

**THE  
LUCKY  
BAG**

**1908**





Memoranda, U. S. Naval Academy

Frank Corp Smith, Jr.











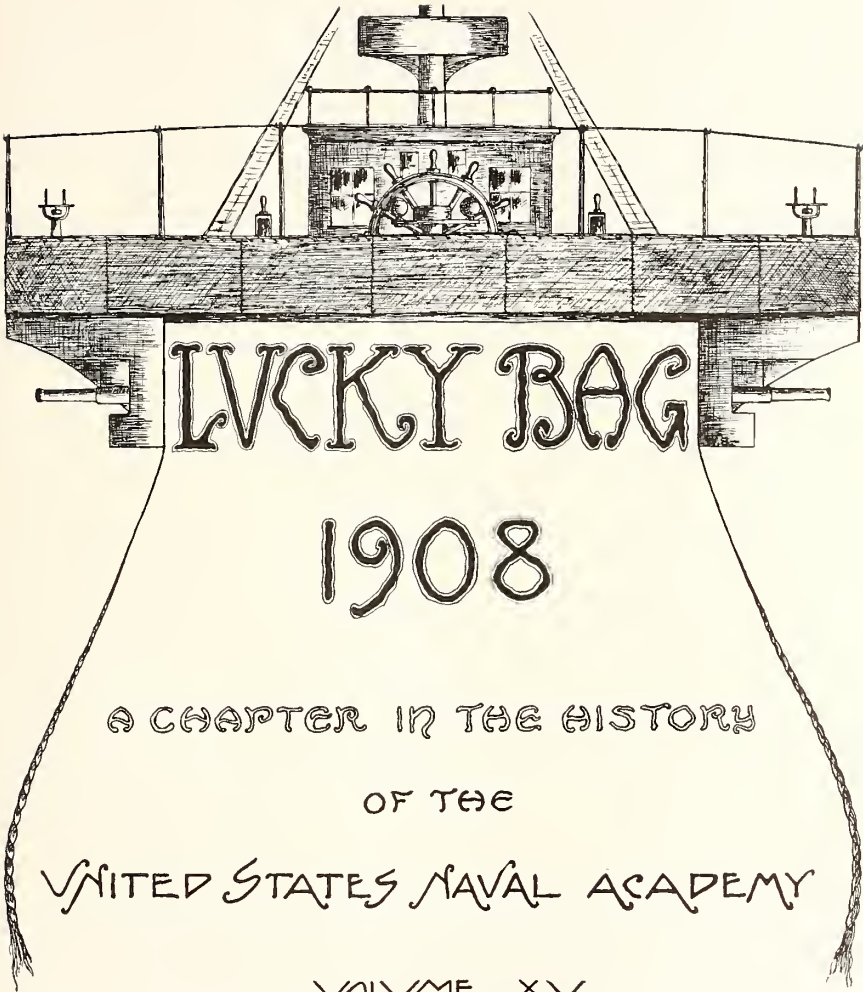


**The Lucky Bag**

**Volume XV**

**Class of 1908**

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PHILADELPHIA  
1908



A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

VOLUME XV





# Education..

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To  
Commander  
William Shepherd Benson  
United States Navy

Whose  
Forbearance  
Sympathy  
and  
Justice

We count our greatest  
aids on the road to true  
and honest manhood













# Foreword.

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**M**any and varied are the phases of Academy life, the most important formative influence in the career of a Naval officer. A multitude of things it teaches; of the greatest of these is **F**riendship. In this book, while showing the various activities and pursuits that daily occupy the attention of the midshipmen, and especially those interests peculiar to the **C**lass of **Nineteen Eight**, we have tried to show the comradeship that binds together the whole structure of our daily intercourse. So in presenting to the **C**lass the **L**ucky **B**ag, wrought in **F**riendship and **L**ove, we beg that it pause a moment and think on the power of this force. We shall feel that our work has not been vain if perchance it help you of **Nineteen Eight** to realize the true worth of **F**riendship and the part it plays in the life of the **C**lass, the **A**cademy, and the **S**ervice.

# LUCKY BAG STAFF





# THE LUCKY BAG STAFF



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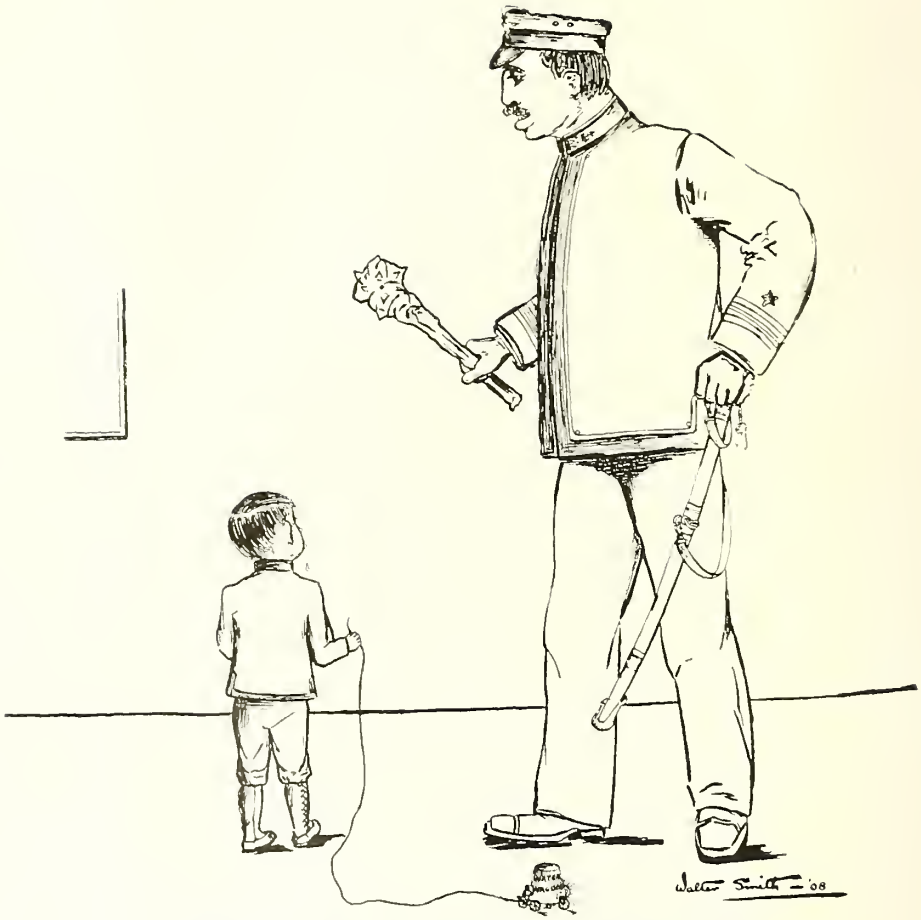
**Charles Johnson Badger**

