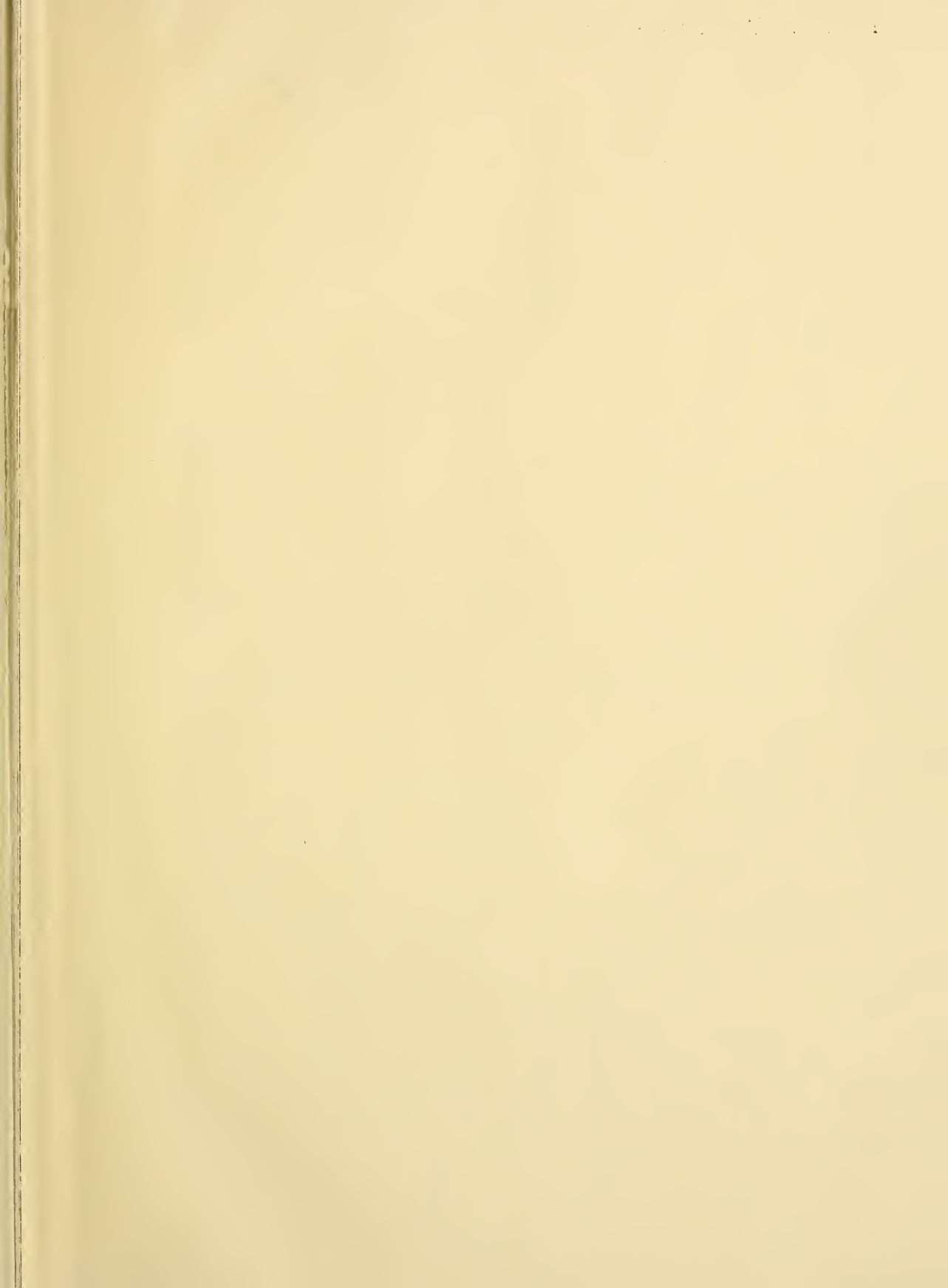


THE
LUCKY BAG
,94

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Lithotype Printing Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE LUCKY BAG.

TO
Father Neptune,
Courting his propitiation,
WE
Reverently inscribe this
Little Volume.

Apology.

*

Before launching this modest little craft upon the waters of public criticism, we, her builders, would claim your attention for a moment, kind reader, while we explain how it came to pass that she was ever designed and built, and while we enumerate some of the many difficulties which have beset us during her construction.

One day during last summer's cruise, while becalmed in the very middle of the Atlantic Ocean, a group of first-class middies were whiling away the tedious hours by reciting impromptu poetry on the forecastle of the good ship "Constellation"; some unusually brilliant effort elicited the remark that talent like that should not be doomed to bloom unseen. A resolution to publish a little volume into which such bursts of genius might be gathered, was the result of the conversation which followed, and a committee was chosen to bring the volume into being. The gifted poets promised reams of rhyme which would bring fame and fortune to our glorious class; but, strange to say, these poets have not been heard from since, though the poor stranded committee have sent prayers and entreaties throughout the land, and have offered large rewards for anyone caught spooning on the "Muse"—In desperation they at last decided to convert the book into an Academy Annual, similar to the annuals published at all other large colleges, and the "Lucky Bag" is the result. That we have not done our work well we do not need to be told—not even after considering the many obstacles which have had to be surmounted. But, if the senior classes which succeed us will take up the work where we have left it, profiting

by our errors and improving each subsequent volume until the "Lucky Bag" becomes an annual of which the Naval Academy may feel proud, then—and not until then—we shall feel repaid for the efforts which it has cost us to "set the ball rolling."

We beg to explain to the uninitiated that among seafaring folk a "lucky bag" is the receptacle into which "Jimmy Legs" gathers the odds and ends left adrift about the decks. The miscellaneous character of the contents of this volume suggested the name.

We do not consider it necessary to apologize for appropriating so much space for the exclusive mention of '94 as it is the custom at all colleges for the class which publishes the annual to devote a large part of the book to its own glory. Next year it will be '95's time; that they may improve upon our efforts many fold and make the second number of the "Lucky Bag" a volume in which they may justly take pride, is the earnest wish of

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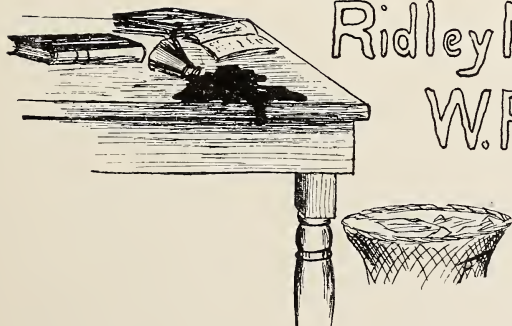
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Class of Ninety-Four.

Class Colors: Nile Green and Pink.

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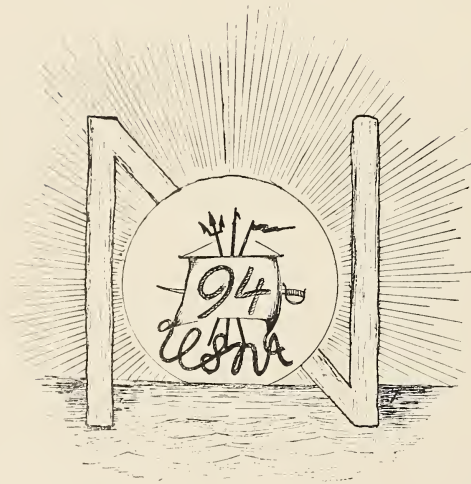
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History of Ninety-Four.

*



OW it came to pass shortly after the time of Samson, Robert being King, that there came into the land of the Middies a band of youth wondrous fair to look upon, but green as the grass which grew upon the hills round about Jerusalem. Insooth so green were they that they knew not whether to stand upon their heels or their heads,

and oft-times did stand upon the latter. Eighty-one strong numbered this noble band, but ere the first great sacrifice of the Holdover, which, being translated, means the semi-annual examination, many did fall in the great wars with the Français, and the Geometrae, and the other inhabitants of the unholy country. Many of them who survived did become great hunters. Those that did war with the Algebrae did become equal even unto the Tod-hunters. Some of them that were made captive in the wars with the Français were released upon Parole to return not again to make conquest in the land of their captors. Now at the first great sacrifice of the Holdover there were many among them who did not bow down and worship the God Two-five. And when the Academic Board saw these things they waxed wroth,

and they did slay the unbelievers ; yea, in their wrath did they slay not less than eleven. But those that remained did great things, and did sit at the feet of the scribes and doctors and did drink in learning and wisdom. And before the festival of the departure of them that were to go down to the sea in ships many had mastered the mysteries of the punt-out and the touch-down. But now, according to the customs of the country, it behooved them to make another sacrifice ; and they did offer up nine more of the flower of their youth. And the remaining sixty-one were sad, and they did tear their hair (except Mutsoo and the Prince who were bald) and they did clothe themselves in coarse cotton, and did sail away in the Ark. And they sailed for many hundred leagues, and many did fall sick of a grievous illness ; and their voyage availed them nothing except some chips which they did gather up in the land of the Duke of New London. And when they had returned unto the land of the Middies they did say one unto another, " Let us go unto the land of our fathers, that we may once more look upon the faces of our beloved." And they went, and it was well with them ; and historians were wont to call this exodus " Youngster Leave."

Then came they again unto the land of the Middies, and they did find there a new enemy named Trig. But they did wage war with him and did slay him, notwithstanding his many hard Knox, and but one of the band did fall in the struggle. And in the second year of their sojourn in the land they did see many strange and wondrous things, not the least among which was a company of plebeians who did dare drink milk and did otherwise offend the band ; and the plebeians did suffer. And some of the band did also soon suffer from causes unknown, and they did go on a voyage in the Santee that they might be cured.

Now soon after the second sacrifice of the Holdover there came into the land another enemy. And the name of him was called Skinny. Great was the strength of him, but it was a cold day when the band gat themselves not thither, and they rose in their might and did call upon Skinny to descend from the roof. And Skinny did come down from off his lofty perch, but did light heavily upon the necks of some of the band in his descent.

And when the Ark did again sail for another load of chips they went not therein, but did stay in their adopted land that they might learn the useful ways of the artificers. And great was their progress in the arts when lo ! one day one of the wisest of their number did exclaim " Alas ! behold the ruin which I have wrought. For the hole which I have drilled is even too small." And another did use a larger drill and did mend the evil. And when the scribes did see what the youth had done they were amazed at his wisdom, and did wonder much, and the fame of him went abroad throughout the land. Then the band did see the maidens of the land, that they were fair, and they danced with them and said soft words to them, as is the way of second-classmen. This did they do for the whole summer of the second year of their abiding. Then said they one unto another, " Let us go unto the City of Washington and eat, drink, and be merry. And lo they went, and they sang and made merry with the sound of the timbrel, the psaltry, the sackbut, and the beerglass. And they feasted and were glad, and it was well with them. And then they separated, each unto his own home.

And when they came again unto the land of the Middies, behold ! yet another enemy was in store for them. For, lo, a Philistine entered into the land and despoiled the fair pleasures thereof, and his name was called Calculus. And yea, even did Calculus and their olden enemy Skinny unite their forces to war against the band. Great was the struggle, and ere the third sacrifice of the Holdover seven of the band did yield up the ghost, and the memory of them was clean gone forever. Now it came to pass that the time for the third festival drew nigh. And at this time the band said one unto another, " Let us give the dance." And they gave it, and great was the success thereof. And when the third festival was at hand they did lack yet five more of their number.

Now it came to pass that thirteen of the number did set their faces against the band, and did go over unto the Greasers. And the remaining thirty-four did once more set sail upon the Ark, and did visit foreign lands even unto the isles of the sea which men do call the Azores and the Madeiras.

Many days and nights did they pass upon the angry waters. And

by turns they were given command of the Ark. And they tacked not, neither did they wear; yet an admiral in all his glory did never pace the quarter-deck as proudly as one of these. And the thirteen that did abide in the land, being few in number, were captured and were made slaves; and they were made to work. Yea, from morn till night did they toil until their souls did cry out within them. And when the Ark returned a third exodus came to pass. And the name of it was First-class Leave.

And when they had gone to their homes, Skinny and Mechanics, a foster brother to Calculus, did once more invade the land. And the band did sniff the battle from afar off, and did hasten to return. And in the battles which followed both these enemies were slain; and the band did attend the burial thereof, the story of which hath yet another told.

Thus hath it gone with them in the past. As for the future, who can foretell it?

Here endeth the Fourth Lesson.



Class of Ninety-Five.

Class Colors: Pale Blue and White.

*

CLASS YELL.

Boom Rah! Boom Ray!
U. S. N. A.!
Who's alive? Ninety Five!
Navy!

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THE CLASS OF NINETY-FIVE.

History of Ninety-Five.

*



CLASS of Ninety-five feels called upon to relate its history, or rather as much of it as is deemed of sufficient interest to immortalize.

We were once "plebes," callous and gauky; you could see that we were "plebes" by looking at us; our clothes didn't fit; we were either slouchy or tremendously stiff,

according as we were in the setting-up squad, or were afraid of getting into it. We looked neither to the right nor to the left, and didn't dare to call our souls—much less our shoe-strings, lamp-chimneys and brooms—our own. Even our trousers and overcoats, being new, served to fit out the spooney upper-classmen when out for blood.

But these days passed, and after taking the inter-class base-ball championship, we underwent a cruise. For a few of us it was the second, but most of us for the first time felt the good ship "Constellation's" ponderous capstan bars and sighed for a donkey engine. Then, of course, there were moments when we paused in our grumbling but those were chiefly when we were not seasick, or were rescuing people who would heave the lead too violently, or were under the tyrannical sway of the stickknife.

When we came back we went on leave and most of us reported feeling very big, and then got horribly homesick. But we stuck it bravely out, wearing our caps on the backs of our heads, and making lots of noise, but of course in the seclusion of Old Quarters.

We were "youngsters" and felt sure that all the world was glad of it. Some of us took a good while to find out that this was not so, but most of us sobered down quickly enough when we struck "Skinny." Then without many adventures we reached the annual "exams," stopping on the way long enough to scoop in the base-ball championship and almost all of the points in the field events. We did our share in the track events too, but for swimming, running, throwing or punting, kicking goals from field, running bases, hammer throwing or shot putting, we have a quartette of all around men who are hard to beat.

After this, through our second June Ball we wandered into second class summer. For two long tiresome years we had looked forward to it, and when at last it came, it was over almost before we had realized how good it was. We gave dances and launch parties, went to target practice and ate very green apples, took long sails and loafed a great deal. We had such a good time either doing nothing or working hard as one chose, that before we really knew it, we were on leave and had met in Washington to celebrate our coming of age by a class supper. Lots of enthusiasm and fun, but the time the roof fairly came down, was when we got up and sang the

CLASS SONG.

(As sung at '95's class supper. Air "Jingle Bells.")

I.

Dashing through the spray,
Sailing o'er the sea,
In our glorious Navy
Midshipmen are we.
Ours the good old class,
The class of Ninety-Five,
She's the pride of the U. S. N.
And long may she survive.

Chorus.

Strike eight bells! Call the watch!
Relieve the wheel and chain!
Won't we have a jolly time
When we get home again?
Strike eight bells! Call the watch!
Send seamen to the wheel!
Don't you really understand
How happy we shall feel?

II.

When it comes to sand,
We're in it every time;
Our gamey little band,
Although but forty-nine,
On getting a "two-five"
We have a daisy "cinch,"
And you may bet that '95
Is right there at a pinch!

Chorus.

III.

In our big mess hall
Banners you will see,
At inter-class base-ball
Twice champions were we;
Then, holding in the line,
The men of Ninety-Five
Have done their full share every time
The Army back to drive.

Chorus to III.

So here's to our own class,
Best of all to "we;"
We'll never let time pass
But praise her up in G.
Ours the good old class,
The class of Ninety-Five,
She's the pride of the U. S. N.,
And long may she survive!

After the send off we scattered to the four winds and came back to enjoy simple harmonic motions. Cranks were also our pastime, and for lighter recreation, calculus. So here we are in the middle of the year, and so much behind us that we forget how much is still to come. But we have changed in the two years; we are not particular about looking to the front when we pass upper-classmen, for are we not of the elect? Above the first floor, we yield the balusters to no one, there is a gay abandon in our manner, and we swagger sometimes.

We can go to dances, and most of us do. In fact there are only four left who have never been convicted of talking to "femmes." Then we have learned lots of things; have looked upon the water when it was rough, (and felt it too); knots, splices, rings, bolts, nuts, patches, chipping, signals, boats, steam-launches—all these mysteries are explained and the Department of "plebe" Math. is behind us. Many of us have fallen by the wayside and been trodden down, and the rest of us are inclined to believe that we have fallen among thorns.

In the beginning we were eighty-five and De Jarnette; then we grew a "little one for a cent," but now we are down to forty-seven and Taka-saki. But we know all about those forty-eight; we know where to go for a postage-stamp or dances, and where to go to have "probs" done; we know further that forty-seven men are ready to help us if they can, and this is the best of all.

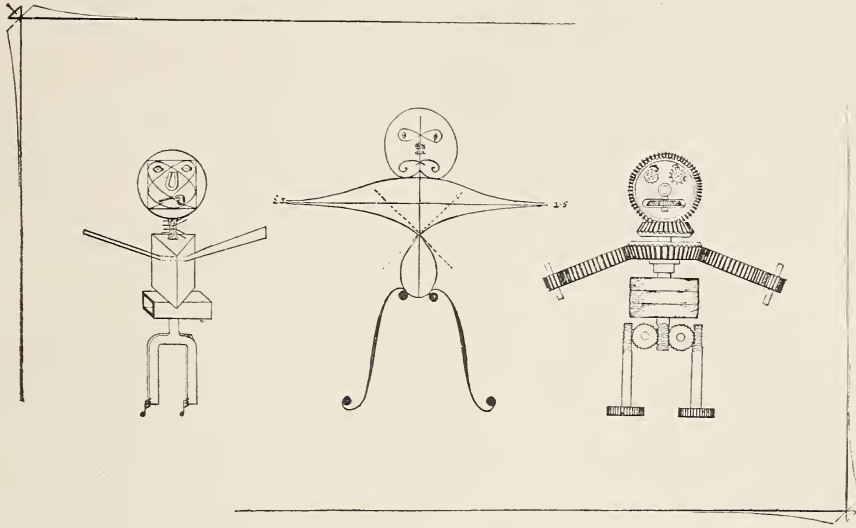
Some of us, I regret to say, have fallen so low as to wear "buzzards," but, poor things, it is not entirely their fault, and some of them seem to be doing their best to redeem themselves. The next thing on the programme is the "Semi-ann.," and after that begins, if it has not already begun—the great and exciting rush for stripes. About sixteen poor fellows will be chosen, and about ten others will be heart-broken, but their sorrows and "buzzards" will all be forgotten in the haven of First Class Year.

With the hope that our career may go on as gloriously as it has begun, we make our bow and turn you over to the tender mercies of

MATH.,

SKINNY,

STEAM.



MATH.

OH, Math! Come creep into my shallow brain,
And help me in my efforts to succeed
I seek not 3.5's. No, I am not vain,
But help me get the two-five that I need.

SKINNY.

THE Elec. theory and the waves of heat,
Rack through my brain and help to make me sad.
Oh, may my efforts end not in defeat!
And all my classmates say, Alas! Too bad!

STEAM.

ESCAPING steam I hear in all my dreams
And try to stop it: my attempts so frail
Are nothing, yet how hard to me it seems
That after two long years I go and fail.



ALL hard battles with my math and steam,
And with my skinny are complete at last
For me, of Hope there is not half a gleam,
The second-class exams, I failed to pass.

Class of Ninety-Six.

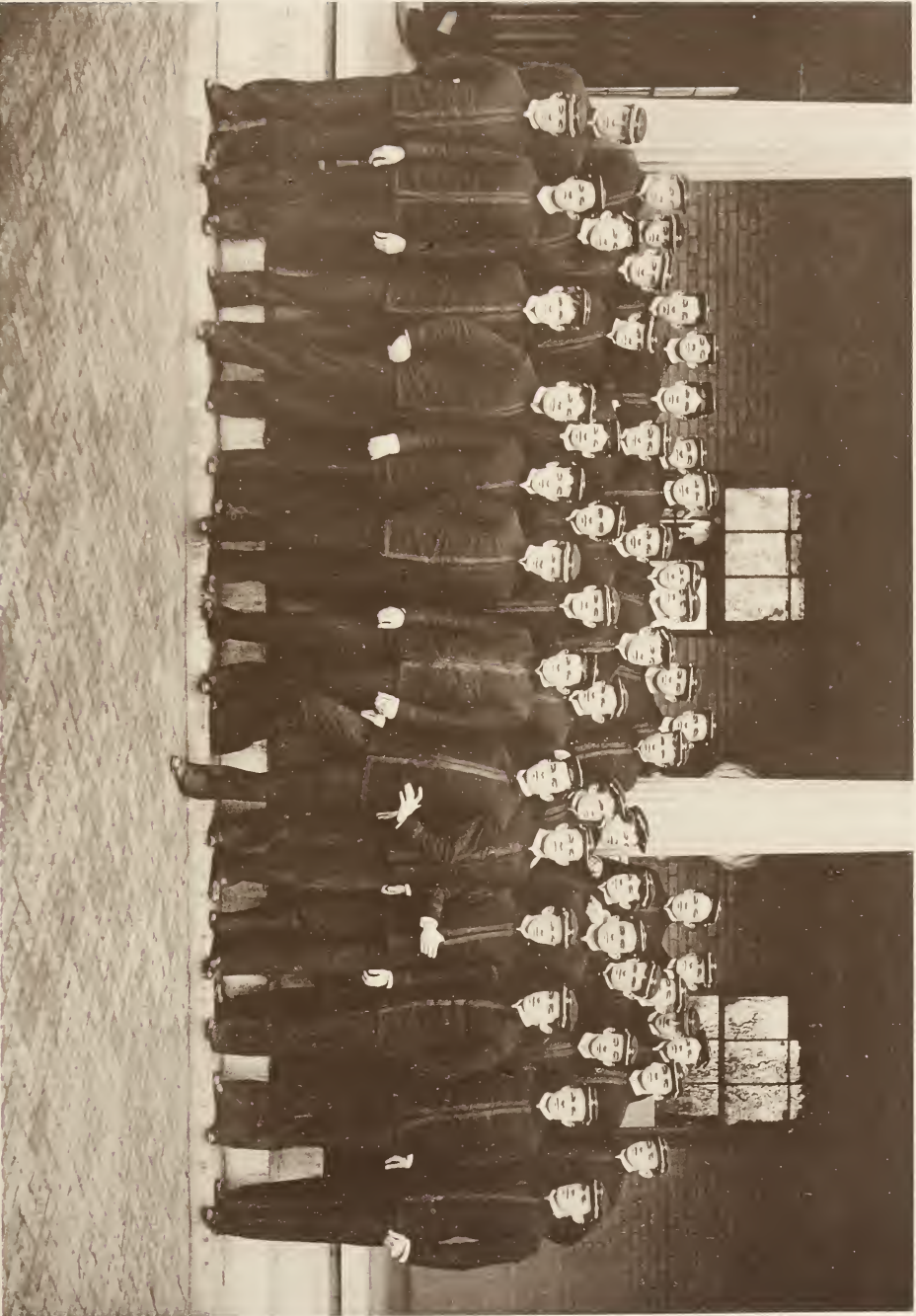
*

CLASS OFFICERS.

