



**The Lucky Bag**

VOLUME XVI

Class of 1909



# THE LUCKY BAG



THE ANNUAL<sup>OF</sup> THE BRIGADE  
OF MIDSHIPMEN

VOL XVI

EDITED BY  
THE CLASS OF 1909 UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

This book  
was presented by

Comdr. B. Hall Hanlon, U.S.N

July 18, 1950

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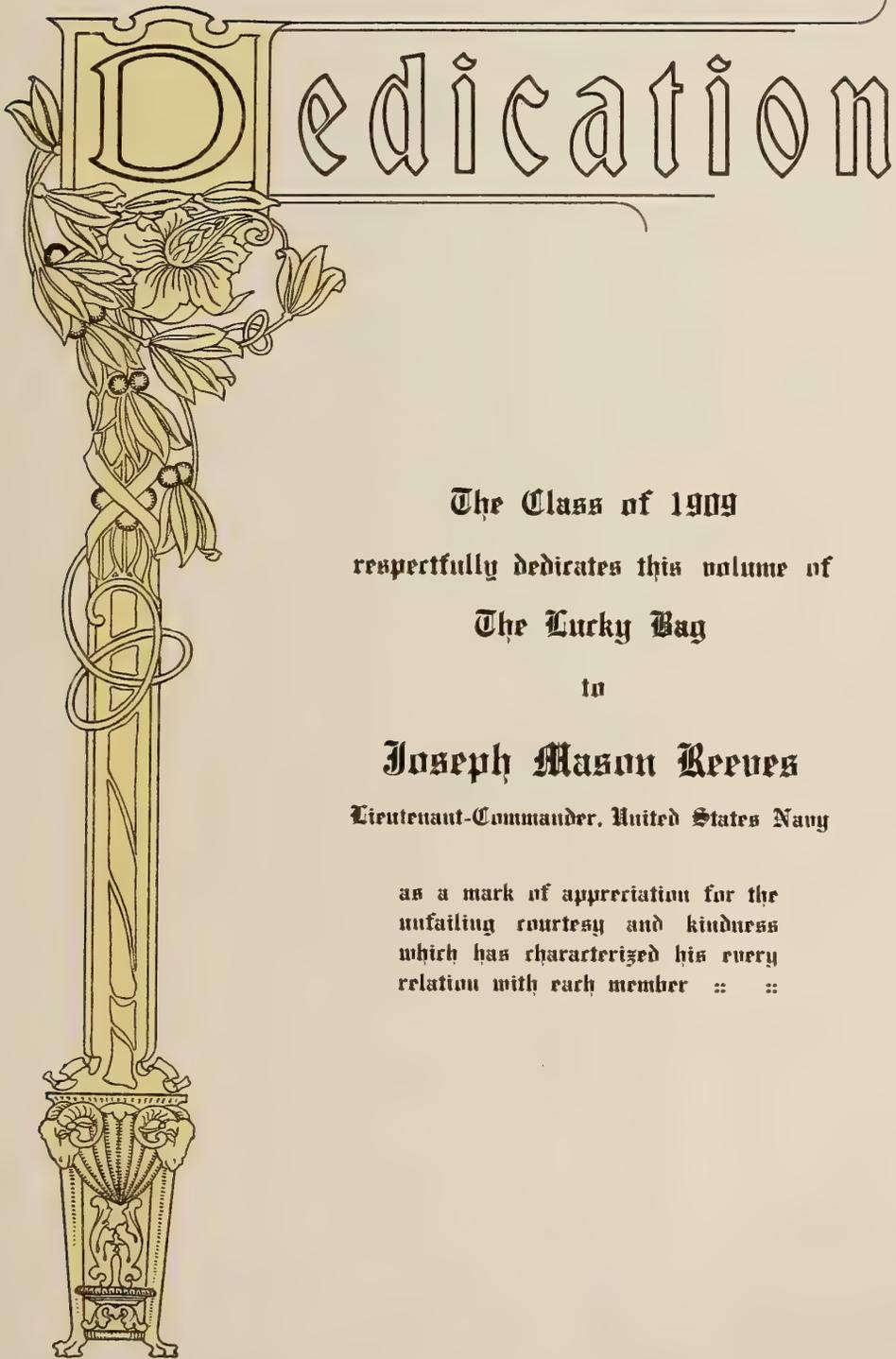
PHILADELPHIA

1909





JOSEPH MASON REEVES  
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER UNITED STATES NAVY

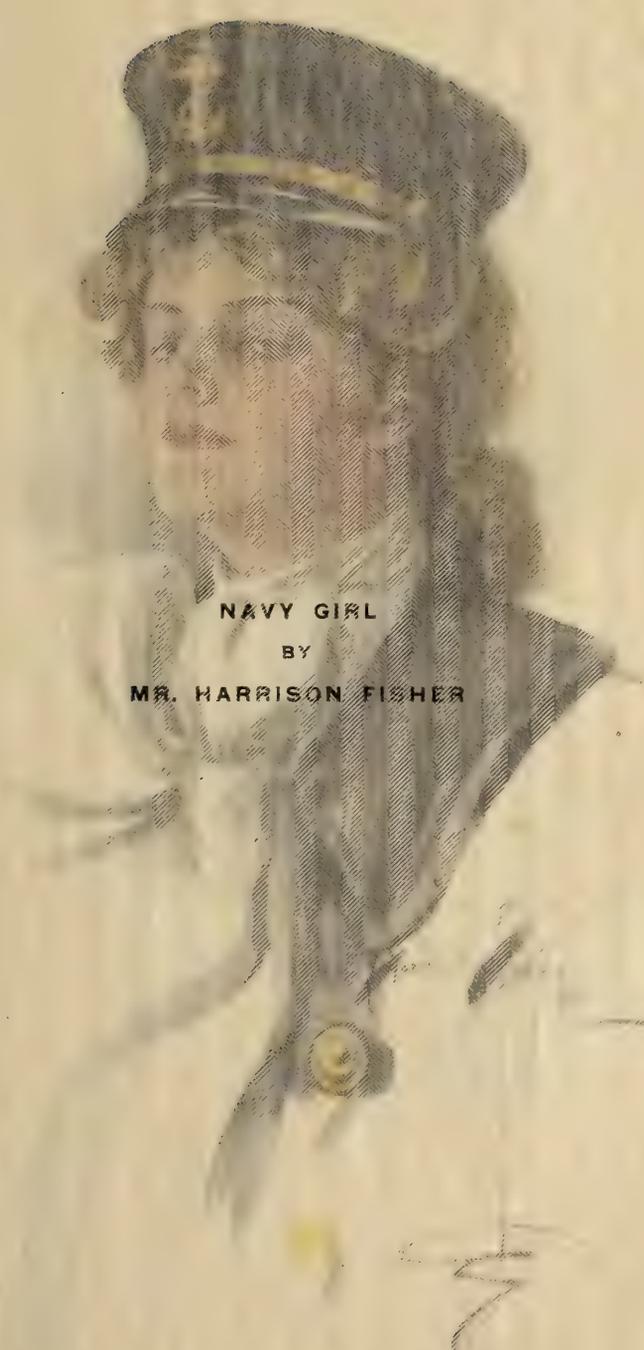


# Dedication

The Class of 1909  
respectfully dedicates this volume of  
**The Lucky Bag**  
to  
**Joseph Mason Reeves**  
Lieutenant-Commander, United States Navy

as a mark of appreciation for the  
unfailing courtesy and kindness  
which has characterized his every  
relation with each member :: ::





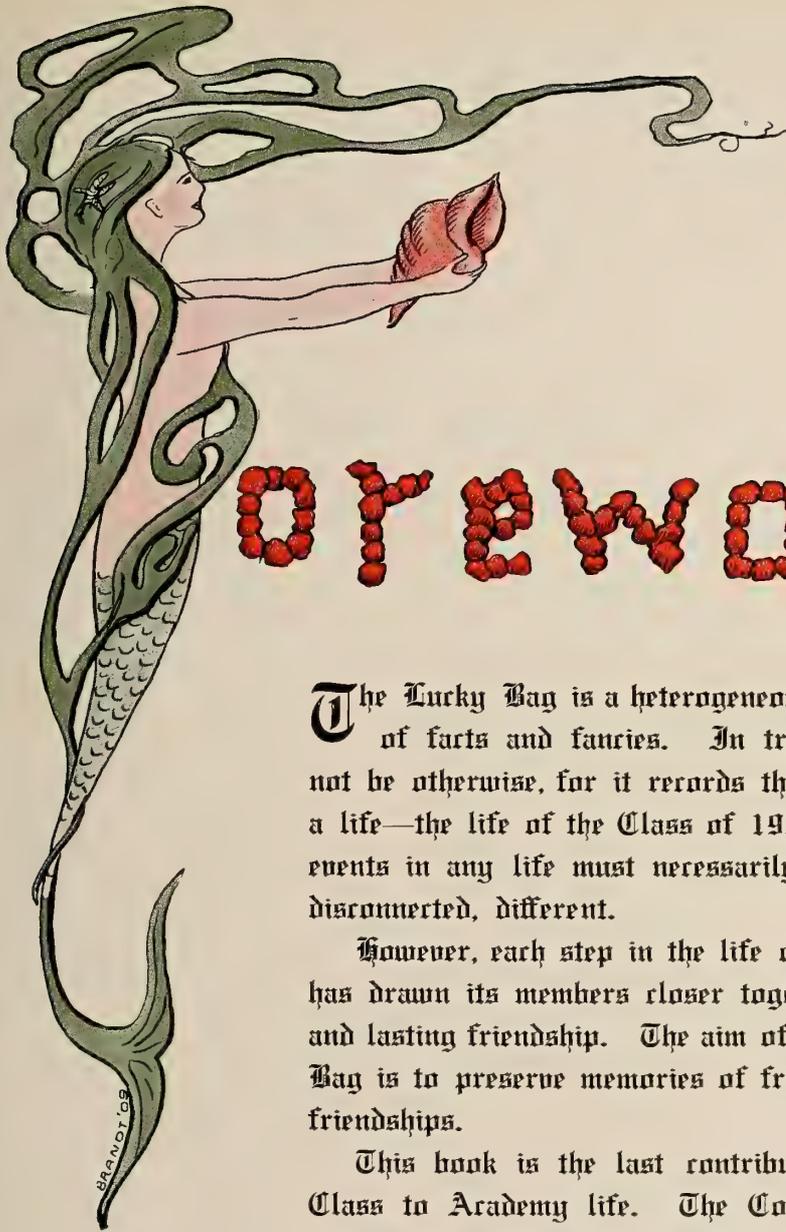
NAVY GIRL  
BY  
MR. HARRISON FISHER

*H. Fisher*

NAVY GIRL  
BY  
MR. HARRISON FISHER







# OYREWORD

The Lucky Bag is a heterogeneous collection of facts and fancies. In truth it could not be otherwise, for it records the history of a life—the life of the Class of 1909—and the events in any life must necessarily be varied, disconnected, different.

However, each step in the life of the Class has drawn its members closer together in true and lasting friendship. The aim of The Lucky Bag is to preserve memories of friends and of friendships.

This book is the last contribution of the Class to Academy life. The Committee has endeavored to make it a worthy one. If you who read derive pleasure from the perusal, their endeavors will be well repaid. The judgment is yours. Proceed.





THE CHAPEL



CHARLES JOHNSON BADGER  
CAPTAIN UNITED STATES NAVY  
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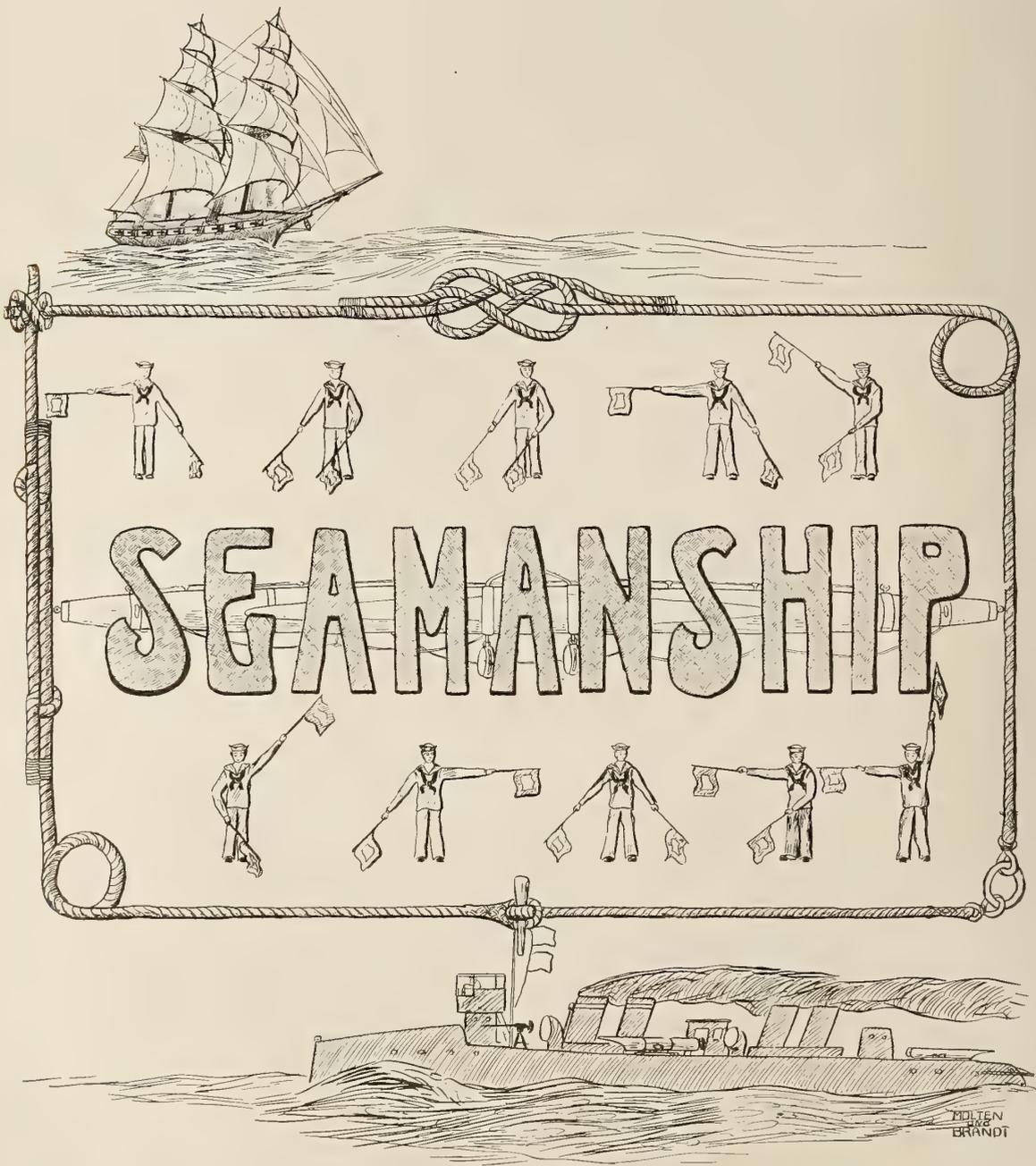
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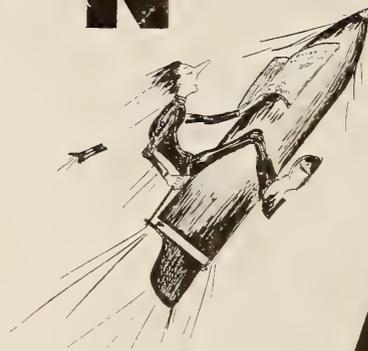
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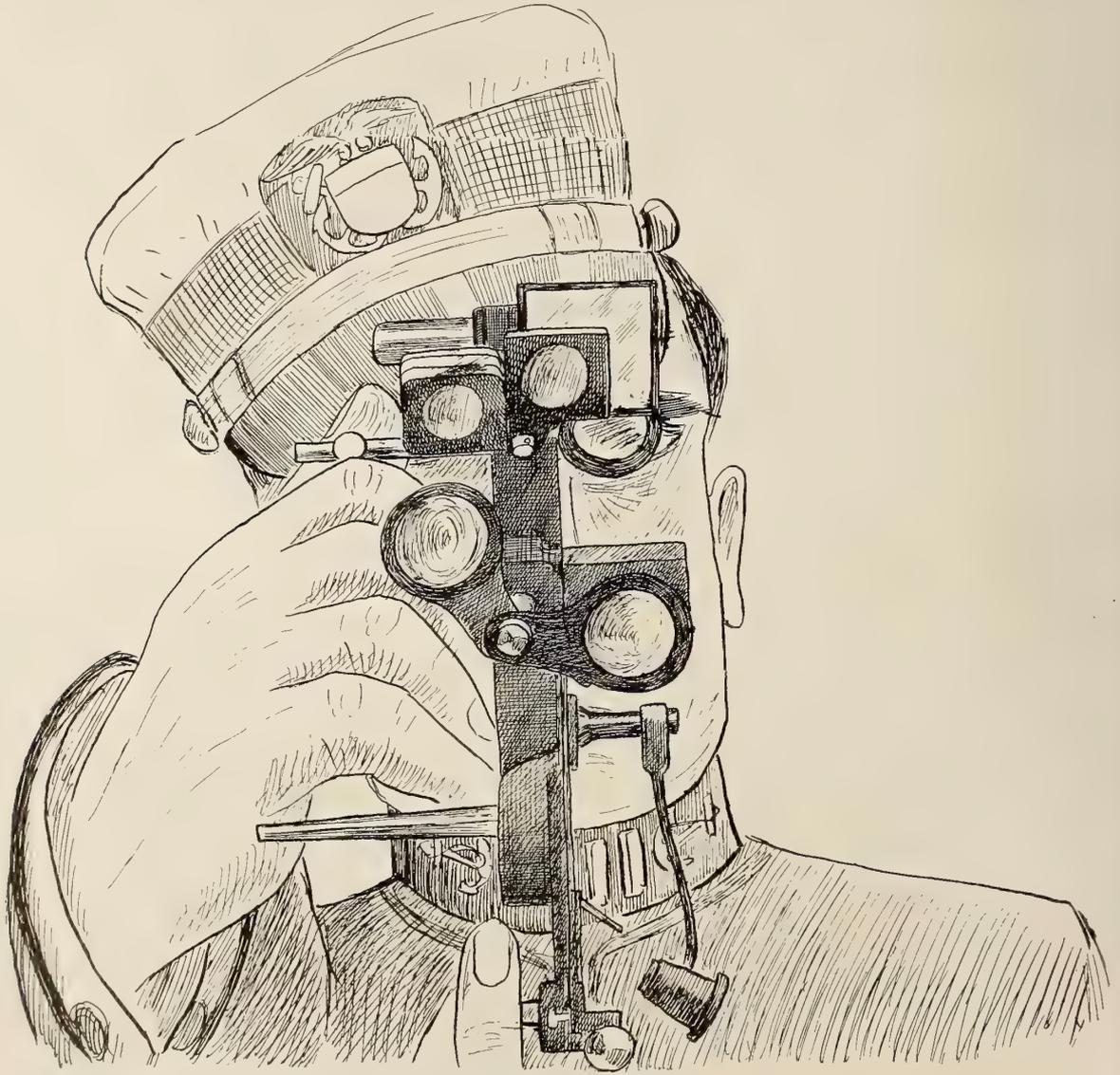
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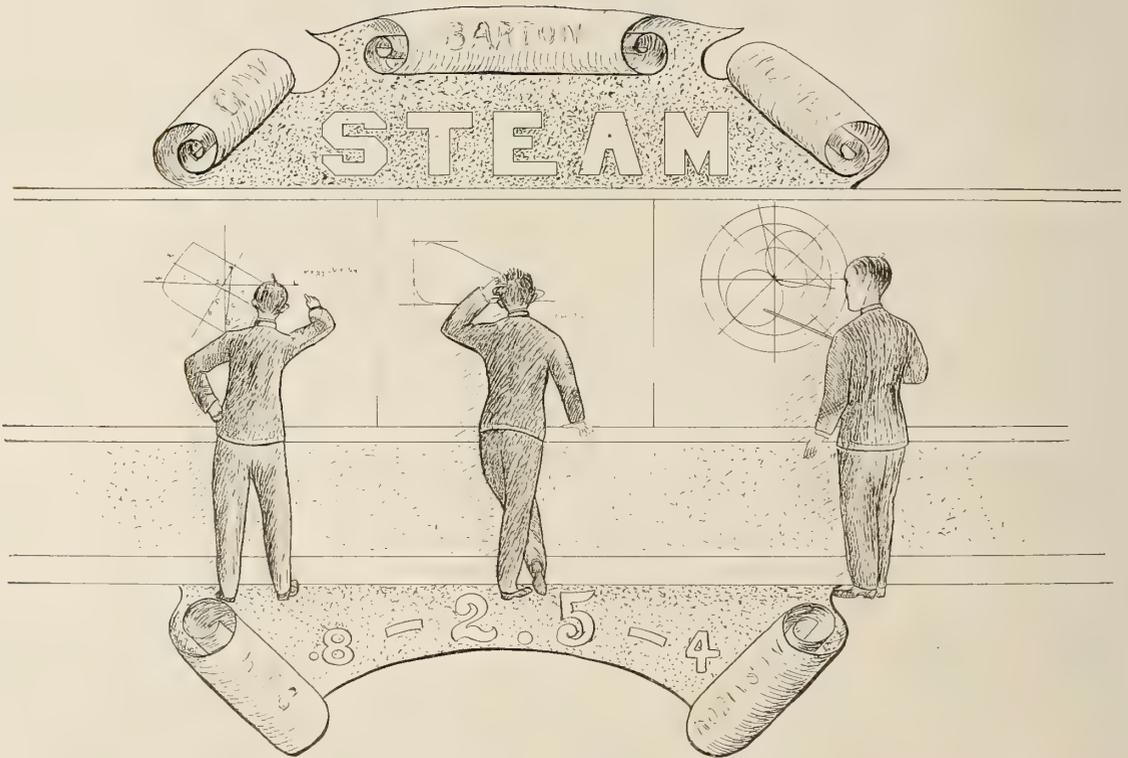
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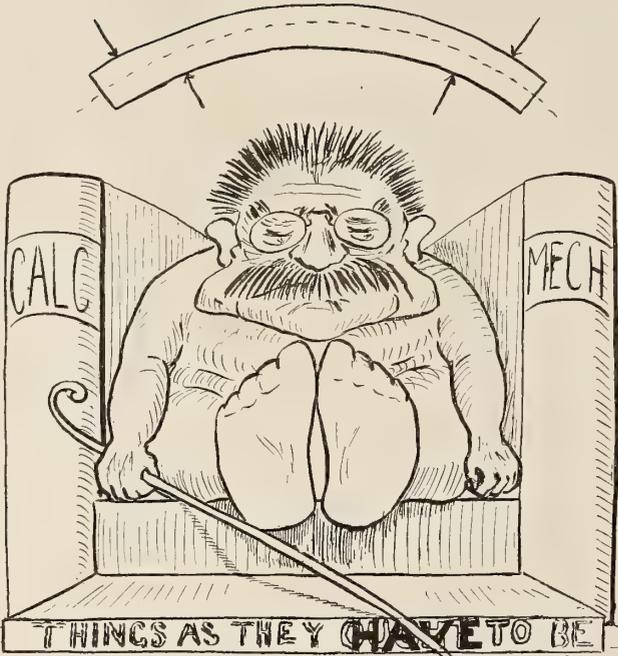
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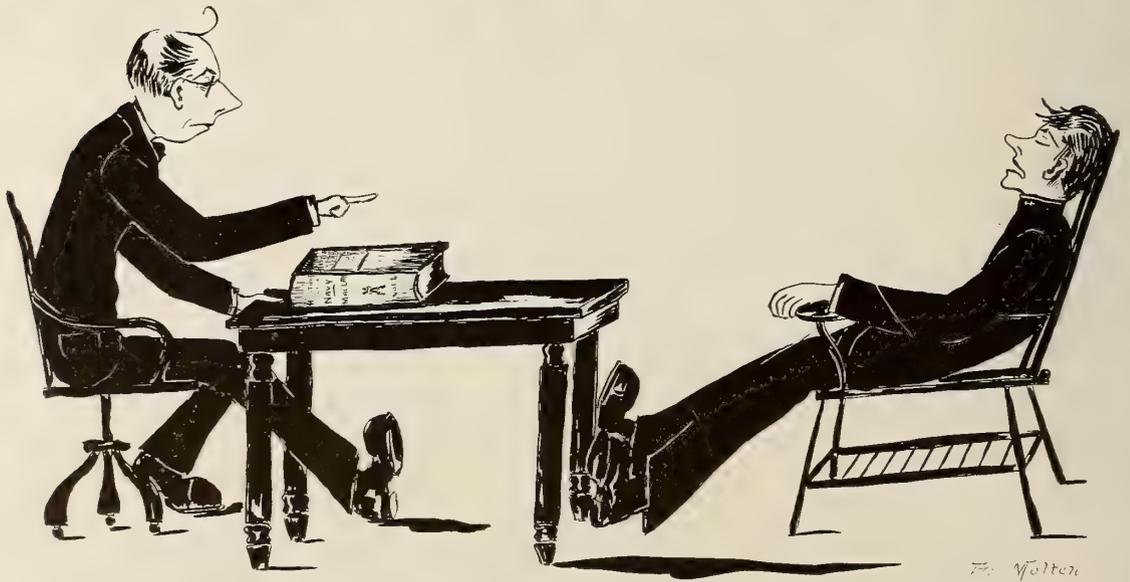


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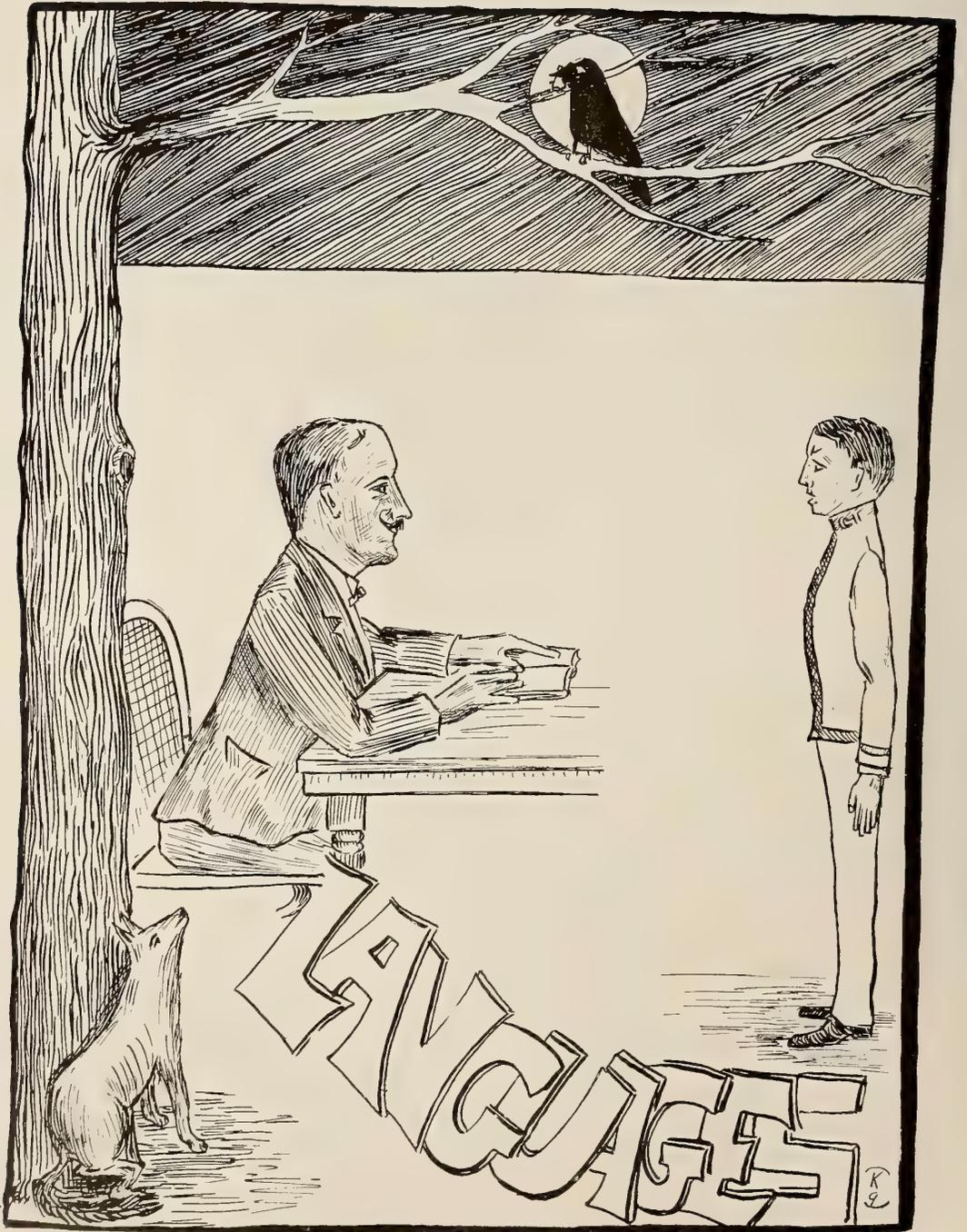


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CADET OFFICERS

# The Brigade

CADET LIEUTENANT AND BRIGAD

CADET COMMANDER HAINES



## First Battalion

Cadet Lieutenant-Commander, WILKINSON  
 Battalion Adjutant, HATCHER  
 Battalion Chief Petty Officer, ROBERTSON, M. C.

### First Division

#### FIRST COMPANY

HUSTVEDT, Cadet Lieutenant  
 VAN DE BOE, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 GILLETTE, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

JONES, T. H.	MCGLOSSON
ALLEWELT	VAN VALKENBURGH
LIND	STUART
TRAIN	MARION

#### SECOND COMPANY

BERNHARD, Cadet Lieutenant  
 JUNGLENG, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 BRANDT, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

SMITH, H. T.	LANSDOWNE
PAUNACK	MCCABE
SPALDING	BARRY
KENNEDY	BOUCHER

#### THIRD COMPANY

CHURCH, Cadet Lieutenant  
 COMFORT, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 BROWN, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

WRIGHT	OLDENDORF
CARVER	RICHARDSON
KOENIG	PORTER, H. H.
WADDELL	WILLIAMS

## Second Division

#### FOURTH COMPANY

KELLY, Cadet Lieutenant  
 SAMPSON, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 MCCAULEY, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

FOWLER	GREENE
WEAVER	KEE-TER
BURDICK	RIEGER
REEVES	BARTLETT

#### FIFTH COMPANY

WELSH, Cadet Lieutenant  
 PORTER, W. N., Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 BRASTED, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

SPILLER	LINDSAY
SHEA	CARTER
JOHNSON, F. E.	ROBERTS, C. S.
DAVIS, C. C.	ASHLEY

#### SIXTH COMPANY

MCELDUFF, Cadet Lieutenant  
 RAGUET, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 DYSART, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

BORCHARDT	HEDRICK	HAXTON	WICKHAM
MURPHY	DAUBIN	SLINGLUFF	GREBE

# Organization

NT F. GREEN

BRIGADE CHIEF PETTY OFFICER C.H. MADDOX

## Second Battalion

Cadet Lieutenant-Commander, WEYERBACHER  
 Battalion Adjutant, DAVIS, R. H.  
 Battalion Chief Petty Officer, NORTHCROFT

### Third Division

#### SEVENTH COMPANY

LEIGHTON, Cadet Lieutenant  
 RICHEY, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 KOEHLER, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

STEPHENSON	GUNTHER
RAWLS	DESSEZ
VAN METRE	RIDGELY
ROBERTSON, R. S., JR.	LE CLAIR

#### EIGHTH COMPANY

JONES, R. E., Cadet Lieutenant  
 CARROLL, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 NORDYKE, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

MALONEY	DEMOTT
DEEM	GUILER
CHAPLINE	WOODSON
BILLINGSLEY	RUTTER

#### NINTH COMPANY

BENSON, Cadet Lieutenant  
 BLANKENSHIP, Cadet Junior Lieut.  
 SMITH, W. W., Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

DIXON	FRIEDEL
DRESEL	BORLAND
DUNN	RICE
LINDLEY	REORDAN

## Fourth Division

#### TENTH COMPANY

ELLINGTON, Cadet Lieutenant  
 STODDARD, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 BENNETT, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

GIBSON	ENDEL
MORRISON	VETER
MOSES	ALFORD
FOX	SAXER

#### ELEVENTH COMPANY

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 BUNKLEY, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 VAN HOOK, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

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BRADFORD	TREVER
DEARING	COOPER
LUCAS	SETTLE

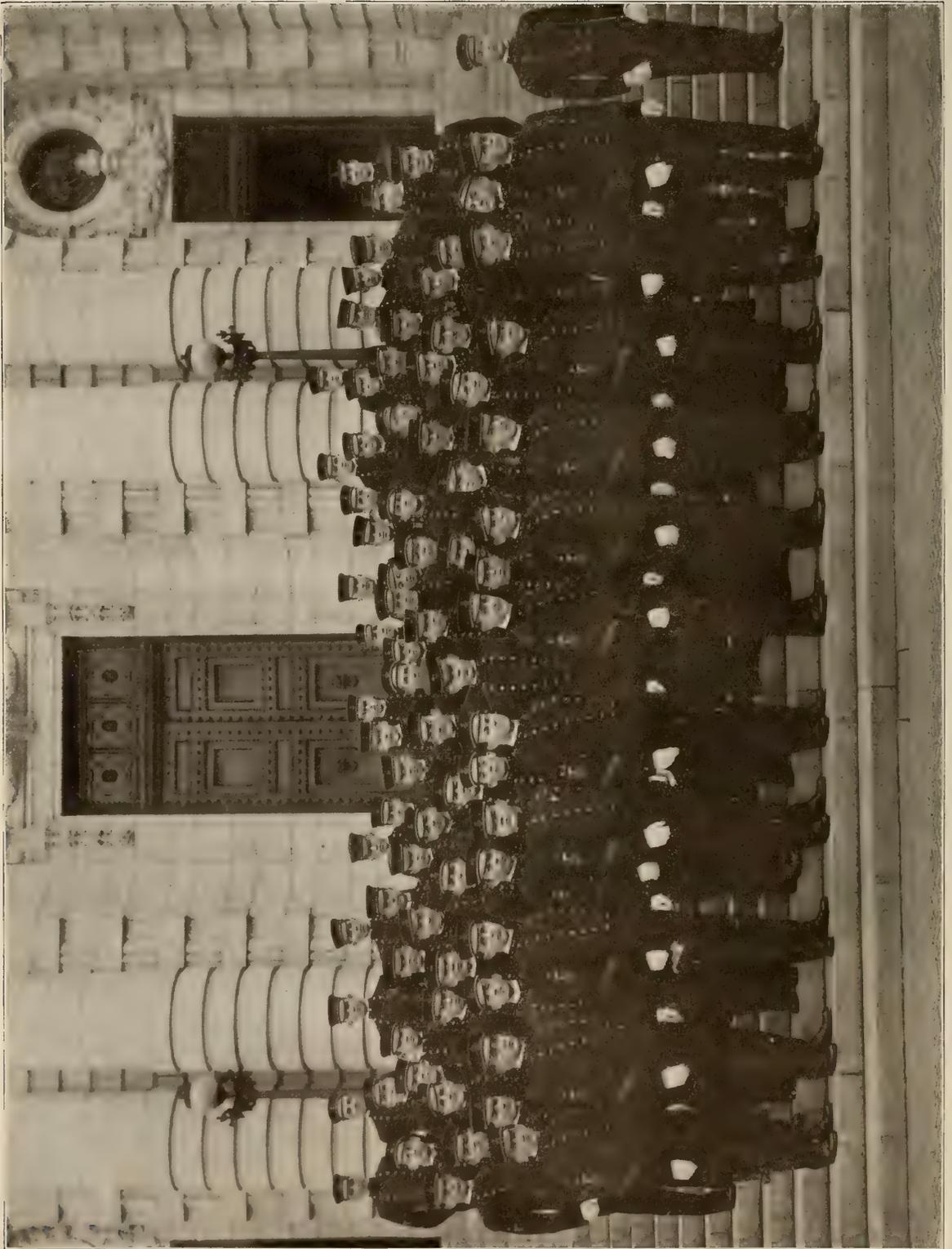
#### TWELFTH COMPANY

HERSEY, Cadet Lieutenant  
 BYE, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
 McCANDLISH, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS

PLATT	THORNTON	HAMBSCH	BARNEY
SCANLAND	QUILLIAN	WADDINGTON	YOST





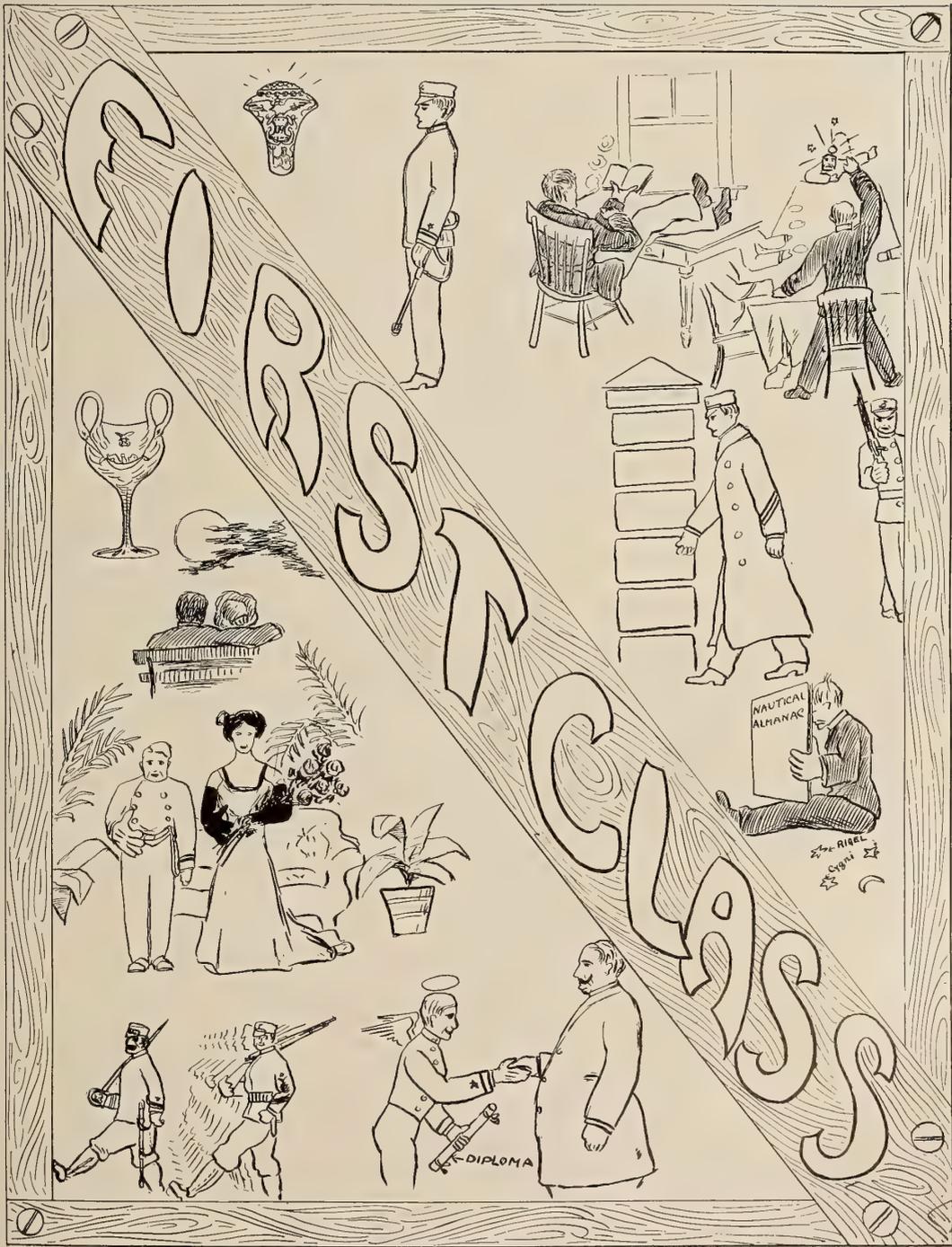
CADET PETTY OFFICERS

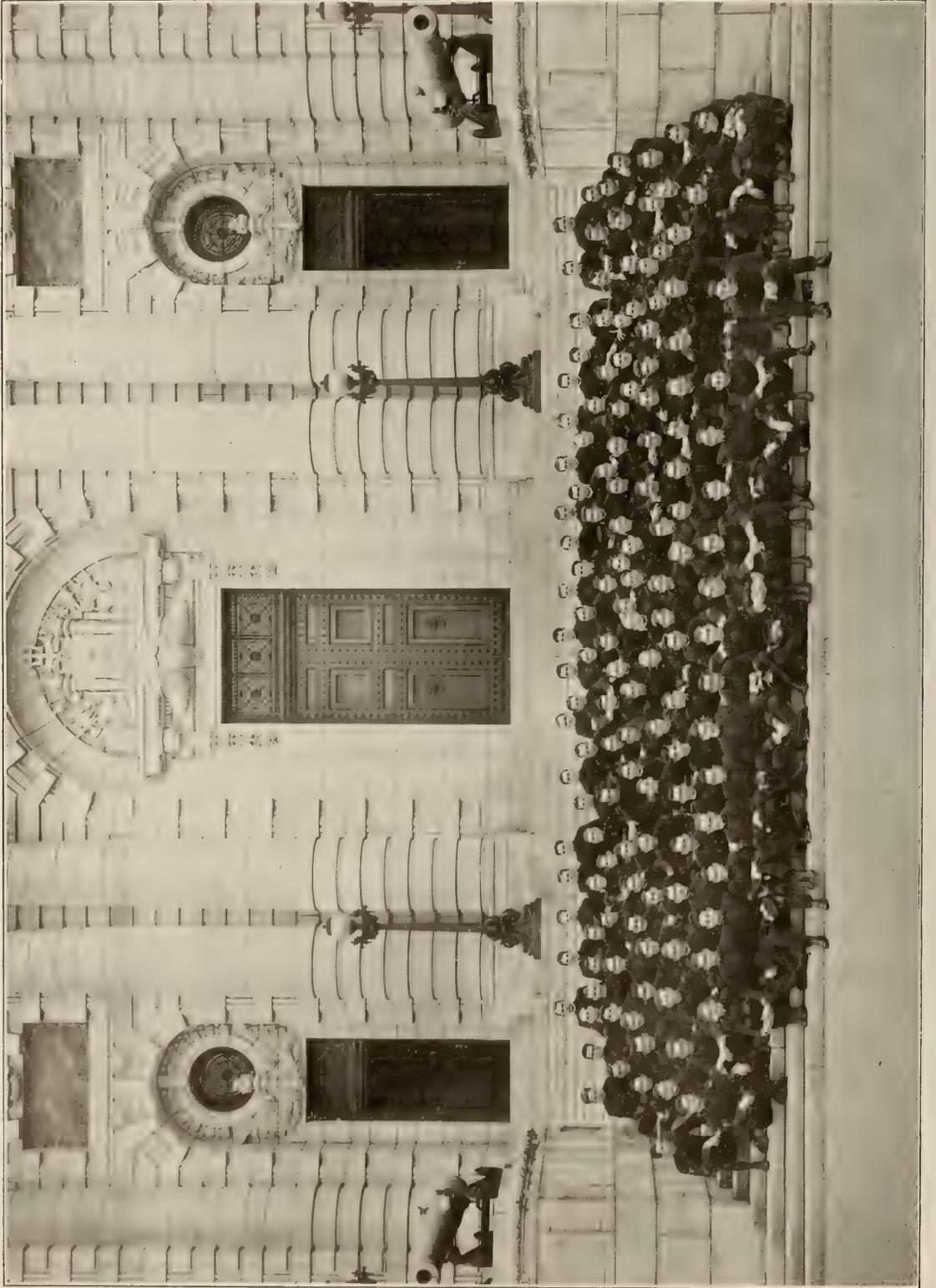


CLASS  
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1909









CLASS OF 1909



## Thalbert Nelson Alford

WILLS POINT, TEXAS

“Sal”

*“As eager for a plaudit as a realm,  
And just as fit for flirting as the helm.”*

—BYRON.

Buzzard, Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). Choir (2, 1). Masqueraders. Sharpshooter.

A “polished” gentleman from the “wild and woolly” Empire State, who came into the Navy principally to make a living, though some say it was because of brass buttons and gold lace. A steady consumer of Woodbury’s cosmetics—to such an extent that he knows more about dandruff cures than navigation.

His good comradeship and his constant willingness to “ketch one” with you—even in his own room—has always kept him near the limit. But Sal accepts all things, from a gold brick to a 1.5, with a true optimistic spirit—is never known to rhino.

Is a talented raconteur of new (?) stories. His ability as a story-teller was early appreciated; consequently all Plebe year a new story was demanded of him at each meal. The experience thus gained made him famous as a youngster, but of late he has allowed this accomplishment but little attention, all his energies being devoted to his unique style of brushing his hair.

“Say, have you ever heard the story about—?”





## Robert Levi Allewelt

HANOVER, PENNSYLVANIA

“Dutch,” “Bob”

*“The silence often of pure innocence persuades when speaking fails.”*

**Buzzard.** Class Football.

An innocent, giggling, young Pennsylvania Dutchman, who is always pleased with any suggestion, and enters into it enthusiastically for a few seconds until something else is proposed. He is a good sailor, but was terribly annoyed on the cruise by having to turn out for night watches.

Until the farewell ball Second Class year he was a charter member of the Red Mikes, but then he took his first plunge into the social whirl of the Academy, and emerged without his class ring. It is in good keeping, though, and Dutch is now beginning to realize the serious things of life and longs to assume certain responsibilities. He would like the Navy fine, only “it’s no place for a married man.” Perhaps it were best to settle down to a quiet life in old New York and let the Navy shift for itself. Though not naturally boastful, he once spent an entire evening telling how the House of Hanover put the French to rout, gaining much glory and honor.

“It’s a cold, cruel world, Jennie!”





## John Martin Ashley

CARMI, ILLINOIS

“John,” “Farmer John”

*“And heard the everlasting yawn confess  
The pains and penalties of idleness.”*

—POPE.

Buzzard. Choir (4,3,2,1). Masqueraders (2,1).

Straight from the cornfields of Illinois. Good-natured and easy-going. A non-greaser if ever there was one. Never lets anything worry him. Always on the ragged edge, but manages to pull a 2.5 for the year. Holds the record for bilging roommates—four in the first two years. Has a most charming smile that is fatal to all the “femmes.”

Reckons time by the number of days till the next hop, and reaches the acme of bliss when surrounded by a bevy of admiring beauties. Has a fine voice, and became the real article in the choir First Class year. Very accommodating, having taken the forty-second degree in the “Hod Carriers’” Society. A charter member of the smokers’ brigade for four years. Can give Thacher’s guttural “R-r-r.” Get him to do it; it’s worth the money!

“This is my fourth smoking pap, fellows; I’m going to swear off for a month.”





## Arthur Barney

KEARNEY, NEBRASKA

“Swiner,” “Arturo”

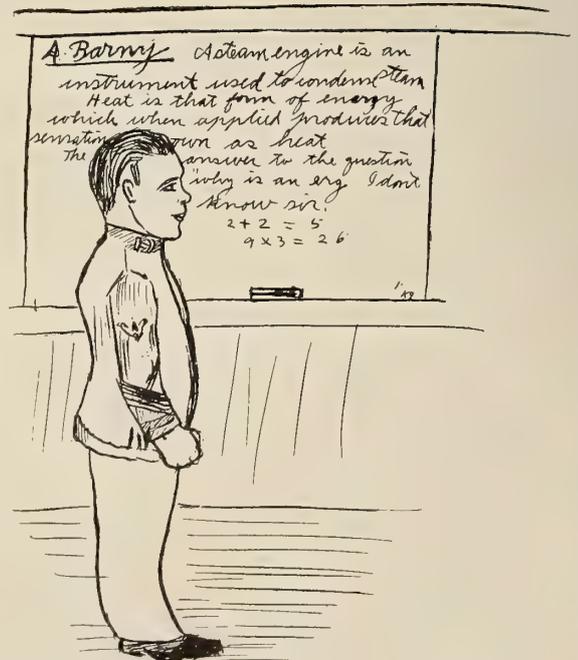
“Let me have men about me that are fat,  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ night.”  
—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard. Class Football (4, 3, 2). Sharp-shooter, Expert.

A jolly, good-natured fellow. Tries hard to bluff the Profs., but has had little success. Goes to the board, stands with feet two yards apart, left thumb in becket, bites his finger, writes his name, scratches his head, writes a word, faces about and asks the “Prof.” what his subject is, again faces the board—scratching his head—when he

is suddenly seized by a thought which he eagerly tries to get on the board, lest he should lose it. One of the germs, Plebe summer. Keeps his audience delighted by his ingenious remarks. Has a face void of all expression. A chubby lad with walk like a tar baby. A big fusser—one of the florists’ best supporters. The military expert—was never known to execute an order correctly. Can eat more to the square minute than any man in the Academy.

“Yes, sir; yes, sir; that’s what I meant.”





## James Richard Barry

WASHINGTON, D. C.

“Dick,” “Ethel”

*“There is an unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student.”*

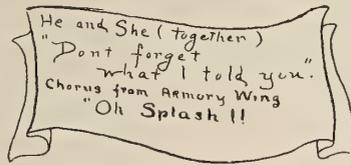
—GOLDSMITH.

Buzzard.

The anchor of the Class of '09. Dick bears the distinction of being the originator of the Austro-Belg-Hertzian coiffure without a part. His delight has ever been to get a big margin the first term, and when the balmy days of spring arrive, he “lays back” and “enjoys life,” to the discomfiture of the Profs. who decorate trees with his name.

His ambition to get a real standing in the register before he faced the retiring board was realized at the end of Second Class year. On his First Class cruise he nearly became a hero by blowing up one of the Nevada's boilers. Nightly, for one short week, he created a new Romeo, doing a farewell stunt from the balcony that brought tears to the eyes of Juliet below. He is one of the most lovable and affectionate men in the class to those who know him. He loves a story if it is a good, moral one.

“Is this you or your brother?”





## William Clifton Bartlett

NASONVILLE, RHODE ISLAND

### “Fish”

*“When tired of vain rotations of the day,  
Sleep winds up for the succeeding dawn.”*

—YOUNG.

#### Buzzard.

Lazy in the extreme, yet always busy working—his mouth. Seems to have a continual case of the mumps. Does not believe in boning. Never known to get out of an exam. Always ready for a rough-house and generally comes out on top. Manages to be late at two formations every month, thus obtaining a season ticket for the

early rising squad. Receives assistance from the entire company in his monthly shave. Drew a gold brick for a hop Youngster year and became a confirmed Red Mike for two years. Fell from his perch, however, First Class cruise and joined the throng of fussers. Exceedingly good-natured and has never lost his temper. Is a welcome addition to any gathering of the fellows. Was a howling success in the Olympia Rogues' Gallery. He is but little disturbed by the trifling affairs of this unimportant world, his fishy eyes lighting up only at the mention of the magic words, “fruit cake.”

“Man wants but little here below,  
But wants that little much.”

“Got any fruit cake? How's fer a bite?”





## Robert Horace Bennett

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

“Bobbie,” “Cocaine Bob”

*“Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.”*

—FIELDING.

One Stripe,

The little man from Indiana. Squidged in Dago for three years, but transferred his affections to Nav. during the time that subject occupied a prominent place in our academic course. The Senior Engineer officer of the Argo, who always found it necessary to go below and inspect the dynamos when the weather became bad. In

subjects in which he is interested shows savviness and originality to the extent of brilliancy. Spends his spare moments designing queer machines in a mysterious note book, between whose covers no one has penetrated. Advised Mose as to the proper hair tonic; the fruits of this counsel may be seen by the careful reader in the picture of Mose printed on another page. Hides behind his manner of partial reserve a charming personality which endears him to us all. Has the same bad habit as Sherlock Holmes and De Quincey, and will persist in it despite the many admonitions of his friends. Keeps, with Dyke, an open house for loafers, and usually has a room full of celebrities.

“Such a dignified little devil!”





## Howard Hartwell James Benson

“Benny,” “Beany,”  
“Howard”

*“And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be.”*  
—BYRON.

Three Stripes. Manager Crew. Class Football.  
Interclass Sailing Championship.

A slow, easy-going, steady son of the sunny South; as upright a young man as ever drew breath, with a conscience as long as a Nav. P. Work. Has a wonderful beard for one so young. Rhinos continuously, not because he is sore, but for lack of something better to do. The prize sailor of the class, never more perfectly at home than

with a tiller in his hand and the lee rail awash. Wins the annual sailing event each year as a matter of course. Skipper of the Robert Center on two successful summer cruises. Had an easy time with the Profs. until First Class year rolled around. Another hero of the launch disaster who stayed by the ship. Has become infected with the love microbe First Class year, and lounges around with a far-away, dreamy look in his eyes. A born sailor who bids fair to be as excellent an officer as his father. Holds the record from Randall Court to Bancroft Hall, having beaten Tubby Leighton's best time by two seconds.



Benson Crosses the Line



## Alva Douglas Bernhard

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

“Alva,” “Sarah,” “Bernie”

*“Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—  
An excellent thing in a woman.”*

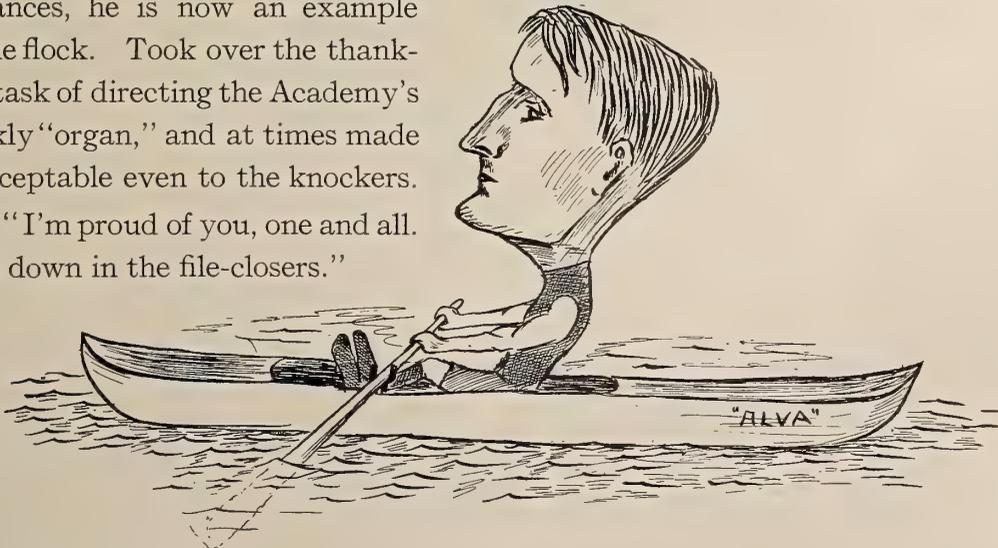
—SHAKESPEARE.

Three Stripes. Star (3). Lucky Bag Committee. Class Ring Committee, Chairman. Class Cup Committee. Editor-in-Chief Academy Bulletin. Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1). Red N2d. Sharpshooter.

The meaning of the star-board angle is made clear in one glance at his massive jaw. Who would dream that with those facial lines and that expression of stern resolve could be coupled a girlish laugh and a well-modulated accent? But Alva is a strong man in more ways than one, not least in his opinions and convictions, which he ex-

presses well and stoutly maintains when occasion calls. He has his share of accomplishments, and is a versatile athlete who has done good work on several squads. Fusses, and fusses well when in the mood, pursuing a like course in the matter of boning. Has more than once burned the midnight oil to good effect in the interest of struggling classmates with lesser gifts than his own. As a plebe, one of the Twelfth Company's horrible instances, he is now an example to the flock. Took over the thankless task of directing the Academy's weekly “organ,” and at times made it acceptable even to the knockers.

“I'm proud of you, one and all.  
Pipe down in the file-closers.”





## William Devotie Billingsley

WINONA, MISSISSIPPI

“Bill”

*“A sentence well couched takes both sense and understanding.”*

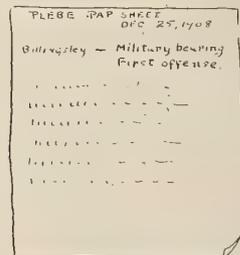
—FELTHAM.

**Buzzard, Brown N. Class Football, Sharpshooter, Expert.**

A stocky, sure-eyed rifle-shot who has two ambitions—one to break the strength test record, the other to abolish all rules of spelling and syntax in the English language. Often in the section room he puts his theories on spelling into practice, sometimes with unexpected results. He once attempted to make a newly arrived instructor

believe that the “ossiliations of pendlums is did in the same time.” He is fond of the classics, especially of Keats’ Ode to a “Greasy Earn.” He shares with Woodson the distinction of never having attended a hop or informal at the Naval Academy. Bill has a happy faculty of knowing what he wants and going after it until he gets it. Plebe and Youngster years a 2.5 in English looked pretty big to him, but he got it, and the last two years he raised his standard far above a mere 2.5. Bill talks with the true local accent of his part of the country, but one can understand him with practice.

He has won his many friends by his constant good nature and ready sympathy. When it comes to nerve and determination, Bill is right there—he doesn’t know what the word “can’t” means.





## Ernest Joseph Blankenship

PARAGON, INDIANA

“Buck”

*“On their own merits, modest men are dumb.”*

—COLEMAN.

Two Stripes. Sharpshooter, Expert.

The Henry Irving of the class. He is at his best when imitating some of the popular (?) officers and instructors of this great institution. He is a heartless middy, for long ago, before Uncle Sam got him, while he milked the cows, plowed the fields and taught the youth of fair Indiana, he gave his heart into the keeping of one who is

wise enough to know its value and cherish it until the orange blossoms bloom for Buck. Candidates for the class banner would do well to watch him closely. He has always stood well, but never greased, for his military bearing runs smoothly without greasing. He is quiet and peaceable, and ready to do good according to his ability or opportunity. Since he got two stripes he has entirely forgotten the joys of a jolly rough-house. He is a Nav. savoir, and loves to show the Profs. up by batting the exams. He hopes some day to be commander of a large fleet of Blankenships.



Carries on his courtships by mental telepathy, believing that words are not only superfluous but also inadequate.





## Herbert R. A. Borhardt

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### “Dutch”

*“Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;  
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;  
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.”*

—YOUNG.

First Petty Officer. Star (2). Fencing Squad.  
Sharpshooter.

A typical Dutchman from Chicago who has not yet become Americanized. Can sling grease by the barrels. “Yes, sir! This is the definition I found while reading another dissertation on the subject.” For four years has brought down the wrath of his corridor by arousing his neighbors at 4 A. M. in his vain efforts to be-

come a musician. Ever ready for a friendly game, and is generally to be found in Lazy Lucy’s room. The scholar of the class. Widely read, and can spiel intelligently on any subject. A much misunderstood man who is ever ready to help a friend. Is said to have lost his class ring on leave. Generally accomplishes whatever he undertakes. Soaked in the line of stripes. Quite a favorite with the French department—one of the Frogstickers.

“Well, you see, fellows, it’s this way—”





## John Borland

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

### "Buster"

*"Resplendent sight! Behold the coxcomb Czar!  
The autocrat of waltzes and of war."*

—BYRON.

Buzzard. Red N 2d. Choir (2, 1). Masqueraders (2, 1).

One of the "400." From his travels abroad has acquired the airs and manners of an Englishman. Indeed, from his ways, the cit often takes Buster to be some foreign noble spending a life of exile at the Academy; and at the hops the remark "Who is that midshipman with the bored expression?" is often heard.

Has a suit of service for each day of the week; has all the standard authors on his book-shelves, and a social secretary, consisting of a letter file, a quart of ink, and telegraph blanks.

Hard to get acquainted with, for he keeps to himself his good qualities. But when once you have broken through his reserve, you will discover one of the best men and truest friends in the Academy.

Has no respect for a greaser; stands on his merits, seeking favor of no one.

"Now, what do you know about that?"

"Where's my nail file?"

"That's the last hop I'll ever go to."





## Creed Raymond Boucher

NEW CARLISLE, INDIANA

“Pete,” “Bouch”

*“Spread—spread, for Vitellius, the royal repast.*

*Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they  
groan.”* —BYRON.

Buzzard. Crew Squad. Red N 2d.

The only man who wore a medal Plebe year—it was wooden. Has the form of a Dutch chorus girl, and his every movement reminds us of her characteristic grace. And his appetite! To satisfy his hunger à la carte would break the U. S. Treasury. Pete jumps on the table d’hote dinners: “Down with spuds!” is his motto—for particulars see

manager Hotel Chamberlain.

Bouch has a tremendous amount of perseverance. Has always had to bone hard, but, like the tortoise, has finished ahead of many who started better. An easy-going, good-natured goat for practical jokes and witty remarks; but with his vast amount of dry wit he frequently turns the tables on his friendly persecutors. Seldom fusses during the academic year, but on the summer cruise—“Watch out, little girl! Pete’ll get you.”

There is a stern repose—a stolid immobility—in his face which makes a great impression upon people meeting him for the first time, and Sorrowful takes care that this first good impression is never dissipated.

“Pass the spuds, please.”





## Mark Cooper Bowman

CARROLLTON, ILLINOIS

“Mark,” “Isidor”

*“It is the witness still of excellency  
To put a strange face on his own perfection.”*  
—SHAKESPEARE.

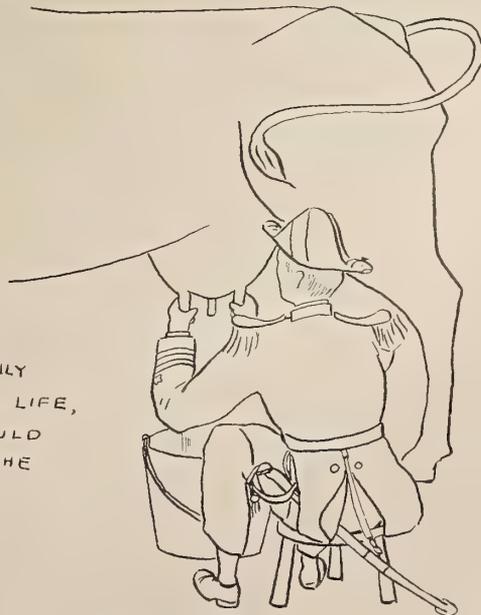
An ex-school teacher who has fallen from grace in regard to the principles he instilled into Young America. A strong believer in the greatness of the Middle West; thinks of resigning, going back to Illinois, and, like Cincinnatus of old, developing the agricultural resources of his State. Too independent for the Navy. One of the few first

classmen who still believe in the constancy of women. As a fusser he is rather peculiar, in that he gives sixteen of the twenty dances to stags in order to be able to coach from the side lines.

Has high ideals, good principles, and would not “knock” the Devil himself. Is straight, sincere, open and above board.

A great wireless expert, but was disappointed in not being able to get Judge Bowman’s office in Carrollton from the Madeiras. Has beheld many wonders, once seeing a square baseball bat.

IF THERE  
WERE ONLY  
MORE HOME LIFE,  
MARK WOULD  
STAY IN THE  
NAVY.





## Gerard Bradford

BURLINGTON, VERMONT

“Brad,” “Waddle-waddle”

“Full of wise saws and modern instances.”  
—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard. Sharpshooter, Expert.

Who shall say what wise thoughts or odd fancies are being bred under the wrinkles and corrugations of that dome? Philosophy is his hobby, and Darwin, Spencer and Huxley are old friends of his. It is said that he has of late taken to Kant and Hegel. Somewhat serious-minded at times, he can be delightfully gay when occasion

offers. He has a ready and most wonderful laugh, which is easily evoked by one of his own sallies in a game of wits with Frenchy. A fetching little duck when he gets into fencing or tennis rig. Played many games of tennis with Ping on the Griswold courts, and kept the colored boy busy squeezing lemons between sets. Indeed, his fondness for lemonade became proverbial on the cruise. In quarters he is the most cosmopolitan man in the brigade, for instead of confining his visits to nearby friends he is likely to be found in any room in either battalion. A lover of the weed, and one of the original smoking squad. Brad is an entertaining companion, an all-around good fellow and a true friend.

“A lemonade for mine.”

“The litt-le dahlin’s! the litt-le deahs!”





## Frank Alfred Braisted

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

### “Busted,” “Brais-ted”

*“A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man.”*

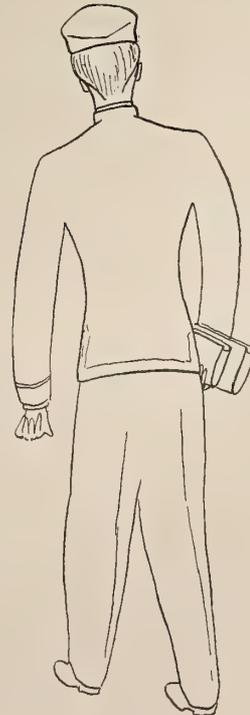
—SHAKESPEARE.

#### One Stripe.

All hail to the human wonder!—one who has brought up “The Man with the Wee Small Voice.” With that and a diploma to his credit, he deserves a seat in the Cabinet. And speaking of the Cabinet, “Busted” is a follower of the “big stick” especially as it adapts itself to reveille inspections. Believes that the one

way of learning the interior workings of a machine is to break it up and examine each and every part carefully, and by this method has acquired an astounding knowledge of Steam. Once claimed to be a Red Mike, but lately has sought repose with a piece of wedding cake under his pillow. (Recently it has been necessary to put the cake under the bed; but never mind, so long as it accomplishes the desired results.) His class ring has also mysteriously disappeared. Plebe year he sang praises to Tecumseh, but now finds such idolatry unnecessary. An ardent advocate of the full dinner pail.

(Nasal twang)—“It doesn’t pay to be touge, Brais-ted.”





## Edmund S. R. Brandt

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

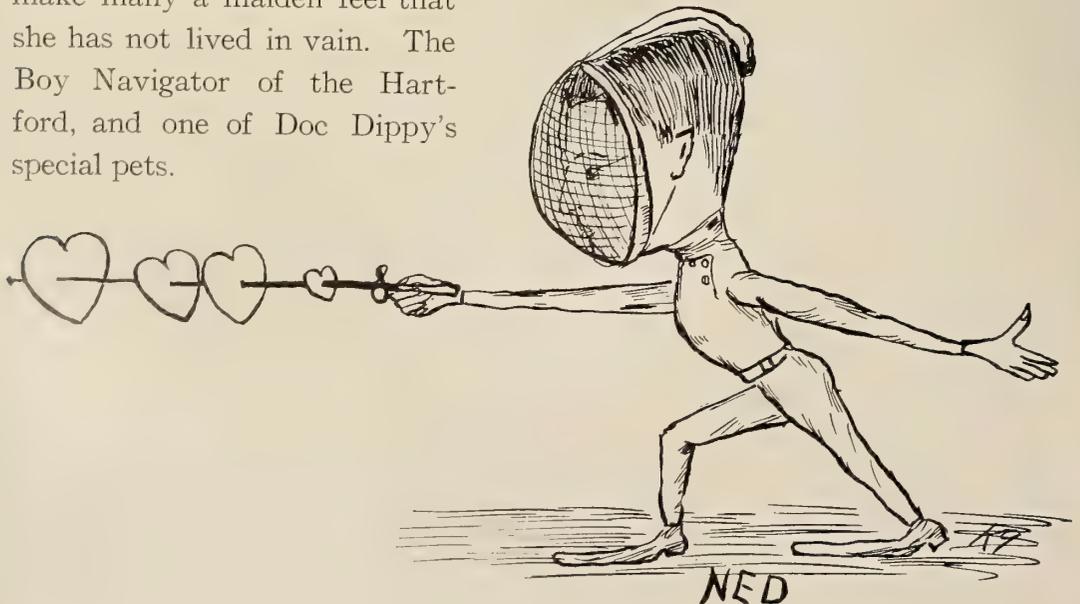
“Ned”

*“Swifter than the lightning flashes of the brain  
That hastens on the pinions of the morn.”*

One Stripe. Fencing Team (4, 3, 2, 1), Captain (1). Gray N\*. Chairman Class Crest Committee. Chairman Christmas Card Committee. Art Editor Lucky Bag Committee. Secretary and Treasurer The Masqueraders (1). Assistant Editor The Bulletin. Class Song, Yell and Color Committee. Midshipmen's Athletic Association. Class German Committee.

Has fenced his way with equal ease into the hearts of his Army opponents and those of the fair ones of Annapolis. A man of many affairs; the author of several of the “Bulletin's” biting articles. Has been a heavy fusser for four years, and no tea is considered to be quite

complete without him. The class artist and the designer of our crest. Became famous First Class year for the little after-chapel parties held in his room, and contracted mumps in a most peculiar manner while on a business(?) trip to New York with Kirky. Shows the ladies to their seats in chapel with a winning smile which has done much to make many a maiden feel that she has not lived in vain. The Boy Navigator of the Hartford, and one of Doc Dippy's special pets.





## Stuart Southerland Brown

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

“Sis,” “S. S.”

*“Thy voice is celestial melody.”*

—LONGFELLOW.

One Stripe. Class Football.

Brown hails from “Seattle, the richest, liveliest, most promising, fastest-growing metropolis in the West.” He has a soft, mellifluous voice that might soften the heart of the coldest maiden; but a new Prof., hearing it for the first time, exclaimed: “Mr. Brown, you have a very bad cold; you may write your recitation on

the board.” Stuart roomed with Oly without a domestic ruffle for five long years—one as a candidate—and was ever a faithful and loving spouse. Every Christmas Oly received from Brown a nice, fat box of Melachrino’s best, and incidentally Stuart always received at the same time from Oly a goodly number of Bock’s Panetelas. When under way he has a decided list to starboard, and his head bears to port; but he gets there just the same, especially if there is a pretty girl in view. Has always wanted an additional closet to keep his extra uniforms in, and needs a whole closet for each pair of shoes.

He is always perfectly groomed à la Aguinaldo—this feature alone makes him a favorite model of the local photographers. Makes his reveille inspections on the way to formation.

“Come on, fellows!”





## Joel William Bunkley

MACON, GEORGIA

“Bunk”

*“Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
And loved to plead, lament and sue.”*

—SCOTT.

Two Stripes. Lucky Bag Committee. Basketball (2, 1), Captain.

No one ever thinks to ask his native State, for Bunk's every action and every word proclaim him a Southerner—intensified by the Georgia style, suh. Very impressionable—a twinkling eye, a turned-up nose, a teasing mouth, and she has Joel in love with her. He's true and constant until the next hop. No more typical example could

be found of the fussy-fickle and the fickle-fussy midshipman.

However, changeability is not an ingrained part of his make-up. By constant effort and hard labor he has not only developed himself into a star basketball player, but has done much good work in bringing this comparatively new Navy sport to the front. Is inclined to be literary—his work on this volume proves this bent. Tries to be musical, but his guitar refuses to respond.

Very complying, bland and obliging, Bunkley has made many a life-long friend among the fellows.

“Look a heah!—”





## Harold Stacey Burdick

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

“Jocko,” “Stays’l,” “Mose”

*“Possession is eleven points in the law.”*

—CIBBER.

Buzzard. Class Baseball.

An ambitious, rather flighty young man, who has been likened to a monkey, but he doesn't resemble such an animal at all, as anyone can readily see from his picture.

Stacey believes that a young man is at his best when he is in love, and he is not of the faint-hearted breed that fears to put its theories into practice. Under

his tutelage several beautiful young seminary graduates became so proficient in Cupid's art that they now possess brainy young cit husbands, whom Stacey visits while on leave. There is still hope, though, for his nature is not the kind that allows a few defeats to deter him from his purpose. He is a graceful dancer, a vivacious conversationalist, and not without a trace of tact; in fact, he is a good fellow to know and count among your friends.

A bad man when on duty, and the especial terror of the Second Class. Has a high sense of the eternal fitness of things—and is always willing to help if he can.

“Oh, Mose!”





## William Parker Butler

JACKSON, TENNESSEE

“Chinny,” “Pahkeh,”  
“Chinois”

*‘One Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain, a mere anatomy.’*

—COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Masqueraders (2, 1). Choir (2, 1). Class Song, Yell and Color Committee. Tennis Championship (3). Sharpshooter.

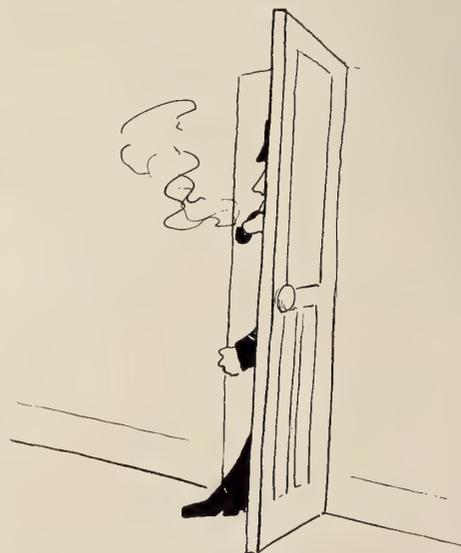
A delightful mixture of earnestness and frivolity, of wisdom and inconsequence. Physically, a combination of angle-irons and I-beams bound together with wire. Sometimes relieves his constitutional restlessness by performing remarkable feats of contortion. He is always in demand for tea-fights and dinners. Wisely, per-

haps, he rarely consents to make a definite date for anything, rushing off at the last moment where fancy points the way. Though nearly always busy, he often finds time to sit down and pluck a bit of ragtime from a mandolin or a serenade from his guitar. Chinny was building good roads in Tennessee when you and I were lads in school, and looks quite like a grown-up, but is yet younger than many of us, and younger in spirit than most. He has had, and still has, numerous affinities—from those who play in the sand under the guarding eyes of the negro nursemaid and the watchman to those—well, older than himself. The doctors think his heart is weak—the ladies know it; but it is staunch and true and big enough for many friends.

“Good Lawd!”

“Now, look here!”

“Oh, I have my fine points! Feel that elbow?”





## Levi Bendick Bye

WALLIN, MICHIGAN

“Levi,” “Swede”

“Long shall we seek his likeness—long in  
vain.” —BYRON.

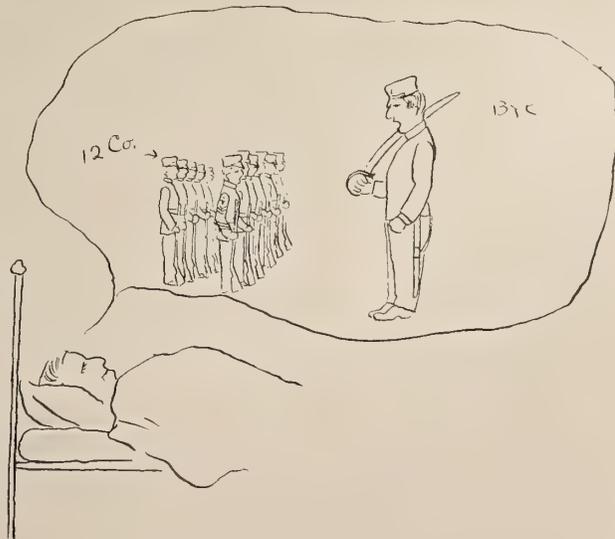
Two Stripes. Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1).  
Class Baseball (2). Sharpshooter, Expert.

A tallow-headed youth from the New Sweden of the Northwest, who had hard luck First Class year and lost his trousers. Carved his way to the Naval Academy, and has continued to make good in that he stands well and has stripes which he well deserved.

Despite his characteristic blandness, there is a decided

strain of seriousness in his manner which so impresses one that they ascribe to him a real and definite purpose in life. He bones not to get his 2.5, but to cultivate the gray matter. Has a Levi Bye mind, and is fearless in that he has courage to act in accordance with his ideas, regardless of all consequences.

Keeps all ordnance pamphlets and books in his locker, under the shirts, because the instructor told the section not to let anyone see them. A firm believer in exogamy, although his roommate is not. Has been the star quarterback on the class team for four years.





## Levin Hicks Campbell, Jr.

HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND

### “Heck”

*“A pleasant, smiling cheek, a speaking eye;  
A brow for love to banquet royally.”*

—MARLOWE.

Class German Committee. Sharpshooter.

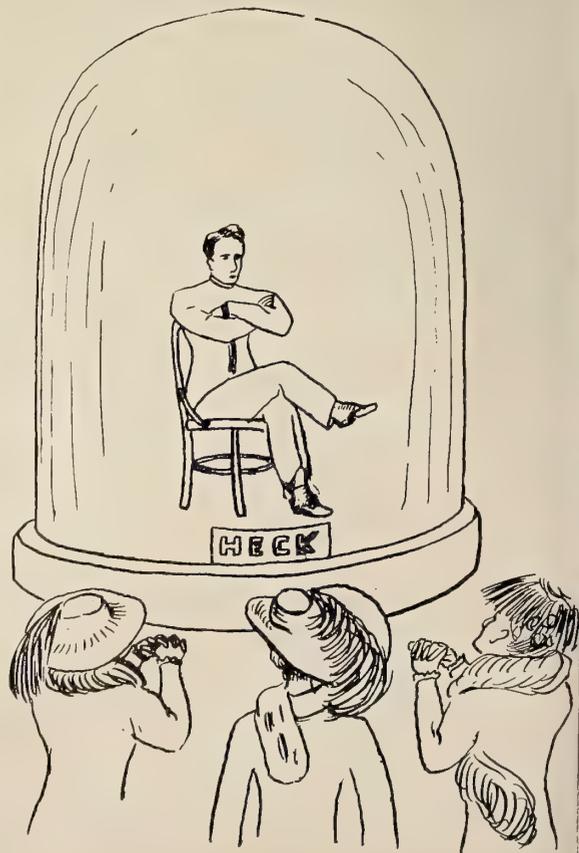
Behold the only truly typical Navy fusser! Can make the ordinary midshipman fussing look like a St. Johnny at an Academy hop. Give him a quiet spot, two hours' time, a lonesome she (introduction not necessary), and Heck will have another maiden sighing, “Ah, it might have been!”

After finishing a brilliant

military career at Western High, Washington, D. C., he came to the Academy to take a post-graduate course. Now he thinks he would rather graft in cit's life than to buck the grease in the Navy. Very diplomatic. One of his virtues is that he never drags a brick—always soaks one of his friends. Indeed, Campbell is a most efficient man, and is generally considered one of our best drill-masters.

Hard luck, Second Class year, brought him a clean sleeve. 'Twas then Heck showed us the true stuff of which he was made by “taking it” in a manner far pleasanter than most of us could. Although he has never held many class offices, Heck is one of the best-liked men in the class. A constant reader of Rubaiyat.

“Well, you see it's this way—”





## Stanley Roscoe Canine

LLANO, TEXAS

### “Boscoe,” “Bow-wow”

*“Never judge a work of art by its defects.”*

—ALLSTON.

Lucky Bag Committee.

A manly Texan whom the muse of pen-and-ink creations breathed upon in his youth. Since that time his drawings have become known from Eastport to College Creek by his private hieroglyphic trademark, “K 9.” He is the creator of the artistic heading which adorns each copy of the “Evening Capital.” In the stirring

days of his Plebe year he was ever ready to defend the honor of his classmates in their absence, much to the terror of the upper-classmen. He is not a heavy fusser, but still he does not deny that on the outside a true heart beats only for him, and its owner waits impatiently the day of graduation. On account of missing a ferryboat on the cruise, he became the guest of the officers and plebes at the Academy the first half of First Class leave. Holds with “Sambo,” of comic supplement fame, the record for making funny noises. His repertoire includes everything from the Nevada’s steam siren to Tubby’s sibilant murmurings. His is the power of holding the regard of his friends, and feeling that regard grow stronger as acquaintance grows closer.

“Hoo—oo—oo—oo—Toot! Toot!”





## Penn Leary Carroll

MINDEN, LOUISIANA

“Phoebe,” “Penn”

*“For he was a friend, a friend a friend.”*

—McMANUS.

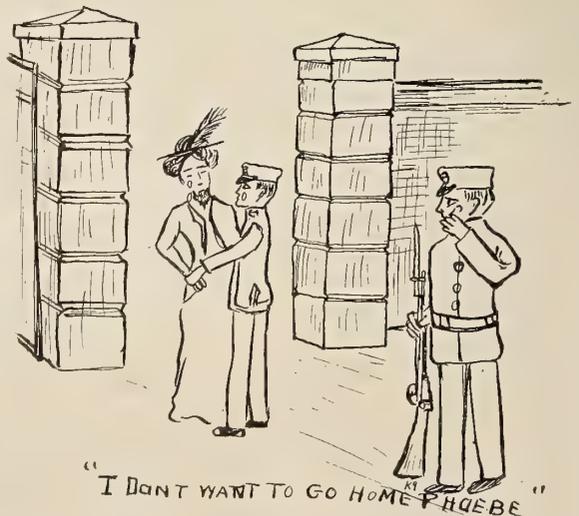
Two Stripes. Class Pipe Committee. Business Manager Lucky Bag. Class Supper Committee.

A lad who has been in love for four years—and with the same girl. Spends his leaves in Washington, D. C., and imports large crowds of maidens from that place for every hop. Did a large share of the work on the class supper, and in addition to carrying through the business end of the LUCKY BAG in a most successful manner, he has served

the class well in many capacities. Is a man in whom absolute reliance may be placed; if Phoebe says “All right,” depend on him and you will not be disappointed. One of the original Argonauts, and the salty expression which you will perceive if you examine his picture closely is generally attributed to this much-talked-of cruise. Strongly in favor of a revival of the old custom of a class banner, and the editor of a many-page daily of which there is but one copy in each edition. An officer and a gentleman, with all that those words imply.

Penn is a capable worker, and the class has recognized this fact by always soaking him with those honorary positions which entail a maximum of work and responsibility.

“I don’t want to go home, Phoebe!”





## Frank Saulsbury Carter

LEWES, DELAWARE

### “Frank,” “Languid Lucy”

*“He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.”*

—BYRON.

**Buzzard.** Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1).

A tall, dark-eyed chevalier who captivates the ladies at first sight. Entered with the best of morals, but has long since been led astray. Has a hard time in keeping Red in the straight and narrow path. Moves in a slow, leisurely manner at all times, and was never known to worry. A non-greaser. Loves to be “touge and non-reg.” For four years a charter member of the smokers’ club, and has now reached his nth offense. An expert in wielding the sledge hammer, and as stubborn as the proverbial army mule. Lazy in the extreme, managing, however, to muster sufficient energy for class baseball. Bones a little, but spends most of his time sleeping, dreaming and writing letters.

“That’s too much like work, fellows!”





## Wilbur Joshua Carber

SEARSPORT, MAINE

“Josh”

*“Modest merit has a claim to acceptance.”*

—ADDISON.

Buzzard. White N 2d. White Numerals.

A big, good-natured moose from the coast of Maine, with a Simon-pure Maine accent, whose build and brace have made him one of the stalwarts of the color-guard. On almost any evening, about an hour after study-call, you may meet, strolling unconcernedly down a second-floor corridor, a lanky youth with his hands in his pockets, blouse wide

open, and cap set jauntily back over a pair of wide-open blue eyes, his lips, almost innocent of down, pursed in a merry whistle—that’s Josh. Cheerful by nature and by habit, he believes in letting the world wag its way without undue interference, and becomes excited about as easily as does Crabtown on a day in August. Give him a good smoke and congenial company, and he will sit for hours in perfect contentment, pulling in the chips or swapping yarns of the old Navy. We know him now as a far different man from the one who had us all bluffed Plebe year. His few non-reg. tendencies have not made him touge, and his good sense and modesty give him deserved popularity.

“Fäh out on the stähb’d yähd ähm.”





## Vance Duncan Chapline

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

“Chappie,” “Swede,”  
“Major,” “Blondy”

*“I’ll be merry, I’ll be free,  
I’ll be sad for nobody.”*

—BURNS.

Buzzard. Hop Committee. Manager Track  
and Gym Team. Class Color Committee.

Our sunbeam—a happy little lad from Red Dog with a Marcel wave in his white hair that makes all the girls jealous. A member of the old “Fifth Comp” who has made the corridors resound to its war cry on many occasions. After Youngster cruise he publicly stated that the little old farm was good enough for him, but he has since grown

to be a sea-dog of the seven-hand-around variety. Went astray in Madeira, but Phoebe’s constant care has brought him back again to the straight and narrow. One of Plug’s pets in the early days, and for four years a pink tea favorite. Always ready for a rough-house or a song-fest, and thus far his spirits have never been successfully damped. During Second Class year he discovered that he was an actress, and made a hit that caused Julia Marlowe to shake in her shoes and Fritzi Scheff to look nervous. Claims to be the original Blonde Kid, but Tommy Jones says this is incorrect. Is Dyke’s first assistant in gathering together that motley gang which is responsible for the hideous noises heard on the first deck each night after supper.

“Say, kid!—”





## Gaylord Church

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

“Count,” “Monk”

*“The heart of him who truly loves is a paradise on earth.”*  
—LAMENNAIS.

Three Stripes, Star (2). Lucky Bag Committee, Chairman Class Song, Yell and Color Committee, Class Supper Committee, Sharpshooter, Expert.

Left college in his Junior year, but now has attained a degree—D. D., Doctor of Desarte. Talks with his hands almost as well as in the ordinary way, which, we will all admit, is talking some. A youthful spirit, despite his years and his thinning hair; he delights in running Bub, and sometimes joins the boys in a good rough-house.

He has read almost everything worth while from Voltaire to Mother Goose and Dickens’ “poetry,” has had a large and varied experience, and has ideas on any subject which may be mentioned. A savoir who is not out for class standing, he spends some of his time absorbing knowledge not in the course. His cruise on the Newark with Frenchy and the Kaydet is often a subject for reminiscence when the three get together. A good mixer, a good fellow and a good friend.

“Aw, ’pups!”



Answering The “Blue Letter”



## Robert Grimes Coman

TREMPEALEAU, WISCONSIN

“Plug,” “Omie,” “Doc,”  
“Bob”

*“Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.”* —POPE.

*“If you would thoroughly know anything, teach it to others.”* —EDWARDS.

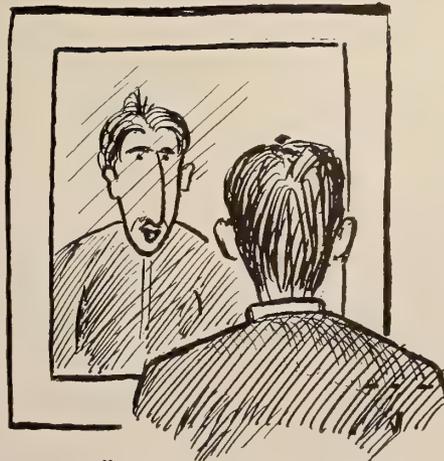
Irrepressible, fun-loving Plug, who is never so happy as when gasping with merriment at a joke on one of his “playmates.” He has been known to wreck a cast-iron bed in a struggle with Jimmie for sweet-spud pies put up by the rest of the crowd—strangle holds and slippers not barred. Innocence and good sense are writ large upon his

classic features, and he has always been regarded as a most steady-going, dependable youth—“one of our Trempealeau boys who will make his mark,” you know. When he disappeared from the Olympia on First Class cruise the kidnapping theory was immediately accepted, and type had just been set for descriptive circulars relating to “a handsome, strongly-built boy, with a ruddy complexion, aquiline nose, intelligent-looking brown eyes, sway-backed legs,” and so forth, when Doc turned up. It transpired that he had merely been making a home visit with Gussie. He had early visions of bilging, but has since dispelled them sufficiently to do much boosting of the cellar champions in the academic race. Without grave faults, we love him still.

“Say, can you work this puzzle?”

“It can’t be done! it can’t be done!”

“And that gold tooth wasn’t worth fifteen cents.”



“Plug” — “Gee! it’s great to be handsome.”



## Roland Marcy Comfort

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

“Bub,” “Kaiser”

“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!”  
—BIBLE.

Two Stripes. Farewell Ball Committee.  
Sharpshooter, Expert.

A tall, broad-shouldered, handsome boy with a true military brace. Ever on the alert to do his duty—consequently his good record and stripes, due to his own efforts, with no attempt to grease. Though still a mere infant, and as innocent, he assumes the air and manner of a man of the world, and sometimes you almost believe him.

In love? Not much. Writes to dozens, and leads the poor things on, but never means to be serious; he is having too much fun, so he says, at it this way. Has been offered a high price by the Mellin's Food Co. to use his face as an “ad.” Second Class year became a strong advocate of nightly exercises before retiring, but it was too strenuous, and he soon discontinued the practice. Has learned his few bad habits since entering the U. S. N., but nevertheless believes the Navy was just made for him. Uses a deep bass voice on the Profs. in section room to good effect. Has high ideals, and is a true gentleman in all his thoughts and actions.





## Henry George Cooper

OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA

“Tots,” “Doughboy,”  
“Hennery”

*“Her sunny locks hang on her temples like  
a golden fleece.”* —SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard. Sharpshooter.

A cunning, sweet blonde, whose numerous “Marcel’s” are with him for life in spite of his vigorous efforts to smooth them out. He is a lover and patron of the great American game of chance and of the bubbly, refreshing liquid that is never served at receptions to midshipmen. He is the product of an interesting case of evolution in

which a bashful, blushing plebe who knew nothing of dancing was changed into a most polished and finished fusser as a first classman. Even in his ordinary walk he gives the impression of trying to “Boston.” Plebe year, while listening to “Angelo” demonstrate stereographic projections, poor Doughboy had a stroke of paralysis and could not talk for a few days, even for the Greek and investigation boards. He used to be fond of rough-housing, but after his sea-going Youngster cruise, which extended as far as the Chamberlain Hotel, his mind became set on more manly deeds.

His sketches of naval machinery are perfect puzzle pictures, which no one but himself can decipher. His “Golden Fleece” is known as talisman, a touch of which on the way to recitation will insure a 2.5.





## Freeland Allyn Daubin

LAMAR, MISSOURI

### “Daub”

*“The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left  
Shall never part from mine,  
Till happier hours restore the gift  
Untainted back to thine.”*

—BYRON.

Buzzard. Lucky Bag Committee.

Daub, as you see, is from Missouri, and is perhaps as good a kicker as ever came from that State, famed for its mule raising. Yes, at rhinoing we all steer shy of Daub. There is so much more to tell about this youth that we hardly know where to begin. He was a charter member of the Splashers' Club, into which he initiated Paddy with great success. At one time he ran the mile, but Youngster year he and Mark agreed to give it up. The noblest of his deeds, perhaps, is having lived with Paddy for three years. He has borne the vagaries and illnesses of the latter with unflinching fortitude and never-ending care and sympathy. Daub's fussing we will not enlarge upon, as everyone knows about it, but we will say that he came very close to being stung First Class year.

A man with a quick mind and strong, energetic temperament, always ready to shove a good thing along or sit on a bad one

“That will do, Mr. Daubin.”



Daubin sneaks away from the chaperone for five minutes



## Charles Cobode Davis

WASHINGTON, D. C.

“Toad,” “Dave,” “Friff”

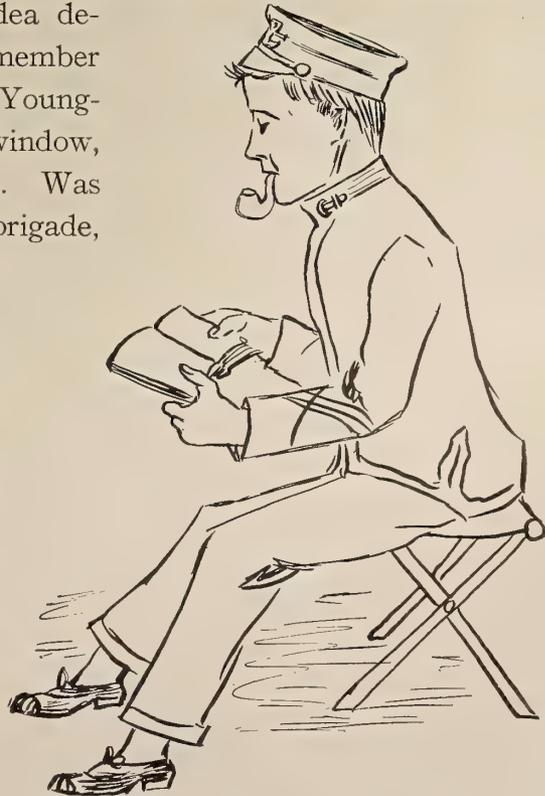
*“So many virtues joined in him as we  
Can scarce find here and there in history.”*

Buzzard, Brown N. Rifle Team (4, 3, 2, 1),  
Yellow Numerals.

Noted chiefly for his dimples, bright eyes and waltzing. Keeps everything in his room from a scroll saw to an electric iron, and his tent at Camp Perry was a miniature armory. Will undertake to invent anything but a flying machine. In early manhood dashed off a cigarette slot machine; it put him unsat for a time, but he

had the satisfaction of seeing his idea develop into reality. A rough-house member of the Third Company. “Huzzinas” Youngster year, holding the record, with a window, bed, table and four chairs broken. Was early awed by the rocking-chair brigade, and has lived a simple life in Crabtown. Faint rumors of his First Class leave, however, have drifted to us. Successfully passed through four years without greasing. Not a specialist, but equally good at cards, shooting and fussing.

Toad is chummy with few, but is a friend well appreciated by those who know him.





## Roy Henry Davis

EUGENE, OREGON

“Davy,” “Roy,” “Duke”

*“None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.”*

—HALLECK.

Class President. Two Stripes. Crew (4, 3, 2, 1). Red N. Yellow N 2d. President Midshipmen's Athletic Association. Leader Class German. Farewell Ball Committee. Class Football (2). Class Basketball (2).

A tall, fearless, determined Irishman from Oregon, who wins a friend in everybody he meets. An all-round athlete who has held down a seat on the first crew since Plebe year. Unanimously elected class president, and a better man for the honor could never be found, for he gives his heart and soul for 1909. When he shuts that jaw

he means business, and when those eyes flash, look out. He has a cheery disposition and a good word for everybody. Will not knock, and has never been known to criticise a classmate unfavorably. Will not allow the Profs. to run him. Desires to be an Apollo, and has enough athletic paraphernalia in his room to stock a gym. A hop is never complete without him. Heroically saved the life of a chicken on the Robert Center cruise. An expert coxswain in handling a steam launch. You should hear about that time he had in New York after the Poughkeepsie race.

“Begorra, Pat, an' how are ye to-day?”

“Now this here thing, fellows.”





## Anderson Chenault Dearing

FLEMINGSBURG, KENTUCKY

### “Shenult”

*“His zeal none seconded.”*

—MILTON.

Buzzard, Class German Committee, Sharpshooter, Expert.

Picture to yourself a true Kentuckian, and you will have Dearing to a T. He is as thoroughbred as her race horses, and just as fast—when fussing. Never fails to make an impression. Always goes ashore with Rush and Jimmie, and thereby hangs many a tale. His cheeks are as red as the wrapper on a

tomato can; his silent ambition is to hit the pap for not being properly shaved.

Dearing wants the world to hear of Dearing—more than likely it will. He strives to utilize every opportunity and advantage offered by the Naval Academy. Bones before breakfast, bones after drill, bones Xmas night—bones all the time—that he is not with Jimmie. He has that power of concentration and of steady application which will ultimately bring him to his goal. While he cares not what others may think, at the same time he’s considerate.

At seamanship drill—  
“Young man, where’s your station?”

DEARING.—“ Mizzen foreyard, sir.”

“Hey, assistant! put me on the call-list for 5.30.”





## Joseph Mason Deem

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

“Jimmy,” “Rachel,”  
“Samson”

*“It’s guid to be merry and wise,  
It’s guid to be honest and true.”*

—BURNS.

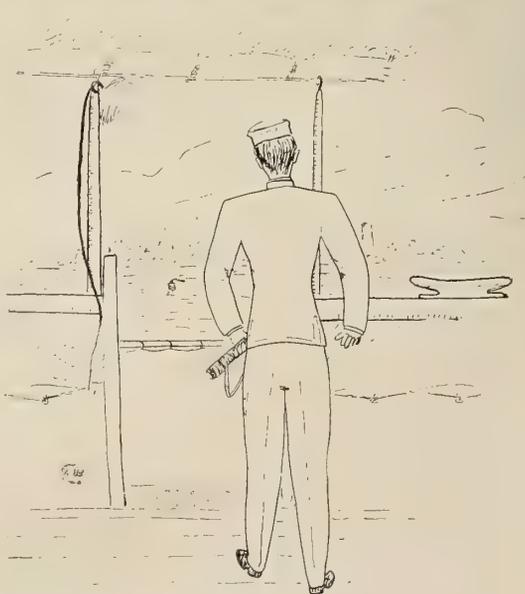
Buzzard. Farewell Ball Committee. Class  
Baseball (3).

A dark Southerner, slender and tall, but with muscles hardened by such assiduous devotion to “setting up” that for a time he bore the name of “Samson.” His innocent, angelic expression hides a nature which is the despair of all discipline officers, and behind those soft brown eyes lurks a devil. “Bennie,” his first wife, was too gentle for

him, so “Rags” tried to curb him; but the “Com.” didn’t care for the combination, and since then “Spike” has taken care of him. One is the complement of the other—the two Joes. The kind of a man to have behind you in a forlorn-hope, for he will back-a friend, right or wrong, and hesitates at nothing. Has an extremely high sense of honor and fine ideals of woman, and is a true Southern gentleman, through and through.

A curious mixture of softness and hardness—sometimes the easiest man in the world to convince and at others as immovable as the mountain.

“You’re damned right!”





## Max Burke DeMott

NILES, MICHIGAN

“Swott”

*“And he smote them hip and thigh.”*

—SAMUEL, I.

Buzzard. Football (3, 2). Yellow N\*\*,

A husky defender of Uncle Sam, from Michigan; he loves a rough-house and something to eat, but when in training for football, even Ping could not induce him to eat one tiny piece of fudge, so Ping had to eat it all himself. Swott is a savoir when he takes the trouble to bone a little, and in anything he tries he usually makes good.

His cannonball fashion of getting down the field and tackling on punts has sent many an Army man to the side lines to be treated for nervous prostration. He has a punch that won the heavy-weight boxing championship of the Academy. He has a big, manly face that everyone likes, the fair ones as well as those who know him best—the midshipmen. He showed his grit First Class year when, after missing the first two months on sick leave, he came back and foiled those solicitous instructors who are ever trying to reduce the number of midshipmen. He is a jolly good fellow in any company, and that without sacrificing his principles to some of the customs of so-called good-fellowship.

“Je ne savais pas where he left off.”





## John Harrison Semmes Desses

CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND

### "Dessy"

*"And then to breakfast with what appetite  
you have."* —SHAKESPEARE.

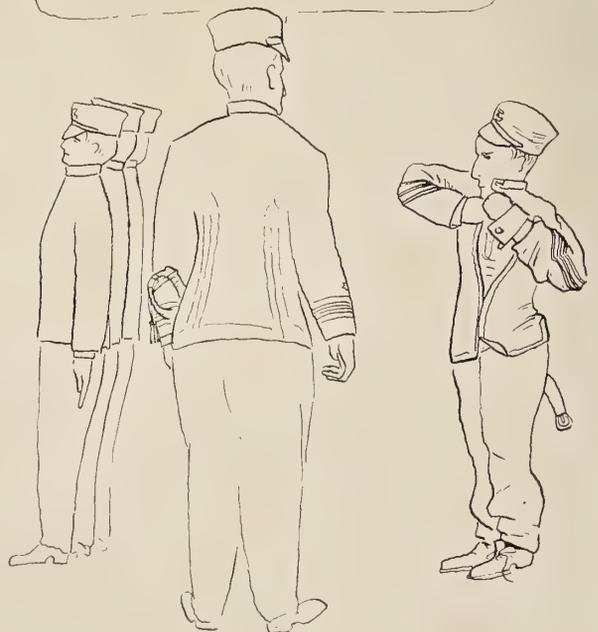
Buzzard.

A bum grind, and has caused Tommy much trouble to keep him awake, during the long study hours. Has a most prodigious appetite, but declares he only eats slowly and thus creates a wrong impression. Has always belonged to the smokers' club, and was continually adorning the "pap" sheet during his underclass days. Finally he

got his last one on the good ship Nevada (?). Delights in arguing on most any subject, and soon convinces himself that his side of the argument is correct and that yours is illogical. Hard to understand at times, but he always means well. If you do not take him at face value at all times, by intimate and continual contact you will finally love him in spite of his eccentric habits and manners.

"Smear! here comes the bread wagon."

Go Back to your room  
and dress Mr Desses.





## Virgil Jason Dixon

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

### "Sleepy"

*"Now blessings on the man who first invented sleep."*  
—ERASAMUS.

First Petty Officer. Football Squad (1).

In ordinary conversation has a voice that sounds like a long cry for help, but when he gets really interested it goes off like a series of gun-cotton tests at the Torpedo Station. Sews himself up for the winter on the first day of November, and does not come out until the glad springtime is amongst us.

Blossomed out as a fusser First

Class year, much to the delight of his friends, who could sit anywhere around the yard and listen to his most intimate conversations. Never smiles, for fear his face might slip and go farther than he intended. Of great use on the cruise as a foghorn on misty nights.

His popularity has steadily increased since we began to know him, several years after he entered the Academy.

"Yes, this is the standard compass."

"Do you blonde your hair?"





## James Madison Doyle

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

“Jimmy”

*“From childhood’s hour I have not been  
as others were.”*

Golf Squid. Captain Swimming Squad.

Our bad boy—who believes that a little learning is a dangerous thing and doesn’t propose to take any chances. The toughest man in the brigade, and non-reg. from the way he has his hair cut to the shoes he wears on his feet. Appears each fall in the latest autumn styles, and feels hurt if you suggest that Jacob Reed’s pro-

ductions might fit him. A night owl who sits up at the M. C.’s desk until the wee small hours under the impression that he is studying, and has given Rusty Fay a hard race for first place in the class, as looked at from below. One of the charter members of the Chicago’s Beach Comb-ers’ Association during First Class cruise, and added to the gayety of nations by attempting to paint Boston a brilliant red.

“Come on, Nell! let’s wake the place up a bit.”





## Alger Herman Dresel

WASHINGTON, D. C.

“Mutt,” “Squidge,” “Algy,”  
“Drizzle”

*“Begone, dull care! thou and I shall never agree;  
Begone, dull care! prithee begone with thee.”*

Buzzard. Hop Committee (3, 2, 1), Chairman (1). Midshipmen’s Athletic Association (1). Choir (1). Masqueraders. Farewell Ball Committee, Chairman (2). Class German Committee.

A blue-eyed, sunny, gay-hearted individual from nearby Washington. Enjoys the proud distinction of having been born and reared—until old enough to know better—in our beloved Crabtown. Has the bearing and beauty of the Apollo Belvedere; and admiring classmates, recognizing this, soon placed him where he would shine to best

advantage—on the Hop Committee. Progressed steadily from non-ratey youngster thereon to chairman, and is now, with Zimmerman, joint M. B. B. (master of the brass band).

Claims to be wooden, but gets through easily with a minimum of boning. Always optimistic, he’s more cheering than a “Be Happy” motto on the wall, and, unlike that sign, will sympathize with anyone in a grouch. Unselfish and generous, he is always glad to do you a favor. Possesses the rare gift of personal magnetism to a large extent, and you find yourself liking him immensely before you thought you knew him at all.

“Bon-bon Buddy, the chocolate drop—that’s me!”





## Lucius Claude Dunn

WATER VALLEY, MISSISSIPPI

### “Lucy”

*“Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.”*

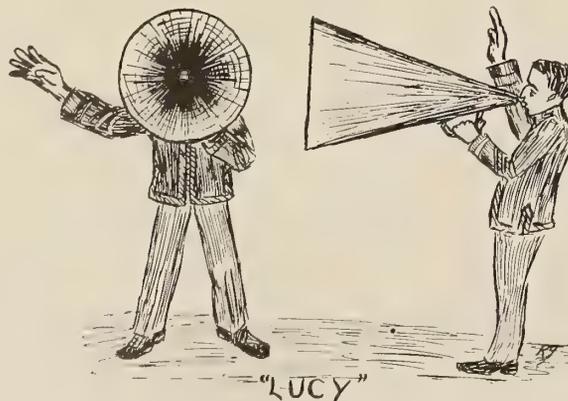
—AUERBACH.

Buzzard. Cheer Leader (1). Masqueraders (2, 1). Class Song, Yell and Color Committee. Choir (1).

The co-perpetrator of the original song of '09; published in sheet form—for sale at all music stores. Lucy has rare musical talent, which he divides among so many instruments that the effect of any one of them on listeners is awesome to behold. When he plays his trombone, the disturbance produced is somewhat similar to that in

Olympus when Jove hurls a bunch of thunderbolts. First Class cruise his genius brought forth a plaintive love song, “Sweet Maileen,” which the mokes speedily learned and rendered nightly with telling effect. He is always “agonizing,” even in the choir. As cheer leader he showed the brigade the advantage of being graceful by nature, and as Professor Punk, leader of the Christmas p-rade, he showed still more natural talent.

“There goes that dad gum man overboard again!”





## Arthur Samuel Dysart

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

“ Dick ”

*“The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not.”*

—BIBLE.

One Stripe. Masqueraders (1). Choir (1).

The small man with the big voice. Caught wild in the woods of Arizona, and has never been tamed. One of the many Tenth Company song-birds, and never misses a chance to make night hideous. Announced his intention of returning from First Class cruise with a stripe, and because of the subtle grease in the similarity

of his fairy-like form to that of the Nevada's executive officer, accomplished the trick, and now has the proud privilege of escorting the ladies to their seats in chapel.

Lived with Hatcher for three years, but never betrayed his friendship by selling out to the Beef Trust. Astounded his fellow Red Mikes by tripping lightly through a hop First Class year, and so proved to us that the Professor from Baltimore had not lived in vain after all. An inventor of no mean ability—the Dysart constant head viscosometer and the Dysart-Hatcher aeroplane being two examples of his skill. Savvy enough to keep well to windward of the exams, and was never known to grease in section.

A solid kind of man who has four well-spent years to look back upon.





## Alfred Louis Ede

RENO, NEVADA

### “Stoneface”

*“A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.”*

—CAMPBELL.