Captain, United States Navy

Superintendent



THE BANKS OF THE SEVERN



**DISCIPLINE**



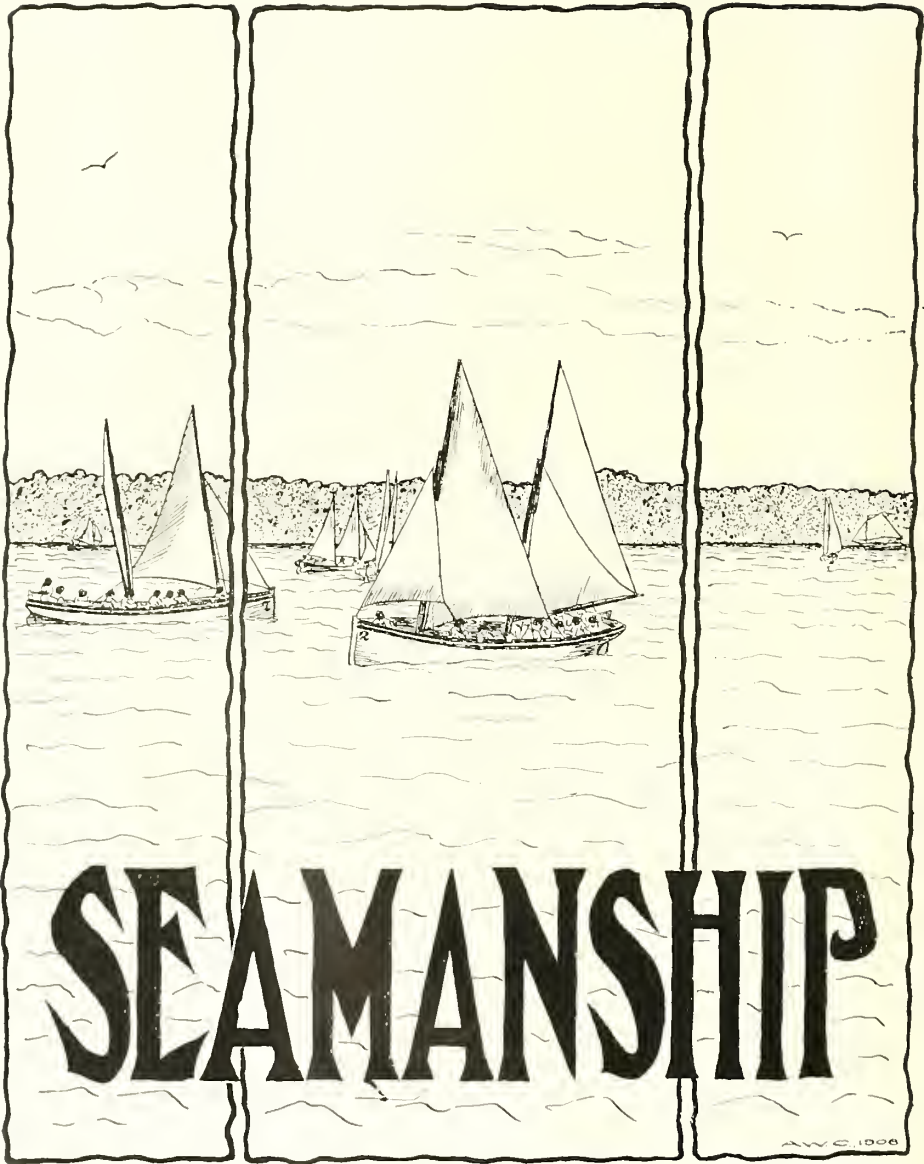


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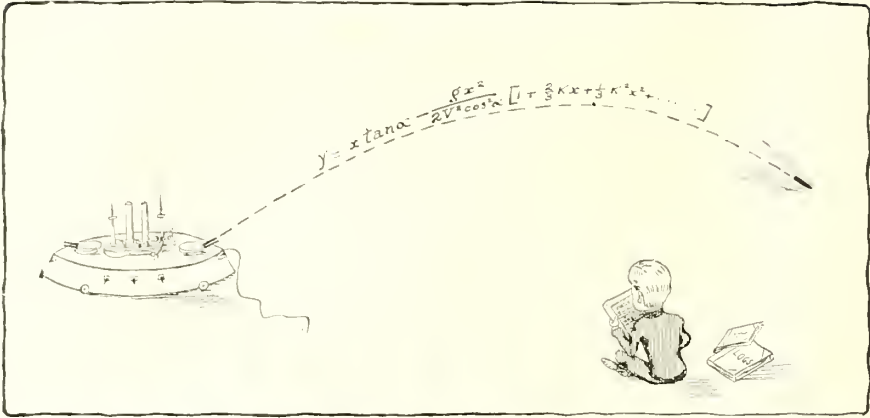
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Head of the Department of Seamanship

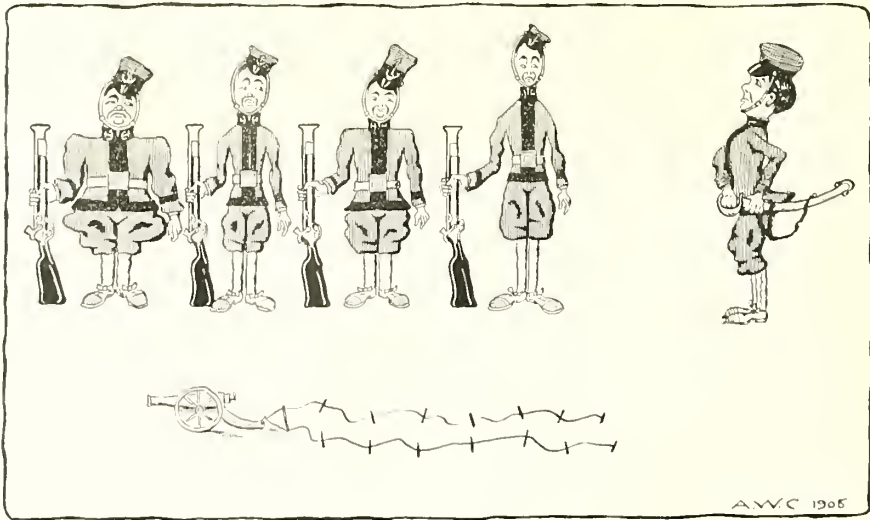
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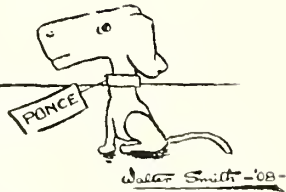
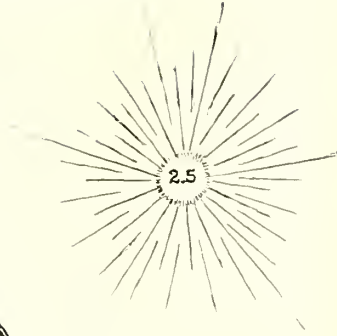
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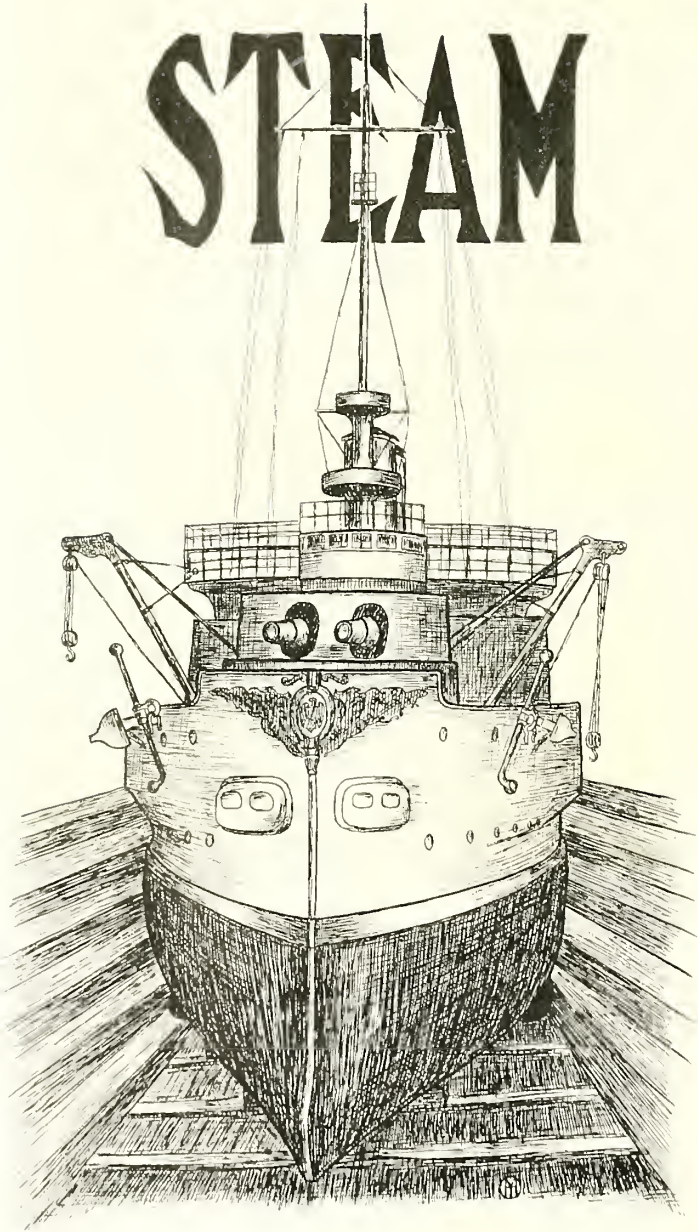
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 Lieutenant..... O. H. OAKLEY  
 Lieutenant..... F. S. WHITTEN  
 Professor..... T. W. JOHNSON  
 War. Machinist.... J. E. CLEARY  
 War. Machinist.... BEN SMITH

# MATH

Snyder, P.

