

LUCKY BAG

OF 1948-A



Ex Libris

BALTIMORE

ANNAPOLIS

WASHINGTON



CATSKILL PEAK

VIRGINIA

POTOMAC RIVER





DELAWARE

DELAWARE BAY

To Aunt Jo,

May you keep all your midshipmen
as happy here as I have been. Thanks are
not wanted to express my appreciation for your
friendship.

Hillman Brooks



THE

1948-A

LUCKY

BAG



**EDITOR - IN - CHIEF
JAMES R. BJORGE**

**BUSINESS MANAGER
JOSEPH H. BENTON**



*As they sail the seas of the
world . . . so we have sailed in
our ship by Severn's shore . . .*

The Class of 1948-A

presents the

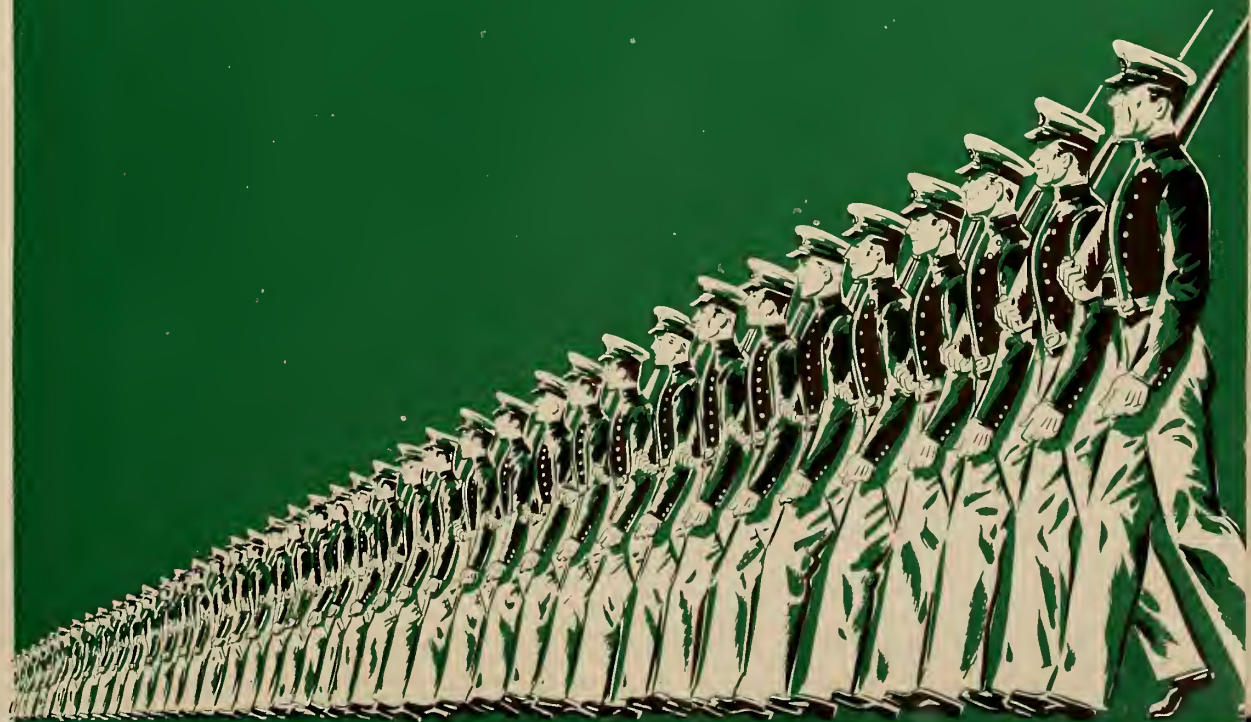
LUCKY BAG

Annual of the Brigade of Midshipmen

The story of a three year cruise

at the United States Naval Academy

Annapolis, Maryland



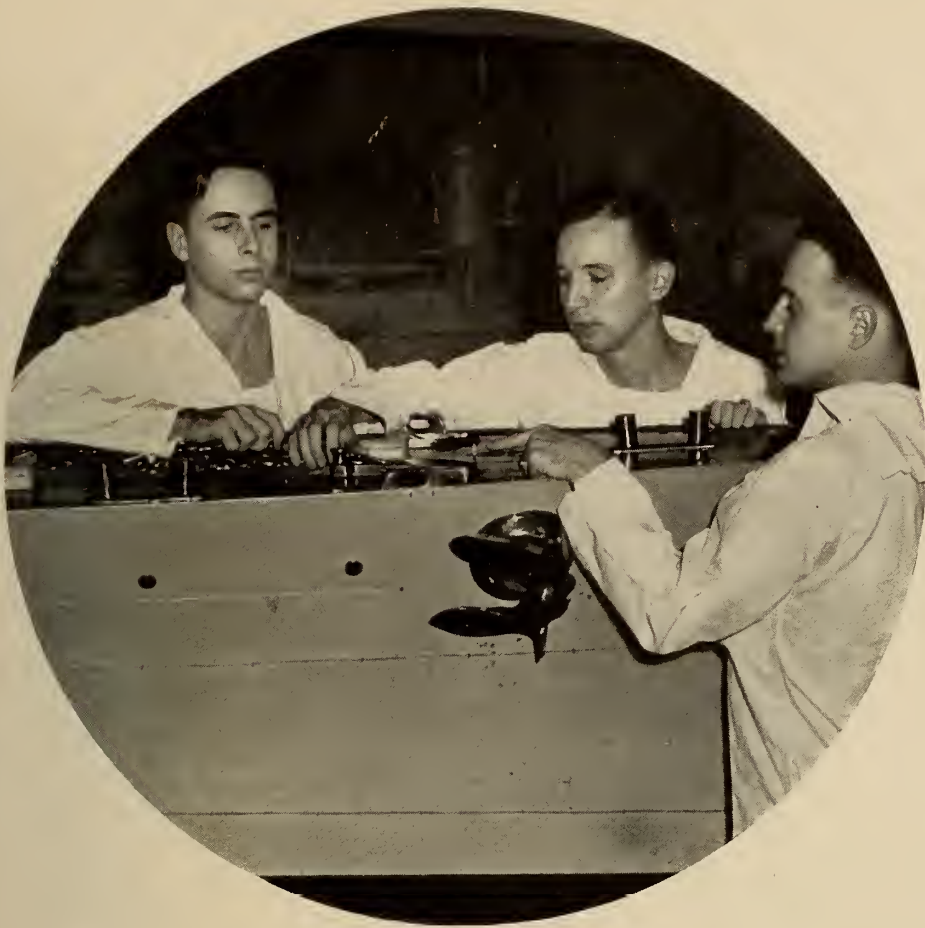


Going ashore for the last time from our good ship by the banks of the Severn, we members of the Class of 1948-A—the last class to graduate at Annapolis under the accelerated program of World War II—take with us a host of vivid memories. . . . For three years we have lived, laughed, and worked side by side as shipmates, and together we have covered the wide seas and weathered the worst storms of Academy existence.

Now, as we cross

our quarterdeck, the *When the Duty of*
Rotunda, for the last

time, there is a sudden realization in the heart of each of us that our days here, with all their varied moments of midshipman life, are now completely a part of the past. . . . Our memories are all that remain. . . . And to the end that these memories may not grow dim with passing time, we here present our life at Annapolis as told in the pages of this LUCKY BAG. . . . Here, then, is our story . . . our OFFICERS, our CREW, our LOG, our ACTIVITIES, and our BATTLE RECORD. Here, then, are those things that shall not be forgotten . . .



Today becomes the Duty of Tomorrow





and the Formations of Today

. . . become the Formations of Tomorrow



Rear Admiral S. H. Ingersoll

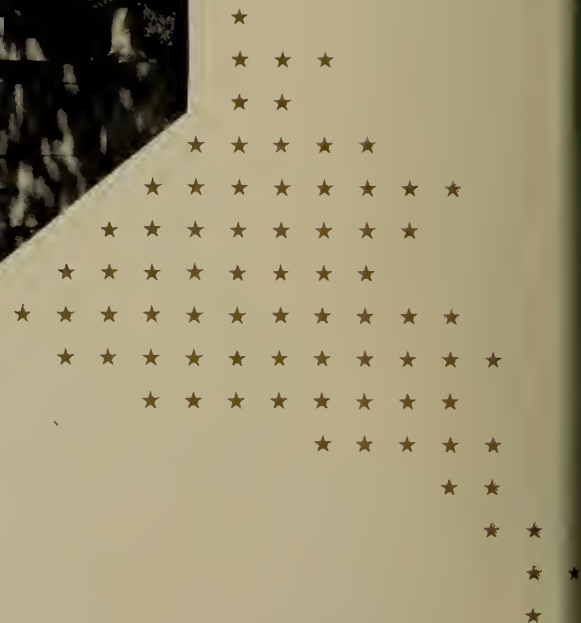
A man of great personal and professional achievement, our distinguished Commandant, through the continuous exemplification of those gentlemanly and officerlike qualities so necessary to the good leader, has provided standards of the highest caliber for the men of the Brigade to follow. His firm belief in the ability of the midshipmen to lead resulted in our running the Brigade, and further strengthened the firm bond of friendship and respect between "the Admiral" and us. We are proud to dedicate the 1948-A LUCKY BAG to such a splendid officer and staunch friend,

Rear Admiral Stuart

H. Ingersoll.







Tripolitan Monument
... dedicated to six officers of
the United States Navy who
died in the Tripolitan War

OFFICERS



F

rom the Oath of Allegiance, administered by an officer of the Executive Department, which marked our coming aboard as midshipmen, to the Oath of Office, given three years later by one of the senior admirals in the Navy, we have lived each day under the watchful eyes and guiding hands of our officers . . . the class salutes these men in grateful acknowledgment of their help and friendship which steered us clear of the Rocks and Shoals of Navy life . . . and brought us through calm and storm into the Port of Graduation.







Harry S. Truman **COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF**

My congratulations and best
personal wishes to Class 1948-A.
Good luck!

Harry Truman



James V. Forrestal SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

My congratulations to the Class of 48-A.
You are entering a great fleet and a great
service - give them your best.

James Forrestal





Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch



SUPERINTENDENT
1945-1947



Rear Admiral James L. Holloway, Jr.

**SUPERINTENDENT
1947**





Rear Admiral Stuart H. Ingersoll

**COMMANDANT OF
MIDSHIPMEN**



COMDR. JOHN D. BULKELEY
Assistant to the Commandant



COMDR. J. E. PACE
*Assistant to the
Executive Officer*



CAPT. W. S. ESTABROOK, JR.
Executive Officer



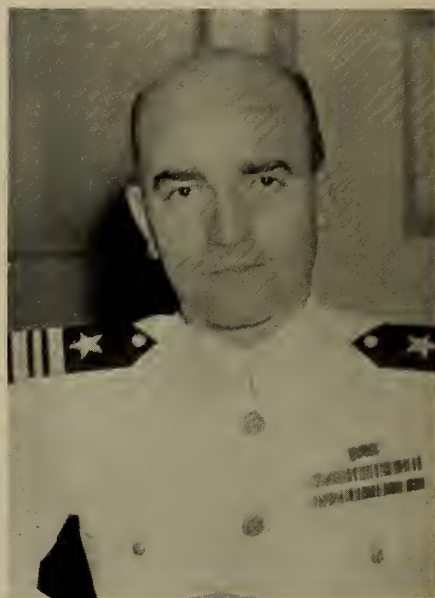
CAPT. W. G. EBERT
*Head of the Academic Section
Executive Department*



COMDR. W. R. BARNES
First Lieutenant

LIEUT. H. W. STEVENSON
Officer Inspector of Uniforms

LT. COMDR. W. B. FARGO
Officer Inspector of Uniforms



1ST BATTALION OFFICERS
Comdr. F. Hale, Lt. Col. L. E. English, Lt. R. M. Pond.



2ND BATTALION OFFICERS
Lieut. J. N. Cummings, Comdr. R. A. Phillips, Lt. Comdr. K. B. Hysong.

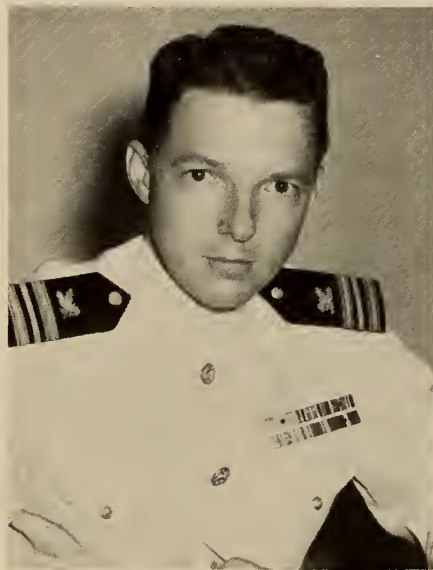


3RD BATTALION OFFICERS
Comdr. E. C. Ogle, Comdr. J. L. Foster, Ensign D. B. Whitmire, Lt. Comdr. C. B. Shaw.

CAPT. M. C. DICKINSON (SC)
Store and Dairy Officer



LT. COMDR. H. P. ADAMS (SC)
Midn. Commissary and Pay Officer



LIEUT. F. C. DUNHAM, JR.
Band Officer



4TH BATTALION OFFICERS
Comdr. W. F. Bringle, Comdr. H. W. Baker, Lt. Col. H. S. Roise, Ensign B. S. Martin.



5TH BATTALION OFFICERS
Lt. Comdr. J. A. Gommengenger, Comdr. J. C. G. Wilson, Lieut. P. D. Nycklemoe.



6TH BATTALION OFFICERS
Comdr. A. T. Hathaway, Lieut. J. E. Wright, Comdr. M. Kelly, Jr.



Bancroft Hall

"The method of learning to lead has been first by learning to follow, which in the final analysis is the only real way of learning. . . ."

—Henry B. Wilson,
Rear Admiral, U.S.N.

EXECUTIVE



R. ADM. S. H. INGERSOLL
Commandant of Midshipmen

Just as the Academic Departments introduced us to the technical side of the Naval profession, it was the function of the Executive Department to imbue us with the fundamentals of Naval discipline and character . . . leadership . . . the Form 2 . . . grease chits . . . the D.O. . . . the Reg Book . . . led by the Commandant, the Department maintained a taut Brigade, and helped to establish in us those positive qualities of judgment and initiative necessary for service afloat and eventual command.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* Comdr. J. C. G. Wilson, Comdr. J. D. Bulkeley, Capt. W. S. Estabrook, Jr., R. Adm. S. H. Ingersoll, Capt. W. G. Ebert, Comdr. J. L. Foster, Comdr. W. R. Barnes. *Second row:* Lt. Col. L. E. English, Comdr. R. A. Phillips, Comdr. J. E. Pace, Comdr. H. W. Baker, Comdr. M. Kelly, Jr., Comdr. E. C. Ogle, Lt. Col. H. S. Roise. *Third row:* Lieut. R. M. Pond, Ensign D. B. Whitmire, Ensign B. S. Martin, Lt. Comdr. K. B. Hysong, Lieut. H. W. Stevenson.





“ . . . it is earnestly recommended to all officers, seamen, and others in the naval service diligently to attend at every performance of the worship of Almighty God.”

—U.S. Navy Regulations



COMDR. E. P. WUEBBENS (ChC)
Chaplain

Chapel



COMDR. R. BISHOP (ChC)
Assistant Chaplain



LT. COMDR. R. R. HUFF (ChC)
Assistant Chaplain

From our first awe-struck entrance into the Chapel soon after coming aboard as plebes to the close of our own “Sob Sunday” service just before graduation, the deep and moving beauty of both the setting and the service never failed to inspire us. During those three years, words of advice and wisdom, helping to steer a safe course on the waters of our chosen voyage, were given us each Sunday by our own chaplains and by visiting clergy from all over the country. Churches in Annapolis were attended by many in lieu of the Chapel service, but for the rest of us there was always the march up the Chapel walk, past the Commandant and his party, into the great interior of solemn music and peace. Many are our memories . . . the pageant of brilliant color against white marble . . . the inspiration of prayer . . . resounding hymns . . . the ringing tones of “Eternal Father, strong to save” . . . the restoring strength of our communion with God. . . these things mean the Chapel to us, and we shall remember them always.



"An officer of the Navy . . . should be able to express himself clearly and with force in his own language both with tongue and pen . . ."

—John Paul Jones

ENGLISH,
HISTORY AND
GOVERNMENT



CAPT. G. P. HUNTER
Head of Department

Jones' famous words of advice were ever heeded in the Bull Department. Shakespeare . . . Monday morning themes . . . Romanticism . . . public speaking and "Men, the evaporators have gone on the blink again" . . . American diplomacy . . . European history . . . with the coming of First Class Year and after-dinner speaking, we realized that we had traveled a rough but fascinating road of our naval careers . . . on a journey which taught us to express our thoughts . . . and to benefit from the thoughts of others.

ENGLISH, HISTORY, AND GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* R. S. West, Jr., W. A. Darden, C. L. Lewis, H. F. Sturdy, Capt. J. A. Robbins, Capt. G. P. Hunter, A. F. Westcott, R. S. Pease, R. S. Merrick, R. H. James, Lt. Col. E. A. Bailey. *Second row:* R. D. Bass, J. C. Reed, Lieut. C. L. Crane, Jr., H. H. Lumpkin, Lieut. W. L. Heflin, P. E. Coletta, Lt. Comdr. A. C. Miller, Jr., F. E. Duddy, Jr., Lieut. J. E. Nesworthy, E. J. Mahoney, J. R. Cutting. *Third row:* J. T. Pole, Lieut. W. C. McClellan, A. S. Pitt, Lt. Comdr. W. W. Evans, S. A. Martin, J. P. C. McCarthy, W. B. Prendergast, E. B. Potter, H. H. Bell, Jr., J. R. Fredland, E. H. Clark, Jr., W. W. Jeffries. *Fourth row:* R. W. Daly, E. M. Hall, Lt. Comdr. H. O. Werner, R. L. Mason, W. H. Russell, Lt. Comdr. R. L. Scott, W. M. Bastian, Jr., Lt. Comdr. H. A. Wycherley, E. J. Goodman, Comdr. J. A. Dodson, F. G. Holahan, T. P. Carpenter





Melville Hall

"To seamen a ship becomes endowed with human virtues and human faults; she ceases to be a mere inanimate thing."

—Albert Gleaves,
Vice Admiral, U.S.N.



CAPT. T. M. STOKES
Head of Department

M A R I N E E N G I N E E R I N G



The Steam Department ushered in Plebe Summer with T-square and drawing board . . . we had begun our three years of study of the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of the naval steam plant . . . the horrors of manufacturing processes . . . the complexity of the epicyclic gear train . . . "Sketch and describe that turbine, Mr. Gish" . . . drawing slips . . . manning the boards . . . the yards and yards of Mollier diagrams . . . all of which helped us to know and understand the ships in which we would someday sail.

MARINE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* G. Beneze, A. E. Bock, R. M. Johnston, Comdr. J. F. Enright, Comdr. R. H. Holmes, Comdr. J. W. Williams, Jr., Comdr. J. B. Denny, Comdr. C. E. Lewis, Capt. T. M. Stokes, Capt. B. E. S. Trippensee, Comdr. H. G. Eldredge, Comdr. R. M. Davenport, Comdr. E. F. Dissette, Comdr. J. B. Williams, Comdr. J. C. Eakens, D. W. Seavey, T. C. Gillmer, W. R. Cherry, W. E. Farrell. *Second row:* Comdr. R. B. Kelly, Comdr. J. E. Mansfield, Comdr. M. P. Refo, Comdr. F. E. Wilsie, Comdr. W. F. Morrison, Comdr. C. B. Jackson, Comdr. F. M. Parker, Comdr. R. A. Keating, Jr., Comdr. F. H. Wahlig, Comdr. V. B. Graff, Comdr. B. Taylor, Comdr. H. C. Rule, Jr., Comdr. M. I. Rosenberg, Comdr. A. E. Parker, Comdr. M. B. O'Connor, Comdr. F. D. Whalen, Comdr. K. West, Comdr. J. W. Greely. *Third row:* Lt. Comdr. E. F. Rye, Jr., Comdr. W. J. Schlacks, Jr., Comdr. G. F. Neel, Jr., Comdr. L. I. Flynn, Comdr. G. W. Lautrup, Comdr. H. E. McDowell, Comdr. J. H. Brown, Comdr. G. Wendelburg, Comdr. J. H. Raymer, Comdr. J. L. Semmes, Comdr. W. K. Ratliff, Comdr. G. B. Williams, Comdr. V. F. McCormack, Comdr. C. O. Akers, Comdr. J. E. Wicks, Comdr. W. M. Bjork, Comdr. J. A. Leonard, Lt. Comdr. J. T. McDaniel, Jr., Lt. Comdr. L. B. Forde. *Fourth row:* Lt. Comdr. S. J. Caldwell, Jr., Lt. Comdr. T. M. Ustick, Lt. Comdr. D. P. Polatty, Jr., Lt. Comdr. K. W. Miller, Lt. Comdr. R. N. Miller, Lieut. R. C. Loughlin, Lt. Comdr. E. F. Hayes, Lt. Comdr. E. V. Knox, Lt. Comdr. C. F. Pfeiffer, Lt. Comdr. R. R. Stuart, Lt. Comdr. J. V. Cameron, Lt. Comdr. R. G. Mayer, Lt. Comdr. J. R. Zullinger, Lt. Comdr. G. V. Rogers, Lt. Comdr. C. F. Leigh, Lt. Comdr. C. W. Jenkins, Lt. Comdr. W. A. Walker, Lt. Comdr. B. F. Haker, Lieut. E. Pridonoff, Ensign W. M. Anderson.





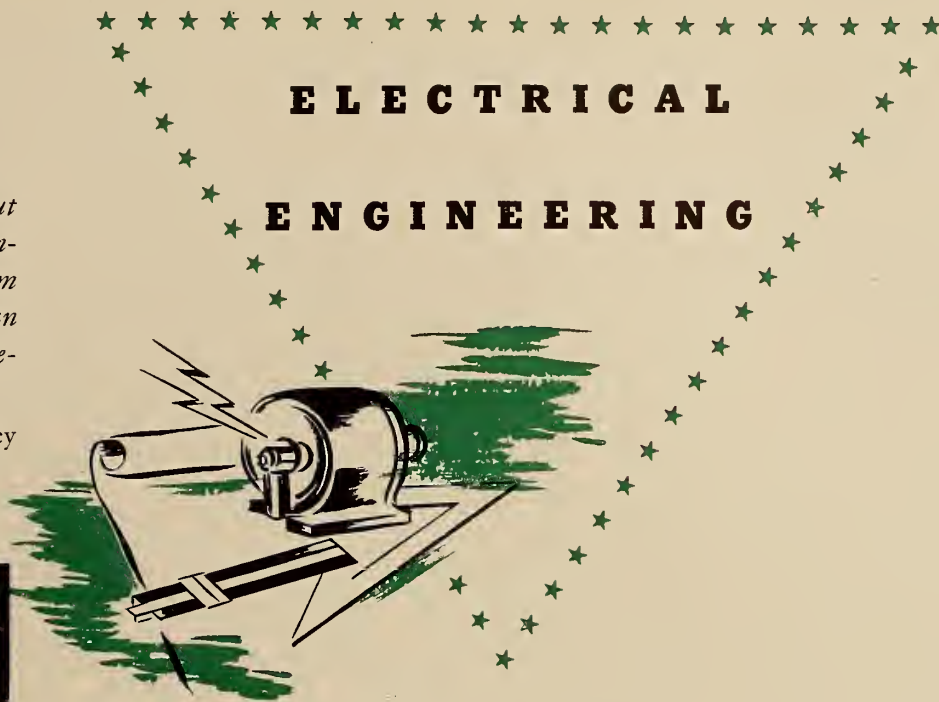
Sampson Hall

"Science is nothing but trained and organized common sense, differing from the latter only as a veteran may differ from a raw recruit."

—Thomas H. Huxley



CAPT. W. L. FIELD
Head of Department

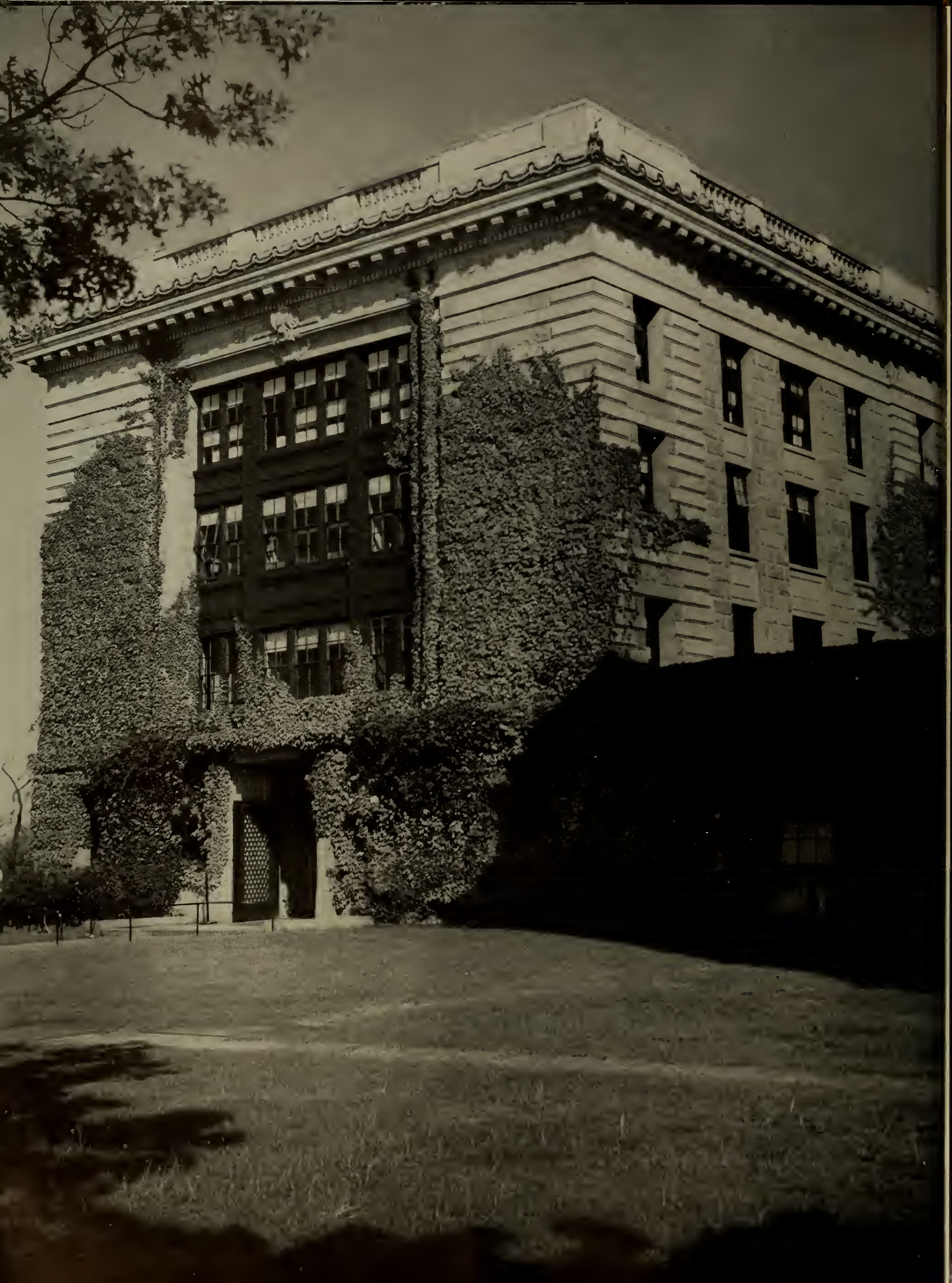


ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Under the auspices of the Skinny Department, we came in contact with successive courses in chemistry, physics, and electricity . . . the odor of SO_2 in a hectic lab . . . the ionic balance of equations . . . the mechanics of a body at rest or in any kind of motion . . . Juice labs . . . classroom quizzes . . . shipboard generator parallelling with Hot Lead Eddie . . . the electronics barge . . . it all helped to prepare us for life in a Navy that steers its courses and shoots its guns with electricity.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* Comdr. D. W. Davis, Comdr. R. P. Bowles, D. G. Howard, Comdr. A. F. Morash, Capt. L. M. Cockaday, E. W. Thomson, Capt. W. L. Field, Capt. G. C. Seay, Capt. H. E. Redeker, Comdr. L. O. Wood, J. C. Gray, Comdr. P. Y. Jackson, J. L. Daley. *Second row:* H. E. Carr, R. A. Goodwin, Comdr. R. S. Harlan, Comdr. F. E. Wexel, Comdr. D. L. Harris, Comdr. C. R. Dwyer, Comdr. L. D. Earle, Comdr. C. S. Hart, Comdr. A. G. Hay, Comdr. J. F. Bauer, Comdr. H. G. Kirkpatrick, Comdr. R. C. Turner, Comdr. W. S. Finn, Comdr. R. F. Sellars, Comdr. D. B. Cohen, Comdr. R. F. Kelly, C. E. Sunderlin, E. R. Pinkston. *Third row:* G. H. McFarlin, Lt. Comdr. F. C. Fallon, Lt. Comdr. E. R. Mumford, Lt. Comdr. J. L. Ellis, Lt. Comdr. P. H. Burkhardt, Lt. Comdr. G. M. Hawes, Lt. Comdr. W. R. DeLoach, Lt. Comdr. B. S. Forrest, Lt. Comdr. E. T. Kirk, Lt. Comdr. H. C. Lank, Lt. Comdr. H. J. Brantingham, Lt. Comdr. C. A. McHose, Lt. Comdr. C. W. Smith, Lt. Comdr. R. M. Brownlie, Lt. Comdr. W. M. Smedley. *Fourth row:* E. E. Shelton, Lt. Comdr. W. H. Fisher, Lt. Comdr. J. C. Lawrence, Lt. Comdr. R. E. Hill, Lt. Comdr. R. N. Perley, Lt. Comdr. J. W. Palm, Lt. Comdr. W. H. House, Lieut. P. A. Tickle, Lt. Comdr. D. S. Bill, Lt. Comdr. J. M. Robertson, Lt. Comdr. E. M. Greer, Lt. Comdr. E. N. McWhite, Lt. Comdr. E. M. Brabender, Lt. Comdr. R. S. Eastman, Lt. Comdr. H. H. Baker. *Fifth row:* W. D. Pennington, G. E. Leydorf, Lieut. E. J. Bath, Lt. Comdr. R. E. Trumble, Lt. Comdr. E. G. Miller, Lt. Comdr. P. S. Smith, Lt. Comdr. J. A. Fairchild, Lt. (jg) O. C. Barnes, Lieut. R. D. Hatcher, Lt. Comdr. W. W. Trice, Lt. Comdr. J. W. McCoy, Lieut. S. H. Kalmbach, Lieut. U. C. Hill, W. C. Connolly, S. R. Smith, E. J. Cook.

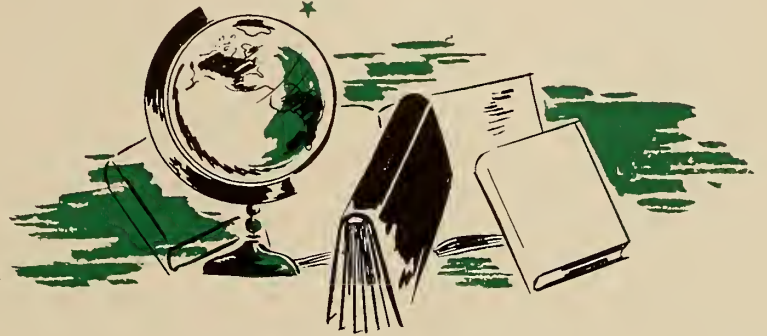




"To understand a people you must know their language—the equivalent of understanding how they think."

—Harley Cope, Captain, U.S.N.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

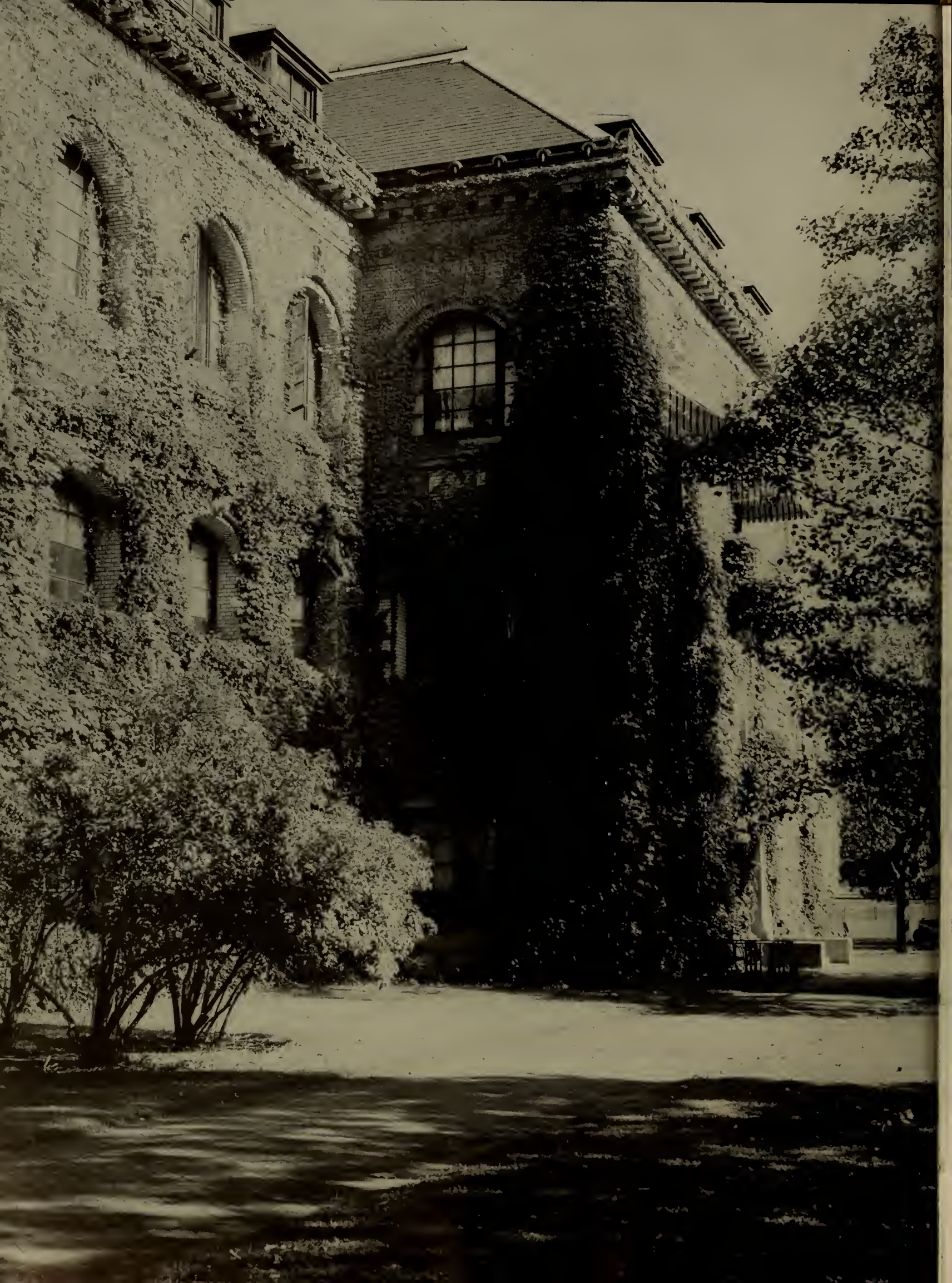


CAPT. G. L. MENOCAL
Head of Department

Choosing the language we would most like to study in the Dago Department gave us our greatest chance for initiative Plebe Year . . . while the buckets labored on sentence structure, the savoirs read the plays, jokes and stories of foreign lands . . . marching commands in Russian . . . introductions in Portuguese . . . asking permission to come aboard in any language . . . acting as the skipper's interpreter . . . all were reduced to routine by the beginning of First Class Summer and the end of Dago.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* A. R. Hefler, A. Cabrillo-Vazquez, H. B. Winchell, Capt. G. L. Menocal, Capt. R. N. Norgaard, G. E. Starnes, W. H. Sewell, R. F. Muller. *Second row:* Comdr. J. C. Eliot, O. Fernandez, W. X. Walsh, C. R. Michaud, W. H. Berry, I. Spiegel, H. A. VanScoy, Comdr. H. A. Lamar, Comdr. F. W. Silk. *Third row:* Comdr. W. J. Giles, Jr., Lt. Comdr. J. E. Griffiths, Lt. Comdr. H. B. Seim, W. J. Bruner, J. H. Elsdon, E. H. Taliaferro, P. M. Beadle, Lt. (jg) L. E. McCune, Lieut. G. J. Riccio, J. D. Yarbrow. *Fourth row:* W. H. Buffum, C. P. Lemieux, K. P. Roderbourg, H. R. Keller, Jr., K. E. Lappin, C. A. Pritchard, E. T. Heise, H. W. Drexel, W. W. Sewell.





Maury Hall

"I used to draw problems in spherical trigonometry with chalk on the spot, and put them in the racks where I could see them as I walked on deck."

—Matthew Fontaine Maury,
Lieutenant, U.S.N.

M A T H E M A T I C S



CAPT. R. M. ZIMMERLI
Head of Department

Most of us rather anticipated a stiff course in mathematics at the Naval Academy, and we weren't disappointed . . . the swish of the slipstick . . . the clatter of chalk . . . the sight of the instructor with hand on shade, eye on clock . . . introduction to navigation via spherical trigonometry . . . the integral calculus in one hundred easy lessons . . . mechanics and $F=MA$. . . and each subject helped to lay a foundation of theory and accuracy for the detailed professional subjects soon to come.

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* G. A. Lyle, W. F. Kern, W. A. Conrad, J. B. Scarborough, J. Tyler, J. N. Galloway, Capt. L. G. May, Capt. R. M. Zimmerli, L. T. Wilson, J. B. Eppes, G. R. Clements, R. C. Lamb, E. S. Mayer, L. M. Kells. *Second row:* T. W. Moore, E. C. Watters, Jr., Lt. Comdr. W. F. Eckley, Lt. Comdr. E. M. Compton, Lt. Comdr. I. D. Dewey, Lt. Comdr. B. J. Germershausen, Lt. Comdr. C. K. Miller, Comdr. C. S. Hutchings, Comdr. R. P. Fiala, Major P. J. Kiernan, Comdr. F. G. Dierman, Lt. Comdr. H. C. Ayres, Lt. Comdr. J. B. Sweeney, Jr., Lieut. S. S. Morris, Comdr. S. M. Zimny, N. H. Ball, R. C. Rand. *Third row:* L. H. Chambers, M. V. Gibbons, J. R. Bland, E. G. Swafford, C. P. Brady, W. H. Sears, Jr., T. J. Benac, J. M. Holme, T. L. Downs, Jr., J. Milkman, K. F. McLaughlin, J. A. Tierney, J. H. White, J. F. Paydon, E. E. Betz, E. C. Gras, J. C. Abbott, E. Hawkins. *Fourth row:* K. A. Palmquist, R. W. Rector, R. C. Morrow, O. M. Thomas, H. K. Sohl, J. R. Hammond, J. F. Milos, S. S. Saslaw, R. P. Bailey, A. E. Currier, J. P. Hoyt, J. W. Popow, H. C. Stotz, H. T. Muhly, A. R. Craw, G. J. Mann, W. J. Strange, C. W. Seekins.







A V I A T I O N

"The importance of Naval aviation has been impressed upon all during the current battles of the present war."

—J. S. McCain,
Rear Admiral, U.S.N.



CAPT. R. B. PIRIE
Head of Department

In keeping with the importance of Naval aviation, the Naval Academy has given a summer of flight training to the last several classes. Not until 1946, however, has aviation reached the status of an Academic Department. Recognition drills . . . link training . . . coefficient of lift . . . morning lectures across the Severn . . . dissection of a model PBJ . . . our first flight in a *Kingfisher* . . . after six such weeks we were completely air-minded, ready to try for our Navy wings at the first opportunity.

AVIATION DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* Lt. Comdr. R. R. Stuart, Jr., Comdr. V. F. McCormack, Comdr. J. B. Brennan, Comdr. C. H. Hutchings, Capt. R. B. Pirie, Capt. C. L. Westhofen, Comdr. R. A. Mapherson, Comdr. J. J. Southerland, Comdr. H. P. Lanham, Lt. Comdr. A. B. Ostroski. *Second row:* Lt. Comdr. R. N. Miller, Lt. Comdr. E. F. Hayes, Lt. Comdr. M. A. Berns, Jr., Lt. Comdr. R. F. Stultz, Lt. Comdr. G. D. Ghesquire, Lt. Comdr. W. H. House, Lt. Comdr. T. R. Perry, Lt. Comdr. J. C. Lawrence, Lt. Comdr. Q. C. Crommelin, Lt. Comdr. F. M. Hertel, Lt. Comdr. H. C. White.





JAHLOREN HALL

"The best protection against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns."

—David Glasgow Farragut,
Admiral, U.S.N.

O R D N A N C E
A N D
G U N N E R Y



CAPT. RALPH EARLE, JR.
Head of Department

Many indeed were the Ordnance Department's inputs to the Mark 48 Mod A midshipman . . . gunnery movies and lectures . . . loading drills . . . gun construction . . . ballistics and corrections . . . the seawall mounts on a rainy afternoon . . . "The next run will be slow salvo fire" . . . torpedo control with a director, a prayer, and "seaman's eye" . . . and the inter-company competition that finished First Class Year and our comprehensive taste of the many phases and problems of naval gunnery.

ORDNANCE AND GUNNERY DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* Comdr. R. S. Mandelkorn, Comdr. H. J. Gallagher, Comdr. J. N. Johnson, Comdr. F. J. Foley, Capt. R. A. Newton, Capt. R. Earle, Jr., Comdr. E. W. Longton, Comdr. R. B. Kail, Comdr. S. Nixdorff, Comdr. F. M. Stiesberg, Comdr. P. F. Hauck. *Second row:* Comdr. H. P. Lanham, Lt. Comdr. W. R. Barnett, Lieut. W. J. Leonard, Lt. Comdr. G. C. Simmons, Jr., Lt. Col. M. Adelman, U.S.M.C., Lt. Col. H. R. Warner, U.S.M.C., Comdr. W. L. Small, Jr., Lt. Comdr. T. R. Perry, Jr., Comdr. J. G. Ross, Comdr. J. H. Wesson. *Third row:* Comdr. J. A. Heath, Lt. (jg) J. E. Chisholm, Lt. Comdr. Q. C. Crommelin, Comdr. R. R. Pratt, Lieut. S. R. Rackoff, Chief Gunner, C. M. Bowman, Lieut. C. V. Gardiner, E. K. Barber, Lieut. L. R. Wright, Comdr. E. G. Sanderson.





NA
II

NA
9

NA
10

Dewey Basin

"The wind and waves are
always on the side of the
best navigator."

—Gilbon

SEAMANSHIP AND NAVIGATION



CAPT. H. E. PARKER
Head of Department

Seamo and Nav first introduced us to the rigors of a seafaring existence . . . cutters, knockabouts and YP's . . . blinker in Room N . . . semaphore . . . motor launch maneuvers . . . battleship cruise in the Atlantic . . . the value of constant vigilance . . . First Class Year brought tactics, communications, weather, naval law and rules of the road . . . plus a 24-karat course in navigation, complete with a full set of Saturday P-works . . . and the gift of enough professional confidence to face a new life in the Fleet.

SEAMANSHIP AND NAVIGATION DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* Comdr. R. C. Latham, Comdr. S. S. Purves, Comdr. J. A. Lee, Comdr. D. L. Roscoe, Jr., Capt. B. N. Rittenhouse, Jr., Capt. H. E. Parker, Comdr. B. P. Field, Jr., Comdr. T. M. Fleck, Comdr. J. L. Hill, Comdr. C. M. Henderson, Comdr. R. E. Freeman. *Second row:* Comdr. J. B. Rutter, Jr., Comdr. J. B. Denton, Comdr. P. H. Bjarnason, Comdr. R. Q. Rankin, Comdr. C. S. Walsh, Comdr. E. A. Beito, Comdr. D. Nash, Comdr. G. L. Conkey, Comdr. N. G. Doukas, Comdr. F. D. Michael, Comdr. D. L. Johnson, Comdr. T. D. Cunningham. *Third row:* Lt. Comdr. A. B. Ostroski, Comdr. K. I. C. Keepers, Lt. Comdr. R. F. Stultz, Comdr. A. B. Harmon, Lt. Comdr. G. D. Ghesquiere, Comdr. E. W. Hessel, Comdr. W. T. Ingram, Lt. Comdr. H. C. White, Jr., Comdr. F. W. Ingling. *Fourth row:* Lt. (jg) E. P. Stilwell, Lt. Comdr. G. L. G. Kemp, Lt. Comdr. G. A. Sullivan, Lt. Comdr. F. L. Englander, Lt. Comdr. M. A. Berns, Jr., Lt. Comdr. R. Hartford, Lt. Comdr. J. J. A. Michel, Lt. Comdr. L. E. Burke, Jr., Lt. Comdr. J. F. Lawson, Lt. Comdr. J. F. Trawick, Lt. Comdr. R. C. Porter, Jr., Chief Bos'n. J. T. Miller.





Macdonough Hall

"... healthy minds in healthy bodies are necessities for the fulfillment of the individual missions of the graduates. . . ."

—The Mission of the Naval Academy



CAPT. E. B. TAYLOR
Head of Department

From the first Plebe Summer P.T. drill in Macdonough Hall to our last swimming test First Class Year, the Physical Training Department guaranteed us a wealth of exercise . . . two-hour drills . . . calisthenics . . . the obstacle course . . . strength tests . . . Misery Hall and "Doc" Snyder . . . soccer . . . boxing . . . fieldball . . . each season's sports brought a new dose of physical strain and mental relaxation . . . and helped us to develop the competitive spirit so much a part of life at the Naval Academy.

PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* H. M. Webb, J. N. Wilson, E. E. Miller, Comdr. L. A. Bryan, Comdr. W. R. Kane, Capt. E. B. Taylor, Capt. T. J. Hamilton, Comdr. M. H. Tuttle, F. J. Sazama, H. Orland, Jr., T. G. Taylor. *Second row:* Comdr. R. R. Pratt, C. W. Phillips, J. R. Williams, R. C. McNeish, B. L. Carnevale, E. J. Thomson, A. H. Hendrix, E. J. Erdelatz, W. Aamold, R. E. Gadsby, Lt. Comdr. R. Penington, Jr. *Third row:* W. P. Bilderback, A. K. Synder, H. A. Muller, Jr., K. A. Kitt, J. Fiems, Lieut. W. S. Busik, Major F. A. Kemp, Ensign D. A. Barksdale, J. N. Ram-macher, F. H. Warner, C. Deladrier, F. L. Foster, G. Rasmussen.





Naval Hospital

"To keep as many men at as many guns as many days as possible."

—Mission of the U.S. Navy Medical Department

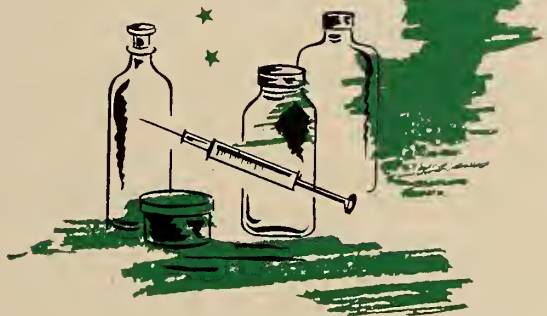


CAPT. F. CERES (MC)
Senior Medical Officer



CAPT. S. O. CLAYTOR (DC)
Senior Dental Officer

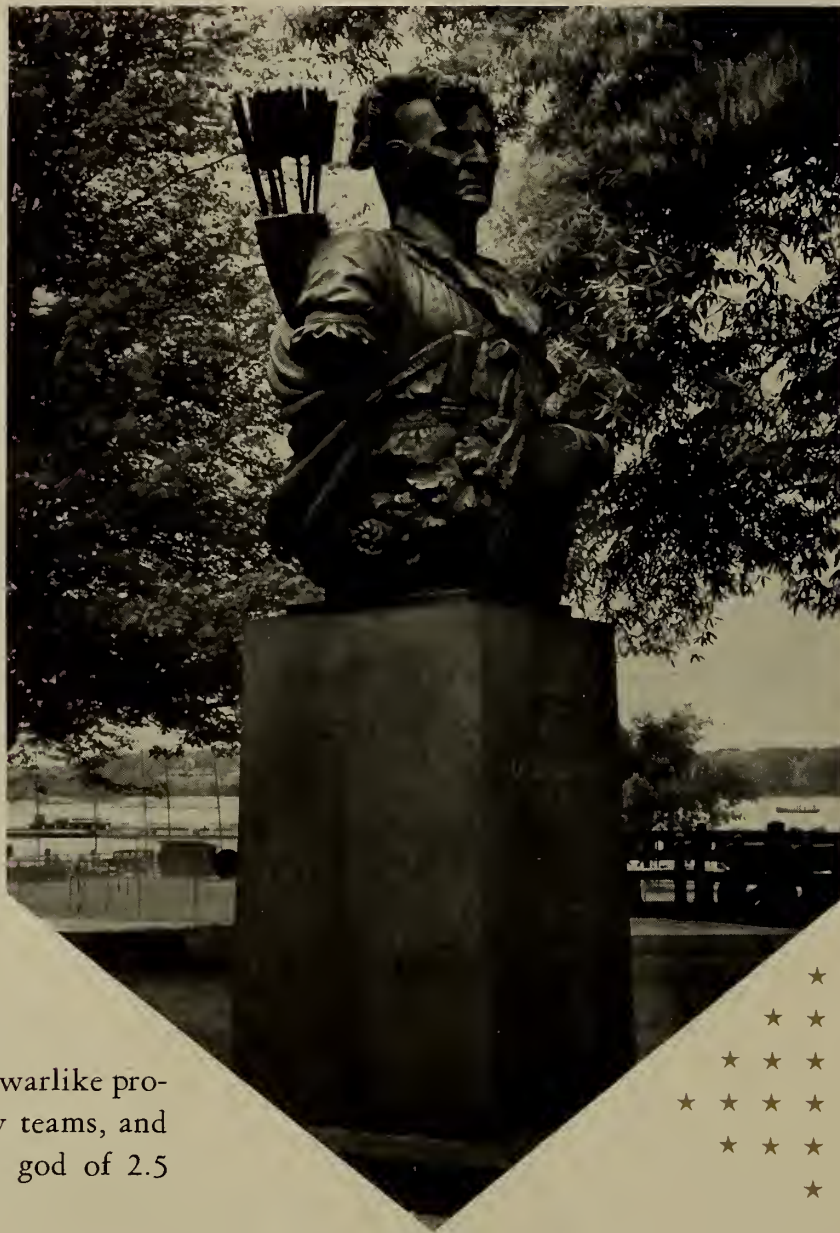
H Y G I E N E



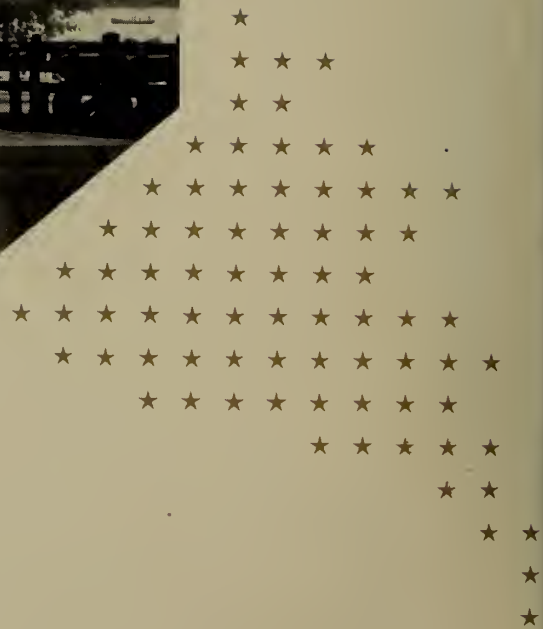
Although we tried to keep our visits to Sick Bay to a minimum, nostalgic memories of the whirling drills, the long needles and the annual physicals live with us yet . . . morning sick call—price of admission, one degree above normal . . . "I don't think I can make it to class, sir" . . . dental appointments . . . the health course of Second Class Year . . . the relaxation of a week or two at the hospital . . . hats off to the Hygiene Department that kept us hale and hearty during our years by the Severn.

MEDICAL AND DENTAL DEPARTMENTS. *Front row:* Comdr. L. H. Daniel (DC), Capt. S. O. Claytor (DC), Capt. F. Ceres (MC), Capt. C. L. Blew (MC), Lt. Comdr. J. E. Emmett (MC). *Second row:* Lt. (jg) R. G. Martin (DC), Lt. Comdr. V. S. Leocha (DC), Lt. Comdr. F. Kanter (DC), Comdr. R. H. Loving (DC), Comdr. D. R. Kervin (DC), Comdr. F. J. Kalas (DC), Lt. (jg) T. B. McNamara (MC). *Third row:* Lieut. R. C. Brown (MC), Lt. (jg) D. E. Yoho (MC), Lieut. G. R. Rodelander (DC), Lt. (jg) G. M. Brown (MC), Lt. (jg) J. H. Kurre (MC), Lieut. M. H. Hollander (DC). *Fourth row:* Lt. (jg) A. V. N. Mortensen (MC), Comdr. F. W. Buechner (DC), Lt. Comdr. W. A. Aldridge (DC), Lieut. D. P. Eubank (DC). *Fifth row:* War. Off. C. W. Olson (HC), Lieut. H. F. Birk (DC), Lt. Comdr. J. W. Pepper (DC), Lieut. J. M. Riley (DC), Lieut. J. F. Flanders (MC).





Tecumseh . . . warlike protector of Academy teams, and the midshipman's god of 2.5



CREW



U

p the Academy gangway we came, from every state in the Union, from Alaska, Hawaii and South America, to begin our cruise by the Severn . . . and for the next three years the Academy was our home, the system our guide and teacher . . . now, at our final port of call, we go ashore together for the last time, salty and seamanlike sailors . . . looking back, we are quick to realize our enjoyment of those years together . . . and we know that though the years still ahead bring new seas and new friends, we shall not forget our shipmates of the days and miles just finished . . . the men of 1948-A.







1ST SET

BRIGADE STAFF

Midshipman Captain J. D. Langston

Second row: Mid'n. Comdr. P. J. Early, Mid'n. Lt. Comdr. J. E. Rasmussen, Mid'n. Lieut. R. K. Bramwell. *Third row:* Mid'n. Lieut. R. H. P. Dunn, Mid'n. C.P.O. S. H. Kessler, Jr., Mid'n. C.P.O. W. Grechanik, Mid'n. Lieut. G. M. Hogg, Jr.

FIRST REGIMENT STAFF

Midshipman Commander W. H. Jagoe

Second row: R. G. Herron, W. E. Monaghan. *Third row:* J. C. LeDoux, T. F. Murphy, Jr., E. F. Kelly, H. B. Latimer.

SECOND REGIMENT STAFF

Midshipman Commander P. W. Nelson

Second row: W. K. Yates, R. Carlquist. *Third row:* B. B. Garlinghouse, W. F. Reed, R. P. Pritchard, Jr., W. L. Carpenter.





**FIRST
BATTALION**

Left to right: 1st Co., R. B. Harris; 2nd Co., Z. D. Alford; Comdr., F. W. Bacon, Jr.; 3rd Co., R. W. Dickieson; Sub-Comdr., J. H. Clasgens II; 4th Co., J. R. Bjorge.



**SECOND
BATTALION**

Left to right: 8th Co., W. S. McCord; Sub-Comdr., R. L. Van Horn; 7th Co., C. A. K. McDonald; Comdr., C. F. Rauch, Jr.; 6th Co., J. B. Ferris, Jr.; 5th Co., C. H. Ogilvie.



**THIRD
BATTALION**

Left to right: 9th Co., H. A. Hoffman; 10th Co., G. H. Weyrauch; Comdr., J. W. Porter; 11th Co., R. K. Schenkel; Sub-Comdr., G. A. Bacas; 12th Co., C. F. Gorder.

**FOURTH
BATTALION**

Left to right: 16th Co., F. F. Young; Sub-Comdr., K. C. McCormick; 15th Co., W. H. Brooks, Jr.; Comdr., J. E. Weatherly Jr.; 14th Co., S. T. Smith, Jr.; 13th Co., W. D. Crawford.



**FIFTH
BATTALION**

Left to right: 17th Co., E. L. Truax, Jr.; 18th Co., W. J. Shoemaker; Comdr., R. W. Bass, Jr.; 19th Co., T. J. O'Connor; Sub-Comdr., W. F. Wagner; 20th Co., D. N. Shockey.

**SIXTH
BATTALION**

Left to right: 24th Co., T. R. Tenczar; Sub-Comdr., H. F. Skelly; 23rd Co., W. E. Nysten; Comdr., J. W. Hawthorne; 22nd Co., R. M. Lucy; 21st Co., N. A. DaRodda.





2ND SET

BRIGADE STAFF

Midshipman Captain D. H. Swenson, Jr.

Second row: Mid'n. Comdr. R. H. Flood, Mid'n. Lt.

Comdr. F. L. Crump, Jr., Mid'n. Lieut. G. R. Lemmon.

Third row: Mid'n. Lieut. P. D. Shutler, Mid'n. C.P.O.

E. W. Jaworski, Mid'n. C.P.O. A. E. Strauss, Mid'n.

Lieut. R. Ferguson.

FIRST REGIMENT STAFF

Midshipman Commander J. W. Rabinowitz

Second row: E. M. Cummings, Jr., R. O. Bonnell, Jr. *Third*

row: H. H. Wilson, J. Gewin, G. W. Phelps, Jr., W. H.

Walker III.

SECOND REGIMENT STAFF

Midshipman Commander L. C. Bramlett, Jr.

Second row: E. A. Hollister, R. M. Netherland. *Third row:*

J. S. Bartos, Jr., C. P. Ekas, W. L. Rigot, E. G. Buck.





**FIRST
BATTALION**

Front row: Sub-Comdr., J. F. Ayers; Comdr., C. D. Summitt. *Second row:* 4th Co., J. B. Jochum; 3rd Co., P. H. Freeman; 2nd Co., T. E. Stone; 1st Co., J. C. Hufft.



**SECOND
BATTALION**

Front row: Comdr., D. J. Rose; Sub-Comdr., W. J. McCabe. *Second row:* 5th Co., D. P. Harvey; 6th Co., J. R. Duquette; 7th Co., W. J. McClain; 8th Co., R. M. Gregory, Jr.

**THIRD
BATTALION**

Front row: Sub-Comdr., J. J. Vermilya; Comdr., R. D. Waugh. *Second row:* 12th Co., W. L. Jesse; 11th Co., R. L. Miller; 10th Co., J. R. Warren; 9th Co., F. H. Baughman.



**FOURTH
BATTALION**

Front row: Comdr., R. F. Hale; Sub-Comdr., P. A. Riley. *Second row:* 13th Co., P. C. Keenan, Jr.; 14th Co., A. G. Wellons, Jr.; 15th Co., J. A. Sisson; 16th Co., J. B. Sangster, Jr.

**FIFTH
BATTALION**

Front row: Sub-Comdr., W. D. Robertson, Jr.; Comdr., J. R. Pickens. *Second row:* 20th Co., R. G. Roth; 19th Co., W. H. Flynn, Jr.; 18th Co., J. T. Baker; 17th Co., J. H. Johnson.

**SIXTH
BATTALION**

Front row: Comdr., W. D. Ennis; Sub-Comdr., R. H. Miller. *Second row:* 21st Co., T. B. Hayward; 22nd Co., G. R. Parish, Jr.; 23rd Co., T. J. Allshouse; 24th Co., J. Bunganich, Jr.



1 S T B A T T



A L I O N



1 S T B A T T



A L I O N





First Company



Second Company

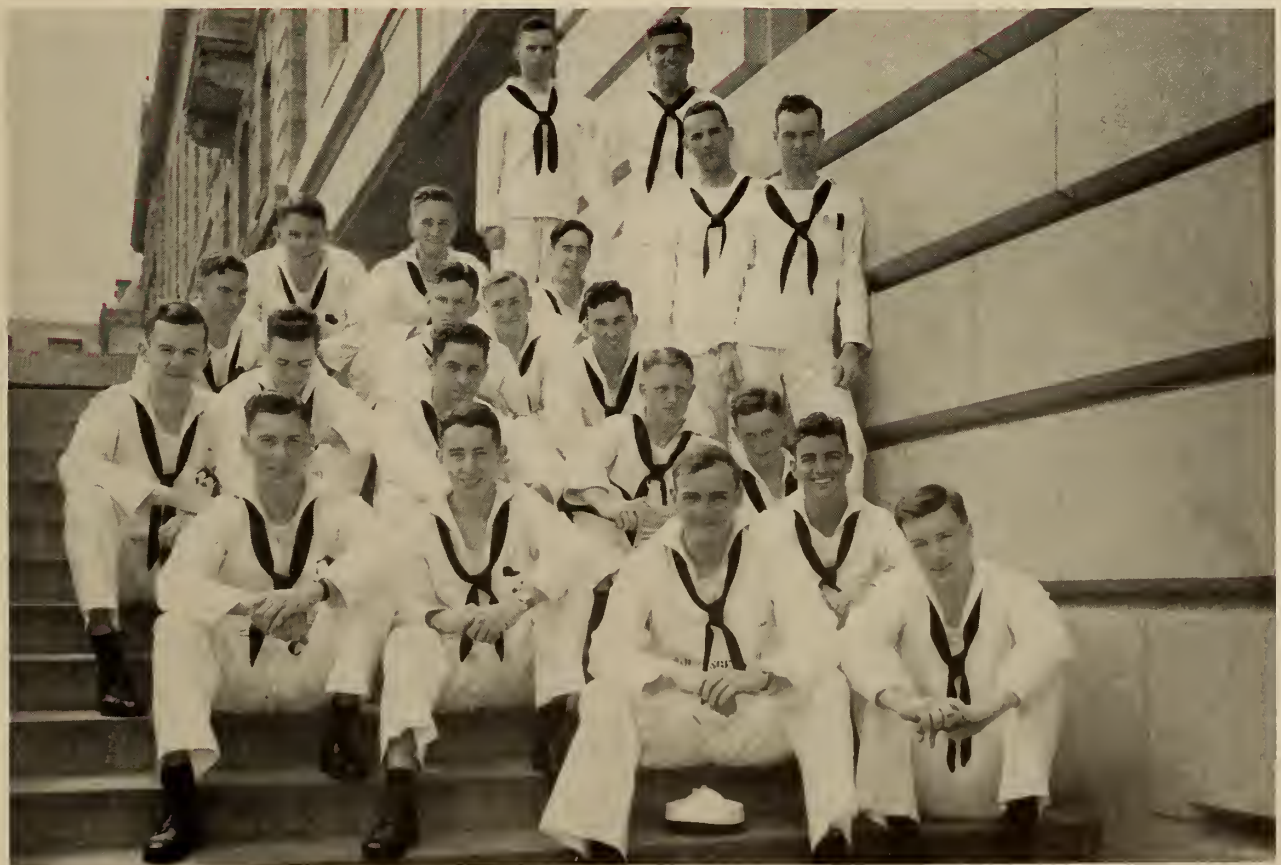




Third Company



Fourth Company



Jack Floyd Ayers

YOAKUM, TEXAS

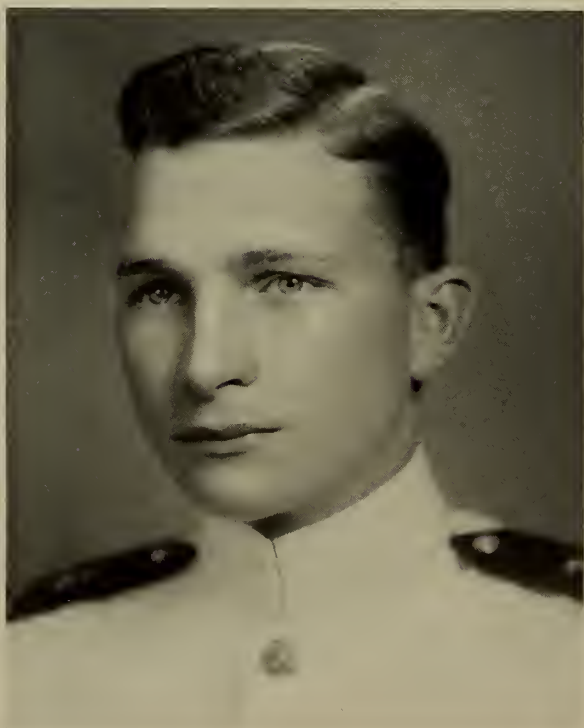
Pedro hails from deep in the heart of Texas—namely, Yoakum. We've often wondered how they got the word on the Naval Academy down thar, but nevertheless he joined the ranks of the Navy Blue, and none of us who have known him will soon forget him. "Pedro boy, what's the Juice dope?" was always met with a favorable reply, but that was one of his lesser attainments. He could always keep the breeze blowing with such tales as "Peter Rabbit," and he could likewise take with a laugh, or give a sharp return to such remarks as, "Hey, Jack, has Texas declared war on the Axis yet?" You are a good boy, Pedro.



Francis William Bacon, Jr.

MARION, OHIO

Bill—"because he came on the first of the month"—hails from the Hoosier state and Wabash College. Caught in the Army draft, he was lucky enough to be offered a chance in the Navy ranks at Bainbridge Naval Training School, Maryland. In appearance he is Van Johnson's stand-in. His three years here have found him taking academics in stride, with enough spare time to devote to gym, choir, and a letter a day to and from his O.A.O. In Annapolis memories, Bill will be remembered for his warm sincere nature and level head which will insure him of a successful career and happy life.



John Jay Arthur Berggren

McKEESPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

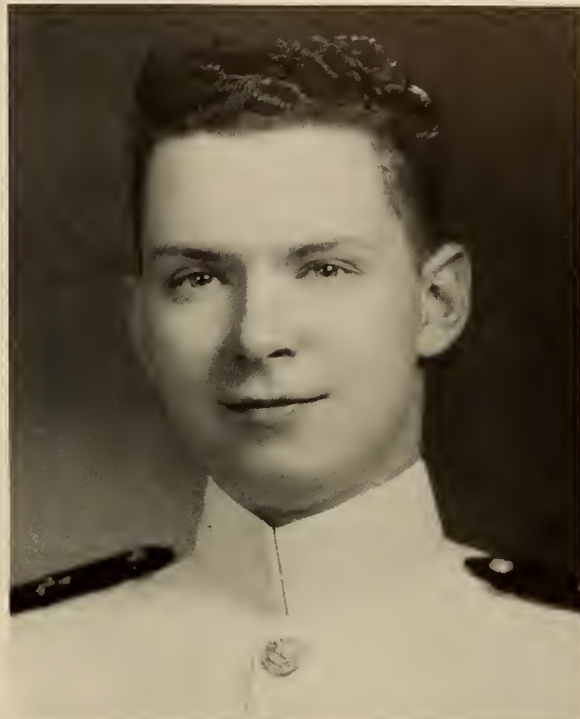
Jay can be recognized by the large smile that is always on his face, to say nothing of his contagious laughter. J. J. A. has found happiness and many friends at Navy. He has those admirable traits of playing the game for the fun of it and with a will to win. In the bull sessions, economics and women were his favorite subjects. Judging from the queens he dragged, Jay had a sharp eye. A sense of humor and duty make him stand out. He has the highest of ambitions, and his ability and determination will guarantee to him the success of every undertaking.



Ralph Glenn Blair

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma means more than a play on Broadway to Glenn. To him it is the place where he wants to have a farm or ranch to call his own someday. While he was at the Academy, which is a long way from Oklahoma, he devoted most of his time to studies. However, he always managed to find a few spare moments for his sack or writing a few letters which he had a habit of personalizing with rather neat sketches and cartoons. He was usually well rewarded for his efforts as it was seldom that a day passed without his receiving a letter. Glenn earned class numerals for his B-robe in several sports. Even after graduation, he will continue to be first-class to all who know him.



William Douglas Harkins

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Endowed with the spirit of the "City of Brotherly Love," Bill came to us fully prepared to meet Navy's challenge. Possessing a natural ability for professional subjects, he lost no time in showing what he could do. But Bill wasn't all hard work by any means. His address book contained an array of names from every satellite of Annapolis, not to mention all the Crabs. Not a few times would he be caught between the crossfire from the former and late O.A.O. Bill also found time to play a nice trumpet in the musical clubs and write a bit now and then for the *Trident*. His sense of duty and good humor make him an asset to any organization.



Richard Borden Harris

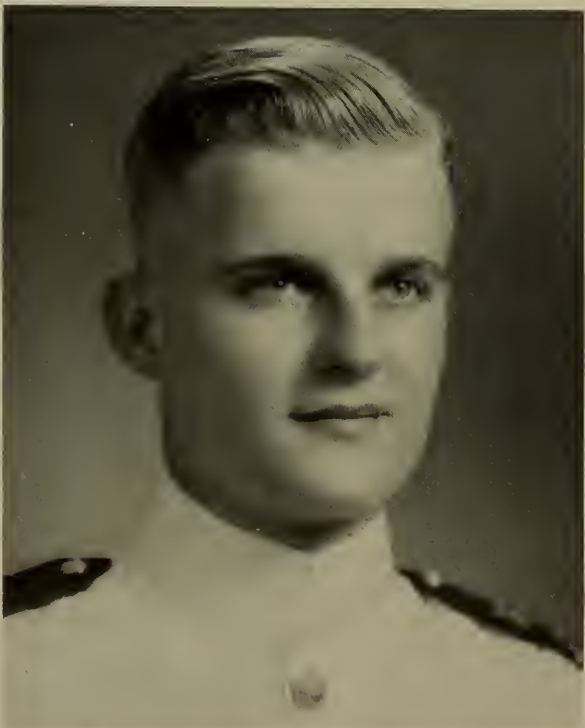
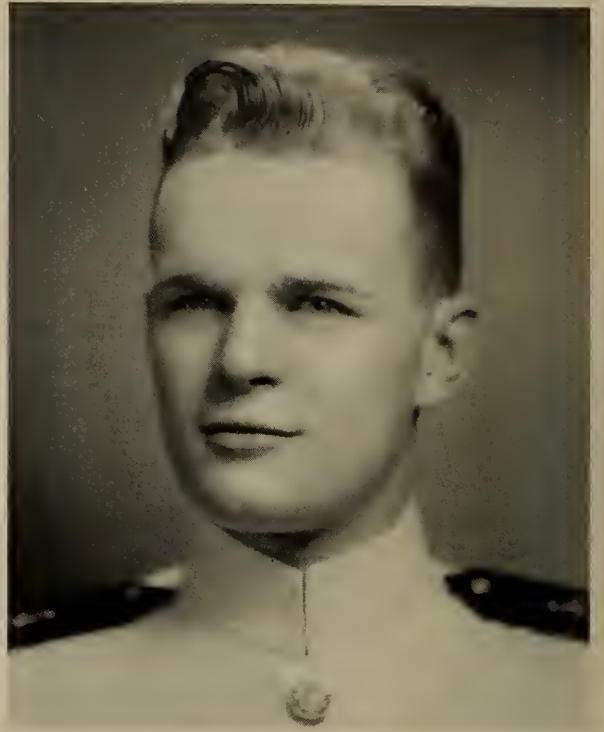
NORFOLK, CONNECTICUT

Sailing is this fair-haired boy's specialty. At the helm while shipping water over the lee rail in rough weather he yells, "Douse the jenny!" The benumbed crew squeals, "It can't be doused now." In the best "makers of naval tradition" fashion Dick replies, "It must be doused." The sail is doused. Dick is the kind of fellow who can get things done. When not sailing, he's either bidding six spades, imprisoning himself in a squash court, writing letters worth a 3.8 in Bull, or spending the minimum time on academics. To get such good results so effortlessly a gent must be savvy. He "gets this stuff" and everything else at which he tries his hand.

Arthur James Hodder, Jr.

SWISSVALE, PENNSYLVANIA

Jim came to the Naval Academy after attending Bullis Prep where, in addition to knowledge, he gained the nickname of Burlie. His friendly smile and manner enabled him to make many friends quickly. Burlie was always happy and carefree in any situation and could always be counted on for a laugh. With his never-ending witticisms and good sense of humor he was continually the cynosure of any gathering. Burlie had a very sure way with the fairer sex and few were the hops that he missed. His positive moral character and conscientiousness are certain to insure success in the future.



John Carlton Hufft

SARDIS, MISSISSIPPI

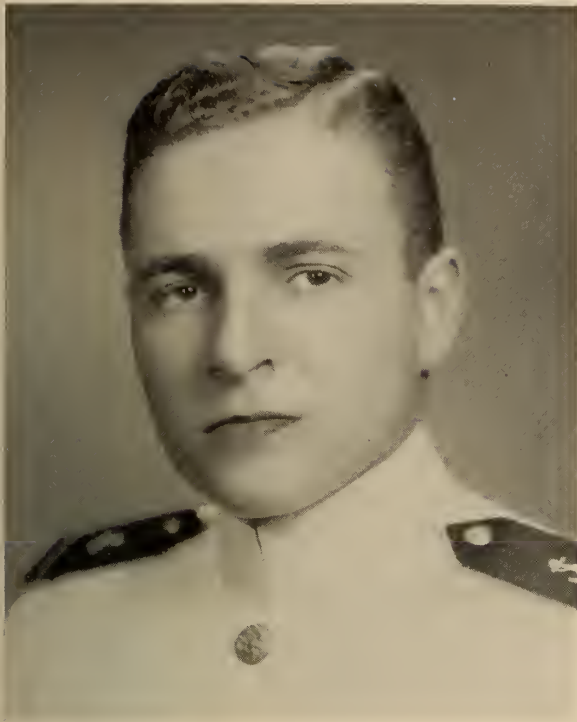
After an outstanding freshman year at Mississippi State, John decided to head northward and become one of us. He never ceased, however, to spread the fame of his beloved Mississippi. Interested and well versed in every field, John always managed to carry any discussion. Being a first-rate boxer and an excellent trackman were only a few of John's diversified athletic achievements. Nor did his fame end there; Johnny's interest in good music, world events, and good fun made his presence ever sought for. He starred with ease despite his frequent dragging of "our girls' friends." The Navy profits as we lose his much-admired talents and sincere, friendly ways.



Harold William Jesse

HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY

"Carry me back to Hackensack" were Hal's thoughts when he wasn't thinking of new ways to get comfortable on his well-worn sack. But don't get the idea that Stud wasn't energetic; he just liked the horizontal position best when he studied. When he wasn't slaving in this manner, he was exercising at football, swinging a lacrosse stick, or covering his 6' 2" frame with mud in a pushball game. He never became angry at anyone, although he was continually arguing about Jersey, a Math prob, or who was the bigger slash. Plebes will remember his big brother attitude, but his classmates will remember his good hospitality and pleasant manner.



Walter Louis Kraus

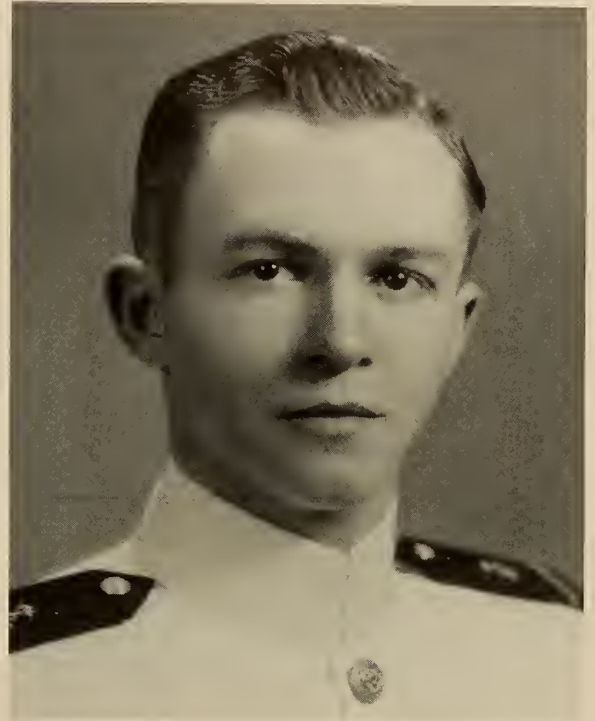
LAWRENCE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

"Where's Lou?" "Oh, he's out hunting gizmos." Whenever a new type of gizmo or any gear was needed, Lou was the man to see. He came to Navy from Long Island via Georgia Tech and the Army's O.C.S. Studious and determined, he emerged victorious from the "Battle of the Slipsticks." Lou loved the radiator, but was never an active member of the squad. If he wasn't being stomped under a pushball, he was driving for a cross-country victory. To brighten life in Bancroft, he would always have a joke on hand. The world will always be glad to make a place for men of Lou's caliber.

Humphrey Baylor Lansden

PONCHATOULA, LOUISIANA

From the swimming hole to shipyard to Crabtown mark the first steps towards the naval career of this Florida-born, Texas-influenced, and Louisiana-bred lad. During Bo's leisure moments, if he isn't listening to hillbilly music, or wrestling, he's defending Ponchatoula, La., the "Strawberry center of the world," against all comers. Never one to be shaken or worried, he has the enviable characteristics of tenacity and strong self-confidence. Although he seldom overworks, as one Skinny professor expressed it, "he is one who can be trusted to carry a task to the end and merit a 'Well done.'"



William Edward Monaghan

WILDWOOD, NEW JERSEY

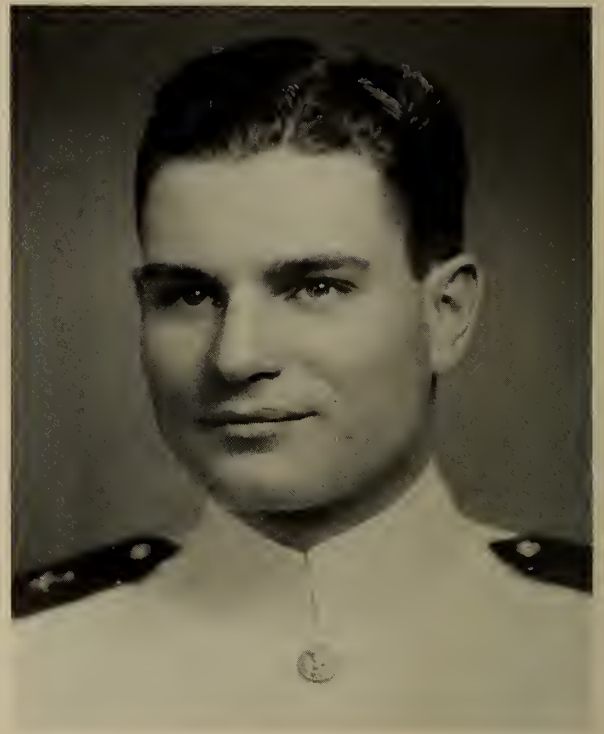
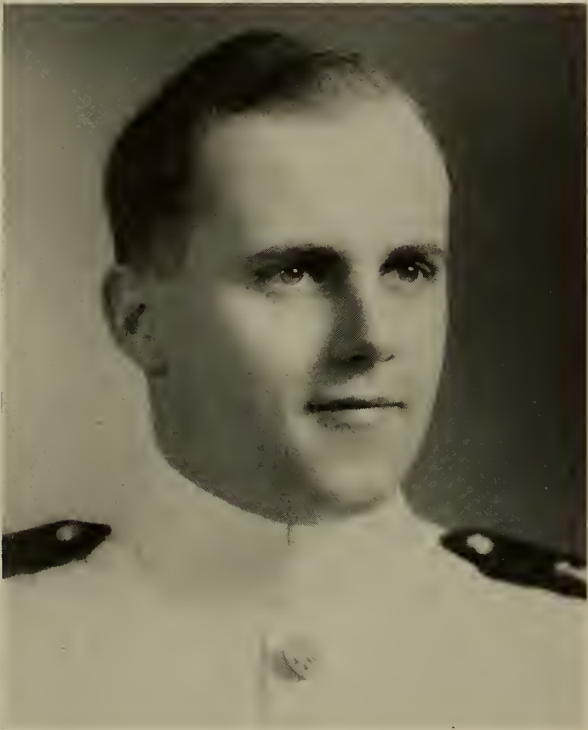
After leaving Wildwood, the finest little resort town on the East Coast, Handsome Bill came to Annapolis via prep school and carried away academic honors. His real love was not his books, however, for studying took a poor fourth after his O.A.O., basketball, and fishing. A dragging man only when Coryn could come down, Bill spent his spare time in the gym playing a swell game of basketball, or on the Severn rowing with the varsity crew and improving his already good physique. A natural leader, a sincere friend, and a swell fellow, Bill would be tops in any profession, and will certainly be tops in the Navy.



Eugene Worth Mulligan

KINGSTON, PENNSYLVANIA

"Gene, will you help me with this eighth prob?" A star man academically, Gene was always willing to render his classmates valuable assistance in clearing up the cloudier points in the books. He was also a gifted musician, putting his talents with the piano, organ, and bass to welcomed use by actively participating in nearly all of the musical organizations open to midshipmen. Systematic and thorough in his diagnosis and solution of any arising difficulty, Gene will be well able to keep pace with the problems confronting a naval officer. Research and experimentation in the postwar Navy interest Gene and his ability should insure his success in this field.



Albert George Opitz

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

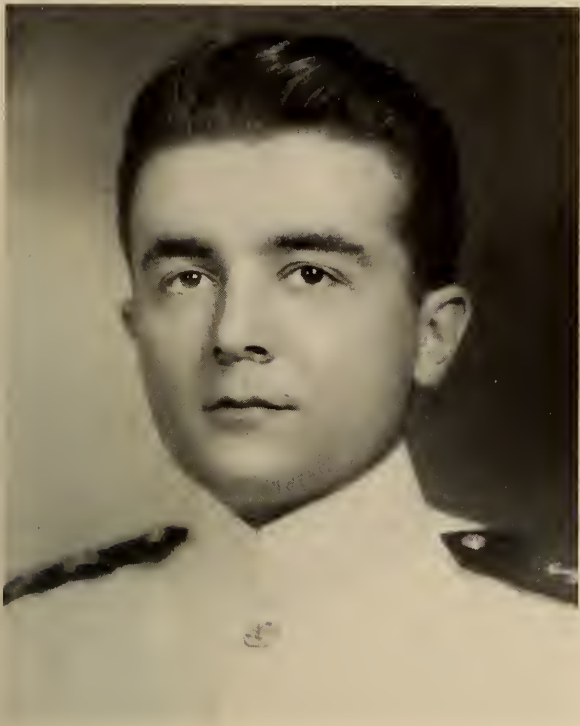
Al descended on the Naval Academy with a condenser in one hand and a radio tube in the other. His life was centered about the Radio Club with academics running a close second. He put both of them up in the solar system of the Severn trade school. If you want an everlasting friend, just call him "Sparks." Al should choose submarine duty as his first choice because of his invaluable experience on the sub squad. Nevertheless, radio still dominates and communications is his choice for a profession. Although he will say radio comes above all else, don't believe it. La femme will always come to the fore where Al is concerned—they call him Sparks.



Burton Jay Rab

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

When asked where he came from, Burt calmly said, "Brooklyn, Mac." But it wasn't long before the word "sir" became a part of his daily vocabulary as well as that of the rest of his classmates. Bert has mastered not only Steam and Skinny, but also English to a certain extent. His vocabulary is something even Webster would have trouble in deciphering. Nevertheless, his grades brought him to the upper half of his class. His reasons for everything are logical as well as characteristic of his individualistic nature. With never a complaint but always a smile, Bert will find friendships in any crew.



Robert Gerald Ricker

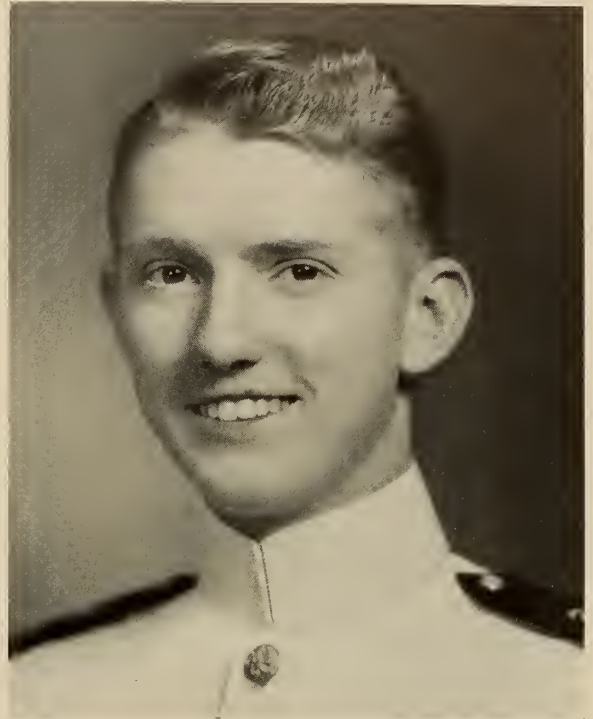
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

There always was someone in Rick's room to gaze longingly at the pictures on his locker door, swipe a "seedless" California orange, or listen to the arguments over what record was going on the victrola next. He wore out two dictionaries because of his poor spelling, but somehow his letters always brought results. "Plebe Haven," as his room was called, was always open to any poor plebe looking for a place to relax. Bob liked all sports, but his first love was soccer. The letters adorning the back of his B-robe are evidence of his skill at the game. All told, Bob can't help but be a success at anything he tries.

Baylor Gwathmey Riddell

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Hailing from the Mid-West, Baylor came here after a "rat" year at V.M.I. Any disparaging remark about the "West Point of the South" or his own Scotch ancestry is sure to start trouble. Favorite topics of conversation are the folks, brother Bob, basketball, current news, summer dances in high school, and solid swing bands. He especially dislikes social negats, bum chow, and a winter's morn reveille bell. During study hours he works hard, but afterwards his motto is "no rush, take life easy." Someday he will be wearing pilot's wings, for that is his ambition. Baylor's clever wit, keen mind, genuine personality will make him a success anywhere.



Seymour Nathan Ross

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

Coming by way of the blue waters surrounding the Bainbridge Naval Station, Rosey, the salt, arrived at the Academy, his eyes sparkling with tales of adventure at sea and his mind on the future. His ire not dampened in the slightest by the rigors of cruise on the Cincinnati, he has always kept graduation his real goal. Aside from his personal plans for the future, Rosey from the first has been one to enjoy himself comfortably and casually wherever he has gone. Perhaps his most notable aspect is that he is always willing to try something new. Whether in sports, extra-curriculars, or just living, Rosey is constantly searching for new ideas and usually with success.



James Burnet Sizer, III

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

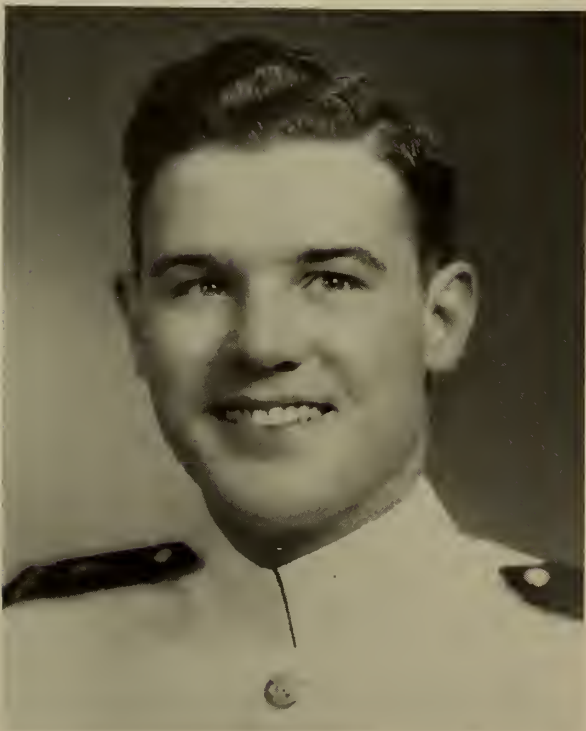
After three semesters of college work at that historic rebel stronghold, V.M.I., Jimmy entered the Academy to take his second rat year. With such a background, Jimmy might desire revenge on the plebes, but "easy Jim Sizer" virtually forgot there were plebes. Jimmy has been under a military system since the seventh grade, but it has failed to deprive him of many chuckles every day. Someone taught him to laugh, but no one has taught him to stop. His friendliness, kindness, good judgment, and spirit of fair play make him especially desirable to any organization of which he may be a part. Jimmy is a man's man and a perfect gentleman at all times.



Spiro Spirson

MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI

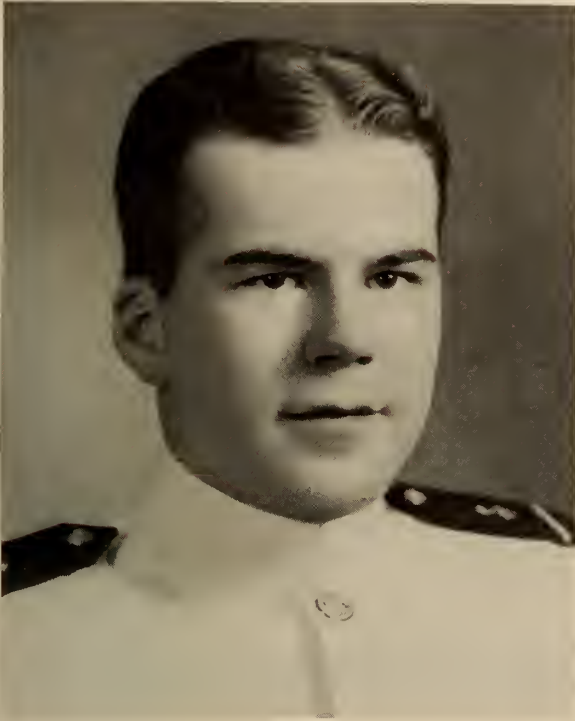
Receiving his first taste of military life at Marion Institute, Spiro fell into life here with no outward appearance of strain. He utilized superlative playing ability on the tenor saxophone and was soon contributing to everyone's enjoyment in playing with the N.A.-10. His solo work was always the bright spot of any 10 program. By flipping a mental switch, he was alternately either the life of any party or very mature and diligent in his classroom work. Having experienced a very definite plebe year, he and the target plebes received much enjoyment from his good-natured running. By finishing every job he will be remembered for his perseverance and good humor.



Frank Joseph Viehmann

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Always ready for a hearty laugh or a good argument, Joe could always be counted on to brighten up any place at any time. His magnificent tenor voice was an endless source of enjoyment for all who heard the "Bancroft Bobcats." Every day during the winter and spring, Joe could be seen making the long trek to the boathouse for his workout with the shells. When not out for crew, he would be putting into practice his motto, "When in doubt, sack out." One could always find in Joe's room good music, mail from home, and a locker that resembled a fruit stand, besides a plebe being run in a good-natured manner.



Robert Eugene Wilson

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Bob's loyalty to his home town was well shown by his daily renditions of the well-known song favorite praising the "gal in Kalamazoo." Many blurred ballads of his Scottish ancestors also belonged in his varied repertoire. Not one to be snared by the wiles of the opposite sex, this canny Scot was accustomed to invest his time in more constructive pursuits. He is very interested in mechanical gizmos and professional affairs, and one of his favorite occupations is perusing the latest issues of mechanical and naval journals. Bob's ambition is to enter the submarine service as soon as possible, where his mechanical and professional ability should take him far.



Zeb Dickey Alford

McCOMB, MISSISSIPPI

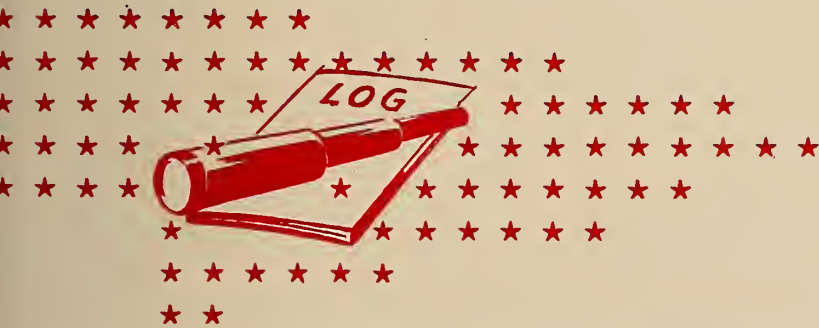
Sailing in from the greatest little city of the South by way of Tulane, Zeb never once let the Academy mar his happy approach to life. From arranging company dances to getting blind drags for the Red Mikes, his various promotions were legendary. The Academic Departments never gave him much concern and he spent many a study hour away from the books while working on the LUCKY BAG or another of his numerous activities. From the dinghy float to Quarterdeck Society meeting, Zeb's enthusiasm and interest in everyone have made him a friend of all. Little wonder, then, that Zeb will be welcome to any wardroom in the Fleet.



Charles Earl Arnold

EL PASO, TEXAS

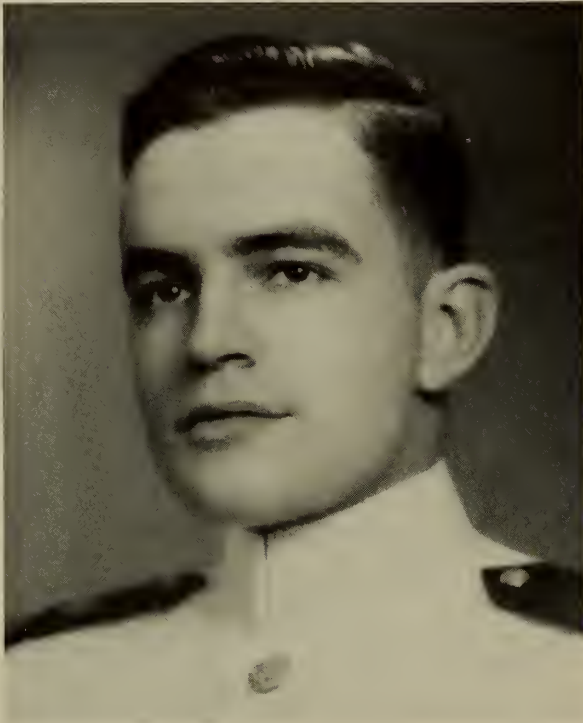
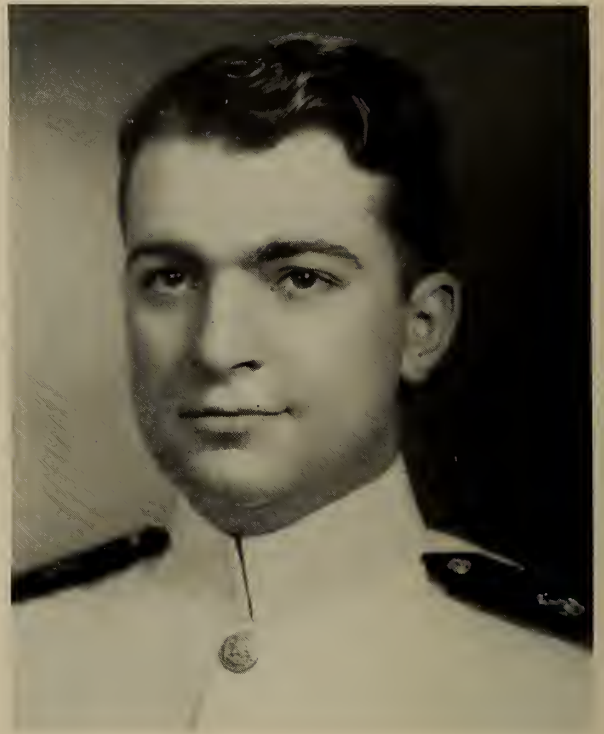
With an enthusiastic indifference toward that emotion called love, endless stories about a man named Bemis, and a healthy contempt for Maryland weather, Arnold came to Naval to tell the boys about a continent called Texas. An easy-going West Texan (he makes the distinction with pride), Chuck takes life as it comes, and has yet to be seen worrying about anything. Although his caricatures and wisecracks seldom fail to eliminate about 25 per cent of the study in a study hour, Chuck always gets a job done well and on time. His generous ration of horse sense and ability to put out when necessary will stand him in good stead in anyone's navy.



Lloyd Smoot Blomeyer

BLYTHEVILLE, ARKANSAS

Lloyd came to Naval (as he called it) cushioned against the academic system by tours at Cornell, Louisiana Tech, and Illinois. Contrary to the system, he always managed to run the upperclass. He brought with him an insatiable appetite for delectable foods, a condition which had to be altered. Able to be somewhat nonchalant with his academics he became a connoisseur of books and fine music. Lloyd knew where the gym was but devoted his spare time to helping out in extra-curricular activities. His contagious smile was always present at the rallies and shows. Easygoing, cheerful, sincere, Lloyd will remain esteemed in the memories of many.



Paul Hull Bowdre, Jr.

HERNANDO, MISSISSIPPI

Having often thought of becoming a lawyer and possessing a great flair for flowery speech and convincing argument, Paul is a man to be reckoned with in any tilt, verbal or literary. His refusal to concern himself with the "tyranny of trifles" is often amusing when he becomes baffled trying to remember what he has done with his cap. A lover of classical music, Paul derives much enjoyment from a stack of large size records. He is a firm believer in physical exercise and likes to get it when and where he chooses rather than in team sports. Paul's tolerance, ability, and determination should all help to insure his success in the future.



William Chester Brewer

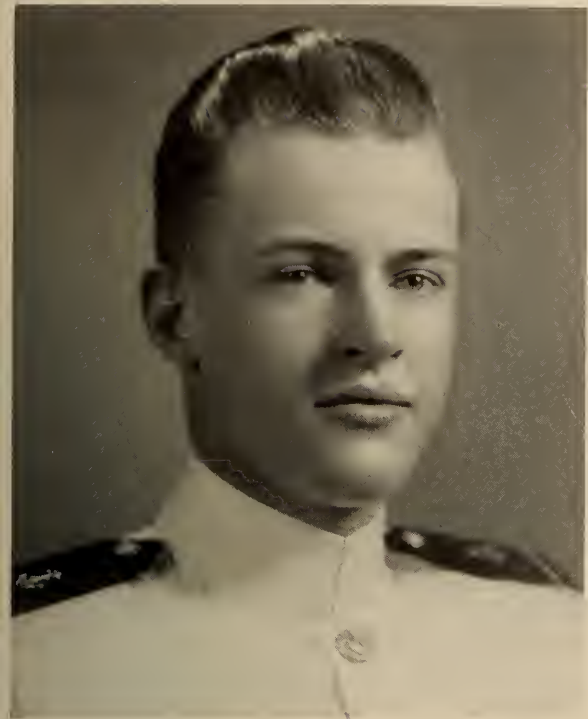
CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI

A smile as big as all outdoors, a heart of gold as big as his smile, a generous nature as big as his heart (and as easy to reach), a true gentleman, this once obstreperous lad sounded off as "Chet Brewer, Boy Plebe at Navy." Beady knew people from everywhere and people who knew other people from everywhere. The knowledge he garnered at the University of Virginia enabled him to furnish us with beautiful drags. His sports were soccer, gym, steeplechase, and pushball. Chet's get-things-done ability will open all doors to him and, combined with that Pepsodent smile, will get him anywhere, anytime.

Dale Edgar Carlson

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

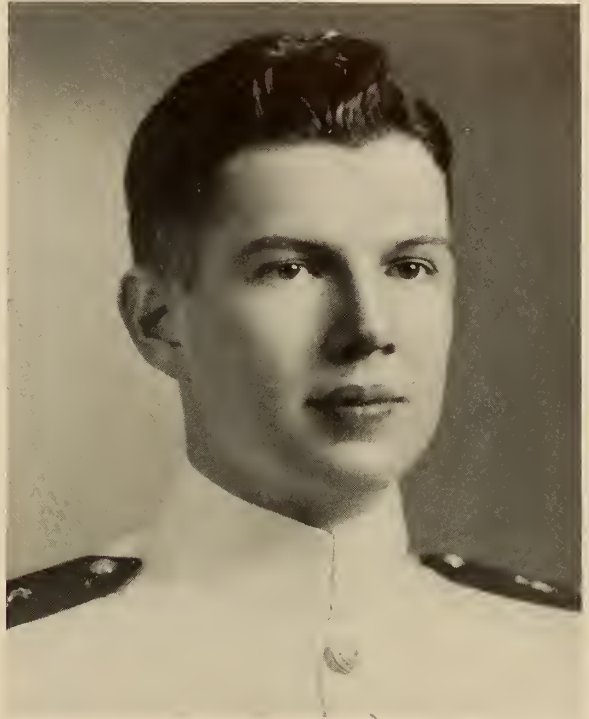
During almost any study hour Dale could be found studying with a pipe in his mouth. He never smoked the pipe, but it gave him needed inspiration. It did him well, as he had no trouble with academics and helped many over the rough spots. His spare time was devoted to the reception committee and his one vice, bridge. Many are those who will testify to his prowess in the latter. He claims his spot in the Navy is behind a big desk in the Supply Corps talking his favorite subject, Economics. His helpfulness and sincerity have won him many friends and he will be valuable wherever he goes.



Nevin William George

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

Nev gave up his Army Bombardier's Wings to unload himself in the middle of plebe summer. His pre-Navy travels enabled him to pick up the easy-going, friendly manner which carried him through plebe year with no undue strain. With little time needed on studies, he entered into golf, tennis, handball, and his favorite—sack drill. Along with these extra-curricular activities he could always find room for an exciting week end of dragging. A haven in the storm for any poor plebe, Nev always came through when help was most needed. Whatever comes next in his career, his friendly personality should prove a firm foundation for fine achievements.



David Henry Hunt

MANHASSET, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

From Manhasset and the Army Air Corps Navy received a quiet, placid fellow by the name of Hunt. Dave likes his athletics, particularly lacrosse. When you can't find him engaged in some sport, try looking behind the desk, where you will probably find him doing push-ups. His quiet manner and shyness have almost made him a confirmed Red Mike, but occasionally he will be on hand at the hops with some beautiful damsel. Although not inclined to strenuous studying, Dave always comes out on top of the Academic Department. Dave's dependable ways will make him a credit to the Navy's boys with the gold wings.



Marvin Stanley Hutchison

BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

"Nothing like California." That's the favorite remark of this representative of the Golden Gate State and it can be heard any time the weather is being discussed. Hutch, a rabid sports follower, air enthusiast, and savoir all rolled into one, is well on his way to obtaining the distinction of going through the Academy with the least effort put forth by any member of the class. Many times he's been seen craning his neck while in ranks in an effort to catch the sleek lines of a plane—or maybe those of one of the numerous drags watching the formation. Subtle humor, originality, and friendliness place Hutch at the top.



Melville Irwin Macquarrie

MELROSE, MASSACHUSETTS

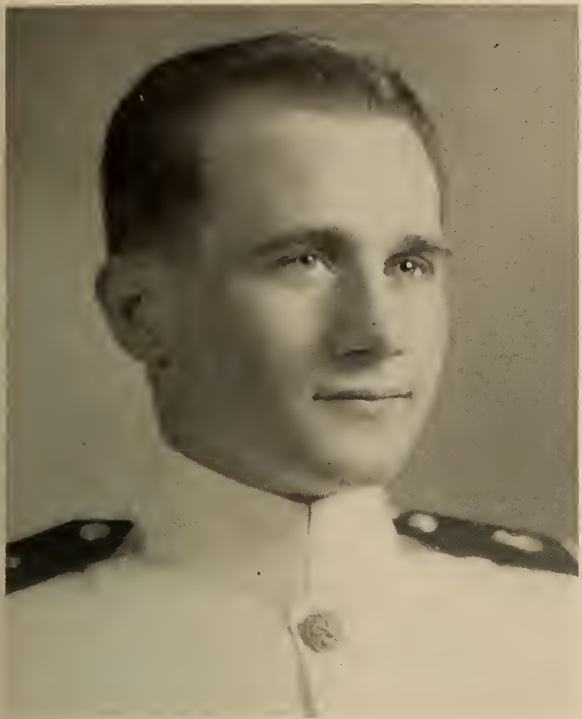
Just how he does "it" is puzzling even to Mel's closest friends. "It" refers to so many accomplishments with so little expenditure of energy. Mel would, from all outward appearances, run anyone a close race for being the laziest man in the history of the Academy, yet his class standing indicates that he has what it takes and utilizes it well. Not many people ever found out about Mel's Blue and Gold streak; he just didn't talk about such things. Mel will saunter along with his Bostonese accent apparently taking life as easily as possible, but don't be fooled by his outward appearance!



Roy Stewart Nunnally

AUSTIN, TEXAS

Roy was one of those fellows who gave up a commission as a pilot in the Army Air Corps in favor of being a midshipman. This was an exceptional case because he left not only a commission but the two prime interests in his life—Texas and his girl. Roy had been stationed at Randolph Field, right at home. Academics came easily to Roy; two years at the University of Texas and his service training served him well. His host of friends that constantly filled his room are testimony for his genial and likeable nature. This friendly nature will enable Roy to accomplish any task he undertakes in the future.



John Robert Pesavento

CLINTON, INDIANA

Johnny wants to reach the top by working down. That's right, he's headed for the subs. Pes served in the Fleet as a submariner prior to coming to the Academy, which accounts for his extraordinary interest in this branch of the service. Johnny has turned Bull-shooting into a true art. His fascinating way of converting an everyday occurrence into an exciting tale endears him to all who are fortunate enough to hear. Pes will make someone a swell shipmate—when it's time to work, you can count on him doing his share; and when it's time to play, just try to keep up with him!

William Arthur Reavis

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Coming, as he does, from the land where they have everything bigger and better, Wild Bill came East with that inferiority complex typical of a Californian. With a background of sailing at Balboa, he was a natural for the Academy yawls. His first loves, however, were writing and pipe-smoking. Whether he started to write to enjoy smoking better or started to smoke to enjoy writing better, we will probably never know: But the pipes are still with him, and a number of his stories found their way into the *Log*. His ability to bat the breeze and to see a joke in any situation will serve him well as an officer or, perhaps, a writer.



Charles Herbert Rockcastle

KENILWORTH, ILLINOIS

Barely escaping the clutches of V-12, Rocky, or Chuck, as he would rather be called, attained an aged ambition when he arrived at the Trade School on the Severn. He diligently took up the ways of midshipmen, proving himself to be both an able athlete and sparkling student. Slide rule and tennis racquet were handled with equal skill. The warm, rainy Maryland winters have been his chief disappointment, for Rocky's favorite sport is ice hockey. Though continually short of funds, he managed, nevertheless, to keep up his ardent membership on the Flying Squadron after every hop. With aviation his major interest, Chuck is aiming for Navy wings after graduation.



Philip Dickinson Shutler

NORTHFIELD, VERMONT

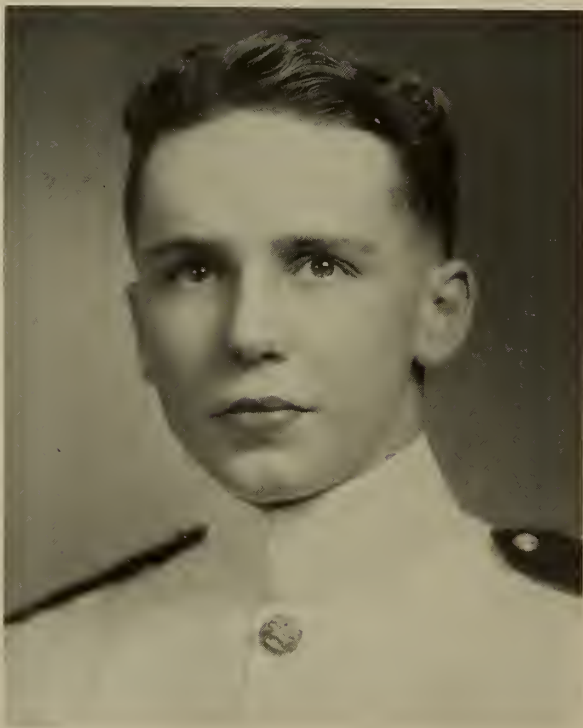
Vermont, Vimmen, Vittles and Varsity Sports would be a bold stab at describing Phil's diversified interests at the Academy. Born with a convenient flair for things scientific, he took academics in stride and found plenty of time to vent his passion for track, hops, lacrosse, a sailing trip here and there, and an occasional lazy afternoon in town. With a nose for chow, a passion for good music, a New Englander's love of the cold winter air, and a talent for collecting daily stacks of mail, Phil could not have failed to make himself at home on the banks of the Severn and in the corridors of Bancroft.



Harold Arthur Smith

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Smitty is one of the lucky (so he says) four that tumbled in from the atom bomb country out West, swapping two-year-old N.R.O.T.C. uniforms for Midshipmen's garb. Plebe year and its gripes were replaced by dragging and working on the Public Relations Detail. Except during tennis season when Hal energetically shone, he spent most of his hours sleeping under all the blankets he could muster, smoking an occasional pipeful, playing quick hands of bridge, or griping about Dago and the weather. His philosophy of doing his best and being happy no matter what job he is occupied with will carry Smitty a long way up the ladder of success.



Walter Spangenberg, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

From Chevy Chase, D.C., came Walt, Private Pilot's License in one hand and I.D.R. in the other. His deepest conviction is that politics are for the birds (vultures); his greatest ambition, to win a pair of Navy wings. While Walt considers himself rather immune to feminine charms, the quantity of mail he receives seems to indicate otherwise. Aside from academics, he fights many a saber battle over in the fencing loft. Walt will never be content to follow the crowd, since he has very definite ideas of his own on most subjects. His conscientiousness and desire to see any task well performed have earned him the respect of his fellow midshipmen.



Warren Lewis Spry

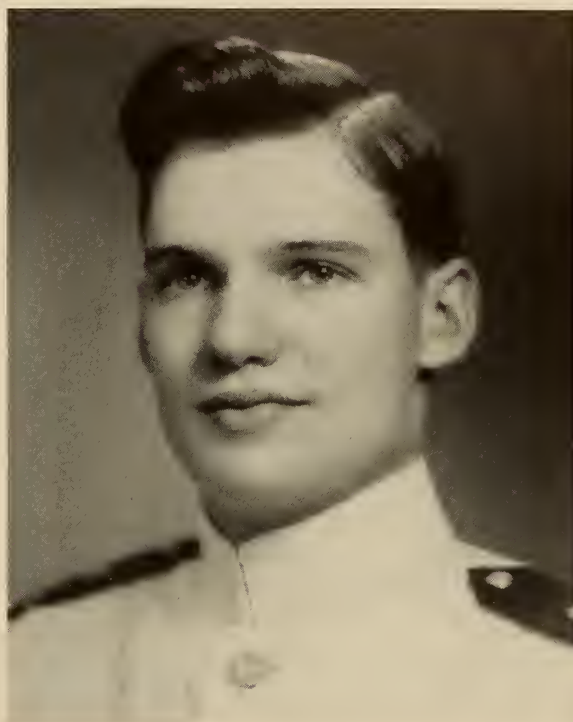
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

When not writing to the O.A.O. in the home town of Grand Rapids, Michigan, or reading letters from her, the Little Red Devil was usually occupied in thinking up pranks to pull on unsuspecting classmates. Possessed with an unfailing sense of humor and an easygoing manner, Red (he claims that his hair is not red) managed to see that life in Bancroft was never without its lighter moments. During the fall he always could be found in front of the brigade, leading it in cheers for Ol' Navy. Red's other love (besides the O.A.O.) is submarines and he plans to enter that service soon.

Troy Edward Stone

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Tes arrived at the Academy with two years of comparative bliss behind him in the N.R.O.T.C. His gripes during plebe year were mainly the weather, in which the Land of Enchantment was a ten-to-one favorite, and the shortage of girls, a circumstance quite alien to his coed days. Study hour usually found him writing letters, since academics were almost second nature. During upper class years, intramural sports and frequent dragging week ends furnished the necessary diversions from the system. Troy will combine his wonderful ability to argue with anyone on any subject—and win—with his fine personality, and go a long way on the road to success.



Jack Marshall Stufflebeam

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Coming to the Academy through the regular Navy, S/1c (QM) Stufflebeam fitted into the system perfectly. Despite the ups and downs of plebe summer, Stuffy survived to join all the extra-curricular activities he could handle. His profound interest and superior ability made him a standout in each. He became an officer in the Drama Group of the Masqueraders, the Chess Club, and the Mechanical Engineering Club, and was an active member of the Quarterdeck Society and the German Club. Stuffy demonstrated his athletic ability by taking a place on the varsity Fencing Team in Epée. The old adage doesn't hold in Stuffy's case—he's jack of all trades, but also master of them.



Milford Spalding Terrass

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Terry blew in to Annapolis straight from the Golden State—California. This true Westerner, lucky enough to live near the sea, sighted his goal at the age of sixteen. Not one addicted to dragging, Terry vented his energy on company sports, studies and traveling by A.T.C. The ease and thoroughness with which he conquered academics left plenty of time to lend a helping hand to some of the more unfortunate. An enthusiastic supporter of anything pertaining to the Navy, Terry will long be remembered as one who defended instead of criticizing the system. He will be remembered primarily, however, for his Blue and Gold spirit and serious desire for perfection.



Curtis Robert Wick

HUTCHISON, KANSAS

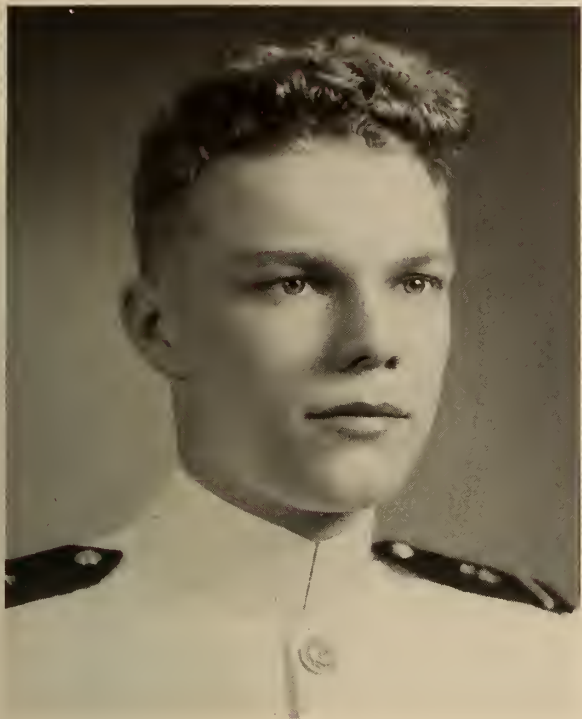
Bob came to Navy straight from Kansas U. With his broad grin and easy-going but active manner he was ready for anything. Plebe year couldn't knock out his devil-may-care attitude and love for a laugh. Academics were fruit, although Dago mystified him now and then. Football and the gymnasium claimed most of his recreational time, but he was always ready for a heated Bull session or a quick hand of bridge. His code of ethics and personality made him one of the best liked members of the class. The Navy could ask for no better officer.



Robert Earl Crispin

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

In at least one room in Bancroft Hall there was always a chance to pick up a good argument about anything imaginable. Tubby's prowess in oratory was constantly a menace to an unwary soul rash enough to have a viewpoint contrary to his. He wasn't a lazy guy, but now and then he liked a little time for naps. All that was necessary to revitalize him while in these moods was to say softly in his ear, "spaghetti," and he was off to do havoc to his waistline. Tubby will always be remembered for his cheery disposition, and he has the stuff to insure success in his career in the Navy.



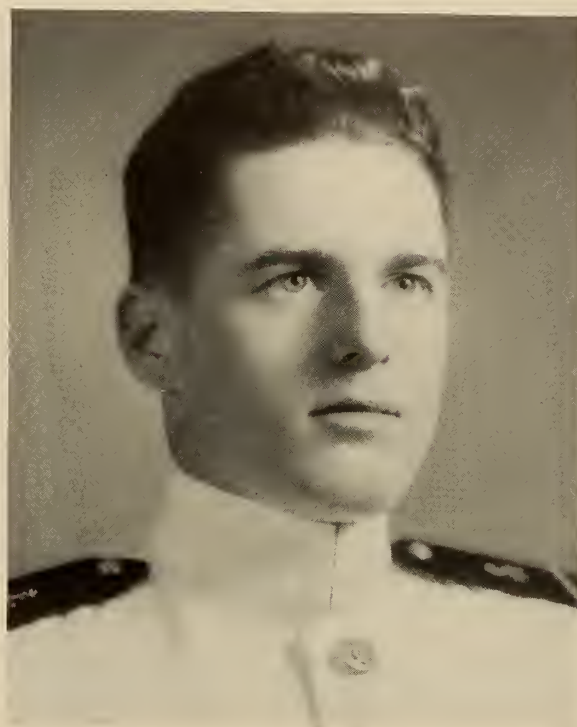
Robert Whyte Dickieson

FREEPORT, NEW YORK

Probably the only midshipman who walks out of the mess hall after a Sunday noon meal patting his innards and saying, "What a sensational chow," Dick has one of the biggest appetites at the Naval Academy. Dick's most consistent vice is weekly dragging, which occupies every week end and keeps the New York rails hot. Dick was at sea with the Coast Guard before coming to the Academy, and thus had a running start when he arrived. His pre-war occupation lay in the catching of various types of fish found off Long Island, and the digging of clams in the Bay. Dick's chief interest, next to dragging, is sailing the Academy's yawls.

Paul John Early

MANHASSET, NEW YORK



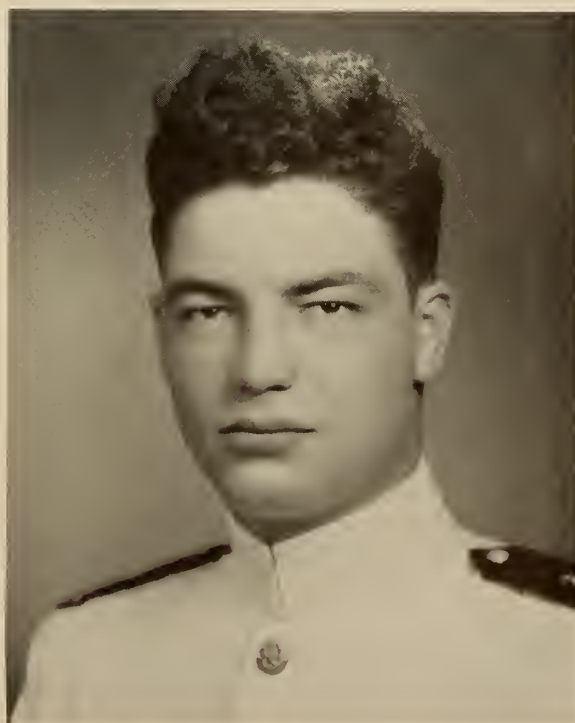
Five days of work, two days of pleasure, quick arithmetic at the pistol gallery, lacrosse sticks clicking in the breezy spring air, discourse with a saline flavor, a craving for nautical knowledge, stars on his collar, puckish humor, and sparkling blue eyes: these attributes add up to P. J. He'd rather be right than President, and shows a vast lack of sympathy for those that are not right. But when consternation reigns, Long Island Paul of R.P.I., Georgia Tech, and U.S.N.A. will take his trick at the wheel and calm the troubled waters. You may count on that; Happy cruises, Paul, all of them.



Maurice Millett Edwards, Jr.

VALLEY STREAM, NEW YORK

"Who knocks?" "'Tis I, the Duke!" All hands batted down their ears when Bushy's stentorian voice was heard during plebe year. A new name was affixed. A stickler for detail, the Duke was super-reg. He set himself a strict standard, stuck by it, and expected the underclass to do the same. The only man in the world to know B.J.M. and Reef Points by heart, Duke loved it here at Navy. Every time he picked up his guess-rod, he would say, "What would Farragut do?" Extra-curricularly, he was interested in the young ladies of from twenty-eight to thirty-two, but as he gets older, his choice will, no doubt, grow younger.



Peter Hampden Freeman

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Despite the solid background of "Daht-mouth" and the Army Air Corps, Pete seems destined to become an outstanding candidate for the medal awaiting the Fleet's first 40-year j.g. A victim of severe hallucinations that, to him, represent the "lure" of the China Station, he faces with incomprehensible sang-froid the prospect of duty on a Yangtze River gunboat. Pedro gets violent only on the subjects of display of affection and marriage after graduation. His talents are social, not academic, and if you're ever on a party with him there'll be no worry about entertainment. In his own words, "If I weren't such a good guy, how could I be so modest?" Regardless of your answer, kindly old Father Freeman bears bravely up and follows in the noble footsteps of those faithful who have gone before.



Robert Hugh Gormley

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA

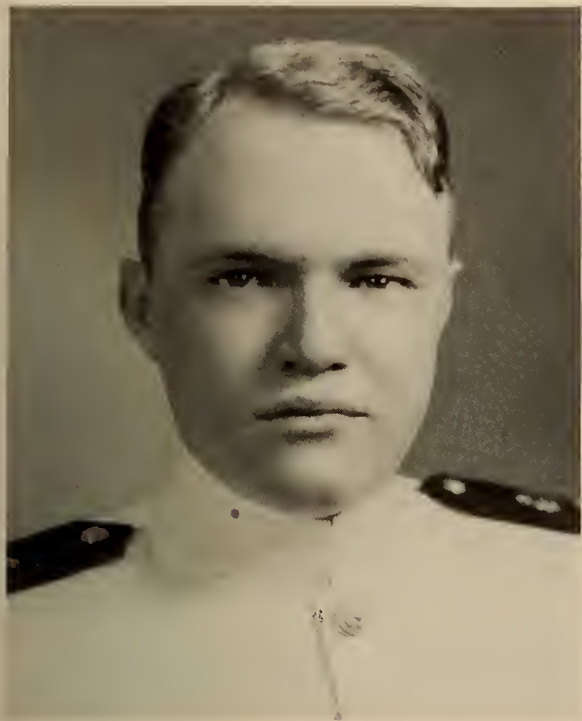
The salty boy with the mouthful of teeth contributed to the class of 48-A a veteran of a "rugged" Texas V-12 unit. Forgetting the weaker sex, at least where this operator is concerned, we must not fail to mention his passion for the service, the like of which made Don Winslow famous. Who else hums "Navy Blue and Gold" while preparing a Skinny assignment? His nickname, "Gumsy-Baby," his loving wives confess, was stolen from his pink-letter correspondence. Of course his classmates know better, but in here we must say that he is a gentle, lovable, and sensitive soul.



Arthur Jacob Haskell

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

We sometimes wonder how our company could have beaten the Math and Skinny departments without having Art to solve the sticklers for us. His ability was really amazing in these fields, and examination time would find his wife moving to make room for all of Art's students. Athletically, Art concentrated all his efforts on running and was always the backbone of both the company cross-country and steeplechase teams. His likeable personality and friendliness were well put to use on the reception committee. Art's easy-to-get-along-with manner should assure him of success outside of the Academy.



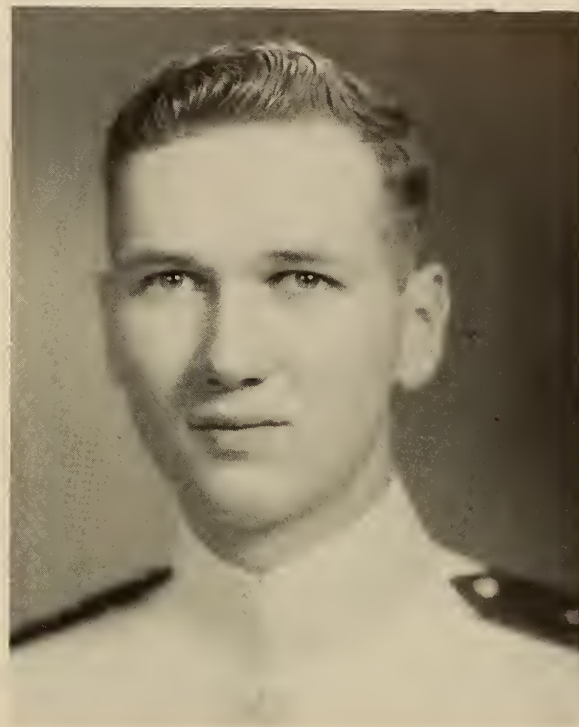
James Moore Hornbrook

MARSHALL, ILLINOIS

Leaving his goat ranch in Illinois in 1943, Jim entered the Navy and soon found his way into the Naval Academy. His way of marching, cultivated while tending the herds in Marshall, soon earned for him the title of "The Duck." Jim is an accomplished piccolo artist and claims that a Hornbrook was the leader of the Mayflower band. His prize possession is his twenty-four scale, steam-operated slide rule that enabled him to stand high in Math. His engineering course at Rose Polytech has enabled him to improve the design of "slash helmets" for the class of 48-A. When not singing, or playing the piccolo, Jim was usually found in his sack.

