand By—1911 Class March, U. S. N. A.

(Dedicated to the Class)

CHAS. A. ZIMMERMANN
Musical Director
U. S. Naval Academy

Introduction
Impulso



And
Dim
pp



Handwritten musical score system 1, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests.

Handwritten musical score system 2, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests.

Handwritten musical score system 3, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests.

Handwritten musical score system 4, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. Includes the lyrics "ave - en - do" written under the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score system 5, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. Includes the word "otto" written above the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score system 6, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. Includes the word "otto" written above the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score system 7, featuring a treble and bass staff with various notes and rests. Includes the word "otto" written above the treble staff and the word "low" written at the end of the system.

1911 Class Song

Words by
R. S. FIELD, U. S. N.

Music by
GLENN HOWELL, U. S. N.

we

sing to you of Na—vy Blue And of our na—tive land, As

loy—al sons of nine—teen 'leven To geth—er we shall stand. But

what a sor—row brings to mor—row when class days are o'er-----We'll

each one praise the dear old days, The days which are no more, So

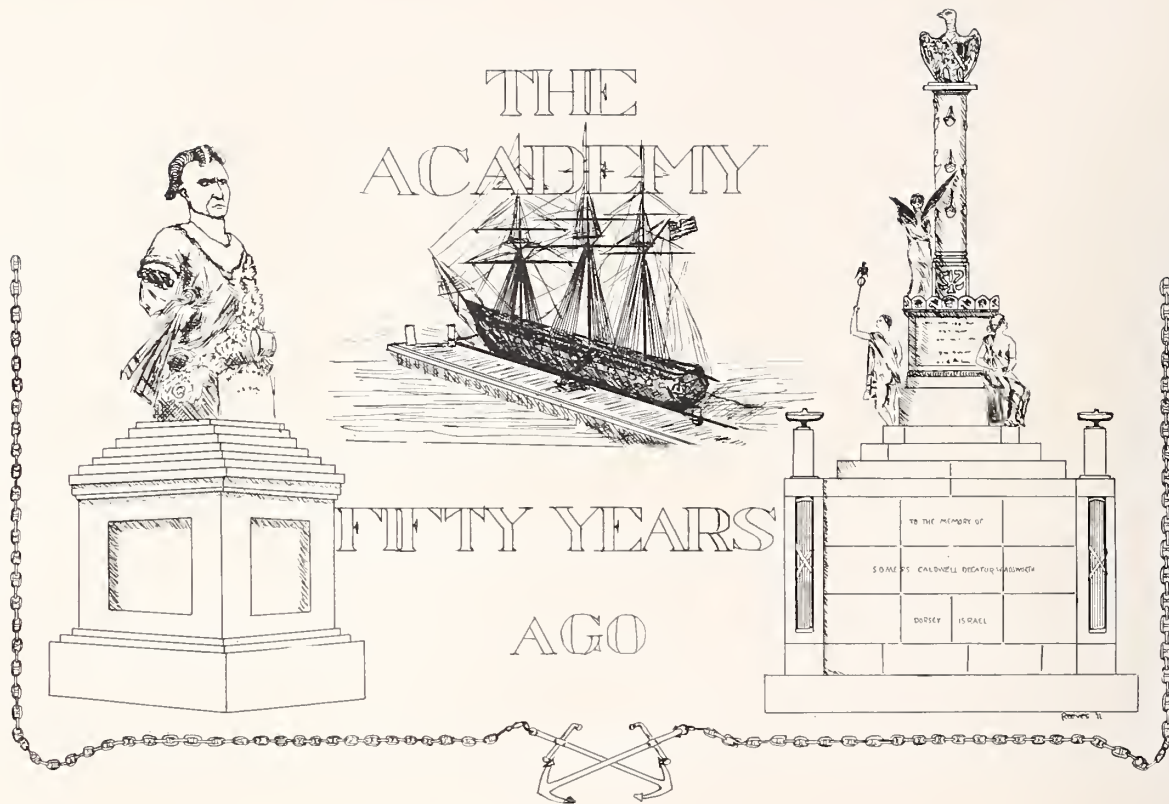
when the cruise is o-----ver which has not yet be—gun Though

not all will be he—roes There'll be ma—ny ho—nors won ----- So

now, while all to geth-----er We'll make the most of life----- We'll

al — ways love old Nine — teen 'leven Through ev — ry joy and strife.----

Arranged by
 Edward Zimmerman
 25 West 42nd St
 N.Y.C. 5-11



FIFTY years ago, 1861, marked an important event in the history of the Academy, for it was then that the Civil War commenced, on the eve of the graduation of the Class of '61. There were Acting Midshipmen here at this time from all sections of the country. Those from the Southern States resigned and cast in their lot with the Confederacy. In this lapse of fifty years many changes have taken place; the standard has been raised, and the discipline made more rigid. In the '50's, the four years' course was much easier than now, yet the Academy turned out brilliant officers, such as Sampson, Philips, Cushing, Stone, Comstock (who fell in battle), Hicks, Picking and Carnes, some of whom dropped out on account of the war.

When the Class of '61 entered the Academy, they had 97 members. When they had advanced to the First Class, but 35 remained—a fraction under 47 per cent. This was the largest First Class for years. The Class of '59 had but 20, those of '57 and '58 but 15 each. In the '50's the entrance examinations were so elementary that to-day a schoolboy of ten years could pass them, while the entrance examination to-day would have passed the candidate into the Third Class. A notable case is that of Rear-Admiral A. T. Mahan, who entered with the Third Class, and graduated in three years.