Formula Q  
seduca

①  $\pi r dr d\theta dz$

②  $\cos^2 \theta d\theta dz$



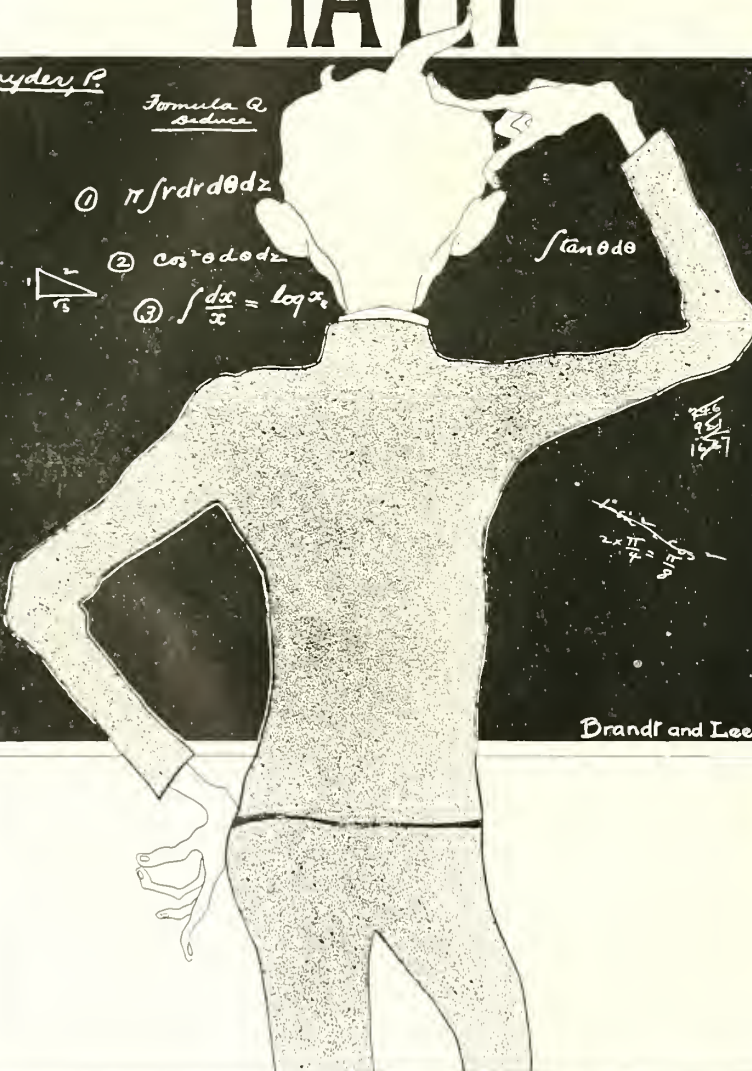
③  $\int \frac{dx}{x} = \log x$

$\int \tan \theta d\theta$

~~1/2~~  
~~3/4~~  
~~5/6~~

~~1/2~~  
~~2/3~~  
~~3/4~~  
~~4/5~~  
~~5/6~~

Brandt and Lee





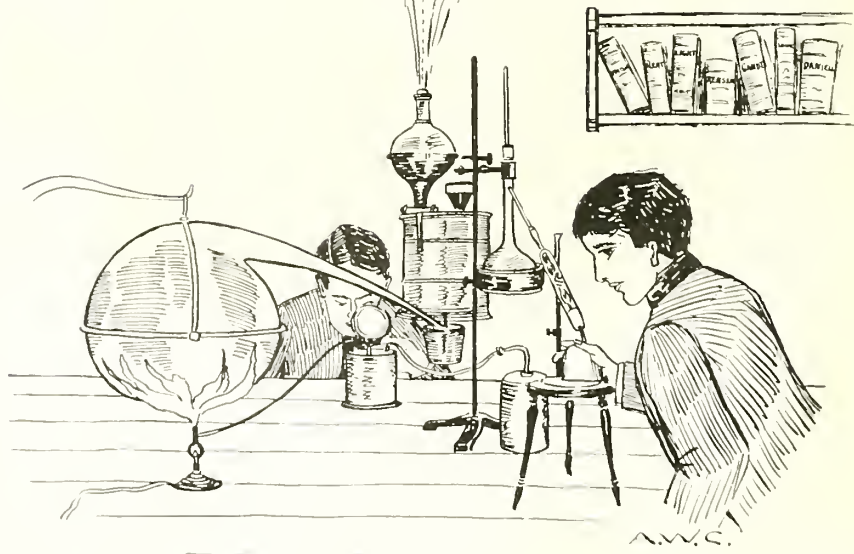
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Head of the Department of Mathematics and Mechanics

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Prof. Mathematics..H. E. SMITH  
Prof. Mathematics..D. M. GARRISON  
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Prof. Mathematics..W. S. HARSHMAN  
Lieutenant.....A. W. JOHNSON

Prof. Mathematics..H. L. RICE  
Professor....W. W. JOHNSON, A. B., A. M.  
Professor...ANGELO HALL, A. B., S. T. B.  
Instructor..E. I. YOWELL, M. S., C. E.  
Instructor..PAUL CAPRON, A. B., A. M.  
Instructor..W. J. KING, A. B., A. M.

# PHYSICS





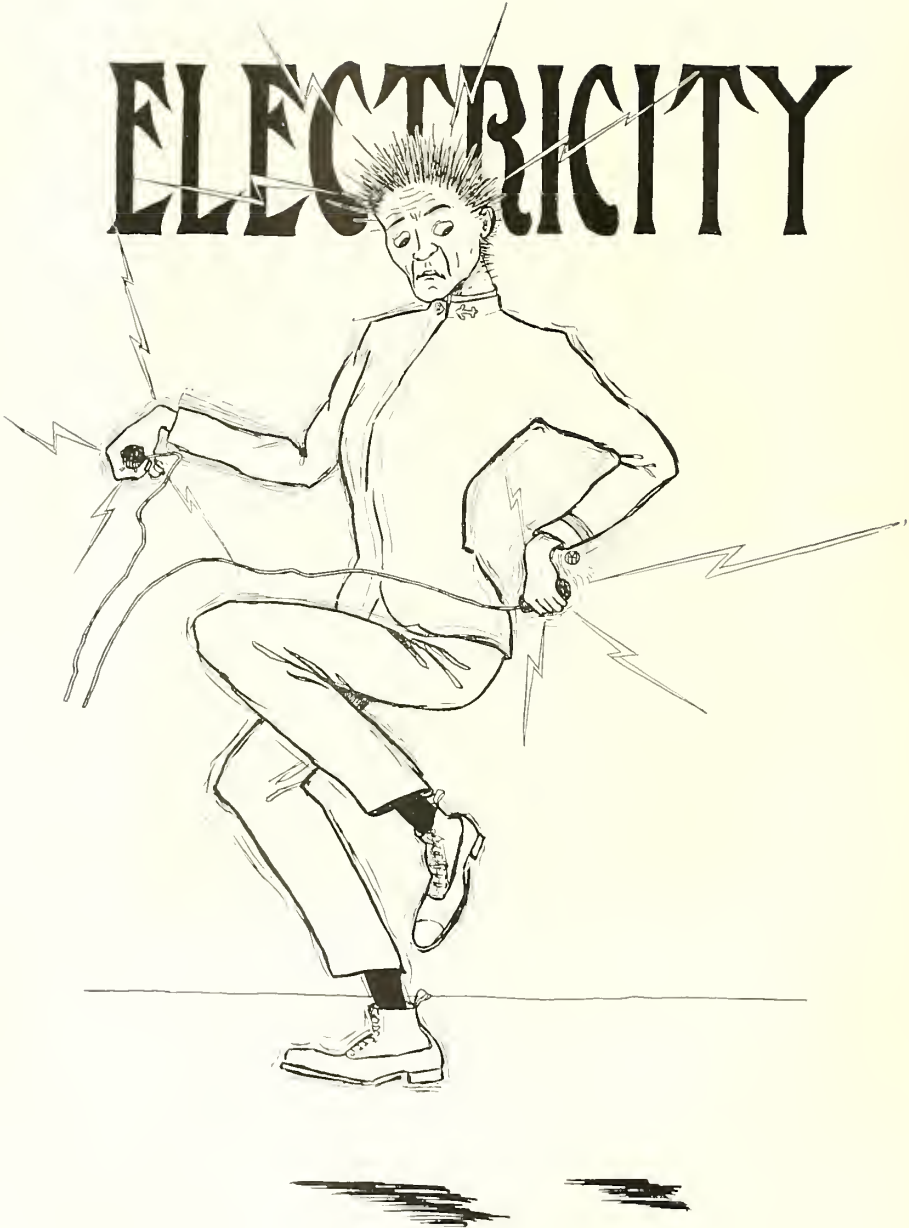
**Professor H. M. Terry, A. M., Ph. D.**