A flaxen-haired, savvy youth who preferred the billowy ocean waves to the alkali plains of his native land. A very quiet, unpretentious fellow who wears the face of a Sphinx, which, however, cannot entirely conceal the cheery disposition that lies beneath. Never rhinoes, but always appears satisfied with his lot. Was never

known to grease, yet always pulls a good mark. Surprised us all Plebe year by spouting French like a true Dago. Remains perfectly unmoved whatever the excitement, and could easily have faced the Peloponnesian in his den without batting an eyelash. Started out to make a name for himself and uphold the reputation of his State in the “ring,” but found it needed more than courage to succeed with the “mits.” Continually practices the “mile,” but never enters a race. In spite of his association for four years with the reprobates of the Eighth Company, he still preserves his innocent ways and gentle manners. Prefers the St. James to any other hotel in Washington.





## Charles Milford Elder

CORDELE, GEORGIA

“Cordelia,” “Millie”

*“Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill of moving gracefully or standing still.”*

—CHURCHILL.

**Buzzard.**

A loose-jointed, sad-eyed, unobtrusive creature, graceful as a camel and wearing a perpetual grin that masks his face. His remarkable facial contortions are in decided contrast with the sphinx-like immobility of his roommate “Stone Face.” Good-hearted, earnest and sincere, and generous to a fault.

When he talks he uses his whole face to help him out, and when he recites he gives one the impression that he is getting ready to cry, he is so earnest in what he has to say. Couldn't keep his face to the front in ranks, with pretty girls on the side lines, to save his life. In his four years' association with Trever's hard gang has lost none of his gentle ways and coquettish manners. Surprised us all by getting quite *touge* last Christmas week. Sticks pretty close to his room most of the time, but occasionally joins the boys for a little sport.

“Won't you let me talk to you awhile?”

“Boatswain's mate! Boatswain's mate!”





## Eric Lamar Ellington

SMITHFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA

### “Polly”

“A still, small voice.”

—EXODUS.

Three Stripes. Star (2).

The only living beanstalk. Started growing soon after his entrance, as a squirrel-toothed plebe of barely sixteen summers, and has kept on since, with daily acceleration. Became early convinced of the frailty of human nature, and is a rank pessimist. Joint proprietor with George of the Tenth Company. One of the few first classmen

who don't shirk on Thursday afternoons; he leads the brigade on all such occasions.

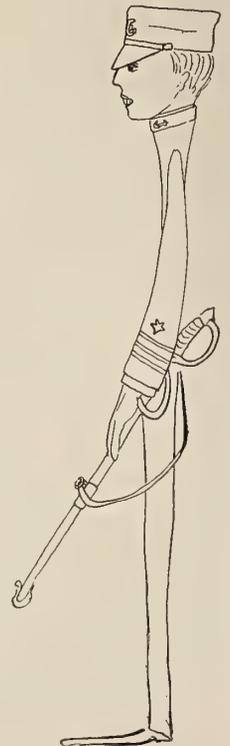
A confirmed misogynist, he is a charter member of the Auburn Hibernians. Once ventured as far as the stag line at a hop, but there his courage failed him, and he beat a speedy retreat. By simply pursuing the even tenor of his way, and not currying favor with the donors of the stripes, he got what he rated, three stripes, and has held down his job in such a way as to well justify the confidence placed in him.

“Fine children,” says I.

“Thank you!” says she.

“Beg your pardon, madam,

But you needn't thank me!”





## Richard McCall Elliot, Jr.

LOWER MERION, PENNSYLVANIA

### "Dickie"

*"And he himself was tall and thin,  
With lips where smiles went out and in."*  
—ANON.

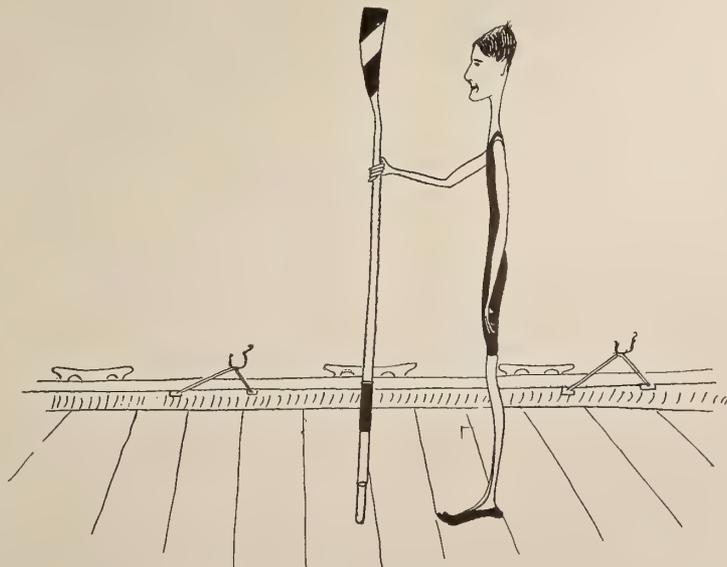
Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1). Red N 2d. Choir  
(3, 2, 1).

The democratic member of the "400." Has traveled widely; is quite cosmopolitan and speaks French with a true Parisian accent. Will argue for hours on either side of any subject, punctuating his remarks with ape-like gesticulations, à la française.

Missed getting his well-deserved stripes by trying to help a classmate. He is always ready to assist one in French, listen to nonsense, or laugh at a bum joke. Considers hops pleasant, but views them with good perspective, and would really prefer a twelve-mile row any day. An overgrown boy with the sunny disposition of a child made strong by the virile qualities of a man.

Though he has roomed four years with the Duke, Dickie is still sane.

His form in rowing is perfect, but, alas! in four years, training table grub has increased his weight only six ounces.





## Solomon Endel

LAKE CHARLES, LOUISIANA

“Sol”

*“A Daniel come to judgment.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard.

A bowlegged little Moses found in the canebrakes of Louisiana and brought to the Naval Academy for his education. Has a cheerful, happy disposition, but a grim determination to succeed in life. Went through fire and water Plebe year without a whimper, and won the admiration of his classmates for his sand. Holds the

record for “standing on his head” and the “sixteenth.” Is playful as a kitten and delights in roughing it up. Was Chubby’s social aide on the good ship Nevada and a special friend (?) of the skipper’s. Tries to assume a pained expression when he rhinocs, but looks too good-natured to be successful. Startled the world by his wonderful invention, the Solimeter, an ingenious contrivance for obtaining a 2.5 in Nav. P. Work; but after having spent several months on it, and incidentally becoming “unsat” in “Nav.” as a result, he was refused a patent on it by “Ponce,” and his prospects of a 2.5 are as far away as ever. The best rooter at all sports in the Naval Academy.



Sol (at any game)  
“Eat 'em up Navy”



## William Curtis Faus

ONAWA, IOWA

“Auntie,” “Willie”

*“I am fearfully and wonderfully made.”*

—PSALMS.

A big, bouncing boy, who when seen in “line ahead” looks like a moving-van on the first of May. Walks like a man on stilts, and keeps in step by an original method of approximation. This willowy, graceful water-nymph from the shores of the Big Muddy came to see if the pond were really as large as he had heard. At one time he

thought that his stay might be cut short, but by the notable feat of learning four months’ plebe Math, Dago and minor details in a few short weeks he fooled the wiseacres, and may still be seen, on any bright day, bobbing serenely about the yard. Having, perforce, learned the secret of self-preservation, he has always been ready to turn his knowledge to account in getting a line out to others. Known to the readers of the “Scientific American” as Willie Westinghouse Edison Faus, the boy inventor of a six-cylinder, vertical, inverted, double-acting device, with automatic ratchet-bar feed, for loading turret guns in the vertical and all intermediate positions.

“There are millions in it!”

“The fair, fat, fascinating, funny Faus of the Fighting Fifth.”



WHO STOLE THE DINGHY SAILS



## Rush Southgate Fay

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

“Rusty,” “Nuthead”

*“Blessings be on thee, little man;  
For by thy song and soul thou winnest many  
hearts.”*

Choir (1).

A bright-eyed, restless little chap from the City of Bluebloods and Antiquities. Opens up like a morning-glory when with the boys, and is always laughing and joking; but when he mingles with the rocking-chair brigade, which he does frequently, he closes up like a clam and tries to be dignified and military. Distinguished himself by being the

hero in a launch disaster, covering himself with blood and glory. Created a new size in hats ( $5\frac{1}{2}$ ) when he entered the Navy. Will drag a girl to the hop if he sees her photo first (?). Can imitate anybody from the Supe to the corridor boy. Compared love letters with “Sniffles” McCauley for two years. Has been having a hard race with James Madison Doyle throughout his course for the honor of standing first in the class, as viewed from below. Is always squidging for a margin—which he never gets. However, he has never let this fact sour the natural sweetness of his temper. It has leaked out at last that he was once an inmate of St. John’s. An affectionate little fellow whom you can’t help liking.

“Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Swarthmore—Davis.”





## Franklin Harper Fowler

CHEYENNE, WYOMING

“Orey”

*“Not everyone is a wit that would be.”*

— MOLIÈRE.

**Buzzard. Choir (1). Class Football. Sharpshooter, Expert.**

Orey hopes some day to make Wyoming famous. Stopped cow-punching for a few years just to see what the Navy was like, and now thinks it a great improvement over ranch life. Dabbles in football and was a hard-working member of the 11th crew Youngster year. Somewhat inclined to be egotistic. Enjoys fussing to the

limit, but tries not to show it. A rare wit(?). Has a smile that is fetching, to say the least. One of the original fuming squad who hung out down behind the power-house. Has been looking forward to graduation for SOME TIME. Was a great admirer of Spuds' ways during the time the latter was with us. A jubilator with a bum tenor who evidently had a grease with Casey.

Has been guilty of numerous puns during his career, and has obtained due recognition therefor from the Vigilance Committee. Displays great affability, and covers his jolly round face with that characteristic smile when entertaining the fair sex with his charming assortment of parlor jokes.

“Say, fellers!— — —”

“Don't you see the point?”





## Henry Hugo Fox

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

“Quiller,” “Foxy,” “Henri,”  
“Reynard”

*“A true swinker and a good was he,  
Lyvyng in pees and perfight charitie.”*

—CHAUCER.

Buzzard. Sharpshooter.

A quiet, studious, curly-haired chap, who thinks there is no place quite like his native burg, old St. Louis. Why, even the sausages they make there are better than you can get anywhere else, you know. He is a member of an exclusive tennis club at home and a great automobile enthusiast, even since Second Class leave, when, as a

pilot, he once failed to follow the sailing directions and went aground on a rock, with disastrous consequences. He has always preferred the simple life with Morry to the wild rough-houses of the Huzzinas, but Sol will tell you that he is, nevertheless, a practical joker of no mean ability. Can argufy without heat on any theme and never allows himself to be bluffed. A true connoisseur of Christmas cheer; the holidays always bring him happiness and contentment. Ever smiling and cheerful, his warm heart and his loyalty have won him many friends.

“Say, fellows! You ought to see the one we have out in St. Louis.”





## Deupree Julien Friedell

TEXARKANA, ARKANSAS

“Eph,” “Fried-eel,”  
“Friddle”

*“A merrier man within the limit of becoming  
mirth  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

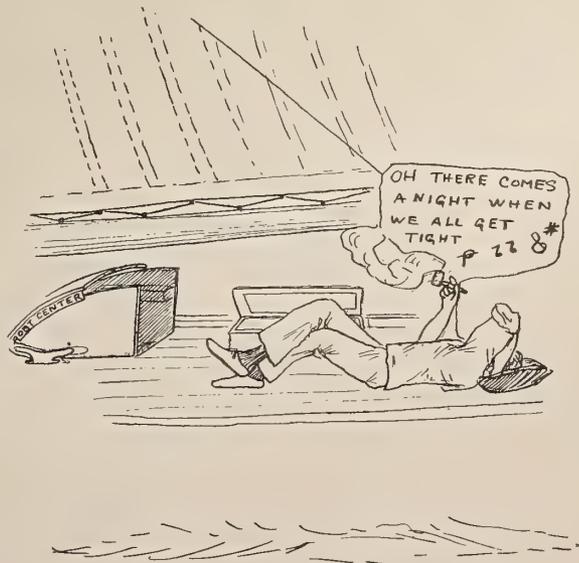
Manager Basketball Team. Vice-President  
Y. M. C. A. Crew Squad (3, 2, 1).  
Red N 2d.

Possessed of a nature as sunny as the day is long, which trees, nor conduct grades, nor gold bricks can spoil. Always seeming happy-go-lucky, with never a care in the world, Eph has a level head on his shoulders and his share of good sense. Sometimes affects a simple expression and manner of speech which has entertained many a

gathering, but which fails to pull marks from instructors. He pulled a strong oar on the mud-diggers in the early days, but has now advanced to better things and longs for another trip to “Poughkeeps.” Still braces and walks like a plebe when in ranks. Has a good tenor voice and needs no inducements to break forth into song. His laugh is the biggest thing about him. Once heard, that volcanic eruption of contagious merriment can never be forgotten. Four years at the Academy have won him many friends, and he keeps them all.

“I cain't he'p it.”

“Here, Mr. Fried-eel! jump up and pass that stopper. James Madison Doyle doesn't know how.”





## Holbrook Gibson

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

“Gib”

“An affable and courteous gentleman.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

First Petty Officer.

Gib is a quiet sort of a chap, with a pleasant word for everybody. Since he has withstood the nerve-racking trial of a continued existence with Percy for four years, we conclude that a train wreck would be mere play for him. Caused no little excitement on Youngster cruise by an attack of appendicitis. Is apt to surprise you now and then with some amazing electrical experiment, and he talks about the “juice” in a truly professional manner. Lazy in the extreme—was never known to exert himself at anything. One of the Third Company jubilators who took the Second Class cruise to Jamestown under Captain Dyke. A man who has convictions and lives up to them. Doesn’t say anything unless he means it, and is one of the solid men of the class.

Is modest and reticent, and possesses an engaging manner which attracts many friends. One of the few who have utilized the shops in the Steam building, thereby obtaining both amusement and profit.

“Oh, that’s simple! Don’t you see the positive lead comes up through here?”





## Claude Sexton Gillette

CHEROKEE, IOWA

“Kid”

*“I’ve taken my fun where I found it;  
I ranged and I’ve roved in my time.”*

—KIPLING.

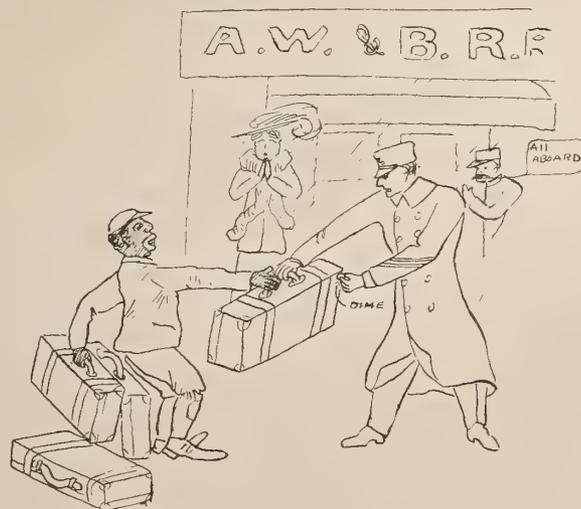
One Stripe. Class Football. Christmas Card Committee. Class Yell, Song and Color Committee. Assistant Cheer Leader (1). Sharpshooter (1).

A man with remarkable nerve, who hails “From way out West, from I-O-W-A.” Very, very hard; loves to take long chances, and has proved that Providence watches over certain of us. A valuable addition to the First Company choir, and can make as much noise as any of that renowned bunch. A savoir when he wants to be, but

prefers to spend his time inditing epistles to the fair sex, by whom he is known as “that charming Mr. Gillette.” Was one of the winners on the Chicago—drawing a stripe; also one of the famous Beach Combers’ Association of that ship and the hero of many late returning from liberty escapades. Pulled the wires First Class year, went to Philly as Social Aide to the football team—and is still telling his experiences. During First Class year conceived the brilliant idea of establishing a tonsorial parlor à la mode for the misery of his friends. A true friend through thick and thin.

“I want my Claude, from I-O-W-A.”

“Say, what’s the lesson in Nav?”





## Cyrus Dorsey Gilroy

LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA

“Happy,” “Bruz”

*“Happiness is a sunbeam.”*

—JANE PORTER.

Class Baseball (3, 2, 1).

A face of trusting innocence, the lore of a sage, and a temperament that gives him his name. A consistent though apparently modest fusser of the twenty-nine, he is always ready to decry scandal while advising Jimmy of the latest. A lovable fellow and something of a poet, having written that famous parody, “I am happy

at Guinots.” Held down the terrible Swede and saluted Tecumseh for two years, and then lost faith. Knows the meaning of a 2.5, claims chalk is an acquired taste, but is still with us. Coxswain of the “Whee” club Second Class summer, guiding the boys through the impenetrable forest. The reliable first baseman of the “Nell’s Never Sweats.” Took life seriously for the first time Second Class year and joined the “Mahogany Hall Parties,” where, with the aid of Plug’s instruction corps and much motor oil, he again fooled the gods of Math and Steam. Beware that baby stare which almost convinces you it is all true, for it is hard to know when you are being run.





## James Blair Glennon

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

“Jimmy,” “Aguinaldo”

“A still small voice.”

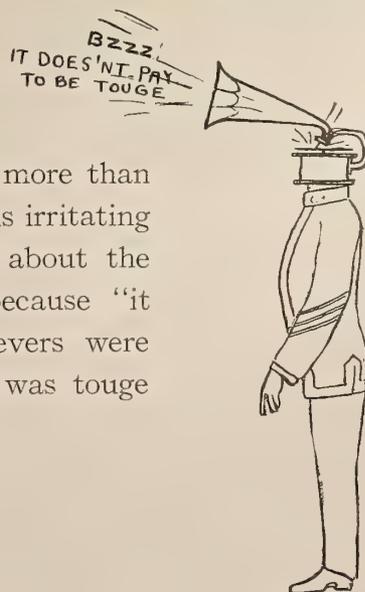
—BIBLE.

A sweet-tempered, harmless little Aguinaldo with a “Wee small voice.” Has contemplated following the example of Demosthenes, but so far has not been able to find pebbles small enough. He is the kind you can’t hear either coming or going, but owing to his sociability we are always sorry after he has passed on. A true philo-

sopher who realizes that life at the U. S. N. A. is only a means to an end; furthermore, he practices what he preaches, never rhinoing, and consequently saves a lot of energy. His “case” has been up before nearly all the Departments at one time or another, but Jimmie will fool them yet and appear before the throne on June 4th with the rest of us. Jimmie is so good-natured you just can’t help “running” him on all occasions, but he is wise and never takes it seriously. Usually so quiet with the boys, he more than holds his own with the “femmes,” though it is irritating to have them always asking “Uncle James” about the baby. Has three diagonal stripes simply because “it doesn’t pay to be touge.” “All the cleansleever were touge; Eddie Lange was touge; Jimmy Doyle was touge —I was touge.”

“Officers of the Arkansas, sir.”

“Ah—ah—ah, Braist-ed!”





## Walter Christian Grebe

YANKTON, SOUTH DAKOTA

“Grebe”

*“A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident to-morrows.”*

—WORDSWORTH.

Buzzard. Track Squad. Sharpshooter.

Are you looking for a most companionable friend? See Grebe. When you're feeling sore, he will come and lovingly lock your arm in his, saying, “Too bad, old man!” This ready sympathy is dispensed to first classmen and plebes alike. At the same time he will share in your joy, eat your pie, and smoke your Bull. He actually

*fusses* a midshipman as successfully as the queens he drags.

So obliging is he that once, in order to make the evening merry, he fought The Kid. At another time, on a cold and wintry night, he turned out at 2 A. M. in order to satisfy a whimsical fancy of Spike's. This man is not partial: he will do anything for anybody, no matter if he is obliged to undergo an inconvenience. We have not yet seen the time when Grebe's temper had the upper hand; takes all things with calmness and composure.

Strong on non-reg.; his pumps are a fortnightly feature at the hops. Likes to be seen in his running panties.

“Yes, I was appointed by a Senator.”

“Say, you fellows!—”





## Fitzhugh Green

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

“Rabbit,” “Fitzhugh”

*“There is a divinity which shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Brigade Adjutant. Manager Football Team,  
Basketball Team. Class Baseball. Class  
Football (4).

A Young Lochinvar from the proverbial section of the country, who combines good looks and a smattering of brains in a really pleasing manner. He considers the most important events in his history to be his birth, his entrance to the Naval Academy, and his discovery of ice cream. Prefers waffles to girls, but is extremely partial

to both. Although he reads orders in a voice which causes the knees of the plebes to knock violently together, he can whisper sweet nothings down the necks of trusting young ladies from the nearby seminaries in the most dulcet tones imaginable. Shares the stock of the football team with Percy, and occasionally imagines that he is in love, but a good dinner will always cure him.

Got ahead of the doctors First Class year by intentionally breaking his collar bone in a basketball game, and worked this graft for the hardest month of the fall.

Has always been a man of high principles, with determination enough to stand by them.

“Fellows, let’s get some ice cream.”





## Oscar Casey Greene

OPELIKA, ALABAMA

### "Casey"

*' Begone, dull care! prithee, begone with thee!  
Begone, dull care! thou and I shall never  
agree.'*

Buzzard. Choir (4, 3, 2, 1), Leader (1). Class Song, Yell and Color Committee. Masqueraders. Advisory Board.

A lazy, careless, happy-go-lucky Irishman. A living example of the benefits of optimism, for with cheerful good-nature, and a minimum of work, he has drifted through his academic career to a successful finish. An inveterate smoker, he spent three years as a devotee of Nicotine in secret, but now worships her openly.

When not writing letters to Washington, is reading the latest novel. Bones rarely, and when caught at it blushes furiously and commences to apologize. Claims he is wooden, but is only lazy. A modest, unassuming song-bird as an underclassman, he blossomed out this year as the High Imperial Wielder of the Baton, the Grand Mogul of the Singists, and leads his Choir Visible (decidedly so!) to glorious victory every Sunday morning. In a moment lucky for both of them, acquired Sammy as a wife, and now the two are as inseparable as a certain Siamese pair. They never split, even on that dangerous subject, girls, for they go in for two, or more, sisters at the same time. Sammy's influence, though, is controlling, for Casey is thinking of changing from Alabama to Washington—entirely on Sammy's account, of course!

"Why, sure! I can prove it to you!"





## Robert Pollock Guller, Jr.

CALAIS, OHIO

### "Guller"

*"Is that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario?"*

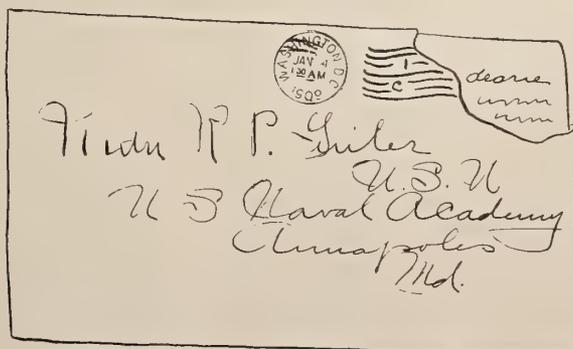
—ROWE.

**Buzzard. Red N. Red Numerals.**

"Suddenly dere is heard loud footprints in de hall. Et is de rough and rowdy Guller." The innocent and unoffending plebe trembles at the mere mention of his name, yet he is as gentle, quiet and peaceable a man as ever scared a ratey underclassman. Strong, long-limbed and full of determination, he has worked hard and

faithfully on the crew squad for four years—and successfully, too, for he now holds down a coveted seat on the 'Varsity. Has the unique record of being the only '09 man ever convicted in the little game known as "hazing," the result of an amazing ability for renaming plebes. Wears the same size shoe as collar. Often seen but seldom heard. Has an unquenchable thirst for Pilsner. Formerly an enthusiastic and ostentatious fusser, but has recently retired from the ranks of the "fuss'em-all squad" and now devotes his attentions entirely to his "Greek goddess"—the "little Senorita." Is proud of his classic features and his manly form. A voluntary Hungarian band gives concerts in his rooms during all recreation hours.

"Dis feller's name wuz Guller, an' de way 'e acted wuz scan'lous."





## Ernest Ludolph Gunther

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

“Friff,” “Ernest,” “Love”

*“Fair tresses man’s imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.”*  
—POPE.

Buzzard. Brown N. Gym Team (4).  
Sharpshooter, Expert.

A handsome, dark-eyed lad from Tennessee, with a most bewitching smile. An impulsive, hot-blooded son of the Sunny South, with a generous, happy-go-lucky disposition. Intensely fond of having his own way. Quiet and gentlemanly in manner, but has proved, on several occasions, his ability to hold his own when angered.

Never known to grease, and never works unless forced to. Always out for a good time, though generally to leeward of a 2.5. An old standby for tea fights. A favorite with the fair sex, and when with them is commonly known as “Love.” Domestic troubles Second Class year. Managed to room with Hugo for four years, and still maintains his equilibrium of mind. A good rifle shot—the only form of athletics in which he can muster enough energy to participate. A true sport in every sense of the word.

“Love, I will meet you at the reception this afternoon.”

“All right, Hugo.”





## Ewart Gladstone Haas

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

### “Gobbo”

*“Words—mere words.”*

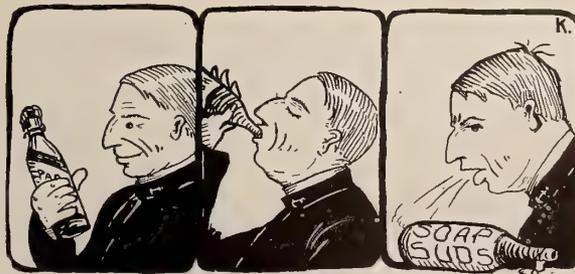
—SHERIDAN.

A very talkative Dutchman from little Rhody, who entered the Navy with the avowed intention of marrying money, and who still has matrimonial tendencies, even after a course of Christmas informals. He now declares, however, that he will be willing to consider a maiden without the cash, provided sufficient good looks are in evidence.

Caused the early retirement of a distinguished naval officer, on account of nervous prostration, by confessing to him that it was his unchangeable custom to drink beer every day—“used it as a tonic,” etc. Knowing this weakness, the fellows played a “punk practical joke” on him one night between tattoo and taps. Always on the ragged edge of a 2.5, but thus far has managed to pull sat just in time. Holds all speed records for connected (?) discourse, and runs Charley a close race as a hot-air artist.

The happiest event of his naval career was when he personally conducted a “Seeing Newport” car, Youngster cruise.

“Keep still, Mr. Haas! keep still! Your tongue is going sixty miles an hour.”





## Preston Bennett Haines

PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

“Pret”

*“Upon what meats hath this our Caesar fed  
That he hath grown so great?”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Five Stripes. Star (3, 2). Class Secretary.  
Class German Committee. Class Crest Com-  
mittee. Chairman Class Supper Committee.  
Vice-President Y. M. C. A. Brown N.  
Captain Class Baseball Team (4, 3).  
Sharpshooter, Expert.

Three ruffles! The Five-Striper! The boy paragon from Mohegan Lake Military Academy, and the Pride of New York! Showed a tendency toward stripes at an early age, and even a select assortment of non-reg. clothes failed to shake the confidence of the Supe and Com. in his abilities. The admiration of all

the plebes, and is always pointed out to the ladies along with the Tripoli Monument and other things of interest to be seen about the yard. The host, with Ned, at a series of delightful Sunday morning teas; but these were discontinued after one of the fair guests presented both of them with that contagious disease, mumps. He has handled the brigade in so capable a manner that the sentiment of all is that he well deserved the honor which the authorities bestowed upon him. Smokes long, expensive cigarettes in the most reckless manner, and has exhibited a great fondness for the fair ones of Annapolis.

“Pipe down, there!”

“Mark time, march!”





## Phillip Frederick Hambsch

BURLINGTON, IOWA

“Peter,” “Hambo,” “Phil”

*“A good face is a letter of recommendation,  
as a good heart is a letter of credit.”*

—BULWER.

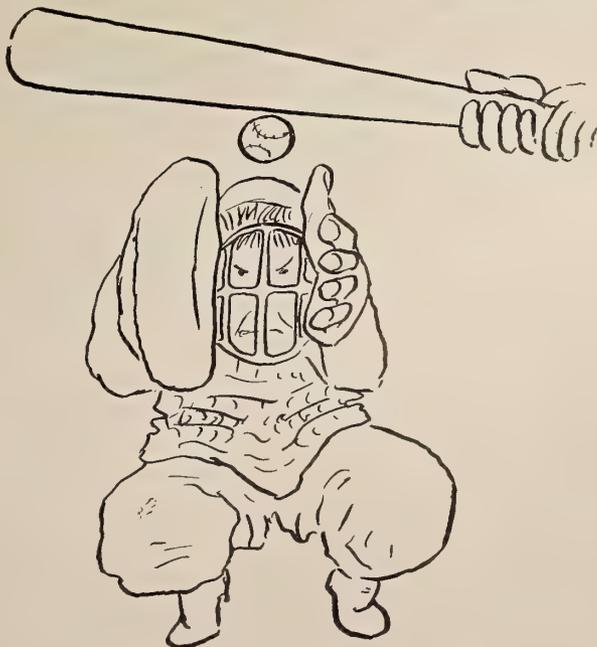
Buzzard. Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1), Captain. White N\*. Football Squad. Yellow N 2d. Green Numerals. Midshipmen's Athletic Association. Masqueraders (2). Sharpshooter.

Phil believes in being seen and not heard, but when he whispers the windows rattle, when he speaks the walls tremble, and when, brimful of youthful vim, he shouts, all Crabtown turns out as for a fire alarm. Second Class summer he drew three stripes, and became such a hard guy that he

chewed chewing gum; but he doesn't do it any more.

Four long years he has been in the local limelight at the homeplate on the baseball team, but he is still as unspoiled and unassuming as he was when he first conferred upon the Navy the honor of his preference. His constitution is so strong and virile that he has lived safely through several operations by Navy surgeons. Since he had his nose straightened he has become an irresistible fusser. He has such a big heart that all the girls want it.

“Two down, fellers!”





## Joseph Sumpter Harris

MONTICELLO, ARKANSAS

**“Spike,” “Joe,” “Sandow”**

*“A blithesome brother at the bowl,  
A welcome guest in hall and bower;  
He knows each place where wine is good  
’Twixt New Castile and Holyrood.”*

— SCOTT.

White N 2d. Manager Baseball Team. Class  
Supper Committee. Midshipmen’s Athletic  
Association.

A sharp-eyed, shrewd, crafty man who started out in life to become a lawyer, but decided to forego the bar in Arkansas for one in Room No. 2—“What’s yours?” Second Class year had visions of becoming a Naval Constructor—shore duty, home life and all that—but woman is

ever fickle. A cit gets an awful start during a year, and even a \$375 diamond will not always keep them true. So ambition flagged and the innate devil rose, and now “Spike” is at once the pride and terror of the brigade. Military, practical and efficient, he rated at least three stripes. Few bone less, few stand higher, and none grease less. Has chilled-steel nerve, and is game for anything. A good man, a better friend and a jolly good fellow in any company. The inseparable companion of Jimmy, both forsaking the trip to Philly and the “big game” to be together.





## Julian Summerville Hatcher

FRONT ROYAL, VIRGINIA

**"Scratcher," "Bovine"**

*"He would not, with a peremptory tone,  
Assert the very nose upon his face his own."*

—GOLDSMITH.

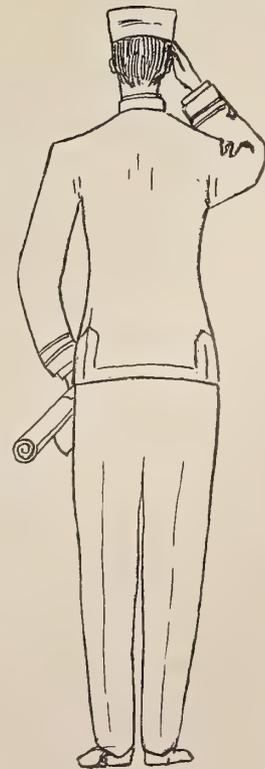
Battalion Adjutant. Star (2, 1). Sharpshooter,  
Expert.

Behold, the Pride of Virginia now stalks into the lime-light and dazzles us with his countenance! Mark that look of preoccupation and the deep, soulful expression of those eyes! He has no time for hops, femmes, or other trivial matters, but is never happy unless solving some problem that has baffled all other scientific investigators.

Although he never spoke roughly in his life, and never intends to do so, he is a fluent talker, and can discuss with ease the position of the armor belt or the underlying principles of the flying machine. His only relaxation is a daily tussle with Hedrick, who takes delight in ruffling both his hair and his dignity. Marched proudly at the head of the Hartford's contingent through the streets of Bath, and the maidens in that section of the country are still talking about him. A man little known to most of us who blossomed into prominence First Class year as adjutant; giving us, at last, a voice that can be heard in all corners of the mess-hall.

Say "Moo!" to him and then run for your life.

"Undoubtedly the Marcq St. Hilaire method is better than any other."





## Ralph Globber Haxton

WORTHINGTON, INDIANA

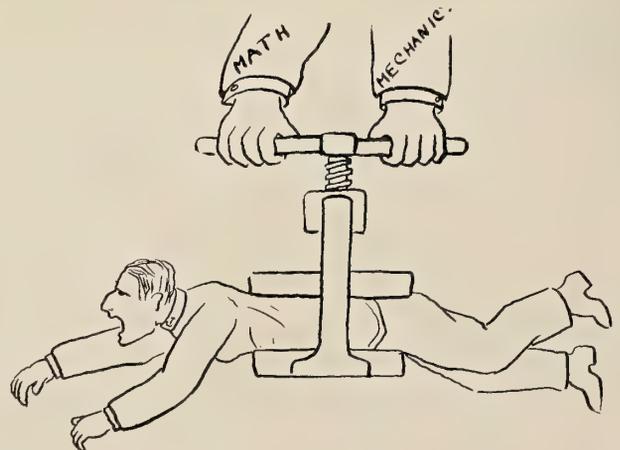
“Hax,” “Hax ol’ Sox”

*“Here, too, dwells simple truth and plain innocence.”*  
—THOMSON.

**Buzzard.** Class Football. Class Baseball.  
**Sharpshooter.**

An adventurous lad who forsook the sand dunes of Indiana to become a navigator, but didn't fully decide to ship with us until he found himself actually wearing the picturesque pillowcase and black tie of the embryo sea-dog. Hax brought his violin with him, and of a Sunday afternoon he used to tease the echoes until the rest of the Fourth Company, led by Rufe and Red

Roberts, would casually suggest a slumber song as eminently fitting. A little further finesse and diplomacy would turn the trick, for, next to scraping his fiddle, Hax likes to sleep. He takes a mild interest in poker, but had small success at the game till he found that “Lucy never bluffs.” A New England cigar still has greater terrors for him than the mal de mer, but by assiduous training he has learned to enjoy a smoke, and if you drop in some time he'll show you his educated pipes. Modest and unassuming, his true worth is known only to those who have looked beneath a certain surface reserve. A man about whom only good can be said. Eight times he has foiled his closely pursuing enemies, and as many times we have rejoiced over his well-earned victory.





## David Irvin Hedrick

DUNKIRK, OHIO

“Dave”

*“And still he spoke, and still their wonder  
grew  
That one small head could carry all he  
knew.”*

—GOLDSMITH.

Buzzard. Star (2, 1).

A happy-go-lucky farmer from the Buckeye State, who taught school for twenty years before descending on Annapolis. Starred during most of the course because he knew that if he ever got out of the savvy section he would have to bone, and was too lazy to do it. Makes a practice of arguing with the Profs. Lived with Gobbo Haas

for four years, and declares that he can now sleep peacefully through a thunder storm. Never too busy to help a wooden man, and many of the old Tenth Company owe parts of their diplomas to Dave's private tutoring. Long and lanky, and designed on the Gothic style of architecture. Never cracked but one joke during his entire career at the Academy, and that cost him twenty-five demerits.

“I wouldn't learn such nonsense for a farm.”





## Monroe Irby Henderson

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

“Nemo,” “Hendi,” “Sleepy”

“Sleep will bring thee dreams in starry numbers:

Let him come to thee and be thy guest.”

—HERMOTIMUS.

Sharpshooter, Expert.

Now, Hendi, it's your time to be a hero, so wake up and don't re-nig. Your eccentricity has nigh reversed the Seminary's opinion of a midshipman. Say, does there exist the fairy that can make you smile? You blink your eyes, you squint your eyes, you look asleep. 'Tis true, no one ever called you a Chinaman, but you have his

eyes. We were not surprised when on the summer's cruise, while on watch, you slept in Dickie's bed—probably you were asleep all the time.

His face is a mask that well conceals an interior of undetermined depth and of great worth. But we know him only by his peculiarities. Rooms alone, delights in taking long cross-country walks or playing tennis with Drag. One of the heroes of the thousand game series. Seldom goes on liberty\*—prefers a game of solitaire or a poker hand. On Second Class leave spent his time in the woods building canoes from specifications drawn during study hours Youngster year. But, Hendi, even if we do make you the goat, your calm, unruffled manner, your semi-serious smile and your steady disposition are examples that many of us could profitably follow.

“Well!——” (Deep sigh.)

\* Sleeps through liberty hours.





## Mark Leslie Hersey, Jr.

EAST CORINTH, MAINE

“Yid,” “Rachel,” “Rebecca”

*“Thou’rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow  
There is no living with thee, nor without  
thee.”* —ADDISON.

**Three Stripes.** Business Manager Reef Points.  
Class German Committee.

His prominent nasal protuberance is responsible for his nicknames. He constantly endeavors by his actions to belie these names; yet his classmates, quick to see his ever-ready blushes, have persisted in applying them despite energetic, sometimes violent, protestations. Has steadily forged his way to the front in his studies,

and is now generally recognized as savvy. Found in Reef Points an outlet for his energies Second Class year. Won his stripes by hard, consistent work for three years, and clinched them [on] the cruise. Has numerous friends, inside and outside, but particularly delights to associate with Red Rufe. Pretends to despise teas, but, nevertheless, sometimes consents to give the ladies a treat; his ready repartee on such occasions makes him a favorite. His most prominent characteristic is a quick, hot temper; but he has the strength of character to make amends when he realizes that the explosion was premature, and this is one of his most admirable traits. Wasted many hours in the effort to so intimidate the Editor that this sketch would not be published.

“You know I’m not like that, but folks that see it won’t.”

“Oh, Rachel! let the sun shine on the diamont.”

“Aw, Rebecca, where is your class pin?”





## George Wilson Hewlett

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

### “Georgie”

*“It is the witness still of excellency  
To put a strange face on his own perfection.”*  
—SHAKESPEARE.

He hails from New England, not from the land of the Sphinx, as the “rank outsiders” have reason to believe. A good fellow and a friend to all, but a prince to the few who really know him. Takes life seriously except when “making a liberty.” Is prone to rhino about the way things are run in the “Council of Olympus.” Since “Nell” de-

parted he has never been quite the same, but frequents the old haunts “just for old times’ sake.” Georgie is a speed enthusiast, having made “141 miles a minute”—“that’s right, we did, Heck”—in Bath, First Class cruise. Has been heard to make “Sunday morning resolutions,” and they have lasted invariably—until Saturday! Liked to run the “Ark” to suit his own ideas, and hence is one of the chosen few—a clean sleever. A man hard to know, but well worth the trouble of a try.

“The Navy’s a bad place for a young man—you know it?”





## Grandville Benjamin Hoey

DOVER, DELAWARE

### “Benny”

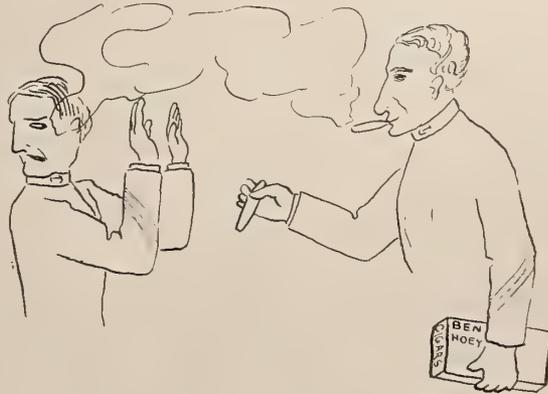
*“Oh, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Ben, the mild-eyed, quiet, ladylike young Irishman, who will some day do something brilliant. He is a man who talks but little, has his own opinions, and knows whereof he speaks. First Class cruise the “Professor” and he were shipmates, hence the result; slanting stripes instead of horizontal ones.

Ben hates heavy beards, and still trembles when Percy’s is not mowed every day; but rumor has it that he is mighty proud of a little bunch of auburn whiskers that has timidly peeped out upon this wicked world from his pink chin. Ben roomed with Percy for four years, and was consequently a model boy; but once, on leave, he forgot his wife’s admonition and almost became a hard guy. Though born and bred in America, he refuses to relinquish the traditional clay pipe of the “Ould Sod.” Acquired the cigar habit on the cruise, but his kindness was not appreciated by his classmates. Boasts of the fact that eighty-three cents will take him home. A mighty good friend to have, and one whose loss would be felt.

“Hein?”





## Olaf Maudt Hustbedt

DECORAH, IOWA

“Olie,” “Hustie”

*“A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

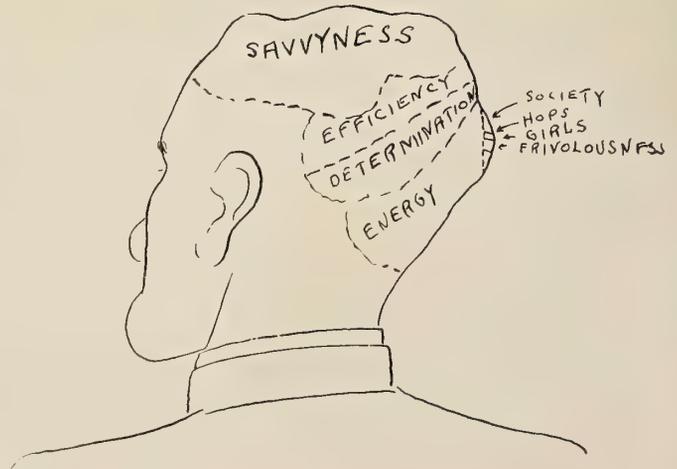
Three Stripes. Star (2). Lucky Bag Committee. Class Ring Committee. Hustlers (2, 1). Yellow N 2d. Cup Committee.

Seldom it is that one finds a man in whom there is so much to admire and so very little to criticise. He reminds us of a most active, valiant knight, whose manners were gentle, whose constancy was never faltering, whose every deed breathed of honor, and whose courage was only exceeded by his humility.

A savoir in the classroom (witness his star) who was never known to grease. Earnest and conscientious in everything he does—and he has done many things, not the least of which has been his untiring efforts to make this volume a success. Delights in reading old German books and ancient tales.

When he was made a three-striper, every one of his classmates was glad, for we all knew he rated them if anyone did. He has since proved himself to possess every quality the most exacting disciplinarian could require—a commanding figure, a manner that is stern without being harsh, quick to think and act without being hasty or excitable, considerate and just to all.

“Dress back on the right of the first class!”





## Rudolph Joseph Joers

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

### "Small Boy," "Rudolph"

*"Silence has become his mother tongue."*

—GOLDSMITH.

A small boy whose diminutive stature has ever been a source of sorrow. Believes in women in the abstract only, if at all, and has assiduously applied himself to cultivate the Red Mike habit. Only once did he fall from grace, but the queen did not come up to his ideals. Has ever since maintained that midshipmen allow girls to occupy

too much of their time. A much misunderstood man, having many excellent qualities which are not ostentatiously displayed. A quiet, studious and ambitious lad who puts his whole spirit into all that he undertakes. An expert at signalling. Hit the wooden section the first month, Plebe year, but has ever since been in the first. Rhinoceros a little, but is generally in a pensive frame of mind. Has a knack of being caught at any infraction of the regulations he may attempt. Is quite an expert with the mitts. A firm believer in the old method of handling plebes. Out for the mark, and doesn't deny the fact.

"Gee! I don't see how you fellows can waste so much time."



HE LOVETH HIS BOOKS



## Frank Edward Johnson

MARYSVILLE, CALIFORNIA

### “Tums”

*“Oh, gee! It's great to be crazy!”*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

#### Buzzard.

Fled from the arms of his parents at an early age to become a second Farragut, but a course in First Class Nav. almost dissuaded him from his purpose. A man who can give you a correct imitation of anybody from Woolsey Johnson to Tubby Ryan. Says many funny things, but always leaves a doubt in your mind as to whether his

remarks are intended for wit or are merely the ramblings of a diseased brain. The plebes' friend, and generally conceded by the brigade to be touched with the same sort of trouble that Ophelia had. Works hard, and has never been successfully bluffed by anything or anybody. Full of confidential advice on many subjects. A good sailorman, and possesses a knowledge of nautical affairs which is nothing short of marvelous. Got religion late in life—much to the inconvenience of the neighboring plebes.

Many of us retain our first impression of him as Bobby's able assistant, whose proud privilege it was to initiate unsophisticated candidates into the mysteries of the short method of extracting cube roots. A pretty good sport who backs anything cheerfully, whether it be a losing or winning proposition. Is most ridiculous when he tries to be most serious.





## Lee Payne Johnson

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

“Woolsey,” “Snooty”

*“Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty.”*

—BYRON.

First Petty Officer.

Woolsey prime, an intelligent, fair-faced young tar-heel, whose fame as a raconteur extends as far among convivial souls as does that of his namesake in the field of mathematical conjecture. He not only tells a story well, but enjoys to the utmost every time he delights a spellbound group of listeners. He is somewhat “choosey” in

the kind of stories he tells, however, and his head is a veritable storehouse of anecdotes which never fail to produce a hearty laugh.

He has a deep, rich voice which lends itself so naturally to his classic impersonation of an anxious cow seeking her lost calf that to the country bred it recalls the wavy green fields and kind-faced old cows of long ago. Early First Class year he decided to go to the class German in June, and called up a girl three times in one day over the phone before he found the proper words to ask her.

“Let ’er go till morning.”





## Raymond Edwin Jones

WICKLIFFE, OHIO

### “Jonesey,” “Ray”

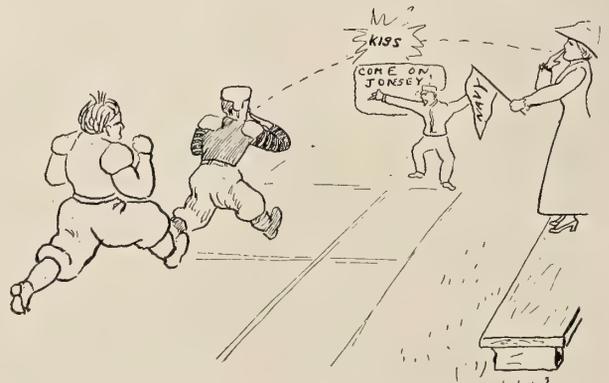
“The mildest manners with the bravest mind.”  
—POPE.

Three Stripes. Class German Committee.  
Yellow N\*. White N\*. Middle-Weight  
Wrestling (3, 2), Sharpshooter.

The man who does things. Star athlete of Cleveland till the lure of the sea brought him to us—and the Army will never forgive that same lure for it. An instance of the true “all-round athlete”—not bulky or muscular appearing, but wiry, agile, and clever. Busy all the year—football in fall, then wrestling, baseball, and, in the summer,

rowing on the champion cutter crew. As a diversion has qualified as sharpshooter, and gives pointers to the track squad. Has only to become interested in any branch of the sport to be immediately proficient in it. Formerly a misogynist, but now, since his football abilities have thrown him into the limelight and forced him to take his medicine, decidedly the opposite; he finds time to attend all the teas in this village. Among his many other experiences, has spent four years as a missionary trying to reform “Bill.” His chief amusement is a playful rough-house with “Big Brudder Sylvest” that would speedily send an ordinary man to the hospital, for both the participants have all the characteristics of a steamhammer. Once made a million-dollar bet about an *affaire du cœur*—he still owes the million!

“Doggone it!”





## Thomas Hardaway Jones

NORCROSS, GEORGIA

“Tommy,” “T. Jones”

*“With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
come,*

*And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying gloom.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

First Petty Officer (1). Class Song, Color and  
Yell Committee (3). Advisory Board  
Masqueraders (1).

A man who upholds the old saying, “Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow may never come.” Always smiling and in a good humor. Always owns the “makes,” and is a charter member of the smokers’ club. Has a voice pitched in high “E,” and sings incessantly. He starts every new song, but his favorite is “Please go way

and let me sleep.” Was once known to study a lesson instead of going to sleep. Positively refuses to go out for athletics, on the plea that the work is too hard for the “grub.” Is a great beau—makes a tremendous hit without trying, but his worldly wisdom renders him impregnable. Cares more for his friends than for himself. “Tommy is such a cute man.” As a loyal leader of the Fighting Fifth he can tell you weird tales of what happened in the old comp when the Youngster roll began “Babcock, Bratton, Carpenter, DuBose.” A corking good fellow in every way. Admiral, Prune Navy.

“1-2-3-4-5-6! Whee! whee! whee!”

“Gather around, fellows! Let’s sing something!”

“Old Mac was a good egg.”





## Carl Pennywitte Jungling

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI

“Jingles,” “Jungles,”  
“Carlos”

*“A smooth and persuasive tongue will often pass for current coin.”* —PLAUTUS.

Two Stripes. Star (3, 2). Sharpshooter.

A true Southerner from Mississippi. Dark, raven-haired, he seems the very embodiment of melancholy, but, save for an occasional conviction that he is soaked in some matter or other, he is really one of the jolliest and most companionable of men. Very sympathetic, he will exchange tales of woe with you at any time. His brains belie his

given name, for he is a very able man, and, aside from his high standing in academic work, is a good musician. He is particularly sensitive to feminine influences, but changes the object of his devotion regularly—almost “by the numbers.” Quite loquacious, but interesting, and never a bore. Speaks with a convincing, earnest manner, and is fond of argument. Studies systematically and thoroughly, but not overly much, for he has the gift of ready concentration. In his earlier days carried a large pot of viscous oil, but has now reformed somewhat. Became Vasco da Gama, the boy navigator, First Class year.

“What did you get on the P-work? Beat you! I got a four.”





## George Bennett Keester

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### "Pope"

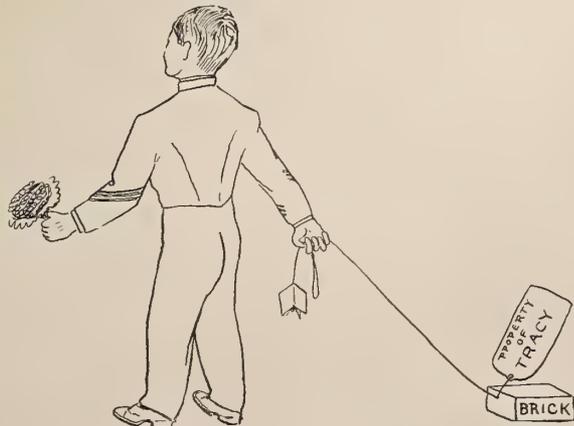
*"The deepest rivers make least din;  
The silent soul doth most abound in care."*

— STIRLING.

**Buzzard. Sharpshooter, Expert.**

One of the little angels Chicago has sent us, and a quiet follower of the non-reg. life. Never worries, no matter what happens, and has never spoken to more than one of the fair sex in his life—at least as far as the Academy records show. As good-hearted a lad as it is possible to find, and one who is always willing to help a class-

mate. One of the bridge quartette that kept Bill from starring First Class year. Has a reversible smile of the stuffed leopard variety that he works on the Profs. for sufficiently high marks to miss the exams, and has never greased for any purpose whatever. Worked hard with Tracy during his last year, and finally weaned him away from his wild and dissipated habits. Walks abroad but rarely, and at such times seems to be in a somnambulistic trance. Spends most of his spare time in dreamland and seems to thrive on his special allowance of sleep—twenty hours a day. It has been estimated that he smokes a Bull cigarette twenty-two inches in length every day—and borrowed Bull at that!





## Monroe Kelly

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

**“Mike,” “Monk,” “Colonel  
Mann”**

*“My only books were woman’s looks,  
And jolly’s all they taught me.”*

Three Stripes. Choir (4, 3, 2). Class German  
Committee. Masqueraders (2, 1).

A dashing young blonde from Virginia, who claims relationship with at least half of the F. F. V.’s. This picture is really a poor likeness in that it does not begin to show his long, curly eyelashes nor the big brown eyes they serve to partially hide. He has never missed a hop, and is always on the job when the skirts blow by.

Starved the bunch on the Ark for three months because he was so busy going ashore for food that he never got any. President of the Bancroft Hall branch of the Rocking-Chair Brigade, and proprietor of a Town Topics of his own. He earned his three stripes by the most efficient kind of work on the cruise, and is the sort of a chap who makes the right kind of an officer. Never too busy to be on to his job, whatever it is, and always comes out on top.

“Oh! has that good-looking Mr. Kelly come ashore yet?”



“O Say can you see by the Dawn’s early light”



## Sherman Stewart Kennedy

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

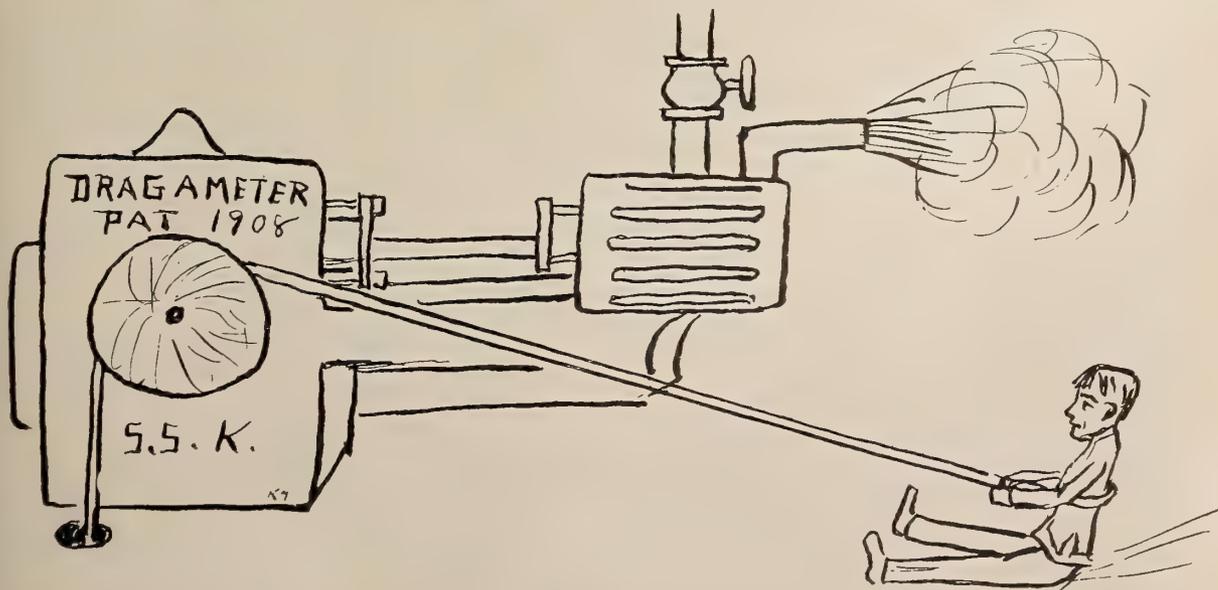
**“Drag,” “Higgins,” “One-six  
Bill”**

*“He walked as if he were stirring lemonade  
with himself.”* —STEPHEN CRANE.

Buzzard. Sharpshooter.

Did West Side ever claim so great a man! (?) A most worthy follower of “One-six Bill.” Has a walk on him like a grasshopper engine. Became very efficient First Class cruise, making a hit with Harry P. One of the few who have passed through the Academy without acquiring any bad habits. When smiling, looks as if he had bit

into a green persimmon. An expert at solitaire. Knows everybody’s class standing by heart, and can generally be found examining the bulletin board. Sent the mail-boat ashore without the mail orderly. An excellent tennis player—the other hero of the thousand game series. Has a prodigious appetite. A whole-hearted, good-natured lad with a generous disposition. Always ready for a rough-house. A confirmed Red Mike. Was once persuaded to attend a hop!





## Alan Goodrich Kirk

BEVERLY, NEW JERSEY

“Bill,” “Kirky”

“Hence, loathed Melancholy!”

—MILTON.

Three Stripes. Manager Fencing Team. Hop Committee. Class Song, Yell and Color Committees. Choir (4, 3, 2). President Masqueraders.

Though endowed by nature with all the attributes of a fusser, he kept faith with the maidens of New Jersey until First Class cruise—and then made up for the lost time of the three years preceding. Luckily he had left his class ring at home, or at least this is the tale he tells us; but if the rocks that line the shore in front of the Griswold

could speak it is probable that more definite information would be obtained. The Sweet Singer of the Tenth Company, and was end-man in the choir until the duties of his office drove him from the ranks of the song-birds. Owns many shares of stock at Eastern Point, and is joint proprietor with Kelly of most of the city of Annapolis.

The sort of a man who counts, no matter what he goes in to do. Never too busy to get off a bum joke, or to listen to any of yours. The happiest man in the class—and has a right to be.

“Oh, do you really mean it, Mr. Kirk?”



“What care I for the tempest”



## Hugo William Koehler

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

“Love,” “Hugo”

*“The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

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

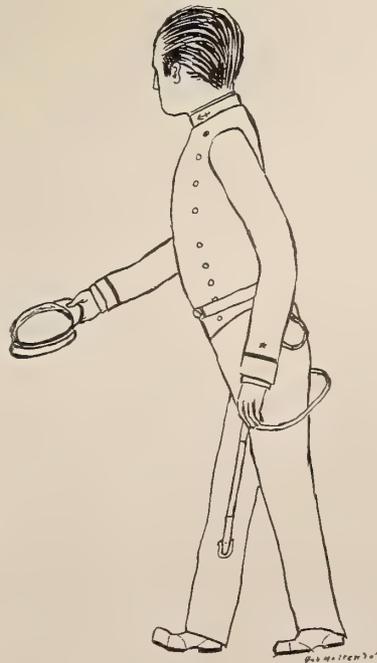
—SHAKESPEARE.

**One Stripe. Sharpshooter, Expert.**

To look at him one would think he was a poet! One of the select fussers—the leader of the “400.” He and his “American Beauties” make quite a hit with the ladies. Has a very charming blush. He, knowing how it should be done, became a very efficient valet as a plebe. Always has an unlimited supply of grease and is truly an adept

in the art of applying it. Never failed to pull the hospital on exam days. Domestic troubles Second Class year. Speaks French like a native. Thoroughly enjoys exhibiting his wondrous collection of pipes, “picked up in Dublin, doncher-know,” to marvelling throngs. One of the “baldies” of First Class cruise. Is never without a good supply of eatables in his room, with doors open to all comers. Came into the Navy just to show what a “Havurrd” man could do. Has made enemies, but they respect him. Always backs the team because it is the Navy team. A capable, conceited man who cannot be bluffed.

“I’m afraid to go aboard the Chicago—one of those perfect midshipmen may jump down my throat.”





## William Charles Koenig

RUSK, TEXAS

“Charlie,” “Koonig,” “Pop”

“Who thinks too little, and who talks too much.”  
—DRYDEN.

Buzzard (1). Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).  
White N 2d.

A small, rotund Dutchman of great forensic ability. The modern chatterbox. Winner of the bicycle in all yarn-spinning matches. Wooden, but always manages to be on the safe side of a 2.5. Member of that band of Hooligans—the Twelfth Company. The *nth* pitcher on the baseball squad.

Always good-natured, and never known to keep a grouch longer than half an hour. Effusive, but good-hearted, and generous to a fault. Constantly looking for someone to share his worldly goods with, but seldom asks people to share theirs with him. Acts and looks simple sometimes, but there is plenty of gray matter below the surface. Has sometimes had a “hard row to hoe,” but has always hoed it thoroughly and conscientiously.

Was responsible for the hop aboard the Hartford at New London, and deserves credit for its success despite unfavorable weather conditions.

Chorus of feminine voices at New London:

“Oh! is that nice Mr. Koenig on your ship?”





## Edward Charles Lange

MEDFORD, WISCONSIN

**"Eddie," "Sheepskin,"  
"Fly-foot," "Cutie,"  
"Good-lookin'"**

*"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."*

—HENRY FIELDING.

Class German Committee, Football (2, 1).  
Yellow N\*. Baseball (3, 2, 1), White N\*.

"The 4 N Yell, one Navy and three Lange's," for our little bald-headed, all-round athlete. With his few stray locks neatly plastered down and his pink-and-white complexion, "Eddie" is a regular Beau Brummel as he struts out on the field, but once the ball is in play, you can't follow him he goes so fast, and his dodging is a puzzle

to all opponents. But Eddie doesn't confine his accomplishments to football. He is equally as good on the diamond. A handsome, short, stocky, little athlete, extremely modest about his achievements, but very loquacious on other subjects, with the cutest way of talking imaginable. A friend of "Herpicide," but lately has been seen much in the company of Crude Oil. As much at home on the ball-room floor as the gridiron. His complexion is the envy of all the girls, and they retaliate by calling him "Cutie," which makes him furious. A great lover of animals who especially delights in hunting Elks in Maine. An irrepressible youth who knows too much to take life seriously.

"You ought to spend a night in the barracks at West Point."

"Cutie's got the ball!—  
Cutie's got the ball! Run, Cutie!  
run, Cutie! Run! Run!! Run!!!"





## Zachary Lansdowne

GREENEVILLE, OHIO

“Zach,” “Lansburger”

*“It is better to have loved and lost,  
Than not to love at all.”*

—TENNYSON.

### Buzzard.

A good-looking chap who could be a heavy fusser if he would. Was one of those who were disappointed in love on First Class leave, however, and has not since been the same man. A whole-hearted fellow, who wins the friendship of all with whom he comes in contact, and knows how to keep it. Sometimes poses as a musician (?). Was never known to speak ill of anyone. Good-natured and easy-going—never lets anything worry him, but always comes out on the safe side of a 2.5. Had to bone hard First Class year, but was never too busy to knock off and “chew the fat” with anybody who happened in. An adept in the art of using Dutch slang, thereby affording much amusement to his classmates. Made a hit on First Class cruise by his ability in handling the “Nevada.” An all-around good fellow who is always ready for any escapade that is apt to afford amusement “for the crowd.”

“How are—you? Come  
—in—and—take—a—seat.”





## Hugh Pope Le Clair

SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

### “Frenchy,” “Pope,” “Hugh”

*“The wise carry their knowledge as they do their watches, not for display, but for their own use.”*

ANON.

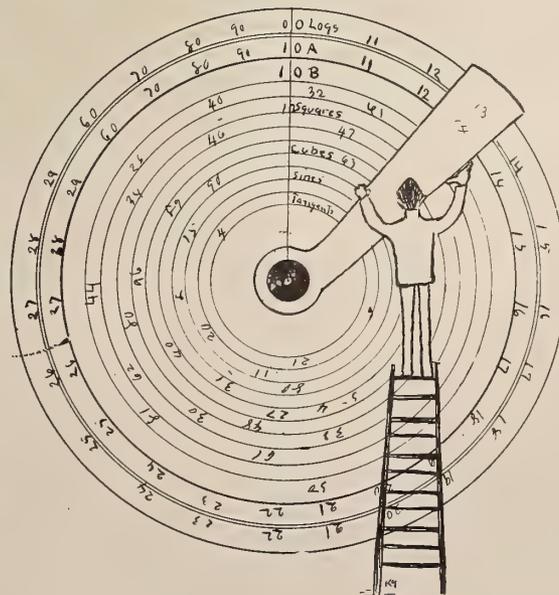
Buzzard. Class Pipe Committez.

A real savoir, who either hid his talents or didn't know they were his until the true test came. Though the winters of Superior, where they skate in the summer time, have put roses in his cheeks, they have not inured him to cold, and he shivers in November under six blankets and a reefer. His room is the scene of many a

soirée, where Frenchy sometimes tells of his adventures in the big woods, and of the wild doings of Hefty, the Ball Juggler, and Mick, the One-Eyed. An expert at bridge, piquet, or solitaire, and always ready for a demonstration. He has started each year with a 4.0 in conduct as his goal, but his love for the weed and an unsmiling Fortune have played hob with that worthy ambition. That accounts for the missing stripes. He became a sort of handy-man's mate on the Olympia, cheerfully standing everybody's watches and seldom going ashore himself. Has a streak of the serious in his temperament, but no one is jollier or more companionable. A friend truly worth having, and a man in every sense.

“Oh, where is my cream puff?”

“Great google-eyed! the Inchcape Rock! My friend Red gave me another 2.8 this week, bless him!”





## Frank Thompson Leighton

TUNKHANNOCK, PENNSYLVANIA

### “Tubby,” “Staggering Frank”

*“The elements so mixed in him  
That Nature might stand up and say to all  
the world, ‘This is a man.’”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Three Stripes. Class Ring Committee. Football Team (4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow N\*. Crew (4, 3, 2, 1), Captain (1). Red N and Oar. Treasurer Midshipmen’s Athletic Association (2). Choir (2). Treasurer Y. M. C. A. Class Cup Committee.

A man who has stood for the best in the class every day in our four years. With the courage of his convictions he has helped us over many a rough spot in our history, and with the muscles acquired through an early course in Pennsylvania agriculture has done much to carry the Blue and Gold to victory, both ashore and afloat. Wears his stripes because he rates them, and has proved that a man may shine to advantage from every side of Academy life. Said to have been the best-looking man on the football team, but Eddie questions this. Became a heavy fusser late in life and is trying to break the record from State Circle to Bancroft Hall. Says he finds the ocean a trifle loose after the farm, but considers it a very good thing in its way. A strong temperance orator who voted the prohibition ticket in the recent election.

“And he calls good booze—licker!”





## Wallace Ludwig Lind

BRAINERD, MINNESOTA

### “Jenny”

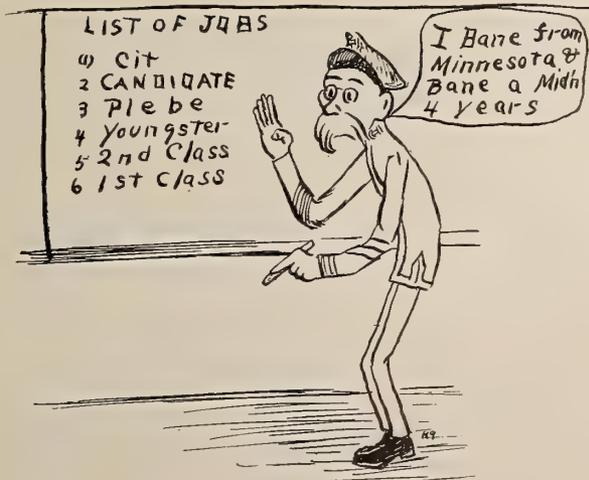
*“Where is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
o'er books consum'd the midnight oil?”*

—ANON.

Buzzard. Yellow Numerals. Sharpshooter.

Pause, my friend, and gaze upon this countenance! Do you wonder that the ladies are unable to resist him? A strenuous son of middle Minnesota (Min-ne-sō-tā), with a head upon him like a box. Looks most intelligent when he knows nothing about a subject. Looks intelligent most of the time. A whole-hearted, good-natured

lad, as easy-going as a bell-cow. Too lazy to go out for athletics. Managed to stay out for crew two days. Became a fusser Second Class year and thenceforth was never known to miss a hop. Impartial to all the “femmes.” Graceful in the extreme (?). Very sentimental and fond of dreaming. Loves music dearly. Has high aspirations in everything he undertakes. Became a “skag” fiend First Class year.





## Leo Lee Lindley

PROSPERITY, PENNSYLVANIA

“Red,” “Rouge”

*“Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls.”*

—HOLMES.

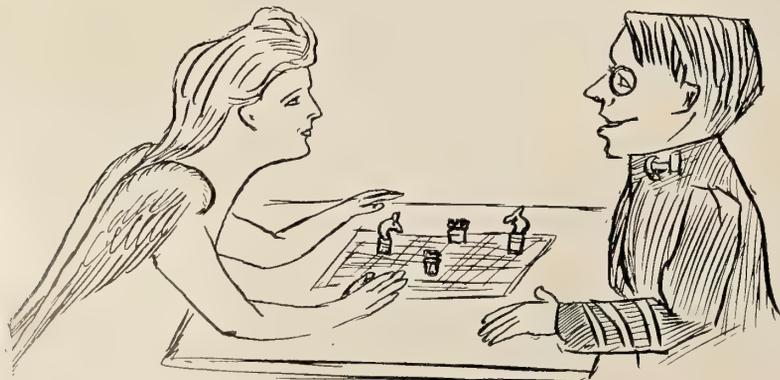
**Buzzard. Sharpshooter, Expert.**

The original torch of learning, a flaming crop of hair surmounting a massive brain. Has innumerable brilliant thoughts, but loses the credit for having them, because his tongue cannot keep up with his mind and falls over itself in the effort to express his ideas. Bones consistently, and plays chess for mental relaxation. Has kept watch

over that erratic genius, Lucy Dunn, for four years, and has patiently endured his various musical performances.

Gets date-plates for his sharpshooter's medal regularly, and annually goes out for the rifle team—and invariably comes back in. A steady, hard-working man, with nothing to fear from his conscience or from his fellow-men. The original of Jacobs' “many inventions.” Sometimes starts to laugh, but usually winds up with a sneeze instead.

“Hot son, my son of a cat-shivering jigger boom end!”



*Red's Idea of Heaven.*

## Lemuel Carl Lindsay

GNADENHUTTEN, OHIO

“Cardinal,” “Kaydet”

*“Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting.”*

—IRVING.

Buzzard. Class Football. Class Baseball.



The limits of Gnadenhutten were too small to hold the ambitions of this G. O. M., and to discover what the wild waves really were saying he joined the deep-sea mariners, otherwise known as the “pampered pets of the nation.” He gained an early membership in the Hair Raisers’ Protective Association—no figurative meaning intended

—and the results of his intensive system of culture have aroused widespread attention. Those interesting looking letters are not from the Bureau of Forestry, however, but from—who knows? The mainstay of the class football team; likewise the jibstay. One frosty Thanksgiving morning he aspired to the mantle of Percy Northcroft, and the memorable words, “Let *me* kick it!” will live as long in song and story as the tale of how he did kick it. With an eye to artistic effects in rough-housing, he sees that others get most of the daubing. Takes life seriously, in the proper way, but isn’t slow to join the crowd and be one of the best of good fellows.

“Come on, Frenchy! let’s catch one.”

“I’ll bridge it!”





## Edgar Arden Logan

NEW YORK CITY

### "Arden," "Calf," "Spy's Papers"

*"Youth comes but once in a lifetime."*

—LONGFELLOW.

*"Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet doux—  
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms."*

—POPE.

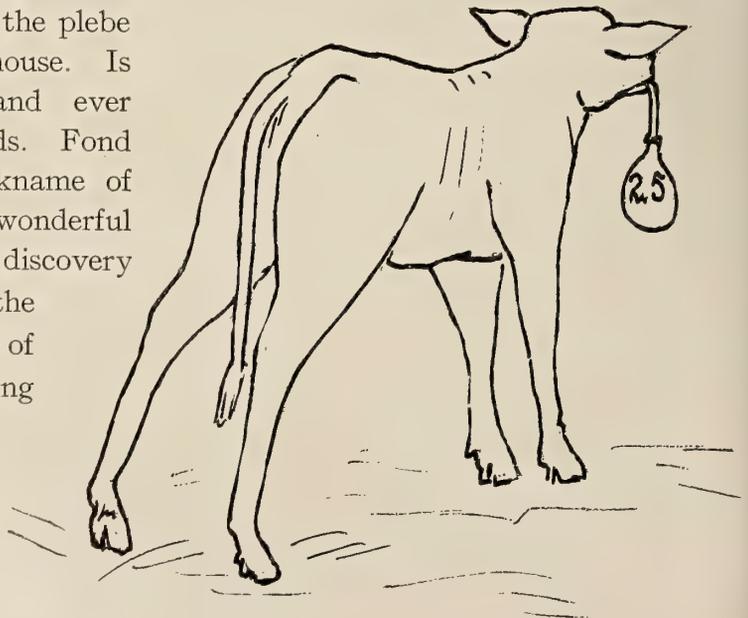
Brown N 2d. Sharpshooter, Expert.

The cherry-round-faced laddy from Yonkers. Entered young, looks young, and acts young, yet dead wise to many of the world's ways. Fusses at times, giving the ladies a treat spasmodically. Invariably captivates the old people by his innocent looks. Takes first prize in asking wooden questions. If you want to know anything

about cosmetics—powders, paints, etc.—ask Arden; he can tell you all about them. Finds his chief joy in life in having midnight spreads. Loves to wander around in the wee small hours, and delights in playing the part of host. Mixes villainous fudge over an alcohol lamp. Takes everything as a joke—even his own troubles.

Always mother to half the plebe class. Loves a rough-house. Is extremely generous and ever ready to help his friends. Fond of milk, hence his nickname of "Calf." Made a most wonderful find Plebe year in his discovery of a way for utilizing the tool space in the butt of his rifle, for concealing spy's papers.

"I'd like to have this explained, sir."





## Cummings Lincoln Lothrop, Jr.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

### "Gussie"

*"The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
The man's the gold for a' that."*

—BURNS.

Star 2. Gray N 2d. Sharpshooter.

A Mass. savoir, partly because of nativity; more so because of consistent boning. Sets his cap on the back of his head, screws his shoulders up, puts his hands in his pockets and then thinks himself quite touge. Despite his apparent tougeness, stood from under for three years, but on First Class cruise took an unauthorized excursion,

which shattered his hopes for stripes.

Does everything on time from taking a shave to boning Nav., and if hard and honest work can bring success, watch out for Gussie. He is a man whom Academy association and life has developed into a genial and well-liked fellow. His actions conceal nothing in his character. We know it, and in it there is much to admire. Runs a "jew"elry mail order business with the plebes and youngsters. A fusser of note; does not smoke, and swears only occasionally.

He has an "absolutely certain" opinion on everything under the sun.

OFFICER.—"What's your name?"

GUSSIE.—"Cummings Lincoln Lothrop, Jr., sir."





## Chauncey Armlyn Lucas

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

“Loose,” “Doc,”  
“Chauncey”

*“The time of the singing . . . is come.”*  
—BIBLE.

Buzzard. Class Yell, Song and Color Committee. Pipe Committee. Choir (4, 2, 1).

A dark-eyed, romantic song-bird from the Bowery. Knows all the latest songs before they come out, and can dance anything from the “machiche” to the minuet. Of ordinarily cheerful temperament, sometimes gets the most beautiful grouches—works of art, almost! Likes feminine society—of every sort.

A devotee of the green cloth, he was host, all Second Class year, of a congenial poker club. Is quite a grafter in a mild way, and, among other achievements in that line, does the high chirp in Casey’s screechers. Takes the falsetto like a perfect lady. Appears very blasé and indifferent, but is always on deck when an attractive girl heaves in sight. Spends leave initiating others into the wonders of the Great White Way. Has carefully steered the Doughnut through four years of conjugal bliss. Continually gets ragged, but as continually escapes the report. Refuses to bone, and has to worry his way through with a bare 3.3! A shrewd politician endowed with much personal magnetism. He is—rare case—popular with both men and women.





## Hugh Victor McCabe

LEESBURG, VIRGINIA

### “Rooky”

*“The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.”*

—CONFUCIUS.

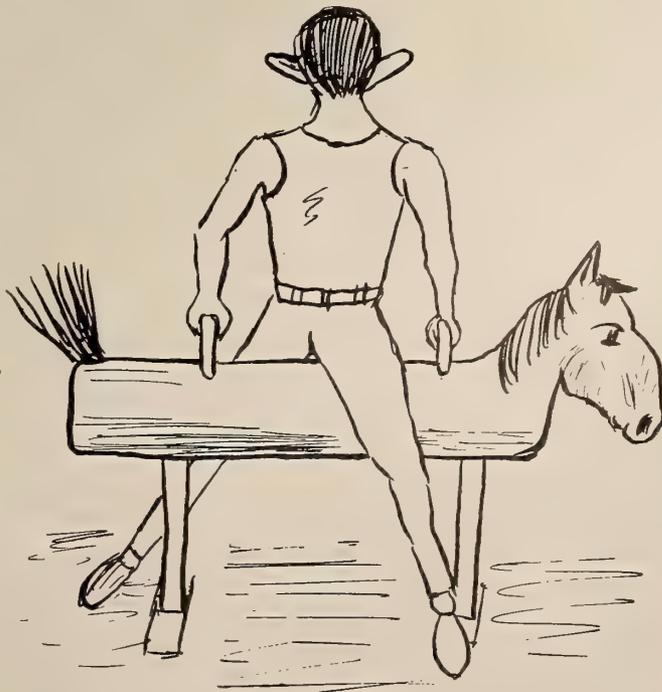
Buzzard. Gym Team, N. A. Track (3).

A quiet, soft-voiced Southerner who doesn't hunt for trouble especially, but he won't budge an inch to dodge it, and the other chap usually regrets having started something he can't stop. While he was a candidate, a bunch of natives of Crabtown, thinking he was an easy mark, attempted some liberties, but when half their number

had their faces re-formed, the other half reconsidered and “beat it” four bells.

Rooky early showed an inclination to fool with the machines in the gymnasium, and as a result he has become a star on the gym team. The stunts he can do on the side-horse would make a jumping-jack look like Jimmy, the flea. His domestic life is not without worry, for he is ever haunted by the thought that Hoey is trying to alienate the affections of his better half.

He is seen at the dances only when unable to avoid them—but then be sure to get a dance, for she will be a peach.





## Benjamin Vaughan McCandlish

PETERSBURG, VA.

### “Bain,” “Home Cooking”

*“An awkward man never does justice to himself.”*

— CHURCHILL.

#### One Stripe.

A sober-minded youth from the Old Dominion; much savvier than his low brow indicates.

Ben’s peculiar conscience has often kept him from having as much fun as he wanted, but, nevertheless, he is always a good fellow. Has many friends in the brigade, refuses to knock anyone, and always rejoices at another’s success.

He started out, under Rufe’s tutoring, to be a Red Mike, but he had such a mellow heart for the “fair ones” that after going to a hop Second Class year, the call could not be resisted. Never knew how to use a liberty until First Class year, but then striper’s liberty came in very handy—they say that Bain is often seen on Murray Hill.

Believes in standing up for his rights, no matter what the odds are against him. Became of “superstructure” fame after making a liberty at Newport. His fondness for the good cooking of old Virginia is a byword throughout the brigade.

Has faithfully acted as Rufe’s guardian for two years.

“You folks ought not to do that!”



## Tracy Lay McCauley

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

“Tracy,” “Sniffles”

*“With ardent labor studied through.”*

—GOETHE.



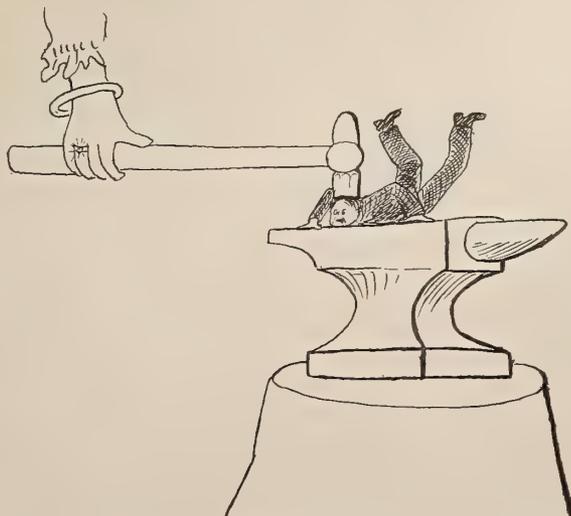
One Stripz.

One of the faithful members of the Book-Lovers' Club and the Night-Study Circle. Can always tell you just how hard to-morrow's lessons are before you have had time to look at them. A fusser himself, he has made well-meant efforts to convert Pope, who is a long-suffering martyr to the cause. Tracy is a golf artist of some renown,

and has a special drawer in his locker for trophies, but takes other forms of athletic exercise in homœopathic quantities. Has of late become too dignified to exhibit his early penchant for becoming negligée, but still devotes some care and thought to personal appearance. Always generous and obliging, and preserves his good-nature even when hardest soaked. Retains his sober, soldierly appearance even in the privacy of his “bood-wah.” Is painfully dignified when ushering to the chapel gallery, and considers passing the collection plate the most solemn of functions.

“Say, have you seen that steam lesson for Monday?”

“Two lumps or one, Mr. McCauley?”





## Daniel Aloysius McClelland

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

“Mac,” “Paddy,” “Pat”

*“I have not quailed to danger’s brow  
When high and happy—need I now?”*

—BYRON.

Three Stripes. Class Baseball. Sharpshooter.

A jewel of the Emerald Isle variety, whose lineage shows forth as strong as his ready wit, and who will stand up for his country as far as from the Main Gate to State Circle.

Paddy’s a genius. He took the lemons that fate handed him and started a lemonade stand with them. His features do not know the value of team work,

but his classmates know the value of his friendship. Also he’s short in stature but long on intellect. When he first entered the Academy he thought he would rather swing a club on the New York police force than wear a sword in Uncle Sam’s Navy. Since learning the pleasures and delights of the seagoing life, he’s first, last, and always for the Navy. At first he went to the hops merely to give the “loidies” a treat, but First Class year he bossomed out into a heavy fusser, and then and there caused quickened heart-throbs in many breasts.

He has three stripes, which he obtained without greasing. As a company commander he has so handled the Foreign Legion that every one, from the most non-ratey plebe to the most non-reg. clean-sleever, would follow him through Satan’s own dominion. A strong and determined character, a readiness to back what he says, a sunny Irish disposition—these explain his unlimited popularity.





## Archibald McGlasson

BULLITTSVILLE, KENTUCKY

“Mac”

“The crimson glow of modesty o’erspread her cheek and gave new luster to her charms.”

—FRANKLIN.

Buzzard.

One of the most modest men in the class. He has a quiet air and an artistic temperament. He never starts off a term by piling up large margins, but when the final exams come around, Archie never fails to foil those oppressors of all midshipmen who believe that part of each day, at least, should be devoted to recreation and medi-

tation, whether it is in the official routine or not. He always had the “makes” in his room, but First Class year he learned to enjoy a “man’s” smoke, and now uses nothing but big, black cigars.

Archie roomed with the Kid four years, and ever kept him in the straight and narrow path. He possesses every qualification of a first-rate fusser except the inclination, much to the grief of many fair girls who know him by sight only as “that handsome Mr. McGlasson.”

When he made a liberty on First Class cruise, he would head straight for the best barber shop to be found and give the artist in charge *carte blanche*, emerging, a few hours later, the picture of spruceness and satisfaction.

“Cowbell?”

“Where’s the kid?”





## Charles Hamilton Maddox

OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

### "Charles"

*"He has, I know not what,  
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate,  
That almost awes me."*

— DRYDEN.

Brigade C. P. O. Sharpshooter.

An honest, hard-working youth who sprang from the oil-fields of Pennsylvania. Can "spiel" on most any subject—oil a specialty. Delights in an argument. Talks with a Yankee twang. Has an imposing build and the grace of a Don Juan. Never known to get mad, but is always in a good humor. Became the boy navigator on

First Class cruise, and got quite a "grease" on account of his strict attention to duty. Bones a little, but spends the greater part of his study hours keeping up his large correspondence. Never failed to get a letter in a blue-colored envelope each day First Class year. Is generally on the ragged edge, but has great confidence in his ability to pull sat. A connoisseur in the art of primping and dressing. Was agreeably surprised with the prize job of the brigade on his return from First Class leave. A head full of horse-sense, but unable to bluff the Profs. Original in the extreme. Enjoys being seen with full wireless headgear on, and takes infinite delight in stretching his ears in the endeavor to read the faint buzz of the receiving instruments. Filled the billet of wireless operator on the Chicago, and owes in part his expensive sleeve ornaments to this fact.

I "don't like that picture."





## Charles Clark White Mailley

STROMSBURG, NEBRASKA

“Chass,” “Bill,” “Miley,”  
“Triff”

*‘A man, that Fortune’s buffets and rewards  
Hast ta’en with equal thanks.’*

— SHAKESPEARE.

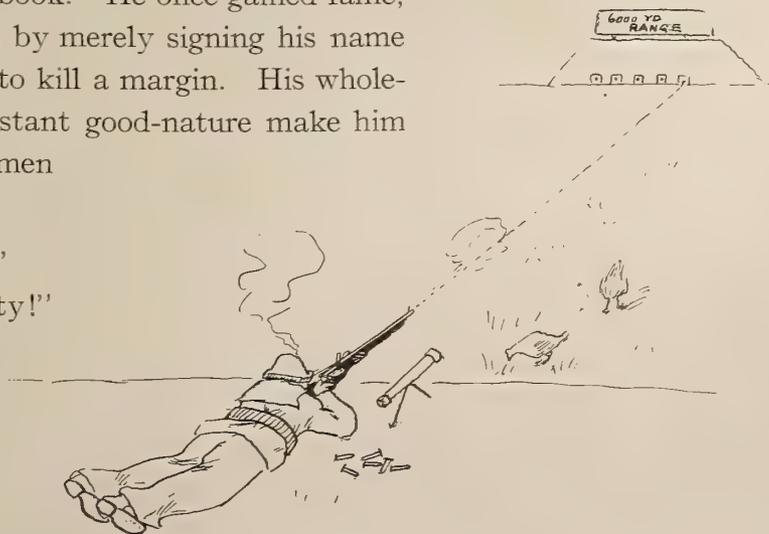
Class German Committee. Rifle Team (3,2,1).  
Brown N. Sharpshooter, Expert.

A swarthy, dashing cavalier from Red Dog, who shaves three times a day to keep from looking like a Bushman. Besides, it helps him in his business, for he is a fusser born, though he never realized it until he became a Second Classman. His merry, brown eyes and

cheerful smile are welcomed wherever he goes, and he goes everywhere. One of the rifle team’s surest shots. When he steps to the firing line, word is hastily sent to the pits to stand by with a bunch of black pasters. Savvy enough when he wants to be, he usually doesn’t care a hoot whether school keeps or not. Thoroughly enjoys whiling time away with a smoke and a book. He once gained fame, not to say notoriety, by merely signing his name to an exam paper to kill a margin. His wholeheartedness and constant good-nature make him persona grata to men and maids alike.

“Holy smokes!”

“I say, Schmittty!”





## James Dodson Maloney

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

“Jim,” “Tom,” “Bologna,”  
“Wienerwurst,” “Aunt  
Doddy”

“Nay, what drowsy humour is this now?”  
—BEN JONSON.

Editor Reef Points. Choir (4).

A tall, lanky parson hailing from the backwoods of Tennessee, graceful as a fairy and wearing a pleasing smile that broadens into the widest kind of a grin at the slightest provocation. Ye gods, what a mouth for pie! Wore wings when he first arrived, but has since sprouted horns. Has almost forgotten how to sing psalms and play the organ,

but is still a bulwark of the Y. M. C. A. Never was known to be touge. A regular Rip Van Winkle, neglecting studies, drills and even meals to pound his ear. Has a gentle disposition and will stand running from everybody but “Dave.” Slow but sure, and must know the why and wherefore of every argument. A great reader and has a leaning toward the green cloth. A close second to “Sockless” in the 2:40 (two hours, forty minutes) race over the cross-trees. A lover of strong Havanas(?). Is particularly shy with the ladies, but dragged to a hop once, Second Class year—rushed around madly, at the ninety-gun frantically demanding the first extra from every girl in sight.

“What’s the use of doing that? H-u-u-h?”

1ST CLASS

PAP SHEET  
Maloney  
“  
“

CONDUCT Grades  
January  
Maloney 3rd

CONDUCT REPORT U.S.N.A.

Name	Class	offense	Reporting Officer
J.D. Maloney	1st	late breakfast formation	CPO Maloney
same	1	late section formation	same
same	1	Shoes not shined	same
same	1	about sunn	same



## Stewart Allan Manahan

NORWALK, OHIO

**"Speck," "Spud-face,"  
"Irish"**

*"What care I when I can lie and rest,  
Kill time and take life at its very best?"*

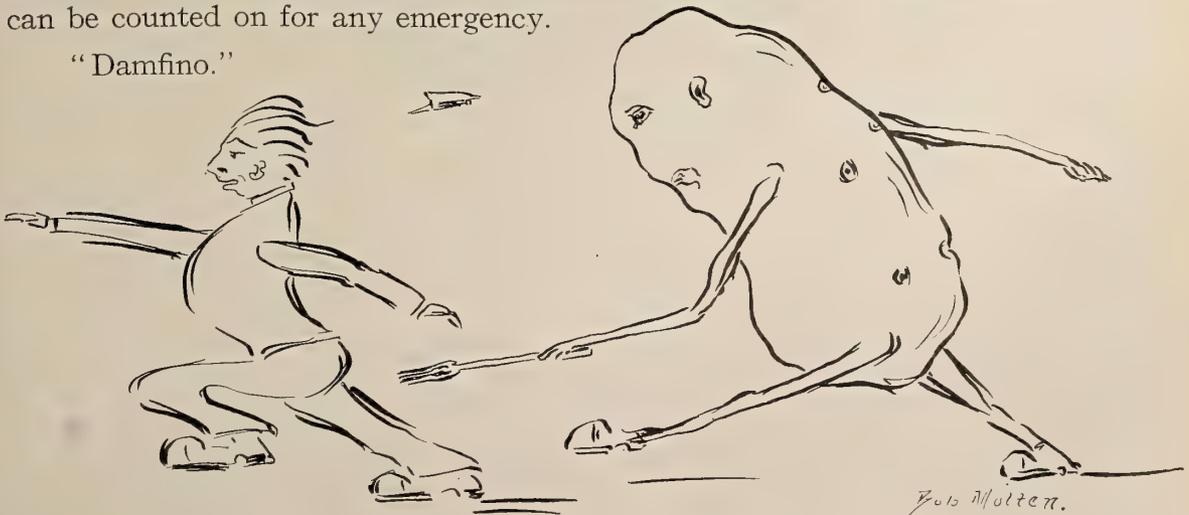
—SHAKESPEARE.

Class Baseball. Masqueraders (1).

An enemy of hard work, yet has always managed to pull a 2.5. Could never stand the strain of more than two drills a week. Spends four-fifths of his time sleeping, the other fifth reading. Has been four years trying to reform Bob, but without much success. A plump Irishman who worships at the shrine of wit, whether it be his

own or Tommy's. An ardent member of the Fifth Company's smoking club. Has thought himself to be in love at least twenty times during his scholastic career, and could be a great fusser if he would; may now be classed as a Red Mike. After much effort at last managed to make the Masqueraders' chorus First Class year. Always ready for a lark, and is generally at the bottom of all jokes hatched around quarters. A friend who can be counted on for any emergency.

"Damfino."





## Frank Delmore Manock

PITTSFIELD, MAINE

### "Delmore"

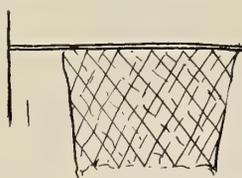
*"A generous friendship no cold medium  
knows;  
Burns with one love, with one resentment  
glows."*

—POPE.

Class Baseball. Basketball, BNB. Sharp-  
shooter, Expert.

A whole-hearted, ambitious youth from dear old Maine. Has a knack of charming the ladies, but did not take full advantage of it until First Class year, when he became a heavy fusser. Spends six hours a day reading his mail. Slept once too often on Youngster cruise, and consequently was unable to give the girls of his

native State a treat. Has the real Boston twang, with a smile that is just too cute for words. A quiet, reticent man, but one with fixed ideas on any and all subjects from how best to sail a cat-boat to the propriety of the directoire gown. A born sailor, with a complete knowledge of all things nautical. A good all-around athlete, but would never specialize in anything. Spent part of his First Class leave in Washington—wonder why? A steady, honest worker—never known to rhino, but always in a cheerful mood.



"Mr. Manock is such a nice little man."

Feb. 1911



## Paul Henry Marion

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

### “Frenchy,” “Baby Paul,” “Miserable Frenchman”

*“There’s an awful lot of knowledge  
That you never get at college;  
There are lots of things you never learn  
at school.”*

—SONG.

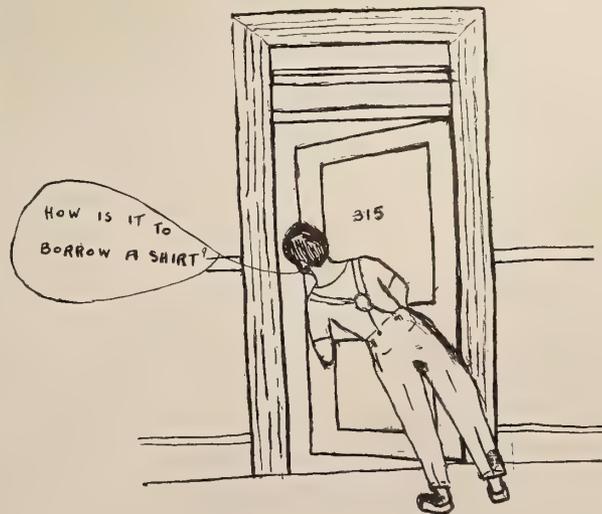
Buzzard.

Frenchy, the immaculate—our fashion plate—a model, from his irreproachable hair comb, down his non-reg. collar, through his non-reg. uniform to his non-reg. shoes. A languid, blasé man of the world who knows it all because he has been everywhere and seen everything. A jovial companion, who is just the man in whom you should

confide your woes. His time is always limited, for he needs most of it in trying to remember what he tried to remember not to forget. And as for his bluffing ability—any man can bluff when he knows a little, but how many with absolutely no knowledge whatever of the subject can succeed in getting a 2.5 out of a Prof. Seldom rhinoceros, but when he does—don’t miss it—it is the most artistic and thoroughly decorated appeal against midshipmanic slavery ever heard. A tremendous success as a “fusser,” and possesses such a grease that any attempt to rival it is hopeless.

“Say, what’s the Nav. lesson?”

“Yap, yap, yap.”





## Anson Angus Merrick

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA

“Bub”

*“My often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.”* — SHAKESPEARE.

Choir (1). Sharpshooter. Farewell Ball Committee. Assistant Business Manager Lucky Bag.

An indolent, sorrowful-looking man who manages to get just about three times as much pleasure out of the routine life at the Academy as any of the rest of us. His sad visage, quiet speech and slow mannerisms seem to suggest disappointments which happened long before we young fellows were born. But don't judge too quickly;

this is neither an object of sympathy nor a student of theology, but a clever, interesting chap—bright as a dollar—who ambles around, disguised as a funeral, for the purpose of “La poudre aux yeux.” A man of unusual experiences, who tells just enough of the wonderful things which have happened to him to arouse our curiosity over hosts of hidden escapades. Shows his ingenuity in the fussing line by making his rendezvous just on the other side of the Executive Mansion, so that he can do his waiting in the little room where the two ducks hang. So devoted is he to the business interests of this book that the jingle of LUCKY BAG dollars has been music to his ears.

How often have we seen him, seated on the last four vertebrae, feet stretched out, cigarette in hand, the look of “miles away” on his face—a picture of absolute repose.

“The less I have to do, the less I want to do.”





## Charles Henry Morrison

HUDSON, NEW YORK

“Morry”

*“Silence has become his mother tongue.”*

—GOLDSMITH.

Buzzard. Choir (1). Sharpshooter, Expert.

A sober and industrious man from the Empire State who really takes Naval Academy life seriously. Never has much to say and is most unassuming. Has a quiet, determined look and invariably means business. Thoroughly consistent in all that he does. Used to do lots of “fox” hunting Plebe year, and has always had sense enough to

go in strong for a high mark in conduct. The very soul of honor. A man who is small in stature, but one with Herculean convictions and will stick to them. The Patriarch of the class. Never greases and is well liked by those who know him, though unknown to many on account of his domestic habits. Fusses occasionally, but we can't say whether it's for the pleasure or the educational value of the experience. One of the numerous pieces of “dead wood” that decorated the Choir First Class year. Never so happy as when arguing—about nothing. Has completed four successful years by hard work of the sort that is bound to win out.

“What do you know about that—huh?”

BOO! HOO!  
I CAN'T FIND  
FOXY!





## Radford Moses

WASHINGTON, D. C.

“Rad,” “Mose”

*“Won't the angels be glad  
When they come to comb Rad,  
If the hairs on our head are all numbered?”*

—ADAPTED.

**Buzzard. Farewell Ball Committee.**

While not addicted to the fussing habit, has at times proved that there can be exceptions even to the rule, “When a man begins to lose his hair he ceases to be a Romeo and becomes a papa to all the girls.” Has one bad habit—the mandolin—and when not sailing, reading automobile catalogues, or experimenting with paper airships,

can usually be found on his bed, his feet on top of his locker, tinkling his mandolin to the accompaniment of John's guitar. Gave a hop to the class the night before—not after—the class supper.

Bighearted and generous, his friendship is of the kind that counts, for he is always ready to prove it with deeds as well as words. His good nature and hospitality have probably been responsible for a number of buzzards where stripes might have been.

Has a queer, quizzical smile which appears unexpectedly on one side of his face at inopportune times.

Is extremely methodical and goes about anything he is told to do with a self-confident air well calculated to bluff the most wise. His classmates have watched with great anxiety the rapid diminution of his slightly auburn locks.

“I've tried everything, but it's no use.”

Too  
Late  
for  
Herpicide!





## Joseph Augustine Murphy

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

**"Spuds," "Mike"**

*"Seared is, of course, my heart, but unsubdued  
Is, and ever shall be, my appetite."*

—CATTERSLY.

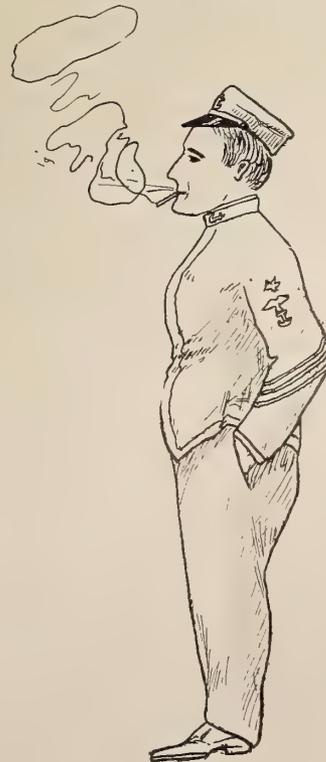
Buzzard. Class Baseball. Class Football. Class Basketball. Middle-weight Boxing Champion (2).

A thoroughbred Irishman from the "ould sod," and is proud of it. Brought with him the original Boston twang and a large supply of Irish ditties. An athlete in a small way, being one of the mainstays on all the class teams, and showed his prowess Second Class year by winning the middle-weight boxing championship. One of

the charter members of the Beef Trust, and has an eating capacity almost equal to that of an ostrich. Has a most fetching smile and could be a great fusser. However, has his own independent ideas concerning the fair sex, and is not of the opinion that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Never lets his studies worry him in the least, and has seldom been known to bone. With his versatile conversation and happy disposition, "Spuds" is always welcomed in any crowd, and his winning smile is a sure cure for the blues.

Delights in his appropriate monogram:

**"JAM."**





## Horace Williams Nordyke

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

“Skipper,” “Dyke”

*“What care I when I can lie and rest,  
Kill time and take life at its very best.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

One Stripe. Hop Committee. Farewell Ball Committee. Class German Committee. Class Song. Yell and Color Committee. Composer Class Song. Masqueraders (2). Director Instrumental Music (1).

The fair-haired musical shark from that birthplace of genius—Indiana. Has no less than ten strangely shaped instruments tucked away in the dark corners of his room, and can play all of them at the same time. Runs a meeting place for those who imagine that they

can sing, and many a weird barber-shop chord floats over the transom of Room 136. The famous skipper of the *Argo* and the hero of the much-talked-of official visit to the Brooklyn. Had a mysterious adventure with Rabbit in Boston, First Class cruise, and keeps in close touch with a certain wholesale house in Baltimore. Won considerable fame, with Phoebe, as caterer of the good ship *Olympia*, and incidentally kept himself supplied with “good cigars.” The author of several musical compositions of real merit, and an ardent worker for “The Masqueraders.” With all his easy cordiality and good-fellowship he preserves a certain dignity. Has set ideas and fixed standards with reference to his own and others’ conduct—he will not deviate, and others must not.

As for girls, Dyke treats them in the same way as one would treat delicate pieces of china.





## Percy Wilfred Northcroft

PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND

“Percy,” “Crofty,”  
“Small Boy”

*“Celebrity may blush and be silent, and win a grace the more.”* —GEORGE ELIOT.

Battalion C. P. O. Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Yellow N \*\*, Green N, Midshipmen’s Athletic Association. Green Numerals, White Numerals. Heavy-weight Boxing Champion (4). Sharpshooter, Expert.

The big midshipman from the little State. The good old man of the football team. Immortalized himself in Navy football annals by a forty-five yard place-kick which took the ginger out of the Army and started the Navy team to a ten to nothing victory. On the track he has been our mainstay.

Handles a sixteen pound shot as if it were a baseball.

Despite the fact that Percy has always had to bone hard, he has shown his Navy spirit by sacrificing all spare time to athletics. He has climbed mountains and overcome obstacles that have bilged others lacking his grit. Indeed, he is a great man among us, and the unassuming manner with which he has received his many honors has endeared him to us all.

Has cared little for fussing, having mightier things to conquer than a woman’s heart and more honor to gain than a woman’s smile. Big-hearted, unassuming, not over-confident—that’s Crofty.

Takes a whole company to rough-house him—and then some.

“I have beene.”





## Jesse Barrett Oldendorf

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

“Jess,” “Oldy”

“—Thou, who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty.”

—PING.

Rhino (4, 3, 2, 1). Buzzard (1). Sharpshooter.

A far-Western youth with the figure of Apollo and the countenance of Cupid. Needless to say, the combination insures him his job of confirmed fusser. Though he is easily rattled, and gets white under the gills and tongue-tied when first approaching a skirt, he gradually recovers and becomes quite a spellbinder. Charter member

of the Hod-Carriers' Union, and walking delegate therefor. Took sixteen dances with a Congressman's daughter to help pass the pay-bill—it didn't pass. Submitted his resignation plebe year, but changed his mind and withdrew it before too late. Kept open house to smokers Second Class year. Hits the pap seldom, but hits it hard when he does. He was badly smitten Second Class year, and took fifty D's to eat Washington's Birthday dinner in Baltimore. Originally possessed a “sweet” disposition, which, however soon soured on him.

“What? Thirty-five dollars!”





## Robert Rudolf Paunack

MADISON, WISCONSIN

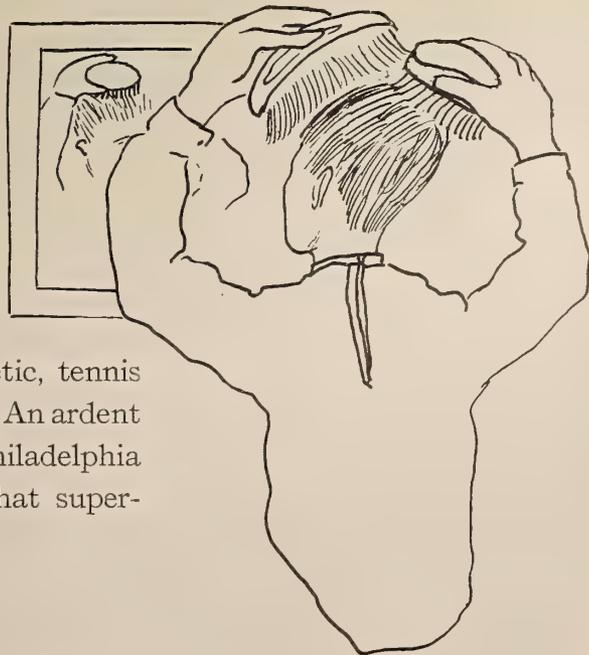
“Panoosk,” “Rudolf”

*“Who loudly doth declaim himself  
The only man that’s right.”*

Buzzard. Tennis Team (2, 1).

A Polish Dutchman from the Badger State. Believes firmly in the greatness of Wisconsin, particularly in the line which “made Milwaukee famous.” Tries to be pessimistic and blasé, but his natural good humor prevents it. Has decided opinions upon everything, but, unlike others of that ilk, is not obstinate, and

is open to conviction. Loves argument, and will chew the rag with anyone, at any time, about anything. Likes rough-housing, but not being the rough-housed. Spent his early life trying to grow up to his feet, and despairing, at last, of that, had them cut down to fit him, incidentally getting quantities of that precious article, leave. Good-natured and generous, and, though suspicious at first of imposition on him, always ready to do anyone a favor. Mildly athletic, tennis being his most strenuous exertion. An ardent admirer of the Boston and the Philadelphia drop. A steadfast friend, and that superlative character, “a good man.”



“Aw! quit it!”

“Look to suward!”



## Comfort Benedict Platt

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

“Mother,” “Bob”

*“Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia  
howls,  
And makes night hideous;—answer him, ye  
owls.”*  
—POPE.

First Petty Officer. Masqueraders (2, 1). Class Song, Yell and Color Committee. Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). Class Basketball (2, 1). Sharpshooter, Expert.

A veritable Apollo. When he's not boning he's picking away on his banjo—he never bones. His roommate in order to protect himself was forced to buy a mouth-organ; then the neighbors did swear. This man is old enough to know better, but at times he has been

known to break loose from all bonds of constraint and actually squander a nickel on a Coco-Cola. At other times he has been known to play a joke upon himself—by smiling. He's consistent in that he attends every hop; inconsistent in that he never drags the same brick twice.

Mother cares little for the opinion of others; if he's convinced he's right he goes full speed ahead. Says little, but his few words are well chosen and carry with them much weight. Curious—wants to know the why and wherefore of everything; doubtful—often argues with the instructor to his own detriment.

He carries his years very well, and one not in the secret would never guess from his actions and general deportment that he is one of the old men of the class.

“Well, you needn't get sore about it; some do and some don't.”