RICHARD H. M. ROBINSON, *President.*
RALPH EARLE, *Secretary.*

MEMBERS.

BISSET, HENRY OVERSTREET,	KNOX, DUDLEY WRIGHT,
BLANDY, EDWIN CHAUNCEY,	LEIPER, CHARLES LEWIS.
BRONSON, AMON, JR.,	LINCOLN, GATEWOOD SANDERS,
BRYANT, JOHN JAY, JR.,	LITTLEFIELD, WILLIAM LORD,
BURT, CHARLES PERRY,	LOVE, JAMES MONROE, JR.,
CASTLEMAN, KENNETH GALLEHER,	MACARTHUR, ARTHUR, JR., JR.
CLUVERIUS, WAT TYLER, JR.,	MCCAULEY, EDWARD, JR.,
COOKE, ROBERT POWEL PAGE,	MCCONNELL, RICHARD GRAY,
CRAVEN, THOMAS TINGEY,	MARSHALL, ALBERT WARE,
CRENSHAW, ARTHUR,	MIDDLETON, GEORGE IZARD,
CURTIN, ROLAND IRVIN,	MITCHELL, MASON EDWARD,
DEANE, RUSSEL ANDREWS,	MUSTIN, HENRY CROSKEY,
DOAK, HENRY MELVILLE, JR.,	OLSEN, MACK HERMAN,
EARLE, RALPH,	PALMER, LEIGH CARLYLE,
ELLIS, MARK SAINT CLAIR,	POOR, CHARLES LONGSTREET,
FITZGERALD, EDWARD THOMAS,	RICE, GEORGE BENJAMIN,
GILPIN, CHARLES EDWARD,	RIDGELY, FRANK EUGENE,
HAUENSTEIN, GEORGE JACOB,	ROBINSON, RICHARD HALLETT,
HENRY, JAMES BUCHANAN, JR.,	ROYS, JOHN HOLLEY,
HOLDEN, JONAS HANNIBAL,	SPITZER, MAX,
JESSOP, EARL PERCY,	TAUSSIG, PAUL EDWARD,
JONES, JUNIUS HENRY,	TOZER, CHARLES MAXSON,
KALBACH, ANDREW EDWIN,	VOLKMAR, WALTER SCHUYLER,
KEARNEY, THOMAS ALBERT,	WALKER, RALPH ERIC,
KIMBALL, HENRY SWIFT,	WASHINGTON, POPE,



Lithotype Printing Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE CLASS OF NINETY-SIX.

History of Ninety-Six.

Grand Auction Sale.

*



A valuable collection of Art Bric-a-brac, Livestock, etc., offered to the public.

*

CHOICE collection is freely offered to the public. Lack of space forbids our fully mentioning all the valuable adjuncts of this rare combination, and we will here present only some of their more remarkable and noteworthy features. Before proceeding with the list we would preface a short history of this collection.

It was gathered by Uncle Sam from all parts of the United States, and gathered together in September, 1892. Part of the collection that required seasoning had previously taken a cruise of three months' duration. The collection was carefully and lightly dusted and put in order by the zealous efforts of Lieut. Fullam and Mr. Corbesier, assisted by members of other collections. At the time of its coalition it was pronounced by connoisseurs to be an exceptionally fine assortment, and time has only justified their decision.

As the year 1892 rolled by, several of the pieces were damaged, either by falling off the shelves on the hard floor of Math., or by being struck by certain flying and indescribable objects, known as "Shall and Will," "Whitney," and Hill's Rhetoric. These, of course, were thrown by the janitors of Uncle Sam's Museum out into the rubbish heap of the outside world. Twice were these renovations made in the museum with the result, that of the 77 that first composed the selection, but 53 remained, later reinforced by one, that, belonging to a previous assortment, had its mechanism deranged, and, after being repaired, had been added to '96.

During the year the members of this selection took a good part in foot-ball, having one specimen on the team, and many hustlers. In rowing, having four out of the eight men on the crew, to say nothing of the mighty coxswain; and in track athletics, winning 5 events, making 5 records, and taking 0 seconds, and 3 thirds. They also indulged in spooning, as far as was permissible, and at that early stage showed evidences of the very great development they have later reached in that most important part of their functions.

In June the collection was thought to require a little toughening, so it was carefully packed in a large and rickety wooden box, labelled "Constellation," and thrown over the sea wall. The box floated down Chesapeake Bay to Old Point, when the collection was aired and given a chance to spoon, then it drifted by the Capes and soon began to give vent to its emotion, by trying to turn itself into a churn, to the great detriment of the internal mechanism of the collection. This, with a fortissimo accompaniment of the wind and rain, lasted for many days until the box came to a stop at Horta, in the Azores. Here the collection devoured much fruit and "vino," and was initiated into the mysteries of the Portuguese coinage. After repairs were made, the box was again set in motion, and this time brought up with a bang at Funchal, Madeira, where, to the tune of "Heave I dive," and variations, the assortment ate fruit, talked "dago," slid down hill in midsummer, rode in "bully carts," and enjoyed itself generally. After laying in a stock of zodiac rings and laces, the box, peacefully at first, and stormily afterward, came back to Annapolis, where the collection was temporarily scattered to all quarters of the United

States, for the edification of the fond donators, and joy of the susceptible female heart. The selection returned in a month, and soon saw four of its members on the foot-ball team, and many more in the hustlers.

Now began great operations in a spooney way, and many and marvelous were the deeds done in this line. At present the collection is being prepared and secured for the approaching gale, which, it is hoped, all will weather in safety, so that nothing may be lost from an aggregation that is a credit to itself, to the academy, and to the country.

U. S. N. A. Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
U. S. N. A. Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Who Rah! Who Rix!
Navy! Navy! Ninety-Six!

THE COLLECTION.

CLASS I.

NOBILITIES AND DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

A genuine, Waterbury, pneumatic, Prince Olsen, of the blood-royal of Norway, slightly affected with the "pleurisy on the hip,"—otherwise sound.

A real "Duke" Earle, excellent example, and perfect, except for a heart which was unfortunately left at home.

A remarkable "Baron" Wiley with silver hair, and wonderful flow of language. Is a bird fancier. Title of respect—His Eagleship.

A Lord Littlefield, of the late Quartette, a nightingale of the choir gallery, known as "Tub."

A "Wurtz baugh," "Count Fours," an excellent lubricant, and remarkably useful as "only" man in the mizzen rigging.

Sir "Arthur de Beverly de Quickstep Codfish" Crenshaw, author of "Exercises with lower yards."

A "Sir Harry" Doak, [see Live Stock.]

A "George" Washington, who, like his namesake, possesses a Roman nose—"roamin" all over his face.

An "Abe" Lincoln, a firm believer in stunsails as a means of propulsion, and a crockery expert.

A "gallegher," (not by Richard Harding Davis) Castleman, "cute," but "so childish." A rosy cheeked, foot-ball youth, with the Adonis features of a "Frenchman from Cork."

A Major McArthur's little boy Arthur McArthur, the man that broke the bank at Monte-Carlo, double-barrelled junior.

A "Commodore S. B. Luce" Holden, author of "An Amputated and Revised Seamanship."

A "Creole" Cluverius, will be frozen up in the James river. Can't be broken of the habit of counting when it dances.

A "Bismarck" Kalbach, a human chimney graf of the German village, the hairless wonder.

A "Mr. Paderewski" Rice, the man that can't read his own love letters.

A "Mr. Morpheus" Cooke, has temporary, but rare fits of wakefulness and a mania for the harmonica.

A "Cupid" Love, a kinky-headed charmer from "Virginny, sah."

A Romeo Corbesier .Montgomery Fullam Bronson, "the man of the iron jaw," a most military and spooney man, addicted to the setting up squad.

An "El Cid" Palmer, inflator of rumors, always naughty, but never nabbed.

An "Apollo Neptune" Poor, of the Shroud knot variety, has feet shaped like a pie; Uniform rain clothes; Very handsome, but nose shaped like a toboggan slide.

A "Bald Knobber" Knox, the man in whom the ladies take a motherly interest.

CLASS II.

FAIR SEX.

A "Madame" Robinson, of a magnificent globular form, and very fond of Rye (two senses) and what it contains.

A "Rebecca" Kearney, rare as it is married.

A "Sissy" Ridgely, a "tattoo" man in every sense. (See galley.)

A "Rose" Henry. (See children.)

CLASS III.

CHILDREN.

A "Kid" Marshall, sweetness long drawn out, a foot-ball chaser, and devastator of Texas female hearts.

A "Kid" Henry, alias "a variety of names," a pretty boy, but "so peculiar with girls."

A "piney" Wood, a cu-cu-cunning c-c-cre-creature, b-b-but fond of le-le-letting the c-c-cat out of the b-b-bag.

CLASS IV.

LIVE STOCK.

A "Goat" Doak, massively constructed in the legs, and an entertaining toy, a frolicsome animal.

A "Chien" McConnell, answers to the name of Patrick; shows its teeth dangerously; has features of a pure style of Graeco-Irish.

A "Bow-wow" Tozer, an educated trick dog; ready love letter writer; heart missing.

A "Pussy" Deane, a "Heffelfingerish, Sandow" animal with "Florence" eyes and a propensity for various kinds of ball games.

A "Beast" Bissett, a composite animal also called "Gabbler"; lives principally on "spuds"; has a graceful gait.

One "Race horse Harry" Kimball, addicted to long hair and foot-ball; heart in Massachusetts.

An "Oiseau" Roys; has been taught to talk, and is a gentle bird.

A "Rocky mountain antelope" Wettengel, called "Florence"; afflicted with a species of People's Party mania, and with the lope of a kangaroo, united with the glide of an elephant.

CLASS V.

OUR SIGN OF THREE BALLS.

Ball I. "Max" Taussig; also "Pet"; a foot-ball.

Ball II. "Sheeny" Burt, the terror of the boom boats; young but willing.

Ball III. "Ikey" Gilpin, the "dago"; a "monk" addicted to the hops, the mandolin and yarn spinning.

CLASS VI.

THE LUCKY BAG.

"Socks" Curtin, petite, and manager of a flourishing kindergarten; a most cunning pet, suitable for little girls.

"Spikes" Walker, a most melancholy and dark eyed youth, silent as the tomb.

A "Corkscrew" Mustin, Baltimore street pilot, and man with the gold plated smile, open for all engagements.

A "Thumb Tack" Craven, doggy, and great song and dance artist.

One "Ice wagon" McCauley; it runs like a washerwoman; "The Washington Post."

One "Winchester shell" Volkmar, a highly explosive article; fancy rifleman, and human poultry-show.

CLASS VII.

THE GALLEY.

One "Steerage Cook" Ridgely, super-extra-large size (See Fair sex.)

Some "spuds" Ellis of the "Marco Bozzaris" variety, with patent nut-cracker attachment; are "soft" and "mashed" and should be eaten with a "spoon."

Some early "Peas" Jessop, country raised, "Don't give two blue beans if they do raise Ned."

Small Link of Weinerwurst "Blandy," from the German village.
Can't keep step with itself or anything else.

CLASS VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A "Junius Spoonius" Jones, stun' sail rigged, very spooney, and like Schaeffer is in the habit of carrying a camera "not wuth moh than fohteen cents."

An "Oracle" Mitchell, substitute for the World Almanac; will tell anything; drop a nickle in the slot.

One "Fiend" Leiper, a disciple of Delsarte, an exponent of the crinoline-skirt blouse.

A "Guy" Middleton, a monstrous "man," weight seventy-six pounds Troy; an authority on bones.

A "Heavy stone, Hammerstein Horny bone" Hauenstein; a horse teeth brunetto of the Mississippi type.

A "Bowery" Fitzgerald, a merry jester and author of his own patent method of conversation.

A "Windy" Bryant, every man his own beautifier; inventor of the fencing-belt corset and complexion improver.



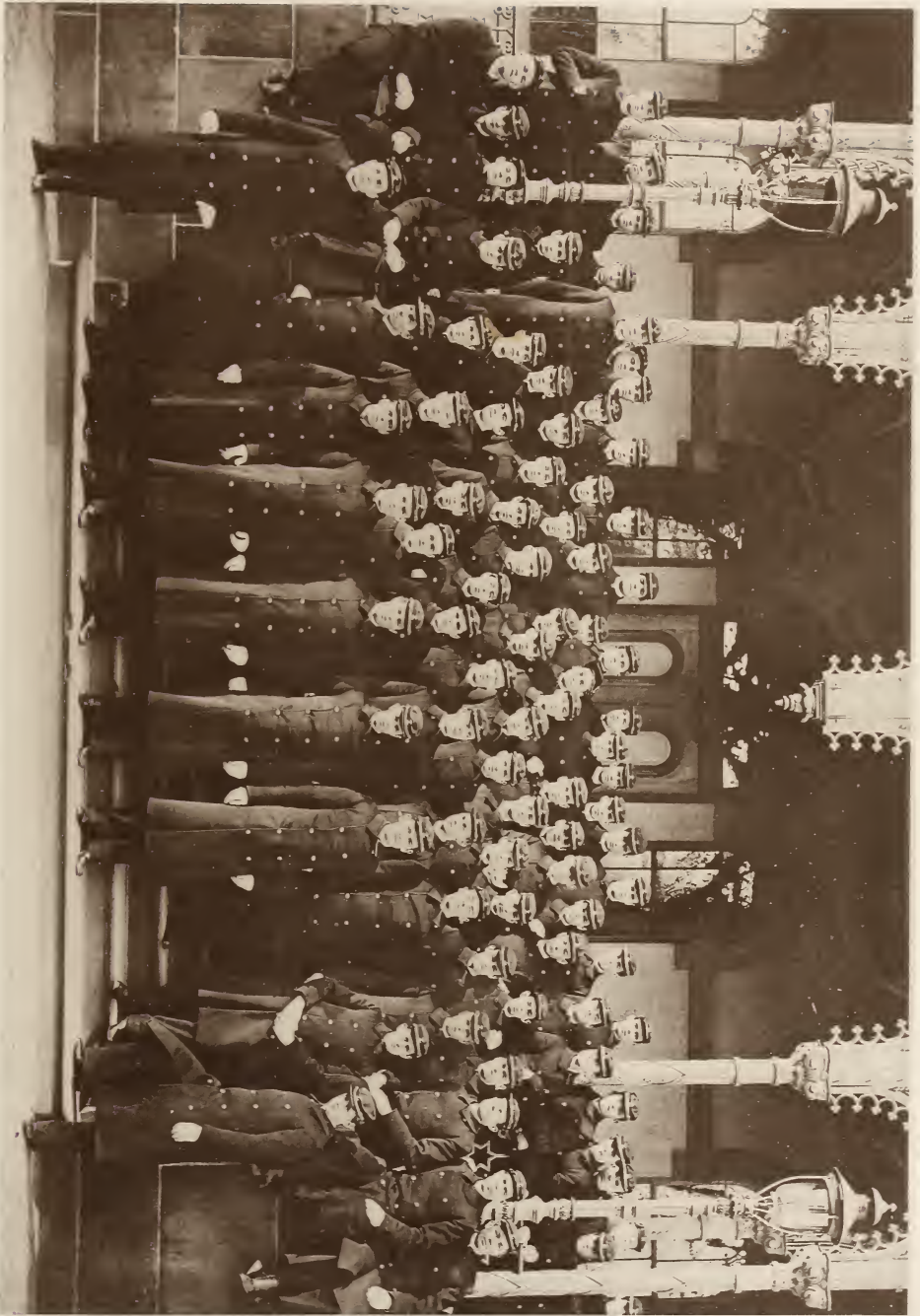
Class of Ninety=Seven.

*

MEMBERS.

ANDING, SHELDON WEBB,
ASSERSON, WILLIAM CHRISTIAN,
BAGBY, ROBERT COLEMAN,
BOYD, DAVID FRENCH, Jr.
BROCKWAY, BENJAMIN LITTLE,
BROWN, GEORGE, Jr.,
BRYANT, SAMUEL WOODS,
BUFORD, CHARLES SLEVIN.
BUTTRICK, JAMES TYLER,
CHASE, GILBERT,
COLLINS, HENRY LAFAYETTE,
DAY, JOHN ARTHUR,
DUBOSE, WILLIAM GUNNELL,
DUNCAN, OSCAR DIBBLE,
EGGERT, ERNEST FREDERICK,
ENBODY, JOSIAH WATERHOUSE,
ESKRIDGE, OLIVER STEVENS,
FALCONER, WALTER MAXWELL,
GILES, WILLIAM PINKNEY,
GRAEME, JOSEPH WRIGHT,
GRAHAM, ANDREW THOMAS,
GREEN, GRANT,
HART, THOMAS CHARLES,
HENDERSON, ROBERT WILLIAM,
HEPBURN, ARTHUR JAPY,
HERNDON, HENRY RAYMOND,
HILLEARY, JOHN FRANCIS,
HOLMAN, FREDERIC RALPH,
HOOPES, EDWARD TRIMBLE,

MAGILL, SAMUEL GEORGE, Jr.,
MAHONY, DANIEL SULLIVAN,
MAYO, HENRY WISE,
MILLER, CYRUS ROBINSON,
MORRIS, BENJAMIN,
MORSE, JOHN WISE,
MURFIN, ORIN GOULD,
NAYLOR, CHARLES JACOB,
OGLESBY, RICHARD JAMES, JR.,
OVERSTREET, LUTHER MARTIN,
OWEN, ALFRED CROSBY,
OWENS, CHARLES TRUESDALE,
PATTISON, DILLY NELSON,
PERRILL, HARLAN PAGE,
PETERS, FRANCIS MARION,
POWELL, JOSEPH WRIGHT,
PRATT, PETER LLOYD,
PRESSEY, ALFRED WARREN,
REYNOLDS, WILLIAM HERBERT,
RICHARDSON, LOUIS CLARK,
ROBINSON, WILLIAM ARMSTEAD,
ROEHLE, CLIFTON CHARLES,
RUTLEDGE, CARL CLYDE,
SARGENT, LEONARD RUNDLETT,
SEXTON, WALTON ROSWELL,
SHEFFIELD, FLETCHER LAMAR,
SHELTON, NATHAN JORDAN,
SMITH, ARTHUR ST. CLAIR, JR.,
SYKES, EUGENE OCTAVE, JR.,



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THE CLASS OF NINETY-SEVEN.

HORD, OLIVER SAUNDERS,
HOUSTON, VICTOR STUART,
HUNTER, CHARLES MILTON,
JEFFERS, WILLIAM NICHOLSON,
JENSON, HENRY NORMAN,
JONES, NEEDHAM LEE,
KAUTZ, AUSTIN,
KEENAN, ERNEST CLINTON,
KEMPF, CLARENCE SELBY,
KRESS, JAMES CHATHAM,
LANDIS, IRWIN FRANKLIN,
LEAHY, WILLIAM DANIEL,
LEUTZE, TREVOR WILLIAM,
MC CARTHY, ALBERT HENRY,
MCDOWAL, DOUGLAS CASSELL,
MCDOWELL, WILLIS,
MCMULLEN, STANLEY HASTINGS,

TARRANT, WILLIAM THEODORE,
TAYLOR, HUGH KIRKPATRICK,
TERRY, JOSEPH DANDRIDGE,
THELEEN, DAVID ELIAS,
TONKIN, JOHN BARNETT,
TOTTENHAM, JOHN WILLIAM,
VAN ORDEN, GEORGE,
WARD, JOSHUA THOMASON,
WATSON, HENRY WILLIS,
WEBBER, GEORGE,
WELLS, HORACE TAYLOR,
WELLS, WILLIAM BENEFIELD,
WESSELS, ARTHUR LEWIS,
WHITE, WILLIAM RUSSELL,
WILLIAMS, HILARY,
WILLIAMS, YANCEY SULLIVAN,
YARNELL, HARRY ERVIN.



History of Ninety-Seven.

*



ARE a great class; no one will deny that, for there are ninety-two of us. But we are great in more ways than one; what class has ever

rated as much as we do? Not one, surely, for our worth, wisdom, beauty, and general good qualities have already made us the pets of the reverend and revered upper-classmen. Even the youngsters, those newly risen monarchs of the earth—Maryland especially, and the U. S. N. A. in particular—have shown us decided attention; and we, polite and proper young gentlemen that we are, pay careful deference to their wishes. The class of '96 even does us the honor to call upon us, separately and individually, in our several domiciles, where they instruct us in all those studies with which they were so familiar last year; from proportion (by inversion) in Math., to Literature, in which last branch we are given choice bits of poesy, that they fain would hear our silvery tongues repeat. Our first meeting with this class was last May, when about one-third of our present number passed those dreadful sentinel dragons, known as entrance exams., who must be appeased before one can evolute from an awe-stricken, hayseedy candidate, into a spruce, trim, Naval Cadet. We were received with open arms, but we had scarcely had time to make many acquaintances among the upper-classmen, before we were shown aboard the U. S. P. S. "Constellation," where to our surprise and indignation, we were not only not given a state-room apiece, but were forced to sleep in hammocks with the common herd. It was a little difficult at first, adapting ourselves to the life aboard ship, but we soon got used to things and could lash an upper-classman's hammock or stand his watch, better than he could

himself. In fact, so expert did we become in these and other nautical feats, that it was quite a common occurrence for even a third-classman to allow us to do his work for him.

We had not been on the rolling deep very long, before we somehow felt (by means of a sixth sense that manifests itself only on such occasions) that we were not on terra firma amid the green fields of the country or on the solid flag-stones of city pavements. The earth that we had left behind *did* seem remarkably firm, solid, and inviting to us just now, and right heartily we wished ourselves back upon its substantial soil. About this time our appetite began to decrease, and our desire to stop work, hide in some boat, and commune with our own thoughts, increased proportionally. At last we got well out of the Chesapeake and its sheltering shores, and lay on the bosom of Old Father Neptune himself. For some unaccountable reason he seemed to be heaving deep and heartfelt sighs, that caused our good ship to roll very considerably. We had hoped he would be quiet, but this was the last straw, and making a wild, uncontrollable rush for the lee gangway, we threw up all hope, and at the same time nearly everything else that we could conveniently part with. Our life now consisted in barely existing. We wanted to die, but death came not; we wished for the shore, but to our excited fancies it seemed as though such a thing had never existed; in fact, we felt that existence had no charms for us; but in the midst of all these ravings, we felt a sudden pang, a craving for that lee gangway. Pell mell, slipping, sliding on the slanting deck, our faces distorted with the keenest anguish, we hurried to it, to give our tribute to old Ocean, and then to lie down and feel that death and dry land were the two finest things in the world. We had always looked upon the upper-classmen as demi-gods, so imagine our surprise when we found that they too were not exempt from the terrors of that dreadful lee gangway. They were often to be seen struggling for the coveted spot as desperately as if a diploma and six months leave were there awaiting them.