Bruce Keener, III

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE



Bruce came to the Academy after a year of frolic and experience in the Fleet. Ingoing the protests of his loving wives, he intends to don the matrimonial ball and chain following graduation. Eight-ball's forte lies in the Bull department, where he is famed for his equivocal manipulation of the English language. In Math his ability is rather less noteworthy, extending not much farther than to a mastery of long division. Athletics are also his forte and whether he is gamboling blithely about the lacrosse field or fondling a .22 on the rifle range, his performance falls little short of spectacular.



Kent Winfred Lawson

DILLON BEACH, CALIFORNIA

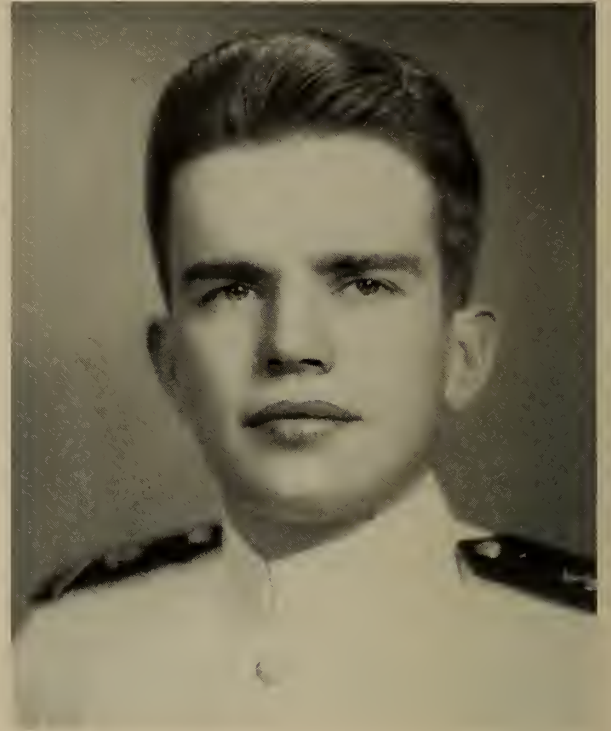


Sandy is a very fortunate person—he was born and raised in the Great Republic of California, His home, to be more exact, is on the sunny Barbary Coast just north of the city of San Francisco. Sandy, as we called him, is an old Fleet man who got the yearn to go to Navy Tech; since his arrival here he has been conspicuously active. During our plebe year he was a great water-polo star. In a year he became active in the Radio Club (even though his own radio never worked!). All in all, Sandy turned out to be a man of many interests and ambitions.

Chantee Lewis

ROSEVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Although Louie comes from California, he claims that he isn't a member of its Chamber of Commerce. Anyone who has ever been in an argument with him, however, will believe that he is. Each year Louie was a member of the brigade sub squad, but the many faithful hours spent at that sport did not affect his operational tactics when once outside those gray walls. As an active member of the Mechanical Engineering Club, he was always putting his inventive genius to work trying to develop and build machines which had not been perfected. The Navy can look forward to having an expert Chief of BuShips in about twenty years.



Richard Edmund Munly

PORTLAND, OREGON

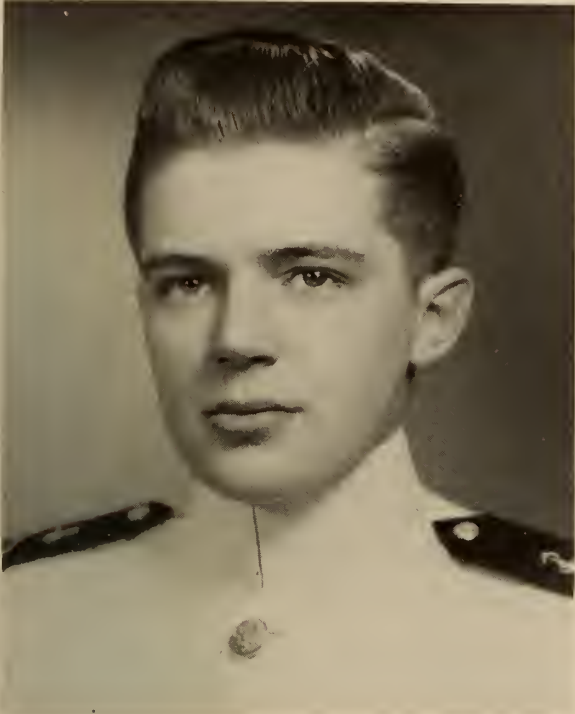
From the shadows of Mount Hood, the land where it never gets cold, comes Portland's gift to an ungrateful world, Homer Munly. When life or the system went against him, there came his famous trance, a cloud of gloom through which no mortal has ever broken; but on liberty he was a living ball of fire. Never one to keep secrets, he would recite his extensive list of troubles at the drop of a hat. His tastes ran to sharp clothes, thick steaks, good beer, and cute little girls. When he scanned a situation, he took plenty of time, but when it was all over, he always had the right slant.



Thomas Francis Nealon

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

After spending hard years in the Pennsylvania coal mines and in the infantry—"the best part of the Army"—Tom decided to take life a little easier and wound up at Navy. His immediate interest was in playing football, a sport in which he had more than a little talent. Tom has also been active as the Treasurer of the Newman Club and has wielded a mean pen for the Bull department. This ex-sergeant, also the ex-marble champion of the Eastern States, has had a consuming ambition during his stay here: he wants to win the award for the greatest improvement in Marine Engineering; he stood 1030 for plebe Steam.



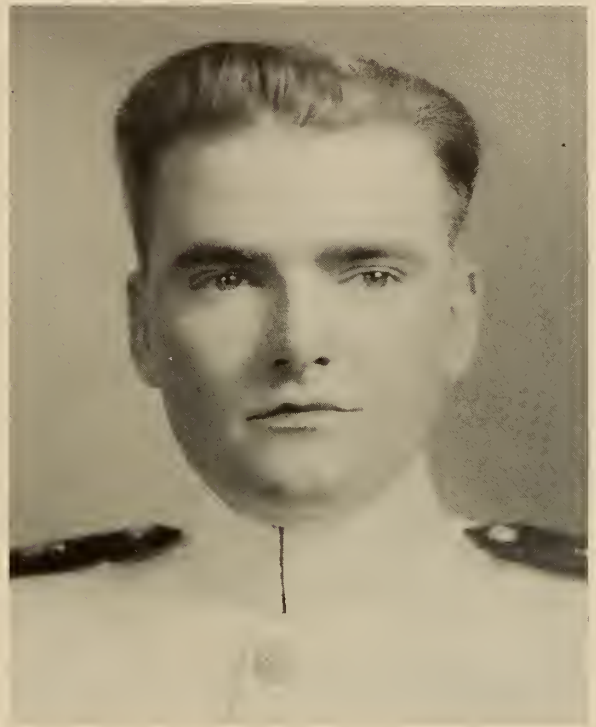
Harry Partridge, Jr.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Having acquired the ability to speak Spanish fluently from living in Puerto Rico for a large part of his life, Birdie has amazed many of his instructors with sudden outbursts in the native tongue of his island home. His classmates have also been very amused over his difficulties in inviting numerous young ladies to be his drag only to realize later that he had asked them all for the same week end and that they all had said "Yes." His outstanding personality, good sense of humor, sincerity, and his ability to take things as they come won him the respect and friendship of all who knew him.

Edward Bruce Pickell

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



Probably no other man in the company possessed a sharper, more subtle wit than "Kindly Old Ed." Philadelphia's donation to the Navy came via Drexel Tech and the Army's R.O.T.C. A firm believer in the super-sack as an instrument of national policy, Ed spent his few waking hours down at the pistol gallery. He was one of the mainstays of the varsity pistol squad, and was proud possessor of the coveted expert ribbon. Second-class year he was affectionately dubbed "Tolerant Ed" by his ever-loving wives. Having powers of concentration far exceeding those of ordinary humans, Pick was able to study even during a cops-and-robbers fracas.



Jerome Walter Rabinowitz

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK

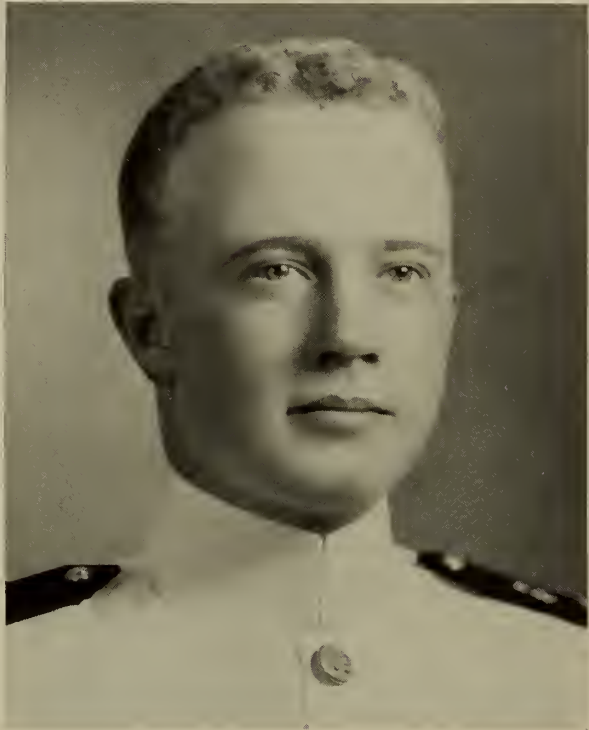
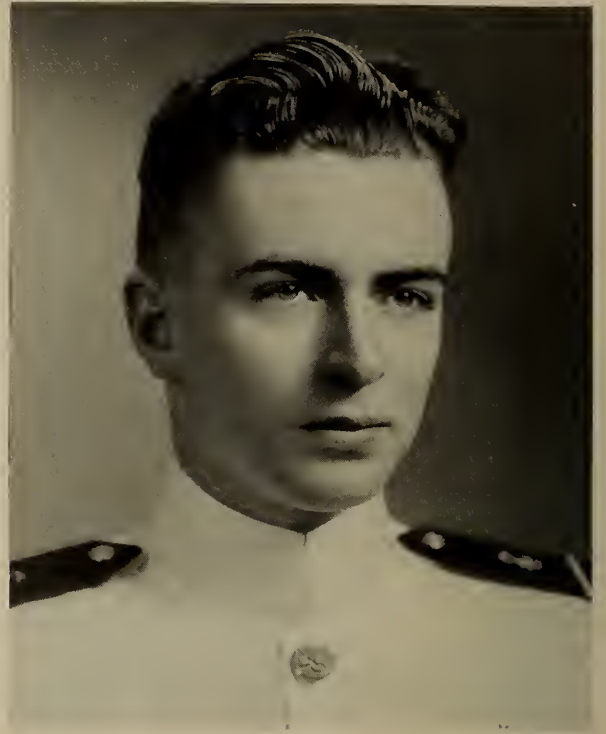
Cornell knew they lost a good man and Navy soon found out they had gained one when Rabbit forsook Cayuga's waters for Severn's shore. Never specializing in any one particular activity, he has impressed everyone with his versatility and all-around ability. Jerry set high standards for himself both academically and athletically and generally lived up to them. Anytime he missed a prob or lost a decimal point he could be heard groaning while a few of the boys played sympathetic and unharmonious fiddles, but when the trees came up his name was nowhere. Jerry will go a long way with his ability and personality.



Lloyd Lawrence Seaward

KITTERY, MAINE

Up in Kittery, he is known as Shep; at the Academy he was dubbed Slipstick. No one knows for sure just how he got the name, unless it came from the incessant troubles he had with the little instrument; besides, he couldn't see where a slide rule would fit in a submarine. After the slide rule, Seaward's biggest beef at Navy Tech was the tailor shop. If he drew for the Marines, it was largely in order not to have to buy his numer six Blue Service uniform. Shep may be small, but beware he who crosses him. He will be a good officer and a valuable asset to the Navy.



Charles Daniel Summitt

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

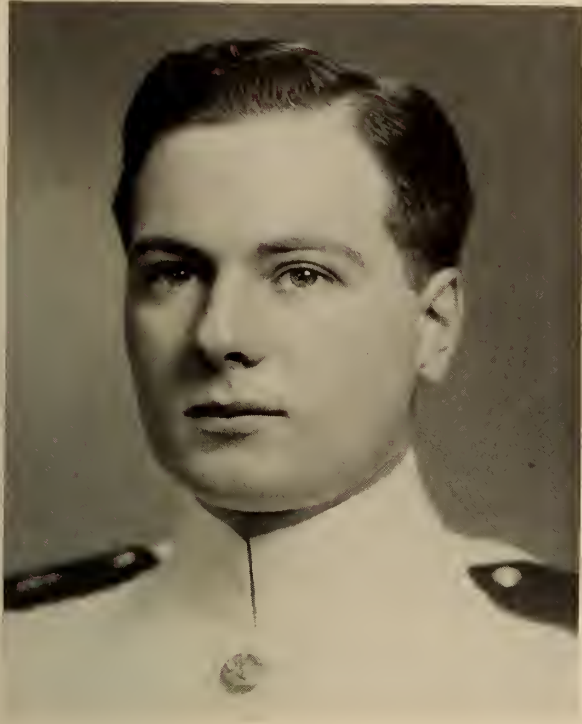
"The funniest things happen to me" says Short-boy as he begins one of his well-known speeches that delight both midshipmen and feminine admirers, for Danny is a happy-go-lucky guy, full of life, and a true rebel. He enjoys all sports, but his chief interest lies in football, which manages each year to change the normal position of some part of his anatomy. Striper had little trouble with academics because he acquired a considerable knowledge at both Vanderbilt and Georgia Tech. This free time gave him ample opportunity to design hop programs. His desire is aviation and he is destined to make a hot pilot.



Andrew Jackson Yates

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

This gentleman from Virginia has always been the epitome of suaveness; he combines this trait with a philosophical attitude toward women and academics and manages to come out on top in his encounters with both departments. An avid bridge fan, Jack was always a ready and willing candidate for a game when he wasn't either busy with boxing or steeplechase or engaged in an argument to uphold the honor of the South. Possessing a ready smile and a sharp wit, Jack has helped us all to laugh our way through our days here at Navy, and those serving with him in the Fleet will always see the lighter side of things while he's around.



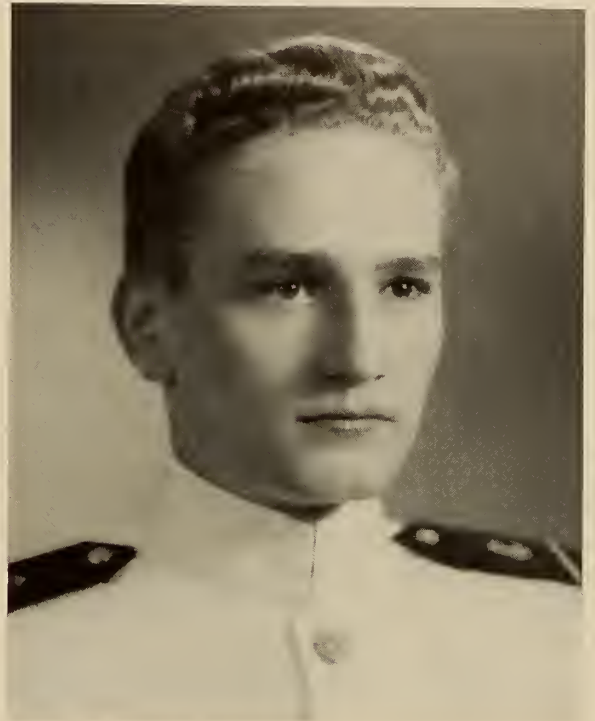
Harry Irving Zankman

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Hank—a four-letter word for lazy. Hank's favorite place is any spot where he can relax. The classroom is a good place, he thinks, as long as there isn't enough noise to disturb his sleep. Perhaps this attitude explains his bitter hatred for the reveille bell, but it doesn't explain his love for soccer. This quirk of character seems to be a problem for the ancients, because Hank, running an average of five miles a game, likes soccer even better than sleeping. And then, too, when he's dragging a queen—if she isn't a queen he isn't dragging—Hank always chops with the flying squadron. Did we say he was lazy?

Ralph Eugene Behrends

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Although he was born in Chicago, Ralph can be heard almost any time vigorously defending the honor of his adopted state, California, and especially of his home town, Los Angeles. He was appointed from the Golden Bear State while engaged in a year's work in a V-12 unit at U.C.L.A. Ralph maintains a comfortable margin of safety in academics without difficulty. A member of the Varsity Rifle squad, he also participates in various company sports. Besides being a bridge fiend, he favors the sedentary activity of argument. His decided views on several issues never fail to provoke turbulent discussions, much to the discomfiture of his long-suffering wife. Ralph hopes for either subs or aviation after graduation.



John Hamilton Bell

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

From the wide open asparagus patches of North Joisey, Johnny swaggered into the Academy loaded with twenty sorority pins, a picture of Maureen, his future wife, and a plaque inscribed (by himself) "Montclair's loss is Navy's gain." A mental wizard, Johnny nevertheless has trouble making his feet move, and he constantly campaigned for a four-minute late bell. With his ready smile, spontaneous laugh, and web feet, Johnny was a perfect candidate for the swimming team, but he was too much in demand as a fourth for bridge to have time to work out. So here's to that carefree, happy savoir, who sings like Sinatra with a cold, Johnny Bell; he'll always ring true.



James Robert Bjorge

PORTLAND, OREGON

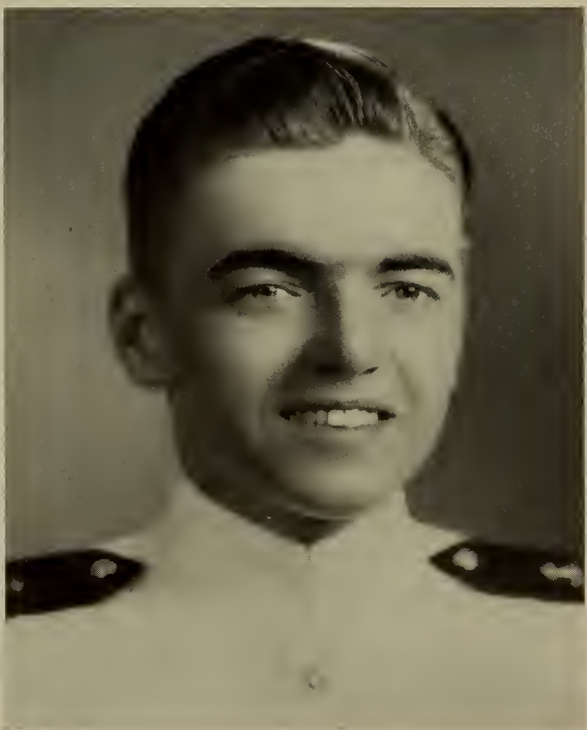
To run a barbershop quartet, edit the LUCKY BAG, and star consistently requires something that most of us "just ain't got." That mysterious something is indefinable, but "By-George" certainly had it. Those in the Academy during the stay of '48-A will remember Jim for his Bjorge's Barbershop Bobcats—his quartet favorite in plebe year happy hours, N.A.C.A. programs, and Musical Club shows. Classmates and future generations of midshipmen will know him as the editor-in-chief who did such a grand job with the BAG. We who know him best will treasure his ready (and occasionally good) puns and the quiet "By-George" proficiency in academics, assimilating chow, golf, and arguing the merits of Oregon weather in bull sessions or more serious activities. Jim's high code of conduct and constant good judgment ever make him a man worth knowing.



Joseph Henry Clasgens, II

CINCINNATI, OHIO

One fine day when Jay was oh so young, he bade goodbye and left for Cornell. There he played baseball, tennis, and rugby while matriculating in the mechanical engineering college. There he also developed shell rowing potentialities on the Cornell varsity which proved so valuable to our plebe crews. If you were a squash fanatic and challenged the quiet gentleman from Ohio to a match, in all likelihood you would be properly trimmed. Because he wanted something rugged, a muscle builder, Jay joined the pistol team and quickly proved his value as a riddler of targets. Anyone who met Jay was added to his long list of friends. We will remember Jay not only for his versatility in sports and a fine academic record, but also for his genial personality.



Richard Waldron Crowley

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

An out of this world cap, a broad Boston brogue, and a pleasant smile identify Big Dick. One of those rare characters who would rather exercise than indulge in sack drill, Dick proved himself a versatile athlete. According to Dick, every girl in Fitchburg has fallen under his spell at one time or another, but they haven't roped him yet. No politician, Dick sticks by his convictions, and when he gives an opinion, he means what he says. His friends will remember Dick for his strong personal character, and the humor which he injected into our academy life. Dick knows what he wants in life, and he's on his way.



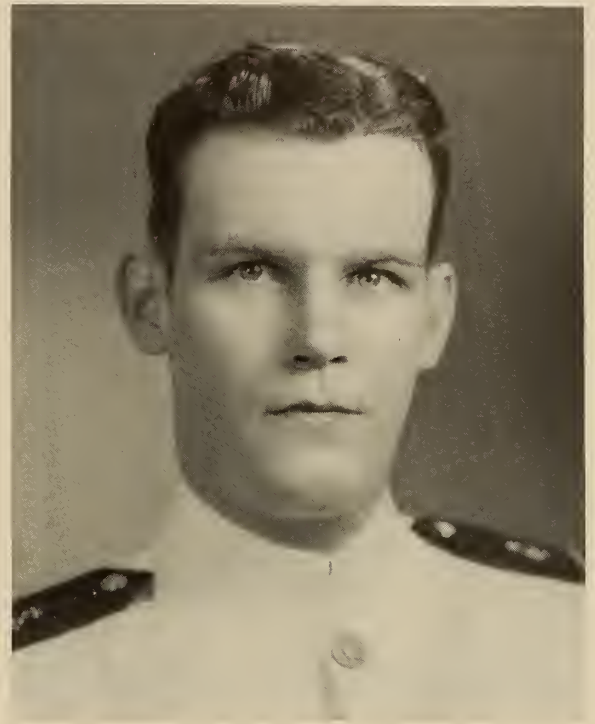
Floyd Arthur Cuff

PICO, CALIFORNIA

Floyd has two dominant interests in life—the Navy track team and the “Bancroft Hall Bridge Club.” A glance at the records will show his ability as far as the former is concerned; however, many a wardroom will be kept in spending money by his no trump bids. Evidently he didn’t spend all his time on the California beach, as he would have you believe, for he manages to star academically without too much effort. After graduation Floyd plans on entering Naval Aviation. We wonder if it’s the lure of the blue, or simply because he’s heard that the Navy has dozens of air stations on those sunny California beaches.

Walter Joseph Donovan

NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Master of the sword, the wit, and the women—Rinno. Whether on the fencing strip or in a Bancroft bull session, the Rin has always managed to score his touché. A regular Navy man since the early weeks of World War II, Walt took academics as they came despite a long absence from book-learning. His dark, wavy locks and ready Irish grin kept his week ends well supplied with beautiful women, while his propensity for practical jokes made the dark academic weeks pass quickly. The sight of his trying to cram his lanky frame into his locker would turn the coldest swabo into a rosy 4.o. China Station, here’s your boy!



Roger Edmund Errington

UTICA, NEW YORK

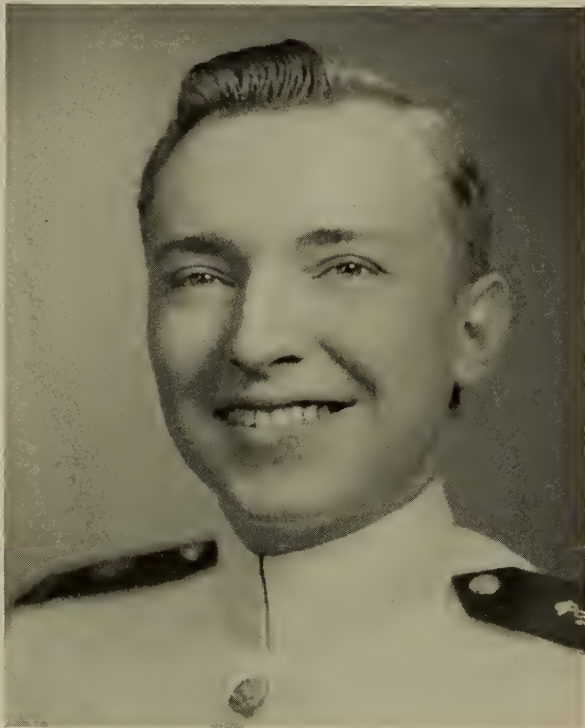
“The guy with the knack of doing things well”—that’s the reputation Rog has made here in the last three years! In academics, athletics, and the art of making friends, the little guy with the big smile from Utica, N.Y. was always a standout. A quick, efficient operator with the women, Rog managed to fall in and out of love more than once, but still retains three-year-old cousin Mary Jean as number one pin-up girl. Neither the lure of the sack nor the threat of an impending P-work could keep the Lodger from reading his beloved *Time* every Friday afternoon. So here’s to Rog and a prediction—he’ll be a great officer.



James Hutchinson Gildard, III

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS

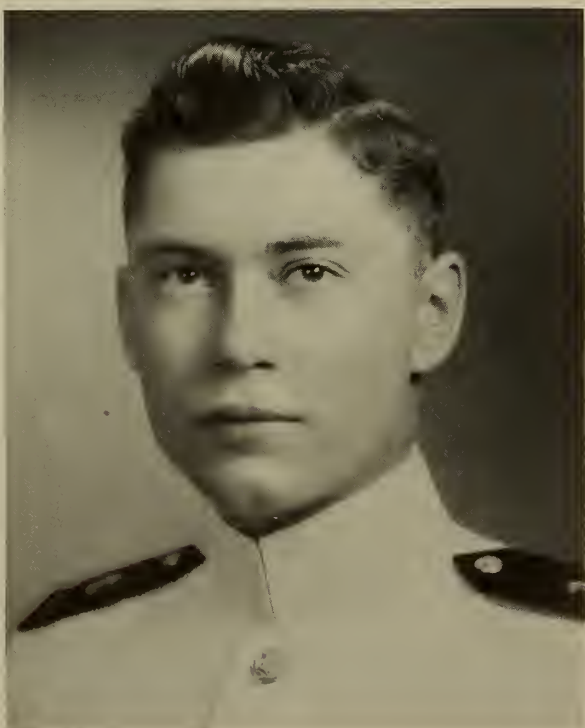
The halls of Bancroft will long resound to that very familiar "meat" call that Jim learned as crew coxwain. Jim should also be remembered as a most efficient student, getting the best grades for the least work. His usual study position was horizontal. This energy saved while horizontal, however, was utilized at track or as a member of the "Flying Squadron." Jim had those valuable seconds to spare after hops. Though Jim's ideas for future use of his naval knowledge includes being a banana boat operator, it is certain he will be a very successful naval officer with his girl-in-every-port policy and his general excellent aptitude for the service.



Donald Theodore Giles, Jr.

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

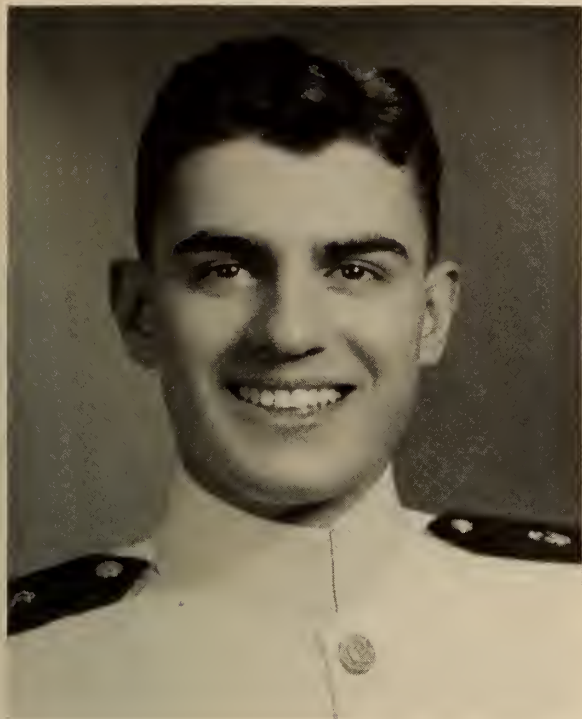
Luckier than most of us, Don came only two blocks to enter the Academy. Not the first Navy man in his family, Don hails from Crabtown where he was born. Perhaps it was this short distance that enabled him to bring along the best in his personality. His sense of humor could never be dampened and his troubles—he had them—never showed through. A liking for music and photography were his chief interests, second only to the O.A.O. However, the full-time work of the Academy curtailed his musical expression, and he only used up an occasional roll of film. A quiet loyalty and an ability to see things through is his foundation for success.



Joseph B. Jochum

SUTHERLAND, NEBRASKA

Joe, debonair gentleman farmer from Nebraska, is popular despite his savored-with-sarcasm wit. In the field of sports, his powerful right arm and perfect record in boxing is well known throughout the brigade. Out of season, he can be found during most of his free time excelling in the Natatorium with the sub squad aces or engaging in bridge sessions under the auspices of the Radiator Club. Before plebe year, Joe spent an enjoyable eighteen months at his state university, revelling in the civilian pleasures of a coeducational institution. The influence of Nebraska's sweeping plains is felt in his even temper and stoic acceptance of the unavoidable. He is unquestionably a great asset to the naval profession.



Peter Nicholas Kyros

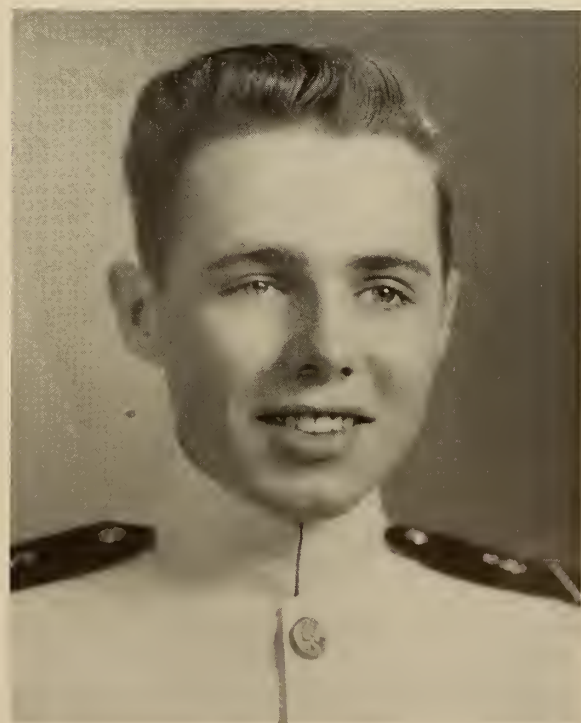
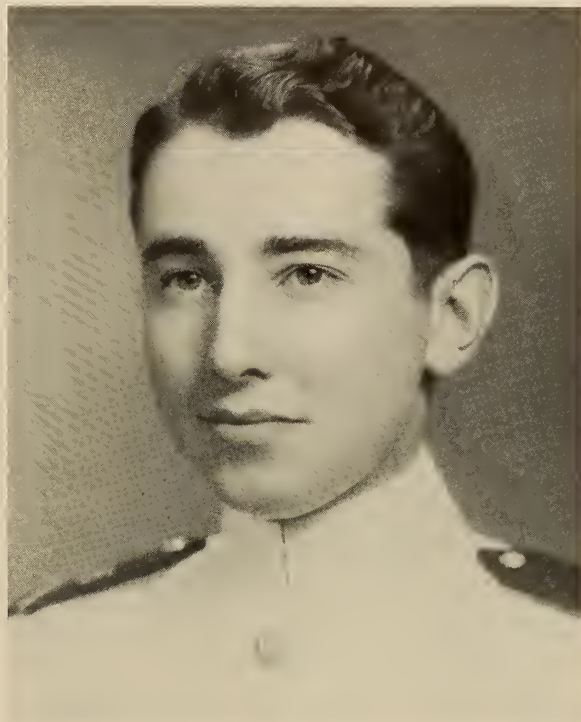
PORTLAND, MAINE

Pete, product of the craggy shores of Portland and the classrooms of M.I.T., is the unusual combination of savvy man and athlete in one package. This package is pleasant to view from the outside, for Pete is a sincere, friendly fellow of innate courtesy and delicate sensibility. This coupled with a down-East candor leaves one in no doubt as to where he stands with Pete. In his enthusiastic manner, and in the tradition of Greek vivacity, our lad is a lover of life and its good things—music, the theater, friendship, amiable controversy, and lovely women.

David Barber McDowell

PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK

“Hey, Mister! What do you know about the battle of Plattsburg?” And Mac would be off again injecting a charge of his home town’s history into some luckless plebe. This stalwart ex-Dartmouth man was perhaps best known for his fine sailing, although his work as Associate Editor of the LUCKY BAG, his membership on the Press Detail, and his starring average all helped to show us his many talents. An inveterate Dago slash, Dave topped it off second class year by having a plebe learn “’Tis I, the Duke” in French. Even though miles and years may separate us, we will always remember Mac as we knew him best—happy, hard-working, helpful and a swell shipmate.



Robert Daniel Rawlins

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

With a studied nonchalance strangely contradicted by a walk that’s strictly from behind the plow, Chicken condescended to grace Navy with his presence. To say that he looked young and tender would hardly be stretching the truth. Thence came the nickname. Judging from his own reaction, his ceaseless flow of biting humor may some day give Hope and Colonna competition. Besides engaging in the most strenuous athletics and fondly cultivating his embryonic beard, he was an ardent promotor of Better Bridge for Boys. Although often effectively masked by a happy-go-lucky attitude, his serious side is not to be underestimated. Chicken’ll never trump a partner’s ace or kiss a buddy’s best girl—while the buddy’s looking.



Abraham Rockman

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Midshipman, fourth class, to Ensign took three years, but the shoulder-boards did not change the Rock himself. He had broken the apron strings long before his arrival here. Rock was never meant to be a "yes" man, for he had his convictions. Yet he seldom held the position of orator at a Bancroft "Bull Session." His seriousness, though, never did overshadow his propensity for more enjoyment. Consequently his successes at beating the system far outnumbered his setbacks. To all his classmates, his was a cherished friendship; but to those of us who knew him best, Rock was the crowning example of a "friend in need is a friend indeed."



John Charles Shannon

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

Despite Manhattan's cosmopolitan influence and R.P.I.'s academic standards. Jack entered Navy as ever casual and imperturbable. His attitude toward the Executive Department was one of unconcern; toward academics he maintained the position of one who recognizes the futility of academic renown. Even while dragging, Jack impressed us with his debonair approach which left little to be desired. In fact the lad's sole weakness was an abounding affinity for jazz which consumed most of his spare time. A stylist at heart, Jack was often surprised at the apparent shallowness of current rhythm. However, with infinite patience he succeeded in gaining salvation for many a classmate. His careless sophistication and effortless humor should provide for Jack a noteworthy page in his profession.



William Leo Shea

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Navy plus Bill is equal to M.I.T. minus Beantowner. This equation engulfs three years of refreshing experiences and a deep, warm friendship for his classmates. Bill took his academics in stride to rate highly, occasionally fought losing battles with the Executive Department, and was an all-around morale builder. For leisure, his three great loves were sports, music, and of course—women. Strange, haunting renditions of popular ballads still re-echo through Bancroft's corridors, along with his infrequent poetical utterances. And many post-taps sessions were spent pondering over the enigma of femininity. So with graduation's exultation and farewells, Bill remains more than a name in the logs of grateful shipmates.

William Eugene Shorr

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

From the deep, dark depths of the thriving metropolis of Phil's city in Penn's state, Wee Willie sallied forth, slide rule in hand, to Annapolis and his first glimpse of green grass. It seems that the Academic Department should have had a long lead on Bill, for he entered straight from "the second oldest high school in the country." But without much trouble, Bill succeeded not only in tripping Navy up by starring, but by sneaking in a little extra time for his favorite activities, sleeping and eating. A serious, hard-working lad, Bill will show the sub fleet that the men from Annapolis are definitely on the ball.

John Calhoun Waddell

OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

In the heart of the "Black Gold" country there's a place called Oil City, and that's where Jack gushed from. But don't ask him about it if you value your ear. He really had a head start on Navy when he got here. With time at General Motors Tech and Worcester Tech he found academics strictly a no strain proposition. He figured he could waste his time to better advantage on the basketball court or at the bridge table. He was operations plus on week ends and he kept the Post Office Department moving with all his chits. His slow, full Scotch humor will take him where he wants to go.

Edward Francis Welch, Jr.

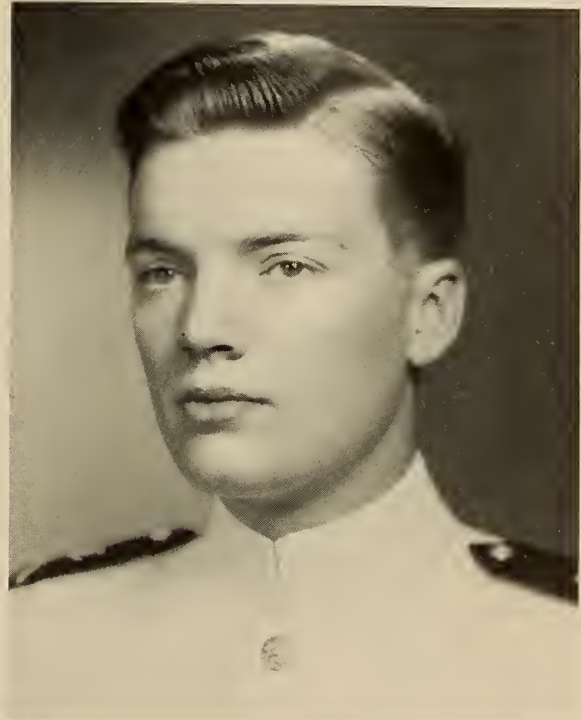
WEST BARRINGTON, RHODE ISLAND

"What's the biggest little state in the Union?" Any time we heard that old familiar chant it was a cinch Ed was off on his most cherished topic. Here was a man the Navy couldn't beat. He took everything they had and always was ready to hand just a little more back. To follow the Rhode Island Flash through his many activities at the Academy was a task well nigh impossible. Although dragging and the Press Detail had first call, Ed had his eye on subs. Subs, our advice to you is keep your eyes on Ed because you'll look far and wide before you'll find a better man.

Henry Hamilton Wilson

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

The pressure in the steam drum on the *State of Pennsylvania*? Sure he knows it. Hank, who first saw the light of day in Crabtown, knows more darn things than most Steam pros do. Although most of his life was spent on the coast basking in the sun, Hank has a definite preference for the material rather than for the aesthetic. Music, and beauty produce very little effect upon him, but a Juice prob will send him into raptures. What others call study he calls recreation. Not only will he be remembered by his classmates as being a hundred per cent blue and gold, but also as being strictly reg.





Albanese, A. A.
 Alexander, T. E.
 Alt, W. L.
 Bartow, W. R.
 Bavle, J. R.

Beadling, D. A.
 Belflower, H. E., Jr.
 Bell, G. M., Jr.
 Bryant, P. G.
 Buchanan, D. G.

Carrig, R. W.
 Castle, E. C.
 Castruccio, N. A.
 Childress, M. L.
 Chipman, W. T., Jr.

Clithero, J. D.
 Conable, J. H.
 Cowden, J.
 Crumpton, J. R., Jr.
 Cullivan, D. W.

Day, J. C., Jr.
 Dickey, R. R., III
 diLorenzo, L. V.
 Duncan, R. D.
 Dunn, S. W., Jr.

Dupree, J. W., Jr.
 Easterlin, W. F., Jr.
 Fleming, E. B.
 Flores, M. E.
 Foulds, D. D.
 Fraser, I. N.

Gleason, L. E.
 Graham, W. C., Jr.
 Hallman, A. B.
 Hanlon, K.
 Hansen, D. B.
 Hernandez, L. C., Jr.

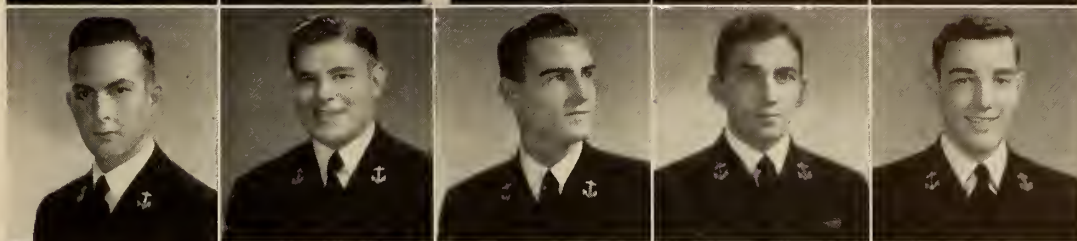
FIRST BATTALION



Hines, C. W.
 Huntington, R. D., Jr.
 Jones, W. L.
 Lane, C. M.
 Marsh, L. M.



Marsh, M. D.
 Marshall, G. W.
 McCurdy, F. M., Jr.
 McIver, D. A.
 McKechnie, R. R.



McManus, E. A.
 Mickle, J. A., Jr.
 Moore, J. R., Jr.
 Moore, W. V.
 Morris, D. R.



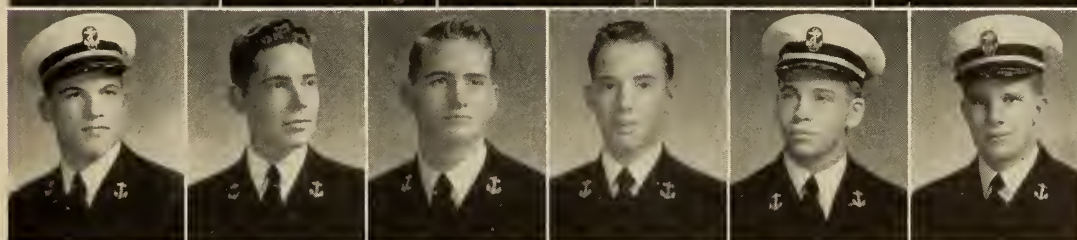
Myrick, J. E.
 Orr, F. W., Jr.
 Pittman, R. C.
 Reem, R. D.
 Remsen, H.



Sawyer, W. G.
 Sheehan, C. A.
 Sherwood, J. N.
 Small, W. N.
 Stacy, E. F.



Strahley, C. G.
 Stringfellow, H. R., Jr.
 Strother, J. W.
 Struyk, R.
 Tobin, R. G., Jr.
 Vance, R. C.



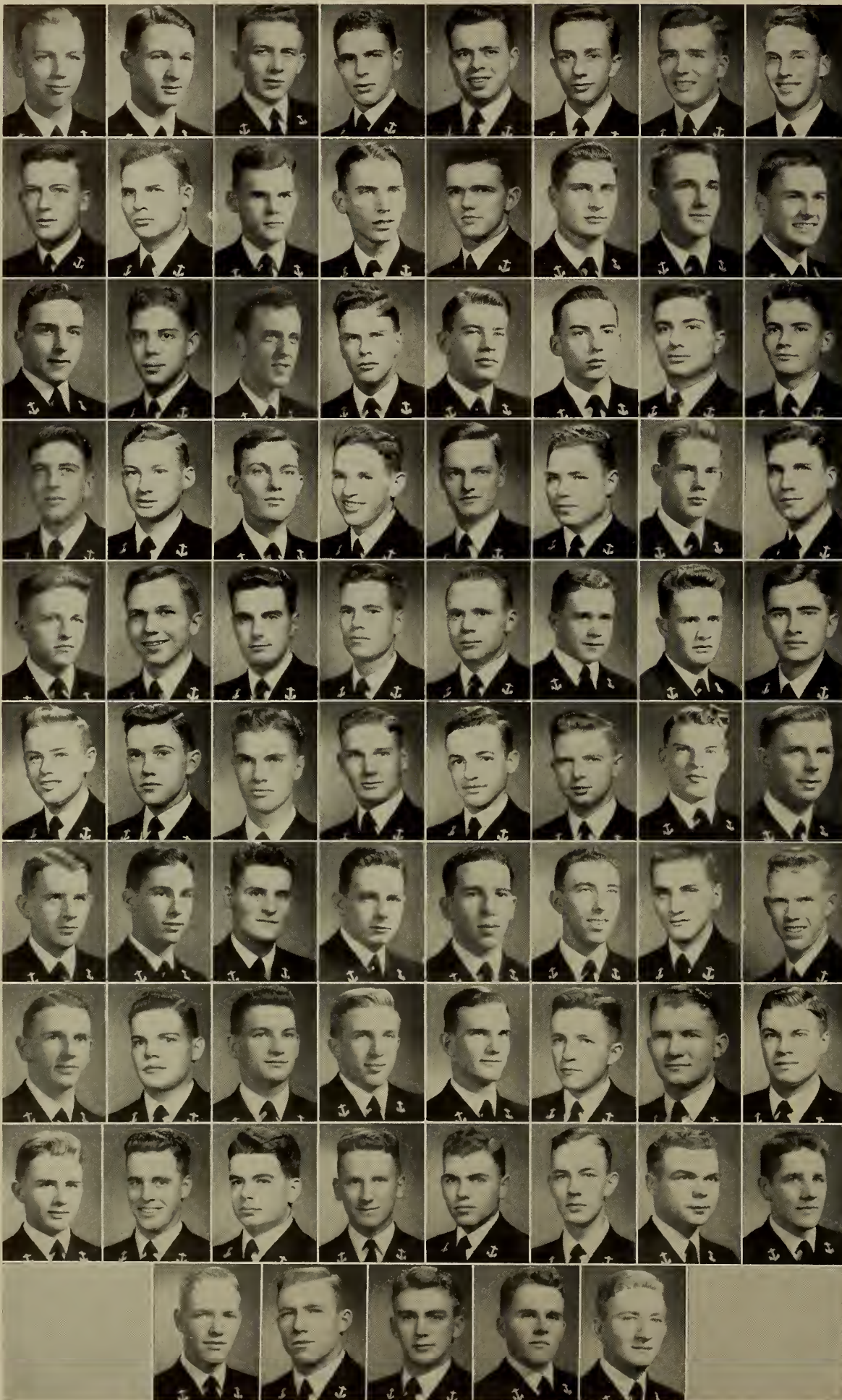
Wagenfield, Q. W.
 White, J. P.
 Williams, F. H.
 Wright, D. L.
 Yeager, E. E.
 Zimmerman, J. P.



FIRST BATTALION



Class of 1948-B



Adams, F. M., Jr.
 Albers, H. W.
 Albrecq, G. N.
 Altman, N.
 Anderson, W. B., Jr.
 Bailey, R. T.
 Barden, R.
 Barrow, J. C.

Bason, W. H.
 Bean, R. W.
 Beattie, G. E.
 Beckmann, P. A., Jr.
 Benas, G. M., Jr.
 Bennett, C. E.
 Blodgett, F. J.
 Bloom, T. E.

Brajdich, W. J.
 Breaux, C. B., Jr.
 Brown, J. B.
 Brown, R. M.
 Burke, J. F.
 Butler, K. L.
 Campagna, R. S.
 Chevalier, E. A.

Churchill, L. G., Jr.
 Clark, G., Jr.
 Clark, J. R.
 Clement, D.
 Clinite, R. C.
 Collins, L. L.
 Cook, K. F.
 Coryell, R. S.

Craig, B. H.
 Culp, J. B., Jr.
 Demyttenaere, J. H.
 Dickson, H. C., Jr.
 Dickson, James D.
 Dietrich, E. O.
 Docherty, J. F., Jr.
 Donaldson, J. W.

Donlon, J. M.
 Donohy, T. J.
 Dreyer, R. C.
 Duvall, G. G.
 Eaton, W. T.
 Ebel, R. C.
 Foster, James R.
 Fredericks, W. J.

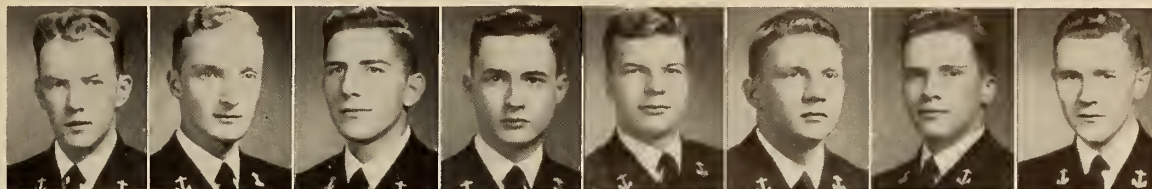
Freeman, G. A.
 Fullinwider, P. L.
 Garate, W. L.
 Gillam, M. L., Jr.
 Glass, S. S.
 Glickman, R.
 Goldberg, M. D.
 Grandin, H. B., Jr.

Grayson, R. R.
 Guthe, D. B.
 Hall, William C.
 Hamilton, W. H., Jr.
 Hammer, P. L.
 Hardeman, R. T.
 Harkness, W. N., Jr.
 Harper, J. F., Jr.

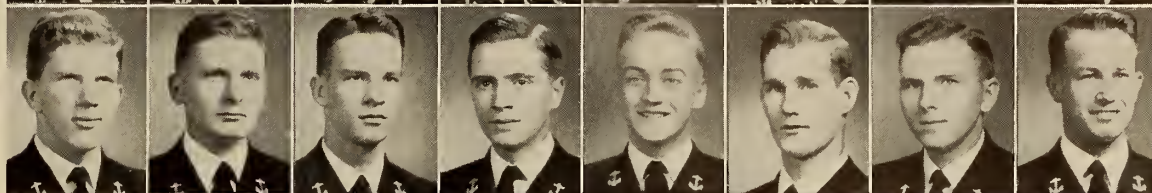
Harris, Wm. Luther, Jr.
 Henderson, D.
 Hendrickson, R. C., Jr.
 Hennekens, R. C.
 Herbine, F. W., Jr.
 Hibbard, F. R.
 Hiebert, R. W.
 Hoppe, H., III

Horton, J. P.
 Hunt, R. G., Jr.
 Iverson, E. S.
 Jack, S. J.
 James, Robert E.

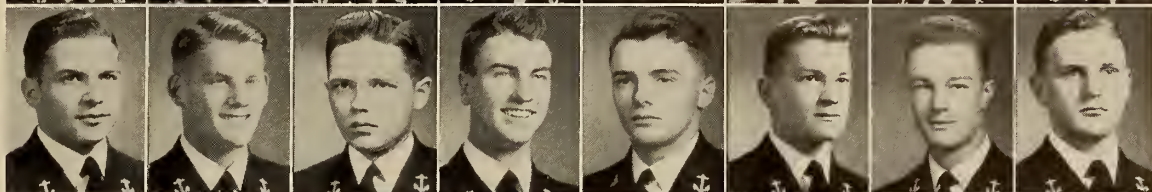
James, R. R.
Janer, R.
Kapp, G. H.
Kennedy, Richard A., Jr.
Keppler, R. D.
Klein, P. F.
Knetz, W. J., Jr.
Knigge, K. M.



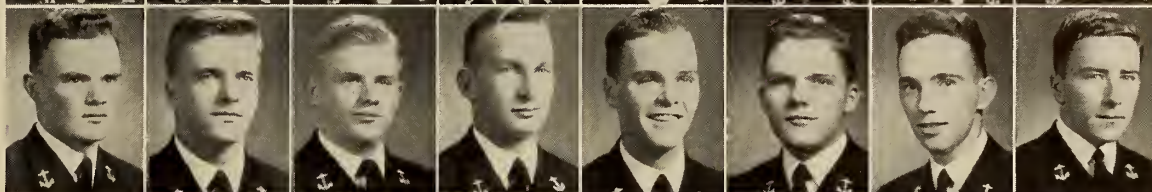
Knoizen, A. K.
Kretschmer, C. G., III
Kridler, R. H.
Lansill, J. S., Jr.
Lankenau, R. W.
Larson, T. J.
Lawler, R. L., Jr.
Leslie, G. E.



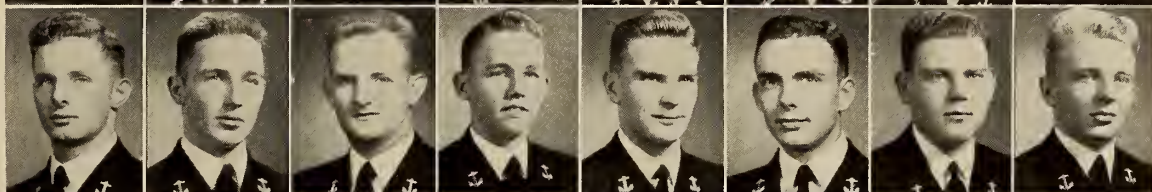
Lindy, A. M.
Lynch, W. H.
MacDonald, C. D.
Mackey, H. D.
Mallard, J. B., Jr.
McVoy, J. L.
Merrill, W. H.
Miksovsky, A. H.



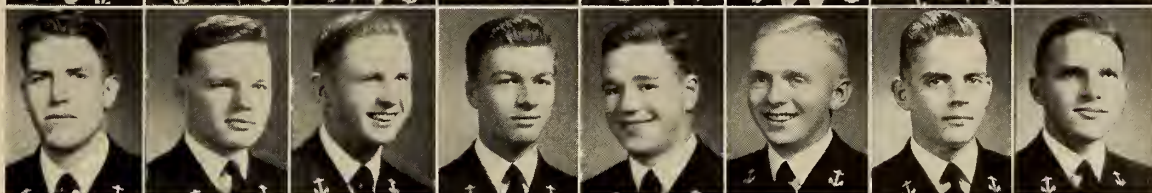
Moore, R. S.
Morrison, J. R.
Murray, J. D., Jr.
Nadig, D. A.
Nelson, P. S.
Norton, C. R., Jr.
O'Connell, E. J., Jr.
O'Connell, L. G., Jr.



Ooghe, R. B.
Parker, S.
Parr, W. S., Jr.
Patton, J. E.
Peard, R. W., Jr.
Peterson, W. C.
Quillen, C. J., Jr.
Rakes, C. E.



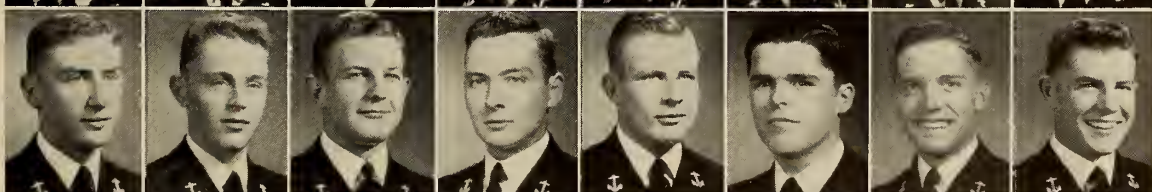
Reddick, J. P., Jr.
Rice, D. R.
Riger, R. J.
Romley, R. M.
Roos, W. T.
Root, W. W.
Rundle, R. J.
Sagerholm, F. N., Jr.



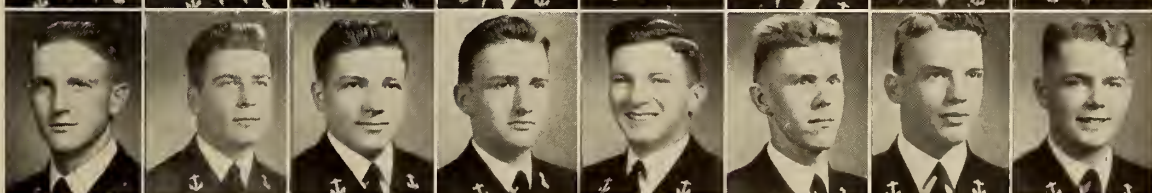
Sandlin, W. C., Jr.
Schlosser, F. P.
Schmidt, D. R.
Schoenberg, H. W.
Sherman, F. E.
Siri, G. L., Jr.
Smith, Charles R., Jr.
Smith, G. F.



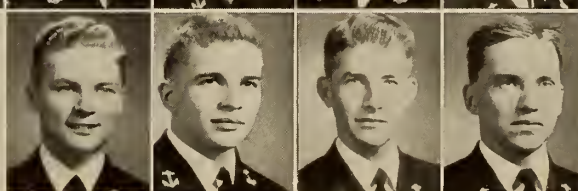
Smith, Robert L.
Smith, Robert M.
Stalneckner, C. M.
Stoddard, C. W., Jr.
Tapp, J. G.
Tinkham, J. A.
Tipton, H. F., Jr.
Titus, R. W.



Tolbert, R. R.
Train, H. D., II
Valanos, T. C.
Vosseler, W. P.
Walker, J. R.
Wielki, E. J.
Wilmoth, E. D.
Wilson, Ralph E., Jr.



Winkler, C. T.
Wolford, R. S.
Wood, G. P., Jr.
Wright, W. W.



FIRST BATTALION



Front row: R. E. Harkness, D. G. West, R. T. Fox, J. W. Wills, Jr., D. L. Tobin, R. E. Taylor, A. Pullar, Jr., D. E. Tripp, A. S. Bowen, III.
Second row: R. F. Fahey, R. J. Hays, W. M. Cossaboom, R. L. Buck, G. F. Driscoll, T. B. George, Jr., D. H. Miller, R. E. Bowyer.
Third row: E. C. Frank, J. N. Morrissey, T. H. McGlaughlin, H. F. Erickson, A. D. Barnes, Jr., M. E. Leslie, J. G. Stinson, J. S. Burns, F. E. Beck, Jr., W. M. Birkel.
Fourth row: E. L. Smith, H. W. Vincent, P. J. Mason, F. S. Beal, III, W. B. Droge, S. C. Ibsen, Jr., W. J. Ricci, R. O. Moberly, Jr., B. Dixon, Jr., J. F. McNabney.

Third Company

CLASS OF 1950 ★

Front row: B. S. Franco, G. A. Zetkov, G. L. May, R. W. Shannon, J. T. Coughlin, F. M. Munson, R. P. Cunningham, Jr., P. S. Soteropulos, R. D. Shero.
Second row: J. M. Cameron, J. M. Little, M. J. Condit, F. B. Baker, B. B. DeWitt, G. P. Woodman, J. A. Todd, F. J. Holcomb.
Third row: P. M. Wallack, A. C. McCully, K. G. Hoge, G. W. East, C. T. Hanson, F. D. Leder, W. R. Abercrombie, Jr., R. L. Krag, L. B. Greene.
Fourth row: G. V. Ruos, Jr., H. D. Parode, D. C. Lind, A. D. Neustel, J. M. Baker, Jr., N. M. Tonkin, W. W. McCready.
Not pictured: J. R. Kennedy, Jr.

Fourth Company



2

N D B A T T



A L I O N





Fifth Company



Sixth Company



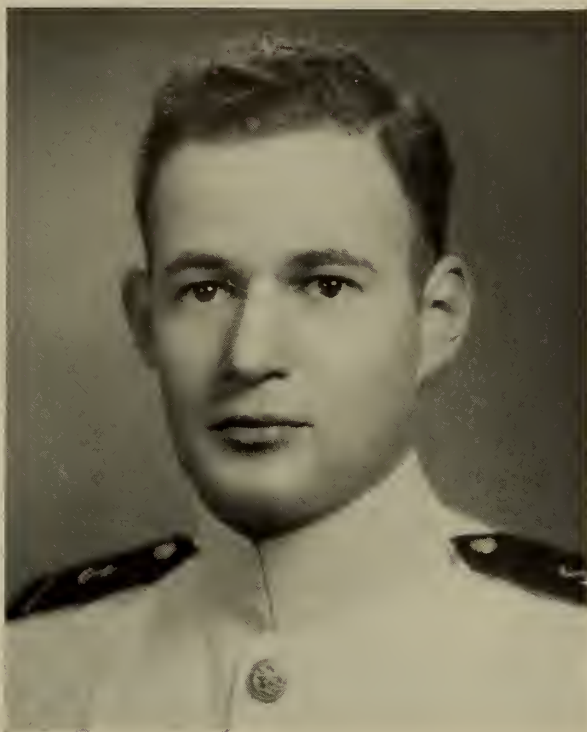


Seventh Company



Eighth Company





Charles Herbert Bloom

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

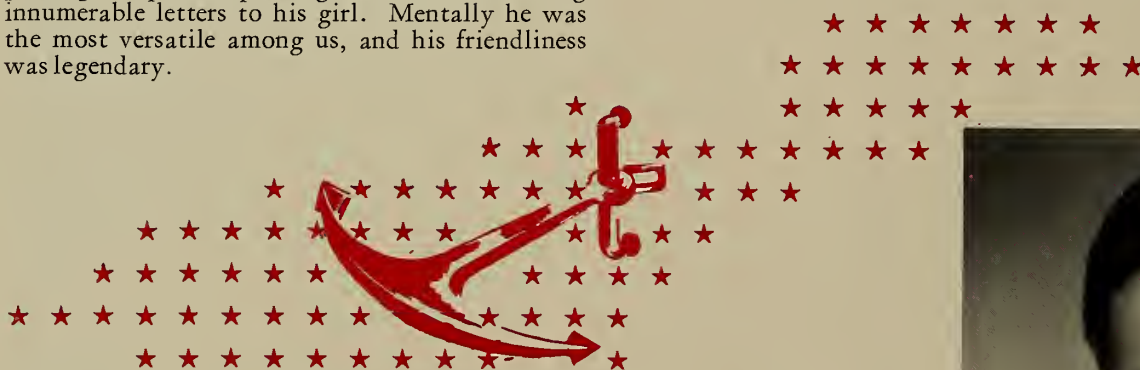
Charlie came to the land of the regular Navy from Boston, Massachusetts, dressed in a bathing suit with an album of Strauss waltzes under one arm and a chess board under the other. The latter two were his loves; the former, his weakness. His athletic endeavors were confined to getting off the sub squad and onto the radiator squad. Once there, he spent a fraction of his time breezing through academics and the rest reading with furrowed brow all the good books available. He was incessantly playing the piano, speaking German, and writing innumerable letters to his girl. Mentally he was the most versatile among us, and his friendliness was legendary.



Arthur Koontz Blough, Jr.

MASSILLON, OHIO

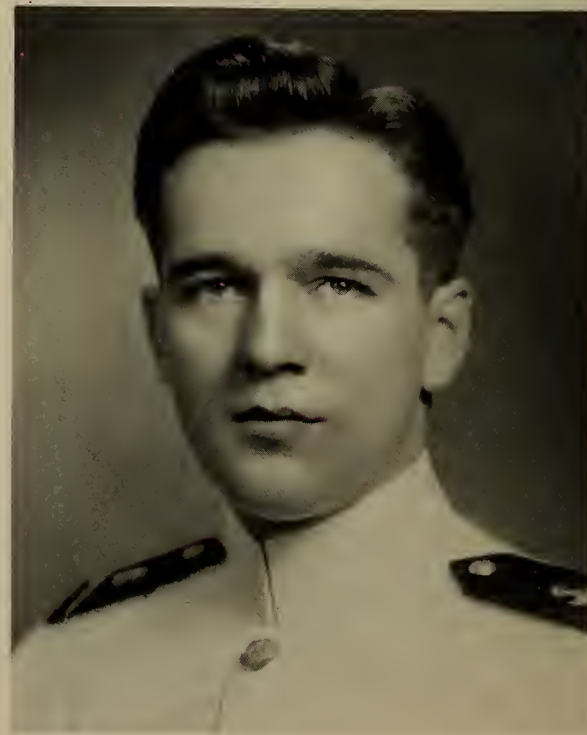
Blug came to us from the open-hearth section of Ohio with a knowledge of machinery that proved a great asset in his engineering studies. Fresh from Allegheny College, he brought with him a new technique in slipstick manipulation. Letting the integral sign point the way to success, he still found time for sack drills. Skinny, topped with whipped Steam, was his dessert, and he'd always come back for seconds. Blug busied himself with managing plebe crew, engaging in various company sports, skimming the Severn in the Vam, and arousing the envy of his wives by ostensibly receiving that daily letter. We see only clear sailing ahead for him.

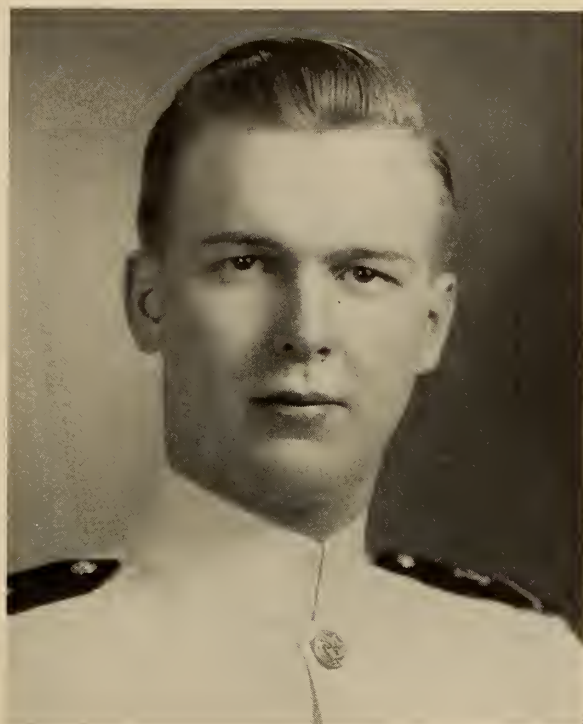


Ross Kay Bramwell

OGDEN, UTAH

Ott is a typical Westerner from Ogden, Utah. A year of college lightened the academic burden and enabled him to pursue his varied interests, including women, a little more intensely. Ross' remarkable all-round athletic ability, his keen appreciation of a joke, and his engaging conversation make him welcome in any gathering. Most noteworthy among his pet peeves: the Civil War controversy and the prevalent eastern conception of Utah as a broad, hot salt flat. He possesses an insatiable craving for toasted cheese sandwiches and life in his rugged Utah mountains. One has in Ross an associate extraordinary, who leaves nothing to be desired as a lifelong friend of highest accord.

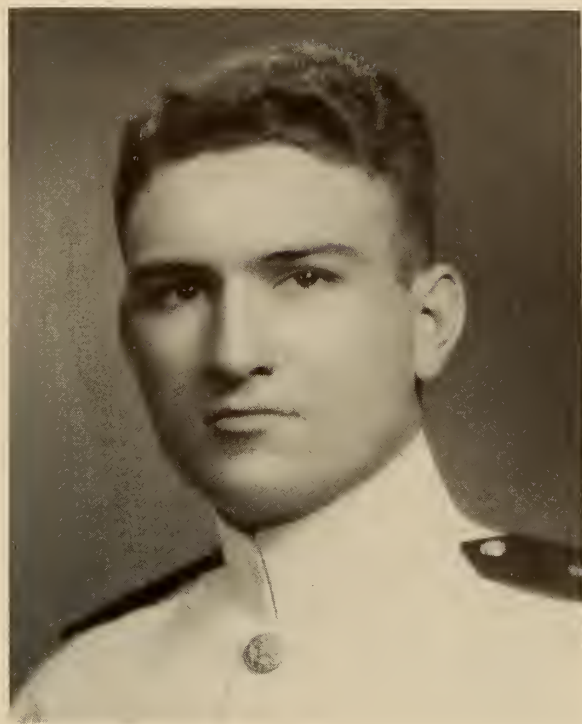




Donald Paul Buhrer

CEDAR GROVE, NEW JERSEY

Although New Jersey's gift to the women had great ambitions involving the fairer sex, he found it rather difficult to satisfy them all. Often referred to as the C.I.S. Kid among close friends, nothing deterred Don from trying again. He eventually succeeded! Active on the Public Relations Detail, Chairman of the Christmas Card Committee, he nevertheless found time to indulge in limited amounts of exercise as a member of the crew squad. Possessing great affinity for ye olde sacke, Don often could be found there while not engaged in one of his many activities or doing time for the Executive Department. His name shall always recall pleasant memories.



William Ernest Clark

LENOIR CITY, TENNESSEE

In his usual quiet manner, Bill made the transition from Japanese language study to Academy academics without a falter. It was this same tranquil steadfastness that won the liking and respect of his classmates. Will did not actually dislike girls; he just felt that dragging entailed entirely too much effort. The time could be better spent reading the *New York Times* or, for that matter, any available newspaper. Proud of his origin in "them thar hills," Bill insisted that his Tennessee accent was the King's English. Combining capability with modesty, Bill managed to derive humor and knowledge from his years at Navy.

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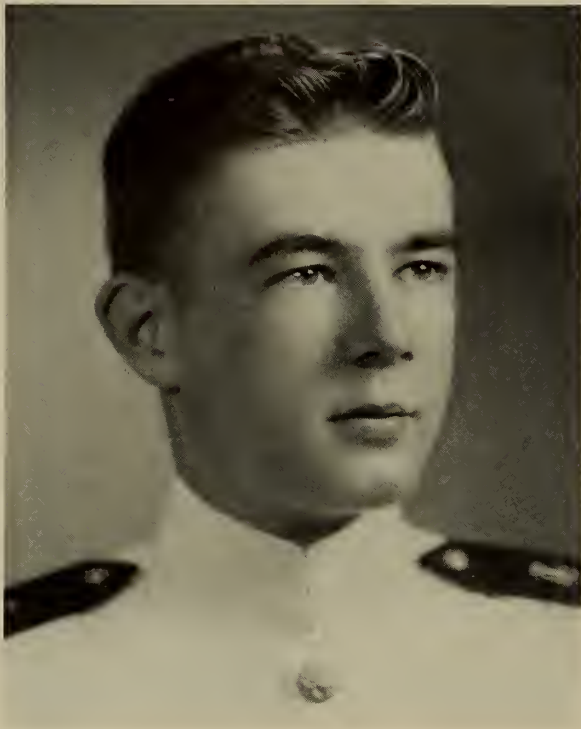
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Philip LeRoy Collins, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

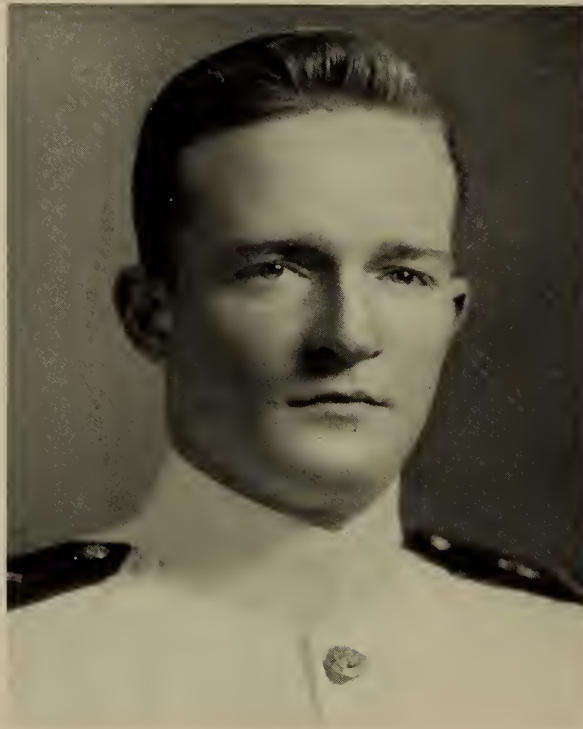
If things were mighty quiet around the room, you could be fairly certain Nuncle was at the books, systematically mowing down the next day's assignments in order that he might again begin translating his beloved German. He's no slash; Nunc just loves the way German sounds. His one man Bund Meetings (Collins' style German) during plebe year for Happy Hours always satisfied the upperclass and kept his classmates highly amused. His greatest asset is his perseverance. When he realizes he has a task to do, he quietly, but determinedly goes to it, and the job is always completed satisfactorily. His broad grin, eccentricities, and keen humor rank Nunc tops with us.



Joseph Hood Curl

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief? No-Joe dug himself out of the local coal mines to assert his intentions of becoming a slam-bang Naval officer. With his keen sense of reasoning, handed down to him by his lawyer father, he will undoubtedly make out well in any assignment. Tall enough to keep his short roommate in charge of room most of the time, and far from a woman hater, dear old Joe was hell-bent for the queens and dumped the bricks by the way-side. Tennis and wrestling were his sports and his hobby dragging. Joe is our nomination for a warm acquaintance and an invaluable friend.



Robert Stedman Curl

HELENA, ARKANSAS

Stedman came out of the Mississippi Delta loaded down with Confederate literature and a burning desire to convince Yankees that the South had won the Civil War; however, this soon disappeared when he was stretched out on his bunk. Ready for a game at any time, he became a leading player on the company football team and in the spring could be found taking sun baths between workouts with the track squad. Whenever there was a hop, you could count on seeing Curly showing some southern belle around the yard. It is rumored that he requested to be assigned to the Mississippi River gunboats upon graduation, but he will be an asset no matter where he is stationed.

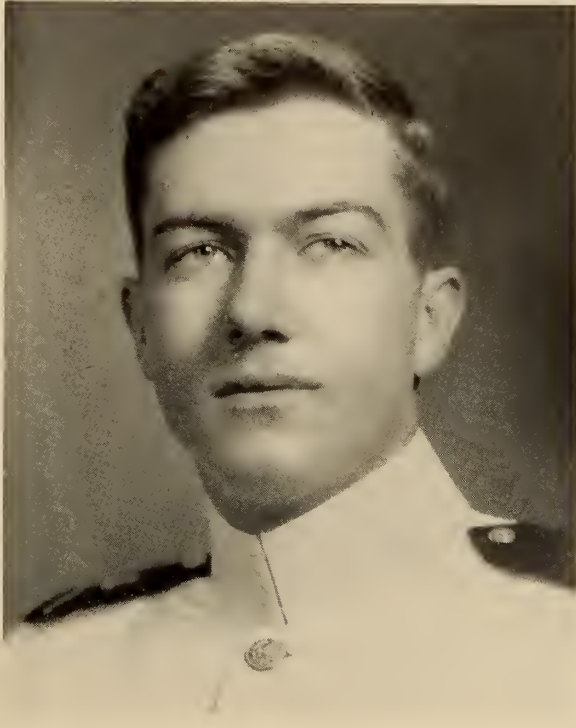


Elliot Arthur Dewey

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

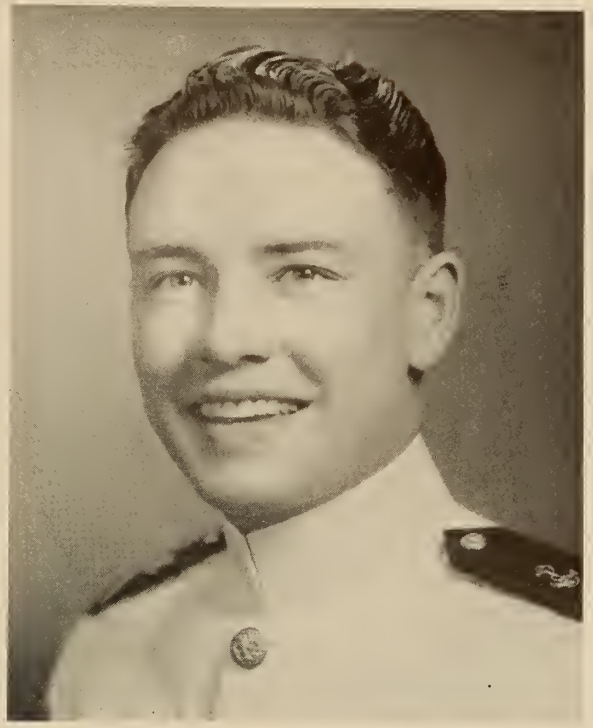
A roar in the messhall told us that someone had scored again on the King of the Wildmen, but the Admiral scored plenty on the plebes himself. He came to Navy from Notre Dame via the Marine Corps, and, finding academics fruit, our boy had plenty of leisure flake-out time. When we asked questions in Juice, the prof would ask Dewey, the ex-electrical engineer, for the answers. Dewo was always busy with company sports but found time for his favorite pastime of working out ways to beat the system. A loyal friend to all who know him, wherever he goes there will be a bit of old Missouri present.





Julian Gewin

MOBILE, ALABAMA



Donald Phillips Harvey

WAYNE, NEBRASKA

"Where were we?" queries this southern gentleman from Mobile, Alabama. Bandy, through his years of service, finally worked his way to the captaincy of the radiator squad, and also found enough time to take many a candid shot. The mention of laundry would send him into fits over memories of trying to salvage a shirt or sock. An excellent if somewhat fitful athlete, Lucius hit most of the intramural teams and forever tried to uphold the Crimson Tide's football prowess. The civilian world held a great attraction for him, especially news from the D.K.E.'s and various sororities of his old school, Vanderbilt. His level head brought many a classmate back to the boat on time after those famous football excursions.

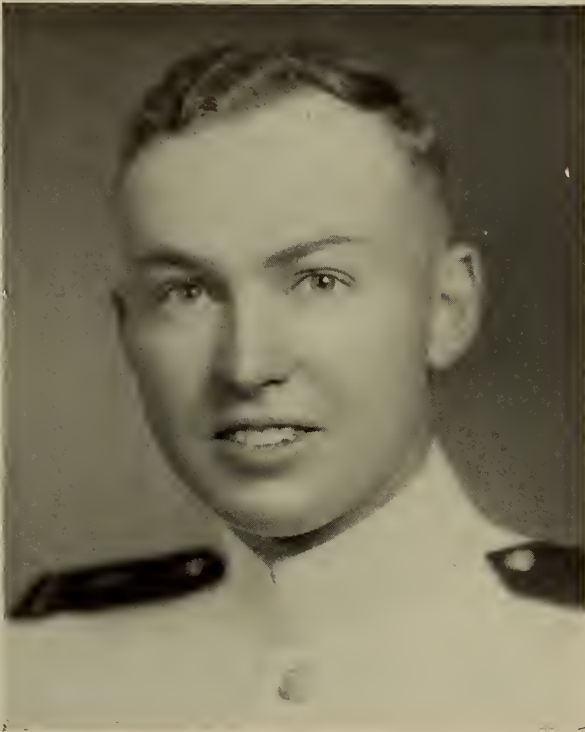
It was a rare day indeed when Harv's cry of "Where's my mail?" failed to produce several letters from his feminine friends. Arriving at the Academy after three years of liberal arts in as many different colleges, he was little troubled by academics. His seemingly boundless energy found an outlet in boxing and letter writing, and although the subject was far out of the range of Academy academics, Don was often found deep in his psychology books, his first love. Coming from the wide-open plains of Nebraska, Don was the possessor of a truly independent spirit, so that his complaints against confinement and the system were something to hear.



Eugene Francis Kelly

ELMHURST, NEW YORK

When Gene left Columbia University to get his hundred-dollar haircut, he brought with him a good share of typical Gaelic wit and humor, always in evidence, but best appreciated on a Baltimore liberty. The casual visitor to his room will remember him lying on his sack singing ("La Donnae Mobile") or at a bridge table, collar open, skag drooping from his mouth, bluffing his way through another bid. Behind the Irishman's good nature lies an intelligently broad mind and a discerning keenness of observation, sometimes disconcerting to his friends. Gene is one of the few of us who, among our other lessons, have learned how to live.



William McKinley

VENICE, CALIFORNIA

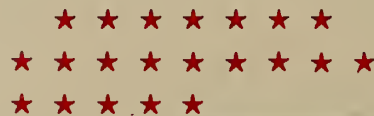
A salt of many tough battles, Boats struggled into our realm after many memorable months of duty aboard his heart's desire, a fighting submarine in the Pacific. Some of his brightest moments were spent retelling his wanton adventures as a "Venice Bruiser," or telling how his accurate torpedoes had sunk half the Jap fleet. Bothered very little by books, Boats claims that "what you don't know won't hurt you." He stood by until the opportune moment for displaying his sarcastic wit and he was always a midshipman you were glad to see enter your room. The term "a silent lover" was no doubt coined for him.



Max King Morris

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Born and bred in the "Show Me" state, Max, known by some as Moe, left his artillery outfit in the Army to spend three years on the Severn as one of the spoiled and pampered pets of Uncle Sam. With three years of college experience behind him, Max easily starred both in academics and social life at the Academy. Besides his daily hiking to the boat house, he devoted his leisure to improving himself physically. He made the Navy crew during plebe year, and stayed with it throughout his midshipman days. Max was well liked by his classmates and made many enduring friendships which will form happy recollections in post-academy days.

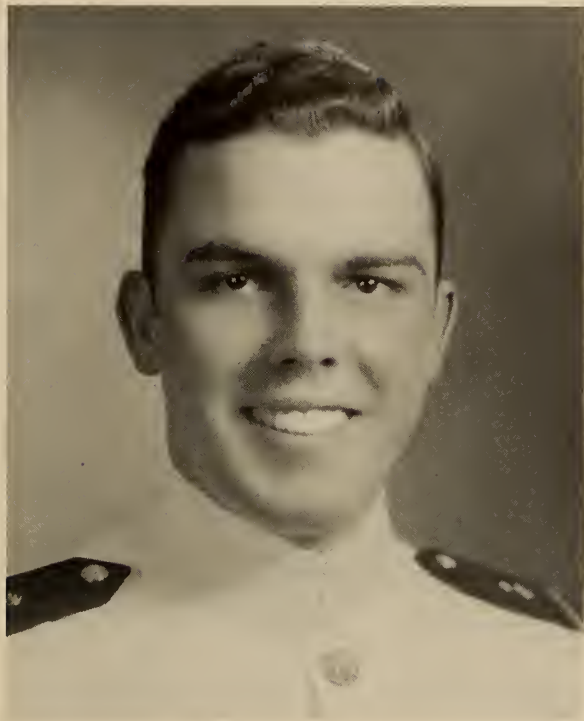


Thomas Francis Murphy, Jr.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS

No one had to ask Murray where he was from plebe year; they just listened for that unique "Haarvud" accent and Massachusetts was the only possible answer. Whenever he wasn't busy trying to stretch to be seen at formations, you could usually find him laboring at ping-pong, a box of chow from home, or a letter to Patty. Nothing the Academy could throw at him in three long years bothered him in the least. It's the Marine Corps for the Mighty Midget or else. "Or else," he adds, "I'll take something else." Regardless, he is determined to tie a square knot with his O.A.O. upon graduation.





Charles Henry Ogilvie

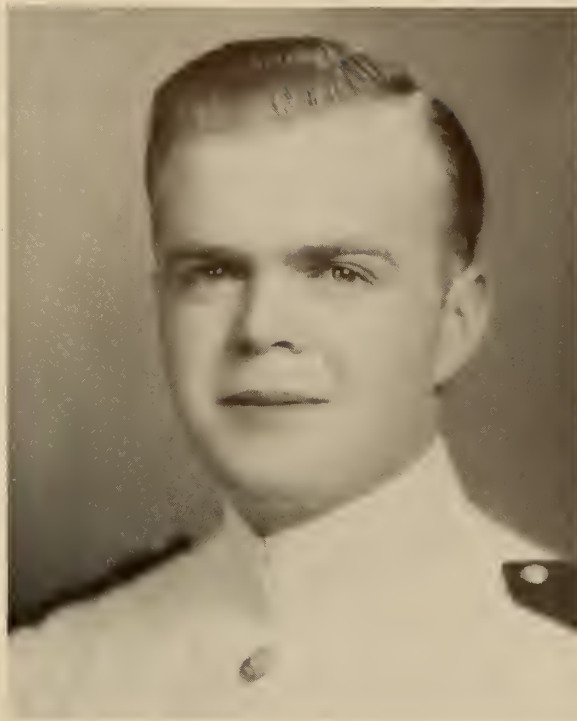
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Chuck is the epitome of the true southern gentleman. His friendly and amiable manner have a magnetic effect upon whomever he meets. Since academics came natural to Charles he was able to devote his excess time to sports, an occasional hobby, and women. He was a powerhouse in crew, and his rhythmic port-side coordination, backed by his more than six feet of well distributed strength, greatly aided Navy's cause. A staunch Floridian, his tales of monstrous oranges, even larger lemons, and life in his sunny clime would do credit to any chamber of commerce. Flustered only by comment on his bulging muscles, Ogilvie's winning smile and genuineness will assure him success.

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Lawrence Ames O'Leary

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON

"Mister, who invented the first pear peeler?" There could be only one person asking that question. That's right, it's Larry from the faraway State of Washington. He divides his time among studying, making good use of his sack and playing pushball. Although the latter is just an official free-for-all, Larry says it can't be beat. He talks, eats, and sleeps submarines. That preference number had better be good. Larry has only one heart interest and that is Nancy out on the shores of Puget Sound. He's made quite a hit with the plebes. There isn't one who doesn't know him. Here's one sub man who will go up instead of down.



Warren Hall Ortland

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

Warren was considered one of the most fortunate men in the class, since his folks live right in Annapolis. He was more than generous in sharing his good luck by inviting many of us out to his home for an enjoyable Sunday afternoon. His bathrobe was hidden beneath bright gold N's, awarded him in recognition of his contributions towards making the varsity swimming team a championship club. Despite this he found time for the three R's, an occasional bridge game, and a frequent dragging week end. In the spring he discarded his swim trunks and donned a lacrosse uniform. As a zoom boy and in all future undertakings, Warren will surely excel.



Gordon Winfield Phelps, Jr.

NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS

If you happened to be looking for Gordon on a week end, and he wasn't playing golf, he was probably dragging his O.A.O. With a good foundation for academics, he still studied diligently to better himself. His chief interests in athletics are centered around golf. He practiced constantly to improve his game. Five-card bridge games, ping-pong, and the love of listening to fine records helped to pass his spare time during the long dark ages. With experience in the Fleet giving him practical knowledge of the Navy he was able to answer plebe questions promptly. His ease in getting along with people should make his life aboard cans successful.



Duke Jack Rose

DALLAS, TEXAS

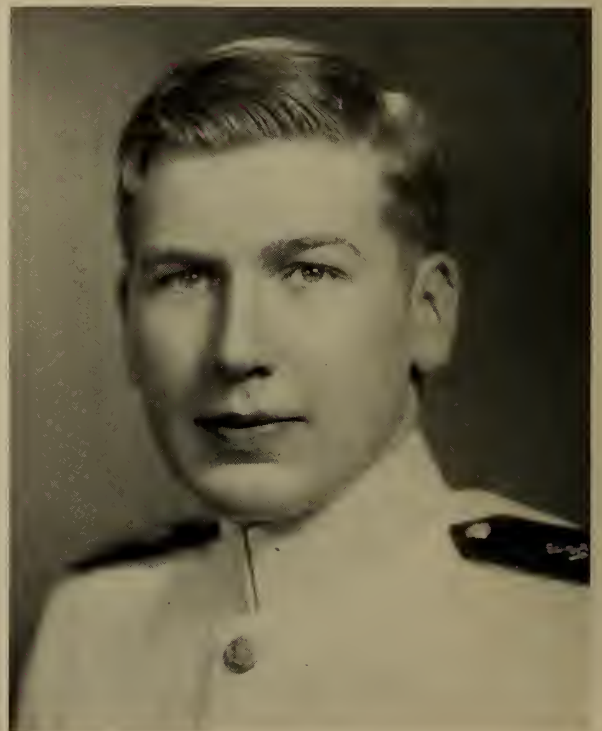
From Texas via Duke University, big, smiling, jovial Duke came to the Naval Academy. Duke always kept things well in hand. Whether it was a Steam final, or a pretty coed, he was master of the situation. At ease any place (always in ranks), Duke had a knack of getting along with people and making them like him. His one great love, football, suffered a severe setback when he injured his knee youngster year. But with his indomitable spirit he came back first class year and played some great ball. Possessed with good sense and leadership, Duke will command respect wherever he goes.



Charles Paul Smith

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Come into his room and what do you find? A brawny, yellow haired, grinning rascal with a pair of long legs invariably hung over the edge of the desk and the latest issue of the *New Yorker* furtively hidden behind his *Mechanics* book. "Others acquire savoir by smoking—I read the *New Yorker*." He brought with him from Connecticut's own Loomis School an extensive knowledge of literature, and he is constantly increasing it; he'll gladly read anything from Dashiell Hammett to Tolstoy. As for music—well, preferably the gentle and quiet variety, but any Puccini opera will not go unheard. Seldom serious, always witty, quite incorrigible, but thoroughly engaging to live with.

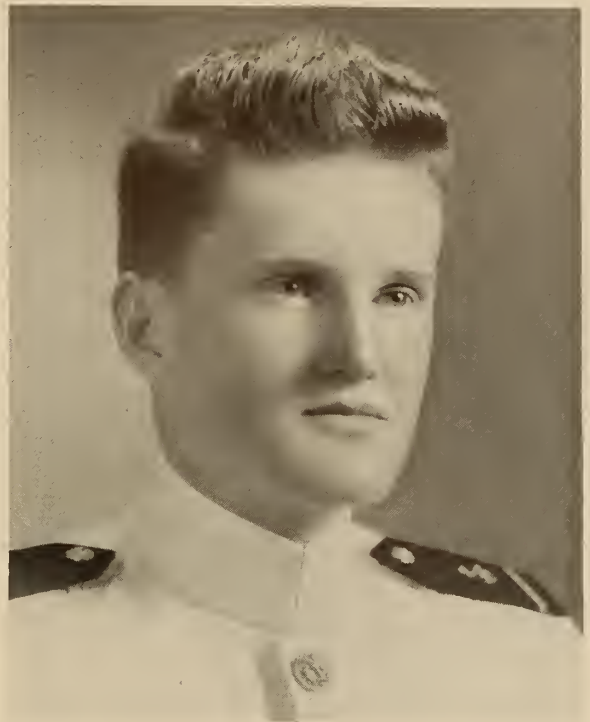




Robert Praeger Smith

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

At the mention of football, Bob forever upheld the Gophers' record with, "Yes sir, National Champions more than any other team." A good athlete himself, he exhibited fine form on the soccer and various intramural teams. Three years at the University of Minnesota made academics rather dull, however, he always gave a helping hand to those in need. For diversion Bob indoctrinated plebes and dated Southern Belles. To the plebes he was The Terror of '39, to the women, The Lover. Bob is always remembered for his intelligence and fighting spirit. With his eyes turning incessantly toward the air, it's a good bet that a pair of wings will be his future.



Robert Daniel Darragh, Jr.

BUTTE, MONTANA

Out of the mountains of the far West came Bob with incredible tales of the fabulous wealth and beauty of Montana. With the touch of an artist he decorated his room with a map of his home town and surrounding territory. During his plebe year everyone in the messhall was captivated by the rousing strains of the Montana fight song, sung at the request of his seniors in his inimitable Irish tenor. Great was his joy at his emancipation from plebedom, and he put his new dragging rates to excellent use. His interest in athletics was widely diversified, but his main passion in the world of sports was basketball.

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James Robert Duquette

CINCINNATI, OHIO

The Duke entered the Academy fortified against the Academic Departments with a background of knowledge accumulated at several previously attended universities. However, this did not lead to his taking life easy here at Annapolis. He immediately set his course toward graduating with honors; his ability and determination to succeed will undoubtedly carry him to his goal. He was catcher on the varsity baseball team and played plebe and company football. Never refusing a bridge game, Duke was a partner who could be counted on to make every card count. In the future, he will always find himself master of the situation.



John Burkam Ferris, Jr.

SAINT ALBANS, NEW YORK

Being a man of determination, Burkam has found the formula for his success and he sticks with it. A great yearning for knowledge has led him to supplement his academics with many hours of his favorite reading. He is a prolific source of information concerning many topics. He has made lasting friends among his classmates who share his interests and among plebes who seem always to be seeking the information he has. Although he is very devoted to his purpose, he finds time for such diversified hobbies as maintaining the most complete stamp collection in Bancroft and furthering his acquaintance with music. There are no doubts in our minds that he will attain his life's ambitions.



James Isaac Gibson

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

After a year of college, this prospective mining engineer switched his sights to Annapolis and the Navy. Soft-spoken and quiet, Jim's sincere smile made him a friend of all who knew him. His ability, both in academics and athletics, combined with his determination to succeed in whatever he attempted, made him one of the outstanding men in our class. Finding that neither the Bull, Steam, nor the rest of the Academic Departments' big guns could train on him, he had ample time to write the daily letter to the girl out West or play a keen game of bridge. We know that Jim's future will be as complete and as successful as his past.

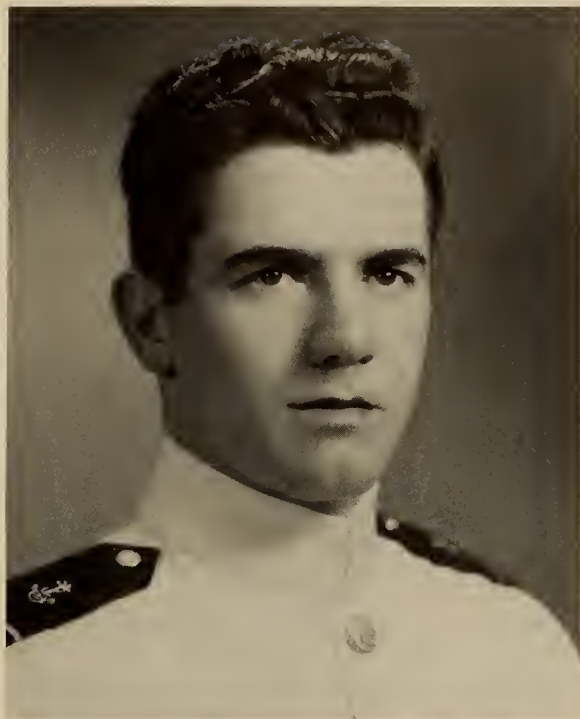


Robert Alexander Hemmes

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Conventionality's nemesis, an integrator extraordinary . . . an unexpected variation on life can always be expected when Rah is present. To him came from near and far, as pilgrims to Mecca, midshipmates of all descriptions, in search of the academic truth, never to leave wanting. A tried genius, Bob's amusing displays of lapsis mentis are always duly forgiven—but not always without our special reproof. Although wearied by shallow minds, trivial subjects and his wife's five jokes, Bob could always find great comfort in remembrances of sunny California. His ever-ready stock of tales about souped-up Fords, the Palladium, and Cal Tech will not soon be forgotten.





Bradley Dean Hoffmann

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Brad, with or without Schlitz beer, helped to make Milwaukee, his home town, famous. It is rumored that when Brad entered the Academy from Northwestern University, he had a tool box in one hand and an electrical engineer's handbook in the other. His radio with its control knobs that glowed with a weird red light can never be duplicated. An instruction book was needed in order to operate the set successfully with its maze of switches and controls. Whenever something broke, the cry was, "See Brad, he can fix anything." We'll all remember Brad for his happy-go-lucky nature, his ever-present smile, and his willingness to help everybody.



James Palmer Kelley

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Early one summer Jim was rounded up, shod and sent from the hills of Tennessee to earn his fame at Navy. Our Jim integrated with the best of them but always knocked off early enough to scan the *Nashville Banner* before marching off to the slide rule jamboree. His many interests strayed from Bach to Dorsey and Tolstoy to Al Capp. On Saturday morning Jim entertained the Dago prof with his Spanish à la southern drawl, but when the week end began, he devoted his talents exclusively to the entertainment of his feminine friends. Wherever Jim goes we can be sure he will take with him his dry wit and the fame and glory of the old South.



Raymond DeLear Lochner

BALDWIN PARK, CALIFORNIA

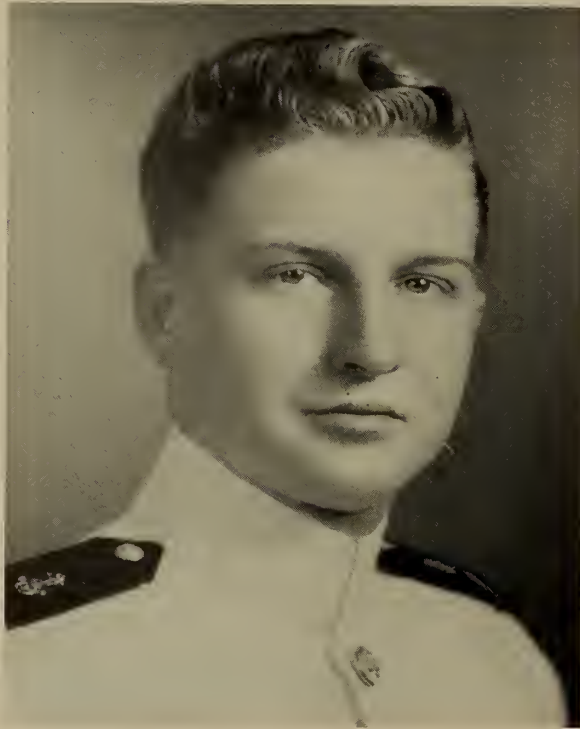
An ex-enlisted man from the "Knickerbocker," alias the *New York*, R. D. came to the Academy for a rest, but what a let down he had! He was not a savoir in the academics, but when just messin' around he did a bang-up job. Anything mechanical was his dish. He worked hours trying to dope out a new way of hitching up a gadget to a whatcha-ma-callit to make a thinga-ma-jig. His array of wires, switches, etc., on his desk, he swore, was a radio—and it worked! Who knows, through his tinkering during his spare time, he may discover something worthwhile someday.



Stewart Henderson McLean

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Squinch was very conceited, but he thinks he's swell now. He came here under a terrible handicap—he lived in Baltimore. However, he's redeemed himself by supplying drags for half of the brigade. He'll blush if you remind him of one choice brick he handed a youngster during plebe year. He's rather woeful minded and will tell anyone who'll listen how low he is in academics. However nobody will listen because we've all seen him in action. To eat with him, you have to be stronger than he is or you'll starve. Despite all this, he still has one admirer, the lacrosse coach. Squinch played varsity ball since plebe year. Both as a ham'n'egger and as a buddy he's hard to beat.



Charles Raymond Miko

WESTVILLE, ILLINOIS

Hailing from the coaling districts of central Illinois, affable, serious-minded Mike came to the Academy via Wabash College. In the way of outside activities he divided his time between playing tag with the sea breezes along the Severn as a member of the varsity sailing team and pondering upon writing his daily letter to the gal Sal back home. Never troubled with the academics, Mike's greatest obsession came in misreading the slipstick and misjudging the Bull profs. That he left his mark at the Academy and his memory with his classmates, there is no doubt. That he will succeed in later years, we entertain no fears.

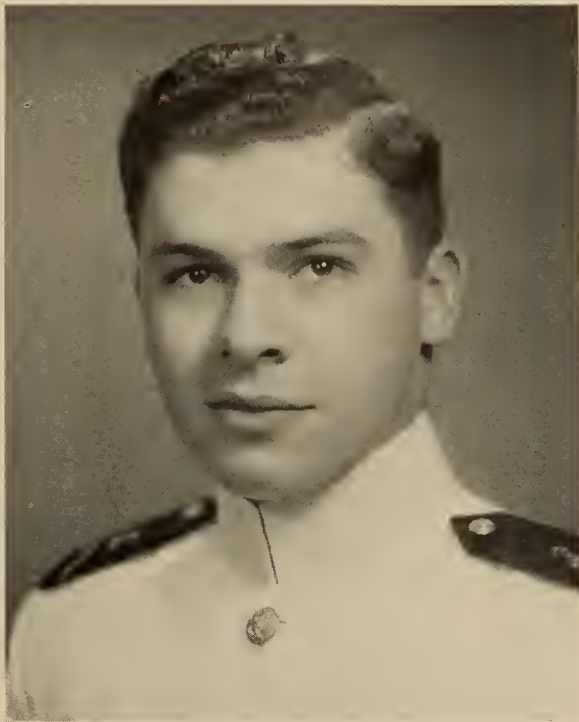


Charles Frederick Rauch, Jr.

LOGAN, OHIO

Always with a smile and a good word for everyone, Chick came to us from the grand old Buckeye State. How he could spend all his time writing letters and working for the *Log* and still fight it out with the Academic Departments on better than even terms has remained a mystery to us all. Chick, when he's not eating or talking about good chow, can be found either fiddling around with his bountiful supply of photographic equipment or engaging in a fast game of tennis. The same ability that enabled him to be a star man at the Academy, his likable personality and unyielding determination will no doubt carry him to the heights wherever he goes.

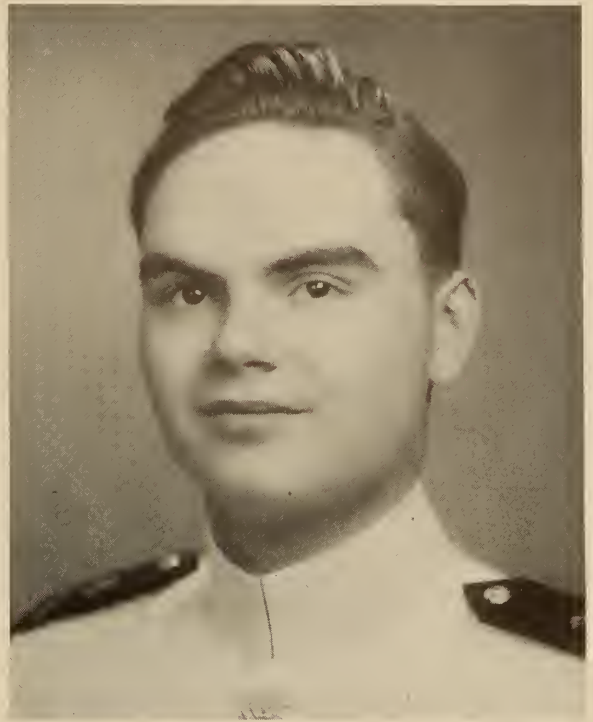




Bayard Turner Sansom

RAGLAND, ALABAMA

Say one word against Dixie, and Sambo, in his easygoing manner, will very politely but forcefully show you where you are wrong. Born in Alabama and having attended Marion and Georgia Tech, Turner is an enthusiastic supporter of anything southern and especially of that 'Bama football team. He makes it a point to enjoy life, but when the time comes to hit the books, he can settle down and work with that same deliberateness that is evident in all he does. That deliberateness, a fighting determination, and a natural ability to get along well with people are attributes which will enable Turner to get right to the top in whatever he decides to do.



Hubert Brown Sturtevant, Jr.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Turbo came to Navy as the good-will ambassador from the beer capital of the world. At every meal during plebe year he quaked at the words, "Waal Turbo!" cast in his direction by a certain upper-classman. Taking the rigors of academic life in his stride, he focused his attention on the great outdoors and cheered his steeplechase teammates on to victory. The allotted time in the messhall was always too short for him. He was noted for the amount of dessert that he could consume in the last minutes of the meal. Next to leave, Turbo rated dragging as his first love and favorite past-time.



David H. Swenson

TAYLOR, TEXAS

"Two-block that face, Swenson!" followed by a cheery "Aye, Aye, Sir." was our first introduction to this Texas maverick. Good-natured, full-of-fun Swede soon took to the Academy life. He spent his time excelling in football as well as playing hob with the Academic Departments' well-planned courses by starring in all of them. Swede used his little spare time helping his classmates through the toughies which came easy to him. Somehow he always found time for a game of bridge and the Saturday night movie. Swede's service to our class has been unselfish and outstanding and it's a sure bet that his record in the future will be just as good.



Raymond Warren Vasquez

SAINT ALBANS, NEW YORK

Ray came to the Academy via bell bottoms and began to do things the easy way. Never one for studying, he spent most of his time sleeping or dragging one of his eight main interests in life. He found time to win the plebe summer heavy-weight boxing championship and to play a little lacrosse, besides managing the business end of the class Ring Dance Committee. Pretty friendly with the members of the Executive Department, Ray always found time to do a little work for them on an off afternoon. A plebe runner de luxe and vice versa, he should fit right into the Navy system and make a good twenty-year man.



Edgar Floyd Ward

MECHANICSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Eager Ed is endeared to his classmates as a letter writer *par excellence* and connoisseur of feminine beauty. Pennsylvania's gift to the world will also tell you where the best deer hunting can be found. Staunch end of the battalion football team, Ed was out there on the field almost any rainy night. It took more than a charlie horse to keep him from his favorite game. He always believed in getting things done ahead of time. A query typical of Ed is, "What do you think of next Wednesday's Steam?" He is a very industrious classmate and his industry will take him a long way, even if he was kidded about it.

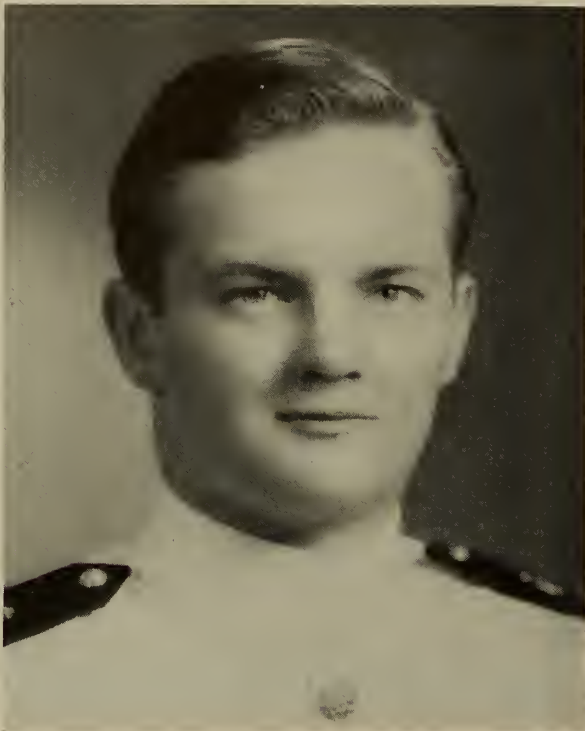


William Garner Wepf

NASHVILLE, ARKANSAS

Wherever Wepf goes you will find Arkansas. He spent three years here trying to prove that it was the only state in the Union and kept us laughing with his tales of the good old days at the University of Arkansas. He will be remembered by many for his antics in the Musical Club shows and for his abilities at the rough and tumble sports. Rarely on the bush and never on the tree, Wepf's greatest fear was that a portion of his life would pass without it's fullest significance. Since success is an achievement and not a gift, if you reach the top, you'll find him waiting for you.





John William Fallon, Jr.

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

Massachusetts will have a difficult time in attempting to produce a finer son than Muggs. That contagious laugh, keen sense of humor and aversion for academic subjects belies the calm capability and sincere integrity of which Jack always has more to offer than any occasion necessitates. Plebe year and ever after he made a brilliant impression on Navy's sport fans with his backstroke ability as a member of the varsity swimming team. Muggs excelled in many sports but swimming was his favorite. Jack entered Forty-Eight with his glowing personality ready to inject a note of gladness into any situation; he leaves having acquired a multitude of friends.



Charles Gonia

BENTON HARBOR, MICHIGAN

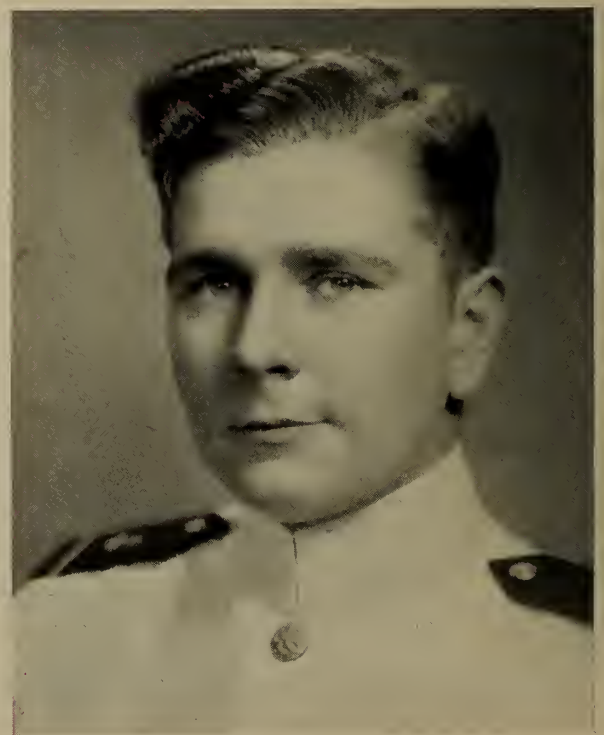
Chuck hails from Michigan and he'll never let you forget it. Most of his waking hours are spent arguing the merits of his home state or just arguing. Back issues of the *Log* will quickly attest that he is a poet of no modest means. He draws his inspiration from Nan, the girl back home. Chuck had several terms of college before entering the Academy, so he has had no trouble with the Academic Departments. A no-strain man from way back, he spent the minimum time necessary in studying. We'll remember Chuck, with his quick repartee and friendly argument as a fine classmate and a darn swell guy.



Joseph Richard Hawvermale

BERKELEY SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA

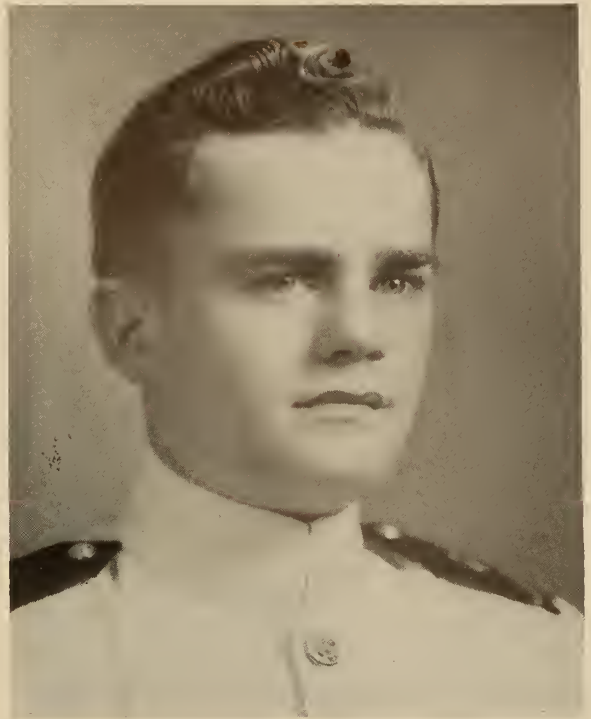
No matter where the place or what the circumstances, anyone who has a good word for West, "by God," Virginia, will find a bosom buddy in Duff. In addition to being the only lad "born and raised in Morgan County" to get through the Academy, he holds the distinction of being one of the best yawl sailors in the company. Speak to him for five minutes and you're a cinch to find out all about Hettie, his long-standing O.A.O. Speak to him for ten and it'll still be Hettie. Throughout his stay at Navy, Duff was known to all as a good friend, a fine classmate, and a swell guy.





William Harvey Jagoe

TEANECK, NEW JERSEY

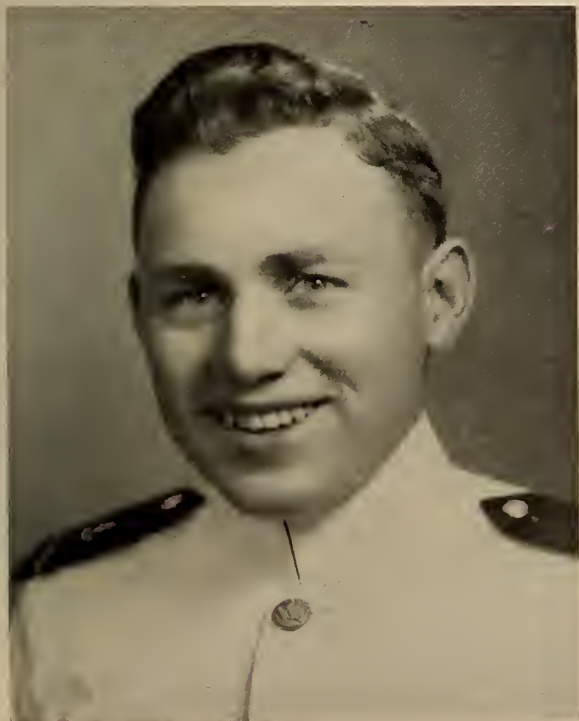


Robert Francis Jortberg

PORTLAND, MAINE

Harve came here by way of the University of North Carolina in the heart of the rebel country. An easygoing, likeable individual with a decided flair for humor, it didn't take him long to make innumerable friends. Among his many interests was varsity tennis, and he had a great deal of ability in basketball and football. Top billing, however, always went to a certain young maiden from Doylestown, Pennsylvania, with whom he is very engrossed. Harve entered Forty-Eight with a Greek letter pin on his shirt, sporty tennis clothes, and possessing endless natural capabilities. He will always be remembered for a guy who likes life, laughter, and good comradeship.

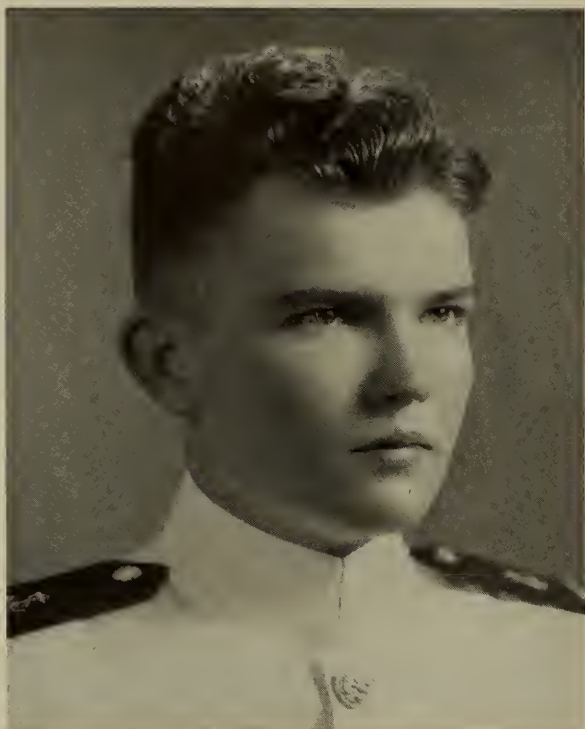
Bob came to the Academy from "down East" in Portland, Maine. He likes hard work and has done well in everything he has tried. His favorite pastime is writing, and he has done some excellent work as a member of the *Log* staff and in other extracurricular writing. There is no evidence that Bob has ever lost an argument, though he will take either side on any debatable question. He is very interested in photography, and many a rainy afternoon found him in the dark room. Submarines are Bob's present aim, and his willingness to work, his sense of humor, and ready smile should carry him to the success which he really deserves.



Francis Xavier Kuhn

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

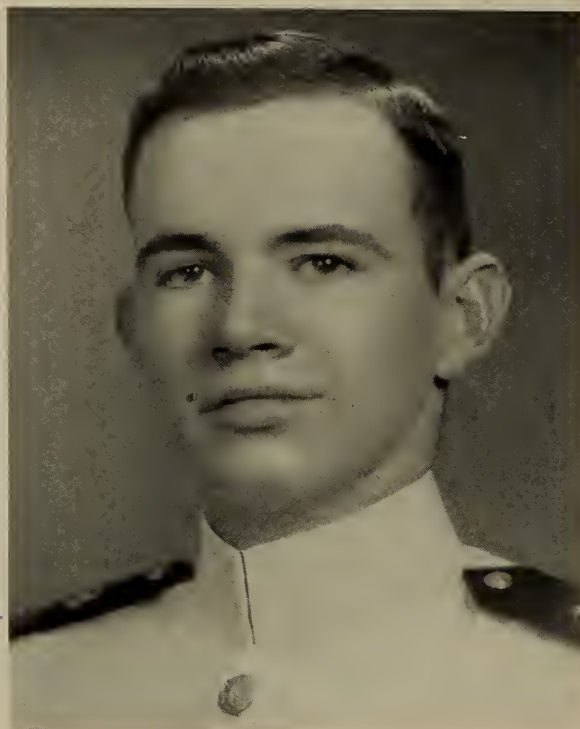
Fritz was offered a job capping beer bottles but decided instead to come to the Naval Academy. So he left home in Baltimore, hopped the trolley, and down he came. A staunch Marylander, Fritz would brook no insults to the "Free State." His far-reaching knowledge of Bull stood him in good stead for the many spirited discussions which took place during his happy years at Navy. Having a healthy love for sports, he not only supported Navy's teams wholeheartedly but followed his favorites in Baltimore as well. Smoking a pipe helped Fritz maintain a philosophical attitude towards his many troubles. His additional attributes of neatness, thoroughness, and tenacity insure a bright future.



William McGowan Matthew

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

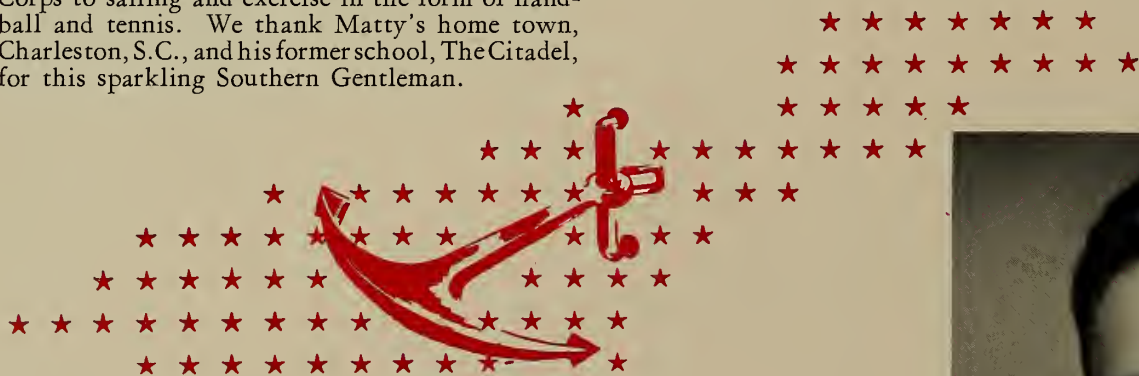
Just as champagne suggests a certain bubbling effervescence, so the name W. McGowan Matthew represents a friend whose buoyant humor and happy patter have provided much pleasure for those of us who have had the privilege of knowing him at the Academy. A Southerner without a drawl, Matty is full of witty remarks about things in general, including tall tales about the exploits of two ancestors both named Sam McGowan. His interests vary from the Drum and Bugle Corps to sailing and exercise in the form of handball and tennis. We thank Matty's home town, Charleston, S.C., and his former school, The Citadel, for this sparkling Southern Gentleman.



William Joseph McCabe

EAST HADDAM, CONNECTICUT

Big Bill McCabe stands for a rare combination of common sense and seriousness, but he is at the same time easygoing with a quick sense of humor. Mac didn't have any difficulty adapting himself to Navy life and making many friends. Academics were not of great concern to him. Bill's particular interests in sports were in boxing and wrestling—and he was able to handle himself in both. Mac could always be counted on to join in any fair professional argument. The submarine service will have a valuable addition if Mac's present plans materialize. His foresight, intelligence, and big Irish grin will always win friends and lead him to success.

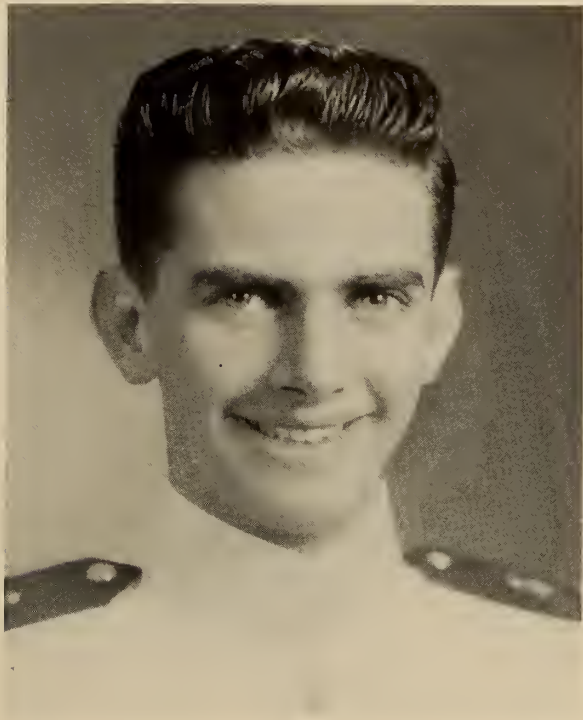


William James McClain

ETOWAH, TENNESSEE

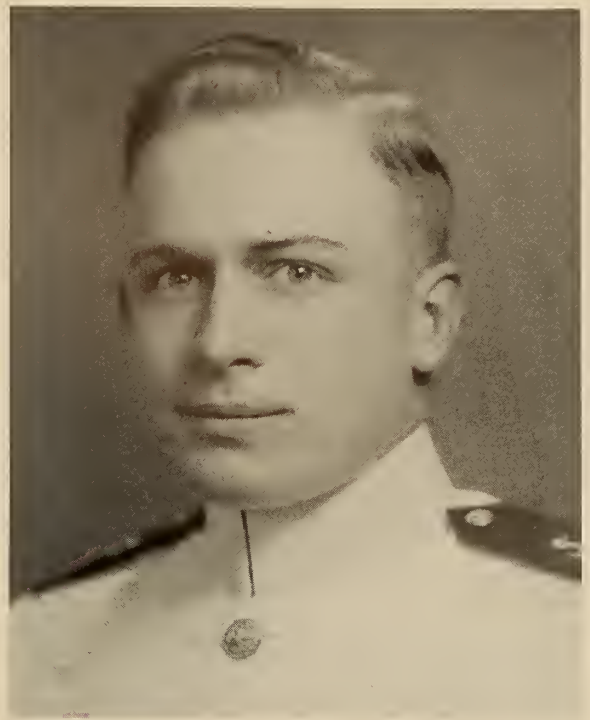
"Great Day! You actually mean to say you don't know where Etowah is," is Bill's spirited answer when asked the location of his home town. Bill has done a great deal to put Etowah on the map. After eight months of college at Sewanee University, Bill came to the Academy to strive for a well-balanced academic record. He has consistently participated in athletics and done well in a variety of sports. Football and basketball are his particular favorites. Bill has a good word for everyone and his natural good nature makes him universally popular. His steady reserved manner and wholesome character will assure Bill of success.





Wilson Enos McDermut

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Carlton Angus Klump McDonald

LIMERICK, MAINE

Mac blew into Crabtown from the Windy City with a year's service in the Merchant Marine to his credit and decided to take life easy for a while. While at the Academy Mac's first love, excluding his O.A.O., was good jazz; so when you're looking for him just drop in on the nearest jam session. Always able and willing to advance a sound opinion in a discussion, Mac will usually be in the thick of any argument. While breezing through academics, our boy found time to get himself caught a few times in the game of cops and robbers. With his perseverance Mac should attain success in his chosen field.

A gift from Maine via the V-12 training unit at M.I.T., Mac can always supply you with the latest dope on the Boston Bruins or the Red Sox. You might persuade him to relate his experiences at Fenway Park or the Boston Gardens, but his years in the "Old Navy" are usually "too terrible to talk about." Mac's popularity with the opposite sex is particularly noticeable when the scented envelopes are delivered with postmarks from everywhere on the East Coast. If he manages his Naval career with half the skill he has used to direct his dragging, Mac should be an overwhelming success.

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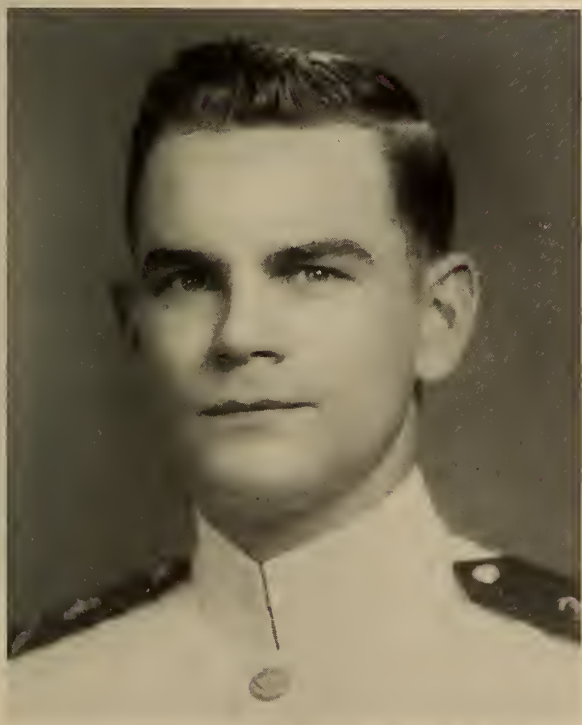
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Richard Edward Moran

BREWER, MAINE

From the lobby of the Bijou Theater in Bangor, the Mike came to Crabtown to enter the Academy. Having an intense state pride, he will readily tell you that the best potatoes do not come from Idaho, but Maine. Some of his sayings have become standard with the men in his company, and once acquiring an expression, he will use it often and with plenty of voice. Not inclined to overwork, Mike is fond of jazz and the blues. Whether something gripes him or not, Dick is always good for a grin or two and his lack of ability to let details excite him will one day pay off.