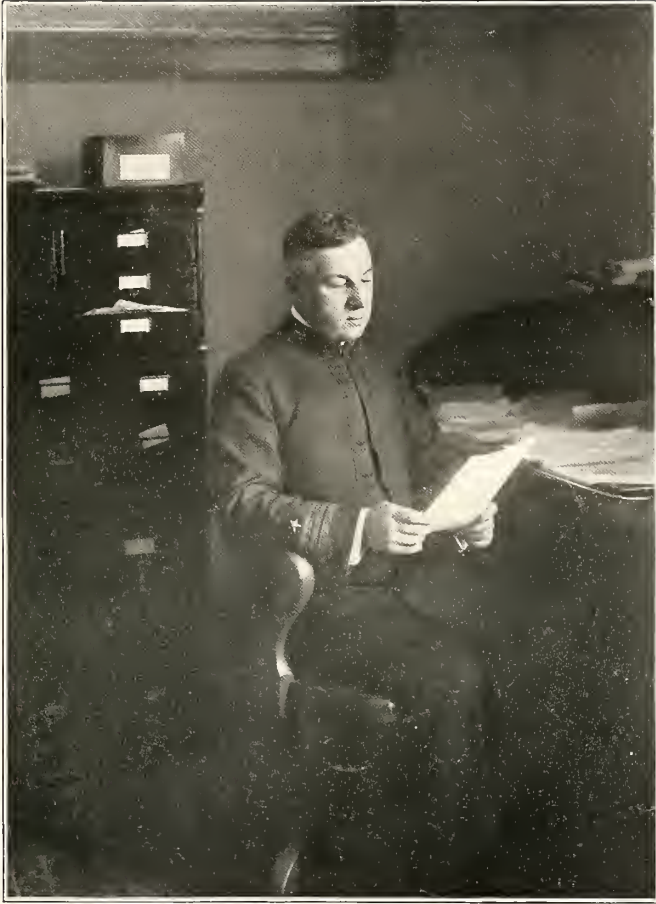
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Lieut.-Comdr.....J. M. REEVES	Lieutenant.....E. P. FINNEY
Lieutenant.....AMON BRONSON, JR.	Prof. Mathematics..P. J. DASHIELL

# ELECTRICITY





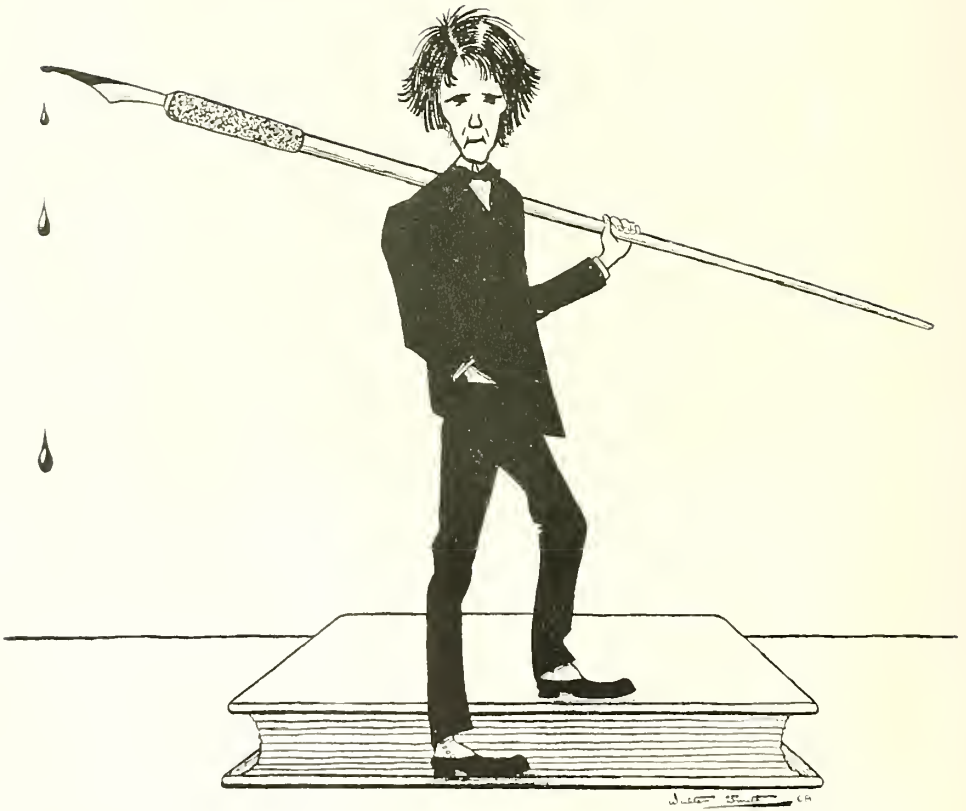
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Lieutenant..... AMON BRONSON, JR.

Lieutenant..... W. D. LEAHY  
Lieutenant..... B. C. ALLEN  
Lieutenant..... W. BROWN, JR.  
Lieutenant..... E. P. FINNEY

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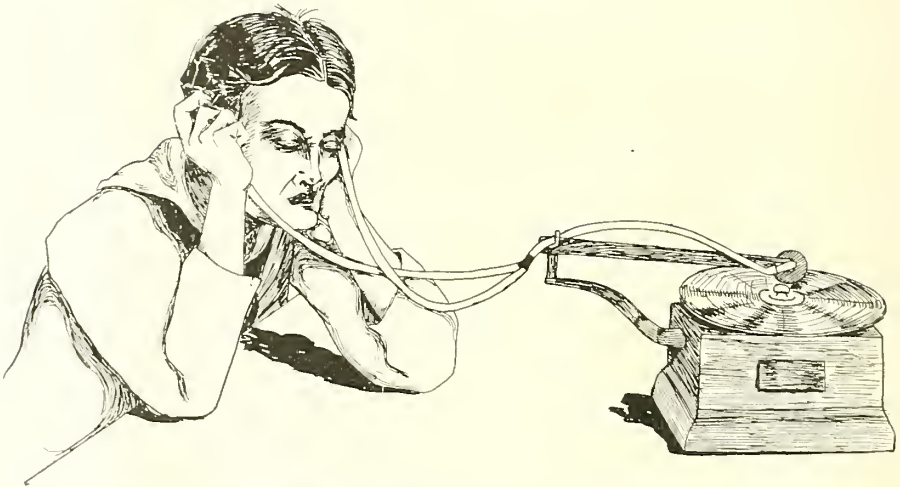
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Professor.....W. O. STEVENS, A. B., Ph.D.	Instructor.....C. M. HATHAWAY, JR., A. B., A. M., Ph.D.
Instructor.....G. P. COLEMAN, A. B., A. M., LL.B.	Instructor.....H. C. WASHBURN, A. B.
Instructor.....C. S. ALDEN, A. B., A. M., Ph.D.	Instructor.....L. O. BERGH, A. B.
Instructor.....W. B. NORRIS, A. B.	Instructor.....ALDEN BROOKS, A. B.

