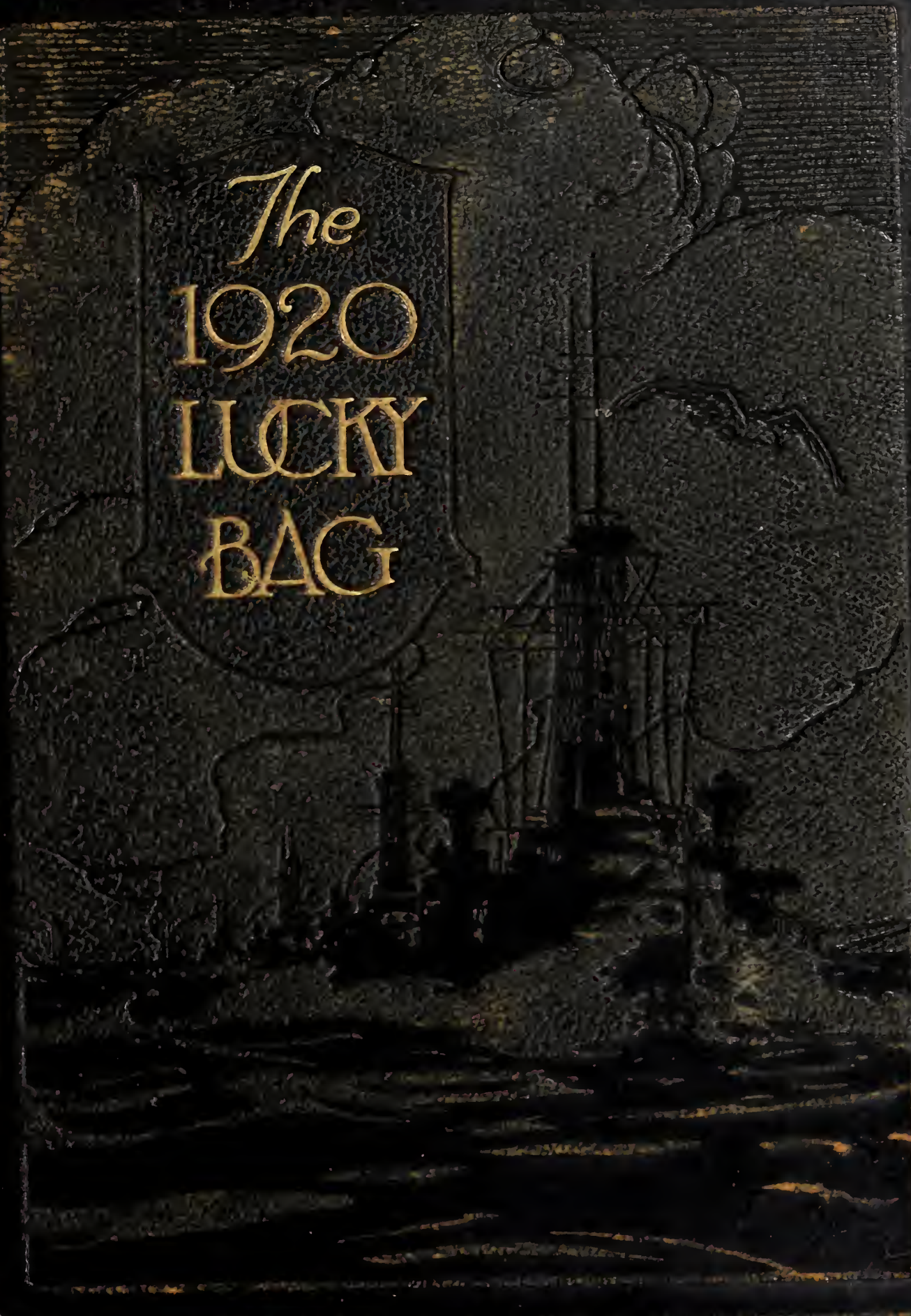
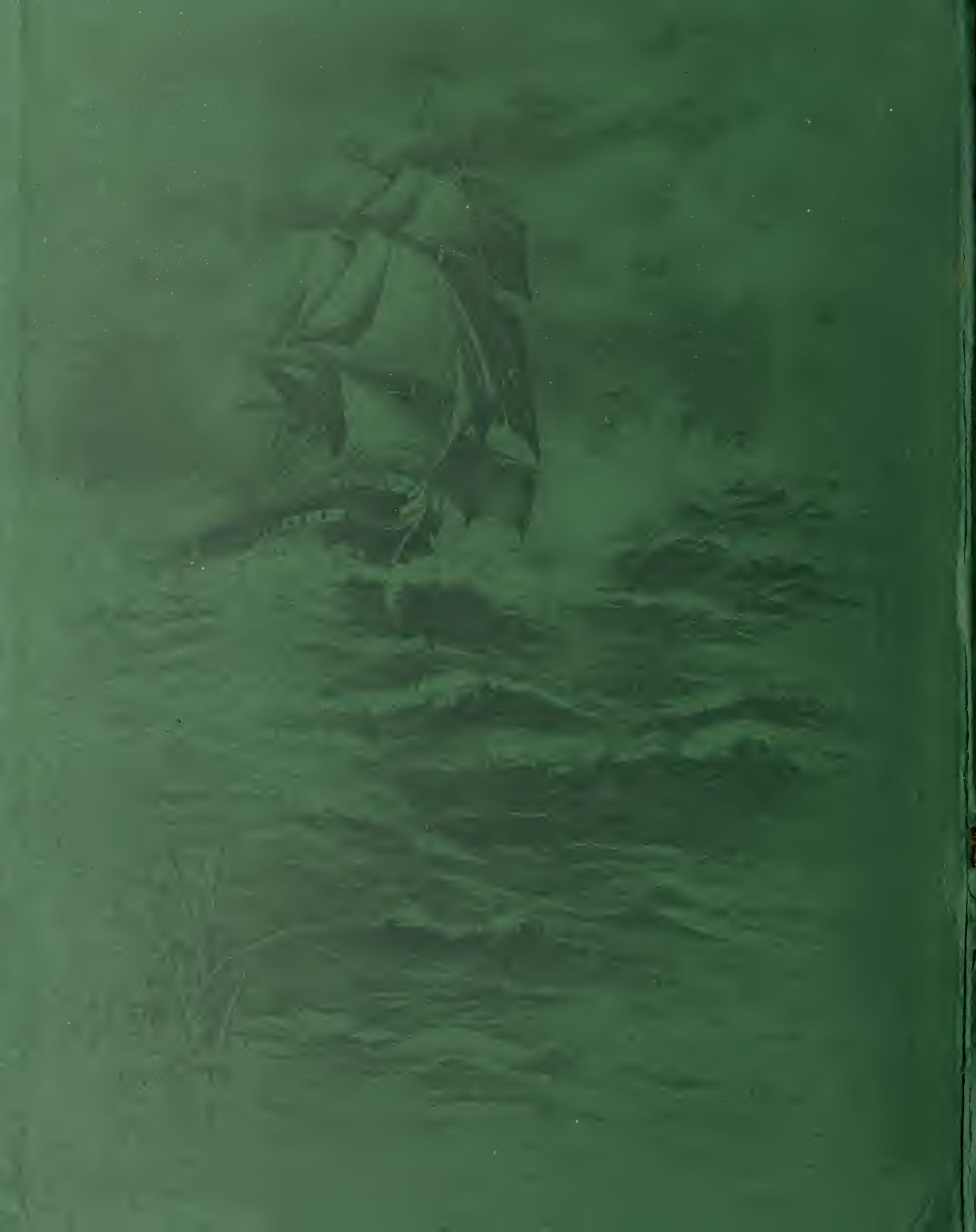


The
1920
LUCKY
BAG

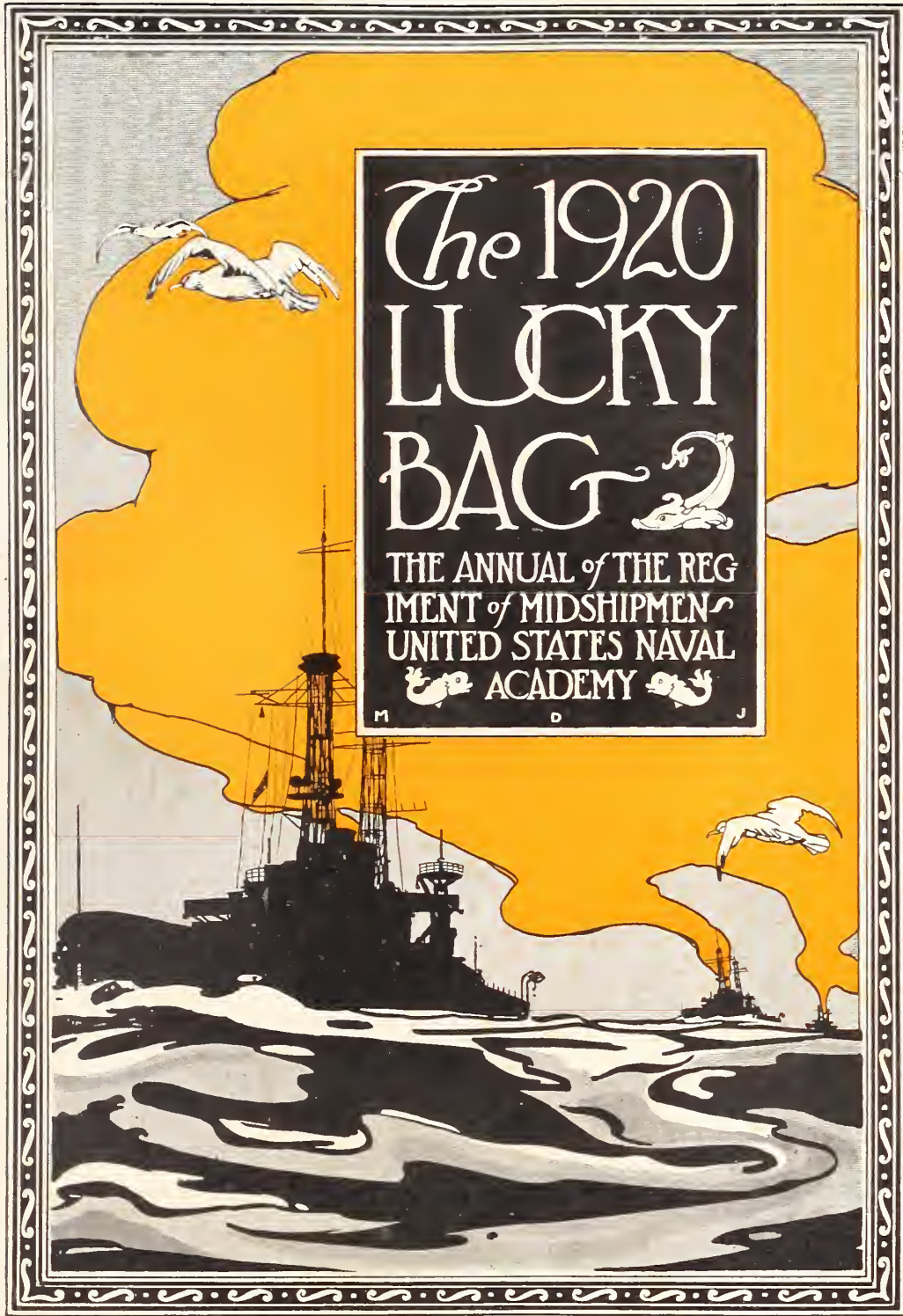




Buster
from
L. Buck

Very





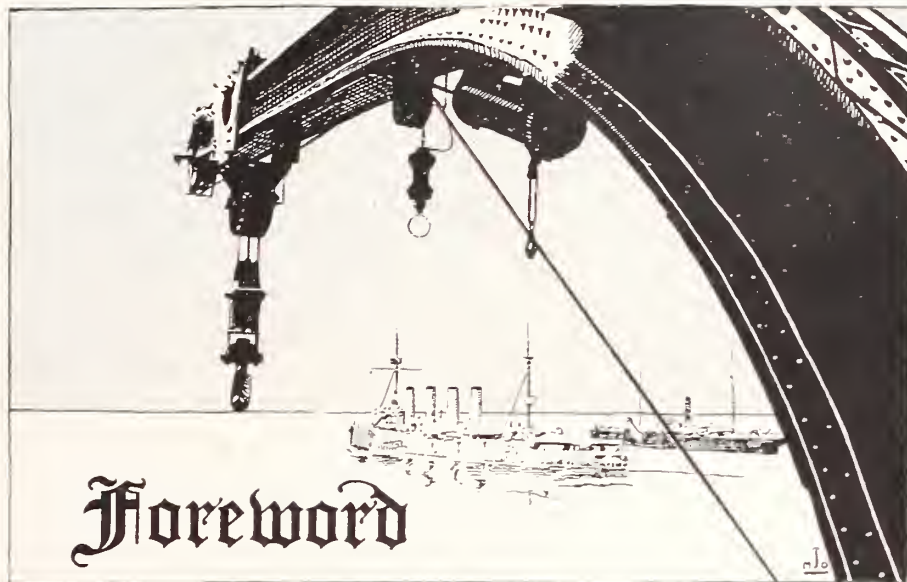
The 1920
LUCKY
BAG

THE ANNUAL of THE REG
IMENT of MIDSHIPMEN of
UNITED STATES NAVAL
ACADEMY



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BY R. F. GOOD





Fxcept for two three-month cruises, it has been the fate of the Class of Twenty to spend the years of our latest naval glory in inactive service, years of study in which our only inspiration has been the ambition to fit ourselves to ultimately assume the places of Naval Academy graduates in the Service. In preparing this edition of the Lucky Bag, it has been the ambition of the Staff to convey, not alone a picture of life within these walls, but something of the pride in which the Regiment holds the Fleet and its operations during the World War. If the Lucky Bag presents in their true light the events in the lives of U. S. Naval Officers, both during their term of preparation and years of accomplishment in the Service,—then we have succeeded in our purpose ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧



To

HENRY BLOW LEBOURGEOIS

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER

UNITED STATES NAVY



WHO, as a man, has treated us like men, has given us a square deal, good counsel and friendship, who, as a disciplinary officer, has tempered justice with an innate understanding of human nature, and who, in giving his best that the Naval Academy might bring forth future generations of honorable and efficient naval officers, has daily exemplified the ideals of the Service, the Class of 1920 respectfully dedicates its

Lucky Bag



Henry Blaw Le Baugenis





A. S. Colver



Cropper



Lt. H. Standley



J. M. Sears



*The
Regiment*



REGIMENTAL STAFF



FIRST BATTALION STAFF



SECOND BATTALION STAFF



THIRD BATTALION STAFF



FOURTH BATTALION STAFF



COMPANY OFFICERS, FIRST BATTALION



COMPANY OFFICERS, SECOND BATTALION



COMPANY OFFICERS, THIRD BATTALION



COMPANY OFFICERS, FOURTH BATTALION

To the Class of 1920

CHOSEN by thee, grim old ocean—
Chosen and proven by thee.”
This is the song of the sailor
Sung to the heart of the sea.
Song of the sailor of ages,
Stirring, awakening me.

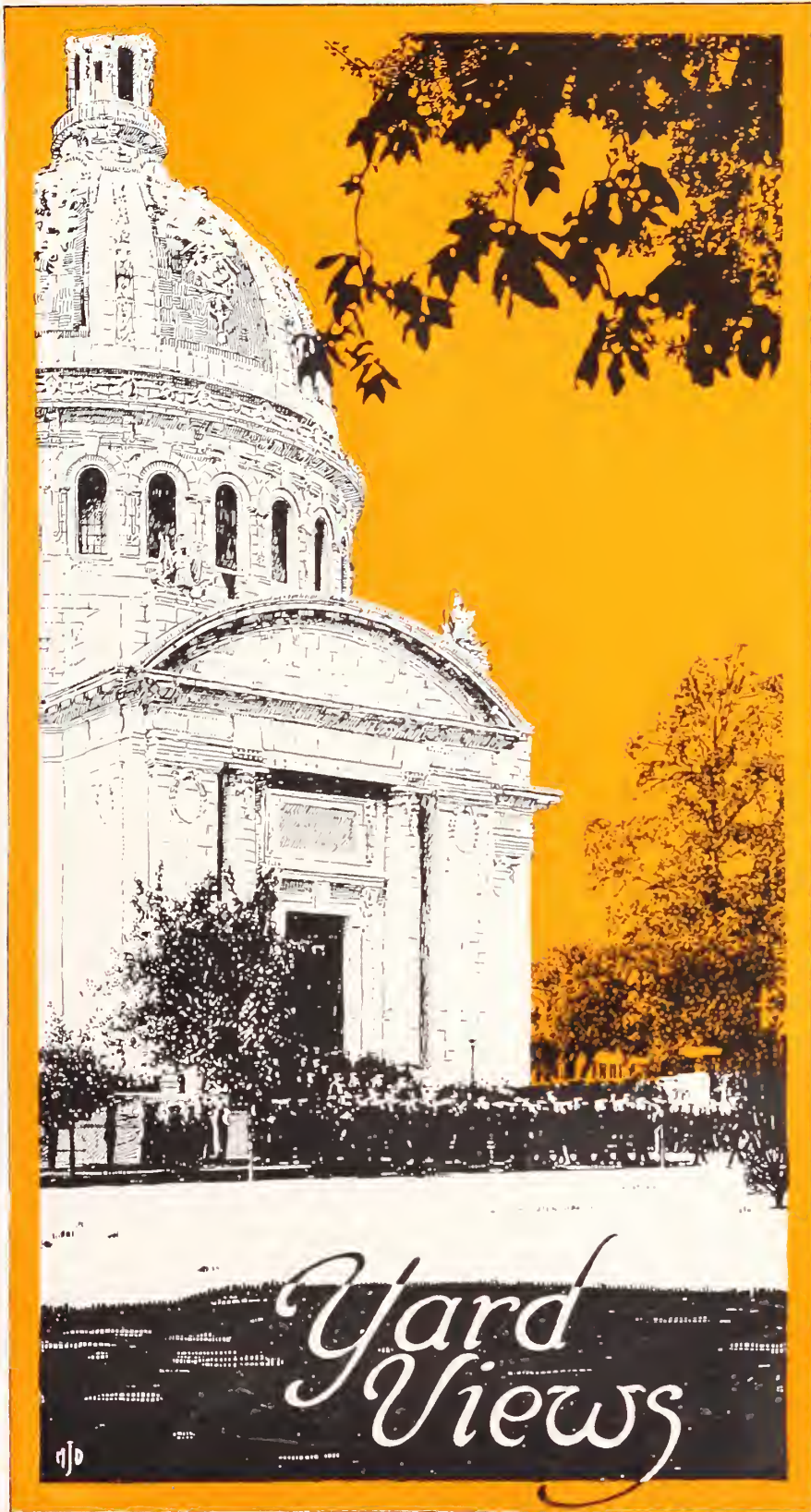
Borne in the breasts of the Norsemen;
Throbbing where-e'er pushed the prows
Of iron mariners ancient,
And all whom nature endows
With dominant power to conquer,
Fearlessly keeping their rows.

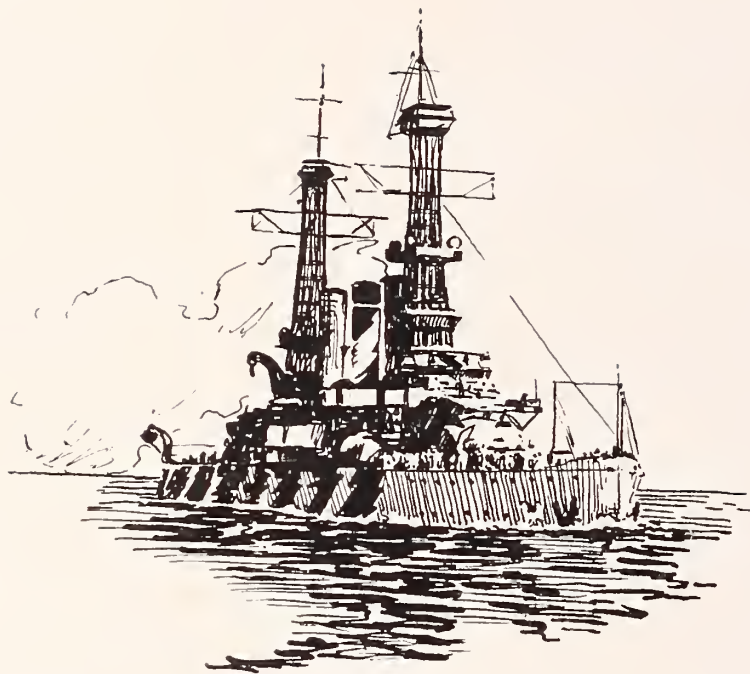
Baffled and crushed by her cunning;
Rising and striving again,
Seafaring hearts and awakened,
Chastened, inspired by her pain,
Lured by her deep voice, calling—
The ocean calls not in vain.

Fisherman, there in the moonlight;
Yonder, beyond the sea wall;
Humble, and ceaselessly toiling,
Up from the sea comes the call.
Not in your heart is the singing,
Dreamily, only, the thrall.

Bless'd with a heritage matchless,
Trained by tradition and free
Of heart, of will, and of action,
Comrades, classmates, are we.
Let us follow their footsteps,
Our heroes, proven at sea.
“Chosen by thee, Grim Old Ocean—
Chosen and proven by thee.”









TACTICS



PLEBES 'AINT PLEBES



ICE BOUND



STRIKING WALK



FIFTH AVENUE



THE ARMORY



CHAVVENET WALK



ACADEMIC GROUP



A LESSON IN ORDINANCE



BANCROFT HALL



LITTLE BERTHA



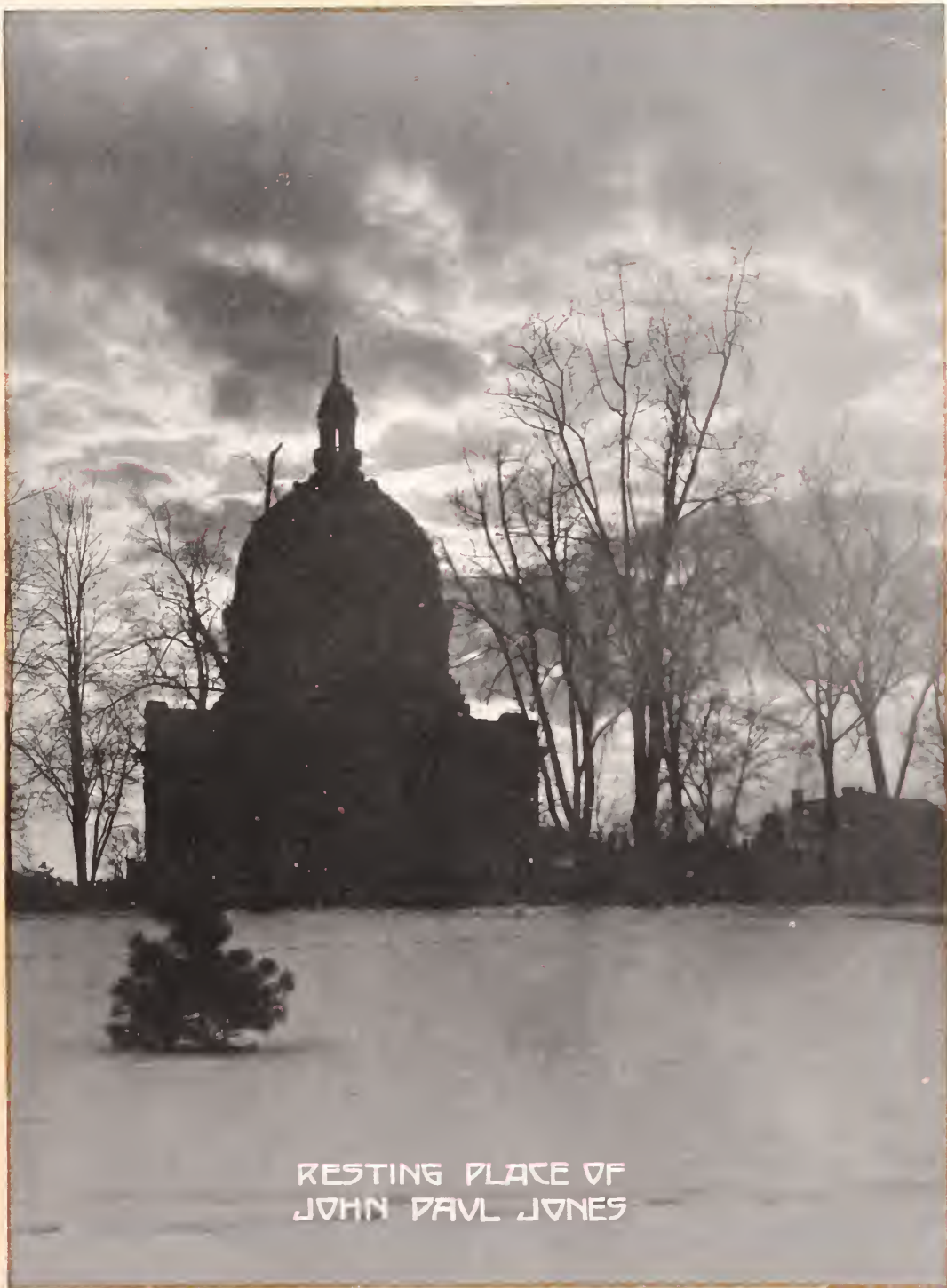
THE BENCHES



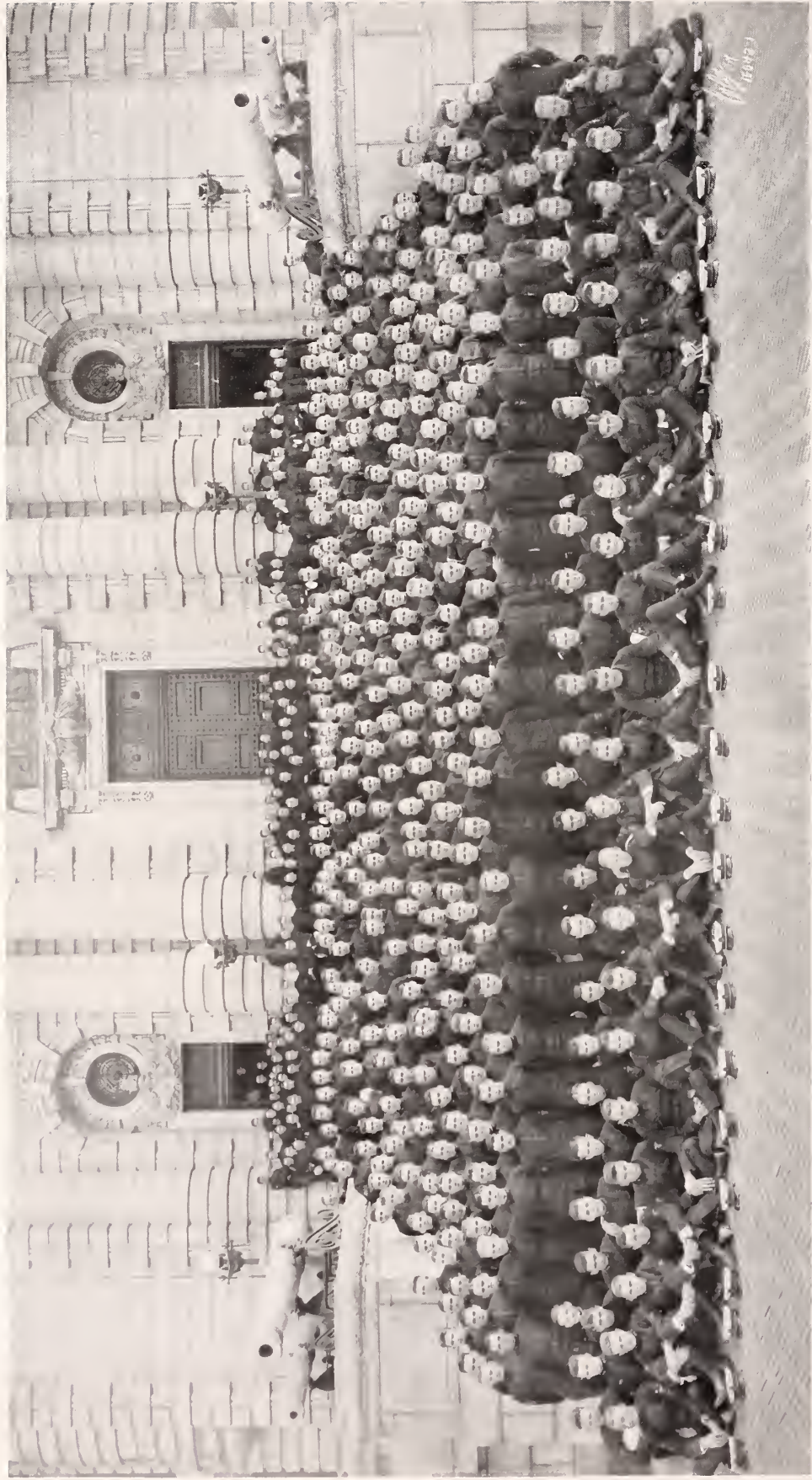
PLATOON FIRE!



THE ARCADE



RESTING PLACE OF
JOHN PAUL JONES



CLASS OF 1920





GEORGE HUME DANA
SAVANNAH, GA.

"S. P." "Lil" "George"

THE little hard guy from Georgia was what the First Class christened him the first week of Plebe year—and the name proved so typical that it became a fixture.

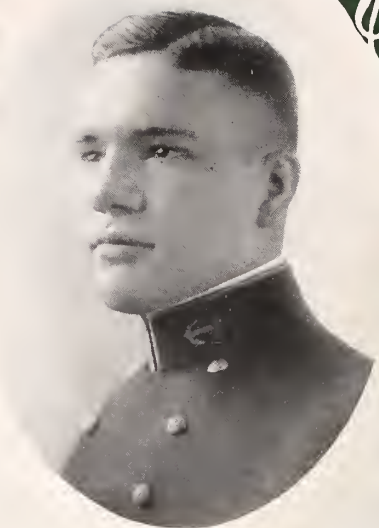
¶ Books—at least text books—have been among the least of George's worries. Nevertheless he always ranks among the sat and savvy, and in addition to maintaining for himself a little velvet has managed with fair success to keep "Bill" from perching too far aloft when one or more of the departments insisted on frapping him high and dry.

¶ Among other things, his work as cheer leader First Class year did much to endear him to the class and the Regiment. What the little hard guy lacks in size he makes up in pep, and while the team seldom needed an extra hard squeeze for a few extra points, George has always helped keep the noise rolling out of the stands in a way that went home.

¶ Although he told his skipper First Class cruise that the ribbon he wears was a campaign badge for the Battle of Yorktown, we all know that on dress occasions a life-saving medal hangs from it. But then, modesty was always one of George's numerous virtues.

¶ Wherever he goes his messmates will find him a courageous, efficient officer and a good pal.

Honors:
Class Honor Committee 3, 1;
Crew Squad, 3;
Cheer Leader;
Company C. P. O.



WILLIAM AUSTIN INGRAM
JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.

"Bill"

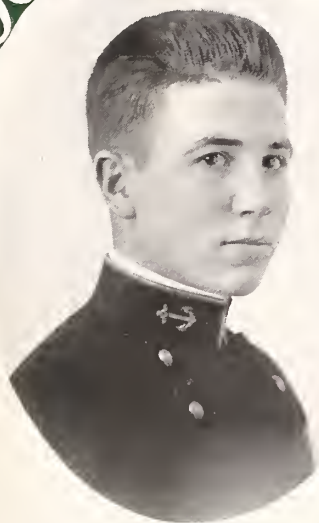
THE third of a trio of seagoing, football-playing brothers, "Bill" elected to enter and graduate with '20, and fortunate it was for '20 that he did so. As Class President, his hand has proved a steady one to hold the destinies of the class in the straight and narrow. As Five-striper, he has proved an ideal of efficient military leadership. As a football player—well, if Walter Camp had ever seen him in action even the All-American would n't have been good enough. He was fitted in every way to captain the team and that honor is his natural and fitting reward. As a crew man the N-crossed oar bespeaks his prowess. He plays lacrosse, too, but admits it's only to keep in condition.

¶ Last and by no means least, as a man—the real two-legged he-animal—"Bill" rates them all. Younger than many of his classmates, he still has an oldish and wonderfully wise bean atop his classical physique—a marvelous grasp of human nature and mob psychology that has made his rule a firm and still a pleasant one.

¶ You go forth from us, "Bill," with a record none can approach. Respect and love of every man of us are yours—respect as a man and a gentleman, love as a classmate and friend.

Honors: Five Stripes;
Class President, 4, 3, 1;
Captain Football Team;
Chairman Class Honor Committee;
Football, 4, 3, 1;
Football N;
Second All-American Backfield;
Crew N Crossed-Oar;
Chairman Class Ring Committee;
Lacrosse Squad.





CHARLES SAMUEL BOORMAN
ROUNDUP, MONT.

"Sambo," "Monty," "Sapphire," "Dizzy."

AND now, ladies and gentlemen, meet Kid Boorman, the Roundup Wildeat, an old timer, and as he will have it, from the wilds of the further west. His transformation from cow puncher to blase sea dog has been in doubt some times, but now seems to be a matter of fact. Ah there! "Dizzy!"

¶ Argument seems to be his long suit, and if he can't heave the heaviest line he'll offer to settle it with the gloves

¶ He had easy enough going Plebe year with the academic hounds, but lost most of his momentum Youngster year, due to his too easy acceptance of things as they came. Thanks to an ability to bone strenuously at the last minute, he's still with us.

¶ The "Kid" first burst into prominence when he dragged on Lover's Lane about the time of Plebe semi-ans. He received more attentions from then on than he knew what to do with, but it seems he has been successful in passing the buck since he passed the transition period.

¶ Always a devotee of Lady Nicotine, he had quarters reserved for him on the *Reina* Youngster year.

¶ For all his faults "Monty" has no small number of friends and promises to come up to their expectations.

¶ "Sorry, but I can't. I'm on the grade."

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



ROBERT PERRING CUNNINGHAM
MARIETTA, OHIO.

"Bob" "Cunny"

BOB'S" a quiet chap, something like the radius of gyration—it takes a long time to really know him. Once you do, though, you find him altogether worth while

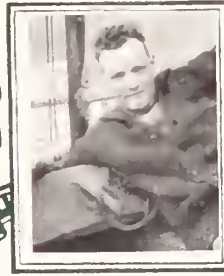
¶ He strolled in one day when Plebe summer was nearly over, jumped into khaki, and braced the D. O. for ten feet of skirmish line to lash his strong box. He's been with the bonnie bunch ever since in more ways than one.

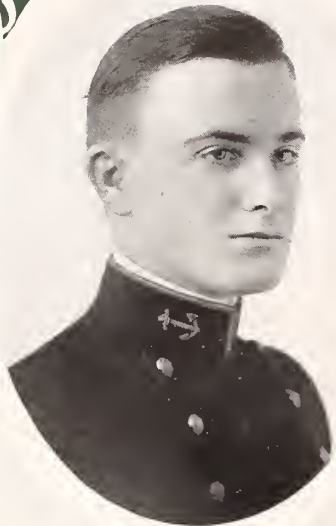
¶ Fussing has n't seemed to appeal to him much since a certain memorable instance. He claims that the sport is incommensurable with the trouble. But you'll always find him in the stag line.

¶ He does n't particularly shine in his classes, but "Cunny" usually manages to come through, maybe with a 3.0 average. The English pros fell for the smooth line and contributed toward the general average for a while, but they came to, when he back-slid and began to bone Math. Once or twice the Academic Department got his name and number, but he burned a few extra calories, raised a little more steam and slipped away in the excitement of the chase.

¶ "Bob" has a well-developed sense of humor that bids fair to tide him over many a rough situation. But he's such a nice fellow all in all, that, taken earnestly, he's bound to rise in the service.

Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman.





WILLIAM JOHNSTON STROTHER, JR.
CULPEPER, VA.

"Johnny"

HEY," and in drifts the little man, lazy as they make 'em and completely happy when reclining in an easy chair ashore on liberty with a skag in his mouth. He swears off dragging every week or so, and it actually lasts until the following Wednesday afternoon

¶ Although he is n't a savoir he has never had to worry about climbing trees with Bat but has always managed to rest comfortably on the win'ard side of a 2.5

¶ The Culpeper Exponent has always been his preference to "Studies in Structure and Style." Once some fair femme told him that he was good-looking, but we are glad to say that he did n't believe her. He has been a prominent figure at some rare parties since we have known him and we hear fabulous rumors of him on Sep leave. When his angora is led forth he is a terror afloat; ask any one who was with him in the Union Station in Washington Plebe Christmas leave

¶ Quiet, good-natured, unassuming, everybody likes him and he will do anything for a friend (but drag a brick).

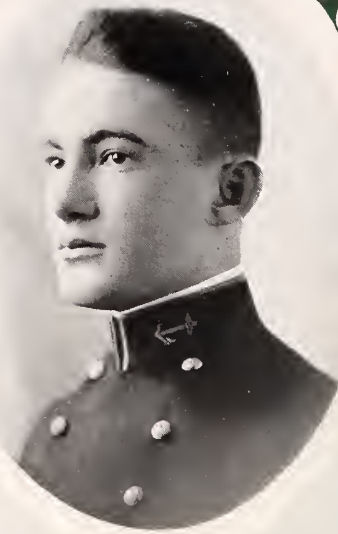
¶ Here's to you, John; we'll always be glad to meet you at the gangway anywhere.

¶ "Now, I tell you what have you got at the class supper for me——"

¶ "Love, here is my heart."

¶ "I don't see how 'Johnny' could possibly do anything wrong with such innocent eyes."

Honors: Buzzard.



TURNER WESTREY BATTLE
ROCKY MOUNTAIN, N. C.

"Bat" "Tur-nah" "T. W."

THE bird who wrote, "I'm a Tarheel born, I'm Tarheel bred, and when I die, I'll be a Tarheel dead," surc must have been thinking of "Bat" when he did it, for North Carolina has never had a truer or more loyal son than this seagoing chap with the ferocious name. He's a Southerner all the way thru and has the fact written all over him. He is lazy, easy-going, generous and as good natured as a young pup; it's his pure good fellowship, though, that makes him an ideal shipmate, for "Bat's" a "regular" fellow, with a heart as big as a collier's fender.

¶ He has been known to bone, but only when perched on the Christmas tree or May pole. He's not wooden by a skull-full, but his preference for entertaining fiction and writing letters over Math and Juice has placed him in that happy-go-lucky class which never worries, one way or the other.

¶ His specialty is shooting that line of his to some queen who is kind enough to listen to it. But, to give the devil his due, he seems to get away with it "sumpin terrible."

¶ Before Youngster Sep leave, it was a new one every month, but since then—well, he's had heart trouble almost as bad as possible and still stay sat.

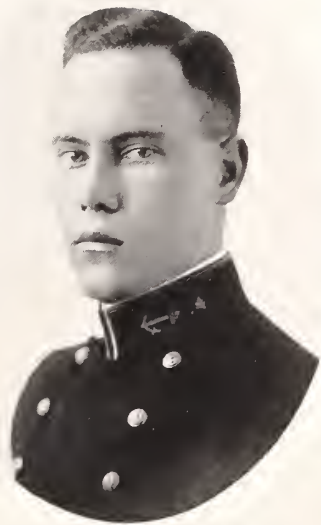
¶ "Bat's" good points are far and away in excess of his bad ones, but both combine to make him one of the most likeable and one of the best of scouts.

¶ "Johnny, I swear if that girl——"

¶ "Gee, I'd like to be a monkey in a zoo."

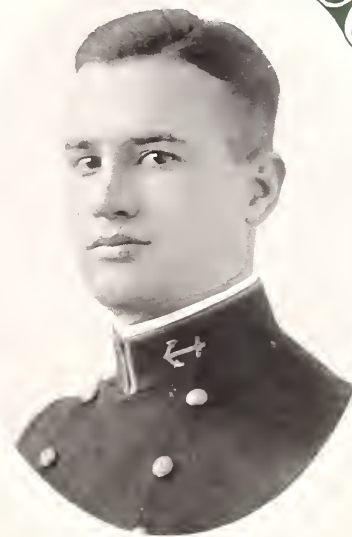
Honor: Buzzard;
Class Supper Committee;
Hop Committee, 3, 1;
Chairman Hop Committee, 1;
Athletic Association Executive Committee.





WALLACE RUTHERFORD DOWD
FORT SMITH, ARK.

"Wally" "Judge"



CHARLES RUSSELL WOODSON
LYNCHBURG, VA.

"Charlie" "Woody"

QUARTERMASTER, Bugler, Bos'n's Mate, Messenger—Call the guard and band and a raft of side-boys. Altogether now, a bunch of ruffles (feminine or otherwise). Where do you git thart way? Why "Wally's" just entering Smoke Hall! And now that he's inside, stand by for a flow that is a happy co-mingling of the eloquence of a Bryan, the pep of Billy Sunday, the diplomacy of Wilson, the wit of Doc Rosenthal, and just enough of the Ananias-type honesty to make a good story of it ☛ ☛

☛ But has n't the boy any good qualities? Oh, yes. He claims to have a whole flock of them, and when occasion demands is capable of bringing them into evidence. Dignified? At times—Charlie says so, and Charlie saw him at the Class Supper. But when the "Judge" gets dignified it's time to regard him with suspicion.

☛ To come down to hard facts, the Irish in "Wally" gives him a determination that makes him say what he thinks, and do as he says. When we want good, sound advice, "Wally" has it to offer. As class secretary he has showered that good advice upon us and be it said to his credit, when the necessity was stringent, he literally crammed it down our throats.

☛ Wartime made his regime as football manager a difficult one, but the season he steered the schedule revived more of the real old Navy spirit than had been in evidence since Plebe Year Army-Navy game.

☛ For what you have done for the class and the Academy, "Wally," the only appropriate flag hoist is: Zed-Yoke-X-ray ☛ ☛

*Honors: Three Stripes;
Class Secretary, 4, 3, 1;
Manager Football, 1;
Star, 4, 3, 1;
Lucky Bag Staff;
Athletic Council.*

CHARLIE is the only man in the Academy who has more hair on his face than on his head, the only man who needs a shave just after shaving, and the only man from Virginia who does not claim to be an "F. F. V." Now we don't know whether he is one or not, but we have our suspicions, and we do know that if we were all as good men as he—mentally, morally, and physically (not spiritually)—we would be on the road to success.

☛ He thinks he can play football, and it is admitted that if he had not been hurt he would have made his "N" Plebe year. He is vice-president and general manager of the Radiator Club and at one time stood a good chance of being one of Mr. Mang's favorites in the Wednesday afternoon sports.

☛ He has had more than his share of bad luck on the athletic field and in the section rooms, but on board ship Charlie is the man when something is to be done ☛ ☛

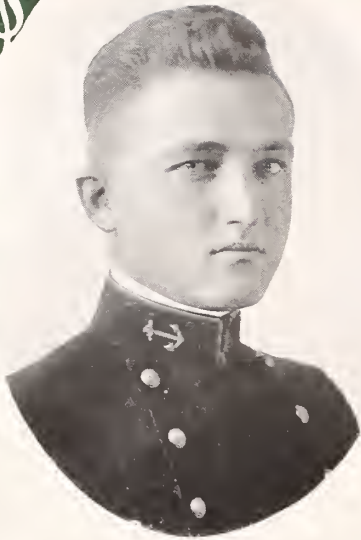
☛ The girls all fall for him and where "Mr. Woodson" shows his shining face, there is no chance for any one else. A snake from the word go; he can balance a tea cup and a piece of erke with so much ease and grace, that Chevalier Bayard himself would give up in disgust. He soon found that he could not keep a girl in the Navy and swore that he would be a Red Mike, but the call of the tea pot was too strong.

☛ In spite of his faults and virtues, "we love him dearly." He is a man after me own heart and one who could n't do other than make good.

☛ "Pick up the marbles."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Manager Wrestling and Gym;
Football, 4, 3;
Basketball, 1;
Baseball, 1.*





GYLE DEAN CONRAD
ALLIANCE, MO.

"Thad" "Guts" "Swabo"

OH, femmes and fair damosels, take warning! Don't ever let this dashing dude within your gaze or you will be lost. That curly shock of hair matched with blue eyes and a fascinating grin (don't place too much faith in the front elevation given above, because he never looks that simple when he's fussing) make "Thad" simply instantaneous. How many broken hearts he has left in old Missouri pining for his return, we may never know. "Thad" won't tell but he admits there's quite a number of them.

"Swabo" is a hard egg. You just can't subjugate him. He's never restless except during study hours and then you can hear him all up and down the corridor, either demanding a skag or denouncing the authorities in none too mild terms. Despite these activities he manages to get in about thirteen minutes a day of solid boning. He is not averse to frapping a bush now and then, and occasionally sees red when the monthly marks go up.

"Swabo" would do anything for a friend except give him his last piece of pie, and he's a dead game sport. He'd even smoke a Home Run if you offered it to him. As non-reg as he is now, he'll make a real seagoing regular officer. Here's hoping that we will be shipmates, "Thad," when we tackle the big job.

Honors: Buzzard.



HERBERT LESLIE MACBRIDE
SPRINGFIELD, MO.

"Red" "Mac" "Coo-coo"

MAC" is the sad bird who, in a fit of passion, heaved a shoe blacking brush at a picture of his "fairest," thereby demolishing glass, frame, and complexion. Still, one disappointment did n't phase him, and he attends every hop, bum-drip-dripping faithfully to the strains of the "Dark Town Strutters Ball."

One thing that "Coo-Coo" does n't believe in is over exertion. The bi-weekly hide and seek games conducted by the American Von Tirpitz, and the ravages of the U. S. N. A. Submarine Squad are the only things known that drive him to a concentrated and furious effort for escape.

"Mac" is n't wooden by a whole lot, but as a calamity howler he takes first, second and third prizes. To hear him talk, you would think he was bilged, but somehow he never comes anywhere near hitting a tree.

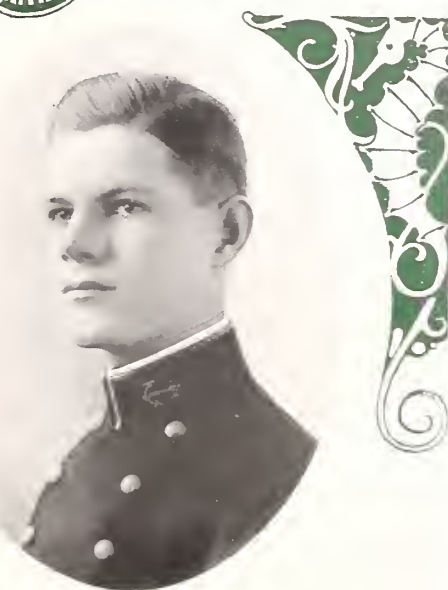
When it comes to drawing, he is a wonder. Destroyers are his specialty, and even the corridor walls are not free from the signs of his art.

A slip-stick artist of rare accuracy, but even at that a quiet, easy-going Missouri gentleman who produces results.

"Mac" will no doubt some day join the ranks of the salty four stripers, with a flock of destroyers under his command.

Honors: Buzzard.





WILBUR LORENZO DAVIS
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

"Dave" "Daisy" "Billy"

DONALD RODERICK OSBORN, JR.
KANSAS CITY, MO.

"Os" "Satie"

DAVE, like his famous name-sake, was cut out for a diplomat, but in his natural absent-mindedness he forgot about it and came to the Naval Academy.

¶ Down under the palms of a sunny Florida beach or in the evil city of Tampa with a slim glass on the table and an "after-dinner" in his hand, "Dave" would quote a proverb and solve any public question.

¶ Tho we were not there, we can picture him on an evening's stroll along the mysterious edge of the everglades in his "cit" days impressing some little girl with the depth of his eyes and the warmth of his heart.

¶ "Dave's" quiet, dignified demeanor always gives one the idea of years and a wide experience before reaching the Severn. He will tell you that some scrub woman of Juno is the goddess who guides his destiny; but despite her he usually succeeds. About once a month he is rhino when he sights the bulletin board.

¶ "Dave" is not savvy yet he keeps a safe margin which he will hold when inside the danger angle by the old spirit of "never say die" and hard work.

¶ His big success has been track, where, as a half-miler, he has won his "N" two years. The yellow "N" is not "Davie's" only achievement, for once his love for the sea overcame his caution, he took a cruise, became one of the "boys," and a wearer of the black "N."

¶ Possessed of a graceful dignity and ease, and with that quality of making true and fast friends they feel that Davis can be counted upon in the last lap. We are proud to have him as one of us.

Honors: Buzzard;
Track, 4, 3, 1;
Track N, 3, 1.

THIS antiquated salt hails from the "show me" state, but you would have thought otherwise from the way he learned to "change the name of Arkansaw" during Plebe year.

¶ Being born a sailor man, he showed to advantage during First Class cruise on the *Huntington*. He did things efficiently and practically, and worked nav well enough to promise much for his success in that professional branch.

¶ While blessed with plenty of grey matter, "Os" has not been one to knit himself to work alone. He is a fusser of note, an ardent admirer of movie actresses a la Red Book, and his literary ability has added much to some of the pages of this work.

¶ Usually the reggest of the reg, "Sadie" succumbed to a feminine weakness for fine raiment First class year, and insisted on draping his person in the gaudiest of non-reg shirts. As a result he voted a straight ticket on both of the Nav department's elections, and collected sundry demerits and hard feelings. And the resurrection of those now missing shirts is one of the things that brightens his dreams of graduation.

¶ Broad-minded and observant, he does conscientiously all he attempts, and his motto is that of a good naval officer: "Work hard and play hard."

Honors: Buzzard;
Honor Committee 1;
Lucky Bag Staff.





EDGAR BARZILLY HOWELL, JUNIOR.
Micanopy, Fla.

JAMES DUDLEY WILSON
Memphis, Tenn.

"Doc" "Barsilly"

"Puddin' Head" "Woodrow" "Whitey" "Puss"

AS you glance over the regiment, have you ever noticed a little, wizened old man who looks wonderfully wise and whose eyes have a peculiar twinkle. That is "Doc." Florida lost a strong anti-prohibition vote when he recovered from the last night in Washington and found his name among those who passed.

¶ "Doc" has all the attributes of an old bachelor, tho at times he is enticed out among them. This was not so always, for he used to play the "soft music," but we fear that his is the case of having once "loved and lost will ne'er to to love again." He is not athletic and would rather tell stories, reminiscences so to speak, among the bunch around the "bowl" than anything else. His line is one that will take in any company, not hard, not tiresome, but spoken with a true art that so few possess. Doc can always go them one better.

¶ For all that, his is a sensitive nature and at times it is hard to know just how to take him. Doc's pride lies deep, and though never shown, is not to be trampled upon without some hard feelings. Although sensitive, "Doc" never worries. The "Flu," pneumonia and pleurisy, all at the same time never phased him a bit, and as to studies, "I always claim I stood one better than the five-striper."

¶ Howell has generally the characteristics of an "old navy man,"—endurance, never an "I don't know," and true gentlemanly nature. He makes true friends, which are the right kind because they know he would himself do anything he asks of them.

Honors: One Stripe.

A BIG, fat, lazy fellow who had rather sit near a radiator with a *Snappy Stories* than to do anything else in the world, unless it is to eat. His next choice is to have velvet enough to have a Plebe call him at the end of his study period while he prepares his Juice and Nav—growing fat. Dudley is the type of man who stands in the 1st fifty, not because he is especially wooden but because he prefers to cork rather than to study.

¶ Usually he sees the sunny side of life, but occasionally you might hear him condemning the Navy and vividly describing how it has not only ruined him morally and mentally, but physically as well, since he sacrificed his eyesight for fifty per.

¶ As an athlete, Dudley has not excelled, chiefly because he has not had the time. When he was not fussing or sleeping, the gym has, however, been honored by his presence for a few minutes each day in order that he might keep his front flat.

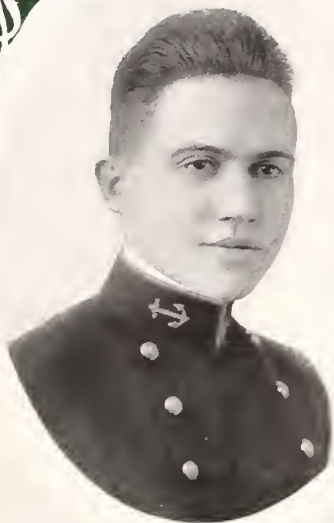
¶ During Plebe year "Dud" was in Prof. Bell's "A" squad, and since that time he has improved to such an extent that occasionally you might see that 4.0 fluttering on his arm.

¶ However Dudley has many redeeming qualities. He has a natural love for things nautical and it is not long after he boards a ship before he knows her from stem to stern.

¶ "By Golly! a 2.53 in Juice and a 2.55 in Math. Now I ask yuh, how 's that for a blind man?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling, 1.





GEORGE CHARLES HAEBERLE
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Sylph" "Gus" "Hop"

BUD is a clean-cut fellow with the quiet, unobtrusive manners which cause a man to be well liked. He has a faculty for keeping out of trouble (except for a few brushes with Lady Nicotine) and having glided thru his academic career with a 3.0, he has not a worry in the world.

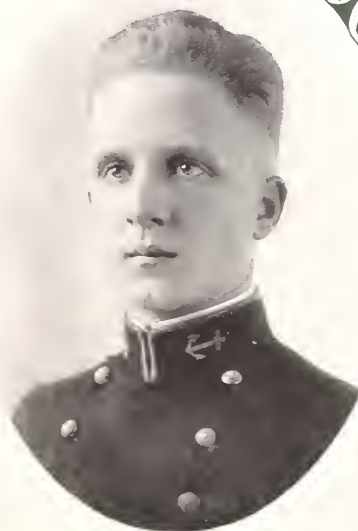
¶ He is no tyro at tennis, but his love for the Cosmo outweighed his desire for the sport so the team lost him.

¶ He drags occasionally and receives more mail than any one on the corridor. And we have heard that he has known *ree Lore*.

¶ "Bud" spent most of his Youngster year on the *Reina* and across the Creek, but even that did n't keep him from pulling thru with his usual 3.0. He also spent several weeks of Youngster cruise in the hospital at Norfolk and he has never been the same man since.

¶ "Heb" has a slew of friends and every man in the old Fifteenth's his brother.

Honors: Buzzard.



RICHARD POLLARD GLASS
LYNCHBURG, VA.

"Dick" "Polly"

DO sir, I don't believe I quite understand that, I had a dental appointment this morning." Many of us have heard these words in the class room, and we almost have known, without turning around to see, that "Dick" was a member of the section. Richard is n't a plugger and he is n't particularly savvy, but he has always managed to get by.

¶ Even though he has n't had an easy time with the Academic Department, he has put much of his spare time in making the "Oleanders" a success. In fact, all his time has been taken up by either the "Oleanders," basketball, the women, or a certain clan which call themselves a "quartette." This quartette is of rather a dubious character, and we all hope that their efforts will meet with some improvement.

¶ "Dick" is always ready for a good time and will go the limit to find it. He drags steadily and has proven a rare playmate for the women. He will always help out if it is in his power and does his best to make things a success.

¶ Good luck, Richard, we have all liked your blonde persuasiveness and we know that others will also fall. We are sure of your success in the future, and we have no fear that you will always attain the 2.5 mark.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 4, 3, 1;
Basketball, 4, 3, 1;
Basketball Numerals;
Hop Committee, 1.*





JULIAN McCARTY BOIT
NEWPORT, R. I.

"Judy"

JUDY," altho one of the youngest in '20, was one of the first arrivals at Uncle Sam's Naval Resort during the summer of 1916. But before hasty conclusions are drawn let us explain that "Judy's" other name, "Blood," comes not from any murderous instinct, but well—you see, Newport claims him, St. George's school there educated him, and while in gay Paris he first saw the light

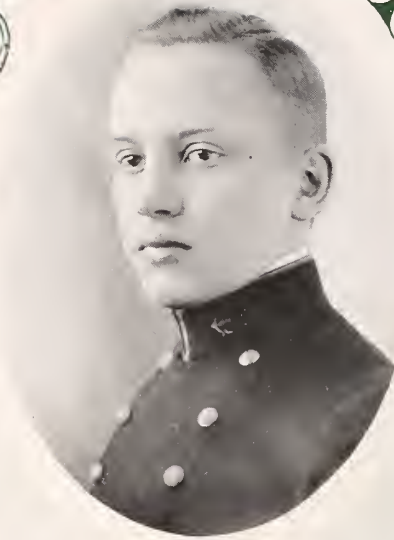
¶ Plebe year was easy sailing for "Judy" academically speaking. But at formations he was always the center of attraction, p. o.'s to right of him, p. o.'s to left of him, etc. "See, I'm not bowlegged, I'm just loose jointed," was his favorite rejoinder outside of expostulating when refernces were made to his heavy beard.

¶ The "Blood's" activities on Sep leave have always remained secret, but to his intimate friends he has admitted that Cupid has laid him low. This probably accounts for the few hops he has attended and the rarity with which the Lane greets his lanky figure.

¶ Early Youngster year he evidenced willingness to call his battle with the English Department a draw, but they would n't have it that way, and "Judy" fought an uphill struggle with Naval Tietacs and Stragedy. But when it came to planning those after dinner speeches he turned the tables and pulled sat with a vengeance.

¶ Quiet and reserved, "Judy" is still easy to get acquainted with, but those who know him best declare that not until he is your friend do you know his real worth.

Honors: Buzzard.



EUGENE WINTERMANTEL
NEWPORT, R. I.

"Booze"

WHY do they call him "Booze?" Nobody knows why any one would wish such a name on such a charming little fellow, and especially in this Navy where Booze flows—not at all. But then, let us admit that he has been done a grave injustice.

¶ Now to the heavier part of our line. Where born? We do not know. But he supposedly hails from Rhode Island and received his primary education in the gentler arts on the board walk at Newport. Of a disposition that would not long stay put, we find him in turn in the Peekskill Military Academy, then France and Germany where "les Maitres" and "die Lehrers" helped to give him that broad view of things—yes, intellectual—which was later to stand him so well among those of us who have known him best. Yes, people, when it comes to language we have long ago given him the medal. As "Booze" is wont to say, "Now, if you will use your bean it is all simple enough. I have never found a construction yet that did not make perfectly good sense in spite of all you would-be savoirs say to the reverse." Now you know he has learned his French well.

¶ Breeze into his room about eight-thirty or nine o' clock any hop night, and, with Pompeian Massage Cream in one hand and Carmen Beauty Powder in the other, you will find him making ready as for the princess herself. To make a long story short, he has made the Stag Line popular with the girls.

¶ It is a shame that we can't tell you more about him, for really we have said very little; but anyway, do you see that five feet and a few inches of good looks with a million-dollar smile on that entrancing countenance swinging our way? Let us introduce you to our "Booze."

Honors: Buzzard.





FRANCIS NORMAN TAYLOR
KINGSTON, N. Y.

"Pop"

HERE it is, gentlemen: look it over—the *Frankest* man in the Academy, barring none; and yes, he has another superlative after his name, for not every man in the Navy can wear a seven and three-quarters hat. Frank always did have trouble with his hats, as was evidenced the time he complacently busted out to formation in midwinter wearing a white cap.

¶ He has tried his hand at both swimming and crew, but each time the hospital has beaten the team out of a good man. Plebe year he was a central figure in the Bugle Corps. His work as a soloist in Chapel on Sunday needs no additional mention, as it speaks for itself.

¶ Not savvy, but never in danger of bilging, sums up his academic career. His capacity for sustained effort and consistent work makes him a valuable asset in whatever he chooses to take up.

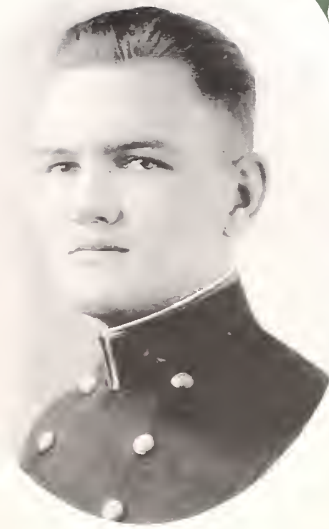
¶ Not a fusser, yet not a Red Mike! Taylor never drags, but inside dope has it that he is anything but a bashful lad in the town of Kingston, whence he hails.

¶ Francis is slow to anger and numbers his vulnerable spots as did the mythical Achilles. He swears by England and is a glowing example of "Once an Englishman always an Englishman."

¶ "Sure, soccer and cricket are the greatest games in the world."

¶ "Hymn number 516."

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Choir Leader.*



HENRY SOPHUS NIELSON
BUCHANAN, N. DAK.

"Heinie" "Hank" "Savvy"

CENTRAL High School sent "Blondie" to us along with Bill Butler and Heineman. Even Plebe year he posed as an old salt, for had n't he cruised with the Naval Militia?

¶ "Billie" is a first-class fusser and keeps in trim by constant practise. When he gets that near bald spot plowed up and harrowed over, a new suit of blues and a pack of "Fats," girls stand from under. He is the smoothest of the homuds and the snakiest of the snakes; Chu-Chin-Chou has nothing on him.

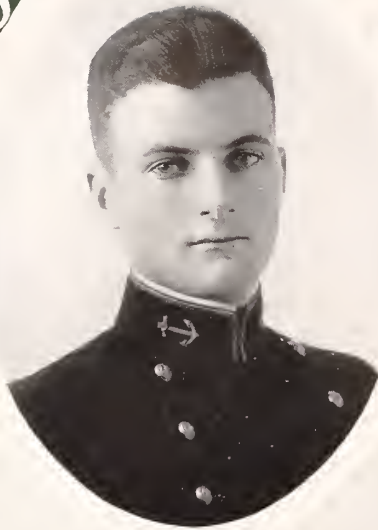
¶ More than that, he can sing, or tickle your feet with a mandolin. He is always in evidence in the Choir or Glee Club. Plebe year he was part of the Bugle Corps, but he has repented and is gradually living it down.

¶ Plebe summer "Blondie" gave great promise as a pitcher, but he strained his arm and it never has rounded into shape again.

¶ Yet in spite of "Willyum's" efforts his Academy fusing career goes down as camouflage—why, he's had the Chapel and Chaplain engaged for graduation day since Plebe Semi-anns.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Rifle Team, 4, 3, 1;
Rifle r.Nt 3.*





AUGUSTUS HOKE DONALDSON
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Gusso"

FDASHING youth, rather tall, lithe and alert, the kind of a man the women rave over—that's "Gusso," the original Boy Scout. He is friendly, affable and cosmopolitan, being equally at home at Trafalger Square or in li'l old Manila. However, he insists that Greenville is on the map.

¶ A fusser of note, he is at once the pride and despair of his fair acquaintances, the latter because of his fickle disposition. The women simply pester him to death—so he says. Besides chow time, the happiest time of his life is when the Plebe on duty brings a "special" from the "one and only" way up in Bryn Mawr.

¶ But he is n't any worse than the rest of us, whether he is in love or not, he is happy—shows it—and a little joyous radiance goes a long way. He is a student of no mean ability, efficient, and square, and if love of his profession will make a good officer, "Gusso" will be one of the "iron men" of the New Navy.

Honors: Buzzard;
Tennis Team 4, 3.



JOHN WARREN HIGLEY
CHICAGO, ILL.

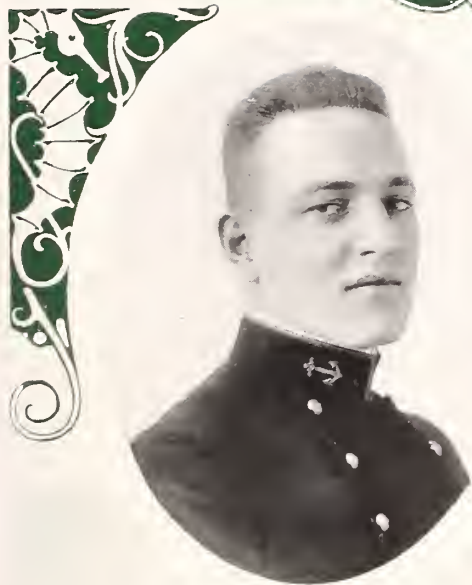
"Hig" "Count"

PETTY Officers' Repo-o-o-rt." Such is the dignified "Count's" morning greeting to the non-reg Eleventh. "Count Off" and Von Heigel stalks off with a brace that only a Plebe can imitate and the stately mein of a Spanish Don. With that leather-lunged voice and chesty carriage, "Hig" should have made his mark in athletics. His nature, however, does not seem to run in those channels, save for his bi-weekly trips to the gym to beat up his wife. This indulgence merely keeps him in trim until Saturday night. "Come around to-night, boy, I'm dragging a queen." The odd part about this phrase is that it is true, for John never bricks any one. He began fussing at our only Army-Navy game while most of us were drowning our sorrows at "Jacks."

¶ Girls, on the other hand, never thwart any of his major plans, for "Hig" is independent and believes in that little poem of Kipling, "He rides the fastest who rides alone." Everything he attempts is marked by forethought, conscientious endeavor, and real plugging until his end has been accomplished. Higley is never bluffed, and although he is not a savoir, he does not try to fool the profs into the belief that he is. When he owns a quarter deck, we feel that no man will ever pace it with more assurance or dignity.

Honors: Company C. P. O.;
Lucky Bag Staff.





KARL JOHN CHRISTOPH
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Dutch" "Chris" "Abdulla"

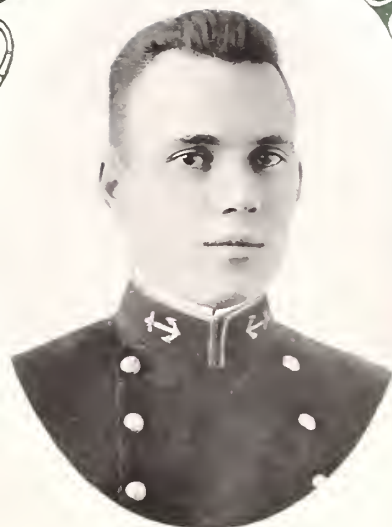
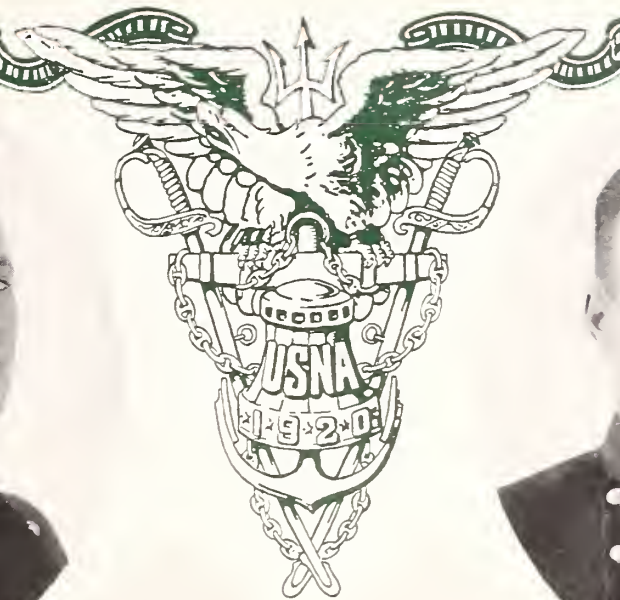
AND then at last cried out, this is a man"—Dryden. "Chris" has been a little ray of merry sunshine in our dark sojourn here below. No matter how gloomy the day or how rhino the atmosphere if you feel the need of a broad smile and a husky laugh see "Chris." He's always ready for a good time, for any kind of a roughhouse, and will help you to the extent of his power and never take any thanks.

¶ "Dutch" hardly ranks as a fusser of the first magnitude, but he is a regular attendant at the hops, and he gets more real enjoyment out of an informal than most of us can.

¶ Plebe year he early qualified as a veteran of the extra duty squad. His continual presence at that favorite outdoor pastime can be put down to an unquenchable independence, that quailed neither before upper class rates or the iron hand of the law. At that he's no anarchist. He thinks his own thoughts and acts accordingly.

¶ A born comedian, gifted with a wit that borders on genius, and possessed of the happy faculty of getting a laugh that leaves no sting, "Christy" will joke away the hardships of the service and perform his unpleasant duties with a sang froid that will mix smiles and admiration with memories of him when the service has scattered us.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



JAMES EUGENE NOLAN
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Philip" "Jimmie" "Nagasaki"

DON'T mind bilging in that exam, but what makes me sore is to see those other dim lights come back illuminated." These words or their equivalent have been Nolan's gospel. However, we don't take him seriously, as he is always bilged until the marks are posted. Nevertheless, his skirmish with the Dago Department was exciting to say the least. We all suspected that "Jimmy" craved sympathy in his wild raving, which he certainly did not get.

¶ "Philip" never hesitates to express himself and is n't particular about what the world thinks of him. He has been in every place where a white man cares to tread, and to hear him relate one of his wonderful adventures in Hula Hula, Bombay, or Paris, is worth all the Y. M. C. A.'s greatest efforts to take the yell out of Sunday night.

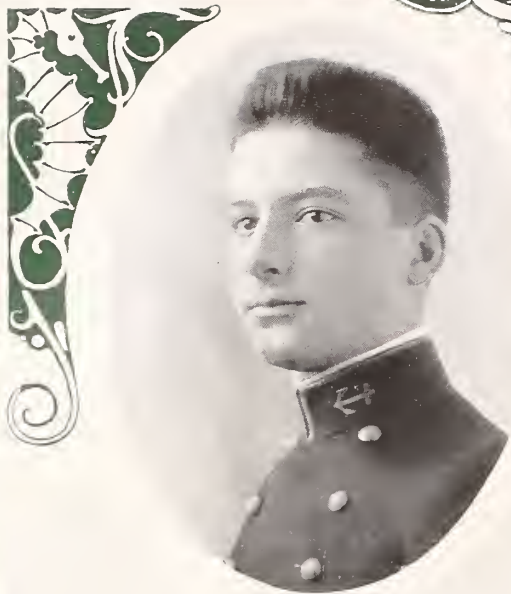
¶ Nolan is famous for his good humor and sparkling wit and when it comes to explaining or arguing on any subject whatsoever, it is a remarkable man who can prove him wrong. He also excels in inventive genius, as his suggestion, at seamanship recitation, to improve the stadimeter proved. His quick apprehension of the less theoretical makes it mysterious as to why he chose the Navy. It seems as though there is not a branch of life in which he could not succeed.

¶ No, he is n't a true fusser, but every now and then finds him escorting some young lady around the yard and forgetting to point out the Academy's famous landmarks.

¶ "Squads east, Jack, any more spuds down there?"

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Honor Committee, 4;
Keeper of the Goat.





WINFIELD SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

CAMP DOUGLAS, WIS.

"Raoul"

SCOTT is one of the few who say little but think and do much. He came to the Naval Academy from that well known town of Camp Douglas, which may be close to Milwaukee, but Winfield does not seem to have been raised on hops.

¶ Plebe year he hit the Weak Squad because he was only six feet in length, but he soon worked himself free by hard plugging in the gym. "Fish" also hit the submarine squad, but being a hard worker naturally, he soon had his afternoons to himself.

¶ From the way Scott has been growing out of his clothes and building up, it seems that he would become a football man if he had another year to go.

¶ As far as boning goes, Scott is about as ambitionless as they make them, in the section room or anywhere else. At the hops, you will always see him manning the rail;—Scott is a Red Mike, not because he is afraid of the girls, but for the reason that he doesn't want to briek them.

¶ As a friend, Scott is Johnny-on-the-spot. He'll do anything for you, even taking your duty on Saturday night.

Honors: Buzzard.

JULIUS ARCHER BURGESS

SUMMERTON, S. C.

"Luke" "Farmer"

THE typical Southern gentleman of this institution seems to be essentially one of the sons of God's country who is fond of a Bull skag, a good story and a pretty woman.

¶ Plebe summer the fourth deck was his haven, and now with the Bolsheviks on the roof garden a social evening is wanting without his presence. He not only likes to muse over the tales while enjoying the fragrance of a little Durham, but he also fulfils the third qualification by practical demonstration. It should be added that with his repertoire of charms he has taken the Oil Stove repeatedly.

¶ In spite of his several dissipations he has always remained sat and happy, even if to be so he has had to sing incessantly about one "K-K-Katy" whom he swears is the only girl that he adores.

¶ "Luke" has been a consistent devotee of athletics every Wednesday afternoon since Plebe year and he has almost had the gilded dumbbells within his clutches at every "practise."

¶ If his luck breaks fifty-fifty we'll expect to see him back in a few years as athletic officer, lest future generations escape various extra squads of which he has been president during these few years.

¶ "Luke McGlook, the Carolina Duke—brace up!!!!"

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Weak Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Submarine Squad, 4, 3, 1.





FRED BENJAMIN AVERY
GROVETON, TEXAS

"Bill" "Ave"

If you ever see a little pleasant-faced officer with both eyes atwinkle, with that distinctive, characteristic something of the Lone Star State pervading his atmosphere, stand by for *our* little man. Speaking of liberties, it is worth a man's existence to make just one such adventure when Fred brings "Rat" ashore with him from the Fleet. Will we ever forget that Plebe Christmas leave when—but this is a biography; not an atrocity.

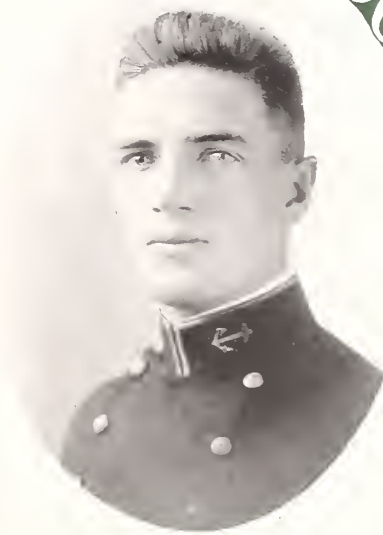
¶ Fred is small in stature, but his five feet five represents strength enough to put him way aloft in the bantam weight wrestling class. Any one who has seen him in action on the mat can testify that he produces when holds mean falls.

¶ "Bill" has always managed to stay ahead of the All Academics—he likes to dig out facts and he holds them until the exams arrive; consequently he has seldom been exposed to the entrancing aroma of the midnight oil.

¶ Once in a while he will break out at the "hops," his accommodating disposition having more than once exposed him to the pleasures of a blind drag. Oh! Bo-ey!

¶ Avery is an extremely practical individual, and is never willing to pass up anything that's worth while knowing.

Honors: One Stripe;
Wrestling Team, 3.



MYRON ARGYLE BABER
LYNCHBURG, VA.

"Babe"

"Babe," the regular bird, late of Lynchburg! If you don't care to get in ditch don't knock the business center of our skag and oil industry.

¶ Unlike most of us, Myron was a roundly-experienced brodie before even any serious thought of a Naval Career entered his super-structure. While yet a young lad, the Pocahontas coal fields developed in him the rough and ready, get-me characteristics of a husky mountaineer. Having moored in Lynchburg about 1910 he didn't up anchor until the wanderlust raised him to the status of a candidate some five years later.

¶ Academically, you would hardly say that "Babe" was a savoir, despite the fact that he generally steered the chalk for a 2.5's worth and often put on "some extra" in Skinny.

¶ Pebe year he drifted optimistically thru the period of trials in an unusually fruity manner, but no twig of any bush other than those of Dago and English escaped his full weight.

¶ During the heavy weather of Youngster year "Babe" always collected the pot for "low man" on exams.

¶ Myron earned his Class numerals in basketball Plebe and Youngster years and showed stuff Plebe year that would have pulled down something in baseball had not the war cancelled our schedule.

¶ Three stripes among the Bolsheviks of the Eighth Company made "Babe" show his mettle First Class year. Judging from experience he ought to handle anything henceforth and hereafter.

Honors: Three Stripes;
Basketball Numerals 4, 3;
Class Honor Committee 3.

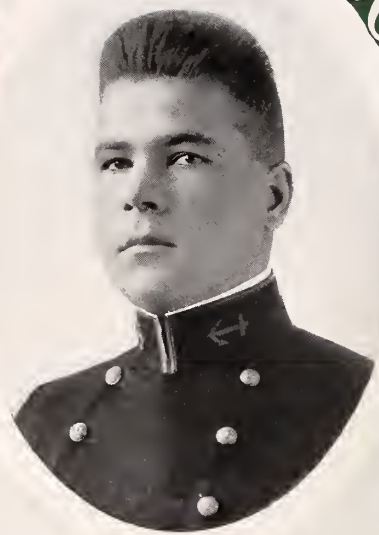




OLIN RICE MINER

FRESNO, CAL.

"Major"



JOHN HERMAN HEINTZ

SEBASTOPOL, CAL.

"Heinie"

SAY, 'Major,' got a boat for this afternoon?" The chance is that the "Major" has, for while he never has quite convinced us that he'd rather sail a boat than eat, he does like to put a cat-boat or a half-rater thru its paces ☞ ☞

☞ Books have never bothered him but he is conscientious and uses his time to the best advantage, although he will take an hour off every now and then and join "Heinie" in a slumber party ☞ It is the practical stuff that Olin spoons on most and he has used nearly all of the opportunities given him to actually do anything to good purpose, for it is his firm belief that theoretical stuff is all right—in the books.

☞ The "Major" likes to use those long legs of his, and it was seldom that the first liberty party to leave the ship Youngster cruise did n't include Olin all dolled up for a cross-country walk. A stop for a grape juice on the dock, another farther on, and if he could but find a berry patch or an orchard, "Major" considered it truly a perfect day. Somehow he had the faculty of finding the best places to go and he soon had quite a following on his weekly trips.

☞ The "Major" has extended Democracy in the Navy until it includes the women. He likes them all but seldom raves about any of them.

☞ He has a choice wit and the ability to express it in cartoon, as witness his pages in the LUCKY BAG.

☞ Olin is in the Navy with a purpose—to make good, and if his three years here can be taken as an indication, he'll do it ☞ ☞

Honors: One Stripe;
Rifle Squad.

HAVE you ever seen a husky lad coming down the corridor with a big yellow N on his sweater, wearing a smile as wide as he is? That's "Heine."

☞ When we first saw him Plebe summer, we thought that he was a mighty fine example of California's wares, but the Navy has agreed with him and now you would hardly know him as that reg Plebe in the old Fifteenth.

☞ Every spring has seen him busy. When the snow melts and the radiators begin to get warm, "Heine" picks up his discs and howls for gangway. He needs it too; did n't the young fellow break the Academy record in the Pittsburg meet?

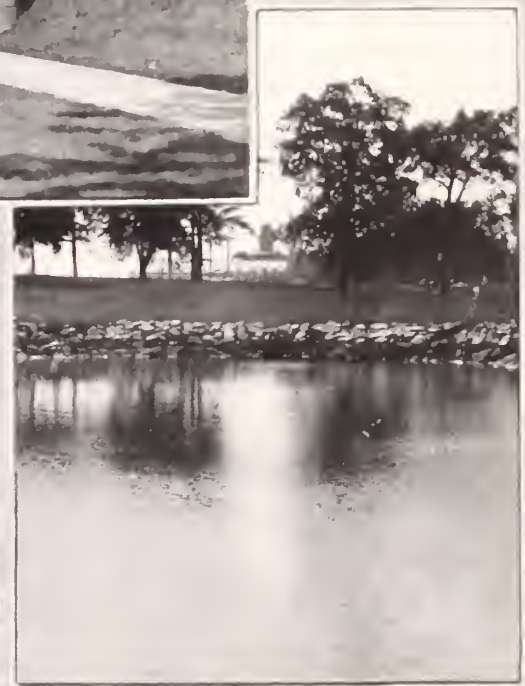
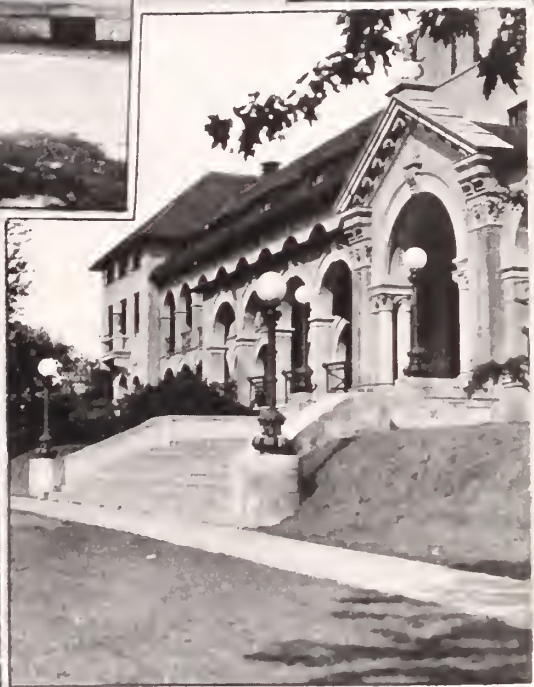
☞ Track is about "Heine's" only vice. He does n't know enough about the weed to choose a Phillip Morris in preference to a Home Run and when it comes to snaking he is among those present but not voting.

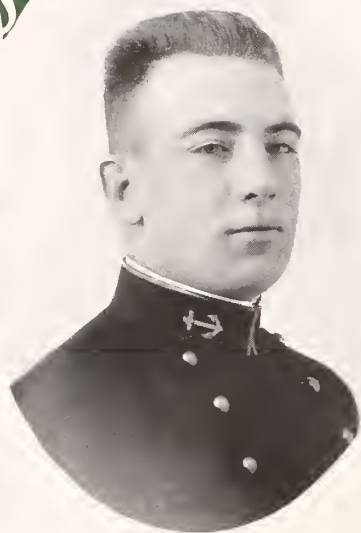
☞ For a list of "Heine's" friends, just take a look at the class roll. "Heine" goes under the assumption that every one is his friend and he is mighty close to being right.

☞ For a list of "Heinie's" virtues, go to any one in 1920; for a list of his faults—you have them there.

Honors: One Stripe;
Track Squad, 4, 3;
Track N.







CLARENCE RODNEY WALLACE
MANITOU, COLO.

"Thug" "Cub' Bar" "Wallie"

NEY, fellows, come here and see a real live thug,— better hide your valuables tonight." These are the first words that Clarence Rodney Wallace heard from the lips of an upper classman, after he had left his abode on the top of Pike's Peak to come to the refinement of Baneroft Hall. And since that time he has been known to us all as "Thug."

¶ "Thug" played on the B-squad for two years, but First Class year some one shoved him out on the floor at a hop, and he had to give up football as being too tame.

¶ If you are looking for a rough-house, just look up our little barbarian and you will usually find two or three going on at once, especially if there is a cream-puff or some other appropriate ammunition close at hand. Bill tried to cure him of his fondness for manhandling the human race by choking him, but when "Thug" came to, he started right off again.

¶ With it all, you can always count on the Little Brown Bear, as he's affectionately known to his shipmates; he's the kind of a friend well worth having.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Hustlers 4, 3,
Submarine Squad 3.*



GEORGE EDWARD ROSENBERRY
SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

"Rosey"

THIS bird is very much married, and what's more, he admits it. He longs for a home and hearth, and says that he would like to get out of the Navy for the purpose of gaining these privileges, but we secretly believe, and now for the first time divulge, that he's bluffing. Any man who has stuck to the terrible aggregation this long, could not physically break loose, for the same reason that an old dog cannot be taught new tricks.

¶ George belongs by choice to the Amalgamated Electric Heater Club. (We'll have you understand that the radiator is now a myth.) As a Plebe he was good, exceptionally good, and as a Youngster, he still remained a good Plebe. The lighter things in our restricted life, such as fussing, dancing, and lounging with 'em, do not appeal to George. The only objection he ever raised, was when Kelley Thomas was wont to use his private gibbon as a crank-pit when he burned oil.

¶ George is not as well known as if he had opened his cut-out with the rest of us on our first day as Youngsters. However, by his silence, he has created a deeper impression than many of the above-mentioned class, and his friends claim him as an ace. His steadiness is proved by the way he pulled himself out of the doubtful class last year.

¶ He's the kind of a man that can hang on with his teeth when his arms are shot away, so we know that he'll stick to the finish.

Honors: Buzzard.





CLARENCE VAILLE LEE
WOOD-RIDGE, N. J.

"Chink" "C. V."

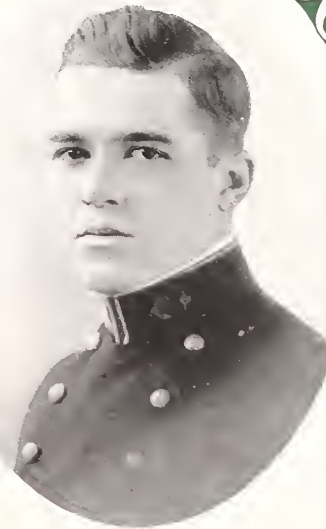
CURIOS combination of almond eyes, gold and underpinning a la P. Miller is "Chink." Plebe year he called on the Governor to express his opinion on the management of the affairs of state and he has been expressing opinions on wide and varied subjects ever since. Being one of the best-read men in the class he can heave such a wicked line that not even Hall Downes could check the flow.

¶ "Chink" finds his second chief joy in life in making villainous fudge on an electric toaster. The greatest joy comes from eating it. His overwhelming passion for food makes a mess-hall of the fourth deck and a dinner of a tea party. Every Wednesday afternoon you will find him with Raeburn Pettay making the rounds of the Yard.

¶ Since Plebe year he has depended on his star for his own standing and devoted his energies to keeping the Seventh Company sat. The Youngster year "Mumps Ward" owes him a mighty big debt of gratitude for his daily discourses on Mechanics and Johnny Gow. So if it is information, help, or an argument that you want just call on "Chink." You will find no one more willing or able to give it to you.

¶ Such is "Chink"—just about the simplest, savviest, and happiest man in '20.

Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Star, 4, 3;
Glee Club, 4;
Submarine Squad, 3.



RAEBURN PETTAY POWELL
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"Po-elli"

LOOK at our Rae's handsome face and the curl they all love to play with, and you'll see why he followed the line of least resistance and became a lady's man right from the start.

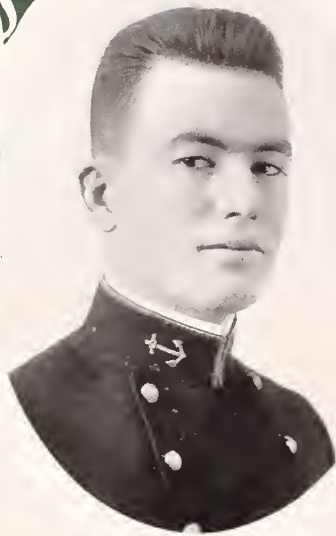
¶ Even during Plebe year, while the rest of us were busy just being Plebes and trying to keep from becoming cits, Raeburn was letting himself fall in love, and, while he's had his ups and downs, he has not yet climbed out.

¶ You ought to hear him say, "I admit I'm wooden, but I want to be efficient at least." The Math Department almost believed the first part during Plebe year and we came within a wisp of losing him. But R. P. is still with us and when he gets out into the Fleet he'll have his opportunity to show that he is as efficient and not as wooden as he claims to be.

¶ If you want an opinion from Powell, you'll get a frank one—no ferns or mayonnaise with it—but the straight truth; and if there's anything you want that he has, just say the word and you'll get it.

Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Masqueraders;
Mandolin Club.





DRAYTON HARRISON
SIMPSONVILLE, S. C.

"Dad"

DAD'S "two most outstanding virtues are generosity and seriousness. Like all good sailors he makes you welcome to anything that he has and he is so serious that, although a chronic kidder himself, he'll swallow bait, hook, and sinker on any dope you hand him. Like all of us, "D" also has his weaknesses—one of which is Dago. "Meester Harrison, thair ees no hope for you, Scientese." But as for steam, why, liberty on the cruises offered no such inducements to him as did the engine room; and if you had perchance, or otherwise, spent a little too much time "catching" up on the spud lockers and wanted some point in the assignment cleared up, all you had to do was to ask "Dad."

¶ "I've never seen it that way on the outside, but the book says—" and away he goes, his love for argument having gotten the better of him.

¶ When "Dad" received his first inoculation of "Fidelity and Obedience," he had an idea that he was not going to stay in the Navy, but that all changed when he caught a glimpse of all the graceful steam lines and attractive auxiliaries aboard ship. If the dope holds, it will not be very long before the Navy will have another Engineer officer with a capital "E."

Honors: One Stripe.



ARCHIBALD ORME HARRINGTON
FREEPORT, N. Y.

"Arch" "Harry" "Prince Ham"

ALTHOUGH Harrington has lived in New York since quite small, he is still true to the State of his birth, Georgia. He is proud of her, and has admitted only one imperfection—that being her border on the north. Notwithstanding his name, he is n't a bad fellow. His intense desire to be a man led him to smoke a cigar, much to his regret, at Old Point Youngster cruise. By doing so, he earned the title of "Prince Hamlin." One other time he has tried to be hard, but the sight of a Plebe, likewise burning oil, convinced him that he did not really want to do so—after which he gave away the remainder of his plug and decided to be a good boy.

¶ The "Prince" is a dense sleeper. A Baby Ben and a Jimmy Legs together have never succeeded in getting him turned out before late blast. And if in the future his wife should desire to make him truly happy, she need only have a radiator convenient for him to lounge on between reveille and breakfast, or better still, not to make him turn out till thirty seconds before breakfast.

¶ In seamanship he is remarkable. Even during his Youngster year he was able to suggest to a lieutenant commander that during a dense fog a ship should use a stadimeter freely. There was only one thing he did n't know—how to get an anchor to the bottom in eighty fathoms.

¶ "Arch" has worked hard at track, and has never dragged—the future holds much for him.

*Honors: One Stripe;
Track Numerals.*





JOHN NEIL KELTY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Moike"

HE had not a worry in the world in his pleasant little Podunk, except keeping his dates straight with his fair friends from the Normal School, but his ambition prompted him to bone minerology. And Sunday nights were not "sore as usual" at the cit college. Again "Mickey" turned from the frivolous things in life, and here you are, "Mickey," me bye, a petty officer in the regiment. No, you can't keep a good Irishman down

¶ He made his debut in athletics by a little frolic in the squared ring with "Triphammer" Francis. Then he layed off pugilism, but watch your step and don't rile him until you are sure that you could at least get a draw with the Academy bantam-weight champ.

¶ "Mickey" is friends with everybody but the Mate-of-the-deck, but he will not lash his hammock to the tune of anything but mess gear. Well, why should he turn out? Even the firmest of Mates-of-the-deck admit after their second attempt that it's safest to let him sleep over their heads

¶ Some say that he is not a fusser, which is only gossip and is not to be believed. Put him in cits, start him West, and he'll prove it.

Honors: Buzzard.



FREDERICK CHARLES SACHSE
ST. PAUL, MINN.

"Sox" "Sash" "Sachet"

IF you ever see, at the next hop you attend, a tall, slim, young man with a debutant's slouch and the bored air of the superb super-sophisticated—don't look for his monocle or expect a limpid, Bostonian brogue—that's camouflaged. Strictly speaking, he has never missed a hop, but to know him best is to see him as the mainstay of the old fourth deck gang of Oleanders. With them he's there to the finish and a better, jollier pal could n't be found or asked for.

¶ His academie career has not been a bed of roses, but possessed of a generous amount of common sense and good old Navy spirit he's bound to succeed.

¶ "Say, you got a skag? I got a tendency."

¶ "I wonder who made me for that fu-fu?"

Honors: Buzzard.





BASCOM SIDNEY JONES
MACON, GA.

"B. S." "Briar" "Mike"

BENNET LEE FALKNOR
SEATTLE, WASH.

"Ben" "Pink"

DINETEEN lost a man that Twenty was glad to get when "Jonesy" returned from his first cruise. From the first day of Twenty's Plebe year, Bascom was a true member of his new class, and he is well mentioned as having voluntarily rated far less than ninety per cent of what bilgers usually rate.

¶ They say that during his first Plebe year, he became very accurate in catching D's, plates, and apples; this is probably where the little Iron Man received his early baseball training. On the diamond he is a player of no mean ability. Whenever Bascom gets to the bat, you can count on a hit nine times out of ten.

¶ A bum ankle and the Academic Departments did not keep him from winning his numerals Youngster year.

¶ Somebody down in Macon keeps the mail man mighty busy assorting "Jonesy's" mail—besides that we are all wondering what Bascom did with that little miniature.

¶ Best of luck, "Jonesy." The same grit that kept you in the Academy will stand you well in the Fleet.

*Honors: Two Stripes;
Baseball Numerals, 3.*

WITH two bits to bet on only a sure thing, we will back "Ben" to the last penny of that twenty-five cents in any argument against any prof (officer, cit or otherwise). "Benny" knows what he knows when he knows it, which is invariably, and is n't afraid to let every one in on the secret. He is a connoisseur of astronomy of the kind that treats of twin constellations.

¶ Though young, "Benny" is quite a hard guy—witness his little arguments Youngster year. A heavy line, both on and off duty, carries him a long way; and its plausibility is sometimes deceiving. It must be with that noise that he charmed (?) that little girl in New York we hear so much about. She has n't materialized here though, so that may be all the old stuff, too.

¶ With all that, he is efficient, and his capacity for work of the productive kind is unlimited once he gets incentive enough to get started.

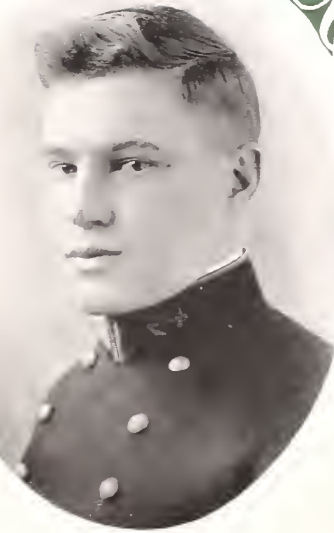
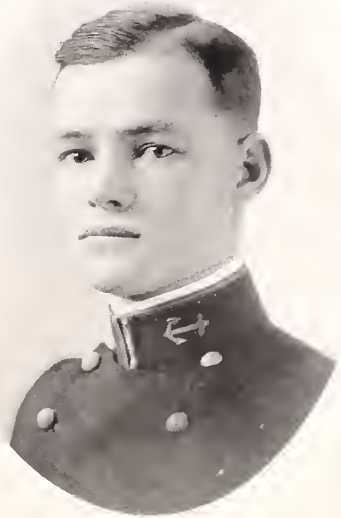
¶ Plebe year: "Who is that little bird with the big head?"

¶ "Oh———!"

¶ "No officer will give me any kind of grease marks—they don't seem to spoon on my face."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Star, 4, 3.*





MARCY MATHIAS DUPRE, JR.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

"Dopey" "Duper" "Dupie" "Duke"

FLOYD ALBERT TUSLER
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Madam" "Tuss" "Tuck"

THIS slow-moving, easy-going little fellow from the Panhandle is one of those real Southerners that you read about often yet meet very seldom. But don't let "Dopic's" easy-going habits fool you, for if you want to get his goat, you have only to start an argument about the Civil War and out it comes on the double. And for all his quietness, there has n't been a rough house or free-for-all in the Twelfth Company since the beginning of Youngster year that has n't found "Duke" present—and scrapping hard.

Apparently a candidate for admission to Mr. Boehmke's Wednesday afternoon socials, he fooled us all, for "Dopic" is hard and wiry and has worked hard on the mat trying to keep up the pace set by his "bud."

A grape-juice party given on board the *New York* during Youngster cruise made "Dopic" famous, but the wise will use discretion in speaking of it to him for it is still a decidedly tender spot. He has never yet entirely recovered from that disappointment although he certainly made one great effort to make up for it at the Class Supper.

Studies and class standing never have worried him much—but not so the women. He started off Youngster year very nicely, but by Easter had his dates so badly mixed that the situation would have been hopeless—to any one but "Dopic." For it is one of his strong points that he can put over just about everything he starts and that with a rush.

Honors: Buzzard.

HERE'S a rare bit of Wisconsin timber, well seasoned and straight grained, at least that's what the girls say, and they ought to know.

"Tuck" spent the first part of his existence at the Academy in ye good old fifth company, and under the fond tutelage of the illustrious kings of the age was soon transformed by means of a few trial runs under the table from a case-hardened old lumberjack into the meekest and most seagoing Plebe.

Youngster year, however, he brought back a part of the old fight and early in the season "Tuck" took his first long chance with the fairer sex by dragging a friend of his wife's. We now note the long, drawn, don't-care-if-I-die expression when the weekly grey-colored envelopes from Washington don't come.

Gifted with a pair of shoulders such as Cleopatra was fond of in the days of the old Romans, "Tuck" took to his hobby of hobbies and hied himself to the wrestling mat where, by constant and conscientious labor, he made good only to be deprived of his "wNU" by injuries.

Academic Departments suggest no fear nor trembling to our savvy son, nor do the bulwarks of academy discipline. In truth "Tuck" is a true representative of Navy spirit. He earned his stripes and wore them well.

"Take charge, Mr. Dupre, I'm going to Smoke Hall."

Honors: Three Stripes,
Wrestling Squad, 4, 3, 1.





JOHN BOYD MALLARD
SAVANNAH, GA.

"Ducky" "Mally"

DOW "down at Teck" Mallard was a genius of untested and undeveloped talent, if we must believe the reports that came with him, when the line of the sea took precedence over architectural ambitions in the young mariners, heart and he become one of us.

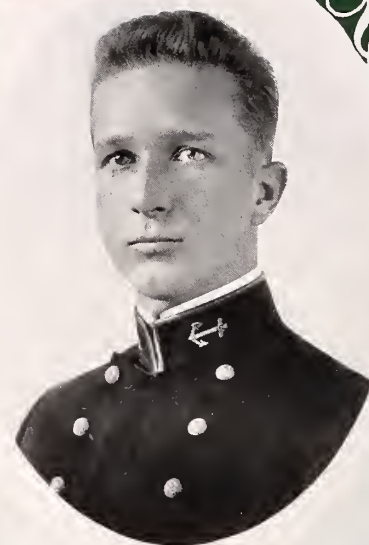
¶ We wanted to say he does n't drink, smoke, chew, swear, fuss, fight, or gamble, and now on the last lap he has gone back on us. He does fuss. Not, of course, as a lion amongst 'em, but at least with flagrant openness which may be spotted on hop evenings in the center of Luce.

¶ John Boyd's artistic bent is always in evidence but not enough to be distorted. Its most malignant form is with those similarly afflicted in pursuit of harmony. Experience since the juvenile age under choir masters of note and also, yes chiefly, back at that institution in Atlanta, has taught him the secrets of the flats and bars, (musical), and we can distinguish his clear fascinating "barry" Sunday mornings, at recitals, and even among groups of the uncultured, in unfrequented spots of B. H.

¶ "Ducky" is of the care free, don't-give-a-rap, nonchalant type, altogether different from the slow waddling species which his ancestral name first brings to mind. Nay, he is always full of pep and talk; even in his few and far between moments of seriousness he carries a lurking smile and a light in his eye.

¶ Congenial, always listening for a good joke or song, and sometimes able to render one, we shall remember him as one of the bright spots on our horizon of acquaintances—"Mally" from Georgia.

*Honors: Clean Sleere;
Glee Club, 4, 3, 1;
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1.*



JOHN ESTEN WHELCHER
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Johnny" "Jawn" "Weetzel" "Billick" "Bingo"

D' YOU know Wheelchel? "Well, I should smile. I sure do know 'Billick.'" We would all answer the same, for "Johnny" is one of the best-known and best-liked men in the class. He hails from Washington, where he made a name for himself on the gridiron at Central High.

¶ "Billick" excels in all athletics, both indoor and outdoor. In the former he has maintained a high average, playing the guitar, fusing and being a member of the Oleanders and other like pastimes. His mail is enormous, but it curiously seems to have the same handwriting on most envelopes. Lover has aroused our suspicions even though he makes strenuous efforts to avoid it.

¶ "Billick" was in that great Plebe backfield which has made the Navy a bugbear to the Army. His brilliant and consistent playing has been a feature of many a game and he has earned every letter awarded him. First Class year the "flu" got him and cut short the crowning season of his football career. His part in basketball and baseball has not been quite so prominent but in both he is a player of far above the average ability.

¶ After all has been said, we can offer to whatever ship he goes a man who has the ability to make good, a man who is a tried friend, true all the way thru, and a man whom friends admire for his never-failing optimism.

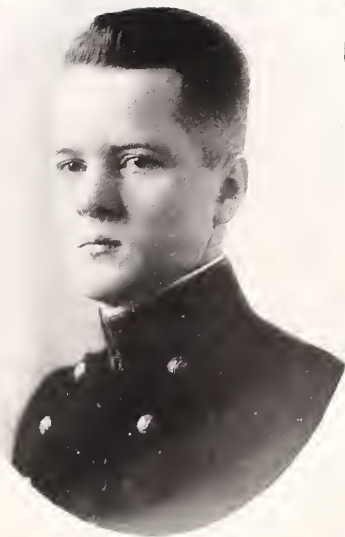
¶ Here's to you, "Johnny," may you achieve your fondest desires and may we meet as shipmates in the future.

¶ "Say, 'Ducky,' gotta skag? Let's catch one."

¶ "Snap out of it! How'd you get that way?"

*Honors: Clean Sleere;
Football N, 4, 3;
Baseball N, 3;
Baseball Numerals, 4;
Basketball Squad, 4, 3;
Mandolin Club.*





PAUL MILLER
LISBON FALLS, ME.

"Pete" "Red" "Shorty"

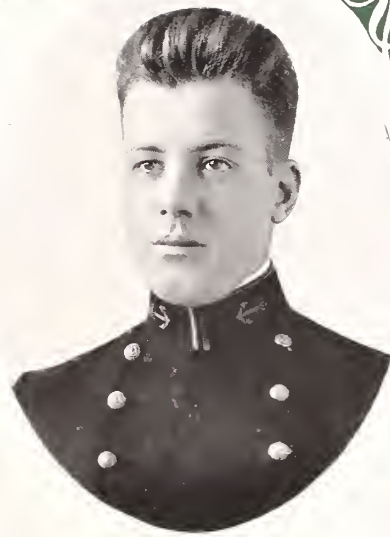
THE Twentieth Century Marvel—it is a fact that a full glass of water balanced on his cap will not be disturbed, whether he thinks, walks or doubles. You hear of that delightful roll those dear middies have when they walk—she did n't see this one. He is a perambulating edition of how to travel with least apparent effort ☪ ☪

☪ And he thinks as straight as he walks. Our little Puritan from Maine is quite ready to argue out his theological point. And true to his religion, he "speaks for himself, John Alden."

☪ He is a savvy little runt, too. Johnny Gow and Juice have no terrors for him, and he eats Math. As conscientious in his studies as he is in love he gets along, and more ☪ ☪

☪ An upright, God-fearing little pair of bowlegs is "P." The Navy will get a man with both the ability and the desire to work when it gets him, and the dope 's sure wrong if he does n't make good.

Honors: Buzzard.



FRIDTHJOF WALDEMAR LONDAHL
PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

"Fritz," "Norge"

HERE let me introduce you to the only absolutely bona fide, dyed-in-the-tulle Red Mike as yet discovered. The tribe of true misogynists is largely mythical, we grant you, but in spite of this fact, in our "Fritz" we have the man who stands on an incontestable throne as God Magog of all woman haters, woman fearers, and free thinkers. He has a five-hundred-dollar bet up on his never marrying.

☪ But apart from fame as a Rouge Mique, he has gained no little place in the wrestling world. Although he did not make the team, he gave the others a mighty hard fight to keep their heads above water.

☪ When it comes to anything except workouts on the mat, "Fritz" is, we must confess, a little lazy. When he is not worrying about being forcibly introduced to femmes, he is acting the good shipmate. Off the subject of women, we can not recommend a better friend.

Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling Squad 4, 2.





HUGH ELLIOTT HAVEN
MANSVILLE, N. Y.

"Benny" "Old Man" "Hungry"

Oh Benny Haven! Benny Haven! Benny Haven! Oh—"Can that chatter." Let the Gray Legs rave like that while "Benny" spins yarns on the sea. Seagoing? Say, he's got a voice like a bosun's-mate, a roll like a shell-bask and a beard that would make old Neptune himself green with envy—this eighteen-year-old of ours. When he lighted his pipe up baek of the potato bin on the old *New Jersey* you would think he was born on the crest of a wave—yea, every hair of his head a rope-yarn, every tooth a marline spike.

And did you say versatile? Why he can do anything from building a hen coop to rolling his own. He even spent his Sep leave building a porch on the new bungalow "up-state" in the sugar maple country. Here's a man who would rather do an honest day's work than witness a world's series baseball game.

Now listen echildren and you shall know of Forghorn Benny and his terrible blow—His boilers were n't priming, nor yet were they low, His valves were n't popping, and his pumps were n't slow, but the Chief Water Tender, forgot-that-bottom-blow.

Nevaire again!! Meester Heaven, Meester Heaven you waire een Heaven w'enn I ask you tha' qyesyone.

Honors: Buzzard.



JOHN MORGAN GREER
BUTLER, PA.

"Johnny" "Jack"

It was on the 10th of June, 1916, that, with several other embryo celebrities, J. Morgan Greer held up his right hand and became a 10-28 part of the United States Navy.

"Johnny" first distinguished himself by becoming a charter member of the King's Own. An uneventful Plebe year was marked by one short cruise as a result of the first "Ketch."

He was so well pleased with his Youngster Cruise that shortly after his return he made a second cruise on the *White House* which deprived him of Thanksgiving and Christmas Liberties.

"Jaek" is always in for every kind of disturbance known to mankind, but during study hours it is wise to give him a good scope of chain and a solid moor for his mental athletics. However, the only thing that will make him "snap out of it" is the magic word "Femme." Little or big, stout or thin, short or tall, it makes no difference to him as long as they are not pure magnesia.

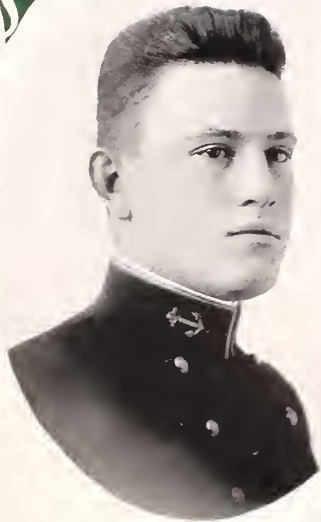
DANCE!!! Evidently Professor Bell had not seen our "Johnny" move, or he never would have made that world renowned remark about no one passin' him on the ball-room floor.

We have hopes that we can persuade "Johnny" to make an Asiatic Cruise with us before some wily femme entices him from the ranks of the bachelors.

"Dragging a Forty tonight boys;—HOT DOG!!!"

Honors: Buzzard.





OLIN EDWARD GATES
BRADENTOWN, FLA.

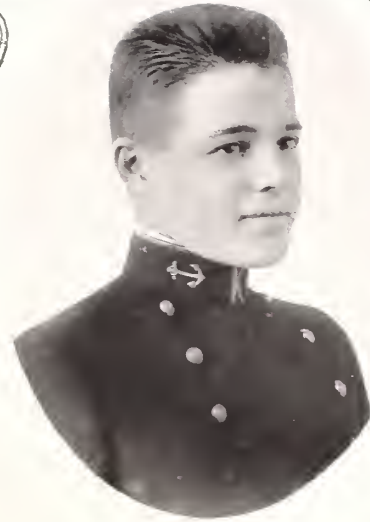
"Otto" "Salm"

DAILING from a state in which rattle snakes and lizards thrive, as they did on the Shamrock Isle before Saint Patrick made his drive, one would expect this stalwart rebel to be a reptilian of the Nth degree. But no! In all his career, Olin has not once broken forth to trip the light fantastic. On leave, though, who knows of the sins of the children?

¶ Gates' Plebe summer activities in the gym gave promise of a mighty good athlete, but by decorating every Christmas tree and May Pole posted, he was kept out of athletics except inter-company competitions. An Academy Championship in Light Weight wrestling shows his ability in that line while the Second Batt found him a real pitcher after outside games were knocked off Plebe year.

¶ Olin is not extremely fast at making friends but a friendship once made is an everlasting one with him. The Rhino-bird can make no impression upon his unyielding good humor and readiness for a rough house. With a stick-to-it trait characteristic of a protruding jaw and high ideals of the Navy, we can expect much from Gates. After a long watch below decks may we hear his "Hello, girls" and stand by for a gentle pat that leaves us in the far corner of the compartment planning a safe means of wreaking vengeance.

*Honors: Three Stripes;
Wrestling Champion, 4;
Wrestling Squad;
Baseball Numerals.*



FREDERICK VINTON BARKER
BRADENTOWN, FLA.

"Kewpie"

HOW this yegg ever got a high sounding handle on his name like Frederick Vinton is one of the Academic mysteries. He belonged to the Gas House Gang down in Bradentown, and is as hard as a mess hall speed cone.

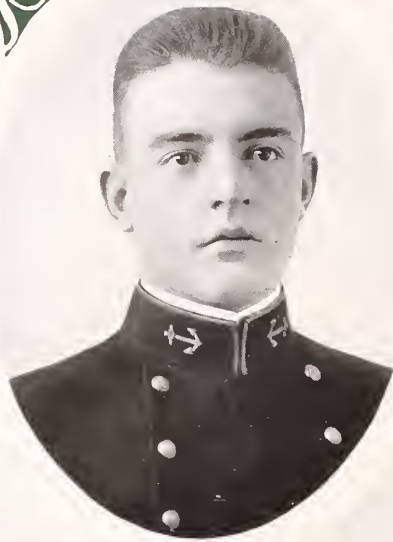
¶ When "Kewpie" gets started with that 110-volt, 300-Amp. line of his in a feminine field, he follows that famous law we all know so well and tends to embrace the maximum possible lines. Dragging is fruit for him and he has been known to fuss four cold forties at once.

¶ The Academic Shingle does n't worry him half as much as where to procure one. His chief delight is beating up some poor innocent in the inter-company boxing championships or putting the best of them flat on their backs on the wrestling mat.

¶ "Kewpie" has made life worth living for the Ninth company for two years, and in the future we will surely be glad to see a kicker stop alongside the bally *Ohio*, and "the Kid" come over the side as a shipmate.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Class Crest Committee.*





HARRY HAROLD HILL
GRAND JUNCTION, COLO.

"Horry" "Hopeless Hal"

WNT"—that's him all over. He wrestles heavy weights better than tea and better than the Academic Departments most of the time. But he's a plugger and his unsat days are few.

¶ Harry was a reg Plebe and a reg Youngster—that is, he was reg most of the time. Even as a First Classman he creased the corners of his bed when he made it up. But outside of his reg room we are n't mentioning regness! He used to be a Red Mike, too, but forty-eight days in Portsmouth Navy Yard on the *North C.* started him writing more letters per week than a month used to see from him.

¶ Did you ever see this boy making preparations to fuss? Powder, herpieide, listerine, tooth paste, and white sox! "Now let's go and give the girls a treat." Oh, boy!

¶ But he's one lad that's going to be a 4.0 officer because he knows folks and can handle them better than books.

¶ "I'm too tired to study tonight."

*Honors: One Stripe;
Wrestling wNt;
Football Squad 3;
Baseball Squad 4, 3;
Wrestling Squad 4, 3.*



HERBERT PAUL SCHUBERT
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Poul" "Kaiser" "Kewpie" "Hun"

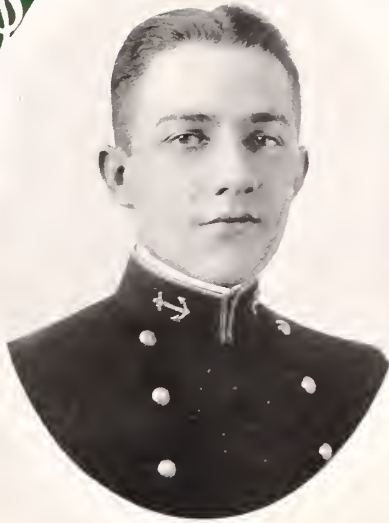
JE ne sais pas" are the only French words which do not properly belong in Schubert's biography, and also the only ones for which he has no use. A *savoir faire* in the langue francais he had the Dago department on the hip thru the two years in which we collectively suffered under its machinations and was one of the few who saw its burial at the end of Youngster year with anything nearly approaching sincere grief. As a matter of fact, Dago is not the only thing H. P. savvies either. The Academics all look alike to him, and few and far between have been the months when he has n't nestled on the safe side of enough velvet to carry a wooden man thru a term.

¶ With Harry to wife, Schubert's domestic affairs have not always been so serene, for it is rumored that the aforesaid Harry is a husband beater, and that roughhouses are by no means unknown in their boudoir.

¶ For the most part, however, Schubert's life has been an uneventful one. Studies have not worried him, the women rarely (the worry is usually on their side) and his one stripe came as the result of a reg career inostensibly displayed.

*Honors: One Stripe;
Mandolin Club 1;
Corresponding Secretary, Y. M. C. A. 3.*





EMANUEL CHESTER BECK
YORK, PA.

"Mannie" "Ray-T" "Bimp" "Touche"

BEHOLD another son of Pennsylvania, from that growing metropolis known as York (wherever that is). "Mannie" came to us in June of Plebe year, was housed on the fourth deck, where he became one of the famous Bolsheviks and has remained so up to the present time. He says that up in York they were never taught to live according to a "little green book" that tells you what to do and when to do it, so that must account for his distaste for regulations.

☞ Evidently "Mannie" had quite an early training in the art of fussing, because it did n't take him long to get started down here, and he has been going strong ever since. It is n't a case of "Are you dragging this Saturday?" with him, but "Who are you dragging?" And it is pretty nearly always the same answer. There seems to be a certain Baltimorean who visits Annapolis quite regularly.

☞ Academically, he has always been able to hold his own. We don't know whether it is because of the slide rule or the line :- :-

☞ "Mannie" decided to give crew a tryout Plebe year, but it did n't take "Dick" long to find out that he was too short. Then somehow he found out that the fencing team was the only team that went to New York, and the lure of the cabarets was too much for him, so he decided to cast his lot with them. The result was that he made the team the first year, and later developed into the best man with the sabres in the Academy.

☞ We predict that a man with his line and suile will always make good.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Fencing Numerals;
Fencing fN1;
Academy Sabre Champion;
Mandolin Club;
Expert Rifleman.*



LARUE CHARLES LAUBAUGH

CARBONDALE, ILL.
"Low Brov," "Ruc"

LARUE is a man of moods. At times he is most enthusiastic about everything, at others you will find him depressed and extremely rhino. Among those who have made cruises with him, who has not listened spellbound to his romantic experiences on trains and the many and varied stories of his trips as manager of a big league ball team? Who again has not seen him sit for hours and say nothing? He is always in the latter mood when the heavy seas come over the bow and the ship is ten days out of New York.

☞ Getting ready for liberty is his favorite pastime. La Rue takes as much pleasure in spending two hours blacking his shoes and slicking up his white service as he does in going ashore to get them soiled again. Nothing appeals to him more than association with society's most blasé personages, and once among them, La Rue is in his seventh heaven. Here he can vamp them all—young and old—with his never-ceasing repertoire, which includes wild tales of every wild town from here to the Mississippi and he never starts off with, "You may not believe this." He *knows* you won't, but that's a mere detail. Lawbaugh was a football and lacrosse player of no little renown until Youngster year. Then again the call of the parlor lured him and athletics lost a good man. He has never starred but has always been amongst those with plenty of velvet :- :-

☞ Those that know La Rue like him; he's a wise owl and his common sense and ever-ready wit are bound to win friendships during his stay in the Navy.

☞ "ot dog, how's this book?"

☞ "Hey, Newton!"

☞ "Reminds me of an experience——"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Football Squad 4;
Lacrosse Squad 4.*



ROY THOMAS COWDREY
OREGON, WIS.

"Lemonade Slim" "Long John"

ROY came to us from a wigwam in the wild and woolly West, but we know that he received his initiation in the ways of the world in the tea gardens of Milwaukee.

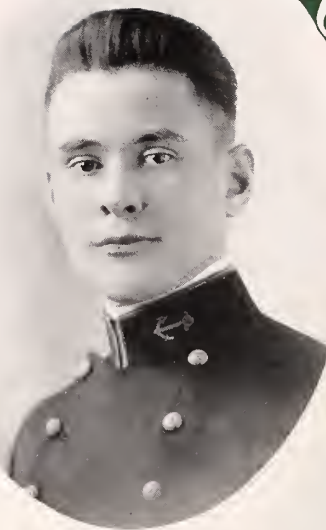
¶ "Lemonade Slim" started Plebe year with a reputation for savviness, and a good sense of humor, and it has been smooth sailing for him. The Dago profs even take his smooth line at face value.

¶ On the cruises, "Cow" impressed every one with his executive ability, first by looking out for the little things and also for little Roy, and last, proving himself fit for the job by landing a Construction Corps berth on the *Pennsylvania*—ask him about it. However, he always had time to play a little "500" unless he owed a letter to "the only one," and could always be counted on for a party in the metropolis ☞ ☞

¶ He is a man who can be trusted with the big things and who does with a will everything he undertakes.

¶ Roy, here 's wishing you success, you have been a good classmate—may you make as good a husband.

*Honors: Three Stripes;
Star, 4, 3;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 4.*



ALVA JOSEPH SPRIGGS
GRAND FORKS, N. D.

"Maggie" "Jar" "Spriggins"

IF you want a good impression of a Red Mike, you need but glance at the picture above and you have it at once. But there's a reason and that little reason goes to school in Mount Carmel, Ill., and the dope is that— ☞ ☞

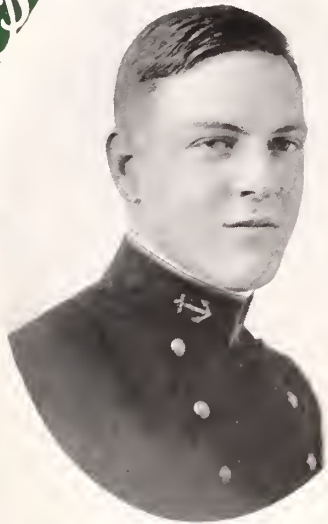
¶ The Academic Departments have never had any terrors for "Ajax." He very seldom studies at night for he is too busy writing letters, but yet he stands well up in his class. He is a wazz at juice, and radio is his main hobby ☞ ☞

¶ Youngster year Spriggs was the goat for the gang on the first deck. Somebody was always mopping him around on the deck, especially "Skinner" and his roommate. But "Alva J." is a good-natured fellow, very docile, slow to get the joke, and slow to anger. It takes a long time to get to know him and to fathom his odd nature, but when once your friend, he is a friend indeed.

¶ "Say, Cowdrey, I got a wonderful letter from her to-day."

Honors: Buzzard.





HARRY HURTT DERINGER
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

"Slim" "Derry" "Dearie" "Pat"

ON or about August 10, 1916, all the seismographs within 7500 miles registered an unaccountable shock. It was felt as far north as Massachusetts, as far south as Virginia and as far west as Colorado. Much to the regret of the scientists, the tremor was not an earthquake but merely our young hopeful receiving word that he had become a midshipman down on the Eastern Shore.

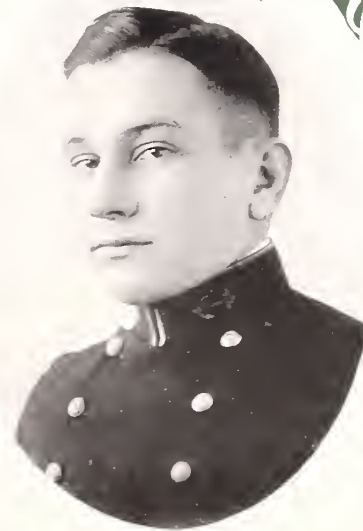
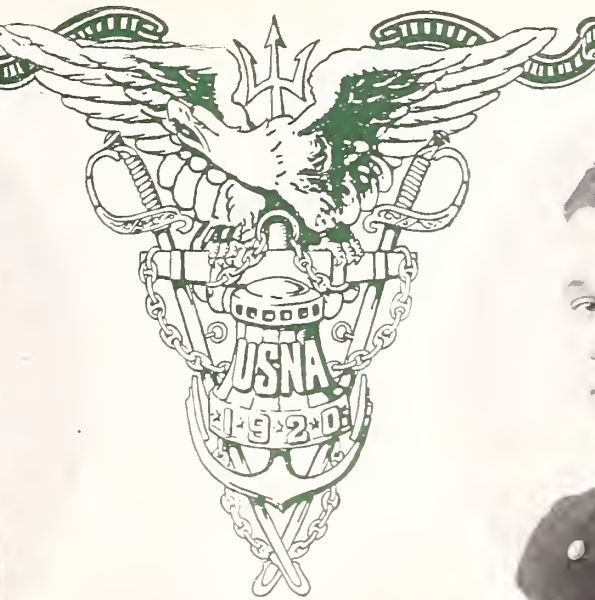
If you would believe our "Slim" that same Eastern Shore has been the scene of many hair-raising deeds of the followers of Nimrod. The adventures of Uncle Ed 'n' I over the various creeks and bays about Chestertown have become famous over four decks. And when Graham and "Slim" get together, stand by for some very elastic yarns.

"Derry" is an indiscriminate, constant and persistent fusser. Getting away to a good start while he was yet a candidate, he has since upheld his reputation. But his many drags have not been without worry. Imagine yourself asking three different girls to the same hop and you will know how "Slim" feels about every third Saturday.

"Derry's" favorite diversions have been basketball and lacrosse, and he wears the numerals of one and the "INT" for the other. He's a sight which awes when he goes into action with a lacrosse stick and has helped make the best team Navy has had in years.

"Harry" to the girls, "Derry" to his teammates and "Slim" to his wife, he goes forth with the best wishes of all who know him.

Honors: Buzzard;
Basketball Numerals, 1, 3;
Basketball Team, 1;
Lacrosse Team, 1;
Lacrosse INT



HANCE CARLYLE HAMILTON
SALEM, MASS.

"Ham" "Hammy"

"HAM" is one of those that specializes—his specialty is producing sufficient work with practically no effort, finding sustenance on a foodless deck, inventing substitutes for words in the Dago lesson that are "just as good," and living down the reputation of the Hub State.

He is famous chiefly for his extreme good nature, but when his good nature is ruffled the adjective should be changed to notorious, for than he is capable of anything.

"Ham" takes great pride in his native State and to convince you that he can show you a good time in that hot bed of Puritanism he will invite you out there and offer to show you all of the high spots including the Bunker Hill Monument.

Hance, you are a credit to those old forefathers who saturated the Bay with Oolong, and if it comes to another tea fight in Boston or Berlin we know that you will be there and do your share, and more if necessary.

Honors: Buzzard.





LEWIS CORMAN
GREENSBURG, PA.
"Loo" "Fish"

WE are glad that we didn't lose this husky Pennsylvanian when the medics were on his ear, for he has many valuable talents, one of which was proved by the girls' remark, "Why dance when there is loving to be done?"

¶ He has never had the struggle for a 2.5 that many of the rest of us have had, but is always modest about his marks, in fact so modest that he thinks he is bilged every month until the trees go up.

¶ You can't get "Fish's" goat,—why reciting "The Pennsylvania Volunteers" does n't bother him any more. His scale of disposition is unlike most "fish" scale—it can't be scraped off, and he's never rhino, even if the box failed to arrive from home or rain ruined the inter-company ball game.

¶ He'll shed sunshine wherever he goes so stow the awnings when you see him coming alongside.

Honors: Buzzard.



STUART WALLER KING
ALEXANDRIA, VA.
"Yokel"

HERE'S a man that puts us all to shame when it comes to ideals, traditions, and blue blood. For we have finally discovered that "Yokel" comes from one of the first families of Virginia, in spite of his protestations to the contrary.

¶ We have only to hear his effervescent eulogies on peanut plantations, the tobacco trade, or the "Big Bool" to realize that "Yokel" is a true autoerat of the old school.

¶ "Yokel" is usually of a serious disposition, but when he laughs the rest laugh with him.

¶ In athletics "Yokel" has shown glimpses of previous powers, and rumor has it that the Old Dominion Boat Club is n't what it used to be since "Yokel" left.

¶ But all the time, "Yokel," we inwardly admire your high ideals and self-sacrificing nature, characteristics that are sure to stand you in as good stead as will the many friendships you have cemented at the Academy.

Honors: Buzzard.





DIXWELL KETCHAM
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Ketch" "Clutch"

JUST to show up his retiring little nature let's quote this one: "Mr. Ketcham, come down here in de front row, if I give you de chance you sit back by Mr. Tecumsee." But if it's a rough house or game of "cookoo," look for a streak of dust and that's "Ketch" going into action.

¶ Fusser? Nope! But take a squint at that Gordon Douglas type of countenance and admit that it's his own fault that he's a Red Mike most of the time.

¶ Dixwell may or may not have inherited his non-regness from a brother who belonged to the old days, but his races with late blast have sure been a matter of speculation in the front rank of the Ninth Company.

¶ "Ketch" is a very apt name for our worthy shipmate, for it never makes him mad if you break him out of a sound sleep to roll one with you.

¶ Judging from his success Plebe year "Ketch" had a brilliant success on the tennis squad blighted by the War. Since the courts became inhabited he has turned out with the Oleanders and helped them to what they are today.

¶ "It's always fair weather when you're around," Ketch. Even if you would go ashore with gun behind your ear we will always count it a privilege to be shipmates with you ☺ ☺

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



DONALD EDWARD KEYHOE
OTTUMWA, IA.

"Don" "Deko"

DO some one mention September Leave? Then Keyhoe's around. The prospects of that month's leave, twanging a mandolin, a long and spirited hop fest—these are the attractions that keep "Don" among the living from one leave's end to the next. After that his nearest approach to dissipation is the Saturday comedies at the Republic.

¶ The first time sounds of scuffling were heard emanating from room 33, followed by, "Yuh stuck your finger in my eye, did n't yuh?" "Yea-a. An' I'll do better next time," the ground deck turned out en masse expecting to see murder done. But by the end of the year all the comment it ever called forth was, "Oh, that's Kiefer and Keyhoe breaking up housekeeping again."

¶ "Don" is about as wooden as the rest of us, and from all evidences he's a Red Mike. He indulges in Mexican Athletics only, and can talk almost any one under the table when he wants to.

¶ "Say, kid, have you heard the latest dope?" "No?" "Well it ain't out yet."

¶ "Well you just write to this guy and see what he says. That's an absolute fact, and I saw it done."

Honors: Buzzard;
Mandolin Club, 3, 3, 1.





WILLIAM ALEXANDER SWANSTON
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Swin" "Irish" "Bill" "Swanee"

NO one in the Regiment felt stirred more deeply when he had to lay aside his chamois gloves and malacca cane than our semi-blonde shipmate with the Irish eyes. He weathers the daily routine without a murmur but if, during those hours in the evening when the working girls from Ziegfeld's are easting reflections of petite powdered noses in small circular pools of amber-colored liquid, you rag "Swin" looking like a compound fracture of the heart, it is because his spirit is wrestling with the lock on the cedar chest where his civilian mid-watch scenery is stowed.

¶ In his serious moments he debates on anarchy, alcohol, crime, choruses, forestry, fennecs and finishing schools, or anything with a touch of scandal in it. His favorite theme is, "Why, the choice of being a N. W. Mounted Policeman is second only to that of being a naval officer."

¶ If you don't believe that the Scotch can lick the Irish, do not press the argument too far with "Swin," for he is too willing to show you that the Kilties can fight, anyway.

¶ "The clamor of bag pipes is a glorious commotion." ☛ ☛

*Honors: Buzzard;
Rifle Squad, 4;
Lacrosse Squad, 4.*



MELVIN HUGHES BASSETT
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Bassey" "Slicker"

SLEEP, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, balm of hurt minds, Great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in the Academic feast, etc."

"Slicker" agrees with Shakespeare from the word "Go." Holy Cats! How he does enjoy pounding his ear! He came to us early and decided that this would be a wonderful place if it were not for the Disciplinary and Academic Depts. ☛ ☛

¶ He has that happy faculty of finding pleasure wherever he makes his liberties, and has a long string of friends and broken hearts that he has hung up on these expeditions.

¶ He has the true Service spirit, having been brought up in Navy circles and he acquired a thirst for salt air at the tender age of twelve.

¶ It's a pretty safe gamble that his stationery bill will stack up with the latest Naval appropriation, for he carries on an unsurpassed correspondence. We suspect it is a flowery line he delivers for he has more than once been ragged borrowing phrases from the poets.

¶ "Slicker" is easy going and luck is always with him, which in itself speaks for his enjoying himself, even when working hard to deliver the goods.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Log Staff, 4;
Rifle Squad, 1.*





GEORGE WHITEFIELD MEAD, JR.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"General" "Whit"

EDWIN HORD TILLMAN, JR.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Ed" "Eddie" "Oyster" "Tillum"

HE says he's from New York. We know that he was in Oklahoma when appointed from New Jersey. But he's in the Navy now, and, boys, the "General" is there. After two years spent in following that elusive tendency, George has made good use of his season ticket to Smoke Hall and early reserved a seat where he can always be found enjoying his Fat and swapping choice bits of gossip with whosoever comes his way.

George is one of those who can laugh whole-heartedly even when the joke is on him, and, possibly because of this, you'll have one large-sized job on your hands when you try to lead out his goat, as many of us know. But "Whit" does like to get into a good rough house and everything else was of no importance when the armies got together on the "Minnie" during First Class cruise. "Where's your army?" "Here we are, Sir." And the way he and "Sonny" would religiously mop up the deck with the able assistance of lanky Bill was a joy to the beholders and a relief to the compartment cleaners.

Studies and "Whit" agreed splendidly, except when he was unsat; but his friends, and they are many, agree always that while there may be others just as good, there are few better men than the happy-go-lucky, carefree "General".

"Greater love than this hath no man": That he giveth his last Fat to another.

Honors: Buzzard.

OH "ED"! Here you are, gentlemen and ladies (ladies especially)—the finished fusser, a charter member of the Reina Club, and one of the 40%. Plebe summer brought us this solemn young man and he quickly became known. Nothing ever quenches that good humor, no one, not even "Frog" Rogers, ever could wipe off that smile. Third smoking pap? Why, think of how it would help his amount available!

"Regulations" is his middle name. He knows more about them than anyone in the Regiment. He ought to—there's nothing like breaking things to find out what they are made of.

"Ed" has a large fund of common sense which he uses occasionally when the demand is more than usually serious. Generous, never rhino, faithful to the end—his friends are his for keeps.

"What! Can't you see that? Why, you poor fish! Well, neither can I."

Honors: Clean Shere





JOHN BALLACHEY LYON
SIOUX CITY, IA.

"Garry" "Jack" "Itch" "Garibaldi"

JACK "is one of our beloved wooden men who is never satisfied unless he is unsat in two or three subjects. However, he has the delightful habit of varying his unsatisfactory subjects, so that he is seldom under the weather in the same subject for two successive months. When interviewed with regard to his marks he always asserts that he has more incentive to bone when he needs a 2.7 in Nav. or Juice.

☞ "Itchey" has dabbled a little in baseball and tried for the rifle team but he was forced to give up after wearing holes thru the knees of three pairs of khaki trou.

☞ Since the first part of Youngster year "Garry" has never missed a hop and claims to have raised the average with every drag.

☞ Happy-go-lucky in many ways, but with a fair balance of brains, "Jack's" successes will never be mediocre.

☞ "Ah, Senior Lyon, que lastima! you come in like a lion and go out like a lamb."

☞ "Say, fellers, I had the best looking femme at the hop last night."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Sharpshooter.*



HAROLD RIVINGTON PARKER
FITCHBURG, MASS.

"Harry" "Parculus" "Navigator"

CLIP HOOKS PARKER "the young Midshipman who tried to revise the Blue Jacket's manual First Class cruise for the benefit of the salty gobs on the *Huntington*. He is truly the simplest and most good-natured character that ever stood a battery watch in a '17 blouse and a two-ton pair of binoculars.

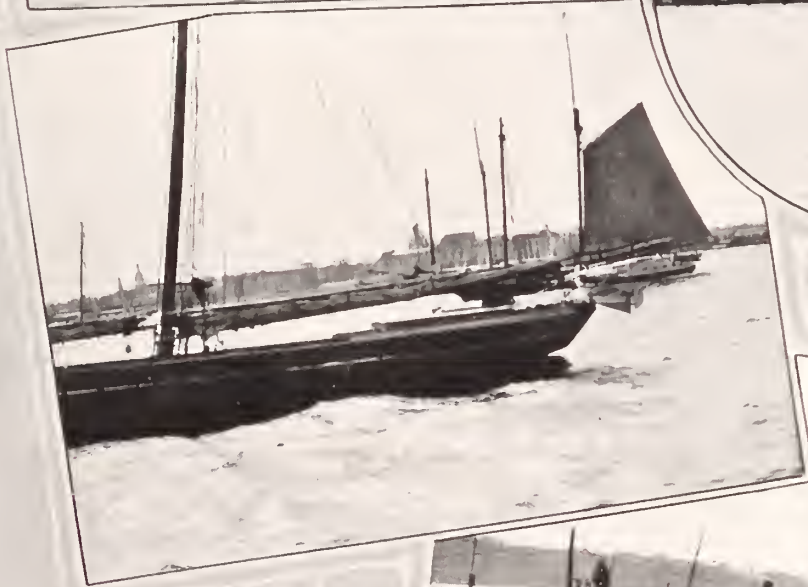
☞ One time while dining frugally at Riggs all alone, two interesting young ladies sat down beside him seeking an opening by discussing the Navy. Not a word said our Harold, but ate on in silence. All bets are off, for any man who will tell this on himself is at the bottom of the list of Benedicts.

☞ Parker is one of those men whom you can never quite place. Not argumentative, he merely makes a statement; it is so or not so, whichever his auditor may take. Never ruffled, calm to all outward appearances, fairly savvy, he sails through his academic existence as serenely as a full-rigged Hesperus navigating the "Horse Latitudes." Unlike her, however, we cannot say that his career will be wrecked on the shoals, but no doubt if it was without rudder, spars, or anchor, he would let her go to Davy Jones' with never a worry. A smoker? Yes and no. It is a rare treat to watch him handle a cigar on a tooth pick, throwing a dense smoke screen around his head.

☞ Parker's quiet nature which has kept him from becoming generally known among us, will vouch that a more obliging good-hearted, regulating valve could not be had when they feel ready to pop the safeties at a heated moment.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Sharpshooter.*







STEPHEN COLLADAY DOUGHERTY

STEUBENVILLE, O.

"Steve" "Pinky"

SPEAKING of the Rhino Club—here we have its charter member. Earliest recollections of "Pinky" date back to the fall of 1913 when he was an aspirant to the Naval Academy and had gone as far as registering his name at Bobby's War College. "Steve" came in with his colors flying but after two years of hard fighting was forced to dip them to the Academic Board and make a temporary surrender. The saying goes that hard luck and misfortune run in pairs. As far as "Pinky" and "Doak" go this saying still holds true. Three months of cit life found them back with the Class of '20 where they have since found a safe anchorage. "Steve's" main avocation is catching or hunting a tendency. When he finds one, he's a happy hombre and will even go as far as to tell you that he expects to be sat for the week in math.

Originality is his hobby and in connection with this we might add that he has a constant craving for somebody's goat. As a parlor snake, "Pinky" ranks with the best of them and yet he's never been kissed—*sa fac*.

His good-nature, liberality, persistent industry and lasting friendship are his crowning features. On the cruises he has always been among those who are constantly ready to offer entertainment in the way of music. Even when feeling rhino himself he can take up his box and dispel the gloom.

"How's the tendency, 'Doak'?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1.



HUGH DOAK LYTTLE

MEEKER, COLO.

"Do-waak" "Doak"

HUGH is one of the few among us who now look upon their former classmates as full lieutenants, and still has preserved a pleasant smile and cheery disposition in the face of all vicissitudes of fortune. Heaved overboard from '18 in the midst of his Youngster Seminars he refused to admit himself beaten, and allied himself with '20 to prove that he had the stuff he has constantly shown us since his "second plebe" year.

As a cog in the class wheel, Hugh runs smoothly. Since his return from Colorado he has managed to keep neck and neck with the books, and find time on the side for an occasional fissing burst or to lend a willing hand in the preparation of the Lucky Bag. In the literary line, he has a leaning toward Kipling, and knows several volumes of his poetry by heart.

Along with "Pinky," Hugh has imbibed much of his knowledge required for satisfactorily answering "What do?" And added to his ability is the quality that when he makes up his mind to see something thru, he sees it.

"Didja ever hear that one about—"

"I'll bet Lyttle told that joke!"

Honors: Buzzard;
Lucky Bag Staff.





HENRY THOMPSON NICHOLAS
LOUISVILLE, KY

"Mick" "Czar" "Hound" "Owl"

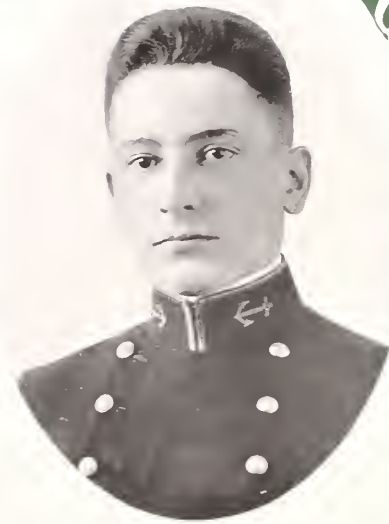
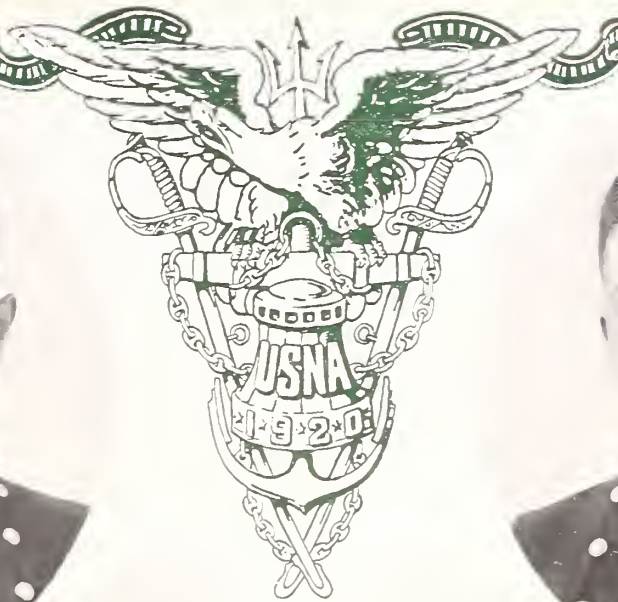
THIS stalwart, hard-headed son of the Blue-grass state has not proved himself to be the judge of horses and women—that the world is prone to believe all native Kentuckians are—and yet he has managed to corral a lot of horse sense in his time. Nick would rather engage in an argument than sleep, and how he does love that! After a humdrum dog watch on deck he'd come down in the admiral's quarters on the *Huntington*, and wax vociferous on most any convenient topic until the rest of the bunch howled in anger for lack of sleep. He says that back home they used to call him "mule." He rated it.