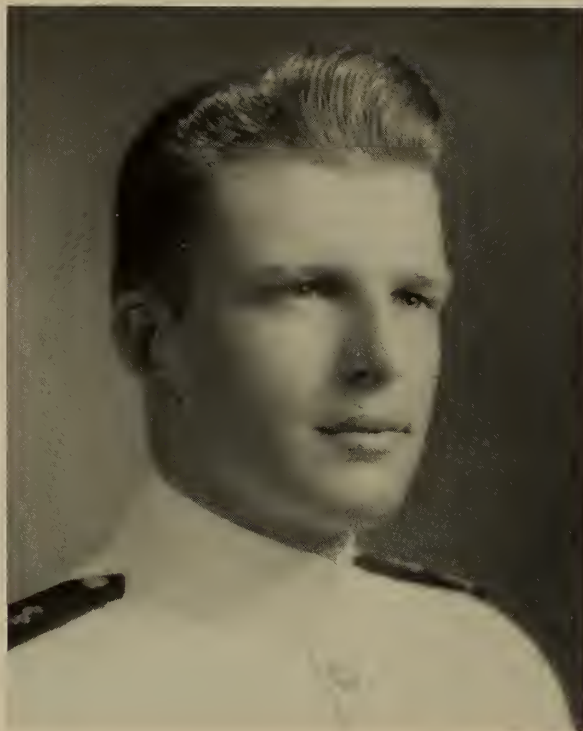




Benton Edgington Reams

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

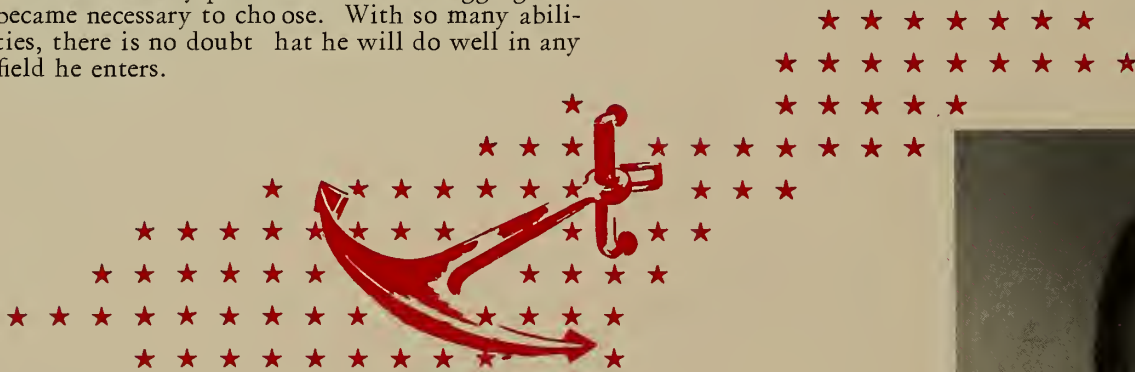
Ben hails from Tennessee, and is a rabid Southerner with plenty of rebel spirit. He did not continually refight the Civil War, but always was willing to let you know how badly the North was beaten. Stamps, records, photography and the *Trident* in addition to a keen interest in aviation and warships kept him well occupied in extracurricular activities. His many interests proved him a valuable source of information to bewildered plebes and puzzled classmates. Ben was an avid yawl sailor and usually preferred a race to dragging if it became necessary to choose. With so many abilities, there is no doubt that he will do well in any field he enters.



Charles Joseph Schneeman, Jr.

HOLLIS, NEW YORK

The Horse, a real thoroughbred from Long Island, has all it takes to make a champion. An excellent athlete, Chuck took time out from his daily sack drill to bolster Navy's track squad and to give a good account of himself in intramural sports. At his best when poking fun, Chuck was always good for a laugh with his singing and hilarious impersonations. He made life in Bancroft look easy and his happy-go-lucky attitude and common sense always made him a welcome member in any crowd. Chuck's easygoing manner and his ability to take life as it comes along should enable him to be both successful and happy in life's situations.

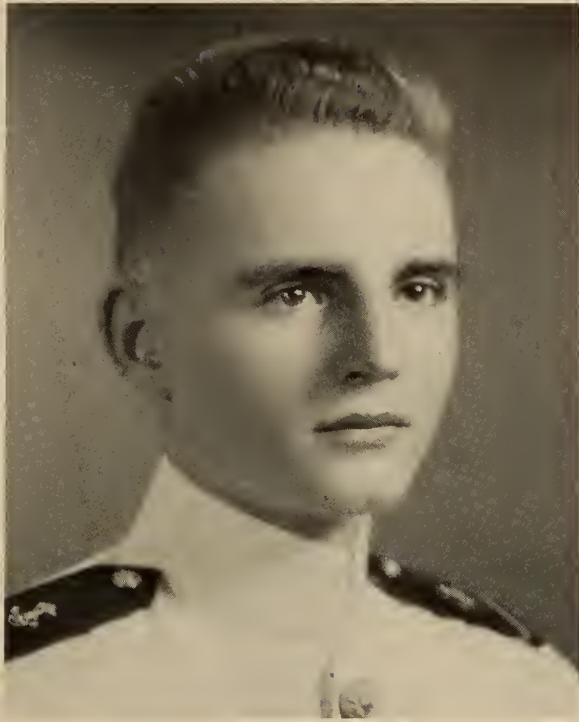


Donald Murrey Shake

PENDLETON, OREGON

"Stork" came to us from eastern Oregon and will be remembered for his satiric sense of humor, his gift for quick repartee, and his love of a friendly bit of raillery. To all outward appearances, he was a regular Red Mike, but we who heard him yelling, "Get the mail out, Matel!" know better. He disliked sham and was always ready to share the responsibility. He spent nearly all of his afternoons either running or throwing the javelin and proved to be the star of the company cross-country teams. He usually accomplished what he set out to do and his many friends know he will let few things in life faze him.

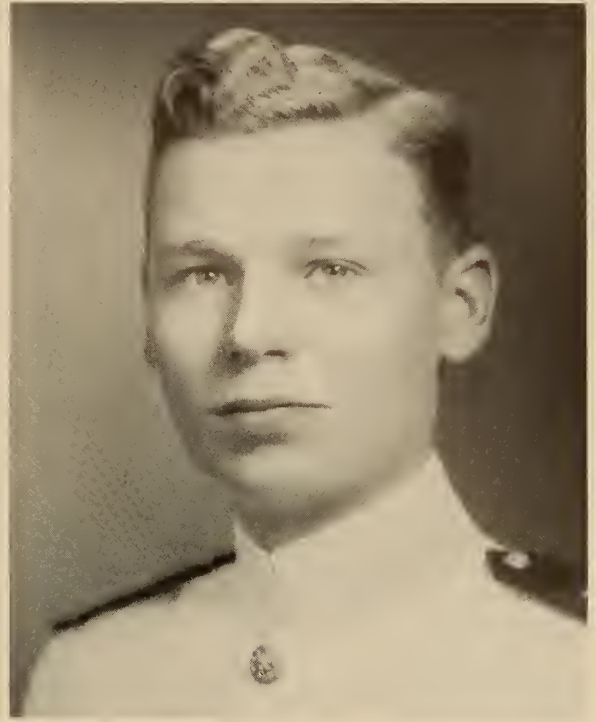




Kenneth Laverne Shugart

CHEYENNE, WYOMING

A product of Wyoming, Ken was quick in letting us know that the Indians were not yet in control of his home state. He swung into the routine of Navy with very little difficulty. Ken excelled on the hardwood of the basketball court and was no mean halfback on the football field. Academics presented no difficulty to Ken and any afternoon would find him on the gym's basketball court. Well known and liked throughout the brigade, he was never one to let any grass grow under his feet. Ken has all the qualifications of a competent naval officer and should excel on the tough hardwood court of life.



Francis Maurice Snyder

DUSHORE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Take it easy" was the philosophy of life which Sam carried with him throughout his career at the Academy. It was actually hard to determine which he liked better—the hours spent leisurely in the sack or the many albums of good music which he possessed. His academic record was excellent although he spent many of his study hours doing anything but studying. Sam was always ready and willing to solve any problem which gave anyone else trouble or to give his opinion on any personal problem—an opinion which was always sound and helpful. Sam's good sense of humor, alert thinking, and ability should insure his success in life.

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Dwight Wadsworth

FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT

One can get an excellent impression of Waddy just by sitting next to him during a spirited football game or boxing meet. An active participant in athletics himself, he never fails to shout words of encouragement to his favorites. His room was usually the scene of a victrola going full-blast, and a lively bull session in progress with Waddy right in the middle. Because he's a true New Englander, he does his best to attend all the hops, and will usually be found there in some secluded corner. His tremendous popularity is due to his witty good-naturedness, and that, coupled with his academic abilities, should enable him to travel far in any field.



Willard Hall Walker, III

LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON

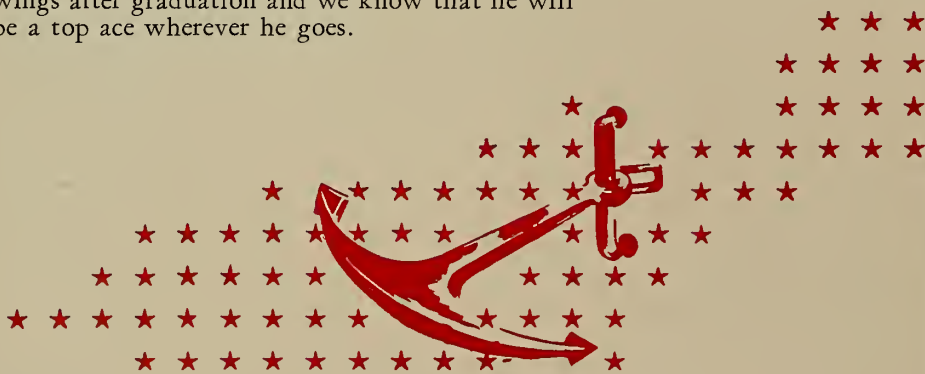
Willard Hall, better known as Dix, is a typical outdoor man from the famous lumber country of Washington State, and duck hunting is his phobia. Although he is a better-than-average athlete, Dixie's talents didn't stop at sports; he was a good man academically and was always willing to help a bucket in need. Dix, full of laughs, was always ready for a good time, but he could still be content to sit and listen for hours to his collection of symphonies. His head is set on a pair of golden wings after graduation and we know that he will be a top ace wherever he goes.



Bradley Lamar Baker

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Daily weight-lifting and an education at Baltimore Polytechnic are all any man needs for success"—and Brad can point to his own excellent record to prove it. Brad starred in academics and Grease with no strain and he is equally proficient at any type of athletics. To belie his statement that he hates women, he made a daily haul of perfumed letters and can often be seen dragging some queen. Although Brad loves a good game of "cops and robbers" as much as anyone, he is one of the few men the Executive Department has never caught up with. Brad's conscientiousness and ability will carry him far in the Fleet.

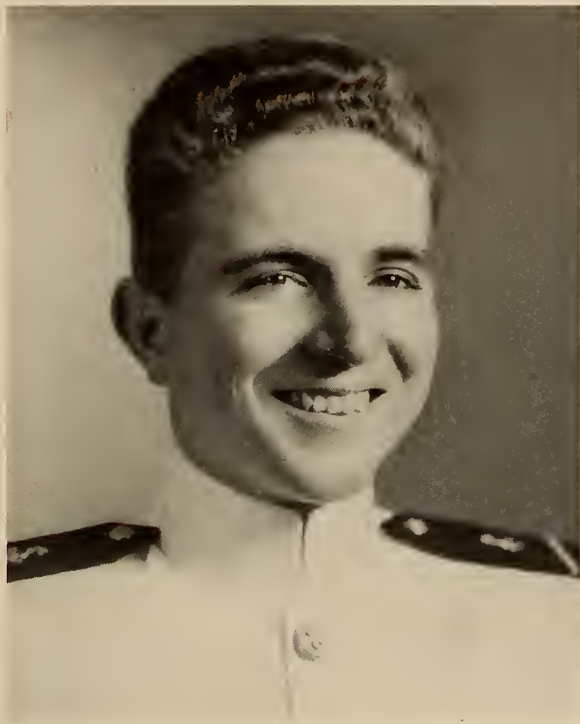


Raymond Lee Black

IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

For a smooth operator from way back, Blackie is the man. Fresh from the wilds of Idaho, he expected a country club. Instead, he got the bitter truth. Floored but not quite out, he came back to make the most of dragging, handball, and sleeping, with wonderful results. Yet always a man of duty, he understood his purpose here and excelled in the academic and professional side of his new life. In fact there wasn't much that Ray couldn't excel in when he applied himself. One of the best-liked men in the company, Ray, with his humor and ready smile, will be "one of the boys" wherever he goes.

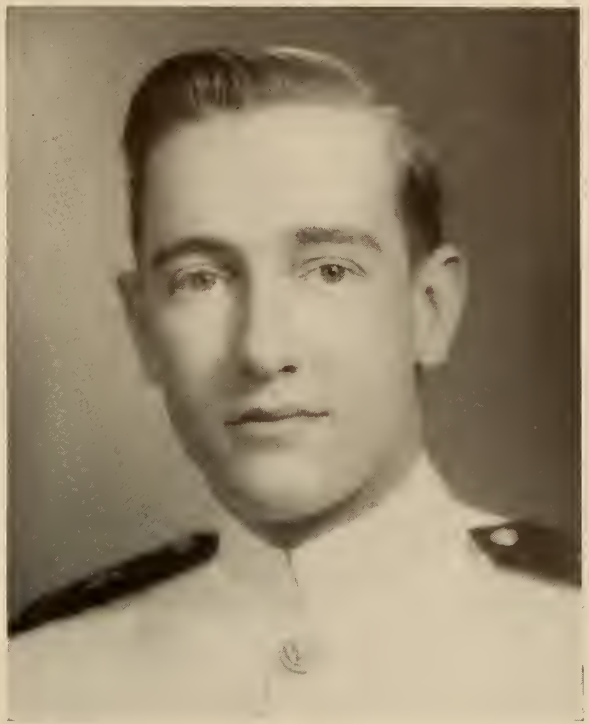




Frank Lawrence Boushée

MOUNT LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA

The little Admiral seemed to be a natural for a Naval career. Attending three colleges before his lifelong ambition materialized, he has been a resident of so many states that none can claim him. Frank would have been one of our best wrestlers if an injured arm hadn't forced him to stop. Not quite a Red Mike but one of rosy hue, Bush always contested that some day he would find a queen of the appropriate size. Not exactly a Dago savoir, he could always be recognized by his smooth French and perpetual good humor. If his future in the Fleet can be measured by his Academy record, Frank will be tops.



John Carson Bowers

LANSDOWNE, PENNSYLVANIA

When Jack came to Club Bancroft, Lansdowne felt her loss. Always making even the worst situation seem enjoyable by allowing a few beams to radiate from his sparkling personality, Jack made the stay at Navy one of contentment for himself and all who knew him. Jack's extra-curricular energy was expended in basketball, football, and lacrosse, with more than enough left over to charm his drags on week ends. Studies came as easily as friends and athletics. Always enjoying life to its fullest, with a touch of seriousness at the right time, Jack will have no trouble with any type position he decides to make his career after he graduates.

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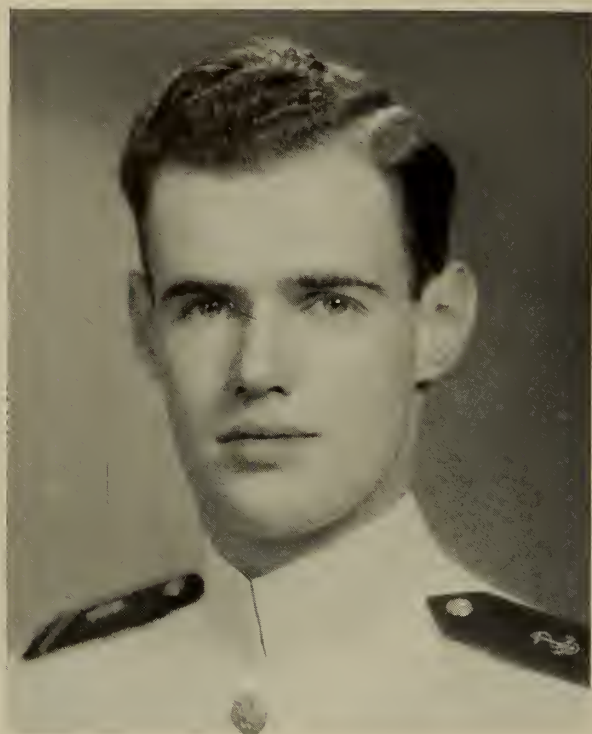
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Charles William Butler

MADISON, WISCONSIN

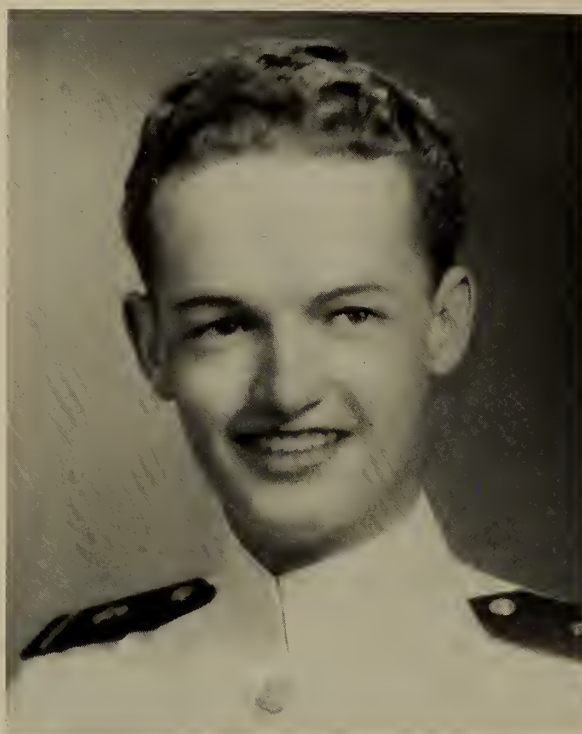
With an impressive record of fresh water sailing victories behind him, Chas, came to Navy confident that it was the place to get some real salt in his veins. Although the brackish Chesapeake proved tame after the expanses of the Great Lakes, this tiller master always managed to be sailing at every opportunity. Finding that his scientific mind sort of "got this stuff," Chas spent most of his spare time between his sack and his boat designs. Easy-going, uncomplaining, Butler can take the young ladies or leave them and will probably jump ship in some South Pacific paradise and spend the remainder of his life resting.



John Alden Chapman, II

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Even though most of his study hours were spent in writing letters, Jack managed to keep well ahead of academics, and when it came to dragging you can be sure he would be with the prettiest. Some thought he avoided the gym to save his energy for the flying squadron, of which he was a consistent member, but he assured everyone he needed the extra time to work on more letters. But when it was necessary Jack could become a serious and hard worker, completing his tasks with a minimum of confusion and time. It is certain that his cheerfulness and lively personality will make him welcome wherever he goes.



Daniel Joseph Connolly

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

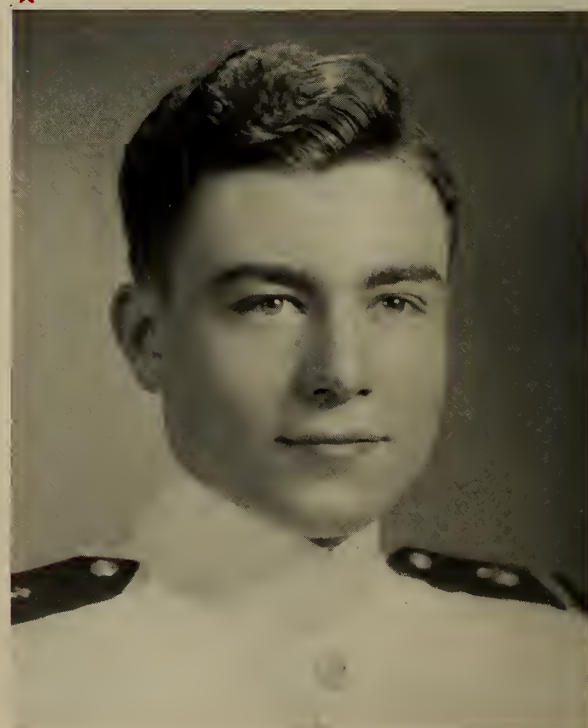
Quiet, likeable, humorous, always smiling, Con was one of the lucky few able to take Academy life with little strain. Constantly willing to help his classmates and a big brother to all plebes, Dan's host of friends was innumerable. We will always remember Con for his easy acceptance of bricks, ability to see four movies a week end, and a lasting love for his sack. Able at bridge, a congenial partner at handball or tennis, a willing participant of a touch football game; he should get along anywhere. Two weeks away from a reserve commission in the Naval Air Corps when he entered, his choice after graduation will undoubtedly be aviation.

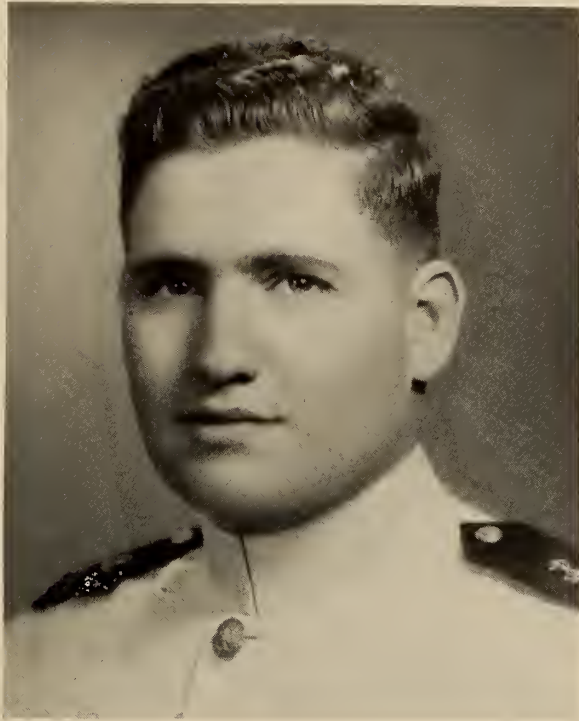


Edward Mark Cummings, Jr.

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

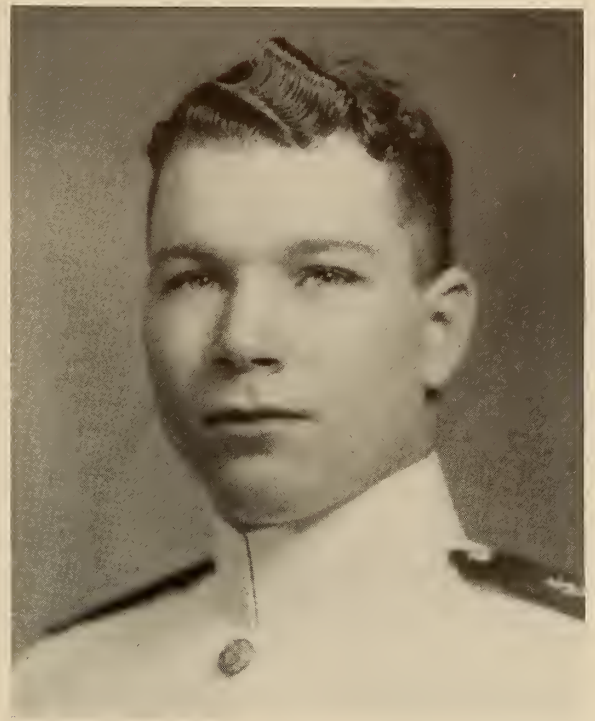
"What an opportunity to enjoy life!" These words explain fully Ed's choice of a Naval career. Always ready with a better answer for the wittiest remark, his vitality and zest for living won friends wherever he went. The "Lovah" believed in good times and good-looking drags. His improvements on "the old Navy line" caused more than one of his many queens to attempt to remove him from the list of unattached wolves. Ed worked hard in academics and in sports, and his speed earned him a steady berth on the soccer team. All hands are looking forward with pleasure to service and shore leaves with Ed.





Peter Joseph Goldman

NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Roger Milton Gregory, Jr.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

With a backing of two years at Johns Hopkins, Pete descended on the Naval Academy intent upon showing the world that a pre-med student could make a Naval officer—and he spent the next three years proving it. In fact, Pete was the only man we knew who could consistently set the profs straight and get away with it. But academics weren't all that he excelled in. He was the mainstay of the pushball team, and a handy man to have on our side in company boxing. Pete was never too busy to help someone, and his generosity and loyalty to his friend are traits we will never forget.

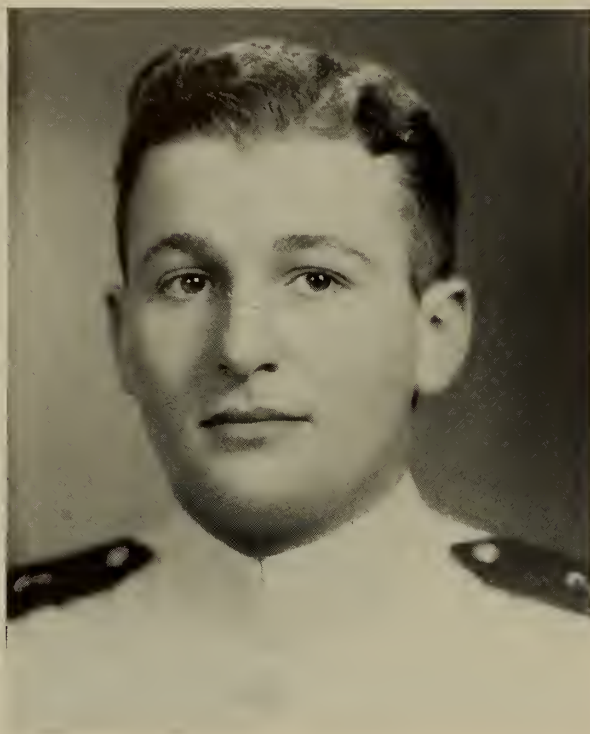
A firm believer in the Naval Academy maxim, "You can't have fun and Grease too," Greg was the center of a perpetual three ring circus. His flashes of wit brightened the lives of his buddies who humorously referred to him as the man who killed vaudeville. Greg breezed through academics spending most of his time corresponding with his long list of beautiful damsels. Few week ends passed on which he wasn't dragging one of his queenly choices. When looking at his locker, which resembled a combination of a commissary store and a photo gallery, it was often wondered whether Greg's greater weakness was his stomach or his heart.



John Philip Holland

BANGOR, MAINE

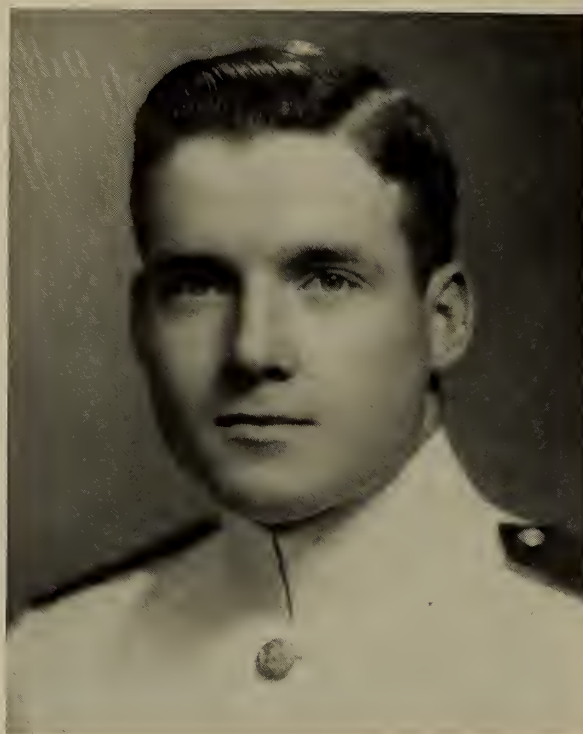
"God save the King," said the Englishman, but John didn't say the same. A bit of the blarney stone accompanied him to the Academy together with a love for the old masters of jazz and blues and a dislike for William of Orange. Although it was fast and furious, the kidding he took about his "Pinochio" never fazed him a bit. It even had its value, he says. José took the prize for having the most expensive date in Academy history, and was renowned for his casual regard for women. However, his greatest ambition is to brush aside the pleading girls. So get in line, gals, 'cause John is ambitious.



Stanley Arthur Jacobs

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Such expressions as "magnifique" and "you're mad" thundering from the B-hole always give evidence of the presence of S. A. Jacobs, better known as Jake to his many friends. Jake was one of the few men at Navy who never took a strain. His easygoing manner was never changed by the toil of Severn Tech. Jake's varied and extensive assortment of songs, jokes, and anecdotes could always be relied upon to brighten up an otherwise dull study hour. His cartooning ability enabled him to produce masterful and satirical comic art. A connoisseur of fine food and fine women, Jake always had the best of both on hand.



Frank Edward Lally, Jr.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

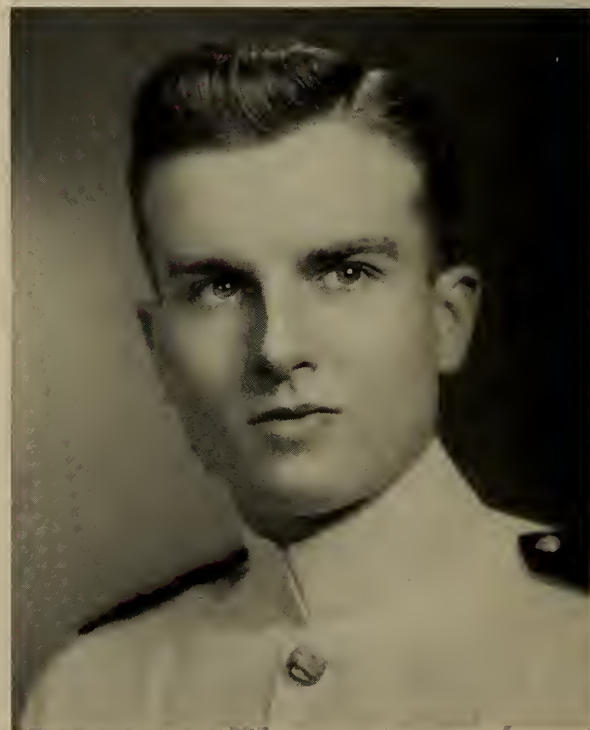
Though his friends tried to convince Bud that Kentucky was a northern state, they were never able to alienate him from his interest and appreciation for finer attributes of his home state—good bourbon, beautiful horses, fast women, and warm, fair weather. His ability to spend over three-quarters of his study time writing letters and still attain academic distinction by starring was a constant source of amazement to his classmates. Bud's many interests included his faithful support of the varsity wrestling team, jazz, blues, and boogie, and dragging one of the many girls he wrote. His good nature, even though combined with Irish explosiveness, won him many friends.

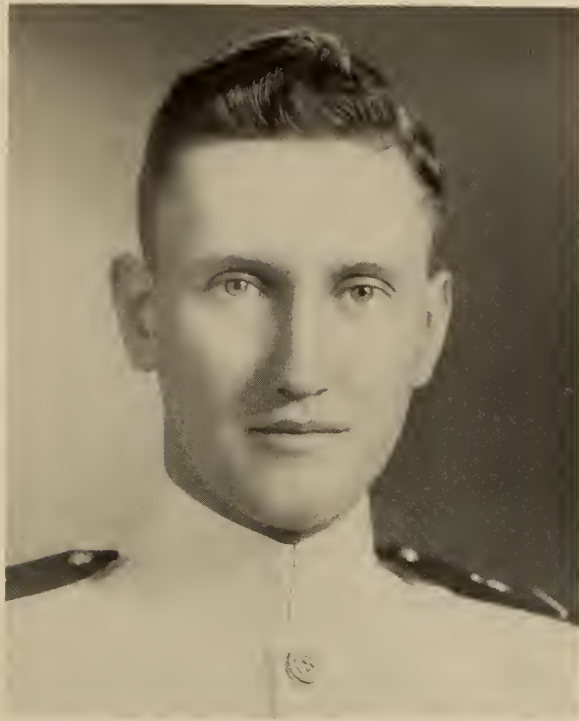


Henry Beckham Latimer

BETHESDA, MARYLAND

A Marylander, Herky has received his share of chiding remarks for the rainy week-ends so peculiar to Crabtown. When neither studying nor running cross-country, Herk could be found punching the typewriter for *The Log* or dragging one of his numerous feminine admirers from Miami or American University. Though coming into the Academy fresh from civilian life, Herk's aggressiveness soon made him proficient in the ways of the Navy. Having accumulated the astounding total of three demerits, he modestly attributes his excellent conduct record to Lady Luck. If perseverance and a sincere interest in his fellow men are essential to success, Herky should go far.

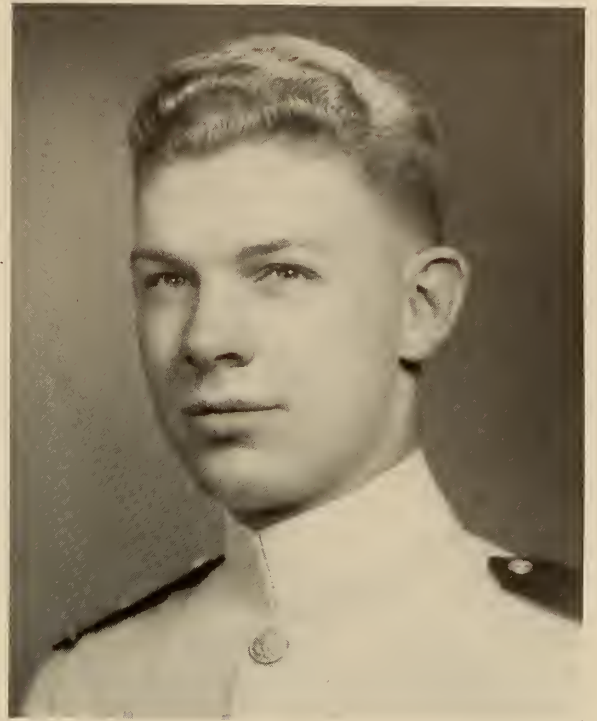




William Sexauer Lewis

GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

The long jump from Oklahoma's oil wells to Bancroft Hall was but an easy step for Bill, who caught on to the system like a fish to water. Company athletics, academics and his duties as LUCKY BAG company representative were nicely managed and no one was more aggressive than Bill in molding himself into an all-around officer. His initiative resulted in plenty of kidding from classmates, but his likeable manner always kept Bill in good stead. With women, his strong, silent ways never failed to prove effective but he usually took more time breaking in the "draw" on a new pipe than he did dragging the fairer sex about Tecumseh Court.



Wayne Smith McCord

WIGGINS, COLORADO

Hailing from the wilds of Colorado, Mac brought to the Academy a love of the West and the mind of a savoir, which enabled him to label every course as fruit. In the same package was a sense of humor which soon made him the leading contender in any battle of wit and an appetite that was a horror to anyone fortunate to receive a box from the folks. Dragging and sports constituted the bulk of his extracurricular interests, but a prospective bridge or pinochle game could always count on his support. Mac will be an answer to a skipper's dream and a welcome addition to any wardroom.

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Neri Osborn, III

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Oz came to the Academy as a refugee from the deserts of Phoenix. He had all intentions of working hard and making good, but soon changed his mind when he saw how much fun it would be to try to beat the system. Oz is no varsity athlete, but he had always been a mainstay of the company boxing and football teams. For extracurricular activities he likes to sleep, read, drag occasionally, sleep, play cards, and sleep. He can always be counted on to keep a conversation lively. With his amiable ways and sheer determination, Oz is bound to be a success in the days to come.



Hugh Allen Sanders

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA

Although Hugh is a pleasant mixture of Scotch-Irish he is suspected of having some relationship with the Tecumseh tribe, since neither Hugh nor Tecumseh are famous for their oratorical profuseness. This characteristic, however, speaks well for him. Those who know him appreciate him as a man of few but pregnant words on topics of current, past, or future interest. His nickname, Sandy, springs from his sandy-colored hair in which is entrapped the inimitable sun of his Southern California home. Hugh's spare time showed him up to be as versatile as his interests which ranged from bridge, psychology, and golf, to basketball and an occasional good "SEE-gar."



David Alexander Strausz

YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

Tall, blond, and self-conscious Dave arrived at Navy with a Yakima, Washington, apple in each hand and one between his teeth. He spent most of his underclass years forgetting to initial T.S. lists, worrying about being fried and wondering how he'd get home next leave. Dave worked at about ten per cent capacity in the Academic Department and every happy hour found him diligently writing letters on his typewriter. Coming from Washington, it is only natural that Strausz should cut a mean figure on the hickory skis and Navy has made something of a small boat sailor of him. Except when he breaks out the one note singing voice of his, it is always a pleasure to be with Dave.



Robert Lester Van Horn

SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

Navy never changed Bob's easygoing ways. Since he was a confirmed "sack artist," he spent most of the day and night slumbering peaceably while others toiled. On dragging week ends, though, it was a completely different story. He turned into a veritable flash of light on such occasions. Bob's talents were by no means limited to dragging, however. Polished card tricks still leave many of the boys wondering. He is an amateur architect, and his sketches and plans show much promise. In addition he has shown outstanding ability in both wood and metal working. Bob's natural ability and pleasing personality should insure his success.







Adams, R. C.
Anderson, G. A.
Barber, R. P.
Bates, R. W.
Berggren, R. E.

Bilderback, O. J.
Blizard, F. H.
Bodmer, R. V.
Bonnifield, B.
Borchert, W. H.

Bradley, C. S.
Brandt, W. R.
Bruner, J. W.
Carroll, R. G.
Chew, R. S., Jr.

Claitor, R. G.
Cuddy, T. W.
Davis, J. M.
Dittmar, W. D.
Dowd, B. S., Jr.

Duncan, R. T., Jr.
Eaton, R. C., Jr.
Ellis, D. A., Jr.
Evans, W. H., Jr.
Eyler, E. M.

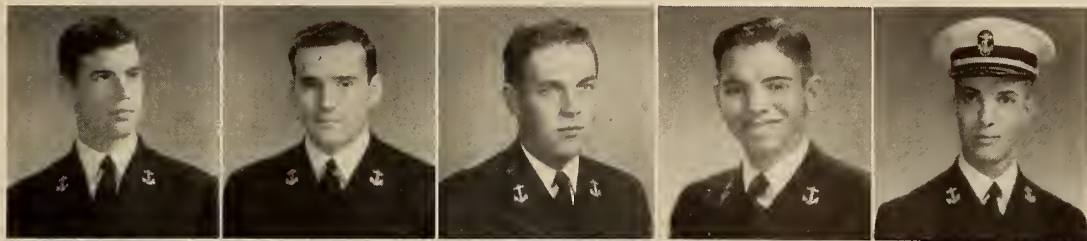
Gaylord, S. W., Jr.
Gray, E. J.
Hamlin, D. R.
Hawe, S. R.
Herlihy, J. D., Jr.

Howard, L. R.
Huss, K. H., Jr.
Johnson, F. C.
Kleinman, B. H.
Klinefelter, J. W.

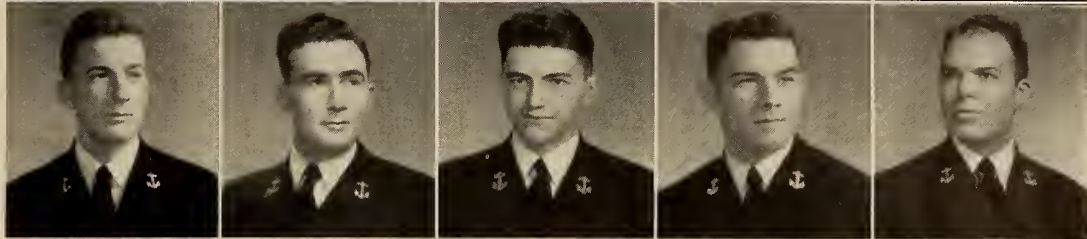
SECOND BATTALION



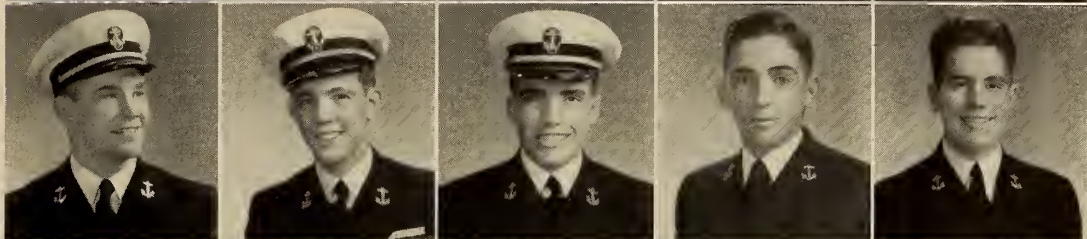
Lafferty, F. R., Jr.
 Lauer, F. W., Jr.
 Lewis, C. L.
 Lewis, W. W., Jr.
 Lyle, R. B.



Martenson, P. V.
 Martin, H. U.
 Matthews, F. E.
 McCallum, E. A., Jr.
 McCord, J. W.



McFarland, M. C.
 Mercer, R. B.
 Montalvo, J.
 Moss, E. C.
 Niland, K.



Omelich, P. B.
 Pyle, R. O., Jr.
 Quinn, P. L.
 Rees, W. L.
 Robinson, R. W.



Schofield, A. R., Jr.
 Searle, R. H.
 Searson, R. A.
 Spalding, T. C.
 Stephens, D. R.



Tagliente, J. P.
 Thornhill, D. R.
 Tsiknas, J. C.
 Walchko, D. P.
 Wegner, W.



Weir, M. A.
 White, J. F., Jr.
 White, W. P.
 Whitmore, C. A., Jr.
 Wurlitzer, R. E.



SECOND BATTALION



Class of 1948-B



Achce, E. W.
 Bading, H. M.
 Balch, A. H.
 Balko, W. J.
 Barkley, H. B., Jr.
 Barrow, J. J.
 Barsness, E. O.
 Bartlett, W. H.

Bauman, C. J., Jr.
 Baumgarten, H. E., Jr.
 Baur, F. G.
 Baysinger, R. H., Jr.
 Beebe, R. T.
 Beeler, James D.
 Benson, J. S. M.
 Bernstein, K. J.

Bonner, M. M.
 Bower, G. C., Jr.
 Brady, R. E.
 Brown, D. H.
 Brown, E. B.
 Brummitt, G. F.
 Bryan, W. L.
 Burk, G. L.

Butler, D., Jr.
 Campbell, David O.
 Carpenter, B. A.
 Carr, A. R.
 Cartwright, J. P.
 Carver, E. S.
 Cecchini, A. L.
 Chessman, S. R.

Chote, R. G.
 Clark, R. S.
 Cluett, D. G.
 Cobb, W. C.
 Coontz, R. J.
 Counts, S. T.
 Cox, S. S.
 Crowell, R. J.

Cruise, E. A., Jr.
 Currence, J. H.
 Curtin, T. A.
 Daniel, D. W.
 Dickson, Joe A.
 Duke, W. E., Jr.
 Durham, J. E., Jr.
 Eustace, R. J.

Fallon, M. R.
 Finlay, W. A., Jr.
 Folkerts, T. M.
 Foscato, S. E., Jr.
 Francis, R. H.
 Fraze, J. M.
 Garibaldi, J. J.
 Ghornticy, R. M.

Gill, T. M.
 Gollner, J. H.
 Goodacre, R. F., Jr.
 Goodman, R. W.
 Goulburn, F. P., Jr.
 Green, J. H.
 Greene, J. L.
 Gunckel, D. L.

Guthrie, W. S.
 Hammer, T. J., Jr.
 Hawley, D. A.
 Hill, J. D.
 Hunwick, L. P.
 Jackson, L. E. V.
 Jennison, W.
 Jepson, J. A.

Johe, R. L.
 Johnson, C. R.
 Johnson, J. M., Jr.

Jones, H. W.
Josephson, J. V.
Josey, C. W., Jr.
Kelly, Richard W.
Kent, Wm. Ralph, III
King, L. D.
Kirkbride, J. O., Jr.
Kneale, J. E.

Linton, T. D.
Maguire, E. J., Jr.
Marquardt, W. E., Jr.
McArthur, R. W.
McCright, M. I.
McCullough, C. D.
McEncarney, J. E.
McKeogh, J. D.

McMurray, W. C.
McTammany, J. A.
Meanix, W. H., Jr.
Mello, G. D.
Mergl, R.
Meyrick, C. W.
Miller, E. A.
Miller, J. A.

Mills, W. T.
Mohrhardt, R. F.
Mollison, O. S.
Moore, L. A.
Myers, W. A.
Negus, A. G.
Nicholson, M. W.
Noel, L. M.

O'Flaherty, W. A.
Ostlund, J. C.
Ousterhout, D. T.
Palmer, C. A., Jr.
Paul, M. O.
Pennisi, W. E.
Peters, J. C.
Porter, K. A.

Pyles, L. S.
Ratliff, W. M.
Reid, C. E., Jr.
Reiher, E. J.
Ridenour, R. W.
Riegert, T. P.
Rogers, T. M.
Roland, F. O., Jr.

Rupe, J. W.
Sample, W. H.
Sarris, P. J.
Scoville, J.
Shapiro, S.
Shirley, H. J.
Simich, A. F.
Skomsky, S. A.

Smith, Charles M.
Smith, E. W., Jr.
Sprague, E. T. E.
Stephenson, P. F.
Swanson, C. O.
Swanson, J. R.
Synhorst, G. E.
Taylor, L. L., Jr.

Troughton, L. A., Jr.
Tweel, R. G.
Walker, J. K.
Walters, R. L.
Ward, F. W.
Wentworth, W.
White, H. C.
Wilder, F. J.

Wilson, James C.
Woods, E. E., Jr.
Youngblade, C. J.
Zimmerman, E. F., Jr.



SECOND BATTALION

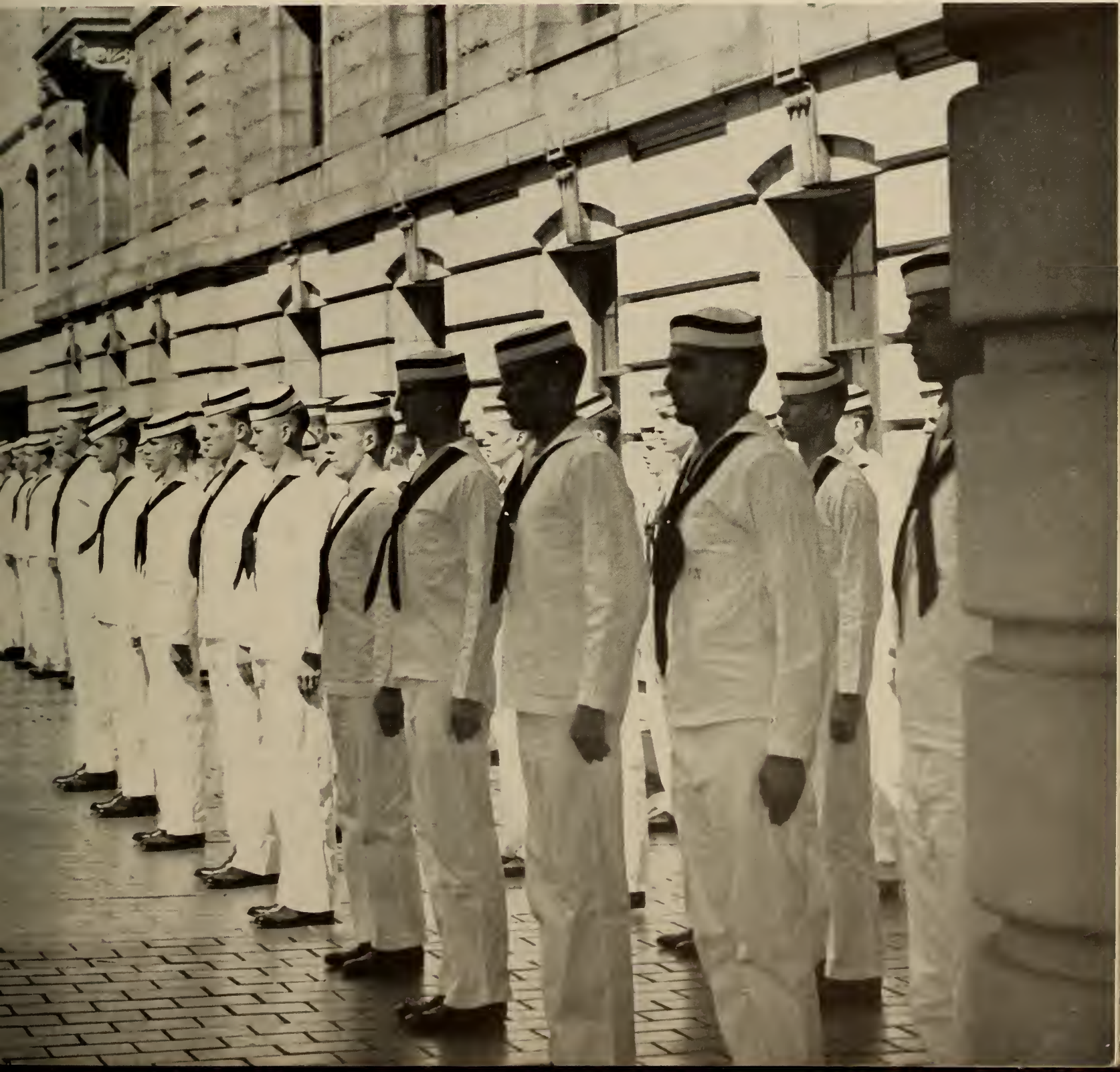
Class of 1949

3

R D B A T T



A L I O N



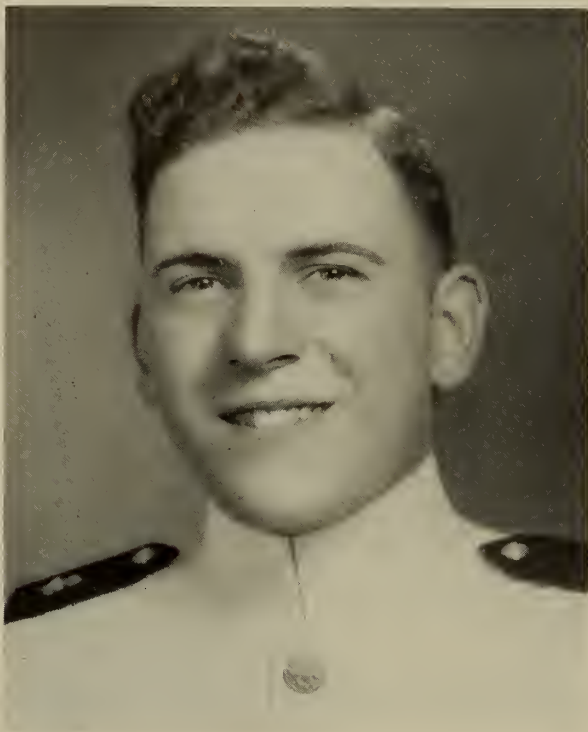


Eleventh Company



Twelfth Company





Fred Hubbard Baughman

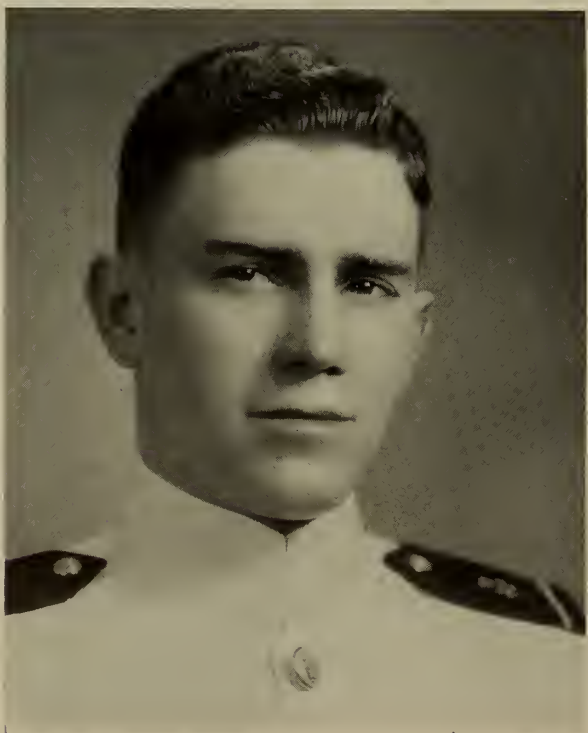
GOSHEN, INDIANA

Disregarding Horace Greeley's famed advice, Fred came East from the Indiana wilderness just three years ago. He went right to work, threw and pinned the academics, and has been on top ever since. Freddie made out pretty well along extracurricular lines, too, for you'll find the name of Baughman on the lists of the '48-A LUCKY BAG, the *Log*, Glee Club, Choir, and the "Hellcats." On the field of sweat and strain he fancied batt football and jayvee lacrosse, but if you press him he'll confess that his true love was pushball. Fred intends to go up in the world, literally, for his sights are set on Navy wings. He'll get 'em, too!

David Clark Carruth

GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

Originally from Tulsa, Oklahoma, D. C. came in through the Navy boots at San Diego, and N.A.P.S. His favorite sport is splashing water out of the Natatorium by employing two mammoth size propellers in the rear. At other times Dave may be seen sailing in the bay or over the crossbar of the pole vault. His interests in the Navy centers around aviation and he belonged to the elite "Saturday afternoon zoom-boys' Club," which migrates weekly to the other side of the river. Dave derives great joy in singing any place or anytime—even before breakfast. Those who know him best will remember him as the teller of tremendously tall tales, and singer of snappy songs.



José María Rodríguez Castaño

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA

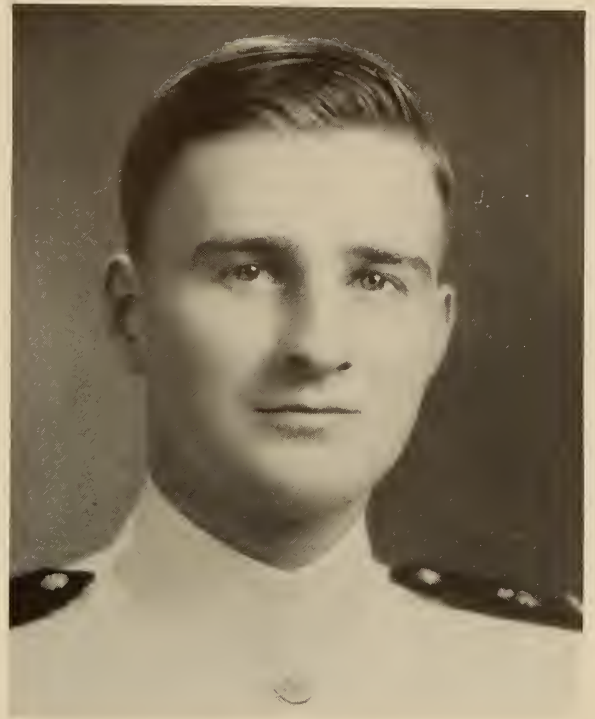
A new country and a new language greeted Castano from Colombia when he came to the Naval Academy, but he adapted himself immediately. He turns his fluent English on and off at convenient intervals. A star at soccer, Joe's publicity ranges from the lips of females to Povich patter to a comic strip in a Detroit newspaper. How does he take it? Why, he's as modest as a peacock. Indifferent to the vicissitudes of Bancroft, Joe passes by the skin of his pearly teeth in some subjects, fluctuates in the others. His share of luck, looks, personality, and talent is assurance of many happy cruises during his career.



John Lynn Chelgren

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

John came here fresh from the N.R.O.T.C. at the University of Minnesota where he had spent two and a half years. The fact that he already had taken most of the courses they give here soon earned him the reputation of a slash. He wasn't, for the simple reason that he knew the stuff already. Most of his spare time was taken up with crew and basketball. He was active in the Choir and Glee Club, and was apt to give out with a rugged downbeat at any time. John was also a fiend at bridge, but most of us will remember him as the guy who really savvied academics.



Russell Harry Christian

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

From the city of gangsters and beautiful femmes, Russ came to Navy with an automatic under each arm. Having little with academics, he found plenty of time to devote to sailing and photography. Flying was his true love however, and every Saturday found him at the air station and his leaves were divided between the femmes and the air. Chris was always depended upon in bull sessions to give the professional facts. His contentions that *the* most beautiful women live in Chi were almost indisputable, for he had a locker full of pictures to prove his point. His even temper and dry humor should insure his success after, as before, graduation.

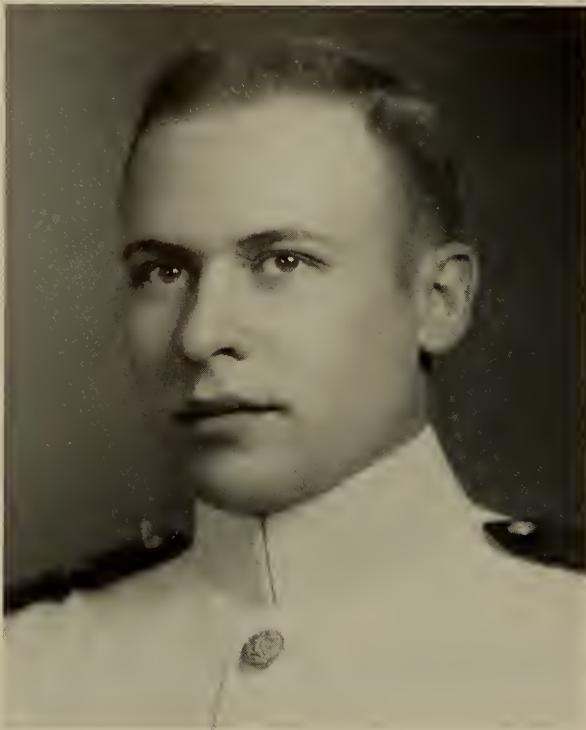


Harold Philip Deeley, Jr.

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT

"Happy Hal" is just a bouncing baby boy that got in a rut; his "sine curve" gait has to be seen to be appreciated! He's plenty savvy on general information, especially concerning music, airplanes, or Connecticut. (The only Steam lesson he ever studied was the Waterbury speed gear!) "Hap" never let academics bother him, and he took time out to be company representative for the Newman Club and the Class of '48-A, and play his piston bugle in the Drum and Bugle Corps. Aviators' greens look pretty good, but he has a yen for dolphins too. You can be sure, wings or dolphins, that "Happy Hal" will be no ordinary officer!





Philip Walter Erickson

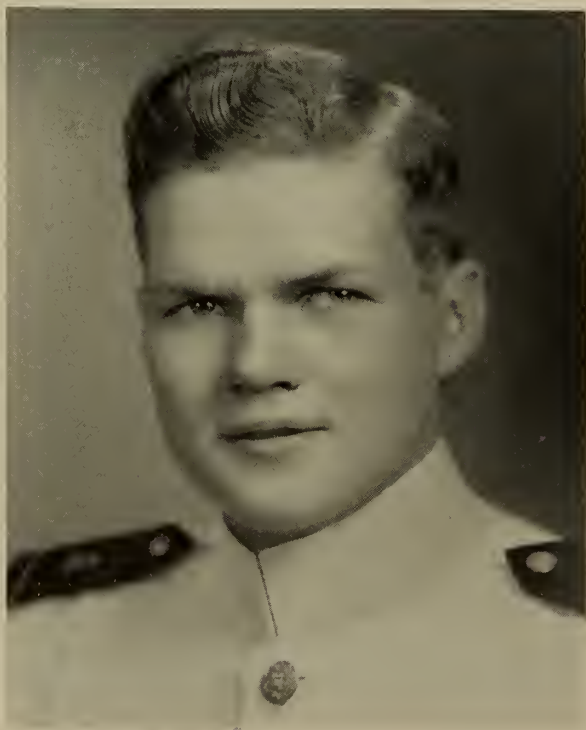
EAST PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Leif is rather quiet and easygoing, concentrating on academics and that daily letter and marking time between those infrequent leaves. A year at Brown University and another in the Navy were good preparation for the Naval Academy, and, consequently he had a good idea of what made up the system long before many of us did. Phil liked the rough and tumble type of athletics, wrestling, pushball, and soccer, but he also found his sack a welcome respite at times. His quiet and unassuming manner won him a lot of friends at the Academy, and it will always be that way wherever the seas may carry him.

Robert Justice Grimsley

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Bob came to the Naval Academy as a fugitive from his many southern female acquaintances. With his mottoes, "They cain't fry me," and "Just play the game cool—like me," he became a prominent member of both the Executive track and crew squads. Probably inherited from his native section of the country, he was never seen "taking a strain" unless the situation warranted it. Academics never bothered him, so he never bothered with them. His easygoing nature, and congenial personality have won for him a host of lasting friends. With his Naval career just starting, its history will stand as a tribute to posterity.



Russell Gardner Herron

ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEXICO

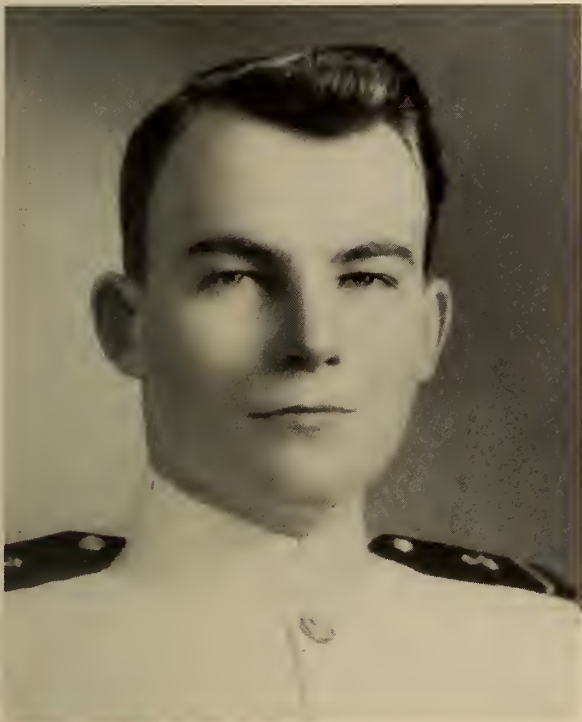
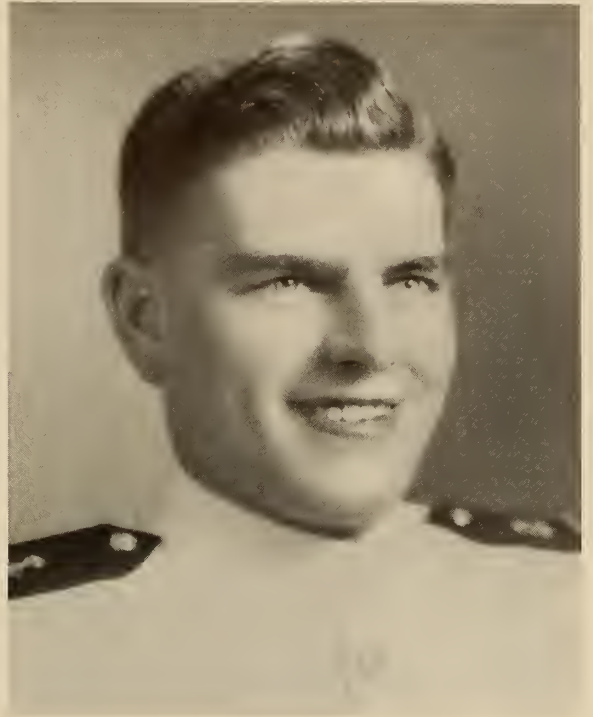
Although born where the Atom Bomb came into being at Alamogordo, New Mexico, Russ claims the "Windy City" as home. His serious determination and musical ability will make him long remembered at Navy. Russ played in the NA-10, directed the pit orchestra, conducted the concert band, and became director of the combined Musical Clubs. The plebes can all testify to his diverse cultural background for his questions were interesting, informative, and difficult. Russ had no trouble with the Academic Departments for he proudly wore the stars of the intelligencia of plebe year. His favorite hobbies were horizontal engineering and the composition of exquisite genus of the epistolary art to eagerly awaiting drags.



Henry Acker Hoffmann

CALLICOON, NEW YORK

Hank came to us from the Navy, singing the praises of T.B.F.'s, Rutgers U., and his native Callicoon, New York. He brought with him a ready smile and a world of sense, which made him one of the most popular men in the class, and soon gave him the leadership of any group he happened to join. His interests which were many and varied, centered mainly on sports, although his size kept him off the varsity teams. Hank found time for plenty of bridge, and did a good job on the Ring Dance Committee. He paced "The Six" in dragging, and never did that boy miss a "pahty."



Gordon McGarel Hogg, Jr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Gordon came here encrusted with the salt of Pacific duty, but about all that remains now is a sailor's neatness and unfailing tendency to operate within the regulations. Those who know him are quick to appreciate his dry, but sparkling sense of humor which managed to brighten even the Professional section of the *Log*. Greg sticks pretty close to the water even in his extra-curricular activities, as a plebe letter in swimming and scores of salty pictures aboard a yawl will show. And as for dragging—well, that's a story better left for him to tell. Seriously, Gordon's efficiency and the energy and thoroughness with which he attacks his responsibilities leave no doubt that he will be a valuable man wherever he may go.



John Robert Lastova, Jr.

MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

From the Army's Navy to the Navy's Navy was not too great a change for popular Army Brat Jack. His cheery, "I caught the biggest fish in San Francisco Bay" smile rivals the legendary sunshine of California, which world-traveled Jack likes to call home. His activities here at Navy have centered themselves around the exacting curriculum, but he has always found time to join any conspiracy for fun. All hands will long remember Jack's scintillating wit, for he is very adept at voicing his opinions on anything that enters his mind. Jack came to Navy to become Navy, and looking at Jack's achievements thus far, the Service has another good man.





George Andrew Nicholas

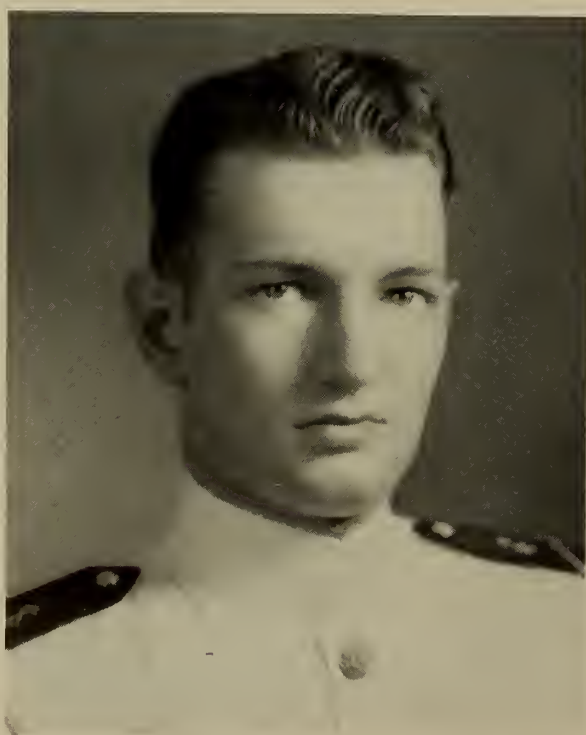
PORTLAND, MAINE

George entered the Naval Academy as a practically full-fledged alumnus of the U. of Maine, and promptly identified himself as a rugged individualist. While other plebes planned happy hours, he counted days until his week end in the spring when he would forget the cares of his year of bondage. Second class year was fruit, and Nick found time for such pleasantries as dragging and parties (and what parties). As a charter member of the "Social Six," Nick led the fight against oppression, boredom, and the system. When times were hard George laid his cards on the table, and the six planned another Sunday afternoon brawl.

John Wesley Porter

NEBRASKA CITY, NEBRASKA

Johnny decided to give the Navy a break instead of lending his talents to the medical world when he transferred to Chateau Bancroft from pre-med at Miami U. His medics did help him here when he returned to his room each night from those bone crushing sports—boxing and wrestling—he liked so well. Second class year John turned his attention to snapping shutters at points of interest—transient and permanent—in the yard. He soon became a capable camera clicker and began taking LUCKY BAG pictures for his pals. Johnny very early became a leading figure in the company and we'll long remember him for his ability and friendliness.



Robert Erwin Pyle

SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY

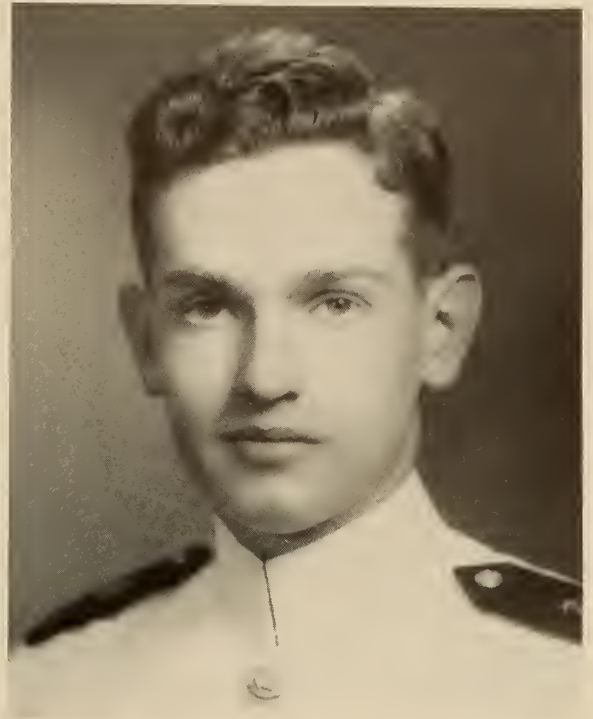
Bob's five years at Staunton Military Academy furnished him with a large collection of pipes, an uncanny mastery of Dago, and a liking for a girl named Margie. All of these he brought with him to Bancroft along with his hard-won knowledge of just how liberally the "Reg" Book can be interpreted. Bob was one of the first in the class to get his yawl command and his sunburned face at the table Sunday nights proved that he made the most of it. He struggled in Math but managed to star in Bull and Dago easily. His natural ability in the cultural subjects coupled with his savoir-faire should help him achieve his goal, a place in the diplomatic service, very soon.



Boyd Berkeley Sibert, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Two years at military school made Si feel right at home at the Academy, and his personality extended this feeling to us. To introduce him to someone was to make another friend for him. His gift for having something in common with practically everyone was amazing. And was that boy generous! He was the personal date bureau for "the six." Si did more towards truly educating his close friends than did the Academic Departments. We soon learned the value of his masterfully written letters, and the catchword among us became "Let Si swing it." His capacity for good times, his easygoing nature, and his sincerity made him a favorite everywhere.



Louis T. Urbanczyk

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Canisius Prep near his home town, Rochester U., and R.P.I. supplied Lou with an adequate background for academics at Navy. With only a slight strain on his remarkable natural abilities. Urb has been able to stand in the upper ten per cent of the class every term. Spring, summer, and fall found Lou on the squash courts. He found time in the evenings to work on the Hop Committee, and if you enjoyed the music at the Ring Dance, thank Lou. Very apt in coining new expressions, Lou plugged "Certainly" until the brigade forgot "yes" existed. The soft spot is Christmas leave, plebe year.

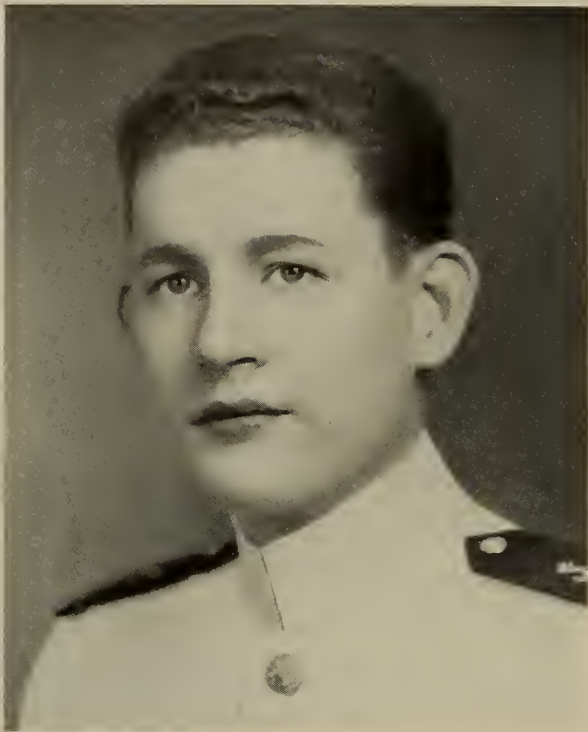


Jay J. Vermilya

WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

Some fellows have a little spark in them that you miss when they're not around. Whatever that spark is, Jay has it. A combination of a winning smile and a friendly word to pass on, automatically ranks Jay high in the eyes of his classmates. Athletics took no small part of his time. He took part in almost all of the various sports and as manager of the varsity soccer team, he turned in an excellent record. Jay proved himself outstanding in academics, especially so in Steam. It might be added that his hobby of collecting pictures of charming beauties and favoring the fairer sex provided Jay with many enjoyable week ends.





Thomas Jackson Wills, II

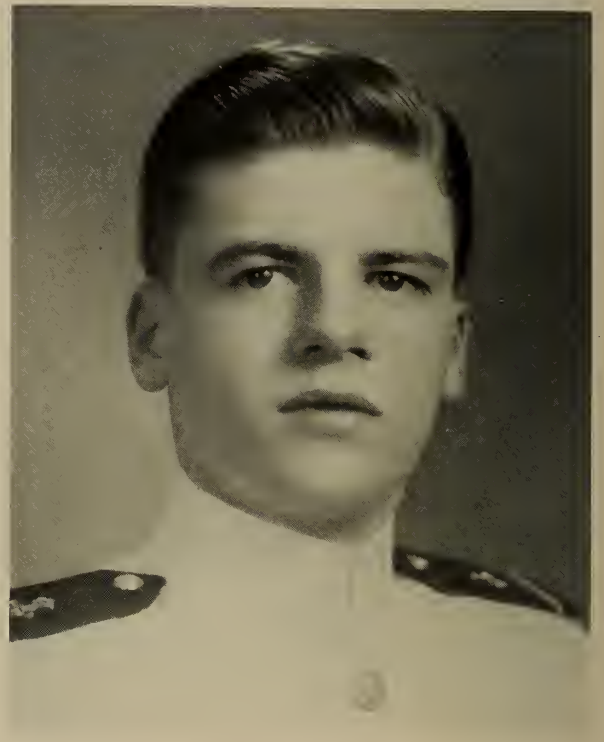
WASHINGTON, GEORGIA

Jack claims his birth place, Washington, Georgia, to be the "Garden spot of the South" although he came from there too many years ago to be well remembered. Were southern dialect taught as a foreign language, he would no doubt excel, using "you all," "heah," and "theah," at convenient places. He heartily believes in work, but, personally, is not in favor of it. Jack, who swears profoundly by Maugham and Culbertson, reads everything from Dick Tracy to Aristotle. With tales of "Magnolia Parties" and sunbathing at Christmas, he makes the South sound like Heaven. No one will tell him it's not true, but seeing is believing.

Kenneth Edgar Wilson, Jr.

NARBERTH, PENNSYLVANIA

Ken started his Naval career with a bang. As a matter of fact, on an L.C.I. cruise during plebe summer he was banged on the head by an S.N.J. doing one hundred knots, the only serious casualty was the plane, which crashed into Chesapeake Bay. We soon forgave Ken for that however, because the parties at his home in Philly after the football games were an absolute "must." Not only was he the life of every party, but, because of his marvelous sense of humor, he made life at the Academy much more pleasant for his friends. Ken's fine qualities will make him popular wherever he goes.



William Leonard Zedaker, Jr.

CLAYSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

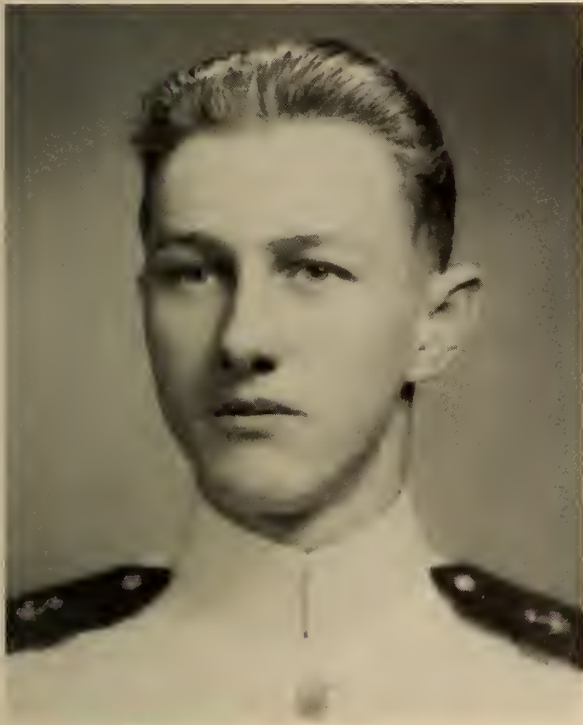
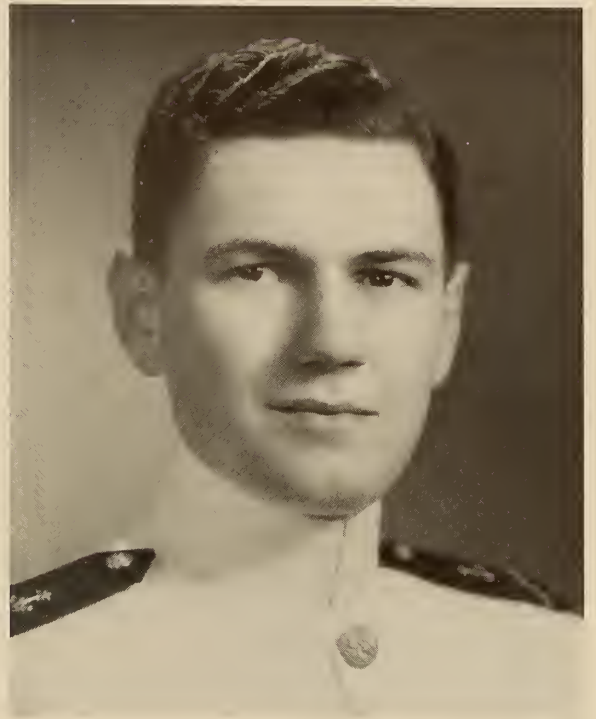
After ten months the Navy decided the proper place for Zed was the Naval Academy. A college fraternity near his home in Claysville, Pennsylvania had given him some idea of what plebe year held in store. Although far from a slash, Bill maintained a position well above anchor-man. He found extra time to participate in company sports, and catered to steeplechase and pushball. Zed will be remembered for his many jokes (?), new and old, centering around the "shaggy dog." During leisure hours Bill read anything from his Reg book to the literary classics. On week ends, however, his thoughts turned to other things and he seldom missed a hop.



James Montgomery Beggs

DALLAS, TEXAS.

Plebe year came as a shock to The Judge, and he never fully recovered. Jim gave up the easy life of a student engineer at S.M.U. to come to Navy, and even then found that his most difficult job was pulling sat in sleep. The fellows who did have troubles with academics, however, could always count on him for a helping hand. Strenuous athletics seemed a waste of energy to Jim, but you could always find him engaged in a game of bridge or billiards. He was best known for his long-winded defenses of labor, the beauty of Texas' women, and for being an all-around good sport.



Richard Lee Bertram

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

During plebe year we thought that Bert would soon receive his orders for the U.S.S. Outside as an ex-midshipman in charge of keeping up the morale of the fairer sex, but somehow he always managed to get by. He further distinguished himself plebe year by earning dolphins in the inter-company knockabout races. Beraht-Hraban rarely spent his study hour sleeping, not that boy. He used his spare time writing what he called poetry. Lord Byron has nothing to fear in the way of poetical competition. A welcome and appreciated member of many bull sessions, Bertram was always an asset to the discussion except for his deplorable lack of cigarettes. If for nothing else, Bert will be remembered as one of the more astute skag grubbers in the class.



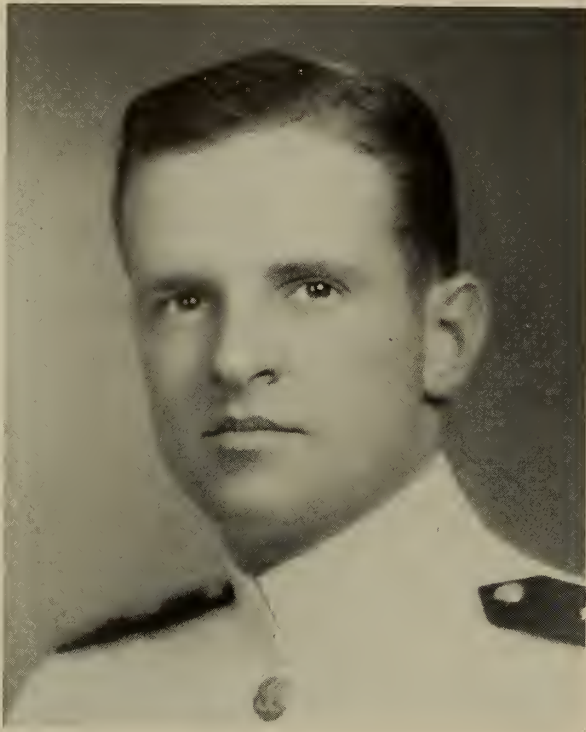
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James Sheldon Bloomfield

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

It was a long trip from the flight deck of the sinking "Hornet" to the Naval Academy, but after passing through the trials and tribulations of N.A.P.S., Jim finally reached these hallowed precincts. His swim-or-sink training in the Pacific carried him through many a close brush with academics. The Bull department seemed particularly determined to make him bow to the God of 2.5, but Jim kept studying, until at last he could listen with seeming impunity to the weekly bush. His effervescent humor and ready jokes will long make us recall a rare occurrence at the Academy—a pleasant study hour.





Warren Stanley Dodd, Jr.

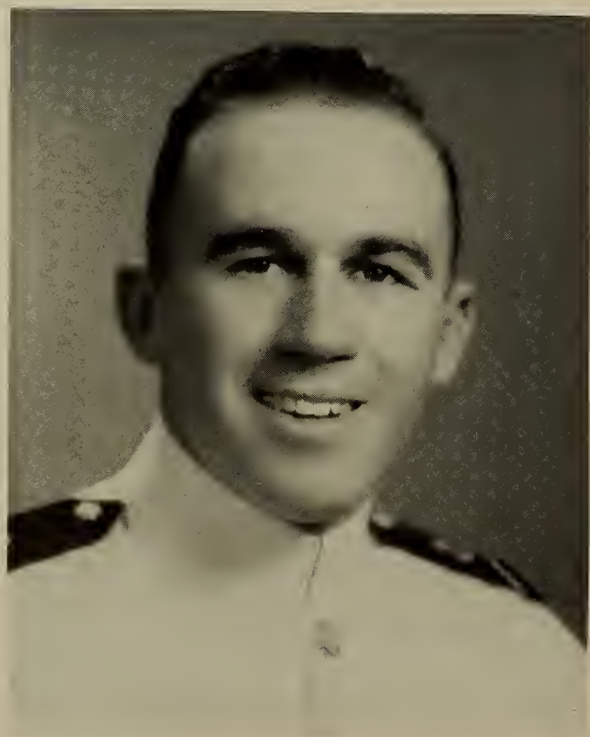
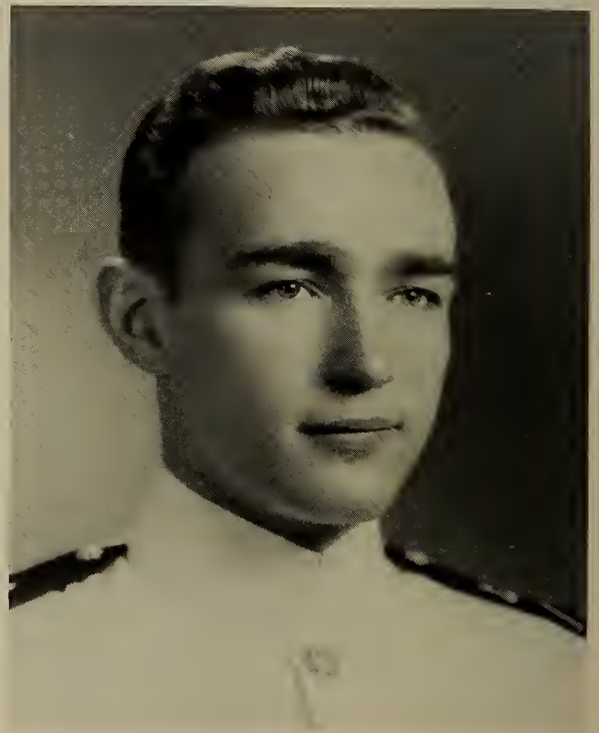
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Everyone who knows Stan will remember him for his colorful romantic life. Not satisfied with a different girl every week end, Stan usually drags two different bricks the same week end. Academically Stan is persevering, but not over conscientious; he doesn't worry as long as he's sat. We find Stan very carefree and easygoing with the wonderful trait of making many friends easily. His interest in the business world is exemplified by his careful perusal of the stock quotations every morning and his large holding of stocks, twenty shares. His perseverance, keen ability to make friends and easygoing manner should help Stan succeed in whatever branch of life he chooses.

Charles Samuel Buchanan Edmondson, Jr.

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS

When you hear the familiar strains of "I'm from Kansas, good ole Kansas . . ." you know Buck is in the vicinity. Besides the incessant habits of telling everyone of the benefits of his home state, he spends his time struggling through Marx and Freud, tries to keep up with the latest best sellers, and has a longing to listen to every soap opera that can be received by a radio. By combining natural talent with some old-fashioned book plugging Buck managed to stay way ahead of Navy's academic system and will continue to show them how to do it "without formulas" when he joins the Fleet.



Ben Goodman, Jr.

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

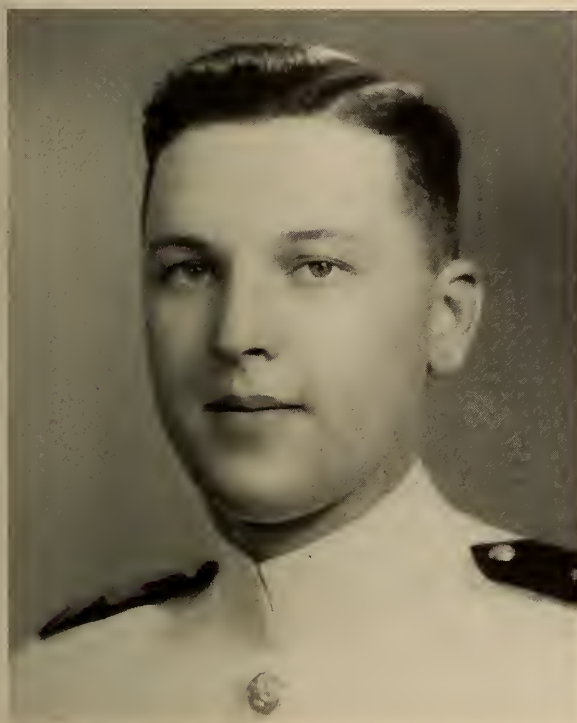
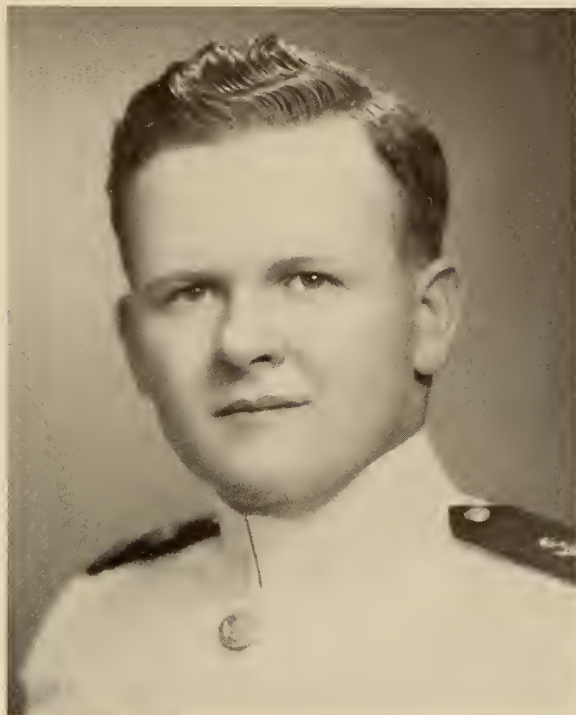
Benny, an ardent son of the old South who sincerely believes that they'll win the next time, is almost unique in that he's one of the few fellows who actually admits that he likes it here at Navy. Although he is usually absorbed hitting the books, he takes time out during the fall sports season to pursue his favorite diversion, football. He utilizes his one hundred and fifty pounds well enough to make all-brigade guard. Heaven for Benny would be a sunny day aboard the "Highland Light," listening to Les Brown, and dreaming of the beautiful women and balmy breezes of his native land, Florida.



George Arthur Herbert

MANASQUAN, NEW JERSEY

Artie came to us from Manasquan, N.J., which is translated from Indian dialect to mean Crabtown. George is an outdoor sportsman. He's fond of fishing, hunting, soccer, pushball, and canines. At one time he owned his own kennel of eight dogs. Red has one weakness, the hardware store. Frequently he spends all his ready cash on implements and devices from that awe-inspiring market. He has an easygoing nature, red hair, and an "English" sense of humor. He claims, incidentally, to be a descendent of William the Conqueror, and is thus known to intimate friends as "the Greek." His strongest point is his ability to use the English language.



Richard Alden Hoffman

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Bancroft's gain was Nob Hill's loss when Dick, tall, dark, and dashing traded his California tweeds for the Navy blue. The Navy is Dick's heritag, and he found ample time to indoctrinate the plebes into the intricacies of the system and the rigors of Naval life. His glib tongue and knack of twisting the English language into persuasive phrases at times almost proved his undoing; but Dick, always ready, willing, and able, gained many friends, some even from Florida. Dick's greatest difficulty was Math, and his greatest worry was the failure of the transcontinental "Pony Express." His main desire is but to serve and with confidence he will weather the roughest seas.

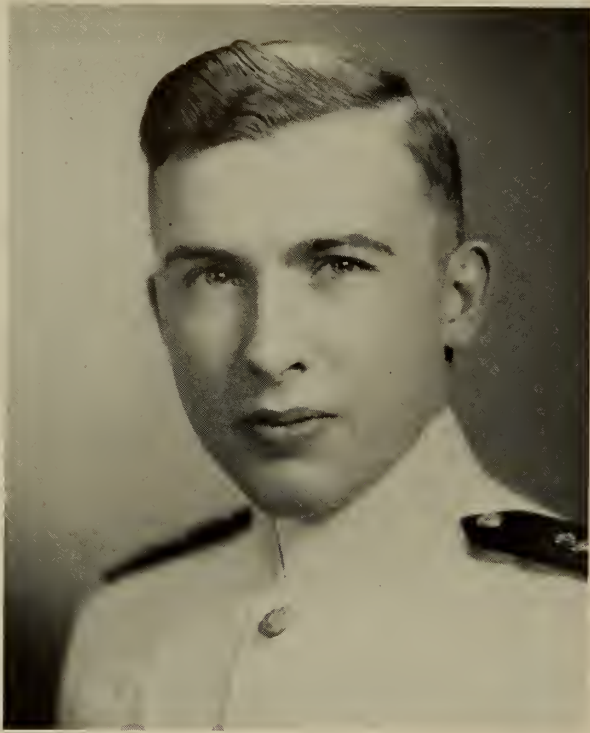


Wilbur Clayton Klemm

HILLSBORO, KANSAS



From the sun-soaked soil of Kansas to the salt-swept shores of Maryland came Wilbur Clayton Klemm, a tall, blond, slender, modern lad, to add his name to the legend of Annapolis. Noted for his meticulous grooming and punctilious manner, Wilbur has sailed the often choppy seas of Navy with ease. Matching his glistening gems of pediformed leather have caused plebes uncounted hours of labor. If application means success, Wilbur is well on the road to his childhood goal of being a successful Naval officer. Wilbur has done well in all his varied activities, and with the confidence that is his manner, he will continue to excel in the future.



Dale Leonard Kratzer

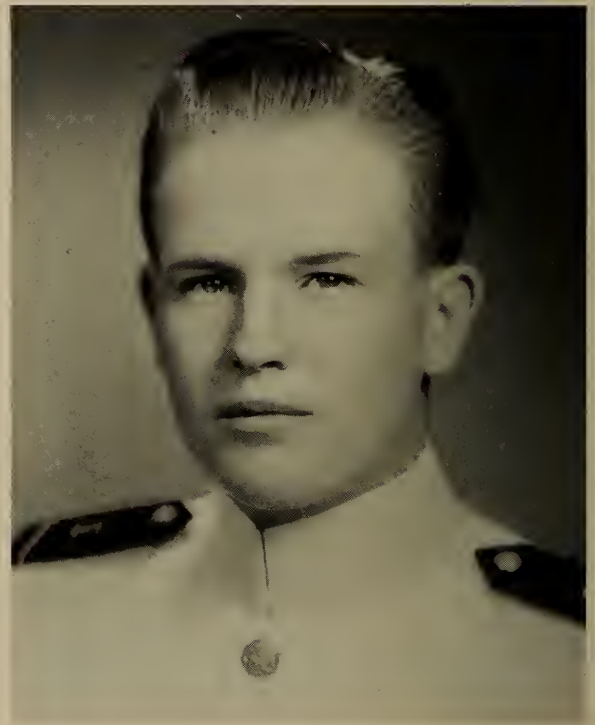
MIDDLEBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Home to Dale is Middleburg, Pennsylvania, situated in the Pennsylvania-Dutch territory. He enlisted in the Navy in 1942, and later in preparation for the Academy, he attended N.A.P.S. and came to us with the advantage of the enlisted man's viewpoint. Math, Physics, and Dago have been fruit. During his leisure time, Buttercup could be found beating out Chopin, Bach, and Wagner on the piano. His favorite pastimes are soccer, pushball, *Esquire*, and a bit of stamp collecting. As for the fair sex, he is a firm believer of spreading happiness to many. Dale's genial personality, corny jokes, and willingness for a good argument, have made him popular among his classmates.

Jerome Edward Larson

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Jerry came to Navy after brief stops at Minnesota and Columbia. Following the usual academics and a session with an oar at the boathouse, he still had plenty of time for music and relaxation. His bedtime snood will go down in history along with that infectious grin so often seen behind a camera. A collection of classical records, the choir, and piano playing took care of his musical activities. Jerry, a firm believer in having fun in his lighter moments, ran his classmates more than he did the plebes. Always well out in front when the marks were posted, Jerry was never too busy to lend a hand to us buckets.



George Lewis Little, III

LANSDOWNE, PENNSYLVANIA

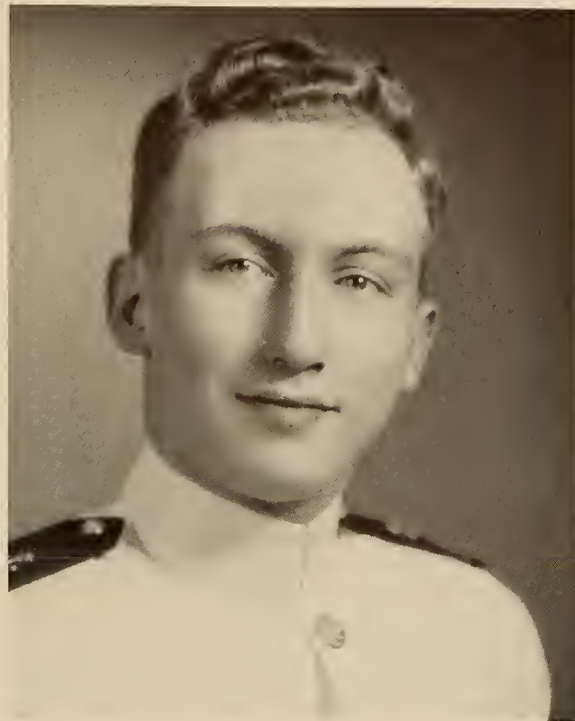
Lew went to Dartmouth via the Naval Aviation program before entering the Academy, where he found that his affable, complacent smile and manner could win more battles than Nelson's Memorandum. Boxing, pushball, volleyball, and "S.I.R." squads kept Jaw-urge balanced evenly between academics and the conventional "wine, woman, and song" routine—the song part being augmented by the choir, Glee Club, and a large collection of popular and classical records. Possessing a keen mind, Lew never worried about studies, and the "numbers" boys could have well adopted his motto, "You can't take 'em with you!" You'll recognize Lew anywhere by the large number of real friends about him.



James Douglas McNeil

ELSAH, ILLINOIS

In spite of Mac's professed inaptitude for textbooks, he managed to procure the maximum results with the minimum of effort, leaving him plenty of time for his playful bantering. An athletic inclination revealed itself in Mac's spirited participation in company boxing and touch football. A happy go-lucky disposition enabled him to survive constant running by his classmates and to give plenty in return. Doug's periodic, affectionate care of his baby curls with "lube oil" invariably led to a friendly argument resulting in a fierce tussle. A philosophical outlook on life enabled Mac to make the most out of his three years and will help him in the Fleet.



William Carl Newell, Jr.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Smiley, as he is known to his friends at the Academy, has never been seen with a grouchy look on his face. Carl came to the Academy from the deep South, having completed two years at Georgia Tech before his entrance. Carl really is a very quiet lad, but when he does say something, you can always expect an amusing remark. We all believe that he is mum at the table for obvious reasons. Carl's academic record displays his sincere wish to excel. Not of the genius type, Carl has to study for his grades, but satisfaction is his reward. All of Carl's friends are hoping they will see a lot of him after graduation.

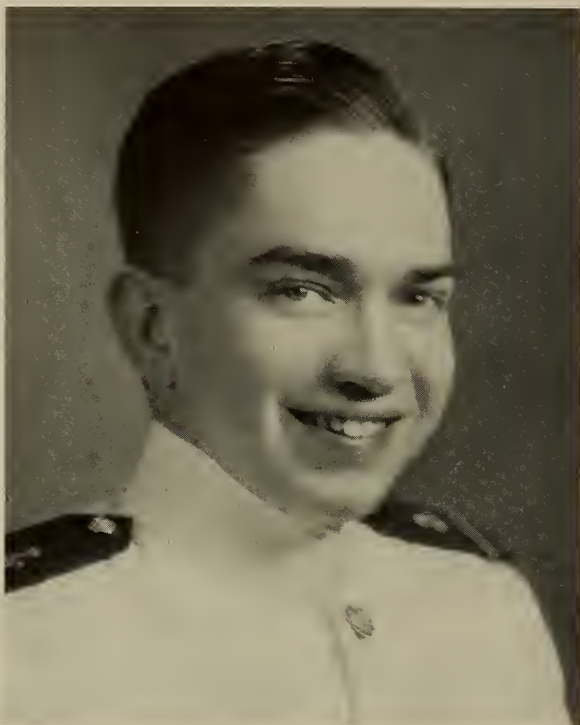


Richard Louis Sonne

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Amicable, straightforward, industrious, and amiable are the four words which best describe Dick. His ever-present smile and ready laugh are ample proofs of his ability to take in his stride anything and everything as it comes. Among his chief interests are classical music, good books and fencing. He is never happier than when he is tinkering with that radio of his. Dick has an intense interest in life and everything about him. His ideas are never hazy or ill-formed, and he always knows exactly what he wants. So far he has got it. With his ability and drive he will undoubtedly be a success.





John Richard Virts

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

No one knew how blind this former Yale man really was until he was asked to sight an object through a pelorus for the first time. Since then Johnny's eyesight has been the object of many a joke. Good natured as he is, this never seemed to bother him much. His keenness shows its real ability in a bridge game where his mathematical mind excels. In all matters he is quite frank, never showing any fear in divulging his opinions no matter how reactionary they may be. His fairness, frankness, and his love for Math and Economics should all stand him in good stead for his future in the Supply Corps.

Russell Armin Vollertsen

PALMYRA, NEBRASKA

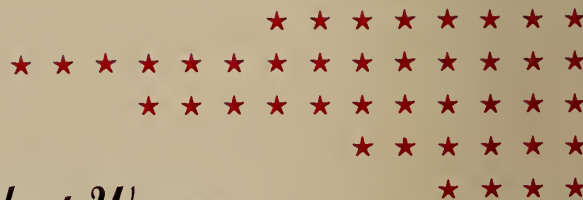
Russ gave up an easy life in the Fleet to battle the academics at Navy, but it wasn't too much of a battle, as he always managed to keep one jump ahead of the Academic Departments. Although he had a hard time keeping up with his correspondence, he occasionally found time to go out for crew, and did well. A quick smile and an easy laugh made many friends for Vol during his stay at the Academy. That same smile captivated the young ladies when he dragged, but he always remained true to his O.A.O. His plans are for twenty more years of the easy life on a Fleet auxiliary.



Jonathan Robert Warren

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

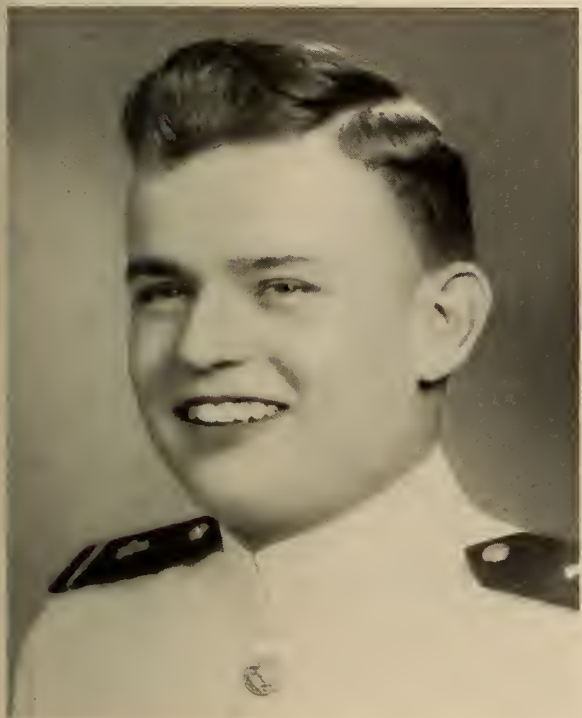
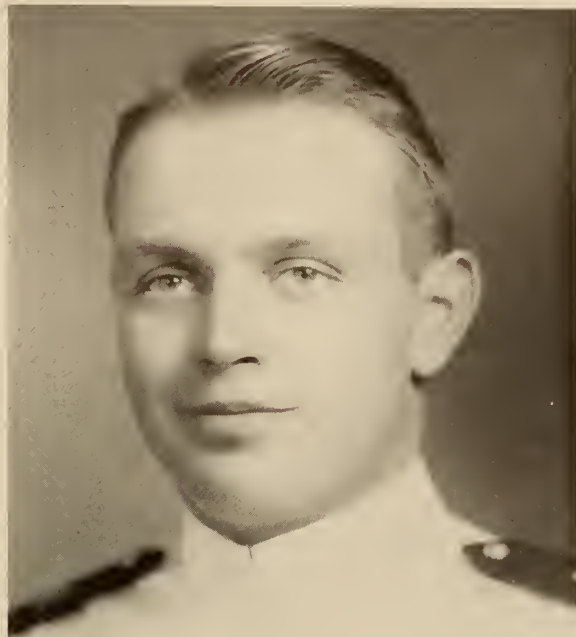
California called him "Bud," but Navy soon changed that to "Windy" when his quiet but forceful personality asserted itself. His was the nearest perfection solution to plebe year—be seen as little as possible and never heard. His reserved manner, however, was a trifle deceiving, as any of his opponents in the boxing ring will attest. When not punching the bag or skipping rope, Windy showed his adeptness on the football field, where his ruggedness made up what he wanted in size. Fortified by two years at the University of California, he scoffed at academics, and, "Where's my Time?" became his watchword for a well-used and enjoyable study period.



Ronald Dewese Waugh

BOWLING GREENE, OHIO

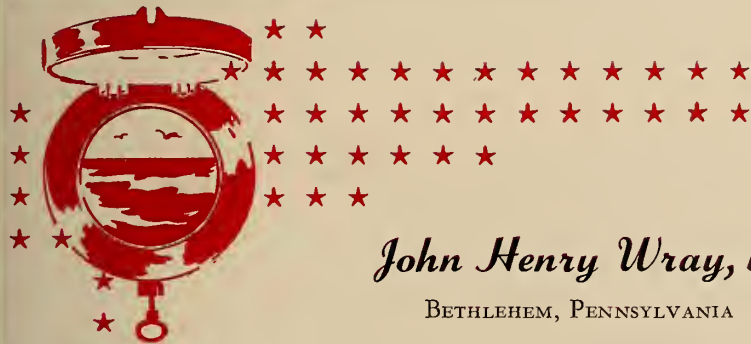
Ron claims Bowling Greene, Ohio, as his home and proudly relates long tales of life in God's country. In high school and college he was a mainstay of the football and basketball teams. Navy has been lucky to have the big lad around to jolt the varsity boys out of their complacency. We're all glad he's easygoing and likes a practical joke because there's power in that six-three frame. Ronnie is an unparalleled sack artist and the envy of the company, because it doesn't seem to hurt his academics. It will be a lucky group of men who can be shipmates of big Ron.



Gerald Hugo Weyrauch

OREGON, ILLINOIS

Rocky came to the Naval Academy fresh out of high school at the tender age of seventeen. A big, husky, happy-go-lucky kid, he could generally be located either over in the wrestling loft or tossing laundry bags into somebody's room. His hobby was declaring war on neighboring rooms; these wars included an expert short-sheeting job, water traps, and now and then the fire hose. When it came to making the most of time, the Rock was a master. He always found time to write letters and received plenty in return, but in between letters he knew how to study and to "beat Navy" quite effectively, academically speaking.

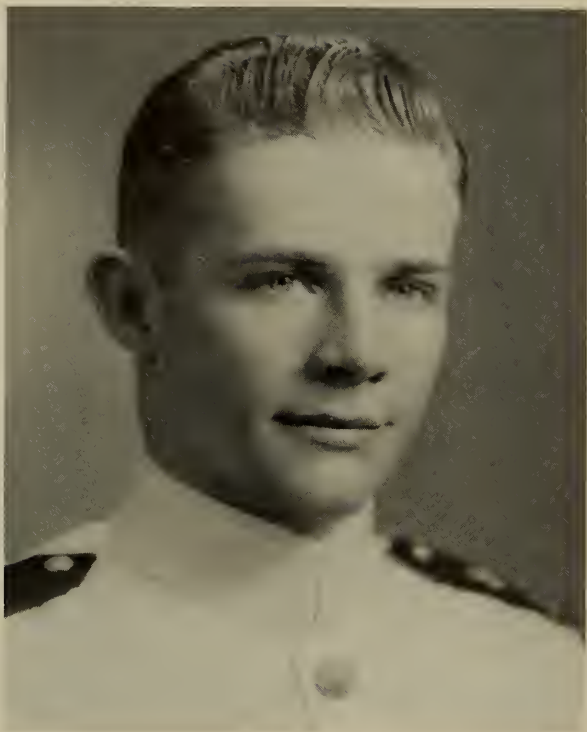


John Henry Wray, II

BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

Lucky, an old Fleet man, who hails from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was one of the few midshipmen glad to see graduation. He has a good mechanical mind which should greatly benefit him in his future Navy life. He is the happy-go-lucky type of person, always able to keep everyone laughing. Not many of Jack's girl friends know it, but among his closest pals, there goes a tale about Jack dating a certain damsel one week end, and it happened that exactly two weeks later she committed suicide. We all kid him about it, though he is innocent, and can take a joke along with the best of them.





Robert Owen Bonnell, Jr.

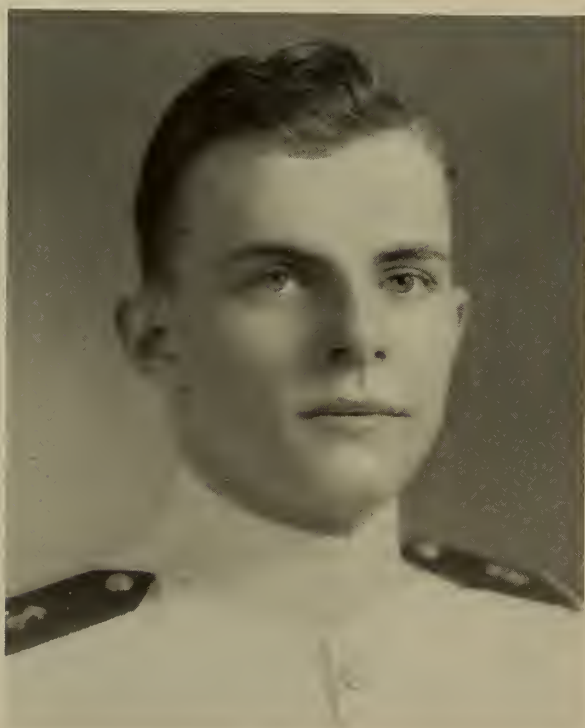
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Bob is probably the one man in our class who has championed Maryland weather, rain or snow, during our three years here. This Baltimorean came to the Naval Academy from Yale and became known for his friendliness, enthusiasm, and for his wholesome but razor-edged sense of humor. Let R. O. read for you any paragraph from "Naval Machinery." The reading is verbatim, yet no other reading is so full of satire or so rich in innuendo. From this man, who leads by his own good example as well as by precept, we all expect a future of attainment in which he will be a "particularly desirable" part of any organization.

Benjamin Joseph Conroy, Jr.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"There's a piano—where is Ben?" Known for his barroom-style piano, Ben also plays an excellent game of tennis. He is the proud possessor of the only Turkish water pipe in Bancroft Hall and once attacked a ten-inch cigar single-handed. After two days, the battle of the cigar was halted by the neighbors who declared the contest a draw. Both Ben and the cigar were in lamentable condition. Ben's sharp wit has pierced the stoutest heart, and many times his ability to see a joke and pass it on has saved us from the dark, dismal depths of despair. His dependability, consideration, and common sense insure the success of any of his ventures.



Frank Lyons Crump, Jr.

GREENVILLE, OHIO

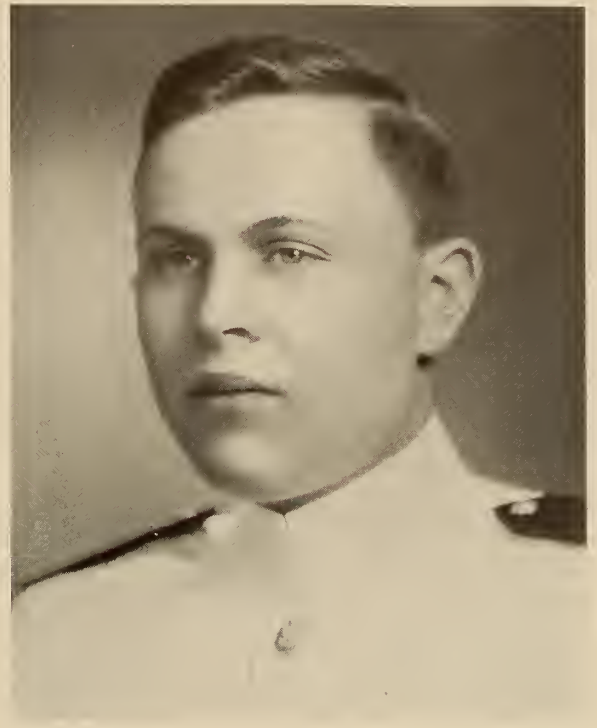
Frank came from the greensward of Ohio and the campus of Ohio Wesleyan. Armed with myriad facts and figures, he was besieged by plebes with difficult questions. Yet his common sense and simple but profound philosophy were not impaired by his "book larnin'." His quiet, unassuming manner backed up by his cold logic made him the victor in countless Bancroft forums. Hiking, sailing, fencing, and dragging rounded out his activities. He was an inveterate chow hound, and the plebes were saved from his depredations, only because he sat at a training table. Frank forever mystified us by his knack of exacting good grades from the Academic Department with little apparent labor.



Harlow Henry Falevsky

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Student, athlete, musician, Ski's many talents and interests make him one of the most versatile members of our class. Close to an electrical engineering degree before leaving Marquette, Ski was always the man to see for help on a tough assignment. At the piano he is an artist, gifted with a rare touch that makes his playing something to be remembered. "The Bear" was seldom happier than in the spring when he could get out on the course with the varsity golf team and drive and putt with the best of them. His mature judgment and friendly spirit have brightened academy life immeasurably for his many friends.



David Guy Foxwell

RACINE, WISCONSIN

It took one hundred years before the Academy got around to graduating a Foxwell, but now the deed is done. If Foxie doesn't end up as one of the Navy's top "zoom boys," it won't be his fault. Our only hope is that he never gets forced down in a French-speaking land, for he will surely starve. Who will forget the night during plebe year that he skipped a watch squad formation to go over the wall until after taps? While a pole-vaulting asset to any team, imperturbable Foxwell will always be an amateur at tying a bow tie. Should occasion arise, we would serve with confidence under him as our skipper.

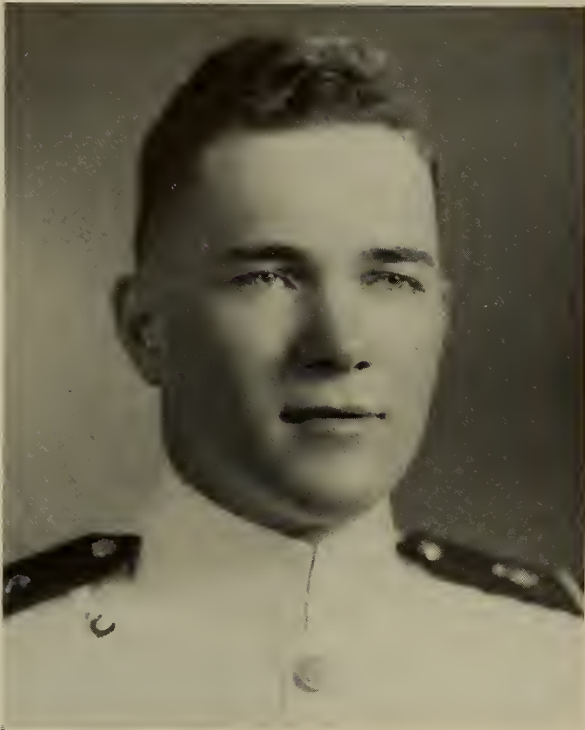


James Leo Harrison, Jr.

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Leave us to the Midshipmen's Store to buy lots of film before the hoarders get there." Yes, Jim is a camera bug. He has even been known to prefer the darkroom to dragging! But not all of Jim's efforts are spent on hypo and flash bulbs—he has invented a slide rule accurate to six places that has jumped him at least ten numbers. Possessing a pregnant imagination, Jim has taken the Atomic Age in stride, and fantastic pipe-dreams of gravity jammers and electron walls have filled more than one "happy hour." Gazing into the future, we see our Jimmy sprouting wings and a leather neck.





William Franklin Jones

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

A truer son of the Palmetto State never donned Navy blue. Steeped in the traditions of The Citadel, Bill fought the War Between the States daily for three years. His chief academic satisfaction was correcting history professors' impressions of the Civil War. His spare moments were divided between his cameras and the darkroom, in accordance with the leisurely life of a southern gentleman. A natural "Bull" man, he drifted through English, History, and French with characteristic southern ease. Being a "Red Mike" from choice, Bill was never worried by the strain and suspense of dragging, although his disarming drawl could be deadly when directed at the fairer sex.

William Harrison Kanzler

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Bill is one fellow in the class who often threatened to go to college after he graduated. A great believer in physical culture, he could be found, many an afternoon, working out in his room with his barbells and cables. Bill also made good use of his height as a member of the eleventh company championship volleyball team. Because he entered the Academy straight from high school, Bill deserves a great deal of credit for his estimable record in our class, composed largely of college and Fleet men. Always ready with a comic pose or a humorous pantomime, Baltimore Willy was often a source of comfort when the sledding got tough.



Ralph Angus Kennedy

WOONSOCKET, RHODE ISLAND

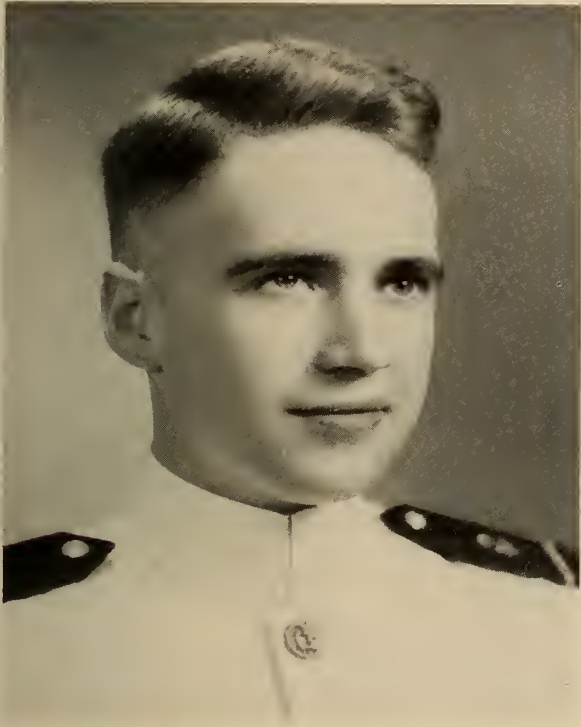
The pride and joy of the nation's smallest state is walking, or rather sleeping, proof of the old adage that good things come in small packages. The main thing in which he starred during his three years at old N.A. was sack drill. During his few waking hours, Ralph's time was divided between athletics and women. Although he is definitely the world's laziest white man, no one was more willing to put out ergs in keeping physically fit; and the week end that found him without a drag or the day which he didn't receive at least two letters from Natalie was indeed an oddity. Play hard and sleep hard—that was his motto.



Donald McLellan Kirkpatrick

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

With a background of military life obtained at Shattuck, broadened by college life at Amherst, Kirk was promoted from first class office boy answering court calls to fourth class sea lawyer. Because of a continual interest in his new profession, "Navy Don" soon became an authority on plebe questions. His interests were not all professional, as anyone will say who has seen him dragging or sparking an afternoon with intramural sports, sailing, varsity rifle, or a practice session at the piano. In spite of being a Dago savoir, Don has a host of friends. To test his good nature and discover his flashing smile, just mention *The Hinsdale Doings*—the Podunk weekly journal.



John Carver LeDoux

SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA

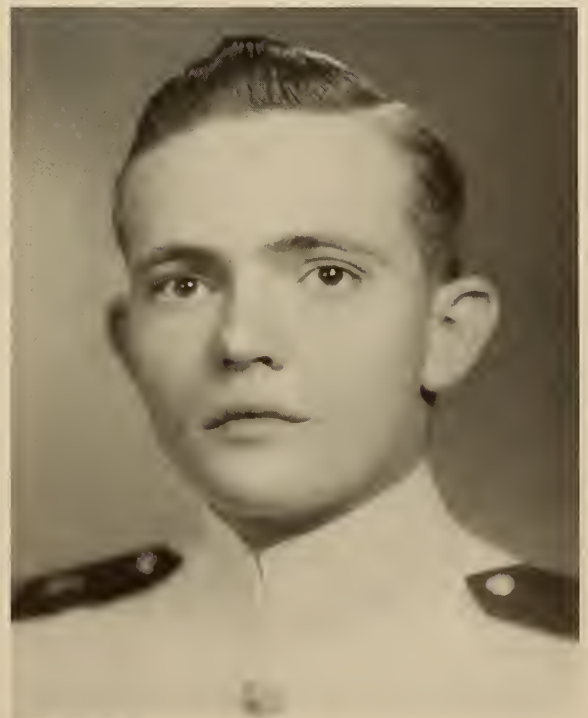
One product of which California may justly be proud is energetic little Jack LeDoux. He has the uncanny knack of achieving success in everything he undertakes, perhaps because he develops an absorbing interest in all his activities from boxing to dragging. Jack works hard for his gains, and yet, he does not drive himself to extremes to the detriment of his less fortunate classmates, thus maintaining the rank of savoir without the stigma of slash. Surprised and happy about his high Grease, Jack is nevertheless proud of the gilt-edged black "N" that embellishes the numerals on his bathrobe. He is a grand shipmate.



John Robert Lucas

CRANE, MISSOURI

Whenever a third for a trio, a fourth for bridge or a fifth for basketball was needed, Luke was the man. Hailing from Missouri, he exchanged his frat house luxuries at Drury College and the University of Arkansas for the rigors of Bancroft Hall. Although he took no strain whatsoever on the academic side, he rarely saw his name in print. Certainly no member of the radiator squad, Luke played every sport from wrestling to football. Sunday afternoons would find him either at the golf course or dragging. After the necessary sea duty, the first stop for him can be but one place: Pensacola and the Wings of Gold.





Robert Brock McClinton

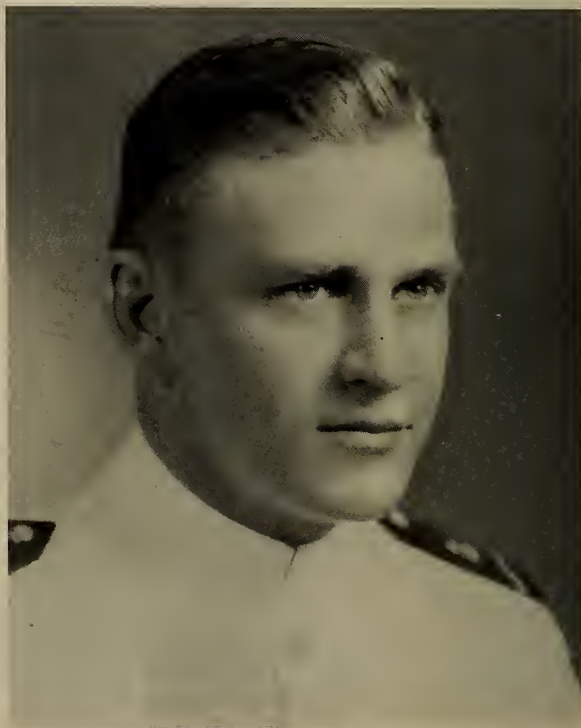
BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK

"Everybody wants to get in the act!" That was Mac's pass word, but if anyone was ever in the act it was Mac himself. Full of life and personality, he was always on hand to cheer up the downcast. His winning personality made him an indispensable man to have along for a good liberty. Perhaps he should have been master of ceremonies of some Broadway comedy in his own town of New York, but certainly Mac's everlasting sense of humor and honest sincerity about life's more important things have made him duly appreciated by his classmates, for he knew how to be a friend to everyone.

John Anson McCook

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

On a Pennsylvania farm John early developed physical prowess and a tremendous appetite, both coming from hard work. "Do you have any chow?" remains his typical greeting. In spite of working out every afternoon, John still finds time for drags and scarcely a day passes without at least one pink envelope being delivered to him. Sometime in his life, John acquired an ambition to do things best. Today this trait extends from making his bed and shining his shoes best to wrestling and playing football best. Coupled with this ambition and energy is his deep-rooted love for the service, which already has had two U.S.S. McCooks.



Ross Livingston Miller

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Ross and Woodrow Wilson were both Princeton men. Quiet and unassuming, yet ever alert, Ross possessed an extremely subtle wit, and would invariably invent a pun worse than your own. Ross once threatened to grow curly hair within a certain time. And he did. That was Ross—a perfectionist in everything. Many a swimming judge accused him of having retractable fins. Those of us who were in his classes can sadly testify that he made few mistakes. A man of fine taste, Ross enjoyed good music and the other fine arts. As a scholar, gentleman, and companion, Ross was superior. We are proud to say, "He was my friend."



Samuel Sellers Pennock, III

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

If you're ever abruptly disturbed by a booming monotone, "My Dad can't sing a note!" down the alley, don't shoot or notify the M.A.A. that there's a broken radiator in the vicinity, for it's only our own "Singing Sam" giving his best to some stirring refrain. Sam, a Baltimore boy, is a determined worker for whom academics have proved to be no permanent obstacle. He's an active member of the wrestling team and manages to devote most of his week ends to dragging. Sam has had his heart in the Navy from 'way back. A true friend and a serious thinker, he will justify our faith in him in years to come.



Robert Kenny Schenkel

SEA GIRT, NEW JERSEY

The Schenk, hailing from New Jersey and originally an Army man, entered U.S.N.A. via the Naval Academy Preparatory School. Easygoing and good-natured, he never let academics, the Executive Department, or any combination ruffle his feathers. In his own quiet way, Bob always managed to be on hand at any activity involving the weaker sex. He always delighted in popular music but did not ignore the classics. When there was a job to be done, Bob did not hesitate to accept responsibility, and one could be sure that he would do the job well. More important than all this is the fact that Schenk was always a reliable friend.