Plebes and First-Classmen alike greeted Madeira with joy, and none of us will ever forget our visit; the white little stone houses that shone so brightly in the sun; the sleds, used instead of wheeled vehicles; the peculiar inhabitants; and, (what we greatly enjoyed for a

change from ship's fare,) the fruits and sweet-meats that the Bum-Boat people brought us. And the yams! No, we will not forget those yams for all eternity, and may they never be before us again in a more material form than in our recollections!

On the long journey back, across that body of water called in derision, "the pond," we became acquainted with the fact that that self-same little pond occasionally had its bosom ruffled by winds, and that it could even get up a storm at a pinch. At any rate, it evidently wanted to show us what it could do in that line, and so got up a hurricane for our especial benefit; at least so it seemed, for the "Constellation" appeared to be the pet plaything of the raging winds and the monstrous seas they created. But we got out of its clutches at last and unfurled our sails for the capes and old Chesapeake's sheltered waters. These we reached in good time, and finally we beheld the broad river Severn and the grounds of the Academy, looking like a forest of great trees, above whose all-enshrouding verdure appeared the slim white flag staff and the gray clock-tower of New Quarters. Just across the wharf from us was our old friend the "Santee;"—that once noble warship, now descended from her high estate, but which still commands the greatest respect, (of all the cadets, at least). We soon boarded this time-honored vessel and awaited the coming of the Sep. Plebes, a class of humanity even lower in the Academy scale, than ourselves. We received them with pleasure and taught them much that we had picked up on the cruise, in the line of sundry diversions which upper-classmen sometimes indulge in, at a Plebe's expense. On the 23d of September, with clothes-bags, wash bowls, and our entire wardrobes, we marched in triumph to Quarters. But our triumph was short-lived, for on the first of October, like a mighty deluge, the upper-classmen swept upon us. We bowed our heads to the torrent, and in time it abated its wild exhilaration, and was calmed by the oil of hard boning. In athletics we now began to shine, and as for foot-ball, who can say that a fourth class ever deserved better of the Academy in this respect?

And now we have reached the present; our future has but begun, and what man can tell but that by its conduct in the next three years, no class shall ever earn a brighter wreath, than the class of Ninety-Seven.



U. S. Naval Academy Athletic Association.

*

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President,	E. L. BENNETT, '94.
Treasurer,	J. C. BRECKENRIDGE, '95.
Captain Foot-ball Team,	A. G. KAVANAGH, '94.
" Base-ball Team,	W. B. IZARD, '95.
" Boat Crew,	W. CHURCHILL, '94.
Manager Foot-ball Team,	R. MCLEAN, '94.
" Base-ball Team,	F. H. BRUMBY, '95.
" Boat Crew,	D. F. SELLERS, '94.
" Field, Track, and } Gymnasium Athletics, }	M. J. MCCORMACK, '95.

Navy Auxiliary Athletic Association.

*

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

President,	LIEUT. COM. R. R. INGERSOLL.
Treasurer,	LIEUT. W. F. HALSEY.
Secretary,	LIEUT. F. J. HAESLER.

PROF. P. J. DASHIELL.

DR. HENRY G. BEYER.



FOOTBALL

U. S. Naval Academy Football Team.

*

Kavanagh, '94, (<i>Capt.</i>)	Centre.
Karns, '95,	Right Guard.
Morris, '97,	Left Guard.
Reeves, '94,	Right Tackle.
Moody, '94,	Left Tackle.
McCormack, '95,	Right End.
McCauley, '96,	Left End.
Bookwalter, '94,	Quarter Back.
Davidson, '95,	Right Half Back.
Kimball, '96,	Left Half Back.
Bagley, '95,	Full Back.
Izard, '95,	Right Half Back.
Gelm, '94,	Substitute.
England, '94,	“
James, '94,	“
Dennett, '95,	“
Marshall, '96,	“
Breckenridge, '95,	“

GAMES PLAYED.

<i>Oct.</i>	11.—University of Pennsylvania,	34,	Naval Academy,	0.
“	14.—Dickinson,	0,	“ “	26.
“	21.—University of Virginia,	0,	“ “	28.
“	28.—Lehigh,	12,	“ “	6.
<i>Nov</i>	11.—Georgetown,	10,	“ “	22.
“	18.—Franklin and Marshall,	6,	“ “	34.
“	22.—University of Virginia,	12,	“ “	0.
<i>Dec.</i>	2.—United States Military Academy,	4,	“ “	6.
	Opponents, 78,		“ “	122.



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U. S. N. A. FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1893.

"Hustlers," 1893.

*

Merritt, '95,	Centre.
Bissett, '96,	Right Guard.
Gherardi, '95,	Left Guard.
Castleman, '96,	Right Tackle.
Hudgins, '94,	Left Tackle.
Dennett, '95,	Right End.
James, '94,	Left End.
Scott, '94, (<i>Capt.</i>)	Quarter Back.
Craven, '96,	Right Half Back.
Palmer, '96,	Left Half Back.
Webster, '94,	Full Back.

Substitutes.

Robinson, '96,	McCarthy, '97,
Buttrick, '97,	Smith, '97,
Overstreet, '97.	

Game Played.

Nov. 25.—Kendall College, 16,

"Hustlers," 22.

Army-Navy Football Game.

*

NAVY TEAM, 1890.

Irwin, '91,	Centre.
Lane, '91,	Right Guard.
Trench, '93,	Left Guard.
Macklin, '92,	Right Tackle.
Ward, '93,	Left Tackle.
Laws, '91,	Right End.
Althouse, '91,	Left End.
Johnson, '94,	Quarter Back.
Hartung, '91,	Left Half Back.
Emerich, '91, (<i>Capt.</i>)	Right Half Back.
Smith, H. E., '91,	Full Back.

Score.

Army, 0, Navy, 24.

Army-Navy Football Game.

*

NAVY TEAM, 1891.

Holsinger, '93,	Centre.
Pearson, '93,	Left Guard.
Trench, '93,	Right Guard.
Beuret, '92,	Left Tackle.
Macklin, '92, (<i>Capt.</i>)	Right Tackle.
Symington, '92,	Left End.
Ferguson, '92,	Right End.
Bagley, '95,	Quarter Back.
Johnson, '94,	Right Half Back.
Hasbrouck, '92,	Left Half Back.
Webster, '94,	Full Back.

Score.

Army, 32, Navy, 16.

SIMPLE LITTLE MIDDIES.

*

Air—"I'm a simple little ostrich."

I.

IN a Maryland city once there dwelt,
An eleven wondrous wise,
Who carried their heads so proudly high
They almost reached the skies.
They had played so long and had won so much
They were proud as proud could be,
These wonderful tars (all foot ball stars)
Would remark complacently :
" If you ask for information, or desire an explanation,
We are brimming founts of wisdom on the subject of foot ball
And to everybody's knowledge we can discount any college,—
We are simple little middies but we know it all."

II.

Now this haughty team was frequently warned
Of soldiers to beware,
But they turned up their noses at all advice
With a supercilious air.
Said they " No team with a record like ours
From soldiers needs to flee.
You seem to forget there never was yet
An eleven so great as we.
Though sometimes in Mathematics, Chemistry and Hydrostatics
Just below the two-five limit we unfortunately fall,
Yet in foot ball none approach us, we want no one to coach us,
For though simple little middies, yet we know it all.

III.

Well, the middies had occasion soon
This wisdom to display,
For the Army lads swooped down on them
In a highly hostile way.

“Observe us, friends,” they merrily cried
“How we’ll fool these sons of Mars,
And never you’ll see will battered be
By their West Point ‘Rah ! Rah ! Raha !’
For we’re led by doughty Macklin, and we have to do the tacklin’
Ferguson, Beuret, and Hasbrouck, Symington and Trench so tall,
Bagley, Holsinger, and Pearson, Webster, Johnson—he’s a fierce un,
Yes, we’re simple little middies but we know it all.”

IV.

There was something wrong with their well laid plans,
I much regret to say,
For the soldiers rushed them down the field,
Without the least delay.
In vain Traut’s choir boys cheered and sang—
The score they could not raise,
For the Army boys were onto Seamanship,
And “savezed” each nautical phrase.
And that night if you’d the notion to have seen these sons of Ocean,
At a boat-house in the neighborhood you’d only had to call,
’T was a picture most pathetic, for with faces apologetic
Stood the simple middies (“busted”) who knew it all.

V.

Though this song bears hard on the foot ball team,
They were not alone to blame,
For the rest of us were as much puffed up
As those who played the game.
We’ve a moral to draw from this woful tale
It must be plain to all,
That a pride with too much embonpoint
Precedes an awkward fall,
To avoid another tumble, we’ll do wisely to be humble
And the melancholy ending of last year’s game to recall.
Then next year when we’re victorious, all the Army ’ll cry in chorus :
“Yes, they’re simple little middies, but they *do* know it all.”

Army-Navy Football Game.

*

NAVY TEAM, 1892,

Kavanagh, '94.	Centre.
Trench, '93, (<i>Capt</i>)	Right Guard.
Wells, '93.	Left Guard.
Reeves, '94.	Right Tackle.
Lang, '93.	Left Tackle.
McCormack, '95.	Right End.
McCauley, '96.	Left End.
Bookwalter, '94.	Quarter Back.
Johnson, '94.	Right Half Back.
Izard, '95.	Left Half Back.
Bagley, '95.	Full Back.
Ward, '93.	Manager.
Crosby,)	Coaches.
Dashiell,)	

Score.

Army, 4. Navy, 12.

TA-RA-RA BOOM DE AY.

*

Air—Ta-Ra-Ra, Boom De Ay.

I.

TO West Point the other day
 Our middies went a game to play ;
 Army scoffed, and shook its head
 “No use trying, got you dead.”
 Cried they, surely in a minute
 You will see that you're not in it ;
 You are good in gale and squall,
 But you can not play foot ball.

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra boom de ay
Where is the black and gray?
'Tis in the soup they say;
Ta-ra-ra boom de ay.

II.

We had heard that Timberlake
Fearfully with chills did shake
And before the game was through
All the Army had them too.
How those sons of Mars did frown
When Johnson made our first touchdown;
And when Bagley kicked the goal
Terror seized on every soul.

Cho.

III.

"It is getting cold and dark;
We had better stop," said Clark,
"Or the old man in the moon
Will be laughing at us soon."
"Au revoir," said Captain Trench,
In the Navy we speak French;
Next fall we again will meet,
And this same sweet strain repeat,

Cho.

IV.

Ah! they were a sorry set,
For so heavily they'd bet,
Big and little, great and small,
Like the ostrich knew it all.
With our Crosby and Dashiell,
Next year we all hopeful feel,
That the winning cry will be,
Rah! Rah! Rah! U. S. Na-vee.

Cho.

Army-Navy Football Game.

*

NAVY TEAM, 1893.

Kavanagh, '94, (<i>Capt.</i>)	Centre.
Karns, '95,	Right Guard.
Morris, '97,	Left Guard.
Reeves, '94,	Right Tackle.
Moody, '94,	Left Tackle.
Dennett, '95,	Right End.
McCauley, '96,	Left End.
Bookwalter, '94,	Quarter Back.
Davidson, '95,	Right Half Back.
Kimball, '96,	Left Half Back.
Bagley, '95,	Full Back.
<hr/>	
McLean, '94,	Manager.
Hartwell, {	Coaches.
Dashiell, }	

Score.

Army, 4. Navy, 6.

THE TEAM THAT WON THE VICTORY FOR THE NAVY.

*

Air—The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.

1. Oh we've just done up the Army,
 And they're feeling pretty sore,
 For you should have heard us roar
 When we shoved the pigskin o'er;
 And when Bagley kicked the goal,
 Why, we shouted all the more,
 And when time was called, we had them, six to four;
 Yes, when time was called, we had them, six to four.

Chorus :

“ We must win the day,” says the Black and Grey,
“ We must reach the Navy goal,
If it costs our very soul,
For we’re in a monstrous hole ; ”
“ But you’re there to stay,” says the Navy gay,
“ If we have to play till Christmas Day.”
Says the team that won the Victory for the Nav-ee.

2. Oh ! they thought they had us beaten,
But we made them pretty sick,
And we showed them mighty quick,
That they hadn’t learnt to kick,
And to down their doughty captain,
Reeves would go through thin and thick,
And would never let them pass him by a trick,
Yes, he’d never let them pass him by a trick.

Chorus :

As we rush her through for the Gold and Blue,
You should hear the Navy cheer,
And West Point begins to fear
As we see their goal draw near ;
But when it’s downed on Army ground,
You can hear that yell for miles around,
For the team that won the Victory for the Nav-ee.

3. So now to-night we see them
With their colors at half-mast,
For the Navy played too fast
For the Army men to last ;
And we owe a lot to Bookwalter
Who straight and quickly passed,
Yes, at quarter-back the Army was out-classed,
Yes, at quarter-back the Army was out-classed.

Chorus :

As we rush them back, the Grey and Black,
Begin to tear their hair
And to work with wild despair,
But the Navy line’s all there,

For the Blue and Gold's not "blue and cold,"
From Hartwell they have learned to hold :
That's the team that won the Victory for the Nav-ee.

4. That Izard and McCormack
Should have had to watch the game
From the side-lines was a shame,
But they both of them were lame.
Still next year against the Army
We will play them just the same,
And they'll win themselves an everlasting name.
And they'll win themselves an everlasting name.

Chorus :

For the Blue and Gold have learned to hold,
And the Army can't get through ;
When they try their tricks so new,
Why, we know just what to do ;
Though we're small and light,
We're full of fight,
We can rush them back till they're out of sight :
That's the team that won the Victory for the Nav-ee.

5. But when we talk about the game,
We never can forget
That for every victory yet
To the Hustlers we're in debt,
And a second man like Hartwell
Would be mighty hard to get,
But we've got him, for Dashiell stays here you bet !
Yes, we've got him, for Dashiell stays here, you bet !

Chorus :

But by sea and shore, that six to four
Will reach the Navy's heart,
And when to sea they start,
Be sure they'll do their part,
For they've lots of sand, and while they can stand,
They will never be "downed" on sea or land.
That's the team that won the Victory for the Nav-ee.



AFTER the ball is over—
Over the army line,
After the skinny people
Hang out the Navy sign,
Much of the Army's money
Goes into Navy beers ;
All of the Army's wailing
Is drowned in the Navy's cheers.



Lithotype Printing Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

CHAMPION INTER-CLASS FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Class Championship.

*

Games Played.

Dec. 27.—Class of '948; Class of '964.
Dec. 28.— “ “ '9520; “ “ '970.
Jan. 6.— “ “ '9412; “ “ '950.

Champion Team, Class '94.

Kavanagh,	Centre.
Gelm,	Left Guard.
Churchill,	Right Guard.
Reeves, (<i>Capt.</i>),	Right Tackle.
Moody,	Left Tackle.
Spear,	Right End.
James,	Left End.
Bookwalter,	Quarter Back.
England,	Left Half Back.
Scott,	Right Half Back.
Webster,	Full Back.

Yells heard at the Army-Navy Game.

Dec. 2, 1893.

*

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hi! Ho! Ha!
U. S. N. A.,
Boom! Sis! Bah!
Na-vy!

Santee! Santee!
I See! I See!
U. S. P. S.
Santee! Santee!
Kavanagh!

Slow and steady!
Our Big Eddie!
Always ready!
McCauley!

I bawl!
Nine ball!
Six ball!
Kimball!

Emeline! Bullgine! Rushline! Reeves!

Doc! Doc! Modoc! Doc!
Moody!

Micky! Micky! Mac! Mac!
Micky! Micky! Mac! Mac!
Micky! Micky! Mac-Cormack.

Bookety! Book! Book!
Bookety! Book! Book!
Bookety! Book! Book!
Bookwalter!

Our Guard!
Weigard!
Ice Cream!
Morris!

Strong man!
Dutch-man!
Nor-man!
Karns!

Daniel! Daniel!
I yell! I yell!
Daniel! Webster!

Sweet spuds!
Irish spuds!
Mashed spuds!
Dennett!

Crew man!
Pretty man!
Spoonney man!
Castleman!

He shall!
We shall!
Kid shall!
Marshall!

Brit! Brit!
Hoo! Rah! Hoo!
Brittania!

One Bell August!
Two Bells Davy!
Davidson!

Boom Rah! Boom Ray!
Good play, James J!
Raby!

Skinny Bill! Skinny Bill!
Skinny Bill! Breck!
Breckinridge.

Darwin! Darwin! D-R! Dar!
Darwin! Darwin! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Merritt.

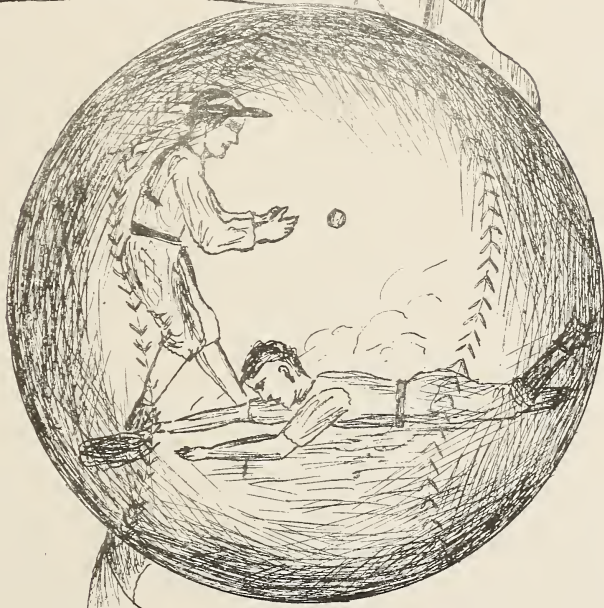
Rah! Rah! this way,
Foot-ball we play
U. S. N. A. Rah! Rah! Rah!
Right through we break,
Touch downs we make,
We take the cake,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Shove 'em back!
Push 'em back!
Drive 'em back!
Team!

Sol! Sol! Insol! Sol!
Bagley!
Snake! Snake! Rattlesnake! Snake!
Izard!



BASE



BALL

N. A. Baseball Team, 1893.

*

Izard, '95.	Catcher.
Allison, '95.	Pitcher.
Barnes, '95.	First Base.
Potter, '93, (<i>Capt.</i>)	Second Base.
Littlefield, '96.	Third Base.
Bannon, '95.	Short Stop.
McCormack, '95.	Right Field.
Standley, '95.	Centre Field.
Ridgely, '94.	Left Field.

Substitutes.

Stone, R., '94,
Spear, '94.

Games Played.

<i>Apr.</i> 1.—Columbia College,	2,	Naval Academy,	8.
“ 8.—Princeton, (<i>Consolidated</i>),	6,	“ “	4.
“ 15.—Pastimes,	7,	“ “	10.
“ 22.—Baltimore Y. M. C. A.	5,	“ “	8.
“ 29.—Dickinson,	10,	“ “	9.
<i>May</i> 6.—Washington Y. M. C. A.	6,	“ “	4.
“ 10.—Georgetown University,	26,	“ “	7.
“ 13.—Kendall College,	5,	“ “	7.
“ 17.—Pastimes,	6,	“ “	12.
“ 27.—Johns Hopkins,	8,	“ “	13.
	81.		82.



Lithotype Printing Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

CHAMPION INTER-CLASS BASE-BALL TEAM.

Class Championship.

*

Games Played.

Apr. 19.—Class of '94....12; Class of '96....7.
 " 26.— " " '95....16; " " '93....4.
May 26.— " " '95....12; " " '94....4.

Champion Team, Class '95.

Izard,	Catcher.
Allison,	Pitcher.
Barnes,	First Base.
McCormack,	Second Base.
Standley,	Third Base.
Bannon,	Short Stop.
Marshall,	Left Field.
Bagley,	Centre Field.
Monahan,	Right Field.

N. A. Grew, 1893.

*

C. S. BOOKWALTER, '94, Bow,

C. L. POOR, '96, 2.

L. C. PALMER, '96, 3.

K. G. CASTLEMAN, '96, 4.

F. D. KARNS, '95, 5.

J. M. REEVES, '94, 6.

W. CHURCHILL, '94, (*Capt.*) 7.

H. S. KIMBALL, '96, Stroke.

F. E. RIDGELY, '96, Cox.

Substitutes.

A. W. HINDS, '94,

R. H. M. ROBINSON, '96.

Manager.

D. F. SELLERS, '94.

Race.

June 3, 1893. Neptune Boat Club, Baltimore, . . . Course, 1½ miles.
N. A. won by thirteen lengths, . . . Time, 8:44.



Lithotype Printing Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

U. S. N. A. CREW, 1893.



*



HAVE heard it said, somewhere, that in the Army sports it is the Cavalry man who generally wins the hundred yard dash, while some of the best riders are found in the Infantry. Perhaps it was the fear of our inability to make our reputation in the rowing line what it should be, that prevented the revival of boating interest after the flood of 1870.

It may be stated, as an historical fact that has come down to us, that there was a crew at the Naval Academy before the flood. In 1869, this crew held the rowing championship of the United States. They even inspired Admiral Porter, then Superintendent, to challenge the world, in the hope that an English crew might be induced to come across. But the next year a defeat by the University of Pennsylvania, followed by the flood which carried away both boats and boat-houses, killed rowing interests so effectually, that no attempt was made to revive them until the spring of 1892.

In that year it occurred to some members of the class of '94 to take up the matter. As an experiment they tried a class four, with the idea of organizing an eight should its practicability be insured. Rowing had now attained such a high standard at the colleges that it was feared that with us the necessary time could not be given to it, nor could the proper amount of instruction be obtained.

It was found that by carefully utilizing our available time, which is about

three-fourths of that of college crews, a sufficient amount of practice could be had. Add to this our natural advantages for training—for with us, men have little or no chance to get out of condition—and there seems to be no reason why, in time, our crews should not compare favorably with those of the colleges. It is not a hard matter here for a captain to keep his men in training. In fact there are few things within the reach of a naval cadet that will disagree with him. He is appealed to most forcibly through his alimentary canal, and there are few who will not think twice before giving up the beefsteak of the training-table for the hash of the mess-hall. It has been said by a Yale man of great athletic prominence, one who had ample opportunity for judging, that he had never seen the equal of the training powers of our men, of the amount of hard knocks they could stand, or of the physical condition they ultimately attained.

The instruction, of course, is more or less of a financial matter, and must be treated as such. But a good coach at the beginning and end of each season would be sufficient. This we hope to obtain.

The writer has spent much time since the organization of that class crew, in learning the details of the Cook stroke. Throughout the fall of '92 candidates were coached on the rowing machines in the armory (the gymnasium not being finished).

When the regular training began for the season of '93, January third, the boating outlook was anything but bright. Eight machines in the armory, and a racing pair-oar is not much of an equipment. So the training was divided between the track and the machines with an occasional cross-country run. Much credit must be given to the candidates for the way in which they stuck to training, in spite of the fact that there was little or no hope, at the time, of getting a boat.