# MODERN



# LANGUAGES



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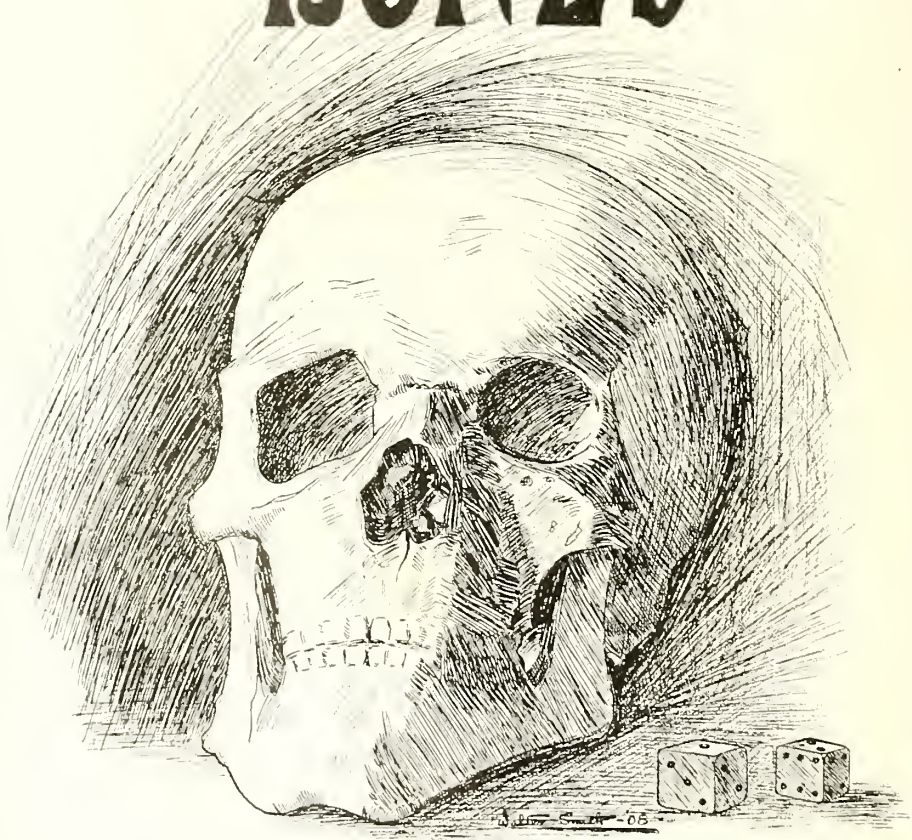
Head of the Department of Modern Languages

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   B. S.  
 Professor.....P. J. DES GARENNES,  
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Instructor.....GASTON COSTET  
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   A. M.  
 Instructor.....ARTURO FERNANDEZ }  
 Instructor.....J. A. RAY, A. B., A. M.  
 Instructor.....W. E. OLIVET

# BONES



A. H. S. - 05



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‡In Charge of Special Instruction in Physiology, Hygiene, and Physical Training

**Assistants**

Boxing Master. . . . MATTHEW STROHM  
Instructor in Physical Training  
OTTO STEFFEN

Instructor in Physical Training  
L. H. MANG  
Asst. Instructor in Gymnastics  
JOHN SCHUTZ

## Officers not attached to Academic Staff

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In charge of Experiment Station  
Captain E. E. WEST, U. S. M. C.  
Special Court-Martial Duty

Surgeon F. S. NASH, Senior Medical Officer  
Surgeon A. M. D. McCORMICK  
Passed Asst. Surgeon E. M. BLACKWELL  
Chaplain H. H. CLARK

Pay Inspector T. J. COWIE  
Pay Officer and General Storekeeper  
Paymaster R. H. WOODS  
Midshipmen's Storekeeper and  
Commissary

Asst. Paymaster H. H. ALKIRE  
Assistant to General Storekeeper  
Boatswain L. M. MELCHER (retired)  
Special Duty under General Storekeeper

Chief Gunner ROBERT SOMMERS (retired)  
Member of Board of Inspection

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Commanding

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Boatswain . . . . . W. H. MORIN  
Boatswain . . . . . G. E. PLANDER

Carpenter . . . . . R. H. LAKE  
Mate . . . . . HARRY DAHIS  
Pay Clerk . . . . . NEVETT STEELE

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Commander A. P. NIBLACK  
Commanding

Chief Boatswain . . . S. W. GARDNER  
Chief Carpenter . . . F. W. WITTE

Warrant Machinist JOHN McPHEE

### U. S. S. Arkansas (in reserve)

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Commanding

Chief Carpenter . . . T. J. LOGAN

Warrant Machinist W. T. ROBINSON

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Commanding

Carpenter . . . . . J. P. SHOVLIN

Warrant Machinist B. F. BEERS

### U. S. T. B. Bagley

Lieutenant PAUL FOLEY  
Commanding

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In Command

Passed Asst. Surg'n H. F. STRINE  
Assistant Surgeon . . E. A. VICKERY

Assistant Surgeon . . F. E. SELLERS  
Pharmacist . . . . . T. W. SCOTT

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Lieutenant-Colonel C. A. DOYEN, U. S. M. C.  
Commanding

Major . . . . . B. H. FULLER  
Captain . . . . . A. T. MARIX  
First Lieutenant . . E. L. BIGLER  
Second Lieutenant . M. E. SHEARER

Second Lieutenant . H. H. UTLEY  
Second Lieutenant . JOHN POTTS  
Second Lieutenant . E. N. McCLELLAND

# The Brigade Organization

Cadet Commander, HIRD  
Cadet Lieutenant and Brigade Adjutant, FOY  
Brigade Chief Petty Officer, DOUGLAS

## First Battalion

Cadet Lieutenant-Commander, NORTON  
Cadet Junior Lieutenant and Adjutant, TAYLOR  
Cadet Chief Petty Officer, BRERETON

### First Division

#### FIRST COMPANY

MARKLAND, Cadet Lieutenant  
VAN DER VEER, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
PICKERING, Cadet Ensign

#### SECOND COMPANY

SMITH, O., Cadet Lieutenant  
CHARLTON, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
KAUFFMAN, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

EARLE CUTTS  
EMMERSON GRESHAM

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

KINKAID BROSHEK  
CHEW BASTEDO

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

CLARK, C. C. JORDAN  
WILLETT CORDINER

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

SPEICHER SMITH, J. D.  
BERRY BURDICK

### THIRD COMPANY

LUCAS, Cadet Lieutenant  
WILSON, E. E., Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
KNAUSS, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

ROSS SEYMOUR  
HOLLAND OWEN

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

BAUSH STECKEL  
SMITH, K. F. STILES

### Second Division

#### FOURTH COMPANY

CARPENDER, Cadet Lieutenant  
VAN AUKEN, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
SMITH, W. R., Cadet Ensign

#### FIFTH COMPANY

DAVIS, H. F. D., Cadet Lieutenant  
McKEE, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
STRAUSS, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

WILLE HITCHCOCK  
KILPATRICK THOMAS, C. C.

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

DAVIS, C. H. YOUNG  
MUIR MOORE

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

CROSBY GUTHRIE  
McGUIRE SCHAFFER

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

MAGRUDER LABOUNTY  
ESTESS BOTSFORD

### SIXTH COMPANY

WEST, Cadet Lieutenant  
BRANDT, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
COMERFORD, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

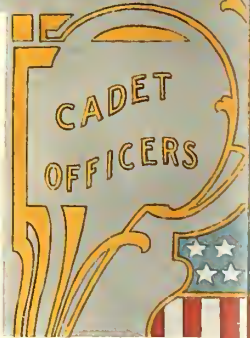
HUNSAKER SAUFLEY  
LOFTIN STARK

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

BEST OLSON  
PURNELL DUCEY



# THE B







# REGIMENT

CADET  
PETTY  
OFFICERS



## Second Battalion

Cadet Lieutenant-Commander, TURNER, R. K.  
Cadet Junior Lieutenant and Adjutant, ISEMAN  
Cadet Chief Petty Officer, BIDWELL

### Third Division

#### SEVENTH COMPANY

STRUBLE, Cadet Lieutenant  
PIERSOL, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
WHITE, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

BELT WELSHIMER  
CALHOUN AMES

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

WARREN COCHRAN  
LEAHY CLARK, J. B.