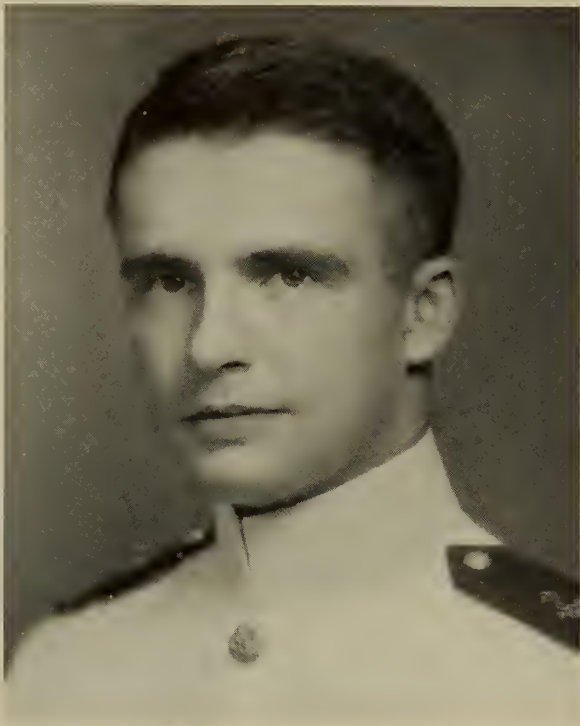


Robert Hampton Stickel

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

After a year at Stanford, Bob, or Long John, as he is known to his classmates, decided to forsake the sunny California climate for the Naval Academy. Steeped in Naval lore and tradition since birth, Long John took the system in stride. He early surmounted the academic obstacle course and had a particular affinity for obnoxious Skinny problems which baffled everyone else. Any afternoon would find him getting in shape for crew or tennis, with week-end sailing on the Freedom or dragging a queen being his specialty. Long John has been a true friend and gentleman and will be a welcome addition aboard any fighting ship.





John Glen Wick

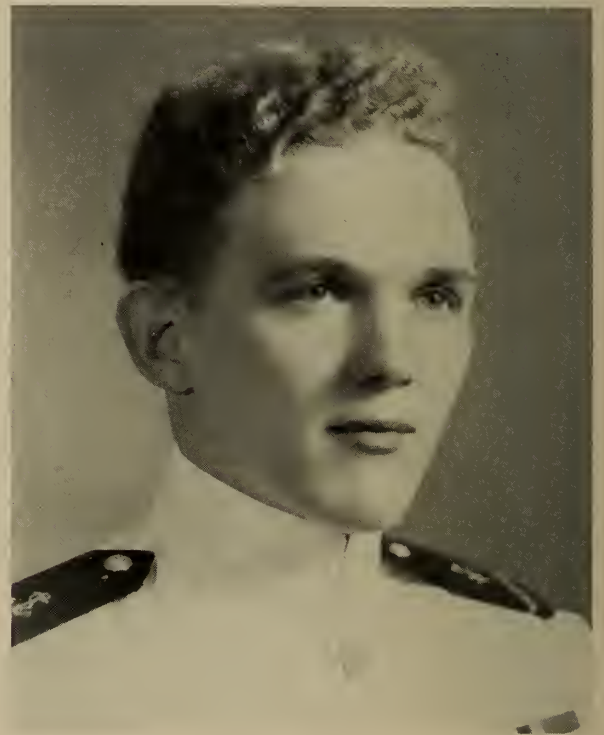
WASHINGTON, D.C.

"What a workout," says J. G. as he lays away his ping-pong paddle. Johnny's athletic endeavors are limited by his assiduous struggle with the Academic Departments. If marks were given for ability in the artistic line, J. G. would be a consistent star man. His gift to make a few strokes of a pencil closely resemble an animate object is uncanny. Much of this talent gives the dwellers of Bancroft a hearty laugh in *Log* cartoons. His good nature has certainly enriched the lives of his roommates. All who have been associated with him have benefited by his example and none will forget his ready smile and affable personality.

Robert Thomas Willson

McKEESPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

If this LUCKY BAG turns out as successfully as we know it will, our irrepressible Tommy rates a share of the credit, for he worked hard with his schedules and cameras when the Math Department was making its most vigorous demands. Some few of us learned to appreciate Tommy's impulsive generosity and cultivation of fine music. Others will remember his raucous, uproarious laughter, his irony, and his ubiquitous rebound. The pit orchestra, concert band, and drum and bugle corps profited by his help. Like the steel pipe which Tommy's home town, the tube city, made famous, his finish was smooth, and his substance was tough and durable.



Clayton Rand Adams

WESTBROOK, MAINE

Bobo's accent readily marks him as a New Englander. He attended the V-12 at Worcester Tech and Villanova before coming to the Academy and he must have picked up his talents for Math, Skinny, and wrestling there. Bobo wasn't exactly a slouch in the rest of the academics either, and although he doesn't wear those little stars, he rates them. As far as the femmes are concerned, he could take them or leave them alone, but when he dragged, she was always a queen. Bo will make a fine, conscientious officer, and time will only make us all the more proud of having been his classmates.



George Augustus Bacas

GLEN FALLS, NEW YORK

If you have never heard of Hometown, U.S.A., "G. A." Bacas will politely, but definitely, inform you that it is *his* town, Glen Falls, N.Y. This product of the Adirondacks is noted for his inquisitive mechanical mind, happy-go-lucky attitude, and very pleasing mannerisms, which make him a most respected and admired member of the class. George, like many of the lads here, hasn't garnered any N's, but his enthusiastic participation in intramural sports is reflected by the accomplishments of the teams of which he has been a member. George cannot help but make his Naval career a successful one, for his industry, understanding, and enterprise rate him 4.0.



James Ewing Ballard

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

It wasn't too long ago that Chattanooga's favorite son stepped off the "Tennessean" into the town of Annapolis, equipped with the dignified air of a southern gentleman and a determination to win the battle of the books. Both of these qualities were put to good use in Jim's life at the Academy, for it seemed that whatever happened, Jim always came out on top, which was only natural, as he was a top-notch fellow in all fields. If perseverance, good looks and an outstanding personality are the roads to success, Jim is well on the way. We are all looking for great things from this "Tennessee Rebel."



Earl de Rohan Barondes

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"East Coast—PHOOEY!—Now in California. . . ." So would Earl start all conversations. We always suspected, but never could prove, that he was a roving agent of the California Chamber of Commerce. His favorite topics, aside from the California sunshine, were his family tree and his own "dapper" appearance. Earl came to Navy Tech with the determination that he would accept nothing but the best from himself. He won the admiration of all of us by his ability to apply himself completely to whatever he undertook, whether it be a game of battalion football or a blow at the Academic Departments. Such qualities will surely bring Earl deserved happiness.





Robert Cavanaugh Bryan

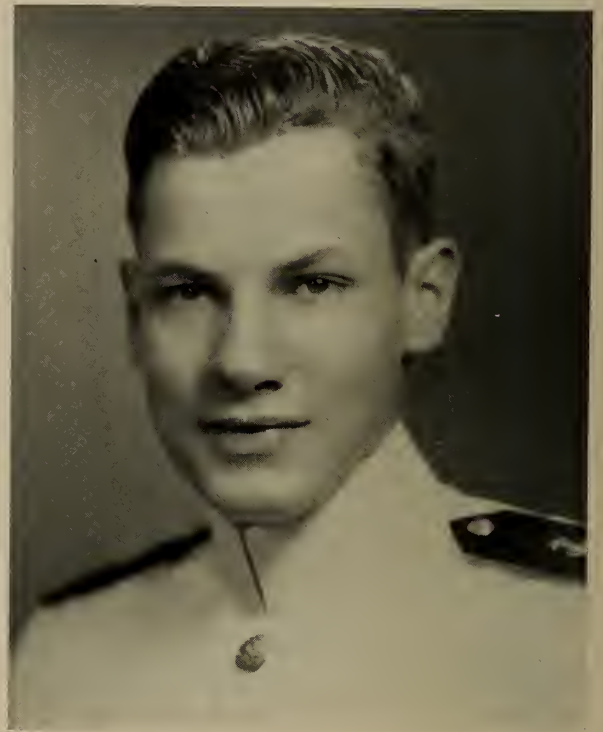
DUNN, NORTH CAROLINA

Bob comes from Dunn, N.C., where they grow tobacco and still fight the Civil War. Robert's weakest point is the Battle of Fort Fisher. One should never bring up the subject unless he is well armed. No matter what you happen to be troubled with, R. C. will always lend a helping hand—be it academics or personal problems! His record on the mound as a southpaw for the Navy shows that he is far from all work and no play. Because of his congenial mannerisms, his sincerity, his sportsmanship, and his "savvy" mind, Bob will conduct himself with distinction in the Navy or anyplace else.

Karl John Christoph, Jr.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

With "Have an orange!" as a byword, Chris entered the Academy from Severn, and took the academics in his stride. Although he has adopted San Diego, California—where the Pacific Fleet anchored at his doorstep—as Podunk, Chris has lived in many "ports"—including Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Lacrosse and handball left little time for the radiator squad, and not being adverse to feminine company, he has joined his share of "flying squadrons." His amiable character and winning ways coupled with Saturday night steaks and a strong liking for champagne will make him well remembered by all. Though we must part, here's hoping our paths cross soon.



Harold Scott Clay

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

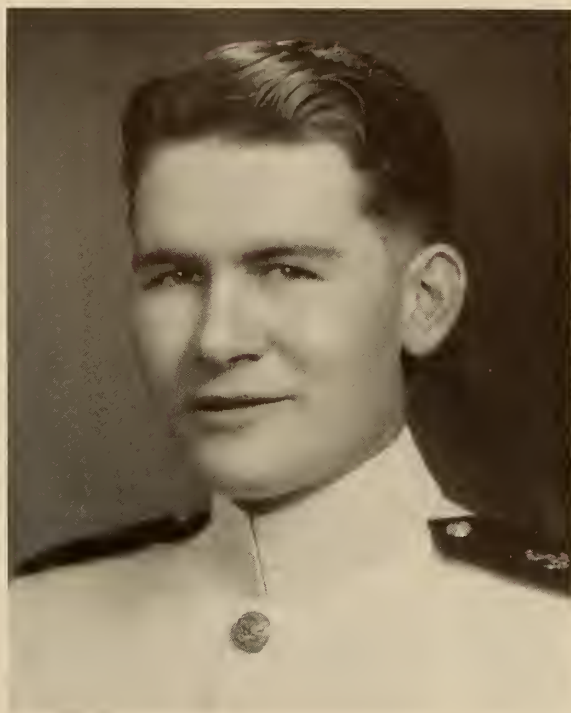
"Where's Clay? Get Clay!" was the familiar cry from the main office on week ends. This big wheel on the reception committee might just as well have taken over on week ends. When he wasn't beefing about the stupidity of the system, he was tearing apart the personnel of the main office. Continually worried over his receding hair, this Michigan man got the most out of what was left by combing it at least a dozen times a day. "Nothing to it," was Harry's usual answer to a problem in a text book. With a good head and a year of Electrical Engineering at the University of Michigan he and the higher grades were quite intimate.



William Elias Conway

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

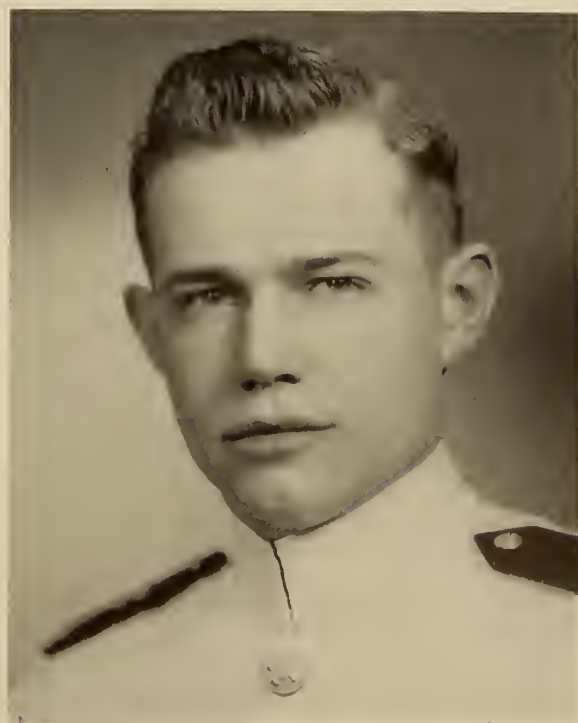
With loads of confidence in his "natural ability," Wilbur toted his golf bag down from Lowell, Massachusetts. When winter rains prohibited golf, he displayed his athletic talent in the handball courts, from which it was only a shower and dash to formation. Frequent letters to his female aspiration rounded out his leisure activities. In academics Wilbur excelled in Math although his year at Harvard stood him in good stead in every subject. "The question is, can you do the probs?" and in the line there isn't a problem Wilbur can't solve. However, he does admit he has been wrong—once. Unwavering loyalty to friends and ideals will always make Bill a welcome shipmate.



John Bernard Fahey

THOMPSONVILLE, CONNECTICUT

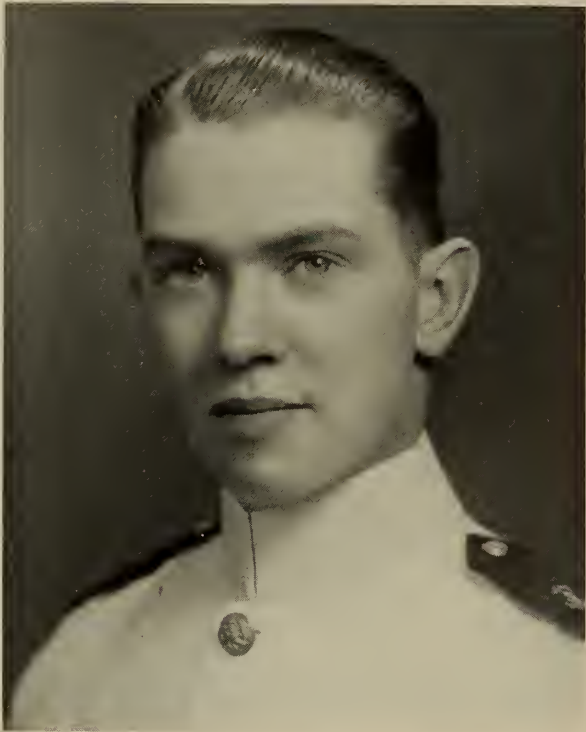
Connecticut sent us her favorite son, and Usna Tech opened wide her arms and welcomed him as her very own. Giving credit for his number one standing in plebe Bull to time spent within Old Eli's ivy-covered walls, "Big John" decided to coast the rest of the way on his laurels. Letting the Academic Department go one way, John went the other and made his letter in varsity crew. He won the admiration of all of us by his grim determination to excel with as little effort as possible. More than easy to live with, John will leave many friends at the Academy, and find many more in the Fleet.



Charles Franklin Gorder

OAKES, NORTH DAKOTA

From the North Dakota Badlands Chuck came to Navy with a taste for Russian peanuts and short blondes. This one man delegation from Nodak, Sodak, and Wisc, was hindered only by the French he spoke with a Norwegian accent and his rigorous week-end dragging. A son of Sigma Chi, and accustomed to the better things in life, his only regret was that he'd never had the proverbial egg in his beer. Possessing a singular ability to concentrate on any task, whether it entailed sketching a superheated boiler or placating the latest femme, Chuck was successful. Having made stars at Annapolis, we expect him to earn them also through life.



Arthur Niles Hull

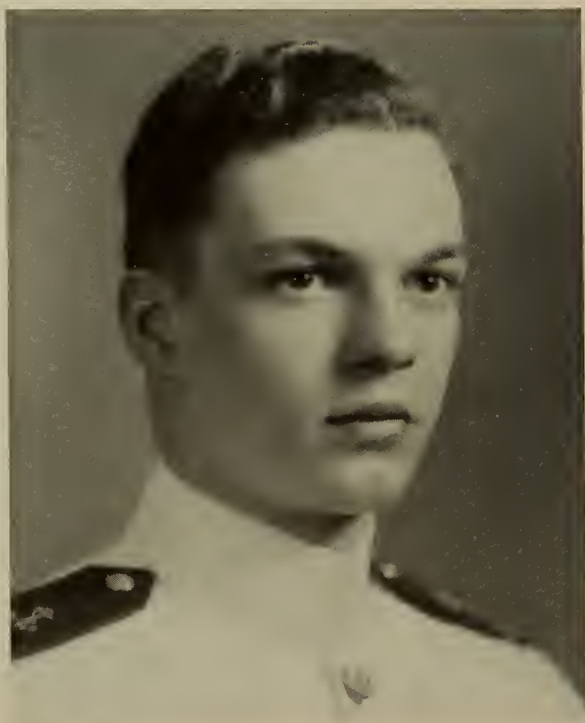
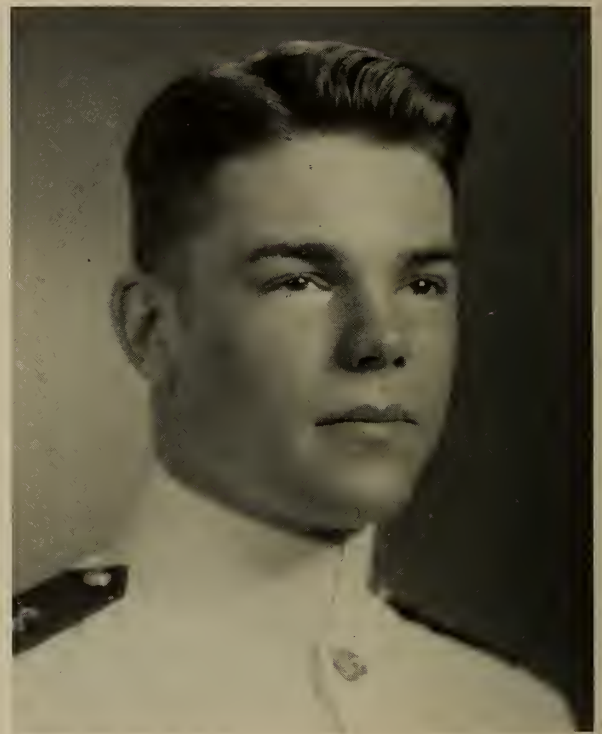
TROY, NEW YORK

The *Troy Boy* certainly seemed to enjoy life at the "Tech." When the going was tough, Art's cheerfulness would always give the boys a lift. He'd listen like a chaplain to anyone's troubles and was willing to talk for hours about hunting and fishing. Perhaps Art's first love was the Navy Swimming Team even though he trained for it on cigarettes and ice cream. His splash and dash in the Natatorium brought "N's" to him and large profits to the hair oil companies. He believed in safety first when falling hair was concerned. Sincerity, joviality, and honest friendliness are a few of young Art's specialities.

William Leyda Jesse

MISSOULA, MONTANA

In the fall it's football and in the winter it's basketball, but the only difference when Jess plays is that a basketball is round. You might call him tall, dark and silent except that he isn't silent. Ask the basketball refs about that. They say the Montana University football, basketball, baseball, and track coaches formed a "Don't Let Jesse Leave Montana Club" when word got around that he was looking over a prospectus from the Naval Academy. But they were about as successful as a defensive guard trying to crash through center with Jess in the way. I could mention the way he gets along with the women, too, but his picture's here, isn't it?



Alphonse Gregory Lang, Jr.

BOONTON, NEW JERSEY

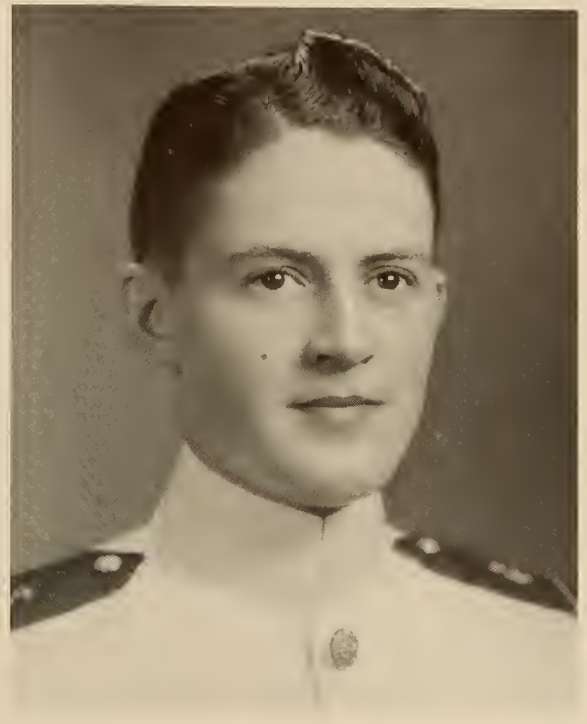
The Army's gift to the Navy, Greg came to us after nine months in the infantry. Being well accustomed to muscular exertion, Adgie did not join the radiator squad. Those broad shoulders of his were developed on the flying rings where he earned the admiration of all hands and his varsity award in gym. Greg was not a star man, but his grades proved him an able student. He found time on the week ends to do his share of the dragging—the girls were all "queens." True friendship and determination are the traits that earned Greg a great deal of honor and respect which will follow him anywhere.



William McKinley Luckie

THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA

Whether writing a theme, playing touch football, or being "the perfect host," Bill always seemed to meet with success. Although a native Georgian, his only trace of a southern accent was an occasional "y'all" since he spent half of his time in the Empire State. With a year at Princeton and several months in the Army as a background, experience was Luck's prized possession. Bill's ability to "win friends and influence people" (especially girls) stems partially from his won character and partially from an intense interest in psychology. In Lucky, we give to the Navy a widely-traveled, well-read, young man whose career is assured wherever the future takes him.



Francis Ferdinand Manganaro

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

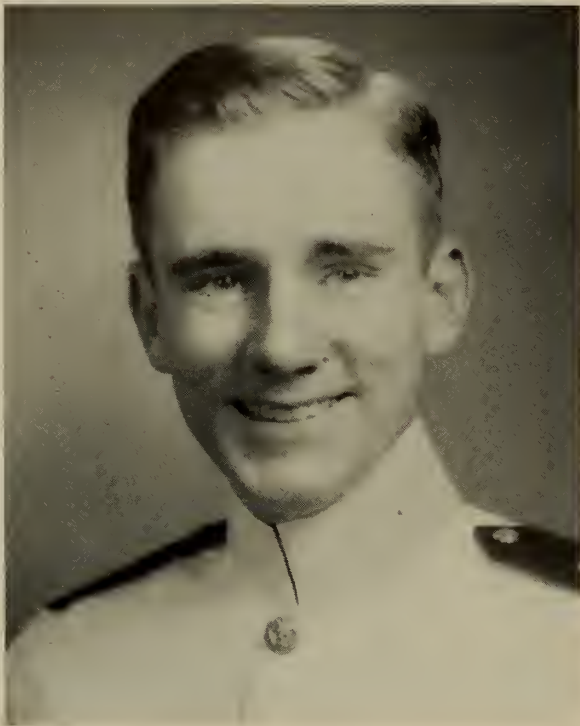
Whenever you mention his diminutive state, Frank will always remind you that it is quality and not quantity that counts. Coming here via Classical High and two years of Civil and Mechanical Engineering at Rhode Island State, the Moose had few academic difficulties, and spent most of his spare hours in the darkroom or straightening out his numerous feminine entanglements. Although he spent frequent hours in the sack, he seldom missed a hop and kept in social trim in anticipation of leave. No member of the radiator squad, he kept in shape playing soccer and handball. Moose's timely wit and winning personality will take him far in the Naval profession.



Martin David Marder

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Like John Powers and Harry Conover, Dave likes 'em blonde, blue-eyed, and five-five; but by Friday afternoons, he'll settle for Zazu Pitts. But dragging isn't Le Du's only pastime. Any afternoon after class, he can be found in the sack, listening to the radio. However, he's still quite a versatile guy. His interests run from women to sleep, to chow, to sleep, to women. Nevertheless he can give you the latest dope in sports, politics, science, or even the comic strips. If Dave ever returns to Bancroft as a dignified O.D., you can bet your boots that there'll be some changes made, for now there just isn't enough time for liberty or sack drill.



Robert Sheldon Marts

OCEAN CITY, NEW JERSEY

Bob came to us from New Jersey's resort town of Ocean City. Possessed with a curious mind, Bob was usually found trying to figure out the inner workings and hidden mechanisms of almost anything electrical. Trying to keep his eyes at 20/20 in order to become a fly boy after graduation has been his greatest problem. Yo, unlike his Father who never smokes, drinks, or swears, uttered a manly oath upon occasion. The thing in life that Yo seemed to need the least of was sleep. Most of Yo's time was spent pursuing extracurricular activities far into the night. A "happy-go-lucky" attitude coupled with true sincerity will keep "The Yo" out in front.

Corwin Anson Olds

ROCKLAND, MAINE

From out of the fog-bound coasts of Maine, this A.T.O. came to us singing "Bowdoin Beata" and losing hair. Curly brought with him the loyal "down-easter's" love of sailing and quickly won a yawl command. Though the weather man assures us he brought the fog too, Curly must have left it outside the classroom. Photography, sports, especially a mysterious love of pushball and dragging some of Maine's most beautiful women occupied most of his spare time. Curly leaves us still losing hair, but he leaves with us the impressions of a loyal friend and the knowledge that his perseverance will bring success in any venture undertaken.



Robert Burns Pohl

RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY

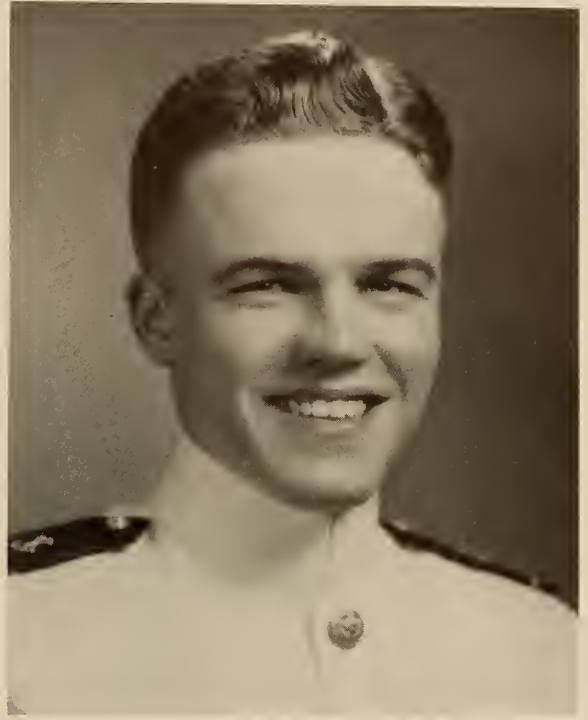
The nickname of "Smiley" was tacked onto Bob during the first days of plebe year when his uncontrollable, contagious grin caused frustration among the upperclassmen. A year at Rutgers and thirteen months in the Marine Corps helped no little in preparing our boy for his run through the "ensign factory." Academics kept him busy, but being a plugger, he soon left the buckets behind. Steeplechase, pushball, and wrestling kept him in trim for making that last minute dash to formations. Once a Marine, always a Marine . . . so "Smiley" is headed for the Corps upon graduation. Interested girls are warned that Bob's one fault is squeezing the toothpaste tube in the middle.



Robert William Slater

TOLEDO, OHIO

Many fond memories of Toledo, a sunny smile for his classmates' rainy days, and his clarinet—Bob brought just what he needed to the Academy. The loyal Buckeye, who was mail king of his class, was always either sitting in the nearest bridge game or amusing himself with something a little more non-reg. He was never much of a man for dragging, but when the occasion warranted it, he was always present, and usually with a queen. Football predictions that outguessed the experts filled Bob's leisure time, as Math took up most of his working time. We, classmates, will miss his jolly greeting, and always remember a loyal friend.



Albert Williams Weems, Jr.

MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI

Al is a rebel who seems always to wear a smile spreading the warmth of the South. He was always popular because of his ever-friendly attitude. Many outside interests kept Al busy, but music stood foremost, excluding the young ladies, of course. In following music, he and his clarinet spent many hours with the Academy Band. There were not many week ends that he didn't drag his own chick or help some of the boys out with their excess women. Al's determination, perseverance, far-sightedness, just to mention a few of his qualifications, are certain to insure him of success. It is with pride that we will point toward him in the future.





Abel, P. F.
 Adair, H. D., Jr.
 Allen, H. E.
 Arnold, W. S. M.
 Behrens, D. R.

 Blakney, W. T.
 Bullington, N. W., Jr.
 Burton, R. S.
 Comerford, J. N.
 Cox, J. A.

 Daley, B. L.
 Davenport, J. E., Jr.
 DeGoede, J.
 Delling, L. V.
 Duncan, N. L.

 Evasovich, J.
 Fisher, W. R., Jr.
 Gabriel, W. S.
 Ghormley, R. L., Jr.
 Goodwin, G. E.

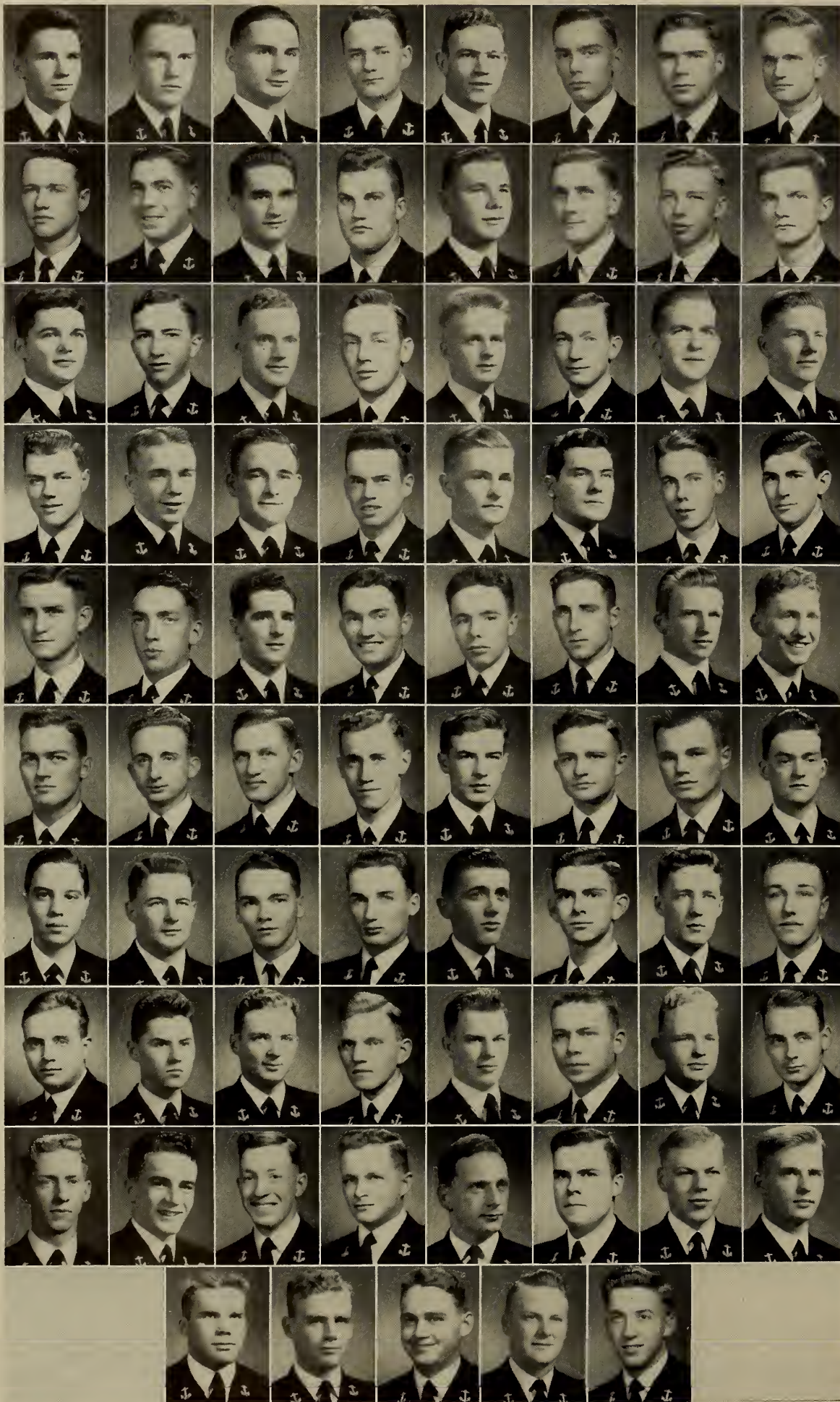
 Goodwin, H. H., Jr.
 Gurman, H.
 Hamilton, H. C., Jr.
 Harris, H. S., Jr.
 Henderson, R. I.

 Hendrix, L. M.
 Holder, H. S.
 Jay, L. A., Jr.
 Johnson, H. B.
 Kay, H. N.
 Kays, J. C.

 Key, H. N., Jr.
 Killeen, J.
 Kline, H. S.
 Law, J. P.
 Lipschutz, H. B.
 McKinley, M. M., Jr.

THIRD BATTALION





Adams, Richard D.
 Alderman, E. L.
 Allen, M. N.
 Alvis, J. H.
 Bacon, A. F.
 Bartholomew, B. S., Jr.
 Bassing, B. E.
 Beeler, James W.

Benson, F. W., Jr.
 Bentin, M. S.
 Bergard, M.
 Black, W. A.
 Blackwell, R. B.
 Boggs, P. R., Jr.
 Bosley, D. B.
 Boughton, A. C., III

Bourne, W. D.
 Branch, L. E.
 Brandt, C. R.
 Broughton, W. R., Jr.
 Brown, Ralph H.
 Brown, Robert A.
 Bryant, H. F., Jr.
 Budge, W. J.

Bush, B. A., Jr.
 Bushman, H. J., Jr.
 Carr, K. M.
 Coburn, A. B.
 Colvin, O. D.
 Connors, J. J., Jr.
 Cookson, J. P.
 Cooper, A. B.

Culwell, C. L.
 Curtis, S. W., Jr.
 D'Ambr, R. F.
 Dearing, J. P.
 Dell, T. F.
 DiBenedetto, C.
 Dobson, J. F.
 Donahue, H. J.

Donovan, J. A.
 Dorenkamp, K. F.
 Draim, J. E.
 Dughi, J. R.
 DuWaldt, B. J.
 Ellis, Atlee R.
 Faricy, R. L.
 Fenlon, L. K., Jr.

Fishman, H. P.
 Florence, G. D.
 Foster, John B.
 Frost, R. Alfred
 Gardner, C.
 Gauss, M. J., Jr.
 George, W. R.
 Glass, B., Jr.

Goldman, R. E.
 Greenwood, R. G.
 Greif, S. J.
 Guernsey, R. E.
 Gunning, T. I.
 Haberthier, J. H.
 Haeske, D. C.
 Harding, N. D., Jr.

Hary, C. P., Jr.
 Haughey, J. R.
 Hausold, R. P.
 Hershner, C. H.
 Hoff, W. E.
 Hofford, J. L.
 Hoover, L. N.
 Horan, F. G.

Huenerberg, J. C., Jr.
 Ingalls, J. F., III
 Jenks, S. M.
 Jensen, J. E.
 Kanevsky, J. N.

Kennedy, R. W.
 Kinney, C. M., Jr.
 Kirk, G. J., Jr.
 Kling, G. M.
 Knoble, W. S.
 Kochler, P. J.
 Lake, M. K.
 Lamb, C. W.

Landers, J. G.
 Lechleiter, M. B., Jr.
 Lindsey, W. E., Jr.
 Lochner, G. H.
 MacDonnell, A. D., Jr.
 Mahoney, T. R.
 Martin, William L., III
 Mayfield, S. G., III

McDonald, I. T., Jr.
 McQuilling, J. A.
 Meloy, C. F.
 Morency, A. J.
 Murphy, B. P.
 Nelson, R. H.
 Norman, C. C.
 O'Keefe, P. G.

Olsen, O. E.
 Otth, E. J., Jr.
 Page, E. W.
 Parker, H. B., Jr.
 Pratt, J. C.
 Ramsey, S. M.
 Rawsthorne, E. A.
 Rigsbee, J. T.

Riley, P. T.
 Ringwood, T. E.
 Roberts, C. W.
 Russ, W. H., III
 Saraceni, P. J.
 Sawtelle, W. J.
 Schaufelberger, A. A., Jr.
 Schniebolk, B.

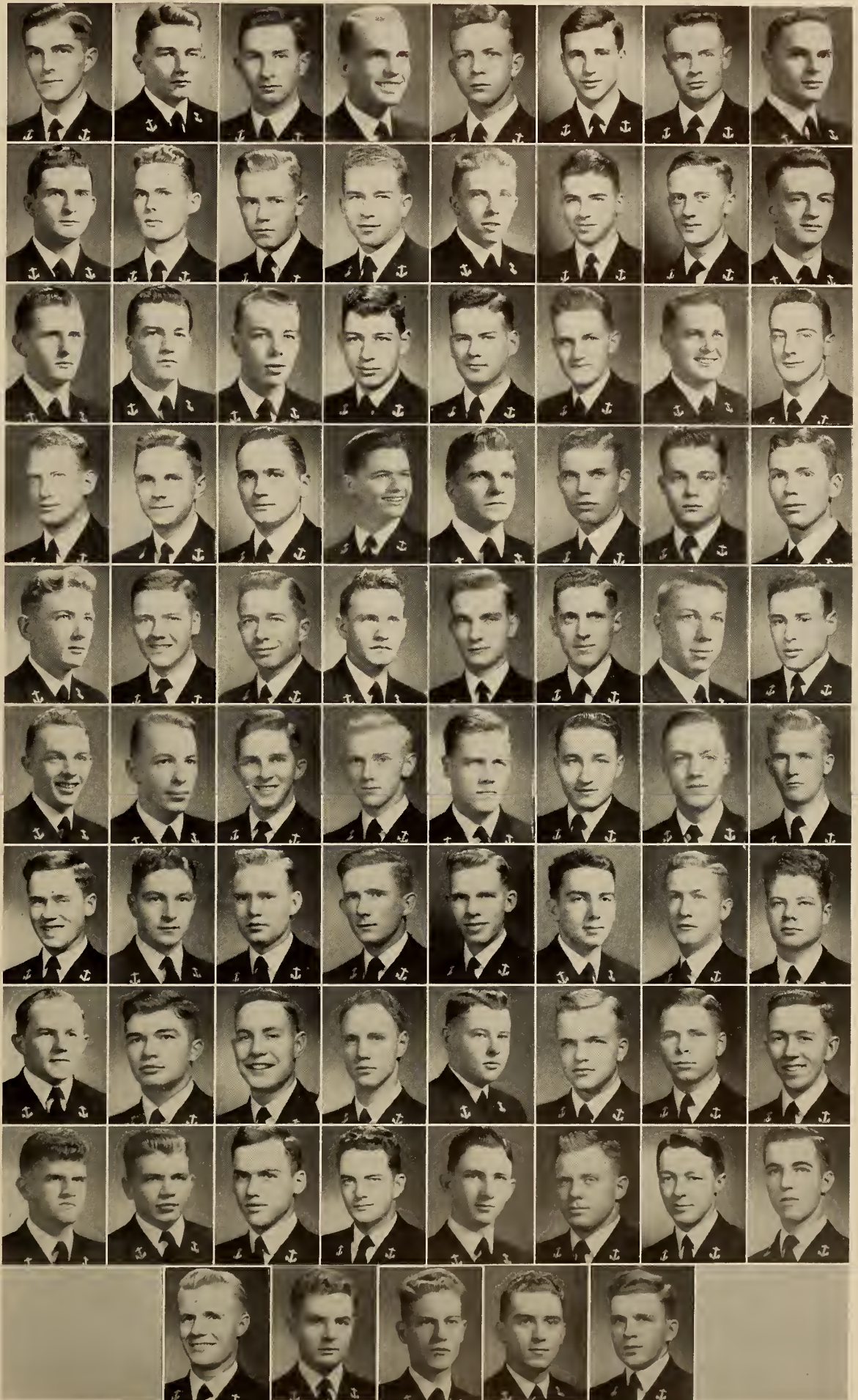
Schoos, P. L.
 Schuchart, G. S.
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 Seth, R. H.
 Shea, L. A., Jr.
 Shacklett, H. E.
 Sheppe, R. W.
 Shine, E. F., Jr.

Smith, D. A.
 Smith, H. L.
 Smith, P. H.
 Smith, Robert F., Jr.
 Smith, W. D.
 Snodgrass, C. S., Jr.
 Stanfill, D. C.
 Stone, G. B.

Stromberg, H. A., Jr.
 Stubstad, J. A.
 Swanson, P. S.
 Thom, P. H., Jr.
 Thomas, G.
 Thurber, H. R., Jr.
 Townsend, J. E.
 Vail, C. R.

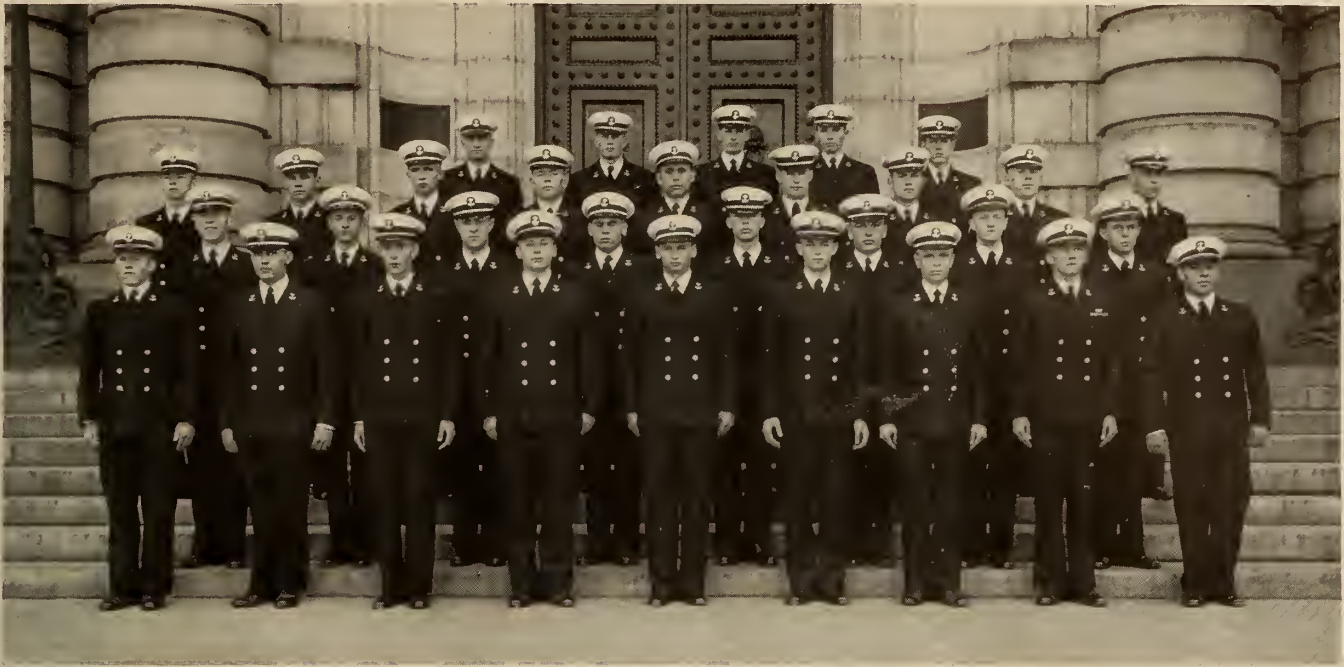
Valencia, W.
 Vogt, L. F., Jr.
 Volz, R. L.
 Wallace, J. R.
 Webber, J. H.
 Weir, W. D.
 West, R. H.
 White, C. R.

Whitley, W. J.
 Whittlesey, B. D.
 Wynn, J. H., III
 Zepp, G. T., Jr.
 Zettel, M. A.



THIRD BATTALION

Class of 1949



Front row: W. H. DeMers, II, R. E. Wise, D. R. Carlisle, F. S. Marovich, M. L. Schenker, J. D. Elliot, A. P. McCoy, Jr., W. M. Riddle, G. E. Conatore.
Second row: C. S. Hooper, Jr., J. P. Oberholtzer, F. J. Sterner, W. A. Kiehl, D. B. Hunt, Jr., R. P. Stimler, C. A. Skinner, J. B. Vosseller.
Third row: D. L. Jarrell, F. R. Cassilly, M. A. Bealle, E. G. Pecher, Jr., B. M. Jones, G. C. Mahoney, C. R. Knutson, N. E. Carpenter, M. M. Grove.
Fourth row: H. E. Sproull, H. G. Frasier, S. A. Herman, I. R. Williams, Jr., G. A. Fox, Jr.
Not pictured: R. P. Oliver, D. G. Fears, J. W. Coleman, J. H. Spiller, Jr., W. R. Lauder, N. S. Court-right, L. R. Capshaw.

Eleventh Company

CLASS OF 1950 ★

Front row: S. L. Rieb, C. Snyder, C. T. Howard, R. L. Mulford, F. T. Maynard, K. R. Burns, A. R. Torruella, S. C. Durham, J. E. Reid.
Second row: J. L. Head, J. E. Walsh, Jr., R. W. Bush, K. R. VanderVenet, J. C. Henning, W. L. Morgan, Jr., G. M. Castellanos, W. J. Hooker.
Third row: J. H. Jacobson, Jr., G. T. Denmark, J. R. Dunham, C. F. Kyger, W. H. Wulfange, F. M. McCraw, T. E. Vines, T. A. Peterson, D. B. Sullivan.
Fourth row: W. A. Miller, T. R. King, T. W. Robinson, W. G. Reitz, E. T. Wooldridge, T. O. Thompson, F. J. Cirecione, C. R. Galloway, Jr.
Not pictured: T. B. Brown, Jr., J. D. Mackenzie.

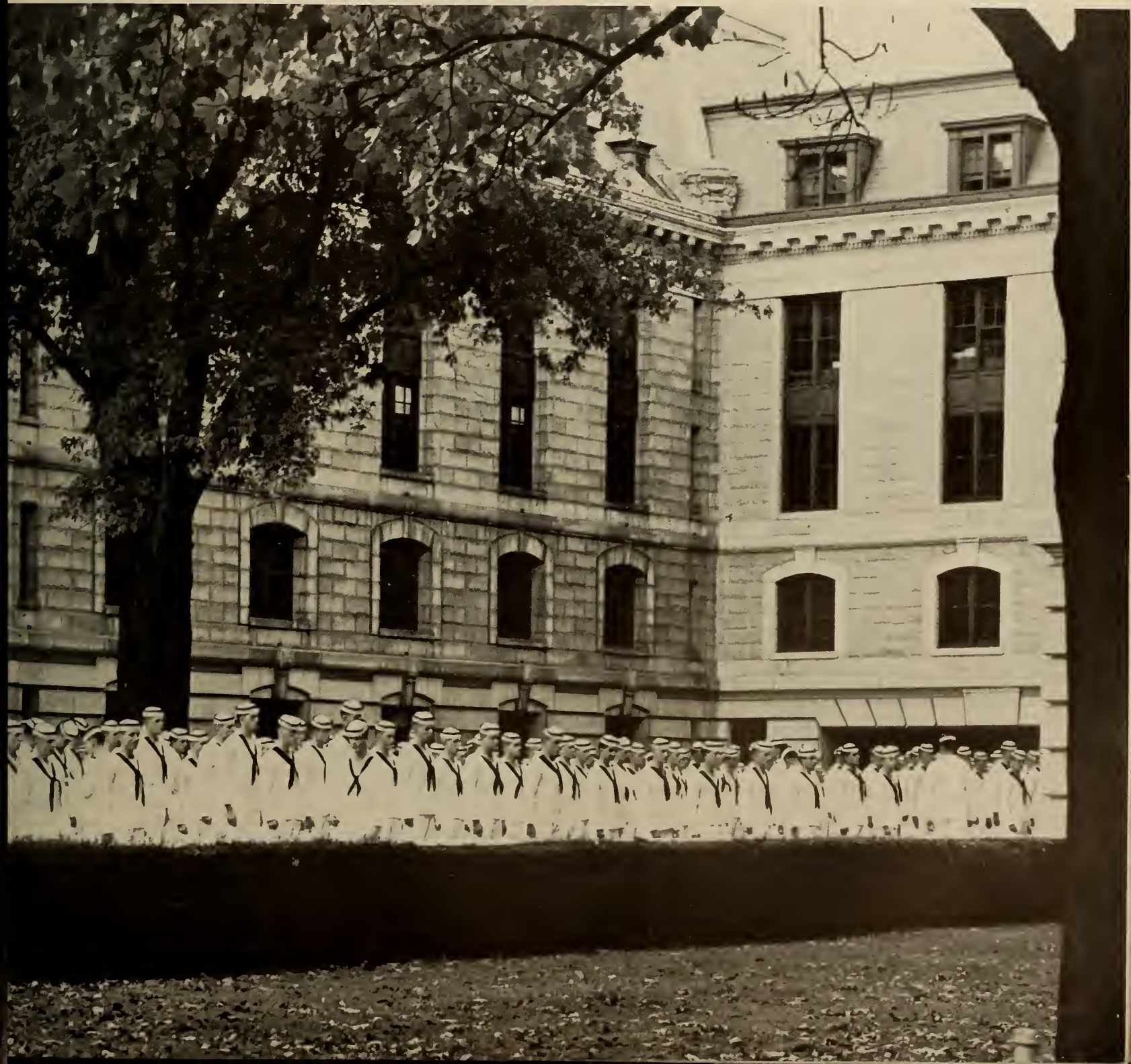
Twelfth Company



4 T H B A T T



A L I O N





Fifteenth Company



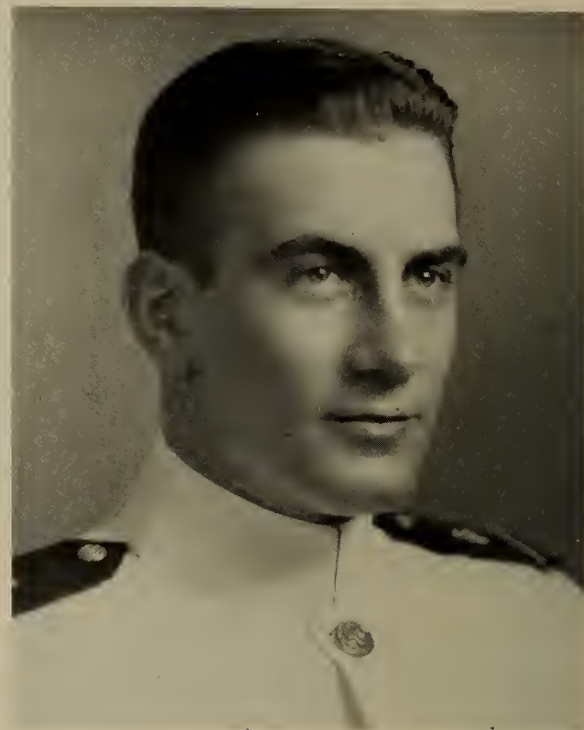
Sixteenth Company



Sigmund Abraham, Jr.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

Though Sig might have been called a Red Mike around the Academy, he was wise in the ways of women and too smart to subject his feminine admirers to the rigors of an Academy week end. An authority on Freud, Sig could always be depended upon to detect the psychological reasons behind the strange things that midshipmen do. He was a serious student and utilized his time well, filling in the afternoons with boxing, wrestling, soccer, steeplechase, and sailing. His experience as quartermaster in the Fleet stood him in good stead with the Seamo Dept., and he taught us all a few things when it came to handling Y.P.'s.



William Purnell Blandy

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Being a Navy junior, Bill came to the Academy thoroughly indoctrinated with the system, but his disillusionment was accomplished in a matter of days. His interests in electronic controls, piano, diving and gymnastics testify to the diversity of his character. For anyone with less energy than Bill has, these spare-time fillers would be quite a job. His excellence in the last three insure his success in the first or in whatever field he chooses after graduation. His quips and ready laugh made his list of friends appear to be a class muster, yet those of us who knew him well will remember his sincerity and efficiency.



Charles Hunter Brown

FORT MYERS, FLORIDA

Though Fort Myers, Florida, has sent only one of her sons to Annapolis, she seemed to have picked a Junior Chamber of Commerce in Hunter. Combining a sincere love for his state with his genial nature, he made all his associates wish to be his guest to enjoy his tropical native wonderland. Industrious and energetic, he found time to work two years on the Lucky BAG staff, to write at least ten letters each week end, and yet, to maintain his class standing. A dynamic thinker under stress, Hunter always did well in either a friendly argument or a final examination. The future for him should be successful for he is certainly capable of making it so.



William Donham Crawford

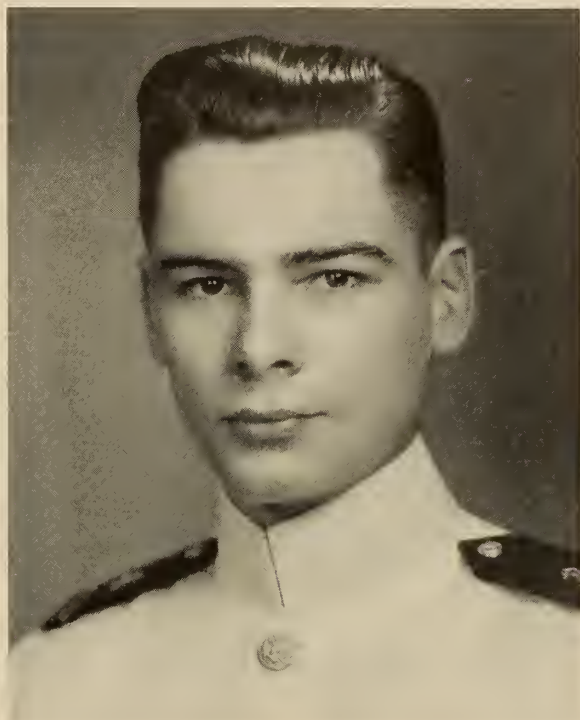
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Don brought with him to the Academy a great amount of military leadership which, coupled with his king size, made him stand out during his three years. Yes, he was one of the boys who gave up an army lieutenant's commission (as meteorologist) in order to brace up. Once in, he gave us all a lesson in how to do a job well while having the maximum amount of fun out of life. If he wasn't playing basketball, or getting himself elected to some class office, you were sure to find him expounding on Arkansas, "the industrial heart of the South," or listening raptly to some recent rendition of mountain music.

Tyler Freeland Dedman

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

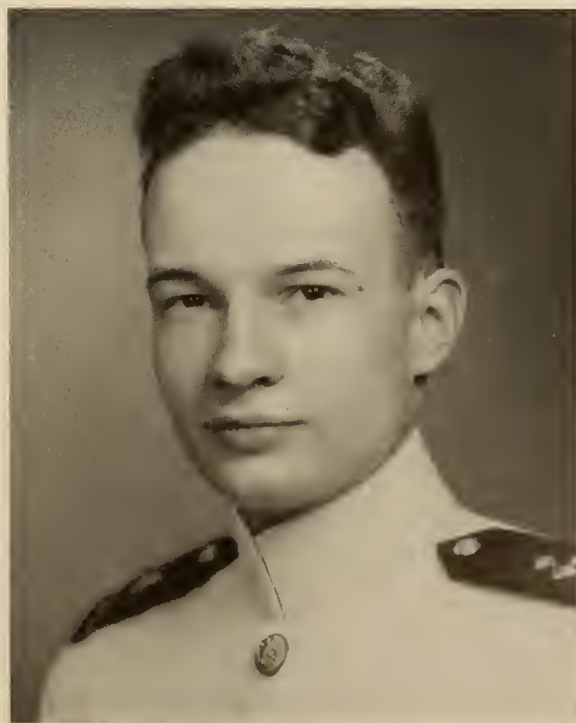
"Anybody want to go on the yawl race this week end?" was a familiar question from Ty during the summer sailing season. Track was his sport though, and during the fall and spring term you were sure to find him running on a track or cross-country team. This Californian brought with him to the Academy some of the sunshine from his native state. More fortunate in academics than some, Ty was always ready to help a classmate. His presence in a bull session or a card game always made for a better time. With his ability and winning way Tyler will be a valued asset to the forces afloat.



Peter Duncan

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

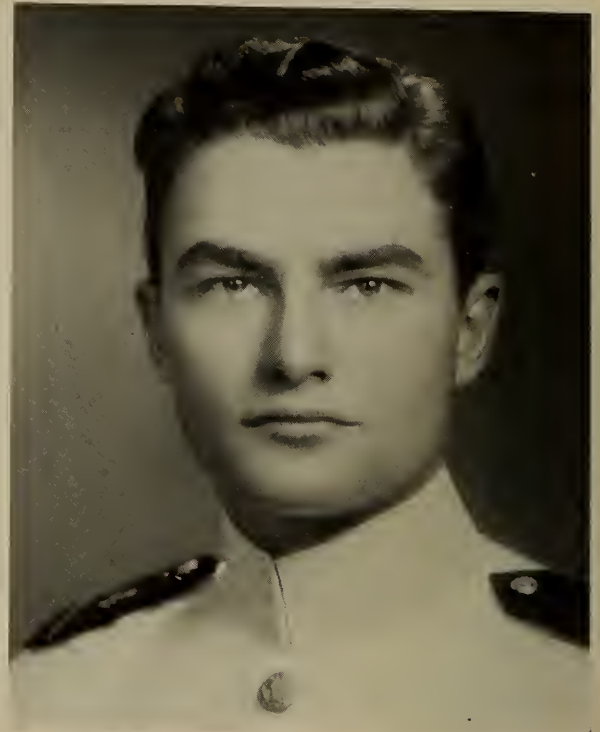
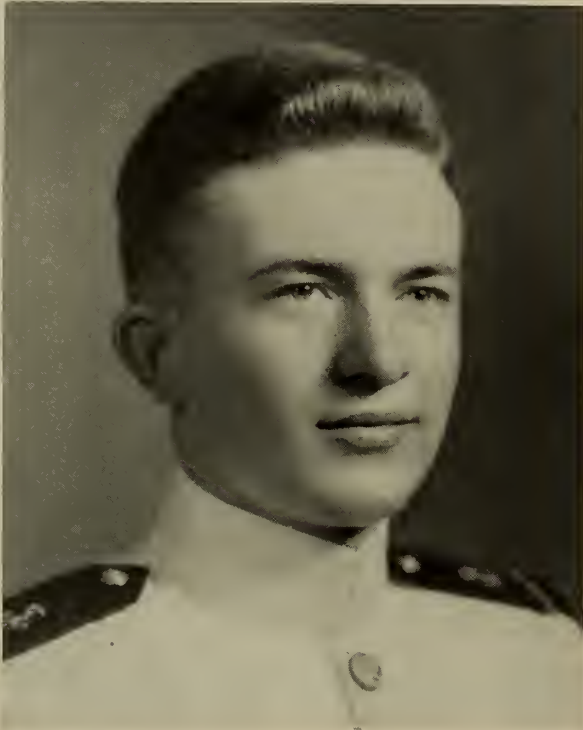
"The Annapolis of the Air" made a great contribution when Pete entered the Navy. Because of his pleasing personality and genial ways, he was quickly pardoned for being a Navy junior. Aside from an intense dislike of Math and a love of track, his interests centered around the sack and all its comforts. To predict what his next move would be was impossible, but we all found life much more pleasant with him around. With curly hair that is a result of many hours of painstaking work, twinkling eyes, and an easy smile, Pete will continue to gain friends and make a success of the life ahead.



Edmond Wroe Freeman III

PINE BLUFF, ARKANSAS

Ed's military career began at the Citadel. A student of literature, Ed would rather be found in a volume of Tennyson or Cabell than at the football practice, but he was not without his athletic side. He was the gym squad's number one tumbler for his three years at the Academy. Always ready for a discussion of any subject, he was perpetually found in bull sessions and was never without a buddy with whom he could discuss significant problems. Ed was a great pessimist, consistently on the verge of bilging, but upon inspection of his record, one would find him near the top in every subject. It's a sure bet that he'll continue there.



Alan Seaton Garner

FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA

Legend has it that doctors found Al's heart in the shape of a plane prop. True or not, Al has his heart set on one great ambition: to earn his Navy Wings. Starring in academics, taking a front "cockpit" in such athletics as pushball, football, soccer, and basketball, and generally setting a fast pace for everyone were merely incidentals toward his lofty goal. Between trips to V.N.8 for Sunday afternoon hops and wild dashes to the windows to observe passing planes, Al dragged the prettiest girls of Falls Church, Virginia. "Fighter" got his nickname from his fierce determination to achieve any goal, large or small, that he set for himself, or that was set for him.



Herbert Theodore Green

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

If you are ever looking for Big Herb, search for a bull session; there you would find him contributing his witticisms to the conversation. He believed in seeking out good fellows whether they be fourth class or first class. Most afternoons Herb either hit the sack or rehearsed for one of the annual shows. His only worries in the world were concerned with passing Steam and fitting into his white service. Two years at C.C.N.Y. enabled him to pass the other subjects with little strain. A letter from anyone and chow for each study hour was what Herb needed to keep up his morale during the week. A good ball game or his drags served this purpose on the week ends.



Robert Frank Hale

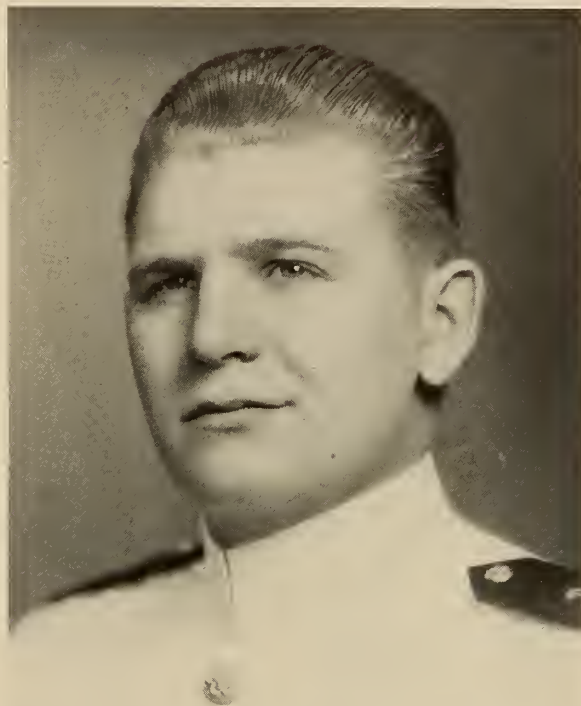
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

Navy has offered no obstacles too difficult for this sandy-haired southern gentleman. Undaunted by the rigors of Academy life, Bob has been an example of happiness and contentment. Coming from Florida, where it is always warm and sunny, he soon displayed his athletic prowess on the company softball and basketball teams. The Academic Dept. also fell an easy victim to Bobby, who chalked up starring marks for security. Although a bit on the O.A.O. side, he occasionally varied his drags to insure pleasant week ends at the hops and other social events. Among the fellows his friendly smile and diverse interests gained many friends. These attributes shall continue to bring success to him.

Robert Wendell Holding

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

When the icy winter winds whip across Bancroft terrace and someone yells, "Collars down," that's the Bear. Maryland winters don't even make him shiver compared with a real Wisconsin winter. Bob came here as a Boilermaker from Purdue Univ. and seems to do everything without a strain. He is always happy and conducts a famous one man advertising campaign for a certain Janesville pen manufacturer that sells the '51.' His favorite indoor sport is hibernating, but he is a husky opponent on the athletic field where he feels very much at home. Bob fits well into the tradition that Wisconsin sends fine men to the Academy.



Paul Conrad Keenan, Jr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

After a taste of college life in Montana, Washington, and his own Golden State, Paul easily took the Naval Academy in stride. This versatile gentleman not only won numerals on the football field, but also turned in creditable performances in several company sports. His love of aviation and dragging were as easily acquired as his hatred of Dago. With a sharp wit that could keep things rolling no matter how dull our existence, Pablo was a welcome member in any gathering. We will always remember him for his ability to recognize and attach emphasis to the worthy qualities of everyone. The smiling Irishman stands high in the esteem of his classmates.



Franklin Cully Knock

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"Play the other side, it's even better" always identified Frank, for he was gifted with a diversified taste for melody, having an equally keen appreciation of music as classical as Mendelssohn or as smooth as Miller. Never one to disclaim his native State of Michigan, Frank forever extolled the rugged beauty of the North and was an ardent exponent of the prowess of Ann Arbor's Wolverines and Detroit's Tigers. Although primarily a sailing enthusiast, Frank could always be counted on to round out a team in almost any sport. Whether at the Academy or with the Fleet, Frank's friendship will be valued by all who know him.



Wilbur Merrill Morrison

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

"How about taking a little more off the top?" are familiar words when Bill is in the barber shop. However, his crew haircut is not his only claim to renown. With calm ease this Minnesotan has made his mark in athletics, academics, and social life at Navy. His unerring accuracy on the basketball court and uncanny luck in getting queens on blind drags has kept Willie on the front line in sports and dragging. Somehow he still finds time to stand in the close-to-the-top category in academics. Bill's ready laugh and yen for a good time will assure him of friends and honors wherever he goes.



John Spruance Park

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

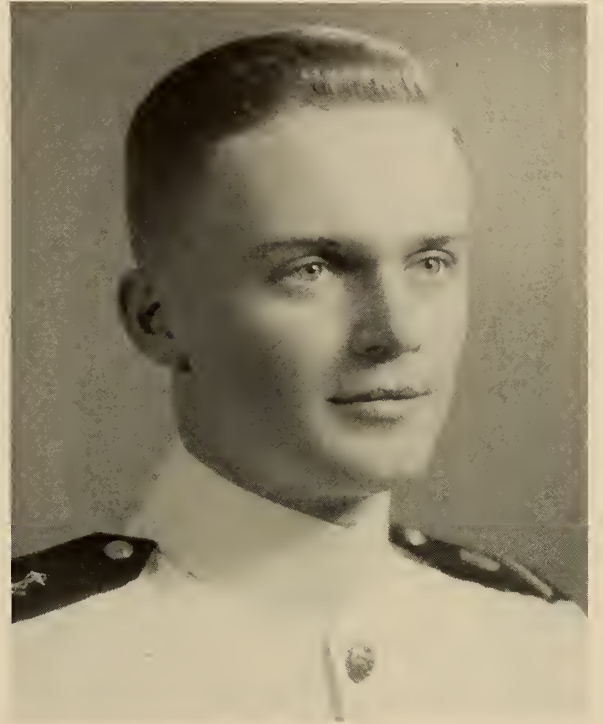
Few of us will ever forget the parties that Jack used to throw in Philly. In fact, there are very few of us who failed to get in on one. But Jackson always did things on a grand scale. Those of us who saw him carrying in his load of groceries twice weekly, and those who knew of the seemingly countless drags he had, fully realize that. He could enjoy whatever he did—and he did a lot. Optimistic speculation on the Phillies' pennant chances, a pint of "anything but vanilla" ice cream, and a twirl with the gym squad daily occupied much of his time. His geniality will assure a host of friends always.



Randolph Fleming Patterson

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Randy showed us all that little men are the best. A genial rebel, he won over everyone with his quick smile and easy personality. He did everything he undertook with complete thoroughness and never made a poor job of anything, either in his academics or in the field of athletic endeavor. A native Virginian, his "oot" and "hoose" never failed to amuse. When asked "Howdja make out?" he only smiled. His eye for southern belles was unerring. His classmates admired and respected, as well as liked, him, for one could never ask for a truer friend or shipmate.



Reuben William Peterson, Jr.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Pete has always stoutly maintained that "they're putty in my hands." He refers, of course, to the women, but that claim can well be applied to any phase of his many and varied activities. He handles all academic, athletic, and social matters with equal ease and adroitness. The only things that disturb his tranquility are Steam and the eccentricities of the Executive Department, but even those cannot long obscure that smile and good will by which all know him. According to Pete, his claim to fame is that he is from Wisconsin. However, it won't be long until Wisconsin's principal claim to fame will be that she started Pete on his way.



Eugene Mansor Portner

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

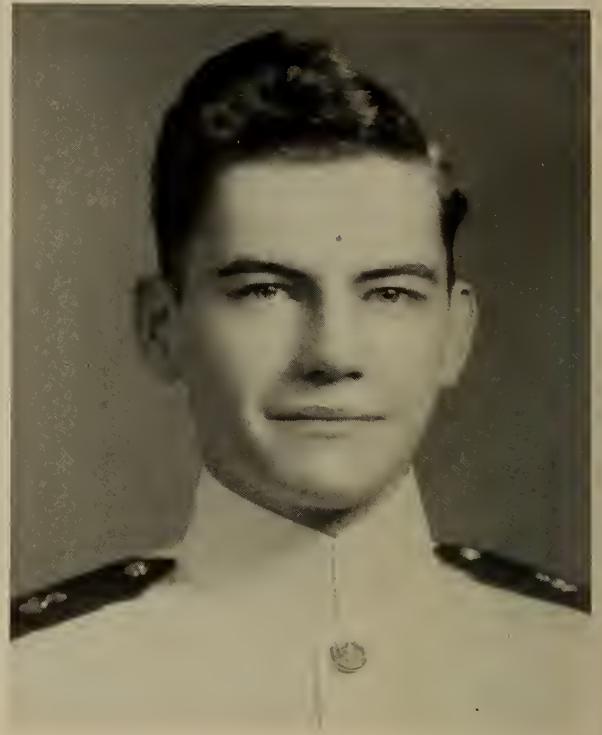
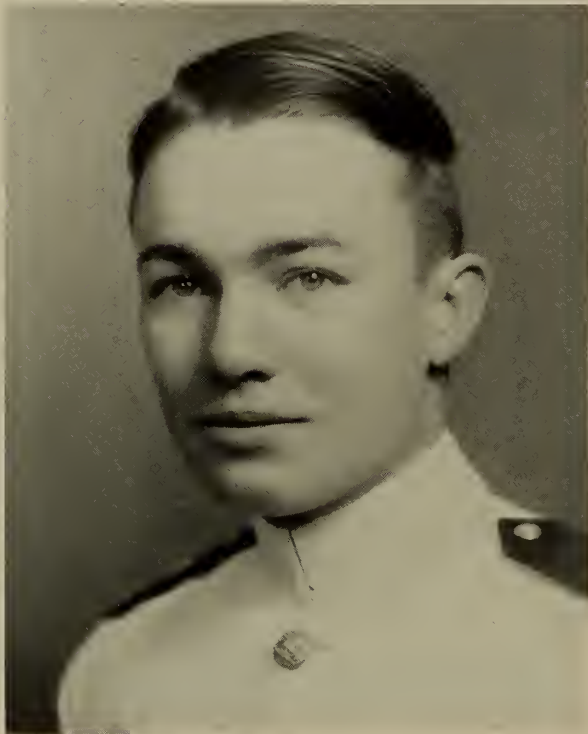
Though standing well in the upper 99 per cent of his class throughout the course at the Academy, Gene managed to find time to include varied activities in his program. Active in track, squash, pushball, and tennis, he bemoaned the fact that the Academy didn't offer the sports of his home, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Affable, easygoing, and cheerful, he spread his good-natured wit wherever he went. Still, our hero is not flawless. His main worry at Navy was keeping his affairs with girls straight. However, there is no need for worry for Gene and his future since if he merely expands his record at the Academy, he is bound to be a success.



Paul Allen Riley

BENNETTSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

An unreconstructed Confederate and a staunch southern Democrat, Pablo came to us from South Carolina by way of Severn School. Few of us are likely to forget his, "Let's turn up our Reefer collars," and "I don't like it here." Sleeping, resting, collecting stamps, engaging in company sports, and an occasional dragging week end occupied his spare time. Paul's chief claim to fame is his appendectomy, the scar of which is all he has to show for two weeks at home during Christmas leave second class year. In spite of his announced plans of becoming a southern planter, we suspect that he will stick with the Navy for quite a while.



James Carl Ruehrmund

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

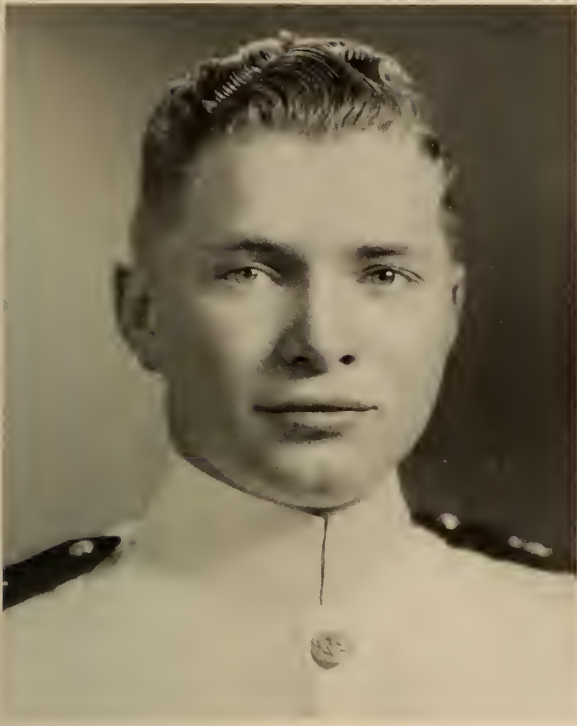
Varsity pistol occupied most of Jim's time, and when the smoke had cleared he was winner of more than his share of awards. A year at Virginia Tech made marksmanship, military life, and academics come easily. He found ample opportunity to write his O.A.O. faithfully, sail on week ends, and worship his hero, *Li'l Abner*. His famous, and almost last, words, "Well, I'm happy here," and his ability to see only the bright side of things stood him in good stead for three years by the Severn and should enable him to succeed wherever he may go. There's no "doubt about it," this Virginia colonel is a definite prospect for admiral.



Joseph Elwood Weatherly, Jr.

ELIZABETH CITY, NORTH CAROLINA

This fair-haired lad brought with him an heritage of mild manners and good humor from his two North Carolina alma maters, Davidson College and Duke. At the time of graduation Joe's ability on the dance floor was still unsurpassable. That same agility and a faculty of working with the whole team made him a standout in company softball and football, but swimming—in the surf off Nag's Head—was still his favorite sport. He was a great enthusiast of five-pound boxes of "Weatherly's" chocolate almonds. But it would be hard to think of Elwood without hearing him hum a popular song or without remembering that angelic look which captivated the lassies!



Donald Stanley Apple

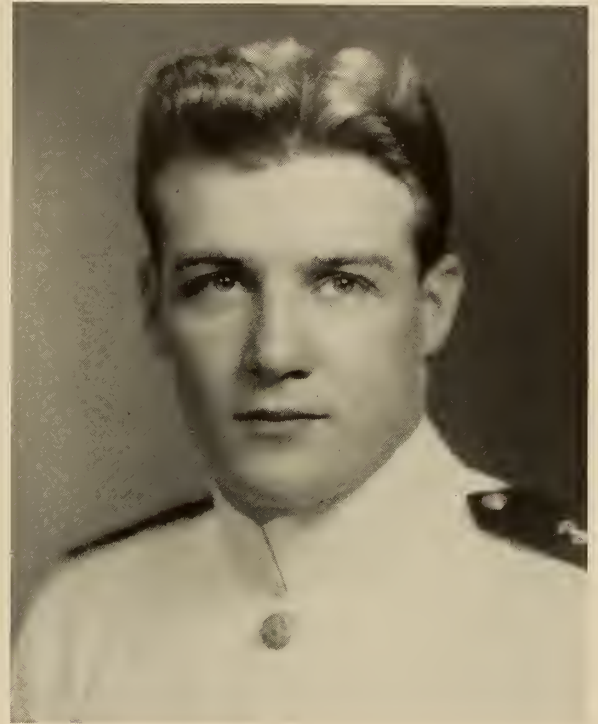
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

1215, Saturday. Notify Apple, D. S., "I am waiting in Reception Room . . . Chris"; "Meet me in Smoke Hall at 1230 . . . Kitty"; "Waiting for you at the house . . . Anne." How Don keeps his harem happy and apart every week end is more than most of us have been able to understand. Of course on the Varsity Crew where he shines, he gets a chance to build himself up for the week ends. But dragging doesn't occupy all of Don's thoughts. Whenever he pounds the books or hounds the mailman, he comes out way ahead. If you want some good addresses, practical philosophy, or a good man to have around the house, call on Don.

Leon Crow Bramlett, Jr.

CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI

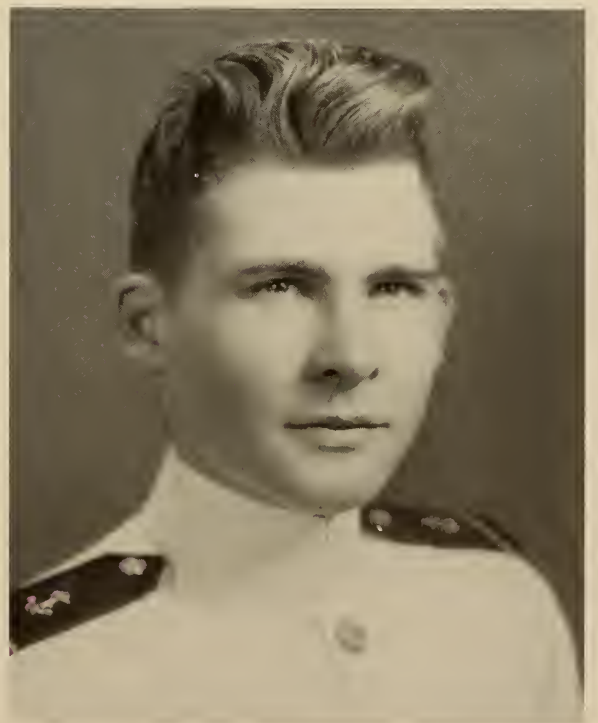
Happy Lee, our football captain, came to us from the "Golden Buckle on the Cotton Belt." Mississippi should be proud to claim this native son whose athletic exploits have attracted nation-wide attention. In addition to four letters in varsity football, Leon held the intramural heavyweight title. Called "The Reverend" by his friends, Leon lives a model life which is a constant inspiration to those around him. The Rev meets life with an unassuming manner and his overmodesty gives him a certain air of greatness. His simple formula for success: honesty, hard work, and clean living, is a three-lane highway leading him to a brilliant future.



Robert Ivan Conn

SAUSALITO, CALIFORNIA

A Californian who will modestly admit that his home state has everything, Bob was easy to know and impossible to dislike. He liked to wrestle, but preferred football and track for outside sports. Although academics usually came naturally, Bob could crack the books when finals called. As to his prowess with the women, it's rumored those two dimples were used to good advantage, although woe be it to the plebe who inadvertently mentioned the subject. He always found time to help on the LUCKY BAG and wherever else needed. Destined to become a Navy buzz-boy, Bob will always be coming in on more than a wing and a prayer.



Robert Willard Crouter

MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS

Bob claims to be from Massachusetts, but he has traveled much of his life. One of his ambitions is to visit Maine, the only state he's never been in. Being a Navy junior didn't leave the usual tell-tale marks on "the Crout." He is game for anything on the week ends, and invariably enlivens the party with some of his routines. If it's entertainment you want and there's free chow to offer, call on Bob. A great collector of useless knick-knacks and subtle humor, he is worth his weight in junk. Bob's main interests are women, sleep, food, and various cures for a receding hair line. He stars on leave and liberty.



Claude Philip Ekas, Jr.

KILGORE, TEXAS

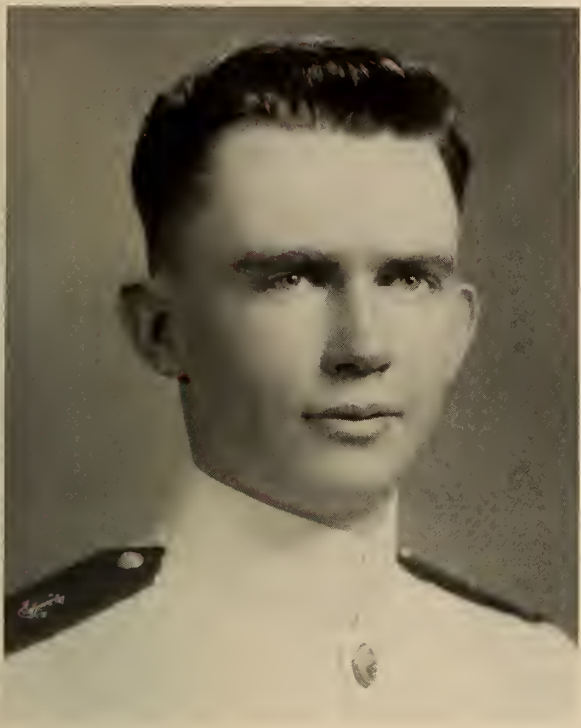
When Eke gets sour on the Navy it might as well fold up, and a great part of his time at Annapolis has been spent in convincing the disgruntled multitudes that there's no place like the Naval Academy. In fact, legend has it that he is at all times willing to convince anyone of anything. He came out of the Lone Star State with a genuine drawl and a deep love for Texas A. & M. His terrific grin and great sense of humor coupled with lots of enthusiasm and a pleasant disposition make him the perfect wife and friend. We all want to see a lot more of Eke in the Fleet.



Sheldon Leon Hirsch

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Shel came to us from "God's country," the City of the Angels, via a Fleet appointment. Any plebe in his company could give at least thirty good reasons why California is Paradise on Earth. They also knew where to go if they needed information about any champ or athletic contest of the past. He was always out for some sport wholeheartedly, although he did receive setbacks, such as that beautiful black eye during the brigade boxing matches. As for academics, the latest current events magazine was all he needed to study, having been an ex-Juice man in the service and savvy in Bull. A certain blonde and California were Shel's double featured program.



Wallace Charles Holton

BISBEE, ARIZONA

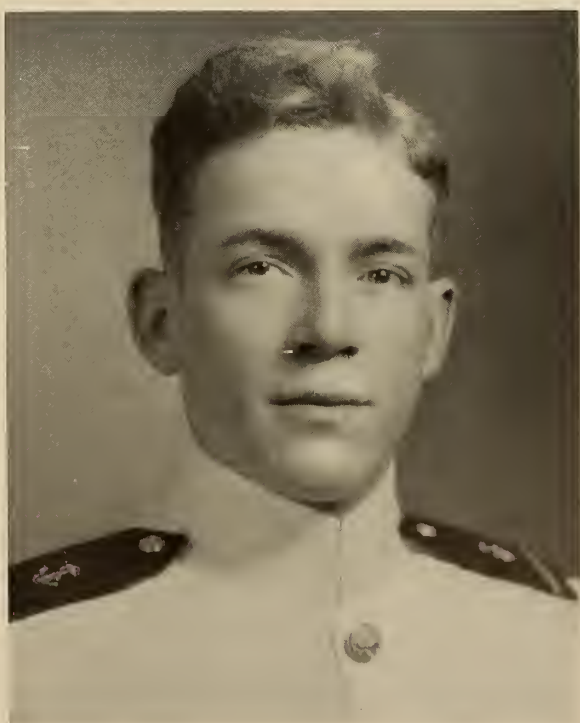
After spending eleven months in the Army, Buck had no trouble orienting himself to the regimented life on the Severn. Continually avoiding extra duty by some stroke of luck, and breezing through academics, he always found time for his daily workout, which usually consisted of a few turns around the track. This occupied his afternoons the year around except in the fall when junior varsity football claimed him. Buck was always very quiet, but never passed up an opportunity to argue the merits of his home state, sunny "tree-studded" Arizona. He could well have been a lawyer, but his dogged determination and amiable ways will bring him success in whatever he undertakes.



Fred Ernest Horwath

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

"I couldn't have hit the Steam tree again," were Fred's only words of a Saturday morning. His motto of never take a strain, unless it was for his soccer team, made life leisurely and enjoyable. Other loves included women, almost any kind, liberty, any kind, and beer, no matter what kind. Numerous brushes with both the Executive and Academic Departments kept life spine-tickling with thoughts of, "How can I drag doing extra duty?" But his ability to talk his way out of any situation came in handy many times. Fred's vibrant personality and easygoing nature will make him an attraction with success assured wherever he goes.



William Eugene Jarvis

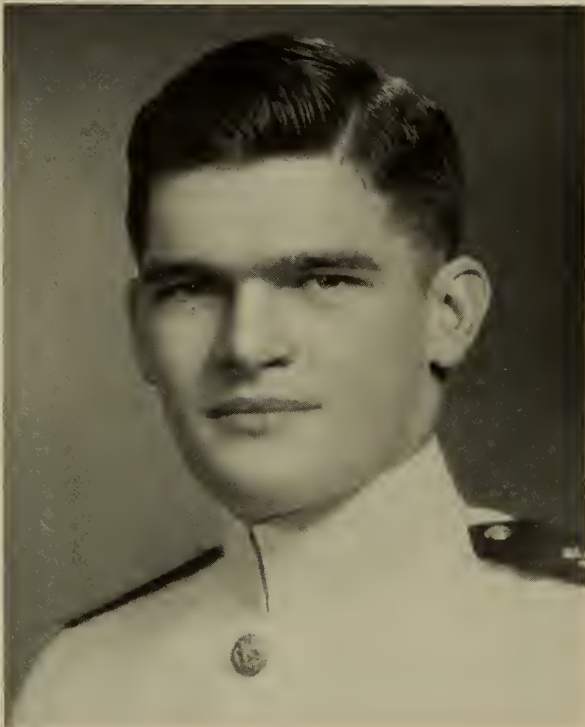
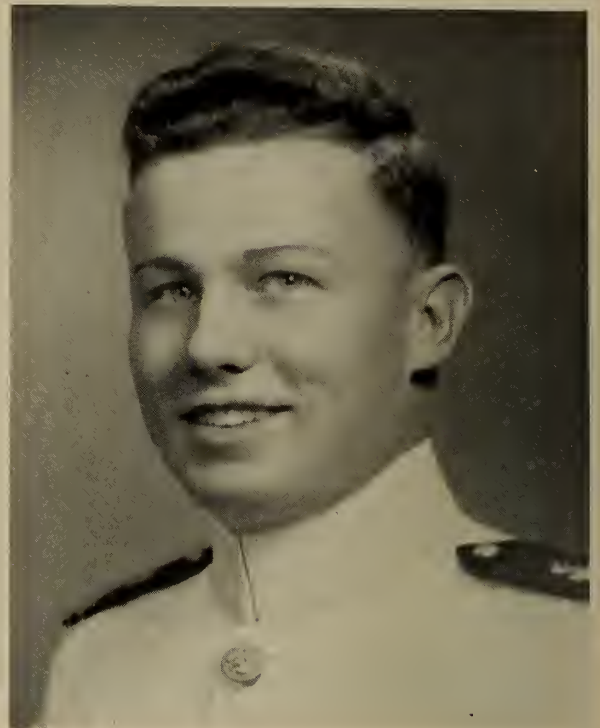
SAYRE, OKLAHOMA

Bill, a lively product of Sayre, Oklahoma, is bound to be heard wherever he goes or else go down with colors flying. Often a foe of conventionalism, Bill formulated his own opinions and could occasionally be found expounding these views as a member of the Academy's Quaterdeck Society. Enthusiastic about sports and extracurricular activities, afternoons and week ends seldom found him in his room. It was hard deciding between soccer and gym but the local gymnasium finally managed to claim most of his time and support. As to the fairer sex—but definitely; it was usually just a matter of which one. Whether dragging or in classes Bill was always the same affable Oklahoman.

John Frederic Mangold

LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS

Maybe he isn't the world's worst bridge player, but his down four, doubled, vulnerable hands have become famous. In spite of his good resolutions to "really study this term," Johnny would always manage to spend a good part of each study hour asleep on his sack, and still he stood high in academics. His greatest love, outside of overbidding at bridge and sleeping, is expounding on the pulchritude of those Illinois women, especially a certain one whose pictures took up a lot of space in his locker. Even if he may not make admiral someday, he can be counted on to really enjoy life.



John Alexander McCamont

AKRON, OHIO

Neither Californians nor Texans have yet been able to convince Mac that theirs is the only state in the Union. Hailing from his beloved heart of the industrial Middle West this big, good-natured fellow entered the Academy with the conviction that the system was something to sneer at. Now, just a little more on the conservative side, he has expressed an ambition to see the Navy do something efficiently, thus betraying his idealistic nature. A chowhound of high caliber, Mac attributes his meal-time prowess to his varied sports activities and a naturally healthy appetite. His interests do not stop there, however, for he is always willing to argue that gentlemen do prefer blondes.



John Bernhard Mencke

WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY

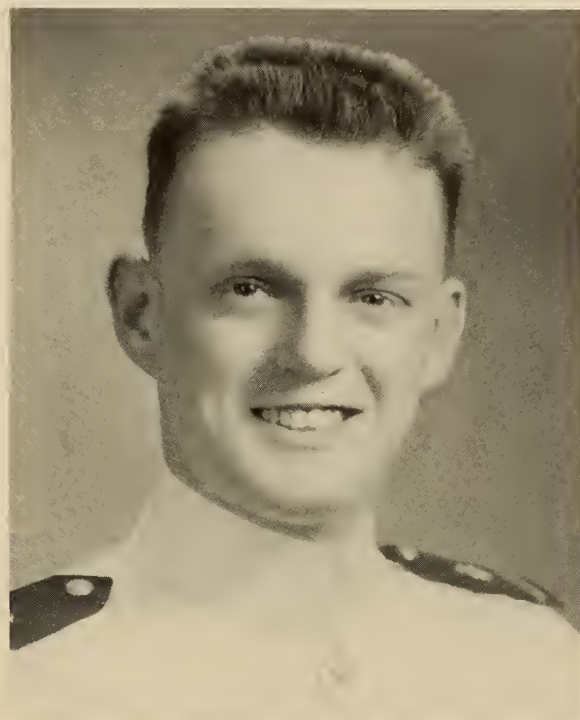
Everybody will always remember Johnny for his amiable personality and even disposition. When things looked darkest he could always be counted on for a witticism that would bring out the bright side of the situation. During the week Johnny took his studies seriously, but when Saturday came along his attentions quickly turned to dragging a certain young lady from New Jersey or a big bridge game with the boys. His love for athletics, particularly football, was almost equalled by his fondness for his sack and some good music. Everyone enjoyed his sense of humor along with his discourses at chow. It may be said that a girl and food were Johnny's two weaknesses.



Oliver LeGrand Norman, Jr.

AUSTIN, TEXAS

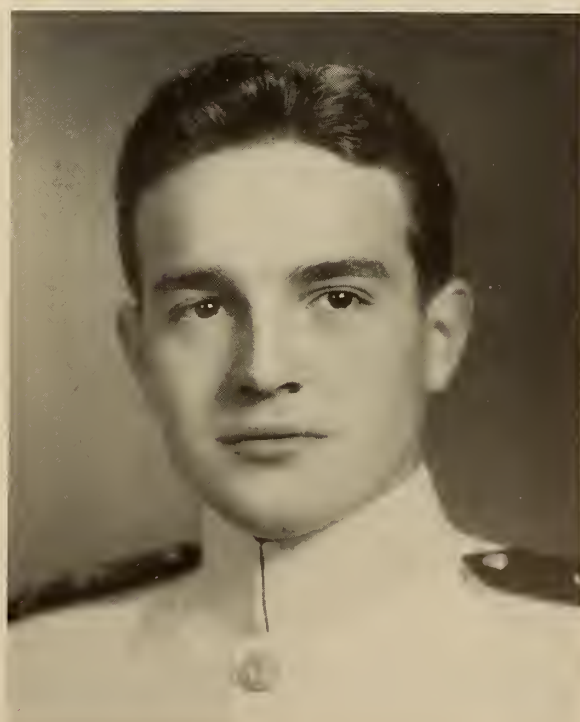
Giving up Texas for the Navy seemed a worthy venture. A Texan true and blue, except the accent, he still argues that there is some vegetation in Texas. He was everybody's friend, even the plebes', and has always had "the will to figure a way," feminine angles included. He had so much mail it was his biggest problem finding time to read it, yet daily he swore an aversion to womankind in spite of his ample roster of eye-catching acquaintances. Three years of Academy work change a man, but Norm still has the same smile and joviality that he entered with, and chances are he will never lose them.



William Charles Olin

KENMORE, NEW YORK

Putting dreams of a little white home in the country into the background, Olie joined the Navy for a life on the sea. During plebe year, he ran the upperclass more than they him and his quick smile was always a morale booster. Football was his main sport, and, even though the end of each season found him missing a few more teeth, he was always ready to start again. Olie always sees the lighter side of everything and there is never a dull moment when he is around. After a career in the Navy he will probably be found leading his cattle in squadron maneuvers around that little home of his dreams.



John Elmer Rasmussen

DES MOINES, IOWA

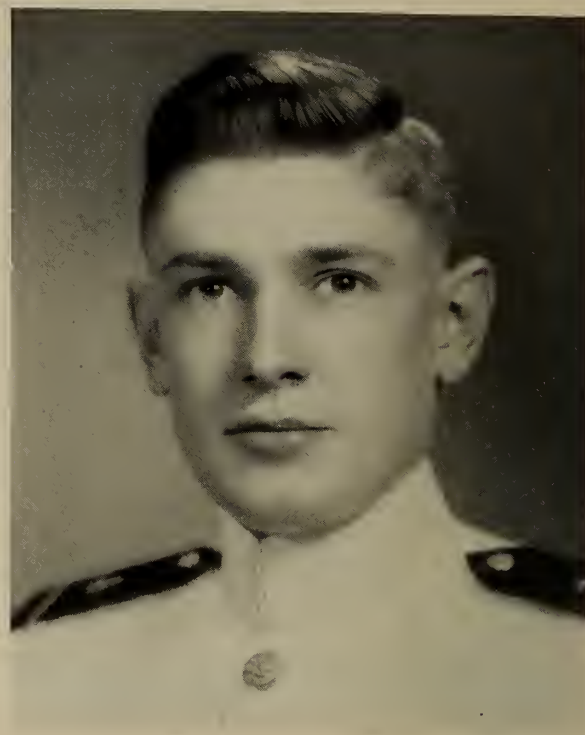
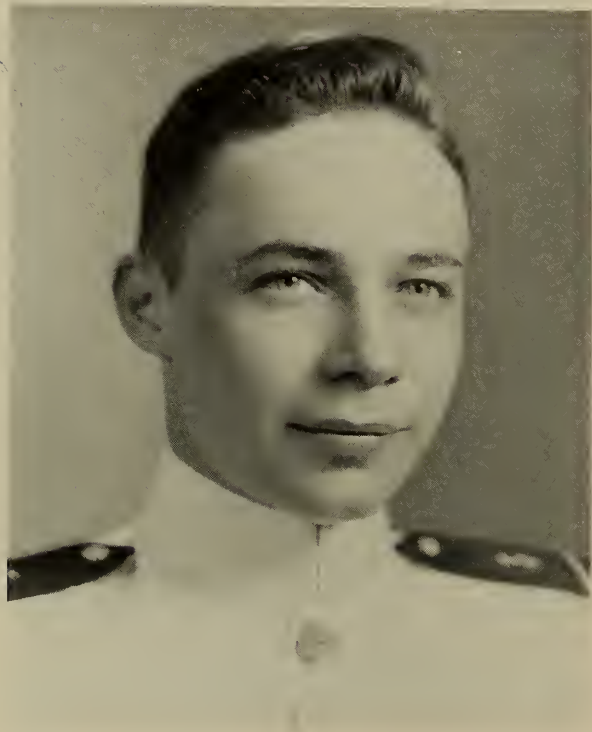
During plebe year Johnny tried to keep his title, King of the Campus, of Iowa State as obscure as possible, but had little success withholding his secret; consequently, he spent many an hour relating the stories of his wide-spread operations. Following true to form, he became vice-president of our class, chairman of the Ring Dance Committee, and a hop committeeman. Also during his spare hours he found time to "star" and to engage in various athletics. Johnny, with his extensive knowledge covering a wide variety of subjects is the personification of a plebe's "Mr. Anthony." Few of us will forget his infectious grin. He will always be welcomed where good fellows meet.



Thomas Walter Routledge

BELLEVUE, KENTUCKY

From the hills of Kentucky came Rut, a scholar with a keen mind. He never had trouble with academics and his afternoons were divided between basketball, pushball, and sleeping. In fairness to a certain beautiful nurse, however, it must be stated that part of every day was devoted to composing that letter to 626 June Street. His main problem was trying to put more weight on his six feet two, hundred seventy pound frame. After all suggested methods resulted in naught he concluded "I must have a tapeworm." His prevailing sense of humor and his well-organized ways of life will continue to bring to Tom success in all his undertakings.



Richard Mackie Ryder

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

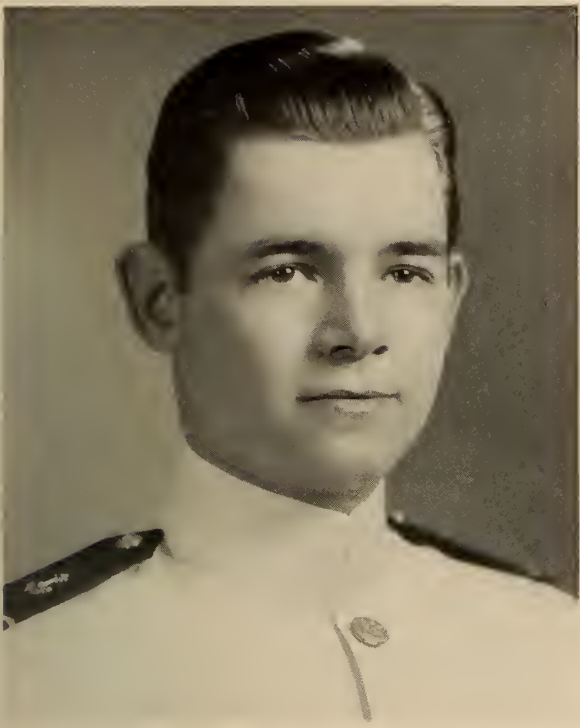
Suave manners and an impeccable attire made Red the focal point of many a would-be O.A.O.'s intentions. However, Red stood steadfast by his academics and paid no heed to his female following, except during study hours when he wrote letters and on week ends. Since he was one of the better golfers of our class, he played on the golf team. He was also a member of the Model Railroad Club. He is famous not only for his collection of rare and unique fraps, but also as a connoisseur of Puerto Rican rum. Red's uncanny ability to solve Math probs has been of great benefit to his profs. As an officer, Red will achieve much.



Glenn Allen Savage

LA HABRA, CALIFORNIA

Californians will come and Californians have gone, but never will "Ye Country Club" see a more avid addict to King Sunshine than Doc. His caustic comments on the sad weather of a Maryland winter livened many a dreary moment. When the poker club wasn't in action, Glenn could be found working a new variation of his regular sack drill. True to form, his pet conditioner is a violent workout with the water-polo team. Doc was aboard a Pacific-bound transport in San Francisco when a change of orders sent him to N.A.P.S. From there it was clear sailing, for he wizzed through academics to stand near the top of his class.



Samuel Theodore Smith, Jr.

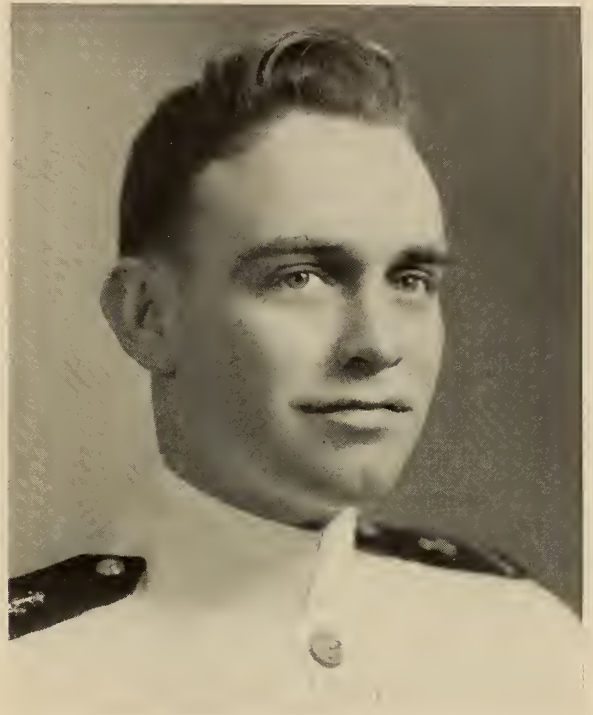
CONWAY, ARKANSAS

Hailing as he did from the deep South, Sam's first love is his native state of Arkansas and the folks back there that make it home. Sam possesses the virtue of earnest endeavor and with his eternal good humor and unbounded energy, he lives in anticipation of life's good fortunes. Entering the Naval Academy fresh from Naval Aviation Pilot Training, Sam decided to postpone his sky-riding for a time in order to better prepare himself to realize his paramount ambition of becoming an aeronautical engineer. With him go our fondest hopes for his good luck and our confident trust in his future success.

Alfred Grady Wellons, Jr.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

A. G., as he preferred to be called, was a small bundle of dynamic energy. His home is in Chicago, but since his carefree youth was spent in the bluffs around Memphis, he preferred to be called a southerner. One of the honored few who were complimented by members of the Executive Department on their abilities as jitterbugs, A. G. was always ready to demonstrate his terpsichorean talents. No frail fellow, this lad handled himself equally well on a football field or on a baseball diamond. He was a firm believer in being true to his southern belle. His abilities as an entertainer were displayed in several of the Musical Club shows.



John Elmer Wilkie

BAYSIDE, NEW YORK

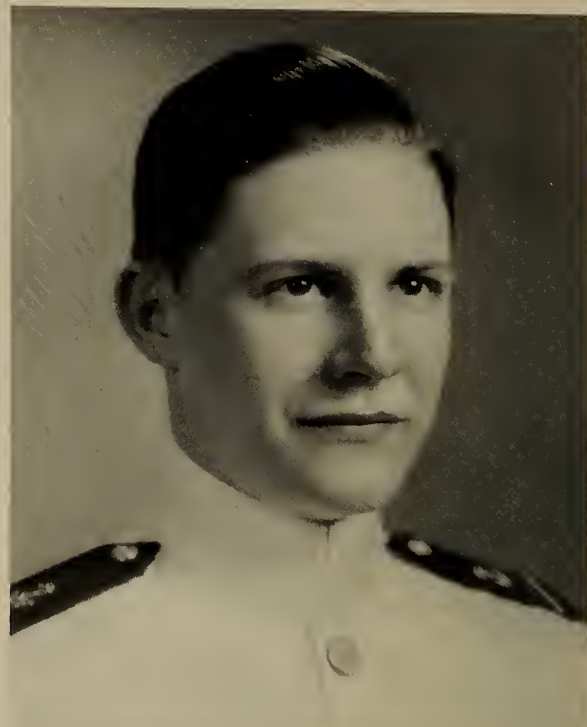
Born and bred in Long Island, Wilk brought with him to the Academy a wit that could be counted on to ease the tension when the going got rough. His easygoing nature would not be suspected at first glance for his red hair would seem to indicate otherwise. He was a firm believer in athletics and week ends but was always ready for a little extra sack time. Wilk, though no star man, never worried about academics and breezed through without much trouble. His carefree attitude was characteristic of his outlook on life, and he was always able to see the brighter side of any unpleasant situation.



Bruce Allen Benson

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Though never participating in more than intramural sports, Bruce did his share for the good of athletics at the Naval Academy by helping to make the brief sojourn of the visiting teams pleasant as a member of the Reception Committee. Hailing from Omaha, he brought with him to the shores of the Severn his good sense of humor and his fine personality, both of which enabled him to acquire many friends. He never seemed to have much trouble with the academics; this was due in part to his former courses in mechanical engineering at Omaha University and Iowa State College. On week ends, when duty did not prevent it, he could usually be found dragging some attractive young lady around the yard.



Paul Thomas Bishop

ALMONT, MICHIGAN

With a shuffle of feet, an Old St. Nick chuckle, a bang on your door, and sure enough, in will enter Bishop. Maestro of the social forum, Paul's magnetic personality was gained at Michigan State College and during his many adventures at the University of Wisconsin. Having this varied background, it is no wonder that Bish has taken a light strain, and yet done well at Navy. The initials, P. B., are not too deceiving, for he has had many personal contacts with both ends of a lacrosse stick, and for awhile his figure was well known at the instruction pool where he finally earned his coveted sub squad N.

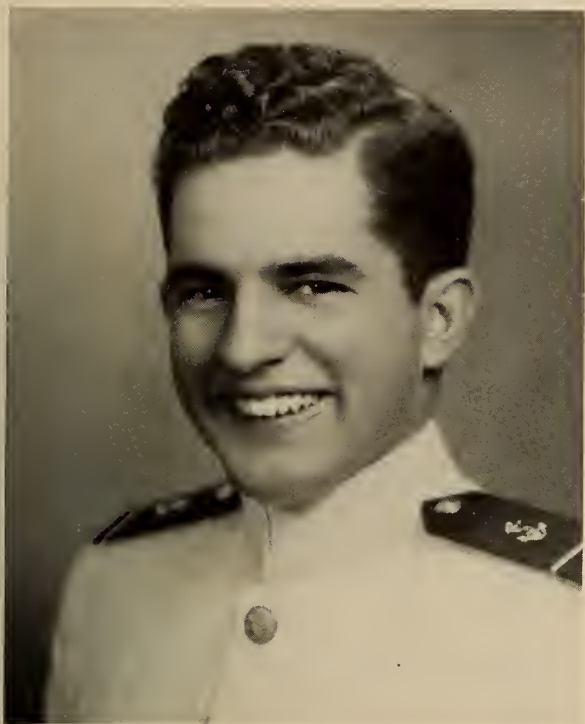


Wharton Hillman Brooks, Jr.

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

It is easy to discern the outstanding characteristic of this Arkansas gentleman from the old school, but without further mention of his nose let us consider more important qualities. This leatherlunged, razorback fugitive from Arkansas University fought his way through the trying academic routine in a reclining position. This physical laxity was balanced, however, by a mental vigor which enabled him to star in everything except Bull and Dago, which in his own immortal words could "Rot in hell." Brooksey embodied a hodgepodge of capabilities: company representative, lover of fine literature, and reluctant athlete. Unhurried and unworried, he will undoubtedly overcome life's obstacles with baffling ease.





Randall Orson Buck, Jr.

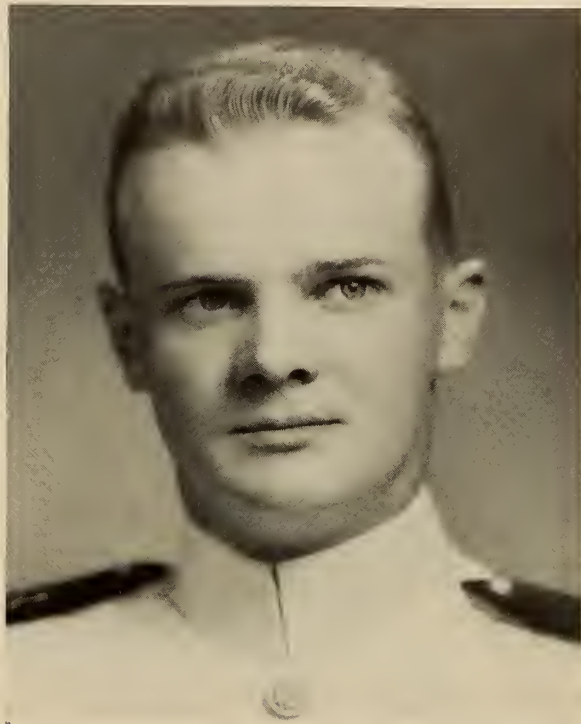
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Randy came to Navy from Case School of Applied Science where he completed three years of mechanical engineering. Needless to say he had no trouble with academics because of this indoctrination. Quite a bit of his free time was spent in playing bridge, a pastime of which he never seemed to tire. Nearly every time you saw him he was trying to get up "a little game." His pride and joy was his well decorated locker door. One of Randy's accomplishments was shooting pistol on the varsity team. His ambition is to get into aviation after graduation. We will always remember Randy for his good nature and ever-ready smile.

William Joseph Callahan

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Down from the Bronx, via Holy Cross, came this fighting Irishman bent on Knickerbockering the Academy. Most any time you can find Big Bill, as he styles himself, giving assorted Bronx and Irish friends the dope on the fundamental facts of life, while he in his own individual way psychoanalyzes them in a most adept fashion. In his clear insight into life, one can see Bill's inherent judicial characteristics, perhaps stemming from his father, a New York judge. Bill is a man who, with his keen sense of values, and unusual humor, will scarcely fail to make a place for himself in this world.



Francis Brandon Carlon

OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

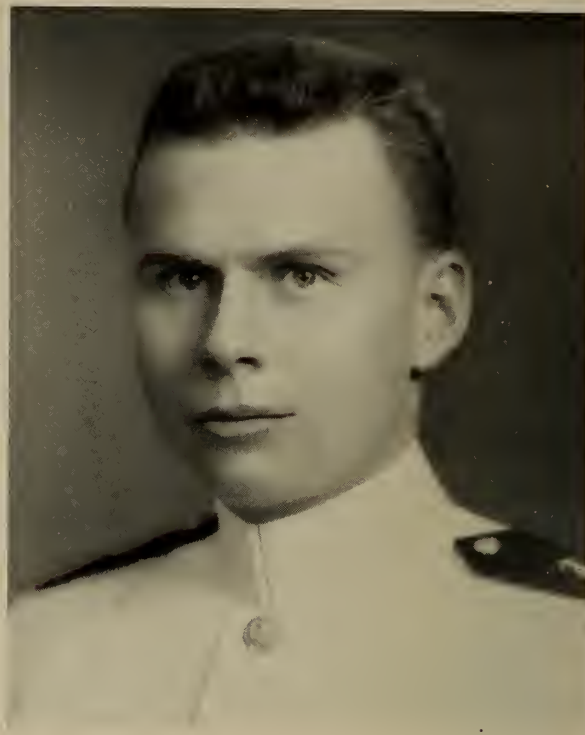
When Brandy wasn't wandering over the wooded lanes as a cross-country star, churning splinters at the Garden in New York, or tossing cinders as a half miler on the outdoor track he would find time to battle with us in the "Junior League." From the regular Marines, this Oil City Chamber of Commerce representative filled us with awe about his experiences on the outside athletic trips. Small of stature, quiet and reserved, he sometimes seemed dubious at the hilarity around the cell created by his colleagues but held up well under the strain. Brandy is needed for the Marine Air Corps but he'd settle for a cabin in Cook's Forest.



Walter William Cort, Jr.

NEW HARTFORD, NEW YORK

W. W. is what we call this 6'1" ex-army air-corps cadet, when we haven't the energy to say Walt. His classmates come running to him for help even more than the plebes, to drag blind or to solve a financial or academic problem. His resources in all three fields were usually well stacked. On the athletic field his physical prowess has been confined to company sports such as championship volleyball team twice, soccer, and pushball. He also has ability in tennis and bowling. More impressive than his outstanding academic record is his warm and genial good humor. Walt is excellent company whether double-dating or going stag. Last but not least of all his virtues is his voice—you should hear it.



George Edwin DeLong

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

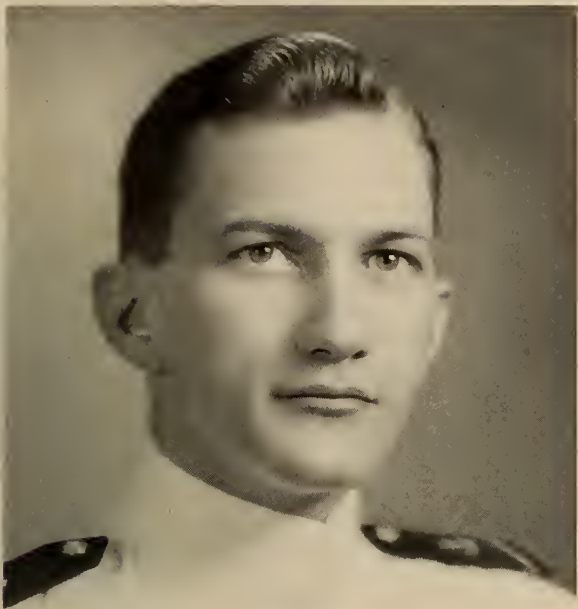
George was well known as "the little man who was always there." Having come from the University of Illinois, he was proverbially ready to proclaim the prowess of the Big Ten teams. His showing in varsity wrestling at the Academy reflected his previous experience in midwestern competition. During other seasons his athletic versatility was useful in company sports. Although George had an unparalleled love for his sack, his excellent engineering background enabled him to stand well academically. In any endeavor he was always conscientious, whether it be sports, studies, or plebe indoctrination. George's combination of both the will and the ability to do any assignment should lead him to success.



Melvin M. Forman

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Of course Brooklyn is part of the United States, the best part at that!" Remarks about his native borough or "them beloved bums" are fighting words to Mel. He left the grim, gray pallisades of N.Y.U. to enter the Academy. M-squares' only regret here has been that handball isn't a varsity sport. Consequently, he has had to content himself with playing on championship battalion teams. An afternoon spent sailing on the bay or riding on the local bridle paths is to him an afternoon well spent. Although a hard man to pry away from his books, once you've done it, Mel makes a welcome participant in any bull session.



Bruce Beebe Garlinghouse

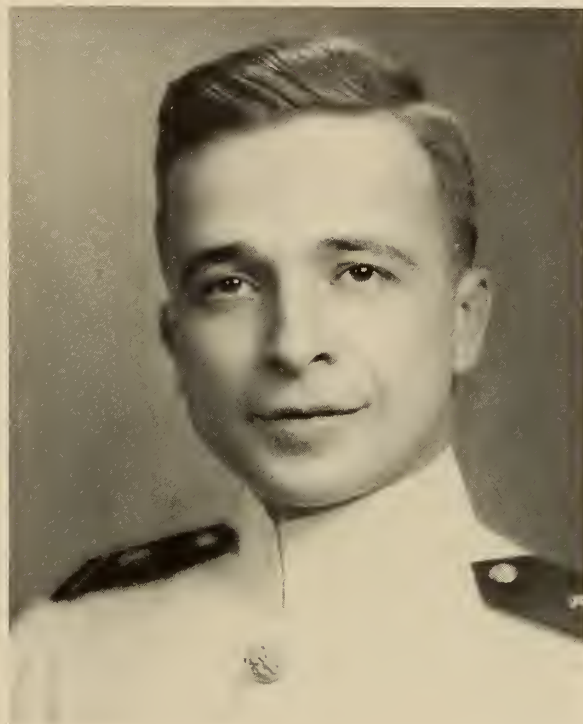
CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN

Bruce came to Navy after a liberal education at Michigan State College and Great Lakes. He could usually think of an excuse for avoiding physical exercise in favor of a bridge game or the sack. However, when called upon, Bruce would arise to meet the occasion in football, pushball or any other sport. Grandma Garlinghouse had a great disaffection for the cold damp winds that blew in off the Severn and the Bay. He claims that one of the greatest things the Academy did for him was to improve his atrocious spelling. Bruce's sense of responsibility and loyalty to his friends will make him long remembered by those who know him.

Robert Keith Geiger

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

When St. Joe's man of destiny decided upon a Naval career, he stormed the Academy gates armed with two years at Georgia Tech and a year's experience in the Army. He was to find, however, that his wide, wide grin was even a greater asset. Never a believer in peace and quiet, Dynamite kept the company entertained with tales of the great Midwest, his rope spinning tricks, and his numerous woman-troubles. In the field of sports, Dynamite wanted variety, lending his natural athletic tendencies to the brigade competition in the fall and winter, and giving his all for the varsity track squad for the hurdle races in the spring.



William Eston Henson, Jr.

BERRYVILLE, VIRGINIA

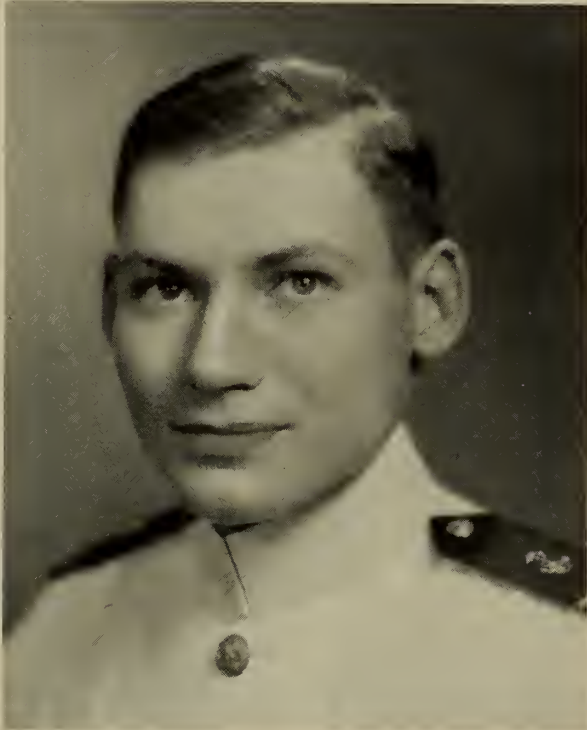
"Plebe year was fruit—I went to V.M.I. . . ." to quote Pinky. His previous experience introduced new techniques in "plebe control" to the halls of Bancroft. In varsity athletics Bill was an exceptional spectator, understanding how to score both gymnastics and wrestling. It was in company sports that he excelled, however . . . having cracked his head in softball, broken his slashing (right) arm in touch football, and acquired numerous bruises in wrestling. For a rebel, this Virginian was not particularly partial with the women he dragged, giving about as many Yankees a break as those from the old South. As to the Navy, he looks good for at least thirty years.



Robert Albert Litke

GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK

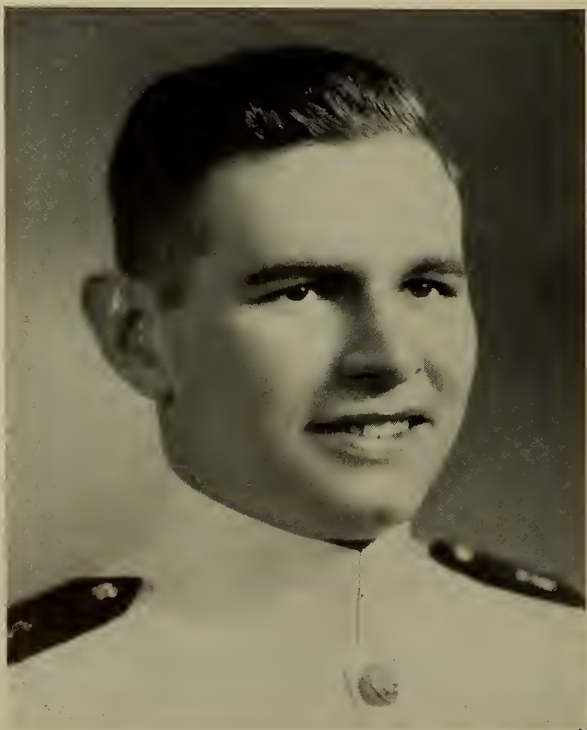
Bob's capabilities in Skinny and Math, gained at Union College, caused many a grey hair on U.S.N.A. profs. His indignant "But you can't just assume that" soon taught his mentors to proceed more logically in their wild-eyed derivations. Essentially serious, he bore a dreamy aura, remembering carefree days at the Beta house. A promising track man, his efforts were stopped by an injury plebe year. Undeterred, he followed the cinder paths as manager. R. A. easily mastered the most difficult problems in his own, sweet, completely illogical way, utterly stupefying his associates. The energy and intelligence with which he attacked any situation, and the gratifying results he achieved insure him of future success.



Kyle Cargill McCormick

PRINCETON, WEST VIRGINIA

It did not take long to realize that this tall mountaineer from West Virginia really had something. Three years of college enabled Casey to take the Academic Department in stride. Although he participated in various plebe and company sports, Casey's favorite hobby was journalism. Born with printer's ink in his blood, he soon became a vital cog in the editing of our bi-weekly *Log*. While breezing through first and second class years, Casey also found time to star socially, the secret of his success being found in his motto, "A different drag every week end." His most remembered quality will be his readiness to enter any discussion, whether the subject be women, politics, or the Navy.



Roger Morton Netherland

BEAVER, PENNSYLVANIA

The Nittany Lion vented forth a roar of pain as if something vital was being torn from him. In a sense it was, but Penn State's loss proved to be Navy's gain in the form of Dutch Netherland. From that time Dutch has never ceased to keep the boys in good spirits with his sarcastic wit. We admire him for his tenacity in sport and school, for his taste in the finer things of life . . . notably women, for his famous utterances, and mostly for his ability to smile when the chips are down. His future shipmates will be enlivened by his wit and will find in him a true friend.



Robert Craig Olsen

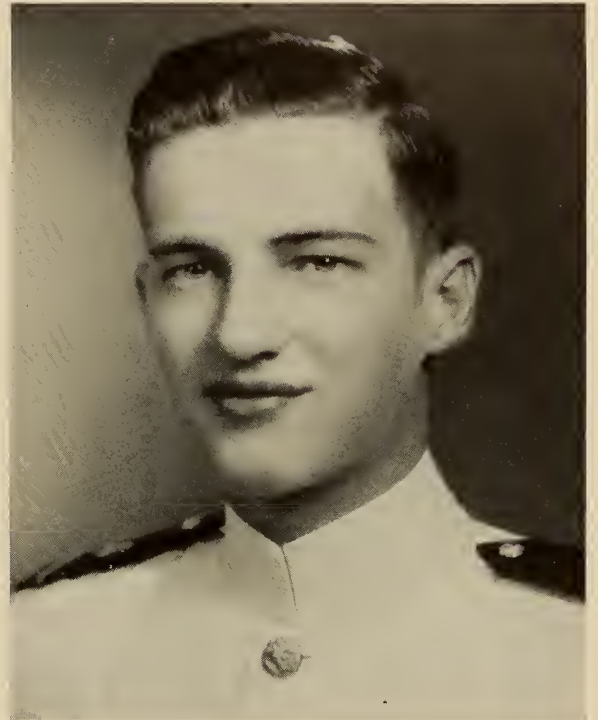
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Coming from the "White Spot of the Nation," Ole entered the Academy determined to make a successful Naval career. Ambitious and always ready to apply himself to all tasks that came his way, he earned respect from all who knew him. The chief was a savoir when it came to Naval History and he could more than hold his own in any bull session. Whether playing bridge, engaging in athletics or helping his less savvy classmates, he displayed a fine spirit of enthusiasm and sportsmanship. He is never at ease unless smoking one of his numerous pipes or listening to classical music. Honest, thoughtful, and friendly, Ole is destined to make good.

Kenneth Elwin Phillips

MORETOWN, VERMONT

From the land of maple sugar came this tall, easygoing fellow. Ken's amicable personality earned him many friends. Since he was troubled little with academics, his principal interests were bridge and sports, especially baseball. In his opinion no bull session was complete if it contained less than 95 per cent discussion. Though by no means a Red Mike, Phil was never a heavy dragger. To him women were a snare and a—well, to him they were a snare. Take congeniality, sincerity, pep, and a good sense of humor; add a tall physique and you have an image of Ken.



William Foster Wilson Reeve

NEWTOWN SQUARE, PENNSYLVANIA

When Bill was born he lost his youth and became a man. He waited a few years, however, before going to the University of Pennsylvania. After leaving college for the Academy he was sorely depressed at its lack of fraternities. Always truthful and honest in his opinions, he possesses most of the good qualities of the old Philadelphia stock. Although he did not stand in the top half of his class in academics, surely he did in common sense. Bill is an able tennis player, and almost unbeatable in squash. He is steady and cool. These are deciding factors in his profession.



William Joseph Reynders

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Sack-time Bill, an enthusiastic student and ready proponent of somnolence, hails from the dusty parade grounds of the Infantry. His passion for practical jokes oftentimes forced him into embarrassing though humorous situations. Bill's wit and humor never failed to find a comical touch in even the most solemn affairs. The proverbial silver linings were always there. An avid reader of sports made him a connoisseur. His sports interests and the merits of his native state enabled him to bring added interest to any bull session. A sunny disposition; good common sense, dependability and an unflinching loyalty combined with earnest industry and endeavor will enable Bill to achieve success.



Willard Everett Simon

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

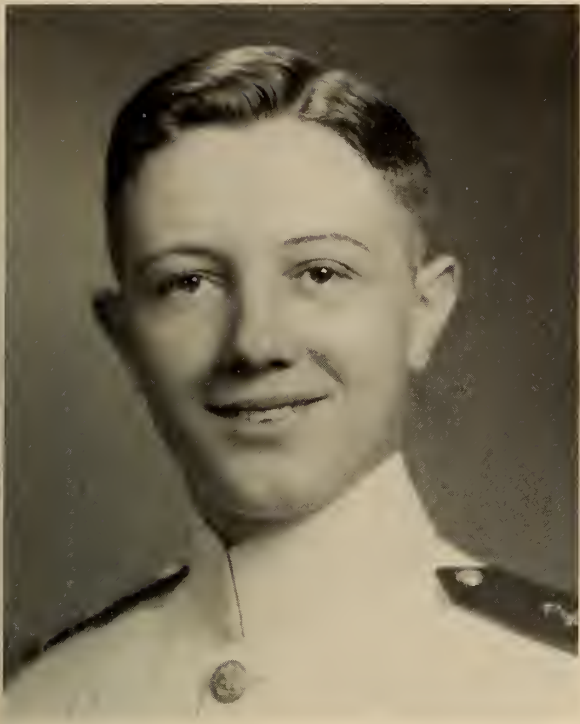
Sy is decidedly the strong, sturdy type, even a little silent at times; but when he opens up, you can count on his having something worthwhile to say. And when he says "Seven no-trump," it's time to toss in the cards! Never one to get excited over the books, he has that certain trait commonly referred to as a photographic mind. Probably one of the outstanding authorities on sports, he is also an adept movie critic, not to mention his knack for recalling that number on the other side of your favorite record. Confident of his own abilities, Sy only resorts to the slide rule for the more complex functions.