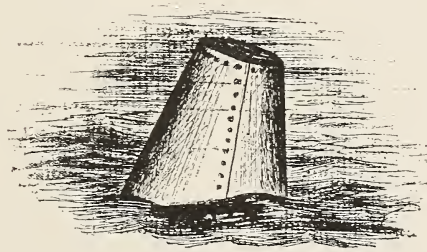
Late in February the ice broke. Practical instruction was at once begun in the pair-oar, with infinite labor, and at a risk of the writer's chances of a crown of glory. This will appeal at once to anyone who has ever seen a racing pair, or who has ever tried to get into one without some previous knowledge of rowing. Most of the candidates had never seen one, and their previous knowledge was confined to rowing machines. The stabilities of a rowing machine and of a racing pair not being comparable, the trouble which followed arose largely from a want of realization of this fact.

In the meantime the corps of cadets had subscribed between eight and nine hundred dollars for the purchase of boats, and it then became possible to order an eight oar from Waters.

For a while our chances for an eight in the season of '93 hung in the balance; it is unnecessary to dwell on the details of this doubtful period. Suffice it to say that all had acquired the rudiments of the stroke when, at last, the eight arrived, the first week in May.

Mr. Lahens, formerly of Columbia, happened to be in Annapolis at the time. He became interested, and generously offered his services as a coach. The untiring efforts of this gentleman were not without effect, and the successful race at the end of the season, with the Neptunes of Baltimore, testified alike to his ability to coach, and to ours to learn.

The season of '94 promises well. A barge is to be ordered at once, the number of new candidates is large, and a race has been arranged with our old rivals, the University of Pennsylvania.



MAY 13, 1893.

EVENTS.

Running the Bases.

1. M. J. McCORMACK, '95, 14 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.

Throwing Baseball.

1. W. B. IZARD, '95, 327 ft.

Kicking Foot-ball Long Punt.

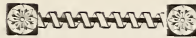
1. W. B. IZARD, '95, 135 ft.

Goals From Place Kick.

1. W. L. LITTLEFIELD, '96, 3 goals (from 20 yd. line at angle of 45°,—3 kicks allowed.)

Goals From Field.

1. W. BAGLEY, '95, 4 goals (from 30 yd. line,—5 kicks allowed.)



Best Naval Academy Records.

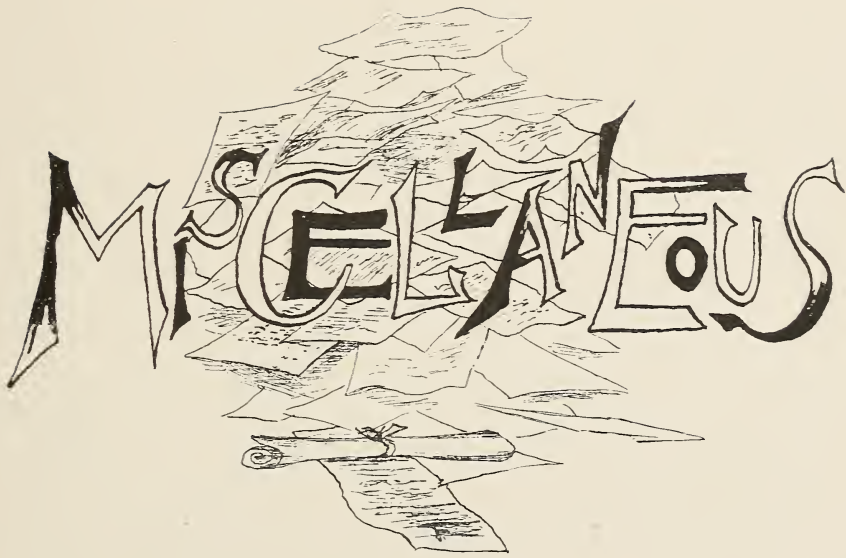
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Event.	Record.	Holder.
100 Yards Dash.	10 sec.	C. A. BRAND, '89.
220 Yards Dash.	25½ sec.	S. V. GRAHAM, '94.
440 Yards Dash.	57½ sec.	S. V. GRAHAM, '94.
One Mile Run.	5 min. 19¼ sec.	T. D. PARKER, '93.
120 Yards Hurdle.	19 sec.	P. E. TAUSSIG, '96.
Running High Jump.	5 ft. 4 in.	A. B. HOFF, '89.
Running Broad Jump.	21 ft. 4 in.	D. H. CAMDEN, '91.
Pole Vault.	9 ft. 3¾ in.	{ W. V. N. POWELSON, '93. H. C. MUSTIN.
Throwing the Hammer.	81 ft. 1 in.	H. A. PEARSON, '93.
Shooting High Kick.	9 ft. 1 in.	C. D. WILFUR, '88.
Putting the Shot.	32 ft. 10 in.	E. H. McDONALD, '90.
50 Yards Swimming	31¼ sec.	W. B. IZARD, '95.
Standing Broad Jump.	10 ft. 6½ in.	J. K. ROBISON, '91.
Kicking Foot-ball.	149 ft. 9 in.	G. L. FERMIER, '89.
Standing High Jump.	4 ft. 11 in.	J. K. ROBISON, '91.
Throwing Baseball.	113 yds. 16 in.	E. TRICKLE, '91.

Best Collegiate Records.

*

Event.	Record.	Holder.	College.
100 Yards Dash.	10 sec.	E. J. WENDALL,	Harvard.
220 Yards Dash.	21 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	L. H. CARY.	Princeton.
440 Yards Dash.	47 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	W. BAKER.	Harvard.
One Mile Run.	4 min. 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.	C. O. WELLS.	Amherst.
120 Yards Hurdle.	15 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	H. L. WILLIAMS.	Yale.
Running High Jump.	6 ft. 4 in.	W. B. PAGE.	University of Pennsylvania.
Running Broad Jump.	22 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	V. MAPES.	Columbia.
Pole Vault.	10 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	C. D. BUCKHOLTZ.	Yale.
Throwing the Hammer.	110 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	W. O. HICKOK.	Yale.
Standing High Kick.	9 ft. 1 in.	C. D. WILBUR.	U. S. Naval Academy.
Putting the Shot.	41 ft. $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	W. O. HICKOK.	Yale.
50 Yards Swimming.	31 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.	W. B. IZARD.	U. S. Naval Academy.
Standing High Jump.	5 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	W. SOREN.	Harvard.
Standing Broad Jump.	10 ft. 8 in.	I. D. WEBSTER.	Swarthmore.



Vocabulary of Words in Daily Use at U. S. N. A.

*

Bear a hand.... To hurry up.
Belay.... To cease anything ; to fasten.
Biff.... To do a thing well.
Bilge.... To be dismissed or dropped.
Bilger.... Cadet dropped from the rolls.
Blue Jacket.... A sailor.
Bone.... To study.
Boot lick (n).... A sycophant.
Boot lick (v).... To toady.
Boys.... Servants (never applied to a cadet.)
Brace.... To brace up is to stand erect.
Bust.... A failure.
Bust (cold or frigid).... A bad or total failure.
Buzzard.... A cadet petty officer.
Choke a luff.... To hush up.
Cit.... A civilian.
Cits.... Civilians' clothes.
Clean sleever.... A first-classman without an office.
Cold.... Hopeless ; an extreme state of anything ; as, to bust cold.
Cook.... To force an answer to a prob. Also to excel some one else.
Doggy.... Swell.
Descrip.... Descriptive Geometry.
Elec.... Electricity.
Exam.... Examination.
Femme.... A young lady or girl.
Fiend.... One who "biffs" anything exceedingly well.
First Class.... Highest class ; seniors.
Four.... A perfect mark.
Frappe.... see " Biff."

Frenching... Taking French leave... going out of limits without permission.
 Frigid... See "Cold."
 Fume... To smoke.
 Function... $y=f(x)$ A May "plebe."
 Gangway!... An exclamation meaning to get out of the way.
 Gouge (n)... An "aide mémoire." Any little artifice whereby anyone receives unauthorized assistance in the recitation room.
 Gouge (v)... To obtain unauthorized assistance.
 Grease... See "Boot-lick."
 Greaser... Anyone in the Engineer Corps.
 Gunfire... The firing of a gun at the sea-wall at reveille and at 9.30 P.M.
 Gym... Gymnasium.
 Gyrene... A U. S. Marine.
 Handsomely... Just a little.
 Hazing... Initiating a plebe to his new duties.
 Hit the grit... See "Bear a hand."
 Holy Joe... The Chaplain.
 Hopped on... Spoken to roughly.
 Hot... See "Dog."
 Knock... See "Biff."
 Knock off... To cease.
 Jimmy Legs... The Master-at-Arms.
 Jumped on... See "Hopped on."
 Leave... Furlough.
 List... The sick or excused list.
 Math... Mathematics.
 Mess... The crowd at a table in the dining-hall.
 Mess hall... The dining-hall.
 Mid or Middy... Midshipman... Naval Cadet.
 Orderly... A marine on duty.
 Orgies... Midnight feasts and revels.
 On the tree... When a cadet get less than 2.50 his name is posted on the bulletin as a mark of woodenness for that week. He is then "on the tree."
 Pap... The conduct report.
 Plebe's Bible... The regulation book.
 Plebe... A fourth-classman.
 Posted... To be posted is to be on the tree.
 Pred... Predecessor, the man the plebe gets jumped about.
 Prob... Problem.
 Project on the tree... Something that officers do to cadets when they don't appreciate the cadet's "savez."
 Pull... Influence.
 Pull the sick list... To get on the list when not ill.
 Pull the Doctor's leg... See "Pull the sick list."
 Rag... To steal; also to report.
 Rate... To rank.

Req A request or requisition.
 Reveille The 6 A. M. bugle call (rising hour.)
 Running Hazing; also guying.
 Salt horse Pork served on board ship.
 Santee The U. S. S. Santee used as a prison ship for refractory cadets.
 Santeed Imprisoned on the Santee.
 Sat Satisfactory in studies.
 Savez (a) Bright, capable.
 Savez (n) Intelligence.
 Savez (v) To understand.
 Semi-ann The semi-annual examination.
 Sept-plebe A plebe who enters in September.
 Shake a leg See "bear a hand."
 Shift To change from one uniform to another. (Time allowed, 45 seconds.)
 Skinny Physics and chemistry.
 Skylarking Carousing, frolicking.
 Soak To report undeservedly.
 Speck See "Spot."
 Spoon To spoon on a plebe is to befriend him. To spoon on an inanimate object is to
 admire it, like it, etc. To spoon on a girl needs no explanation.
 Spooning Making calls.
 Spooney-man One who goes "spooning" frequently.
 Spot See "Speck."
 Spuds Potatoes.
 Squid The awkward squad.
 Stab An attempt.
 Stag hop A dance without "femmes."
 Stand-by! An exclamation meaning to prepare, to look out for something that is to fol-
 low immediately.
 Star A cadet who receives a multiple of 85% for the year's work.
 Striper A cadet officer so called because they wear stripes on the sleeves of their
 uniform.
 Sux Not difficult.
 Taps 10 P. M. bugle call. Time to turn in and put out lights.
 Tendency A draught favorable for smoking.
 Trig Trigonometry.
 Turn in To retire.
 Turn out To rise.
 Wooden Dull, not "savez."
 Youngster Third-classman.
 Zip Zero, total failure.



Artillery Drill and Marine Barracks.

The Middles' Idol.

The Main Gate.

Cadets' Quarters.

A NAVAL CADET.

*

A YOUNG man dressed in blue,
With head erect and shoulders set,
And all about him neat and new—
Such is a Naval Cadet.

He who cleans his room each day,
And puffs his cigarette,
And takes a chew if it comes his way—
A Wicked Naval Cadet.

He who the doctor's leg doth pull,
He whom the girls all pet,
He does not care if he does get full,—
This dandy Naval Cadet.

He upon the femmes doth spoon,
And takes them in his net,
And then he drops them just as soon,—
Indifferent Naval Cadet.

He who frenches now and then,
And makes the watchman fret ;
They know they can not catch him when
He's such a Slick Cadet.

He who never goes aloft
To see the topsails set.
He whose hands are white and soft,—
This shirk of a Naval Cadet.

He who knows just what he rates,
Who boot-licks officers that he's met ;
He's the one that graduates.
He's a lucky Naval Cadet.

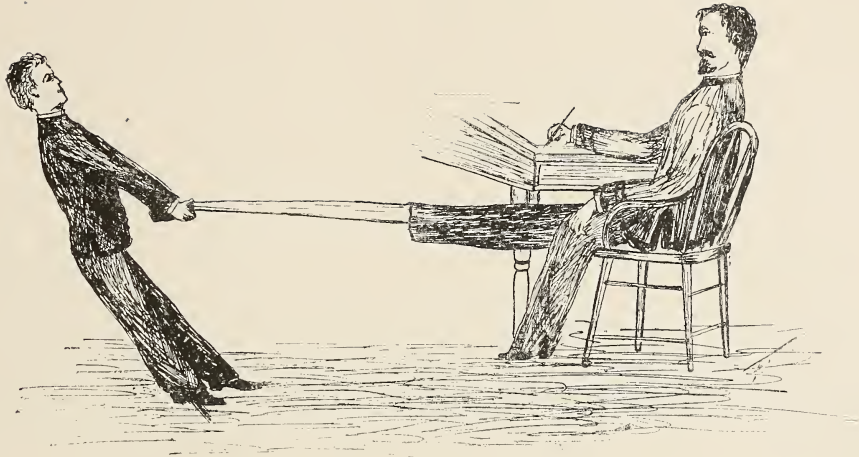
THE GENTLEMAN OF THE WATCH.

*

YOU must excuse my poor attempt
To write this little rhyme,
I have to "bone" so hard you know,
It takes up all my time.
I'm "boning" Skinny, Math. and Nav.
From early morn till dark,
And sit up after taps to get
A satisfact'ry mark.
I will not make excuses, or
My story you'll not read :
But, as you've read this patiently,
With my subject I'll proceed.
I write about a man despised
By all on board the ship,
The officers all jump on him,
The men give him the slip,
The " Gentleman of the Watch " he's called—
No man of leisure, he,
For he must act as messenger—
Sometimes quite frequently.
A nickname he must have of course
So as a little joke,
Some middies gave this man one day
The appellation " Moke."
At sea, by day, he's hard at work,
Well manned, the gear must be,
The yards well trimmed, the braces taut—
If not he'll " hit the tree " ;

The "plebes," poor devils, he must teach,
The "youngsters" he must spot,
All orders must be quickly passed—
Oh, bitter is his lot.
He heaves the log for every hour,
And notes the wind, the sky,
Barometer, thermometer,
Both wet bulb and the dry.
The wind now hauling forward is,
About, the ship must go,
And at the Officers' command
The men come from below.
But this great Off'cer of the Deck
'Bout tacking knows not much
And if he "busts in stays" he blames
The "Gentleman of the Watch."
And now the dismal day is o'er
To windward there is rain,
The Off'cer of the Deck prepares
To meet a hurricane.
The Watch is mustered by the "Moke,"
It must be quickly done,
If not his senior officer
Will make his mark a *one*.
The hurricane, so long foreseen,
Comes on with wind and rain,
He's wet through to his skin, and longs
To be at home again,
Or anywhere but on the ship
Where for some time to come,
To ravages of seasickness
Perhaps he must succumb.
He's thinking of his own sweetheart,
So pretty, small, and frail
When for some reason (?) he must run
Quite quickly to the rail.
He paces up and down the deck
His mind in thought is lost,

In thinking of what he will do
When the Atlantic's crossed.
More thoughts like these pass through his mind,
When of the ship he's freed,
Thus walking, thinking dreamily,
The time he does not heed,
'Till suddenly a voice is heard
As coming through the fog.
Again the voice, and louder still :
" Why don't you heave the log !"
In port 'tis even harder work,
Boat officer is he
With gloves and cutlass goes ashore
For men on liberty.
Arrived on shore, some men he sees
And beckons them to come,
On looking at his crew again
They all are drinking rum.
At last they all are in the boat
Each drunkard wants to smoke,
With words he cannot quiet them—
They will not mind the " Moke."
His lot's the most unenvied one
Of all the men afloat.
He nears the ship; the captain calls
" There's whiskey in your boat."
And thus we see, from morn till night
This man must always work.
Whenever a mistake is made
The blame he cannot shirk,
And when he's worked for four long days,
And duty, then is o'er,
The Off'cer of the Deck has made
His mark far from a four.



Pulling the List.*

*

THE way it all started was just this:—the other night at study call I went to Tackle's room to find out the lesson for the next day in Least Squares, and after telling me that it was pages 36 to 189 inclusive and to hand in problems 6 to 59, we got to talking about class football games. Tackle thought they were a big nuisance and a farce from the word "go," and said that for his part he had had enough of foot-ball to last him for quite a while.

I thought just the opposite, and so we argued the subject until warning-roll sounded, without my convincing him that he was wrong.

Tackle can be awfully pig-headed sometimes.

Next morning, when I awoke at "half past" and thought of that "un-

* Familiarly "Pulling the Doctor's leg."

boned" lesson in Least Squares, and of the "probs" that had to be handed in, and of how I would have to stand up for a whole hour and look at the black-board trying to work out the probability that you can throw double sixes three times in two throws with only one die, etc., it just made me sick,—not dangerously ill you know, but a sort of a cross between "that tired feeling" and a sprained thumb.

During breakfast I thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that I had to "pull the list." After asking all of the *regular* shirks what were the best and latest symptoms to have, I started for Sick-Quarters with my Least Squares under my arm; not that I intended to "bone" it, but it always creates a good impression with Dr. Pills to have a book with you. It looks as if you wanted to go to recitation, and not get on the list.

After halting in the vestibule to get as sick and as doleful an expression on my countenance as possible I passed the Doctor's office and entered the waiting-room. This waiting-room is a study in itself; it is fitted up with two long benches, a desk, and a steam heater, or fever producer. There is also a small electric bell which the Doctor rings when he is ready to see you.

On the morning in question there were about twenty sick (?) cadets waiting for treatment, and when I entered they had variously disposed themselves about the room. Some were sitting on the steam heater to raise their temperature, while over in the corner was a "Plebe" trying to "bone" English. One fellow was just spinning a yarn about another, who the day before sat too long on the steam heater, and when the Doctor took his temperature, and found it to be 110° , he shook his head sadly and said: "Mr. D—, I am very sorry, but can do nothing for you. You have passed the stage beyond which medical assistance is of no avail. You will probably die in the course of the next half-hour," and touching the button, he instructed the nurse to provide the cadet with writing materials that he could make his will, and also telephone for a coffin, (size 6 A). After this story, seats on the steam heater were at a discount.

Finally my turn came. Putting on as dejected a look as possible I entered the office and the following conversation took place:

"Good-morning, sir. What is the matter with you?"

"I don't know exactly, Doctor, but I feel all broken up this morning; I wasn't able to 'bone' last night and did not sleep well."

"At what time did this come on?"

"At about 7:30 last night, sir!"

"Ah! Study call. Hard lessons for to-day, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! They are comparatively easy; nothing but Least Squares and that sort of thing."

"Have you been eating anything to disagree with you?"

"Well-er-yes. I think the oysters last night disagreed with me."

(Dr. Pills produces a menu, and scrutinizes it.) "Why, you didn't have oysters last night, Mr. S——; you had cold beef."

"Oh! Yes, sir, did I say oysters? Why, I meant cold beef, sir. I think it was—tough."

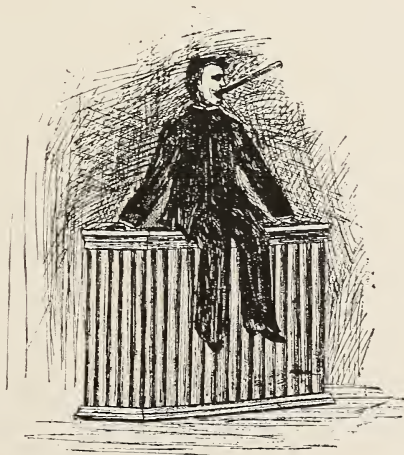
"Humph! Never heard of tough beef making anybody sick; let me feel your pulse. Nothing wrong with that; let me see your tongue. Do you feel able to go to recitation, Mr. S——?"

"No, sir, I have a sort of dizzy feeling when I stand up long."

"Well, Mr. S——, I will put you on the sick list, with permission to lie down. If you don't feel better to-night, come over at 7:30."

After asking me where I was born, my age, and present residence, he gave me a prescription which I took across to the "Admiral." The prescription proved to be for about half a pint of castor oil (which I managed to pour in the sink when the "Admiral" wasn't looking) and a dozen, three grain, quinine pills (which I dropped down my neck).

Returning to Quarters I read "Tales from Town Topics" the rest of the day and got off the list the next morning.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF A MIDDY.

*

I.

'T IS a question, 'tis a question that I'm not the first to state,
Does the polished off first-classman come from a candidate?
Does the gay and festive midly, so polite, so debonair,
Come from the man who enters here with hayseed in his hair?

II.

Is it possible by least squares, razor theory, or the dance,
That the uncouth youth who first we see in short high water pants,
Should become in just a year or two a courtesan so gay?
It must be so, he is the same, believe me not you may.

III.

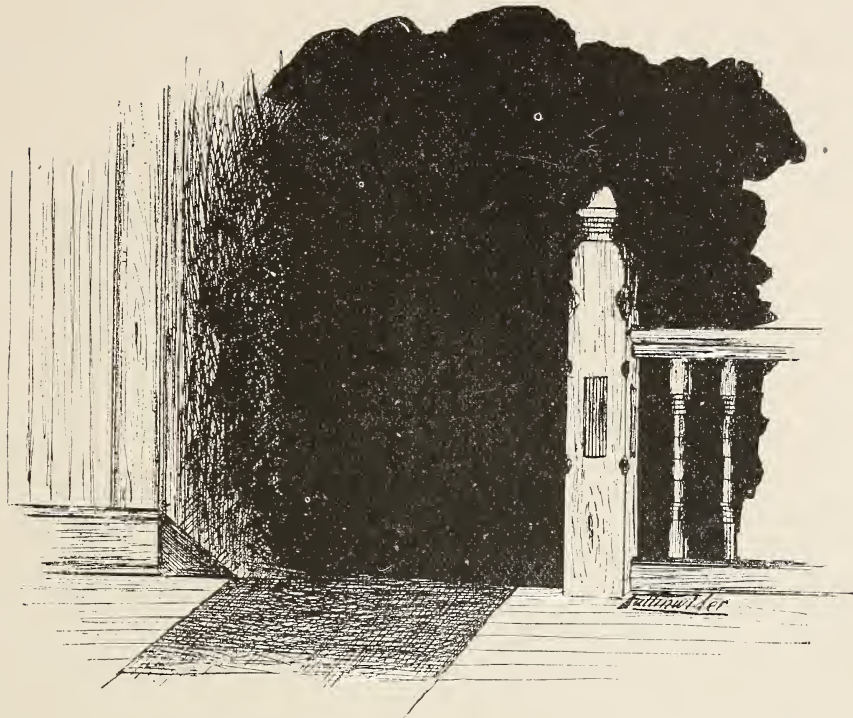
How does this evolution come? I hear you wondering ask.
Is the lover bold who last appears, at first beneath a mask?
Ah no! no artificial mask is on the candidate.
What causes act to make this change I now will briefly state.