**Henry Hall Porter**  
MUNHALL, PENNSYLVANIA

**“Henry,” “H. H.”**

*“A man I am, crossed with adversity.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

**Buzzard. Brown N. Sharpshooter, Expert.**

Quiet, retiring and unassuming, “H. H.” keeps his own counsel, and few really know him. On rare occasions can be drawn into conversation, and he especially delights in an argument. When in the mood can always produce a good story. When he does talk he goes so fast he can’t follow himself, and couldn’t possibly say “pickles.”

Likes to dispute now and then with the Profs. Wears a continual frown and is always rhinoing. Has a fiery temper, easily aroused, which got away with him Youngster cruise, to his sorrow. Mixes very little, but is one of the boys with the right bunch. Has been a terrible shot with a gun from infancy, and has had no trouble in holding down a place on the Rifle Team for four years. Always on hand for a “game.” Despite his outward reserve, is at heart a jovial fellow and one particularly well liked by his intimates.





## William Nichols Porter

TOLEDO, OHIO

“Bill”

*“He coude songes make, and well endite.”*

—CHAUCER.

Lucky Bag Committee. Class Yell Committee.  
Author Class Song. Choir (2, 1). Masqueraders (2). Manager of Dramatics (1).  
Captain Golf Squad (1). Two Stripes (1).

The author of that well-known lyric, our class song. Has verse on tap at all times, and can produce anything from a melancholy reverie on hearing taps to an ode of jubilation over the result of an Army game. Fond of feminine society—no age limit, old or young. Always good-natured—so good-natured that he doesn't even resent a

hard subject at recitation, but uncomplainingly sets to work and tries to get around it somehow, usually by a slight application of the slush-brush. One of the joint proprietors of a get-rich-quick scheme, which, as usual, made its customers poor and its owners rich. Has “raised” Luther from childhood with great success. Not of great brilliance in athletics at first, he burst forth in glory First Class Year as captain of the Golf Squid, and has led his squad, J. Doyle, to many a hard-earned victory over Colonel Bogie. One of the organizers of the Masqueraders, he has contributed largely to their success, and has originated much of the libretto of their various productions.

“And William thinks so, too.”



## Charles Denniston Price

OAKMONT, PENNSYLVANIA

*"True as the needle to the pole,  
Or as the dial to the sun."*

—BOOTH.



A quiet man whose gentleness attracts on first acquaintance; his unfailing courtesy causes longer acquaintance to always result in friendship.

After his plebeian days, Dennis started in the gentle art of fussing, and having such an accommodating disposition was fruit for the boys whose girl had a very attractive roommate who

would like to come down. He soon realized his mistake and is now a total abstainer. A true friend, and takes a genuine pleasure in doing little favors that one less thoughtful would overlook. Was unfortunate Second Class summer, but took matters in his characteristic way. Prefers Nav. to all his other studies combined. Swears by "Old Nassau," and offers odds on Princeton against all comers, even Yale.

If you are out of anything, go to Dennis, for his locker is a miniature department store. Subscribed for the "Literary Digest" in order to keep up with current events First Class year—claims it is a disgrace to be ignorant of what's doing outside.

"Come around to the room:  
I think I've got one."





## John William Quillian

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

### "John," "Father John"

*"Common sense is, of all kinds, the most uncommon. It implies good judgment, sound discretion, and true and practical wisdom applied to common life"*

- TRYON EDWARDS.

**Buzzard.** Editor-in-Chief the Lucky Bag. Class Ring Committee. Class Cup Committee.

The original John, poor John. Always beset with trials and tribulations of state, be it the class ring, the LUCKY BAG, or certain personal difficulties. A kinky-haired, earnest, hard-working cracker from Georgah. He has a large, mellow voice, which he uses to good advantage on all occasions, from class meetings to arguments with the

Yid. He loves a joke as well as any of us, but it must be dissected, analyzed and proved conclusively to be a joke before he will have anything to do with it—then hear him laugh. A favorite with the ladies because of his fascinating, old-school politeness. The absence of stripes from his sleeves can be explained only on the theory that the responsibility for what appears between the covers of this volume was deemed sufficient for the shoulders of one man. His clear, analyzing judgment, with his safe and sane conservatism, has made him a leader in council. Before embarking in any venture, whether in business or in matrimony, see John. He'll give you the best he has, and a word of good cheer to go with it. We know him best for his calmness, devotion to purpose and his un-failing courtesy.



"We-e-ll, I don't know now!"

## Edward Cook Raguet

DAVENPORT, IOWA

### "Rags"

*"And when a lady's in the case  
You know all other things give place."*

—GAY.

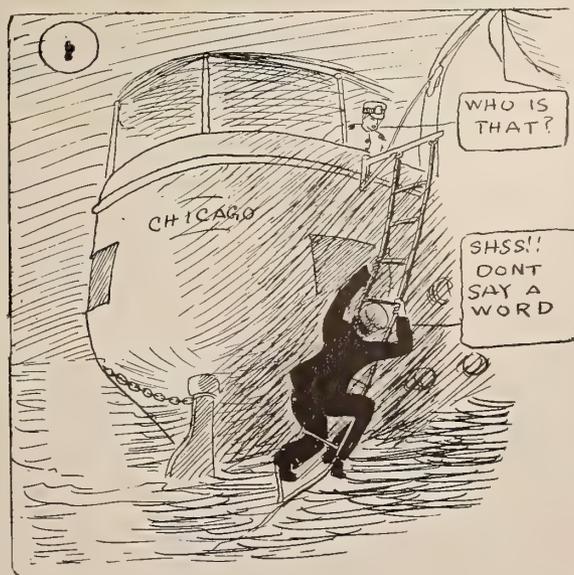
Two Stripes. Farewell Ball Committee.  
Sharpshooter.

Would it be better to manage a street-car system or con a ship? That's the question troubling Rags, and after his first cruise on the Chi with Bennie he has almost decided on the street-car system. A deep thinker and savvy, but loath to apply himself. The most independent man on earth.

Very impressionable, but his

cases never last long, for he believes in loving them all and letting none escape; yet deep down in his heart he loves but one. Humors a girl by letting her wear his class ring until another one puts in a bid for it. Knows the true dead reckoning course from Murray Hill to State Circle and thence to Bancroft. Was a "comer" in football until he met with an accident, and is the best man of his weight in the ring. A true grafter when it comes to summer cruises. Never as perfectly at home as when sitting in a little game of draw, with things coming his way. Emotional at times, especially when trying to comfort Paddy on Saturday nights. A great friend of the Kid's.

"Hey, Kid! Got a telegram to-day: she's coming down Saturday."





## Walter Owen Rawls

ATHENS, ALABAMA

### “Rooster Bill,” “Duke”

“From the top of his head to the sole of his foot he was all mirth.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard. Midshipman (6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1).

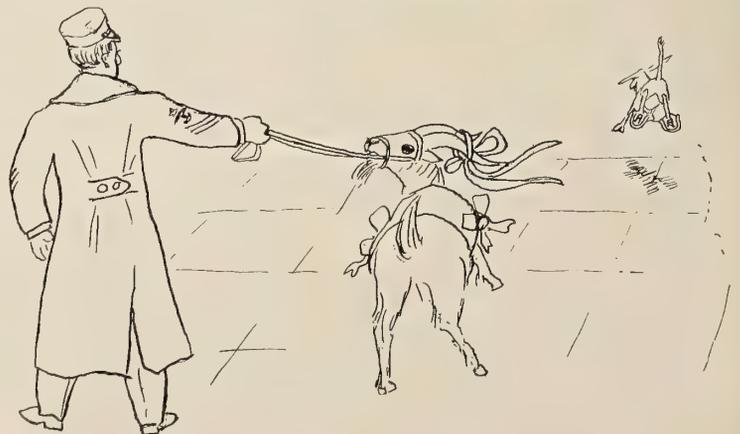
The Grand Old Man of the Navy. Tradition says he laid the keel of his naval career when wind-jammers were battleships. Be that as it may, we know that Bill *still has* lurid memories of six cruises; also that he has a severe task in learning the modern method of propulsion—steam. But although he has taken “the count” twice, his glit-

tering generalities have at last bluffed this department, so that now Bill has his coveted sheepskin in sight.

Traveling companion and Lord High Keeper of the Navy Goat. At Philly the two were inseparable, and together they have been known to bluff out everything from a grizzly bear to an army mule. Bill’s sole athletic record confines itself to a strong arm-chair stunt, concluded by a 100-yard dash, with Pinkerton men as starters.

Guy de Maupassant could plot a story, George Ade can write a story, and Rooster Bill Rawls can tell a story. “Hey, Bo! ain’t that right?” So full of life and mirth that he has not an enemy in the brigade of midshipmen, but as much cannot be said of the rocking-chair brigade, for he is their choice subject. Rhinoceroses only when soaked by The Thug.

“Ma! ma! that’s him.”





## George Newton Reeves, Jr.

MARKLAND, INDIANA

### “Bull”

*“And the tune he played on his sweet guitar  
Was the typical tune of Zanzibar.”*

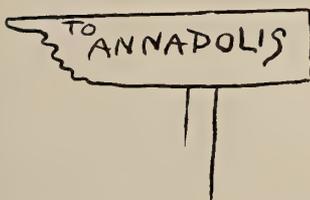
—OLD SONG.

Buzzard, Masqueraders (1). Lived with  
Rieger (4, 3, 2, 1). Sharpshooter (1).

A happy Hoosier without a care in the world. The other Gold Dust Twin. Recites in a languid voice and with a Harvard expression that won him many marks in the English Department. Plays on many and various musical instruments, and is truly happy when “faking a second.” His happiest moments were spent upon the

veranda of the Olympia, where, with feet upon the rail, music box under his arm, he nightly pounded out a hideous accompaniment to the melancholy wail of the surrounding first classmen. Spends the time from drill until supper formation in combing his hair and attending to the other items of his very elaborate toilet. Fell in love with a mysterious Kentucky maiden during his last leave, and has since kept the mail orderly busy carrying voluminous tri-dailies. Followed the fashion by contracting the mumps First Class year—a subtle way of greasing the five-striper. Laughs at all of Gus’s bum jokes, and is in every way a true and faithful wife.

“By George!”





## Charles Edwin Reordan

DALLAS, TEXAS

“Cholly”

*“An honest man, close buttoned to the chin.”*

—COWPER.

**Buzzard. Sharpshooter, Expert.**

Quiet, calm and deliberate, “Cholly” has worried through four long years trying to exert a restraining influence on his irrepressible roommate, without much success. He even took to wearing glasses, hoping that the added dignity in his appearance might help him in his task. In reality, however, those glasses were not altogether for ornamentation,

for over-study (of novels) had almost ruined Cholly’s eyes. In fact, for a time, he had visions of belonging to the cold, cold world without, and in desperation joined the 40%, spending many precious hours intent over a drawing board sketching impossible mechanisms. But a bluff is a great thing, and a lucky stab here and there was all that was necessary to weather the physical exam. Immediately his enthusiasm for drawing disappeared, and he again joined the ranks of the “sane” or “nearly sane.” An inveterate fumer, First Class year came as a great relief. How the intellectual, savvy-looking chap with the glasses holds a prominent place in “Cawge’s” hard gang is a mystery. Our noble martyr to “Esprit de Corps.”



## Paul Hildreth Rice

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

### "Dolly"

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."*

—BIBLE.

Buzzard.

An irrepressible, innocent, happy little fellow with rosy-red cheeks and wide, wondering eyes. Exceedingly ambitious to become a "hard guy"—an utterly impossible prospect. Always bubbling over with ill-repressed mirth, and with a tongue continually on the "wag," Dolly is a constant source of anxiety to his calm,

deliberate, intellectual-looking roommate, yet Dolly has the brains of the combination. And the ease with which he can solve an intricate, skinny prob. is a wonder. But he does not take advantage of his hidden talents, much preferring to pass the endlessly long study hours over a good book, and what he or his roommate do not read isn't worth reading. Has implicit confidence in Cholly, from whom he has learned his few bad habits—strange to say. A cheerful, lovable little chap, Dolly is always good company. Delights in telling how Gerald and he strolled around after the Class Supper.

Is very susceptible and also irresistible—for this combination, look out, girls! A proud wearer of the Pink N who hopes to win a star by June 4th.



DOLLY



DOLLY

and



## William N. Richardson, Jr.

QUIDNUNC, ALABAMA

“Rich,” “Dick,” “Dimples”

“Strength and beauty are in him.”

—PSALMS.

Buzzard. Crew (4, 3, 2, 1). Red N. Class Football. Class Basketball.

A dimpled, blonde six-footer from Alabama. Possessor of a beautiful, fiery temper, which in his younger days he let loose alternately at the Discipline Department and the Dagoes. One of the original “Splints” twins, and the trio of Moke, Guller and Rich are seldom separated. A heavy fusser, but *sometimes* unfortu-

nate. Honorary Vice-President of the Hod-Carriers’ Union. Has the trim, clean-cut build of Apollo, and is an excellent athlete, his activities covering class football and basketball, and the Navy crew. Some slanderers have it that Quidnunc—free translation, “What next?”—was christened immediately after Rich’s arrival therein. Usually quiet, but will always express strong opinions on Profs., in general and in particular. Claims to be wooden, but by boning at the right time has weathered even the most severe storms. Has a keen sense of humor, and enjoys either telling or hearing a good story. A man on whom one can always depend for a good comrade or for a true friend.



“OH you jollier! Does any other little girl call you—  
Dimples?”



## Thomas Beall Richey

FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA

“Tom,” “Nigger”

*“I tells you fore yore face as I tells you  
hine yore back, dat boy Tawm am de worst  
chile what you got.”*

UNCLE JACK.

Two Stripes.

Most efficient, and early proved his ability on the decks of the Severn Second Class summer. Has a high sense of duty and loves the military life. Was disgusted with the manner in which things were run, but did not show his disapproval. It hurts Tom if anyone does an unmilitary act. Spent his youthful days at

Augusta Military Academy, and there this love of duty and of soldiering was developed. Tom was then too small to carry a gun, but they let him trail along with a stick. Took Plug’s advice early during his naval career, and sleeps with the Blue Book under his pillow. Knows the regs. almost as well as “Erny.” Even during First Class year he turned out at 6 A. M. His neatness of appearance and of room are unequaled, and his locker is considered by the O. C. a model for the under classmen.

Loves Virginia, and has the high and noble characteristics of a typical son. Gets highly insulted if one merely mentions that Fort Defiance is near the boundary line.

“Tom, you are fickle.”

“No, Tommy, I am only trying to find her.”





## Harry Clark Ridgely

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

### “Ridge”

*“I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
I say the tale as it was said to me.”*

—WALTER SCOTT

#### Buzzard.

Has lived the life of a cosmopolitan since entering the Navy, having studied the ways of Kansas City, Mo., and all that is good in dear old New York. Although he wanders around much, visiting the boys during the short vacation, he never fails to spend about ten days at Springfield—with—ask him, for it is said that he is not a fusser.

A non-greaser; has loads of good opinions and is not afraid to put them into practice. A connoisseur of all that which makes us forget our troubles. A good fellow through and through, with a disposition that makes him a welcome visitor at any “sitting.” Wherever he may go he will be known and remembered as a prince of good fellows, for Ridge is all right.

With a good cigar (not the kind he offered Frenchy) he is generally in the mood to tell a story—one which is always appreciated—for association with Rooster Bill has developed this talent to a large degree. When the old man with six stripes on his sleeve, accompanied by father, came tottering down the corridor on Xmas morn, the spectators shed tears. Football games will seem different when another man signals from the side lines. We have become so accustomed to seeing Ridge acting in that capacity that his absence will be particularly noticeable.





## Augustine Watchman Rieger

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

“Moke,” “Gus,” “Wooden,”  
“Bugs”

*“Then he will talk!  
Ye gods, how he will talk!”*

—ANON.

Buzzard. Sharpshooter, Expert.

Augustine? Not much—just Gus. A man who has done more to make the section room interesting and homelike than anyone else in the class. Is supposed to have swallowed a pocket dictionary when a child, and has the largest collection of homeless language ever let loose in the Naval Academy. Although he cannot talk as rapidly

as Gobbo Haas, his fine assortment of words would undoubtedly win him the decision on points. Especially famous for the discovery of the fact that the elevated pole is “the one that would be visible if you could see it.” Had a price set on his head during a part of First Class year for perpetrating a horrible noise in the corridors to what he fondly imagined to be the tune of “Hail, Pennsylvania!” It is probable that if Pennsylvania had heard it, friendly relations would have been discontinued between the two institutions.

“Company, sit!”

“Right face! Fo’-yid!  
March!”





## Chester Sayre Roberts

JOLIET, ILLINOIS

“Chet,” “Chester”

*“Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.”*

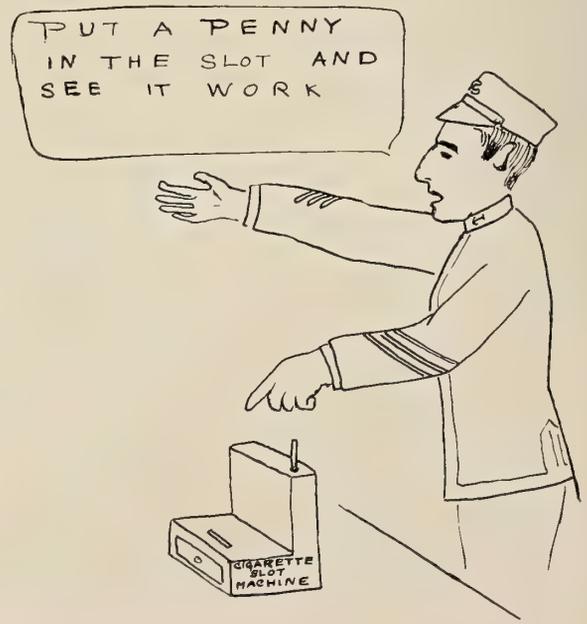
—BACON.

**Buzzard. Green Numerals.**

One of the best, most efficient and most officer-like men in the class, but to believe this one must look to his record rather than to his reward. Savvy and practical, he is strictly a non-greaser. By refusing to bootlick on First Class cruise, Chet received a tail-end P. O. instead of the job he rated. A man who will make good in the

years to come, because he will be in his element on the wild sea waves. Has a wonderful disposition and self-control; possesses that rare faculty of keeping silent at the proper time, and it takes great provocation to make him appear to lose his temper. His height of happiness is to take a half-rater out, and if he has a—the only—girl along with him, the words of the English language are inadequate to express his contentment. They say that he got up at 3 A. M. during one June week. Why?

Assisted by Toad, he invented a device whereby you put in a penny, press a lever, and out comes a cigarette—great money-maker, for the brand he sells is Fatima.





## William Lawton Roberts

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

“Red,” “Rouge Tête,”  
“Red Shortness”

*“Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.”* —DUNCAN.

Coxswain Crew (4, 3, 2, 1). Red N.

A little man with a great big heart. Loved by all of his friends, and has no enemies. Generous by nature and sincere in all that he does. Speaks his mind regardless of whom it may offend. Has a changeable disposition—oscillating from one extreme to the other. Easily

angered, but as easily pacified. As a candidate spent twelve hours a day in a stretching machine, the other twelve in a vain effort to increase his weight. Has never had much luck in the fussing line. Afforded great amusement to upper classmen when a mere plebe; “Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown” was popular. Never goes to section room with less than ten questions for the Prof. For three years his big shock of red hair has shone from the coxswain’s box like a beacon to the Navy crew.

“Row like h—, fellows! here’s the brick house.”

“Of course it’s none of my business, and I don’t want to butt in, but—”



RIGHT AFTER 'EM, FELLERS!



## Marion Clinton Robertson

HOUSTON, TEXAS

“Mike,” “Bobbie”

*“Let the world slide, let the world go;  
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!”*

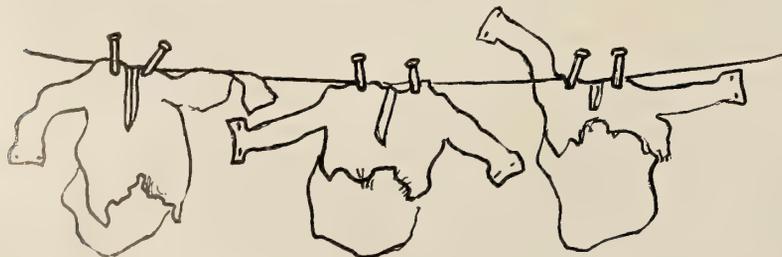
— HEYWOOD.

Battalion C. P. O. Yellow N 2d. Green Numerals. Captain Track Team. Secretary Midshipmen's Athletic Association. Class Pin Committee. Class Ring Committee. Class Cup Committee. Sharpshooter.

Mike, the rough-and-ready, a big, sturdy cow-puncher, straight from the haunts of the long-horned steer and the fiery tamale. He hablas real Mexican to the Dagoes and bluffs them out of a large mark with an accent warranted pure Castilian, made in San Antonio.

Revels in a séance after taps, and in an anvil session is often where the sparks fly thickest with a big sledge. Believes in spending September in the right place, and has found that New York meets all requirements. “Tell you, fellows, I went up to that little old town last leave”— Dearly loving a joke, Mike never tires of getting off the “rich ones” on his staid old spouse, Peggy. This burly athlete has done yeoman service on the football squad for four years, and but for his unerring faculty for getting damaged at the wrong time, might now be wearing one of those N-stars. With a mind of his own and a willingness to give a hand where it is needed he deserves his wide popularity.

“New York's the only place, Peggy!”





## Robert Stanley Robertson, Jr.

MANCHESTER, VIRGINIA

### "Bobby"

*"Of plain, sound sense, life's current coin is made."*

—YOUNG.

Buzzard. Star (3).

Unusual power of mind, but subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy about the Service.

Unsat in mech drawing, Youngster year, but starred just the same, and now, after showing his ability, takes life easy and refuses to bone. One of the Vice-Presidents of the "Red Mikes," but his hatred of the

fair sex is only superficial. When he does indulge he captivates the fair ones, but to prevent complications announces: "Girls, you are too late."

A Virginian, heart, soul and body, with the ideas, manners and bearing of the old school. Makes and holds his friends by his unvarying courtesy, but at the same time is always plain-spoken. Hopes to resign some day (let us hope to the contrary), find the only one, and lead a simple life in the mansion of his forefathers, on the banks of the James.





## James Boyd Rutter

BLOOMSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

“Jimmie,” “Me man James,”  
“Boyd”

“Who deserves well needs not another’s  
praise.”

— R. HEATH.

Buzzard.

A rosy-cheeked, intellectual-looking youth, who was captain of the Y. M. C. A. baseball team in Bloomsburg and the mathematical prodigy of the local high school. Since he joined us he has become engrossed in mathematics and kindred subjects almost to the exclusion of baseball. The savvy air lent by his pince-nez helps some,

but even that doesn’t get him out of all the exams. He will sit by the home fireside for hours in perfect contentment over a pipe and a game of bridge, and especially delights in showing how easy it is for him to put it all over either Plug or Great Google-Eyes in California Jack. He has a natural taste for quiet and repose, but when properly worked up will engage in the most terrifying rough-houses with Plug. One of Buck’s favorites, who made good by drawing a job almost equal to that of his savvy roommate. Despite a certain reserve, he has gained many fast friends, who know him as a *bon camarade* and a most lovable good fellow. Known to his friends as the “Little Petite.”

“Como esta?”

“What! Why, Doc, you little whiffet, I’ll ruin you!”



## Ralph Earle Sampson

WASHINGTON, D. C.

**"Sammy," "Bunny,"  
"Toodles"**

*"Blessings be on him who first invented sleep!"*

CERVANTES

Two Stripes. Choir (1).



Born in the "Yard," Sammy has been loath to leave it. Remembers when Graham became a watchdog. A remarkable example of perseverance, patience, determination and woodenness. Has a face like a full moon and is always in need of a shave. Humorous and witty, with a pun or a story always at hand.

If he tries to look serious, that

ever-ready Irish grin spoils the effect. Has a scrap-book that is a work of art and which contains a unique dedication. Holds the Academy record for sleeping. Can write the prettiest hot-air spiels ever seen in a section room; but, nevertheless, in practice is an efficient seaman. Most loyal to the Washington girls, who, he claims, are the prettiest in the country. A great fusser and always seen at the hops. Continually dreaming of leave and life in Hoboken. Rooms with Casey, and consequently sings (?) in the choir. His general disposition makes him liked by all who know him.

"Put Mr. Sampson on the report for attempting to grow a mustache."





## John Jacob Saxer

CENTRALIA, ILLINOIS

“Parson,” “Yon Yacob”

*“To you whose temperate pulses flow  
With measured beat serene and slow.”*

—LARNED.

A grand old man from the grand old Commonwealth, with an uncommonly large amount of common sense. After every misfortune he “bobs up serenely,” and seems to invite another, which usually accepts the invitation. Possesses a wonderful combination of smile and voice: the smile of a man who can excuse the failings of weak

humanity and a voice which carries all before it—out of the nearest exit. Has lived peaceably with Mose for four years, and has grown fat; Mose, however, has grown thin. But that is unjust, as the Parson is really most companionable. Fusses only when called upon, and then with a fineness and precision that betrays early training. Prefers to sleep or to smoke. They do say that there is a girl out in Illinois who is responsible for John’s day-dreams. John led the class football team for four years, always encouraging the fellows with his spirit during defeat or victory.

Proved absolutely his aversion to society by being the only member of the crew of the Argo to remain aboard during the Chesapeake Beach festivities. With or without his music, he may be persuaded to sing on any occasion.





## Francis Worth Scanland

BENTON, LOUISIANA

“Scanlous,” “Cherub”

*“Worth, courage, honor—these, indeed,  
Your sustenance and birthright are.”*

—STEDMAN.

**Buzzard. Farewell Ball Committee. Sharpshooter.**

Some go out for athletics, some go out to star, but Scanlous goes out for fussing. With soft and endearing murmurs he woos and wins, following the advice gleaned from Arturo's deplorable duplex work on “How to Make Love: When, Where and How Often to Propose.” Missed the train out of Crabtown First Class leave, and

couldn't catch another for five days!

The bum of the old First comp. On Saturdays he was so busy and his mind so preoccupied that he often neglected to buy “them things.” Second Class summer he performed the arduous duties of two stripes and orderly to Heck.

Scanlous, we seldom laugh at your jokes, and your experiences are larger than your bank roll, but you are a good kid and we like to see you get along well. You possess that quality of optimism which will surely bring you a host of friends wherever you let go your anchor.

“Say, you fellows! want a dance?”





## Henry Thomas Settle

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

### "Henry," "Egypt"

*"Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent  
in vain,  
For they breathe truth."*

SHAKESPEARE.

#### Buzzard.

A quiet youth, extremely youthful, whose most distasteful occupation is work; and since he seldom does anything distasteful, he has had abundant opportunity to study forestry. But just before the exams he bestirs himself, goes in and bats a cold 3.0 or a 3.5, or whatever is needed—no more. This fact and other significant character-

istics go to prove that he is the kind whose ability is never apparent until the occasion demands—then Henry is there with bells on.

After drill he loves to hover over a lemon pie, speaking to you with the distinctness of a Demosthenes, while his words have the import of a Solomon, and from his eyes sparkles the spirit of belief in what he's saying. Of his looks he could reasonably well be vain, but vanity never enters Henry's thoughts. Very serious-minded. Enjoys the company of the fellows to the utmost, and is never happier than when idly swapping yarns with the bunch.

His standing joke is: "I taught school for two months."





## Francis Leo Shea

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

“Rosy,” “She,” “Leo”

*“I am escaped with the skin of my teeth.”*

—BIBLE.

**Buzzard.**

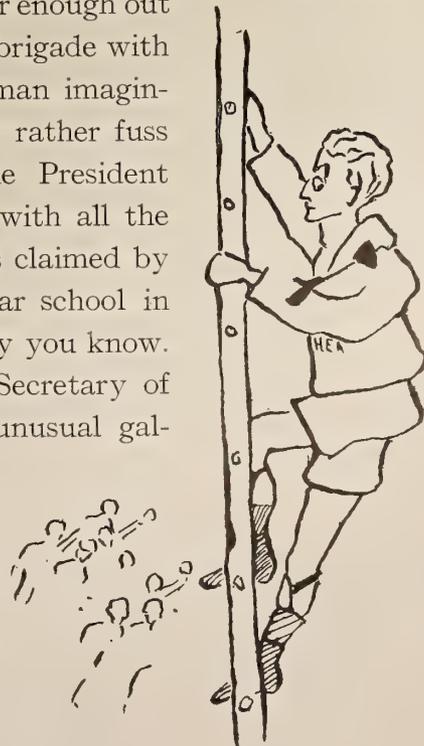
Behold the Irish wonder, the Beau Brummel of the class, who was the former friend and playmate of Fly-Foot, and has never recovered. One of the class freaks, having a square head made of solid but very soft wood. The famous discoverer of “Hydraulic Acid.” Claims to be the woodenest member of the woodenest section ever gotten

together from 1909. Always down, but never enough out to fail in his pre-examination tour of the brigade with tips for the wooden men. The happiest man imaginable when he received his class ring. Had rather fuss a chaperone than a débutanté. Calls the President “Bill,” and is on terms of equal intimacy with all the lesser personages. The honor of his birth is claimed by fifty-seven cities. Attended every grammar school in the East, and has sat just behind everybody you know.

Is the boy hero—received from the Secretary of the Navy a letter of commendation for unusual gallantry on First Class cruise.

Good-hearted as the day is long, and would give you his last shirt (if he ever had one).

“Why, I could star if I could just concentrate.”





## Frank Slingluff

WALBROOK, MARYLAND

“Sybil,” “Stout,”  
“Tubby,” “Fluff-Fluff”

*‘Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.’*

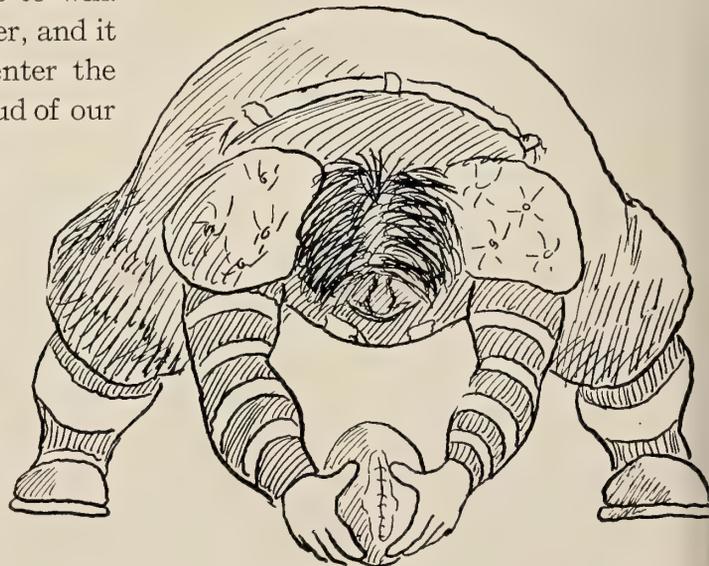
—MILTON.

Buzzard. Football (3, 2). Yellow N\*\*.

Always smiling, both inwardly and outwardly, and absolutely refuses to be worried. Is pleased with almost anything, except he detests those things which makes the fussers happy—afternoon teas. Has opinions, and voices them without fear or favor. As for the “Dago” department, a ten-foot megaphone at a range of two inches

couldn't begin to express his utter and complete contempt. Tubby is as modest as he is big, and words of praise are always met by his favorite expression, “bull-rope.” To plebes and others who are not acquainted with him he is a big, blustering, stubborn terror—a man to be feared—but his intimate friends know that it is all a big bluff; in reality he is as gentle as a heifer. Goes into things to win. Is a hard and consistent trainer, and it developed in him the best center the Navy ever had. “We are proud of our Maryland boy.”—Baltimore *Sun*. When the training season is over, Sybil is in his glory, for at the bottom of it all the lazy germ predominates. He then leads a quiet and retiring life in his cell, keeping peace with Easy and the rest of the world.

“The pride of Maryland and the hope of Walbrook.”





## Harold Travis Smith

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

“Smitty”

*“His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

First Petty Officer, Star (2). U. S. Military Rifle Champion (2). Lucky Bag Committee. Rifle Team. Brown N. Class Song, Yell and Color Committee.

A rich and rare mixture of morality, sense and humor molded into the strong character of a well-bred man. His greatest virtue is that he is sometimes inclined to be bad, and his greatest fault is that he never is bad. Reason is the card and conviction the rudder by means

of which he has steered his course among us for four years—a course always straight but leaving plenty of sea-room, and not, sky-pilot like, interfering with others of us whose steering was more erratic.

Always keeps his weather eye lifted for a good story. When he relates one you can tell the point by Smitty’s percussion-detonator laugh. To this satellite of Kodak Kate, the LUCKY BAG owes many thanks.

One of the steadiest nerves and surest shots on the rifle team. His work there has brought him many medals—the pin-holes in four worn-out dress jackets will testify to this fact.

“Ever hear that story about the man—?”





## William Ward Smith

SPRINGFIELD, NEW JERSEY

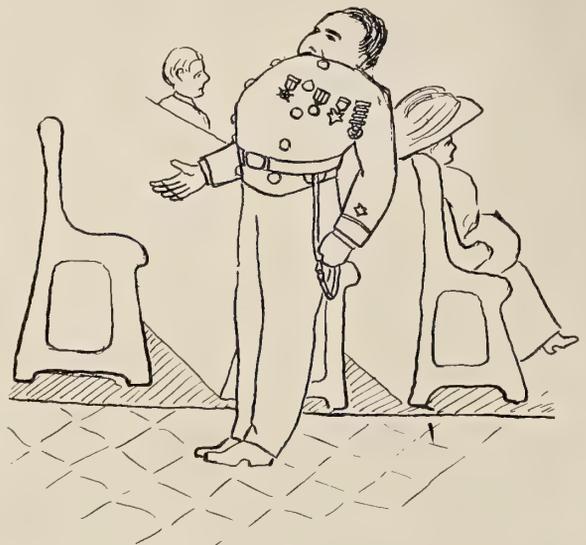
“Dooble Vé,” “Poco,”  
“Tecumseh”

*“And they were descendants of them that had dwelt in the land.”*

One Stripe. Star (3, 2). Brown N. Class  
Football (4, 3, 2, 1). Track Squad (3, 2).  
Sharpshooter, Expert.

A crack shot and all-round bad man from wildest New Jersey. A lineal descendant of Captain John Smith, he has been irreverently dubbed “Poco,” after his famous Indian ancestor (our history *may* be a bit off). Mild and easy-going until aroused, but then beware! As

great a track athlete as Ping, having won his class numerals by finishing a gallant third in a mile run—three entries. Suddenly discovered he had a “good eye,” and has since been shooting up everything from the proverbial barn door to a thumb-tack at one thousand yards, covering himself with glory—and many medals. By use of the old Academy precept, “In time of peace, prepare for examinations,” has held down third place (evidently his favorite, as witness the mile run) in the class since Plebe year. An adept at the gentle art of rough-housing, he is always ready to demonstrate his abilities on the least occasion. Vice-President of the Hod-Carriers’ Union, it is largely due to his kindness and unflinching generosity to his classmates that he has attained this high honor.





## Ralph David Spalding

MYRON, ILLINOIS

“Dinkus”

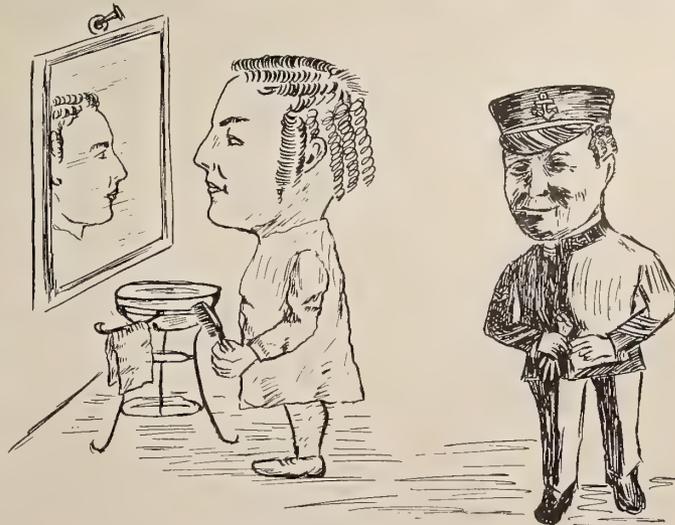
*“And the child grew, and waxed strong.”*

Buzzard (1).

An example of striking development: 1905 — from the backwoods of Illinois, and looked the part; 1909 — a credit to Broadway; 1905 — would cross the street to avoid passing a strange girl; 1909 — would cross the street to pass a strange girl. Charter member of the Auburn Hibernians, but graduated thence to the Hod-

Carriers' Union, and is now a Peach Picker. Very reticent at first, he has now become almost garrulous: Early learned to rough-house, in the twelfth company, and has lost neither his taste for, nor his ability in that sport. Succeeded in extending the developing influence over Rooky, so that he, too, has blossomed out. Forms a Damon to Hoey's Pythias, and the two are seldom long apart. They even fuss together, and that's a sure test of true friendship.

Possesses delicate curls, which he nourishes carefully, beside the many other attentions he lavishes upon his toilette. Never overexerts himself, but is always busy, whether at one matter or another — seldom, however (more than can be said about most of us), at other people's business.





## Oliber Lobing Spiller

JACKSBORO, TEXAS

**“Rufe!!” “Red,” “Irene”**

*“Forsooth, the man’s a living jumping jack!”*  
ANON.

First Petty Officer. Yellow Numerals. Red Mike (4, 3, 2). Deserter (1).

A happy-go-lucky, boisterous Irishman, whose ready smile may be heard from Bancroft Hall to the Gulf of Mexico. A tall, lanky, red-headed son of the plains—“I’m from Texas, and proud of it.” Is a close personal friend of every man from the class of 1903 to the functions of 1913, and a little tin angel to Bain and the Yid. Was

the outspoken and aggressive President of the Red Mikes for three years, but came back from his last leave class-pinless—almost ringless. (The pin was returned by registered mail two weeks later.)

One of the best-read men in the class. Has quotations from all the classics at his finger-tips. Is very reticent concerning his literary attainments, but a spellbinder when he waxes eloquent. His “Toast to Texas” is a masterpiece, and his “Casey” brings down the house. Beneath the surface there is an earnest, conscientious man whose loyalty to his friends is based in nowise upon expediency.

“Ten thousand eyes were on him as he caught the forward pass.”



*“Irene”*



## James Sutherland Spore

WEST BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

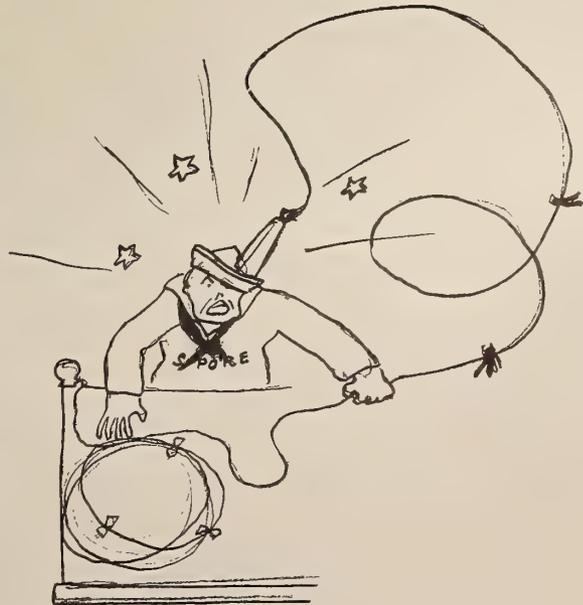
### “Wooden Willie”

*“Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?”*

— JOHNSON.

A mild, gentle little man with auburn locks worn in an intellectual pompadour. Started out on the wrong side of a 2.5, and has been striving ever since to get out of the wooden sections. Thinks he savvies all subjects, but the Profs. can't see it that way. Spends much of his time in front of his mirror. Generous to a fault.

Rhinoes considerably, which is to be expected, since he roomed in former years with “Ping Pong, the 1st” and “Pouting Henry.” Old as the next one, but not too old to catch the measles Second Class year. Carried a yellow scratch pad to every recitation First Class year. Has an important air and manly swagger when he walks. Loves his pipe, but is strongly averse to feminine society. Declares he will never marry; has yet to see the girl that pleases him. A perfect Chesterfield at the table. A solemn old fellow, who is very valuable to the class because of his ability to impress upon plebes and others the sacred dignity of a first classman. Is particularly dexterous in heaving the lead.





## Harry Walter Stephenson

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

“Steve”

*“The motto of chivalry is also the motto of wisdom: to serve all, but love only one.”*

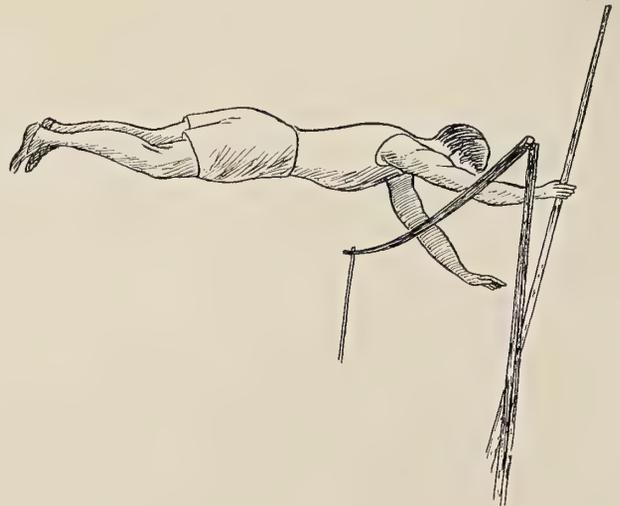
—BALZAC.

First Petty Officer. Green N. Brown N. Captain Rifle Team. Hop Committee (3, 2, 1). Farewell Ball Committee. Class German Committee. Light-Weight Boxing Champion (4). Orange Numerals. Sharpshooter, Expert.

A good-looking native of Red Dog who first won fame by his grace in pole vaulting. Even the scaly old flint in the heart of the Greek was moved at the sight of his mercurial form, and Steve drew four stripes Second Class summer, to everyone's sat-

isfaction. Many fair ones have succumbed to his unconscious attractions, but only one aroused the sacred flame in Steve's manly chest. According to all signs, the flame grows ever brighter. When captain of the rifle team at Camp Perry he proved to be such a good shot that for the first time a captain of the team shot in the National Match. Was unfortunate First Class year; made the nearly fatal mistake of going to sick quarters, but thereby received several weeks in Washington under pretty trained nurses. His bright, happy face drives melancholy away. His cordial sincerity has deservedly made him one of the best-liked fellows in the class.

“By Gad, Ewah! we'll take the first train back to Red Dog.”



## George Kent Stoddard

MT. HOLLY, NEW JERSEY

### "Foolish George"

*"'Twas no hypocrisy in him to flatter, but 'twas the bent of his mind, obliging and servile."*

Two Stripes (1).

A nervous, high-strung individual, with an innate desire to propitiate the powers that be. Sometimes gets in hot water thereby, but is always well-meaning throughout, and trying to do the right thing. A heavy and consistent fusser, and always shows up at every hop. Is absolutely impartial, favoring both youngest maid and oldest

dowager with his attentions. Was rewarded for his inestimable services on the cruise with two stripes, and has used them to such good effect that he and Polly have a company which bids fair to win the flag (?).

Virtual captain of the Prune Flagship, Olympia, he steered that good ship through stormy times, but was, with characteristic ingratitude of the Prune Navy, court-martialed on a trumped-up charge. Needless to say, he was triumphantly acquitted.

"Right on, sir! Right on!"

RIGHT ON, SIR!





## Glenn Beauregard Strickland

DULUTH, GEORGIA

“Strick,” “Josh”

*“And the ploughman setles the share  
More deep in the grudging clod.”*

—KIPLING.

Clean Sleeve. Sharpshooter.

“From Georgah, suh!” A tall, lank Southerner with an unmistakable drawl and characteristic manner. When he first arrived, could only speak Georgian, but he is slowly learning English. Is good-natured to a fault, and would do anything to help anybody, expecting nothing in return. Is simple-minded in some things, and has

a “Why” and an “Ah doan’ see that” for everything. Like the small boy of the inquiring turn of mind, he wants to get to the bottom of every topic, and, when he once gets there, he never forgets any detail. Absolutely whole-souled, there is not a trace of guile or deceit in him. He is frank and open in everything he says or does, and always well-meaning. Will not knock anyone, but will always put in a good word for his friends even in the most violent anvil chorus. Unlike most humans, he is prone to see his own faults only, and other men’s merits. His sober face is set in a bewildered look. He smiles but seldom, and then, though the disturbance is never more than a surface ripple, hastily recovers his poise, as if ashamed of the momentary weakness. Slow as the proverbial ice-wagon, both in speech and action, but usually gets there eventually.



Strickland (at a Hop)

“Hey! Get off my feet and pay attention to your dancing, there.”



## David Hunt Stuart

WINCHESTER, KENTUCKY

“Jeb,” “Sthweet Spudths,”  
“Peggy”

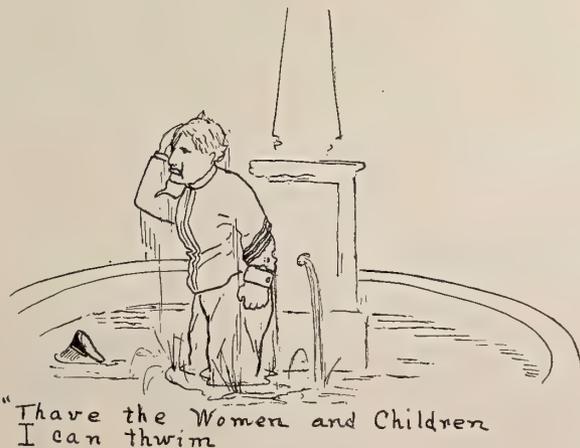
*“Let a man hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things, his turn will come at last.”*

—McCUNE.

Buzzard. Yellow N. Sharpshooter, Expert.

A sunny-hearted young elephant from the blue grass of Kentucky, who never refused an invitation to “ketch one.” Peggy sometimes “lispths” but insists that he did not catch the habit from the Dago Department. He plays a steady, hard game of football, and will be missed from the line next year. After having lived four years

with Mike he still wears the jaunty air of nonchalance which always affected “Mess-gear” as a red rag does a bull. He is neither savvy nor wooden—just a happy medium—and he doesn’t believe in working when he can rest. His figure, displayed on the occasion of the Christmas parade in the tights of a ballet girl, would have won the blue ribbon at any beauty show, and it did captivate the eyes of many innocent young midshipmen.





## Robert Edmondson Thornton

HOUSTON, VIRGINIA

“Simp,” “Wildcat Tom,”  
“Thimf”

*“For most men (till by losing rendered sager)  
Will back their own opinions by a wager.”*

—BYRON.

Buzzard. Sharpshooter.

Appearances are deceptive. Tom has a look of innocence, and it seems to be a shame to let the boys try to lead him astray. In the section room he can put up a beautiful bluff, but when questioned by the Prof. blushes and squirms like George, and all of his work is undone. That is the outer man, but going deeper you find a quiet, unob-

trusive spirit in which are securely lodged all the fine old traditions and sentiments of his native State. He shows up in true form over the green cloth. He holds his own in the game, and his beginner's luck, combined with his ostentatiously crude skill, always leaves him some chips to cash in. Will take a chance on most any kind of a game—the middies he has stung with his “gold bricks” will sanction the above statement. Was pointed out to all visitors on board the Olympia as the champion checker player of the Navy. Is open to challenge from all comers since his famous victory over Rusty Ryan. Four years of military training have changed most of us, but Tom still preserves the unique amble he owned before coming here. His remarkable sketch and still more remarkable explanation of a nautical wildcat will be handed down in Academy annals.

“Yes, sir; the Wild Cat, sir.”

“Tha—that's so.”





## Benjamin Franklin Tilley

MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA

“Ben”

*“Greater courage is to be expected in a people whose food is strong and hearty.”*

—TEMPLE.

**Buzzard.** Midshipman Commissary, Santee.

A grand old man, with a winning, confidential manner. When Ben hunches up his shoulders, hands in pockets, and swaggers down the corridor with a serious air, beware, for he is planning the ingredients of a “Navy Sea Pie.” Has been here longer than any of us, but he loves the Service and we hear no complaints from him.

Delights in telling yarns about the “old days” when a youngster rated frenching.

He took the difficult task of trying to appease the midshipmen’s appetites during a summer cruise; he made good and was elected midshipman commissary. He still keeps up the good work, and has brought about many radical reforms in that department. We no longer have “onioned spuds” for breakfast and salad Sunday nights, thanks to Ben. Can out-Jew a Jew when it comes to making a bargain. That faculty got Ben and “Bub” a meal at Newport when both were broke.

“Now, fellows, it’s this way.”





## Lawrence Townsend, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

“Duke”

“At home in the world of society,  
At sea in the world of affairs.”

—PING.

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

A musical genius, with all the usual eccentricities. An accomplished violinist, and composer of several popular airs. Almost totally devoid of a sense of humor, he takes everything seriously until, by the aid of a diagram, the joke is explained. Speaks every language but American, substituting therefor an Anglicized ver-

sion. Wears a lofty, elegant manner and a haughty air which soon earned the soubriquet of “Duke.” Almost simple-minded at times, and has a penchant for not seeing the self-evident, while other deeper matters are clear to him. Bones when unsatisfactory—the best part of the time—but loses many a good mark by an expression of listless *ennui* in the section room. Intensely absent-minded, he is not a very reliable person of whom to ask any small favor—he is sure to forget it. Has been very unlucky with the Discipline Department, and is ragged the instant he deviates from the straight and narrow path. Sometimes slow and dreamy—like, so fable runs, his native Philadelphia. A good, earnest man as a friend, and, in the social sense, an accomplished man of the world.

“There’s nothing so refreshing—”





## Harold Cecil Train

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

“Choo-Choo,” “Harold,”  
“Mattie”

*“I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.”*  
—BEN JONSON.

Buzzard. Gym Team (4). Green N. A.  
Class Basketball. Sharpshooter, Expert.

Harold takes most things, including his diversions, rather seriously, but is never actively rhino. The even quality of his temper and his never-failing considerateness make him one in whom you can put your trust. He lost many of his useful illusions during his first twenty-four hours as a midshipman.

His cruise on the Denver saw

others go by the board, and he now has doubts as to the desirability of a naval career. He thinks it would be much nicer to be taking the morning ride to the office in his car than to be dodging salt water, swabs and squilgees on a sloppy deck. One of Matchew's former pupils, he still does an occasional stunt in the gym, but has found a new interest in basketball. He can discover inaccuracies and misstatements in all his text-books, even in

the Navy Regulations. In a burst of gratitude toward the citizens of New London, he once tried to let them in on the state secrets of the practice squadron by tossing the Olympia's official signal-book into the waters of their fair harbor. He has always held fast to his early ideals and principles, and does them credit. Never shirks a responsibility, and what he does, he does well.

“Oh, shoot!” “I'm stung!”  
“How careless of you!”





## George Arthur Treber

WHITEWATER, WISCONSIN

### “Gawge,” “Bull”

*“Laugh at your friends, and if your friends  
are sore,  
So much the better—you may laugh the  
more.”*

— POPE.

#### Buzzard.

A side partner of Kodak Kate, who taught him his trade (specifications for her court-martial are being prepared). It is said the camera never lies, but you should see some of George's pictures. Of course, it is the camera's fault. Spends part of his time swapping quarters with Yost for five-cent cigars, but most of his time is

devoted to making life unbearable for the Post-Office Department. Put in a req. Second Class year for an extension on his locker door, and as soon as this was granted, opened up negotiations for a box car to transport one of Buffham's Best. One of the old Eighth Company, the leader of the gang and always ready for anything. Never let him get a joke on you if you expect any peace in this life, for you'll never hear the last of it. An inveterate fumer—especially of those five-cent ones. Had ambition to appear as a coachman on the Chi until the executive made him change his course. Don't wait for him to tell you anything—it takes him too long.

A quiet old man who may be seen earnestly talking with Ben on his return from each formation.





## Hugh Robert Van de Boe

CLEVELAND, OHIO

“Bob,” “Don O,” “Curves,”  
“Van”

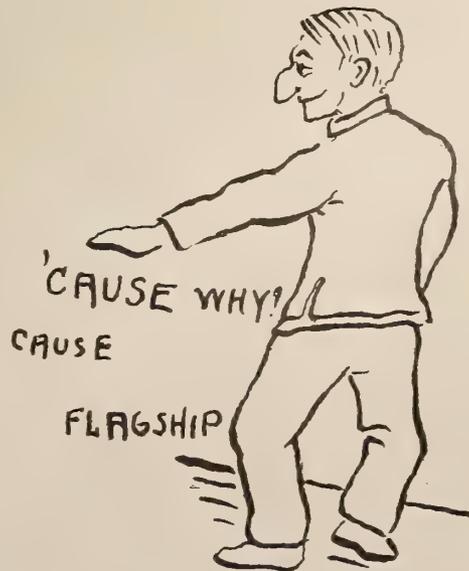
*“He was no more witty than another man, but what he said, he said and looked as no man else could say or look it.”—THACKERAY.*

Two Stripes. Star (2). Lucky Bag Committee.  
Masqueraders. Class Football (2).

The only original, har-r-r-d guy of 1909. To hear him talk you'd think he'd killed a dozen men and painted New York carmine; but it's mostly waste gases. A member of the glorious First Company, he joins them in ushering in the new week on Saturday nights, and it is on such occasions that his flow of language becomes almost

marvelous. Provokes a laugh by his every action, and can twist his long, low, rakish, buccaneering countenance into the most remarkable expressions. Captain of the Prune Navy, and author of the “'Cos why” lectures, delivered on the Olympia after liberties. Joined a comic opera company Youngster year, and enjoyed wide renown therefor in his home papers. Starred Second Class year, and has never recovered from the shock. Bones only when he feels like it—and that is very seldom. Is a prince of good fellows, and congenial with everybody. Pulled two stripes out of the grab-bag First Class year, and has since been setting a noble example of virtue and conduct to the First Company.

“'Cos why? 'Cos flagship!”





## Clifford Evans Van Hook

HELENA, MONTANA

“Van,” “Rabbit”

*“If blood be the price of Admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha’ paid in full!”*

—KIPLING.

One Stripe. Class Song, Color and Yell Committee. Class Supper Committee. Class Crew. Class Baseball.

There he is on the table, in his favorite position, almost nude, playing his guitar and trying to forget what the next lesson in mechanics has in store for him. Very nearly lost him several times, but, aided by “Pop,” he came out with a 2.5 in math for the course—still had his troubles First Class year (being one of Ponce’s

favorites). Van denied himself many privileges during the doubtful times, but had the tenacity to stick to it and let someone else fuss the fair ones. Writer of lyrics, especially sonnets, to his lady’s eyebrow.

A leading spirit in all fancy dress p-rades. A good sketch artist, some of whose productions are found in this book; others may be seen when Van takes off his blouse. Prominent in several forms of athletics, though a star in no particular one.

“By gosh, Van! Wrong again!”





## Thomas Earle Van Metre

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

“Tommy,” “Dutch,” “Van”

*“Was it the French? Not much!  
It was the Dutch!”*

Buzzard.

Tommy is a good-natured, yellow-headed Dutchman who possesses a genuine sense of humor, the like of which is seldom found. A modest youth who rarely fusses, but such a sea-dog that he will persist in feathering his feet despite the many admonitions of his friends. Had such a hard time with plebe math that he still wears

his hat inclined at the angle  $\theta$ , in memory of the struggle. Claims that Virginia is merely a back yard for his own State, and talks with a soft drawl that is very becoming. Always wears a smile, and was never known to worry. During the winter he sits around waiting for spring to come, so that the weather will be suitable for boning, and during the spring decides that the next winter will be a more suitable time for that purpose.

Wherever gay crowds gather you will find Van, but instead of occupying the center of the stage he comfortably settles down on the outskirts, and with an occasional chuckle thoroughly enjoys everything that takes place. He may be savvy or he may be wooden—we don't know—but his confidential it-is-a-secret-between-you-and-me way of reciting has carried him safely through all dangers.

“Hey!”





## Franklin Van Valkenburgh

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

“Van,” “Dutch”

*“The affections are like lightning—you cannot tell where they will strike till they have fallen.”*

—LACORDAIRE.

Buzzard. Chairman Y. M. C. A. Bible Study.

His name and native city signify that Van indulges in the beverage that made Milwaukee famous; despite this, he was a delegate to Northfield.

Always greets you in the pleasant way that shows his comfortable, optimistic view of life. His warm, affectionate nature may manifest itself in either a handshake, a knockout

blow on the back, or a hearty hug. Easy-going but very sensitive, those big ears will turn red at the slightest provocation. He manages to get along without much worry. The day he entered, his hopes of becoming an officer, as they appeared to him, were very slight, for a few minutes after signing away his liberty for eight years and swearing to honor, to defend and to protect his country, he was taken to room 343 and there initiated to all its unique stunts. How many can recall the happy moments spent there?

Van finds complete happiness in devoting his lazy energies to Bible Study, kodaking and a 2.51.

“Van, feather those ears.”



“OH! MR. VANVALKENBURG”



## William Paul Vetter

SALINAS, CALIFORNIA

**“Dutch,” “Lunch,”  
“Little Hungry,” “Oom Paul”**

*“He had a round face and a little round belly,  
Which shook when he laughed like a bowl  
full of jelly.”* — CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Buzzard.

A silent man, who, though so much to himself, has a quiet, courteous greeting that makes him the friend of all. However, his intimates are few and can scarcely be counted beyond that hard Polly-Ben-Tom Thornton gang. He is an easy man to get along with if you do the right thing and approach him the right way, but if you try to rub “Dutch” the wrong way

you will find the most stubborn, immovable man you ever ran up against.

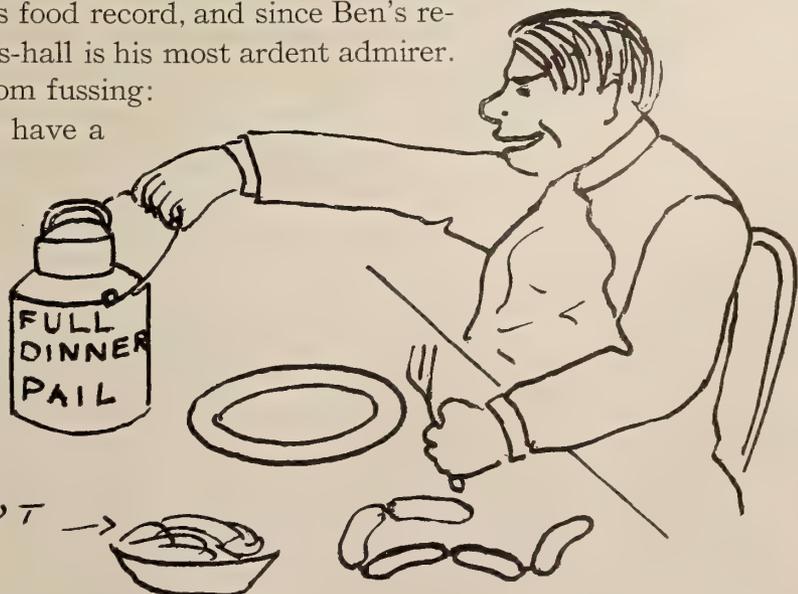
Dutch will always come to the rescue of a friend who is financially embarrassed, for he has a considerable amount stowed away in his locker, and will give all, if it is necessary. He has had trouble with the girls at home, for after each return from leave a new picture appears on his locker door, a new daily bazoo is edited, and the flow of gifts is again commenced.

Holds the Chicago’s food record, and since Ben’s re-organization of the mess-hall is his most ardent admirer.

Dutch returning from fussing:

POLLY.—“Did you have a good time?”

DUTCH—(counting on his fingers).—  
“Hum! Three pieces of fruit cake and two cups of chocolate—well, I guess I did have a good time.”



SAURKRAUT →



## Ward William Maddell

DELPHI, INDIANA

“Rube”

*“A beautiful face is a silent commendation.”*  
—BACON.

Buzzard.

A quiet, good-natured Hoosier, with a strong liking for rest. Never known to say or do anything requiring energy except when resisting the onslaught of the Twelfth Company. Has made his way quietly and peaceably, enjoying, with Pop Koonig, that perfect domestic bliss which, strangely enough, two such entirely opposite char-

acters often find. He is always day-dreaming of something—no one has yet discovered what or whom it is—and is very hard to arouse from his reveries. Absorbed a good deal of learning in his earlier days, as far as concerns the three R's, but somehow forgot spelling, for his words now are phonetic mixtures wonderful and marvelous to behold. Stands well, by consistent boning, and would doubtless do even better were it not for a pernicious (!) habit of regularly falling asleep over his books.

Acquired his nickname from a celebrated baseball artist, but has since done more to merit it than his illustrious namesake; but, luckily, in a less eccentric way.





## Harold Asa Waddington

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

“Wad,” “Bummy,” “Henri”

*“What a dust do I raise! says the fly upon  
a coach-wheel.”*  
— SWIFT.

Buzzard. Gym Team (4, 3, 2, 1) Captain,  
N. A., Gymnastic Championship (2). Class  
Baseball (3, 2). Choir (2, 1). Masqueraders.

Stumpy John, the Boy Wonder. A graceful gymnast, rivaling those whose pictures adorn the circus posters. He sometimes consents to grace the gym at hops as well. That his fussing talents have not gone unappreciated is proved by the boxes of candy he used to receive. As adjutant of the Plebe summer battalion he once displayed

great dexterity and presence of mind, his clever foot-work on that occasion exciting much admiration in the ranks, while it escaped the notice of Com. and O. C. Never bones unless he feels like it, but usually has a margin to spoil on the exams. His well-meant efforts to entertain his neighbors with selections on the cornet are usually received with a cold lack of enthusiasm, but his popularity and pleasant smiles disarm the merited retribution.

“That’s a very good chest, Mr. Waddington.”





# Frank Hill Weaver

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

## “Pee Wee”

*“A man may fight duels all his life, if he is disposed to quarrel.”* —CECIL.

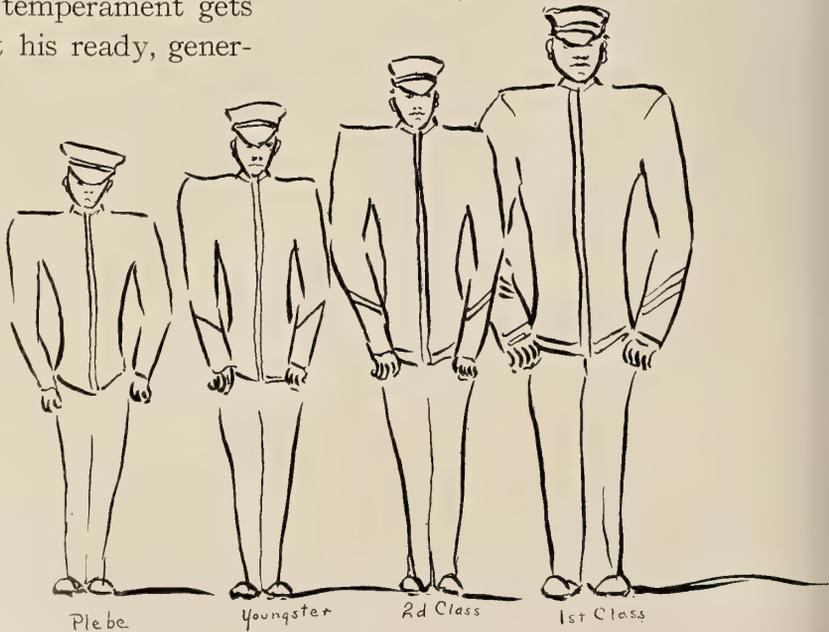
Buzzard. Crew Squad (4). Red Numerals.

The neatest, trimmest young fellow in the class, but in spite of great natural advantages is not a fusser. Was very young and perhaps foolish in his early career, but with passing years he has acquired much wisdom. Has been greatly misunderstood, and to know “Pee Wee” is to love him.

Three years of upper-class bullying failed to break his spirit, and his nerve was a thorn in the side of his enemies from the very beginning. The one man who is ready for absolutely anything, no matter how daring or dangerous it is. His face is that of a choir boy; appearances are deceptive. Will fight for his contentions. His hot, impulsive temperament gets him in trouble, but his ready, generous smile always pulls him through.

Gained great notoriety Second Class year as a nightwalker. On these excursions always carries a dagger and looks for English profs.

“Pee Wee” is the joy of his friends and the pride of the old fourth.





## Luther Welsh

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

“Lutz,” “Pee Wee”

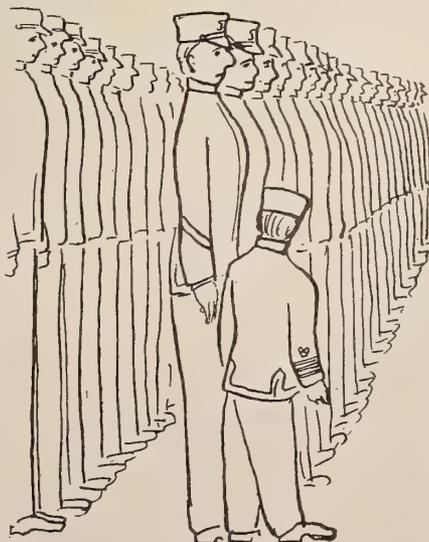
*“Naught so sweet as babies,  
Could we but keep them so.”*

Three Stripes. Lacrosse Team (2). Captain  
(1). Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Crew (4, 3, 2, 1).  
Masqueraders (2, 1).

Our class baby—who grew up. A weeny-teeny little man with a grandpa’s face and a brain that would do credit to a Webster. Long before little Luther appear in Crabtown we had all heard of the infant prodigy down in Missouri and his ingenious stretching machine with which to do five feet at the physical exam. Although

he added a cubit to his stature in order to enter the sacred precincts of the Naval Academy, Rhinehart lets him have his uniforms for half price, and still makes money. Left the Red Mikes Second Class year for a fling at Society, and rapidly worked his way into the hearts of the fair ones. Shaved (1). Started out as a savoir, but borrowed a sweater and a pair of running trousers, (2), and became an athlete. Returns home languidly after the first hour of an examination and tries to look surprised when the marks are posted and he finds he made a 3.9. A man, and a true savoir.

“Golsquizzle it, what kind of a gadget is this?”





## Ralph Downs Weyerbacher

BOONVILLE, INDIANA

“Tommy,” “Squire”

“Here is wisdom.”

—BIBLE.

Four Stripes. Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Lucky Bag Committee. Class German Committee.

A quiet, reserved “gentleman from Indiana.” Reserved up to a certain flash-point, but then his temper flares up, and it’s best for everybody to seek cover. Savvy to the point of brilliancy. Can turn a book inside out and absorb its contents in less time than any man living. Acquires firm convictions and will defend them by

argument at great length—see Hunt. Lover of the green cloth, and most expert at bridge, pitch, and the great American game. Talks rapidly and in a monotone, so that only a lip-reader can tell what he is saying. Has the build and groundwork of an athlete, but too fond of comfort to go out for anything strenuous. Rather small of stature but of masterly will-power, and “born to command.” Handles his battalion with the skill and self-possession of a veteran, and is looked up to and well liked by every man in it. A good man in every way, and one whom the Service will be the richer for having as an officer.

Has remained one of the boys despite the fact that he has always been in high repute with the authorities. Says very little about it, but is determined to end his academic career at the Boston Tech. Apparently a model youth.

“The Construction Corps’s the thing.”



MARCH!!!



## Williams Carter Wickham

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

“Easy,” “Cherry Face,”  
“Wick”

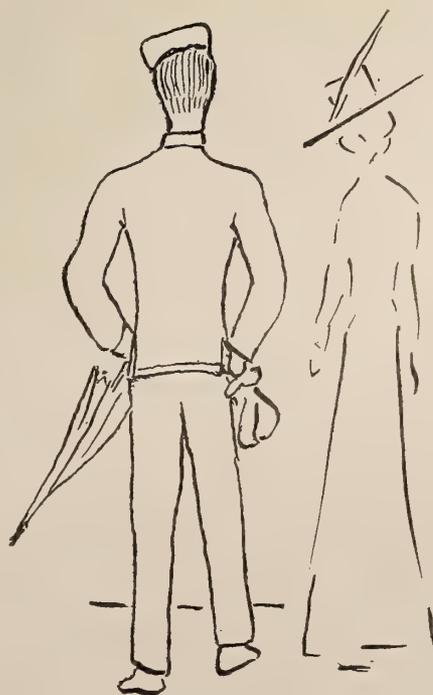
*“A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.”*

—BIBLE.

Gets his name of Cherry Face from a fancied resemblance to the climax of a Manhattan cocktail. A spasmodic fusser whose narrow escapes from the clutches of the fair ones have frequently caused his friends considerable worry, since they want Wick for themselves. It even became necessary at one critical point of his career

for the Fifth Company to apply such strenuous treatment as locking him in his room all recreation hours for a week. Has acted as cruise banker for voyages. “That’s all right, old man; I don’t need it, really.” An F. F. V. from head to foot, as shown by his gentlemanly demeanor and perfect courtesy on every occasion, even when the joke is on him, as, alas! it frequently is. At such times his only plea is, “No, that is not it. Let me tell you the way it was.” At frequent times he presides, with true Southern hospitality, over wonderful feeds of good things straight from “Old Virginny.”

In this ever-blooming product of Virginia, Tubby has found a competent chaperon, as is shown by the eternal query: “Say, fellows, have you seen Stout?”





## Theodore Stark Wilkinson

WASHINGTON, D. C.

“Ping,” “Savvy”

*“I have come to the conclusion that mankind consumes too much food.”*

—SYDNEY SMITH.

Four Stripes. Star (4, 3, 2, 1). Lucky Bag Committee. Track Team. Tennis Shark (1).

[ ] The chronic savoir of the class. Plebe summer everyone, after watching him go through an evolution at drill, would come to the sad conclusion that poor Ping must bilge when the book-work should begin. The first month, however, he stood one in everything, and has never been able to break the habit. Finished third in a two-mile

race in which there were four entries, one of whom dropped out on account of an accident. Ping had the track to himself the last mile, his competitors having finished. Has ever been a heavy fusser, but he loves to have a third member in the party to keep the conversation going while he composes graceful compliments in which no word contains less than six syllables. His heart is nearly as big as his appetite, and he is ever ready to interrupt his own work to aid his needy friends. Ping has literary ability of a high order, and was responsible for “The Wail of the Minnehahas.”





## Raleigh Corwin Williams

WICHITA, KANSAS

“Reggie,” “Raleigh,”  
“Sweet Spuds”

“A brave man is sometimes a desperado.”

— HALIBURTON.

Buzzard. Brown N. N. A. Sharpshooter.

Reggie! Perhaps the name prepared you for a vision of callowness and fatuity with a monocle and a gold-headed stick. Look again, and remember that none such ever came out of Kansas. This is a man of strength, from his whipcord muscles to his square jaw and steel-blue eyes. One of Captain Waddington's valued assistants

at the gym exhibitions, and an expert destroyer of bulls'-eyes on the rifle range. The defiant air and belligerent voice with which he recites might well make the stoutest-hearted instructor quail. But Reggie means no harm—he knows where the marks are coming from. His home life with Josh is, outwardly at least, happy and peaceful. A steady, dependable chap, who will always get along, because he follows no will-o'-the-wisps but hews to the line unswervingly in all things.

“Mark five! !”





**Theodore Hugh Winters**  
**SOCIETY HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA**

“Wint”

*“Nor fears  
To shake the iron hand of fate  
Or match with destiny for beers.”*

—KIPLING.

Light-Weight Wrestling Champion (2). Class  
Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1). Sharpshooter, Expert.

If Van De Boe is a ha-r-r-d guy, Winters is a regular little go-to-hell from Society Hill, South Carolina. Would as soon throw a rock through one of the Com.'s windows as to chew Schnapps at a Dago recitation. Would fill to perfection the billet of captain in a buccaneer navy or general in a South American revolution. Is filled with that

soldier-of-fortune spirit. On First Class cruise overstayed his liberty eighteen hours in order to collect a bet he had won on a ball game.

Goes to the hops, picks out the biggest brick there, and thinking she's a peach, fusses her in that true Southern style. About a week later he finds out from Paddy that she was a brick—he then becomes a Red Mike until the next hop. Second Class year he fell desperately in love, but on First Class leave he “learned about women from her,” and now he can't get his ring back.

Wint is never boning too hard or too sleepy at 2 A. M. to “ketch one” with you. Will do anything for you, but nothing against you. Make a liberty with him—you'll come back happy and Wint will come back broke. Spent First Class leave in New York with Paddy, visiting art galleries.

“Hey, Kid! what's doin'?”





## Eugene Morris Woodson

GALLATIN, TENNESSEE

“Woody”

*“Now, by two headed Janus,  
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her  
time!”*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

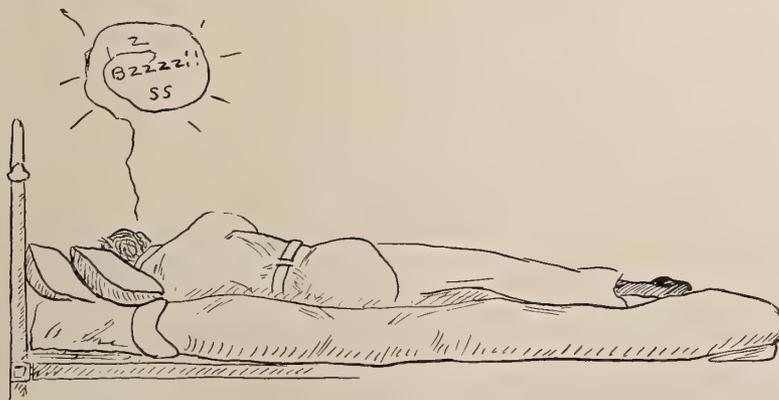
Buzzard (1).

A lank Tennessean with characteristic laziness and good-humor. His long, lugubrious face and deep-set eyes seem the very presentment of grief, but he has the most cheerful, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care disposition of us all. Has discovered the secret of drifting through academic days with the least effort, and has constantly availed

himself of his discovery. True to one at home, he shuns feminine society in general, and holds high office in the Auburn Hibernians. Decided early that all athletics were too much work, and now spends his time with his “makes” and a pack of cards. His light spirits form a good foil to Guiler’s seriousness and earnestness, and their union, like that of our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt, is perfect. Never exerts himself except to help a friend, and then he will upset heaven and earth and the discipline department to do so.

“Got any chawin’?—thank you.”

“Sure! Ain’d-d-d-t it?”





## Percy Talmage Wright

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA

“Percy”

*“Nothing is so strong as gentleness, nothing so gentle as real strength.”*

- DE SALES.

First Petty Officer. Yellow N \*\*. President Y. M. C. A.

The grizzly bear of the football team, who made a golden-haired all-American player on the Army team look like a bad little boy who has just been spanked. While on leave he joined a chain gang and pounded rocks, just to keep from getting too soft for football. When you are in trouble, go to Percy; when you are happy and free from care, go to Percy. In fact, go to Percy

whenever you can, and be sure that if you don't come away better than you were before, it isn't Percy's fault. He is a man in the truest, fullest sense of the word. He believes in doing well whatever he undertakes—and does it. The hero of ten thousand glorious rough-houses in which much government property was sent to the happy hunting-grounds. He did not star in his studies, but the two big yellow ones he wears with his “N” far outshine the other kind. Took hold of the Y. M. C. A. as president with characteristic energy and with a frank, genuine sincerity that went far toward making the year a success.

Plebe summer—“Yes, I had to give up football practice, it interferes too much with my work. I'm way behind in my knots and splices, you see.”



## Richard Walter Wuest

CINCINNATI, OHIO

“Dicky,” “Woost”

*“I love few words.”*

—BEN JONSON.



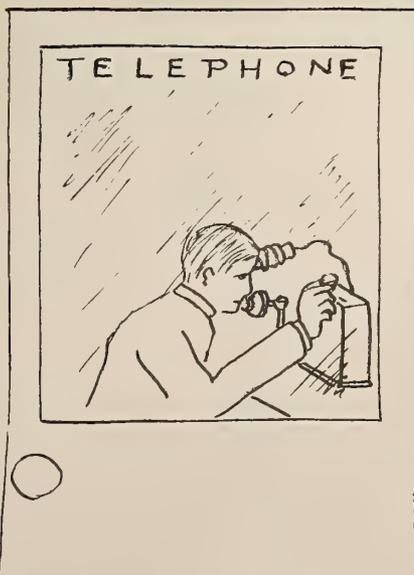
Gym Squad (2, 1). Choir (1).

A stout-hearted, hard-headed Dutchman from the banks of the Ohio Rhine, who cheerfully admits that Cincinnati has Milwaukee faded in every way. He has the most soulful dark-brown eyes, and a quiet, unobtrusive manner, which only hides the lion within. Never happy unless rhino, but is something of a humorist in

an original way. Dicky bones consistently, and is one of the boosters of the chalk-making industry. He is often soaked when the marks go up, but doesn't let that add much to his burden of care. Spent the two end weeks of First Class leave on the Eastern Sho'—why, no one but Henri knows, and he won't tell. Has contributed generously to the support of the local telephone company. Blossomed out as a chorister and a gym expert during the latter part of his stay among us. Great to have a grease, don't you think? Slow to make friends; when once won he is a good friend and a sticker.

“Ah, M'sieur Wust!”

“Never you mind, now!”





## Junius Vates

GRAPEVINE, TEXAS

“Froggie,” “June”

*“Hail to thee, blithe spirit!”*

—SHELLEY.

*“Make much of thy name, for it is inevitable.”*

—BEN JONSON.

Froggie, the incorrigible, an “enfant terrible” who hatches plans for new mischief even while he sleeps. His most serious purpose in life seems to be the enlivening, as much as possible, of the stony path of academic life without being ragged. The Hairbreadth Harry of the Olympia, his tales of how he, with Henri and Henry, jumped into

the steamer after she had shoved off from the landing, or came aboard over the anchor chain, used to make sleep impossible in the steerage till after midnight. Though he is naturally far from wooden, his habits of leisure have made him squidge hard and often. In the section room he receives a subject with an air of startled surprise, and after ten minutes spent in deep thought, writes a long and airy discourse on something which is finally discovered to have been in one of last week’s lessons. Impulsive and generous, as is consistent with his merry, whole-souled nature. What would home be without Froggie?

“Didn’t we, Henry?”

“Hope we get a P-work this morning.”



## Charles Stanley Post

JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

**"Yust," "Powder Face,"  
"Beaut"**

*"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of humankind pass by."*

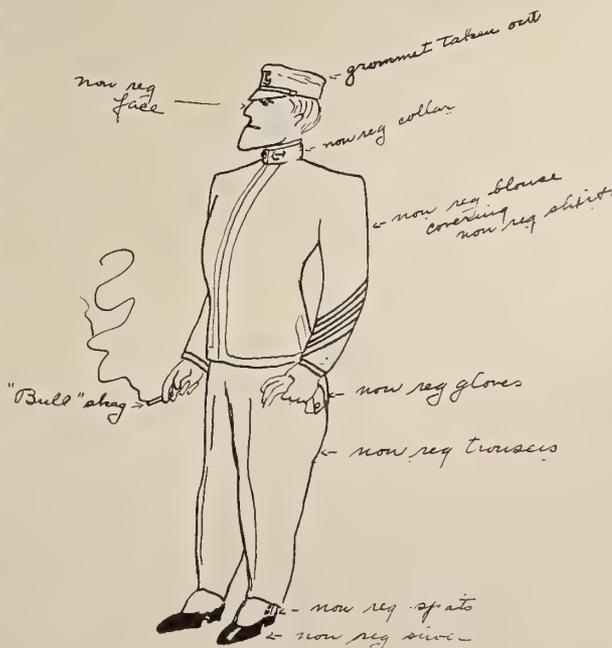
—GOLDSMITH.

Buzzard. Track Team (2). Green N 2d.

An unsophisticated, innocent child when first he came to us, unused to the ways of the world and the wickedness of mankind; but the Navy develops a man quickly, and it was not long before even George looked with surprise upon that touge roommate of his. Has a splendid build and a good brace, but is so proud of the fact that he

openly admires himself. Is doing excellent work on the track each spring. Reads everything and anything he can lay his hands on. Was greatly incensed, Plebe year, at the upper classmen because they were so uneducated as not to appreciate his jokes from Mark Twain. Has spent a great deal of his time hunting tendencies, and First Class year is a welcome relief. Has an utter disregard for demerits, and usually finds himself on the "grade." Frequently paddles up the Severn to see his "affinity." Would like to be considered a lion among the ladies, and freely criticises "gold bricks." One of the "Inseparables" of the Eighth Company for three years.

"Trade you a good cigar for a quarter."





"And some were unsat and others bilged—and others just resigned."—*Adapted.*

ISRAEL M. ALEXANDER, Taylor, Texas

"A Daniel come to judgment."  
—*Shakespeare.*

CLARENCE WELLS ALGER, Pierre, S. Dak.

"Tubby," "Ballistics"

"As lein was his hors as is a rake,  
And he was not right fat I undertake."  
—*Chaucer.*

WILLIAM OTT ALSTON, Clayton, Ala.

"Billy"

"Many a time a man cannot be such as he wants if circumstances do not admit of it."—*Terence.*

DUKE APPLEWHITE, Brownstown, Ind.

"He might be silent, and not cast away  
His sentences in vain."  
—*Ben Jonson.*

HOMER ADOLPH BAGG, West Turin, N. Y.

"Sack," "Homer"

"Hail fellow, well met."—*Lyly.*

GEORGE THOMAS BAILEY, Millport, N. Y.

"Bill"

"Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?"

JOHN ERB BECKER, Marietta, Pa.

"John"

"Men of few words are the best men."  
—*Shakespeare.*

DELMAR HARVEY BEESON, Phila., Pa.

"Del"

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."  
—*Tennyson.*

OAKLEY ADAIR BENNETT, Louisville, Miss.

"Mississippi," "Baynit," "O. A."

"He laid his hand upon the Ocean's mane  
And played familiar with his hoary locks."  
—*Pollock.*

JOSEPH MINOR BLACKWELL,  
Bethel Academy, Va.

"Joe"

"The helpless look of blooming infancy."  
—*Byron.*

JOHN JOSEPH BLANDIN, Greenwood, Md.

"Ducky"

"How slight the links are in the chain  
That binds us to our destiny."  
—*Aldrich.*

WILLIAM PORTER BOWEN, Columbia, Tenn.

"Porter"

"On the neck of a young man sparkles no gem so gracious  
as enterprise."—*Hapy.*

ROWLAND HART BREWER, Lewes, Del.

"Genius must be born, never can be taught."  
—*Dryden*.

ALBERT COOK BRYANT, Canton Bend, Ala.

"So they sent a corpril's file and they put me in the guyard room."—*Kipling*.

HENRY MITHOFF BUTLER, Columbus, Ohio

"Boon," "Mitoff"

"I notice that when a man runs his head against a post, he cusses the post fust, all creashun next, an' sumthing else last—and never thinks of cussing himself."—*Josh Billings*.

EDGAR NEWMAN CALDWELL, Glasgow, Ky.

"The best of all ways  
To lengthen our days  
Is to steal a few hours from the night."  
—*Moore*.

JOHN CLEMENT CAMPBELL, Rolla, Mo.

"Crim"

"In every rank or great or small,  
'Tis industry supports us all."

CLARENCE CAPPEL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Cap"

"I have ease and I have health,  
And I have spirits as light as air;  
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,  
A merry heart that laughs at care."  
—*Milman*.

WEBSTER ALLYN CAPRON, Fort Meyer, Va.

"Web"

"A great and glorious thing it is  
To learn, for seven years or so,  
The Lord knows what of this and that  
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe."  
—*Kipling*.

LEE CUMMINS CAREY, Berlin, Md.

"Senator," "Colonel Checkers"

"The youth who hopes the Olympic prize to gain,  
All arts must try, and every toil sustain."  
—*Horace*.

ADRIAN BUSH CATHER, Flemington, W.Va.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."  
—*Pope*.

CHARLES FLETCHER CHAMBERS,  
Steubenville, Ohio

"Burrs," "Little Jimmie"

"'Tis fine to have a giant's strength."—*Pope*.

GROVER CLEVELAND CLEVINGER,  
Excelsior, Mo.

"Grover Cleveland"

"Well, God give them wisdom that have it, and those  
that are fools, let them use their talents."

BERNARD CONLON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Conny"

"To other woods the trail leads on,  
To other worlds and new."—*Beers*.

JOSEPH FRANKLIN CROWELL, JR.,  
Kearney, N. Y.

"Jersey"

"Brevity is the soul of wit."  
—*Shakespeare*.

CHARLES CAREY CURTIS, Marietta, Ohio

"My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up."  
—*Shakespeare*.

HASELL HUTCHINSON DICK, Sumter, S. C.

"Hazel"

"He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over."

JOHN FINDLEY DONELSON, Pawnee, Okla.

"Dutchy," "Dannie"

"How many fine people there are in the world if you only  
scratch 'em deep enough."—*George Ade*.

DELANVAN BLOODGOOD DOWNER,  
New York, N. Y.

"Delavan"

"For thy sake, Tobacco, I would do anything but die."

CARL EBBE DREUTZER, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

"Dutch"

"Who talks like poor Poll."—*Garrick*.

RICHARD DREW, Detroit, Mich.

"Boils"

"A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."

—*Shakespeare*.

HOWARD RICHARDSON ECCLESTON,  
Blackwell, Mo.

"Stumpy"

"Sownynge in moral vertu was his speech,  
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teche."

—*Chaucer*.

WALTER ATLEE EDWARDS,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

"At"

"In oral discourse there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination, laid up from lessons of infinite worth, may be derived."

WILLIAM EDWARD FARRELL,  
New York, N. Y.

"Billy"

"Are ye all gone  
And leave me a wretchedness behind you?"

—*Shakespeare*.

CHARLES BRAXTON GARY,  
Henderson, N. C.

"Gobbler"

"It can be said of him when he departed, he took a man's life with him. No sounder piece of manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time."—*Carlyle*.

GEORGE BENTON GORHAM,  
Marshall, Mich.

"Frosty"

"He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk,  
He steps right onward; martial is his air,  
His form and movement."

—*Pope*.

ALEXANDER GOULARD, Bayonne, N. J.

"Nick"

"The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen."

HENRY MARTELL GWYNN, Pittsburg, Pa.

"Nell"

"Fill me again with that old familiar juice,  
Methinks I might recover bye and bye."

—*Rubaiyat*.

JUDSON LELAND HAND, Pelham, Ga.

"Judson," "Old Man"

"The spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes."

—*Shakespeare*.

WILLIAM FINN HAWTHORNE,  
New York, N. Y.

"Billy"

"Oh, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!"

—*Shakespeare*.

THOMAS STALSWORTH HENDERSON,  
Fort Worth, Tex.

"Tommy"

"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony,  
But organically I am incapable of a tune."

—*Lamb*.

CLAUDE LYMAN HEYWOOD,  
Jackson, Mich.

"Claude"

"We sail the sea of life: a calm . . .  
And then a tempest; and the voyage over,  
Death is the quiet haven of us all."

—*Wordsworth*.

LAFAYETTE LIGON HODGES, Okolona, Miss.

"Pete"

"He talked much and said little."

GEORGE FREDERICK HUMBERT,  
Williamstown, Pa.

"Freddie"

"In vain on study time away we throw  
When we forbear to act the things we know."

—*Dryden*.

RIDGLEY HUNT, JR., Washington, D. C.

"Fifi"

"By his excessive laughter you will know him"

JOHN KELL JEMISON, Lafayette, Ala.  
"Kell," "Jimmy"

"There is no sterner moralist than pleasure."  
—Byron.

GERALD AUGUSTUS JOHNSON,  
St. Paul, Minn.

"Gerald"

"Give me my robe, put on my crown,  
I have immortal longings in me."  
—Shakespeare.

HOWARD SANFORD KEEP, Lowell, Mass.  
"Sockless"

"Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties."

FRANK HARRISON KELLY, JR.,  
Tacoma, Wash.

"Frank," "Mike"

"Faith, I can cut a caper."

WILLIAM DOUGLAS KILDUFF,  
New York, N. Y.  
"Killy"

"Bring with thee jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."  
—Milton.

JERDONE PETTUS KIMBROUGH,  
Germantown, Tenn.

"Now day is done and night is nighting fast."  
—Spenser.

SAMUEL WILDER KING, Honolulu, H. I.  
"Ooli-Ooli," "Sammy," "Sam"

"Unwearied soul in doing courtesies."  
—Shakespeare.

VAN LEER KIRKMAN, JR., Nashville, Tenn.  
"Van," "Legs"

"Thou are as long and lank and lean  
As are the ribbed sea sands."—Coleridge.

ASAHI KITAGAKI, Kyoto, Japan  
"Kitty"

"I stood among them but not of them—and yet at heart  
I was."

FREDERICK LYFORD LANG, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"Fly-foot"

"For he could coin and counterfeit  
New words with little or no wit;  
And when with hasty voice he spoke 'em,  
The ignorant for current took 'em."  
—Butler.

ALFORD YOUNG LANPHIER, Springfield, Ill.  
"Al," "Pussy-face," "Lamb-face,"  
"Ampere"

"Oh, ho! he cried in savage glee,  
His arm he crooked and bent his knee;  
From contortions weird the ball sped fair,  
The batsman struck but hit the air.  
The bleachers thundered with a name,  
The batsman heard and his soul grew tame.  
He knew that he must take a brace,  
For he is up against the great Lamb-face."  
—Anonymous.

WILLIAM FARREL LELAND, Troy, Kansas  
"Stubby"

"For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."  
—Watts.

WILLIAM TALIAFERRO LITTLE,  
Greenville, Miss.  
"Sleepy"

"Positively the best thing a man can do is nothing."  
—Lamb.

SYDNEY RUSSELL MCCOY, Wheeling, Va.

"He comes the herald of a noisy world,  
With spattered looks and frozen locks;  
News from all nations limbering at his lock."  
—Cowper.

ISAAC NEWTON MCCRARY, Calvert, Tex.  
"Mac"

"A wifel Oh, gentle duties! Can he  
Who has a wife e'er feel a diversity?"  
—Pope.

BERNICE McDANIEL, Trenton, Tex.

"Mac"

"I freely told you all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman."  
—*Shakespeare*.

JOHN CLARK McDERMOTT,  
Tellico Plains, Tenn.

"That this is but the surface of his soul,  
And that the depth is rich in better things."  
—*Byron*.

DUDLEY HOWARD McDOWELL, Blakely, Ga.

"Mac"

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez,  
Where the best is like the worst;  
Where there are 'nt no ten commandments,  
And a man can raise a thirst."  
—*Kipling*.

EARL AMES McINTYRE, Middletown, N. Y.

"Mac"

"In every company there are more fools than wise men."  
—*Rabelais*.

ISRAEL EARLE McLAREN,  
Siloam Springs, Ark.

"Benigne was he and wondrous diligent  
And in adversite full pacient."  
—*Chaucer*.

SCOTT BARTLETT MACFARLANE,  
Towanda, Pa.

"Mac"

"Melancholy marked him for her own."  
—*Gray*.

BOLIVAR VAUGHN MEADE,  
Birmingham, Ala.

"Bolivar"

"Victorious was his lance,  
Bold in the lists and graceful in the dance."  
—*Popé*.

EVERARD KIDDER MEADE, Boyce, Va.  
"Kidder"

"Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days."  
—*Shakespeare*.

ADOLPH BRADLEE MILLER, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Duff"

"A wife, a beard, fair health and honesty,  
With three-fold love, I wish you all these three."

ROBERT WEIR MOONEY, New York, N. Y.

"Bob"

"He was a good man and a just."

JOHN BROGNARD OKIE, JR.,  
Lost Cabin, Wyo.

"Jack"

"Great cry and little wool, but withal an excellent  
fellow."—*Anonymous*.

EARL PRIME ORDWAY, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much  
bad in the best of us, that it behooves none of us to find  
fault with the rest of us."

CHRISTOPHER DUDLEY PEIRCE,  
Warsaw, N. C.

"Friff"

"How far the little candle throws his beams."  
—*Shakespeare*.

ANDREW LEWIS PENDLETON,  
Elizabeth, N. C.

"Penny"

"I know him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest."  
—*Shakespeare*.

JOHN LITTLETON POOLE, Baltimore, Md.  
"King Poole"

"Next to faith in God, is faith in labor."

GRANT WILSON QUALE, Silver Creek, N. Y.  
"Spuds"

"True merit is like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise  
it makes."

ERNEST ALBERT REDMAN, Lynn, Mass.  
"Egg-face"

"My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly  
scratched."

JOSEPHUS GAYLE ROBBINS, Mayfield, Ky.

"Jedge"

"I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man."  
—*Shakespeare*.

PETER CHRISTIAN SCHNACK,  
Alexandria, La.

"Pete"

"I was born to other things."  
—*Tennyson*.

FLOYD JESSE SEXTON, Marathon, N. Y.

"Sex"

"Who's that? A Frenchman?"

CHARLES WESLEY SHREINER, Lancaster, Pa.

"Pop"

"In this world of change, naught which comes stays."

JOHN EMMITT SLOAN, Greenville, S. C.

"Tod"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free;  
Why ain't they all contented like me."  
—*French Opera*.

JEFFERSON DAVIS SMITH, Solitude, La.

"Smeeth"

"I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed."  
—*Longfellow*.

ESPY STANTON, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Espy"

"Studios to please, yet not ashamed to fail."  
—*Johnson*.

WALTER ROBERTSON TALIAFERRO, JR.,  
Charlotte, N. C.

"Happy"

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me."  
—*Walt Whitman*.

RUDOLPH J. THEISON, Pensacola, Fla.

"Johannus"

"A loyal, just and upright gentleman."  
—*Shakespeare*.

BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN TODD,  
Barksdale, S. C.

"Toad," "Bee," "Toad Frog"

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly;  
and there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."  
—*Old Testament*.

WEBB TRAMMELL, Stoneport, Vt.

"My tongue within my lips I rein,  
For who talks much must talk in vain."  
—*Gay*.

RICHARD EDWARDS TRIPPE, Kittanning, Pa.

"Dick"

"There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms  
As rum and pure religion."  
—*Byron*.

BENJAMIN WILSON TYE, Atlanta, Ga.

"Ben," "Ascot"

"'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange; stranger  
than fiction."  
—*Byron*.

HERBERT WHITWELL UNDERWOOD,  
Kansas City, Mo.

"Judge"

"And we are all good fellows together."  
—*O'Keefe*.

ROBERT GROVER WARD, New York, N. Y.

"The unlettered Christian, who believes in gross,  
Plods on to heav'n and ne'er is at a loss."  
—*Dryden*.

CLARK HENRY WELLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Chick," "Apie"

"Beauty has gone, but yet his mind is still as beautiful as  
ever."  
—*Percival*.

GEORGE LESTER WEYLER, Emporia, Kan.

"George"

"No duty could o'ertask him,  
No deeds his will outrun."

—Whittier.

O. WHITMIRE,

Fla.

"I love not many words."

HUGH WHITTAKER, Cincinnati, Ohio

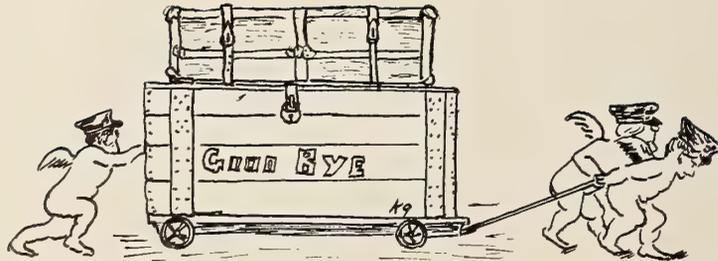
"Whit"

"The best portion of a man's life is his little, nameless,  
unremembered acts of kindness."

RICHARD ERNEST WHITE, Bakersfield, Cal.

"Fowls by winter forced, forsake the floods  
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands."

—Spenser.





**IN MEMORIAM**



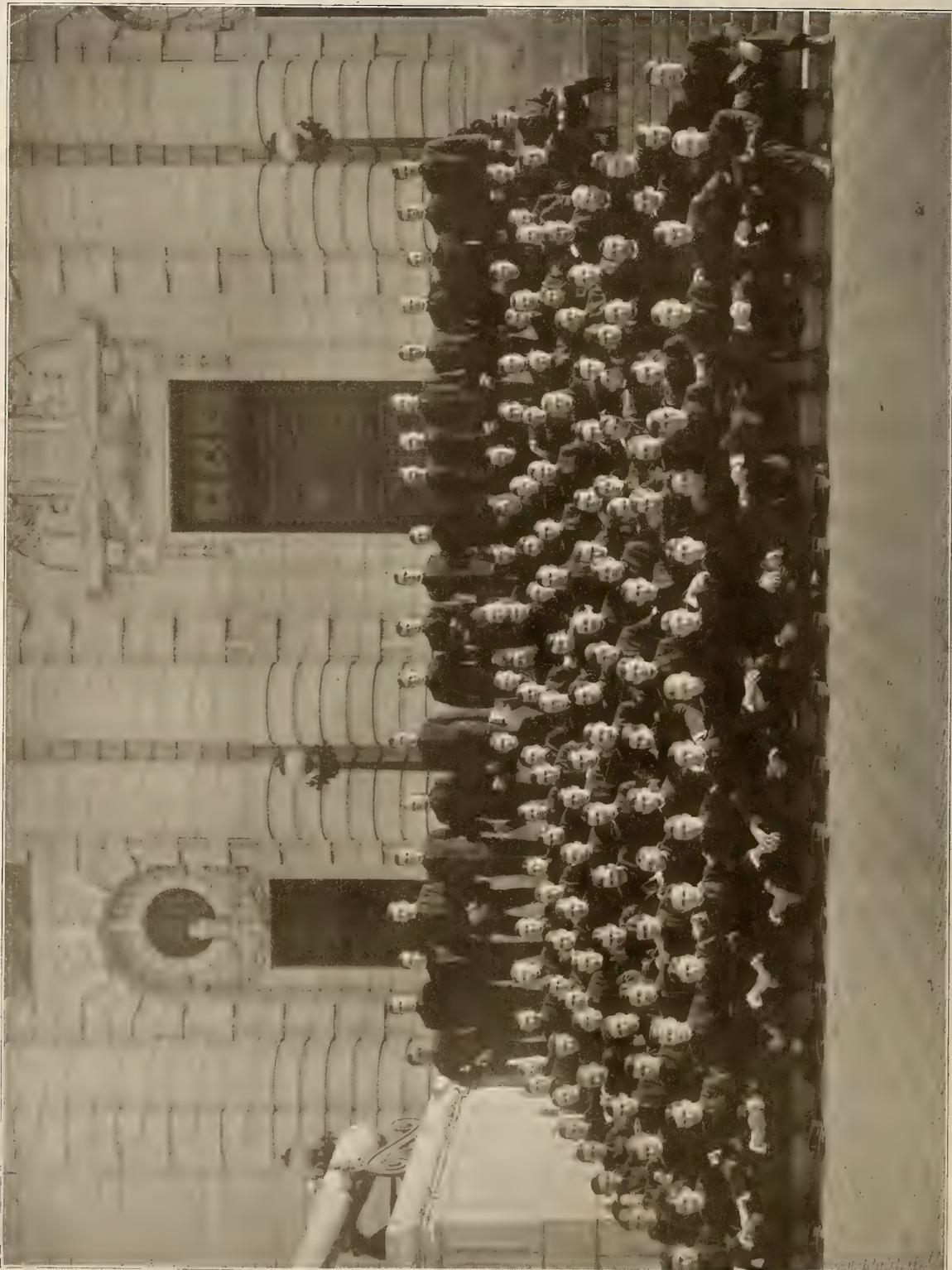
JAMES DAYTON, JR.  
PORT JEFFERSON, N. Y.  
DIED DECEMBER 8, 1906



HARRY ARTHUR LEAPHART

BROOKFIELD, MD.

DIED JUNE 18, 1907

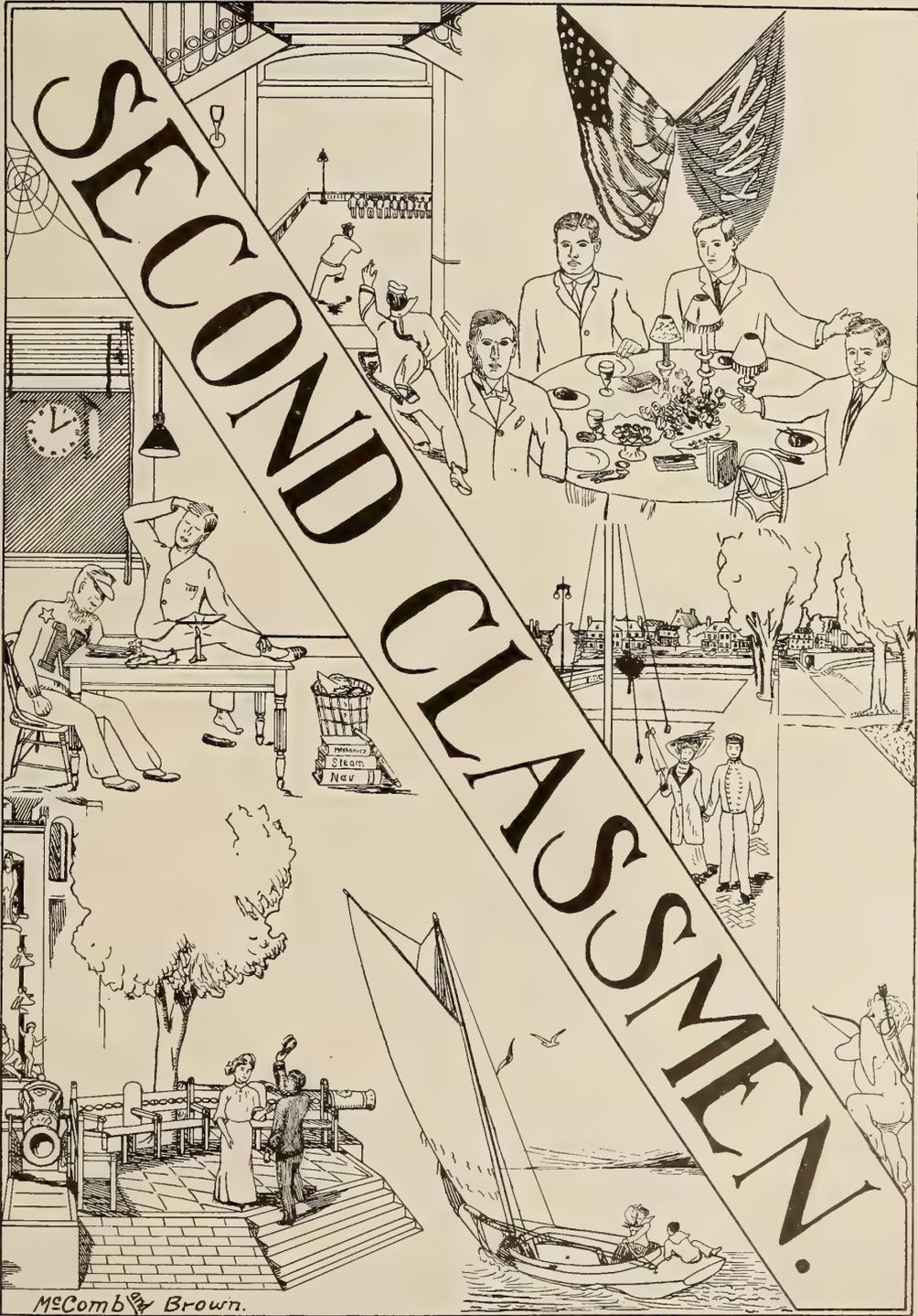


CLASS OF 1910



CLASS OF 1910





McComb & Brown.

USNA CLASS ROLL 1910

M.S. BROWN - 1910

Ainsworth, W. L.  
 Alexander, J. T.  
 Anderson, L.  
 Bagg, H. A.  
 Barrett, W. N., Jr.  
 Battle, C. E., Jr.  
 Beary, D. B.  
 Bell, R. E.  
 Bennion, M.  
 Berry, H. B.  
 Bieg, V. N.  
 Bradley, F.  
 Bragg, R. W.  
 Brand, C. L.  
 Branham, H. McC.  
 Bright, C. J.  
 Bronson, C. K.  
 Brown, M. S.  
 Brown, W. E.  
 Brown, W. P.  
 Byrne, J. A.  
 Cannon, F.  
 Capehart, W.  
 Cecil, H. B.  
 Chevalier, G. de C.  
 Clark, Robt. W.  
 Clay, A. T.  
 Clevenger, G. C.  
 Colahan, C. E.  
 Coleman, B. R.  
 Combs, W. V.  
 Cook, G. M.  
 Cooke, C. M., Jr.  
 Corry, W. M., Jr.  
 Cresap, J. McD.  
 Crowell, J. F., Jr.  
 Cygon, J. R.  
 Davidson, L. A.

Dickson, G. L.  
 Donelson, J. F.  
 Dunnell, M., Jr.  
 Eccleston, H. R.  
 Edgerly, J. P.  
 Edwards, W. A.  
 Ellis, H. A.  
 Fagan, L. E.  
 Farrell, W. E.  
 Flanigan, H. A.  
 Force, S.  
 Foster, M. J.  
 Frost, H. H.  
 Fuller, G. C.  
 Gates, J. W.  
 Gatewood, R.  
 Gibson, E. B.  
 Gilbert, H. B.  
 Gillam, E. J.  
 Gorham, G. B.  
 Gray, A. H.  
 Hall, R. P.  
 Hammes, R. B.  
 Hancock, L., Jr.  
 Harris, F. M.  
 Heath, D. P.  
 Hein, H. R.  
 Hoffman, J. O., Jr.  
 Hosford, H. W.  
 Humbert, G. F.  
 Jemison, J. K.  
 Jersey, C. C.  
 Jordan, L. LaF.  
 Kelley, F. H., Jr.  
 Kilduff, W. D.  
 King, S. W.  
 LaMont, W. D.  
 Lang, E. K.