Jonathan Anthony Sisson

CRANSTON, RHODE ISLAND

Track has always been the chief interest of Bing, whether winter indoor, spring outdoor, or fall cross country. Despite the heavy training schedule, he managed to dispose of the academics handily, due in part to his brief sojourns at Brown University and M.I.T., and could generally be found giving extra instruction in mathematics. His one ambition after graduation is to enter the field of Naval architecture, but his rightful place would be in the frigid zones where he could enjoy the low temperatures he demands. Seldom seen with the members of the fair sex, he usually spent his week ends escorting the visiting athletic teams or playing bridge.



George Wayne Allen

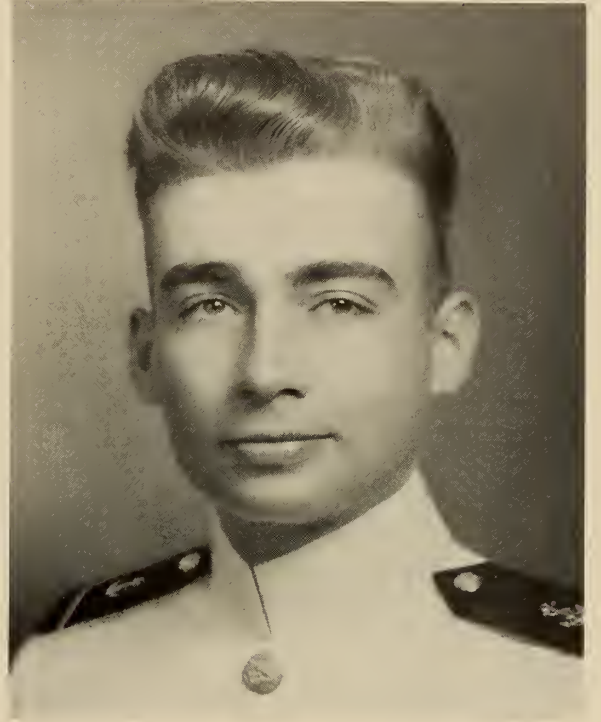
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Al was one of those fortunate individuals who had no trouble with academics. To him, Monday through Friday were merely five days that had to pass before he could drag his O.A.O. once again. When examination time rolled around, Al could always be found explaining the intricacies of Math or Skinny to his wife or some other of his less savvy classmates. Fencing was Al's sport and his recreation time during the week was always spent in the fencing loft. To those who really knew him, Al was a true friend on whom you could depend for aid when the going got rough.

Harold Raymond Andrus, Jr.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

A master at the art of concentrated studying, Andy had no fears when confronted with recitations, P-works, or exams. Nevertheless, books played no part in his week-end schedule, for he believed in spending valuable liberty hours in the pleasant company of the fairer sex. His usual calm, quiet manner never prevented him from joining the flying squadron in the last few minutes of a hop liberty. Scarcely seven hours later, however, while under the influence of the reveille blues, Mightymouse would stomp out of his B-hole clad in a blanket, shivering from the cold, and screaming for the scalp of a negligent window-closer.



Roland Muir Bendel

NILES, CALIFORNIA

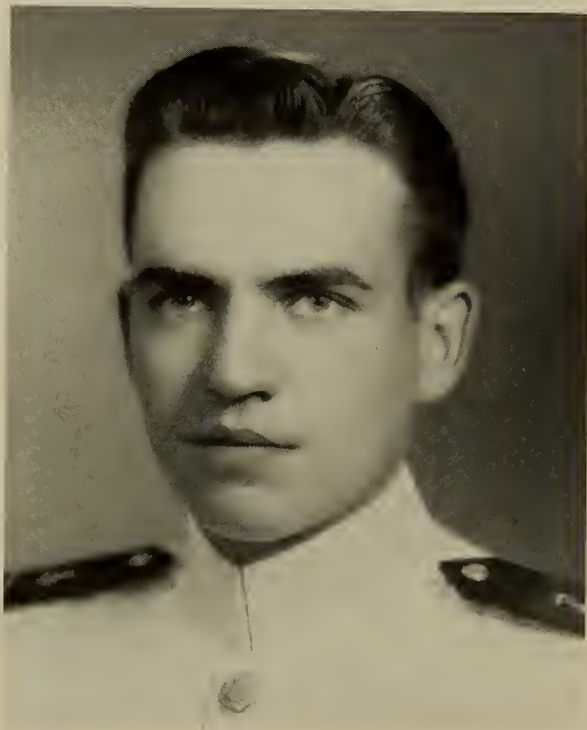
Of Benny it can be said, there never was a bigger "ham" at Navy. It was not his long orations extolling the superiority of his native state of California that won him that title. He just got interested in radio one day. His green eyes, a blend of gold and blue prevented him from entering with the Class of '47, but one year later he read Mary Haworth's column at twenty feet, and passed the physical. His eternal high spirits, optimistic outlook on Academy life, and philosophic confidence during exams, encouraged all who knew him. Getting to know a fellow like Benny was one of the few compensations for pebe year.



William Jacob Byrd

JONESBORO, LOUISIANA

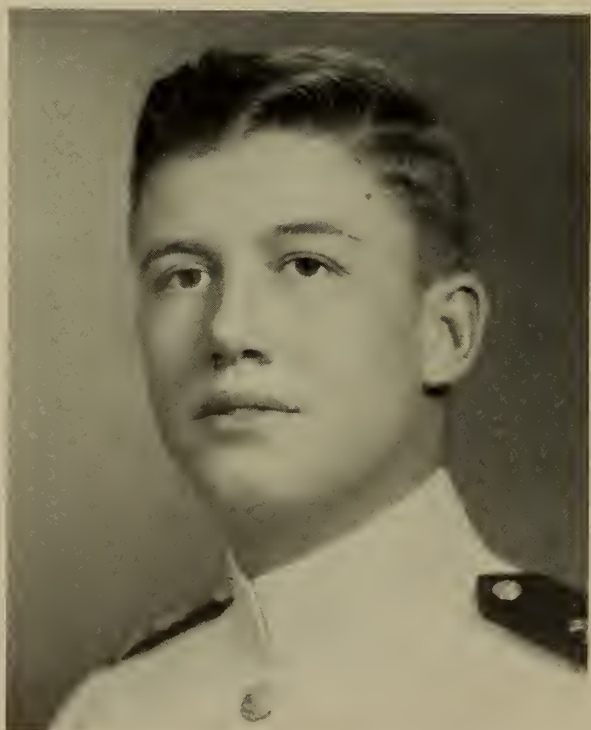
Jake came to Navy from Jonesboro, Louisiana, the San Diego Naval Training Station, and a short stop at the Chicago U.S.O. During plebe summer he quickly wore down the '45 ensigns and met the Class of '46 on their own ground. Emerging from his B-hole into the Class of 1948-A, and showing no signs of mental or physical strain, he seriously settled down to sweating out his last two years. He always had the dope—straight or bum—and his philosophy and good humor helped many of us through the rough parts of finals and dark ages. A good fourth in any bridge game, he'll be welcome wherever he goes.



Paul Thomas Corrigan

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Tom came to the Academy from Ohio's capital city via the F.B.I. Identification Department and the Army Air Forces. His lanky frame and strong back were easily adapted to crew which became his sport. During spare moments, P. T. could always be found on his sack with a book of good poetry, and yet sleep was never neglected. Eating was his favorite week-end pastime, but the fair sex also received attention. The steady pulling learned in a shell and the philosophy learned from good literature enabled him to come out on top in any struggle. Perseverance and a pleasant outlook qualify him as a good shipmate in any man's Navy.



Robert Edward Endebrook

CINCINNATI, OHIO

As the Queen City's gift to Navy, Endy came to Annapolis after collecting salt and airplane parts at Pearl Harbor. Thirty-three months in the Navy supplied him with a wealth of yarns, and tossing around kegs in a Cincinnati brewery put him in shape for lacrosse and pushball. Though quite capable in sports, he found frequent dragging a little too strenuous. But letters to his feminine admirers vie with sack time and Annapolis coffee shops on week ends. A hard and diligent worker at any task, Endy makes a good shipmate and his ready smile and light humor are a pleasant addition to a wardroom or a liberty party.



Norman Kenneth Green

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

Norm found Academy life abruptly different from the Indiana University School of Business and he still claims he knows more about corporation finance than marine engineering. To Norm, the Academy seemed just another place to meet and make friends, since his amiable disposition seemed to fit Navy life as well as that of college. A grinding week of academics affected him little for he consistently obtained good results with comparative ease. His semi-serious air completely vanished on week ends, and it was then that we came to know and like him best. He was top notch in personality as well as capability.

Gail Leslie Heasley

ADAMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Heas came to Annapolis by way of N.A.P.S., Bainbridge, after serving for two years in the Naval Reserve as a yeoman second class. Math and the breast stroke are his only real enemies, but he is an industrious sandblower so he managed to give Math a stiff fight and leave the sub squad. From the very beginning he became interested in crew and his light weight plus natural leadership made him a valuable coxswain. He likes music, both classical and popular, and is an ardent record collector. Thoroughness in everything he undertakes is his most valuable asset. His ready smile and sincere friendliness are his most noticeable traits.



Judson Davis Langston

TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI

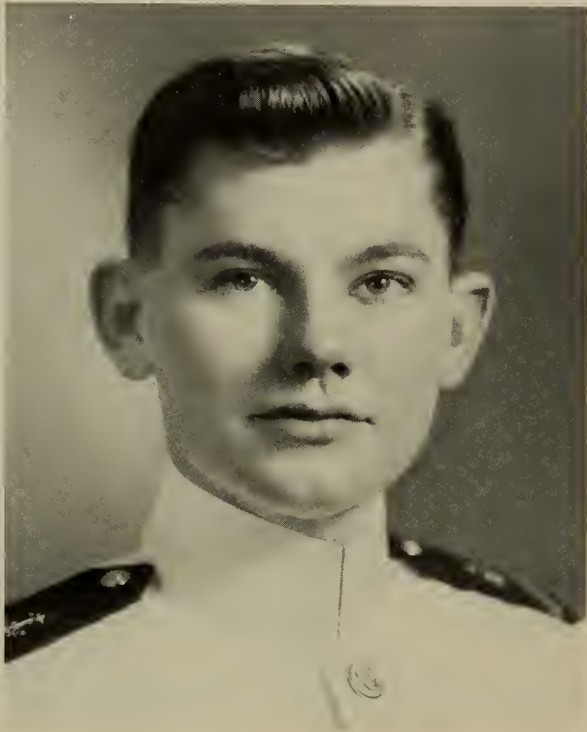
After a year and a half in the Army Air Forces, Dave decided to shift his interests to the Navy. Soft spoken, quiet, always with a warm smile, or a bit of dry humor, he was everybody's friend. He was conscientious and always on the ball in spite of the fact that he was always shouting, "Have I lost my head?" Although always complaining that he was bilging, he seemed to do very well in academics. No matter how much we had to study, Dave always found time to play a tune on his ocarina or read a poem or two. Basketball and sailing kept him busy in the afternoons.



Robert Platt Metzger

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

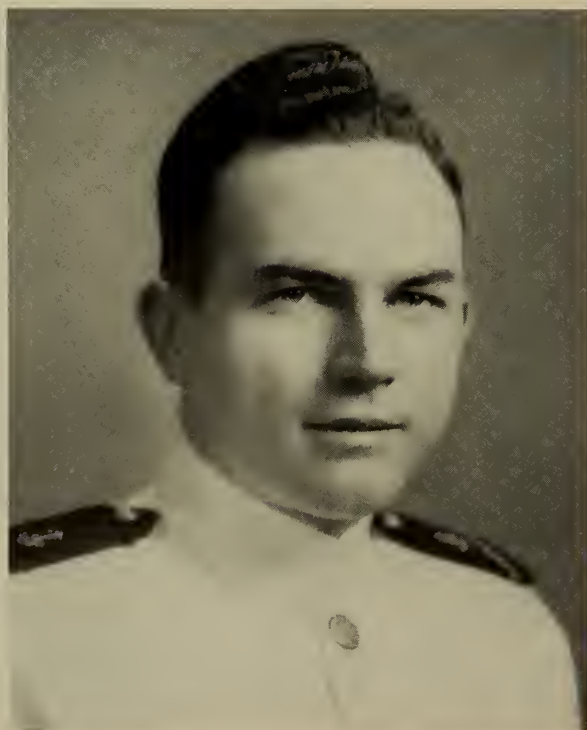
Having spent three years in the Fleet, Bob was more than a Navy man, he was a sub man. Realizing the value of an Academy education, he applied himself conscientiously and stood high in his class. Ranking equally as high in conduct and character, he was ambitious, determined, but never out spoken. Life was in no way a grind for he was an athlete. He divided his interest among football, wrestling, and lacrosse, winning his N in lacrosse plebe year. He was seldom seen with a woman but when he was, she was looked at twice. With his experience and likeable personality, he will be an asset to the men who wear dolphins.



James Clayton Oliver

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

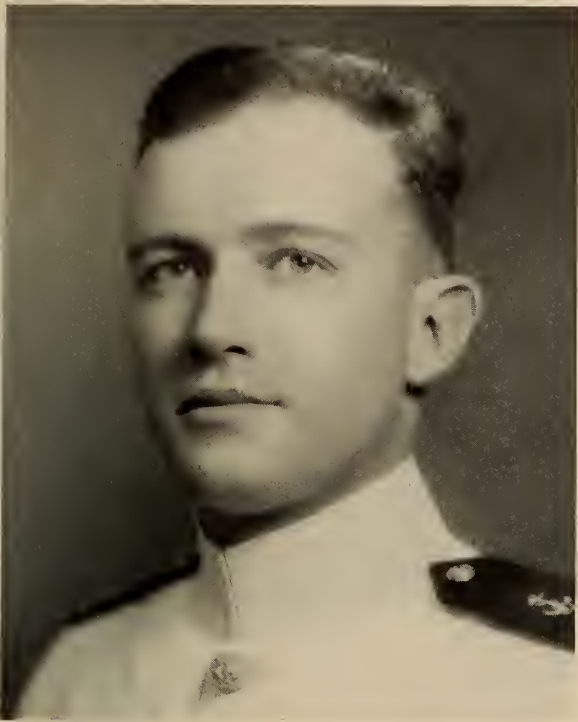
Tarheel born and Tarheel bred and when he dies, more than likely he will be Navy dead since he is one of the last "ole sea dogs." The Commander's southern drawl and rebel loyalty attracted many of his friends. He is definitely a one-woman man. The academics were always his constant battle, but with Tecumseh's help, he came through. He was active in plebe and varsity soccer and in various company sports. He pride and joy is anything that is Navy, and he cannot decide between being a buzz-boy or a submariner. The Navy will have a valiant officer in the Commander, whose purpose in life is love, honor, and glory.



Richard Lynch Rainey

DALHART, TEXAS

Tex sailed from wild and woolly Texas, to drop his hook in the Severn. His friendly smile and Texas personality attract everyone. He never was a lady's man—his own choice—but was capable of being a Romeo whenever he wished. The Bull and Dago Departments seldom appreciated his efforts, but he appreciated theirs just as little. Tex did his share for the company in soccer, boxing, and basektball. His goal in the Navy is to wear wings on his chest and pilot a fighter plane.



John Kenneth Ryder

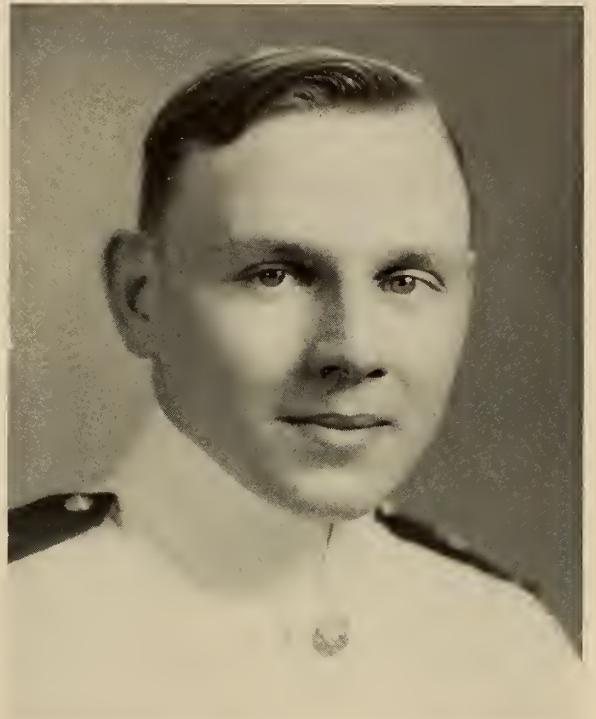
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

The Naval Academy was a fitting climax to Jack's academic wanderings. After studying engineering at Cornell University and spending some time in the Air Corps, learning to be a zoom bird, he found Academy life comparatively easy. In his nonchalant manner he did his work almost effortlessly, never taking the system too seriously. As a consequence, Jack had plenty of time to excel in athletics, especially basketball, "New Yawk" style. He took advantage of every precious moment of week-end liberty. Although always reserved Jack's inherent friendliness and mature observations gained our friendship. His good humor earned the plebes' respect.

John Bernard Sangster, Jr.

GRINNELL, IOWA

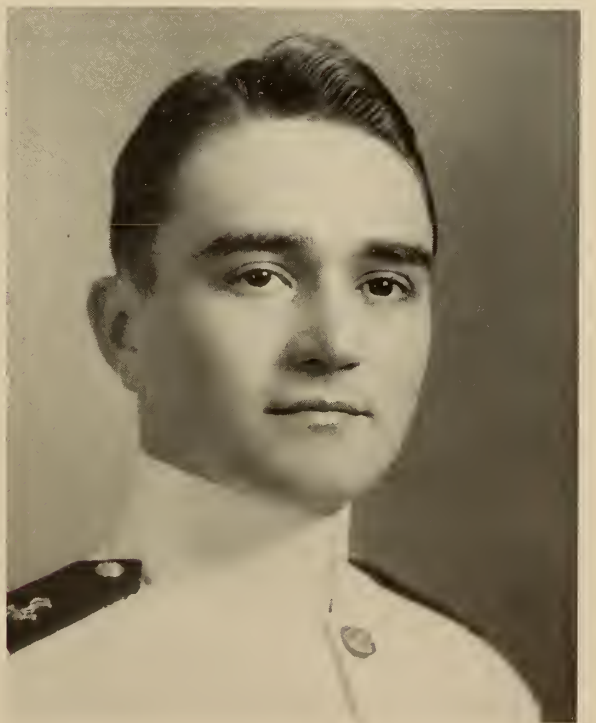
J. B. came out of the Tall-Corn State with a big appetite and a much bigger smile. Johnny was always available to drag that extra girl, but he always managed to get the best one. He was never one to let a girl tie him down, or so he said, but at every hop and week-end entertainment J. B. could be seen with a new one, and he was always leading the Flying Squadron back to Bancroft. Although not the smartest man in his class, he never studied when he could be playing basketball or football, eating somebody's food from home, or writing to his following among the fairer sex.



John Winfield Sharp

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

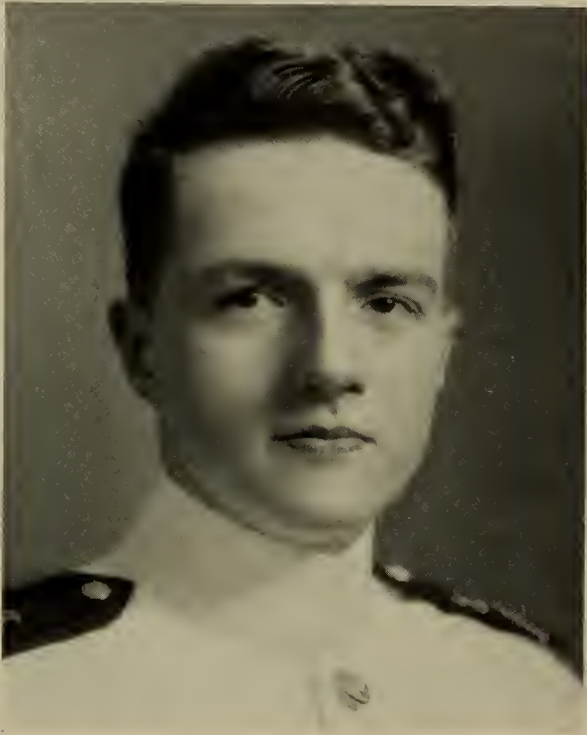
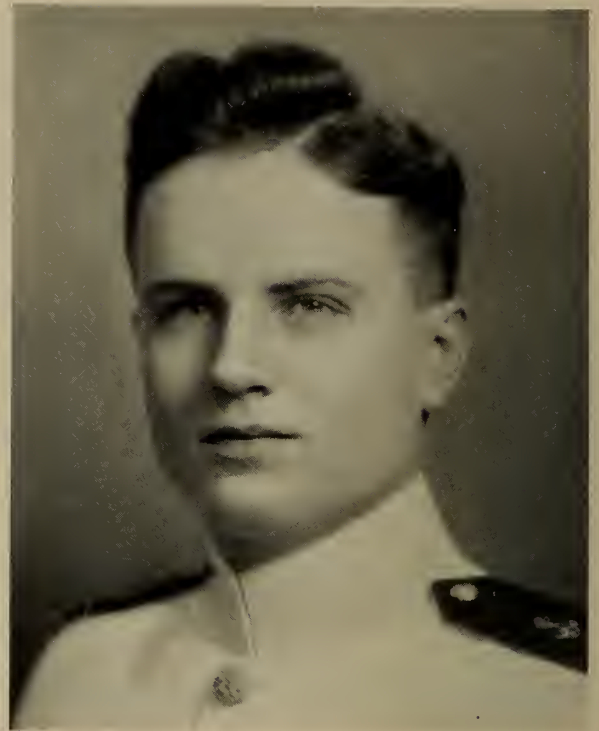
Here stands "Little John" of Sherwood Forest fame. He disowns all claims to the title but his love for the hardwoods of a super sack cannot be overlooked. With an amazing ability for flaking out, his motto was: "Why do anything when I can sleep?" But the cry of "How do you do the third problem?" usually thwarted his southern inertia. Somehow, with Academy social life and LUCKY BAG work, Win usually managed to enjoy the routine of a midshipman—especially on the week ends. His championship cross-country team was his pride and dream, though, and the finish line always found him cracking his whip over the Navy harriers.



Joseph Eugene Spalding

HIAWATHA, KANSAS

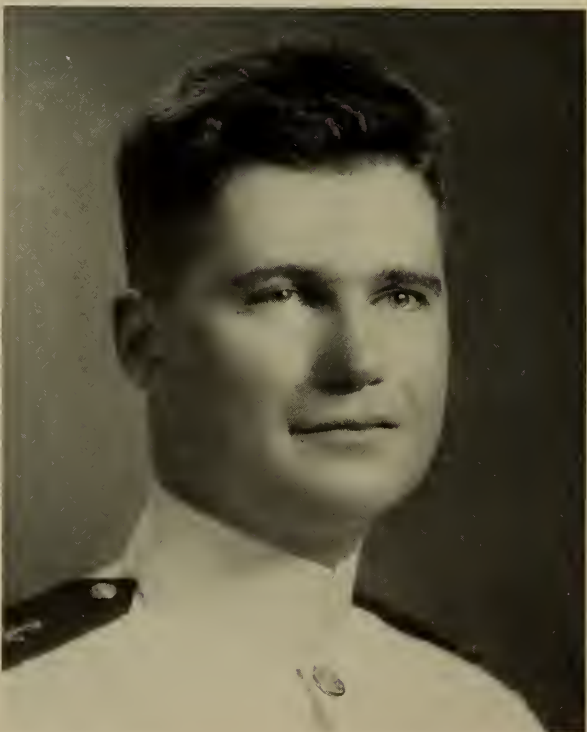
Gene's return from class was usually announced by a shout of: "Boy! I sure bilged that one." In spite of all the days he gave to Navy, however, his name rarely appeared on the tree. After classes he could usually be found in bed reading the latest magazine and munching pretzels. At reveille he was usually able to get the paper first to see how his stocks were fluctuating. Not all of Gene's time was spent in eating, sleeping, and reading, however. As an athlete, he tried his form on company football and golf, and could always find time to play a game of poker and write his O.A.O.



Henry Lord Staples, Jr.

EAST GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

East Grand Rapids came in second best when the Stupe turned his infectious laugh and winning smile our way. Starting from scratch, he made admirable use of those study periods to keep up with the Academic Departments. At the command, "Fall out the diners," a great circle course at flank speed was usually followed to his wardroom steak and raisin pie. Never one to forsake his classmates, he financed many 4.0 week ends for those caught short while he enjoyed his greatest love, sailing—that is, of course, if he wasn't sacked out as a result of Friday's mail deliveries. Definitely one of the boys with a will to win.



Dean Taylor, Jr.

MASON, MICHIGAN

Forsaking a pair of Navy wings, an enviable academic record and an unbelievable athletic record, Alf made a non-stop trip to the mess hall. There he gained renown as a chowhound, and later he became known as the plebe's friend. With the Spartan Spirit of earlier days at Michigan State, he wrestled with the Dago and Bull Departments while the sciences needed little attention. His smile and magnetic personality attracted the Latins and resulted in his winning the undisputed title of "Romeo of the *Raleigh*." However, the recipient of those long daily letters was uppermost in his mind, and his heart will always be in the Middle West.



Lee Rawlings Thomas, Jr.

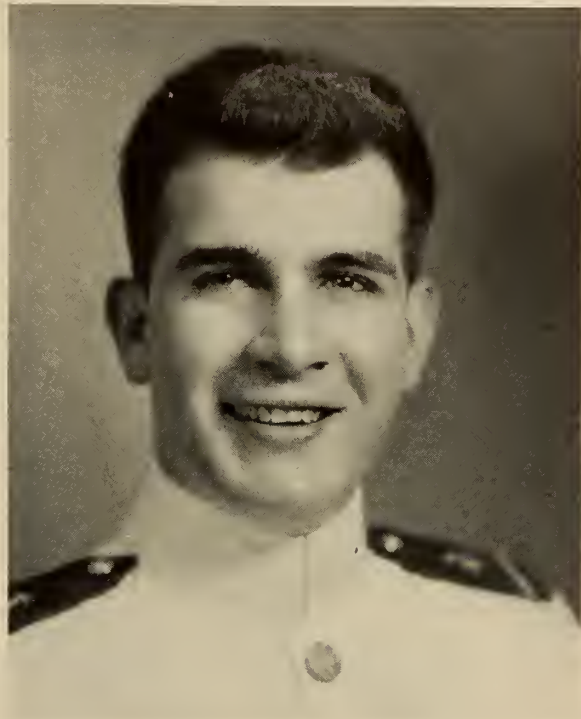
WINNFIELD, LOUISIANA

Just two weeks short of a Naval Reserve commission, "You All" descended upon the Academy with an ingrown love for the Regular Navy. Although Tom spent a great deal of his time defending Louisiana and the South from verbal attacks by his classmates, he still found time to excel in academics and crew. One had only to talk to Tom for a few minutes to learn that his greatest ambition was to fly, and it seemed that his regard for airplanes was stronger than his love for the gentler sex. Wherever he serves, his honest effort and ability will always command the same respect and admiration that it did in the brigade.

Robert Kenneth Thompson

APPLETON, WISCONSIN

Exchanging fraternity house luxuries for those of Bancroft Hall, Tommy came to the Academy full of memories of the University of Wisconsin, and any mention of the home state was sure to bring forth praise of fishing and outdoor life in the Dairyland State. Second only to this was his love of tennis which earned him a place on the team plebe year, while other spare moments were spent with the choir and glee club. Rare was the week end when Ken had no drag and rare the exam week without daily resolutions to the god of 2.5. His motto always seemed to be, "Let's not study, let's just talk," but when exams came, Tecumseh served him well.



Floyd Fremont Young

SWAYZEE, INDIANA

This former "Boilermaker" spent his early military career in army khaki, but he couldn't forget his boilers, so packing his basketball and slide rule, he headed for Navy to tangle with the renowned Steam pros. It wasn't long before he had the Steam pros buffaloed, his basketball unpacked, and was busy starring on Navy's championship cage teams of '45, '46, and '47. His radiant personality and Ipana smile made him a favorite with the brigade and the corps of drags, but his heart seemed to be back home in Indiana. Perhaps Fearless will not be a twenty-year man, but his teamwork and cooperation will make him a leader anywhere.





Abromitis, W., Jr.
 Ambrogi, R. T. F.
 Armstrong, E. S.
 Axtell, E. M., Jr.
 Balzer, G. T.

Bates, G. M.
 Billingsley, P. P.
 Boland, L. J.
 Bowers, E. S.
 Braley, C. R., Jr.

Brunson, J. S.
 Buck, B. M.
 Buechler, R. G.
 Callahan, J. E., Jr.
 Carrington, J. H. H.

Carson, R. R.
 Chandler, W. D., III
 Chapline, E. M.
 Chiara, M. A.
 Clark, W. S., Jr.

Clas, R. J.
 Cochran, R. A.
 Conolly, R. C., II
 Cooke, L. R.
 Corkum, R. W.

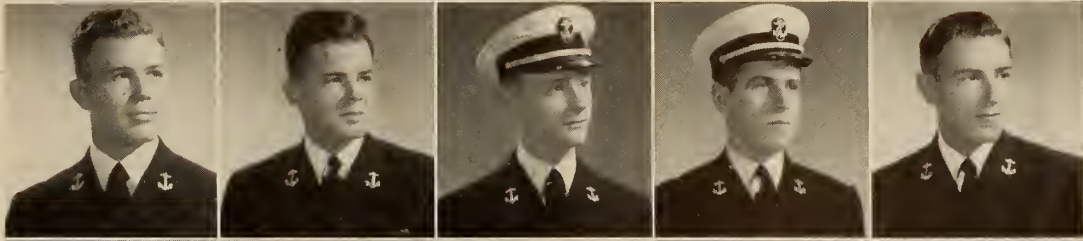
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 Douglas, D. C.
 Duncan, E. F.
 Fleming, K. H.
 Fletcher, J. A., II
 Fogarty, F. C.

Frahler, A. L.
 Frothingham, E., Jr.
 Gaffigan, J. P.
 Gaskin, J. J.
 Gates, H. K., Jr.
 Gornik, R. I.

FOURTH BATTALION



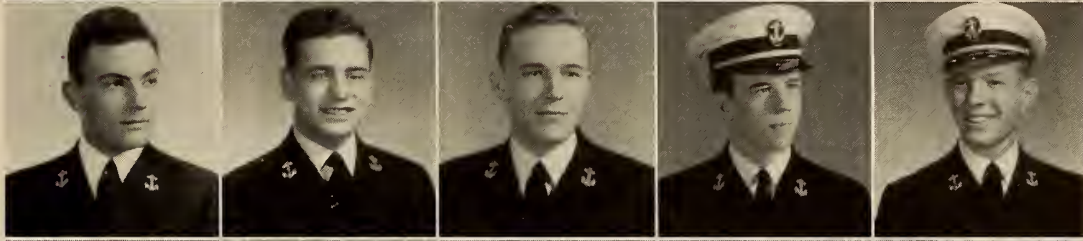
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 Grady, M. R.
 Hall, R. N., II
 Halladay, N. L.
 Hanby, R. W., Jr.



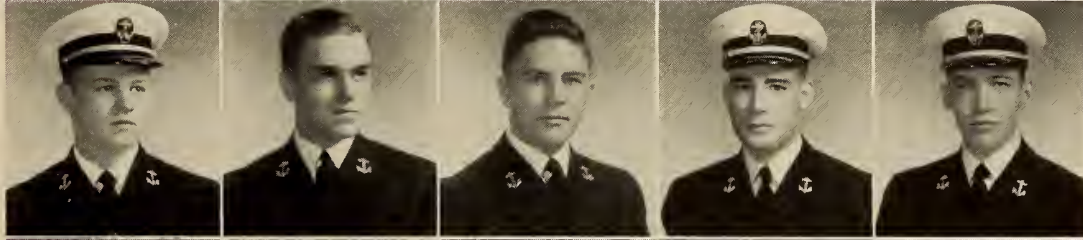
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 Kananui, W. A., Jr.
 Keen, W. H.
 Kilduff, T. F., Jr.
 King, R. E.



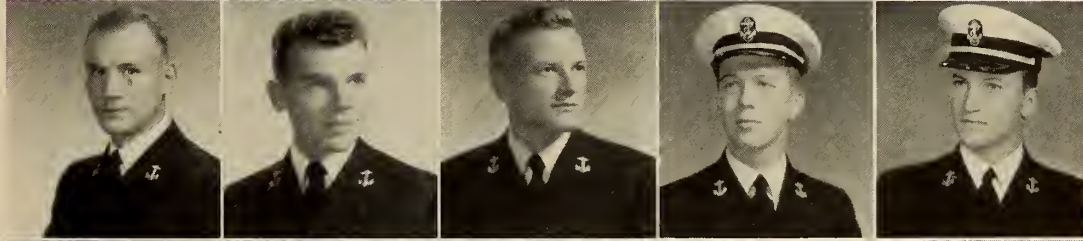
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 Langone, W. N.
 Lawler, P. D.
 Lee, R. L., Jr.
 Loeffler, A. L.



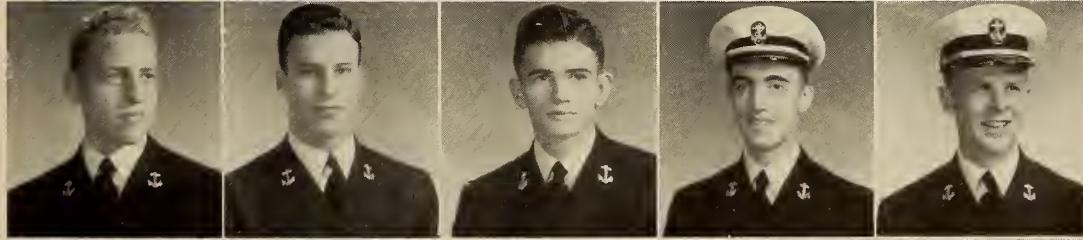
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 Mertz, C., III
 Nicholson, R. E.
 Noblet, E. J.
 O'Friel, M. J.



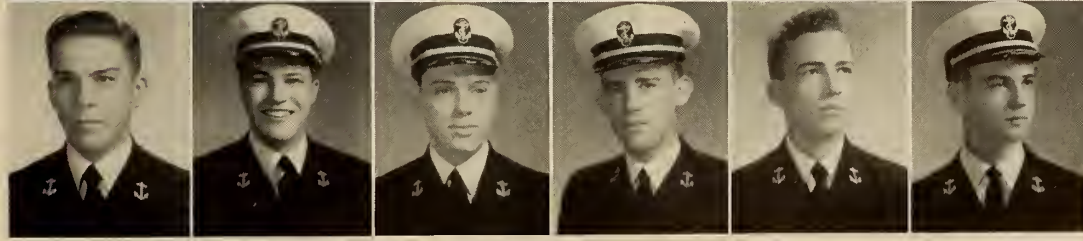
Peterson, J. D.
 Potect, A. M., Jr.
 Pruner, D. B.
 Robbins, J. W.
 Ross, D. S.



Schultz, R. A.
 Scott, R. U.
 Shook, C. J., Jr.
 Smith, D. M.
 Speer, W. A., Jr.



Sprince, R. H.
 Springe, R. J.
 Taylor, B. C.
 Tiernan, F. S.
 Vinsel, J. E.
 Williams, S. M.



FOURTH BATTALION



Class of 1948-B



Adkins, E. C.
 Aljoe, R. B.
 Armstrong, W. A.
 Baker, R. F.
 Balfour, R. C., III
 Barrow, J. F.
 Bassett, W. D., Jr.
 Berby, R. H.

Blake, T. F., Jr.
 Bobrick, I.
 Boh, R. M., Jr.
 Bott, K. A.
 Bourk, G. P., Jr.
 Boykin, R., Jr.
 Briggs, E. S.
 Brooks, G. S.

Brown, C. T., Jr.
 Brown, W. A.
 Bulmer, R. W.
 Butler, H. F., Jr.
 Capone, L., Jr.
 Carmack, J. A., Jr.
 Carpenter, J. W.
 Chambers, J. H. L., Jr.

Coldwell, W. M.
 Cooper, S. G.
 Craig, D. E.
 Cummings, G. W.
 Daniels, D. H.
 Danis, J. F.
 Davis, H. M., Jr.
 Dillman, L. W.

Dismukes, H. E.
 Ditto, C. L.
 Douglass, R. M.
 Eccles, F. M.
 Edson, J. R.
 Ellis, Alston, R.
 Ellis, R. M.
 Eustance, J. W.

Fellowes, R. E.
 Ferrero, J. V., Jr.
 Finnigan, R. E.
 Fisher, F. H.
 Florence, P. F.
 Forbes, H. P.
 Fox, C. H.
 Friend, J. C.

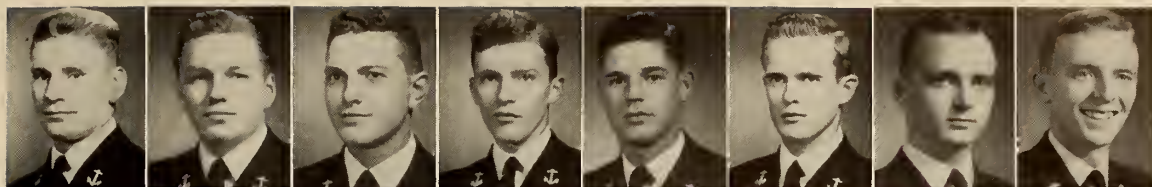
Furth, J. L., Jr.
 Gairing, D. A.
 Gartland, J. P.
 Gewirz, B. S.
 Gibson, N. L.
 Gilliland, R. J.
 Green, J. W.
 Haley, J. V.

Haley, R. W.
 Hanson, J. W.
 Harlan, D. M.
 Haynes, G. A. P.
 Helbig, W. L., Jr.
 Helmick, J. M.
 Hissom, I. A.
 Hobgood, J. K.

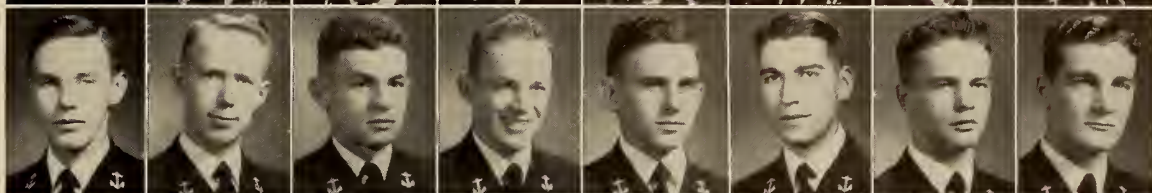
Hoganson, J. H.
 Hotchkiss, C. A., II
 James, T. W.
 Johnston, W. F.
 Juncker, J. R.
 Kachurin, L. E.
 Kahn, D. H.
 Kendrick, D. S.

Killeen, C. J.
 King, A. E., III
 Kint, J. R.
 Knudson, J. F.
 Koach, J. H.

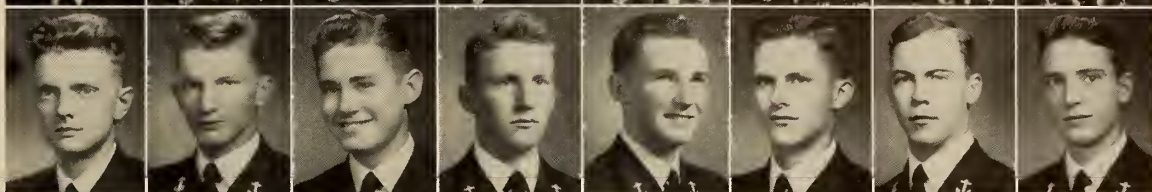
Kraus, W. J.
Krause, S. R.
Krueger, O. E.
Lappley, D. W.
Larish, D. C.
Latham, D. M.
Lechner, T. F.
Lee, R. H.



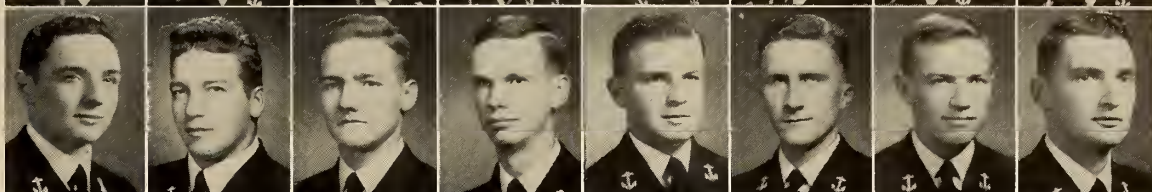
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Leyerle, J. F.
Logomasini, J. H.
Lonergan, J. A., Jr.
Longino, H. E., Jr.
London, D. J.
Maier, C. W.
Mathency, J. W.



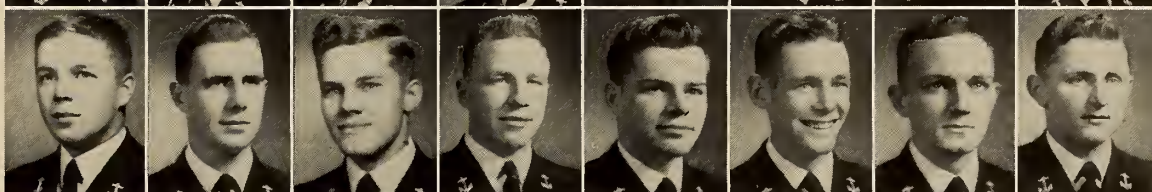
McCabe, G. M.
McCallum, C. P., Jr.
McFarlane, W. D., Jr.
McGinnis, T. P.
McQuiston, E. I., Jr.
Metcalf, J. T., Jr.
Meyer, H. B.
Middleton, J. D.



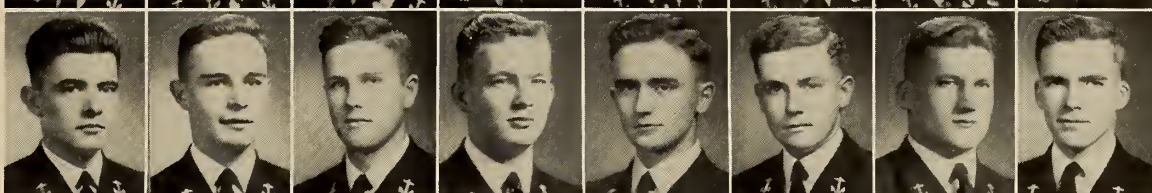
Miller, C. C., Jr.
Miller, G. G., Jr.
Minter, R. O., Jr.
Morgan, G. E., Jr.
Morgan, H. M.
Murphy, K. F., Jr.
Needham, R. C.
Nemzek, T. A.



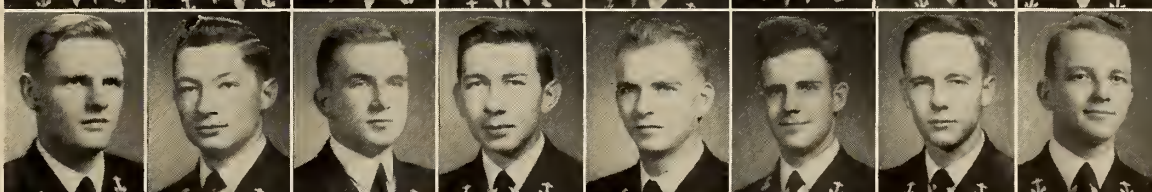
Norman, G. L., Jr.
Owens, A. J.
Perkins, J. H., Jr.
Peterson, Willard S.
Pillsbury, E. H.
Potter, W. W.
Pratt, E. S.
Price, L. V.



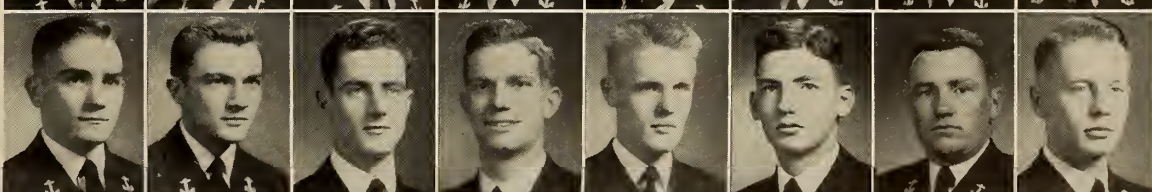
Purnell, H. O.
Reiss, R. R.
Rick, W. B.
Ripley, R. K.
Roeningk, I. L.
Sandkuhler, W., Jr.
Schweck, K. W.
Schneider, M. F., Jr.



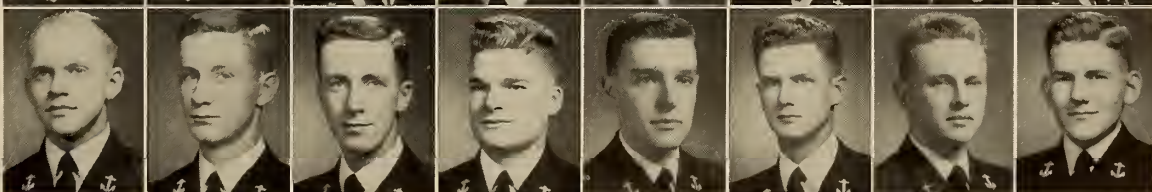
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Seelye, T. T., Jr.
Shepard, B. M.
Short, E. R.
Smith, Carl R., Jr.
Soloway, A. H.
Spencer, R. M.
Spielmann, F. S.



Stegemerten, L. R.
Stewart, A. M.
Stiles, C. L.
Stutt, W. C.
Suhr, P. B.
Swecker, C. E.
Thaney, W. B.
Thomas, W. J.



Troescher, F., Jr.
Trueblood, D. R.
Vice, J. H.
Waller, E. C., III
Watkins, J. D.
Wellman, H. J.
Whiteside, R. E.
Whiting, C. S.



Wilson, C. B.
Wilson, John C.
Wisher, R. B.
Woodard, D. J.
Woods, H. D.





Front row: G. N. Hain, L. L. Johnston, M. J. Richardson, R. H. Lughton, T. A. Anderson, S. H. Olson, H. R. Lockwood, D. G. Walden, N. A. Armstrong, III.
Second row: W. S. Taylor, G. F. Hampton, J. L. Cariker, Jr., S. R. Foley, Jr., A. K. Cameron, Jr., R. A. Walsh, III, W. B. Tilton, J. W. Harvey.
Third row: V. R. Hancock, L. A. Ammann, Jr., S. C. Hart, Jr., H. L. Driskell, Jr., W. K. Martin, N. P. Polubinsky, W. K. Carr, J. Barry, Jr., F. F. Duggan.
Fourth row: R. L. Bowers, Jr., G. P. Buck, J. R. Bowers, H. I. Scribner, Jr., J. H. Kibbey, II, D. A. Kuhlman, R. R. Hamer, Jr., C. A. Davidson, W. J. Burke.
Not pictured: T. E. Bulger.

Fifteenth Company

CLASS OF 1950 ★

Front row: P. F. Block, P. G. McMahon, J. S. Sieg, O. C. Rath, J. J. DiNardo, Jr., E. M. Smith, Jr., G. G. Deranian, R. L. Ringhausen, C. M. Conlon, Jr.
Second row: E. J. Bronars, H. H. Howren, Jr., R. W. vanSummern, C. J. Burnett, Jr., J. H. Mathews, B. R. Boylan, R. E. Goodspeed, B. J. Gordon.
Third row: R. L. Powell, R. W. Welsh, F. A. Reed, Jr., K. J. Ivanson, G. B. Paxton, Jr., H. P. Kilroy, J. C. Snyder, C. R. Whipple.
Fourth row: H. D. Elvidge, J. W. Lynn, C. Dobony, R. D. Harrell, R. S. Hughes, R. N. Robertson, D. A. Bossen, E. F. Pine, S. J. Moffat.

Sixteenth Company



5

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H

B

A

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T



A L I O N





Seventeenth Company



Eighteenth Company



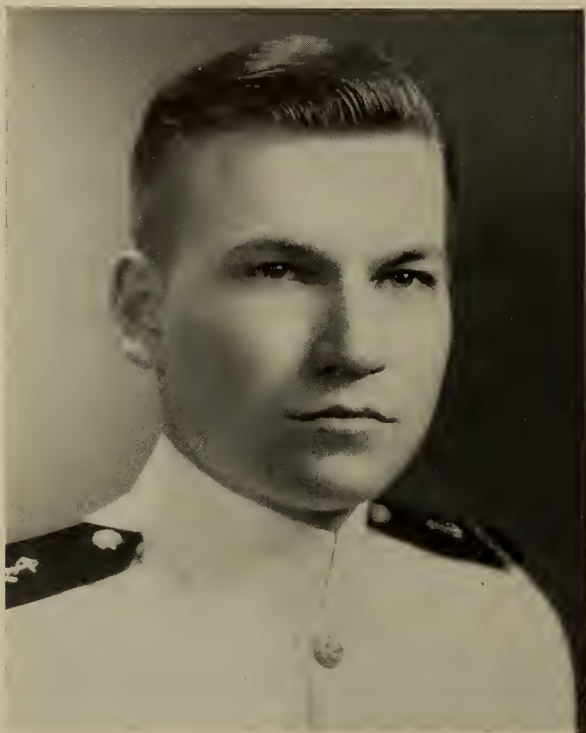


Nineteenth Company



Twentieth Company

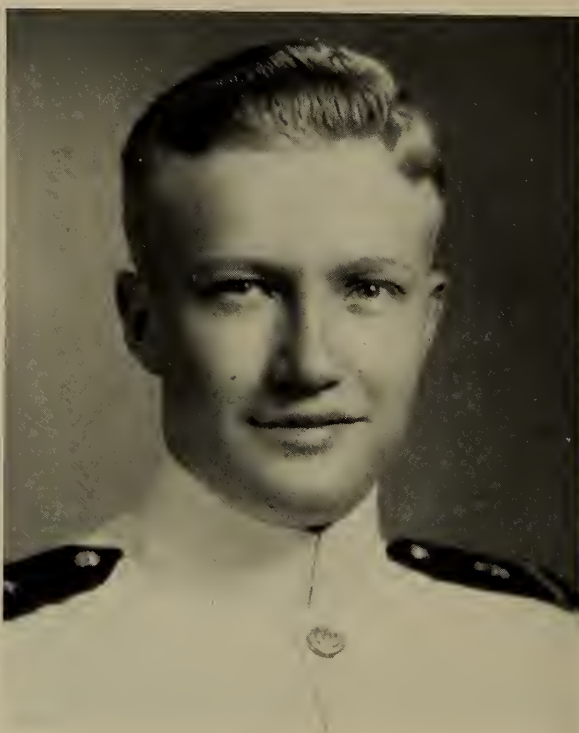




Paul Vincent Borlaug

McHENRY, NORTH DAKOTA

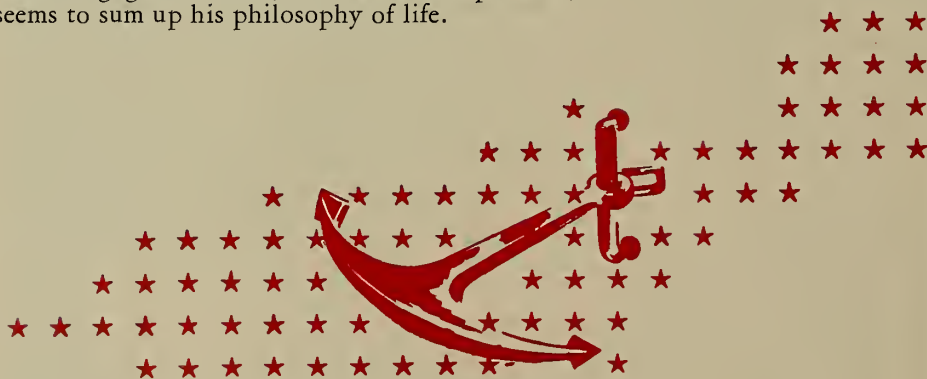
During plebe year Paul was known as Smiley because of his habitual countenance; in fact, the first classmen used to give him carry on if he would crack a smile. Those who knew Paul well recognized in him a rare sense of humor, the kind usually associated with Fred Allen. The V, as he is affectionately known, is a second Marconi when it comes to radio, since he was a Radio Technician in the Navy prior to his entrance into the Academy. Dragging was the only activity in which Paul didn't engage. "Eso Es," his favorite expression, seems to sum up his philosophy of life.



Jack Hudson Bridges

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Showing a preview of his inherent brilliance Jack left Texas for Oklahoma at an early age. He left a varied life at Douglas Aircraft, Oklahoma University, and Tulsa University to come to Navy. Dago and Jack couldn't agree and it was a struggle to see which could out do the other, but his mastery of the slide rule made it possible to take up architecture on the side. He showed promise in athletics and under pressure became a three-year member of the varsity sub squad. His love of aeronautics and architecture caused women to play a third fiddle; however the Bridge was never too busy to help a classmate, and for this he will always be remembered.

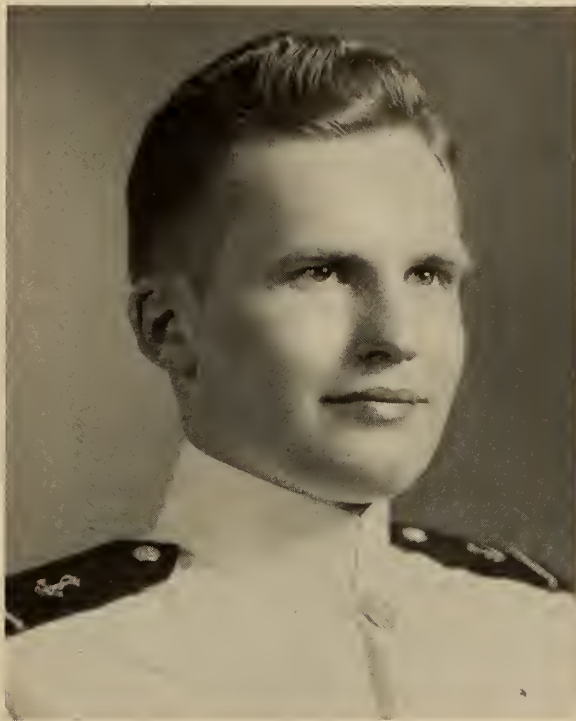


David Walker Cammack

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Dave came out of the hills of West "by God" Virginia via Princeton University. Following up his early start, "back home," in gymnastics, he began to work diligently in the gym plebe summer. This led to a position on the plebe team and finally to the varsity horizontal bar. Always to be remembered by his multitude of friends as a conscientious and studious star man, he found relaxation in the game of chess or bridge, in the Glee Club and in sailing and dragging. His frequent contributions to the *Trident Magazine* and his faith in the merit of discipline exemplified his Blue and Gold spirit and serious desire for perfection.

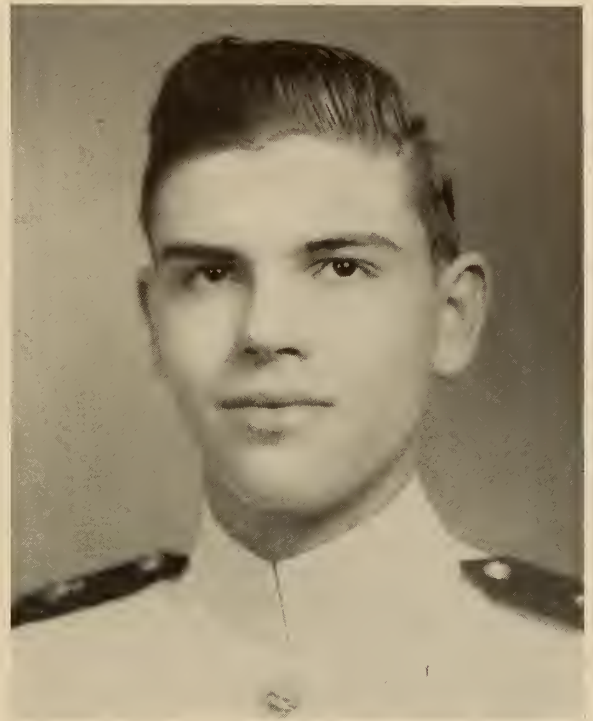




William Hoover Clegg

TOLEDO, OHIO

"How do you do this Math problem?" was the usual greeting Bill got from his classmates during study hours. Without being a slash, he was able to excel on the concoctions of boys at the other end of Stribling Walk. His main interest seemed to lie in sports because he sent the plebes to the back issues of *Baseball Weekly* for dope on the Mud Hens of 1902. He was also a booster of the intramural teams. Girls ranked next in favor with him for while he wasn't partial to any particular one, he strongly approved of them in general. Quiet, easygoing, and alert, he has started well in his chosen profession.



Cabell Seal Davis, Jr.

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Cab's admittance to the Naval Academy was the successful culmination of his zealous endeavor in self-preparation. He continued to display this conscientious determination in his academic pursuits here, and it earned for him a fine record. His athletic endeavors included soccer, bowling, and gym, while his keen interest in all sports found him a spot on the press detail. None rooted teams with more enthusiasm than Cab. In our associations with him, Cab, in the true style of his West Virginia heritage, was always quick to pick up the spirit of the group whether joyous or gloomy, superficial or solemn, and in him we could all find a reliable friend.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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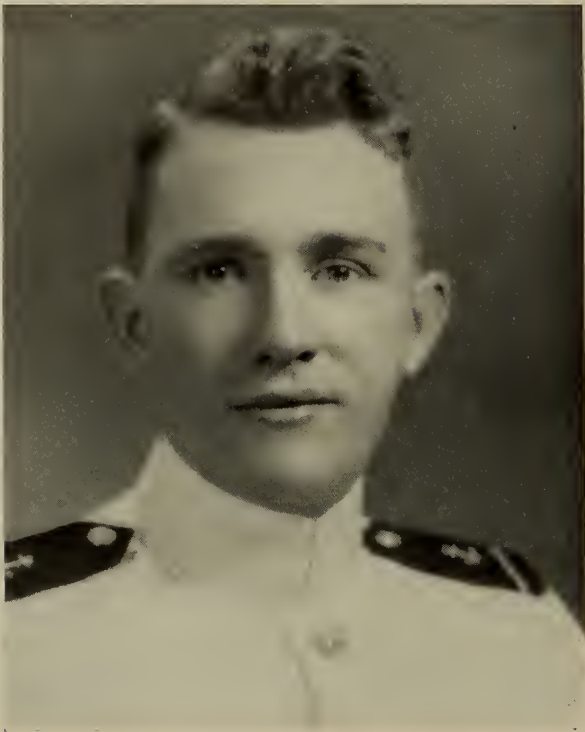
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Nicholas Ernest Davis

DAYTON, OHIO

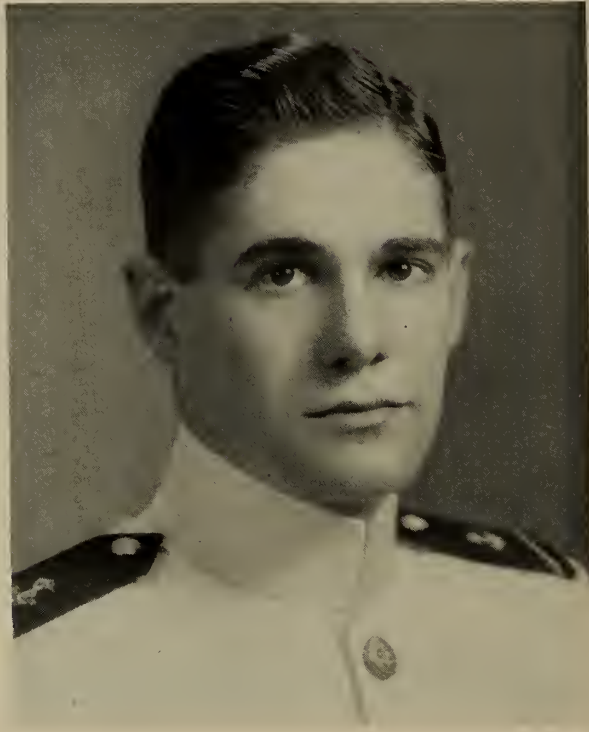
Bringing from the University of Michigan a love for college life, Nick is always ready to pick up where he left off whenever the occasion presented itself. He is one of those unusually substantial fellows who can take Academy life in stride and yet find ample time to keep his female following happy. Nick's maxim as far as girls are concerned is "quality not quantity." His football ability keeps the boys on top hopping to hold their positions but it's pistol shooting that gives him his real claim to fame. By playing hard and studying enough, he managed to get by without banging his head against the well-known bulkhead.



Donald Paul Dick

MONTREAL, WISCONSIN

After one year at the University of Wisconsin, Dick came to the Naval Academy to give the Navy a try. With one hand on a basketball and the other on a copy of *Naval Boilers* or one of its equals, D. P. went through the Academy setting a fine academic record for himself and starring on the basketball court. Although it was quite often a job finding Dick, because he spent most of his time either on the court or in some secluded spot where he could concentrate on his studies and letters, he always had time to make our lives more enjoyable with his constant good humor and amiable companionship.



Gordon Michael Ehrman

ATHERTON, CALIFORNIA

This excitable little man from the so-called sunny State of California claims Stanford as his true love. The "club 16" was always a storehouse of chow and sweets owing to the efforts of his mother, who fed half of the Academy in addition to her son. Although Half-Hitch was among those of who were never N winners, his keen interest in athletics made him an encyclopedia of the sports world. He hated eastern weather, but thoroughly enjoyed Christmas leave in New York. Gordo never seemed to relish life the first few minutes after reveille, but outside of this it was a pleasure to be with him and his sense of humor.

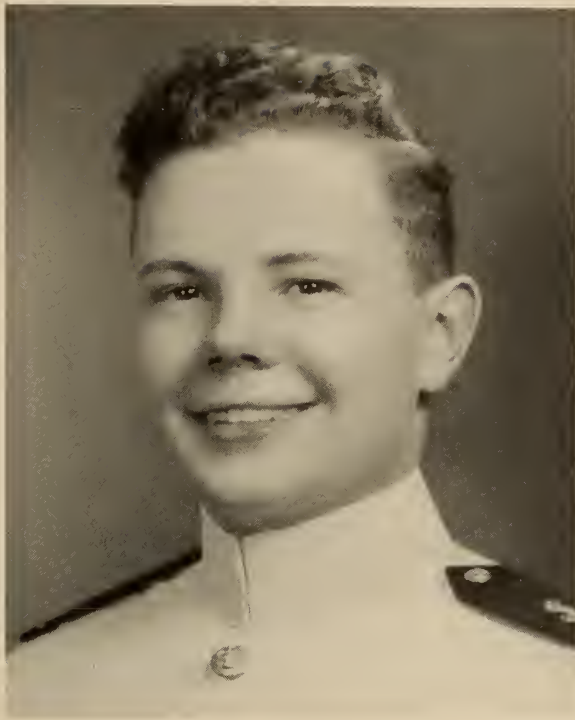


Harrison Clay Gaitskill, III

AUSTERLITZ, KENTUCKY

From the traditionally famous country of blue grass, bourbon whiskies, highstepping thoroughbreds, and higher stepping colonels, came Harrison Clay, III. A true southern gentleman, Gait held an appreciative eye for the beauty of the fairer sex and could be seen in the rear of the Flying Squadron any week end. Although he had trouble stretching his frame to five and one-half feet, this little man packed a wallop, both literally and figuratively. In true Kentucky style, he had a smile and a joke for everyone. Studies came third to bull sessions and bridge. We'll always remember Gait and his oft repeated words, "WELL, fellows, next term I've gotta study, ya' hear."





Seth Cole Gatchell

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Si has spent most of his life in Missouri but likes the Rockies of Colorado as a vacationland. He received his call to the open sea from the Lake of the Ozarks. Before coming to Naval Tech he attended kindergarten, junior college, Iowa State College and the University of Minnesota. He is called either Si, Seth, or Gatch by his classmates but the fairer sex prefers such names as Bunny-duck. The ladies like his wavy hair and pug nose, while his radiant personality and quick wit made him the most popular member of any bull session. Whenever his sack was empty, you could find him playing tennis or bowling.



Charles Christian Heid, Jr.

EL PASO, TEXAS

Among the annual immigrants from the Lone Star Republic to Bancroft-on-the-Severn, came Elmo with both Colts drawn and spurs a-draggin'. His duck-like walk, which he denies originated by straddling horses and dodging pigs, makes him a cinch to spot as he waddles through the halls. Each year as Cousin Weak Eyes makes varsity sub squad he reiterates his bitter complaint that "water was used back home for drinking, not swimming." Cowboy and military music are his loves and it can be said he was the only graduate to admit he liked P-rades. Although the Academy life cramped his western independence, it never dampened his spirit.



Ralph James Jaccodine

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

Jocko came from the myriad of humanity that is Hoboken, New Jersey (claiming New York City was its suburb). The Athlete amazed his classmates with his versatility in academics as well as athletics. It took him a little time to become acclimated to the relative fresh air and expanse of prairie land that is Maryland, but the southern climate and buckets of sunshine soon won his admiration. A lover of symphony and of modern music, Ralph could often be found directing a radio concert or adding a few drum beats of his own. Conscientious and sharp witted, Jocko's friendly nature stands high in his classmates' esteem.



James Howard Johnson

MONMOUTH, ILLINOIS

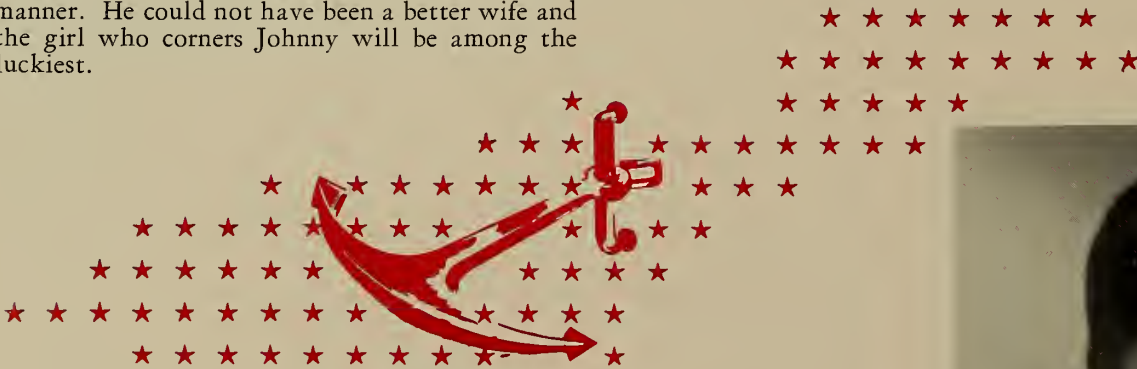
Johnny's greatest love was farming; his greatest hate, the system. This explains his frequent statement, "Well, it's about time I turned in my chit," a phrase which proved to be just so much snow. His accordion shaped books were due to numerous slammings against the bulkhead after a Navy day. In spare time, Johnny either played basketball or slept. He had his queer moments, but then who doesn't sleep under his bed on Halloween? At the table it was a question of who ran whom, as the plebes took advantage of Fuzzy's easygoing manner. He could not have been a better wife and the girl who corners Johnny will be among the luckiest.



James Kenneth Martin

PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

Coming to Navy after two and one-half years at Stevens Institute of Technology (which didn't seem to help him), J. K. claimed that the Garden State was even better than the Kingdom of Texas. Everyone was to Jim either a riot or a prince and his laughter never stopped regardless of the fact that nothing appeared funny to anyone else. Not having observed rates as a plebe, he saw no reason to begin when he acquired a stripe or two, which fact was not displeasing to the plebes. His success with the opposite sex was due to his ability at snowing. We are convinced he should have been a politician.

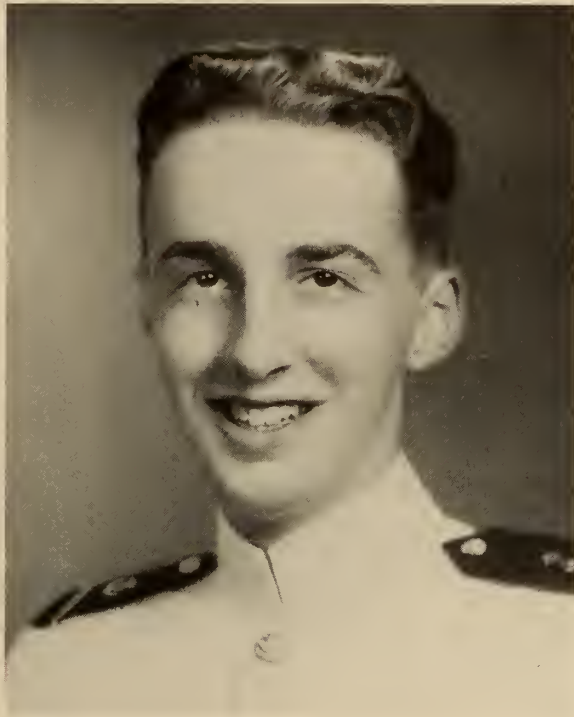


Girard Wellington Moore, Jr.

SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Born in Virginia, raised in Tennessee, and finally shifting to South Carolina, Jerry is Southerner all the way. He attended the University of Tennessee and enlisted in V-5 before entering the Academy. He is allergic to large numbers, as a glance at his academic standing will substantiate. He possesses a remarkable memory which he put to effective use by walking away from Kay Kyser's show with \$300. Several gals attempted to hook him but for some odd reason he was reluctant to succumb. He always had an abundant amount of energy which he expended successfully on the athletic field. Though not a star varsity man he was the mainstay of several company teams.

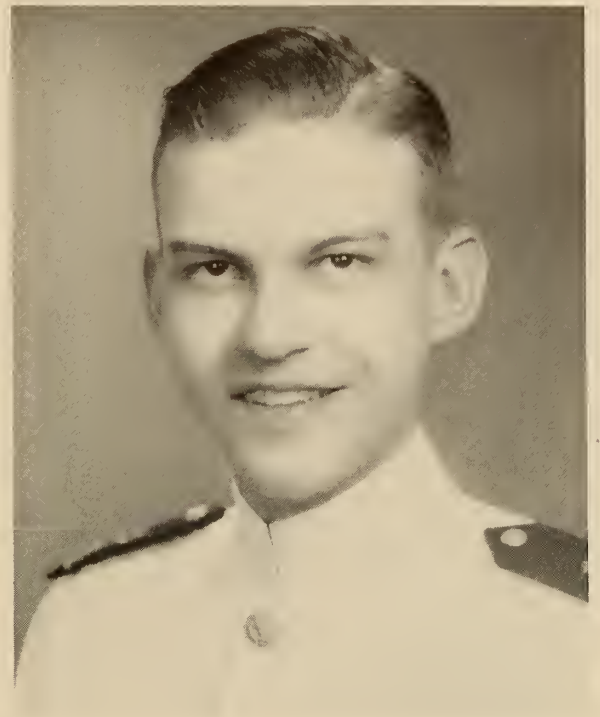




James Wendell Osmer, Jr.

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

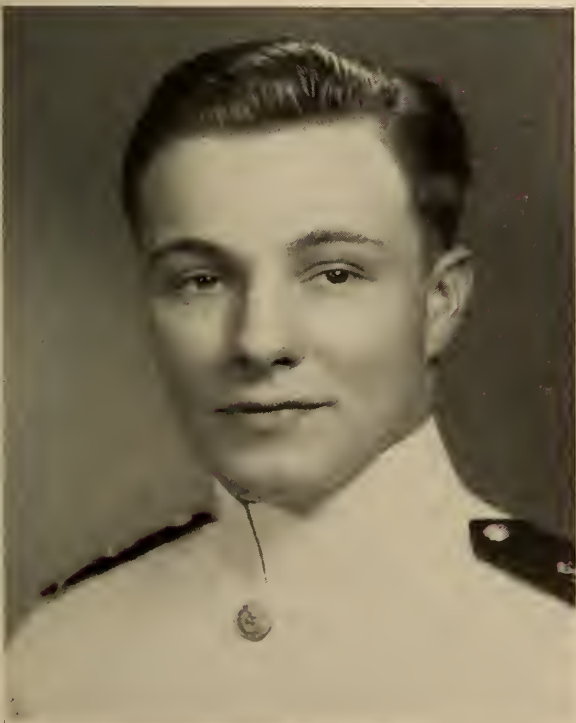
Jim came to Naval Tech with no previous college experience. Nevertheless, with his alert mind and proper technique of study, he found the obstacle course a greater pitfall than the academics. In his leisure time, Jim could be found on his sack curled up reading *The Saturday Evening Post* from cover to cover. After spending part of his second class summer leave taking training at New London, Oz found his second love, submarines. He has also found his first love and plans to marry after graduation. Easy to get along with and likeable in every respect, this 20-year man will find success in his chosen profession.



Russell Alger Rowan, Jr.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO

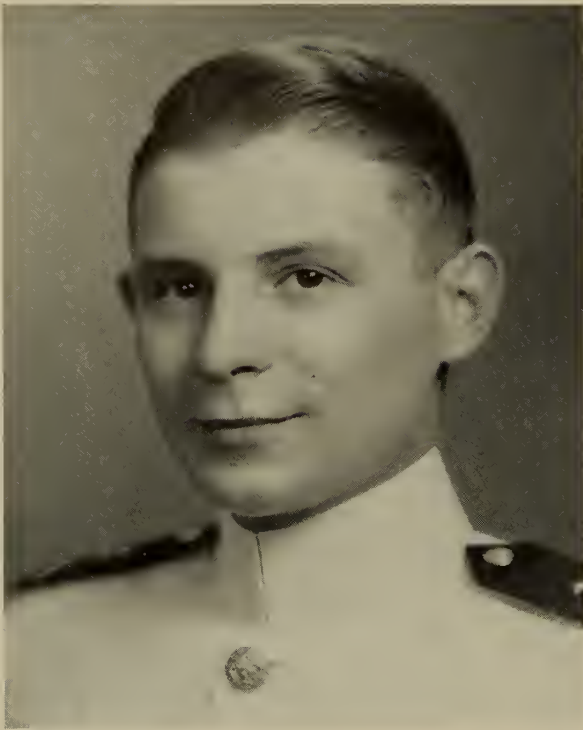
Baptized Russell, he answers only to the sobriquet Pat which he considers more suitable. His favorite sport is refereeing football and soccer games where he makes many friends and shows very diplomatic qualities. His mail usually consists of a letter from his O.A.O., a Zanesville news, and an occasional *Cincy Sig* publication. Except in those courses offered by the Math, Steam, Bull, Skinny, and Dago Departments he is an eager student. He usually wakes up with a "good morning glory, did you see the rain dear?" and then a few vocal exercises. He has a great personality and we all expect to see him go a long way.



Charles Robert Skord

RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY

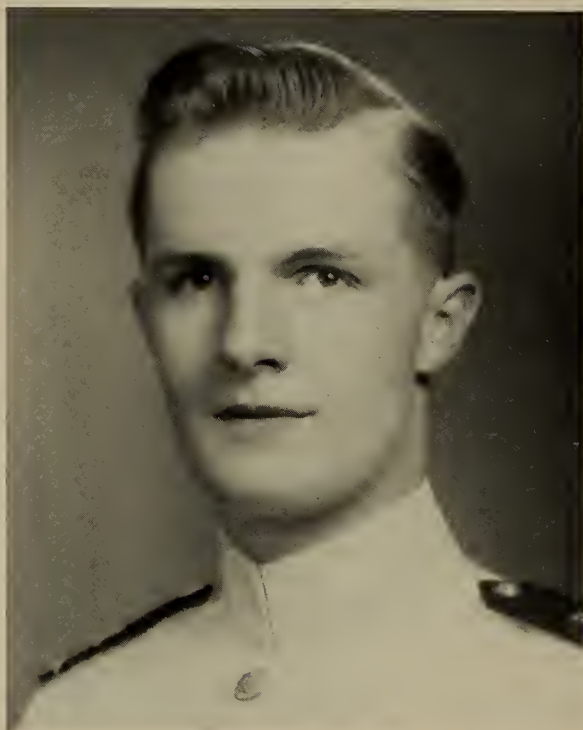
"Navy Bob" brought with him from New Jersey a powerful physique which he has shown to advantage on the wrestling mat as well as the gridiron. A year at Tufts gave Bob a head start in academics which he found no strain. His nautical hobby was power boats, and he devoted much spare time to the study of marine deisel engines and small boat construction. The desire for freedom of action was a constant liability for Bob here at the Academy though he turned it into an asset on football trips to Baltimore and Philadelphia. On these occasions he showed himself to be the fun-loving fellow we will always remember.



Ernest Leroy Truax, Jr.

SCOTTSBLUFF, NEBRASKA

This little man from "America's Valley of the Nile," makes up with energy what he lacks in stature. With three years of electrical engineering behind him, cornhusker Tru has had little difficulty with the courses that the Naval Academy has thrown at him. His friendly attitude and willingness to help less talented classmates have won him many friends. In the way of sports, Tru spent several years helping to manage the football squad and participating in intramural athletics. Tru divides his spare time between dragging, photography, cards, and the sack. If his eyes are able to stand the test, he will surely justify the gold stripes on his sleeve.



Donald Cameron Warren

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

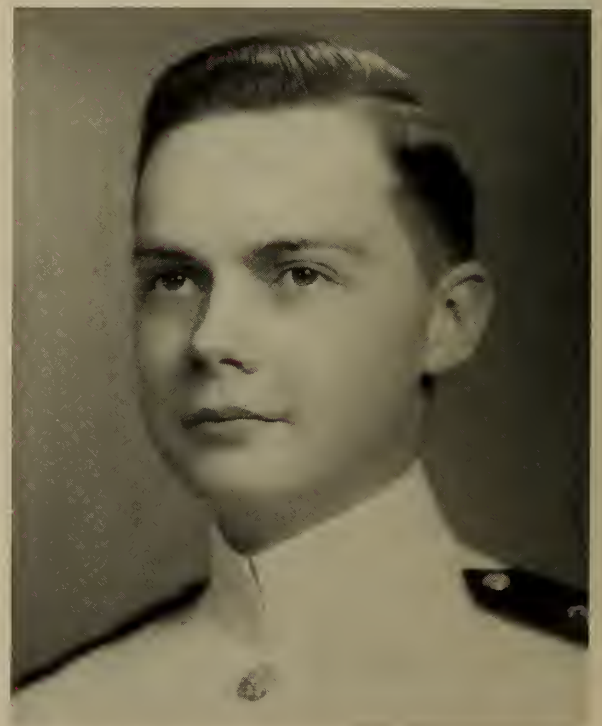
Although he was born in Nevada, D. C. spent most of his life in the East. There's not a town in the United States he hasn't heard of and can't tell you all about. "This is positively the worst assignment we have ever had" is his favorite expression, but he's always found to be on top when the grades come out. Don is always ready to stay in and listen to the radio, but you will usually find him out for some fruit sport like cross-country. D. C. wants to have security before he gets married, but we're willing to bet that he'll change his mind very soon.

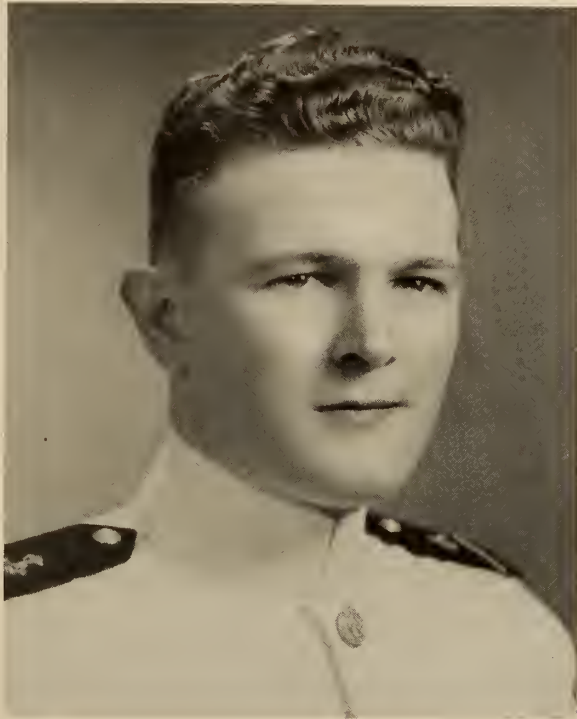


Cornelis Winkler, Jr.

SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA

One of California's best of her many gifts to the Naval Academy, Keesje had acquired many friends early in his career. His cheerful Dutch personality and a year at the University of California managed to get him past Academic Departments with little strain. Though seldom seen at hops, when he did drag he proved his ability as a judge of beauty. When not pulling an oar or manning a tiller he could always be found in the squash court. Always willing to help and never complaining, his smile was infectious, his pleasing sophistication, and his ability at Juice, together with his cheery "By Jove" and "Cheerio" will long be remembered by his classmates.

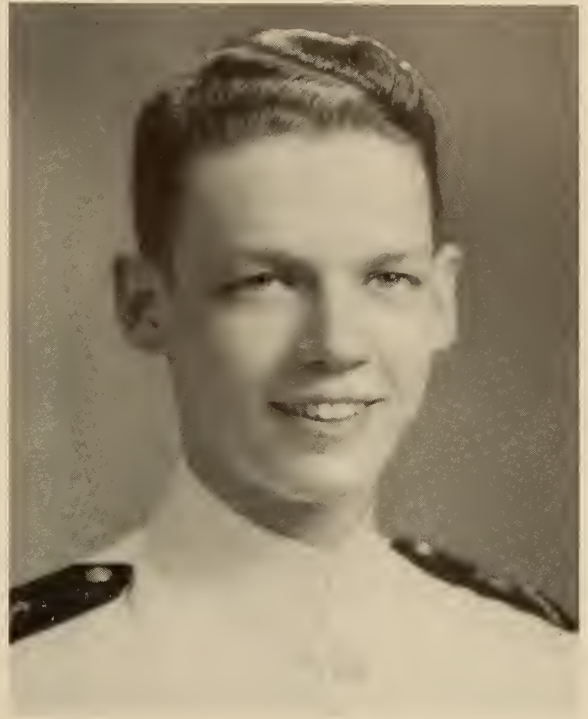




Jack Thomas Baker

PAMPA, TEXAS

Meet "Texas" Jack Baker, the man with a goal in mind. His arrival at the Academy via the Fleet and Texas A. & M. was just the beginning of Jack's plans. Getting his commission is another step along the course, Jack has plotted for himself. A hard worker and a stickler for details, Jack can point with confidence towards his drive to be a top notch Naval Officer. His likeable nature, wholehearted support of brigade activities, and dependability, make him an "old timer" at twenty-two. When there's a tough problem of any sort to solve, there's always one guy to turn to for a solution, and that's Jack Baker.



Edward Guy Buck

MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA

Hunk flagged his Navy-bound streamliner from N.M.M.I. Tall and slim, his first loves are tennis, sailing, and bridge. Though he "gets this stuff" here at Navy better than most of us, he won't admit it; and, claims that his main hardship is that people just don't understand him. It must not be too hard though, for he can always be found with the gang for a session of bridge. After getting his yawl command during first class summer, sailing trips were a mainstay for week-end entertainment—dragging trips as well as races. His cry after graduation will be, "Whar are those wings?"

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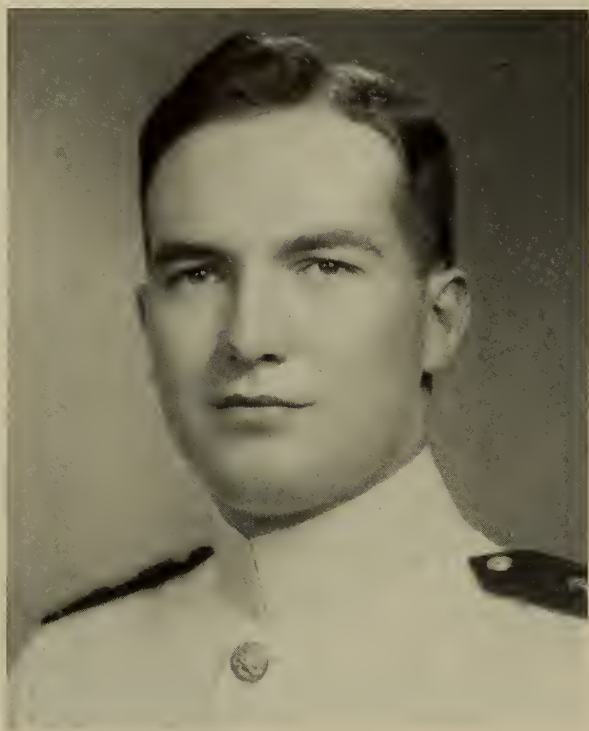
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William Francis Clifford, Jr.

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK

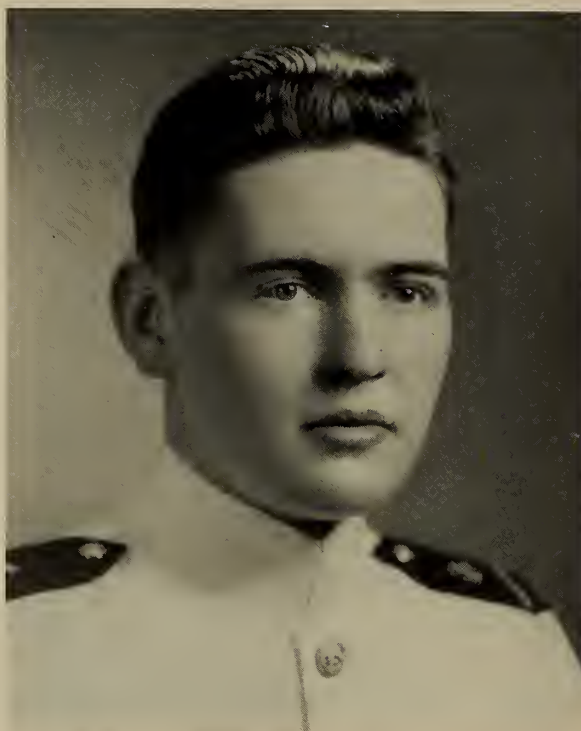
"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" is one of the many quotations that will always remind us of Bill. Bill hails from Westchester County and is well known for his satirical sayings, witty quotations, and famous last words, such as, "Women are a snare and a delusion" and "What's done is done." A swimmer since grammar school days, Cliff earned a regular berth on the swimming team mainly because he swims like he does everything else. Never complaining, efficient and a stickler for the facts, Cliff goes about his duties, solving each problem as he comes to it. He always can be depended upon to come through when the going is tough.



Thomas Emmett Dawson

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

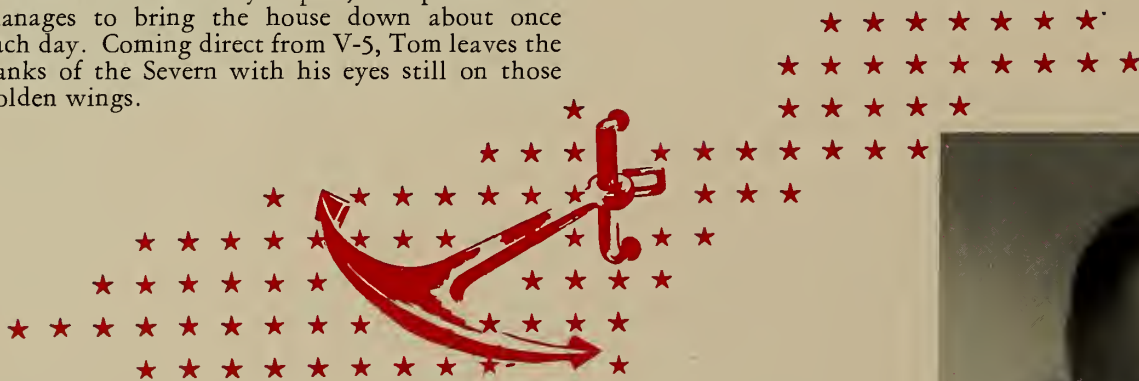
A member of that jolly band that annually descends upon old Navy from the golden West with fabulous stories of its "cloudless climes and starry skies," T. E. still cannot escape reminiscing over campus life and happier days spent at Colorado University. In spring when young men's fancies should be turning elsewhere, Tom curbs his romantic impulses and annually reports for spring football practice where his determination and abilities have earned him a place on the squad. Resourceful and a natural efficiency expert, his quiet humor manages to bring the house down about once each day. Coming direct from V-5, Tom leaves the banks of the Severn with his eyes still on those golden wings.



Richard Tallmadge Dempsey

DENVER, COLORADO

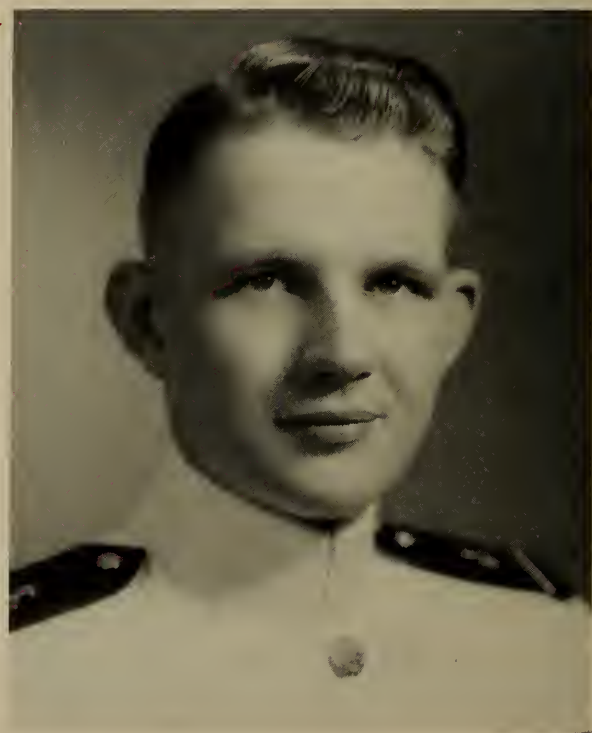
Demps came to the Naval Academy, by way of a Navy sound school, from the University of Colorado. Dick was one of the few who passed through the Academy with ease. His "savviness" obviated his need to study and he could usually be found in his sack during study hours. His intelligence is exceeded only by his sense of humor, and Dick's interpretations of Navy life always insured an hilarious outburst from his wives. He believed in living a well-rounded life and claims that he is going to try being a civilian. Dempsey will be remembered as the tall, friendly character with the broad smile and cheerful remark.

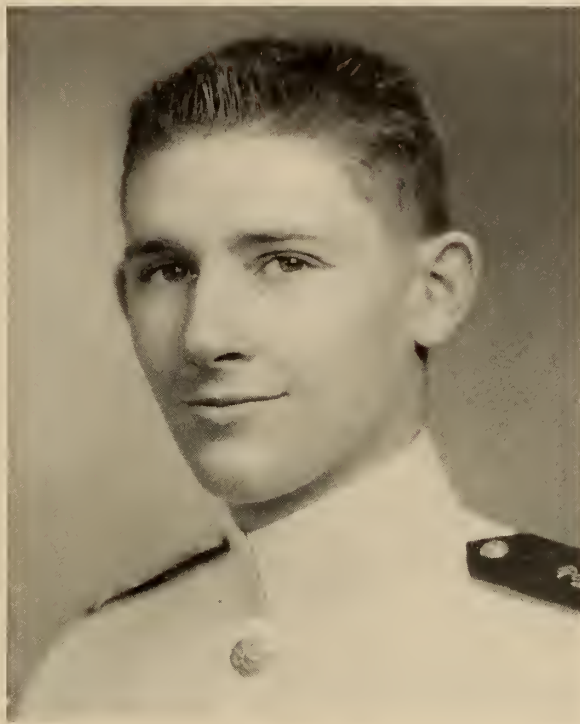


Gordon "H." Farmer

MONTEBELLO, CALIFORNIA

An ex-carpenter's mate in Torpron 3 aboard the U.S.S. *Enterprise* in the early months of the war, Gordon continued as an able sailor at the Academy aboard the "yatch" *Freedom*. He was also plenty active in crew and on the soccer team. And being a man of varied and numerous talents, he was an expert craftsman and officer in the Model Club and an all-around handy man with a pair of pliers or a pencil. He was often wielding his pencil on some cross-word puzzle. But the highlight of his Academy career was a double ring ceremony that June Week at the Ring Dance.





Willard Louis Felsen

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

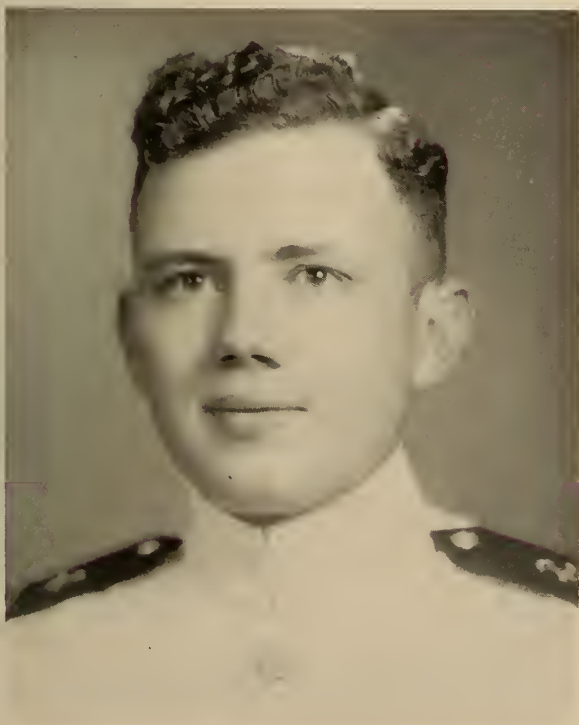
Affectionately dubbed Lank by his more intimate associates, the boy with the loving cup ears came to the Academy fully aware that he would be only eight ranks removed from Admiral. Quite naturally he spent a good deal of his time dreaming of his native California while idly excelling in the field of academics. Curiosity led him to finding reasons behind all phenomena, natural or otherwise. Since he was a devotee to gymnastic endeavor, he computed, among other things, the number of horsepower developed by a rope climber. As for matters of the heart he was still riding to a fall, but was always ready with a kind word for the female of the species.



Robert Hall Flood

FROSTPROOF, FLORIDA

Bob hails from Florida and vouches that no other state can boast of as pretty, or as many, beauties as his own. His many arguments on the type of women that Florida produces usually ended in a stalemate but he never gave up. Being more on the studious side than the majority, Bob still found time to manage the varsity football team and be an ardent supporter at other sports contests. His attendance at hops was not perfect but he made up for it whenever we hit Baltimore or Philly for football games. Bob's willingness to help anyone in need will be remembered long after he has joined the Fleet.



Jesse Andrew Holshouser, Jr.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Leaving behind the Oklahoma Indians, California sunshine, and the icebergs of the Aleutians, Jess boomed in from Bainbridge with the rest of the Fleet. Besides combating the usual "Oakie propaganda" he found time from his work to engage in a large variety of athletics and was an active member of the Trident Society. The Navy and a maroon colored Buick convertible constituting his first love and O.A.O. respectively, Jesse still managed to give those lucky girls a break. An ardent bridge fan, Jesse was always to be found with a large circle of friends. When he hits the Fleet again, it will gain a real asset.



Edward Young Holt, Jr.

DALLAS, TEXAS

Ted is one of those rare guys who can swallow the academic routine here at Navy without a strain (calculus excluded, of course) and still have time to star in such extracurricular activities as softball, swimming, sailing and dragging. He perennially amazes his classmates at the latter, his obsession, by turning up with a different queen for every occasion. A typical Texan, he modestly attributes his success to experience garnered at V.M.I., as an A.T.O. at Cornell University, and in the U.S.M.C.—to which he hopes to return and in which we, his classmates, confidently expect him to earn the reputation of a Dallas boy who made good.



Harvey James Johnson

BURLINGTON, NORTH DAKOTA

From that part of our fair United States that is still claimed by the Indians and Canada, namely North Dakota, Harvey came to the Naval Academy definitely opposed to going back to the prairie. Patience being his main virtue, he was a strong believer of waiting until Wednesday before gaining a dragging frame of mind. His ability to take a joke and pass it back made him one of the most likable persons in the company. His enthusiasm for everything he undertook was unlimited as shown by his high grades and the numerals crowded on his bath robe. His amiable personality is bound to make him a popular officer when he joins the Fleet.

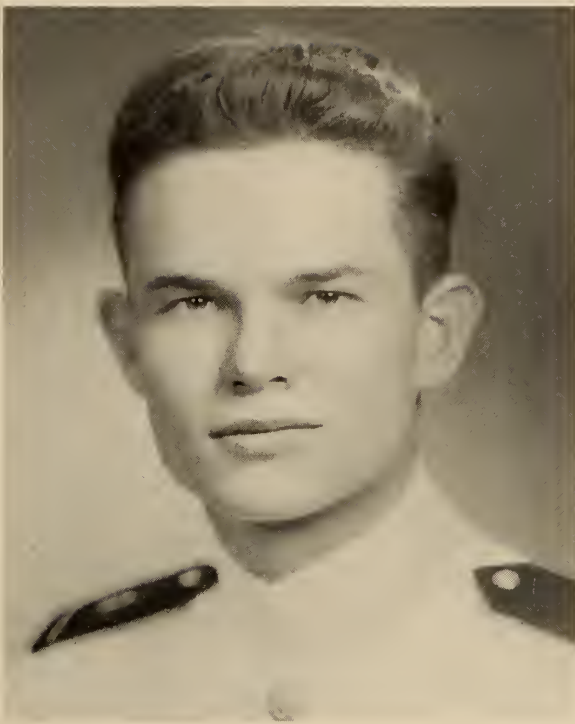


Robert Stewart Jones

ROBINSON, ILLINOIS

Bob came to Navy with a strictly college Joe complex, from the beautiful campus of Purdue University. His early life had been crowded with academic successes, D.A.R. awards, and selection as class valedictorian for his high school graduation. However, the board and the Navy system soon clipped his wings, and Bob found himself struggling for survival among the slashing half of '48. With all his struggles, Bob still found time to use his wits in proclaiming the merits of the current models of certain automobiles. In his own composed, aggressive manner, Bob made a great contribution toward lessening the drudgery at Navy. The admiration of his buddies will always remain with him.





Kelvin Keene Larson

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO

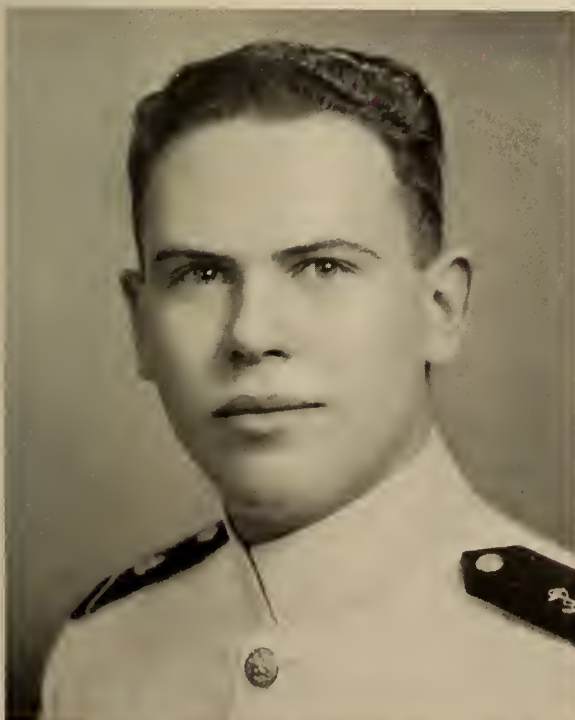
Keene is assiduous and sincere, and he possesses friendly, humorous qualities that make him immediately well liked. He is independent and outspoken, but tactful, and has an excellent sense of knowing when to do the right thing. K. K. came to Navy after a year at Colorado Mines and although he was never a savoir, he possesses more than an usual amount of common sense. He sweated his 6'3" through three years of crew and then relaxed at home during his leaves with a pair of battered skis. When the Academy loses K. K., it sends a good man to the Fleet.



Gordon Kenyon Meriwether, Jr.

MONTGOMERY ALABAMA

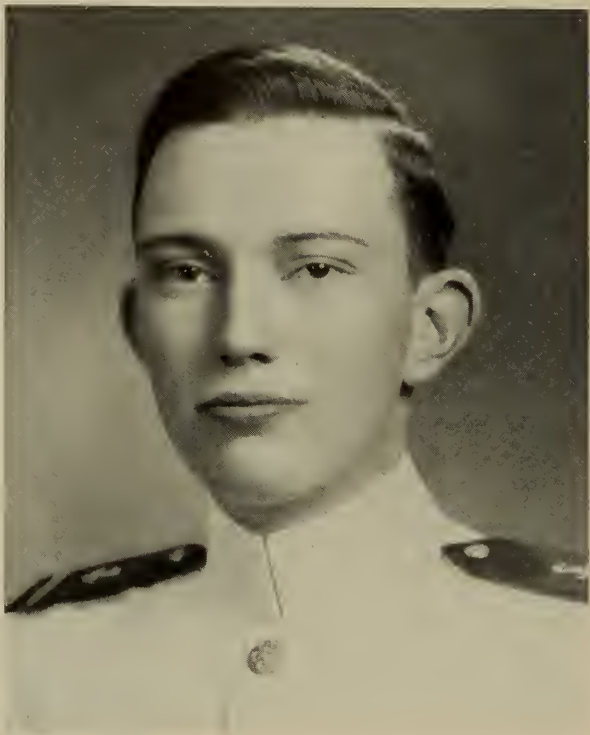
When Moke traded his rately N.R.O.T.C. cap for his two-fingered plebe cap, he, like most of us, wondered if the trade were for the better. However, it didn't take him long to realize that it was. From the moment of that realization, he started working for the success that is now his. By the same token, he will continue to work for success in the Fleet. If his conduct at the Academy is any indication, that success, also, will be his. His character boasts those ubiquitous twins, a hospitable smile and a southern drawl. Gordon's friendship means a lot to us, and we sincerely thank Montgomery, Alabama, for him.



Clifford Lyle Morgan

DENSMORE, KANSAS

Cliff is another proud Texan although he was born in Kansas. When seen in the yard, he had either a camera in his hand or he was participating in a sport. He spent many hours in the darkroom developing his pictures, and many of them appeared in the *Log* and *Lucky Bag*. In high school Cliff was a star man in football, basketball, track, and tennis. He used this experience at the Academy by participating in track in the spring and company sports during the remainder of the year. He was very friendly and was well liked by everyone.



Samuel Cambridge Newman

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Since Sam had first seen ships in the Bay he had wanted to graduate from the Academy, and he let nothing stand in the way. Nothing ever bothered him and complaints were few and far between. Plebe year was no strain and cruises were right up his alley. Sailing was more than just a pastime to him and he would have been satisfied to take the entire Academy curriculum aboard the Vamarie. He threatens to own a boat like her some day, and we hope his dreams come true. His friendly, modest manner made him well liked by everyone. Sam's philosophy might be summed up in "If it's Navy, it's got to be good."



Anson Calvin Perkins

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

The Radio Tech School's loss was the Academy's gain when Perk decided to take the pledge. Plebe year offered little resistance to his progress and he always seemed to know a little more about what was going on than did his contemporaries. Sleep, food, and liberty in that order constituted Cal's main interests along extracurricular lines, and he spent most of his time horizontally. This fair-haired humorist paid no attention to women unless he happened to be within fifty feet of one. Naval life is right up Perk's alley, and we predict a successful career. He will be remembered for his sharp wit, his love of sailing, and his ear-to-ear smile.

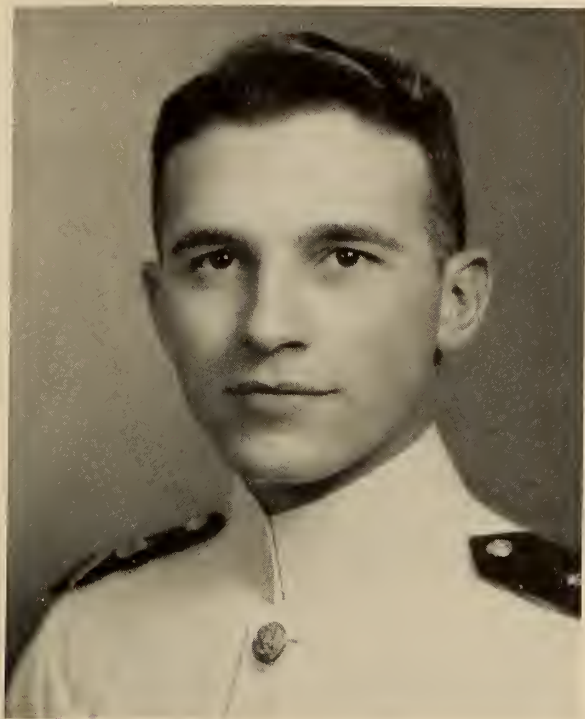


William Fleming Reed, Jr.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

This tall lad from Ohio was in the Air Corps when he came in, and he'll be in the Air Corps when he goes out. Bill went for the Glee Club, choir, and chorus of a couple of musical shows, managed to get numerals in cross country and steeplechase (puff, puff) and found time each day to read Norma's letter and write an answer. A member of the Photo Club at times he hibernated in a darkroom finally emerging with a few shiny prints and a triumphant grin. Although proud of his home state, Bill is much more interested in where he's going than where he's been.

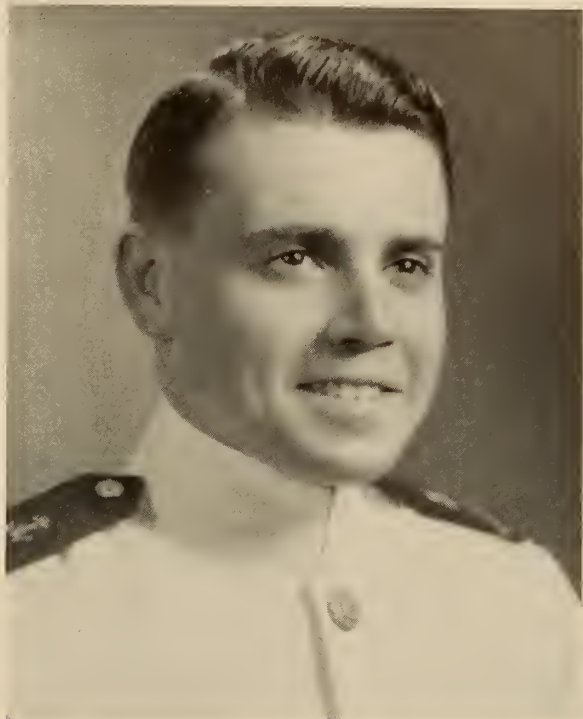




William Joseph Shoemaker

HAWARDEN, IOWA

Coming from the state where the tall corn grows, Joe is a contrast in quantity but not in quality. Our varsity "sub squad" man crooned his way into the hearts of the brigade as the man with the "legs" in the Bancroft Bobcats. A rabid sports fan, a connoisseur of baseball, a regular member of the choir, and a wholehearted supporter of brigade activities, Little Joe will long be remembered by those who have known him as genial, witty, energetic, reliable, and a swell guy to have around whatever the occasion. Quite a fellow, this guy Joe.



Frank Simpson, III

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

With the golden rays of California's sunshine still dripping from his rainclothes, Monk raised his hand and said, "I do!" For the next three years he spent most of his spare time playing water polo and running cross-country. He still found plenty of time, however, to pursue his peacetime hobby by sailing with the Naval Academy yawls. One of his many ambitions is to utilize this knowledge of sailing and travel around the world in his own sloop. His honest and sincere manner won him many lasting friends and we will always remember him by his close-cropped hair and shining black eyes.



William Francis Wagner

AKRON, OHIO

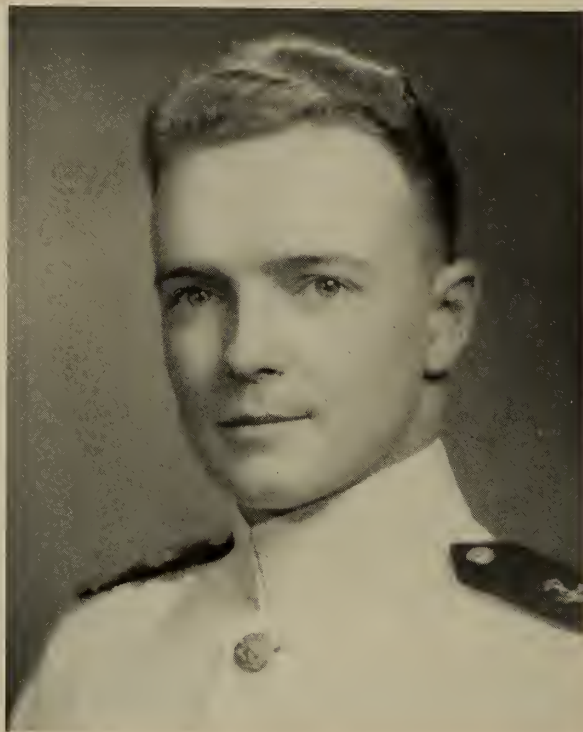
Hot and cold running Wagner as he can be called because of his frequent, short romances and running ability is a livewire in any bull session as he always has some remark—intelligent or otherwise. He probably developed this characteristic during his two years on Capitol Hill as a page boy, experiences of which he is ever-ready to recount. A native of Ohio, but living in Virginia, Bill attended the Universities of Florida, Georgia and Georgetown University, becoming a Phi Delt at Georgia. He had a short stay with the Army, but it wasn't for him so Navy got him and doesn't regret it! Just ask his classmates.



Bonner Robertson Bell

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Bonner, deprived of suitable nicknames by the unique character of his Christian name, will quickly and proudly admit he's "from Missouri," the center of his universe. Quiet days at Clayton High and a year of V-12 at Georgia Tech form the background for this sincere, serious-minded midshipman. Since embarking intently upon his Naval career, he has directed his energies consistently along professional lines, taking keen interest in absorbing useful facts. Though addicted to hard work and level mental habits, he has never been one to pass up a neighborly confab, and in many instances he saved the day by the artful interposition of a little dry humor.



Benjamin Yates Brewster, Jr.

NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Always a leader and a conscientious thinker, Ben has had little trouble making his efforts end in success. "Never belligerent, ever considerate" might well be this man's motto. His temperate and mature mind has helped him add many to his unlimited clique of friends; but Ben also has his humorous side and is a past master at the art of cracking puns. Three years at the Naval Academy have only served to enhance Ben's interests in his favorite fields of music, art, and philosophy. The ability to analyze and act insures him a path to prosperity and security. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a better American.

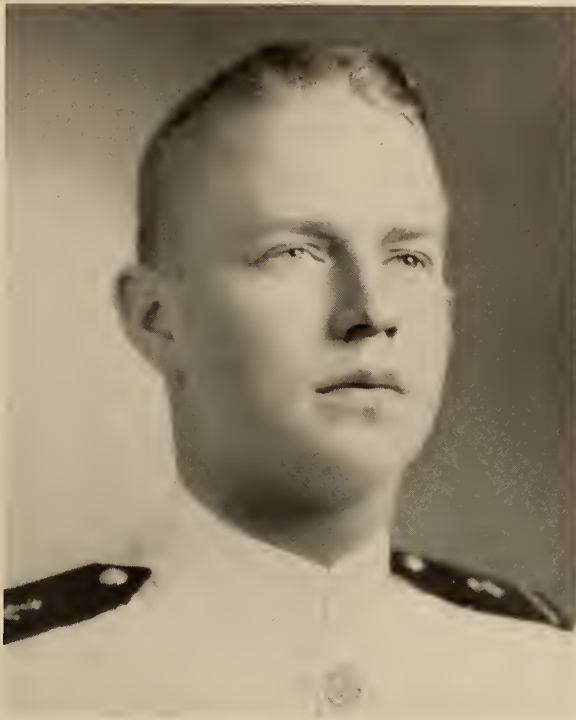


Nathaniel Bullard

SCARBOROUGH, VIRGINIA

Like Washington and Lee, Bull is a true Virginian—though he really is a mountaineer at heart. His nickname, Bull, only one of many—he'll answer to Nat, Doc, or any old thing—has an interesting history. It was tacked on him during other collegiate days, and followed him into the enlisted ranks from which he entered the Academy. When Bull broke a leg plebe year during the bitterly contested battle of Hospital Point, his athletic activities were ended, but he diverted his energies to other channels with surprising adaptability. Watch out Virginia, you're about to lose a favorite son to the Navy!





Roger Carlquist

DRAPER, UTAH

Plebe year held few difficulties for this Ute stalwart. With two years at Utah and South Carolina Universities behind him, academics held nary a threat, in spite of constant moans of bilging. Roger proved his prowess in tennis and basketball but these sports were almost forgotten with the advent of dragging privileges. Inferences of resembling Bugs Bunny never hampered Roger and did little to upset his reputation for dragging queens on almost any week end. Although we doubt whether the dream of duty with the Great Salt Lake Squadron will ever materialize, we are certain that "Utah Forever!" will be heard in the Fleet for many years to come.



John Calvin Dyer

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

He stood up for his beloved submarines against all comers not only because of his previous service in them but also, we suspect, because of their superior chow. Noon meal was his nemesis, as the starvation-weak plebes on his tables will attest, for shortly after thirteen hundred he would lapse into a coma from which he seldom emerged except for his beloved pushball. Although his afternoon academics were thus impaired, he was really a true savoir; yet John was the personal friend of everyone. His intimated craving for a hobo's life fell on amused but unbelieving ears, for his classmates knew his true worth.

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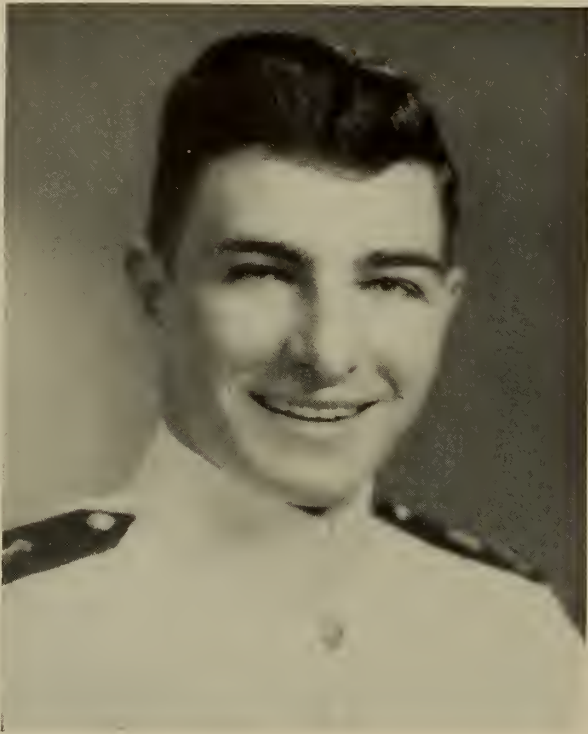
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John Edward Eilert

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Who mentioned Wisconsin? Ah, there's a state." Although he came to "Naval" from Illinois, John combined a healthy sense of humor with an unbounded love for the open air and blue lakes of northern Wisconsin. Much of his time was devoted to music, and he provided many hours of entertainment for his classmates with his singing in the "Bancroft Bobcats." Equipped with a powerful six-foot frame, he could never completely manage to push the chow away and remained fundamentally healthy. Although bridge playing at a tenth of a cent a point will keep him perpetually broke, John will go far and remain a valuable friend to those who know him.



William Howard Flynn, Jr.

HARLINGEN, TEXAS

A loyal son of old Texas, Bill couldn't convince the Yankees that the Union joined Texas and not vice versa. Nor could he find any use for the snow and cold of the north country. In spite of serving his plebe year in the notorious Tenth Company, Bill kept a level outlook on life. In the battle between the sack and the books, Bill usually gave in to the sack and faired none the worse for it. Week ends found Bill the most consistent dragging man in the company; evidently someone made him forget those famous Texas Beauties. As long as Texas is in the Union, Bill will be serving the Navy faithfully.



Nicholas Guletsky

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

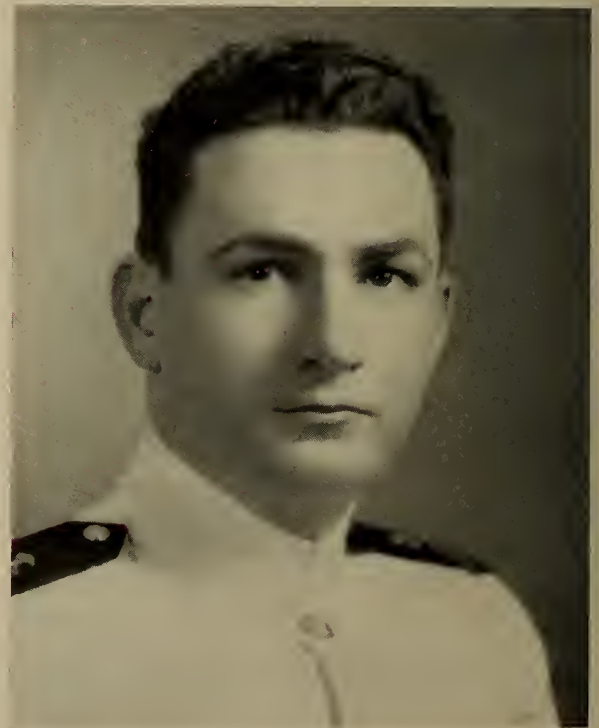
The Mad Russian possessed an unfortunate capability for speaking the language like a native and consequently quickly made friends with a hundred odd classmates seeking linguistic achievement the hard way. He required several months to shake off a previous Harvard environment, but the results were worth the effort, for Nick was a pleasant classmate and valuable friend. His amazingly demeritless existence, despite a couple of years of intensive but bad bridge playing led his foul ball wives to conjecture on the virtues of joining the choir too. Nick arrived via Boston, a spot to which he firmly intends to return eventually for the purpose of raising little Russians. May they all be boys and come to the Navy.



James Thomas Hayes

TOLEDO, OHIO

Among the original two per cent, Toledo's own Jato didn't join us until plebe summer was over. Of rather stocky build, Jato was always wanted by the intramural squads where his boxing and football prowess earned him the title of "The White Hope." Somewhere in his ramblings from Toledo University to Marquette to Navy, Jim acquired a love of life as well as books, and he never failed to enjoy our trips to the out-of-town football games. Given a sufficiently low preference number Jato is aiming for a spot with the Buzz boys. Towards this goal he is a perennial headache to the instructors at our voluntary summer flying courses.

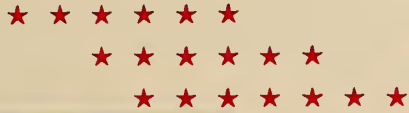




Walter Paul Houk

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

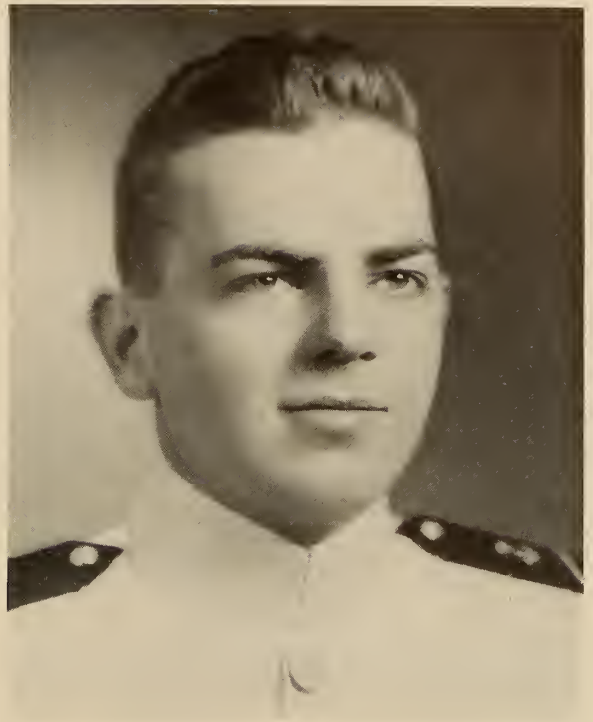
Coming from U.C.L.A., Vladimir spent the greater part of his three years at Navy condemning the inconsistency of Maryland weather. A devout sack-worshipper, however, he was always able to drown his sorrow in slumber, and spent a large part of his free—and not free—time horizontally. An expert on history, art, and philosophy, Walt had a knack for getting academics cold in a minimum amount of time, and he had an all-around knowledge that few of us could equal. Always ready with a witty remark, and a welcome addition to any crowd, Walt will always be remembered for his knack of looking down his nose at us with a cutting, "Obviously."



Richard Erwin Kosiba

CHICOPEE, MASSACHUSETTS

A contribution from the State of Massachusetts, Dick has made a reputation which should indeed make it proud to claim him. His fine scholastic record was obtained with a minimum of study, revealing a sharp intelligence and a clearness of thought. Because he is tall and broad, he was many times called Tex by strangers, but his accent soon proved that his home was farther North in the land of the snow and the elm trees. Rarely troubled, not even by girls, his main obsessions were chow, sleep, and mail. Although being conscientious, he at times felt obligated to drag. With his fine qualities of character, Dick should do well in his chosen field.



John Staige Kern

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY

Running a close second to Irvin Cobb as Paducah's claim to greatness, Bud spent his time at the Academy either waiting for the mate to pass out the mail or worrying over a tough seven-no bid. Whereas most of us were worried as to the solution of two simultaneous equations, Bud was more likely to be concerned over the solution to two simultaneous drags and usually came out with the better result, as evidenced by his well-earned nickname of Superlover. Aside from these occupations, Bud was a valuable asset to either the battalion tennis or company football team and we're sure this well-rounded Southerner will be equally as valuable to his future associates.

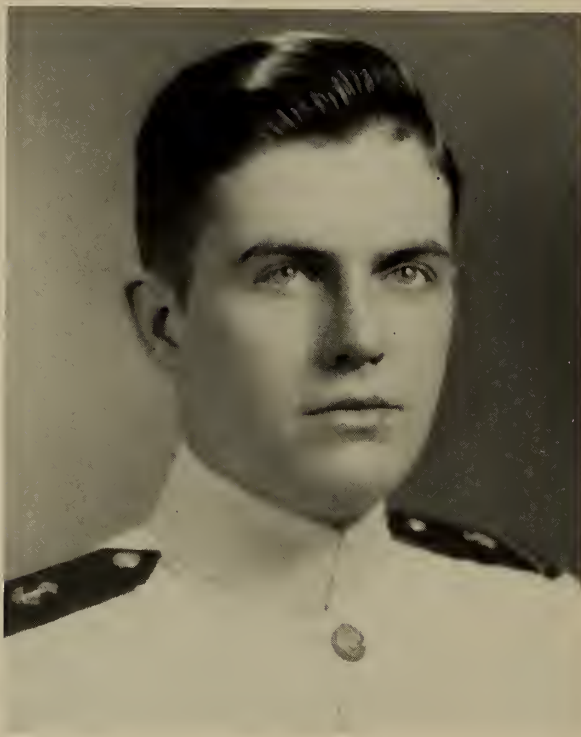




Lawrence Douglas Marsolais

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

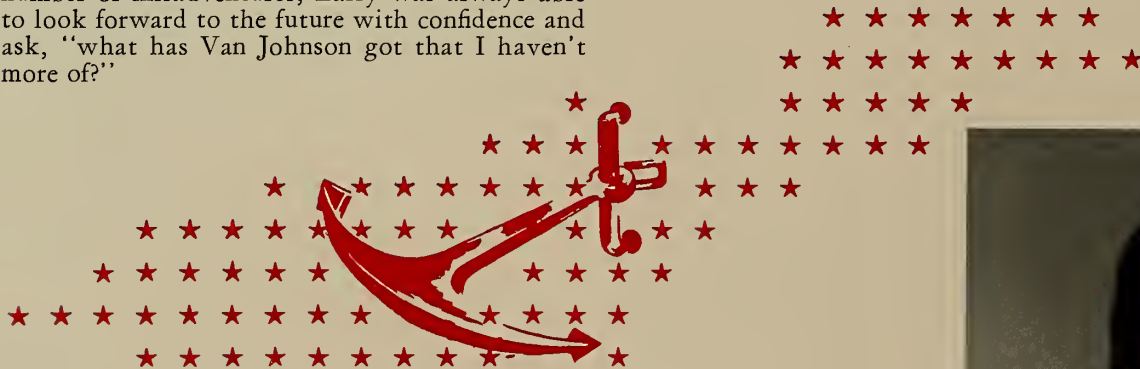
The Pacific did little to dull the sharp wit and enormous appetite of our big Barbarosa. Believing always in moderation, Larry was able to balance his work on the football and pushball fields with an equal amount of social activity. Among the most noted were his troubles in finding cigarettes until a borrowed pipe furnished the most logical solution. His affable disposition and naïve conversation made him a welcomed addition to any group. Although he became embroiled in a varied number of misadventures, Larry was always able to look forward to the future with confidence and ask, "what has Van Johnson got that I haven't more of?"