The Class of '61 was reduced by the resignation of fourteen of its members. The late Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson was the leader of the class, but he had a strong competitor in S. G. Stone, of Alabama. The first year the standing was: Sampson, 5; Stone, 1. The second year, Sampson, 1; Stone, 2. The third year, Sampson, 1; Stone, 2. It was a source of great regret to Sampson that Stone did not stay to complete the course, for while they were rivals in standing, they were warm friends. Stone resigned in January, 1861. His departure was quite touching, and the following incident will show how he stood in the estimation of his class.

The night he was to leave it was proposed to have a class meeting (there was no class president in those days). The class met in one of the rooms, and the "Pipe of Peace," a large powhatan pipe with a long reed stem, was passed around, each man taking a puff, and as some had never smoked before, they felt its effects. This pipe of peace, with a few words deploring the cause, pledged each to the other that should any-



VIEW FROM THE FRONT OF MIDSHIPMEN'S QUARTERS.



CHAPEL.



ACTING MIDSHIPMAN W. T. SAMPSON,
'61.

PROF. AUGUSTUS W. SMITH, FROM
WHOM THE DEPARTMENT IS
NOW CALLED "SKINNY."

ACTING MIDSHIPMAN WILLIAM FRANK
STEWART, '61.

one by the fortune of war become a prisoner in the hands of a classmate, he should be taken care of properly. After this ceremony was over, the class formed into two ranks, starting from Building 9, Stribling Row, Sampson leading, with Stone on his arm, and took up the march to the main entrance, singing, "Farewell, farewell, 'tis a lonely sound." As they passed the Commandant's house, he came out and said, "What is the meaning of this rioting on Sunday night, gentlemen?" "Not rioting, sir," replied Sampson, "only bidding our classmate a sad farewell." "Go ahead, gentlemen," was the reply, and the song was continued until the gate was reached. The parting was affecting. I may mention that after the Civil War Stone's son graduated at the Academy with a very high standing, and is considered a fine officer.

The contrasts of to-day and fifty years ago are great and varied. In the matter of uniforms, the Acting Midshipman then had but two uniforms—the full dress and the working suit, the latter being worn only on board ship. The dress jacket had a rolling collar, with gold fowl anchors. Except on drill or parade, the jacket was not required to be buttoned. A waistcoat of low cut, or one that buttoned well up, was worn with either a standing or turned-down collar, with ties to suit the fancy of the wearer. In summer the uniform was "white pantaloons and straw hats." What a sight the Brigade would be to-day! Yet then it looked all right. It is all in getting accustomed to things.

The First Class were allowed to wear beards. Several of the Class of '61 had whiskers or moustaches. The late Frank Stewart, who lost his life when the Oneida was run down, had a beautiful black beard. There was no restriction as to length of hair. Cushing wore his hair at times so long as to reach his shoulders. The company officers generally wore white kid gloves on parade, especially if there were many of the fair sex looking on.

Recitation periods were about as they are now, but with few instructors and large sections, about twenty midshipmen in each, it was impossible for each middy to recite every day in the week. Boy-like, they would count on the day they would be called on and study accordingly.

In the '50's there was town ball, cat ball, and sock ball, which were quite exciting games in their day. There was also some kind of football, with much kicking and running, but no tackling, and consequently nobody hurt. Fencing and boxing were the important athletics. There were no match games with outside teams. There was no gym at the Academy. Target practice every Saturday morning at a stationary target, at 1,140 yards range, gave some excitement. Great attention was paid to sailing races. A man who could put his boat alongside the wharf under sails as neatly as under oars stood high, and some could do it. In these days steam was in its infancy and electricity hardly known.

The practice cruise was always to foreign waters. The ship did not return to the Academy until the last day of September. During the four years at the Academy there was only one leave. The new Second Class was given leave from the end of one academic year until the beginning of the next, while the new First and Third Classes took the summer cruise in a small sloop of war (ship rig) of about 700 tons burden. The cruises extended to England, France, Gibraltar, Spain, and the Western Islands. On one cruise the ship, in running down the coast of Africa to catch the trade winds, went too far south, and lay becalmed in the horse latitudes for two weeks. It was forty-five days after she left the Azores before she sighted the Capes of the Chesapeake. It was supposed she was lost, as the trip out had been made in eighteen days, and many of the parents sent heartbroken letters of inquiry to the Superintendent.

In some respects, in the '50's the discipline was more severe than now. Two offences were almost certain dismissal—drunkenness and flogging. The greatest number of demerits given for one offence was ten.



VIEW FROM DOORSTEPS OF SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE.



LOVERS' LANE.



SEAMANSHIP DEPARTMENT.

DRESS PARADE.

The word "hazing" was not known at the Academy in the '50's. It was called running, or practical jokes, some of the latter being quite serious at times. The writer, living in Nebraska in the '70's, opened his Baltimore paper and saw the headlines "Hazing at the Naval Academy." He had to look up his dictionary to find out the meaning of the word.

In the early years of the Academy, after the four year course was adopted, the title of the students was Acting Midshipman. They became Midshipmen at graduation. After a two years' cruise and examination they became Passed Midshipmen. Then, as vacancies occurred, they were promoted to the grades, successively, of Master, Lieutenants, etc. Some time after the Civil War the title of the students was changed to Cadet Midshipman, then to Naval Cadet, and it was only recently restored to that of Midshipman—much to the delight of the service.

Unlike the present custom, the Acting Midshipmen were allowed liberty to visit the city only on alter-



SALLY PORT OF OLD FORT SEVERN.

STRIBLING ROW, QUARTERS FOR STUDENTS, 1851-1900.