¶ The Hound is indolent and always has to borrow his wife's clothes about Friday. He studies subjects he likes and classes the others as "perfectly ridiculous"—then sells the books and lies on his bed all night to read biographies of Washington and Lincoln. His mind is in a state of Lincolnization, and it must be admitted the two minds have some points in common. Nick never worries and if he were not naturally savvy he would be at the bottom instead of in the first 200.

¶ Nick is a good man and it takes a lot to down him. He and "Plain John" have many a go on the mat to reduce Nick's belt, and then fight it out in their room afterward. Above all, Nick is plain-spoken and fears neither ridicule nor truth when he knows he's right. He makes a fine, steady bearing for some of his more excitable shipmates.

¶ "Everything that is mine, even to my life, I may give to one I love, but the secret of a friend is not mine to give."

Honors: Buzzard.



JOHN BAILEY LONGSTAFF
O'NEILL, NEB.

"Jack" "Jawn" "Hayseed"

JUST plain "Jawn," as his friends call him, solid, substantial, and with a world of good old Nebraska horse sense has earned an everlasting remembrance in the hearts of all of us.

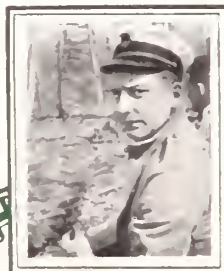
¶ "Jawn" is one of those quiet, modest fellows with a keen understanding of the wit that flows around him. A good listener, he makes a good confidant and probably knows more about the rest of us than we do ourselves.

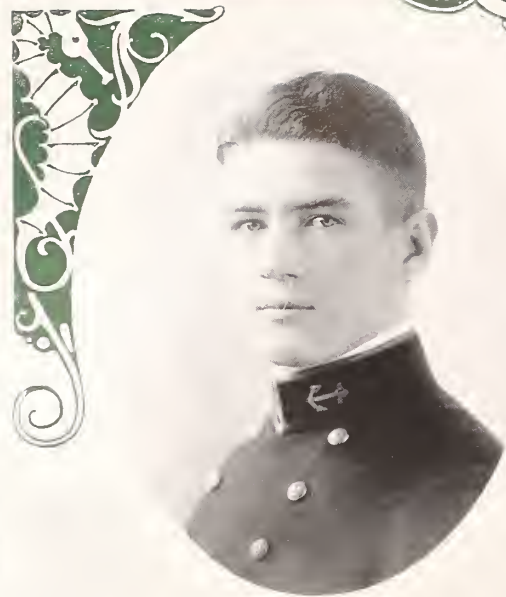
¶ "Jack," although he has a three-quarters profile that would make even Francis X. blush for shame, is not a fussy. However, he frequently stags and is often seen helping some friend of his with a heavy tow. We don't say anything, but from his collection of pictures and his regard for women we can picture him under the harvest moon strolling past the newly-shocked wheat impressing some little girl with the strength of his arm and the warmth of his heart.

¶ John has not been out for academy athletics, but every day after drill you'll see him on the wrestling mat or with the gloves making a regular Russian out of his wife "Jack" can scrap, and if he would only reduce he might win the championship. As for studies he doesn't bother them and they don't bother him.

¶ "Jawn's" punch is efficient in all things and should carry him far in his future career.

Honors: Buzzard.





JAMES HOMER MCKAY

SEATTLE, WASH.

"Mac"

THIS handsome lad was born in Boston, but is all right just the same. He hails from Seattle and is proud of it—just ask him.

¶ Before coming into the Navy, he had a wonderful experience as a farmer, and a newspaper man and in hiking the Cascades with a can of beans and a pack of Fats. He entered the Navy with the intention to some day rating eight side boys and the privilege of spitting to windward. For three years now his manly beauty has been a joy to us and the wonder of all who have seen him ☪ ☪

¶ While he has never participated in athletics, he is one of the toilsome toilers who are on their marks in the gym and who contribute so much of the upkeep bill. "Mac" has a most enviable reputation in the Mexican Athletic Union, having recently attained the thirty-third degree.

¶ Though his fair face would undoubtedly win him fame as a fusser he has never been known to drag. In fact, he is as care-free and innocent as the young lamb and is only waiting for the right girl to come along and take charge.

¶ This young mid holds the enviable reputation of never having greased up a prof. He has a hatred for all "furrin languidges" and as a result has become a member of the Order of Mexican Bush Whackers. Uses dead reckoning, Table 2, and the laws of approximations to ascertain the least amount of work necessary to attain a 2.5. "Admiral Sims never studied Dago! S(w)abo la leccion!"

¶ He has roomed three years with Goggins and is still sane, which we eall doing well. He thinks that submarines and destroyers are the best things out, but his great ambition is to write Captain, U. S. N. after his name.

¶ "Hey-hey-hey-hey!" "Knock off."

Honors: Buzzard.



WILLIAM BERNARD GOGGINS

OMAK, WASH.

"Goo-goo" "Goggles" "Fish" "Simple"

ANOTHER name was added to Omak's long list of soldiers and sailors when "Goo-Goo" entered the Academy to obtain an education that would make him an officer of the Navy.

¶ Pink teas are not in "Goo-Goo's" line, nor does the fairer sex hold any attraction for him. It is rumored that there is a certain little girl out in Washington, but what's the use of relating the usual stuff. "Goo-Goo" is satisfied to sit in his room for hours at a time, engaging with a slip-stick or a wireless outfit, or making his roommate rhino by banging on a typewriter or guitar.

¶ His one ambition in athletics is to swim. He easily won the Plebe championship his first year, and the Academy championship and gold medal Youngster year ☪ The Captaincy came to him First Class year as a well merited reward ☪ ☪

¶ Studying never bothered him for the reason that he never does any.

¶ Goggins is a man who has risen by his own efforts and fighting qualities. He is practical, self-reliant, capable, and ever ambitious.

Honors: Buzzard;

s.Nt;

Mandolin Club, 3, 1;

Track Numerals, 3;

Captain Swimming Team;

Class Swimming Champion, 4, 3, 1;

Academy Swimming Champion, 3.





WILLIAM EDWARD MILLER
CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

"We" "Eddie"

SINCE that deep sea war zone cruise on a worn out cruiser, Ed has been a true salt water sailor even tho he did n't hit a real ship. Those wild expositions of the science of convoying have made many a man's hair stand on end. When amplified by the hills of the Shenandoah Valley they will make our destroyer heroes blush with shame by comparison.

¶ "We" Miller from Charles Town (not Charleston) is a convinced believer that we live but once and that brains have not a thing on comfort. However, in spite of a beard that would do credit to a Czecho-Slovak congressman, "We" is a strong opponent of Bolshevism in any form.

¶ First Class year he developed hitherto hidden brilliancy which threatened for a while to become a star. Between this mental ability and a determination that is like Gibraltar once his mind is made up, Ed is equipped for the other things as well as for comfort.

¶ When "Practice" sneeds "Theory" in our lines, he will decidedly be among those present.

Honors: Buzzard.



MARK HOUGHTON HARRINGTON
FARGO, N. D.

"Whiskers" "Mark" "Marcq St. Hilaire" "Scratch"

HOUGHTON might have been this young man's name way back in "God's Country," but he has gone by "Scratch" or "Mark" ever since he landed in Crabtown.

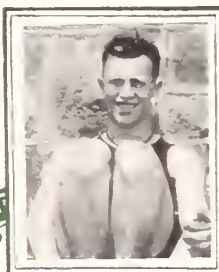
¶ "Mark" is a fellow of no mean ability, and when it comes to thumbing Bowditch, table two, or figuring the chemical equations that will result when "ivory" is treated with a NaCl solution—well, he is certainly there. He does n't try to keep it all for himself either, for he never complains when constantly interrupted by his numerous friends to explain why two and three make five.

¶ It made an indelible impression on "Scratch" when he found that it wasn't a Plebe rate to appear in the corridor with blue trousers and sweater even though it was seven-thirty, and ever since he has tried hard to uphold the old Navy tradition that "Plebes is Plebes."

¶ The informals claim a large number of "Scratch's" Saturday afternoons and evenings, and if anybody misses his girl he has but to search out "Mark," because it is said that he is very fond of the gentler sex. It would be hard to guess all that he tells them, but it may be safely said that it is not the same line he hands out to the corridor about Fargo's truck squad, subway, or El.

¶ The "I will win" spirit that has kept a seat open for Harrington at the wrestling training table is the main thing that is going to make his career in the fleet.

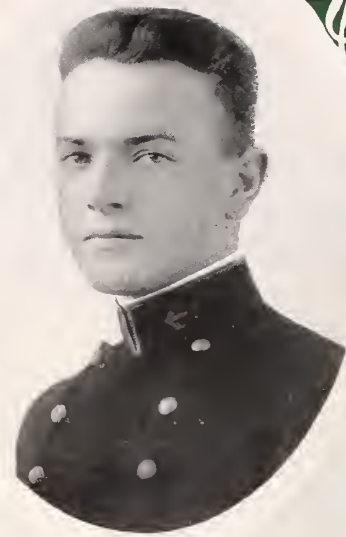
Honors: Third Battalion Commissary;
Wrestling Squad, 3.





EDWARD JOSEPH WALSH
TROY, N. Y.

"Ed"



CHARLES CLIFFORD HARTMAN
LINCOLN, NEB.

"Chick"

HAVE you ever met one of those fellows who are always ready for a rough-house (except immediately after reveille), who will argue for the sheer love of the game, who would just as soon imitate one of Ziegfeld's "Follies" as to portray the agonies of a fool or—gentlemen, you have at times seen a true "forty per center" combine these uncombinables;— Ed of Troy (not Helen but—).

¶ "Ed" delights in reading and writing letters, and by the length of those he writes—you have guessed the rest already ☺ ☺

¶ "I'll save this one till after the ordnance recitation." dit-il, (meaning Po, φ C, Po (β), "something to sooth my brain.")

¶ A good supply of common sense has served him well and kept him free from worries, while his cheery disposition elects him to any liberty party.

¶ The service will gain a good practical man if he does n't join the throng of "back to the farm."

¶ "Say, guy, where do you get that stuff?"

Honors: Buzzard.

CHICK" was born some twenty years ago in the wilds of Nebraska. There he developed in the pleasant little village of Lincoln, made famous by the Hon. W. J. B. Instead of joining the Aggies to learn the mechanism of a plough, he set the town aflame, by heck, by leaving for Crabtown, (to prep).

¶ He was one of our charter members, as he entered the first day, and established himself on the ground left with Sabalot. After a Plebe summer, spent sans souci, he threw his academic clutch into high and started to climb. Bus juggling rhos and thetas made the gears rattle, and he has been always tinkering with the durned bus to qualify it for the final academic sweepstakes. However, we know that he'll be in at the finish.

¶ Youngster year, "Chick" developed an acute attack of melancholies, caused by the inconstancy of a fair Nebraskan. This inordinate sadness drove him into getting a victrola, and you may often hear him singing sadly to himself when he wants to be left alone. "Coo-Coo" is sometimes rhino, but when the weekly struggle draws to a close his smile gradually broadens.

¶ "Chick" is a man who thinks that the "Reg" book means something, and this is good proof of what his future will be ☺ ☺

Honors: One Stripe;
Wrestling Squad, 1.





JAMES ALLAN LUSK
ABERDEEN, MISS.

"Jas" "Gracie" "Corn"

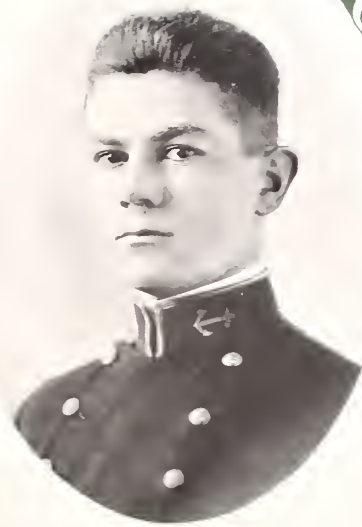
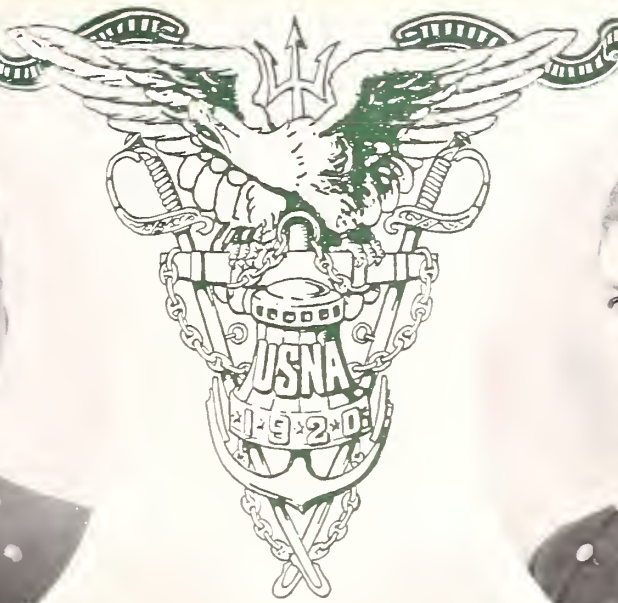
JAMES ALLEN is a typical example of a Southerner under whatever circumstances. Whenever you meet him, our long friend from Dixie will always have the same genial and courteous attitude with an unmistakable air of distinction. It is needless to say that James is a favorite with every one, including the ladies.

¶ Under the tender mercies of Rogers, Plebe year he was started out on the steep rocky path; since then his life has been uneventful with the exception of an incident Youngster cruise. This brave boy with the aid of several men in a patrol boat one moonlight night in Chesapeake Bay sighted and sank a submarine—(spar buoy) in five minutes, but he has not yet received his medal of honor.

¶ In practical knowledge he is well grounded, which has enabled him to sail the course without any serious attacks from the Depts.

¶ In a life like ours it is a great relief to come upon a man in this motley crew to whom you can go and ask a favor without giving the Why's and Wherefores. If it is reasonable, the deal is as good as closed. Lusk says what he thinks in an open and self-confident manner, even tho he is forced to hoist the white flag occasionally; he is an excellent minder of his own business—a man who does not desire to thrust himself into the limelight or the affairs of others and does not advertise his own.

Honors: Buzzard.



HUGH PARKS KIRBY
SCOTSDBORO, ALA.

"H. P." "High-Pressure"

WHEN "Kirb" became one of the pets he was an innocent youth, a month in New York produced a change almost inconceivable. He was transformed from the Lamb to the Lion, from the bashful boy to the vamp. This month in New York combined with two months in his home state produced a good average of four colored envelopes a day—and still he cries for more.

¶ Hugh proved his true worth Plebe year when he baffled the Academic Department after having been tried and hung the first month in three out of the four subjects.

¶ "Kirb" came to us from the Southland and true to good Southern form he is one of the easy going Non-regs. He is generous, sympathetic and willing to give his all for a friend, and he has no enemies. As a wit he has no equal—everything he says means a hearty laugh. In argument he is impossible—to him nothing is conclusive,—except his determination to stay with and make good in the service.

Honors: Buzzard.





CHARLES STANLEY FINCH
EAST ORANGE, N. J.

"Blondy"

WHEN this old boy first peeped over the wall of life little did he think that he would be justly famous as a fisher of crabs off the sea wall. That started his activity and he improved. Two demerits Plebe year, one hundred during Youngster, and we blush at the remainder

☞ "Blondy" loves his sleep but when the dear young ladies come around he spruces up and is as lively as the rest of us

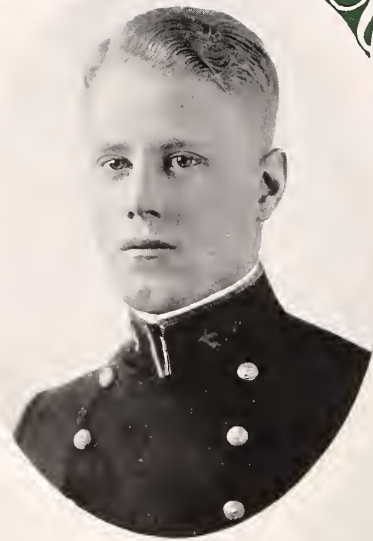
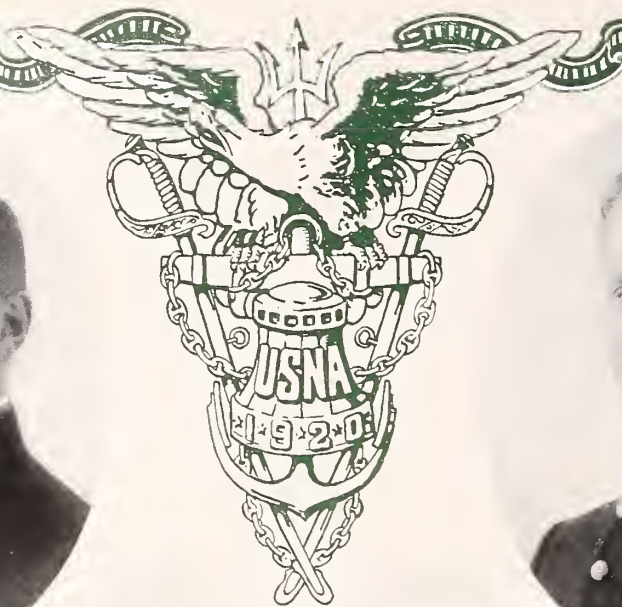
☞ The white house holds little of his favor so he worked out a mechanics-calculus formula for tendencies and is still safe. "If you can't be good—be careful" is his motto.

☞ Stanley's greatest sorrow is that they don't teach photography here. It would do our hearts good to have him get up and teach the Profs the whys and wherefores of pursuit of the silver salt.

☞ Shakespere, Jr., said that a man's shadow always followed him around but he forgot Finch's smile. It's always with him and pulls up like a buzzer message for a savoir.

☞ "Got any formaldehyde?"

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



GEORGE HASTINGS LEE PEAY
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

"Cotton" "Blondy"

GEORGE is one of those fellows who are so darned hard to get acquainted with, and yet are true blue friends when you get to know 'em. This one is against the order of things as prescribed by the Executive Department; consequently he is frequently mentioned in the morning orders for attempted attacks on the enemy trenches, his specialty being a citation for "Non-reg clothing in possession." So he manages to collect his full quota of decorations with capital "D's". He has also done his own share of decorating; George's name on the Spanish tree used to be considered as permanent a fixture as a rotten Log, and they always appeared simultaneously.

☞ But "Whitey's" strong points are along athletic lines, for he has always been able to wrestle with the parallel bars and still come out right side up, and then tie knots in himself and the flying rings without starting any seams in his hull. The gym team has found in him a steady worker, and the scoreboard shows the results. But along in May when the Lane is heavily populated and the gang likes to gather round at the band concerts, George is still at it; this time on the track, for nearly any spring day will find him well in the van of the hurdlers.

☞ George is as strong at fussing as he is fleet of foot, well evidenced by his wide range and good choice of drags. Spend a liberty with him among the bright lights and you'll find him ready to back you to the limit, in good fellowship or just generally raising the devil.

Honors: Buzzard;
Track Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Track Numerals, 3;
Gym Squad, 4, 3, 1.





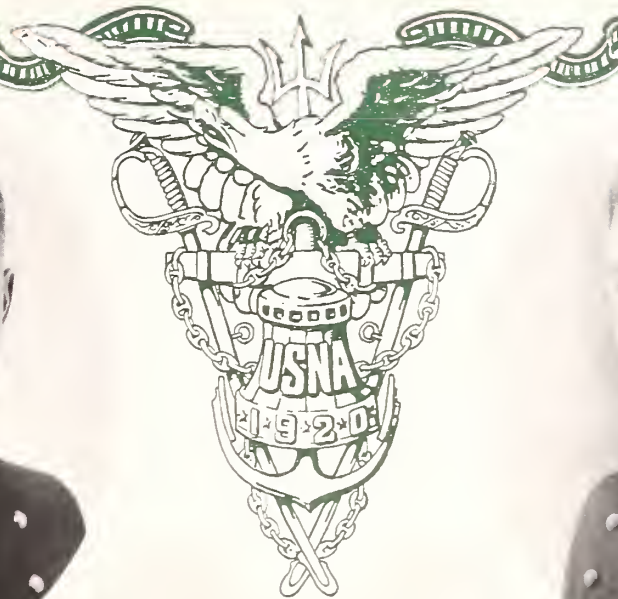
JOHN EDWARD GINGRICH
DODGE CITY, KANS.

"Ginricky"

EVER hear a cheerful voice yapping around a corner and then feel stung when its owner hove in sight? You surely won't if "Ginricky" is doing the yapping. He's got a 600-kilowatt smile and it's the nearest thing to perpetual motion that has ever been discovered. Even at that, all has not been *camu de rosas* for him since he joined the forty per cent, because the Academic Department found his range and scale early in the game and have been sticking to their guns ever since. It was an unexpected sortie on the part of the math department that spoiled his chances Plebe year when he was coming thru with the real goods on the football squad. Still, deducing math formulæ for Willie Capron is n't all in this man's Navy, and if you ever need to know how this or that machine runs—just ease around and ask John.

"One lump and no lemon, thank you," is one thing we can't accuse John of. When the shimmering snakes gather together to swap yarns he's most distinctly not present, for to quote his own words: "No fussing for mine."

Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman.



WILLIAM REYNOLDS CUSHMAN, JR.
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

"Cush" "Bill" "Willie de Cush" "Corufed"

WELL, you see when you know this and this, the rest of it's fruit." That's the way "Cush" starts out to explain the hard ones to the wooden gang which constitutes his daily pre-recitation classes. In fact "Cush" gives up so much of his time to his miniature Bobby's War College that he has been unsat himself several times, both in the Cosmo and Red Book. But all joking aside, there is more than one of the forty per cent who have blessed the star that adorns his collar and the unselfish help he's always extended.

There is nothing more pleasing to "Cush" than an argument. He'll begin at the least provocation, and by the time he's thru you'll be glad to admit the logic of his remarks. At least if you're not convinced, you'd like to be.

His rivals claim he has the wrong build for a fusser, but so far his efforts to overcome his natural handicaps have met with marked success, and he takes rank with the foremost of the snakes.

Broad-minded, generous, and not knowing how to take advantage of less savvy classmates, "Cush" rates the star he wears and promises to make his mark in the service.

Honors: Buzzard;
Star, 1, 3;
Swimming Squad, 1, 3, 1;
Swimming Numerals, 3;
Lucky Bag Staff.





CHARLES HENRY MURPHY
PERRY, IOWA

"Chuck" "Murph" "Spuds"

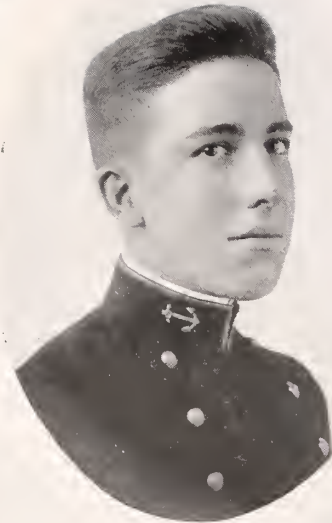
THIS prodigy hails from Perry, the metropolis of Dallas County. In his young days "Murph" was a railroad man, but the inspiration seized him and he joined this pampered aggregation. While he was a candidate out in Crabtown, the ladies in his neighborhood called him their "Little Angel Charlie."

¶ "Murph" had a close shave getting by the Dago Department until he tried wearing tortoise-shell glasses and using perfume. You know, when an Irishman spends his life in a German settlement and survives, he is hard to kill. However, there's one thing that has him buffaloed—the fair sex. On our First Class cruise, on the old *Minnesota*, when the crew was lined up on the quarterdeck for liberty, our hero walked down the gangway with one of these fashionable blase attitudes and sauntered right off the gangway before he noticed that the boat had gone. The icy waters of the old Chesapeake brought him out of his trance.

¶ "Murph" has always rated a whole lot with us, for he's helped a good many of us wooden men to get by in math and steam.

¶ His gameness combined with his common sense will see him thru in years to come as it has in the past.

Honors: Buzzard.



JAMES EDMUND WHITMIRE
SUMNER, IOWA

"Whit" "Father"

HERE we have, gentlemen, an Englishman, a scholar, and a diplomat.

¶ Why Englishman? He protests that he is of true English blood with the possible exception of a great-grandfather who might have been a German, and is therefore responsible for his name.

¶ As a scholar, he is not a star man but an English shark. As such, he never worries about boning English even if he had a speech to make, for he is especially clever when it comes to that part of the course.

¶ He always vowed that, should he lose himself while speaking, he would say, "Before I started, only two people knew what I was going to say, and now God alone knows."

¶ Jim always placed great faith in proverbs and especially in this one, "Wine, women, and song are the ruination of man." Not that he is slow by any means, but he always uses prudence in such matters. His idea of life is, "Why work when brains is king?"

¶ Should the Navy ever fail to appeal to "Whit" we may meet him later in civilian life as a doctor.

¶ "Come on, fellows, the turkey's all ready and waiting for the carving."

Honors: Buzzard.





HILYER FULFORD GEARING

COBOURG, ONTARIO, CANADA

"Hooley"

NO one knows where he came from, but here he is. This Navy Junior, St. John's Alumnus, ex-19 is a gentleman of leisure, a sure enough mixer, and a man that always fits in.

¶ Although some of his tilts with the Academic Departments have come out rather disastrously, Gearing has found the time and opportunity and has had the poise to capture the lacrosse captaincy, win a black "N" and numerous stars, and partake of a few more privileges than the regs legally allow. Unlike the usual man of parts, Hilyear spends more time rating the young ladies than running after them. The madam on the little yellow package is the only one he pursues. She led him astray his first Plebe year, but after three visits to the *Reina* he seems to know all the ropes.

¶ "Hooley's" hobby is cultivating an ability to accomplish things with the least possible expenditure of calories. Study hours in Frankie's or W. T.'s room or on one of Hall's very newest spreads are the sort that make the time go by anyway. If the ingenuity devoted to squeezing the profs out of 2.50 was utilized in a little boning, the Math Department, some day, perhaps might see another Gearing at its head.

¶ "Hooley" came into his own as cheer leader First Class year—provided an outlet, his line was no longer the intermittent flow type.

¶ Possessed of ability to use his bean, and plenty of courage, he can be depended on to think straight and carry out his ideas.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Class Crest Committee;
Lacrosse Squad;
Lacrosse I.N.I.;
Captain Lacrosse Team;
Cheer Leader;
Honor Committee, 3, 1.*



EDWIN HALL DOWNES

DOVER, DEL.

"Nigger"

NIGGER," the tall, lantern jawed "Blackie Daw" adjutant of the First Battalion, is one of the famous products of that famous whipping post state, Delaware; he claims his height is a disadvantage in this case, because when he lies down his feet stick over in Jersey. But once those legs served him well;—the *Chandler* caught fire and "Nigger" did not stand on the order of his leaving; when the smoke cleared, he was headed straight for Brooklyn on high.

¶ When it comes to parties, our dusky friend is always among those present. Sep leave is one long dream—that godly line is effective, but when "Bunchy" pulls the copy stuff, it's all off. At times he's "plumbed," but he's never squelched—that magnificent nerve is puncture proof.

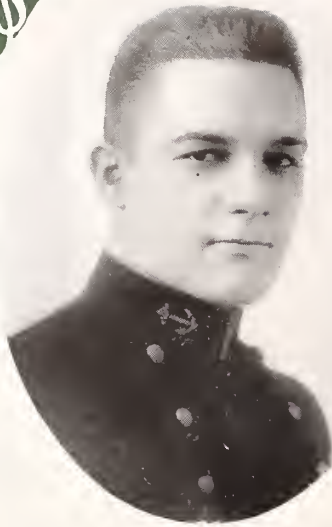
¶ His autocratic methods in manipulating the duty details almost started a mutiny, for it came to light that the adjutant was always on during P-works and Youngster exams, but printed threats of personal injury showed him the error of his ways.

¶ "Nigger" is very partial to auburn haired D. O.'s, which is probably one reason that he cannot "buffalo" Hooley—the Nemesis that has stayed with him during his entire Academic career.

¶ Early in Plebe summer Hall's personality brought him to the front, he has remained there ever since. He is a wonderful mixer and a real friend; and those who are lucky enough to be intimate with him, have the staunchest running-mate in Twenty.

*Honors: Two Stripes;
Plebe Football Representative;
Battalion Adjutant.*





FRANK WAILEEN SCHMIDT
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Smitty" "Dutch"

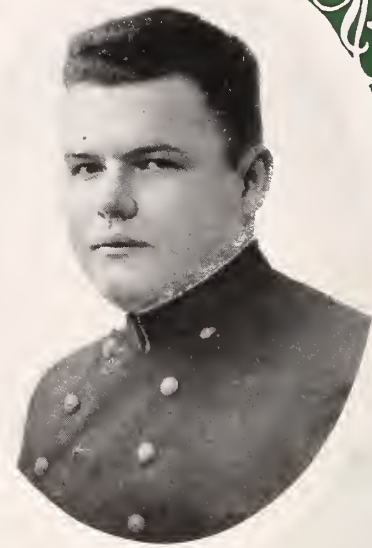
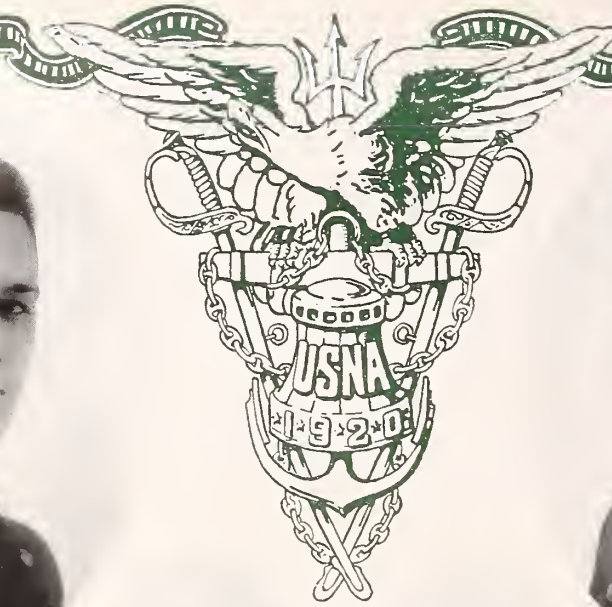
THE one outstanding feature of "Smitty's" existence in the Box Factory has been the fact that he has roomed with Bubbles consistently, and is still, not only alive but sane. What's more he's retained his good disposition in the face of that Huge Blot on the landscape.

¶ Nobody knows how Frank came to choose the Navy as his future address, and no one but himself has had any doubts as to his ability to make it a permanent billet. He has rhinced at times over the onslaughts of the Mental Hounders, but has survived them all without registering as a charter member of the Fourty.

¶ Athletically he is rather disinclined, but once more we are prone to lay the blame at the doorstep of environment. When you room with a man whom it takes a differential pulley to move, how can you expect to be pep personified.

¶ In spite of it all, however, Frank has ridden thru on the crest of the wave, and there will be a loose nut in the combination somewhere if his ability to get done the things which come to hand, and remain a good scout thru the vicissitudes of the service is not upheld.

Honors: Buzzard.



IGNATIUS LOYOLA GUERIN
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Voluptuous" "Tiny" "Loy" "Fats" "Tubby"
"Heary" "Delicate"

WHAT! Reveille already? Always ready for more sleep. That's "Fats" all over. That man can sleep more with less effort than any two men in the Regiment. His chief worry is not caused by any run in either the Ae. Departments or a too vigilant D. O., although he has had some near serious cases with both, but whether or not he will be able to make up that hour's sleep he lost some time last month. "Loy" is moderate, if anything. Eighteen hours sleep a day is enough for him. ¶ "Lucey" early adopted the course of least resistance, despite the efforts of the Academic Departments, as a result of which he has been on every Christmas Tree and May Pole. Why, he won't even drag because dancing is such strenuous exercise. But he does like to corner some girl and give free rein to his truly fluent line. But good as it is, "Bubbles" could n't persuade Otto that he had the poise and lightness necessary for a trained gymnast. However, you can't keep a good line quiet, ("Loy" says so himself), and many and varied are the arguments in which he indulges.

¶ With the jovial disposition of all plump people "Lucey" makes a mighty pleasant addition to any liberty party, but large bodies do move slowly and if you don't believe it, just ask "Ampere Pete."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Hustler, 4;
Swimming Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Swimming Numerals, 4, 3;
Log Staff, 3;
Athletic Editor 1.*





JENNINGS BRYAN DOW

TOLEDO, O.

"J. B." "Grape Juice" "Marconi"

STRANGE and devious are the ways and activities of Jennings B., for from the day he tied a bucket to the stern of a race-boat while he was a radio chief on the Ohio Naval Militia Training Ship to the day he carried off enough chemicals from the "skinny lab" to fill the corridor with hydrogen sulphide, no one has been able to prophesy just what he'd do next. There is just one thing certain about him; that as a radio shark there is none superior in constructive and creative genius. For a day or two he'll fuss around with a pad of scratch paper and pencil, then he'll skirmish around the steam building for some scraps of brass and chips of wood, from which he'll rig up some contraption that will bring Maucen chirping in through his receivers.

¶ But while we'd back him to the limit with a hammer, a screwdriver, and a few nails, we'd hate to have "J. B." order a meal for us in French. For a "filet de sole" or a "cafe' parfait" mean as much to him as International law to Wilhelm.

¶ "Every picture tells a story," and that of Dow is no exception. Those two twinkling orbits are the index of a disposition as genial as Irwin Cobb's, and withal as hearty as an automobile salesman's. We'll look far and wide to find a shipmate more to our taste than the little chunk of brawn that claims "I'm not fat; I'm just plump."

Honors: Buzzard.



WILLIAM IRVING LEAHY

HARTFORD, CONN.

"Madame"

HANG that alarm clock! Call me at 7:30! Gee! but I feel rotten, I did n't shave this morning and besides, I ate a chocolate."

¶ Ladies, permit us to introduce "Bill;" gentleman, this is "Irv"—for thusly is he respectively denominated.

¶ "Irv" (as we shall call him for convenience in this work), is a marked man in the Academy—and in one other very particular place, at least—variously noted and notorious for the grey matter that won him his little extra collar decorations, for his remarkable competence in "getting away with things" from annihilation of regulations down to and including candy, and outwardly for the service chevron which he sports in addition to all the garbage accruing to the position of Battalion C. P. O.

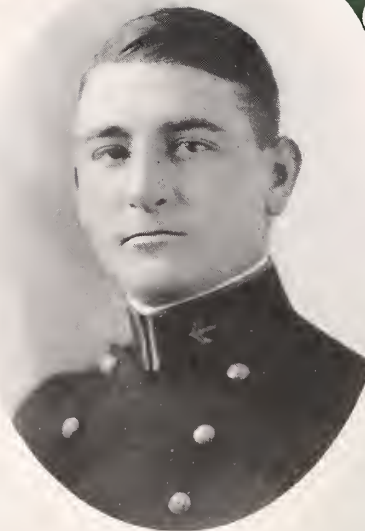
¶ "Irv" much prefers to tell you what you are where you are, than let you delude yourself by thinking he's deluded. In spite of this disconcerting characteristic, "Irv" makes firm friends; some of whom start out with an intention of being enemies, but we who know him appreciate the fact that he would make too good an enemy and too staunch a friend to be laughed at, and when you do know him well enough, you don't even stop to weigh the two considerations.

¶ "Irv" is a theorist and is sometimes gloriously impractical, but, praise be, he realizes it and may make capital out of it.

¶ At all events he is a man and a gentleman, and as a naval officer may he be our shipmate as long as we stick in this man's Navy.

Honors: Battalion C. P. O.;
War Service Chevron;
Star, 4, 3.





ORVILLE GRANT COPE, JR.
BATAVIA, N. Y.

"Copey" "Commodore" "Orry"

STANDLEY EUGENE MARTIN
ATTICA, N. Y.

"Marty" "Stash" "Sammy"

C-O-O-R halt!" Yep, that's Orville halting his bugle corps Youngster year. His ability to drive every one from the ground deck with nothing but a bugle full of wind and his never failing loyalty to the organization which helps so much "in maintaining military formations," won him the position of second fiddle when a mere Youngster. However, music is n't his only accomplishment.

¶ Plebe year he started out to be a miler and was on the way to winning his letter with the probability of lowering a record or two, when Sick-Bay orders interfered and he had to give it up. This is the only thing he ever did give up though.

¶ Ever since Orville's first academic year started he has been giving the various departments a second Marne and his unbreakable spirit coupled with dogged persistence have been his Joffre. In spite of the loss of two room-mates via the bilging route, he has always been able to let them look down from the top side of a 2.5 when the final showdown came :- :-

¶ Don't think that Orville is a grind or anything like that. In his own words he is "no star man but a plugger." Youngster cruise he plugged a screw shiver into a rheostat box and came to several minutes later on the other side of the compartment with a screw driver handle in his hand and a complexion like a moonlight night in January.

¶ If you are looking for a fellow who is an honest to goodness "there's a reason" 99 44-100 "it floats" guy, look him up any day :- :-

Honors: Buzzard;
Track Squad 4, 3;
Gymnasium Squad 4;
Tennis Squad 4;
Bugle Corps 4, 3;
Bugle Corps Commander.

HERE'S Standley—good natured, good hearted, good looking, and savvy. That big smile and his "Howdy General" are two of the gloom dispellers in the Rhino Roost.

¶ Standley comes from New York, no, not city, but up state. Before he took the oath of internment he was the star boarder of the Silver Lake Military & Naval School—and believe me, that is some school. Military,—I should say, yes. It sports a six pounder field piece and a gasoline launch for a combined Department of M. E. & N. C. and Seamanship :- :-

¶ The Academic Department has been fruit for Standley. A good assortment of brains, a level head, and consistent work has placed him well above the forty per cent and always on the weather side of a 3. 0.

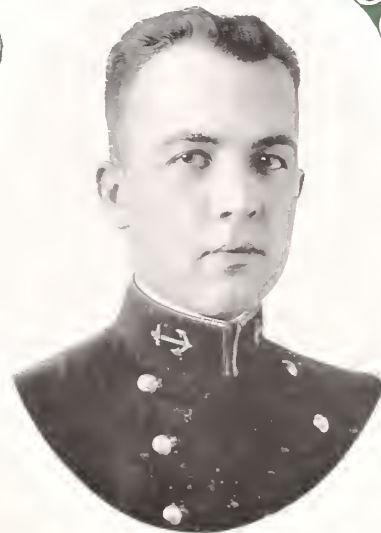
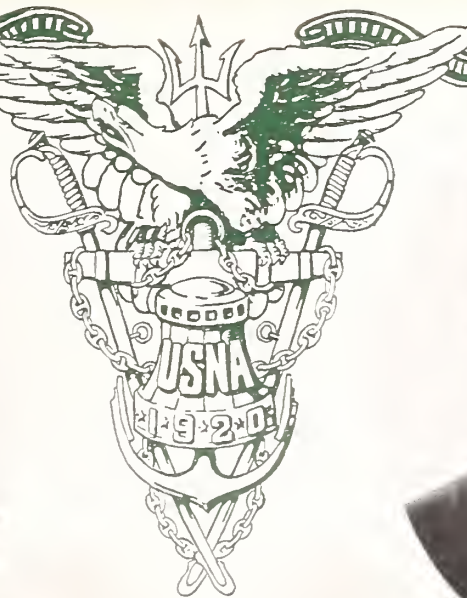
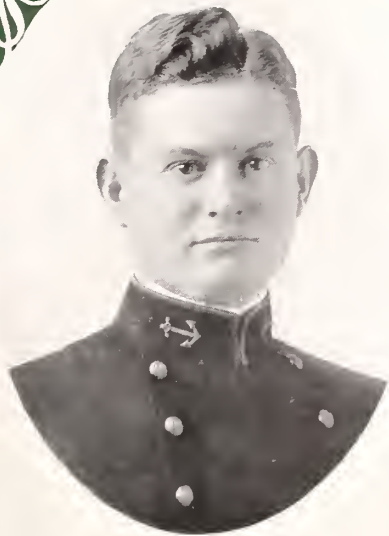
¶ First Class cruise on the old *Rhody* he sort of showed us all up, even some who are quite promiscuous by the profusion of gold braid. When the marks were posted we took notice of the fact that Martin, S. E., stood *one*. To this he attributed his stripe. It may have helped all right, but his Academy record itself would be quite sufficient for the powers that be to give him the privilege of carrying a sword to infantry.

¶ He drags now and then and it is said that if it had n't been for dragging blind for Rosie he would have dragged more often.

¶ After all these good things have been said of him—he served two years in the Hell-Cats—that noble organization of harmony and cadence—the bugle corps. Except for that, you'll find that Standley measures up to our expectation of what a fellow should be—a man's man, a friend, and a gentleman :- :-

Honors: One Stripe;
Bugle Corps;
Mandolin Club.





LLOYD KILGORE BARRY

SMITHVILLE, TEXAS

"Shorty" "Admiral"

THOMAS HOWELL BINFORD

ABERDEEN, MISS.

"Beulah" "Ducky" "Baldy"

FROM the day he entered the Academy you could tell that he was going to succeed. To say the "Admiral" is quiet and retiring would be putting it mildly, as he is subject to thoughtful moments that take his mind thousands of miles away. But beware when he is in one of his pensive moods because you never can tell when an explosion is liable to occur.

¶ He is usually the most contented person that ever lived. Just give him a bottle of hair tonic, a good tonsorial artist, and Bullard Vol. 1, and he will never move unless it is to rise and catch.

¶ Worry is a word that has never entered "Shorty's" vocabulary. He has long since stopped counting the trees he has hit and was forced to stop counting smoking paps on account of the limited number at his disposal. How he dodged the Math Department by following his live and let live principles is beyond us.

¶ Barry is the kind of friend who'll split his last chew of Piper with a pal. May he have many opportunities to do so in the years to come.

Honors: Buzzard.

BEULAH" is a line specimen of the Sunny South from which he hails, and is always glad for a chance to make the fact known.

¶ His first year ruined his taste, for he could n't reconcile himself to settling down to such an uneventful existence until Dago got on his trail and gave him the scare of his life. However, "Duck" responded nobly, batted it for a "goal" and has n't been too close to be uncomfortable since.

¶ Though not naturally savvy he seems to have the dope all the time and you can see "Mike" and "Doug" breezing up every night for it.

¶ How do he do it?

¶ "Beulah's" strong failings are hair tonic and dancing. When he and the "Admiral" get together with a bottle of Herpicide, you have two of the best connoisseurs in the Navy.

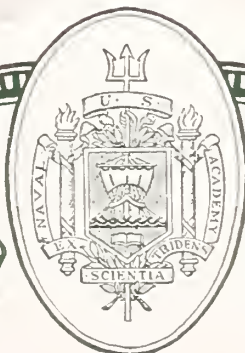
¶ He is there when it comes to dragging, especially the "terra-cotta" variety, and how the girls enjoy it, but oh, so blasé!

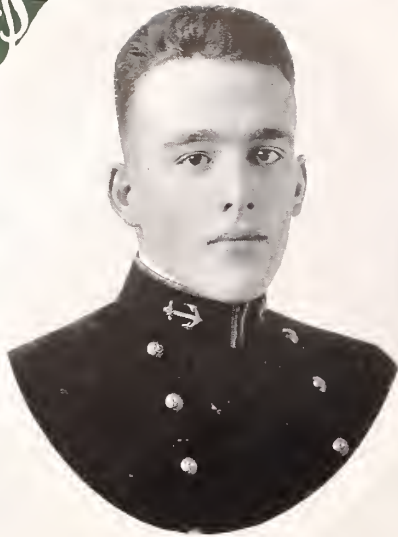
¶ Athletics have been sidetracked for the inevitable skag, and he rates a turkish "N" for his unfailing ability in this line.

¶ "Beulah" is the kind of a man you can get along with even when you are rhino. That in itself is a big forecast of his next cruise.

¶ "So you say I'm lucky, eh?"

Honors: Buzzard.





EARL LEROY SACKETT
PORTLAND, ORE.

"Peach"

HERE'S a cute little sailor boy—one of the genus "Vivat regina." No, don't run, he's not vicious. This specimen is especially fond of little girls and old ladies, though he won't admit it. He likes Calc and—pass the olives, please, Charlie. His main air pump is in good condition, and he finds plenty of use for his hawsers in towing on Saturday afternoons.

¶ Our Earl is from the West, and the farther west the better he likes it. But there's a reason—we should say She's not a bad looking reason at that.

¶ Sackett is a man true to his friendships, and ever ready to help one who needs his aid. He's clever and husky, and those who don't know him would do well to get acquainted.

¶ His work on the wrestling squad has proved him to be a steady, conscientious worker; a good man for a friend, and a bad one for an enemy.

¶ Sackett is a real "Service" man. He usually does what he starts out to do, and he always gets there in the end. He observes and profits by his observations; he knows his business, and is not a quibbler or a quitter.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling Squad, 3, 1.*



CLARENCE FLOYD SWANSON
DENVER, COLO.

"Whitey" "Cotton" "Swede"

COTTON" hails from Denver, and if you want to know what is the best little old town on the map, just ask him. He is a true son of the Golden West, and he is right there with the kind of friendship that makes a man dig down for his last cent in case of need and then stand your watch while you make a liberty.

¶ He is a real old-fashioned Red Mike. He dragged blind one fateful day but, sad to relate, he drew a queen and felt so sorry for her that he had n't the heart to repeat.

¶ His modesty is appalling; when he ought to be serene and unconcerned in the knowledge of a 3.1 average and never a tree in his life, he gazes expectantly at the bulletin boards every Saturday and comes away looking incredulous.

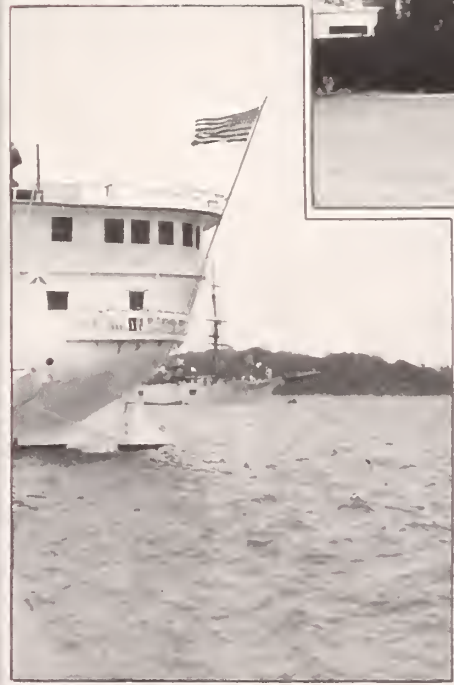
¶ "Whitey's" genius has demonstrated itself in numerous inventions now in successful use, including an infallible mouse trap and the self-closing, six o'clock window. Aside from that, his favorite diversion is making a perfectly good regulation target look like a Chinese penny.

¶ In his gift of silence, he has the original Sphinx backed off the map.

¶ "When you have n't got anything to say, don't say it!"

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







FRANCIS PAXTON OLD
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

"Francois" "Deacon"

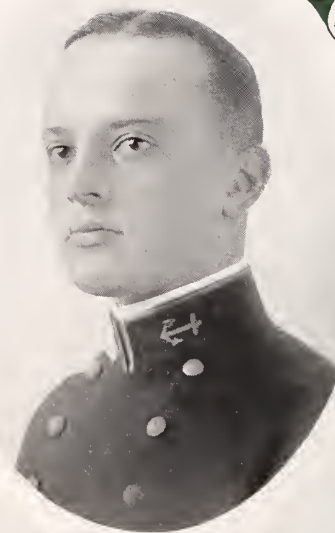
FRANCOIS" was seagoing before most of us had ever seen any water other than the faucet variety, having been a pilot in Virginia waters. Among his other salty traits is his aptitude for spinning wild yarns about any subject, and although they are hard to believe, they at least are interesting and varied. The one thing he likes better than story telling is to drag, and often he manages to combine the two with weird results. But his stories seem to get over with the women much better than with the boys, for he very seldom comes back after drill without finding a violently lined and scented letter lying on his desk.

¶ He is gifted with a somewhat argumentative nature and his opinions on almost any subject—scientific, religious, philosophic—although subject to change without notice, are worth listening to.

¶ Youngster year he grazed a few bushes, made a cruise on the *Reina*, and the rest of the time fussed or indulged in exercise conducive to qualifications for the embellished oil stove ☞ ☞

¶ Old's line was never known to be short-circuited, and his ready humor will make light of difficulties while he is busy overcoming them.

Honors: Buzzard



WILMER TOLER COX
ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

"Bill"

BY his premature sea experience Plebe Year aboard the old Spanish vaisscau, "Bill" was amply prepared for the exigencies of our cruises. They have proven especially fruitful to him as many of us can testify. Imagine his shoving off with a boat and deck book and coming ashore with every seagoing necessity from a dress jacket to a double barreled snatch block in his possession ☞ ☞

¶ The past three years of Wilmer's existence have been one continual round of "corks" and syncopated blues. When it comes to rendering the latter he is among those present and if you should pass his domicile with visions of the Boston Symphony just open his door. Then your visions will be blasted for it is a safe bet that it will merely be that vibrating pair of ukes so familiar on the Roof Garden and the Salle de Fumc.

¶ Bloods and fancy names are his long suit and consequently his reptilian abilities are par excellence. The charms of the femmes have led that pair of rosy cheeks gymward times without number and his battlery is "Lay aft the liberty party." All in all "Bill" is the most congenial of men and this quality should make life bearable for him in this man's Navy.

Honors: Buzzard;
Honor Committee.





CHARLES DRESSER MURPHEY

NEWMAN, GA.

"Pat"

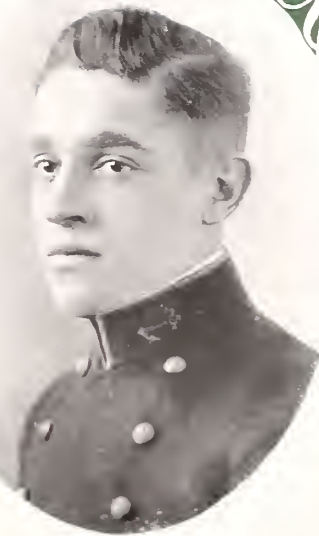
THEY say "Patrick" comes from Newman, Georgia, but nothing can convince us that he was not once a familiar, if not perfectly symmetrical figure, on the boulevards of Paree. Because intrinsically he shows the most Gallie of temperaments, and as for the fluency and rapidity with which he speaks the language!—well, it is harder to catch than a buzzer message at 20 per. His gestures, too, are Gallie, given in the true "maniere francais" and don't cost a thing extra.

Way back yonder, of course, some of his ancestors must have been Knights, but even then, as he himself reluctantly and modestly admits, he is from one of the first families of Paree; as you enter the city.

Youngster year "Pat's" apartment was alongside the "roof garden" and it would entail a much larger volume than this to record the wild and hazardous experiences endured among those elevated Moscovites, First Class cruise aboard the *Rochester* made him what he is today—seagoing.

Whatever may be his faults, Charles has one redeeming feature, and that is his overwhelming generosity. Just say the word and he will give you the shoes off his back.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



JOHN SANFORD COHEN, JR.

ATLANTA, GA.

"Gaby" "Jack"

If you don't believe that trite phrase about "snakes is snakes" read why Eve left home. And "Jack," by his adroitness with the oolong and skilful navigation of the sliding rugs, qualifies as at least the equal of the original tempter.

Plebe year "Jack" was a tower of strength in the section room, but a carefree Youngster year divorced him and his academic aspirations and he has since descended to the lower levels.

Among other things "Jack" has established a rep as a philosopher. At the same time, paradoxical though it seems, the height of his ambition is to become a composer and an actor, an aspiration which has accounted by a large measure for his decline in section room brilliancy.

As a shipmate First Class cruise, "Jack" left nothing to be desired. Everything he had was at everybody's disposal—until he had nothing left to give away. His carefree nature and open ways will stand him in good stead in the future.

Honors: Buzzard.





WILLIAM PETERS HEPBURN

CLARINDA, IOWA

"Red" "Rouge" "Willie"

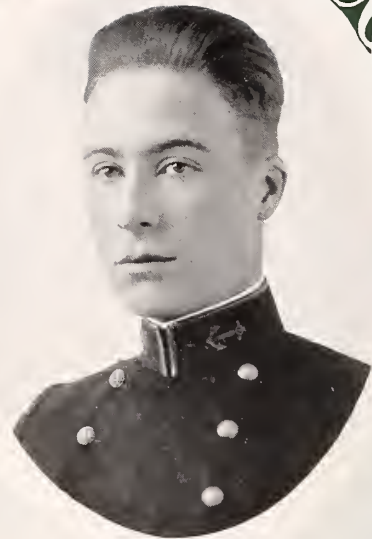
AT the very start of his naval career "Reds" proved to the Academic Board that a man has to go down three times before he is a dead one. "Reds" did not, and as a result of his perseverance we have this elongated son of Iowa as a permanent fixture.

¶ Upon his first day as a Midshipman, "Reds" took a liking to Otto Boemke and thereafter he took off his "top shoit" every Wednesday afternoon for the remainder of the course. His other athletic activities were devoted to baseball, and he was a consistent member of the famous Oleanders ☞ ☞

¶ He could star if he wanted to and will bashfully admit it, but he would rather burn a Fat and chew the rag than bone. He got an excellent start in the fine art of heaving a line by spending a month on the Alabaster Yacht with Preacher Spalding, and will argue on any subject at any time, his motto being: "Myself, may I always be right, but right or wrong, myself." It is our firm belief that if "Rouge" had been a stump speaker he could have elected a socialist and sent the I. W. W. back to the bushes ☞ ☞

¶ He is one of those fellows who say in plain language what they think, and he says it with a touch of the true Irish wit of which he has his full share. He is loyal to his friends and will stick with them for better or for worse. This quality has made him well liked by those who are fortunate enough to know him.

Honors: Buzzard.



NORMAN SEATON IVES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Ikey" "Poison"

BEHOLD the original two-gun man. The man who can draw, empty, load, empty, and return in two seconds. Fact.

¶ And he has so darned many accomplishments we have n't the space to mention them all.

¶ He can address the half-witted Midshipman with the same fecundity of phrase and the same benignity of expression that he utilizes against the ravishes of the fateful D. O.

¶ He can crack a joke and be the only one to see the point.

¶ He can take a cylindrical piece of lifeless paper and tobacco, caress it fondly, smile at it, light it warily, and forsooth—it becomes a thing of rare beauty, which exudes rings, S.'s, and stars at the capricious will of our "Ike."

¶ He can enjoy a cruise on the *Rhode Island* as if it were a battle ship and wear Jackson's last suit of whites faultlessly at Saturday's inspection.

¶ He can pitch a steller brand of baseball and can be as happily indifferent to noxious reggs as the blue-eared inhabitants of Central Nepal.

¶ "Poison" and "Red" have led an ideal existence these three years. They fall out in the morning, beat each other senseless after dinner and fall asleep in each other's arms at night. And "Red" has never gotten a peck into one of those S. D. letters. Perhaps we anticipate, but was n't he pricing miniatures the other day.

¶ "Put 'em up, quick—draw and be quick."

¶ "Say, going to Newport News?"

Honors: Buzzard.

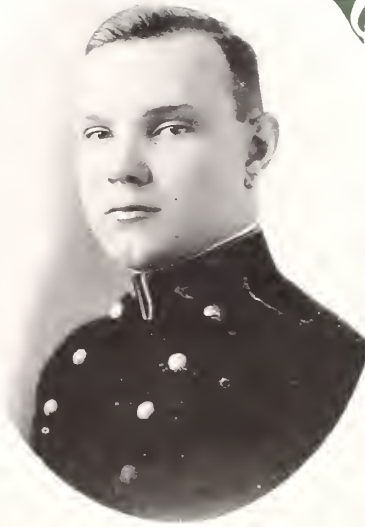




EVANDER WALLACE SYLVESTER

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

"Sal" "Eva"



HENRY GEORGE CHALKLEY, JR.

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

"Chalk"

S"AL" is not by any means one of the ordinary garden-variety of star men. He is primarily a keeper of his wild room-mate, who is wont to diverge from the beaten paths, when it comes to lung power. But, coming down to cases, it is a wonder how he managed to star, when he consistently supplied the *Log* with that famous Osla Hogi gibberish, which sounds like the ravings of a totally untrained mind.

¶ Osla came to this place with the rep of being phenomenally savvy, and Plebe Summer days, we were inspired with yarns of his prowess in the entrance exams. We naturally expected to see the ideal savoir, with high-powered lenses, a size seven collar and a fifteen cap. Every one was disappointed when they saw "Sal," for he looked no different than the average. He is a typical good fellow, and though he still remains extraordinarily savvy, he is always willing to dispense his knowledge to the less fortunate.

¶ As for Athletics, "Sal" confined himself to the Weak Squad Plebe year, but that form of exercise was too strenuous, so he forsook it. As he says, and we believe him, a good rough-house is worth its weight in gold, and if he had worked as hard in any line of legitimate sport as he has in this particular field, we'd hear of "Sylvester, All-American," or something of a like tenor.

¶ "Sal" came to us a good-natured, lovable fellow, and by his fine comradeship, he has gained a permanent berth in the affections of the entire class.

Honors: Two Stripes;
Battalion Adjutant;
Star, 4, 3;
Bugle Corps, 4;
Log Staff, 3.

WELL, you don't have to believe it, but—" 'Tis he, gentlemen, 'tis he—Henry George Chalkley, official spreader of wild dope and academic rumor—the man who knows more about rice than fifty Chinamen; and the Cadillac car than the man who designed it. If you ever want to know who is the Prime Minister of Siam, what is the tactical diameter of the *Reina*, and anything at all of nothing in particular, ask H. G. It does n't make any difference whether he ever heard of it before; he will give you the dope from truck to keelson.

¶ Youngster cruise the Louisianian decided that sea duty was too strenuous for one of his delicate constitution, so, properly equipped with a light case of measles, he became the star boarder of the New York Naval Hospital for an enjoyable two weeks. "Fellow, the nurses used to shake around to see who would get to attend me."

¶ Chalkley is not a Red Michael by any means. He likes them all but trusts none. He says no woman has anything on him. However, the bigger they are the harder they fall, and Harry tips the scales at one seventy-five.

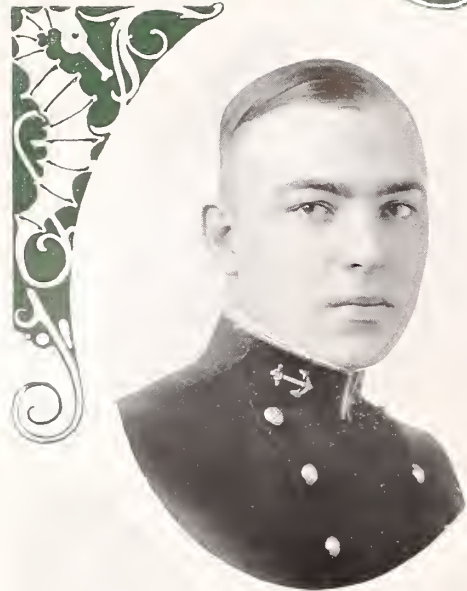
¶ Academics have never bothered him since first month Plebe year when the math department took a vicious swat at him. Since he has led the care free life of a 3.0 man.

¶ Football and crew have been Chalkley's athletic activities. He was on the football squad Plebe year, till the first mentioned run in with the math department. In crew he has worked consistently, making the second crew Plebe year and the third varsity Youngster year.

¶ When all is said and done Harry is a well-balanced man and there is no doubt of his pulling down his old 2.5 in any field of endeavor which he may enter in the future.

Honors: Buzzard;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Football Squad, 4.





ALFRED WALTER BURKET

EAST FREEDOM, PA.

"Al" "Bucket"

AL" became tired of trimming the wool from the domes of the Pennsylvania Dutch, so he accepted a position at the Naval Academy, with less pay and less work—less work, yes, for with little effort he stands well above the 2.5 class, and speaking of Navigation, you should have been with him that week in Philly. A sight of Venus, in Willow Grove, and he was off for another voyage on the Scenic Railway.

¶ Plebe year he went out for lacrosse, but by breaking training on the roof, he broke into the *White House* society and lost his chances for a grand slam in the athletic line. He must have liked the ship for a short voyage, for he paid "Skeets" another visit Youngster year.

¶ Social stuff—well, he is right there for every hop, dragging queens and 4.0s in an effort to pull sat again after doing the kind deed for his Youngster year roommate. "Durn him, never again." "Yes, sir—but they do it every time."

¶ With a nod of the head, he gives you the straight dope on that steam or juice prob., but he must hurry with work, and write that letter. You'd never guess it, but he's in love.

¶ "Chaplin, rig your life boats for sea."

Honors. Buzzard.



ALBERT WARREN AKERS

NASHVILLE, TENN.

"Jack" "Rebel"

THROUGH several years of expostulation on the beauty and the greatness of his home podunk, "Jack" can hand you a smooth line that leaves you bewildered and ashamed to even think of your own ideal. And next to the Academy, the only institution is Vanderbilt where he spent a year studying—no, not ordnance and juice, just Cosmos and football scores, and we have a hunch that he overexerted himself and chose to take a rest at the finishing school on the Severn. While at Vanderbilt, "Jack" also enjoyed the pleasures of membership in the B.

¶ "Jack" is the next thing to a genius in Juice; not, strange to say, juice as expressed by Bullard, but in practical juice, the kind which enters his room thru the lighting circuit.

¶ First Class year he utilized that lighting circuit to light his skags, to wake him up in the morning, and with the aid of an alarm clock to turn the lights on automatically at 6:24 A. M. The only thing lacking in his electrically equipped room was an automatic smoke absorber.

¶ For recreation during study hours he runs Dago profs. He did run them, too, in the recitation room until one day he and—oh, well, "Jack" runs them now in his room where they can't see or hear him.

¶ But "Jack" can be counted on in the future to give the best of the grit and determination of which he has his share.

Honors: Buzzard.





CLAYTON SHADEK ISGRIG
TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.

"Dutch" "Von" "Izzie"

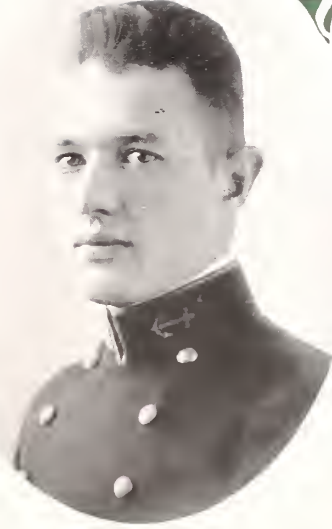
SAY, I know I'm wooden but I don't see the point to that joke yet." It is always a case of love's labor lost to pull a joke of any kind or description when "Dutch" is around, for he is far worse in that respect than the proverbial Englishman— "Dead-eye Dick's" inability to see the point comes from no fault of his eyesight, however. He has been able to see enough of the "bull" at five hundred yards to make him a very valuable member of the rifle team.

No one ever accused "Dutch" of being a savoir. Plebe year it was touch and go with him for a while, but he managed to keep the Departments from bunching their hits and pulled through safely. Youngster year was n't fruit for him either, but he always managed to come up on the weather side of a 2.5.

It took him some time to do it, but "Dutch" has finally blossomed out into quite a fusser. At first he entertained the idea that he could beat the game, so he allowed himself to be inveigled into dragging blind. That was his one and only attempt, however, and he has been a walking argument against the practise.

"Dutch" not only has a good line, but he is what so few of us are—a good listener. He has been a hard, consistent worker and his broad stripe will be well earned

Honors: Buzzard;
Rifle Squad 4, 3, 1;
Rifle r.Nt.



CHARLES CARTER ANDERSON
RENO, NEV.

"Andy"

HERE MABEL: Congratulate me—I'm graduating. I feel pretty proud about it because every body can't do it. I even had to try twice before I worked it and then I had to go some . . . The girls are fighting among themselves to win my affeeshuns now that I'm to get my sword and buckler. But I'm true to you—Bull dog, that's me all over Mabel.

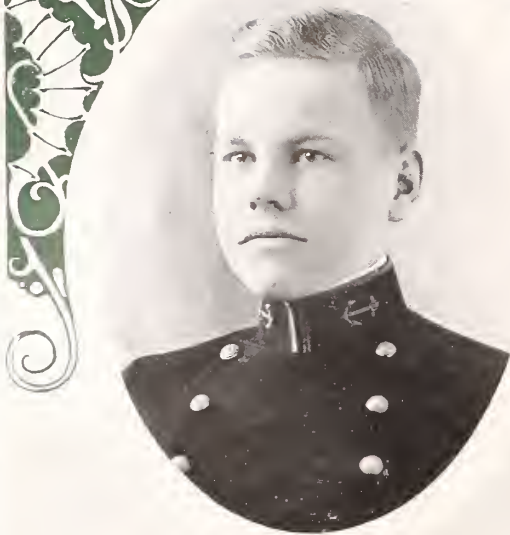
This last year has been great. I was a officer—wore stars and birds and things; and got to see all the big people—duty officers and things; and to hear all the dope—pap sheets and things.

The Supt. spoons on me to. Yesterday I was over to his reception. When he saw me he smiled all over—guess he was pretty glad I'd come. "What's the matter Anderson did n't you get enough to eat last time?" I caught the spirit right off. "No I came over to see all the pretty girls your always bragging about"—Reparty, that's me all over Mabel. Yours till I'm better acquainted.

ANDY

Honors: Regimental C. P. O.;
Baseball Squad 4, 3, 1;
Baseball Numerals.





BENTON WEAVER DECKER
NEWPORT, R. I.

"Benny" "B. & W."

BENTON is truly a lovable child and even his struggles here with the stern realities cannot knock the sunshine out of his disposition. A first hand knowledge of the Fleet and a few little accomplishments like the savvy of tying monkey fists in hammock lashings gave him a wonderful foundation for the building of a Naval Career.

¶ Romance never was a consideration when "Benny" chose his profession. He, being a Navy Junior, just naturally gravitated into it.

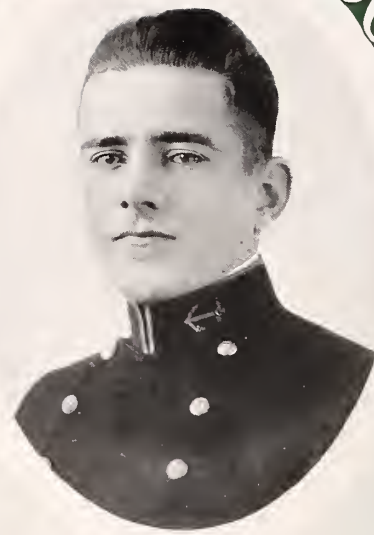
¶ His ambition is to see a straight shooting squadron with an E on every turret. He loves the smell of powder—not the pervading variety, but the fumes of the burning kind that rushes out when the breech plug is swung open.

¶ If it's a question of how much canvas the "Constellation" carried or what brand of oil was burned on the "Bon Homme Richard," just go to "Benny" and he'll settle the bet, for these technicalities and details of the history of our fighting ships stick in his mind like lint on a new suit of Jake Reed's best.

¶ Curls, dimples and dignity are his distinguishing features. His curls have been ruffled, but never his dignity. When the occasion demands, how that youthful face can cloud up and register fury!

¶ Go to it, "Benny," there's a broad band waiting for your cuff out in the Fleet and we know you are good for the struggle that it takes to put it there.

Honors: Company C. P. O.



JOHN WILLIAM MARTS, JR.
OCEAN CITY, N. J.

"Johnnie" "The Greek" "Zybisco"

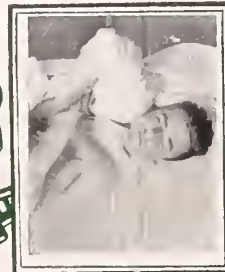
RADIO is one of "Johnny's" two hobbies, and rather than miss the weather "dope" he often stays up until midnight, "listening in." His other one is receiving tinted perfumed letters from Sunday and grammar school teachers, and some one in Philly. One day a coalition of teachers was formed, which sent him seven letters in one, causing him much embarrassment in writing seven individual replies. Although prodigal in the distribution of "White's" photos and in the use of B. B. & B. stationery, he is decidedly shy of the light fantastic, even after an intensive course of "step-cut out" by Prof Bell, followed by a post graduate course under several obliging Plebes. However, after a year and a half of English, he has acquired a fluent line, which he used very successfully against "les femmes" thru the mail. We hope in time that he will outgrow his present long-distance habits.

¶ In the mess hall, though, his talents in this way are not appreciated; so he spends most of his meals under the table ☹ ☹

¶ Without his bushel of pretzels a week and a large amount of H₂O plus Fe "Johnny" would surely feel homesick.

(Note: Brewster revised, P. 131). "has steadiness as his main basis, with bashfulness towards women for his defect, a wicked line for his excellence."

Honors: Buzzard.





JAMES HENRY DOYLE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Jimmy"

HERE we have the only person whose adventures ever rivalled the ones that Gil Blas had in the chapters which were left out of our li'l reader. ¶ Now we better omit a couple of years in young Doyle's biography 'cause them pore baffled Boston cops might still want to rag him for gouging on the gullibles of that metropolis.

¶ Next he made his debut in the movies. Said career being short, snappy and even breezy. From one point of view it was not a howling success, but when viewed from one or even two points off the bow of his locker door, conservative judgment wavers.

¶ During Plebe year Mister Doyle's "popularity" overflowed to the other wing and he was well known and indeed much sought. His Fiji Island wit and mandolin served to open new fields and incidentally demand his services on the *Bob Center* and *Arvent* parties.

¶ The next year gave "Jas" a sip of the wine of Power together with the privileges of a Youngster. About this time 'most any traffic cop would have nailed him for reckless driving and failure to observe the rules of the road during the fiendish flurry furnished by our bi-weekly efforts in the gym. Our dashing James was usually among 'em, and always dragging. Saturdays which did not boast a thrill a la gym gave him an opportunity to exercise in the outfield of the *Fatima* league.

¶ When the time comes for our desired reward "Jimmie's" many friends will go to the Fleet in pleasant anticipation of chummy little reunions.

¶ "She's a dear sweet girl and I love *them*."

Honors: Buzzard.



WILLIAM GOSNELL TOMLINSON
KANSAS CITY, MO.

"Tommy"

BEFORE recounting what this golden-haired lad has encountered at the Naval Academy it might be well to touch lightly upon his adventures in early life. At school he acquired a rep as honorary president of the I Tappa Kegs, and came to us well educated in pool and billiards, theoretical and practical, as well as choice and chance, or how to draw five aces.

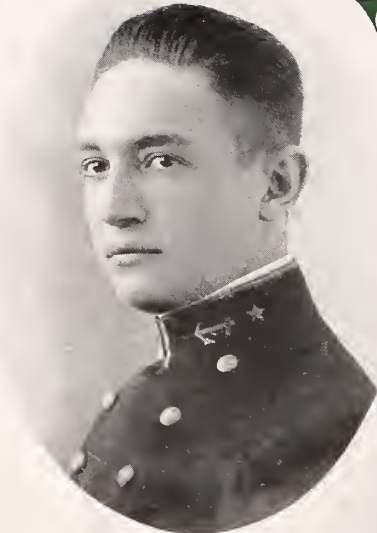
¶ Plebe year "Red" lived among the old ground deekers who firmly believed in Doyle's laws—and not only did they believe, but practised. He early learned that "Plebes is Plebes" and then some.

¶ Academically speaking he has managed to pull down his 3.0 without parting his moorings, except in "le langue francais" and now he is just able to get thru "j'ai, tu as, il a" in ten seconds flat.

¶ The *Reina* has claimed his attention on various and sundry occasions, but he has always "come up smiling." He evidences a heart as big as a six-inch shell, and in spite of his red hair, proves himself a man.

Honors: Buzzard.





EUGENE WILLARD KIEFER

MT. CARMEL, PA.

"Dixie" "Dutch"

WILLIAM MOULTRIE MOSES

GIRARD, ALA.

"Mose"

ADD the Southerner's easy going habits to the open-hearted, ready smiling ones of the Westerner, flavor with just a little New England reserve and you have the Pennsylvania Volunteer—Kiefer.

¶ For three years he has ambled along, firm in the belief that there are just two things a man should never worry about; the things you can help, and the things you can't,—but there is nothing too hard for him if the doing of it will help some one else. A real savvy in practical stuff and a liking for books on professional subjects has aided him in many ways.

"Say, Kief, how is it to take my duty Saturday night?"

¶ Week after week brings the same cheerful acceptance, an acceptance accompanied by a smile that would warm the heart of even an English prof, and as a result he has been on duty more hop nights than any other three men in the Regiment.

¶ The woman, Lady Nicotine included, bothered him not at all. Dragging, skagging, staggung,—all are the same to Kiefer, he does n't do any of them. Anything the snakes may say to the contrary notwithstanding,—a catboat and a fresh breeze, a good liberty, or better still a pair of gloves with a congenial spirit in the gym and he will show you a good time that you will not soon forget.

¶ Kiefer is a man's man and fortunate indeed are those who can call him friend, for his friendship like the man himself is a thing of doing and not of talking.

Honors: Buzzard.

CAN'T, I'm going down to the Log office!" Ever since early Youngster year the Log has been "Mose's" combined stand-by and excuse, but we're bound to admit it's been a better Log thereby. It has entailed some sacrifice, too, for "Mose" dropped five numbers Youngster year and came nearly losing his star.

¶ A crow junior is all that "Mose" sports on the sleeve of his blues, but by his star and ability he rated more. Thru the turbulent times of First Class year he was the reggest First Classman in the old Fourteenth.

¶ Friends don't come to "Mose" as spontaneously as they do to some, but once you know him you're bound to admire his steadfastness.

¶ If he discharges his duties—pleasant and unpleasant—in the service as well as he has in Bancroft, he's certain to make good.

Honors: Buzzard;
Log Staff, 3, 1;
Managing Editor Log, 1;
Star, 4, 3, 1.





JOHN PACKARD GRAFF
GREENVILLE, PA.

"Packy" "Pack" "J. P." "P"



CATO DOUGLAS GLOVER
MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"Cato" "C. D." "Glor"



BEHOLD a man! Yes, every inch of it. You may have met men in your wanderings, but if you have ever met a better man than John Packard Graff you have one on the rest of us. He is known and liked by us all ☺ ☺

☺ "Packy" comes from the state out of which Naval Officers are made. He knows exactly what he is going to do and then does it, regardless of obstacles. He has never known to go at a thing half-heartedly, but believes in the old adage that says "anything that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

☺ What "Packy" believes in he firmly adheres to. The same applies to "Crip," and when these two get in an argument, which is frequently the case, there is n't going to be any studying on the deck.

☺ If you want to hear an interesting "line," drop in and get "J. P." started on his travels. He has been most everywhere. Around "The Horn," over the Andes, London, Rome, Pompeii, and Berlin. He says that his next visit to the latter place will undoubtedly be before the end of the war ☺ ☺

☺ "Packy" is just the kind of man you want to make friends with. He is as steady a man as you will meet, a ready helper, and a real man. What more can you ask?

☺ "Don't choke it."

☺ "Say, Kelly, did you bat 'em?"

☺ "Me and the Dago Department."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Plebe Crew;
Junior Varsity Crew American Henley;
Crew Squad, 1;
Masqueraders, 4, 3, 1.*

THE University of Alabama lost a good man when, after a series of competitive examinations, Cato D. Glover landed in the U. S. N. A., and the Navy gained a man who has the grit and determination that goes to make a good officer.

☺ "Cato" jumped into the limelight during Plebe summer when he won the class light-weight wrestling championship. When the real wrestling season opened, "Cato" was not present. His absence was due to a series of hard tussles with the "Shall and Will" Department, his most dangerous opponent. He was wrestling an uphill bout with the English Department ☺ Youngster year, with English almost buried, the old "jinx" still pursued him and this time his promising chances for a "wNt" were blighted by injuries.

☺ In the spring the Oleanders' fancies lightly turned to thoughts of Glover and consequently he became one of their hardest hitters.

☺ "Cato" possesses that coveted gift of remembering names and faces; makes friends easily and keeps them. He claims that he knows everybody in Greenville—he ought to—he roomed with "Packy" for three years ☺ ☺

☺ Look at that square jaw, firm mouth, steady gaze and military bearing, and you know "Cato's" character. He has the grit and he is going to win.

☺ "I'm off of 'em from now on."

☺ "I dare 'em to get me now."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Plebe Summer Lightweight Wrestling Champion;
Wrestling Squad, 4, 3.*





THEODORE GERMOND HAFF

ARLINGTON, N. J.

"Alowishus" "Al"

AL" descended upon the Academy during the early part of Plebe summer, but it was not until the Academic year was half over, that he finally settled down. On account of his roamings he became rather notorious and perhaps received more than his share of running; but his easy-going manner came to his rescue so that by the end of Plebe year the Upper Classmen were forced to term him a "good Plebe."

¶ Haff has never had any particular trouble in heaving round a 2.5. His usual habit of returning from recitation and slamming his books on his table accompanied by, "busted cold," seemed to have no effect on the Academic board.

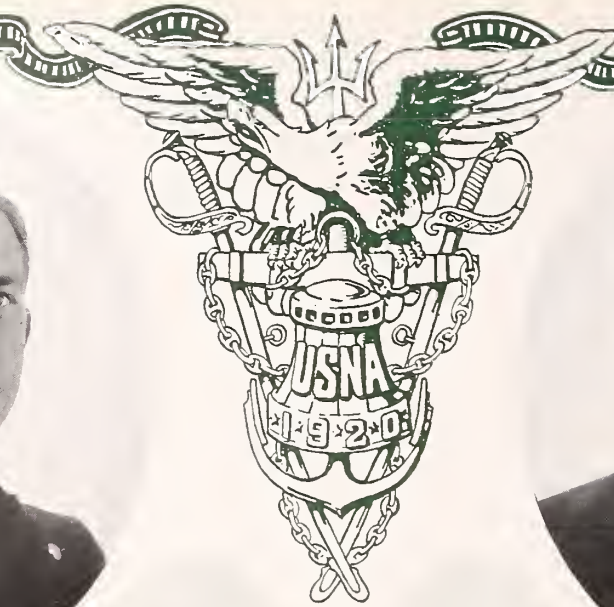
¶ Although "Alowishus" is no ardent fusser, he attended the hops regularly, most usually as a stag. He is rather secret about his affections, and perhaps his youth explains it, but ask him where he frenched to while he was in Philly on the *New Hampshire*.

¶ Besides being a "hell-cat" for two years, Haff has been a special gym enthusiast ever since Plebe year, and by all appearances will persist in being one. He broke into White House society very late in the season and only tarried long enough to obtain a black "N."

¶ Willingness to do and an almost childlike frankness are Haff's outstanding virtues, and they make of him a classmate easily liked and admired.

¶ "Now I'll tell you, good-looking."

Honors: Buzzard.



LEO BYRON SCHULTEN

HELENA, MONTANA

"Monty" "Dutch"

MONTY" came to us from the wilds of Montana where they use liquid thermometers, but under the softening influence of Turkish aroma and the breezes of the Severn he has become quite well behaved.

¶ He has tossed aside the two fingered glass and furlined Mackinaw for a lady's hand on hop nights and a Navy blue with two of the marks of "special trust and confidence" on his sleeve.

¶ With the girls he is one of those dark men to whom they all look for a thrill and are described as handsome.

¶ "Oh, Mr. Steeves, who was that good looking boy that cut on me?"—Christmas hop Plebe year.

¶ As for the gold, he carries it naturally and well, for "Monty" is a four square man; one of those, who, no matter what a hard life they may lead, will never play a partner wrong. He can draw quick and aim true. Leo cuts in half the time it takes an ordinary man to fill the vacuum in his main condenser. As a result he has more spare time for Smoke Hall and Higher Education.

¶ "Truly this man hath a clear and level head."

Honors: Two Stripes.





PAUL BRAIDS NIBECKER
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

"Ni" "Red" "Speed Cone"

CALIFORNIA never had a more loyal son than "Red." Why, out in Los Angeles they have the prettiest movie actresses, the most autos and the least Fords, and the biggest breweries in the whole U. S. What we can't figure out is why "Red" ever swapped that sunny clime for the dreary confines of Crabtown. But here he is, very much among us, and altho he has his own ideas as to how the Navy should be run, "Red" will be a salty rear admiral as soon as the rest.

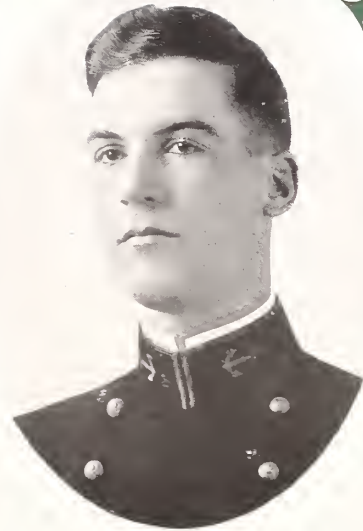
"Red" was never strong for the fair sex, and all thru his Academic career, he has preserved his spotless record as a Red Mike. He is high with the Academic department, so high indeed that he got a strangle hold on Areturus Youngster year.

"Red" is a true executive and can handle men, if we are to judge from his record on First Class cruise, and if his division does n't get an E on every gun next year, we will know one man that is not to blame for it.

"Come on, Dill, let's subjugate that."

"Aw, that's fruit! Don't you see that? Well, it's this way."

Honors: Buzzard;
Star, 3.



WALLACE DILLMAN
ALAMEDA, CAL.

"Dilly" "Pickle"

DILL" came to us rather late Plebe summer, but despite this handicap, one month of intensive training during September, 1916, was enough to round him out into a true Plebe and one that was a credit to '20.

Strangely enough, his name is listed among the few Red Mikes from the Golden State. However, he shows great possibilities for the near future.

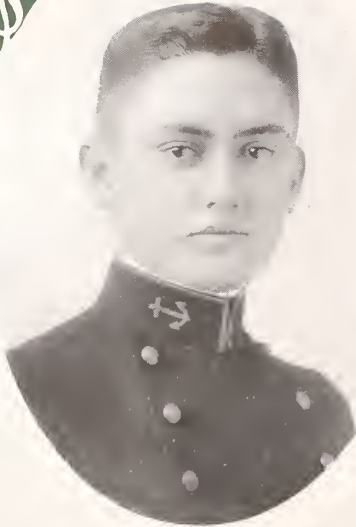
"Dill" has never been much of a star athlete but what he lacks here he more than makes up for in his Navy spirit. Wherever Navy is having a game, there you will find "Dill."

He is seldom rhino, but if you are wise that he has just learned that he has added 2 and 3 and got 6 on a Nav P-work, take good advice and keep low for a few days. A good old Navy "back corridor subjugation" will often do wonders to break the spell.

"Dill" displays many of the qualities essential to one of the service, and those he has not he is bent on acquiring.

Honors: Buzzard.





JAMES DUDLEY HASELDEN

DILLON, S. C.

"Dud"

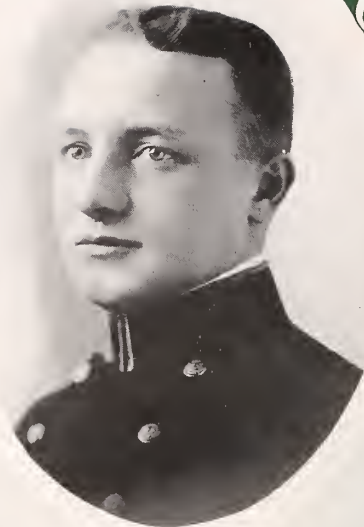
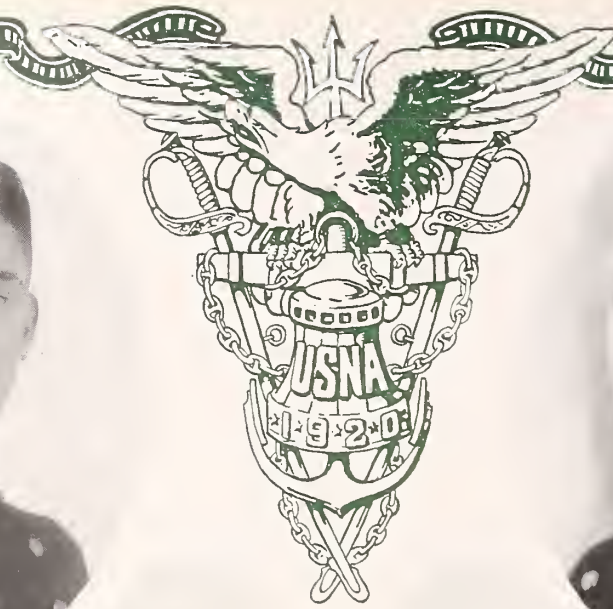
Look at "Gloomy," you would n't think he was non-reg. He looks quiet and innocent enough—but it's all wrong! That room on the first deck with the Haselden & Crouter sign on the door, is a regular Smoke Hall for the whole Ninth Company. If the odds against him are greater than those famous odds we know so well before a certain game of football First Class year, he hesitates to take a chance on toying with the authorities, but usually does n't hesitate for long.

"Dud" is one of those unfortunate individuals who made the gymnastic squad without any previous experience and is the proud claimant of a w.Ns.

Being from the good old South and living up to all its traditions, "Gloom" is naturally averse to water, so much so that he dreads the yearly test of buoyancy, and every year he begins learning the swimming game all over again from the bottom up.

"Gloom" never did believe in embarrassing the professors and never shows them up in the fine points of the naval sciences. The Academic Departments have not seemed to appreciate his modesty and sometimes go so far as to assign him a 2.0 for his monthly mark. Still "Dud" has always weathered their attacks, and has plugged along when his ship has almost foundered.

Honors: Buzzard.



MARK HANNA CROUTER

UNION, ORE.

"Mard"

WHEN Mark dropped anchor in this port, he had the jump on all of us. It takes a good man to win a blue ribbon in a baby show, but the other contestants in his part of Oregon were outclassed.

He has a handclasp that will bust a couple of fingers and a hug that rivals a grizzly bear's. That hug comes in handy in wrestling, where he shines. A broken rib kept him out of the running Youngster year, but nothing short of brain fever will keep him out this year.

Mark does n't bone. He looks at the pictures a few minutes and then he is through for the day. Still he does n't resemble bird's-eye maple in the least and you will have to admit that a man that can get away with murder as he does, is good.

Mark is never rhino, always smoking, and usually telling about that cold forty he met on the train. If you want the very best kind of a shipmate, and a seagoing egg at that, here's one.

"Where're you goin'? Let's catch one here"

Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling Squad, 3.





MILTON DAVIS GOLDSMITH
ELGIN, ILL.

"Oliver," "Doc," "Goldberg," "Gold"

BOYS, look me over, I got a swabo in everything this morning." Thus "Goldberg" greets the gang daily.

¶ In spite of all his gloomy forebodings, however, he is nearly always well sat when the marks are posted. This illustrates the fact that he has the habit of coming out topside in the things that he sets out to do. He has even been able to "woo the weed" with but one serious interference.

¶ In addition to successfully out-manouevring D. O.'s and the Academic Department he has done consistently good work on the *Log* whenever he had one of his brain throbs.

¶ Youngster year he had a wild New Year celebration and a wilder one of the aforesaid brain throbs, with the result that "Sonny" got his nickname.

¶ With all his chronic rhinoism, "Gold" is as good as his nickname, and to own him for a friend is to have a friend indeed.

¶ He earned his black N in trying to extricate a pal from the toils.

¶ "Sure, I've got a tendency, got a Fat?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Log Staff, 3;
Assistant Editor Log, 1.

ASEL BAYLESS KERR
FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

"Pete" "A. B."

UNTIL he joined the outfit, the most moisture that "Pete" ever saw in one bunch was the Mississippi river. "Pete" crossed that historic stream on his way out of the native Ozarks. He had driven the old family Ford for miles and miles in the wilderness when at last he fixed his position by a bow-and-beam on the Anheuser-Busch factory and a star sight in a St. Louis burlesque, and took his departure for Crabtown. It was a far cry from alkali to salt water and return, but "Pete" turned the fliuver loose and told it to go home.

¶ Since that time "Abie's" life has been just one omission after another. He has omitted socks, underwear and nighties from his habiliments; shaves and hair-cuts from appearances; English and Dago from his study hours and women from his existence. He has lived only in the veil of that sixth cube root of negative one and grown fat. The rotund fulness of his lines has slowly but surely approached voluptuousness as an asymptote.

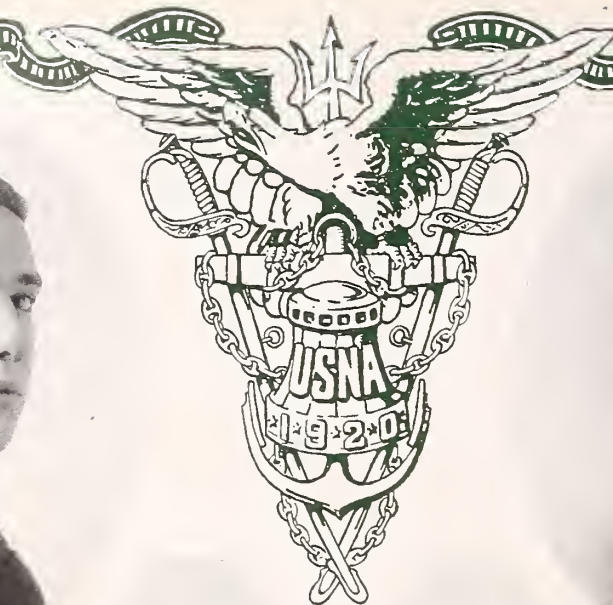
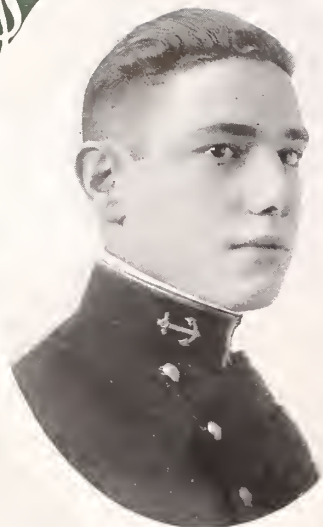
¶ As a rule "Pete" is right in all that he does and frequently he can prove it. In fact Kerr takes no chances on going wrong.

¶ He went to the Army Game with ten dollars and some odd change; he still has the original ten spot and a spotless record of instantaneous moral rectitude.

¶ His wit extends way beyond the range of his omnimeter—so simple that a child can run it, and all that. He laughed himself into the hospital when he discovered the joke about the difference between a canary bird and a cigar—one smokes a cigar but a canary bird has n't any teeth. "Pete" told the story six thousand, two hundred and ninety-one times; there are two thousand and ninety-seven men in the Regiment.

Honors: Buzzard.





HERBERT F. FINEBAUM
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Finny" "Kid Hoibert"

RID HOIBERT" hails from the big town, he says Brooklyn, but it might be Hoboken from the way the "Kid" can scrap! Always of a cheerful, obliging manner, but a whirlwind when he is aroused, "Finny" will hold his own wherever he goes.

¶ The "Kid" "oined" his sobriquet early Plebe year in the ring and later on fully lived up to his rep by copping the lightweight glove championship. Youngster year he was knocking out all opponents for the non-reg Eleventh and the lightweight championship again, when he had the hard luck to suffer an accident and land in the hospital. Every spring you'll see him out with a lacrosse stick in his hand and taking wallops over the head as lightly as he does the blows of his opponents in the ring.

¶ "Finny" has not always had plain sailing thru the course. Many little unpleasant things have come his way from formaldehyde in his shoes to having to divorce his "wife." One baek corridor will long remember that famous rough house. He never worries in the least, however, but always comes up smiling and sets out with a strong, steady stroke for his goal.

¶ We venture to say he'll have no trouble in making it.

Honors: Buzzard;
Plebe Boxing Champion;
Academy Lightweight Champion, 4;
Lacrosse, 4, 3, 1.

ALEXANDER JAMES DIEPENBROCK
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

"Dippy" "Diep" "Cutey"

LADIES and gentlemen, or rather gentlemen and ladies, we have here the only man who has successfully bucked the Dago department. "Dippy" deems it an honor to rag his marks off the weekly trees and he finds it hard to eat a real meal Saturday if he finds that his name has not adorned at least one bush.

¶ "Dippy" is of a sunny disposition, ever ready to smile when everything looks blaek and always there with a cheery good word. With his mirth-provoking expression and pleasant ways you may be sure that when "Jo-Jo" is around Old Man Gloom has taken a trip below.

¶ As regards fussing, "Dippy" is a Red Mike of the thirty-third degree; by looking at his picture you will see that it is not for laek of looks but due to his own earnest desire to evade the fair sex.

¶ Perhaps he has a "past" or that dreamy look in his eyes may tell the story of a broken heart.

¶ Vices he has none (?), virtues many.

¶ Here's luck to you, "Dip," old boy, and may you be thru with Dago forever.

¶ "Hey, fellows, any trees up?"

Honors: Buzzard.





VIRGIL EBEN KORNS
PITTSBURG, PA.

"Virgie"

SAY, Harry, did you get the dope about — — and again "Virgie" launches off into one of Mae's most recent hair-raisers.

¶ The "Kid" hails from Pennsylvania but admits that New York is some pumpkins too. Plebe year Sidney tried to kid the Q. T. about Broad but he was wise and we soon learned that once before in his life he had heard of Broadway.

¶ "Fruit, fruit," is his favorite expression, and the way he wanders off into the realms of Calculus is a caution. Why, the "Kid" can make the Witch of Agnesi look like the Cocked Hat of Diodes and a whole lot more. It's a common sight to witness the gang flock around for a clearer understanding of the situation, for the "Kid" is clever and we all know it.

¶ "Virgie" is not exactly what you would term a Red Mike either. His lead is a strong one and as a navigator he's a wonder.

¶ "May I relieve you of this beautiful young lady?" From then on the other fellows have n't even the chance of the proverbial snowball on a July afternoon.

¶ Not a better man can be found to make a liberty with; for he's game and always ready for a good time. Just set him loose with the Shad and the Fats suffer. But that's another story.

¶ "Oh, "Virgie," I feel like skaggin' one that long."

¶ "Say, Harry, Theda's in town."

Honors: Buzzard;
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1.



HAROLD MARKELL
FALL RIVER, MASS.

"Harry" "Hercules" "Mark" "Hoic"

WHAT, from Massachusetts and not savvy? This can not be! Yet impossible as such a state of affairs may appear, it is nevertheless true, for our "Hercules" never did take too strongly to Pappus's analytical addition of vectorial chords.

¶ However, they say every dog has his day, and not meaning any offense we admit that so it is with "Andsome 'Arry." His first success came in a stubborn battle with that redoubtable enemy, the strength machine, when he proved himself the superior of us all. Frankly, he looks the part as he parades to and fro in the gym with his lordly air of ownership.

¶ We judge from the number of pink tinted epistles which he receives daily and from the "drags" which are his fortnightly, that the feminine mind is strongly attracted by the "cave man" style.

¶ An ardent lover of the rough and tumble is our "Harry," even though to make it interesting he requires some half dozen husky opponents.

¶ Underneath his fun-loving exterior there lies a seriousness and fidelity to ideals that cannot be other than admirable. We who know him best, see him as the generous, whole-hearted fellow that he is.

Honors: Buzzard;
Track N;
Track Squad, 4, 3, 1.





RAYMOND WILSON HOLSINGER
AMES, IA.

"Oats" "Holsy" "Too Long"

RIN you beat it? Just as I was about to begin this week's *Saturday Evening Post*, some rough-neck busts in and heaves my whole bed into the corridor." And "Too Long's" goat was running around minus a stern spring, for the one thing he hates is to be interrupted while boning one of Ring Lardner's latest.

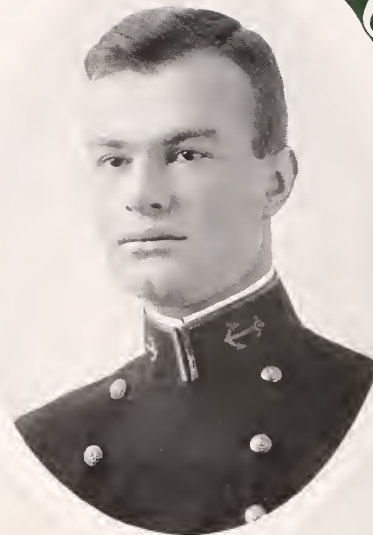
¶ But while Ray's theories have been developed by a consistent perusal of contemporary fiction, his practical applications have had the appearance of the real thing.

¶ His lean and lanky frame looks awkward enough off the stage, but when he gets it unlimbered on the basketball court the sport becomes strenuous indeed.

¶ As for his mental accomplishments, he pushed the star men for first place in Youngster skinny, and he's never had any premonitions of approaching storms, by hearing the breeze whispering thru the leaves.

¶ First Class cruise he was one of the fortunates who hit duty in the armored cruiser *Squadron*, and tho' he claims to have stood 28 hours of watching out of 48 on one trip to sea in pursuit of Hun subs, he still holds that the game is worth the candle and that the Navy is the place to end his three score and ten.

Honors: Buzzard;
Basketball Numerals, 3.



WILLIAM HERMAN HUTTER
AUSTIN, TEX.

"Tex" "Bill" "Buck"

THIS bright and sunny bit of southern verdure gathered his beautiful complexion in the sometimes sunny environs of Austin, Texas. His reflected light is that described as infra red. In other words, he can't be seen for the smoke.

¶ "Bill" was in deep mourning all Plebe year over a wedding in which he expected to play a leading part, but to which he did n't even get a bid. However, since the faithless one's picture disappeared from his locker door he has somewhat recovered his spirits. Just ask the femmes in Harrisburg, St. Louis, Austin, or San Marcos! ☹ ☹

¶ Ordinarily William is a peaceful lad, but occasionally he can engage in argument. His usual method is to array his facts and crown them with the greatest, a two-bit bet. Take a tip from "wifey" and never try to gnom one of those two-bits. There's generally a gentleman of color in the ash heap and sometimes a pole-cat under the back porch ☹ ☹

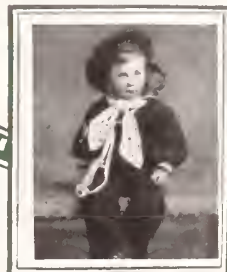
¶ "Tex's" life has been one long bout with the Math Department. In Plebe year they thought they had him, but he held out a joker and gummed their game with a 3.5 exam ☹ ☹

¶ He has never been mixed up with the Masqueraders, but they surely lost a bear of an act when they missed his inimitable role of "Woodrow Jones."

¶ "Tex" held down two stripes in the "Fightin' Seventh" Plebe summer, and a man who can do that can be banked on to get away with anything.

¶ "I don't give a cuss—the book is wrong."

Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman.





SIEGFRIED HANNAH
MONTCLAIR, N. J.

"Sig" "Tunk"

IF there is such a thing as an old salt in our modern Navy, "Tunko" will cop the prize. Siegfried may not be a book savoir, but the man who can get more pleasure out of a gale to port or tiding out a hurricane is yet to be found.

¶ Plebe year he fought the math department to a draw in eight months and slammed across a home run in September ☛ ☛

¶ Youngster year with no semi-ans, things went better, but with a Nav. P-work every two weeks it was impossible not to lay a course across an island or two, or ram a reef occasionally. However many trees he climbed, tho, it never spoiled his fun, and it was a caution to the savvy birds in the neighborhood to hear him say, "Well, I sure did fool 'em this month, boys; only climbed three bushes."

¶ But speaking of fussers! Any day he did n't get at least three letters of the pink and fufn variety was an off day. And his locker door—no one ever did get beyond that camouflage. Every Saturday the two-ten found him waiting, and it was a rare occasion when he needed a hod ☛ ☛

¶ "Sig" has worked hard, just to continue with us. His success is merited and therefore will endure the longer.

Honors: Buzzard.



VAN FITCH RATHBUN
GLENDALE, ARIZ.

"Rath" "Count"

THIS curly-haired westerner came to Crabtown fresh from chasing Indians and rattling rattlesnakes on an Arizona ranch. It did n't take him long to change his course for now he's a real seagoing tar.

¶ He made excellent weather of the Academic storms; in fact was never even forced to shorten sail more than two reefs. On that occasion he had a brush with the English high seas fleet. Math for him is like taking birdseed from a cuckoo clock, and his favorite saying was, "What's the math? Is it hard?" He asked that of his roommate, too, who would not know a radius of gyration if he saw one lying on the deck.

¶ Probably the best rifle shot in the class, "Van" rated and won the captaincy, First Class year, and conned the experts thru a very successful season on the range ☛ ☛

¶ A clever dancer, a cheerful worker, and always impressing in his sincerity—that's "Van."

¶ "Hey, got any more prunes down there?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Rifle Squad, 4, 3, 1;
r.Nt;
Captain Rifle Team, 1.





KENNETH EUGENE BRIMMER

RAWLINS, WYO.

"Cutie" "Bug"

CHIS is the original fusser extraordinary and snake plenipotentiary. "Cutie" has studied the great Academy game from all angles, from balancing the family china to inspecting John Paul's tomb with a friend's friend.

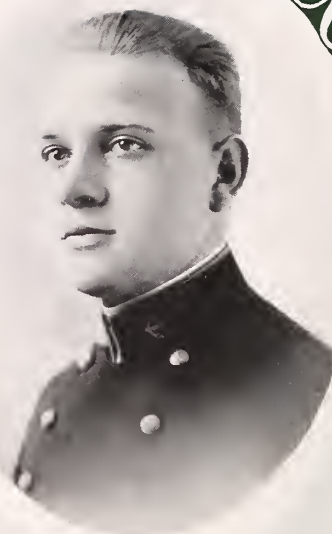
¶ He has never had much trouble in keeping clear of Academic shoals and has therefore been able to apply himself diligently to the higher math of social choice and chance, to the sport of the brave and the reckless, to the fearsome pleasure of dragging blind.

¶ Until you get within his range, "Cutie" seems to be a quiet little chap, a wise owl in a way, but what a shock is yours when Brimmer speaks. That heavy line is at once the envy of his classmates and the despair of the femmes. While "Cutie" has boned the Cosmo, Andy has torn his hair (merely a figure of speech) in despair at his roommate's lack of industry, but "Cutie's" gift of gab and a vivid imagination have consistently helped him to gather in marks of no mean variety.

¶ "Cutie" has taken life pretty easy during his stay with the Regiment. Life has just been one letter and magazine after another, but watch his wake when he finally buckles down to work and combines his natural ability with that fighting Navy spirit which he shows when you remark, "Oh, Eugene! I hear that you were bricked."

¶ "Hey, 'Cutie!'"

Honors: Buzzard.



ERIK LINCOLN ANDERSON

WARREN, MINN.

"Andy" "Swede" "Line"

CHAT was some Juice trec. I'll say so! Did you see my name adorning it?" It's usually there, too, because "Andy" does n't believe in getting mental fatigue from the strenuous boning. He has a good imagination, though, and a happy faculty of "mixing 'em up;" so he never goes unsat in the same species of mental torture two months in succession.

¶ "Andy's" moment of inertia equals plus infinity and it takes nothing short of a 4.0 queen to get him moving. But when the femmes are around, he'll even take a chance on the cousin of a friend's friend. In fact, he went so far Youngster year as to capture the hearts of the well known Naptha Beauties. When he gets warmed up on that triple expansion, non-reversible, center-packed saxophone of his, nothing that wears hairpins and powders her nose can resist him. If you haven't heard him at the Glee Club concerts, leading his gang of glass blowers, you don't know what real music is.

¶ "Gadget! Where's the gadget?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Musical Clubs, 4, 3, 1.







PAUL HUMPHREY
PORTLAND, ORE.

"Hump"

IT was not until First Class cruise on the old *New Jersey* that we learned to know the "Hump" for what he was. When he slept, nothing could wake him, but when he worked, well, he finished the things he started. As a commissary officer at Table Two he was a total failure, but made up for it by his ready line ☞ ☞

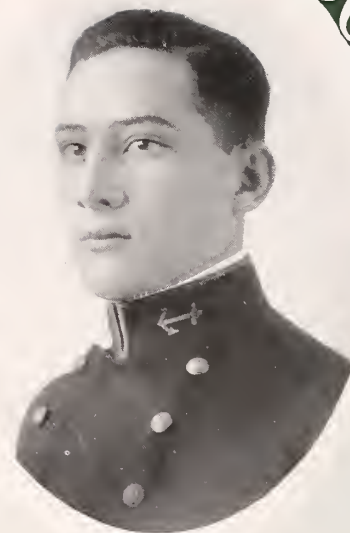
☞ When it comes to fussing, Paul simply does not ☞ Youngster year he was prone to help the good cause along—even went to the extreme of making up his roommate's bed on hop nights while said roommate was dancing indiscriminately on the gym deck, or some fair damsel's dainty feet. But, aside from unavailing endeavor to learn to dance, that was as far as "Hump" ever got. A fleeting glimpse of the dozen pictures he has of his California sweetheart is all the explanation necessary.

☞ Book savviness and "Hump" have n't hitched at all times, perhaps due to the fact that his love of argument exceeds his discretion on occasion. For the sake of argument he'd dispute Bowditch himself, or attempt to prove the world square.

☞ "Hang the formula, use your bean once in a while."

☞ "Did I get a letter today? No! Well, I'll get two tomorrow then." ☞ ☞

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



KENNETH COURTNEY HAWKINS
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

"K. C." "Hawk" "Rabbi"

THIS black-haired son of the original Munchausen dropped in on us from somewhere down in the Everglades, not known to any one. The next, and to every one he was "Rabbi." Some one fancied a resemblance to the sons of Israel, and, so christened, "Rabbi" at once he became. For he was everywhere, around, among, behind, betwixt—everywhere, and always with "the line that made the Kaiser blush."

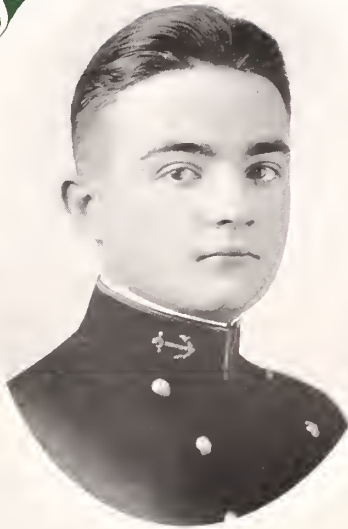
☞ That promiscuity which so speedily make him and his line famous is a characteristic of "Rabbi." Take him where you will, into what you will—seamanship, tennis, dancing, sailing, swimming, fussing—and he does them all moderately well, all except boning; that territory to him is labeled "verboten."

☞ But take him into friendly territory, get him started on his line, ("Boatswain, let go the spare anchor, and stand by to veer") you might as well send out the S. O. S. for help, or go down with your ship; you are hopelessly outclassed ☞ We have sailed the gloomy depths of treacherous rivers, scaled the dizzy heights of mountains, and clung by our eye-teeth and last week's growth of whiskers to the dash board as we rounded the deadly curves in racing autos, and always we have been left, gasping for breath, while he sped on, hardly breathing—for this is his line ☞ ☞

☞ "Rabbi" he still is, and probably will be to us all his days in the service, but "Rabbi" now, with a different thought and feeling. For that name signifies to us now a fellow officer whose genius for machinery is worth knowing, whose capabilities are many, and who will take his part wherever he is needed.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Movie Operator;
Expert Rifleman.*





THOMAS HINCKLEY ROBBINS, JR.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

"Robby" "Tommy" "Slim"

WHO is the little fat man with the pink cheeks that talks like an Englishman?" That's "Slim," all right. Have you ever heard "Tommy" discourse on "La Vie Parisienne?" Just prepare yourself for an all-night treat and get him started on Freud or cousins or women in general. It's great. There was a telegram once, but—that is another story.

"Slim" takes life a trifle seriously sometimes, but his friends have observed such rare phenomena as an occasional sense of humor, much to the scandal of his profound dignity. He is never afraid of expressing an opinion or obeying his sense of duty, and once done it is right; anyway he stands by it as such for all that he is worth. He is addicted (afflicted) to Bernard Shaw, Rameses, Formosa-Oolong and a weird sort of ukulele, peculiar to the touch of one, Robbins, Esq.

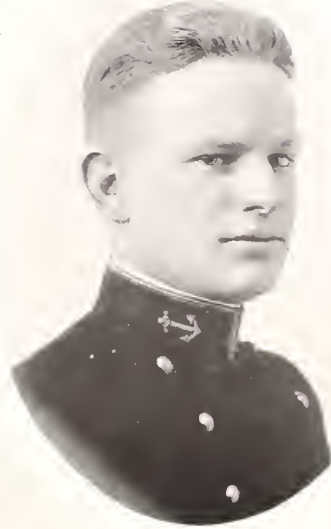
His reputation as a savoir was earned early Plebe year and refused to be lived down. Math and Dago vied with each other for his every favor, but it was afterwards learned that his real bent runs in the direction of the Hymnal. He will explain if you ask him—perhaps.

The best wishes of us all are yours always, "Fats," even unto that fabulous ambition you so modestly confided one night in the office.

"Listen, I have got a new one to tell you."

(Staff) "Make the best of way," etc.

Honors: Two Stripes, Battalion Adjutant;
Star, 1, 3;
Lucky Bay Staff.



ROBERT EDMUND ROBINSON, JR.
GALVESTON, TEXAS

"Robby" "So Help Me"

ELL! so help me!" and Bobbie surveys another tea fight. In a minute, you can find him with the biggest piece of cake. Really, his figure ill bespeaks the fame of his appetite.

Bob's most striking characteristic may be told in one word—steadiness. In foul weather and fair, amidst the countless ups and downs in the life of a midshipman, you will always find him in the morning as you left him the night before. When we have all been up in the air, often have we sought his counsels and profited thereby.

As a fusser, Bear Brummel can not surpass him. Queens are as pawns in his hands. Poor boy, he was before his time. If yeomanettes were profs here now, Robbie could star with his eyes closed.

As a savoir he is not, though he has never had to worry much.

As an athlete, he had splendid prospects on the courts, but between his "text books prepared especially for the use of midshipmen" and a bevy of ladies, Bobbie seldom saw the contents of his racquet case.

Rob has always been a good influence to us. Diligence, helpfulness, and the happy faculty of giving his best, have always marked his path through our Alma Mater's three years of Academic bliss.

Honors: Buzzard.





FRANCIS WILLES BEARD
PENSACOLA, FLA.

"Kelley" "Gadget" "Frank"

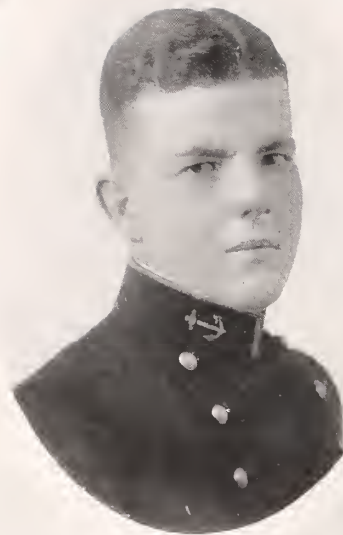
WHERE'S Kelley?"—"Up in sick bay."—"What's the matter?"—"Nothing but a bad case of examinitis!"

"Kelley" is one of our most constant unsats, but yet he never worries or gives up hope. Just goes on in his quiet, smiling way. It is unfortunate that he does not wear a star, for whatever he does know he shares with others with frank generosity. Many of us swore by his "dope" Youngster year. Besides, "Kelley" is manager of our crew, having been elected by a great majority, after a stirring speech by "Packy" "that he gave 'em all he had last year and is going to do it again this year, and he rates the job." "Gadget" not only rates the job, but anything else we can give him; once he puts his shoulder to the wheel we know that his quiet determination and steady going will bring home the bacon.

"Kelley" is shy, rather timid, and people often imagine that they have put one over on him, but—watch that smile! The joke has n't been wasted; and then suddenly you'll wake up to the fact that the joke is n't on "Gadget." You're it!

"Kelley" is somewhat of a fusser, but *not* a dragger. He dragged once. She brought her sister with her, and Sister was six-six and 300 pounds net. "Gadget" made Jimmie drag her because Jimmie is five-foot-nothing and unused to heavy work.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Crew Squad, 4, 1,
Manager Crew,
Expert Rifleman.*



ARMON DAVIS ACHESON CRAWFORD
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Pug" "Army"

OH, look at that little boy dressed up like a Midshipman!"

Who would have thought that our own "Pug" could have been the subject of such a remark? However it only shows lack of knowledge on the part of the speaker. Who other than a Midshipman and an ardent advocate of the Old Navy could assume such a nonchalant attitude and show it in every motion?

Wait until you see him "on the ballroom floor." His languor drops from him with speed that reminds you of one of our latest destroyers on her trial run.

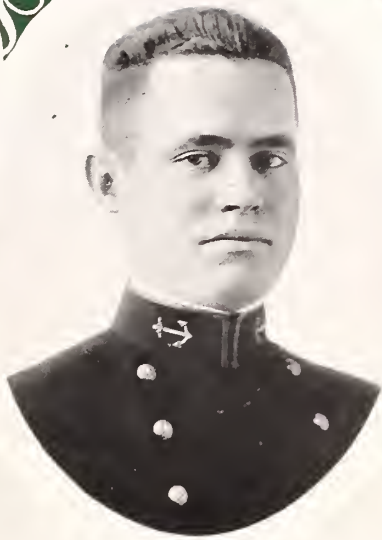
Sunday morning, tho, just look "Pug" over in Smoke Hall. He is a wreck and nominates himself for perpetual membership in the "Nevah Mo" club.

However, not even Saturday night can ease up his line a turn or two. That slow, incessant drawl resembling the constant drone of a hive of bees is, perhaps, his greatest charm. Who can resist a half hour in Smoke Hall listening to it and then feel that we have so much reason to be rhino after all?

But above all we will remember "Pug" for his loyalty to the crew. Each spring he betakes himself to the stern-sheets of the first shell, hurls invective at the laboring oarsmen, and enjoys his ride up past the little Red House to the tune of "stroke, stroke." As a cox'n few can even hope to be in his class, and the X cross oar is his proudest possession.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Crew N crossed-oar;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1.*





JAMES HERBERT CHADWICK
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

"Tex" "Darwin" "Unk" "Jojo"

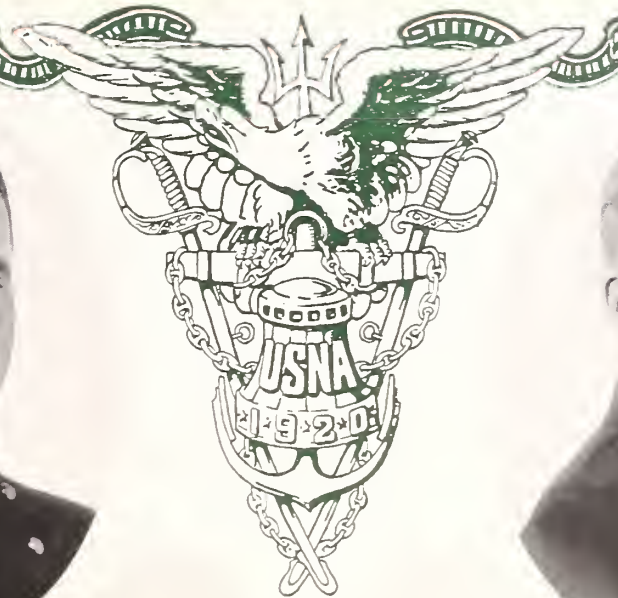
HERE we are, gentlemen, right from the wild and woolly West. Wild is expressing it mildly. His favorite pastime is backing majestically in the corner of a room, waving a broom furiously over his head and defying any and all to capture him and put him in his packing box.

¶ "Hoot in the face, what is the uniform for drill?" "Goosh almighty, dam Mr.—don't you know the designer of the Naval Academy seal?" Chadwick left Fort Worth, with a big army saber and two six-shooters, bound for Annapolis. On arrival in Annapolis he mistook St. John's College for the Naval Academy and reported to the president with his big saber buckled on and guns slung for quick action. That individual kindly informed him that he was at the wrong place, and hereupon "Darwin" became exceedingly wroth. A battle of words punctuated with .45 caliber leads ensued. The survivors of the police force assured him that he was truly in the wrong place.

¶ And—oh, for the ladies! Many are those who have attempted to look into those deep, dreamy orbs, but not one, mind you, not one has withstood what she saw there. They fall in groups. He never misses a possibility—perhaps time will tell.

¶ Chadwick is a true son of Texas. Instinctively, he knows when to throw on the old fork and drive on. The Academic Department likes him and he likes the navec. That combination and a heart as big as his native State is going to carry him far in making good in the Big Show.

Honors: Buzzard.



JOHN HENRY FEATHERSTONE
MACON, GA.

"Red" "G. G. N. W." "Gyrene John"

SOME people are Northerners, some come from the South, and some don't come from anywhere in particular, but "Red" does n't belong to any of the above types,—he 's from Georgia. "Yes, suh! I 'm from Macon, Georgia, suh!"

¶ Ages ago, back in his dear old sunny land, "Red" used to be a soldier; in fact he was a sergeant in the State Militia. Then by some peculiar act of fate, the Gyrene came to the home for future admirals. But he is still the same soldier that he was in the old days; still with that snappy military appearance.

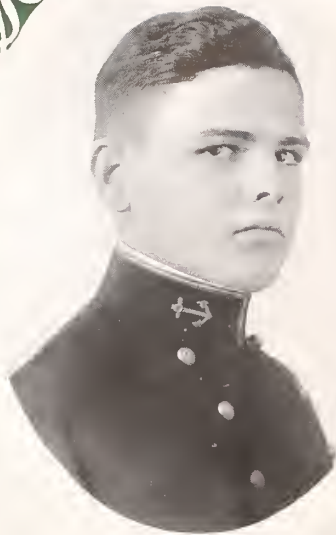
¶ However, "Red" is famous for other things, too. He is a pure, honest-to-goodness Red Mike, and never has been seen in the presence of even a chaperone. Professor Bell enticed him to attempt the graceful art after much endeavor, but never since has he been guilty of the act.

¶ The Gyrene is a quiet man, not a mixer, and would like to seem hard. But his bark is much worse than his bite, and the silent one would rather take a licking than hurt any one. To really know him you have to be one of his friends; after the ice is broken you find him to be a warmhearted and true pal.

¶ "Red's" life ambition is to become a marine, and we all hope that he is successful in his hopes, for no man could be better suited to the job. When he meets up with any of his sea-going friends, he will always be sure of a hearty welcome.

Honors: Buzzard.





EUGENE TALBERT ALDRIDGE

HARDY, MISS.

"E. T." "Gene"

CURLY, black hair top side of a pair of laughing black eyes, and Mississippi geniality in his smile are the visible attributes of the bean that surmounts "E. T's" Plebe braec. Early in life he acquired the rep of being a "good" Plebe. This fact and the 3.25 average which he bats out with ease has made his career a strikingly uneventful one.

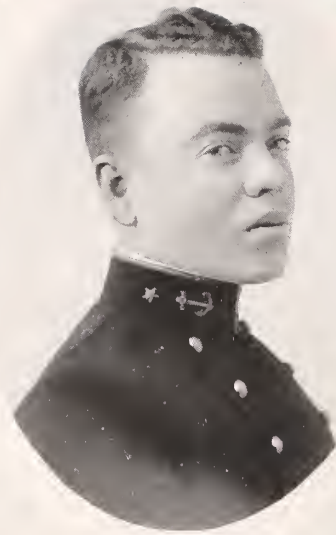
¶ The old saying that "still waters run deep," is exemplified in "Gene," however. His good humor and ready friendship refuse to be suppressed, but he seldom talks unless he has something to say and you have to truly know him to understand his real worth.

¶ Two stripes adorn the boy's sleeve and he has conscientiously and well discharged his duties.

¶ Being matrimonially unattached, "E. T." has visions of spending his first years on the outside on the Asiatic Station. Failing that, he claims submarines for the scene of his trial runs.

¶ Wherever he goes he'll be a true friend and an efficient officer.

*Honors: Two Stripes;
Lucky Bag Staff.*



ROSCOE FLETCHER GOOD

FOSTORIA, OHIO

"Romeo"

FOR months and months the gang sat around and hungrily eyed the editor. The stern word was, "Get that man!" But no one would tell what "Romeo" is, any more than they would care to tell what he is n't, for the fear of losing a soft job on the staff.

¶ "Goodie" came to this Reserve heaven with a past. Behind him were the tender years spent in the night police courts as eub reporter on the sheet baek home.

¶ "Romeo" gave the Academy the "benefit of the doubt" and began to cast about for new worlds. He rather fancied the Lucky Bag as a counter-irritant for the boredom of the Academies; seven months later the job was his.

¶ "Romeo" hung on the shiny brass rail the first day of leave, taking deeply of the original drink—the pasteurized sort. A wonderful fight was in session in the offing and the Rum-Seller was tenderly fingering the Bung starter.

¶ "Is that a private fight," inquired "Romeo" with a jerk of the thumb towards the melee, "or can any one get into it?"

¶ In grim seriousness that countenances no interference, Good has clutched everything from a non-reg. Fat to a star, two times up and once to go.

¶ Each day "Romeo" waits at the mail room for the scented bit of pink. Sometimes it does n't come and then "Romeo" sits right down on the stairs and tells God all about the perfectly rotten mail service he has had to contend with, and the Plebes stand by in dumb and silent admiration while the paint work on the bulkhead softens and slowly blisters.

*Honors: Three Stripes;
Star, 4, 3, 1;
Editor in-Chief Lucky Bag;
Honor Committee, 4;
Log Staff, 4, 3.*





PAUL RAYMOND STERLING
SOUTH BERWICK, ME.

"Pete"

ASEAGOING gait, an overgrown Adam's apple, a too-big hat on the back of his gonk—and "Pete" confronts you. "Pete" displayed his love for the weed and his fund of sense and nonsense at one and the same time way back in the Plebe summer nights when he and his third deck cohorts sat out on the balcony after taps to burn oil.

¶ As a genius, "Pete" is not. He has never worried about the price of stars, and his remark, "This place don't feel right unless I'm unsat" has been only too often true. Not that he is wooden, either—so far as books go he is among the unaccounted for; but practically, he's in his element.

¶ "Pete" has never been known to drag, but First Class leave he carried a miniature to the one and only way "Down East." The fact remains, too, that he has made exceedingly good use of the mail chute.

¶ As far apart as the poles in their main characteristics, the friendship between "Pete" and "Goodie" has been a marvel and an education to them both. Considerable pep has been injected into various pages of this Lucky Bag from "Pete's" ever-ready supply of apt superlatives.

¶ He's as hard to compare as one of his own adjectives.

¶ The ambition of years will be realized when "Pete" gets braid up his back and gold on his cuffs. He promises to typify his name in his future career.

Honors: Buzzard;
Log Staff 4, 3;
Rifle Squad 1;
Lucky Bag Staff.



CARLETON COLE CHAMPION, JR.
CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Champ" "C. C." "Rho" "Oolong"

AFTER being classmates with "Champ" for nigh onto three years we are prone to judge Mother Eve less harshly. If the serpent in the Garden had anything on him we can't blame her. In fact, we are rather inclined to hand "Roe" the honors, for who ever heard of a snake that could manipulate a tea-cup, three slices of cake, and the-kind-the-women-love conversation all at the same time?

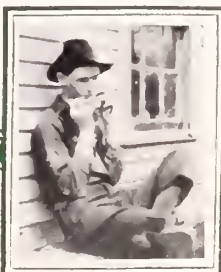
¶ Next after the women the thing "Champ" loves the best is a good fast boat. Most any day there's a single-reef breeze, you can see him in a half rater, all sail set, and the lee rail under. And he knows his job, too. When it comes to the fine points of carrying sail a little longer, or getting a knot more out of a water-logged old tub, he's the man for the job. Hard luck was all that kept him from winning the Thompson binoculars Youngster year when he deserved to win.

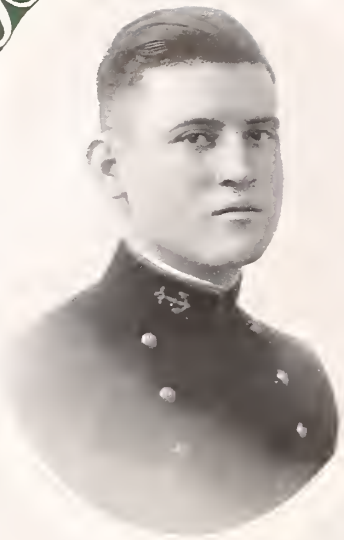
¶ Naturally savvy, "Champ" has nevertheless flirted with the Academic department often enough to feel its fangs, but good luck coupled with eleventh hour streaks of real brilliancy have kept him in the race, and he bids fair to finish strong. With all the fiery, easily roused temper of the true Southerner, he is nevertheless typical of his race in generosity, hospitality, and true gentlemanly traits.

¶ "I suppose you think that's funny when a guy wants to sleep."

¶ "Twenty minutes for a bath, shave, change clothes, shine my shoes, and make knots for the Row. Whoopee!"

Honors: Buzzard;
Log Staff, 4, 3;
Lucky Bag Staff.





BERNARD JOSEPH KELLEY

EXETER BOROUGH, PA.

"Biddy" "Bee-jay" "Wild Irishman"

BEHOLD above, gentle reader, the likeness of a true son of Erin. To sound the depths of his Celtic nature, you have only to call him Dutch; his irascible pet of the genus Capricornus will amble right out into full view.

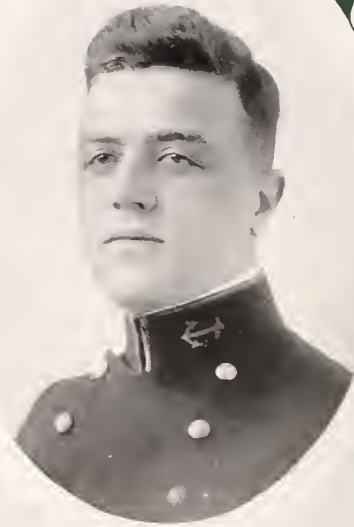
Perhaps it is n't fair to bring up his past in this manner, but we feel that "the truth must out." Picture our own Bernard Joseph—he who mothers all homeless Plebes—birch rod in hand, posing as the autocrat of the school room, the imperious taskmaster of a score of mischievous pupils. Inconceivable, we grant, but nevertheless a fact. In his defense we must state that he soon reformed and chose the Navy as a more lucrative profession.

Since entering this young men's finishing school, our Celtic friend has distinguished himself for his regness. He has also shown leanings towards savviness, for he likes to bone. Quite often subject to spells of rhinoism, he has, by his own admission, passed only two exams in the whole three-year course. But as the smoke of battle clears away, we are inclined to believe that he must have discovered a knot hole in the Academic Board, for he always has the inside dope.

"Sure, I'll drag." And in spite of the fact that the vaunted 4.0 always shrinks to a complimentary 1.5, the big-hearted Irishman never fails and never flinches and, what's more, never refuses to sacrifice himself again.

"Vegetable barge alongside, sir."

Honors: Buzzard.



JOHN PETERS VETTER

DETROIT, MICH.

"Jawn Peter"

VETTER hails from the auto city. He is rabidly proud of Detroit and just a little proud of M. A. C., so be careful what you say about the Michigan Aggies.

He has a regular "sea-going" roll and a most astounding capacity for bread and butter. His two most famous phrases are "passa bread" and "I crave butter."

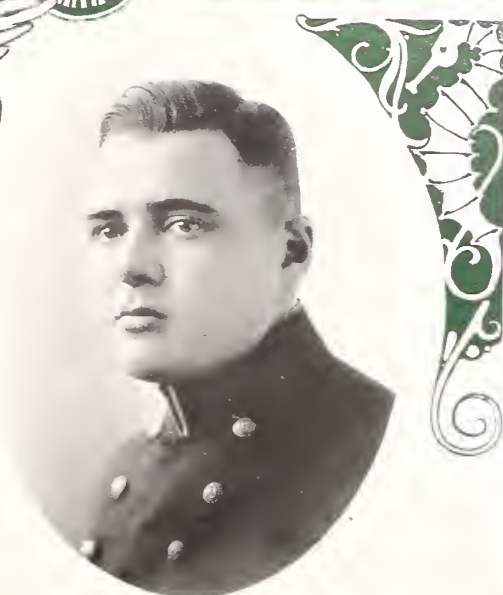
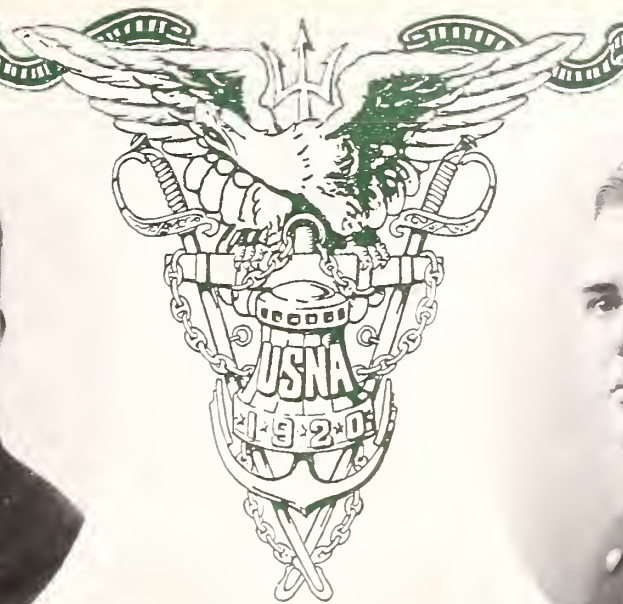
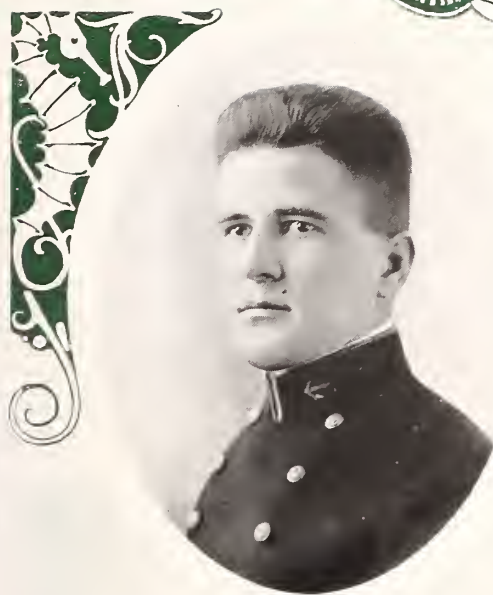
Watch him ooze into ranks some formation. He rolls up to his squad, steps into place, turns around three times, shakes himself, and is then ready to repel any possible attack.

While Vetter does n't exactly pose as a snake, still he has been seen dragging several times. He admits that he has a preference for blonds over brunettes.

Of a genial disposition, sincere and earnest in all his work, "Jawn P." has earned the respect of all with whom he has come in contact.

Honors: Buzzard.





SANFORD HENRY CASTEEL
EVERETT, PA.

"Ivory" "Castly"

SAMUEL WAKEFIELD CANAN
ALTOONA, PA.

"Sam" "Sammy" "Caruso"

HET'S pack up, get out of this place, and go West."

¶ With this line, "Ivory" starts a bull fest every night which lasts throughout the entire study hour.

¶ Before he joined the Navy, "Ivory" was roaming over the country to see what he could see. It seems the work of one summer in the Kansas wheat has excited him to greater efforts, so his prevailing desire now is to go West.

¶ "Ivory" received his nickname the first night the Upper Classmen were back from Sep leave. When it was informally decided that his dome looked more like a piece of castel and hence the name.

¶ "Ivory's" one ambition around this place has been to become a second Frank Gotch. He has plugged away hard each winter for a place on the wrestling squad, but he's had Dame Fortune on the other side.

¶ "Heck's" happiest day around here was when we dropped Math. He was generally on the weather side of a 2.5 but it took all his energy to keep there.

¶ While Casteel has a big heart very few people know him well. Those who do will always be glad to have known him, and those who hit the same ship with him in later years will wish they had known him better here.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Wrestling Squad.*

IN these pages some have written epitaphs, others have introduced a new genius to an expectant world. We hope these few words will help us appreciate the trials that have stamped "Sammy's" personality on our memory.

¶ In the early days of Plebe year this cherubic countenance appeared on deck the good ship "Twenty." "Caruso" pledged himself to be a deep sea sailor, for better or for worse, and has survived the Academic storms only by a careful observance of Steam Department publications and Boyle's Laws; thus learning how to rescue a 2.5 out of the lee scrappers.

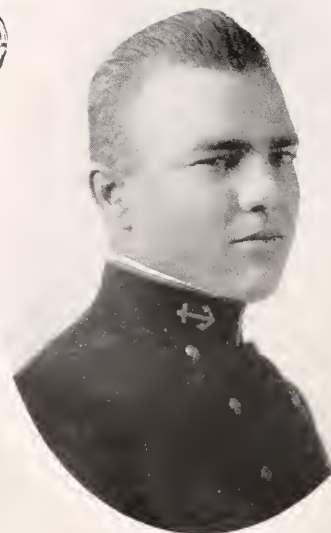
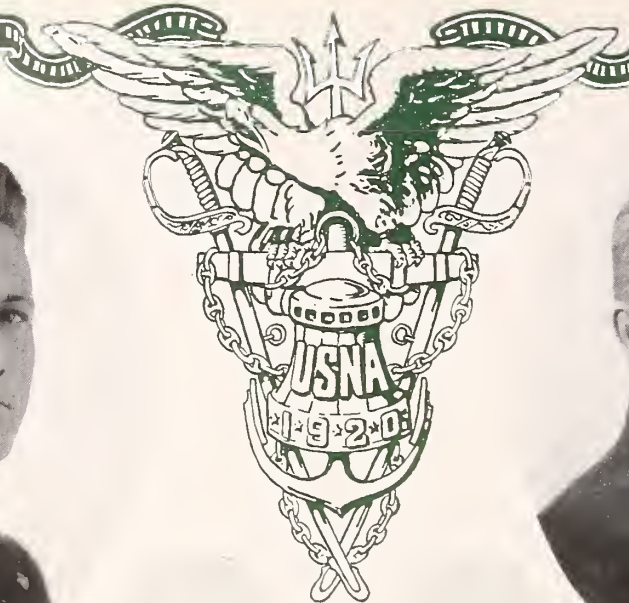
¶ In this Navy, the measure of a man depends upon his ability to be a part of the life that surrounds him; in this respect "Sam" has demonstrated that ability, besides an ambition to graduate. He has made a close second of a wholesome game of rough-house and the art of being just a good fellow.

¶ Known to the Upper Classmen of Plebe year as "Caruso," he was starred in Pa Tevis' perennial fizzle. There is undoubtedly music in his soul; and to hear it striving for expression in some quiet moment when a less turbulent spirit is revelling with Morpheus or in the pursuit of a 2.5, is enough to cause old Neph himself to seek the deepest cavern of the sea in wild retreat.

¶ But in a more serious vein this care-free lad is the possessor of a truly likeable disposition and is a sturdy advocate of the old Navy way of doing things.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Submarine Squad.*





DELMER STATER FAHRNEY

VINITA, OKLA.

EDWARD HAMILTON DOOLIN

RACINE, WIS.

"Del" "Delmar" "Dead Shot" "Three Striper"

"Chester" "Jerry" "Gilhooley"

DELMER just can't wait until Sep. leave breezes around so that he can return to his wild life out in Oklahoma. He is a heap big chief in his native village and it gives him great pleasure to resume his primitive mode of living for a month each year ☞ ☞

☞ Notice that hard jaw and serious face ☞ It denotes character. He is open and above board in everything; good-hearted and capable. Nothing pleases him more than a little rough-house before turning in, and not a night passes without a bang-up tussle in somebody's room.

☞ "Glass in door smashed," has brought him more demerits than all his other paps combined.

☞ "D. S." does n't smoke, but then he did n't dance either until well along in Youngster year, but once he started, oh, my! Every evening preceding a hop you can hear him say, "Let's turn on the phonograph and have a dance." Notwithstanding all his practise he still continues to sweat thru the dreamy waltzes.

☞ One afternoon out at infantry drill he thought it was Saturday night in Vinita and started to shoot up the twelfth company with blank cartridges. The casualties were slight because the shots were well placed.

☞ Fahrney has the qualifications of a good Naval officer for any branch of the service except submarines—although he's been on the submarine squad twice.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Inter-Battalion Champion Crew '17.*

AS soon as "Jerry" reported for duty aboard this boat, he was measured by the D. O. for a football suit. "Jonas" sized him up, and started him in the "A" squad, thereby giving him a chance to work his way up in the world. He made good Plebe and Youngster seasons, playing in many games, but his gridiron career was cut short by that famous shot in the back a year ago.