Langworthy, E. D.  
 Lanphier, A. Y.  
 LaRoche, F. A.  
 Lee, R. C.  
 Lewis, H. K.  
 Lewis, S. S.  
 Logan, J. A.  
 Luckel, F. H.  
 Lynn, S.  
 McCammon, F. E.  
 McComb, M. B.  
 McIntyre, E. A.  
 McLaughlin, L. A.  
 Macfarlane, S.  
 Marsh, F. G.  
 Meade, B. V.  
 Meclewski, R. P. P.  
 Merrill, R. T.  
 Metz, E. C.  
 Meyer, G. R.  
 Miller, R. N.  
 Mitscher, M. A.  
 Molten, R. P., Jr.  
 Moore, C. J.  
 Moore, W. L.  
 Moorman, W. E.  
 Moran, T.  
 Nicholas, W. S.  
 Nicholson, T. A.  
 Niles, E. K.  
 Norfleet, J. P.  
 Northcutt, C. A.  
 O'Brien, J. A.  
 Osmun, R. A.  
 Pailthorp, O. C.  
 Parker, S. W.  
 Parker, T. A.  
 Peirce, C. D.

Pendleton, A. L.  
Peyton, B. R.  
Pownall, C. A.  
Refo, M. P., Jr.  
Reifsnider, L. F.  
Reinicke, F. G.  
Richardson, W. A.  
Riheldaffer, J. L.  
Robinson, E. W.  
Robottom, P. K.  
Roesch, H. O.  
Rossell, H. E.  
Ruhl, A. H.  
Seed, W. D., Jr.

Sherman, F. C.  
Simmons, A.  
Simpson, A. R.  
Skeen, D. H.  
Sloan, J. E.  
Smith, E. S.  
Smith, H.  
Smith, Jeff. D.  
Smith, J. H.  
Smith, R. C., Jr.  
Spencer, E. W., Jr.  
Steinwachs, F. S.  
Stolz, M. L.  
Thomas, D. O.

Trammell, W.  
Traynor, F. P.  
Underwood, H. W.  
Ware, J. G.  
Webb, E. L.  
Webster, F. O.  
Wellbrock, J. H.  
Weyler, G. L.  
Whitehead, J. M.  
Whiting, H. M.  
Will, J. B.  
Williams, E. M.  
Wills, B. O.  
Young, R. T.





# CLASS 1910 HISTORY

-M.S. BROWN-10-



It has been asserted that most classes were at one time Youngsters, and gossip even hints darkly at the existence of a Plebe year, but there is not the least doubt that any self-respecting Second Class should reckon its history from the moment when, having given "three cheers for those about to leave us," it streams out to overrun a certain long-tabooed bench set between age-green cannon by the Tripoli Monument.

So it befell that on a certain bright morning in June, Anno Domini 1908, having fulfilled that time-honored custom, we strolled nonchalantly into dinner formation and learned from the mouth of the Cadet Adjutant that we would henceforth be known as the Second Class. Why, bless me! Had we ever been anything else? Already we had the bored expression, the blasé walk and the non-reg. wearing apparel that were the outward and visible signs of our exalted state—all these we had assumed as though to the manner born.

How condescendingly we watched the Youngsters (née Plebes) enjoying their first hop, while we, incidentally, gave the ladies a treat ourselves. With what a weather-worn and sea-going air we rolled down to the Santee wharf next morning, preceded by a dusky caravan which carried our bags, mattress, service, strong-box and writing materials, that their owner might devote his undivided attention to sundry painful farewells.

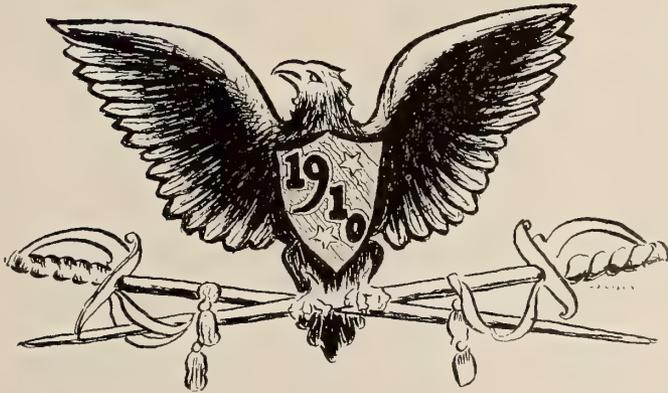
Of the cruise itself there remain no very distinct memories. It was a pleasant, dreamy, summer—little work, little responsibility and the liberty boat running on a regular schedule, especially for the greasy ones. Bath we did to a deep, rich sepia; at New London the proprietor of the Crocker bought a new auto on the strength of our patronage alone. Between whiles we chased wrecks, visited Navy Yards, and copied voluminous notes from someone's last year's book. Leave, always a fruitful topic of discussion, was completely overshadowed by the delightful anticipations of the Class Supper.

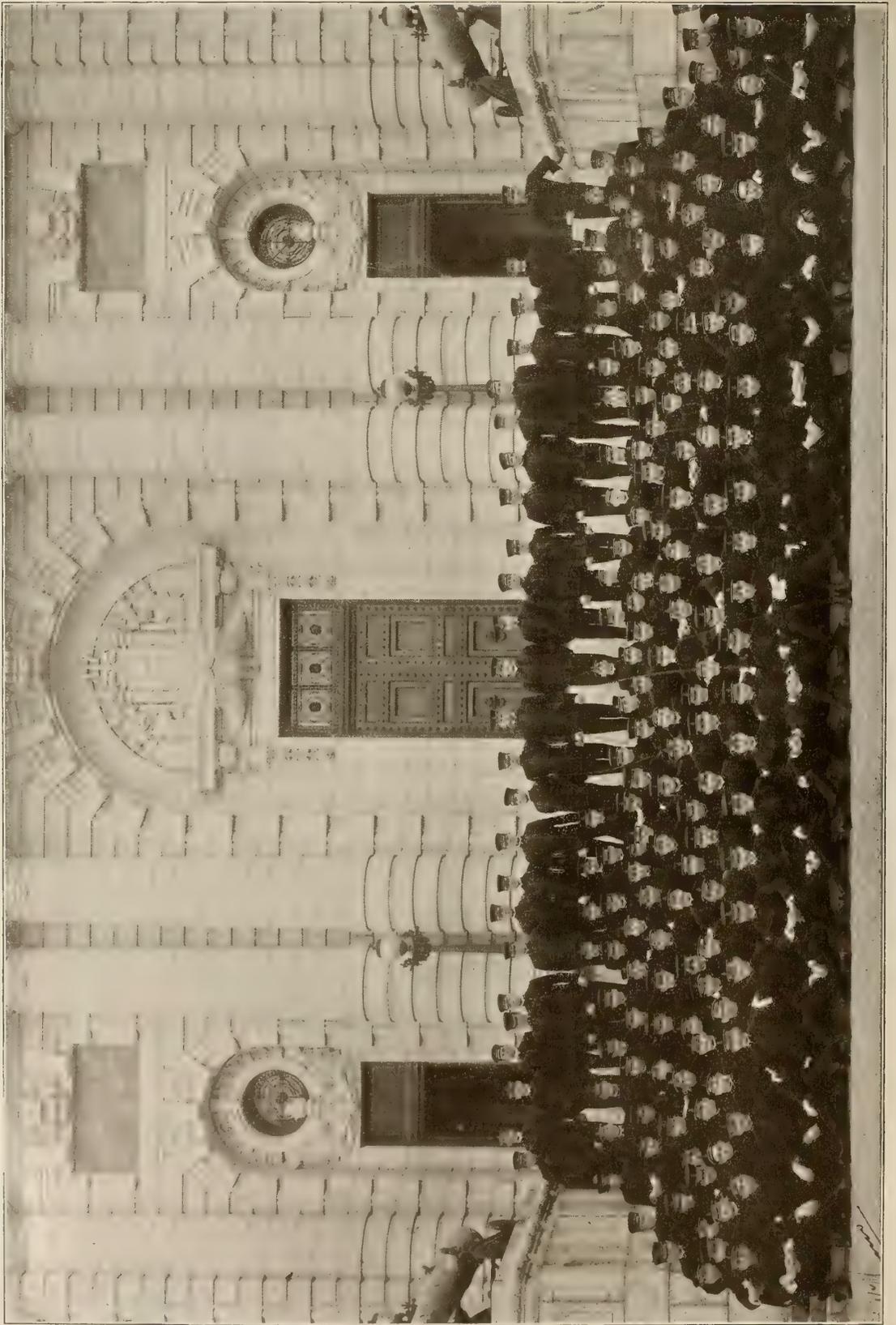
As the imaginary, so the real. For the first time we found ourselves, in September, actually counting the days until the twenty-eighth, and looking forward with impatience to the day when we would use our return tickets to Crabtown. At last the day arrived, and with it there came to Baltimore an eagerly expectant crowd of second classmen, anxious to

celebrate the completion of one-half of their arduous undergraduate life. The supper was there, and what a supper! No feeble words could possibly describe its kaleidoscopic joys; but each one of us will, in after years, look back to that occasion as the real climax of our good times as midshipmen together, and see in it what a potent factor that ethereal thing called class spirit can be in our daily life.

Altogether it was in a most optimistic mood that we signed up next day and, having stowed our cits, resolutely faced another academic year. Alas! what a change! In three weeks we lost eight of our already much-depleted number—eight whom we had known and loved for two years, and whose departure left big gaps which time alone will fill. Wild rumors had it that the brigade was to be reduced one-half, and truly, as far as the elimination of the Second Class would aid in its accomplishment, this endeavor seemed in a fair way to succeed. Indeed, after the first month's marks went up, many of us regretted the valuable time we had wasted in returning from leave at all. However, all hands braced sharp up, and by the semi-ans there was no one but had some sea-room, scant though it might be, to the weather side of a 2.5. Apparently, at the eleventh hour, the Powers that Be relented; certainly the dreaded exams turned out to be veritable gifts, and the number who came out unsat for the year was a great relief after our dismal expectations.

And now, with the hardest pull nearly over, we can rest on our oars a bit and soberly gaze back over our course. Bright places there are, and happy memories in plenty scattered along it, but it is to the Class of Nineteen Nine that we particularly owe what has been, undoubtedly, the pleasantest time of our brief naval career—the days which we have spent as Second Classmen.

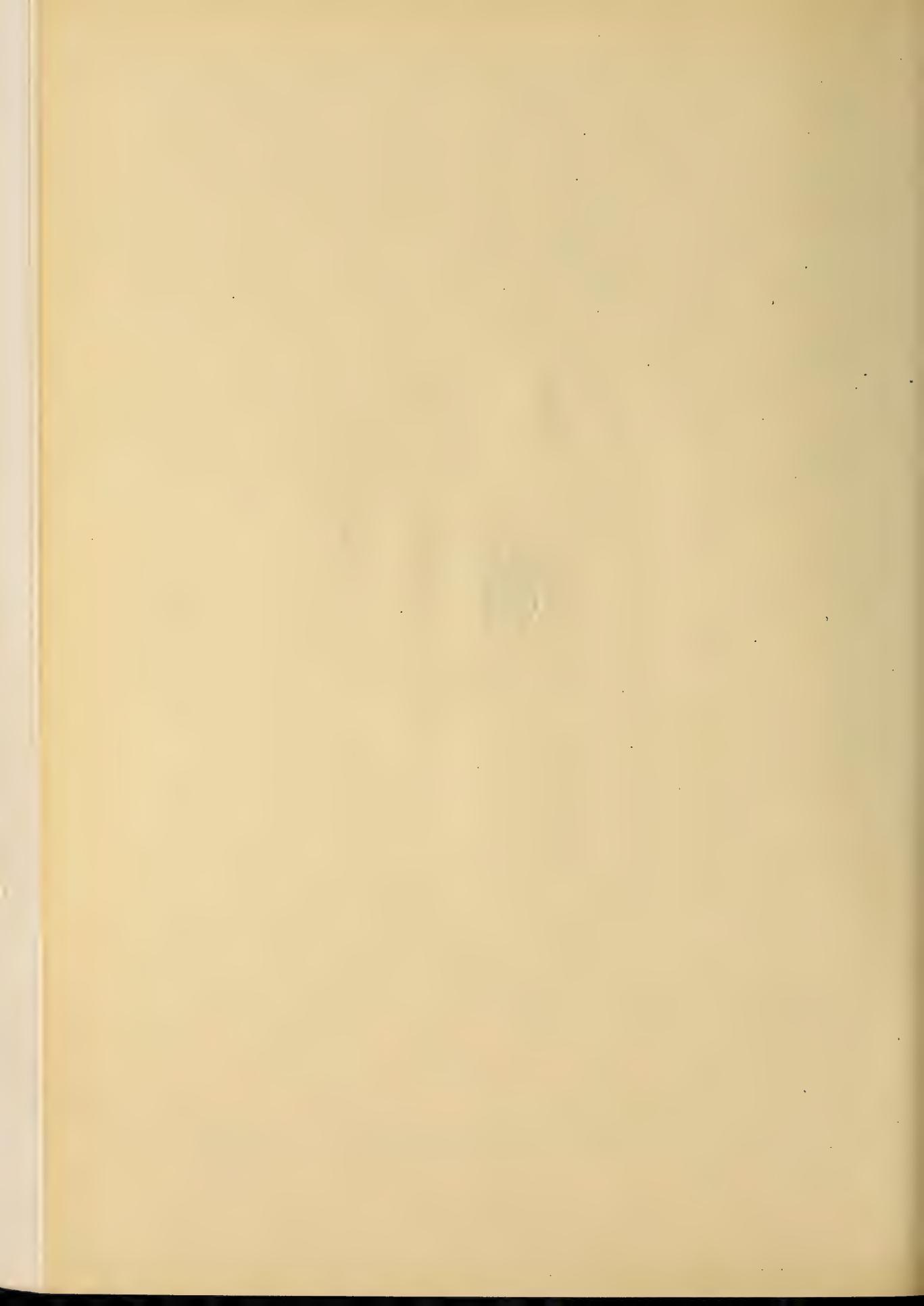


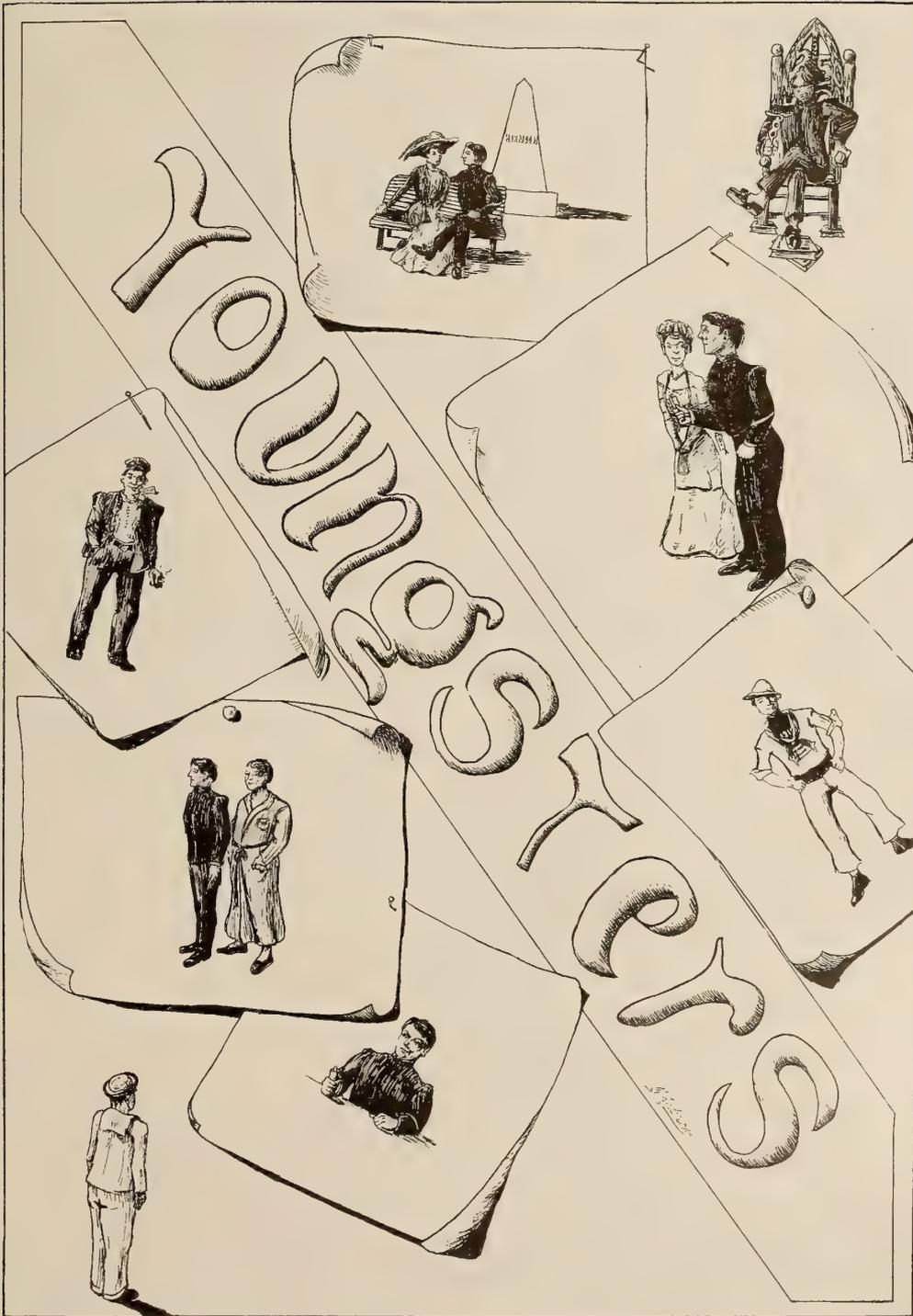


CLASS OF 1911



CLASS OF 1911





CLASS

ROOM

1911.

J. C. BYRNES JR 1911



Anderson, J. W.  
Anderson, M. H.  
Aronstam, L.  
Ashe, G. B.  
Ashford, S. H. H.  
Awtrey, R. K.  
Badger, O. C.  
Bailey, C. A.  
Bailey, J. F.  
Baird, J. A.  
Baker, P. R.  
Baltzly, F.  
Barnes, W. C.  
Barr, E. L.  
Bartlett, H. T.  
Bates, P. M.  
Batten, L. W.  
Baughman, W. E.  
Baxter, T.  
Beach, P. D.  
Bieri, B. H.  
Birdsall, J. H.  
Blackwell, J. M.  
Bode, H.  
Bogusch, H. R.  
Booth, R. H.  
Bouson, H. H.  
Brandt, W. V.  
Brereton, L. H.  
Brown, M. L.  
Bruns, H. F.  
Buchanan, P.  
Bullard, B. S.  
Butler, A. H.  
Butler, W. J.  
Byrnes, J. C., Jr.  
Callaghan, D. J.  
Callaway, W. F.  
Capehart, E. D.

Carey, L. C.  
Carroll, C. B.  
Carstarphen, R. J.  
Chandler, W. D., Jr.  
Cheek, M. C.  
Clay, H. S. McK.  
Cobb, C. H.  
Colhoun, J. H.  
Collier, F. M.  
Comstock, L. W.  
Conway, U. W.  
Craven, F. S.  
Curry, C. H.  
Davidson, W. S.  
Davis, N.  
Day, S. K.  
Dennett, R. E.  
Deyo, M. L.  
Dickinson, E. F.  
Douglas, H. G.  
Downer, D. B.  
Doyle, R. M., Jr.  
Eisenach, W. L.  
English, R. H.  
Erwin, V. P.  
Esler, J. K.  
Ewald, J. B.  
Fenner, M. M.  
Field, R. S.  
Fletcher, J. A.  
Flett, C. M.  
Ford, A. W.  
Ford, W. D.  
Foster, P. F.  
Garnett, J.  
Gilmore, M. D.  
Glennon, H. R.  
Godwin, D. C.  
Goodhue, W. E.

Goodridge, M. K.  
Gordon, C. C.  
Grafton, D. R.  
Green, L. B.  
Griffin, R. M.  
Gromer, J. G. B.  
Hagen, O. O.  
Haislip, H. S.  
Hall, C. M.  
Hall, J., Jr.  
Hammond, T. E.  
Hanson, E. W.  
Hatch, F. S.  
Hawley, D. B.  
Hayes, W. C.  
Henderson, H. F., Jr.  
Hendrick, J. M.  
Hibbard, C. D.  
Hicks, E. H.  
Hill, H. W.  
Hinckley, R. M.  
Hinrichs, R. P.  
Hoddick, F. G.  
Hodson, M.  
Holt, J. H., Jr.  
Howard, B. B.  
Howell, G. F.  
Hutt, J. B.  
Hyman, J. P.  
Jacobs, G. F.  
Jeans, H. S.  
Johnson, G. A.  
Johnston, C. Y.  
Jouett, W. H.  
Julian, C. C.  
Keeney, W. D.  
Keep, H. S.  
Keller, H. R.  
Kerley, J. L.

Kibbe, R. L.  
 King, T. S., 2d  
 Kingman, H. F.  
 Kirk, N. L.  
 Kirkman, V. L., Jr.  
 Kurfess, W. F.  
 Lamberton, L.  
 Lapham, E. B.  
 Larimer, M. W.  
 Lawder, R. C.  
 Leidel, O. W.  
 Lewis, L. H.  
 Lewis, R. W.  
 Loder, A.  
 Loftin, F.  
 Lowry, F. J.  
 Lowry, G. M.  
 McAfee, P.  
 McCaughey, S. D.  
 McClaran, J. W.  
 McCloy, T. S.  
 McClung, E. R.  
 McCord, C. G.  
 McCord, F. C.  
 McGehee, E. C.  
 McHenry, H. D.  
 McMillin, G. J.  
 McQuarrie, D. S.  
 Macartney, P. B.  
 Mack, A. R.  
 Macomb, A.  
 Magruder, J. H., Jr.  
 Mann, J. R., Jr.  
 Mason, R. O.  
 Mayfield, P. C.  
 Meigs, J. F., Jr.  
 Melendy, F. B.  
 Melvin, J. T.  
 Merring, H. L.  
 Meyer, V.

Mitchell, S.  
 Mohle, R. P.  
 Morgan, A. L., Jr.  
 Murray, G. D.  
 Myers, R. P.  
 Nason, S. M.  
 Newton, C., Jr.  
 Nielson, J. L.  
 Nixon, E. B.  
 Oates, E. T.  
 O'Brien, W. H., Jr.  
 Okie, J. B., Jr.  
 Paine, R. W.  
 Pamperin, L. S.  
 Parrott, G. F., Jr.  
 Patch, E. L.  
 Perkins, C. N.  
 Perkins, W.  
 Perley, R. N.  
 Peters, F. G.  
 Peterson, J. R., Jr.  
 Phillips, W. B.  
 Picking, S.  
 Quigley, W. M.  
 Ragon, S. K.  
 Read, O. M., Jr.  
 Reeves, J. W.  
 Rehm, H. E.  
 Renner, H. W.  
 Reynolds, F. F.  
 Ridgely, C.  
 Riedel, W. A.  
 Riefkohl, F. L.  
 Risley, R. G.  
 Rodgers, F., Jr.  
 Rodgers, J. L.  
 Rood, G. A.  
 Rose, S. E.  
 Rutter, A. A.  
 Sampson, H. B.

Scott, N.  
 Scott, R. C.  
 Seiler, M. F.  
 Sessions, F. R.  
 Shields, H. J.  
 Siglinger, I.  
 Simons, R. B.  
 Skelton, R. H.  
 Smith, G. A.  
 Smith, J. McE. B.  
 Smith, L. P.  
 Snow, H. E.  
 Snyder, B. M.  
 Somes, G. C.  
 Stark, H. W.  
 Stone, E. S.  
 Strickland, S. G.  
 Sweeney, E. C.  
 Sylvester, J. McF.  
 Taylor, Jas. H.  
 Taylor, L. K.  
 Thom, J. C.  
 Thomas, G. E.  
 Throckmorton, L. W.  
 Tschirgi, A. M.  
 Uberroth, F. E. P.  
 Vroom, G. B.  
 Wasson, L.  
 Webster, W. W.  
 Welden, F.  
 Wilson, E. D.  
 Wolfard, O. L.  
 Wolfe, A. S.  
 Wood, R. F.  
 Woodward, K. C.  
 Wright, C. Q., Jr.  
 Zenor, J. A. L.  
 Zimmermann, A. G.





**I**F we started out by saying that the Class of 1911 was the very best class that ever went into the Academy—that, taken all in all, it contained more good athletic material, more good fellows, and more of those qualities generally which make a class desirable—you would believe the statement if you were ever a member of the class, and if not, you would deny it. With this in mind we omit any such commonplace observation, feeling that in one event we could not displace any belief in it, or in the other convince you of its truth.

We could tell you in a neat little summary all that the class has said and done from the moment it quakingly entered Plebedom until it rested from a flighty trip through Youngster year. But what's the use? If you are a midshipman you can look back and recollect what *you* said or did, and would have *our* history much more realistically than we could paint it. If you are a mother, or father, or, perchance, a sweetheart, we leave the recital to much abler lips than ours.

Having thus eliminated most of the things which form the stock composition of a Class History, we have to seek something else to justify our title. We are barred from saying, "We were bright green when we entered the Academy. During 1907-8 we spent an uneventful Plebe year." (Uneventful being the proper word to use when you don't want to elaborate on the different kinds of fool that studies and upperclassmen made of you.) Instead of this catalogue form we will try our hand at emotions, and fear that you will find them as true of 1892 or 1922 as 1911.

As the horrors of our Plebe year have once been pictured, we will deal lightly with them, simply noting how a year will change one's view-point. Many an upperclassman told us last year that "we were the ratiest bunch of plebes he had ever seen," though we rejected the thought in scorn in those councils of the elect into which a class naturally divides itself from its entrance to the Academy. But now, from the dignity acquired with a diagonal gold stripe, we sagely shake our heads and admit the soft impeachment; then in justification we compare our Plebe year with that of 1912, and our contemporaries suffer horribly in the arraignment.

Plebe year has too many sore spots in it to look back on with pleasure as yet, and so we gratefully accumulate the recollections of a Youngster year to obliterate them. Naturally enough the cruise is the gem of the collection. The air of freedom from restraint, the sensation of being a midshipman in the true sense of the word, brought keen pleasure. Highly prized liberties from Norfolk to Bath furnish an unending supply of stories. You made "fool busts" just as you did when you were a plebe, but you were laughed at, and not "cussed out"—which made a great difference.

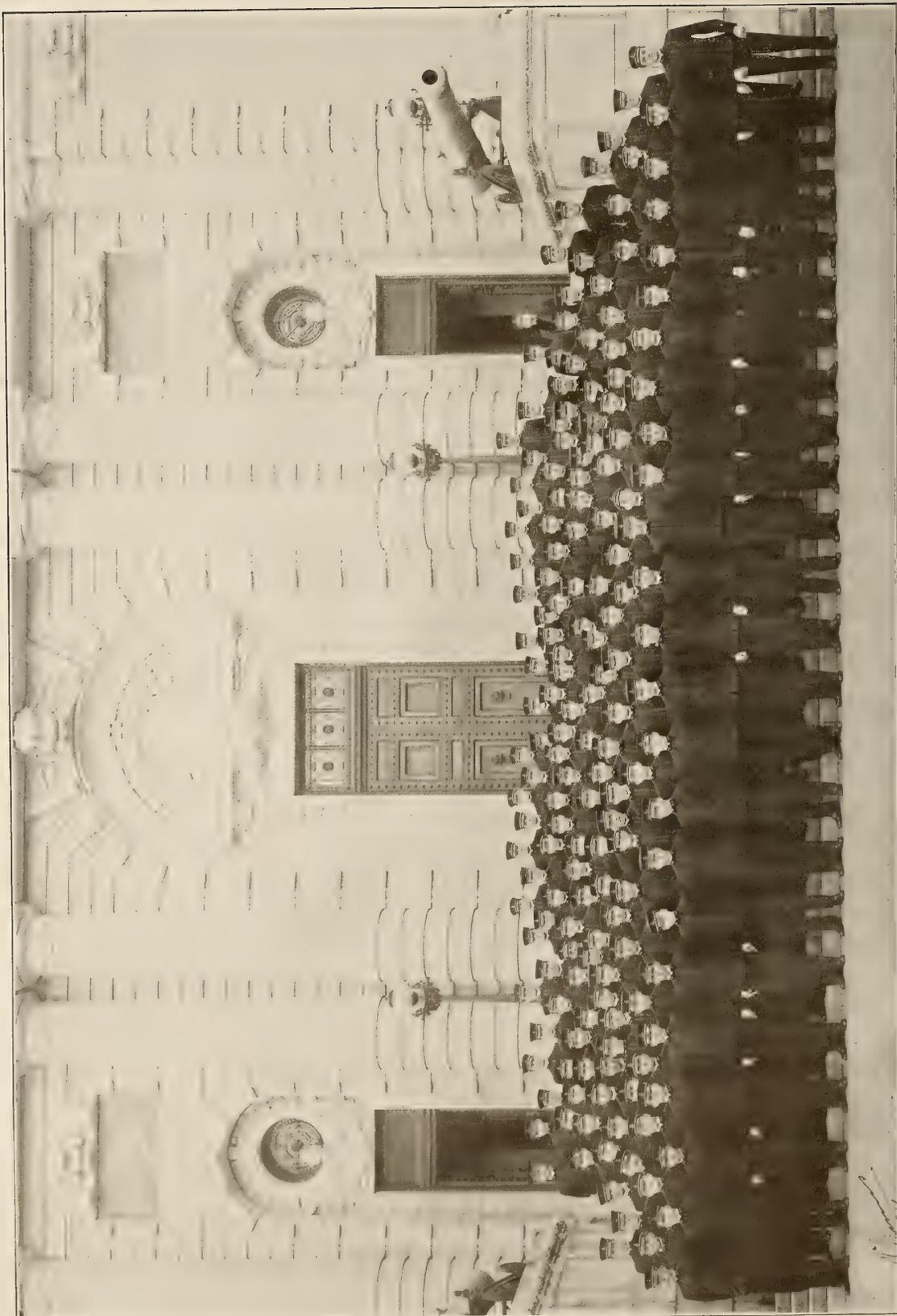
When the "bunch" is all gathered in your room, and the mandolins are tinkling softly, half a dozen non-reg. cigarettes tinting the room a hazy blue, one of your own classmates is yelling "Call-list!" out in the corridor, and then someone starts to tell that story about how Bailey came up to the after-starboard gangway of the "Olymp" one night in a shore-boat, and what happened when he answered "Aye, aye!" to the hail, you laugh, man, because it touches that chord which vibrates only to pleasant recollections.

And Leave? Why, by the time it has passed six months it's as impossible as a dream, a phantasmagoria of pictures, which you prize more than any other month of your life. Usually it's a girl who occupies the foreground of your recollections, or perhaps the foreground is lacking, and the picture resolves itself into a cloud, silver-lined with wine-cups and chorus girls.

Then comes the real experience of being a Youngster, and the joys and newness of the academic year tend to raise the cloud of chronic pessimism which seems inherent in the average midshipman's mind. In the nascent stage between the artificial restraint imposed on the plebe and the assumed restraint of the second classman, the youngster romps and rough-houses until he has such a store of pleasant recollections that he is ready at the beginning of the next year to assume the new dignity and the restrictions it imposes.

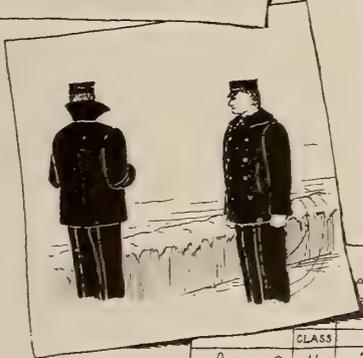
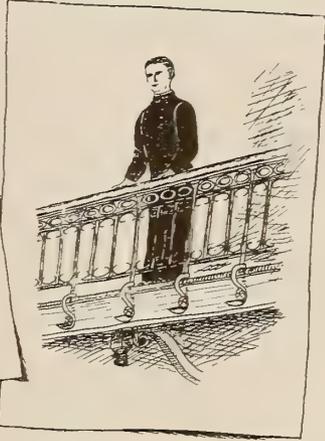
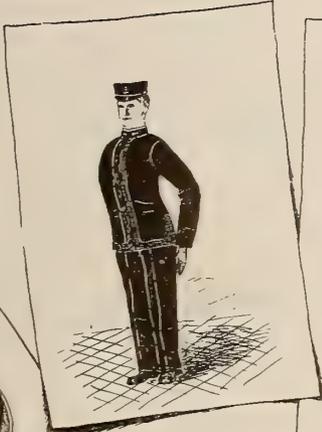
Youngster year is not as important as First Class year, or even Second Class, but it is the first taste of real Academy life, and as such we bow to it, and will count its memories as the dearest of those which we glean from our course in the Naval Academy.





CLASS OF 1912

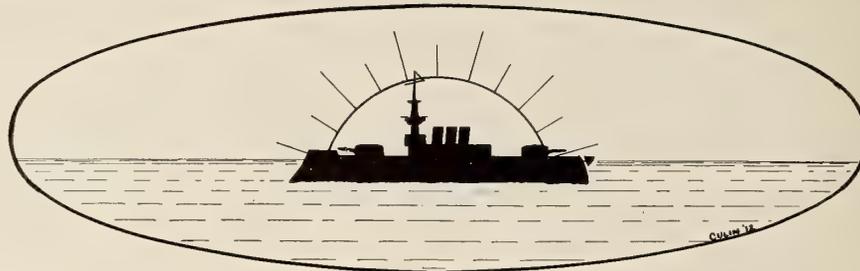
# PRIEBES



DAILY REPORT OF CONDUCT

	CLASS	DELINQUENCY.		
Jones A.	4	Talking in ranks	5	✓
same	4	Out of uniform	3	✓
same	4	Room in disorder	3	✓
same	4	Locker doors open	1	✓
same	4	Bed not turned back	1	✓
same	4	Clothes not brushed	3	✓
same	4	Unmilitary bearing	5	✓

- H. E. Saunders -



**CLASS**

**1912**

**ROLL**

Abbot, J. L.  
 Alden, C. S.  
 Allison, J. W., Jr.  
 Amidon, F. T.  
 Anderson, A. B.  
 Ard, L. B.  
 Bagby, O. W.  
 Barber, E. H.  
 Barbey, D. E.  
 Bennett, A. C.  
 Bischoff, L. P.  
 Bishop, J. B.  
 Black, L. H.  
 Bowden, J. P.  
 Boyd, T. S.  
 Boyden, D.  
 Broadbent, E. W.  
 Brown, J. J.  
 Brown, L. R.  
 Brown, R. D.  
 Buckmaster, E.  
 Burtis, W. H.  
 Byers, J. A.  
 Byrd, R. E., Jr.  
 Byrne, C. B.  
 Campbell, W. E., Jr.  
 Carson, R.  
 Chase, N. B.  
 Cheadle, W. E.  
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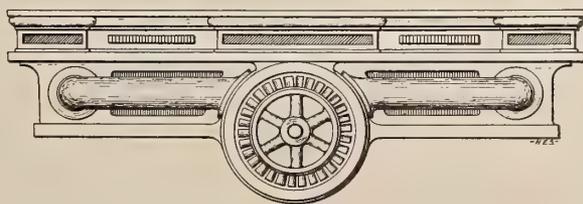
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 Crenshaw, E. A.  
 Croker, E. F., Jr.  
 Crutchfield, J. A.  
 Culin, J. H.  
 Curley, H. P.  
 Dalton, J. P.  
 Dashiell, G. W. D.  
 Dawson, H. B.  
 Decker, S. M.  
 DeLany, W. S.  
 Denfeld, L. E.  
 De Treville, D.  
 Dick, H. H.  
 Dickins, R.  
 Dill, J. A.  
 Dodd, H.  
 Downes, O. L.  
 Doxey, W. P.  
 Dreisonstok, J. Y.  
 Dunn, A. W., Jr.  
 Eberle, E. R.  
 Edgar, C. D.  
 Eikel, J.  
 Elder, F. K.  
 Eldredge, E. P.  
 Elmer, R. E. P.  
 Ertz, H.  
 Falge, J. H.  
 Falligant, L. A.  
 Fischer, H. E.  
 Forde, L. K.  
 Forster, O. M.  
 Fort, G. H.

Fox, J. L.  
 Frazer, H. C.  
 Fulton, G.  
 Gatch, T. L.  
 Gates, H. G., Jr.  
 Gay, B. S.  
 Gentry, R. I.  
 Gibbs, T. C.  
 Gill, E. D.  
 Gillespie, G. S.  
 Gilliland, C. G.  
 Good, H. H.  
 Gray, J. A.  
 Gray, L. R.  
 Grayson, R. H.  
 Greene, C. F.  
 Greenman, W. G.  
 Griffin, V. C.  
 Grow, H. B.  
 Grube, F. W.  
 Gulbranson, C.  
 Guthrie, A. H.  
 Haas, W. S.  
 Haggart, R. S.  
 Hall, R. A.  
 Hamilton, D. W.  
 Hannon, R. V.  
 Harlow, H.  
 Hawkins, R. H.  
 Henry, P. C.  
 Hibbs, N. W.  
 Hintze, K. E.  
 Hitchcock, G. C.  
 Hogg, W. S., Jr.

Holt, R. W.  
Holtzendorff, J. D.  
Hoogewerff, H.  
Hudson, M.  
Hulings, G.  
Hunter, L. L.  
Hurlbert, W. G.  
Ingraham, C. N.  
Johnson, D. W.  
Kemp, T. I.  
Kerr, R. E.  
Kieffer, H. M.  
King, J. L.  
La Bombard, H. V.  
Lake, F. U.  
La Mountain, G. W.  
Lavender, R. A.  
Leahy, E. F.  
Lee, J. A.  
Little, H. H.  
Lockwood, C. A., Jr.  
Loder, A. W.  
Lott, J. M.  
MacCrone, W. C.  
McDonald, H. J.  
McDonnell, E. O.  
McIlvaine, H. C., Jr.  
McKitterick, E. H.  
MacLachlan, H. D.  
McMorris, C. H.  
McNair, C. W.  
Marmion, P. C.  
Martin, C. K.  
Martin, R. L.  
Mason, C. P.  
Maury, R. H.  
Merrill, A. S.  
Meyer, E. J.  
Miller, H. G.  
Miller, W.  
Mills, S.  
Monfort, J. C.  
Montgomery, A. E.  
Moore, R. D.

Morrissey, E. R.  
Nickinson, E. P.  
Oakley, G. P.  
Osborne, C. K.  
Osgood, W. H.  
Pace, E. M.  
Palmer, J. R.  
Parr, R. S.  
Patrick, H. G.  
Patterson, D. F.  
Payne, R. G.  
Peirce, H. J.  
Pendleton, A.  
Perlman, B.  
Peyton, T. G.  
Pfaff, R.  
Pierce, H. C.  
Poe, B. F.  
Prince, J. C.  
Pryor, J. P.  
Quinn, M. P.  
Ramsey, D. C.  
Reagan, F. D.  
Reeves, J. L.  
Regan, F. P.  
Reilly, L. J.  
Renner, R. S.  
Reynaud, C. F.  
Richards, J. K., Jr.  
Roberts, A. C.  
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Robertson, Rich'd S.  
Robinson, S. B.  
Robinson, T. G.  
Roseborough, R. G.  
Russell, E. A.  
Russell, W. J.  
Sanborn, A. B.  
Sanford, R.  
Saunders, H. E.  
Saunders, J. A.  
Savage, M. L.  
Schuirmann, R. E.  
Scofield, H. W.

Senn, T. C.  
Shaw, W. A.  
Simpson, E. P. A.  
Slade, J. R.  
Small, E. G.  
Smith, C. R.  
Smoot, H. K.  
Sowell, I. C.  
Spencer, H. S.  
Spencer, R. W.  
Taylor, Jno. H.  
Taylor, W. D.  
Ten Eyck, A. C.  
Theiss, P. S.  
Thompson, B. M.  
Thompson, H.  
Thompson, R. R.  
Tisdale, M. S.  
Tracht, S. P.  
Vaill, R.  
Venter, J. G.  
Waddell, W. C.  
Wakeman, R. H.  
Walton, A. S.  
Ward, H. A.  
Weeks, R. J.  
Weems, P. V. H.  
Wentworth, R. S.  
Wenzell, L. P.  
White, C. S.  
Whitehead, G. B.  
Whiteside, G. W.  
Whiting, F. E. M.  
Wick, H. C.  
Wilbur, J.  
Willis, W. J.  
Wilson, S. A.  
Womble, S. G.  
Woodruff, G. L.  
Wright, C. H.  
Zacharias, E. M.  
Zeigler, S. J.





ON the fifteenth day of June, Nineteen Hundred and Eight, there might have been seen entering the main gate of the Naval Academy, in groups of two or three, a band of sturdy, hopeful youths. Dressed in fashionable "cits" and carrying fat dress-suit cases, they looked like typical rah-rah boys—but no one in Annapolis was deceived by their appearance. Those bright young men who walked so proudly were successful candidates, the vanguard of the new Fourth Class, 1912. Most of them were already vain possessors of calling-cards conveying the information: "So and So, Midshipman, United States Navy;" many knew the meaning of the terms "bone," "drag," and "bust;" a few had even heard of a place called West Point—otherwise they were woefully ignorant. They even failed to see the letters of fire over the main gate—for Hasell Dick says they are there—couched in the same warning that the Divine Poet read over a certain entrance, "All hope abandon! Ye who enter here!" Blissfully they steered their ratey course through the grounds, along Lovers' Lane, to Bancroft Hall. And Mr. Zimmermann's band played, "Thursday is My Jonah Day."

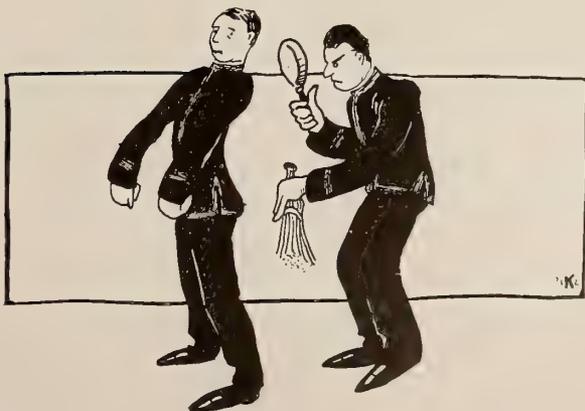
Thus arrived the first members of this mighty class. It was the matter of only a few days before they were stripped of their callow glory and decked in strictly fresh work-suits, robbed of all their candidate dignity and humbled to the lowly condition of Plebes. They were quickly divided into four companies, a noble battalion commanded by Murtha Quinn. The three-strippers were "Pat" Regan, "Li'l Marse" Dick, Frank Green, and Tracht. Drills were begun. Though these took the greater part of the time, through the influence of "Bill" a fair portion of each day was given over to athletics. An intercompany baseball series was played, resulting in victory for the first company's team, composed of such stars as Dill, "Dutch," and Regan; a series of eliminating matches in tennis was won by Fulton and Byrd, representing the second company; the track meet went to the third, and the greatest event of all, the cutter race, was won by the gallant crew of the fighting second.

When at last the Academic year began, the Plebes, though not a little frightened by the sight of so many stripes, as well as by the kindly interrogations of upper class "Froggies" and "Spudses" and "Romeos," braced up, looked submissive, and settled down to work. Quickly the new Fourth Class began to make itself known. Dalton and Sowell won N's in football; Kieffer made good on the gymnasium team; the Plebe football team had a successful season; the Plebe five won the class basketball championship; Wenzell easily won a place on the Navy five; in track athletics, crew and baseball we hope to do equally as well. In scholarship, too, 1912 more than held her own. Saunders early showed his supremacy in this line, and throughout the year stood first with a wide margin.

So then, the Class of 1912 wishes to declare itself proud of its Plebe year record. Guided into Naval Academy life by the Class of 1909, and taught by them the love for the Navy and for Navy institutions, the Plebes have done their best and shall continue to do so when they are Plebes no longer.

The history of the class would not be complete without some mention of individual members who have, in one way or another, distinguished themselves. A great writer—I think it must have been H. S. Spencer—has said: "Some men are born great, while others have greatness thrust upon them." Such has been the case with the members of 1912; some of them possessed a certain degree of notoriety from the very beginning of the year. There were, for instance, Marse Dick of So'th Car'lina, of whom it was known from the start that "he rates first-class, and is a prize fusser;" Roberts, who wanted to be President of the Plebe Class; "Bunny" Abbot, who, on the day of his arrival, went walking in the yard wearing a brand-new suit of works, and holding over his head an umbrella to keep the rain from soiling his new clothes. There were other Plebes who became famous during the Academic year—"Crummy" MacCrone, who dotes on "Frenching and fussing;" "Boscoe" Wright, so nicknamed by facetious, observing clean-sleevers of the rear rank; "Claptrap" Bishop, whom Woolsey figuratively slapped on the wrist when he said: "Why, Mr. Bishop, how could you? You got only 3.3 on that simple examination. You lack the most essential quality of an officer, accuracy;" Regan, who made his reputation by his marks in Academic subjects—there were none lower; Shaw, who proved himself the champion lightweight boxer at the Academy.

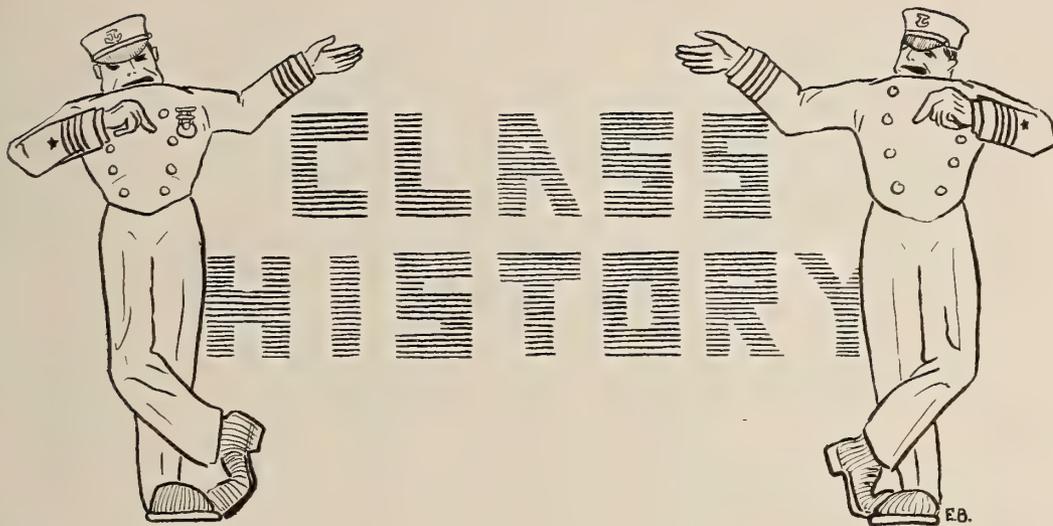
Now that we have introduced to LUCKY BAG readers the Class of 1912, have given a brief account of their first year at the Naval Academy, and have mentioned individual Plebes with more or less delicate attention, we consider our duty done. We hope they will continue their career as a class as well as they have begun, and will be graduated at last fully prepared for the Service.











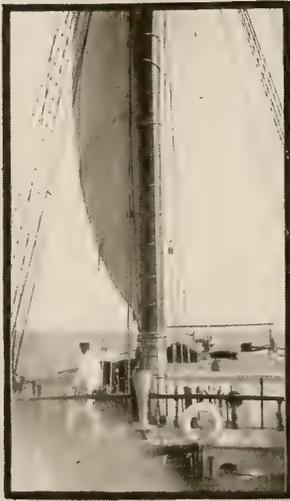
"There is a tide in the affairs of men," remarked one Mr. Shakespeare, and that tide began, for us, the Class of 1909, to set seaward in the spring of 1905. Then it was that in all corners of the Union, in Maine and California, in Florida and Washington, we heard the call of the sea, and hastened to Father Neptune's kindergarten. There the great leavener, uniform, caught us in its toils, and we were no longer city swells or country bumpkins, but all Plebes of the Naval Academy.

Then Plebe summer! Who of us cannot now bring back to fond (?) recollection the picture of that fresh working suit newly stenciled, white hat and black necktie, with the delicious scent that clung around the whole? With the thirty-two sea-going knots, the manual of arms, and the manipulation of a twelve-foot oar, we strove mightily. It was "drill, ye tarriers, drill!" and from armory to boat-house, boat-house to cutters, cutters to gymnasium, we were hurried, with never a pause. Few of us have forgotten the week's apprentice cruise on the Boxer, the races from the lighthouse in, the pools we left under our tired backs on the old gym floor, the first impressions of a Navy "cussin' out" as we clung timidly in the slings of the yards on the dummy mast, or the four-hour infantry drill on Friday mornings.

Life was not all drill, though, and many a pleasant hour we spent, in blissful ignorance of the Plebe days to come, sailing, playing tennis and baseball, and swapping yarns of the past and dreams of the future. Soon September was upon us, and we laid aside our ill-befitting spirit of independence to take up the more



BANCROFT HALL



BOXER  
CRUISE





FRESH WORKING SUITS

seemly, for Plebes, manners of humility. We did due reverence to the mighty upper classmen, who, through some error of the administration—they were far too mighty to have erred themselves—had been refused their September leave. Just as we were making ready for the dreaded Academic year, an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in our midst, and we spent two dreary weeks—after due process of a triple-distilled fumigation—on the Hartford and the Newark, making a Plebe cruise at anchor. The upper classes were granted two weeks' extension of leave, which favor on our part was not, however, duly appreciated by them. At last the summer was over, and, two hundred and forty-seven strong, we were ready to plunge into the work of the year.

for down in the dark, on the wet, slippery field, we saw West Point's six tied with another six, and the chain of the Army victories interrupted, not to be renewed for three years. Hardly had we stopped talking of the game when, as sudden as the eruption of a volcano, the hazing upheaval was upon us. Courts-martial and Boards of Investigation began their inquisitions, and few of us there were who were not witnesses, unwilling though we were, against upper classmen before one or the other tribunal. At the time we were honestly sorry to see the old order of things reversed, though now we can appreciate more clearly

The expected arrived in due course—the Academic year opened, and the instructors in the section rooms and all the three upper classes in Bancroft Hall descended in wrath on the innocent Plebes. Boning was the only way to keep out of trouble in both directions, and stick to our rooms and bone we did. The time passed rapidly, and soon the days we reported at dinner “to the game, sir,” dwindled to none, and we took the long, tiresome trip to Princeton and back. But that trip was well worth while,



PLEBE CUTTER DRILL



SAY AH! AH! AH! AH!

the evils of hazing, and what the press referred to as "the code." We were deeply grieved that we should be forced, on oath, to bring punishment and, in some cases, dismissal, upon the members of the upper classes, even upon those whom we personally most liked and admired. The storm passed on, and academic life, though shaken to the foundations, began to adapt itself to the new order of things. Though no longer subject to hazing, we were still Plebes, the lowest class, and we are glad to be able to say that, despite the natural reaction due to our new status as regards hazing, there were no "ratey" attempts to assert, in any way, our independence. In looking back, with maturer vision, on the whole affair, we cannot but be glad that our class was instrumental in instituting the new régime at the Naval Academy (though we are grieved that the onus of bringing trouble to the then upper classes should fall upon us). However, it was not of our doing or intention, and we realize the benefits, both to the Academy and the Service, of the change in the order of things.

The semi-anns came and went and we lost many of our best fellows. Such as had weathered the gale got down to work again and soon, almost before we knew it, spring was upon us. The crew, the track team, and the baseball team claimed its devotees, while the rest dreamed idly of Youngster days to come. June week, with all the glamour of ceremonial parades, the business-like activity of drills, the lure of the sparking, iridescent lines of femininity, the excitement of the West Point baseball game—lost, alas!—brought us to that happy culmination—Youngsterhood!

Full of hope and anticipation we embarked on a sea-going squadron for the cruise, bound for Madeira and the Azores. Hardly, however, had we passed the Capes when we ran into the wind-up of a tropical hurricane, and it was not long before we had lost,



A SAILING PARTY



CROSS-COUNTRY WALK FIENDS

Old World was very strange and curious to the visitors from the Occident, and we spent five delightful days roaming about, "exploring" the town and the mountain side, riding up on the tramway, coasting down in the wicker chairs with shouting guides clinging to the runners, feasting at Reid's Hotel and the Monte Palace. The whole

island was beautiful, and it seemed as though it, and not another region, must surely have been the garden of Eden. From Madeira we sailed through a wonderful, still, calm



THE CELEBRATED HUIZZINAS

sea, to the Azores, and stopped to coal at Fayal. Though quaint after a fashion, this was not nearly so impressive or interesting as Funchal, its only feature of note, Mount Pico, rising 7,000 feet sheer from the ocean; and we were very glad when we weighed anchor and turned back homeward—toward the Maine coast. At the end of the trip, however, we were held up four days by a cold fog, when the



WEEKLY FOOTBALL GAMES



THE  
OLD COMPANIES



AT NINE THIRTY

discomforts of the weather were further increased by the failure of all stores except hardtack and "salt horse"—delicious as a steady diet! At last we made Bar Harbor, only to leave again, after a few days, to rejoin our stay-at-home brothers on the Newark and the monitors at New London. Time passed quickly and pleasantly at New London and Gardiner's Bay, and it



BEGINNING OF SECOND CLASS SUMMER



THE OLD TENNIS COURTS

stratum. The fall drifted by eventlessly, save for the football games that every week renewed our belief that we had a team which could beat the Army. Then came the great day, and we returned from Franklin Field in triumph, chanting the score, Navy, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10; Army, 0. West Point was beaten, the long string of Army victories, interrupted by the tie of the year before, was broken! The game over, the early winter months passed quickly by, though saddened by the death of one of the noblest and best of our class, Dayton, and we found ourselves at the

was not long before we were back at Annapolis for our first September leave.

Then it was that we shook the dust of the Academy from our feet and departed into the length and breadth of the land. The word "home" had never meant so much to us before, and we *lived* for thirty-five delightful days. But all good things are over far too quickly, and we all met again in Crabtown for the Academic year. We were Youngsters now, and no longer the non-ratey class, but such of us as gave free rein to emotion therefor soon discovered that the iron hand of the Discipline Department extended even so far as the Third Class, and we quieted down to our proper



FOOLISH YOUNGSTERS



A PICTURE OF THE SECOND CLASS WILL BE TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER DINNER

make the summer cruise and, unlike most rumors, it proved true, for we watched the new First and Third Classes gather together their worldly goods, carefully stowed in bulging laundry bags, and "go down to the sea in ships" from the safe vantage-point of Bancroft Hall.

Half of us remained here for two months while the rest followed religiously Mrs. Macbeth's advice to "stay not upon the order of your going, but go at once." Those who thus departed found that Second Class leave was not a whit worse, in fact even better, than Youngster leave, and all scrupulously and carefully extracted from every precious minute of those wonderful two months the last luscious atom of enjoyment. For those who stayed, life was far from unendurable. Infinite liberty and the sense of being the Senior Class present, put happy smiles on our countenances and songs on our lips. Acting as junior officers, under the kind and considerate treatment of Bull Reeves, we earnestly attempted to lead the Plebes in the straight and narrow path of Naval discipline. A few of us made the cruise on the Severn and acquired experience which will, doubtless, be of much use to us later in the Service. Soon August 3d came round and the two sections of the Class exchanged places—one returning from, the other going on leave. We were deeply shocked to learn that our dearest and most companionable friend and classmate, Leaphart, had

semi-anns. Thanks to the rule of those having a 3.0 being exempt from the examinations, instituted during our Plebe spring, these semi-anns were less trouble to most of us than before, and they were soon over for all. We lost several fine men by the wayside, however, and we were exceedingly sorry to see them fall out. The exams over, the second term sped by like the wind and, almost before we were aware of it, another June week had come. For some time there had been a rumor that the Second Class would not



THE FIFTH COMP. BONES MECHANIC



EMBARKATION, FIRST CLASS CRUISE

many new and strange things in the Steam Department's instruction periods. It took a few days to wear off the grouch caused by the prospect of ten unbroken months of work, but we were soon as busy and as contented as ever.

At the end of the summer we all met in the New Willard for the great feast of the course. Surely Zeus and all the Olympian council never fared so well nor quaffed so merrily as did we. From the class march to the Star-Spangled Banner (led by Kelly), from the first toast to the last glass, from beginning to end, we ate, drank, and were merry—happy in the perfect union of friendship.

The next day we plodded wearily back to the old stamping grounds, ready for the much-heralded grind of Second Class year. We found too much had not been said about it, and many a midnight candle was burned before the shrine of Tecumseh, with the votary pouring over Mechanics or Johnny Gow. With six examinations a month there was hardly time to breathe between, and under the constant pressure of hard work we had nearly forgotten the passage of time, when we awoke with a start to discover it the day of the Army game. Again we went forth to Philadelphia, and again we returned with a golden ball, this time with 6-0 blazoned on it, to hang up in the gym. Only a brief respite to celebrate the victory and again we were back wrestling with moments of inertia and the intricacies of the epicyclic train. The semi-anns passed over our devoted heads and still we slaved on until the spring was upon us. Then we came to life, and everyone, supplied with a comfortable margin by six months of toil, knocked off boning and went in strong for out-door enjoyment.



SUNDAY INSPECTION

died on leave, from an injury received at the Academy. Those who went on leave discovered that the two months' wait had only sweetened the pleasures of freedom, and so great and so lasting were those pleasures that it was only by force that we were eventually torn away, to return for the Academic year. Meanwhile we at the Academy were putting the finishing touches to the preliminary education of the Plebes, and picking up



CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM



CLASS BASEBALL TEAM



1909 N2ds AND NUMERALS



CLEAN SLEEVERS

The athletic season was wonderfully successful; the baseball team won ninety per cent. of its games, and was ranked by most authorities the second best in the country; the crew did good, strong work; the track team won all its meets, and the rifle team shot in splendid form. The grand climax of the whole season was the defeat of West Point by 16-5 in the Army-Navy baseball game.

After the strenuous drills and fussing of June Week, after a long look at the glittering figures of the 1908 Class German, after the June Ball was over, we embarked on the Olympia, Chicago and the monitors for the summer cruise. The log of the cruise is given elsewhere; so suffice it to state that among all the periods of our Academic career, we can find none

which brought us so much keen enjoyment and pleasure. Old Point, New London, Newport, Boston, Portsmouth and Bath, all received us with welcoming hand and unstinted hospitality, and all of us will long remember the good times and the "big liberties" of that eventful cruise.

Another leave was here, and we lost no time in weighing anchor for home. For thirty days we lived life as it should be lived, spread rich carmine paint over these United States, broke a few hearts, and gladdened many;



THE FIRST FLOOR



THE BI-CENTENNIAL PARADE

and then returned to begin the last lap of our four-year Marathon. Stripes and buzzards were waiting for us, and a few clean sleeves. With mutual congratulations, for everyone seemed to get more than he expected, and none were glum, we donned them only to discover that more responsibility and fewer privileges went with them than we had thought. We took up the work of the year and, after loafing through the first month under the impression that First Class year would be easy, awoke to find ourselves unsat for the month. Then a large brace became apparent, and the noise of boning was heard in the land, like unto that during Second Class year. A third time we journeyed to Philadelphia, but returned in disappointment, for 6-4 spelt our defeat. The semi-anns passed by and we all were safe.

Now as the spring with its mild, balmy, delicious days brings us thoughts of the past and dreams of the future, as we think of the parting of our ways, so soon to come, it is with not unmixed feelings that we look to our approaching graduation. We rejoice at a task well done, at the fruition of four years' work, but we grieve that our class, which is now closer knitted together by ties of fellowship and friendly love than ever before, must soon be scattered to the four winds of heaven. Wherever we be, however time may change the things of the present, let us always abide in our faith that

"No matter whatever befall, old class,  
You never forgotten will be;  
We will always be true to the old Navy blue,  
And to thee, old class, and to thee."



THE FRUITION OF FOUR YEARS' WORK

## Itinerary of Midshipmen's Practice Squadron

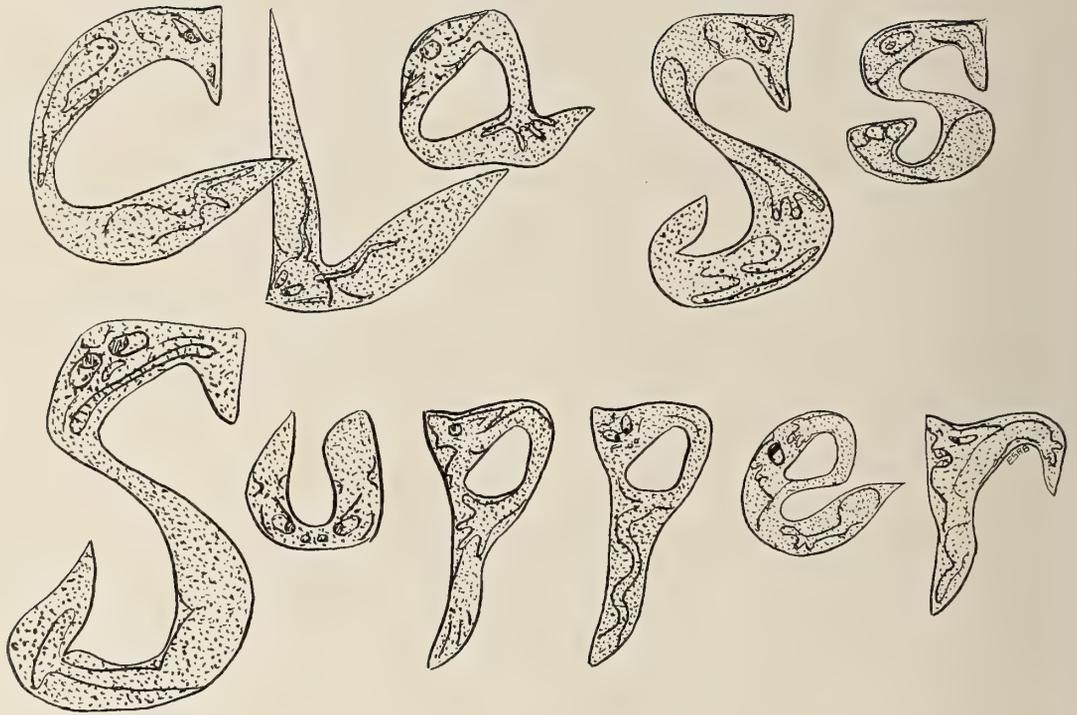
Summer, 1908

Port	Arrival	Departure
HAMPTON ROADS, VA.		June 22d
NEW LONDON	June 24th	July 27th
NEWPORT, R. I.	July 31st	August 4th
BOSTON, MASS.	August 6th	August 11th
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.	August 11th	August 14th
BATH, ME.	August 14th	August 19th
HAMPTON ROADS, VA.	August 22d	August 24th
ANNAPOLIS, MD.	August 27th	

Midshipmen go on leave August 28th.

NOTE.—The Squadron will leave New London each Monday morning while in that vicinity, and will return each Friday afternoon.





 THE division of the class into two sections at the beginning of Second Class summer caused half of us to be at the Academy and half on leave when the time for our class supper rolled around. Captain Badger granted a day of grace to the imprisoned ones, however, and it was a happy crowd who broke out their cits and embarked on the train for Washington that eventful Friday. The folly of wearing a straw hat after the fifteenth of September was demonstrated at Odenton, when Ping Wilkinson's cherished headgear, beloved by him because of the long association of many summers, met its fate beneath the wheels of the New York express.

The men who were returning from leave were already in Washington, and by eight o'clock, when we stormed the doors of Chase's Theatre, we were a reunited class once more.

The show was good, and after it we crossed the street to the New Willard. There being no ratlines, we contented ourselves with ascending by means of the elevator to the nth floor, where "Phoebe" Carroll, "Pret" Haines, and the rest of the committee were waiting for us with smiling faces.

And well might they smile, for when the doors were thrown open and Zimmermann's band struck up the notes of the Class March, we swarmed into the finest looking room that a class had ever entered for its banquet. The lads who had come from two months of boarding in the mess-hall felt almost faint at the sight of the snowy linen, the silver and the glasses; and even the boys who had left "her" a day early for this event vouchsafed a smile and forgot their sorrows.

We found our places marked with the hop books which have been so useful since, and the fight was on. A far-seeing committee had the toasts come early, and we drank to the Class, the girls we had left behind, the Bilgers, and other excuses. Course followed course, and things might have ended quietly had not the band struck up that air ever dear to the heart of a midshipman, "There's One More River to Cross."







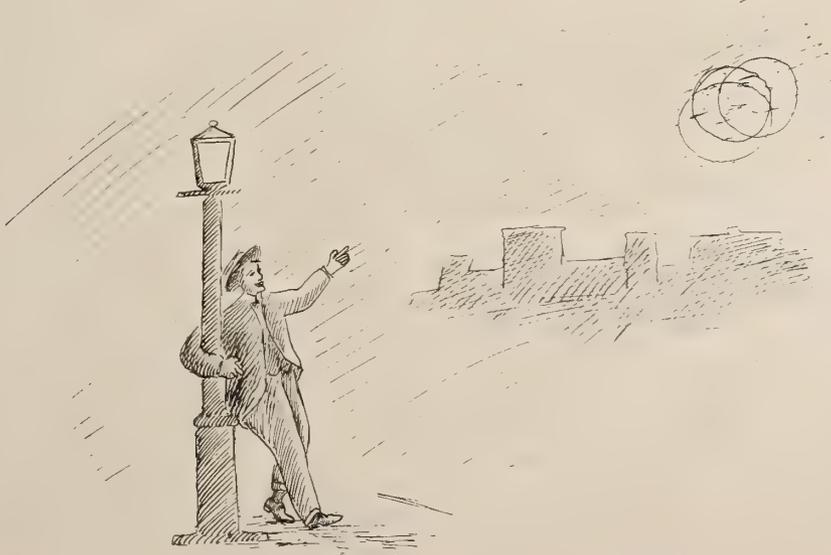
"CAPTAIN BADGER GRANTED A DAY OF GRACE"

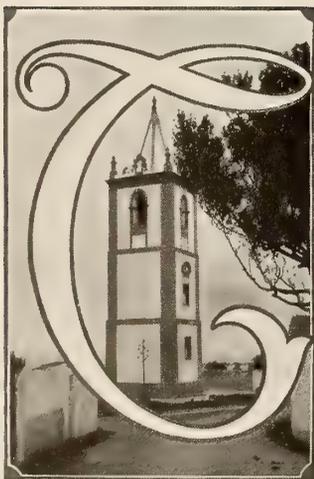
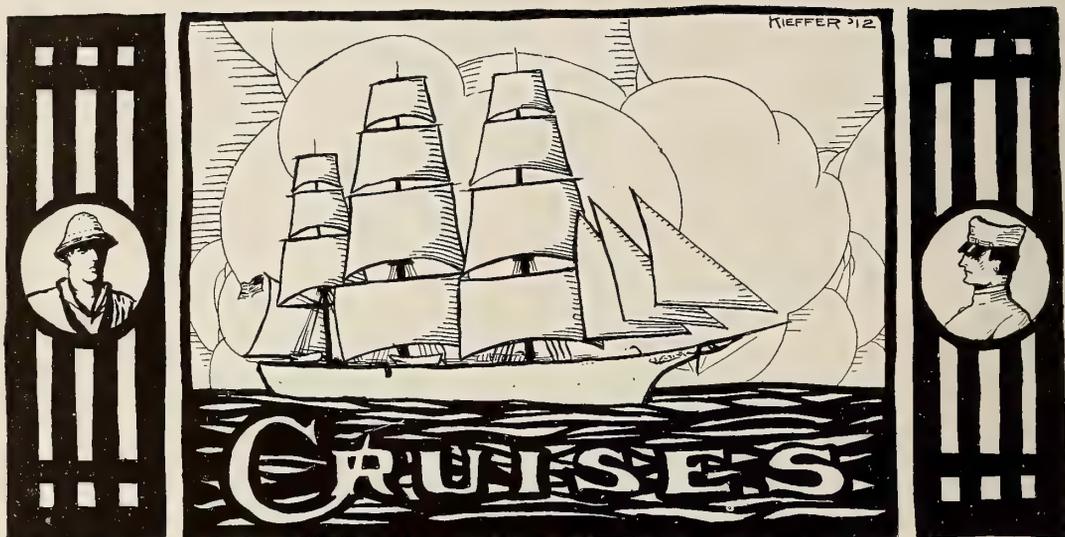
And when it was all over, and Mike Kelly, with Sousa-like motions, had led the orchestra through the "Star-Spangled Banner," we did the town; and it is said that the red marks can be seen in some places to this day. We crept to bed with the first gray streaks of dawn, a very tired but a very happy bunch, and with the memory of a night which we shall never forget.

TOASTS.

R. H. DAVIS, Oregon, *Toastmaster.*

"The Class".....	R. H. DAVIS, Oregon
"Our Sweethearts".....	W. N. PORTER, Ohio
"Athletics".....	J. S. HARRIS, Arkansas
"Bilgers".....	B. F. TILLEY, California
"Things".....	H. R. VAN DE BOE, Ohio





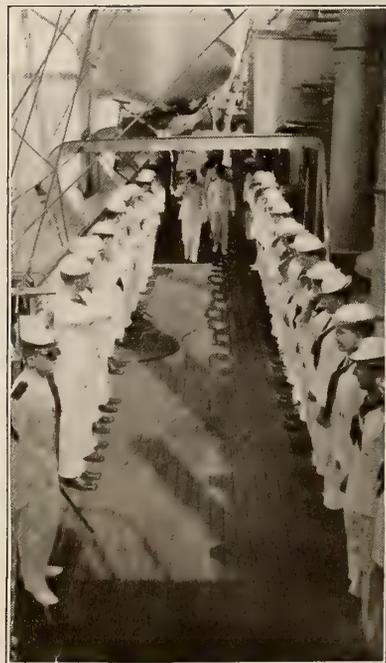
THE Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine enjoys the distinction of having made but two cruises—if our early indiscretions on that famous man-of-war, the U. S. S. Boxer, be not taken into account. The “Diphtheria Cruise,” made at anchor on the good ships Hartford, Severn and Newark, we regard as being of a frivolous nature and unworthy of more than a mere mention among our later adventures.

By a special dispensation of Providence and the Navy Department, our first true glimpse of life on the ocean wave was made on sea-going ships and with sea-going officers. We made none of the usual stops in Chesapeake Bay, and after leaving the Capes stood straight

out to sea, struck a storm of the ringtailed-snorter variety, and manned the lee rail in the manner customary among youngsters. For eleven days we were out of sight of land, and were glad indeed when at last we saw Madeira rising, mountain-like, out of the sea.

Former LUCKY BAGS have described the dark-eyed maidens of Funchal, the wonderful tints of the Madeira wine, and the many-colored houses of Horta. We slid down the sides of the mountain in wicker sledges and sailed our cutter races in the shades of Pico's mighty top. Forgetful of the long trip back, we thought the sailor's life the life for us indeed.

The cruise across to Bar Harbor was made memorable by a five-days' fog, but when we finally did reach the Atlantic coast after living on salt horse and hard-



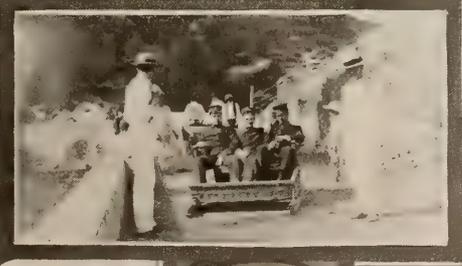
SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION



YONZGUTHER



ORD-ONE





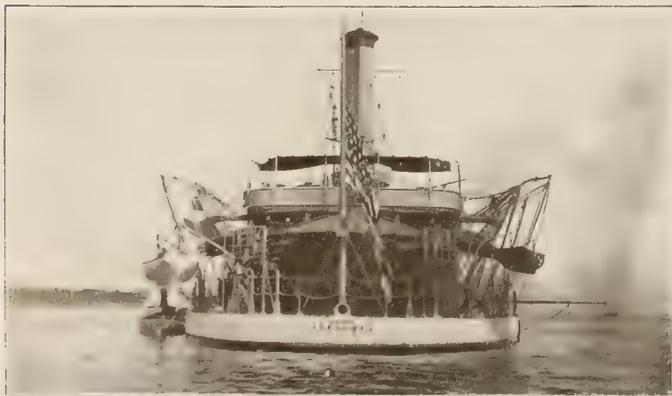
"UNDER THE SHADE OF PICO'S MIGHTY TOP"

trim, but no tears were shed by the Class of Nineteen Nine, impatient for Youngster leave.

As usual, the time between the close of the Farewell Ball to Nineteen Eight and reveille on the morning of our First Class cruise was spent in packing the things we had neglected to pack in order to talk to some other fellow's sister during each available minute. Lovers' Lane was doing business very early in the morning, and many and tender were the partings which took place before we shoved off from the old sea-wall which has been the scene of so many touching farewells.

The fleet consisted of the Olympia, the Chicago, the Hartford, the Nevada and the Arkansas; and we clambered

up the sides of our respective ships, lined up and drew our station billets and locker keys in the manner which has been customary from time immemorial. Our dreams as to unlimited lockers for the first class were soon dispelled, and the young Farraguts on the



tack, and found the whole month's mail which had accumulated, our sorrows were forgotten.

The trip down the coast was a perfect one, and those of us who were on the Des Moines had the good fortune to make a visit to Washington and Indian Head with the first class. The review of the Atlantic Fleet at Oyster Bay caused us to be put ashore a week early, in order that the ships might be put in proper



"THE MANY-COLORED HOUSES OF HORTA"

Nevada received their first inkling as to what was in store for them when Tubby checked up each man's clothes-bags, sent back for laundry books and other missing articles.

Our raiments and luxurious toilet articles properly stowed, we were free to come ashore Saturday night and Sunday for one last, big fuss; then, early Monday morning, the old, familiar cry of "All hands up anchor!" turned us out of our

hammocks for the actual starting of the cruise.

We had been promised a crab cruise in Chesapeake Bay, and for the first week we surely had it. Even Solomon's was a relief, and we tarried at this ancient haunt of summer cruises long enough to stretch our legs a bit before setting out for Norfolk. We steamed on down the bay, coming to anchor every night, and otherwise leading the life of the deep-sea sailor (?). One never-to-be-forgotten evening, however, the Ardois of the Olympia sent the news to the fleet that the base of the cruise had been changed from Newport News to New London, and that we were to proceed up the coast after coaling ship inside the Capes.



We thought of the New London of our youngster days, and went about our work with lighter hearts. On down the Bay we sailed until the lookouts picked up the good old Chamberlain, and, alas! they also sighted the collier Aberenda, which was to become so dear to us all.

The next day we coaled ship. It was scorching hot and the coal-dust hung in the air in clouds. We worked our best, however, and broke all records for the different ships.

The Army officers at Fort Monroe were very kind and extended to us the privileges of their club, which was a much-appreciated courtesy. The hops at the Chamberlain were a slight solace to the fussers as reminders of the June Ball, and the girls at the Post also opened their hearts to their Navy brothers, and gave us a dance.

It was very, very hot, however, and all hands were glad when we were beyond the Capes and headed north. We ran out to sea a couple of hundred miles in order that the youngsters might acquire their sea legs and that our old salts might get a sniff of a real sea breeze once more.

Routine drills now began in earnest, and we swung ship, worked Nav., stood the deck watches,



"THE NEXT DAY WE COALED SHIP"



# CRUISE SCENES





ROUTINE DRILLS BEGAN IN EARNEST

the idea!—and just before we reached New London, Tommy Jones qualified as Admiral of the justly famous Prune Navy of the Olympia by eating one hundred and three prunes at one sitting.

It was when New London was still a night away, and we were off Block Island somewhere, that one of the most exciting incidents of the cruise occurred. A heavy fog dropped down on us about three o'clock in the morning, and the flagship fired the signal guns for stopping and anchoring the fleet. On the Chicago the signals signifying that the different ships had come to anchor were checked up, and it was noticed that one ship had failed to fire her gun. Suddenly the quartermaster on watch made out the Nevada directly astern and coming for the anchored Chicago. The midshipman officer of the deck ran aft with a megaphone and shouted advice over the rail, and the monitor sheered off just in time and disappeared in the direction of the Olympia. Soon Captain Benson's voice could be heard shouting "Back your engines, sir!" and the Professor backed them, passed across the bows of the Chicago and was lost in the fog.

We reached New London just in time for the Yale-Harvard crew race, and mingled our siren yell with the cheers of both colleges; then we put away our whites, broke out our blues, and started in to devastate the hearts of the fair ones. The Griswold was the same old Griswold—and New London was the same old New London. Everyone was good to us, and the skipper of the Nevada was so pleased at the prospects of a happy summer that two first classmen were allowed to make a liberty. Monday, when the fleet sailed away to that haven of rest, Gardiner's Bay, the Chicago worked up an excuse of broken steering gear, stayed behind and gave teas to the ladies.

The weeks were spent in this manner until the last of July—New London for liberty on Fridays, Saturdays and Sun-

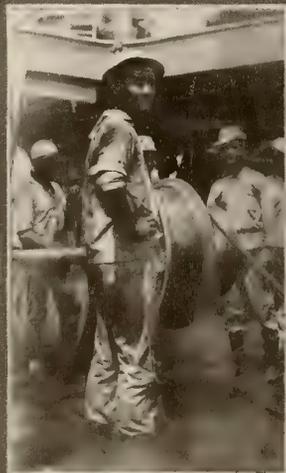
and in other ways prepared ourselves for the days to come. Percy Northcroft made himself popular with the crew of the Chicago by calling all the anchor watch to muster as we were steaming along at ten knots' speed, and all of us began to learn that holding down the bridge of a man-of-war in formation was not as easy as it had looked when we were signal boys. Benny showed us what was and what was not—



SHOOTING THE SUN



COALING SHIP



days, and Gardiner's Bay for work the rest of the week. New London was very hospitable. The Crocker House Grill in the city itself was as popular with the Red Mikes as the big hotel across the Thames was with the fussers. The good people in the cottages opened their arms to us—both figuratively and, it is whispered, literally—and the week ends more than made up for the hot days we had spent in boat drills and such interesting maneuvers as determining tactical diameters and other items of useful information.

The summer girls were particularly attractive. Kirky lost his heart for the first time, and the rocks



NEW LONDON LIGHT

along the shore on the Griswold side are still whispering secrets. Many were the hard runs to the last steamers, especially on that last night of liberty, when the good-byes were almost as touching

as they had been at Annapolis six weeks before. We sailed away the next morning for Newport, and to the fussers lining the rails of the ships the kindly breeze brought the notes of the Griswold band playing "Honey Boy, We Hate to See You Leaving."

Our next stop was at Newport and Jamestown, and the ships went up to Bradford and coaled in succession. Our dear old friend, the torpedo station, was visited, and Mess Gear took the Olympia's gang on one of his justly famous Cook's Tours. George was in evidence with the slush-pot, as usual. Having found out all there was to know about the innermost



thoughts of the Whitehead torpedo, we hoisted our anchors and were off for dear old Boston. Spuds Murphy acquired a smile.

The week at Boston was a dream—all but the trip to the Fore River shipyards and the North Dakota, and that was a nightmare. We did the town, and were taken for everything from Knights Templar to messenger boys. Thousands of visitors came aboard the ships, the Olympia being



"HONEY BOY, WE HATE TO SEE YOU LEAVING"



FIRST CLASS  
CRUISE



BOSTON HARBOR

especially popular, where Dixon always showed the ladies the standard compass.

Once more the relentless hand of Fate tore us from our new-made friends, and we sailed for Portsmouth, an unknown quantity. We were treated royally, however, the officers of the ships and of the Yard giving us a ball, while the Hotel Champernowne, on the Kittery side, was more than hospitable. News reached us here of the big preparations that had been made for us at Bath, and at four o'clock one morning we steamed northward.

The first manifestation of the Annual Old Home Week and Merchants' Carnival of Bath was presented to us in the shape of a small steamer with a decided

list to starboard, which came out beyond the mouth of the Kennebec to greet us with

music from a band concealed on board of her. The beautiful trip up the river itself was punctuated with salutes from the shot-guns of the native peasantry, and the many little craft that scudded along beside us gave promise of the good times we were to enjoy

The Squadron Commander gave us special liberty, and for five days and the greater part of five nights we were splendidly entertained. We listened to the bands, watched the balloon ascensions, saw the wonderful slide for life of Professor Bonnette, went to the balls



"THE INNERMOST THOUGHTS OF THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO"



"SHE HASN'T DIPPED YET"

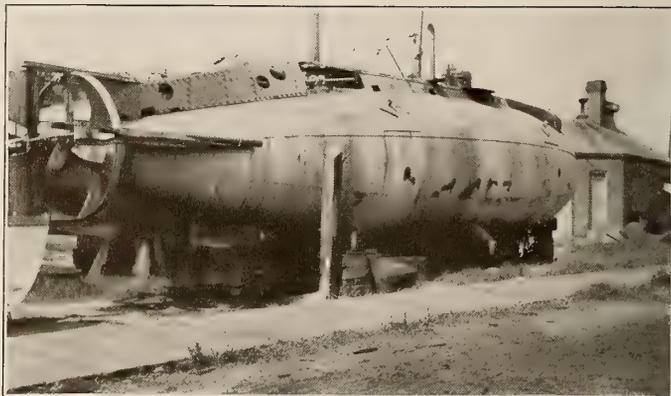
given for us; and last, but far from being least, enjoyed the famous hospitality of the Elks Club. We ourselves helped to make a Roman holiday by taking part, along with the fire department, the "emblematic and historical floats" and other interesting things in the Grand Military Parade.

The Bath girls were all that Nineteen Eight had claimed for them, and men who in all their lives before had never been known to fuss forgot the stern mandates of their respective executive officers, and returned to their ships long after

the final muster of the liberty party. Kid Gillette's operatic episode on the dock with a famous member of the Nav. Department is worthy of mention, and the final reception and ball to the officers and midshipmen was an affair we shall long remember.

Amidst the pleasures of Bath we had almost forgotten the proximity of leave, but with our prows finally turned southward, the thought of reaching Crabtown became uppermost in each man's mind.

us the longest run, without a stop,



FORE RIVER SHIPYARDS

The trip down the coast was an ideal one, and gave of the whole cruise. The old Hartford, usually the laggard of the fleet, took advantage of the favoring wind, spread her sails, and showed that she was not ready for the scrap heap yet by frolicking along ahead of the other ships. The Arkansas and Nevada were unable to keep up the pace, and dropped far enough behind to allow us to do some very pretty searchlight signaling.

The lights which mark the Capes were eagerly looked for, and one "misty, moisty morning" we steamed past them and were back in old Chesapeake Bay again.

The two days' stop at Newport News was made pleasant mainly through the kindness of the Norfolk maidens. The ever-hungry coal bunkers of



OBSTACLE RACE ON THE ARKANSAS

the monitors were again clamoring to be filled, but we remembered that

"Every cloud has a silver lining,  
Every summer cruise its end,"

and worked our best.

Chesapeake Bay had a little final rain and fog in store for us, with a squall or two to add to the



WHICH IS WHICH?





CRABTOWN LIGHTHOUSE FINALLY APPEARED

interest; but the little lighthouse that marks Crabtown did finally appear, and after a few hours' wait outside we ran in in succession to take up our old moorings in the Severn. First Class cruise, to which we had looked forward for so long, was a thing of the past. No more living out of a clothes-bag, no more of that rainbow feeling in the morning after turning out of one of Uncle Sam's palatial swinging bedrooms; yes, and no more of those evening gatherings on the "back porch" of the Olympia or in the old port sponson of the Chicago. First Class cruise was over, but that most joyful period of a midshipman's life, First Class leave, was immediately before us.

Taken all in all, the cruise was a pleasant one, and here are the thanks of the class to the officers who made it so. At times hardships abounded, but one long shore liberty would banish the worst case of "blues." The welcomes we received—the way in which utter strangers made us feel entirely at home, all the way from Norfolk to Bath—will always be cherished in our memories. We caught a glimpse of what our life really is to be, and learned many things which will help us when we shall finally have won the narrow golden stripe that means a successful ending to our labors here.



COALING SHIP



# ATHLETICS





MIDSHIPMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

# WE ARE NBS OF THE BRANDT

## FOOTBALL—YELLOW N

1909		1910		1911	
DEMOTT, M. B.	N**	MEYER, G. R.	N**	CAREY, L. C.	N
JONES, R. E.	N*	REIFSNIDER, L. F.	N*	CLAY, H. S. M.	N
LANGE, E. C.	N*	REINICKE, F. G.	N*	COBB, C. H.	N
LEIGHTON, F. T.	N*	RICHARDSON, W. A.	N*		
NORTHCROFT, P. W.	N**			1912	
SLINGLUFF, F., JR.	N**			DALTON, J. P.	N
WRIGHT, P. T.	N**			SOWELL, I. C.	N

## BASEBALL—WHITE N

1909		1910		1911	
HAMBSCH, P. F.	N*	BATTLE, C. E.	N*	STRICKLAND, S. G.	N
LANGE, E. C.	N*	GILLAM, E. J.	N*	WILSON, E. D.	N*
JONES, R. E.	N*	LANPIER, A. Y.	N*		

## CREW—RED N

1909		1910		1911	
DAVIS, R. H.	N	BAGG, H. A.	N	ZENOR, J. A. L.	N
GUILER, R. P.	N	AINSWORTH, W. L.	N		
LEIGHTON, F. T.	N—oar				
RICHARDSON, W. N.	N				
ROBERTS, W. L.	N—oar				

## TRACK—GREEN N

1909		1910		1911	
NORTHCROFT, P. W.	N	DONELSON, J. F.	N	CAREY, L. C.	N
STEPHENSON, H. W.	N	EDWARDS, W. A.	N		

## FENCING—GRAY N

1909	
BRANDT, E. S. R.	N*

## RIFLE—BROWN N

1909		1909		1910	
BILLINGSLEY, W. D.	N	PORTER, H. H.	N	BRADLEY, F.	N
DAVIS, C. C.	N	SMITH, H. T.	N	MOORMAN, W. E.	N
GUNTHER, E. L.	N	SMITH, W. W.	N		
HAINES, P. B.	N	STEPHENSON, H. W.	N		
MAILLEY, C. C. W.	N	WILLIAMS, R. C.	N		

## GYMNASIUM N. A.

1909		1909		1910		1911	
MCCABE, H. V.		WADDINGTON, H. A.		LAMONT, W. D.		WILSON, E. D.	
TRAIN, H. C.		WILLIAMS, R. C.					

## BASKETBALL—ORANGE

1909		1910		1911		1912	
BUNKLEY, J. W.		WILLS, O. B.		DOUGLAS, H. G.	JACOBS, G. F.	WENZELL, L. P.	
MANOCK, F. D.				HILL, H. W.	WILSON, E. D.		

## LACROSSE—ORANGE LNT

1909		1910		1911	
WESLH, L.		GRAY, A. H.		DOUGLAS, H. G.	HILL, H. W.
		WEBSTER, F. O.		FORD, W. D.	HIBBARD, C. D.
		YOUNG, R. T.			

## Bells

### Four "N" Bell

Navy! Navy! Navy!  
N-N-N-N  
A-A-A-A  
V-V-V-V  
Y-Y-Y-Y  
Navy! Navy! Navy!

### Hooray Bell

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!  
U. S. N. A.  
Navy! Navy! Navy!

### Siren Bell

Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
N - a - v - y!

### Nine Rahs

Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
N - a - v - y!

### Short Bell

Ray-ray-ray!  
Hoo-oo-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah!  
N - a - v - y!

### Automobile Bell

Rah!  
Rah!  
Rah!  
Rah!  
Rah!  
Na - vy Rah! Rah!  
Na - vy Rah! Rah!  
Hoo - Rah! Hoo - Rah!  
Na - vy - Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! - Na - vy!

### Touchdown Bell

Rah! Rah! this way,  
Football we play,  
U. S. N. A. Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Right through we break,  
Touchdowns we make,  
We leave our wake,  
Rah, rah, rah!

# FOOTBALL



1908



FOOTBALL TEAM—1908

# FOOTBALL



NORTHCROFT  
Captain

Of the many branches of athletics engaged in by the midshipmen, there is no one sport in which greater interest is taken than in football. To the success in this game is largely due the reputation and high standing of the Naval Academy among the big colleges of the East. The football season of 1908 has not only upheld the Academy's standing but has added to her reputation. This has been accomplished by a schedule of twelve games—a schedule that, according to a noted football critic, "was the longest and severest of any Eastern college."

As usual, the squad came back a week before the opening of the academic year in order to get into shape for our first game, October 3rd. Thirty-five men returned; of these, ten men were players of the former season. DeMott, one of the star ends of 1907, was prevented from returning because of illness. His absence was a serious loss felt throughout the year, and the development of a new end was one of the problems that faced the coaches.

With the return of the squad came Jack Cates, a coach known to every Navy man for his unquestioned ability in making a team. The staff of coaches, of seven men, was ably headed by Lieutenant Berrien, an officer who at once commands the respect and admiration of every member of the squad. Page, of Yale, was field coach, assisted by McNair, Howard, Douglas and Dague, all football



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FIELD



FOOTBALL SQUAD—1908

stars of former seasons, while Scotty McMasters looked after the training end. Prof. Dashiell, although no longer officially connected with the team, was always ready with valuable help and suggestions.

The season opened October 3rd with the Rutgers game, followed in quick succession by games on the 7th, 10th, and 14th. How promising was the season's outlook may be shown by the 119 points piled up in these four games.

With scarcely three weeks' practice we went up against Lehigh. She was a formidable opponent, but went down in defeat—16 to 0. It was a spectacular game. After ten minutes of play Lehigh punted from their own twenty-five-yard line. Lange received



LIEUT. F. D. BERRIEN  
Head Coach

the kick on the fifty-yard line. Squirming and dodging through the whole team—shaking off three tackles—he ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown! The next score was made by Richardson on a line play. During the second half Lehigh put up a stubborn defense: their ends were better on getting around, their attack was fast and varied, and several times they used the forward pass to advantage. We had pounded their line to within striking distance of their goal, only to be held for downs. Securing the ball again, with now but two minutes left to play, second down, fifteen yards to gain, Northcroft dropped back to the forty-nine-yard line, and with his left toe sent the pigskin over the crossbar! The act brought



THE COACHES



HARVARD GAME

the spectators to their feet. This was the longest field goal kicked at any college during the season.

At this time Harvard was reckoned as the coming team of the East. Already some experts put her at the head of the list. Our team knew the game with her would be a struggle from the referee's whistle until time was called, and every man went into the game full of that determination, born only of Navy spirit, to humble the Crimson colors.

Soon after the kick-off, Dalton made a beautiful sixty-five-yard punt; Harvard returned the kick to Lange, who ran it back for a gain; then by means of a cleverly executed forward pass, Reifsnider, dodging Harvard's backs, carried the ball back of her goal. Northcroft sent the ball between the posts, while from the Navy stand came the most spirited touchdown yell heard on the field this season. The rest of the half was characterized by the long punts of both teams. Harvard had been unable to gain through the Navy's line, and only twice did they make any substantial gains around our ends.

At the beginning of the second half the score stood 6



HITTING THE LINE FOR SEVEN YARDS



HOLDING THE INDIANS

to 0. Defeat loomed up big for the Crimson. A few minutes afterwards Lange signalled Richardson to carry the ball through center; there a trick by which Harvard scored in other games took place, and Nourse, after a quick run, made a touchdown. The score was now a tie, but such a streak of luck only served to put new strength into the Navy. The remainder of the game was a series of slashing



PUSHING IT OVER



A LINE PLAY

game and the one in the game with V. P. I.

Throughout the entire season Captain Northcroft played a brilliant game. His tackling was sure and hard; the opposing teams found him a stone wall, while his place kicks were something remarkable. Lange was undoubtedly the best quarterback seen on the Navy field in late years. Not only was his generalship never at fault, but his phenomenal returns of punts furnished material for the headlines of sporting editors. Wright, Leighton, and Stuart played their positions in such a manner that no holes were found near them. Robertson



FITZHUGH GREEN  
Manager

showed up in the Harvard game, but was prevented by injuries from completing the season. Slingluff as center passed the ball well, and

often broke through and made tackles that called forth cheers from the bleachers. At the first of the season Jones was in at half, but later on he was put at end. With a forward pass he was to be counted on for a long gain. As for Reifsnider, Grafton, Nason, Carey, Dalton, Brand, Clay, Richardson, Elmer, King, Cobb, and Reinicke, they have the privilege of upholding the Navy's honor in the season to come, and we feel confident that Meyer will lead them to victory. To the hustlers cannot be given too much credit. They furnished the means of turning out a crack team, and at the same time made more than one man work to keep his place.

In conclusion, a word must be said of the team's work in general. The men played their best, and their best was remarkably good football.

onslaughts through Harvard's line, and when time was called the ball was within a few yards of her goal.

Our first defeat came with the Indians. Though unable to cross our goal line, Carlisle's quarterback won the game by kicking four goals from placement. 16 to 6 seems a decisive defeat, yet it should be noted that the Indians did not carry the ball across, while the Navy team ran back kicks better, played more consistently, and gained more ground than the Redskins. How well our team profited by the lesson learned from Balenti's kicking may be noted in the four goals from placement kicked in the Villanova



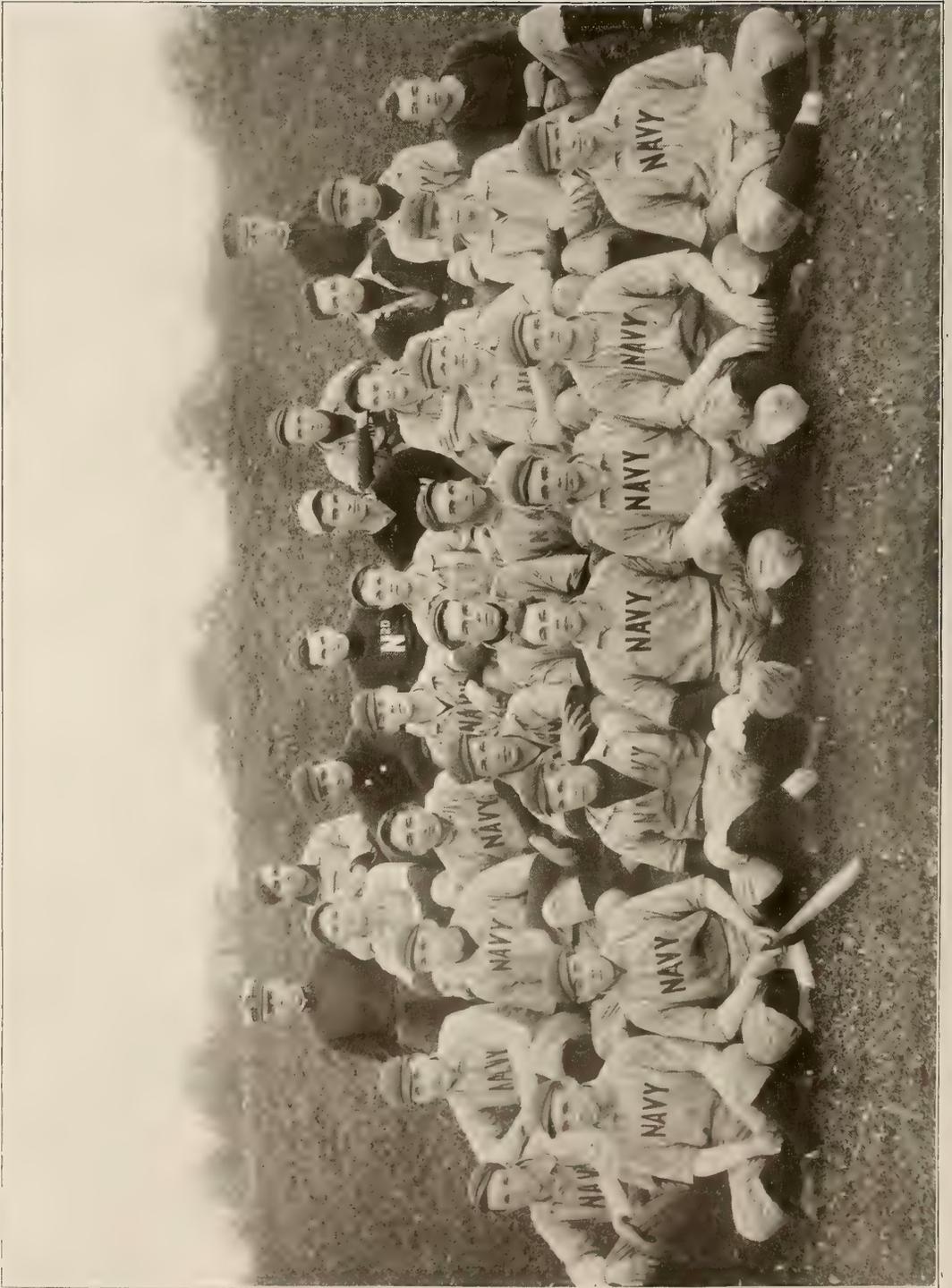
A GOAL FROM PLACEMENT

Although we were defeated in the final all-important game, yet the Brigade has only praise for the season's work as a whole. Up to the West Point game the season may be considered a successful one, of which the team, the coaches and the Brigade may well be proud. Mention must also be made of the spirit shown by the Brigade. At every game they were there to a man, in the team's every play they put their spirit, and whenever the ball happened to be lost on downs or a fumble made, their four N, or the siren yell, showed the team that each and every midshipman was back of them.

## Schedule

	NAVY	OPP.		NAVY	OPP.
Oct. 3—Rutgers College	18	0	Oct. 28—George Washington	17	0
“ 7—St. John's College	22	0	“ 31—Carlisle	6	16
“ 10—Dickinson	22	0	Nov. 7—Villanova	30	6
“ 14—Maryland Agricultural	57	0	“ 14—Penn. State	5	0
“ 17—Lehigh	16	0	“ 21—V. P. I.	15	4
“ 24—Harvard	6	6	“ 28—West Point	4	6





BASEBALL SQUAD—1908

BASE



BALL

# ★ BASE BALL ★

C.E.V.H.



HAMBSCH  
Captain

With the opening of the second term came the well-known call, "All candidates for the baseball squad report for practice in the Armory immediately after drill," and fully a hundred midshipmen, eager to distinguish themselves on the diamond, reported for the first practice. Our old coach, Dave Fultz, who gave us such a splendid team last year, was in command—"nuf ced." At the very beginning our hopes were high for a successful season, and we were not to be disappointed. The reputation gained by the team this year for snappy baseball and the wonderful record established—which, by the way, ranked us the second best collegiate team of the country—will be a spur to future teams.

We had nearly every man of last year's team playing in his old position: "Brainy" Bacon, captain of the nine, on second; Harry Stiles on first, "Pop" Gillam at short, and Phil Hamsch behind the bat, while "Eddie" Lange and "Cracky" Dague were at their old posts in the farm. Ray Jones, of last year's squad, caught in several games behind the bat, and was then shifted to center field for the rest of the season. "Willie" Wilson was the "find" in the new material, and did so well on third at his first try-out that he became a fixture there and played like a veteran throughout the season. In the box were the veteran Douglas, who had been out of the game since his plebe year, owing to a game leg; "Al"

Lanphier, "Venus" Van Auken and "Bolivar" Meade. Several of the newcomers showed up well in the preliminary practice, and kept the old men hustling to hold down their positions the entire season. About the middle of March hard outside practice began on the diamond. Although rain interfered considerably with practice at the start of the season, it did not affect the results of the first ten games.

The opening game was played with Gallaudet, and although the fielding was a little slow, the evidences of a strong nine were easily seen. After victory was practically certain, the whole staff of pitchers was used to give them a try-out. The game ended in a 11-3 victory. Next came a hotly contested game with the St. John's Cadets, resulting in a 7-1 victory for the Blue. Following this we won the Cornell game, 4-3. "Al" did the pitching for the Navy and Goodwillie for the visitors. It was a hard-fought contest, with no let up in the series of brilliant plays and safe hits until the last man, Heilman, the Cornell captain, was fanned



HARRIS  
Manager



NOW AND THEN THE CREW  
SEES A GAME

with two men on bases in the ninth. A remarkable feature of this game was that no errors were recorded for either side. It was a pretty exhibition of clean, snappy baseball.

Maryland Agricultural College took home a 3-2 defeat. Another victory was added to the unbroken chain when Amherst was defeated, 6-5. It was a tie to the ninth, with honors about even on both sides, when "Harry the Slugger" with his big stick planted a neat one into left center, scoring Gillam and winning the game.

Three more well-earned victories followed. St. John's pocketed a 7-5 defeat. Bucknell was barely defeated by a 1-0 score, only three hits being made in the game. Hamsch was the hero in the Lehigh game, with a home run, a triple and a single to his credit. The game ended 10-8. Then followed a series of games with Harvard, to whom the Navy

team had extended the privilege of their diamond for spring training. The first two were practice games, but, nevertheless, good exhibitions of baseball. In the first scheduled game we suffered our first defeat after eight consecutive victories, going down before the Crimson in a 7-0 contest. Hicks, the Harvard twirler, was too much for the Navy batsmen, allowing us but one hit. In the second game, however, we were back in our old form, and won 5-3. "Doug" was on the rubber for us, and was fully equal to the occasion.

The next game, with the University of Pennsylvania, was probably the best of the season. No scores were tallied up to the eighth, though the game abounded in brilliant plays that won the applause of the spectators. Gillam stopped a beauty with one hand in the sixth, recovered and threw Spring out on first; and again, in the eighth, Pautxis, of Pennsylvania, made an equally brilliant stop in time to head off Gillam. In the eighth Wilson's finely executed bunt and Hamsch's and Bacon's good base running brought in the only two runs of the game. The play which won the game was an exhibition of team play in batting and base running seldom equaled in amateur contests.

St. John's was defeated again, 7-0. Our second defeat was at the hands of North Carolina in the next game, the Chapel Hill boys getting away with it, 6-4. Another game with St. John's resulted in their fourth defeat by a score of 5-1. Georgetown captured the next game in a splendid exhibition of baseball, winning 3-1. Seven more games followed in quick succession, all resulting in Navy victories. They were: Dickinson, 8-0; V. P. I., 11-3; Maryland Athletic Club, 4-3;



De Lanco Athletic Club, 10-3, University of West Virginia, 4-0; Maryland Athletic Club, 4-3; and Walbrook, 5-2.

After a series of such victories, was it any wonder that the team was in prime condition for its battle with the Army, determined to make up for the victory snatched from their hands in the ninth inning of the game



the spring before? We regret that rain prevented us crossing bats with Dartmouth, Columbia, Washington and Lee, William and Mary, and A. and M. A more successful season has never been witnessed in the history of the Academy. Out of the twenty-three scheduled games played, including that with the Army, only three were defeats.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the work of Dave Fultz, and it was due principally to his energetic work and untiring efforts that the team was able to make such a splendid record. A better captain than "Brainy" would be hard to find, and the nine was back of him to a man. We wish, also, to express our appreciation of Lieutenant Vernou, who supervised the management of the team. The stick work of Harry Stiles and the pitching of "Al" and "Doug" figured prominently throughout the season. But it is needless to give praise to individual members of the team. Every man played his best, and the work of all was excellent. No team has had more loyal support from the entire brigade.

Let us hope future Navy teams will equal the record of 1908.

### 1908 Scores

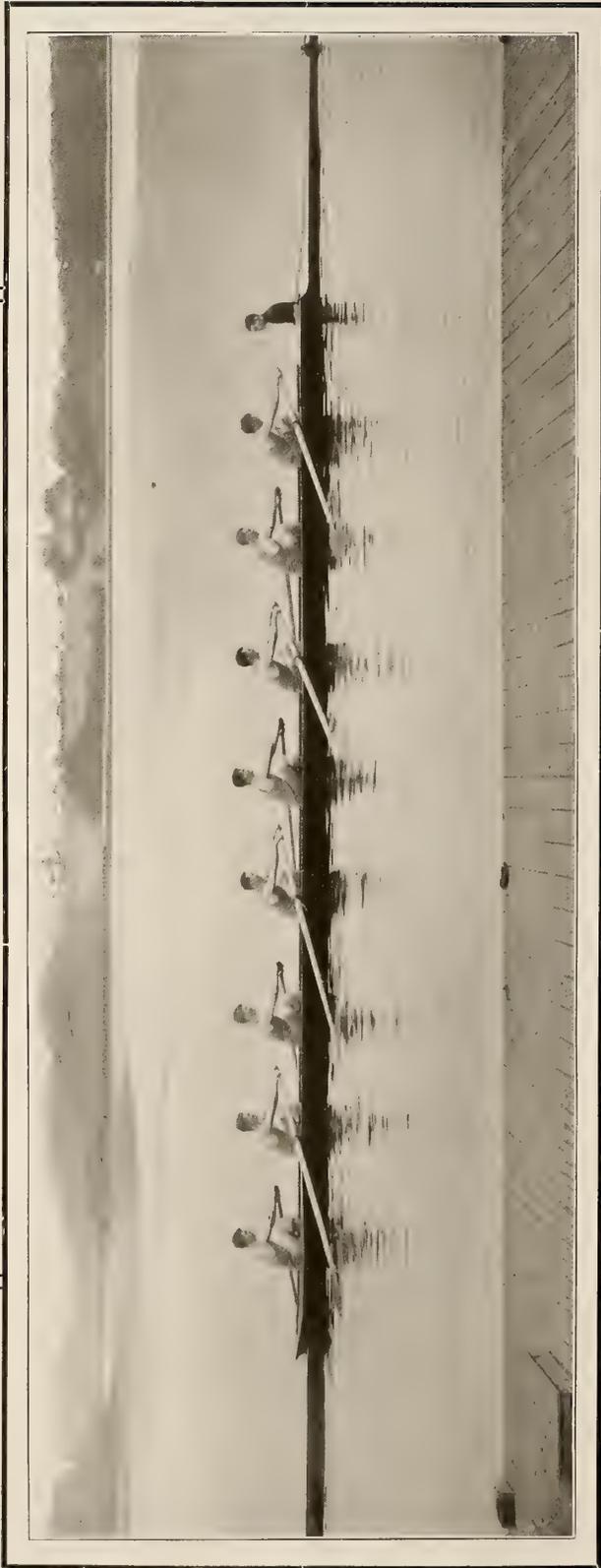
	NAVY	OPP.		NAVY	OPP.
GALLAUDET . . . . .	11	3	UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA . . . . .	4	6
ST. JOHN'S . . . . .	7	1	ST. JOHN'S . . . . .	5	1
CORNELL . . . . .	4	3	GEORGETOWN . . . . .	1	3
MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE . . . . .	3	2	DICKINSON . . . . .	8	0
AMHERST . . . . .	6	5	V. P. I. . . . .	11	3
ST. JOHN'S . . . . .	7	5	MARYLAND ATHLETIC CLUB . . . . .	4	3
BUCKNELL . . . . .	1	0	DE LANCO ATHLETIC CLUB . . . . .	10	3
LEHIGH . . . . .	10	8	UNIVERSITY OF WEST VIRGINIA . . . . .	4	0
HARVARD . . . . .	0	7	MARYLAND ATHLETIC CLUB . . . . .	4	3
HARVARD . . . . .	5	3	WALBROOK . . . . .	5	2
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA . . . . .	2	0	ARMY . . . . .	16	5
ST. JOHN'S . . . . .	7	0			



# CREW



# 1908



THE VARSITY CREW—1908

# THE CREW



LEIGHTON  
Captain

The Crew season of 1908 started off with glowing prospects. At the call for candidates immediately after the semi-anns, all the old men and an unusually large number of new men turned out. An expert rows so easily that the patient toil necessary to attain perfect form is appreciated only by those intimately acquainted with the subject. No matter how excellent the physique of a man, he cannot succeed as an oarsman without learning to properly end and begin his stroke. At the end of the stroke he must get his oar quickly out of the water, feather it by shooting his hands down and out, and at the same time start his seat going forward by a quick jerk on the straps with sufficient momentum to carry it to the opposite end of the slide. He must then gradually check the rush of the seat so that it is still moving slowly forward at the instant the big drive for the next stroke is started. In this way there is no checking of headway by the sudden stopping of eight men, and the shell slides along between strokes. The facilities for indoor work this spring were much better than ever before. In the swimming tank of the new gym a stationary barge, large enough for a whole crew, had been fitted with sliding seats, outriggers and special oars, and,

in addition to this, two complete machines were installed in the gallery. During the six weeks' hard indoor grind, our hopes grew stronger each day. Never had the 'Varsity crew, man for man, looked so promising. It only remained to put the crews on the water, and by ceaseless repetition of the same motions teach the men form—a quality so essential for a winning crew.