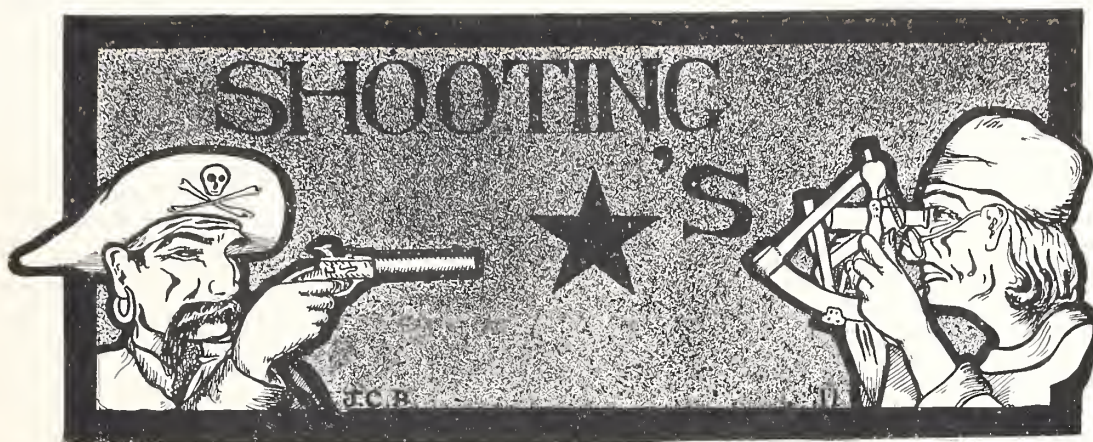
nate Saturday afternoons. There were no conduct grades, but if one was under suspension, or guilty of any serious offence, he could be restricted to his quarters or the grounds. They could visit officers' quarters at any time out of study hours. I have known many of them to visit their lady friends in that little half hour from tattoo to taps. The use of tobacco was prohibited. Anyone caught was restricted, and not allowed outside the limits, unless he gave a pledge to discontinue its use. Many never took the pledge, and did not go outside for a year or more, while some who took the pledge asked to have it recalled, as they felt that they could not study without a chew or a smoke.

The usual dances took place during the academic year. They were called soirees, not hops. I believe there was a semi-annual ball, but I do not recall the June ball. On Saturday nights there were also stag dances in the fencing hall. The Acting Midshipmen always had a glee club and a string band.

With congratulations to the Class of 1911 on finishing their career at the Naval Academy, and best wishes,
Sincerely yours,

J. M. Spence class of '61





SOCKLESS (*with sextant and star telescope*): Gee! Guess I'll have to turn this thing upside down.

GOODMAN (*to British taxi driver*): Take me to Pillidickey Square.

HAPPY: The meal pennant should always be hoisted when coaling ship.

WILL D. (*giving Newton's First Law of Motion*): Two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

JIMMY C.: Sir, will you please give me the specific gravity of water on the sun?

CLEW: If I were in a steamer passing an officer, why—why I'd stop the engines and toss oars.

UREY: See that the men handle the oars with the muscles of their arms.

SHORTY O.: The Dipping-lug rig greatly aids in the felicity of tacking.

MR. S.: Mr. Stone, why did you assume that yard stick as three feet long?

PEEWEE H.: Sir, if you fire all the 12 in. battery on a broadside, wouldn't the ship turn turtle?

TITUS (*asked for his Seamanship mark*): And a half—two!

SOCKLESS (*asked in Ordnance about hang-fires*): Yes, sir. Miss-fires and hang-overs are very dangerous.

DUTCH: A warrant machinist wears three gold balls on his collar, sir.

RED: Yes, sir. You have to have a G. M. T. so as to have something to apply the chronometer correction to.

DICK F.: The patient may be given stimulants and hot bricks.



JIMMY G. (*looking for the bull-fight in Marscilles*): Pardon, Monsieur, mais ou est la guerre des vaches?

BOB E.: Si, señor, elle me tiene frits, which means "she is hot after me."

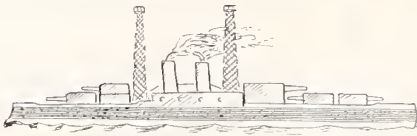
MOSE: The signal for reserve speed at night is a red light at the yard-arm.

JIMMY T.: This proves that battleships should be so built that when they are all shot to pieces they will still hang together.

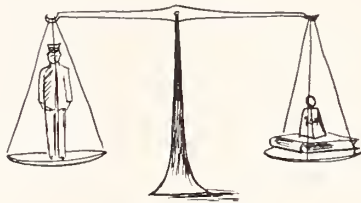




THE service stripes in the Brigade at present, placed end to end, would reach a distance of 7,874 feet, or 1.3 miles; or, made into a long band, they would go completely around the Delaware eight times.

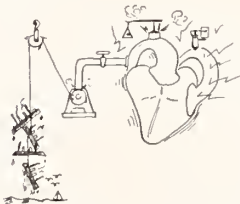


The socks used in the Brigade in four years, placed end to end, would extend over 77 miles—to Washington and back.

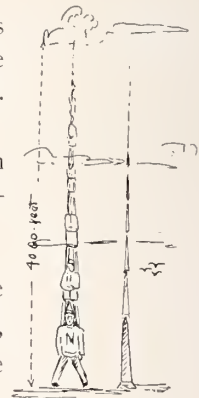


The combined weight of the midshipmen is 108,750 pounds, or 480 tons—704 pounds more than the weight of the edition of the Lucky Bag.

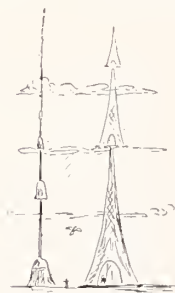
If they stood, one man on the head of the next, they would make a column 4,060 feet high, overlapping by 175 feet a column of seven Washington monuments.



The energy expended in heart action by the Brigade during one day would lift one ton to a height of 90,000 feet, or over 17 miles, or would lift the First Division of the Atlantic Fleet one foot above the surface of the water.

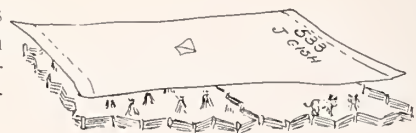


The pages of the books on the First Classmen's book shelves would cover an area of 130,327,200 square inches, equal to 2,747 acres, or about five square miles, the total area comprised within the city limits of Newport.