☞ "Jerry" is a mixture of all the good qualities of Erin and of the square-head state from whence he hails. As for constancy in any kind of an argument or prayer meeting, there is not a member of the Regiment who would not give him a "forty." When everything is peaceful, as for instance on the cruise, "Jerry" usually leads off with a quiet statement as to the validity of some outrageous hypothesis. The opposition then unites, and no matter what the odds against him, his assumption of phony evidence, wild as it may be, always leaves him on the top side. He has been known to rehearse in his sleep, and his endurance is accountable for about fifty per cent of his victories ☞ ☞

☞ First Class year he was unanimously elected Keeper of the Bull in due honor to his famous cruises on the Whited Sepulchre ☞ ☞

☞ Jerry is a man with a heart as big as his voice and body combined, and when it comes to a pinch he will even lend us a snuff of fou-fou for which he saved for months. Everybody knows him as "Jerry," and that is a sure proof of his congeniality and good fellowship.

☞ "Now—on the New York."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Football Numerals, 4, 3;
Keeper of the Bull.*





WILLIAM FRANCIS MORAN

OGDEN, UTAH

"Willie" "Boots"

BOOTS" is what this bunch of well-rounded masculinity answers to, and oh, how he cherishes this name in preference to "Willie!" In fact, he vows that he is going to crown with a shovel the friend that dubbed him this last, when they meet later on at the place where he is going—over the coals!

¶ The intricacies of life never seem to worry the "Boots" boy, nor do studies, for he has celebrated the anticipation of many a hard exam by turning in at eight bells the night before, while poor old "Chub" was picking daisies from the wall at about 1 a. m. wondering what the morrow would bring.

¶ Do you smoke? Well, so does "Boots," and believe me, brother, there is n't a nook or corner in old Bancroft that this lad has n't become acquainted with on the trail of the weed. Occasionally he fusses, but there seems to be "Some one back home" who consumes most of his thought and energy in that direction. And indeed his essays on the fair are marvelous.

¶ As for versatility, just you watch him impersonate Charlie Chaplain or a jungle monkey; he's good, that's all. All joking aside, the class has n't a better-natured or a bigger-hearted boy.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



MORGAN CHRISHOLM WHEYLAND

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

"Chub" "Jawn"

ALTHOUGH not as plentifully supplied with nicknames as most of us, "Chub" fits the name which was lovingly bestowed upon him by a certain young lady who thought he was "Cute" and "Chubby." "Now I ask you, is n't he?" Being handsome has always been his greatest curse and consequently he is invariably seen waiting for one of the Crabtown limiteds on Saturday p. m. praying that his latest "Flame" arrives before the other two.

¶ Soon after the first acquaintance with "I, John Doe, do hereby—", "Chub" found that there was only one way of getting away with a class ring and a sheepskin, and that way was the steep, crooked path of hard work, late nights, and tortoise-shell glasses.

¶ Did he seek a line of less resistance? He did *not*, and like the majority of us feels as proud of a 2.9 or a 3.0 as the savor does of his 3.95.

¶ But for the interference of the Math Department and the hospital, "Chub" would have made good on the wrestling team Plebe year, for he had a hammer lock on a seat at that training table when Willie's "tales of mystery and imagination" demanded his spare time. Otherwise he has never indulged in anything but Mexican athletics and has slipped by with one cruise in the "little white home."

¶ To those of us who have had the good fortune of living with "Chub" for three years and making liberties with him, he has been a real pal and has shown the stuff that makes the man.

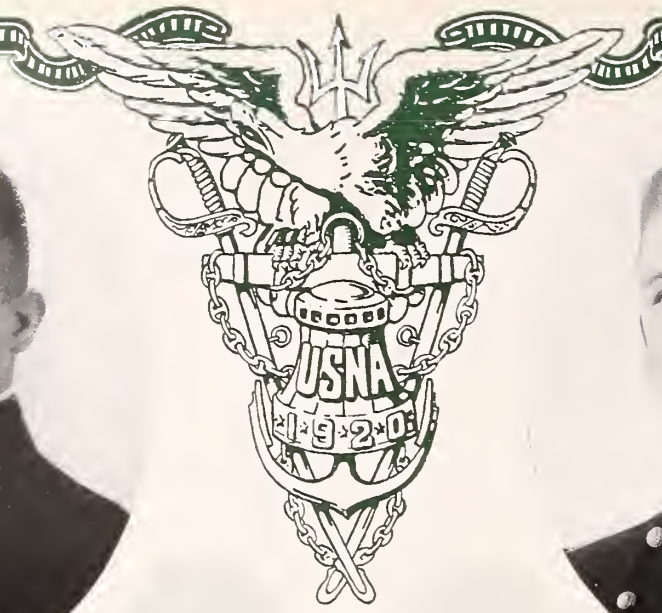
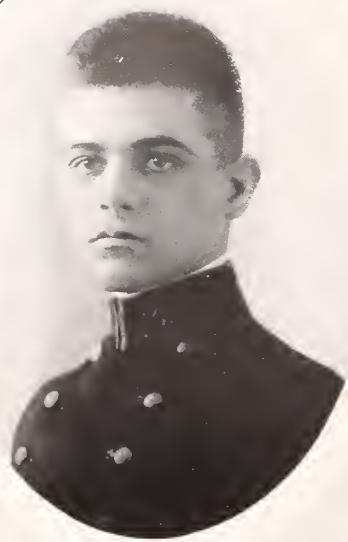
¶ "She's clever fella, me."

¶ "Hub, how'd you know?"

¶ "Say, I'm going to drag a little queen today."

Honors: Buzzard.





JACK ELLETT HURFF
GALESBURG, ILL.

“Loco” “Dopey” “Jack” “Nancy”

CHARLES THOMAS WOOTTEN
NEW BERN, N. C.

“Shrimp” “Wooden”

SHORTLY after his entrance into the Navy, “Nancy” lost his horseshoe and fell into the clutches of the Navy Medical Corps, and that little event with the succeeding two years in the hospital is the cause of many of his present peculiarities. Had Jack been other than the man of individual opinions and tenacious purpose that he is, he would have been among those accounted for long ere two years. To offset a rib and a year of life taken from him by the doctors, he carried with him from the hospital a repertoire of jokes and anecdotes that has kept him under the table two meals a day since his return.

¶ Does n't that portrait exude youth and savviness? It is n't the photographer's fault that he looks but sweet sixteen in his nineteenth year, either. Abundance of beauty sleep is responsible for that, and if he was n't as savvy as he looks, he could n't sleep all his study hours and get away with a two-five, much less stand well above the middle of his class.

¶ With a sometimes perverted but always active sense of humor, almost a Greek in his taste for music, with an opinion of his own on every subject he ever mentions, he is not of the type that obtains or aspires to widespread fame or popularity, but among those who have lived near him or come to really know him in any other way, he enjoys a genuine liking and esteem which bids fair to increase rather than diminish with years to come.

¶ “It's not a habit, it's a gift.”

Honors: Buzzard.

IT was June 10, 1916, when we first saw this amiable mush ambling down the corridor followed by two mokes and a complete household equipment. We found out shortly that he had many ideas of his own about the place. Among the more radical was that, as he figured, benefited by his presence, the United States could enter the war at once and clean house.

¶ Plebe year was nothing for him. With his regular gab he could hold half a dozen First Classmen at bay and still come out with the last word. Youngster year showed the profits of his excellent Plebe development, and though perhaps not as illustrious and everlasting as Caesar, still his orations were certainly many times as voluminous. However, he was a model Youngster in the Tenth Company with a brace that overshadowed five men on each side.

¶ At athletics “el senior Wooting” took a shy now and then. He was a fine boxer for a time; that is, until he met another young hopeful. After that he was all for track.

¶ Upon seeing his marks for the first month of Youngster year “Wooden” was certain he was savvy but later experience showed his mistake.

¶ Much more might be said about Wootten—but what's the use? He's contrary to all the dope, and makes good where he's least expected.

Honors: Buzzard.





JESSE BENJAMIN GOODE

ROMSEY, W. VA.

"Sol," "Jess"

HIS character is a combination of the open-heartedness and ready smile of the Southerner, with the reserve and shyness of the Indian.

¶ Ever since he entered the "one service," he has done his share of the work and has always been ready and willing to lend a helping hand to the man in trouble.

¶ Despite the persistence of classmates and the enticing pictures they painted for him, he was absolutely unknown at the hops, and the idea of a girl caused him considerable embarrassment.

¶ "Plebes is Plebes" was his motto and many a ratee and ignorant Fourth Classman has found it out—with distressing results.

¶ "Sol" is slow to form likes and dislikes and though undemonstrative, once he is your friend there is no mistake that you have an everlastingly faithful "man's man" beside you; the kind of friend who will stick to you in a crisis when every other man has turned against you.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



JIM TOM ACREE

JONESBORO, ARK.

"Jim"

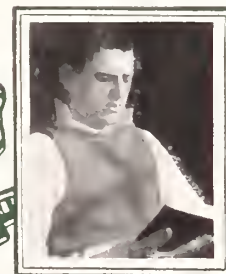
DURING Jim Tom's three years of life, or existence as he terms it, in our midst, he has learned more about Fatimas than any other man in the service — unless perchance it be Jerry Doolin. His two best friends are the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company and the publishers of Cosmo, while his worst enemy is any one averse to allowing closed transoms. Sunday afternoon without the old pipe is worse to Jim than an artillery drill.

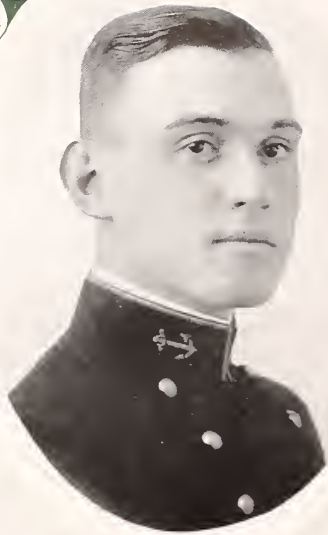
¶ His attitude toward the fair sex is more complicated than any proverbial Chinese puzzle in captivity, but it is rumored, and not without some reason, that the gentleman from Arkansas is not so great a Red Mike as he would have people believe.

¶ Youngster cruise he was one of the foremost engagers in Mexican athletics, and has kept up that rep ever since. He has never gone in for the more strenuous brand of athletics, but when you need a rooter who will pull for the old team with his last ounce of pep or back it with his last son, just call on Jim.

¶ "Hey, whachawl say we wait 'til Saturday to knock off?"

Honors: Clean Sleeve.





HORATIO CLAY SEXTON, JR.
SHELBYVILLE, IND.

"Dad," "Daddy," "Sex"

THE moon beamed in mellow beauty upon the ripples of the Wabash, as they sat there underneath the stars one rare night in June, and he told her that he must go; go to that water, less beautiful perhaps, but to which duty and ambition's desire called him. So they parted, but has either forgotten the May-day's vow? Rather ask if the sea has lost its salt.

¶ When first we beheld those mild brown eyes, those dimpled cheeks and clear, clean-cut features, we all instinctively knew that we were facing a man of culture and refinement, whose companionship it would be a privilege to cultivate.

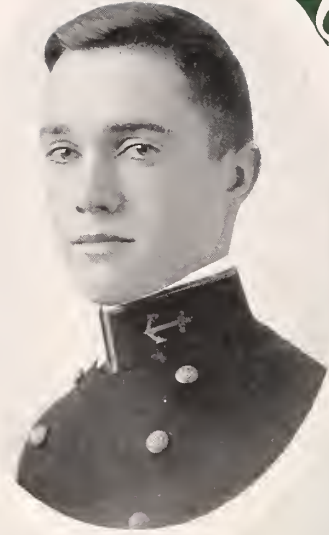
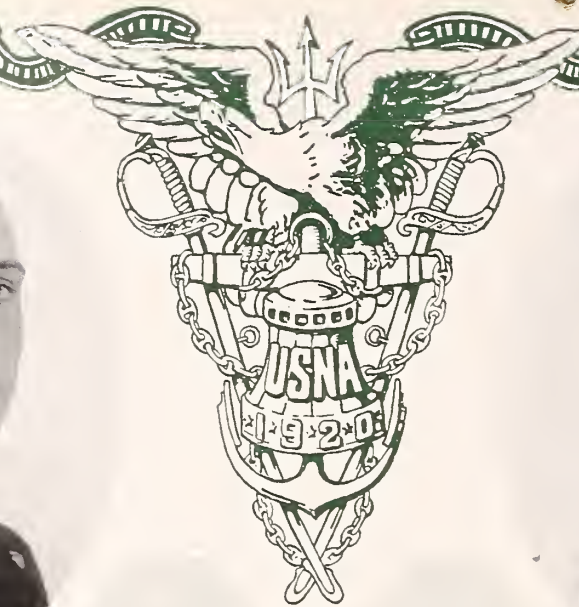
¶ Cultivate is used advisedly; "Dad" is markedly reserved and unassuming, but having once gained his good graces, it is hard to find one who will meet you more nearly halfway.

¶ Again, the word consistent is highly descriptive. Rarely is our "Daddy" guilty of a mistake (notice the bits of heaven on his collar), and just as rarely does he fail to "do what he knows he ought to do at the time he knows he ought to do it," whether he feels like it or not.

¶ "Sex" is a scholar in the true sense of the word, taking an almost abnormal delight in literature of types ranging from the Cosmo to "Les Miserables" up and down the line. But sweetest and dearest of all to his heart is his own beloved M. E. C.

¶ Horatio is a slip-stick artist, but in spite of it, an officer and a gentleman of the highest order, of whom the service is destined to be proud.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Star 3;
Submarine Squad 4, 3.*



CHARLES BUTLER McVAY, 3d
SEWICKLY, PENNSYLVANIA

"Cherub," "Mac"

ALL hail to the "Cherub" from Sewickly, Pa.! In all justice to "Mac" we'll have to admit that he couldn't help his name, and the credit is his for trying to conceal his identity by a camouflage so subtle as being appointed at large!

¶ "Mac" began his academic career as three-striper of the sixth company Plebe summer, and discharged his duties in a way that won him the respect of both his classmates and his officers.

¶ Youngster year the wolf blossomed forth in sheep's clothing, was elected to the hop committee, and thereafter sported white gloves and a sword belt at all affairs, informal and otherwise. As a pilot of yard craft he came to be unexcelled. But the "Cherub" has ever been more than a frivolous fusser. He has worked hard and deserves the success and honors that have come his way.

¶ As the true estimate of a man's success in life depends upon his will and ability to accomplish that which he attempts, "Mac" is entitled to fall in in the front rank. From his friends, and they are many, best wishes for his continued success go with him into the service.

*Honors: Two Stripes;
Swimming Team, 3, 1;
Tennis Team, 4, 3, 1;
Hop Committee, 3, 1;
Honor Committee 3.*





HERBERT CARL RUST
FORT WAYNE, IND.

"Herb," "Rusty," "Nabisco"

PHILIP RAYMOND KINNEY
ALEXANDER, MINN.

"Goldie," "Olaf"

IF the jury were to consist of all the fellows with whose girls the German Band has danced at the hops, "Rustie" would hang. That is why it is so hard to write about him.

¶ The dance is sure enough this boys forte and forty combined. He can put more wrinkles in the ball room floor than there are in the terpsichorean prof's vocabulary.

¶ But it isn't a habit, it's a gift, and we all wonder how he does it. Lives there a man with a femme so unusual that she has not written him insisting that he get her at least four dances with "that Mr. Rust who dances so adorably?" It must be great to be famous.

¶ "Rustie's" atrocities began about the same time that the world was well hardened to the little incidents that happened in Belgium, and therefore did not receive the attention that they merited. True, there was a cessation of perhaps a month, but it would hardly be termed an armistice.

¶ The German Band fox-trotted through almost every subject that the Academic Department has handed us, and the same practical mind has devised a way to bring a half-rater about with a jazzy little kick that at once proves the superiority of Ball room etiquette over Knight or Bowlditch.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Submarine Squad.*

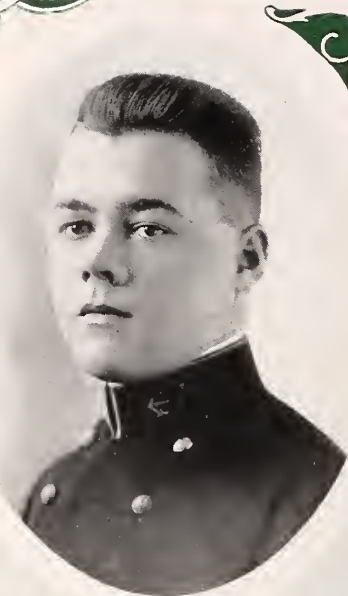
IN appearance "Goldie" is already known to fame; you will see his picture in the altogeth'er in every magazine containing the well-known advertisement for Nuxated Steel. But a midshipman can't get very far on his face, yet Kinney missed the tackling dummy one day at football practise and went about thirty feet on his. For a long time there was a debate as to whether the record should be put on a tablet in the gym or in Memorial Hall.

¶ In his Youngster year Philip rowed on the second crew and was seriously considered for the first crew. He looks every inch a crew man, a fitting background for his three stripes. Somehow that Seventh Company runs like a million dollars and every one has a suspicion that the three-striper runs the Company. The watchmen in the armory claim that a tall blonde has been seen loitering around the regimental colors since early in September. In seamanship the other day a prof heard Kinney muttering, "255½ points and 168 points is 423½ points," and thinking that Kinney was taking the old compass seriously, wrote down a forty.

¶ Once in a while some enterprising chap, in order to give the girl a real treat, has coaxed Kinney to the gym on Saturdays. At all other times it was more or less a matter of duty. Perhaps the reason is not so far to seek. One Who Knows once wrote, "Why should a girl come to the Naval Academy hops? All of the handsome men were long ago measured for the harness."

*Honors: Three Stripes;
Crew Squad 4, 3, 1;
Junior Varsity Crew, 3;
Expert Rifleman.*





ROBERT HARRIS HARGROVE
FRANKLIN, TENN.

"Pluto," "Baby Face," "Cutie"

WHO is that pink-cheeked little fellow over there in the stag line? Oh, that's "Pluto"—have n't you met "Pluto" Hargrove from Spring Hill, Tennessee? He is a little chap, but oh, what a magnet when it comes to the ladies. He came direct from Branham and Hughes where he was "edicated" in the arts of fussing and falling in love.

How he ever came to be dubbed "Pluto" is a conundrum, as he is always so gentle with the fair sex. Possibly it's because he's such a little devil withal, but the real reason has been censored. On Thursdays and Fridays "Pluto" is always the first to ask for mail, because on these days he receives his train orders. Being the most efficient engineer in the yard he is in great demand and because of his expert handling of mechanisms he is generally chosen to shift around the smaller locomotives.

"Pluto," although a strong little fellow with ideas of his own, has been well under the control of "Hoppy." As a result "Pluto" has managed to keep out of seraps and live a reg life. He has proved himself to be a man of ideals, to which he sticks thru thick and thin and for which he is admired. We all know him as a man who is with us in everything

*Honors: Company C, P. O.;
Baseball Squad, 3.*

HERBERT GLADSTONE HOPWOOD
SHAMOKIN, PA.

"Hoppy," "The Welshman," "Dope"

WHO'S that cute little fellow with his turned up? Oh, that's "Hoppy," the little fat Dutch Welshman from Pennsylvania.

Plebe year he gained his only notoriety through damages done in the Choir and Glee Club, where his stentorian voice made him noticeable in spite of his size. He also became famous for his never-to-be-forgotten (never ending) speeches on the navigable properties of Shamokin "euck," or the most wondrous virtues of Shamokin in general.

He came into his greatest prominence, however, on Youngster cruise, when he caused the greatest excitement of the summer on the old *New Jersey* by "busting" three boat gongs on the ships bell about four o'clock one Saturday afternoon.

Lil' Erbie is usually a Red Mike, and his best companion is a pipe of good tobacco. When he is n't hunting the makings, he may usually be found concocting or spreading dope. All real dope, if traced back far enough, will be found to originate with this wily little Irishman.

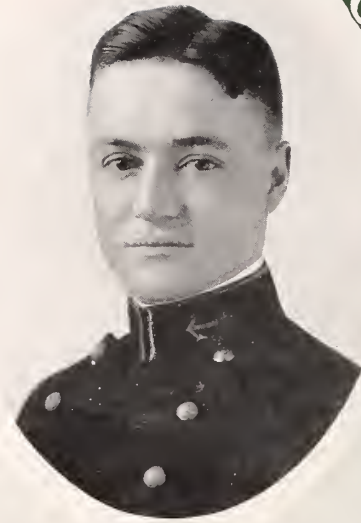
"Hoppy" plugs along the Academic trail, seldom stopping to rest under a sheltering tree. He's a sea-going man with a sea-going roll and a salty vocabulary. Always cheery and ready to tackle any job, "Hoppy" is the kind of man who puts the spirit in our Navy.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Glee Club 4, 3, 1;
Choir 4, 3, 1;
Baseball Squad 3.*





Parker Newton



FREDERICK BROWN KAUFFMAN

MIAMISBURG, OHIO

"Freddie," "Bennie"

FREDDIE is a good-natured, amiable, generous, and, as you perceive, handsome young man; a striver after the big things in life, such as the command of a destroyer or a smile from the goddess seen praneing around the gym with him. (Oh, them lamps!)

¶ "Freddie" is a man doomed to win feminine hearts and to an early marriage. Reason? Simply because he's irresistible and swears that he will never be overcome by the wiles of the shy young maid. This is a sure sign of an early and a hard fall.

¶ To look at "Freddie," one would never suspect that he has a habit, but he has. At various hours of the day he can be seen with a handful of camouflage (powder not used in guns) ready for the discharge and final attack upon the "evidence."

¶ "Freddie" is as savvy in steam as he is wooden in nav—not that he flirts with fate in any subject but because he has a natural bent for indicator cards and Zeuner diagrams. Besides fussing, catching, and boning he has found time to play lacrosse with no small measure of success.

¶ Independent, conscientious and a hard worker. "Freddie" is bound to finish the things he starts.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Lacrosse Squad, 3, 1;
Honor Committee, 3, 1.*

WARNER UNDERWOOD HINES

BOWLING GREEN, KY.

"Undy," "Heinie"

HAVE you ever seen a hot-blooded Kentuckian, an honest judge's wayward son and a silver-tongued orator—I say, have you ever seen them all sleeping in one little white bed? Well, we have, and we call him "Undy."

¶ There was the proverbial weeping and gnashing of teeth from the "bevy of pretty girls" assembled to speed him on his way to a naval career. "Undy" joined us the early part of Plebe summer, gaining great fame as the most verdant of all the "57." His oft received rum cakes were the pride of his roommates and his daily mail of the whole corridor.

¶ As for line and movement, you ought to hear and see him. He ruined three pairs of soles (or was it souls?) the first three weeks of Youngster year, until one sad day he dragged blind. Thereafter "Undy" did his spotting long before coming on the range.

¶ But above all, and through all, our "Undy" is a true Kentucky gentleman; can we say more? He is an earnest worker and knows what he wants. He will find and fill a real place in the service.

¶ "I ain't kidding yuh, gentlemen, something's wrong. I only got three letters today."

*Honors: One Stripe;
Class Supper Committee.*





HENRY THOMAS BIRMINGHAM
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Hank" "Birmie"

HANK" has not a single enemy in any class at the Academy, an unusual record and one to be proud of, while the ease and rapidity with which he makes friends foretells a smooth career in the service.

¶ Being of an army family, Henry has seen much of the world; his address having suffered many changes, but having spent most of his life in the vicinity of New York, he looks upon that city as his home. It is the center of the universe for him, and to hear the enthusiastic tales of good times spent there, we are inclined to believe him.

¶ Henry's struggle with the Academic Department has been a grim one and he sometimes "sees red" when the monthly marks are posted, but the end of each term always finds him still one of the boys and far from the anchor. However, it has prevented him from taking a very active part in athletics, although his strong build and speed won him the position of guard on one of the most successful company football teams Youngster year.

¶ "Hank" is famous for many attributes, some of them being: an enormous bunker capacity, an unusual liking for music from the jazziest rag to the grandest opera; a keen sense of humor, the ability to fuss like a veteran when the occasion demands it, and above all his power to entertain. Every night at 9:30 finds "Hank" the center of an admiring little clique on the old fourth deck rendering an operatic air, a dance, or some imitation to the infinite delight of all present.

Honors: Buzzard.



WADE DEWEESE
BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Dee"

DEE" has many accomplishments. He can swim like a fish, sails any kind of a boat, plays a fast game of tennis, can play anything you want on the mandolin from ragtime to grand opera, and last, but not least, he has the art of fussing down to the last fine point. Although he can navigate Upsher and Porter Rows with his eyes shut, those "on the inside" know that these places fade into the background when a certain young ladies' school is out for the holidays.

¶ As a diversion Wade tinkers around with a camera, but his results resemble those of a profesh more than the rank amateur he claims to be.

¶ Wade thinks that the Navy is about the finest profession in the world; and he is one of the few of us who never get rhino on service life at some time or other.

¶ He was never heard to utter a word of complaint or find fault with any phase of the Service. His highest ambition is to be worthy of its high ideals, and there is no doubt in the minds of his friends that he will make good.

Honors: Company C, P. O.;
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1.





CHESTER ARTHUR SWAFFORD

TERRELL, TEX.

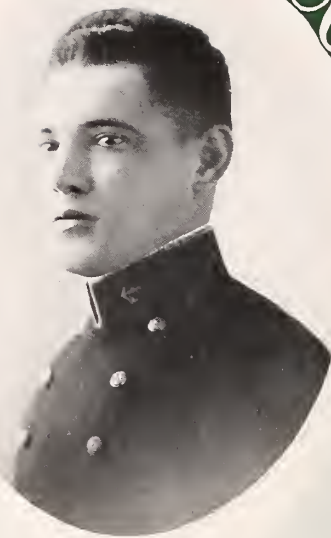
"Swabo," "Swatem"

EXCITABLE, likeable, irresistible, "Swabo," is a man who never accomplished anything easily, but worked hard for everything. From boning all night to keep off the tree to working two years to get on the wrestling team, this handsome boy from Texas has earned the enviable reputation of being a successful plugger.

¶ One at a time gentlemen, and I will finish. "For all," has been his spirit ever since he entered the Navy way back at Goat Hill Training Station when the "Old Navy" was still in vogue. Now after earning one stripe, capturing a place on the baseball squad, rising from the submarine flotilla and taking his place among the Navy grapplers, he has at last thrown off his robe of Red Mike and plunged into the circle of inveterate fussers, to learn the trick of the light fantastic.

¶ With "Swabo" as a shipmate you would be sure to win your battles in the future because "Swabo" will do his damndest to help you through thick and thin.

*Honors: One Stripe;
Football Squad 3;
Wrestling Squad 3, 1;
Baseball Numerals 3.*



WILLIAM WALLACE FIFE

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"Fifi," "Bill," "Biffo," "Fifles"

IT'S a far cry from the Scot ship-builder on the banks of the Firth of Forth to the modern Mid who chats glibly of the mysteries of the sea. But blood will tell and "Bill" fell hard for the Neptune stuff. The old West Coast Navy did its best and its worst for William, but in those days ambition was strong and the Seenav's exams were no obstacle at all. With his barge belayed to the East-bound express and his trusty fiddle under his port boom, Fife laid a straight course for Crabtown.

¶ It was Youngster leave that "Biffo" blossomed forth as a heart breaker. The attraction varied inversely as the distance and Fricso saw him not at all. Should you want information as to the best bathing beach in summer, and the coziest place to catch in winter, ask "Bill." He knows.

¶ Finally embarked as a First Classman, Bill wavered long between the straight and narrow and the bold, bad, Bolshevik. Decision required concentration, which in turn required a quiet corner in Smoke Hall. There being no such corner, Bill is as bad off as ever and consoles himself ever and anon with Lady Nicotine.

¶ Music and money are his failings—collecting the one and spending the other. However, "Bill" does n't confine his generosity to himself. If you really need anything and he has it, why 'nuff sed, it 's yours.

¶ With the end of the beginning in sight, "Biffo" measures up to the best that the Academy has produced, and we can hope for nothing better than to be shipmates with him in the service.

Honors: One Stripe.





DANIEL FISHER WORTH, JR.
BROCKTON, MASS.

"Puss" "Aggie" "Bishop" "Virtue" "Woof"

"AGGIE" is a good-natured, steady son of the New England hills, with a chortle that may easily be taken for a laugh if due notice is given. He has high ideals and good principles which speak for themselves. He is, however, a constant utilizer of the mirror, never having been known to attend a recitation without first wielding the brush.

¶ "Puss" believes in the old navy, and as a consequence he took his full share Plebe year without a whimper.

¶ Youngster year his ability in calc and mechanics proved to be the god-send of the Fifth Company. Whenever he and Georgie of Rochester get together, it's Greek, and as a result "Aggie" usually spends his Sundays in recuperating by slumber. "Puss" admits that he left home once on September leave, but he only went down to the corner to get a paper.

¶ Even with such a cottage-for-two disposition, he smokes and swears occasionally, and dissipates his rhinoism on the Reserves. All in all, "Aggie" chums mostly with the Fifth Company toustabouts, but is a friend well appreciated by all who know him.

¶ "Feather those ears."

¶ "Su-a-a-a-y, have you seen the steam lesson for tomorrow?"

Honors: Buzzard.



ALEXANDER JOHN COUBLE
BROCKTON, MASS.

"Al" "Alex" "Long John"

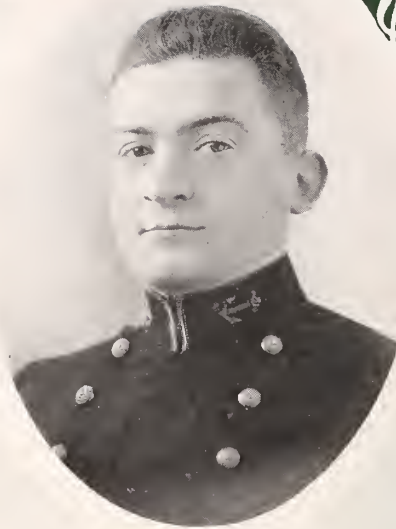
THE Law lost a mighty good man when "Long-John" entered the Navy. Not that he became a sea-lawyer, not by a good old country jug full, but his training sent him to us as a walking Webster's unabridged, and his knowledge of the contents of that famous volume is but little short of Noah's own. And having no jury before which to spiel on his favorite subject he takes it out on "Aggie."

¶ In addition to that uncanny ability of convincing most any one that the moon is flat, he brought with him a determination to succeed in knowing all that he wants to know about everything, and the grit to finish the things he starts. As a result he drifts along in the first hundred and is one of the few whose name has never been engraved on the Academic Board. The same determination has made him over from a third string amateur to a basket ball guard who was capable of creditably filling Beauty Martin's shoes.

¶ But in all his work, "Alex" has never striven for effect, and the little red book is to him a side issue—knowledge is more important than the mark it gets. When June rolls around, academy life fades into the background, and "Twenty" faces the bigger battles of the Service, John can be counted on to the last.

Honors: Buzzard;
Crew Squad, 4;
Basketball Squad, 4, 3, 1,
Basketball Numerals, 4, 3.





CHARLES NORDHAUS GOLDENBERG
TUCUMCARI, N. M.

"Goldie"

SOLOMON SILAS ISQUITH
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Sol" "Yid" "Steamship"

DO, sir. T-n-c-u-m-c-a-r-i, sir. "Goldie" is from one of those bloodthirsty Western hamlets where, many years ago, hangings were as common as hobnails, and every respected citizen carried at least two guns. But times are different now and the only wild and wooly things about our docile subject are the names of his home town and that thatch of shining black hair.

¶ His chief activities during his sojourn among us have been Rifle, Mandolin Club, and playing leapfrog with the Academic Department. He made a success of them all but only after arduous labor. The profs always saw to it that he got his share of weekly advertising, but by constant plugging he managed to finish each term with a couple of hundredths of velvet. Although the course has been far from smooth, his disposition has come far from making every night seem like Sunday night.

¶ Like the most of us he has longed for the peace and quiet of civilian life, but you will see him wearing the blue and gold of the Navy till death do them part.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Mandolin Club;
Rifle Team;
Rifle Mt.*

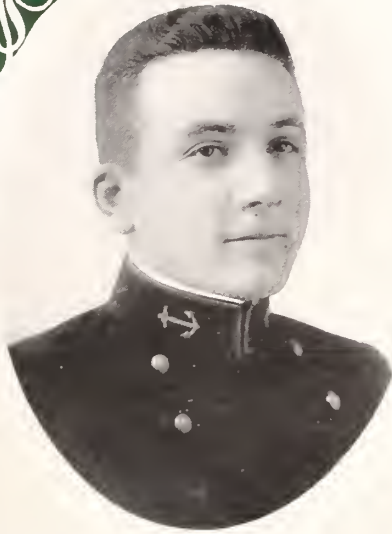
SOL was so fond of little old New York that he decided to remain there as long as possible and consequently did not join our happy throng until the beginning of Plebe Academic year. Notwithstanding the handicap of this late start, he became a very prominent member. One balmy day in early spring "Sol's" mind returned to his beloved metropolis and thinking that he was in Battery Park, sat down on First Class Bench. This clever trick so pleased the upper classmen that his room became the scene of many a happy gathering.

¶ "Sol's" career has been filled with many trials and tribulations but all the winds and rocks of the Seven Seas could never make him bust out the breakdown flag. His picture shows no stars nor wrinkles of care. Though to all appearance a Red Mike, he seldom fails to receive at least one rainbow envelope each day.

¶ He met his troubles with a laugh and even in times of dire distress the little wooden bucket seemed to be filled with milk and honey.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.





SUMNER THOMAS SCOTT

ZUMBROTA, MINN.

"Scotty"

S"COTTY" is the aristocrat of Zennebrot, Minnesota—and how he does love those Swedes he left behind him! All the sylph-like lines of a Chesapeake Bay schooner are his and he has the same adaptability for speed; but a girl or a skag heaving in sight will start him off on a rumb line with no regard whatever for other shipping.

¶ "Scotty" was sprung on us the earliest days of Plebe summer when he won renown as a ruffian and he has never lost his rep since. He's always to be found with the hoodlums, where his diplomacy usually gets him on the top side. Sumner's greatest ambition is putting "Smitty" under the table, and when he do, how he do enjoy it.

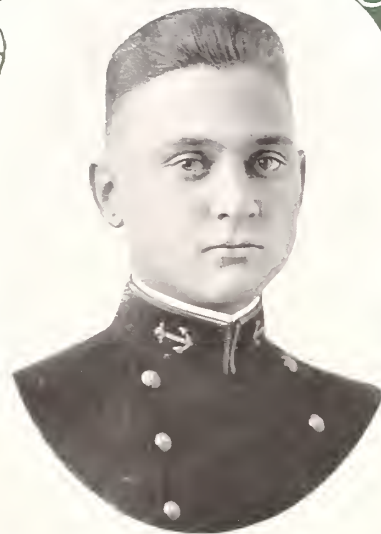
¶ As a hard worker, "Scotty" is a pretty good bluffer. The line of least resistance suits him best but he rarely climbs a bush and he stands up there with the elite. He's built like an athlete but that same fatal leaning to the l. of l. r. has kept athletics from claiming his afternoons.

¶ Notwithstanding, "Scotty" is a man of strong opinions and a lot of perseverance that will keep him from stagnating.

¶ His strongest trait is that unfailing sense of humor and his ability to be amusing.

¶ "Steam boilers, sir?"

Honors: Buzzard.



WALTON WYLIE SMITH

COMMERCE, GA.

"Smitty" "Willie"

L"ITTLE Willie" does n't have to claim he's from Georgia—that delightful drawl gives him away in a minute. Commerce is the name of the place—the railroad tracks run down the center of the main and only street, and one of the outstanding incidents of a trip South on the Palm Beach Express is to see the night-capped heads of some of the best Commercial families sticking out as the "cars" go through at 6 a. m.

¶ Our "Venus" is handsome—he admits it. That golden hair is his pride and joy—the foo foo he uses on it would stock a harem, and whenever he takes a shower he wears the most adorable little rubber bathing cap. And those nails—irreproachable; he knows that the latest mode is "oval," not pointed and with a rather dull finish. To maintain those hands quite *comme il faut*, he invested eighteen cents in an elaborate Cutex set, and as a result bilged in Steam every other day regularly. But one must be immaculate. Then add to this Beau Brummel stuff some form on the ball room floor and a fertile line of hop like Fennyson's "Greek," and you have the reptile.

¶ "Smitty's" absolutely non-reg. and a Bolshevik at heart—the slightest hint of a "reform" never failed to draw down protests, yet with all the noise you'll generally find him standing behind anything reasonable.

¶ Wylie's class standing is deceiving; he's far from wooden; he just follows that primrose path. There's rock bottom underneath it all and if he does n't put the air-service req through, the Fleet gets a mighty good man.

¶ "I'm in favor of it myself."

Honors: Buzzard.





FREDERICK ROWLAND BUSE

RIDLEY PARK, PA.

"Booze" "Buzz" "Buzzy"

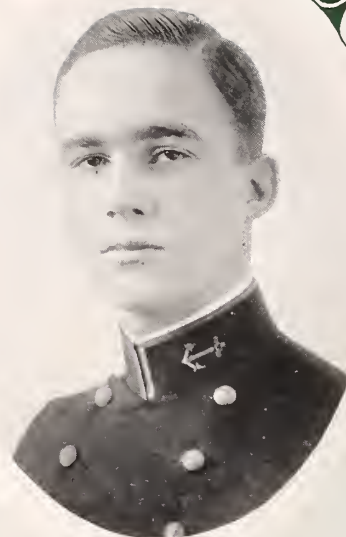
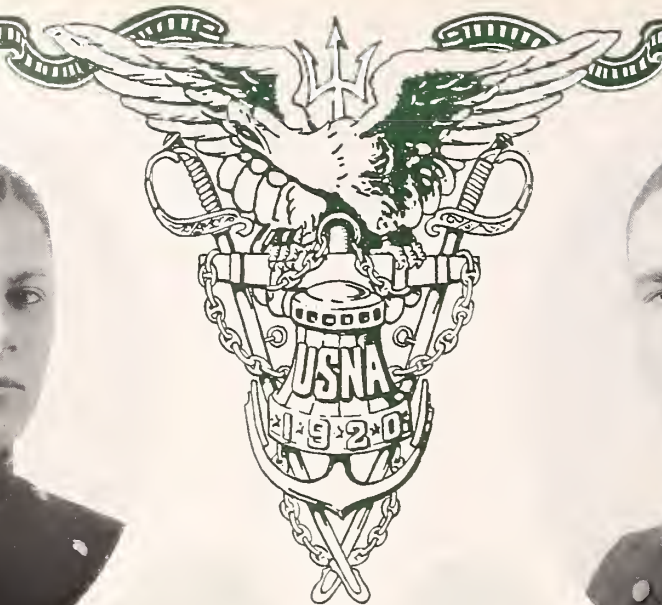
GEEMINY Christmas, but I bilged!"—and enter the one and only original "Buzzy."

¶ Wooden? Not by a long shot. Study? Never. Happy? Always. All these traits go to make Rowland a most desirable member in a bunch of good fellows, but in the last trait lies his greatest charm. In his most downcast moments his presence makes an ordinary fellow feel happier, and when he is feeling at his best the Sphinx would have a hard time taking life seriously. Not that he tries to be that way, because at times he really tries to rhino, but he does n't succeed at it any better than he did in English.

¶ As an athlete Rowland is a first string ladies' man and tennis player. He tried baseball Youngster year and ended up on the lacrosse squad, so, if the ladies don't get him and Hooley will have him, he will sweeten his disposition this spring by breaking lacrosse sticks over heads similar to his own.

¶ As a true friend Buse is hard to beat. If he has anything you want ask him for it and you'll get it. If you want to have a good time remember that he is familiar with all grape juice concoctions, and if you are feeling blue, talk to him for a while and you'll soon feel like most of us do—that when assignments are made we would like to see his orders, and ours, read exactly alike.

Honors: Buzzard;
Tennis Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Mandolin Club, 3, 1;
Lacrosse Squad, 4, 3, 1.



JOHN CONOVER TEN EYCK, JR.

YONKERS, N. Y.

"Jack"

THE easiest going man in the class—don't think he is worrying because he is quiet. He is merely dreaming of that wonderful Sep leave—the past and the future. "Bilgers" may come and go, but "Jack" plods steadily ahead. He bilged three roommates Plebe year but the Academic Department has failed to give him any undue discomfort. He just naturally savvies the principles of this or that device and gives them to the profs without detail.

¶ "Jack" was among the first to enjoy the soft life of Plebe summer, and did not fail to take advantage of it by adding a few inches and pounds to his husk. He entered at the minimum age after planning for many years on a life of salt water and brass buttons.

¶ You will never find "Jaek" among those present at the Corner and Radiator Club meeting. He demands more physical activity.

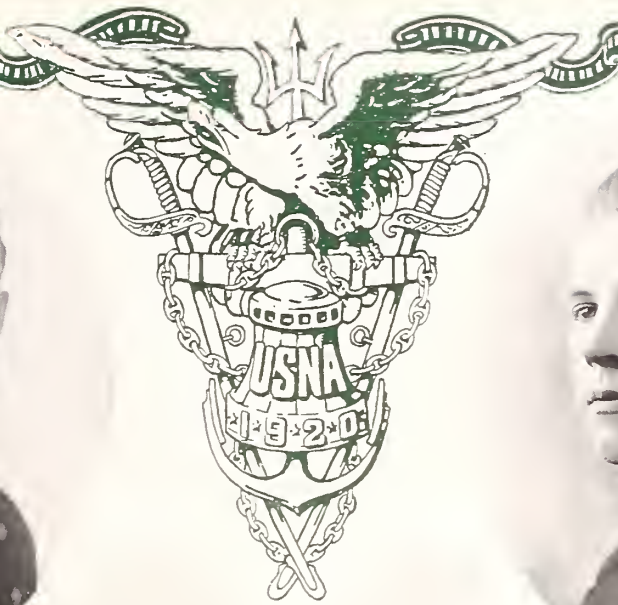
¶ In athletics, he has done his bit, making the tennis and gym squads with little difficulty.

¶ "Jaek" aspires to be a tea-cup juggler. "Boy, she's a Woz," he is wont to say when a few rounds of the light fantastic have influenced his judgment.

¶ First Class cruise, "Jack" came near making the supreme sacrifice for the service when the *San Diego* was lost. It's mostly luck we have him with us still, and the gap his loss would have made could not have been filled.

Honors: Buzzard;
Tennis Team, 4, 3, 1,
Manager Tennis Team;
Gym Squad, 4;
Basketball Squad, 3, 1.





HOWARD TIGHLEMAN BUNCH

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

"Tig" "Bunchie"

DARRELL COULTER WILLIAMS

FARMINGTON, IOWA

"Doc" "Dec'ee" "Bill"

"TWITCHET" is beautiful—there's no doubt about that—he knows it himself, and he demands credit where credit is due. Those pippin cheeks—he shaves once a year, just before going on leave—and those raven locks, especially the last, are his p. and j. He uses Bevo on his hair, and when he takes a shower he comes way over into Smithy's room to borrow the most adorable little bathing cap to keep it from getting wet.

¶ That fatal beauty (and that's not all) makes him strong for "parties"—not the common or garden varieties of tea-fight, but all night voyages, covering all of Manhattan from the Winter Garden to the Cascades to Fountain Inn and back again. If "Nigger" is along, and "Bunchie" can gooph him, his cup of joy is some full, and to the justice of all be it said that it has been done. The night "Bunchie" sprung a headache and had the gang around mothering him, and trying to make him smoke a skag was a sad one for "Nigger;" but that gentleman can always come back with "Ship ahoy, 'Nigger!"; and there you are.

¶ Many epics in this very book have been written on the propensity for fussing of many of us, but the meerschamun icicle undoubtedly goes to our hero: he's never asked "Fussing, 'Bunchie?"; The question is always "Who're you fussing?" and there's always a concrete answer (no pun intended here, for what e'er his faults, the Arkansan has good eyes). And the best of it is, he always comes up smiling.

¶ But this is perhaps misleading: there's rock in the "Twitchet"—knowing him proves that. He's got well founded ideas of right and wrong in his sea head, and he stays with them.

Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman.

"DOC" first came into prominence because of his Plebe year relations with the First Bat conduct report and a certain regimental idea. As a Youngster, however, Darrell was a trifle non reg and with the assistance of certain attendants of various Washington and Baltimore seminaries he centered in the public eye until an untimely May visit from A. Larm Clock spoiled matters.

¶ Being a veteran of numerous campaigns, "Doc" has cultivated a line of considerable extent. It goes without saying that his metaphors fascinate the young ladies, but it is the chaperones on whom he makes his big impressions. Some of his cronies say that the escorts always have Darrell in sight.

¶ Although reputed to have once honored a certain gridiron aggregation at Iowa U., the gentler sports have been "Doc's" forte since entering the Academy. He has had some little lick on side-tracking D.O.'s, but his reputation really hangs on his parlor exploits.

¶ Between signing for S. D. letters, and talking with the boys he has managed by a concoction of about 10% boing, 50% nerve and 40% luck to skin past. While not a hero in an academic line, "Doc" is there when it comes to making good. His ambition to make good in the service will surely materialize.

Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman.





ALAN BRUCE FOWLER
CHEYENNE, WYO.

"Joe" "Jambe de Jean"

ALAN'S marked resemblance Plebe year to one of those noble pillars of justice who toddle about our paradise earned him the nickname. Plebe year he received the fatherly attention of Duncan and Sam Straight, and ever and anon Ollie Rogers would pay a bit of tender interest. From the day we met him in Crabtown, three long years ago, and he modestly told us of his weird adventures in the Cheyenne High School Cadets, he has been looked upon with pride by all his friends as a man who has an endless line on all subjects from killing Wyoming boa-constrictors to getting a 2.5 from the Walrus. And savvy—say, if he put more time on math and less on the "Cosmo," we would have another one of those satellites among us.

☐ "Jimmy" has always been a practical joker, as all those living on the second and third deck court rooms Youngster year can testify. If you want to hear him rave, ask him why they wear hip boots in Wyoming.

☐ Youngster cruise, having gaped upon New York from Hazel Dawn in "The Lone Wolf" at the Broadway theater to the roller coaster of Coney Island, he decided that the Great White Way possessed more attractions than the gunfights on Main Street, Cheyenne. After the cruise, he developed a penchant for late rising which resulted in a little unsteadiness along the yardarm. By constantly acting the matador for Angelo and by kidding the D. O. into believing he is reg, he has developed a wonderful list of similes, but none of them is strong enough to describe his own outstanding attribute—friendship ☐

Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman.



GEORGE CHARLES CALNAN
BOSTON, MASS.

"Pot" "Cal" "Georgie" "Twitchet"

IF you want to get the straight dope about George, just ask any Plebe in the Sixth company or in the Barracks and they will tell you all about him. In fact, his name and fame have spread far beyond his own deck;—George has gone in strong for the juvenile training stuff. But whenever you meet him he always comes down with this, "made a resolution to-day; am going to lay off the Plebes and treat 'em like brothers."

☐ The Academic departments have always been ready to ery Kamerad to this Boston savoir, and he takes their monthly offerings as a mental relaxation.

☐ "Bilged cold, gentlemen, bilged cold, I tell you," is his standby after every exam, but he never gets less than a 3.4.

☐ When "Cal" was a Plebe he was ever ready to catch us up for those little slips of language so common hereabouts. But a month on the U. S. S. *Reina Mercedes* slightly dulled his sensibilities.

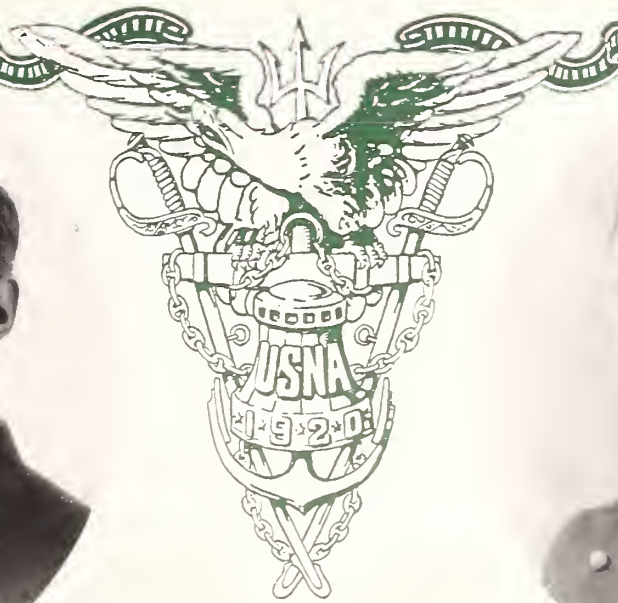
☐ "Oh, I just think that tall, handsome, black-haired boy from Massachusetts is splendid. Why does n't he come to your hops more often?" This was on the occasion of his first and only appearance as a knight of the waxed floor, and the young lady spoke from her heart.

☐ His Youngster year was spent in the old Eighth company, hence those diagonals at the start of First Class year.

☐ However, sterling worth can not be hidden forever, so before many moons George was the proud possessor of a pair of buzzards.

Honors: Buzzard;
Star, 3;
Fencing fNt;
Captain Fencing Team;
Fencing Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Academy Dueling Swords Champion, 3.





CARROL HOLT FLEMING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Crusty" "Reds" "Carroll"

WILLIAM HINE GALBRAITH
COLUMBUS, O.

"Igloo" "Bill" "Gallie"

BEHOLD the wooden savoir! "Reds" generally emerges from the monthly battle with a 2.51, and now and then a .01 more—when he falls back on the old alarm clock. For some reason his wives never worry, though, for "Crusty" never goes unsat. Just leave it to him to hang one on that Academic Department.

¶ "Reds" has been a staunch track man ever since Plebe Summer, when he came in second in the mile. Member?

¶ There's just one thing in this world "Reds" would rather do than dance, and that's *sleep*. If you don't believe it ask his Youngster-cruise shipmates; or better yet, ask "Igloo" what keeps him off the weak squad, and he will tell you it's the morning exercise he gets trying to turn "Reds" out.

¶ When 1920 has crossed its last river, and we all get into the service for which we've prepared these three years, "Reds" is going to make an excellent shipmate for some of us who are lucky enough to go with him.

¶ "What's the dope? Yuh draggin' Saturday?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Track, Squad 4, 3, 1;
Track Numerals.

BEHOLD the "Igloo!" No, he's not from the regions of the icebergs and polar bears. Don't think that his little monicker signifies anything cold and chilly, for "Bill" has one of the warmest hearts to be found in forty-eight states.

¶ No need to ask if he's a ladies' man. One glance at his smile surrounded by that "skin-you-love-to-touch" will convince you he's as far from a Red Mike as the zenith is from the nadir. "Why sure—of course I'm going to drag."

¶ "Bill" is a pretty savvy hombre and has never known the worries of an unsat life. As for being an all 'round sport you'll have to explore a bit to unearth a better one—always ready for a rough house (if it's not too rough) and a staunch defender of his rights.

¶ The "Igloo" is strong for the "home life" and swears that he can't stay in the service and miss that cozy little corner that he knows is waiting for him. Believe us, tho, he'll be in the service, and a lucky man 't will be who shipmates with him.

¶ "Say, 'Speed,' how the hotelbill are we going to bone tonight without any oil?"

Honors: Buzzard.





ROBERT FOLSOM PERRY

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

"Bobs" "Kid"

FRANCIS JOSEPH THOMAS

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"Dick" "Reds" "Blondie"

BOBBOY" came to us from the wilds of N. H., but it did n't take him long to show that there was n't any hayseed left in his hair. "Bob" is one of the kind who is not savvy and not wooden but would prefer to get a 3.0 with little study than to star and neglect his little nightly arguments on the topics of the day. It was this store of general information, a convincing air, and his hair parted in the middle that insured him his monthly 3.4 from the profs in English.

¶ "Bobby" has n't gone out for Academy athletics but he is always Johnny-on-the-spot wherever a scrub game is in progress. He can also show the boys a thing or two on the tennis courts.

¶ Plebe year the Masqueraders tried to convince him that he ought to go out for a female part but "Bob" could n't see it, so he wasted his talent in the stag gang.

¶ By nature rather quiet, he is nevertheless voluble enough when some subject of public interest is under discussion. Unfailing cheerfulness and unselfishness are added qualities that will make him a welcome shipmate anywhere.

¶ "Well, fellows, what will be the topic of conversation tonight?"

Honors: One Stripe.

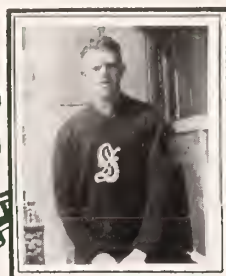
LOOK twice at this handsome Athenian youth. The portrait does not fully display his charming features, not to mention his epidemic of freckles and his strawberry-blond hair, which with the aid of herpicide is vainly struggling for existence.

¶ Ever since "Dick" caught the fast B. & M. freight out of Springfield for Annapolis, he has been serving his sentence of B. & W. Even at that his term has not been so very severe. "Dick's" looks fooled the instigators of learning but not the extra swimming squad. After trying to drink all the water in the tank, he decided that it would be easier to walk across. Between the hours of pleasure which he derived from continuous corking, he condescended to answer a few of the hand-painted epistles of interstate weather reports. Oh yes, "Dick" claims he has never been bricked.

¶ Basketball has been "Red's" athletic forte and his down-court shots have accounted for many a hard-needed basket.

¶ He's another of the San Diego vets, and likes to recount his real war time adventure.

Honors: Buzzard;
Basketball Numerals, 4, 3;
Expert Rifleman.





FRANK CEDRIC WINTER
HONOLULU, H. I.

"Frank" "Honolulu"

HAPPY! Never worries! That's Frank. Even when the D. O. came on his deck to inspect, Frank told him he looked funny—and passed out. If ever a man had cause to be down in the dumps, it was on the three month's cruise on the *Minnesota*, First Class year. Did that worry our little hula hula Winter? Well, I guess not. He just pulled out his banjo and whiled away several hours playing havoc with the sentiments of the others by playing Hawaiian love songs. These same musical abilities organized that jazz band which was a weighty factor in Smoke Hall First Class year.

¶ Athletically, he is a good swimmer, but that is about as far as he can go. Proverbially lazy, he would rather play cards than baseball; but as for swimming, few are better.

¶ All the girls eat out of his hand, for he has a Chevalier Bayard way about him that brings down the house.

¶ The queer thing about Winter is that he never has any of his own clothes. We don't know why it is, but we have a hunch he is as liberal with his clothes as he is with his money—when he has it, it is anybody's who is a friend. The boy is as open as a book and as free as the ocean.

¶ A little personal advice, Frank, go easy with your natural provocations, wine, women, and song—give up singing

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



PAUL EDMONT VOINOT
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

"Pableo" "Dago"

THIS tall, rangy, devilish Dago first saw light in fair France, but he immigrated and grew up in Crabtown—and right there's a combination to condemn a man without further prosecution. In spite of this handicap, however, Paul started off right; he abhorred the sight of woman. "What's the use?" said he as a mere child, "of talking to girls when you can play lacrosse?" As a Plebe, he expressed all the sentiments of the nonchalant Crimson Clan of misogynists, and was welcomed to their midst. But with that one diagonal stripe, and the freedom of a Youngster—lo! what a change was wrought in our hero.

¶ Speed is the Wop's middle name—and energy; he puts them both into everything, fussing included, uses that wide grin and those eyes (he's really blind as a bat) as only a dago can and he keeps them guessing all the time.

¶ That same speed and energy, and (as Beauty Martin put it) "a ornery disposition when aroused" got him a place with that prime collection of yeggs on the lacrosse team, and the boy sports an LNT on his chest now.

¶ But boy is not the right word; Pableo wishes to be considered a man of the world. He's a bearcat on parties; he travels far and fast when he starts, and together with Hooley, Frank, Bill and the rest of that gang of thugs, he touched all the lofty spots in Richmond, Philly, Baltimore and New York First Class leave.

¶ All kidding aside, the answer to it all is that the Dago is a real man, a gentleman, a good fellow, and a friend to the limit—and it will be a lucky J. O. gang that gets our Paul wished on them.

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





EDWIN POEHLMANN
ERIE, PA.

"Polly" "Ed" "Curley"

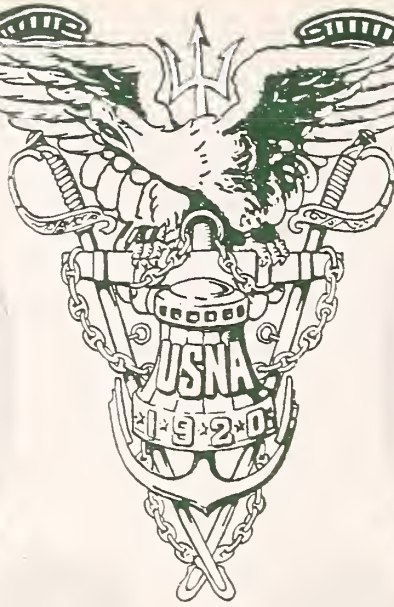
LITTLE Eddie," that's him, but now that he is in the real Navy, he claims it should be Edwin August. Early in life Eddie entered the Navy, first as captain's orderly, then signal boy and later as general manager of the Erie Marine.

Indeed it was an awful come-down to take the job of Midshipman in the U. S. N.—but—we all know that Eddie is condescending.

Plebe year he was led astray by Red Bain at the inaugural P-rade and he never has returned to the straight and narrow path.

If one would see ambition personified let him visit the Auditorium of an afternoon when the stage gang is in session. "Polly" will be seen right in the center of the scramble, busily directing the task assigned to some shaky stage-hand. August loves the stage, and even claims personal acquaintance with some of its shining lights. Why he preferred the Navy to a theatrical career, is hard to tell, but those who know him are glad that he chose the Navy.

Honors: Buzzard;
Masqueraders 3, 1.



EDWIN CURRY BAIN
AUBURN, N. Y.

"Ted" "Red" "Rojo" "Beverly" "Rouge"

THE sweet young thing clutched her dancing partner by the arm—"Oh, please ask Mr. Bain if he knows his-er-er-garter is hanging out. It looks so funny flopping around his ankle. He'd be so embarrassed if he knew!"

"Red" was, and his face lived up to its habit of color—fully synchronizing with his hair. The joke was too good to keep and the Irishman has had a hard time living it down, or rather keeping it up.

He's had an equally hard time living down his trait of being fruit for the pros—especially of the Old English variety, but the Irish of it has pulled him sat when all else failed.

In spite of it all he has been ever ready with true Celtic optimism to east dull care to the sea gulls and find solace in a stag party or a hop.

Fight, the grit to do, and a perpetual motion smile are inseparably attributed to red hair, and Bain has his share of all these officer-forming qualities.

Honors: Buzzard;
Masqueraders 4, 3, 1.





KENDALL STURTEVANT REED
LEXINGTON, MASS.

"Tom" "Ken"

BEHOLD the Minute Man! Ever since he left that town where they raise those things, "Tom" has been showing us how this naval officer business should be done. The first thing he did Plebe Summer was to gather two stripes and ever since then he has been an authority on what's what in the drill line.

¶ Kendall has in him the old fight that makes seagoing men—unless he lends an ear to the ever-sounding call of the farm. A typical thing about him is that his principles are in accord with the four stripes he now wears, and he never varies from them. He is savvy to an enviable degree, and though his collar has never seen a star his other activities account for the missing multiple.

¶ "Tom" started in for football, but his weight made him shift his course to lacrosse. He has worked hard on the latter squad, winning his numerals Youngster year, and First Class season saw him as Manager of the team.

¶ Though at heart a gallant, he does hate to admit it and he dodges the issue at every chance. The chief benefit of his attitude in this line is his willingness to entertain the chaperons while the 40½ enjoy themselves with the young things. Every hop night sees him back in the room at 6 bells, computing the average and publishing the weekly tree.

¶ Kendall started right when he came here, and more than that he has kept the faith which alone forecasts a straight and successful career for him in the service.

*Honors: Four Stripes;
Lacrosse Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Manager Lacrosse Team;
Lacrosse Numerals, 3;
Expert Rifleman;
Lucky Bag Staff.*



HAROLD CARLTON FITZ
SOMERVILLE, MASS.

"Fritz" "Henry Calverly" "Hal" "Fitzzy"

EVERY autumn evening sees "Fitzzy" all togged out in football gear, showing the B-squad how to play quarterbaek. Lack of weight has undoubtedly kept him out of a place on the big team, for he is a handy player and knows his game.

¶ Youngster cruise, "Fitz's" ship hit New York for six weeks, and Harold made an awful big liberty with somebody else's Packard six, somebody else's twenty dollars, and somebody else's girl. He's rather noncommittal about it, but—yes, it was a very long evening.

¶ He has a big party every time his birthday happens around, and the whole deck is usually included in the festivities.

¶ The little man with the big voice is always ready to join in a rough house and his great delight is in treating an age worn shirt from the back of the venerable Roger.

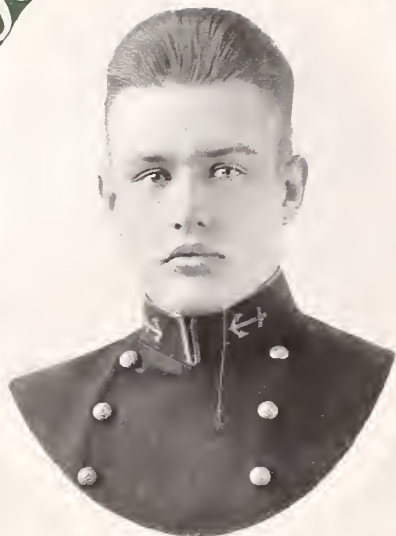
¶ While the movies were one time far superior to any hop, a simple sentence from the ruby lips of one of the "innocents" undid the year's hard labor and drew him back to the lower level. But see what the bait was—"Oh, Mr. Fitz, your eyes are just like liquid pools of fire!" Oh, them e-e-eyes!

¶ "Fitzzy's" temperament occasionally jumps forth into prominence, but old age has brought a calmer view of life. When you want a good man for a shipmate, find Harold; you'll go a long way and find few more faithful friends.

¶ "Where's that light feminine laughter?"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Football Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Football Numerals;
Track Squad, 4, 3;
Tennis Squad, 4.*





RICHARD ROOT FOSTER
KEOKUK, IOWA

" Dick " " Richard " " Root " " Pud "

Dear Boy:

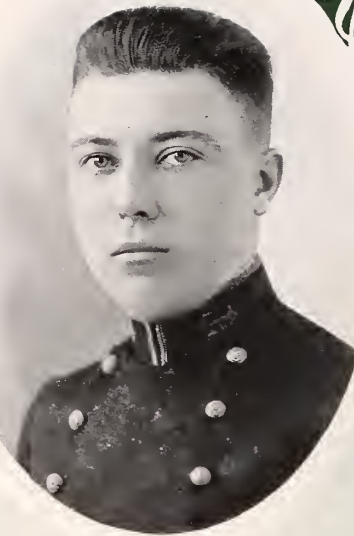
If you come out to the house this afternoon you'll find a box of candy waiting for you—also the six cartons of Fats that you thought you'd smoke during the next two days. Dobie told me about your shoulder—mighty hard luck just as you were in shape to get back on the Team—do have an X-ray taken.

¶ Now, Son, don't lose your head about another girl for a little while—one of these days you won't return to your senses soon enough, so I wish you'd let me pick the girl I want for you. There is one thing I do want you to do for me, and that is to star for a couple of months. I know you could do it if you were not so lazy.

¶ For goodness sakes, don't get into trouble just for the fun of running a couple of Plebes. They're not worth it, and it won't be your fault if that whole class turns out bad, for want of a proper bringing up.—*Mother Foster.*"

¶ No. 2 Maryland Avenue deserves a place in our *Lucky Bag*—our Youngster haven and First Class heaven, for Mrs. Foster is always associated in our minds with Richard Root Foster, her ideas of "Dick" set forth what the class as a whole think of him:—as a man, an officer, and a gentleman.

Honors: Buzzard;
Football Numerals, 4, 3;
Honor Committee, 3, 1;
Football Squad, 4.



VILAS RAYMOND KNOPE
STEVENS POINT, WIS.

" Cy " " Canope "

If there is anything in proverbs, Vilas must be unlucky in love, but judging from the daily missiles from Steven's Point, he is an exception to all rules.

¶ "Canope" never starred, nor even came close to it, but it was only because of his constitutional antipathy to boning, several long stays in the hospital, and a great liking for the Cosmo.

¶ "Cy" has never done much for athletics, but he is always in for a good time, and when he goes ashore, all hands usually have a real treat.

¶ Knope is open and above board in his dealings with his classmates in particular and mankind in general. He is bound to succeed wherever duty calls.

¶ One morning Frank Friday casually inquired, "Where are you from, Mister?"

¶ "Steven's Point, sir."
"What's that famous for?"
"Breweries, sir."
"Are you trying to run me, Mr. Knope?"

Honors: Buzzard.





GEORGE MERRICK DUSENBERRE
WELLSBORO, PA.

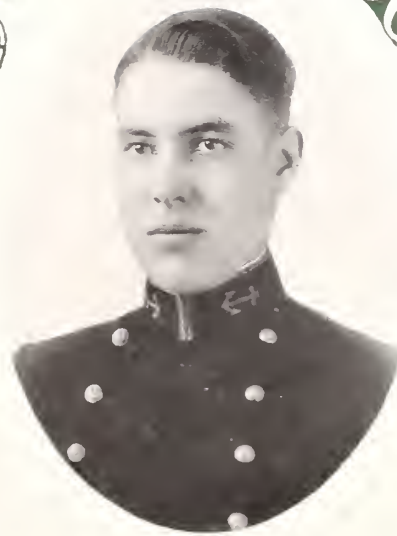
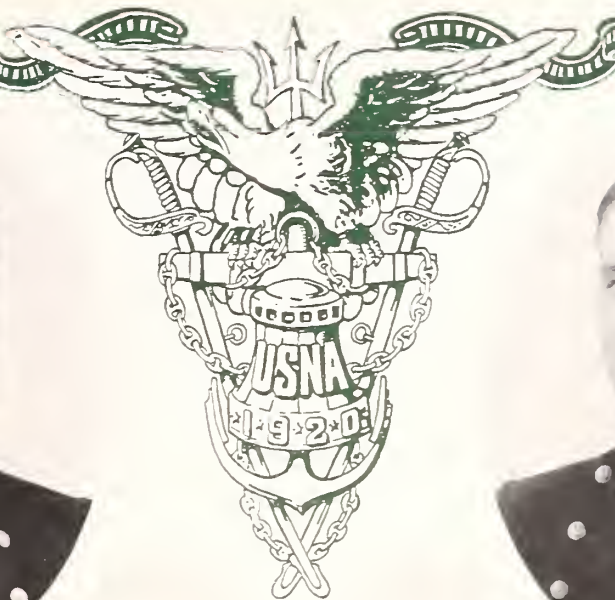
"Dusy" "Abie"

DUSY" descended upon us from the wilds of Pennsylvania and has shown us his worth by capturing the coveted little bit of heaven for two years. He is as non-greasy as they make them and is the reddest of Red Mikes, hardly ever showing his face when the women are around. He did drag once, however, and he considered it his downfall, vowing that he would never be caught in a similar fix again.

¶ He had several scrimmages with the Executive Department during his Youngster year and, as a result, they awarded him three stripes, rotated thru the angle theta, in honor thereof, but it is impossible to keep a good man down, especially when he has good luck in the draw. He joined the petty officers after bidding a fond farewell to his comrade clean-sleevers. "Dusy" had slight Bolshevik inclinations while that memorable party was in power but when government control conquered, he became his natural self, and joined respectable society once again.

¶ He makes the best of shipmates and is bound to make good wherever he goes.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Star, 4, 3.*



MAURICE EDWARD HATCH
CONCORD, N. H.

"Mother" "M. E."

THIS chunky New Englander owns up to having farmed it a couple of years and he admits that the rural life has its attractions. The Navy, however, is his first love and he would rather be a non-ratey ensign afloat than a full admiral ashore.

¶ During Plebe year he was known as a good-natured, rather quiet fellow. But "Dick" and "Rummy" and the *Michigan's* blower-room changed that estimate. Every so often "Mother" makes a bluff at going out for some kind of athletics, but in the end the call of the skags is one too many.

¶ It's a question whether Maurice has a small chunk of that old New Hampshire granite somewhere between his ears or whether the mere sight of an exam paper is enough to turn his thinking mechanism into an isometric sliding block. At any rate, he used to approach the academic asymptote from both sides, but the end of the term would always find him a few points ahead of the game.

¶ If you doubt his good nature, look whom he has roomed with these many years. If there's anything else you doubt—well, it's a safe bet you don't know the man. He is one of the kind that get there just the same, so we don't doubt that he will realize his ambition—to be an efficient seagoing naval officer.

Honors: Company C. P. O.





BAILEY CONNELLY
WAVERLY, TENN.

"Bill," "Cawny," "Wooden"

BAILEY hails from Waverly, Humphreys County, Tennessee, and is, as you will gather, a true Southerner—so much so that you get it in his speech, see it in his actions, and find it deeply imbedded in his soul.

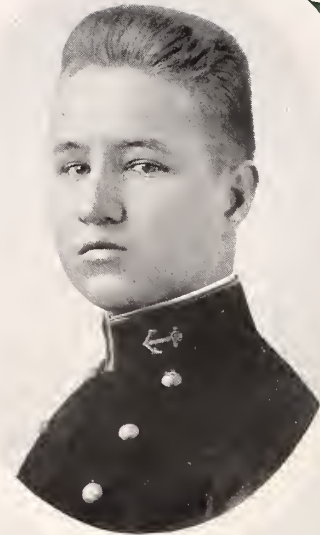
¶ Connelly has two characteristics that strike you forcibly when first you meet him. First come his baby blue eyes, and second his quaint (very quaint) sense of humor. In fact, every day or so he digs up some joke that was on the shelf when Louis Quatorze was in his prime.

¶ Academic work has been anything but easy sailing for "Bill." His was about the only room both Plebe and Youngster years in which a real wooden man could feel savvy. First Class year, however, he exhibited a practical knowledge of juice, nav. and seamanship that made the course much easier.

¶ Parlor activities began for him early Youngster year, and thereafter his weekly theme was, "Well, just wait 'til you see the queen I'm dragging Saturday." Sad to relate in place of the expected 4.0 he frequently fools 'em all and wheels in one of the paving block variety.

¶ Taking "Bill" all the way 'round, however, he is a sample of the kind of man you'd like to have for a friend and shipmate in the years to come.

Honors: Buzzard.



KHEM WADE PALMER
RIVES, TENN.

"Rabbit" "Nemo"

THE Doctor, a true son of Dixie, hails from the county made famous by David Crocket

¶ Since losing a championship bout with the gloves Plebe year, he has devoted his time to defeating all comers at checkers afloat on the *Nebby* and ashore in Baneroft Hall.

¶ Any one who can go into his Plebe Semi-anns unsat in two subjects and emerge from the fray with a grand total of 2.5069 is certainly capable in emergencies. Was he down-hearted? No! Trees may come and trees may go but they stay with "Rabbit" ever.

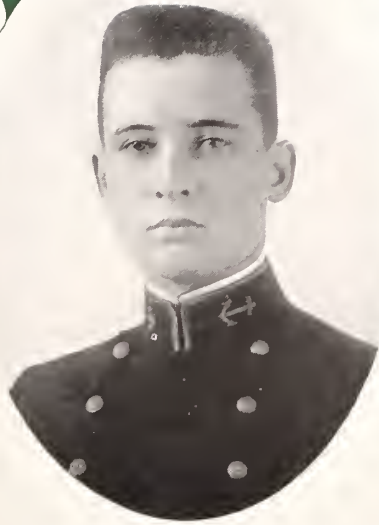
¶ Once that pink letter failed to come Khem at once became the reddest of the Mikes and absolutely refused to be counted in on any deal.

¶ Palmer has proven himself a good friend with his big heart or ready hand. Yet he has sacrificed friendship for principle and what he believed to be right. He "practises what he preaches."

¶ After a steam recitation: "That Leut. said I did n't know a darn thing. The worst part of it is he was right. He slammed me on the tree this week with a cold 1.0."

Honors: Buzzard.





ERICSON LEWIS
ST. LOUIS, MO.

"Lefty" "Louie" "Looi" "Swede"

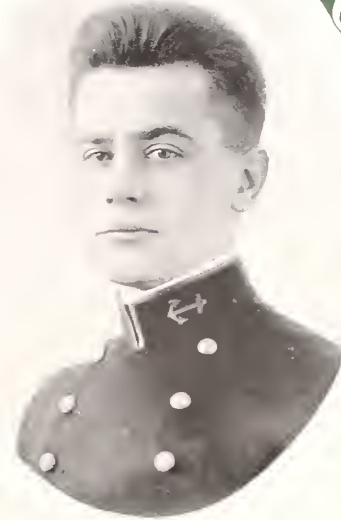
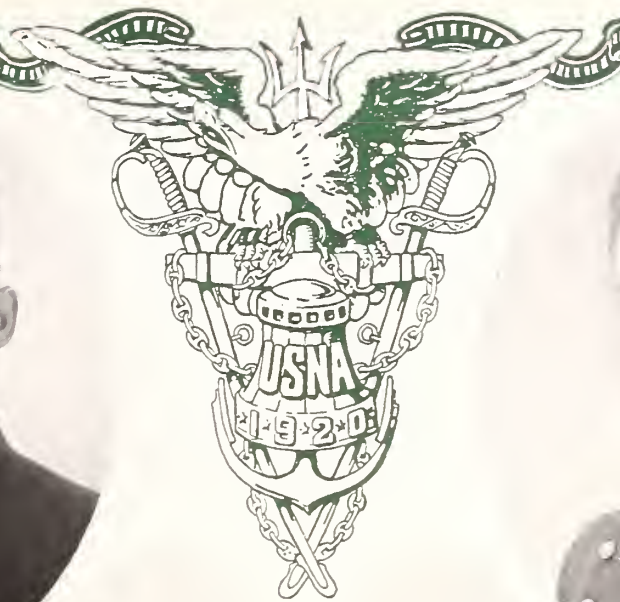
THE "Swede" is from St. Louis, and being from that state whose inhabitants are wont to know the why and wherefore of all things, he is very inquisitive and even presumes to believe that he knows girls. And to support this he admits that he has never fallen in love—what a golden chance for some one wishing a brave and handsome Swede!

Among other accomplishments, such as being a math savoir, this prodigy with the extensive pedal extremities and a brace like one of the species camelus dromedarius is a philosopher. His greatest and most profound utterances usually emanated from old 242 at about three bells of the mid-watch. The only thing they ever succeeded in proving, however, was his own admission, "I'm different."

In addition, the "Swede" has big league aspirations and has since Plebe year been hammering the ball around. When last seen in action he was the star pitcher of the Hillbillies

You absolutely can't beat "Louie" at an argument—he believes everything he says, and though he may be wrong at times, this self confidence will win the battles of the future.

Honors: Buzzard;
Handball Champion.



DOUGLASS POLLOCK JOHNSON
MEXICO, MO.

"Johnnie" "Dippy" "The Man"

HEAR come mah torpedo-boat man. Bettah lemme be now. You're the scandal editor of this bum wad. Mistah Johnson, see!" How "Dippy" did love the sweet-toned voice of Rosie at every meal. "Train right, Mr. Johnson," and Mr. Johnson trained right. Oh, yes, he is an ardent admirer of Seventeen. But what do the girls call him? Why, it's "Doug" till they know him and then it is just "Dippy." And should you ever visit the scene of his childhood days, just ask some of the fair ones about "Dippy" and the old horse and buggy and the racing Reo. One of the most inspiring sights we ever saw was that of our own "Man" leading the drafted men in Mexico's patriotic P-rade. He wore his white service, too

It was while living in St. Louis that the "Man" first started after the femmes. How they fell! But one of them turned him down and "Dippy's" philosophy on the subject was really Johnsonian: "She musta thought I was nutty about her for she told me that I'd better not write her any more—for my own good."

He's de handy kid wid de mits, too. Fought in one of them champeen bouts Plebe summer, and he'd have won, too, if the other guy had n't beat him. But "Dippy" is in his element in a catboat or half-rater. Why, he can make one of those things waltz right up to the sea wall to any old tune

"I'd like to make this the place I thot it was before I came here."

"Well, I guess I ought to know, the chief of staff told me."

Honors: Buzzard.





HAROLD FOSTER FICK

WINNFIELD, LA.

"Salty"

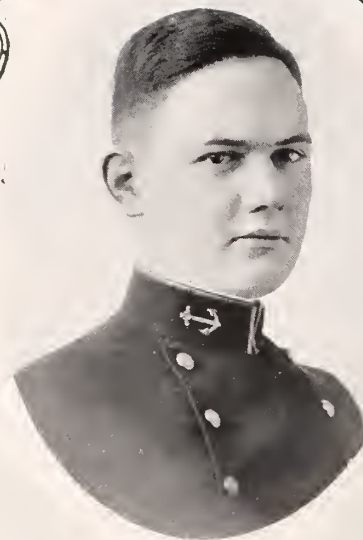
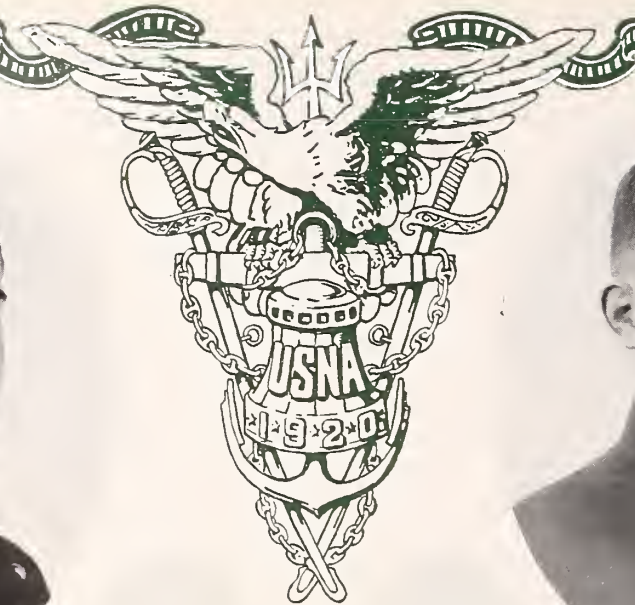
HAROLD came from a place where the only means of navigation was a jerkwater railroad. But there was a mighty good foundation to build on, and he came to a mighty good place for building, and the result is everything a man could desire to keep him company after the day's work is done, when you get out there on the quarterdeck and put the old range under forced draft, and watch the cage masts swinging to and fro across the stars ☪ ☪

☪ Did we say "after the day's work?" Sure, and it's all day long that he's on the job, with just that little bit extra thrown in for good measure.

☪ He's a man's man, a little shy of the women, but possibly that's an admirable trait, and maybe, there's a reason. We don't know, but if we're right, we'll hand her our sealed and stamped guarantee that "Old Faithful" up in Yellowstone National Park has been beat at his favorite little game of reliability.

☪ Fick says he's in for life and gives every indication that he'll some day wear two twinklers for'd of his mud-hooks ☪ ☪

Honors: One Stripe.



EDMOND PRYOR SPEIGHT

MAYFIELD, KY.

"Colonel"

SAY, mister, where are you from?" "Kentucky, sir." You have the key, folks. The story is told. The "Cunnel" is a true son of Ol' Kaintuck. He has the earmarks of his state, all right. He will bet you the sun won't rise tomorrow, if you give him odds.

☪ On the old *North Dakota* he was a fine shipmate. He stood as many of other people's watches as he did his own and he never tried to let you know what a favor he was doing. If a man was on watch the "Cunnel" never suggested "shake around," but lashed the extra hammock when he had finished his own. But it was "mind your weather 'elm" when he was mate of the deck or hammoek stower. Just mess up that Youngster compartment when he was in charge and—well, take it from me you would n't do it again ☪ ☪

☪ The "Cunnel" has n't made any teams but he was no radiator ballast. He spent his recreation hours in the gym and thoroughly enjoyed the gentle art exploited on Mr. Schultz's carpet.

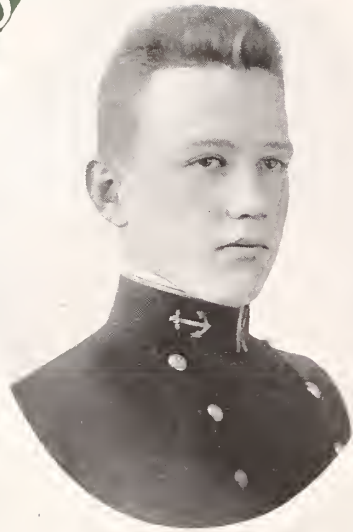
☪ Rhino is a word not found in the "Cunnel's" vocabulary. He does his own work well and is there with the helping hand when a friend needs a lift.

☪ "Well, let's see what you've got."

Honors: Clean Sleeve.







MORRIS BUDD MYERS
CLEBURNE, TEXAS

"Tex" "Morisse" "M. B."

READ this! before you look at the illustration, and then you will know that the N. A. is neither a high school, nor a nursery. No, he is almost twenty years old instead of fourteen, as his youthful, unshaven visage indicates. It is unfortunate that we have n't room to portray all six feet of our "Morisse" to prove that he stands well up in the class, physically as well as academically. It is a source of wonder how he stands in the first hundred and fifty and also keeps "Shavie" on the lee side of the last twenty-five.

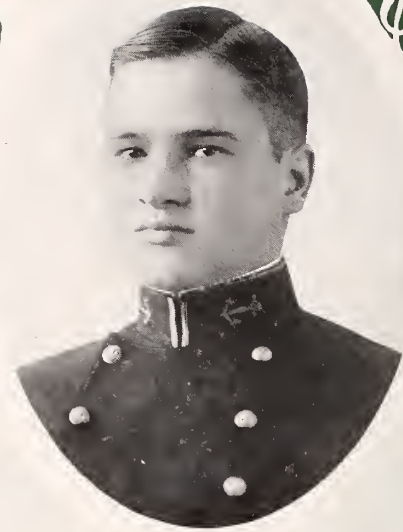
¶ He keeps his slender grace by trying to train "Shavie" down to 190, but so far it's worked the wrong way around.

¶ His youth, his quiet manner and revels in theoretical Juice will not only get by but step ahead of the wooden herd.

¶ Besides a brain for Kirchoff's Law and epsilon to the minus tenth, the boy from Waco will go forth with all the requirements demanded of a man.

¶ "Mr. Myers, integrate from zero to infinity and dope out your mark for the day."

Honors: Buzzard.



DAVID ABRAM HUGHES
UTICA, N. Y.

"Shavy Davie"

DAVE" is not an exception to that class of men who are bothered at times with a little surplus weight, and still who keep their good humor and jovial dispositions on the top side where every one can see.

¶ Naturally he has a sweet tooth—everybody in his radius of action will certify to that, because very few succeed in keeping their newly arrived secrets to themselves. However, he likes to reciprocate and treats the gang at every chance.

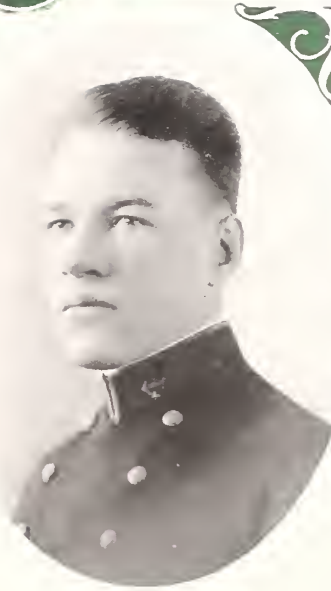
¶ You might say that "Dave" has a fine sense of humor. Plebe year he would amuse his table by telling stories, apparently funny to him, but his listeners seldom caught the joke and he usually spent the rest of the meal looking for the point.

¶ "Dave" was not much of a fusser Youngster year, but we do not believe that he is a helpless Red Mike. Perhaps the reason is that Utica is so far from Crabtown, and on Sep leave he fusses enough to make up for past deficiencies.

¶ "Shavie" has worked persistently on the foot-ball squad—so persistently that we are bound to believe that it's his misfortune and not his fault he does n't wear the N.

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





RICHARD HAROLD CRUZEN

GALLATIN, MO.

"Dick" "Cruiser"

WILLIAM HARTWELL WALLACE

STOCKTON, CAL.

"Bill" "Mule-Face" "Wally"

YOU only have to look at "Dick" once and you will readily uphold the statements made by some of his fair admirers: "Oh, is n't he just darling!" or, "Where is that adorable Mr. Cruzen?" Some even go so far as to say that he is the handsomest man in the Academy, but that 's—well, judge for yourself.

¶ "Cruiser" hails from the "show me" state and certainly upholds that seeing is believing; and even then he sometimes doubts—but when he knows he knows a thing—he knows it.

¶ In athletics he confines himself to the Mexican type and is a charter member of the "Cosmo" club, the "Reina" club, and the hospital. Despite all this he holds down three stripes.

¶ Say, have you ever been with him after he has received a letter from St. Joe? Why, a swabo in an exam or a fourth smoking pap does n't phase him in the least when he gets in one of those love-sick moods. He plays the soft sweet music on the vic, and sits and dreams of a little girl with blond hair so near and dear and yet so far. Cheer up, "Dick," old boy, you'll get her in the end, but you can never mend all the hearts that fatal step will break.

¶ "Dick" is always in for a good time and always ready to help when he is not in the "home beyond the grave"—a man we are proud to call friend, as generous as his smile is sweet.

Honors: Three Stripes.

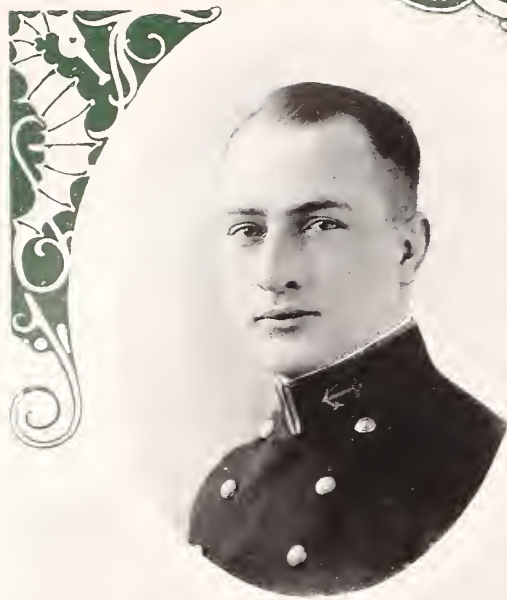
WHY did "Bill's" face get so suddenly red when the star exponent of Ruth St. Denis' art tripped up to him in Rectors, patted him on the cheek and exclaimed, "Now, 'Bill', don't get nervous!" Simple—because "Bill" does n't spoon on the feminine attention that is lavished upon him. He has n't time for it, and what is more he has n't as large a vacuum in his Spanish onion as some of us.

¶ To us he is a sure enough man, one of the kind that you like to have with you in trouble. Principally because he was born with a horseshoe in his hip pocket, and nothing has ever yet happened that could keep him from saying "Now ain't that hell!" and then break out a big, healthy grin which makes you say, "Well, it could be worse!" Not even missing our only Army-Navy game with the Thanksgiving holidays on the *Reina*, or losing all his earthly possessions when the *San Diego* was so unfortunate as to strike a German mine, deserting captain, crew and "Bill" for Davy Jones' Locker; not even the fact that he did not get his service chevron could induce him to join a close friendship with the Rhino bird.

¶ Because "Bill" is so cheerful and endowed with such an amount of common sense, he will always be sought in any crowd. His sweet young life is never bothered with the ordinary worries which spoil the dispositions of so many of us. It is a safe bet that "Bill" will always be happy and make those under him share that feeling which is so essential to good leadership.

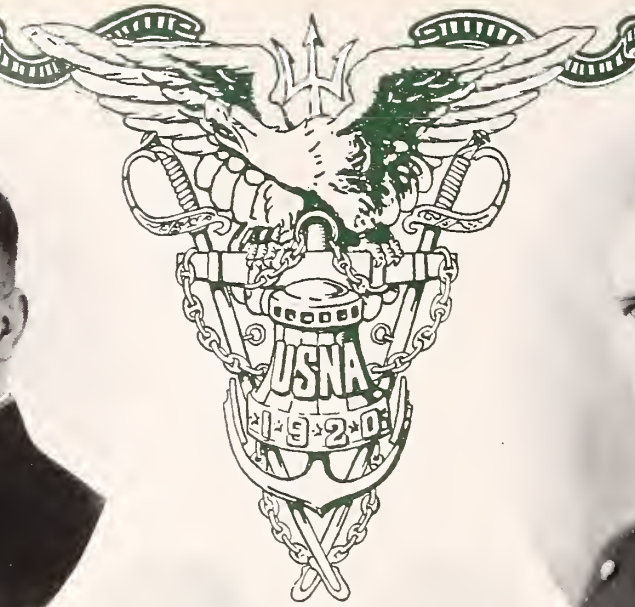
Honors: Buzzard;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1.





AMARIAH BASIL CARTWRIGHT
NEW HARMONY, IND.

"Carty" "Nick" "Abey"



EUGENE FIELD BURKETT
ABILENE, TEXAS

"Hiram" "Bucket" "Gene"

THE University of Indiana lost a valuable man and the Navy gained when "Carty" threw in his lot with us. A severely sprained ankle kept "Carty" out of most of Plebe year football, but Youngster year found him out with the Hustlers giving that Navy Team the opposition that helped so much to forge it into one of the greatest scoring machines in the country. "Carty's" First Class year found him returning early from leave to add his "last full measure of devotion" to the cause of Navy football, but a shattered hand the second week of practise again wrecked his ship of hope. ¶ But even football is not the place where he has won his greatest reputation as a fighter. The daily and monthly encounters with the Academic Department have provided him with experiences which he can ever recall with a feeling of perfect self-satisfaction. He could give the worst of them a 2.27 handicap for the first half of the term and then bat the last exam for enough velvet to pull him safely over the most dangerous river. ¶ But why speak of these mere commonplace things; they are only the bread and butter of existence. His Youngster year; oh, those parties! Three Plebes were barely able to keep up his social correspondence. But that was nothing to compare with that seven weeks spent in New York City on our First Class cruise. ¶ The reputation of the Academy for turning out real men will be amply justified wherever he goes. ¶ "Tell me 'Good-Night' this way."

Honors: Buzzard;
Football Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Football Numerals.

WHEN "Gene" (Gene, that's his pet name, christened by the fair ones of Simmons' College) blew into Crabtown from the wild and woolly prairies of western Texas, he did not impress us exactly as a ranchman or cowboy, but instead he was a very lovable, modest, ever-serving chap—seemingly a prospective minister's junior, fresh from the Podunk College. But two years as one of Uncle Sam's pampered pets had their effect. On First Class cruise, about the second liberty in New York, as "Burke" shoved off from Grand Central, on a course headed direct for Rector's or Churchill's, he presented to us an example of a regular minister's son. ¶ "Burke" has developed a keen eye for beauty, and he just can't be bothered with anything under a 3.5. Judging, however, from the punctual delivery of the blue envelope stamped "Sweetwater," the little girl he left behind is as yet the prize winner. ¶ In athletics, as well as everything else, "Burke" enters with a lot of pep, and plays the game entirely for the sport and exercise. On the Pennsy team First Class cruise it was rumored that he was giving "Rabbit" Maranville a run for his money at short. Trouble was, "Rabbit" was manager. In his Youngster year he developed quite a love for the gloves. He kept on fooling around with them until he got so rough that they had to award him a medal for champion boxer in the 158-pound class. ¶ His open heart, good nature and ever ready smile will gain him friends everywhere, and his earnestness, loyalty, and readiness to bear responsibility will make him a dependable man.

Honors: Buzzard;
Academy Middleweight Boxing Champion, 3;
Glee Club, 4.





TREVOR LEWIS
GRANITE CITY, ILL.

"Liny" "Louie" "Lefty"

CAN you stretch your imagination to the extent of picturing a sawed-off Welshman with a build like a stone-mason, an underslung chassis, a face like a tin angel, and a smile as open as a Cincinnati bar on Saturday night? Well, that's "Loo-eye."

¶ This specie with the divine form came to us after a four weeks' preparatory course at "Bobby's War College," and for this reason his first impressions of Crabtown are very interesting.

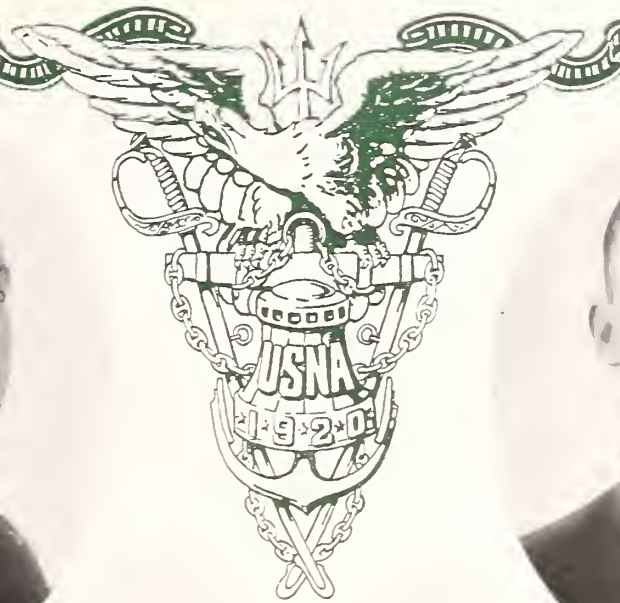
¶ But after the academic walls cut him off from outside communication with the world, he turned his excess energies into track, and bagged three medals in his Plebe year.

¶ During Youngster year his superb form might occasionally be seen on the basket-ball floor where he received much applause, especially from certain members of the fair sex. While hops lasted there was none more devoted to the waxed floor than the Waleman. It might also be mentioned at this point that a more faithful slave to "fou-fou" and Ed. Pinaud never dwelt in these illustrious halls.

¶ Under his exterior mantle, "Louie" has a cheery disposition, is popular, willing to take a chance, even going so far as to drag from the Emma Giles occasionally, and has an affinity for a 2.50 rather than a little bit of heaven on his collar.

¶ An odd thing about him is that he never knew how, when, nor why he came to the Naval Academy, but, being a fatalist, he is content with his lot and smiles through his varying fortunes with a fortitude which we could well imitate.

Honors: Buzzard;
Basketball N.



ALEXANDER FORBES SMITH, JR.
READING, PA.

"Aleck" "Smitty"

ALL sleep! It is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole."

¶ "Smitty" uttered this just as he was about to be stepped upon by the First Luff of the *Oklahoma* in his fancy boudoir on the starboard side of one of the turrets on his Youngster cruise. It was stated that he slept more on that cruise than did Rip Van Winkle in twenty-one years.

¶ Going to his personality Forbes is one of the quietest men in the class; but when you get to know him, you wish you had broken his silence sooner, for you realize that he is the kind of friend you can always rely on.

¶ Altho he hails from the town that flows not with milk and honey but with beer and pretzels, he is in character a canny Scot direct from the bonnie banks and braes of Scotland. As a result, his ability as a golf shark needs worthy mention: once started on golf, Bullard, Bowditch and all the others receive 45 minutes leave of absence on the book-shelf.

¶ After all has been said and done, Forbes is a whole-hearted and steady-going man. There are many who fly faster than he, but few who will fly as far.

Honors: Buzzard.





CHARLES LESTER HUTTON
EXCELSIOR, MINN.

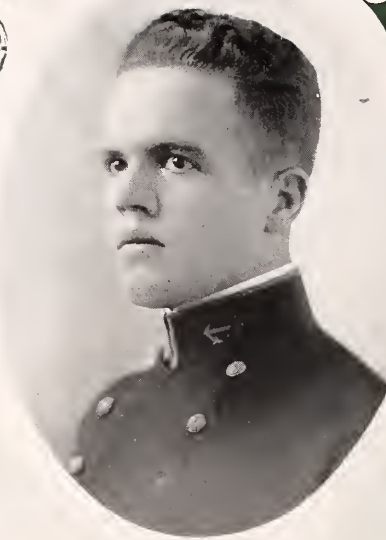
"Hut" "Lester" "C. L." "Tubba"

HESTER is a Red Mike and a skag hound from the word go. Ever since he won his black N early in Plebe summer, he has been well in the van "following the 'ounds" to temporary Smoke Halls.

¶ Of course he has to live up to his rep as a Rouge Mike so he never drags, but one look at his locker door will give conclusive proof of his taste;—those Minnesota girls sure must be corn-fed.

¶ The English profs nearly bilged the lad Plebe year, but it's our guess that he never had much choice of subject; you ought to hear him rave about the joys of his Sep leave. But he's been quite consistent in neglecting the profs, so his favorite pastime is running down to the bulletin board when the marks go up. He looks at most everybody else's first, but if you'd ask him how he stood;—"Well, I guess I won the pot on that exam. Anyway a 1.8 ought to win." Nevertheless, he often sings out that motto of his. "I must stand one!" And altho "Hut" never saw his name that high on a mark sheet or even in that vicinity, he stands way up on the list of classmates who are friends worth having—one of the kind that can and will do things if he wants to;—and "Hut" wants to be a good officer.

Honors: Buzzard.



BURTON LEATH HUNTER, JR.
MCKINNEY, TEXAS

"Bertie" "Bull" "Burton L."

WHA'S 'at? Where did you git that way?" Where the rest of us got that way has been a source of constant worry to Hunter, but his own case is an evident one. He got his way tinkering around with the port high pressure on the old *New Jersey* First Class cruise (the only thing that pried him loose from his beloved black gang was the arrival of a boarding party of the fair sex on an otherwise quiet Saturday afternoon off Yorktown).

¶ Beyond that one instance Burton spent the time any balanced man would have spent in corking—in hunting the reversing gear on the man air-pump or seeking the why of an ice-machine. But his efforts were not in vain, for he left the old *Jersey* with as efficient a knowledge of her engineering department as the senior assistant's, and a grease mark that rivaled that of the stellites.

¶ Hunter's life at the Academy has been a pretty steady grind, and it was mainly the lack of class standing that kept him from reclaiming the three stripes he wore temporarily Plebe summer. As it was he spent his First Class year with the regimental responsibilities of a second p. o. and the social responsibilities of a matrimonial agency in Utah :- :-

¶ If hard work makes for success in this life, Hunter will be there with bells on when the list of ratey Rears is published about 1953.

Honors: Buzzard.





WILLIAM GAYLORD LIVINGSTONE
LIVERNE, MINN.

"Bill" "Swede" "Red"

CHALES LAFAYETTE SURRAN
NEWPORT, KY.

"Surry" "Charlie" "Dimples"

GENTLEMEN, have you ever seen that medium-sized, straight, sandy-haired man walking down the corridor? That is the Swede who hails from Luverne, Minnesota, and according to him, that is the only place that people were originally supposed to habitate.

¶ If you ever want to make yourself think you have been transposed to Sweden, just get him to read several verses from his book of famous poems of his native land. And the funny part is that he is not a real Swede. As a candidate and as a Plebe he was generally considered a Red Mike. But this was all ehanged during the Youngster Sep leave he spent in Maine. Those twenty-page letters gave us ample proof of this fact. Oh, yes, he raised a mustache on that trip, and it was a real one.

¶ "Bill" has been around here so long the place will have a claim on him when he passes to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Bobby's prep school claimed him for several years and he was one of the many unfortunates who had to take a vacation the year they bilged the record number. He came back to us with the same old fighting spirit so many know him to possess. On his First Class cruise he was a bear for work. No work was too hard for him to do and no watches were too long for him to stand.

¶ His cheerful spirit and willingness will make him welcome in any mess.

Honors: Buzzard.

IT was many years ago that Charles came to Crabtown. Just how many years ago we don't know but we do know he's an "old inhabitant." And for some long time—calculated in years also—he was an aspirant for "l'academie navale." But with an indomitable spirit, the ever present element in the formula of success, he eventually passed thru the candidate stage.

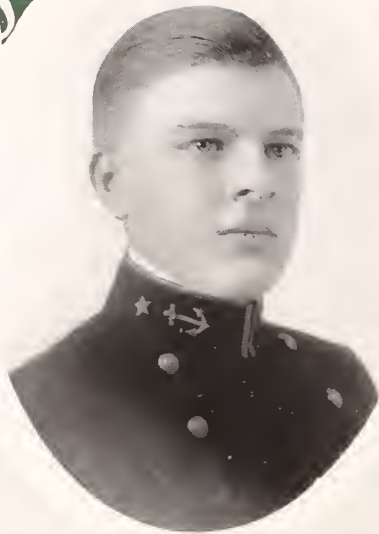
¶ He took up his residence in Bancroft early enough in the summer of '15 to see the beginning of the end of the "Old Navy." Then came that terrible storm of February, 1916—the gale that swept old B. H. from stem to stern and took scores of her bravest sailors overboard; the "Lost at Sea" numbered many. Thus it is we have old "Surry" with us and glad we are to have this true Kentucky gentleman.

¶ These few words would be incomplete without mention of "Surry's" devotion to Lady Nicotine. He's an expert on outboard air currents and has long been a charter member of the O. O. S. H.

¶ Wherever you see Charles you see his smile—he always wears it—and has he dimples? Well, we should say; dimples that would make any member of the fair sex look with envy. And Charlie's smile, his dimples and his jokes are but the outward signs of his happy, friendship-forming disposition.

Honors: Buzzard.





THOMAS GEORGE COX, JR.
HYDE PARK, MASS.

"Tommy"

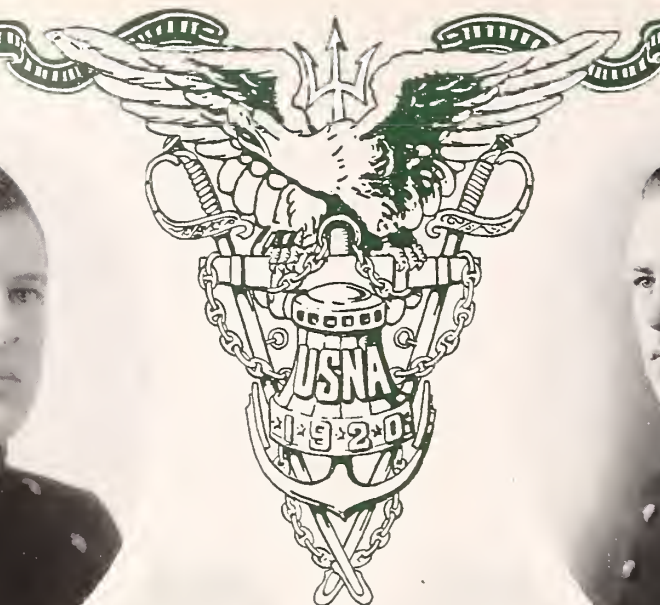
EVERYBODY knows Tommy. He rose to fame early in Plebe year, as the lad with the Bawston accent and his rendition of "Fight Fiercely, Fåih Hahvahd" was indeed a classic. Ever since, Tommy has been the sunbeam of the Third Batt. His rhino spells are few and far between, and even then he only says "Aw, you poor fish!" when some one pesters him beyond his elastic limit of strain.

¶ Tommy is savvy, but boning is not his strong point. Occasionally he skims through parts of the various Academic classics, but ordinarily you will find him comfortably boning a Cosmo and always ready to enter into a discussion about anything in general and good looking women in particular. He has a winning way about him;—ask any of his shipmates about his exploits in that greatest of American games ☞ ☞

¶ Tommy shifts his alliance from the ranks of the Red Mikes to that of the fussers at a moments notice. Whenever he does drag, you can be assured that his femme is a cold forty, because he is no slouch with the fair sex.

¶ As a sterling friend and a true gentleman, Tommy cannot be surpassed; and his reputation as a man will precede him through his career.

*Honors: Three Stripes, Regimental Adjutant;
Star, 4.*



HARRY DOUGLAS POWER
BUFORD, GA.

"Harry" "Savvy D"

THE fact that Harry joined us late in Plebe summer and so missed most of its glories did n't keep him from becoming one of the main stays of the "Back Corridor" gang for long. It was all old stuff for him, anyhow ☞ ☞

¶ Ac year he became one of the charter members of 307. "Red" Jackson easily persuaded him to go out for the Gym team and he did—for one day.

¶ The first term he never hit a tree, but emerged from the semi-anns with a 2.50 flat in Math. That started him on the downward path and he has been "fruit" for the Departments ever since.

¶ Harry acquired a rep early in life for being a hard guy. Upper Classmen would ask him where he came from and when he got on that hard look and came down with "Georgia, suh!" few stopped to argue with him ☞ ☞

¶ His age is a tender subject with him, but he is not tender in age.

¶ "Stud" papped him once for "inaptitude—after using razor for twenty years, not knowing how to handle same properly."

¶ First Class year "Thug" exhibited a pair of well earned stripes as Second Battalion Adjutant, and produced a voice audible on Worden Field from Bancroft Terrace.

¶ Many of his spare hours he devoted to the *Lucky Bag* with surprising results.

*Honors: Two Stripes, Battalion Adjutant;
Lucky Bag Staff;
Submarine Squad, 4, 3, 1.*





LAWRENCE WILLIAM CURTIN

BEARDSTOWN, ILL.

"Bill"

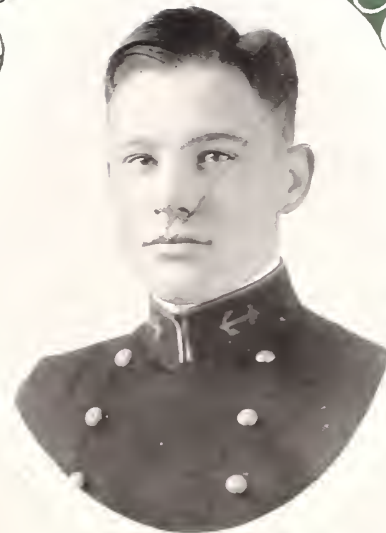
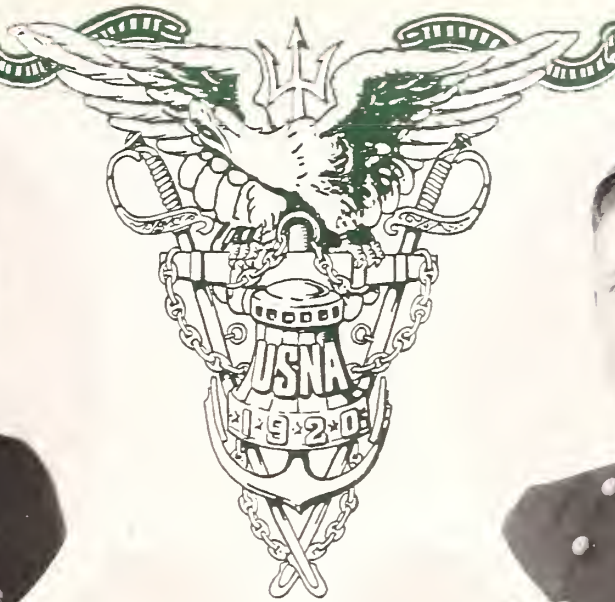
WE had never heard about Beardstown before "Bill" came among us, but rather than doubt his veracity we took his word for its existence. Still the most skeptic contend that what he points out as the location of this famous Metropolis is nothing more or less than a fly speck on the map of Illinois.

"Bill" lit in our midst not a whit ruffled and had scarcely donned his khaki when he began venturing his opinions upon this man's Navy. Not even the return of our lords and masters worried him and he faced professor after professor, as Plebe year rolled by, with such a look of savviness and insulted dignity that not one dared to make an assignment that would put "Bill's" multiple below the "passed with credit" mark.

He is willing to take a chance at anything and after making the rash declaration that he could stay up in the swimming tank three hours straight, proceeded to prove his statement, much to the glee of the onlookers. He stayed manfully at his pumps for over two hours, but toward the last several double bottom compartments were flooded, and his buoyancy being destroyed he was forced to make dry dock.

"Bill's" fussing ability is only surpassed by his ability to be a "good fellow," and many are the enjoyable hours spent on the cruise listening to those wild tales which always begin with, "Now, fellows, when I was back in Beardstown—"

Honors: Battalion C. P. O.



HAROLD COLDWELL

EL PASO, TEXAS

"Jimmy" "Herc" "Tex"

IF you have a desire to start something, don't try "Tex." The reason for this advice is not because he is of a bellicose temperament, for under ordinary circumstances he is one of the warmest-hearted and most lovable old Texans that ever wore pants.

His sense of humor, however, is of the Egyptian or Hindu variety—at least something foreign to us—and he is so serious-minded that when he begins to get red-eyed and murmurs, "Are you trying to get my goat or something?" it is time to up anchor and stand out of the bay.

"Tex" has been one of the mainstays of the football team for three years; while he came to us as an All-Southern tackle, he leaves us as a near All-American End.

Scene: Stripling Walk.

Occasion: Section returning from Nav. P-work.

Time: 9:50 A. M.

The Band suddenly breaks out with a big noise close at hand. "Tex"—(Section Leader) Halt! Right Face! (He salutes.) The band serenely plays "Oh, Johnny!"

Honors: Two Stripes;
Manager, Basketball;
Y. M. C. A. Secretary;
Football Squad, 4, 3, 1,
Football N 3;
Crew Squad, 4.





JEWETT PARKER MONCURE
PALERMO, CALIF.

"Monny" "Stat" "Montcalm"

DID you ever hear a noise at about late-blast time start way up on the fourth deck and come roaring down till it landed on the terrace, face down among the cigarette butts heaved out the night before? You would then have seen "Monny," the native son, rise in his glory, stand up in the wreck of a suit of blues, and with the greatest dignity recover his dignity and stalk away, deciding that there was one more formation not worth while. In all that, except dignity, you see the outcome of years' association with the Bolsheviks; for he is an exponent of the "why do" organization that has long made life in the Eighth Company worth while—from a sporting point of view.

¶ Has it not been said that midshipmen are congenitally conceited? He is the rule, not the exception; and this may have been caused by his victorious encounter with a certain Virginian, or else by the land of his choosing, the place where the biggest trees, oranges, etc., come from. In spite of his being born in Mexico, he is, as you see, neither a Mexican athlete nor a greaser. (Thank God for that!)

¶ And if you meet him steer shy of the proverbial chip.

Honors: Buzzard.



JOHN CRAWFORD WEBB
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

"Jack"

OH, you just tell Mr. Webb that he's the sweetest thing. Does n't he dance wonderfully?"
¶ "Uh-h-huh."

¶ This introduces "Jack," a quiet, nonchalant, suave savoir—and an almost bald one, at that.

¶ Like all of us, he is subject to alternate spells of rhino and joy that are prevalent in the mid-latitudes.

¶ Occasionally he is "off wimmen" and claims he will no longer frequent our dumb-bell-festooned hall of hops—and then—just as surely as a moon rolls around, he is at it again, and dragging heavy.

¶ Since he has been at the Academy, a bad knee has prevented his participation in heavy athletics or "Jack" would have been out for several of our major sports. Instead he has gone out for fencing with the result that he has seen action in some of our best meets.

¶ But, tho "Jack" has a fairly easy time, it is on the cruise that he really enjoys himself, for he always has a corking time out in the Fleet.

¶ As certain as there's a pot of gold at the rainbow's end, you'll find a good shipmate at the end of "Jack's" course. And that's equivalent to saying that he's built for the Navy.

¶ "A bottle of Mangecure in time may save nine."

Honors: Buzzard.





LUNSFORD YANDELL MASON, JR.
MEMPHIS, TENN.

"Mase" "L. Y." "Shorty"

SAY, "Mase," you had better wake up and bone this juice; it's ten minutes to formation now." Many a time has "L. Y." been aroused from his happy nods by some such casual remark, and transferred from the realm of Morpheus to that of ye stern and forbidding Academic lords and rulers. But Fate is with the defenseless once in a century and it is seemingly predestined for "Shorty" to make good, or else he carries a concealed rabbit's foot or horseshoe somewhere about him. However, he stands always to the leeward side of many of us who have delved into the mysteries of the ways of the sea until our burning eyes refused to function further.

¶ Did you ask if he was a fusser or a Red Mike? The serial number of that foolish question is *n plus I du*. Whatever be the party, hop, or social device of any shape, form or fashion, "Mase" was there in the center with that greatly prided and pampered slied and shined back until it made the rays from the noonday sun seem but the faint, feeble flickerings of the firefly.

¶ An enthusiastic athlete? Well, rather! We know of nothing that "L. Y." petted and abused so much as that vital portion of the anatomy so necessary to the maintenance of life, but he has even slighted this favorite if he thought that by so doing he could hit the line harder, or lead the gym team more successfully under his captaincy.

¶ Above all, "Mase" was and is a true friend, the kind to have, the one who always has a cheery word and an always willingly helping hand for whoever needs or wants it.

Honors: Battalion C.P. O.;
Gymnasium 9.Nt;
Captain Gym Team;
Hustlers, 4, 3.



LEMUEL PHILLIPS PADGETT, JR.
COLUMBIA, TENN.

"Senator" "Ike" "Lem"

WHEN it comes to making way against the tide we have yet to see another who can create the congressional, diplomatic, and congenial atmosphere of our "Lem." His natural savviness, coupled with an amazing capacity for work, has made of him a quantity always to be reckoned with. Even when his intellect occasionally fails to meet the Academic demand, he has his convincing appearance to fall back upon, for when a prof. calls on him and he respectfully declines to answer, a 3.4 goes down in the little red book just the same, with the remark that "he's old enough to know better, anyway."

¶ Although he is not a confirmed fusser he could hardly be called a Red Mike, for he has a way with the ladies that rarely fails to bring results. Moonlight to him is an asset, but never a necessity.

¶ We have been assured that the best way to have a friend is to be one, and in this assurance we know that "Lem," Jr., will never be lacking in true friends. The little twinkle in his eye, and that cheery humor have a way of carrying geniality and sunshine wherever he goes. He is the friend "that sticketh closer than a brother," and whoever is so fortunate as to have him for a shipmate is to be envied.

Honors: Company C. P. O.;
Track Squad, 4;
Log Staff, 4, 3;
Lucky Bag Staff.





ORRIN SHEPLEY HASKELL
PITTSFIELD, ME.

"Nero" "Maniae" "Liquor"

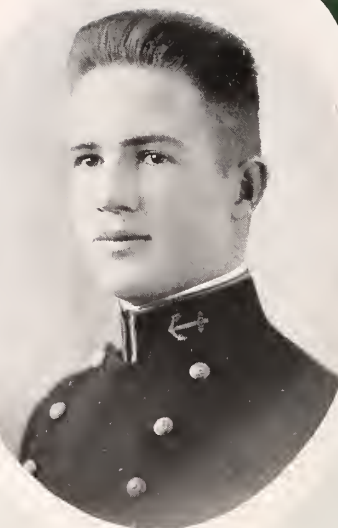
SINCE Orrin's arrival in the far East his doctrine has been one of enthusiasm coupled with limitless optimism. There is no case on record of his ever having done anything without having the time of his life, and those who admire his disposition are many.

¶ As a Plebe he was well under way toward lowering the Academy record in the half mile and everything else that would bear lowering. Youngster year he hit an even stronger pace until an unforeseen illness laid him on the shelf for the rest of the year. His idea of a good time is to run until he sees pink lights dancing around before his eyes and his throat feels like the inside of an oil burning blow torch. The outdoors is his hobby and he claims he'd sooner wade twelve foot snowdrifts in old New England than have a season pass to New York and everything in it.

¶ Scholarship means nothing in his young life, but even then he has had but few occasions to rag his marks by the week, and if his inclinations had run more to text books than the once a month variety, the story would have a different ending. But then he writes for the once a month kind, and just can't forego the joy of seeing his own words in print.

¶ Orrin's friendship is not the kind that does a favor with a return request already in mind, and wherever the paths of the service lead him his unflinching optimism and ready helping hand will make him a boon companion.

Honors: Company C, P. O.;
Track Squad, 4.



ROY MONTROSE GRAHAM
HONOLULU, HAWAII

"Hono" "Roy" "Populi" "Monty"

CAN he speak English?" asked a young lady upon seeing Roy for the first time and hearing that he was from the Hawaiian Islands.

¶ We do not wonder at this for our "Kanaka" is a true South Sea Islander; he simply can't help having his sunny disposition for he hails from that dreamy land of ukaleles and surf-riders.

¶ Roy is primarily, inherently, and always a fusser. But to our own absolute knowledge he has never fallen too far, altho our suspicions have been aroused by a picture with "Hilo" on the back which he seems to prize very highly. His saving grace is that he finds time for some things of minor importance,—such as tennis championships and swimming meets. Trust the "Kanaka" to be at home in the water.

¶ Roy is a hard and cheerful worker with a high sense of duty, and a man with whom we are all proud to associate.

¶ Here's hoping fortune smiles on him so that his req for duty in the Pacific Station will lead him often back to his beloved Hilo.

Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 4, 2, 1;
Academy Singles Tennis Champion, 4, 3;
Academy Doubles Tennis Champion, 3;
Captain Tennis;
Director, Y. M. C. A.,
Lucky Bag Staff;
Manager Swimming Team;
Swimming Squad, 3, 1.





LEON JOSEPH BAKER

FORT WAYNE, IND.

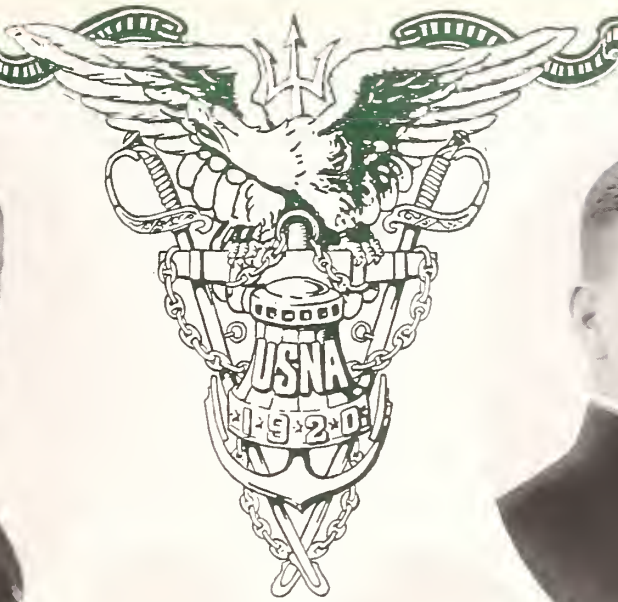
"Bake" "Oz"

HERE'S another house I designed. Don't you think it looks pretty good?" That's "Oz" all over when he gets under way explaining his photo album. He has pictures of some few of those same houses,—you see he studied the stuff at Illi. However, the architectural game proved rather uninspiring to a man of his romantic genius, and the Navy caught him on the rebound. There are still days when he lives in an atmosphere of memories, however, and the dope is pretty authentic that even now he is using his talents in constructing a home for a little oiseau in his native podunk. In fact, he firmly asserts that if he is not married in the chaplain's first squad, he'll jump in a beer vat and bring his life to a fitting close.

¶ Athletics have not been "Bake's" strong point, and his greatest exertion is made to the song of the merman's "von, two, tree, four," over in the tank on Wednesdays. He gained fame in little old New York by doing the town with the pick of Hitchy-Koo, and still talks about several movie stars as if he had known them all his life.

¶ With all his virtues and all his faults, "Bake" is a pretty fair average man in savviness, and a cold forty in friendship and extending the glad hand to all his pals.

Honors: Buzzard.



CLARENCE JOHN BALLREICH

TIFFIN, OHIO

"Slim" "Shorty" "Jimmy"

MAJES and Gentlemen:—Above is a chromo of the pride of Tiffin. Pass it not lightly by, for here is the only man, living or dead, on whom the descendants of Jake Reed and the mid's store have not waxed fat and prosperous. "Shorty" is six feet four, going on five—the destiny that shapes our ends (his are size 14) having thus provided him with a means of getting about twice as much cloth in a suit of blues as the ordinary man gets. He is rather reticent about his doings in Tiffin, but acquaintance with him in a Steam section room would have convinced you that in the brief span of years prior to his advent in Crabtown he did a lot to make Ohio in general and Tiffin in particular, what it is today. Don't think his savviness stops at Steam, however. If you were visiting some night before 8:30 and wanted something explained, you'd have found in him the most fluent and convincing little explainer you've ever met. Always before 8:30 though, because after that he turned in—probably so he can hold forth all night on leave. "Shorty" is also a crew man and one of nine who sport the X-crossed oar this year. He's worked hard every football and wrestling season to secure the freedom and rates of the training tables, but the only thing that gets his soul's enthusiasm is crew. Pardon! Crew and the hops; the latter he attends with a fervor and faithfulness surpassed by none, despite Dick Glendon's annual crew season warnings.

¶ "Dear! I must meet that handsome Mr. Ballreich!"

Honors: Buzzard;
Plebe Crew;
Crew N cross oar;
Crew Squad, 1.





SAMUEL LAZARUS LAHACHE
St. Louis, Mo.

"Senator" "Sam" "Savvy"

SAM was dubbed "Senator" in his prep days at "Buck's." So many knew "Senator" then, that the distinguished name has stuck with him ever since.

¶ Although not an unusually savvy man, "Senator" needs little help from any one, practically or theoretically. He has known difficulty in the form of uncut lumber, but by coming to—well—his senses, he has always managed to keep on the top side.

¶ As a classmate "Senator" leaves little to be desired. He is always cheerful, can take all the running that comes his way without a murmur, and is ready to do any one a favor from his closest friend to an unknown Plebe.

¶ Who has ever been to a hop or informal when "Senator" was not dragging? He is n't a Douglas Fairbanks from outward appearances, but with that winning smile and those mysterious blinkers comes the description uttered by one of the fair sex, "Not much in a crowd, but great in a corner."

¶ When June rolls around, we shall say, "Fare-thee-well" to "Senator" with the hope of being with him, "out there," because everybody loves a lover, true friend, and a gentleman.

¶ "The women, God bless 'em."

Honors: Buzzard.



CAMPBELL CLEAVE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"C. C." "Campbell"

THAT popular good-looking chap in the center of the bunch of midshipmen over by the wall bars, the one they're all trying to spoon on, yes, that's Campbell. He's dragging blind for Mac, and drew a 4.0; hence all the enthusiastic friends.

¶ Is he a snake? No! A snake is one just breaking out in society; "C. C." is the finished product. Smooth, polished, good-looking, he makes a highly desirable and successful fusser.

¶ Ordinarily, he is very even-tempered, but did you ever see him after being ragged? Just to let the English Department clutch him for neglecting to put on the twenty-five fathom flemish at the end of an examination is enough.

¶ Cleave is savvy enough to be able to read snappy literature and live wire fiction during the evening study periods. About nine-fifteen or nine-twenty he's settled for work.

¶ His athletic tendencies, however, disqualify him from being an exponent of ease, or from belonging to the famous cosmo chapter of the U. S. N. A.

¶ To his credit are his skill with sabres, track, Glee Club, and as a songster of the choir.

¶ Efficient, tactful, and devoted to the service, "Cleave" will make a high-spirited officer as well as a congenial and desirable shipmate.

¶ "Je me couche comme un sabot."

Honors: Buzzard;
Fencing Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Manager Fencing Team;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 4, 1.





PAUL BELYEA WATSON
CINCINNATI, O.

"P. B." "Doc" "Whatso" "Chauncy"

WHATSO" likes to be known by his favorite title, "Midshipman de Bois," and tries to live up to it. "Doc" has been insistently non-reg and has gotten away with it except on several occasions when precedents were established by the Executive Department.

¶ When it comes to sea-goingness—Oh! Everything from his mangled cap to his rolling gait radiates salt.

¶ Like the rest of us Paul has always been out for all the fruit. He first displayed this by joining the Bugle Corps Plebe year and shagging around a tin trumpet while the rest of us were doing "Shoulder arms—Forward march."

¶ Although he has never dazzled the Academic Department by anything but chalk screens, he comes thru with the things that really count, according to all the indications

¶ "How is it to knock off boning out there?"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Bugle Corps, 4, 3;
Expert Rifleman.*



ROBERT CRAWFORD WARRACK
PORTLAND, ORE.

"Bobby"

ROBERT came to us late in Plebe summer, a dainty, delicate thing to be promptly dubbed "Freda" by those hard npper classmen. His feminine beauty was the cause of many First Class fights for the privilege of tucking him in bed and kissing him goodnight. Now all this is changed—he hides behind a bristly black beard all week, only emerging in time to be recognized by the C. O. at Saturday inspection.

¶ His list of honors does not show his prowess along non-reg athletic lines—but he is a charter member of all the Cosmo and Radiator Clubs in the place. It is a sight worth seeing to watch him roll his own with one hand, meanwhile keeping up a constant line on the benefits to be derived from wearing silk gloves.

¶ First Class cruise his spotless and well creased trou were the envy of all hands, and his drawing of "What would have happened to a German Cruiser had she met the Lousy-Lou" was the result of nothing less than pure genius :••

¶ Although a true exponent of "Hang the Regs" he dragged down a stripe First Class year, and the efficient way in which he handled the second platoon of the 16th showed what type of man he is.

¶ "Anything's reg if you can get away with it."

*Honors: One Stripe;
Expert Rifleman.*





ALLAN DOUGLAS BLACKLEDGE
RED CLOUD, NEB.

"Blackie" "Commodore" "Dougy"

CHARLES SPRAGUE BEIGHTLER
MARYSVILLE, OHIO

"Gyp"

OUR handsome hero swooped down on Buck's and Crabtown in time to put over several eventful months before straying inside the pearly gates.

¶ He emerged from his first and last semi-ans with several just sat marks and one which called for late lights and a re-exam. Youngster year he might have convinced people of his savviness if math had not maintained him as a member of the late lights club. Nevertheless, we insist that it takes a good man at "figgers" to juggle with marks ranging from a 2.4 to a 2.55 and come out with a 2.50 average.

¶ As a fusser "Blackie" is there, altho he drags but once in a while. He claims he has but one affair of the heart, and to hear him rave you could n't doubt him. He even threatens to allow her to take charge the day his debts fall due, so stand by with the rice and old shoes.

¶ While "Blackie" has never exactly starred in "grease," his pals insist "There haint no man livin'" who can do better than he when he takes charge.

¶ His unfailing sense of humor and squareness insure that he will always have a large circle of fast friends among those he comes in contact with.

Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 4.

WHAT part of Ohio are you from, Mister?"—"Marysville, Sir!"—"Where the h— is Marysville?"—"Thirty miles from Columbus, Sir!"—and Plebe year started for "Gyp." He is still explaining that Marysville is thirty miles from Columbus. "Gyp" fusses occasionally, that is, he attends the hops, but his chief joy and occupation is corking; any place, any time.

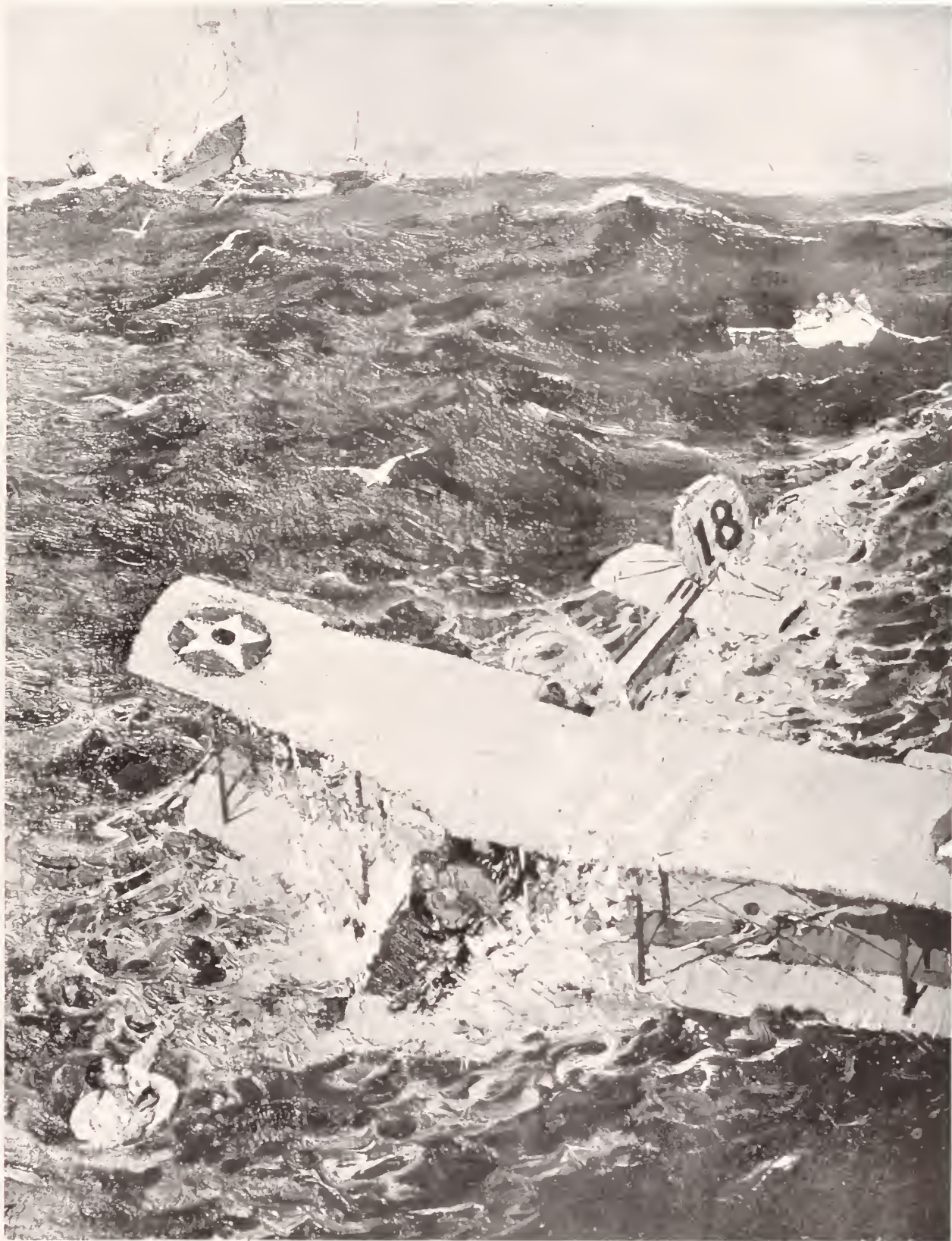
¶ Of course, he is savvy; he was a student at Ohio State before he came to the Navy, and at the start of aademic year he displayed such a bunch of brains that the aademic department chalked him up as a favorite; win, place, or show. Did you ever watch him loaf along with his dailies and then crack the exams for a 4.0?

¶ A better disposition can't be found, always cheerful, never rhino—and a sort of an antidote for the rhino spells of his roommate. He is always easy for a friend—translated "Gil Blas" for the whole corridor and won the undying gratitude of many a wooden class-mate.

¶ "Gyp" is certain to be a success as an officer and fortunate are those who will be his shipmates. When he goes into the Fleet he will be onto his job and "savvy" it all. He's been practising the officer job since the day he came into the Navy, has "Gyp" Beightler—"Gyp," of sterling worth.

Honors: Buzzard.







MAURICE EUGENE BROWDER
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"Max"

HERE we have one of "the boys." It took a little time to unearth him as such, but by First Class year he qualified easily.

¶ His favorite pastime is skagging, and his trusty Camels have carried him safely across all worries, Academic and others.

¶ There is only one time when he does n't indulge, and that is when he is journeying in the lands of Morpheus, which is to say, during study hours. Yet when the marks are posted, "Max" never sees red.

¶ "Max" is not a Red Mike by any means, in spite of the fact that every time he drags he overdraws his allotment of magnesia. This only brings out his main characteristic—persistence. Whatever he does, he sticks to it, whether it be in an argument, a game, or a scrap; he can be depended upon to carry out anything that he undertakes.

¶ "Max" takes such a lively interest in everything connected with the navy that we can see nothing but a big career for him.

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

MAURICE VAN CLEAVE
GREENVILLE, TEXAS

"Van"

DLEBE summer "Van" navigated a Prairie schooner from Caddo Mills to Annapolis without mishap; but his untimely arrival in August gave the Ac's enough momentum to nearly cut his naval career short in February. The fall jarred the dust from the shelf of our young hero and he revealed a brilliant surface which dazzled the profs Youngster year.

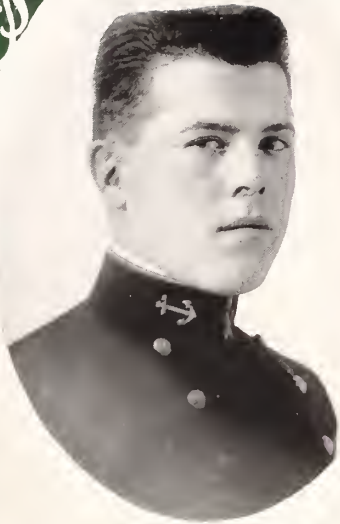
¶ 'T was providential that the submarine and weak squad elected him as a member because here early in life he gained the qualities which later caused rivers of glory to be bestowed upon him. First-Class cruise "Van" had the distinction of serving on the good ship *San Diego* and was one of the heroic middies which rescued a dinghy.

¶ From all indications "Van" stands well with the ladies, regardless of his repeated declaration that he belongs to the order of Anti-Sufferycets.

¶ With a real taste of war service to his credit, "Van" is all for the Navy, henceforth and forever, amen—and it's a 10 to 1 bet that he'll still be in full regalia when that final word is said.

Honors: Buzzard.





LUCIUS PATRICK COLLINS
BOSTON, MASS.

"Lutey," "Arty," "Atty"

LUTEY," best known of the Mayflower gang; another member of the Oleanders, and the heart of every roughhouse, his favorite pastime. He is a Red Mike to be sure, but only because he insists on making love on absolutely truthful principles. He claims it can't be done.

¶ "Arty" was a steady worker for the "hustlers" and was about to receive his class numerals, but unfortunately he was forced to make a visit to that happy home beyond the grave for the remainder of the foot-ball season.

¶ Besides being a steady worker in athletics, "Arty" is fairly consistent in his studies, without bothering to be consistent he manages to treat them all rough. His laugh is on the Academic Department.

¶ Nor is he altogether a man confined to his own class, for his following comprises many Youngsters and uncounted Plebes who swear by him.

¶ "Want a skag, kid?"

¶ "Never mind the tendency; this is Youngsters' Smoke-Hall."

Honors: Buzzard.



THOMAS TINGEY CRAVEN
BOUND BROOK, N. J.

"Tommy" "Teety"

GEE, I wish I was big." There you have "Tommy's" ambition in a six-word message. Rescbling one of those winged beasts New Jersey is so famous for, in size, he nevertheless makes up for it in wit and agility. Although his mind works rather lightly, we would not say it never strikes bottom. Craven is conscientious, and to be rhino is an aspiration he rarely achieves. He may tell you what a hard life he leads, but it is only a bluff, for "T. T." is never still long enough to drink deep of the brine of Bolshevism.

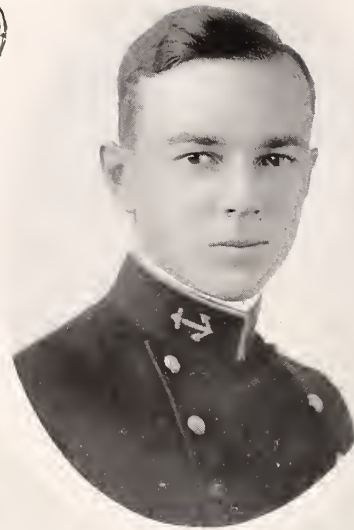
¶ A Navy junior and well supplied with sisters and cousins, "Tommy" rarely lacks a drag. "Hey, Craven, where is that seminary you are dragging down June week?" Ask him how many trains it took for the arrival.

¶ Lack of ambition and size have kept him out of athletics, for "Tom" likes his ease, a favorite skag, and a soft place to sleep. His ambition was to be a gridiron hero, but nature prevented it, and the nearest he attains his desire is in Sunday serimmages with the company Plebes. We rather think his success there is due more to the fear those gentlemen have of his voice at the table than to skill.

¶ Craven is one of the easiest men in the class to get acquainted with and one of the most ingenuous in nature, but one who rarely plays the goat like so many of his similarly constituted fellows.

Honors: Buzzard.





JOHN ARTHUR McDONNELL
DETROIT, MICH.

"Mac" "Parson" "McDougall"

THE "Parson" landed in Crabtown early Plebe summer. He didn't make much noise at first—saved it all up for Ac year to stave off the attacks of the several Departments. They've been after "Mac" year after year but he always has a 2.5 up his sleeve which he brings forth about the first of February and the first of June each year. Never bones hard, never worries, always gets there—that's "Mac."

¶ Besides diverting himself at baseball, the boy is a heavy dragger; did n't miss more than two hops all Youngster year. However, he claims "Motor-boating" is his favorite pastime ☪ ☪

¶ "Mac" is always on the job and there is n't one of us who would n't be mighty glad to have him for a shipmate when we go forth from under Bancroft's wings to make our trial run with the Fleet.

¶ "Well, I guess I got by. Heh?"

Honors: One Stripe;
Baseball Squad, 4, 3.

ROBERT BOLTON, JR.
CEDAR GROVE, N. J.

"Bobbie" "Robert" "K"

MR. BOLTON, you're a good Plebe."

¶ This was "Bobbie's" usual greeting every morning ☪ ☪

¶ Youngster year he was as good as ever, and First Class year found our Robert with two stripes.

¶ Before rating function he was one of the two Christians at that celebrated institution of learning located in New York, which may account for his regness and his successful attempt at baffling the Ac Department.

¶ Robert may not be "the man for the job" according to our "untersee" friends, but at shooting baskets, tossing the pill, or even browbeating the fair ones, he is in his own element ☪ ☪

¶ If he is as good at surmounting difficulties as he was at pulling out of holes in baseball, "K" will be as welcome in the Fleet as in the box during a big game.

¶ During our mutual struggle with the All Academics, one of the unsolvable problems, was "why did 'Bobbie' crease his pajamas?" This will probably remain as it is, a great mystery, for his reply was, as usual—"Keep quiet, you damn fool, the M. C. will hear you."

Honors: Two Stripes;
Basketball Numerals, 3;
Baseball N, 3.