IV.

The plebe eats soap to clean his mouth, and stands upon his head
To make his long neck shorten up, and give him grace instead.
The youngster learns by many breaks to dance and hug with ease.
The second class with math, and steam can still find time to squeeze.

V.

But now behold creation's lord, who walks upon the scene.
No slouch at making love is he, no silly go between.
Why is he thus? Well, don't you know some things must secrets be.
So I must let this mighty change remain a mystery.



SPOONY CORNERS.

WHEN the dance is over,
How they wildly tear
For a spooney corner
On the lone back stair.

But, alas, 'tis useless—
Corners one and all
Are occupied by Poll or Mutz,
Reddy, Bowlax or Paul.

For they quit the ballroom
Ere the dance begun ;
And with some fair damsel
Have taken every one.

THE DISAPPEARING ACT.

*

“ * * * on his crest
Sat Honor plumed.”

- DOOR-KEEPER :—Sir, there is a plebe outside the door
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
- MASTER OF CEREMONIES :—How looks his physiognomy ?
- D. K. :— So black, so ugly and so treacherous
You'd think upon a three months' summer cruise
He'd been.
Upon his head full three score times I stood him,
Then washed his mouth out with Sapolio
And his face powdered with saponaceous dentifrice,
Till now he is fit subject for admittance.
- M. OF C. :— Ope the door and let him enter.
Now plebe state to us the object of thy visit.
- PLEBE :— Sir, I came to say
The Commandant has visited the lower corridor
And steadily is coming toward our way.
He is accompanied by a suite of officers.
- M. OF C. :— Quick plebes, the disappearing act !
Enter Commandant and officers.
- COMMANDANT :—Good evening, gentlemen,
We thought some noise we'd heard
In this vicinity.
- M. OF C. :— The acoustics of the building need repair, Sir.
- COMMANDANT :—We were mistaken,
We leave you to your studies.
Exit Commandant and Officers.
- M. OF C. :— Out plebes !
That last act was success itself.
Brace up now, and move out.
*(Plebes come out of the wardrobes, from under the beds, and
between the mattresses. They bow and repair to their rooms.)*
- M. OF C. :— Thus has it been, thus is it now,
Thus will it ever be !
All praise be thine, the Disappearing Act !
The Hazer's friend—the bond that binds
The Custom to the Place.

IN SOLITARY.

COME near me, gentle cockroach,
Come near, sweet bird of prey,
Cast loose your ears and list a while
To what I have to say.

Pray come and sit thee by my side,
And share my humble meal,
Be calm and still—be not afraid,
I'll with thee gently deal.

Thou crawlest o'er my sleepy face,
At midnight's dreary hour.
Thou fallest in my tea and milk,
At sight of thee I cower.

I would that I were free as thee,
I fain would have thy wings,
That I might soar to realms above
Of which the poet sings.

AFTER THE SKINNY EXAM.

OH, listen while I tell
A story unto you ;
A story that is sad as—well,
'T is sadder for 't is true.
I went down to the "Skinny" exam.,
Expecting to get "Sat,"
I came out with about five-tenths,—
Cit-tery he did that.

Reveille.

*

THE practice of sounding reveille in the morning is very ancient, perhaps even as ancient as the saying, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." But the writer does not think that reveille on a cold morning would soothe any one however savage he might be.

It is one of the best known methods to make men warlike and to give them the desire to slay.

Therefore it is played every morning at the Naval Academy, just when one is thinking he has a good long hour to sleep. This accounts for the noticeable precociousness of many cadets. The tune itself is something on the Wagnerian style,—lots of noise—and it seems to be adding insult to injury to inflict it on us. In fact, it is a back number.

Why don't they play Ta-ra-ra-boom de-aye or something new?

Any one will admit that it is provoking to be kept awake every night by some little German band even if it plays a different tune each night; but how would he like to get waked every morning by the same tune?

There are certain little formalities attending reveille which are unfortunately enforced. Such as getting up, for instance—and inspection. It has been said that cadets don't always turn out as promptly as they might; this is a mistaken idea.

Of course they turn out. Any one who is foolish enough to stay turned in when he can get up and bone deserves to bilge.

Somehow or other the authorities have not that implicit faith in the cadets' desire to do right and turn out, that is beautiful to see in people that know better; so they make inspections after reveille, and find out for sure whether cadets turn out or not.

If by any chance any one does not get up and gets caught turned in he

has to get up and get dressed before reveille for the next two weeks, so as to better hear the music, and to be able to go downstairs and say good-morning to the officer-in-charge.

Incidentally he gets seven demerits each time. Inspection is lots of fun for the inspecting officer. He makes the rounds of the corridor softly, lest he should disturb the slumbers of some one before entering his room. When he does enter there is a wild scramble, on the part of the occupants, to get up,—generally successful. Once upon a time a cadet got his feet tangled in the bed-clothes but made a noble effort to get out of bed, all the same. He landed very nicely on the floor—at least most of him did,—his feet remained in a state of retirement.

It is safe to presume that reveille has come to stay, and it is to be hoped that when Gabriel blows his trumpet in the morning, there will surely be found no cadets tardy or absent at the judgment formation.

The Middy's Dream.

THE NIGHT BEFORE A CALC. EXAM.

*

[SCENE, Race Track.] The middy gets a "tip" from one of the jockeys that his horse has a rate of $\frac{dx}{dt}$.

The middy says, "By Jove, I'll back any horse with a rate $\frac{dx}{dt}$ no matter what the odds are against him." The hero chuckles to himself that his fortune is made. He backs his horse against the field confident that his money is safe.

But alas! his horse is not in it, and holds last place without any trouble. The middy is still puzzled, but goes off to get some one to kick him, when he finds that all the other horses had an acceleration of $\frac{d^2x}{dt^2}$.

The thought of a horse with an acceleration had never crossed his mind. When the poor middy awoke he was on top of his wardrobe.



A PROMENADE CONCERT.

Air—"Coming down from Bangor."

*

I.

AT an evening concert,
On a summer's night,
Pretty girl and middy,—
Girl is dressed in white.
Middy has brass buttons,
Stripes and star as well,
He is a first-classman,
Tall, erect and swell.

II.

Down behind the mortar,
Maiden at his side,
Tall and swell first-classman,
Casts his cares aside.
Loving words he tells her,
By that mortar old,
Down along the seawall
Middy's love is told.

III.

Maiden is all blushes
On her pretty face,
Middy quite delighted
Tries her to embrace ;
Silently around her
Steals this middy's arm,
Thinks he now to kiss her,
There can be no harm.

IV.

Middy thinks 'tis blissful,
Maiden wants to stay,
Suddenly the search light
Makes it bright as day,
Maiden 's now indignant
At the mischief wrought.
Moral :—Never do it
When you can be caught.

YE ANCIENT MARINER.

I'M a sea-dog true and tried,
The Country's pet,—the Navy's pride,—
A Nelson junior—Farragut prime,
A sailor man of ye olden time.
I'm as brave as a lion, as meek as a lamb,
My timbers were made for a first-class man,
I can wear, swear, box-haul, and tack.
I'm ye ancient mariner from away-back.

A CALL.

[*First classman paying call on "plebe."*]

"Oh! Napoleon Leonidas, how dost thou? From whence gettest thou that lovely smile?"

[*Plebe grins more than ever.*]

"Wipe off that grin, Napoleon, and throw it on the floor; it spoileth thy looks.

"Now, Leonidas, this is a solemn moment, very, very solemn. I am going to sew a button on my trousers, Napoleon.

[*Plebe snickers audibly.*]

"Here, knock off that smile. [*Sternly.*]

[*Smile fades into a sickly grin.*]

"Now let us behold the gentle smile creep over thine alabaster brow once more.

"Also, Napoleon, I want three stamps, so I'll borrow three of thee."

[*Exit first-classman, plebe is minus six cents.*]

SAYS THE UPPER CLASSMAN TO THE PLEBE.

"Mister, are you twins?"

"Why is a rooster?"

"Take your greasy eyes off me."

"Think you could lick me, mister?"

"Give five excuses for being alive, and shake it up."

"What five great cities claim your birth?"

"Give us your name, age, height, color, and previous condition of servitude, and don't be all day about it."

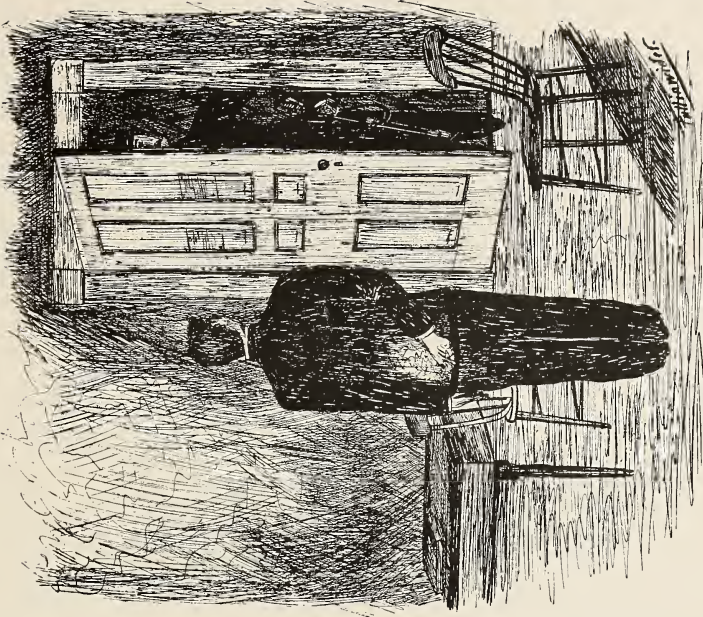
"Will you give me your dessert, mister?"

"In what year did Shakespeare write White Wings?"

[*At fire drill when plebe is carrying water bucket.*] "Mister, do you like this?"

Plebe (*afraid to say no*) "Yes, sir."

"Then carry my bucket."



Tossed Again, - Scarcely, his time.



THE MIDDY'S FAREWELL.

*

WAIT, wait, ye winds ! till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet
Whose station is at home.
Waft the sea-boy's simple prayer !
And let it oft be whispered there,
When in far lands I roam.

Farewell to father, reverend hulk !
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,
His cable soon may slip.
While yet the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to mother, first class she !
Who launched us on life's stormy sea,
And rigged us fore and aft.
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep the hull in good repair
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister, lovely yacht !
But whether she'll be manned or not,
I cannot yet foresee.
May some good ship a tender prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her under lee.

Farewell to George, the jolly boat!
And all the little craft afloat
In home's delightful bay.
When they arrive at sailing age,
May Wisdom give the weather-gauge
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all! On life's rude main,
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather.
But, summoned by the Board above,
We'll harbor in the port of Love,
And all be moored together.



The Story of Mulo.

*

AMOND KAFFA was ruler of one of the greatest Eastern Empires of his time. His son Mulo was only five years old when it was decreed by the Astrologers that in order to accomplish his mission on earth and triumph in his greatest victory, he must leave his native land and travel in foreign countries. Accordingly Amond Kaffa with a great many nobles, and soldiers of the Empire accompanied his son to a sea-coast city and placed him in the care of a wealthy sea captain, who traded with all the most remote countries of the world. The Astrologers had calculated that it would be on his twentieth birthday that he should achieve his great victory, but good Amond was already growing old and began longing to see his son.

He became more feeble from day to day. Another caravan was fitted out, but Amond was too sick to accompany it this time. "Make haste and bring him back to me as soon as he returns," he instructed the leaders.

Allah was great and had preserved Mulo—just as the caravan reached the same old city, a vessel under full sail was sighted coming into the harbor and Mulo had returned. He was now a grown young man, fine physique, and wore a different dress from that of his countrymen. When the couriers announced that Mulo was on his way back, the old King could hardly contain himself. A most touching sight was it to see the long separated father and son once more in each other's embrace. "I am very weak, Mulo, my beloved son, and you have come just in time, for your father has but a few moments on this earth. I know you will rule wisely; but Mulo, you have a strange costume; tell me of your travels and your great victory for I feel that you are a conqueror."

Mulo related his strange adventures,—how he had been shipwrecked and finally reached a new land—how he had become used to their customs, and—"Wait, Mulo, my son; tell me of your great victory; my life is nearly ended." "Ah, father, I was coming to it just then—I played on the Naval Academy foot-ball team that beat West Point."

The old man kissed his son, blessed him, and died happy.



And the button will depart
From the region of his heart
And insists to dangle
That its business is to dangle
From a lovely little bangle
At her wrist

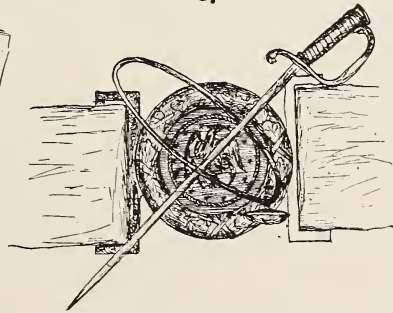
The Cadet's

Bye and bye the maid will smile
Sweetly on some other file
Then a fuss
And he'll meet and pass her by
While she sadly wonders why
This is thus

And a golden sword you'll note
In the laces at her throat
Neatly placed
And their monograms entwined
On a buckle you will find
At her wrist

Romance

Then she'll tell a bitter tale
Shed a tear and sadly rail,
At her trouble
But in spite of any wrangle
She'll hold fast to the bangle
And the buckle



“READY ABOUT!”

*

“SILENCE!” cries the first lieutenant,
“Quartermaster clear your pennant,
Stations fore and aft!” he cries.
“See tacks and sheets all clear for rise.
Ready! Ready! Helm a lee,”
Round she comes now head to sea.
“Mizzen topmen to your places,
Tend the weather crossjack braces.
Haul taut, marines and afterguard,
Mainsail haul to the main yard.
Hold on each weather topsail brace;
Shift the spanker boom in place.
Head braces! Haul taut! Let go and haul!
Overhaul the fore lift fall.
Round the fore yard! point well aft.
Trim your upper yards, the forward,
Keep your luff well to the nor’ward.
Main tack and sheet! Let go the gear!
Mastman, see the rigging clear.
Haul taut the lifts and weather braces!
Strike eight bells and heave the log!
Call the watch and pipe to grog!”



When the hammock falls on the berth deck we hear:—

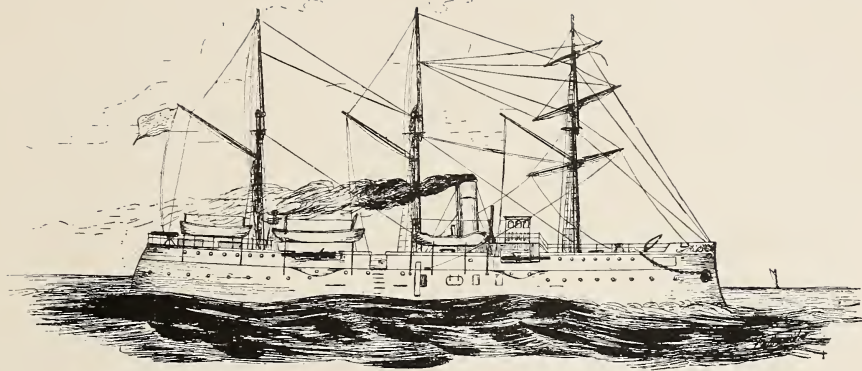
- 1st.—A sickening thud.
- 2d.—A suppressed “damn.”
- 3d.—A titter.





Lithotype Printing Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

U. S. P. S. "CONSTELLATION."



THE U. S. S. BANCROFT.

THE CONSTELLATION.

*

THE grand old ship whose sturdy frame
Hath stood these hundred years,
Now seeks her well earned rest at last,
As toward her home she steers.

Her snow-white sails and polished sides
Gleam in the setting sun ;
The rattling chain and anchor's splash
Proclaim her last cruise done.

Never again will the white sea-foam
Dash high o'er the weather rail ;
Never again will the tall masts bend
'Neath the blast of the wintry gale.

Never again we'll risk thy fate ;
Thy repose we'll not delay ;
Thou came to thy home forever
When thou sailed up Chesapeake Bay.

HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

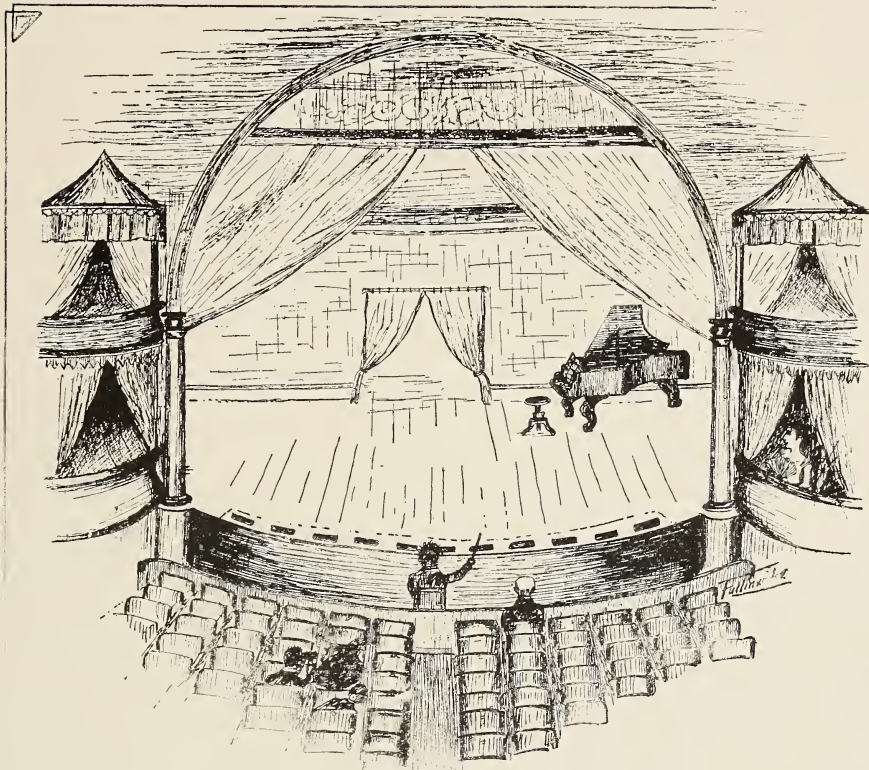
(N. A. Version.)

*

THIS is th'exam. as long as your arm,
Which has caused us all such dire alarm,
Which has given us chills and such a fright,
We must all our resignations write.

This is the poor down-cast cadet,
Who hasn't got over his weariness yet,
Who stood th'exam. as long as your arm,
Which has caused us all such dire alarm,
Which has given us chills and such a fright,
We must all our resignations write.

This is the Prof. so stern and grim,
This Skinny exam. was given by him,
To this same poor down-cast cadet,
Who hasn't got over his weariness yet,
Who stood th'exam as long as your arm,
Which has caused us all such dire alarm,
Which has given us chills and such a fright,
We must all our resignations write.



U. S. M. A. Glee Club.

*

President and Manager.

Secretary and Treasurer,

* _____

† _____

Leader.

§ _____

First Tenors.

Second Tenors.

* _____
§ _____

+ _____
* _____

First Bass.

Second Bass.

* _____
§ _____

+ _____
* _____

Tour of Club, Winter of 1893-94.

Odenton, Md., Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, London, Paris,
 Rome, Constantinople, Bombay, Calcutta, Hong Kong,
 Rio de Janeiro } Probable cause of recent trouble. New Orleans, Kansas City,
 N. A. Institute (*Howling success*),

* Resigned. † In Canada. § In sick quarters at present. ‡ In the Morgue.

THE PRISONERS OF THE SANTEE.

*

I.

“**M**Y hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white, in a single night
As men's have grown from sudden fears :”

My neck is bent, though not with toil,
But from the overhanging beams,
For it has been the Santee's spoil,
And this sad fate to me now seems
As though 'twere doubly hard to bear,
For, boning with a mad despair,
My eyes are dimmed, and want of light
Will soon deprive me of my sight ;
But this was for my class's name,
I suffered prison, courting shame ;
That class, unlucky to the end,
Through stony paths its way did wend
And now, at last for our crime,
We're captives till the end of time.
We were seven—who now are three,
Four men have left the old Santee ;
Their crime perhaps not quite so great,
Their punishment more moderate.
Our crime was nothing in our eyes,
The verdant plebes we did chastise ;
For teaching them to know their place,
Confined are we in this small space ;
And now from seven, three are left,
Alike from friends and foes bereft.

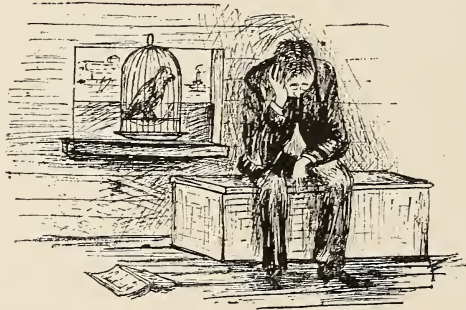
II.

There are seven chairs of ancient mould
On Santee's deck, both dark and cold,
There are seven desks by which we bone,
Listening to the dismal drone
Of waves which 'gainst the ship are blown,
A parrot swinging in its cage
From beams well rotted by their age ;
A better fate is his than mine,
He knows not what it is to pine
For freedom and the warm sunshine.
In hammocks cold we spend our nights,
Suffering from the cockroach bites,
And when at break of early day,
With sounds we can not drive away
We're wakened from our restless sleep,
We " turn out " on the hard, cold deck,
Our limbs almost a total wreck,
And cramped so we can hardly creep.
Our food, a dog could scarcely eat,
A little bread and toughened meat
But with our hunger it tastes sweet.
A single heater lonely stands,
Not hot enough to warm our hands
And down below in dismal gloom,
No better than a lonely tomb,
Are lockers where our clothes remain,
Clothes which there for months have lain.

III.

The day we came, I do not know,
I have not seen a friend or foe
For months—I can not count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When our four comrades went away,
And we were left here to decay.

When they were here, our hideous fate
Appeared less sad, our crime less great ;
But now they're gone, our spirits low
Are crushed. It seems so hard to know
That freedom we shall never see,
In prison we will always be.
Sweet music, soft and low, sometimes
Comes (and reminds us of our crimes)
From dancing, which we are aware
Is banned and barred—forbidden fare ;
And thus we sit forever doomed,
In Santee's damp and filth entombed.





Literary Club.

*

T. G. ROBERTS,	<i>President.</i>
THOMAS GAINES ROBERTS,	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
T. GAINES ROBERTS,	<i>Poet Laureate.</i>

MEMBERS.

THOMAS,

GAINES,

ROBERTS.



A PRETTY GIRL.

*

I.