#### EIGHTH COMPANY

ROCKWELL, Cadet Lieutenant  
LAMMERS, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
DENNEY, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

SHAPROTH BEISEL  
MUNROE KNERR

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

HEIBERG CARTER  
COLLINS BARNES

#### NINTH COMPANY

SCHANZE, Cadet Lieutenant  
JAMES, J., Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
PENN, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

BARNETT YATES  
OSWALD McCLAIN

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

NELSON KELEHER  
DAGUE LABHARDT

### Fourth Division

#### TENTH COMPANY

DONAVIN, Cadet Lieutenant  
CLARK, REN. W., Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
BOYD, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

ALLEN LATHAM  
KRAUS STALEY

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

BERG, F. R. LAIZURE  
PARSONS NORRIS

#### ELEVENTH COMPANY

BABCOCK, Cadet Lieutenant  
HERON, Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
DUNCAN, Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

HARRIS PATTERSON  
BADT MECLEARY

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

KEMMAN HICKS  
JAEGER PETERSON

#### TWELFTH COMPANY

RANKIN, Cadet Lieutenant  
TURNER, W. W., Cadet Junior Lieutenant  
SMITH, W., Cadet Ensign

#### PETTY OFFICERS—First Class

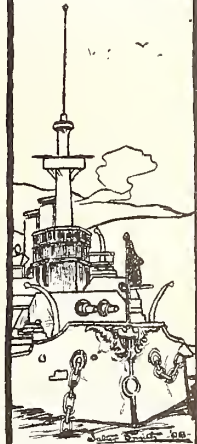
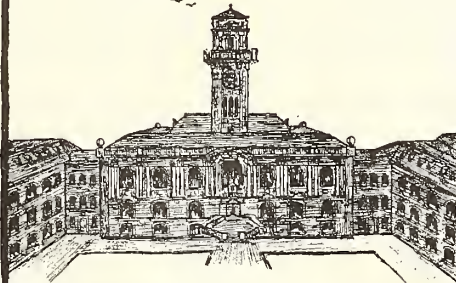
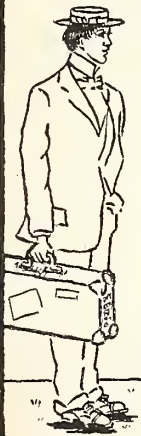
STROTHER GREIG  
MARTIN VAN DE CARR

#### PETTY OFFICERS—Second Class

BURG, R. A. RINEHART  
GREENO BOWRFIND

CLASS

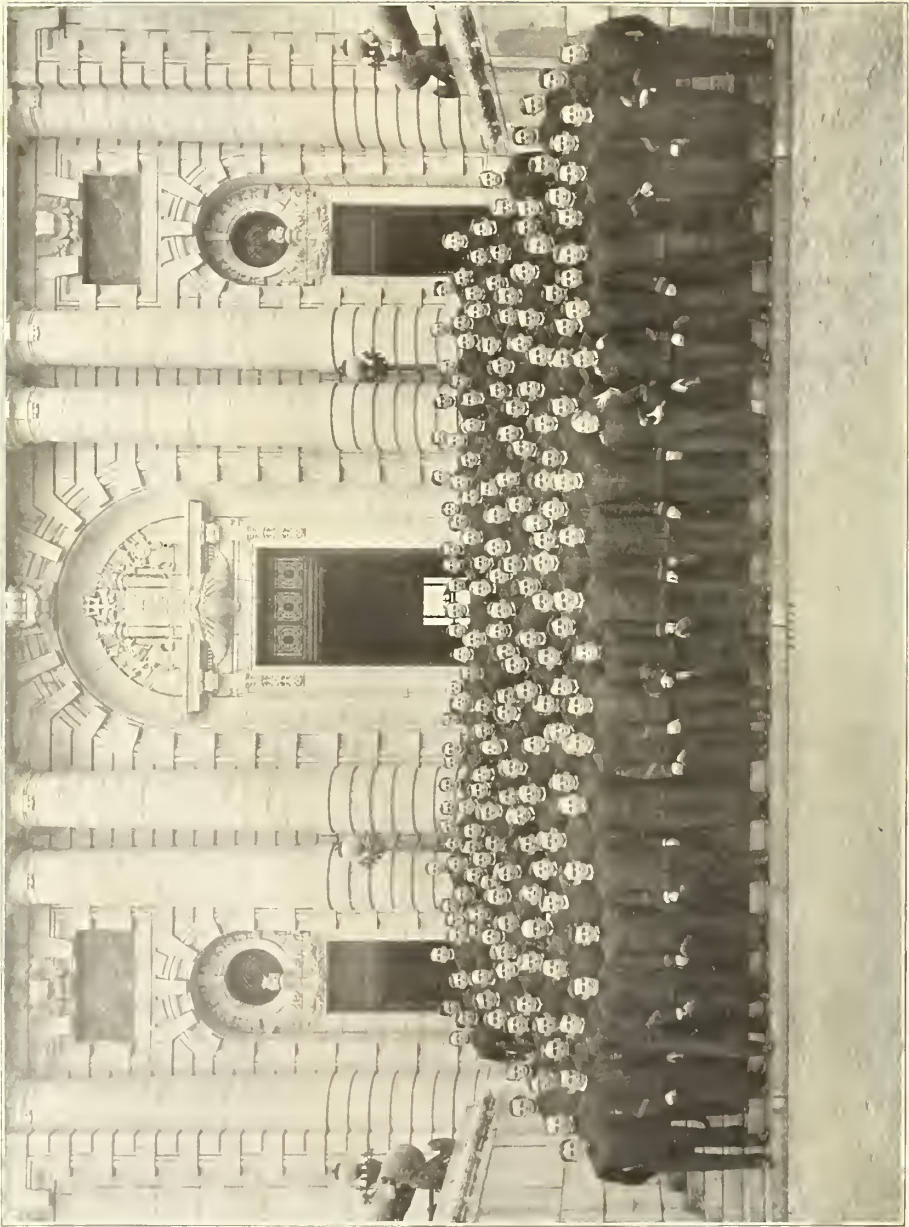
OF



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CLASS OF 1908



**ARCHER MEREDITH RULAND ALLEN**  
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Archie"

*"All the learned and authentic fellows."*  
—SHAKESPEARE.

Manager Basketball Team (1). Choir (4, 1).

If Archie's in the right mood, he'll tell you all about New Bedford. Perhaps even more: he may condescend to dispense a few tips on yachting. For he's enthusiastic about everything he takes up, yachting, crew, basketball and singing. Bilged from the choir, he yet persisted in ruining "close harmony." Often consents to adorn the hops by his presence. A good crew man but not heavy enough for the first boat.

"A—ah, beg pawdon."

☆ ☆ ☆

**EUGENE AMES**  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND  
"Doc"

*"I had rather have a fool to make one merry than experience to make me sad."*  
—SHAKESPEARE.

Doc is unquestionably the chief rhino of 1908, and in grafting is second only to Patsy Donavin. When not on leave, he is sure to be on the sick list. (Refused to go ashore at all in New York until granted two o'clock liberty.) Though continuously kicking, he's always happy, and ever a good fellow. For him demerits and the conduct grade have no terrors. Doc is naturally a fusser but loves to put his duty in this line upon his friends.

"Will he resign?"

*Eugene Ames.*





A black and white portrait of a young man with short hair, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar. The portrait is set within an oval frame decorated with stars and a decorative border.

## JOSEPH ELIOT AUSTIN

ALBANY, NEW YORK

"Jane"

*"Two things are necessary to a modern martyr: some to pity, and some to persecute, some to regret, and some to roast him."*

—COLTON.

Gym Team (2, 1).

A happy, joking fellow of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded type. Lets lessons slide until he's unsat and then expects everybody to help him out of his trouble. Won't work, and wants everyone else to do likewise. Hard to offend, but a great rhino. On the Nevada formed, with Doc and "Soaked Agin," a perfect trio. Generous and good-natured, with a host of friends. Jumped ship for two days first class cruise and came back hollering for a "square deal."