JAMES ALTY CROCKER
GALVESTON, TEXAS

"Jim" "Jimmy" "Piccadilly" "Jalty"

QVEN though he may not look it, this serious minded sailor from the state of the waters and not trees is one of our most accomplished musicians, and he has often amused us with his repertoire on anything from a bos'n's pipe to a piano. Music is not his only accomplishment either— but if we should attempt to put all these into print, we should use much valuable time and space, so why not tell the truth and rank him with Dewey or Bernard Shaw and call it a day's work.

¶ "Jimmie" is not exactly what one would call a savoir, and many have been the bushes upon which he has rested. We came near losing his undaunted good nature several times, but whether through good luck or hard work, he has always managed to slip one over on the Navy and stick to Uncle Sam's School for Boys.

¶ Athletics have never appealed to him, except that branch commonly known as Mexican, and in that he has surpassed all others.

¶ When the last General Quarters has been sounded "Jimmie" will be heard to tell of some of his blood friends at Andover and of some of his many and varied experiences of life. When all has been said and done and tatoo has busted, we'll still listen for his yarns and his efforts to borrow a pair of socks and wonder how all of us would have missed knowing him.

Honors: Buzzard.

ELMER FRANK HELMKAMP
WICHITA, KANSAS

"Kaiser" "Hick" "Hell-Cat" "Pants"

DID you ever look over the regiment and notice a tall, rangy, hard guy with the original "debutant slouch" guiding the turbulent Eleventh Company into the mess hall to lose his appetite for the next meal? That is "Hell-Cat," our rocky "Jay Hawk."

¶ Although disappointed in not carrying off the sightless binoculars in the knockabout race with the ladies, "Hick" is a great snake, and as a crowning event in his social career was presented with the plush-lined hod. However, he has fallen from grace and his trophy goes to John Tom.

¶ "Hick" is a track man of rare ability, and his prowess is not exhibited on the cinder path but in the section room. Since the beginning of his first Plebe year he has kept constantly in training and by steady, hard, consistent work has always managed to breast the tape just ahead of the 2.5. And on this you can place your stakes, that just as surely as he has won out against the All Academics, he will manage to burn the cinders for an even break against the hard knocks of later life.

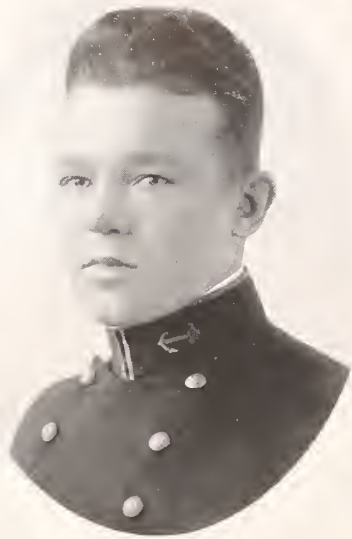
¶ Helmkamp is of that nature which makes fast friends, one whose loss would leave a distinct and not easily filled gap among those who know him. This is because he is conscientious, considerate, and always of a cheerful disposition. If you are in trouble, provided that it is not the kind that is sighted on trees, "Hick" is remedy A, B, and XYZ.

¶ "Mr. Helmkamp, where do they stow the powder bags after firing?"

¶ "They stow them in the boxes, sir."

Honors: Buzzard.





MARSHALL ARNOLD ANDERSON
EAU CLAIRE, Wis.

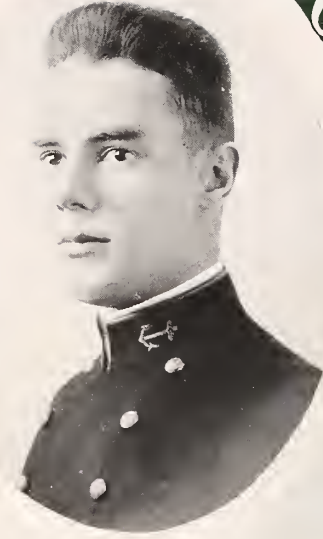
"Andy"

AFTER taking one look at the moon-faced visage presented herewith we have difficulty in discovering just what basis "Andy" has for his declaration that the day he entered the Academy the Navy acquired another bright and shining light. And he has had difficulty convincing more than one of the departments of the veracity of the statement, too; for instance, can you imagine the trials of a French prof trying to teach his lingo to a full-blooded Swede?

¶ Plebe year "Andy" claimed to be a woman hater, and he made good until the middle of Youngster year, when all—even to his intimate friends—were surprised to see him burst forth in all his (reflected) glory. When he took his first tumble, like the house built upon the sands, great was the fall thereof. And he's been falling regularly ever since.

¶ To do him justice, however, if you can imagine a very quiet young man, who never has much to say on either side of a subject, a man to whom nearly everything comes only by the avenue of hard work, who goes after each task put before him as if his life depended on it, and makes good nine times out of ten—then you know "Andy" as few others know him.

Honors: Buzzard.



WILLIAM STEVENSON MACLAREN, JR.
PRINCETON, N. J.

"Mac"

MAC'S" path has not been all roses since he came to hibernate hereabouts, but the old persistence that finally won out for him on the entrance exams has held him in good stead, and for that reason and his unusual good luck we still have him with us. "Mac" never was strong for association with the various textbooks, but his general knowledge and horse sense always succeeded in getting him by the board.

¶ Youngster cruise sure was a heaven for "Mac" and although he had a re-exam hanging over him, he had one big time, and as for liberties—he sure did make them.

¶ He can tell you all about the big snows around Crabtown for some time back, and from his vast experiences one would think that his neck was in need of sandpapering, but he is comparatively harmless unless some one crosses him and gets on the wrong side of that neckhold of his—which is by the way, his best trump. Wrestling has been "Mac's" strong point, but injuries have prevented him from showing up as he ought to. He finds it easy to make the various tables, and in football, baseball and swimming, he is one of the old guard.

¶ "Mac" does n't break out very often but when he does he shakes a mean foot and has about as good a time as can be had. He's a good skate, an interesting companion and an all around good fellow. Stick with us, "Mac"—we're with you—toujours.

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Football Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Wrestling Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Track Squad, 4;
Laerosse Squad, 1.





RENE FREDERICK ARTHUR BUCHHOLZ

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Giff" "Buch"

THE greatest disappointment of "Buch's" young life occurred when the registration department forced him to relinquish eleven of his fourteen given names and prefix only three to his autocratic John Henry on "Twenty's" roll of honor. It was a huge mistake, too, for those fourteen names give his family history back as far as Louis III or William the Conqueror, we forget which, and much of that history is easier writing than that which "Buch" has added to the family tree.

¶ The one word that describes him most efficiently is non-reg. From a non-reg Fat on duty to non-reg blues and non-reg liberty, he has run the gauntlet of them all, and the sorrow of it is that he has gotten away with it so infrequently. As a result he has almost innumerable stars behind his black N.

¶ Be it said in "Buch's" favor, however, that his non-regness emanates not from maliciousness, but from a superabundance of kid mischievousness he has never quite outgrown, and which flatly refuses to be quelled. At that he's been Bill Butler's best bower anchor, and altho "Buch's" own name has been no stranger to the Academic twigs, he's been successful enough in keeping Bill sat and savvy to insure his sticking with the team each fall.

¶ In spite of hard luck, fair weather or foul, "Buch" takes his medicine like the man he is. The worse the odds the harder he's due to scrap, and his spirit will carry him far.

Honors: Buzzard.



WILLIAM BUTLER, JR.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Bill" "Butts" "Lather"

W E-L-L! Say, guy, are you gonna let 'em get away with it?" And a ponderously laden ship making heavy weather of it heaves into view around the corner. That's "Bill."

¶ "Bill" joined us early in June fresh from Philadelphia where he won all the laurels that a man could wish for at Central High. After he was fully acclimated "Bill" began to shoot sparks and made things hum—for himself as well as the Duty Officers.

¶ "Leady" showed us what football meant when we started to clean up the big teams in the fall. He wears an "N" with three years qualification now in proof thereof.

¶ "Bill" always has had a running fight with the Academic Department and was almost swamped by English Plebe year.

¶ "Bill's" whole time has been taken up with football, Eddy Ewen, Bill Francis and a good time.

¶ He's famous for his weekly boxes from home and his smile.

¶ Women never bothered him much until Christmas, Youngster year, and then it took a month on the *Reina* to convince him of the error of his ways.

¶ "Bill" is built more like a good old Navy coal scow than a clipper ship, but you can't sink him. And there's one big thing that you can say about "Bill," he has n't an enemy and every man's his friend.

¶ "Dog-gone—I've gotta bone."

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Football N. 4, 3, 1.



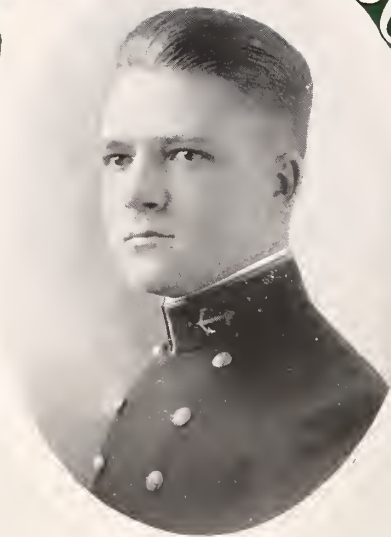


JOHN THOMAS BOTTOM, JR.
DENVER, COL.

"John Tom" "Johnnie"

GREAT leaping Jupiter, how she——"
 ¶ "Oh, I say, folks, have you seen Sarah, the Wild Girl? The Laughing Hyena, and Bo-Bo, eats 'em alive? All for the measly price of one thin dime, ten cents, two nickels—step right in and look 'em over!"
 ¶ The success of an enterprise is due its boosters, hence success will flutter eternally around this original hoop-la bally-hoo man, who began his career as a personal friend and business associate of the original Buffalo Bill, and ended it as announcer for Zuleika at the Christmas Carnival.
 ¶ "But the truth first and above all, gentlemen," as John himself declares. He has made use of much of his noise to conceal many a hard battle with the All Academies, and when a 2.9 follows his name on the monthly trees he proudly remarks "sat and savvy" and sets out to do it all over again.
 ¶ John "loves the wimmen" but is rather diffident in their presence, as shy as he is rough-necked in Bancroft. But he is a wonderful dancer, and admits it.
 ¶ Lack of size has kept him out of most athletics, except swimming, but there he proves that the less resistance the greater the speed, and does funny things with his short arms and legs that get him thru the water at a remarkable rate.
 ¶ The one word that describes him is "pal"—he'll ever be a good one.
 ¶ "Blackie" is a gentleman and a scholar."
 ¶ "Say, 'Good,' look at that moon. Don't it make you——"

Honors: Buzzard;
Swimming Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Lucky Bag Staff



WILLIAM HOUCK BURACKER
LURAY, VA.

"Bill" "Billy-Booze"

THIS peach-bloom blond goes by the name of "Billy-Booze." This does not signify his treating General Order Number 99 as a scrap of paper, but rather the name was derived from his tendency to appear rhino. On week days this feeling may predominate, but have you ever noticed that beatific smile that spreads over his face when he is dancing Saturday night, whether with a 3.5 or better. "Woman, you were dancing on the ballroom floor when I was cox'n of the eradle." That is an awful line to shoot, but "Billy" carries such things off in true Oriental style.
 ¶ Buracker has been successful in baseball, but his best work has been on the cinder path. There, more by hard, consistent gritting than by steller brilliancy, he has made his mark. No one will forget the splendid sacrifice he made in the half-mile with Pitt, losing whatever chance he had of winning, but enabling Navy to breast the tape first.
 ¶ "Billy" is a man with a conscience, so much so in fact that not once during Youngster Year did he rag his name on the "pap-sheet." This is more than the average 40% can stand, but not so with virtuous "Bill."
 ¶ This quality, and that of leadership netted him one stripe which we are glad to see him wear. When it grows three eights of an inch broader, it will only be worn with the greater efficiency that experience teaches.
 ¶ Unlike so many of us who must forget certain things acquired here, we feel that "Billy" will have very little to unlearn after graduation.

Honors: One Stripe;
Baseball Squad, 4, 1;
Track, 3;
Lucky Bag Staff.





RAYMOND CHARLES FERRIS

NEW CASTLE, DEL.

"Hooligan" "Charley" "Horse" "Yokel"

CHARLEY has been one of the unfortunates who, due perhaps to the climate, has nursed a perpetual toothache since his entrance. He and Evelyn Nesbit—poor fellows!

¶ "Horse" spent most of his Plebe year in the hospital, owing to injuries sustained in a fall from the flying rings in the gym. He was forced, on that account, to miss the Army game, two trips to Washington, and eventually the cruise.

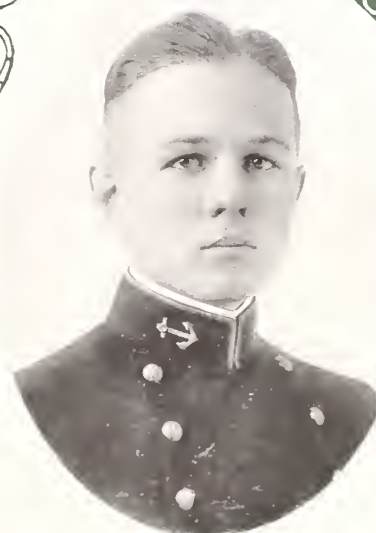
¶ During the time when we were with the Fleet, he was back in Crabtown teaching the new Plebes how a Plebe ought to be, and getting a strangle hold on his future four stripes.

¶ Charley has always been one of those birds who study when they study, and consequently has always carried a pair of quadrantal compensators on his collar. In the evenings he always carefully worked out the probs in Math, and he had a peculiar mania for rising before reveille to see the sun rise.

¶ As an athlete he is perhaps too much of an all-round man to shine particularly. However, he worked hard at everything in the gym, put the shot, and jumped in track. In the end he found that he did not possess athletic abilities above the average but demonstrated considerable all-round ability.

¶ "Company commanders report."

*Honors: Four Striper; Battalion Commander;
Gym Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Track Squad, 4, 1;
Star, 4, 3, 1.*



ROBERT PARK ERDMAN

RIDGWAY, PA.

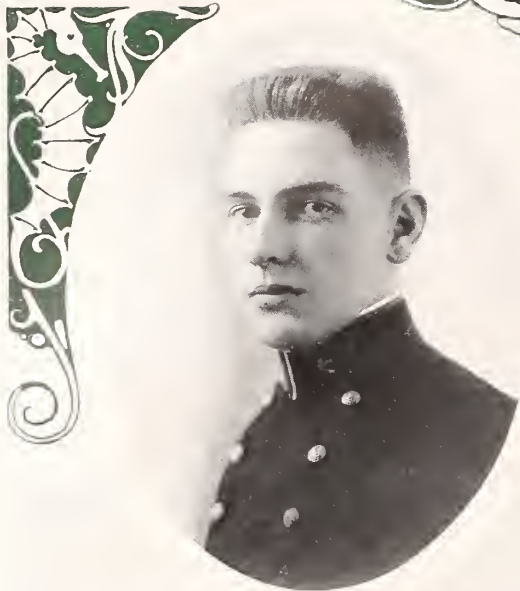
"Bob" "Erdie" "Squeak"

WHEN one realizes the momentous task of writing the biography of such men as Caesar, "Erdie," and Franklin, one who thus attempts the impossible is apt to give up in despair. Our Robert has crowded into his sweet young life more adventure, more action, and more of the just little things than we could well tell of here. He starred on the rifle range Plebe summer, went thru Plebe year without cracking a book, while taking part in the Masqueraders, Log, Glee and Radiator Clubs, constructed a patent reveille invigorator with a whisk broom and thumb tack, never missed a hop Youngster year, was engaged twice, made the baseball squad—and never got ragged. But, above all, and this is most important, he is an artist. Not a common wielder of the brush, but an aesthete, an epicure and a dreamer. A discordant chord or an ill-framed remark will throw "Squeak" into convulsions.

¶ He ran afoul of a few guard boats Youngster year and amassed quite a few demerits, but—we ask you—should a man be judged by his enemies? Robert dreams at times of the Elysium where all good fussers go, where all is pink tea and cosy corners, but he does n't let it interfere with routine; that is, not much! And so when the last dread river is crossed and we gather together on the other shore, may we have "Bob" with us to cheer us on our way.

*Honors: Clean Sleeper;
Masqueraders, 4, 1;
Glee Club, 4, 1;
Log Staff, 4, 3, 1;
Log Board, 1;
Expert Rifleman;
Lucky Bag Staff.*





HAROLD ROBERT BROOKMAN
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Brookie" "Bruck"

YOU only have to look at "Brook" once to know where he hails from. His three years at the Academy have rubbed off some of the polish of old New York, but have shined up his virtues and toned down his faults.

¶ "Brook's" boyhood years were spent in a military academy in far off New England. This accounts for the ease with which he handles a gun. Incidentally it gave him a natural brace that saved him a lot of worry and hard work Plebe year.

¶ No one ever suspected "Brook" of musical talent until the musical show Plebe year when he put in an appearance with his mandolin and gave us a real treat. After that he put the thing away, and it's rarely indeed that we have heard it since.

¶ Harold's dragging proclivities have made him a rare asset at Navy hops. He vowed never to drag less than a 4.0 and while he is a liberal marker, we'll admit he's never lowcred the average. Probably that's because he always drags the same one—it is even rumored that his friends expect to go to the graduation exercises with their non-reg pockets filled with rice.

¶ While most people have never taken "Brook" too seriously, he has nevertheless demonstrated at times that he is the kind of a man you can depend on in a pinch. Here's to you and your future success, "Brook," old boy.

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

VALENTINE MURCHY DAVIS
CAMDEN, N. J.

"Val" "Buck" "Murky"

AS a Plebe, Valentine Murchy was apparently a Red Mike. With the exception of the Mess Hall, where, by the way, "Val" first became famous for his smile, we saw very little of him.

¶ Like the rest of us, he weathered his first storm and has had a 4.0 grease with Tecumseh ever since.

¶ As for athletics, our namesake for the fourteenth of February has been a steady plugger at track, figuring high in the mile run and a winner of his numerals. However, his athletic abilities extend to other branches. The Weak Squad claimed him for a member in the middle of Youngster year, altho we have to admit that it was due to laziness.

¶ Once given half a chance, he showed himself to be an excellent fusser and the way he idolizes the very name of "Bell" proves that his dancing has been modelled after that of the great artist.

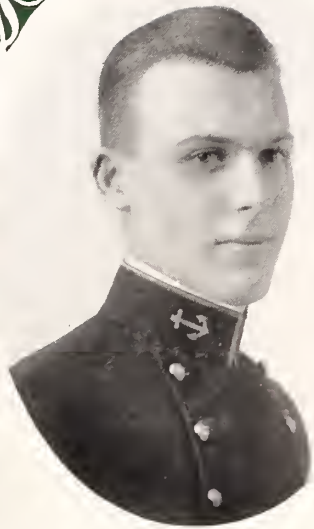
¶ "Murky" loves an argument and claims that "Camden is the best state in New Jersey." Yet with all this, he has proven a staunch classmate, ready to lend a hand, and slow to knock.

¶ "Where did you get that stuff?"

¶ "Don't forget to sweep off that window-sill!"

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Track Squad, 4, 3, 1.
Track Numerals, 3.*





ALF OLE RUH BERGESEN

SEATTLE, WASH.

"Swede" "Olaf" "Bergy" "Alf"

LONG, lean and lanky, with a face that the fair femmes would fall for—if he'd give them a chance—that's Alf Ole Ruh!! for "Alf" has almost acquired the reputation of being a Red Mike. We can't exactly savvy the reason, but those letters from "Somewhere in Minnesota (?) " come with frightful regularity, and we should n't be surprised if they were the "cause" of that Red Mike "effect." We hope, however, that she is not Francaise, as the profs in that illustrious department here prophesy that they would not get along well.

¶ As an athlete "Alf" is a very efficient member of the executive staff of the Weak Squad. During his Youngster year "Boigeson" rated a "forty" in grease for the manner in which he mustered his company of gymnasium enthusiasts. But he has attended these drills so conscientiously that we feel that he would make a fine man to be sent back to this old yard as Officer-in-Charge of Athletics—though we would n't care to be a member of the Weak Squad at that time.

¶ But to come down to hard boiled eggs, any one will tell you that "Alf" is a firm friend—one of those men who know all about you and like you just the same—an easy man to get along with, although at times he gets rather boisterous in his arguments, a thorough and eager plugger toward his gig and barge goal—to make a long story short, he's whatcha might call "one good scout."

Honors: Buzzard.



THOMAS ACKLEY GAYLORD

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

"Red" "Pinkey"

THE Army lost a promising officer and the Navy was that much ahead when Ackley gave up his ambition to be a Pointer and decided to follow the sea. He certainly has kept the Academic Board buffaloed throughout his career. Youngster year "Red" did the Dago for the whole corridor, except one day when he was on duty and that week half the deck hit the tree.

¶ To hear Ackley talk would make one wonder why he left the heart of the Berkshires and his little Electric company, but that remains one of those mysteries none can solve.

¶ Ever since Youngster cruise, when he acquired the vile habit, the following dialogue could be heard every night at 9:30. "Hey 'Red,' is there one in your room?"

¶ "Yes, if you fix the windows, and be sure and bring those matches when you come."

¶ Ackley always finds some good reason for attending hop and he has the most accommodating way of dragging blind for a friend in need. But he overdid it once, and on a certain Saturday morning found that he had promised to drag for three different classmates that same afternoon.

¶ "Red" is certain to make a good shipmate. He'll help you in your work, drag blind for you without asking any questions, and share his last skag with you—that is, if he does n't give it to you outright.

Honors: Company C, P. O.;
Honor Committee, 1.





GEORGE COLEMAN SKINNER, JR.
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

"Skinny" "Otis" "Underfed"

WHEN George goes out into the service, he will turn out the results that the Navy wants, for he is considerable of a toiler as his crew and football records testify.

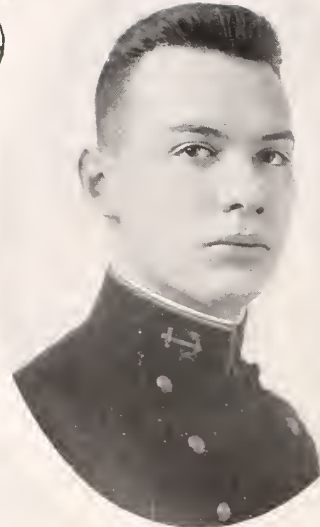
¶ "Skinny" decided to favor the Navy, instead of West Point, after living out in Cedar Rapids a while. Although he's hardly to blame for his place of residence, it has always seemed to us to be a misfortune meted out by a very negligent Fate, that caused such a good fellow to make his residence out among the corn and oats of Iowa.

¶ It is as a fusser that the handsome blond has maintained more than a passing reputation, and it is in the exercise of this art of fussing that he has displayed qualities which fit him for the diplomatic service. Who has ever heard him asking Doe or General to drag for him, without marveling at the line, or sympathizing with the unfortunate so selected? His dark deeds along this particular branch would excite the envy of a Borgia. Why, Doc claims that an operation on his foot was made necessary by one of "Georgie's" refractory stove linings.

¶ "Skinny" has always stood above a 3.0, both in studies and athletics, but the Dago Department used to worry him at intervals. "Senor Skinnairre, donde es Ud?" "Son las tres, Senor."

¶ "Skinny" typifies the true officer, and while the Academy loses a good midshipman, the service gains a member who will never give it any cause for worry. Where George is, things will go as they should.

*Honors: Two Stripes;
Football Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Football Numerals, 4, 3;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Crew N Cross Oar.*



ROSCOE HENRY HILLENKOETTER
ST. LOUIS, MO.

"Hilley" "Rosquito"

SAY! Is 'Hilley' still starring?"
¶ "Yeh! He's still favored by the Eagle."
¶ "How does he do it? I've never seen him crack a book"

¶ "By me, I don't know how, unless—you know the heavy line he has."

¶ These last words are only too true—a heavy line. There may be rare times in his existence when he can not eat, or can not sleep, but never is there an hour when he has not the time for such as this:

¶ "On the eruisse me and Ernest—" "Did you ever see such a bunch of swabos at a hop? Now me and my queen—"

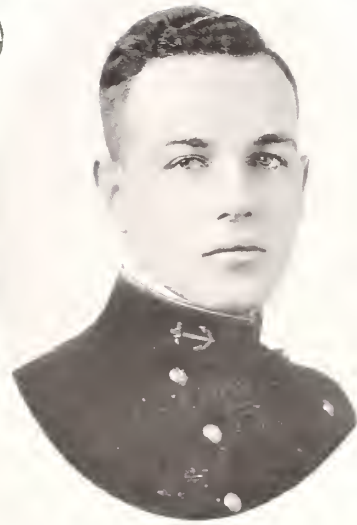
¶ "Hilley's" overwhelming laziness is redeemed only by the fact that he is always willing to help any one not so fortunate as to obtain eighty-five per cent of the multiple.

¶ As an athlete, we can only say that he plays at baseball and dabbles in most other sports, even joining the Wednesday Athletic Club. Nevertheless, he might do better if it were not for his motto, "Letters first; all other duties next"

¶ The Regiment knows that he is a man; the Log, his shipmates and friends know that he is versatile and willing to do his share in everything.

*Honors: Company C. P. O.;
Star, 4, 3, 1;
Class Ring Committee;
Log Staff, 3;
Baseball Numerals;
Hop Committee;
Manager Baseball;
Weak Squad, 4, 3, 1.*





ROLAND ERWIN WIENS
MILLWAUKEE, WIS.

"Rolly" "Sueiw"

PAUL WILLIAM STEINHAGEN
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"Steiny"

WIENS—spell with a long W and not a V if you please—came to us early Plebe summer, a fair representative of one of those long, tall drinks that made Milwaukee famous, but Navy grub and Plebe summer "pants hanging by the numbers" soon made our "Rolly" a near second Apollo.

¶ He is one of those quiet, non-assuming chaps who see that whatever they start goes through with a punch.

¶ Youngster year he went out for boxing and made good; Plebe year he went out for the high hurdles but as no track meets were held we did not discover until the next year that in "Wieny" the Navy had a sure point winner.

¶ According to all the dope we are able to gather, "Rolly" was a Red Mike until Christmas, leave but from then on, his affaires de coeur have been numerous.

¶ "Rolly" came here with the determination to see the whole show through and consequently has not had to worry about his 2.5.

¶ His ability to decide quickly "what do," and then see it through has pulled him out of many a tight place.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Track Team, 4, 3, 1;
Track Numerals, 3;
Expert Rifleman.*

STEINY" or "Senor Stein—haagen," as Ferdy was wont to call him, is a peculiar combination of German diplomacy and Hibernian wit; to save argument it might as well be said here that the lad is half Irish. The wit is evident at all times except when he sleeps, while the diplomacy is only prominent when it becomes evident that he and somebody else individually harbor the idea of dragging the same girl.

¶ This brings us to another of "Steiny's" innate qualities—fussing. If we desired to be greasy we might say his Apollo-like appearance and heavy line hypnotized the femme, but as he certainly would deny any such accusation, we must be satisfied in saying he gets away with it because of his ability to rattle no mean hoof on the "Danse parquet."

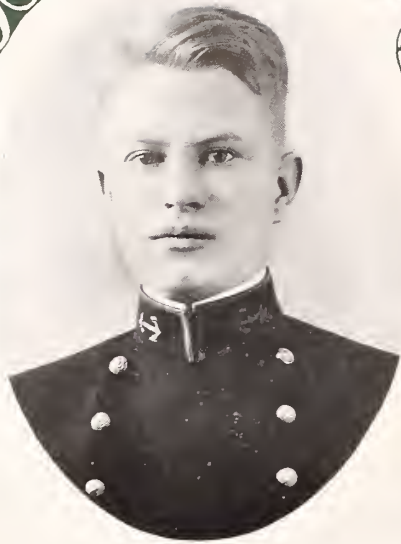
¶ He early demonstrated his hauteur toward the Math Department by failing to recognize the existence of the weighty lessons so generously dished out, whereupon the Department, presumably hurt by his scornful inattention, placed him high among the bird nests.

¶ To look casually at "Steiny's" physiognomy with its jaw and heavy beard, you should mentally say, "A rough guy, an oil burner but a kindly heart," and that is where you would be half wrong because he does n't burn oil, he does n't swear—much, but he has a kind heart and he will prove it any time by taking your last skag.

¶ We can say without mental reservation that "Steiny" is absolutely square, that he possesses that practical side which every naval officer requires to make good, and that a stauncher friend or more enjoyable companion would be difficult to find.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Track Numerals, 3.*





WILLIAM ALEXANDER PARSONS MARTIN
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"Wap"

COME down on 'em. By gosh! We've got to come down on 'em. I got to get results."

¶ That's "Wap's" usual line, but sometimes no one ever seems to suffer from it, as he simply hasn't the heart. (Incidentally "By gosh" is his strongest expletive and when that bursts forth you know that he is getting desperate.)

¶ "Bill" is a hard working man, quiet, but he gets there, as shown by his three stripes, and class standing. "Bill" is savvy, the Dago profs. have n't anything on him, and when it comes to showing the mathematics department just how to work out calculus problems by original methods you might think he wrote the book.

¶ "Wap" is a fusser in a certain sense of the word, but he would rather corner a girl, and talk French and Pascal than indulge in the lighter but more modern scandal.

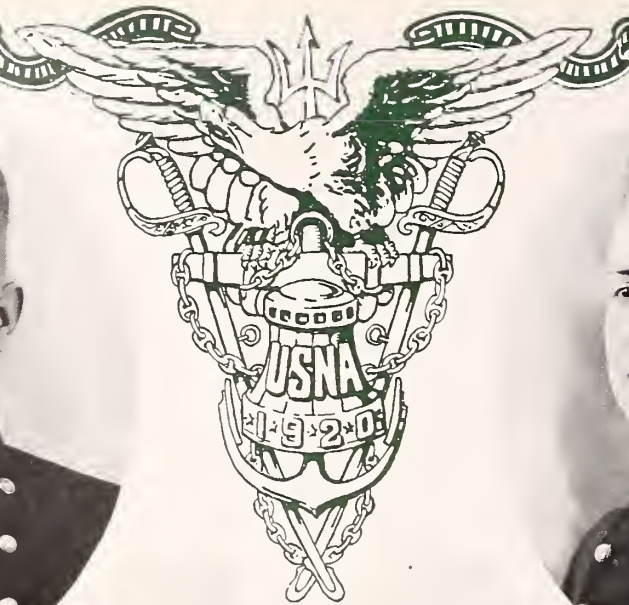
¶ Having been born in India, "Wap" thinks he is a Limie and sometimes carries his assertions to extremes. His present ambition is to settle down for the rest of his days near some Scottish cemetery.

¶ He attends the hops and receptions because that is the proper thing to do. There you have him, he does the things that are the proper things to do because he has a keen sense of right and wrong, and never attempts to beat down what he terms his conscience.

¶ "Well, sir, could n't you do that by calculus another way?"

¶ "Well, Sabby, you know darn well the English army won that battle."

Honors: Three Stripes.



ABEL CHARLES JULES SABALOT
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

"Sabby"

IF you should ever see a Midshipman walking along, head down and a faraway look in his eyes you would instantly recognize our Frenchman. He has always taken things easy, and his love for a red-covered magazine perhaps lost him a star Plebe year.

¶ As a Plebe "Sabby" had several encounters with those above him, but after his first attempt to take all the year's demerits at once he calmed down a bit.

¶ Fussing appeals to "Sabby" and he will cheerfully drag a chaperone if nothing better is offered.

¶ Abel is great on dope and whenever he says dope everyone is all ears. He enlarges and exaggerates everything he receives and by the time he shoots it to the boys he really believes what he is saying. At one time he had every First Classman believing that a transport would be under his command at graduation.

¶ Athletics never appealed to "Sabby." He never wasted his time. Youngster year he forsook the magazine for those Plebes wooden in dago. He has spent much of his time teaching Plebes "la langue francaise" when he knew he might be enjoying himself giving out his latest dope to the fellows. You will always find Abel cheerful and ready to do what he can for you.

¶ "Back to lil' old Broadway and my good old steak."

¶ "Asseyez-vous! You know your lesson, you get four!"

Honors: Buzzard.





LAWRENCE THOMAS HAUGEN
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"Slum" "Swede"

OLIVER WALLACE GAINES
CYNTHIANA, KY.

"Nemo" "Slick"

WHY did he enter the Navy? One glance at his name and the answer is evident, "Tis the heritage of his Scandinavian forefathers." And why do we call him "Slum"? The reason, dear reader, is not clear, but you may rest assured that the good old Navy dish is not ashamed of its namesake.

¶ Beneath that thatch of yellow hair there is a world of gray matter, and it was only due to an infinitesimal fraction, that the mark of a savoir did not adorn his collar Youngster year as it does now. In Mech he was the eighth wonder to the Steam prof, and if he had not bilged the exam with a 3.9 the theoretical 4.0 would have become a reality. Furthermore, his savviness in this subject as well as others have kept more than one wooden man from going over the ragged edge.

¶ The tall Swede also preserves a fund of useful knowledge, and should you perchance question his statements, he will lead you aside and as final and indisputable authority quote from the *World's Almanac*.

¶ Lawrence is not an athlete, though had tennis remained—who can tell? He even disdains the Mexican form, much preferring pants hanging and stoop fallings as a means of necessary exercise.

¶ Neither is he a Rouge Mike, for on the occasions upon which he has broken out he has conducted himself with all the sang-froid of a veteran tea-fighter and danced in a manner becoming to a true disciple of Prof. Bell.

¶ If using a good head in a cool and level manner means anything these days we know that whatever "sailing directions" he may receive will be carried out in true Navy way.

Honors: One Stripe;
Star, 3.

AW, go away and let me work, you poor fish. Every time a guy wants to sleep somebody tries to take the joy out of life."

¶ Every Saturday and Sunday afternoon finds him in that condition, all in for the day. "Nemo" believes in plenty of rest and it sure agrees with him. His pink cheeks and curly hair, results of deep sleep, have made him the envy of the Fourth Batt.

¶ Oliver is from the Sunny South but his true accent is gradually being wiped out, and at the time of writing he is almost able to hold a conversation with his Northern brothers.

¶ Much of Plebe year was a hard row for Oliver, but since then he has been on the easy path with his share of velvet. As an English debater he could even argue the profs into taking his side.

¶ Every Saturday afternoon Oliver admires the beauties from a distance at the movies, altho at times he navigates the ball-room floor according to the mechanical principles of Prof. Bell.

¶ Oliver is generally reg in every way but as sure as he breaks a reg he is always unlucky enough to get ragged. The first time First Class year that he ever caught one outside of Smoke Hall he was nailed by the D. O. while all the rest of the boys had theirs under cover. He is starting to realize that no matter what he does out of the way he is sure to be ragged immediately.

¶ He was sixteen on entrance to the school for promising young men, and even after two years of this life he still retains his peach-bloom complexion and youthful eyes.

¶ "Let 's go to the movies, Slum."

Honors: Buzzard.





EDGAR PAUL KRANZFELDER
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"Kadank" "Kadorna" "Kranzie"

KRANZIE" blew in one day in June, 1916, and took up his abode on the old fourth deck. The next day he went to the hospital with a sprained shoulder received at swimming drill, all of which shows that "Kadank" is a hard worker at anything he undertakes. For this reason the Academic course with all its terrors, Bowditch, Bullard, etc., never worried him in the least.

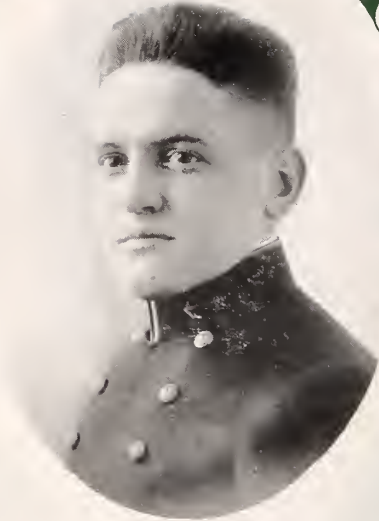
¶ If you want to obtain "Kranzie's" record as a fusser, just ask him about his shore leaves at Philly while on Youngster cruise. You may not draw any words of explanation but that blushing smile, that jerk of his head, and that "Aw, go on;" tell a lot that words cannot describe.

¶ He never misses a hop, and although his face is in evidence most of the time in the front rank of the Stag line, from where he takes it all in, his reciprocating lope and smiling countenance is often seen "bum drip dripping" around the floor in a sort of special Bell-Kranzfelder chewobble ☺ ☺

¶ "Carranza" is a friend, too, not of the nicotine type, however, but his favorite magazine is the *Physical Culture*, and every morning when most of us are debating whether or not to report to the D. O. at reveille for one week, he is going through wild gesticulations preparing for the day's work, and incidentally to become a second Hercules.

¶ When "Kranzie" goes out into the Service, he will certainly carry with him best wishes for luck and success.

Honors: Buzzard.



JAMES ROBERT TAGUE
MIDDLEBORO, KY.

"Nap" "Bob"

DLEBE year when the First Classmen laid their eyes upon the manly physiognomy of this youth, they immediately perceived the marked resemblance to the equally famous Napoleon; as a consequence they dubbed him "Nap" and he has been "Nap" ever since ☺ ☺

¶ "Nap" is a peculiar combination of a very broad, cheerful smile, a harmless temper, an unflinching interest in *Her* and generally an extremely happy-go-lucky disposition, all of which has conspired to bring him in frequent contact with the Academic Department via the trees.

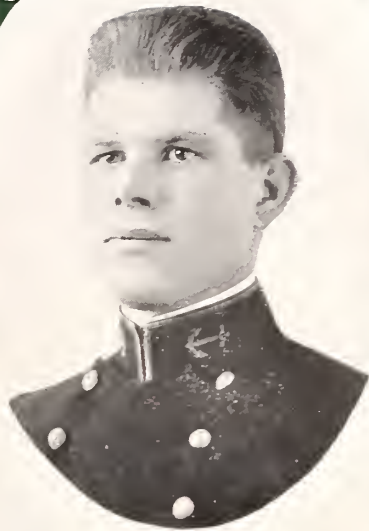
¶ From the general trend of this Southerner's conversation, absorbed usually when he was in a dreamy mood, we gather that his one big ambition in life is to have a chicken farm back in "ole Kaintuck."

¶ While it is true that "Nap" has appeared to be mediocre in all his undertakings, we appreciate that he is capable of far greater achievements if once that dormant spirit within him is aroused.

¶ From close association with "Nap" it can be said in all truth that if you desire a friend with all the qualities a friend should possess, cultivate this lad's acquaintance.

Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman;
Submarine Squad, 3.





PAUL WESLEY LAMBRIGHT
LAS ANIMAS, COLO.

"Pablo" "Wampus" "Lammie"

THIS little man of the Hills brought his smile all the way from the West.

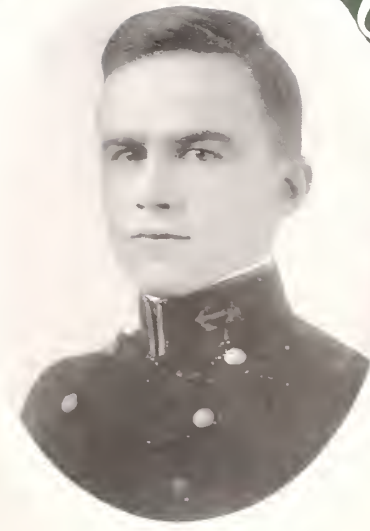
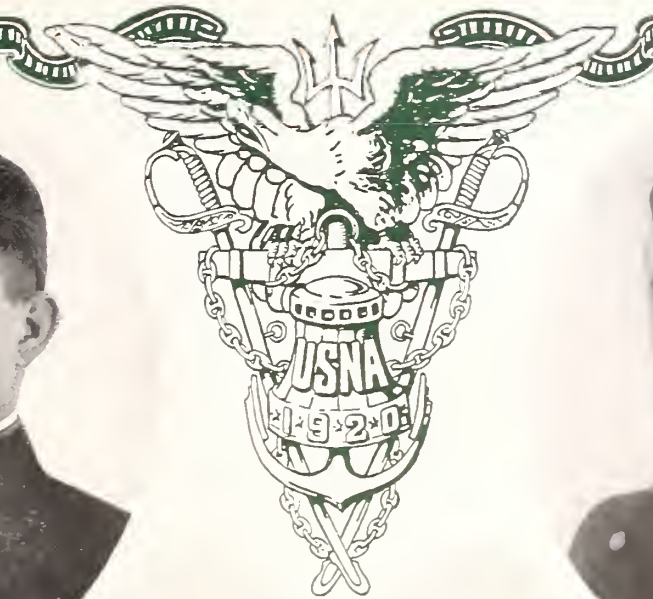
¶ "Wampus" came to us late in August of our Plebe summer; and he must have left his war-whoop back among the mountains, for he never does create much disturbance. He tackled the Academic as well as the Executive Department with true Western "give it to 'em" spirit, and came out on top, even if he did win his black N the last two weeks of Youngster year.

¶ "Why bone? You can always do that, but this is an opportunity to catch," says "Wampus."

¶ If he had his way, Elinor Glyn would be head of the English Department; and we would have math only on rainy Tuesdays.

¶ But in spite of his preference for the literature with beautiful women on the covers, he keeps his roommate "sat." If we all had dispositions like the "Wampus," the word *Rhino* would be lost in our vocabulary of slang.

Honors: Buzzard.



HUGH MCGUIRE TAYLOR
BERRYVILLE, VA.

"H. M." "Smokeless" "Hughie"

HIP! Hip! Hooray! Here comes "Hughie." Break out the cats, Fats, Mint Julips 'n everything, and we'll have a party. "Hughie" brings the necessary wit and life with him.

¶ Nonchalant, bordering on the blasé, that's him all over. Wherever he goes he beams and those around beam with him, that's why he would be an ornament anywhere, in the Navy, at the Club, or in jail.

¶ Hugh has become famous among us as a pinch hitter, for in the last inning of an Academic term he can bat out a fast one and reach Sep leave if he does have to slide for it. Nav has been the bane of his existence and the P-works for him have been one mis-fix after another. Lord help him if he hits the Asiatic Station where Navigation is all horizontal parallax.

¶ But the majority of ingredients in "H. M.'s" glass of character are not all cracked ice and lemon peel; the finer and more important qualities are ever present, combining into a refreshing, yet satisfying mixture that will retain its popularity wherever the gathering. We won't care what's on the buffet, just so old Hugh has one foot on the rail.

Honors: Buzzard.





HARVEY LAWRENCE WILSON
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Billie" "Blondie"

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL sent "Blondie" to us along with Bill Butler and Heineman. Even Plebe year he posed as an old salt, for had n't he cruised with the Naval Militia?

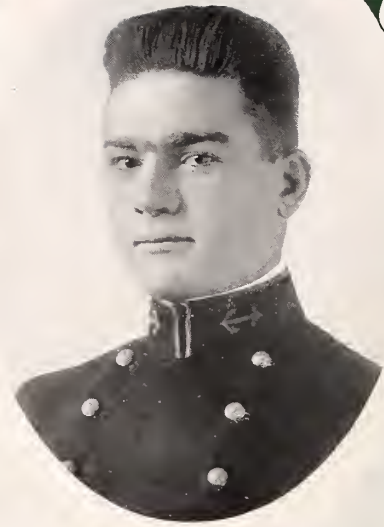
¶ "Billie" is a first-class fusser and keeps in trim by constant practice. When he gets that near-bald spot plowed up and harrowed over, a new suit of blues and a pack of "Fats," girls stand from under. He is the smoothest of the hounds and the snakiest of the snakes; Chu-Chin-Chow has nothing on him.

¶ More than that, he can sing, or tickle your feet with a mandolin. He is always in evidenece in the Choir or Glee Club. Plebe year he was part of the Bugle Corps, but he has repented and is gradually living it down.

¶ Plebe summer "Blondie" gave great promise as a pitcher, but he strained his arm and it never has rounded into shape again.

¶ Yet in spite of "Willyum's" efforts his Academy fussing career goes down as camouflage—why, he's had the Chapel and Chaplain engaged for graduation day since Plebe Semi-Anns.

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



FELIX LOCKE BAKER
WATONA, OKLA.

"Bake" "Red"

IF you ever see a big red-headed fellow coming down the gangway with the most "I-don't-care-a-cuss" manner that you have ever seen, then you can bet all your grad terms it's "Bake."

¶ Before "Bake" came to the Navy he taught school up on the Indians' hunting grounds. It is probably due to this fact that the Academic Department to him is just a matter of course. The *Saturday Evening Post* and *Everybody's* are his favorite text books. Naturally savvy, he has never had any academic worries, but in his slow, easy-going manner he has managed to keep an average which stands him well in the class.

¶ "Bake" can wrestle also and he has made Navy's best aspirants hustle for a berth on the team for the last two years.

¶ No! He is n't a Red Mike! Never was! If that delicate colored letter with the vertical writing did n't arrive at its regular time there would be something doing.

¶ But with all the dope we have on "Bake" he rates a 4.0 with all of us. He'd actually lend you the shirt off his back (if he had one). Yep, he's an all-round good fellow and I know that you will agree if your course ever crosses his.

¶ "Annie! Max! Bill! Where's my *Post*?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling Squad, 4, 3, 1.





CHESTER LEE WALTON
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS

"Tex" "Lizzie" "Luke" "Gil Blas"



OSCAR ARTHUR WELLER
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS

"Tex" "John" "Duke" "Jack" "Dick"



ONE day a handsome and dignified young man of nineteen, just emerging from the cactus of Texas, walked into Bobbie's.

Q "Janitor, will you please tell the owner of this barn that I am here?"

Q Jimmy: "You're canned before you start, get out." That was the beginning of his naval career.

Q Every day since then he has rhinced about the swabo he just received, and then tries to make every one believe the marks were misprinted when he sees the 3.80 chalked up by his name. However, he takes help from no one and gives plenty, as all the old "ground right" will tell you.

Q His messmates often wondered why he never seemed to be hungry until they got into his section and saw him emerge after a session with math, camouflaged with a chalk screen and disclaiming all knowledge of a chalk diet.

Q "Tex" was racked by indecision throughout Plebe and Youngster years trying to decide whether he would make a bigger hit with the femmes in a gyrene or a naval uniform. He finally concluded that there is nothing like a life upon the bounding main, as long as the sea remains *muy quieto*.

Q Along with the N. P. O. S. medal presented to him for overcoming his roommate in the famous old Mexican game, he was awarded the shunt wound, interpolate, two phase, are lamp by Ampere Pete for offering the best target for "Bubbles" Fisher's marksmanship in Plebe year :- :-

Q "Tex" has always proved to be the same old reliable, good scout, liked by every one with whom he came into contact, and he will embark upon his life's work with the best wishes of all who know him.

Honors: Buzzard.

IMAGINE a tall, blonde, handsome, athletic young man and you have "Tex," better known as "Snake," sometimes known as "Jawn," and occasionally known as "Jaek."

Q Away back in the ante-bellum days "Tex" was one of the "baddest" men of Brownsville, away down in the Valley of the Rio Grande. His favorite amusement seems to have been shooting and scalping Mexican bandits. However, as the "Greasers" began getting scarce and ammunition higher, "Tex" decided to find a new stamping ground. West Point and Crabtown were the only contestants for the honor and Navy won. Finding that six-shooters were taboo in Baneroft Hall vicinity, "Tex" gave up that kind of fighting and patronized the milder forms of combat, such as "tea fights."

Q Saturday nights until 9:30 we found him sitting in the gym gallery marking the "drags" and incidentally getting a line on all the 4.0s. As Youngster year rolled around "Tex" "busted out" for the first hop and, even if he did drag the worst "brick" that ever decorated a "ballroom floor," he made a noble start and has n't stopped yet.

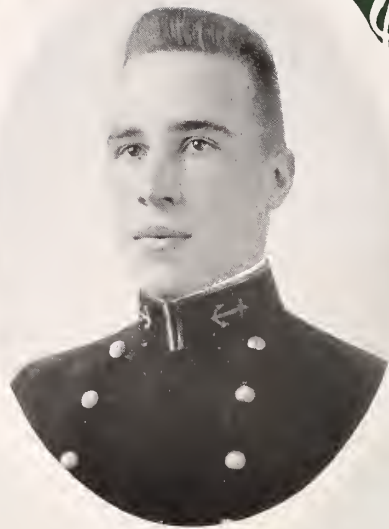
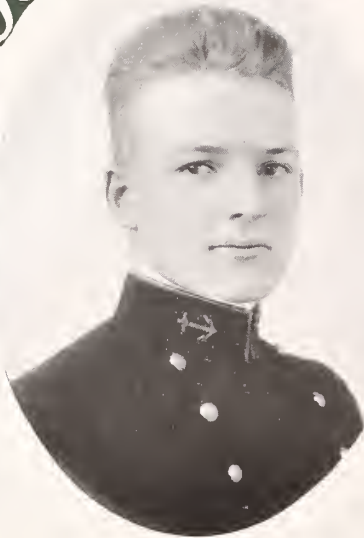
Q There is no secret about the fact that "Tex" is one of the finest fellows we have. His eternal smile and his good nature have made him many friends and will continue to do so wherever he goes.

Q "Those are my firm sentiments, dearest."

Q "Gee, this guy, Midshipman 'Same,' seems to have a rotten grease. He is on the 'pap' sheet for two or three counts every day."

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





WILLIAM SINTON
RICHMOND, VA.

"Bill" "F. F. V."

CHARLES MARSHALL HUNTINGTON
LADOGA, IND.

"Mike" "Tecumseh" "Des Ani"

WELL, I'll be daw-gawnd," and the tall tow-headed Virginian heaves in sight.

¶ Like all typical Virginia gentlemen, "Bill" always displays that air of frank courtesy which has made him a prominent figure at the hops.

¶ "Bill" joined the "regulars" away baek in July, '16, and immediately let us know he had arrived by standing on his head for Hershey Conant. After much effort he showed Jonas how to crawl on his baek and thus kept off the submarine squad.

¶ We all envy "Bill" in his ability to turn in at 8:00 p. m. and yet almost star. You will always find some saltines and peanut butter on his bookshelf—also Kipling and Edgar Allen Poe ☪ ☪

¶ When it comes to a tea fight, "Bill 's" in his element;—putting on his "gospel armor" and swiping hairpins, pieces of fudge, etc. He 's tall and tow-headed, he can drink any brand of tea, eat any kind of cookies, and ean flatter any girl he meets.

¶ Along with his cheery disposition, you'll always find "Bill" ready to sympathize, do his share of any work, or rough-house, as the case may be—and feel richer for it.

¶ "She 's a mighty sweet little girl."

Honors: Buzzard.

W E never would tell whether it was because he was in love with a nurse, or simply because he wanted to be in style, but Youngster year he contracted every disease that any one else did and then some. He was in on the mumps, the measles, and even the slide rule epidemic—for, you know, it was being done that year. He has a wonderful record of hospital service, but yet, he 's with us still. Which all goes to show that his phlegmatic temperament is but camouflage, that in reality he 's a savoir in disguise.

¶ And "Mike" is not only a savoir but a scientist. He is a firm believer in the principle of conservation of energy, and in putting his belief into practise he wears out two pairs of trou for one blou. But, really, "Mike" is n't lazy, he is out for some form of athletics all the time ☪ ☪. In the fall it 's baseball, in the winter tennis, and when baseball season rolls around he switches back to football. This is truly a most ingenious arrangement, for it never interferes with the meetings of the Radiator Club at 5:00 p. m. ☪ ☪

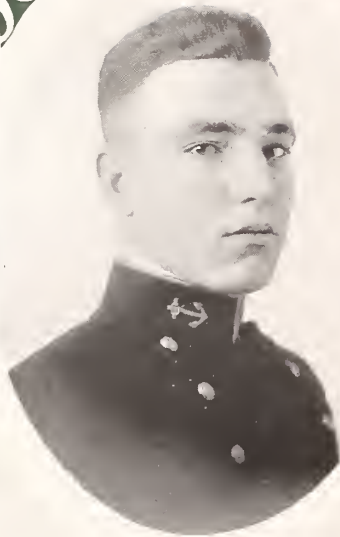
¶ But, seriously, "Mike" is—a practical man. He never startled a prof in the section room, but just turn him loose with a good, hard, practical problem and he'll make our stars of the first magnitude look like nebulae.

¶ He is blessed with a heart as big as a ham, a figure like a sack of meal, and a face like Tecumseh. He is a level-headed thinker, and a man of action.

Honors: Buzzard.







GORDON ALEXANDER PATTERSON
CLEVELAND, O.

"Pat" "The Hound" "Kadish"

THE "Hound" decided to let the Mexican trouble slide, and he came to ride a battleship instead of a horse. He made his mark Plebe year when he became a regular combatant at the famous tea fights and now he wears many service chevrons, proving himself a veteran. He still maintains that he is a confirmed Red Mike, but they all fall sometime and his time was Youngster leave. Oh, yes, he dragged heavy First Class year, but then we all must break the ice some way.

The bugle corps appealed to him, but not for long, as he left its ranks soon after he found out he couldn't even keep step with himself. He made a trip to Moscow as a representative of the common people during Youngster year. He soon was a regular representative and after we lost Evelyn he made up for both.

If you want some one to stick to something just get "Pat" interested. He may argue a little, but just as sure as he walks with a "wobble" he'll be with you and there he'll stick until everything is right.

Honors: Buzzard;
Bugle Corps.



WARNER EDRICK JONES
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

"Jack" "W. E."

WARNER, after spending two years at dear old Harvard, decided that Cambridge was too slow for him so he broke off diplomatic relations with the classics and cast his lot with the pampered pets.

Here is a man with a personality that will make him a host of friends; always greets you with a smile and a story that carries a kick. He is not what is commonly regarded as a savoir because studies are the least of his worries.

In athletics he has taken a crack at them all, football, track, swimming, and crew, but the lures of the radiator, Lady Nicotine, Mexican athletics, and independent training have always drawn him to their havens. With regard to smoking, he was fairly successful in dodging the D. O. and fourth deck smoke-detectors, until the close of Youngster year when he had the misfortune to run afoul of the long arm of the law.

In brief, Jones is a friend who will stiek to you through thick and thin; he may not be possessed of a world of wisdom, or a superfluity of brains, but he has his share, and adding to this, sincerity in his actions, you have a man worth while.

Honors: Buzzard;
Swimming Squad, 3.





HARTON IVEY BOOKER
GREENVILLE, S. C.

"Hi" "Book"

BOOK " came to us from South Carolina, and if South Carolina is half as good as he says it is, it must be some state.

¶ Those good vegetables, et cetera, that he talks about must be a reality, for "Book" bears a great resemblance to the greatly renowned Mellin's Food Baby.

¶ Plebe year he went out for football but the first day he broke his shoulder and was laid off for the season. Youngster year he tried his luck again but the Morris chair athletic society and his liking for books (paper covered ones) soon lured him away from the football field.

¶ During the study hour "Hi" would occasionally break out the Differential and Integral or perhaps Bullard Vol. I, for a few minutes, but he would soon decide that he was unsat in magazines and the books would hit the dust. "Book's" "academic clutch" frequently needed relining but he always managed to get in gear in time to save himself.

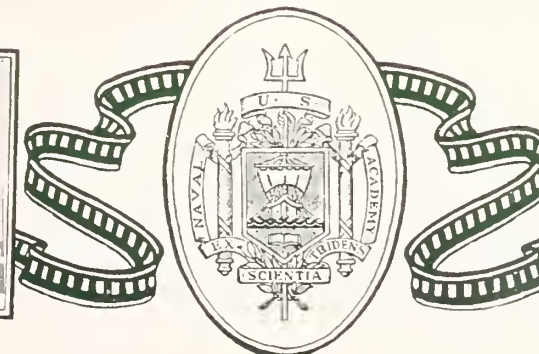
¶ "Book" always had a good line of stories, and while on the ship became a rival of Jerry Doolin. He can always drive away the blues on a Sunday night with a story and that smile of his.

¶ The most serious occurrence in his career at the Naval Academy came at Christmas time Youngster year. The little one that he was dragging blind gave him the greatest fall he ever took in his life.

¶ "Who's got my matches?"

¶ "Aw, that math is fruit."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Football Squad;
Crew Squad.*



JOHN FRANCIS CROWE, JR.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Jim" "Johnnie"

HERE we have a devotee of the subways, as he hails from Brooklyn and is immensely proud of that fact. John has a well-developed, seagoing roll, but some say this was acquired by riding in subways rather than by any extensive sea service.

¶ "Jiu" is a conscientious member of the Oleanders, and many an afternoon has found him shirtless and equipped with the necessary gear. Baseball is his hobby and the Academic Department his hoodoo. We'll bet that he beats the Ac Department, for he is of the kind who sticks to it.

¶ "Jim" is a non-fusser, but when he falls, the old saying—"the later it comes, the harder they fall"—will be very appropriate in his case.

¶ Yes, "Jim" is sort of slow—they fooled him when they shortened his planned five-year course to four—but when he gets there he sure does stick. And in that sticking to the things he starts lies the secret of his success—and the assurance that the broad gold band will one day adorn his sleeve.

¶ Hey, you guys! where's my hair tonic?"

Honors: Buzzard.





GILBERT WILLIAM BROWN
CHICAGO, ILL.

"G. W." "George"

ONCE upon a time—six years ago—there came to Crabtown a youth who had an ambition to be hard, and, as a side line with his other accomplishments, to be a naval officer. He crossed swords with the Departments immediately; that is why he has come so close to becoming a permanent fixture. With weeks and weeks of sea service on the *White House* to his credit, he has come to take wonderful pride in his knowledge of seamanship, and oh! how he blushed when he hung on that tree First Class year.

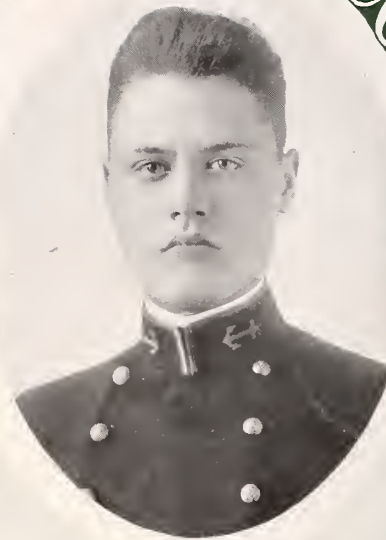
¶ "G. W." is notorious for his fascinating little ways, his ability for entertaining, for "brieking" the Widow Turney, and for being prominent among the prominent section leaders during Youngster year.

¶ Gastronomically speaking, the "Toad" is "Admiral of the Prune Navy" and claims the all-Academic pie-racing championship :- :-

¶ In the Mex line he's a bear. He also has three years on the Navy football squad to his credit and has made his numerals in track.

¶ You've been a good messmate, "G. W."; may you live happily ever after :- :-

Honors: Clean Sleeper;
Football Numerals;
Football Squad, 6, 5, 3;
Mandolin Club, 6, 5, 4, 3, 1.



HUGH WEBER TURNEY
MARION, O.

"Widow" "Piet"

HAROLD arrived in our midst early in June, demure and dimply and with a still-existent ravishing rosy coloring in his cheeks. The "Widow" is in his glory as the gay Lothario—liberty always finds him with shining eyes, ears rigged well aft, booms out, and a cold swabo on his beam.

¶ He is not a savoir and therefore has had several drawn battles with the boys on the other end of Stragglings Walk.

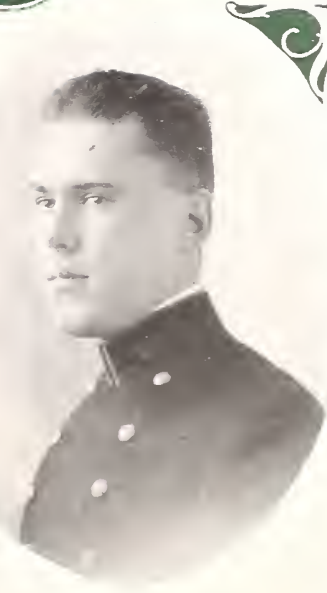
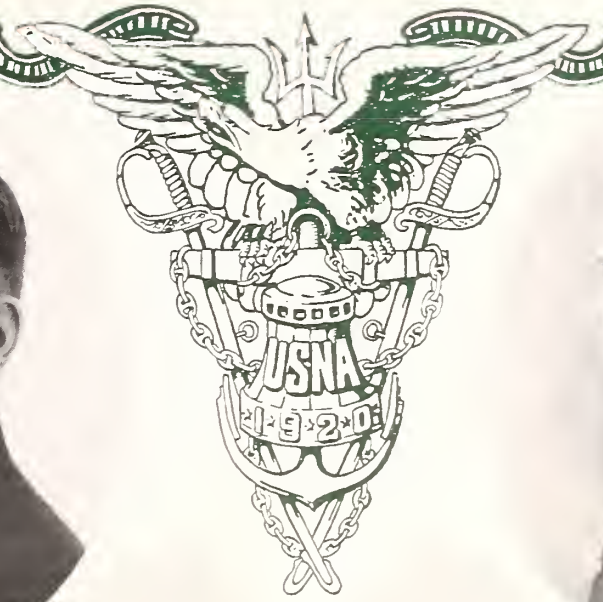
¶ As an athlete, "Pete" would auction for about six bits. He used most of his energy Youngster year operating that slip stiek. He spends most of his time prowling around the decks in search of cats and that tummy of his has unlimited capacity. With his mandolin he's wont to drive dull care away and many's the rhino fest he's degenerated into a melodious rough house.

¶ The most good-natured of men, he will do anything for a friend from financial assistance to duty on a hop night.

¶ "Turney, how is it to drag for me?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Mandolin Club, 3, 1.





WILLIAM LESTER EAGLETON
PEORIA, ILL.

"Eaglebeak" "Eagle" "Bill"

FREDERICK OAKLEIGH REPPLIER
YONKERS, N. Y.

"Rep" "Reptile" "Snake"

GOOD-NATURED? You've said it! If you were to cull the dictionary from stem to stern in search of a single adjective with which to describe this son-of-the-soil, you could n't possibly hit upon a more appropriate one than that.

¶ Things that would get the average man's "goat" up on its hind legs only call forth a grin from "Bill."

¶ A friend? Again you've hit the nail on the head.

¶ If a man may be judged by the quality of his friendship "Bill" stands high among 'em!

¶ There's nothing he won't do for a friend, and then laugh at the thanks as though there were no occasion for them!

¶ If there is one pastime that "Eaglebeak" dearly loves above all else, it is "corking."

¶ Gentle slumber claims many of his perfectly good recreation hours—and we must confess many of his study hours have been wasted in the same manner. In fact we should fear for the Academy sleeping record should his prowess in this regard be brought to light.

¶ "Oh—h gee—! I'll do this stuff tomorrow. I'm going to turn in."

Honors: Buzzard.

WE all know "Rep" for his rowing at the Henley Youngster year, whereby he won his X Cross-oar, and brought to its fruition as hard a fight as man ever made to make an athlete of himself. He was n't a crew man when he came to us—far from it. To quote from the description of Darins Green: "His body was long, and lank, and lean"—and generally speaking he had all the lines of an efficient mizzennmast.

¶ But Plebe year "Rep" set his heart on being a crew man. He staked determination and willingness against inexperience and a meager circumference, and it is the more to his credit that he won out in the end.

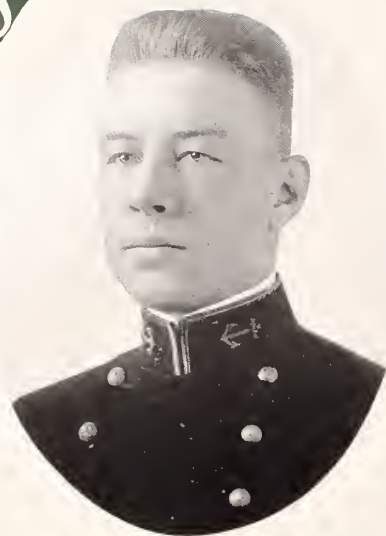
¶ Aside from the figure he cuts in a shell, "Rep" has a happy faculty for dragging "les belles dames" who, it is said, are not altogether merciless toward him.

¶ His literary ventures in verse-making are the product automatically registered brain throbs, for he does n't sit down and invoke the muse. She just naturally refuses to be denied :-:-

¶ To really sound Oakleigh's true depths requires the use of a deep-sea lead. The character of the bottom is firm and rocky, for "Rep" is principled and a thoro-going gentleman :-:-

*Honors: Company C. P. O.
Crew X Cross-oar;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1.*





RONALD AUBRY BOONE
TWIN FALLS, IDAHO

"Daniel" "Danny"

ONE look at that jaw and you read his character. Boone is a plugger and a fighter,—incidentally he sports the Academy welterweight championship, so steer clear of any argument.

¶ "Danny" came to us from Idaho with one intention, to graduate, and he did it. It was tough sledding all along but that aforementioned jaw did the trick—and now that he has the "scrap of paper" he can truly look on it as a "work of labor" and not love's labor lost.

¶ "Dan'l's" no snake, nor has he a "one and only" back among the Mormons. He shows a preference for "thirty-sixes," and we thought he had fallen First Class Sep leave, but he saw her in a bathing suit and it was all off then. He and Frankus claim the honor of being the two misogynists of 364.

¶ He's something of a poet for all that—Kipling and Service occupy a place of Honor on his shelf; he's strong for the "virile" stuff.

¶ "Danny" does n't intend to be one of those "fools" who go down to the sea in ships"—he says the gyrenes are the boys that wear the pants; if he gets his req granted, the Navy loses a real man.

¶ "Mr. Boone, what are target practice shells loaded with?"

¶ "Beans, sir."

¶ "For God's sake, Ole, shut up and let me bone."

Honors: Buzzard;
Academy Welterweight Boxing Champion, 3;
Academy Middleweight Boxing Champion, 1.



STANLEY JOHN MICHAEL
CINCINNATI, O.

"Mike" "Mickey"

HOW distinctly we remember the stately, stern decorum of "Mike."

¶ His one relaxation has been on the cruises. "Base one" was his favorite corking place and there he spent many a peaceful hour. Whenever you could not find him, you tried the beaches or the various ice boxes and pantries. He could get into anything on board and then do the impossible and get out again with a whole skin. Remember that blood feed on the "Kan?"

¶ As a fusser, "Mike" is without a peer. Back him into a corner and ask him about the femmes, and you will find dignity giving way to beaming bashfulness; then you'll get the dope on anything from the Capes to the Suburbs of Cincinnati.

¶ Grace and savoir-faire are at his immediate command; and a smile, the best of camouflage, is the greatest of assets in his hands.

¶ "Stan" is not a charter member of the construction corps gang or the hop night duty squad. He fits easily into the wildest tea-fights and porch swings with the best of us and equally well in the poker games and wind jamming fests with the worst of us. A man who is so versatile cannot help being popular.

Honors: One Stripe.





SAMPSON SCOTT
MILL VALLEY, CALIF.

"Sammie" "Wunk" "Gasnutz" "Scotty"

GENTLEMEN:—The open champion catch-as-catch-can eater of the East. Vocation, pastime and aim in life: to eat. This rapacious gentleman was born in California under the star Conied with Fruit Sundae rampant, and a table d'hote on the port bow, and he's been going strong ever since. His bunker capacity is enormous; "always room for more" is his motto. Two bits wring his very heart strings and his weekly bill at Moore's would pay the national debt of Liberia. He is the originator of the ingenious scheme of falling in with the assistants for dinner on Wednesday night to get two shots at the ice cream, and he is the inventor of the silent double-acting soup injector with evinrude motor attached. We nominate him for the barbed-wire bib.

¶ In savvy the old Gazipper stands well above the middle and he rates standing higher than that, but his extensive outside interests kept him from shining academically :—

¶ He played mighty good prep school football and he's built like a noble mausoleum, but unfortunately incarceration in the hospital ruined his chances for the squad both Plebe and Youngster years, and other athletics never interested him.

¶ Always ready and capable of starting something the Gazoozer is a good egg to make a liberty with. He'll know all the girls in the place anyhow. On the serious, he's a man of strong characteristics, original ideas, boundless energy and real ability, and we reckon he'll pass with a shove :—

¶ "I have not yet begun to eat."

Honors: Two Stripes;
Company C. P. O.;
Log Staff, 4;
Masqueraders, 4, 3, 1.



FRANK RORSCHACH, JR.
NORFOLK, VA.

"Frank" "Frankus" "Shirtless" "Gasnutz"

He answers to the name of "Woozritie Myeloma Kingenspiel" and hails from Portsmouth, Va. He is a strong supporter of his native state and any reflections on his native "podunk" will result in your finding yourself in an argument which usually ends in a catch-as-catch-can fight.

¶ He was baptized "Shirtless" after S. R. B. P. on the *Pennsy* Youngster cruise, when the first big gun salvo blew his only shirt overboard.

¶ He is a firm believer in all rates and he still holds to "a Plebe rates two mokes and a gyrene off duty."

¶ If you want to get him started ask him to tell about his hour of duty as custodian of Smoke Hall, or Portsmouth and its women, or his zigzagging from the U-boats First Class cruise.

¶ Beginning with Youngster year his visits to Porter Row and his attendance at the hops varied as the fifth power of little "t." He never has seen his 4.0 yet and he claims that he won't run afoul of her before he passes the quarter-century mark.

¶ As a company commander he made good and proved to his classmates, and incidentally to the "powers that be," that he rated those three stripes. His company was happy and snappy, and will make a strong stab for the colors June Week. Whether he gets ordered to the *Maine* or to the *Virginia*, the ship that gets him will have an old time naval officer, and this fact will show itself to every one from the "skipper" down to the rawest "boot."

Honors: Three Stripes;
Log Staff, 4, 3;
Honor Committee, 4, 3, 1;
Star, 4, 3;
Academy Welterweight Boxing, Champion, 1.





HJALMAR ADOLPH CHRISTENSEN

CASS LAKE, MINN.

"Red" "Christy" "King"

ROBERT DAVID THRESIE

DUNLAP, ILL.

"Bobby" "Rabbit"

SO the man who can go to the hospital the second Sunday of First Class year, remain there the whole first term and half the second, realize that he is dropping a year from his life in the scheme of things,—and come back for a brief visit before going home on sick leave with a smile on his face and no rhino for the months of illness passed, to him belong the respect and admiration of the class.

¶ Big hearted "Red" Christensen—it was a blow when we realized that he was not to graduate with us. But it was some satisfaction to know that he would remain a member of 1920 until the final day, and that tho fated to remain at the Academy another year, his heart would be with the old class in his final year.

¶ By his true and warm friendship, that of a real comrade, "Red" had earned for himself the place in some J. O. mess that will miss his Swedish face and Irish wit next cruise, and a place for himself in the heart of the class that none will ever fill. Ashore or at sea, "Red," old boy, you'll find classmates in '20 wherever your belated cruises take you.

Honors: Buzzard;
Glee Club, 4, 3, 1.

GENTLE reader, just let your eyes again stray to the benign countenance beaming down upon you. Cornfed? Of course. Let us see.

¶ "Bob," as befits his title, is a man of brain as well as of brawn. He cultivated the soil, 't is true. But he did not forget to cultivate at the same time that small but potent area which lies between a man's crown and the bridge of his nose.

¶ So "Bob," in pursuit of more of this hereditary gift, shoved off from the fertile fields of Illinois and came to us. Big, pleasant, unassuming are his ways, and naturally they have led him into the midst of our fraternal spirit. Did any one ever see "Bob" carrying a Krag on his shoulder on a Saturday afternoon or hear him read out for an excursion from the Baneroff Hall habitudes for violation of article 507, N. A. Regs? "Bobbie" has had about as few rubs with the Executive Department as with the Academie, which are, all told, an almost perfect approach to a Midshipman's absolute zero.

¶ As to "Bob's" social inclinations, we have been able to learn but little. It is a matter of public knowledge, however, that a picture adorns his locker door and is the prompting spirit which prevents our subject's steering a rhumb line for the gym on hop nights; although we have heard a referenee made to First Class leave which sounded something like this: "Not so fast over the country roads, 'Bob.'" "

Honors: Buzzard.





JAMES LOUIS WYATT
EASLEY, S. CAROLINA

"Jimmy" "Benny" "J. L."

BOS'N'S Mate—eight side boys! Here comes the original Navy hard boy. It only takes once hearing "Benny" putting the fear of God into a Plebe to be convinced of this. "Brace up there Mister, head back, chin in, wrinkles—more wrinkles!"

¶ Outside of showing the Plebes a good time, "Benny's" chief delight in life, out of training season of course, is clutching a Fat with the boys. Youngster year his room was Smoke Hall prime, and First Class year he claimed he caught in the corridors,—that is, at first.

¶ But when wrestling season rolls around, "Benny" gets busy, lays off the skags, and takes them as they come—big or little, they all look alike to him. It was in the Yale meet Youngster year that he won fame by breaking the famous scissor hold that cost our '18 captain his last match. If any one ever rated a letter, "Benny" deserves that wNt we see so frequently.

¶ If you've ever made a cruise or even a liberty with "Benny" you'll know him for a true friend and a good sport.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Champion Lightweight Wrestler;
Wrestling wNt;
Wrestling Squad, 4, 3, 1.*



GEORGE FRY PRESTWICH
COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.

"Prests" "George"

GUBS " has the desirable quality, like the renowned chorus girl, of looking "like what he aint."

¶ Have you ever watched him at a hop shuffling ponderously along towards the drags, and then noticed the sudden transformation, the brightening of eye and mad rush he makes when the famous N. A. (U. seating) band breaks out in the notes of "Home, Sweet Home?"

¶ That's our George. He wont break the femmes' hearts by tearing away too soon, but to him night never connotes love in the dim corner of the veranda; it connotes sleep.

¶ Same, study hour; same, recreation period; same, same; ad disgustum—always sleep.

¶ And look at the fruits of his labor.

¶ An efficient optimism, a death-defying appetite, and a tout ensemble in vicinio of belt that makes the man who walks like a bear turn white with fear and keeps fueling five minutes after one bell.

¶ We feel remorseful for touching so fully, but—we must admit—delicately on this one outstanding talent of "Sandwich's," and accordingly will admit under pressure that he is savvy as savvy men go, generous to a fault, efficient in the big things of life and altogether, the kind of a pal we want to hear eating in the mess rooms in the Big Outside.

¶ "Say, that aint reveille, izzit, Benny?"

Honors: Buzzard.





HAROLD EDGAR PEIFER
EASTON, PA.

"Peff" "Wooden" "Count" "Childie" "Childe Harold"

EASTON and the Lehigh Valley have produced many celebrities, and not least among them—allow us to introduce "Doc," also known as "Wooden." After pursuing his studies at college for some time, "Doc" suddenly had a freak of fancy and entered the Naval Academy ☞ ☞

☞ Although the pursuit here became more like a hundred yard dash, "Wooden," as his name does n't imply, kept well to the fore, and has often seen only two digits in his class standing.

☞ "Doc," however, excels in anything practical. His speciality is Juice. Although "Doc" has his troubles with magnetic flux lines and such, yet we realize his ability, for we have only to remember that electric sign he made for the Masqueraders Plebe year. Give him a job to be done and the things to do it with, and you can be sure that something worth while will be the result.

☞ Although rather indifferent to the attractions of the waxed floor, "Doc" has not entirely given 'em the cold shoulder. He burst forth early First Class year with a drag from the home podunk, and now we know that he's a marked man.

☞ "Doc" won't admit it, but he likes the Navy, and as long as he gets a letter now and then he is quite contented. The Navy is just the place for "Doc," and we know that he will make it a career worthy of his perseverance.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Masqueraders, 4, 3, 1.*



GEORGE BUTT CUNNINGHAM
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"G. B."

WELL, gentlemen,—down in Birmingham"—and George is at it again. He has a non-skid puncture proof tread, and when he starts, nothing can stop him except a Dago prof, and that does n't count, because he never gets started when they are in front of him ☞ ☞

☞ If you want to make a good liberty, go with George. Especially in Neuva York. He admits he can't paint the town red, but he surely has a fine time trying to.

☞ He made one liberty, however, in Crabtown, that was too much for him, so he decided that a sea life was best after all, and for a three months' cruise he held down with great credit the extremely difficult job of navigator on the U. S. S. *Reina*, one of our latest dreadnaughts.

☞ Vices, Oh yes! He is a good fellow except for the fact that he smokes "Home Runs." Besides he is inclined to be a fusser. His methods are too complicated to explain, but just watch him in action.

☞ George never did spoon on showing up the profs with his knowledge and he goes back to the bushes occasionally, but when his academic Ford begins to miss on the second term hill he gives her plenty of gas and comes out with a safe margin.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.





JOHN FRANK REES
LOUISVILLE, KY.

"Jake"

"JAKE" was one of the first to become a member of '20, and after one month's labor he convinced himself that he did n't have to work, so he settled down to spending the study hours and other spare time to boning the Red Book. There was only one time after that first month that he forced himself to study and then he received the telegram advising concentration.

¶ In the course of his three years among us, "Jake" has left the ranks of the Red Mikes only once and then it was a duty ☞ ☞

¶ The Second Company stood by him in his misfortune, but since then they have never allowed him to forget the debt of gratitude. Of course the time that he attempted to become a master of the Chinese language might be considered another drag but that was really for a friend and he could n't refuse.

¶ He gets a letter from back in old Kentucky rather regularly but he has always claimed it was only a cousin.

¶ "Jake" has never taken an active part in athletics, for he could never get up quite enough energy, and then too, that one hour per day meant just a little more sleep.

¶ His musical inclinations were the cause of much suffering on the ground deck Youngster year, and in spite of everything that was done to prevent his outbursts, he was always ready to give another selection, or else play one of John McCormack's, which he considered almost as good.

¶ "Jake" rarely rhinocs about anything here except the early hours of rising, and that is soon past. His easy-going, care-free disposition has carried him thru with the least resistance and has made him a host of friends in the class.

¶ "Oh, where is my Jake?"

Honors: Buzzard.



MAURICE MONTGOMERY
GEORGETOWN, KY.

"Monty"

"SAY, 'Monty,' will you drag for me Saturday?" And as he says it, the speaker gets ready to dodge the shower of "Prepared for the use of midshipmen" that will inevitably follow, for "Monty" is a Red Mike of the old school. One of his favorite occupations is to corner his snake roommate, Cunningham, and try to argue him into joining the ranks of the anti-fussers ☞ "Monty" has attended but one hop since he has been in the Academy and that was on Christmas Eve of Youngster year. No one did ever understand why he broke loose that time, but the fact remains that he did.

¶ Studies never bother him much, though at times he has a rather close race with the Monarch 25. The Steam Department has given him the most trouble of all and it very nearly lost him to us at Plebe Semi-anns. However, he got by safely and is still with us. He was one of the chief mourners when English and Dago departed from our lines as he claimed that they were the only two subjects that a person could be expected to pass. Youngster year he spoke lovingly of Dago as the only oasis in the desert of Math.

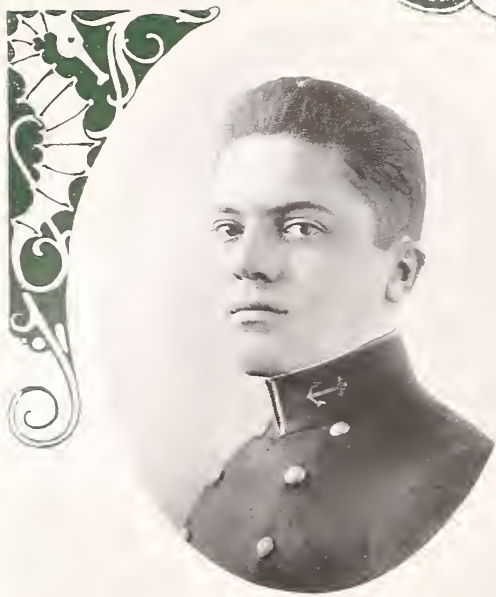
¶ As for athletics, "Monty's" chief delight is in the Mexican brand in which he excels. Youngster year he went out for the weak squad but soon lost interest.

¶ When we leave these old walls, we will always keep in our memory his carefree ways, his quick wit, his fear of overwork, and his ability to make friends wherever he goes. Possessed of this last quality, we know that he is going to make good when he gets out in the service ☞ ☞

¶ "Your turn, 'Monty.'"

¶ "Now all I want is two good 'uns!"

Honors: Buzzard.



HAROLD ELLSWORTH WALKER
DES MOINES, IOWA

"Harry" "Ed"

HAROLD will not be in your presence long before he lets you know that he hails from I-o-way, God's country, and the land of beautiful women. It is not known exactly how many years this son of the middle west hung around Crabtown, but in course of time he finally came behind these walls. And now, after an heroic but vain struggle with the Dago department, he has "come back."

¶ You would scarcely believe it to look at him, but our dark-skinned middle-westerner is a Red Mike of the worst variety. In proof, he drug but once in his career as a Youngster. However, he has never stopped dreaming about a certain little girl in the vicinity of his home port.

¶ When the *San Diego* took her final plunge, "Walk" had barely time to gain the deck from the shower bath and consequently had to abandon ship in the clothes Nature originally bestowed upon him. No wonder he rates his service chevron!

¶ Harold can be one of the most serious of men when occasion requires it. If he goes unsat for a month everything is thrown to the wind and he attends strictly to business, and as a result his marks soon show a safe margin. By this determination and grit he has overcome many difficulties.

Honors: *Clean Sleeve.*



ELMER KIEHL
CHESWICK, PA.

"Count" "Dutch"

HERE we have the wild and woolly "Count" from the vast wilderness of Chesewick, who left that port of fame amidst the stirring strains of the county band and with the wild cheers of Tarentum High mingled with the sighs of the lassies from "Maggie Murph."

¶ The "Count" has never starred in an academic sense, in fact he has had ever a long and rough pull against a current of 2.4's, but don't get the impression that our back corridor Maitre de Ballet is totally solid above the ears. On the contrary, he most generally begins where the rest of us leave off, and by always managing to hit the hospital in mid-winter pulls down his scanty margin. He rhinos, then thinks how the girls would miss him at the hops, buckles down and comes out with a cold 2.5.

¶ Youngster Sep leave saw our hero return a man in love and muchly loved, but somehow things took a strange turn shortly after Christmas and since then he's been a lover of them all. First Class cruise he showed a practical trend of mind that added to his consistent hard work will add proof to the old story—"Book savviness hain't everything."

¶ "O-o-o-h, El-l-l-mer, you're so good to me. M-m-m-m."

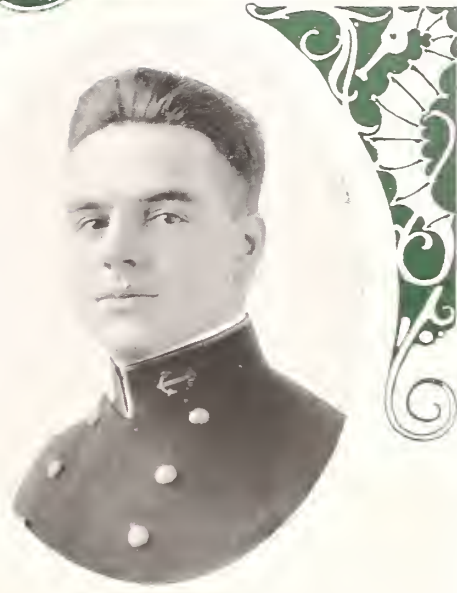
Honors: *Buzzard.*





EMMET PETER FORRESTEL
BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Savvy" "Bill" "Emmet"



EDWARD EVERETT PARE
LOWELL, MASS.

"Falstaff" "Eddie"

SAVVY" started his Academic career by being disgraced as a second P. O., but finished it as Regimental Sub-Commander. We personally think the job was created to enable him to play the role of Vietrola IX, without any effort on his part. We know that if there had been any work connected with the job, he would have disgraced himself long before the end of the year.

¶ As soon as "Savvy" blew himself to a new suit of Jake Reed's best, the yard announced itself at home every day in the week, and Emmett renounced Mess Hall grub for good, much to the delight of the general mess; we thought this would obviate our confinements in the mess hall after chow but "Savvy's" line proved more dangerous than his appetite.

¶ His wonderful looks (for he is good looking) and his quiet assumption of his every utterance as Gospel truth, will be sure to see him through, even to helping him keep awake on a mid-watch in York River. Both at one bell and at eight, "Savvy" is always on the job, and his willingness and infallible generosity have enabled many of us to graduate. A million H. P. brain and a faculty for understanding all situations, will help him through any difficulties that he may meet in the future.

¶ "What kind of a time did you have at Coney Island, Savvy?"

¶ "I had a hell of a good time—now shut up!"

Honors: Star 4, 3;
Four Stripes, Regimental Sub-Commander;
Class Ring Committee;
Class Honor Committee, 4, 3, 1;
Business Manager Reef Points;
Lucky Bag Staff.

HEY, fellows, here's a Plebe with an accent!" Thus "Eddie" made his debut to the upper classes. Did you say "Nobody loves a fat man?" You should have seen "Falstaff," surrounded by his admirers in the classes of 17, 18, and 19, coaxing him to say "Bahston" or "faiah Hahvahd" just once more. "Fats" hails from up Lowell way, and judging by him, Massachusetts is n't as bad as it's cracked up to be. He's a "regular built, down east johnny cake," and with his weaknesses for Bahstonian ways being gradually undermined, we all have high hopes for him.

¶ Just look at his face to convince yourself that he doesn't know what a grouch is, and that he is the best cure for that rhino feeling. His greatest ambition is to weigh 160 pounds, and while he can never reduce to that, he is actually slim, compared to what he was during Plebe summer. Work has done it.

¶ He has had a hand in two or three branches of athletics, not with any particular success to himself, but gladly giving varsity men something to beat.

¶ Appetite, did you say? Sh-not so loud! Not that it is large, but he always eats until one bell stops him. He has said that he should n't like to be on any staff, because one can't eat all they serve at a staff table.

¶ Were he not a member of the Cosmo Club, of which he received the thirty-third degree Youngster cruise, "Falstaff" could easily star. Practically all of his studying is done in helping along some less gifted classmate. But don't ever start an argument with him unless you have the cold facts, because he is a living book of statistics.

Honors: Buzzard.





SAMUEL HYER ARTHUR
LECOMA, MO.

"Annie"

BUST away there! Make some gangway! here is "Annie," the boy wonder all the way from Rolla. ¶ Of course you have heard of Rolla because it is the first thing the "Old Woman" tells you about. And the big hulk taught school out there, too. Missouri was too small for him so he joined Uncle Sam's outfit as something a little better than a Mess Moke.

¶ By the way, that's the Uncle he was named for. ¶ Does he drag? Well rather! I mean once. It is impossible to make an apt description for we studied refractory material only a few months. Besides that, he had the crust to say he did n't know who was sending him unmarked boxes of candy. Well—"A hae me doots."

¶ In the lighter sports like football and crew "Annie" is there. When he did n't get his "N" after the Henley Youngster year he said: (deleted by censor). But anyway, he always said the Duke was all right. More than that, Youngster year he was playing football until injuries put him out of the game for the rest of the season.

¶ "Annie" has been a good wife, swore moderately and smoked little.

¶ The "Old Woman" has a heart almost as large as himself and nary an enemy.

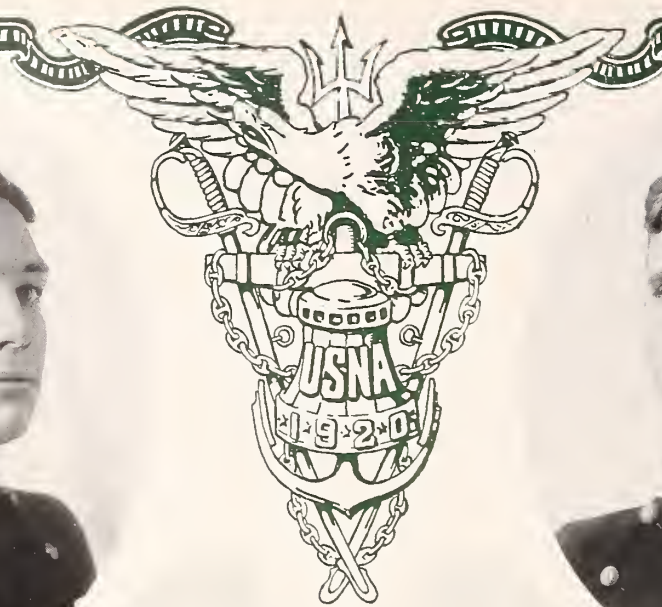
¶ He's just the kind he appears to be when he gives you his big broad smile and those "baby blue" eyes.

¶ "Shake yuh to see who gets a letter."

"I'd like to be home on leave today."

"Where's m' mail?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Football Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Football N.



WILLIAM ELMORE MAXWELL
KELLYTON, ALA.

"Max"

MAX" hails from sunny "Alabam," the 4.0 state with the 4.0 femmes. We got him from '19, wise in the ways of the Navy and a strong advocate of the five-year course—reduced to four.

¶ "W. E." is a true southern gentleman, minus the swallow tail coat and the "Kelly," but when it comes to helping a fellow out of a hole he is 100% efficient.

¶ If you're in trouble over a hop, go to "Max," not to drag for you, because he will consider nothing under a 4.0, but ask him to take your duty while you drag and it's done.

¶ In athletics "Max" showed that he had the stuff to make the track team, but the Academic Department claimed too much of his time. In books he has had pretty rough sailing, being possessed of plenty of good horse sense, but with little love for integration or simple harmonic motion. Ike Newton and Bowditch probably gave him his hardest bouts, yet by grim perseverance and hard work he has beaten them all. For plain grit and a determination to succeed, "Max" wins.

¶ His one big fault, or virtue, is the fact that he is the original "dope" fiend. He has specialized in dope and is a firm believer in any and all of it. If you find any dope around Maury Hall, call around and see "Max." It will be thankfully received and faithfully boned.

¶ "Say! have any of you birds got any dope on this exam?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Track Squad, 4, 3, 1.





NINIAN BEALL
CUMBERLAND, MD.

"Nino" "Egg O" "Liberty Bell"

BE-ALL or Bell? which is it? He says it is to be pronounced Bell, so we'll have to take his word for it.

¶ Ninian, as you can see from his picture, has a strikingly good appearance on his front elevation. He always wears that same pleasant smile, except perhaps when he gets really disgusted with a math or nav exam. "My maximum mark is a 2.0. I could n't possibly get more. I've a 1.0 on answers and I had the method right in some of them." His maximum 2.0 generally turns out to be a 2.9 or 3.0 when the marks are posted.

¶ Ninian landed in this place early in Plebe summer, clothed himself in the garb of a midshipman, read the reg book and settled down as a model Plebe. Furthermore, he remained a confirmed Red Mike until near the end of Youngster year. Then came Spring with its wonderful attractions. They were too much for Ninian, he was introduced, and he fell. He dragged, it was great! so he dragged again, and is now an avowed fusser. Some people say he's in love; he refuses to say.

¶ The "Prof" is a natural historian of no mean ability, and he can tell you more about birds and their habits than the whole math department can of horizontal asymptotes.

¶ "Nino" is far from being "wooden" in more practical subjects, too. He carries a savvy look, which, without a doubt, from the dope he has given us, has fooled many an inquisitive prof. He takes good care of the inner man, and his locker usually looks like a wholesale grocery store.

¶ Because he's so quiet, Beall has never exhibited the inherent ability he'll show when it's time to come through.

Honors: Buzzard.



WARNER WELBY ANGERER
CLINTON, ILL.

"Angie" "W. W."

BEHOLD this corn-fed son of Illinois, look well at him, for he is a prize product of the Corn Belt. He hails from Wapella, which he claims is on the map, and as we've never been able to find it, we must take his word for it.

¶ "Angie" is not particularly savvy, but he always wins in his bouts with the All Academies, and is always ready to help some "wooden" man over the ruts. He is fairly reg and his run-ins with the discipline department are few and far between.

¶ A true movie fiend, he is a regular patron of Crabtown and Memorial Hall movie fests, and Plebe year established the record of seeing at least one movie show every liberty day.

¶ Warner early decided that the track team needed his aid and went out for the discus throw to such good advantage that he missed the Academy record by only three inches, which feat added another medal to his collection.

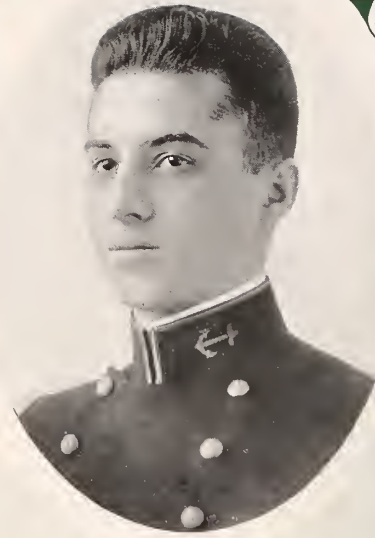
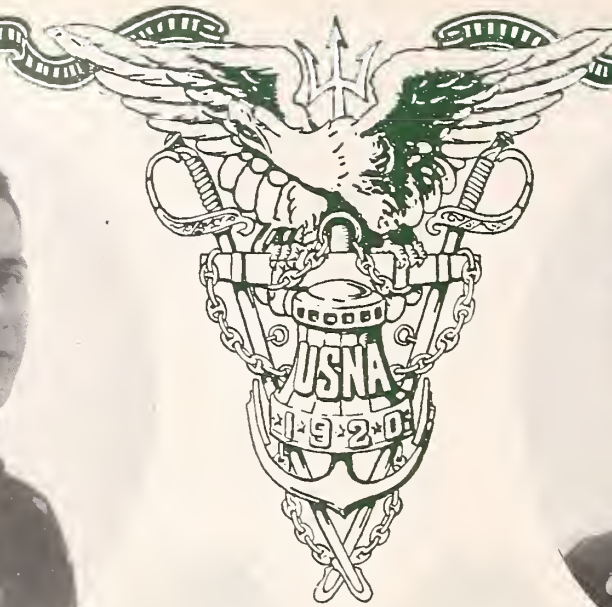
¶ One of the stannchest of the Rouge Mikes, Angerer claims that he has a good reason, and after seeing her picture, we are inclined to accept his statement. Twelve page letters twice and thrice a week are rather strong arguments and can not be ignored. He's already anticipating June Week and—but the rest's a secret.

¶ Although "Silent" is ordinarily conservative and believes with Shakespeare that "silence is golden," he can converse freely and interestingly when in the mood.

¶ He has ever been—and we know he will continue to be—a fine shipmate.

Honors: Buzzard;
Track Team, 4, 3.





HAROLD CLINE
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

"Idee" "I. D. Cline"

HARRY CORMAN
ST. LOUIS, MO.

"Harry" "Rabbit"

WE thought that the wilds of Utah sheltered none but Mormons until Harold started giving us the real dope on that far away corner in Uncle Sam's backyard. And now we've got the inside information on that subject and about everything else imaginable.

¶ Harold came to us not at all versed in the customs of this Man's Navy, and during his process of learning by sad experience on the cruises, he has furnished much diversion for some of his more sea-going classmates. His most famous exploit is the flying of a church pennant while making a guard trip.

¶ Never stalling, but still standing well, Cline leads an easy life. Still he believes in his rights and has shown his willingness to take on any offender, regardless of size or reputation.

¶ Harold never lets his busts worry him and as learning by hard knocks is the best way in the world, we need have no doubts as to his ultimate success in his chosen profession.

*Honors: Clean Sleere;
Log Staff, 1.*

WE have no doubt that for years certain members of the Department of Modern Languages will treasure the memory of this little gink from St. Louis. Not that he was wooden in Dago—far from it—but there was always something funny about it, from his standpoint. So funny that his mirth was often unrestrained. His smile is noted from other sources more worthy than this; it has even attracted the attention of a Cupid's dart.

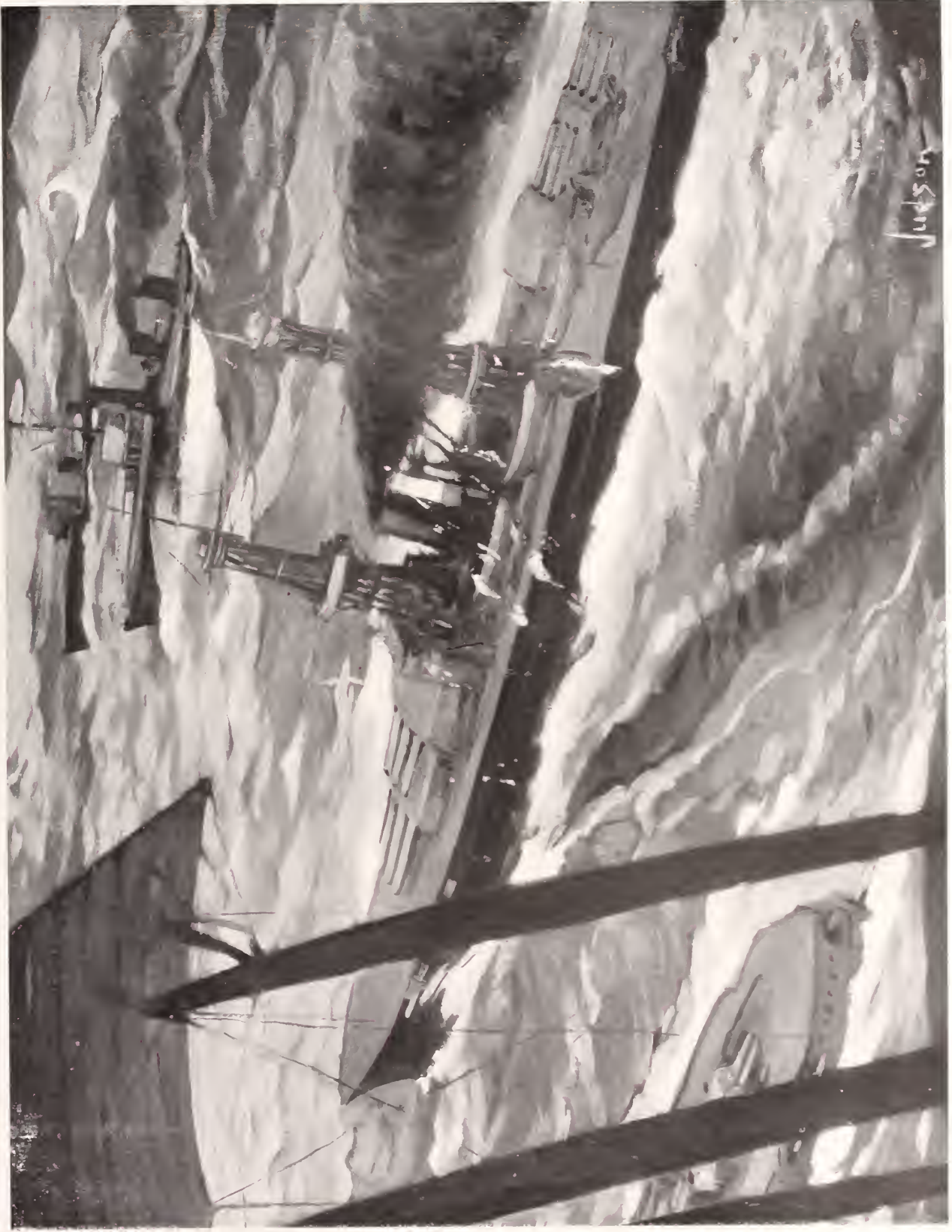
¶ His exploits on Youngster cruise gave him much experience on how to stand a mid-watch properly, on which subject he has given various (oral) monologues.

¶ Academically speaking, he much resembles the average Midshipman; his abilities far exceed his inclination—except in English—but we buried English long ago.

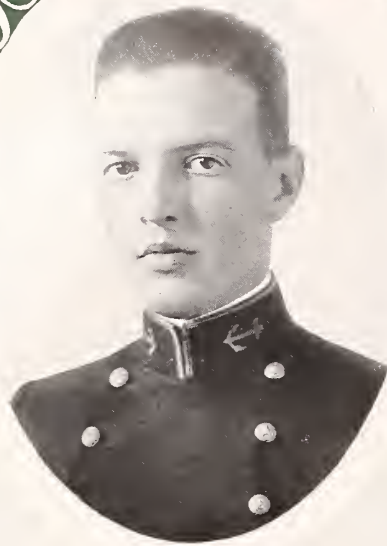
¶ His grin will last as long as the fame that he will no doubt gather to his name, and wherever he goes "by these tokens ye shall know him."

Honors: Buzzard.





Judson



GEORGE DOUGLAS MORRISON
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Doug" "Duge"

DOU" first learned to navigate in the Georgia swamps, and steered a steady course from there to the U. S. N. A. He has had rough weather at times, but always came about on the starboard side of the 2.5 buoy :- :-

¶ A true Southern gentleman is "Doug," and no more could be said of any one. Once your friend, he is always so good-natured to a fault, and a glad hand for every one.

¶ "Cupid" is not very strong for athletics,—except as a loyal rooter, for his time is spent dodging the fair sex. Look at this Georgian beauty and you will not ask why they pursue him so relentlessly. He really "came out" First Class year and has "done the 'foist' company proud." His Southern drawl is some captivating little warble, and you can really understand him,—which is a compliment for a Cracker.

¶ Ole Lady Fatima is one of "Doug's" favorites, and altho she led him to grief, he still pulls on the weed. Another stunt of "Doug's" is to spend his holidays lounging in the hospital—Xmas included.

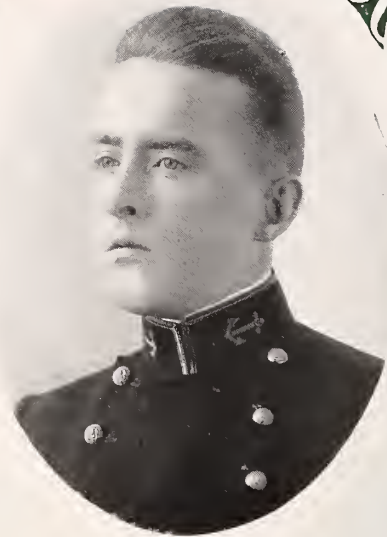
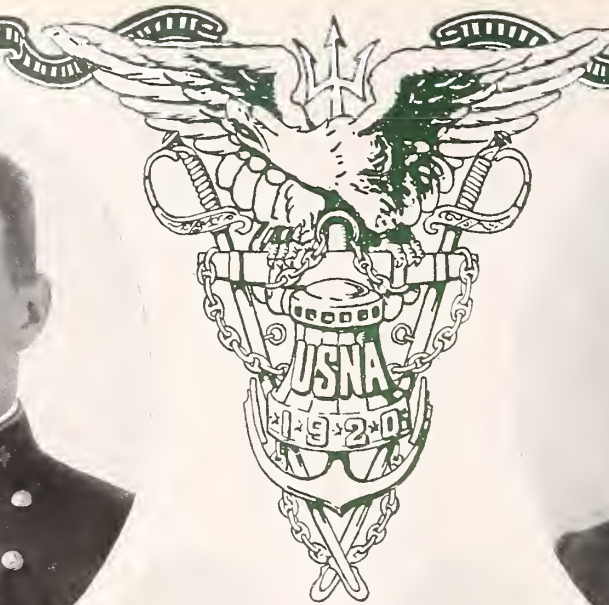
¶ "Where are you from, Mr. Morrison?"

¶ "Gawgia, suh."

¶ And well may Waycross, Georgia, be proud of such a true son :- :-

¶ We are, "Doug," so here 's to you "out there."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Bugle Corps;
Masqueraders, 3.*



JOHN THOMAS McDERMOTT
WILMINGTON, DEL.

"Mac" "Johnny"

ABOVE you see another product of Delaware—don't be frightened. It is n't one of DuPont's high explosives, just a plain Delaware Peach. One look at his complexion will prove his "peachie" qualities, and after living with him for three years we have found him a true man in every way.

¶ He is a strong advocate of a free Navy, and is always ready for any sort of a debate (except on Ireland), or a general good time. Even the order canceling Christmas leave Youngster year could n't make this little Irishman downcast :- :-

¶ On his bilger eruse a certain inducement in Provincetown, Mass., nearly persuaded "Mac" to forsake the Line for the Gyrene Corps, but sincerely we hope that he stays on with us, even with such expressions as, "The woman ———!"

¶ "Johnny" is like the state from which he hails, namely, that although lacking in size, he more than makes up with quality. Here's luck to you, you little Mick!

¶ "Hey Mike, let's catch!"

¶ "Righto! Show me the breeze."

Honors: Buzzard.





LYMAN SPENCER PERRY
JEFFERSON, O.

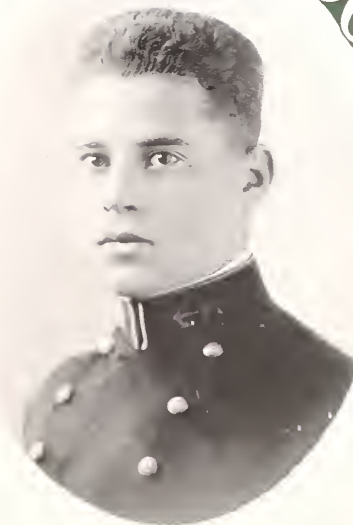
"Pop" "Daddy"

BIG, lazy, smiling, musical rough-housing, fussing, funing, football-playing "Pop;"—the biggest man in "Twenty;"—her greatest prosecutor of dull care.

¶ "Pop" just happened to the class along in Plebe summer. "Anchors aweigh" was an old song to him, and many of us learned the tune at "poppa's kuce." His mandolin, or his banjo, or his ukeleli, was always in evidence; and he picked away so consistently that he picked his way into the leadership of the Mandolin Club when First Class year came round.

¶ But his musical faculties, in everything, were merely first foothills to his mountain-big ability on the gridiron. He was one of "Twenty's" "big six." "Perry of the Navy" was the big guard who instilled fear into the hearts of the opponents' line, however strong it might be, in spite of a chronic bad ankle. We did n't punt much during our stay at the Academy, but when we did it was "Pop" who sent the ball spiralling through the air for sixty or more yards. But on all his excellent football work, "Pop" capped the climax when he broke through the Great Lakes line in the big game of 1918, and paved the way for Navy's touchdown. It is no wonder that during the game a hot football fan was heard to whisper to himself, "The Daddy of them all! Twenty years of knowing how has taught him what he 's doing now."

*Honors: Company C. P. O.;
Honor Committee;
Football N;
Football Numerals;
Track Numerals;
Baseball Squad;
Mandolin Club;
Leader of Mandolin Club.*



JOHN PERRY
GREENVILLE, S. C.

"Jack"

OH—those eyes!" That was the way one girl described him, but the mystery of it is why she stopped there. The boy has a smile that makes Doug Fairbanks look like an intellectual undertaker on the job, and there are those who claim that those eyes and that smile are just fascinating enough that should he flash them on Billy Sunday he 'd have that died-in-the-wool grape-juicer buying the drinks inside of five minutes.

¶ Pluck has characterized "Jack's" athletic career from the minute Pup was hauled down. Plebe year he gave them the best he had as one of Jonas' senior's Hustlers, and Youngster year went back for more. In the first few days of practice, however, he broke his arm, and was out of the scrap until wrestling season started. He went in for mat-work, but his arm was none too strong and he broke it a second time. That would have finished most people, but by the time track work opened up outdoors Jack was with them again, and carried off his coveted N as a weight man.

¶ On the hop committee is another place where he stars. In spite of his smile he has a forcible persuader that keeps the stags off the floor, and when it embraces a fair dragee she is liable to think she 's in dreamland.

¶ Association with Jack has brought us to the conviction that Greenville, S. C., must be an all right place. He 's the sort of the man we 're wont to associate with wooden ships. Shake, Jack. The vote 's unanimous, whether you run for President or Pope.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Track N;
Football Numerals;
Wrestling Squad;
Hop Committee.*





WALTER HARVEY WEED, JR.
NORWALK, CONN.

"Hal" "Willie" "Walter"

WOULD any one believe by looking at him that he is our Class baby? "Willie" had to wait quite a while for his sixteenth birthday, because they told him he was a little too young to be a Plebe. However, when he did get in and put on a real midshipman's uniform, he suddenly grew older—for he was a Plebe.

☐ Passing through the dark ages of the Plebe year, he went on a cruise and had leave, after which he came back to Uncle Sam's own Naval Academy and study. "Hal" is not a student, being naturally savvy, but when he does bone conscientiously, the profs chalk up the 4.0's pretty frequently.

☐ He loves his tennis, but swimming is his strong point, and many are the afternoons that he has spent showing the fish how to swim. An occasional hop to compensate for his more frequent bouts with the Departments, and Youngster year was soon over. "Hal" is neither a Red Mike nor a heavy fusser. He breaks out only on the great occasions—Thanksgiving, Xmas, Easter and June Week. Never known to stag, he always drags at least three at a time, and has a great fondness for letting a classmate drag blind for him; something he never takes advantage of, because "Willie" does n't spoon on bricks himself.

☐ Another cruise, another leave, and "Hal" was a Crow, jr., but Plebe, Youngster, or First Classman he was always the same good-natured, carefree "Willie"—and a man, for all that he is the youngest of '20's hopefuls.

Honors: Buzzard;
Tennis Squad, 4, 3;
Swimming Squad, 4, 3.



ALLEN HOBBS
LOWELL, MASS.

"Allen" "Rip" "Mike" "Helen"

AMAN of inches, but every inch a man—this five feet four of concentrated pep blew in on us from old Massachusetts. In fairness to him we will admit that he does n't sport the "me n' Bowditch" marks on his collar which we are led to expect of the baked beans. Not that he's wooden; he used to have some trouble with our rocking-chair strategists in the English Department, but turn him loose with a super-irregular verb or a resume and he was there.

☐ When he left St. Paul's School to join us he had a young collection of enps for track, but his legs lacked about two inches of the requisite length to get him his "N."

☐ Plebe year he went out for wrestling and had he stuck to it would now be sporting his "WNT." At tennis and baseball, too, he's considerable shark—in other words he is a specimen of that rare animal, the all-round athlete, excelling at nothing and good at anything.

☐ Youngster cruise he hit the old *Michigan* and spent about a month at Philly; if you want to hear some rare tales ask him about Waikiki Beach. This and First Class year were his only cruises, but it's a marvel yet at the ease with which he got away with it.

☐ Along with his wife he developed that fourth deck faculty of sliding into ranks simultaneously with late blast to a downright science. However, when any crisis comes, he's neither late nor nearly late in meeting it.

☐ "Me n' late blast."

Honors: Buzzard.





CARROLL TABOR BONNEY
WAKEFIELD, MASS.

"Bony"

MEAD SALTONSTALL PEARSON
LOWELL, MASS.

"Foxy" "Buster" "Salty"

WHEN Carroll first dropped anchor in Crabtown, he was afflicted with two maladies—love and poetry. As time rolled on, he found that he could not be both a poet and a naval officer; so after much deliberation he laid down the pen for the sword. However, the malady left its trace and he still reads Burns and Byron instead of Bullard and Bowditch.

¶ Each spring has found him hard at work on the cinder path and the track "N" is now his cherished possession.

¶ As company representative he has acted as censor of public morals and just before First Class cruise he became First Head of the Department of Plebe Training for Cruise.

¶ Carroll spent Youngster cruise aboard the *Texas*, where he imbibed much of the "Texas efficiency" that put the meat ball on her fore truck. He's been applying that spirit in Bancroft where he wears out the radiator valves and light switches saving heat and juice.

¶ At that, Carrol's efficiency is the right kind—the kind that will take him far in his chosen career.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Honor Committee, 4, 3, 1;
Track Team, 4, 3, 1;
Track N.*



WHERE goes mess gear and here comes Pearson, the man that made mess gear famous. He is so anxious to get at that chow that his feet can't keep up with his body.

¶ That extraordinarily, peculiarly individual gait of his is characteristic of Pearson. Just as his eagerness to arrive at his destination keeps his heels off the deck, so his whole mode of living keeps him on his toes. When he tackles a problem he goes out for the answer; and if he gets it by applying Alger's formula No. 26, that is sufficient; he may not know and he doesn't care why.

¶ Unlike many of those who have the ability to put a thing thru, Pearson never resorts to bluff. He could n't get away with it if he tried. But "Foxy" is gullible, unquestionably so. Just dangle the bait before his nose and he'll take it, hook, sinker and line. Because of this weakness he is a frequent victim of the artful wiles of the practical joker,—he has been thru them all from soap in his gum to Limburger in the pocket of his fussing blouse.

¶ Pearson is essentially a man of action, a worker,—and the place he works hardest—aside from the mess hall—is on the cinder path. No race is easy and "Foxy" picked the hardest of the lot. The fact that he made good at the quarter and won an N is evidence of his speed and ability.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Track Team, 4, 3, 1;
Track N;
Expert Rifleman.*





LLOYD HARRISON
MCMINNVILLE, ORE.

"Savvy" "Halo" "Harry"

"SAVVY" is one of those mild, angelic-appearing lads whom any unprejudiced and conservative observer would put down as wooden, a Red Mike, and unworried by the Exee Department. Swabo on the whole estimate. He has a Ford duplex automatic differentiator and interrogator behind that placid brow; loves to be embarrassed by a femme, and prefers the *Reina* as a domieile.

¶ Plebe year he obtained a hypnotic influence over the Math Department which has never been released. Messrs. Krafft, Brown, and Foster also spooned on his accurate and rapid fire patter.

¶ October, 1917, saw "Kitty" burst forth in all his fussing glory, and he soon became the most shimmering of all snakes. He refuses to be familiar with his drags—fears they will lose their hearts, but is always ready to shoot a brilliant and versatile line, or do his little parlor tricks.

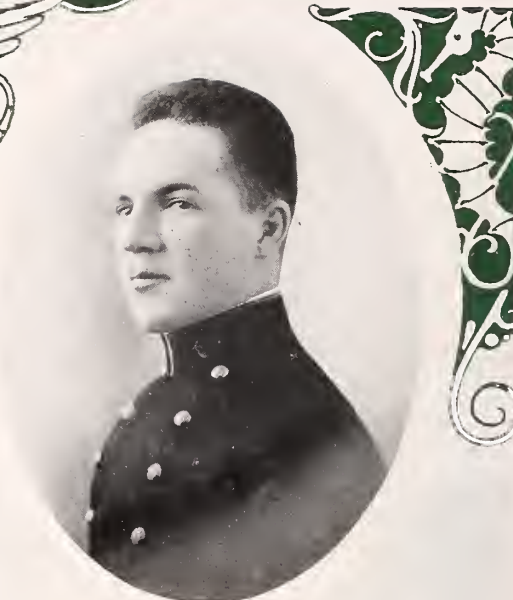
¶ He will be remembered as a star man who would work harder to help his classmates out than to keep his own standing, and who finally fell into an undeserved run of hard luck and a long cruise. However, a never-failing sense of humor refused to desert him, and his wide and many-dimpled grin has remained with us.

¶ "Suffering eats, is that formation?"

¶ "Drat this razor."

¶ "Now see here, Willie!"

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Star, 4, 3, 1;
Submarine Squad.



WILLIAM GILMAN INGRAM
PORTLAND, ORE.

"Inctum" "Billy" "Thug"

HE has four specialties, this wild westerner—magazines and magnesia, letters and loving. One would never dream, when he hears him tell of his Alaskan life, or "this is how the Indian does it," that he would have deserted the country of perpetual spring and of limitless beauty. He manages to beguile away the time, though, by reading magazines during study periods, writing his fifteen letters per week at night and dragging every week end. And who of us can compare with him in any of these pastimes?

¶ But these have been only his vacations—he has other accomplishments, being a vocalist and pugilist of note. Yes, "Willie" has had a busy time of it. He began his career by making Smoke Hall his private reading room Plebe year—for thirty seconds. We've got to hand it to a man who has gotten by most every month with fifteen minutes' hard study a day, and who can miss the grade by one demerit for seven months out of a year.

¶ How do we tell him from the other "Bill?" Hear a Carvel Hall converse: He—"Which 'Bill' Ingram do you mean?" She—"Oh, the cute little curly one, you know."

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Glee Club;
Choir;
Submarine Squad.





JOHN PEMBERTON CURTIS
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"Johnnie"

U EARS ago, some one told Johnny that there was a Navy, whereupon Johnny joined the outfit. He didn't care what the Navy was but he had been into all the trouble covered by Civil Law and longed for new bights to get into. He has founded his naval career upon that fundamental idea: Stand clear of the sternfast.

¶ Johnnie is blessed with a natural proclivity towards evil, outboard tendencies, and a pack of Fats wild. Sheer discretion and freak luck have stood him well. Many have tried to leave something on his doorstep other than scented bits of pink, but only the old Second Battalion kitty has enjoyed any degree of success. Benny wanted to drown the two striped ones, but Johnnie insisted on being the god-father to all six.

¶ He has worked to cross purposes from year to year. All winter he smashes training and cures himself to a ham, but emerges each Spring to smash a few track records. That at least has been his dream. When he knocks off, the odds are decidedly against the lady.

¶ The man is inconsistent, indeterminable. He will start a perfect rough-house and then impartially aid all combatants by heaving the last unbroken crockery that the room boasts into the melee.

¶ Johnnie had never seen Ocean View by night until he was detailed as a boat officer to land a liberty party on those peaceful shores. He was certain that the place would be gloriously lit. The result was that he chased a brightly lighted excursion steamer twenty miles up Chesapeake Bay.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Track Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Track Numerals.*



BENJAMIN PORTER WARD
PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

"Benny"

P ASS Christian gave "Benny" to the Navy and the Navy gave "Benny" several jolts on that beautiful June day when he got a first glimpse of Navy life at the Academy.

¶ When he first entered his room he found no furniture save a table, two chairs, and two small iron cots.

¶ Then the barber cut his hair in true Navy style and left no trace of those beautiful locks on which he had spent so much time training them into a perfect Marcelle wave.

¶ "Ben" got a case of rhino that even the round of drill and nightly raids could not dispel. Sleep? From dinner until evening gun, "Ben" spends all his spare moments on his bed—he turns in after breakfast and sleeps all day with the least possible time for recitations. But at 9:30 P. M. "Ben" gets a skag and follows the crowd to the roof where he can watch the diurnal motion of Venus in perfect bliss.

¶ His favorite pastime is to knock off fussing Lady Fatima, but he has knocked off so often that he never knows whether he is on or off.

¶ "Say, Eddie, let's knock off 'till Friday night after Skinny lecture."

¶ Tho "Benny" has never dragged, except to oblige a friend, he has been very much among those present at every hop since his return from Youngster leave.

¶ Studies have never been "Ben's" strong point but by hard, consistent work, intermingled with good common sense, he has shown every one that he has the qualities that go to make a Naval officer and a gentleman.

Honors: Buzzard.





MARVIN HENRY GROVE
SALEM, VA.

"Red" "Rouge" "Roue"

OUR Grove hails from the prettiest spot in the world—the Valley of Vuhginyah. By temperament he is neither slow nor methodical, but rather up and going when there is anything exciting to do. He has not auburn hair, however much his nickname suggests. He says his hair is golden; yet at a hop, pick the first cotton-top you see and it is Grove. Maybe it's because of his ruddy complexion.

Grove likes a good time—the present is good enough and the future can take care of itself. During recreation hours you can find him tearing down the corridor or mixed up in a rough and tumble with the bunch next door. And he would rather take his exercise so, than take it seriously on an athletic squad and have a letter to show for his ability. He always has a cheery welcome and only the third conduct grade for June Week could make him rhino, and then who would not be? With his ready retort and genial nature he has a host of friends. You may find him with the crowd in a war of words and wit, and it is worth the price of admission to see Marvin's imitations of some of our academic celebrities.

Q Drag? yes, the last girl he was with is always the best one.

Q Out in the service there is a place for him. His quick thought and ready action will pull him thru any emergency.

Q "I was jes' fixin' to do it."

Honors: Buzzard.



EDWARD PIERCE WILSON
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"Eddie" "Willie"

THE thing that Eddie is most noted for is his high sense of duty, for he always gives the Navy his first thought. Even when he skips formation he figures it's best for the Navy.

Q "Dizzy" is essentially systematic. He eats, sleeps, studies (or otherwise) systematically. When the time comes to write letters, then a stronger will asserts itself; he just writes and writes and writes.

Q Just the same, Eddie's savvy. When you want somebody to show you something in Juice, or Skinny or anything else that's too deep, just drop in and see him; he is always glad to help you.

Q His lucky roommate never has to worry, and Eddie takes such splendid notes at lectures that everybody else uses them. It seems that Eddie has had everything in the Academic line in his college, days at "dear old Beloit College." Semi-occasionally, he cracks a book just to be sure the author did n't leave out anything.

Q Although Eddie has not won his N yet in any branch of athletics, he is always out each year for lacrosse, and he has the personal satisfaction of having developed himself by consistent exercise on the athletic field or in the gym.

Q Ed has always been lucky on his cruises. He has always hit a good ship and comes back for the year of studies with a surprising amount of practical knowledge.

Q "Don't drag Saturday night unless you can sleep Sunday afternoon."

Honors: Buzzard.





RUSSELL KEITH
WORCESTER, MASS.

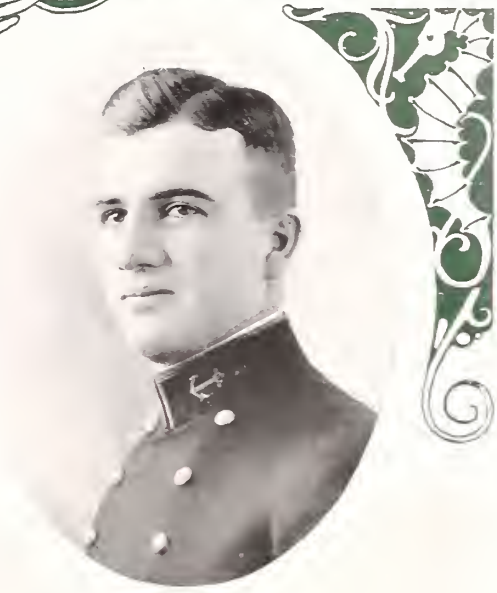
"Russ" "Rusty"

NOW look here, gang, you gotta lay off of this crockery. How can I help the mess bill if you bums keep on snashing the dishes?" That was the nightly plea "Russ" made the early part of First Class year to the smoke hall gang, and it was n't until we had visions of paper plates and sanitary drinking cups, that we took his advice. Some claim "Russ" acquired his skill in the commissary line at a certain afternoon ball on the *New Jersey*, but be that as it may, he has proven a good man at his job, and rates the stripes he wears.

Consistent work has kept "Russ" ahead of the game in his studies, and has made him one of the best wrestlers in his weight the Academy has produced in some time. In gym and track, too, he's been much in evidence, and the time of year he is n't in training for some contest or other is brief indeed.

Realizing his ability as a leader and condoning his political aspirations, the class has seen fit to make "Russ" a member of the honor committee, the hop committee, and the class crest committee. He has worn his honors modestly, and lived up to his obligations.

*Honors: Three Stripes, Regimental Commissary;
Track Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Wrestling Squad, 3, 1;
Gym Team, 4;
Expert Rifleman;
Class Honor Committee, 3,
Y. M. C. A. Vice President, 1;
Class Ring Committee;
Hop Committee, 3, 1.*



RALF DOUGLAS BAKER
NAPOLEONVILLE, LA.

"Bake" "R. D." "Doug"

BAKER showed from the first that he was a modest possessor of brains and when his brother and he came to pick out their finishing schools, Army got one, but the Navy got "R. D."

"Bake's" disposition includes many of the attributes of the Sunny South. His smile, his hospitality, and his consideration for others early made him one of those rated "Prince, 1st class."

Baseball is "Bake's" main diversion and many are the funerals Blake and he have held over games long past and gone. He was pitching airtight ball Youngster year until numps put across three strikes and he retired to the hospital, to have his smile reduced in size but put in better working order. He got away to his same old stride First Class year in the first game of the season. As a rule it takes him a couple innings to warm up—but how he does pitch then!

If true blue sincerity means anything, "Bake" has passed many a buoy along the channel to success.

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





WILLARD MERRILL DOWNES
BALTIMORE, MD.

"Beau" "John" "W. M."

DUDLEY MERRILL PAGE
FREDERICK, MD.

"Dud" "Duke"

WHAT lady is there that does n't envy "Beau" Downes's complexion? How he got his rosy cheeks seems to be a secret, but now we know where that "A skin you love to touch" ad originated. "Beau" once claimed that his glowing complexion was caused by wearing high collars, but later denied that and argued that by pinching his cheeks a permanent color had set in.

¶ The Academic Departments never troubled "Beau" enough to make him worry. Regardless of this critical organization, however, he has shown that he is as good as the best of them at the actual practise of the profession, that steam turbines and electrical apparatus as installed aboard ship have no intricacies too complicated to be sketched and shaded.

¶ As a master mechanic, there is none who can excel him.

¶ Take the management of the Class Supper for example. Here he not only showed great care and forethought, but gave the Red Cross an example of efficiency in first aid.

¶ Hailing as he does, from both North and South, we very naturally find "Beau" remarkably cosmopolitan. He believes that, next to Billy Sunday, the greatest in the world is the one who invented Fatimas; he enjoys reading Robert W. Service's Poems, does not believe in prohibition, eats prunes, plays golf, is in love most of the time, and can steer a sub-chaser according to Hoyle.

¶ "He hit me over the head, aint it awful?"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Class Supper Committee;
Expert Rifleman.*

DO, the boy does n't look it, but he is romantic, why—and he did so want to get himself all engaged during leave—in September he could n't decide which one he loved most, by December he had decided that "one was merely infatuation and the other was only half love," so now he's one of these imperturbable cosmopolitans.

¶ Savvy?—well, he does n't decorate the trees—and he usually goes to recitations, too. We don't know which one to blame, but, his room-mate has n't bilged yet either.

¶ He's not athletically inclined; that is, as far as external athletics go;—but he can look intelligent (not too much so) and gurgle tea with the best of them. Of course, he does n't make a habit of it—that would show poor taste and one could never accuse "Dead-man" of that. And he's a surprisingly good man to make a liberty with—ask some one who was on the *Oklahoma* Youngster cruise.

¶ All in all, Dudley is a mighty good scout and we all hope to meet him when we get out in the wide, wide world.

¶ Here's the best of luck, Dudley, and don't forget dear old Maryland

Honors: Buzzard.



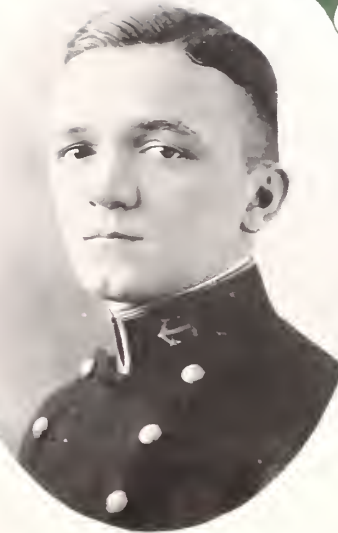


JAMES MARSHALL PLASKITT
MARKHAM, VA.

"Abdank" "Jim" "Marshall"

HEY, Mister, where are you from?" "Virginia, Sir."
"What part?" "Northern part, Sir." "Where
'bouts?" "Faurquier County, Sir." "Now stop
running me; where are you from?" "Near Markham, Sir."
¶ If perchance any one should try to dub Annapolis men
as land-lubbers, we have the best living, breathing per-
sonification of refutation here before us ever conceived
by the mortal mind of man. When Marshall puts on that
Sir David seagoing lid and paces across the deck you see
visions of deah ol' Lunnon and the Sea Lords of the Grand
Fleet of His Majesty's Service. The height of "Buck's"
ambition is to sail the tropical seas for forty years or more
singing the praises of H. M. S. and U. S. S., than which
he knows nothing is grander. That seagoing look and love
of this devout son of old Neptune are as genuine as the
indisputable laws of Doyle, and in mysteries of the briny
he makes the rest of us feel like Hebrews at an Irish wake.
¶ We don't have to tell you that he is a ballroom snake;
just look at those bewitching brown eyes, that tantalizing
curly hair, and that broad, beaming smile—then judge for
yourself. Then, too, is that daily letter—but we feel a
delicacy in expressing ourselves to any degree of accuracy
in regard to such personalities.
¶ Above all, "Jim" is the best kind of a friend and pal
and many a one of us has been happy and proud to call
him such :~:~:
¶ "By the way, are you dining at Churchill's or Rector's
this evening? In the meantime give me a bull skag." :~:~:

Honors: Buzzard;
Lucky Bag Staff;
Crew Squad, 4;
Track Squad, 4, 3;
Expert Rifleman.



WILLIAM DAVID FLETCHER
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Willie"

WILLY" did not arrive with a crash and a bang
but just oozed into place. He soon settled down
in earnest to lead the luxurious life of one of the
blessed few who pass through this palatial prison without
any undue mental exertions :~:~: After the Academic year
started and our "Pride" was safely housed under the
tender mercies of "Eagy" and the "Snake" nothing
happened Plebe year to awaken his potential energies.
¶ Fate allowed William to cross the second river and then
he reached that testing place of a man's character—the
Fleet :~:~: The early part of Youngster cruise aboard the
New York for him was replete with every imaginable dirty
duty from weighing coal to cleaning indicators. But such
drudgeries were not to last long owing to the arrival of
sailing orders for the home port. At last, the liberties!
¶ When this subtle Irishman went ashore in the Big City
and his pockets chock-a-block with the slippery shekels,
he and the gang visited every show on Broadway from
"Oh, Boy!" to the free one for service people.
¶ During his Upper Class days he has never been known
to grace a hop with his dainty (?) presence. In fact, he is
one who would far rather be snugly ensconced in the
ethereal and Durhauized atmosphere of Snuke Hall than
snaking in town via one of Cheney's antediluvian joy cabs.
He is the Reddest of Mikes and his idea of a good time is
a pound of trinities, a bag of Irish pretzels, and a *Snappy
Stories*—preferring the last named much more than Bullard
Vol. 1, or Johnny Gow.
¶ One marked feature of his character is his generosity,
and what is his, is his friends' :~:~: This trait, along with
his unobtrusiveness, makes a man whom any one is glad
to call a shipmate :~:~:

Honors: Clean Sleeve.





MERRILL FREDERICK SPROUL
BANGOR, ME.

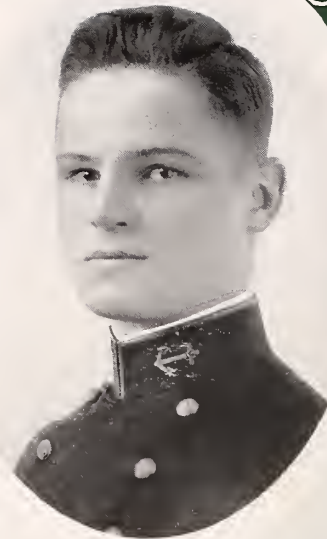
"Beauty" "Sproul"

OUT of his native haunts on the Bangor and Aris took Railroad down in good old Maine, there descended upon the crabs one day the most beautiful thing upon which their eyes had ever stopped in passing. Ssh—gather round closer—it was Merrill Sproul about to become an humble Plebe.

¶ Math nearly gathered him in, but a cold 3.5 on the re-exam told the whispering one his getting-off place and Merrill stayed to cruise on the *Pennsy* all over Norfolk, Va. Youngster year was smoother, but grease still ran a 1.0 higher than the average of his other marks. We knew that we'd see those four gold stripes long before he got them.

¶ "Beauty" is a heart-breaker but an athlete, too. While we never hailed him as a second "Babe" Ruth, it's a fact that he has pitched good ball under trying circumstances. He's a big striper but as popular as they come. He's good looking but his horse sense makes the second batt a lucky one. There is n't a man in the regiment that would n't envy a chance to be shipmates with him.

Honors: Four Stripes;
Hop Committee;
Football Squad;
Baseball Squad;
Baseball N.



VICTOR FRANKLIN BLAKESLEE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Vic" "Blake"

JUDGING from his striking features "Vic" ought to register well on the screen, but fortunately no one realized this before he was safely registered as a Midshipman instead. With us his genial smile attracted attention; his character held it.

¶ As a swimmer "Blake" makes a good magician—at least he passed the swimming test finally and that means that he fooled somebody!

¶ "Vic's" line is characterized by the phrase "vivid and effervescent." But it usually takes the form of a monologue on baseball, and that's safe navigating for him. For three years he covered center field—as well as large areas on both sides—and when a little pep on the bases was needed or a clean single would come in handy he had a consistent habit of being there. The captaincy came to him First Class year as a well-earned reward.

¶ Three stripes adorn his sleeve as a testimonial to his ability, and it seemed that his ambition—for him and his older brother in the service to have a destroyer between them—would be fulfilled until the brother gave his life to the service.

Honors: Three Stripes;
Baseball Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Baseball N;
Captain Baseball Team;
Athletic Executive Committee;
Football Squad, 4, 3;
Hop Committee, 1;
Director Y. M. C. A. 1.





THOMAS CLARKSON SCAFFÉ
CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Tommy"

IN our wildest dreams, we can still see him with his brown derby being led by the hand into Bobbie's War College. After several years of combat with the authorities he finally became a pampered pet. As our Plebe Five Striper, and as boss of one of the wildest crowds that ever trod the decks of Bancroft Hall, he has led us into many an after-taps scrap during which boarders were repelled.

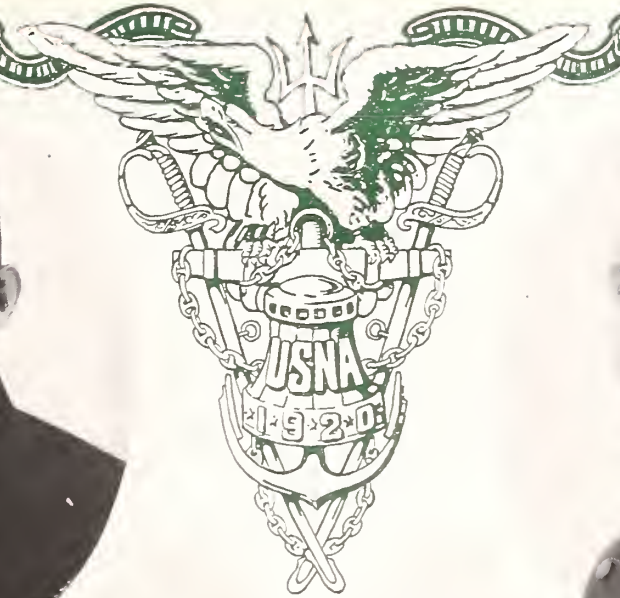
¶ "Tommy's" mental ability has never evidenced itself; but as for athletics, he was the admiral. Tackle on the Big Squad, wrestler, and lacrosse player for three successive years. He was good in them all; in fact, he has been the mainstay of three big teams.

¶ Unlike most athletes, he is modest, but he does like to show off his Charleston brogue. We all believe now that he won his home by the use of a South Carolina talk and a sea-going slang.

¶ When he walks, he rolls like a salt of the old school. We can see him now, walking to the front, shaking hands with the Secnav, his sheepskin in his left hand. God knows he earned it!

¶ Here 's hoping we hear his fog horn voice some time, and hear him say, "Guides Post" in the good old way that put him so high in the hearts of the class.

Honors: Two Stripes;
Football Team, 4, 3, 1;
Football N, 4, 3, 1;
Second All-American Tackle;
Wrestling Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Lacrosse Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Lacrosse Numerals, 3;
Director Y. M. C. A., 1.



JOHN ANTHONY DILLON
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Jack" "Tony" "Pups"

GANGWAY!" Here he comes! (a slide a la Charley Chaplain, coupled with a facial contortion) and we have with us—"Jack."

¶ Every one knows "Jack" is invincible in repartee, horse-play, and irresponsibility. He can get away with anything, and indeed he has, since the first day he entered. Plebe Summer he thought a sail beyond the lighthouse would be a good beginning to "the Life," and consequently he was ragged; but a frank open look at the D. O. showed the latter where he had erred. Commencing Ac year, a manly combination was formed, composed of "Jack," "Tommy," "Denny," and "Dutch." This combination prospered until the Semi-anns, when two of the partners resigned. The remaining two have, however, escaped the shoals and the academic clutch has never slipped.

¶ First Class year brought the real joy of living to "Jack," although he can't avoid the habit of keeping an eye peeled for the D. O. when catching a reg one.

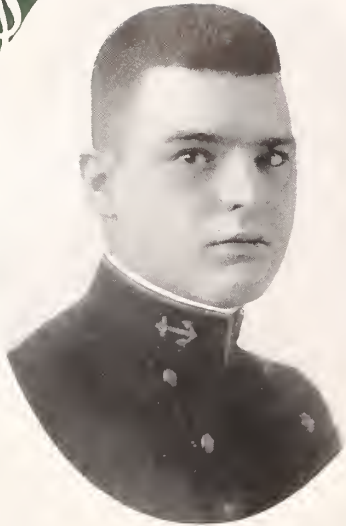
¶ He hibernated on the *Reina* for a month Youngster year, and there held down the job of Sparring Partner for the gang and First Luff.

¶ He likes to fuss good-looking ones, but deliver him from a brick, or you're out of luck when he next sees you. He has an unbeatable supply of good fellowship.

¶ For an all around man, "Jack" is "Aces High." Every one knows him as "Jack" and that proves it.

Honors: Buzzard;
Class Crest Committee;
Log 3;
Cheer Leader;
Crew Squad 1.





PERLEY EARL PENDLETON
CONCORD, N. H.

"Penny" "Brother"

IT was a glorious day for the Brotherhood when this New Hampshire night owl reported for typhoid inoculation at sick bay. His deeper personality did not impress us thoroughly until after we had known him a while.

¶ Coming from Concord with as much fame as an all American Star could digest, he naturally went out for prevailing sports. Thus track found him pushing the best quarter-milers—the gridiron found his carcass all over it Plebe year, and at lacrosse he finally cut a notch in his gun.

¶ His long suits are smoking, fussing, and collecting barnacles copiously.

¶ But here is some real dope—did any one ever guess who started these reforms around here as to systems—well this is the bird. Look at him!