The brooms in quarters, placed end to end, would overlap a column of three Eiffel Towers by 262 feet.

The sheets on the beds and in the lockers in Quarters, sewed end to end, would stretch 30,450 feet—the length of sixty Utahs—or would cover an area of 175,450 square feet, or four acres.





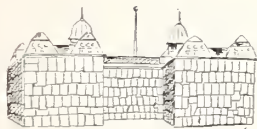
One Midshipman, in marching to recitations during the four years of his course, walks 2,080,000 yards, or 1,125 miles. Walking in relays, the Brigade during the course could cover 843,750 miles—a distance of more than three times that between the moon and the earth.

During the course the Brigade at infantry and artillery drills marches 512,000 miles, or more than 23 times around the earth.



The two-cent stamps used by the Brigade during the course represent \$33,000. They would cover an area of 1,237,500 square inches, or 8,594 square feet, the deck area of the Olympia.

The meat used by the Brigade during one year weighs over 149 tons. This represents about 216 average steers.



The sheets of scratch paper used by the Brigade in the four years' course would cover 414,720,000 square inches, or over 66 acres. They would cover the sides of Bancroft Hall from top to bottom, with over 10,000 square feet left over.

The books and exam pads the Brigade purchases during the course cost \$122,000.54. In pennies, this sum would make a pile 101,852 feet high, or a continuous string 509,260 feet long—two round trips to Baltimore.



THE LAWS OF THE NAVY.

Now this is the law of the jungle.—Kipling.

Now these are the laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be,
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea;
As naught may outrun the destroyer,
Even so with the law and its grip,
For the strength of the ship is the Service,
And the strength of the Service the ship.

Take heed what ye say of your rulers,
Be your words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so shall ye hear it again.
If ye labour from morn until even,
And meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well that the gun be humbled,
The compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable,
Dependeth the might of the chain;
Who knows when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain.

When the ship that is tired returneth,
With the signs of the sea showing plain,
Men place her in dock for a season,
And her speed she reneweth again;
So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary
In the uttermost parts of the sea,
Pray for leave for the good of the Service,
As much and as oft as may be.

Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to gain it aspire,
Though the sight line shall end on the target,
There cometh perchance a misfire.

Canst follow the track of the dolphin,
Or tell where the sea swallows roam,
Where leviathan taketh his pastime,
What ocean he calleth his own?
Even so with the words of thy rulers,
And the orders those words shall convey,
Every law is as naught beside this one:
"Thou shalt not criticise, but obey."

Saith the wise, "Now may I know their purpose";
These acts without wherefore or why.
Stays the fool but one moment to question,
And the chance of his life passeth by.
If ye win through an African jungle,
Unmentioned at home in the press,
Heed it not; no man seeth the piston,
But it driveth the ship none the less.

Do they growl? it is well, be thou silent
So that work goeth forward amain,
Lo! the gun throws her shot to a hair's breadth,
And shouteth, yet none shall complain.
Do they growl and the work be retarded?
It is ill, speak! whatever their rank;
The half-loaded gun also shouteth,
But can she pierce armor with blank?

Doth the paintwork make war with the funnels?
Or the decks to the cannon complain?
Nay! they know that some soap or a scraper
Unites them as brothers again.
So ye, being heads of departments,
Do your growl with a smile on your lip,
Lest ye strive and in anger be parted,
And lessen the might of your ship.

Dost deem that thy vessel needs gilding,
And the dockyard forbear to supply?
Place thy hand in thy pocket and gild her;
There be these who have risen thereby.

Dost think in a moment of anger
'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?
They prosper who burn in the morning
The letters they wrote overnight;
For some there be shelved and forgotten,
With nothing to thank for their fate,
But that, on a mere half-sheet of foolscap,
A fool "had the honor to state."

If the fairway be crowded with shipping,
Beating homeward the harbour to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer,
The steamers pass cautiously in;
So thou, when thou nearest promotion,
And the peak that is gilded is nigh,
Give heed to thy words and thy actions,
Lest others be wearied thereby.

It is ill for the winners to worry,
Take thy fate as it comes with a smile,
And when thou art safe in the harbour,
They will envy, but may not revile.
Uncharted the rocks that surround thee,
Take heed that the channels thou learn,
Lest thy name serve to buoy for another
That shoal—the court martial's return.

Though a Harveyized belt may protect her,
The ship bears the scar on her side;
It is well if the court shall acquit thee;
'Twere best hadst thou never been tried.
As the wave rises clear to the hawse pipe,
Washes aft, and is lost in the wake,
So shalt ye drop astern, all unheeded,
Such time as the law ye forsake.



THE MIDDY'S DREAM.

Go to Toronto to get info
his school but I don't stay
at any rate I got out Sunday
I know that if I could get to
talk to you that you would
go to Toronto school, another
thing he is how it and with most
you might say Sunday yours
J.B. O'Keefe
Ex. Michigan
Class 1904.

Try ever to keep - Perhaps
you do not remember me
but I had the pleasure
of meeting you at
the base
with you
during a
great visit

Hoping I will see
you on Sunday after
noon, I am.
Most affectionately yours
Evelyn Van Lovelace.
Boston, Mass.
August the 14th, 1909

DEPARTMENT OF
MARINE ENGINEERING AND NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

ENGINE OF THIRD-CLASS TORPEDO BOAT.

Used in the instruction of Midshipmen both
 when entirely together and with portions removed
 so as to show the interior. As any
 machine

SCALE OF DAILY MERIT.