But after getting on the water, the fickle goddess of fortune ceased to smile; misfortune interfered. Two of the most promising candidates dropped out on account of injuries and studies. One of the veterans, on account of illness, was kept out of the shell until five days before the first race. Still others found themselves lacking in the tremendous amount of energy required to become a crack oarsman.

Our first race, April 22d, was with Harvard. A week before this their squad came down to practice on



"RIGHT AFTER 'EM, FELLOWS! HERE'S THE LITTLE HOUSE!"



THE START—HARVARD RACE

the Severn, and a huskier bunch of men one would go far to find. The weather preceding this was bad. It was impossible to put the finishing touches on our crew. However, on the day of the race, when our crew rowed up to the starting line, they were in magnificent form.

On account of a high wind, the crews pulled up the river. From start to finish the race was a battle royal. First the Navy shell would forge ahead, then the Harvard shell



THE SECOND CREW

would take the lead. At the beginning of the last half-mile Harvard was leading by a length, but at the quarter-mile the Navy had cut it down to a half-length. At this instant both coxswains called for the last spurt. The Navy was seen to be gaining, and pandemonium broke loose among the spectators. But the finishing line was too close—the Navy's spurt was late; Harvard won by a quarter-length.

Columbia, May 9th, was our next race. We began to make strenuous



AT THE MILE—HARVARD RACE



THE FINISH—HARVARD RACE

good, all four crews getting off together. Soon, however, the 'Varsity crews pulled away from the second crews. All down the course Columbia was in the lead. It seemed that

preparations, for Columbia had won from us at Poughkeepsie the year before. Then, too, it was to be a four-cornered race, with both second crews and 'Varsity crews rowing simultaneously. Prior to the race there was a big shake-up in the 'Varsity crew, and then Navy spirit began to show itself. Our second crew—to the last man—were out for a seat in the first shell, while the first crew were pulling like mad to keep their places.

The day of the race was again cold and windy, but along toward evening all four shells were towed to the starting line. The start was



THE PLEBE CREW

the race was to be a repetition of April 22d. But the spectators knew not of the grim determination and nerve in the Navy shell. Columbia began to spurt at the last half-mile; Captain Rockwell then put up the Navy stroke. At the quarter Columbia still led. Here "Red" called for the last spurt—and not in vain did he call. "Skinny" ran the stroke up to forty, and with each man pulling like a demon our shell quickly shot ahead by a good quarter-length.

Scarcely had the cheers aroused by this sensational finish subsided, when attention was directed to the second crews. Here, again, Navy grit decided the day, for our second crew



"CEASELESS REPETITIONS OF THE SAME MOTIONS"



RICHARD GLENDON  
Coach

finished a length to the good.

The race with Syracuse came next. They were an unknown quantity, this being our first race with them. Perhaps from our late victory we grew too confident, for we were beaten by two lengths. But it was to a good crew that we lost; a month later Syracuse won the four-mile at Poughkeepsie.

This was the first crew's last race. For the second and plebe crews there were two more weeks of training for races with the Arundel Seniors and Baltimore Polytechnic.



BENSON  
Manager

Both were outclassed by the Navy crews, our second crew finishing ten lengths ahead of the plebes, who finished two lengths ahead of the Arundel Seniors, who were third.

This is the first year we have ever developed a plebe crew. Their showing was excellent and we expect great things from this policy of training for the 'Varsity crew. Our outlook for next year is very promising. We are to have our coach Dick Glendon again; and the first crew has lost but one man, Captain Rockwell, by graduation.





THE CREW SQUAD—1908

## Races and Crews

April 22, 1908

'**Varsity**

HARVARD vs. NAVY

Won by Harvard— $\frac{1}{4}$  length

Bow	DAVIS, R. H.,	'09
2	AINSWORTH,	'10
3	LEIGHTON,	'09
4	BAGG,	'10
5	McKEE,	'08
6	ROCKWELL	'08
7	RICHARDSON, W. N.,	'09
Stroke	KINKAID,	'08
Coxswain	ROBERTS,	'09

Time, 10 m., 37s.

May 9, 1908

'**Varsity**

COLUMBIA vs. NAVY

Won by Navy— $\frac{1}{4}$  length

Bow	DAVIS,	'09
2	AINSWORTH,	'10
3	ZENOR,	'11
4	BAGG,	'10
5	LEIGHTON,	'09
6	GULER,	'09
7	RICHARDSON, W. N.,	'09
Stroke	ROCKWELL	'08
Coxswain	ROBERTS,	'09

Time, 10m., 23s.

May 23, 1908

'**Varsity**

SYRACUSE vs. NAVY

Won by Syracuse—2 lengths

Bow	DAVIS,	'09
2	AINSWORTH,	'10
3	ZENOR,	'11
4	BAGG,	'10
5	LEIGHTON,	'09
6	GULER,	'09
7	RICHARDSON, W. N.,	'09
Stroke	ROCKWELL,	'08
Coxswain	ROBERTS,	'09

Time, 10m., 33s.

May 9, 1908

**SECOND CREW**

COLUMBIA SEC. vs. NAVY SEC.

Won by Navy—2 lengths

Bow	FRIEDEL,	'09
2	CROSBY,	'08
3	BERNHARD,	'09
4	REINICKE,	'10
5	JOHNSTON,	'11
6	KING,	'11
7	MERRING,	'11
Stroke	ELLIOT,	'09
Coxswain	WILLIAMS,	'10

Time, 10m., 31s.

May 30, 1908

**SECOND CREW**

ARUNDEL vs. NAVY SEC.

Won by Navy—10 lengths

Bow	FRIEDEL,	'09
2	CROSBY,	'08
3	BERNHARD,	'09
4	REINICKE,	'10
5	JOHNSON,	'11
6	KING,	'11
7	MERRING,	'11
Stroke	ELLIOT,	'09
Coxswain	PARKER,	'10

Distance, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles

Time, 7m., 30s.

May 30, 1908

**PLEBE CREW**

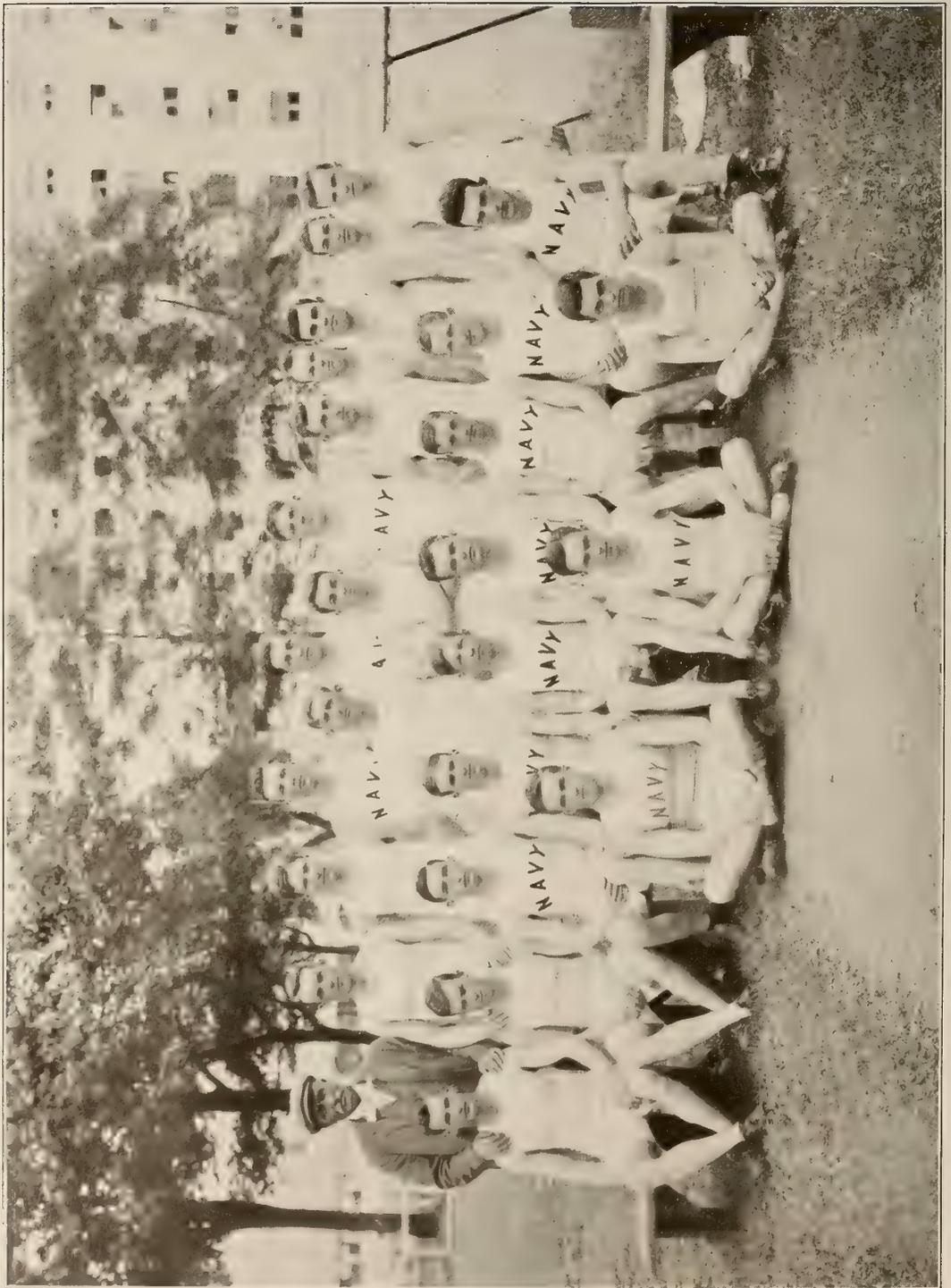
BALTM. POLY. vs. PLEBES

Won by Navy—8 lengths

Bow	BOOTH,	'11
2	WRIGHT,	'11
3	MEIGS,	'11
4	CLAY,	'11
5	LOFTIN,	'11
6	MAGRUDER,	'11
7	BOGUSCH,	'11
Stroke	GRIFFIN,	'11
Coxswain	PERKINS,	'11

Distance, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles

Time, 8m., 0s.



TRACK TEAM—1908

# TRACK

BRAND



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DRAWN BY C P WINTER



ROBERTSON, M. C.  
Captain

Johns Hopkins. They proved easy meat for such old stagers as Rankin, Emmet and Carey, and were defeated by a score of 69 to 27.

Another week and the meet with Columbia was on. We had expected hard work, for the "Morningsiders" have always prided themselves on their track team, and hard work we had, for two records were equalled and four broken in our efforts to wrest the meet from the Blue and White. Carey and Shafroth were hard pushed to win the 100-yard dash and 120-yard hurdles in 9 4-5 and 16 seconds, respectively. Emmet

The season of 1908 was, by far, the most successful of any in this branch of sport. The interest in track work was general, and a large squad turned out in answer to Captain Burg's call. There proved to be good material in the squad, and this was so developed under Scotty's able training that the Navy won handily in all three of its dual meets.

Work was started in the gymnasium in the winter, and by the spring everyone was in good condition. The annual Interclass Meet was held early in the season, and while too one-sided, in favor of 1908, for the issue of the meet to be in doubt at any time, there were many very interesting events, such as the contest between Carey and Strother in the 440, and the two-mile struggle between Rankin and Carmichael. The final scores of the classes were: 1908, 54; 1909, 18; 1910, 24; 1911, 21.

A week later the first dual meet was held with



A CLOSE FINISH



THE HURDLES

won the half-mile by a foot, in the record time of 2 4-5. Carmichael ran a beautiful two-mile, and clipped 10 seconds off the record. Rankin, in the mile, and Donelson, in the broad jump, and Burg, in the low hurdles, also set new standards. For a time it looked dangerous for the Navy, but at the smash of broken records, the clouds cleared away and we won by a score of 78 to 39.

The last meet of the season was against Swarthmore. The Pennsylvanians fought a good losing fight, but at no time was the result in doubt, and the total showed Navy, 68½; Swarthmore, 27½. A notable feature of the event was the shot-putting and hammer-throwing of Krueger, Swarthmore's captain.



SCOTTY McMASTERS  
Coach

Much of the success of the season is due to Mr. McMasters' careful training and painstaking coaching. His work with the team was appreciated by everyone, and we wish to extend him our hearty thanks.

The team was very much depleted by the graduation of 1908, losing such men as Burg, Rankin, Emmet, and LeBourgeois. The prospect at this writing is, however, bright, and we hope the team will not lower the standard set by that of last year, but will even raise it higher.

### Records.

EVENTS	ACADEMY RECORD	HOLDER	INTERCOLLEGIATE RECORD
100-Yard Dash	9¼ seconds	CAREY, '11	9¼ seconds
220-Yard Dash	22 seconds	CAREY, '11	21½ seconds
440-Yard Dash	50¼ seconds	PURNELL, '08	48¼ seconds
Half-Mile Run	2 min. ¼ sec	EMMET, '08	1 min. 56 sec.
Mile Run	4 min. 30¾ sec	RANKIN, '08	4 min. 20¾ sec.
Two-Mile Run	10 min. 8¾ sec	CARMICHAEL, '08	9 min. 34¼ sec.
120-Yard Hurdles, 16 seconds	{ DECKER, '06... } { SHAFROTH, '08 }		15½ seconds
220-Yard Hurdles, 26¾ seconds	BURG, '08		23¾ seconds
Broad Jump	21 feet 8¾ inches	DONELSON, '10	24 ft. 4½ inches
High Jump	5 feet 11 inches	LAUMAN, '07	6 ft. 3¼ inches
Pole-Vault	10 feet 9 inches	STEPHENSON, '09	12 ft. 2 inches
Hammer-Throw	121 feet 3 inches	LEBOURGEOIS, '08	164 ft. 10 inches
Shot-Put	40 feet 2¼ inches	McCONNELL, '07	46 ft. 5½ inches



CHAPLINE  
Manager





FENCING SQUAD—1909

# Fencing



Season of 1909

# FENCING



BRANDT  
Captain

Fencing has become more popular at the Academy each year since the Navy joined the Intercollegiate Fencing Association. Navy has won the championship three times, in 1901-1905-1907, and the team, although composed of two new men and one veteran, seemed to stand a good chance against the Army's veteran trio which won the championship last year.

At the beginning of the season about eighty candidates came out, but as this squad was too large for the corps of instructors, it was reduced from time to time until it numbered about thirty at the end of the season. The same problem of insufficient number of instructors will come up each year and limit the number of Midshipmen who are able to take lessons in this most absorbing and active sport.

After hard work from October up to February, we opened the season with meets with Pennsylvania and Yale, both of which we lost, due to inexperience of the Navy men. We next defeated Columbia and Cornell, but were again defeated by a strong trio from the Baltimore Fencing Club. The Baltimore fencers came down on several occasions for informal fencing and helped considerably in rounding the squad into shape. A very interesting exhibition meet was held with the New York Turn Verein, in which the use of the foil, sabre, duelling

swords and canes were shown in exciting bouts. Another exhibition meet was held with the Philadelphia Fencers Club at the end of the local season.

The anti-climax of the season, however, was the Triangular Meet, in which Navy easily showed her superiority by winning 16 out of 18 bouts, Pennsylvania winning 8 and losing 10, and Princeton winning 3 and losing 15.

After the Intercollegiate Meet at New York, a tournament is held among the Midshipmen and medals given for the four weapons. In 1908 Burdick, '08, won the foils and a gold medal; Knauss, '08, second place and a silver medal; Borchardt, '09, third place and a bronze medal. The duelling swords were won by Smith, '08, who received a silver medal. Brandt, '09, won silver medal for first place in the sabres and canes.

In reviewing the 1909 season to date, we can regard it as successful, not a little of which success we lay to the competition among the squad for the two places on the team, and to the training table, which made the squad do their best at all times. We wish to particularly thank Lieutenant Johnson for his interest and aid in making the season a success, and Professor Morrison for his invaluable aid in giving up his time to afford us experience against left-handed fencers.



KIRK  
Manager

The Fencing Committee, composed of six officers on duty at the Naval Academy, helped to put fencing on a much firmer basis than it has heretofore enjoyed.

Although they were much overworked, we have to thank the instructors for their interest and assistance, and especially Sword-master A. J. Corbesier, whose invaluable experience will always help the Navy teams.

On Thursday, March 26, the team left for New York in charge of Lieutenant A. W. Johnson, to meet the five other teams taking part in the semi-finals and finals of the Intercollegiate Meet. The results of the meet were not entirely unexpected considering the respective records of the Army and Navy teams, which easily out-fenced the other collegiate teams. Army won first place with 29 bouts, Navy second with 21 bouts, Yale third with 17 bouts, and Massachusetts Tech. fourth, with 9 bouts. The Army was clearly the best team, their fighting ability overbalancing the Navy's slight superiority of form.

The team squad was composed of the following, all of whom, except the manager, fenced in at least one meet:

BRANDT, '09, *Captain*

KIRK, '09, *Manager*

BORCHARDT, '09

FOX, '09

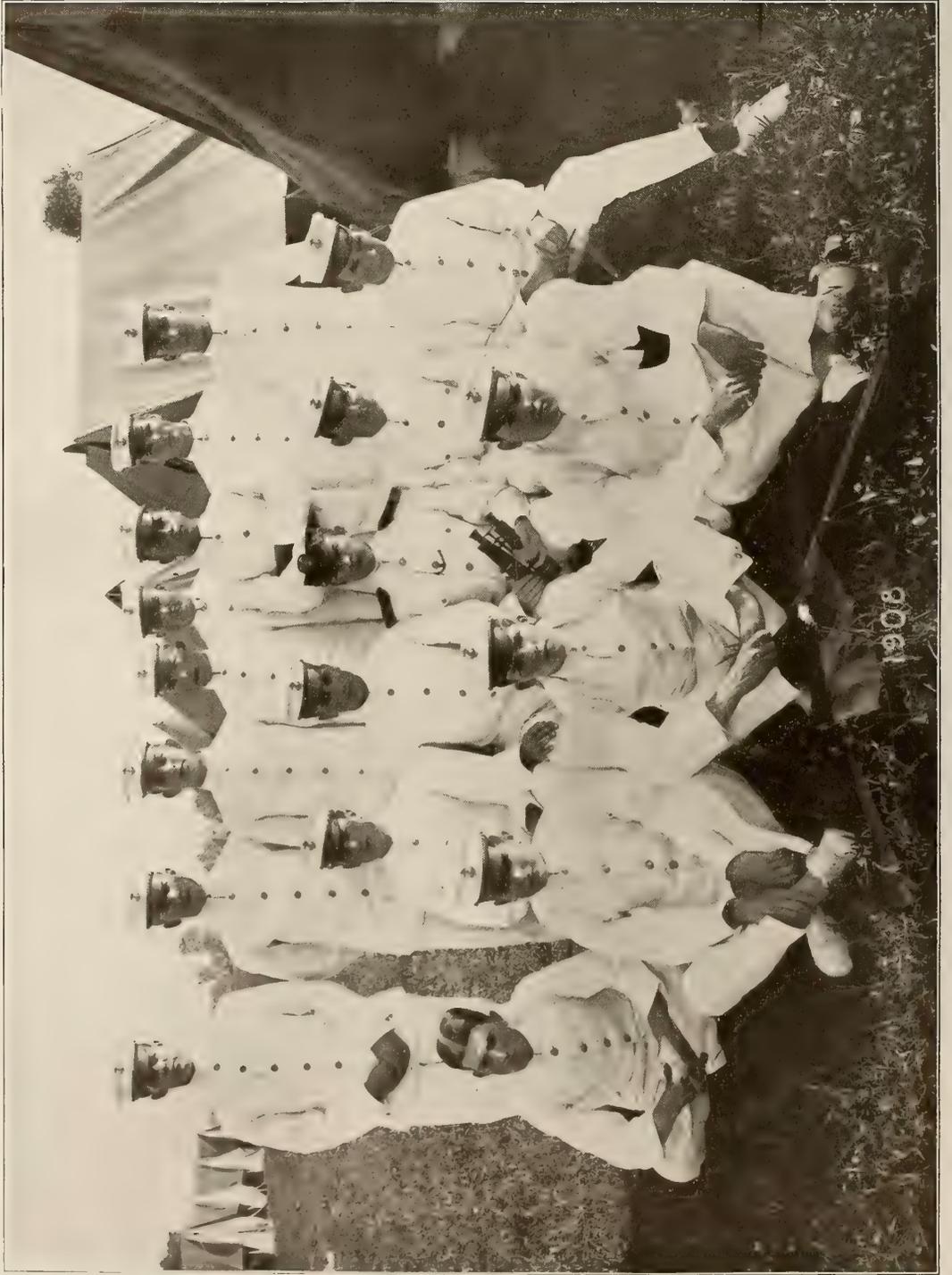
MERRILL, '10

BRADFORD, '09

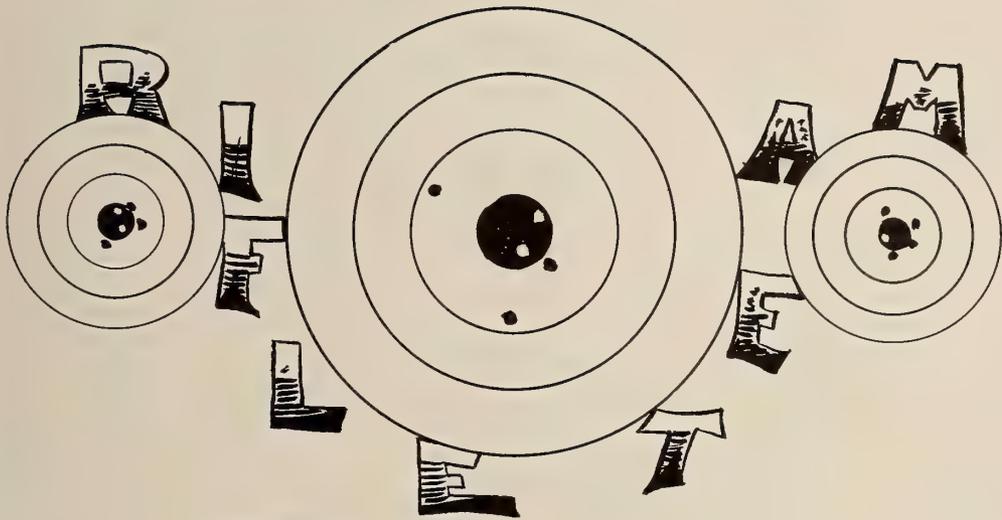
LOTHROP, '09

LARIMER, '11





RIFLE TEAM—1908



# RIFLE TEAM

CANINE

Rifle team shooting first took a well-recognized place in Academy sports in the spring and summer of 1907. That year the team won its three matches with National Guard teams, and later in the summer took a winning place in the National Match at Camp Perry, besides winning three of the best individual prizes, viz.: The National Individual Match, the National Pistol Match, and the Individual Military Championship of the United States. This may well be considered an enviable record, especially when comparing the age



THE RANGE HOUSE

and experience of the team with that of the other contestants. Little had been expected of the Midshipmen on account of their youth and inexperience, but this attitude was entirely changed after the match, and the "school boys" henceforth were always counted on.

About March 1st, Captain James called for candidates for the team for 1908. Over ninety men responded and indoor practice was immediately started in the gallery, under the supervision of coach Lt. A. P. Fairfield. The prospects were bright for the spring team, as



THE FOUR "FRIFFS," 1907

all the members who had been to Camp Perry the year before were on hand. As soon as the weather permitted, the practice was transferred to the Academy range across the Severn. Here the firing was carried on at 200 yards, slow and rapid fire; 300 yards, slow and rapid fire, and 600 yards, slow fire. Scores gradually improved so that the team was able to beat the officers of the Maryland National Guard, on May 2d, by a comfortable margin. A week later the team from the National Guard of



STEPHENSON  
Captain



ON THE ACADEMY RANGE

DAVIS, '09  
GUNTHER, '09

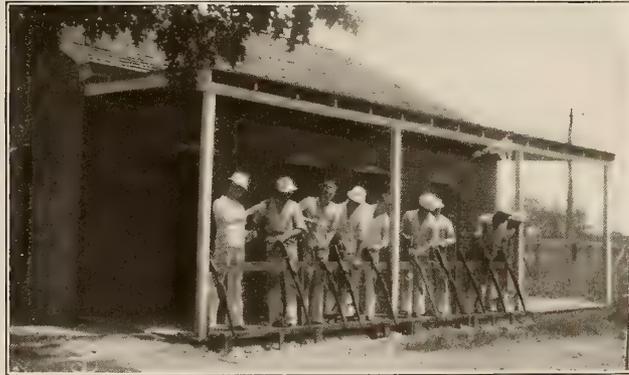
MAILLEY, '09  
PORTER, '09

the District of Columbia was also defeated. In the next match, with the National Guardsmen of the 71st New York, the Midshipmen lost by only a few points, at the same time losing the Wells trophy, which is competed for annually by the Midshipmen and the 71st New York. The men who shot in the spring matches were:

WILSON, '08  
HEIBERG, '08  
DENNY, '08

LEE, '08  
BRANDT, '08  
STARK, '08  
SMITH, '09  
BRADLEY, '10

Through the kindness of Colonel Gaither, of the Maryland National Guard, a post-season match was arranged for May 23d on the Maryland State range near Baltimore. This match was of special interest, since the '08 members of the team did not shoot, and only men who were eligible for the Camp Perry team participated. Whether or not a team would be sent to Camp Perry depended largely upon the result of this match. The team won by a good margin and returned to the Academy well satisfied with the match, and very grateful to the Guardsmen for their hospitality.

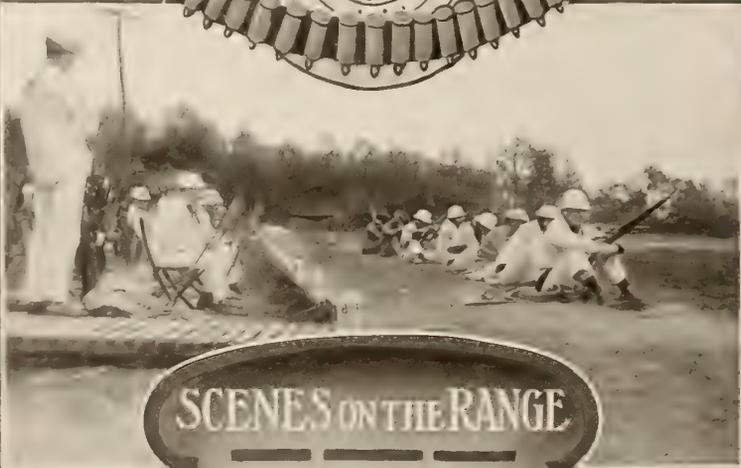


THIRTY MINUTES

The second shooting season began July 6th, when seventeen Midshipmen were ordered from the practice squadron, at New London, to report to Lieut. Fairfield for duty in connection with the Naval Academy rifle team. Practice at the Academy range was at once started, customary July weather prevailing. As a rule the National Match course was shot through every day, consisting of a skirmish run, 200 yards, slow and rapid fire; 600, 800 and 1000 yards, slow fire. This was the first time of the year that the long ranges, 800 and 1000 yards, had been fired; in fact, over half of the members of the squad had never fired them before. After three weeks on the Academy range the squad left for Camp Perry. There they were



PACKED FOR CAMP PERRY



SCENES ON THE RANGE

quartered in tents, in true Army style. Meals were taken at the clubhouse of the Ohio State Rifle Association, where many pleasant evenings were spent in music and dancing. Practice went on steadily for two weeks when the small matches started. The Midshipmen were entered in these matches merely for practice, and although several prizes were won, no special effort was made for that purpose. The last week of August finally came, and with it the big event, the National Match.



IN TRUE ARMY STYLE

Although this was the second year at Camp Perry for the Midshipmen's team, yet less than half of its members had taken part the year before,

and there was, consequently, considerable danger of "buck fever." Two hundred yards was the first stage of the match, and after shooting, slow and rapid fire, at this range, the team was posted in sixteenth place. At 600 yards and 800 yards a few points were gained, but still a winning place had not been reached. There was one chance left, and that was the skirmish. Many matches have been won or lost at this stage, and here was the opportunity. The team coolly resolved to take advantage of it, and did. With



Lieut. Fairfield's accurate "dope" and a grim determination to "make good," the team came out of the smoke in sixth, a winning place. In the 1000-yard stage which followed

came one of the most exciting contests in shooting annals. The principals were the Midshipmen and the Massachusetts National Guard. With a point or two lead, now for Massachusetts, now for the Midshipmen, the struggle was carried on for over two hours, until the entire team had shot—pair by pair. At the finish the Midshipmen stood in seventh place, having lost sixth—the last winning place—by one point out of over three thousand. There were fifty-one teams entered in the match.



PRACTICE AT CAMP PERRY





The individual matches were held on completion of the National Team match. In the National Individual match, a course similar to the National Team match, W. W. Smith, '09, took sixth place and a gold medal, and Bradley, '10, won a medal with thirty-fifth place.

For shooting on the team in the National match the Brown N was awarded to:

DAVIS, C. C., '09	SMITH, H. T., '09	WILLIAMS, '09
MAILLEY, '09	GUNTHER, '09	BILLINGSLEY, '09
SMITH, W. W., '09	PORTER, H. H., '09	BRADLEY, '10
STEPHENSON, '09	HAINES, '09	MOORMAN, '10

A pleasant feature of the trip to Camp Perry was the leave granted from after practice on Saturday mornings until Sunday night. In this way the members of the squad were able to visit the nearby summer resorts, and also take advantage of several week-end house parties.

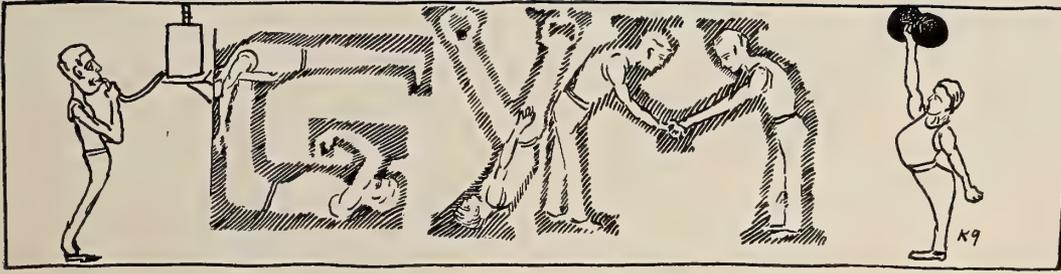
After the first week in camp twelve members of the squad,

with Lieut. Fairfield and some of the officers from the Navy and Marine Corps teams, went down to Fremont for the week-end and dance—at the invitation of Colonel W. C. Hayes. After a delightful trolley ride the charming little town of Fremont was reached, where Colonel Hayes was on hand with a number of cars. The speedy ride through Fremont's shady streets soon ended at Spiegel Grove, the old home of President Hayes. Here Professor and Mrs. Smith welcomed the new arrivals, who, as soon as "Red" drove up with the baggage, retired to prepare for the fray. Immediately after dinner the other guests began to arrive and introductions were soon over. The fair daughters of Ohio soon charmed even the most timid Midshipmite, and when the music started all were apparently old friends. The evening passed all too quickly with dancing, strolling under the historic old trees, and short dashes around the grounds in the ever-ready cars. All too soon the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home" were heard, and the white uniformed men stood at attention as the National Air was played. "Good nights" were said and a most attractive dance was at an end. After the dance a small class supper was held at the "Cottage," in honor of the Navy and Marine Corps teams. This was as successful, in its way, as the dance; but as the hour grew late a last toast was proposed to our fair charmers, and the guests departed. The next morning was spent in games, drives and walks through the grounds, and, after a most delightful luncheon, a fond farewell was taken of Fremont; not, however, until a last 4 N had been given for Colonel Hayes.





GYMNASIUM TEAM—1909



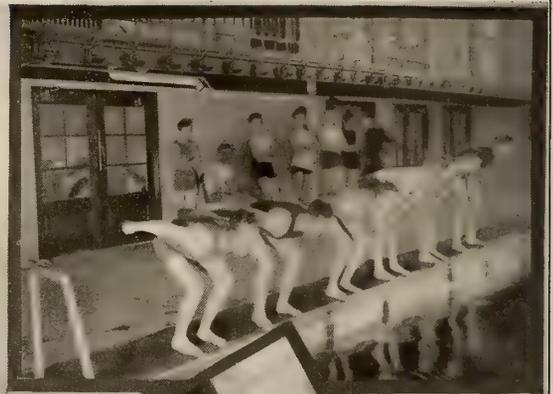
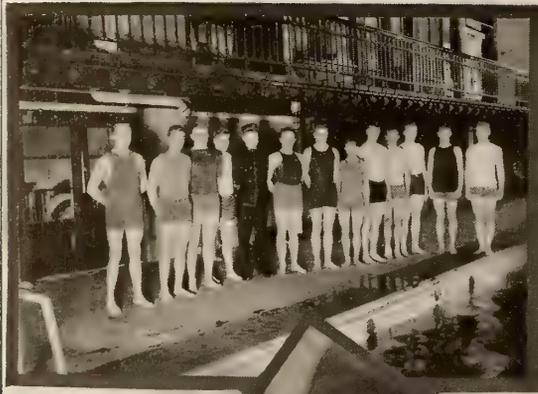
WADDINGTON  
Captain

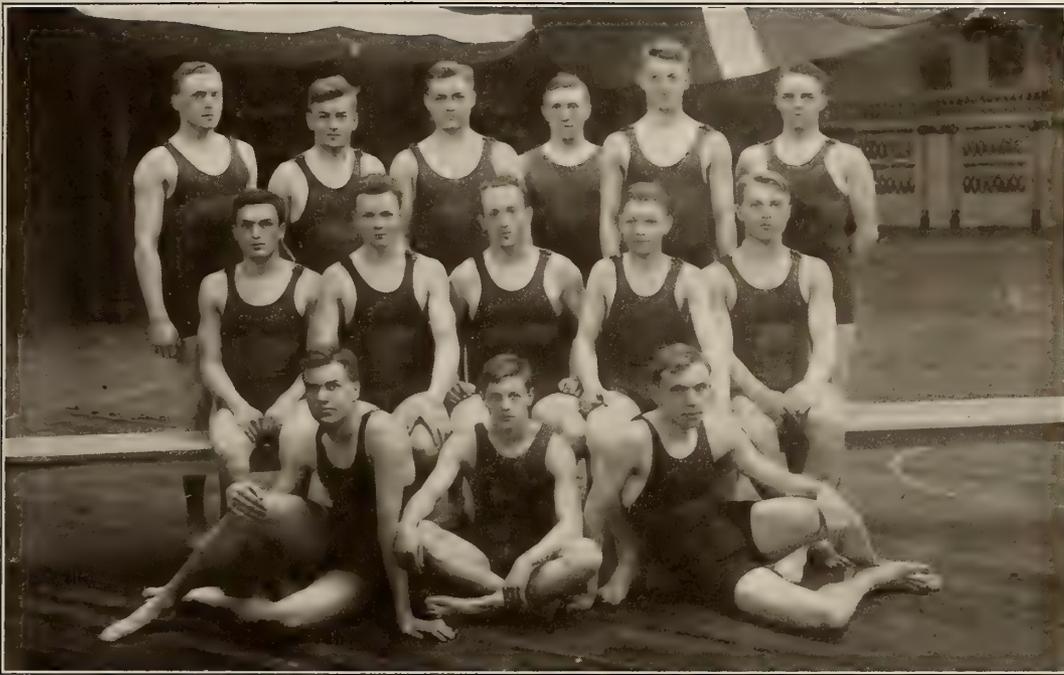
Perhaps no branch of athletics contributes more to the all-around physical development of the midshipmen than gymnasium work. With scarcely an exception, every midshipman of the brigade participates more or less in this form of exercise, and with the impetus given by a modernly equipped gymnasium and spacious swimming pool, the enthusiasm this year has been more than doubled. But while every midshipman can go down to the gym and do a few stunts on the parallel bars or side-horse, few there are who can qualify for the Gym Team. Their work is not "skinning the cat" or "hanging by the toes," but of a much more advanced nature. It is of a character that calls for constant and daily training, developing strength combined with grace and suppleness of movement, until the stunts they do are such that any amateur could well be proud of.

During midwinter of each year the Annual Gymnastic Tournament takes place. There are eight events, viz.: Horizontal Bar, Parallel Bars, Side-Horse, Flying Rings, Tumbling, Wrestling, Boxing and Swimming. The first five are confined solely to members of the Gym Team. The contestants in Swimming are those of the Swimming Squad, but for Wrestling and Boxing every company of the brigade is privileged to enter one man for each weight.

Before the meet, however, preliminary contests are held, until on the night of the finals there are but two contestants in each weight. At the tournament the winners of each of the eight events are awarded medals. Points are also given, which count in the company competition for the brigade flag.

The first gymnastic meet of the season was that with Columbia. Like all meets, it attracted a large and enthusiastic gathering of spectators. While the work of our team that night was creditable, it was not up to its standard in form and finish. Notwithstanding this, the contest was close. Schoonmaker, an intercollegiate champion, was the star performer for Columbia, capturing first on the horizontal bar and parallel bars. On the side-horse the Navy and Columbia tied for first place; on the flying rings Columbia barely won by a half-point out of the seventy-two points given for this event. In tumbling the Navy was far superior, and easily took first. At the close of the meet the score stood Columbia, 26; Navy, 19.



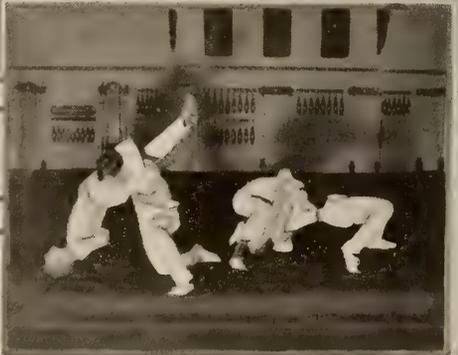
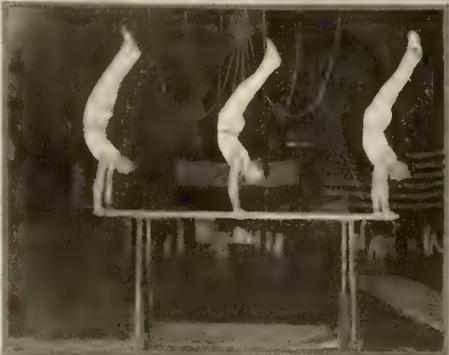


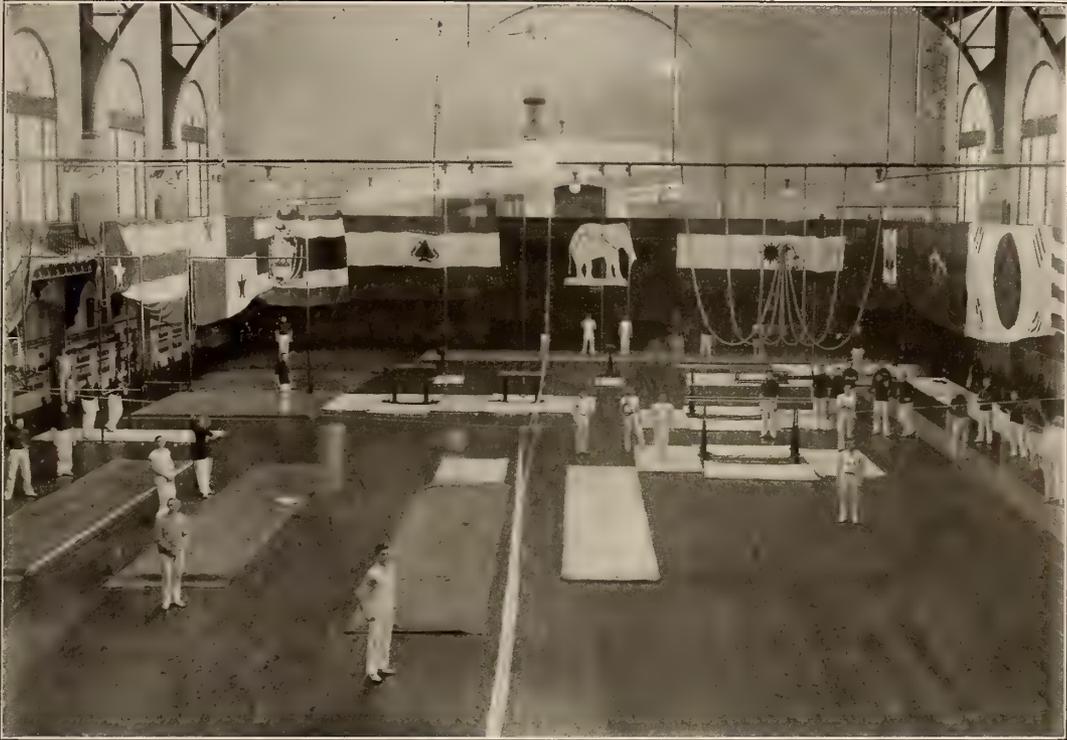
THE SWIMMING TEAM—1909

The next meet was with Pennsylvania. The Navy team, determined to uphold the standard of former years, got down to hard work; while they knew that Pennsylvania had defeated Columbia, they believed if they could do their previous training justice, the meet would be the Navy's. And so it was! On the horizontal bar our team took first place; again, on the flying rings we took first, while on the parallel bars we took first and second. In tumbling, Pennsylvania was the well-deserved winner; first on the side-horse also went to her. The meet, as a whole, was quite the best that has ever been seen in Annapolis, and the Navy team can feel justly proud of the score—Pennsylvania, 20; Navy, 25.

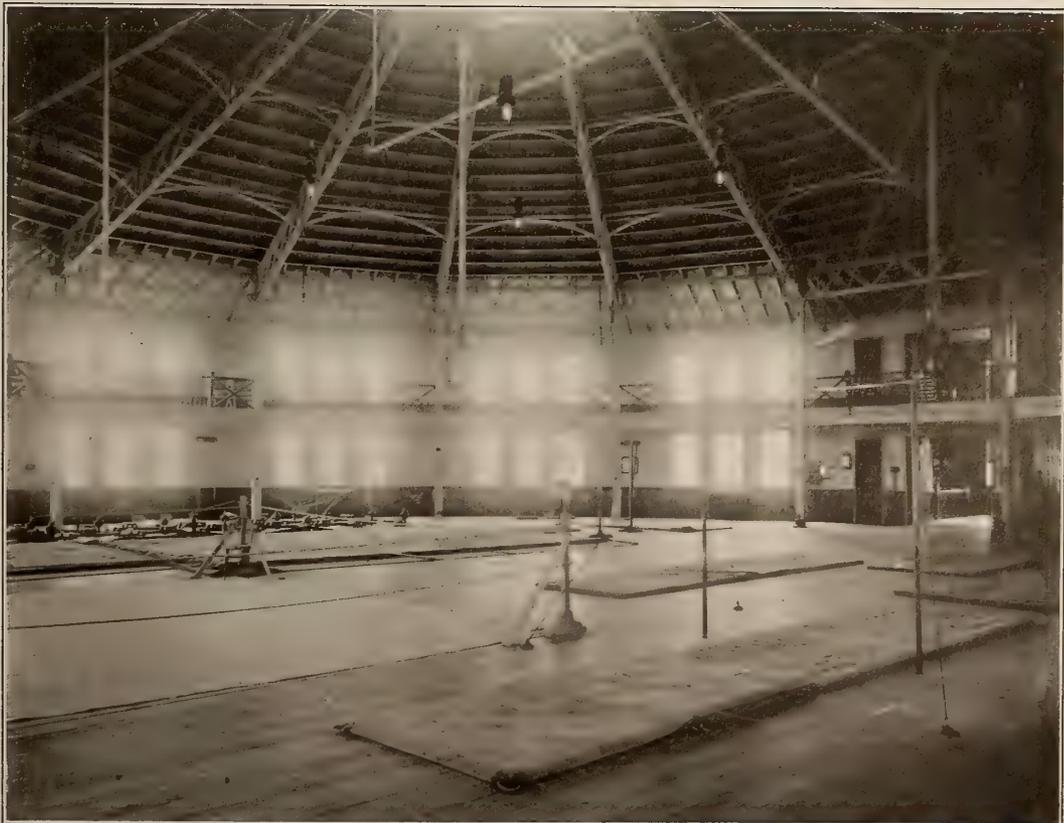
The Swimming Squad, ably headed by Captain James Madison Doyle, Jr., is this year's innovation. As yet they have been unable to secure a meet; their excellent work, though, was shown at the Annual Tournament. Next year great results are expected in this distinctively Navy sport.

The gym instructors, Messrs. Steffen, Lang, and Schultz, produced a Gym Team far superior to those of former years, with the result that the gym season was a decided success. In time to come it is hoped that our team may be allowed to take part in the Intercollegiate Gymnastic Meets, in which, we feel confident, it would make a very creditable showing.





THE NEW GYMNASIUM



THE OLD GYMNASIUM



BASKETBALL TEAM—1908-1909

# BASKET BALL



BUNKLEY  
Captain

The interest and enthusiasm that has been aroused here during the past season demonstrates that basketball has attained a well-deserved popularity, and has fulfilled its object in covering the interim between the football and the baseball seasons. By the able coaching of "Billy" Lush, who had for two years successfully coached Yale's five, a good team was developed which has given us a high standing among the leading colleges.

At the call for candidates over a hundred responded. Practice began early in October, and by the construction of four courts in the Armory ample room was provided for all to get a good try-out. With the liberal support of the Athletic Associations, Manager Friedell arranged a very creditable schedule. Mr. Foster, of the University of Pennsylvania, was secured as referee.

The season opened on December 12th, though not very auspiciously for the Navy. Our first game was with Pennsylvania, the intercollegiate champions of the past season. As some of our best material came from the football men, there had been only two weeks for "Billy" to round up a team. We were defeated by a score of 19 to 43.

The second game, December 19th, was with Georgetown, a strong aggregation who came down with

the expectation of "wiping us out." A surprise awaited them, however, for the spirit of the Brigade had become aroused. The line-up was shifted during the week, Douglas going to center. The game was snappy on both sides. Captain Rice, of Georgetown, was disqualified in the early part of the second half, but was allowed to continue in the game, although Georgetown was in the lead at the time. The Navy soon forged ahead, and at the end of the second half the score stood: Navy 33, Georgetown 32.



WILSON THROWING GOAL



LUSH  
Coach

The team put in some hard practice during the next week for the Princeton quint, who had defeated both Harvard and Yale. This game proved to be another nip-and-tuck contest, the score swaying first from one side, then to the other. Each team scored the same number of field goals. By netting one more goal from the foul line, however, our team secured the winning point.

The game scheduled with Columbia for January 2d was cancelled, owing to a misunderstanding, and a second game with Georgetown was obtained in its place. The game was spirited and doubtful, but ended with Georgetown two points ahead.

The Corcoran Cadets, of Washington, were easily defeated by a score of 62 to 8, followed by another easy victory, on January 16th, over the Baltimore City College, score 38-9. The Baltimore quintet was unable to make any headway against our team, though substitutes were put in against them early in the game.

The third and decisive game was played with Georgetown on January 20th, the visitors winning by a score of 26 to 23. This was the most exciting game of the season. The number of fouls called on both sides was very small, making the game faster than usual. Our team started in with a rush and, early in the first half, looked like winners, having a lead of six points. By some

of the cleverest team-work ever seen here, however, Georgetown rapidly overtook us and by the end of the half had gained a lead of six points. Although our team put up a bitter fight in the second half, they were unable to overcome this lead. The final score was 23 to 26.

During "semi-ann week" the class teams fought for supremacy. Each class played each of the other three classes. Most of the games were close and exciting, the First Class losing to both the Second and Fourth Classes by small margins. The championship game was held between the Second and Fourth Classes, resulting in a tie. Five minutes more of play was agreed upon and the Plebes won by one point—final score, 22 to 21.

Delaware College came down on January 30th, an unknown quantity. We had little trouble in trimming them, running up a score of 48 to 9. The showing made by some of the substitutes was particularly gratifying, giving much promise of a good team next year.

The remainder of the games were all easy victories for the Navy, the play being too one-sided in most of them to even afford interest. The season ended on February 22d, with a victory over Fordham.

The prospects for the coming season are exceedingly good. With the excellent coaching received this year, a team should be quickly rounded into shape next year. Only three games were lost, two of them by small scores. As it was impossible to secure a game with West Point, the past season cannot be called a complete success. Interest in the sport has enormously increased, and all efforts will be made to meet the Army next year. Since there is this possibility, it is hoped that the Brigade will continue to support the game as loyally as they have done in the past.

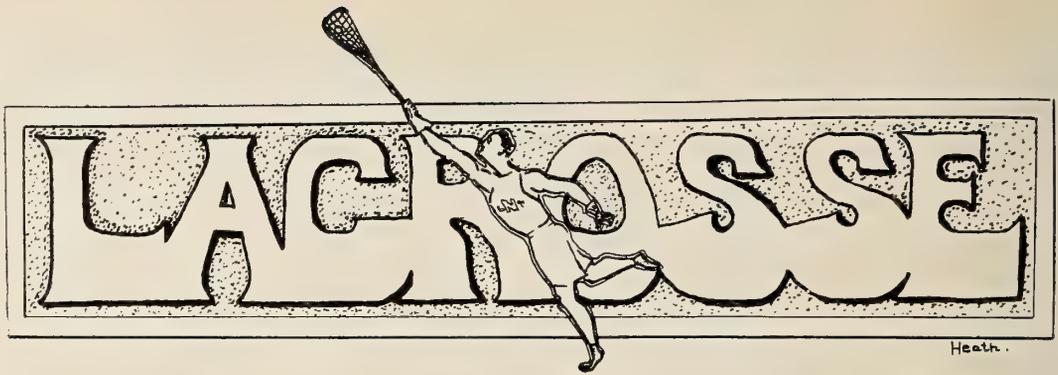


FRIEDELL  
Manager

BASKETBALL SCORES, 1908-1909

	NAVY	OPP.
Saturday, December 12, Pennsylvania.....	19	43
Saturday, December 19, Georgetown.....	33	32
Saturday, December 26, Princeton.....	29	28
Saturday, January 2, Georgetown.....	24	26
Saturday, January 9, Corcoran Cadets.....	62	8
Saturday, January 16, Baltimore City College.....	38	9
Saturday, January 23, Georgetown.....	23	26
Saturday, January 30, Delaware College.....	48	9
Saturday, February 6, Baltimore Medical College.....	36	12
Saturday, February 13, Friends' School.....	42	8
Monday, February 22, Fordham University.....	34	16





# LACROSSE



THE spring of 1908 saw a revival of the game of lacrosse at the Academy. When the call for candidates was made, about thirty responded, among whom were found only five or six who had ever seen the game played. These men started work early in fall, and under the able supervision of Captain Irish and the excellent coaching of Mr. Breyer, of Johns Hopkins, who came down once a week, soon had the stick work under control, so that spring saw a fast squad for the Navy team.

The season was opened on Saturday, April 4th, with a game with Johns Hopkins, the intercollegiate champions for the past three years. The game brought out a large crowd to see the Navy's novice efforts. But a great surprise awaited the people. The Navy put up a splendid game against the veteran team, time and again astonishing the enthusiastic spectators with their snappy plays, but could succeed in scoring only one goal, the final score being 6 to 1 in favor of Hopkins.

On April 23rd the Navy team met the strong Harvard aggregation. The visitors showed a greater knowledge of the game and ability in stick work, but the Middies were equally as fast, keeping the ball in the enemy's territory at least half the time. However, our deficiency in the elements of the stick work enabled Harvard to score a victory. Ford



LACROSSE TEAM—1908



WELSH  
Captain

showed up especially well, scoring our only goal, in the early part of the second half. The game ended with Harvard 7, Navy 1.

Our team now got down to hard work, and closed the first season at the Academy on April 29th with a victory over the Baltimore City College, by a score of 4 to 2. The Navy team jumped into the game with a vim which fairly carried the City College team off their feet, and soon had two goals chalked up to their credit. The first half ended 3-0 in Navy's favor. The City College showed up somewhat stronger in the second half, but could succeed in making only two goals.

Having received a sufficient start last year, under the leadership of Captain Welsh this year it is hoped that lacrosse will become another branch of athletics in which we may bring honor to the old Academy.

SCHEDULE, 1908.

	OPP.	NAVY
April 4—	JOHNS HOPKINS. . .	6 1
April 23—	HARVARD. . . . .	7 1
April 29—	BALTIMORE CITY	
	COLLEGE. . . . .	2 4



ANOTHER BRANCH OF ATHLETICS IN WHICH WE MAY BRING HONOR TO THE ACADEMY



BALTIMORE CITY COLLEGE GAME

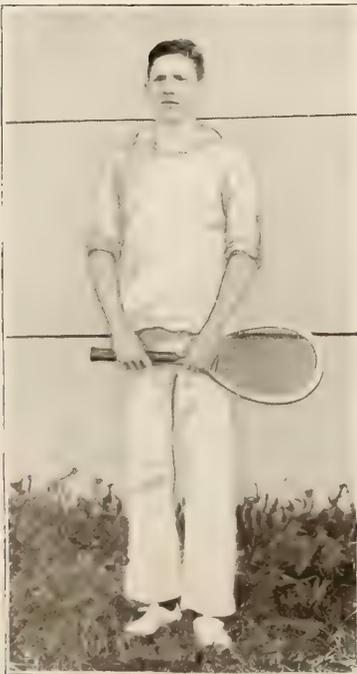
SCHEDULE, 1909.

- April 3—JOHNS HOPKINS
- April 10—MOUNT WASHINGTON
- April 22—HARVARD
- April 24—BALTIMORE CITY COLLEGE



TENNIS SQUAD—1908-1909

THE general revival of tennis throughout the country in the past few years has greatly increased the interest in that sport at the Naval Academy. Three years ago four courts were amply sufficient for the needs of the Academy, but last spring fourteen were not enough. With the greater number of players, more rivalry was felt, and the quality of the tennis began to improve. Numerous entries were made in the annual championship tournaments, and many brilliant matches were played.



WILKINSON  
Captain

The season of 1907-1908 was especially good for tennis. The mild weather of the fall lasted well into the winter, allowing play on the courts as late as January first. Again, the winter broke early, and the courts were in condition by April first. No attempt was made to form a tennis team or to play outside matches, but the annual tournament, with fifty-seven entries in the singles and twenty in the doubles, was soon started. The general run of the matches was very good, and the winners of the tournament—Van Auken in the singles, and Jordan and Wilmer in the doubles—deserve great credit.



# Championship Tournament, 1908



## SINGLES

Second Round	Third Round	Semi-Finals	Finals	Champion
Thornton (9-7, 6-4) Belt (6-8, 7-5, 6-4)	} Belt (3-6, 6-4, 7-5)	} Meyer (6-3, 3-6, 6-3)	} Van Auken (7-5, 3-6, 6-3, 5-7, 6-2)	} Van Auken (6-4, 6-3, 6-1)
Meyer (6-8, 6-3, 6-4) Emmet (6-3, 6-3)				
Fay (6-4, 7-5) Capehart (by default)	} Fay (6-2, 6-4)	} Van Auken (2-6, 6-2, 6-1)		
Van Auken (6-3, 6-1) Underwood (by default)			} Van Auken (6-2, 6-1)	
Keep (6-0, 6-1) Force (by default)	} Keep (4-6, 9-7, 6-2)	} Wilkinson (6-1, 7-9, 6-2)		
Paunack (6-3, 6-4) Wilkinson (6-4, 3-6, 6-4)			} Wilkinson (6-3, 8-6)	
McCauley (6-3, 6-8, 6-4) Sampson (6-1, 5-7, 6-4)	} Sampson (6-3, 6-1)	} Sampson (7-5, 5-7, 6-3)		
Jordan (6-1, 6-2) Borchardt (7-5, 6-4)			} Jordan (6-0, 6-3)	

## DOUBLES

First Round	Second Round	Semi-Finals	Finals	Champions
Van Auken and Emmet (6-2, 6-3) Le Clair and Oldendorf (6-2, 14-12)	} Van Auken and Emmet (6-2, 6-3)	} Van Auken and Emmet (6-2, 6-1)	} Jordan and Wilmer (6-4, 3-6, 7-5, 6-4)	} Jordan and Wilmer (6-2, 6-3, 6-8, 6-0)
Belt and Vanderhoof (8-10, 6-4, 6-3) Thornton and Allewelt (6-3, 7-5)				
Bartlett and Force Tilley and Kelly	} Tilley and Kelly (8-6, 6-2)	} Jordan and Wilmer (6-2, 6-4)		
Kirk and Welsh Jordan and Wilmer			} Jordan and Wilmer (6-2, 6-3)	
Sampson and Meyer Paunack and Wilkinson	} Paunack and Wilkinson (3-6, 8-6, 6-4)	} Paunack and Wilkinson (6-1, 6-1)		
Capehart and Gray Perley and Glennon			} Capehart and Gray (6-4, 6-3)	
Trippe and Fay Bastedo and Stark	} Trippe and Fay (by default)	} Trippe and Fay (6-2, 6-8, 4-6)		
Underwood and Lucas Haines and Butler			} Underwood and Lucas (by default)	



**1909 "N's"**

**YELLOW N**

DEMOTT, M. B.\*\*  
 JONES, R. E.\*\*  
 LANGE, E. C.\*\*  
 LEIGHTON, F. T.\*\*  
 NORTHCROFT, P. W.\*\*  
 SLINGLUFF, F. Jr.\*\*  
 WRIGHT, P. T.\*\*  
 STUART, D. H.

**WHITE N**

HAMBSCH, P. F.\*  
 JONES, R. E.\*  
 LANGE, E. C.\*  
**GREEN N**  
 NORTHCROFT, P. W.  
 STEPHENSON, H. W.

**GRAY N**

BRANDT, E. S. R.\*  
**ORANGE B N B**  
 BUNKLEY, J. W.  
**ORANGE I N T**  
 WELSH, I.

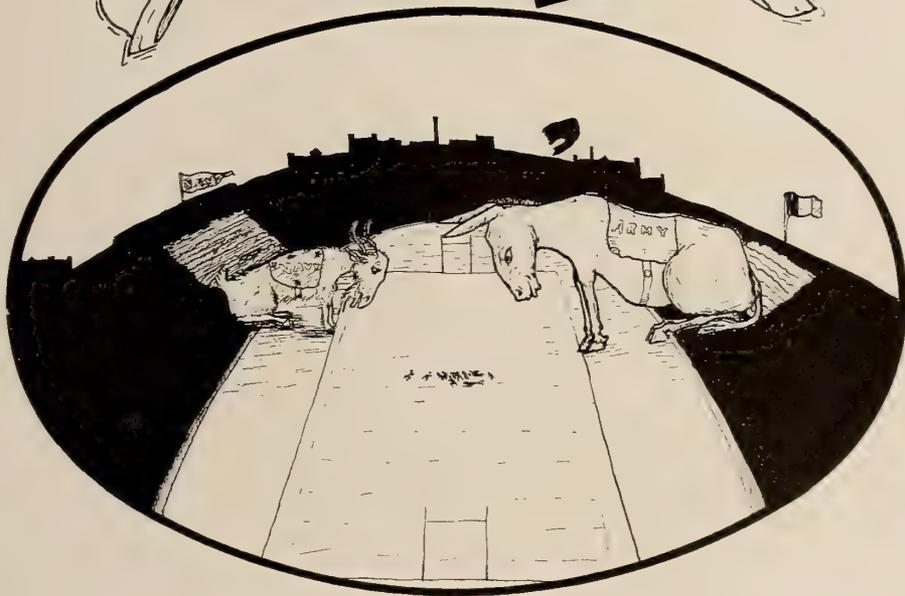
**BROWN N**

BILLINGSLEY, W. D.  
 DAVIS, C. C.  
 GUNTHER, E. L.  
 HAINES, P. B.  
 MAILLEY, C. C. W.  
 PORTER, H. H.  
 SMITH, H. T.  
 SMITH, W. W.

**BROWN N**

STEPHENSON, H. W.  
 WILLIAMS, R. C.  
**RED N**  
 DAVIS, R. H.  
 GULLER, R. P.  
 LEIGHTON, F. T.  
 RICHARDSON, W. N.  
 ROBERTS, W. L.

# THE ARMY AND NAVY GAMES



1908-9

# THE GAME



NORTHCROFT  
Captain—Navy

Another Army game has come and passed; passed, not to be forgotten, to be laid away as an unwelcome memory, such as one would willingly lose or call forth only on compulsion, but passed, to be remembered as an evidence that Fortune is always fickle; that even the highest degree of pluck, determination, ability and Navy spirit cannot always win all the laurels it deserves, nor always reach the final goal toward which it struggles with such steadfastness throughout a hard season. That the almost unbroken successes of the season could not be rounded out by a victory in the final and almost all-important contest is to be regretted. The more is it to be regretted because the fault lay in no inherent weakness in the team, in no deficiency in the coaching and training it received, in no lack of spirit either in the players or in the Brigade, which backed them with unwavering confidence and



PHILOON  
Captain—Army

enthusiasm in the hope of victory and in the knowledge of defeat, but in a contingency over which foresight and morale could have no control.

The Army team deserves all the credit it may receive for its hard-earned victory. It worked just as hard and with as much pluck as our men, and may enjoy the fruits of victory—a bit sweeter to them, perhaps, than they would have been to us, in the knowledge that they were wrested from as good a team as the Navy ever put upon the field.

The Navy team journeyed up to Franklin Field this year strong in the determination to



THE SEND-OFF



MARCHING ON THE FIELD



THE STAND



NAVY STAND



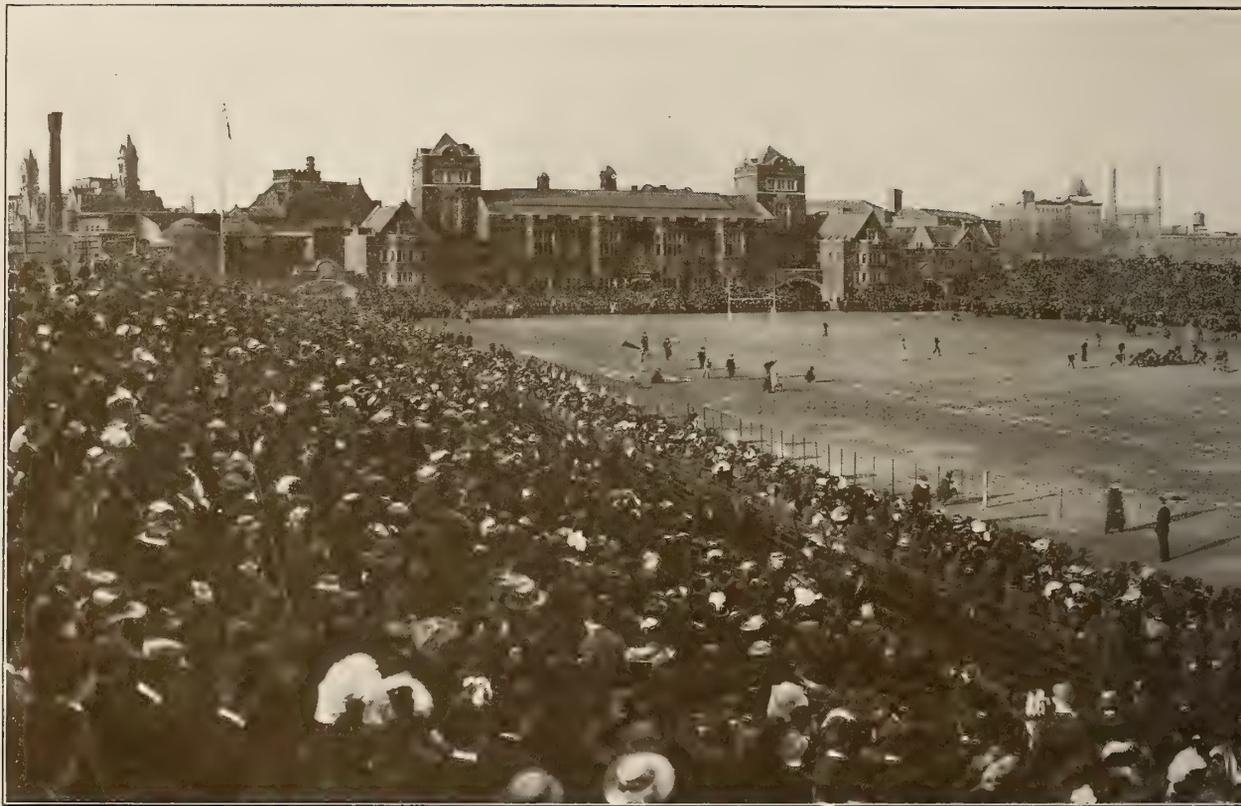
THE CORPS



THE DISTO

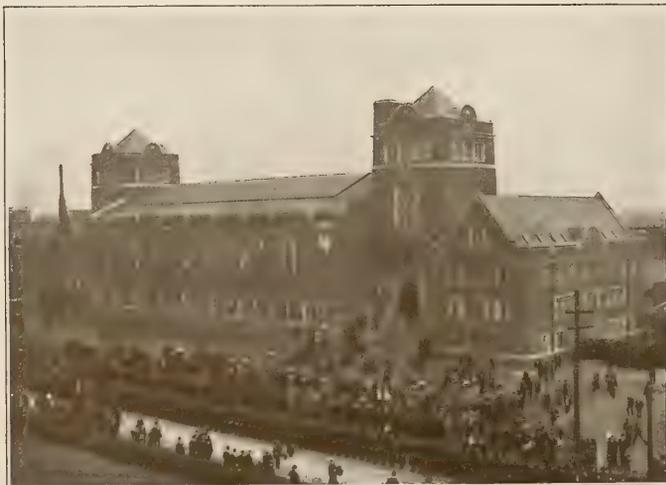
INTERESTED SPECTATORS





THE BA

fight hard to repeat the successes gained in the preceding years—a determination not marred by any feeling of over-confidence. Anyone who was close to the team during the season and in its final trip knows that there was no disposition to underrate the strength of the Army squad. To friends who may, as friends often do, ask for an explanation or extenuation of this year's failure, for such it must be regarded, the answer must be that there is none. The casts of Fortune's dice have many combinations.



BEFORE THE GYMNASIUM

On the streets and in all places where odds were quoted, the Navy ruled the favorite. In the downtown district, overrun as usual with a crowd of followers of the game—partisan and non-partisan—the Navy blue and gold seemed to predominate in the riot of rival colors. Even after the game, when the fakirs' cry, "Get your winning colors!" meant a display of black and gold and gray, the Navy hues—save



OUND

the mark!—were as strong as ever.

At Franklin Field the hosts were, of course, equally divided in their sympathies. The Navy cheering section was, however, stronger than the one on the opposite side of the field, for the Brigade outnumbers the Corps, and made the most of every advantage. The cadets were within the enclosure first, and were warmly greeted as they marched in splendid style across the field to their section in the South Stand. A no less enthusiastic welcome awaited the blue column of midshipmen a few minutes later when it came through the opposite gate and closed in mass before its stands to break ranks in a mad dash for seats. There was scarcely time for an exchange of compliments before the Navy squad, led by Captain Northcroft, trotted out on the field. The uproar with which it was greeted was equaled when Philoon and his men appeared a short time later. Both teams spent some minutes in limbering up, while cheer after cheer, in alternate defiance and encouragement, was tossed out from the rival camps. After a few minutes



NAVY ENTERING THE FIELD



1. LEIGHTON  
2. SLINGLUFF

3. JONES  
4. MEYER

5. REIFSNIDER  
6. WRIGHT

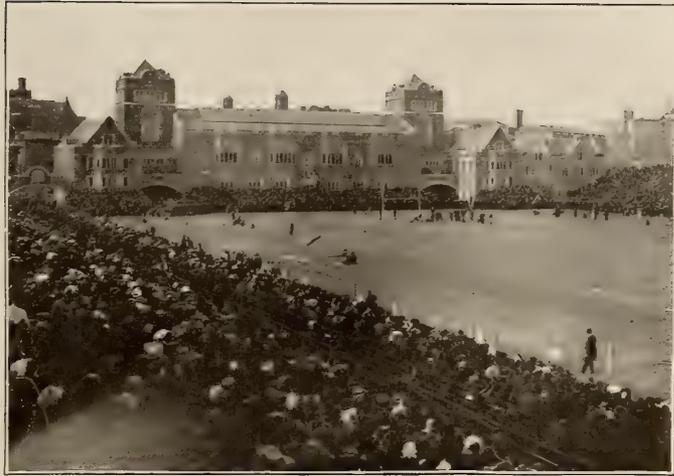
7. LANGE  
8. STEWART

had been passed in running through signals and in kicking, the captains and the little knot of officials gathered for a conference and watched the flip of the coin which should decide the initial advantage.

Northcroft won the toss and chose to receive the kick under the west goal, with a slight wind at his back, which soon almost died down, to spring up more strongly in the second half. After a hasty gathering for final instructions the teams scattered to their stations and the referee's whistle

announced that the battle was on as Dean lifted the ball to Lange on the Navy's fifteen-yard line. Eddie advanced fifteen yards before he was tackled, and immediately called upon Dalton to kick. A long drive to Hyatt was juggled, but the Army recovered the ball on its thirty-yard mark. A smash into the line netted only a short gain, and Greble fell back for a kick. Then followed the play which told the story of the game. Greble booted the ball in a short, high punt toward the side of the field. The ball, veered by the wind, looked as if it were going out of bounds. Lange, playing back, made a desperate effort to get it on the run, but it struck just short of him on the forty-yard mark and, taking an ugly bound, twisted over his head as he jumped for it. Chamberlain, the Army fullback, led in the chase down the field from the line of scrimmage, and the bounding ball fell directly into his arms. He was probably as much surprised as anyone, but he hugged the leather tight and continued in his sprint toward the Navy goal with no one before him. But Lange had recovered his footing and rapidly overhauled him in a stern chase, spilling him by a splendid diving tackle with only three yards yet to go.

Three yards in three downs looked easy, and the cadets in the South Stand shrieked for a touchdown. The midshipmen, not losing nerve for a moment, put heart and soul in a siren yell telling the team to throw back the assault and get the ball. The first desperate plunge yielded only a yard. Another charge, another grinding shock, and the ball was yet a little closer to the final white mark. The Navy players crouched again in an heroic attempt to do what the nature of the game makes almost a physical impossibility, but the third attack saw Dean fall the few remaining inches with the



NAVY SCORES



THE KICKOFF



9. BRAND  
10. REINICKE

11. DALTON  
12. CLAY

13. RICHARDSON  
14. CAREY

15. COBB  
16. SOWELL



ONE OF LANGE'S RUNS

was, as before and ever since, unshaken. Dean added another point to the Army's total by kicking the goal, and the teams lined up again for the kickoff, changing sides.

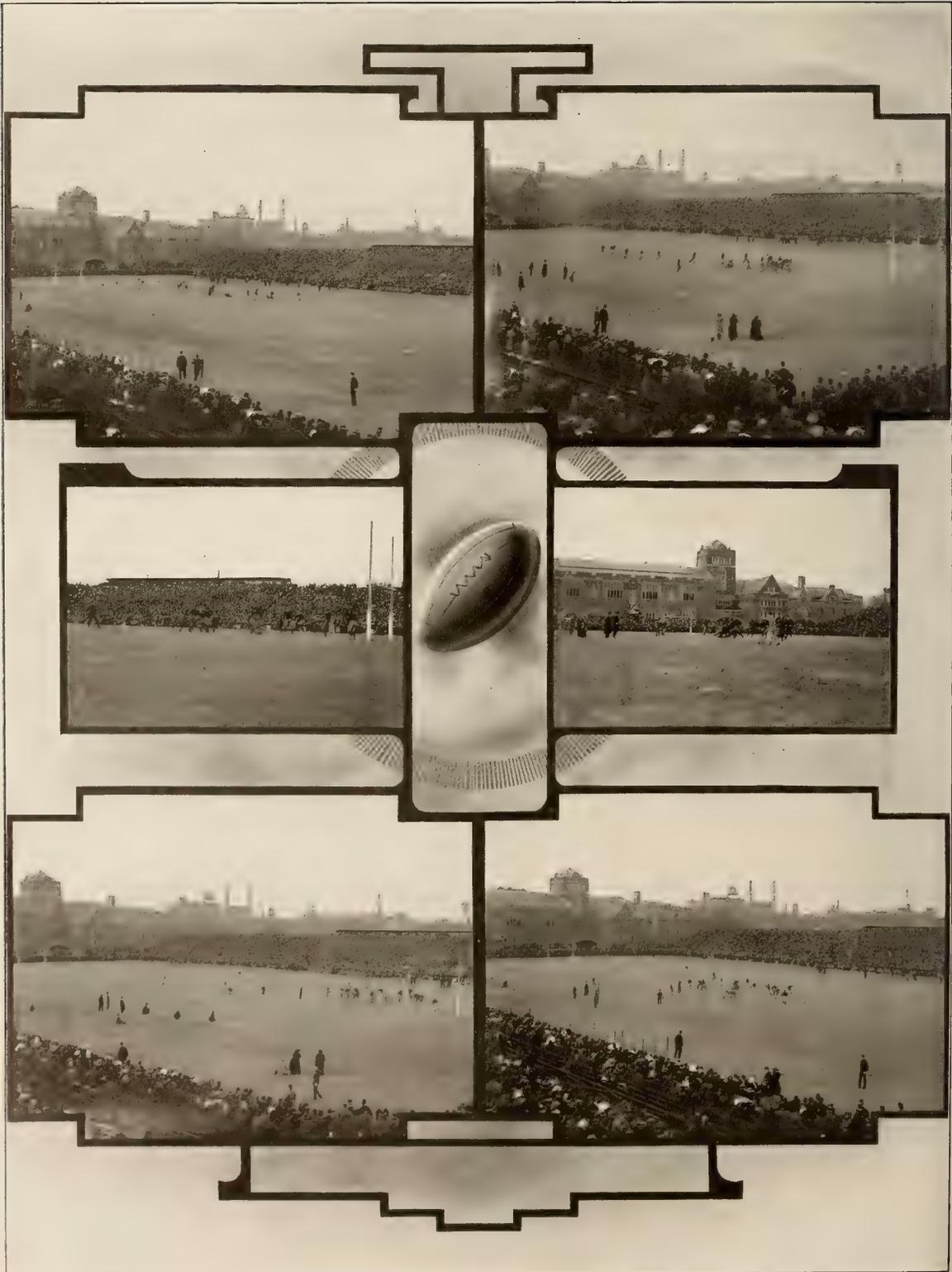
Hyatt caught Northcroft's kick on the Army ten-yard mark and made a short gain before he was downed. Then followed an exchange of punts. Greble on a fake kick started for the Navy's left wing, but Northcroft, breaking through, spilled him for no gain. The Army was penalized for holding, and punted under the shadow of its goal-posts. Lange tried the Army line for a gain and then lifted an onside kick, which Hyatt recovered. Greble punted at once, and Lange, catching the ball near midfield, reeled off one of the best runs of the afternoon, dashing twenty-five yards into Army territory before he tripped and fell. A fumble lost the ball on the twenty-eight-yard line, and another punting duel followed, kicks mixed with fakes resulting in little gain. Finally Hyatt fumbled a punt on his thirty-yard mark and Reifsnider pounced on the ball. After a short gain through the line Lange placed an onside kick on the Army ten-yard mark, where an Army back recovered it. The Army kicked again and an exchange followed. Lange caught Greble's next kick about midfield and, in a beautiful dash, advanced the ball thirty-five yards before he was downed. Then began the attack which saw the only consistent ground-gaining ability displayed by either team and which resulted in the Navy score. The Navy backs were sent into the line and around the ends, with Lange, Richardson and Clay bearing the brunt of the work. They smashed and dodged, gaining on every play down nearly to the Army's goal-posts, where, with four yards to go on the last down, a kick was decided on. Lange fell back to the twenty-yard line and, with a perfect pass, booted a place kick squarely between the bars.

Philon kicked off again for the Army, and the punting duel began anew, neither team making many attempts to gain by rushing tactics. The Navy gained on every exchange until the half ended with the ball in the Army's hands on their thirty-yard mark.

Between the halves the rival cheering sections of the two Academies followed the time-honored custom of exhausting their repertoire of songs and cheers, while the mascots were trotted about the field. The Brigade was full of optimism despite the team's unfortunate start, and hoped for a better break of luck in the second half. They knew that the ability was in the team to outmatch anything the Army had yet shown, and wanted only an opportunity for the offensive play to get well started. Their cheers were given with redoubled vigor and confidence as the teams dashed out from the dressing rooms for the second half.

The wind had been rising steadily and a fresh breeze was now blowing toward the Navy goal. It was our turn to kick off, and Northcroft booted the leather to Hyatt on the Army's twenty-eight yard line. The punt which followed almost immediately was one of a long series, interrupted by an occasional fake or trick play, in which the Navy fought hard to get the ball out of their own territory after the wind and a couple of unfortunate fumbles had put it on the Navy side of the field early in the half. The Army played only to save its lead, and kicked at every opportunity. When the play was finally shifted to the other side

ball in his arms across the line. The Army had scored for the first time in three years. The jubilation for which Army people had waited long broke out in the South Stand. But the Navy sections were nothing daunted. The game was young, and trust in the team



and working gradually toward the Army goal, both teams were nearly spent, and the advance was too slow to yield a score before the whistle blew.

Soon after the opening of the half a couple of long kicks by the Army with the wind, and short Navy returns against it, placed the ball on the Navy thirty-yard line. Here the Army team scattered in a line shift formation and Hyatt shot a forward pass down the field, which was grabbed by the Navy players on their ten-yard mark. Another punt, which the wind carried high and short, and the kicking tactics were resumed. With the ball on the forty-yard line, the Army attempted to gain by rushing and then tried an onside kick. Lange scooped the ball on the run and was off like a flash for a twenty-yard run through the field. On the next play he made twenty-five yards on a fake kick, carrying the ball to mid-field and changing the whole complexion of things. The Navy now forced the fighting, while the Army struggled to preserve its goal. The kicking game was continued, varied by an occasional attempt to gain by rushing or by trick plays. The best gain made during the latter part of the half was on a forward pass from Lange to Jones on the fifty-yard mark. It was at this stage of the game that Northcroft, who had been showing up strongly throughout the game, did most heroic work, getting through nearly every Army play and smashing the runners repeatedly for little or no gain. Jones and Reifsnider, who had been playing a splendid game on sheer nerve in the face of injuries they had before going in, were forced to retire. Substitutions were rapidly made on both sides, but no decided change in the play was apparent on either side. So the game went, with the ball see-sawing back and forth, getting farther and farther into Army territory until Lange's final punt saw it on the Army's six-yard line as time was called.



Just Wait Till Next Year!!!

# THE BASE BALL GAME



BACON  
Captain

It was up to us to do something. Two successive victories for the Army on the baseball field were not joyful to contemplate, and the only way for us to even the score was by administering to our old rivals a stinging defeat. To this end the development of our team was directed, and when the final test came, ability was there, determination was there, and victory followed. The rather inexperienced team of 1907, now become seasoned to some extent and remaining practically intact, with the addition of valuable new material, and with the great coaching of "Dave" Fultz, knew that it had to make good. And the way it did more than make good not only throughout its season, but in the final game—the game—with the Army, no one who followed it needs to be told.



MOUNTFORD  
Captain

The game was set for a later date than usual, and Wednesday of June Week was the day agreed upon. This happy choice not only added an immense attraction to the June Week season but also created an increased interest in the game itself. The day could hardly have been better chosen. Warm, with occasional light breezes, it gave splendid baseball weather. The stands were packed with Army and Navy partisans in banks of gay colors. The brigade, massed as usual in its own stand, broke the variegated display with a solid square of blue, from which came cheer after cheer in an admirably enthusiastic evidence of support and encouragement of the team. The outfield, deeply fringed with onlookers shutting in the playing space, made the setting complete. Sunshine and shadow, in quickly succeeding shifts, changed the colors of the stands from brilliancy to a more subdued gayety and back again, but never to soberness, for was not this a Navy crowd and a Navy day?

It was an eager, expectant crowd that applauded when Umpire Rigler stepped upon the field to announce the batteries, and, throwing out the first ball, called the play; it was a confident, determined Navy team



IT WAS AN EAGER, EXPECTANT CROWD

that trotted out on the field at the word; and it was a tense, loyal brigade that lifted a mighty cheer as Douglas stepped into the box and his teammates spread out behind him.

It was apparent at the first that, bar-



THE GAME WAS NO LONGER IN DOUBT

away right there. Three more came in the fourth, while the Army did not score until the fifth, when one run came across. The Navy annexed three more runs in the sixth and the Army added one in their half of the seventh. Thus matters stood until the final round, when the Navy team, secure in their margin of fourteen runs, eased up, and errors, coupled with a hit and a pass, brought the Army's total up to five.

Douglas deserves much credit for his splendid pitching. He was a trifle wild at times, but his passes were not costly and were well scattered. Stiles batted strongly throughout the game and Lange pulled off some brilliant fielding stunts in the left garden. Hambsch's consistently good backstopping was always a great help. The team, as a whole, hit and ran bases well and also fielded in good style until the ninth inning, when a let-up was apparent.

The Army team, throughout their season, had labored under the same handicap from which we had suffered in the previous years—the early graduation of the first class. But, unlike us, they had had a new class from which to recruit, and, indeed, several of their best players were new men. Hyatt pitched a steady, creditable game and, though he was touched for hits rather freely, did not blow up with poor fielding support. He was not responsible for the Army's overwhelming defeat. It was simply another case of an out-classed team.

#### THE PLAY IN DETAIL.

##### FIRST INNING—ARMY.

Douglas passed Mountford, the first man to face him, but evened up by striking out the two succeeding batters, Meyer and Harrison. With Haverkamp up, Douglas threw to first to catch Mountford, leading off. The Army captain foolishly dashed for second and was thrown out by Stiles. No scores.

##### NAVY.

Bacon, first man up, beat out a hit to Meyer and took second on a passed ball. He was advanced to third on Gillam's bunt, when Meyer muffed Hyatt's throw. Gillam promptly stole second. Wilson's liner went into the hands of Devers, but Bacon scored a moment later when Gonser let another of Hyatt's slants go through, Gillam going to third on the play. Stiles scored Gillam with a hit to left, and was sacrificed to second by Lange's grounder



A LOYAL BRIGADE



THE NAVY BENCH

between third and home, Douglas and Bacon both scoring on Mountford's muff. Gillam had meanwhile reached second, and took third on a passed ball. Wilson drew a pass and stole second on the next ball. Stiles brought in two scores with his two-base hit to left center, going to third on Lange's single to right center, and scoring on Hyatt's wild pitch, on which Lange went to second. Lange romped home on Dague's grounder, which Hyatt failed to handle cleanly, and Dague took second when Meyer let Hyatt's throw go through. Jones sacrificed Dague to third, Hyatt getting the assist. Hamsch laid down a bunt, and Dague got into a cat chase between third and home, with nearly the whole Army infield taking part, and was finally tagged by Harrison. Hamsch reached third in the excitement, but did not score, as Douglas was thrown out at first by Hyatt. Eight scores.

THIRD INNING—ARMY.

Devers took first on a pass, but Mountford's fly was gathered in by Jones. Meyer grounded to Bacon and Devers was forced at second, but Meyer took an extra base when Gillam's low throw to first to complete a double play went into the crowd. Harrison was thrown out at first by Gillam. No scores.

NAVY.

Bacon was out, Mountford to Meyer. Gillam poked a single into short left, but Teague corraled Wilson's high fly to the same territory. Gonser's good throw to second caught Gillam in an attempted steal, retiring the side. No scores.

FOURTH INNING—ARMY.

Haverkamp was hit by a pitched ball, but when Hamsch dropped Anderson's third strike he was taken in by the trick and dashed for second, being nipped by a clean throw. Hyatt struck out. No scores.

NAVY.

Stiles reached second on his fly to left, dropped by Teague. On Gonser's muff of a low pitched ball he advanced to third, scoring when Lange dumped out a short fly. Lange was safe at first on Meyer's error, stole second as Dague struck out, and scored on Jones's hit to left. Jones went to second on the throw to the plate, immediately stole third and came home when Hamsch hit to left. Hyatt, trying

to Meyer. Dague was thrown out at first by Mountford. Two scores.

SECOND INNING—ARMY.

Haverkamp struck out, after fouling five or six of Douglas's offerings, and Anderson was out on a grounder to Stiles. The next two men, Hyatt and Teague, drew passes, but they died when Gonser failed to connect. No scores.

NAVY.

The Navy sewed the game up in this inning, and thenceforward much of its interest was lost, the only question being as to the size of the score. Jones took first on his hit, a hard grounder to Harrison. Hamsch followed with a similar hit to the same place, Jones perching on second. Both scored on Douglas's three-base hit, a hot grounder, which rolled to the crowd in right field. Bacon walked and took second on the next ball pitched. On Gillam's bunt Hyatt and Mountford tried to run Douglas down



"BILL"

to catch Hamsch leading off first, threw low to Meyer and Hamsch landed on second. The Army pitcher, however, whiffed the next two men, Douglas and Bacon. Three scores.

#### FIFTH INNING—ARMY.

This inning saw the Army's first run. Teague made a bad beginning by striking out, but Gonser, with two strikes called, poled a short single to right. Haverkamp was sent in to run for Gonser. Devers drew a pass, but Mountford's fly was taken in by Dague. Meyer skied to short center, and Jones, after a hard run, juggled the ball—his first error of the season—and Haverkamp scored on the play. Harrison struck out. One score.

#### NAVY.

Gillam hit to left. Anderson gathered in Wilson's fly to short center. Stiles's hot liner to left was dropped by Teague and Gillam was advanced to second, where he was caught leading off by Hyatt's quick throw. Lange's out on his grounder to Devers ended the inning. No scores.

#### SIXTH INNING—ARMY.

Haverkamp got a base on balls, but was caught off first when Gillam nabbed Anderson's liner and threw to Stiles to complete the double. Hyatt struck out. No scores.

#### NAVY.

Dague was out when Hyatt caught his pop-up, but Jones singled over second and landed on second base when Mountford's low throw allowed Hamsch to take first on his grounder. Douglas's sacrifice, Mountford to Meyer, advanced Jones and Hamsch, and both scored when Bacon singled to left. Bacon went to second and scored when Anderson lost Gillam's short fly after a hard run. Gillam stole second, but the inning ended when Wilson popped a high one to Harrison. Three scores.

#### SEVENTH INNING—ARMY.

Johnson, going in at left field in place of Teague, struck out. McCoach, who replaced Gonser behind the bat, beat out a bunt along the third-base line. Devers banged a hit to right center, McCoach going to second. Douglas then passed Mountford, filling the bases. McCoach scored on a wild pitch, but when Devers tried to repeat after Lange's catch of Meyer's fly he was nipped at the plate by a beautiful throw. One score.

#### NAVY.

Stiles was out on a grounder to Devers. Meyer took Lange's grass-cutter alone. Battle, going in for Dague, singled sharply to right, stole second and went to third on a passed ball. But the inning ended when Jones flied to Anderson. No scores.

#### EIGHTH INNING—ARMY.

Harrison's foul was nabbed by Stiles at the edge of the crowd. Haverkamp popped a short one over the infield, which Lange got under. Anderson got a base on his grounder over second, but Hyatt struck out. No scores.

#### NAVY.

Hamsch was out on his grounder to Devers. Lanphier, going in for Douglas, was hit by a pitched ball and took his base. Bacon's fly was fielded by Anderson. Gillam beat out his bunt to Meyer, but Wilson's grounder was taken by Hyatt. No scores.

#### NINTH INNING—ARMY.

Jones retired from the game, Purnell taking his place in center, and Lanphier replaced Douglas in the box. Johnson walked and went to third on McCoach's hit to center. McCoach took second, moving up to third when Lanphier let Mountford's pop fly go, Johnson scoring. When Mountford went down to second Hamsch threw to catch him and McCoach scored. Mountford scored when Gillam

let Meyer's grounder through. Battle caught Harrison's fly but threw wide to first to catch Meyer, who went to third. Haverkamp's out on a grounder to Lanphier ended the game. Three scores.

NAVY							ARMY						
	A.B.	H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	H.	R.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bacon, <i>Capt.</i> , 2b. . . . .	5	2	3	1	1	0	Mountford, <i>Capt.</i> , 3b. . . . .	3	1	1	0	2	1
Gillam, s.s. . . . .	6	3	2	4	2	1	Meyer, 1b. . . . .	5	0	0	11	0	3
Wilson, 3b. . . . .	5	0	1	0	0	0	Harrison, 2b. . . . .	5	0	0	4	0	0
Stiles, 1b. . . . .	5	2	2	5	1	0	Haverkamp, r.f. . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	0
Lange, l.f. . . . .	5	1	2	2	1	0	Anderson, R. E., c.f. . . . .	4	1	0	3	0	1
Dague, r.f. . . . .	4	1	0	1	0	0	Hyatt, p. . . . .	3	0	0	1	6	0
Jones, c.f. . . . .	4	3	3	1	0	1	Teague, l.f. . . . .	1	0	0	1	0	2
Hamsch, c. . . . .	5	2	2	12	1	0	Gonser, c. . . . .	2	1	1	3	1	0
Douglas, p. . . . .	3	1	1	0	1	0	Devers, s.s. . . . .	2	1	0	1	3	0
Battle, r.f. . . . .	1	1	0	1	0	0	Johnson, l.f. . . . .	1	0	1	0	0	0
Lanphier, p. . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	0	McCoach, c. . . . .	2	2	2	0	0	0
Purnell, c.f. . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals. . . . .	43	16	16	27	7	2	Totals. . . . .	31	6	5	24	12	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

ARMY . . . . .	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	3
NAVY . . . . .	2	8	0	3	0	3	0	0	X

HITS BY INNINGS.

ARMY . . . . .	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	1	2
NAVY . . . . .	2	6	1	2	1	2	1	1	X

INNINGS PITCHED—Douglas, 8; Lanphier, 1.  
 FIRST BASE ON BALLS—Douglas, 7; Lanphier, 1; Hyatt, 2.  
 STRUCK OUT—Douglas, 11; Hyatt, 3.  
 HIT BY PITCHER—Lanphier, Haverkamp.  
 SACRIFICE HITS—Douglas, Jones.  
 STOLEN BASES—Gillam, 2; Wilson, Lange, Battle, Jones.  
 PASSED BALLS—Gonser, 4.  
 DOUBLE PLAY—Lange to Hamsch.  
 UMPIRE—Mr. Rigler, of the National League.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS



OLD OBSERVATORY



CEMETERY

# Old Yards



TEMPORARY TOMB OF JOHN PAUL JONES

# Scenes



OLD ARMORY



BAND STAND ANNEX C



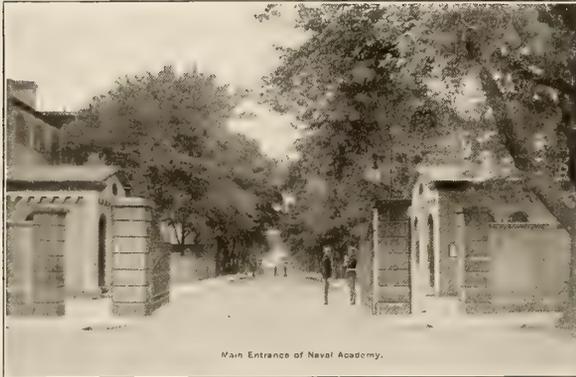
OLD LIBRARY



OLD RESIDENCE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT



“OH, I’m so anxious to see the grounds! I’ve heard such an awful lot about them from the other girls. They all think they are too lovely for anything. How much farther is it? Oh, I believe I see where it is now!—down at that gate at the end of the street. What is that man doing, walking back and forth in front of it with a gun on his shoulder?”



“THAT GATE AT THE END OF THE STREET”

managed this far without that breath is more than I savvy. Why! she had been tearing it off by the yard ever since I had met her at Carvel, an hour before, and I hadn’t managed to get a word in edge-wise. But she lost her bearings when she took that breath, so I cut in and held the breeze for the rest of the afternoon. I ought to have a job on a rubber-neck wagon down here, for when I got her inside the walls I could give her any dope I wanted to.



“Yes, that’s the Main Gate of the U. S. Naval Academy. The only time it looks good is when you’re going out. There are three gates to this place—one for officers, one for ‘mokes,’ and this one for Midshipmen and laborers. Some of us use it every Saturday or oftener; others, less fortunate in keeping off the “pap,” very seldom. The wall surrounds the grounds on the land side. It’s just high enough so that you can’t get over it before a watchman sees you. We used to have a drill teaching us how to take that wall in one jump, but when they found we



GOLDSBOROUGH ROW



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE

"He must get awfully tired, walking up and down there all day."

"When he feels that way about it he slips in one of those little dog-houses at the side of the gate to rest and catch a 'drag.' One of those little houses was originally built for a telephone booth, but it paid the company so well they installed a bigger one over in Bancroft Hall."

"Why did you salute that man with the sword when we passed?"

"To let him know I saw his sword. That's the 'O. D.,' the shadow



SAMPSON ROW

of them don't get over that habit the whole four years they are here."

"Oh, isn't it all simply glorious! I should think you would just love it here."

"What! Crabtown? The Academy may have its beauties, but Crabtown—none."

"Oh! What's that funny looking building?"

could do it without lessons they knocked off the drill. It's worth just 50 d's to 'french.'"

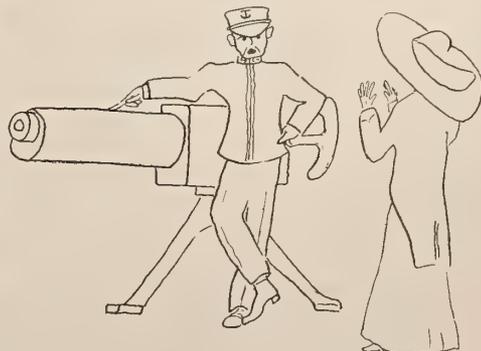
"What on earth are 'd's'?"

"They are little presents handed to you with the compliments of the Discipline Department. If you manage to rake in too many during the year, you see home and mother. The special duty of that chap walking up and down with the gun on his shoulder is to see that no foreign army sneaks in while we are busy and captures the entire place."



THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE

of the all-powerful 'O. C.' See that old, kind-looking man over there with the tin star on his coat? Oh, no, he doesn't own the school! he's just a watchman, and the way he can chase frenching Midshipmen belies those gray whiskers. That white building he is posing against is the Superintendent's office. Midshipmen do their first swearing in the grounds in that building when they take their oath of office, and most



"Which?—the one with the sunflower top? That's the chapel, where we go every Sunday, rain or shine. Yes, it does look a little like a wedding cake or a Huyler's booth, but Midshipmen are not allowed to give candy to young ladies. Most of the windows have been taken, but they are saving the large one on the right for me. You must come down for service to-morrow and listen to the choir tear off a few bars. Oh, yes! I'm in the choir. Oh, no! I don't sing, but they have to



THE ARMORY



THAT GUN-SHED

day—but not with your 'Uncle Dudley.'"

"How horrid of you! As if I were hinting at such a possibility!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that remark that way! But I'll never be an admiral, you know. That row of white brick houses down there is called Sampson Row—the officers' quarters. It's not like the other row. All the officers living down there are old enough to know better. Those guns you see lined up on the grass on each side of the walk are old war relics captured from the Spaniards for the sole purpose of decorating the grounds. They are painted green to make visitors think they grew there. This big, long building is the Armory. All our hops used to be held here, but the fact that the floor was laid over bricks seemed to prove, each hop, that like attracted like, instead of repelling it, so we were compelled to move over to the gymnasium."

"I should think this would have been a perfectly dandy place to dance."

"So it was. You always wanted to carry home a piece of the floor to remember the place by. Let's go out here on the terrace. Isn't that a dandy view of the bay, with the picturesque oyster boats in the

have a few good-looking men to sit on the side nearest the congregation, you know."

"That house next to the chapel is the Supe's house."

"Isn't that a beauty! I would just love to live there."

"You may get the chance some



"A MODEL OF WATERPROOF CONSTRUCTION"—THE TERRACE



THE QUEER LITTLE ROUND BUILDING

over it to bury Crabtown two feet deep. The architect who built it had a brain-throb, and died before his work was finished. The Mess-Hall is under this part of it. Those fellows you see in that room there aren't studying for next week's recitations; they are 'boning' their Sunday school lessons out of the 'Scientific American,' 'Argosy' and the 'Red Book'."

foreground and the Emma Giles, the pioneer of excursion boats, in the background? This is the parade ground. They built that gun-shed out there to shut off the view, so that the boys wouldn't long for the sea when they were going through artillery drill. This terrace we are standing on is a model of waterproof construction. It's been torn up and put down six times within a year, and enough tar has been spread



THE SANTEE—NOAH'S ARK TURNED INTO A MODERN HOUSE-BOAT



THE OLD HARTFORD IN THE BACKGROUND

"What is that building there? It looks just like ] the Armory."

"It is its twin sister. It's Matty Strohm's work-house, filled with all sorts of strength-giving devices, guaranteed to make a strong man out of a baby on two months' trial. It takes a week to go around and have a try at every apparatus. That's where they hold the hops now. In the front part the 'Sea-Dogs' hang out. If you can't wind a ship in ten minutes with a twenty-knot gale blowing on your starboard beam and a tidal current setting NNE  $\frac{1}{4}$ E, you'll lose out in that place, and if you talk English instead of sea-slang they will take you for a Plebe. That queer little round building is old Fort Severn, which did duty as Matty's office for fifty years. They are going to keep it here as a landmark, so that if ever the Academy is moved away, people will be able to locate where Crabtown used to be."

"Oh, there is a real ship, isn't it?"

"A real ship, nothing! That's the old original Noah's ark turned into a modern houseboat. It used to be a prison ship for naughty Midshipmen, but there is too big a bunch of them here now. That black ship on the other side of the dock—yes, it's a real ship—

is the old Hartford, one of the yachts provided by Uncle Sam for our summer vacations."

"Oh, yes! I remember reading that in my history, perfect ages ago."

"It couldn't have been many years ago. You don't look much over sixteen."

"I never saw such men as you Midshipmen to jolly and turn pretty compliments."



THE SEVERN

"Maybe we are taught to. Everybody gets the habit of working up a 'grease' down here. That ship with the three masts on her is the Severn. She used to be called the Chesapeake, and they shouldn't have changed her name, for she never goes out of the bay now. It's the Plebe



THE MAIN ENTRANCE

practice ship. See those crosspieces up there on the masts, called yards? The top ones are called 'royals.' Every Plebe goes up there and chins himself three times before he qualifies in seamanship. One Plebe when he was up there heard the order to 'Lay down from aloft!' He laid down, and he has been laying down ever since in the cemetery across the creek. That iron



"THE ROTUNDA—A MECCA FOR FUSSERS"

thing forward is the anchor. If anybody you hold a grudge against falls overboard, heave that to him. Let's go back to Bancroft Hall."

"Oh, can we get inside? I would love to see what it is like."

"We can get in the main part to-day. Up this way. Now, when you get to the top of those steps, run like the deuce for the brick part of the terrace before the watchman sees you. He hangs around here to catch visitors on the terrace. That's his job. He has



THE ORIGINAL MONASTIC CELL



THE ACADEMIC BUILDING

the year 'round, for the 'fussers,' chaperones, 'queens' and 'bricks,' while the wise 'Red Mikes' stand on the different decks above and speculate as to what is under the moving flower-gardens in the throng below. Of course, everybody must have a look at the famous casket of John Paul. Yes, this celebrated painting, by one of the most popular artists of the day, as Scanland says, is a guaranteed likeness of the famous Admiral. Up there is Memorial Hall, where we have class meetings. There is a balcony in front of it where you can stand and see formation on the terrace after chapel to-morrow. Underneath is the Y. M. C. A. hang-out, used as a battleground for two pianos. It would also be the reading room if people didn't carry off the magazines as fast as they are put on the tables."

"Can't I see your room? I've heard they are so quaint."

"Quaint isn't the name. They are the true and original monastic cells—a table, a straight-back chair with a seat of iron, an iron bed and mattress included, a locker that can't be locked, and a prayer-rug big enough for one foot at a time, completes the outfit. I can't show it to you to-day, but I will be able to to-morrow if I'm not sick."



THE RINGING OF THIS BELL MEANS THE DEFEAT OF THE HONORABLE ARMY

to have something to do, so they make him keep people off the terrace."

"I don't see any watchman."

"That's not strange. You never can find him when you want him."

"Oh, isn't it perfectly grand? I never had any idea it was as lovely as this."

"Sort of reminds you of the World's Fair or the Pan-American, doesn't it? Well, you get used to it after awhile. Don't look into the windows. You can't tell what you'll see. This is supposed to be a driveway, but even Chaney's hacks, old as they are, have never been here. The rotunda after chapel is the Mecca, all

"Oh, goodness! you won't be sick to-morrow, will you?"

"Well, you never can tell. The shock of seeing a fair damsel often makes a fellow sick even before the hop. Let's take a trip over toward the Academic Building, which contains more torture chambers than any medieval castle ever built. That green bell hung underneath the trees over there was brought to this country by Captain Perry. It has an inscription on it in Japanese, which reads: 'The ringing of this bell signifies the defeat of the honorable Army.'"

"You don't mean to say they teach you how to read Japanese down here."

"Oh, Japanese is a cinch compared with

'Dago.' Why, that stuff is so fierce they don't even trust the Profs. to give us the correct pronunciation. We learn it from phonographs. We march' to classes in squads, three times a day, down this walk. You can't talk—only think of what's coming at the other end. They even took good old Tecumseh away so we can't salute him any more, and with him vanished the chance of a 2.5 for many of us. No, that's not a flag-pole. That's a mast from the Santee doing duty as a wireless telegraph pole. Those two benches over there are First and Second Class benches. They used to be in the olden days the most desirable seats in the place, but now they seem to be for the exclusive use of newsboys and the baby-carriage brigade."

"What is that building over there?"

"Which? That's the Officers' Club, and I'd ask you in to look it over, but we are cleaning house just at present and aren't admitting visitors. Come around



CLASS BENCH

three years from now and I'll show you its interior workings. On the right is Dante's Inferno, sometimes know as the Steam building. They start us in that place Plebe year and never let up until the day before graduation. You can learn everything in that building from fine art to blacksmithing, and it's the biggest torture chamber of them all. Battleships are designed and built there in two hours. Engines are planned, made and tested there in an hour and forty minutes, or you don't get that longed for 2.5. Often you don't get it anyhow. Over there is Upshur Row, officers' quarters, with the football field and athletic ground in front of it. It's a mile and a quarter around that field, and we make the circuit sixty-four times every time we have infantry drill. Across the creek and up on the hill is the Naval Hospital, and just below it, in the handiest place, is the Naval Cemetery. There is an underground chute that you can't see from here. That building that looks like a summer hotel is the Marine Barracks, where you may be calling on me later on, unless 'Pop' slacks things down a bit. Let's go back."



GOOD OLD TECUMSEH!



OFFICERS' CLUB



LOVERS' LANE

"This is all too lovely for anything! I should think you would just love it down here."

"We do when we are asleep; but you know since we have been here we can't get attached to anything, because it is always being replaced by something new. The terrace, derived from the two words 'ter,' to tear up, and 'race,' quickly, is a good example of the way they build things down here. But, my goodness gracious, Mabel! Here I've walked you completely around it and

never pointed out Lovers' Lane to you. It's that gravel walk in the middle of the park there, with benches all along it for the loving couple (a nursemaid and an officer's baby)."

"Oh, now, that's a shame to spoil it all with that remark! I've enjoyed hearing you tell about everything, even if I did only understand part of it. But this last is too much! Nobody would dare flirt in that open place!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, fellows, that finished me! I didn't want to be kidnapped—not after I had taken another look at her face—and I was afraid that she might see some place not quite so open as Lovers' Lane; so I suggested Carvel Hall without a moment's delay. I shook



THE MAIN WALK

her as soon as I could, and here I am. I'm darned if I ever "drag" another girl without seeing her first—not to oblige any man, not even my roommate!