Thomas Joseph O'Connor

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

This tall, good-looking Irishman conquered Navy apparently as easily as he did Rockhurst back in K.C. He had a knack for doing good work in the classroom and as a result stood high in academics and aptitude. Considering dragging as the best method of temporary mental escape, Tom could never decide which of the many women he wrote would be the lucky one. In his spare time T. J. played a rip-roaring game of basketball or a wicked hand of bridge. Whether or not Tom stays in the Navy, he will be successful and well liked because he'll remain the same hard-working, modest, likeable guy he was during the three years he was a part of us.

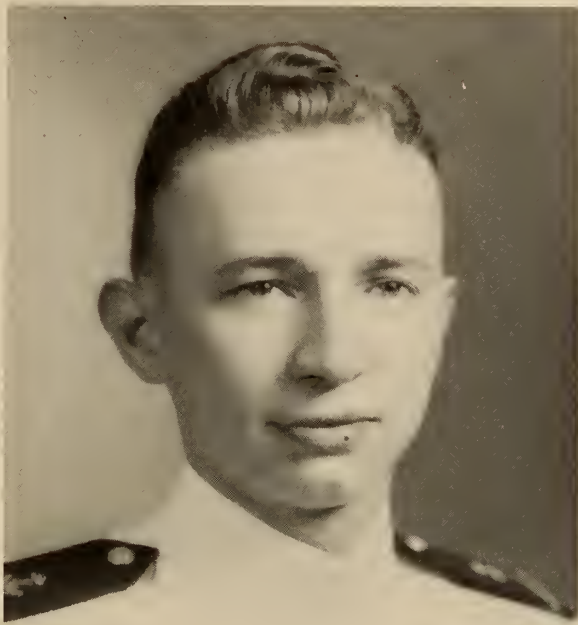


James Allan Ostiller

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Even without a third class year, Jimmy will still be a youngster to most of us since he is one of the youngest members of '48. He journeyed to Crabtown shortly after leaving high school, having spent several weeks at Purdue in the interim. Not one to actually look for an argument, he was always ready to take the other side. His extensive knowledge on matters ranging from sports to the works of Tolstoy provided answers to many indoctrination questions. His sense of humor and corny puns sparked many bull sessions. An ardent proponent of air power, he should find an outlet for his enthusiasm in Naval aviation.





Jackson Reed Pickens

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

The halls were always ringing with laughter whenever Jack was around. He will be remembered for his good humor and wit, as well as for his athletic prowess, especially in baseball and track. During the week he was able to correlate scholastic ability with a fine sense of the value of the siesta, while the week ends found him in the midst of the numerous social engagements which enabled him to achieve an unusually well-rounded life here. Cordially non-reg, he was in great demand at all our get-togethers, and was in great demand with an especial store of wisdom on the subjects of women and the sports world.



William Dixon Robertson, Jr.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

A native son of both North and South Carolina, Robbie came to the Naval Academy full of the undying spirit of his two ideals, Lee and Buchanan. Academics never bothered him and he never bothered them except when necessary. Small but speedy, Rebel was always a potent threat in the boxing ring and spent his winter days out-maneuvering and out-passing the opposition on the company football fields. He didn't care too much for dragging but found his enjoyment in a good book or a spirited game of bridge. Upon graduation Robbie will undoubtedly apply for duty on a river gunboat or ram and renew Confederate operations on the lower Mississippi.

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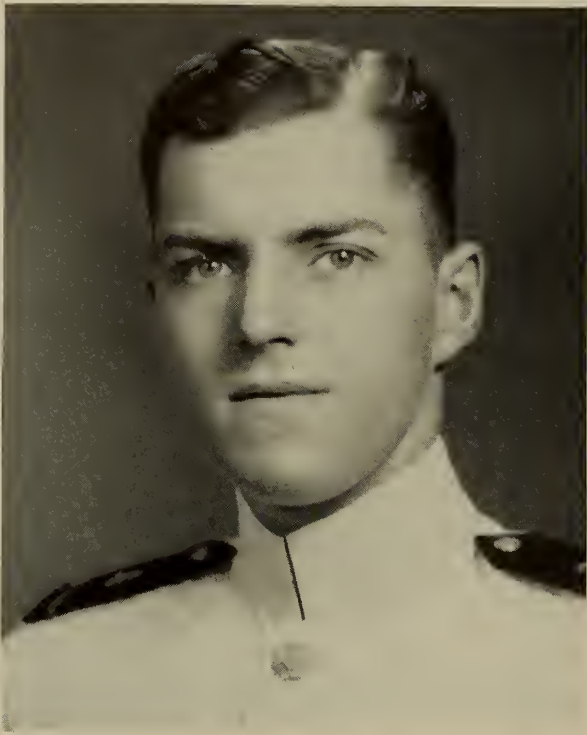
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Victor Vivian Sharpe, Jr.

TAMPA, FLORIDA

V² is a confirmed hedonist. Automobile racing and deep sea fishing off the coast of sunny Florida (whose beauty and weather he spends a major part of his time describing) are his two chief ambitions. Right now his main interest in life is built around a gal named Joan. Most of his study hours were spent either writing Joan, or designing speed boats. In addition to these talents, he shot a wicked game of billiards and even found time to win the reputation of being the outstanding linguist of the class. In subs or the gyrenes are where you're likely to find Vic after he's left Crabtown.

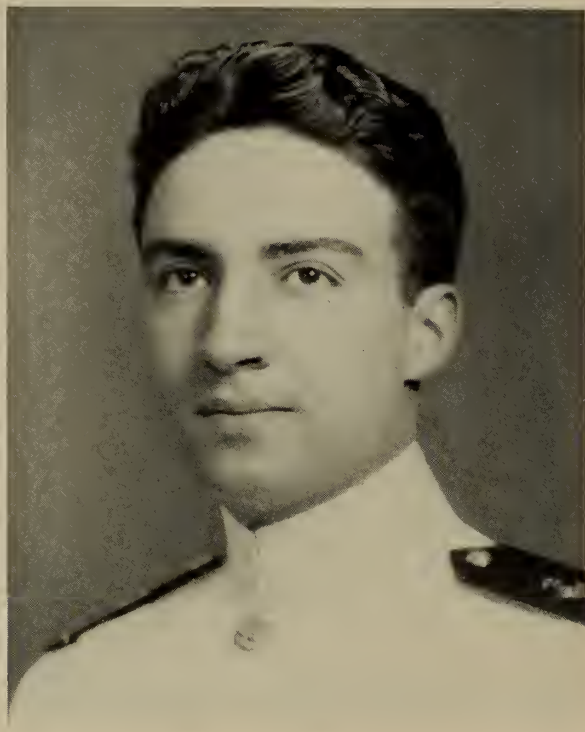




Deming Waite Smith

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Goaded by necessity into inventing a smokeless lubricant for slide rules, this dyed-in-the-wool "Bahstonian" endeared himself to his classmates by instituting a free guide service through the dismal swamp of integral calculus. Smitty's miracles in Math were equalled only by his massacre of the Russian tongue, while his love of a good briar pipe paralleled his feeling for sailing. A toothful smile, kindled by an unquenchable good humor made him Glamour Boy to his buddies, but earned him a charter membership in the flying squadron. The rare combination of executive efficiency and an affable personality should carry Smitty a long way in this man's Navy.



Sebastian Trusso

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

"Busty" Trusso made the trek from the heights of Jamestown to the Academy without realizing that the Navy menus don't include fine Italian spaghetti and ravioli. But he weathered this shock with the same commendable spirit that he used to conquer the demon academics. Busty's was always a positive personality, even dynamic at times in Bull classes, where his forensic abilities gained him many a number. His main interest in life is Candy, to whom he is completely faithful. When he isn't satisfying his sweet tooth with her daily letters, he can usually be found tangling with the circulation worries of the LUCKY BAG. A keen debater, Buster can be counted on to defend his convictions with a will.

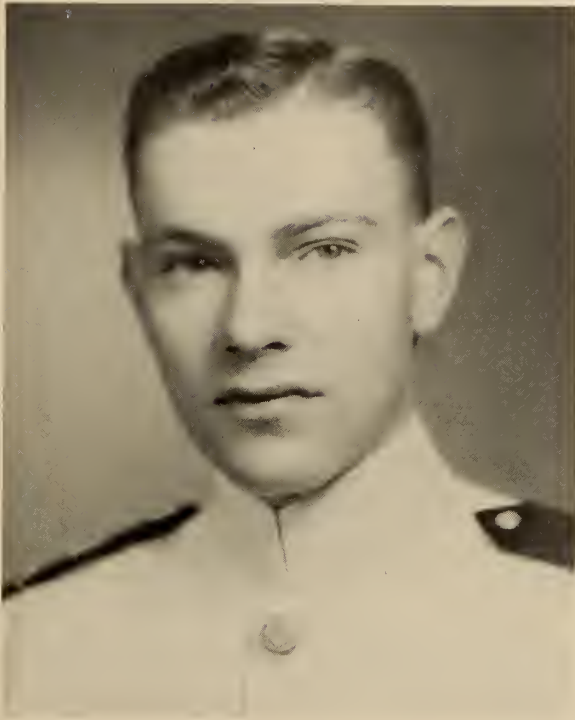


Randolph Dickinson Zelov

BRYN MAWR, PENNSYLVANIA

A former Pennsylvania Quaker from Philadelphia, Randy quickly shifted his allegiance to Navy, and started off well by starring his first year. Randy spent a great deal of time keeping the mailman busy, but he had enough left over for dragging and Varsity Rifle, though he seldom passed up a bridge game or bull session. Randy's many angelic qualities have prompted him to favor the Air Corps, for which he is well prepared, having gained valuable experience zooming for the right Steam slip. Seldom serious, his easy bantering manner is deceptive; Randy has an amazing capacity for work, and will carry more than his own load in his first love—the Navy.

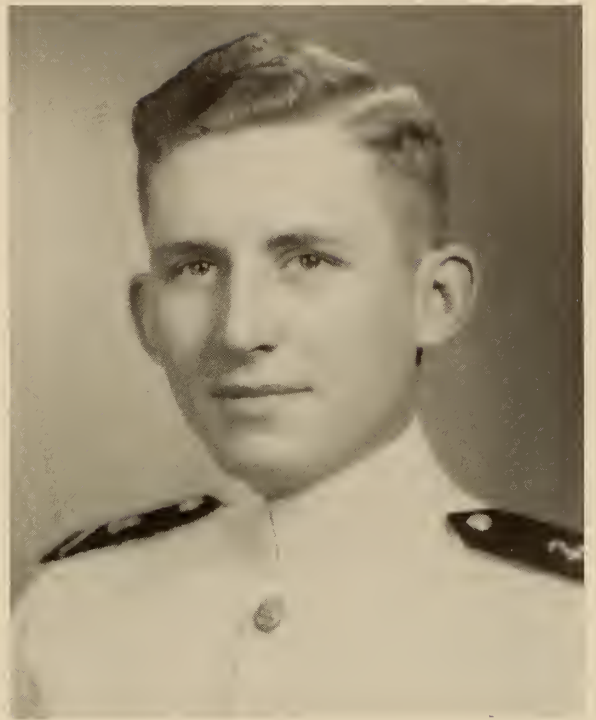




Alan Augenblick

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

If all the world were flooded by another forty-day deluge, Augie would be completely contented upon leaving his Ark if only the "Benny Goodman Sextet" remained on earth. Yes, music was his first love but it was given close competition by other more obvious types. As versatile a fellow as could be imagined, he engaged in everything from the radiator squad to the boxing ring and even earned a position on the permanent Board of Directors of our Class Flying Squadron. A staunch supporter of management, he took particular delight in sharp attacks on labor. He owned an enviable charm that gained him the admiration of all.



Richard William Bass, Jr.

DENTON, TEXAS

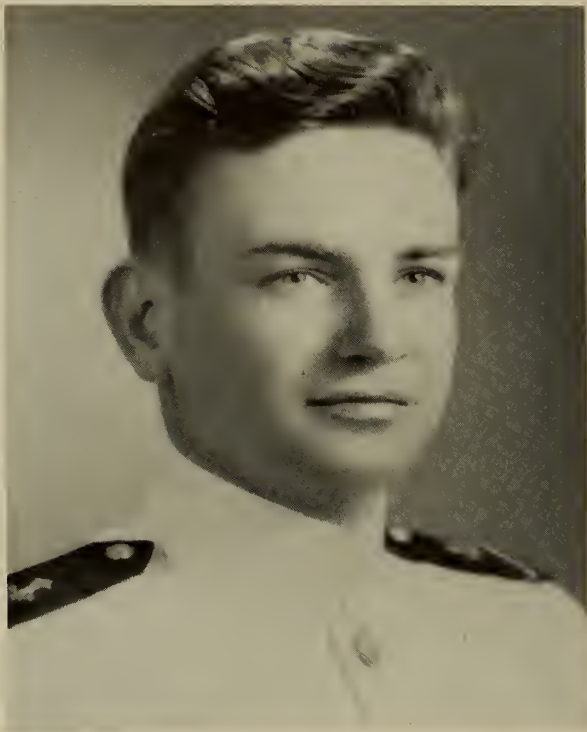
Bill is another of the many fine men sent to Crabtown from the Lone Star State. Although Bill came from the Fleet, he hadn't seen much of the ocean. Having no trouble with academics or the many complexities of Academy life, he thus found time to make three varsity letters in sailing and to play a great deal of handball. During his three-year stay, Tex had the neatest locker ever seen in Bancroft Hall. Bill had no troubles with dragging for he was true to that certain someone who waits for him in Texas. His friendliness, wit, intelligence, and neatness will carry Bill far and gain many friends for him.



Daniel Kermit Bloomfield

CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Always do your best" is Danny's motto, and his class standing is convincing evidence of the way he practiced what he preached. A Cleveland man, Dan attended the Case School of Applied Science there, and Penn State before entering the Naval Academy. But the books did not occupy all of Dan's attention. Few week ends went by that failed to find him dragging a queen or searching for records to add to his collection of classical albums; his afternoons were filled with water polo and wrestling. Danny's sense of humor and willingness to help others made him many friends throughout the brigade and will continue to do so wherever he may go.



William Levy Carpenter

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Although born in South Carolina and having a home in North Carolina, Bill considers Texas to be his real home. Before entering the Academy, he developed his mental, athletic, and social ability during a year spent at North Carolina State University. In spite of a marked preference for basketball, his wide knowledge of all sports and ability to write well were great assets to the press detail. His ability as a coach as well as that of a player showed itself in his piloting of a championship company basketball team. Bill's eternally jovial mood and quick wit made him popular with everyone, and insure his continued success in any field of endeavor.



Robert Charles Carter

SOMERSET, PENNSYLVANIA

Laddie to his mother, Carter to his O.A.O., and always Nick to the boys, this former Penn State Juice major never passed up a chance to help a classmate with a tough Math prob, to give expert counsel in matters *l'amour*, or to become a fourth at bridge. A trumpeter from high school days, Nick took time from company sports to join the newly-resurrected Drum and Bugle Corps during second class year and until graduation participated in the snappy meal formation evolutions of this group. Nick has cast his eyes on destroyer duty, and the best we can wish him is that he makes as excellent an officer as he has a friend.

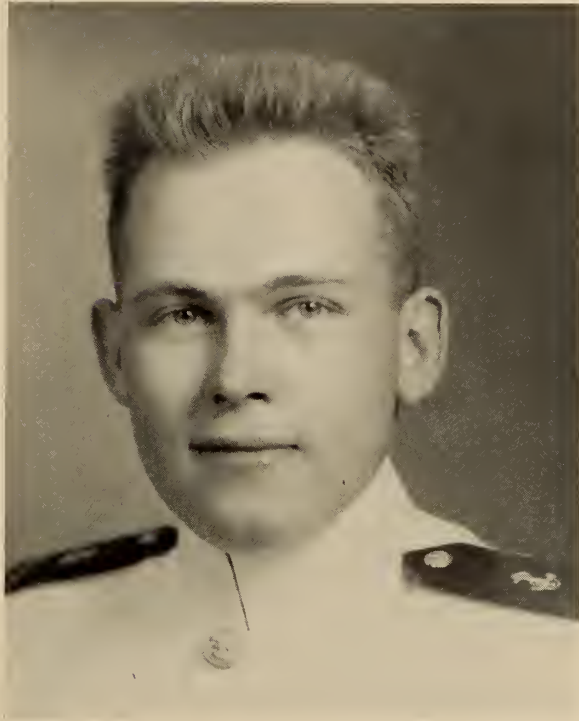


Walter Anthony DeAndrade

WEST MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Living with Californians for three years may have shortened his "a's" and removed the "r" from his "saw" but Navy life has not dimmed Spook's love for old New England. He saw some varied and interesting aspects of Navy life before he came to the Academy too. When he walked into a room with a "Wa-a-a-l, what d'ya say, little chum?," you could always count on Walt for a lot of clever humor, a full share of chipping, and a smart game of bridge. His tastes ran to old time jazz in music and to no entangling alliances where women are concerned. Spook will always be known as a true friend and a congenial shipmate.





Robert Clifford Doxey

MOLINE, ILLINOIS

When Dox left Moline to join the Navy, the Chamber of Commerce must have presented the keys of the city to him because he has been singing her praises ever since. Soon after his arrival here, Bob discovered that cards were an interesting diversion. From that time on, only final examinations delayed "a quick hand of bridge." A well-established member of the radiator club, Dox preferred a quiet afternoon in a warm room to a brisk jaunt over the obstacle course. If in the future a familiar four no-trump bid is heard from the wardroom bridge game, we'll be happy to know that he is again with us.



Robert Edward Durfos

GARY, INDIANA

Durf certainly will be no newcomer to the Fleet when he graduates, since he was a regular Navy man long before he hit Annapolis. With three years in Naval aviation behind him, he has two rows of ribbons on his chest to prove it. Bob sailed into Academy life in all its phases and specialized in sport, dragging, and reading. Any afternoon Durf could be found working out in the handball courts and he was the best player in the brigade. Happy hours were spent curled up with the latest juicy novel, and he seldom missed a hop or dragging week end. A twenty-year for sure, Durf will have a great career.

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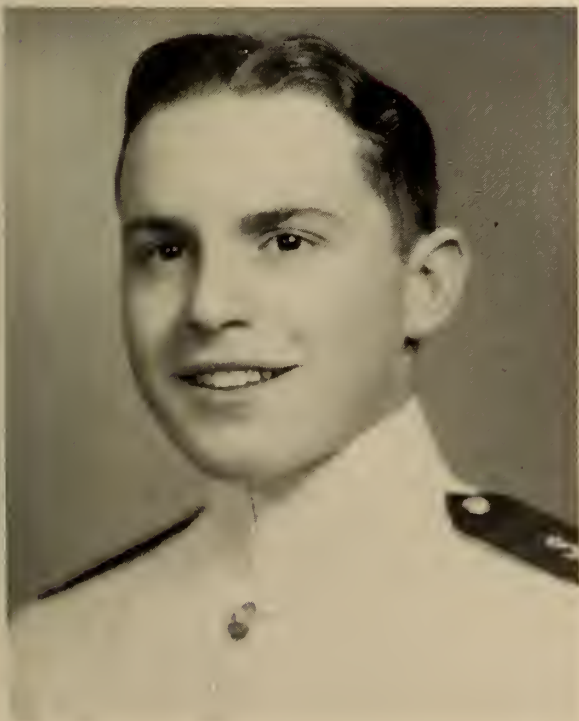
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Burton Irving Edelson

EAST LANSING, MICHIGAN

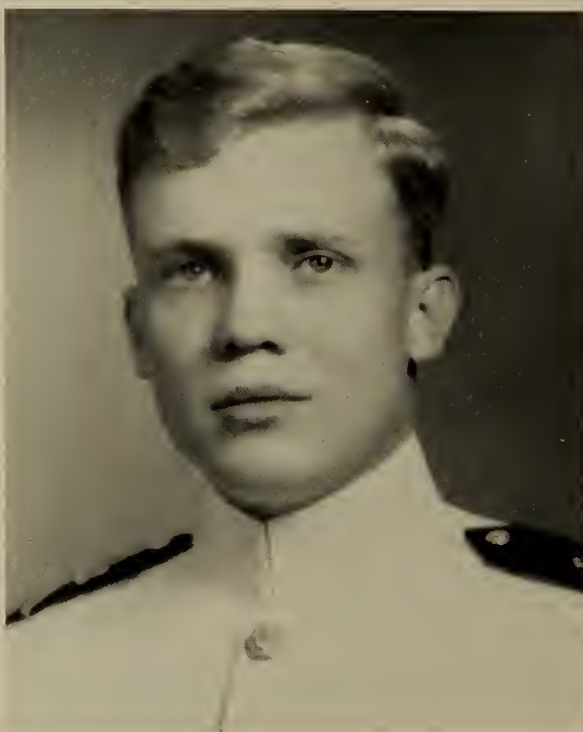
Michigan's gift to the Naval Academy was Burton Edelson, better known as Burt, the lad who said he joined the Navy to see the world. With a good academic record behind him in high school, he didn't let up at the Academy and stood high in his class. Much of his time was spent helping plebes in Math or Steam. Seldom seen without a deck of cards and a bridge book, it is rumored about that he kept score of all games won and lost in his diary. No Red Mike, pretty gals played a close second to his favorite sports, sailing and horseback riding. With his eager frankness and big brown eyes, Burt is certainly the master of his own destiny.



Robert Ray Fargo

PORTLAND, OREGON

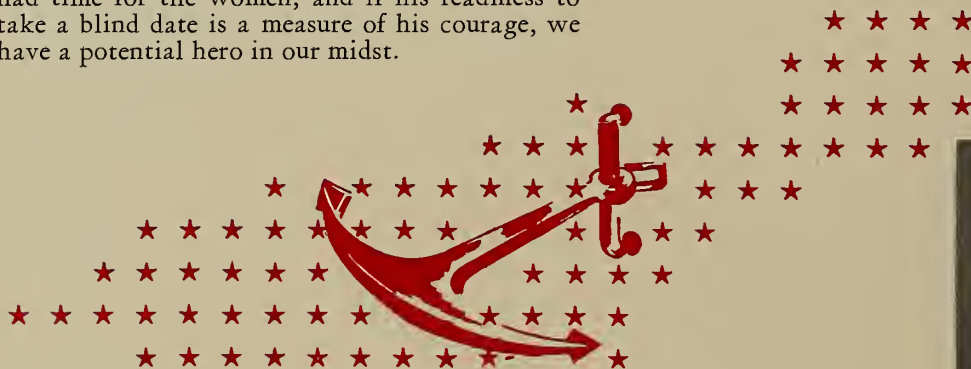
Bob came from Portland with an enthusiasm for classical music exceeded only by a keen appreciation of poetry, and both of these interests were cultivated still further during the years here at the Academy. All his spare time wasn't spent with a book or the record player, though, and a look at his bathrobe will give ample testimony of success attained with the fencing team. During off season, Bob got his exercise with the company wrestlers. Although he was a star man, he still had time for the women, and if his readiness to take a blind date is a measure of his courage, we have a potential hero in our midst.



Richard Ferguson

WINNSBORO, SOUTH CAROLINA

We had a hard time trying to convince this southern gentleman that the South didn't win the Civil War. In spite of his misconception about this point of history, Dick's years at Clemson and Georgia Tech left him with an excellent education. The effortless way that Fergy breezed through academics made him the envy of his classmates. While the rest of us would study every evening, Dick would break out the stationery. When the weekend rolled around, if Ferg wasn't dragging he could always be found in the middle of a bridge game. We all remember him as a quiet, easygoing fellow whose agreeable disposition made everyone his friend.

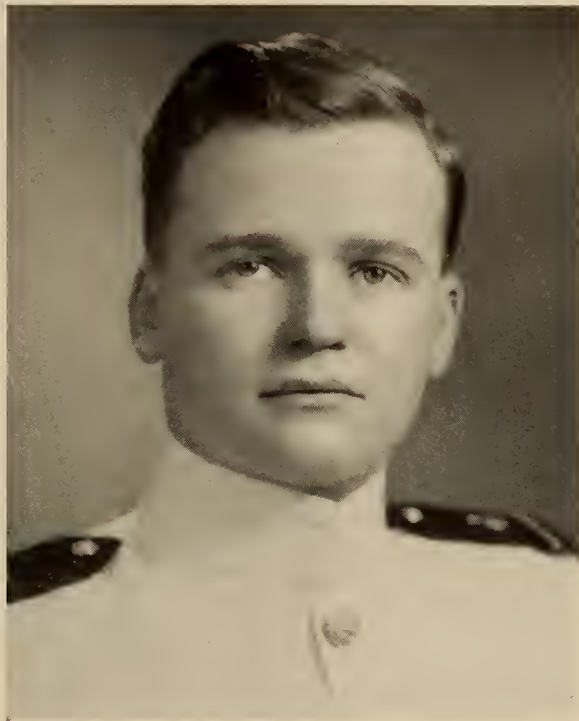


Harry Peter Jefferson

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

When the Navy's call was heard deep in the heart of the South, Marion Institute gave up one of its most aspiring "preps." From Corpus Christi, Texas, Pete brought to the Academy his knowledge of sailing any and all sorts of boats. The only Texan ever to get bowlegged sailing dinghies. Sailing, however, did not occupy all of his time; his tow-head was often seen on the pushball field and in front of the row of punching bags for the afternoon workout. A "20-year man" from birth, Jeff will be a real asset to the Navy.

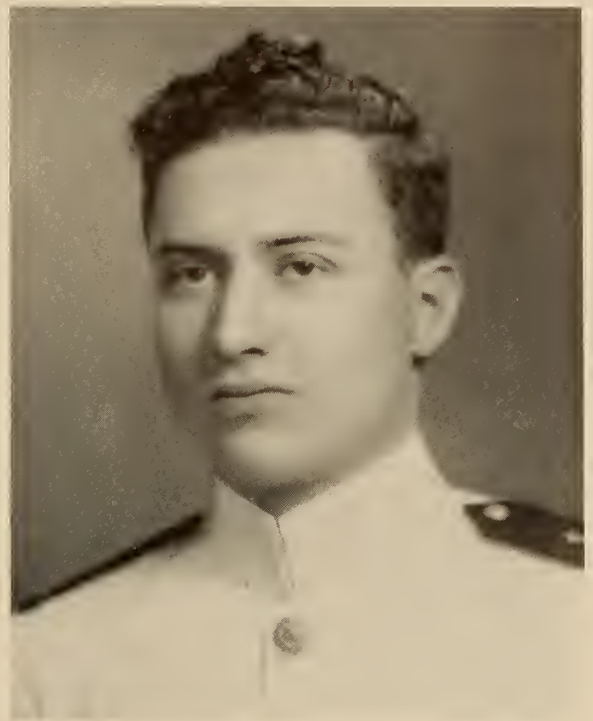




William Harris Layman

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Inheriting a natural bent for a Navy life, Bill managed to defeat his myopia and get by the physical a year after his first try. Although his youthful home ranged from Guam to the nation's capital, he claimed San Diego as his residence, and he would prove an asset to any Southern California Chamber of Commerce. Dragging just wasn't worth it, but Willie wouldn't forego wine, women, and song on leave, whether in Virginia or California. A staunch advocate of the club convention and short snatches of the sack during study hours, he had the will as well as the way socially and academically. Our nomination for the thirty-year man.



Alejandro Faccioni Marchini

CHUCUITO CALLAO, PERU

Alex came to the Naval Academy from Peru, South America. It was a particularly tough assignment to go to a strange land, learn a new language, and at the same time, excel in academics at the Academy, yet Alex managed to do just that in a manner that left only a great admiration in the hearts of all his classmates and friends. At every hop he was sure to turn up escorting a cute Spanish-speaking senorita, but he claimed that American dancing could never compare with that of South America. Alex was known for his songs and colorful accent.

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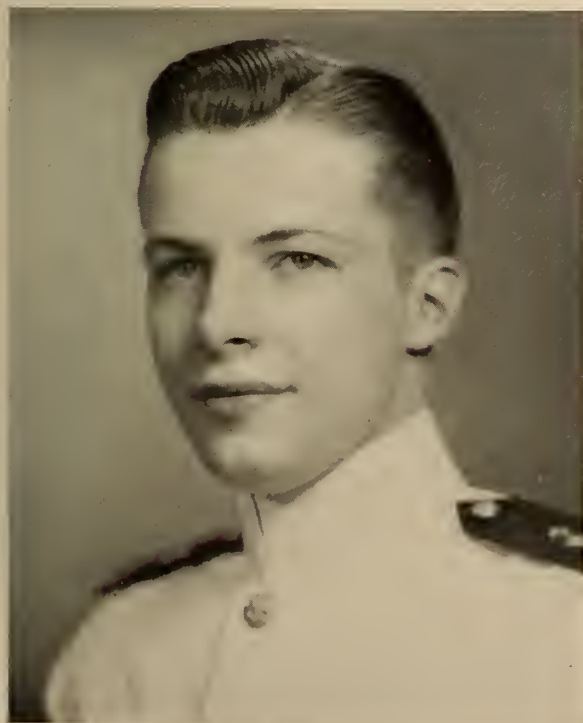
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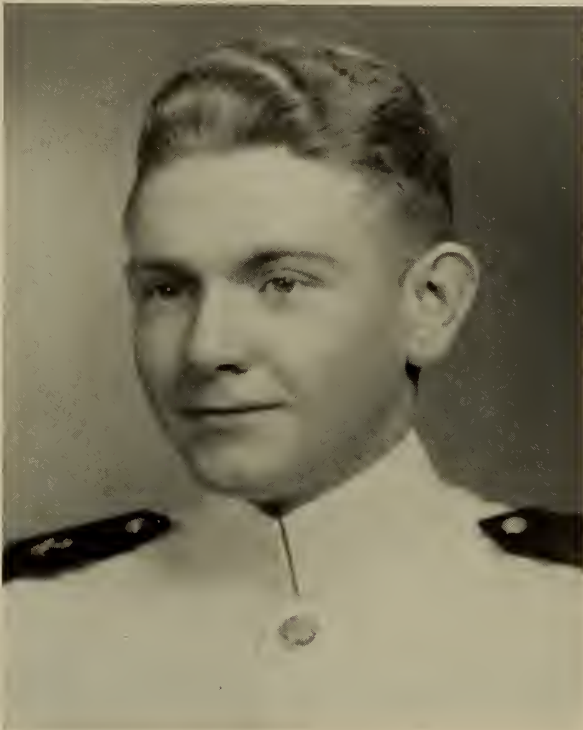
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Clarence Rexford Plank

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA



Rex, the "cosmo," Plank, after finishing high school in fair Beatrice, Nebraska, started down the long trail towards Navy wings of gold. However, the aspirant young pilot became temporarily detached from Naval Aviation in order to come to the Naval Academy. His very pleasing personality and easygoing manner have gained him many friends in the Navy. Rex's staunch diligence, application, and adeptness enabled him to do well in academics and athletics. Track, soccer, and dragging occupied most of his athletic endeavor. The future probably will find Rex, accompanied by his pipe and dog, before a fireplace reading Plato's works. Rex will be of great value in any of his future activities.



Reuben Parker Prichard, Jr.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

This amiable fellow's smile received its seemingly permanent set when Park was a none-too-tiny lad playing around in his father's back yard. His life has always been an active out-of-doors one, inherited perhaps from his father, a forestry professor. Fayetteville, Syracuse, and Syracuse University should be very proud of their product and the success he has achieved at Navy. In academics he excelled, and in addition maintained an active interest in athletics. Battalion football was his forte, but he was so versatile that he even enjoyed pushball and swimming. Naval Aviation is his first love and Park, pipe in mouth, will make friends wherever he goes.



William Laswell Rigot

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Honorary captain of the agility squad was Bill Rigot. Directly from high school and aspirations to law came this advocate of horizontal studying. He applied his photographic mind as diligently to academics as to corrections to Culbertson. However, he took time out from starring to read several magazines and books. It is difficult to say whether he considered Shakespeare or Schulman the greater writer. But as a trumpet player, Bill won most of his fame and friends—he never played. His fondness for Indianapolis, Indiana, where he was born and raised, was increased considerably by the presence there of his fiancée. The future will find Bill a success, no matter where he goes.



Robert George Roth

IOWA, CITY IOWA

Bob's battle cry for three years has been "I'm from Ioway." His pride in his native state is not exceeded even by his pride in the number of different and equally beautiful girls he has dragged. Though no star man, Bob has a mind which is capable of analyzing any problem, and a strong perseverance keeps him working until he finds the correct solution. He has a strong liking for good swing music and almost any kind of food. He keeps his uniforms and living space shipshape and his person neat. Bob's ability to get along with all kinds of people and his ever-ready smile will keep him at the top.

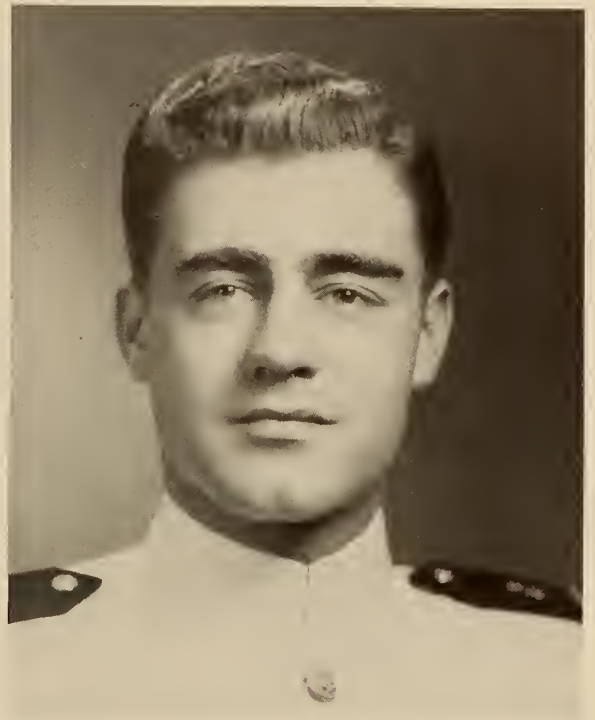




Daniel Nelson Shockey

WABASH, INDIANA

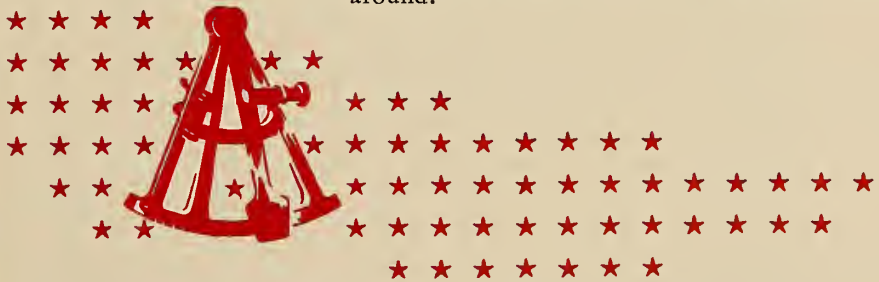
Shock is a typical "corn-fed Hoosier," who seldom lets circumstances get the better of him. He came to Navy directly from Notre Dame, where he was following his ambition to be a buzz boy. He will still find his way to the deck of a carrier if only his eyes hold out. Athletically inclined he won his numerals in both football and basketball. Although a confirmed bachelor, he spreads his benevolent personality on all womankind. Always genial, Dan will be remembered for his unruffled disposition which holds a grudge against no one, not even those who contributed to his little brick wall. Wherever he goes, this lad from Wabash will make his mark.



Alan Beauchamp Wood

DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

Woody entered the world as a Georgia "Cracker," but soon transferred his allegiance to the State of Florida. After a year at Purdue he went to the Naval Air Corps, and from there he found his way to Navy. Because of his collegiate background and alert mind Woody encountered no trouble with academics, and found time to engage in numerous extracurricular activities. He earned numerals for tennis, gymnastics, and soccer, and still had time to sing with the choir. Al looks forward to getting back into Naval Aviation, where his quiet initiative will insure success. Easygoing but serious and dependable, he's the kind of guy you want around.



William Kirby Yates

SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA

After two years as a soundman, a job for which he was well equipped, Ears left his S-boat in the Aleutians and came to the Academy. His native California could not have sent a more able representative to spread her laurels. With that cheerful smile of his, Bill could actually make you believe it never rains in California. Bill concentrated his efforts in sports to boxing in which he engaged with a tenacity and determination that earned the respect of all. His two favorite pastimes, in order of importance, were dragging Sybil and studying topics about the Navy. Congenial and serious, his friendship will long be remembered.



Ayers, W. R.
 Barton, W. H., Jr.
 Baruch, J.
 Becker, J. T.
 Berberian, L., Jr.

Brendle, W. G.
 Carter, C. C., Jr.
 Caylor, J. D.
 Conord, A. E.
 Crosby, J. S., Jr.

Dittmann, G. W.
 Dorris, C. E.
 Dunwody, K. W., Jr.
 Engel, G. R.
 Estes, L. F.

Everngam, J. L., Jr.
 Fluss, R. M.
 Goodwin, R. T.
 Gralow, F. H.
 Harris, W. H.

Hartshorn, D. L.
 Hathaway, C. E.
 Hatmaker, D. B.
 Haynes, J. C.
 Hogan, C. B.

Holstein, D.
 Hull, T. J., III
 Humphrey, H. R.
 Hurt, D. A., Jr.
 Ikard, W. G., II
 Jackson, F. D., Jr.

Jansen, A. L.
 Jensen, J. L., Jr.
 Johnston, W. E.
 Kelty, K.
 Korb, E. L.
 Langton, C. H.

FIFTH BATTALION





Agnew, R. S.
 Annenberg, T. M.
 Ardinger, R. H.
 Atkins, A. J. M.
 Bacon, J. A., Jr.
 Bailey, G. M.
 Bajus, J. C.
 Becker, B.

Bell, R. D.
 Berg, R. S.
 Berry, D. F.
 Blurton, C. H., Jr.
 Bodager, B. W.
 Brandfon, W. W.
 Brannon, P. C.
 Brett, P. L.

Brown, F. P., Jr.
 Buckingham, W. L.
 Butler, J. D.
 Campbell, Donald H.
 Carter, W. W., Jr.
 Cartmill, R. H.
 Clark, W. H., Jr.
 Clarke, H. D., Jr.

Clements, N. W.
 Collins, W. D., Jr.
 Colvin, R. R.
 Congdon, R. N.
 Conover, H., Jr.
 Cornett, F. E.
 Crawford, G. A.
 Dahlman, D. A.

Dalrymple, J. M.
 Davis, C. G.
 Davis, K. J., Jr.
 Davis, W. G.
 Dearth, W. H.
 Dennis, E. L., Jr.
 Derby, L. H., Jr.
 Devine, L. H.

Dixon, J. C.
 Dolan, J. T.
 Doverspike, R. D.
 Dwight, C. B., III
 Edmundson, J. E.
 Edwards, H. R., Jr.
 Ellsworth, P. E., III
 Emerson, S.

Fenno, E. N.
 Fishburn, J. E.
 Flynn, T. M.
 Frost, R. Floyd
 Fulton, W. McK.
 Garrison, P. A.
 Gates, D. E.
 Gerber, M. D.

Gilles, S. A.
 Glendinning, F. S.
 Grabowsky, F.
 Graham, F. W.
 Grant, W. C., Jr.
 Griffith, W. L.
 Gussow, M.
 Hall, Wayne L.

Hall, William G.
 Haskell, W. C.
 Haymaker, R. W.
 Hensler, T. P., Jr.
 Hesley, F. D., Jr.
 Hickey, C. F.
 Hodder, J. E., Jr.
 Hogan, B. C.

Horne, R. E., Jr.
 Inskeep, J. E., Jr.
 James, Robert C.
 Jefferson, A. C.

Johnson, W. J. A.
 Jones, C. M. C., Jr.
 Keays, K.
 Keihner, J. K.
 Kelley, M.
 Kenyon, J. R., Jr.
 Kindl, H. J.
 King, W. Clark

Lalor, W. G., Jr.
 Lang, L. D.
 Larson, N. O.
 Lauderdale, L. K.
 Lawler, W. G., Jr.
 Lawrence, R. T.
 Lide, T. E., Jr.
 Linder, J. B.

Lister, D.
 Lynch, J. J., Jr.
 Machell, R. M.
 Maninger, H. E.
 Mark, C. C.
 Martin, C. E.
 Maxwell, R. W.
 Mays, C. H.

McArthur, K. V.
 McElroy, R. L.
 McFeaters, J. S., Jr.
 Messenger, F., III
 Miller, B. J.
 Miller, L. V. M.
 Moon, H. R.
 Moorhead, S. B., Jr.

Mulkey, R. C.
 Murphy, J. F.
 Neely, G. M., Jr.
 Page, J. R.
 Parker, R. A.
 Parsons, T. D.
 Peterson, J. R.
 Piazza, T. J.

Plank, R. B.
 Pockack, H. A.
 Pumphrey, P. R.
 Read, W. G., Jr.
 Roberts, G. G.
 Roman, P. D.
 Rowe, R. E.
 Salomon, R. J.

Sanders, E. D.
 Schuman, E. P.
 Shealy, O. C., Jr.
 Sieck, J. P.
 Sivinski, R. E.
 Smith, J. H. B.
 Somerville, W. H.
 Sprague, D. H.

Stein, C.
 Stewart, R. E.
 Still, D. M.
 Strange, A. T.
 Stringfellow, R.
 Stuart, H. M., Jr.
 Summer, G. W., Jr.
 Sweitzer, H. F., Jr.

Taylor, J. Z.
 Thiele, M. H.
 Thomson, A. D.
 Twilla, J. K.
 Venning, E., Jr.
 Walters, T. J.
 Watkins, F. T., Jr.
 Weaver, R. B.

Wherry, D. C.
 Williams, E. E.
 Wittschibe, D. W.
 Yingling, A. R., Jr.



FIFTH BATTALION

6

Т Н В А Т Т





A L I O N





Twenty-first Company



Twenty-second Company



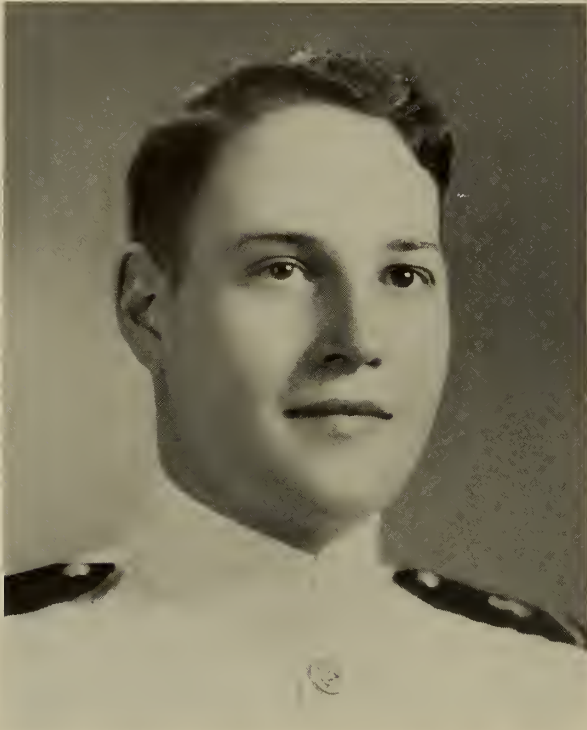


Twenty-third Company



Twenty-fourth Company





Charles Smith Alexander, Jr.

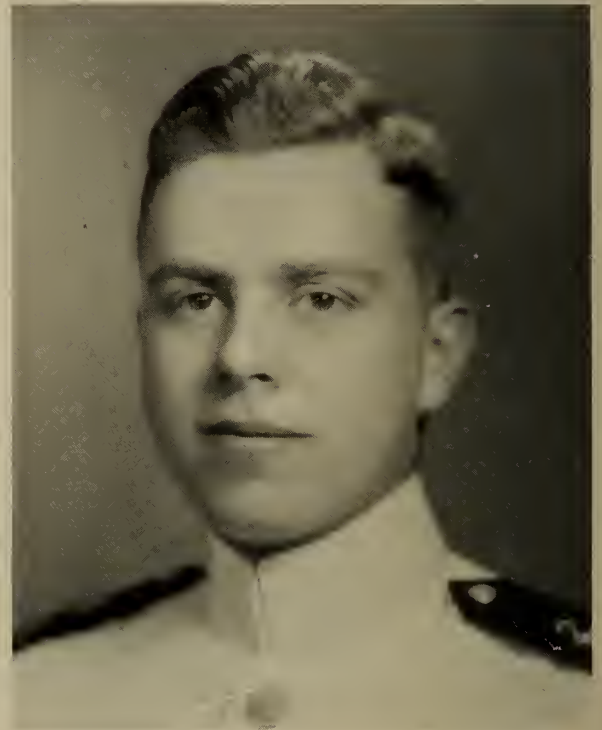
AT LARGE

"But this is the straight dope, straight from the Captain's wife." That's Aleck; always giving out with the latest bum dope in the bull sessions. Making the jump from high school to Annapolis is no small task, but Chuck succeeded so well that he snatched his stars in the process. This Navy junior has no place he can really call his home town; nevertheless, he has looked with longing eyes toward Jacksonville, Florida. When not enthusiastically engaged in making the rope climb, Aleck is usually found near his radio with some good music blaring forth. We expect much from this genial lad in his chosen profession.

George Franklin Ball

RICHMOND, INDIANA

A big help during plebe year is a talented classmate to add color to your happy hours; such a classmate is Pelota, who with the aid of his trombone made many Sunday night happy hours successful. He finds another use for his instrument in the Academy Pit Orchestra as a mainstay of the brass section. Not one to confine his interests solely to music, he spends much of his precious free time playing tennis, and managing the tennis team. With a particular liking for the underwater Navy, he plans to make his career in the submarine service, where his quick wit should make many friends.



Richard Earl Bryan

SCOTTSLUFF, NEBRASKA

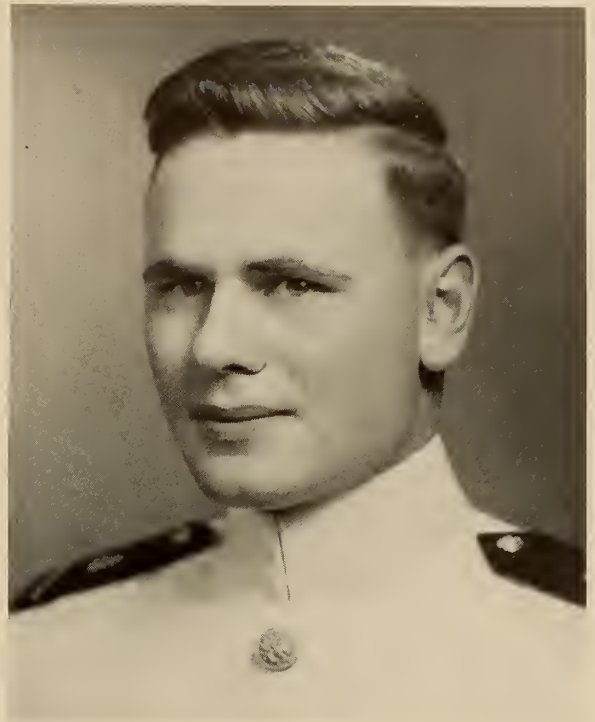
Being from a land-locked state, Dick quite naturally was attracted to the sea. This attraction deepened as he first glimpsed the Naval Academy. But then came plebe year, and it wasn't very pleasant. "Whoops! Book got the wrong answer again." That meant second class year with the Master making hokus-pokus on his slip stick. But easing through academics consumed the least of his time. If there was a hop, there was an even chance Dick would be there. However, sports appealed to him most—particularly track, in which he excelled. In the evenings, it was a good pipe session—enjoying his own or breaking in a friend's.



Frank Winston Corley, Jr.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

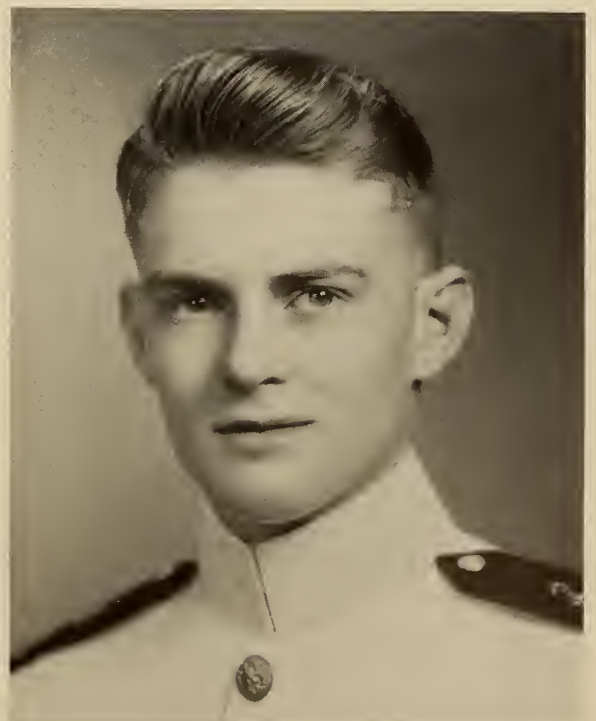
A loyal Southerner, Hank was proud of his Virginia background to the extent of sewing a Confederate battle flag on his Army B-robe. An active mind and some time at Richmond University made academics pure fruit for him. Although he always preferred a hop or a game of football to a Steam book, the scorekeeper's final tally usually rated him high in his class. His yen for sailing and sack drill still left Hank time to cultivate many lasting friendships of both sexes during his tour at the Academy. The Naval Air Corps will soon regain this man from "down where the South begins."



Nello Alphonso Da Rodda

SUMMIT HILL, PENNSYLVANIA

Nello came to Annapolis with two years of previous Fleet experience. His supply of repartee was seemingly inexhaustible. Unfailingly he took a last-minute glimpse at the books before going to class. His athletic prowess was well exhibited as the man behind the varsity oarsmen, a husky coxswain. If he wasn't calling "stroke," he flaked out. Irish took to Dago like a duck to water. His opinion of extra duty was that "when it rains, it pours!" Navy could usually find something to occupy his free time. Nello hopes to enter the air corps and/or submarines after graduation.



Richard Mains Evans

SHELBYVILLE, INDIANA

Dick—Dippy to his many friends—has always been active in sports—particularly on the handball court, the basketball floor, or in the pool. Sports are the only things that can pry him away from his T. Dorsey records. Built like a willow wand, he proved on cruise that he is not likely to blow overboard in heavy weather. His pet aversion is messhall meat loaf, which is evidenced by his dining out on week ends. If one were to ask Dick what his ambition in life is, he would tell him that raising a lot of young 'uns on good old Hoosier soil is the best thing he can think of.



John Craig Fry

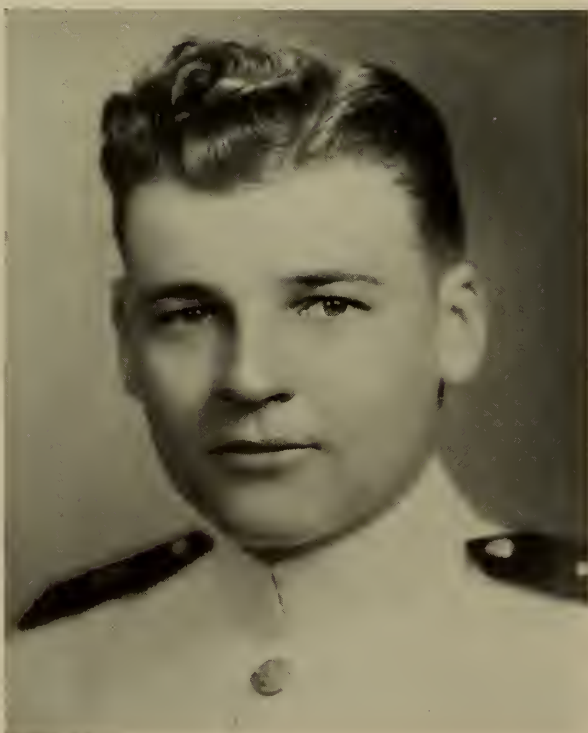
PORTLAND, OREGON

This fair-haired, reserved lad came to the hectic life of the Academy from the easygoing vastness of the Pacific Coast. The change was beneficial, since most week ends found him a member of the flying squadron—just back after a last minute farewell. When not busily dodging squash balls, John is a regular ham andegger on the lacrosse field. With all his outside activities, John still managed to give the academics the run-around and was always near the top. The Navy is John's immediate future, but his ambition has long been a position in the State Department as a member of the diplomatic corps.

Thomas Howard Galbraith

BREMERTON, WASHINGTON

Tom, ever ready with a sympathetic ear, a bit of information, or a sound lecture on advantages in the Navy, never seemed to have a worry. Gus, as his father would have it, found academics no strain and devoted his spare time to letters, dragging, and bridge. Reveille was the hardest part of the day, for the quiet, amiable lad never got enough sleep. But once up, his easygoing spirit kept even the dark ages bearable. He liked sports but lacked the energy connected with them unless the sport was crew, a sport he ate, slept, and talked. Tom's future is a certainty; his success only a matter of time.



Rowland Ivins Haines, III

HADDONFIELD, NEW JERSEY

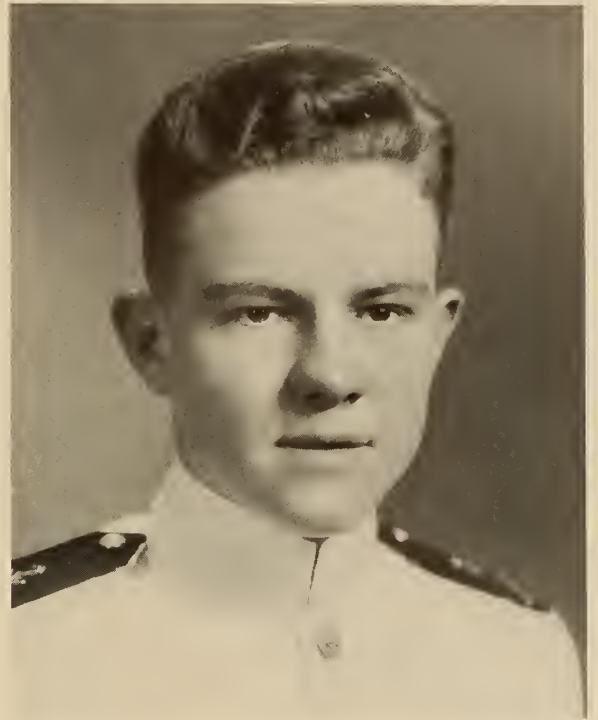
With a never-say-die spirit that enabled him to endure two years of preparation for entrance to the Academy, and finally entering from the Fleet, Mike managed to surmount the academic and executive obstacles. When not busy acquiring sack time, writing letters, or playing solitaire, he would divert his physical prowess to water polo, pushball, and handball, at which he was very adept. Sailing was his specialty, and when the boats were in the water he was always in them—at least when he was not busy keeping his social activities up to date.



Robert King Hammann

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Bob's barbaric "Is you is or is you ain't my baby" will always be remembered as Navy's own gift to music appreciation. Always ready to entertain the upperclass with his rasping melodies, Rock was a well-indoctrinated plebe. However, difficulties never kept Bob from enjoying himself. He took the bad with the good and contributed his bit of cheer into the lives of his classmates. Not exactly the academic type, he often found time to participate in gymnastics, sack out, or work at his hobby, aviation. Bob shows much greater aptitude for a Naval career than for singing amorous songs.



Thomas Bibb Hayward

GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

Have you ever seen a smile as beaming as the legendary sunshine in California? A good joke or anything tickling the funny bone would be sure to bring out the abundant sense of humor possessed by this genial ambassador from the West Coast. A confirmed buzz-boy, T. B. has had many enjoyable hours in the air and is itching to return upon graduation. Never one to waste an idle moment, Tom is quite a physical culture fiend, beside keeping up with the Book of the Month and mastering the complexities of bridge.

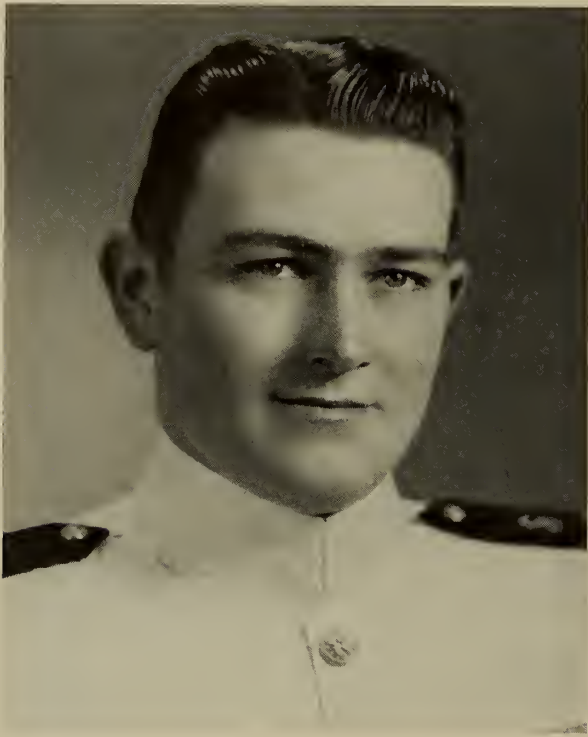


Ivan Himmel

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Ivan even plays bridge the Navy Blue and Gold way—with a gouge, not the BuPers, of course, but old Ely's. Chicago didn't lose much wind when Ivan left, for he's very quiet, except when wowing us with his subtle humor. For his three years at the Academy, Ivan and academics have successfully stood on "The Razor's Edge." During plebe year Ivan went out for crew, and during the last two years he went out for *Heavy Dragg*ing and the development of scientific bridge signalling. For some strange reason, Ivan suddenly began reading Freud and losing himself in psychology books.





Edgar Allen Hollister

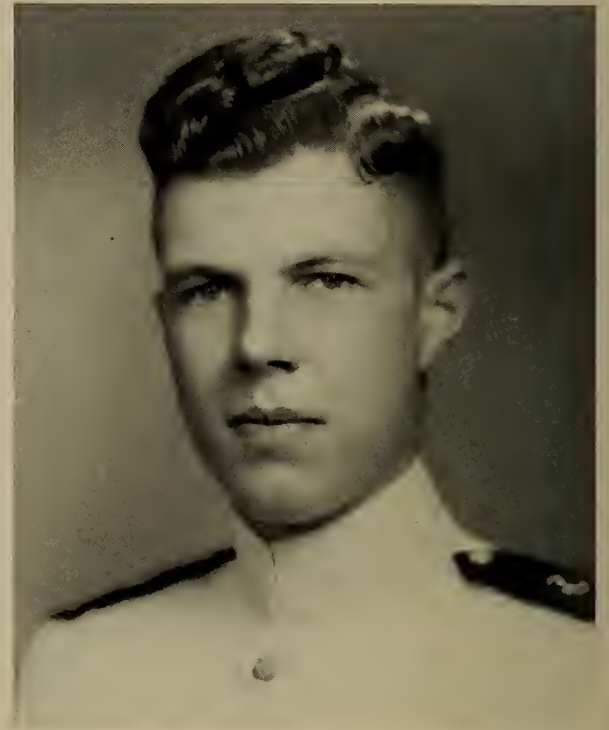
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Holly is one of the saltier members of our class. He came to Navy via the Department of the Pacific and the Naval Academy Preparatory School. Being a true Montezuma Kid, he aspires to great heights in the Marine Corps. As far as extracurricular activities are concerned, Holly is equally at home on the football field or sacked out proclaiming the merits of Southern California. His spare time is spent by swimming, wrestling, playing pushball, or with his *Book of Virile Verse*. Ashore or at sea, this broad-shouldered Californian will prove to be a real Marine.

H. Reid Hunter

RANGER, TEXAS

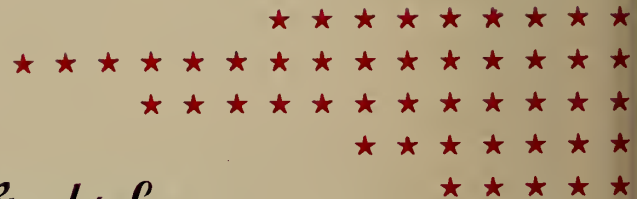
We often wonder how Reid ever tore himself away from those beautiful women who he says are so plentiful in Texas. Except in spring, when a young man's fancy turns to tennis—and other things, his favorite pastime was that old familiar sack drill. Whenever a plebe wanted to know anything about sports, and of course Texas, he knew where to go to get the dope. Reid was always ready for a hand of bridge or a good bull session, for which he was full of tales about his Baylor University days. Reid's big problem is whether to stay in the U.S. Navy or join the Texas Navy.



Harry Brooks Lee

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Whenever we hear a rousing chorus of "Into the Air Junior Birdmen," we know it is dedicated to Harry, who abandoned his career as an Army Air Corps Cadet to don the Navy Blue. His love for flying was so great that more than once he kept his drag waiting patiently on Saturday afternoon while he flew at the air station. Harry can draw a plane as well as fly one, and many of his sketches have appeared in the *Log* and *Trident*. Nor does his artistic talent stop there. Varga and Petty would be as envious as we were, if they were continually inspired by his luscious locker door pinups.



William Bryan McGinty, Jr.

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

Bill is an old "Sooner" man who came to Navy via the University of Oklahoma and V-5. He brought along the natural trait of all Westerners—that of being an excellent conversationalist. In all bull sessions, McGinty was there holding his own against the boys. The remainder of his spare moments were spent either in bunk time or in football scrimmage. All of us of the old 14th will never forget him and his perpetual five o'clock shadow. We hope his "I couldn't care less" attitude and ingrained fly boy complex keep him close to the top in the future as they have during his years at the Academy.



Robert Louis Milholland

EVERETT, WASHINGTON

Since Bob hails from the "rowing state," he naturally participated in crew at the Academy. For never let it be said that a Washington man doesn't row! Always laughing and full of life, Dutch is a walking vitamin. When not slashing, Bob plays handball, swims, or works out at the gym. Naval Aviation is his O.A.O., and many of his Saturday afternoons were spent in scraping Annapolis rooftops. Bob was in the V-5 program for over a year before entering the Academy, but he was always bashful about wearing his ribbons. He managed successfully to pull down his share of demerits—along with high grades.

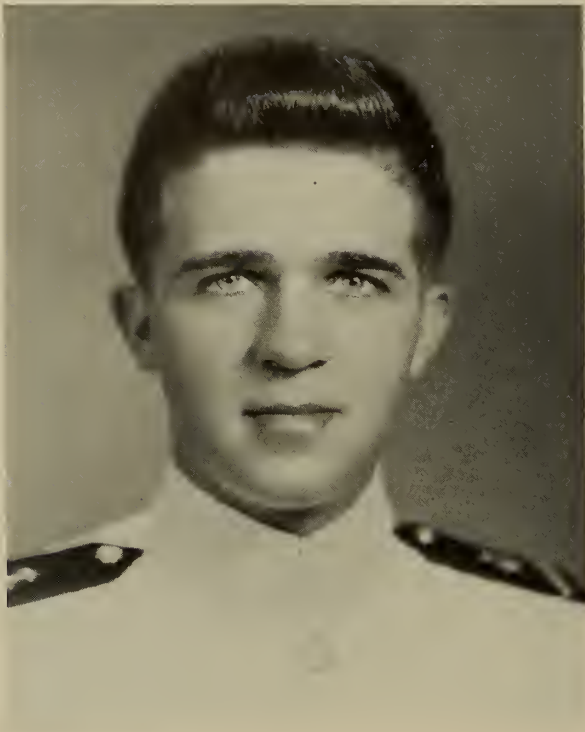


Perry Waldemar Nelson

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Coming to the Academy via the University of Washington's wind tunnel and basketball courts, Perry found that there was a little difficulty connected with standing well in both academics and athletics here. As a result, he widened his athletic field to include crew, and still had enough time to battle the Executive Department on behalf of his classmates—and did a good job of both. Nels was indeed a valuable man to have around. Whether you needed help on a rough Skinny prob, a fourth for bridge, or someone to drag Cousin Julia's two-headed roommate, he always came through.





Frank Richard Pirkey

RICHARD, LOUISIANA

Frank decided to bring his enviable gift of dead-pan humor to Annapolis for a little Navy polish after it had acquired a distinctive Army tinge. A savoir? Let's let it pass by saying that he faired well in academics with little strain. His field was writing, in which we all expect noteworthy achievements from Frank. With regularity Pirk would get in shape during the week by his above average swimming ability, only to undo all on the week end by a dragging schedule confusing even to him. A background of military home-life has given Frank a cosmopolitan philosophy which places him high on anyone's must list of friends.

Arnold Leslie Silverman

ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

Without any previous experience, Arnie worked up the ladder to become one of the best gymnasts on the varsity gym team, and he is better with the rings than Tommy Manville. When not working out in the gym, Arnie can be found playing his accordion, sitting in on a bridge game, or reading reviews of New York plays. Being a Los Angeles aborigine, he became accustomed to Maryland weather more readily than most of us. His cleverness and quick wit make him one of the most popular men in his company. Arnie had quite a struggle with swimming tests, but when it came to academic tests, he was a master.



Thomas Edward Vernon

DAVID CITY, NEBRASKA

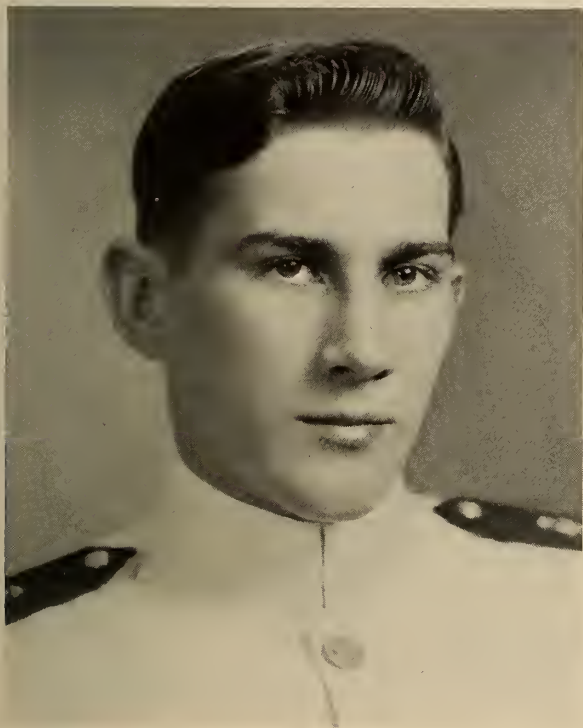
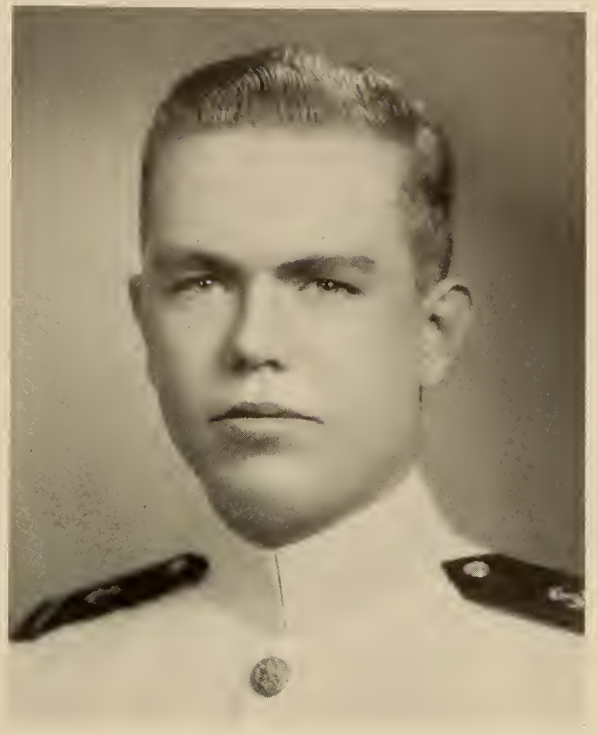
In the summer of 1944, Tom was only a few short months from a reserve commission, but like the rest of us, he thought that the Academy and regular service were the things for him. He then proceeded to make himself an integral part of our life here at Navy. A past master at battling the breeze, his special forte is championing the cause of his beloved Nebraska. Although there is not much water in his home state, he somehow learned to dive, and now his spare time is usually spent in the Natatorium. Here's hoping his trick Math and physics formulae work in the Fleet as well as they have here.



Bernard Parke Williams, Jr.

CULPEPER, VIRGINIA

Willie came to the Academy via prep school, and after a hard year of plebe Bull and Steam, he decided the place was sheer fruit. With his Virginia drawl and easy manner, Beep never failed to enliven a bull session, and he divided the rest of the time between his two loves, the sack and women. A proficiency with the slipstick kept the academics above 2.5 and his drag rating was even better. This same ability will carry him over the rough spots of shipboard life, and his desire to learn and accept his share of responsibility will make him a good shipmate and a credit to his chosen profession.



Joseph Stephen Bartos, Jr.

LORAIN, OHIO

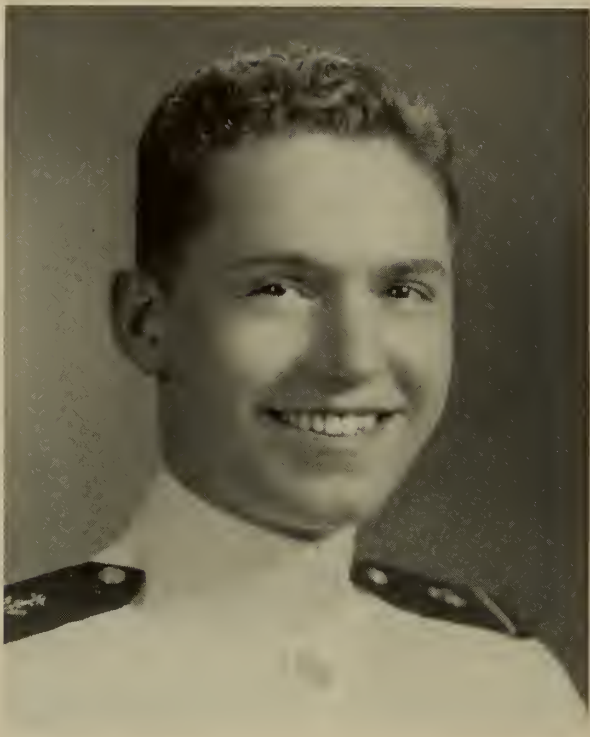
The University of Notre Dame lost an up-and-coming athlete when Joe migrated from the "Fighting Irish" to come to the grounds of the Naval Academy, although it was probably a good thing because the wild life and chicken coop windows in the outlying farmlands were taking a beating from his 12 gauge shotgun. The term Red Mike could never be applied to Joe, for to him O.A.O. meant one and only. All of us who watched him on the football field saw Joe at his best—fighting hard with a determined will to win. But win or lose his ready wit was enjoyed by all of his classmates.



Arthur Clemons Bigley, Jr.

BUTTE, MONTANA

When Pete finally decided to forsake his life as an Indian guide in the wilds of Montana he brought with him a no-strain attitude and settled down to a full life of track, yawl trips, and dragging week ends with academic routine interfering annoyingly. Ace's ability as a track star, enhanced by long experience and a longer pair of legs, gave rise to three outstanding years on Navy's championship track teams. Brilliantly practical, impossible to anger, Pete's philosophy of life can be summed up by three words, "Play it cool." As scholar, athlete, and friend Pete cannot fail to succeed.



Robert Shanor Chadima

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Born and raised on Iowa corn, Cedar Rapids' gift to the Navy was R. S. Chadima. Entering with a strictly light strain attitude Bob soon became an ardent member of the radiator squad on which he was senior man. Having a quick smile and a warm personality, he was soon surrounded by a host of friends. Study hour always found him on the sack dreaming of ways to double the capital of the family ice plant. Being well above average in his studies, Bob found little trouble in evading the snares of the Academic Departments that caught most of us. Bob should soon add more stripes to that first wide one.

Charles Henry Dean, Jr.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

This rebel is a most interesting sample of the skillful production of Knoxville and the Fijis at Tennessee. Witty and keen, Chili invariably bristles with ready repartee and snappy comeback. No Bancroft conference was complete without his commentaries, ironic or otherwise. For Chili those Navy-blue Mondays held no terrors since he had a habitual good humor. An easygoing personality won him new friends to supplement old ones of both sexes—and he never scored below 3.6 on dragging. Talented in athletics and especially in track, the race back to Bancroft after hops didn't prove as grueling to Chili as to most of us.



Wesley Dale Ennis

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

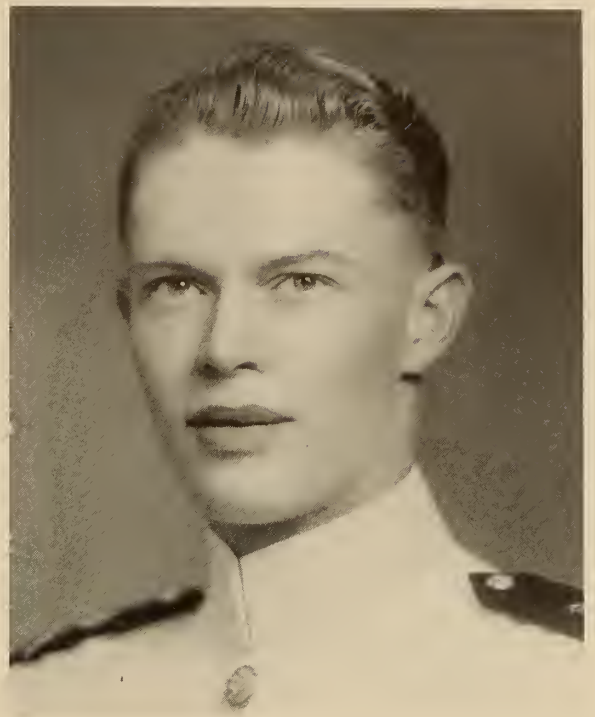
Bud came to Navy singing something about "Good Ol' Kansas," and sounding like a dust storm. Three years later he graduated one of the highest in the class. During the interim he became an excellent sailor (earning his command as a plebe), made so many friends that his room was like Grand Central Station, and developed into such a fine party man that no party was complete without him. Bud gave much of his spare time to helping those who were less savvy. His good nature and ready wit aided us all through the Dark Ages. Now it seems that he will be as acclimated on the sea as he was in Kansas.



Cloyd Wayne French

SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

Frenchy is commonly known as an "angle-man," figuring them all out, both for the evasion of the system and for his semi-professional hobby, photography. If he isn't snoozing, he's hunting for an assignment for the LUCKY BAG. Brush haircuts are his biggest peeve, since he remembers his hairdo during second class cruise. The brain trust continually related sea stories about the University of Michigan to some forlorn plebe. Versatility is his menu; he ran steeplechase, played company football, and flipped in gymnastics. He makes a good fourth in bridge, except he's Omar the Daydreamer when under the enchantment of his O.A.O.



Peter Gengor

PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY

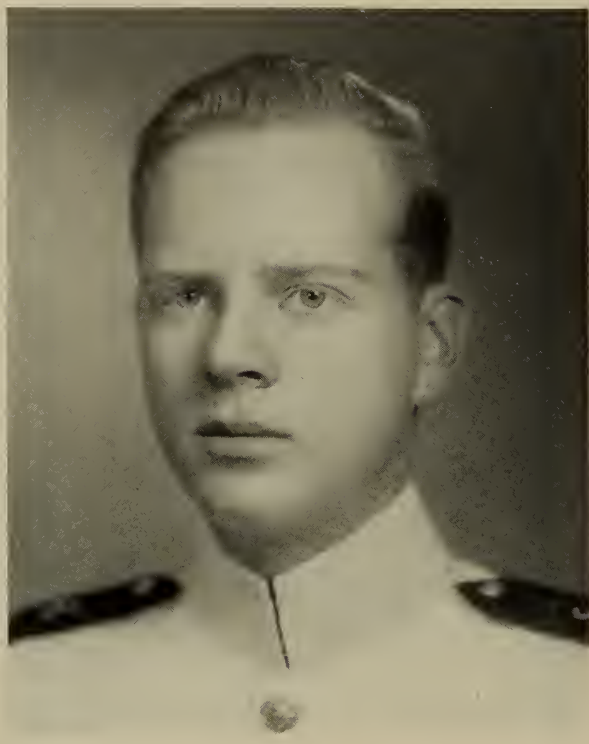
Plebe year might have slowed Pete down a little, but as soon as those diagonal stripes arrived he started making up for it. Hailing from the "wilds" of New Jersey, he was never the one to pass up a good thing, and week ends usually found him dragging some beautiful young thing (of which he seemed to have an endless supply) around the yard. Academics caused him no particular worries and when not on a diving board he always made straight for his super-sack. Besides sleeping, Pete became notorious for the seemingly endless amount of food he could stow away within the limited time allowed for meals in the messhall.



Norman Thurlow Hornsby

YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA

The man with the accent is obviously a Virginian, and a pretty good man to represent his state here. Norm is usually willing to shoot the breeze with the boys on most any topic. He does all right for himself at the hops since he has a well developed dance floor technique. A fiend for staying in shape, he spends the afternoons in the gym or wrestling loft. We will remember him as the man who always welcomes you to his room, or wherever he may be. His southern personality is perfect, and he smiles continuously, so that anyone with him who doesn't find himself smiling happily is just plain inhuman.



Jack Dellis Jones

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

J. D., the amiable gentleman of the West, has succeeded in convincing everyone of the outstanding merits of his own Oklahoma City—crossroads of the world. And in case there were matters pertaining to religion, philosophy, law, dragging, partying, or chow, he was the sage. Famous in plebe year for his talent in public speaking, he became one of the outstanding members of the debating team and Quarterdeck Society. Socially, J. D. was the spark of our Bancroft abode where no session had the right touch unless he was there. We'll always remember this likeable guy who's going to do well anywhere.

James Howard Larson

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Howie, the red-headed Irishman, left the Irish of Notre Dame to devote his talents to the Navy. If you want to start a good argument, however, say something about the poor quality of Notre Dame football teams. Facts and figures will flow at you like water out of a broken dam. At other times, you will find Howie in the best of spirits and a fellow easy to get along with. The girls think he is a pretty nice guy. (They like the dimple on his chin.) He "hates" women and spends as little time away from them as possible. The "Howie" smile will make new friends anywhere.



Baldomero Lopez

TAMPA, FLORIDA

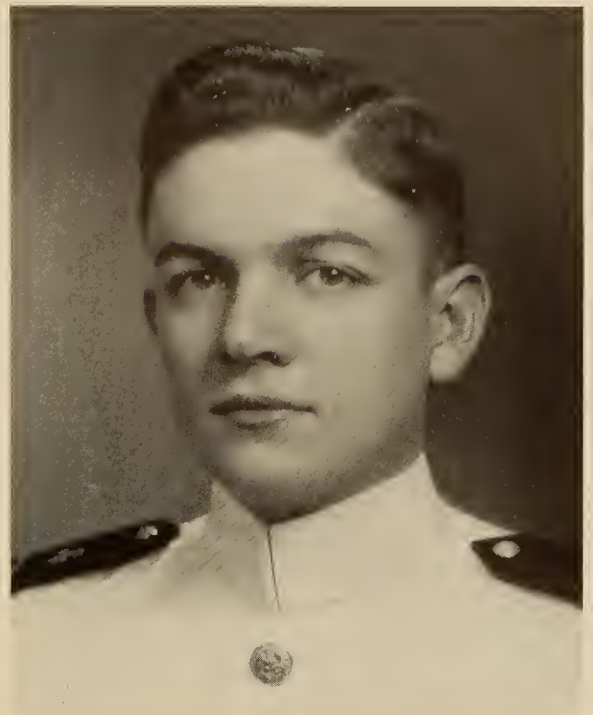
Being one of the biggest hearted, best-natured fellows in the brigade has won Lobo a vast number of friends. Even the Executive Department seemed to take a liking to him for he very seldom spent his free time under their martial supervision, and anyone in trouble with a week-end watch was always able to find him willing to help out. A ready partner for any type of athletics, Lobo didn't favor social life, but was always willing to discuss the merits of a prospective drag. The Marines have captured Lobo's heart, and we know that he will be a successful officer.



Robert Meredith Lucy

PARMA, MISSOURI

Bob joined the ranks from Columbia Military Academy and was a faithful son of the "Show Me" state. Many of us remember him for his constant inflow of letters at all mail calls, but most knew him as the ruler of plebe haven. His sports prowess was developed early in plebe year and he proved to be a natural in the art of gymnastics and track. As an expert marksman with a gun, he was known to all as "Luger Luggin' Luce." Bob didn't drag often but faithfully awaited leave and June Week to see his O.A.O. Bob will always rate tops wherever his life's travels may lead.



John Whitefield McAdams, Jr.

CORSICANA, TEXAS

Mac, as everyone calls him, is a typical Texan; proud of his state and everything about it. He is not exactly the athletic type, but instead he prefers to spend his extra time playing and experimenting with electricity. He hopes someday to be a research engineer in electronics. Having studied two years at the University of Texas, Mac found academics quite fruity. He is one of the few midshipmen who through the years here at the Academy, has been true to that O.A.O. Yes, marriage upon graduation is definite for him. Of a Texan they say, "Once a friend, always a friend."

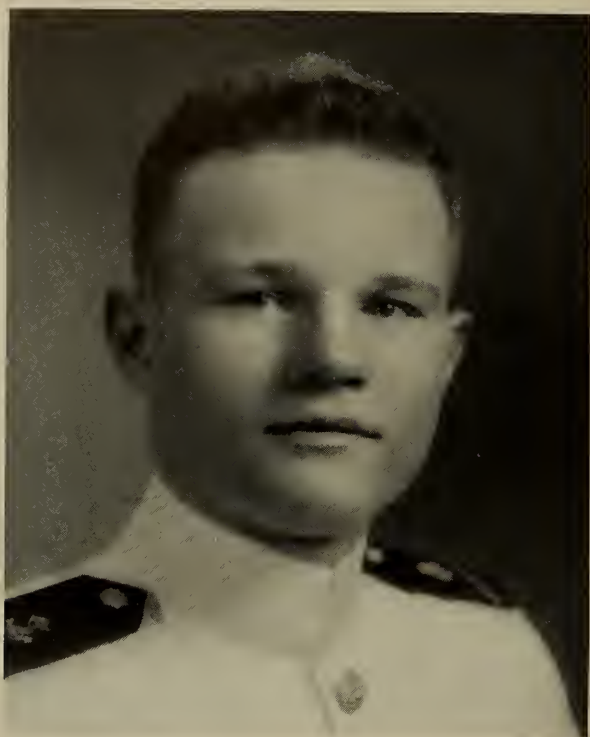


Robert Nicholson Mitchell, Jr.

BOLIVAR, TENNESSEE

From Bolivar, "close to Memphis," Tennessee, Mitch came to the Academy with more than his share of the old Blue and Gold. During plebe summer, Mitch took up track, and in spite of his "I hate to run" motto, he ran right through three years of Academy life. Although the academic grind proved no obstacle to this savvy son of the South, anyone interested can find his Dago book at the bottom of the Severn. Mitch's big-heartedness and always-willing-to-do-a-favor manner made him everybody's friend. From Crabtown to the far China Station, this Navy-loving twenty-year man is certain to find success in the Fleet.





George Rod Parish, Jr.

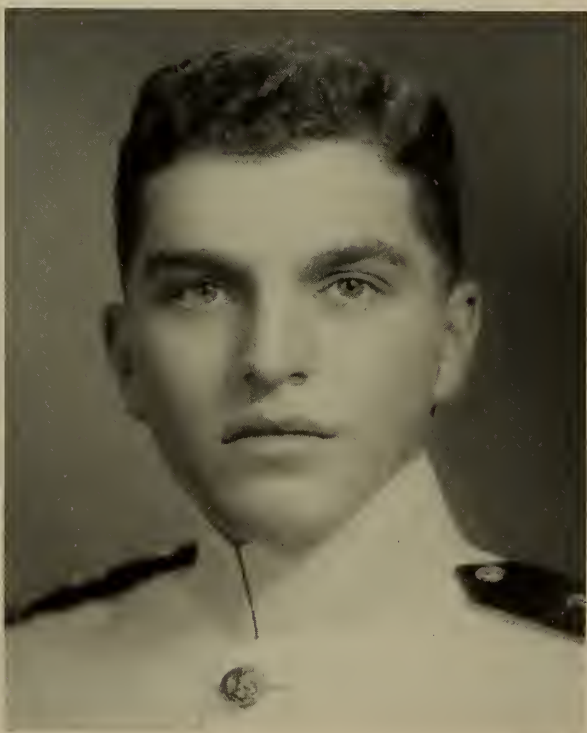
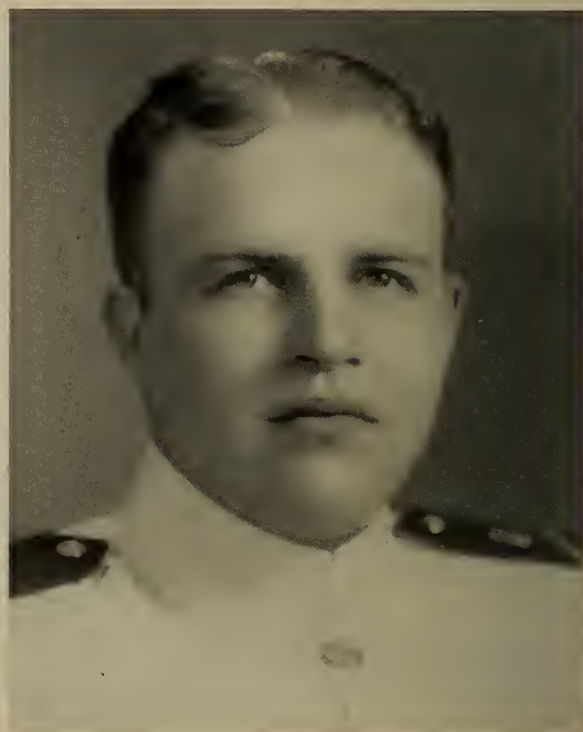
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Coming to the Academy after a year at the New Mexico Military Institute, George found the conversion to plebe year an easy one. From this good start, he had no trouble in the two years to come. Although never taking too great a strain, he found time to make above-average grades. Almost every afternoon he could be found actively engaged in some sport. He earned awards in battalion football and junior varsity basketball, the former for three years. Although he was one of the younger members of our class, George had that certain air of friendliness so typical of the Southwest.

Stephen William Plarr

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

If anyone in the future is looking for a really conscientious and dependable fellow, go to Dorney Park and ask for Steve. Everyone there is aware of a good-natured ex-Coast Guardsman who jumped out of the frying pan into the Naval Academy. "Business before pleasure" is his motto but he prays that business is poor. Steve's favorite pastime at the Academy is an afternoon with the cards by which he not only earns his board but also enlightens his friends. Now his post graduation interests are centered around a lovely lady who seems to appreciate that "loveable guy" more than anyone else.



Meyer Hyman Rose

FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

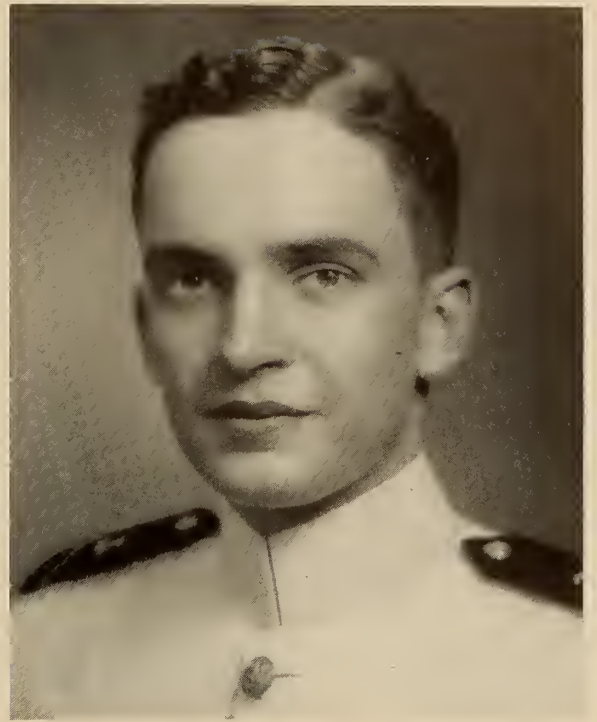
Whether it's at home in North Dakota or here at Navy, Rosie always looks forward to getting the most out of life. Seldom does one see him wasting time on a magazine or a novel. Most of his spare time is spent either in the gym or in the darkroom, if it isn't a dragging week end. Although he firmly believes in keeping plebes in line, his tactful ways and consideration of others have given him the reputation of being easy. His ability to proportion and use his time wisely, together with a thorough understanding of human nature will stand him in good stead in the Fleet.



Daniel Francis Shea, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dan's peep into Washington society was far too brief to minimize the affection he felt for his native California. Early in his career his Blue and Gold weathered the test when he declined a home on the Hudson for the portals of Bancroft Hall. Dan's early struggles with the Academic Departments soon revealed to his classmates that here was one of the savoirs of the class and beating the Executive Department out of their daily ten-and-three was just down his alley. To Dan, Naval aviation is the future. His keen Irish sense of humor will make him an ideal shipmate.



Jack Curtis Smith

GRUNDY, VIRGINIA

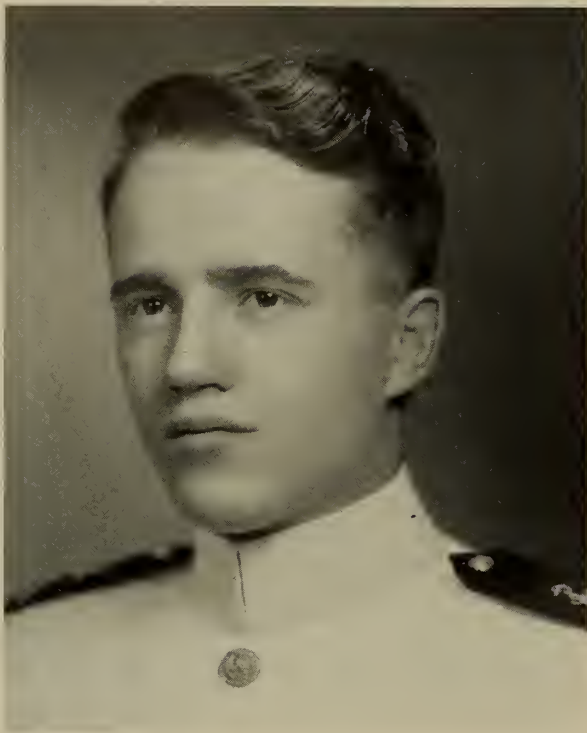
"There's coal in them thar hills," cries Smitty when one mentions the mountains around his home town. After having a few rugged months of Army life, Jack decided that the Navy would agree better with his southern nature; but those long Wednesday afternoon p-rades kept him wondering. Since he was a whiz in academics, he was able to cultivate his natural tendencies of spending endless hours upon his beloved sack. Week ends usually found him in the company of a pretty drag upon whom he would demonstrate his magnetic personality. We'll always remember him as a daredevil, ready to try anything at least once.



Willard Lee Strong

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

Beeb used to bother us some when he lapsed into Dago, but we did love to hear him talk. There was plenty to talk about, too, for this Florida boy really got around. We still think he was a natural athlete, but he preferred breaking hearts to breaking records. A noted individualist, he had his own ways of doing things. For this he often took kidding, but his methods got results. There is one more accomplishment that Beeb will never surpass if he lives to be a five-term president: it is rumored that he alone in the class was good-natured even before breakfast formation.



Donald William Tardif

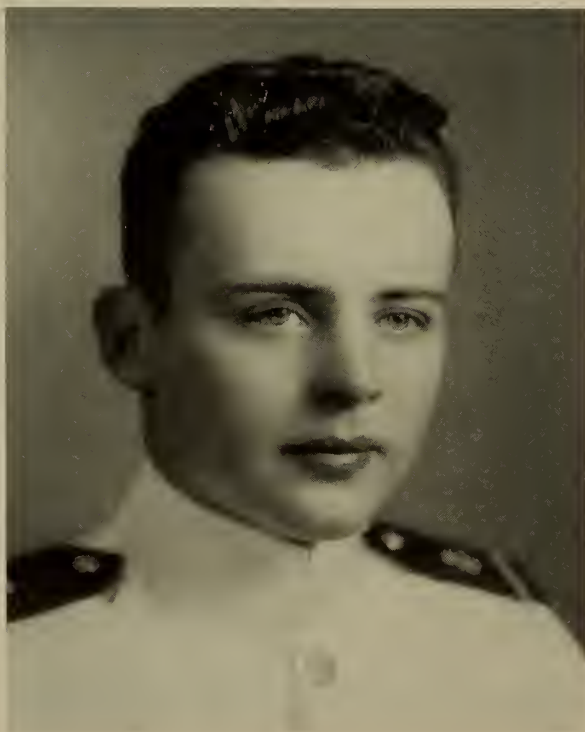
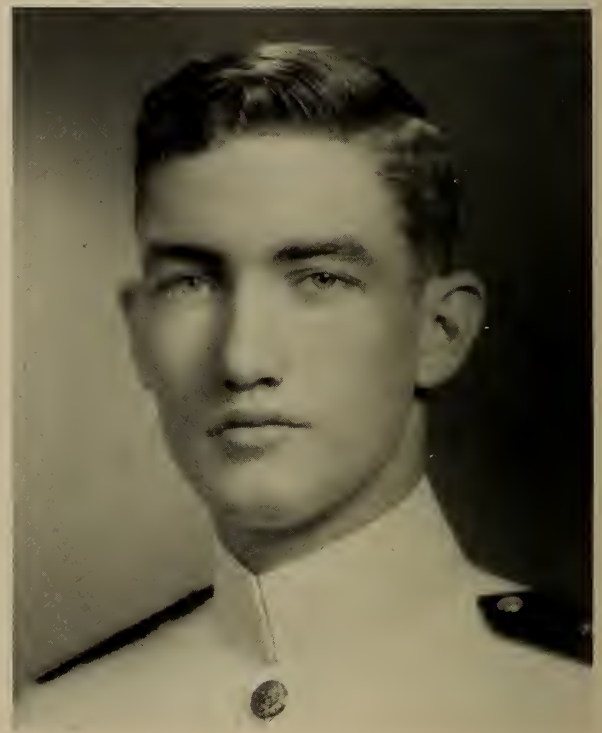
DENVER, COLORADO

Don's love for "dear ole Navy" brought him into the field as a happy member of the Bancroft family. His pugnacity on the wrestling mat betrayed his quiet, easygoing manner. Many enjoyable study hours were spent with the savoir sacking out. His roommate was greatly helped academically by the aid given from his vast store of knowledge. By being thoroughly familiar with the reg book, Don's associations with the Executive Departments were few and far between. Not only was his choice of drags 4.0 but his steadying influence was greatly appreciated. For an all-around guy, Don is tops.

Floyd Harold Waldrop

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

This six-foot four (so the records say) southern gentleman (so he says) came to Navy from the University of South Carolina where he was studying engineering and women. Judging from his drags he must have majored in the latter. His other studies, however, did not show that he did. Not all of his interests were centered on these studies since he took time out to play football, basketball, and track. Basketball was his first choice since it gave him a chance to realize a lifelong ambition, to play in Madison Square Garden. Cy may have to telescope his height aboard ship, but he'll be a success.



James Richard Ahern

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

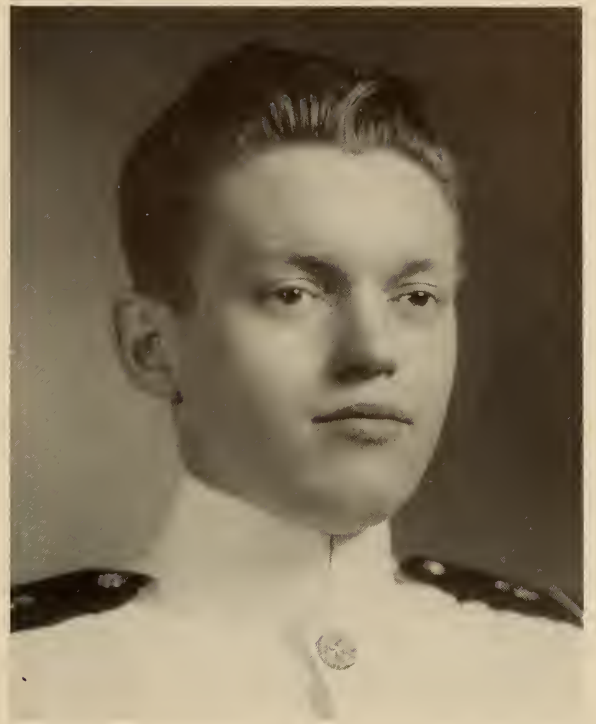
When the melodious strains of "My Pet Brunette" re-echoed throughout the hall, if it wasn't Bing, it must have been Duke. Jim arrived in Crabtown with a varied and enviable past including two years at "What! You've never heard of Muhlenberg?" and one year as an athletic instructor in the Navy. A leg injury precluded Coach Thompson's prediction of a bright future for Jim as one of our sprinters, but it did not hinder his excelling in battalion football. Never one to neglect the academics, this blue-eyed boy found dragging a must on his fast-moving schedule. Duke will always see that rosy hue on the horizon for tomorrow.



Thomas Richard Allen

STOIX CITY, IOWA

From the broad plains of Iowa, Tom is one more of the mid-western lads drawn by the call of the sea. Gaining his start through Navy radio school, he quietly slipped into the Academy on a high frequency wave. Unobtrusive in manner, Tom industriously applied himself to the process of forming a Naval career. He attacked those limitations imposed on a seaman by inland breeding when he conquered the art of sailing. Tom worked tirelessly at Academy activities and outdid himself working for the *Trident*, varsity fencing, and boxing. His achievements produced by energetic application assure the service a valuable officer.



Thomas James Allshouse

DUQUESNE, PENNSYLVANIA

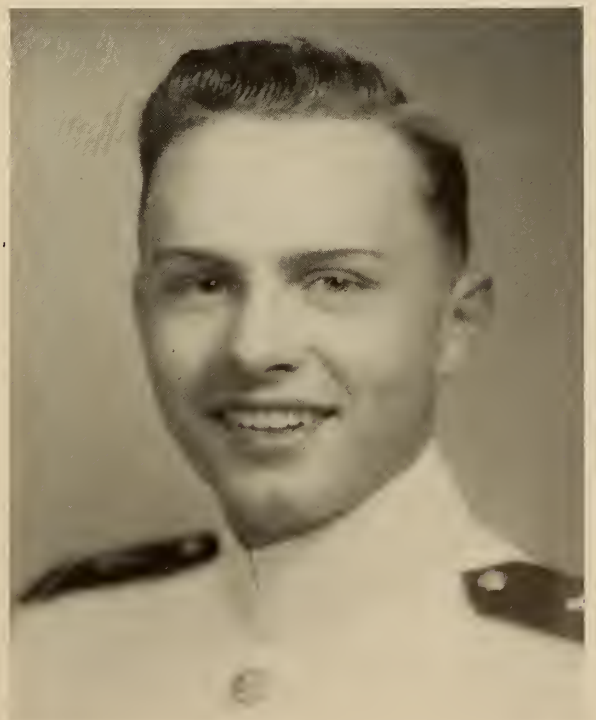
Big Tom came to us from the Smoky City. Despite all claims made to the contrary, Tom maintained that it is really possible to see the sun in Pittsburgh, on a clear day. With an abundant knowledge acquired at Stevens Tech, this red-headed fellow found academics much to his liking. Well-read, Tom enjoyed plunging into friendly debates and to promote these discussions, he made, "I disagree," his slogan. A sports enthusiast, this Red Mike was quite a football player himself and played a large part in the winning by his battalion of two championships. Efficient and reliable, Tom is certain to have smooth sailing in the Fleet.



Lionel Eugene Ames, Jr.

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

The only time he was completely happy with the climate was when he was basking in Cuba's sun on summer cruise. Coming to the Chesapeake from Lake Huron, Mike spent all his spare time, when the boats were in the water, with a tiller in his hand. He had two loves, his O.A.O. and the *Spindrifft*, one of the Naval Academy yachts, and he had his troubles with both. He spent many of the earlier years of his life behind the scenes watching his father on the stage and he will long be remembered here for his excellent portrayals of the feminine leads in the *Masquerader's* productions.





Joseph Herbert Benton

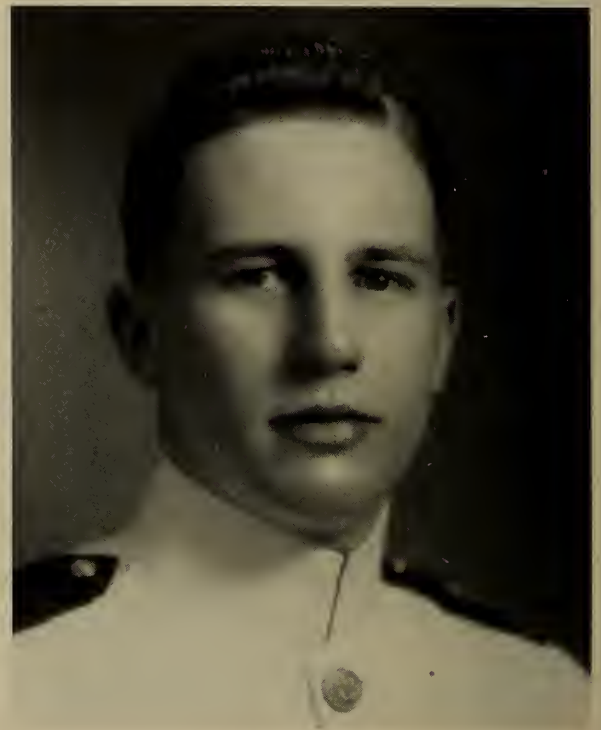
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Entering the Academy at the age of twenty-one with a Civil Engineering degree, Joe had an advantage over most of us. He didn't have to struggle with the academic and military side of life but devoted most of his time to extracurricular activities, mainly as chairman of our Class Crest and Ring Committee and as Business Manager of the LUCKY BAG. Very good-natured and easygoing, he would hit the overhead when somebody mentioned "Marching Through Georgia." He's the kind of a fellow who will go out of his way to help someone, and then act as if the person had done him a favor. Joe will rate a "particularly desire" on any fitness report.

Gene Richard Dreher

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO

A keen wit, a sparkling sense of humor, and an unlimited number of impossible, but interesting stories have made Gene the standout in any conversation. But, although talking occupied a great deal of his time, wrestling seemed to be his chief interest. There wasn't a single season that Gene did not go out for the squad, either as a wrestler himself, or as manager. Gene was very proud of Coach Ray Swartz's boast, "My managers can beat your managers in any fight." But whether in sports or in talking, Gene will always be a standout, and will be remembered by all of us as a real classmate and a true friend.



George Reid Earnest

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

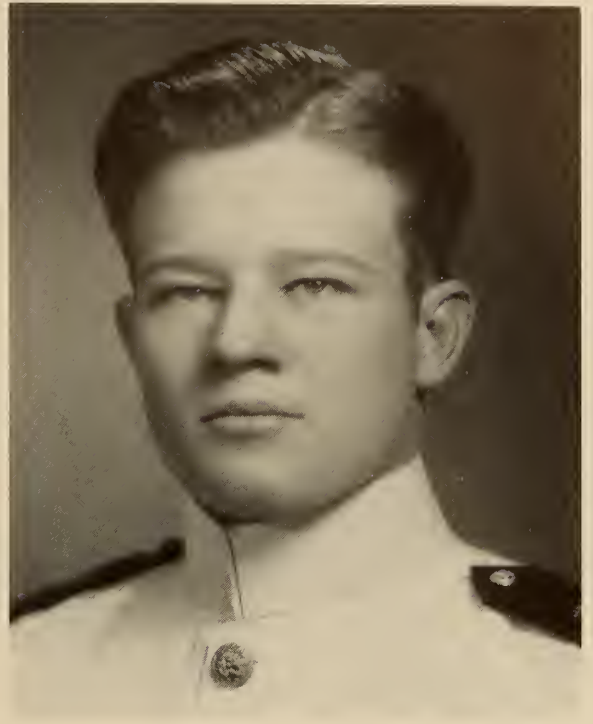
With a quiet manner and a smile as perpetual as the Georgia sunshine, Reid was an easy target for everyone's friendship. Tennis and basketball were his favorite sports and while he played tennis with skill, his basketball was purely with a will. Studies cost him no loss of sleep even though following in his brother's footsteps was no easy task. It would seem that the time he spent at Duke University as well as at Georgia Military Academy, paid off here. He may never make admiral, but he's the ensign we'd most like to ship with. At any rate, his quiet, likeable manner gives him a sure bid on success anywhere.



Richard William Fenn

MIAMI, FLORIDA

Dick came to the Academy after serving fourteen months on the D.D. 427 as a firecontrolman. His mature outlook gave his personality a veneer, which when pierced, unveiled to his many friends an understanding and likeable person. Dick's numerous drags never failed to notice and exclaim about his physique which in plebe year won for him company and plebe numerals in gymnastics. Graduating to the varsity squad, he tumbled and worked the high bar and eventually claimed the coveted "N." His athletic endeavors were not confined to gym alone; he threw a mean javalin and won both numerals and letters in track.



James Montgomery Gammon

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

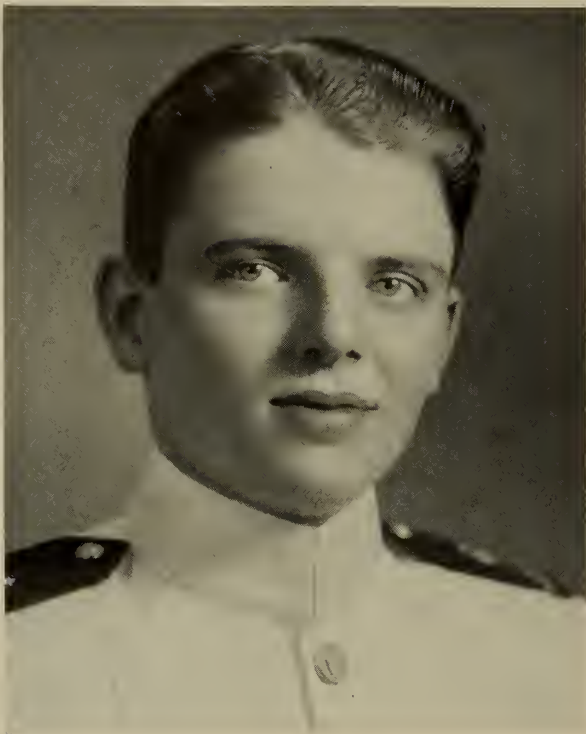
A native Southerner, Jamie was brought up in the Smoky City, deep in Yankee country. Easygoing by nature, he early determined to make life at the Academy pleasant both for himself and his friends. Once through plebe year, Jim found his greatest pleasures by far in the numerous dragging week ends of the next two years. In between time, an occasional hand of bridge or an occasional game of golf were definitely in order. Most of his academics were fruit, but of secondary interest. Looking back, most of us will best remember Jamie for a big wide grin and a pleasant word stemming from his Irish gift of gab.



Irvin Lee Gasser

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

From the wild and woolly West, where the men are men, and the women are darn glad of it, came pistol-totin', spur-jinglin' Irv. Despite certain difficulties in making passage on the monthly stagecoach from Oklahoma, he finally reached the Naval Academy where he found more water in the shower than he had seen in Oklahoma in twenty years. Although adept at wringing some mighty good Math grades out of his slide rule, he soon found that the slipstick didn't help much in keeping his complicated lovelife straight. Sailing was Irv's sport and it must be said that when it came to riding the waves, he was without equal.



James Wilson Hawthorne

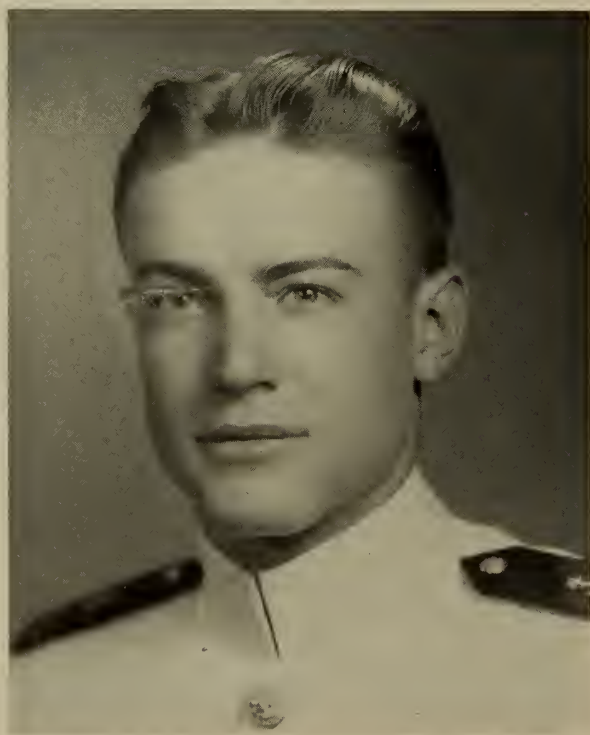
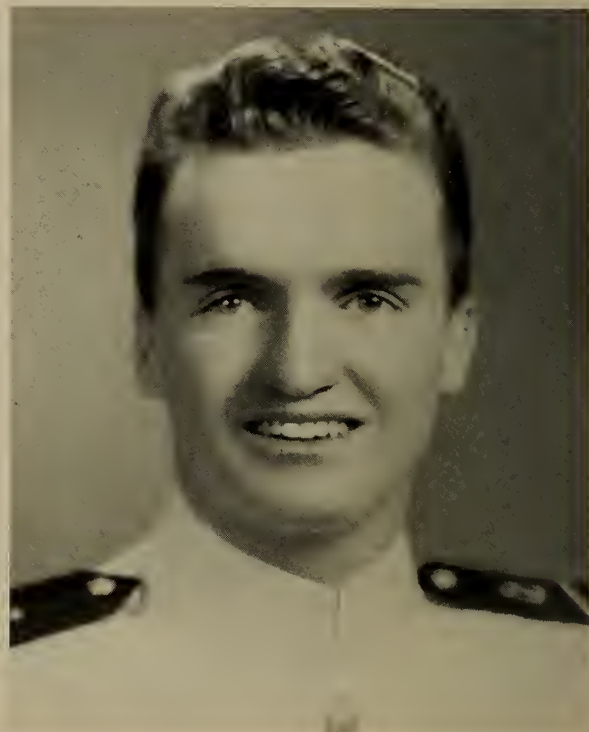
LA SALLE, ILLINOIS

Home to Jim is La Salle, Illinois, yet he has succeeded in creating the warm friendship of home in Bancroft Hall. There are few who were not drawn to him by the attractive force of his personality. As a result of his application to academic and extracurricular activities for which he displays a singular aptitude Jim became well known to all. He gives no small interest to feminine companionship and he may usually be seen on a Saturday afternoon with a beaming young lady on his arm. Jim's record is assurance of a successful career: the fullness of his life predicts rich pleasure in its attainment.

George Garfield Jeffries, Jr.

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND

Big Savage Mountain's addition to the Naval Academy came in the form of tall, curly-headed Jeff. Although he had never played lacrosse before, Jeff took up the game and his gusto and vigor soon overcame the lack of previous experience. Academics were never much of a strain for him, so most of his study hours were spent figuring out ways to have an exciting week end, and it took plenty of figuring, too! Jeff's easygoing nature and inherent ability to have a good time made him an asset to any party. It was all to the Fleet's advantage when June Week made him an ensign in the United States Navy.



George Reynolds Lemmon

DALLAS, TEXAS

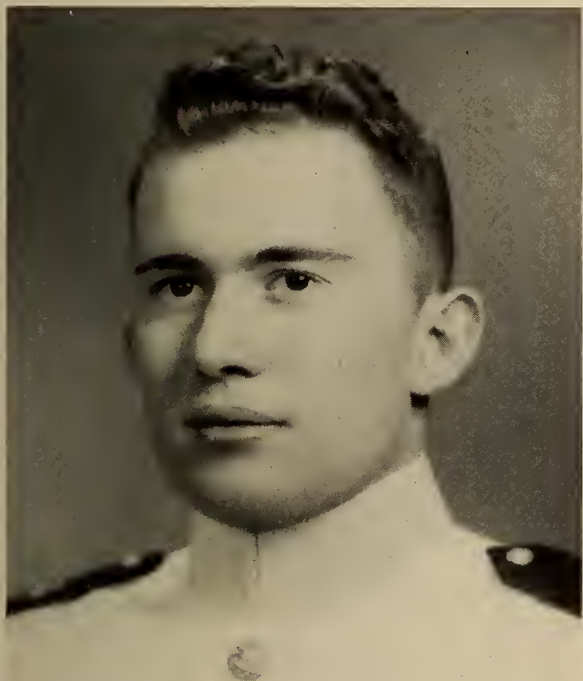
Two years at Texas University, plus a great deal of determination and hard work and his ability to meet almost any situation which arose, stood George well in his stay here. Natural seriousness combined with a well-balanced sense of humor enabled him to make many friends. A true lover of sports he liked boxing and track above all. George also liked to sail on the Chesapeake and could be found there enjoying many summer afternoons accompanied by one of his numerous Texas Belles. Success will never be denied George, for his many outstanding attributes will tend to raise him high in any field.



Richard Charles Maurer, Jr.

DOUGLAS, WYOMING

Dick hails from way out West where they grow 'em tall, and he's really that—all six feet three and one-half inches of him. His closer friends will immediately associate him with bridge. If you think Culbertson had a system, you should see the Maurer system sometime. But bridge wasn't his only talent. He could not be called an eager beaver about anything, but he always managed to run company cross-country and steeplechase. On the academic side, it can never be said that Dick had much trouble. He took it easy all the way. His keen mind and good humor have made for Dick a host of lifelong friends.



William Edward Nylen

DOUGLAS, WYOMING

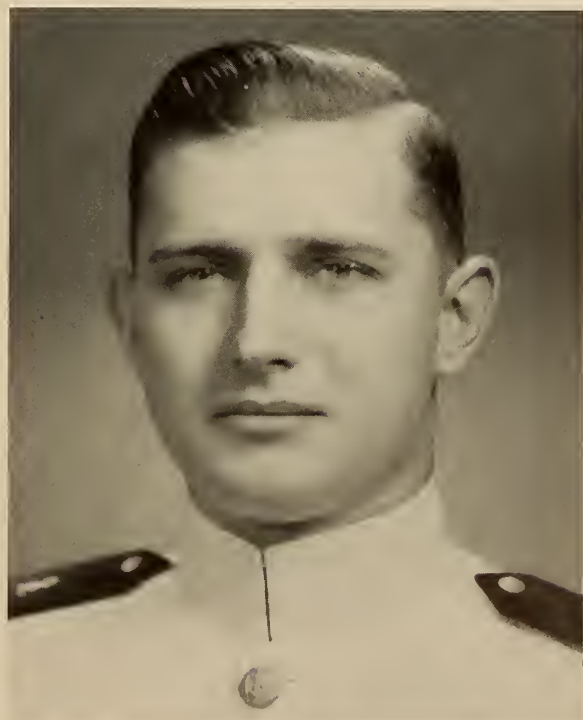
Coming from the wide open spaces of Wyoming, Bud, in trying to sell us all the wonders of the West, won a host of friends. His affable nature soon made him the butt of many a practical joke and it brought him innumerable nicknames, but Radar-Ears was the most lasting one of these. Conscientious about his work, he still found time for battalion football and an occasional basketball game. Bud was a true liberty-hound, and the week ends found him either dragging in the yard or spending his time in town. At Tarmac, before coming to the Academy, he obtained his love for flying and he still plans to become a buzz-boy.

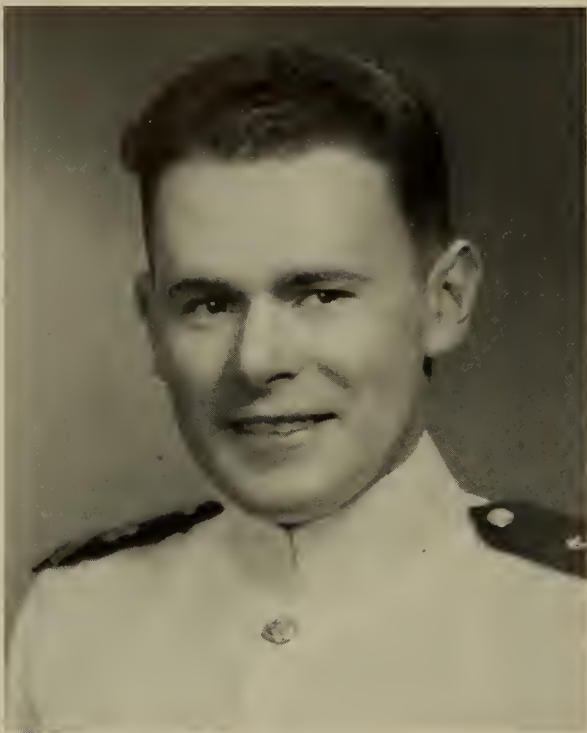


Thomas Joseph Pawlowski, Jr.

CICERO, ILLINOIS

Hailing from the city of which Chicago is a suburb, Ski brought us much of Cicero. He began his career in the Navy as a member of the battalion football team. He turned next to wrestling and later pushball. While playing these sports, Ski was a vital member of the team. He has an ever-ready sense of humor and always keeps everyone in a cheerful mood with his jokes, no matter how many times we have heard them before. Whatever Ski does, is done wholeheartedly, and we know that this quality along with many others will bring him happiness and success in his chosen profession.





Ralph Christian Rodgers

PAOLI, PENNSYLVANIA

"How did you get twenty for that last problem?" cried Ralph during every Math study hour. Untroubled by the usual complexities of Academy life, Rodge had difficulty convincing the Math Department that his quiet manner belied his mental alertness. His small stature did not hamper his athletic aspirations, and a rough battalion football game on Sunday afternoon, or a few sets of tennis were his specialties. Off to a slow start after leaving Penn State, but catching on fast, Rodge added to the yard's scenery with his weekend drags. Thoughtful, friendly, and with a will to work, Rodge will undoubtedly do as well in the future as he has in the past.

Marvin Carr Scoggins, Jr.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Just yell Scotty and the first tall blond who turns around with a big broad smile is our boy. He'll probably have a lacrosse stick in his hand, singing "Noel", or playing bridge with the gang. He definitely won't be studying. He's a loyal rebel from way back, and is torn between two loves when Navy plays Duke. Whatever Scotty does, whether it is making friends, helping others, or rolling a pushball over someone, he puts his heart and soul into it. His corny jokes and pranks have made him a favorite with everyone. No matter where he goes, his rounded character should insure immediate success.



Robert Mitchell Weidman, Jr.

BERGLAND, MICHIGAN

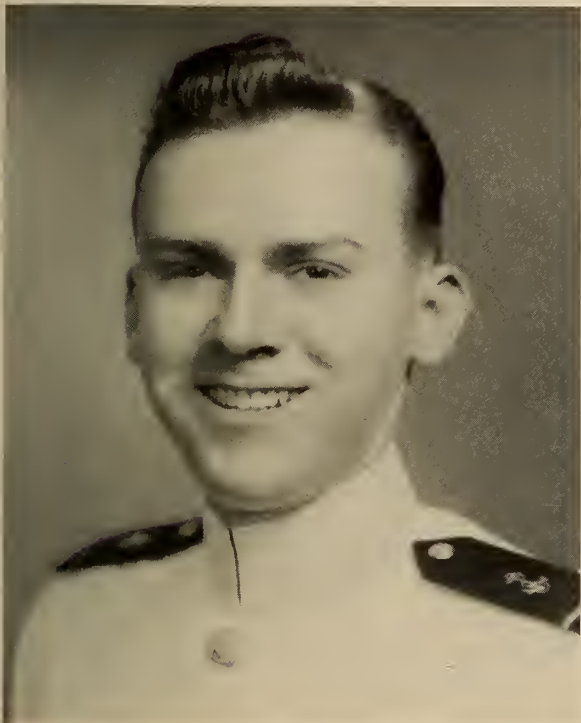
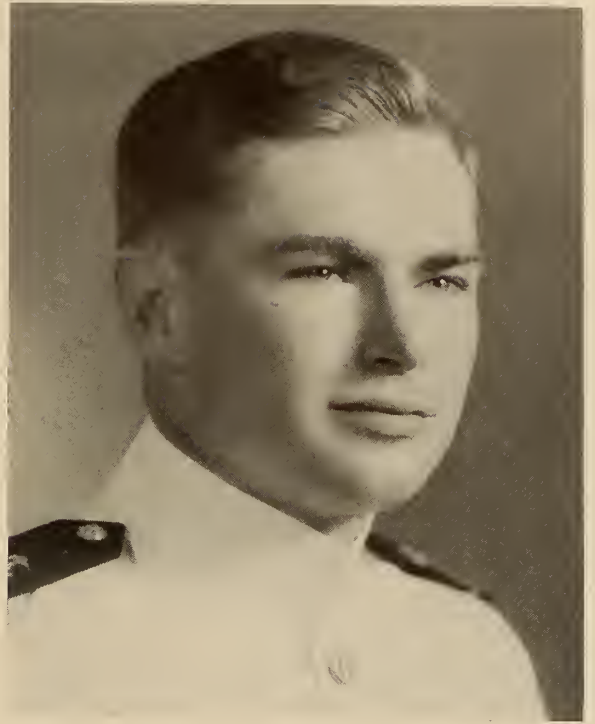
"My name is Weidman, not Weedman, sir," hails from Bergland in the upper peninsula of Michigan. He claims that this town can be found on the map in any pony express office. Whitey is a happy-go-lucky chap who is a sense of humor personified and he is very fond of practical jokes. A true lover of sports, he has earned his athletic awards as an outstanding athlete in various sports. Between sports and dragging Whitey never refused a hand at a good game of bridge. Whitey's postgraduate plan is to become an officer in the Navy Air Corps and see duty aboard one of the large aircraft carriers.



John Thomas Welsh

LANSDOWNE, PENNSYLVANIA

Just about everyone at the Academy has known, heard of, or seen Jake quarterbacking on the football field or sinking a field goal on the basketball court. Everyone who knows him can't help liking the guy with the ever-smiling face and the friendly nature. Jack is continually helping out everyone in the company from the plebes on up and can always be counted on to have some chow for everyone. As for his amorous nature, the Philly Flash seemed to prefer the home-town girls; he never could decide which he liked best, however, since they were all typical Pennsylvania beauties.



William Drayton Wilson

NEWBERRY, SOUTH CAROLINA

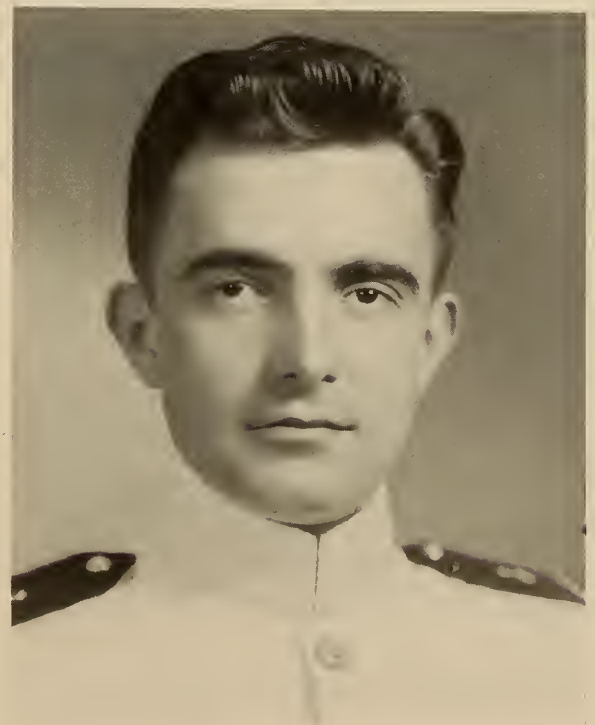
"Hello, uglier than I am!" was his familiar greeting to those who knew him best. Born deep in the hills of Carolina, this Southerner was destined to become the idol of American womanhood. Equipped with a southern drawl and a suave line to go with it, Willie left many hearts aflutter. Not one to let women dominate all of his life, he acquired a genius for pranks and was always the one at the bottom of those "grape-nuts in your sack" jokes. Though a natural in academics, Willie was not one to overlook the virtues of frequent naps. A great guy—here's hoping we meet him again in the Fleet.