Thorough	Very Good	Good	Tolerable	Indifferent	Bad	Complete Failure
4.0	3.5	3.0	2.5	2.0	1.0	0

Dept *M4M*, Branch *Mech*, Class *2*, Sec. *14*

For the week ending *Aug 15* 1910

Name	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Total
<i>Mitchell S.</i>			<i>3.8</i>	<i>3.7</i>				<i>32.33</i>
<i>Myers R.P.</i>			<i>2.8</i>	<i>3.2</i>				<i>(a) (a) 3.0</i>
<i>Moble R.P.</i>			<i>2.5</i>	<i>2.0</i>				<i>2.5 3.0 2.5</i>

FAITH HOPE AND CHARITY

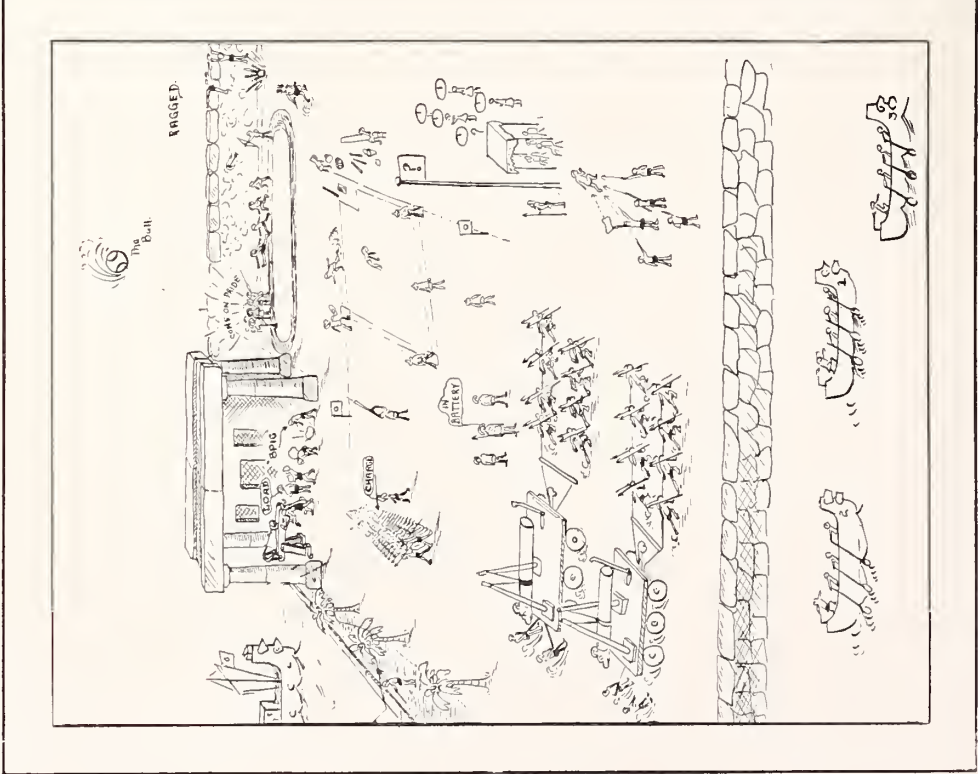
Checked *Mrs* Respectfully submitted *E. J. Mahr*
 To the Head of Department



**BRANDT-COOVER
 EVENING WEDDING**

Naval Romance Begun at
 Annapolis Culminates
 in This City

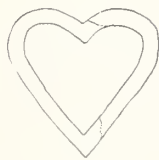
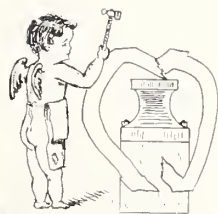
In the presence of the immediate family and a few close friends, Miss Sara Coover, one of the prettiest girls of Harrisburg's younger set and William Van Courtlandt Brandt, of St. Augustine, Fla., were united in marriage last evening at 8.30 o'clock at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Douglas Eugene Dismukes, wife of Lieutenant Commander Dismukes.



THE NAVAL ACADEMY IN 1911 B. C.



N



Don't call me

Girlie
Blondie
Fat
Sloboom
Peca
Farmer
Rube
Puggie
Stoneface
Maggie
Sis
Baldy
Golly Ding
Beak
Man

Call me

Morris
Wells
Dan
Pinkie
Henry
Mose
Scott
Walter
Bish
Holmes
Franz
Jack
Frank
Peter
C. Q.

Don't call me

Pee-wee
Mr. Murray
P.
Tub
Da Da
Love
Bill
Hanson
Bonehead
Stump
Handsome
Bobbie B. A.
Lignum Vitae
Heinie
Lizzie
King
Camel
Teddy Bear
Nell
Suey
Billiken
Pit-a-pat
Doc
Rough-neck
Slew foot
Halfwit
Legs
Kink
Yid
Glenn Fusser
Tookus
Arturo
Soc
Sock
Ginger

Call me

Harvey
George
Conrad
T.
Herbie
Charles
Yen
Bill
Hen
Bob
Red
Loo
Billie
Bob
Alex
Dick
Smitty
Boothie
Reuben
Pamp
Louie
Willie
Joe
Frank
Amos
Stork
Van
Jay
Nix
Hard Guy
Hod
Jack
Sockless
Soc
Jimmie G. B.



WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

M. Anderson ©



THE Editor was in a decidedly bad humor. Dinner was just over, it was Saturday night, and there was no athletic meet to while away the evening. He rolled a skag, and having lighted it, shifted lazily into his bath-robe and seated himself at the table. There was lots to be done, but ideas did not flow easily. He leaned back in his chair, and gazed hopefully at the ceiling.

The door opened, and in came Johnny with a bunch of the Possums. Everybody rolled one after a careless greeting, and soon the chairs were full about the radiator. Mac came in with a guitar, followed shortly by Jack Reeves with a mandolin. Pete came in with a scag already lighted. Others came in by twos and threes, and content with the presence of a good company, subsided into places about the deck. The conditions were excellent. The Editor lowered his gaze, and tried to start something.