☆ ☆ ☆

## FREDERICK HOWARD BABCOCK

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK

"Fritz" "Bab"

*"It is an unhappy lot which finds no enemies."*

—PUBLIUS SYRIUS.

Farewell Ball Committee. Class German Committee.

He is a man who must be known well in order to be appreciated, and, owing to his reticence, there are few who truly know him. Many of us were even ignorant of his literary ability, until, in a rash moment, he favored us with the following lies:

"I come from a town whose prefix is 'water,' Perhaps I don't like it as much as I oughter; So please be as kind as you've been in the past, And take me around where water comes last."

Got a bad start in Academy life, but through perseverance has more than overcome the handicap.

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!"





## ALLEN BACON

NEWTON HIGHLANDS, MASSACHUSETTS

**"Brainy"**

*"Thus formed by nature, furnished out with art,  
He glides unfelt into your secret heart."*

—DRYDEN.

Star (4). Baseball Team (3, 2), Captain (1). Lucky Bag Committee.

To hear him talk one could not but recognize him as the original Yank. Has a weakness for all that sparkles; once treated the O. C. to a bottle of Mumm's. Has never distinguished himself as a fusser, but treats the fair sex occasionally. Always has something good to eat stowed away.

"Look out, boys, that's got to last me a whole week."

"Well, we had a good time in New London, didn't we Dad?"

☆ ☆ ☆

## HARRY ASHER BADT

MT. PLEASANT, TEXAS

**"Harry"**

*"And I oft have heard defended,  
Little said is soonest mended."*

—WITHER.

The type who enters the arena without noise or clamor and pursues for four years the even tenor of his way. He is a Texan, and therefore ready to boast of his native soil. Works well, but has no notoriety in any particular branch; occasionally savvy and then again wooden. Good-natured and a jolly companion. He must have a stand-in with the paymaster, for he always has a large amount available.



*W. E. Barnes*

**GUY CARLTON BARNES**

BULLOCHVILLE, GEORGIA

"Moke"

*"Embarrassed, stiff, without the skill  
Of moving gracefully."*

—CHURCHILL.

"Foh bar'ls o' m'lasses." A ringleader in the K. K. K. movement plebe summer, and one of the principals in the Barnes-McCauley "go." Mistakes often occur as to his identity, but he's the kindest and best-hearted chap in the world, with a sweet, winning smile which he never springs on the ladies.

"What's de scoh on de scoh bode?"

☆ ☆ ☆

**JOHN WALTER BARNETT**

WACO, TEXAS

"Walter"

*"What e'er he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please."*

—DRYDEN.

Lucky Bag Committee. Class German Committee.

One of the Shriners, but no one would ever guess it to look at him. Quite a fusser, and a member of that "h—l raising first section." Always has one more clean suit of whites on the cruise, and would shine his shoes for fire drill. He is so easy going in section room that the prof thinks his recitation is leaking out quite as if it were too much trouble for him to hold his information in. Never loses his temper.

"His nature's a glass of champagne with the foam on't,

As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont."







## PAUL HENRY BASTEDO

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

"Lunch" "Paul"

*"A man of unbounded stomach."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Choir (4, 2, 1).

Always meets you half way with a pleasant smile and a request for something to eat. Stands in the front rank of fussers and always drags. Loves to go to recitation knowing nothing, so he can bluff the prof. Lives with the Goat, but never quarrels. A great believer and advocate of the training table and is forever singing its praises.

"Gee, but isn't she a peach?"

*Paul H. Bastedo.*

☆ ☆ ☆

## ROBERT OLIVER BAUSH

SOMERSET, PENNSYLVANIA

"Bobbie"

*"Lord, madame, I have fed like a farmer;  
I shall grow as fat as a porpoise."*

—SWIFT.

A jolly fat little Dutchman, quiet and reserved except when talking about Somerset. Submits to a lot of running in a good-natured way. Tries to reduce his weight by cutting out meats, butter, etc., and then filling up on rich desserts. Used to be a fusser before he lost his heart on second class leave. Likes to rhino a bit, and when he thinks he's ill-treated assumes a forlorn, woebegone look that is surely heart-touching. Buys a new pipe every time he goes ashore, as well as a few fragrant (?) Havanas. A good little fellow, well liked by all who know him.

*Robert O. Baush.*





## JOHN REGINALD BEARDALL

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

“Squidge”

*“Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life!”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Did you inquire what is the best place in the world? Why, Orlando, of course. Ask Squidge—the most talkative, jolly, companionable fellow in the class. Accompanied by Jane, with whom he forms the pair known as the “Heavenly Twins,” comes in to see you at all hours, and pesters you with his talk and antics. His captivating manner and pleasing smile make him popular with the ladies. Bought a bag of makes one time second class year, but was sure no one would bum from him—it was “Dukes.”

“See the little puppy dog!”

*J.R. Beardall*

★ ★ ★

## FRED CORNELIUS BEISEL

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

“Dutch” “Fritz”

*“That kindest man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit,  
In doing courtesies.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Replace his head with a block of wood, *qu'importe*, so far as looks go? Yet within that block there is a brain fertile in devising ingenious yarns, good practical jokes, and clever repartee. One of last summer's “21” fiends, he paid the fiddler by a prolonged sojourn on board ship. Generous to the extreme, all that he has is yours for the asking.

“It's a bum story, let's bump him.”



*F.C. Beisel*



## HALLER BELT

DALLAS, TEXAS

"Squeety"

*"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Star (4). Gym Team (4). Farewell Ball Committee. Class German Committee.

A handsome, savvy little man, who rarely bones and seldom needs to. His sunny disposition is the joy of our lives, and his heart is as big as his body is small. Was disappointed in love youngster leave, but last cruise forgot it in fooling every girl he met in New London.

"I think that little Mr. Belt has the nicest face I ever saw on a man."

"H. M. T."

☆ ☆ ☆

## FRANK ROBERT BERG

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

"F. R."

*"A man may have no bad habits and still have worse."*

—MARK TWAIN.

A quiet and unassuming chap from New England, who from infancy has been a devotee of the tossing billows. Was quite a devil at the Griswold first class cruise. Became addicted to fussing through association with harmless Georgie, and the fairest dame could never resist his simple smile. He's not as cold a member as his name may signify—this he has amply demonstrated by his many sprees. Thoughts of breaking the regulations never enter his mind, yet all his goodness has availed him little.





*F. T. Berry*

## FRED THOMAS BERRY

LOGAN, IOWA

"Freddie"

*"O what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

One of the heavenly twins. Carries an innocent air at all times, but—! Lena's roommate, and just like her—only more so. Short of stature and long on everything non-reg. Fusses whenever he is forced into it, but is by nature a Mike. Social errors his long suit. Will back up a friend with a great deal more than talk.

"Say, I feel like a war horse in the month of Septebruary."

"I'm much obliged to meet you."

☆ ☆ ☆

## CHARLES LEWIS BEST

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY

"Charley"

*"It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."*

—LUCAS.

Gym Team (4).

A husky lad from the land of the blue grass and moonshine. His ability as a gym "fiend" of the first order is legend, and when he rough-houses with Louie Carret, disaster usually comes Louie's way. At that he doesn't enthuse much, but takes life as it comes without murmur or comment.



*C. L. Best*



## ABEL TROOD BIDWELL

BELLEFONTE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Trood"

*"He knew what is what."*

—JOHN SKELTON.

A man with all the qualifications of a heart-breaker, but alas! he is a Red Mike. Rather methodical in his daily life, he is, on occasion, subject to fits of excitement, and believes in the regulation Navy safety valve. Will speak his mind without hesitation and can rhino with the next man. Always glad to help a wooden classmate, but impatience makes him a poor instructor.

"Why, man, can't you see that?"

*A. T. Bidwell*

☆ ☆ ☆

## EDWARD GERVASE BLAKESLEE

LOCKPORT, ILLINOIS

"Eddie" "Blakes"

*"The silence, often, of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A true believer in the "Old Commonwealth." Always out for a rough-house with the King and Joe, and usually has a laugh on someone. Has nerve enough to stand up for his rights, also his amusement. Loves a good sky-larking time and dotes on teasing the stripers.