PRETTY girl,
A winter's hop,
The stairs, a handsome fellow,
A darkened light,
No one in sight,
They kiss, and all is well, oh!
A whispered "yes,"
What happiness,
This pretty girl and fellow.
This glad cadet
Will ne'er forget
The words that girl did tell, oh!

II.

Again the girl,
Another hop,
Same stairs. another fellow,
A loving kiss.
What bliss! what bliss!
So far and all is well, oh!
Another "yes,"
More happiness,
But sad indeed to tell, oh!
On stairs above
With other love,
She sees the other fellow.

FAMILIAR SPEECHES.

FORWARD, march! Hep!
You can't add peanuts to pears and get peaches.
That will do with the band.
On de garde, un!
Extainde, tu!
Lunge! hup ha!
Pourquoi you no lunge pas, M. Tompkins?
Say, Mr., what's your name?
Put him on the "pap."
How did you hit it?
Suppose you put on a "sir."
Well, you have a "gall"!
Look to the front!
Fins out mister!

Before I was a middy
I thought I would stand one,
But I stood just forty-five
The month that I begun;
And now I tell you all, my friends,
As sure as I'm alive,
I'll raise a big pow-wow next month,
If I get a bare two-five.

U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.
Feb. 23, 1894

Andy, F. L.
Naval Cadet,
1st Class.

Excuse.

THE SOLDIER'S VISION.

*

AT West Point one midnight dreary, sat a soldier weak and weary,
Pondering many a quaint and ancient prob. in gunnery o'er and o'er,
While the blast blew cold and cutting, while his eyes were nearly shutting,
Suddenly there came a butting ; butting at his chamber door.
" 'T is the Officer," he muttered, " Officer on this blamed floor—
Only this and nothing more."

" Ah," said he, " now I remember, 't is the first day of December,
And our fine team, every member, sleeps this night in Baltimore.
How I long to see the morrow, and I think I'll try to borrow
From some plebe—away with sorrow—borrow a few dollars more,
Make the green and verdant youngster, give me half his treasured store.
Only this and nothing more."

Still he heard that curious scratching, as of some old door unlatching,
And it thrilled him, filled him with vague terrors, never felt before.
Quickly then his old pipe throwing, safely his tobacco stowing
In his shoe (for he was knowing), flung he wide his chamber door.
" I was ' boning,' Sir !" he spake then, " when you knocked upon my door."
Darkness met him, nothing more.

Back into his lone room flying, scarce refrained he loud from crying,
For his room mate was a " bilger," and West Point knew him no more.
" Surely," said he, " 't was a butting, like a sword-blade, keen and cutting,
And I know I heard a strutting, just outside my chamber door.
'T is, mayhap, some youngster dreaming, dreaming of to-morrow's score.
This it is and nothing more."

Presently his soul grew stronger, and he said, " I'll wait no longer
For I am determined all this mystery to explore."
Once more in the darkness peering, saw he something, blinking, leering,
" Surely," said he, " 't is a goat there, just outside my chamber door.
'Pon my soul, 't is but a ' Billy ' who has crossed from Harlem o'er.
This it is and nothing more."

Thro' the door then walked the " Billy," though the soldier thought it silly,
Straightway ate he all the paper, that was strewn upon the floor.
Quoth the soldier, " Though your blanket's marked ' El Cid ' you do not
rank it,
And I will not have you chewing all you find upon my floor.
Know you, sir, you came near eating up my bets upon the score ?"
Then the Goat said, " Navy more."

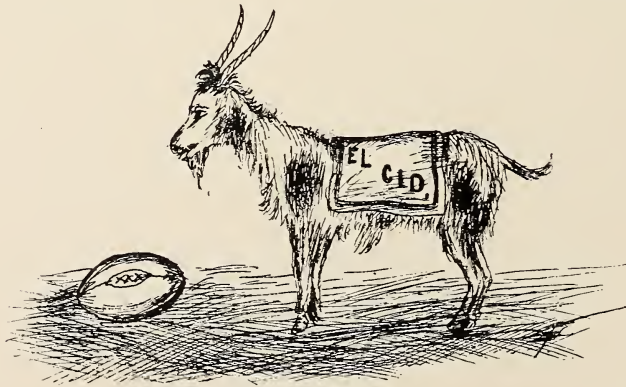
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so plainly spoken,
Closer came the soldier then and scanned him o'er and o'er.
" Ah," said he, " you are a bad lot, for you are the ' New York's ' mascot,
And you're needed at Annapolis, as you've never been before.
Why are you not there to help them, help them with their hopeless score."
Quoth the " Billy," " Navy more."

" Prophet," said he, " thing of evil, you talk like the very Devil,
For those fresh kids at Annapolis, will not beat us any more.
Have you heard about ' Our Laurie ? ' won't the middies all be sorry
That they didn't get him, Billy, get him by the Severn's shore ?
Won't they all regret it, Billy, when they hear the Army roar ? "
Quoth the " Billy," " Navy more."

" Be that word our sign of parting, goat or fiend," he shrieked, up starting,
" Get you gone and feed on hoop skirts, on old cans you'd better gnaw.
For you know to me you're lying, when you stand there, prating, crying,
That the Navy boys can down us, down us on the morrow's score.
So get out you Navy Hoodoo!" Here he kicked him from the door.
Faintly now came, " Navy more."



And our mascot still is grinning, when he thinks of middies winning,
Winning from that soldier lad who kicked him from his door.
And the soldier often dreaming that he sees those bright eyes gleaming,
Mutters, " With remorse I am teeming, since I heard that 6 to 4.
How I wish I'd killed that blamed Goat that was here upon my floor,
With his hateful ' Navy more.' "



NEW LONDON.

*

I N the park
After dark—
What a lark.
New London!

Cadets meet
Misses sweet—
Such a treat.
New London!

Quietness,
Come—confess,
Spooning? yes—
New London!

Hour is late,
Parts at gate,
Sorry fate.
New London!

ON SEAMANSHIP DRILL.

SAMOA—(*After "MULE" comes down from aloft.*) "Mr. Crosby, you ought to have inherited more seamanship than that from Noah."

MULE—I don't see that. Noah "busted in stays" and ran the ark aground.

Samoa hangs his head.—The "horse" is on him.



Found.*

*

DEAREST :

I have the sweetest experience of my life to reveal to you ; my visit to you, only a few days old, was a perfect dream, and the "Navy!"—what a captivating place ! it is a constant round of the most entrancing pleasure which only the Navy affords. The cadets with their brass buttons ! What fascinating creatures ! So entertaining, and I had so many "cases ;" each one told me that he loved me. Oh ! Julia, do you really think they meant it ? I have always heard they were fickle, but I don't believe it, as each and all looked so sad when I told them I was going away, and each in his turn said he could never live without me. But, dearest, they all said the same thing, as if it were a recent class lesson, or a part of the regulations.

I should do myself and you too, Julia, great injustice, if I didn't revert to some of the pleasant and never to be forgotten impressions made upon me whilst in the dear and charming old city, with its buildings and queer streets, and general surroundings which carry one back to what one would imagine existed in the days of our remote ancestors.

Then that never to be forgotten foot-ball game between the Army and Navy is ever looming up before me. The *wild excitement* and anxious faces—the masterly efforts and daring dash of each team striving for supremacy—the deafening yells and shrieking voices of ten thousand spectators ! Wasn't it fine ? But how glorious I feel that science and skill, in the end proved a barrier to weight and size,—and last, but not least, the dear little goat. Wasn't it cute ? Do you know that I still wear the blue and gold,—yes, and right over my heart.

* This letter was found by one of the board of editors, and we publish it, trusting that the owner will claim it.

But to cap the climax, let me give my impressions of the *Hop*. Wasn't it *charming,—perfectly elegant?* I think the cadets are awfully nice; I really lost my heart to some of them,—they all looked like a bran new paper of pins, and as though they were manufactured at the same place and time, and invoiced for the same ship.

I must tell you of the souvenirs I brought home with me. One cadet, Mr. F—, gave me a button, bright like himself, clipped from his jacket right over his heart. Mr. R— gave me a beautiful buckle, bright and twinkling like his own dark eyes, and Mr. C—, whose classic face and martial bearing will ever render him conspicuous among Nature's throng of the brave and chivalrous, gave me a lock of his golden hair, so *bright* and *beautiful*—indeed I wouldn't take the world for these treasures. You ought to be so happy, living as you do in a social atmosphere so exhilarating, your ball room so beautiful, the charming music and bewitching promenades, the picturesque Severn, whose sparkling waters lave the green shores of the lovely grounds!

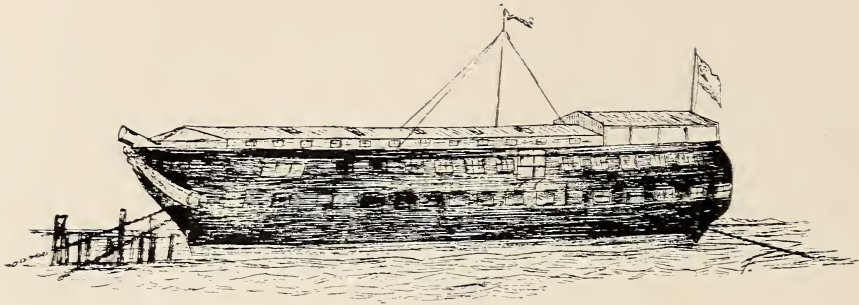
But, speaking of the hop incidents, carries me back to one little fellow whom you introduced, and to whom I gave a dance. I wish I could remember his name,—maybe you can,—he was kind of pony built, with gray eyes and flaxen hair. I cannot say why, but in the maze of the dance we got considerably mixed; our time tables didn't match. It may have been the music, or the highly polished floor, or his peculiar double shuffle,—but anyway, we had to compromise in a draw.

I will not claim any more of your precious time, but soon will have another chat.

Your loving friend,
BLANCHE.







THE SANTEE.

*

WHEN in trouble and disgrace,
Who protects the hardened case?
Who will, with parental care,
Shelter, shield and keep him there?
The Santee.

If at a social game of cards,
The O. D. calls and pays regards,
You wonder why you're treated so,
But here is where you're sure to go?
To the Santee.

If feeling socially inclined,
The middy takes a sip of wine,
Then where doth he next appear?
The answer cometh loud and clear:
On the Santee.

Cupid's arrow pierced his heart,
A rival moves the fiery dart,
A "scrap" immediately ensues,
Now they're on a yachting cruise
On the Santee.

When "gaul" receives its debt deserved,
When "plebes" from fright are all unnerved,
When "Youngsters" are in hazing taken,
Where, oh where, do they awaken?

On the Santee.

When quarters will no longer bear
The d—l that he raises there,
Who will in compassion true
Claim him a member of her crew?

The Santee.

When towers grow too small to hold
The smoke of all those jolly souls;
When smoking is no longer screened?
Who takes in charge the smoking fiend?

The Santee.

When middies practice Kerflips' drill,
And in nocturnal moments still,
O'er the ten-foot wall do climb,
Where do they abide their time?

On the Santee.

If in sadness and despair,
With clothes awry, dishevelled hair,
The reader meets a midddy bold,
He's on the ship of which I've told,

The Santee.

Of all the cruisers, rams and boats,
Of all the vessels now afloat,
Though anchored fast, and not at sea,
Are there any worse than

The Old Santee?

MUSIC FIENDS.

*

COME friends, condole with me, I pray,
I have a doleful tale to tell ;
The quarters which were quiet once
Are now becoming simply—well.

There 're howling fiends on every side,
Who yell like Bedlam just turned loose,
And sing most patriotic verse,
To simple airs from Mother Goose.

'T was once but rivalry between
Book, Splint, and Poll and other freaks
To see which one could be the first,
To split our ears with shrilly shrieks.

But as these howlers could not make
To deafen us, sufficient din,
To aid them in their bloody schemes
The "Abbé" bought a mandolin.

And 'Bowlax' too got him a horn,
While "Modoc" keeps his banjo still,
I mean, the banjo he still keeps,
For let it hush, he never will.

There're flutes and mouth-harps by the score,
And one deranged piano, too.
To name this list of tortures o'er,
Is more than I've the heart to do.

'T is toot-toot-toot and twank-twank-twank,
From early morn till dewy eve.
Unless we lose our hearing soon
We'll all go crazy, I believe.

What tunes they play? You well may ask,
For this no mortal man can tell;
Such trills, such shakes, such sharps and flats
Were never heard outside of Hell.

Now friends, pray, will it not be right,
I ask all those who read this page,
If we, to hush these music fiends,
Glue up their mouths with mucilage?



MONOLOGUE PAR PLEB.

C'EST presque temps d'aller au leave,
Ah comme mon pauvre coeur se heave!
J'aime très beaucoup de get away,
Et je n'aime pas ici de stay.

Que j'ai bien fait mon work ce soir!
Je veux aller je don't care where.
Mais j' aime mieux prendre le chemin de fer
Que travel sur la grande blue mer.

Je biff très bien la langue française;
Mais M. Leroux une autre chose says.
Il pense que je ne sais pas rien
Et je him foolerai si je can.

Il y'a un cadet dans notre classe
Qui pense les exams je ne peux pas pass,
Mais je will do the best je can
De frapper 2.5 sur le semi-an.

Naval Academy Chapel Choir.

*

Director.

RAYMOND STONE, '94.

Leader.

S. V. GRAHAM, '94.

First Tenors.

R. C. MOODY, '94,

E. H. DUNN, '95,

S. P. DENNETT, '95,

WORTH BAGLEY, '95,

C. E. GILPIN, '96,

R. H. M. ROBINSON, '96.

Second Tenors.

E. F. ECKHARDT, '95.

W. L. LITTLEFIELD, '96.

First Basses.

H. W. KIMBALL, '96,

A. KAUTZ, '97,

A. W. PRESSEY, '97.

Second Basses.

L. F. JAMES, '94,

W. R. SEXTON, '97.

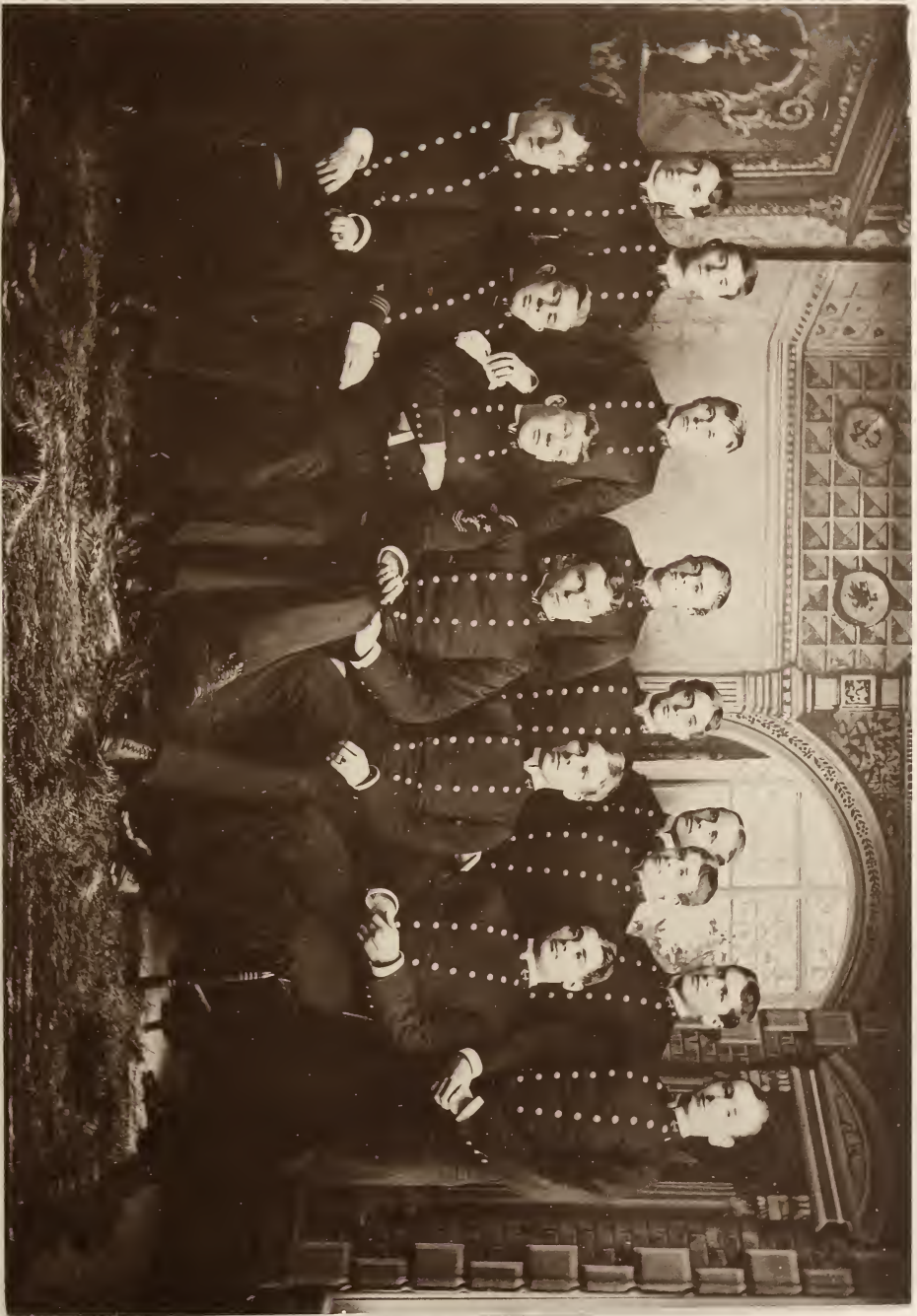
Organist.

R. J. OGLESBY, '97.

Naval Academy Y. M. C. A.

*

R. STONE, '94,	<i>President.</i>
S. F. SMITH, '95,	<i>First Vice-President.</i>
J. H. ROYS, '96,	<i>Second Vice-President.</i>
W. P. ROBERT, '94,	<i>Corresponding Secretary.</i>
T. M. DICK, '95,	<i>Recording Secretary.</i>
W. T. CLUVERIUS, '96.	<i>Librarian.</i>



Lithotype Printing Co., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

U. S. N. A. CHOIR.

AN INCIDENT.

*

I.

NOW listen while I try to tell
A story unto you,
A story that is very good,
Still better for 'tis true.
Upon a balmy autumn eve,
When all cadets did bone,
Above the door in 55
Four number sevens hung.

II.

Now Neige and Reddy meant to catch
A classmate with this plot,
But as no classmate entered there,
The shoes were soon forgot.
At last a gentle step was heard
Upon the Southwest stair,
And then the clanking of a sword,
Soon told us who was there.

III.

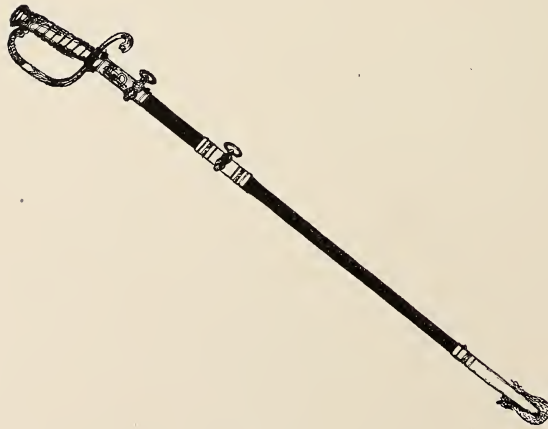
On down the corridor he came,
Before that door he paused,
With eagle eye he saw the shoes,
And stopped to know the cause.
He raised the latch, three shoes came down
Kerthump upon the floor,
And those who heard that gentle thump,
Could scarce suppress a roar.

IV.

Now had he gazed once more aloft,
This tale would ne'er been told;
But one must suffer for his pains,
If he would be so bold.
The shoe hung balanced in mid-air,
And then was seen to drop,
And light on "Dutchy's" cranium,
Right on the baldest spot.

V.

An explanation then sufficed
To set things all to rights;
But on that floor, no other room
Was spied by him that night.
If now a slang-phrase you would learn,
(The latest if you choose)
It runs like this;—"To get it hard
Where Dutchy got the shoes."





Eating Club.

*

W. CHURCHILL, *President.*
 J. M. REEVES, *Vice-President.*

COMMISSARY.

CHURCHILL.

MEMBERS.

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*

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“I take great pleasure in recommending this book to the public.”—

“Colonel” Whitted.

Monologue by Lew Dockstater.

*

“Yes, I have just returned from Baltimore. Awful place, Baltimore. Took my little dog along, of course, and he got away from me. I was chasing him through the station and a policeman ran up and told me to stop. ‘Stop what?’ says I. ‘Stop chasing that dog,’ says he. ‘But it’s my dog,’ says I. ‘Can’t help that,’ says he, ‘you can’t rush the growler in Baltimore.’ That made me so awfully tired that I had to sit down and rest. I made up my mind to come right back to New York, and asked a man what time the five o’clock train left. ‘Leaves right after it starts,’ says he, kind of sassy like. Then I got mad and asked him if he wasn’t the freshest thing out. He reckoned he was, ‘unless it’s that baggage truck you’re a settin’ on; we painted that about ten minutes ago.’ I hope for his widow’s sake that he left some property. I knew it would not do to go back to New York with my trousers in that fix—in fact, they were *barred out* so to speak. So I bought me a pair of hand-me-downs and left my old ones at a French dye-house. The Dyer wasn’t in, but I left instructions for him to give my trousers a Turkish bath, and then dropped into the Stock Exchange, just to kill time. Stocks were tending Bull’ard, and the bulls were as happy as mules in a corn Garner. The distress on the faces of the bears was Paine-ful to behold; so I slipped out into the stilly Knight in search of more tranquil scenes. I went over the Hill beyond the old ceme-Terry, and noticed people going into the church. I supposed it was Chest-er little prayer meeting, so stepped in. I found it was a vesper service where you have to Bow-yer head about half the time, so I said ‘Hawley Moses! let me out of this.’ I wandered down Light Street by the wharves, and the strong See-breers blowing in gave me a sort of itchy feeling around my Adam’s-apple. So I stepped into a drugstore and asked for some cough drops. ‘Why, Coff-man, cough,’ says the druggist, ‘it won’t hurt you.’ I told him it must take lots of persuasion to make any Doctor Bey-er blamed bit of medicine of a man of his views. He finally sold me some pills out of sheer Curtis-ey, and I wended my weigh (2240 lbs. to the Ful-ton) down to the Art Museum. The picture *drawing* the greatest crowd was one of a little lad gathering water cresses—Colvo-cresses I think they called them. Near by were horses At-water, and in the West the sun in Oliver beauty was just setting ’neath the Bleau-vault of the ’Evans. I was surprised to find it already ten o’clock. You never notice how time flies, especially in fly-time, unless you *watch* it.

Next morning I saw a crowd going on board a steamer bound for a grove down the river, where some marines were to have a sham battle with some gunnery cranks. I have a horror of steam and steamers, and I decided to Gow down in a Rae-cing Schell. The scene on the field was horrible. Scores had their hands blown off, and lef' Ingers-oil strewn over the field. An ambulance came up from a Glen-on the left, and the victims were packed into it until it seemed to cry, 'Alas, how Full-am I!' I overheard an Irishman saying, 'It Bates all how them young marines do enjoy a Tilt-on the field.' Saw a man's horse stumble and fall on him, too. Heard a fellow say that this man had been bragging about his horsemanship all the morning, so it seemed rather like a horse on him.