The musical instruments tinkled softly; the room was blue with smoke. Nobody seemed to care about liberty, for it was drizzling outside, and rather cold. The low hum of conversation filled the room, broken occasionally by a laugh from the bunch who were baiting



"PETE CAME IN."

the Teddy Bear. The Editor gave the high sign to Dick Field, and that gentleman, coming nobly to the front, coughed loudly to draw attention.

"Say, Chief, did I ever tell you that story about a mid-watch I had doing duty as Junior Officer of the Deck last summer?" Everyone hauled chairs around, for Dick tells a good yarn. "No? Well, it was this way. It was cold and damp, but the sea was calm, and only a dark blotch and a little light showed the ship ahead. Then suddenly I heard the Officer of the Deck say: 'Quartermaster! Quartermaster! Go below and tell the master-at-arms to send that ward-room boy



up here—the one I detailed for this watch. Oh, here you are: ah, Pedro.'

"'Yissa.'

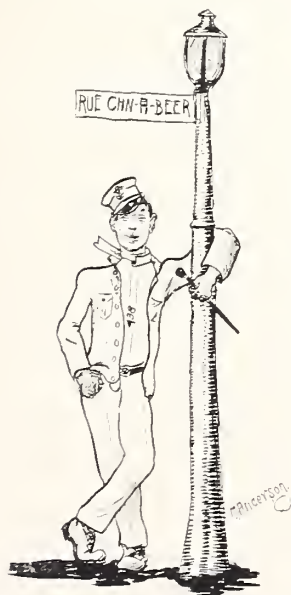
"'Go below and make toast and coffee. Make enough toast and coffee for—er, er (looking at me gazingly longingly at Pedro)—oh, ah, Pedro, make toast and coffee for two!'

"'Yissa.'

"'Ah, that's fine,' I said to myself. 'These watches are really exhilarating when one can get warm inside.' Whereupon, I went over and braced up the lockouts, told the quartermaster to get on his course, and prepared myself generally for toast and coffee. Pedro returned with the toast and coffee, and I, not to appear too eager, walked over to the end of the bridge, took my glass and scanned the horizon. On training my glass back to the bridge I observed my senior very happy with a big supply of toast and coffee. I watched that toast and coffee for two disappear, my spirits going down with it, and the next time I will expect nothing unless I hear 'toast and coffee for four.'"

This sally put everyone in a good humor, and much wit was expended on three guesses. The talk naturally turned on the Iowa, and Ellis asked what that story was they heard about Snick Keller. Hoddy unrolled himself from a position over the radiator and came down with this one:

"On the occasion of our first official recognition as tanks and general containers for effervescent joy sparkles, Snick had the misfortune to be one of the party. It was at the American Consul's garden party in Marseilles, and as you all will remember we had one peach of a time. The buffet in a far away corner was a-most pleasant spot, and it was well crowded with midshipmen, an officer squeezing in whenever possible. Snick was there, getting all the pleasure possible out of strawberry glacé and lettuce sandwiches, glancing with mixed envy and scorn at his more hardened classmates, who were apparently getting much pleasure out of the pale, sparkling stuff which the garçons were serving so inexhaustibly. Just then the Iowa's joyful navigator remarked to a midshipman near Snick, 'This is first-rate white cider, isn't it?' 'What's this,' thought Snick, 'surely there's no harm in white cider!' So he tried it, and attributed the new taste to the difference between Omaha and Marseilles. What a man likes he takes, and I'm right here to tell you that that night when we returned to the ship, Snick was the pride of the bunch. But, oh, the remorse! Do you think I ever twit Snick about it? Nothin' regurgitating."



Hoddy bowed deeply, and Ellis thanked him with true feeling for the clear and true version of the story. Operations were sus-



"DAD BURN MA SOUL!"

"You know that pore Ole Hagen. Yes! Well, he's coped with so many troubles during his life that now they call him Copenhagen. Keep quiet over there, C. Q., or I'll tell 'em about that trip to New York. Yes, and I recollect long ago Youngster Cruise on the Chi, how Puggy saw Mark Larimer roving about the deck, and going over to him, says, 'Come into my Den-mark'; and 'Are you Bizi-mark,' and how Bish——" But here the bunch could stand no more, and for a few moments rough-house reigned until the punster was put under the table.

The recollection of the old Chicago brought back recollections to some of the boys of how every time we went in swimming, people would beg Sesh-boy to go in and give somebody a show for a medal like Chappie Shea's. Titus Oates remembered an excited spectator in the Norwich parade, who yelled out, "Them's the middleshipmens from Indianapolis," and Jack O'Brien, getting into the spirit of the thing, came across with this:

"What I remember best about the old Chi was her good old Exec," he said, reminiscently. "He made us shine bright-work until we were nearly dead, but we got so much amusement out of his funny way of putting things that it was worth while to have been aboard. One day, Dick Field cussed out a great big ward-room boy for piling over his table, and Puggy was properly sore. He called Dick down to his room, and gave him the deuce, winding up by saying that he hoped there would always be the greatest

pended for a while to listen to a duologue between Jack Melvin and Bubber Scott over in the corner.

"Hey, Bubber!"

"Quel est? Hey, Melvin, how de bo?"

"Pretty po, Bubber, frappez la tête!"

"Sobre la cabeza, Dad burn ma soul!"

"How do you like ma trousers? Dey're not too short foh me, I'm just in 'em too far, dat's all. Man, did you see that lady wid me at dat last hop? Umph! Sweetheart, let yoh eyelashes mingle wid mine! Bubber, dat lady say to me, she say, 'Hold me, sweetheart, or I'll fly away. Hon, you ain't nothin' ef you ain't light on yoh feet!'"

Both together, "Dad burn ma soul!"