CARVEL HALL



Harry Walter Stephenson  
Nebraska



Horace Williams Nurdyke  
Indiana



Vance Duncan Chabline  
Nebraska



Alan Goodrich Kirk  
New Jersey



Alger Herman Dresel - Washington D.C.



W. Don Lyndholm Deyo  
New York



James Linn Rodgers  
Ohio

HOP - COMMITTEE



Geoffrey deC Chevalier  
Massachusetts



Robert Wilson Clark  
New York

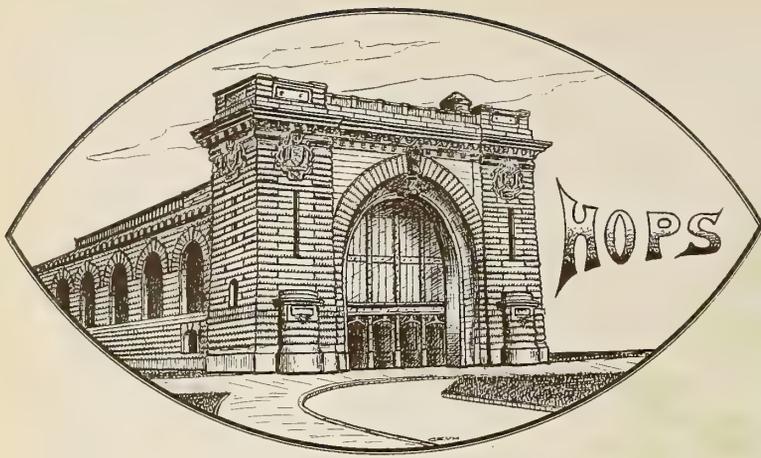


Lawrence Fairfax Reifsnider  
Maryland



Hops

#



**L**ATE one afternoon in the spring of First Class Year I sat musing, alone, in my room. Alone, did I say? No; my best old pipe was with me, and the fragrant fumes from its big, cavern-like bowl filled me with a pleasant sense of companionship. My idle thoughts were on the life of the past four years. My mood was

one of absolute contentment—the air was balmy, graduation was close at hand, the band was playing outside and my tobacco was good. Memories of happy hours came trooping one by one across the field of my imagination. I thought of the fellows and the good times we had had together, of memorable liberties, of after-taps soirées, of Philly and of victories. As I lazily refilled my pipe, the slow, easy rhythm of the “Blue Danube” waltz came softly through the open window.

Straightway my thoughts reverted to the last hop. What a good time I had had! How cordial everyone had been—and how much I had enjoyed the unexpected meeting with one of my old friends! A smile came to my lips as I remembered how graceful and gracious she had been. I put my feet on the radiator and leaned back, determined to follow blindly so delightful a train of fancy.

The hops have undoubtedly been thoroughly enjoyable. Yes, a few have not been unalloyed pleasure, but the number of such is small and their memory has been swallowed up in the host of joyous recollections. They have given the right note of merriment to a life which may easily be too serious. They have afforded us relaxation—unappreciated, perhaps, except during Lent. In fact they have been veritable oases in the dull desert of Academic routine. From Saturday noon till Sunday supper cares are all forgotten, while merriment and gayety reign supreme. Immediately after drill on Saturday an exhilarating anticipation fills each fusser's bosom. A sort of hilarious glee takes possession of all save the Red Mikes and those unfortunate ones who have received telegrams. The various athletic events taking place on hop days are salvation to the bashful. But the real, real fusser most enjoys the long hours of



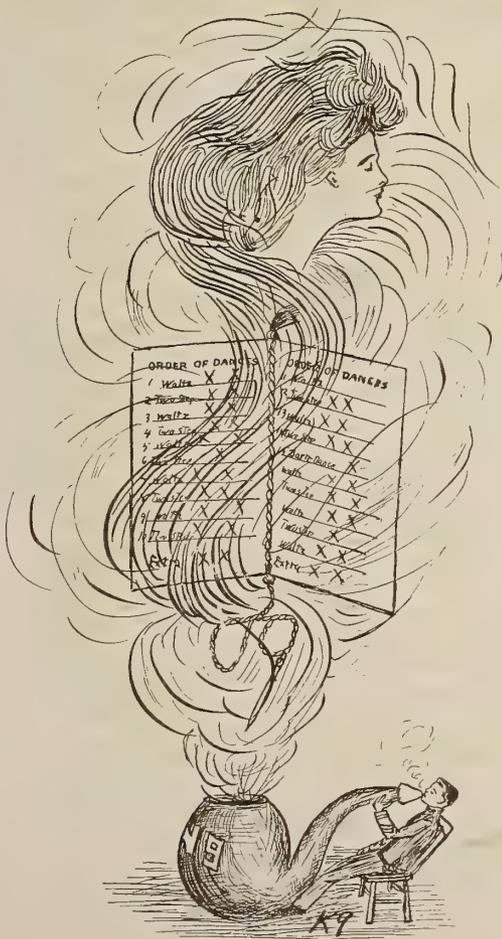
Sunday afternoon. In this time he has opportunity to whisper sweet nothings in rosy-tinted ears and to round out those delicate compliments in which he so delights.

All this, however, is but secondary to the hops themselves. Even the "poor plebes in the gallery" enjoy the brilliant spectacle. The sparkling lights, entrancing music and beautiful women combined produce a festive air in which joy is contagious. The call of the dance is resisted by but few, for Mr. Zimmerman's music is of a quality that is well appreciated. However, that the fascination of moonlight promenades is recognized needs no demonstration. There are one or two cozy nooks which may be found without great effort. For example, that little circular stairway could tell many charming stories should Cupid ever endow it with the power of speech.

The hops of First Class Year seem to have been better than those of other years. Perhaps this is because they are fresh in my memory, and perhaps there are other reasons. Youngster hops seem to have been devoted to making acquaintances, and my friend, 2.5, interfered with Second Class hops. But by First Class Year the acquaintances of Youngster year have ripened into friendships, and worries over studies have been forgotten in the near approach of graduation. Realizing that the Academy hops will all too

soon be but a memory, each First Classman returns from leave determined to fuss at every opportunity. This resolution endures for several months and results in many meetings with friends of the preceding years. That indescribable, happy feeling which thrilled us all on New Year's evening as the bugle sounded the clear, ringing notes of reveillé for 1909—OUR YEAR—will never be forgotten—and the german is yet to come.

Will there ever be conditions more ideal? will we while young ever see so much youth and beauty gathered together? will we ever feel so absolutely at home, so entirely among true friends? I think not; no other dances will be the same. In future years the happy memories of these hops will be mingled with regret that they have gone from our lives forever. The band outside began the Class Song and my reverie ended with the strains that have marked the close of this year's hops. The fellows next door were softly singing, and I crawled through the window in time to join in the chorus.





Courtesy Life Pub. Co.

"PERILS OF A NAVAL CAREER"



"SCENE OF THE FAREWELL BALL"

## Three Little Girls



Three little girls of Nineteen Nine:  
Here's to them all in the best of wine!

Three little girls of Nineteen Nine:  
This is the first—in a good canoe,  
With her jumper white and her eyes of blue.  
Do you think, my lad, she's the girl for you?

When November comes with its football days,  
And Summer's joys are joys remote,  
Then I'm for the girl with the blowing curl—  
The girl in the Navy overcoat.

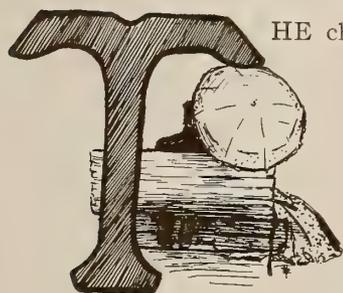




But Summer or Winter, in warmth or cold,  
For this little girl I'll make my plea.  
She's had my heart from the very start,  
And the girl of the Hops is the girl for me.

**Three little girls of Nineteen Nine:  
Here's to each one in the best of wine!**

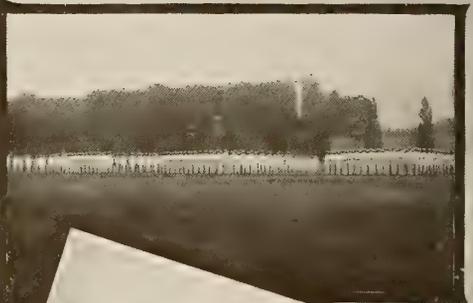




THE charm of June Week lies in the fact that it means something better for each of the four classes. It marks a step up in life. For the Plebe it is the boundary between an existence which has been far from pleasant and the joys and delights of Youngster year; for the Youngster it marks the passing of his underclass days; for the Second Classman it ushers in the many good things which come with stripes and buzzards; and, best of all, for the First Classman it means the leaving behind of school days, with all the bitter and the sweet which go together toward the making of Academy life.

The Naval Academy is a very stony-hearted parent, indeed, and for us it is surely a case of "beyond the Alps lies sunny Italy;" and high and lofty are those Alps and the paths which lead across them both rocky and tortuous.

For all of us, June Week ends the worry of a hard year. The annual examinations are over, and no amount of "post-mortem" worrying can change what we have, or have not, accomplished on them. The days till the cruise or till graduation, as the case may be, have dwindled down to one figure, and that a very small one. The Naval Academy is in gala attire, and even little old Annapolis is looking her very best. For the fusser, and deep down in our hearts we are all fussers, it is a most delightful period, for the Yard is full of girls. For many the "Girl from Home" is here to fit into the scenes which have become so familiar to us, and yet to make us remember other scenes back in the happy times of leave days. The Yard which has grown so displeasing in our sight, and at whose confining walls we have frowned for the past eight months, looks so well in our eyes that even the extra liberty does not tempt us past the open gates, and we spend our time roaming around it and explaining to Her its many points of interest.

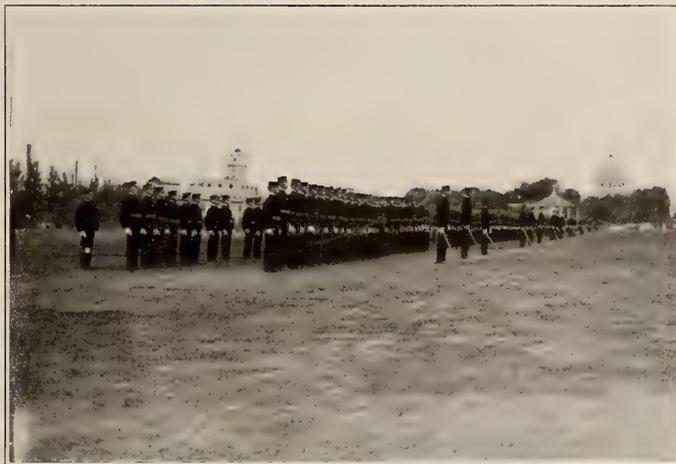


INFANTRY DRILLS



THE BOARD OF VISITORS

On Sunday morning the chaplain preaches the farewell sermon to the graduating class, and the service, always impressive, closes with that good old hymn, "God be with you till we meet again"—and the tears stand in the eyes of most of the mothers who have come to see their sons finally wedded to the sea. Sunday afternoon is the last period of rest, for early on Monday morning the brigade dons its dress jackets to



OPEN RANKS



THE EDGES OF THE FIELD ARE LINED WITH PRETTY GIRLS

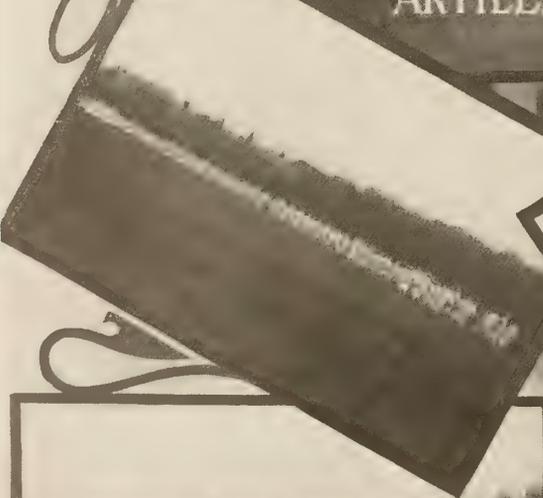
June Week proper begins the Sunday before graduation, but most of the girls drift in for the hop the night before, and a few are good enough to come down as early as the last part of "Ann Week" to spend the time in long canoe trips up the shady Severn, or on sailing parties on Chesapeake Bay. There are no drills except the dress parades in the evenings, and the days are far less strenuous than in the week to follow.

greet that imposing body, the Board of Visitors. Lined up on Oklahoma field, we open ranks and salute them with our stiffest present arms, amidst the booming of guns. The edges of the field are lined with pretty girls, and as we swing into company front to march past in review, the woes attendant on the study of Navigation and Math slip from our minds, and it seems good, indeed, to be a midshipman.

The June Week drills then



ARTILLERY DRILLS



begin in earnest, and we show in succession the many different things we have learned, from the proper way in which a battalion of artillery should behave to the general principles of blacksmithing. The Severn, the Steam Building and the gun-shed divide the honors with Oklahoma field, and we rush from the smoke of a bloody sham battle to calmer cutter evolutions. Drill follows drill, with only time enough between to let Her see us in our many different uniforms.



EXHIBITION SAILING

But if the days are strenuous, the nights at least are all our own. Monday and Tuesday evenings bring promenade concerts. The band, that good old band, plays in Lovers' Lane, and in every corner of the Yard can be found that June Week combination, a midshipman and a girl. Many of the old walks and most of the old buildings with convenient doorways and arches are gone, but there are still a few places not made too bright by the electric lights, or otherwise made impossible by modern improvements. The couples wander around until the familiar notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner" give warning that the concert is at an end, and that in an hour each midshipman must be in his small, white bed in Bancroft Hall.

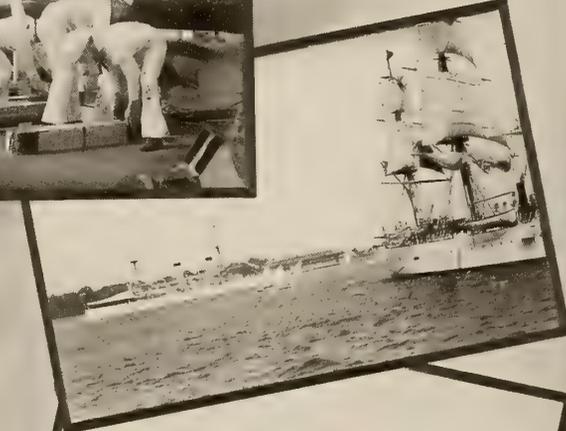
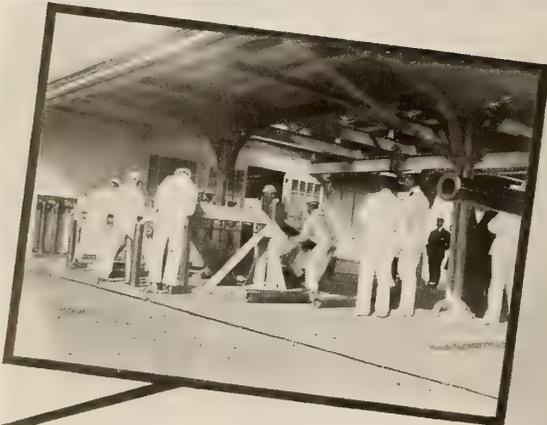
On Wednesday, if it is the proper year, comes the Army and Navy baseball game, followed at night by a hop given to our West Point brothers. We resign, temporarily, our fair ones to the other arm of the Service, and try to repay in a measure the kindness shown to our team while at the Point the year before. On Thursday come more drills, and generally the presentation of the colors to the company adjudged to have won them. This is a pretty sight, for the honor is entrusted to a young lady selected by the Cadet Lieutenant of the company, and the girl, as she holds in her arms the flag we love, makes a picture which is hard to forget. We give three cheers for "the young lady who presents the colors," and

three more for the color company, and march past in the usual review—the last time the First Classmen will have a chance to swing their swords in front of a cadet company.

On Thursday night comes that crowning social event in the life of a midshipman—the First Class german. Only First Classmen dance, and the Second Class, who are so soon to take charge of things, are invited to look on from the balconies. No words can describe a german. It is, perhaps, the most elaborate thing of its kind in



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS





PRESENTATION OF THE COLORS

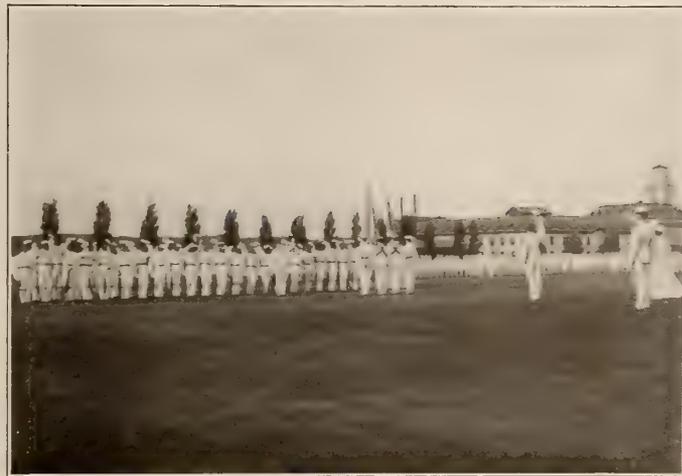
dance this function with him is the girl who has made the lasting impression in the four years preceding, and it is impossible to pretend otherwise afterwards.

And then comes that Friday, the most important day in our lives! Whoever was it, I wonder, who started that absurd story about Friday being unlucky? About Wednesday noon the order has been published telling us all about it—where our “parents and friends” are to sit, and how they must “remain standing until after the departure of the Secretary of the Navy.” How the “band will play the pieces customarily played at graduation, and the graduates will be permitted to mingle with their friends.” We have had to listen to this order for three years when it concerned us not, but now, at last, our time has come. We line up on the terrace in one big company, the five-striper in charge; the brigade commanded by its new officers has already marched to the Armory. We count off, swing into squads, and march away. The Armory is crowded. As we swing past the brigade, their rifles held toward us, we catch a glimpse of the crowded balconies, and perhaps Her smiling eyes. We wheel into line, fall out, and take our chairs. The Superintendent rises, tells us how well we have done our duty, and introduces to us the man we have waited four years to meet—the Secretary of the Navy.

He speaks to us, talking very slowly, though we are waiting very impatiently, but finally the aide advances with the little cabinet upon which are piled the white rolls for which we have worked so hard. The first name is called, and then others. Will ours never come? Yes, there it is! We rise and in a dream go forward. We grip the hand of the kindly Secretary, and then, at last, our fingers close around that roll, and a feeling of supreme happiness sweeps over us.

When all the diplomas

the world, and must be seen to be appreciated. The men are all in white, and sometimes the girls also. Figure follows figure under the wonderful arrangement of colored lights, and the favors and confetti add to the scene. It ends in the small hours of the morning, but it is the last hop of the class as undergraduates, and each man begrudges the minutes as they slip away from him. The german is in the nature of a “show-down” for each member of the class, however, for the girl who is asked to



THREE CHEERS FOR THE YOUNG LADY WHO PRESENTED THE COLORS. HIP! HIP!

have been given out we all stand up, and for the last time the old class song swells up. It brings back memories of many things—cruise days, leave, and happy hours at the Academy. It dies away—the band strikes up “The Girl I Left Behind Me.” Lock step, our precious diplomas tightly clutched, we pass again between the lines of the old brigade, and out again under the arch of Heaven, which is the only thing really big enough to hold us. It is all over.



THE COLOR COMPANY

## U. S. Naval Academy = Annapolis, Md.

### Programme of Exercises for the Board of Visitors

JUNE 1-5, 1908

#### MONDAY, June 1.

- 10.30 a. m.—Official Reception to Board of Visitors.
- 3.00 p. m.—Seamanship, “SEVERN” (4th Division).  
Boats, under Oars and Sails, and Steam Tactics.
- 4.30 p. m.—Reception to Board of Visitors.
- 6.15 p. m.—Dress Parade. Presentation of Colors for “General Excellence” for Academic year 1907-1908.

#### WEDNESDAY, June 3.

- 9.15 a. m.—Brigade of Infantry.
- 3.00 p. m.—Baseball Game with the Military Academy.
- 6.15 p. m.—Dress Parade.



#### TUESDAY, June 2.

- 9.15 a. m.—Battalion of Artillery—Drill Ground (2d Battalion).
- 10.30 a. m.—Small Arm Target Practice—Rifle Range (1st Div., 2d and 3d Classes).
- 4.00 p. m.—Torpedo, Mine and Gun Drill (1st Division). Fencing, Sabres, Bayonet Exercise and Setting up (2d Division).
- 6.15 p. m.—Dress Parade. Presentation of Class of 1871 Sword for excellence in Gunnery. Presentation of medals for athletic events.

#### THURSDAY, June 4.

- 9.15 a. m.—Battle Drill. Brigade of Infantry.
- 3.00 p. m.—Practical Engineering Exercises in the Marine Engineering Building.
- 6.15 p. m.—Dress Parade.

#### FRIDAY, June 5.

- 10.00 a. m.—Graduation Exercises.
- 8.30 p. m.—To midnight—Hop in Armory.

#### Supplementary

#### SATURDAY, June 6.

- 9.00 a. m.—Embark for Summer Practice Cruise.

#### SUNDAY, June 7.

- 10.30 a. m.—Service in Chapel.

#### MONDAY, June 8.

- 10.00 a. m.—Practice Squadron sails.

CHAS. J. BADGER,  
Captain, U. S. Navy,  
Superintendent.

# ANNAPOLIS IN JUNE WEEK

## MECCA FOR "FEMMES"

Middies And Their Sweethearts Have A Lovely Time Together, Sometimes Interrupted By Visits Of Home-Folks—Dolly And I See Hundreds Of Courting Couples, But Few Weapons—We Mistake A Bos'n-Mate For An Admiral—Future Farraguts Know How To Manage A Sailboat

(By LILLIAN C. COYLE, in *The Baltimore News*)

The adjectives usually applied to Maryland's Capital are "sleepy" and " quaint." During June week, however, these are not at all the ones that fit. Then Annapolis is gay, even metropolitan.

Dolly and I felt festivity in the air as soon as we alighted from the train. We read it in the faces of the passengers who went down with us, and in the beaming countenances of the middies who awaited the arrival of the languorous express.

"I feel humiliated to the dust not to have somebody in uniform awaiting us," said I.

"There is always the policeman," suggested Dolly.

But even the policeman at the station paid no attention to us; he was too busy smiling in sympathy with the joyful girls who alighted and who were soon appropriated by certain smiling young men in blue.

"I should be glad even to have a 'cit'," said I, but Dolly was busy looking about her, for the scene was a perfectly new one to her.

A long line of middies was making its sorrowful way over to Murray Hill to pay its parting calls upon certain fair charmers; pretty girls from everywhere were everywhere, and they were clad in the daintiest of filmy gowns and the whitest of shoes. They wore no hats, and over their beautifully coiffed heads they carried faintly tinted parasols, which threw a becoming color on their cheeks.

"It is the Summer Girl in the flesh as she has been sung in song and told in story," I whispered, looking at several beautiful specimens.

"And drawn in pictures," added Dolly, staring at another damsel.

The town seemed filled to the brim and running over with young men and maidens. On the high wooden steps of the Colonial houses they clustered in groups, the roses growing over the porches forming a frame for as pretty a picture as one could see in a day's journey.

We secured a guide who could tell us all about events past and to come, and made our way slowly to the grounds of the Naval Academy.

"Things are very unevenly divided in this world," said Dolly. "Now, here is a middy who for his sins has two girls, and he's such a little fellow, too."

"One of them is a 'gold brick,' I suspect," remarked our guide, with all a man's cynicism. "A 'gold brick,' in Naval Academy slang, is a girl who is not pretty, can't dance and can't talk."

"And here," I murmured, "is a girl who has two middies all to herself; it isn't fair."

"That's because she is plump and wears a sailor suit. She will have a dozen admirers before the day is over."

We passed a beautiful brick house with wings, which must have been built about the time of the Revolution, and seated on its vine-shaded porch was a couple who seemed to have forgotten utterly that there were other people in Annapolis. Their eyes were fixed on each other; their ears heard none of the sounds of the street; their thoughts were far away from possible observers. If ever there was absolute absorption, it was here.

We entered the Naval Academy grounds, passing the sentry and the brave young man who takes the names of the middies who go out into the town, and wandered into Lovers' Lane.

"I'm awfully afraid of 'em when they have their swords and things on," I whispered, tremblingly.

"Where did you see a sword?" asked Dolly. "That's what I have been looking for ever since I landed—a weapon of some sort—and not one have I seen. In time of peace they don't believe in dressing for war at the Naval Academy."

"The man at the gate wore one," I insisted, and she went

all the way back to investigate, greatly to the confusion of the youth.

"Lovers' Lane" is a beautiful walk which winds through that part of the grounds about which the new buildings are erected. Bancroft Hall faces it, and it is bounded on the right by the houses of the superintendent and other officers. It is shaded with magnificent old trees and thick shrubbery, and here and there along the walk benches are placed. We sank upon one of them and viewed the prospect.

"How beautiful it must be on a moonlight night!" sighed Dolly.

It was not to be despised at that moment. The warm June sun was shining through the branches, the air was mild and delightful, there was a little breeze from the Severn, a band was playing somewhere in the distance, and then there were the pretty girls and the middies strolling with reluctant feet under the branches.

"If you wish to see absolute dejection, look here," whispered our escort. It was to the left of us, and all the misery in the world seemed encompassed in the body of the midshipman who was in the should-have-been-loved society of mamma and little sister.

"He wants to go to see his 'femme'," said our guide. "He is dying to spend his last hours with her, and the old folks have come all the way from Wisconsin or Michigan to see him graduate, and so there is nothing for him to do but to show them around. While the other fellows are having the time of their lives he, poor dev—creature, is tied up here."

"I would not do it," said Dolly. "If I had a son at the Naval Academy I would break my heart and stay away in June week. I would let my little boy play with the other little girls and boys on this last glorious occasion without chaperonage from me."

We saw them often after that—the parents and their middy son, and we noticed that while the "plebes" were pretty nice and attentive to the old folks from home, the attentions decreased in proportion to the length of time the boy had been away from the parental roof. Sometimes a midshipman would have only mother or father with him, but we saw at least one who was surrounded by a loving family of six, and who was plunged in woe to such an extent that we have serious doubts as to whether he will ever emerge.

"Femme," said I, meditatively.

Also Naval Academy slang, and means a midshipman's sweetheart," explained our guide. "You wouldn't be able to understand these fellows if you heard them talk; theirs is a language all their own."

"You spoke of moonlight nights," he went on directly. "Well, they don't enjoy many moonlight nights, I can tell you, and that is the only place we 'cits' have 'em. Once a middy and I loved the same girl, and he had the usual advantage that brass buttons have over plain bone ones, and so I didn't have much show. But I used to come over here at night and persuade the man who fires the gun, which is the signal for 'lights out,' to allow me that privilege. 'Go to bed, you little rabbits,' I used to say as I fired away—and then I went to see the girl."

"Why that line of carriages over there?" asked Dolly.

"Perhaps it is one of Paul Jones' funerals," I suggested.

"Let's go and see the old fellow," suggested our guide, and we arose and walked slowly up to Bancroft Hall.

We passed a girl and a middy sitting very close together on a bench, and the middy was carving his name on the handle of his companion's parasol, in bitterness of spirit at the parting.

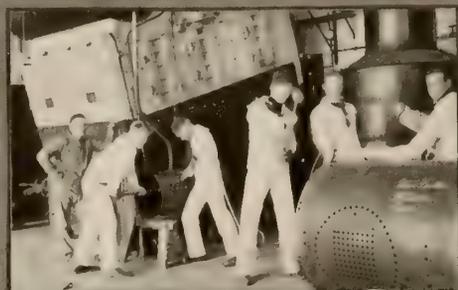
There was a sign outside the hall which said "Visitors not allowed," and I paused at the entrance.

"Come on," said our guide, "never believe in signs."

We entered the beautiful rotunda, unaccosted, and walked to the back, where the hero's casket is placed, with the Stars



# STEAM-DRILLS



and Stripes covering it, and an oil painting of the deceased standing on an easel beside it.

"Among his other bad habits, the midshipman has no reverence," remarked our guide in the casual tone in which one man always damns another. "He has composed a song to go with Chopin's 'Funeral March,' which begins, 'Somebody hit him with a codfish ball,' and it is astonishing how well it goes with the music."

We went upstairs to the large recreation hall, where a function of some sort was to be held that night, and into which a number of colored men were now carrying palms and other ornamental shrubs. As we entered, a venerable man in uniform advanced to meet us.

"At last I see an admiral," whispered Dolly.

"It won't make any difference if it is Dewey himself if he orders us out," I replied nervously.

And he did order us out. He said that visitors were not allowed, and our guide said what a pity, and took us over to one of the windows to see the beautiful view of the Severn from that point.

"What is the gentleman's rank?" asked Dolly.

"Bos'n's mate," replied our guide, and Dolly and I choked.

We peeped into an officer's room in one of the corridors, a clean, hospital-looking apartment, and gazed at the three "decks," or tiers, upon which the midshipmen's rooms give. We weren't permitted to go into one of the latter, because we were neither mother, father nor sister of a cadet. Then we went to the Armory, which a dozen or more men were trying to put into shape after the German of the night before. From the ceiling three great white bells with long white streamers depended, and the floor was full of confetti and the remnants of favors.

A midshipman was seated cross-legged on a table, reading something.

"Love letters," said Dolly, imbued with the atmosphere of the day.

"Time-tables," I replied, scoffingly, and so, indeed, the missives proved to be.

There was the sound of a bugle outside, and we found that the midshipmen were forming and about to march to another part of the grounds.

"We will follow the band," I suggested.

We followed the band to the engineering shops, and not we alone, for every other "femme" in Annapolis was there, and directly was talking to her own particular property in the naval line, for the middies weren't really working, they were merely pretending for the benefit of the Board of Visitors.

"You needn't look so proud," said Dolly, apostrophizing one haughty creature in a pink linen frock who had a midshipman cornered and was talking to him with wonderful animation, "he may be yours, but he is a mighty poor specimen, about the poorest I have seen."

Before the embryo admirals had gone into the shops they had put on their working clothes. These consisted of white duck trousers, jumpers and hats. They looked, in the language of girlhood, "too cute for anything," and never in my life and never in Dolly's life have we seen so many "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" and long, long looks as we witnessed that afternoon in those workaday shops, among that practical if polished machinery.

"It is awfully good of you to go around with a mere 'cit,'" said our guide humbly, "but I am trying my best to look like someone."

"If they weren't all so painfully young," I murmured.

We saw a number of "college widows," girls who had brought "plebes" along to the senior year, and now had their eyes on other "plebes" whom they would adopt after the parting, and bring to perfection in their turn.

After the midshipmen were released from the shops they went down to the boathouse with their "femmes" and then we saw the prettiest sight of the day.

The "femmes" had tied daintily tinted veils over their hair, except when they had borrowed their middy's hat. They were helped solicitously into sailboats, and soon there were any number of these white-winged things scudding in the breeze on the Severn, each holding a load of beauty and chivalry, and each directed in masterful fashion by a coming Farragut.

Occasionally when a boat careened very much there would be a shrill scream from the "femmes," but in spite of these contretemps they might all have quoted:

"Our souls to-day are far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvian bay."

"Aren't they having a blissful time?" sighed Dolly. "Almost I am tempted to wish for a 'middy,'" and then she paused, for our guide looked at her reproachfully.

Later in the day we saw dress parade, we heard a band concert, and everywhere we saw the prettiest little scenes of courtship, all done in the most open fashion before the approving eyes of the populace.

It was a very tired twain that heard that saddest of all calls—"taps"—that night. The bugle sounded first from the Naval Academy, there was a faint and faraway echo from the marine barracks; and I sat in the ivied window, feeling as if I had that moment lost my happy home and all that was dearest to me.

"Do you think you have a good story?" asked Dolly sleepily, as we prepared for bed.

"I should have, if I could get into it any of the atmosphere of this charming town," I answered. "If I could make people see the old houses with their pretty gardens all marked off with clipped boxwood borders; if I could properly describe the rose-embowered porches, or even the scheme of the beautiful new buildings in the Academy grounds; if I could show as it is Lovers' Lane, and the lovers, who do not know they are only playing with that passion, but believe they really are experiencing it; if I could do these things I would have a good story, for Annapolis has a flavor all its own. It seems to me that a great deal more is said about West Point than about the Naval Academy—which is very unjust."

"Did you like the custard pie?" asked Dolly practically.

It was thus disrespectfully she alluded to the dome of the Academy's chapel, which is done in yellow tiles with white ornamentations, and has been said to resemble a custard or lemon pie which the confectioner has gracefully decorated with meringue squeezed from a tube.

"You can't get me to say anything even about that; I have had too good a time," I replied.

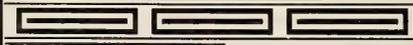
I looked out the window of the hotel, and there on the pavement was a girl saying good night to a man. He was just an ordinary man, with nothing to distinguish him in the way of uniform or "weepons."

It was very quiet, and the voice of the girl came to us distinctly. "I don't care in the least when he goes away," she was saying, "There is nothing between us. I wouldn't marry a naval officer for anything in the world. How could you think it of me? I hope you will come to see me very often this summer, and that we shall be as good friends as we were before he came to the Academy."

"What is it?" asked Dolly.

"So far as I can discover it is only an Annapolis girl hedging," I replied, yawning.





## The Girl At Home

There's a maid who stays with me wherever I go—  
One girl I can never forget—  
Fond memory pictures her face, and she smiles  
From the blue smoke of each cigarette.



It's seldom she graces the hops at the Gym,  
But letters, thank Heaven, are swift!  
So bless old Ben Franklin, who started the mails;  
Without them I never could shift.

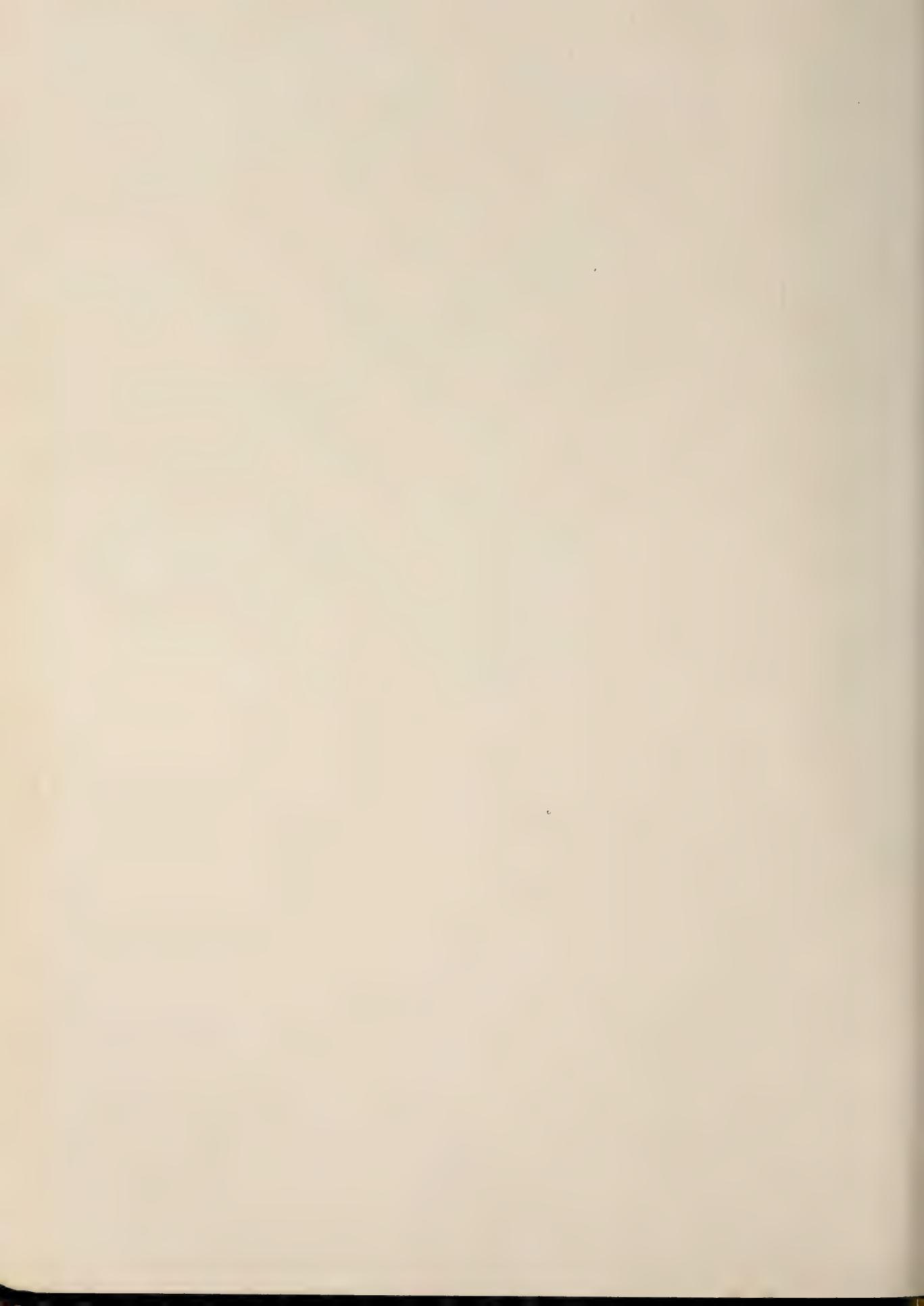


She isn't the beauty Annapolis breeds,  
But under the blue Heaven's dome  
There isn't a maid in the world who can vie  
With the girl that I've left back at home.





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HUTZLER BROTHERS





Some eighteen months ago a band of Thespian pioneers met in solemn conclave and determined that henceforth and forevermore there shall be in the Academy an association of play-actors known as the Masqueraders. They demonstrated the sincerity of their intentions by holding, about Thanksgiving, an "Amateur Night," at which anyone who felt the spring of actorhood welling up within him might allow the same to burst loose. The hook was in frequent and much-needed use, but the evening showed that there was some latent ability in the neighborhood, and that the midshipmen and officers took an interest in the new organization.

Accordingly, work was begun on a more ambitious project, the production of a comic opera. Piersol, Donavin and Townsend commenced to bone sharps and flats, while Jukes and Porter besieged publishers for copies of joke-books, old and new. The result was apparent on May 29, when "The Revolutionists" made its—or their (?)—bow to the critical public.

And never was the critical public more agreeably surprised. From the overture to the final curtain the play was—to say the least—wonderful. Never had we dreamed that such a finished comedy, such delightful music, could be "written and composed entirely within the walls of Bancroft Hall."

The plot dealt with the vicissitudes of two young Americans who had gone, as soldiers of fortune, to aid an incipient revolution in Peru. After many trials and tribulations, and much confusion with one Dixon, a gamblin' gent, ably personified by Jukes, they were finally rescued by a squad of blue-jackets from imminent peril. Beautiful girls, native Peruvians and bloodthirsty revolutionists formed a vari-colored background. The songs, however, were the most notable features. Townsend's splendid waltz, "Volna;" Piersol's "Don Q," Donavin's "Pipe of Briar," and the no less attractive, though more catchy, "Fluffy Ruffles Girl," and "Girl From Iowa," far surpassed much of the music of the modern professional comic opera. On the whole, the Masqueraders' first serious effort was little short



CHAPLINE AS MISS DOROTHY, BELOVED BY ALL



*The*  
**REVOLUTIONISTS**



MEYER AS YARDSLEY

ing such delicate matters, even in supposed privacy. A young lover, Robert Yardsley, while waiting in the drawing room of a New York house for his fair inamorata, rehearses the speech of proposal which he expects to make. Unfortunately, the parlor maid, who is unnoticed by the agitated youth, takes the proposal to herself, and promptly accepts, awakening Yardsley to his situation. Before the matter can be explained the real hoped-for fiancée appears, and the plot thickens. Eventually, however, the snarl is untangled, Yardsley wins the fair divinity, discomfiting a more worldly-wise lover, and the maid seeks consolation in a devoted coachman. Chapline, as the object of all these affections, carried off his part wonderfully, and displayed none of the awkwardness which so often betrays men in feminine rôles. Welsh, as the maid; Meyer, as Yardsley the victorious suitor, and Porter, as the defeated lover, all distinguished themselves by clever and capable rendering of their lines.

"The Court of Funland" proved a veritable "scream" from beginning to end. The local hits of the royal jesters, Wally, Erny, Lou and Bill, and the ambassadors from Bugland, Jakey and Pickles, kept everyone, even the butts of the jokes, roaring. Van de Boe, as King Ha Ha, was the very presentment of a jolly monarch, such as our friend

of extraordinary, and it established firmly their position in the estimation and regard of the Brigade.

At the beginning of the year the Masqueraders again united, and, under the competent leadership of the new officers—Kirk had succeeded Foy as President, and Porter, Lucas, and Nordyke had become directors of dramatics, vocal music, and instrumental music respectively—lost no time in getting busy. After due deliberation the decision was made that to insure good shows, and proper preparation, only two should be produced, one in Christmas week and one in the spring.

After many trials and tribulations the Thespians announced themselves ready to perform, and on December 26 produced the "Christmas Show." There were two parts, a one-act farce, "A Proposal Under Difficulties," by John Kendrick Bangs, and "The Court of Funland, A Minstrel Mine of Many Matters of Much and Minor Moment, Minted by Porter and Van de Boe," with an intermediate musical specialty by the "Farina Sisters, Nordyke and Reeves."

The "Proposal" showed the evils of rehears-



PORTER AS THE DEFEATED LOVER



KING HA HA AND HIS  
- MERRY COURTIER -



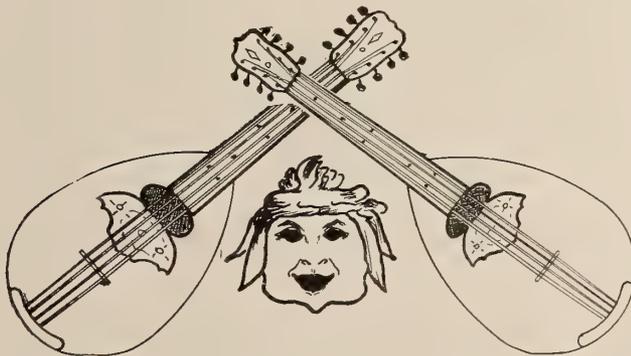
“Old King Cole” must have been. His manner and delivery were perfect—the combination of regal dignity and jovial good-fellowship. The songs, recent topical hits cleverly adapted to local conditions, were received with great appreciation. Touching tributes to the players—an orchid presented to Langworthy, and a beautiful head of cabbage sent to the merry monarch—symbolized the *entente cordiale* between those before and behind the footlights.

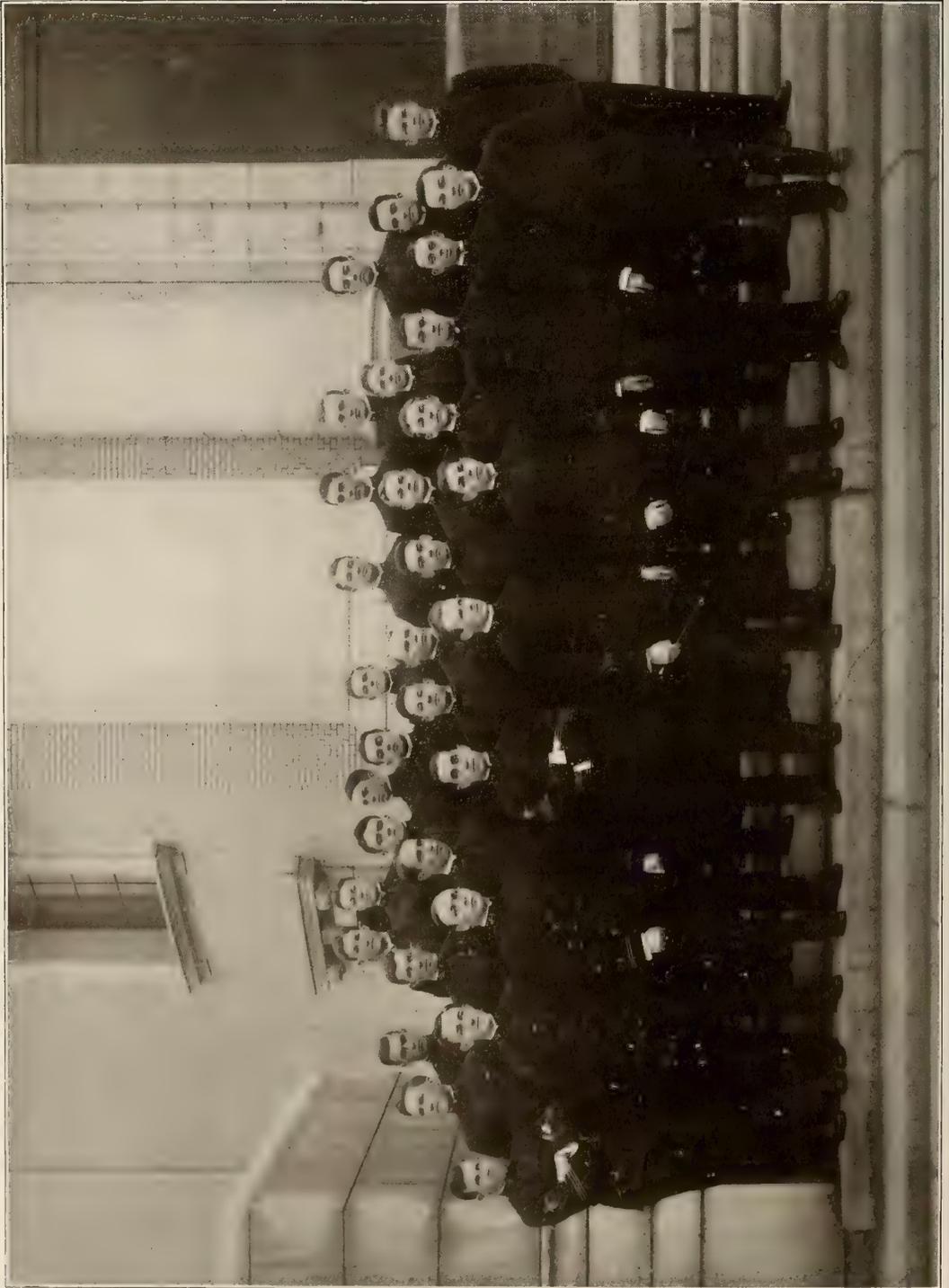
The Masqueraders are now at work on the spring show, and there is great promise of last year's splendid success being repeated, if not excelled. The piece is to be another comic opera, entitled “Gretchen.” The scene is laid in the German principality of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the plot concerns itself with the love affairs of the beautiful Gretchen, the ultra-modern daughter of the old Prince Heine. How her various suitors become entangled—thanks to the deeds of a Yankee valet—and how they are eventually straightened out, is told in typical comic opera style. Porter, Clark and Van de Boe are writing the book and lyrics, while Townsend, Greene, O. C., and Howell are working on the music. The result will, doubtless, do great credit to their exertions.

The Masqueraders, through their many successes, have confirmed the wisdom of their organizers, and will surely live long and prosper in Academic life. The best of luck to them for present and future years!



WELSH AS THE MAID





THE CHOIR



The Choir is the Choir Invisible no longer! Torn from their dark and mysterious corner they have been dragged before the public gaze, and the mantle of mystery has fallen from them forever.

How are the mighty fallen! Gone indeed are the days of graft for that long-grafting body. No more can the song-birds recline across three chairs and peruse the sporting columns of the Sunday papers during a temporary cessation of their labors—no longer can Casey sleep comfortably on the organ bench, or the Grand Duke relate to the admiring Plebes the many adventures in which he figured in the days when he was a member of that august body, the Royal Horse Guards. Alas, no! The Choir is now the observed of all observers, and directly under the eye of both the Commandant and the Superintendent.

It still happens, however, that, as in years past, they voluntarily give up the pleasures of Friday drill and Sunday morning inspection in order to spend those periods in labors helpful to the proper blending of their voices in majestic harmony during the service—through which we must sit defenseless. To this extent they are the same self-sacrificing crowd as before.

By careful observation it has been discovered that the Choir, like the famous Gaul of old, is divided into three parts: first, those who can sing; second, those who are good looking enough to sit next to the congregation, and third, those who are friends of the choir leader. It gives a wonderful picture of the loyalty of the Midshipmen, this touching manner in which the friends of the choir leader stand by him.

Taken all in all, the Choir fulfills its purpose admirably, and is a most efficient aid to the Department of Religion. The many sleeping Midshipmen who can be seen in chapel any Sunday is a wonderful and silent tribute to the value of the organization.



GREENE, O. C., *Leader*

MR. C. A. ZIMMERMANN, *Organist*

ANTI-CYCLONES (Highs)

ALFORD  
LUCAS  
SAXER  
WADDINGTON  
CLARK

MEADE  
WELLBROCK  
ELDRIDGE  
DECKER

CYCLONES (Lows)

FOWLER  
LANGWORTHY  
BATTEN  
HENDERSON

MCCORD  
WICK  
MARTIN

WHISTLING BUOYS

ASHLEY  
BUTLER  
DUNN  
DYSART  
FAY  
MERRICK  
MORRISON  
WUEST  
PORTER

MCCAMMON  
SPENCER  
GREEN  
BROWN  
GAY  
DEYO  
LAVENDER  
WILBUR

"SPA" BUOYS

DRESEL  
ELLIOT  
KOEHLER  
SAMPSON  
TOWNSEND  
HOWELL

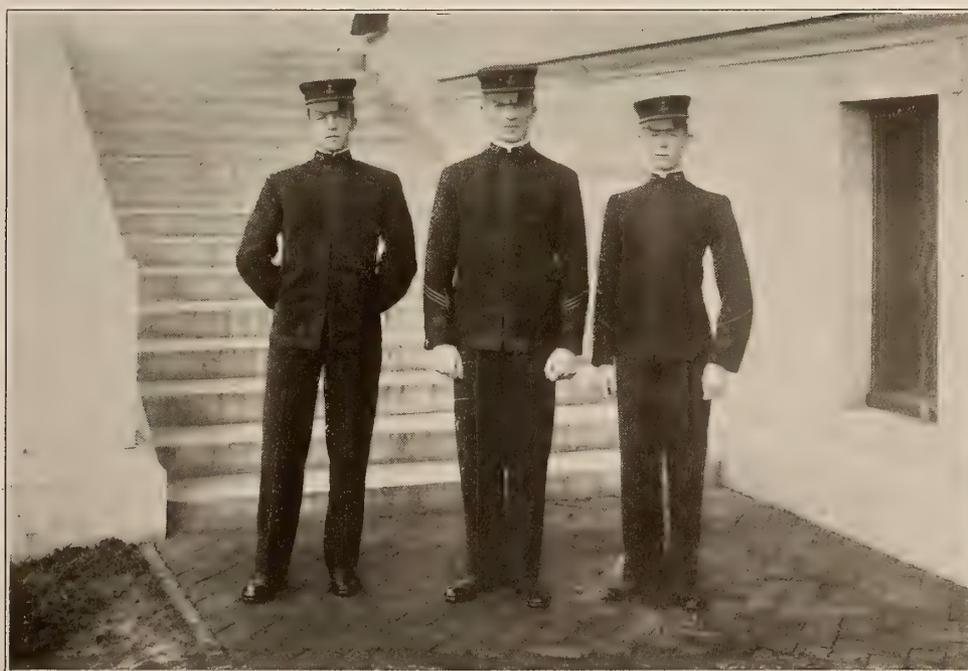


# Y M C A

The Naval Academy Y. M. C. A. is an organization among the Midshipmen which has for its object the promotion of good-fellowship and Christian manhood in the Brigade. The Association has grown from a mere handful of men drawn together by a mutual interest in the things which stand for right living, until now a large percentage of the Brigade are either active or sustaining members.

Meetings are held each Sunday night after supper in Recreation Hall, at which representative Y. M. C. A. leaders of the country and other prominent men address the Midshipmen.

The Bible Study department is a prominent part of the organization which has grown with an increasing realization of the demands on every college man for a fuller knowledge of the truths contained in that Good Book. Too much credit cannot be given to Lieut. Kempff,



Y. M. C. A. OFFICERS

who has had charge of this work, and who, by his perseverance and character, has done much to make the Bible Study department what it is.

In the Reading Room, which is supported jointly by the Athletic Association and the Y. M. C. A., the Midshipmen have access to the best magazines, as well as to the daily papers from various sections of the country. The Reading Room is not as popular as it deserves to be, but it is hoped that a greater appreciation of its advantages will be apparent as time goes on.

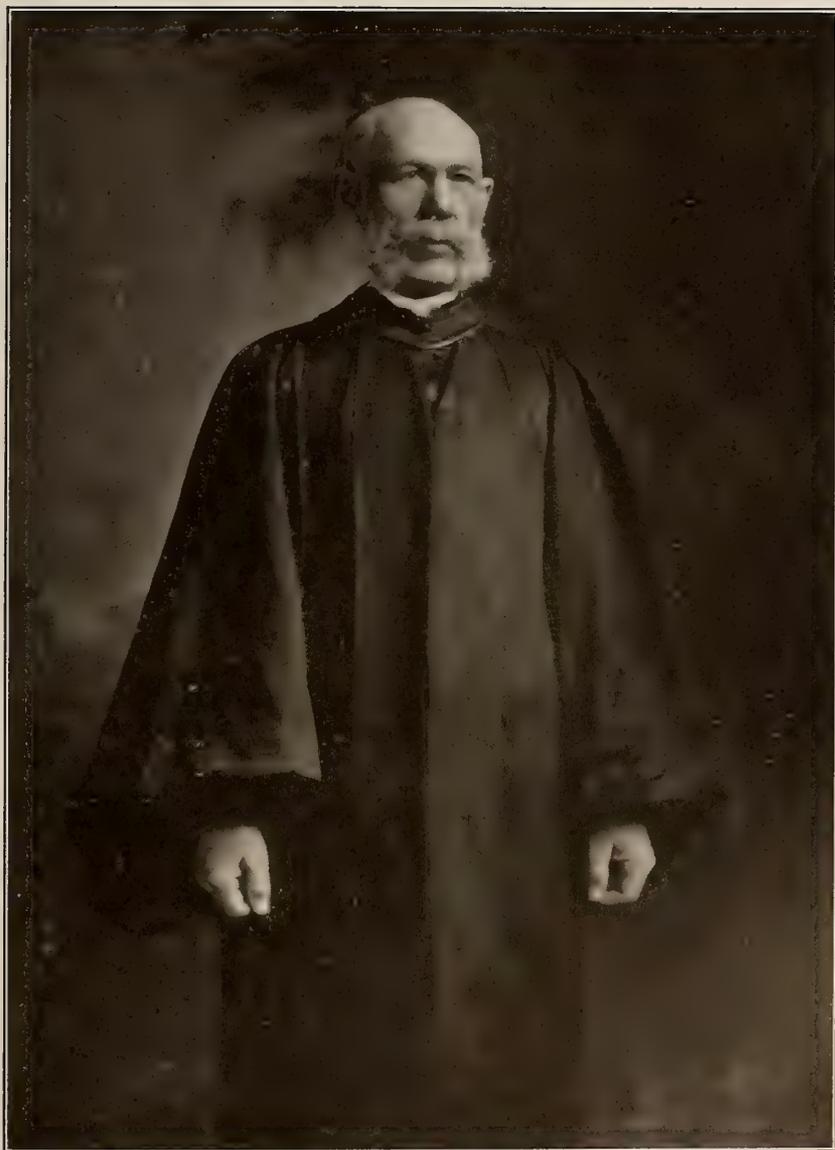
In each of the past two years permission has been obtained to send a delegation from the Naval Academy to the International Y. M. C. A. Conference held each summer at Northfield, Massachusetts. To these meetings come men from all the leading colleges of the northeast section of the United States and of Canada, and they there have a chance to receive new ideas and inspirations which make them better prepared to take up the Christian work in their respective colleges for the ensuing year. Here the Midshipmen have their views broadened. They hear the words of truth and helpfulness from the world's greatest Christian leaders, and they are brought to realize their responsibilities and duties to their fellow-students at the Naval Academy. It is hoped that the coming summer will see a larger delegation from the Navy than there has ever been before, and it is believed that the work will continue with increasing interest and that more of the men will come to know Him, "whom to know aright is life everlasting."

To the Chaplain, who is the official head of the Y. M. C. A., we are greatly indebted for the wise supervision and kind advice which has stood us in good stead in times of trial.

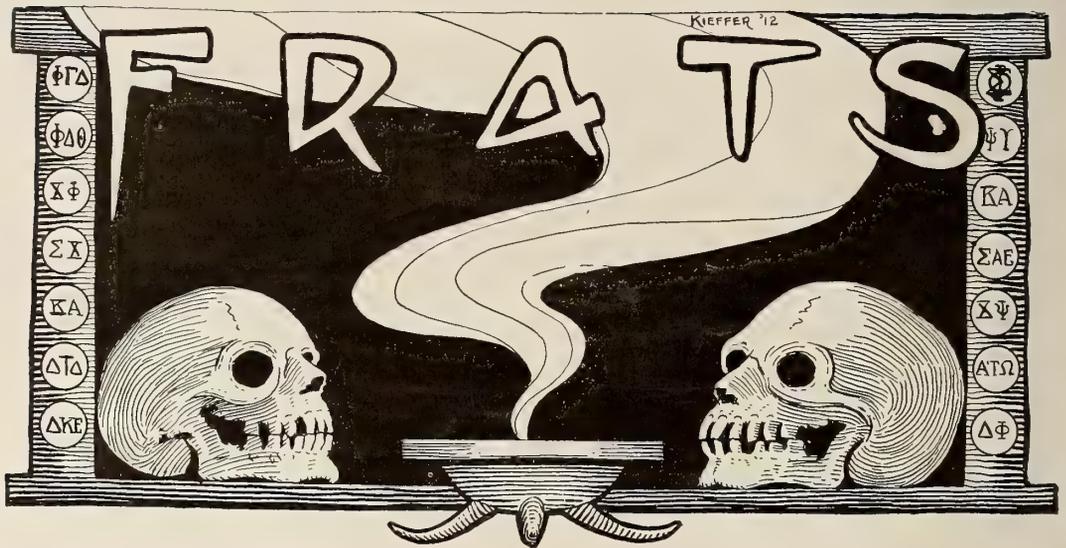
Each year during Lent the Y. M. C. A. has provided entertainments of various kinds to fill in the unoccupied evenings.



AT NORTHFIELD



H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.  
CHAPLAIN



ALPHA TAU OMEGA

J. W. QUILLIAN,	1909	R. B. SIMONS,	1911
S. P. TRACHT,		1912	

ALPHA DELTA

L. E. DENFIELD,	1912
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BETA THETA PI

H. S. BURDICK,	1909	C. D. PEIRCE,	1910
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DELTA PHI

M. L. DEYO,	1911
-------------	------

DELTA PSI

H. S. M. CLAY,	1911
----------------	------

DELTA TAU DELTA

G. CHURCH,	1909	L. W. COMSTOCK,	1911
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DELTA KAPPA EPSILON

L. W. THROCKMORTON,	1911	W. J. HURLBURT,	1912
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GAMMA DELTA PHI

J. WILBUR,	1912
------------	------

KAPPA ALPHA (SOUTHERN)

T. H. JONES,	1909	R. E. BYRD,	1912
W. O. RAWLS,	1909	D. DE TREVILLE,	1912
A. R. SIMPSON,	1910	L. A. FALLIGANT,	1912
T. C. SENN,		1912	

KAPPA ALPHA SIGMA

R. L. KIBBE,	1911
--------------	------

KAPPA EPSILON

R. P. HINRICHS, 1911 F. U. LAKE, 1912

KAPPA SIGMA

W. P. BUTLER, 1909 D. J. FRIEDEL, 1909  
W. M. CORRY, JR., 1910

PHI DELTA THETA

O. C. GREENE, 1909 W. D. SEED, 1910  
H. K. LEWIS, 1910 S. G. STRICKLAND, 1911

PHI GAMMA DELTA

J. GARNETT, 1911 J. W. McCLARAN, 1911  
O. W. BAGBY, 1912

PI KAPPA ALPHA

W. A. RICHARDSON, 1910

PHI KAPPA PSI

W. H. O'BRIEN, 1911 S. A. WILSON, 1912

PHI LAMBDA XI

W. A. RICHARDSON, 1909

PHI SIGMA CHI

A. W. FORD, 1911

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

C. E. BATTLE, 1910 C. NEWTON, JR., 1911  
M. J. FOSTER, 1910 L. B. ARD, 1912  
J. G. WARE, 1910 T. C. GIBBS, 1912  
M. S. TISDALE, 1912

SIGMA CHI

R. D. WEYERBACHER, 1909

SIGMA DELTA

C. G. McCORD, 1911

SIGMA NU

M. C. ROBERTSON, 1909 V. C. GRIFFIN, 1912  
C. RIDGELY, 1911 C. W. McNAIR, 1912

SIGMA PHI

G. BRADFORD, 1909 L. C. PEYTON, 1910  
S. J. ZIEGLER, 1912

THETA DELTA CHI

S. K. DAY, 1911

THETA XI

J. G. VENTER, 1912

ZETA PSI

T. S. KING, 2ND, 1911

## 1909 CLASS SONG

Composed expressly for the class of  
Nineteen Hundred and Nine  
United States Naval Academy

HORACE W. NORDYKE  
Midshipman U.S.N.

Arranged & Harmonized  
CHAS. A. ZIMMERMANN  
B.M. U. S. N. A.

Lively with swing

Let's gath-er a - round for a  
song O 9, yes gather around for a song, — For our days with the class all too  
quickly will pass and the years far a - part will be long, — But no  
matter what ev - er be - fall old class you nev - er for - got - ten will be, — We shall

The musical score consists of four systems. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 8/8. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often with slurs and ties. The vocal line is simple and melodic, with lyrics printed below the notes. The lyrics are: "Let's gath-er a - round for a song O 9, yes gather around for a song, — For our days with the class all too quickly will pass and the years far a - part will be long, — But no matter what ev - er be - fall old class you nev - er for - got - ten will be, — We shall".

always be true to the old Na-vy Blue, And to thee old class and to thee No

mat-ter where we'll wander Be it o-ver land or sea, To you old class of

Nineteen Nine the tru-est sons we'll be, With heart to heart u-ni-ted always

for you we will stand, For you for you our dear old class and for our Na-tive land.

# "SAIL HO!" MARCH

Dedicated to the Class of 1909

U. S. Naval Academy

PIANO

CHAS. A. ZIMMERMANN

B. M. U. S. N. A.

## Introduction

## March

The first system of the piano introduction and march. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The introduction begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The march section starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

The second system of the piano introduction and march, continuing the melodic and harmonic development from the first system.

The third system of the piano introduction and march. It includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2'. The dynamic is *ff*.

The fourth system of the piano introduction and march. It features a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresca*), and a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The tempo is marked *8...loco*.

The fifth system of the piano introduction and march. It includes first and second endings, marked with '1' and '2'. The dynamic is *ff*.

The Trio section of the piano introduction and march. It is marked *marcato melodie* and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The final system of the piano introduction and march, concluding the piece.

First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music consists of rhythmic patterns and chords.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with similar rhythmic and harmonic structures.

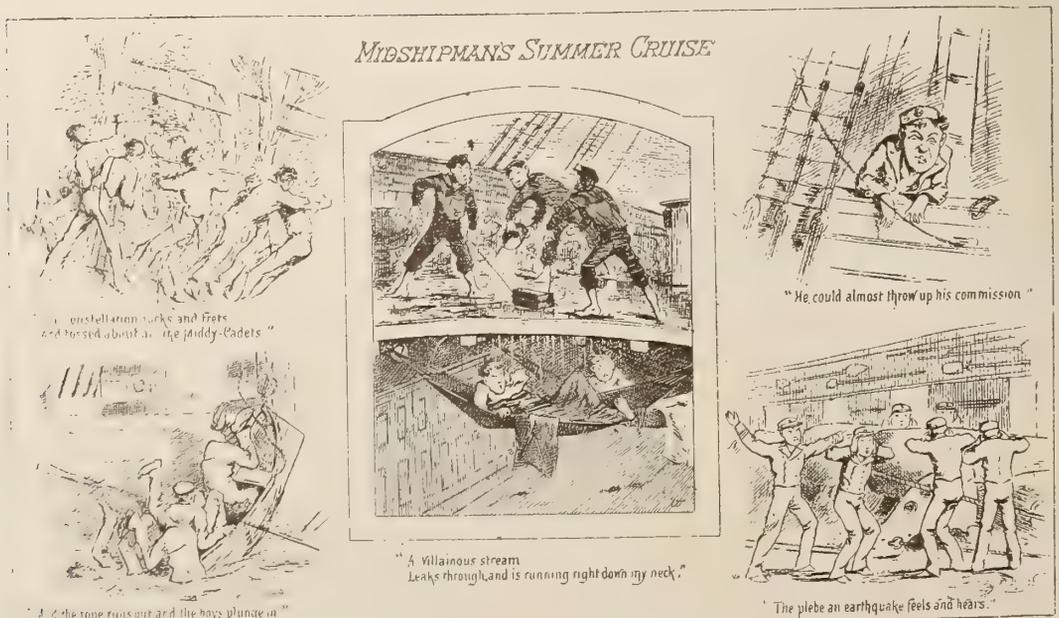
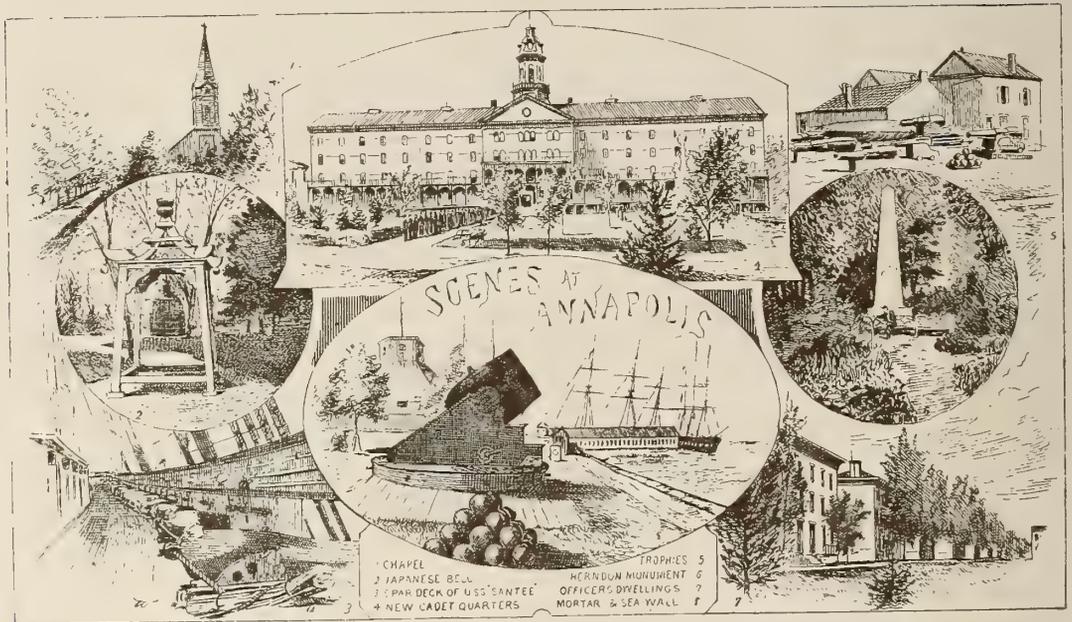
Third system of musical notation, including the lyrics "cres - cen - do" written across the notes. The music features more complex chordal textures.

Fourth system of musical notation, marked with a forte dynamic (*ff*) and containing several accents (*>*) over the notes.

Fifth system of musical notation, continuing the piece with various dynamics and articulations.

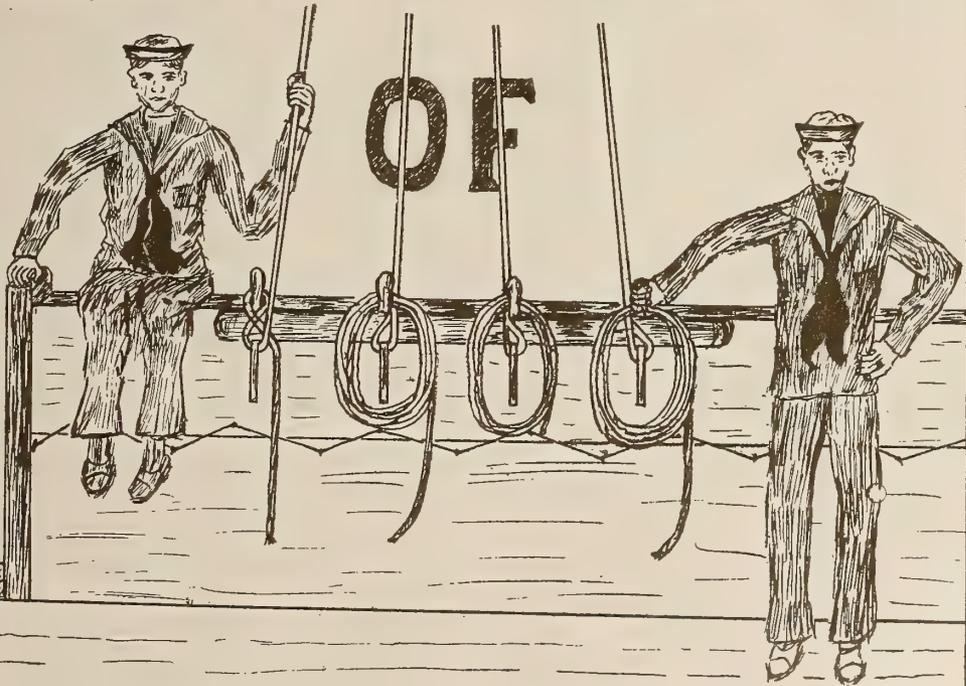
Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a variety of rhythmic values and chordal accompaniment.

Seventh system of musical notation, concluding the piece with the word "Fine" and a final cadence. The system includes a repeat sign and a fermata over the final notes.



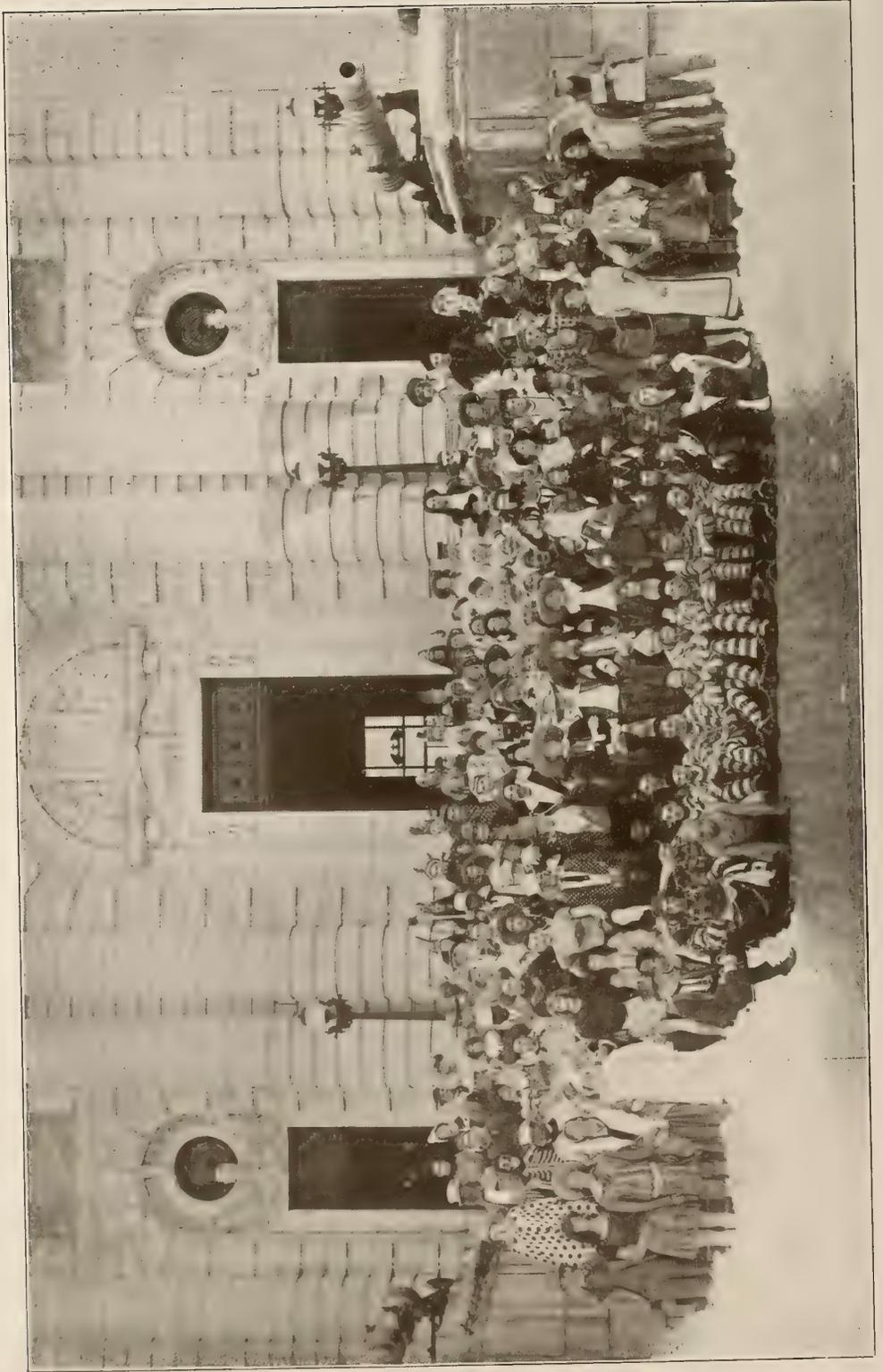
T H E

F O L L I E S



Rip! Rap! Frap the pap!  
Belay that! Get, Sat!  
Tangent, Secant, Cosine, Sine!  
NAVY! NAVY! 1909.

HP



THE CHRISTMAS P-RADE

# X-MAS P-RADE



ON Christmas Eve, large, elaborate handbills distributed to the wondering populace proclaimed the appearance, on the morrow, of the "Biggest Show on Earth." Great interest was immediately aroused, and all waited breathlessly for the hour, 6.30 A. M., set for the beginning of the show.

Christmas morning, to the glad sounds of reveille at 6.30, falling for once on undeafened ears, the Class of 1909 turned out. The Class of 1909 they were then, but in five minutes they were wonderfully transformed into blood-thirsty pirates, rollicking cowboys, beautiful maids, demons, convicts, and all the "hellish crew" that the wildest imagination could devise. With one wild, wicked whoop of daring deviltry, the motley throng gathered on the ground-floor of the Armory wing, and began—to be stopped finally only an hour later—to chant "One More River." Soon the personnel of the show was complete, and the P-rade got under way. Led by the field music of the band, the procession wound a devious way through quarters. To the underclasses, crowding the stairs and the corridors, it was a marvelous sight. First came Salome—not Isadora Duncan—spellbinding the beholders with her wild dance and daring (?) costume; then Mephistopheles, with his latest Oriental favorite, the Princess Pajah, skipped gladsomely along, pursued closely by a murderous band of pirates. Then came gentlemen of all ages and nationalities, from Demos-



FREE!

U.S.—1909—N.A.

FREE!

# BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH

STARTLING—STUPENDOUS—STUNNING—SPECTACLE. EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION  
OF EXCEPTIONAL EXOTIC XMAS ODDITIES, CONSISTING OF

## PROFESSOR PUNK'S

- 100 PRICELESS PEARLS OF THE PARISIAN STAGE 100  
Whose Flawless Forms Have Found Frequent Favor With Foreign Sovereigns
- 400 SAVAGE-FEROCIOS-FIGHTING-CHIEFS, BRAVES and SQUAWS 400  
(No Paposes)
- 300 Riotous-Ruthless—PIRATES—Roistering-Ransacking 300
- 250 Brown, Broad-Brimmed—MEXICANS—Bloodthirsty, Bull-Fighting 250
- 200 Rough, Rowdy—COW PUNCHERS—Reckless, Rollicking 200
- 40 Comic—CLOWNS—Clever 40
- 100 CUNNINGLY CAPTURED CARNIVOROUS CANNIBALS 100

### *Also the Following Frivolous Funny Freaks Fresh from Funland*

Uncle Sam, Santa Claus, Buster Brown, Happy Hooligan, Gloomy Gus, Mephisto, Demons, Dutch Girls, Sports, Rip Van Winkle, Napoleon, Arabs, French Court, Scotchmen, Police, Farmer K. D. Gaston, Alfonse, Sis Hopkins, Tramps, Jesters, Dutchmen, Chinamen, Jews, Farmers, Greeks, Spanish Girls, Cardinals, Leon, Knights, Old Woman, Blind Beggar, Father Time, Negroes, Negro Preacher, Midshipmen, ("Past"), Jockeys, Imps, Italians, Grecian Lady, Spooks, Dr. Pill, Rough Riders, Flip.

### MAGNIFICENT MENAGERIE

(1 FROG—1 LION)

SCRUMPTIOUS SIZZLING SIDE SHOW

LIVING SKELETONS

PRINCESS PAJAH—The Queen of Oriental Dancers

SALOME—The Devilish, Daring Dancer

## GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT

100—CRUEL, CALCULATING—CONVICTS—CASE HARDENED—100  
Whose deliberate defiance of the Discipline Department has promptly produced their pitiable plight

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE GREAT, GRAND, GAUDY, GORGEOUS

# XMAS P-RADE

FREE!

At 6.30 A. M. Dec. 25, 1908

FREE!

thenes to Uncle Sam, and their wives, Sappho to Sis Hopkins. The Sunday papers brought in several Buster Browns, Alphonse and Gaston, Little Nemo and Flip, Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus; ballet girls threw kisses to right and left, and a nurse tried to marshal four unruly charges into line. All, however, was not fun and frolic, for at the end tottered along a poor old blind man, and a naval officer—though yet a midshipman—grown old in the service of his country, and Death, a grisly skeleton, was reaching out his arms to gather them in. Last of all, a gang of cruel convicts, firmly fettered, clanked miserably on.

Round each floor went the merry crowd, singing, hooting, dancing, yelling. At intervals of sanity they wished everyone the best of the season with the Christmas song:



“Merry Christmas to you all:  
 This is Christmas day.  
 Turn out! turn out with joyful shout!  
 Let troubles fade away.  
 Merry Christmas to you all:  
 Come, join us in our song;  
 We'll put behind us all our woes,  
 Pass happiness along.”

The staccato sound of the class yell, with “1910, 1911, 1912” at its end, broke out frequently, and was answered by enthusiastic yelps from the spectators. At last, the “Biggest Show on Earth” went outside into the cold, cold world. Salome gave a gasp and ran for a reefer, the ballet dancers began to kick higher yet than before, and what with snow-drifts below and refrigerated air all around, even the gloomy convicts grew spirited, and exchanged the slow lockstep for a lively double-shuffle. Through a horde of enthusiastic but sleepy-eyed spectators—who had risen at the godless hour of six to view the P-rade—through the ranks of mothers and sisters (?) who blushed furiously at the antics of our female impersonators, across slippery walks and





mountainous snow-drifts, the procession made its way, consoling themselves with the thought that they were

“Almost out of the wilderness,  
Out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness;  
Almost out of the wilderness—  
One more river to cross,  
One more river,  
One more river to cross;  
One more river,  
One more river to cross.”

Led by three heroic Hottentot chieftains, the crusade stormed the Superintendent's, besieged the Commandant's, and attacked Ponce with heavy (vocal) artillery. The fortresses were strong, however; the enemy did not appear to treat for terms, and the crusaders, croaking hoarsely, found their way back to headquarters, to spend a busy half-hour removing the stains of conflict.



# Little Stories of Real Life

## Bill Makes Good as a Guide

T was during our last year that the National Committee of the United Scientists of America honored the Naval Academy with a visit. During drill hour they were suitably entertained with a review, after which "Rooster Bill" Rawls, who happened to be on duty that day, was detailed to show our distinguished guests around the Yard. Bill did not catch the name of the party of elderly men, and having been shut up in a corridor on the fourth floor all day, had not heard of the arrival of such a select assortment of scientists. He wandered with them from building to building, explaining in his grandiloquent manner the many interesting things to be seen. At last the wireless station was reached. Bill had had a "P" work on wireless the day before, and decided to make a grand-stand finish. He discoursed to them fluently on electricity, pointed out the wonderful antennæ, and where the actual facts had escaped his memory, filled up the gaps with as thrilling information as he could devise. When it was ended one of the gray-bearded men thanked him. "I have enjoyed this very much," he said. "I am Professor Ira A. Remsen, President of Johns Hopkins University, and I should like to introduce you to my friend here, Professor Daniell. What is your name, please?"

Bill gasped a minute, but was not to be outdone. "Oh," he said, "That's all right! I'm Tommy Weyerbacher."

## That Tea Fight

One autumn afternoon a tea was given aboard one of the monitors lying in the stream off the Academy. Percy Northcroft was invited, as is the custom at teas. He had a particularly pleasant time. On account of the great number of guests he was able to slip in for refreshments several times. Finally the hostess, a kindly lady who had smilingly observed his fondness for food, approached him.

"Can't I get you something to eat?" she asked.

Percy looked at her sternly and inquired in a caustic manner, "May I ask your name?" Percy really ought to find out whose teas he is attending.

## "Sh—ssh—ssh!"

All of us observed and bewailed the early hour at which the last liberty boat shoved off from the dock at New London this summer. It was particularly hard for Raguet to return so soon, so he devised a plan of creeping alongside the Chicago at a later time and gaining the deck of the former flagship of the White Squadron by means of the convenient stern ladder. He supposed, of course, that the commissioned officer of the deck would be sleeping soundly, and that the Midshipman on watch would be gazing at the stars and dreaming of leave. He calculated without Benny, however, who seldom slept, and who was leaning on the quarterdeck rail at the identical moment when Edward swung on to the afore-mentioned stern ladder and felt his shore-boat slip out from under him. Benny leaned out over the rail. "Who is it?" he asked.

Rags thought of course it was a Midshipman. "Sh-ssh-ssh—keep quiet, can't you!" he whispered fiercely.

# NAVIGATION



U. S. Naval Academy,  
 REPORT for the week ending May 23, 1908, of Midshipmen whose recitations have not been satisfactory.  
 Department of Navigation Branch Navigation Class

	AVERAGE	AVERAGE	ATTENTION TO	REMARKS
Bary	2.4		Reyn	1.7
Bilingsly	2.3		From	2.0
Chaine	2.0		From	2.4
Croft	1.9		Van Meter	2.2
Drye	2.0		Wadleigh	2.0
Edson	2.4		Wright	2.0
Elder	2.4		Went	2.2
Fidel	2.1			
Fox	2.3			
Gilman	2.7			
Hartman	2.4		Subjects: Dead reckoning and construction of lines	
Jos. R. E.	2.2			
Kirk	2.4			
McClann	2.4			
Olson	2.1			
Polk, H. H.	2.3			
Polk, W. W.	2.3			
Raguel	2.3			
Rosen	2.3			
Ross	2.3			
Richardson	1.9			

Respectfully submitted,  
 To the Superintendent, U. S. Naval Academy, J. P. ... Head of Department.

U. S. Naval Academy,  
 REPORT for the week ending May 23, 1908, of Midshipmen whose recitations have not been satisfactory.  
 Department of Navigation Branch Navigation Class 2

	AVERAGE	AVERAGE	ATTENTION TO	REMARKS
Alford	2.4		Porter	2.1
Almonst	2.4		Prine	2.3
Bender	2.3		Quillen	2.1
Campbell	2.3		Robinson, M.	2.0
Croft	2.3		Stephens	2.3
Dennis	2.4		Tammah	2.1
Fox	2.3		Van Hook	1.4
Gilman	2.4		Wason	2.3
Smith	2.4		Yates	2.2
Thompson	2.3			
Therby	2.3		Subjects: Dead reckoning and construction of lines	
Jess	2.3			
Osman, J. H.	2.4			
Quinderson	2.3			
Spill	2.3			
Tracy	2.3			
McClelliff	2.0			
Maddox	1.0			
Marion	2.4			
Murphy	2.3			
Woodruff	2.1			

Respectfully submitted,  
 To the Superintendent, U. S. Naval Academy, J. P. ... Head of Department.



"Sh-ssh-ssh—hell!" came the soft reply, and Rags wondered where he had heard that voice before.

Benny waited almost five minutes, and then he leaned over and said, "Oh, you might as well come on up, young man, you're ragged."

And Rags hit it for "Surreptitiously and unsuccessfully attempting to come aboard by means of the stern ladder."

### Ruminations of Bias

"Yas, suh, I got plenty of money. Mistuh Manyhand give me a quarteh jus' yestiddy foh carryin' a billy-doo, or doo-billy, or whut 'twus he call it, out to Wes' Street. But hit's wuth dat much—walkin' way out dar atter dahk when a nigger don' know when some white man goin' to say 'Boo' at 'im. Mistuh Fan de Boat, what lives wid Mistuh Manyhand, suttinly is funny. One day I wus in dar shinin' shoes, and Mistuh Fan de Boat came blusterin' in and say, 'Lucullus, me slave, bring fo'th me hoss!' I say, 'Deed, Mistuh, I ain't seed no hoss.' 'All right,' he say, 'git muh a donkey.' Den he look 'roun' an' see Mistuh Manyhand. 'Neber min', he say, an' walk away kinder satisfied like.

"Mistuh Van Walkinbug, he am diffunt. He sets a-smokin' an' a-smilin' dat undecided smile. 'Pete,' he say to his roommate, 'Mistuh Pluvius am comin' in to-night to give us a talk. Ain't yuh gwine stay to heah it?' 'No,' say Mistuh Pete, 'he may kin tell yuh how come Noah to run on to de shoals of Ararat, 'cause he ain't got no sextant, but he can't tell me how to eat de mos' spuds wid de leas' exertion. Dat's what I wan' to know.' Mistuh Van den revile Mistuh Pete 'bout lovin' his stomach more'n his soul. Yessuh, I'm comin'. Dere's dat Mistuh Gillit a-callin' me. He sho am a mean white man!"

### Devotions of a Midshipman

The Brigade had jumped up and sat down for the last time, the final peal of the organ was choked off after a game fight to continue, and as Midshipman Flighty settled himself comfortably for the sermon, he thought to himself:

"I must pay attention to-day; they say the sermons are fine and I never hear or remember a single phrase. '*Through the achievements of science a noble ship is a perfect thing.*' Well, I suppose a ship is a perfect thing, but if he wants to show an achievement of science, why doesn't he look at that girl with the big blue hat up there? Gee! look at those puffs, and those hollow cheeks redder than a June apple. They say she came out when the Class of '95 was the Plebe Class, but hanged if she isn't the youngest looking girl here—at this distance. '*A rudderless ship is like unto a lost soul.*' Oh, I wonder if he means that fat old bachelor officer who has no woman's hand to guide him and spend his coin? If I thought I'd ever be an old bach, with no wife, no children, no one to care if—'*What a wonderful thing is a little flake of snow!*' Yes, and what a wonderful thing that I didn't hit the steam tree. I've got to begin this week and bone every study hour from now on, and I'm going to do it. '*There are many things in life we cannot understand.*' Well, just a few. I thought calc. and mechanics bad enough to savvy, but I'd like to bet Ponce that he doesn't know what all his hot air about exact coefficients means. And I don't understand how in thunder that girl gets in and out of the chapel with that hat on. '*And some day you will stand at the dividing of the paths, as it were.*' The sooner I graduate and get on a new path the better for me. Will I ever get that sheepskin in my clutches? Oh, if I do! If I just get a 2.5 in everything, and June ever gets here, I'll—'*Some day some of you will stand before that magnificent painting!*' How wonderful!

If he had been as close to magnificent painting as I was through five dances last night, he wouldn't say it was wonderful. *'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'* Well, I should say she is a joy forever! If I just thought she'd be mine, I'd worship the bricks she steps on. I'd rather be her little dog Ponce than any other girl's king. *'You will roam through St. Peter's and be lost in awe before the achievements of the old masters.'*"

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er:  
If I bone and bone and bone,  
I will surely get a four.

Yes, you will.—EDITOR.

### The Ballad of the Busy Bee

Oh, the day was cold, and the wind she blew,  
And the semi-anns were almost through,  
When the Busy Bee, with look of ire,  
Let loose from his face this sad satire:  
"I'll go for a walk, my dear O. D.,  
For on snowy days there is much to see."  
But the walk that was taken by the Busy Bee,  
As he sallied forth these things to see,  
Was not through the gusts of the snowy fall,  
But round all the floors of Bancroft Hall.

Now high in a room on the upper deck  
The boys were gathered by the peck;  
For the day was cold, and the wind she blew,  
And a poker game was something new  
To while away the wintry time  
In a manner thought by some sublime.  
And lo! the fellows were gathered there,  
Sitting in many a borrowed chair.  
Said Levi Bye, "I'll raise you ten,"  
When the clank of a sword sounded close—and then—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"Well, here I'm back," said the paragon  
To the sad O. D., "Put these young men on."

Whenever you have time to kill  
Go somewhere very far from Bill.



Holbrook



Jim Bologna working on Reef Points



'Dolly' any Sunday



Drag & Hendy  
- 1000 game series -



A good Book



When Pee-wee hears a rich one.



What's the use?  
You have to do it over tomorrow



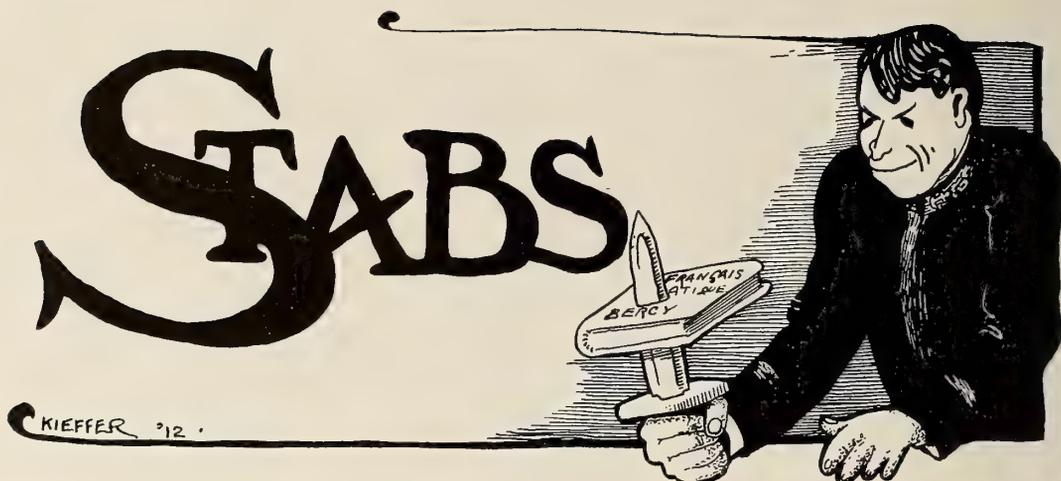
Duff does a turn for the bunch



Bub poses for his picture



Count Church  
ragged catching one



BONES INSTRUCTOR—"Mr. Marion, what is this bone called?"  
 FRENCHY (desperately)—"The Bedelia, sir."

INSTRUCTOR—"How would you be able to tell which way a wagon was going by the wheeltracks?"

—— (after thinking awhile)—"See which way the horse was going, sir."

CLEAN SLEEVE—"Hey, Mister! what is a Red Mike?"  
 PLEBE (confidently)—"A Dago instructor, sir."

GUILER (in Nav.)—"Yes, sir, the dip is measured by the dipping needle."

DAGO PROFESSOR—"What do Americans call ze fruit of ze vine?"  
 PLEBE (from Boston)—"Beans, sir."

PONCE—"What are you doing, Mr. Thornton?"  
 WILD CAT TOM—"Plotting the great circle course from San Francisco to Oklahoma, sir."

LUCY DUNN (as section leader)—"Now let's do this thing right, fellows, and I'll get a four in grease. Squads right, march! *Mark time, march!* Section, halt! Dismissed."

CHAPLINE—"A simple way of finding latitude is by the altitude of Pelorus."

MIKE ROBERTSON (in engine room)—"And this is where you take regulator cards, is it?"

CHAPPIE—"Keats' most famous poem is his 'Ode to a Grecian Churn.'"

ASHLEY (translating)—"The rez-de-chaussee is the ground floor."  
 COSTÉ—"No, the first floor. What do you call in English the first floor?"  
 ASHLEY—"In Bancroft Hall we call the second floor the first floor."

MARION—"Two hawsers can't be bent together by a half hitch, nor a reef knot, so I suppose a granny would be used."

"SPUDS" MANAHAN—"The patient should then be screened so that no mosquitoes will bite him and catch malaria."

INSTRUCTOR—"Well, how are the stars named, Mr. Marion?"

FRENCHY (out for missing the tree)—"At first they used the Greek alphabet, sir, but I don't know what they used when that ran out."

RIEGER (on firing line in sham battle)—"Compan-ee, Sit!"

RICHEY—"The most ominous sound in the engine room is complete silence, for it indicates hot journals."



#### SEEING ANNAPOLIS

YOUNG LADY (to guide)—"Yes, there are two things I *must* see—John Paul Jones and Pret Haines."

# How They Recite

## WELSH

Uncoils his five-feet-two slowly and with great dignity; assumes position of an obese drum-major, swaying slightly to keep his equilibrium. Fixes his gaze on some point at an infinite distance beyond the prof., and commences to display his complete comprehension of the assigned subject and all other knowledge in an aggrieved tone, as though feeling hurt that the instructor is not content with his previous rep. as a basis to mark him on, but must ask him questions on the lesson for the day. Once started, is very hard to stop, for, his mind concentrated on the subject-matter, any trivial remark such as "That will do," or the Frenchman's "Bon," fails to sink in. If questioned about a detail, looks more hurt than ever, answers the question and proceeds with injured dignity, as though there had been no interruption. Has no tolerance for profs. who do not see it his way—which way is generally right—and will not descend to argue with them. When the instructor finally succeeds in letting him know he has said enough, sits down slowly, focuses eyes on opposite blackboard and accomplishes immediately the marvelous feat of going to sleep and yet keeping both eyes open.

## WUEST

Jumps up quickly as name is called, and inclines his head toward instructor in order to get his subject perfectly. If he does not catch it verbatim, asks to have it repeated. Then makes all possible speed to the board, writes down name and subject hurriedly, and with feverish haste commences to write. Has discovered long since that blackboards are wider than they are high, and consequently writes his words like dachshunds—long, but far from high. Spends the hour filling his board and as many adjacent boards as are vacant. Velocity at first is constant, 100 words a minute, but as time passes acquires an acceleration of fifteen words a minute. Final result, two acres of board at a pressure of 2000 words per acre. Five minutes before end of hour faces about and, at instructor's nod, commences reading rapidly in a monotone. Agrees profusely with any interpolation by the prof., and again resumes narrative. Winds up his spiel with an air of "I have only treated this subject in an elementary manner, and should you wish it, I can enlarge upon it ad infinitum." Sits down carefully, quietly, and unobtrusively, and should there be any time left, as is decidedly unusual, follows the recitation with very apparent interest.

## TOWNSEND

Arises slowly, unfolding his joints successively, and after an interval of deliberation, asks that the question be repeated. When he has absorbed the general trend of his subject, turns to the board, writes his name rapidly in a small, straggly hand, then pauses to muse awhile, with an air of intense ennui, upon what possible connection there can be between the subject assigned to him and what he remembers of the lesson in the book. He finally grasps a clue, and then, with an air of disgust, at either the simplicity of the question or the manual labor of discussing the matter at length on the board, takes up a piece of chalk and describes in glittering generalities (safe method) what might be either a Foster pressure regulator or a 12-in. turret mount. After writing about fifteen lines his capacity is exhausted, and with a sigh of relief he sinks loosely into the nearest chair. There he passes rapidly into a semi-somnolent state, from which the instructor usually has difficulty in arousing him. When he finally realizes that he has the floor, he turns to his work and reads it off without

any apparent interest whatsoever. The reading completed, he answers any further questions the prof. may put to him with the same cheerful alacrity(?), and, the catechism completed, drops once more into a chair and, this time, into a state of complete somnolence.

#### VAN METRE

Gets on his feet quickly, cocks his head to one side and assumes an intelligent expression similar to that of a young calf deep in thought. The subject assigned, he nods cheerfully as though to say, "Yes, sir; I'll be glad to do it for you, sir," and makes his way to the board with a curious sidewise, crablike amble. Writes slowly and carefully, with an angular, schoolboy hand, and sits down at first opportunity. When called on assumes a position characteristic of Van de Boe, the human wishbone—his feet together, but his legs, through natural distrust of each other, spreading well apart, left hand hanging loosely, very loosely, and his right poised in air, as though uncertain where it may find an abiding place, his head bent to one side and forward. Recites in a very confidential tone, as though his matter was of the utmost importance to the instructor, and emphasizes each accentuated word with a nod of his head. Has a triple-acting method of answering a question; the words, "Yes, sir," in the same confidential tone, a decided nod of his head—so decided that one involuntarily stoops to catch the head if it should break off—and a spasmodic jerk of the left hand. Concludes with a last burst of confidence and a final convulsive nod.

#### RAWLS

Rooster Bill pushes his head well forward, slowly rises, raises his right foot with a flourish, as if disengaging his spurs, and gives the prof. a squint out of his good eye as his name is called. Assumes a pigeon-toed position, puts both thumbs in his beackets and cocks his head forward in the characteristic pose that gave him the nickname of "Rooster," as the subject is assigned. When the prof. finishes, Bill always gives the spot behind his right ear three quick scratches, stretches his right leg back a couple of times and steps gingerly to the board, being careful not to let his spurs strike each other. At the board he writes frantically a moment, stops, quickly scratches his head three times, stretches both legs and steps back so that he can focus that good eye on what he has written. Sees that the board is not full, steps up to it again and goes through the same performance. After three or four trials he fills his board, then triumphantly faces about, clasps hands, and feels both spurs while he winks at anybody who may be in sight. When called on he scratches his head, puts his thumbs in beackets, touches his toes together, squints his good eye and reads rapidly. Before answering any subsequent questions scratches his right ear three times. As soon as clear of the section room he delivers the subject, the text-book, the prof., the Department, the Supe., the Com., the Academy and the Navy to the hot hands of the Devil; he damns them all to deepest hell; he consigns them to eternal torture, and ceases his burning curses only when "Zim" starts the band to playing "Come on, Zim.!"





# THE PEACH PICKERS' ASSOCIATION.



**“By their fruits ye shall know them.”**

HAINES.....*Most Imperial Monarch and Grand Mogul*  
 KIRK.....*First Junior Mogul*  
 KELLY.....*Second Junior Mogul*  
 KOEHLER.....*Third Junior Mogul*  
 LEIGHTON.....*Grand Vizier*  
 VAN HOOK.....*Court Chamberlain*  
 R. KAISER, FLORIST.....*Keeper of the Shekels*

## MANAGERS OF THE IMPERIAL ORCHARDS

JONES, T. H.	MCELDUFF	SAMPSON
MANAHAN*	COMFORT	OLDENDORF*
TOWNSEND*	STEPHENSON	LUCAS

## FRUIT GROWERS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

NORDYKE	MOSES*	QUILLIAN
WILKINSON	NORTHCROFT	GIBSON
DRESEL	GREENE, O. C.*	PLATT*

## HARVEST HANDS

GREEN, F.*	DUNN*	DEARING*
BENNETT	WICKHAM	FAY*
RAWLS	BERNHARD*	CHAPLINE

\*Ex-member of the Hod-Carriers' Union.

## ARTICLES

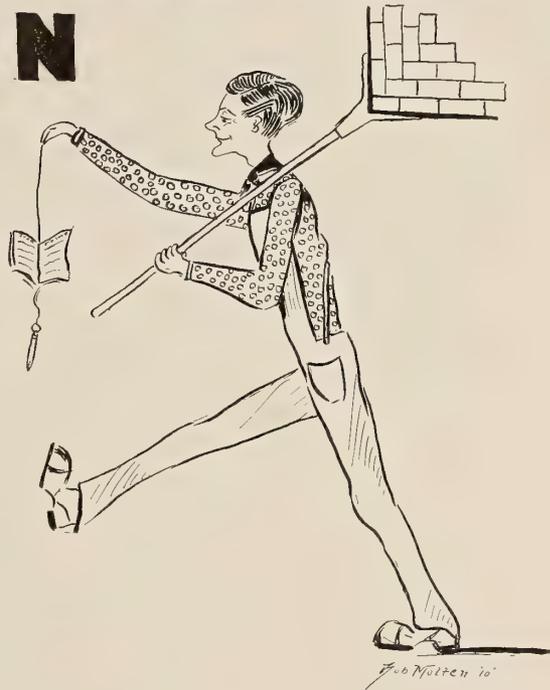
1. This association shall be known as the Peach Pickers' Association, and its members are authorized to operate throughout the United States.
2. There shall be bi-weekly meetings of the Association at the headquarters of its central committee, and all members shall exhibit, at such meetings, the results of their labors during the previous two weeks. Absence from two successive such meetings shall constitute grounds for dismissal.
3. The fruit exhibited shall be neither too green nor over-ripe, and a member of the association shall be appointed at each meeting to inspect the specimen exhibits, and report on the same.
4. The requirements for membership shall be—declaration of intention to raise standard fruit, and material evidences of success thereat. Ex-members of the Hod-Carriers' Union admitted only on presentation of certificate of expulsion from that order.

# THE HOD-CARRIERS UNION

"Your bricks of your daily task."

—BIBLE.

MONS. STRICKLAND . . . . .	<i>President</i>
RICHARDSON . . . . .	<i>Honorary Vice-President</i>
SMITH, W. W. . . . .	<i>First Vice-President</i>
DYSART . . . . .	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
MCCABE . . . . .	<i>Third Vice-President</i>
R. G. CHANEY, ESQ. . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
PAUNACK . . . . .	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
PORTER, W. N. . . . .	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
LE CLAIR . . . . .	<i>Walking Delegate</i>
ALLEWELT . . . . .	" "
HAAS . . . . .	" "
SHEA . . . . .	" "
VAN METRE . . . . .	" "
EDE . . . . .	<i>Foreman</i>
JOHNSON, L. P. . . . .	" "
ELDER . . . . .	" "
COOPER . . . . .	" "
LIND . . . . .	" "
JONES, R. E. . . . .	" "



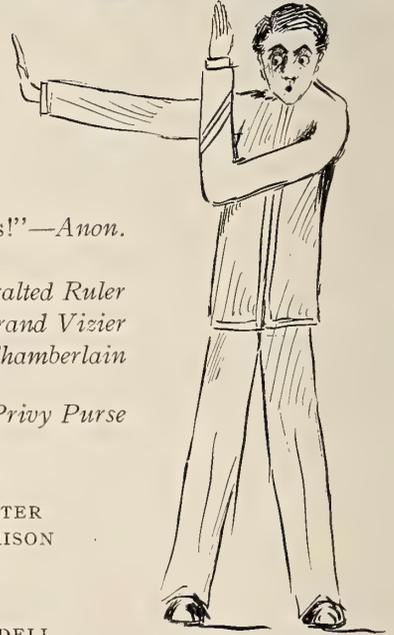
## LABORERS FOR THE COMMON WELFARE

- |                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. BILLINGSLEY | 9. JOERS       |
| 2. HATCHER     | 10. BOUCHER    |
| 3. REORDAN     | 11. MURPHY     |
| 4. VETTER      | 12. WADDINGTON |
| 5. DEEM        | 13. CANINE     |
| 6. SCANLAND    | 14. COMAN      |
| 7. RUTTER      | 15. LOGAN      |
| 8. FAUS        |                |

## ARTICLES

1. No member of the Union shall work except from 12 M. to 12 midnight Saturdays, and 12 M. to 6 P. M. Sundays.
2. Employers shall furnish at least one meal per week to members of the Union.
3. The seal of the Union shall be the representation of a gilded paralleloiped.
4. No member shall be required to carry an identification card, during working hours, other than his paralleloiped.

# THE ORDER OF THE AUBURN HIBERNIANS



“Behold your true misogynists!”—Anon.

MICHAEL I. WOODSON  
*Grand Exalted Ruler*

SAXER  
*Grand Vizier*

HENDERSON  
*Court Chamberlain*

MEINHERR WIEGARD  
*Keeper of the Privy Purse*

*Lesser Potentates*

* SPILLER	FOX
BRADFORD	KEESTER
ELLINGTON	MORRISON
ROBERTSON, R. S.	

*Minions*

THORNTON	WADDELL
SPORE	SLINGLUFF
WINTERS	KENNEDY

\* Expelled.

## ARTICLES

1. All members shall display positive antipathy and aversion to all persons of the opposite sex.
2. Evidence of seeking the society of any such persons shall be sufficient to cause the expulsion of a member from this order.
3. Membership in the Hod-Carriers' Union or Peach Pickers' Association shall not be allowed.



# THAT HORRIBLE HAZING

BY FRANK WING

"Dey done got busy at Annapolis an' knocked de stuffin' outen er cadet fer hazin'. Et's er good thing," said Potash Perkins. "Dey kain't stop de brutal habit too soon. It makes mah heart ache.

"Dis feller's name wuz Guller, an' de way 'e acted wuz scan'lous. Et wuz. How er man uv 'is rude temperament got inter de Naval Academy passes me. But de funniest part erbout et is de udder feller's name. Et is Jeffrey DeK. Peaucellier. Er man wid er name lak dat orter be thankful dat 'e wuzn't linched, much less hazed. Why, dat name, entered on de rolls uv any public school in Norfolk would put white crape on somebody's do' befo' de fust recess.

"An' de best part erbout et is dat de charge ergainst Guller is dat uv givin' Peaucellier er nickname. Guller an' Peaucellier! Doan, dese names speak fer demselves? Kain't yo' tell who's gwine ter do de kiddin'?"

"Et is night at de Naval Academy. All is quiet, an' de dense silence is only broken now an' den ez some perfessor sets on er bay-net, donated by 'is lovin' scholars. Dere is er momentary break in de solitude ez some cadets playfully shoot er thirteen-inch cannon, loaded with kyarpet tacks, inter number ten dormitory; but dis is dismissed wid er laff. Fum de distance come de collidge songs uv de seniors, wot have hired a torpedo boat an' are jokin'ly towin' er newcomer up de river by 'is feet.