¶ "Penny" is not wooden, but prefers to stick near the end of the class, because he is too good-natured to step ahead of a classmate.

¶ "'Lo brother. Did you get ragged?"

¶ "L yes, Did you ever see me get away with anything?"

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



CHARLES BOWERS MOMSEN
ST. PAUL, MINN.

"Succo" "Swede" "Pups" "Brother"

WHERED'YA get that noise?"—and here comes the Swede, formerly of St. Paul and '18, now of St. Paul and '20. The why of this would be hard to tell for he could n't give you even the faintest idea of what a tree is like if compelled to rely wholly on his own experience since he joined us, but it is possible that the Dago Department could give you the answer.

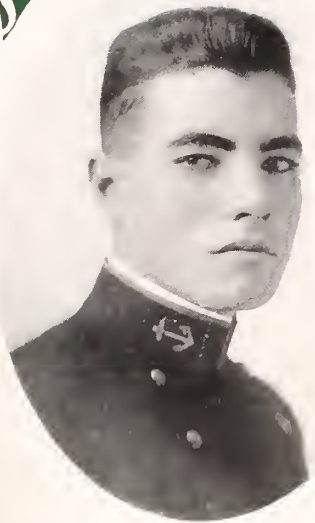
¶ The Swede comes very near to being our Grand Old Man. He certainly is full of ideas—says it's an old man's rate—and can argue like a ward boss. But if you want to have a good time, just corner "Pups" in Smoke Hall, dig up a guitar for him to use and feed him Fats while he sings "In Old Nankow" or some of his other favorites. It is almost as good to get him started on a recital of some of the liberties he has made. East Coast, West Coast, Europe, he has been to them all and done about everything worth doing until now there are few indeed who can make a better liberty and he has sought Dame Fortune so consistently and so successfully that he is known as the Lucky Swede.

¶ Somehow, somewhere, "Pups" acquired the habit of putting things across, and whether the job on hand is large or small he wears the same unconcerned look on his face. Meet the Swede and you'll like him, make a liberty with him and you'll swear by him, for he's always the same likeable gentleman from St. Paul.

¶ "Well, now you see, it's like this——"

*Honors: Three Stripes;
Baseball Numerals, 4;
Football Numerals, 4;
Chairman Class Crest Committee;
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1.*





CARROLL LESLIE TYLER
BOSTON, MASS.

"Cal" "Ty" "Brother" "Spud"

CARROLL has allowed three years of Crabtown to bother him less than any other man in the Class. He is one of the very few who could "star if he would bone" and consequently, finding the Naval Academy life lacking in the three things that he likes best: romance, adventure, and good eats—he whiled away the first two years reading the Cosmo, playing Grand Opera on the Victrola, and acting as host at the numerous banquets held in his room.

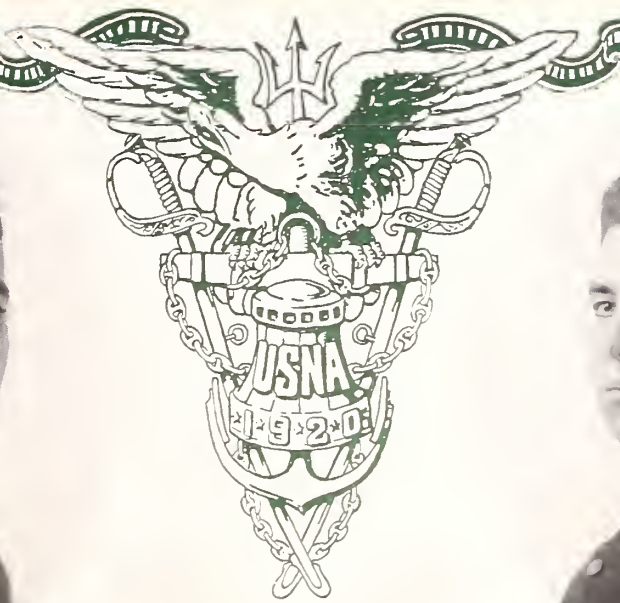
¶ When you make a liberty with "Cal" there is no need ever to worry about such trivial things as arrangements, for be it understood that he prides himself on his familiarity with the niceties of cosmopolitan life and gets more pleasure out of the details than the rest of us do in eating the dinner.

¶ But all his time has not been thrown to the winds of fancy and we find in "Cal" a track man of no mean repute. On the training table and off again he stuck to the game until he won his numerals Youngster Year. Had form been the deciding factor he would be wearing a letter instead. His other athletic achievements consisted in a very regular attendance at the afternoon sessions of the submarine squad and a line of Mex that is all his own.

¶ Way down deep in "Cal's" frame is a great big heart that makes him a friend that one is proud to have.

¶ Be it known that "Cal" is a man and that he leaves in 1920 a host of friends all with a desire to be liked and admired in the same way that we like and admire him.

Honors: Buzzard;
Track Squad, 4, 3;
Track Numerals, 3.



NELSON SHAW TOBEY
PORTLAND, ME.

"Mike" "Tobe" "Brother"

HE'S tall and handsome and so distinguished-like;—so much so that our greatest regret was that he never appeared on the ball room floor. A deep-dyed Red Mike, except by mail, and even then the color was a bee-yu-ti-ful pink.

¶ He must have been savvy, for no wooden man could go thru two years of math with a 2.50 average for each term—and he did it even though all his other studies ran a close second. He got three stripes as a result of some two hundred demerits—three nice diagonal ones; but the poor boy got busted and had to wear a buzzard. It took the combined sympathies and cash of the Brotherhood to prevent black despair from mastering him.

¶ And oh! how hard, though they all loved him, the Plebes always mentioned him in their prayers—praying that his departure would be mercifully sudden and that he would return that shirt and the "et ceteras" that he had borrowed.

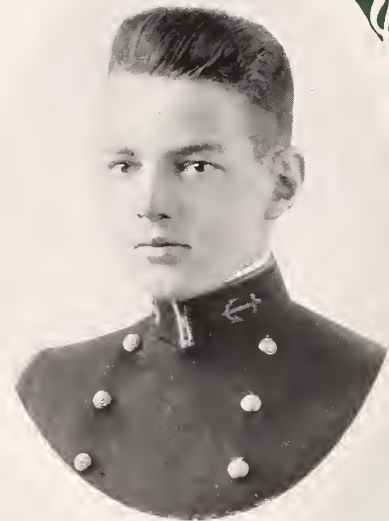
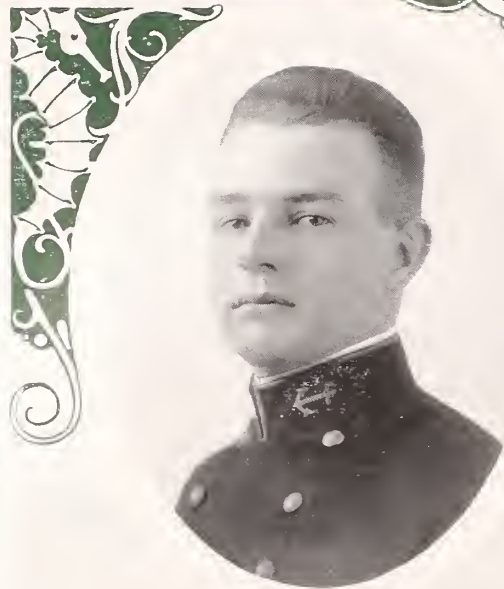
¶ Yes, he's tall and handsome—and "he will be an admiral" some day. We all know why and we all have a little warm spot way "down below" for non-reg Mike. Here 's luck—an' everything.

¶ His motto—"In her arms I want to die."

¶ His slogan—"B. B. & B. Forever!!!"

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Submarine Squad.





EDWARD HOLLISTER McMENEMY
MANCHESTER, CONN.

"Mac" "Eddie" "Kills"

EDDIE" is a Scot, a hard-looking yet easy-going Scot. If you are rhino talk to "Eddie," for he is usually more rhino than yourself. But you would never guess it for his ready smile and carefree disposition throw off most minor worries.

¶ "Yoko's" looks give the lie to his New England ancestry, for at infantry drills he carries a musket in much the same manner that an Arkansas farmer carries a pitchfork. At that he get away with the practical infantry tactics and stratagy sufficiently to make him a Company Chief.

¶ As a savoir, "Mac"'s nothin' above the ears—yet more or less hard work has kept him from running afoul of more than a semi-occasional monthly tree. At that he'll be present and voting a straight ticket when the sheepskins are on the way.

¶ All in all, "Mac" is a good scout and you don't have to go to Connecticut to find it out. Conscientious, energetic, enterprising and faithful, he is sure to get ahead. ☞ ☞

Honors: Company C, P. O.

FORREST MARMADUKE O'LEARY
BREMERTON, WASH.

"Duke" "King" "Marmie" "Tim"

AFTER seven years of "prepping" in various institutions of learning, "Duke" eluded the censor and here he is—six-feet-two of him, with "Knight" in one hand and that stick of macaroni he calls a skag holder in the other. "Duke" has had several exciting encounters with the weed Sir Walter Raleigh made famous, but he usually has gotten to windward of it on the last leg.

¶ "Marmie" has three hobbies: sleeping, sleeping and slumber. Also he has several pet aversions such as drills, P-works and reveille, together with all Academic industries and engine room watches.

¶ When he was three months old "Duke" hit out for the China Station, and judging by his opium-fed tales of oriental glamor the boy must have been there with some lil' memory. However, he still hears the call of the pagodas, and is strong for hitting the Asiatic Fleet when his term here expires. When he starts talking about life on a Yangste gun-boat, he sure can spin an awful yarn.

¶ But we'll put our money on "Duke's" being with us when we go up to shake hands with the Seenav in June. When "Duke" gets his bit of advice he'll say, "8-4, Aye, Aye!" and then, lost in his own smoke screen, will make for the next Penny flyer for Bremerton.

¶ When we meet you out in the Fleet, "Duke," it'll be a happy day for us and here's wishing you luck in your search for "Just a voice to call you dear."

Honors: Buzzard.







GEORGE PATTON KRAKER
GALLUP, N. M.

"G. P." "Georgie" "Soda"

THE call of the sea reached George way out in Gallup, New Mexico, and he tore himself away from the land of six-shooters, thinking the Navy would be a good place for a fighting man. And George is a fighting man. It was once said of him, "There is a Midshipman who has the face of a real man and the carriage of a Pointer."

¶ Plebe summer George was one of our stripers. He could not quite subdue his wild Western blood, however, and these tendencies drew him toward the Bolsheviki clan of the Class. But he had the makings of a four striper, as his handling of the awkward squad First Class year amply testified.

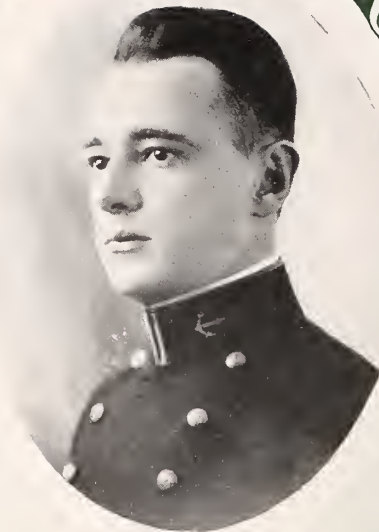
¶ George seems to run into adventures wherever he goes. First Class cruise he saw more of New York on one liberty than the rest of us saw all summer.

¶ However, he can take care of himself and never seems to get into trouble.

¶ A wealth of commonsense has made him the man we all seek when we want some good sound advice.

¶ George is really a savoir but is too kind-hearted to push the star men and hence slides along at a little slower pace than they. He seldom fusses, but when he does, he sure do leave a stormy wake behind him. He rolls his own, never gets excited, and takes everything with a smile. Is it any wonder that we all like him?

Honors: Two Stripes



CHARLES ALOYSIUS COLLINS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Eddie"

"EDDIE" hails from Brooklyn, the land of street cars and nickel beer. And it's a cinch that Brooklyn lost considerable sunshine when "Eddie" came south, for who of us has not felt the warming influence of this little gloom dispeller?

¶ Speaking of lines, "Charlie" is there with a terrific wallop. One Sunday morning after dragging blind, "Eddie" was heard to remark, "Gee, if I'd drag a 4.0 the rest of my academic life I'd never pull sat." But some of his drags closely approached the mythical 4.0 and the average of many a hop has been raised by "Charlie's" drag.

¶ A love of nautical life acquired by daily trips on an East River ferry brought "Eddie" to us and Milady Fatima has aided in his sea-going education. Even on leave "Eddie" could n't lose his sea-going manner. He imitated a bosun's mate early one morning on Fifth Avenue and piped all the passengers off the Avenue bus.

¶ "Eddie" has made a howling success of his various appearances in the Masqueraders—for when an Irishman like Collins can impersonate a Hebrew cop and get away with it, it shows talent!

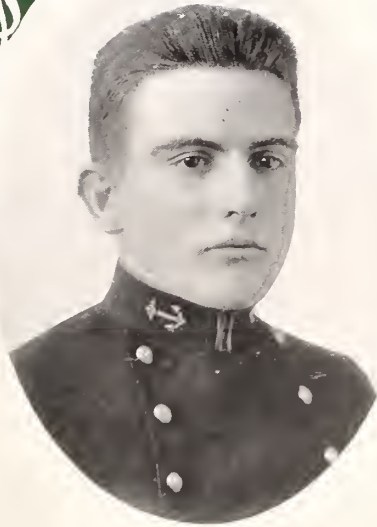
¶ Despite departures from the straight and narrow, "Eddie" is a loyal friend and square as a die.

¶ "How's she blowing, Wiff?"

¶ "Ain't it the truth?"

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Log Staff, 3;
Masqueraders, 3, 1;
Director Masqueraders, 1.





JAMES BERNELL DONNELLY

LOWVILLE, N. Y.

"Jim" "Bernell" "Windy" "Cerise"

AGE (to date): 18 years, 11 months; Height: 5 ft. 11 in; Color: White; Complexion: Dark; State of Mind: Usually blank; General Appearance: "Officer of the Day, put Mr. Donnelly on the report for 'grossly untidy in dress.' U-m-m-m. Make that habitual. (Thought wave) I inspected his room this morning and I found it a wreck."

¶ Yet, contrary to the above, James is an earnest, occasionally hard working youth, with a good sense of humor, a healthy imagination, and a not too keen sense of duty.

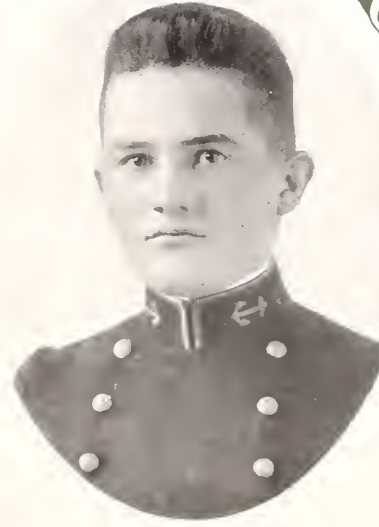
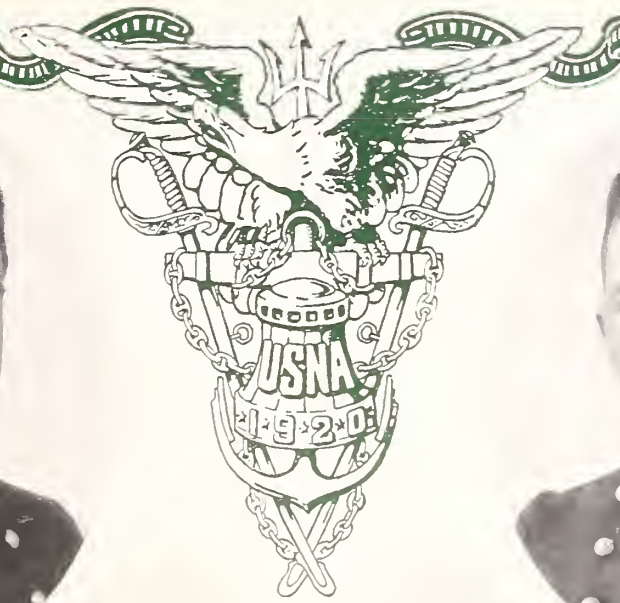
¶ Aside from that "Jim" is just plain good fellow with a good natured, cheery, hearty greeting for everybody, a penchant for dragging bricks (for other people)—Oh, you Gallaudet!—He is an expert at the manly art of sticking holes in the pads up in the fencing gallery, and a peculiar ability with those weird machines in the Doc's office over in the gym. On Wednesday afternoons, Plebe and Youngster years, the tank seemed to have a great fascination for him.

¶ Hard? He's the terror of the Freshmen. You just ought to hear him. "Say, Mister, did I ever tell you about that time me 'n the Seनाव was discussin' the New Navy? Well—." And so he raves.

¶ But come the time when action and not discussion is needed and "Jim" will be on the job.

¶ "Hey, Bill! Where in thunder 's 'The Wandering Yid?' Durn it! He said he 'd do this here prob, now he 's got away again."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Fencing fNt;
Fencing Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Submarine Squad, 4, 3.*



NEIL BORGQUIST MUSSER

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

"Squirt"

AND a little child shall lead them." When "Squirt" picked the cactus of old Utah out of his trou and let his tame horn-toad loose on the ground deck, way back in Plebe summer, we all savvied the little child part but for the most we were still to be convinced of the rest of the old saying.

Still, when we see him now with two stripes and a bread crumb on his collar, we admit that a strangle hold on literature, both academic favorites and the Plebe bible, is good for a lot after all.

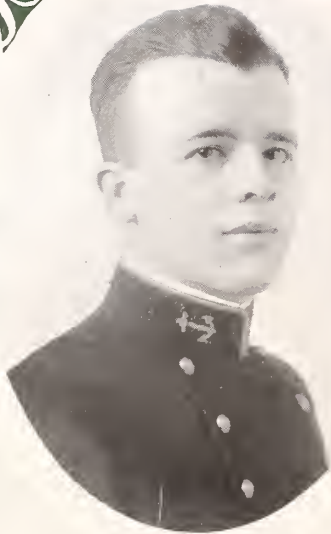
¶ Life is like a juice P-work to "Squirt"—just one shock after another. He was shocked by the actions of the old Ninth from the first and since then, in spite of all remonstrances, they have been speedily seeking the depths.

¶ The only outstanding feature in his Naval career has been his fussing. Every Saturday sees him busy and he denies that variety is the spice of life.

¶ "Squirt" is a plugger and lives up to his own convictions, which in themselves are enough to insure a successful career in the Navy.

*Honors: Two Stripes;
Star, 3.*





JAMES BENHAM CARTER
OZARK, ARK.

"Jimmy" "J. B." "Ho"

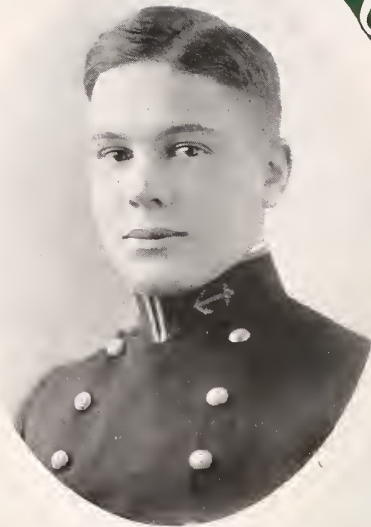
AFTER our dear Arkansas traveler found that track encroached upon time that should be spent writing to Her, he forsook the cinder path and became a faithful member of the Radiator Club. "Nick" is not fond of Academic literature, and if a math prob does not come by the book's method, he invents a machine for doing it. This machine manages to give him 2.8 dailies but on the rivers it goes adrift. The same applies in Skinny, and James' originality in this branch won for him the name of Carhart.

¶ "Nick's" private office in the *Arizona's* anchor engine room served for not only corking mats, but a battle ground upon which was usually featured the Spanish national sport. It was here that he would rack his brain as to what he would give Her when he got ashore and the result of his plotting was—a bull pup. Can you beat it?

¶ But James is worried. How can he get married in St. Louis after graduation when he has but five days to report to his ship?

¶ Here's to you, "Jimmie," as generous and likeable a man as one would ever meet, and whether in the Fleet or on the Asiatic Station may we have that attractive presence adorning our mess.

Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman;
Honor Committee, 4, 1.



RICHARD SWIFT MORSE
MARLBOROUGH, MASS.

"Dick" "Dicky"

THE first thing that one notices about "Dicky" is a smile that Teemseh himself could n't resist. And he smiles just as serenely when he is using a lacrosse stick on a Swarthmore gonk as when he is dining at Rector's.

¶ About the only bad habit that "Dicky" has is his inability to keep from singing when he gets fussed. Be it a prof or a girl who has rattled him, an outburst of song is sure to greet them.

¶ If you wish to make a friend of "Dicky," break out a box of Park and Tilford's. To make an enemy tell him that reveille has busted. One raises him to the height of exaltation, the other throws him to the depth of despair.

¶ When "Dicky" was a candidate he was the quietest, unassuming chap imaginable; quite a different person from the "Dicky" who has n't missed a hop this year, and who is such an able exponent of Hooley Gearing's sport. However, the transition has left "Dicky's" heart in the very same place and just as big.

¶ There is n't a truer friend or a better classmate in the Regiment.

Honors: Buzzard;
Lacrosse Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Lacrosse Numerals, 3;
Expert Rifleman.





ROSWELL BELDEN DAGGETT

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"Ros" "Pat" "Dag" "Massy" "Priscilla"

DAGGETT, Daggett, come here and inspect this fish. I think that there is a bone in it." Such is the daily cry that assails the ears of the Battalion Commissary Officer but "Ros" is equal to all emergencies and the "Nine Rah" yell accorded him on Thanksgiving shows just how successful have been his efforts to give us good chow.

¶ Before joining the Navy "Ros" put in one year at Brown University and the results are manifest. The reputation of the Old Bay State for producing stars will never suffer because of this son of Springfield.

¶ Since Plebe year he has worn them, and we do not hesitate to say that when "Ros" steps up for his sheepskin there will be a "with distinction" accompanying it. Nor is he in the least bit backward about imparting this knowledge to others.

¶ At first sight one might characterize him as a quiet, unobtrusive and even phlegmatic person, but when once in action he is a born leader.

¶ Just leave it to "Ros" to do the right thing at the right time. That clear quick thinking brain of his will make him a credit and an invaluable addition to any division of any ship.

¶ "I've never seen a field of macaroni but I knew it was a vegetable."

Honors: Two Stripes, Battalion Commissary; Star, 3, 1.

FELIX LESLIE JOHNSON

ABERDEEN, N. C.

"Felix" "Les" "Johnny"

GANGWAY! Here comes Felix, the man from North Carolina." Get out of the way and give him air. Can you imagine any one from North Carolina being worth a damn? We can, and especially this specimen. He sits around dreamy-eyed and wonders when Sept leave will roll around so he can look in her eyes, hold her hand and tell her she is the sweetest and dearest girl on earth—some old line.

¶ Felix has that North Carolina talk which is good for nothing but butchering the English language.

¶ He was standing out in front of Union Station, Washington, bearing on Christmas leave, 1916, and shooting his usual line, when he was accosted by an old negro having in his possession some few dozen pickaninnies, with the remark: "Mistah, am you de potah of dis heah town?" Since then Felix has done his best to correct his language without much success.

¶ He has never done anything worth while except get out of work and treat his friends well, but since a man's true worth is measured by the number of his friends—he must be some man.

Honors: Buzzard; Track Squad, 4; Manager Track Team; Expert Rifleman.





HENRY NICHOLAS MERGEN

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

"Sailor" "H. S."

WILLIAM BAYNARD ONLEY

CLAYTON, DEL.

"Clabber" "Bill"

SAILOR " was no raw recruit when he entered the Academic limits as he had roughed the waves for a couple of years on a west coast tub. However, Nebraska can not claim a more loyal son, for he never tires of extolling her virtues.

¶ "Hinnie" began his Academic career by gaining recognition with his big line and a horse laugh which sounds like an Indian war-whoop. Roughhouse! He lives in it. Work! He detests it. Fussing! He disdains it. But on his first Sep leave he fell like an eight-ton mud hook when he met a brown-haired, blue-eyed damsel from the farm.

¶ The Departments have never been hot on his trail except when the English sharks tried to eradicate his combination sea-going and Bowery accent.

¶ His proudest possession is a Vera Cruz campaign badge and he swears to accumulate a chest full of them by the time he completes his fifty years in the service.

- Honors: Buzzard;
- Wrestling Squad;
- Baseball Squad;
- Handball Champion, singles 3;
- Handball Champion, doubles 4, 4.

MATE of the Deck! Mate of the Deck! Where's the Mate of the Deck?"

- ¶ "Here, sir, coming, sir."
- ¶ "Where's Mr. Onley?"
- ¶ "Don't know, sir. Haven't seen him for some time."
- ¶ "Humph! Well, hunt him up and have him report to me."
- ¶ "Aye, aye, sir."
- ¶ "Hey, Pop! Po-o-o-op!"
- ¶ "S matter, Smithy?"
- ¶ "D. O. wants 'Clabber'; go down to the handling room and turn him out, will you?"
- ¶ Quiet, pessimistic, wooden, always sure he's bilged, "Bill" 's never happy unless he has something to worry about or one of her letters to read. Engaged? Gracious, yes! "Going to join the Gyrenes and get married!"
- ¶ Yet if you know him well enough to see under his surface of 90% pure pessimism you see a hard working, pleasant enough chap, who deserves twice what he gets and works three times as hard as the rest of us for it. "Clabber's" life in this joyous institution of his Uncle Sammy has been anything but lined with rose petals, and the fact that he is still with us bears mute witness to the strength of character of the man, a man who has faced the heaviest of odds and still won out in the end.
- ¶ "No, sir, I don't intend to write a word more than she does."
- ¶ "Great Scott! Today's Tuesday ain't it? Hey, M. C., 'S mail in yet? A-a-a-ah!" etc., etc.
- ¶ "Well, Ichabod Crane bequeathed me another swabo in math today. I'm bilged now, sure."

Honors: Buzzard;
Bugle Corps.





GEORGE RUSH SANNER

SOMERSET, PENNA.

"Colonel" "Skinny"

PHYSICALLY characterized by a good six feet of solid man flesh mated with a consistent appetite of magnificent proportions—that is George. He is one of those very few individuals who can, without the slightest thought of the future, eat one of those Sunday-night salads with relish. Were it not for his benevolent views of life which lead him to investigate the properties of the various classes of eats sold by the store, instead of boning, he might easily have given the Academic Departments a run for their money. George always has had an antipathy for books since they lead, for the most part, into regions unfavorable to his tranquility of mind; but withal he has proved a veritable rock upon which the storms of juice, math and the rest spent themselves without momentarily weakening his hold on his diploma :- :-

¶ George worked hard at both football and crew but was too light to make either squad, so Youngster year he turned his attention to basketball, where he soon earned a place on the table. When the basketball season is not on, he likes to play baseball and afternoon after afternoon found him out on our own back lot with the Oleanders—ready to meet all comers.

¶ He can handle himself, oh yes!—and furthermore, you can be sure that he will handle anything that the future sets before him for he did n't beat a drum in the Bugle Corps for two years without learning perseverance :- :-

¶ "Hey, George, got any eats?"

*Honors: Company C. P. O.;
Crew Squad, 4;
Bugle Corps;
Expert Rifleman;
Basketball Squad, 3;
Basketball Numerals, 3.*



WILLIAM EVANS MULLAN

BALTIMORE, MD.

"W. E. A." "Mul"

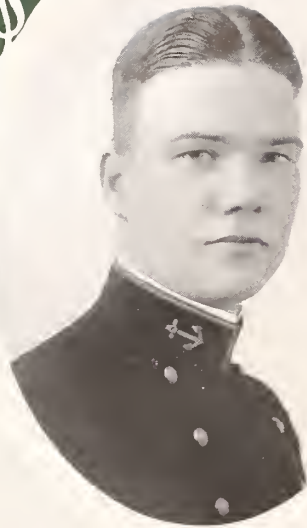
COME on, Colonel, let's go up to Smoke Hall." Any time during study hours and almost any other hour you can find Evans right there, with that old pipe of his and a mixture of P. A. and Cubic Cut "which ought to be darn good," but usually chokes him to death :- :-

¶ Any one who believes that it takes big men to make football players, ought to go out and watch the Hustlers smash holes in the first team line when Evans is calling signals for them. True, he is too light to cinch a job on the big team and win his "N," but a faster and snappier little quarterback is hard to find.

¶ "Steam? Fruit!! I looked it over for five or ten minutes." And everything is just like steam as far as he is concerned, but he must do a lot of concentrated boning in those five or ten minutes, for when the monthly marks go up the class standing opposite Evan's name never is of three figures. Still, we all have our weak spots, and "Ev" has his in Dago. It always went against the grain with him, and they usually put an end to the agony with, "Too bad, Senor Mullan, that you do not estudea da leccion. I am force to give you da poor mark :- Seet down." :-

*Honors: Buzzard;
Football Squad, 4, 3;
Football Numerals.*





SELDEN CHAPIN
ERIE, PA.

“Chape,” “Count,” “Chapeau”

AH, good morrening my dearre Colonelle Annislee. Ah, Mademoiselle yoo haf bean at ze hunt cloob todeh?” Yeh, verily, this is the “Count” and a specimen of his wicked line. Whether in the Masqueraders, in Baneroft Hall, at sea, or in soiety, it is always the same line. All the British Princesses go crazy over it, and it has succeeded in indueing royalty to come with him to our humble hops. He is one of the bloods and his ambition is to become a Naval Attache. He’ll make a good one all right, no kidding. He’s been to school in France and to hear him and Beresford talk French together and relate their experienees in gay Parree makes every one green with envy. His favorite diet is graham crackers and now and then eake; his favorite topics of conversation, France and the War.

¶ Plebe year he was in the background but he certainly came out Youngster year and he is out for keeps, as was shown by his clever acting in the Masqueraders. As regards his brains, he possesses any amount and stands well in his elass with only boning Vanity Fair and the latest war dope during study hours. As regards his friends, he has a small circle of very intimate ones and is well liked by every one. And what’s more, he has n’t a single enemy in the Regiment.

¶ We all hope that he will pull down that little job of attache since his heart is so set on it.

¶ “Whee, what’s the matter here?”

*Honors: Buzzard;
Masqueraders, 3, 1;
Plebe Crew Squad;
Business Manager Masqueraders.*



JOSEPH TRUTT TALBERT
WINGNA, MISS.

“Joe”

SEE that sunny smile, those laughing eyes, and that sea-going roll with a twitch aft, and you can tell with a half eye it’s “Joe.” That rolling gait was the bane of his life Plebe year, but he stood the kidding of the First Classmen mighty well. You seldom see “Joe” sore.

¶ Plebe year he was very boisterous among his classmates though he was a good Plebe on the whole; however, after a happy cruise on the *North Dakota* he got over his boisterousness and settled down to the life of a model Youngster. Absolutely carefree and happy he goes along leading a contented life. Although far from the bottom of the class, and consequently not worrying about bilging, he does not possess an over amount of brains, as is shown by his lack of ability to catch buzzer messages; but if he persists in practising he will do it yet.

¶ Whenever you feel rhino go around and pay a call on “Joe,” his happy smile alone will scare away your blues. He is always congenial, ever ready to help a friend, and generous to a fault. When you make a liberty be sure to have “Joe” along with you, and you will come back with the feeling that you have had a good time. He has a host of friends and we are sure that he will make more when he gets out in the fleet.

¶ “How I love the little girl!”

*Honors: Buzzard;
Submarine Squad.*





EDWIN LAWRENCE BRASHEARS

HANNIBAL, MO.

"Brash," "Eddie"

PAUL RALPH HEINEMAN

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Heine" "Count"

WHO'S got somp'un to eat in here?" That's "Eddie" as he busts into your room, any time of the day or night. Time makes no difference; he is always hungry. Maybe we can blame it on the land of his nativity, the "show me" state, where they raise the best mules in the world (so "Eddie" says).

¶ He has frequently fallen desperately in love, and with equal frequency has fallen fancy-free again. Youngster year "Eddie" came back from leave, determined to be faithful to old Missouri, but "them wimmen" just could not let him alone. His invincible pink cheeks, passionate jade eyes and Burmese gold hair have helped to sweeten the conversation of many an afternoon meeting of the yard engines.

¶ Besides being a ladies' man, "Eddie" is a man's man in a free-for-all; ask Pop, he knows. And we all know the time "Eddie" blew in from Xmas leave wishing there were channel buoys up on the second deck corridor.

¶ His athletics have been limited mostly to those south of the Rio Grande, and he has confined his work outs to Saturday afternoons on the gym floor. Added to this, "Eddie" is a perfect 36, and one smart frock without stays can transform him into the most ravishing maid imaginable—witness the Masqueraders of 1918.

¶ From the above dope it might seem that his life has been somewhat frivolous, but his shipmates of the last two summers will tell you that "Eddie" is a man, who, when it comes to a show down, will always have the goods.

¶ "How Come!"

Honors: Buzzard;
Masqueraders, 3, 1.

THE day "Heine" slid into Plebe ranks he began winning our respect and admiration, and the reputation of a steady, conscientious man. The same Plebe summer we learned that "Heine" was a splendid partner in a rough house and seldom did the Fighting Fourth leave its attic shelter without him.

¶ In studies as well as in all other activities among us, he has shown a steady tenacity that always brought him honorable mention.

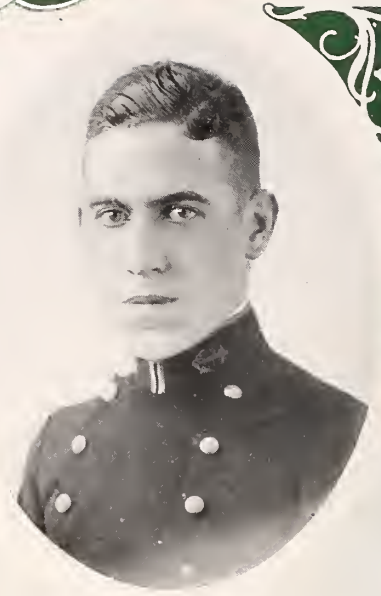
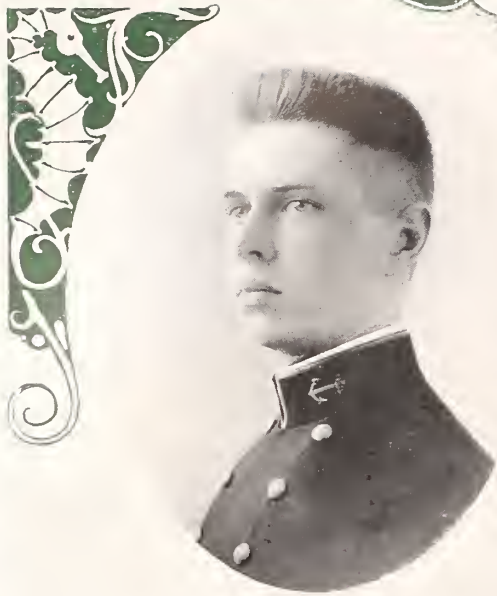
¶ Fuss? Well, he's not a regular Red Mike by about four Saturdays a month, and his spirits rise like a champagne cork when his weekly volume, disguised with an envelope and a few postage stamps, arrives from Philly.

¶ If "Heine's" harmony quartet did n't burst forth seven or eight times a week, we'd all be homesick, and when it does we howl just the same.

¶ Generous and dependable, "Heine" has won a warm spot in our hearts. "Count" makes good in anything he sets his heart on and his heart is surely in the Navy.

Honors: Two Stripes;
Football Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club;
Choir.





ROGER BROOKS
URBANA, ILL.

JEROME FRANCIS DONOVAN, JR.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Louie" "Com" "Gil" "Petit John" "Briggs"

"Jerry" "Pooch" "Patsy"

ROGER was officially christened at the first meal formation of Plebe academic year, and his sponsors chose well, for while he has been the victim of other endearing titles at different times, the first two have remained faithful, chiefly because of his material likeness to one of the "powers that then were."

¶ Ever since we can remember Roger has been an ardent trailer and arch promoter of new dope, while nothing gives him greater pleasure than zealously backing a new idea of this sort.

¶ Roger has dabbled at times in track and tennis, but his one true athletic love since that first strength test has been the Wednesday afternoon "weak squid."

¶ About the first informal Youngster year, "the Com" burst forth with a blind drag and every now and then he becomes an ardent exponent of the Bell system. Any spring night he can be found looking for the moon—and invariably comes the remark: "Oh, boy—some place to be on a night like this."

¶ "Louie" became a business man on the Log staff Youngster year and about the same time began to bow a violin in the musical clubs. He has ever been a heavy hitter against the Academic Department's best pitchers, and has a system of logarithms by which he can figure out what his standing will be when he becomes a Licut-Com or how much he needs in tomorrow's P-Work to have a 3.4 for the term.

¶ Roger says that the Navy has got him for keeps, and we don't doubt it. He is one of the men who don't say much but keep thinking, and sane judgment assures us he may be depended on when results are needed.

*Honors: Two Stripes, Battalion Commissary;
Lucky Bag Staff;
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1.*

REGIMENT, Attention! Present Arms!"

¶ Slowly the big gate swings open, and "Pooch" is among us.

¶ This memorable event happened way back in '16, and since then "Jerry" has consistently outwitted both the Academic Department and the Department of Justice.

¶ For two years he has maintained an ultra respectable class standing and has just enough Bolsheviki tendencies to be game for any li'l affair the gang pulls off, but controlling these less essential qualities, he has a fund of horse sense which has kept him within the law.

¶ Primarily a staunch advocate of what he calls "personal comfort," "Pooch" has completed a black list of the things which detract from his peace of mind, such as reveille (this never troubled him much—it was n't loud enough!) profs, extra duty, and other Hunnish atrocities.

¶ Take a crop of dark curly hair, put under it an ear to ear smile, cock one ear for that irrepressible line, and you've got "Pooch." It's pretty nearly impossible to find him rhino, and when he is it's never for long. He just isn't built that way.

¶ If personality is ever personified it will be "Patsy" that does it. He is personally acquainted with more men and knows more about them than any one else in the class. It may be political heritage but anyhow it's one of the reasons "Jerry" is a universal favorite.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Assistant Editor Lucky Bag.*





CHARLES McMAHON HEAD
ATHENS, GA.
"Mac"

DE Georgia boy wid de Bowery accent:—"Now dis I'm goin' to tell you—it's the funniest you ever hoid"—and away he goes on a weird tale that does n't stop until some one heaves a shoe at him. Having a keen sense of humor, he always laughs hard at his own jokes.

¶ "Mac" burst into fame and the muddy water of the York River at about the same time, Youngster cruise, when he fell asleep in his white service, leaning against the life line, on the *Wyoming*.

¶ Head is a fusser of rare ability. He can out-maneuver a true Jap with a tea-cup, drags well above a 3.0, and would sooner miss duty than a hop. He carries on a correspondence as large as the War Department's and as odorous as a barber shop in spring time.

¶ Generosity is "Mac's" greatest fault, with his ability to make friends a close second. He is naturally reg, and his savviness is uncanny—he never bones, yet he always gets away with a high temperature line with the profs.

¶ "Mac" can desire no greater success than that his life in the service be as easy sailing as have been the three years we have known him.

¶ "Ha! Eats!"

Honors: Buzzard.



JULIAN BURRIS EDWARDS
ANDERSON, S. C.
"Red" "Rouge"

CONDUCTOR, is this the Naval Academy station?" "Yes, sonny, you get off here; wait a second till the car stops and I'll hand you your lunch box and umbrella." ☛ ☛

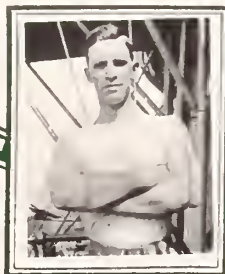
¶ The victim of this heart-shearing episode is our own little dandelion-scented "Eddie." But really you could hardly tell him now because he's put on long trou and does n't wear his hair bobbed.

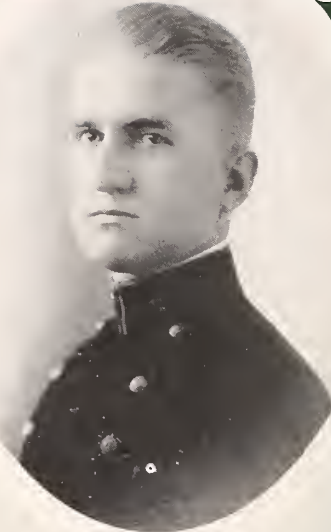
¶ His life, since it has mingled with ours, has been a checkered one. Despite the fact that a few Upper Classmen did not approve of his attire on "these hot nights," he managed to pass the shoals of Plebe year without injury. Youngster year we all learned too late the fiendishness of "Jules" for Sir Isaac, Bowditch, and Muir. "Jules" can tear up the chalk in a math fight or the checked pages of a Nav P-work in a bi-weekly submerged run, as quick as any of us, but the blue pencil could never appreciate him ☛ ☛

¶ Never could this lack of knowledge on the part of the profs discourage "Jules." Many are the times that he has seen the next day roll by trying to cope with Marq. St. Hiliare or vamp Messrs. Miller & Lilly.

¶ In the words of the poets, "Here lies a guy who's got red hair, who gets what he goes after, and who is a good scout first, last, and all the time."

Honors: Buzzard;
Gymnasium Squad.





HORACE BURROUGH III
BRUNSWICK, ME.

"Horace" "Hoddie"

MITCHELL PHILLIP CRIST
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

"Mitch" "Cristy"

BEHOLD the most conscientious man in the Academy. A son of Maine, proud of it, and a credit to the state. Though Brunswick is perhaps a small place on the map, the native son was no local light before he exchanged his three hundred dollars for Uncle Sam's regulation Midshipman's outfit. The campuses of Bowdoin, Tome, Johns Hopkins and Oklahoma have all played their part in helping to pass his college days.

☞ Horace came to the Navy, not for three squares a day, but because he wanted to go to sea. He comes of a sea-going family and promises to live up to the best traditions of his ancestors.

☞ When we embarked for our Youngster cruise on the old *Texas*, Horace was mate of the deck, and he was more than equal to the job. He immediately began a series of investigations below decks that lasted for the rest of the cruise.

☞ If we went down into the engine room and found some one with an engine book in one hand and a light in the other, crawling underneath the floor plates through a maze of pipes and pumps, it was none other than Horace. When he left the ship he knew her from truck to keelson.

☞ Athletics have claimed a large part of his recreation. Plebe year he made a very creditable showing on the gridiron as center of the varsity scrubs. Youngster year he made the lacrosse team and would have won his letter had it not been for an unfortunate accident in the second game which put him in the hospital.

☞ First, last and always, Horace is a gentleman. He has high ideals of what a Naval Officer should be, and his three stripes demonstrate the way he has lived up to them.

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

A CONSCIENTIOUS, fast-thinking little-tow-head, that's "Cristy." It's immaterial where he hails from, for in facial characteristics, dialect, and general constituents he's much the same as the average Midshipman. As such he has lived an uneventful life on the whole, contented himself with staying sat, batting the grease department for one stripe, making friends, and taking care of the ladies.

☞ That is, his life is so at the Academy—but on the cruises, he gives a fair imitation of a destroyer in the war zone for speed and camouflage, but he gets results in most anything he undertakes, possibly due to more than surface resemblance to the afore mentioned destroyer.

☞ "Cristy" has been a hard plugger in the gymnasium, and has done excellent work in more than one close-scored meet. Thru it all he has never developed into a soul-thrilling phenom, but the steadiness of his work has made it valuable to himself and to the team.

☞ "I've often heard of this happening, but never thought it would happen to me!"

*Honors: One Stripe;
Gymnasium Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Gymnasium, gNt.*





MASON DIX HARRIS
WALTHAM, MASS.

"Dimples" "Doc" "M. D." "Harry"

OUR messmate, Mason from Massachusetts, holds great respect for the old "Bay State" and for the "Hub of the Universe" because he knows every cow path in Boston. "Doc" started out during Plebe summer to collect demerits, but when the Upper Classmen returned he saw the hovering container at the yard arm and consequently "came to" all right.

When Youngster year and the hops arrived Mason decided to be a Red Mike, and if any one asked him to drag the result was usually four epileptic fits, two cataleptic and one dogaleptic. However, he fell! It was during his Youngster cruise on the *Michigan* when one day she stood into "Philly." There on "Waikiki Beach" was where Mason lost his heart—no, let's not put it that way—but anyway, it was there that old "Pink Whiskers" fell. Since then—oh my! No, girls, he hasn't really got pink whiskers.

Notwithstanding the three long years he has given to crew, "Doc" has managed to keep a good class standing while his attention never has been diverted from *The Saturday Evening Post*. Any one who rates an "N" crossed-oar and captains a Navy crew certainly has that quality which spells success.

Honors: One Stripe;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Captain Crew;
Crew N Cross-oar.



FRANK HERSEY CONANT, 2D
BERKELEY, CALIF.

"Hershey" "Monkey" "Rosie"

HERSEY" is the irresponsible, irrepressible one who could n't find the oars and ate a good but rather informal dinner thereby. Fortunately, however, the affair brought forth no "grave doubts" about him, for as leader of Twenty's "Taint no more Plebes" snake dance, he is a valued relic of the class.

Monkey see—monkey do. There has never been anything pulled off in his presence that he has n't duplicated or improved on; his healthy imagination works overtime and his actions improve on it.

"Hershey" has proven mighty valuable as a crew man and lack of a few inches of height and reach may be the reason his sweater sports no X crossed-oar.

There is usually some doubt as to just what will happen when he and Doc Harris leave the boat house in a double, but his swimming ability has taken care of him so far.

In some ways Academic life has treated him none too gently. For one thing he claims the routine is just one re-exam after another, but he has always stuck to his guns and finished the fight victorious.

His is the rep of being a real man, alive, and absolutely happy-go-lucky.

Honors: Buzzard;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1.

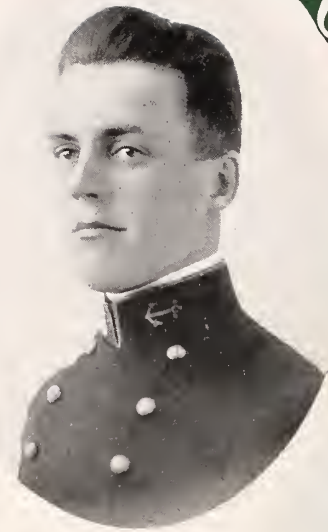




STEPHEN THOMPSON ALLEN

WALLACE, IDAHO

"Tim" "Steve" "Tom"



ELLSWORTH DUDLEY MCEATHRON

HURON, S. D.

"Mac" "Gooph" "Ellic"

REGARDLESS of his angelic look, "Tim" is harder than nails. He's been thru the mill, but the Rockies in some respects have left an indelible Western atmosphere with "Steve." He's a good mixer and plays the game square and is always ready to hand his friends a smile and his Brick Dome has broken up many a rhino meeting.

¶ With the introduction of "Mac's" free translation method, he was able to squeeze thru, but weekly trees verified the fact that he was never designed for a Dago Prof, they used to print his name along with the headlines.

¶ "Tim" returned from Youngster leave deeply in love—First Class year found it worse. It became necessary to use a typewriter in correspondence. And that locker door—variety is the spice of life.

¶ First Class cruise brought miraculous adventures in Norfolk both for "Tim" and "Greg." The way they regularly slipped over the gangway at four in the morning is still a mystery. "Steve" and "Johnny" are as close as the next second—their tastes are strangely similar—and every Saturday afternoon, Youngster year, we expected to find them locked in the county jail.

¶ What inspirations the boy has when those blue missives arrive from "out there!" Imagination seems the limit.

¶ "Have you ever been West?"

¶ "Highball!"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Lucky Bag Staff;
Expert Rifleman.*

WELL, hell's bells, now looka here," and with that "Gooph" is off—way off; we can picture him now, endeavoring to teach Hal between courses of collision-matts with Portland cement, with arms and coaling tools askew, Simplified Late Lights—McEathron, Volume I.

¶ Dewey's funeral was the cause of "Twenty" inheriting "Mac," but we were given a worthy gift for he has proven a loyal classmate. "Gooph" was dubbed by the Old Navy and we still have evidence that he rated it; but all he needs is time and his humor of Bull and we'll stack him against the brains of the Class.

¶ When "Mac" came in Plebe summer, the O. C. requested him to hand in his statement in regard to debts, and the Scotchman came down with "The only debt I owe is a deep debt of gratitude to my Mother which I can never repay."

¶ Seriously however, that little bust stands for a deeper analysis, which is the working basis of the "Gooph's" friendships. He knows when to play and when to work, and the Navy way of doing both. Nobody indulges in a rough house more often nor enjoys it more.

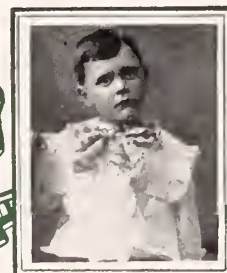
¶ Ask him about seeing New York in a taxi prior to his Winnipeg cavorts—never mind "Mac," we all have our ups and downs.

¶ He sets a high and sincere standard for his Buddies just the same and we know he's every inch a man.

¶ "I'll drag you thru the mires of a divorce court!"

¶ "So———Even so!"

Honors: Buzzard.





RICHARD HIGHLEYMAN
CHEYENNE, WYO.

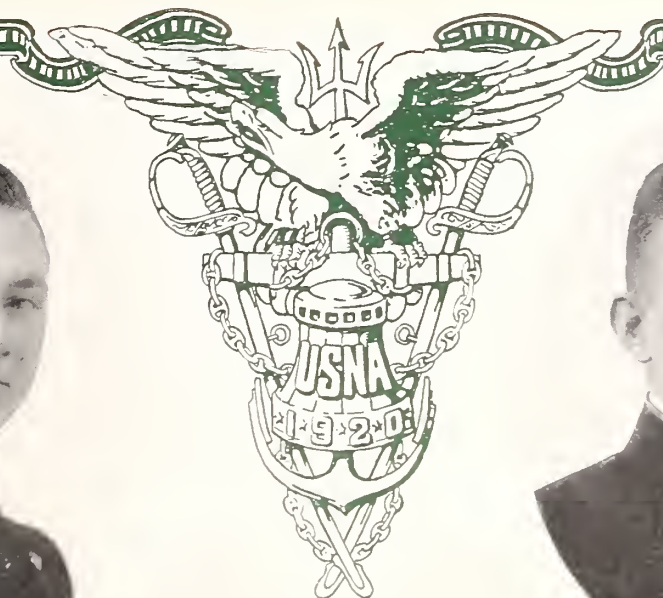
"Sparrow" "Dick" "Sprooge" "Crabs"

ANOTHER of the band of Wyoming wildcats who left the land of bad men and cactus for a life upon the bounding wave, Dick has characterized his previous environment in the forcefulness and versatility of his life at the Academy. It's true that he fell in with a run of hard luck First Class year, but every cloud has a silver lining, and Dick proved his worth by showing that a man can be efficient under the most trying of circumstances.

¶ Dick has had his ups and downs with the All Academics at different times, but if there's one thing in which he stars, it's the practical side of modern Juice. For three years he has had a finger in the pie in the electrical decoration of the Masqueraders, and his work there proves his ability is more than a name.

¶ But the one thing for which we'll all remember Dick was the Secnav's letter published just after First Class cruise commending him "for conspicuous bravery in saving the life of an enlisted man." In that he has proven he possesses the first and most important requisite of a naval officer—courage, and with that to his credit we'll bank on him to be a credit to the service.

Honors: Buzzard;
Masqueraders, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 3, 1;
Mandolin Club, 3, 1;



JOHN VINCENT McELDUFF
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Mac" "Johnnie" "Vince"

THE Great White Way lost one of its faithful devotees when this diminutive hod carrier decided that he could navigate the Severn bars better than the foot rails of Broadway. His cohorts have doped it out that it was his nerve and smile that carried him thru the barrage of integration, B. & W.s, and Bull. Vol. 1.

¶ What "Mac" lacks in height he makes up in energy. "Johnnie's" twinkling Irish eyes, his winning personality, and his stories have made him the best liberty man in the Regiment. He is a true devotee of Morpheus and he idolizes Fatima. Once during Youngster year his tendency back-fired; First Class year he did n't give a whoop. "What's ten D's?" The Mick has a horse-shoe around his neck.

¶ Before he made those New Year's resolutions, "Mac" was a charter member of the Bolsheviki, which met daily during the holidays. One could invariably tell where he had been and how long he stayed by listening to him answer roll call at evening formation. He contends if you have n't had the D. T.s—"you ain't seen nothin'!"

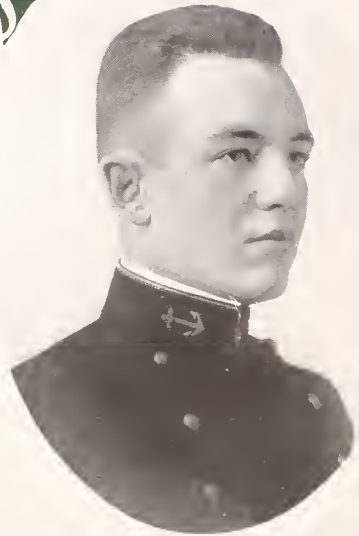
¶ Whenever you are down in the mouth, go to see "Lateblast Johnnie." He's always on the grade, always unsat, and always happy. We hesitate to mention love—one peep at his locker door is inspiration. Oh! Joddy!

¶ "Say, work out those probs before you turn in!" ☞ ☞

¶ "Got everything, Steve?"

Honors: Buzzard.





CHARLES DIXON EDMUNDS

WRAY, COLO.

"Dick" "Shorty" "Squirt"

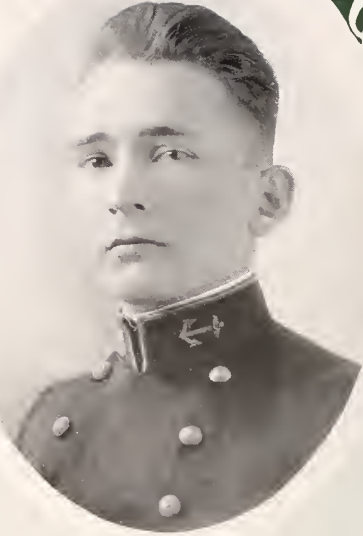
DICK " is a little man in stature, but a good-sized one, neglecting flesh and bone, when it comes to a test.

¶ His moods are varied, but he is generally in the best of spirits, always ready to spread that cheery western grin and give us a little "dope" on what 's in the wind. And, by the way, that 's his favorite pastime—telling you the straight stuff on how something or other should be done. If you want to keep him happy tell him he is right every time.

¶ "Shorty" has a mighty bright mind and never has had to exert himself to keep decidedly on the best side of the tangible 2.5 line.

¶ He is going out to his berth in the Fleet with that grit and spirit which it takes to make good, and we know that he can fill a billet on board in a way that will bring credit upon himself.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Expert Rifleman.*



BENJAMIN NEEDHAM WARD

COMO, MISS.

"Benny" "Duck"

BENNY" had to change his previous plans to join this gang of naval strategists, but he really likes it so well that he would n't give it up for a million and a house on the hill.

¶ Ben, like the majority of those from the Magnolia State, did not worry about a bright spot abaft the mud hook on his collar, but always kept on the better side of the danger buoy, no. 2.5. However, it was possible to worry him with a non-reg boiler or a math prob that read like an English composition. "Ducky, I would rather fight the Germans than this dog-gone math."

¶ He was lucky enough to escape a cruise on the Spig yacht down at the sea wall; however he carefully observed Youngster rates and caught in front of the ward-room hatch.

¶ Ben is not a Red Mike, neither is he a snake or tea-hound. Sometimes he drags, but most times he does n't. But at least he 's always ready to fuss and help make the party a good one. And he 's always a welcome addition.

¶ His baseball ability was never thoroughly tested; his time has been given to things far more important.

¶ In all seriousness—as a pal he is as good as the best and better than the rest. Another good man for the Service to boast of.

Honors: Buzzard.





WILLIAM ARTHUR PHILIP THOMPSON
AUSTIN, TEXAS

"Tommy" "Wop" "Tex"

WOP" is one of these rangy Texans with the slouch and slow drawl that are usually found only in books. But looks are deceiving and the slouch is pure camouflage, as those who have seen him in action will aver,—whether it was in action with the Academic Departments or playing tennis made no difference, for while usually rather quiet he can make things hum when he feels like it.

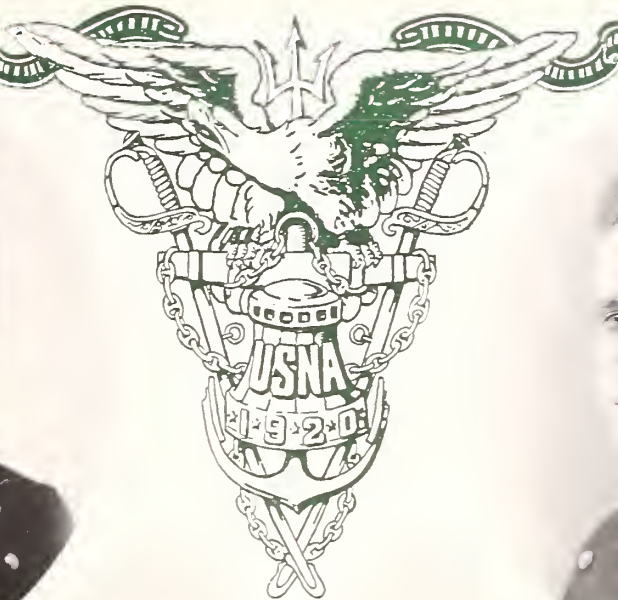
¶ Like the Texan that he is, "Tommy" did n't take to swimming at all when he first came to us, but two years on the submarine squad have done what the pants-hangers once despaired of doing and taught him the strokes. As a rule "Wop" was n't in very hot water as far as studies went, although he had a hard time in Steam during Plebe year.

¶ Maybe it was because of his trouble with Steam, but "Tommy" paid but little attention to the femmes Plebe year, nor did he break out with a rash Youngster year as so many of us did. But about the middle of February he began sliding and by June was a steady fusser who seldom missed an informal and never a hop.

¶ "Wop" was one of the unfortunates who was present when the *San Diego* went down and his natural reticence retires in disorder when he tells of this experience.

¶ But wherever he goes and whatever he does after graduation you may be sure that he will play the game.

*Honors: Clean Sleevs;
Tennis Squad, 4.*



ERNEST EVANS STEVENS
BEAUMONT, TEXAS

"Sterie" "Monk" "Buddie"

ERNEST is one of those sweet, quiet, good-natured fellows we read about in story books, and when some one told us that he hails from the wilds of Texas, our hair stood on end.

¶ He is somewhat inclined to be shy in strange waters, but after the ice is broken, he's as noisy as any one and is always ready for a good time.

¶ The Academic Departments, with all their shoals and danger angles have not caused "Steve" the slightest worry, for he's steered his "bateau" successfully to the windward side of that 2.5 in everything. Study hours hung heavy on his hands until he became official key-pounder for the *Lucky Bag*, after which he did n't even find time to sleep.

¶ You would hardly call "Monk" a Rouge Michael because he has passed that stage of childishness.

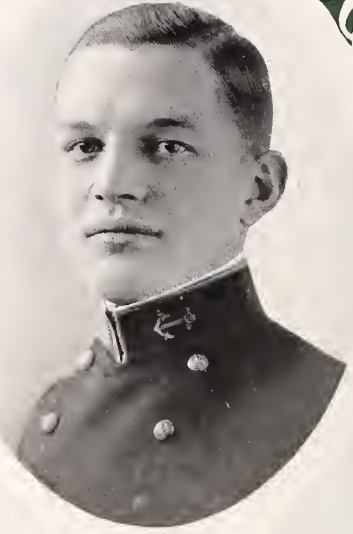
¶ Telegrams and special delivery letters from a queen in Washington arrive so often and so regularly, they have provided an individual box in the mail room for him.

¶ "Steve" is hardly a charter member of the "Fatima Club" but if you want to see him contented just hand him a pipe filled with P. A., then prop your feet in the window, for a good old Texas yarn is coming.

¶ "'Peeps,' let me have a dozen more dining out slips, I used all of mine last week."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Lucky Bag Staff.*





WILLIAM ANTHONY RICE
UNION, S. C.

"Bill" "Major" "Willie"

WILLIAM ANTHONY RICE is from South Sea, the grand old state which was so superior that it will take the rest of the country ten thousand years to catch up with it. This is a broad statement, but "Bill" will admit it any time.

William is a man of temperament, and the more temperamental, the harder he becomes. At such times all hands stand from under. Sometimes "Bill" gets rhino on the Navy and, especially is this so when his rather magnificent line fails to register with the ordnance prof. At such times he is prone to dwell upon the advantages and general superiority of the Coast Artillery. The consensus of opinion, however, is that "Bill" will end his days as a mariner, pacing the quarterdeck, and dreaming of that superlative state, where he was born.

Although "Bill's" temperament is rather uncertain at times he is no butterfly. He can work when it's time to work and he learned how to play his First Class Sep leave, so the combination will make a good officer and shipmate.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Sharpshooter.*

MORTON BREWER STERLING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

"Mort" "Pete"

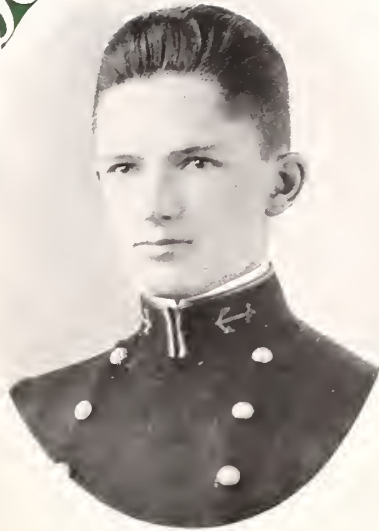
ACCORDING to Lawbaugh, Sterling first came to us in that famous suit Herman now wears to his naval strategy classes. However, Morton is not a one-suit man, for he even admits that a seven-trunk wardrobe is one of his weaknesses. Unless you want to experience a real "gas" attack, never let "Mort" start to tell you all about those "blood" week-end parties he used to attend, where he wore an English riding-habit, a green golfing suit, silk hat, chequerboard trousers, swallow tail, and evening clothes all in the course of one day. In fact, he's as much at home in evening clothes as the ordinary dagoes are in dungarees.

Sterling has been out for crew since his Plebe year. He made the squad his Youngster year and has been a hard-working member ever since. He is not a savoir but has always been able to have plenty of velvet without having to work hard for it. His regular letters from Oswego lead us to believe that he won't wait long after graduation.

Sterling makes friends without much trouble and he generally keeps them. With his easy-going manner, and in spite of his aristocratic ideas, he will make a good officer for any ship.

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Expert Rifleman;
Crew Squad, 3, 1;
Mandolin Club, 3.*





ROYAL AURIN HOUGHTON
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Colonel"

ANSWERING the call of the wild, forsaking the lures of the Windy City, and rejecting all thoughts of home, came Royal. Napoleonically he has stood out on the bleak sea-wall day after day questioning the silent waters, "Did I leave my happy home for this?"

¶ The accuracy of the noon tick has nothing on the perfect synchronism of the "Colonel" and the Academic atrocity known as late blast. No mere biography could do the man justice; merey is requisite.

¶ One day "Colonel" caught the last note of mess-gear as he stepped from the shower bath. He was so worried for the instant that he hung his skag in the locker, threw his trou out of the window and stepped out to formation with forced draft on the one good lung.

¶ He went into a perfect hop the day he entered the Academy. He remembers that he went home on Youngster leave but is not just vaguely conscious how he got back.

¶ The crowning bust was that dark morning when the "Colonel" went wrong on his G. M. T., and turned in after breakfast thinking that it had been supper. About 9:30 a. m. a stern, heartless M. C. blew reveille, snapped him out of his hop and chased him over to the Ordnance Exam armed with a mine-sweeping pamphlet and a deck of cards.

¶ "It felt," explained the "Colonel," "like being in No Man's Land with a pop gun. But how did they expect me to know that there was a war in Europe?—my roommate never tells me nothing."

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



ROYAL WILLIAM ABBOTT
FOX-CROFT, ME.

"Solomon" "Abb"

ABBOTT is from the Pine Tree state and has all the perseverance of that noble tree. When he starts out to do a thing, mark you, he'll do it. Just get his interest aroused and that's all that's necessary. He is harder to stop than to start.

¶ By nature spontaneous and enthusiastic, he takes an active part in everything, loves a good joke, and has a ready supply of them for all occasions.

¶ "Solomon" poses as a Red Mike, was never known to drag to a hop and all that, but, confidentially, not even his nicknamesake throve better in the company of the fair sex.

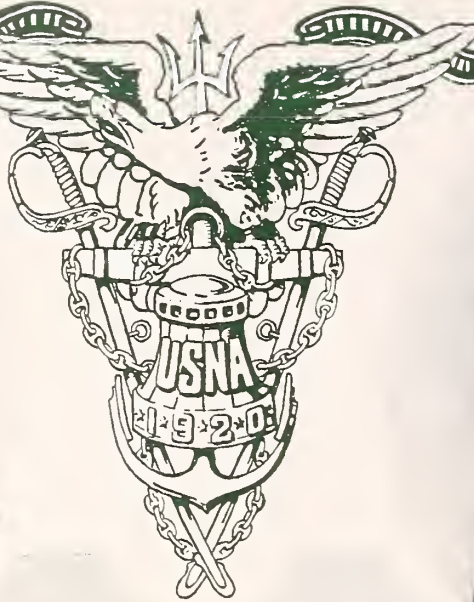
¶ Abbott is a clever man with the foil. Plebe year he showed such ability and hard work that he almost made the team. He went to New York and came back with a medal won in the amateur contest.

¶ That same year saw a hard row with the academic departments, but at the critical moment it was "full speed ahead," and that memorable "first river" was crossed without accident. Since then "Ruth" has been worsting the academic departments a little more at every set-to.

¶ R. W. has never been bashful about letting people know where he stands; and adverse criticism never stops him from doing his duty as he sees it.

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Fencing Squad, 4, 1;
Silver Fencing Medal, 4.





RUPERT MERRICK ZIMMERLI
LYONS, N. Y.

"Zep"

EDMUND TYLER WOOLDRIDGE
LAWRENCEBURG, KY.

"Strangler" "Slim"

ZEP" ambled into Crabtown about the middle of Plebe summer, straight from the hills of New York. He was the typical rough and ready backwoodsman and some say that when he joined the Navy he took the fatal step, because thirty days a year of hunting isn't half enough for a man of his type and especially in this navy so entirely different from that of Switzerland where all one can get is an occasional poke at a flock of sea gulls. However, Rupert is fast on the road towards delivering the goods as the outcome of the rifle team has undoubtedly shown ☪ ☪

☪ One would naturally expect that a man of the hardy type would be right there when it came to fussing, but that is not so with "Zep." If ever there was a "Rouge Mike," this one certainly carries off the honors. It has been said of his case that it is merely a matter of fidelity and perhaps that, if he makes a reputation as a heavy fusser the dope will reach the only girl.

☪ When it comes to a pinch there is nothing that he won't do for you and, by his looking out for "Slim's," "Ducky's" and "Billick's" affairs, he has kept them from adorning the "pap" innumerable times.

☪ "No, I am not a Dutchman, I am Swiss, as my name plainly shows."

☪ It was pure hard luck that made Zimmerli spend more than half First Class year across the creek. Even five months of sick leave could not make up for it. However, '21 gets a good man, and "Zep" will find the old class waiting when he graduates.

Honors: Buzzard;
Rifle Team, 3, 1.

FRRIEND in need is a friend indeed," and such is this quiet, unassuming son of the "Blue Grass State." He is a Kentuckian from that part of the grand old state that is so famous in our colonial history, and many are the interesting stories he tells of the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

☪ Tyler is a conscientious worker. He digs out knowledge by real application, and in the section room he demonstrates the fact that he understands what he has studied. Youngster Year, when Mechanics was hanging us on the trees "by the numbers," Wooldridge kept the greater part of the Sixteenth company "sat" by his patient and ever ready explanations. The wooden men gathered round him and took his every word as gospel.

☪ "Slim" never starred in athletics and does n't often heave a heavy line, but he is one of the best tennis players in the Academy, and he and "Zep" are a hard team to beat ☪ ☪

☪ No one would call "Wooly" a tea-fighter. True, he drags frequently, and many are the times he has helped a comrade out by doing the "blind" act, but the thick pink letter postmarked "Kentucky" that greets him on his return from the second period recitation each day or so, speaks for itself ☪ ☪

☪ "Strangler" was one of the savvy clean sleepers of the Sixteenth company, and it has always been a mystery to us how he escaped stripes, as he is "reg" without making an effort.

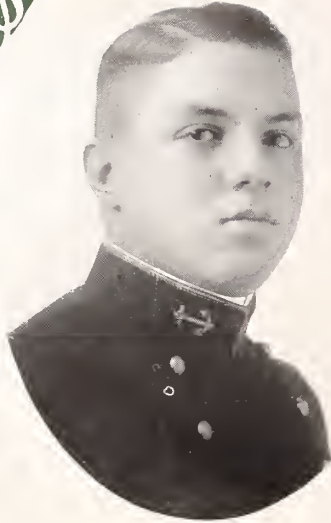
☪ Wooldridge is a man, upright, steadfast, and straight as a plumb-line. He is, moreover, a credit to the Academy and to the Service.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.





Parker Newton



HARLEY FRANCIS COPE
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"Fats" "Harley" "Dill" "Nu Awlens"

WHO is that young Apollo passing in review before the chaperons? Of course it is Harley, the ideal of manly beauty for over half of our seminaries. "Fats" is a walking disproof of the worn-out adage that "Nobody loves a fat man." (Just how far gone he is we can not say but Dame Rumor has it that he has already purchased a miniature) In fact he has earned such a marvelous success that we expect to read the proof of his new book, "Queens That I Have Met." The old rebel drags good-looking girls all right but very few of his heavy drags have reached the mature age of fifteen.

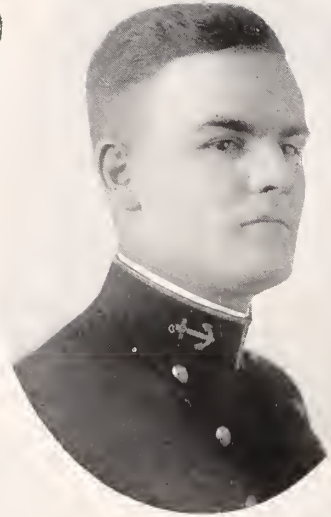
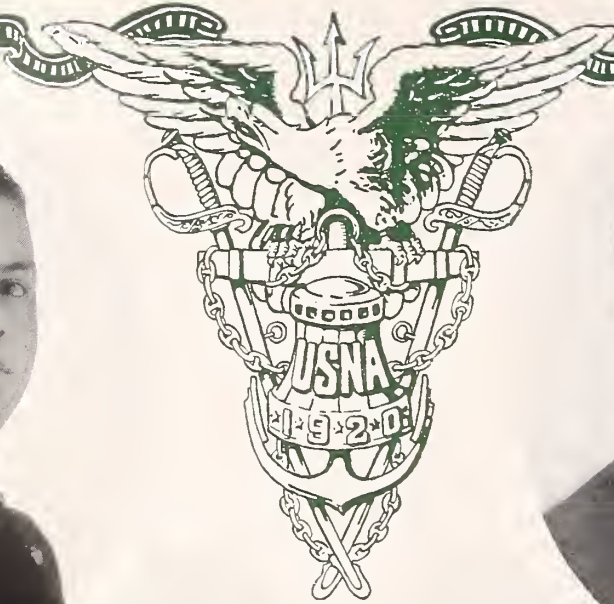
"Fats" is naturally lazy, (as he hails from "Nu Awlens"), and he hates work as he loves to eat; but he took himself out to the football field and gave the boys a chance to feel his weight. He made the training table his first year and now that he is on the "A" squad we expect to hear from him this fall.

Harley is good natured to the last ditch and is seldom riled, but those of us who have seen him box know that he is a handy man to have around in an argument. He hates books and is seldom found boning (excluding HER letters and the Cosmo). Still he is generally sat with a comfortable margin, (2.5). He'll make some good shipmate and let's hope it's us.

"Is n't she a queen, only fourteen, but you ought to see her twelve-year-old sister."

"Pa'don me suh, you have been entirely misinformed. I still maintain that we all J. E. B. Stuarts won the war. Sho' Nuf."

Honors: Buzzard;
Boxing Squad, 4;
Football Squad, 3, 1.



GEORGE FERGUSON BURDICK
SPARTA, GA.

"George" "Guardia" "Marina" "Spotts" "Rebel"

OUR George, "Guardiamarina," hails from the Teeh and Pine wastes of Georgia. After many years spent in practising Boyle's Law on the dusky natives he saw greater prospects and less work in the Navy, so he came here looking for a much needed rest.

He substituted track for parlor athletics and developed into the best hurdler in the Academy, winning a medal Plebe year, and the "N" Youngster year, which resulted in his spending the latter part of both years on the "Extra eating squad" of the track training table. The need of a 2.5 in Dago, caused him to drop baseball Plebe year and devote the remainder of his stay at the Academy to the hurdles and broad jump.

The soothing influence of pretty nurses have a particular charm for him, and if he keeps dabbling in this game long enough, he will become a regular ardent fusser. He could be frequently found in the stag line, ready to relieve some submerging friend from the choking grasp of a 4.0, to allow him to come up for air.

George is by no means a diplomat, and says what he thinks in a frank, outspoken manner which we can not help but admire. Even the profs stand from under when George tells them they are a bunch of parrots.

George respects those who command him and is patient to those whom he commands and we all hope he reaches the goal in his profession.

"Say, is that letter from Helena?"

Honors: Two Stripes, Battalion Commissary;
Track Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Track N.





PHILIP NYE JACKSON
NEWARK, N. J.

"Slim" "Jack" "Pinhead"

NHEY! Mr. Jackson, I wish to congratulate you on your whiskers."—and the fight was on. However his everlasting nature soon blossomed out and the storm was over. His face is smooth—oh! so smooth—and his weekly operations on it were great exhibitions on the fourth deck—with many in the audience.

¶ He has a craving for "Old Lady Nic" which procured him a free cruise on the *Reina* Plebe summer. But the two years up to the state of First Class were decided victories on his part in the game of "catch."

¶ His idea of a good time is nothing to do and consequently he does his utmost to have it. But when he is needed you have a good, true friend at your back who will be with you to the last inch.

¶ His winning way with the femmes (for he surely has it), is absolutely wasted, for since Youngster year there has been but one and only. Luckily none of the fair sex have heard him warble as yet, so he is still safe. An inclination for various little ditties has developed in him a good sprinter for the "across-the-room-and-out-the-door-dash."

¶ His career has been one long battle with the Academic Department altho being unsat was never a source of worry to him. Nevertheless part of Youngster Sep leave was lost because of a mutual disagreement in math Plebe year.

¶ Such is the man whose likeness appears above. Is it any wonder that some kind old soul remarked one day when he was returning from section, "Oh! look at that pretty boy—he should have been a girl."

¶ "Say, Mike, I need a shave."

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Weak Squad.



CHARLES DAVANT PORTER
COLUMBIA, S. C.

"Charlie" "Frank Gotch" "Admiral"

CHARLIE" entered this institution of learning directly from Columbian High School, S. C. His constant good nature and old-fashioned Southern courtesy early assured his popularity.

¶ Plebe year the call of "Charlie" floating down the corridor would be followed immediately by the cyclonic appearance of the same headed towards the origin of the sound :- :-

¶ "Mr. Porter, what's the d-e-esert?"

¶ "Ah don' know, Sar!"

¶ "Get under the table and find out!"

¶ "Aye, aye, Sar!"

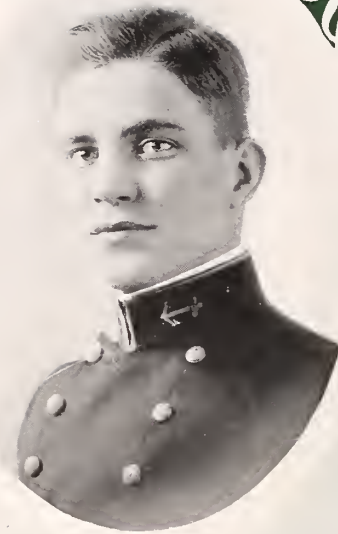
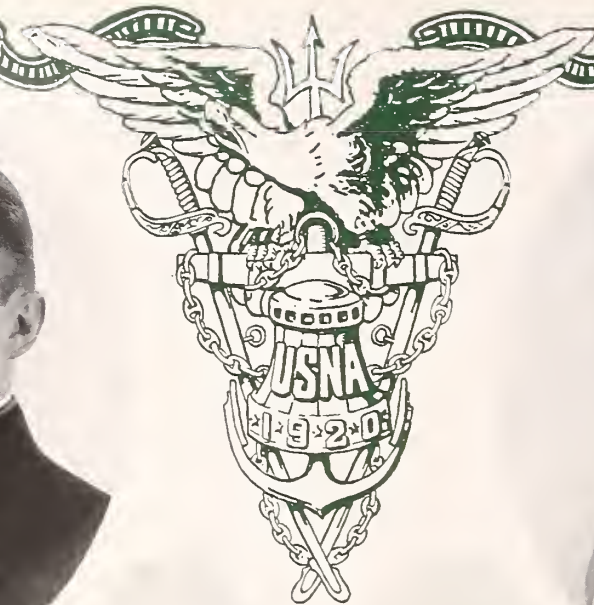
¶ He was always conscientious in his studies, but never overworked himself. It was at the hops that young Adonis first showed his rattles. For the first few weeks Dinah was a Red Mike, then suddenly there came a change, he became a snake of many coils, rattles, and spots. Every week found him dancing gaily around the gym. When interviewed about his future intentions, the modest youth blushed rosily but denied vehemently the charge of matrimony. The first witness for the State, his room-mate, gave decidedly inerminating evidence against him, damaging his case beyond repair. "Charlie, don't do it!"

¶ Youngster year found him holding down a berth in the wrestling squad. First Class year started wrong for "Venus." A visit from the D. O. found him "raising" a classmate in our Great American Parlor Pastime. Four long, hard months on the *Reina*, however, taught him the error of his ways. But, as he says, "It shuah is hard to stand clear of them cards."

¶ Finally, his troubles came to an end and he is back among us. We hope his past (minus the four months jolt) will be a mirror to his future.

Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling Squad, 3.





JOHN EVANS SHOEMAKER
HELENA, MONT.

"Shoe" "Jack"

ALLEN PRATHER MULLINIX
ATTICA, IND.

"Mul"

WITHOUT band or fireworks, "Jack" shoved off from his home port, Helena, for his life cruise in the U. S. S. Navy. Unterrified, he landed in Crabtown to pass the first few years of his naval life. There was nothing new here for him, however, for he knew our little village like a book, having attended St. John's School for Children for a few months before.

¶ The only part of these United States that John has n't inspected at some time during his twenty years is that part where the desert is the only occupant—Florida, Minnesota, or New York—he knows each equally well, and the topic or place has never been mentioned about which he can not add some information from his many experiences.

¶ A plugger, "Jack" easily overcomes such handicaps as are imposed by annual vacations in the hospital, but do not be mistaken about John, he is so bright that he never does work except when in serious danger of hitting a bush.

¶ Like the fishermen of Norway, eating and quarreling are his only occupations, but he is harmless and only argues for the fun of it. One stripe in the "rough and ready" Sixteenth speaks for his ability.

¶ "Oh, yes, did I ever tell you about when I was driving a 'White Buss' in Glacier National Park——?"

Honors: One Stripe;
Hustlers, 4;
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1;
Crew Squad, 3.

HEY, 'Mul,' show us how to do tomorrow's Math, will yuh?" It's never "can you," but always "will you," and he usually will, for he's one of the big-hearted fifty-fifty kind. Savviness is "Mul's" strong point but he never impresses it on any one, not even the profs. His favorite pastime is writing letters or receiving them, and he never believes the mail is out unless there is some on his table. At night, letters are re-read, then the Vic plays "Indiana" and "Mul" gazes out at the stars. This music appeals to him particularly, for he says Attica is on that same Wabash River. He leads a life that will keep any one out of danger, mentally or physically, studying during study hours and enjoying life at other times "Mul" has the right idea on the Navy and we are with him to see him put it thru.

¶ "What's your name, Mister?"

¶ "Mullinnix, sir."

¶ "Oh, you're Heinie's brother, are you?" says some Youngster who feared to look at that same Henry the year before. "Think you will get five stripes? You look wooden."

¶ "Say, Jack, I heard some fine music from the 'Cavaliera Rusty Cannon' the other day."

Honors: Buzzard





JOSEPH HUBERT SEVERYNS
SEATTLE, WASH.

"The Old Spare Part"

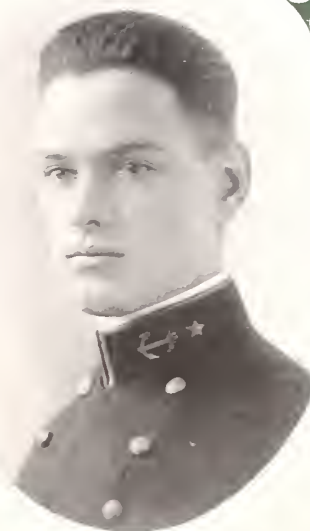
JOE asked for fax in his biography and fax he gets. It's a sweet job to bare his past, for he's rather quiet, but—still water runs deep. The great secret of his quietness is that Joe is in love—always has been since we knew him. She lives out in Seattle and he's so busy trying to remember what he said in the letter of a week ago Tuesday about which she made such a queer retort in her Wednesday missive that he has n't time to let the devil which lurks within come out in words. But it's there. All the evidence points to it.

¶ Before he came to us he was one of Dobie's football young hopefuls at the U. of W. He lasted three days, which does n't seem much, but any one who lasts twenty-four hours with Dobie is far from a well-mannered nice young thing.

¶ First Class year finds him, with all the natural advantages of two stripes and star class standing, threatening his three striper with bodily harm if that conscientious room-mate gives him less than a 3.4 in grease.

¶ But, for a' that, and a' that, Joe must be given credit for one job he has done for Twenty, and done well. He undertook the photography of this *Lucky Bag*. He has worked hard and conscientiously early and late, has fixed our smiles, placed our feet, padded our chests, pulled official legs, and held White's birdie while he squeezed the bulb. He is the man to whom credit is due for the pictures in the *Lucky Bag*, and, as pictures make or break a book, he falls or stands with the issue.

Honors: Two Stripes;
Honor Committee 4, 3;
Star 4, 3, 1;
Lucky Bag Staff;
Lacrosse Squad 4.



HAROLD SHEFFIELD VANBUREN
HARWICHPORT, MASS.

"Van" "Sheff" "Late Blast"

VAN is never heard proclaiming from the house tops what a wazzo the man van Buren is. But in the Navy, where results are the measure of a man, "Van" stands out as the real thing—above the rest.

¶ Plebe year he stroked the Plebe crew. Then as a Youngster stroking the Junior Varsity he helped make the Varsity which won the Henley. Weight alone kept him out of the Senior Boat. To tabulate his many achievements would require pages and pages. He wears three stripes, and with a wild bunch of First Classmen he has had enough worries to keep any man busy.

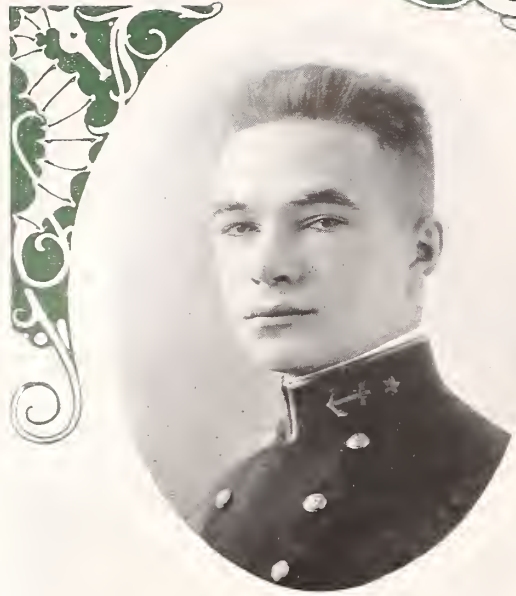
¶ Then the "Y" on Sunday nights. And the Reef Points. The best part is he always had time to rough house with Fred and Thug. But those wild moments of keeping his flock under control in the Mess Hall, were many a source of worry.

¶ Did you ever see "Van" at a hop? He's the fastest little hopper that ever stepped, and his social path is paved with bricks.

¶ He leaves us as he came—unaffected, considerate, loving, square; sometimes a bit worried taking care of Thug and Red, but never rhino—sparing in his criticism of others and spared in theirs.

Honors: Three Stripes;
Star 4, 3, 1;
Plebe and Second Crew;
President and Treasurer Y. M. C. A.;
Editor Reef Points;
Lucky Bag Staff.





LISLE JUDSON MAXSON
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

"Liz" "Savvy" "Max"

IT becomes a task for the foremost minds of the day to picture to you the history of this lad. He is savoir—a real savoir with a shiny satellite on his collar. To look at him, you 'd well believe the little saying "appearances are deceptive."

¶ Not that he is n't savvy, not that, but he is in love. Yes, deeply in love with three or four, maybe five of the prettiest girls in the world—so he says. Maybe this is the reason for his determination to enter the construction corps, or the true foundation to his numerous arguments against a young man's spending his entire life in the Navy. At any rate, poor "Liz" has been dropped from the rolls of the Red Mikes, he has violated every tradition of that famous society—but "Savvy," old man, you did the right thing after all.

¶ "Savvy" is not greasy in getting his star. He has the right dope, and what is more, he spreads it to the unlucky worshipers of Tecumseh. He has saved more than one unlucky classmate from the Academic storms, and has set him on an even keel to ride out those that follow. In short, "Savvy" is a good fellow, a hard worker, and an always-willing friend in need.

Honors: Buzzard;
Star, 4, 3, 1.

BROOK STOCKMAN MANSFIELD
ASHLAND, O.

"Brookie" "Stream"

OUR "Brookie" came in with the first lot of 1920 and that makes him a charter member. Although he had a weakness for "running" later animals, his nature is far from being vicious—in fact, a child of sweeter and more loving disposition is nix.

¶ Plebe year the upper classmen appreciated "Brookie's" generous and giving disposition, as his empty locker has so often testified.

¶ He is an all-round favorite with the ladies. His spare hours are always spent in planning a good time for whichever "her" he's fussing to the next hop.

¶ "Pug" may be seen adorning that elite corner of the Chapel every Sunday as he is an earnest worker in the choir. The receptions which his carols receive from his cell-mate have enabled him to sing under any circumstances. One of his favorite selections is "Heave Me a Pickle, Brownie Dear."

¶ He's industry personified—always working; he'll work you for anything you have. When we entered the War he threw himself bodily into a study of the practical side of gas attack. Were he only given a chance he could beat the enemy at its own game.

¶ "I did n't do that, fellows."

Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 4.





FREDERICK STRAYER CHAPPELLE
WATERLOO, N. Y.

"Capillo" "Frenchie" "Chapie" "Squaw" "Larry"

HERE'S a man who takes things as they come. If he is impelled by any motives to turn the world upside down he keeps them to himself, and does n't go around hunting for something extraordinary to do. On the other hand, when there 's work to be done, he does it, without hesitation.

¶ As a fusser he 's a dove of peace, but there 's a "method in his madness." We don't know for sure, but we have a hunch, from certain occasional visits to Caldwell's, that he made his success in tea fighting before entering the Naval Academy. Some girl 's lucky!

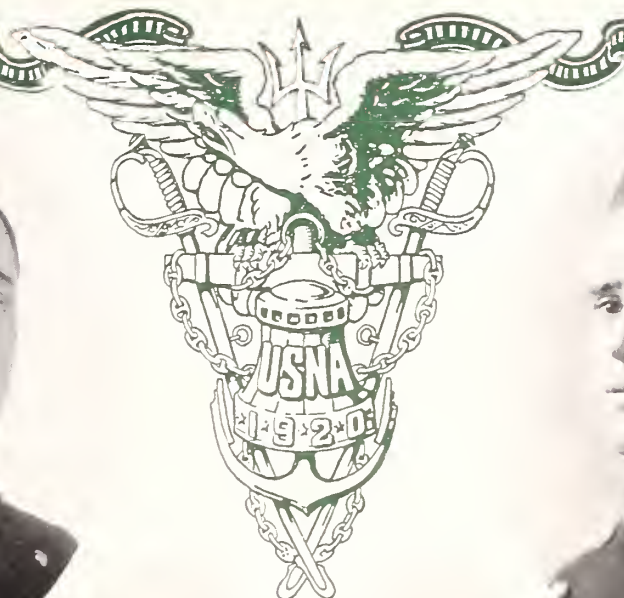
¶ Before we forget it, "Fred" told us to mention his marvelous athletic ability. He 's a great athlete, but we can't say much about it, because we 've forgotten whether he plays third base or left tackle.

¶ He 's about as reg as a Plebe for Saturday noon inspection, and is the immortal author of "I'd rather be reg than five-striper." If you just don't look inside his locker, his room looks like the parlor in a movie palace, but if he 'd ever fail to get out of the room Sunday morning before 9:30—oh, boy! the inside of that locker would look like he 'd shuffled his clothes and forgot to deal 'em.

¶ All seriousness aside, "Fred" is a fine fellow. He must be to make friends so easily. And he 's always ready with some curt humor that makes everybody around him good-natured :- :-

¶ "Mr. Gish, you 're on the pap for walking on the grass, two particulars both feet."

Honors: Buzzard.



HOWARD CLARK RULE, JR.
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

"Red" "Speck" "Miniature"

THE Good Ship Rule, the Golden Rule—if you don't believe it just look at his hair. And if the sign of a good ship is ability to sail close into the wind, this is the flag ship. It has been known to sail three points into the Academie 2.5 breeze for a whole term, and never luff once.

¶ It is said that you can judge a man by his friends, but that does n't hold for "Red," for he has made so many that some of them are really not his fault. That 9:30 aggregation in 146 during Youngster year looked like a mass meeting—and so it usually was.

¶ Regness and Savyness don't always go together, as "Speck's" Academic career clearly shows. As his name implies he is twin brother to Mr. Regulation, and despite his keeping one eye on the Reg Book he has had some exciting experiences.

¶ One Sunday after Chapel he ran into a girl he knew. There was nothing to do but to speak to her—and Clark's heart has n't returned to normal action yet.

¶ Other important events were the passing of a Skinny exam some time toward the last of the course, and putting a Barracks Plebe on the report.

¶ Rule is characteristic of the disposition usually assigned to red hair and freckles. He 's a hard worker, and while he never hesitates to express his opinion, he has never lacked popularity.

Honors: Buzzard.





PETER FRANCIS HUNT
BUTTE, MONT.

"Pete" "Vamp" "Pattie"

JUSTIN DOWNING HARTFORD
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

"Speed" "Whitey" "Swede"

BEING a native of Montana somewhat handicapped "Pete," but not to the extent of blighting his Academy career. It was hard for us to understand "Pete" at first, but soon his true self came out on top and we learned that he was just a mighty good fellow

Nothing that we may say can possibly give the true stuff about "Pete" as a scholar. No matter how gigantic the problem nor how severe the test the results he obtains are always the same. In mathematics he is especially brilliant and it can be safely said that he has never been floored by a "sticker." Not only does he profit by his talent, but also his less gifted classmates, for "Pete" is always ready to lend a hand.

In the fussing line "Pete" takes part for sheer love of the sport, allowing none of the fair ones to become the one and only attraction, altho when the band breaks out on "Love's Old Sweet Song" we might expect "Pete" to jump to attention.

The Pay Corps has been hot on "Pete's" trail twice when he has had re-exams on his eyes. All we can say is that if they get him the line will lose a good man.

"Now, fellows, in this colossal struggle for existence —"

Honors: Buzzard;
Submarine Squad.

IT has been a source of much worry to many of us just how "Speed" acquired the foregoing handle, but if we all had seen him at the "club" every Wednesday afternoon, the problem would have been solved. When all is said and done, tho, we've got to hand it to him. "Speed" is an easy-going, don't-give-a-cuss type, and nothing but exams and Dago profs can ever turn his goat out of house and home. Ever since he was big enough to sail a boat in the old wash tub, he has had a failing for the sea, and to all intents and purposes will make a good officer when the Service has worked its steadying influence.

No five points of Heaven adorn "Speed's" collar behind the anchor, but you can count on him to get out of almost any scrape, for even the roughest prob in math succumbs eventually under the storm of "Hudson and Witkit's" work-'em-all formula.

Why speak of love? "Whitey" belongs in the 400 in regard to this subject, and probably she is the reason he does n't drag. We need n't wish you luck, "Speed," the gold horseshoe was yours from the start.

"How's the tendency?" "What's the use in drawin' a figure when you've got the formula right in the book?"

Honors: Buzzard.





LEVI DEE YORK
PORTSMOUTH, O.

"Leevie"

HERE'S Levi D—no he is n't, tho his name belies it, but that's what he told the Chaplain when Holy Joe asked him if he was really a Christian. That was on the state occasion when he undertook the task of being a god-father to Winter. The acceptance of such a task alone would prove to us that he was n't one of the chosen race, and his general personality would prove to the most doubtful that his nose did not bespeak his race.

¶ With the women—he's there several ways. Once a week he falls, and he's not at all partial—would rather drag blind than beautiful, for he loves them all and they return it. If he is n't married June Week it will be because he is too busy hiring lawyers to defend him in his many breach of promise cases.

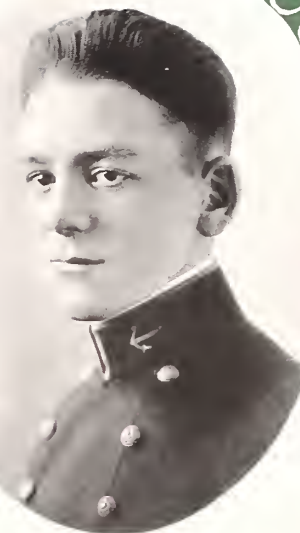
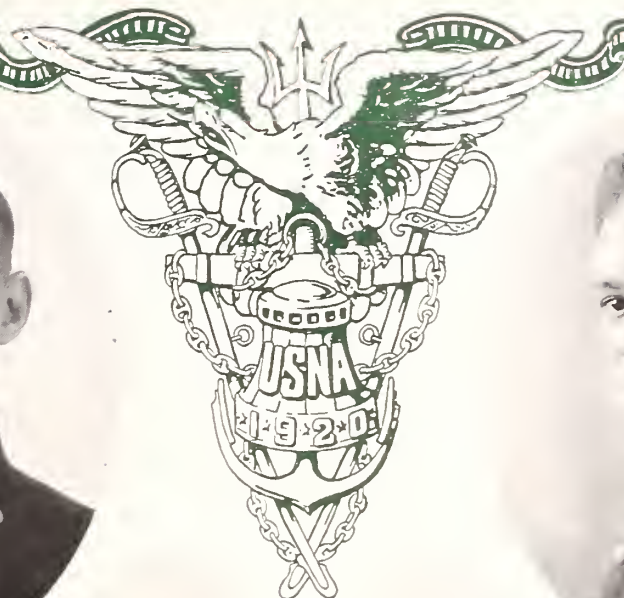
¶ To date he has been the successful proprietor of a most successful golf course, though his personality has n't registered very heavily. He can't keep his mind on the subject long enough.

¶ Musically he answers every roll call—athletically he's absent—mentally midway in the fortunate sixty per cent.

¶ "No, I can't go to Baltimore—got to fuss."

¶ "My favorite club?" "Why Canadian, of course!"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Class Ring Committee;
Mandolin Club.*



CHARLES OLIVER O'DONNELL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Ollie"

OH, I say theah, wheah is the doah of this bally 'ouse?" This question introduced this freckled-faced little Irishman, fresh from the St. Vitus prep school in Old England, to Shad's. But Jimmy Nolan took the Kitten under his care and shot him such a line of American colloquialisms that it nearly bilged the two of them. After two years of strenuous life they entered the Navy together and Oliver became again a native American for forty-eight years.

¶ Oliver is a bright child, but oh, how indolent! He stands at the bottom now, but promises to demonstrate how little book savviness has to do with real efficiency in this Navy of ours. One not used to the Kitten's caustic tongue would think him spiteful instead of merely mischievous. He has, however, received much valuable training in the ways of the Navy under the guidance of Pop Perry and Swede, and a whole year under the tutelage of Thug Wallace.

¶ O'Donnell, in spite of what one may gather from the foregoing, is a true gentleman and generous to the core. The J. O. mess of any ship he goes to will gain a great entertainer and an uncomplaining watch officer, no matter what the conditions.

Honors: Buzzard.





FREDERIC WILLIAM McMAHON
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Mac" "Thug" "Freddie" "Bouncer"

WHEN "Freddie" dropped his mudhook inside the walls and was permanently assigned to duty with '20, few of us knew that he had already spent a year in the outfit. From what we now know of him he absorbed from the service what was cleanest and best and in coming up from the ranks added a good name to the class roll.

¶ "Mac's" rough-housing tendencies are but too well known. Fortunately, however, his surplus energy has not flown entirely along those lines. Fall and spring crew practices found him with a seat in one of Dick Glendon's speed boats, and it was mostly the need of a few extra pounds that kept him out of the first shell.

¶ The thing that promises the most for "Mac's" success is his knowledge of human nature. His years and experience in the fleet have given him a perspective that shows matters in their true light, and he has a fine sense of discrimination.

¶ Generosity and good fellowship are the added qualities that have made him many friends, and made him a friend to those who know him.

*Honors: One Stripe;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Honor Committee, 3.*



WALTER TILLMAN HART, JR.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Water Tight" "Roger" "Tilly"

THE above "Roger" may need some explanation, though "Tillie" and "Water Tight" are apparently obvious. "Roger" is quite dignified and English-looking, so some one, reasoning that "Roger" is a name expressing the English stuff, named him and miraculously enough the name stuck.

¶ Hart is one best bet as a good fellow. He will inconvenience himself to please his friends, and believe us, they are numerous. "Roger" is a hard-working boy, that is, if he is working at something that interests him. Professional subjects interest him but not so Dago, his only shoal in the Academic channel. His ability to succeed in the accomplishment of the end he desires makes his future look like the real thing.

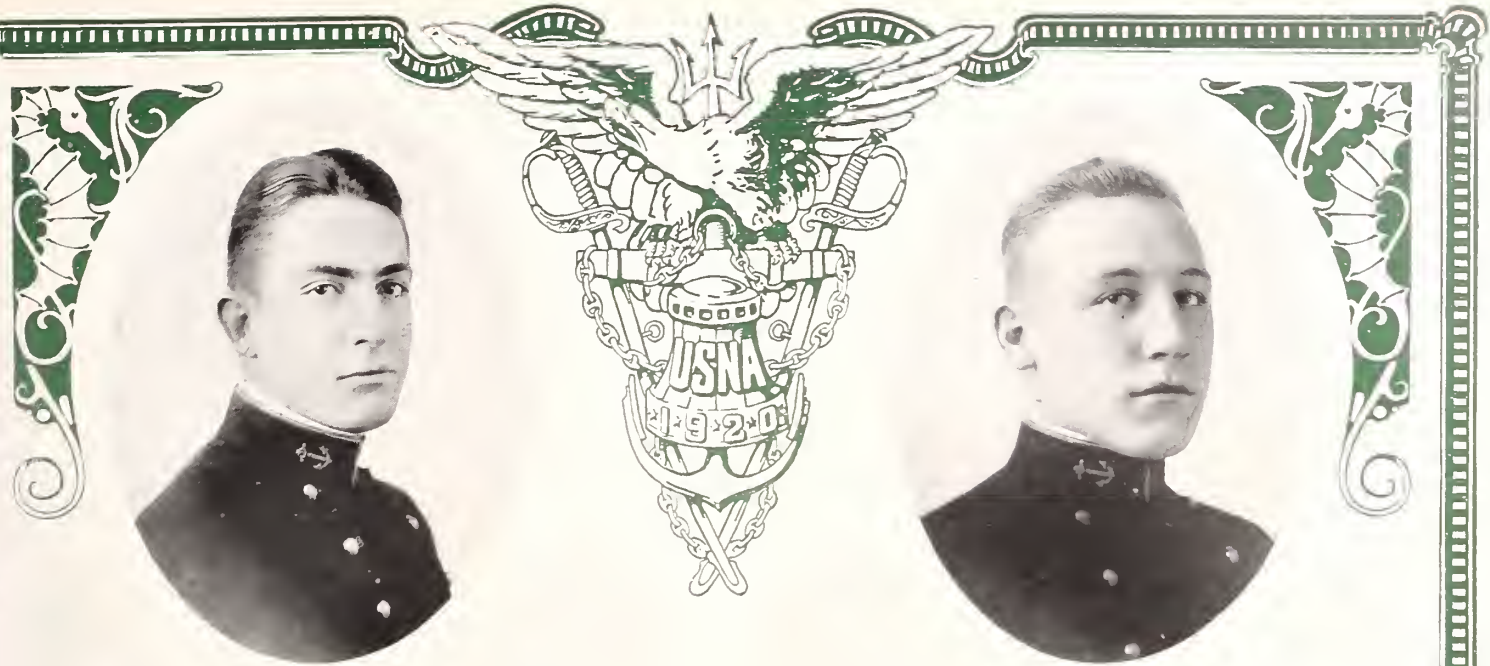
¶ Plebe year "Roger" was cut out for crew but his lack of weight made his success in that line impossible, so he transferred his activities to the track and Youngster year found him doing good time in the relay.

¶ We have reserved the most interesting data until the last. Yes, you have guessed it—girls—is one of them, and the other is a love for poetry.

¶ However, we are leaping into "taboo" territory, but we may just add that "Roger," while appearing to be very quiet and reserved, is really a bundle of action and is always ready for anybody's rough house.

*Honors: One Stripe;
Track N;
Crew Squad, 4.*





BARNETT THOMAS TALBOTT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"B. T." "Barney" "Bud"

FRANK MARTIN MAICHLER

COHOCTON, N. Y.

"Mike"

IT will not take you long to get reliable soundings on Talbott, if you could only see him fussing with that hair and that complexion; watch him strike for Youngster Cutoff and Carvel; or for the gym and that informal. You would then appreciate him as the women do, but Barnett would never believe it.

¶ What we wish to convey to you is that Barnett came to us a refined, hard-working, conscientious, and at all times serious young man. While among us he has not been worried to any considerable extent by the Academic Departments. Between his roommates, his wrist watch, and the daily missives in a maiden's handwriting from his home town he was rather worried.

¶ Youngster year saw a change—he could dance and—Oh! how he could dance! He changed completely—he was coming into his own. He broke hearts and hearts until one day he fell, and from there to the end it was was an easy story.

¶ With all this, however, he has had time to devote to athletics. His ability, though never recognized, as a football man is not a trifle, but crew is his favorite. Being a true lover of the sport and a hard worker he has developed into as good an oarsman as Navy possesses. All Talbott has lacked in not making the First Varsity is the necessary weight, and the poor boy was never blessed with an overabundance of flesh—"Just look at those legs."

¶ Talbott is basically serious-minded, and the impression he leaves with us is that of a hard-working person, scrupulously exact in all he does, and ever a careful and precise thinker

Honors: Buzzard;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Second Crew in American Henley.

THE minute "Mike" steps in your room you know somebody's there, because he fills the biggest part of an ordinary room with his 200 odd pounds of beef, his big voice, and his husky laugh.

¶ When the pants-hangers first glimpsed "Mike" they slated him for heavy work on the wrestling mat, and they made no mistake. He links sheer strength with a scientific knowledge of the game in a way that has pinned the shoulders of more than one would-be champ to the velvet—while his natural qualities of leadership pre-ordained that he should captain the squad First Class year

¶ "Mike's" worst fault is his own belief that he's wooden. The way he connects practical commonsense and good hard plugging gets results enough to prove that his own inventory is far from right. He is a consistent dope hound just before each set of monthly exams, but he seldom goes unsat, and his two stripes speak for his worth outside the section room.

¶ In spite of the fact that a broken nose and a cauliflower ear detract some of the natural beauties from "Mike's" smiling countenance, the femmes flock around him like Plebes to the movie. One 4.0 gave as a reason: "He's so big and strong, you know."

¶ Those who are fortunate enough to be billeted with "Mike" in the Great Out There will find him a man, generous, considerate, and square in all his dealings

Honors: Two Stripes;
Class Crest Committee;
Lacrosse INT, 3, 1;
Heavyweight Wrestling Champion, 1, 3, 1;
Wrestling INT and N;
Captain Wrestling Team;
Honor Committee.





CALVIN MATHEWS BOLSTER
RAVENNA, O.

"Cal" "Stormy"

WELL, 'Cal,' hear from *Her* today?" Every day for four of the six weeks it took for that long looked for missive of unspoken love and adoration to arrive "Irish" busted into Cell No. 46 with the same old line, a combination of sympathy, jealousy, and S. O. S.

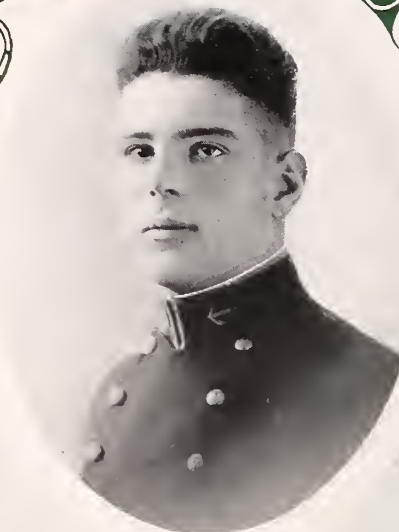
¶ "Cal" hails from the animated metropolis of Ravenna, Ohio, as one is easily convinced by glancing over the columns of the weekly *Ravenna Roar*, which never fail to mention such stirring news as "The Huns are Doomed" by the man "who shipped on board as a watch"—a bit of camouflage of which both "Cal" and Ravenna are justly proud.

¶ The femmes have troubled "Cal" but little, altho now and then he shakes a mean foot with the rest of us. However, when he does, the unfailing comment from all the Beauty Show is: "Does n't he blush adorably?"

¶ Youngster year everybody expected "Cal" to burst forth with a pair of wings—angel variety—for he went thru the long siege without a demerit. He has tied a can to the tail of the Ae department in every elash, but is too modest to wear a star. First Class cruise he nearly bilged the old New Jersey gang in Nav, and otherwise demonstrated that he was soon to be capable of assuming the rank and duties of an officer.

¶ "The answer in the book to that prob must be wrong."

Honors: Buzzard;
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1;



WILLIAM HOWARD ARMSTRONG
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Army"

HERE are snakes and snakes, but never such an one as "Beauty!" Those are his sentiments, so we'll have to concur in the matter. But take a look at his wavy hair, his dark eyes, his erect carriage. It's no wonder that ladies just can't resist him. Plebe year we saw a future for the young gallant, but even his old friend "Out, Out!" never dreamed of such marvels as "Army" steering his devious course thru a crowded informal.

¶ But "Army" is more than a ladies' man. Plebe year was enough for him to demonstrate that he was not to be numbered among "ye aeadenic victims" and his rep as a savoir has remained untarnished. Perhaps his library of current magazines and his daily stock of sweet-scented mail accounts for the absence of a star after his name.

¶ At times "Army" exhibits a temper, but on the other hand it's hard to imagine a good-natured rough house without him. Sometimes he's the victim, but more frequently the joke is on the assailant.

¶ Plebe year "Army" graced the C division of the football squad, and it is to be regretted that he did not follow it up. Numerals or a letter would find place on his sweater by now if he had ~~so~~ ~~so~~.

¶ Such is "Beauty's" history, and in spite of all claims that history repeats itself, the Ward Room is to be envied that eventually receives him.

Honors: Buzzard.





EDWIN FRANCIS CONWAY
SEATTLE, WASH.

"Irish"

WILLIAM JOHN DINNEEN
CHEYENNE, WYO.

"Bill" "Willy" "Wild Bill"

OIRISH " is a noisy, happy-go-lucky man, famous for his heavy line and vivid imagination. If the facts don't suit, that same imagination supplies him with some humorous fabrication which turns the tables on the individual who is chesty enough to match wits with him. He's always on hand for a roughhouse and usually on top of the pile :- :-

¶ Even in his candidate days "Mickie" showed signs of the greatness that has put the Academic Department to defeat consistently since first Plebe section days. As to fussing, he lays claim to the perforated radiator for being the most famous Red Mike, but his chances went glooming when we hepped up to his correspondence and knitted socks and helmet. His tales of Sep leave are always varied and interesting—even to the one in which he claims to have started a riot by wearing a suit of whites down his Podunk's main drag.

¶ "Irish's" one great hobby is base ball. He has a star team all his own that can outplay and out-argue all comers.

¶ The Executive Department passed up one more good man when they assigned a plucked crow to the "Totem Pole's" lot, but gold braid around the cuff don't make the man, and "Ed" proves it.

¶ But when all's said and done, Conway's academic achievements sum themselves up in the phrase: "He's the kind of a friend the Irish know how to be."

Honors: Buzzard.

GANGWAY for "Wild Bill" the only living "Wyoming Wildeat!"

¶ Whenever there is a fight you may be sure "Bill" is in it or getting there as fast as his long legs can carry him. He's big and looks mean but he has a heart as big as—well his feet might convey some idea of the size, if you've seen them.

¶ When "Willy" first struck Crabtown he was so love-sick that it took him months to recover. Youngster year saw him blossom out as a far-famed tea-hound and dragging down enough bricks to build himself a home.

¶ Full and by, "Bill" is a man's man first, last, and all the time. He is one of the most dependable and straightforward among us and there is nothing he would not do for a friend. To know him is to swear by him, for he will stick to you through thick and thin.

¶ "Great whistler, that boy."

¶ "Know how to do these probs, 'Bill'?" "Sure, what is the lesson anyway?"

Honors: Clean Sleeve.





DONALD TAYLOR WHITMER
WILTON JUNCTION, IA.

"Don" "Whit" "Dodo" "Dittie"

DON is our original musical savoir. He delights in Galli Curci, Schumann-Heinek and other such wild sound producers. Red Seal records alone find a place in his Victrola cabinet. Next to his first love, music, comes "Juice"—the deepest page in Bullard is like a novel to him ☪ ☪

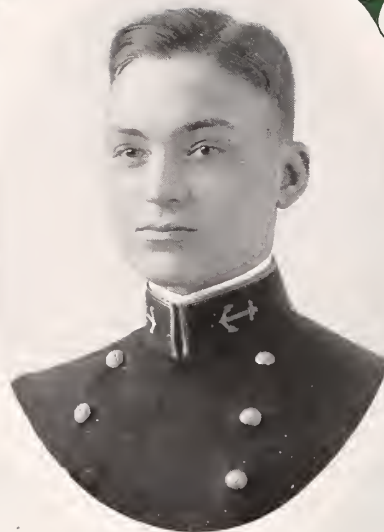
☪ "D. T." (delirium tremens) delights in fair women more than he does in athletics, hence he has never been a shining light on any of our teams, but yet he has been a habitue of the swimming tank.

☪ Until recently one could find him there most any afternoon ☪ ☪

☪ Grad terms never worry him, so his room is loaded up with junk like a Bowery pawn shop, but inspection finds it perfect ☪ ☪

☪ If the fair fields of Iowa or his musical talent don't win him from the sea, "Don" will come down with an uproarious "Here!" when the muster roll of good shipmates is called ☪ ☪

Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 4, 3, 1.



GLEN MARLAY ARON
SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

"Wop"

STRAIT from the heart, "Wop" is imbued with the idea that he'd make a better minister than a naval officer.

☪ Three years with "Twenty's" motley crew has n't altered his views much, and he has consistently set an example of straight, clean living. On our side we're lead to the conclusion that he'd make a darned good fighting chaplain, but since Fate in the form of circumstances decreed that he should wear a mudhook and not a cross on the collar of his blues, it's a safe bet that he'll wear it well.

☪ Both Plebe and Youngster years "Wop" had an uphill struggle with math while he was as consistently starring in steam. At one time the going was almost too rough, however, and it took threats of personal violence to keep his resignation from being laid at the Com's door, but in the end he stuck it out and has made good. Maybe it was visions of the one and only her, out in California, that made him stick to the scrap, but be that as it may he came out winner in the end.

☪ Youngster September leave was denied to "Wop" by a sacrifice he made for others, and it was a real sacrifice, for the violation of his own principles cut deeper than the loss of leave. But from that as well as other misfortunes he came up smiling, and on his return to Baneroft, his mandolin was just as merry, when he could spare the time from math to operate the tickler.

Honors: Buzzard.





PHILIP LEMLER
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Lem" "Pete" "Phil"

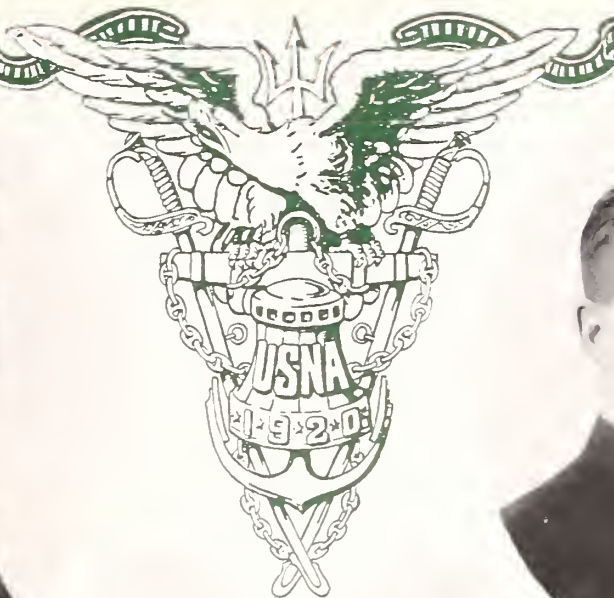
EVER since "Lem" joined the Navy, his one big wish has been to move the Polo Grounds to Crabtown. Since he can't do that, he finds consolation in boning the box scores in the daily papers. As an authority on championship teams, "Lem" is the original Spaulding guide. Baseball is his main diversion, so every afternoon during the season finds him playing with the Oleanders, the champions of the Baek Lot league.

¶ As a Red Mike, "Lem" is there. During his entire career he has never been known to shake the nervous limb across the ball room floor. Instead, he frequents the balcony, and his criticism of even the 4.0's is withering.

¶ "Lem" never had to worry about the academic part of the game. The Nav and Juice books naturally transferred themselves to the P-works for him and he got all the credit.

¶ "Look out for that crockery, there! It costs me one sixty a set now."

Honors: Buzzard;
Star, 3.



RAYMOND DUDLEY SOLLARS
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

"Sol" "Sub"

HE argumentative, unconvinced, Irishman from Missouri who was the subject of that famous pap, "Something Wrong," "Sol" is the grand old man of the Navy, age uncertain; but his thinning hair and ever growing torso remind one of William Jennings B. The adventures that he has had already are more numerous and hair-raising than those that befall the less fortunate of us in a lifetime. Why, just the St. Joe write-up of his trip to Europe and his victories over the submarines on Youngster cruise, rival the tales of Jules Verne in originality and imagination!

¶ "Sol's" love of an argument has led him into many a scrape—and his ability in said argument just leads him right out again. He is savvy enough to invent a fire-control gadget on the Pennsy—wooden enough to break out a carton of Fats on the Virginia. And that big old heart of his kept him from saying a word when the last Fat went the way that all good Fats must go.

¶ We who have made a cruise with him know him to be a true and generous friend, a real Missourian and a good shipmate :♦ :♦

Honors: Buzzard.





FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTS
TAWAS CITY, MICH.

"Fred" "Robby" "F. W."

MAURICE EDWIN CURTS
FLINT, MICH.

"Johnny" "Walker" "Germany"

LADIES and Gentlemen:—Our next subject for disgust is one F. W. Roberts: English by humor; Welsh by nature; Irish by looks; and Scotch by taste—a man of most paradoxical words—now he's hard and then he's wild—is never very angry nor never too happy (to get home). In but two things is he constant—he never sees a joke nor lets a woman see him if he sees her first.

☞ Athletically speaking "Fred Willie" has seldom been nearer the scene of operations than underneath the grand stand, a favorite spot for those who despair of Terpsicore and are wont to court with the fair Fatima.

☞ Never studies, never bilges, never stars, never busts, and in fact never does anything which could possibly upset his perfect equilibrium. His center of gravity lies in his stomach, about which he and his world revolve, and it's easy to prophesy that if ever he is captured by one of the gentle sex it will be thru this medium and only by a knockout drop.

☞ But seriously some day we will hear big things of this man, for as soon as he solves the mystery of "after a sleepless night he awoke" and stops blushing when you ask him what he lost his Youngster Sep Leave, he is going to get busy and select his own corner in the Hall of Fame.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Submarine Squad.*

ALTHOUGH Maurice says he was born in the Paris of the West, it is hard to believe that it was not somewhere nearer Berlin. However, he must have journeyed to Flint at a tender age—he knows the Buick is manufactured there.

☞ Studiously inclined during his earlier years, "Maruss" shot through the scholastic skies of Flint High School in the meteoric speed of three years, but when he arrived at the Naval Academy his decline in the world of scholars began.

☞ Always agreeable with every one he met, and always ready for a good time, this German found little time to labor except on the famous "York golf links," but there he invariably played a good game.

☞ As soon as Plebe year was over "Germany's" pink cheeks began to leave us from Saturday noon until Sunday night and glow brightly at the hops. Here he always enjoyed himself, for the truth is he loves them all.

☞ In spite of his love for a good time Maurice can work as hard as he plays and we feel sure that he will successfully overcome such obstacles as he meets.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Honor Committee;
Crew Squad, 4.*







JOSEPH UHRIG LADEMAN, JR.

MILWAUKEE, MINN.

"Foo" "Dutch" "Joe"

JOE is a firm disbeliever in books, especially the little green one he keeps on or about the center of his table. When he studies math he wades into the derivation of a formula until it gets over his head, then knocks off and memorizes the formula. Claims he does n't believe a thing in the book, but he does n't let that interfere with his work. He had a math re-exam after Plebe semi-anns, but has since sworn off bilging.

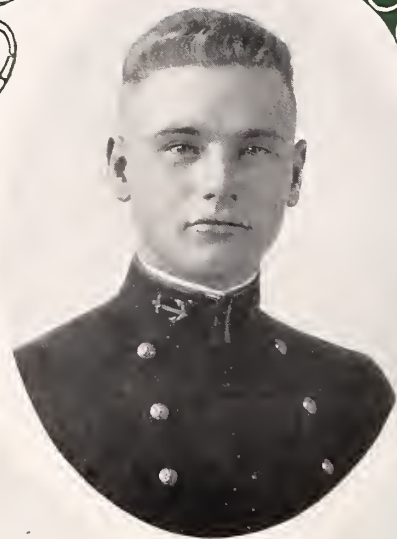
¶ Plebe year some one noticed his resemblance to the classic features of our old "God of 2.5" and he kept the name for the rest of the year. He did n't spoon on the aspersions cast upon his mental ability though, so "Tecumseh" is more or less of a memory.

¶ "Joe" is always ready to "snare one," and the easiest way to find him Youngster year was to look for the tendency. He was pretty careful, but had several narrow escapes from sea duty.

¶ Though he's pretty much of a Red Mike, he busts out occasionally, and rarely drags a brick. He will drag blind if occasion demands, but is more willing to let some one else try his luck.

¶ You may think you know what makes Milwaukee famous but we claim its "Joe." And the only thing—ahem! invigorating about him is his smile and ingrown pep.

Honors: Buzzard.



HOWARD DOCKER PEEPLES

SHAWNEETOWN, ILL.

"Peeps" "One Eye" "Foo"

FROM Peeples' record as seen in the Academy Register you'd never guess that this same Seissor Bill goes by the name of "Fou-Fou." Oh, "Fou-Fou" brings back to us those times when we used to "catch a skag where the tendency was good" and at the same time keep our eye peeled for the D. O. But yet if he used to catch, he was n't so very non-reg. No, not very—"as much as he could get away with" was his motto.

¶ "Peeps" was n't a savoir. What he knew never caused the profs to hesitate about whether to give him a 3.4 or a 3.5. He took his work as it came, studied sometimes, bluffed often, hit a few trees, rejoiced much when a 3.0 graced his marks—just like any of the rest of us non-ratey "buzzards."

¶ Yet he excelled in his unfailing optimism. We have never known him to stay rhino long enough for us to tell whether he was bluffing or not. When the "All Academies" seemed to hit him hardest he could always be cheerful and never let worry come near him. Perhaps it did, but if so he kept his troubles to himself and let us see only that cheery smile.

¶ We do not know upon what duty he will be assigned but we do know that when a little commonsense, a lot of pep, and a willingness to help others is needed, why, "Angel Face" is the man for the job. To whatever J. O. mess "Peeps" goes, we send to them a good officer, a tried companion, and a man well able to uphold the traditions of the Academy.

Honors: Buzzard.





FRANCIS BOWIE STODDERT
BALTIMORE, MD.

"Booie" "Pug" "Pansy"

WHERE'S the lesson? Well if I can't get it in an hour, I can't get it at all.

Next day. "Whew! I can't even try that in an hour."

But for all of this, "Pug" has stayed on the bright side of Tecumseh all these years without even troubling to walk around :- :-

All Plebe year and the first part of Youngster year "Pug's" favorite pastime was the latest *Post* and Smith's bed. In other words he was on the road to wisdom and Rouge Michaelism when one Saturday he was broke and wandered over to the gym. As he never held a hand in his life he has always had to bluff, so he started out that afternoon and made good. Now he shakes his feet without a bluff and is considered one of the most graceful reptiles, and upon coming back from Sep leave First Class year he sat around for a month, writing letters and star gazing, sure signs that he met *her* on leave.

True to his race, "Pug" is very reticent, but lacks the usual thrift of the canny Scot. He is irresponsible and irrepressible, but so open hearted and generous he could n't be anything but friends with every one.

Honors: Buzzard.



ROBERT HOLMES SMITH
ROCKY MOUNTAIN, N. C.

"Bob" "Bobby"

ANCY an ante-bellum, tar-heeled exponent of the old school—imagine a pleasure-loving, indolent, yet bed-rocked image of that type of iron men once so familiar, and your vision portrays none other than—"Ladies, this is 'Bobby.'" After this introduction we may leave Smith to shift for himself, for if he does anything well at all, it is making himself at home with the femmes. And strange to say, they seem to like his line. To the men just one word—if you ever start on a party with "Smithy" it would be wise to arrange to come home with the milkman.

Of all sports he loves best a fight, an argument, a bullfest and a smoke. Love of the latter resulted in a cruise Plebe year. Since then he has applied himself so thoroughly that he is thinking of publishing a book on "The Construction, Use and Maintenance of Tendencies."

Beneath his casehardened appearance he is open-hearted, generous, always ready to help, and as warm and loyal a friend as can be found.

Honors: Buzzard.





JOHN MURRAY THORTON
GREENBORO, N. C.

"Fish"

THORNTON comes from the Tar Heel State, and like them all, he's mighty proud of it. He's a Southerner in every sense of the word, and there would be a lacking unit if he were not present at the old Sixteenth Company political discussions.

¶ All during Plebe and Youngster years "Fish" worked diligently for the *Log*, and a great number of the sketches during these two years sprung from his ingenious pen. He didn't confine his drawing to the *Log* alone—take a look in the back of his Steam or Juice book, or on scraps of paper in his desk drawer, and you'll see the finest collection of Venus de Milos and sleeping nymphs, this side of the Louvre. "Fish" is good at it—he can throw together a system of French curves that would make a jazz ensign desert the Navy.

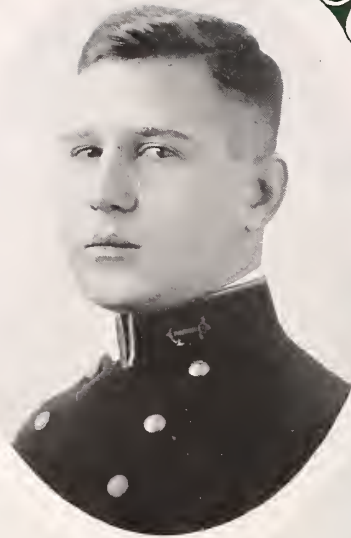
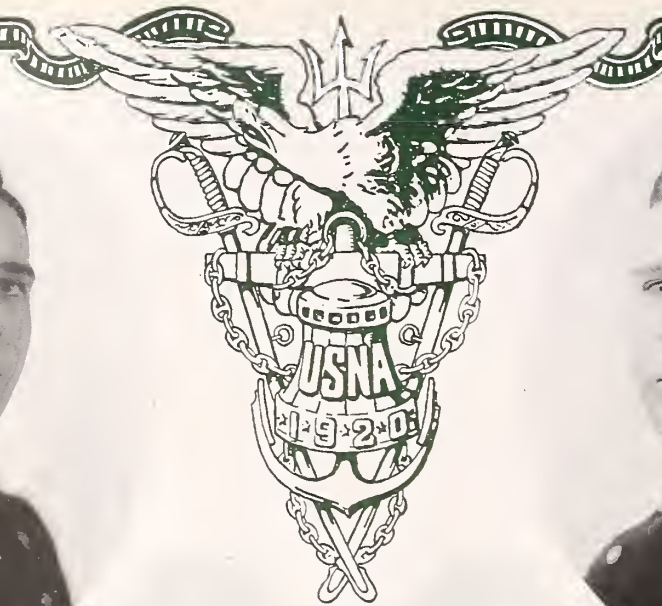
¶ They may call Thornton a fusser, in fact he does rate the term from outside appearances, but away down in his heart—and down in North Carolina—there's a little girl; "Fish" is among the fallen. He admits it, and is the recipient of Heard's eternal sarcasm.

¶ First Class cruise contained probably the most stirring time of Thornton's life—he set out on the *San Diego*, and after making one trip across, was aboard her when she suffered her death blow.

¶ It's a girl's rate to call him Murray, so he's just "Fish" to us, and we who have been closest to him during these past three years, know him as he is—loyal and generous.

¶ "Yes, I was on the *Son Diego*."

Honors: Buzzard;
Log Staff, 4, 3.



WALTER HEARD ROBERTS
LAVONIA, GA.

"Robby" "Gloom"

HEARDED" comes over to us after having sojourned at Riverside Military in Georgia and Auburn in Alabama. It was quite a come-down for him to be a Plebe in ranks with the memory of being adjutant at prep school fresh in his mind. And, by the way, he has never lost his Plebe brace.

¶ If you should ever see this fair-haired Georgia cracker with an extra half chin and pair of big shoulders—beware. If you don't believe me ask Dutchy Kiefer.

¶ We have often wondered why he did n't play baseball—it must have been laziness, although he was one of the charter members of the Oleanders.

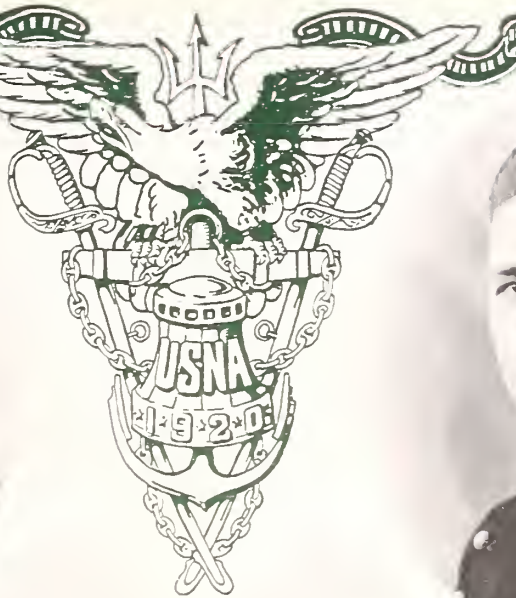
¶ This little fat boy has a violent temper and a hatred for femmes—save one!

¶ He is the essence of regness, turns out every Sunday night after taps and makes out his laundry list by the light of his blinker, keeps his locker as prim and as neat as an old maid would. And Savvy—if he had only tried he might have won a star.

¶ "Speaking of Porto Rico—but what's the use?"

Honors: Buzzard.





CARLOS AURELIO HEVIA
HAVANA, CUBA

"Carlos"

THE Senor wandered through the main gate early Plebe summer and evidently approved of the place, for he has been with us ever since. He has in that time charmed every one with his silken line and polished manners.

¶ He first honored the New York Military Academy with his presence and there learned his only vice, which he retains to this day. As soon as he enters Moore's, it's "Two malted milks, please." Considering, however, that he makes a liberty only six or seven times a week, this is not bad. He has never missed but one liberty and that was when he had a forty-eight in Washington. Likewise he has never missed a hop and has strengthened the stag line but once—when the W. B. & A. ran off the track. Despite this he claims there is a dark-eyed queen in old Havana that would make the average N. A. hop rate a "cold swabo."

¶ The wop is as versatile as they come, being well-informed on all subjects. His versatility extends also to athletics, in which he has tried fencing, track, and baseball with more or less success, mostly less.

¶ Carlos has great confidence in himself, and if you say anything that he disbelieves, he simply says, "You are wrong." That is final.

¶ It is easy to picture him in a few years as a captain in the Cuban Navy, which he intends to put on a par with our own.

¶ Here 's to you—Almirante Carlos Aurelio Hevia Reyes Gavilan!

Honors: Buzzard.

CLYDE WENDALL SMITH
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

"Red" "C minus W" "Torpedo Pete"

WHEN Kemper Military Academy gave up this promising youth to the wide world, he was one of those unsophisticated young things. The first day he hit Crabtown, however, he fell in love, in which state he has remained to this day, and his bad luck at this game only seems to inspire him to further efforts.

¶ But though he may be unlucky in love, when it comes to a card game he has no competition, as his shipmates will testify.

¶ "Red's" attitude toward studies is remarkable. At times he becomes exceedingly energetic, once going so far as to invent new tables for Bowditch, but at other times not even cracking a book to dust it off. Having a mechanical turn of mind, "Red" mastered the slide rule by First Class year, and then he took up radio, with which he whiled away many a tedious study hour, listening to the gossip of the universe.

¶ "Red" seems to like the Navy, in spite of his winter cruise and the atrocious conduct of a certain one-pounder with which he came in contact, so it is a safe bet that he will be a sea-going old skipper some day.

¶ He does things on the quiet but he gets results, and that is what counts in the Service.

Honors: Buzzard.





WALLACE LANDIS HIGGINS
TRENTON, N. J.

"Hig" "Walli" "Toothless"

AN Upper Classman at supper noticing the absence of several of "Hig's" front teeth inquired: "Hey, Mister Higgins, what happened to you? Where are all your teeth?"

¶ "I turned them in at the sick bay for repairs and alterations, sir."

¶ But they were soon reclaimed in such disguise that he was able to spend the greater part of his First Class cruise in the social whirl at Portsmouth, N. H., without being discovered.

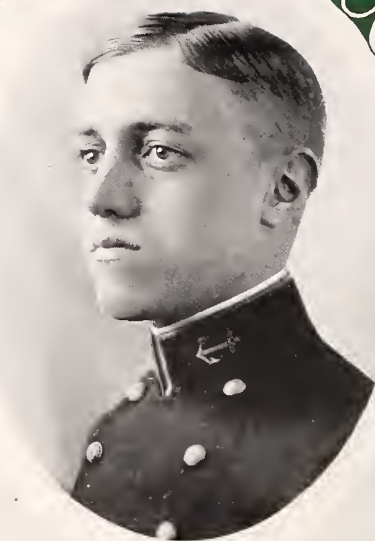
¶ Tho' of no mean ability as a swimmer and track man "Hig" has devoted almost his entire attention to the wrestling mat, the ardor with which he has applied himself being shown by his daily trips to sick bay to have his "pet cauliflowers" treated.

¶ His musical aspirations were realized when he succeeded in becoming a charter member of the Glee Club, thereby associating himself with others who indulged willingly and freely in harmonizing.

¶ One would scarcely say that he is a savoir, but there would be a different story to tell if the two months of wrestling season were omitted and he had been supplied with a social secretary to attend to his correspondence. He is one who truly knows what it is to be an "academic Sharpshooter."

¶ "Well a married man always does labor under a great handicap, does n't he, Wally?"

Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling Squad, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 3, 1.



FERGUSON BEACH BRYAN
ALEXANDRIA, VA.

"Too-Long" "Grape Juice" "Naval Constructor"

SAY, do you see that tall, lanky individual way down on the end of the fourteenth company? Well, that's "Toolong." No one seems to know just how he acquired such a nickname, but the fact is it was the only one lengthy enough to fit his physical characteristics. Besides, it rhymed well with "Oolong," the other famous inmate of 363 Youngster year.

¶ Bryan is a living monument to the old adage of "Work and grow thin." In the past he has spooned on the pants-hangers to the extent of taking extra instruction regularly on Wednesday afternoons. Fact is, his only hope on that day is that there will be a fire drill.

¶ "Toolong" is also one of the faithful to Tecumseh. While he denies it emphatically we have it on good authority he's the one that tried to slip the Wooden God a thin dime on the way to Plebe semi-ans. Be it admitted, however, that he has mixed worship with hard and consistent effort, and if he has as consistently frapped the bush in steam or nav it was n't for lack of honest endeavor.

¶ It's only once in a while that Bryan takes time out to attend a hop or grow fatherly with the Plebes. His little spare time he spends in dreaming of the years to come when his years at the Academy will be memories.

¶ But in spite of the mill he has had to grind, his disposition has never been anything but true to his native state's sunny clime. If there be anything in the saying that "an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of brilliancy," "Toolong" will be there with bells on.

Honors: Buzzard.





RALEIGH BRYAN MILLER
ROCK ISLAND, TENN.

"Shad"

HIS name is Raleigh, but who ever heard it, except perhaps the people back there in the mountain village of Tennessee? "Shad" is an easy-going, dry-humored Southerner, but with Yankee crow's feet around his eyes.

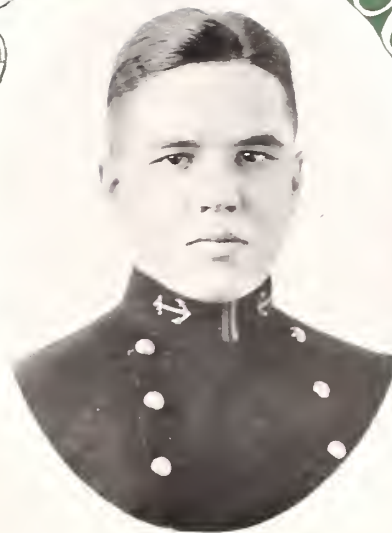
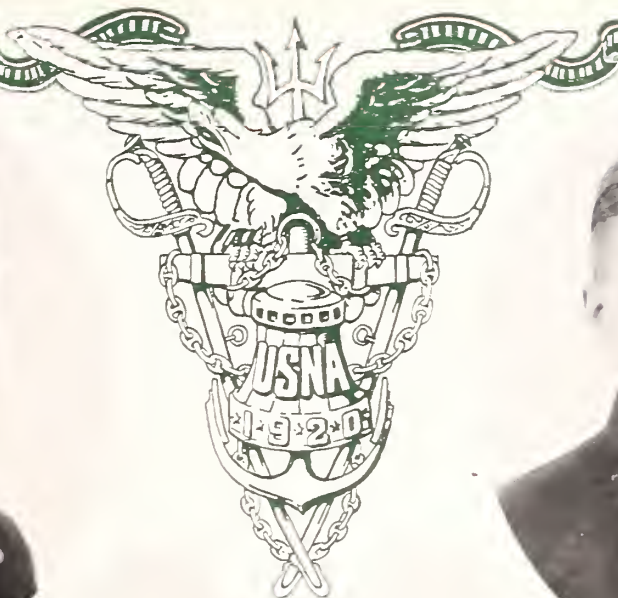
¶ After one wild winter of prepping at Bobby's War College, "Shad" became one of the "boys" and quite a hand with the ladies. Since hitting Bancroft Hall, however, no skirt has ever crossed his bow. We don't know, but it might be his fear of the English Department and the line he would have to heave that has kept him from fussing. Now if she was only Spanish—eh, "Shad?"

¶ "Shad" is our country gentleman, tall, slim, and not given to athletics, Mexican or otherwise. On his Youngster cruise he learned two things, first how to get rid of mumps, and second how to make six liberties in one white service.

¶ Seriously speaking, Miller is one who has more horse sense than three ordinary men and one whose advice is sought and followed. There is nothing small in his entire make-up, from his six-feet-two to his ideals and morals.

¶ "Sir, I don't understand this foreign language."

*Honors: Buzzard;
Rifle Team, 4, 3, 1;
Rifle rNt;
Expert Rifleman;
Manager Rifle Team.*



ROBERT WURTS BOCKIUS
MERIDEN, CONN.

"Bob" "Bockie" "Admiral" "Robert"

THE soldier boy with the drop-forged jaw, that's Bob. En route to the border to aid in the Mexican peace negotiations Bob stopped off at Crabtown. There Uncle Sam's home for pampered pets so appealed to him that he signed articles and since has been very much present.

¶ When it gets down to academic work, Bob plugs steadily along. Very often, too, he stops progress to heave a tow line to his roommate, which is always grasped but alas, seldom understood.

¶ What makes "Bob" stand out from all others like the Greenbury Point light on a grey November night is his ability to fuss. He fusses 'em all, but the regular pink letters embossed in green ink, from up Meriden way, are his specialties.

¶ Inclined to see the serious side of things and not displaying humor at all times, his role has often been that of the goat. So with his acquisition of the title "Admiral" on First Class cruise. Nevertheless, this quality coupled with a truly likable disposition endears him the more to his many friends.

¶ "Let's go to the movies, Bob?"

¶ "Can't. I'm dragging."

Honors: Buzzard.





THOMAS BALDWIN BRITTAIN
RICHMOND, KY.