This brought down the house, and Jack was pushed to the front for a speech. With his characteristic bow, he stepped forward, and handed out these in rapid succession:



good feeling between the midshipmen and the mess-attendants." Titus, reading a newspaper, smiled reminiscently. Jack continued. "McClaran was the man who had the biggest grease with Mr. Preston, and I never heard of him being taken down but once. Mac uttered a soulful 'damn' one day, and Mr. Preston heard it. He rushed up to Mac and seized him by the shoulder. 'Mr. McClaran, if you ever have to soil your mouth that way again, favor me by going up into the eyes of the ship as far as you can, and tell it to the sea-gulls, who can fly away.' You remember that, don't you, Mac?"

This turned the laugh on Mac, who blushed and tried to change the subject. He punched the Teddy Bear who was sitting near him, and asked him



"TITUS, READING A NEWSPAPER, SMILED REMINISCENTLY."



whether the story was true about him that was going the rounds of the First Battalion. "You see, Dick was in charge of the Fourth Class going to recitation the other day, and the O. D. swears that this is what he said: 'Fourth Class, Squads left. March. Not that way! Come back! Turn around! Full step. March. Whoa! Stop! Halt! Gangway for the Second Class. When I give the stop—order—halt!'" This was so like T. Bear that everybody started teasing him, and Check took out his pipe long enough to add this to the confusion of tongues:

"I'm Booth, say kid, me with the hair,
Big gruff devil and Teddy Bear.
Pride of the Possums, Arcturus, 'yess' do.
Oh, yes, I'm Booth, where *did* I meet you."

In the laugh that followed this Ford mumbled, "Yes. And I remember that when we were going from Gib. to Funchal about July 15, every diary on the Iowa finished up with: 'And Teddy Bear dipped the Ensign.'" As this incident came home to the "bunch," Dick was rushed under the table with Jack Melvin to repent his sins. Dick Field had fallen into a remorseful mood as the evening progressed, and Jo took time out to get his picture.

Jay Kerley, off in a corner, had been holding off a bunch who were busy trying to lead out his pet animal, and when he had about given out, he tried a new tack. "You can kid me all you want," he said, "but I don't think I will get as sore as Sock Morgan did last Leave. He was walking





"FIELD WAS IN A REMORSEFUL MOOD."

down the main street in Camden, Arkansas, with one of the village belles. Two old ladies were walking just behind them, and suddenly he overheard a scrap of their conversation. One old lady nudged the other, and said, 'She'll do well to get him. He'll be an admiral some day.' You ought to hear Sock tell that story!"

The Editor felt it was about time that he was adding something to the excitement, and reaching in his drawer, drew out a note-book

in which he had copied some choice remarks which had been put on the board in Section rooms.

RED ERWIN: Oh! the Navy Regulations! Yessir, they say that a battleship can't always do it, but that they can do it sometimes.

BOBBY DOYLE: A ship owes allegiance to the port in which she is in. Also the captain does also. Under no circumstances shall he offer asylum under any circumstances, also merchant vessels, too.

Local Mean Time is the average of all the chronometers on the ship.

All this time Molly had been busy on the other side of the table writing something, and now coughed to draw attention. "Check's contribution made me think of this," he said.



"There was a big Mick named McCaughey.

He came from Macomb, Illinois.

He used to be good,

But it could not be stood;

Now he's just like the average boy."

While McCaughey was busy trying to put Molly under the table, Norm Scott removed his calabash pipe and asked people if they remembered that one on George Murray. "It was this way," he said. "George went up to the telephone girl at the Cecil while we were in London, and said, 'Now, my name is Murray, M-u-r-r-a-y, Midshipman in the United States Navy. I'm stopping

at the Hotel Ritz, my home is in Boston, and I want a very nice walking-stick—a cane, you know. I want this cane, and want it right away! Hotel Ritz, R-i-t-z! I told you I was going to get that in on you, George.”

“My saying ‘No thank you,’ when you asked me to have another skag,” remarked Irish, taking an inhale on a fresh cigarette, “reminds me that some Midshipmen I know are getting awfully absent-minded. Hinck was out in town the other day, and just as he was passing around State Circle, met Mr. Fenner and his wife, and in quite an off-hand way, came up to a salute, and said ‘First Grade, Sir.’ No, Mr. Fenner didn’t say ‘Very good.’”

“Well, that isn’t as bad as Dick’s going out in town the other day when the uniform was overcoats, and forgetting to put on his blouse,” said Monk Read. “It certainly is lucky that his head is glued on, for he sure has kept Hoddy busy thinking for two.”

Bill Simons was tickled at this, and with a wary glance at Dick to see if he was unrolling his good right arm, told this one: “Last year, when the minstrel show came off, Bubber was one of the ushers. As usual, the Masqueraders were playing to a full house, and ladies were coming in faster than the ushers could handle them. Bubber rushed up to a seat that was filled with early arrivals among the midshipmen, and talking faster than he could think, as he usually does, asked them to clear out and give the ladies their seats. Some of them did, but Dick, who was sitting on the furthest end from Bubber, turned a deaf ear and looked blissfully the other way. That night, when they had both returned to their room, Bubber, who had been bubbling over with wrath, looked reproachfully at Dick and said, ‘I didn’t spee them dem Yanks to get up, Dick, but I suttinly spected you to!’ But Dick was sound asleep.”



“THE BISHOP SMILED SHEEPISHLY.”

“Speaking of fool stunts,” said the Swede, when they had stopped twitting Dick, “do any of you people remember that famous statement that Bishop McQuarrie put in to Mr. Steele one day? It went something like this: ‘Sir, I respectfully state in regard to the report “No towel on rack,” that I was absent from drill on that date.—Very respectfully, JOHN DOE, Midshipman, Second Class.’ G. W. is still looking for the man that put it in, isn’t he, Jack O?” The Bishop, who was reading a magazine with Smitty, looked up, and smiled sheepishly.