"When I got back to town I met an old friend who had just returned from Bermuda. He nearly talked my arm off. Said Bermuda is an English Department, but the natives do not know much English. Says they're great on discipline, though. When the Ship-ley at anchor an old Aunty came off in a bum-boat, and he said it did beat all to see her gather the Nichols-on board. She sold \$80 worth in the Ag-Craig-ate.

"He went to two or three Garst-ly religious ceremonies (now remember, not Gastly, nor yet Gawstly, but Garstly) which I thought must resemble one that I saw in Fayal. They put a Roper round the necks of the victims and lowered them in Wells and hung them on math trees. They didn't Hurl-but six of them into Eternity by this innocent amusement, though.

"This friend of mine is a math. professor, and is a great traveler. He is going to take a Walker 'round Asia, soon. His knowledge of math. helped him to while away the time on board ship. He borrowed a sextant and took sights. Tilley became quite an expert navigator. He's awfully near sighted, and it got him into a funny scrape. There was an old Blokey aboard whose Harris all falling out, and his cranium is as smooth as a Bartlet pear. The prof. saw him sitting aft, and took an altitude of his head. Thought it was the sun. It wasn't, though, it was the father. The next day when I went after my trousers, I found the Frenchman had completely ruined them. The Knapp of the cloth was entirely rubbed off.

"The prof. and I came back to New York this morning. In the smoker we ran across some Annapolis cadets, who were just going on leave, and were singing a song to the tune of 'Micky Doyle,' which ran about like this, as nearly as I can remember:

'Do yer all know that instructor
Whose name is Robby Doyle?
When I think of him it makes my blood
With indignation boil.
He keeps the savez section 'til
A quarter after four,
Telling them the things he did
When on the "Baltimore?"

Answers to Correspondents.

*

This department will be a permanent feature of the "Lucky Bag." Questions on any subject concerning the Naval Academy cheerfully answered.

Send your inquiries early and avoid the rush. Address—

G. E. GELM, *Secretary*,
Bureau of Universal Information,
Annapolis, Md.

Lock Box 187634.

PROSPECTIVE CANDIDATE—No, cadets are not allowed to carry pianos in their private staterooms on board the "Constellation" during the summer cruise. It is possible that you might find room in your locker for a jews-harp, provided you are not obliged to stow the dress jackets of more than six or eight first-classmen.

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE—No, it is not considered necessary to ask the commandant to "take a nip" when he visits your room, as he is not accustomed to such attentions from fourth-classmen :—nor is it hardly good form to offer the officer in charge a cigar at morning inspection.

BOATING EUTHUSIAST—Yes, the boat crew have very comfortable quarters, at present, we are happy to say. They are allowed nearly one half of a coal shed in which to stow their new boats and the dressing-rooms on the wharf are very roomy and airy.

ARMY—You must have been misinformed,—“None but the Navy play foot-ball!”

INTERESTED MAIDEN—We are sorry to inform you, but we have been told by good authority that full back Carson, of West Point, is engaged—to Miss Kicks.



94^{'5} DEPARTMENT

NINETY-FOUR'S NARRATIVE.

*

ON the shore of the Chesapeake, down by the sea,
Where the waves of the Severn so joyfully spree,
The Naval Academy nestles serene,
Wrapped up in its beautiful mantle of green.

'T was here in the spring-time but four years ago,
We jolly first-class men to school had to go ;
A merry set, we, and this we have proved
By playing the pranks that we always have loved.

'T was down on the Santee, a dark lonesome night,
When the watch of the gun-deck was quite out of sight,
That some one foresaw the first trick that was made,
And many times since has the same trick been played.

When '92 thought to themselves to be true,
And formed their great clique, 'neath the red, white and blue,
To soak us, because we with girls did excel,
They sadly got left, as my story will tell.

A sad silent dinner and not a word spoken,
Has shown to our class that this is a token
Of some unkind soul who his good faith has broken,
With a class which believes that his head is quite oaken.

In the darkness of night, from the depths of our dreams
We were startled by noises resembling wild screams ;
With a rush and a rumble, a roar and a shout,
The quick word came flying for all to turn out.

A fire or murder, what else could it be ?
The wild noises rumbled like cyclones at sea ;
Or was it a dream that the sea had grown wild
And wailed like a mother in search of her child.

'T was only a fire cracker, dropped by a boy,
What an uproar was caused by that innocent toy ;

The boy went away and never came back,
For wonder of wonders he'd fired the whole pack.

Another night brought us distress in our dreams,
But not with loud hisses, or yells, or wild screams ;
It seemed to rain tables and chairs from above,
As emblems of gratitude, tokens of love.

In summer our thoughts seemed so lightly to turn
To the throwing of coal that was made but to burn ;
The air was so full of it no one could see
But when questioned we all said, " Don't say coal to me."

A picnic, a jaunt and a steam launch together,
A dozen gay fellows and very fine weather ;
But many a ducking the stolen fruit cost—
What sweet compensation for cakes that were lost.

The second-class buzzards all wanted to fight,
And scratch out the eyes to revenge any spite ;
When nothing prevented, the buzzards consented
And many lost feathers the buzzards lamented.

If occasion is needed our wisdom to show,
The " Colonel " can tell you the right place to go.
With chemical mixtures we filter them through—
Adjust a barometer and not touch a screw.

In hazing we are an experienced set
And have many unfortunate accidents met ;
But fortune has never forsaken our side
And a compromise succored our joy and our pride.

We're surely adapted to making much fun,
We're the spooniest company under the sun ;
We're savez and handsome and love all the girls
And in dancing we make the most difficult whirls.

In tempest defying the lightning's broad glare,
We'll laugh at all danger, we scoff at all care,
And over the ocean we ever shall roam,
And dance to the music of " Home Sweet Home."

A NIGHT SHIRT PARADE.

*

ONCE upon the Santee sleeping,
“ Dumpy Sawed-off ” watch was keeping,
O'er some bold and youthful middies, bad May plebes of '94.
Suddenly from unknown reason,
At a most untimely season,
Came a yell from every middy, louder than a cannon's roar.
Yell that Dump ne'er heard before.

Quick rose Dumpy from his dreaming,
“ Why ! ” yelled he, “ is all this screaming ?
Why this hideous condemn yelling that has roused me from my snore ?
Are you happy that we leave you ?
Condemn fools, this ought to grieve you ;
We have been your friends this summer, but will be again no more.
No more friends of '94.

“ Pipe down, now, and quit your yelling,
Or there soon will be no quelling
My just wrath and indignation. I'm a terror when I'm sore.”
Vain is Dumpy's interceding,
Plebes won't listen to his pleading,
So he, “ madder than a wet hen,” turns them out upon the floor.
Clad in night shirts, nothing more.

Threats and promises he tells them,
Naught that he does suits or quells them,
So around the deck he marched them, marched them fifty times or more.
Plebes light hearted as a feather,
Tie their night shirt tails together,
As around the deck they canter turning stools and buckets o'er.
While poor Dumpy's looks do lower.

Dumpy now completely routed,
By these plebes sneered at and louted—
Officer in charge he tells them, he will take them to his door.
But the plebes are bolder growing,
“Condemn” shoes at Dump they’re throwing.
So at last in desperation he prepares to march them o’er
In their night shirts, nothing more.

But the plebes think night air chilly,
And this act of Dumpy’s silly,
To their hammocks they return, and the plebes are still once more.
But next day when Dump sad-hearted,
On his summer leave departed,
Plebes weren’t sorry he was leaving, for he looked cast down and sore.
Sorrow suits not ‘94.

WIVES of great men all remind us
We can win good wives in time ;
Let no moments idle find us,
Have a love in every clime.

Let us then be up and spooning
With a heart to win, or die—
When to love the heart’s not turning,
Ninety-four must say good-bye.

SECOND CLASS SUMMER.

*

IT was back in Ninety-two,
When the "Youngster" year was through,
And the other middies went out on the sea,
That we men of Ninety-four—
Lessons hard and "boning" o'er—
Stayed behind, for second class men then were we.

At the hop on Saturday,
We did dance the hours away
With some Fairy in our arms entwined.
Oh, what happy days they were!
Full of spooning and good cheer,
Little thought we of the work we'd left behind.

Frenched, we too, sometimes perhaps—
Water melons after taps,
And swimming parties had we in the bay;
And while out on steam launch drill
We ate, and had coal fights at will,
When we from old "Hungry Joe" had run away.

When the summer's work was done,
We did meet in Washington
For a supper, ere we started on our leave,
And a jolly time we had,
All got gay and none got mad,
Oh, 't was then we had no wish nor cause to grieve.

Second Glass Supper.

*

The Arlington, Washington, D. C.
August 12, 1892.

—
COMMITTEE.

J. T. TOMPKINS, LA..

CLARENCE ENGLAND, ARK ,

E. L. BENNETT, MASS.,

RIDLEY MCLEAN, TENN.,

RANDOLPH RIDGELY, JR., GA.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Opening remarks by the Toastmaster.....E. L. BENNETT, Mass.
2. The Class of '94.....J. T. TOMPKINS, Louisiana.
3. "Skinny".....C. W. GRIFFITH, Maryland.
4. Second Class Summer.....L. BURTON JONES, New York.
5. The United States NavyM. J. SHAW, Minnesota.
6. "Blokeys".....A. T. HULL, Virginia.
7. The Girls of '94.....R. RIDGELY, JR., Georgia.
8. The Flag.....M. K. JOHNSON, Ohio.
9. The Spooney Men of '94.....H. I. Cone, Florida.
10. La Section du Bois.....J. R. BERRYMAN, Ohio.
11. Home, Sweet Home.....T. G. ROBERTS, Alabama.



OUR FIRST CLASS YEAR.

*

AFTER three long years of boning,
Math., and Steam, and Skinny, conning,
We at last have gained our freedom ;
For the first-class year of glory,
Justly famed in song and story,
Now in truth has dawned upon us :
With it comes respite from labor ;
Drills are nothing, lessons easy,
(And if not, there're few so "greasy"
As to "bone" them,) so we're happy.
Ninety-four loves ease and pleasure,
Loves to dance to gentle measure,
Loves her noble foot-ball players,
Loves her fame at story-telling,
Loves to spoon on lovely maidens,
Loves her fun and loves her leisure.
But two horrid fiends remind us
Of the toil we've left behind us ;
So our joy will be completed
When, the first term safely over,
We can bury "Math." and "Skinny."
Horrid fiends who've long provoked us,
Tried in every way to "bilge" us,
Why should they still hover round us ?
Why with problems hard confound us ?
Let us then be up and on them,
Take revenge for what they've done us,
Draw out daggers like fanatics,
Skinny kill and Mathematics :

Murder first, and then inter them,
Dare not to bury them alive,
For they'll by least squares contrive
In our work to pick some error.
Make it, then, complete and final,
With the pomp that does become them,
Dethroned chiefs of by-gone years.
We will throw them in the ocean
In a goods-box for a casket ;
There they'll sink straight to the bottom,
For the denseness of the authors
Of "Dynamo-Electric Motors,"
Of Least Squares, and of Mechanics,
Equals that of platinum.
Then, this ceremony over,
Happy we shall be together,
All our days so full of leisure,
Of the dance, and other pleasures
Which it's needless here to mention.
For they're known by all who know us,
Those who hate, and those who love us.
So we merely say in ending,
As our sojourn here is closing,
Many friends,—we hate to leave you,
But let not our parting grieve you,
For we hope again to meet you,
As the years roll on and o'er us.

A SONG OF NINETY-FOUR.

*

(AIR—" *How Murphy broke his pledge.*")

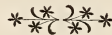
OLD Ninety-four's a savez class,
They're full of brains, and grit, and brass,
These middies of the class of '94.
In Math. and Skinny they do all excel,
In Steam and Gunnery too they do quite well,
But spooning's where they take the lead,
In winning smiles they all succeed,
These spooners of the Class of '94.
So listen and I'll name to you
Of all its spooners just a few
Who do uphold the glory of our class.
Some spoon on foot-ball, some on cards and wine,
Some on the Greaser Corps, some on the Line,
But all on damsels dark or fair,
With deep blue eyes and golden hair,
These gay and gallant spooners of our class.
McKinnick, he's a spooney man,
He spoons on smoking, though he can
Not puff so free as others in our class.
He went out in town to see his girl one day,
His dear girl's father asked him if he'd stay
And with him take a puff or two,
McKinnick said he'd *luff-her* to,
This bold and daring spooner of our class.
The old man brought some "two-fers" out,
McKinnick bit from one about
A half an inch or so to make it burn ;
And to conceal his ignorance from her pa
Of how to light and smoke a good cigar,
Kept in his mouth the part he'd bit
And (sad mishap) he swallowed it,
And deathly pale he soon began to turn.

So McKinnick said he'd have to go
 To see a man he used to know,
 And on the way it was our "Bull" he met.
 Now "Bull" he is a spooner rash and bold,
 His cry is "Kiss me, won't you?" so I'm told,
 But spooning on him trouble brought,
 He frenched to spoon, and so got caught,
 And now he wouldn't french for any man.

 And we have got a "Chicken," too,
 Spoon on his candy? Yes, we do.
 He sent five pounds of Huyler's back to us;
 Or rather, when embarked upon the cruise,
 Lest some bold greaser should put on his shoes,
 He sent the candy to his sweet,
 Thinking she would like the treat,
 But all the "Greaser Corps" helped eat the muss.

 Old "Henri" too, is spooney, quite,
 His spooning got him in a plight,
 And sad indeed the fate which he did meet;
 He took his best girl out to ride one day,
 The horse began to buck upon the way,
 He tried to teach his horse some sense,
 And noticed not a barbed wire fence,
 But on that fence left half his trouser's seat.

 Spooney and Bobby have a case,
 Between them there's a steady race,
 And hard it is to tell which one will score.
 Within a hammock they did sit all three,
 Her head in Spooney's lap, so Bobby, he
 In greatest haste did grab her hand,
 He won't be beat by any man,
 Unless he monkeys with the "Greaser Corps."



Museum of Natural History.

*

The following specimens have been recently added to the already valuable collection :

X 2208. P—ST BABOON.

This is the most remarkable specimen of the Baboon family now in existence. It is supposed to be the last of this distinct species, as no others just like it have ever been seen. It stands five feet, six inches on one side, and five feet nine, on the other. Its intelligence is really remarkable—eats from a plate with knife and fork, and has learned to dance on two feet, similar to human beings.

E 464. C—X.

A reptile native to Long Island. Very rare, length about nine feet; greatest girth $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Sheds its skin (in a bath-room) annually. It is often found basking in the sun in the vicinity of Nantucket, during the month of September. The genus seems very docile, and kind treatment develops them into faithful pets.

K 4427. WE—TER.

A remarkably fine specimen of the nearly-extinct *Porcus Extraordinarius*. Is in a fine healthy condition. Has great horror of fresh water. Very dangerous when full of Pabst's XXX, but at all other times is mild, docile and gentle. Weight 900 lbs. *

M 2631. G. L. P. S—N—E.

Wild man of Borneo. Very savage. Talks a great deal, mostly through his hat. Has great fondness for fire water, common to all savages. (Please do not poke with sticks.)

* The society will be pleased to receive offers for the purchase of this specimen, as its enormous appetite proves exhaustive to the funds of the society.



Glass Roll.

*

“A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather ;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.”—O'Keefe.

ADAMS, LAURENCE STOWELL Washington, D. C.

“*A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day.*”—Shakespeare.

Line. Two striper.

ANDREWS, CLAUDE NORTON Audubon, Iowa.

Physically disqualified plebe year.

BABIN, PROVOOST Brooklyn, N. Y.

“*Effstones they heard a most melodious sound.*”—Shakespeare.

Line. Buzzard.

BAKER, HENRY THOMAS Jamestown, N. Y.

“*Such men are dangerous.*”—Julius Cæsar.

Engineer. Hop Com., second class summer Hop Com., '92-3. June Ball Com.

BALDWIN, MURRAY San Francisco, Cal.

Resigned plebe year. At present in U. S. Army.

BATTS, EDWARD LEE Bastrop, Texas.

Resigned plebe year. At present at the University of Texas.

BENNETT, ERNEST LINWOOD Lowell, Mass.

“*I am not in the roll of common men.*”—Shakespeare.

Line. Hop Com., second class summer. June Ball Com. Class supper Com. President of U. S. N. A. Athletic Association. Asst. Ed. of “Lucky Bag.” Class base-ball nine. Toast master at class supper. Buzzard.

- BERRYMAN, JOHN RUSSELL.....Lima, Ohio.
*"An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
 As useless if it goes as if it stands."*—Cowper.
 Toast at class supper. Resigned second class year.
- BIVINS, ROBERT FRANCIS.....Washington, D. C.
 Resigned plebe year. At present in Washington.
- BLANDY, EDWIN CHAUNCEY.....Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.
 Resigned plebe year. Entered '95. Sick leave and went back to '96.
- BOOKWALTER, CHARLES SUMNER.....Danville, Illinois.
*"My only books
 Were woman's looks
 And folly's all they've taught me."*—Moore.
 Line. N. A. Championship foot-ball teams 1892, and 1893. N. A. crew.
 Class foot-ball team. Class base-ball nine. Presented with sword by A. A.
 A., for best foot-ball player 1892. One striper.
- BULMER, ROSCOE CARLYLE.....Virginia City, Nevada.
"He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament, to society."—Lamb.
 Line. Buzzard.
- CHAPPELL, RALPH HUBERT.....Morenci, Mich.
*"I have no other but a woman's reason;
 I think him so, because I think him so."*—Shakespeare.
 Engineer. Two striper.
- CHESTER, ARTHUR TREMAINE.....Washington, D. C.
"Which not even critics criticise."—Cowper.
 Dropped to '95 on account of sickness.
- CHURCHILL, WINSTON.....St. Louis, Mo.
"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."—Young.
 Captain N. A. Crew Class Color Com. Three striper.
- CONE, HUTCH INGHAM.....Lake City, Florida.
*"Sublime Tobacco! which from East to West,
 Cheers the tar's labor, or the Turkman's rest."*—Byron.
 Engineer. Vice-president of the class. Received at June Ball. Hop
 Com. '93-4.

- COOPER, IGNATIUS TAYLOR.....Camden, Del.
*"Nose, nose, nose, nose,
 And who gave thee that jolly red nose?"*—Ravenscroft's Deuteromela.
 Engineer.
- COX, DANIEL HARGATE.....Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y.
*"He was the mildest mannered man
 That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."*—Byron.
 Line. June Ball Com. Hop Com. '93-4. Class Ring Com. Manager
 N. A. base-ball team. Silver medal for small arm target practice. Three
 striper.
- CRAVEN, THOMAS TINGEY.....Yonkers, N. Y.
 Resigned plebe year. At present in '96.
- CROSBY, BENJAMIN GRATZ.....Washington, D. C.
 Resigned second class year. In business in Newark, N. J.
- DAILEY, HARRY LOGAN.....Paris, Texas.
 Dismissed plebe year.
- DE JARNETTE, JAMES DANIEL COLEMAN.....Bowling Green, Va.
"None but himself can be his parallel."—Theobald.
 Resigned plebe year. Entered '95. Resigned from '95. At present in
 Central America.
- DE KAY, ECKFORD CRAVEN.....New York City, N. Y.
 Resigned plebe year. At present at Lehigh University.
- DE LANY, EDWIN HAYDEN.....Cleveland, Tenn.
"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."—Sheridan.
 Engineer.
- EMERY, ARTHUR BALLARD.....Concord, New Hampshire.
 Sick leave plebe year, and went back to '95. Resigned from '95.
- ENGLAND, CLARENCE.....Little Rock, Arkansas.
*"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves."*—Thompson.
 Line. June Ball Com. Class base-ball nine. Class foot-ball team.
 Class Supper Com. Led german second class summer. Led german first
 class year. Buzzard.

- FULLINWIDER, SIMON PETER.....Kansas City, Mo.
*"O! Amos Cattle! Phæbus!
 What a name!"*—Byron.
 Line. Class Ring Com. Ed-in-Chief of "Lucky Bag." Two striper.
- GALBRAITH, GILBERT SMITH.....Warren, Pa.
"He thinks too much."—Julius Cæsar.
 Line. One striper.
- GELM, GEORGE EARL.....Jamestown, N. Y.
*"Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait."*—Longfellow.
 Line. N. A. record for putting the shot. N. A. foot-ball team. Class foot-ball team. One striper.
- GILLIS, IRVIN VAN GORDER.....Binghamton, N. Y.
"When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one."—Pope.
 Line. Class base-ball nine. Three striper.
- GRAHAM, STEPHEN VICTOR.....Cassopolis, Mich.
"On their own merits modest men are dumb."—Colman.
 Line. Seven medals of A. A. A. tournaments. N. A. records for 220 yards, and 440 yards. Chief Buzzard. Leader of N. A. Choir.
- GREER, GEORGE TATE.....Rocky Mount, Va.
 Resigned plebe year. In business at Roanoke, Va.
- GRIFFITH, CLAUDE WILLIS.....Baltimore, Md.
*"The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope."*—Shakespeare.
 Resigned second class year. Bronze medal for small arm target practice. Toast at class supper. In business in N. Y.
- HINDS, ALFRED WALTON.....New Hope, Alabama.
*"A merrier man * * * I never spent an hour's talk withal."*—Shakespeare.
 Engineer. Asst. Ed. of "Lucky Bag." June Ball Com.
- HOUK, HERMAN WHITELAW.....Hutchinson, Kansas.
 Resigned plebe year. Entered '95. Resigned from '95.

- HUDGINS, JOHN MELTON..... Palmyra, Va.
"He's tough, ma'am, tough as ——. Tough and devilish sly."—Dickens.
 Engineer. Class foot-ball team.
- HULL, ALEXANDER THOMAS.....Marion, Va.
"A bold bad man."—Spenser.
 Toast at class supper. Dismissed second class year.
- IZARD, WALTER BLAKE.....Georgetown, S. C.
 Resigned plebe year. Entered '95. N. A. championship foot-ball team.
 Capt. N. A. base-ball nine. '95 class foot-ball team. '95 class base-ball nine.
 World's record for 50 yards swimming. Medals for long punt and throwing
 base-ball.
- JAMES, LELAND FRIERSON.....Florence, S. C.
*"For most men (till by losing, rendered sager),
 Will back their own opinions by a wager."*—Byron.
 Engineer. Class foot-ball team. N. A. Choir.
- JOHNSON, MOULTON KINSINGER.....Cincinnati, Ohio.
 N. A. championship foot-ball team. N. A. base-ball nine. Class base-
 ball nine. Toast at class supper. Captain N. A. foot-ball team '93-4.
 Resigned June, 1893. June Ball Com.
- JONES, LEWIS BENSON.....Ogdensburg, N. Y.
*"Days of absence sad, be dreary,
 Clothed in sorrow's dark array,
 Days of absence, I am weary,
 She I love is far away."*—Rosseau.
 Entered class youngster year from '93. Resigned June, 1893.
- JONES, LEWIS BURTON.....Utica, New York.
"He hath eaten me out of house and home."—Shakespeare.
 Line. Toast at class supper.
- KAVANAGH, ARTHUR GLYNN.....Tecumseh, Nebraska.
"An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance."—Sheridan.
 Line. N. A. championship foot-ball teams 1892 and 1893. Presented with
 sword by A. A. A. for best foot-ball player 1893. Class foot-ball team. Cap-
 tain N. A. foot-ball team 1893. Buzzard.