"Brit" "T. B." "Papa" "The Old Man"

THOMAS BALDWIN BRITTAIN—have you ever heard of the gentleman? Unquestionably you have if you've been in the vicinity of Crabtown the past four years. "Brit" came to the class of '20 from '19 as a result of a protracted sick leave his first Plebe year, but he brought a wealth of experience from the "old Navee." He was prominent as the five-striper at the first Plebe summer formations, and spent his spare time before he departed to take part in the summer cruise in spreading good advice and dropping pearls of wisdom for his less sophisticated classmates to garner.

¶ Being a firm believer in safety first, "Brit" was a stranger to the goddess Fatima within the academic limits, but paid the price Youngster year because an English prof ragged him "smoking a pipe of great length" during a cross country walk one balmy Sunday afternoon.

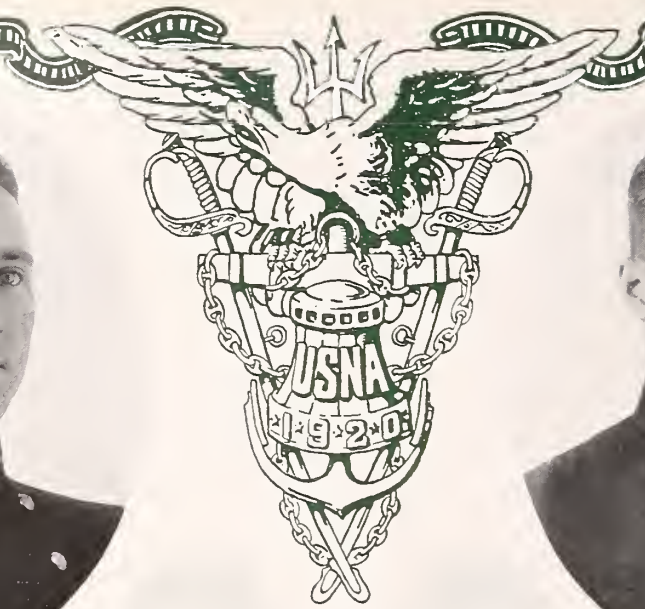
¶ "Brit" has given every evidence of being a Red Mike; but the stack of letters in his strong box bear witness that he is true to the one and only in little old New York.

¶ Both conscientious and efficient, "Brit" has never lost sight of the goal toward which he is striving, and the three stripes on his sleeve testify to duties well done. He has worked consistently to the tune of a 3.0 average. To have him as a friend is to have a man who will stick to you even if by so doing he injures himself. To wish "Brit" success is wasted effort—he deserves it and it will come to him.

¶ "Now listen here, son."

¶ "Fruit for the home team."

Honors: Three Stripes;
Expert Rifleman.



MICHAEL DORAN DEARTH
ST. PAUL, MINN.

"Mike" "Doc" "Irish"

"MIKE" is generally known as a typical specimen of the Emerald Isle, altho he hails from St. Paul. He has ardently wooed "Fatima" for two years but so far has managed to dodge the chaperone during his amorous siestas.

¶ The Academic Departments held no bogies for him after Plebe semi-ans when he had a scrimmage with Math. Since then he has graced a position in the ranks of the 3.0's.

¶ "Mike" is very fond of the ladies, provided they are queens

¶ He is wont at times to emit raucous noises, which he calls singing, and still he objects seriously when "Slim" exercises his beautiful falsetto. His line is refreshing and he often becomes so engrossed that he almost believes it himself.

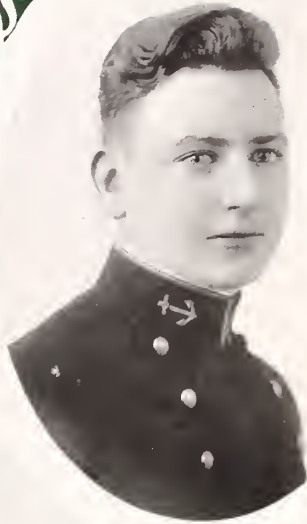
¶ His roommates Plebe year like to tell about the time they had at the Army game and Xmas leave and knowing "Mike" as we do, we will go the limit in believing he had some time. Even Youngster Christmas, when we had no leave, "Mike" had things moving a few on the fourth deck.

¶ "Mike's Irish nature brought him numbers of friends. He is as generous as they make them and would gladly give the shirt off his back (if he happened to be wearing one) to a friend in need.

¶ "Hey, Slim, you don't need a shave, your face needs washing!"

Honors: Buzzard.





MARTIN JOSEPH GILLAN
NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Rosie" "Mike" "Moses-Joe" "Gil Blas"

THREE years ago who would have predicted that the quiet lad that walked into the Wilderness from Jamaica would turn out to be the "Rosie" that we know so well? It's a hard life here and the best of us change in three years!

¶ Since he first joined us, "Moon" has been agin' everything—no matter what it was. As a result, he has been a visitor at the White House—and not as President—with the rest of the Bolsheviks. A little thing like that does n't bother him at all, as all he worries about is what non-reg stunt to pull next.

¶ Boning, like the time of day, is but a fleeting thought to this Irishman, and the very fact that he is still with us speaks well for his line. Once or twice he has been compelled to scrape together enough energy to show the A. A.s that they could n't dispense with his services.

¶ He says that he is going to leave the rest of the 40⁰ in a few years and settle down to a nice quiet life near Broadway, where it's always daylight and there is no reveille or taps to worry about. We have a life-sized hunch, however, that Jamaica is going to be represented in this man's Navy for some time to come.

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Bugle Corps.



LAURENCE ALLEN ABERCROMBIE
LAWRENCE, MASS.

"Abe" "Red" "Rouge"

THIS map of war-stricken Belgium, which, by the way, is a greasy piece of flattery, belongs to our old friend "Abe." He is a member of the Revolutionary Order of the Bolshevik; in fact he has been singly honored by the fitting rank of Idgit.

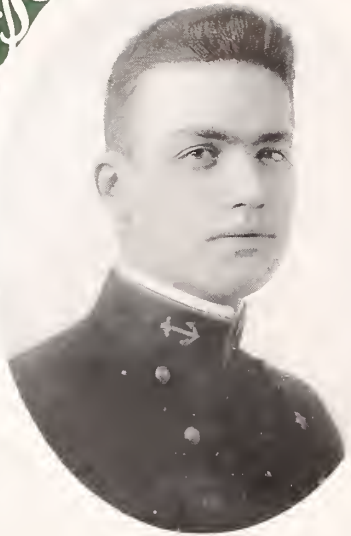
¶ "Abe" never believed in being among the Academic Rabble, and as it was too much work to stand one from the top—. The Juice Department always has a double nelson or a toe hold on him but they have n't thrown him yet. ♦ ♦

¶ "Abe's" long suit is music. He's held up the reputation of the choir ever since he came, and when the Glee Club gives us a treat, he always gets the glad hand.

¶ When "Abe" sits down at the old piano in Smoke Hall and gets the choir accent out of his mighty whiskey tenor, watch the bunch gather around. Let's hope that in future years, we can gather once more, this time around the ward room piano and listen to "Abe" seduce the sharps and flats. ♦ ♦

Honors: Buzzard;
Bugle Corps, 4;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 4, 3, 1.





HARRIS COLES ALLER
GERMANTOWN, PA.

"Ape" "Hirka" "Al"

BRACE up, Mr. Aller." Whereupon Mr. Aller looked bored and never budged. That was Harris as a Plebe. As a Youngster—well, if you should ask him, he would say: "The only time I carried a brace was Plebe year."

¶ Behold this modern Hercules, making all the girls sigh when the shell shoved off. And this brings us to the important part of "Hirka's" life—Femmes. He has a weakness for debutantes, and many a maiden easily captivates this sailor lad's heart. The Navy will have a hard time to content "Ape" because he already has visions of a harem all his own.

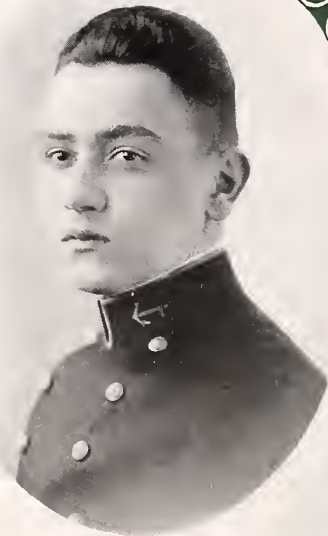
¶ Harris' favorite pastime is telling about his extensive travels through New England and elsewhere. Somewhere he developed an awful appetite and the mess boys have a hard time to supply him. He consumes more oranges in one week than Florida can grow in a month.

¶ "Ape" is a connoisseur of perfumes, toilet waters, and lotions to such an extent that you know when he's around even if you can't see him.

¶ He is fond of reforming Plebes and it is not an exceptional sight to see the Monk expounding the pit falls of a Plebe's life to his innocent listeners.

¶ However, in spite of his faults, Harris will stand by a friend to the last trench, and is as good a pal as you could find anywhere. He has the qualities which go to make up a naval officer.

Honors: Buzzard;
Plebe Crew;
Varsity Crew;
Crew N Cross-oar.



WILLIAM BURGESS BROADHURST
NEW CUMBERLAND, PA.

"Bill" "Broady" "George"

HEY "Merry," do you think that they expect us to know all this stuff?" Exit skinny book and then this: "Gee, would n't you like to see a good show now?" And then his thoughts go rambling off to the happy days in New Cumberland, Pa., which, by the way, "Bill" has a peculiar habit of calling Harrisburg.

¶ It was not until Youngster year that "Bill" burst out in his true light. Plebe year surely enough he did sing in the choir, and he did rave about those New Cumberland queens, and he did receive those pink envelopes, but having no field for action, he bided his time and no one suspected what was coming. Then came Youngster year and "Bill" made his debut as singer, actor, and fusser. When "Bill" sang in the choir many a fair one strained her eyes to find the owner of that voice, and when they saw him they fell for those eyes and when they met him they fell for that smile and that line. As a member of the Glee Club and choir "Bill" was indeed a success and it was not long before he was very much in evidence at all social functions.

¶ But now for a little inside dope on "Bill." If there's anything "Bill" dislikes it's study and he has delivered many a flowery eulogy on the worth and origin of certain text books. Nevertheless he sticks to it and has kept well clear of a 2.5.

¶ "Bill's" ability, pep, and geniality have strewn his path with friends in the class. He will be liked and admired wherever the service sends him.

Honors: One Stripe;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Glee Club, 4, 3, 1;
Leader Glee Club, 1;
Masqueraders.





FREDERICK JOHN CUNNINGHAM
EAST BOSTON, MASS.

"Fred" "Boston"

AT the beginning of Plebe year, when asked where he was from, Fred answered with great pride, "Bawston, sir." The Upper Classmen took an unusual interest in the announcement, and by the end of Plebe year Fred was from "Massachusetts." By hard work on the part of his three Pennsylvania roommates, he has been cured of some of his Bostonian habits, and we now present him in his true light.

¶ Fred is distinctly individual, and would make a good "Penrod" in a Booth Tarkington story. After a youth spent in roving, fishing and rolling marbles, Fred realized his ambition when he became Captain of the High School Cadets. This early acquaintance with the sword probably led to his prowess as a fencer. But when we see him sitting for hours in the window at night, and hear him say, "Gee, I'd like to be home now," we can not help but think that his spirit feels confined and restrained within these narrow walls.

¶ Fred has an overwhelming sense of humor, which culminates daily in some practical joke, or a rough house. Plebe year he ran the Upper Classmen and Youngster year the Profs. But under his jokes runs an undercurrent of serious thought that will see him "over the top" in the service ☛ ☛

Honors: Buzzard;
Log Board, 1;
Intercollegiate Sabres Championship, 1;
Fencing f.Nt.



WALTER FREDERICK CHRISTMAS
EASTON, PA.

"Merry"

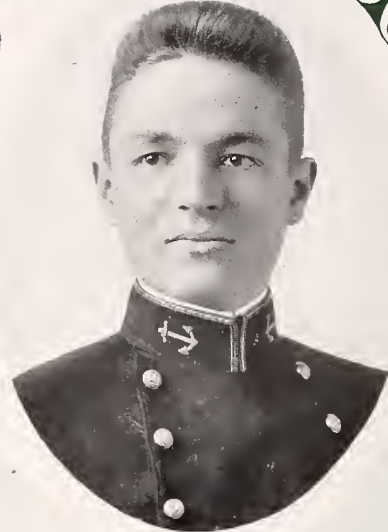
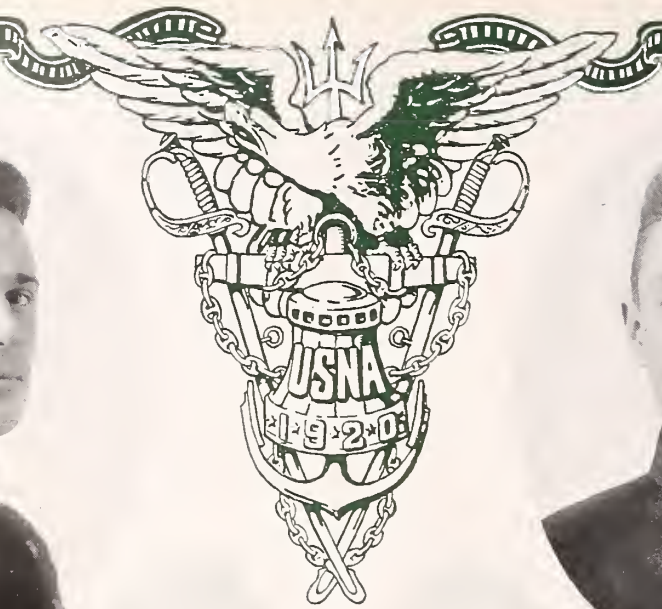
MERRY" was n't exactly satisfied with the first dozen pictures taken for the *Lucky Bag*, but he had to have them all taken over because they showed the effects of being in the hospital for a month with pink eye. But we hope if he continues using Herpicide his hair will grow long enough to cover some of the worst features ☛ ☛

¶ "Peewee" has held a section for wooden men during study hours for the past three years, and as a result many a man owes his 2.5 to "Merry's" "that's fruit, it goes this way." Whereupon he patiently explains the situation. His classmates often crave for the sensation of never having to bone or hitting a tree, but these are few of the things that he can't give to any one else.

¶ With his star and his practical ability, we all thought that "Merry" rated more than a first P. O.'s bird; but he has never displayed his disappointment, and the manner in which he tackles the things, little or big, that come his way, promises much for his success.

Honors: Buzzard;
Star, 4, 8;
Treasurer Midshipmen's Athletic Association;
Lucky Bag Staff.





MARION EDWARD CRIST

SPARROW'S POINT, MD.

"Cristy"

WHO can ever imagine that Sparrow's Point should be so well represented? The proximity of the Academy hypnotized Marion and he decided to take a chance. His dreams of becoming a naval officer were almost shattered on his first Semi-anns. The English Department and Marion never could agree and after bilging a few exams his thoughts once more turned to the town of bolts, rails, ship yards and fair damsels. He pulled sat the second term against all the dope and laid by a little velvet besides.

¶ Since then Marion has proved his real ability. He is well known as a math and steam savoir. It is not unusual for him to come back after an exam in Isherwood Hall and say, "Gee, I made an awful bust on that exam; only made a 3.98."

¶ "Cristie" also has musical and athletic abilities. He can whistle like a canary bird and was always glad to entertain his roommates who were wont to reciprocate with a shower of books.

¶ In his Youngster year he almost made the laerosse table.

¶ "Cristie" has been ever unselfish with his knowledge of math and steam. If his helping hand tendencies adhere, he's bound to make friends wherever he goes.

Honors: Buzzard.

DAVID JAFFE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Jaf" "Joffre" "Dahvid"

A GOOD wife, "Dave" could navigate any one on the straight path. He hails from Philadelphia, the place of brotherly love.

¶ This small package—preeious goods come in small packages—is a consistent plugger who works for and earns everything he gets. One would not consider him savvy—nor yet wooden by any means—for he possesses a great deal of that stuff commonly called "horse sense."

¶ His greatest pride is that he is the reddest among Red Mikes. He positively refuses to drag—even for his wife on an extremely special occasion. This so-called David is a giant by no means, but when it comes to handling those mitts, watch out unless you are an expert. He was in the boxing tournament and almost came out on top, but was defeated in the semi-finals after an extra round.

¶ Although "Dave" is quiet and keeps to himself a good deal, any one who knows him will tell you that he is a well worth while man for a friend, and one to be proud to have as a shipmate.

Honors: Buzzard.





NORMAN BARTON HOPKINS
DENVER, COLO.

"Ecstasy" "Sis" "Hop" "Toad"

WOT ho! Hoo said Irish? You busted cold! Popular ideas to the contrary—he admits one Irish characteristic—wit. He could n't dodge it.

¶ Impressionistically describing him,—well, here goes! Imagine a lean bundle of wire-sinewed, nerve-foree-inspired musculature, surmounted by a copper-wire bristle flanked by two Type-X windsails with two Louis XV *cheveux-de-frise* protecting each sky-blue optic,—one *retrouse*, piquant and entirely infinitesimal Celtic nose, a broad grinful mouth,—under it a rhino-serious-cuticle decorated chin that would pull him sat in a scratching contest with the bearded lady,—well, that's him! And modest,—naw,—you're dead wrong,—he ain't bow-legged! And besides it is n't proper to mention such things in public.

¶ Fame claimed him early Plebe year. He amused the elder members of the Regiment who were lucky to own him by a constant supply of jokes, anecdotes, and antics,—of the latter,—well, he was a scream in a pie race, competed successfully with well-known feminine film-drama artists, and, when it came to pulling the Trained Seal of the Saskatchewan, he were there, severally.

¶ Seriously, "Sis" is a hard worker. Too light for football, between weights in wrestling, he has been under a heavy handicap in his battle for an X, but he has fought on unselfishly, that his labors on the mat might at least help some one else to the top.

¶ "Ecstasy" is not a wearer of the Academic "star" but if hard work and a helping hand qualify one for a real Naval Officer, the Service will be enriched by his graduation.

Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling Squad.



DANIEL COYLE WILKERSON
TOPEKA, KAN.

"Dan'l" "Gooph" "Eagle Beak" "Diagram Dan"

ANOISE! The sound of voices engaged in heated debate! The chances are that "Dan" is mixed up in the argument, for although a Kansan by birth he is from Missouri by inclination and is consequently ever ready to blow the other fellow down and himself up, which he is well able to do as far as volume of sound produced per unit of time is concerned, for he has a most fluent line.

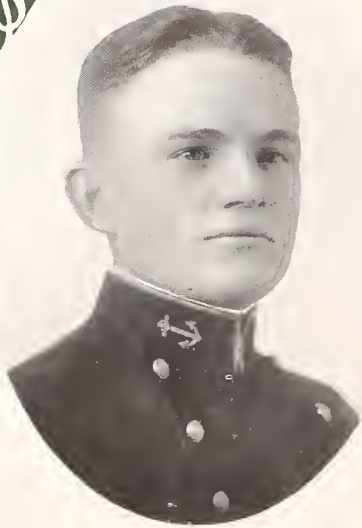
¶ Dan'l is really versatile and has gotten into a great many of the activities about the Academy, not without a hard fight, however. It has meant consistent plugging and a lot of it, but he has never been afraid of work.

¶ Knowing what he wants, he gets down to the business in hand and his characteristic aggressiveness usually carries him through. He is a believer of the doctrine that it is not what others think of us but what we do and are, that counts. The *Log*, the Masqueraders, the Choir, the Glee Club, and even athletics have felt Dan's executive ability and talent.

¶ Every Saturday found "Dan" at the hop, often with a young squadron in tow, for he does like the women and likes to exhibit for their benefit his dramatic talent.

Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 4, 3, 1;
Log, 4, 3, 1;
Editor Log;
Masqueraders, 4, 3;
Hustlers, 4;
Glee Club, 4, 3, 1.





EARL RUF DELONG
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"De" "Doppo"

Oh, is n't he the best looking thing?" But of course he knows it quite well because he's been told so often. He is a devil with the ladies; the way he does the hula on the ballroom floor brings out his snake-like qualities ☪ ☪

☪ He lives only during the week-ends, for he sleeps at all other times—profoundly in study periods.

☪ Call to rooms is his taps; release, his reveille.

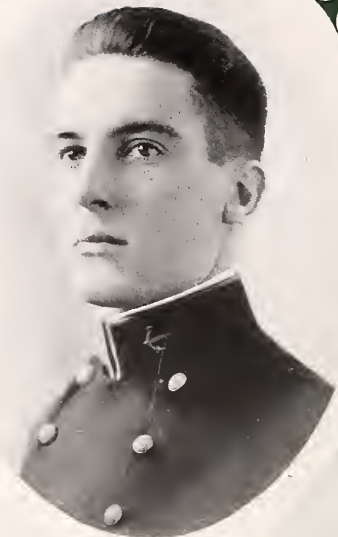
☪ Don't let the above picture fool you, he parts his hair only on Saturdays, the contrast with the rest of the week being truly remarkable. At such times he likes himself immensely ☪ ☪

☪ He does get rhino when there is not the slightest cause; at other times you just can't get his animal. His disposition might be studied but never fathomed.

☪ He was coaxed, urged, threatened, even bribed to study more. The last one worked; he raised his average from a 3.0 to a 3.1, and his fortune was made. He would have done much better if he had n't harrassed the Dago and English profs with perpetual and stubborn arguments.

☪ "De" is, however, a chap who has strong principles, and who has the iron will to carry them through at whatever the cost. He is a fighter. We do not have to go back to the record of his high school days; a glance at the determination written on his face is convincing enough.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.



HORATIO GATES SICKEL, 4TH.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Sic"

He loves the ladies, and they—oh boy! If stripes and stars appeal at all to the fairer sex he certainly must be almost irresistible. He has a convincing manner which causes even a prof to doubt himself at times, and when he gets serious you may expect to hear a fluent line. It is due to this line that he now wears those trophies from the Academic Department. But in spite of this, Gates is not entirely above such material things as food, and the quickest and most efficient way to make him grin with pleasure is to place some eatables before him ☪ ☪

☪ Sickel qualifies in other ways than this, however. He is always ready to help one with no questions asked. And he is a staunch friend to those who have learned to understand him and his ways. He is determined to do his best for the service and he will surely make a success in the fleet. Confident of this, we wish him the best of luck in his future career ☪ ☪

☪ "Do they call you 'daddy?'"

☪ "I wish I were a nut in a shady lane on Squirrel Hill."

Honors: Two Stripes;
Plebe Crew;
Star, 3.





ERNEST WHEELER LITCH
DORCHESTER, MASS.

"Ernest" "Schlitz"

SCHLITZ," the Bay State prodigy! One of these savvy birds that always spend most of their time hunting tendencies and fussing.

¶ Ernest breezed into Crabtown along about the beginning of Plebe summer, allied himself with the "anarchists" right off the bat and stuck to them for three long years.

¶ Although a permanent member of the "Ketcher's Klub," he only had one mishap in two years. About the middle of Youngster year his tendency back-fired and E. W. fattened his amount available on the ship for a couple of weeks.

¶ Those of us who really know him will tell you that there is n't a whiter or squarer man in the class, and after you've spent two years in chasing that elusive tendency with a man and putting him under the table for standing one in Dago every other month you get to know him pretty well.

¶ While "Schlitz" always stood up among the boys in everything, it was in Dago that he scintillated the brightest. When he got up to heave his wicked French the profs would put down a "quatre" and lean back to listen to his line :- :-

¶ A friend that you can depend on in a pinch comes in mighty handy and those that were in the "Roughneck Fourteenth" know that "Schlitz" fills the bill.

¶ "Is that a fact?"

¶ "Snap out of it, sonny."

¶ "I swear, I'm tired of this joint."

Honors: Buzzard.



REINHARD CLARENCE MOUREAU
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Red" "Sonny" "Rouge"

OUR first glance at "Red," when he descended upon us with the influx of war-babies along toward the end of Plebe summer, was not very satisfying. All that was visible of him was a merry smile, above which twinkled two blue eyes, and above that a thatch of red hair, almost but not quite concealed by a much-too-large white hat :- :-

¶ When Ae year started, however, "Red" came into his own. He was savvy, and while his looks prevented others from believing it, he knew it, and made the most of it. Two years a few odd demerits was all that kept the savoir's spots from his collar.

¶ He has the unique distinction of being the one and only red-haired nuti-fusser in the Regiment :- His idea of a glorious hop night was to rig a tendency with Goldbug and after worshipping the masked idol repair to "Ree" hall to see the movies :- Not until a month from First Class year did his tendency backfire, but that happening was enough to force his compliance with article 507, U. S. N. A. R.

¶ "Red's" athletic aspirations have been the mastery of the Marquis of Queensbury rules, and he's no slouch with his mitts. He and Schlitz have it touch and go in the gym occasionally, then go back to their academic boudoir and live happily until next gym class.

¶ Friendships come to "Red" like money to a born gambler, except that he never gambles with friendship. His smile and his savviness promise a successful career.

¶ "You better run along, sonny, 'fore it gets too warm around here."

Honors: Buzzard.





ROCKWELL JUSTUS TOWNSEND

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

"Bull" "Rock"

ONE would think that our "Rocky" hailed from the city of bright lights by letting his gaze rest upon the inside of our hero's locker door (champagne tops, etc.), but no—he only comes from "up state." In fact, his once-time home was "Syr-rac-cuss," but we think he has lost interest in that region because he went elsewhere to spend Youngster leave.

¶ We all remember "Rocky" with his powerful and manly voice as he read out the "pap sheet" and extra duty squad during Plebe summer. Where he got his other cognomen, "Bull," we are not sure, but we have our suspicions.

¶ "Bull's" one idea of a good time is to cork. Study hours would be wasted if he did not have his little bed in the nearby vicinity. He especially enjoys the second hour of the third period.

¶ Both a wicked dancer and performer on the mandolin, "Rocky" has been more than popular with les femmes, including Lady Fatima, in spite of sea duty incurred in her behalf Plebe year.

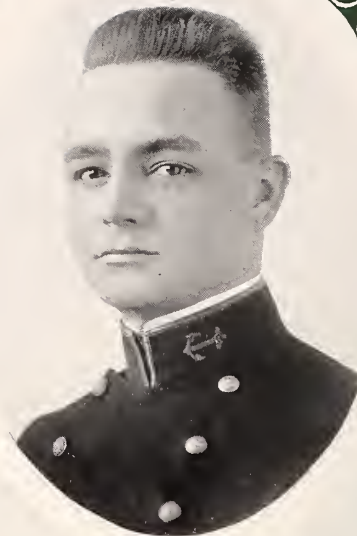
¶ Since his sojourn at the home of Uncle Sam's pampered pets, he has had the "Count" for a wife and it is said that there is usually a rough house going on in their "adobe." The "pap sheet" frequently mentioned a disturbance during study hours.

¶ "Bull" is no 40-foot light in his Academic work although he has his savvy subjects, Dago and Steam being the chosen ones.

¶ The man can consider himself in luck if he finds himself shipmates with "Bull," for he is a staunch friend and hard worker.

¶ "Wake me up in time for formation."

Honors: Buzzard,
Mandolin Club, 4, 3, 1.



RICHARD COLLUM WIESTLING

WHEELING, W. VA.

"Dick" "Count" "Crown Prince"

GEE, but I worked on that exam; my high mark is a complimentary 1.0."

¶ That was "Count's" usual post mortem to a math exam, but when the official dope came out, he always pulled his 2.5 without a struggle.

¶ Theories are "Von's" hobby; of course, they are sometimes a little faulty in reasoning but not always. His new math theory was for a long time unappreciated, but he had the prof stumped the day he demonstrated how to divide by ten by using long division.

¶ "Count" has ever been an authority on indoor sports. Mexican athletics, reading the Wheeling Bugle, and boning Dago are his usual occupations during his leisure study hours. "Dick" is also an expert on tendencies and can make the wily winds behave to a nicety.

¶ In spite of the fact that he is a frequent visitor to the "White House," he still persists and his perseverance with Lady Fatima has already won him a permanent billet on the *Reina*.

¶ With the fair sex, "Von" is four bells and a jingle, and although he does not drag to all the hops is often seen trying out Prof Bell's theories.

¶ Youngster cruise, "Dick" was a shining light on the *North Dakota* and showed his aptness for sea duty.

¶ "Count" is a born optimist and always good natured. He takes a smoking pap as a matter of course, and then just think of how much money you save on the ship.

¶ How would the back corridor get along without his smiling face and his straight dope?

Honors: Buzzard;
Choir, 3.





WOLCOTT ROBERTS
PEORIA, ILL.

"Wook" "Robbie"

A TRUE son of the whiskey town, "Wook" came to us because we wanted him to play football and because he did not know what the Navy meant. He has more than fulfilled our expectations and sadly realized his own. Studies he has neither loved nor feared and those of us who have seen him punish Bowditch can easily appreciate the fact. He seems a confirmed Red Mike, but it has been circulated on good authority he is quite intimate with the much heralded Al.

¶ When "Robbie" left Colgate to enter upon his seagoing career that venerable institution lost a real man. "Wook" has given us some regular exhibitions on the gridiron and armory court which have completely proven that the choice of Roberts, Navy, All-American half back, was not far wrong.

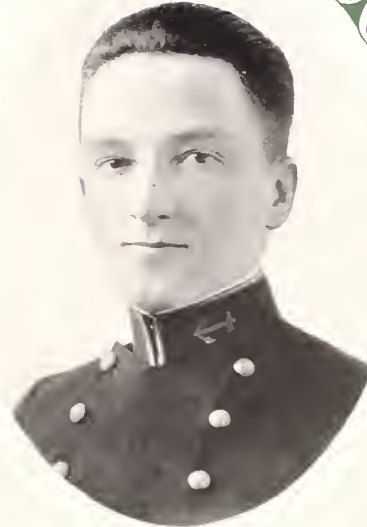
¶ "Wook's" courtship of Lady Nicotine has been notoriously sensational and of all their numerous joy rides only one has proven disastrous. With a skag, the Harmony Howlers, a true Robertian Grim, and an absolute disregard for regs. he becomes the living image of contentment :- :-

¶ A strong advocate of local camouflage as evidenced by his public passion for the remnants of his two adored reg shirts. As a Plebe "Wook" made a wonderful First Classman, as a Youngster a wonderful Admiral and only lack of further elevation of rank prevents us from depicting the likeness of his First Class year. Murder might weakly express it :- :-

¶ "Any statements before the game? We'll win easily."

¶ "Pick up the step, Roberts."

Honors: Buzzard;
Football N. 4, 3, 1;
Basketball Squad, 4, 3, 1.



HARRY EDWARD PADLEY
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

"Joe-Pit" "Padsmith"

NOTHING ventured, nothing gained," is the proverb that reminds us of Padley more than anything else. He took a chance when he came to try his luck here and he has been taking them ever since.

¶ Not that our friend is an anarchist of any sort, but he's—well, he's been unfortunate. Just a victim of circumstances and—ask him for the rest of it some time.

¶ Never afflicted with an overwhelming desire to bone, this Providence—yes, he's from R. I.—product has managed to fool the depts. out of the bone of contention and stick with the gang.

¶ For three years he has been one of the charter members of the Oleanders Baseball club, and to hear him in action on the field reminds one of Johnny Evers.

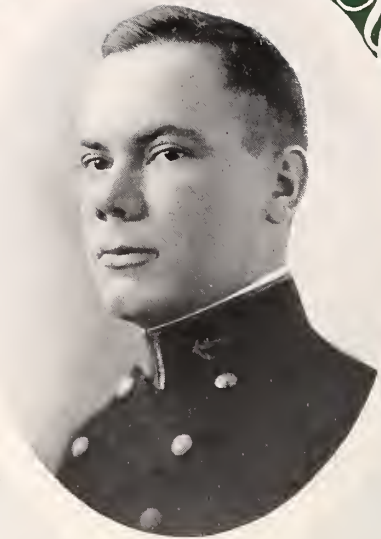
¶ All of "Padsmith's" activities, however, have not been confined to bouts with the Discipline Dept. and to Oleander athletics. His innocent face and wonderful lingo—French, English and Slang—have made him what he is today :- :-

¶ You have certainly had enough reason to be down on the Navy, "Squirt," and the very fact that you've stopped it all with that unruffled air of yours, that makes light of hitting a bush or pap sheet, makes us feel sure that you're to be with the boys for a long time.

¶ Here's luck till we meet later on!

Honors: Clean Sleeve.





ELWOOD MORSE TILLSON
MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

"Tilly"

HE bones not, neither does he bilge, for "Tilly" is a natural savoir. Finishing H. S., he headed for M. I. T. but after six weeks there he decided that the U. S. N. A. was the place for little Elwood. However, those six weeks were enough for him to acquire the studious brace of the M. I. T. man—you know, more or less like Rodin's statue of the thinker—and he's kept it since despite a lack of appreciation on the part of at least one D. O.

¶ A charter member of the Class Tendency Club, he enjoyed all its privileges except during a short cruise. Chance was a bosom friend during Youngster year, but First Class year she deserted him and "Tilly" took a long cruise as a result of a little surprise party staged by the D. O. "Tilly" has always been a member in good standing of the Radiator Club and spends much time boning the Cosmo and the Post.

¶ Plebe year girls were the least of "Tilly's" worries and he had mighty few worries at that; but Youngster year he turned out to like those moonlight scenes as well as the worst of us. Ordinarily serene as you please, he begins to get nervous whenever Tuesday noon does n't bring him a certain letter, for these weekly letters are great things according to "Tilly."

¶ Wearing a little bit of Heaven on his collar as a result of Plebe year did n't affect Elwood in the least. Ever since the day he entered he has been the same sober-minded, commonsense man who will be welcome always and anywhere.

¶ "Not me, boy—I'm reg now."

Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Expert Rifleman;
Star, 4.

DARROUGH SUMNER GURNEY
MARION, MASS.

"Stud"

HE came to us straight from the old school ship *Ranger* in Boston harbor, full of practical knowledge and sound commonsense. In spite of his quiet and unassuming manner, it was not long before we found in him a true and likeable friend.

¶ Who would have thought of him during Plebe year as possessing all the qualities that make him a dyed-in-the-wool-fusser? Youngster year, if he dragged not from Baltimore, he dragged from Washington, and we learned soon that a friend of his was a friend worth knowing and keeping. We were glad to drag for him! Fact!

¶ Math sometimes had him guessing but never for long. His ability to plug and keep after it always brought him out ahead.

¶ "Stud" takes life seriously, but never loses his fine sense of humor. His cheering chuckle has broken up many a rhino fest and fit of blues. The tact, persistency, and cheerfulness which are characteristic of him will make him a true blue officer in the years to come.

Honors: One Stripe.





DEWITT CLINTON REDGRAVE, JR.

BALTIMORE, MD.

"Red" "699"

BEVERLY ARMISTEAD HARTT

PORTSMOUTH, VA.

"Bev"

SPEAKING of ambition, here we have a man whose life-long desire has been to catch the Naval Academy radio station over his little set which consists of a few wires strung across the room and connected to the bed springs. One night he would have heard them had it not been for the damp atmosphere. Plebe year "Red" decided that he could play a violin, so he went out for the Mandolin Club, of which he has been a charter member ever since.

¶ Our first year the All Academics had "Red's" goat, but when Youngster year rolled around he decided to snap out of it. He became so good in astronomy that First Class year he was awarded a star for his work.

¶ Of the cruise dope on this man we have it straight from his shipmates that on First Class cruise he and Sickie painted New York red. If you don't believe in crossing the street to avoid a crowd, or that those sandwiches were good, ask either of these men.

¶ "Red's" room was the galley of the hungry Seventh company. When that after-taps mob made their call he would heave out his little stove and a can of beans and you never fed better in the mess hall on any Sunday night. "Red" is not a man who is well known to us all, in short he is very quiet, except at the hops, where he can be found every Saturday night.

¶ He is the most absent-minded man that ever went through the Academy, but not to such an extent that he will forget any of his friends.

WHEN "Bev" journeyed down to the Severn, unlike most of the rest of us, he knew from the experiences of another member of the family what to expect, and consequently there was, on his part, little of the feeling that one has when penetrating a "great unknown."

¶ Plebe year found him bunked in the immediate vicinity of the O. O. D. and spending most of his time sharpening pencils for those in the office. As a result he had a little trouble with the English Department, but picked up in fine style towards the end of the year, and finished with a comfortable margin.

¶ Youngster year was fruit for him, and after the passing of English he developed into a veritable savour, even aspiring at one time to win the sextant.

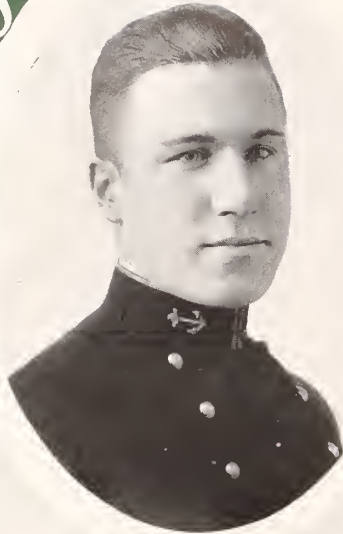
¶ As a fusser he is right at home, but is rarely seen dragging. Saturday night usually finds him over in the Gym somewhere among the stags.

¶ "Bev" is a good scout all the time, never fails to be ready for a good old rough house or argument as the case may be, and who knows a fellow more ready to help a comrade less fortunate than himself?

Honors: Buzzard.

Honors: Buzzard;
Mandolin Club;
Star, 3.





ROGER HEWITT CLARK
NORWICH, N. Y.

"Rog"

WITH the stature and the physiognomy of a battle-scarred veteran such as Jim Jeffries or Bob Fitzsimmons, Clark came to our little school from the great white way of Norwich, where he could often be seen in the van of a conquering crowd of athletes. Well known in the Norwich Hall of Fame, "Rog" upheld the name he had made for himself even after he entered this place of finished athletics. His two years on the A Squad, to say nothing of his achievements in the fast circle of billiards and P. P. P. is a record to make Jim Thorpe stare.

¶ First Class year the call of the city finally pushed into oblivion his pugnacious aspirations and produced the high-flyer we so dearly term our "Roddie."

¶ He is as well known to the lobbies of the Raleigh and Kernan's as Joe Cannon to the Halls of Congress. "Ca-a-al for Mister Stone."

¶ "Frowsy" is n't savvy—he does n't wish to be—neither is he wooden for he has often found time to watch the little spots roll across the bed on York's golf course, and altho he says that he is always bilging, he never fails to register the necessary 2.5.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Football Squad, 4, 3;
Football Numerals.*



WALTER ALOYSIUS WACHTLER
OTTUMWA, IOWA

"Dutch"

QUE BALL" is charter member of the going-going-gone club. He has done everything from using the most fragrant toilet preparations in his efforts to entice the elusive grass to appear upon his ivory dome to using the most obnoxious mange cure ever made to cure the ailments of man or beast.

¶ Tho there's nothing on it, there's lots in it and it's wrong in appearance only—for many a 4.0 has followed his name in the little red books but never has one followed him to a bench on the Lane—not a 4.0 or a swabo or any of the range between for he was a Red Mike from the day he came in and remained so to the last.

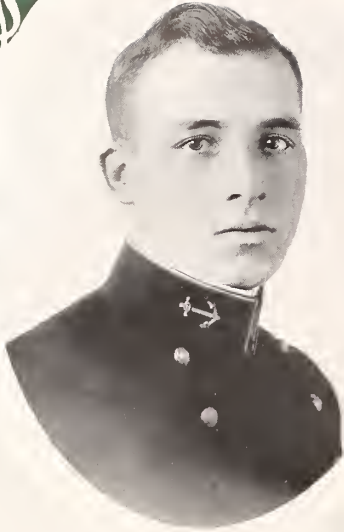
¶ He's efficient in real things but never seems to get along with the Executive Department.

¶ His favorite hobby is taking sun baths in the shade, and most of his other pastimes are about as eccentric.

Honors: Clean Sleeve.







AUGUSTUS JOSEPH WELLINGS

BOSTON, MASS.

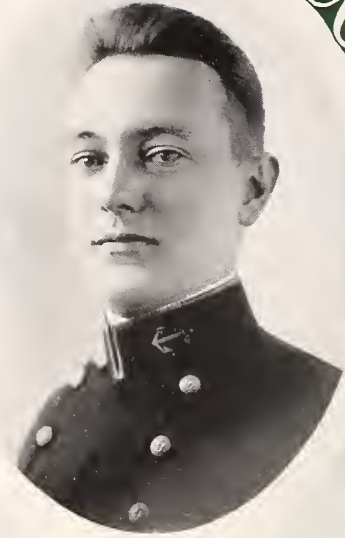
"Gus"

YOU'LL never hear "Gus" proclaiming from the housetops about what a wazzo this man Wellings is, but in the Navy, where results count, he stands out head and shoulders above the majority. There is absolutely no carbon clogging his head-piece. Youngster cruise he showed that he could do things in a practical way—just ask any of the boys on the *North D.* about the ice-machine break-down.

¶ However, "Gus" does n't confine himself to this line for he takes an active interest in athletics with crew and football as specialties. After stroking Beantown's inter-scholastic crew for three years he was able to show some real knowledge of the sport with some 58 inches of energy and he's given Navy his best, devoting himself unselfishly to her success on the Severn each spring. It takes ability coupled with a lot of determination to make "Dobie's" "A" squad without any previous experience on the grid-iron, but "Gus" delivered the goods as he is in the habit of doing.

¶ His willingness and desire to do things for others are marked characteristics and he is always agreeable and pleasant when asked to do a favor. Conscientious and absolutely reliable, he will make a real officer, for "Gus" is a man with an unusual amount of good commonsense and high ideals.

*Honors: One Stripe;
Football Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Log Staff.*



JOHN FRANCIS GILLON

TAUNTON, MASS.

"Jack"

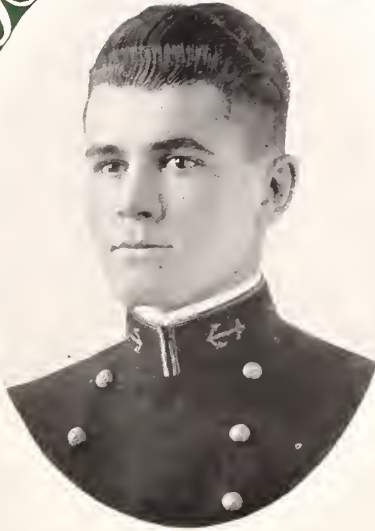
HERE'S the negatively rhino bird from Massachusetts, always cheerful, ready with a smile and a helping word for the rest of the gang (we poor unfortunates always seeing reflections of the U-boat in our mirrors, or else our names on the Ac Department's weekly effort) for he is both savvy and blessed with regness. He does have a habit of not being findable toward the end of a meal, but that only worries his three-striper; and on the cruise his habit of showing up at 12:30 a. m. is annoying, but he always is able to explain it away so that it does n't make any difference anyway.

¶ He is a follower (and often one of the followed) of the great American game, and spring always finds him out on the diamond at second base.

¶ You can be sure that the squad will never get rhino, and that a division always will come through with him in it. So here's hoping we get in that division if we have n't made that squad.

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





GEORGE ALBERT SEITZ
IRONDEQUOIT, N. Y.

"George"

WHEN George stuck his "John Henry" in the Naval Academy register way back in 1916, the stock quotation of "Ye Future Admirals" took a decided brace. And when George displayed that good-natured and ever-pleasing laugh, and those merry eyes sparkled, 1920 was more than certain that he was one of her staunchest supporters.

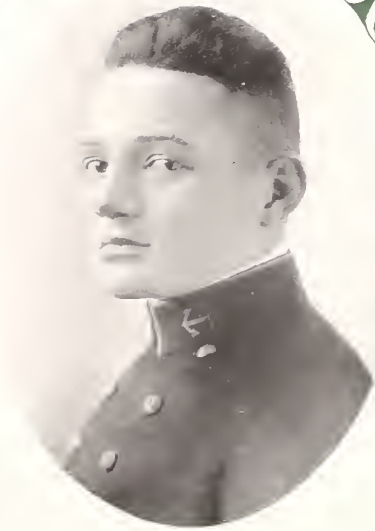
¶ Studies were the least of his worries. He cared for nothing more than a good magazine, and a soft spot to lay on while he devoured its contents. And can you imagine such a state of things going on during study hours with our most honored and efficient—ahem!—Duty Officers on the job? Yet such was the ease. However, he held his own in the classroom and made more than one stellar performer look dumfounded when the class chalked up the work of the period at the order "Seats."

¶ His fine physique was put to use in athletics. Plebe year he made the football squad, and nibbled toast at the training table. When spring blew around, George went at the rowing game and showed prospects of making 'em hustle for their places. Thereafter, he was always to be found in the thickest of it when the football or crew seasons were in progress.

¶ When a double is needed to put across big propositions, George can be counted on for a triple—for he has the habit of making good.

¶ "Oh, Mister Seitz, you've got such wicked eyes!—O-o-o-o-o!!!—Quick, James, the vichy water!"

Honors: Company C, P. O.;
Crew Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Football Numerals, 4, 3, 1.



RICHARD RENWICK HARTUNG
NEWPORT, R. I.

"Dick" "Culey"

BEING a "Navy Junior," little "Dick's" ambitions have naturally been linked up with the sea. Even at home in Yonkers, New York, he took pleasure in admiring the recruiting bulletin board, for there were the men and ships he would have under his command when he became an officer.

¶ The environment of the big city has left indelible marks in his makeup. He always wants to be doing something, the bigger and harder it is, the better he likes it. In his contest with the academic department during Plebe year he came near having his name placed among those who wear the constellation.

¶ He is a fluent talker and never tires of relating his many experiences. Any subject suits him, and his knowledge does not fail his desires when he wishes to drive home his points.

¶ As a fusser he is hard to beat. His rosy cheeks furnished a topic for conversation for many "feumes." They all want to meet the "Bean Brummel." We don't wonder why you do, girls, for such catches are very rare in these war times.

¶ The way "Dick" adapts himself to a new situation is remarkable, and when he gets in the fleet this talent will make him admired on any ship.

Honors: Buzzard;
Tennis Squad.





RAYMOND LAWRENCE HIGGINS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

"Higgie" "Handsome"

NORMAN RIDGEWAY HITCHCOCK

CHICAGO, ILL.

"Slim" "The Ole Man of the Sea"

HANDSOME HIG"—the only man in the Naval Academy whose line rings a cold #0 on the Beaufort scale; a line that will drive you to despair, drink, sell you soap, or inveigle you (this to our fair readers only) into matrimony.

¶ From the night he cut loose a bomb in the back corridor and beat it for sick bay when the D. O. arrived it has been nip and tuck between Ray and the custodians of the peace and quietude of Bancroft. Youngster year the bucket caught him full and bye at the quarter pole, but in spite of all handicaps he has kept a lap ahead and finished well in the lead.

¶ As a politician he has moved many to tears, but he has moved seemingly indestructible obstacles from his path also, and be it said in his favor the changes he has worked to bring about have been in the main for the good of all concerned.

¶ With the business management of the *Log* First Class year he settled down to a steady campaign that brought in the shekels for the publication and made possible the printing of the "house organ" in an expanded and bettered form.

¶ But with all his academic triumphs, it is on leave that "Hig" rules supreme. When the rah-rah boys get together in the old frat house to everything in general and nothing in particular, he is in his element. And the ladies—he is a connoisseur of the form divine—to judge from the back of his locker door. But the attraction is mutual, and it seems that the time is close when it will prove irresistible.

¶ "As I was saying, gentlemen—"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Manager Log;
Assistant Manager Lucky Bag;
Honor Committee, 3;
Expert Rifleman.*

SLIM" almost came to the Seminary with '19, but the sawbones at sick bay said he would n't fit a submarine, and as a result the Class of '20 owes the doctor a vote of thanks for so doing.

¶ The policy of "tightness and equity" which he injected into the *Log* Plebe and Youngster years, and the *Lucky Bag* First Class year contributed largely to making them the successes that they are.

¶ Though he has never been connected with the ophidian family, nathless we have it on unimpeachable authority that he fell for the wiles of the three B's in the Windy City on Sep leave and has never been the same since.

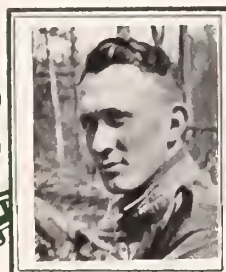
¶ "Slim" was n't built to be an athlete so his prowess along this line has been confined to the gym, where his strenuous contortions have been shining examples to the Plebes.

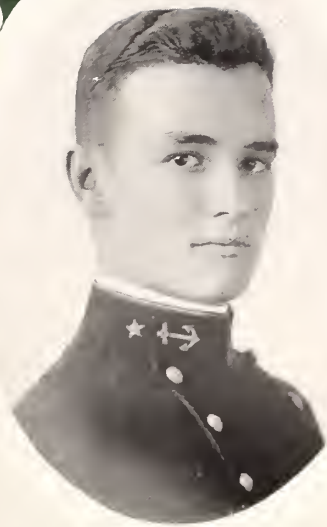
¶ "Hitch" likes a well-placed table at Carvel, where he can both absorb sustenance and at the same time feast his eyes on those delectable bits of femininity who journey to Annapolis of a Saturday, that our barren lives may be made more happy.

¶ As the Old Man says, "We can't all be savvy," but if he had boned an hour a day he would be wearing a planet around, but there are other things in this life besides books, as he rightly figures.

¶ All of which goes to prove that he is a regular man's man and as such is to be counted on as a firm friend, as a good efficient man to handle a job where results and not excuses are wanted.

*Honors: Buzzard;
Manager of Lucky Bag
Assistant Manager of Log
Submarine Club.*





HENRY STEINER DUNBAR, JR.
AUGUSTA, GA.

"Skeet" "Dunny" "Henri"

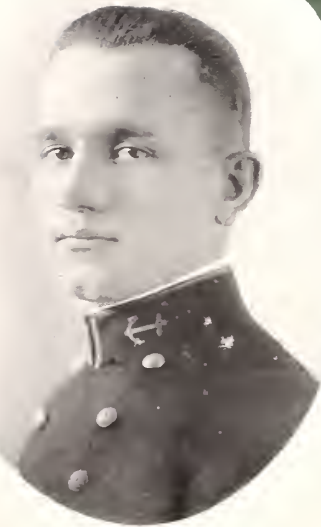
HANDSOME 'Arry hails from Georgia, "Gawgia, sulh?" as he'll have you understand, and wonder of wonders, the handsome dark Southerner is a savoir, a real dyed in the bone savoir, with all the attendant floral decorations, intellectual brow, well modulated, drawl, 'n everything.

¶ Plebe year showed some funny developments in Dunbar's apartment. He and Ben Falknor and Bill Francis—three hard boys. The first two starred, the last bilged, and no one has ever yet learned the whys and wherefores thereof.

¶ Youngster year Henry repeated, and then everyone conceded that the dope was wrong, and that everybody who came from the South Atlantic coast was n't wooden after all. Be it the deepest theoretical calc prob or some simple little practical detail of eruse life Henry is all there, as his pair of stripes at present indicate.

¶ Like all his compatriots he is quick to anger, equally quick to forgive, and always a good friend to the men he knows and who know him. With his brains and his comradeship he'll be a valued officer and boon companion in the life beyond the walls.

*Honors: Two Stripes;
Star, 4, 3, 1;
Log Board.*



FRANK CARL LEWIS DETTMANN
CLEVELAND, O.

"Kraut" "Hungry" "Red Eye" "Doggie"

WHEN you see a short man rolling down the corridor with a lot of light showing between his knees you know it's "Kraut." "Det" hails from Cleveland, Ohio, and there is no use trying to tell him Cleveland is n't the best town in Rand and McNally's, either. Speaking of an argument, this man would rather argue than drink a bottle of red-eye, of which, by the way, he is a great lover.

¶ The Dutchman tried for the class of '17, but the Bilging Board decided he did n't know enough, so we were lucky enough to get him. During the long strife with the Academic Department he has been worried only by one subject: "Don't they speak English where you come from, Mister?"

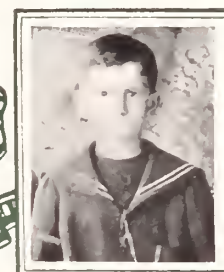
¶ "Hungry's" craving for Miss Fatima has given him the reward of the black "N*" and a six-weeks' cruise on the Reina :~:~:

¶ First Class year he became a real fusser and no truer evidence is against him than his locker—it contains everything from Bay Rum to Cutex. Ask him about the girl in Columbus if you wish to stop a book with your head.

¶ "Hungry's" abilities as an athlete have been limited to trying to bite Murphy's ear and the attempt usually costs one of them a new set of crockery.

¶ If you want a man with good commonsense and a level head, "Det" is your man. Here's luck to you, boy :~:~:

*Honors: Clean Sleeve;
Expert Rifleman.*





ROWLAND DOUGLAS HILL
NORWICH, CONN.

"Rummy"

AFTER racking your brains for verbal camouflage with which to disguise some bone-headed roommate as an example of all that is best in young American manhood, it is really a relief to turn to a refreshing subject like "Rummy."

¶ We say refreshing, for everything connected with "Rummy" is refreshing, from his snappy eyes and dimples to his ever varying line. He is one of the few who never begin a conversation with the eternal, "Well, what's the dope today?" and during its course he never dilates on marks, rotten chow, or other standard topics. *Refreshing* is the word!

¶ Rowland is no athlete. He may have dormant possibilities along that line but will probably never give evidence of them. Physical exercise is abhorrent to him. Fats, the Cosmo, and the radiator—he considers it the height of stupidity for a man to take voluntary workouts in addition to those thrust upon him by the daily routine.

¶ "Rummy" wandered about the world a bit as a member of the Merchant Marine before he came to the Navy. We don't know for just how long, but to judge from the length of time that he can talk on his various escapades it must have been for years. Get him started some night on the big liberty in New York after the trip to London, or the time the English bobbies inveigled him into wasting his entire subsistence in riotous living, and draw your own conclusions.

¶ Academic work never bothers him much. He doesn't like to think about it. Nevertheless he always seems to get by. History is the only thing that ever seriously threatened his class standing. And his attitude toward it is characteristic. "What's the use of knowing that stuff?"

Honors: Buzzard.



RALPH BENTON BROOKS
DEADWOOD, S. D.

"Benny" "Brooksie"

RALPH hails from Deadwood, S. D. and his character is unique in that it combines all the vices of laziness, worthlessness, and stupidity, and all the virtues of energy, when he wants to accomplish something, willingness, when a friend needs help, and politeness when a fair one is hovering in the vicinity.

¶ He is seldom taken to bragging, but he must be a man of repute back in Strawberry Gulch because he was the first one to come to us from Deadwood while since that time many "Deadwood Dicks" have become "pampered pets." Ralph has been instructed by numerous letters to lend a guiding hand in the moulding of their young lives.

¶ He is always ready to have a good time and except for his waking up period which lasts for about an hour, he is good natured and ready for a joke.

¶ One of his ambitions in life is to get away with more and at the same time appear more deserving than Hill. Hill and he have always stuck by each other and when you find one, you'll find the other. Rummy's stories of the Merchant Marine and Benny's stories of the wonders of Strawberry Gulch are about on a par.

¶ When it comes to bumming a "skag" Ralph has the courage of a lion and the tenacity of a bulldog. However, his smile and good nature get him the "skag" even tho it be your last one.

Honors: Buzzard.





WESLEY McLAREN HAGUE
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

"Marshal" "Sir Douglas" "Nino"

HAGUE is one of the best proofs that the Academic Department has had since our debut in these narrow channels. More than one of us would be listed as "Lost in Action" but for his unceasing efforts and efficient methods of distributing brains and dope to the nutmegs of the class.

¶ During our Academic existence "Wesley" has combined a "What do I care" with a "Watch your step" attitude. His efforts have been successful as may be witnessed by their results :- :-

¶ Athletically speaking, Hague captured the Mexican wind jammer's trophy as soon as we rated opening our mouths. His favorite topic is the superiority of California over Texas, and, though we have our own convictions as to both these bits of God's own country, Hague easily wins because of his endurance.

¶ The way he handles the embryo Trotskys of the right wing leads us to predict a brilliant career as D. O. sometime in the future.

¶ But, we know he's bound for the same brand of luck in the future, as he has had in the past, and when some of us are kicking around on our gunboats, he will offer to tow us behind his destroyer.

Honors: Four Stripes;
Star, 1, 3, 1;
Lucky Bag Staff.



WILLIAM HIBBS
OGDEN, UTAH

"Bill" "Speed" "Sister"

IN the nature of things, Hibbs could n't have been born rich—he's far too good looking, perhaps handsome is the better word, and in consequence he's a consistent fusser.

¶ Mythology has it that in the old Navy Mercury had wings on his running gear, but we are prone to believe that "Wilyum" was rigged with Liberty Motors :- :-

¶ Plebe year weather conditions kept him free from clipping time from the Academy hundred-yard dash record. As it was, he did it in 9-4, equaling the old record and winning his "N."

¶ His natural ability coupled with a talent for leadership marked him as captain First Class year long before the votes were cast.

¶ Academically speaking, Hibbs has been a neutral. Two or three times he has threatened, but has never proven dangerous, while at the same time keeping a little velvet without straining himself. "Sister's" policy is to live and let live. He has been a real friend and classmate, and on all occasions a model "wife."

Honors: Battalion Staff C. P. O.;
Track N;
Captain Track Team;
Expert Rifleman.





GEORGE HODGMAN BURNHAM
MALDEN, MASS.

"Gawge" "Burnie"

BEING a product of Massachusetts, "Gawge," like the rest of the bean-eaters, is more or less of a savoir. Added to natural ability he had a line that had the profs eating out of his hand, and many a day he entered the section room, devoid of all knowledge of the day's lesson, to come away with a nice fat mark in the little red book.

¶ "Burnie" admits that he is rather good-looking—suffice it to say he holds high rank in the regiment of tea-fighters. Besides this he's one of the Academy's best exponents of Terpsichore and boasts "there haint no man livin' what can pass him on the ball room floor."

¶ His efforts have not been confined to pursuit of the elusive oolong, however. Both the crew and basket ball squads owe much to his pep and ready will to try, even tho the team line-ups have seldom exhibited his name.

¶ "Gawge" has tried hard to be reg. and while he has not always succeeded he got away with it to the extent that two stripes now ornament a sleeve where a non-ratey buzzard might otherwise roost.

¶ His roommates all swear by him, declaring that he would do anything for a man from helping the wooden over the high spots to sharing his last shirt. Generous and open-hearted, he deserves success.

*Honors: Two Stripes;
Class Honor Committee 4;
Crew Squad, 3, 1;
Hop Committee, 1.*



WILLIAM MURRAY SMITH
WILLISTON, S. C.

"Smitty" "W. M."

MURRAY is as true a Southerner as ever came from the Pine Tree State, courtcous, always willing to share anything of his, or Greg's, and ever ready to lend a hand. But, man, just wait until our "Kitty" smiles, and you never have to wait long. The way that grin spreads itself all over his face while his eyes twinkle with that "That's me all over Mabel" expression will soon make you forget that you ever had anything even remotely resembling a worry.

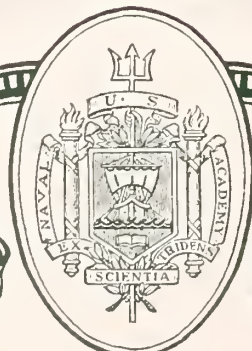
¶ Carefree, as happy-go-lucky as you please, "Smitty" is always cheercful even when perched high and dry on one or more of the monthly trees, or when receiving telegrams that the friend of a friend's friend would be "thrilled" to hop with him.

¶ Next to clutching his sheepskin, "Bill's" great ambition is to be a second Vernon Castle, and if practise means anything, he should succeed, for few are the hops that he has missed. He likes the women, and he likes his friends, so if you are out for a good time just trail along with Murray, for wherever he goes there is certain to be something doing, and you can never tell in advance whether it will be a rough house or a tea fight.

¶ "Smitty's" athletic abilities seemed to run in the Mexican line despite his oft-repeated protestation that he "always was a good ball player." And right there he slipped one over on the gang, went out, made the A squad and his numerals.

¶ "Say, 'Kitty,' where did you get those flowers?"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Baseball Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Expert Rifleman.*





GEORGE HAROLD GREGORY

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

"Greg" "Heuk"

GREG" came to us from the good old state of New York and the minute that he saw our seminary he knew he would enjoy his stay. He had beautiful visions of a continuous round of the social events he enjoys so much. But alas, when the end of Sep leave rolled around, there seemed to be a certain tension which started his air castles tottering and, oh my, what a crash when the day came. Then the gentlemen of the Fourth Class decided to give up their riotous life of ease and luxury, as it were, and become a wee bit more military in bearing. This was especially noticeable at the table where he learned to stow the chatter and to listen for the first time in his life.

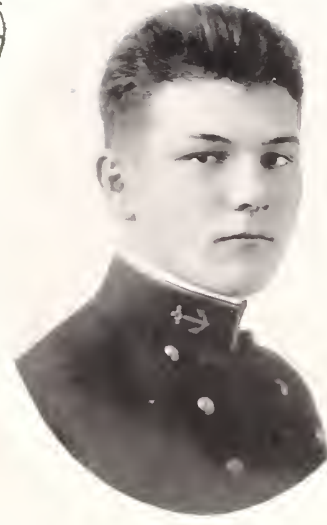
¶ This state of affairs continued for a whole year but when that golden stripe was solemnly attached to his service the flood gates of his pent-up spirits broke and we had the real "Greg" back again.

¶ In athletics he has tried more for a general development than for excellence along any particular line. He showed what he could do when he made the wrestling squad Youngster year, and if he had not wished to try a variety of sports might have made his letter at this game. He is a regular gym fiend and enjoys his daily round of handball.

¶ His invariable good humor helps many of us over the rough spots that crop up from time to time and his smile will help to inject a bit of sun into any gloom that may gather ☁ ☁

¶ He may look forward to his duty with no lack of confidence for his good humor will furnish a way out of many a difficult situation when all other ways seem closed.

Honors: Buzzard;
Wrestling Squad, 3, 1;
Tennis Squad, 4.



AUSTIN KELVIN DOYLE

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

"Larry" "Artie"

LARRY" needs no introduction for he has become known to everybody, particularly by his hard and consistent work on the baseball team in holding down the first sack. Again we see his athletic ability fairly sprouting forth on the submarine squad. "Dimples," what a fish you do make!

¶ "Mr. Doyle, is this red?"

¶ "No sir, it is green."

¶ Try as he might, "Larry" could never throw all those delicate shades of picked-over green yarn thru the hole. He got in on his smile, we believe, just as he always wins on it ☁ ☁

¶ In "Artie" we have an original practical joker and much of his time is spent searching for a victim upon whom he can pull the next one.

¶ We never could understand how a man with such cute dimples could be such a Red Mike. "Romie" often goes over to stag but he has yet to be roped in by a "friend of a friend." When he falls it will be hard and long, eh, "Larry" boy?

Honors: One Stripe;
Expert Rifleman;
Baseball Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Baseball N, 3.





ELMER SYDNEY STOKER
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Stoke" "Stoko" "Elmer"

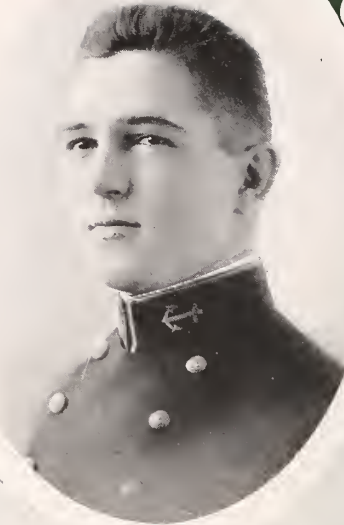
HEY, Joe, here's a Plebe from Chi." That was Elmer's first greeting from the upper classes way back in '16. The man that said it is gone, but "Stoke" has lived thru the Academic rocks and shoals and has been made safe for the service. He hails from the south side of the Windy City where his favorite sports were golf and baseball, and he continued strong for the latter while at the Academy.

¶ "Stoke" is not a consistent follower of the fair, but when he does drag he's a regular snake. There's nothing of the piker about Elmer when it comes to showing the ladies a good time.

¶ No one ever called him a savoir, but he has plugged along and passed all buoys on the starboard hand with good margin of safety.

¶ In his three years among us "Stoke" has won his many friends by his own good comradeship. His curly hair and twinkling blue eyes betoken his undeniable Irish humor and spirit, which coupled with real ability, will make him a shipmate to be desired.

Honors: Buzzard;
Baseball Squad, 1, 3.



OBERLIN CARTER LAIRD
SAVANNAH, GA.

"Obie" "O. C."

THE State of Georgia never boasted a more loyal son, for he never tires of expounding her virtues and beauty. "Obie" came to us a bold young cracker with a brogue that marked him well. He was born with the salt of the seas in his nostrils and soon fell into the life.

¶ Plebe year was uneventful because "Obie" was a reg Plebe and carried a Plebe brace that he has n't lost yet. This is going some considering his stack of Christian names. When it takes four prefixes to lead up to the grand finale of Laird he must be some puddin's back in Savannah. Oberlin Carter Ambrose Montgomery Laird is the burden with which this young man started life and must bear thruout this Vale of Tears.

¶ "Obie" was famed among the mess hall mokes for his appetite and capacity for milk. Often, as he strolled into the room his face beaming with contentment, he admitted that he had been going strong at two bells. From the spirit that this familiar sound induced we suspect that it sounded as raw meat, for at one bell he shoved off with his mouth full and a last wild glance for the milk picher.

¶ The Academic Departments held no fear for "Obie." He is one of the few gifted with that happy asset—a line—that convinces them all, femmes, profs, and even Thug Wallace. We suspect that his line will be the key to his success, for he usually backs up his statements. Laird is the kind of chap you are glad to meet and to have around, and a man that the Navy will be glad to own.

Honors: One Stripe.





GOULD NORMAN BULL

ERIE, PA.

"Johnny"

THE word Bull never meant much at the Academy until Plebe summer was entirely over, for "Johnnie" did n't join us until about October the one. But it did n't take him long to make his presence known, for he was soon the most conspicuous man in the regiment. The most joyous moment of his life was when he found that "John Tom" was three sixteenths of an inch shorter than he was.

¶ "Johnnie" joined the old ninth company, and he surely was kept busy. He averaged about one meal in three above decks.

¶ You would n't believe it, but "John" is an athlete. During Plebe year he was on the crew squad, his weight being just about right to qualify him as coxswain. Youngster year, he became a winter athlete and made the wrestling squad. He claims to be a tennis player, and an expert at canoe sailing, but he has n't had a chance to demonstrate ability along those lines yet.

¶ He also fusses. The first informal of Youngster year found him present and he has been consistent ever since—a different one every time.

¶ "John" is n't overburdened with savviness, but he is a long way from being wooden. He is one of those fortunate ones who is certain of about a 3.0 average; sometimes more, seldom less.

¶ The women often refer mysteriously to "Johnnie's" wicked line. He denies it with tears in his eyes, but Napoleon was a small man, too; and frankly—we have a hunch that the resemblance is not altogether physical.

Honors: Buzzard;
Crew Squad, 4;
Wrestling Squad, 3.



ROYAL FORD JEWETT

Elmira, N. Y.

"Jitney" "Chief"

WHEN you see a slight young fellow stepping out on the double to formation at the second the gong sounds you may know it is "Royal". In fact "late" is a term unknown to him. There never was a more "reg" man, and the number of times he brushes off in a day approach infinity as the days increase.

¶ "Jit" is a Red Mike as a general rule, but occasionally he fusses some Elmirian 3.9 and he certainly breaks out in all his glory then. "Oh! Ghost!"

¶ As to studies "Jit" is above the average, and in French a 3.4 is as easy for him to make without "cracking a book" as a 1.0 in steam with several hours preparation. "Royal" is a conscientious worker in whatever he sets out to do.

¶ On Wednesdays he is a diligent worker in the Gym. Otherwise he is usually found in his room playing the victrola with a bunch helping him to devour some famous home-made cakes or cookies. At any time "Royal" is ready to help you out whether it be studies or dragging, and the Plebes never had a better friend.

Honors: Buzzard.





FORD MACELVAIN
LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

"Tam" "Temperment"

GOING up?" Ever since "Mac" started working his way thru Illinois University as an elevator boy, he has been seeking the higher levels, until when he should have been making First Class leave on the banks of the Wabash he first realized his ambition and held the joy-stick of an ocean-going hydroplane on his own. "Tam o' the Scoots" he is, and when, still serving as an observer at the Hampton Roads Air Station during that same First Class leave, he dropped the bomb that accounted for one more sub off the hundred-fathom curve, he made good in earnest a name given in jest, and won not his spurs, but the Naval Aviator's wings. True, he could n't wear them First Class year, but he rates them just the same and his one ambition is to desert the briny for the air upon graduation.

¶ That's the scientific side of "Mac's" nature. Otherwise he's an artist of genuine talent. Designer of the class crest, author and illustrator of many a page of the Lucky Bag, "Mac" leaves a record few of us can hope to equal.

¶ "Tam" falls in love on every occasion that offers, but fortunately for him falls out again just as easily. He's engaged two-thirds of the time, but to a different one every month or so. But when the right one comes along, look out for a crash—he'll come down in much the same manner as he says he did the first time he landed a sea-plane.

Honors: One Stripe;
Lucky Bag Staff;
Log Staff, 4, 3;
Chairman Christmas Card Committee;
Qualified Pilot, Naval Air Service.



CHARLES BINFORD GARY
PUEBLO, COL.

"Charley" "Yvonne"

ONE of these days "Yvonne" is going to meet a perfect woman and then—well, just another instance of natural attraction, you know. But so far he has shown nothing so strongly as his affinity for magnesia. Once was enough.

¶ The lad lives—he loves and he dreams, but in strange terms. The hum of a Parsons is as the low whispered word that makes tame men wild; the sweating black-gang and the throbbing of myriad pumps takes the place, for him, of the mad crowd in the gym, the fragrance of soft hair and the feel of warm breath against the cheek. The light that lies for him, is the glint of the electrics along section after section of polished steel shafts. The guiding star of his ambition is the old hod in whose fiery depths he has pictured the sublime existence of a bunker-rat.

¶ In the good old days, certain perfect men wrestled with angles; but "Yvonne" has done all his wrestling with Dago and Asel Kerr. As the years have passed Gary, has taken unto himself that dignity, Grand Master of the Banderillas. Now the total of all his physical exertion is the daily winding of the Vic, or to wander down the corridor in search of a match.

¶ But few things have ever troubled Gary—cold feet, for instance. Subdued beneath that cold and indifferent Puritan exterior is the wild soul of the untamed Bolshevik that strives to burst its bonds, to come up from the depths of forced drafts and low water. We will meet it later on.

Honors: Buzzard.





PAUL SIDNEY SLAWSON
BIG RAPIDS, MICH.

"Germany"

SAY, Paul, I've got a queen coming down to the New Year's Hop and she wants to bring a friend with her. I'm sure she's a great kid or my girl would n't bring her. Wanta drag?"

¶ "Sure, I'll take a chance, bring her on."

¶ With blithe heart and gay, P. S. sallies forth with his friend to greet the long looked for messenger from the angels. The scene shifts; Carvel Hall lobby sees Paul stagger, turn pale, then moan, "God give me strength." Faithfully did he stand watch over the corpse of his dreams until the New Year brought the end of the hop—and his relief :-:-

¶ Fresh as the fairest lily came our hero from the wilds of Michigan bent on the conquest of worldly knowledge. Trees are his favorite mode of transportation; in fact he is like unto a monkey as he progresses thru the forest of Academic learning. An ardent disciple of old Tecumseh, he is none the less a fervent follower of the quips and cranks and wanton wiles of Dame Pleasure. That sunny smile and disposition allow no such word as ennui or blase to exist in the vocabularies of those fortunate enough to be with him :-:-

¶ Paul is a quiet man, but like all still water, he runs deep, deep enough to float the highest principles of honor and integrity which always stay on top.

¶ He does not loudly proclaim you from the house tops as his friend and idol of his heart, but if ever you need a true friend, go to old P. S.

Honors: Buzzard.



GEORGE JOHN KELLEY
PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

"Saffouli" "Red" "Irish"

IRELAND'S official representative hails as might be expected from Greater New York. At least George claims it's greater, and such may be the case, since he is removed from the scenery. His official title Plebe year was "Saffouli," and despite the fact that in those days it was a Second Class rate to call him by it, the name has stuck :-:-

¶ George prefers the quiet seclusion of a professor's parlor to the confusion of the weekly round-ups in Luer Hall and comes in from his calls with such regularity that the Jimmy Legs at the gate sets the GMT on his chronometer as "Saffouli" crosses the line.

¶ Probably the greatest interest in the Irishman's life is cats. Woe to the Plebe who is so careless as to let George see the box the M. C. has just left. In the mess hall he keeps three mokes busy and has some uncanny faculty of consistently clutching the extra piece of pie.

¶ Both Plebe and Youngster years George won fame as a French expert. Those who know him best claim his "parley" sounds like blarney, but nevertheless he kept half the corridor off the trees.

¶ George combines with Hebrew thrift and Irish tendencies some characteristics all his own. But the combination is a good one, and so long as he holds the key his course will be an easy one.

¶ "Say, George, who is the King of Siam?"

*Honors: Buzzard;
Submarine Squad, 3.*





RALPH CLEMENT LOWES
PEORIA, ILL.

"Crip"

NO one can remain long near "Crip" without learning all about that town in Illinois from whence he hails—Peoria, with Riverside and its other suburbs.

¶ A rately Plebe, ratier Youngster, and non-reg First Classman—his has been an interesting course. Besides his ambition to star, his greatest interest is talking, and he pursues this avocation incessantly. His experiences are varied, ranging from harvest fields and letter boxes to submarines and Germans.

¶ Enthusiastic about all athletics, his star reached its culmination when he was elected Captain of the basketball team. He rated it, and everybody regrets with him the injuries to his knee which will keep him out of the game this year.

¶ Altogether a good mixer and the life of any crowd, he has been a company mate and a classmate to be admired. We hope his line will carry him thru the service as it has thru the Academy.

¶ "Get that star, son!"

Honors: Buzzard;
Basketball Squad, 4, 3, 1;
Basketball N;
Captain Basketball;
Track Squad, 4;
Expert Rifleman.



CHARLES WILKES
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Cap" "Simple"

SIMPLE" came to Crabtown one morning in the early part of the Twentieth Century. Foreseeing the Navy Department's cruel order limiting our visit here to three fleeting years, he elected the four-year course at the end of his Plebe year. However, we have found that Nineteen's loss was our gain, for "Cap" always has a smile no matter whether he has just hit a tree or his best girl has broken a date with him.

¶ No, you rarely see "Simple" in the stag line, and as he does n't advocate the blind drag it is safe to sign his hop card for one dance at least.

¶ Most every Saturday he shoves off in a cloud of dust for the W. B. & A., forgetting for the moment Tecumseh and the Academic Department. But when Sunday night comes around again he is like unto the ancient saying of Sabbath evening—Yea verily.

¶ "Simple's" sea duty has been extensive, for besides a cruise on the *Reina* he has participated in all the Yorktown campaigns. The past summer he enjoyed a "sight seeing" cruise on the *Mercy*, *Minnesota*, *Arkansas*, *Oklahoma*, and *Vermont*. From all this moving he must have learned how to pack a sea-bag at least.

¶ "Simple," wherever you go it is with our best wishes and the knowledge that you will make a shipmate that any of us would be glad to have. With your frank, good-natured manner, we feel satisfied that you will succeed afloat as you have at the Academy.

¶ "Well, I only got four letters and a telegram today."

Honors: Buzzard;
Football Squad 3;
Lacrosse Squad, 3;
Lacrosse Numerals, 3.





ROBERT EMMET MELLING
ALTON, ILL.

"Wop" "The Academic Spare Part"

AFTER many endeavors this young man was finally induced to leave his native Alton and grace the Navy with his presence. His hold-out was due to that inherent honesty which kept "Dutch" broke half the year paying the bets "Wop" led him into. "Wop" says "I was ashamed to rob the Navy of \$600 each year."

¶ "Ye Academic Departments, I fear thee not," is a boast not many of us can make. Only once did his name appear as foliage to the branches. At the beginning of the second term, Youngster year, he made a vow never to bone Cale. As a result, a late-lights slip rested on his door the following month. In Stearn he can prove even to Woolsey himself that Barton and Stiekney are wrong.

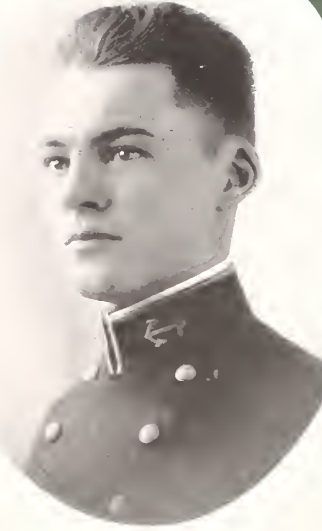
¶ To prove that a healthy body must go with a well-balanced mind, "Wop" has been a charter member of Bumke & Co.'s Wednesday p. m. Swedish Dancing Club. Not satisfied with such mild exercise he joined the Submarine Squad and by hard work from day to day he earned a permanent place.

¶ "Emma's" one hobby is photography. He buys a new camera once a month by the simple process of selling his old one for twice its cost, even going so far as to "take in" a professional who dared to talk trade with him.

¶ As a future strategist we have great hopes for "Wop." After a lengthy discourse and explanations by Instructor Washburn, he remarked, "Sir, how did Perry get his ships up Niagara Falls?"

¶ But, all bantering aside, for "Wop" has a serious side when the occasion demands, who of us will not be glad to hear that cheery "What's the dope, boys?" when we meet again out in the service.

Honors: Buzzard.



CHARLES ROBERT SKINNER
BRODHEAD, WIS.

"Ophelia" "C. R."

UNTHOUGHT of potentialities camouflaged with taciturnity;—this is our own "Ophelia." Equal to any emergency from handling the black diamond to dragging the fairest 4.0 in the land,—that is when it is necessary.

¶ Holding down a life membership in the Radiator Club and feeling in the mood, he can be found propounding anything in the line of an argument from Darwin's proverbial theory to coming events—and what's more, his theory comes pretty near being correct. Ever get him in a corner, a smoke screen going and begin arguing on the foibles of the follocules—up goes the meal pennant and flank speed until the storm is over.

¶ Pretty generally he has steered the middle course and avoided such dangers as persistent dragging;—but we have an idea that he is still looking for the one best bet,—even the rouge must lose its tint eventually.

¶ When spring rolls around, we see him putting on the seven league boots and stirring up the dust of the cinder track and crowding the tape at the finish. He has proved a man to be counted on in a pinch.

¶ Charles is a man who speaks his own mind, says what he thinks and means what he says.

Honors: Buzzard;
Track Squad;
Log Staff.





JOHN GORDON CLAUSING
RAWLINS, WYO.

"Jack" "Shrimp" "Jocko"

AMIDSHIPMAN'S life is divided into three parts: The first of these is the Academic, which embraces all that part which is devoted to cracking books; the second is the athletic, which has to do with feats of skill and strength off the ballroom floor; and the third is the fussic, which pertains to the pampered pct's relations with the other sex."—*Caesar's Memoirs of a Roman Joe Gish* :~:~

¶ We had to go back to Caesar's classic analysis of a midshipman's life to get a basis on which to write Jack's biography, for the main and simple reason that Jack's personality has more sides than that of Sewell Ford's *Torchy* :~:~

¶ Academically speaking, Jack drifts along. By that we mean that "cracking books" is not one of his favorite pastimes :~:~ Notwithstanding, Jack has always held his trench when Math or Steam put up their barrage.

¶ Athletically speaking, Jack still drifts. His height has kept him from starring in the more noticeable Academy sports, but his roundup stories will make your blood run cold, while his round-up songs will make you dream dreams.

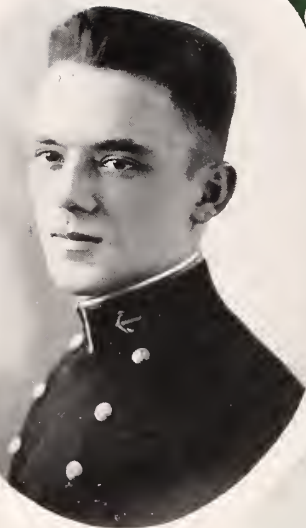
¶ Fussically speaking, Jack no longer drifts. He sets sail and *mores*. He has written a book on "Why Women Fall for Short Men;" and from our own observations of Jack at work, we are forced to conclude that there must be some truth in his deductions.

¶ He helped to vanquish the Yaqui Indians and his campaigning gave him matter for *some* tales.

¶ "Rotten luck the Kaiser quit before we got our chance at Hun hunting."

¶ "They all pick on *me*, on account of my name, 'Oh, Jack.'" :~:~

Honors: Buzzard.



CHARLES MEREDITH ABSON
HACKENSACK, N. J.

"Chuck" "Bubba" "Mary"

SNAP out of it Charlie! But he snappeth not; those Florida palms have instilled in this embryo a desire for hop dreams and "come you seben" that has always kept him a chartered member of the 400. Still waters may run deep but they also follow the line of least resistance :~:~

¶ "Chuck" is quiet and unobtrusive—he is not large nor does he possess the brute strength compatible with those "hold over from the Greek classic" features; however, the storm breaks frequently and he enjoys a carry-em-out finish, though we have yet to witness him on the carrying side.

¶ His favorite pastime Youngster cruise was occupying a very inaccessible blower-room which provided ample space for his daily catches and corks.

¶ We have dope on a certain escapee under the protective wing of Ashtabula County's hero, First Class leave, which would suffice for "grave doubts" in the broadest of minds—and the night of the Class Supper, Charlie was in truth among those present.

¶ Speaking of horse-shoes; he laughed at the Squad one morning and shortly after joined the staff—looked over the crew and came back two days later, none the wiser. He ships a green sea now and then but always comes out on the weather shore.

¶ "Bubba" is a good mixer when you get in hailing distance and once made fast you'll find a shipmate who stands the severest tests of friendships.

¶ "Gee! I wish I could fall in love."

Honors: Buzzard.





THOMAS SMITH THORNE
VERGENNES, VT.

"Ghoul"

THIS rosy-cheeked cotton-top, born and raised somewhere far up north among the rocks and woods of Vermont, has still in his make-up a touch of primitive, just enough to make him different, but still, neither eccentric nor peculiar, for nowhere can you find such an all around good fellow. Fair, amiable, and easy going, seldom rhino, always ready with a story or joke, that's "Ghoul".

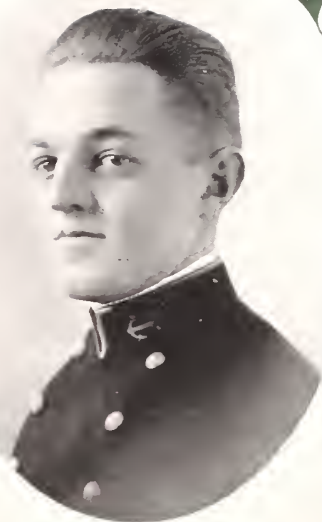
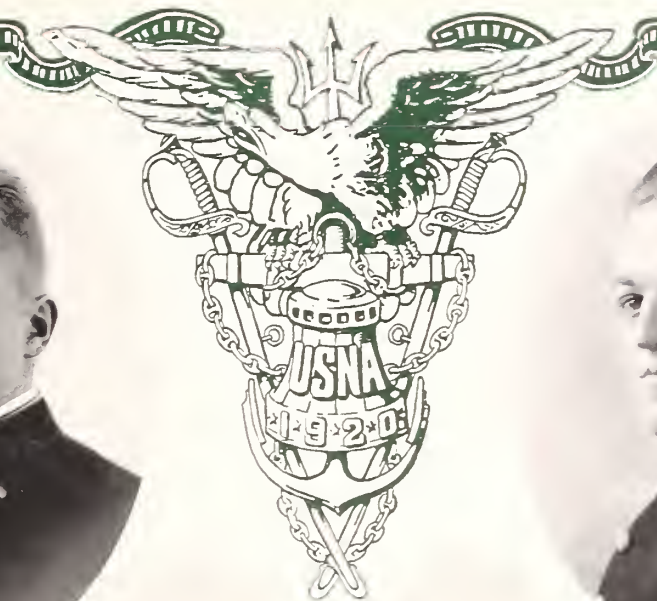
¶ "Ghoul" he came to us and "Ghoul" he remains. Tradition says his name was attached to him in the days when "Plebes was Plebes," and he still retains some of the ear-marks of his careful training.

¶ Nothing worries him; no hard knock is too much, tho his only enemies, skags and the regulations, keep him on the jump. The former are a part of his daily diet. The latter he says, were made merely for your own inconvenience, and as a result of both he has evolved numerous theories on tendencies and D. O. detectors, meanwhile figuring out the probable saving of energy if the "Reina Squad" traveled in jitneys.

¶ Don't worry, if, in the midst of your story his gaze wanders off to the dreamy far away; he's only concocting something new, most likely a plan for the next liberty. Ah! that's it, he's a wonder at liberties, you know, nothing ventured nothing gained, so off comes the roof, and with the sky as a limit he's away in a clond.

¶ Me drag! say, not while I can spend a peaceful afternoon 'ketching' ☞ ☞

Honors: Clean Sleete.



NEILL DUNCAN BRANTLY
HELENA, MONTANA.

"Neill," "Sunshine," "Nellie," "Suede"

THE cynical appearing youth at the top of the page is a pessimist, eccentric, and all o' that. Nothing has happened, or ever will happen, to please him; and his views on the correct conduct of the Navy are—well, they are original, at least, so give him credit. Yet there is a certain tinge of the Bohemian in these same views that are so pleasant to the imagination of the best of us.

¶ "Nellie" passed a long and adventurous life in various occupations "out in Helena" before coming here.

¶ Listen to his stories, guess his age, then dig up last year's register and you'll be surprised.

¶ The love of the fair "Lady Nic" has often kept Neill from other diversions which, to the hardened fusser, seem elevating. He is erratic. First, he smokes himself to a ham and then lays off indefinitely, but finally he settles down to the regular diet of "before and after." In spite of all this he has had but one rendezvous with the D. O. that caused a break in the peaceful tenor of his existence.

¶ Brantly does not waste any study periods, for it takes a great deal of consistent boning to keep himself off the trees. Not that that discourages him—the habitue of the M. C.'s desk usually manages to pull sat. in exams.

¶ Variety is the key to his character. One day his pseudonym "Sunshine" seems almost applicable; the next he is a personification of the proverbial rhinoceros. To listen to his conversation one would expect Brantly to be something of a fusser. Feminine charms fail, however, for rarely does he grace the Gym floor on Saturday evening.

Honors: Clean Sleete.





THOMAS SELBY COMBS

LAMAR, MO.

"Theda" "Jack"

SELBY and Mark Twain are both products of the same old state of Missouri, but the latter, having the advantage of arriving there first, managed to get the start on Selby along the road to fame.

¶ In his earlier days, young Combs had various and "sundried" ambitions. He even thought for a while of going to the Phillyloo establishment on the Hudson. However, Fortune smiled upon him and early in June, 1916, he stood into Crabtown and dropped his mud-hook. His beaming countenance adorning the upper half of this page bears witness that he secured a good anchorage.

¶ His suggestive nick-name, "Theda," and how he acquired it, is not a story within the scope of this work, but suffice it to say that his shipmates of the *Arizona* bestowed it upon him in commemoration of a rare bit of terpischoorean talent displayed by him during Youngster cruise.

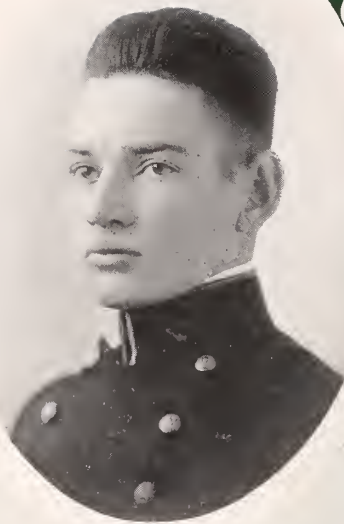
¶ "Theda" is a savoir, so we seldom see his name bending any twigs, though he has never been enough infatuated by the celestial sphere to desire any star to be his own.

¶ Selby is not exactly a Red Mike, but his temporary interest in "les femmes" closely resembles a well-known beverage—"There's a reason!" Post-marks, Sep leaves, and at last, the miniature have confirmed our suspicions.

¶ As an all-round good fellow and a friend, Selby has all the requisites and then some. In athletics, football has been Selby's specialty and each season has seen him playing a hard and consistent game. He has shown the stuff that constitutes real Navy Varsity material.

¶ "Sa-a-a-y, 'Rat,' that U-boat rags me—oh, just constantly!"

Honors: Three Stripes;
Football Numerals, 4, 3;
Football N.



RALPH HUMPHREYS

GREENWOOD, MISS.

"Rat" "Humpty" "Radio"

DO you remember the first time you saw him come rolling down the deck like a regular seagoing salt?

You would have sworn that he had been to sea all his life, but you would have been wrong. He must have acquired that gait down on the Ol' Levee in Mississippi for his acquaintance with the deep has been short and sweet.

¶ Every Plebe year "Rat" joined the famously exclusive Radiator and Cosmo Clubs. So great has been his devotion and loyalty to them that he has forsaken athletics, fussing and all other avocations. Take a martyr's advice and don't ask him why he is never seen at the hops or informals because next to the defense of his native podunk that is his most sensitive topic. The reason is either "Theda" (his wife), or that mysterious someone back in Greenwood. Fussing? The location of that word in "Rat's" vocabulary is as the presence of a Navy bean at a diplomatic blood-feed in deah ol' Lunnon.

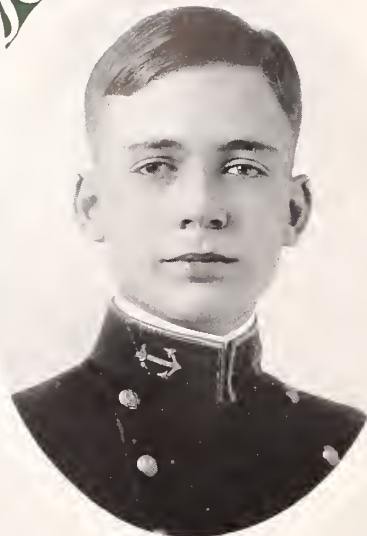
¶ To Ralph belongs the happy faculty of taking things as they blow his way, and spells of bad luck are to him as the gentle rain from Heaven.

¶ Whether in the service or on the plantation he is going to have, may such be the ease thruout his whole career.

Honors: Buzzard;
Submarine Squad, 3.







TERRY BRYAN MOREHOUSE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

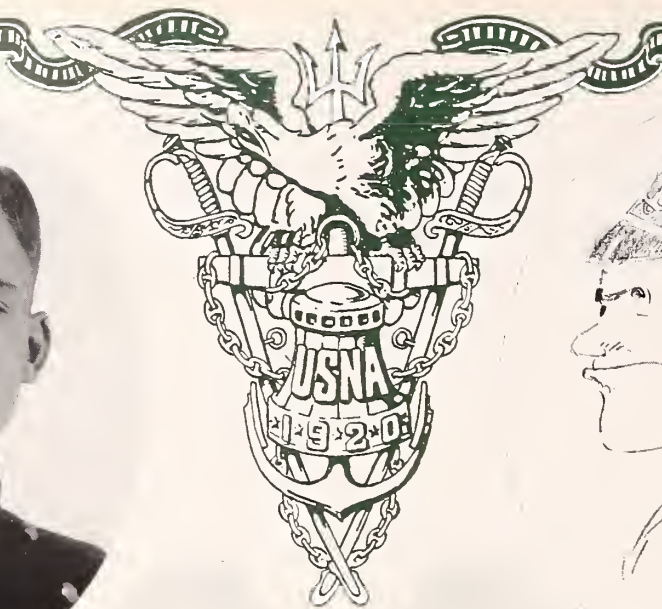
"Terry"

WASHINGTON, D. C., claims Terry, or Terry claims Washington. We don't know which is which. Either way he's been mighty fortunate in living near his family, for the folks from home sure know how to relieve that rhino feeling.

¶ For one thing, Morehouse is savvy—he knows it and admits it. Is n't that greasy smile proof enough? A 3.60 in Juice means nothing to him and if his monthly average falls below a 3.30 he's unsat.

¶ Terry has been with us three long years—but has consistently kept to himself and consequently has formed few friendships.

Honors. Clean Sleeve.



LEE SCUPPERS

YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA

"Sea Siek" "Slum"

INASMUCH as our friend Lee was born and riz in stone's throw of Base II it was like going home on a three months leave for him to be ordered to one of the old erabs of Battforce One on both Youngster and First Class cruises. The only disadvantage was that all the folks in the village of historic vintage knew where their hero was spending the summer, and he could never get away with a heavy line in regard to his cruiser duty in the war zone. It was a hard life, too, for it there's one thing "Sea Siek" does better than all others, it's spin a yarn.

¶ He's spun so many yarns around the old yard in fact that he is redolent of tar, and his very mural decorations have all the appearances of tarred and ancient cordage. ¶ As for his general activities he's an oil-burner of note, charter member of the submarine squad, weak squad, radiator club, eosmo club, Mexiean athletes, was never known to drag though his efforts have been many.

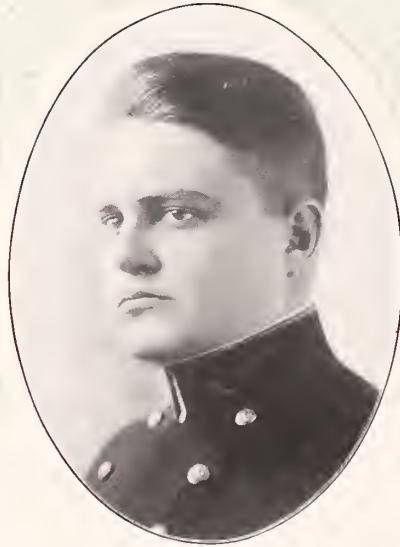
¶ His pleasantest diversion is to drag in a hunk of ancient echeese and keep it on the heat producer to ripen, which is probably one of the reasons he has never had a room-mate.

¶ It's a safe bet he'll get what's coming to him in the Fleet, and that's plenty for any man.

*Honors: Chief Oil Burner;
Submarine Squad;
Weak Squad;
Expert Rifleman.*







Robert Greene Campbell, Jr.

Class of 1920

Died in Line of Duty

October 7, 1918





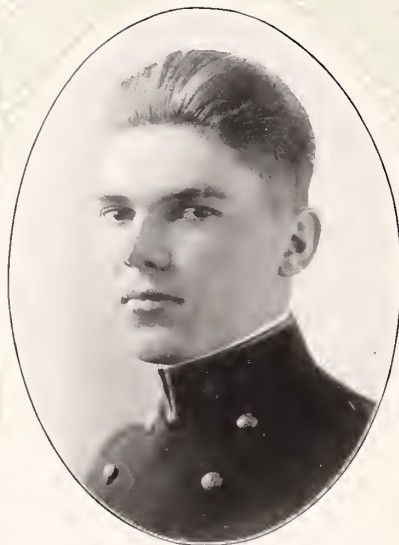
Harry Summerfield Latta

Class of 1920

Died in Line of Duty

October 5, 1918





George Erlyn Gustuson

Class of 1920

Died in Line of Duty

October 8, 1918





William Sloan Crowell

Class of 1920

Died in Line of Duty

October 10, 1918



In Memoriam



William Archibald McDuffie

Class of 1921

Died in Line of Duty

October 4, 1918

Eldred Sturtevant

Class of 1921

Died in Line of Duty

October 9, 1918

Malcolm Scott Dunitway

Class of 1922

Died in Line of Duty

October 8, 1918

Elihu Griswell Grace

Class of 1922

Died in Line of Duty

October 4, 1918

Hugh Sherwood Mayo

Class of 1922

Died in Line of Duty

October 16, 1918

Carl Stone Benedict

Class of 1922

Died in Line of Duty

October 21, 1918



Commander
HUGH BROWN

CLASS OF 1905

Died, September 28, 1918



HIS page is dedicated, not to the memory of Commander Hugh Brown, but to "Huge" himself, as we knew him—an example of the highest type of gentleman and one of the truest officers and warmest friends that ever wore blues ☞ ☞

FUNERAL
OF
ADMIRAL
DEWEY.



INAUGURATION
PARADE







EXECUTIVE

D. O.—“ Mister Shunt, is that a regulation suit of service you are wearing? ”

☞ The Accused—“ Yes, sir.”

☞ D. O. (softly)—“ Rotten luck! ” (Moment of deep thought—) “ Company Commander, put Mr. Shunt on the report for not properly shaved.”

☞ To judge from the above it would be a safe bet that the Executive Department is the reason for much rhinoing, directly and indirectly. But there is a world of satisfaction in knowing that there is a comeback to the daily trees, and there is a square deal and justice alike for all, from the non-ratiest Plebe to the Five-Striper.

☞ The Executive Department is the one Department which has the production of military character for its sole objective. A side issue with the brain-storming aggregations, it becomes the sole reason for the being of Commandants, Executives, and Duty Officers. And by it there is instilled in all the principles of efficiency, discipline and square dealing, so that no man may go forth into the Service without a knowledge of his obligations to the uniform he wears.







SEAMANSHIP

BRRING!

☪ "Stand by for the blinker signal and remember that if you miss the call, or sketch it wrong, the most I can give you is a 2.0."

☪ Between blinker and the Rules of the Road is like being between the devil and the deep blue sea; with the odds in favor of the former rather than the latter, as it should be in a self-respecting nautical organization.

☪ But in spite of the fact that the average tactical diameter of the class has worked out in the neighborhood of a 2.67 and steering a quarter point course on an old-fashioned compass is like trying to make sail on a destroyer, the exponents of the greatest art of which a Naval officer can be master have worked hard and faithfully to ground us with sufficient accuracy, so, that aided by "Hints for Young Officers Taking the Deck," we should be able to get the proper number of sideboys to the starboard gangway when the coxswain of the approaching barge hails "Fleet."

☪ "I won't hesitate an instant to bush a man when he has n't boned his lesson."







NAVIGATION

"GENTLEMEN, I can conceive of no greater hell on earth than to be the Navigator of a ship and not know how."

¶ That has been the whole attitude of the Department of Navigation in its dealings with Twenty—its ambition has been to turn out men in whom confidence can be placed to anchor the ship safely in the Delaware River and not land her over in the old Fourth Ward of Philadelphia. It has been tedious going sometimes, for the Department is firm in the belief that "Accuracy in figures comes only as the result of hard and continuous practice," and in sustaining this motto multitudinous have been the Marcq St. Hilaire's, Polaris sights, and Sumner lines that have been worked, plotted, checked, and erased, that the entire procedure might be repeated.

¶ It is only in its moments of midshipman day memories that the department descends to a lower level and demands, "Have you got a collar on?" but in its efforts to put a knowledge of Bowditch where a vacuum grew before the Department has been laboriously persistent, and we trust, not unsuccessful.







ORDNANCE and GUNNERY

" IF a shell depart at X while its muzzle speed is V ,
I know to hit the target P 's the chance.

I can calibrate a gun, adjust torpedoes for a run,
Now what the deuce is hard 'bout Ordnance? "

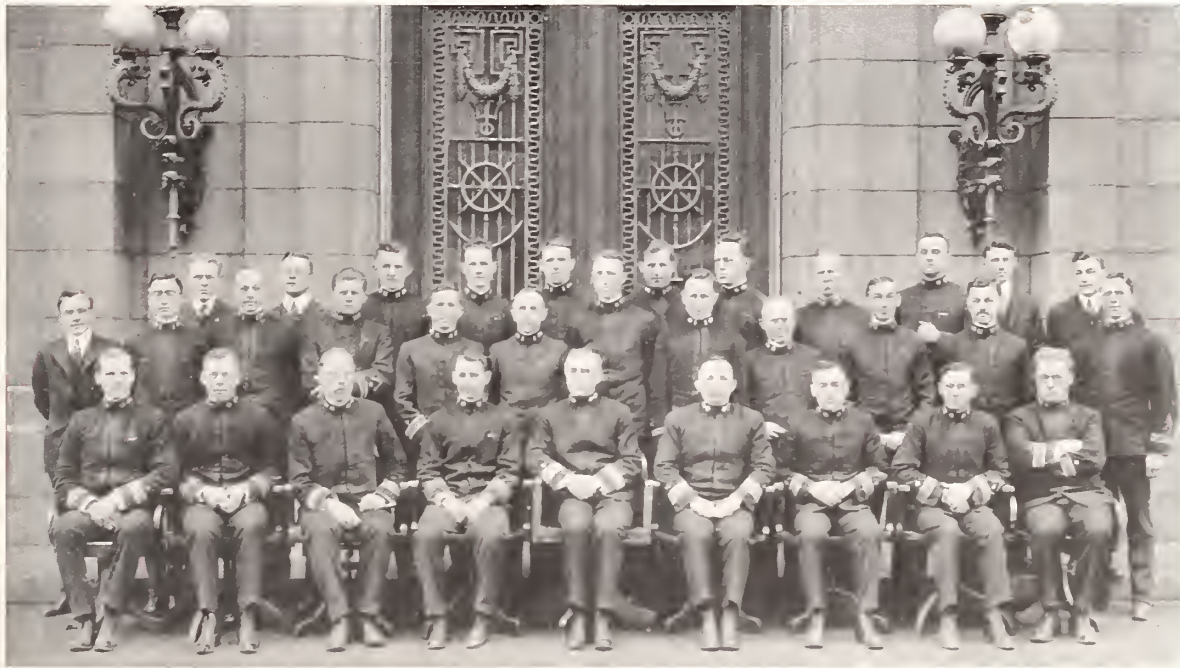
☞ It 's all well enough in song or story, but when you get to the point where the Crown Prince of the fine art of mental hazing allows all books on an exam and then shakes you to see whether you stay sat or not, it 's no time for mirthful warbling. Such dope is good only in Smoke Hall the morning of graduation.

☞ " The only reason for teaching the science of exterior ballistics to midshipmen is that they may intelligently and successfully use the guns committed to their care. So much as is necessary for this purpose is taught the undergraduate, *and no more.*" Those are delightful sentiments contained in those last three words, but isn't it too true that only too much of the foregoing is beyond the scope of the average man's work?

☞ At that, the department is human, and you 'll find the prof that most consistently fraps you on the bush equally willing to devote his time out of hours to helping you bone for an exam.







MARINE ENGINEERING and NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

"GOOD morning, gentlemen." Business of glaring about while the section responds at half minute intervals. "Rotten, get a cheer leader."



☪ That's the Steam Department. Its bark is worse than its bite, and many are the occasions when a man gets his cussing out in the section room and 3.0 for a day's work that should have perched him high and dry among the posies gathered by the 40'.

☪ Dago comes and English goes, but the Steam Department runs on forever, and in its year to year attacks brings up more new material and a greater number of subjects than any other aggregation. From Plebe year straight line drawing to Turbines and Infernal Combustion Engines we brave them all.

☪ "Bear a hand at the boards, I want to talk football. Whatn'ell did you stop for last Saturday? Now back in 1909 when we used to go to the games with a plug of Navy Star and a bottle of Red Eye in our hip pockets we did n't stop for anything. Section dismissed."



M. D. JAMES



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING and PHYSICS

PRESENT—Slide Rules!

¶ Section—Seats!

¶ This manual, made perfect by three drill periods per week for two years, satisfactorily concluded, the section proceeds to a discussion of the work for the day. That is, it proceeds after the buzzer message has come and gone, carrying with it its customary three-tenths. Also that is, a one-sided discussion begins in which the prof is asked to explain everything from Avogadro's hypothesis to the dope on the next exam. It all takes time, you know! And time is valuable, very valuable, when it is n't spent chewing chalk.

¶ Youngster year the word Skinny connotes Friday night lectures, three buzzer messages and three recitations per week, and one exam per month. First Class year the word Juice connotes all the above with the single exception of lectures, and with the added branches of many a tree.

¶ Maybe by the time we graduate we 'll know that a commutator is n't the 5:15 from the big burg to the podunk suburb, but it will be as accidental as the damping of a self-induced current in the discharge resistance.

¶ But after the last gasp, and when the department has garnered its last crop of marbles, it's a safe bet we 'll be glad some day they taught us to hook two generators in parallel and how to manipulate a Waterbury differential motor.







MATHEMATICS

" NO questions this morning. Man the boards. Last night's assignment was fruit, and anyway it 's been ten years since I had Calculus, so how do you expect me to know anything about it? "



Same old line! Is it any wonder we bury Math with such great glee—and is it any wonder that we rejoiced when that same obituary was posted six months early by reason of the three-year course. True, they were long lessons and no fruit, when twelve months work was jammed into eight, but it may be the department descended from its perch on the infinity end of the hyperbola to a realization of the fact, for those who fell by the wayside were few in comparison to former years.

For all the burden of unprintable but easily thinkable epithets the department suffers during its years of tyranny, it 's little short of a blessing that they are so thoro-going. We thought we were going to bury it completely, until we lamped sperical trig as the basis of Nav, integration as the foundation of Bullard Vol. 1, and the first derivative of v with respect to t as the reason for Mayevski's ballistic coefficient.

However, the most practical application of higher math at present is computing the compound interest on grad debts and determining by the simple process of choice and chance how long it will be before we rate another suit of blues.





ENGLISH

FROM the "Treasure Island" stage down thru the Shakespearean era to Famous Tea-Fights and Naval Strategy and Tactics, is a far cry—but the English Department, without ever having lost so much as a machine gun in its innumerable monthly battles, goes into the fray with the old one-lunger hitting on high, and stalls on no hill.

☞ Since the passing of the day when Math and English met suitable fates on one and the same evening, the burial of the Ancient Order of Heavers has taken on all the severity of military rites. To be exact it is buried in the field without even fitting honors—it slips away and is gone, at least until the time of the Public Speaking classes First Class year. And even they have the redeeming feature of affording a four-square dinner.

☞ When the final word is said, however, (and the English Department will have it, never fear) the genii of the language as she oughter be, deserve a word of praise for their painstaking efforts to place in the minds of the sons of toil a little of the real culture (not Kultur, much as their methods may imply) that makes so much for the polished manner of the true gentleman and Naval Officer.







MODERN LANGUAGES

MODERN Languages is the ultra-up-to-the-minute interpretation of Dago as she useter be, but since the recognition by the Executive Department of the fact that a dago is a structural gravel-worker and not a professor of French or Spanish the time-honored handle of Walrus, Flapper, et al, has been consigned to the scrap heap, and as yet no suitable substitute has been sent forward by the replacement division in Smoke Hall.



¶ It was a happy moment when we learned for sure that our daily association with the linguists was to come to a close at the end of Youngster year—in truth we buried the "parlez vous" with almost as great glee as we saw Math and English walk the plank.

¶ From a naval standpoint the most practical part of the shortened course was apparently the final months of work on the nautical phrase book, but we lost our belief in even that when we discovered to our delight that even Monsieur _____'s perfect Parisian dialect was unintelligible to the French gobbies of the Jeanne d'Arc. Our own bluffs had been called so often it was glee paramount to see the callers get it in the neck.





NAVAL HYGIENE

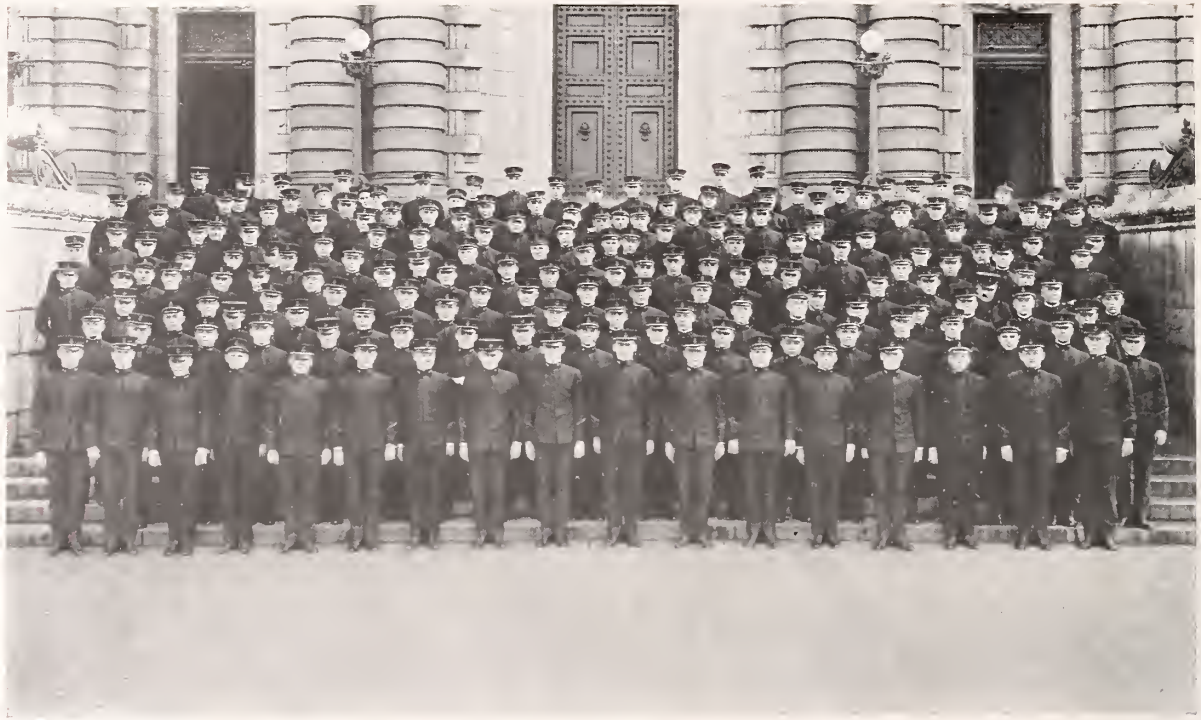
" THAT reminds me of a story, gentlemen. Tell it? Well it happened that a lady fainted on a street corner—"

☞ But why go into all the harrowing details of Doc's latest infringement of all the rules of polite society. The only extenuating circumstance is that he probably knew his audience all too well.

☞ While the Friday night lectures of the Bones Department have been held in a more than humorous regard by the majority of midshipmen from time immemorial, we must give credit where credit is due, and admit that in the business of all around physical development, a man gets more attention here than he does anywhere else in the Service or out of it.

☞ It is only in moments when the recollection comes that the department passes on the bill-of-fare that we consign it individually and collectively to the place where first-aid is a matter of second importance except in cases of heat prostration ☞ ☞





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1st and 2nd Battalions



CLASS OF 1921

3rd and 4th Battalions

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Darden, T. F., Jr., Wilmington, No. Car.
Dennig, L. S., St. Louis, Mo.
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Johns, L. J., Cambridge, Ohio.
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Maney, N. C., Jr., Murfreesboro, Tenn.
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Sherman, K. L., Bradford, N. H.
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Voit, J. B., Jeffersonville, Ind.
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Wiedman, W. A., McCool Jct., Neb.

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Corrigan, J. D., Clymer, Pa.
Darby, W. C., Summit, N. J.
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Dickins, J. H., Philadelphia, Pa.
Dudley, J. R., Hannibal, Mo.
Eberle, D. W., Muskogee, Okla.
Eicks, C. H., New York City, N. Y.
Howell, P. E., Kansas City, Kans.
Ingersoll, S. H., Portland, Me.
Jones, H. C., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Kenyon, H. N., Kaw City, Okla.
Kirk, A. E., Sioux City, Iowa.
Kirkpatrick, J., Jr., Chevy Chase, Md.
Lewis, M. V., Moscow, Idaho.
Lyttle, G. H., Meeker, Colo.
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Power, K. H., Petersburg, Ill.
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Redding, P. E., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Roberts, J. A., Jr., Louisiana, Mo.
Robertson, J. L., Augusta, Ga.
Root, D. O., Wood River, Neb.
Sanson, R. C., Atoka, Okla.
Sease, E. W., Joplin, Mo.
Simpson, R. E., Pana, Ill.
Skahill, B. J., New York City, N. Y.
Thompson, M. C., Spencer, W. Va.
Todd, C. R., Vicksburg, Miss.
Turner, E. W., Memphis, Tenn.
Walker, C. J., Walla Walla, Wash.
Walker, F. R., Montgomery, Ala.
Yager, R. F., La Grange, Ky.

3rd. Company

Allison, W. C., Kingston, N. Y.
Campbell, J. M., Jr., Asheville, N. C.
Cherbonnier, A. V., Jr.
Connolly, J. A., Bronx, New York.
Cook, Albert B., Falmouth, Kentucky.
Cyr, E., Barnesville, Minn.
Dwyer, J. W., Hartford, Conn.
Ferris, F. F., New York City, N. Y.
Fitzgerald, W. F., Jr., Toledo, Ohio.
Fuller, B. MacW., North East, Penn.
Gardner, K. N., Covington, Va.
Gay, W. T., Montgomery, Ala.
Graves, E. D., Jr., Chesapeake City, Md.
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Hyatt, D., New York City
Jackson, F. H. W., Glen Ridge, N. J.
Jones, W. R., Cheyenne, Wyo.
Joy, C., Keokuk, Iowa.
Kern, B. M., Providence, R. I.
Kernodle, M. H., Graham, N. C.
Kime, F. D., Kane, Penn.
McHugh, W. B., Wichita, Kansas.
McNamar, J. A., Newark, Ohio.
Misson, C. A., Scranton, Pa.
Nelson, A. D., Brookline, Mass.
Parfitt, T. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Parks, G. B., Clinton, Mo.
Pierson, F. C., Jr., Quincy, Illinois.
Poole, E. J., Jr., Reading, Penn.
Powell, W. C., Denver, Colorado.
Ramsey, W. F., Nashville, Ark.
Richmire, G. L., Morocco, Indiana.
Ryley, W., Jr., On leave.
Sabin, L. S., Jr., Dallas, Texas.
Sloane, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.
Thorp, W. B., Hyde Park, Vermont.
True, A. E., Corinth, Kentucky.
Vanzant, R. B., Houston, Texas.
Walker, J. L., Portsmouth, Va.
Webster, W., Jr., Bel Air, Md.
Wirth, T. R., Minneapolis, Minn.
Wolfinger, R. G., Hagerstown, Md.

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Chapin, N. A., Santa Barbara, Cal.
Cranston, W. B., Dewey, Oklahoma.
Dillon, W. E., East Tawas, Mich.
Dufton, W. S., Oakland, Cal.
Erck, C. F., Baltimore, Md.

Gardner, D. W., Miami, Florida.
Gilbert, W. C., Chicago, Ill.
Gray, C. W., Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Guernsey, E. B., Pendleton, Oregon.
Jackson, W. B., Jr., Paulding, Ohio.
Kline, E. C., Utica, N. Y.
Lampert, P. D., Oshkosh, Wis.
Litchfield, L., Jr., Pittsburgh, Penn.
Macdonald, B., Jr., San Francisco, Cal.
O'Brien, T. J., Springfield, Mass.
Pettee, E. E., Cape Elisabeth, Maine.
Register, P. J., Bismarck, N. D.
Rice, J. W., Starkville, Mississippi.
Rucker, J. E., Salisbury, Mo.
Russell, G. L., Middlebury, Vermont.
Schindler, W. G., New Glarus, Wisc.
Shomier, J. E., Jr., Columbia, Pa.
Smith, A. V. D., Baltimore, Md.
Smith, S. B., Raleigh, N. C.
Strong, R. C., Jr., Raleigh, N. C.
Sundberg, W., Stow, Mass.
Tannewitz, C. L., Madison, Wisc.
Taylor, H. W., Newark, New Jersey.
Van Bergen, N. B., San Francisco, Cal.
Van Cleve, J. C., Tekamah, Neb.
Vogenitz, V. O., Ada, Ohio.
Wellborn, C., Jr., Los Angeles, Cal.
Wells, R. K., Winthrop, Mass.
Winslow, E. L., Easthampton, Mass.

5th Company

Acuff, J. T., Jarku, Ala.
Bell, J. W., New York, N. Y.
Black, M. I., Mitchell, So. Dak.
Brennan, J. F., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Burkholder, K. S., Denver, Colorado.
Carney, J. P., Apopka, Fla.
Cook, A. G., Jr., Monroe, La.
Courts, J., Washington, D. C.
Craig, W., Russellville, Ala.
Cross, R. F., Jr., Wilmington, Delaware.
Curley, J. J., Jr., Philadelphia, Penn.
Davis, A. P., Rochester, N. Y.
Detzer, A. J., Jr., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Earle, P., Des Plaines, Ill.
Edward, A. S., Newport, Rhode Island.
Erwin, D. L., Kinsley, Kansas.
Freeman, J. S., Jasper, Ala.
Hahn, A. J., Walnut Grove, Minn.
Hudson, R. C., Big Rapids, Mich.
Jessup, L., Jr., New York City
Lalor, W. G., Watervliet, N. Y.
Mills, DeL., New York, N. Y.
Milner, E. J., Philadelphia, Penn.
Murrell, T. G., Lynchburg, Va.
Owens, G. F. B., Wilmington, Del.
Perdue, C. H., Jr., Macon, Georgia.
Pickle, D. V., Austin, Texas.
Pixton, J. E., Jacksonville, Florida.
Purves, S. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Quinby, C. F. M. S., Norfolk, Va.
Saunders, W. H., Memphis, Tenn.
Serat, M. E., Jr., Lincoln, Neb.
Sheldon, G. H., Salamanca, N. Y.
Shugg, C., Needham, Mass.
Sisson, B., Newport, R. I.
Strite, R., Chambersburg, Pa.
Taylor, W. F., Monroe, Louisiana.
Thomas, A. S., Rochester, N. Y.
Thomas, W. S., Detroit, Mich.
Wellborn, M., Pendleton, So. Carolina

Wellings, T. F., Boston, Mass.
Wheelock, C. D., Riverside, Cal.
Whitney, J. P., New York City.
Wise, L. M., Macon, Georgia.
Zellers, T. E., Grantville, Georgia.

6th Company

Abernethy, E. P., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Anderson, J. O., Provo, Utah.
Bagnall, R. S., Cleveland, Ohio.
Barrett, M. C., Beaver, Penn.
Barter, H., Paducah, Kentucky.
Beat, D. E., Quincy, Ill.
Burrow, J. G., Pensacola, Florida.
Carlisle, H. A., Port Huron, Michigan.
Conlan, C. V., San Francisco, Cal.
Cotton, C. F., San Diego, Cal.
Dalkowitz, S. G., San Antonio, Texas.
Davis, R. K., Gainesville, Florida.
Dorlon, J. H., Troy, N. Y.
Drexler, L. A., Jr., Bethany Beach, Del.
Eaton, M. E., Chicago, Ill.
Eaton, W. G., Duluth, Minnesota.
Galpin, G. F., San Antonio, Texas.
Griswold, W. A., Goldsborough, N. C.
Grover, D., Jr., Salina, Kansas.
Haase, E. E., St. Louis, Mo.
Hail, H. D., Crockett, Texas.
Hailey, B. L., Little Rock, Ark.
Hainer, W. M., McComb, Mississippi.
Hall, K. R., Yonkers, N. Y.
Isbell, A. J., Logan, Iowa.
Jacobi, L. J., Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Johnson, F. O., St. Paul, Minn.
McQueen, J. C., Chanute, Kansas.
McQuiston, E. I., Pittsburgh, Penn.
Moore, D. W., Schenectady, N. Y.
Newsom, J., Paragould, Ark.
Pickens, R. L., Moulton, Ala.
Poole, E. D., Steubenville, Ohio.
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Richter, O. C., Saginaw, Mich.
Snelling, C. M., Jr., Athens, Georgia.
Soucek, A., Medford, Oklahoma.
Tallman, D. R., Hillsdale, Mich.
Tarback, R. D., Philadelphia, Penn.
Thomas, C. J., Denver, Colorado.
Young, L. L., Eaton, Rapids, Mich.

7th Company

Barnett, E. W., Birmingham, Ala.
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Began, J. M., Effingham, Ill.
Brown, L. A., Auburn, Pa.
Chadwick, G., Old Lyme, Conn.
Cloughley, S. T., San Francisco, Calif.
Cohan, A. M., Savannah, Georgia.
Colvin, O. D., Jr., Seattle, Wash.
Cook, J. M., Erwin, Tenn.
Dennett, R. R., Washinton, D. C.
Dibrell, S. T., Little Rock, Ark.
Fairman, F. E., Jr., Uniontown, Pa.
Gallery, D. V., Jr., Chicago, Ill.
Greenwald, R. C., Toledo, Ohio.
Grube, J. F., Lancaster, Pa.
Guthrie, H. A., Gallatin, Tenn.
Hachtel, C. L., Baltimore, Md.
Hill, L. E., Jr., Abilene, Texas.
Hunt, L. L., Rosedale, Kansas.
Hunt, R. B., New London, Conn.
Hutchinson, M. C., Jr., Woodberry, N. J.
Jacomini, V. V., Pasadena, Calif.
Kohrs, F. B., Torrington, Conn.
Koops, C., Buffalo, N. Y.
Lee, W. J., Oswega, N. Y.
Lewis, G. C., Jr., Lockport, N. Y.
Loker, A. M., Leonardstown, Md.
McClure, F. C., St. Louis, Mo.
MacKinnon, J. S., Juneau, Alaska.
Marie, L. E., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
Pendleton, W. B., Globe, Arizona.
Roswall, P. E., Medford, Mass.
Rush, A. S., New Haven, Conn.
Schell, E. W., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Sherman, E. P., Boise, Idaho.
Smith, D. F., Timmons ville, S. C.
Snare, E. D., Reno, Nevada.
Stubbs, F. H., Jr., Morgantown, W. Va.
Talbot, F. R., Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.
Walker, G. L., Urbana, Va.
Wray, H. T., Fitchburg, Mass.

8th Company

Ayrault, A. D., Jr., Tuckahoe, N. Y.
Barbaro, J. R., Winchester, Mass.
Baume, C. R., Marietta, Ohio.
Bayless, V. K., Findlay, Ohio.
Biggs, B. B., Elliott, W. Va.
Bowman, R. L., Manchester, Iowa.
Carroll, H. W., Jr., Bennettsville, S. C.
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Cooke, S. B., Harrison, Arkansas.
Damrow, G., Milwaukee, Wis.
Eggers, F. R., Manitowoc, Wis.
Emory, C. D., Seattle, Washington.
Enright, E. H., Chicago, Illinois.
Gorry, W. A., Southington, Conn.
Kelsh, C. T., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
Killian, R. R., Rollins, Mont.
Killingsworth, W. M., Columbia, S. C.
Lyons, L. LeB., Jr., Mobile, Ala.
McGowan, L. J., Appleton, Minn.
McLean, H. H., Llano, Texas.
Madeira, D. L., St. Petersburg, Florida.
Miller, I. W., Versailles, Ohio.
Myers, R. O., St. Petersburg, Florida.
Ramsey, W. P., Jr., Washington, D. C.
Rice, H. E., Jr., Springfield, Ohio.
Rockwell, J. P., Harriman, Tenn.
Rodes, J. W., Lexington, Ky.
Rosshelm, D. B., Columbia, So. Car.
Roth, E. E., Newport, Ky.
Ruby, H. A., Louisville, Ky.
Sanders, C. H., Martinsville, Ind.
Schneider, H. G., Warwick, New York.
Smith, C. E., Columbiana, Ohio.
Smith, J. N., Eureka, Kan.
Tellman, H. A., Jefferson City, Mo.
Thayer, R. G., San Francisco, Cal.
Walmer, H. W., Bluffton, Indiana.
Wells, F. H., Boonville, Ind.
Westfall, M. J., Vincennes, Ind.
Willis, J. H., Richmond, Va.
Wilson, D. H., Wichita, Kansas.
Wiltsie, I. D., Plainfield, N. J.

9th Company

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Bartlett, F. S., Castine, Maine.
Bayley, A. H., The Dalles, Oregon.
Berry, R. W., New York City.
Carey, R. H., Elmira, N. Y.
Crawford, G. C., Black Mountain, N. C.
Dodds, S. B., Clarksdale, Miss.
Dugan, C. F., Baltimore, Ind.
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Futrelle, J. P., Boston, Mass.
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Lyon, G. D., Elkhorn, Wis.
Macondray, A., Jr., Palo Alto, Cal.
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Mauger, G. L., Reading, Pa.
Moore, W. E., Los Angeles, Cal.
Morgan, W. W., Dayton, Tenn.
Morrow, L. W., Chillicothe, Ohio.
Porter, W. A., Jr., Muskogee, Okla.
Schwien, N. O., St. Joseph, Mo.
Shwartz, H. M., Portland, Maine.
Sweeney, R. D. F., Lima, Ohio.
Thompson, J. L., Bowling Green, Mo.
Whiteford, C. A., Cumberland, Wis.
Wickerham, D. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Wilson, B. B., Jr., Washington, D. C.
Wishart, P. B., New Orleans, La.
Zotti, F., Jr., New York City.

10th Company

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Belcher, C. H., Columbus, Ohio.
Braun, B. L., Lorain, Ohio.
Carney, J. V., O'Neill, Nebraska.
Clark, H., White Plains, New York.
Cooke, W. R., Jr., Llanerch, Tenn.
Curetton, N. C., Jr., Louisville, Ky.
Curry, D., Jr., New York, N. Y.
Esling, T. A., Jr., Detroit, Mich.

Faine, C., New Straitsville, Ohio.
Fewel, W. G., El Paso, Texas.
Forbes, W. G., Fitzgerald, Georgia.
Gilliam, G. W., Hondo, Texas.
Hand, W. N., Starkville, Miss.
Harding, R. H., Los Angeles, Cal.
Herring, G. G., Jr., Harrisonburg, Va.
Houston, S., Woodbury, Tenn.
Jones, D. L., Norfolk, Va.
Justice, D. B., Waycross, Ga.
Kelley, M. R., Portland, Oregon.
Kloman, C. R., Jr., New York, N. Y.
Lewis, T. L., Amite City, La.
McCarty, P. G., Portland, Ore.
McGlone, L. G., Roxbury, Mass.
Mahoney, E. C., Biddeford, Maine.
Marienhoff, H., New York, N. Y.
Menocal, G. L., Asheville, N. C.
Meredith, E. E., Washington, D. C.
Nish, A. G., Lynn, Mass.
Noble, C., Philadelphia, Pa.
Porteous, E. J., Reno, Nevada.
Rees, W. L., Louisville, Ky.
Reiter, L. R., Harrisonburg, Va.
Ryan, T. J., Jr., New Orleans, La.
Scott, L. K., Gouverneur, N. Y.
Semple, L., Jr., New York, N. Y.
Shannonhouse, F. McK., Jr., Charlotte, N. C.
Shaw, H. P., Gallipolis, Ohio.
Snackenberg, J. A., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Upshur, J. A., Norfolk, Va.
Williams, E. A., Wilmington, Del.

11th Company

Baltazzi, H. W., Westbury, L. I.
Banks, H. O., Entaw, Alabama.
Bolger, J. F., Adams, Mass.
Brumbaugh, H. L., Washington, D. C.
Condon, A. D., New York, N. Y.
Crouch, E. M., Deadwood, S. D.
de Rivera, H. L., Atlantic City, N. J.
Divoll, L. C., Worcester, Mass.
DuBois, S. W., Passaic, N. J.
Firth, F. J., North Adams, Mass.
Ford, F. D. A., Portland, Maine.
Glisson, C. O., McKenzie, Tenn.
Grannis, L. C., Duluth, Minn.
Gray, A. J., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
Greber, C. F., New York, N. Y.
Harris, J. W., Junction City, Ark.
Heath, J. P., Camden, S. C.
Heim, E. M., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Hopper, T. B., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Keller, W. S., Hartford, Conn.
McCroly, F. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
McGinley, J. A., Norristown, Pa.
McKenna, F. J., Leicester, Mass.
Maguire, C. J., Boston, Mass.
Maher, E. A., New York, N. Y.
Marshall, C. J., Greensburg, Pa.
Meadow, H. L., Elberton, Georgia.
Mercer, J. G., Wilmington, N. C.
Merrick, R. H., Brookline, Mass.
Mesnik, J., New York, N. Y.
Nemrow, J. I., New York, N. Y.
Nichols, P. G., Peabody, Mass.
Nyquist, W., Eagle Lake, Minn.
Oliver, E. B., Baxter, Tenn.
Pino, H. M., St. Paul, Minn.
Price, W. S., St. Louis, Mo.
Rogers, W. N., Orlando, Florida.
Sage, G. E., Hackensack, N. J.
Settle, B., Gainsboro, Tenn.
Tompkins, R. B., At large.
Young, P. G., Milwaukee, Wis.

12th Company

Berrum, C. W., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bobbitt, W. G., Somerset, Kansas.
Canty, R. E., Elgin, Ill.
Carlson, D. E., Whiting, Iowa.
Cone, W. W., Charleston, Ill.
Digges, J. I.
Drybread, W. L., Nevada, Iowa.
Eaton, H. W., Detroit, Mich.
Hickey, R. F., Gazette, Cal.
Hilding, G. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hoover, W. D., Taylorville, Ill.
Houser, H. A., Fort Valley, Ga.
Hoxton, L. K., St. Louis, Mo.
Hubbell, H. H., St. Louis, Mo.
Kelly, T. J., Coffeyville, Kansas.
Kirby-Smith, E., Jr., Sewanee, Tenn.

Koch, H. E., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Kucera, T. P., La Crosse, Wis.
 Main, A. L., Mt. Vernon, Iowa.
 Marting, R. L., Portsmouth, Ohio.
 Moncewicz, P. M., Brockton, Mass.
 Murphy, W. D., New York, N. Y.
 Myers, G. B., Aurora, Ill.
 Olson, J. L. B., Ishpeming, Mich.
 Orcasitas, P., Jr., Rio de Piedra, Porto Rico.
 Pace, L. L., Guide Rock, Nebraska.
 Paley, A., Chicago, Ill.
 Parsons, J. S., Jr., Ascomac, Va.
 Percival, R. C., Augusta, Maine.
 Pollard, L. K., Salmon, Idaho.
 Rule, J. C., St. Louis, Mo.
 Selby, M. E., Bellingham, Wash.
 Sewell, W. H., Jackson, Tenn.
 Thomas, M. E., Yreka, Cal.
 Thompson, E. M., Coffeyville, Kan.
 Trapnell, W. S., Glen Ridge, N. J.
 Watrous, C. K., Cheboygan, Mich.
 Webb, E. H., Newport, R. I.
 Wheelock, R. S., West Winfield, N. Y.
 Willis, R. G., Burlington, Vt.
 Womble, J. P., Jr., Atlanta, Ga.
 Young, G. S., Butler, Pa.

13th Company

Averitt, F., Seminole, Texas.
 Bahm, G. H., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Benoist, L. A., New Orleans, La.
 Broun, W. F., New York, N. Y.
 Brown, R. C., Rome, Ga.
 Carter, Jesse H., Texarkana, Ark.
 Coloney, P. R., Bradentown, Fla.
 Crenshaw, J. S., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Cronin, J. C., Geneva, Ala.
 Dell, T. M., Jr., Baltimore, Md.
 Eggleston, J. M., Norfolk, Va.
 Eimers, H. O., Orangeville, Idaho.
 Ewen, E. C., Portsmouth, N. H.
 Gray, W. C., Boise, Idaho.
 Howard, P. E., Pipestone, Minn.
 Hughart, J. H. P., Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Hughes, J. R., Newport, R. I.
 Lafot, L., Lakefield, Minn.
 Lynch, J. K., Staten Island, N. Y.
 McDowell, W. A., Ashland, Ohio.
 McKinney, C. G., Walla Walla, Wash.
 McLaury, F. M., York, Pa.
 McShane, R. E., Baltimore, Md.
 MacKerracher, K., Waterbury, Conn.
 Macklin, C. F., Jr., Ilchester, Md.
 MacNamee, A. J., Washington, D. C.
 Madden, J. F., Berkely, Cal.
 Mahoney, J. J., New York, N. Y.
 Mayberry, F. A., Claremore, Okla.
 Minckler, C. H., Williston, N. D.
 Moise, W. L., Ottawa, Kansas.
 Moore, S. B., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Noble, K. H., Cromwell, Conn.
 Olsen, Clarence E., Waukegan, Ill.
 Pihl, P. E., New Britain, Conn.
 Rowe, L. L., New Albany, Indiana.
 Snyder, G. W., 3d, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Sprague, R. C., Sharon, Conn.

Waters, J. A., Jr., Stamford, Conn.
 Watters, H., Iowa City, Iowa.
 Wattles, T. L., Alexandria, Va.
 Willkie, E. E., Elwood, Indiana.

14th Company

Aldrich, C. E., St. Albans, Vt.
 Ball, F. B., Davenport, Iowa.
 Bell, C., Nashville, Tenn.
 Bixby, H. L., Long Beach, Cal.
 Booth, C. E., Jr., Painesville, Ohio.
 Brandt, B. F., New York, N. Y.
 Caldwell, K. C., Grand Junction, Col.
 Celi, J. R., Jr., Seattle, Wash.
 Clay, F. G., Plainfield, N. J.
 Costello, J. P., St. Louis, Mo.
 Coulter, H. N., San Francisco, Cal.
 Curtiss, A. C., Schenectady, N. Y.
 Edwards, R. D., McAlester, Okla.
 Eisenhardt, C. F. McN., Woodbury, N. J.
 Farrell, L. B., New York, N. Y.
 Frost, D. A., Oxford, N. Y.
 Gaines, W. R., Alexander, Va.
 Giles, D. T., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Hamilton, J. E., Omaha, Neb.
 Hanson, R. E., Schenectady, N. Y.
 Judson, J. S., Baltimore, Md.
 Judson, C. H., Rochester, N. Y.
 Julin, A. E., New Haven, Conn.
 Kane, E. B., Beverly, N. J.
 Leggett, W. D., Jr., Tarboro, N. C.
 Linke, G. D., Plainfield, N. J.
 McKee, L., Lawrenceberg, Ky.
 McKee, N. C., Redwood City, Cal.
 McKinley, E. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Martin, G. D., Beverly, Mass.
 Molloy, T. O'H., Yuma, Ariz.
 Moore, E. P., Danville, Va.
 Morgan, G. C., Topeka, Kansas.
 Morris, F., Jr., Marietta, Ga.
 Morrison, J. H., Greeley, Cal.
 Saurette, J. O., Fall River, Mass.
 Simpson, R. W., Corvallis, Ore.
 Steinbauer, F. S., Logansport, Ind.
 Sundberg, C. A. L., Weehawken, N. J.
 Switzer, W. G., Topeka, Kansas.
 Weidner, W. F., Hoboken, N. J.
 Williams, H. G., New Haven, Conn.

15th Company

Arkbush, A. S., Santa Monica, Cal.
 Bobbitt, W. C., Oxford, N. C.
 Bridget, F. J., Washington, D. C.
 Bueche, H. S., Steubenville, Ohio.
 Bushnell, C. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Byerly, D. H., Butler, Pa.
 Connolly, L. F., Boston, Mass.
 Considine, J. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Fletcher, W. B., Jr., Newport, R. I.
 Fly, J. L., Jr., Dallas, Texas.
 Frier, J. M., Fairfield, Conn.
 Gregg, J. W., Connorsville, Ind.
 Hagerty, R. H., Port Deposit, Md.
 Harper, B. C., Little Rock, Ark.
 Harrison, W. J., New Orleans, La.
 Huske, J. C., Fayetteville, N. C.
 Juvenal, W. W., Norwalk, Conn.

Knowles, H. P., Wakefield, R. I.
 Lambdin, J. T., Jr., Massillon, Ohio.
 Lamdin, C. R., Baltimore, Md.
 Lewis, R. P., Pompton Lakes, N. J.
 McIver, R. S., Washington, D. C.
 McKelvy, W. N., Jr., San Diego, Cal.
 Magruder, C. G., Jr., New Orleans, La.
 Miller, D. K., New York, N. Y.
 Peters, H., Baltimore, Md.
 Pollock, J. C., Santa Monica, Cal.
 Riley, F. J., Boston, Mass.
 Roberts, D. W., Denver, Col.
 Seletski, J., Glen Arden, Pa.
 Smellie, E. F., Ypsilanti, Mich.
 Stevens, G. C., Cave Spring, Ga.
 Strang, C. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Sullivan, W. E., International Falls, Minn.
 Tatbutton, E. A., Crumpton, Md.
 Taylor, L. V. D., Humiston, Iowa.
 Tower, L. L., Pepperell, Mass.
 Weiss, O. C. J., Hebron, Neb.
 Woodson, C. P., Birmingham, Ala.

16th Company

Alexander, W. V., Jr., Wayne, Pa.
 Allen, L. C., Shreveport, La.
 Billingsley, O. L., Whitney, Texas.
 Boone, W. F., Palo Alto, Cal.
 Brown, Charles R., Tuscolosa, Ala.
 Butterfield, R. E., Worcester, Mass.
 Cullins, T. O., Jr., Ada, Okla.
 Culver, B. K., Knoxville, Iowa.
 Davis, W. S. G., Brookline, Mass.
 Drischler, C. S., St. Louis, Mo.
 Hampson, E. W., Washington, D. C.
 Hanlon, B. H., Oakland, Cal.
 Hubbard, J. C., Danbury, Conn.
 Humphrey, J. D. C., Washington, D. C.
 Jones, G. A., Tuscola, Ill.
 Jones, J. G., Portage, Wis.
 Kahn, F. G., Youngstown, Ohio.
 Kellogg, W. P., 2d, Topeka, Kansas.
 Kline, E. T., Topeka, Kansas.
 Lake, B. G., Cambridge, N. Y.
 Lawton, A. P., Youngstown, Ohio.
 Lenhart, J. J., Yonkers, N. Y.
 Logan, D. F., Danville, Ky.
 Lowell, F. A. E., Berkeley, Cal.
 McCann, T. L., Tuscaloosa, Ala.
 McCarthy, H. E., Mitchell, S. D.
 McCollum, A. H., Marion, Ala.
 McInerney, F. X., Cheyenne, Wyoming.
 McWilliams, J. H., Paterson, N. J.
 Makosky, W. E., Newark, N. J.
 Maxson, W. L., St. Cloud, Minn.
 Menton, C. N., Tecumseh, Okla.
 Miller, G. C., Snohomish, Wash.
 Milligan, R. E., Denver, Col.
 Millis, W. R., Lyndonville, N. Y.
 Moebus, L. A., Kenton, Ohio.
 Ranschousen, R. S., Springfield, Mass.
 Smith, T., Rawlins, Wyoming.
 Stafford, L. S., Altoona, Kansas.
 Wishard, R. H., Ellensburg, Wash.
 De Baun, G. H., Bushong, Kansas.