"Jeffrey DeK. Peaucellier have went ter baid. In 'is cute little room 'e takes off 'is skirt, an' 'is underskirt an' all de rest uv dose things, an' 'e has just taken er bath in cologne. 'E wouldn't use bay rum, fer 'e sez dat de last

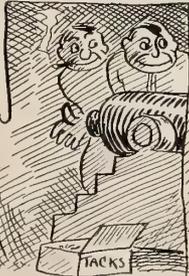
part uv de name is jest horrid. Jeffrey—now wouden' dat name rap ye?—is got on de pink perjammers wot mummer made, an' 'e is cryin' 'imse'f ter sleep over one uv Laura Jean Libby's masterpieces.

"Suddenly dere is heard loud footprints in de hall. Et is de rough an' rowdy Guller. Fum de way 'e walks et sounds lak 'e's got er lot uv friends wid 'im, but 'e is all by 'imse'f. Deliberately placin' er stepladder against de do' uv de unforchunate Jeffrey, 'e sticks 'is haid fru de trabsom an' hisses:

"Casey!"  
 "Instantly all is confusion. Perfessers rush in an' look out; Jeffrey faints, an' goes inter hysterics fer ten minutes. De Master-at-Arms has ter take 'im in 'is lap an' kiss 'im eight times befo' 'e kin be restored. Et is wid de greatest difficulty dat 'e is kept fum settin' right down an' writin' ter mother. Er squad uv marines rush out an' return wid Guller an' black eyes. Ez soon ez de faculty gits deir faculties tergedder dey sentence Guller ter twenty-three spanks on de pulse. In de meantime, ez de comic paper sez, some uv de students has comically burried er freshman up ter 'is neck in de campus, and is rollin' ten-pin balls at 'im.

"Ah doan' see whar dere wuz any great harm in wot dis feller Guller did," said Caleb Jones. "Some uv dose fellers has been doin' lots wuss. Ah'd er heap rudder he called er nickname dan ter be hung outten er winder in er sheet full er hard crabs, lak yo' told me dey did once."

"Ez fer me," responded Potash, "ef Ah had been labeled lak Jeffrey, Ah would consider any kind uv er nickname er compliment."



# AN UNOFFICIAL



# EXIT

Feb 9 ~~Apr~~ 1907  
Mr, L, P Johnson,  
please Mr Mid in shiden,  
Dear sir  
where is a big show where  
to night,  
i would like to go sir  
But i hare not got the  
money,  
i wish you all please give  
me some to go with,  
to the show to night  
And Brown would like to  
go to; Watering fredrick 18

---

## Just Happin'

A FAITHFULLY TRANSCRIBED MONOLOGUE

Well, John, I'll tell you what: the Com. hit the nail on the head when he said that some Midshipmen come here because they don't know what it's like. I must have been one of 'em. I was disillusionized the first day I got in here, and it's been getting worse ever since. I don't know just what I did expect, but it wasn't this. Look at this, man; you live till you're sixty years old, and every day of those sixty years you've got to run somebody's errands, and the chances are you'll never get more than three thousand dollars. A man that gets through this place can make three meals a day, and right now I'd rather have a dollar a day outside than forty in. Anyway, the Navy's no place for a man with any ambition. A straw-man would do just as well as an officer in time of peace. All they need is something to fill out the uniform and show off those gold stripes. Humph! that's not my style; I'm not in that class. I used to think the life was what we see at Hampton Roads—big, clean ships; nice cool, white clothes; go ashore when you feel like it; travel around and all that. Of course I knew there was work and lots of it, but I thought it was no worse than cit life. I never thought of pacing a wet deck for four hours while the drizzling rain chills the marrow in your bones, or else spending twelve hours a day in a greasy engine room—temperature one degree below hell's hottest corner. I was a fool for ever coming here.

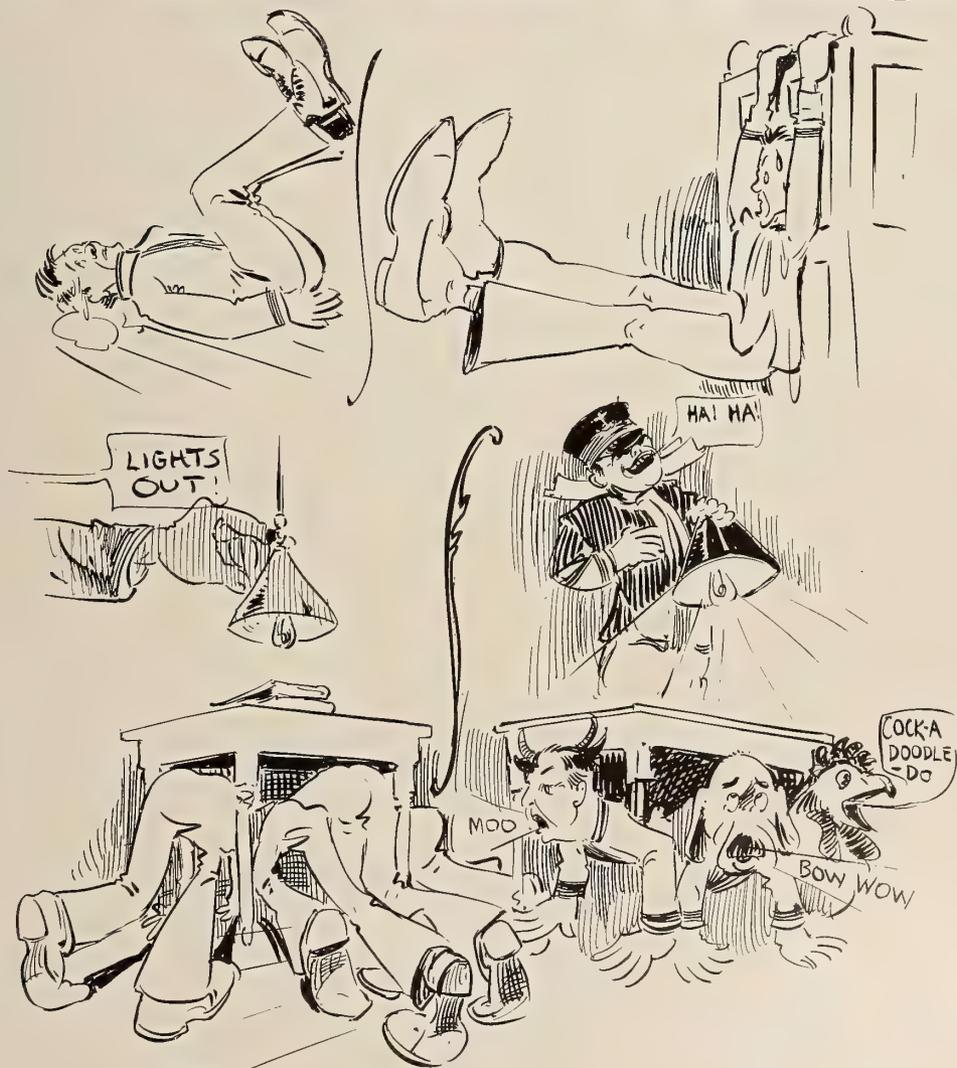
No, I wouldn't like to hit a Mediterranean squadron. Let me get my hands on my dip., and all I want is to hit the high places for Richmond. Forty acres and a mule for mine!

# SNAP SHOTS

IT WAS SUCH  
A FINE FIT  
MR. DEWEY



# MEMORIES



of the OLD NAVY

# Fables in Slang

## The Fable of the Gent and the Slush Pot

Once there was a Gent who thought the Proper Hunch in Life was to be Section Boss of a Gang of Bluejackets. After having got a Valedictory out of His System at the Local High School, he came to Uncle Sam's Finishing School on the Banks of the Severn. He started Strong, but the Ante was too Steep. This Gent then got a Brain Throb and thought to Himself, "Grease is the Right Dope." He attached Himself to a Bucket of Slush and a Hypodermic and Started Out. There was Nothing suggestive of One-Night Stands even in his Maiden Efforts. He made all other Greasers look like Four-Flushers. He successfully jockeyed for Position at the Wire, got the Pole and a Clean Start, and had left the Field behind at the Quarter.

It was Not until First Class Cruise, though, that his Finished Footwork really showed up. Then he got the Center of the Stage and the Green Spot Light. From volunteering to Relieve the Officer-of-the-Deck in Time of Imminent Peril to roaring "Right On!" at all Times of Night and Day with such Force that it Jarred all the Mill Scale off his Eye Teeth, he was Johnny at the Rat-Hole.

In all trips Ashore he was Mess Gear's right-hand Man. In Fact the Uninitiated sometimes confused Him with that same Right Hand. After listening in Open-mouthed Wonder to Descriptions of Punching Holes in a Chunk of Iron, he would Look at Mess Gear with an "Oh! How Noble" Expression.

Two Stripes he drew and set Him up as a Shining Mark. But one Dinner Formation while he was Sunning himself in the Smiles of the Fair Sex, the O. C. flushed him and Brought him Down to Earth.

MORAL—You may Grease the Wheels of Destiny, but They will occasionally Slip a Cog.

## The Fable of the Middy and the Naval Hospital

Once there was a Hot Sport on the rolls of the U. S. N. A. One day Somebody put him Next to a line of Graft. All he had to Do was to tell the M. D. he was the Proud Possessor of a Couple of Bum Lamps and he would be Shipped to Washington. True enough, it came to Pass as he had been Told. He was granted 48 hours' Leave. Great Preparations were at Once begun. Four Steamer Trunks, one telescope and Three suit Cases were packed for the Journey. All the way to Washington as he lolled at Ease on the Plush, he hatched Ideas as to the proper Way to cut a Swath—with a big S.

Having settled in his Suite at the Willard, he broke out the Festive Raiment and started for a Stroll on the Avenue. During his Inspection of the Washington brand of Peaches it occurred to Him that it Might be the Polite thing to report to the Commandant of the Navy Yard. He reported all right—al-right, only the Commandant saw him First. What the Commandant said about that Silk Lid, Frock Coat, Monocle and Spats will Never be Mentioned here, as this Book is intended for the Young as well as for the Old.

The Bum Lamps were Trimmed and the Hot Sport departed in Haste for Annapolis. Finale—One hundred Demerits, restriction, 3rd Grade, etc.

MORAL—A Midshipman can Never aspire to Own the Navy.

## The Fable of the Fusser

Once there was a Midshipman who Thought that he was the Genuine, dyed-in-the-Wool Mephistopheles when it Came to the Fair Sex. It was his firm Conviction that the Little Dears would rather have a Smile from him than a Box of Huyler's from Wiegard's. However, he was too Wise a Gazabo to stake Everything on his Zozodont Smile. Not one Puny Penny of the regular Check furnished by the Governor was ever Invested in Hennessy's 3 Star. Never—it All went toward Keeping the Little Dears supplied with Caramels and Violets. And the Little Dears were too Wise to spoil their Graft.

They would hold Hands and talk "Tootsy-Wootsy" Stuff to him all Saturday afternoon, and he would Come in to supper Formation feeling that He was the real Philadelphia Cream Cheese.

At the Informals, evening Hops, Masquerader Plays and athletic Events he was Ubiquitous. His time in Quarters between Hops was occupied in Chasing around like a Flea on a Hot Griddle looking for more Worlds to Conquer at the next Hop.

After four years of This he began to Think seriously of Splicing. After carefully Weighing all the Eligibles he found there Was only One that was Not found Wanting. The More he thought of Her the more Sure he became that He couldn't get Along without Her to serve his Cream of Wheat regularly every Morning. Acting on this Thought he sat Down and by Letter offered her his Hand and all that thereunto Appertained. Two days Later he received an Invitation to her Wedding to his Red Mike roommate.

MORAL—You Never can Tell about a Woman.

## The Fable of the Gilded Briquette

Once upon a Time a Brave young Middy, to oblige a near Friend who, in a Moment of mental Aberration, had got Dated up with two Bunches of Fluffy Ruffles for the Same Hop, consented in a Paroxysm of Sympathetic Solicitude to relieve the Friend of one of the Incumbrances—sight unseen. Disguised as a Human being, he met Her at a downtown Food Garage, where he was to Recognize her by a red Red Rose on her left Hind Shoulder and a Triangular Freckle on the Right side of her Nose.

One look Convinced him that he was a Regular nightblooming Swizzle for being inveigled into the Game. However, he overhauled his Batting Average for the Year and thought he Saw a chance to do the "Thin red line of 'Eroes" stunt; so hooking her No. 8 on his good Right Wing, he cantered for the Scene of Carnage as steadily as her Kangaroo gait would Permit.

Despite his efforts to Saturate the Atmosphere with Hot Air, the Chills ran up and down his Spine as he realized that he had drawn an Unexpurgated Edition-de-Luxe of a Gilded Briquette. Her laugh was like the Fire-drill Siren, she breathed Heavily, and she Danced like a Rhinoceros plunging through the Waters of the Nile.

There were Midshipmen to Right of him, and Midshipmen to Left of him, but not One responded to his Frantic Signals for Reinforcements. The Consommé in his circulatory System became Turgid and his flow of Rhetoric became Spasmodic. At last in Desperation he muttered to Himself—"I need a Relief. Is there not Someone I can Sting?"

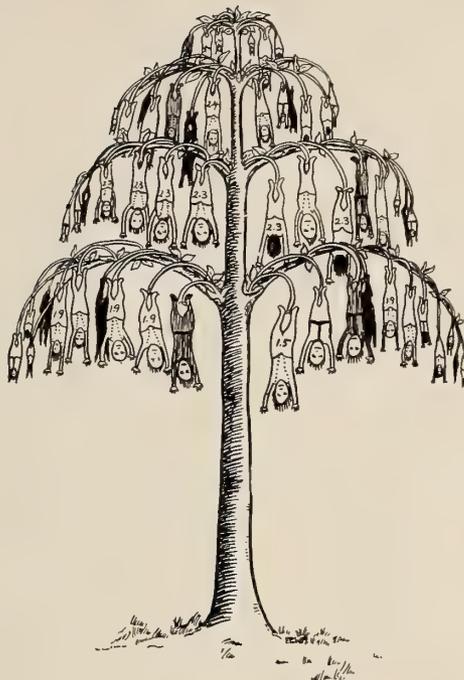
A Youngster in the Stag line stood Gazing at the Lemonade. Approaching from the Rear, our "'Eroe" seized him by the Arm and hissed: "This is your Dance,—Mr. Umpty-ump, Miss Ump-umty," and was off like a Shot.

Then He went up to the Balcony for Eleven dances and Looked on.

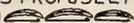
MORAL—Do your Own choosing.

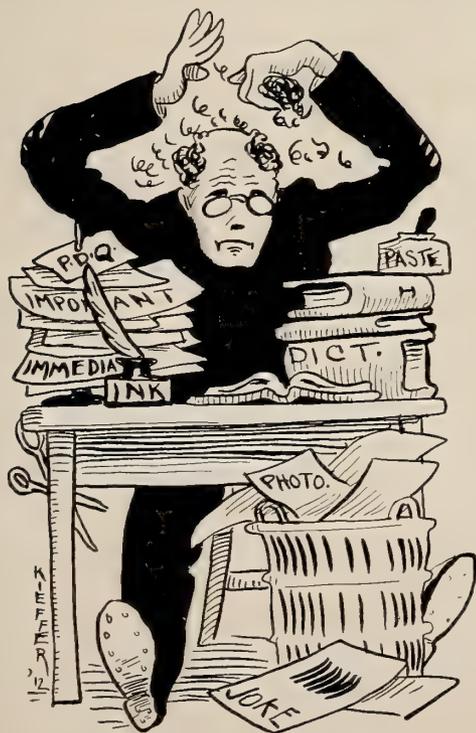


This is our lovely Christmas Tree,  
 A fine and handsome thing to see.  
 Though at the top no star does shine,  
 Dick Barry always heads the line;  
 And though no paper angels' wings  
 And candy canes and other things  
 Are there to make our young hearts glad,  
 There's Gobbo Haas, a winsome lad,  
 And Algy Dresel, all forlorn,  
 The topmost branches doth adorn.  
 Oh, it's a lovely thing to see,  
 Our nice, typewritten Christmas Tree!



**MANYMIDDIA UNSATTIA**

(A BOTANICAL SPECIES ABOUNDING IN THE  
 NAVY YARD WHICH BLOSSOMS PROFUSELY  
 AT CHRISTMAS TIME) 



Why is this hair upon the floor?  
 Said Files on Parade.  
 I'm editing "The Lucky Bag,"  
 The Young Midshipman said.  
 Why do you groan so horribly?  
 Said Files on Parade.  
 I'm dreading what I've got to do,  
 The Young Midshipman said  
 For I'm editing "The Lucky Bag,"  
 Just see me tear my hair;  
 No one will help me at my work  
 And I'm in deep despair.  
 Beware of getting in this fix.  
 Beware! Beware! Beware!  
 For I'm editing "The Lucky Bag"  
 this morning.



The Yid had a  
pardon to spare,  
At SA they carried  
him with care,  
Said he "To me send  
"Holy Joe, Reverend,  
For I'd like to be  
opened with  
prayer!"



YES I HAVE  
JUST BEEN  
SWORN IN NOW  
IS THE SERVICE?

C.P.J. enters the service.

# CLASS BANNER



THEY SAY THE  
MUSIC IS  
THE ONLY  
THING THAT  
MATTERS



HALT! WHO  
GOES THERE?

OFFICERS OF THE  
KANSAS GIRL



THE  
BULLETIN



# 1909



PARDON, BUT ARE  
YOU TWENTY-ONE  
YET?

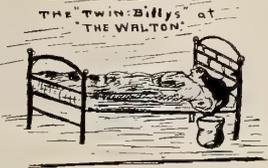
BE CERTAIN OF THE  
HARVEST TERM  
OF TRUCKS



Eat,  
Drink  
and be Merry

**For Tomorrow** \_\_\_\_\_  
You may miss the Train.

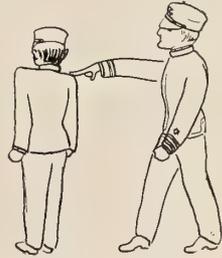
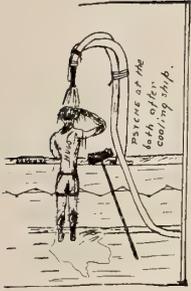
<p>JANUARY <b>Friday, 1</b> JIM MALONEY</p> <p>X</p> <p>0 Friday, January 1, 1909. 364</p>	<p>JANUARY <b>Saturday, 2</b> JIM MALONEY</p> <p>X</p> <p>1 Saturday, January 2, 1909. 363</p>	<p>JANUARY <b>Sunday, 3</b> JIM MALONEY</p> <p>O</p> <p>2 Sunday, January 3, 1909. 362</p>	<p>JANUARY <b>Monday, 4</b> JIM MALONEY <i>Red letter day.</i></p> <p>X X X X</p> <p>3 Monday, January 4, 1909. 361</p>
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# CROSS COUNTRY



Duke warps a ship into a slip



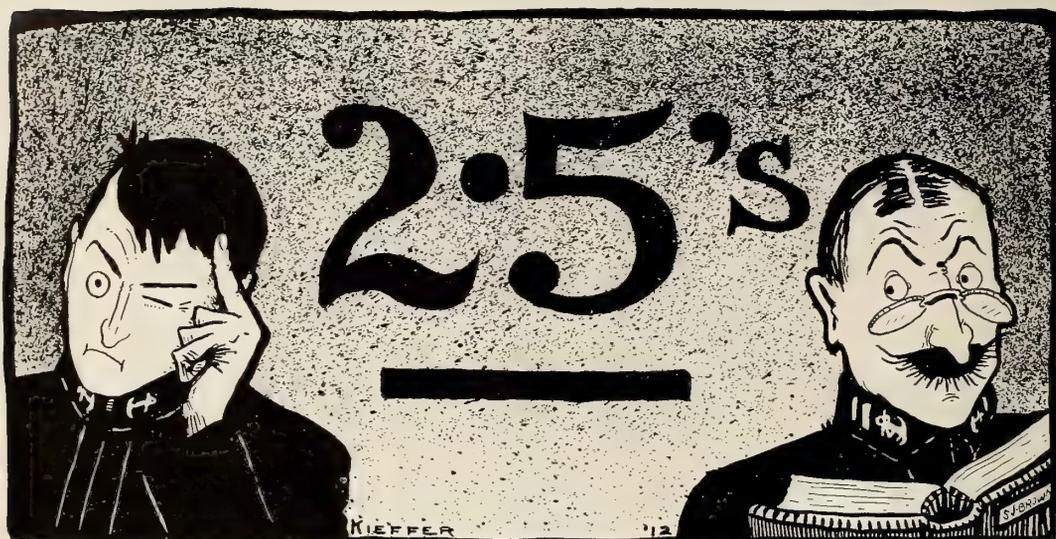
The downfall of Foolish



Prof. "Take this, Mr Settle"  
Settle "I didn't get that far, sir"



A JOKE ON MOKE



SPILLER—"The principle of the X-ray is the same as that of thunder and lightning—you look through something and see something else."

SHEA—"In the modern influence machine is embodied the principle of reciprocal consummation."

MILLER—"Most planets revolve left-handed; some are so far away that they revolve right-handed—hence they are called superior planets."

SHEA (in chemistry)—"Soap is an ethereal salt of a fat."

INSTRUCTOR—"What are the uses of soap?"

ROSY (who hasn't read the lesson)—"Er—I don't know, sir."

INSTRUCTOR—"Discuss the manufacture of ultramarine, Mr. Thornton."

"WILD-CAT TOM"—"By mixing sodium and aluminium with a sulphur compound submarines are made."

DESSEZ—"Phosphorescence is that natural phenomenon which we notice on the hind portion of a lightning-bug."

CARROLL—"The reason left-handed threads are used in breech-plugs is that the explosion would unscrew a right-hand thread."

SHEA (sotto voce)—"That's not in the book. I wonder where Carroll learned it."

INSTRUCTOR—"What is a decigram, Mr. Johnson?"

F. E. (with recollections of the balance room)—"It's a little piece of tin, sir."

INSTRUCTOR—"Mr. Townsend, you have a six-point ship on the starboard tack heading N x E  $\frac{3}{4}$  E, and she comes about. How does she head?"

DUKE—"Er—East by West, sir."

KELLY—"The first step in the manufacture of armor-piercing projectiles is the melting of the material in lumbago crucibles."

RAWLS—"Twilight is long at the North Pole because the earth is flat there."

SHEA—"The diameter of the sun is 93,000,000 miles; its center is 4,300 miles from the earth."

CHAPLINE—"A two-bladed propeller is better than a single-bladed one because if a blade be lost from a two-bladed propeller, the ship can be propelled better than if a blade be lost from a single-bladed one."

RED ROBERTS—"The composition of Babbitt metal is copper 1, zinc 1, and alimony (1).

EXAM QUESTION—"Derive formula  $BM = \frac{I}{V}$ ."

DAVE'S answer—"I wouldn't learn that foolishness for a four or a farm."

CAREY—"A dyne is about as long as a centimeter, and weighs about as much as a gram of water at 4° C."

LANSDOWNE—"Fog signals for sailing vessels are: one blast, on starboard tack; two blasts, on port tack; and three blasts, backing hard."

SHEA—"Hydraulic acid gas injures the interior of boiler tubes."

MOSES—"Rectangular nodes are produced in flat plates by pulling the hole in their center."

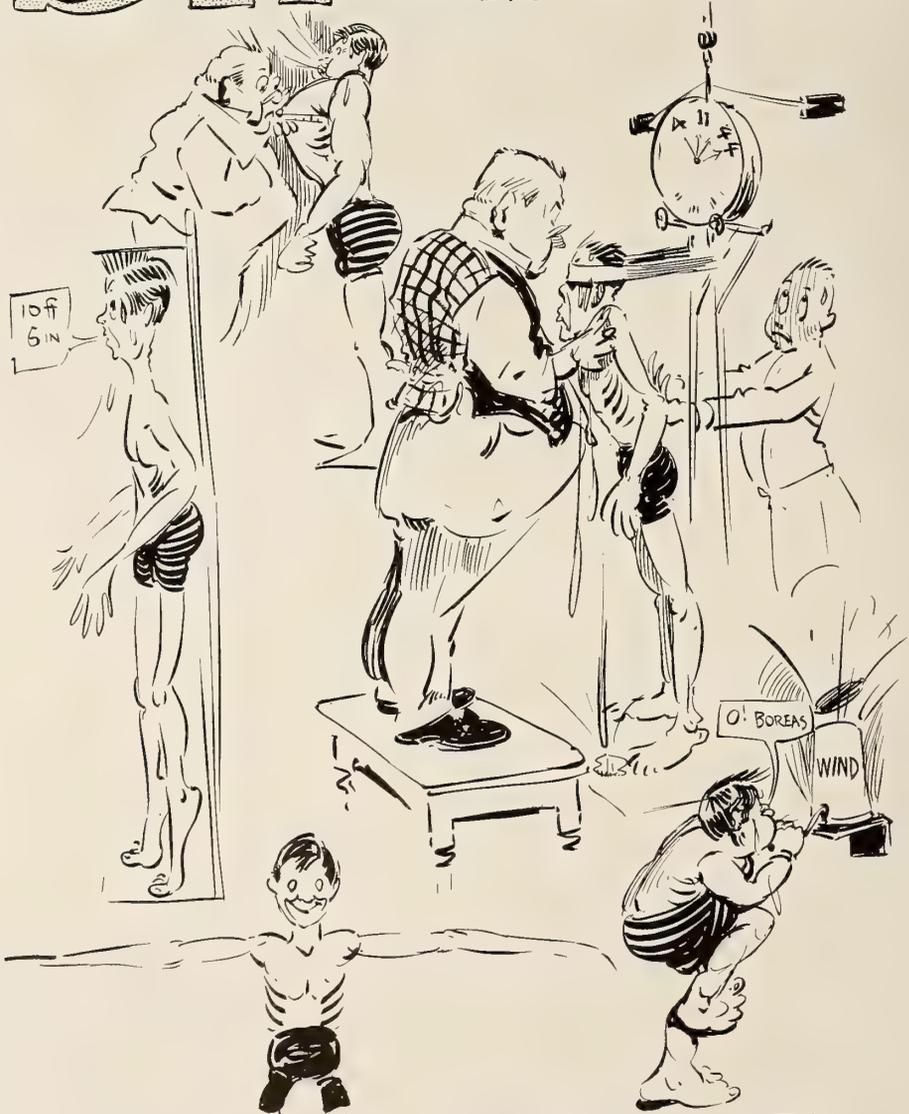
RAWLS—"A liter weighs about a quart, sir."

INSTRUCTOR—"How much does a quart weigh?"

BILL—"One-fourth of a gallon, sir."

CAREY—"The erg is a root much used by the Indians. There are good ergs and poisonous ergs. The particular erg mentioned in the lesson made a fortune for its discoverer."

# STRENGTH



# TESTS

h hf one in odgy oyer y ge  
ju e a one ogy arlg

An official wireless message from the U. S. S. Chicago to the U. S. S. Hartford, as received by Rooster Bill.

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## Down Topgallant Yards

INSTRUCTOR—"Mr. Dunn, how do you send down a topgallant yard?"

LUCY—"Well, sir, first you bend on the bullrope."

INSTRUCTOR—"Oh, no! First you unbend the gear and stop out the yard rope."

LUCY—"Yes, sir; and then you bend on the bullrope and—"

INSTRUCTOR—"You are too fast, Mr. Dunn. You cut the stops on the lift and brace-band and then—"

LUCY—"Yes, sir; cut stops on the lift and brace-band and then bend on the bullrope and—"

INSTRUCTOR—"Wait a minute! You haven't put on your tripping line."

LUCY—"Oh, yes, sir; you secure that to the snorter and then bend on the bullrope—"

INSTRUCTOR—"No; you sway and cant the yard up and down and then—"

LUCY—"Then you bend on the bullrope—"

INSTRUCTOR—"No, no, no! You take off the lift and brace-band and then begin to lower—"

LUCY—"Yes, sir; just before lowering you bend on the bullrope."

INSTRUCTOR—"What! Don't you know anything but bullrope? Bullrope be damned! To hell with the bullrope! Take your seat, sir!"



# The Prune Navy



IN the month of June, A. D. 1908, was instituted, under the command of Admiral T. H. Jones, the Navy of the Prune Republic. Aided by a corps of efficient officers, the Navy was soon organized and the weekly target practice begun. The results were very satisfactory, and as a reward for their marked efficiency in both total hits and hits per minute, many officers and men were promoted.

Unfortunately, however, a spirit of sedition and dissent arose, perhaps caused by the promotion of the more deserving men over the heads of some previously senior to them. It became necessary to quell this mutinous spirit, and a general court-martial, to consider such cases as might be legally brought before it, was convened by order of the Admiral of the Prune Navy. The court met in due season, and P. M. 2c Rieger was tried on charge of "illegally making way with stores of the Prune Republic." The proceedings, findings, and sentences are hereinafter inserted.

Time passed, and the weekly target practices became more and more severe, and yet the excellence of the personnel of the service was so marked that the Great Hog of the Prune Republic was kept busy signing new commissions. The promotion board established a schedule of examinations for advancement, and any officer or man passing the examination for any rank or rate was immediately commissioned in that rank or allowed that rate. The examinations were to last not over one hour and to be completed at one sitting.

The requirements were:

	PRUNES		PRUNES
Admiral.....	100	Warrant Prunist.....	45
Vice-Admiral.....	95	Chief Prunist's Mate.....	40
Rear-Admiral.....	90	Prunist's Mate, 1c.....	30
Captain.....	75	Prunist's Mate, 2c.....	20
Commander.....	70	Prunist's Mate, 3c.....	15
Lieutenant-Commander.....	65	Ordinary Pruneman.....	10
Lieutenant.....	60	Prune Passer.....	5
Ensign.....	55	Apprentice Pruneman.....	3
Chief Prunist.....	50		

The incipient meeting over, the Navy enjoyed great prosperity, its fame spreading abroad among the fleets of the nations of Chicago, Hartford, Arkansas, and Nevada. Soon, however, the Admiral, recognizing the superior work of the Navy, decided to grant its members leave.

Accordingly, general muster of the Prune Navy was held on board the flagship, August 27, 1908, and after publication and signing of the Articles for the government of the Prune Navy, officers and men were granted leave for a short period, to meet again for the fall target practices at the Prune University.

## Appendix A.

### ARTICLES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PRUNE NAVY.

The Navy of the Prune Republic shall be governed by the following articles:

1. The commanders of all fleets, squadrons, naval stations, and vessels belonging to the Navy are required to show in themselves a good example of mastication, digestion, and absorption.
2. The commanders of vessels and naval stations shall cause Thanksgiving service to be performed immediately after any meals at which the national dish is served.
3. The punishment of death, or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge, may be inflicted on any person in the naval service:

- a. Who commits any felony, crime, or misdemeanor against the Prune Republic.
- b. Or gives any intelligence to, or holds or entertains any intercourse with, any person not a bona fide consumer of the luscious fruit.
- c. Or, in time of internal troubles, refuses or attempts to incite others to refuse to eat prunes.
- d. Or, in time of peace, neglects to lay by a store of prunes for emergencies.
- e. Or intentionally or willfully suffers any prunes of the Navy to be recklessly run upon knives or forks for any other purpose than immediate consumption or otherwise improperly hazarded.
- f. Or maliciously or willfully punctures with his dental organs any prune without full intention of consuming same after thorough mastication.
- g. Or unlawfully casts aside or otherwise unlawfully destroys any prunes of the public store.
- h. Or when engaged in battle of prunes treacherously yields or pusillanimously cries "Hold, enough prunes!"

Subscribed to this day, August 27, 1908:

Admiral—JONES, T. H.

Captains—WILKINSON, LOTHROP, VAN DE BOE.

Lieutenant-Commander—ALFORD.

Lieutenant—THORNTON.

Ensigns—LE CLAIR, NORDYKE, MCGLOSSON.

Chief Prunist—DIXON.

Warrant Prunist—STODDARD.

Chief Prunist's Mates—GIBSON, VAN VALKENBURG, HUSTVEDT.

Prunist's Mates, 1st Class—REEVES, MORRISON, RIEGER, GREEN, F., BRADFORD, COMAN.

Prunist's Mates, 2d Class—QUILLIAN, MARION, YATES, TRAIN, PAUNACK, BURDICK, WELSH, MCCANDLISH, LINDLEY, DAVIS, R. H., WOODSON, ROBERTSON, M. C.

Prunist's Mates, 3d Class—BARTLETT, SETTLE.

Ordinary Prunemen—HEDRICK, EDE.

Prune Passers—MALONEY, BLANKENSHIP, CARROLL.

Apprentice Pruneman—KIRK.

Chief Master at Prunes—RICHARDSON.

Master at Prunes, 1st Class—SPILLER, WADDINGTON.

### Appendicitis.

PROCEEDINGS OF GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL OF THE PRUNE NAVY,

June 29-30, 1908.

ORDER CONVENING COURT.

PRUNE FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA, Off L. I., P. R., June 29, 1908.

SIR—

1. You will convene, at 7.50 P. M., June 29, in the after-admiral's cabin of the P. F. S. Olympia, a general court-martial, of which you will be the senior member, and of which the following officers of the Prune Navy will be members:

T. H. JONES, Admiral P. N. (ex-officio). <sup>o</sup>	J. W. DU BOSE, P. M., 1c, P. N.
P. B. HAINES, Lieut.-Commander P. N.	H. R. VAN DE BOE, Captain P. N.,
P. L. CARROLL, P. P., P. N.	Judge Advocate.
H. C. TRAIN, P. M. 2c, P. N.	O. M. HUSTVEDT, P. M. 1c, P. N.,
J. W. QUILLIAN, P. M. 2c, P. N.	Recorder.

2. You will conduct, according to the prescribed procedure, the trial of A. M. RIEGER, P. M. 1c, on charges and specifications herewith enclosed, and in addition will give audience to such other matters as may be legally brought before the court.

Respectfully,

T. S. WILKINSON, Captain P. N.,  
Chief of Staff.

(Signed) T. H. JONES,  
Admiral P. N.

CHARGES AGAINST AUGUSTUS MOKE RIEGER, P. M. 1c.

That the "accused;" A. M. Rieger, P. M. 1c., did willfully and feloniously attempt to purloin illegally stores of the Prune Navy.

SPECIFICATIONS.

That the "accused," on or about 6 hours post meridian, July 10, 1908, on board the P. F. S. Olympia, off Horton's Point, L. I., after having consumed the evening meal set apart for those members of the Prune Navy who were about to take up their various duties on watch about the P. F. S., did maliciously and with evil intent partake of and make way with the regular meal designed for the ship's company, such meal being held, in chronological order, immediately after the aforesaid meal.

DECISION OF THE COURT.

Of the Specification... Guilty      Of the Charge..... Guilty

SENTENCE.

That the "accused," Augustus Moke Rieger, P. M. 1c., P. N., be deprived of dessert for a period of 30 days and be fined 1000 prunes.

Signed by all the members of the court and the Recorder.

P. F. S. OLYMPIA, Horton's Pt., L. I., P. R., June 21, 1908.

The findings and sentence of the court are approved by the reviewing authority.

Respectfully,

T. H. JONES, Admiral P. N.,  
Commander-in-Chief.

The foregoing sentence has, under my supervision, been inflicted upon P. M. Rieger.

(Signed) W. N. RICHARDSON, C. M. A., P. N.







U. S. Naval Academy,  
Annapolis, Maryland.  
Oct. 12, 1907.

Sir:-

1. I respectfully request permission to escort a lady to and from the hop this evening.

2. I am on the first conduct grade.

Respectfully submitted,  
Clorode Davis,  
Midshipman  
2d Class.

The Commandant of Midshipmen.

Extra hop liberty granted. request for permission to escort the lady is respectfully referred to her through Midin Davis.  
E.L.B.

### Rules for Wednesday Receptions

The casual reader will at once observe that these rules are not official; nevertheless, they have been prepared with great care and with the advice of some of the most regular attendants.

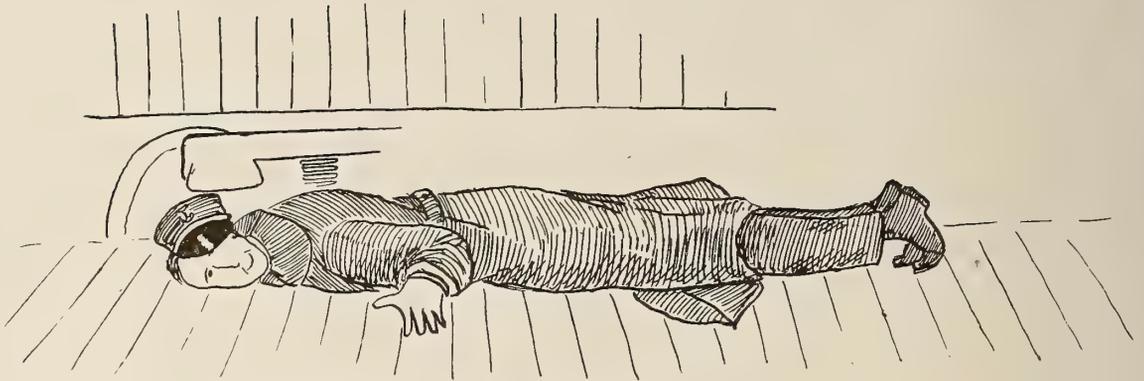
I. Wear an old hat—when you go. A new one is considered proper when returning. In furtherance of this rule leave early.

II. Don't shake hands with the orderly, if there is one. This causes confusion. Slap him on the chest and walk nonchalantly in the front door.

III. Don't keep one eye on the dining-room while greeting your hostess. There is probably more concealed in the kitchen.

IV. Even if you can sing, don't monopolize the piano. Many people never get an opportunity to use the one in Recreation Hall, and this is their only chance.

V. Don't try to outstay the three-strippers. They are holding down their jobs, and it's impossible.



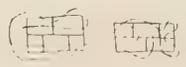
FOILED AGAIN.



BIG GREAT WAS THE FALL THEREOF



PINGS RECREATION



# TABLE



JONES, 14



"TAKE UP THE BED AND WALK!"  
WHEN THE OFFICER OF THE DECK IS FORWARD



Alphabetic Drill by Captain Harris  
see page 200 "The Soldier"  
A "Let me have the pop under the"  
B "The my dear friend, and the..."  
C "The my dear friend, and the..."  
D "The my dear friend, and the..."



"Jim Maloney sees the table leg."



# A Tragedy

Fish strode proudly back and forth on the bridge of the Olympia—the chief signal officer of the fleet! Ever and anon the inscription below recurred to his mind, “Manila Bay, May 1, 1898.” And to think that he was now efficiently filling one of the most important posts of duty on board this famous flagship! Wouldn't it be fine if all the people in Nasonville, R. I., could see him now as he nonchalantly received orders to transmit the signal, “Fire, when ready”? Youth is no argument against merit in the Navy—not a bit of it. No, sir!——.

“Na-ow wake up on the bridge, Mr. Bartlett, and get that ship's number up.”

Still dreaming of glory, Fish hastily hoisted a signal, but—

“Haul it da-own! haul it da-own! *haul it da-own!* You are signaling ‘Stand by to receive a raking fire from aft.’”

Waking up a trifle, Fish quickly broke out another hoist and ran it up. Hardly had it reached the yard-arm when that strident voice, pitched in a higher key, began again: “Git off the bridge!—git off the bridge!—*git off the bridge!* Look what you've went and done! ordered everybody to ‘send all ammunition ashore.’ Go on away! Get out of my sight!”

And Fish, thus rudely awakened, departed a sadder and a wiser man.

## One Way to Kill a Margin, or How Charlie Got 50 d's Also, Why we now have to be Sat. each Term

### EXAMINATION PAPER.

PAGE 1

NAME Mailley, C C. W.      I      May 27, 1908.

Electricity

Required for both terms  
 $2 \times 2.50 = 5.00$

Avg for first term =  $\frac{3.58}{4}$

Required 2nd term = 1.42

$\therefore E = 568 - 855 = -297 \#$   
 = mark required on this  
 Exam for sat mark for  
 year!

Feb = 345  
 Mch = 305  
 Apl = 280  
 May = 210  
 $\frac{41140}{4} = 285$   
 T = 285

Very respectfully  
 C C W Mailley  
 Midshipman, 2d Class

The Head of the Department of Electricity.



PASS THE



A XMAS BOX



ALL THE F. P. S. STUDENTS



A



WE'RE OFF



THE BLANK SWEDEN

## “Poor John”

Poor John, he was late to two formations,  
Formations, formations;  
And since he broke these awful regulations,  
The gyrene calls him early every morn.  
The Jew he gives a cry of jubilation—  
It makes John fairly boil with aggravation.  
Rachel turns in bed, looks at him and says:  
“Pore Jawn! pore Jawn!—for Mike’s sake  
Turn out that blank light!”

## “Cocaine Bob”

Cocaine! Cocaine!—  
Here’s to dear old Cocaine!—  
Injecting and eating and smoking dope  
Till he’s without either faith or hope:  
We know the reason why he’s pale—  
Thin as a last year’s hickory rail.  
Here’s to old Rachel Cocaine Bob!  
Oh, give me a couple of pills!

---

Have you ever, gentle reader,  
Ere the bugle’s notes had ceased,  
Stood and brushed your bestest blouse off  
Ere you hurried to the feast  
That awaited in the mess-hall;  
And then getting one spot more,  
Dropped that carefully cleaned garment  
Right down on the dusty floor?  
If so, you didn’t swear, of course,  
But peeved at being crossed,  
Remarked in gentle numbers, “Well,  
Again Love’s Labor’s Lost!”

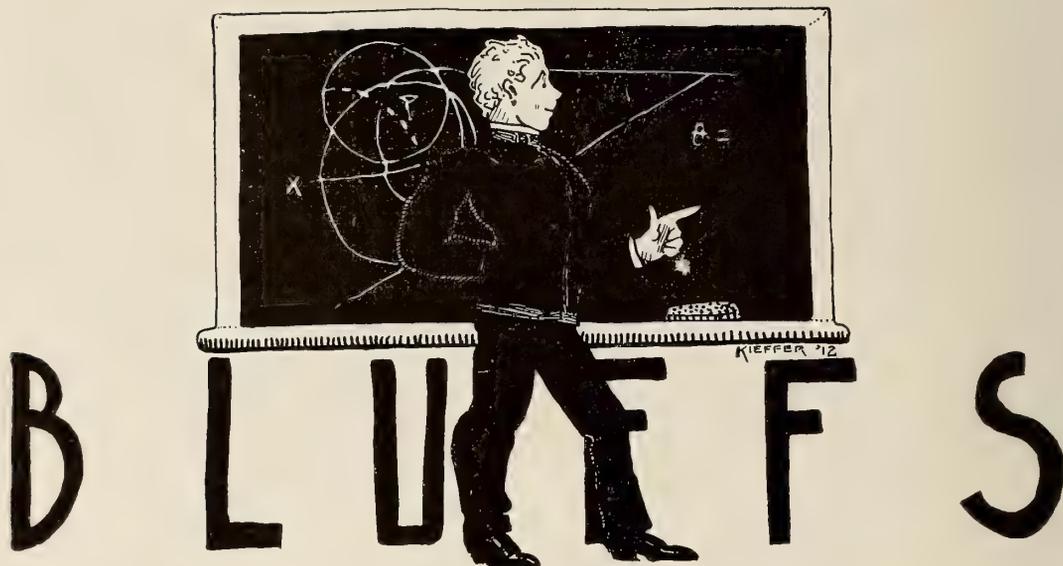
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MIDSHIPMAN (after glancing ruefully at data of prob he has copied down)—“Anything else given, sir?”

RED—“Yes, chalk!”

---

EDITOR’S NOTE—The unsuspecting public is cautioned not to sing these two songs without having paid up their life insurance premiums and made out their wills. THE LUCKY BAG is not to be held responsible for injury to life or limb resulting from a disregard of this warning.



FROM THE BRIDGE (in a fog)—“Lookout, there, can you make out the flagship?”  
 CAREY—“No, sir, but I can almost.”

LOOKOUT—“Boat ahoy!”  
 ALVA (from the deck)—“Where away?”

SEAMANSHIP INSTRUCTOR—“Mr. Shea, what is the sentinel spoken of in to-day’s lesson?”

OFFICIAL LIFE SAVER OF THE CHI—“That is a marine they tow astern in a boat, sir.”

BONES INSTRUCTOR—“Mr. Davis, where is the liver located?”  
 ROY—“In the stomach, sir.”

ROSY—“Hey, Red, what is linoleum?”  
 IRENE—“It is about the same kind of stuff as oleomargarine.”  
 ROSY—“Oh, sure! I’ve eaten it lots of times.”

INSTRUCTOR—“No, that is not a cravat joint; it is a scarf joint.”  
 ————“Well, sir, I knew it was some kind of a necktie.”

T. JONES—“When a man has malaria, all the mosquitoes should be screened up with him.”

FOWLER (at Nav.)—“Yes, sir, I understand perfectly. To take double altitudes you first shoot the sun on one side of the meridian, and then go over on the other side and observe it when its altitude is the same.” (Great laughter, especially by Romeo.) On going back to his room, however, Romeo said to his wife, “Alva, why couldn’t you do what Fowler said?”

RIDGELY—"Je lui apporte une romance nouvelle, un titre charmant—Le Premier Souper. I am bringing her a new romance, charming title—The Last Supper."

INSTRUCTOR—"Mr. Friedell, how would you test an observation mine for continuity of circuit?"

EPH—"I wouldn't fool with one of them things, sir."

YOUNGSTER (on Cruise Steam Exam)—"Boilers are ingenious contrivances for separating smoke from flame."



# THE MORNING'S MAIL.

My dear Mr. Porter Kelly -  
We have been chosen  
and committed to ask  
you to act as judge at  
a baby show

Saturday

Dear Mr. Porter Kelly  
My niece, Miss Mary W. W.  
Porter is here for the week  
She is quite fond of  
travelling - will you come  
in to Saturday dinner with  
us  
Most cordially  
Mrs. P. M.

Saturday  
My dear boy,  
Must have you stop  
in for Saturday p.m. for  
a good Havana with me

Truly yours,  
John Papaseasy

P.S. The new case has  
arrived.  
P.P.S. The girls will  
be at home.

To meet New Year's Eve

MRS J.P.J. SPOON

UPTAKE POW

Saturday afternoon - at  
five

My dear Mr. Porter-Kelly -  
Will you stop in  
to meet Miss Brick  
Saturday after-noon  
Cordially yours,  
Mrs. F. Hatchem  
Saturday Morning

My dear Mr. Porter-Kelly  
We should be charmed to  
have you look in at the  
children's Christmas tree  
Saturday afternoon. The  
little dears are talking  
about you now I should

Dear Willie Monroe -  
Since you have  
become such an idol  
we have seen so little  
of you. We feel a great  
personal interest in you  
and in spite of the fact  
that you have had to  
deny us the pleasure of your  
company on several occasions  
we hope that no previous  
engagement will interfere  
with your dining with  
us today

Very cordially yours,  
Mrs. T. U. Sincere

Saturday



Mr. Porter-Kelly  
Will you join a box party  
at the Colonial next Saturday  
afternoon - we cannot do without you  
Your sincere friend  
Mrs. Josh

Saturday

My dear Mr. Porter Kelly -  
Will you dine with  
us today at one-thirty  
We want you to meet a  
very attractive young lady  
a three year's debutante  
who is visiting me for  
several days and who may  
remain for the trip next  
Saturday  
We have also asked  
Mr. Haines, Mr. Glenon &  
Mr. Brasted - so are sure  
to have a jolly party  
Sincerely yours,  
Mrs. Mabel Stone  
unday.

Dear Billy-Mike -  
Please let us know as soon as you  
can, when you can referee a basket-  
ball game between Miss Brown's  
school and the younger smart set.  
As ever -  
"Cutie" Crabfemme  
Saturday morning

EXTRACTS FROM  
A SOCIAL LION'S  
CORRESPONDENCE

## Found in the Back of an M. C.'s Order Book



Once upon a hop night dreary,  
While I shivered, cold and weary—

As M. C. I was not cheery, but instead was rather sore—  
While the frost my hands was chapping,  
Suddenly I heard a rapping—  
Heard a low and gentle tapping—  
'Twas the O. C., out for gore,  
Sure ascending to my floor.



What can be thy vile intention?  
What thy plans, too low to mention?  
Full am I of apprehension

Lest some D.'s augment my score.  
Nearer came the steps and nearer,  
Clearer clanked the sword and clearer,  
Queerer rang the tread and queerer—  
'Twas a Red Mike on my floor  
Shedding Bull and papas galore!



Swiftly hasting from my station  
With o'ermuch precipitation,  
I beseeched an inhalation—

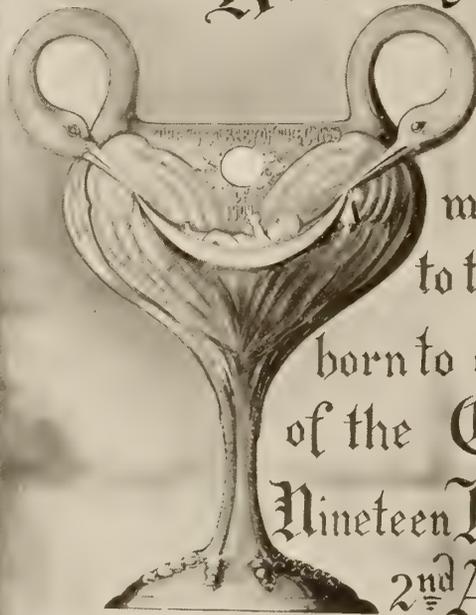
Just one drag did I implore.  
'Twixt my lips the solace placing,  
Down the deck I started pacing,  
Turned the corner—I was facing  
Him whom I had feared before!—  
White gloves and a sword he wore.



Was it Bill the Bee so busy,  
Wallie, Ernie, Lou, or Dizzy?  
Tell me, memory, which one is he  
That stood there and looked me o'er?  
Never mind. The pape read, "Smoking,"  
"Inefficiency," and "Joking  
While on duty," and the soaking  
Of demerits reached fourscore—  
Liberty? Ah, never more!



To all ye whom it may concern;  
= Know ye =



1<sup>st</sup> That this  
Loving Cup  
will be presented  
to the first Baby  
born to any Member  
of the Class of =  
Nineteen Hundred and Nine.

2<sup>nd</sup> And with said  
Cup go the best wishes of the  
Class to the Child and to the  
Happy Parents.



Given under my hand  
this fourth Day of June A1909  
by the President.

Roy H. Davis

# Naval Academy Bulletin

VOL. II

ANNAPOLIS, MD., JANUARY 1, 1909

No. 13

☆☆  
☆☆

## BEAT IT 1908! WELCOME 1909!

☆☆  
☆☆

### NAVIGATION DEPARTMENT VS. FIRST CLASS

#### SIXTH GAME—SIXTH DEFEAT

In a one-sided but hard and courageously fought gridiron battle, the First Class went down again to ignominious defeat before the trained athletes of the Nav. Department. Every play was contested fiercely, and a few gains were occasionally made by the First Class when they executed trick formations, giving Wilkinson and Jungling the ball, but on the whole the defense was ragged, interference poor and attack weak.

Ponce won the toss and kicked off to Richardson, who was downed on his one-yard line. The First Class fumbled and the Department carried the pigskin over in the first two minutes of G. M. T. Not disheartened by this, the Navy took courage again and ripped through the Department's line for six inches. Weyerbacher, Wilkinson and Welsh, the Navy's backfield, then carried the ball in successive plunges about one yard more. The backfield was good but the line too weak to hold. Navy lost on downs. Department's ball. Department's captain and quarterback, on a fake kick, put the ball under his jersey so that not even its semi-diameter was appreciable, and made a 60-yard run, finally being tackled in Lat. 105° N., λ 5° W. The Department's famous dead reckoning formation then carried the ball over for the second touchdown, and with the proper declination and right ascension their quarterback kicked the goal.

With the wind, force 9, against them, the Navy took another time sight on the ball and kicked off to Department, who promptly punted back to our 3-yard line. The First Class were here penalized for asking the umpire too many questions. Things looked hopeless, but notwithstanding, we punted out and recovered the ball. On the next play the First Class could not make out the signals and were thrown back for a loss, Ponce stealing the ball and making a touchdown. The half closed with the ball in our opponents' hands within striking distance of our goal.

The second half was all plain sailing for the Dept. No time out was allowed, though several Navy players were put to sleep, and some put out on account of profanity. Time was called just as the First Class began to show unexpected strength.

The next game of the series will be played next Saturday. The Navy team seems to be disheartened, however, and are listless in their playing. The coaches are meanwhile hard at work doping out new formations from Muir's "Celestial Football." Many of the best First Class players are laid up in sick quarters as a result and the rest hope to be there for the next game.

—  
"Who loses or who wins the prize,  
Go, fail or conquer, as you can;  
But if you fall or if you rise,  
Beech, pray God, a gentleman"

### TECUMSEH SPEAKS

"Hearken unto my words, my children, and give heed unto my sayings, for I am the great god of 2.5, Tecumseh. And it has come to pass in these late years that I am almost without honor in mine own country—yea, even among the Midshipmen is my name made light of, and few bow before me and do me reverence; wherefore the Philistine has arisen, saying, 'I will take unto myself this graven image for the State whose name he bears. For was not his first pedestal the bow of the frigate "Delaware"—his earliest incense, the salt spray whipping to leeward from her prow? Should he not rest in that State?"

"Will ye say no word, lift no hand to protest such sacrilege? From the time the first candidate saluted me with awe-palsied hand to yesternight, when a suppliant burnt a stealthy candle in my honor, craving knowledge of nine soft iron rods, have I not given you your mark? Let not your eyes be too blinded with 3.0's to perceive the value of the gift. I offer. Think ye that I need no salute because your studies are too easy? Oh, ye of little memory, forget not the woes of your unsat. ninety-five!

"Hear me, my aforesaid worshippers! Enthroned me on the square grass plot made by the crossings of the pathways to the Academic Building. Thus may I reign again as of old.

"If, hearkening not unto me, ye allow me to depart hence; woe, woe shall be unto you to the fourth and fifth generations. I I have spoken."

## Naval Academy Bulletin

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VOL. II JANUARY I, 1909 No. 13

### AUTHORITIES DISAGREE

First classmen are placed in a most delicate situation at present. In one department whose coefficient is 17, they are required to use the Omnimeter, while in another department, coefficient 16, they are forbidden to even glance at that handy little lightning calculator. The merits and demerits of the machine have been set before the young gentlemen in several strong lectures. The following extracts make clear the embarrassing situation.

"In this day and time, every progressive man uses a machine for calculations. Nobody uses log books or other relics of the stone age. In this department, you will be required to use the Omnimeter. By a short study of a pamphlet issued by the Department and by some practice you will become so accustomed to its convenience that you will put it under your pillow at night so as to have it always at hand. It is accurate and invaluable, etc., etc."

#### IN THE OTHER DEPARTMENT

"What is an Omnimeter made of anyway? Paper! Flimsy paper! Of no practical use whatsoever. No, in this department such toys will not be tolerated. Use the reliable log book, whose figures are accurate in both wet and dry weather. Put every man in the section who has no log book on the report for *disregard of orders* and put every man who has an Omnimeter on the report for—*Foolishness! Foolishness!*"

### DIOGENES ANSWERS SICK CALL.

One morning last week a queer, ancient-looking old man, with a lantern in one hand, a peering look in the other—*eye* [stung! this is not the *Capital*] came silently through the large crowd and paused before the Doctor's desk. No one seemed to notice him, to the great amazement of the BULLETIN Sage, until he finally realized that the old man, invisible to others, was Diogenes still pursuing his futile search for an honest man.

As he first paused before the desk, he looked upon the heavily bearded face of one who, in a weak voice, was speaking of his many ills, corns, blisters, indigestion, neuralgia, headache, weak eyes, faint heart, etc., with a strongly marked English accent mingled with an A, B, C breath. Diogenes shook his head impatiently and waited for the next.

This one was tall, dark, handsome, distingué. His gentle, pleading, brown eyes, eloquent with dumb pain, touched the heart of the old Greek and he began to look hopeful. But, alas! when the grand Duke began to speak in a tone that seemed to say, "I am Mary's little lamb, she has shipped me," the old man lowered his lantern and waited sadly for the next.

This was an enraged one-striper who had been dragged in and, with voice hoarse from rage, insisted that there was nothing the matter with him. Diogenes looked once at the swollen chops and smiled sadly as the patient was sent off to quarantine.

The next to appear was a golden-topped youth, with many stripes on his arm and with a confident air. He breezily informed the doctor that he needed indefinite leave in Washington to have his oculist attend to his eyes in a manner befitting his rank and standing.

Diogenes gave one despairing glance at this youth "high in official and social circles," then extinguished his lantern, jumped into his tub and faded away.

### THIS WEARY WORLD.

It wearies me to eat my food  
In rainy time or drought;  
I always have to lift it up  
And put it in my mouth.  
And, when the skies are dark and drear,  
With all my might and main  
I have to go into the house  
To keep out of the rain.  
And every morn when I get up,  
As oft I've done before,  
I always have to take my feet  
And put them on the floor.  
Yes, this is such a weary world;  
It makes me sob and weep;  
For, when I cannot stay awake,  
I have to go to sleep.

A SON OF REST.

They say Jim Maloney was so embarrassed at a Nav. P. Work, where he had to take an altitude of the lower limb of Venus, that he couldn't work the prob.

INSTRUCTOR—"Mr. Shea, what is the answer to that question?"

SHEA (glaring at a member of the BULLETIN staff)—"I never talk for publication, sir."

### THE FLOOR—A TOAST

Here's to the floor,  
Our best friend of all,  
Who sticks to us close,  
In the time of our fall.  
When benches are fickle  
And tables betray,  
And rugs are revolving,  
He meets us half-way.  
Our stay and support,  
When we can't stand alone,  
With the floor for a backer,  
We'll never be thrown.  
Here's to our best friend,  
In life's every stage!  
Dry nurse of infancy,  
Wet nurse of age!  
A health to our floor!  
Supporter and stay;  
Though he often be full,  
May he never give way!

—*Collier's Weekly.*

## THE GRAND PARADE

At last the long-looked for event occurred! For days the talk had been only of Annapolis's Bi-Centennial and the great parade in which the Midshipmen were to participate, and lo, last Monday was the day of days. At dinner formation the glad news was published, and soon thereafter the Midshipmen, in full dress to pay due honor to the occasion, were in ranks, eagerly waiting for the word of command.

At promptly four bells came the order, and the brigade, with a cry of delight, suppressed only because of discipline, got under way. As they passed through the massive stone gates of the Academy into the beautiful city, the Midshipmen were overwhelmed with the impressive scene before them. Maryland Avenue, thronged with crowds of gayly dressed women and handsome men; lined on either side with mansions half-hidden by brilliant bunting, opened up a stately vista to the State House looming up in the distance. As the column, with masterly skill, executed a difficult maneuver and swung into King George Street, the cheering became deafening, and the crowd went wild with delight. Through streets thronged with shouting humanity the brigade, proud of being allowed to take part in such a splendid pageant, made its way with measured tread. Behind them and before rose the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland," and the inspiring notes made each Midshipman feel that this was *his* State, and Annapolis *his* capital city.

In wake of the brigade marched the natty Marines, and behind them the soldierly ranks of Maryland's National Guard, while the gray-clad sons of our brother institution brought up the rear. All along the line the applause continued in one unending roar, the people of the city and the thousands of visitors combining as one to cheer on their country's defenders.

## SONG OF THE ROCKING-CHAIR BRIGADE

## I

Now this was the chant I heard  
them rant,

As over their tea-cups fair  
In deep conclave, with looks most  
grave,

Sat each grand-dame in her  
chair.

From a lady pale comes a grue-  
some wail,

Then fast were the hammers  
laid,

And they sang a song that was  
loud and long,

Did the Rocking-Chair Brigade

## II

"'Twill be great joy—yes, indeed,  
a boy."

"She does her own work I  
hear."

"I'd like to know why they make  
such show."

"He knows nothing of bridge,  
I fear."

"Not a word I'll tell, 'twas an  
awful sell,

Not even the grocer was paid."  
So with coup de grace that leaves  
no trace

Adjourns that gallant Brigade

YOUNGSTER—"Say, Mr., can I  
ask you what State you are from  
without insulting you?"

PLEBE—"No, sir!"

Large reward to the man who  
will tell us which State he was  
from, Arkansas or Massachusetts.

The Thanksgiving Hop was the largest and most brilliant affair of the season to date, and the floor sparkled with pretty girls and gorgeous costumes. The music was new and well played, especially the waltzes. Mrs. Faust, wife of Lieut. Faust, U. S. N., received with Midshipman Chapline, of the First Class.

PLEBE (anxiously)—"Sir, what shall I do for this water on my knee?"

DOCTOR (skeptically)—"Wear pumps."

## SOCIAL NEWS

Two very interesting informal teas were held on Wednesday afternoon immediately after the third period recitation. One of these was in the Academic building, ground floor. The host directed the guests into several beautifully decorated rooms, the refreshments were laid out on the plane of the equator, and consisted of G. M. tea, pie prime and pie second, served in a new method by Miss Marcq St. Hilaire. Among those specially noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Froggy; the Envoy Extraordinary, who was called away on important business shortly after the affair started. Jimmy attended, dressed as usual in the height of fashion. Dick was unfortunately unaccompanied by his better half, Sarah; the latter being indisposed with a three. Pete was also there, but left in disgust when he saw that the course did not include spuds, without, however, disclosing his new discovery. Jingle came with a slush bucket, but was forcibly ousted by the invited guests.

The second tea was in the Steam building. The receiving committee consisted of Misses Schwamb and Merrill, ably assisted by that attractive Miss J. Gow. Promptly at a quarter to four the guests arrived, and left after a very interesting afternoon, at five-thirty. The hostess wore a pair of double-acting pumps and an epicyclic train. Music was beautifully rendered by a friction band. Among the guests was the speedy and daring Miss Thornycroft, chaperoned by the elderly Miss Babcock-Wilcox.

The Countess Niclausse also was there to help receive.

HENRY (after attempting to Boston, to the lady)—"Truly, my heart was a desert before I met you!"

FAIR LADY—"Really, Mr. Clay, that is no excuse for dancing like a camel."

### "CHINNY."

The ladies were crowding each other on the side lines to see the game. Hat encountered hat while fair enthusiasts glared at each other. "Oh, dear, why don't they provide seats for us?" They were cold and they were tired of standing.

Suddenly "Chinny" was seen to emerge from somewhere and approach the fair ones with a stool under his arm. The excitement was intense. Which would get the coveted stool? Such anxious, appealing glances as were directed at him! How would "Chinny" decide? Very easily. He sat down on it himself.

### BALLAD OF THE SECOND CLASS M. C.

'Twas a dark and stormy night,  
With the tendency just right;  
What tempted me from my little  
post of duty?  
'Twas the O. C.'s sense of smell,  
And my knack of catching—well;  
He ragged me with a half-smoked  
cigarooty.

## BUMCLO THE TAILOR

*Under the Terrace*

HIGH CLASS NAVAL PRESSING AND REPAIRING



Let us take your measure and your amount available! We never fail to have your clothes ready—a day too late!

## The Stone Crusher Laundry

Toothed collars and disintegrated cuffs a specialty.

Left-hand gloves carefully returned—all our irons are right handed.

Send us your non-reg. shirts and save yourself from 50 d's.

There's joy on the Hudson's shores to-night;

There's gloom on the banks of the Spa,

While the score is racing around the earth—

With the Army lined up at the bar,

A-spending the Navy's money,

They won at three to five;

For the Army team has won once more,

The Army again is alive.

For their throats are a-thirst for a winning toast,

They have drunken defeat for long;

And the Bellevue-Strat. is ringing with cheers,

While the Walton sings never a song.

There's coin in the Army's fist to-night,

There's naught in the Navy pouch,

They've scattered their wealth to the Army gray;

But you'll never see one with a grouch.

Though the Navy girl no flowers will get,

Though Christmas is coming along,

And the Navy's broke, still they think it a joke

And they'd back the same team just as strong.

*COME to S. Q. Sanitarium and you'll never go elsewhere. Rest cure a specialty. Try our electric spray and massage.*

**Dr. R. G. Coman**

## Brainless Dentistry

Teeth macnewed while you wait

The Midshipmen caterers are a great success, and the thanks of the brigade are due them for the marked improvement in the cuisine. Ben Tilley has the right idea. If you don't see what you want, ask for it.

### SECOND HAND

## "Reef Points"

BOUGHT AND SOLD

AT THE OLD RELIABLE STAND  
APPLY TO YID

NO GRAD TERMS

## The Silly Fizzle

*By one of our boys*

FOUR BITS PER COPY

*As necessary as La Petite Larousse.*

*Cheap at half the price.*

## BANKRUPT

## APARTMENTS



CLEAN COOL LIGHT AIRY



All the comforts of home. Hot and cold steam-pipes; electric plumbing; elevators; four valets to a floor, exclusive barber shop, restaurant, gymnasium and dance hall in the building. Rooms by the term or year.

APPLY EARLY

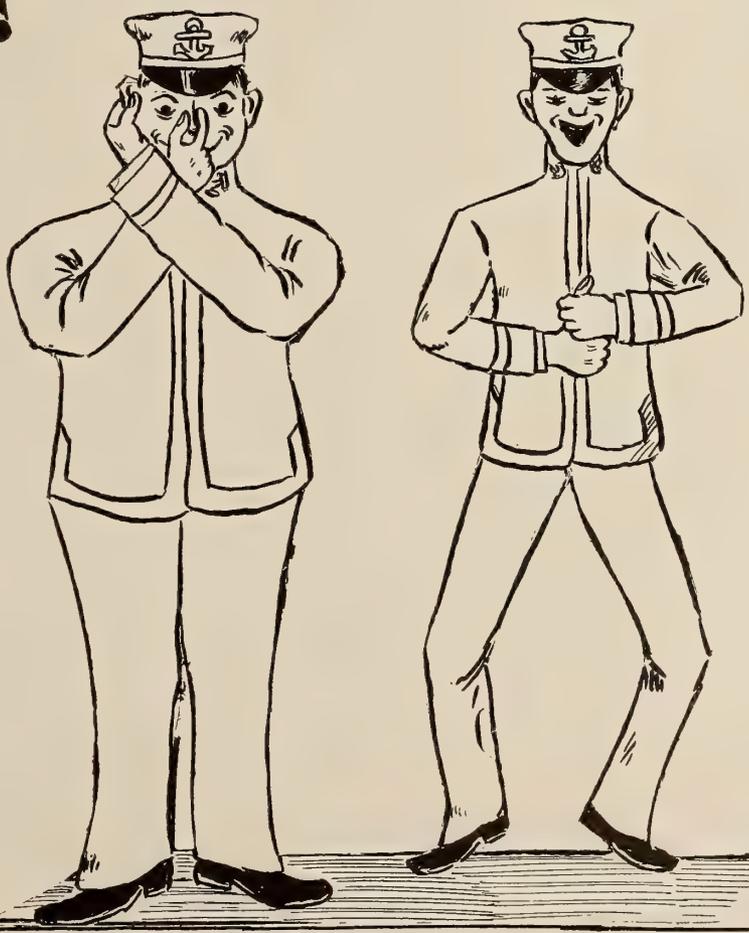
NAVAL ACADEMY

## Tonsorial Parlors

REGULATION HAIR CUTS  
A SPECIALTY

Coiffures marcellées à la Chapline, en Crosse au Ruste-fe, or scrambled à la Drague. Don't go elsewhere to have your hair poorly cut; come in here.

# MISCELLANEOUS.



K9

# Little Cruises



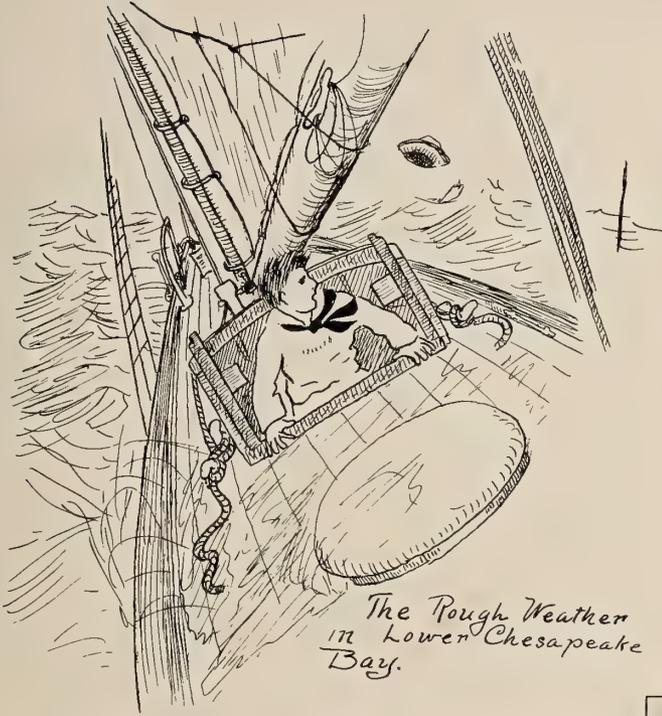
## First Cruise of the Robert Center

1907

When they gave 1909 two months' leave, Second Class summer, six of the sea-going men of the class got together and put the sloop yacht, Robert Center, in commission for a two weeks' cruise down the bay to Jamestown, where the Exposition was going on, and where the rest of the Navy was anchored in Hampton Roads. This was the first time since 1901 that the midshipmen had taken out the Center for a cruise. Spike Harris, Chippy Butler, Bobby Robertson, Alva Bernhard, Ned Brandt, and Howard Benson comprised the bunch, with Howard as skipper and Spike paymaster. Lindberg, a bos'un's-mate, and Johnson, the darky cook, completed the ship's company. We routed out all the yacht's old equipment from the Santee, loaded the Center up with all kinds of eats and

drinks, secured much valuable information from Lieutenant-Commander McVay, and the Commandant's blessing, and pulled out of Crabtown Sunday morning to the tune of that old sea-going "chanty," "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" Johnson served us up a Sunday dinner that day that made us feel like J. P. Morgan on his private yacht. We sailed

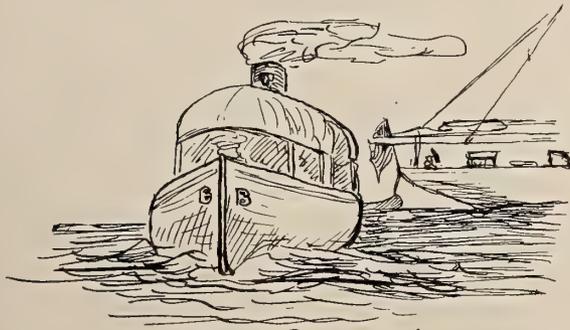




*The Rough Weather  
in Lower Chesapeake  
Bay.*

for our running boat (Chinny's canoe), we sailed over to Sewell's Point next morning, passing the Olympia with her battalion of "Kaydets" aboard. We saluted her with twenty-one ginger ale (?) bottles. It seemed too good to be true to be on our own yacht, while the other two classes were doing three months' time on the practice squadron.

We took in the marvelous (?) exposition and discovered that we had two heroes aboard, Spike and Chinny, who had taken a soused rooky back to his ship in the canoe after the last liberty-boat had left the dock, thereby earning an envious reputation as dare-devil navigators. While at



*The Center's  
Running Boat.*

southward in a light breeze until sundown, when we anchored on the western shore. The next day we had a splendid wind, and sailed under staysail and mainsail as far as the Rappahannock, where the wind becoming more violent, we sailed up the river a couple of miles and lay at anchor a night and a day until the storm spent itself. That night the midshipmen were drowned in Hampton Roads, though we did not learn this until later. The next day we got under way, everyone feeling frisk, and that afternoon dropped anchor off the Chamberlain before the admiring eyes of the Atlantic Battleship Fleet. Finding it too rough in the Roads



Jamestown Spike found the only girl in the world and jumped ship for two days. After that he couldn't get back soon enough to Crabtown, and from thence hit Virginia Beach again, where she waited for him.

Thirteen days after starting we dropped anchor at the Academy, after the best kind of a time. One incident of note remains to be told: While at Wicomico Creek, Alva and Chinny went ashore in working clothes and tennis slippers to get fresh provisions. While ashore they so captivated the summer colony there that a dance was given in their honor that night, while the rest of us, thinking they had been capsized and drowned in the squally weather, waited anxiously all night for them. How we ever navigated the craft is a mystery, as our charts were secured from John Paul Jones' portfolio of 1776. But Howard was equal to the job, and kept us clear of all rocks and shoals and the miles of fish nets in the lower Bay. Many an evening the bunch will remember, when the ice-box was opened up and mandolins started, while yarn after yarn floated through the cigarette smoke of the little cabin.



Spike and Chinny saving  
a Rooky six days in the brig.

## Second Cruise of the Robert Center

1908

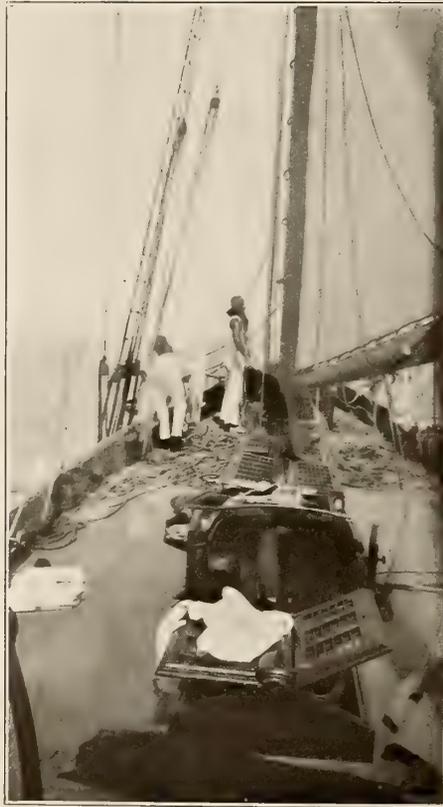
At the end of the summer cruise, the memory of the high old times on the Center on her first cruise brought some of the old crowd together again who were sea-going enough to prefer a yachting trip to the distractions of a shore September leave, and the Center was again put in commission, with Howard Benson as Skipper, Ned Brandt as Exec., Roy Davis as Navigator, and Eph. Friedell as Warrant Officer. Chippy Butler was expected to be with the bunch again, but at the last moment he found himself too busy over his erratic heart, and was obliged to give up the trip, much to our regret. We made our headquarters at 14 Sampson Row until we left, and spent a whole day refitting, stowing provisions and wet goods. Two dozen live chickens were sent down from the grocer's to add to our difficulties, but these we crated up in boxes (from which they frequently escaped and caused endless confusion) and stowed all over the deck. Roy distinguished himself by saving the life of one adventurous chicken which flew overboard as we rounded the Crabtown light. Later we had the pleasure of picking the birds and then the more exquisite pleasure of eating them fried, roasted, and broiled by the best chef that ever was on the Center. Thomas was the chef, and if ever a bunch lived higher than we did, or had better things to eat, they were surely envied by the dwellers on Mt. Olympus. In fact, we lived so high that our funds ran low after the first week, and in eight days the Center was put out of commission by a sunburned, well-fed, husky crowd in fine form for a big time on leave. The cruise was not long. For two days we tried to get to Baltimore, but never got farther than Thomas Point, as the

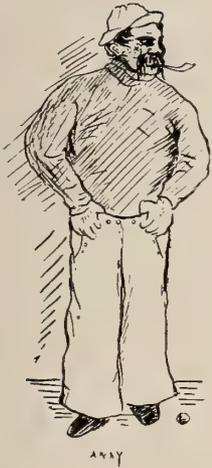
wind kept coming straight down the mast the whole time. We then ran over to Claiborne, found the place dryer than the Sahara, and immediately put over to Chesapeake Beach, where the crew made a big liberty that night and returned aboard with replenishments for



the larder and icebox. There was no reveille next morning. That afternoon we upped anchor for home, and got to the mouth of the channel after a moonlight sail up the Bay.

Next morning we put in, where we all discovered our jobs for the next year. The next day we took on a cargo of girls and had a jolly sailing party all afternoon, in which Eph tried to distinguish himself by jumping overboard. The next day, being Monday, the yacht was put out of commission and the cruise ended. The old Center may make many cruises in the future, but it can never take out a more congenial crowd of fellows and see more of the old Bay than on its two cruises with the Class of 1909.





# The Cruise of the ARGO



The Argo is the Academy's forty-eight ton yawl, and the cruise was taken to the Jamestown Exposition during Second Class leave. The trip was not as roughhouse as would appear from the log, for, besides the practical seamanship gained in all kinds of weather, we will long remember the friendships made and the beauty of the long, starlit nights spent under way. To "Andy" is due the credit of a safe trip, and words cannot express our appreciation of Brown's grub.

## MUSTER LIST

HARRY P. NORDYKE, *Skipper*

HOLY J. SAXER, *Chaplain*

DRAG HIGGINS BENNETT, *Chief Engineer*

GEORGIE BROWN CARROLL, *Paymaster*

GELIN BLACKWELL GIBSON, *Surgeon*

RED ROBERTS LANSDOWNE, *Coxswain*

COLONEL SKIRTS PLATT, *Jimmy Legs*

CASEY RIEGER, *Bugler*

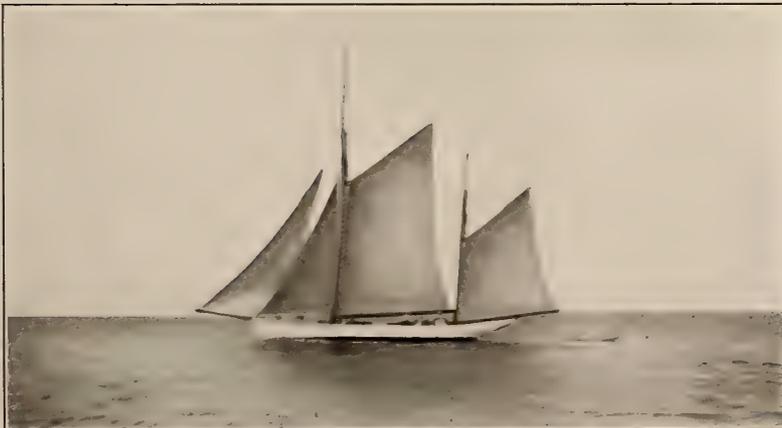
BOB FITZSIMMONS VAN DE BOE, *Bar K—*

JENSEN O'KEEFE ROBERTS, *The Crew*

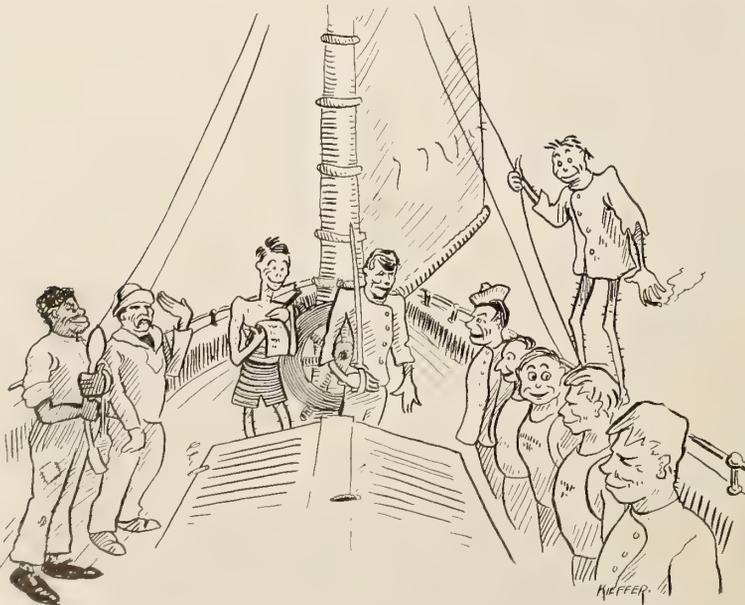
## THE LOG

FRIDAY, August 2, 1907—After we had signed up going on leave, the wherry and its coxswain were kept busy transferring us and our effects from the sea-wall to the good ship,

which was anchored in midstream. As we were about to turn in it was suddenly discovered that the Bar K— had not shown up, whereupon there was great excitement until we heard a chug-chug and were hailed by a bumboat which bore our faithful Bar K— and his precious cargo.



SATURDAY, August 3, 1907.—The cargo was safely transferred and stowed, and all hands attempted to turn in about three bells—an attempt which was frustrated by an epidemic of bum jokes and *Lame Jack's* desire to be musical. At five bells we were awakened by an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the power-house to get under way. The silvery notes of *re-veill *, as rendered by our Bugler, awoke us all to the necessity of throwing him overboard, which we promptly did. At three bells of the morning watch the cry "All hands up anchor!" brought forth the wonderful effects of two years' Navy discipline. The Bugler fell down the hatch and immediately hit the sick list, the Doctor refused all but official duties, the Chaplain said the air was too lurid and retired below, and the rest of us were nowhere to be found. So the Skipper and the faithful Crew manned the windlass and made sail, and we were off on our eventful voyage. After an excellent breakfast, which was but a fore-runner of the way *Brown* was to feast us, we chose bunks, stowed our effects, and settled down. The morning was spent in teaching the Crew to keep his feet off the Skipper's musical instruments. A short run, during which we passed everything going our way, brought us off Chesapeake Beach, where we anchored. Leaving the Chaplain in charge we hurried ashore for our first big liberty. While it is by no means a quiet place, we made the natives sit up and take notice, besides fussing several of the Paymaster's friends who were persuaded to come over for the occasion. That night a bad blow prevented our returning



to the *Argo*, and we nine had to sleep in the hotel's only vacant room, size 10x6, which was provided with nine cots. In the final round-up the Chief Engineer, *Bar K*—, and *Jimmy Legs* were missing. A search party, consisting of the Coxswain of the wherry, was successfully brought back by the absentees after several hours' work.

SUNDAY, August 4, 1907.—We were well aware of their return, for the only gangway left in that crowded room was our up-turned faces. Their ad-



ventures, the telling of which took most of the mid-watch, we have no room for here, but they centered about the Bar K— and the ship's ordnance. After recounting their adventures the Bar K—and the Coxswain began an argument which put us to sleep. Our last recollection was the Bar K—soliloquizing from the balcony and trying to blow out the gas. In the morning, after much wigwagging, all man-

aged to get aboard, C and S, by two bells and get the good ship under way. The Skipper insisted upon having Sunday inspection, which was held in full dress, the Bar K—alone being excused on account of his heavy duties. After inspection, general muster was held on the quarterdeck where the Skipper made a short speech, saying that the ship was going to the dogs, but declaring, with worthy sentiment, that he would stick by her to the very end. The day was perfect for sailing, and we enjoyed every minute of it: As the wind was favorable we decided to continue under way all night, and the beauties of that night's sail are among the pleasantest memories of the cruise.

MONDAY, August 5, 1907—Sailed all day with a steadily freshening breeze from the southwest until in the afternoon we began to feel the swell which came in between the capes. The increasing wind made it necessary to shorten sail—until late in the afternoon we had only the jigger and topmast staysail showing. To add to the excitement the outrigger for the sheet-blocks gave way, and we had a lively time furling the jigger and setting a close-reefed mainsail. As it was evi-



dent that we could not make Hampton Roads that night, we had to run in somewhere for shelter. The Skipper decided on Mobjack Bay, because it had so wide a mouth we weren't liable to miss it. At this point the Chief Engineer went below suddenly to fix the dynamos, followed soon by the Coxswain. After dodging fishing stakes the Crew mistook a danger buoy for a channel buoy in the gathering darkness. We dropped





anchor in time, but the Crew was severely reprimanded and denied his grog for twelve hours. After the hard afternoon's work and excitement, the dinner that Brown had prepared went to the right spot.

TUESDAY, August 6, 1907—The Crew sprang a surprise by answering sick call and then presenting a prescription from Doc. Gelin to the Bar K—, which could not be overlooked. This little excitement over, we got under way in a stiff breeze and made Hampton

Roads in a small-sized gale. Ran up the Elizabeth River and, to show our contempt for things in general, dropped anchor in mid-channel off the Exposition grounds. After being almost run down by several car-ferries it appeared that it was our move. The wherry

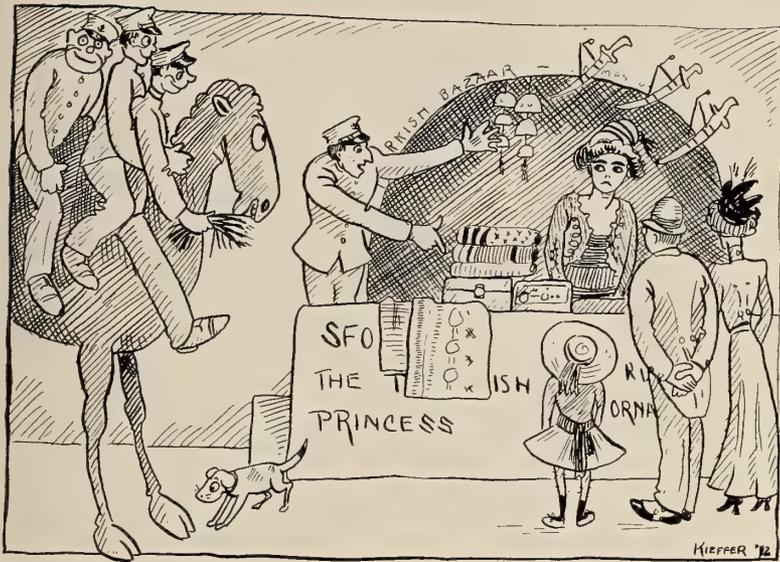


was sent to the U. S. S. Brooklyn close by, which sent a steamer to

tow us to the yacht anchorage. The Paymaster and Bar K— were at once sent ashore to replenish their respective departments, and the Skipper led an exploring party which discovered the Swiss Village, California Jack's, and Cheyenne Joe's.

WEDNESDAY, August 7, 1907—In the cold, gray dawn of the morning after the Paymaster and Bar K— hove in sight and offered to tend ship for the day. It appeared that they had not adhered strictly to business, but had had many adventures, to one of which the Paymaster still holds the key. There was general liberty for the rest of the ship's company, and we scattered our-





selves broadcast on the innocent inhabitants of the Exposition. This is a log and not a volume, so it will be impossible to relate all of the adventures as they were told at the breakfast table each morning, but rest assured, dear reader, that we didn't miss much.

THURSDAY, August 8, 1907—General liberty. The Skipper appointed the Crew his social aide for the day, and paid an official

visit to the commanding officer of the U. S. S. Brooklyn. More adventures. By general consent the Swiss Village was made our headquarters ashore. The dinners we had there—the Wurzburger and Frankfurters—and ah! Rose!—But this is a log and not a rhapsody. Not all our time was spent there, for we did the War Path from the Looney House to the Streets of Cairo, where the Bar K—distinguished himself by barking for the booth of a beautiful Turkish princess.

FRIDAY, August 9, 1907—The Chief Engineer, Bar K—, and Crew swiped the three cleanest collars aboard and escaped before their treachery was discovered. The Jimmy Legs and Bugler followed, leaving the others on board to prepare for the pink tea which was to be given in the afternoon to some friends of the Skipper. It was the social event of the cruise. The cabin was lavishly decorated with honeysuckle and smilax, and the table was resplendent with our cut glass and silver. The Skipper, tastily attired in white full dress, received at the gangway under the quarterdeck awning. In the cabin Brown did himself proud, the table groaning under loads of his carefully prepared dainties. The wherry was kept busy conveying Norfolk's fairest daughters to the ship. That night the last liberty party went ashore and paid its final respects to the Exposition in general and the Streets of Cairo in particular.

SATURDAY, August 10, 1907—The happiness of the trip was marred by the funeral of McSwatt, who had lost his head during the night and was consigned to the deep with full military honors. Got under way for our return trip about 10 A. M. In the dustiest part of the Roads it was found necessary to rig up a typical water-wagon on deck. But in suddenly tacking ship the main boom struck it and overboard it went. We stood for a moment



awe-stricken. Then the awful calamity dawned upon us, and it was a pitiful sight to see strong men weep like children. Even this loss was forgotten in our attempt, that dark and stormy night, to see how far we could run up the Rappahannock without hitting something. The Officer of the Deck tried to run right over Mosquito Point, but was stopped by the Skipper on the ground that it would be discourteous. A compromise was effected by anchoring in a cornfield. At Brown's ten o'clock banquet that night, the Chief Engineer was absent, still having trouble with the dynamos.

SUNDAY, August 11, 1907—Spent the day resting up and exploring.

MONDAY, August 12, 1907—At dawn weighed anchor, broke out the "Homeward Bound," and laid our course for Crabtown with a fair breeze and all sail set, overhauling everything on the Bay.

TUESDAY, August 13, 1907—Arrived in Annapolis Roads during the mid-watch and hove to until daylight, when we sailed in and picked up our anchorage. After discharging our cargo we disembarked and had a farewell dinner together in the beautifully decorated grill room of Bancroft Hall. In the afternoon we took the train together for Odenton, sunburned and healthy, and the happiest bunch of Midshipmen who ever left this old burg for their summer leave at home.



# The Pipe Dream of a Clean Sleeper

## Order Number 7-11

1. All uniforms for midshipmen of the first class below the rank of eighth petty officer shall be made in strict conformity to the desires of these gentlemen. The privilege of wearing non-regulation uniforms and having cits in possession is granted to Clean Sleepers only.

2. When desiring to attend church formation, they are not to wear full dress. Service or pajamas may be worn, and when the latter is the choice, the back seats shall be reserved for their use.

3. Attendance at breakfast formation is optional, but when attending they shall arrive on time—that is, before the brigade marches into the mess-hall. Under no circumstances will they take a cross-country hike before breakfast. The officer in charge will not play hide-and-seek around the corner trying to rag them when late, nor will he be so rude as to mention “too many file-closers” when there are less than eleven.

4. They are privileged to attend two drills per month. They shall have their choice, but it is recommended that this be other than artillery, infantry, or setting up.

5. On hop nights Clean Sleepers on duty may designate a relief so as to attend. The midshipman designated shall in all cases be either a striper or the Clean Sleeper's rival for the affections of a fair gazelle.

6. If at dinner formation on Sunday a Clean Sleeper spies his lady fair in the balcony of Memorial Hall, he shall immediately take command of his company. Upon such occasions the three-striper shall assume the position of eighth petty officer or other unobtrusive position.

7. Instructors below the rank of commander will not argue with midshipmen. Clean Sleepers who are not disposed to prepare their lessons will attend recitations wearing three-stripers' blouses. In case a Clean Sleeper is unsatisfactory for the preceding month, he may wear the five-striper's blouse.

8. On Saturday and Tuesday mornings valets will accompany Clean Sleepers to Ponce's P-works with a go-cart containing sextant, log-book, Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, White's Astronomy, drawing instruments, compass, pencils, paper, note book, ruler, triangle, watch, artificial horizon, and Muir's excellent and exhaustive treatise on Navigation and Compass Deviations. Omnimeters, dragometers, and solimeters need not be carried.

9. The officer in charge shall not interrupt Saturday night sessions except upon the request of a Clean Sleeper who is well ahead of the game. Upon interrupting, he shall take the hand vacated by the Clean Sleeper and lose consistently.

10. Liberty shall be granted to Clean Sleepers whenever they care to take it. The privilege of spending Saturday and Sunday in Washington is granted to Clean Sleepers and petty officers; but when taking advantage of this order, they shall neither draw more than one hundred dollars from the pay office nor call on the Secnav in cits.

11. Clean Sleepers' rooms shall under no circumstances whatever be inspected at any time, no matter what sounds may emanate therefrom.

IMA A. SQUAREWON,  
Commanding.

## Gentlemen Sailors

Probably the nearest approach to an Academy song that we possess is that assortment of verses which have become strung together during the past decade or so, to the tune of "Gentlemen Rankers." The lines are from many authors, and are printed here in order to preserve them.

We have studied Navigation, Seamanship and Higher Math,  
English, Spanish, French and Johnny Gow;  
We have learned to integrate and to differentiate  
By the aid of Woolsey Johnson's little gouge.  
We can find the stress and strain  
And the tension on a chain,  
And we know the difference 'twixt a strut and tie;  
And we're also taught to see,  
By John K. B.'s analogy,  
The likeness of a ratchet bar and pump.

### CHORUS

We're poor little Mids who have lost our way,  
Bah, bah, bah!  
Cruising around on Chesapeake Bay,  
Bah, bah, bah!  
Gentlemen Sailors from over the lee,  
Bound to Hell from Eternity,  
God have pity on such as we,  
Bah, bah, bah!

I savvy lap and lead,  
And can calculate the speed  
That a differential train will drive a drill;  
I can shape the teeth of wheels  
And know all about the reels  
That are used in hauling heavy weights up hill.  
The epicyclic train  
Seems to suit my fertile brain;  
I find the lifting crab a perfect dream.  
Escapements are a cinch,  
I know all about the winch—  
In fact, I really think I savvy Steam.—CHORUS.

I can calculate the gy  
Of a revolving cy;  
Tangential forces never bother me.  
If a door swings on a hinge,  
Or two rubber balls impinge,  
I can always find the new velocity.  
If a sphere lies on the ground,  
Rolling straight, or turning round,  
I can tell you just how far that ball will go.  
I know all about the drum,  
And the seconds pendulum—  
In fact, there's really nothing I don't know.—CHORUS.

I can parley vous Francais,  
Conversation is but play;  
Dago oozes out of me from every pore.  
I am savvy, don't you see,  
For I've never hit a Tree,  
And I often hear that phrase, "I give you 4.o."  
In Spanish I can cuss,  
At dictation never bust,  
I can conjugate all verbs I've ever had.  
I can hablar Espanol,  
Give my r's a triple roll—  
In fact, I find that Dago's not so bad.—CHORUS.

I can sail and reef and steer,  
Of a storm I have no fear—  
The compass is an open book to me.  
Should I have a ship to tack,  
Though her sails be all aback,  
I can bring her 'round before the count of three.  
Any signal in the book  
I can read with scarce a look;  
The semaphore and wig-wag I don't skip.  
I know all the bugle calls,  
And the leads of all the falls—  
There's really nothing hard in Seamanship.—CHORUS.

Oh, this life upon the sea  
Is an endless joy to me!  
I arise at six A. M. to take the air,  
And still dreaming of the girl,  
I my hammock quickly furl,  
And drag it to the wet and slippery "Stair."  
Then from morn to noon I drill,  
And from noon to eve as well,  
And my time is spent in hoisting boats galore.  
When at last to sleep I fall,  
I'm awakened by the call:  
"You've got to stand a watch from twelve to four."—CHORUS.

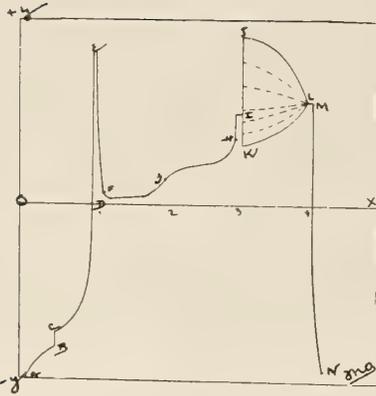
I can navigate a ship,  
Taking parallax and dip;  
Refraction never seems to bother me.  
I can read the patent log,  
Steer a straight course through a fog,  
And am never known to miss my fix at sea.  
I can name for you each star,  
And can tell you just how far  
Each planet is from us and from the sun.  
I can take an azimuth,  
And at time-sights make a bluff—  
Navigation's of them all the simplest one.—CHORUS.

I can sketch 5-M torpedoes,  
Or adjust one for a run;  
I can handle well a squad or a brigade.  
I the secret can disclose  
How to calibrate a gun;  
If you're drowning, drunk, or wounded, give first aid.  
If a shell departs at X,  
While its muzzle speed is V,  
I know, to hit its target, P's the chance.  
I can draw a battery box,  
Turrets, sights, and firing-locks—  
Now what the deuce is hard about Ordnance?—CHORUS.

I savvy latent heat,  
And have found it quite a treat;  
Refraction never bothered me at all.  
Waves of heat, or light, or sound—  
Trav'ling straight or turning round,  
Or emerging from a heated iron ball.  
When light's thrown upon a screen,  
Or is shot through tourmaline,  
Or when a Nicol prism it comes through;  
I think I could tell you what,  
If it's polarized or not,  
Or is coming from a spectrum red or blue.—CHORUS.

We are lost to civilization,  
We are bilging cold as —;  
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung;  
And the measure of our torment  
Is the measure of a brute:  
— knows that we have learned the code too young!  
And we'll meet him later on  
In the place where he has gone,  
Where it's always Steam, Mechanics, and Mech Pro.  
He'll be sitting on the coals  
Giving 2.0's to poor — souls,  
And we'll hit the tree in — with Brainy Joe.—CHORUS.

# Midshipman's Career Curve



Ordinates—Rate.  
 Abscissar—Time.  
 AB—First term Plebe year.  
 BC—Rise caused by passing semi-ans.  
 CD—Second term Plebe year.  
 DE—Being made a youngster.  
 EF—Youngster cruise. In this he finds just what a youngster is.  
 FG—Youngster year.  
 GH—Second Class year.  
 HI—First Class cruise.  
 IJL—First Class year (five stripes).  
 IKL—First Class year (clean sleeve). To find others—interpolate.  
 L—Graduation.  
 LM—A short leave.  
 MN—And  
     then  
     he  
     hits  
     his  
     ship.

## In the Mess-Hall

### The Caterer has a Skirmish with Fletcher

(Determined to cuss Fletcher out.) “Good morning, Fletcher. How are things getting along to-day?”

“Splendid, sir; elegant, sir. That Sunday dinner yesterday was almost as good as our Fourth of July banquet on the Olympia, which cost \$365.00, sir. You must have seen our menu, sir, because that one couldn't be beat. Ask Mr. Carroll or Mr. Nordyke. They'll tell you about it and also about that mess bill (\$10.00).” (Broad smile from Fletcher.)

“And, Fletcher, there is one thing that must be attended to at once. That new shaved-head boy on our table is the worst I ever saw. The crowd is all kicking, and we must have a new one.”

“Well, I declare, sir, that boy is the best in the Mess-Hall. Now, Mr. Sampson offered me five dollars for that boy, but I said the caterer must have a good boy and that he couldn't have him at any price.”

“And those bananas on our table this morning, Fletcher, seemed to be worse than on any other table around. Is there any particular reason for that?”

“Not the boy's fault, at all, sir. It's the way they serve them out in the pantry, sir. No, sir; no, sir. Them boys am all right. Everything is all here, sir. Yes, sir; yes, sir.”

“Very well, then, Fletcher, that will do. Watch them next time.”

(Many bows from Fletcher.)



# The Three Ways



## Carvel Hall, after the Hop

A Youngster.  
A Second Classman.  
A Clean Sleever, respectively fussing peaches  
of the 1st, 2d, and 3d degree.  
ALSO, an eagle-eyed Chaperone.

IN ONE ACT.

SCENE I.

Carvel Hall, in reception room.

CHAPERONE—Mr. Youngster, where were you and Miss Smith during the last six dances?

YOUNGSTER—Why—er—er—I—we—(*glances at the startled eyes of his fair one*). Yes, sure! We went to get a drink, and there were so many—an awful big bunch—around the water-cooler that we had to wait quite a while.

CHAPERONE (*icily*)—Preposterous! (*Glances at Youngster for a while, then turns to listen to couple behind her.*)

YOUNGSTER (*to girl*)—Dear, were you frightened? Didn't you know I could explain it all right? Dear—darling I-I—here! wear my class pin.

GIRL—Oh, thank you! I shall always wear it right over my heart. (*Aside*) Goodness! another class pin! The seventeenth to-day!

YOUNGSTER—Look! Look at that clock! Five minutes till twelve! Holy blue-books! Five minutes to go three-quarters of a mile! See you to-morrow (*puts on rain-clothes*) after chapel. Good night. Don't forget to wear my pin. (*Departs.*)

YOUNGSTER (*to himself, while running*)—My stripe, my lone stripe, for a horse! Liberty, liberty! to behold that liberty book—before eight bells. (*Is now in the yard: cuts across grass, runs into benches on Lovers' Lane.*) Blast that bench! my shin is broken! But on, on I fly! At last the welcome portals of Bancroft Hall! (*Enters and signs up liberty book, learning to his disgust it is yet four minutes till twelve.*)

SCENE II.

Carvel Hall, in dining room.

CHAPERONE—Oh, Mr. Second Classman! I have been looking high and low for you and Miss Jones. By the way, where were you during the last eight dances? Tell me!

SECOND CLASSMAN—So glad to see you, Miss Chaperone. (*To waiter.*) Here, boy! bring in that order for three instead of two. (*To Chaperone*)—Won't you sit down, please?

CHAPERONE—Oh, thank you! but really I must decline. It's getting late. (*Glances at Miss Jones.*) Good night. (*Departs.*)

SECOND CLASSMAN—Getting late! Two minutes till twelve late! Pshaw! In the morning I take a shower, shave and dress in two minutes.

GIRL—Yes, but the Youngsters have all gone.

SECOND CLASSMAN—Yes, I'll have to go in a minute. But, darling girl, thy beautiful eyes inspire me to defy the regulations, and thy lips almost lure me to my destruction. I want to ask—

GIRL—Y-e-s?

SECOND CLASSMAN (*very much fussed*)—I guess—I had better go. Won't you—won't you—come down June Week? Good night. (*Departs.*)

GIRL—Pish! How slow! (*Goes upstairs.*)

SECOND CLASSMAN (*calmly puts on rain-clothes and walks outside, but once clear of Carvel, he goes full speed—To himself while running*)—One minute to make it in! One minute! The wall for me! Gee, what a peach she is! (*Scrambles over the wall just as eight bells begin to strike.*) Eight bells! Stay, stay thy striking! (*Increases his speed.*) Split! split! oh, atmosphere, and let me through! Six bells gone and sixty yards to go! Eight bells and ragged (*dashes through the crowd at the door and signs up while the O. C. is ordering the O. D. to make a list of the lates*)—almost!

### SCENE III.

Carvel Hall, in cozy corner under stairs.

CLEAN SLEEVE—My own, after three years of fussing, I have found my ideal—You!  
. . . . . Here! take my class ring: it's my dearest possession . . .  
. . . besides thy love . . . . .

GIRL—Sh! Sh! Here comes the Chap.

CHAPERONE—Why, Miss Brown! Mr. Clean Sleever, it's twelve-thirty. I've been looking for you two since the hop! Perhaps, Mr. Clean Sleever, you'll explain where you and Miss Brown were during the last ten dances?

FIRST CLASSMAN—Why, certainly. Miss Brown and I were looking for the chairman of the hop committee. We are going to ask him to have a special hop for the G. B. Seminary girls, and we want you to receive.

CHAPERONE—Why—why—so thoughtful! so considerate! I just want to say that—that first classmen never give the Chaperone trouble. Good night. Come up soon, Polly. (*Goes upstairs.*)

GIRL—Dear, where shall we spend our honeymoon?

CLEAN SLEEVE—Sweet, my darling . . . on the billows of love, we two will be a fleet to ourselves . . . a trim little yacht and her consort . . . . Good night, Polly, my precious! (*Puts on rain-clothes and calmly walks out.*)

GIRL (*to herself*)—Oh! oh!! oh!!! June Week!—one hundred days, he said, till our wedding. (*Goes upstairs.*)

CLEAN SLEEVE (*to himself while walking*)—Guess it'll be shorter to go by way of the lower gate. Five hundred dollars available; fourteen hundred a year—let's see—oh, hang it! My debts can wait. (*Arrives at lower gate; Marine stops him, telling him that midshipmen are not allowed to use it.*) Midshipmen! MIDSHIPMEN!! Me a MIDSHIPMAN!!! Look here! what's your name? Come to present! I'll report you for insulting an officer. (*Passes through and calmly walks to terrace.*) Fourteen hundred—debts and a honeymooning cruise. Guess we'll have to pawn the class banner. (*Climbs into quarters through window, goes to room, then to roommate.*) Hey, old lady! wake up! Did the O.C. check up the tap's report with the liberty book? Well, I guess that grunt means "No." Lucky again! (*Turns in, and all is quiet on the banks of the Severn.*)







You may talk of rare Havanas and the Turkish cigarette,  
 You may boast of famous stogies as you pace the quarter deck,  
 But for downright real enjoyment when the time for dreaming's ripe,  
 It's hard to pick a winner like the old class pipe.

The N upon its shiny bowl, it speaks of famous deeds,  
 On diamond, gridiron, crew, and track, where Navy colors lead,  
 The numerals back the Blue and Gold—just pass it down the line,  
 That right behind the Navy N there stands the 1909!

#



### Waiting

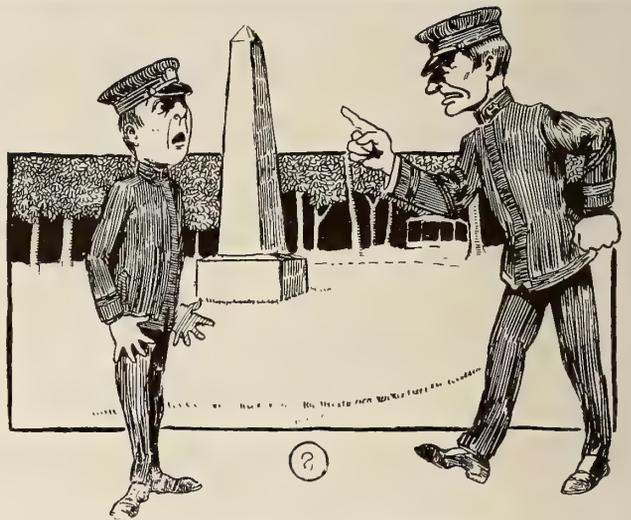
Won't someone please take care of me?  
 I'm really all alone, you see.  
 He said he'd just go "catch a smoke;"  
 It must have been some kind of joke,  
 Because I haven't seen him yet,  
 And it's been half an hour, I'll bet.

"That girl's a brick," I heard him say  
 To someone as he rushed away;  
 And so he thinks I'm nice, I guess;  
 I don't see through it, I confess.  
 I'll never let my roommate, Grace,  
 Drag me back to this horrid place.

# A MIDDY'S EIGHT AGES



①  
The Candidate is a swaggering soul;  
He does what he likes, for there's none to control.