- KRESS, FREDERICK CHARLES.....Johnstown, Pa.
Resigned plebe year.
- LA BACH, PAUL MAYER.....Knoxville, Tennessee.
“*A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.*”—Pope.
Resigned second class year.
- LANE, CHARLES ARTHUR.....Papinsville, Mo.
N. A. foot-ball team. Resigned second class year.
- LUBY, JOHN McCLANE.....San Diego, Texas.
“*Let those love now, who never loved before.*”—Parnell.
Line. One striper.
- LYON, FRANK.....Eddyville, Kentucky.
“*A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.*”—Shakespeare.
Engineer. June Ball Com. Class foot-ball team.
- MANION, WALTER JAMES.....New Orleans, La.
“*Sweet bird that shunnest the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy.*”—Milton.
Line. Buzzard.
- MANN, GEORGE HIRAM.....Post Huron, Mich.
“*By this leek, I will most horribly revenge;
I eat and eat, I swear.*”—Shakespeare.
Dropped back to '95 on account of sickness.
- MCAVOY, BALLARD BROWNLEE.....Trenton, N. J.
Resigned plebe year.
- MCCORMACK, MICHAEL JAMES.....Lake Linden, Mich.
“*Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither.*”—Shakespeare.
Resigned plebe year. Entered '95. N. A. Championship foot-ball team.
N. A. base-ball nine. '95 class base-ball nine. N. A. record for running
bases. Captain of N. A. foot-ball team 1894. Manager Field and Track
Athletics.
- MCLEAN, RIDLEY.....Murfreesboro, Tenn.
“*Whistled as he went for want of thought.*”—Dryden.
Line. June Ball Com. Class Ring Com. Class Supper Com. Treas-
urer and Secretary of the class. Manager N. A. foot-ball team. Asst. Ed.
of “Lucky Bag.” Buzzard.

McMORRIS, BOLING KAVANAUGH Wetumpka, Alabama.

*"A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp looking wretch,—
A living dead man."*—Shakespeare.

Engineer.

McNEELY, ROBERT WHITEHEAD Salisbury, N. C.

"Who thinks too little, and who talks too much."—Dryden.

Line. Buzzard.

MOODY, ROSCOE CHARLES Biddeford, Maine.

"An oyster may be crossed in love."—Sheridan.

Engineer. N. A. championship foot-ball team '93. Class foot-ball team.
Class base-ball nine. Naval Academy Choir.

OSBORN, ROBERT HATFIELD Albion, N. Y.

"A dinner lubricates business."—Lord Stowell.

Line. Buzzard.

PERKINS, FREDERICK KING Oakland, Cal.

*"In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a
hand to execute."*—Gibbon.

Dismissed second class year.

REEVES, JOSEPH MASON Tampico, Illinois.

*"O the roast beef of old England,
And O the old English roast beef!"*—Fielding.

Engineer. N. A. championship foot-ball teams, 1892 and 1893. N. A.
Crew. Captain class foot-ball team.

RIDGELY, RANDOLPH, JR. Augusta, Georgia.

"This is the Jew that Shakespeare drew."—Pope.

Hop Com. second class summer. June Ball Com. Class Supper Com.
Capt. N. A. base-ball nine. Capt. class base-ball nine. Class Ring Com.
Toast at class supper. Resigned June, 1893.

ROBERT, WILLIAM PIERRE Centreville, Miss.

"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."—Shakespeare.

Line. Class Color Com. Hop Com. 1893-94. Four striper.

- ROBERTS, THOMAS GAINES.....Anniston, Ala.
"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."—Shakespeare.
 Line. June Ball Com. Toast at class supper. Gold medal for small arm target practice. Medal at N. A. A. tournament. Three striper. Author of Demorest's \$100 prize essay on Naval Academy.
- RYAN, GEORGE WHITEHOUSE.....Boston, Mass.
 Resigned June, 1893.
- SANDOZ, FRITZ LOUIS.....Opelousas, La
"Where ignorance is bliss 't is folly to be wise."—Gray.
 Line. Buzzard.
- SCOTT, WILLIAM PITT.....Easton, Pa.
*"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
 I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung."*—Amelia.
 Line. Hop Com. second class summer. June Ball Com. Class Color Com. Asst. Ed. of "Lucky Bag." Led german second class summer. Class foot-ball team. Buzzard.
- SELLERS, DAVID FOOTE.....Sante Fe, New Mexico.
"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground."—
 Shakespeare.
 Line. Manager N. A. Crew. Two striper.
- SHAW, MELVILLE JONES.....Minneapolis, Minn.
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."—Byron.
 Line. Toast at class supper.
- SNOW, CARLTON FARWELL.....Rockland, Maine.
"O wearisome condition of humanity."—Shakespeare.
 Line. Two striper.
- SPEAR, ROSCOE.....Norristown, Pa.
"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"—Shakespeare.
 Line. N. A. base-ball nine. '94 Class base-ball nine. Class foot-ball team.
- STONE, GEORGE LORING PORTER.....Washington, D. C.
"Black as Cyclops from the forge."
 Line. Buzzard.

- STONE, RAYMOND.....Mobile, Alabama.
"Of two evils I have chose the leest."—Prior.
 Line. Pres. Y. M. C. A. N. A. base-ball nine. Class base-ball nine.
 Three striper. Director N. A. choir.
- TALCOTT, ARTHUR JEWELL.....Woonsocket, Rhode Island.
 Resigned plebe year.
- TOLFREE, HERBERT MYRON.....Buffalo, New York.
 Resigned plebe year.
- TOMPKINS, JOHN THOMAS.....Minden, La.
*"That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."*—Shakespeare.
 Line. Hop. Com. '91-2, '92-3, '93-4. Chairman June Ball Com. Class
 Supper Com. Class Ring Com. President of Class of '94. Toast at Class
 Supper. Buzzard.
- TOWNE, ARTHUR ELISHA.....North Dakota.
 Resigned plebe year.
- TURPIN, WALTER STEVENS.....Centreville, Md.
"Has a lean and hungry look."—Shakespeare.
 Line. Class base-ball nine. Buzzard.
- WALKER, HENRY MALLORY.....Ahnapee, Wisconsin.
*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head held all the gas he blew."*—Anon.
 Resigned second class year.
- WATSON, EDWARD HOWE.....Frankfort, Kentucky.
"Then he will talk—good gods how he will talk!"—Lee.
 Resigned plebe year. Entered '95.
- WEBSTER, CHARLES.....Stockbridge, Mass.
"Like two single gentlemen rolled into one."—Colwar.
 Line. N. A. foot-ball team. Class foot-ball team. Class base-ball
 nine. Three striper.

WHITTED, WILLIAM SCOTT.....Reidsville, N. C.

"See the conquering hero comes."—Lee.

Line. Buzzard.

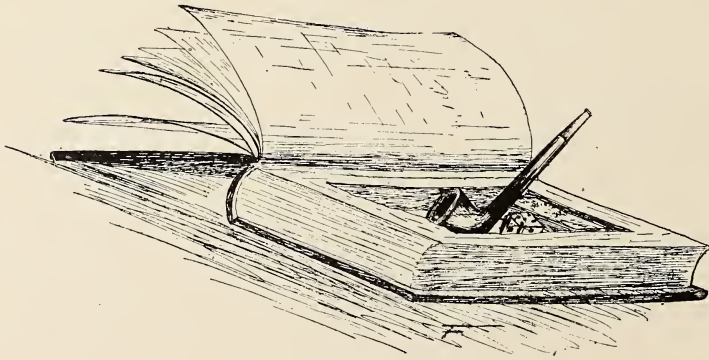
WINN, PHILIP BIRD.....Maysville, Kentucky.

Resigned youngster year. At present Commandant of Cadets, Davis School, Winston, N. C.

WINSHIP, EMORY.....Macon, Georgia.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—Keats.

Engineer. Hop Com. '91-2, '92-3, '93-4, Second Class Summer, and June Ball. Former treasurer of N. A. A. A. Led german, second class summer.





A Bilger of '94
Here lie the remains of
a Naval Cadet in the U.S.

Navy

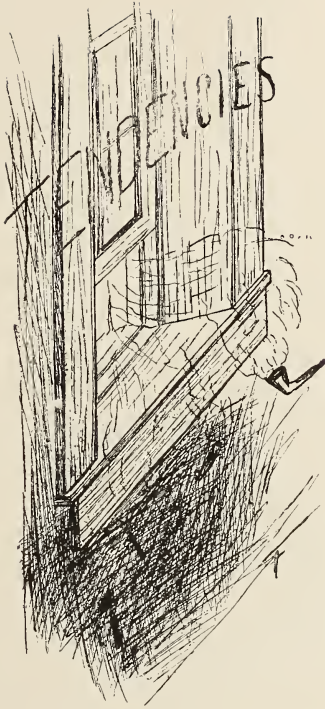
After a valiant struggle
with a semi-annual exam,
from the effects of which he
never recovered, he depart-
ed this life, on the 13th day
of February in the year
of our Lord 1893

Erected in loving memory

by
THE ACADEMIC BOARD.

Let his soul R.I.P.

NAME.	AGE AT GRADUATION.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	POLITICS.	ALIASES.	SPARE TIME SPENT IN	DISONS SANITARY	IDEA OF PERFECTION.	WOULD LIKE TO BE WHEN HE GRADUATES.	FAVORITE DRINK.
Adams.	19-3	5-07	138	Rep.	Madame.	Greasing.	15	Three strippers.	Captain.	Beer.
Babin.	21-9	6-00	158	Rep.	Boozy.	Taking gun-deck sights.	..	A front room.	An Apollo.	Gin.
Baker.	20-0	5-69	146	Rep.	Henri.	Learning to dance.	..	Nothing.	Gentleman.	Ginger Ale.
Beauregard.	22-6	5-10	155	Prob.	Chuck.	Beating fishwife.	..	Cape Cod.	Actor.	Maitlattr.
Bookwalter.	20-7	5-07	150	Rep.	Book.	Telling how we beat West Point.	16	U. S. N. A. Football.	Bar tender.	Oatmeal Water.
Bubner.	19-6	5-69	138	Rep.	Duck.	Admiring "Book."	..	[Team.]	Lawyer.	Gin Fizz.
Chappell.	22-10	6-00	155	Rep.	Rats.	Telling why he knows it's so.	..	Morenel.	Midshipman.	Soda Water.
Churchill.	22-7	5-11	173	Rep.	Spoony.	Exercising his crew.	..	His crew.	Burglar.	Milk Shake.
Cone.	23-1	6-00	160	Dem.	Reddy.	Getting into scrapes.	..	"Straight Cut."	..	[Doesn't drink].
Cooper.	23-0	5-11	150	Dem.	Nosy.	Getting fat.	..	Rot gut.	P. A. Surgeon.	Ammonia.
Cox.	23-2	6-02	160	Dem.	Jiminy.	Growing.	..	Two-five.	Naval Construct-	Don't care.
DeLany.	23-3	5-10	160	Dem.	Zip.	Fighting.	..	Corbett.	Pugilist.	Kerosene.
England.	21-10	5-08	140	Dem.	Britannia.	Writing exams.	..	Dr. Beyer.	Book Agent.	Hot water.
Fullenwider.	22-9	5-10	170	Rep.	Smily.	Playing cards.	..	Any thing.	Farmer.	Brandy.
Gabarrath.	22-1	5-09	140	Rep.	L. Abbe.	Thinking of his shape.	..	Ensign.	Book Agent.	Hot water.
Galm.	23-6	5-07	181	Rep.	Lad.	Reading newspapers.	..	Admiral.	Ensign.	Mint Julep.
Gills.	19-5	5-07	125	Dem.	Spint.	Sleeping.	Admiral.	Weak Milk.
Graham.	20-3	5-08	150	Dem.	Burry.	Waking out early.	..	Ike.	..	Sarsaparilla.
Hinds.	20-3	5-07	150	Dem.	Polly.	Hunting Mac.	21	10 seconds.	Tragedian.	Castor Oil.
Hudgins.	22-10	5-10	150	Dem.	Johnny.	Neglect of duty.	..	Judge.	Horse Thief.	Champagne.
Jones.	21-0	5-11	155	Dem.	Johnny.	Truthfulness.	..	Love Lane.	Speculator.	Yellow Label.
Kavanaugh.	21-6	5-07	145	Dem.	Burton.	Horse-back riding.	..	Bas.	Merchant.	Bay Rum.
Lady.	22-5	5-11	193	Rep.	Kathy.	Outsizing on the Sautree.	..	P. A. Enghmeet.	P. A. Enghmeet.	Soda Pop.
Luby.	20-1	5-06	135	Rep.	Keby.	Walking of Texas.	125	Sautee.	Any thing.	Coffee.
McLean.	20-1	5-08	158	Dem.	Mitsu.	Looking foolish.	..	Big Jag.	..	Madeira.
Manion.	21-6	5-08	145	Dem.	Mike.	Spinning.	..	Tommy's savvy.	..	Whiskey.
McMorris.	22-3	5-07	135	Dem.	McKinnick.	Getting jagged.	Tea.
McNeely.	20-8	5-08	148	Dem.	Irish.	Playing off dead.	162	Keely's Cure.
Moody.	21-3	5-10	170	Rep.	Modoc.	Doing nothing.	Run and Quinine
Osborn.	20-6	6-00	160	Rep.	Son.	Reading "Truth."	Ychly
Reeves.	21-6	5-11	176	Rep.	Bull.	Picking a scrap.	Root Beer.
Roberts.	20-10	5-07	148	Dem.	Bobby.	Goin'.	Has none.
Roberts.	23-9	5-08	148	Dem.	Puck.	Singing.	Chocolate.
Sandoz.	22-9	5-10	155	Dem.	Beaky.	Writing excuses.	Loggite
Sellers.	20-11	5-06	142	Dem.	Sheep.	Rushing over lee rail.	Cologne
Shaw.	20-4	5-10	140	Dem.	Shave.	Trying to look pretty.
Snow.	20-3	5-09	133	Rep.	Neige.	Taking fencing.
Spear.	22-5	5-08	144	Rep.	Horse.	Sleeping off a jag.
Stone, G.	18-9	5-10	137	Rep.	Rastus, Nigger.	Trying to look like a white man.
Stone, R.	20-11	5-07	148	Dem.	Roxy.	Fooling the officer in charge.
Tompkins.	23-7	5-11	165	Dem.	Tommy.	Wire pulling.
Turpin.	19-8	5-08	135	Dem.	Senator.	Falling in love.
Webster.	20-6	5-09	174	Dem.	Dan.	Getting "sat."
Whitfield.	22-3	5-07	150	Dem.	Colonel.	Walking bow-legged.
Whitship.	22-3	5-09	157	Dem.	Pishney.		16	Hoke Smith.	Commodore.	Apollinaris.



TENDENCIES.

*

COMING from the tower
On an earnest search,
For a place to smoke in,
On return from church,
We see Brit and Reddy
To their room return,
And up near by the window
A match they quickly burn.

Back into their boudoir
Match-smoke rudely came,
"No tendency on this side,
Other side the same,
Not a place in Quarters,
We can take a smoke."
Brit's face smiling wrinkled
As Reddy loudly spoke.

Some one then suggested,
"Close the transom, quick,
They will never catch us,
In our little trick."
Up spoke Brit and Reddy,
Adepts in the art,
"Always find a tendency,
Before you take a start."

While they were conversing,
In rushed Jimmy James,
“These foul winds sha’n’t stop us,
I’ve found one all the same.”
Then upon the stairway,
One and all do go,
Cigarettes are lighted,
Smoke in ringlets flows.

Out of the small window
All the smoke is blown,
Tendency is outward,
This was clearly shown.
For throughout inspection,
They had smoked in state—
Said Reddy to Britannia,
“Sure, tendencies are great.”





Skinney Tree

Grinds.

*

INSTRUCTOR. "Mr. Griffith, what are some of the characteristics of sulphur?"

GRIFFITH. "Well, sulphur is a blue liquid, and ——— ——— —."

BENNETT (*experimenting with H I O₃*). "Mr. Sanger, I can't get this idiotic acid to work."

INSTRUCTOR (*in Seamanship*). "Mr. Jones, what would you do if you were in a small boat in a gale broadside to the waves?"

JONES. "Unlace my shoes, and trust to Providence."

DE LANY (*marching to examination*). "Polly, how is armor put on?"

HINDS. "Nailed on."

SPEAR. "Knocked down to pretty girl. What do?"

BOOKWALTER. "Luff her."

INSTRUCTOR. "Mr. Berryman, what are some of the effects of chlorine?"

BERRYMAN. "If inhaled, causes death in a concentrated form, sir."

INSTRUCTOR. "Mr. Hinds, is that you singing?"

HUDGINS. "I think it's the steam heater, sir."

LYON (*to Miss J. at the hop*). "Who is that old fellow cutting the 'Highland fling?' He would be worth a fortune to an organ grinder."

MISS J. "That is my father, Mr. Lyon."

BENNETT (*who had put his shoes over the door, to fall on his room-mate's head, but had absent-mindedly walked into his own trap*). "I can lick the man that did that."

ADAMS. "Say, Jimmie, what's the tangent of 45 degrees Centigrade?"

WINSHIP. "Pull the string, Modoc, and wake 'em up."

MOODY pulled the string, and now he vows that the next time he goes to wake up his girl for an early morning game of tennis, he will wear rain clothes and carry an umbrella.

WINSHIP (*after having attempted to filter a solution through a filter paper in which he had first punched a hole*). "Professor, I can't see how this is going to keep out the precipitate."

HOUK (*after putting several hours on log tables*). "Say De Jarnette, how many of these logs have we got to learn for to-morrow?"

PROF. F. "Mr. Griffith, why is the middle ages called the germinating season?"

GRIFFITH (*after several moments of deep thought*). "Oh, yes I know, because the Germans played the most important part in that time."

Right half in the game with Pennsylvania, to Pennsylvania full-back: "Whuffer you hol' up yo' han', you big buffalo! You hit me right in de nose."

BOOKWALTER (*on Constellation*). "Passaree the forecastle."

WHITTED (*on the cruise*). "Bosun's-mate, swipe-peepers; belay that, I meant peep swipers."

CAPTAIN. "Mr. Whitted, you mean pipe sweepers."

ROBERT (*to Sandoz who was reading the vernier on the barometer*). "Don't touch that screw. You've played it now!"

LAD (*to Instructor*). Will you be so kind as to give me the log. tan. of $56^{\circ} 25'$ —It has escaped my memory.

INSTRUCTOR. You had better look it up in the tables, Mr. Gelm, I have forgotten it also.

"Doggy" drew the logarithmic curve of $y = \&c.$





IN MEMORIAM.

*

Erected by the Class of '94 to the memory of Aleck—Tricity Skinney, and William Goat Math, who shuffled off this Rhumkorff's coil in a moment of inertia, during the last semi-ann. exams.

Seized with a severe Paine while taking a Knapp one Knight, and realizing that they were about to go over the Hill into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, they sent for us, made their death bed confessions, and then kicked the Faraday's ice pail. Though they were often ob-Knox-ious, our animosity was appeased by their Frank K-onfessions; so we placed the residuals in coffins of Wood from the math. tree, and buried them in the Smallest Squares of the basement ceme-Terry.

Earth unto earth, dust unto dust, ashes unto ashes, math unto mud—thus saith the Class of '94.





SHE. Who are the five cadets on the running track ?

HE. Oh, they are the editors of the "Lucky Bag," training. The book is coming out in a week or two.

W. S. Moor Academy.

Report of Delinquencies Jan 29, 1894

HOUR.	NAME.	CLASS.	DELINQUENCY.	REMARKS.
				<p>After moving careful vigilance in the performance of our duty, the foregoing were the only words, grinds, "I dream," etc. that have come to our notice.</p>

Respectfully,

The Board of Editors
Class of '94.

To the Public

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THOMAS FELL, Ph. D.

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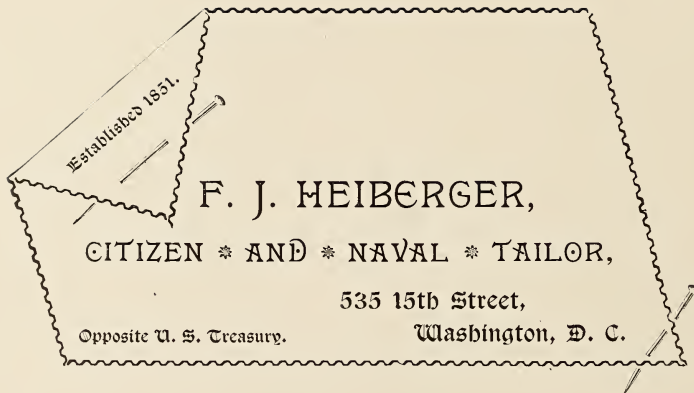
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Class of '84, U. S. N. A.




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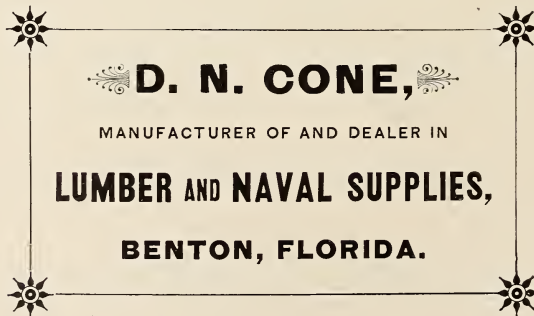
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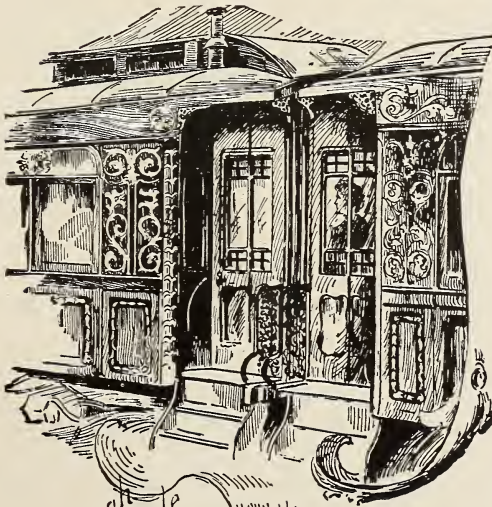
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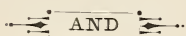
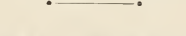
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