CLASS HISTORY

Prelude

¶ Once upon a time, Gentle Reader, there lived a wise old man. Now this old man did a wondrous thing: he created a child of his brain. Said he, "Verily, shall we lay the corner stone of an asylum on the banks of the Severn, and into the portals of this institution shall flock the fairest of the land. They shall follow the paths of Neptune, they shall be exposed to the intricacies of reading, writing, and 'rithmetic, and ever and anon there shall be a parting of the goats on the left hand and the sheep on the right." And forthwith did he establish this institution of learning which by the formula "Ex Scientia Tridens" did purport to educate gentlemen sailors for a life on the bounding main.

Scene I

¶ The stage is set, the scene enchanting, the very atmosphere tends to grant a new lease on life. And into these open portals flock the youths of our land in all their splendor and radiance of fine raiment. Down by the old sea wall lie the cat-boats and half-raters rolling lazily with the swells of the Severn and basking in the torrid warmth of mid-summer sunlight. Off to the lighthouse the sun-white sails of the Robert Center catch the rays of the sun and laughingly toss them back again. From Worden Field we hear the crack of base ball bat and the hearty laughter of happy, healthy youth.

¶ We were called before the Superintendent—"race, color, previous state of servitude." "Glorious, wonderful, splendid," quoths he, "Verily, there is not a misfit or a cripple in the crowd." Later—"Gentlemen of '18 allow me the pleasure of introducing to you the class of '21." They taught us the way to promotion and pay, and we learned many a lesson from them.

¶ But anon there must come the parting of the ways. These attendant spirits, these celestial creatures were being torn from our midst. Then the organ pealed out, "God be with you, 'til we meet again." And they left us alone—alone.

¶ Four months we worked and played, four months, the like of which is nowhere known. Infantry drill and rifle range in the blistering sun, cutter races to the lighthouse and back, and swim-

ming drill over there on the float with those soft, clinging, most affectionate of creatures (jelly fish),—don't you recall it all now? No cares, no sorrows, no troubles beset our path. And then Billy Lush soon broke out the horsehide. "Now, fellows, base ball is a game of life. Coordination of muscle, harmony of movement, something after this fashion." (Business of Billy laying Venus de Milo away in the shade.) Later a stranger appeared on Farragut Field, a man from the West, they said, tall, lanky, hard, and rangy, silent and mysterious, the strangest man we ever knew,—'t was Doby—and he got to work and built up the stuff that goes to make the Navy Blue.

Scene II

¶ "Sudden the lightning flashed like falchions in the dark. Sudden the thunder cracked—alas for our gallant bark." Like Beelzebub hurled from Heaven into the deepest depths of perdition, we were lost to the world never again to be our same selves. Our doom reserved us to wrath, to oppression, restraint, and severest admonition. The most obdurate pride must yield to humility and meekness; and again, but this time more thoroughly, we learned to observe and to absorb the ways and habits of the sea. Gone was the happiness of the summer, and the memory of it lingered with us to torment and harass us in our fate. For nine months we labored incessantly and we lived a life in a new world of which we were not a part. Discipline and subordination, these two most difficult lessons to learn, became an inherent part of our nature. And we profited more than we knew from our hardships.

¶ Fall rolled around with football in the air. We watched, and watching it, absorbed the Navy Spirit that put the fight in the team and in those spirited games of the fall and winter on the basket ball floor. Every other Saturday we invaded the sanctuary of antiquity, Crabtown. Alas, how foolishly did we squander our monthly sustenance in the village. After release we poured through the old gateway in one continuous stream and invaded the theaters, stores, and homes. And then, when the shades of night were falling, when our worldly goods were dwindled to naught—we came back

home, and why do we call it home? Why do we call any place home—because we come to love the place, don't you reckon?

☞ Days passed with different lessons and arduous drills. And at night in the mess hall we completed the education of the day, gave information on any and all topics, and had weighty discourse on such important subjects as the Whichness of What, Pajamas or Nightgowns, the Intellectual Attainments of Oysters, and the historic origin of everything from Prohibition to Twin Beds. And again did we learn a profound lesson from all. We learned what it meant to be shipmates, through thick and thin. And say, when you stop to think of it, was n't it good to get a glimpse of the old heaven again from way down there in the trough of the wave when Hundredth Night came around? Do you remember that Hundredth Night, how the table was set, sans cutlery, the band enveloped in shrubbery ready to trip off "les melodies gaies," then tables cleared for action, speeches, Egyptian dances, and how the U-boat discountenanced the celebration? But time had fled and the end was in sight.

☞ Almost before we knew it we felt the warm breath of Spring. Billy Lush began to set in motion the greatest combination we've had since we last met the army. Dick Glendon scientifically built a machine that would later win the American Henley. Every afternoon the waters of the Severn were dotted with sailing craft, the old gymnasium fairly swarmed with enthusiasts, the tennis courts were alive with players. And all this meant more to us Plebes, than to upper classmen, for these were our only diversions. They tended to make us forget our plight, to grin when things went wrong.

Scene III

☞ "How many days?"

☞ "Thirty a sleep and a butt, sir."

☞ "Boy how time do fly—why it seems as if it were only—" "Hey! you two birds down there, what you crabbin' 'bout?"

☞ "Sir, I was only sending Mr. Skaggs a telepathic wave in regard to butter, sir."

☞ "Well, not so loud, or you 'll have the D. O. on us. And if you 're sure it 's only thirty days, why

carry on, for you 're surely going to be ravaged by the fires of purgatory from now on."

☞ Only one more month and then back again on the crest of the wave. Each night we bade farewell to one more day, each day we longed for the loitering shades of night.

☞ And then June Week with its midnight showers, drills, inspections, and the myriad colors, with the Yard looking more beautiful than you had ever seen it before. You can hear that old organ now with those gadgets that bring up the stern with Too-ta-toot-toot as we sang "Until We Meet Again." Then atlast came the last twenty-four hours. Dress parade was never more pretty than it was that afternoon. And in the evening came the Farewell Ball when at last we could break the restraint of the gallery and get down on the floor to reclaim our almost forgotten pleasure. And after a last experiment that night with Doyle's Law, graduation day dawned in all its splendor.

☞ And if we all live a hundred years longer, never will we forget the pleasure, the infinite delight of the snake-dance on the Lane. Boy, how good it felt to cast off the Plebe and assume the Youngster. Then the cruise, but that 's another story.

Scene IV

☞ The setting is the same but the characters are changed. Where once the Plebe, in all his perplexities, wandered aimlessly to and fro, the Youngster, proud in the possession of his one-eighth inch of gold, struts as proudly as the cock of the walk. Gone is the benighted expression of the face and in its place has come a faint sparkle of intelligence. They are real (?) men of the sea now and as such comport themselves more in the manner of their illustrious predecessors than as Plebes they were wont to.

☞ At the beginning of our Youngster year the flu came to the Academy and two of our classmates, W. A. McDuffie and E. Sturtevant succumbed to its effects. They left us to make a more wonderful voyage into the great unknown and their demise was deeply regretted by those who knew them well. On that day of days when we all shall meet again, we shall be glad to see our old classmates who departed in the springtime of their careers, leaving a void in our life that can never be filled.

Postlude

¶ And now another wise old man, engendering a child of his imagination, has decreed that Twenty-one shall no longer exist as one body. Half of the class will leave in June, 1920 while the other half will remain until June, 1921. But, while separated in fact, Twenty-one shall always be one in spirit, that spirit which binds men together in all walks of life, the spirit born of mutual cares and joys. ¶ And, may the happy memories of the days we spent together as one class keep us ever as one body with the same aspirations and ideals.



LEST WE FORGET

1921

I.

HERE 'S to 1921,
The finest in the land!
Never a duty will she shun—
Firm shall she ever stand!

II.

Here 's to days of summer, spent
In learning how to row
And what "Squads Left" and "Squads Right"
meant
To tired Plebe, John Doe.

III.

Here 's to the days when Plebes we were!
Happy days gone by—
Learning to keep the shift and blur
From out a steadfast eye.

IV.

Here 's to the Youngster Cruise we made—
Our hard-won liberty!
That was the thankless part we played
In gaining the Victory!

V.

Here 's to the twenty days we had
Away from this routine;
With nothing to do but just be glad,
And carefree, and serene!

VI.

Here 's to the athletes of our class;
They helped bring Navy fame!
Well they deserve the cheers of the mass;
They 've worked and "played the game!"

VII.

Here 's to all our snakes so bold,
Who drag to every hop;
Dragging short, tall, young, and old—
God grant they never stop.

VIII.

Here 's to Red Mikes—quiet all—
Who never look at girls!
Yet, some day, we 'll see them fall
For a baby-stare and curls!

IX.

Here 's to the Youngster stripe we wear,
And which we hold so dear;
Let us not forget that there
Are bigger things, next year.

X.

Here 's to next year's First Classmen,
So savvy with their brains;
While half keeps on 'til June, —and then
As second class remains.

XI.

Here 's to all the joys we 've known—
The trials and troubles, too—
When the spirit of '21 alone
Was all that pulled you thru.

XII.

Here 's to '20, leaving us—
This June Week their last
Leaving us their duties—PLUS
The benefits of their past!

XIII.

Then here 's to 1921!
The finest in the land!
Split in fact,—in spirit, ONE!
Firm may she ever stand!



THE CRUISE

H, my brethren, will you ever forget that sunny June Morning when, with a heart beating high with hope, you joyously made your weary way down to the dock looking like an earthquake refugee? Over one shoulder you swung your sea bag, around your neck was the hammock, and by your side swung Ex Calibre, your trusty bucket. A gentleman sailor, that 's what you were. Out there, gleaming in the rays of the morning sun, lay the tin-plated battle wagon which held your destiny. Little did you reck that a ship had decks which were occasionally washed, or that on a modern ship the coal bunkers were connected with the ash-ejector. No, you shouted lustily for " Mothers, sisters, sweethearts " when the kicker shoved off, cherishing the fond delusions you had obtained from " Buck Jones."

¶ When the boats hit the ship's side we had a hectic time of it. For a time it looked like there 'd be a riot, everybody was fighting to pass the gear over the side. They finally formed two lines and started the rough work. Only dropped two suit cases and a strong box over, too. The owner of the strong box was all for calling out the Fire and Rescue Party because it contained a wool sweater his girl had made for him to wear when he stood watch on the ice machines.

¶ We finally lifted up the anchor and put it on the shelf (we were n't sea-going then) and got under way. Oh, boy, everybody was anxious to work. They rushed around the quarter deck getting things shipshape. One bird remarked how white

the deck was. Gee, he did n't know *why* it was white, did he? Poor fish! It was n't very long till we joined the Fleet. By that time we knew all about the ship. Most of the boys had discovered the lounge room, with modern appointments, situated in the forward part of the ship.

¶ But Great God of the Seven Seas? That first night was sure a nightmare. One guy, who used to be cow puncher, got his hammock slung but he could n't mount it. Finally he sneaked up on it softly, jumped at it and tried to beat it into submission before it was roused. He still thinks somebody wised it up. Was n't it great stuff, sleeping in that little porch swing? You 'd stick your feet in one place and darned if you did n't bulge out at another. The most convenient thing to do was to shove your feet in the hammock ahead. How about those nights when they were running the ship off the steam from the scuttle butt, when your little hammock curled around you cozily while you stewed under a blanket to ward off the Tangier mosquitoes? Who wrote that bunk about being " Lulled to sleep in a sailor's cradle, rocked by the gentle motion of the waves?" Sailor's cradle, me eye, sailor's Turkish Bath is better.

¶ The next morning we got the first glimpse of Yorktown, lying dormant in the sun. Yorktown is always that way. We admitted that our first impressions were rather poor, but after our first liberty we could understand why Cornwallis surrendered. Anybody would have surrendered to get away from that town. There are a good many historic relics there. One is

Cornwallis's Cave. The old boy must have had it fitted up so he and a couple of other officers could enjoy a quiet game when Yorktown got on their nerves. They put a sign up, "Cornwallis's Cave, 25 cents admission." They knew that nobody would pay a quarter to get in that cave when they could get in just as good a one for nothing. There was a court house, too. There was n't any use for it, though, because the police force was on his summer vacation while the Fleet was anchored there. Yorktown was pretty bad, you can't deny that, but we were going to be in Frisco on the Fourth of July, so why worry?

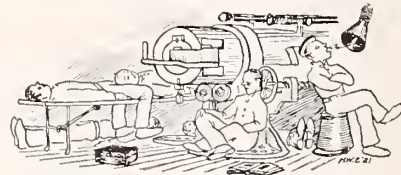
¶ Of course, we had to coal before starting for the West Coast, but after we coaled—just watch our smoke. One fine morning a couple of innocent-looking lighters came alongside quietly and made fast. We noticed that they always came during chow time. Probably that was so nobody would get a chance to sink them, because there was n't a man who 'd pass up a meal even to sink a coal lighter. After chow the tarpaulins were broken out to cover the guns. One bird asked why they did that, but he got peeved when the bosun said it was to keep the guns comfortable while the ship was "coaled."

¶ The next morning we ate our breakfast off the deck. When "commence firing" busted we went over the side in a cloud of dust, everybody fighting for a shovel. We were all excited and a couple of fellows were so anxious to get the lighter empty that they began to shovel the coal over the side. Of course there were a few who kept calm amidst all the excitement. Just mark this fact: along about forty years from now you just note all the birds who wear two stars abaft their anchor and you 'll see the same gentlemen who passed the strap through the bags, or, stood on deck and tossed back empty bags while their ship was being coaled. They used their gonks.

¶ To be sure, every coal bunker has a rubber lining, they say, and there was a little benefit from coaling, besides having to wash afterwards. We made one liberty in Old Point. After the ship had taken about seventy-five or a hundred thousand tons in the bunkers and we had cleaned another fifty thousand off the decks, the whole gang rushed for the wash room and tried to wash at once. There was one bucket to each fifteen men and during the riot most of the fellows washed somewhere else. When the liberty party hit the

docks at Old Point it looked like the entrance to a coal mine when the five o'clock whistle blows. Looks don't make the man, however, for who knows? Perhaps the same man who went into the Chamberlain with his head shaved may in the future years own a chain of grocery stores in Xenia, Ohio.

¶ You could n't say that life was just one deuced liberty after another, though. We were supposed to go down below and see what made the ballyhoo go, and then come up and draw a picture of it. Some of the boys' knowledge of a ship's propulsive machinery was limited to an oar, some of the sketches were what one might call novel. We knew from the "Bally Ohio" that you were supposed to sketch the bunkers, the coal, the forced draft, and—oh, all those things. The only trouble was that you had to be a Pinkerton detective to keep the sketches you made. We were supposed to stand regular watches. Gosh, it was sport to coax a twenty inch shovel through a ten inch fire door, or stand for four hours and watch a little hand go running like Helen Damnation around a dial. Great life. Did you ever try to trace the auxiliary line from the boiler and you found that it went through the dynamo, the feed water heater, the scuttle butt, the laundry, and then out through a scupper? The best way to trace it is out of a "Handy Book for the Engineering Force."



¶ When you got on deck you did n't have to do much tracing except to trace the seams in the deck with a holystone. It is an exhilarating exercise to push a holystone for a short while, about five minutes let us say, but after that you begin to think that somebody played a practical joke on you and put one of the Pyramids in place of your brick. When you are on deck you get a lot of exercise called Swedish movements every morning. Perhaps the Swedes did invent them, but they look more like a system for teaching Hebrew children to talk with their hands.

¶ But, oh, what rotten luck when they passed the word to scrub bags and hammocks. Was n't it pitiful to see a fellow plead, with tears in his

eyes, to be next on a deck ki-yi? Then he 'd have to implore some one else to give him the bucket when they got through. By the time he 'd get both of them, chow would be piped down. Well, he 'd take the gear down to chow with him and lay it on the deck where he could watch it. He 'd take his eyes off the tools to ask for a piece of bread and when he 'd look again the ki-yi had disappeared. He 'd rush to see who got that, and the bucket would go. After a fruitless search he 'd return to the table to find that the moke had taken his mess gear. Nine chances out of ten are that he 'd pay a dollar and furnish the salt water soap to the two birds who got the bucket and ki-yi.



☞ Another quaint little habit was to air bedding. Did you ever say, "Oh, how vexing," when you dropped the blanket over as you were unlashng the thing. Or maybe you were in the fire room when they piped down the bedding, and got papped for getting it dirty.

☞ Skipper's inspections were joyful occasions. It was such a glorious feeling to wash a pair of trow until they were white as milk, and then sit on a bit or something, thereby producing the effect of a moonlight night without a moon "en arriere" as the French say. The skipper would take offense at your shirt, just because there was only one button on it.

☞ The cruise was a great place to get together. The strongest association formed was called "The Amalgamated Union of Uncle Gonks." The charter members were the hardy lads who had their pates shorn early in the summer. Pretty soon they begun to get uneasy at the slow propagation of the new crop and they tried all kinds of fertilizers. If a fellow came up to you with a sort of pleading expression on his face you 'd know he was going to take his hat off and ask you how his hair was coming along. They would n't even believe the

rumor. Finally this gang got so desperate that they banded together and spread a lot of propaganda about shaved heads being sanitary, an Old Navy custom and a Youngster rate. A bunch of neophytes were taken in, due to this underhand work. Poor, misguided youths, most of them went home on Sept leave looking like they 'd just done six months for porch climbing. It was peculiar, too, because nearly everybody could grow a whole stock of hair on their face. The average Midshipman looked like an anarchist about the face and like a tramp, otherwise. Oh, if those adoring femmes who were conjuring mental pictures of us, resplendent in a natty suit of whites pacing the quarter deck arm in arm with the captain, could have seen us with a week old beard, a suit of khaki that was held together by the imagination, and shoes that knew not polish——Draw the curtain.

☞ We learned a bunch of stuff on the cruise; nobody denies that. We found out that a binnacle list was n't the list that a ship got when more binnacles grew on one side than the other. We learned that a collision mat was n't a thing to put over the side to keep the ship from running into something ☞ ☞

☞ Along about the middle of the summer we started to wonder if there were any jolly tars in Navy since it went dry, but in the middle of August we got straight dope that we would shove off on the twenty-fourth. One bird wrote to his girl and asked her to make some of that fudge he liked, when he came round on the twenty-sixth. On the twenty-fourth we cleaned ship and on the twenty-sixth we scrubbed bags and hammocks.

☞ We did shove off one fine morning from old Base Two, and steered straight up the Bay. Oh, boy, don't you remember how you packed everything in the old bags? And would n't you run every time somebody sighted a landmark? Gee, that was a great feeling when you could see the wireless towers dimly through the hazy air. Bancroft Hall surely did look good again. But the next morning when the kickers shoved off from the side of the ship did you feel a little bit of regret at leaving the old tub? You did!!!! Oh, just regret that it was n't at the bottom. And the final scene, as you looked back across the ever-widening stretch of water between you and the ship, did you speak softly to the fellow next to you, "Say, that cruise will live long in my memory." Well, you were right. It will live too damned long.



CLASS OF 1922

1st and 2nd Battalions



CLASS OF 1922

3rd and 4th Battalions

ALABAMA

Adams, F. McK.
 Atkeson, C. L. C.
 Barr, W. W.
 Brown, J. T., Jr.
 Buffington, A. W.
 Carmichael, J. A.
 Cater, C. J.
 Cross, W. C.
 Culli, R. C.
 Hamrick, L.
 Holleman, H. C., Jr.
 Hurt, W. F.
 Lancaster, W. L.
 Lee, W. T.
 Little, M. N.
 Meriwether, G. M.
 Mitchell, J. Augustus, Jr.
 Mizell, M. H.
 Nicholson, F.
 Pitts, W. E., Jr.
 Walker, O. M.
 Waller, H. E.

ARIZONA

Elder, A.
 English, R. A. J.
 Harshman, H. C.
 Johnson, O. G.
 McPherson, E. R.
 Molloy, T. R.

ARKANSAS

Alexander, W. G.
 Cory, T. A.
 Garvin, C. D.
 Koonce, P. B.
 Manees, L. J.
 Mayo, H. S.
 Mitchell, J. Armistead
 Moore, R. L.
 Rudsill, R. C.
 Wilson, T. D.

CALIFORNIA

Agnew, H. F.
 Butler, B. J.
 Davis, H. G.
 Dodge, C. A.
 Dole, R. W.
 Hogan, D. W.
 Hodges, C.
 Homann, A. J.
 Jackson, R. R.
 Jones, H. K.
 Kephart, R. C.
 Kimball, C. H.
 MacComsey, H. F.
 McVey, J. B.
 Michaux, W. V.
 Needham, H. P.
 Ochiltree, T. H.
 Pierce, F. W.
 Post, A. E.
 Quarton, D.
 Saeltzer, C. R.
 Stacy, G. A.
 Warlick, J. P.

COLORADO

Bowman, N. LeR.
 Brown, H. A. B.
 Burris, J. J.
 Gordon, J. F.
 Hill, T. B.
 Hodgkinson, F. D.
 Johnson, P. C.
 Maloney, J. M.

CONNECTICUT

Brathwaite, M. W.
 Fisher, A.
 Goodwin, H. F.
 Higgins, R. B., Jr.
 Johnson, F. B.
 Keating, W. S.
 Palmer, C. A.
 Severn, D. K.
 Stohr, L. A.
 Pape, W. B.
 Wiedorn, P.

DELAWARE

Drexler, H. C.
 Fulenwider, J. J. B.
 Holcomb, H. L.
 Nicholson, J. R., Jr.
 Pratt, J. L.
 Richey, A., Jr.
 Zortman, J. E.

FLORIDA

Brady, A. R.
 Brown, T. O., Jr.
 Craig, J. E.
 Foster, E. W.
 Gramling, A. J.
 McGhee, C. L.
 Ragonnet, L.
 Tucker, W. B.
 Waggener, R. S.
 Wallis, A. V.
 Wells, W. W.

FRANCE

d'Oyley, D. L.

GEORGIA

Baum, J. B.
 Brimberry, M. F.
 Cole, S. G.
 Cox, J. M., Jr.
 Chapman, J. K.
 Crist, C. F.
 Flanders, M. J.
 Furlow, C. M., Jr.
 Geise, J. F.
 Godin, R. J.
 Hollingsworth, W. E.
 Huff, H. R.
 Hunter, R. N.
 Jackson, M. C.
 Johnson, Robert L.
 McArthur, G.
 McWhorter, W. E.
 Nelson, R. P.
 O'Donnell, J. J., Jr.
 Oxnard, T.

Smith, R. Hall
 Terrell, W. B.
 Watson, G. F.
 Williams, F. B.

HAWAII

Quinlan, H. D.

IDAHO

Jennings, W. F.
 Lewis, C. H.
 Smith, E. O.
 Smith, R. E.
 Stockton, A. B.

ILLINOIS

Adcock, J. W.
 Belford, R. L.
 Benner, R. E.
 Berner, W. K.
 Bradford, R. F., Jr.
 Brown, C. C.
 Butterfield, H. B.
 Cooper, G. R.
 Cormack, K. M.
 Crew, W. H.
 Eldridge, D. R.
 Farwell, A.
 Farwell, K. D.
 Fenton, P. M.
 Fitzhugh, G. D.
 Gary, J. P.
 Haley, I. J.
 Howland, J. R.
 Huber, V.
 Hunter, G. R.
 Jones, W. G.
 Keeler, H., Jr.
 Kehoe, T. H.
 Leppart, J. H.
 Mann, S. S.
 McCracken, A. R.
 O'Sullivan, W.
 Palmer, G. E.
 Parcels, P. D.
 Pearce, E. S.
 Pederson, N. A.
 Quinn, K. M.
 Rickover, H. G.
 Ryan, E. A.
 Sampson, J. G.
 Sherer, J. S., Jr.
 Taylor, S. N.
 Titus, E. U.
 Walker, E. T., Jr.
 Wallace, J. R.
 Whitgrove, L. D.
 Wray, R. C.
 Wright, B.

INDIANA

Ashley, C. L.
 Blick, R. E., Jr.
 Drait, N. A.
 Fudge, H. L.
 Gardner, E. R.
 Givan, C. W.
 George, J. DeW.
 Hollis, R. P.
 Lambert, J. A.
 Krick, H. D.

Lambert, J. A.
 Latta, W. C.
 McMurray, R.
 Maxwell, W. H.
 Moore, C.
 Morris, W. S.
 Nichol, R. E.
 Peacher, R. McC.
 Post, E. S.
 Schmidt, A. A.
 Skidmore, R. L.
 Southard, S. E.
 Strong, M. J.
 Studabaker, D. J.
 Thieme, R. A.
 Wyman, C. H.

IOWA

Baker, K.
 Ball, F. J.
 Colby, E. F.
 Colby, J. W.
 Clark, C. A., 2nd.
 Crist, LeM. E., Jr.
 Davis, W. P.
 Jones, N. G.
 King, C. W.
 Kinsloc, G. W.
 McCandless, W. B.
 Malanaphy, M. J.
 Miller, P. P.
 Olmsted, J. L.
 Redfield, J. M.
 Reynolds, O. F.
 Riste, G. N.
 Saunder, W. V.
 Stevens, H. R.
 von Schrader, O. F.

KANSAS

Boldizar, G. T.
 Beal, G. M.
 Converse, A. F.
 Holm, W. L.
 Jerome, C. C.
 McHugh, J. M.
 Owings, J. P.
 Short, R. J.
 Sturges, R. E., Jr.
 Thompson, W. F.
 Williams, M. R.

KENTUCKY

Beattie, T. T.
 Bedford, W. E.
 Clark, S. J.
 Cleland, R. R.
 Cristal, C. W.
 Duncan, E. R.
 Gossett, M. N.
 Gregg, K. J.
 Hardin, D. W.
 Kelly, M. L.
 Millard, J. W.
 Pemberton, M. W.
 Pool, J. M.
 Rawlings, H. A.
 Rudd, A. V. P.
 Simmons, J. F.
 Sower, J. P. L.
 Weller, M. J. F., Jr.
 Young, J. C.

LOUISIANA

Arroyo, E. B.
Barrow, E. J.
Carter, B. E.
Chase, S. F.
Cullins, F. T.
Curtis, E. B.
Daspit, G. D.
Diboll, E. B.
Drumm, S. L.
Goodwin, H. H.
Hearne, H. A.
Jeanmarde, L. J. B.
Riggs, W. F., Jr.
Trousdale, G. W.
Turner, G. R.
Woodard, M. E.
Zelanka, R. L., Jr.

MAINE

Beach, H. E.
Burleigh, R. W.
French, J. E.
Hickson, R. C., Jr.
Kneeland, O. A.
Pullen, S.
Richards, F. F.
Ricker, E. K.
Smith, Roscoe H.
Stuart, L. B.
Vose, F. B.

MARYLAND

Baker, H. D.
Bailliere, S. M.
Bauernschmidt, G. W.
Bennington, J. P.
Bryan, A. W.
Christian, J. D.
Clark, S. R.
Compton, W. R.
Crandall, H. W.
Dugan, F. C., Jr.
Gates, H. E.
Glascok, L. J.
Harper, J. S.
Montgomery, E. P.
Price, E. H.
Russell, R. P.
Sebald, W. J.
Wigton, R. J.

MASSACHUSETTS

Aldred, T.
Bates, A. D.
Blair, G. S.
Cogger, P. J.
Crawford, C. W.
Dineen, A. F.
Farrier, G. LeB.
Flatley, G. F.
Haycock, W. E.
Healy, H. R.
Height, E. F.
Magnuson, J. A. N.
Millett, C. R.
Morgan, J. F.
Neiley, E. A.
Parker, J. E.
Parker, W. D.
Quinn, G. U.
Raftery, T. J.
Remington, P. E., Jr.
Smith, H. T.
Sullivan, R. D.
Swett, K. A.
Welch, J. F., Jr.
Welsh, N. M.
Weston, J. L.
Zayotti, H. R.
Zimmerman, W. E.

MICHIGAN

Allen, C. D.
Asman, G. D.
Atkinson, C. L., Jr.
Bartlett, B.
Bern, U. P.
Chaddock, J. V.
Dougall, F. R., Jr.

Drake, R. E.

Fitzsimmons, A. M. R.
Fletcher, H. A.
Hamlin, A. LeR.
Hirwas, C. L.
Hindenach, R. A.
Hume, J. R.
Keeth, A. S.
Lardner, F. W.
Lawrence, L. W.
Masselink, L. A.
Muir, B. K.
Nelson, R. E.
Palmer, G. B.
Parker, J. E.
Perkins, E. D., Jr.
Rothwell, R. B.
Schilling, H. W.
Seal, E. E.
Smith, H. A.
Stevens, H. F.
Stoddard, K. D.
Tambling, P. S.
Tyler, L. G.
Winkelman, H. A.

MINNESOTA

Beach, J. C.
Caswell, A. D.
Clay, J. P.
Denfeld, F.
Dougher, O.
Egan, W. H., Jr.
Ekelund, K. O.
Grow, B. E.
Hall, A. E.
Johnson, P.
Johnson, Rudolph L.
Larson, E. E.
Macfadden, L. A.
Mee, F. J.
Moffat, R. H.
Pew, M. V.
Regan, A. C.
Sainsbury, P. P.
Streissguth, G. H.

MISSISSIPPI

Bettis, T. J.
Bibby, L. H.
Crenshaw, A. H.
Davis, K. F.
Dunn, J. B.
Flowers, J. C.
Fly, W. A.
Greenwald, H. S.
Halsell, F. S.
Harding, P. M., Jr.
Hood, T. H., Jr.
McWillie, C. W.
Metcalf, E. C.
Patton, J. W., Jr.
Smith, J. A.
Stirling, S. C.
Stokes, T. M.
Wall, W. D., Jr.
Williams, J. M.
Yelverton, I. N.

MISSOURI

Alexander, L. W.
Armstrong, J. E., Jr.
Calhoun, C. G.
Carter, W. R.
Catron, P.
Child, L. T.
Coil, E. E.
Converse, F. M.
Dorsey, J. H.
Duckwrth, H. S.
Fink, B. W., Jr.
Gurley, R. K.
Helber, C. L.
Hudson, H. B.
Kauffman, R. P.
McConn, B. L.
McIntosh, H. D.
Myers, C. W.
Pennoyer, H. O.
Rippey, H. G.

Romy, G. F.

Ryan, T. C., Jr.
Titus, E. J.
Vest, J. P. W.
Walsh, H. T.
Wimsett, H. A.

MONTANA

Carrol, J. M.
Goodwin, C. F.
Hale, P. G.
Hall, J. N.
Kennett, C. L.
McBride, J. A.
Meyers, E. E.
Miller, L. G.
Morris, R. E.
Smith, J. T.
Toomey, H. W.
Uehlinger, A. E.
Voegeli, C. E.

NEBRASKA

Austin, F. L.
Beyrer, W. H.
Comp, C. O.
Cruise, E. A.
Follmer, L. D.
Koehler, B. G.
Krecek, J.
Martin, P. L.
Nicholson, M. F.
Peterson, J. Y.
Pierce, H. W.
Rees, O.
Shears, C. C.
Tyler, A. L.

NEVADA

Eurnett, C. I.
McElroy, F. K.
Neasham, W. E.
Orr, W. W.
Regan, H. E.,

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Connor, J.
Harrigan, D. W.
Jennings, H. L.
Moses, G.
Mulholland, W. E.
Nickols, L. H.

NEW JERSEY

Becker, E. Jr.
Blue, R. E.
Clark, A. D.
Clarkson, A. A.
Cooper, G. D.
Dunstan, T. S.
Durgin, E. R.
Ely, J. S. T. S.
Engeman, W. A., Jr.
Forsyth, E. C.
Foster, F. D.
Flynn, D. T.
Loughery, J. C.
McCarter, J. C.
Pyle, W. A. F.
Rau, D. S.
Rockey, W. W.
Schlichter, C. F.
Shenier, H. L.
Sinclair, D. H.
Spielvogel, J.
Taylor, E. D.
Thomsen, P. S.
Weirum, O. C.
Wood, C. A.

NEW MEXICO

Archibald, H. C.
Charles, P.
Hunter, W. C.
Long, W. W.
Parsons, W. S.

NEW YORK

Alford, O. P.
Archibald, E. P.
Arnold, A. D.
Berger, H. E.
Bond, K. E.
Boyd, T. H.
Breen, H. M.
Brooks, A. E.
Bruce, A. C.
Burgess, E. E.
Campbell, W. S.
Chandler, H. W.
Christie, T. F., Jr.
Clement, H. L.
Cogswell, W. P.
Coward, J. G.
Cramer, E. J.
Crosby, F. D.
Darron, R. R.
Davidson, H. C.
Eacker, E. H.
Eccles, H. E.
Eckhoff, F. J.
Ehle, R. J.
Eighmy, G. W.
Elliot, R.
Farrington, J. V.
FitzGerald, C. J., Jr.
Frawley, E. R.
Frazer, J. L.
Gallagher, V. J., Jr.
Goldsmith, P. H.
Graham, J. H.
Guider, J. W.
Hall, F. S.
Hartmann, W. S. S.
Hattemer, N.
Healy, F. G.
Holmes, W. J.
Hylant, E. P.
Iverson, N. K.
Johnston, D. H.
Kastner, A. V.
Kent, W. E.
Keppel, H. B., Jr.
Kosse, S. H.
Kraemer, F. E.
Kugel, C. A.
Leighley, H. M.
Leonard, J. F.
Lestor, J. C.
Lott, F. S.
McCabe, C. P., Jr.
McDonald, R. P.
Mackenzie, L. L.
Maginnis, T. C.
Mead, A. R.
Miller, Robert B.
Miller, T. W.
Morehouse, A. K.
Morse, R. W.
Nager, H. S.
Noble, C. H.
O'Shea, G. J.
Parry, H. L.
Pierpont, J. J.
Polhemus, L.
Pullen, H. F.
Riseley, J. P.
Rowe, F. W., Jr.
Rupert, R. C.
Schmidt, H. J.
Schultz, J. H.
Shepard, R. H.
Silverman, S.
Snedeker, C. E.
Suits, W. J.
Sweetland, E. W.
Taylor, A. R.
Tolk, A.
Wells, F. J.
Wells, P. A.
Wilson, J. T.
Woodruff, W. J.
Zimmer, L. A.

NORTH CAROLINA

Ball, F. H.
Betts, E. R.

Carter, James H., Jr.
Carter, W. W.
Cloud, O. L.
Cook, A. E.
Covington, H. S.
Hall, F. P., Jr.
Horton, P. E., Jr.
Lindsay, H. W.
Martin, W. J., Jr.
Niemyer, H. A.
Stevens, H. D.
Streetman, G. N.
Weaver, J. B.
Zachary, W. W.

NORTH DAKOTA

Bertrand, K. P.
Danis, A. L.
Halland, W. F.

OHIO

Allen, D. E.
Anderson, Byron.
Bargar, G. H.
Bedilion, R. W.
Biehl, F. W.
Boothe, E. A.
Brice, W. E.
Brollier, E. R.
Chapman, J. E.
Clark, R. B.
Elliot, W. J.
Emmons, E. F.
Hedrick, J. S.
Hofman, B. S.
Huffman, L. J.
Hudson, R. H.
Johnston, B. H.
Jordan, W. C.
Kendrick, O. A.
Layne, T. E.
LeBlond, R. E.
Lyon, A. R.
McGuinness, V. E.
McManes, K. M.
Miller, C. R.
Miller, W. M.
Morgan, H. R.
Nutter, D. L.
Pheger, C. C.
Pierce, E. H.
Ross, J. M.
Spencer, F. W.
Sutton, F. C.
Sturgeon, G. McW., Jr.
Twachtman, J.
Walters, H. C.
Wilson, J. F., Jr.
White, H. A.

OKLAHOMA

Baker, D. D.
Baker, O. K.
Clapp, V. O.
Collins, G. J.
Dannenber, J. Y.
Frye, H. D.
Sutherland, O. R.
Thomson, W. S., Jr.

OREGON

Alvord, C. N.
Ault, W. B.
Brewer, J. W., Jr.
Chapman, H. M.
Conrad, P. E.
Freseman, W. L.
Hadley, H. W.
Hutchinson, H. B.
Orem, H. E.
Raines, E. V.
Richardson, L. L.
Ten Brook, J. A.

PENNSYLVANIA

Billheimer, P. G.
Blake, J. C.
Butler, W. R., Jr.
Claxton, R. B., Jr.
Childs, L. M.

Coffman, R. P.
Crawford, H. M.
Crenshaw, T. H.
Cruse, A. W.
Doak, J. H.
Donehoo, J. C., Jr.
Downes, C. Jr.
Dunkelberger, H. E.
Dunn, H. A., Jr.
DuPont, E. F.
Duvall, H. H.

Ellis, L. E.
Ellison, J. G.
Espe, C. F.
Finn, W. A.
Fisher, H. B. P.
Forsyth, R. E.
Fox, R. W.
Garrette, L. M.
Gow, H. C., Jr.
Graham, R. MacD.
Green, F. O.
Harper, J. W.
Havard, C. A.
Hazard, H. G.
Hooper, C. F.
Humphreys, C. O.
Hunter, G. P.
Ingram, H. A.
Jarrett, H. B.
Johnston, R. F.
Junker, A. F.
Lewis, C. C.
Lewis, R. D.
Long, E. J.
McCandless, L. H.
McCrea, W. G.
Miller, R. H.
Mullins, W. J.
Murphy, J. E.
Neimo, P.
O'Kane, E. J.
Paul, H. N., Jr.
Pew, A. E., Jr.
Powlikowski, L. P.
Renard, J. T.
Rishel, W. P.
Rosenstein, A. L. R.
Scherrer, R. C.
Simelson, L.
Snively, A. B., Jr.
Todd, W. L.
Waidlich, J. E.
Weiser, M. S. Q.
Wolfson, H.
Zinn, R. T.

RHODE ISLAND

Borden, F. P.
Cady, J. P.
Fahquist, F. E.
Kazanjian, N. H.
Lundin, O. A.
Morris, F. D.
Olch, I.
Orford, G. W.
Sherman, E. V.
Van Benschoten, F.

SO. CAROLINA

Bowman, P. G., Jr.
Brautigam, T. M.
Cawthon, J. C.
Davis, E. McC.
Elmore, E. E.
Garrison, H. C.
Gary, F. B.
Huger, W. E., Jr.
Johnson, J. R., Jr.
Lybrand, J. C.
Price, F. M.
Saye, J. R.
Smith-Hutton, H. H.
Solomons, E. A.
Toney, A. L.
Whaley, W. B.
Whittaker, C. C.

SO. DAKOTA

Carpenter, C. C., Jr.
Dawson, N. M.
Follett, R. C.
Halley, D. McD.
Holden, W. B.
Lockhart, G. R.
Manseau, B. E.
Patton, H. C.
Whitwam, M. B.

TENNESSEE

Akers, F.
Carmack, J. M.
Craig, E. C.
Dickey, C. C.
Hamilton, I. L.
Hargrove, C. B.
Howlett, J. H.
Hollowell, I. A., Jr.
Huffaker, H. D., Jr.
Lindsay, M. M., Jr.
Mitchell, W. M.
Murphy, M. E.
Murray, R. G.
Neely, G. L.
Nestor, J. L.
Peete, J. W., Jr.
Randall, F. H.
Rodes, P. A.
Stephens, J. E., Jr.
Wallace, M. H.
Ware, W. L.
Wilkinson, R. S.
Wilkinson, J. B.
Wright, W. D., Jr.

TEXAS

Adams, N. O.
Andrews, J. R.
Becker, A. L.
Berner, G. R., Jr.
Blount, C. W.
Butler, H. St. J.
Candler, D. B., Jr.
Davidson, W. W.
Deese, R. R.
Downes, G. E.
Flood, R. J.
Knapp, R. A.
Lowe, R. B.
McAlister, N. D.
Maurin, R. D.
Monagin, E. L.
Newby, D. M.
Nold, G. E.
Nunn, J. R.
Omohundro, P. S.
Overstreet, C. L., Jr.
Borden, F. P.
Cady, J. P.
Fahquist, F. E.
Kazanjian, N. H.
Lundin, O. A.
Morris, F. D.
Olch, I.
Orford, G. W.
Sherman, E. V.
Van Benschoten, F.

UTAH

Badger, C. J.
Barnes, L. M.
Stuart, J. A.
Swenson, C. D.
Watkins, F. T.
Woodruff, W. O.

VERMONT

Brown, Carl R.
Chandler, H. D.
DeWitt, R. B.
Ellis, V. G.
Mulheron, E.
Ossola, V. J. E.
Tuttle, R. H.
Woods, E. E.

VIRGINIA

Bitler, W. S.
Burke, C. E.

Floyd, N. M.
Goodman, L.
Groseclose, S. K.
Halsey, W. H.
Lewis, I. T. Jr.
McMorris, W. L., Jr.
Maben, R. D., Jr.
Pleasant, A. L., Jr.
Porter, K.
Riddle, F. L.
Ripley, F. D.
Snodgrass, C. S.
Stickley, D. P.
Taylor, E. A.

WASHINGTON STATE

Adell, B. B.
Adell, C. C.
Cassels, B. B.
Covell, G. W. D.
Frost, R. F.
Hefty, E. A.
Kniskern, L. A.
Libby, R. E.
Libenow, L. D.
Lind, I. L.
Malstrom, A. I.
Miles, M. E.
Mitchell, W. L.
Scott, J. G.
Smith, H. D.
Swalwell, W. H.
Van Valzah, J. D. S.

WASHINGTON D. C.

Birthright, F. B.
Busbey, H. C.
Chase, V. O.
Coleman, B. M.
Donnelly, W. J., Jr.
Dugan, T. B.
Earle, R. Jr.
Hepburn, A. J., Jr.
Jones, H. L. McC.
Johnson, J. N.
Kern, M. S.
Nash, A. R.
Price, J. W., Jr.
Robertson, A. J.
Reese, A. H.
Ridgway, A. K.
Sinclair, V. R.
Marston, M. M.

WEST VIRGINIA

Baker, L. N.
Burdette, F.
Clark, W. S.
Cooper, H. M.
Cornwall, D. S.
Jefferson, L. W.
Kaplan, L.
Thompson, C. H.
Whitten, J. L., Jr.

WISCONSIN

Archibald, C. B.
Beck, E. T.
Blume, H. M.
Erbach, F. R.
Forster, K. L.
Evans, D. S.
Hahn, W. C.
Hansen, R. A.
Higgins, J. M.
Leberman, P. K.
Martin, W. D., Jr.
Mowatt, D. S.
Nelson, F.
Sanborn, A. R.
Spear, B. H.
Stephani, J., Jr.
Waneslow, F. B.

WYOMING

Alcorn, W. L.
McWhinney, C. J.
Peabody, W. A.



U. S. Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Maryland.
6502 Bancroft Hall.

Dearest Susie :

When you write from here on, you want to put " Midshipman " before my name, and I'll tell you why. There 's a mess-moke here that 's got the same name as I have, and he opens all my letters when they come to him, and by that time all the perfume 's gone, and my roommate won't believe I heard from a girl.

Well, all sorts of things have been happening down here. I was promoted to Section Leader this month, and I now have absolute command of sixteen men, and am directly responsible to the Officers for their actions ; then too, I am In Charge of Room for the whole month on account of winning a bet from my roommate. We made an agreement that the fellow who got the least demerits was to lose, so I went out in the corridor to the M. C.'s desk one day smoking, and I won the bet that way.

From reading the " Log " I suppose you have heard about the Bolsheviks down here. Now it 's a funny thing, but that paper always makes out that they are all First Classmen. That 's all wrong, Susie, and I 'll tell you why. If you 're against everything—like every Bolshevik is—you hit the pap for it, and they read you out in the morning at formation. Now I never heard one single First Classman's name called out, and there 's a lot of us on every day, so that shows that we 're the real ones, but Gee, Susie, you can't tell a First Classman anything at all.

Now, don't you go thinking that there is any chance of my forgetting about you, Susan. I will admit that the girls in Annapolis like the Midshipmen and especially this class of '22. My class seems to have made a big hit with them—but then you are in a position to judge why ; I am a fair example of what most of us are like. The Commandant has a hard job keeping us fellows away from women, but if they were all like me, he would n't have a bit of trouble, because I won't



even look at them. They have a walk down here called " Lover's Lane," and the Upper Classmen like to take their girls on it, but many is the time I have walked up to it, and I 've seen those girls just watching for me to come and walk by them, but I never even set a foot on that place. Why, Susie, I had a Youngster come up to me the other day, and he went so far as to say I did n't dare to have a woman down here. If I had n't been so particular about what I do down here this year, I tell you I 'd have written you right away and asked you to come down the next Saturday.

I forgot to tell you in my last letter, Susie, that there was a fellow on duty on my deck that came in my room and found me looking at his girl out of the window. You see, he could n't drag her himself because he was on duty, and he was one of these guys who gets sore at the

least little thing; I guess he thought I was flirting with her, but honest, Susie, I had n't said more than a few words to her—and from my window at that. But he did n't mind so much, I guess, because that night, when he went off duty, he put three stars after my name on the M. C.'s list, and you can't imagine how much good it has done me. Nearly every single night, after the first class M. C. has gone to Smoke Hall, the Assistant comes around to my room to talk to me. But I've got a way with me, and those fellows seem to know that I won't stand any fooling, and they come right in the room, and say what they want to, and then they leave—no unofficial business with me during study hours.



From what I have said, I guess it's needless for me to say that I'm getting to be pretty well known in my class—just mention my name to an Upper Classman, and he'll say, "Oh, yes, you're that Plebe that—," and then he'll name some thing I have done or said at one time or another.

There's one more thing I want to tell you about before I close. They have Sweedish excercises down here, and I remember one night you said you thought I was strong, but, Susie, I'm just warning you—that stuff develops your arms something fearful. I don't know but I had better take a vacation before I see you the first time. You write me and tell me what you think about it.

I'm glad you like the sea-going way I close my letters, so I'll do it again. This time I'll say,

I'll be yours till they raise up "Love" to the tip of the front mast.

Your lonely sailor,
Aloysius.

U. S. Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Maryland.

My old pal Jack:

You probably wonder if getting in the Navy made me forget all about you, but far be it from such. You failed to send me your address when you went over with the Machine Gun Corps, and now that you're home again, covered with glory and service chevrons, I'm going to write you a long letter and tell you what has happened to me since I came here. You know I showed up for my physical examination in the middle of June, and the day after I passed, I reported to be sworn in. The main thing we did that day was to wait. One man has said that the main requisite for this place is common sense. Another said, intelligence. I say, patience. We waited everywhere we went. After signing my name at least forty times, we were ushered into the Superintendent's office. I guess every one of us was pretty scared, because he was a Rear Admiral and was to us then, as now, about the biggest man we knew. He put us through the giving away process, and then he called my name. Gosh, Jack, I did n't know what was going to happen, but he said, "Mister Jones, take charge of these men and report to the Executive Officer, Bancroft Hall. Well, I got the gang together, but when I think of the way we straggled across the yard, it gives my military ideal an awful shock. We finally got into Bancroft Hall all right, and I saw an authoritative

looking man come striding towards me. He had a star on his chest, and I thought he must be looking for us, so I took off my hat, saluted, and said, "Sir, I was told to bring these fellows to you." "To who?" said he. "The Executive Officer," said I. "Laws, son," said the old boy, "I'm only a Master-at-Arms."



After getting into the right pew we were assigned to our Dago, which means whether we were going to be exposed to French or Spanish, and handed a reg book, a req book, and a room number. As soon as we got loose, we were escorted to our Plebe summer home by a moke. This same bird, for the sum of a dollar, showed us all the ropes, and believe me, Jack, we sure got a pile of duds. I never believed so much of it could go into my locker, but eventually it was stowed away, and after the laundry got a crack at it, the whole works either shrunk up or disappeared entirely. About the time I got into white works, formation busted, and I started out to find my company. I had an awful time. First I got mixed up with the Reserve Officers, and nobody knew where I was supposed to go, so finally, in utter desperation, and strongly prompted by an enormous

appetite, I walked up to the guy out in front of everybody else, and he saw that I got put in right.

To get on to our Plebe summer schedule. It was a nightmare at first. My muscles ached all the time. We thought we were busy as bees, but there were some funny things pulled off. A bunch of "wild Plebes" kept awake by the heat of one of those terrible nights last summer, decided to "pull something off." Obtaining a line composed of shoe strings and bathrobe cords, with a Navy regulation No. 10 shoe hanging on the end, they made connections with the D. O.'s window pane. The poor man had to get up finally, and with a savage roar he stuck his head out of the window only to be immediately soused by a pitcher of ice-cold water, accelerated by a fall of three decks. Believe me, Jack, there was excitement cahooting around here for awhile, but no one got ragged. About the second night I was here a bird stuck his head in my door and said, "Uniform for this deck is khaki." I did n't understand it, but I got into khaki, and at 9:30 everybody busted out of their rooms with brooms. You can talk about ravaged Belgium, or shell-torn France, but they are tame beside one of these broom fights. The result was a pile of broken brooms, a lot of torn clothing, and extra duty for the entire wing.

Things kept happening all the while, most notable among them the Inter-Battalion Athletic Meet which caused no end of excitement and enthusiasm, in fact it attracted a great deal of attention from the outside. All forms of sports were included, and finally, amid hot competition, the Second Batt carried off the honors. Now, Jack, the honors amounted to an afternoon's liberty, and to me, in the Fourth Batt, this was heart-breaking.

Almost before we realized it, the Fleet came up the Bay and anchored off Greenbury Point. Well, Jack, if I had the fluency of the Head of the Department of English, I could put my feelings into words. One by one, they rounded the point, and as each grim and austere fighting ship appeared, deeper and deeper grew the gloom among us Plebes. It was "taps" for Plebe summer. From then on, life had an entirely different aspect. There was one day of startling revelations, wonderful discoveries, and "grave doubts," and then Sep leave,—not for us though—yet.

The Academic Year started nine days early, and we settled down to work. Now I believe I mentioned that we thought we were busy this summer, but we had n't begun to work. On my

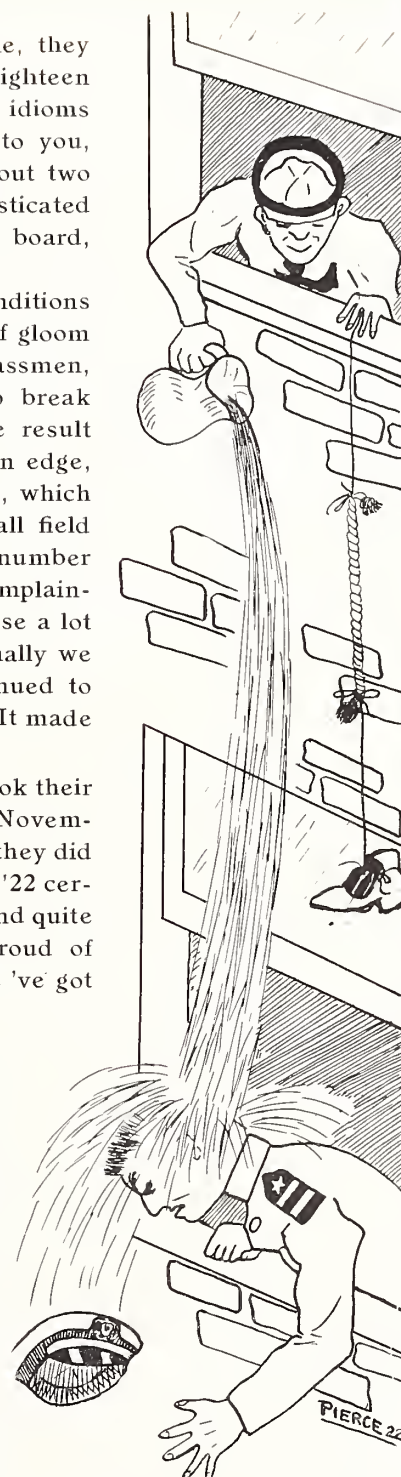
word, Jack, they can hand out work down here. For example, they give you about one hundred and twenty pages of English, eighteen theorems in Geometry, 'steen chapters of Steam, and half the idioms in Dago and call it a day's work. Your English prof will say to you, "Mister Jones, man the board and write a short essay of about two volumes on 'Why Literature Opens the Channels of Sophisticated Intelligence, etc., etc.,'" and half the time when I get to the board, I have n't even an inspiration, nothing but chalk.

Of course the Flu changed things from their normal conditions a lot. We lost some of our best men and it sure threw a lot of gloom over the whole place. And that was n't all. The Upper Classmen, quarantined in the grounds, with no hops nor athletics to break the monotony, devoted their whole attention to us, and the result was most discomforting. For their nerves certainly were on edge, and as for us, new to the game, still lacking the Navy spirit, which is usually instilled into the Plebe classes out on the football field during the first days of October, we were just out of luck. A number of our classmates could n't stand the gaff, and wrote home complaining. It did n't do them a bit of good, and it did do everybody else a lot of harm. It was then the pap sheet came into its own. Well, finally we started our football season with a cracking victory, and continued to sweep our opponents down the field for the rest of the season. It made a wonderful change in the situation.

We had no Army game, and the Great Lakes, who took their place, while taking the long end of a 7-6 score on that fateful November day, did n't beat us, Jack, not by a crock o' Navy butter, they did n't. But it sure was heart-breaking. While I speak of football, '22 certainly did her share this year. Two men won the yellow "N" and quite a few won their class numerals. Believe me, Jack, we're proud of those fellows, and by the way, '22 did n't stop at football. We've got men in every sport.

The next thing that took up an unusual amount of our attention was the dope about Christmas week. Oh, we had the inside dope "straight" via the Com, the Chaplain, the Ed of the *Log*, somebody's dad who knew the Supe, respectively promising twenty-four hours, seventy-two hours, five days, and even a week, and,—naturally we fell for it. Wonderful plans of flying trips home and all that, you know. To make a long story short, we did n't get any leave. A lot of our coming snakes busted out Christmas week, but as I had the folks down here I did n't take much interest in anything else. I will say, though, that the average of '22's femmes was considerably above—well, y' know.

The holidays passed quickly enough, and we soon found ourselves making desperate efforts to pull around on the



sunny side of the Christmas tree. Again our class was decreased, and with those lost went some darn good fellows. It's funny, Jack, to see how the fellows take it when they bilge. Some just lie around the last few weeks, and dream of home and the old farm, and others stand around and sweat when they anticipate their first meeting with Dad. However, most of them can go home with their heads up, because it's no disgrace to bilge from here. A lot of our most efficient and best-liked officers are men who were either bilgers or near-bilgers. A lot of these fellows will come back to try again with '23, and believe me Jack, my hat's off to a fellow with that kind of grit.

Now comes the big period of counting the days, sleeps, and butts, and as I write, they are getting wonderfully few, so I'll knock off, hoping you've got a fair idea of how the Class of '22 has hit the road upward.

Yours entirely,

AL.



U. S. Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Maryland.

Mother, Dear:

Now, I wish you would n't write me and say that I never write you. It's only been a month since I wrote last, and during that time I have only received fourteen letters from you. Why, one letter is much better than most of the fellows can do. You ought to see my room-mate! He has only written home twice—once before Thanksgiving and once before Christmas. He says that the Executive Department conducts his correspondence for him,—monthly.

Mother, there is something you must do for me. When I get back from the cruise I'm going to have everything ready to shove off for leave. I'll get in about eight o'clock, and I figure, if I only take time to go down to the Tailor Shop and get my Youngster Blouse, and run up and see who is in my old room, and go around and say hello to some of my friends and get brushed off, and packed up, and make the other arrangements, that I ought to be able to shove off about eight or nine or so. At any rate I'll land at home before breakfast the next day. Now, here's the favor I

want; you know the kind of breakfasts I used to eat so much of—some of those pan-cakes and syrup and steak and ice-cream, or whatever it was you had Sunday mornings. That's all I'm asking—just now.

You know, I have decided to be different from the regular line of Youngsters next year. I'm not going to pay a bit of attention to '23. Why, you would be surprised to see how some of these Youngsters seem to go out of their way to make us assume the correct military bearing and the like. Not that it may not be all for the good—I can't see it that way at all. A Plebe has enough to worry about without having to think of himself all the time. Oh, I'll make a few exceptions! You know Oscar O'Sullivan, that big guy who used to think he was so much better than I? I remember one night I was going to take Susie out to the movies, and he drove up to the door in his roadster just as I came around the corner—well, I just found out that he was prepping out here in town. He came up to me and said, "Why, hello Aloysius," and I went right up to him and said, "Now listen here, Oscar, there was a time when you thought you were a better man than I was, but now you want to pray either that you or I bilge, because every dog has his day," and then I walked right off without even looking at him. You should have seen the expression on his face! Of course it's a custom to spoon on fellows from your own home state—and I will, but for a while—I'm only human.

Well, Mother, taps will bust in a few minutes, tattoo blew about four minutes ago, and I have to be in bed, because I saw a red-headed First Classman standing outside of my door, and I think he wants to put me on the report—I told him one time that, personally, I sure did hate red hair, and I was glad mine was n't.

So, good night, and tell Dad I hope he gets that wheat in the right place, and tell Susie just to wait until she sees my uniform.

Your loving son,

Aloysius.



Our Honored Dead

¶ That these honored dead—these graduates of our Alma Mater who died in action or succumbed to disease contracted in active service—shall not have died in vain—May they have fitting memorial in the inspiration they have left to future classes who go forth into the Service for which they gave their all.

ROBERT C. BAUSCH,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Solace*,
February 14, 1918.

EARLE W. F. CHILDS,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
Died while serving with British Navy,
About March 7, 1918.

CARL AUGUSTUS BOSTROM,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Hampton Roads, Va.,
February 26, 1918.

GARDNER L. CASKEY,
Commander, U. S. N.,
Died at Garrison Hospital,
Berehaven, Ireland,
November 3, 1918.

HUGH BROWN,
Commander, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass.,
September 26, 1918.

JAMES McD. CRESAP,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital, Annapolis, Md.,
October 25, 1918.

CHRISTOPHER L. BRUNS,
Lieutenant (jg) U. S. N.,
Died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital,
Washington, D. C.,
September 24, 1918.

JOHN S. SPAVEN,
Ensign, U. S. N.,
Died at U. S. Naval Hospital,
Haulbowline, England,
October 17, 1918.

ALBERT C. ROBERTS,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
Died at Quebec, Canada,
September 18, 1918.

CHARLES F. WEDDERBURN,
Lieutenant (jg) U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Chauncey*,
November, 19, 1917.

ROBERT H. SCOTT,
Lieutenant (jg) U. S. N.,
Died at Peekskill, New York,
October 15, 1918.

SOLOMON ENDEL,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Mercy*,
October 21, 1918.

RICHARD M. ELLIOT, JR.,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Manley*,
March 20, 1918.

CHAPLAIN E. EVANS,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
Died at Bridgeport, Conn.,
September 30, 1918.

EMIL THEISS,
Captain, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Washington, D. C.,
September 24, 1917.

LAWRENCE TOWNSEND, JR.,
Lieutenant, (Retired) U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Washington, D. C.,
October 13, 1918.

WILLIAM P. WILLIAMSON,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Orizaba*,
August 17, 1918.

CHESTER CAMERON WOOD,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Mercy*,
October 12, 1918.

CLARENCE C. THOMAS,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
First American Naval Officer killed in
action in the war,
Died on board *U. S. S. Vacuum*,
April 28, 1917.

GEORGE A. TREVER,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Brooklyn, New York,
October 14, 1918.

PHILIP T. GRENNON,
Ensign, U. S. N.,
Died on Board *U. S. S. Solace*,
July 13, 1917.

MERRITT HODSON,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on Board *U. S. S. Mercy*,
October 13, 1918.

IVAN M. GRAHAM,
Lieutenant U. S. N.,
Died at Quebec, Canada,
September 21, 1918.

LYMAN B. HOOPS,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
Died at London, England,
June 8, 1918.

RAYMOND V. HANNON,
Lieutenant (jg) U. S. N.,
Died at Riverdale, N. Y.,
July 12, 1917.

FRANK P. W. HOUGH,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Huron*,
October 27, 1918.

ANDREW P. HAYNES,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill.,
September 30, 1918.

STANTON F. KALK,
Lieutenant (jg) U. S. N.,
Died on *U. S. S. Jacob Jones*,
December 6, 1917.

KENNETH HERON,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
Died at Bremerton, Wash.,
June 7, 1917.

RICHARD T. KEIRAN,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.,
October 3, 1918.

HOMER L. INGRAM,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Washington, D. C.,
September 27, 1918.

JOHN MOORE KATES,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Annapolis, Maryland,
January 8, 1919.

SYLVESTER H. LAWTON, JR.,
Lieutenant U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Mare Island, Calif.,
October 26, 1918.

ARTHUR A. REHM,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Washington, D. C.,
October 20, 1918.

FREDRICK H. LEEFAVOR,
Lieutenant, U. S. N.,
Died at Naval Hospital,
Mare Island, Calif.,
October 14, 1918.

HAROLD M. MEYERS,
Lieutenant (jg) U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Solace*,
September 8, 1917.

CLARENCE M. MCGILL,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on Board *U. S. S. Galveston*,
September 30, 1918.

JOHN NEAL,
Ensign, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Mercy*,
October 6, 1918.

ARNOLD MARCUS,
Lieutenant (jg) U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. A-7*,
July 25, 1918.

GEORGE F. PARROTT, JR.,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Shaw*,
October 9, 1918.

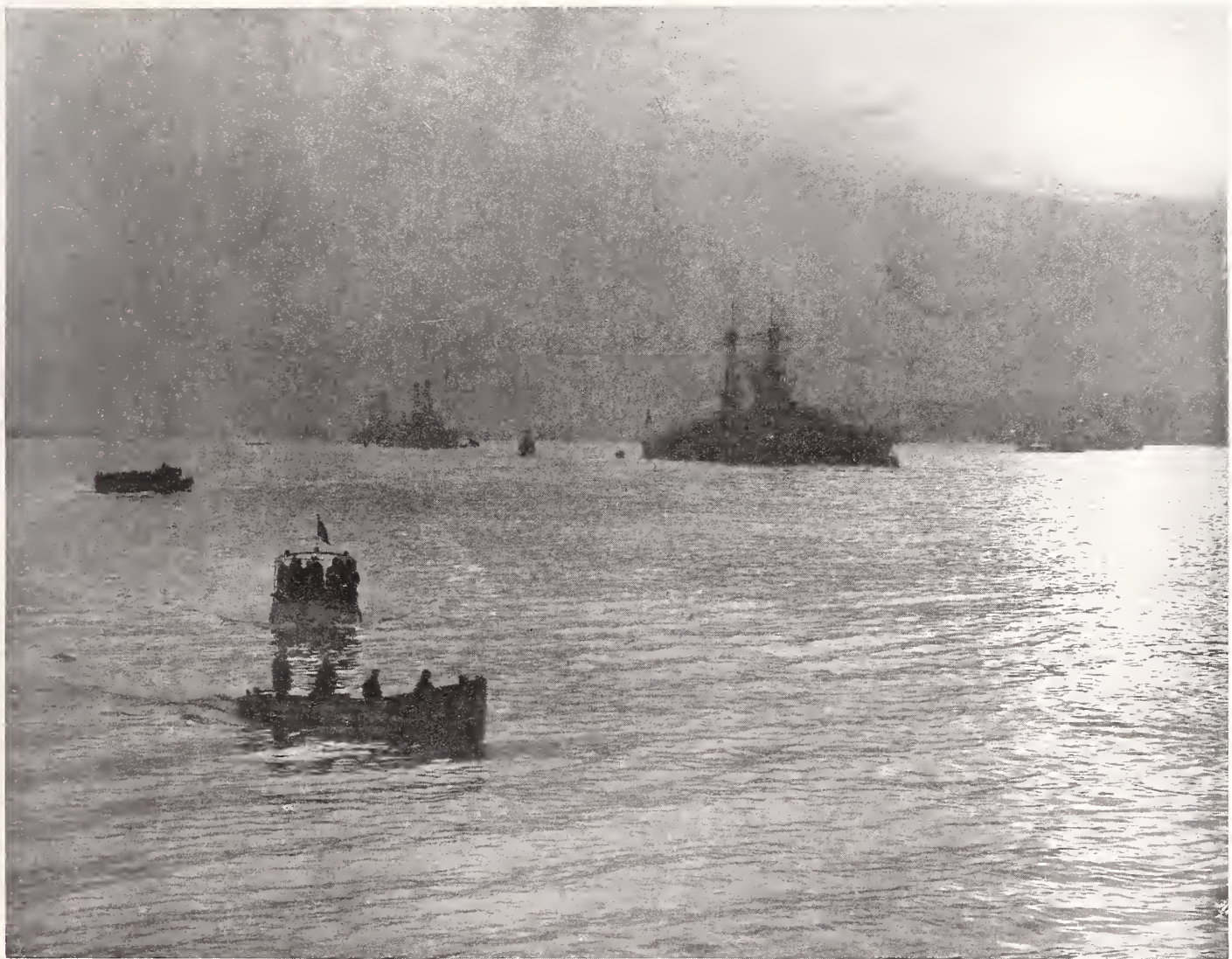
GORDON H. MASON,
Lieutenant (jg) U. S. N.,
Died London, England,
December 3, 1918.

WALTER E. RENO,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.,
Died on board *U. S. S. Chauncey*,
November 19, 1917.





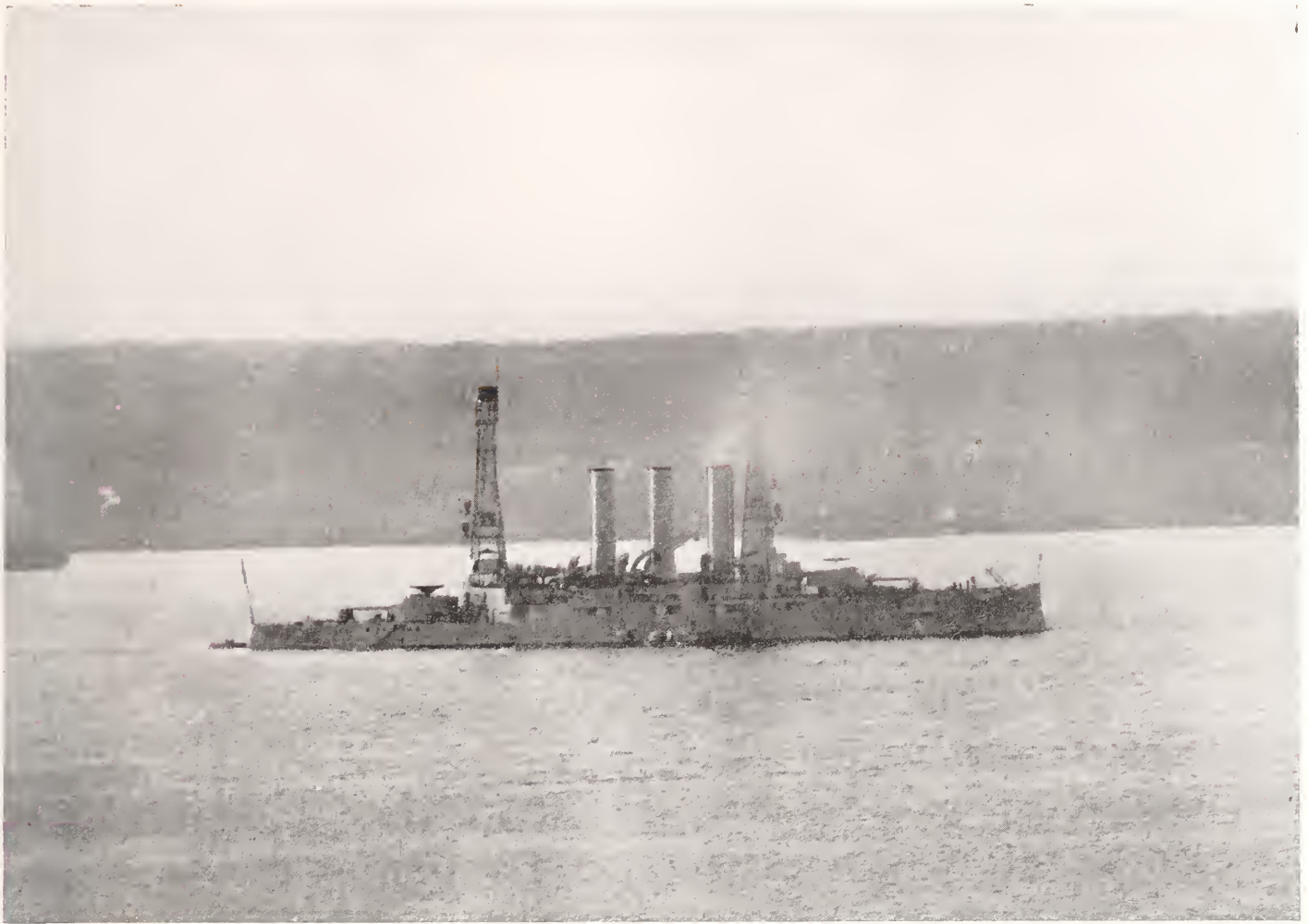
When the Fleet Came Home







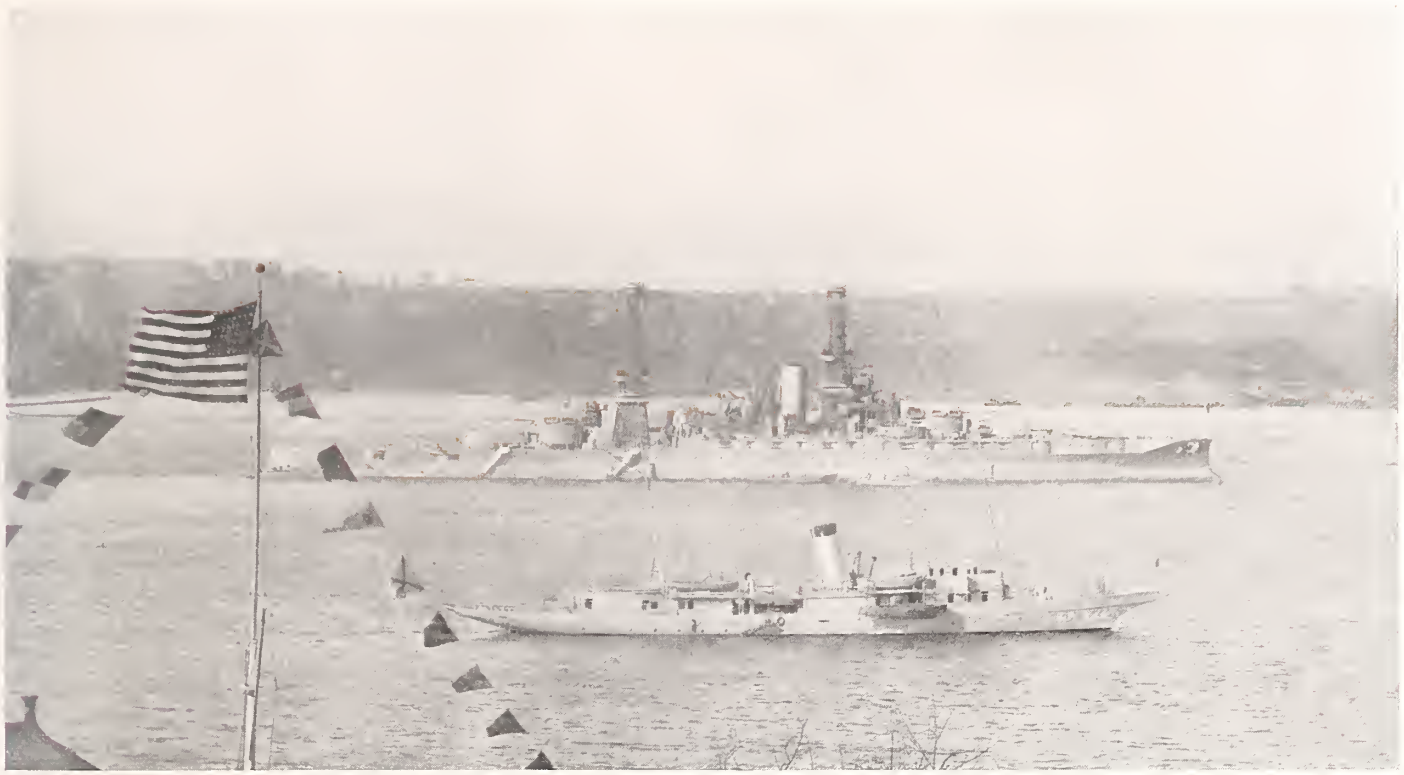






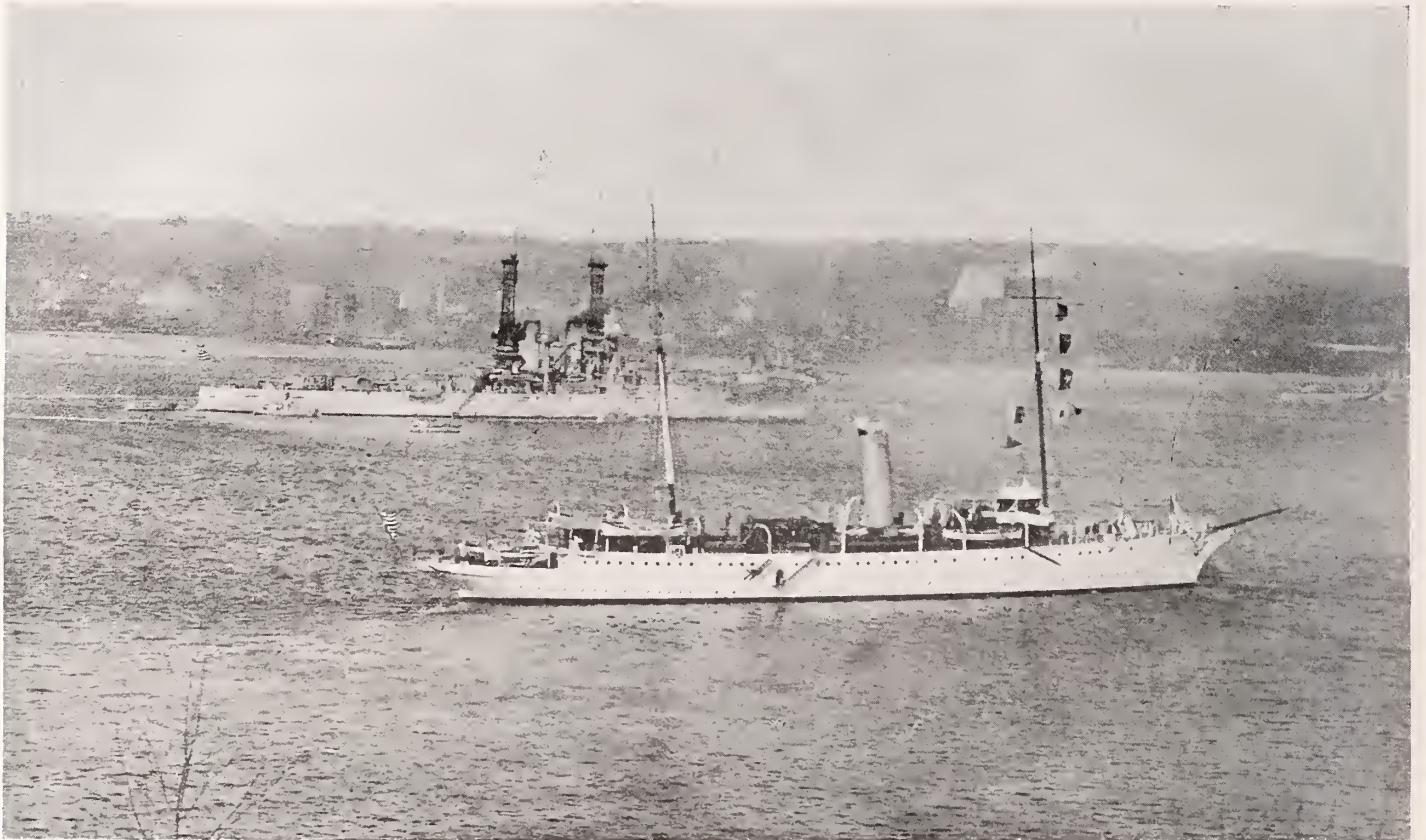


























BEING the account of the first voyage of the Class of 1920, as ragged from the diary of Mid. J. O. Mess, concocted aboard the *U. S. S. Wyoming*, A. D. 1917.

☞ June 15—Dear diary. This line-a-day stuff is all well and good when you 're not one of the junior officers of a real fighting ship like this ballyhoo. Of course, so far, our duties have been mostly those of acquiring knowledge—and I 've learned about everything there is—ship, turbines, torpedo rooms, interior communication, fire control, I know 'em all. And when the time comes that we shove across (it 's most any day now according to dope) I know the skipper will rely on us for a lot of details that he wont be able to take care of himself. Of course we figured that the cruise was going to be one big rest cure and enjoyment of Youngster rates, but we don't rate so very much, and one night in out of four ain't no rest cure. But then this is war time, and we 've got to be ready.





¶ June 22—Rotten luck, today, diary. The officer-in-charge-of- mid-shipmen ragged our smoke hall in the blower room under the J. O. country, and two guys, me included, bounced the pap. No liberty for two weeks, and ten demerits. It would n't have been so bad if some fish had n't doped out that the blower fed the forward magazines, and the skipper's hot under the collar yet about them skag butts sifting down on top of his TNT.

¶ June 25—I ought n't to take time to write to you tonight, diary, but something so funny happened last night I got to do it. The poor fish who was standing J. J. O. D. in the rain, leaned up agin the life lines of the after gangway for a snooze, and fell overboard. Nobody heard or saw him, and it was plain horseshoes that he nabbed the boat line and come aboard again. Then he reported his return to the Officer of the Deck and went around to cuss out the sentry for not yelling, "Man Overboard," as cool as if nothing had happened. But he lost his cap, and now he 's wearing a C. P. O. headpiece that 's a perfect salvo.

¶ July 5—The glorious Fourth is over. More full dress ship, big feed, and liberty for all hands. Yorktown is a rotten place to make a liberty, tho. I saw the first queen I 've glimpsed since June Week, and got so excited I nearly fell off the dock. I found out afterwards it was the Navigator's wife, so I did n't say much. The Bevo was pretty kippy, tho.



☞ Discovered a new place to ketch. Of course they say there 's danger from hydrogen in the battery charging station, but it 's so far aft nobody would ever hear a little explosion like that, and anyway what 's a chance or two, compared to a Fat.

☞ July 11—Target practice today. Fruit for me, battle station in the Plotting room. The Exec was n't at his regular battle station, but inspecting around all the time. He was down there when the first salvo went and standing under one of the outlets of those big vent pipes. When them twelve-twelves cut loose I thought a magazine or sumthing had blown up, but the Exec thought it was the end; for about a tenth of a second after the explosion a monkey wrench, three nuts, a handful of spikes, and a boat compass descended from that aforementioned vent pipe all over a new sixteen dollar cap. I know we were too far below to get any of the blast from the guns, but just the same that place was so blue for about three minutes the tracker could n't see the target bearing indicator. I 'd have laughed if I was going to be hung for it. One-o in grease, but I swear it was worth it.

☞ July 19—Dope! The real thing! We 're going to sail for New York next week, three days in, and then across, liberty in London, U-boats, ten bars in one night in the Quartier Latin. Some class! I can't write for sheer exuberance.

☞ July 20—The dope still holds. The Captain 's got his orders, and we 're going to up the hook some time this week. I know





we 're going, because I heard Spuds (that 's our division officer) say the other day he could n't imagine what the ship would be like without us any more.

☞ July 21—They say it 's cold up around New York, and I 'll sure be glad to elude this hole. As that Limie told the skipper while he was aboard the other day he understood at last why Cornwallis surrendered. On the mid last night it was a hundred and sixty in the fire rooms, and when I went topside to cork, the wind blew one of my blankets overboard. But Steve says we ought to leave by day after tomorrow, and he 's old enough to know, anyway.

☞ July 29—Shanghied ! Can you imagine it diary ? Just when we were all set for a glimpse of the Great White Way and a swift passage, New York to Liverpool, some low-down wireless operator went and ragged a message ordering that we be transhipped to Bat Force One. My God, what 's the Navy coming to, when a man with my experience can't get a crack at the War Zone. We come aboard this crab Saturday, and Sunday morning saw the Fighting "Wy" slip out on her long trip. Homesick ? I never hated to see a ship shove off so bad in my life.

☞ August 10—This old fore-and-after has her good points after all. Rest cure ? Sure. And there 's a peach of a Youngster hangout in the after T. D. station. Ketch all day and cork all night, when the cinders hain't too bad.





Anyway I can't find it in my heart to rhino. Got *her* letter today, and she says she 'll be waiting at the train—she 's got something to give me if the crowd aint too big. And leave only 11 days away.

August 11—Buckets-of-slum, diary—we're gone to sea after all. The whole blooming Fleet upped the grapples today and stood down to the Roads—and out. Cape Charles light and then the whistling buoy—they're all behind now. Nothing but stars

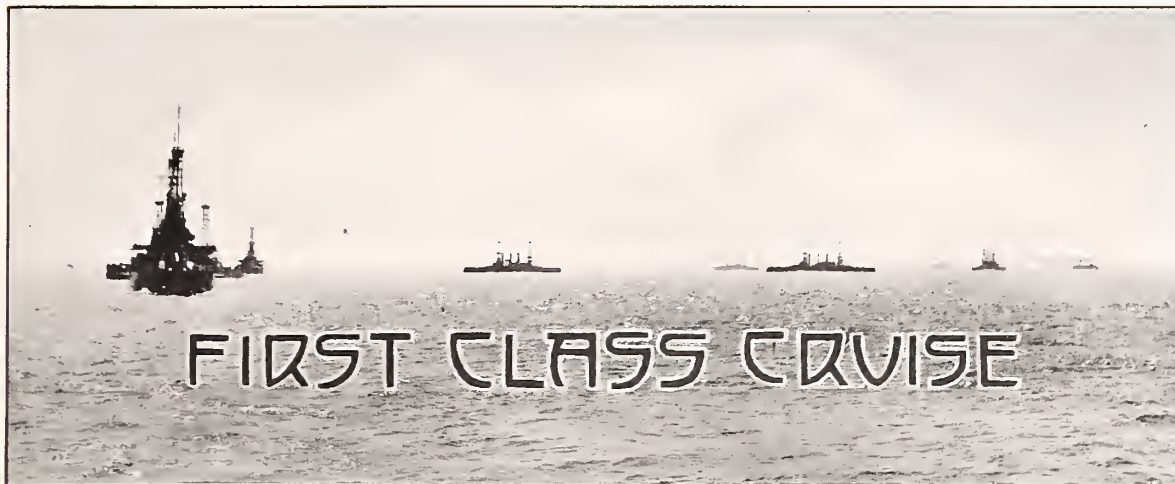
topside, and water all around. It would be great if the old craft was n't getting a little unsteady.

August 15—Still the same. Same roll 'n everything. But I got my sea-legs now. Up in the hang-out this afternoon when we rolled one way I could look down and see green water beneath me on that side, and when we rolled the other way, same there.

August 16—I was on deck last night when over in the sixth division I see all the searchlights shoot on and a gun go off. We thought it was a sub sure, but afterwards we found out it was only a man overboard. He ought to have drowned for arousing false hopes, but the Never Done picked him up.

August 19—Yea, Navy! In Port Jefferson six hours, and ordered to the Seattle for a fast run back to Crabtown. I wonder what Sep leave 's like anyway. But I can 't write, I've got to get my gear packed and stand by to shove. The cruise is done, and while I 'm strong for the navy, it 's home I want to be.





U. S. S. Batforone,
June 10, 1918.

Dear Jerry:

WELL, old salt horse, here we are. The blasted cruise is three days shot. So far we have been instructed merely to become acquainted with the ship. At first I thought it was easy, but My God, Jerry, this old ballyhoo is divided into so many non-water tight subdivisions it would take a guide accustomed to the catacombs of ancient Rome to make his way safely from Gun Compartment 12 to the excuse-for-a-bridge-deck. They swear she 's got two torpedo rooms, but in three days I have n't been able to find either of them.

☞ I was doggone sorry to leave you the day before we shoved, Jerry, but I hope you had a fine trip to lil' old New York, and that your cruiser cruise will prove as exciting as ours promises





to be barnacled. I'll never forget that "last day before" back in Crabtown. Them nine hours in ranks put the kibosh on me for fair, especially the feet I had so joyfully encased in a pair of non-reg brogans that morning in honor of First-Class rates. But that first reg Fat was good, old boy, and I hope that time will heal both my blisters and wounded vanity.

¶ As I was saying, we shoved the next morning after you did. Four o'clock reveille, gear on the sea wall

by six, and the old Shady Side shanghied us out into the Bay where nearly the whole of Bat Force One was lying in wait. I'll admit the old tub has some pep, for we had no more than boarded her when she heaved in the hook and made knots for Hampton Roads. There we disembarked a couple more cruiser gangs for ships lying in the Roads, and then we began to settle down to ship routine. Routine is good, Jerry, for we coal ship tomorrow—hownell they git that way is more than I can see—three days aboard and coal ship—but such is life, and the sooner it's over the longer it will be 'til I see a lighter agin.

¶ We thought we'd coal here and had visions of a meal ashore at any rate, but last night we got under way for Base II—no liberty, reg grub, and a coaling tomorrow.

¶ It's a hard life, Jerry, and if I survive to disemprune at some far distant date from this ancient bally-whacker I think I'll haze the steam department until I graduate early—



very much early—by request. This is no life for a married man, anyway—why, I have n't even had a letter since we left Crabtown. It can't go on like——

☞ Hell's bells—no just eight bells Jerry, and I have a watch which should have started for me fifteen minutes ago, so it 's au revoir.

Yours in ennui,

Joe.



The Armored Cruiser Squadron,

At Sea, June 17, 1918.

Dear Joe:

MY orderly just delivered your letter, and I am sure glad to hear that they are running the wagon to suit your ideas. As you know, we left Crabtown shortly before you shoved off, and grabbed the plush on wheels for New York. Chaperoneless, we arrived in the big town about noon. Some of the boys were keen for visiting the Aquarium, while the guide book of the opposition pointed to the Bronx Zoo. But the more conservative element managed to steer the bunch into the subway, and by three that afternoon, the Navy had us again.

☞ When we reported aboard, the Exec told us how things





stood—you know what I mean, because you were handed the same line yourself. Our expectations received a jolt, when a hard-looking bos'n's mate murmured something about drawing hammocks, if we cared about turning in that night. For a moment, Joe, it looked as if we had drawn the joker in the cruise deal, but there was nothing to do but lay below and grab a comfortable billet. Well, to make it short, we drew brand new hammocks, the kind that get crummy so easily, and need such frequent scrubbing, got our evening chow, which was mainly cold hot dogs, saw the movies, and turned in. There 's where we have it on you,—movies under the lee of the bright lights that line the bank of the North River and make the screen so dim you can't see whether the hero is making love to his girl or his brother.

¶ We stayed in the same berth for a week, and spent two days in taking on coal. It seemed like we took the stuff aboard in half-peck baskets, and I believe that they thought our compartment was Bunker-B-26. Well, at 4 bells on the 15th, we upped the mud-hook, and stood down to Tompkinsville, where there was a fleet of showy looking bateaux. There was something mysterious about the whole business, for we anchored right near them, and made several official visits.

¶ The next morning, when I was standing J. O. to the J. O. O. D. we got underway once more, and moved into what were





new waters for me. We were soon followed by the "circus," and I gathered the dope that we were the "ocean escort" to this convoy. Nothing has been stirring since then, only we've been zig-zagging all over the face of the drink. Except for a little internal strife, everything has been rosy. We don't mind (not very much) turning out at one bell to see that our own private portion of the topside is waxed down properly. And, Joe, the Exec says that if you want a thing

well done, you should do it yourself. And that's just what we're doing. The fellows in the Black Gang have taken six indicator cards apiece, but then they only have a watch in three.

¶ We are just starting to roll the least bit, so those off watch thought they'd cork until they got used to it. Not that any of us will be sick, for that last cruise in the Chesapeake made us proof against that, but it's better to be wise all the time. Of course a little roll feels good, but I think that I'll turn in soon, just to be safe.

¶ Well, Joe, remember me to Tangier, and all the little stores in Yorktown, but to tell the truth, I think, we've got the fruit.

Your sea-going

Jerry



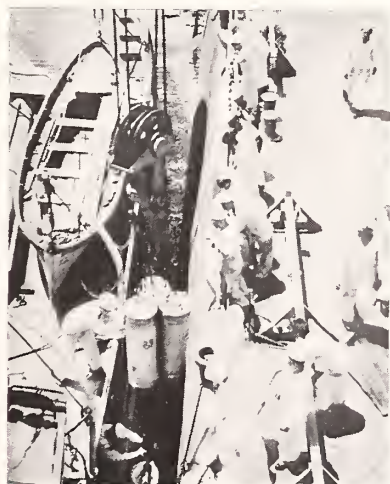
June 25, 1918.

Dear Jerry:

YOU may think you've got the fruit of the cruise deal, but just wait until you hear this line. I'm living in an Admiral's quarters! Fact! The skipper of this relic of ante-bellum days is sure one white man. Two days after we dropped the grapple in Base II he cleared out his effects from the old Admiral's cabin—the tub's no longer a flagship, thank Heaven—and turned it over to the Midshipmen as a study room, library, and general hangout. The only restriction is that we're not allowed to smoke there, and that's small deprivation, for no one's awake long enough to ketch. After swinging in hammocks all night, those leather upholstered davenport and rugs about three inches thick on the deck sure are a haven of rest.

☞ We had that coaling bee all right, and it was n't from a lighter, but from our old friend, Jupiter. She breezed alongside before sunset the night before, and we turned out and turned to at four a. m., no error on L. A. T. The gang turned to with a will, and I guess the crew thought a hurricane had descended on them, for there was n't an idle man aboard from the time "commence firing" busted until we knocked off for chow. Had the coal aboard and the field day well underway by noon. The skipper was tickled all over in spots, and I think the donation of the cabin was a result.

☞ Long hours and hard work is the order of the day, but at





night the movies and the long cork. We have no night watches except underway, and day's duty instead of watches for the black gang. One day out of four is pretty soft.

☞ Drawing conclusions from Youngster cruise don't fit this voyage much. We are not regarded as nuisances, but rate officer in everything except pay. The other night it rained so hard we could n't have movies on deck—they had them in the ward room instead. We were

invited, and the show was hardly under way when the Exec had the cigars passed around. Some class for a Midshipman's cruise, huh, Jerry?

☞ We got those little instruction books today, and it looks as if there was going to be plenty of boning along with practical experience this trip. We 've already had two P-Works in Nav, and they made anything the department slipped us last year step out to keep in sight. The Navigator says he 's going to teach us something, and I guess he 'll succeed, if we don't die of the mental strain. Four sights a day—turn out before reveille for one and out after taps for the other. But it 's good dope, Jerry, and it 's going to make three periods per week of fruit after we start the last lap next October.

☞ Heard dope today that the cruise was going to be shortened to give us a full month's leave, but I don't spoon on it much—it 's too good to be true.

☞ Have n't received that other letter you promised so I







suppose you 're out among the subs and camouflage. Just the same, I would n't swap this tub for any ship in the Fleet if she were only going somewhere.

Yours at peace,
Joe.

Opposite 96th Street,
July 3rd, 1918.

Dear Joe:

WELL, here we are in the greatest little port again, and before tearing myself away from the ship to go on

liberty, it behooves me to dash you a line, letting you in on the doings. Our orders beat us out of that London liberty which looked like the straight goods only a little while ago, and when we were within two hundred miles of the Isles, we put the bloomin' helm over, and shaped a great circle for Greenwich Village and Fifth Avenue.

¶ Now for some first hand dope from the War Zone, Joe. Believe me brother, this is the straight stuff, for you know I 've been there, and am able to let you in on the truth for once. Well, as soon as we hit the infested waters, the Old Man called us all down to his cabin, and told us how he expected us to help him see the cruise through in good style. I'll bet he felt better when we assured him of our support, for we told him that we were on board to learn and help. Things were zigzagging merrily along that evening, when, so help me Pontius Pilate, if I did n't think I saw the biggest sub ever, about five city blocks, I mean two thousand yards, on



our port bow. I did n't think I had a right to the honor of reporting it, but somehow it seemed the only thing to do, so I bawled out the information to O. O. D. Right off the bat, Joe, the general alarm sounded, and I dived down to my battle station, which was the general supervision of the anchor engine. I could hear lots of action on the topside, but after about five minutes, "Secure" busted, and I returned to the bridge. The first bird I ran afoul of was Jack, who said it was a sure sub and a more sure sunken one by now. He was on his way below to log it in his "Diary of the Great War." Well, when I got back on watch, I noticed an unnatural glitter in the eye of the Exec who was saying something to the O. O. D. to the effect that if those wise mid. knew their own ships, there would n't be so many false alarms. But it sure was a sub for a Reserve said he saw it also. Of course that proves nothing, but you know me, Joe, and I tell you myself that I saw it.

☪ We are navigating aboard this ballyhoo, as they never navigated in Maury Hall. Great Circle Sailing, dippy sounding and all. None of this back-channel stuff for mine. There all you have to do is to hail some beach comber and he 'll give you the error on your chronometers, watch time of L. A. Noon, and your true position. But in this job it takes brains and that 's why we 're making good. Of course, that Admiral's cabin listens well, but we 've got soft pine decks and don't need





three inch carpets. You know, I went ashore yesterday afternoon for an hour's stroll on the beach, and some girl behind me remarked about the man ahead of her with the sea-going roll. It does come natural, and we can't help it, if they pick us out for deep-sea men. Mac got some tickets for the Follies tomorrow night; four tickets, mind you, and we are certainly dragging heavy. They say that my girl is the queen of all the boroughs, excluding Brooklyn for

obvious reasons. Well, Joe, drink a lot of Bevo for me tomorrow, as the stuff is n't popular enough to sell in this town, and I'll reciprocate by enjoying the show for you. The other day the Exec said: "When you gentlemen, (get that), are in port, your liberty will be unrestricted, but when we're at sea, your work is also to be unlimited." And believe me, that's us.

¶ Let me hear a buzz on the long-distance wire, if you ever get within striking distance of a 'phone again, and until then believe me,

Your cruisin' classmate,

Jerry.

P. S. I'll mail this at Times Square just to prove to you that it's still there.



July 12, 1918.

Dear Jerry :

WE had a little piece of luck last week. Lost an anchor overboard, the skipper lost his self control, and we lost a liberty—but at the same time it's had the beneficent effect of laying us up for a week in Base II to allow everybody on board to recover their composure. You may laugh at my being thankful for laying over a week in the base, but Jerry, you don't know what work is until you get on one of these crabs that goes out in the morning and comes back at night—all hands at their stations for getting under way and coming to anchor. I might just as well go on watch and stay on—it amounts to the same thing, and the net results of laying over is to take the long sleep and the rest cure combined.

¶ From the way you wrote you must have had Fourth of July dinner in the gay metrop, but I'll bet that Riggs' did n't have a thing on the layout the chief commissary slipped the boys that day. It's a fact that we did n't have mahogany tables and obsequious (is that a good word, Jerry?) waiters, but we had three New Orleans mokes that could get more chow aft from the galley in less time than any I've ever seen. And since we were at anchor we had a barge load of fresh fruit. The crew had a field day—the real thing, not cleaning up after a coaling, and there were some mighty funny races and contests all thru the day. There was a prize up of twenty-five





beans for the man that found the kaiser. I could have found him easy, myself, Jerry, after all my training Youngster cruise in looking for a safe place to skag, and my jeans were itchin' to feel the tinkle of them good shekels, but Midshipmen were barred from participation.

☞ I made an important discovery yesterday. You can buy Fatimas, the real Navy article aboard this misanthropy for 12 cents a pack. According to higher math that's a saving of 48 cents per carton, so when you see me coming ashore with a box as big as a bale of hay (damn, how I slip back to that verdant phraseology) you 'll know what 's in it, and that I 'm not importing a wife from Penniman.

☞ You make me wish this cruise was sizzling and frying in a place that 's hotter than Tangier Sound when you sound off the number of times you 've been across or are going, Jerry. I don't savvy why all of us could n't have been lucky, and at any rate why a few brains were n't mixed in with the formula by which we were assigned to ships. But then, Jerry, counting up from today, and omitting the last week for good luck, it 's only some 40 days until we 'll be looking for the chapel dome again. I guess I can stand it that long, but it 's an awful mental strain for one in my position.

Joe.

P. S. We went ashore yesterday afternoon to correct magnetic compasses, and found a place where they keep cider what am.





Virginia may be dry, but there 's no more Bevo for us. Joe.

Again at sea,
July 28th, 1918.

Joey Boy:

SAME place, same ocean, same weather, that I told you about two letters ago. Absolutely no change. Just at present, forty-five per cent of the Midshipman complement is wrapt in deepest slumber, and it looks as

if only an attack would turn them out. However, the boys that are on watch, are there on all fours. We have a habit of standing about twelve hours out of twenty-four, when we are this far out, and the other twelve are spent in boresighting the old bunk. I am gouging on Morpheus myself, but if I don't get this spiel off my chest now, you 'll never hear from me, as I don't intend to turn out until the next liberty.

☞ Oh, Joe, that last liberty! Visions—Joe, that 's all I 've got to say.—Dinner, Follies, Supper, Dancing, Motoring, in fact everything that is n't heard of in Yorktown. Our three diags were both service and wound chevrons to every one that saw them. The folks ashore say that the battleship bunch are fine boys all right, but how they admire a man who has seen water instead of the muddy bottom, every time he looks over the side.

☞ My gang has engines now, and we are picking up quite a bit of dope. We know the indicator cards of all the cylinders personally, and the instant we stick our heads below the protective



deck, we can tell the R. P. M., and the temperature of all the bearings. Of course, the deck watches have the bulge on this department, but to be completely sea-going, you 've got to take a crack at all of them. One Godsend on this battle-wagon, is that note-book work is very, very scarce, and I think that we are doing better for the lack of it.

☞ This ocean is the coolest one I 've ever cruised on, Joe, and I can sympathize with you, back there in Hell's Own Kitchen. Why, last night I went up on the topside to take a breath, after a mid below, and it took me about two solid hours to thaw out. I know you 'll appreciate that, for I 've spent one too many summers in the Bay. Three days ago we had a storm that was a storm. We rolled so much that we had to walk on the longitudinal bulkheads, for the decks were up and down most of the time. If I had n't had my sea-legs, I would have broken an arm, but as it was, I only threw my shoulder out a bit.

☞ Of course we have a brush with a sub every now and then but sinking them becomes monotonous, once the novelty has worn off. When we get back, I 'll give you a slant at my diary, which contains the entire truthful story of the convoy service.

☞ The Skipper seems to be so pleased with us, that I think we 'll stay aboard, as watch officers,—or something. This life do require one to keep on one's toes and it 's me for it, when I graduate.





Well, Joe, don't by any means let the old pen get rusty, but wise me up to all the Yorktown scandal, whenever you have the time, which I suppose, is pretty often. We expect to make Portsmouth next, and if they don't insist upon entertaining us too much, I 'll write you from there.

Yours, Jerry.

Richmond, Virginia,
August 10, 1918.

Dear Jerry:

AS you see by the heading of this letter I 've finally separated myself temporarily from the ancient bateau which is now my legal residence. It 's only a small trip, not so much as a 48 for us, so we left the ship in Base II before breakfast and beat it up here by motor—not one of the tin Henrys you saw so many of in Yorktown last cruise, but a real four-wheeled gas buggy, guaranteed to do 35 knots on low. She darned near did it, too, and one blow-out was the extent of our misfortunes.

This is a punk town to make a liberty in, tho. It 's supposed to be the capital of a state, but then so is Crabtown, and they are about on a par. The main reason I came was to see what a civilized bill-of-fare looked like once more, and even that was gross ignorance, on Sunday, anyway. Slim and Mac lamped a couple of skirts just after we blew in, and they 've been trying







zig-zag tactics and submarine methods of approach for the last two hours, but without much success. If I was n't so doggone sore on life in general I'd go show 'em how to cop the cornfeds—you know me when it comes to wimmen, Jerry—knock 'em dead—but they haint no zest in the pursuit of divertation these days—not after riding 30 miles to git a square meal and all the embellishments and wind up in a town where blue laws prevail.

¶ But speaking of parties, Jerry, reminds me of that little affair we had under discussion for the night before leave in Baltimore. There's no telling when we'll be able to get together, but from present dope, and it seems pretty straight, you ought to reach Crabtown by train the evening before we disemprune on the seaward side of Greenbury Point light. If you do, Jerry, you know where the tailor's got that non-reg suit of service, and my cit shirts and mid-watch gear is mostly down at the laundry. Assemble it lovingly, Jerry, and then we'll be all ready to shove as soon as I hit the beach and rob some Plebe of a shave and a bath. The *San Diego* gang (they had all the luck, eh Jerry? Real heroes when they hit the home village on leave) write, after spending their ten days at the Academy, that the new Plebes are a poor lot. But then they're always that, and they'll soon begin to take polish after leave. You need n't get my class ring, Jerry. I've got to hesitate long enough to grab off that miniature I was telling you about



anyway. It's going to be a wonder, old boy, and the little girl back home it's going to—she's—but why try to explain. It only makes me more rhino to think of the long days that I've got to pass in a 165 degree fire room before I'm going to sit out the first eight dances with her again.

¶ I've got to close, for the gang's passing the word it's time to start. If anything happens to that car on the way back the ship'll be in Tangier Sound before I see Yorktown again, and I'm afraid things would n't go just right if so many of us were missing. We're almost indispensable on that ship now, at any rate I heard the skipper tell the Exec we'd certainly made our presence felt aboard. But then we always did make good, n'est-ce pas? I've got to grease up on my French again, Jerry, so the folks'll all think I've been over among the frog-eaters when I see the Promised Land again.

¶ One blast on the siren outside, so I've got to go. Remember me to all the old gang, Jerry, and tell 'em I'll stand treat in Baltimore, just 20 days from tonight.

Joe.

Portsmouth, N. H.
August 25th, 1918.

Dear Joe:

NO, Joe, I'm not in the jug, as you may think from the above address. We are just putting in a little time in dry-dock to have





our bottom massaged, and I guess it needs it, judging from the distance we've cruised since I joined this outfit. Incidentally, a port like this is a rest-cure, after so much of Manhattan, and we are whiling away the time in good old-fashioned style. The natives are informal and very, very human, so it does n't cost us much to make a liberty.

☞ My girl's letter came with the first mail aboard, and oh what a missive. It seems that she has met up with a handsome sailor from Pelham, and "he's so lovely," that it looks as if it were Navy, (you know the Navy I mean, Joe), goodnight. And just as I was beginning to see that little home in the woods, and commencing to quake about the J. O. pay-roll. But I replied, and told her that she did n't know a good thing when she saw it, and I guess that she's feeling sorry by now.

☞ That bunk about no note-book work was all wrong. Joe. It seems that I was a little premature, as it were. You see, one day they told us to hand in our books, and the whole crowd was found wanting. We put forward a passionate appeal, telling the Exec how much we had learned, but the line was light, very light. The result is that I am crawling thru voice-tubes all day, making rough sketches, and it takes me all night to write up the smooth log. The Chief told us if we worked hard enough, we might discover something that nobody else knew of, and believe me I ought to have found dirtless coal by this time.



But absolutely nothing new has turned up, and in fact, they seem to locate several errors in my masterpieces of greasiness. If they know the wagon so well, what's the object of our work? I'm beginning to feel Rhino for the first time, and it sure is a strange feeling. The reason is that I've just had a slant at my amount available. Honest Injun, Joe, it's the smallest thing I ever saw, but they wrote it up good and large, so that I'd know that there was no white stripe constant. I pored over the thing for about an hour, and cuss it, I can't find a bust. But, thank God, the Bank is still in Crabtown, and it's the only comforting thought.



¶ We know this ballyhoo from keel to truck now, for we've crawled around the floor of this dock, trying to find any sprung rivets. Why don't they make a line fast to each rivet from the inside, and then if she springs, just haul her in again. They've got about a thousand miles of my battle station, (the anchor cable), strung out on the dock, and I've inspected it so often that each link knows me by name.

¶ Our last trip was uneventful, except for the usual number of subs. We've been across so often, that we know all the landmarks now, and we don't have to navigate. Chick has figured that we have seen at least three million men across, and figures don't lie.

¶ Only four days more, Joe, and then I'll show you what a real thirst is. I hope to pull into Crabtown on the twenty-ninth,





and will probably bunk there for the night. So, expect to see me giving you the North and South, when you come over the sea wall wrestling with three or four laundry bags, and paying a moke to trip you up. Tell me, why do they make us go back to the Academy, when it's easier for us to go straight home? I ought to stop and gladden some of the girls in New York with a kind word, but we are going down on the Federal, and it pulls into the Thoity-Thoid street Station at 12—midnight. Well, I've got to beat it on liberty now, a girl has promised to teach me how to milk a cow.

☪ Best luck in your cruise up the Bay.

Jerry.

Bellfontaine, Ohio,
September 1, 1918.

Dear Jerry :

THE little wrist chronometer indicates seven bells of the mid-watch, but if I'm going to write to you at all it's got to be before I turn in. But anyway, 'taint no mo' "I can't git 'em up," so I can make up for it in the morning.

☪ That was sure one mad race we had for that W. B. & A. special, Jerry, and if you had n't had my gear all ready we'd never have made it. That's about all the recollection I have of the interval between disembarkation and waking up on my train next morning. Who put me there, anyway, Jerry? I swear





I had n't exceeded the average capacity!

There was n't any band out to meet me when I hit the podunk, just the old man with the machine. But *she* joined the expedition about 50 miles up the line, and say, Jerry, I would not have known the difference if they 'd had the home guard paraded at present arms when I dropped off the flyer. That 's where I 've been tonight, and oh, boy! But then I don't need to tell you about it,

Jerry—you 've probably lived thru the same thing by this time.

☞ I 've been here two days, and the natives are still in ignorance as to my summer whereabouts. The censorship has its virtues when it makes it impossible for you to divulge to the adoring populace that you spent three months of perfectly good war time in the Chesapeake. I feel like a slacker sometimes, Jerry, but you all know it was n't because we did n't want to see the real thing that we 're not wearing both war service and wound chevrons,—and as you say, three diags go a long ways, especially with the wimmen.

☞ There goes eight bells, Jerry, and that 's my taps this morning. I 'm getting tired of the suburbs and expect to take a jaunt into the city next week. I 'm going to be pretty busy from now on, the mayor and several other prominent citizens have invited me to various social affairs, and I 've got to do the Navy justice, so if you don't hear from me again until I turn up in Crabtown, about 9:59 a. m. on the 21st, don't worry.

☞ Give my regards to *her*, old boy. I know just how you feel.

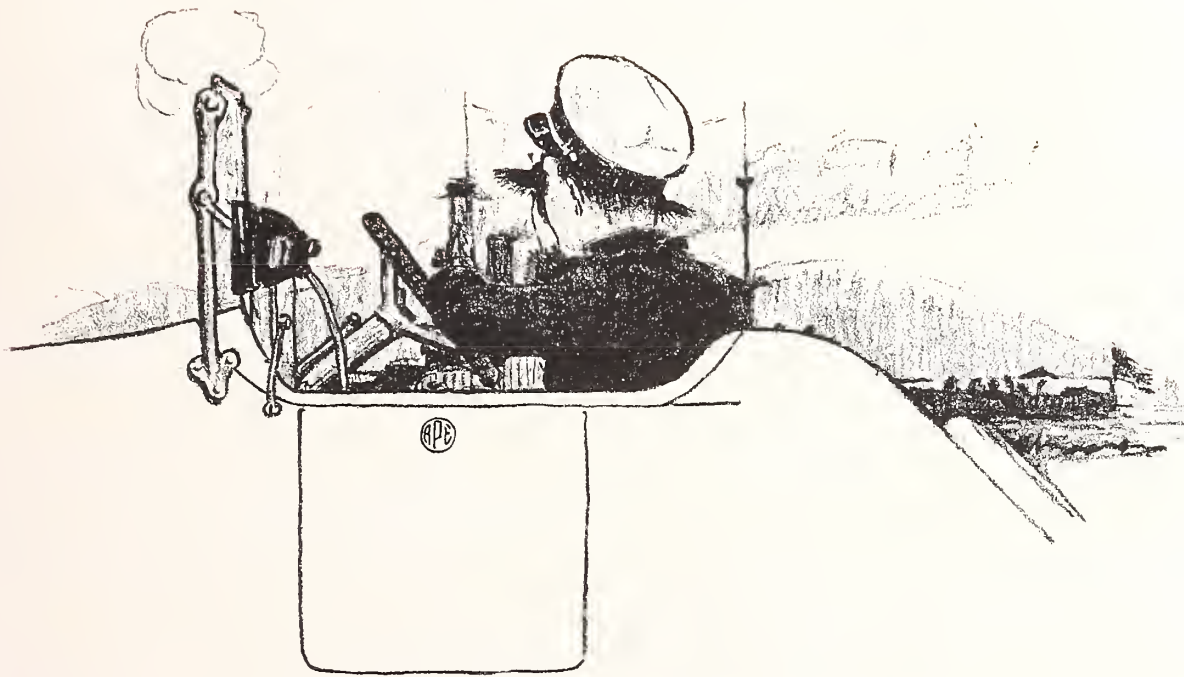
Joe.





U.S. TUG





REAR VIEW

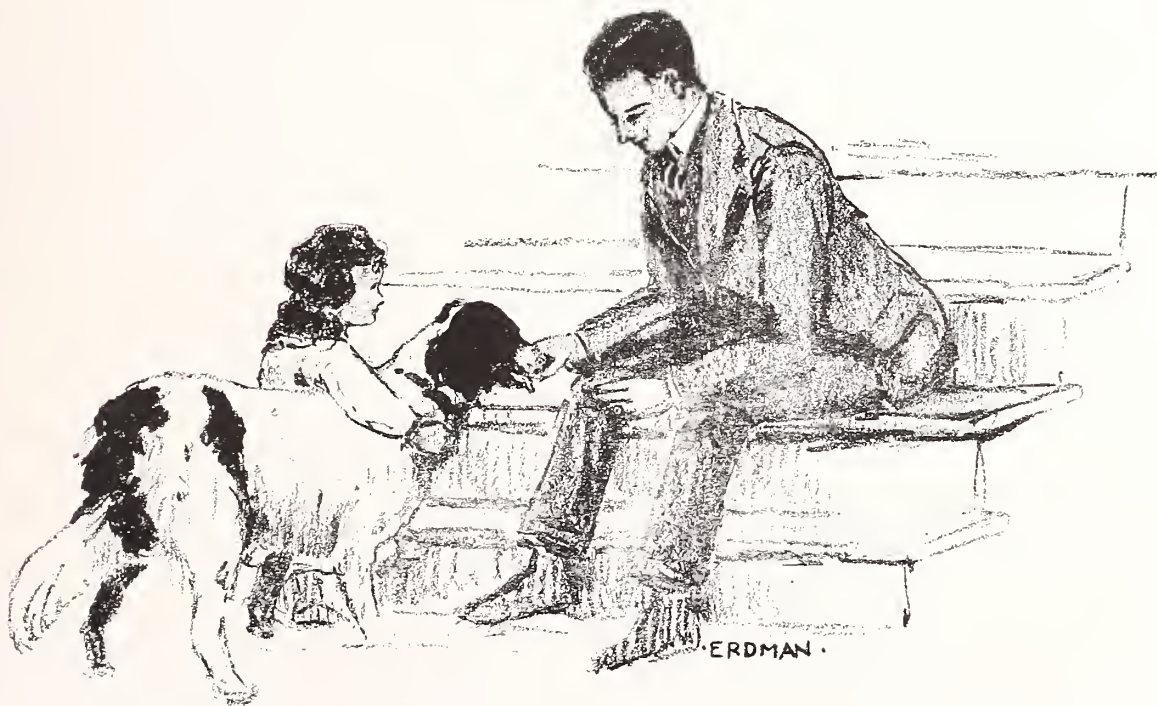


EY there gang, wireless tower's in sight!" The word slips down from fighting top to searchlight platforms, to T. D. station, to bridge, finally to gun compartment 12, and in about nine seconds (chronometer 8.5 seconds fast on G. M. T.) even the blase nonchalants who professed to prefer a last hand of the great below decks pastime to a romantic gazing into space on the chance of attaining the doubtful honor of being first to sight the Promised Land are on deck, making their way to any point of vantage from which to glimpse the sunlit chapel dome, just slipping into view from behind the last green promontory.

HE mudhook falls with a splash, and somehow we while away the hours to a late taps and four o'clock reveille. A hasty breakfast, a raid on the paymaster, a for-once-welcome sub-chaser alongside at six, and with a last Four-N we bid farewell to our summer home. The Fleet fast fades into the indistinct shadows cast by Kent Island and a few minutes later the old familiar Santee Wharf and sea-wall know us once more. A mad rush to the tailor shop for a greasy suit of service or freshly laundered cits, a dash to Mem Hall to pay tribute to the ticket agents, a frenzied checking out at the Batt office, a flying visit to B. B. & B. for your ring—and *hers*—and the rattle of flat wheels on antiquated rails is as sweet music in our ears. Sep leave is on!

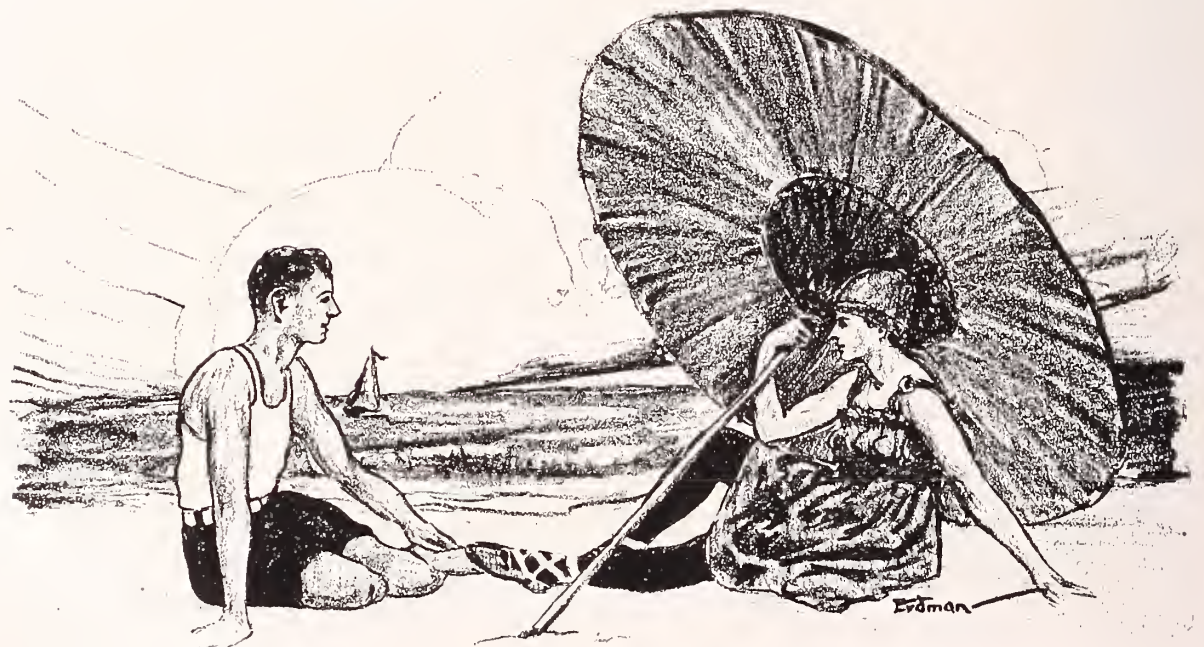
PERHAPS the band meets the Limited at Squashville Center,—maybe the Mayor turns over the keys to the city— but at any rate if *she* and the homefolks are there to meet you, you rhino not at these or other slights placed upon your rank and recently pruned-up dignity.

THE hard work and disappointments of a Yorktown cruise slip into the dusty recesses of dimmest memory. Or if better fortune was yours you heave a heavy line about Cruiser service in and out of the war zone,—if not you keep mum, and heave it anyway as you shoot a sociable game in the back room of the Pastime or navigate a Liberty Schooner into a safe anchorage. True, many of the old gang are missing from their favorite haunts,—and yours. Vaguely you hear Jack spoken of as a near-ace, Jim's in an ambulance unit somewhere in France, Tom's in the Marines, George is an Army engineer, Dick's in the tank service, and Harry's a stripe and a half reserve. You envy them all (but one) and as the man of the hour absorb the savior-of-our-country line of the stay-at-homes, and accept it with becoming Navy immodesty.



O pass the days. But the nights—ah, the nights are another matter, a world apart. Some of them are spent with *her* under the cool and silvery lustre of the September moon. Some of them you dance away together, you, proud and valiant—holding her in your arms as you sway thru the mystic strains of a waltz or swing to the wierd notes of the jazz, or just feasting upon the light of admiration in her eyes as she snuggles closer and rubs powder all over the shoulder of your best blues in some out-of-the-way corner, while she whispers—well, what she whispers. Heaven itself has nothing on you.

UT about the eighteenth you snap out of it, and awake to the sickening realization that there are just about 24 hours more in the old home town. From then on the minutes, as they slip away, seem like so many priceless, irreplaceable gems. But in spite of your will to linger, slip away they do, and before you know it you are waiting for the 9:12 to pull in and out. A last long kiss and you are gone.



HE last Sep leave is finished, and First Class year, with its fairways and shoals, its joys and sorrows, is mirrored in the Pullman window with the first fond memories of the month gone by, as you gaze unseeing at the fleeting landscape.





Reg Fussing



BROUSSARD





Reg Fussing



RHINO is a naval state of mind. It has synonyms but no antonyms. Synonymously it is gloom, despair, swabo, conduct grade, the Reina, pap sheet and such; antonymously it might be caramels, Sep. leave, four-o, kisses, oh boy—but that 's speaking figuratively.

¶ It 's not a naval state.

¶ Midshipman Shad Armstead was rhino.

¶ How this naval state of mind descended suddenly upon Midshipman Armstead demands an explanation. When a Midshipman is six feet one and built to that scale, a three-striper, and wears two N's, the rhino state ill becomes him. It's like a Plebe who has just received a five spot from home and draws his dollar-fifty allowance. Rhinoism is a luxury reserved for buzzards, two-one's in steam, the extra swimming squad, and those who have to make out on the dollar-fifty allowance. As I said before, the rhinoism of Shad Armstead demands an explanation and it is coming with forth and due syntax.

¶ This was the way of it.

¶ There was one department in which Shad had busted cold. That was the femme department. He was a Red Mike, thru chance not choice. That was the tragedy of it. When he was a candidate, his pred had introduced him casually as an embryonic Red Mike to a second classman. When he became a Plebe, this second classman who now commanded Shad's company, spooned on him and introduced him around as a Red



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Mike. Before he knew what a Red Mike was, he had accepted that *status quo* and was one. Now he realized that his secret ambition thruout his Naval Academy career had been to become a sosh, a blood, a four-o fusser and heartbreaker. In one week his midshipman days would be over. June Week was one week ahead. He had seven more days to tear down the reputation of four years and build a new one. He was going to do it.

¶ Shad had one pal to whom he entrusted his innermost secrets. That was Bill West, his wife, a blood by birth and predilection, who kept four miniatures in circulation and a waiting list besides. As a parlor snake and a sea lawyer, Bill had no superior and feared no equal. He was Champion Fusser of the Metropolis of Crabtown and its suburbs, Washington and Baltimore.

¶ To Bill, Shad went seeking solace and salvation. As an adviser, Bill was grand. He usually tilted back his chair, eeked his feet on the table, cleared his throat with a few patronizing "Well, lemme see's," and proceeded to unfold the mysterious formula by which he always went and conquered.

¶ " You see, Shad, this is the way to do it. Of course, I 'm not bragging about myself, but you know my reputation. I'm no eommon fusser. I come by it naturally, having paid due attention to the composition and complexion of women folks and being thus able to assort and rate them by my own process and formulæ before beginning the attack. It 's a wooden man who said that women are mysterious. They all fall, I tell you, when you fuss them the right way. You must never grovel at their feet and supplicate; you must aviate above their heads and make them look up. No femme ever eared for easy fruit. It 's got to be something hard to get, something everybody else wants. Hence and therefore, when I go a-fussing, I fortify myself with several lockets with curls of divers shades and colors, a strand or two on my left shoulder, and a well assorted supply of violet scented billet-doux. I play with these with earelessness and preeision until her attention is arrested. Then when I am cornered, I sigh in pain and persecution, and tell her what a joy it is to meet a girl like her, adding subtle comparisons deleterious and otherwise painful to the other dames. Just then the phone rings for me and I tell some one I just can't come this evening, previous engagement, work to do, and so forth. I do this politely but firmly, in a mood and voice of lassitude and disenchautment, don't you know. I have four or five phone calls to come in rapid suecession, all timed and paid for, and I pass up enough teas and



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lunches and dinners to fill a five-striper's program for a year. Then when I am sufficiently pursued and persecuted, I go back to the sofa and reiterate to her what a joy Well, it 's fruit for Bill. It never fails. Take it from me, Shad, the only fellow that a girl really wants is her best friend's beau."

¶ Thus instructed and advised, Shad immediately instituted proceedings to wreck the fair heart of an unsuspecting victim. Shad's sister was attending Miss Soakum's Seminary near Washington. It was called a finishing school, but it was really a Naval Preparatory School. The graduates were guaranteed an ensign's commission. Shad wired his sister that he had to have a girl for the hop, and that she had to be the prettiest girl in the seminary; to make the engagement for him and ship her down with the bunch that came with Miss Soakum. Within an hour the message came back: "Am sending my friend Bessie beauty . . . take good care of her."

¶ For four solid days, Shad hugged hungrily to his bosom the yellow Western Union slip. In the meantime, he rehearsed faithfully and frantically Bill's manual of attack. He also invested a month's allowance in fou-fou, monogrammed skags, and chocolates. The deck was cleared for action and the plan of battle for the capture of innocent Bessie was set and ready. Bill said that his sister was coming for the hop and he was going to make use of her in the scheme without arousing her suspicion. Trust him! He had never failed and this little act was child's play. It was a mere side show to his main circus. "Just leave it to me, Shad; when any one goes into battle under my generalship, he may as well order the miniature before starting. Sis is a good pal. I'll get her to write the billets-doux. She always carries swell stationery and I'll have it scented so as to attract attention. I'll make her give me one of her looks to stick in your pocket and scatter on your shoulder. I'll tell her it's a joke I am playing on some one, and she'll never know the difference. As for the telephoning, I'll attend to that myself."

¶ And so the nefarious plot to wreck Bessie's happiness was staged. On the eve of the June Ball, Miss Soakum arrived with her bevy of naval aspirants and installed them in a select boarding house. There they lay in wait for their prey.

¶ At four o'clock, Shad arrived upon the scene of battle and was presented. It was even as you and I had foreseen and foreordained. Cupid shot straight and Shad lay wounded and bleeding. But mindful of the last orders of his general, he only tarried



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long enough "to present his respects," adding that he had several calls to make that afternoon but he would call in the evening "to become better acquainted."

¶ With his heart turning over like a destroyer's turbines, he hastily grabbed his cap in the manner of one who has five femmes waiting for him and made a bee-line for Church Circle. There he walked around and around until he had counted five calls, all with the same hasty departure, and started back towards Maryland Avenue when he bumped into Bill.

¶ "Look here, Shad, have you lost your senses? I have been watching you sailing around this circle for the last half hour, and I did n't know whether you were walking in your sleep or else had started training again for the track team."

¶ "I have been making social calls Say, Bill, if ever you have been my friend, now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. I met her! She 's a beaut, a queen, a I 'm in love with her, man; I 'm crazy about her. I have been wondering whether I should follow your system of fussing or go straight to her and ask her to marry me. I can't wait; I am getting ready to enter. . . ."

¶ "A lunatic asylum," added Bill, disgusted. "Look here, Shad, I had n't bargained for a Mount Vesuvius eruption. But since I have launched you upon a social career, I must steer you through your first venture and see you back in port safe and victorious. Sis came in this afternoon, and I have just left her. She wrote the scented notes but balked at cutting one of her curls. Finally I got her to give me this one. Now, here 's your paraphernalia of attack. Here are the scented notes, here 's the golden hair to decorate your shoulder, and here 's your program. She 's one of Soakum's girls, you said? I know where they are stopping. Between nine and ten, I 'll phone you three times and each time you must refuse an invitation to dinner. I 'll be the best-looking girls in Crabtown and by the time I quit pestering you over the phone, she will be ready and willing to want you all for herself. Don't weaken; play the game through. It 's a great life, if you don't weaken. So long; will see you to-morrow and receive your report of the first drive."

¶ Shad hastened back to his room in Baneroft Hall. After supper, he equipped himself bountifully with talem and chocolates, encased himself within his full-dress blou, and set forth upon his great adventure.



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¶ The select boarding house where Miss Soakum always brought her finishers was the graduate school of the Seminary. It was equipped with many fussing nooks and corners. Shad put in a req for the hall nook under the steps where the telephone was. At eight o'clock sharp he led Bessie to the sacrificial altar. The nook was properly camouflaged and protected against indiscreet intrusions.

¶ Shad was mindful of the last injunctions of Bill. He opened hostilities by heaving several sighs of different sizes and significations and cursing his fate for having allowed himself to be inveigled into so many engagements.

¶ “ You see Miss. . . . Miss Bessie, (she had never been anything but Bessie to him), if I had only dreamed I was going to drag a girl like you, I would have saved up all my time. But I did n't know and the girls have been really nice to me, so I have to be nice to them. I can't, of course, be in five different places at the same time, but I do try to make the rounds.”

¶ “ Rounds ” was the cue to pull out his handkerchief in which had been wrapped the four pink scented notes. These fluttered to the floor in careless precision and brought the desired “ Oh! ” from Bessie. Shad looked confounded and confused and fumbled the notes with due nerve and nervousness. Then looked at one curiously.

¶ “ Why,” he exclaimed, “ I have n't opened this one! Will you permit me? It might be something important.”

¶ As she smiled acquiescence, he opened the note, glanced through it, and heaved another sigh composite, this time, of boredom and amusement.

¶ “ Girls are queer creatures, are n't they? Read this,” he said. “ You would n't know who wrote it and you might help me in understanding it.”

¶ Bessie was a woman. She took the note and read it. It ran: “ Why did n't you come to see me to-night? I am perfectly furious with you and won't speak to you again. Won't you come to-night? Yours, B. C.”

¶ Bessie looked up with a queer expression on her face.

¶ Shad thrilled! The first symptom! Bessie was touchè-ed. Certainly it was jealousy. What else could it be? She read the note through again, examined the paper, scented the violet that rose delicately from the scribbled sheet, and there was a thoughtful contraction of the eyebrows, or was it a frown? Did she really care that much?



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¶ Shad glowed in triumph. If he had scored a hit in this preliminary skirmish, imagine for yourself the terrain after he had brought up the heavy ammunition from the rear. He pursued his advantage by throwing carelessly the other notes in her lap.

¶ "Read them all," he said magnanimously. "They are all alike, just as girls must be all alike no, I take it back," and he looked at her a la Bill. "You are different," he added. "You couldn't do a thing like that. It is such a girl to meet a joy no, I mean it is such a joy to meet a girl like you." And he lay back to watch the effect.

¶ Bessie read the notes one after the other. She was certainly overcome. And her face flushed.

¶ Shad gently shifted the subject of conversation. "Give her a breathing spell between shocks," Bill said. "Put at least an hour between Episode One, the scented notes, and Episode Two, the hair-raising stunt." So Shad retreated, as it were, to the land of small talk. Bandinage, persiflage, and camouflage—Bill had coached him well in these, and Bessie responded generously. When the hour was up, Bessie liked him tremendously and Shad, well, Shad was ready to haul up the Busy Berthas.

¶ Thoughtfully absent-minded, he began to pick the strands of golden hair from his left shoulder. He drew each gleaming strand to its fullest length and with careful nonchalance, curled it around his finger. Bessie was fascinated by this operation. Her eyes grew bigger and bigger as he slipped each shiny ringlet from his finger and carefully placed it in one of the pink envelopes.

¶ Shad had scored. When he held her hand in parting, she looked up at him with her big, blue eyes and said demurely, "It is certainly an honor, Mr. Armstead, to go to a hop with a popular man like you. I certainly appreciate it."

¶ "The pleasure is all mine, I assure you," he answered gallantly. And after a thought he added, "You see, you are different from all the other girls. I must restate. . . . reiterate that. I'll see you to-morrow afternoon."

¶ That night Shad slept neither the sleep of the just nor that of the honest. He tossed fitfully upon his bed, and awoke several times to hear himself calling a certain Shad Armstead various and sundry names, ranging from fool properly modified to something approximating a liar. By morning, he hated himself generously and his affection for Bill was forty below zero. Before the latter had fully awakened from his slumbers, he



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heard sounds emanating from the other side of the room which suggested that, with prudence and propriety, he might keep under cover a little longer, even though reveille had busted long since. So Bill pulled the sheet over his head and turned his face towards the wall.

¶ “You need n’t pretend you are asleep,” shouted Shad. “I’ve got a score to settle with you. I think you and your fussing *modus operandi* are on the same rotten level, and I take especial pleasure in informing you of this fact.”

¶ “Why, did n’t it work?” queried Bill in a pacifying tone of voice.

¶ “Work? I suppose it did, but I have lost my self-respect. I feel like a cad, and a fool besides. Why, that little girl is the sweetest, finest girl in the world. Don’t you suppose she has sense enough to figure out that I have been goophing her? And where will I stand then? I have a good mind to go to her and fess up everything. And I won’t keep your name out of the discussion either.”

¶ “Why don’t you do it?” exploded Bill. The crisis was over and by getting on the offensive, he thought he might obtain the immunities of the injured party.

¶ Shad did not answer. He dressed himself and went down to breakfast. During the day, he avoided his friends and kept to himself. His mind was made up. He was going to confess, but he wanted to rehearse a confession that would not annihilate him completely in her esteem.

¶ At four o’clock, he presented himself, meekly penitent, at Bessie’s boarding house. The expression on his face must have been a fair index to the inner conflict, for, on seeing him, Bessie exclaimed:

¶ “Why, Mr. Armstead, you look quite worried! Has anything happened? Have you been cutting your engagements?”

¶ “No, Miss Bessie, I have n’t been cutting any engagements. I have never had any engagements to cut I mean . . . well, I *am* worried, but I’ll speak to you about that later. Let’s talk awhile first.”

¶ And Bessie, all sympathy and concern, led him to the camouflaged seat under the stairs. There they talked for an hour about momentous questions of no importance, while Shad was gathering courage for the great avowal. Finally when the shades of



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evening had darkened the fussing corner and Shad could no longer see the disquieting gaze of Bessie's questioning eyes, he leaned towards her and spoke.

¶ "Miss Bessie," he began. He could n't remember the speech he had rehearsed. "I have a confession to make to you. I hope you will forgive me for what I have done, because I'm not really to blame. Bill West is to blame. . . . "

¶ "Bill West?"

¶ "Yes, Bill West; he concocted the whole dirty plot. He put me up to the whole thing and helped me to execute it. . . . "

¶ "Please explain, Mr. Armstead."

¶ "Well, this was what it is. . . . I mean, this is what it was. Bill told me that no girl ever cared for a Red Mike. He told me that if I wanted to make an impression on you, I had to pretend that all the girls were in love with me and that I was being fussed to death. He 's the one who gave me those pink notes yesterday and put the hair on my shoulder and phoned me the invitations to dinner all afternoon. Now, Miss Bessie, I know you are going to despise me, but really I did n't know I was going to meet a girl like you, and I do want you to know me as I am. I have been a Red Mike for four years. I have never had a girl, and. . . .and I like you so much. Now, tell me. . . . honest. . . .did. . . .did you really get fooled by my stupid actions of yesterday?"

¶ Shad discerned thru the semi-darkness a smile which gleamed first in Bessie's eyes. Then it spread to the two dimples in her cheeks; then it burst into a sweet gurgle which reminded him of woodland brooks.

¶ "I was n't exactly fooled by the notes, Mr. Armstead," she said, after a pause, "but I was rather nonplussed. You see, I am Bill's sister and it did startle me to see you picking strands of my own hair from your shoulders."

¶ There was a moment of tension. Shad experienced the sensation of a house being demolished inside of him.

¶ "Bill's sister!" he gasped.

¶ "Yes, his half-sister, but the only one he has."

¶ "So you wrote. . . .?"



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¶ “ The notes, and gave him one of my curls. I objected, but he told me it was for the Masqueraders. ”

¶ “ It was,” said Shad, and then he groaned. Oh for the thumb-screws and the quartering racks of the Spanish Inquisition! Oh for Satan’s boiling cauldron and a three-pronged fork! Oh for Bill tied to the end of a rope!

¶ Shad was wounded and bleeding. No; he was dead, or thereabouts. His heart had turned cold and was beating faintly. His limbs refused to move. He lay there a most dejected heap of frosted hopes and frustrated ambitions. All that was left for him to do was to rise, make his bow, and walk to the cemetery.

¶ Then he heard a sweet, gurgling laugh. Again it reminded him of the music of woodland brooks.

¶ “ Why take it so seriously, Mr. Armstead. I like you much better as a Red Mike.”

¶ “ Do you really mean it,” he gasped.

¶ Bessie laughed again and held out her hand to him.

¶ And she did not withdraw it.

¶ Caramels, Sep leave, four-o, oh boy! And that ’s not speaking figuratively. Shad had found the antonym for rhino.







June Week



LIKE all good things, the pleasure of June Week starts with the anticipation. Sections, drills, liberties—everything runs like clockwork, and there is a new zest of life in the very atmosphere. Nature feels the spell, and early begins to clothe the yard in the garments of Spring, the fresh green that turns winter's drab into a fairyland of color. Tecumseh covers his sins of the year with a fresh coat of paint, the benches appear on the Lane, and couples appear on the benches. The band comes forth from its winter quarters in the basement, and begins anew to make morning study hours times





of sweet reverie for the savvy and periods of frantic last minute boning for the wooden.

¶ And so the time runs swiftly and merrily on, until almost before we realize it the sections are marching to the last exam—only a monthly exam this time, it's true, but nevertheless a final river that has to be crossed before the goal is finally reached. And then the sections come marching back, and the Academic year, with all its pleasures, its sorrows, its disappointments, its successes is over, and June Week is upon us.

¶ After two years, the revival of the Army-Navy game—the bright bits of color on the sun-lit diamond, and the still brighter bits in the stands, where she is sitting; waiting for the long hit that will bring Navy over the finish a run to the good. Does it come? It sure does, and as the sky is rent with the last Four-N, and showers of white caps





begin to fall everywhere, the old Japanese bell rings forth its paean of victory to an approving world. It 's a glorious sound, all right, and one that we had almost thought to leave without once hearing.

¶ That night the Army-hop. Nothing to what is to be expected before the week is over, but still a fitting festival for ushering in the social evenings of the week. The gym, with its myriad flags and flowers, houses many a happy heart that night—hearts for the Blue, hearts for the Grey, but all for the mystic spell the music and the dance spread everywhere.

¶ Sunday passes quickly—not much of a day of rest this time, but still a breathing space between what has passed, and the strenuous days to come. In the morning there is the Baccalaureate, followed by the “ God be with You, Till We Meet Again.” The haunting strains leave a saddening touch as the thoughts of when that next

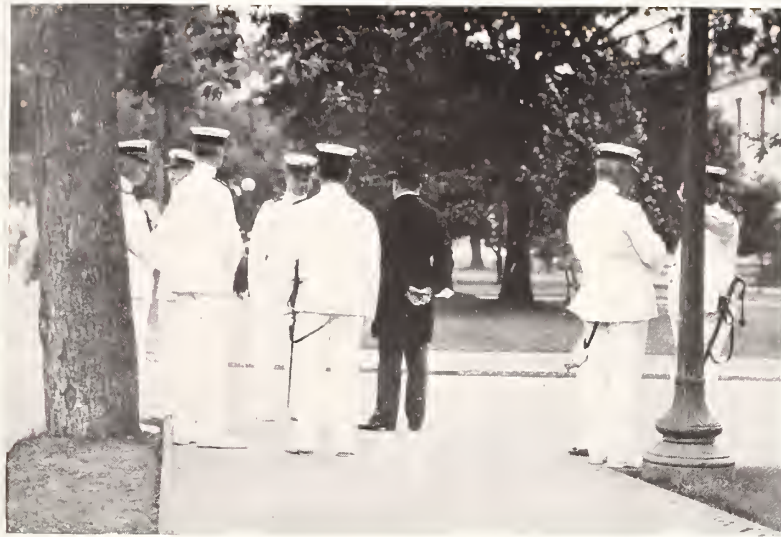




meeting may be, strike home, but as you go forth into the glories of the summer air it gradually drifts into subconscious memory, and the spell of June Week is once more in your blood.

☞ Monday morning dawns bright and clear. The battalions sally forth after breakfast to disport before the Board of Visitors, the Judges, and a host of admiring friends and relatives—a couple to Infantry, another to Artillery, and the last to Seamanship. The Red and Blue flags go briskly up and down Farragut and Worden fields—hoarse shouts of command fill the air, out on the Severn the water is alive with craft of all kinds from the slowest old cutter to the speedy sub-chasers and dignified Argo and Robert—every man in every drill doing his utmost to prove at the last moment what his training has done for him during the past year. The next day the order is reversed in part—same drills by different battalions, and every one





trying to exceed the accomplishments of "the other Batt" on yesterday. But at last the companies are dismissed, and in a brief space the Lane is again populated—little groups chatting merrily here and there, or solitary couples sauntering up and down the gravel, speaking little, understanding much.