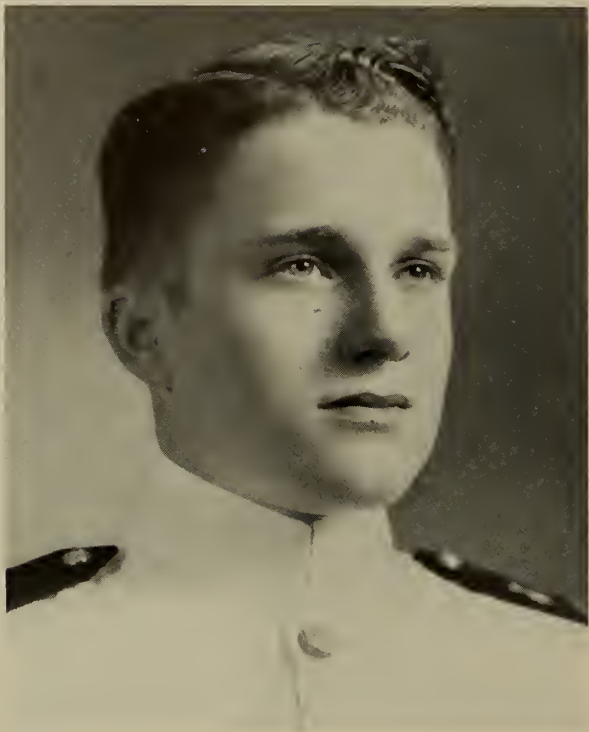


John Bunganich

ENDICOTT, NEW YORK

After three years of high school and nearly three years in the Fleet, Johnnie came to the Academy to battle against the Math and Bull Departments. During his free moments, this jovial, goodlooking, dark-haired Russian could be seen with his guitar strumming a host of modern or Russian serenades. Although a hard worker, J. B. managed to get his share of wine, women, and song without much difficulty. He was a fine athlete and wrestling and boxing were his favorite sports. Beneath a mischievous, fun-loving exterior, we knew Johnnie constantly planned his dream-home with his O.A.O. His fondest dreams will be realized when he wears his navy wings of gold.





Joseph Daniel Costello

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

An itinerant member of the California Chamber of Commerce, Joe came to us from the Sunshine State and Cal Tech to travel easily the rough academic road. His favorite pastime was to divide one hour of study into fifty minutes of sleep and ten minutes of work. When not working out in the gym or sailing, Joe could be counted on to bid well at bridge or to praise and defend the Golden State's climate. Certainly not a Red Mike, he allowed few week ends to go by without dragging. His well-rounded personality and all-around ability should be a great asset in making this well-liked friend of all a fine officer.

John Anthony Dunn

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

This easygoing New Englander took the Naval Academy in his stride as a necessary evil in fulfilling a lifelong desire to be a submariner. With his ready smile and quick repartee, Tony could always be found in the middle of every bull session. He was equally at home in a snappy bridge game, on the tennis court, or practicing on his violin. These activities and music of any kind contrived to keep his mind off the books. Academics didn't phase him much until exams rolled around, but then his wails could be heard all through the hall. Although bashful, Tony has had no trouble finding plenty of beautiful drags.



Robert Henry Peter Dunn

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

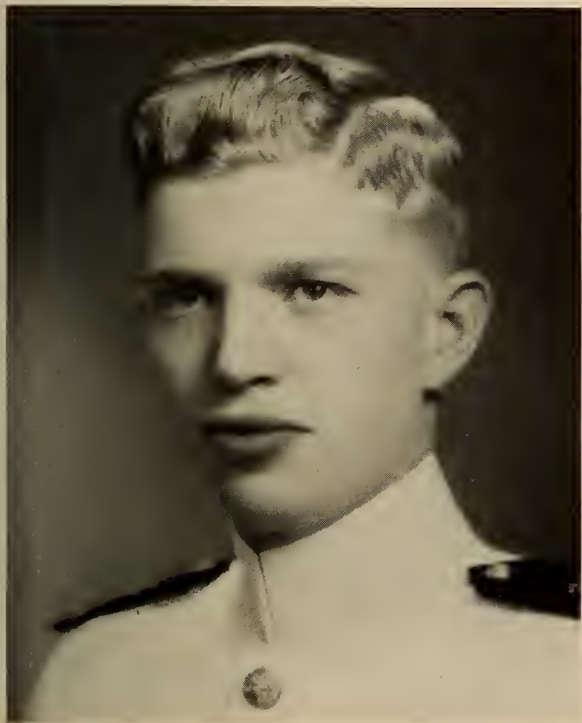
R.H.P. may stand for Rank Has its Privileges because privileges are his main concern, especially when it comes to dragging. Here, pictured at the age of twenty, we see part of a mould formed by the inevitable system. This mould being still under construction, originated in South Philadelphia; where it will be completed only the Navy knows, but it has the appearance of conforming to all Navy specifications. Athletically a stalwart in company sports and a profound follower of national sports, he has served as a potential source of information to numerous inquisitive pebes.



William Alexander Feltovic

SHELTON, CONNECTICUT

Bill came to the Academy after three years in the Fleet during which he saw action in all major engagements from Pearl Harbor to Santa Cruz. During his first year he pitched steady ball for the baseball team but since has concentrated on the tougher match with the Academic Departments. Felt's quiet unassuming manner together with his infectious grin and cheerful disposition have earned him a wide group of friends. He was a strong advocate of establishing a new system of professional education whereby a steady flow of chow to the table would rate the plebes a carry on.



John Herbert Fisher

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

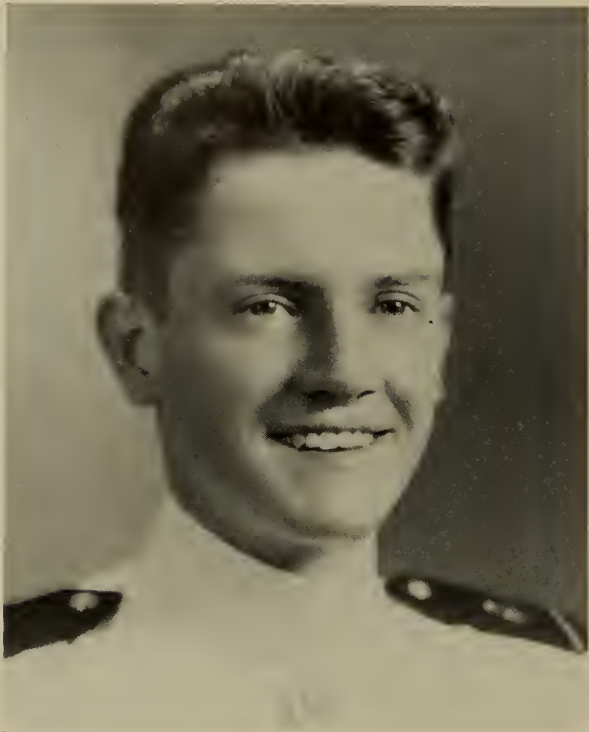
Out of AvCad training to brush up on his golf and tennis, Jack hopes to rejoin the birdmen later. This easily-blushing lad practically admitted defeat before he ever went out with a girl. Back with the gang though, he could have easily established a reputation for sarcasm if his wide grin hadn't always made the victim laugh. Studies bored him, but periodically Jack forced himself, and gave plenty of gray hairs to the boys who were trying to keep their thumbs on their numbers. Jack always found the best way to spend a leave or liberty, so here's hoping we can make many more liberties with him soon.



Walter Grechanik

THE BRONX, NEW YORK

Entering the Academy with an enviable high school track record, Grech continued an active interest in athletics. Plebe summer was spent experimenting with various sports, but by winter he was concentrating on sprints and relays and has been a varsity swimming man ever since. Also a varsity man on the dragging squad, Walt usually has on the fire at least one hot prob in the logistics of love. Strictly a practical man, he studies during the allotted time, leaving week ends for his more important social education. As a part of this social effort, Walt has mastered the English language—good work for a Bronx boy!



Edmund William Jaworski

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Jay-skee came to us from the Marines, including a year at Michigan among his experiences. Academics held no pitfalls for him, and he found more time helping his classmates with Math and Russian than he did helping himself. Blind drags and over-working are taboo with Ed. The fear that one woman would interfere with his good time kept him dragging a different girl for each occasion. During after-dinner recreation he showed himself to be a skillful proponent of Culbertson. His quiet, subtle humor and carefree, leisurely way won him many friends. With little effort, Ed is headed for the top.

Stephen Henry Kessler, Jr.

UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

A former quartermaster from Atlantic patrol duty, the Chief is ever ready to defend the honor of his mighty P.C. 1203. He will give you a good argument on anything anytime. Better indication of his true character, however, is the great number of friends he has won in his stay at the Academy. His taste for exotic foods runs from anchovies to zwieback. On the musical side, the Chief is inclined towards bagpipes, but luck has held out, and we reached graduation without his obtaining a set. A Navy man at heart, we expect him to make an excellent record when he hits the open sea once more.



Edwin Howard Koester

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

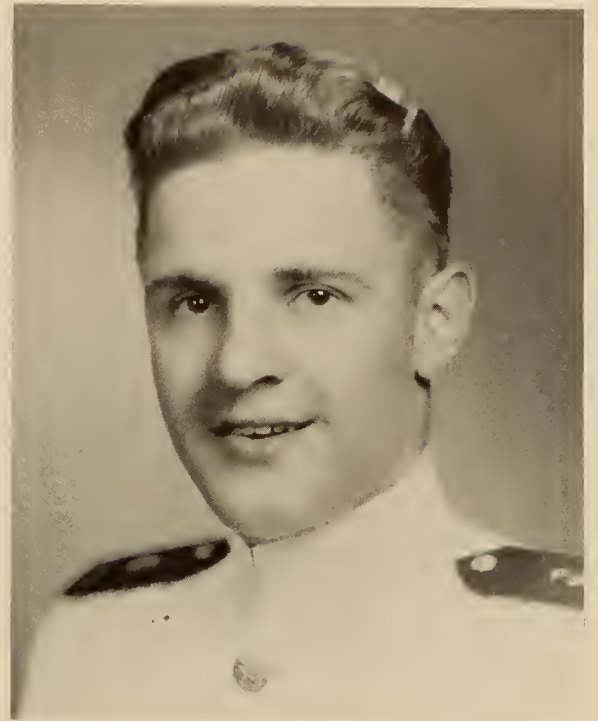
A Pennsylvania Dutchman at heart, Howie became a Connecticut Yankee when his folks moved to Bridgeport during his plebe year. Believing firmly in life, liberty, and the pursuit of women, his participation in steeplechase and cross-country have kept him in good shape for the Flying Squadron. Howie is an accomplished trumpeter, and his incessant practicing often robbed music lovers of their extracurricular sleep. His first love is aviation, which prompted him to enter the Academy. The seriousness and diligence with which he undertook his academics are characteristics which will greatly aid his future success.



Joseph Kovacs

UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

Joe came to the Naval Academy, with definite interests, from his job in a marine engineering establishment. Aside from his primary interest, women in general, the course in Naval Machinery excited Joe's attention. Though he never let studies interfere with his dragging or his compositions of *billets-doux*, he did spend a few minutes with the books. Not totally occupied with his main interests, however, spring found Joe engaged in weekly yawl races. We will always know Joe by his songs "à la Sinatra" and his eccentric shaving habit. He refused to shave before breakfast in an attempt to maintain his individuality.



Arthur Leonard Krasnow

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Wise in the ways of life, Art came to the Academy after trying his hand at a multitude of trades and professions, the last being an enlisted man in the Navy. Having previously spent his spare time taking night college courses, this reveller continued his search for knowledge here and showed his classmates that a previous college degree was not necessary, if one had a keen mind. This did not hinder his social activities, however, for on any week end he could be found proudly escorting some bit of loveliness. Although he claimed that the Fleet was not his choice, he'll still be there to muster most of us out.

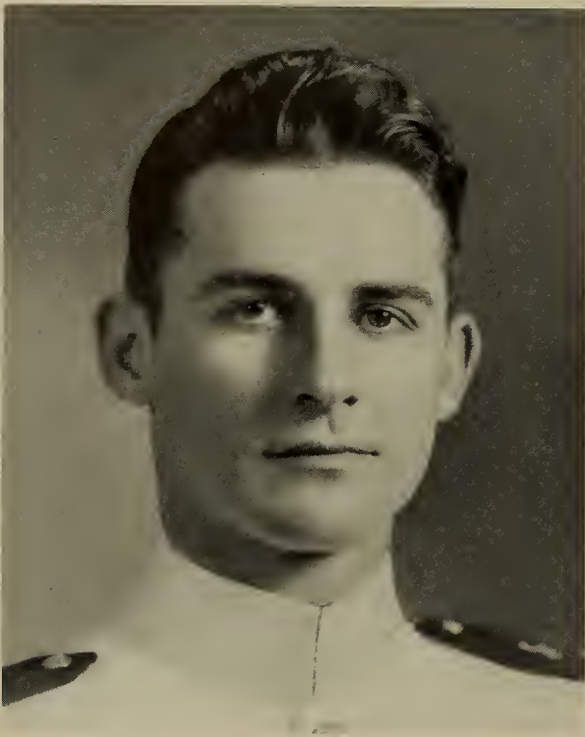


Robert Huntley Miller

WATERLOO, IOWA

Bob came to the Academy directly from high school. Notwithstanding this difficult jump, he has stood well up in his class academically and is the proud wearer of several rows of numerals. Women, dancing, and classical music are his favorite pastimes. Bob's keen wit and general knowledge have won many friends for him during his three years here at the Academy. He is a staunch member of the shower-warbling club, and many of his happiest hours have been spent in the shower. Bob shows every promise of pulling more than his own weight when he takes up his career in the Fleet.





Thomas Eugene Murphree

TROY, ALABAMA

An Alabama boy with two years in the Marine Corps under his belt, Murph reported to the Academy ready for liberty, only to find a plebe year awaiting him. Upholding the Corps and planning week ends occupied the greater part of his time. Academics and regulations were no strain for Murph, who managed to cram a maximum of fun and knowledge into his three years on the Severn. Afternoons usually found him on the tennis courts or the push-ball field, but he was happiest when he had loads of nothing to do. One of the best liked men in the company, Murph will be remembered long after we all separate.

James Robert Schmoller

SOUTH MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Jim hails from South Milwaukee and is proud of it. In 1943 he joined the Army, but a year later rectified his mistake when he came to the Academy. Always ready for a good time, his cheerful outlook on life never seems to be dampened by the watch, academics, or even a rare lack of mail. People easily see through his sarcastic but clever remarks and are quick to claim him as a sincere and valued friend. A connoisseur of food and women, Jim prefers boiled lobster and brunettes. Dragging, conscientious work for the *Log*, light classical recordings, the Hop Committee, and the sailing team are all numbered among his many interests.



Harold Frank Skelly

GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Laughable and likeable, Skel, as he is known by his classmates, hails from the Keystone State. Although quiet and unassuming, he immediately impressed his classmates with his firm hand-clasp and seemingly innate ability to enjoy life. Gregarious by nature, he was always ready with a cheerful smile to render help whenever needed. Skel was a frequenter of the boat house on Dorsey Creek during week-day afternoons when not on his sack with a new magazine and was always willing to play touch football, go into town, or drag to help out a classmate. A full and thoughtful friend and comrade, Skel will always stand high in our estimation.



Arthur Eric Strauss

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Ohio's gift to the Navy used to spend the afternoons during the fall prancing over the hills of the golf course with the varsity cross-country team. When he wasn't running, he was on his beloved sack close to the radio or phonograph listening to the works of Brahms or Debussy. Besides his fondness of running and of classical music, Art was also interested in Foreign Languages. While taking the regular course in Russian, he could frequently be seen reading some novel written in French. In pursuing any of his interests, you could always hear him whistling some gay tune which after the hundredth rendition made you want to hit him with a chair.

James Thorud Strong

URBANA, ILLINOIS

Convincing us that the University of Illinois had offered him the ultimate in higher education, Jim invariably wound up one integration ahead of his fellow Math savois at the blackboard. Besides his mental prowess, we remember his driving obsession to enlarge his circle of female friends, despite the inevitable result of his blind dates. Jim's musical endeavors included the choir, in which he was a pillar of the baritone section, and a ruthless playing of the first chair 'cello in the Fourth Deck String Ensemble, an organization for the perpetuation of the classics in Bancroft Hall. Jim's personality and ready smile guarantee him a prominent place in our memories.

Theodore Robert Tenczar

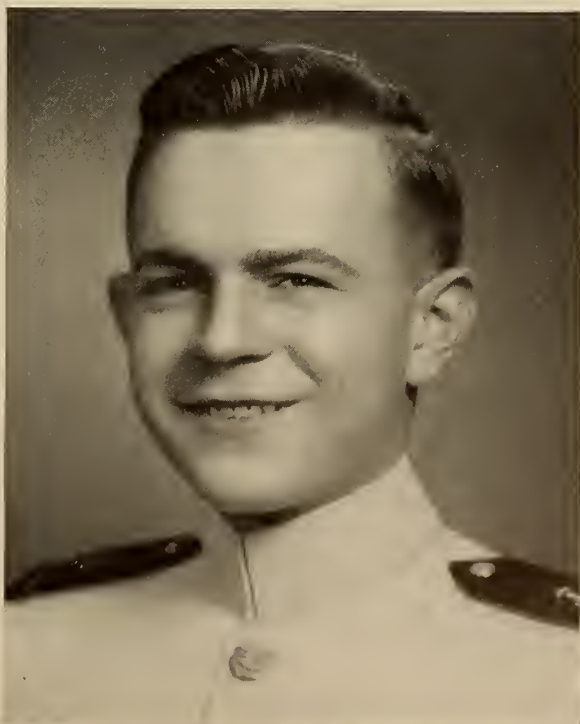
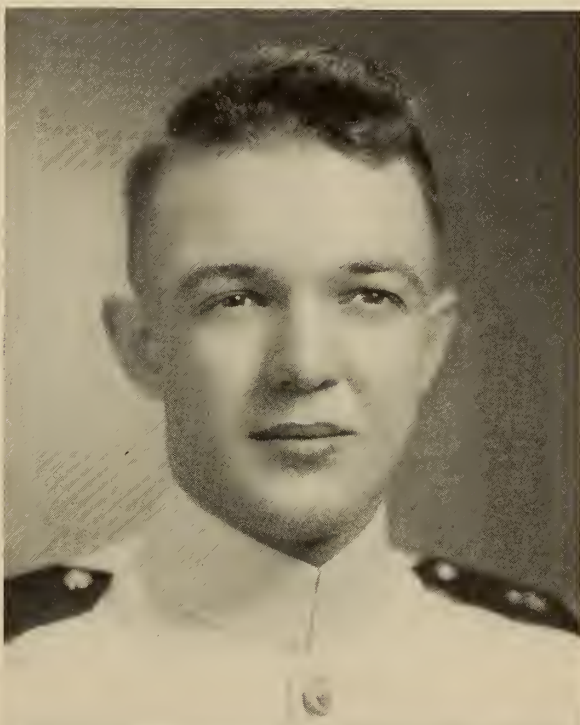
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The proprietor of the company chow supply depot might well be best known for his free lunches, as well as his solid academic record. Actually he is more famous for being around when you needed a fourth for bridge, someone to hold the Company Representative sack, an enthusiastic player in company sports, or someone for a working party in the admiral's cabin. Although Ted wasted half of every cigarette, kept a locker like Fibber Magee's closet, and received mail from Jean far too regularly for those many embittered souls remembered only by Primus, the insignificance of his failings is attested by his many friends.

Louis Joseph Zeleznock

SMOCK, PENNSYLVANIA

Zeke with his warm smile and natural sincerity made friends easily. He entered the Naval Academy fresh out of high school to begin his three-year battle with the Steam Department. If the Smock Chamber of Commerce ever needs a good man to tell of the charms of that city, they will find a good man in Zeke. Adept at most sports, wrestling and swimming were his favorites. Amiable, good-looking and courteous, he had all the prerequisites of a Casanova, but seldom gave the girls a break, he preferred sack drill instead. Serious-minded and hard-working, Zeke's ambition is to be one of Navy's flying aces.





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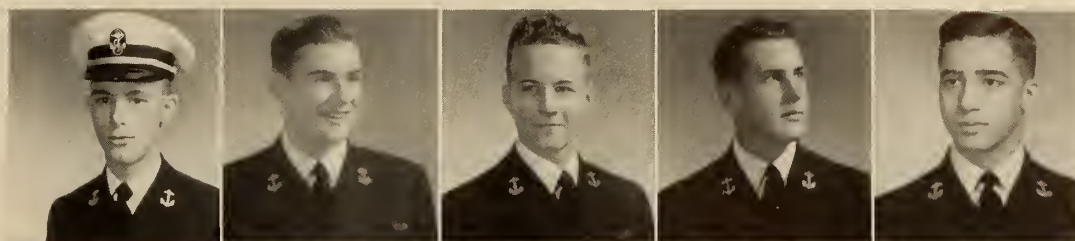
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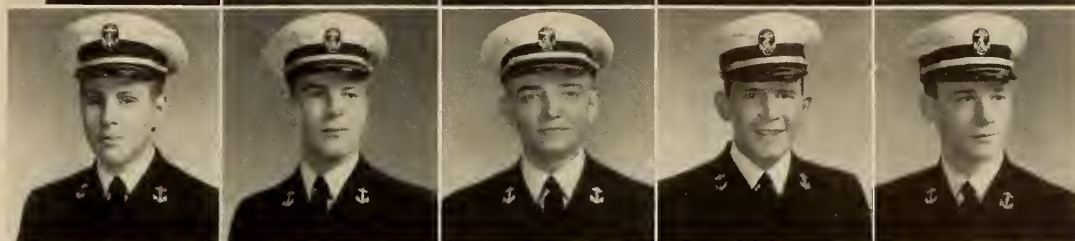
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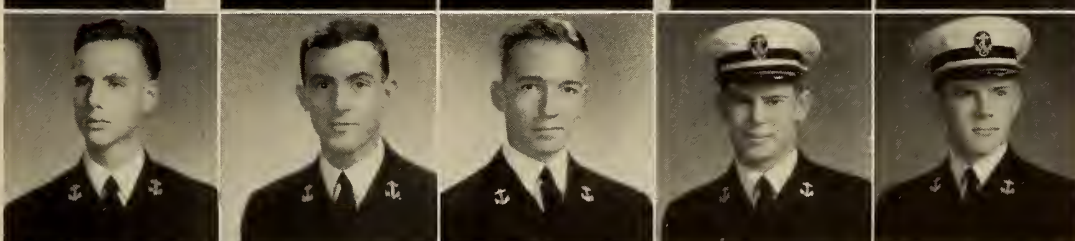
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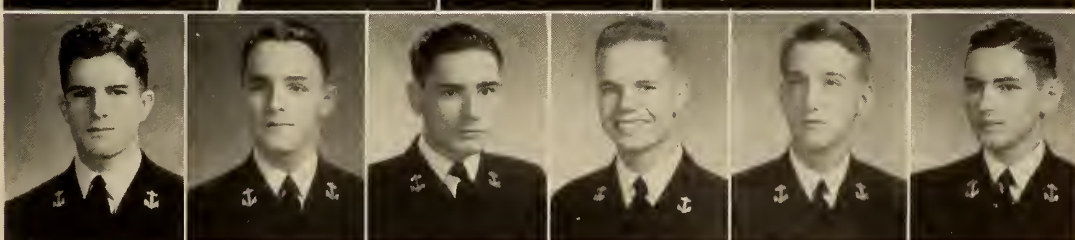
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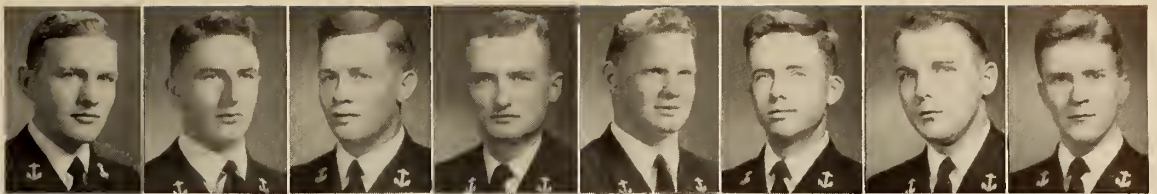
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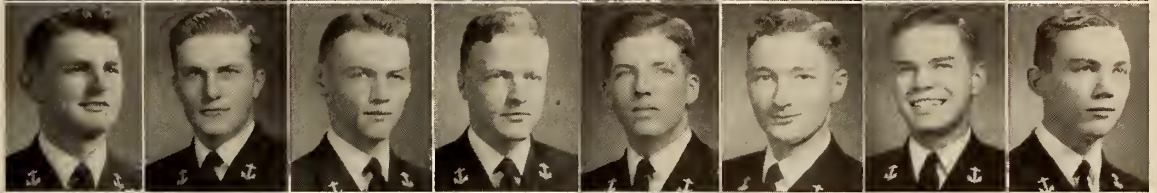
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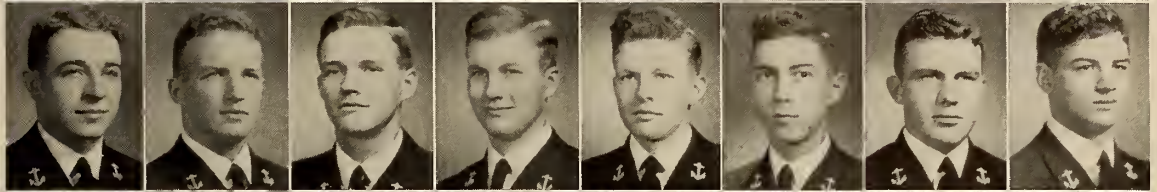
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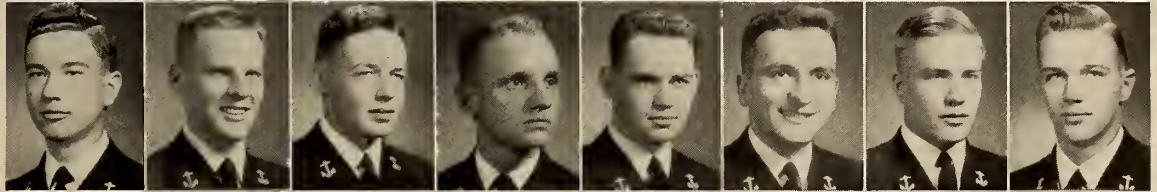
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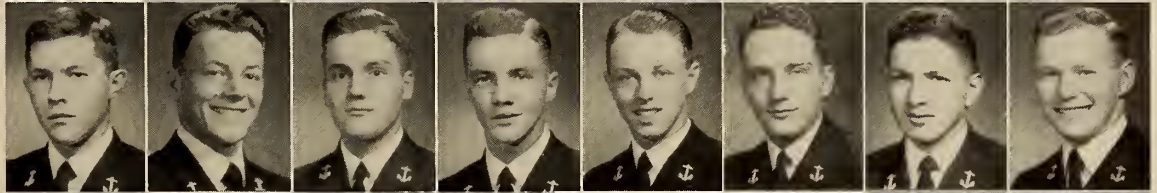
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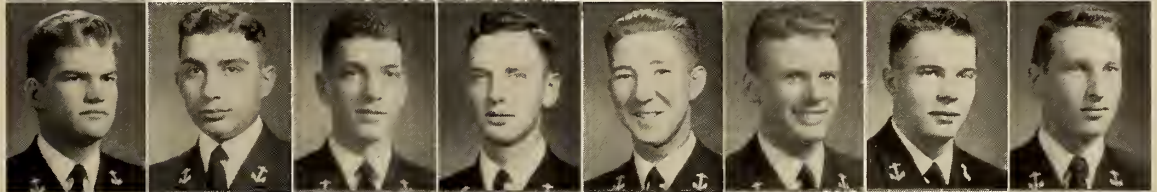
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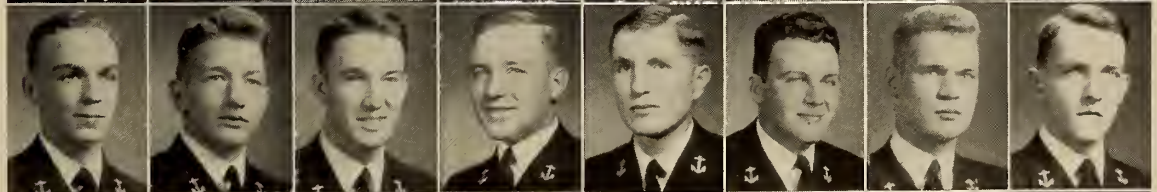
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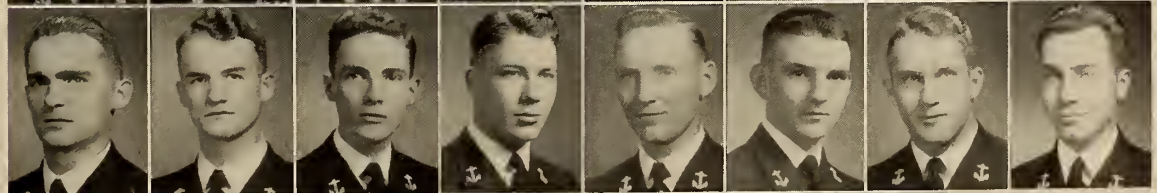
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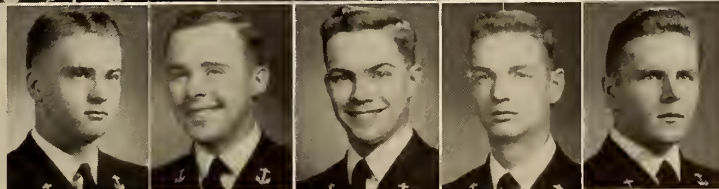
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 Way, J. B., Jr.
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Wood, B. T., Jr.
 Wynne, W. E.
 Young, D. C., Jr.
 Young, R. W.
 Zekan, C. J.



SIXTH BATTALION

Class of 1949

In Memoriam

CARROLL WILLIAM BOSWINKLE
(1924-1944)



RALPH EBER JILLSON
(1924-1944)

Interrupted Voyage

We touched at many ports during the three years of our voyage . . . and at almost every one, a few of the class were left behind to sail on other ships, on other seas . . . Whether taken from our ranks by academics, sickness or death, these men will ever be remembered by us as shipmates . . . as members of the Class of 1948-A.

Adams, John Albert	Heffelfinger, Frank Peavey, Jr.	Pitt, William Ray, III
Allred, John Caldwell	Hester, Harold Verlin	Pittman, James Stuart, Jr.
Bailey, Gilliam Maxwell	Heymann, Herbert	Plylar, Percy Newton, Jr.
Bates, John Wells	Horne, Thomas Lee, Jr.	Powell, Thomas Richard
Beardall, Geoffrey Bonser	Jansen, Franklin George, Jr.	Rakestraw, David Uranus, Jr.
Beaver, Howard Oscar, Jr.	Jillson, Ralph Eber	Rathbun, Donald Harry
Bertram, Richard Lee	Johnson, James Arthur, Jr.	Rees, Jack Harlan
Bonacarti, Alexander Francis, Jr.	Jolliff, Wade Anderson, Jr.	Robbins, John Duff
Boswinkle, Carroll William	Kempen, George Frederick, II	Rodgers, John Robert
Campagna, Carmine Thomas	Kimball, Edward Albert, Jr.	Roland, Frank Orlando, Jr.
Carlile, William Kirkbride, Jr.	King, Frank Leo, Jr.	Ross, Edmund Pitt
Chandler, James Thomas, III	King, Lawrence Gale	Salek, Charles Jerrold
Coleman, Frank Hutchinson	Kleinau, Glenn Reichert, Jr.	Salomon, Robert Jess
Conover, Harvey, Jr.	Knapp, Francis Marion	Sangster, William McCoy
Cook, Tommy Dale	Knisely, Archibald Gribble, III	Schaeffer, Valentine Hixon, Jr.
Corriveau, Neil Joseph	Knudtson, Alan Bryan	Sells, Donn Curtis
Covington, James Walter	Lattarulo, Emil Fortunato	Shannon, Maurice Joseph, Jr.
Crawford, Frank Dell	Loftsgaarden, Beldin Jerome	Smith, Ralph Glenn, Jr.
Crofford, William Newton, III	Loomis, Raymond Wesley	Stevenson, Edward Allen
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Des Jarlais, Roy Richard	Maguire, Russell Ambler	Ulatowski, Louis
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Ely, Roy Darwin	Mather, Richard Increase	Wells, Calvin Lowell
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Foster, Robert Ray	McIntire, Harry Hunter	Williams, Frank Taylor
Gerety, Robert Peter	McKenzie, Cecil Marshall	Williams, Isham Rowland, Jr.
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Herndon Monument

. . . dedicated to an heroic officer, this is the monument each class climbs at the end of Plebe Year



LOG





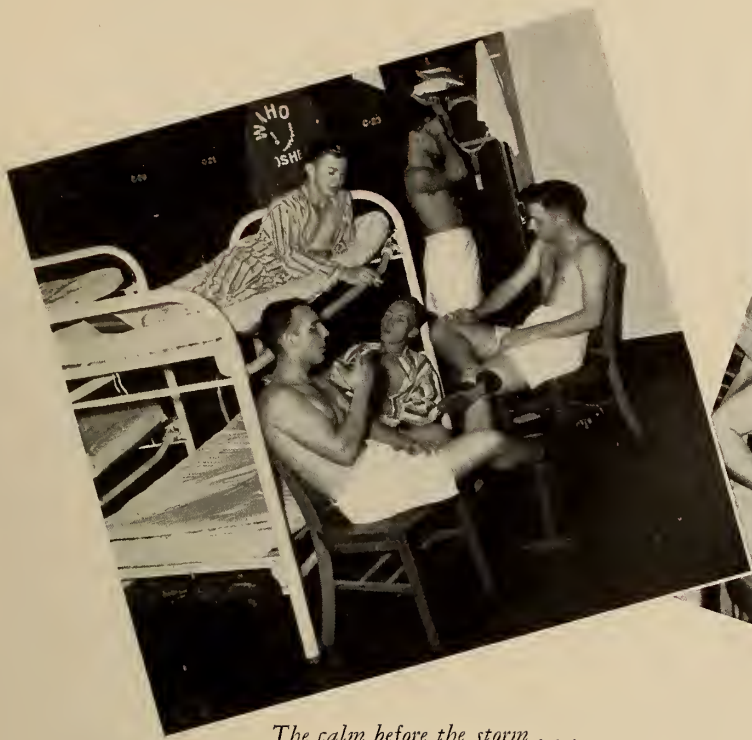
Up the gangplank

Coming Aboard . . .

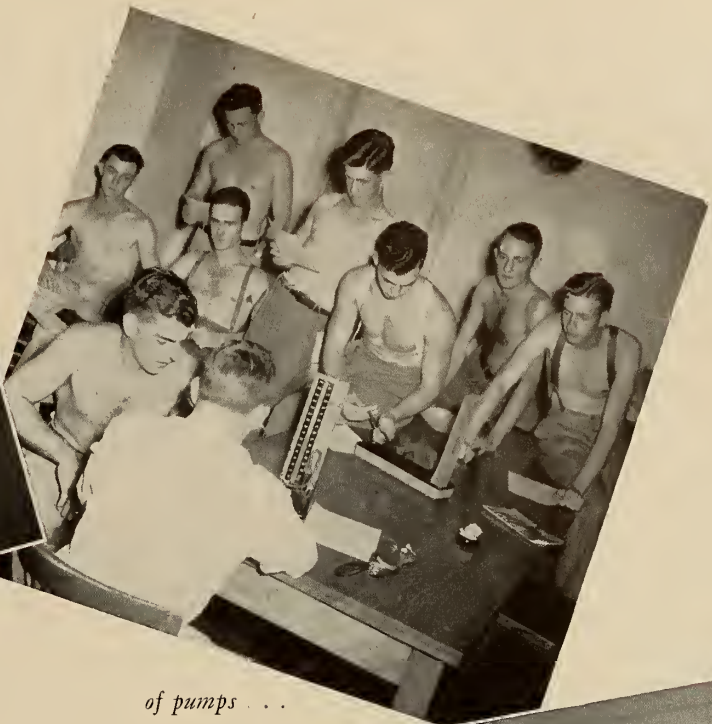
A new ship—a long cruise. Our first look at the Yard found us less concerned with the weeks ahead than with the impressive picturesque-ness of our new surroundings—the stately beauty of the Academy buildings set off by the summer's green, the warlike dignity of unsmiling Tecumseh, the sprawling hugeness of Bancroft—but we would have plenty of time for the view later. With the guiding hand of more than one smiling Jimmylegs, we found our lonely way to the Visiting Team Dormitory, where we were able to catch our breath before the race began.

"Will you come to Stribling Walk . . ."

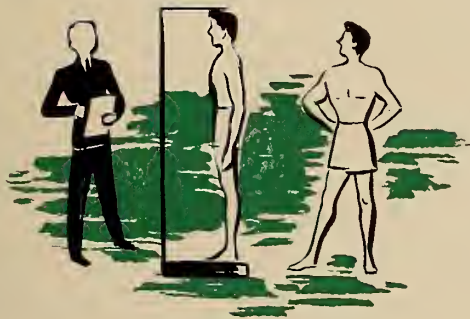




The calm before the storm . . .

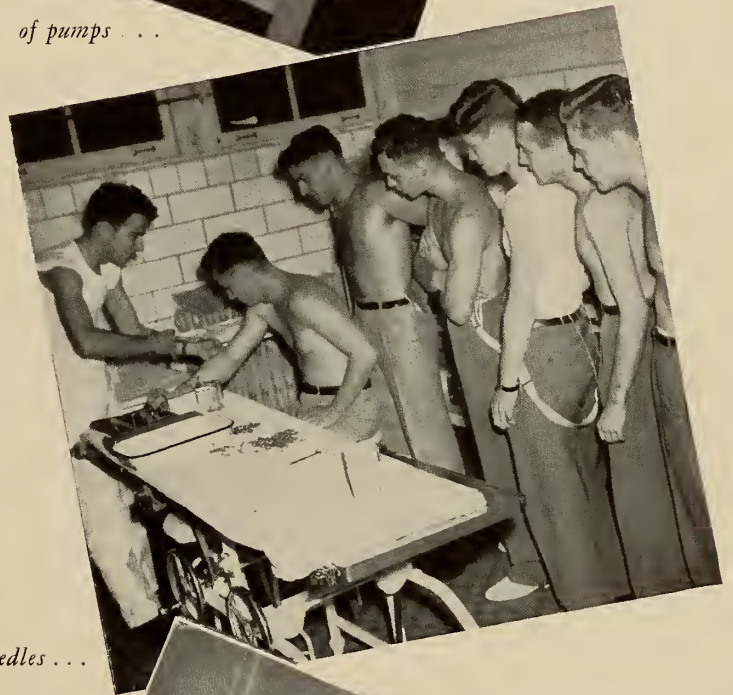


of pumps . . .



. . . to a new life

It wasn't exactly a hotel, but we found comfort in the other bewildered sport-coated and uniformed individuals who were soon to be our shipmates in this long-term venture. Then, with our first visit to Sick Bay, that venture began. If we weren't completely healthy, the doctors giving our physical exam soon knew it. And those who weren't lucky enough to make the grade were the casualties of the first encounter of our naval careers. All that remained for the rest of us was the "O.K." of the Senior Medical Officer, and a last civilian look at our new surroundings in Annapolis.



and needles . . .



and picks



Physically fit to serve



On the dotted line

*After the formalities, an inspiring **OATH***

With the Captain's signature on a clean bill of health, the race really began. We donned our clothes and were soon attacking reams and reams of blank forms of every description. Returning to the Dormitory, we awaited the "High Mogul's" beck and call, smoking and conjecturing and enjoying limited freedom in the midst of confinement—to last such a little while. Then, in the hushed austerity of Memorial Hall, right hands were proudly raised, and we reached one of the steppingstones of our lives as we became the newest midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy.

Up Anchor!



*Underway
at last*



SALES TO
MIDSHIPMEN ONLY
AT THIS COUNTER



Haul away together



We don't have to . . .

*Around the **CLOCK***
our new life hurried us . . .



My aching back!

All ready . . .





march like the infantry



We drew everything but enough pay



on the firing line

“Why should a steam Navy need rowboats?” “How come a sailor should have to carry a gun?” My, what naïve little minds we had in those days. But there was actually a minimum of time for question-asking on our part, because, as we soon learned, Plebe Summer is a round-the-clock proposition. We were formally introduced to some of the Academic Departments, rowed the Navy’s cutters, flexed our young muscles from dawn to dusk, and even found time for an LCI cruise to not-so-distant parts of the Chesapeake. And we began to have our first musings about which civilians were taking care of our girls back home.

Maiden voyage



TRADITION
was our teacher . . .



*"We meet 'neath the
sounding rafters . . ."*



Inspiration from the past

The open sea

as we waited for the "AC's" to fall

It is said that the Navy, in time, can completely replace family and loved ones in the heart. For instance, what family features community singing every Friday night in Dahlgren Hall? So we were content as we patiently awaited the coming of October and our first crack at those demon academics. Open season on the throats of '48 officially got underway with the first fall blue service formation. Whisk brooms were wielded, Windsors were slowly fashioned, and when the formation bell rang we had at last passed into the open sea of our Academy cruise.

Great snakes—ten thumbs!

We had those Jacob Reed Blues





A plebe's day begins **EARLY...**



0430—Operation Frostbite

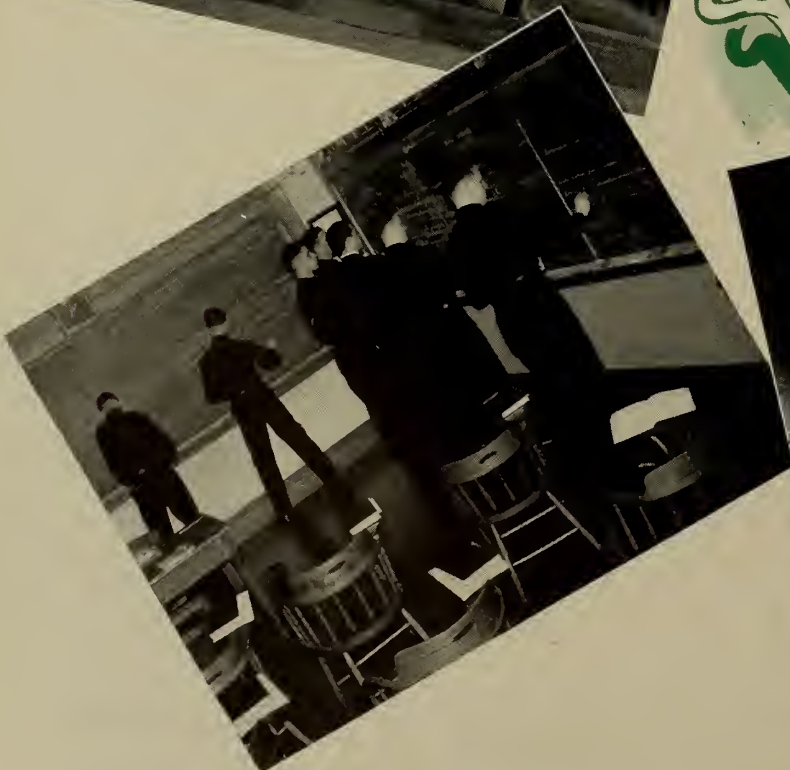


0616—All turned out, sir

0745—"We march off to class . . ."



A day at Navy is unique for the meticulous attention given to detail. So we got up at 0430 to close wintry windows, got up again at 0615 and reported same to an inspector, dressed, ate, marched smartly back and forth to class, and suffered a multitude of minute inspections by our new-found friends in the Executive Department.



1005—And the blood flowed like wine



1225—The Specter reflects





2200—All ready to be tucked in, sir



1925—Goody, goody, blueberry pie race, sir!



1400—What precipitate, George?



and ends **LATE**

After class, those who ran afoul of the law were given extra instruction in the use of a very heavy rifle. At evening meal the entertaining first class supplied us with that extra helping of *joie de vivre*, inherent in the average midshipman. Study hour, and so to bed. Mother, come and get your lonesome child!



1715—Twice as much for a statement, too

Fire!

FOOTBALL *and* CHRISTMAS *were highlights*



Formation for battle



"Jingle bells, single belles . . ."

During football season we followed the team to Baltimore, and cheered our boys through victory and occasional defeat. We saw Army win that year, and immediately began to think of next year's revenge. But now plebe Christmas was upon us, and in full uniform we proudly greeted the outside world and home once more.

"Raising spiders, bub?"

*...and then the **DARK** AGES descended*

The Dark Ages are so called because all the bright spots of the future are so far away as to be nearly indistinguishable. Room inspections got tougher, the days got longer, mail came less often, and the attitude of the upperclass was definitely not motherlike. It was not very consoling to go over on Saturday nights to the hops and watch, from the balcony, all those lovely creatures who were on such friendly terms with our sworn enemies. But this too would pass, and fabled June Week glistened in the distance like a lovely castle.



Whoops!

So near and yet so far





JUNE WEEK *greeted us...*

Those of us who emerged victorious from our final examinations discovered that even our long-awaited pleasures must be hurried, so during the five days of June Week we endeavored to do all that had been denied us for a year. We picnicked, paraded, hiked, and danced. The Academy was beautiful, our drags were beautiful, and even life, for the moment, seemed beautiful. With our first summer leave and a set of youngster stripes just around the corner, it all seemed just too good to be true.



Dragging—it's wonderful!

The outstanding were honored





*The unlucky
waited . . .*



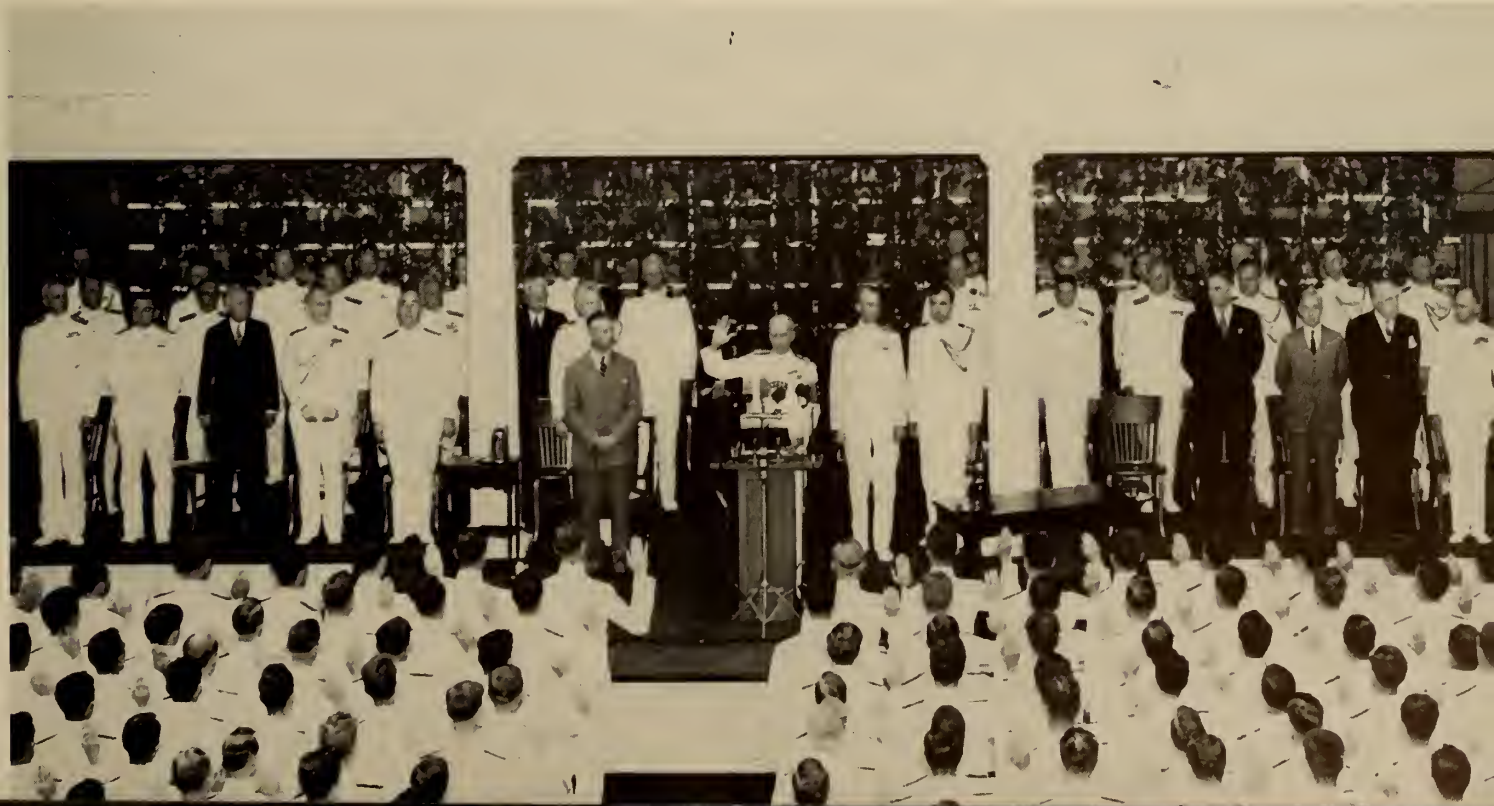
. . . while we danced in the clouds

our first was '46's last . . .

Although we were still officially plebes on this voyage, the Farewell Ball for the Class of '46 brought us close to our first major promotion in the Navy. Dahlgren, hot and overcrowded with the thousands of June Week drags and visitors, was still a most romantic and enjoy-

able spot on that night before the Great Day. As '46 graduated the next morning, a thousand hats flew into the air, and with shoulder boards off we raced to climb Herndon Monument — our official good-bye to Plebe Year.

Admiral King administered the oath





Nearly the end of a long, long climb

Operation completed—clear sailing ahead

One class became **TWO**

The tingling anticipation of the coming of summer leave was marred by an odd turn of events. One class had suddenly become two. We were divided on an academic basis into the classes of '48-A and '48-B, the upper half to graduate as the last accelerated class at the Naval Academy. It seemed strange—adding an "A" after the name on our doorplate, donning second class stripes instead of youngster shoulder boards—but time enough to think about those things later. The gates, at long last, were open.



"A" for accelerated

Baltimore, and hurry!





Wifey!

Batt Office—gouge plugger's paradise

Second Class Summer passed too quickly . . .

Leave ended before it began, and we found ourselves meeting new wives, unpacking dirty laundry, and drawing new textbooks all too soon. Yes, second class summer was sheer fruit. All in all, academics were light, the sun was shining most of the time, and we could drag the beauties of the nation at our leisure. The huge V-J Day celebration in Tecumseh Court highlighted the whole summer. It was great to be alive.



14 August, 1945—It's over over there



The supercharger must be here somewhere . . .







Home Base

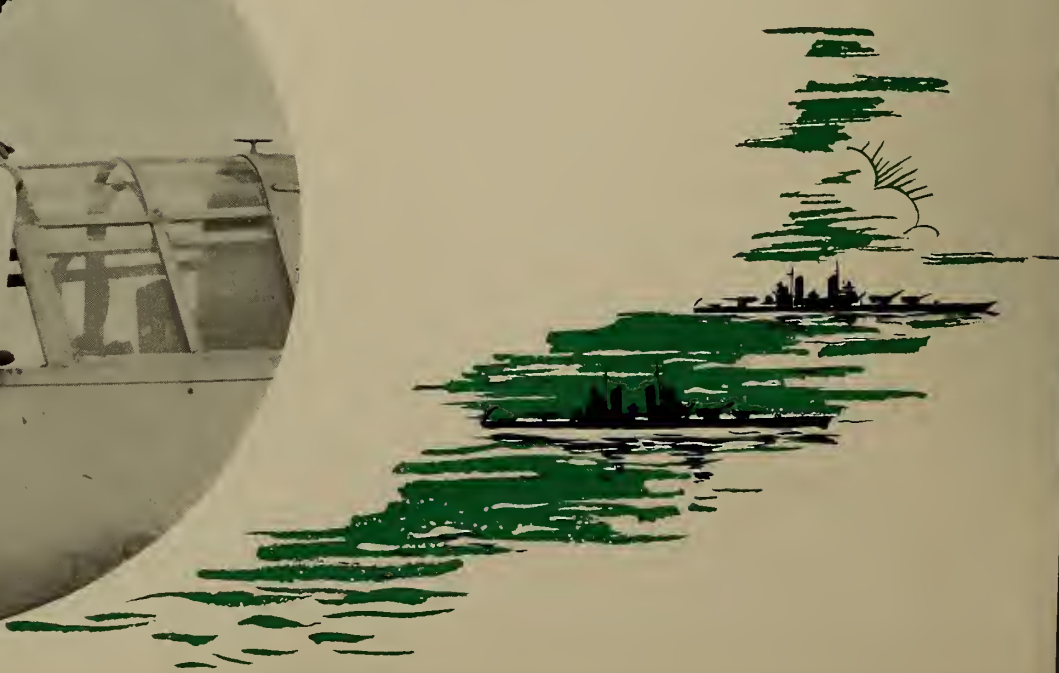


Dry run

WINGS *over the Severn*

Part of the summer was devoted to learning the theoretical and practical rudiments of flying. The air was full of midshipmen in Kingfishers and Catalinas while Annapolis held its breath, but we all made it through alive, safe if not too sound. Cruise was the big interest now, and we, salty beyond description after a year at Navy, packed for our Caribbean jaunt.

Sky anchors aweigh





Join the Navy and see the world

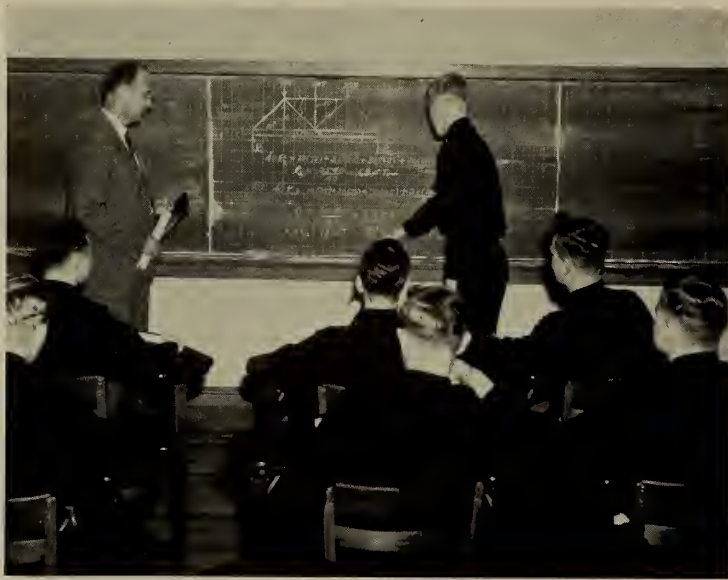
... and SHIPS over the Sea

For lack of something else to do on the *Savannah*, *Marblehead*, *Cincinnati* and *Raleigh*, we swabbed decks, stood watches, attended lectures, and chipped and painted ceaselessly. We visited Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and the Virgin Islands, and were royally entertained in Haiti and San Juan, Puerto Rico, before the Chapel dome was sighted and we were home again.

Cheap at half the price

I'd rather be a plebe . . .





The sum of the forces . . .

The **CLASSROOM** *was our battle station*



The glory of the summer now past, the Academic Departments bore down with seemingly malicious intent. Those of us who had not become slipstick artists by this time didn't have a prayer, and to break the point on one's pencil in Math class might impair one's whole naval career. At any rate, three times a day, five-and-a-half days a week, we spouted forth strange languages, plugged formulae, sketched turbines, and became increasingly familiar with the exploits of Nelson and Farragut.

Commence work, gentlemen . . .



Where's the accent?



Buenos días, señor



Now, the principle is very simple . . .

The quest for knowledge in itself wasn't so bad—it was the wear and tear on the nervous system in watching those quiz curtains go up, the jolt one received as he read his slip, and the inevitable daily grade. Slowly but surely love for one's mother became a secondary concern to "Money in the Fleet." We learned to listen to the bushes and to read the trees with an almost stoic attitude. There were days when it was hard to believe that the sun was shining anywhere in the world.



A stream of electrons . . .

Do you agree with Nelson, Mr. Wilson?



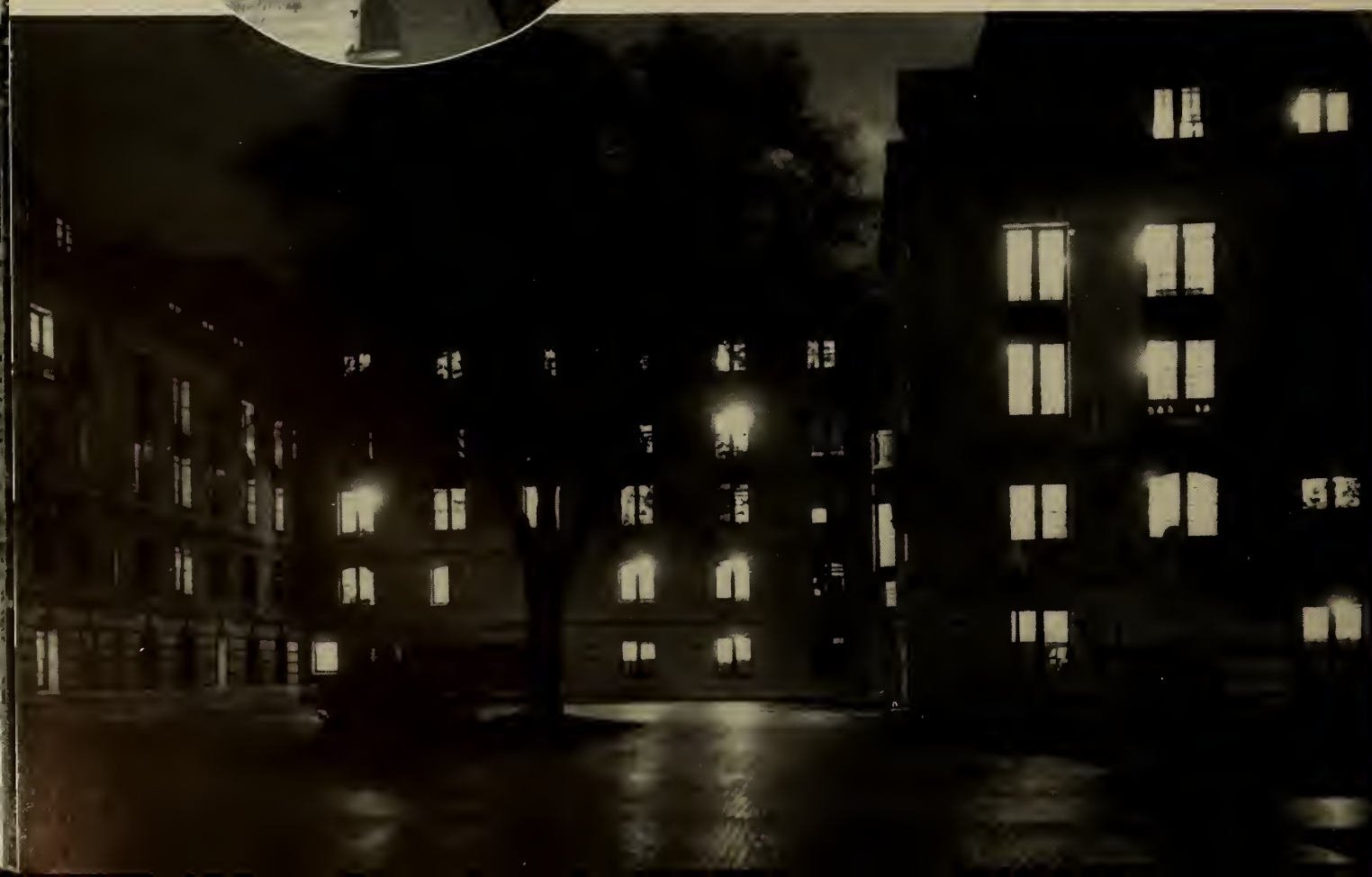
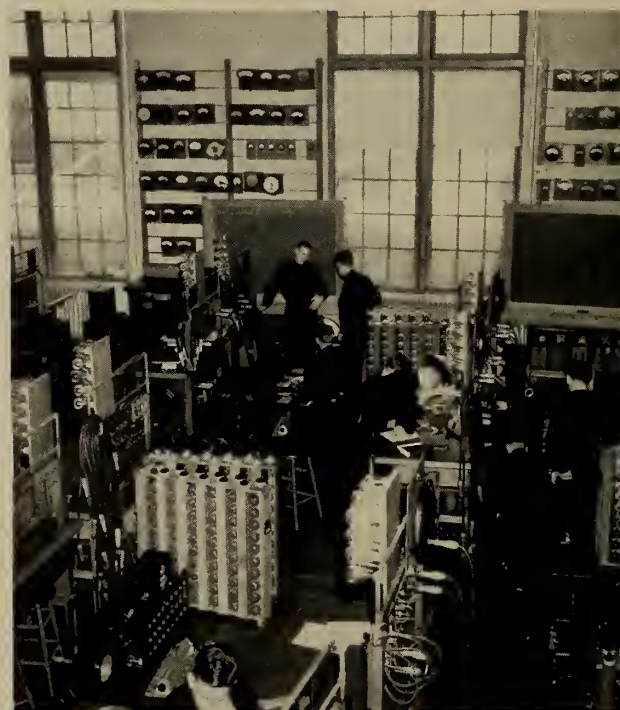
Professor Sturdy finds an opening

*Top: High octane experts
Center: If you ever have to parallel generators . . .
Bottom: Night battle practice*

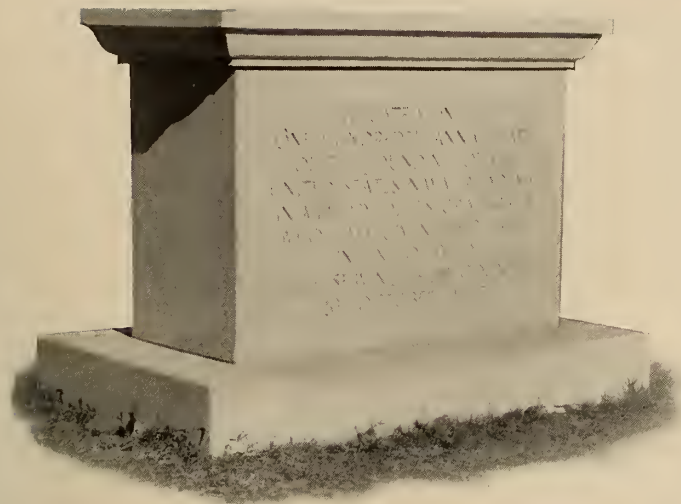
by **DAY** and **NIGHT**

While the routine of the academic day was sometimes changed to include a lab or a practical work, the routine of the academic night was always the same. Hardly a sound could be heard in Bancroft except the gentle swish of slide rules, or perhaps the scraping of a pen on stationery, made by some savoir who already had this stuff in college.

Profit or pleasure?



The ships of long ago

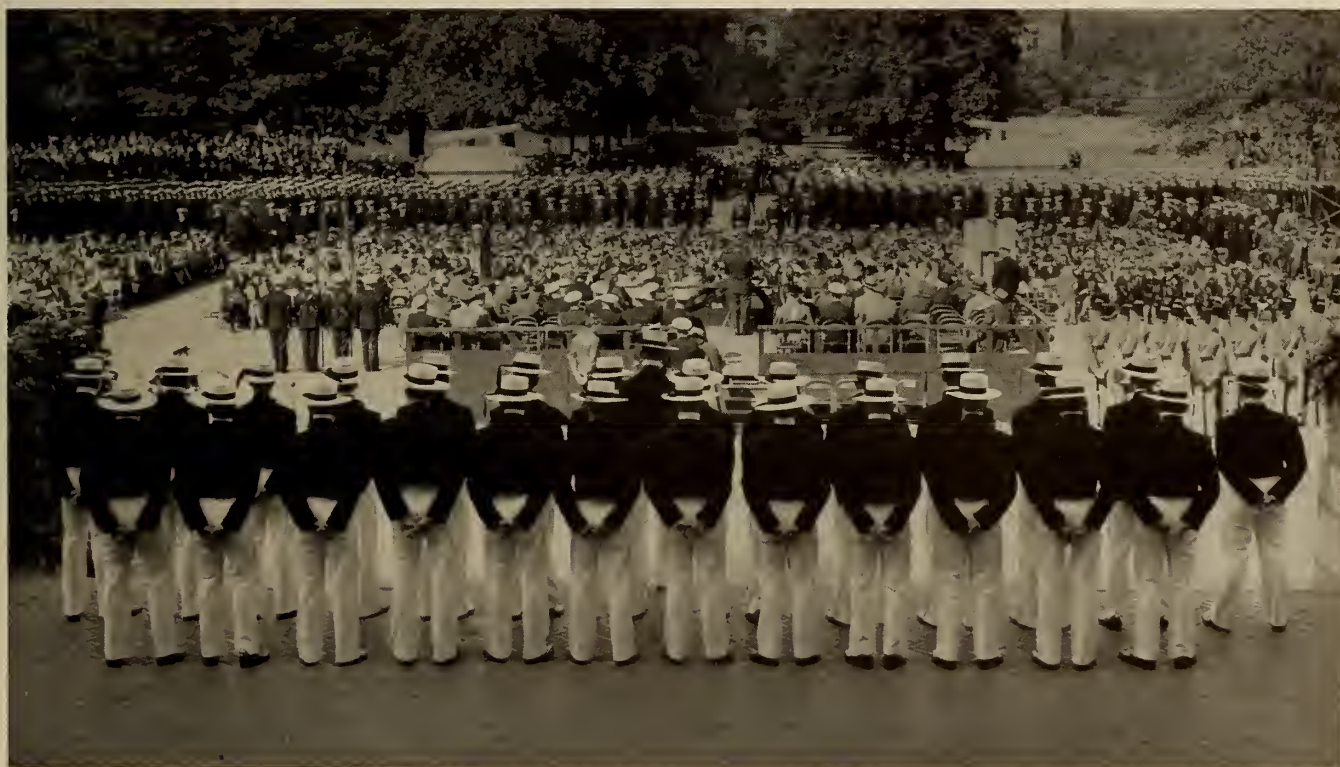


Dedicated to heroes

A century of **SERVICE**

Certainly one of the highlights of the year was the celebration in October of the Academy's centennial. Visitors came to witness such events as a P-rade in the uniforms of a century ago, the unveiling of a monument, and a hundred-gun salute to a hundred years of tradition-rich and battle-tested history. It was a day of great pride in our school, and a day that none of us would soon forget.

Our 100th birthday party





All the comforts of home



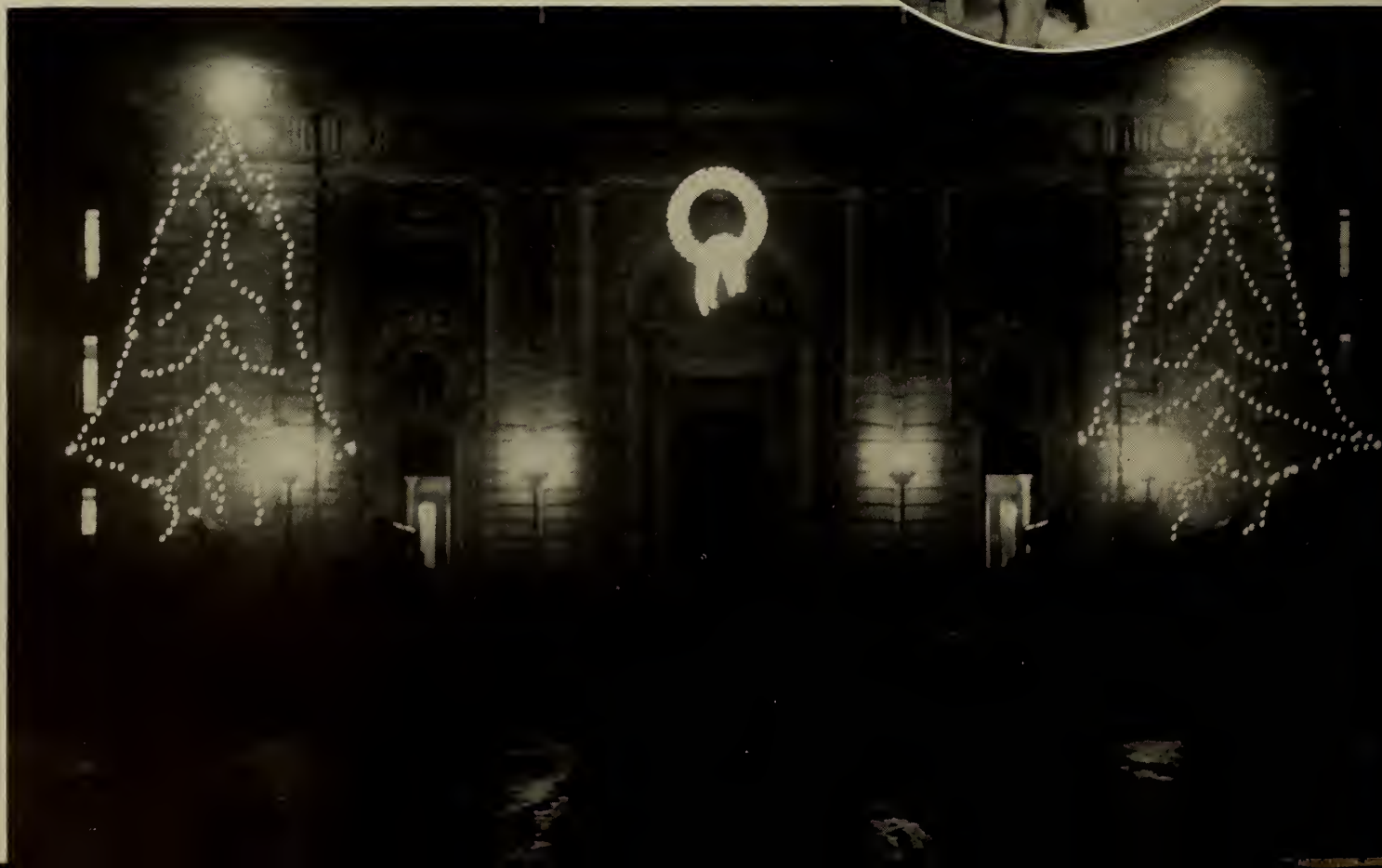
Navy tallies again

Football week ends *in the **FALL***

Football, box lunches, and Baltimore liberty—the highlights of the fall social season at the Naval Academy. When the long five-mile march to the stadium was over, discomfort ended and excitement began as we cheered Navy and Bill through a fine football season. Christmas passed swiftly, and the academic struggle was resumed.

"Deck the Hall . . ."

A preview of coming attractions





*and dragging
week ends in
the **SPRING***

Saturday brought liberty . . .



. . . the splendor of the hop . . .



*. . . The Moment with you . . .
. . . and the dash for home*

Dragging consists primarily of taking a firm grip on something tender and slender and hauling her around behind you at a rapid pace for the next two days. Saturday afternoon usually included a sports event and tour of the Yard, while the evening was filled with a hasty dinner, a quick change, and two dreamy hours at the hop. And liberty, always too short, usually found us so anxious to return that we ran all the way home.





A magnificent chapel, an inspiring service . . .



A beautiful **SUNDAY**

. . . a guiding message . . .

The Chapel service was a very precious part of any Annapolis week end. After the impressive flag ceremony which completed our worship, some of us lingered with our drags in the Chapel to visit the crypt of the Father of our Navy, John Paul Jones; others were added to the colorful, chattering crowd in front of the Chapel steps. Noon meal formation put an unwanted end to the lovely part of our week end that centered around the Chapel.



. . . and the stillness of the crypt



There he is—in the blue suit

that ended too soon

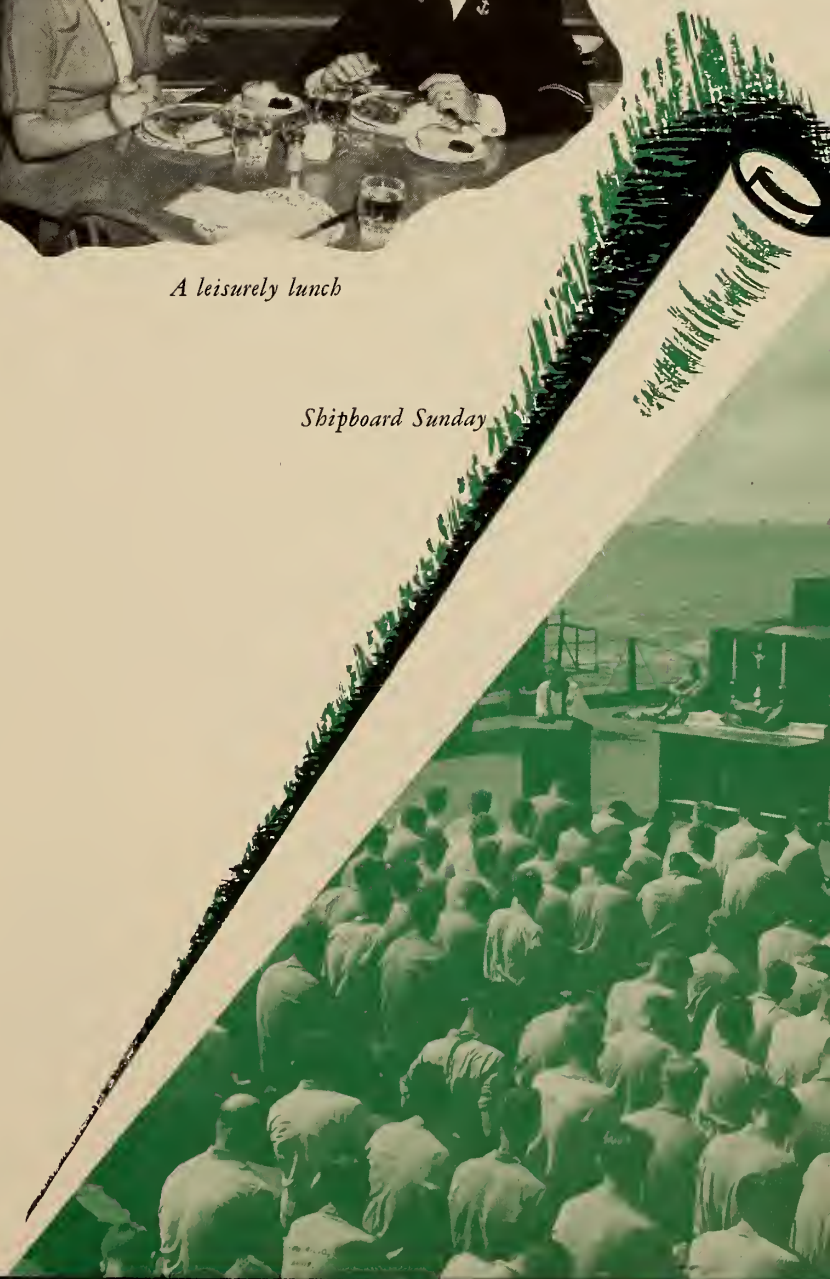
Noon meal formation, judging from the crowds of drags, always provided an interesting spectacle. The schedule for Sunday afternoon usually called for a movie, bowling, bridge, or informal dancing to someone's radio. But whatever it was, it ended too quickly. Midst fond farewells, tenderly rendered at a Baltimore trolley or a Washington bus, a wonderful weekend came to a close. Sunday night was the loneliest night of the week.



A leisurely lunch

Shipboard Sunday

... and don't forget to write!



Signs of Spring



''Bout face . . . 'bout face . . . Next''

◊ *Direct representative of the Commandant*

We received our fifth and final suit of blue service as proof of the passage of time, and made mighty preparations for the pre-June Week trial-by-fire in the examination rooms. As a final post-exam touch we released some of the tenseness of long hours of study by rewarding the savoir in foreign languages for his efforts with a fully-clothed swim in the Severn. Tradition carries on.

◊ *They can't bilge us all*

Cut my throat, wilya?



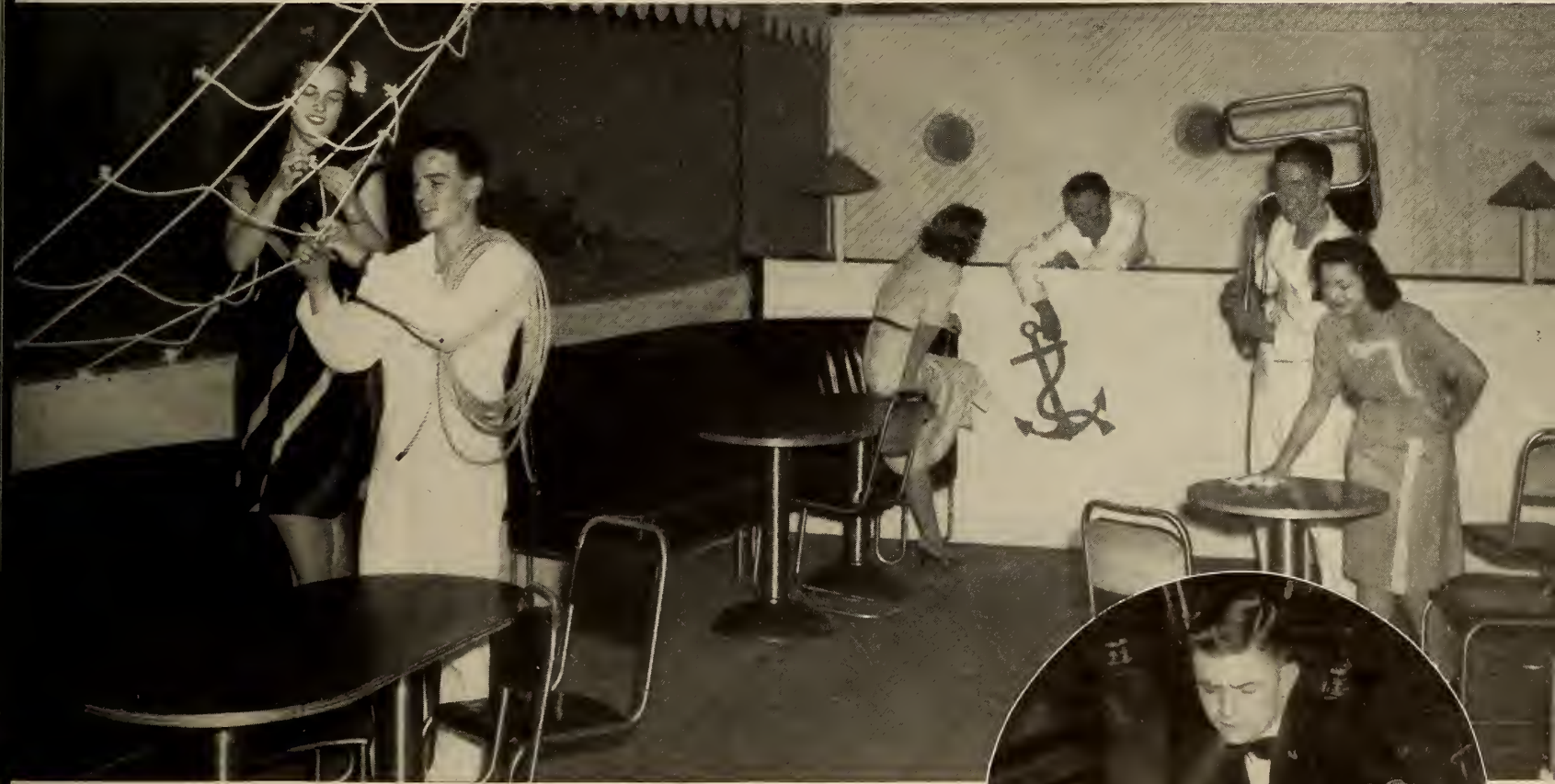


and a very special

JUNE WEEK

Second Class June Week required the presence of a very special girl, and the One-and-Only's of hundreds of locker doors converged on Crabtown for the occasion. We met our drags and saw that they were properly installed at a base of operations for the mad-whirl-to-come of picnics, P-rades, sailing, and hops, and the grand social climax. Time stood still as we waited to escort our drags to the Ring Dance of them all.

I think this is the place



Clear the decks for action



Tempus figdits



Dinner at Hotel Bancroft



Full speed ahead

Our RING

A royal banquet in the Midshipmen's Mess served to begin the evening's pleasure. Our humble dining room was transformed into a fantasy of formals and perfumes on this night of nights. After a leisurely meal, strains of sweet music called us away to our Ring Dance. The impressive loveliness of Memorial Hall was ours for the evening, while the soft lights and music wafted away the accumulated cares of the year.

Mrs. Ingersoll, the gracious hostess





All this and Heaven too

Last minute check

DANCE

Smoke Park was breathtaking. Japanese lanterns sprinkled the evening with color, and an imitation Austrian band filled the summer air with waltzes and serenades. Smoke Hall had been ingeniously converted into a ship complete with mock waves, ocean breezes, and skyline. From the steerage to the balcony, from Smoke Park to Mem Hall, the picture was one of beauty were happiness and complete enjoyment reigned supreme.



The christening

Smoke Park interlude





Our Academy tradition . . .

Romance of a **RING**

Our rings, having been removed long enough from their evening's resting places on ribbons around the necks of our drags to be christened in the water-filled binnacle in the Rotunda, were now ready for the ceremony soon to take place. The moment we had so long awaited came when, during the fourth dance, the lights of Mem Hall grew dim and dimmer, the music became even softer and sweeter; and in five hundred little ceremonies on the dance floor we received both our rings and the congratulatory, and perhaps rather lingering, kisses of our drags. In one motion we had reached the climax of a wonderful June Week and had been admitted to the great family of men who wear the rings of the Naval Academy. As long as our service careers should last, as long as our memories of Annapolis should endure, this moment would be with us. Full of thoughts both light and serious, we danced away the evening on clouds of bliss and sheer contentment.



. . . respected throughout the Fleet





On a June Week afternoon . . .

Parading and planning . . .

The climax was over, but we had no trouble in finding ways to spend those remaining June Week moments. We carried our lunches and our drags off into the countryside on hikes and picnics, basked in the sun on the Severn from the stern of a knockabout, or P-raded in full

regalia on Worden Field. The few between-time hours in Bancroft were spent in packing suitcases and making general preparations for our cross-country treks back to families and home-cooked meals. First class leave was at hand.



*Away the
liberty party*

There's going to be a certain party at the station



Top: "I will support and defend . . ."
Bottom: Ma, and Pa, and Sister Sue

We donned our bow ties and white gloves to bid adieu to the Class of '47 at the Farewell Ball, beginning the end of a wonderful June Week. The next morning saw the distribution of diplomas to the new ensigns, with an inspiring godspeed from Admiral Halsey. Another year . . . but for the moment—Mother, set another place at the table, for your wandering son is coming home!

and a
FAREWELL to '47

"We hate to see you go . . ."





And, boy, what a figure!



The clocks turned swiftly on leave, bringing the inevitable shock of the end of the month. Our loss of freedom was forgotten in the rush to empty suitcases and fill seabags, for our travel was not yet done—a cruise lay ahead. First class cruise it was, mind you, where, we naïvely supposed, we came along for the ride, to do absolutely nothing but watch the under-class wield the Navy's long-handled vacuum cleaner, the swab.

A battlewagon **CRUISE** *awaited us*

"Farewell to college joys . . ."



◇
*King for
a year*

We were off to the Caribbean again, to the balmy breezes and dark blue water. This time we were carried by battleships—the modern 35,000-tonners *Washington* and *North Carolina*. It was a cruise of ceaseless activity, and midshipmen clambered through the bowels of the ship and over the superstructure for six weeks in search of knowledge, experience, and better places to sleep. We fired guns, big and little,

day and night. We shot stars, stood every imaginable kind of watch, listened to endless lectures, and supervised the youngsters in their work whenever and wherever possible. We were denied the opportunity of again tasting Cuba's famous Hatuey, encountered the year before at Guantanamo, and had to content ourselves with thoughts of coming pleasures in Norfolk and New York. Full speed ahead!

Under the sun we **LIVED**
and **LEARNED . . .**



Captain's inspection



and **LIFE** *was never dull*

We didn't work too much on cruise—only about twenty-five hours a day. At Norfolk, the ships were provisioned in an all-hands evolution. Underway, general quarters became an increasingly smooth operation as we learned the many tricks of naval gunnery. At the long-awaited end of cruise, per tradition, the bucket first classman knocked the ring off the pelican hook, and the anchor splashed into the home waters of the Chesapeake.

When we weren't at GQ . . .

"Lift that box, tote that bale!"

. . . we were at lectures

Lead, dammit, lead





SUMMERTIME . . .

*when the living
was easy*



Ye Olde Navye Tavern

"Sir, the First Battalion is formed"



I'll never smoke again

Eleven laps in Swimming Dress Able



And the meek shall inherit the earth. With the advent, after two long years of subservience, of first class summer, we inherited the Brigade of Midshipmen. Cultivating that "first class feeling," we leisurely availed ourselves of the rates and privileges that were our due. But there was an obstacle course test that would make a monkey out of a jet-propelled chim-

panzee, and there were Coach Ortland's drowning trials taken in a full suit of white works. Nevertheless, we managed to do an abnormal amount of dragging on week ends. When the plebes entered the Brigade at the beginning of academic year, we moved our gear, grunting and groaning, to our new rooms, prepared to take over.

Johnny always rolls his own



All engines ahead full



Money in the Fleet

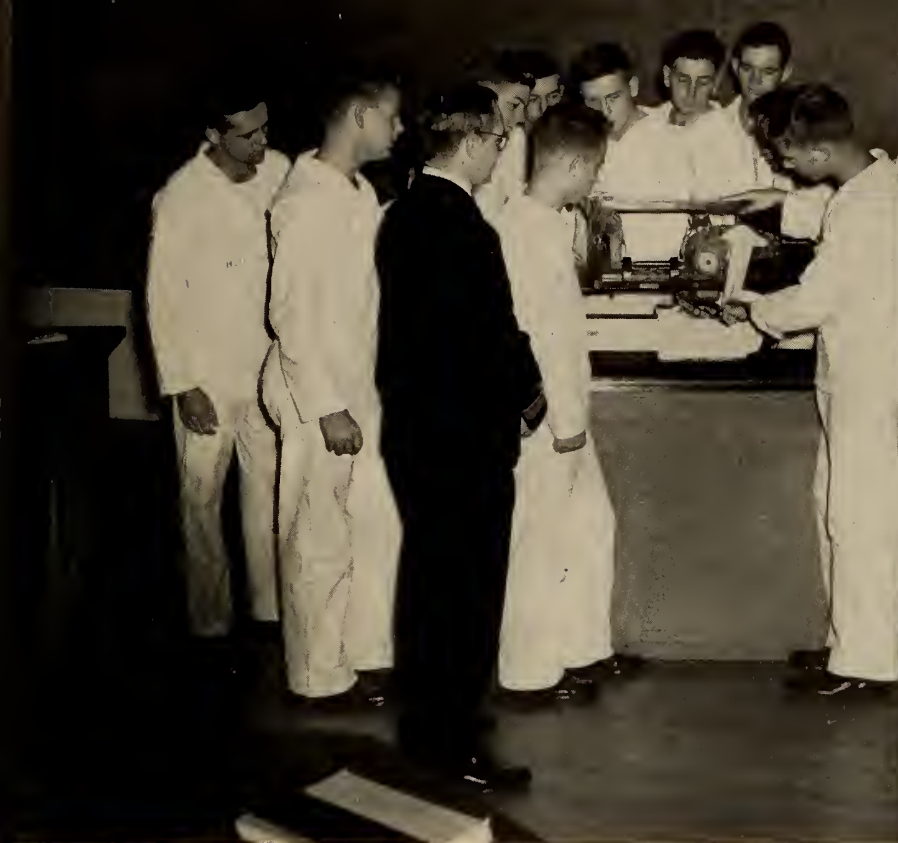
PROFESSIONAL

subjects now filled our days

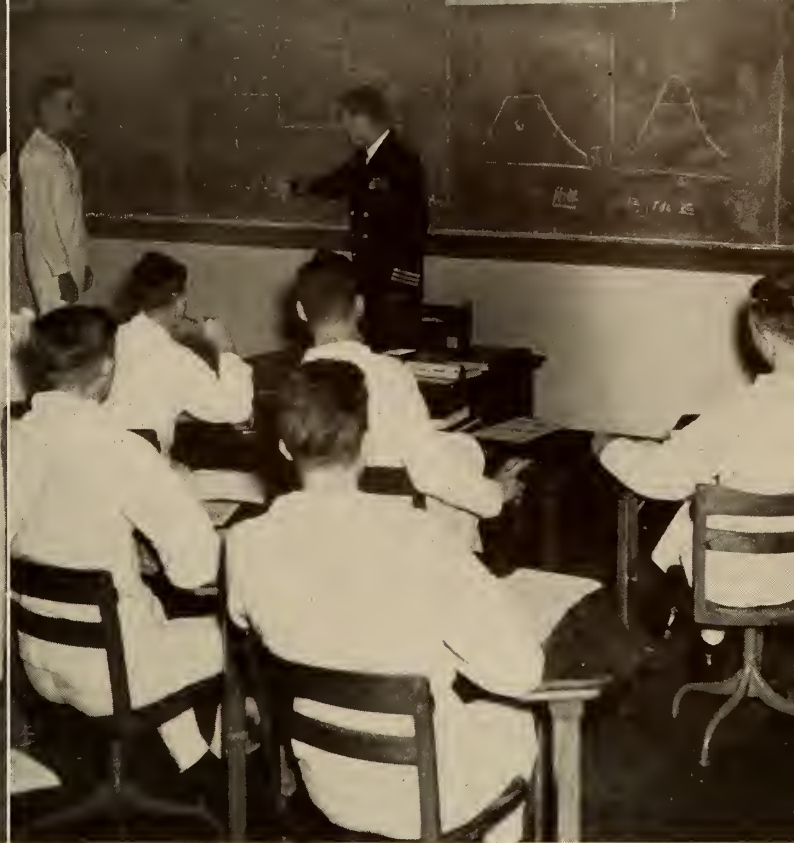
We couldn't tell a boiler from a Joe-pot without a gouge

Radar—the answer to an OOD's prayer





The trigger pawl actuates the trigger catch lever. . . .



Enthalpy? It's sort of a --- well, it's ---

First class may be kings, but the Academic Departments were not fully aware of that fact. A prompt issue of textbooks and gouges, and we were soon cringing servants of the Almighty Grade Book. Thrice daily we recited on the enigma of enthalpy, pondered the function of the latch catch locking lever, or jeopardized our mother's sons in Juice lab. On Friday nights we clipped on a bow tie to hear the

weekly lecture in Mahan Hall, and Saturday mornings saw us carry our sharp pencils and dull brains to a two-hour Nav P-work. There was no rest for the weary, with fewer, but deeper and wider, rivers to cross. We faltered at times, but never retreated, carrying our trusty slide rules, and perhaps a razor or two, deep into battle, praying for victory.

Can dead men vote twice?

Sine wave? But sir, I got a hyperbola





Walking to classes was a pleasant change

There were
LIGHTER
moments . . .

First class year had its moments. We proceeded to class independently, used Number Two Gate, and were granted late lights to continue the evening's checker game. Periodically we strapped on a sword and went on watch as BOOW, or, if possessed of enough Grease, as MOOW. Birthdays, despite the rumor that

midshipmen don't have mothers and are created by an Act of Congress, were occasions of revelry and celebration, exceeded only by "bricking parties," where plebes, dressed in finery, presented the traditional brick to the unlucky one whose potential queen turned out to look more like the king.

A week end began like this . . .

. . . and sometimes ended like this





And a night begun like this . . .

. . . too often ended like this



and **DARKER** ones

There were taps and reveille inspections, Grease chits, and those soul-quaking encounters with the Executive Detectives—"The Ghoul," "The Blimp," "The Turtle"—to keep us busy. Never have so few fried so many for so little. To further fill our leisure moments, we frequently practiced the fine art of after-dinner speaking at banquets with the Bull Department. And still she kept asking why we didn't write more often.

After-Dinner Speaking—what every young officer should know



Navy **SPIRIT** *thrilled*



Ugh! Beatum Army!

All hands . . . Up Anchor!



Birthplace of Navy's twelfth man

The Army-Navy game, always a thriller, turned out to be the sports spectacle of the century. The prospects were outwardly black—32-point underdogs as Army romped at will over the nation's great. A week of pep rallies, cheering, unshackled plebes, and painting—even a few choice West Point monuments—convinced us and our team that the will to win would decide the game. When the Brigade marched through Philly to the Stadium, there was fire in every eye and determination in every stride. An unbelieving and frenzied 102,000 saw the Big Blue Team accomplish the impossible that glorious day, matching Army touchdown for touchdown, netting twenty first downs to Army's eight, and bringing the relentless drive for victory to the Army four-yard line as the final whistle blew. Although the scoreboard said that we had lost, 21-18, the Navy and the nation knew otherwise.

the Nation and the Fleet

The Big Blue Team's fight matched every Army touchdown





Christmas was in the air

SANTA *had the duty*

All this and Christmas too! We turned from the excitement of the Army game to find that old St. Nick was awaiting us with ten days leave. Carols filled the air, turkey filled the stomach, room doors blossomed with cheery Christmas posters, and even the Academic Departments had a Christmas tree. Good will towards men, and even plebes, prevailed as we eagerly awaited our re-entry into the outside world.

That's the Spirit, Santa!



The **DARK AGES** *had a silver lining*

Returning laden with presents, new addresses, and new locker-door pictures, we faced the seemingly interminable stretch known as the Dark Ages that lay ahead. Unwilling to study all the time, we embarked upon a crusade of week ends, dragging, and bridge-playing to fill leisure moments. Our thirst for knowledge had been thoroughly quenched, and it was with effort that we exposed our saturated brains to the daily quota of naval knowledge.

At Smokers or NACA, the Ten was tops



Herbie's Restaurant

Sign of a misspent childhood





Morning sun



... for those in peril on the tree

The **BEGINNING . . .**

Saturday morning brought the trees, the P-work, and another week end in which to excel. Most fun of all were the four away week ends that we rated during the year. One of *those* Saturdays always found us indifferent to trees, ready to navigate anywhere, and eager to be away.

"Solve, by use of H. O. 211 . . ."





Week-end pleasures . . .

Baltimore or Washington—that was the question. But whatever the answer, the hours spent away from our Severn home seemed to melt away, and all too soon we were beginning Sunday evening meal as the supposedly entertained object of a plebe Happy Hour.

and the **END**



and the ride back home

"Happy Hour is here again . . ."





I N T R A



On the field



... and in the gym

Rugged but refreshing



Around the end

M U R A L S



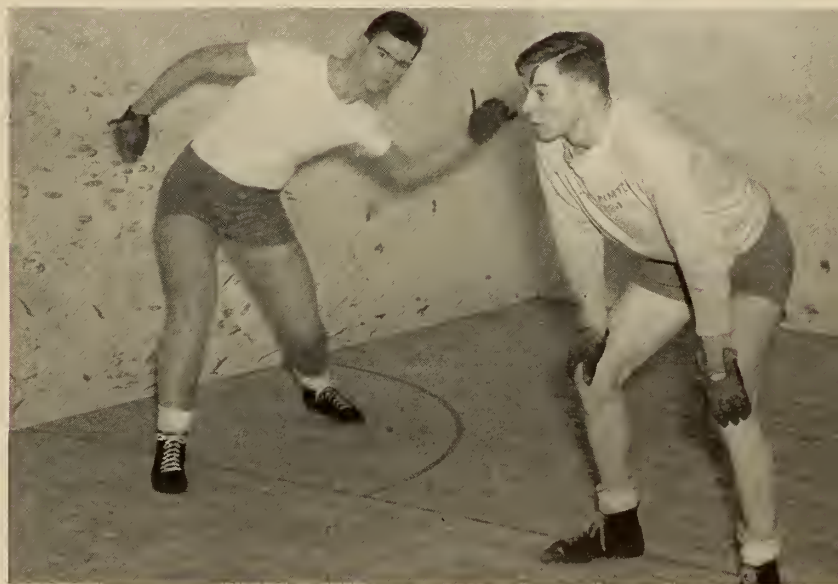
We jumped . . .

. . . and kicked . . .

. . . and swatted . . .

Sports played a vital part in our Naval Academy training. An excellent safety valve at all times, they afforded us constant pleasure while we learned teamwork, how to win and lose, how to play fair and hard. Each season brought a new crop of varsity, battalion, and company sports. The intramurals were the most enjoyable participant sports and the most dangerous, and fieldball and battalion football vied for honors in filling up the Naval Academy Hospital. We took part in basketball, squash, wrestling, boxing, and a host of others—and although we didn't all emerge experts, we could all talk a good game, and the valuable training we received would stand us in good stead in later years.

. . . and fought



An Annapolis

WEDNESDAY . . .

Buying new records, eating Annapolis hamburgers, seeing one of Navy's teams in action—each was an effective way to lose that mid-week feeling of academic saturation. So we tried them all, with great success.

New records were a luxury . . .

but seeing the game was a necessity





We enjoyed playing host to the cadets

The Cadet-Midshipman exchange program brought about a greater understanding between the two friendly rivals, so similar in purpose, yet so different in method and detail. Groups journeyed up to the Point to eat, sleep, drag, and even study with the Corps of Cadets, while cadets spent a similar week end at An-

napolis. We were amazed to discover the mutual misconceptions which had arisen during the years, and to find how completely likeable our grey-coated brethren were off the football field. We returned to our respective alma maters with friendships and understanding that would surely benefit the Services.

and a West Point **WEEK END**



Dragging at the Point was a novelty

Merger discussion at the table





At
Dawning



The worms turneth

Our cruise was nearly over . . .

The inexorable march of time slowly ate up the months, and each remaining task was another landmark on our homeward journey. Hundredth Day found the heavy rod of discipline in plebe hands. Our final physical, a fatal obstacle for some of our battleworn number, spelled Supply Corps for others. Duty preferences drawn, we hopefully submitted a choice.



It looks like Pi, sir



China station or Norfolk? The preference numbers are drawn

and we prepared **to go ASHORE**

The long journey of Academy life was nearly over. Now that we had come again into home waters, vivid memories of the days underway told us that we would never forget our life at Annapolis. But even these thoughts paled for the moment at the prospect of our last and greatest June Week just ahead. The dream of graduation was almost a reality.

For the last time

A word to the wise



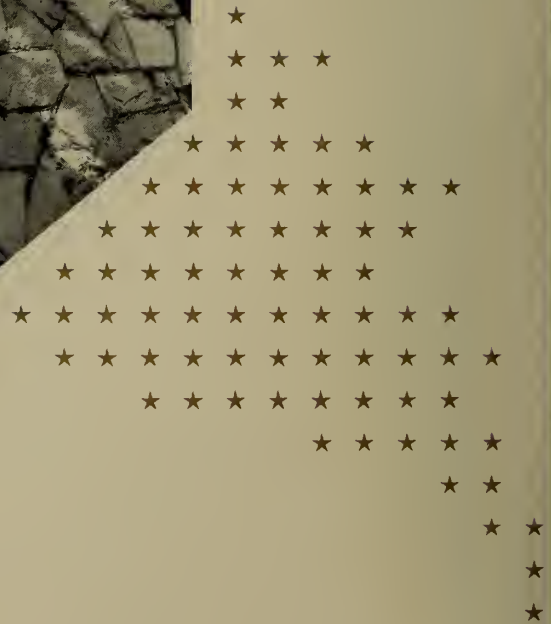
Our mission accomplished

The anchor again lies in the soft mud of the Chesapeake, and the Class of 1948-A has reached the end of its long voyage to officerhood. Three years of an accelerated schedule have left us little time for anything but the rigid requirements of the wartime course on the Severn. Although not an easy one, the life we have lived has rewarded us a thousandfold for all the energies we have expended to live it. And in the days still far ahead, our thoughts of the school we leave will, with the help of this LUCKY BAG, remain ever fresh, and be always a part of our dearest memories.





Jeannette Monument
...erected in honor of gallant
men who perished during an
Arctic expedition



ACTIVITIES



T

he work of becoming good seamen occupied most of our time . . . but there were moments of leisure which we found easy to fill with one or more of the many activities aboard . . . we found time to sing, to play a musical instrument, to write, to act, to build a model . . . and whatever it was that we liked, we always found others with the same interest. . . . Here are the stories of those activities that served so well to make the hours of our cruise more enjoyable during the long months underway.







CLASS OFFICERS. J. E. Rasmussen, vice-president; L. C. Bramlett, Jr., secretary; P. W. Nelson, president; W. K. Yates, treasurer.

Class Officers

The close personal relationship resulting from the small size of our class aided us in choosing as officers four of our most capable members. Prexy Perry Nelson and his fellow officers worked unceasingly to maintain the high spirit of the Brigade, and to insure the enforcement of a well-planned class policy.

The work of the Crest and Ring Committee, performed under the chairmanship of Joe Benton, consisted primarily of designing the class crest, and then of incorporating that design into a suitable Academy ring. We shall always be grateful to these men for the outstanding ring which their efforts produced.



Class Symbols

CLASS CREST AND RING COMMITTEE.
Front row: H. B. Lee, W. P. Houk, J. H. Benton, chairman; L. E. Ames, Jr. Second row: J. H. Bridges, B. B. Sibert, Jr., R. G. Blair, J. M. Stufflebeam, J. A. Holshouser.

HOP COMMITTEE. *Seated:* E. F. Welch, Jr., H. A. Hoffmann, J. E. Rasmussen, chairman; R. K. Bramwell, W. L. Carpenter. *Standing:* M. A. Chiara, C. D. Summitt, W. H. Barnes III, W. C. Graham, Jr., P. C. Keenan, Jr., W. F. Jones, J. M. Davis, J. R. Schmoller, R. K. Ripley, P. L. Schoos, M. E. Phares, B. Y. Brewster, Jr., J. T. Strong.

Planning our
DANCING
pleasure

The Hop Committee supervised all plans and decorations for each of the year's many hops. The gratitude of the class goes to these men, the success of whose efforts made possible so many perfect dragging week ends.

All thanks for the superb Ring Dance of '48-A belong to the committee that arranged it so well. Their wonderful evening of a ring, a kiss, and a thousand memories will remain in our hearts always.

and
the perfect
EVENING

RING DANCE COMMITTEE. *Seated:* C. P. Ekas, Jr., J. R. Schmoller, J. E. Rasmussen, chairman; J. T. Strong, R. W. Vasquez. *Standing:* B. Y. Brewster, Jr., C. F. Rauch, Jr., H. A. Hoffmann, C. D. Summitt.





J. R. Bjorge, *Editor-in-Chief*

The **LUCKY BAG**

The class said, "Give us a LUCKY BAG!" in the fall of second class year, and Editor Jim Bjorge and Business Manager Joe Benton, with true message-to-Garcia spirit, set out to do just that. Eighteen months and several thousand midshipman-hours later the book was delivered, accounts were closed, and the Class of 1948-A now had a permanent record of its days and deeds at the Naval Academy.

Comdr. W. R. Barnes, *Officer Representative*



Section Editors: Z. D. Alford, L. D. Marsolais, W. J. Shoemaker, F. H. Baughman, T. F. Dedman.



logged an interesting voyage

Never have so few done so much for so many. Under the guiding hands of the editor, managing editor and section editors, copy and pictures by the long ton flowed in and out of the little room in the First Wing basement. Underclass staff members worked long hours at the jobs of layout, mounting, ordering, and writing. With grim determination the staff pushed on toward the final deadline.



J. H. Benton, *Business Manager*

B. J. Conroy, Jr., *Engraving Manager*, and C. H. Brown, *Managing Editor*



PLEBE STAFF MEMBERS. *Seated:* C. Dobony, L. A. Muller, S. C. Ibsen, W. J. Funk. *Standing:* J. Fenier, S. Katz, J. N. Lyman, H. L. Anderson.





DOLLARS *and* DEADLINES *were our jobs*

The financial hurdles, no new proposition to the business manager, proved worthy of the best efforts of the advertising and circulation staffs. After fighting midshipman sales resistance and combing the nation for potential advertisers, the LUCKY BAG's financial wizards were convinced that paying for the book was the hardest job of all. The first class, checkage-conscious, agreed.



The biggest business hurdle was advertising. R. E. Crispin, *Assistant Business Manager*; W. C. Brewer, *Advertising Manager*; G. W. Duncan, Jr., J. H. Benton, *Business Manager*

Circulation problems worry the staff. *Standing:* N. K. Mullin, H. R. Portnoy. *Seated:* S. Trusso, J. C. Dyer, *Circulation Manager*; R. M. Machell

LUCKY BAG STAFF. *Seated:* F. H. Baughman, W. C. Brewer, J. H. Benton, J. R. Bjorge, B. J. Conroy, Jr., T. F. Dedman. *Second row:* R. E. Crispin, L. B. Greene, S. Trusso, J. C. Dyer, L. A. Muller, G. H. Weyrauch, Z. D. Alford, J. Fenier, R. Murphy, S. Katz, A. L. Pleasants III, W. J. Shoemaker. *Third row:* T. H. Saltzman, W. F. Dombrowski, W. J. Funk, Jr., H. F. Erickson, J. N. Lyman, S. C. Ibsen, Jr., C. R. Jantho, W. A. McBroom.



J. L. Harrison, *Photo Editor*

A never-ending demand for pictures for every section kept Photo Editor Jim Harrison and his staff constantly on the jump. With the scheduling efficiency of Photo Manager Jerry Weyrauch, the staff kept the flashbulbs popping and the developer flowing until every shot was in. Then, with all copy submitted and the final proof O.K.'ed, the staff could relax at last—the Lucky BAG was finished.

Harrison and *Photo Manager* G. H. Weyrauch arrange the details of a *Lucky BAG* picture

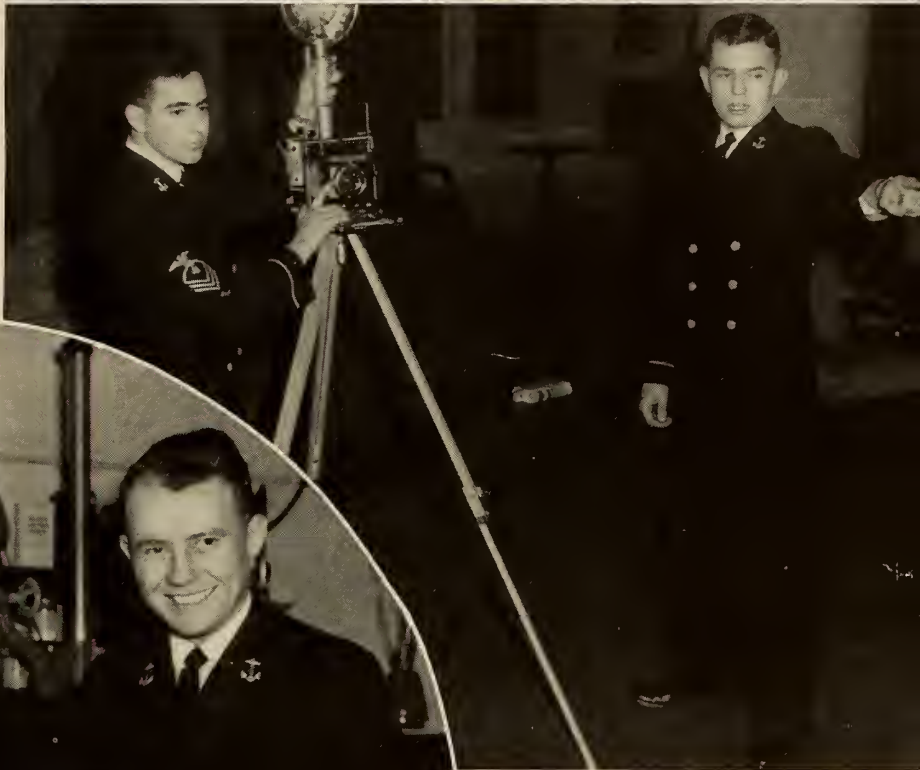


Photo Staff. Seated: J. L. Harrison, T. H. Saltsman. Standing: A. L. Pleasants, III, L. B. Greene, W. F. Dombrowski.



R. F. Jortberg, *Editor*

The *Log*, a perennial favorite with midshipmen, drags, and the folks back home, ranks consistently with the best of college magazines. This year's issues, displaying the best of the Brigade's writing, drawing and joking abilities, have maintained that tradition with ease. With such favorites as "Salty Sam," "Back Talk" and "Old Navy Line," Editor Bob Jortberg's *Log*, with its invitation to smile at the lighter side of Navy life, was a very welcome sight twice each month.

Comdr. J. C. G. Wilson, *Officer Representative*

The LOG... *eyes and ears of the Brigade*

LOG STAFF. *Seated:* H. B. Latimer, K. C. McCormick, R. D. Lochner, R. F. Jortberg, C. F. Rauch, Jr., G. M. Hogg, Jr., J. R. Schmoller, R. K. Bramwell. *Second row:* R. E. Kenyon, L. M. Marsh, S. K. Moore, G. W. Dittmann, C. H. Fox, G. C. Bower, Jr., J. R. Kint, F. W. Graham, E. P. Glassman, W. A. Bacchus, G. M. Bell, Jr., H. N. Kay, S. B. Garner, R. G. Chote, F. P. Schlosser, W. L. Harris, Jr., R. I. Gornik. *Third row:* H. A. Collin, Jr., A. L. Stapp, C. M. Conlon, Jr., J. J. Weir, Jr., D. D. Johnson, T. M. Annenberg, R. N. Wood, Jr., G. D. Ferguson III, K. R. VanderVennet, L. M. Serrille, S. S. Fine, J. F. Leyerle, E. I. McQuiston, Jr., H. W. Albers, S. J. Moffat.



Business Staff. First row: R. K. Bramwell, C. F. Rauch, R. D. Lochner. Second row: G. F. Hampton, G. W. Dittman, W. H. Keen, J. P. Cavanaugh.



Business Manager Ray Lochner would never admit that the editorial staff had a tougher job than balancing the *Log's* debits with assets. Ably assisted in the ceaseless work of keeping our favorite magazine solvent by Advertising Managers Chick Rauch and Ross Bramwell and by Circulation Manager Greg Bell, the "B.M." was able to pilot the *Log* to the port of financial security. From all standpoints, both business and editorial, the *Log* had another banner year.

R. D. Lochner, Business Manager



C. F. Rauch, Jr., and R. K. Bramwell, Advertising Managers



K. C. McCormick, Managing Editor

Our **CREATIVE**
interests



TRIDENT SOCIETY OFFICERS. Comdr.
A. T. Hathaway, officer representative; J. D.
Jones, president. *Second row:* B. R. Bell, J. C.
Dyer, W. D. Ennis.

The literary and cultural organizations of the Academy compose the Trident Society, which has as its purpose the furthering of literary and artistic activity within the Bri-

gade. The Society, through such mediums as the *Trident* magazine, the *Calendar*, and *Reef Points*, encouraged creative writing, art, and publication work by midshipmen of all classes.

General and Business Councils. Seated: W. C. Brewer, W. D. Ennis, J. D. Jones, B. R. Bell, J. C. Dyer. *Standing:* B. E. Reams, T. R. Allen, D. W. Cammack, D. P. Buhner, F. F. Manganaro, J. W. Rabinowitz.





in the **TRIDENT**
magazine

TRIDENT STAFF HEADS. *Seated:* Lt. R. M. Pond, officer representative; D. W. Cammack, editor. *Standing:* B. E. Reams, C. H. Brown.

The *Trident* magazine gives both a pictorial and written view of the Academy. Editor Dave Cammack led the way to a highly successful season, during which many improve-

ments over past years were noted. The most interesting *Trident* innovation was the exchange issue with the British Naval Academy.

TRIDENT STAFF. *Seated:* R. Carlquist, C. H. Brown, D. W. Cammack, B. E. Reams, C. S. Davis, *Second row:* R. F. Hale, D. R. Morris, V. M. Duroño, R. F. Patterson, P. Duncan, R. D. Huntington, D. K. Bloomfield, W. L. Harris, Jr., S. Trusso, R. T. Willson, E. J. Orth, B. W. Bevis. *Third row:* J. L. Harrison, T. H. Saltsman, W. M. Foley, C. H. Fox, D. H. Kahn, L. J. N. Blyde, W. S. Parr, A. L. Pleasants, III, F. J. Suttill, E. I. McQuiston, D. T. Giles, Jr.





TRIDENT CALENDAR STAFF. *Front row:* L. M. Marsh, H. B. Lee, editor; J. C. Dyer, N. A. DaRodda. *Second row:* R. L. Faricy, W. J. Whitley, H. B. Parker, C. H. Fox, F. S. Glendenning, S. K. Moore, C. H. Hershner.

The **CALENDAR** *kept* *our appointments . . .*

Another *Trident* publication popular with the Brigade was the *Trident Calendar*. A vital addition to any desk top, it served as a memo pad, a source of humor, and a guide to coming events.



REEF POINTS STAFF. *Front row:* D. C. Warren, R. D. Zelov. *Second row:* B. Y. Brewster, T. R. Allen, N. W. Bullard, T. A. Ross, B. R. Bell, editor.

and **REEF POINTS** *guided our plebes*

As much a part of Plebe Year as squaring corners and bracing up, *Reef Points* again provided the incoming class with a complete bible of Academy customs and tradition, plus valuable professional information.





a well-turned **BRUSH**

The Art Club, coordinating the talents of Brigade artists, again exhibited its skill in Academy publications, on Bancroft bulletin boards, and in the colorful pre-Army painting of Tecumseh.

ART CLUB. *Front row:* H. B. Lee, president; S. K. Moore, F. S. Glendenning. *Second row:* B. Glass, Jr., H. F. Erickson, T. I. Kolstad, H. P. Kilroy, C. M. Conlon, Jr., R. L. Faricy.



a cheering **CARD**

Thanks to the efforts of the Christmas Card Committee, the latest Academy card easily maintained the high standards of design, color and taste that midshipmen and their friends have come to expect.

CHRISTMAS CARD COMMITTEE. *Seated:* C. F. Rauch, Jr., C. H. Brown, W. C. Brewer, D. P. Buhner, chairman; R. D. Zelov. *Standing:* Z. D. Alford, R. I. Haines, N. A. DaRodda, C. F. Gorder, J. B. Fahey, J. T. Baker, J. A. Holsouser, Jr.

and a candid **SHUTTER**

Grouping of material, facilities and efforts enabled the Photo Club to meet the picture needs of Academy publications, and to provide a source of enjoyment and valuable information to its members.

PHOTOCLUB. *Seated:* S. C. Newman, R. S. Marts, W. H. Harris, F. F. Manganaro, president; K. H. Huss, J. N. Comerford. *Standing:* L. C. Hernandez, W. W. Root, G. L. Siri, W. C. Fillmore, R. Beckwith, W. H. Merrill, D. H. Kahn, T. A. Weer, H. S. Henning, O. C. Rath, F. H. Moxley, E. I. McQuiston, C. L. Morgan.





QUARTERDECK SOCIETY. *Seated:* R. H. Miller, R. R. Neely, W. E. Jarvis, Comdr. J. A. Dodson, Jr., officer representative; J. D. Jones, president; Z. D. Alford, S. Trusso. *Standing:* J. H. Spiller, H. B. Grandin, Jr., G. W. Hamilton, W. M. Foley, A. C. Jefferson, J. B. Risser, F. R. Fahland, S. N. Ross, T. Linton, R. I. Conn, L. R. Capshaw, J. Sax.

SPEECHES . . .

Those who had an interest in developing the qualities of a speaker, so necessary to the naval officer, found that the Quarterdeck Society afforded us an excellent opportunity. Informal open forum discussions, extemporaneous speaking, and inter-collegiate debates were regular features of the Society's program.



J. D. Jones develops a point for R. K. Ripley

and BOOKS

Designed primarily for the administration of the Regimental Libraries, the House Library Committee, the "bookkeepers of the Brigade," kept us well supplied with the best in things to read.

HOUSE LIBRARY COMMITTEE. *Seated:* F. E. Lally, Jr., R. A. Cochran, M. Rose, D. P. Harvey, J. W. Rabinowitz, chairman; J. B. Mencke, R. K. Thompson, C. S. Davis, R. E. Pyle. *Second row:* R. K. Ryder, C. T. Winkler, T. J. Wills, J. M. Davis, P. N. Sherrill, W. S. Dodd, E. L. Korb, J. S. Brunson. *Standing:* J. H. Curl, W. C. Pierson, E. C. Castle, R. B. Rubenstein, H. S. Crosby, D. R. Morris, J. R. Bavlle, D. B. Hatmaker, H. B. Lipschutz.

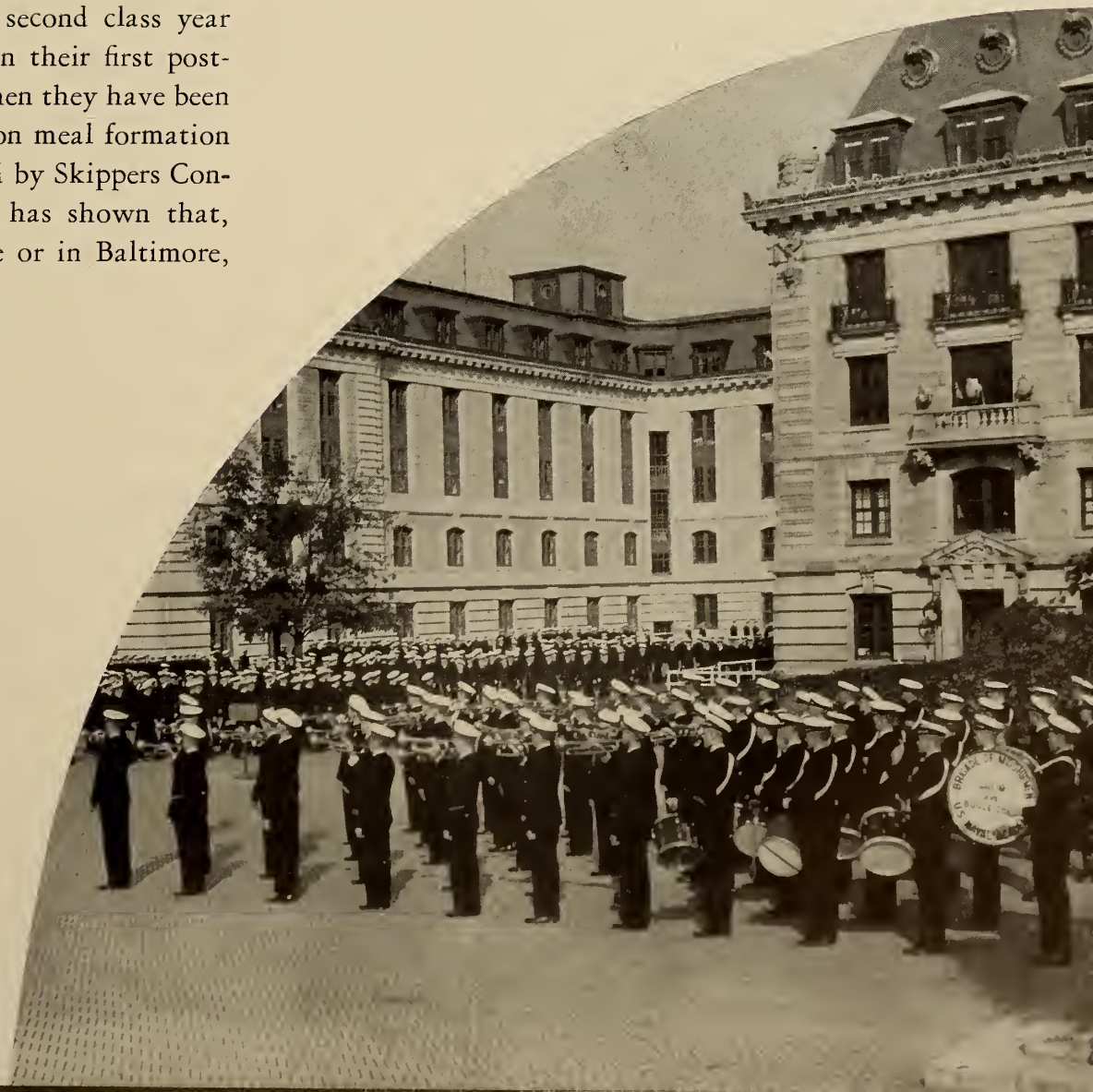




The Corps led off at P-rade . . .

The **DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS** *set the pace at P-rades*

It was midway through second class year when the "Hellcats" put in their first post-war appearance, and since then they have been an integral part of each noon meal formation and Wednesday P-rade. Led by Skippers Conroy and Carter, the Corps has shown that, whether marching at home or in Baltimore, they are a sharp outfit.



. . . and drummed the Brigade to mess



Sunday Evenings:

N.A.C.A. . . .

Sunday evenings meant N.A.C.A. and another fine program arranged by Chaplain Wuebbens and his assistants. After the opening prayer, the popular chaplain introduced such favorites as the Bobcats, mesmeristic Sazama of the Physical Training Department, and an all-girl chorus from a nearby college.

NAVAL ACADEMY CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. *Seated:* C. D. Summitt, W. H. Jagoe, Chaplain Wuebbens, D. Wadsworth, president; J. H. Curl. *Standing:* R. James, J. L. Jensen, J. D. Caylor, R. Struyk, G. K. Armstrong.

or the

NEWMAN CLUB

Besides presenting, at the well-attended bi-weekly meetings in Memorial Hall, the Catholic viewpoint on problems of Christian living, marriage, sociology, and politics, the Academy Newman Club sponsored Saturday tea dances and the annual St. Mary's Communion breakfast for Catholic midshipmen.

NEWMAN CLUB. *Seated:* J. H. Clagens II, president; Father Murphy. *Standing:* J. T. Welsh, T. F. Nealon, R. E. Behrends.



A third of the Brigade attended church in Annapolis





CHAPEL CHOIR. *Front row:* W. E. Nylen, W. C. Holton, R. R. Fargo, R. K. Thompson, N. Guletsky, W. C. Klemm, A. B. Wood, S. C. Gatchell, W. H. Brooks, Jr., J. R. Borge, Professor Donald E. Gilley, J. L. Chelgren, G. L. Little, D. C. Carruth, P. L. Collins, R. C. Bryan, J. E. Larson, F. H. Baughman, G. H. Weyrauch, F. W. Bacon, Jr., W. J. Shoemaker, midshipman-in-charge. *Second row:* P. T. Johnson, J. T. Strong, W. S. Root, B. M. Shepard, H. S. Holder, W. S. Clark, Jr., F. D. Jackson, Jr., C. A. Fowler III, C. E. Ransom, Jr., A. L. Loeffler, H. R. Stringfellow, Jr., D. O. Campbell, P. G. Bryant, W. T. Chipman, R. D. Reem, I. L. Roenigk, M. E. Phares, D. C. Wherry, C. E. Reid, Jr., R. M. Gray, D. P. Travis. *Third row:* A. L. Register III, M. J. Schultz, Jr., R. F. Engler, Jr., R. L. Johe, J. R. Edson, R. L. White, C. E. Bennett, J. R. Foster, E. J. Orth, Jr., W. S. Kremidas, T. E. Lide, N. L. Gibson, W. A. Schriefer, J. O. Clark, R. W. Hargrove, Jr., J. R. Morrison, R. E. Engle, S. L. Coffin, J. F. Harper, G. L. May. *Fourth row:* R. D. Weedlun, L. A. Troughton, Jr., W. J. Thompson, C. T. Hanson, W. C. Collins, W. H. Ayers, Jr., C. Stein, B. Glass, Jr., R. B. Ooghe, W. A. Matson II, R. W. Bush, F. T. Maynard, A. Pullar, Jr., C. A. Orem. *Fifth row:* O. J. Mancini, Jr., C. H. Fowler, J. L. Van Kleck, N. C. Blackburn, Jr., R. L. Allsman, R. C. Burnett, F. R. Muck, R. C. Horne, J. R. Wilkins, J. D. Lesser, R. E. Goodspeed, C. E. Crafts, Jr. *Sixth row:* C. E. Bracken, W. J. Hooker, R. N. Robertson, B. G. Stone, D. R. Staple, R. B. Sheridan, W. W. Anderson, Jr., W. J. Ricci.



Prof. Gilley leads the choir at practice

and at **CHAPEL** we heard the **CHOIR**

One of the outstanding things about the Naval Academy Chapel is the choir that sings

there. Ably led by Professor Donald C. Gilley, the choir consistently provided music of the highest caliber at Sunday services. Highlight of the year for members was the trip to Washington in February, when the choir sang at the National Cathedral and for the President at the White House.

Two hours each week were spent in practice by "Prof" Gilley's pupils. And, although most singing was of a serious nature, few first class members will forget the pre-service harmonizing on Sunday mornings throughout the year.