About this time, Ubey, who had been over in the corner holding an excited debate with himself and anyone else who would listen as to whether it would



be best to make the lady's favor at the German a waffle-iron or a season ticket to the Grand Opera in Washington, turned loose his fluent vocabulary on the room in general.

"When I was having the June Ball lists taken around last year to draw five reluctant plunks from the pockets of all you bloated bond-holders, I turned them over for a couple of days to George Murray. Ah! You catch my drift, do you, George? Well, when I traipsed down to see how he had come out, and to figure up the total receipts, I found that George had been shirking his just duties scandalously, and had only added twenty John Henrys to the list. As I was about to take the lists away, a little sore, George had a brain-throb. 'Oh, I say, just wait a minute; there's the name of a man who's a friend of mine. I can get him.' You're a good kid, George, but you sure haven't got a business head."

All this time the Editor had been tearing his hair at a great rate, and now had a big pile of notes before him on the table. Someone rose with a yawn, and said it was about time to turn in, and as if to echo the sentiment the notes of Tattoo drifted up from the rotunda. Huddy, George, Johnny and Hen Clay put their heads together and started "One more river to cross." Everyone chimed in, and as the bunch broke up and dispersed up and down the corridor, the scattered refrain was wafted back to cheer the weary Editor on to a two-hour seance before he could turn in, his conscientious scruples satisfied.

THE



END

...Acknowledgements...

The Board of Editors desires to express its indebtedness to the following:

Commander R. E. Coontz and Commander C. B. McMay, Jr., for their hearty cooperation and support.

Mr. J. W. Young, the publisher, who did much to aid us by finishing off sketches, designs, etc., and in advancing many valuable suggestions.

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Mr. F. Carl-Smith, for a reproduction of his well-known picture, the "Snake Charmer."

The Philadelphia Evening Sun, for several photos of the Army vs. Navy Football Game.



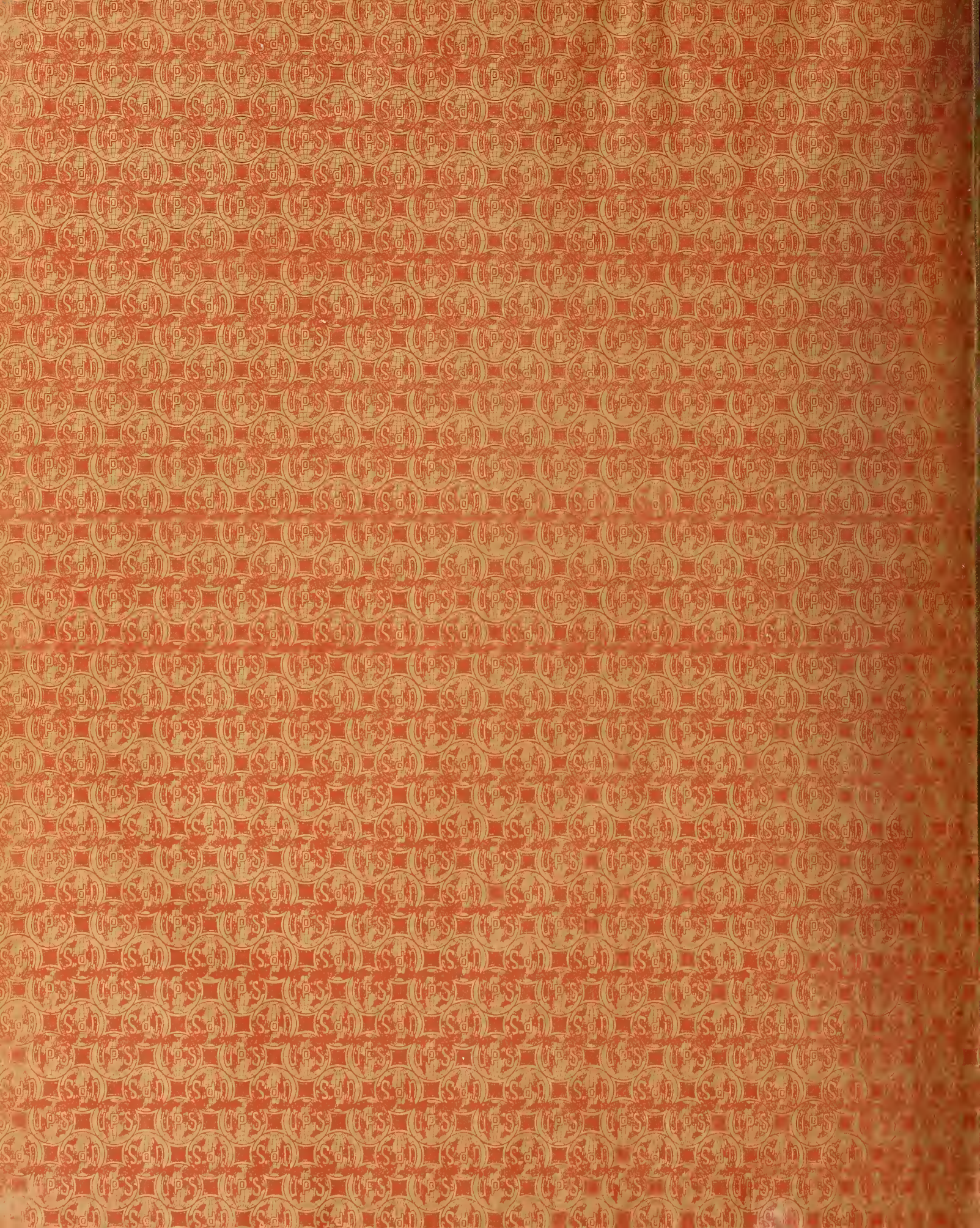
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