¶ At last Wednesday comes. An idle morning, and then the last dress parade. The Regiment in blue and white—not full dress since the war disrupted the ancient order—forms in hollow square, and the lucky Four-Striper leads his staff forth to receive from the daintiest of hands the Regimental colors for the successful Battalion to have and to hold 'til the next year doth them part. The little speech that goes with them is lost to all but a few—but it reaches the ears for which it was intended. Surely that is enough. The final cheer, the last review, and the Regiment as a whole goes to the Armory for the last time.





¶ Another dreamy afternoon, and back in the evening for the Class German—perhaps the last class affair that the graduates will ever know. The Grand March, the Arch of Swords, the old Grad's Dance—they pass in rapid succession, and with the fleeting moments of happiness another evening passes into the realms of history.

¶ Back in Bancroft—you view again the little white bunk that is to prove its last welcome release from toil. Just for the sake of old times you crawl out on your balcony for a last non-reg smoke—and there, pipe in mouth and basking in the flooding moonlight, the events of three years pass in review—Plebe Summer, Plebe Year, Youngster Cruise, Youngster Leave, back for the last lap—and now out of the wilderness—you smile at the things that looked like calamities—who can't smile when the burden has lifted at last? But even with the happiness comes a touch of sadness—a lingering wistfulness for the





years that are gone. Their joys and sorrows have been real, and you have tasted life in the making. Your pipe burns cold, you shiver a little as the morning breeze steals in from the Bay, and you slip back into the room, to turn in and sleep dreamlessly the last night in Bancroft.

☪ Reveille sounds—you are wide awake in an instant—Graduation morning is at hand. A forced entry into a cold shower prepared by the coming Youngsters that leaves you puffing and blowing but fresh and strong for what the day may bring. The last breakfast, the last hour of frenzied packing and laying out the real articles of wearing apparel to be donned when you shall return. You see the under classes fall in and march away—then the last formation sounds, and the class forms for the last time. The march to the Armory is silent—silently still the class passes thru the ranks that still hold its comrades and takes its seats. Attention, ruffles, flourishes—the official party arrives, and





Graduation is on. Tensely you listen to the addresses, hearing much, remembering little. Maybe you steal a glance at the balcony, and see—

¶ At last the speeches are over—and the long, last muster starts. Somewhere down the list you hear your name—and as one in a dream you march to the platform, and draw the testimonial of work well done. At last the anchor man gets his—

¶ Then comes the reaction. With wild whoops the long line forms, many a battered cap flies balconyward, and to the refrain of "Out of the Wilderness" the snake dance winds its way out of the Armory—the wild rush for Bancroft, the hasty shifting to natty blues or nattier whites, and the finished product, the perfect Ensign, emerges.

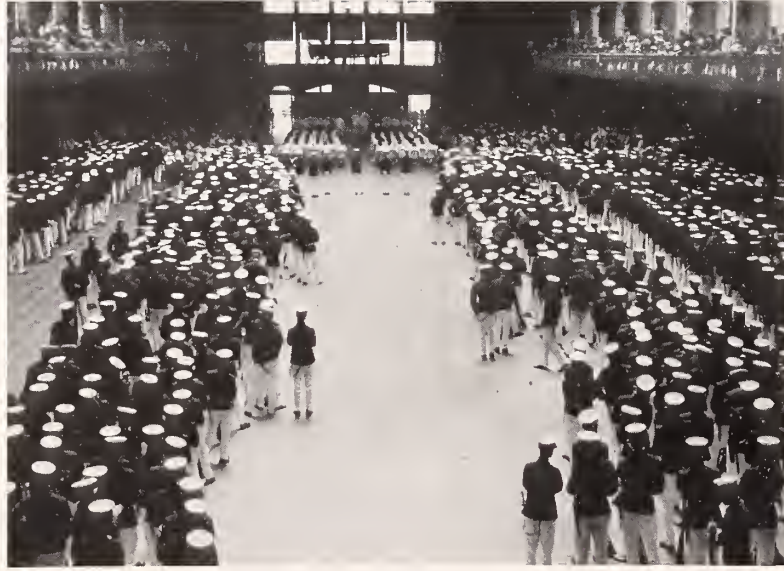
¶ The day passes all too quickly, as dream days will. Evening





shadows fall, and the June Ball begins. Lights, music, and happiness—with her on your arm you sway thru the strains of the dance, or sit in the shadow of the flags, or roam thru the Yard, and wonder when you two shall meet again. Then comes the last waltz, "Home, Sweet Home." You realize for the first time that you are leaving the place that you call home, and as the music ceases and the notes of the Star Spangled Banner come floating down from the balcony, you feel a haunting sense of loss of something never to be regained. The crowd sifts thru the doors, homeward bound, and June Week and Academy days are over.



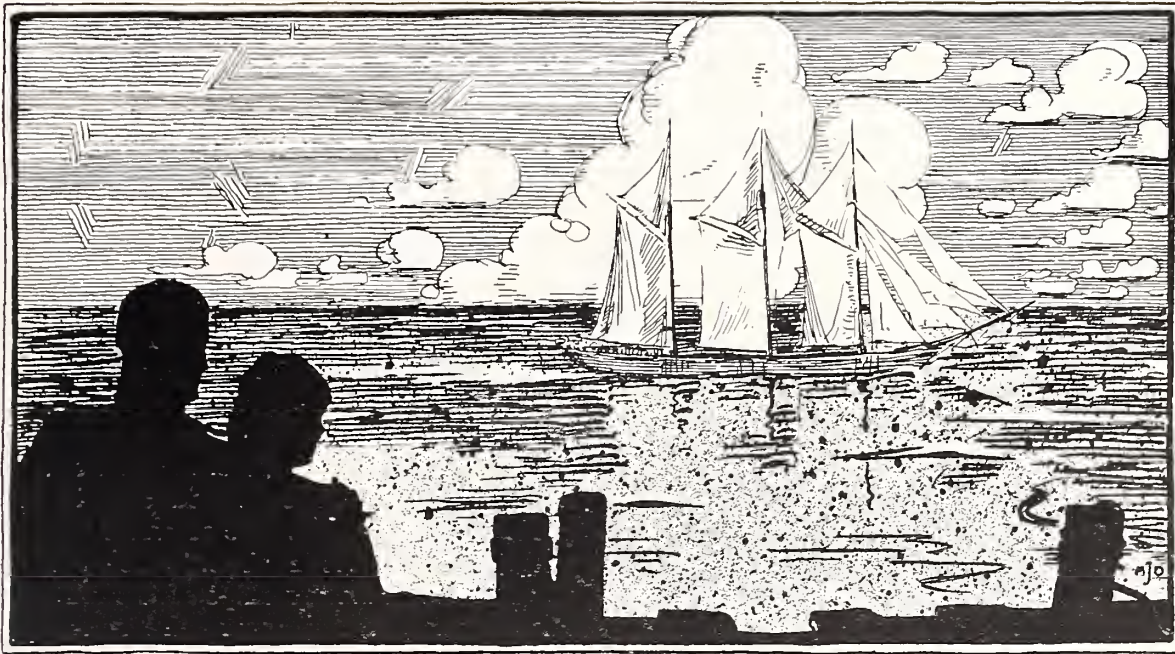


*“Ain’t I glad to get out of the
wilderness—
No more rivers to cross.”*









IN the Summer of the Year 1916 there came unto the banks of the River Severn, in the crash civilian garb of the land, sundry and divers specimens of the race called human, 626 hearts which beat with a single hope,—a life upon the sea.

¶ And they entered into an Institution, over the portals of which were inscribed the mystic words "Ex Scientia Triens"—there to imbibe from the sacred fountain called knowledge, in other words to assimilate the modus operandi of "What Do."

¶ During the first three months of their incarceration, which had as yet not become known by the term imprisonment, they lived a garish existence, and waxed fat on the fruit of the land. To them the fundamentals came as the summer to the spring,—naturally.

¶ But in the fall of the year there fell a great blast called "the return of the upper classes" upon their fair harvest, and instead of reaping whereof they had sowed in such unstinting quantity, they garnered unto themselves the first principles of the codified statutes of the service, then published under the title of Doyle's Laws.

¶ For full eight months the fountain of knowledge brought forth none of the sustenance called milk and honey; its flavor was of a decidedly different hue. True, there was a change at the end of the fifth month, when there came upon the land a celebration designated "Seventeen's Graduation" but the rise of Twenty was on the path characterized as downward,—and continued its descent.

THE PASSING OF 1920

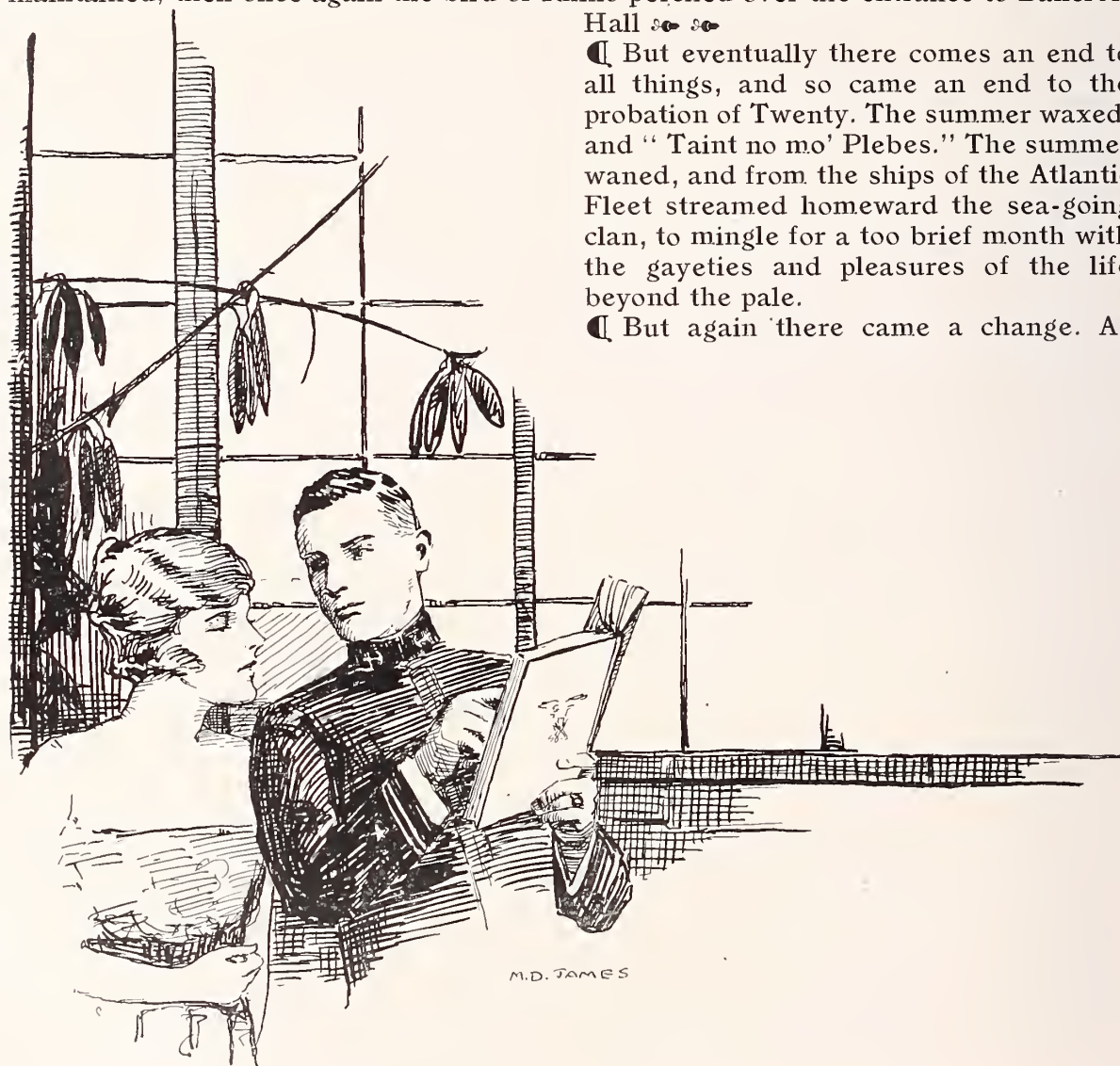
¶ When the date inscribed on the calendar as November 25 rolled around there came a great change over the landscape. For two whole days and an overnight liberty in the city popularly known as Greater New York the ancient order called R. H. I. P. was cast to the four winds. True, the team suffered defeat, but that night the moon and all its satellites waxed full in commemoration of the battle spirit of the game, and in pledging the victory, "next year."

¶ One month later the forsaken scattered to the four winds of Heaven to partake of the joys of the ephemeral Christmas Leave. For three whole days the joyous delirium maintained, then once again the bird of Rhino perched over the entrance to Bancroft

Hall ☪ ☪

¶ But eventually there comes an end to all things, and so came an end to the probation of Twenty. The summer waxed, and "Taint no mo' Plebes." The summer waned, and from the ships of the Atlantic Fleet streamed homeward the sea-going clan, to mingle for a too brief month with the gayeties and pleasures of the life beyond the pale.

¶ But again there came a change. As

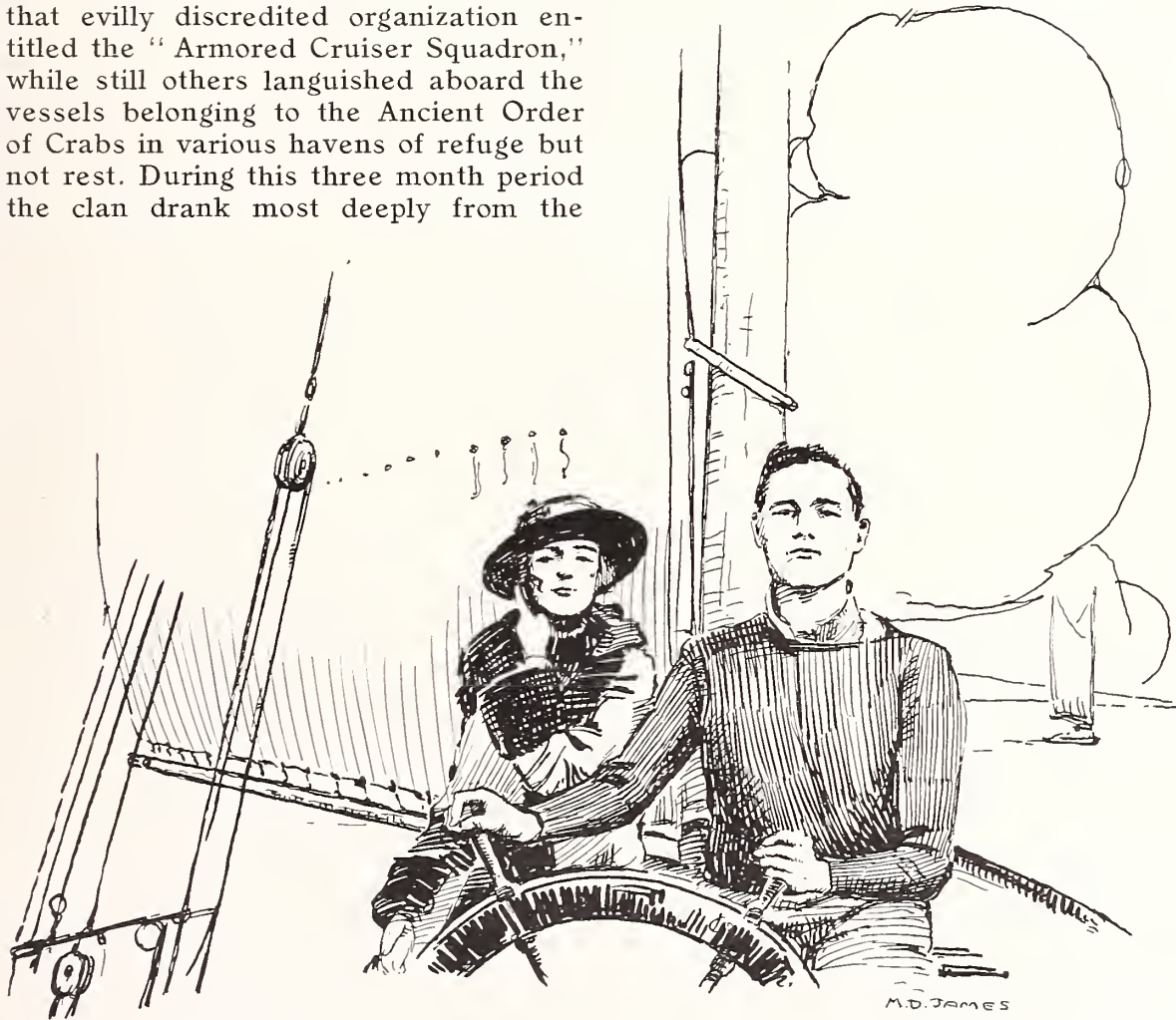


THE PASSING OF 1920

September drew to a close they hied them again toward the home of the pets. And now the members of the new third class burst upon the scene in all their fine raiment with all their queens and forties in tow. And there was merry-making at the hops and the tea-parties, as fall passed into winter, and winter into spring. During much of this time there remained, suspended from the yard by the same hair which once sustained the sword of Damocles, the container familiarly known as "Ye Olde Navee Bucket."

☞ But by the fortunes of war was its radius of gyration preserved in equilibrium, and while that which fell therefrom was sufficiently copious in quantity, it omitted some of the characteristics of the deluge.

☞ Once more the scene changes, and now the members of the band are to be seen once more upon the wave, some in that evilly discredited organization entitled the "Armored Cruiser Squadron," while still others languished aboard the vessels belonging to the Ancient Order of Crabs in various havens of refuge but not rest. During this three month period the clan drank most deeply from the



THE PASSING OF 1920

fountain, which e 'en tho it cannot change its spots, had taken unto itself the name of experience, laying aside the higher pretensions of knowledge. But this voyage of Twenty also came to its conclusion; the last Midshipman's cruise was navigated into its home port; and with the chapel dome once more astern the convoy scattered and set sail for the home yards. And each craft carried a heavy list to port, and many a blouse gave silent witness to the miniature that nestled in the pocket nearest the heart. The time of the annual pilgrimage back to the Mecca came only too soon,—gone were the miniatures, but in their place was an ache that nothing, nothing immediately attainable,—could fill.

¶ And so Twenty descended into its final year—descended into the vale from which only the sat return, and from which ascent to the heighths via the forestry yields but a fleeting glimpse of the Great Outside, and as fleeting a departure from the Great Inside ☁ ☁

¶ But there came a time, as the silver green of spring once more gave way to the deeper hue of summer, when returning from the torment known as the last exam, the class took up the oft far flung pean of victory, "No More Rivers." And from these sacred rites passed the class of Twenty into the Promised Land of a fair June Week, to mingle with the fairest of the fair, and to wait until The Day, so long in arriving, so soon passed by, when each took up the long trail to the platform, the rainbow trail at the end of which waited the reward of three years work and devotion.

¶ And the next day the service scattered them far and wide, but not into oblivion,—for in the years that followed great was the achievement written on the fair record of Twenty ☁ ☁



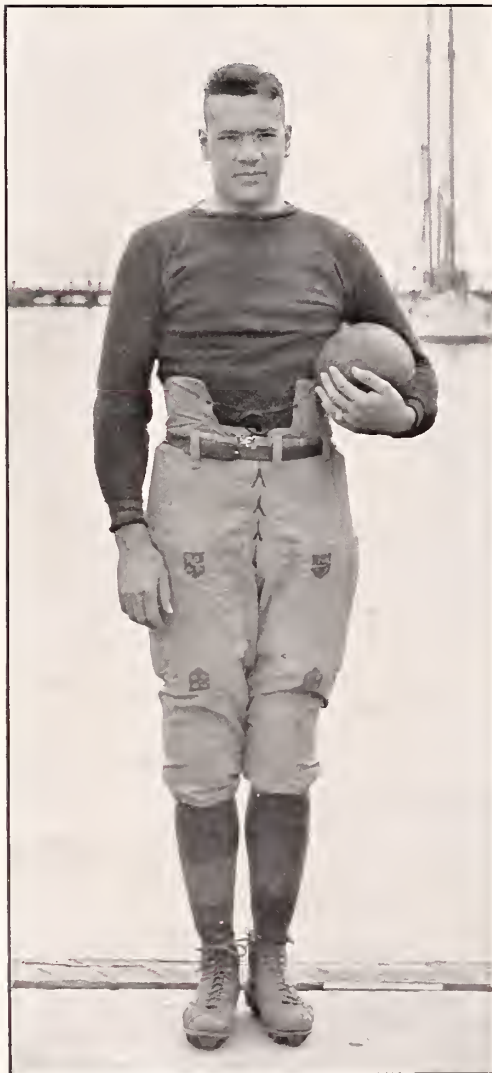
- Anderson, H. C., Washington.
 Andrews, E. R., Bath, Maine.
 Angst, R. E., Pennsylvania.
 Archer, LaVerne, Illinois.
 Baker, E. C., Iowa.
 Baldesberger, W. P. A., Pennsylvania.
 Berry, M. D., Massachusetts.
 Bobzien, E. B., Oregon.
 Boyle, C. A., Illinois.
 Brownell, T. C., Rhode Island, '21.
 Bryan, E. D., North Carolina.
 Buch, W. G., Wyoming, '21.
 Buchanan, O'R. A., Missouri.
 Callaway, E. B., Alabama.
 Caraher, B. P., Illinois.
 Casey, J. R., Connecticut.
 Castille, L. E., Louisiana.
 Cherbonnier, A. V., Jr., '21.
 Clark, C. A., Michigan.
 Cook, A. B., Kentucky, '21.
 Cook, A. E., North Carolina, '21.
 Cranston, W. B., Oklahoma, '21.
 Cummings, L. W., Indiana.
 Dawson, H. T., Iowa, '21.
 Denfeld, F., Minnesota, '22.
 Diatikar, A. S., Tennessee.
 Dickey, O. C., Pennsylvania.
 Dickson, J. B., Illinois.
 Digges, J. I., Maryland.
 Doxon, W., Jr., Idaho.
 Dufton, W. S., California, '21.
 Durkin, W. B., (died) Pennsylvania.
 Dwyer, J. W., Connecticut, '21.
 Edwards, R. D., Missouri, '21.
 Engs, J. S., California.
 Ewen, E. C., New Hampshire, '21.
 Faine, C., Ohio, '21.
 Flagg, J. H., New Jersey.
 Francis, W. B., Mississippi, '21.
 Gebicke, R. A., Illinois.
 Gilbert, S. P., Jr., Georgia.
 Greber, C. F., New York, '21.
 Griswold, W. A., North Carolina, '21.
 Gullatt, E. F., Louisiana.
 Hagerty, R. H., Maryland, '21.
 Hahn, H. F., California.
 Hail, H. D., Texas, '21.
 Hales, R. S., North Carolina, '21.

Hamilton, S. McC., Georgia.
 Hanson, R. E., New York, '21.
 Hanst, C. E., West Virginia.
 Harrison, T. L., North Carolina.
 Herring, G. G., Jr., Florida, '21.
 Herring, L. W., New York.
 Hoehn, J. E., Ohio.
 Holmes, U. T., Arkansas.
 Hoover, W. D., Illinois, '21.
 Houser, H. A., Georgia, '21.
 Howe, J. H., Mississippi. Killed in active
 service, U. S. Army.
 Howlett, J. H., Tennessee, '22.
 Huddeleston, T. L., Tennessee.
 Humes, J. A., Texas.
 Hyatt, Delwyn, New York, '21.
 Jensen, L. C., Nebraska.
 Jessup, L., Jr., New York, '21.
 Johnson, F. O., Minnesota, '21.
 Jones, R. D., Pennsylvania.
 Jones, H. C., Missouri.
 Kemper, W. P., Louisiana.
 Kernodle, M. H., North Carolina, '21.
 Kinney, W. S., Oregon.
 Kinney, J., Jr., Virginia.
 Kuraner, W., Kansas.
 Lamb, C. E., New York.
 Lambdin, J. T., Jr., Ohio.
 Lee, W. J., New York, '21.
 Leighton, G. A., Ohio, '21.
 Levitt, M. E., New York.
 Lewis, D. W., Tennessee.
 Lyons, G. D., Wisconsin, '21.
 Lyttle, G. H., Colorado, '21.
 McClure, R. B., New York.
 McConnell, L. S., Virginia.
 McDuffie, W. A., Georgia, '21 (Died).
 McKee, L., Kentucky, '21.
 McMurry, S. J., Jr., Oklahoma.
 McWilliams, J. H., New York, '21.
 Mercer, J. G., North Carolina, '21.
 Metzger, S. W., Colorado.
 Mills, DeL., New York, '21.
 Moore, D. W., New York, '21.
 Morrall, S. R., Connecticut.
 Murphy, W. J., Iowa, '21.
 Olson, J. L. B., Michigan, '21.
 Orcasitas, P., Jr., Porto Rico, '21.
 Pearsall, L. M., Georgia.
 Phillips, W. D., Mississippi.
 Porteous, E. J., Nevada, '21.
 Railey, B., Kentucky.
 Rand, E. B., Louisiana.
 Rice, R. K., Ohio.
 Richards, C. L., Connecticut.
 Roberts, H. C., Vermont.
 Robinson, F. N., Illinois.
 Rosenbaum, F. B., Virginia.
 Royal, P. K., Tennessee.
 Rush, A. S., Connecticut, '21.
 Russ, G. A., Pennsylvania.
 Ryley, W., Jr., Colorado, '21.
 Sanderson, G. F., Maryland.
 Saye, J. R., South Carolina, '21, '22.
 Shaw, H. P., Ohio, '21.
 Shoemaker, W. R., Jr., At Large.
 Shope, W. K. B., New York.
 Smith, C. G., New York.
 Smith, J. C., Jr., New York. (U. S. M. C.)
 Smith, P. A., New York.
 Smyser, H. E., Illinois.
 Snelling, C. M., Jr., Georgia.
 Snyder, G. W. 3d, Pennsylvania, '21.
 Steel, Hughes, Arkansas.
 Spykstra, J., Jr., Colorado.
 Stevens, G. C., Georgia, '21.
 Strother, J. H., Alabama, '21.
 Sullivan, J. B., Illinois, '21.
 Thomas, F. C., Ohio.
 Thompson, H. O., Iowa.
 Thompson, J. B., Jr., Oklahoma. Killed in
 active service, U. S. Army.
 Tipton, C. D., New Mexico. Killed in active
 service, U. S. Army.
 Van de Water, D. G., New Jersey.
 Wallace, H. K., Kansas.
 Weidner, W. F., New Jersey, '21.
 Weiss, O. C. J., Nebraska, '21.
 Wheelock, R. S., New York.
 Wilmot, F. E., Illinois.
 Worsham, R., Indiana.





ATHLETICS



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EA Navy, Heads up you Plebes, tails over the dash board, it may not be an Army game, but it is the old Navy spirit and we've all got to have it." And the entire gang had it, at the beginning of the season, in spite of the quarantine, and at the last of the year in spite of the lost game, and by the way, this game,—we are not offering apologies, but To this day, it is a mystery to us—how a game can be won, and then lost—as this was. And after all, that Great Lakes game was one which, while beneath the status of an Army game, put fight into the Regiment and caused the old place to be imbued with quite the old time feeling. We were not able to post a notice on the score-board reading "No financial depression," but we could have posted one the reverse of this and also reading "Much mental depression."

¶ The Army game in 1916 was a thriller to be sure, even though we had our usual jinx with us and came out with the little end of the score. Next year should see a continuance of football relationship between Annapolis and West Point and then Kaydets—Look out!

¶ Pop Perry, the All-American guard, and Wook Roberts, the half with the same prefix. These titles, given by America's great football critic, Walter Camp, should be nuf-sed, but to let a chance pass to say a good word for

them, the good word of the Regiment, would be like turning down leave.

¶ Pop's football career has been rather stormy. He was hurt in nearly every game in which he played his first two years. He spent most of his time in the hospital but came back in his first class year bigger framed, better skilled, and with more punch than ever. All through his football career, his educated toe has helped Navy nearly as much as his worthy efforts in stopping holes in the line, and to Pop's toe we owe a great deal. Here 's to you, Pop! May you never see the back of your neck—you deserve the name All-American.

¶ Little Wook, the boy wonder from Peoria. He joined us from Colgate, where he gained much valuable experience with the pig-skin. Jouas helped him Plebe year and Dobie developed him in two years into one of the best broken field runners in the country and a safe man to have catching punts. No one could ever place this little runt as an All-American, but he has the stuff and he delivered it.

¶ Aside from these two All-Americans, Butler and Seaffe were on the second All-American, and Ewen and Ingram were honorably mentioned. Last year Bill was given a place on the second All-American. The Pointers should thank their lucky stars that we were at war, because if these men had been turned loose on them, the Navy would have had another flag-rush and a new football for the mess hall, two things that the Naval Academy has not seen for several





years. The First Classmen on the team, Ingram, Roberts, Butler, Whelehel, Seaffe, Perry, Arthur, Skinner, Coldwell, and Combs, of the big Squad, and Cartwright, Fitz, MaeLaren, Wellings and Cope, of the Hustlers will not have another chance to add a star to their "N's," but they will be squeezing and hoping with the rest of us when November and the big day arrive in 1919.

¶ As usual, the season, or rather the praetice season, started for the Plebes about the middle of August, there being about two hundred who reported for praetice. Out of this number Dobie pieked such men as Alford, Orr, King, Snively, Severn, Larson, Newby, Morgan, Rawlings, and Murray to hold down the Plebe end of the big squad; and well they did it, too. The upper classes of the squad returned from leave five days early, beginning hard work on September 16th.

¶ The squad was going well. Bill was bigger than ever, Robby was squirming in and out over the entire field, Whelehel was doing some great work in the open; while Butler, the old reliable, was putting every bit of his hundred and eighty pounds into the job. These were the backs, to say nothing of the hard working line, most of which was veteran, too.

¶ But wait—About this time came the flu, about as popular with the regiment as a fire drill on Wednesday. This "coeked the dice"



and just about settled our hash for the remainder of the season. Welchel went across the creek, Bill was sick, Tommy Scaffé was out, Eddie Graves hurt an ankle, which put him out for the year, and Ewen was in bed. The only two veterans who stuck it out were Butler and Roberts, who would not be sick. Denfeld played several weeks with a bad case of the flu. Then, too, we could not arrange a schedule, our former one having been shot to pieces ☛ ☛

☛ That four week period was about the blackest page of Navy athletic history. However on October 24th, the ban was lifted and Navy started in with a flu crippled team, minus some of the big ones. The way in which the team got under way though was an inspiration to the Regiment and an addition to the best of Navy traditions. From the first "All hands up anchor" to the final whistle, the gang were on their toes and the final outcome of the game was Navy 47, Newport Training Station, 7. Pop came in for a 53 yard average to his punts; Butler formed the nucleus for a badly seasoned and raw backfield; while Pop Perry and Tommy Scaffé held the center of the defense ☛ ☛

☛ Bill came back about this time and even though somewhat weak from the flu, started in with his old time form and broke through St. Helena's line for a 25 yard run. Roberts was easily the star performer, dodging in and out, always just out of reach. He alone was





*Ray! Ray! Gangway!
Ray! Ray! Gangway!
U. S. N. A.
Rah! Rah! Rah!*





Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
U. S. N. A.
Navy! Navy! Navy!





responsible for 30 points. In this game the team showed somewhat more unity and the effects of having Bill back; there was more get up and go to the bunch. The comparative ease with which Navy circled their ends proved conclusively what a little of Dobie's coaching could do. The score was 66 to nothing, with Navy on the long end of the stick.

¶ After this game came one with Norfolk Operating Base, a team composed of men who had, prior to their entrance into the Navy, played on college teams in various parts of the country. The game was merely a trial of Navy's offense and Norfolk's defense. Norfolk tried only three times to advance the ball by rushes, none of which succeeded. The best they could do was punt and Pop beat them on every one. Benoist, Butler, Ingram, Rawlings, and Severn, all did good work in carrying the ball. The line held like a brick wall. The fast quarter-back of Norfolk did put a little pep into the game, when, in the last quarter, he ran the entire length of the field from a kick off. The team still showed improvement and the final score was 37 to 6.

¶ The next game was with Ursinus, the plucky little college from Pennsylvania. It was a slaughter, giving us the game by a score of 127 to 0. This was the greatest accumulation of points ever made by a Navy team, the first time the century mark





had ever been crossed. It was an easy game, and proved good practice for the Great Lakes game the 23rd. All veterans were in the game except Roberts, who was recovering from a bad knee.

¶ The big game of the year rolled around with a beautiful day and the team and Regiment in excellent spirits. We put on a few extras and marched on the field,—something in the order of an Army game. The Great Lakes contingent arrived soon after, headed by its band, one of the best we have ever had the good fortune to hear. The game was called at 2.30 p. m. and Navy went on the field with the strongest team we had had together this year. Great Lakes had a husky crowd and even before the game we had the promise of a good scrap—and good it was.

¶ The first quarter was neck and neck. Navy pulled a few fumbles which about evened the contest and left the score 0 to 0. The second quarter was a repetition of the first, showing good team work on each side and excellent football.

¶ The second half was the one. Navy took the ball on the Great Lakes forty yard line and by a beautiful example of runs, plunges, and forward passes took the ball over the line for the first touchdown, and a well earned one. Butler missed the kick out, and the score was 6 to 0.





¶ In the last quarter the ball shifted back and forth until with seven minutes to play, Pop blocked a punt and Ewen fell on the ball on Great Lakes' thirteen yard line. We lost the ball on downs and Great Lakes punted to their twenty-five yard line. A pass took us to their eight yard line. By a series of line plunges the ball was placed on the one yard line—only one yard needed to make another touch-down and cinch the game. The signal was called and the ball went over the line. Out of the mass of players, the ball suddenly shot several feet into the air, behind the line; Eielson of Great Lakes got the ball and behind a quick and well formed interference tied the score. Goal was kicked and the game was lost to us, 7 to 6. There is no use erying over lost pots, but to this day the Regiment has not reecovered from the shock of seeing the biggest game of the year won and then lost by a team which was the peer of all Navy football teams.—Bill Ingram's team.

¶ It was a rather gloomy beginning of the season and a still gloomier ending, but no such loss can be attributed to the team—the team which was recognized to be one of the best, if not *the* best in the country. "A four N and three Teams—now make it good, fellows."



NAVY'S CRACK CREW BEATS PENN EASILY

Middies Show Way to Quaker
'Varsity Oarsmen in Battle
of Sweeps on Severn.

FINISH 4 LENGTHS AHEAD

Plebes Victorious Over Opposing
Freshmen, but U. of P. Second
Crew Wins Stirling Race.

Special to The New York Times.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., April 12.—The powerful oarsmen of the Naval Academy swept to victory over Penn's husky 'Varsity crew in the first great regatta of the season rowed on the Severn this afternoon. The Middies' first crew proved clearly its supremacy over the Quakers, covering the measured Henley course of one and five-sixteenths miles, over which all of today's races were rowed, in 7.17, while the invaders from the Schuylkill were clocked in 7.34. Four lengths of clear water separated the two shells as the winners crossed the finish line.

The Naval Academy's plebe crew added materially to the joy of the watching midshipmen by administering an almost equally emphatic beating to the Penn freshmen. In this test of the oarsmanship of the youngsters the margin of victory was nearly three lengths, and the respective times were 7.35 and 7.52.

The only rift in the gray clouds which lowered over Penn's destinies today was due to the second crew of the Philadelphia Institution, which won a nip-and-tuck race from the middies' second crew. This struggle was a thriller throughout, and was won by a margin of four seconds only, the times being 7.35 and 7.39.

Commander Arthur S. Kibbee, U. S. N., was the referee, and the judges at the finish were J. S. Stimson, Penn., and Midshipman J. A. McDonald.

The races were rowed on the up-Severn course, starting about three miles above the boathouse and finishing just beyond the railroad bridge. Conditions were ideal except for a slight wind which blew against the oarsmen and slowed them up to some degree. However, the water never was smoother.

Great Crowd Sees Races.

A larger crowd than any which has gathered on the Severn's banks and surface in years saw the race and was well cared for. The Naval Academy fleet of small vessels has recently been augmented by twenty-four submarine chasers, vessels just suited for the needs of such an event as that of today, and they were scattered all along the course, with many other small craft. The policing of the course was excellent.

NAVY-PENN RACE

APRIL 12 1919





THE Navy has at last placed herself where she belongs in the rowing world. We have now the undisputed right to the "top of the river" as the English say of their winning crews, and the Class of 1920 is the one which brought to the Naval Academy that long wished for achievement—a Henley victory.

¶ The crew season of 1918 started with but two varsity men, Murray and Bryant of 19, and prospects for a successful year did not look very bright, but "Dick" took a hold with his usual snap and developed the best Navy crew since the days of "Babe" Brown.

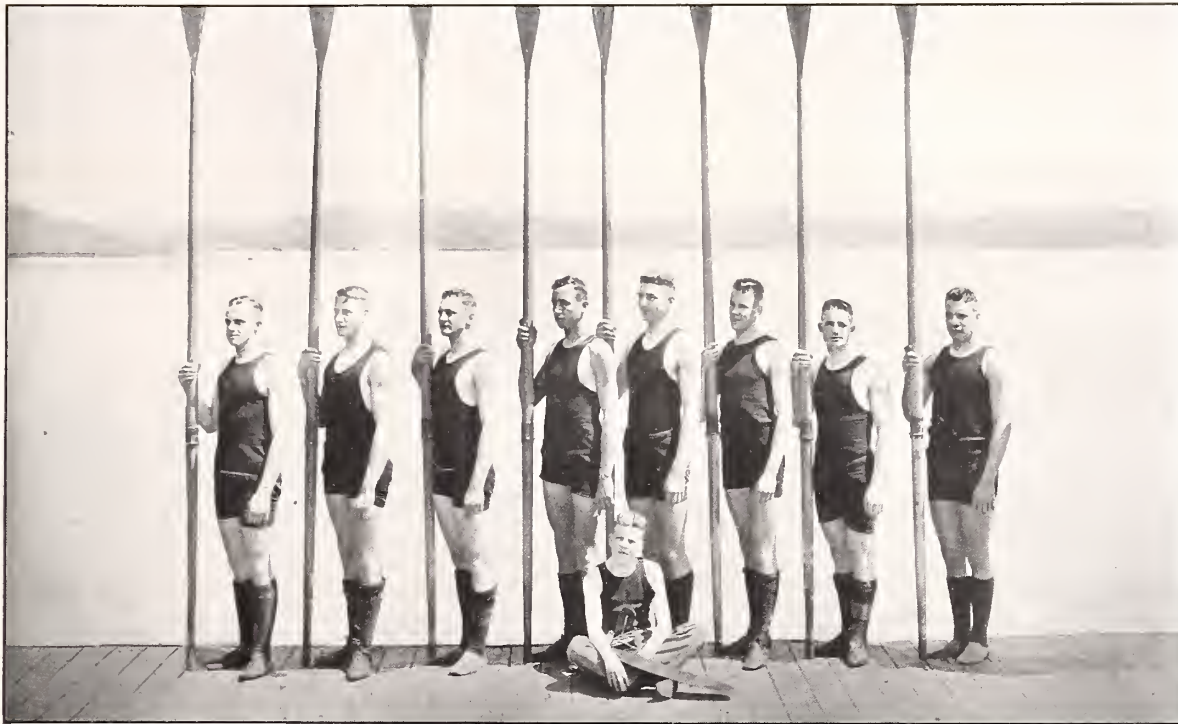
¶ To Dick must be conceded the credit of our success, for few coaches could have looked forward and seen the possibilities in raw material which he saw, for after the first week of indoor practice he remarked one day of Ingram, "If Ingram can get under a hundred and eighty-five, I will make a stroke of him."

¶ Three days before the first Pennsylvania race the prophecy was fulfilled, and to Ingram, green and inexperienced, without the "form" and knowledge which a year's rowing on the Plebe squad gives a man, was entrusted the nerve racking job of pitting strength, judgment and skill against the cleverest crew in the East.

¶ The race was a disappointment to Navy, but to those who know all the particulars, was not unexpected.

¶ The weather was rainy and half a gale was blowing, but Dick in a very generous and sportsmanlike manner gave the choice of course to the visitors, which is not much of an advantage on an ordinary day, but on a rough day gives an almost unbeatable one to the lucky man ☛ ☛

¶ The Pennsylvania crew, rowing with the polish and science characteristic of Pennsylvania crews, rowed down the lee side under the shelter of the bluff, while the Navy with more powerful men in her crew was straining and tugging away at her oars in the heavy waves in midstream, gamely, but vainly, trying to catch her more polished rival.



SENIOR VARSITY—*"The Wearers of the X Crossed-oar"*



JUNIOR VARSITY



¶ One incident occurred which brought to the Navy a greater distinction and honor than even victory could have done. One minute and fifteen seconds after the start Pennsylvania's bow man snapped his oar putting the race on ice for Navy, had we desired to take it that way. But we stopped and after a new start were beaten, and although there were some who criticised the action, still, it is doubtful, if there is one man in the Naval Academy who does not feel that it was the sportsmanlike and gentlemanly thing to do and does not feel that any other action would have been unworthy of the spirit of the Naval Academy and of the Service.

¶ After the race many expected a big shake-up in the Varsity, but their dope was wrong, for not a man was changed from then until the end of the year.

¶ After four weeks of hard training and coaching our crew was ready to give battle to the former victors, Pennsylvania. Columbia also sent down a crew whose strength was an unknown quantity, for although they were beaten in the Child's Cup race anything is likely to happen in the rowing game. Pennsylvania arrived confident of victory and justly proud of her wonderful reputation as the best and smoothest crew in the East. Outside of the men in the squad who realized under what a handicap the first race had been rowed, there were few who dared hope for a victory over the crew which had shown its rudder to every college in the East.

¶ The race started after jockeying at the starting line for several minutes, during which time Pennsylvania had nosed her way out a bit in front. Columbia called for a new start and the protest was sustained by the referee. A new start was made, and this time the four crews got off together, hitting the water at about forty or forty-two strokes per minute.

¶ Navy slowed down to a thirty-six after a minute and swung into the lead before the Henley mark was reached. In vain did the Penn coxswain yell "Raw meat" and "Let 's get 'em," for the Navy Crew had the same power as before but had added to it the necessary form and science, the lack of which had proved so fatal four weeks before.

¶ At the "little red house" Big Bill put it up to thirty-eight, which was high for such a big crew, but they stood the strain without a tremor and swung magnificently across the line a length and a half to the good with





revenge for their defeat and with nine new N cross oars, the second crew to win them in the history of the Naval Academy.

¶ Pennsylvania finished second and our second crew, which, by the courtesy of the others, had been allowed to enter the race, was third with Columbia a bad fourth.

¶ The only thing which marred the season was the failure of the second crew to receive any kind of an award for their services. They rowed in a varsity race and beat the crew of another college and were not even awarded numerals for three months hard work, for it was only because of the second that the varsity got cross oars. Night after night Van Buren's bull dogs made the varsity do its best to win. In looking back over a season crowned with success the highest praise should be given to Brown, Post, Sykes, Arthur, Graff, Talbott, Van Buren and Maguire, whose unflinching effort and fight made possible the success of the varsity.

'20's Plebe Crew.

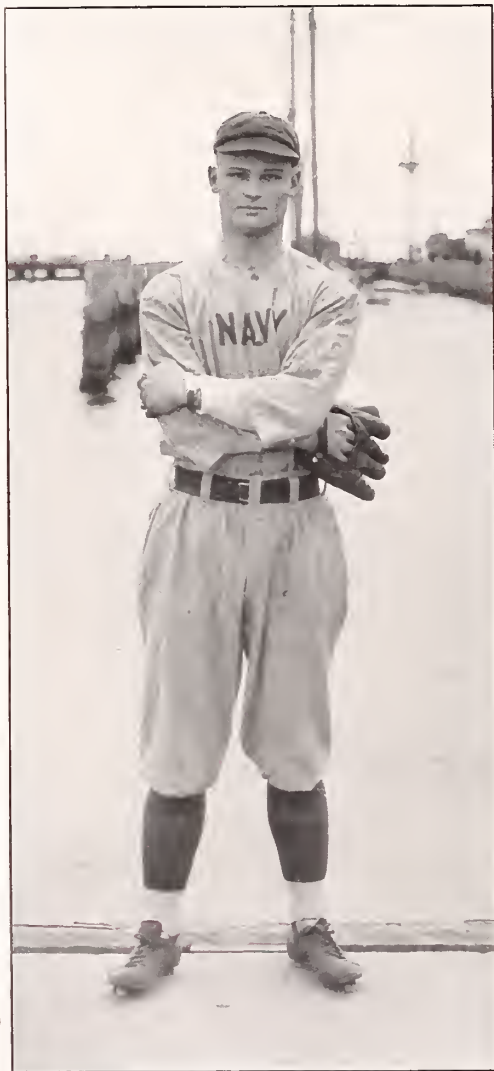
¶ The war which came upon us in the middle of the crew season of 1919 prevented all our crews from showing anything, in competition. It was the irony of fate that the Navy Department should call off all athletics, just three days before the races for the varsity, Junior varsity and Plebe crews with Pennsylvania. ¶ There is no telling what '20's plebe crew would have been able to do, but if it did nothing else, Plebe year taught the fundamentals of rowing to those who one year later proved that they had had proper training and instruction in the small points of rowing early in their rowing career. Our Plebe crew was stroked by Van Buren who knew how it was done before he came here and was just the right man in the right place, for Van is the grittiest and most polished oarsman Navy will have for some years, and his lack of a few pounds of beef is hard luck for Navy, for anyone who is connected with the crew squad knows what Van would be with twenty pounds more to his credit.

¶ By a freak of fortune the Plebes beat the varsity the last night of practice, but that feat is hardly to be taken as a measure of the worth of the Plebe crew although the Plebes were able to beat the second varsity handily and come within a length of the varsity over the two mile course.





BASE BALL



Baseball N Men.

Blakeslee, V. F.
 Sproul, W. M.
 Cloughley, S. T.
 Milner, C. J.
 Bolton, R.

Whelehel, J. E.
 Stubbs,
 Pino, H. M.
 Doyle, A. K.
 Baker, R. D.

It seemed that the jinx was on our path again last year, as the first two games of the season went against Navy. But a change of weather brought a change in luck, and the remainder of the season was one of the biggest successes seen here for many years. Due to Billy Lush's hard work, and the co-operation of the team, we achieved big league form and hung defeat on them from the bushes to the majors. The support of both the outfield and the infield was very soothing indeed to the battery, and it was almost impossible for an embryo Tyrus to secure even a safety. ¶ It is rather the consistency of the team, than the individual brilliance of any one star, that assures our success in the present season, and with the nucleus of last year's team still with us, there is no doubt but that we'll take them all into camp, from the first game up to and including the Army, and hear once more the victorious strokes of the old Jap Bell.

Results—1918	North Carolina 5	Navy 3
Holy Cross 3	Navy 1	West Virginia 4
Fordham 5	Navy 3	St. Johns 2
Randolph-Macon	Rain	Georgetown, 0
Pennsylvania	Rain	Mt. St. Mary's 0
Maryland State 3	Navy 6	Colgate 6
Georgetown 1	Navy 4	Catholic U. 0
Swarthmore 5	Navy 0	Gallaudet 3
Johns Hopkins, 0	Navy 11	Mt. St. Joseph 0
		Navy 6

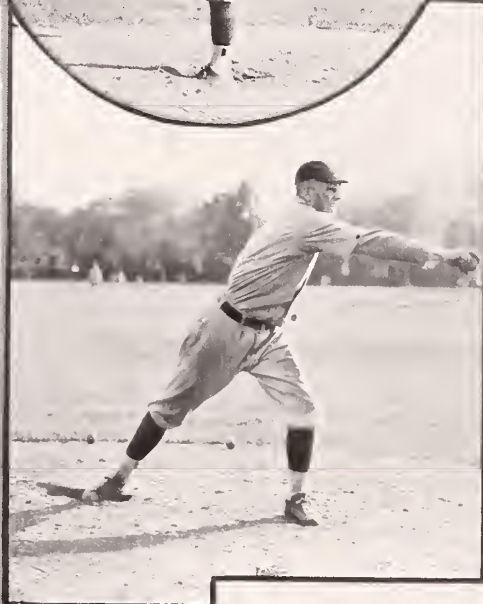


SCHEDULE 1919

- April 5 Johns Hopkins
- April 9 Mt. St. Mary's.
- April 12
- April 16 Lehigh
- April 19 Maryland State
- April 23 Fordham
- April 26 Swarthmore
- April 30 North Carolina A. & M.
- May 3 V. M. I.
- May 7 Lafayette
- May 10 West Virginia
- May 14 Georgetown
- May 17 Villa Nova
- May 21 Catholic U.
- May 24 Camp Humphreys
- May 28 Ursinus
- May 30 Army at West Point.



"The Lucky Seventh"







AVY'S outlook at the beginning of the 1918 track season was not one to produce visions of a world-beating team of einder satellites. The premature graduation of several good dash men and quarter-milers, together with the deeply regretted loss of Lt. Com. McNair's coaching abilities served to make the prospect nil. It was with delight that we then heard the news of the arrival of Mr. Mulligan, the former Olympic star.

¶ Training began the first week in April and from the start an unexpected wealth of material was seen on the track at every practice. The dashes were covered well by the Youngsters and Plebes. With Hibbs, Burdick and Mayberry in the speed events, Davis, Harrington and Fleming in the distance events, the old reliable relay quartette, and that strong arm aggregation in the field sports, a well balanced all-round combination was developed against which any team in the East might have had well-grounded fears. There was developed a fight, dash and pep which would have gladdened the heart of old "Scotty" MacMasters.

¶ Lehigh was the first victim of the season. Navy captured all the events over a comparatively weak opposing combination. A brilliant showing with the discus by Allen and Heintz, and Markell's and Perry's heaving of the shot established these events as real point gainers.

¶ On May 11 the best team seen on a Navy track in years was sent to us from Pitt. The injuries received by Hibbs in practice practically spotted the visitors two events—the hundred and the two-twenty. Pitt's team was built around their one best bet—Shea, who captured the 100, 220, 440, and also ran in the relay.



Davis of Navy walked away from Pitt in the half mile, and his time of 2 min. 14-5 sec. needs no further comment. Heintz first smashed the Academy discus records and Allen surpassed this feat with a heave of 127 ft. 7 in.

¶ Pitt gained its relay victory thru Shea's wonderful exhibition in which he again did the quarter in something under 50 sec. and finished on the long end of a $69\frac{1}{3}$ - $46\frac{2}{3}$ score.

¶ Penn was our final opponent of the season. This was the one meet favored by excellent weather and a fast track. Hibb's injury handicapped us again by allowing Penn to take the 100 in the poor time of $10\frac{2}{3}$ sec. We also lost the mile and broad jump. Pearson, Hart, Bonney and Moncewicz brought home the bacon by their sterling work in the relay.

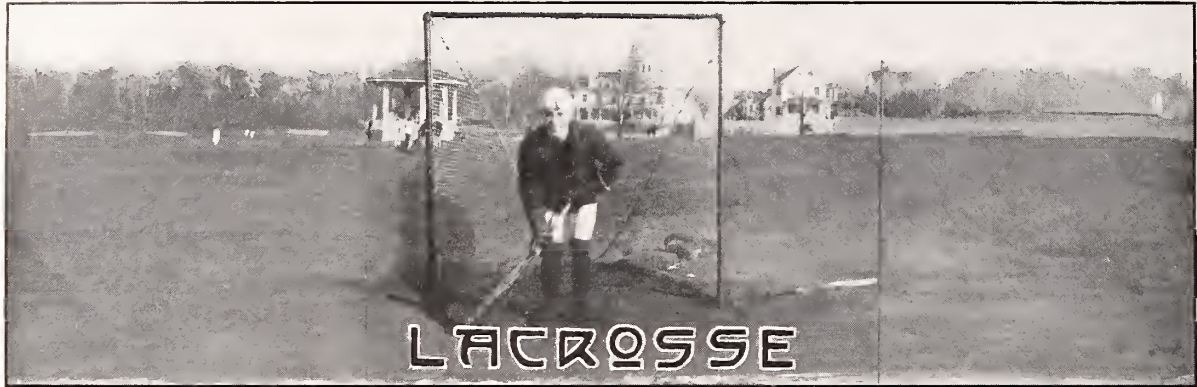
¶ Under Hibb's captaincy and with Mr. Mulligan again as a coach, last year's team practically intact, promising new material in the lower classes, and a high calibered schedule on the card, the 1919 season should be most successful and one which will maintain the old Navy precedence in this branch of sport.

Schedule 1919

Johns Hopkins
Pennsylvania

Pittsburgh
Cornell





Z-Z-Z-ING,—the visitor ducks as a one-pounder shell cleaves the air just abaft his left ear. Snipers around? No, that's only coach Finlayson "tossing" the ball down the field, for this is an evening's practice with the Lacrosse squad. There's a quick shout "Comin' in, Hooley," and Hiram Shaw's battle cry precedes him on the field. Then a wicked zip as the white projectile sails to Hooley's stick. A second of twisting and ducking, his left arm straight out to ward off the others, and Gearing is free, which means that the ball is calmly reposing in the back of the net.

¶ A moment of quiet, as the groups separate, a shrill whistle, and the rush of quick feet is drowned in the clash of sticks and shins. Suddenly there emerges a lone runner, lank and speedy,—that's Paul Voinot starting for the front, stick swaying oddly as he balances the ball in its pocket. With a howl the wolves are after him, some spreading out to receive the pass, others to block the throw. The ball shoots away to Watters, who dodges under Tommy Seaffe's descending battle axe only to find big Horace Burroughs bearing down with a wildly brandished club. A quick

pass to Kauffman, who whirls the ball just out of Maichle's reach, only to have it dashed to the ground from behind; and Slim Deringer gallops down the field, Pendleton in chase. The teams close in with a rush, and suddenly it 's over, for Finebaum's deft stab has failed to block the goal. The whistle sounds and practice is over, the casualty list none the larger. "Night, George. Night, boys," and the squad trots off toward Baneroft.

¶ Lacrosse, in spite of its evident spirit and fight, is not to be equalled in its necessity for team work, for only after long months of George Finlayson's careful coaching does a man handle his strange weapon with skill. Navy's team, moreover, is of a caliber that can't be equalled, as Hopkins, Swathmore, and Carlisle Indians will tell you. Last year we gathered in twenty-five points to our opponents' one. This year—no rash promises, but at least the other fellows will know they 've been playing a man's game when the whistle blows.





The Team, Forwards Lowes, Capt.. Farwell, Lewis Center Derringer Guards Couble, Bolton, Watters



“THE best basketball squad in the country!” as expressed by a newspaper expert. A whole season undefeated—sixteen victories! Navy teams in the past have turned in the same record at the final whistle, but never under similar conditions. With not a single “N” man available, with Captain Lowes (figured as a mainstay at forward) out with a bad knee, and with several promising players laid up with the flu, Coach Billy Lush started the season.

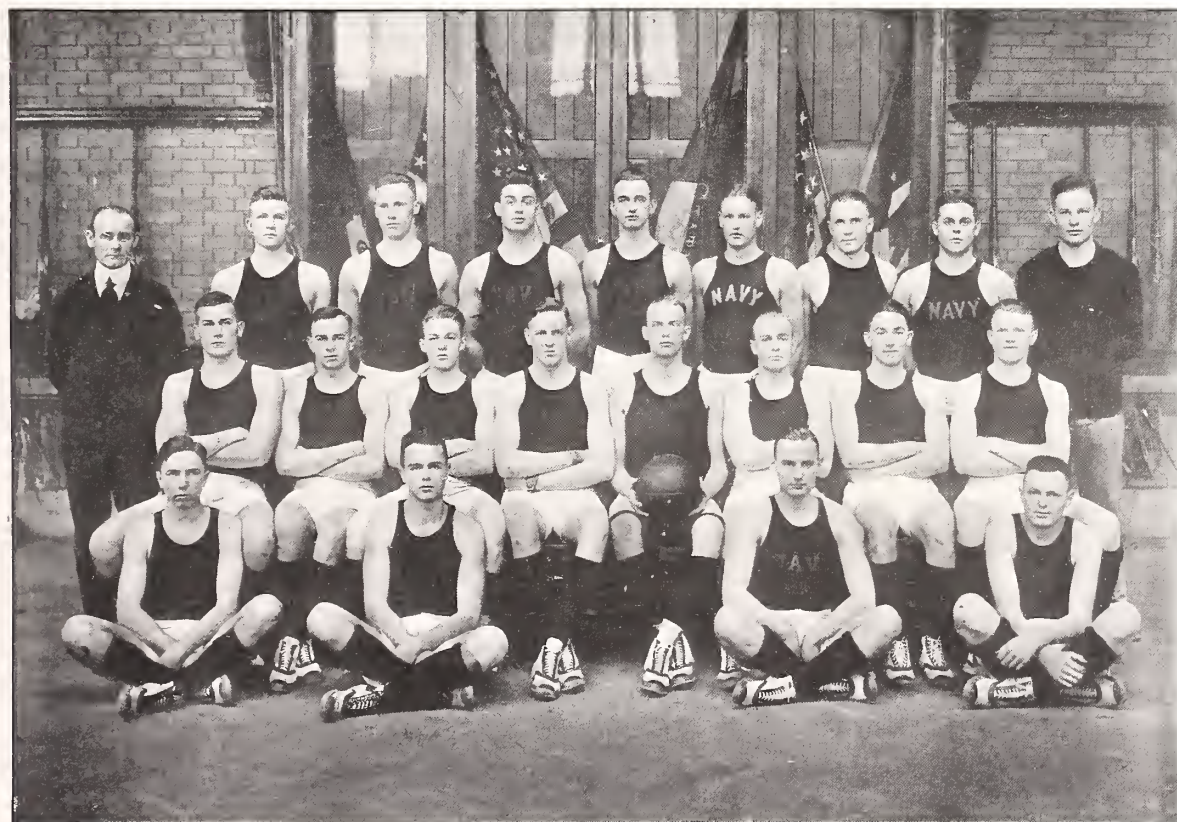
¶ Before very many games had been played, however, it was evident that the green combination Billy had kneaded together was a speedy one and could hold its own against the best in the land and each game showed improvement. After several sorts of preliminary games, C. C. N. Y.—basket-ballwise and with a victory over us last year—went down to the tune of 28-14. The winning flash of the all-star Crescents was snuffed decisively. Lehigh, Swathmore, Georgetown, U. of V., St. Josephs, N. Y. U. and V. M. I. followed in quick order, all returned home with a sample of clean, scientific basketball as she should be played.

¶ And then the Pointers—five “A” basketball men playing in the uniform of Camp Humphreys—visited us with a squad of rooters, West Point graduates. And the fur did fly! At the sound of the Pointers “Benny Haven, Oh!” we pinned back our ears and, hair on end, flung back “Anchors Aweigh.” The spirit ran high! The first six minutes of play was scoreless—a hard, peppery contest. Then the Pointers drew first blood; but it was shortly balanced by the Navy. From then on, the team struck its stride. The Pointers fought like devil dogs, but they were outclassed. The finish found the count 31-9.

Some team! "Crip" Lowes with a bad knee could not start regularly, but fitted in nicely in the final games when Farwell—the Plebe phenom—went by the boards with the flu. Lewis worked smoothly—his shooting was nothing short of wonderful. And Deringer! It was a treat to watch his long arms shoot from out of a scrumage and heave the ball squarely through the rim. Bolton and Couble were steady and dependable, Watters was a hard plugging guard with a keen eye for the basket. And finally Red Thomas, although not brilliant, was the well known Johnny when you needed him. Aint you right! Some Team!

The Record

Date	Navy	Opponent	Date	Navy	Opponent	
Dec. 7, '18	69	Baltimore City College	5 Jan. 15	43	Mt. St. Marys	8
Dec. 11	48	Gallaudet	8 Jan. 18	43	Swathmore	16
Dec. 14	54	Dickinson College	8 Jan. 22	22	Georgetown	13
Dec. 18	37	St. Johns	12 Jan. 25	57	University of Virginia	16
Dec. 28	28	City College N. Y.	14 Jan. 28	49	St. Josephs	20
Jan. 4, '19	21	Crescent A. C., N. Y.	12 Feb. 1	50	N. Y. University	15
Jan. 8	39	Johns Hopkins	12 Feb. 5	39	V. M. I.	17
Jan. 11	39	Lehigh	21 Feb. 8	31	Camp Humphreys	9
			Total Navy 669		Opponents	206





■ ■ ■ RIFLE ■ ■ ■

LIKE all other Navy athletics, the Rifle team suffered considerable loss of prestige during the war, not because the members of the team lacked skill, but because they had no real opportunity to show it. The one shoot of the year, with Baltimore City College, came to Navy without much contest, Navy's lowest score rating the visitors' best.

This year, however, the season should prove a very different matter. The University of Pennsylvania heads the schedule, and meets with Columbia and Harvard are practically assured, so that wearers of the rNt will have to look well to their sights to preserve Navy's enviable record in this most military of sports.

The wearers of the rNt on whom this honor was bestowed for their work last year are:

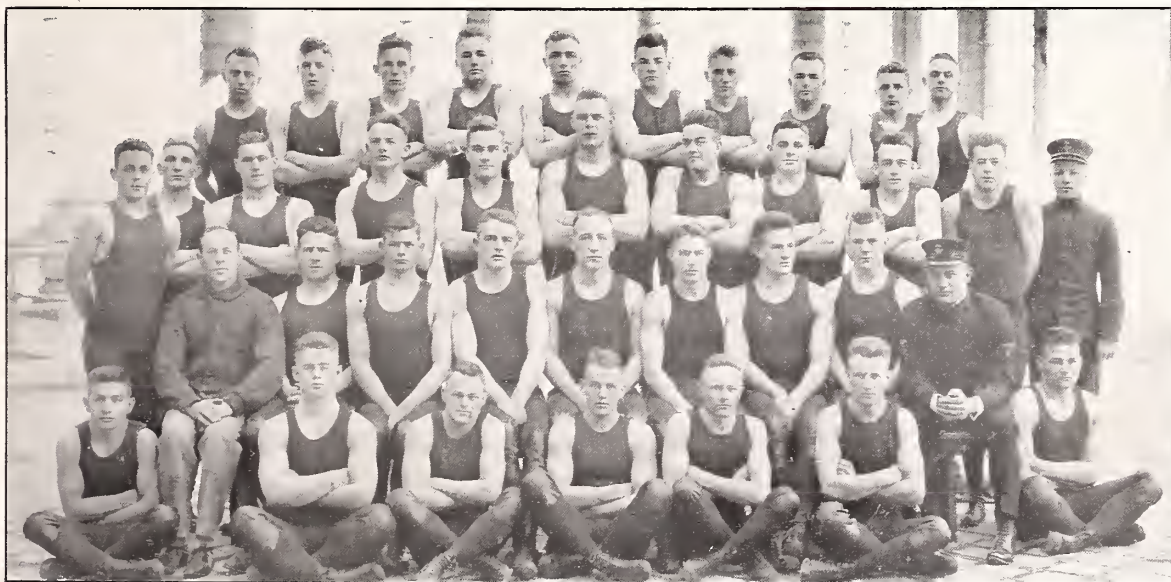
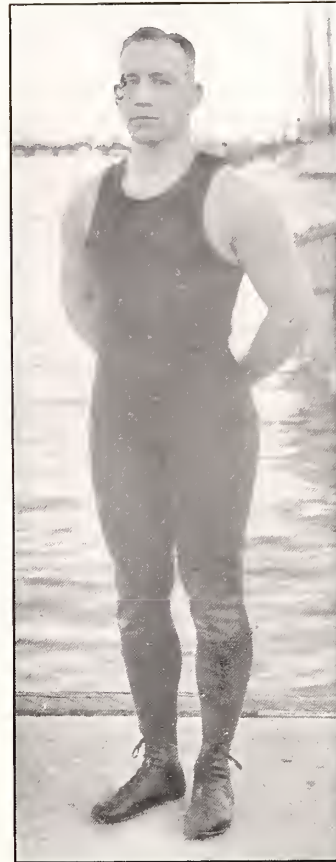
Captain Rathbun, '20.	Isgrig, '20.
Miller, '20.	Madeira, '21.
Nielson, '20.	Turner, '21.
Goldenberg, '20.	Smellie, '21.



WRESTLING

UNDER the able leadership of Captain Maichle, the Navy wrestling team set a record for the 1919 season which will prove a mark for future teams to shoot at for years to come. In the five meets which made up the season, Navy lost but three bouts, and romped home with a big lead in every meet. Lehigh opened the season, and was defeated by a 27 to 5 score. The following Saturday the strong arm squad hung the Indian sign on University of Pennsylvania while collecting a total of 34 points. Columbia scored 4 to Navy's 27, while Yale stacked up the same quartette of points against a Blue and Gold total of 24. The meet with Pennsylvania State which closed the season was in many ways the most spectacular of the season, but Navy finished up in good style by shutting the visitors out, 30 to 0. Thruout the entire season Navy's opponents gained but one fall and two decisions, while Navy has a total of 12 falls and 19 decisions to her credit. The final score was Navy 142, Opponents 13. Maichle and Swigart won their major Ns for their 100% record. Much of the success of the team is due to the efforts of Maichle and his guiding hand. In the years he has represented Navy on the Mat, Mike has never been thrown, and the occasions have been rare indeed when he has failed to throw his man. A hard worker and endowed with the faculty of connecting sheer strength and skill to the best advantage, Mike takes rank with such wrestlers as Cap Ward—a rep that is his to have and to hold. The men who rate the wNt as a result of their work during the season are:

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|--------------|
| Maichle, '20. | Gallery, '21. | Pixton, '21' |
| Isbell, '21. | Adell, '22. | Lewis, '22. |





Mason, '20. TenEyck, '20. Mercer, '21. Strang, '21. Hales, '21. Pew, '22.

GYMNASIUM

THE Gym team has for its main object the vanquishing of opponents who are acrobatically inclined and who desire to propagate their respective prowesses in this branch of the athletic realm.

¶ Yet for the pampered pets it serves for a more subtle and expository purpose. It is one indoor sport which allows our Apollos the developing of their sylph-like forms, and the wrecking of their Academic attitudes by their utter disregard of old Mother Earth's primary law—gravitation. Speaking of motion—the real Navy tumblers, flying ring, club, horse, and bar men in comparison are as the wild canary's antics to the antedeluvian activities of Maitre Corbeau.

The meets, though fewer than usual, served to exhibit the good results of hard work, constant practice, and valuable coaching of Mr. Mang and also Mr. Sazama.

Captain Mason has obtained results not only from his own undefeated tumbling but also from the spirit which he instilled in the squad. The superior work of Hales on the rings, Ten Eyck on the horizontals and the Youngster and Plebe stars have defeated all rivals.

With these last mentioned performers next year it is expected that Navy will be furnished with another clean-slated season in 1920.

Results—1919—Navy 43—Haverford 11

Navy 32—Philadelphia Turn Verein 22. Navy 47—Princeton 12.

The wearers of the gNt for the year are:



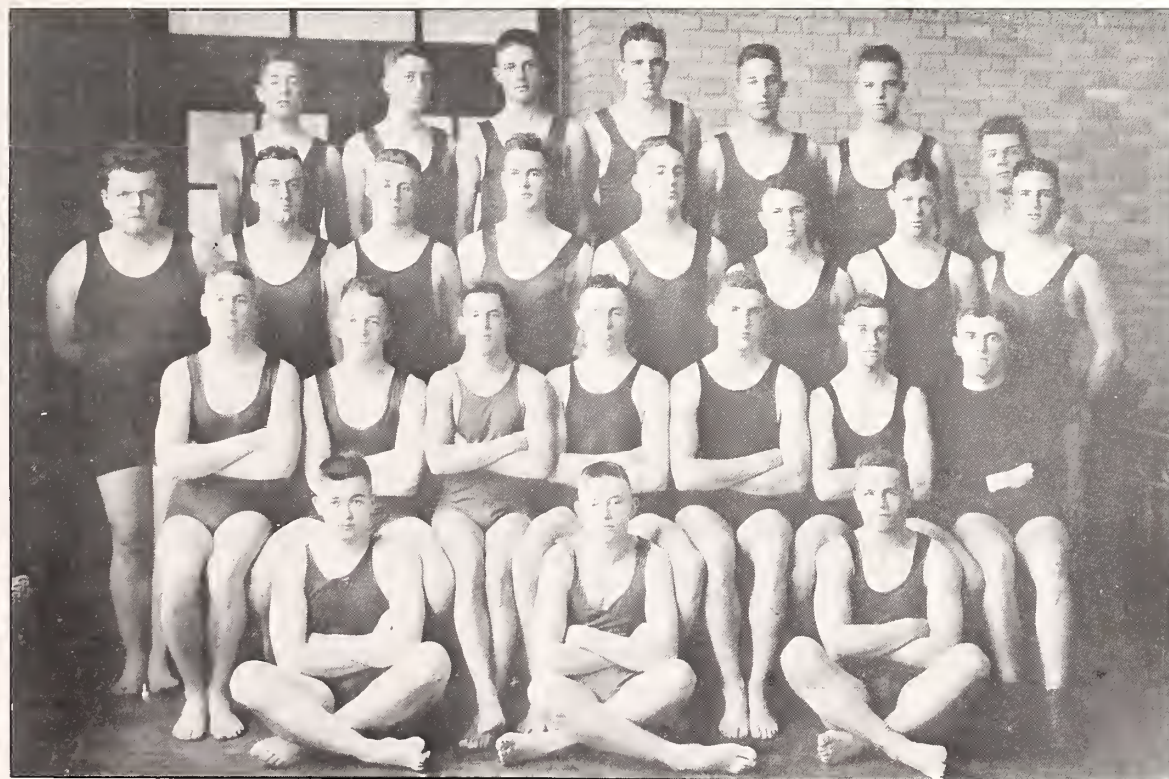
SWIMMING

THE good old Navy sport—swimming—had a big season in 1919, by far the most successful one during '20's stay within the "Limits." At the outset, the lack of B. T. U's in the pool was a severe hardship, and before the season was well advanced the Eskimos had nothing on the boys when it came to dodging icebergs.

Even so it did n't take Captain Goggins and Coach Ortlund long to round the squad into shape and to form a well-balanced team from the material developed by the biggest turnout in years. There were a good many holes left by graduation, and the ship claimed another first team man, but a glance at the season's scores shows how well the vacancies were filled.

Navy's opponents were picked from the best teams in the East; every race was a fight to the finish, yet the Blue and Gold emerged with the long end of the score in a majority of meets. Johns Hopkins was the first victim, score 41 to 9. The following week we suffered our first defeat at the hands of Pittsburgh, 37-25. Lehigh proved easy, but Boston Tech left on the top-side of a 33-20 count. The final day was Navy's, Columbia falling to the tune of 44-14.

The fine work of Captain Goggins, '20, Gallagher '22, Lambdin '21, and Emory '21 in the dashes, and Koch '21 and Bowman '22 in the breast and back stroke events leaves little to be desired, and entitles them to the sNt they wear.





■ ■ ■ FENCING ■ ■ ■

TEN seasons without a defeat is Navy's record, and prospects for eleven straight look fine now. The war limited last year's season to three meets, namely, with Penn, Columbia, and Yale, but Navy looked as big as ever in those three. Being unable to leave the Academic limits the team unfortunately could not participate in the Intercollegiates in New York. As a result, the Little Iron Man, which had come to be looked upon as a permanent fixture in Memorial Hall, was taken away by Columbia.

Navy boasted two intercollegiate champions last year, Captain Jeter with the foils and Kiernan with sabres. DeKay, Calnan and Donnelly, all hard workers, were the other members of the foil team, while sabres were represented by Webb, Cleave and Beck. This year's squad is the largest and strongest ever put out, being led by three first men, Calnan, Donnelly, and Beck, and our schedule is excellent, including Yale, Penn, Columbia, Washington Army and Navy Officers, and ending with the Inter-collegiate in New York on April 4-5.

To the coaches, the credit for our success is largely due. Mr. Heintz, our head coach, has been with us for thirty years and is without peer in this country. Mr. Darriulat is heart and soul in the game, as his record shows, and Mr. Pupano, our new coach looks good. Placing our confidence in these coaches and in the squad under them, we can have no doubt that the Little Iron Man will be brought back to where he belongs.

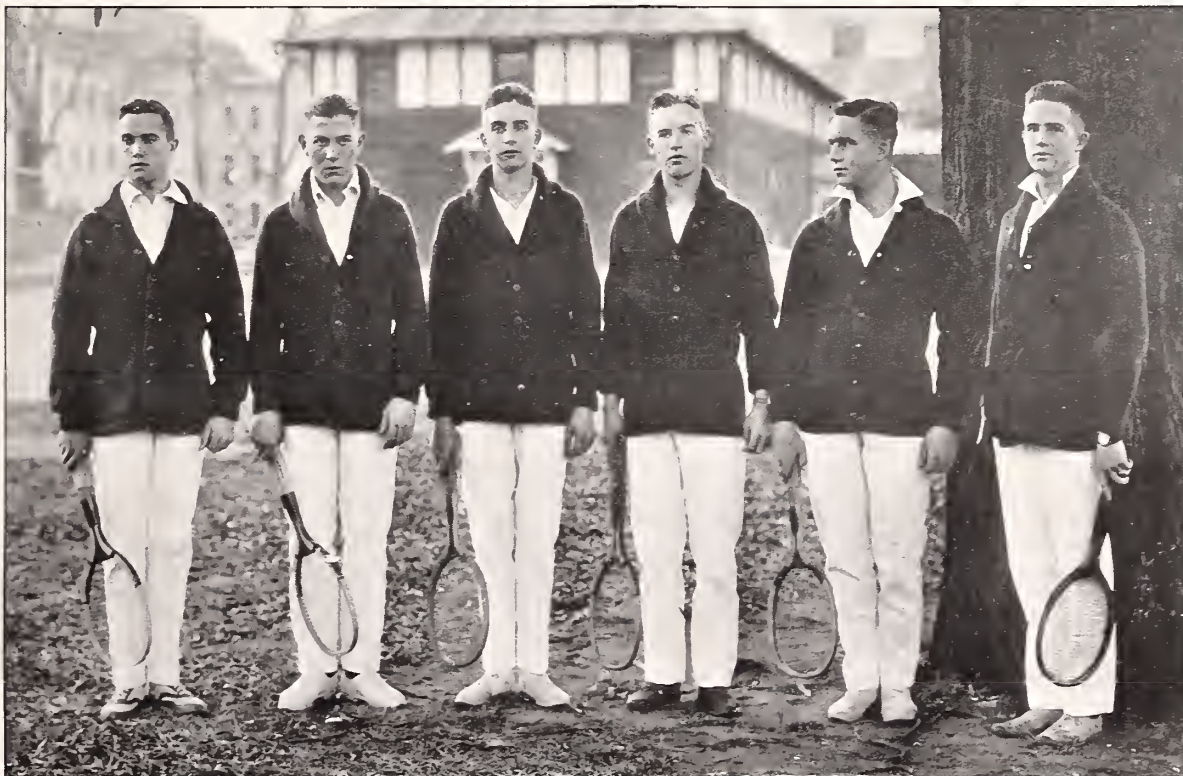


■ ■ ■ TENNIS ■ ■ ■

NEVER knew a tennis player who could n't dance like a dream," said a fair one once—so you see why there is always such a rush for the available courts. While tennis and "tea-fights" are usually linked together, the former, as an exercise, can be surpassed by but few,—and also it is one of the few games that a Naval Officer can always play. ¶ You can tell a gymnast by his poise; a pugilist by his jaw; but to tell a racket wielder, give him the necessary gear and watch him. Like most of these sports here there is that fascination which comes with hard work and knowing the men on the squad.

¶ The War and the Reserve Officers' Quarters have interfered with the last two seasons. However a large squad has been working on the few remaining courts and this year prospects are bright for a very successful season. With Roy Graham as captain, Ten Eyck, Ketcham, McVay, Buse, Hunt and Yeager, the Plebe expert, and some other "dark horses," Navy's sea-going tennis reputation will be upheld.

Schedule 1919: April 19, Johns Hopkins University, May 17, Swathmore
April 26, University of Pennsylvania
May 24, Rutgers May 3, Princeton May 31, Columbia





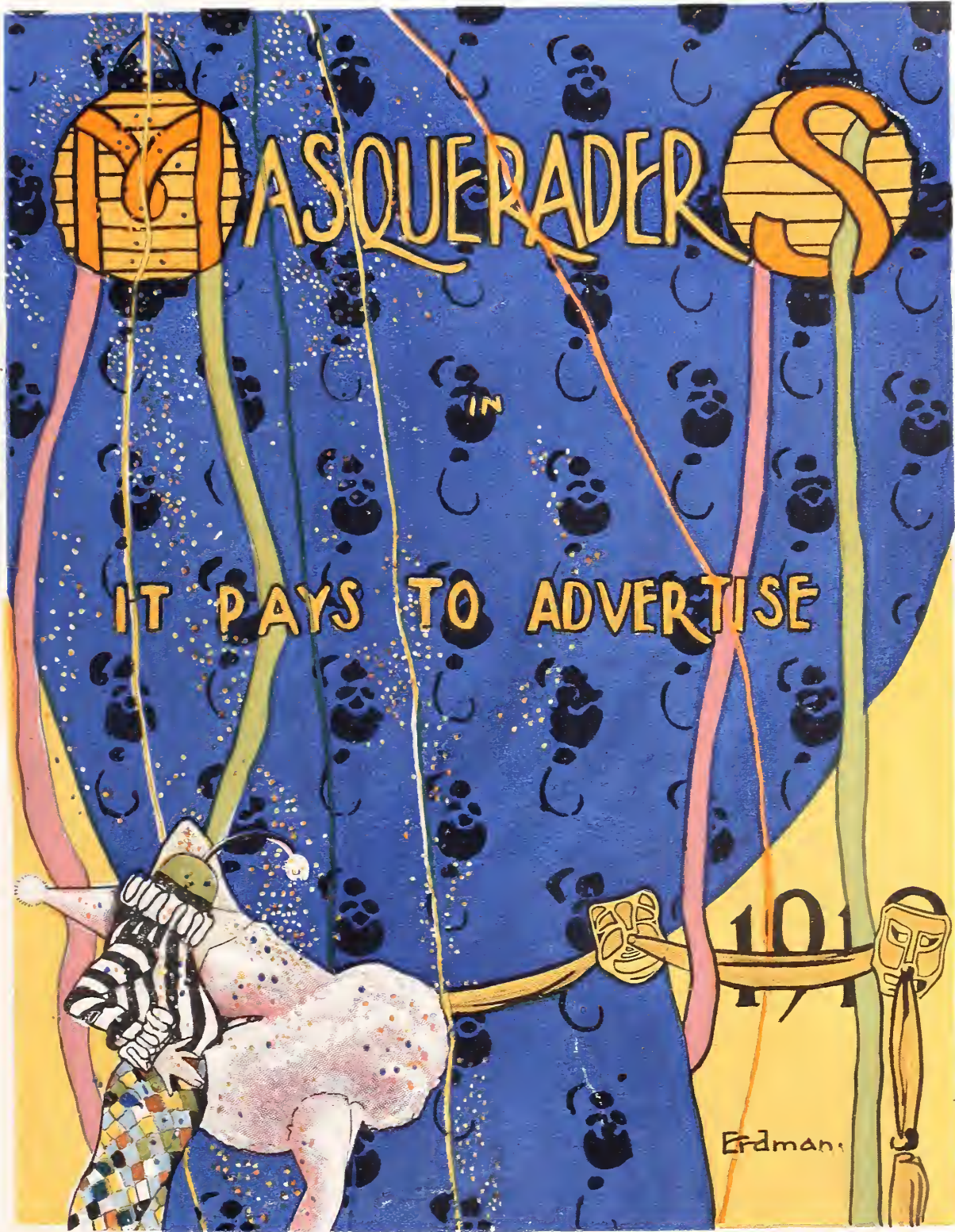
ALTHOUGH an old game at many colleges, this is the first year that soccer has won recognition as a real sport at the Naval Academy. In the spring of '19 some of the men who had played the game on the outside formed the nucleus of what was one year later destined to become one of Navy's most popular teams.

The season started this year with the game against St. Elizabeth F. C. of Baltimore on March 29. The squad proved that its two years of practice had not been vain endeavor and romped home with a 2 to 1 victory. The game was played in a heavy wind which handicapped both teams and prevented the display of all the science for which the game is noted.

A great deal of credit is due the entire squad and Captain Taylor for their zeal and patient endeavor in launching another Navy sport.

The first team was composed of: Coffman, McShane, Taylor, McVay, Coulter, Hanlon, Worth, Bueche, Morgan, Butler, and Rowe.









Masqueraders

"It Pays to Advertise"

HERE is a group of about fifty men in the Academy who make the nearest approach to a fraternity that the place will brook. Their efforts begin early each year and come to light in the glare of the footlights, in that dreamy atmosphere that lingers about the black velvet curtain. The Masqueraders work from "Release" to far into the night, striving always for the evening when the one girl will applaud the practiced bit of pantomime and smile at each spoken sentiment. From year to year the character of the performance has approached a new criterion, growing more and more pretentious. The glow of the incandescents, the cadmium and the masks, have claimed the attentions of brilliant men and have given them the proper outlet for their cleverness.

Tim and I saw the Masqueraders five straight times. The first time up, the dress rehearsal was in progress when we arrived at the Auditorium. The stage gang were holding a council of war, while the heroine and



" OUI, JE PARLE FRANCAIS, MADAME : "



the French adventuress were holding out on the cursed narrowness of shoes. Mary was dying for a smoke but would n't do it ; it would make his voice husky. No one—I mean—no man—can appreciate the sacrifices these lads made for the sake of Art. The critics, judges and coaches held places outside the ring ; the curtain and the lights went up on act one. Tim's taste in theatres manifested itself very quickly. He put out a perfect smoke barrage and looked for a runway and a waiter, but looked in vain. Mary tried to spoof the English butler for a few moments, but he was hard-shelled. We sat tight and waited for the Countess to get out and give the hero a chance. Rodney appeared, sized up the situation, locked the door and proposed to Mary—papa's private secretary,—the show underway only ten brief minutes. Tim thought it was the end of the third act, and decided that he needed something to tide him over the last one. Now, Rodney was a rich man's son—an idler—Heaven pity the rich—and father, being conservative and old-fashioned, wanted Rodney to go to work. It was an old idea to Rodney however. About the time that Rodney was being accepted, Father tried the locked door. It was locked—and explanations were in order, for Father had the gout and his safety valves were ready to pop. The result was that son



packed, preparatory to going to work, while the audience watched Father write a check for Mary.

¶ All the time it appears that Mary had been letting Rodney do the lamb stunt in order to aid (abet) and dad's plans, and was working under contract. Tim was of the opinion that she had really fallen for Rodney and tried to place a bet. Anyhow, Mary made a new contract with Dad, to keep Rodney on the job—salary and commission ☁ ☁

¶ With all the new troubles that suddenly sprung into the hero's young life comes Peale, the press-agent for the Belle Broadway show, asking Rodney to elope with the leading lady for the sake of advertising. Nobody in the show believes in advertising, so Peale has a fertile field in which to touch only the high places. He does it, convincing Rodney, who takes Peale to his heart, making him his advertising agent. It is a soap manufacturing scheme to buck Father. Incidentally the audience found out why we wear Boston garters, use Mennen's talcum powder, and eat hen's eggs. It was an education, all in the first act.

¶ It was a long intermission and Tim and I went out as usual to enjoy the profanity of the stage gang, the idle relaxation of the cast, and an incidental Fat.

¶ The second act found Rodney's new project, Thir-





teen Soap—unlucky for dirt,—the most expensive soap in the world—the new scheme, high on the rocks. Advertising, the psychology of print, the universal appeal of superstition, all failed. The glowing, rosy prospects of the first act were fizzling out one by one, crook following crook, and Father still stern and relentless. Even the cleverness of Mary took the wrong course and involved the business further—hopelessly.

¶ The end—the beginning of the end—was one of bitter failure. Youth, brains, advertising, enthusiasm, had come to nothing; not a single cake of Thirteen Soap had been sold. Suddenly, in the eleventh hour, the world goes mad over Thirteen Soap, and out of the tragedy of failure springs the pleasant surprise of a startling success,—the unsuspected stroke that leaves one with that “they lived happily ever after” feeling.

¶ The true success of the show was, in a broader sense, the feeling of triumph that the Masqueraders give to the Regiment in transporting everyone to that land of make-believe that they have created for the Naval Academy.



Glee Club

Glee Club Leader: W. B. BROADHURST '20

"GLEE CLUB" is an apt name for the aggregation that sports that title here, for when the warblers get together and begin to tune up the chances are it's going to be a happy party for everybody present. In spite of the little time for practice and rehearsal, the songsters have given us some mighty good productions in the past, and this year's only added another argument to the case in favor of it. Owing to the number of excellent soloists included, the entertainment ran more to individual numbers than previously, and the chorus numbers were excellent. Great credit is due to the men who have made the Glee Club what it is, and afforded the Regiment and its guests such an evening of entertainment.



Mandolin Club

Leader: L. S. PERRY '20

UNDER the leadership of "Pop" Perry, the Mandolin Club gave us a new and highly enjoyable type of performance. Instead of the ensemble effect adhered to heretofore, individual talent carried away the palms. Among the favorites were the "Plebe Blues," Interpretive dances, Epyptian scenes, and cabarets. The talent to choose from was unusual and bountiful and though it was almost impossible to select the performers, the choice gave excellent results.



Choir

Choir Leader: F. TAYLOR, '20

THE Naval Academy chapel services have long been noted for the high quality of the musical part of the service, and the present choir has done much, not only to uphold this reputation, but to improve it. It took a long time to discover some of the men now carrying the solo parts, but once discovered, they have continued to add beauty to the services from Sunday to Sunday. The conscientious and valuable services rendered by the choir as a whole cannot be overestimated nor too highly appreciated.



Chapel

THE one Academic activity that claims the attention of more of us than any other is the Sunday morning hour at Chapel. Denominational distinction is unheard of within the Chapel walls, and ecclesiastical pride never fails to give way to the plea that all are welcome, regardless of their individual religious preferences.

¶ Chaplain Sidney Key Evans has served faithfully and capably in his high position as spiritual adviser to the Regiment, and has maintained the Chapel services at their high standard this year.

¶ Divine service in Memorial Hall is a new creation in the scheme of worship this year, made necessary by the increase in the Regiment overflowing the Chapel. Four companies are detailed there each Sunday, so that one week in four we digress somewhat from the path of sacred theology and hear a straight-from-the-shoulder man-talk from Assistant Chaplain Schrumm.

¶ In more ways than one, we are indebted to both our Chaplains for their never-failing cheerfulness, willingness to help, and the inspirations they have given us.



Y. M. C. A.

WHEN Sunday night comes around with its dinner of cold fish and what Nebuchadnezzar might term salad, with the work of a whole week to look forward to—there's little wonder that a soreness pervades the average midshipman's body and soul. However this feeling is usually dispelled after a half hour spent in Mem Hall under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. A talk such as given by Lt. Isaacs or Bishop Talbot goes a long way towards making us forget our troubles and allows us to imagine a future date when we shall have accomplished something worthy of mention.

The Y. M. C. A. is one of the strongest links on the one hand between the midshipmen and the Fleet, for it gives them opportunity to listen to what some of the older officers think of the Navy, and on the other between the midshipmen and the outside world, for it offers them reading material in the way of newspapers and current periodicals. There is one more thing that should be mentioned in connection with the Y. M. C. A., and that is the Reef Points, our little book of advice, which gives some useful information as to athletics and general conduct—also provides space in which the savours keep their marks and the fussers their dates.

The "Y" has flourished this year under the direction of President Van Buren and his assistants, and the Regiment has been the better for its influence.



Hop Committee

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McVay, C. B. '20
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Perry, J. '20
Glass, R. P. '20
Sproul, M. F. '20

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Hillenkoetter, R. H. '20
Watters, H. '21
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Detzer, A. J. jr. '21
Johnson, W. D. jr. '21
McCroory, F. S. '21
Bridget, F. J. '21
Hickey, R. F. '21



Log Staff

NOW when it comes to the Log—ah, there's the question. Who can spread the honey with such an artistic *sang froid*. This much was allowed to reach the editorial ear before the official gawboon described the classic parabola and found "at the end of the Rain bo-o-o-ow" the gonk of that annoy. Hoosit? Well, now who boosts that Log to death all the time until the D. O. thinks the consequent haze is a result of a new outbreak of fumar-itis, and dashes out of the office and busts the official sword over the First Batt cat innocently trying to locate a warm berth somewhere near the official nightly domicile? In a breath, who? "Down belo-o-o-ow—" rumbles that famous quartet which sounds the keynote of the Log, down among the incarcerated mokes, cobbling engines, limited-service crockery, that's where! However, the depth of the institution, figurative and literal, does not by any means signify the ideals nor the ambitions of the Log. The Log has plodded ahead to a place of distinction among college publications. The Regiment and all classes have reason to be proud of its achievements. The Business end of the Log has made possible the clever art display that has characterized every issue and the other departments have shown their sterling work too often to be quoted here. Co-operation by the authorities at all times has helped the general efficiency of the publication and it has been a pleasure to work under these conditions.

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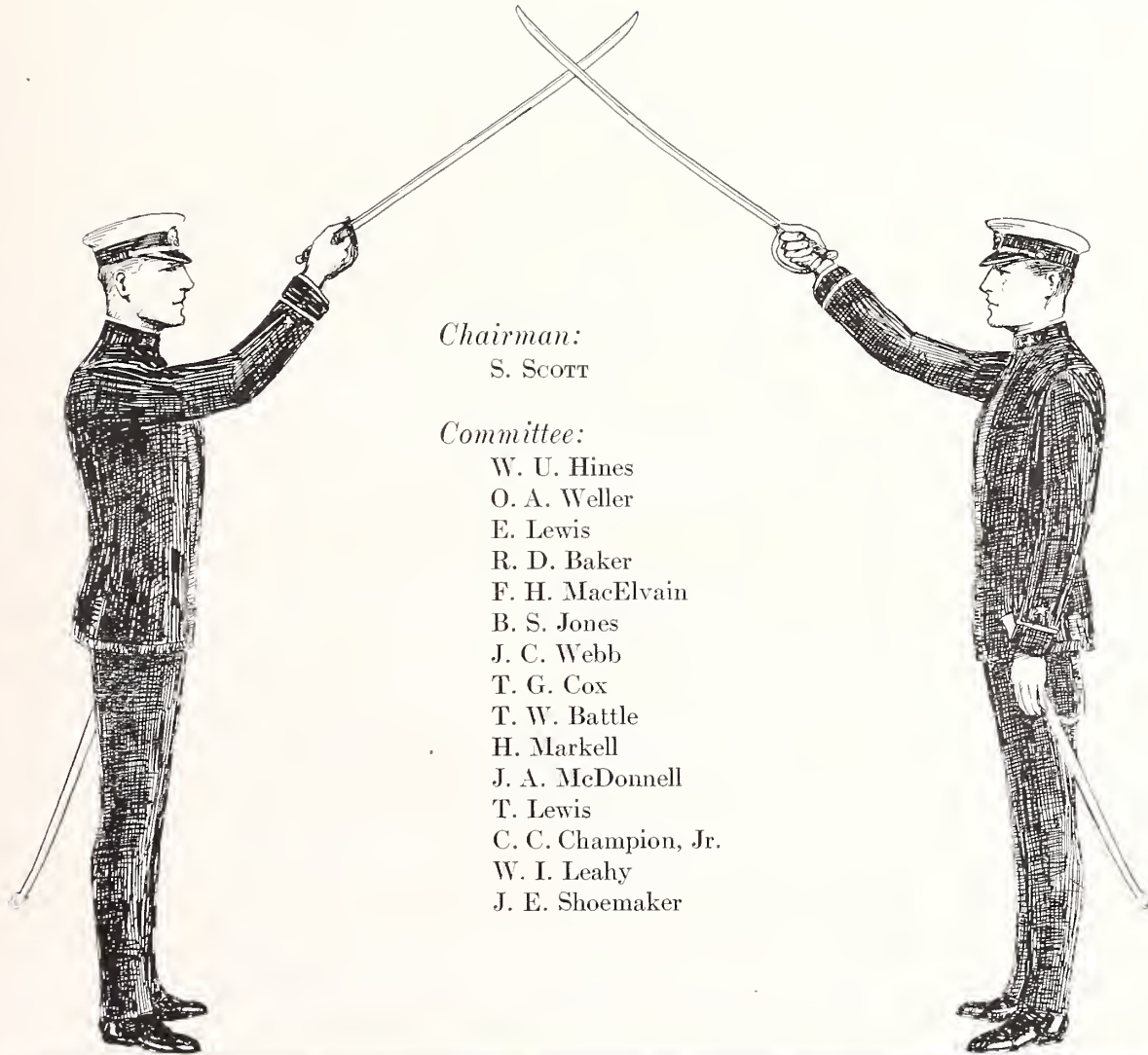
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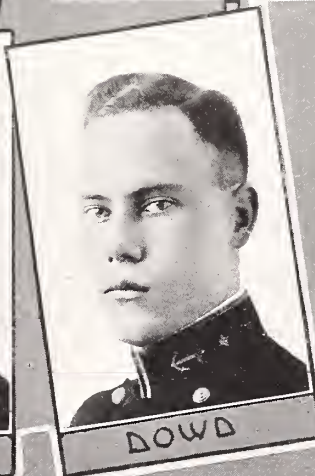
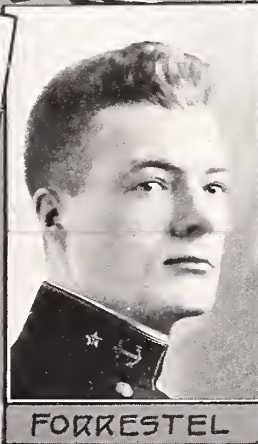
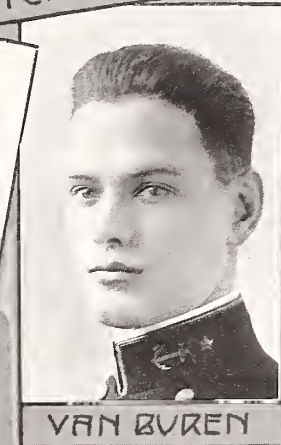
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Songs



Anchor's Aweigh

STAND Navy down the field.
Sails set to the sky,
We'll never change our course,
So, Army, you steer shy-y-y-y.
Roll up the score, Navy.
Anchors aweigh;
Sail Navy down the field,
And sink the Army,
Sink the Army Grey.

Get underway, Navy,
Decks cleared for the fray.
We'll hoist true Navy Blue
So Army, down your Grey-y-y-y
Full speed ahead, Navy,
Army, heave to.
Furl Black and Gray and Gold
And hoist the Navy,
Hoist the Navy Blue.

There's An Aggregation

THERE'S an aggregation known throughout the country,
Always ready for a frolic or a fray;
From their high and mighty station
They are known throughout the nation
As the boys from down in Crabtown-on-the-Bay.
Each year they sally forth to face the Army,
And turn the Army mule into a lamb;
In the midst of scrap and scrimmage
You will see the busy image
Of the spoiled and pampered pets of Uncle Sam.

Chorus:

So, round the ends and through the line we'll run.
Show those Grey-Legs how the deed is done.
Navy crew, we'll see you through,
Here's how! To the boys of Navy blue.

Pride of the Navy

WE'RE all for the Navy,
She's got the right team,
She's got the right spirit,
She's got the right steam.

She's got the right coaches,
She's got the right men,
She's GOT to make good
For the Navy again.

So it's rip up the Army team.
Tear up the Army team,
Smash up the Army team,
Fight, Navy, EIGHT.

Gentlemen Sailors

1.

We have studied Navigation, Seamanship and higher Math,
English, Spanish, French and Johnny Gow,
We have learned to integrate and to differentiate
By the aid of Woolsey Johnson's little gouge.
We can find the stress and strain
And the tension on the chain,
And we know the difference 'twixt a strut and tie;
And we're also taught to see
By John K. B.'s analogy
The likeness of a ratchet bar and pump.

Chorus

We're poor little Mids who have lost our way—
Bah! Bah! Bah!
Cruising around on Chesapeake Bay—
Bah! Bah! Bah!
Gentlemen sailors from over the lee,
Bound to Hell for eternity;
God have pity on such as we—
Bah! Bah! Bah!

2.

I savy lap and lead,
And can calculate the speed
That a differential train will drive a drill;
I can shape the teeth of wheels
And know all about the reels
That are used in hauling heavy weights up hill.
The epicyclic train
Seems to suit my fertile brain;
I find the lifting crab a perfect dream.
Escapements are a cinch;
I know all about the winch;
In fact, I think I really savy steam.—Chorus.

3.
I can calculate the gy
Of a revolving ey;
Tangential forces never bother me.
If a door hangs on a hinge
Or two rubber balls impinge.
I can always find the new velocity.
If a sphere lies on the ground,
Rolling straight or turning round,
I can tell you just how far that ball will go.
I know all about the drum
And the seconds pendulum;
In fact, there's really nothing I don't know.

4.
I can parley vous Franeais;
Conversation is but play—
Dago oozes out of me from every pore.
I am savvy, don't you see,
For I've never hit a tree,
And I often hear that phrase, "I give you 4.0."
In Spanish I can cuss,
At dictation never bust;
I can conjugate all verbs I ever had.
I can hablar Espanol,
Give my r's a triple roll;
In fact I find that Dago is not bad.

5.
I can sail and reef and steer—
Of storm I have no fear—
The compass is an open book to me.
Should I have a ship to tack,
Though her sails be all aback,
I can bring her about before the count of three.
Any signal in the book,
I can read with scarce a look—
The semaphore and wigwag I don't skip.
I know all the bugle calls,
And the leads of all the falls;
There's really nothing hard in Seamanship.

6.
Oh, this life upon the sea,
Is an endless joy to me.
I arise at 6 a. m. to take the air,
And, still dreaming of my girl,
I my hammoek quickly furl,
And drag it to the wet and slippery "stair."

Then from morn to noon I drill,
And from noon to eve as well—
And my time is spent in hoisting boats galore.
When at last to sleep I fall,
I'm awakened by the call:
"You've got to stand a watch from two to four."

7.
I can navigate a ship,
Take parallax and dip—
Refraction never seems to bother me—
Steer a straight course through a fog,
And can read a patent log,
And am never known to miss my fix at sea.
I can name for you each star,
And can tell you just how far
Each planet is from us and from the sun;
I can take an azimuth,
And at time sights make a bluff—
Navigation's of them all the simplest one.

8.
I can sketch 5-M torpedoes
Or adjust one for a run—
I can handle well a squad or a brigade.
I the secret can disclose
How to calibrate a gun—
If you're drowning, drunk or wounded give first aid.
If a shell departs at X,
While its muzzle speed is V,
I know to hit its target, P's its chance,
I can draw a battery box,
Turret sights and firing locks,
Now what the deuce is hard about Ordnance.

9.
I savvy latent heat,
And have found it quite a treat—
Refraction never bothered me at all—
Waves of heat or light or sound
Traveling straight or turning round,
Or emerging from a heated iron ball;
When light's thrown on a screen
Or is shot through tourmaline,
Or when a Nicol prism it comes through,
I think I could tell you what,
If its polarized or not
Or is coming from a spectrum red or blue.

We are lost to civilization,
 We are bilging cold as Hell,
 We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung;
 And the measure of our torment
 Is the measure of a brute;
 —knows we 've learned the code too young!
 And we 'll meet him later on,
 In the place where he has gone,
 Where it's always Steam, Mechanics and Mech Pro;
 He 'll be sitting on the coals
 Giving 2's to poor—souls
 And we 'll hit the tree in—with Savvy Joe.—Chorus.

Home, Boys, Home

HOME, boys, home; it 's home we ought to be;
 Home, boys, home, in God's country.
 The Ash and the Oak and the Weeping Willow Tree
 We 're strong for the Navy, but it 's home we ought to be.

Go to the gunner if you want to get a gun,
 And he 'll give it to you if he 's only got one;
 You sign a little slip, just as meek as a lamb,
 And you can go and shoot yourself, he does n't give a—.

You go to the doctor; you feel mighty ill—
 The doctor looks you over, he gives you a pill;
 And then if you die, they break out the band,
 The doctor 's done his duty, and he does n't give a—.

The Armored Cruiser Squadron

AWAY, away with the sword and drum,
 Here we come, here we come,
 Looking for something to put on the bum,
 In the armored cruiser squadron.

The Washington and the Tennessee,
 The finest ships that sailed the sea,
 They rounded the horn just to be
 In the armored cruiser squadron.

The scuttle butt popped at a hundred and three;
 On the ice machine, we made our tea;
 The boiler walked off and jumped in the sea,
 In the armored cruiser squadron.

Why, oh, why did Uncle Sam
 Build two ships not worth a damn—
 The Washington and the Birmingham,
 In the armored cruiser squadron.

We are the boys that shoot six inch,
 Or anything else when we 're in a pinch;
 Gee, but the battleships are a cinch
 For the armored cruiser squadron.

Nancy Lee

OF all the wives as ere you know—
 Yo ho, lads, ho. Yo ho, yo ho,—
 There 's none like Nancy Lee, I trow—
 Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho.

See there she stands and waves her hand upon the quay;
 And every day when I 'm away she 'll watch for me,
 And whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea:
 Yo ho, lads ho, yo ho.

A sailor's wife a sailor's star shall be,
 Yo ho, we go across the sea,
 The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be;
 A sailor's wife his star shall be.

Blown The Man Down

WELL, here comes the Navy team, fit for the fray—
 To me way, hey, blow the man down—
 To fight the good fight in the old Navy way;
 O, give us some time to blow the man down.

Chorus

Blow the men down, bully,
 Blow them right right down.
 Way, hey, blow the men down.
 Blow the men down, right here in Crabtown—
 NOW is the time to blow the men down.

NOW bust up that line, bullies, bust that line hard—
 To me, way hey, blow the men down—
 And back to their goal drive the foe yard by yard—
 Oh, give us some time to blow the men down.





Bells



Four "N" Bell

Navy! Navy! Navy!
 N—N—N—N
 A—A—A—A
 V—V—V—V
 Y—Y—Y—Y
 Navy Team! Team! Team!

Siren Bell

Hoo—oo—oo—Rah!
 Hoo—oo—oo—Rah!
 Hoo—oo—oo—Rah!
 N—A—V—Y.

Nine Rahs

Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Team! Team! Team!

Automobile Bell

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Na—vy Rah! Rah!
 Na—vy Rah! Rah!
 Hoo—Rah! Hoo—Rah!
 Na—vy—Rah!
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah—Na—vy!

H₂O

R-a-y R-a-y R-a-y
 Hoo—oo—Rah Rah Rah Rah Rah
 Boom Ray—Ray Ray Ray Ray
 Boom Rah—Rah Rah Rah Rah
 Hoo—oo RAY
 Navy—Navy—Navy.

Yea—Team Bell

N-a-v-y N-a-v-y
 Hoo—Rah—Hoo—Rah
 U.—S.—N.—A.
 RAH!
 Y-e-a—Y-e-a—Yea team.

Touchdown Bell

Rah! Rah! This way
 Football we play,
 U. S. N. A. Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Right through we break
 Touchdown we make
 We leave our wake
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hooray Bell

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
 U. S. N. A.
 Navy! Navy! Navy!

Gangway Bell

Ray! Ray! Gangway!
 Ray! Ray! Gangway!
 U. S. N. A.
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Marathon Bell

Ray! Ray! Rah! Rah!
 Ray! Ray! Rah! Rah!
 Ray! Ray! Rah! Rah!
 Na—vy!
 R-a-a-y, R-a-a-y, R-a-a-y.
 Ray! Ray! Rah! Rah!
 Ray! Ray! Rah! Rah!
 Ray! Ray! Rah! Rah!
 Na—vy!





Evidence for the Defence

By the FORTY PER CENT



Beanie (in Steam)—Now if you had no eddy current aft and only the wave making resistance forward, when the ship was still in the water, she 'd be going astern.

••••

Rabbi—Haul out and tie up to the yard arm.

Cox'n—What th'hell do you think this craft is, an aeroplane?

••••

Jerry—Sir, what is the difference between the athwartship and the diagonal armor?

LaMont—Well, the Department has decided that the diagonal armor is the athwartship armor and there is no athwartship armor.

••••

Read me the decimals.

••••

Steam Prof (gazing out window at Plebe section from Barracks)—There they go, just like a bunch of stenographers chewing gum. *Brace up down there!*

••••

Wait 'til we get to the probs.

••••

It 's the same spirit that inspired John Paul Jones when he spoke those famous words: "Don't give up the ship."

••••

Yeh, we had rather hectic time of it.

••••

Have you got a shirt on?

Yes sir, but not the kind you mean.

••••

I don't see how you guys git away with the stuff you do. Why when I was a midshipman, by ——, the duty officers had the First Class running around with their ears pinned back.

"*White E*" *Steam Prof*—Entropy? Why, entropy's anything, apples, eggs, oranges. It 's a mathematical concept, whatever that is.

••••

Winter—For two states to have intercourse they must be— That will do, Mr. Winter, sit down!

••••

She—Oh, is n't that miniature perfectly darling. I 'd give anything to have one of them.

Unromantic Mid—Well, why don't you get your Mother to buy you one.

••••

Head of the Branch—Here they come, every damned one of them with an Ordnance book. Git the whole class. Messenger!

••••

Hooley—The marine league is an affiliation of the Navies of the world, proposed at the Hague conference in 1907.

••••

Collins—Well, the book says no; but if it 's a nice quiet day and you can do it with neatness and dispatch, grab him.

••••

Max—What do when the water 's out of sight in the gage glass? Well the book says haul fires, but I say haul ——.

••••

Doc—Why if a man drank a quart of whisky every day for ten years he 's probably end up with cirrhosis of the liver. Bartender, draw two!

••••

After the lecture—Yeh, there goes Doc down to the Reina to drill the bayonet squad.

Songs—Individual Numbers

- George Dana*—"For He 's the Daddy of Them All."
Slim Cowdrey—"Here Comes the Bride."
Bill Ingram—"You 're in Love."
Cope—"Some day I 'm Going to Murder the Bugler."
T. H. Robbins—Hymn 441.
Wook Roberts—"They Were All Out of Step but Jim."
Bryan—"Oh Death Where is Thy Sting?"
Wootten—"Where 's That Doggone Dog o' Mine."
Stevens—"Home, Sweet Home."
Harris—"And Then They 'd Row, Row, Row."
MacElvain—"I 'd Like to be an Island in an Ocean of Girls."
Heineman—"The Broken Doll."
Weed—"Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight."
Tommy Cox—"Naughty, Naughty."
Dick Glass—"Your Son is on the Coal Pile Now."
Jimmie Nolan—"Oh, the Wild, Wild Women."
Gates Siekel—"They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me."
Ape Aller—"Gee, I 'd Like to be a Monkey in a Zoo."
Beauty Sproul—"Oh, Believe Me if all Those Endearing
 Young Charms."
Fats Guerin—"Ragging the Scale."
Slim Hitchcock—"Nobody Loves a Fat Man."
Aeree—"Nobody Loves Me."
Trio—*Stevens, Scott and Cowdrey*—"One Day in June."
Barney Talbott—"So-Long Letty."
Joc Lademan—"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."
Roger Brooks—"When You Look in Her Eyes."
Hague and Hague—"Six Times Six is Thirty Six."—"Star-
 light."
Kelley Beard—"I 'm Always Chasing Rainbows."
Elmer Kichl—"Anchor's Aweigh."
Wap Martin—"Does She? I 'll Say She Do."
John Bottom—"There Are Smiles."
Wiestling—"It 's a Long Way to Berlin, but We 'll Get
 There."
Sabby Sabalot—"Oui Oui, Marie."
Nigger Downes—"Darktown Strutters Ball."
Pinkie Dougherty—"When You Come Baek."
- Dick Highleyman*—"I 'm Going to Pin My Medal on the Girl
 I Left Behind."
Watson—"This is no Place for a Minister's Son."
Plaskitt—"The Old Oaken Bucket."
Parody by U-Boat—"The Old Navy Bucket."
Wop Thompson—"There 's Everything in Personal Appear-
 ance."
Frank Winter—"When You 're a Long, Long Way from
 Home."
George Burnham—"After the Ball Was Over."
Hershey Conant—"I 'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark."
Johnny Bull—"Kiss Me, I 'm 18 Today."
Padley—"After You 've Gone."
Germany Curts—"Roll Them Bones."
Lem Padgett—"How 'd You Like to be My Daddy."
Crip Lowes—"They Would n't Believe Me."
Roy Graham—"Oh Honolulu, America Loves You."
Chink Lee—"Chinatown."
Battle—"I Just Called up to Say Hello."
Joe Severyns—"Way Out Yonder in the Golden West."
Shorty Ballreich—"Going Up."
Wally Dowd—"Help, Help, I 'm Sinking in an Ocean of Love."
Pop Perry—"For Me and My Gal."
Vie Blakeslee—"Blow the Man Down."
Jerry Doolin—"For They Were Only Fooling."
Tom Reed—"I Did n't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier."
Gene Burkett—"Kiss Me, Kiss Me Again."
Smith, R. Holmes—"I Love to Linger."
Savy Harrison—"Sympathy."
Champion—"On the Five-Fifteen."
Tommy Scaffa—"Tell That to the Marines."
Pug Stoddert—"Adele, My Sweet Adele."
Commodore Blackledge—"In the Dark."
Billiek Wheelchel—"We Wont be Home Until Morning."
Bill Butler—"Steam Boat Bill."
T. Lewis—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."
Pug Crawford—"A Little Bit of Heaven."
P. Miller—"Watch Your Step."
The Class of 1920—"Where Do We Go from Here, Boys."



U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND,
May, 1916.

MEMORANDA FOR NEW FOURTH CLASS
WHEN REPORTING.

1. Make deposit with Paymaster at store.
2. Take entrance oath at Administration.
3. Make out beneficiary slip at Administration.
4. Obtain requisition and regulation of room from Executive Officer.
5. Report to Duty Officer.
6. Inspect room and leave baggage.
7. Go to midshipmen's store and room. Shift into room.

8. During the submarine alarm this morning, lack of preparation, the under the ordinary alarms of war was too evident among the officers and crew of action for all contingencies you think out the proper course of yourself and of your subordinates will enable you to adjust yourself quickly to the unforeseen. The value of adaptability was shown in the generally excellent conduct of midshipmen.

UN

7 DECEMBER

DECEMBER.							Mon.	
Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
								1

NAVAL ACADEMY ORDER NO. 48-16.

Subject: Christmas Holidays and Leave.

1. STUDIES AND RECITATION.

Studies and recitation.

(a) ...

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,
Annapolis, Maryland.

11 November, 1918.

NAVAL ACADEMY ORDER NO. 80-18.

The following Alnav message is quoted for the information of all concerned:—
"Navy Radio, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY THREE ALNAV
Armistice signed at five AM November eleventh; hostilities ceased at eleven AM GMT. 13011
Secnav."

E. W. EBERLE,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,
Superintendent.

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY,
Annapolis, Maryland,
NOVEMBER 16, 1916.

REGIMENTAL ORDER NO. 6.

1. The midshipmen comprising the football squad will leave the Short Line Station, Annapolis via the B. & O. R. R. for New York on Thursday, November 23, 1916. Returning, the team will leave New York, Sunday, November 26, and will arrive at Annapolis at 5.15 p. m.
2. Lieutenant C. E. Smith, U. S. N., will be in charge of the team, and will be accompanied by such officers, coaches and assistants as may be designated.
3. On Saturday, November 25, 1916, reveille will be sounded at 4.00 a. m. and assembly for morning roll call at 4.20 a. m.
4. The uniform for the trip will be service dress, overcoats, and heavy dress gloves; rain clothes and overshoes will be taken if ordered.
5. The First and Second Battalions, Kidd, U. S. N., in charge of the formation, on duty.

NOTICE

USS Huntington,
July 31, 1918.

H. F. CAGE
Commander, U. S. Navy,
Executive Officer.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,
Annapolis, Md.

16 September, 1918.

REGIMENTAL ORDER No. 19.

The Superintendent much pleasure to publish to Midshipmen the following letters commending and unselfish conduct on the part of Midshipman First Class:

"September 5, 1918.

R. Highleyman, U. S. N.,
Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Md.

Induct of Midshipman R. Highleyman, U. S. N.
The great pleasure to enclose herewith a copy of a



As She Is Spoke



ACADEMIC BOARD—G. C. M. convened semi-annually to try those with nothing above the ears and absolve sundry profs from first degree murder charges.

AMOUNT AVAILABLE—What everybody wants but has not—the negative limit of coin of the realm.

ANCHOR MAN—The outboard link of the five-fathom shot; he who graduates by courtesy.

ANCHOR WATCH—Formerly a member of the fourth class serving outpost duty to obtain advance information of enemy movements during clutching operations; rear guard of an inboard tendency.

ANNS—The last river; successfully bridged during the early months of the war.

BALLYHOO—Any battle wagon retired from the Fleet for use on a practice cruise.

BAT—To knock out a home run against any of the departments.

BATT—Colloquial for battalion; example (horrible) Joe's Batt.

BATTLE WAGON—Any first class fighting ship.

B. C.—Busted Candidate; practically the poor fish who does n't know when he's well off.

BILGE—To be victorious in the battle for the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

BILGER—One weighed in the Academic balance and found wanting.

BINNACLE LIST—Political refugees granted asylum in sick bay.

BLIND—One eye shut and the other off duty when judging a femme; sight unseen (fortunately).

BLINKER—Minus one-o in Seamanship.



BLOOD—A relic of the ancient social order, hangover from civilian opulence.

BLUFF—To get away with murder in the face of a heavy academic barrage.

BONE—Process required to obtain even a meager knowledge of the subject from an N. I. text book. Example—Elements of Steam Engineering, Reed.



BONE—Primary requisite in the national indoor sport.

BONES—Naval Hygiene; treatise on the evils of wine, women, and song.



BRICK—An exception to the law of survival of the fittest; the natural forthcoming from a blind drag.

B. T. U.—Unit of heat; principle involved in housing a radiator with blankets.

BULL—Food for conversation at meetings of the radiator club; an English prof's customary line.

BULL SKAG—The lowest rung of the nicotine ladder.

BUST—Present but not voting at scholastic elections.

BUSTED—See front and center.

BUZZARD—Insignia of rank of midshipman petty officer; the backbone of the Regiment.

BUZZER—Minus three-tenths in Juice.
CANDIDATE—One who aspires to the rank of midshipman, a would-be pampered pet.
CANNED WILLIE—Sequel to "Where's that doggone dog O' mine?"
CAMOUFLAGE—Art of deception; most frequently practiced by snakes and bricks in search of life subjects.
CAPSULE B—Depth bomb administered by medical department; universal cure for ailments.
CATCH—Nefarious habit practiced by members of the under classes.



CAULK OFF—An endeavor to pull sat in sleep during study hours.
CHOW—What you expect when mess gear busts; the where-withal to subjugate the inner man.
CHRISTMAS TREE—Unsat for the first term; gentle hint to begin saving coin for railway fare.
CIT—The non-ratiest of the human family; anyone not in uniform.
CITS—Mid-watch scenery for use on Broadway.
CLEAN SLEEVE—High private in the rear rank during First Class year.
COLLISION MATS—Waffles a la Bancroft Hall, one will last as long as twenty of the ordinary variety.
COM—Skipper of Bancroft Hall, the Commandant of Midshipmen.
CRAB—Femme of the local order.
CRAB FLEET—Vessels in use in a midshipmen's practice cruise.
CRABTOWN—Outskirts of the Naval Academy.
COUGH—Third degree of the medical department.
DAGO—Archaic for the department of Modern Languages.
DAY'S WORK—Last ditch of the Nav Department; process of conducting a ballyhoo from one local apparent noon to another.
DEMERITS—Customary sentence of the executive department.
DOPE—Rumor hath it.

DRAG—To tow a fair craft to a hop, game, etc.
DUTY—Your turn to hit the pap; standing watch and watch with yourself for 24 hours in Bancroft Hall.
FOUR-O—Often heard of but seldom seen; the mark you rate for thoro preparation of lesson assigned.
FEMME—Human being of feminine gender.
FORTY PER CENT—Those who can pick posies off the bulk-head after a monthly exam in steam.
FOUFOU—The nosesome pestilence of the Naval Academy, most frequently employed by snakes and those wishing to do honor at the last recitation in English or Dago.
FRENCH—AWOL, to make an unauthorized liberty.
FRUIT—Anything easy to pluck.
FUNCTION—Obsolete, formerly raw material for the new fourth class.
FUSS—The diurnal occupation of couch cooties, etc.
FUSSER—One who fusses; a blood, a sosh, a parlor snake, habitue of Porter Row.



GOAT—An animal usually in evidence at Army-Navy games but not elsewhere, the royal Navy mascot.
GONK—Watertight structure supposed to contain grey matter; bridge deck of a midshipman.
GOOGOO—Filipino mess boy.
GOUGE—The one thing that enables a prof to put it all over a section on an Ordnance P-Work.
GRADE—List of those remaining inside the walls on Liberty days.
GRAD TERMS—Bonanza for dealers in midshipmen's wearing apparel, miniatures, etc.
GREASE—The difference between a 2.5 and a 3.4
GREASER—A teacher's pet.



GYRENE—American translation from the German "Teufel-hund." Member of the U. S. Marine Corps.

HELL CATS—The bugle corps; any one who busts reveille.
HOLY JOE—Head Keeper of the moral and spiritual welfare of the Regiment, Naval Academy Chaplain.

HOP—The fusser's heaven; the red mike's—, excuse me, but is n't it terrible the way that man dances? Weekly performance on the ball room floor.

HUNDREDTH NIGHT—Hundred nights until graduation; the fable of the misplaced mess gear.



HUSTLERS—The men that make the team that beats the Army.
JIMMY LEGS—Masters-at-arms on duty in the yard or Bancroft Hall.

JOHNNY GOW—Wherein you endeavor to learn what makes the wheels go round.

JUICE—The Academic Department's best bet, "shocking revelations of a naval electrician."

JUNE WEEK—The shouting when it's all over; last week within the prison walls.

LATE BLAST—What sounds the finish of a losing race with three to ten demerits at the end.

LIBERTY—Privileges granted by Article 819, Naval Academy Regulations.

LOG—The weekly chip of wooden sayings attributed to midshipmen. The Naval Academy Weekly Scandal.

LOVERS LANE—A fictitious trysting place for those bitten by the microbe of June weddings, etc.

MAX OVERBOARD—Plebe breach of fourth class table etiquette usually resulting in lesson in first aid. See Doc Rosenthal for what do in case of drowning.

MASQUERADERS—The wolf in lamb's clothing; local production of stage-struck midshipmen.

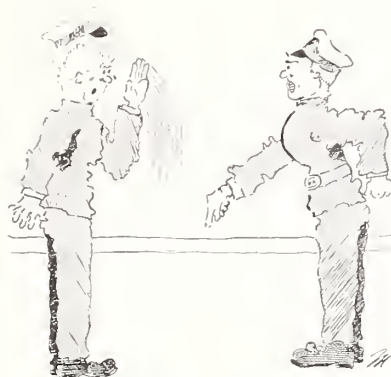
MATH—Advance guard in the battle of the semi-ans.

MAY POLE—List of those unsat for the second term, first papers for naturalization to genus cit.

MESS GEAR—One knife, one fork, one spoon.

MESS HALL—The scene of coaling operations thrice daily.

MIDDIE—Newspaper slang for an inmate; article of feminine wearing apparel.



M. C.—Officer of the deck of a floor in Bancroft Hall.



MOKE—Any one of the body servants of the pampered pets.

NAV—The science of conducting a ship from one place to the other on the earth's surface, or elsewhere. What instituted a day's work in two hours.

NON REG—Outward evidence of Bolshevism.

O. C.—Officer in charge; justice of the peace.

O. D.—Custodian of a battalion office.

OIL—Chewing tobacco, last resort of a man with his third smoking pap.

OIL BURNER—One who uses oil.

ORDNANCE—The science that enables one (theoretically) to hit what one is shooting at; another of the instruments of torture surviving from the Inquisition.



PLEBE—Obsolete, now Freshman. A member of the new fourth class; a midshipman-in-waiting.

P-RADE—Nine hours in ranks, or giving the visitors a treat.

P-WORK—Practical work; last resort of a hard-up department.

QUEEN—A femme who is all there, figuratively speaking; a holder of a beauty prize; usually descriptive of "the girl back home."

RADIATOR CLUB—Obsolete, now Denver Club. Members of the Heavy Heavers Brigade.

RAG—To elutch in the act. To rag the marks—to make an observation of the day's score while the prof is busy with a victim.

RATES—That which makes the difference between a Plebe and a Freshman, and hence obsolete.

RATEY—One not cognizant of the fact that R. H. I. P., descriptive of a violator of Doyle's laws.

RED-EYE—Camouflage for elow which is uncatable otherwise.

RED-MIKE—A midshipman unencumbered with femmes, a professed bachelor.

REG—According to Hoyle; in league with the powers that be.

REINA—Formerly a good place to increase your amount available, now replaced by Restricted Quarters, familiarly known as the Brig.

REQ—A written request for anything which a midshipman fancies he can use.

RHINO—SOL, the plaint of the under dog.

R. H. I. P.—The unwritten law, no longer in force at the Naval Academy.

RUN—To seek to lead out another's goat; mild form of hazing. See article 506, U. S. N. A. R.

SALT HORSE—Chief item of sea-going diet in "Two Years Before the Mast."

SAT—Having the All-Academies on your hip; beyond the danger space.

SAVOIR—Any one who can snow under the profs and escape the blizzard. The holder of a 3.0 average or above.

SAVVY—Descriptive of a savoir.

SCUTTLE BUTT—Small boiler recently installed on capital ships for supplying drinking water; mythical container for grape juice.

SEA GULL—Chicken served in the mess hall.

SEC NAV—Nineteen guns, four ruffles and flourishes.

SEMI-ANNS—The half way mark, mid year rivers. Out of date since entrance of U. S. into the war.

SEP LEAVE—The occasion of the return of the prodigal; thirty days without reveille and the unquenehable thirst.

SHIVERING LIZ—That which makes for running engagements; a fair imitation of Fats Guerin in an interpretive dance.

SICK BAY—Place of internment before an exam.

SLEEP—The part of a day spent in darkness, a unit of time used in computing interval to graduation, etc.

SLUM—A mystery as to its origin, but a cold reality as to its use.

SMOKE HALL—The home of the reg Fat; First Class club.

SNAKE—See fusser.

SOB SUNDAY—Last Sunday before the boys leave home; Baccalaureate Sunday.

SOUP STRAINER—Blou used for inside formation on dark days.

SPEED CONES—Hard-boiled slum.

SPOON ON—To knock off rates with a Plebe, evidenced by shaking hands with it.

SPUDS—Chief article of naval diet, potatoes serving second enlistment.





SQUID—Abbreviation for squad.

STAG—One who attends a hop without dragging; he who seeks terpsichorean pleasure without footing a bill at Carvel Hall.

STAR—To accumulate more than 85 per cent of the possible multiple.

STATEMENT—Usually the sequel to a pap, explanatory but not satisfactory.

STEAM—Department of Marine Engineering and Naval Construction.

ST. JOHNNY—Inmate of St. John's seminary for boys, Annapolis, Maryland.

SWEDISH—Scientific hazing invented by gym profs.

SWABO—Absolute zero, zip, mark assigned to one present but not voting.

SUFEE—Ruler of Destinies, commander-in-chief of Naval Academy and all the contents thereof.

TEA-FIGHT—The battle of Trafalgar brought up to date.

TEA HOUND—One habitually present at tea-fights; becomes expert when he can handle a teacup, three slices of cake, and a heavy line without disaster.

TECUMSEH—The Wooden Indian, God of a 2.5, guardian angel of those about to leave us.

TENDENCY—Outboard variety in daily use in preventing detection of smoke screens, the necessary adjunct for inhaling a non-reg Fat.

TREE—The weekly bulletin of those on the Academic black list. The handwriting on the wall.

TROU—The most important half of a suit of blues; generally speaking, pants.

TWO-FIVE—Lowest safe value for the power factor in capacity circuits.

UNSAT—No bottom at fifty; under the ban of Tecumseh.

VALENTINE—Official notification that you are persona non grata; usually to be expected about February 14.

WHITE HOUSE—Term of endearment for Reina.

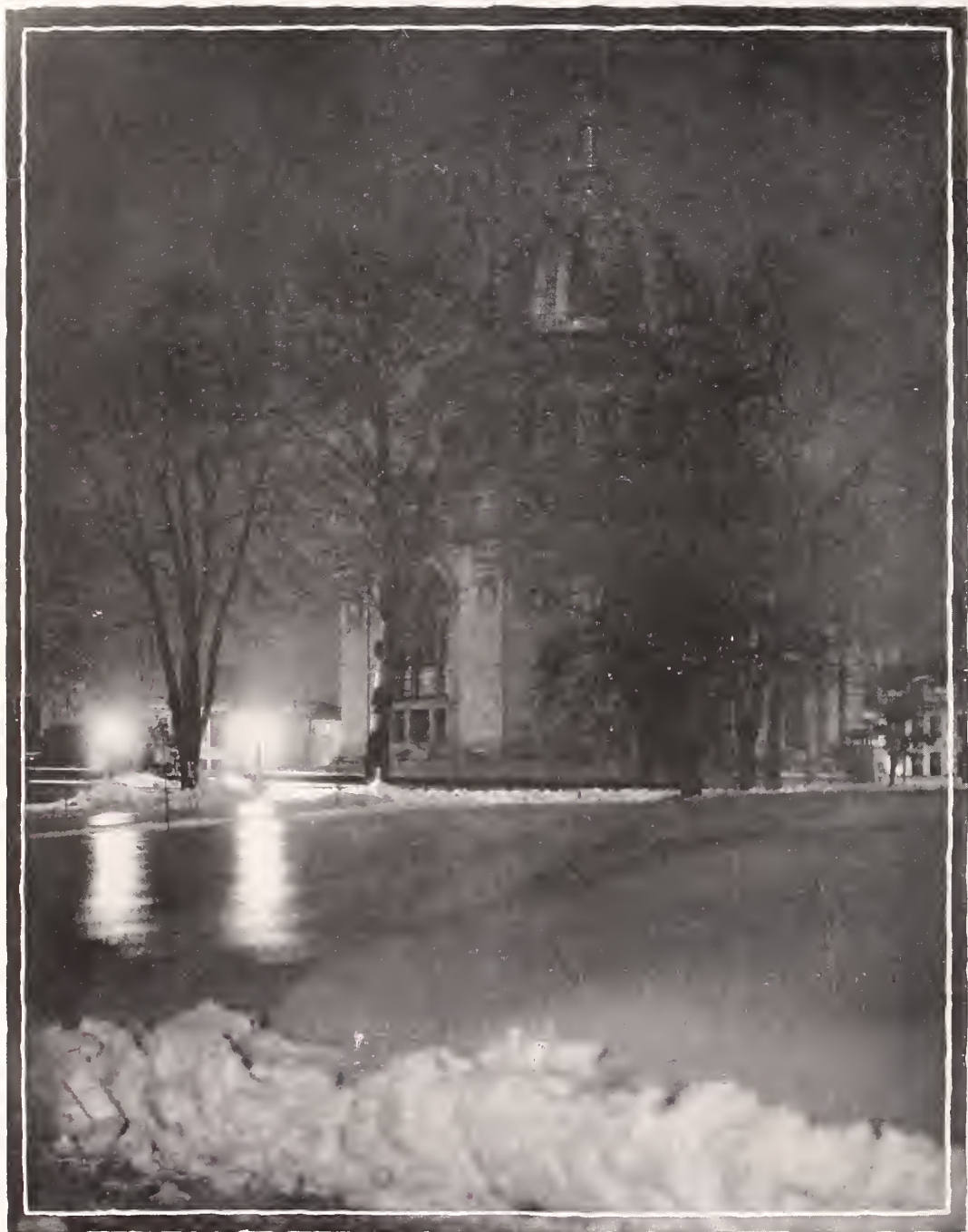
WOODEN—non-savoir; more broadly—any one who finds it necessary to bone to stay sat.



YOUNGSTER—Member of the third class, past Plebe; usually laboring under impression he is monarch of all he surveys.

ZIP—See swabo.





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a quiver

in country

a be man

good kid

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a C.R. man

a gentleman











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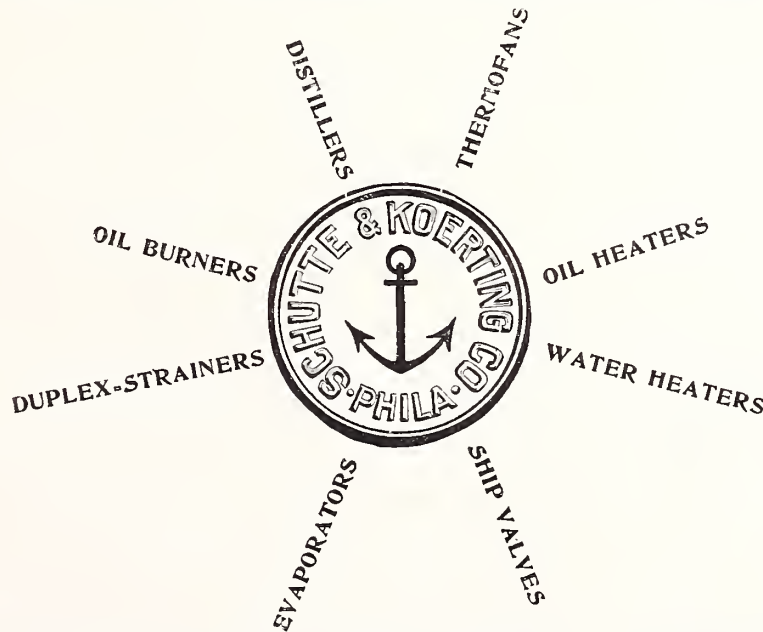
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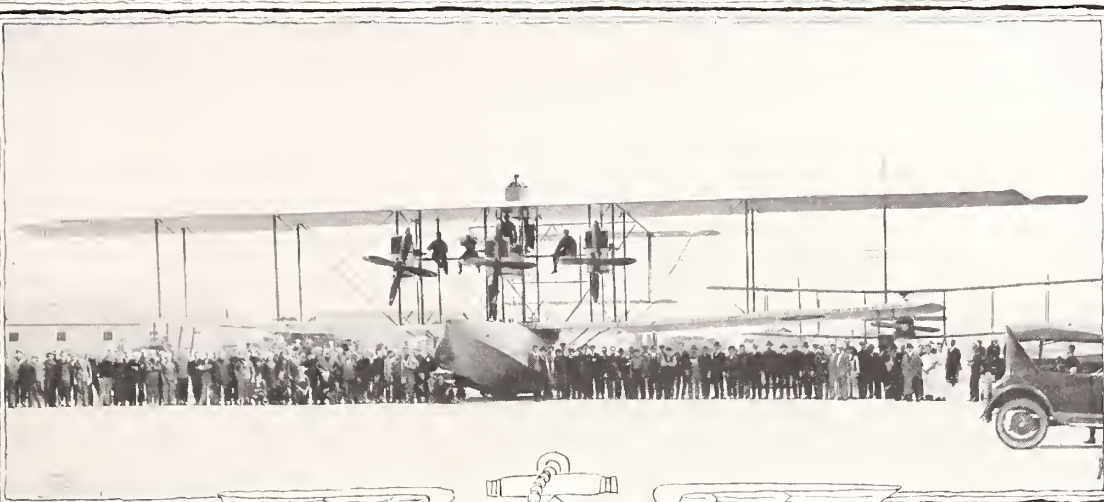
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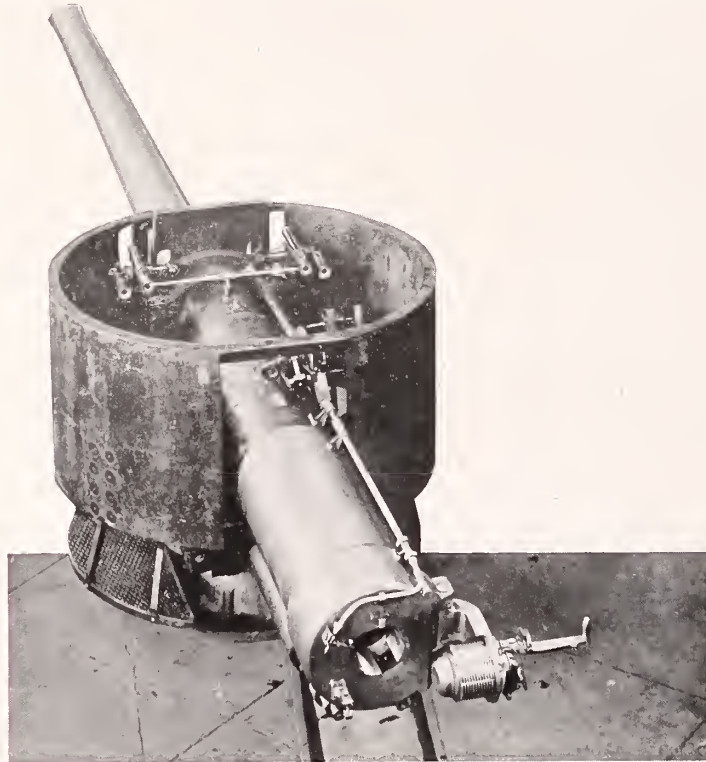
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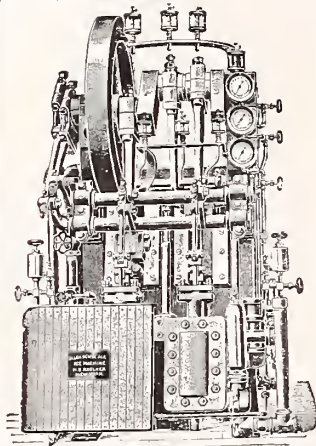


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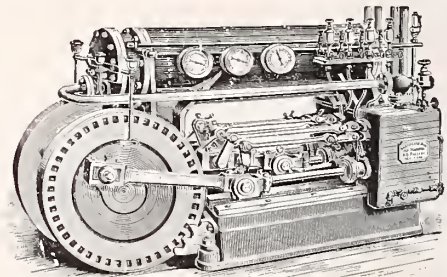
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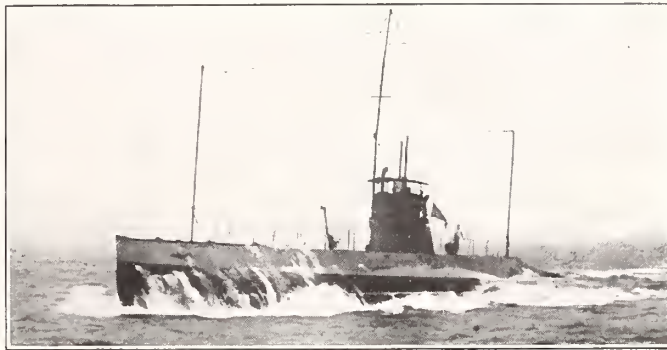
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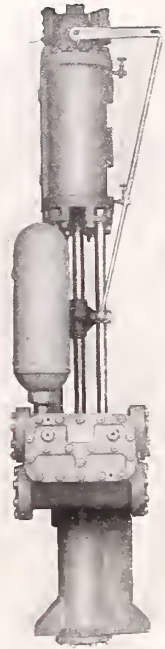
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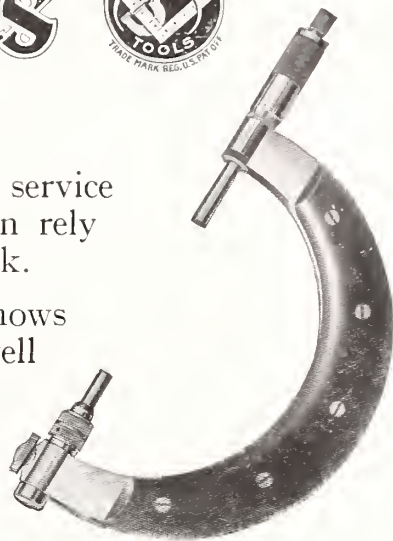
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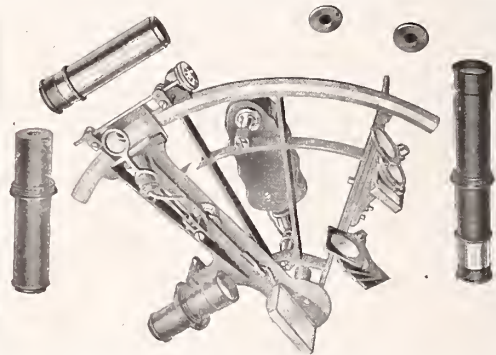
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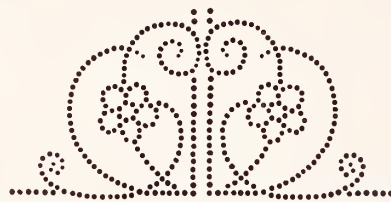
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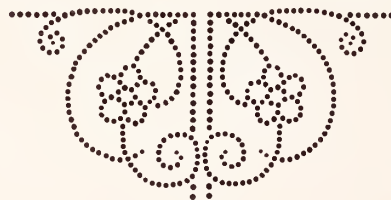
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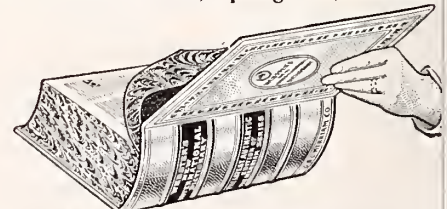
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