②  
As Plebe he has to catch on to a few  
Strict rules of conduct that he never knew.



④  
Next, as a Youngster, he turns amorous,  
And haunts each hop with ambitions to fuss.



③  
The Cruise brings suffering still more severe;  
He yearns to throw up—his naval career.

AS TOLD IN TWO PAGES

5



His gallant class see him rise to extol—  
His head's a bit fuddled with fizzed alcohol.

6



As Second Classman all fun he postpones ;  
To get 2.5 see how fiercely he bones.

7



Another year, and he's foolish again ;  
He's got a "femme" making bugs in his brain.

8



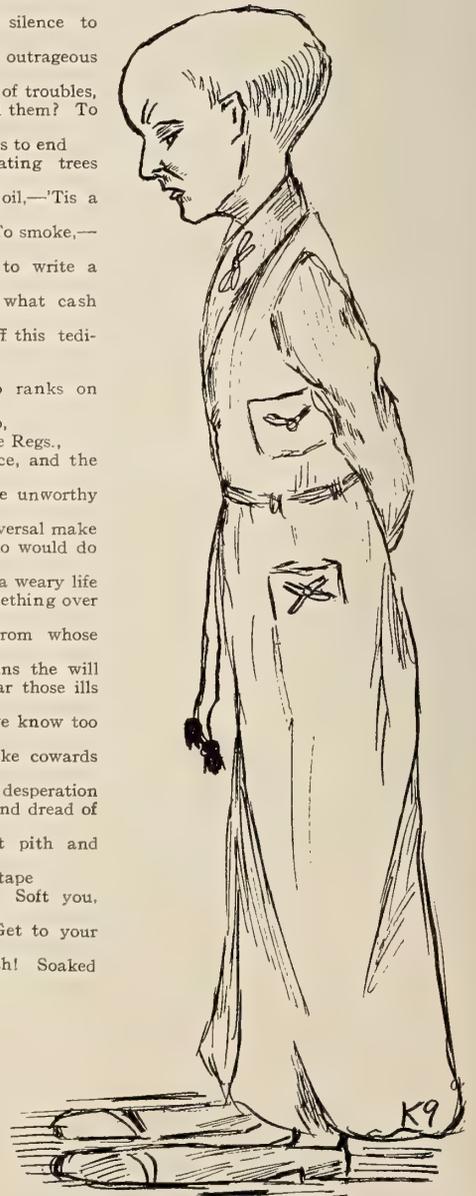
June Fourth arrives—oh, glorious date!  
He's served his term, now he hikes for the gate.



## A RHINO SOLILOQUY



To grease, or not to grease, that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in silence to suffer  
The twos and one-fives of outrageous fortune;  
Or to pour oil upon a sea of troubles,  
And by plain greasing end them? To squidge,—to bone  
No more: and by yard calls to end  
The certainty of decorating trees next week  
Or of burning midnight oil,—'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To smoke,—to sleep:—  
TO SLEEP! perchance to write a letter home;  
For through that letter what cash may come,  
When we have shuffled off this tedious toil  
For liberty.  
For who would haste to ranks on time,  
Beat the bugle, go to Dago,  
Who would bone, obey the Regs.,  
Bear the insolence of office, and the marks  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might reversal make  
With bare greasing? Who would do all this  
To drill and sweat under a weary life  
But that the dread of something over us,—  
The inevitable "pap" from whose reach  
No man escapes,—restrains the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know too well.  
Thus conduct grades make cowards of us all,  
And thus the impulse of desperation  
Is held back by the fear and dread of Kings,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment  
Are lost in tangles of red tape  
And lose original worth. Soft you, now!  
The brazen study-call! Get to your rooms!  
The O. C. is on the warpath! Soaked again!



WELCOME to the squadron of the midshipmen!

Welcome to the men, who in years to come are to command the greatest navy in the world—the United States Navy.

Today streams into our port, a squadron of warships which will pay us a visit of five days. In that line of craft that comes up the Kennebec this afternoon is the cruiser Olympia, the flagship from whose bridge Admiral Dewey ordered the shot which opened forth the signal for the end of Spanish oppression in the New World and for a great part in the Old World that grand craft, the Hartford, upon whose flagging Admiral Farragut was lashed when he sounded the horn of the Conf. Jersey on the sea; the monitor Nevada, wonderful product of our own shipyards; the gallant cruiser Chicago and the staunch and mighty monitor Arkansas. They came to anchor in our Kennebec—wonderful ships all; but aboard these craft is that more wonderful creation, that of the budding flower of the United States Navy. Hundreds of young men—each of whom is bent on learning the high art of defense of country on the seas—are here to gain a part of their instruction for careers in the navy.

Bath appreciates the honor of this visit. Our citizens believe it a privilege.

Anything pertaining to the navy is ever interesting and fascinating to the citizens of this city. For have we not sent upon the seas the best of craft that float? Look where one will and there is not gathered any group of United States warships where will not be found a vessel made by the hands of the men of Bath. In the great cruise of the great Atlantic fleet the Georgia, queen of the battleships, carries honor to Bath workmanship. The Chester, speediest of all, streams along the Atlantic coast showing the world what our workmen can accomplish when speed and endurance is the goal. We point with pride to that which the Bath Iron Works has accomplished, for it gives the Nation the supreme right to boast to our defenders of the sea.

With these ships—these men on our shores, the glow of enthusiasm brightens. The patriotic spirit of our citizens thrills, the bands play, the buildings flash forth Old Glory from a hundred staves; the streets are filled with merry-makers. Bath is gay! We greet the ships—the men, and delight at this vivid inspiration of the strength and power of the land in which we were privileged to be born and under whose flag we are privileged to live!

# BATH SHORES WAVE FORTH WARM WELCOME TO TRAINING SQUADRON

**MIDSHIPMEN ON PARADE IN BATH,**  
**GRAND BALL IS TONIGHT**  
Alameda Bright With Color for Brilliant Reception to the Navy.

**Annual Old Home Week AND Merchants' Carnival BATH, MAINE AUGUST 14-19, 1908**

**Horribles March at 2 O'Clock**

**Their Parade This Afternoon is Likely to Be a Mile in Length and Will Be a Corker.—The Entries.**

One of the principal events of today in Bath will be the big parade of Antiques and Horribles.

It will be one of the largest affairs of this kind ever seen in the State and the entries are drawing hourly.

We were very glad to see the parade of Antiques and Horribles. It was a very interesting and amusing affair. The entries were very good and the parade was very well conducted. We were very glad to see the parade of Antiques and Horribles. It was a very interesting and amusing affair. The entries were very good and the parade was very well conducted.

CALL AT  
**Webber's Drug Store**  
A WELCOME FOR ALL

The train from Rockland brought over a party of fakirs, who have been attending the Old Home Week celebration in that city.

Manjesticly, and with sturdy presence that marks the appearance of an armored war-ship, the Olympia, flagship of the squadron of the United States Naval Academy slowly poked her nose around Doubting point while thousands of Bath people who lined the docks and shores waved a welcome. The greeting was simple yet eloquent.

The celebration is on. The crowds began to arrive this morning and at two o'clock this afternoon there was a larger crowd on the water front awaiting the arrival of the fleet than there was last year the first day.

Bath's welcome to the fleet was a grand one. At the flagship Olympia came through the Reach there was general rejoicing and there was a thrill along the water front. The cruiser came slowly up past the city and dropped anchor followed in turn by the Chicago, Arkansas, Hartford, and lastly the Bath-built monitor Nevada.

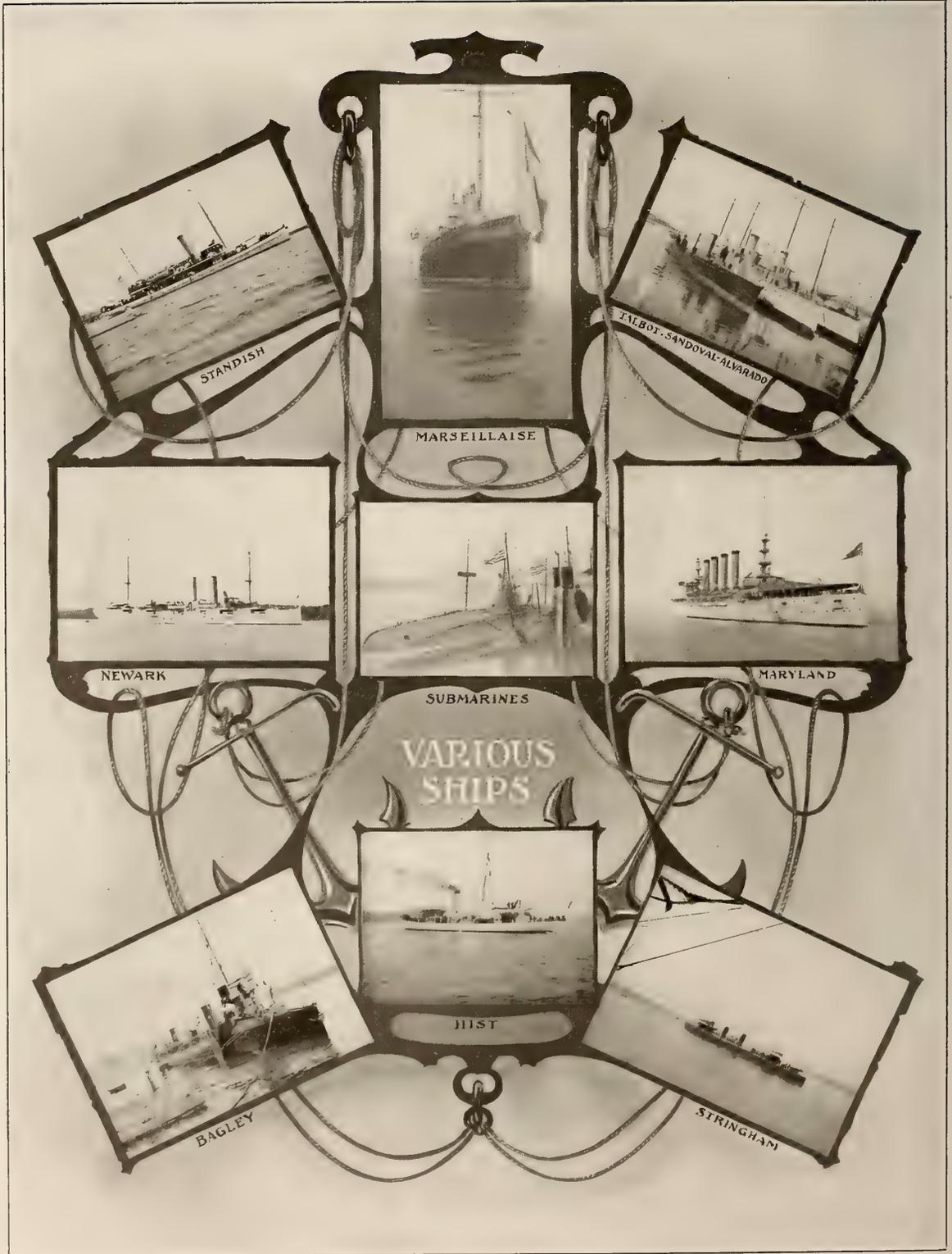
They made a pretty picture as they lay off the Shipping City and the crowds on the shore showed their enthusiasm by applause and shouts.

Hardly had the fleet dropped anchor before the steamer Corinna with the Reception Committee aboard, was sailing out to the Olympia to extend the welcome of Bath to the Practice Squadron for the second time.

Mayor George E. Hughes, Collector Elwell S. Crosby, Hon. John S. Hild,

Some of the principal events of today in Bath will be the big parade of Antiques and Horribles. It will be one of the largest affairs of this kind ever seen in the State and the entries are drawing hourly.

**"ADMIRALS IN EMBRYO"**  
Daily Routine of Midshipmen as prescribed by Lieut. Kempf.



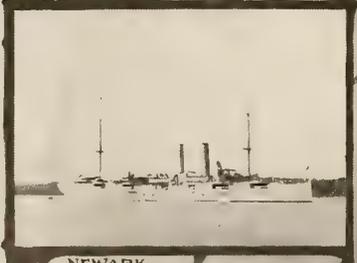
STANDISH



MARSEILLAISE



TALBOT-SANDOVAL-ALVARADO



NEWARK



SUBMARINES



MARYLAND



VARIOUS SHIPS



BAGLEY



STRINGHAM

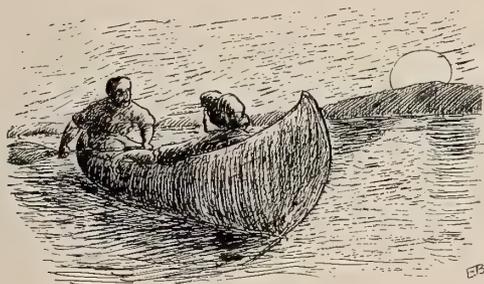
HIST

# A Little Knowledge is a Dangerous Thing

## BEFORE

"Moon, moon, silvery moon,  
Won't you come out and shine?"

What can compare with the beautiful moon as it rises over the hills and makes a broad trail of silvery light, up which you slowly paddle your canoe? What fancies, elusive and poetic, are bred in the soft effulgence of that glowing orb! What gentle midsummer madness lies in a gaze into the merry, mocking eyes of the moon-



sprite or in a search for the picture of the maiden and the stolen kiss painted for all time in the blue, frescoed vault for lovers of all ages and climes to look upon and wonder at! You know the rest—it's an old, old story. Its mystic light gives a fairy touch to the scene. The quiet over which it broods and reigns makes nature seem to you sublime, in perfect harmony with the happy thoughts which are surging through your brain. You do not speak, but just marvel at her beauty—at the wondrous glow the soft light gives her hair. You see a reflection of its loveliness in the eyes that look to you with the sacred confidence that means forever. You realize how much to you is her trust and that to you she is the whole wide world, and you register a vow in heaven that all your life you will strive to be worthy and fulfill together the promise of your golden youth.

## AFTER

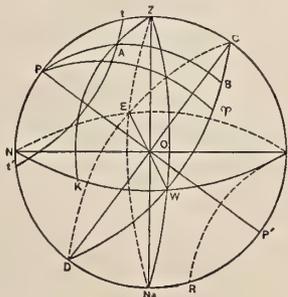
Yes, we used to think such things, too, before we became really acquainted with the moon—but there's nothing to them; a last fond idol has been shattered.

The moon is tabulated for Greenwich Mean Noon on page IV of the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, and takes up much more space than it really ought to have in pages V to XII. At best, it is very unsatisfactory from a navigator's point of view, as its declination changes so rapidly that the G. M. T. must be accurately known in order to eliminate a prohibitive error in determining it. As for Nav. P. Work—a mention of the moon means nothing less than a complete and

unconditional surrender. Its parallax and semidiameter are the most fruitful causes of mental collapse, for they bring but a distressing and maddening perusal of Bowditch, and what ordinary man

can interpolate for four elements and remain sane? Look in the book for the approximate Greenwich mean time of Greenwich transit—that's easy; but don't ask anybody to find the exact Greenwich mean time of Greenwich transit—that's a crime.

Yes, we used to have those delightful fancies, but all sentiment has been lost in a maze of retardations, occultations, phases and retrogradations of nodes.



IV

JUNE, 1909.

95

GREENWICH MEAN TIME.										
THE MOON'S										
Day of the Month.	SEMI-DIAMETER.		HORIZONTAL PARALLAX.			UPPER TRANSIT.		AGE.		
	Noon.	Midnight.	Noon.	Diff. for 1 Hour.	Midnight.	Diff. for 1 Hour.	Motion of Greenwich.	Diff. for 1 Hour.	Noon.	
1	15 4.4	15 8.5	55 13.1	+ 1.20	55 28.0	+ 1.25	h 20	10 17.2	1.89	12.1
2	15 12.7	15 17.2	55 43.8	1.34	56 0.2	1.45	11 4.3	2.03	13.9	13.9
3	15 21.6	15 26.4	56 17.0	1.40	56 33.8	1.40	11 54.9	2.19	14.0	14.0
4	15 30.9	15 35.4	56 50.6	+ 1.38	57 6.9	+ 1.14	12 49.2	2.31	15.	
5	15 39.7	15 43.0	57 22.7	1.50	57 37.9	1.24	13 2	11	16	
6	15 47.7	15 51.3	57 52.2	1.55	58 3.6	1.08	14			
7	15 54.7	15 57.8	58 19.0	+ 0.99	58 28.1	- 0.81				
	0.7	16 3.2	58 19.6	0.82						
	5	16 7.4	58 57.4	0.67						



MALONEY—"This patent log is running backwards; have our engines been going astern?"

BILLINGSLEY—"A composite ship is one particularly well adapted to the purposes for which it is used."

ROUGE—"The red paint on the hull of the Severn marks the beginning of the armor belt."

PAUNACK—"Numbers on buoys shall be in *conservative* order, commencing from *suward*."

LEIGHTON—"The relative bearing of an object is determined by the Polaris."

"SAMMY" (on the Boxer)—"Mr. Schnack, where is your hammock?"

PETE—"Downstairs in the dining room, sir."

"SAMMY"—"Well, sonny, suppose you go down and bring it up on the roof."

CHAPLINE—"A division is composed of more than three ships and less than four."

LOTHROP—"Sir, there's only one mast in this sailing launch. Where can I find the other?"

RAWLS—"The sheer strake is the strake on the vertical keel next to the bottom of a battleship."

STEVE—"The Nevada has fired three bells, sir."

MIKE ROBERTSON—"Oh, yes, sir! three boat-hooks are always kept in the boat box."

MANAHAN—"No steamer should ever face a heavy sea without having a sea oar shipped."

OLDENDORF—"The lightening hole is for the lightning to go through."

BORLAND—"Stand clear of the starboard chains! *Let go the port anchor!*"

ONE OF THE EGYPTIANS (on the Severn)—"I dunno what this rope is I'se pullin' on, but I'm shore pullin' my liver out."

OFFICER OF THE DECK—"Messenger, bring me the rough log."

PLEBE MESSENGER (pointing to wooden fender)—"Yes, sir; there it is, sir."

FRENCHY (as lookout)—"Light ho!—three points off the starboard bow."

PLUG—"Look again, Mr. LeClair. What is that light?"

FRENCHY (disgustedly)—"The moon, sir."



THE U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY BAND

# THE BLUE BOOK.

ILLUSTRATED



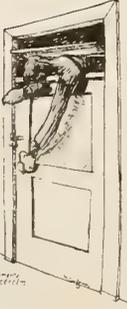
26. The O.C. once a week, the temperature of the Messroom room.



12. The O.C. shall be present daily at 1500 to confer with company officers.



17. Carry an umbrella, personal baggage, etc., in a separate field.



15a. Except at meals, the O.D. shall wear a sword and white gloves.



15b. Except at meals, the O.D. shall wear a sword and white gloves.



Class VII (6 demerits) Hair not properly cut.

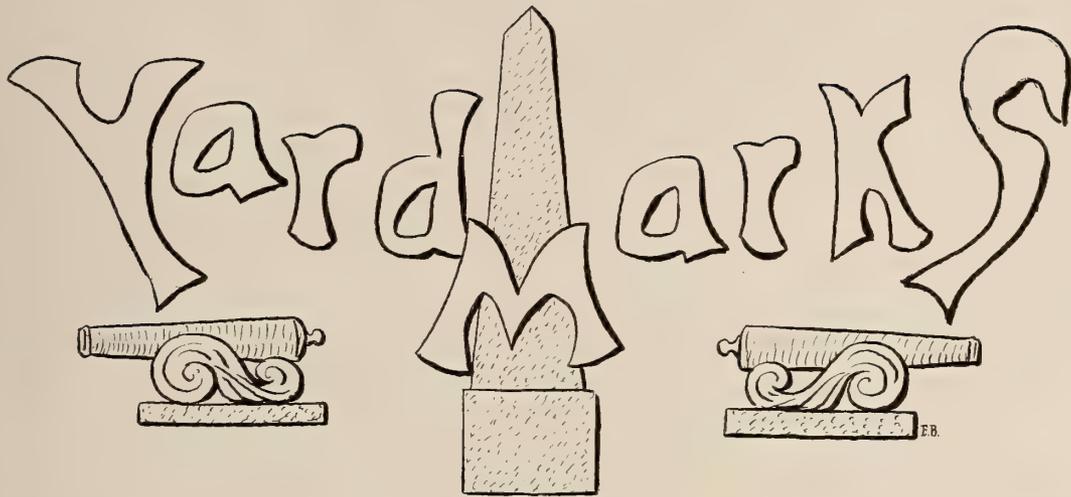


19. Every effort shall be made to increase the attendance as quickly as possible.



20. The O.C. shall be charged with the cleanliness of servants with the care.

# Yardmarks

The title 'Yardmarks' is written in a large, stylized, outlined font. The letter 'M' is replaced by a tall, thin obelisk. Below the 'Y' and 'S' are two cannons mounted on decorative bases. The central obelisk is also on a decorative base.

## The Monument to Clemson, Hynson, Pillsbury and Shubrick

This monument was erected by passed and other Midshipmen as a tribute to the gallantry of Clemson, Hynson, Pillsbury and Shubrick in our war with Mexico.

Clemson and Hynson lost their lives in the harbor of Vera Cruz by the capsizing of the brig Somers, which was lost while chasing a blockade runner. There was but one boat available, and they refused to get into that, peremptorily ordering as many men as it would hold to take refuge in it. Before aid could reach them the vessel sank. Hynson went down with it; Clemson clung to a spar, which he deliberately abandoned when he saw it could not support all who were hanging to it.

Pillsbury was drowned off Vera Cruz. He was in command of the Mississippi's sailing launch chasing a blockade runner, when a heavy squall threw the launch on her beam ends. With his crew he managed to hold on to the [overturned craft until he saw that one of the men who could not swim was nearly exhausted; then in attempting to give his place, which was more secure, to the sailor, he was swept away by a heavy sea.



Shubrick lost his life ashore. A naval battery had been erected before Vera Cruz, and the Midshipmen of the fleet drew lots for the privilege of serving in it, notwithstanding the fact that the Mexicans concentrated their heaviest fire upon it. Midshipman Shubrick, full of life and enthusiasm, had just arrived at the battery, and was in the act of pointing his gun when a shot struck him and killed him instantly.



### The Herndon Monument

This was erected by officers of the Navy to Commander William L. Herndon, as a tribute of esteem and affection. Commander Herndon was a gallant officer who lost his life while in command of the mail steamer *Central America*. At that time the law required steamships carrying the California mail to be commanded by Naval officers.



The *Central America* was bound from Aspinwall via Havana to New York with a shipment of gold and five hundred and seventy-five passengers. Off Hatteras the vessel was struck by a hurricane, which caused her to labor so heavily that her seams opened and her fires were put out. After every resource of seamanship had been exhausted to save the doomed ship, Commander Herndon devoted his attention to saving the passengers and crew. He had been flying distress signals and firing minute guns, which brought the brig *Marine*, herself almost a wreck, to the aid of his ship. Her boats were too small to live in such a sea, and all she could do was to receive those who might reach her. The women and children and a few of the other passengers were all safely put aboard the brig, when all saw that the *Central America* was fast breaking up.

Just before his ship was ready to take her last plunge, Commander Herndon went to his cabin and clothed himself in full uniform and came back on deck, not a moment too soon. Then, with his cap reverently raised, he went down with his ship. It was written of his death that "It was one of the sublimest moral spectacles ever witnessed by the sea."

## The Tripoli Monument

The Tripoli Monument honors Decatur, Caldwell, Somers, Israel and Dorsey, young officers who were killed in the heroic and daring attack on Tripoli.

Decatur, who was in command of a gunboat in the engagement with the Tripolitan fleet, on August 3, 1804, singled out a vessel of the enemy and, after magnificent fighting at close quarters, compelled her to surrender. But while stepping aboard to take possession, he was treacherously set upon by the Turkish commander and mortally wounded.

In the second attack, on August 7th, Caldwell and Dorsey were killed by a magazine explosion on board their vessel, which was struck by a hot shot when bearing into close quarters.

Somers and Israel lost their lives in one of the most daring acts of heroism our Navy has ever known. The *Intrepid* was fitted out as a floating mine, with the intention of sending her into the harbor and exploding her in the midst of the Tripolitan shipping. To prevent the enemy from firing on the vessel when entering the harbor, she was disguised as a blockade runner, and two rowing boats were carried aboard for the escape of Somers and Israel and their crew. The hazardous expedition started out well on the night of September 4th, but before getting into the harbor, the batteries and vessels of the enemy opened fire, showing that the surprise had failed. Suddenly a terrific explosion took place, and the brave men who were on board the *Intrepid* gave up their lives with the defeat of the enterprise they had so daringly undertaken. It was afterward known that the *Intrepid* had grounded and was attacked by the enemy's gunboats, and it is believed that Somers, to keep the vessel from being captured, deliberately fired the magazine.

The monument was first erected in the Washington Navy Yard in 1808. During the occupation of Washington by the English it was mutilated, but was afterwards restored by an act of Congress. It was moved after some time to the Capitol grounds, and in 1860, by the authority of Congress, it was removed to the Naval Academy.



## The Japanese Bell

On July 12th, 1854, the Regent of the Lew Chew Islands presented to Commodore M. C. Perry, to be given to the United States, a huge bronze bell, with a frame in which to

hang it. At that time Commodore Perry was in command of the Asiatic Squadron, and Minister Plenipotentiary, charged with opening the ports of Japan to the traffic of the world. The bell thus represents the goodwill of the Regent toward both the government and the officer.

It was set up in the Academy grounds in 1858.

The following is a translation of the inscription:

"In the eighth year of Eriaku and of Kanoye Tora, of the reign of the King of Lew Chew, Kei-shi-yo-ho-Ho-o offered a prayer of benevolence for the people, and afterward ordered a large bell to be founded. He did this as an act of thanksgiving, and presented it to the temple of Daizen Anji, in the kingdom, in order that the King might reign prosperously and live long, and that the people of the three worlds,—Heaven, Earth, and Hades,—might be saved from infernal doctrines; and therefore it was that he instructed Shokoku Ansai to frame this inscription:



"This beautiful bell has been founded and hung in the tower of the temple. It will awaken dreams of superstition. If one will bear in mind to act rightly and truly, and the Lords and Ministers will do justice in a body, the barbarians will never come to invade. The sound of the bell will convey the virtue of Fushi, and will echo like the song of Tsuirai; and the benevolence of the Lords will continue forever like those echoes.'

'The 20th day, 10th month, 7th year Keitai.

"SHIU EISHI, Chief Priest of the Temple.

"'EMONNOSKI FUJIWARA KUNIMITO, Founder of the Bell.

"'YONAFUKU CHIUSEI, President of the Hanging Ceremony.'"

The date on the bell corresponds to the year 1456, thirty-six years before Columbus discovered America.

## Tecumseh

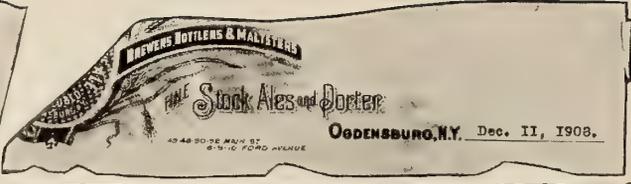
The statue of Tecumseh, as it is popularly called, is really the head of Delaware, chief of the Delaware Indians. It was the figurehead of the old frigate "Delaware," begun in 1817 and launched at Gosport in 1820. When the ship was broken up and dismantled, the head was sent to the Academy. The old chief has long possessed the mysterious power of imparting savoir, and many a plebe has left his room in the stilly hours to bow low before the "God of 2.5" and invoke his aid in the approaching semi-anns. All candidates remove their hats when in his august presence; and many Math and Skinny burials have laid their tributes of heartfelt gratitude before him.

In the first part of our course here Tecumseh occupied a prominent position between the old library and the Superintendent's office, where the marching sections could pay silent reverence on their way to recitation. When the old buildings were torn down to make way for the new Academy, he was removed to a place of oblivion in the Seamanship Building. This year he has again been brought forth to occupy, this time, the place of honor in the Gymnasium, where his subtle influence lends strength at the hops to faint-hearted Red Mikes who are novices at the gentle art. And yet it is said that on any night before an examination, devout worshipers make their stealthy way to him to pay due homage.

His memory will long remain green in our hearts, and our sincere wish is that in the years which follow us old Tecumseh may have the honored place he so richly deserves.



We shall be glad to hear from you at any time and we will be glad to accept of your order if it is not too late.



Therefore if you are in a position to use some of our goods in payment for advertising kindly advise and copy will be promptly forwarded.  
Wishing you success with your years publication, we remain,  
Very sincerely,

Dear Sir:-  
Replying to your letter of the 9th instant, beg to state that we would be very glad to place an "advertisement" in the Lucky Bag if we were given the work for binding the book.  
Lucky Bag, 1909 Class  
Amherst, Mass.

Dear Sir:-  
Yours of the 9th just received and we note what you say in regard to the advertising possibilities of your Publication. We regret to say that upon looking over our records, we find that the Mid-Shipman Stores have within the year of 1908 purchased but \$4.00 worth of merchandise from us.

[Redacted]

Dear Sir:-  
We do very little advertising and none in any books like the one you are about to issue. The only exception we make to this rule is where some relation to a member of our firm happens to be at college.

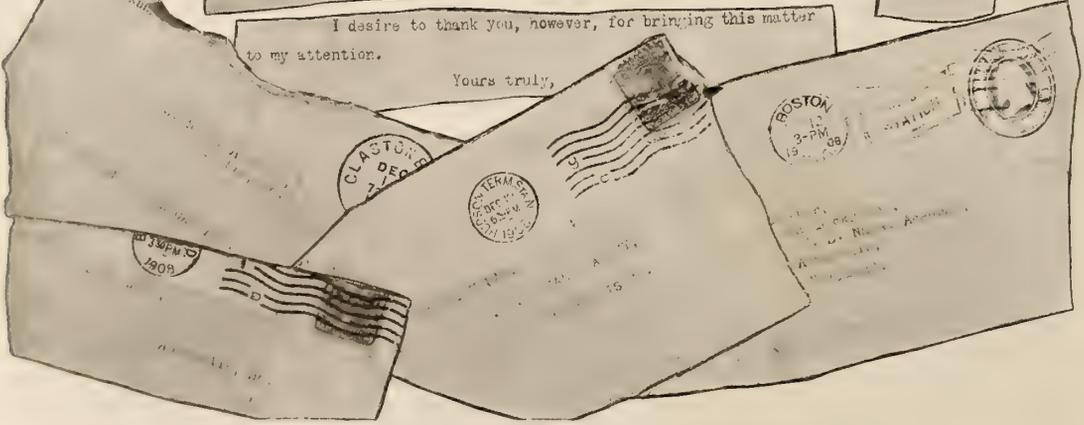
Should our "ad." appear in one of your issues, we would be hounded to death by the various trade journals, to whom we have promised our first money in that line.

Trusting you will appreciate our position, we remain,

Dear Sir:-  
Your favor of 8th instant is received. We trust you will kindly pardon us, as we decline your proposition. We do not see our way clear to accept it.

I desire to thank you, however, for bringing this matter to my attention.

Yours truly,



"IN REPLY TO YOUR SOLICITATION FOR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE LUCKY BAG"

# Extracts from Our Favorite Authors

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is a serious article. The penalty of death or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge may be inflicted upon any person guilty of profane smiling at these extracts.

Heat, as a term employed in thermodynamics, must be understood as that form of energy which, when applied, produces that sensation commonly known as heat.

*Notes on Experimental Engineering.*

A fusee is a contrivance which consists of a groove of a helical nature, traced upon a conoid, formed by the revolution of a hyperbola about one of its axes.

*Elements of Mechanism.*

The planks were slippery with blood, which ran into the scuppers in a sluggish stream, while fragments of the human body, tufts of hair, shreds of clothing and splashes of blood adhered to the bulwarks, masts and other parts of the ship. What a pandemonium! What a hell on earth!! Shot, shell, grape, shrapnel and canister! How they shriek! How the men fight! dragging dead or wounded shipmates away, so as not to encumber the guns. Bloody and blackened with burned powder, the perspiration running down their bodies revealing streaks of white skin causes them to look like fiends.

*Maclay's History of the Navy.*

It is surprising to find how a day's work at heaving the lead or carrying scantlings up a mountain-side will be regarded as a genuine holiday.

*Elements of Hydrographic Surveying.*

Portland cement is the finely pulverized product resulting from the calcination to incipient fusion of an intimate mixture of properly proportioned argillaceous and calcareous materials, and to which no addition greater than 3% has been made subsequent to calcination.

*Notes on Experimental Engineering.*

Calculations lead us to infer that the density of the luminiferous ether is

$$\frac{936}{1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000} \text{ that of water, and that its rigidity is about } \frac{1}{1,000,000,000}$$
 that of steel.

*Principles of Physics.*

The sear-bar (49), bearing the sear (49a), is dovetailed in across the horizontal diameter of the block, closed position, and the sear spring (51) forces (49a) toward the firing pin (44) and the sear-bar (49) toward the trigger (63), which is pivoted at (64) and contained in the trigger-box (62).

*Ordnance and Gunnery.*

Now let  $XLX'$  be half the water-line section, and let  $y$  be the half breadth at the distance  $x$ , along the longitudinal axis  $XX'$ , from the transverse section through  $G$ . Then, if  $\theta$  be small,  $dv$ , an element of the volume of the wedge, is  $y\theta \times \frac{y}{2} \times dx$ , and  $eo$  equals

$\frac{2}{3}y$ ; whence we have  $v \times eo = \frac{\theta}{3} \int_{-l_2}^{l_2} y^3 dx$ , and  $V \times BB' = v \times ei = \frac{2\theta}{3} \int_{-l_2}^{l_1} y^3 dx$ ; or  $\frac{BB'}{\theta} = \frac{2}{3V} \int_{-l_2}^{l_1} y^3 dx$ . If now  $\theta$  be indefinitely diminished,  $\frac{BB'}{\theta}$  becomes  $\frac{ds}{d\theta}$ , where  $ds$  is an element of the curve  $BB'$ , and  $d\theta$  is the angle between successive normals to that curve; and  $BM = B'M = \frac{ds}{d\theta} = \frac{2}{3V} \int_{-l_2}^{l_1} y^3 dx$ . Returning now to the one-half water-line plan, we

see that the moment of inertia of that area about its longitudinal axis is  $\int_{-l_2}^{l_1} \int_0^y y^2 dx dy = \frac{1}{3} \int_{-l_2}^{l_1} y^3 dx$ , so that we have  $BM = \frac{I}{V}$

*Hydromechanics.*

## Lest We Forget

PLUVIUS—Take your Nautical Almanacs and turn to June Week.

You First Classmen seem to be hot on the trail of Lambda. We will send a party ashore to-morrow to hunt him, and when we find him I advise you to cage him right off the bat and put him in the LUCKY BAG.

This reminds me of a cruise I took on the U. S. S. Washtub. Her masts were so tall that we had to have an elevator to get up to the top, and they had trolley cars on the yard-arms to carry the men out to pass reef-earings. She wasn't as big as the U. S. S. Scrubbing-board, though, which had steam launches running in the waterways for the sweepers.

Just because you can take a time-sight, don't think you are "Vasco da Gama, the Boy Navigator of the U. S. S. Ivory Soap," written by Richard Harding Davis. Section dismissed.

CAP'N JACK—Well—bless m' soul.

Don't worry about that chapter. I can pronounce pseudo-velocity, and that's about all.

When you've got several bunches of fourteen thousand tons of hardware floating along at twelve or fourteen knots, you can't change their course by blowing on 'em.

When you're sitting 120 feet up in the air looking at a target five miles off, it's a cinch you can't always tell just how many inches the center of impact is off the bull's-eye.

It's a great game. There are men playing it all over, with different pieces and different ideas, but it's all under the same rules, and it takes a mighty good man to win out.

POP—Take off your overshoes! You can't think when you're insulated.

My gracious! my gracious! No—rub it out—! ? \* \* \* ! ! !

PISH (Pressure, per gauge, 260 lbs.)—Mere wordzz! mere wordzz!

Forced draft—is an artificial means—of increasing—the rate of combustion, sh-s-s-s-s. I never saw a stuffing box, sh-s-s.

A link? What is a link but a link? If I asked you to sketch a link, what would you sketch but a link-s-s-s. Sketch a link-s-s-s.

Mr. Lind has a nozz-1-1-le, Mr. Kennedy has a nozz1-1-le, even Mr. Logan has a nozz-1-1-le; Mr. Koehler, where is your nozz1-1-le?

Be shure to have 150 pounds-s-s of shteam in each launch befor-r-re leaving the dock-s-s-s-s-s.

MESS GEAR—Last week in this subject the marks were as follows: Mr. Wilkinson, 2.7; Mr. Welsh, 2.6; Mr. Waddell, 2.5; Mr. Weaver, 2.5; Mr. Wickham, 2.5, etc., etc., and Mr. Yates will find himself post-ted.

Saxer, Scanland, Settle, Shea and Smith take problems one, three and five; the rest of you take two, four and six. When you get through with that, take problem seven. I guess that will hold you for a while—te-te-he-he-he.

That's the hor-i-zon-tal parallax, isn't it? No, it isn't; it's the ee-long-gation.

JOCKO—I'd show you how this machine works, but it's busted.

PEANUT—I say, old chap, will you come over and wind the chronometers? The navigating lieutenant has gone ashore and we cawn't find the keyhole.

Don't stand so pigeon-toed, Mr. Rawls, or I shall have to apply the standard penalty to your mark.

ROUGE MIKE—Sthit up, gentlemen, sthit up! I don't want to have to sthpeak about this any more.

Don't sthqueak the chalk, gentlemen! I can't give you a good mark if you sthqueak the chalk. We Sphanyuds are stho sthensive!

PONCE—Now, when I was a midshipman—  
Oh, yes, you're the navigator from the Rocky Mountains.

PUGGY—Now read over these twenty pages so you can understand what I'm going to talk about.

Oh, are you on the Chicago? I'm on the Chicago, too.  
(Showing visitors around.) This is the standard compass—and this is Mr. Shea.

YANCY—They is mo friction when you slide de block on de flo—  
You cannot work de problem unless you draw you a correct figure on de bode.

DIPPY—What is modern battle range—if a—what is the—a torpedo carries 4000 yards. —never mind that—(striking the desk in an attempt to kill a fly)—I got him that time—well, let's see—who won the battle of the Sea of Japan? Right—that'll do.

JOHNNY—On the last ship I was on we did it this way. Yes, that's the way we do it out in the Service. I've made six cruises; I ought to know.

DOCK—McNu, where are my instruments?

McNu, bring me Mrs. Squeejack's teeth.

M-m-march, gentlemen of de new fort class! Up de hade—chest out, chin slightly hin—little finger on the seam of the trousers.

Place the tippen of the finger on the viza.

EHN—On guard-ehn. One-ehn.

I give you a O.

For why you laugh-ehn?

I give you two O's-eh-ehn.

MESS-HALL—Mistah Cay'! Mistah Cay'! Waltah Johnson's got ma silvah!

What dem boys gwine t' eat?

Bane Johnson! Bane Johnson! hear dose dishes rattlin'?

Turn on dat light, Sam!



# THE STAG LINE





# THE AUTOMATIC PROF.

A complete departure from old methods. A utilization of latest scientific discoveries coupled with common-sense principles, producing far greater efficiency and economy. Supplies a long-standing need. \* \* \* \* \*

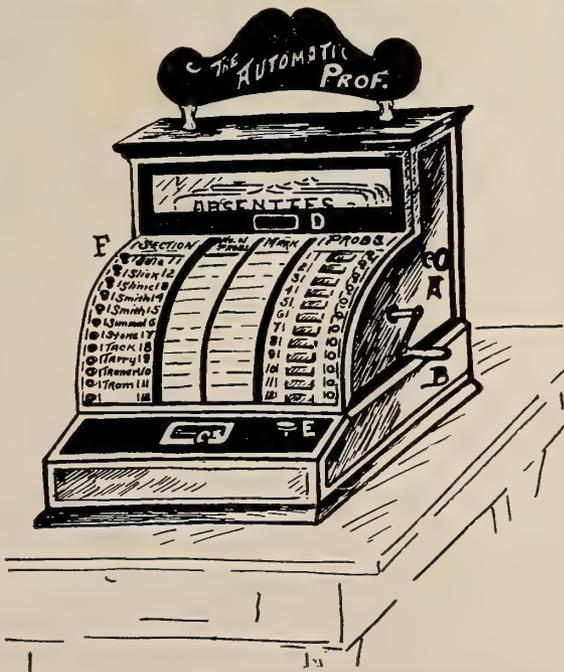
## ITS ADVANTAGES—

1. Impossible to grease.
2. Saves the use of skilled savants.
3. With the Automatic Prof. you rate what you get, and get what you rate.

THE machine, 36" x 12" x 15", consists of a cast-steel casing enclosing a counter-mechanism of tobin bronze springs, cams, and hardened steel bearings. Its operation is briefly described as follows:

The Prof. rests on table in recitation room. Section leader reports section by pressing button A. This connects with the head of the department. Then

each midshipman turns crank B; receives a prob, slot C. Copies prob on the board, returns it to the machine through slot D. When solution is obtained, button E is pushed for answer to prob. If midshipman's solution is correct, he pushes button F opposite his name, and then draws another prob—crank B, slot C. Operation is repeated for each prob. If the midshipman can't get the solution, he chews chalk, the same as he does now. At the end of the week the Automatic Prof., according to number of probs each man has worked, makes out the midshipmen's marks.



Patented in all countries.  
Especially recommended to  
the Departments of Math,  
Mechanics and Navigation.

# FORMATION



## A Youngster's Rubaiyat

Wake! for the bugle's scattered into flight  
The last sweet dreams born in the starry night;  
But don't turn out—a moment more to snooze  
Before the striper yells with all his might.

Each year a thousand new regs brings, you say—  
Yes, but where are the regs of Yesterday?  
Oh, never fear! they're all there in the book;  
They never take a single rule away.

Well, let it bring them: what have we to do  
With Conduct Grades? what matter D's a few?  
Let Mac and Earnie bluster as they will,  
Or Dizzy rag your makings—heed not you.

A snap at cutters; way up in the bow,  
A plebe to run; a girl to fuss and now  
And then to miss a Dago Tree—  
Oh, this sad place were Paradise enow!

Some for a star to wear, and some  
Squidge for a golden stripe or two to come.  
Ah! take the D's and have the pleasure now,  
Nor heed the pap sheet if you get the plum.

A few week's sail, a momentary taste  
Of Newport, and of girls of slender waist,  
And lo! the Summer Cruise has reached  
The Crabtown it set out from—Oh, make haste!

And some there are, the loveliest and the best,  
That from the Service Math exams have pressed.  
The dark-faced moke just grins, and then  
Prepares the chamber for another guest.

Alas! soon we with shining foot shall pass  
Into the joys and cares of Second Class.  
Before we go, let's have another one—  
There! that's the way—turn down the empty glass.

## The Fog on the Shinnepack



On my first cruise, a youngster bold,  
I was quite the jolly tar;  
Though I hardly knew, if truth be told,  
A boat-hook from a spar.

But learn I would, and I used to sit  
Before tattoo on a fo'c's'le chest,  
While the bo's'n's mate, overhauling his kit,  
Told 'bout things I'd never have guessed.

And the tales he told and the yarns he spun  
Of things "wot happened to me"  
Were never heard before nor done  
In land or on the sea.

We lay one day near Frenchman's Bay  
In a fog, 'twas thicker than slum;  
"But," says Danny O'Shay—that's his name, they say—  
"Tain't a circumstance to some.

"But you'd ort have been on the ol' Shinnepack  
An' seed the fog we had;  
When Pike wuz skipper, Cogger exec,  
An' I wuz a 'prentice lad.

"Why, blast me shiverin' toplights, mate,  
An' me port fore-t'gallant brace!  
Ye couldn't see the chow ye ate,  
Nor the nose upon yer face.

"It came right down like the fall o' night,  
Only this wuz white an' hard;  
It put out the fires an' ev'ry light,  
So we lived on bread, an' lard.

“We stopped right dead, an’ stock stone still,  
Let go both bowers an’ kedje;  
But them anchors hung on the bill-boards till  
They wuz pushed to the water’s edge.

“So there we lays for fourteen days,  
Jest able to move around.  
Fog signals? Well, we struck the bell,  
But ye couldn’t hear a sound.

“For nigh a month we’d been at sea,  
Ship wuz dirty, we’d let things slide.  
‘Can’t do much else,’ sez Pike, sez he;  
‘Send the cleaners over the side.’

“Over we goes with soap an’ sand,  
Holystone, swab an’ brush.  
Ye couldn’t see as fer as yer hand,  
But we knew she wuz covered with slush.

“So we rubs an’ scrubs, as best we could,  
Not seein’ what we wuz about,  
Till ye’d think the ol’ ship, bein’ made of wood,  
Nigh would ’a been worn out.

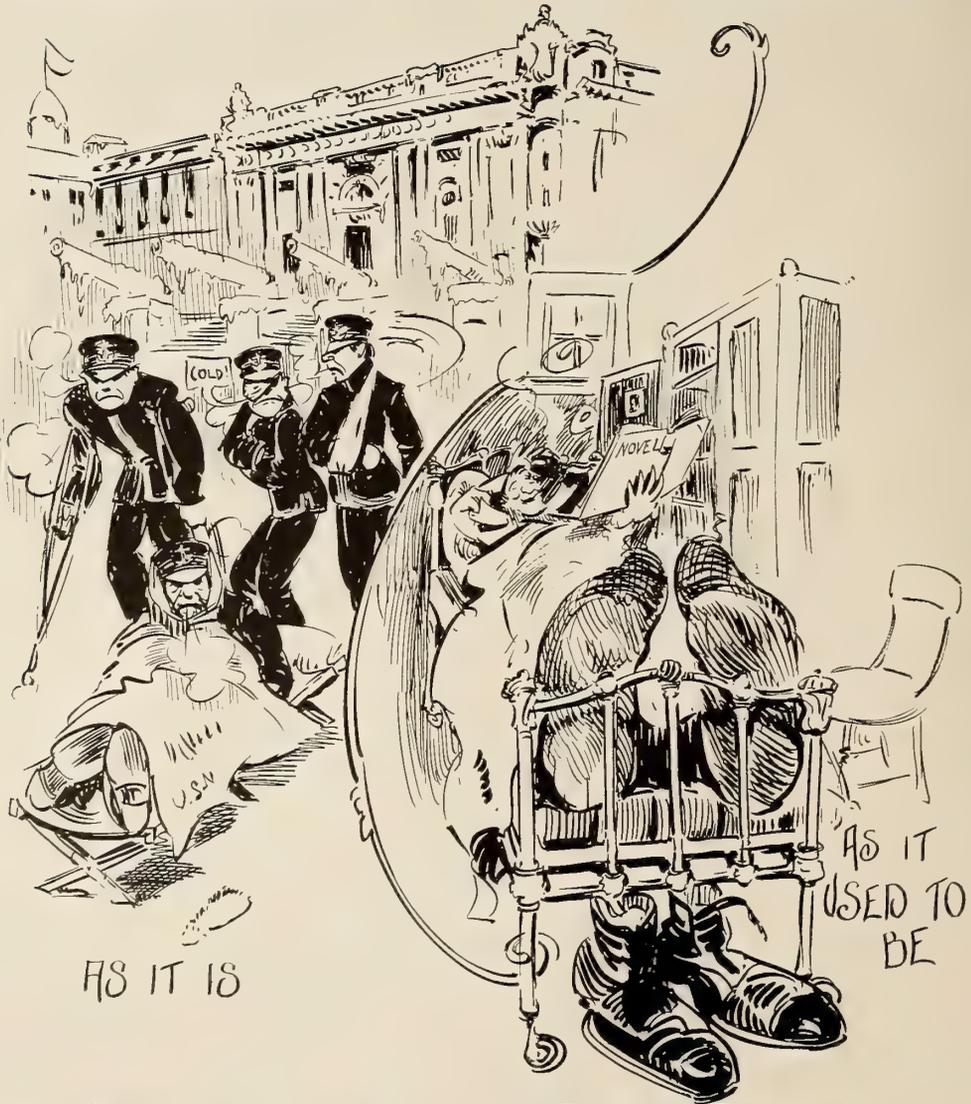
“But we cleans an’ scours in reg’lar shifts,  
Havin’ nothin’ better to do.  
On the fourteenth day the fog she lifts  
An’ lets the sun come through.

“We takes one look at our side so clean,  
Where we each had worked like a dog;  
‘Twuz dirty, slimy, gray an’ green—  
We’d been scrubbin’ away on that fog!

“So when I gets in a mist like this  
An’ can see near across the deck,  
I always thinks how different ’tis  
From the fog on the Shinnpeck.”



# EXCUSED



AS IT IS

AS IT  
USED TO  
BE

# LIST

# Why Be a Red Mike?

BE A HEART-BREAKER

A TRUE FUSSER

## HERE'S HOW

Study her, then go into the game determined to win. A brief outline of a campaign often successful is this.

When you fall in with her, display the signal "At Last." When the music starts show signs of great impatience at any interruption. Next, rake her fore and aft with compliments, locating her vulnerable as well as her invulnerable (pro tempore) spots. Be sentimental without having your decks all sloppy. At the end of the dance don't be in haste to cut the lashings as if she were a sinking ship. This last is most effective.

Get on the side lines, and send a few stags into the game—with instructions.

Make love to them all; the training obtained will stand you by when the Big Noise comes down.

When you're on to the game, take a go at a Yard Engine; if she falls a victim, you may call yourself an accomplished fusser.

Here are a few testimonials showing results obtained by following the above tactics, selected from the many hundreds received by the Editor:

FOREST GLEN, Md., Feb. 14, 1909.

Dear Editor LUCKY BAG:

The midshipmen are just too cute for anything. And the way they can dance! why, it nearly takes my breath away! Before I met the midshipmen I never realized that I was beautiful; but now I know it—they told me so. If any one of them wants a peach for the next hop, just write to

GERTIE GULLABLE.

Nat. Park Sem.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have lived in the yard for twelve years—just because of the midshipmen. Every year I find new affinities—it is easier than finding four-leaf clovers. Every year I go to the German. Can truthfully say I like the brand, but they don't seem to be the marrying kind.

As ever,

NAVAL ACADEMY, Annapolis, Md.,  
March 9, 1909.

IMA YARDENGINE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20, 1908.

Dear Editor LUCKY BAG:

His ways shall be my ways. What more can I say? I am engaged to a most dashing middie.

Ever yours,

HELEN HANSOM.



MAIN ENTRANCE



FRIDAY NIGHT



A CORNER OF THE ACADEMIC BUILDING



STEAM BUILDING



VIEW FROM THE CHAPEL



THE COLONNADE



GYM. WING



A CORNER IN THE ROTUNDA

# The Life of a Right-Hand Glove

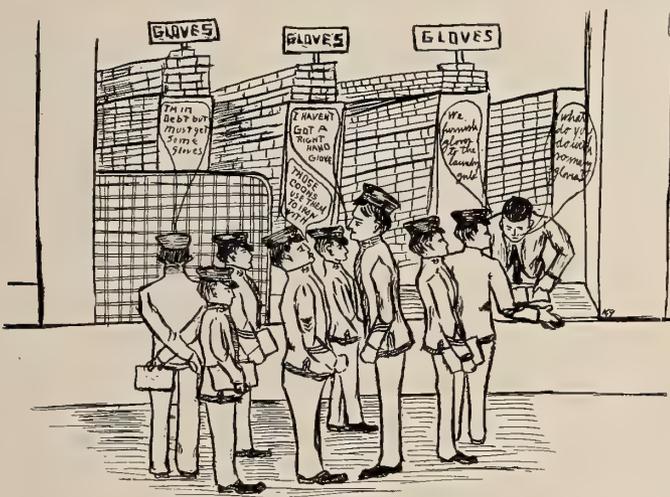
Why was I ever born a right-hand glove?—but that is beginning my life's story at its sad end. There were some happy days of expectation anyway, even though misfortune has finally overtaken me. Well, I shall feel better for telling my story—perhaps you will sympathize when you realize what I could have been.

My first memory is of being packed at the factory with my mate and five other pairs into a box. It seems then that we were sent a long distance over the railroad to the midshipmen's store at the Naval Academy. As soon as we found this out we were jubilant, for isn't a military life the ambition of every white glove? Ah, we had begun to live! everything lay before us.

From our place on the shelf we could see the midshipmen come into the store, and we could hear them ask for us. We were in great demand—I did not understand why, then—but it made me sure that my mate and I would not be long in finding our new home with someone, to own us for his very own.

At last a dapper little first classman with blonde hair asked for our size, and we were the happiest gloves in that store when we were taken from the shelf and tucked under his arm.

The new life was begun when we were tossed in the fourth story of a queer-looking apartment house, which was occupied also by several shirts, a number of collars and cuffs, and hosts of my own people; and wonder of it all!—they were all lefts! I tried to find out from



them where their mates were, but they, poor dears, were all in such bad health that they did not care to talk about anything, much less to mention what I soon learned was a mysterious bereavement.

There I lived, always in expectation, and this was only increased by the stories of my friends who were chosen by my master to go out into the world. Some came back with martial tales of long marches and the roar of cannon; others told of receptions and teas, but I liked best of all to hear of the dances—how they held beautiful hands clothed in the most elegant gloves imaginable. Most of all, I loved to hear their chatter about my master, who seemed to be the idol of everybody—and once a gossipy glove told me that he had been made to smooth golden tresses and pat pink cheeks.

I grew very restless waiting for my chance to see the world, and also very much puzzled, for, though my friends talked incessantly of its glories, after their first trip, the five poor, broken-down left-hand remnants who came back from





the second trip were but miserable reminders of their former selves. Pitiful sights they were then, with their fingers torn, their seams ripped, and their beautiful buttons smashed. They had been to the midshipmen's laundry!

That made me the only right-hander left in that immense crowd of us, and when my little master came the next hop night to take two of us along with him, I thought that at last my time had come. I can remember the joy now as he touched me in going through us—looking for me, and me alone—I, the desired above all things! What a thrill it gives one to be so wanted. Three times he looked us over, just missing me each time. Then he began to get angry (he was always late, you know) and handle

us roughly and say horrible things. He pawed us, he slammed us, he banged us, he tore us in his wild endeavor to find me, and I was just dying to be found all the time. Suddenly he began to throw us out on the floor, and I went among the first—my opportunity forever gone. With one last fearful oath he left us there, tramping over us in his rage.

That was the ruin of my career, and I tried so hard to be among the chosen. The next morning the corridor boy gathered me up with the rest, and shoved me into a big bag with a disreputable assortment of clothes—remember, I was in my very prime of life, I had never been washed, my silk was perfect, my fingers had never been stretched, and my button was magnificent. The following day I was taken below to the horror of horrors. My doom was sealed, I knew, but little did I realize the depth of my degradation. I learned the fate of my right-hand friends.

Well, my story is over—here I am, working away, day after day. My fingers are split, my palm is scorched, my beauty is destroyed, and my life is forever useless—I, who yearned for the joys of a military career, am a hopeless slave of a black hand!

Moral—

Wash

Your

Own

Gloves.





THE BRIGADE  
ATTENDS THE  
INAUGURATION





OW, I am Billiken, the God of Things as they ought to be, and I call on all to do me reverence. Buy my likeness, and cherish it with your household goods, and in the evening when you are sorely pressed with the blues, and the evils of things as they are, set my image on your table, and with due reverence recite to me these words—for being the God of Good Luck, and therefore fickle, I demand appreciation. Address me, then, after this fashion:

O BILLIKEN!

Let your upper classmen have mercy upon the unfortunate Plebes.  
 Let your semi-anns pass lightly over the poor, wooden Midshipmen.  
 Let your Nav. Department pass out at least a 2.5 to the worried First Classmen.  
 Let your Discipline Department, six persons and one Com., have mercy upon us miserable Midshipmen.

Banish our offenses, and those enumerated in the Reg. Book, from the mind of the O. C., neither let him frap us on the pap; intercede with him for those whom he has caught, and let him not be angry with us continually.

From the gravel of Lovers' Lane; from woodenness and swelled head; from Math Exams and upper classmen,

GUARD THE PLEBES, O BILLIKEN!

Hear Us,

From tea-fights and recep-  
 tions; from hops and all femmes,  
 SPARE THE RED MIKES.  
 O BILLIKEN!

From gold bricks and chaper-  
 ones, and from all rainy hop  
 nights,  
 SAVE ALL THE FUSSERS,  
 O BILLIKEN!

From the mysteries of  
 deadly Navigation; from Calc and  
 Conic Sections; from Ordnance  
 drills and recitations; from artil-  
 lery and fire-drill; from all "trees" and  
 the contempt of our Profs.,

DEFEND US, O BILLIKEN!

Hear us, O Billiken, and eradicate  
 these evils according to our needs!

See that we get much liberty, and  
 keep us off the "grades."

Prevail on our O. C.'s to tell us when  
 they will inspect our rooms, that they may  
 find us in readiness.

May it please you to see that all of  
 us are graduated, yea, even unto the  
 anchors of our class.



O Billiken!

Give us heart not to fear the  
 Discipline Department, and show  
 us how to follow diligently the  
 Reg. Book.

Lay violent hands on the  
 Academic Board, and force them  
 to bring into the way of know-  
 ledge all those most in danger of  
 bilging.

Give comfort to all those who  
 are left after the anns, and put  
 them next to a good time.

Put the milk of human  
 kindness into the hearts of the  
 Medical Department, that we  
 may seek refuge in Sick Quarters on the  
 eve of an exam.

Take summary vengeance on the  
 Profs. who put us unsat, and force them  
 to change our marks.

Give and preserve to our use the  
 text-books of our predecessors, and thus  
 help along our amount available.

Let it please you to make the Mid-  
 shipmen pass lenient judgment on this  
 LUCKY BAG, and let the Brigade not throw  
 the committee over the sea-wall—unless  
 the water is very warm.

HEAR US, O BILLIKEN!

## L'Envoi

Our June has come at last, Naught Nine—  
The June we have prayed for long;  
The June we have hoped for—worked for—won!  
Yet now there are tears in our song.

Oh, stony-hearted Mother! we're the latest of your sons—  
We're the babies of the Service who are going to our guns;  
But we'll try to show the others who have left your walls before,  
That you're the same old Mother of the arts of Peace and War.  
We have tried to learn the lesson that a John Paul Jones has taught;  
The truths which made a Cushing and for which a Dewey fought.  
For four long years we've worked our best, and now that we are free—  
Now that the ships are waiting which will take us out to sea—  
Though siren waves are calling us, it's here that we would stay;  
And hearts are filled with love of you, now we must sail away.  
It hasn't all been toiling, and it hasn't all been drill;  
But happy times have drifted in, as happy times just will.  
The friends we've made, the friends we've been, the fellowship and all,  
Now make the greatest troubles we look back upon seem small;  
And the growing chain of Mem'ry, round which our fancy clings,  
Takes only for its golden links the thoughts of pleasant things.

Our June has come at last, Naught Nine—  
The June we have watched for long;  
The June we have hoped for—worked for—won!  
Yet now there are tears in our song.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,  
Annapolis, Maryland,

June 2, 1909.

ORDER.

1. In compliance with the Superintendent's order No. 23, of June 1, 1909, the graduating Midshipmen of the First Class will form at 9.30 A. M., June 4th, on the northwest terrace of Bancroft Hall, without arms, in charge of the Cadet Commander, and march to the Armory, entering the northwest door, and take the seats assigned. In case of bad weather, these Midshipmen will form on the first floor corridor of Bancroft Hall.

2. The Brigade of Midshipmen will form at 9.15 A. M., June 4th, as for Sunday inspection, in charge of the members of the Second Class who have been appointed temporary cadet and petty officers, and march to the Armory, entering by the northwest door, and equip as infantry; form by battalions on either side of the aisle, and as the Secretary of the Navy enters the building the brigade will salute. After the Secretary has passed in, the Brigade will be massed in close column, facing the platform, and be brought to parade rest.

3. All officers, professors, instructors, their families and friends, and those holding white tickets, will enter the Armory by the southeast door, and occupy seats on the northeast side of the platform. The relatives and friends of the graduating class will be seated on the southwest side of platform. All persons holding red tickets will present them at the northwest door and be admitted to the gallery. The band will be posted in the gallery, northwest end.

4. After the delivery of the diplomas, the Brigade will be brought to attention and "Three cheers for those about to leave us" ordered by the senior Midshipman of the Brigade. This will be returned by "Three cheers for those we leave behind us," ordered by the senior Midshipman of the graduates. No other cheers will be permitted in the Armory. While the diplomas are being presented the Brigade may applaud by a brief clapping of hands.

5. Upon completion of the ceremonies, the battalions shall be deployed in lines and salute the Secretary of the Navy as he passes down the aisle, the band playing a march meanwhile. The spectators will remain in the Armory until the Secretary has passed out, The band will then render the airs usually played at graduation and the Brigade of Midshipmen will be dismissed.

6. Lieutenant . . . . ., U. S. N., is charged with carrying out the details of this order, as far as the arrangements at the Armory are concerned, assisted by the officers of the Departments of Ordnance and Gunnery, and Discipline. Midshipmen will be detailed to act as ushers and attend to the seating of the audience.

7. Watchmen and orderlies will be stationed at the doors to preserve order and see that only those having tickets are admitted to the Armory.

Seats will be reserved for the members of the press.

8. The uniform for Midshipmen will be full dress.

C. A. GOVE,  
CAPTAIN, U. S. NAVY,  
COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN.

## Credits

The Committee wishes to express appreciation for the kind assistance given them in the preparation of this volume by those enumerated below:

HUTZLER BROS. CO., for the use of "The Baltimore Girl," drawn for them by Mr. Harrison Fisher.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., for the use of the drawing, "The Perils of a Naval Career," by Mr. George W. Barratt.

MRS. C. R. MILLER, for numerous photographs.

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MR. FELIX MAHONEY, for a series of sketches.

MISS LILLIAN C. COYLE, for the use of her "Dolly and I" story in "June Week."

PROFESSOR W. O. STEVENS, for "A Midshipman's Eight Ages."

And to the following for their beautiful color work:

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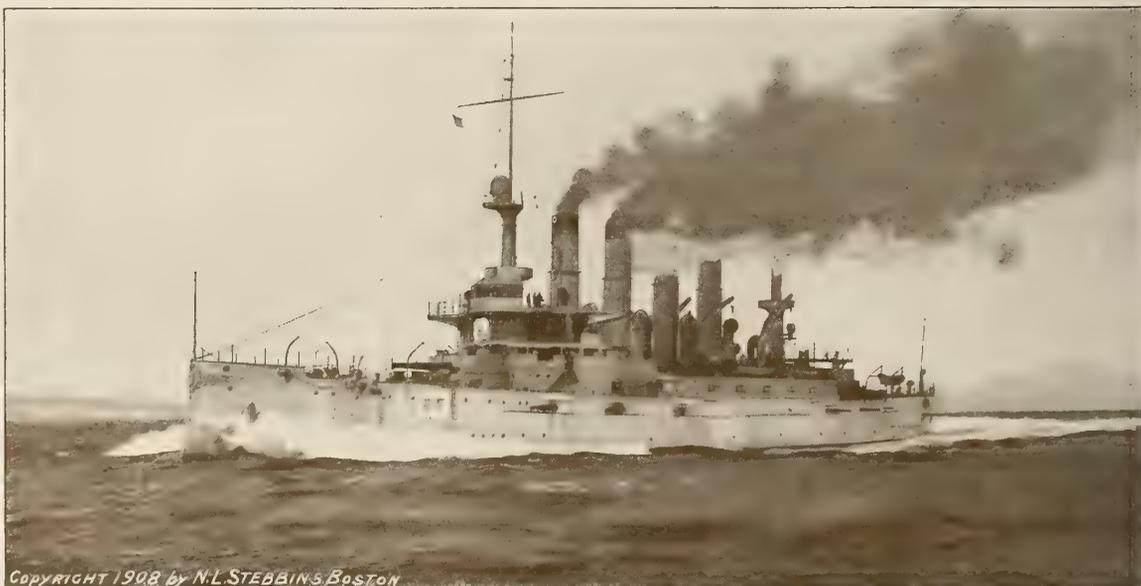
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# Foolish Dictionary of Slang

(TAKEN FROM THE 1905 LUCKY BAG AND THE SILLY SYCLOPEDIA)

- Academy.** Kennels of the future "Sea-dogs."
- Ambition.** [Am and bit.] The Savoir's four and the Wooden-man's two five.
- Ann,** n. [From Latin, "a" meaning away, and "n," meaning numbers.]  
(1) Hence, numbers away.  
(2) The examination that sends numbers away.
- Annapolis.** [Am. meaning how old is she, polis, meaning town.]  
(1) Naval Academy Suburbs.  
(2) Suggestive of "A-nap."
- Bat,** v. t. (1) Abbreviation for battology, meaning a repetition of the words of the book.  
(2) To do properly.
- Bare a hand.** (1) Something very unlucky.  
(2) To take a hand from trousers pocket.  
(3) To be quick.
- Belay,** v. t. [From the Danish "Legger," to make fast.]  
(1) Hence, a boarding school for girls.  
(2) To cease.
- Bilge,** n. Of a cask, that part which sticks out.  
v. (Academy). Not to stick it out; to fail and have to resign.
- Bilger,** n. One who gets stuck out.
- Bone,** v. t. [From F. "borgne," meaning one-eyed.]  
(1) To study until you are as sharp as a needle, and one-eyed.
- Booze Artist.** One who paints everything red.
- Boy,** n., common. [From F. "bayou," meaning trench] [or corrupted, drench.]  
(1) Hence, one who spills soup down the neck of your dress jacket at Sunday dinner.  
(2) A mozo, servant.
- Brace,** n. v. [From L. "bracchia," meaning arm.]  
(1) That which holds anything tightly, or as a prop. Example—  
Dress trousers.  
(2) To stand erect.
- Bulletin.** ["Bully," meaning good, and "tin," money.]  
(1) Hence, good for the money a Midn pays for it.  
(2) The Naval Academy Weekly publication.
- Bust,** n. [F. "buste," a box.]  
(1) To be in a box. Hence, to write to two girls and put the letters in the wrong envelopes.  
(2) A failure; hence, (1) To box the compass a la Jimmy Doyle.  
(2) To blow a bugle.
- Buzzard,** n. [L. "buteo," a scavenger.]  
(1) One who gets what the stripers leave.  
(2) A Cadet Petty Officer.

(Continued on Page 10)

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**Candidate.** (1) He's the Candi! An aspirant to Naval fame and glory, who is not familiar with the present pay system.  
(2) The life of Annapolis—see any Annapolitan.

**Canned Willie,** n. [F. "kanar," a false report, and A. S. "weal," well-fare.]  
(1) Hence, very bad fare, on which the O. C. remarks "Very Good."  
(2) Corned Beef.

**Christmas Tree,** n. [Webster's Dictionary, a small evergreen tree, set up indoors at Christmas, decorated with bonbons, presents, etc., and illuminated] with the not over-brilliant lights of all classes.

**Cit,** n. [A. S. "sit,"] one who sits on the seat of his trousers.  
(1) A professor or instructor who is not a graduate of the Academy.  
(2) Any civilian.

**Cits,** n. [Gr. "K o m m o," meaning pause.]  
(1) A pause between the Colonial and the Santee.  
(2) Civilians' clothing.

**Clean Sleever,** n. [A. S. "clene," entirely, and "slefe," clothed, covered.]  
(1) Hence, one entirely covered—in bed—at breakfast formation.  
(2) A first classman reduced to ranks.

**Cold,** adj. [Gr. "Kalt," frost.]  
(1) In recitation to make a frost; to bust cold, to make a cold 4.00

**Cook,** v. [Naval Academy origin—to excel some one.]  
(1) Hence, to be warm on known answers.  
(2) To force an answer to a problem.

**Cross-Country.** (1) What Sherman said of war.  
(2) A Thursday afternoon practice march.

**Damsel.** Queen, or Gold-brick.

**Dam-sell.** Gold-brick.

**Date,** n. [A fruit—something plucked from the skinny tree, often associated with peaches.]  
(2) An engagement for trysting or anything else.

**Devil,** n. [A. S. "doeful," to throw over.]  
(1) Hence, one who throws one over when he finds another who likes another.  
(2) A jollier.  
(3) An old rascal mentioned in the Bible and reported engaged to four different girls in the yard.

**Dewberry,** n. [L. "devorere," to attach, and berry, a fruit.]  
(1) A middy who attaches himself to another's fruit.

Date —|— dewberry =  $\frac{\text{dewberry}}{\text{date}}$  = crowd.

**Dock.** To lay up.

**Doctor.** The man who does it.

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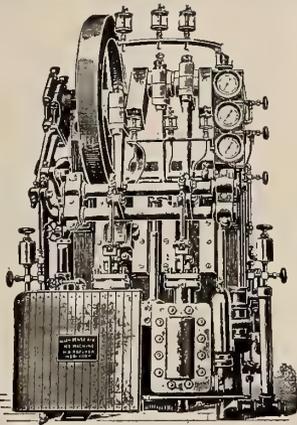
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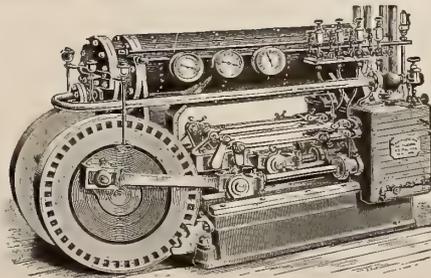
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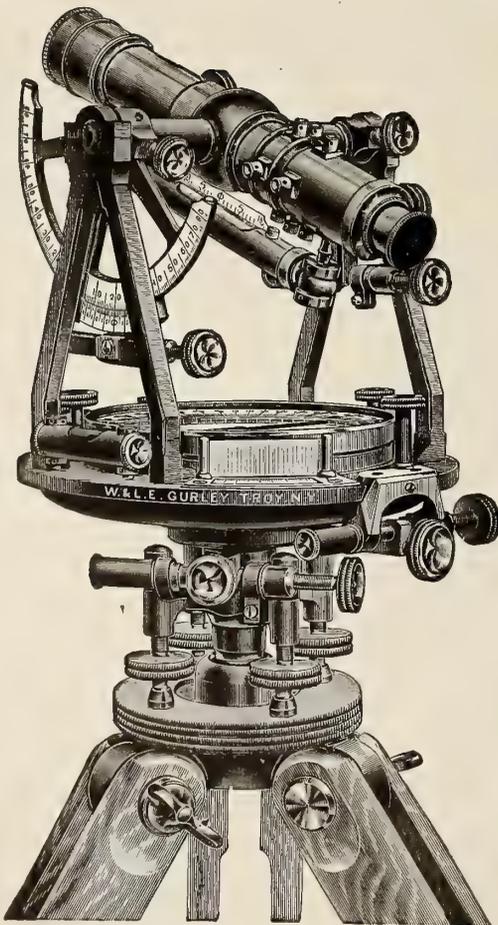
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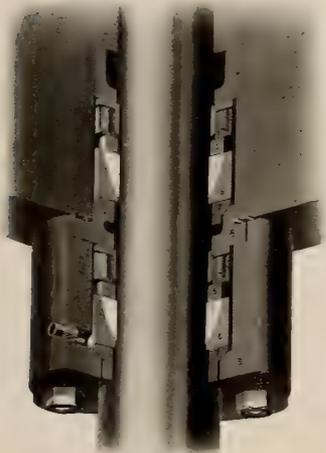
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- Drag**, n. [O. E. "dragger," to draw, to pull.]  
 (1) That which makes much from nothing  
 (2) An inhale from a cigarette.  
 (3) Drag a femme:—to escort a lady.
- D's**.. [Abb. for demerits.]  
 (1) The cost of an offense, but detection makes one pay the price.
- Exam.**, n. [L. "ex," meaning from, and Gr. "d u o i," (amfi) meaning around.]  
 (1) That which takes us from around the Academy.
- Femme**, n. [Gr. word meaning, existing a day.]  
 (1) The love of a midshipman.  
 (2) A female.
- Fiend**, n. [A. S. "feon," to scorn.]  
 (1) The head of a department.  
 (2) One who scorns advice or precept on any subject.  
 (3) One who "bats" a thing hard.
- Fierce**, adj. [L. "ferus," meaning feel.]  
 (1) Hence, any sewing a midshipman does.  
 (2) The superlative degree of any thing.
- Frap**, v. t. [F. "frapper," to strike, to hit.]  
 (1) Hence, to smear in de mush wid a hot potoot.  
 (2) To hit a tree, the pap, etc.
- French**, v. [L. "fracasso," tumult, turmoil.]  
 (1) Hence, to cause a tumult outside and turmoil inside.  
 (2) The shortest distance between two points, Annapolis and the restricted list.  
 (3) To leave the Academic limits without authority.
- Fuss**. [F. "fussere," to mix.]  
 (1) To mix it up with a femme.  
 (2) To impose upon a girl's credulity, by swearing devotion to that particular "rag and bone and hank o' hair."
- Fusser**. A Middy having a girl in every port, and \$5.00 laid away for Cheney on a rainy day.
- Gangway**, n. [A. S. "gang," going -|- way.]  
 (1) Merely a difference of conduct grade. The first grade goes over the gangway on liberty—all other grades over the chains.  
 (2) Get out of the way.
- Gold Brick**, n. That which helps support the wall, (or vice-versa).  
 (1) Hence, a Wall Flower.  
 (2) A girl who is not pretty, can't dance, and can't talk.
- Gouge**, n. (obsolete). The sin of our forefathers that is not visited on the children.
- Grease**, n. [F. "graisse," the whole.]  
 (1) Being the whole smear with others—especially those high in authority.  
 (2) Drag, pull.
- Grease**, v. t. To secure the sleek appearance of somebody's fur by rubbing it the right way.
- Greaser**, n. [A. S. "grasian," to play, to feed.]  
 (1) One who plays with an officer's baby and feeds in his house on Sunday.  
 (2) A shower of show.  
 (3) A parasite.

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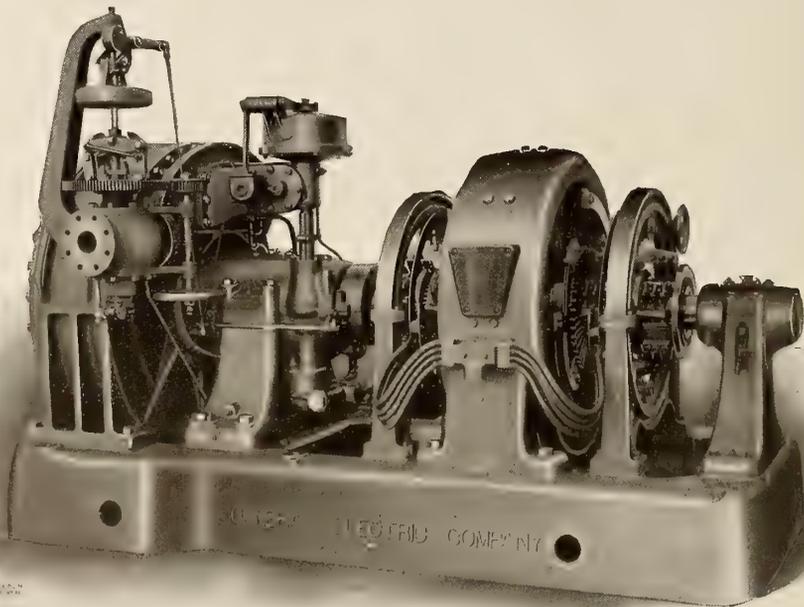
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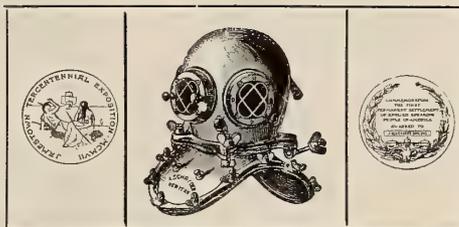
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**Gym**, n. [L. "gymnasia," naked.]  
(1) A place where people exercise naked.  
(2) A ten thousand dollar substitute for a bath tub and a wood pile.  
(3) Gymnasium.

**Gyrene**, n. [F. "giron."]  
(1) A subordinary of binomial germination, inciting high sounding encomiums, and inciting repugnant aversion to homomorphy [Webster.]  
(2) A marine.

**Handsomely**, adv. [A. S. hand -|- some.]  
(1) Word used in calling the attention of the ladies to the adjutant in dressing the Brigade when it already has a perfect line. Ex. "Left guide of 12th Company carry your hands back handsomely."  
(2) A very little; handsome is what Han'som Dan does.

**Hazing**, n. [O. E. "haz," meaning has -|- ing, meaning something that has been.]  
(1) For definition ask any officer from Admiral to Ensign—they all know.

**Hit**, v. [O. E. "Hitten," to land on.]  
(1) To land on a place, a face, a base, a tree, or a spree.

**Holy Joe**, n. [Of uncertain origin.]  
(1) The fire-escape.  
(2) The sleep inducer.  
(3) The Chaplain.

**Hops**. (1) The fusser's heaven, but the Red Mike takes his in beer.  
(2) That which the Plebes look down on—from the balcony.

**Hustler**, n. (1) A clever subterfuge for "scraps."  
(2) The second football team.

**Jump On**, v. t. (1) To land on with both feet.  
(2) To call down.

**Knock**, v. [Gr. "nock," the upper for'd part of a sail.]  
(1) Hence, to land on the upper for'd part of an exam, Syn. To "bat."

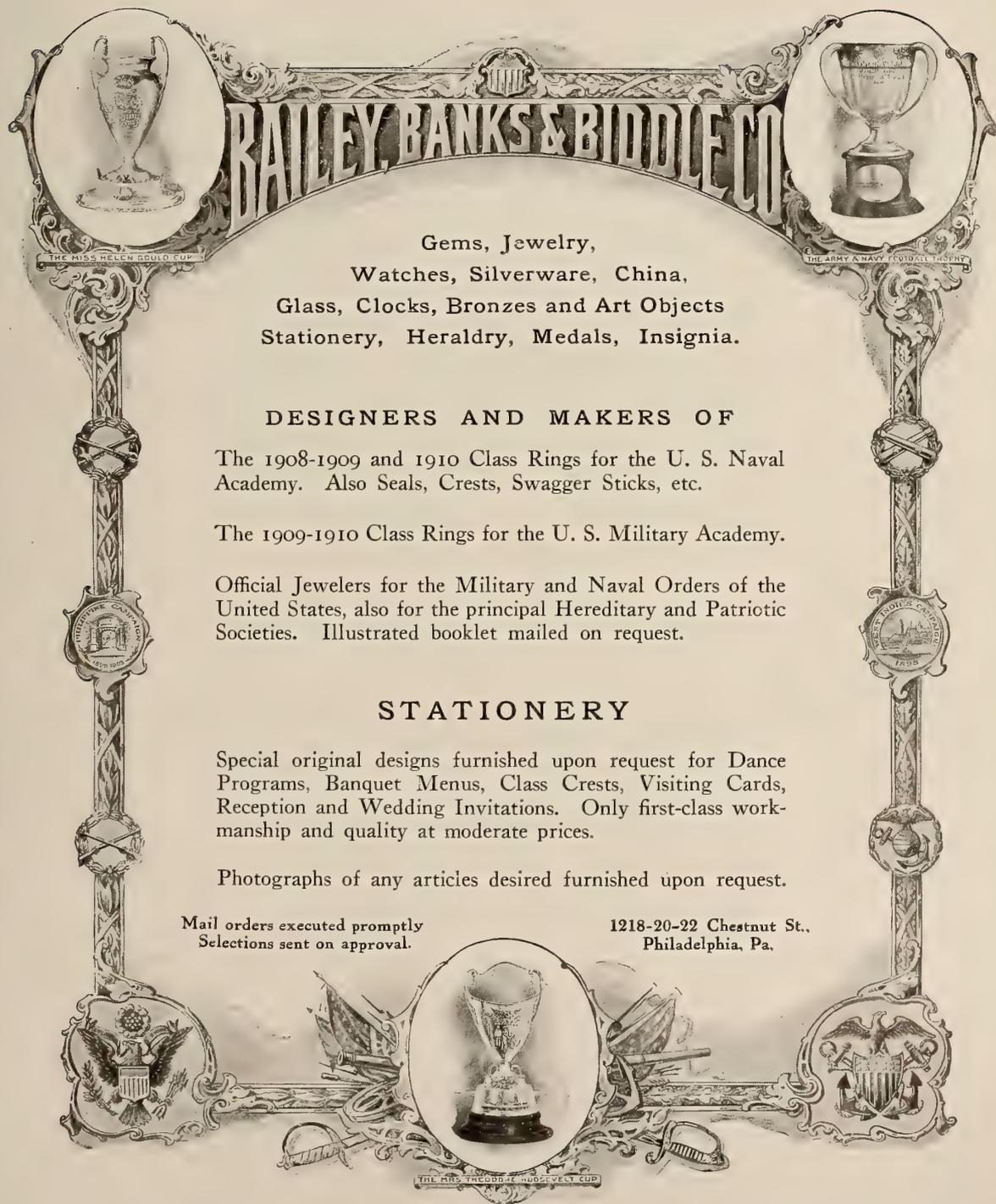
**Leave's**, n. (1) Formerly Adam's clothes—now August's close.  
(2) A furlough.

**Liberty**. (1) The only thing signed for that isn't taken from our accounts.  
(2) Permission to leave the Academy for a few minutes.

**List**, n. [To lean.]  
(1) That which makes lean (by liquid diet)—the sick list.

**Makings**, n. (1) Something "Chenault" and "Ping" never have.  
(2) Tobacco and papers.

**Margin**, n. (1) That which insures a broker from loss and that which insures us from being lost.  
(2) An excess in mark over 2.5.



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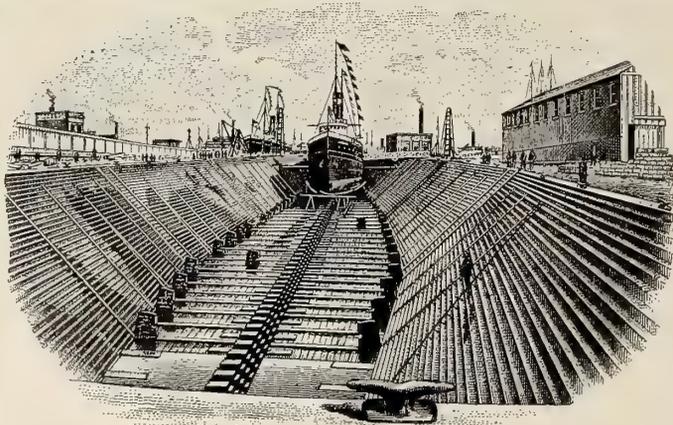
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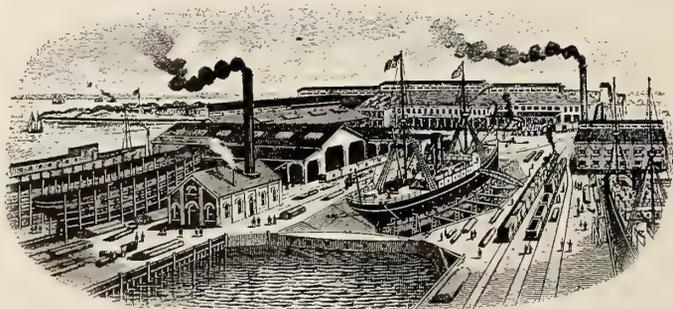
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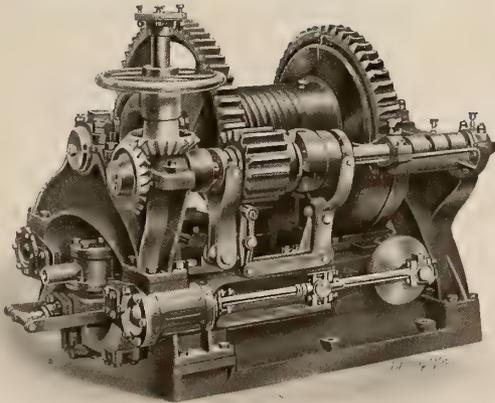
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 (3) Mathematics.
- May Pole**, n. (1) A very popular young lady who visits the Academy once each year and entices many from the place.  
 (2) A list published each May of those liable to be found deficient at the "anns."
- Mess**, n. [O. E. "mesh," a disagreeable confusion of things.]  
 (1) There is only one place to go when you leave it—Sick Quarters; and only one way to reach it.  
 (2) The Midshipmen at the same table in the mess-hall.
- Middi**. An amphibious pet of Uncle Sam—habitat Annapolis. See West Point Howitzer.
- Nausea**. (1) A high-toned name for seasickness.  
 (2) That all-in-down-and-out feeling which makes one long for terra firma, or wish that he had chosen West Point.
- Non-Reg**, adj. (1) Something that makes you have a feeling of being well dressed, even though you are ragged.  
 (2) Not regulation.
- O. C.**, n. [Abbreviation for ocellus, meaning a little eye.]  
 (1) A little ocellus is a dangerous thing.  
 (2) The Officer-in-Charge.
- Pap**, n. (1) The soft food for infants, made by mixing something with official nourishment: *e. g.*, the conduct report.
- Plebe**, n. (1) The first of the Rear Admiral, the middle of the table, the last of the pap.  
 (2) A fourth classman.
- Posted**. [Perfect participle of post, meaning to travel swiftly.]  
 (2) Hence, to fly, etc.; to light on a tree.
- Pred**, n. (1) The excuse we have for not being what we are not.  
 (2) Predecessor.  
 (3) The man who last held the appointment from the same Congressional district.
- Pull the List**. (1) An expression used to signify that the doctors have been so pushed that they didn't have time to learn the truth.  
 (2) To hit the sick list without being sick.
- Quitter**. One who cashes in before the cash is out.
- Rag**, v. (1) To catch in misbehavior, whence the phrase "rag time."  
 (2) To obtain marks from an Instructor's book while his back is turned.
- Rate**, n. (1) Something the railroads never give us.  
 (2) Rank.
- Red Mike**. Either one who doesn't want to or one who has tried and can't.
- Reg**, n. [L. "regirse," meaning regardless of looks.]  
 (1) Hence, anything worn regardless of its looks.  
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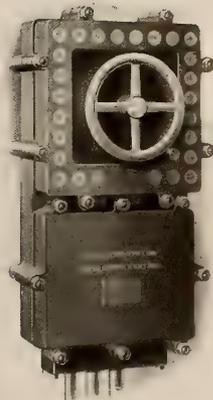
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# The "Long-Arm" System

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**SAFETY ELECTRIC POWER DOORS for SHIPS**  
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The Steam Yacht "CORSAIR" is the first ship to take "MODEL D" Doors

NEW CATALOGUES WILL SOON BE READY

**The "Long-Arm" System Co.**  
**CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.**

- Reveille.** (1) The nightmare that butts into a pleasant dream about 6.00 A. M.  
(2) Rendered by a bugler trying to blow his brains out with a bugle.
- Rhino, n.** (1) The opposite of Pride—Pride goeth before a fall, Rhino cometh after.  
(2) A chronic grumbler, a malcontent.
- Rope Yarn Hash, n.** (1) An addition to the bill of fare to help the Paymaster, he's stringing you when he tells you it's good to eat.  
(2) A hash prepared from canned Willie and horse hoofs.
- Running, p. p.** [Forgotten the meaning.]  
(1) Hazing.  
(2) Joshing.
- Salt Horse, n.** (1) An extinct species of sea animal still fed to Midshipmen.  
(2) Canned Willie.
- Sat, adj.** [O. E. "Sate," a position.]  
(1) Hence, a position in the navigable semi-circle.  
(2) Satisfactory.
- Savez, adj.** [Fr. "souvenirs" to save.]  
(1) Hence, saved from the snares of gold-brick importers and the lower regions of the relative standing reports.  
(2) Bright, capable.
- Scuppers.** Drains aboard ship to carry off gore during battle. (See Maclay's Naval History).
- Semi-an, n.** [L. "Semi," half -|- Ann, a girl's name.]  
(1) Hence, only half a lady.  
(2) Semi-Annual Examinations.
- Shake A Leg.** (1) An expression used to signify a sort of dance; hence, an Academy hop.  
(2) To hurry up.
- Shake It Up.** (1) What the bar-keep does to the flip, also what the flip does to you.  
(2) Same as "shake a leg."
- Shift, v.** (1) A very bad plan—champagne to sherry shift.  
(2) To change from one uniform to another.
- Shoot the Sun.** (1) In ancient days a foolish man tried to kill time in this fashion, and the fashion is still kept up at the Academy.  
(2) To take the Sun's altitude with a sextant.
- Skinny, n.** (1) An impolite way of saying "She's as fat as a lead pencil."  
(2) Physics and Chemistry.
- Slush, n.** (1) A lotion used for the complexion by the stripers.  
(2) A superlative form of grease.
- Soak, v.** (1) All hands jump overboard, no soak, no soak—only a difference in spelling.  
(2) To vent personal dislike by giving low marks.
- Spoon, n.** [Webster's Dictionary. A kind of bright metallic lure used in fishing.]  
(1) Hence, "Hugo" bait.  
(2) One who befriends a Plebe.

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**ZENA**  
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STRAIGHT

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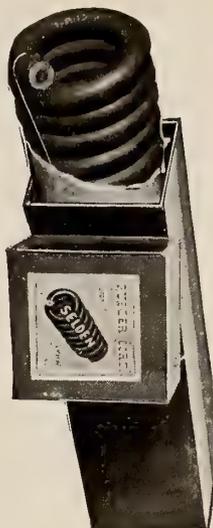
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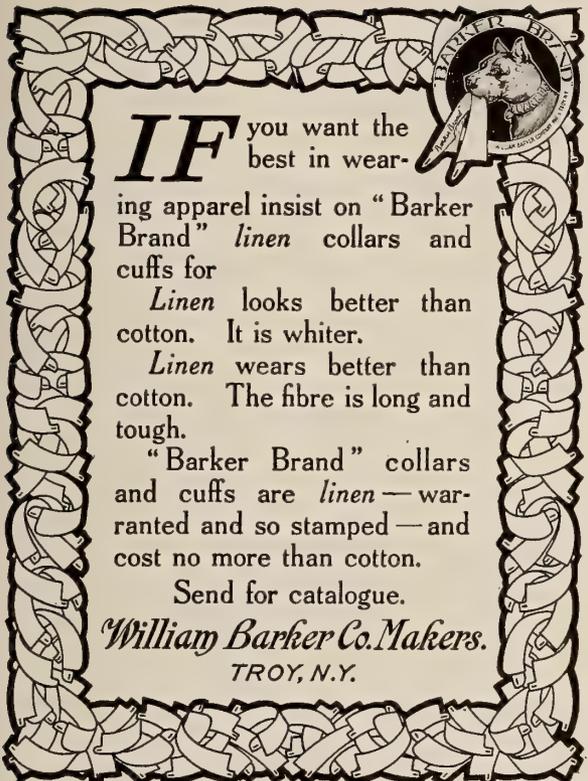
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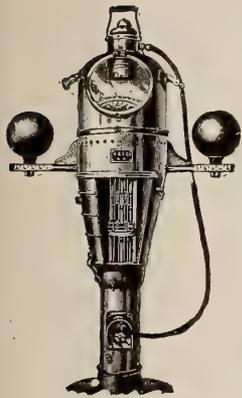
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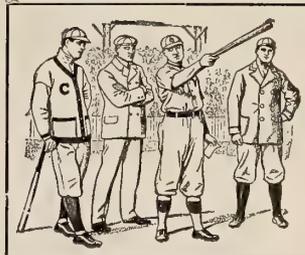
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- Spot.** (1) The cradle of evil.  
(2) To "rag."
- Squid,** n. (1) A very select club whose members do not indulge in the usual Saturday afternoon pastimes—they sometimes go to a tea party.  
(2) The awkward squad.
- Stab,** n. (1) An ever-present help in time of trouble—if you hit her.  
(2) A wild guess, a bluff.
- Stand By.** (1) What the star-fish says to the flounder when he sees "Polly" at the gangway.  
(2) An exclamation meaning to look out for something to follow immediately.
- Star,** n. (1) Something as far away as the heavens, of varying magnitude. By varying the magnitude it affords excellent entertainment. Ex.—An armful of one star and a bottleful of "three star."  
(2) One who stars.
- Star,** v. (1) To obtain eighty-five per cent. of the multiple and the privilege of wearing a star on the collar.
- Striper,** n. [A. S. "strypen," to plunder.]  
(1) Hence, one who bags all the gold braid for himself.  
(2) A Cadet Officer.
- Supe,** n. [L. "su," under, and Fr. "pois," weight.]  
(1) The Superintendent.
- Tendency,** n. (obsolete). (1) Something we used to look for.  
(2) A draught favorable for carrying tobacco smoke out of one's room.
- To Go Split.** (1) Grand-stand efficiency.  
(2) What happens when a man stretches himself to do his duty.
- Touge,** adj. [F. "tout," all, and Gr. "ge," the earth.]  
(1) One who thinks he is the whole works.  
(2) Affecting tough manners.
- Tree,** n. [Skr. "darn," wood.]  
(1) A persuasive plant of considerable size bearing wooden fruit.  
(2) A list containing the names of the unsat.
- Unsat,** adj. Abbreviation for "unsaturated," capable of absorbing to a greater degree.  
(2) Unsatisfactory.
- Valentine,** n. [L. "volere," to be busy—|- A. S., tine, a pike.]  
(1) Hence, get busy and hit the pike.  
(2) A request for one's resignation.
- Wooden,** adj. [O. E. "woo," to court—|- D. "den," ten.]  
(1) Hence, no time for studies.  
(2) The opposite of "savez."
- Youngster** n. [Young—|- steer.]  
(1) Hence, one weaned from milk and oatmeal—for corn and rye.  
(2) A 3d classman.
- Zip,** n. (1) Two-thirds of the 400—all of the trees.  
(2) Zero.

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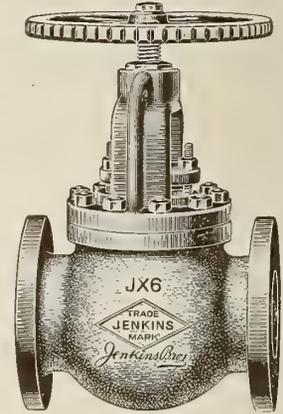


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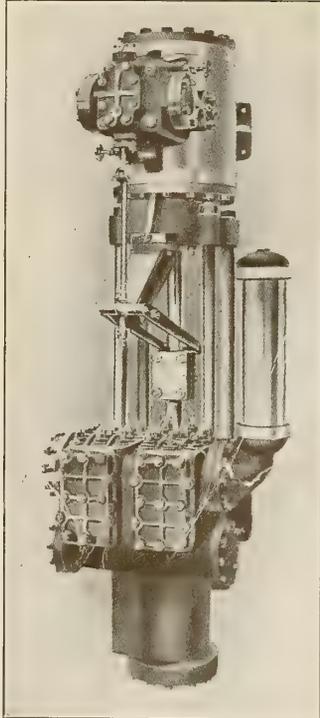
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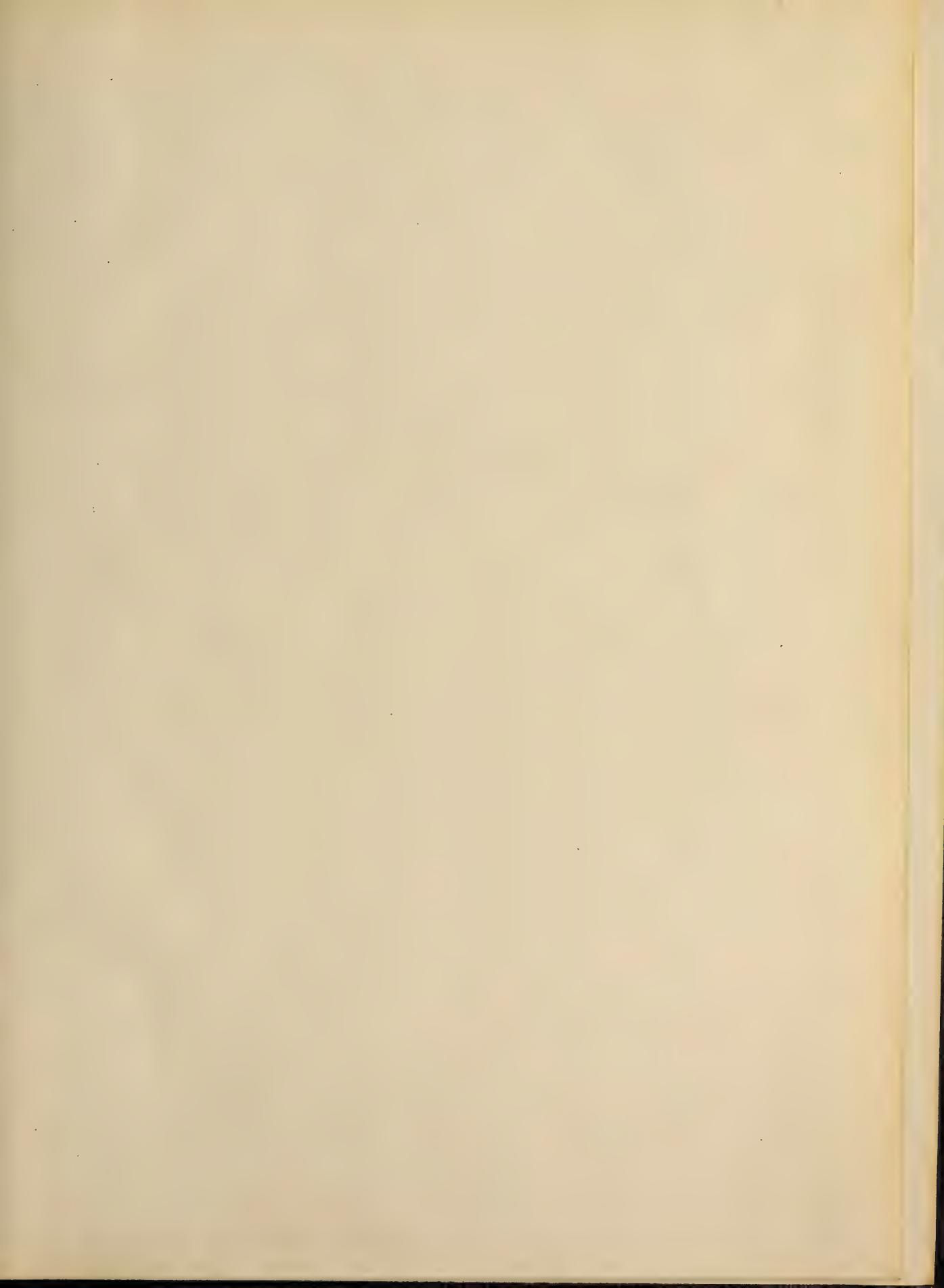
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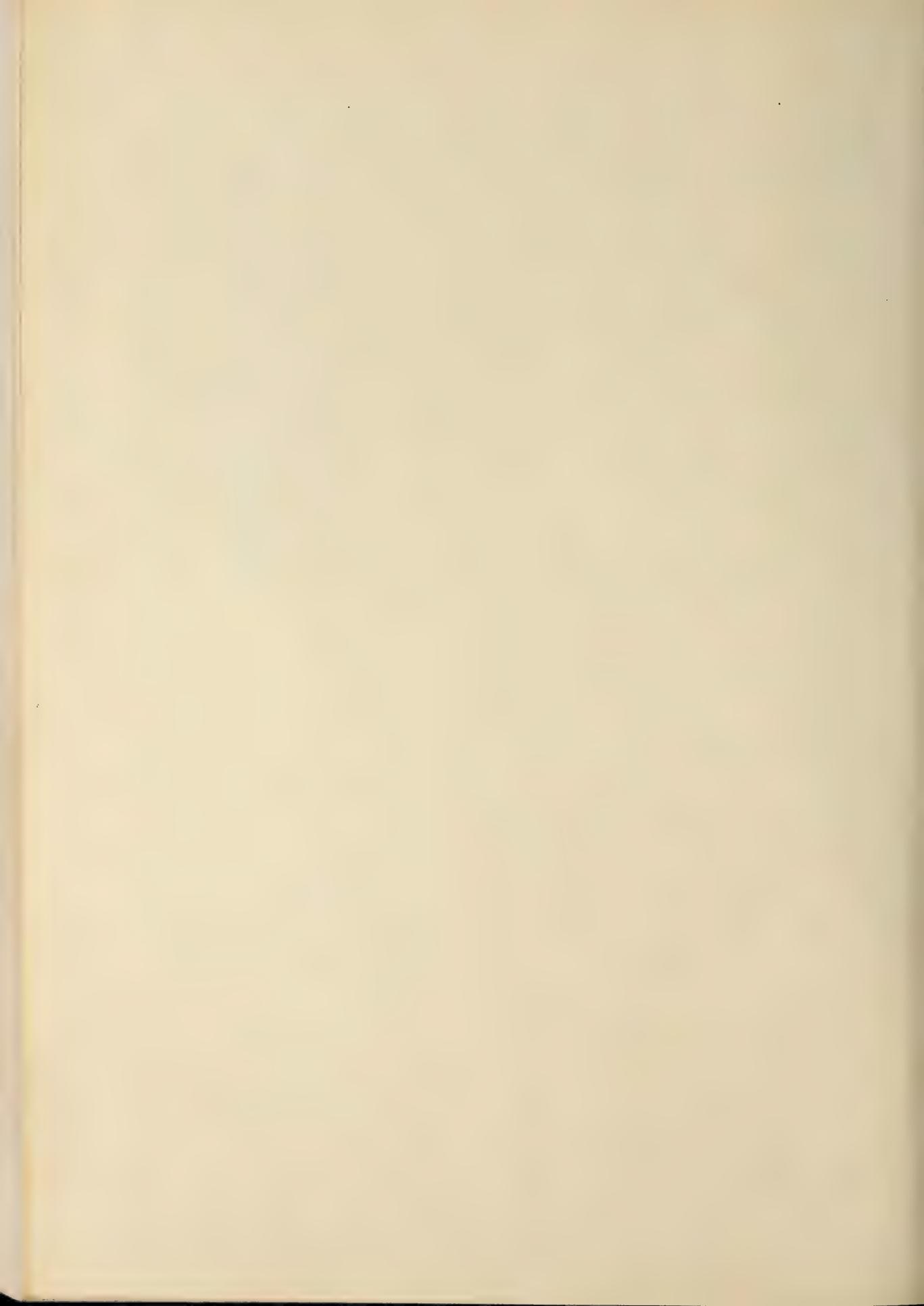
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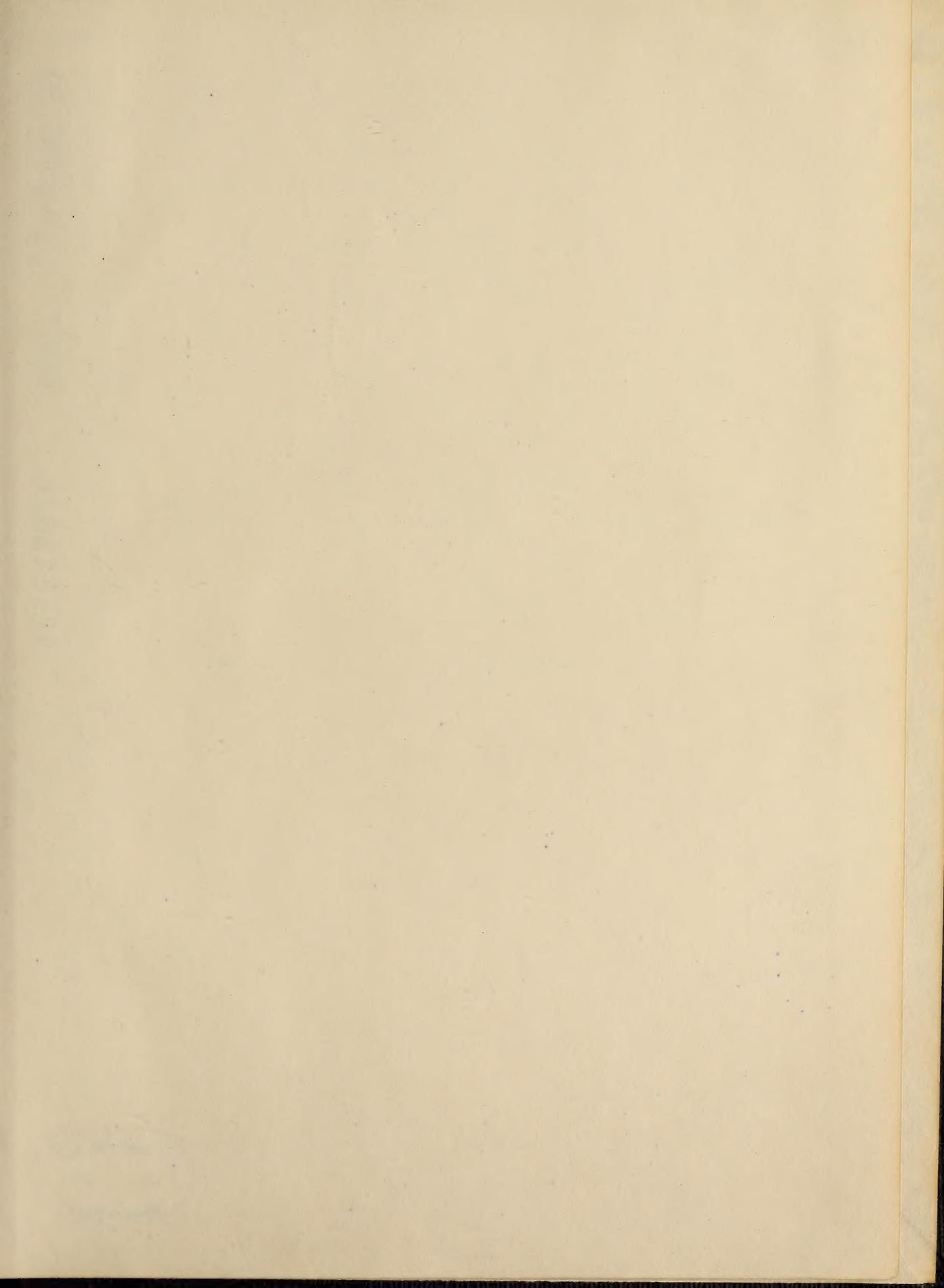
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