The first class try some barbershop harmony

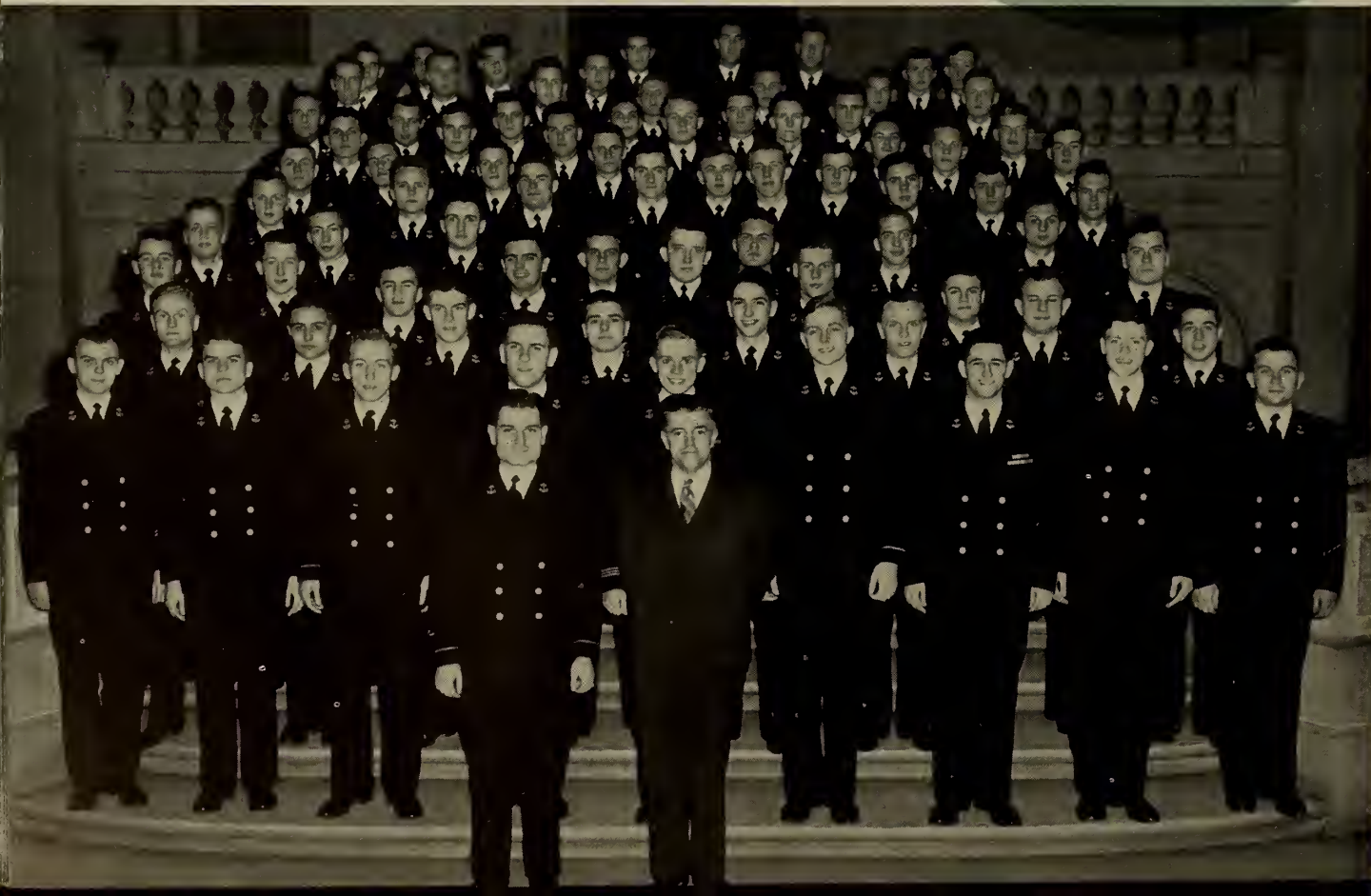




Harmony highlights with the **MUSICAL CLUBS**

The Bobcats were favorites at hops and N.A.C.A., W. J. Shoemaker, F. J. Viehmann, J. R. Bjorge, J. E. Eilert

THE GLEE CLUB. *First row:* E. W. Mulligan, director; Professor Gilley. *Second row:* F. D. Jackson, D. P. Travis, J. D. McNeil, F. H. Baughman, R. H. Miller, D. W. Cammack, F. A. Green, W. B. Stewart, B. M. Shepard. *Third row:* W. S. Clark, L. W. Smith, H. W. Jones, J. E. Niesse, K. W. Pfeiffer, A. P. McCoy, C. M. Stalnecker, D. O. Mirts. *Fourth row:* J. H. Hudson, G. D. Fisher, Jr., J. A. Morris, G. A. Bottom, F. A. Ross, M. D. Martin, J. F. Harper, J. J. Connors. *Fifth row:* S. D. Preston, D. P. Helmer, W. P. Vosseler, W. R. Spradling, Jr., R. D. Reem, W. M. Foley, W. R. Broughton, Jr. *Sixth row:* R. T. Kelly, F. H. Fisher, E. C. Waller, C. L. Stiles, R. S. Berg, C. Blurton, W. R. George, A. B. Coburn. *Seventh row:* J. M. Donlon, R. H. Lughton, H. C. Hayward, E. J. Orth, P. T. Riley, J. T. Rogers, R. E. Guernsey, L. K. Fenlon. *Eighth row:* O. E. Krueger, P. L. Hammer, J. C. Bajus, C. T. Hanson, N. C. Blackburn, C. E. Reid, J. R. Foster. *Ninth row:* D. B. Hatmaker, R. H. West, W. A. Matson, A. M. Lindy, H. B. Parker, C. L. Culwell, S. Moffat. *Tenth row:* J. L. English, C. Dobony, N. Calvin, W. J. Whitley, D. R. Rice, W. H. Lynch, D. R. Trueblood. *Eleventh row:* C. A. Orem, R. N. Robertson, D. M. Harlan, R. J. Riger, T. E. Lide, W. J. Ricci, O. E. Olson, R. E. Goodspeed.





The combined talents of the Musical Clubs again treated the Brigade to its yearly evening of song and humor in the form of the lavish *Operation Pinafive*. Directed by Russ Herron, the show, with such talent as the N.A. 10, the Glee Club, the Bobcats, the Pit Orchestra, and the Serenaders, was a triumph of wit and melody.

THE SERENADERS. J. R. Bjorge, director; B. H. Pester, J. F. Harper, W. J. Whitley, B. Y. Brewster, Jr., J. J. Connors, W. J. Shoemaker, F. J. Viehmann, W. E. Nysten, J. R. Ahern, H. Gurman, O. E. Krueger, P. L. Hammer, G. H. Weyrauch, W. J. Ricci, W. R. George, J. E. Eilert.

THE NA-10. S. Spirson, leader. *First row:* E. R. Watson, R. M. Singleton Jr., W. T. Blakney. *Second row:* C. E. Bracken, E. A. Chevalier, E. K. Dille, W. E. McGarrah, R. A. Liebendorfer, F. Troescher, Jr., *Third row:* W. D. Harkins, S. B. Garner, G. L. May, W. J. Johnson, S. C. Burgess, C. A. Skinner, Jr.

THE PIT ORCHESTRA. *Standing:* H. W. Albers, C. R. White, C. E. Bennett, C. E. Bracken, W. H. Lynch, R. E. Wilson, R. G. Herron, conductor. *First row:* T. I. Gunning, R. P. Hausold, C. R. Greathouse, H. C. Hayward, R. W. Slater, A. W. Weems, R. M. Singleton, W. T. Blakney. *Second row:* W. E. Duke, J. I. Mellencamp, R. L. Krag, G. A. Zetkov, E. R. Watson, D. H. Daniels. *Third row:* W. M. Fulton, J. N. Sherwood, G. L. Burk, F. W. Orr, H. W. Jones, R. A. Brown, D. L. Gunckel, J. F. Dobson, R. E. Smith, J. E. Peters, C. J. Thro, W. L. Harris, J. R. Foster, G. L. May. *Fourth row:* S. G. Cooper, C. R. Whipple, C. A. Skinner, S. S. Cox. *Fifth row:* F. L. Bowersox, W. E. McGarrah, W. R. Broughton, G. F. Ball. *Sixth row:* N. J. Hanks, R. A. Liebendorfer, E. K. Dille.



The cast, too, was unusual. Standing: R. M. Gregory, Jr., D. D. J. Chodos, N. A. Da Rodda, H. T. Green, J. E. Booth, H. B. Lipschutz. Seated: W. N. Smoot.



The MASQUERADERS donned wigs and greasepaint

An excellent plot, an abundance of talent, long hours of practice under the able direction of Mike Ames, and the expert advice of Pro-

fessor Pease combined to give us *Very Unusual Weather*, most outstanding Masqueraders production ever to hit Mahan Hall. Out front,

STAGE GANG: *Front row:* D. A. Dahlman, R. L. Black, manager; H. F. Sweitzer, Jr. *Second row:* D. Lister, G. R. Engel, W. B. Farnsworth, Jr.

JUICE GANG. *Front row:* J. N. Dewing, J. W. McAdams, Jr., chief; J. Fenier. *Second row:* M. J. Condit, A. R. Schofield, Jr., D. Clement, J. R. Moore, R. S. Marts, D. C. Warren. *Third row:* B. T. Mills, J. H. Spiller, Jr., H. J. Nix, W. G. Petty.





Prof. Royal S. Pease checks the script with L. E. Ames and P. N. Sherrill

audiences enjoyed such features as the sight of midshipmen in skirts, while backstage smooth work by the gangs kept the play's fast-moving action up to speed. From any and all viewpoints, *Very Unusual Weather* was a smash hit.

The goal—perfection. Seated: C. W. Lamb, B. Y. Brewster, Jr.
Standing: H. T. Green, R. M. Gregory, Jr., H. S. Holder,
H. B. Lipschutz

Opening night was never like this. J. K. Welsh, Jr., D. C. Lind, N. A. DaRodda, R. C. Binnion, Jr.

MAKE-UP GANG. *Seated:* H. T. Green, R. L. White. *Standing:* H. B. Rardin, E. G. Greenberg, D. L. Ashcroft.

PROPERTY GANG. *First row:* N. K. Green, manager; T. R. King. *Second row:* L. S. Pyles, J. D. Hill, H. P. Kilroy, O. C. Rath, J. E. Spalding.



Hobby

STRATEGY . . .

Members of the Chess Club welcomed the game of kings as an interesting diversion. Their chief benefit, outside of the pleasure of beating Army, was the valuable tactical experience gained in the game.

CHESS CLUB. *Seated:* T. M. Gill, J. M. Stufflebeam, president; E. W. Mulligan, J. H. Ross, Jr. *Standing:* J. R. Axe, D. K. Bloomfield, J. H. Mathews, S. M. Williams, J. L. Bunts, R. J. Prescott, R. Moore, L. R. Palmerton, J. A. Wamsley, G. G. Roberts, S. C. Ibsen, J. R. Clark, E. A. Miller, W. N. Smoot.



STAMPS . . .

The Stamp Club, our only true "collector's" organization, enjoyed a banner three years. Although the war suppressed foreign exchange, members concentrated on domestic albums and, of late, postwar issues.

STAMP CLUB. *Seated:* A. B. Cooper, E. C. Castle, W. Spangenberg, president; B. E. Reams, C. R. Plank, R. G. Greenwood. *Standing:* B. E. Carpenter, J. F. Leyerle.



and SLIDE RULES

A true interest in the intricacies of pure mathematics was the key to membership in the Mathematics Club. Members, between solutions, again stumped the Brigade with the annual problem contest.

MATH CLUB. *Seated:* N. S. Potter, J. T. Hayes, J. A. Sisson, president; R. A. Hemmes, W. L. Rees. *Standing:* C. J. Reichl, W. N. Smoot, J. H. Hoganson, R. E. Harkness, W. P. Rollins, J. H. Mathews, W. L. Bryan, C. M. Howe, K. W. Pfeiffer, W. M. Cossaboom, P. G. LeGros.



Clubs

MODELS . . .

Model-building, the seaman's pastime, has been expanded by the Model Club to include airplanes, ships, and railroads. Many a fighter or full-rigged clipper has come from the Club's well-equipped shop.

MODEL CLUB. *Front row:* Comdr. J. D. Bulkeley, W. C. Klemm, president; Lt. Col. H. S. Roise, officer representative. *Second row:* R. F. Baker, W. D. Bourne, J. A. Stubstad, P. G. Bryant, J. D. Lesser, H. E. Belflower, V. P. Klemm, B. D. Hoffmann, J. A. Morris. *Third row:* J. S. Burnett, W. P. Kelly, R. E. Wilson, T. Woods, R. W. Titus, S. C. Reed, W. S. M. Arnold, G. H. Darfus, J. D. Kost, N. J. Hanks.



MIKES . . .

The Sound Unit and Movie Gang, working quietly and efficiently behind the scenes, handled such jobs as the Memorial Hall classical concerts, Smoke Hall informals, and the evening football pictures.

SOUND UNIT AND MOVIE GANG. *Seated:* D. M. Harlan, R. D. Lochner, director; J. P. Cavanaugh. *Standing:* E. G. Merino, Z. D. Alford, L. H. Bibby, A. E. Waller.



and MILKSHAKES

Although a club of constantly changing membership because of the requirements of the sports program, the Radiator "death before exercise" Squad always had a quorum for the regular afternoon meeting.

RADIATOR SQUAD. *We all held honorary membership in this activity*





The LINGUISTS

The aims of the Foreign Language Clubs were to encourage interest in foreign languages and to promote facility in their use. Traditional meeting-place of Dago slashes, the Clubs conducted talks, song fests, skits, and movies in all the tongues taught at the Academy.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE CLUBS. Presidents. *Seated:* J. D. Langston, Portuguese; R. E. Pyle, president of combined clubs; J. Bunganich, Russian. *Standing:* A. E. Strauss, French; P. L. Collins, Jr., German; W. H. Borchert, treasurer of combined clubs.

The HAMS

No place on earth was too distant to be reached by the operators of our station W₃-ADO. The Radio Club's activities included practicing code and the building of a frequency-modulation receiver and a radio-controlled battleship.

RADIO CLUB. *Front row:* G. W. Dyer, G. M. Benas, D. A. McIver. *Second row:* W. H. Somerville, J. E. Deavenport, R. L. Beatty, R. M. Bendel, A. G. Opitz, president. *Standing:* R. A. Brown, C. R. White, E. M. Zacharias, O. A. Wall, C. J. Zekan, W. E. McDermut, D. C. Carruth, J. W. Hawthorne, S. M. Ramsey, F. W. Bacon, H. J. Wellman, F. J. Nardi, D. M. Ridderhof.

The BUILDERS

Members of the newly-formed Mechanical Engineering Club turned out many excellent projects in wood and metal at the Isherwood shops. In addition, the Club made frequent visits to nearby industrial centers and research laboratories.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING CLUB. *Front row:* M. C. McFarland, W. S. McCord, president; P. C. Keenan. *Second row:* J. F. Danis, J. F. Leyerle, J. B. Stetson, W. M. Coldwell, J. H. Clasgens II, J. A. Holschouer, Jr., J. T. Baker, H. J. Johnson, N. J. Hanks, F. L. Boushee. *Third row:* C. M. Howe, W. H. Pravitz, R. E. Wurlitzer, W. Wegner, G. L. Siri, W. L. Griffith, R. L. Volz, D. C. Stanfill. *Fourth row:* R. L. Goldman, M. J. Richardson, H. S. Henning, Jr., W. H. Merrill, L. W. Dillman, M. Bergard, C. R. Vail, T. A. Ross. *Fifth row:* W. H. Wulf-tange, G. M. Gray, J. W. Lynn, E. G. Buck, R. W. Ridenour, J. A. Stubstad, J. R. Beaucaire, W. E. Duke, Jr., P. H. Smith, M. M. Bonner, F. G. Baur.





BOAT CLUB. *Front row:* C. R. Adams, R. E. Wise, R. E. Pyle, R. Bartmes, Jr., C. H. Bloom. *Second row:* R. D. Duncan, I. N. Fraser, R. H. Sprince, B. Goodman, Jr., B. E. Reams, C. L. Morgan, R. B. Harris, F. F. Manganaro, D. B. McDowell, W. D. Ennis. *Third row:* H. B. Loheed, F. Simpson III, J. E. Rasmussen, Jr., P. J. Early, J. A. Carmack, Jr., P. B. Suhr, A. C. Perkins, D. W. Whelan, C. A. Olds. *Fourth row:* S. C. Newman, E. G. Buck, W. M. Shanhouse, J. R. Hawvermale, R. J. Peterson, J. C. Friend, W. B. Thaney. *Fifth row:* R. R. McKechnie, P. D. Shueller, C. H. Rockcastle, Z. D. Alford, M. S. Terrass, J. H. Gildard.

SAILS over the Chesapeake

Seldom does an organization so effectively combine its recreational, educational, and professional features as does the Boat Club. Overnight trips and week-end races provided a perfect opportunity for those wishing to capture the thrills of a well-filled "Genny" with the lee rail awash. And the constant practice and skill required for small boat handling is sure to pay dividends in the Fleet.



BOAT CLUB OFFICERS. *Seated:* R. E. Wise, commodore; Lt. R. M. Pond, officer representative. *Standing:* R. E. Pyle, C. H. Bloom.





Mexican Monument...
dedicated to four midshipmen
of the United States Navy who
died in the Mexican War



BATTLE RECORD



T

he long months of our cruise have been frequently punctuated by the sound of battle . . . as the guns of our ship answered those of our enemies on the many fields of Academy athletics . . . the men of Navy's teams have consistently made excellent showings against all opposition . . . our fighting spirit has again and again brought credit to the entire service. . . Here is a Battle Record of which we of the Brigade can be justly proud . . . a record of determination, fight, and great competitive accomplishment.





*Fall
Campaign*



Captain Tom puts out the dope

*The **TEAM** and the
BRIGADE prepared...
and waited...*

Football . . . spirit . . . pep rallies . . . scrimmages on Farragut Field . . . Bill the goat . . . Baltimore . . . and the Army . . . another great football season had come. To a man, the Brigade felt the effect of a mighty surge of fighting spirit that swept through Bancroft. The guns were ready, and Navy waited for the enemy to appear.



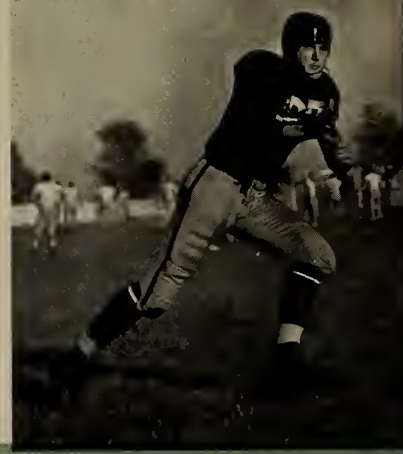
On the warpath



*"Tarzan" Tagliente and
Navy spirit were riding high*



FOOTBALL . . . *The Navy* *story of mud, sweat, and cheers*



Lee Bramlett



The coaching staff, skippered by popular Capt. Tom Hamilton, took the big Navy team to Martha's Vineyard and a pre-season training session. Full of fight, and set for the initial encounter with veteran-strong Villanova, the squad returned. Navy was ready.

NAVY'S BOARD OF STRATEGY. Comdr. M. Tuttle, center coach; E. J. Erdelatz, end coach; R. C. McNeish, backfield coach; Capt. T. J. Hamilton, head coach; J. N. Wilson, backfield coach; Comdr. L. A. Bryan, line coach; E. E. (Rip) Miller, line coach.

FOOTBALL SQUAD. *Front row:* W. F. Hawkins, R. vanSummern, R. J. Hunt, Jr., A. L. Markel, R. K. Russell, K. W. Schiweck, L. C. Bramlett, Jr., captain; S. Emerson, D. J. Rose, R. P. Williams, W. H. Bartlett, V. H. Schaeffer, Jr., J. T. Welsh, E. N. Smith. *Second row:* Capt. T. J. Hamilton, coach, E. I. Golding, P. J. Ryan, R. D. Waugh, J. H. Carrington, W. J. McClain, R. T. Lawrence, J. S. Bartos, Jr., W. C. Tatom, R. E. Shimshak, R. U. Scott, L. H. Derby, Jr., R. Schwoeffermann, W. J. Abromitis, L. P. Chewning, R. H. Flood, manager. *Third row:* J. P. Tagliente, R. H. Baysinger, Jr., R. N. Smith, R. N. Andresen, C. Worthington, G. D. Florence, F. W. Lauer, Jr., W. D. Weir, W. L. Jesse, D. H. Swenson, Jr., H. Key, A. K. Knoizen, R. L. Winn, B. M. Jones, Jr. *Fourth row:* C. G. Strahley, W. H. Hamilton, Jr., W. A. Black, R. D. Farrer, C. G. Cooper, A. C. McCully, M. D. Gerber, W. C. Earl, F. Grabowsky, J. K. Twilla, B. A. Moore, Jr., R. T. F. Ambrogi, C. J. Killeen, H. G. Frasier.





Manager Bob Flood



Joe Bartos



Ronnie Waugh



Bill McClain

NAVY vs VILLANOVA

Opening the fall campaign in home waters, the Tars overcame a powerful Wildcat eleven 7-0. After an evenly-fought first half, Navy took the ball on the enemy 28, Jake Welsh piloted the team to scoring range, and Bill Hawkins plunged across for the touchdown.

Occasionally we had to punt

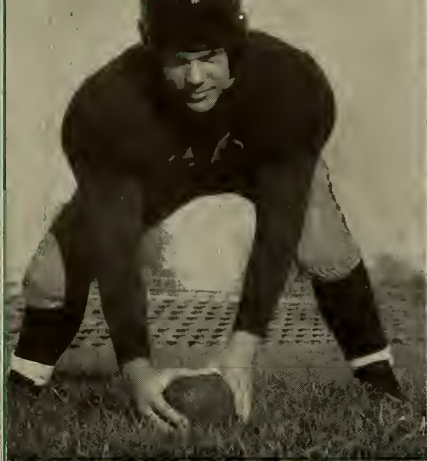


Hawkins plunges for the score



NAVY vs COLUMBIA

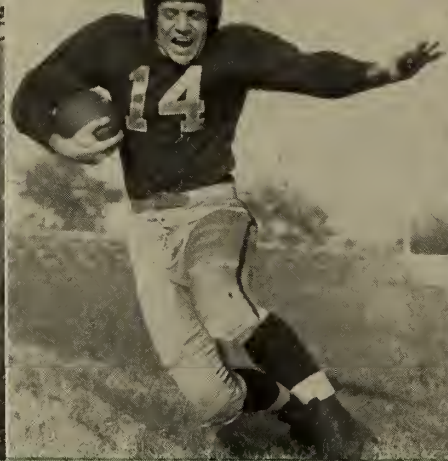
The Lions, sparked by backs Kusserow and Yablonski, took advantage of a weak Navy pass defense and Navy fumbles to hand the Big Blue Team a 23-14 loss in New York. "Pistol Pete" Williams, in perfect form, tallied twice.



Bill Jesse



Jake Welsh



Dick Ambrogi



Newbold Smith



**NAVY
vs
DUKE**

*Billy Earl sweeps
around Duke's end*

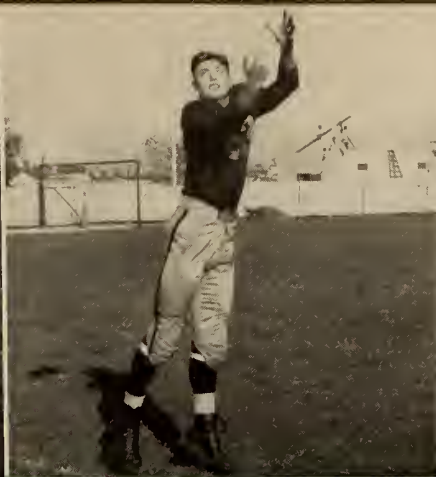
*Navy tied up the ball
game on this one*

**NAVY
vs
NORTH
CAROLINA**





Jim Carrington



Art Markel



Dick Shimshak



Dick Scott

Plagued by fumbling difficulties, Navy dropped a 21-6 count to the Blue Devils of Duke. Next came the thrilling North Carolina game, where, despite the sterling play of All-American Dick Scott and the rest of Navy's line, the Justice-led Tarheels grabbed the lead and the game, 21-14, in a real fight. The following week end saw ex-midshipman Minisi lead Penn to a 32-19 victory over the Tars in Philadelphia.

NAVY vs PENNSYLVANIA

Bartlett kicks out of danger



Pistol Pete Williams



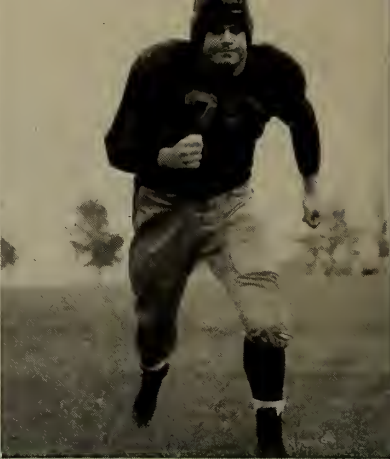
Bob Schwoeffermann



Roy Russell



Bob Smith



Joe Tagliente

NAVY vs NOTRE DAME

Outclassed by a talent-loaded Irish aggregation until the second half, Navy suddenly found itself when third-string quarterback Reaves Baysinger came into the game. Notre Dame, led by the great Lujack, was pushed back to the shadow of the goal line four times, once to the one-inch line, by a hard-charging Blue line and a smart Navy backfield. The scoring, however, saw the Irish win 28-0.

Baysinger comes through



Fumble-itis

The Irish strike for pay dirt



Captain Lee's specialty



Bill Bartlett



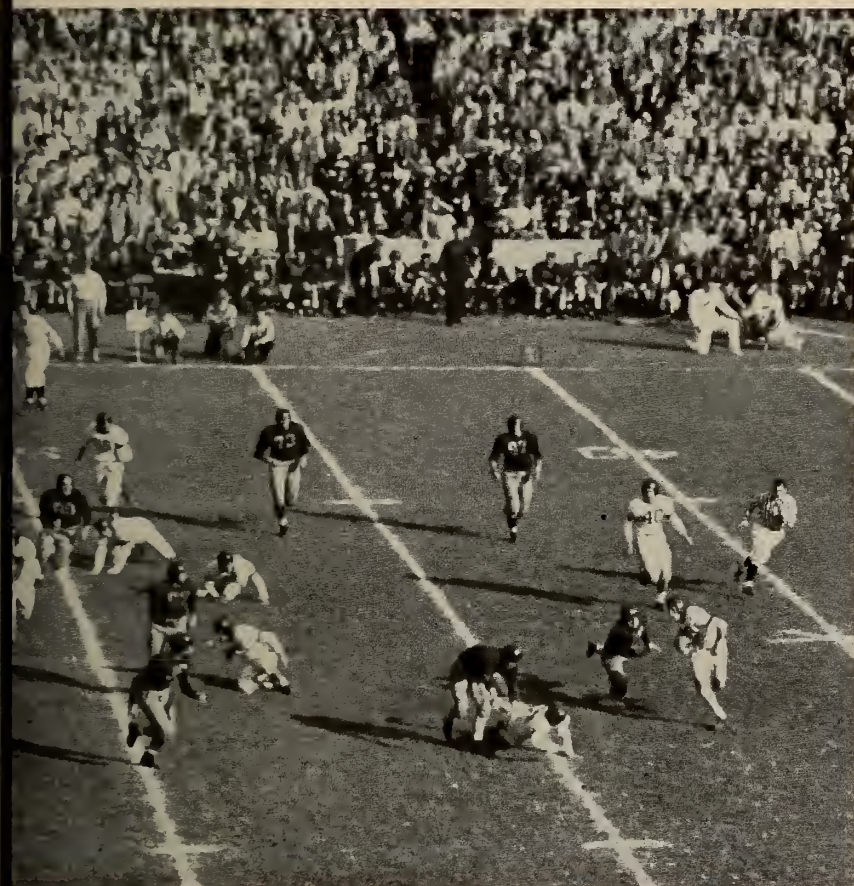
Tex Lawrence



Myron Gerber



Scott Emerson



NAVY vs GEORGIA TECH

Outrunning, outpassing, outtackling and outfighting the Yellow Jackets of Georgia Tech, Navy was having its day until, two minutes from victory, a freak Blue fumble and a 98-yard Georgia run turned the tables. A few seconds later a pass interception gave the inspired Jackets another tally and the game, 28-20.

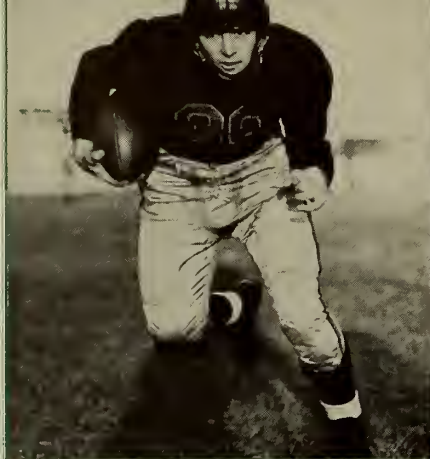
We did everything but outscore the Yellow Jackets

NAVY vs PENN STATE

Before the President of the United States in Thompson Stadium, Navy, now concentrating on the real battle just two weeks away, let the fight and determination of the past two weeks come to a temporary halt as Penn State rang up a 12-7 victory. Joe Bartos highlighted the game with his lone third-period score.

The T shifts into high





Reaves Baysinger



Bob Hunt



Ed Golding



Ken Schiweck

The sports upset of the year saw a 32-point underdog Navy team, led and inspired by Capt. Tom Hamilton, rise suddenly in Philadelphia to stop short the mighty Army of Davis and Blanchard, and to come, to the amazement and unbounded admiration of the nation, within four points and yards of victory. The Kaydets, unbeaten for three years, found the combination of eleven fighting men on the field pushed onward by the twelfth, Navy spirit, in the stands too much to be stopped by force alone. After a first half of three Army scores to one for Navy, the Blue team was "ready now."

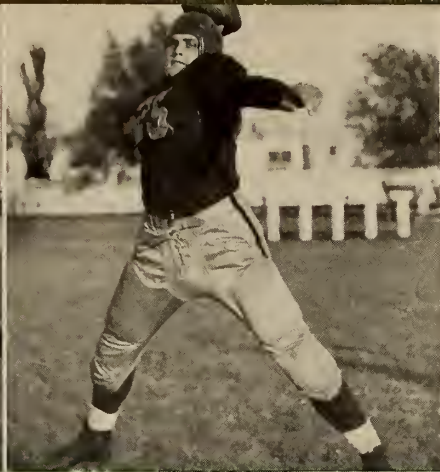
Goatkeepers Ed Hollister and Tom Dawson introduce Bill X to the Army mule



NAVY



Al McCully



Bob vanSummern



Bill Hawkins



Capt. C. L. Westhofen, *Representative*



Behind the perfect quarterbacking of Reaves Baysinger, Navy went to work, and during the second half marched at will up and down the field to score twice more. Twenty first downs to Army's eight were finally counted as Capt. Lee Bramlett, Dick Scott, Bill Hawkins and the entire team played like supermen. With the score 21-18 for Army and the goal line of a fourth and winning touchdown just four yards away, time ran out, and one of the greatest Army-Navy games of them all had become history. A proud brigade and a prouder nation would not forget.

Bramlett sets it up and Navy scores again

VS
ARMY





PUBLIC RELATIONS DETAIL. *Seated:* J. H. Curl, H. A. Smith, J. S. Park, director; G. K. Meriwether, W. L. Carpenter, D. P. Buhner. *Standing:* J. E. Davenport, H. N. Kay, R. R. Neely, W. D. Harkins, W. H. Keen, C. R. Braley, E. F. Welch, J. D. Costello, D. B. McDowell, G. M. Bell.



Game statistics were a tough job. *Seated:* D. B. McDowell, E. F. Welch. *Standing:* W. L. Carpenter, R. L. Smith, R. M. Boh, Jr.

Behind the **BATTLE LINE**

Indispensable throughout the year, the sport publicists of the Public Relations Detail and the genial hosts of the Reception Committee were important cogs in Navy's athletic program.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE. *Seated:* R. K. Bramwell, H. S. Clay, G. W. Moore, B. A. Benson, D. E. Carlson. *Standing:* R. M. Fluss, T. Woods, D. G. Buchanan, E. F. Stacy, H. B. Lipschutz.





BRIGADE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE. *Seated:* W. S. Parr, L. S. Blomeyer, R. O. Bonnell, H. T. Green, M. L. Norton, W. P. Blandy. *Standing:* A. S. Bowen, J. H. Scott, M. V. Schlappi, R. L. Allsman, E. H. Pillsbury, O. C. Paciulli, W. L. Spry, J. P. Horton, H. W. Jones, J. P. Rogers, H. B. Grandin, P. S. Swanson, A. C. Boughton.

SPARKPLUGS of the *Navy Machine*

The builders of Academy spirit, members of the Brigade Activities Committee promoted such events as pep rallies and poster contests, and kept the "Beat Army" flame burning brightly continuously.



Half-time antics



Our Tumbling Tars, the Cheerleaders. R. O. Bonnell, Jr., Head Cheerleader; W. P. Blandy, W. L. Spry, J. P. Horton, H. B. Grandin, Jr.

150-POUND FOOTBALL



150-POUND FOOTBALL SQUAD. *First row:* D. B. Hansen, L. C. Morrow, E. D. Barondes, F. J. Blodgett, R. G. Tobin, Jr., C. DiBenedetto, B. Dixon, Jr., A. B. Cooper, C. C. Anglemann, T. E. Alexander, W. G. Ikard, II. *Second row:* P. D. Roman, E. S. Armstrong, H. A. Hoffmann, J. C. LeDoux, H. J. Bushman, Jr., D. R. Stephens, J. C. Hufft, T. F. Nealon, C. F. Gorder, J. R. Warren, A. G. Wellons, J. F. Mangold, Jr., H. W. Jesse, G. E. Leslie.

Coach W. T. Ingram *and Captain* Tom Nealon



Completing a rough five-game schedule without a defeat, Coach Ingram's Mighty Mites won the Eastern Intercollegiate title in their first season of competition. A star-studied aggregation, the 150-pounders showed power plus in walking over all opposition.

Coaches: Comdr. A. Coward, Comdr. W. T. Ingram, Capt. F. A. Kemp, U.S.M.C., Comdr. W. F. Bringle

The 150-pound
HUSTLERS



Champs in action



Hurlin' Hank Hoffmann



Chuck Gorder

... were the **MIGHTY MITES**

A first-game victory over four-time champion Princeton led off the campaign. Sparked by the brilliant play of backs Tommy Nealon and Bud Vance, the Mites went on to defeat Rutgers, Cornell, and Villanova, capping the season with a 45-6 victory over Penn.

The Midgets maneuver



SOCCER



Captain Joe Castano

SOCCKER SQUAD. *First row:* Capt. B. E. S. Trippensee, officer representative; H. A. Poenack, C. L. Stiles, M. N. Allen, P. L. Fullinwider, J. M. Castano, G. H. Lochner, D. P. Welsh, M. S. Bentin, J. Perkins, A. S. Adams, trainer. *Second row:* H. S. Crosby, R. W. Peard, Jr., J. DeGoede, R. L. Ghormley, R. C. Ebel, I. T. McDonald, Jr., C. P. Coulter, A. R. Ruggieri, C. M. Howe. *Third row:* J. J. Vermilya, J. W. Eustance, D. A. Masias, G. R. Lemmon, A. A. Schaufelberger, J. V. McLernan, R. S. Chew, A. M. Stewart, R. G. Ricker, G. Warner, coach.

*Losing only to **ARMY** . . .*

Navy's rugged soccer team, hanging up an impressive record of seven victories, one tie, and one defeat, again ranked high among the powers of the East. Coach Warner's first season as soccer mentor produced a fast and hard-fighting outfit that allowed only eight enemy goals all year. Green at the beginning, Navy improved rapidly under fire to defeat some of the best booters of the land.

Manager Jay Vermilya



Bob Ricker



Bob Ghormley and Charley Coulter



Al Schaufelberger



the **BOOTERS**

outdid themselves

Initial victories over Gettysburg and Bucknell set the stage for the hardest-fought game of the year, a 1-1 tie with Penn State. Next came successive defeats of Haverford, Lehigh, Duke, Yale and Swarthmore. Confident of victory, the Tars journeyed to West Point for the last game, only to receive a 2-1 setback at the hands of Army.



Captain Joe, Manager Jay, and Coach Glenn Warner talk it over



Rick goes high as the attack begins to roll

Ed Cummings

Ghormley, Chew, DeGoede, Coulter, Perkins, and Everngam

George Lemmon



CROSS COUNTRY



CROSS COUNTRY SQUAD. *First row:* J. W. Sharp, J. P. Howe, A. E. Strauss, N. W. Smusyn, J. R. Pickens, R. N. Hall, J. P. Oberholtzer, P. L. Hammer, J. A. Sisson, C. A. Fowler. *Second row:* E. J. Thompson, coach; R. W. Mitchell, Jr., C. F. Brummitt, J. F. Murphy, F. W. Smith, K. E. Turner, D. H. Campbell, P. D. Shutler, Comdr. Clark, officer representative.

Captain Dick Hall and Manager Winfield Sharp

RUNNING *in the rough*

Paced by Capt. Dick Hall, Navy's harriers loped through a successful season that saw defeats of Army in both the Heptagonals and the IC4A's. With victories over Coast Guard, Maryland, and Duke, the Blue squad moved on to the Heptagonals and wins over Army and seven Ivy League schools. A fifth in the IC4A's completed a banner season, and gave Coach Thompson's boys an enviable place among the competition of the East.

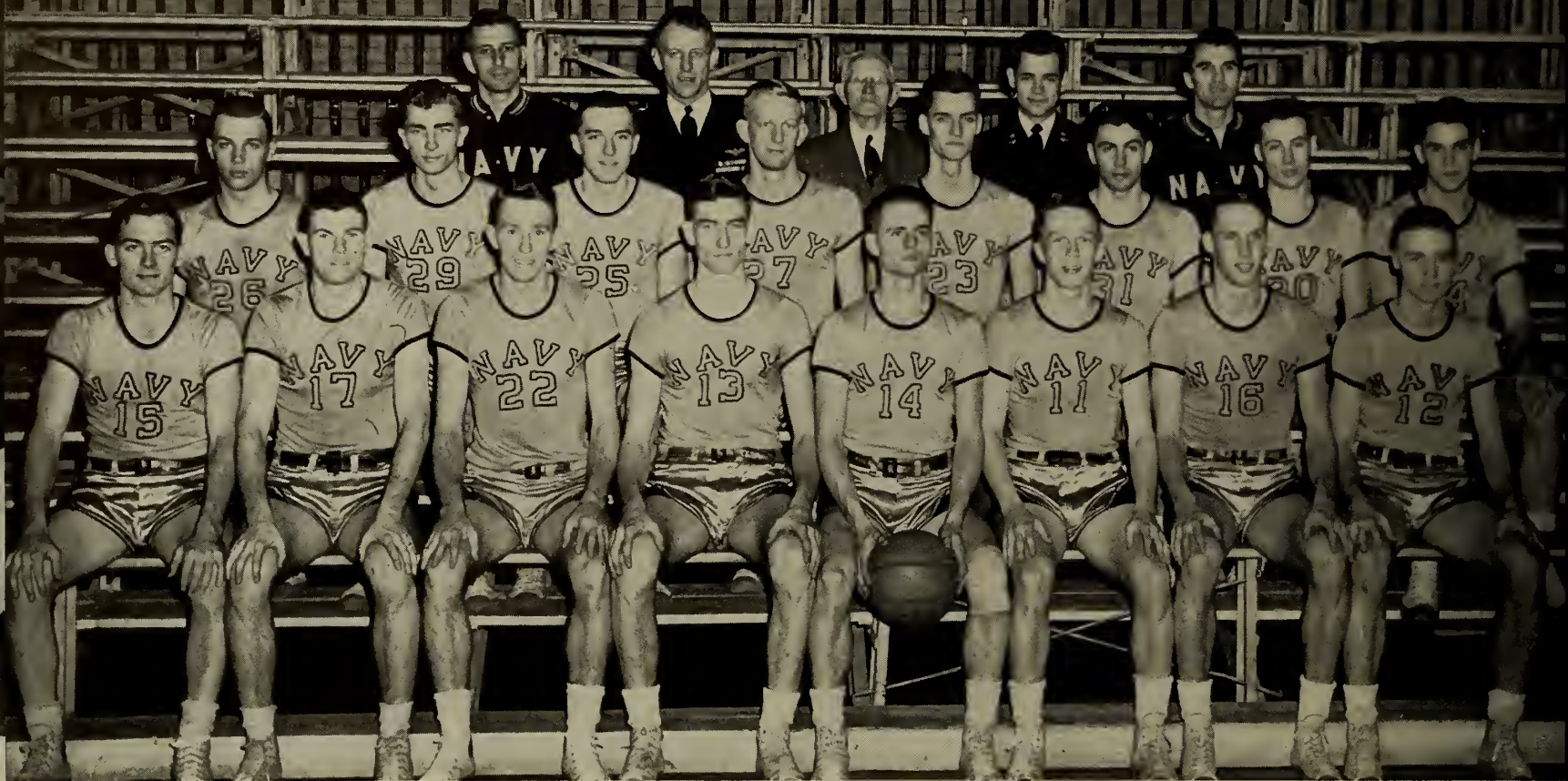
Nick leads the pack. N. W. Smusyn, J. P. Oberholtzer, R. N. Hall, P. L. Hammer



*Winter
Campaign*



BASKETBALL



BASKETBALLSQUAD. *First row:* J. A. Donovan, C. A. Sheehan, D. P. Dick, F. H. Waldrop, K. L. Shugart, Jr., captain; J. W. Robbins, J. C. Barrow, R. H. Searle. *Second row:* L. O. Rensberger, M. O. Paul, J. E. Durham, Jr., P. L. Quinn, R. G. Claitor, G. J. Eliopolus, H. D. Woods, W. L. Jesse. *Third row:* B. L. Carnevale, coach; Lt. Comdr. C. D. Ghesquiere, officer representative; A. K. Snyder, S. T. Smith, W. S. Busik, coach.

The **CAGE STARS** *had a championship* *season*

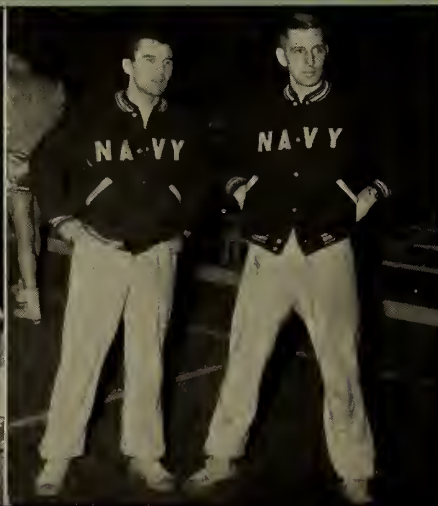
Coach Ben Carnevale celebrated his first year at Navy by turning out one of the greatest teams in Academy history. After a post-Christmas-leave loss to George Washington, the boys found themselves, and settled down to a winning streak of fourteen games. Capt. Kenny Shugart, outstanding all year, set a new Navy scoring record of 29 points against Muhlenberg in preparation for Army.

Kenny Shugart

Manager Sam Smith

Coaches Busik and Carnevale

Lt. Comdr. Ghesquiere, Representative





Another Navy victory in the making

Revenge was sweet in Dahlgren Hall as the Navy basketeers clubbed Army's aggregation for the first time in years, 64-42. Starring for the Blue team were Shugart, Don Dick, Cy Waldrop, John Barrow, and other Navy hoop experts. The season was then climaxed by Navy's appearance in the N.C.A.A. championship tourney in New York, where a 55-47 loss to Holy Cross ended brigade hopes for the national crown.



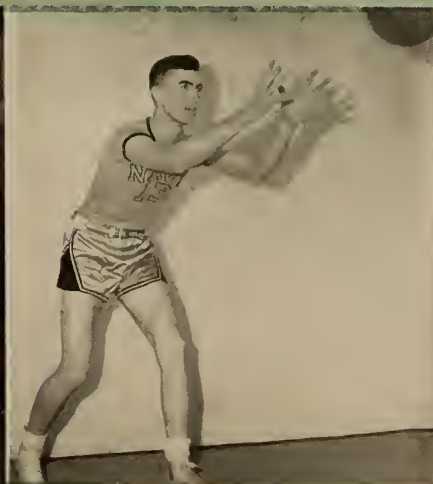
Bob Searle

Jack Robbins

Cy Waldrop

Wheel Barrow

Don Dick



The RECORD

Navy 71	Hampden-Sydney	40
Navy 50	William and Mary	36
Navy 38	George Washington	43
Navy 47	Villanova	31
Navy 71	Gettysburg	39
Navy 60	Columbia	50
Navy 46	Princeton	45
Navy 55	University of Maryland	27
Navy 39	University of North Carolina	35
Navy 61	Duke	48
Navy 41	Bucknell	36
Navy 61	Rutgers	48
Navy 57	West Virginia	55
Navy 58	Pennsylvania State	43
Navy 55	Pennsylvania	53
Navy 69	Muhlenberg	57
Navy 64	Army	42

Villanova was an early victim



Navy's big gun—Captain Ken Shugart



Number One Navy rooter

Undefeated West Virginia went down

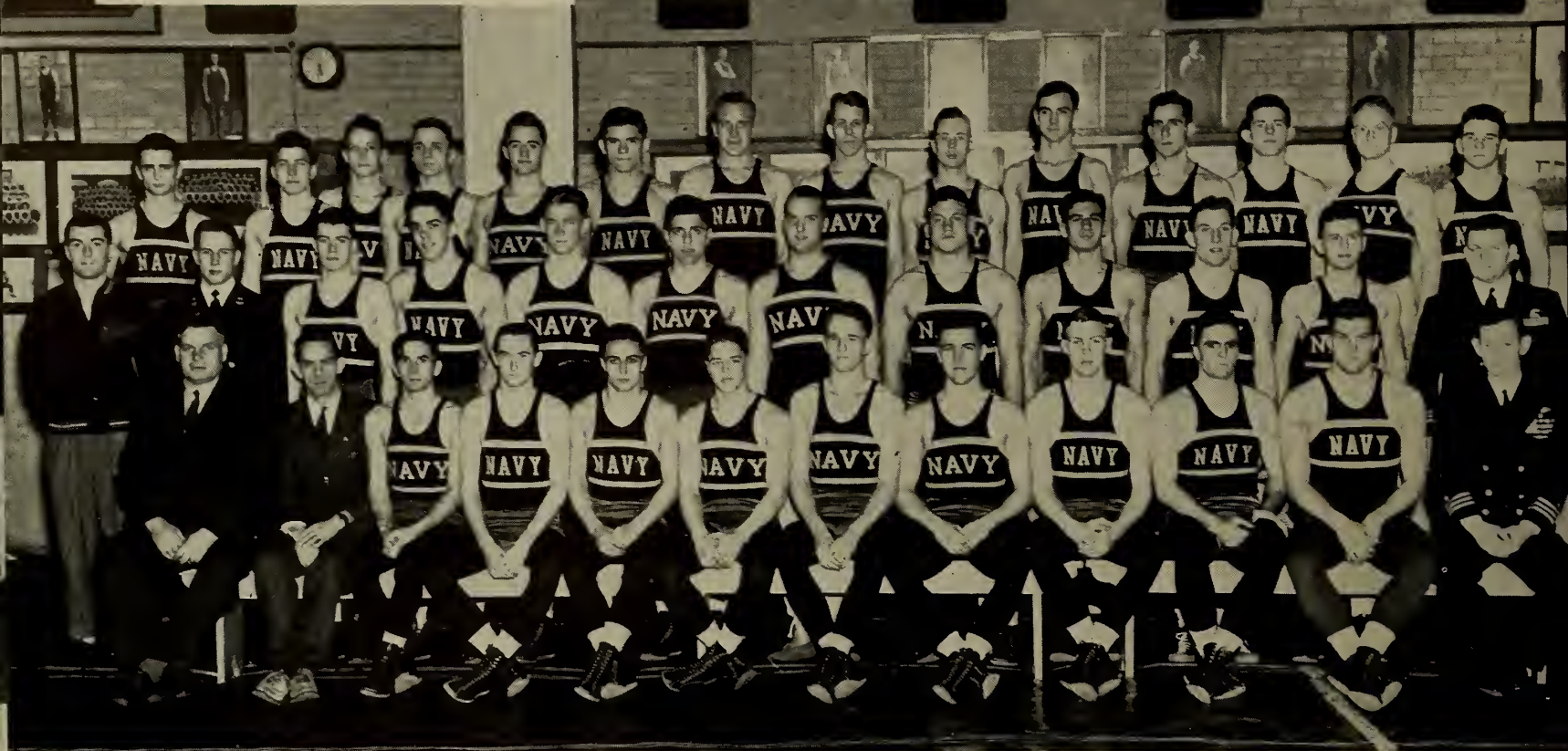
Sweetest victory of them all—Navy 64, Army 42



Wheel Barrow leaps high for two points

Don Dick breaks away

WRESTLING



WRESTLING SQUAD. *First row:* R. Swartz, coach; K. Kitt, coach; D. A. McIver, W. D. Chandler, III, E. N. Smith, J. A. Fletcher, II, D. W. Tardif, C. E. Hathaway, R. B. Wisherd, H. T. Settle, Jr., W. A. Black, Comdr. C. M. Henderson, officer representative. *Second row:* A. W. Adams, trainer; G. R. Dreher, R. A. Horner, J. W. Griest, T. D. Parsons, J. S. Bier, J. H. Brick, K. W. Schiweck, A. G. B. Grosvenor, W. R. Lauder, H. H. Drake, Lt. Comdr. C. Lee. *Third row:* J. L. Hughes, J. E. Reid, W. M. Riddle, H. P. Forbes, J. L. Cox, H. M. Bading, K. Y. McArthur, S. S. Pennock, III, G. E. DeLong, S. M. Williams, C. DiBenedetto, K. G. Spayde, Jr., W. S. Clark, Jr., R. W. Muth.

The GRAPPLERS came through undefeated

Capt. Johnny Fletcher, named the best college wrestler in the East, led his rugged teammates to Navy's fifth consecutive no-loss season and to a close second in the Eastern Intercollegiates. The squad, coached by big Ray Swartz, featured such stars as Fletcher and Wayne Smith, I.C. individual crown winners, during the campaign.

Coach Ray Swartz

George DeLong

Newbold Smith

Comdr. C. M. Henderson, Gene Dreher





Working for a takedown

Regular point-getters included George De-Long at 121 pounds, Chick Chandler at 128, and Wayne Smith at 136. Captain Johnny filled the 145 spot, while Don Tardif and Chuck Hathaway vied for the 155 nod. Unbeaten Bob Wisherd at 165, Hank Settle at 175, and heavy Newbold Smith completed, with the reserves, the powerful Navy mat squad.



Five points in the offing for Navy

Ready, wrestle!



John Fletcher

Chuck Hathaway

Wayne Smith

Don Tardif



FENCING



FENCING SQUAD. *First row:* H. W. Egan, R. R. Fargo, R. E. Pyle, C. Daladrier, coach; W. J. Donovan, J. Fiems, coach; W. Spangenberg, Jr., J. C. Day, W. H. Barton, Jr. *Second row:* G. W. Allen, T. R. Allen, D. M. Harlan, P. B. Suhr, W. S. Kremidas, F. L. Crump, Jr., E. F. Stacy, W. C. Doby, S. L. Kunin, T. R. Stuart, M. H. Thiel, Comdr. A. T. Hathaway, officer representative. *Third row:* J. M. Donlon, W. L. Bryan, H. E. Rennaker, R. M. Tatum, L. M. Serrille, R. W. Young, W. J. Balko, R. Boykin, J. Rabinowitz.

The **SWORDSMEN** *cut down all opposition*



George Allen, *Coach* Deladrier, Comdr. Hathaway, *Officer Representative*, *Coach* Fiems



Captain Walt Donovan



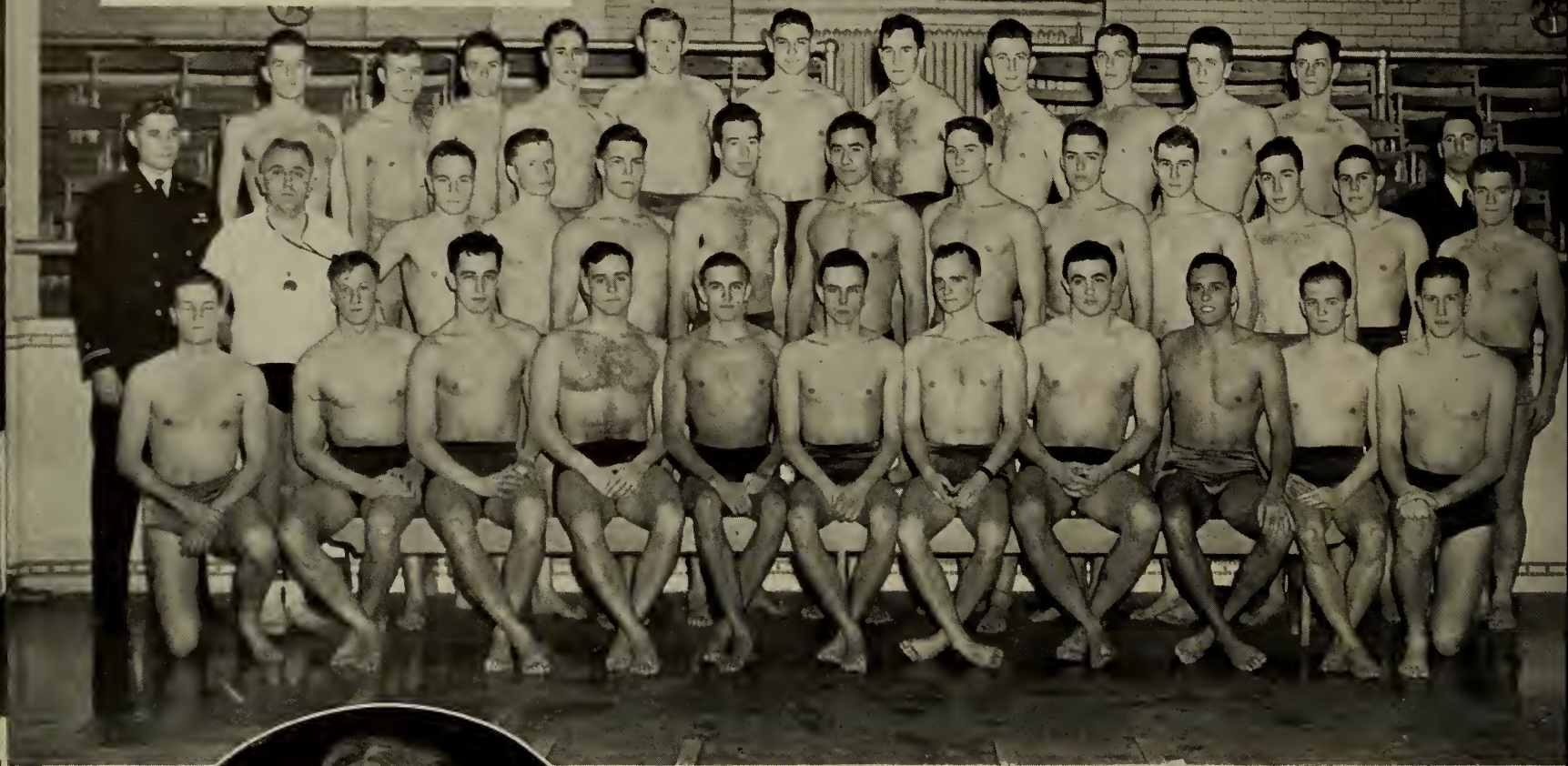
Parry . . . lunge!

Beating Army for the third straight year, Navy's powerful fencing team finished a great season with a seven-wins-and-one-loss (14-13 to NYU) record. Capt. Walt Donovan, Dick Tankin, Phil Suhr, and Bob Fargo were the foil experts, while the sabre points were gathered by Bill Barton, high-scoring Jim Day, Walt Spangenberg, and Ed Stacy. Tom Stuart, with the team's best won-lost record, headed an épée list that included Bob Pyle, Bill Kremidas, and Bill Doby. Coaches Deladrier and Fiems saw their well-trained pupils trounce such winning outfits as Columbia, Rutgers, and Yale during the season to complete one of the best Navy fencing sessions in years.



Bob Pyle

SWIMMING



Coach Henry Ortland

SWIMMING SQUAD. *First row:* S. E. Foscatto, Jr., E. M. Eyler, W. F. Clifford, W. Grechanik, W. H. Ortland, R. L. Miller, T. F. Lechner, J. H. Carrington, C. B. Dwight, M. R. Fallon, W. G. Lalor. *Second row:* R. D. Lochner, manager, H. Ortland, coach, J. E. McNerny, C. H. Fox, D. M. Ridderhof, J. F. Ivers, W. A. Kanakanui, Jr., F. P. Goulburn, G. W. Neely, Jr., H. H. Hogue, H. W. Schoenberg, D. A. Hurt, Jr., J. R. Morrison. *Third row:* E. C. Higgins, H. W. Morgan, Jr., E. E. Woods, Jr., W. K. Rockey, V. H. Schaeffer, Jr., G. W. Cummings, J. B. Howard, T. E. Vernon, A. N. Hull, H. Hoppe, P. Gengor.

TANKMEN

*scuttled Army
to climax season*

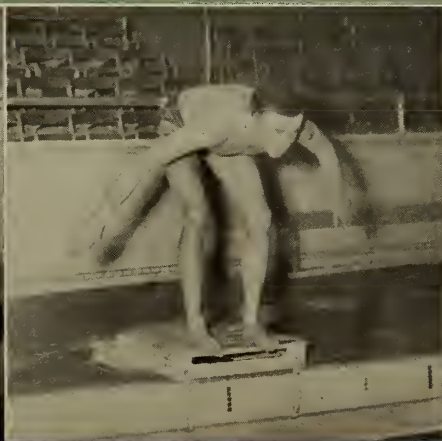
The water-wise Navy, together with Coach Henry Ortland, again produced a potent swimming squad that with a seven-wins-and-four-loss count, defeated Army and retained the South Atlantic A.A.U. crown.

Lt. Comdr. J. Michel, Ray Lochner

Ross Miller

Jack Fallon

Walt Grechanik





Tom Lechner



Pete Gengor

Capt. Ross Miller, distance expert, sprint king Bill Kanakanui, and medley stokers Tom Lechner, Warren Ortland, and Jim Carrington were important factors in the team's success. Lechner, backstroker supreme, swam away from all competition to complete an undefeated record. Frank Goulburn and Everett Higgins performed the breaststroke chores to round out the aquacade of stars. The 46-29 defeat of Army, climaxing the campaign, resulted in the year's hardest task—carrying a load of B-robcs back to the Severn home.



Neck and neck

Bill Clifford

Jim Carrington

Bill Kanakanui, Coach Harvey Muller, and George Cummings

Warren Ortland



GYM



GYM SQUAD. *First row:* Comdr. J. H. Raymer, officer representative; C. W. Phillips, coach; J. T. Strong, A. G. Lang, F. W. Bacon, W. P. Blandy, G. L. Hoffman, E. W. Freeman, III, W. McKinley, J. D. Costello, D. W. Cammack, J. N. Ramacker, coach. *Second row:* E. I. McQuiston, Jr., R. P. Hausold, C. E. Jeffries, R. R. Grayson, J. T. Metcalf, Jr., G. L. Moffett, Jr., R. P. Billingsley, J. P. Rogers, Jr., C. E. Ransom, Jr., R. K. Hammann, manager, Comdr. R. Worthington, coach. *Third row:* M. L. Schenker, D. C. Young, A. L. Silverman, L. Moore, W. D. Bassett, Jr., J. L. Green, K. W. Dunwody, Jr., H. W. Jones, R. Morrow.

AGILITY *personified*

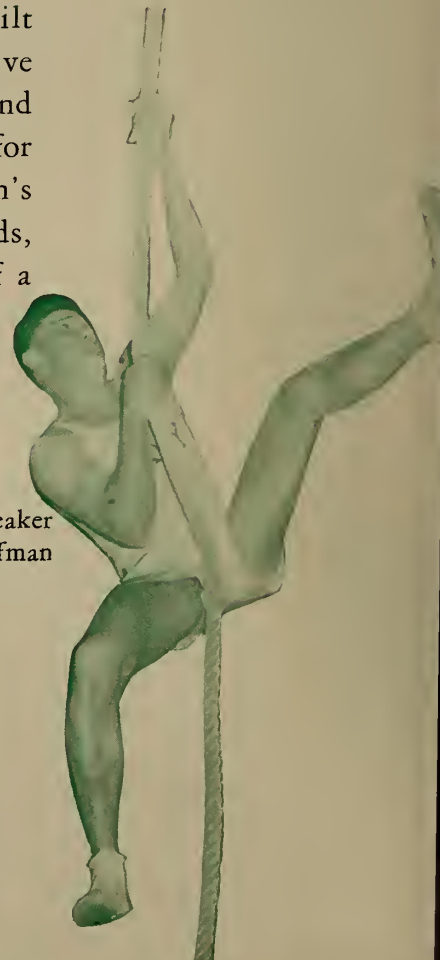
An improving Navy gym squad, built around such stars as Pat Billingsley, Dave Cammack, Ed Freeman, Bill Bacon, and Roy Grayson, set a hot pace this year for all competition. Capt. George Hoffman's record rope climb, 20 feet in 3.7 seconds, in the E.I.C.'s was the high point of a hard-fought season.



Joe Costello



Dave Cammack



Record-breaker
George Hoffman

RIFLE AND PISTOL



Navy sharpshooters Jim Ruchmund and Bruce Keener

RIFLE AND PISTOL SQUADS. *First row:* W. R. Broughton, M. J. Katcher, Kelly, W. J. Sawrille, J. H. Demyttenaere, G. B. Stone, D. A. Ellis, rifle captain; B. Keener, B. B. Sibert, R. D. Zelov, K. O'Keefe, D. M. Kirkpatrick, D. G. Clark. *Second row:* J. H. Branzell, rifle coach; E. C. Moss, rifle manager; N. E. D. pistol captain; D. P. Helmer, M. E. Phares, R. L. McElroy, T. E. Bulger, R. Rixey, R. J. Clas, P. J. Early, pistol manager; W. D. Pennington, pistol captain; Comdr. W. R. Barnes, officer representative, pistol team. *Third row:* D. B. maker, J. D. Butler, W. W. McCreedy, E. A. Rawsthorne, R. D. Whittier, R. Kennedy, B. M. Shepard, J. H. Clasgens, W. B. Thompson.

Captains Nick Davis and Dewey Ellis

Ready on the **FIRING** line

A perfect season, climaxed by a 1365-1362 win over Army, gave Capt. Nick Davis' boys a husky claim to the National Intercollegiate Pistol Championship. Not to be outdone, the rifle experts, led by Capt. Dewey Ellis, posted the first Navy win over Coast Guard, and counted six other victories against three losses for a banner record.



BOXING

Ward Riggins

Larry Stapp



Coach Spike Webb—the spirit of Navy boxing



Walt Clark

Ed Duncan

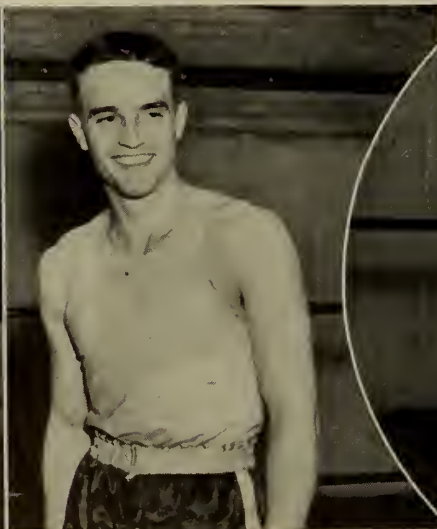


The Brigade **CHAMPS**

Leather and skin often came in contact before the kings of brigade boxing were crowned at the Saturday night finals of the Brigade Boxing Championships, managed by popular Coach Spike Webb.



John Hufft



John Rasmussen



Frank Roth



Tex Lawrence

*Spring
Campaign*



BASEBALL



BASEBALL SQUAD. *First row:* Comdr. J. E. Pace, officer representative; M. Bishop, coach; W. J. Shoemaker, J. R. Duquette, A. L. Frahler, E. S. Armstrong, A. G. Wellons, Jr., R. H. Searle, R. S. Jones. *Second row:* P. Boney, III, W. G. Brendle, J. E. Callahan, Jr., W. D. Dittmar, J. E. Peterson, Jr., R. S. Burton, R. L. Buck. *Third row:* C. C. Carter, Jr., R. H. Baysinger, Jr., W. F. Hawkins, P. H. Thom, Jr., C. J. Killeen, C. Dobony, R. C. Bryan.

Captain Andy Frahler



The **DIAMOND** *experts . . .*



Early in March came the call for baseball candidates to report to Coach Max Bishop, and another diamond season was underway. The prospects for a top-notch nine looked very favorable, with such returning veterans as Capt. Andy Frahler, A. G. Wellons, Eddie Armstrong, Bob Searle, Ronnie Burton, and Jim Duquette on hand. With sights already on the Graylegs from West Point, work began.

Coach Max Bishop and Comdr. Pace



"Play Ball"—another season underway

The squad, sharpened by a summer of practice games, soon began to look like a professional club. The pitching staff, headed by Ronnie Burton, included Captain Andy, Reaves Baysinger, Bob Bryan, and Phil Thom, with Jim Peterson and Jim Callahan pressing the regulars closely. Big Jim Duquette handled the backstop duties ably, spelled by relief catcher Chuck Carter. The battery was trained and ready.



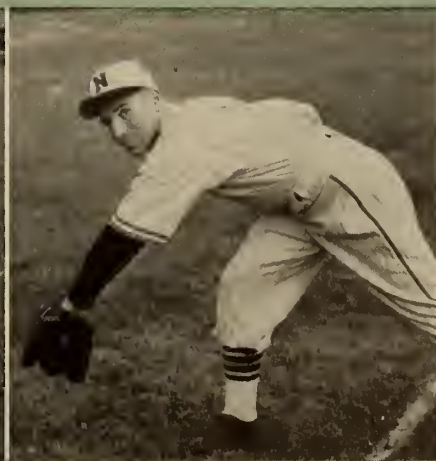
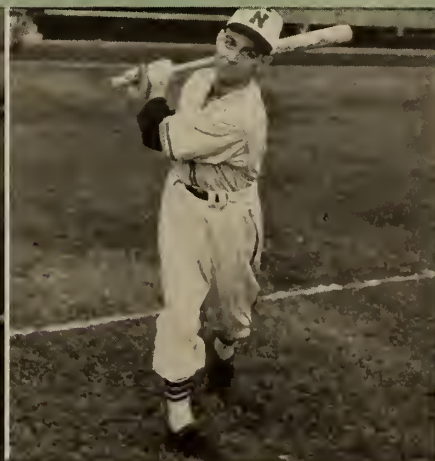
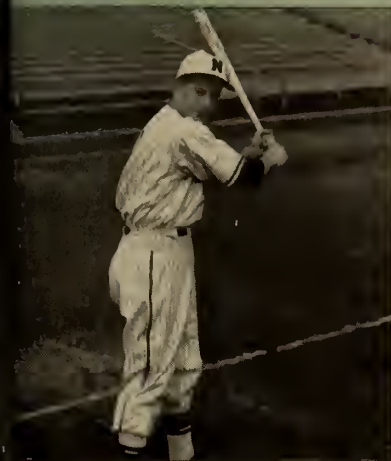
The old one-two—a snappy double play

Bob Bryan

Agie Wellons

Army Armstrong

Manager Bob Jones





on the **BASES**

Out at second

On the baselines it was fancy-fielding Bill Brendle at first, veteran Army Armstrong at second, roving Roger Buck at shortstop, and Agie Wellons in the hot corner, with Little Joe Shoemaker capably performing the utility infield duties. From first to third, smooth throwing and hard hitting showed that the basemen were ready.



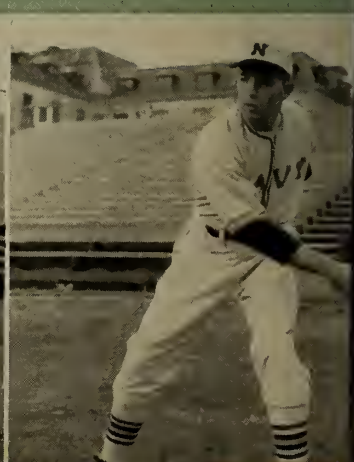
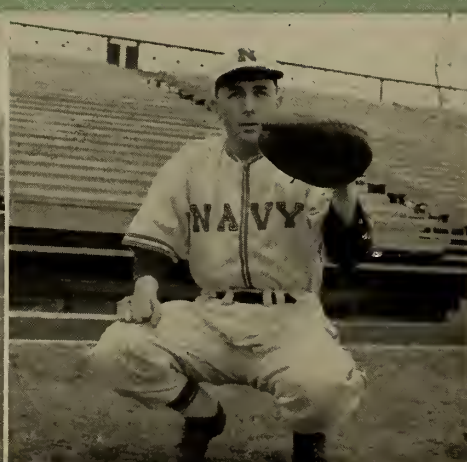
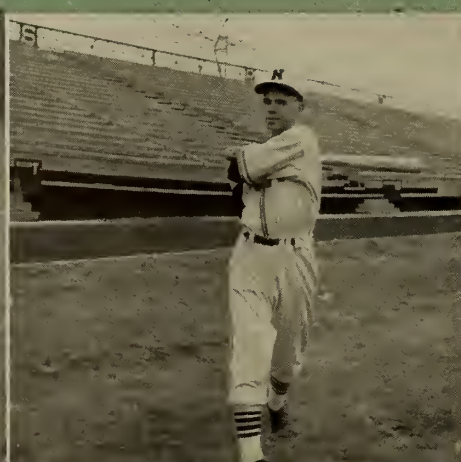
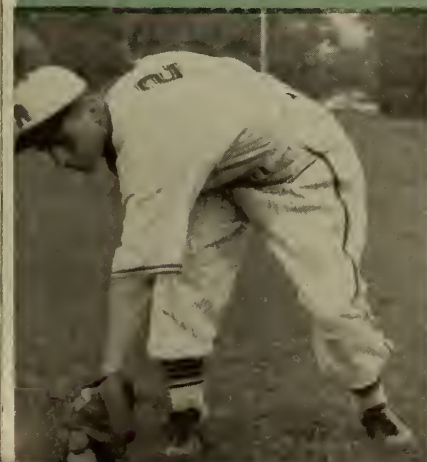
Slide, Kelly, slide!

Joe Shoemaker

Bill Brendle

Chuck Carter

Reaves Baysinger

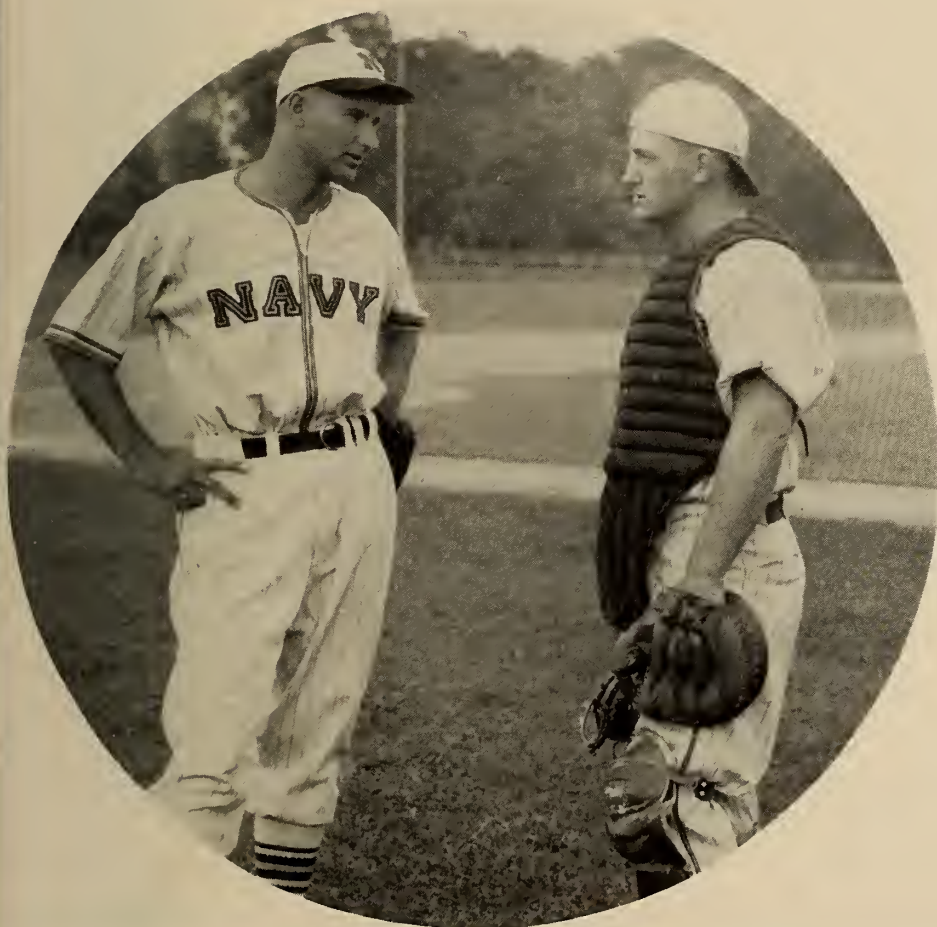


and in the **FIELD**



It's a hit!

Ronnie and Duke talk it over



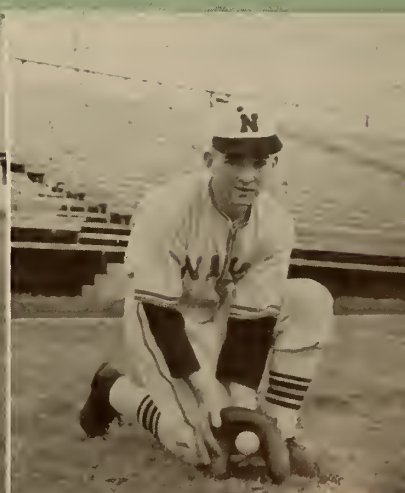
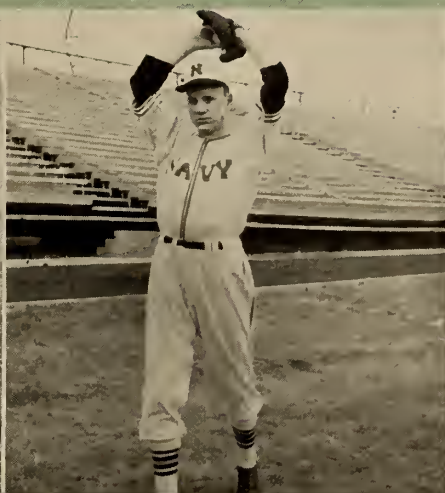
In the pastures beyond the infield, the flies were chased by Andy Frahler in left, Bob Bryan or Bill Hawkins in center, and Pete Boney in right, relief duties being handled by Bob Searle or Cal Killeen. Daily practice on Lawrence Field sharpened the hitting and fielding of every man, and as the opener approached it was evident that opponents of the Blue team were in for some rugged competition.

Chuck Dobony

Phil Thom

Roger Buck

Pete Boney



CREW



Captain K. K. Larson

CREW SQUAD. *First row:* S. L. Matheny Smith, J. P. Cartwright, J. R. Wallace, M. K. Morris, G. L. Heasley, D. E. Craig, L. R. Thomas, J. P. Gartland, J. E. Larson. *Second row:* B. W. Bevis, D. D. Foulds, G. H. Farmer, R. E. Guernsey, O. E. Olsen, D. S. Apple, P. L. Quinn, P. T. Corrigan, G. W. Dittmann, C. W. Meyrick, K. K. Larson, F. C. Fogarty, P. W. Nelson, Comdr. C. S. Walsh.

Coach Buck Walsh turned out another great Navy crew this year, capable of continuing the fine records of the past. Led by Capt. K. K. Larson, the stroke men looked good all year against the nation's best.

The SHELLMEN pointed for Poughkeepsie

Weeks of practice—aching muscles—and a great race

Coach Buck Walsh puts out the word





Ready for another day on the Severn. Heasley, Thomas, Corrigan, Olsen, Larson, Quinn, Apple, Nelson, Dittmann

The Hubbard Hall gang included such oar experts as Frank Fogarty, Perry Nelson, Don Apple, George Dittmann, Paul Quinn, Don Foulds, Lee Thomas, Paul Corrigan, Gordon Farmer, and hefty coxswain Gail Heasley. Each spring afternoon, long oars dipped in cadence as the sleek shells moved down Dorsey Creek to the Severn. Pulling for the next victory and for a post-season Poughkeepsie win was a full-time job.



Coxswain Heasley cracks the whip

The first class were out in force. Thomas, Nelson, Corrigan, Farmer, Larson, Apple, Morris, Larson, Heasley

Number one shell shoves off



TENNIS



TENNIS SQUAD. *First row:* W. H. Jagoe, captain; J. K. Walker, R. F. Ennis, R. E. Durfos, manager; F. H. Fisher, W. F. Reeve. *Second row:* H. P. Fishman, T. W. Tift, R. W. Moore, L. F. Vogt, H. R. Hunter, A. T. Hendrix, coach. *Third row:* T. N. Gardiner, D. D. Stone, R. A. Walsh, III, E. J. McCoy, G. F. Yoran, Jr.



Comdr. Rider, *Officer Representative*, and Captain Harvey Jagoe

Fred Fisher



VOLLEYS *and* SERVES

With a rugged schedule that included such hurdles as Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale, North Carolina, and Army, Capt. Harv Jagoe and his Navy tennis sharks played hard and long in completing a fine season. Paced in the singles by flashy Fred Fisher, Jagoe, Pete Fishman, Tom Tift, and Frank Ennis, the team found a hot doubles combination in Fisher and Mike Vogt to round out a stellar lineup.



Frank Ennis

GOLF



GOLF SQUAD. *First row:* J. F. Harper, E. S. Briggs, J. J. Barrow, B. Williams, coach; R. O. Bonnell, Jr., A. R. Carr, W. C. Sandlin. *Second row:* R. A. Searson, W. E. Conway, D. B. Hansen, R. O. Minter, Jr., H. R. Stringfellow, Jr., R. C. Eaton, captain, L. A. Moore, H. H. Falevsky, W. B. Thanev.

Up and down the FAIRWAYS

One of the sharpest teams in Academy history reported to Coach Bob Williams this year, and the boys proceeded to live up to expectations by turning in a fine record. Par-makers for the Navy included Capt. Rex Eaton, Ed Briggs, Joe Barrow, Swede Hansen, Hammy Hamilton, Dick Wiseman, Bill Conway, Ski Falevsky, and Bob Bonnell.

Rex Eaton, Long Shot Searson, and Bill Conway watch as Ed Briggs sets one up

Coach Williams and Captain Rex Eaton



LACROSSE



Captain Bob Metzger:

LACROSSE SQUAD. *First row:* W. H. Moore, head coach; E. C. Waller, R. S. Agnew, P. Vladessa, R. P. Metzger, captain, J. H. H. Carrington, D. H. Hunt, M. C. Scoggins, C. P. Coulter. *Second row:* H. J. Johnson, manager; J. T. Mercalf, Jr., J. A. McCook, G. G. Jeffries, A. L. Jenks, Jr., W. T. Emery, P. L. Fullinwider, C. L. Stiles, R. C. Needham, M. N. Allen, G. A. P. Haynes, A. Lamond, coach. *Third row:* A. A. Schaufelberger, R. D. Waugh, P. D. Shutler, M. I. MacQuarrie, E. W. Page, R. G. Tobin, R. G. Carroll, G. M. Bailey, R. H. Seth, J. B. Pleasants. *Fourth row:* W. C. Stutt, E. B. Rogers, R. E. Sivinski, F. M. Eccles, P. T. Bishop, W. Valencia, W. F. Brown, O. A. Wall, C. R. Smith. *Fifth row:* O. S. Mollison, J. H. L. Chambers, S. H. McLean, J. K. McConoghy, J. B. Howard, C. S. Hooper, K. Hanlon, R. E. Melhorn, D. O. Campbell.

With almost all of last year's squad back, Navy's rugged lacrosse aggregation, under the experienced hands of Coach Dinty Moore, waded through a tough schedule to complete an outstanding season.

ROUGH and READY stick swingers

Dinty Moore and Manager Harv Johnson

Skip Eccles

Stu McLean

Ed Page

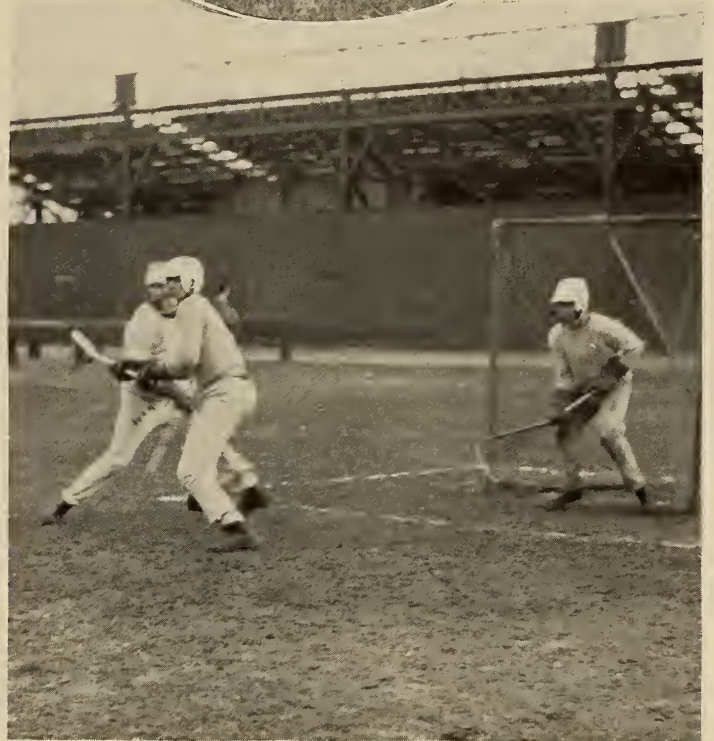


Chuck Coulter scoops it up



Veteran Stu McLean, Chuck Coulter, Skip Eccles, Pete Fullenwider, and trick-shot artist Lee Chambers formed the backbone of the attack. Capt. Bob Metzger headed the mid-field workhorses, along with big Jim Carrington, Dave Hunt, Scoggie Scoggins, and Ed Page. Chief goal stopper this year was little Dick Seth, with plenty of support from Mac McHugh and Bob Melhorn. Defense Coach Angie Lamond, with a wealth of powerful candidates, used Dutch Schultz, Bill Flynn and Kit Carson around the cage. The potent outfit, fast and yet rugged, proved a tough hurdle for all Navy opponents.

Goalie Dick Seth



Action on the crease as Dinty whips the attack into shape

Dave Hunt

Scoggie Scoggins

Needles Needham

Jim Carrington



TRACK



TRACK SQUAD. *First row:* R. A. Litke, manager; Comdr. Dwyer, officer representative; F. R. Carlon, J. P. Oberholtzer, A. C. Bigley, captain; W. B. Haidler, J. J. Garibaldi, E. J. Thompson, coach. *Second row:* C. D. McCullogh, D. T. Ousterhout, W. R. Fisher, R. T. F. Ambrogio, J. S. Bartos, C. R. Braley, C. H. Dean, R. M. Lucy, E. H. Clark, Jr. *Third row:* B. E. Knapp, S. A. Dobbins, R. A. Frost, J. D. Murray, R. E. Berggren, W. R. Ikard, P. L. Hammer, W. D. Meanix, W. L. Rees, H. M. Krantzman.

A good **START . . .**
and a strong **FINISH**

With plenty of power in every event, the Navy track squad that hit the cinders in the spring of '47 looked as good as any of the championship Blue teams of the past several years. Coach Tommy Thompson's gang included Ambrogio and Murray in the 100 and 220, Garibaldi, Haidler, and Capt. Ace Bigley in the 440, and Cuff and Carlon in the half. Smusyn and Oberholtzer were the mile twins, and Hall handled the two mile. The hurdles

Ace Bigley

Coach Tommy Thompson

Comdr. C. R. Dwyer, Officer Representative

Manager Bob Litke





*Up and over, as the boys
hit their stride*



Out of the turn, and into the stretch

featured Davis and Ousterhout. Point-gatherers in the field events were Waldrop in the high jump, McCullough in the broad jump, Barrow on the pole vault, and Jesse with the javelin. Both the shot and discus events were well handled by Bartos and Smith. With the Penn relays, Army, and the IC4A's ahead, the squad settled down for another winning cinder record.

Frank Carlon

Chuck Dean

Joe Bartos

Bob Lucy



SAILING



SAILING SQUAD. *First row:* V. V. Sharpe, Jr., R. A. King, J. E. Niesse, H. R. Flory, E. Venning, J. B. Foster, A. E. Waller, F. C. Knock, R. H. Christian, R. W. Vasquez, H. L. Staples, Jr., C. A. T. Mendes. *Second row:* G. W. Sumner, J. E. Baltar, W. G. Davis, H. Conover, H. P. Jefferson, captain; J. D. Langston, N. A. Armstrong, G. Engle, S. R. Krause, Comdr. R. C. Latham, officer representative. *Third row:* D. C. Lind, R. F. Smith, Jr., W. R. Lauder, F. G. Horan, D. G. Cluett, W. L. Jensen, R. L. Hartwell, Jr., B. T. Mills, R. E. Wilson, T. G. Miller. *Fourth row:* J. A. Morris, E. J. Orth, Jr., K. F. Dorenkamp, J. C. Henning, R. E. Wise, M. E. Leslie, C. T. Brown, D. W. Smith, R. W. Bass, Z. D. Alford, G. L. Rees, Jr., D. M. Martin, F. A. Green.



Pete and Dave—a tough pair to beat

Into the WIND *against the best*

As the wintry winds receded from the Severn, Academy small-boat enthusiasts headed for the dinghy float and another season in the tricky racers. On smooth or choppy water and against the best of sailors, Capt. Pete Jefferson, Deming Smith, Harvey Conover, and other regulars made sure that the Navy was always first across the line.

Steady as you go



and over the WAVES once more

*Now, college men from sea to sea
May sing of colors true;
But who has better right than we
To hoist a symbol hue?
For sailor men in battle fair,
Since fighting days of old,
Have proved the sailor's right to wear
The Navy Blue and Gold.*

With the cruise of Academy life now over and the great voyage of a service career soon to begin, the white sails of the Severn seem to blend, with a thousand memories of the school we leave, in a vivid panorama . . . the Yard, our dragging week ends, a band concert on a summer afternoon, the Ring Dance, football trips, the evening lights of Bancroft, our last June Week, graduation . . . things like these shall we ever remember. Though our Academy days are of the past, and though a life in the Fleet carry us over all the seas of the world in the service of the flag we love, there will always remain a small part of each of us by the Severn . . . the Class, ever together in spirit, will guard and cherish those memories of the alma mater to whom we, fast slipping over the horizon of a new life, now wave a last good-bye.

*Four years together by the bay
Where Severn joins the tide,
Then by the service called away
We're scattered far and wide;
But still when two or three shall meet
And old tales be retold,
From low to highest in the Fleet
We'll pledge the Blue and Gold.*



The Production of a Lucky Bag requires far more than the time and talents of midshipmen . . . to the many individuals and organizations that have contributed to the creation of this volume, the 1948-A Staff extends its sincere thanks . . . to

Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch and *Rear Admiral James L. Holloway, Jr.*, Superintendents of the Naval Academy, for cooperation and interest . . .

to *Rear Admiral Stuart H. Ingersoll*, Commandant of Midshipmen, for encouragement and inspiration . . . to *Commander William R. Barnes*, Officer Representative, for friendly and expert counsel . . .

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to the *Office of the Superintendent* and the *Navy Athletic Association* for Academy pictures . . . to the *Officers of the Naval Academy* for understanding cooperation . . . to the *Company LUCKY BAG Representatives*

for interest and energy . . . and to the *Brigade of Midshipmen*, for whom this book is written, whose appreciation of the **1948-A LUCKY BAG** will be the finest reward for those who have produced it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **L U C K Y B A G** ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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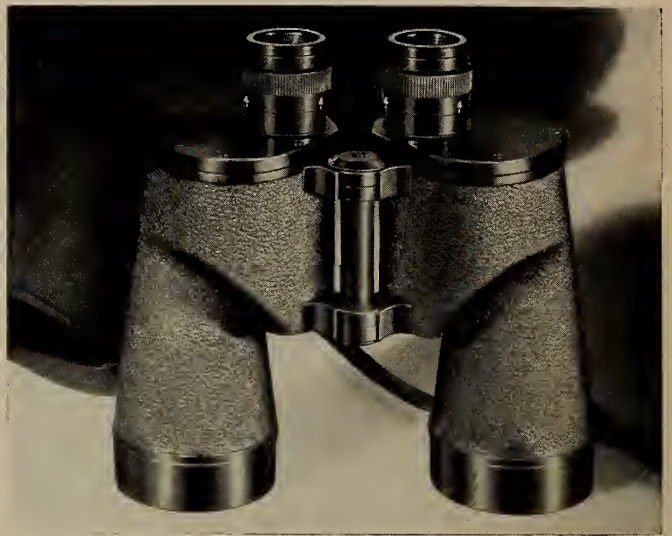


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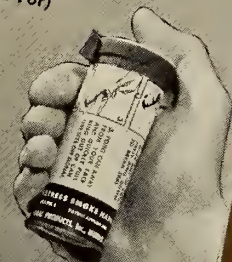
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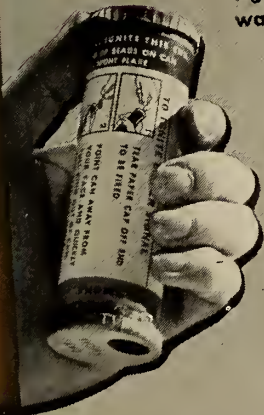
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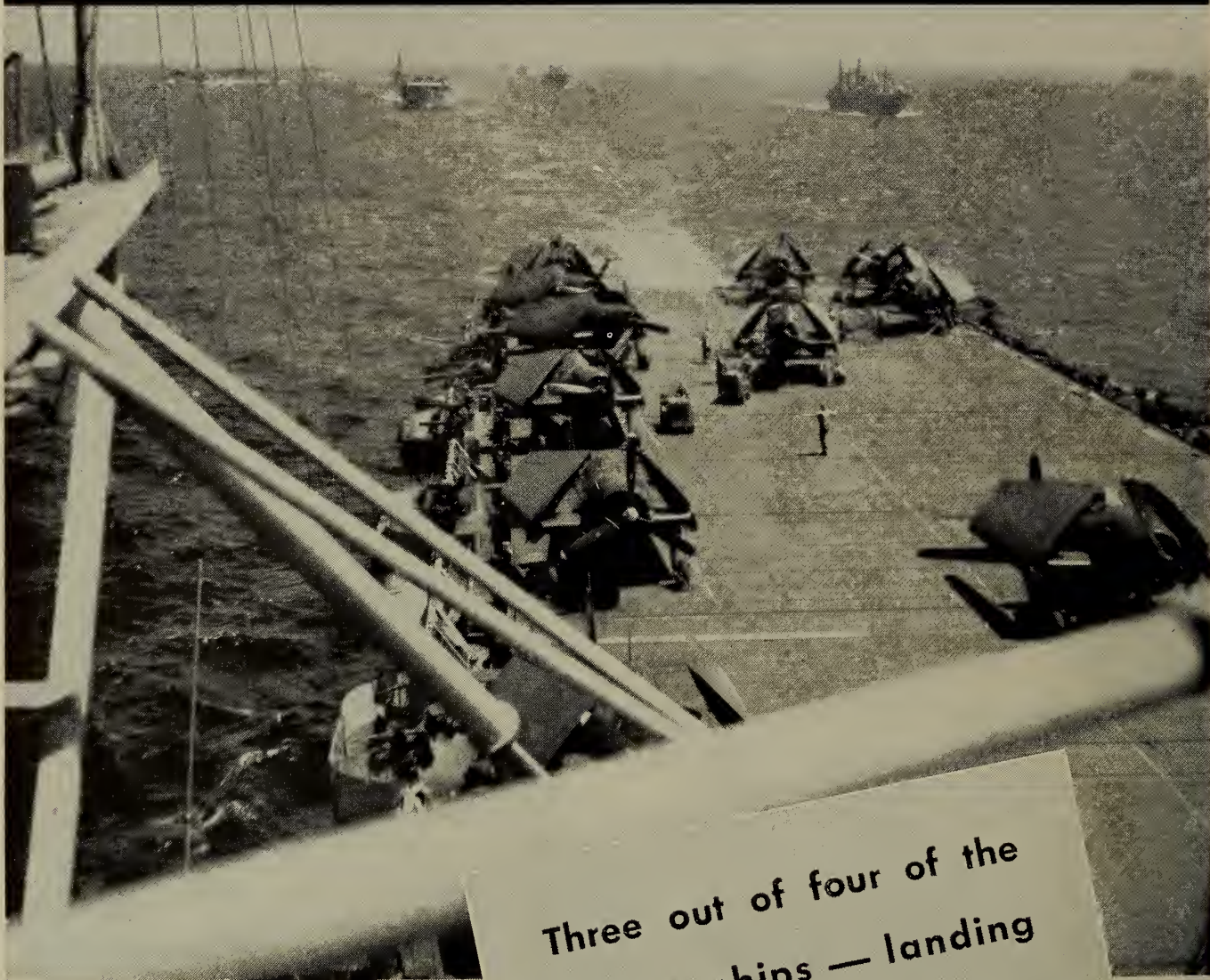


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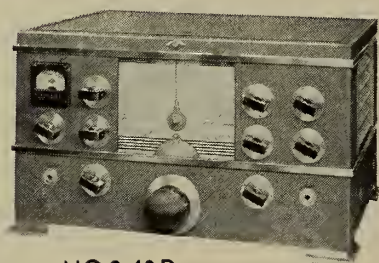
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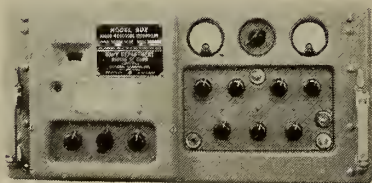
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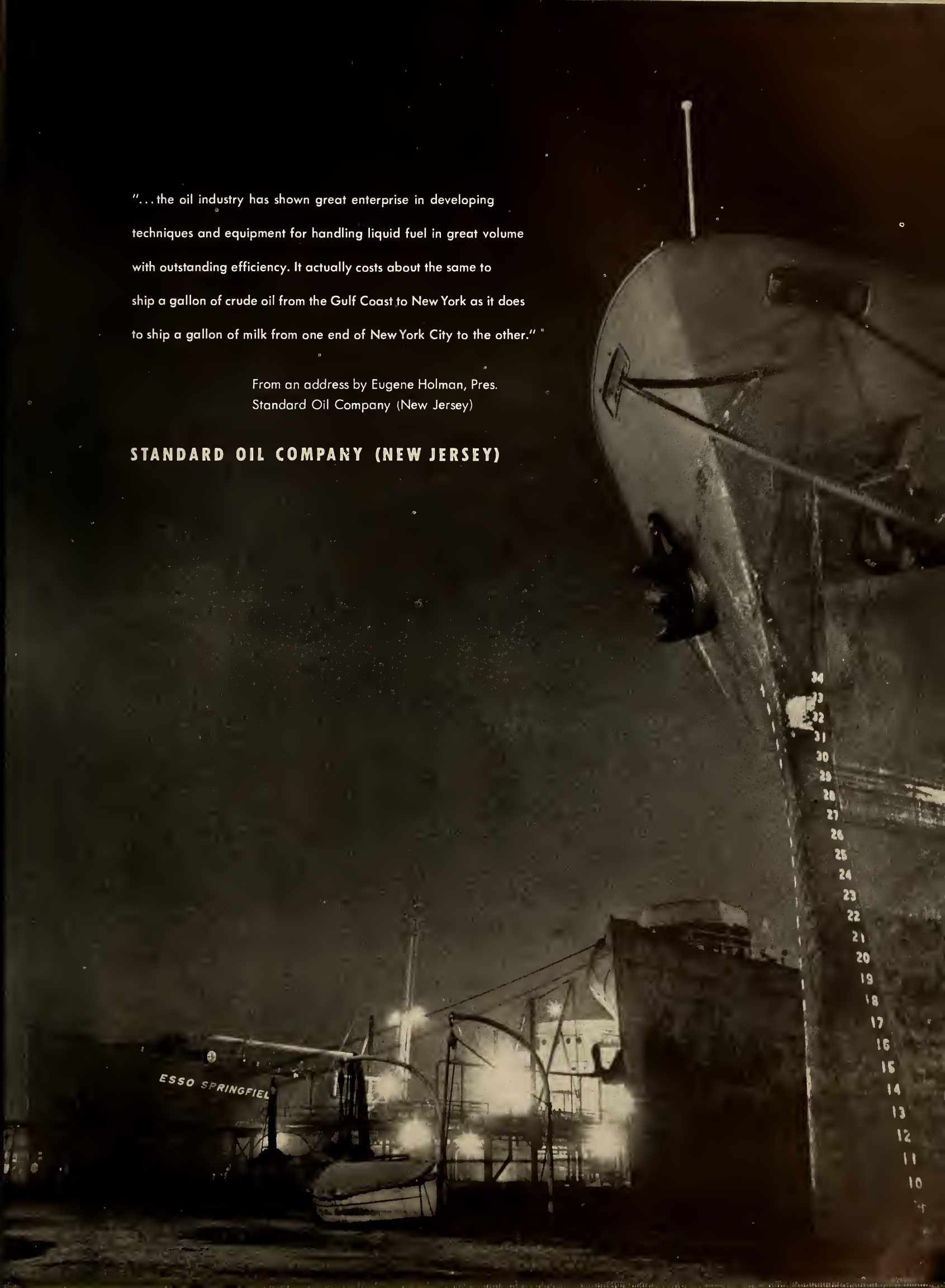
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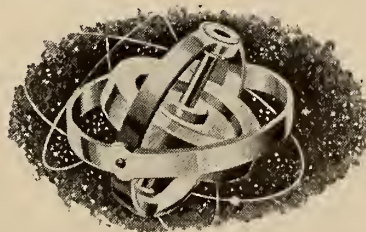
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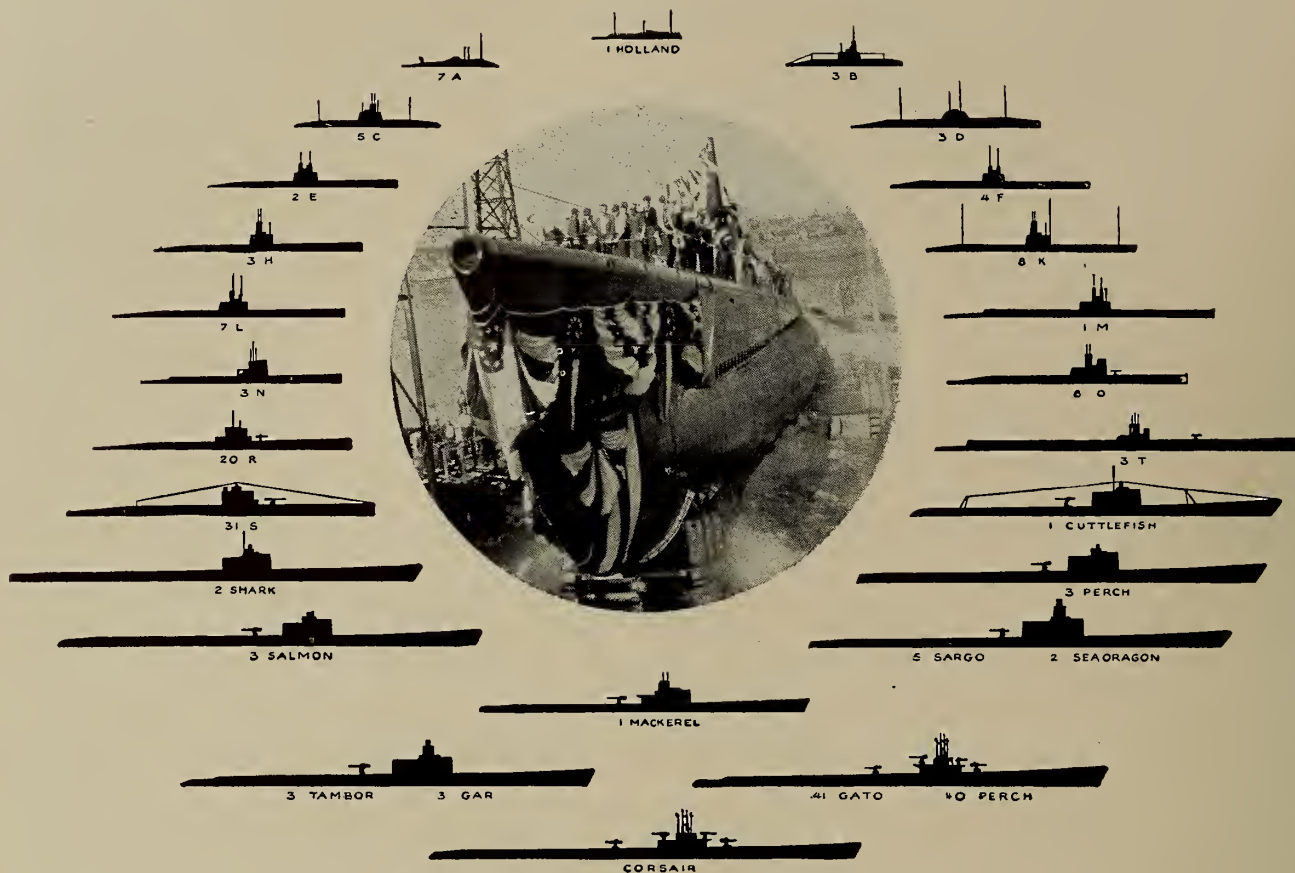
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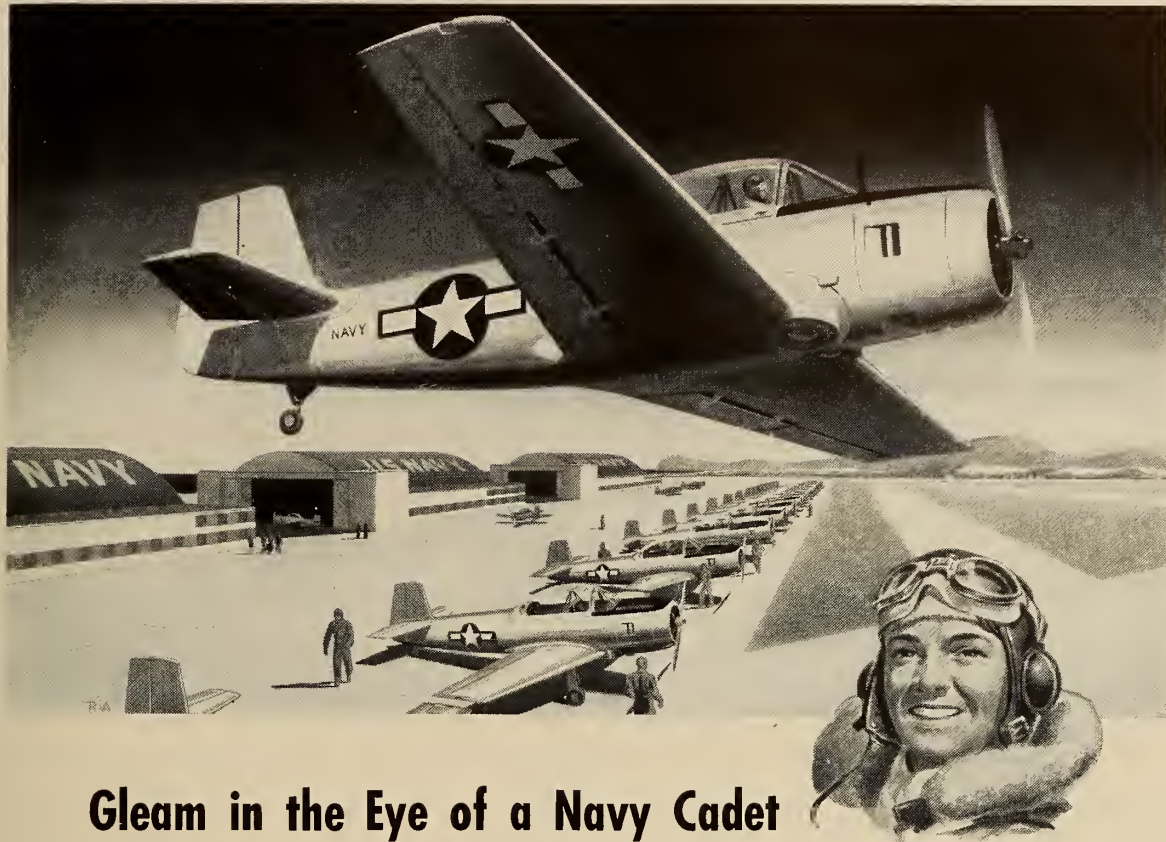
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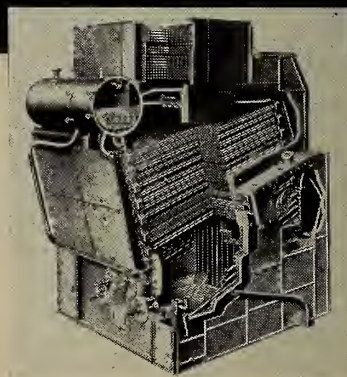
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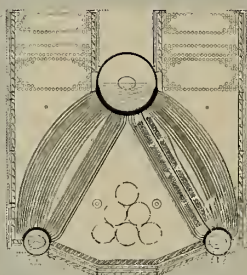


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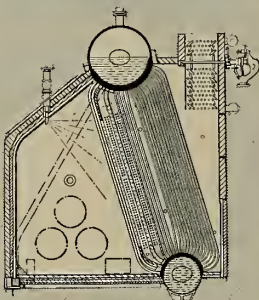
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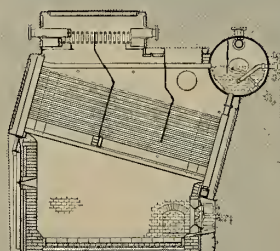
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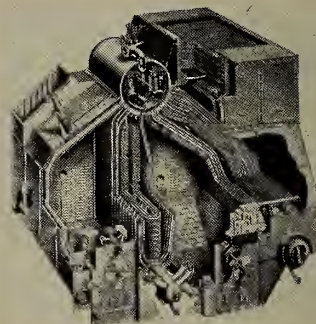
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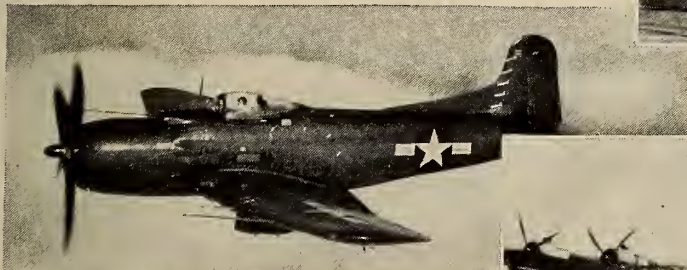


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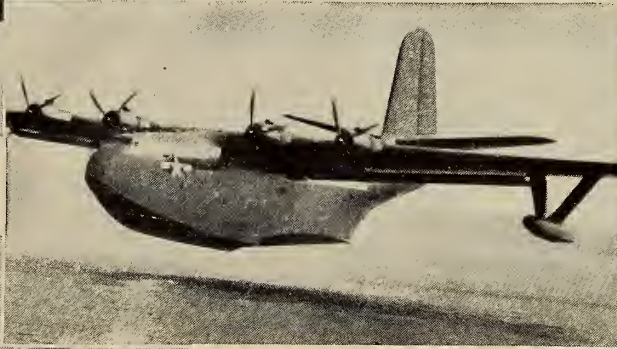
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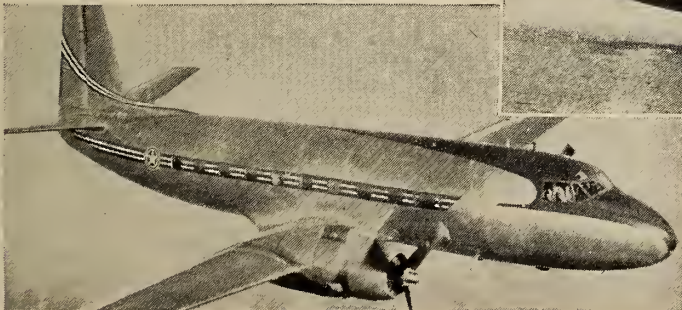
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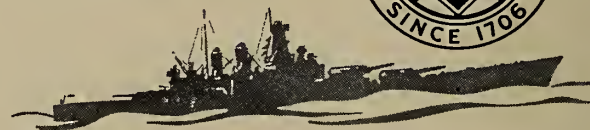


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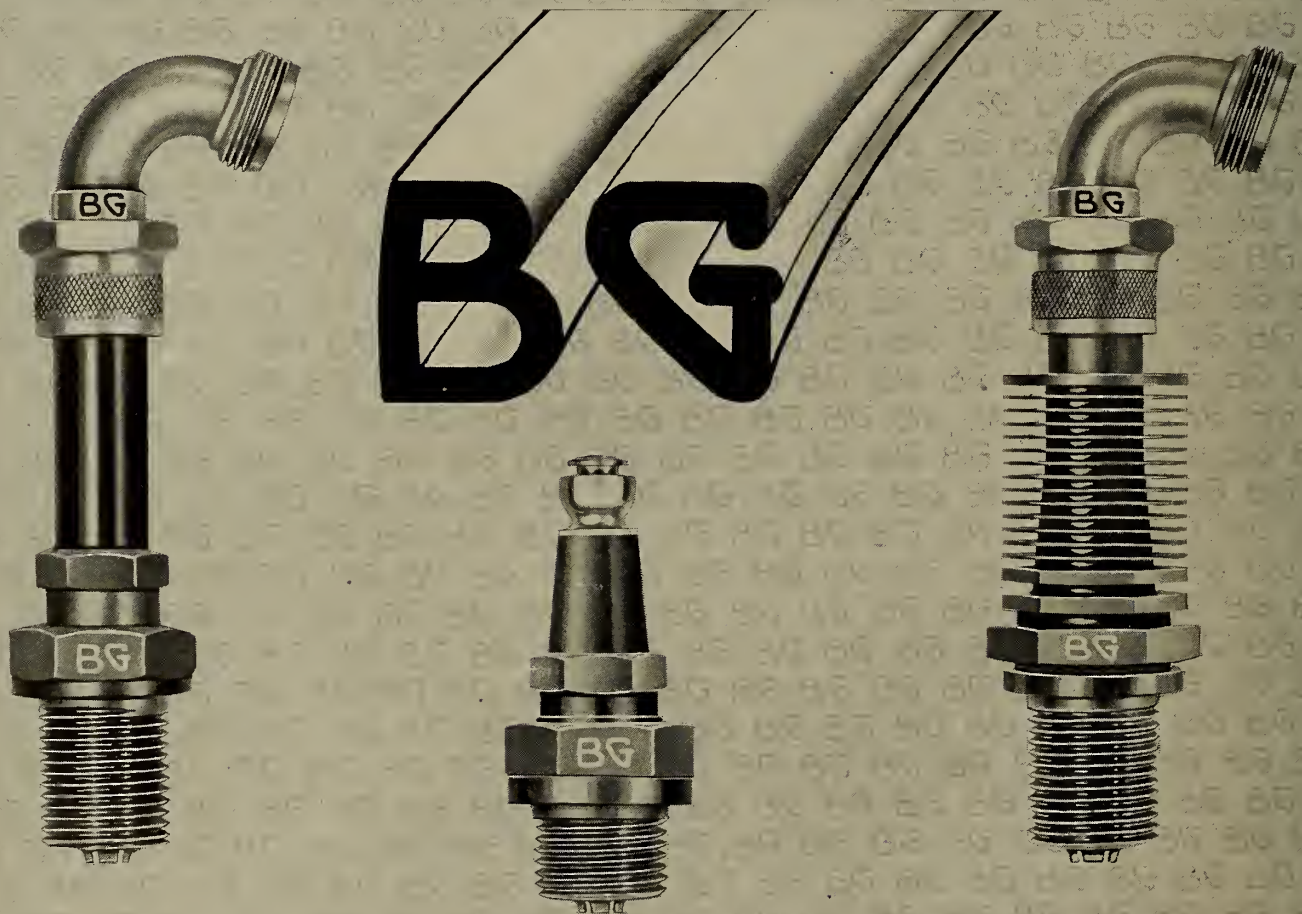
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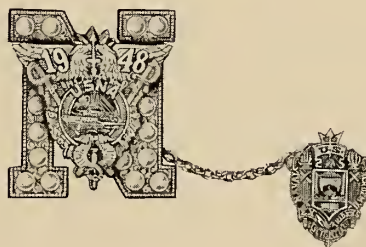
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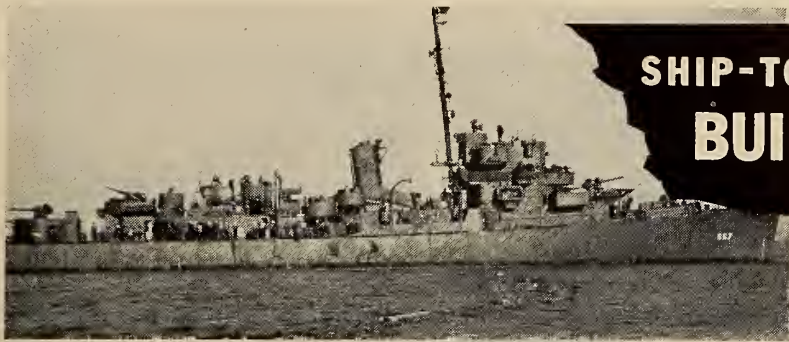
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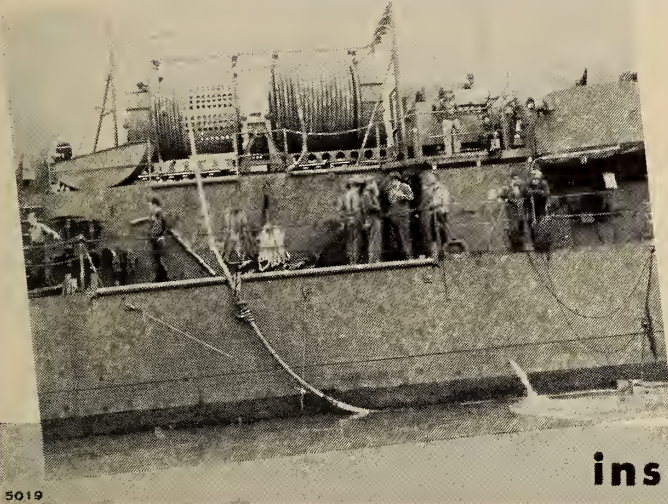


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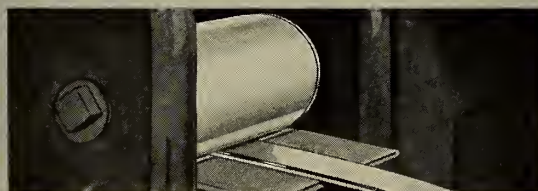
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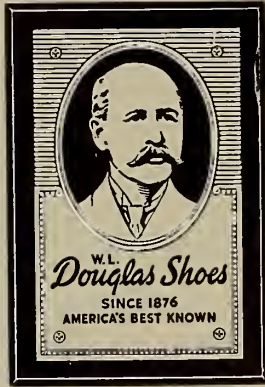
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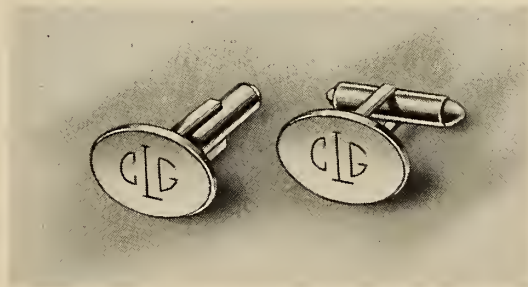
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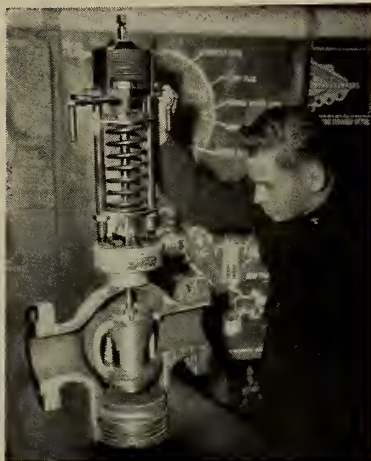
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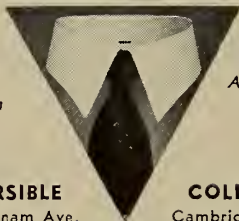
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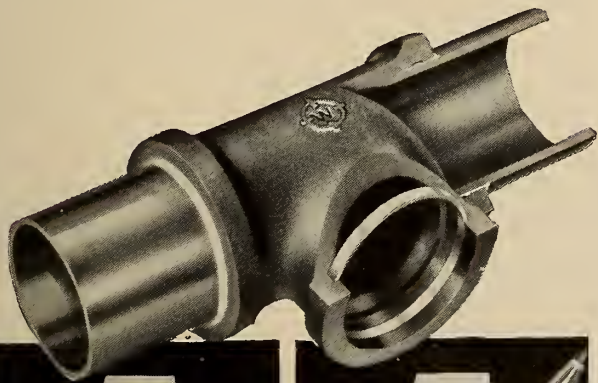


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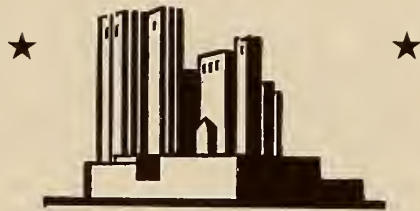
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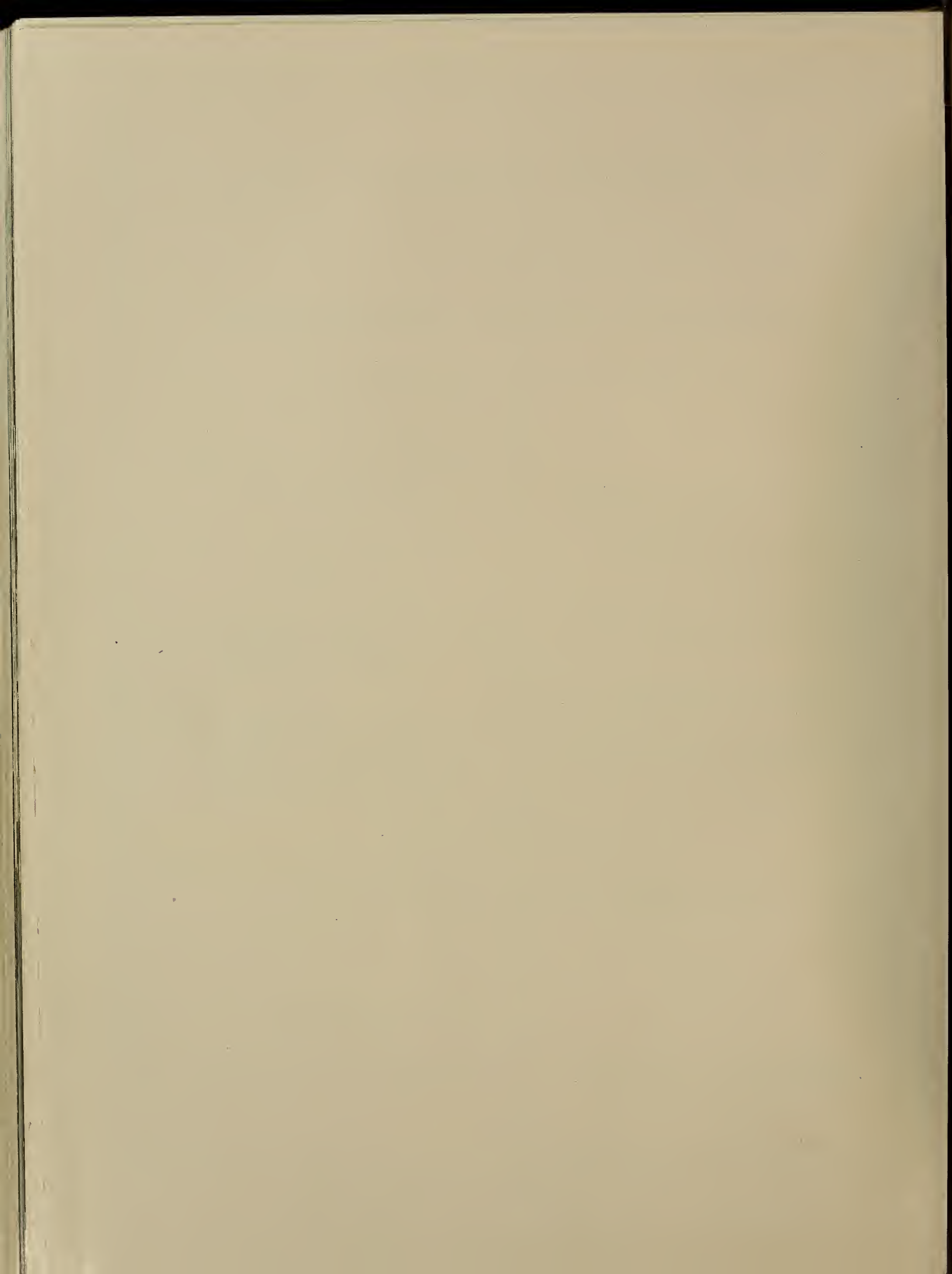
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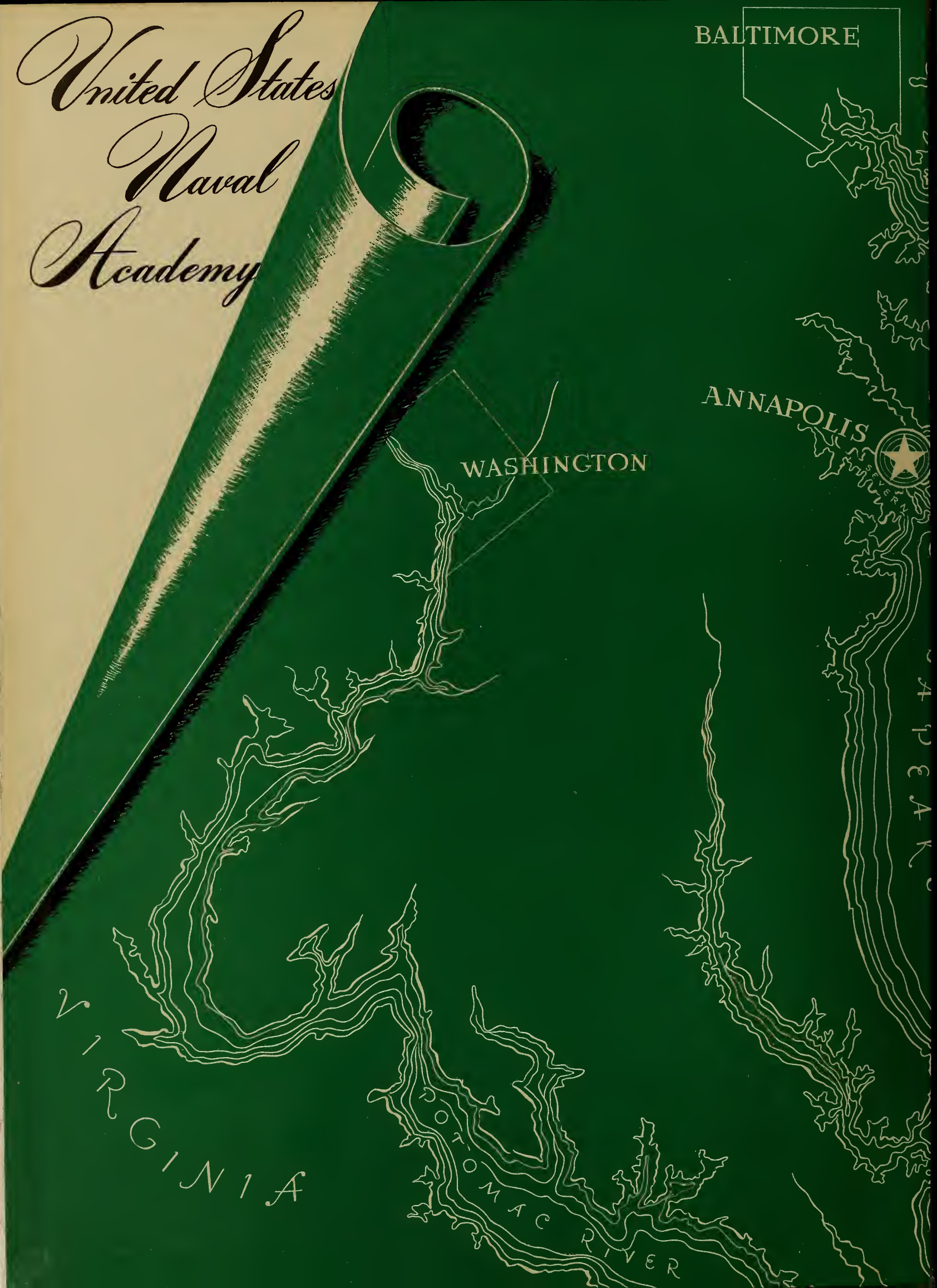
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