## GEORGE EDGAR BRANDT

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISSISSIPPI

"George Edgar"

*"Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head now."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

*"Laughed*

*At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."*

—GOLDSMITH.

Lucky Bag Committee. Class Ring Committee.

A man who immediately makes known his presence by doing some crazy stunt or by perpetrating a bum joke. First and last an artist, he has dedicated his abilities to the decoration of shirt fronts and locker doors. His masterpiece in this line was the studio, which was the center of attraction for admiring throngs until ragged by the O. C. Continually breaking regulations in some novel way. Will make a stab at anything, but often lays on the bluff too thick. Roomed with J. G. and Venus de Milo youngster year. Accommodating almost to a fault, he is always anxious to do any kind of a favor for a friend.

"Shake a day-day." "Oh, beat it."

☆ ☆ ☆

## WILLIAM DENNY BRERETON, JR.

LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK

"Happy"

*"I will indulge my sorrow, and give way  
To all the pangs of fury and despair."*

—ADDISON.

*"And feel that I am happier than I know."*

—MILTON.

Rifle Team (2, 1).

The happy man of sorrows, the eternal contradiction. Innocent, but always in trouble; angry, but always laughing; fusser, but not (?) in love; an Army man who was side-tracked into the Navy. He loves to feed the fishes 'neath the bounding ocean waves; has qualified as mast-head lookout. Attempts to rhino at odd times, but with poor success.

"Mr. Brereton, you are of no more use to me than an extra pump handle."



**JOSEPH JOHN BROSHEK**

**NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS**

**"Lena" "Jodie"**

*"If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

The other heavenly twin. A petit Bohunk from Whale Oil City. When he entered the Navy he brought a complete cit outfit in which to enjoy the theatres and circuses of Annapolis. A willing goat for four years and consequently loved by all. Has a beautiful bury-tone voice and likes to use it. One of the "Royal Family" on the cruise.

"Everybody who sees this note, wake Joe up, give him a cold shower, and send him to the hop at eight o'clock."

"Now, queet, fellows, how is it to don't?"

☆ ☆ ☆

**ERNEST FISHER BUCK**

**HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA**

**"Buk"**

*"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,  
Sermons and soda-water the day after."*

—BYRON.

Swears by his native town, and has the true Southern hospitality and generosity. Appears quiet and innocent, but that's before you get to know him. "For he is a jolly good fellow," and the best kind of a friend and companion for a good time. Not a hard worker, but never on the ragged edge. Non-split and never greases. Buk made the most of his visit to the French flagship, and it will take years to live down the notoriety gained there. One of the "Royal Family."



*Joseph Broshek.*

*E. F. Buck.*



## HAROLD DE FOREST BURDICK

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

"Angel Face" "Harold"

*"Such labored nothings in so strange a style."*

—POPE.

*"It would talk—Lord! how it talked!"*

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Fencing Team (3, 2, 1), Captain (1) Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. (2), President (1).

"How do you do? Are you the man who makes those awful puns?" Harold has a sweet voice, but it doesn't sound well laughing at his own "bum" jokes. Very much in love and can hardly wait for the "daily bulletin." Has tried hard to reform us, but for all that he means well.

"Kri-minee! don't you s'pose I know?"

☆ ☆ ☆

## ROBERT ANDREW BURG

GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA

"Bobbie"

*"I go, I go; swifter than arrow  
From Tartar's bow."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Track Team (4, 3, 2), Captain (1). Hustlers (2, 1). Gym Team (4).

"Hear the latest? Fletcher says we get two months' leave!"

A fleet-footed cherub who has run as well as talked his way through the Academy. Has run everything from the hundred-yard dash and the instructor to a free-lunch counter—poco rolls only. Vice-President and chief talker of the gossip club.

"Boatswain's mate! wake up the sailors."







## GUY KNIGHT CALHOUN

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"Cal" "Ducky"

*"For he had a natural talent at pleasing the sex, and was never long in company with a petticoat without paying proper court to it."*

—IRVING.

Choir (2) (1).

Rather strong in the fussing line—so much so, in fact, that it once cost him fifty d's. An effervescent youth, always looking for a chance to rough-house. Between warning and taps may usually be found at the bottom or middle of a struggling heap of humanity. An ever-present menace to "King Hoggman's" peace and happiness.

☆ ☆ ☆

## ANDREW WILLIAMS CARMICHAEL

PLATTSBURGH, NEW YORK

"Andy"

*"Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labor."*—REYNOLDS.

Star (4, 3, 2). Track Team (3, 2). Class Ring Committee.  
Class Pipe Committee. Lucky Bag Committee.

A true savoir of the blonde type, with cheeks as rosy as ripe red apples. A leader in class affairs from the very start, and has done able work on every committee on which he has served. A good man to talk to on any subject, and has splendid ideas on everything. He rhinos a little, but only temporarily, and is an advocate of the reform movement in the Academy. His one social blunder consisted in forgetting to take a girl to a hop until telephoned for. One of his virtues is his willingness and ability to help another man over the rough places.

"Mr. President!"

*Andrew W. Carmichael*





## ARTHUR SCHUYLER CARPENDER

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

"Chips"

*"He is equipped in body and in mind with all good grace to grace a gentleman."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

The neatest man in the brigade. Keeps his hair always at the proper length, shaves twice a day and is eternally brushing his clothes (white service included). A Beau Brummel in dress, a Lord Chesterfield in demeanor. Save for an occasional journey to the lower regions of Carvel, where he is ever welcome, he devotes his spare moments to fussing.

"Yes, and that same moon that is shining here, shines to-night in Texas."

☆ ☆ ☆

## WORRELL REED CARTER

BATH, MAINE

"Nick"

*"Lo! he is strong."*

—BIBLE.

An athlete of great renown and an authority on hunting, fishing, baseball, football and track. Always happy, he makes those about him feel the same way—a quite delightful trait. As a child he possessed great beauty, and many of the ladies still can see it. Will surely insist on telling you a story, but just as surely misses the point.



Worrell R. Carter



## ALEXANDER MARK CHARLTON

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

"Gorilla Ben"

*"I had rather be wiser than  
I look than look wiser than I am."*

Star (4, 2).

A thoughtful man, conscientious in the performance of his duties. Generally knows what he is talking about, but has naturally a quiet disposition. Loves solitude and a good pipe above all things. Is quite a success in the fussing line. Says he would not have done himself justice at the Academy had he not been a "Star," because it's such an easy honor to achieve.

☆ ☆ ☆

## FRANCIS THORNTON CHEW

LEXINGTON, MISSOURI

"Johnny" "Fuzzy"

*"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

The humau ostrich. Makes considerable noise, but is harmless and wouldn't offend. He has never yet boned through one whole study hour and can't stay on the first grade. Is quite a shark at baseball. His fussing is of the continual rather than the continuous variety. Has held down the table with Childe Harold for years, but as yet is unregenerate. He made a cruise on the Newark and there met Stitchy.

"Well, say no more."

"Let's ketch one."

*Francis T. Chew.*





## CARL CRITTENDEN CLARK

CLARKSVILLE, TEXAS

"Granny"

*"His hair just grizzled,  
As in green old age."*

—DRYDEN.

A little, dried-up old man, with a merry twinkle in his eyes that has given him the name of "Foxy Grandpa." Wooden, but a hard worker. Kind-hearted and always ready to help a friend. He has a great influence over children, and has been one of the many who have had a hand in the successful upbringing of Jab.

"Yes, suh! that's right, suh!"

*C. C. Clark*

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOSEPH BURNSIDE CLARK

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

"Asymptote" "J. B."

*"You look wise—pray correct that error."*

—LAMB.

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look." A tall, handsome chap with bright blue eyes, an object of the admiring glances of the fair ones. Knows plenty, but hates to come down with it. Witty, but not to an extreme, jolly and companionable. He won't grease and he can't bluff—how can he succeed?





## RENSSELAER WESTON CLARK

SANDY HILL, NEW YORK

“Rance”

*“He cannot try to speak with gravity,  
But one perceives he wags an idle tongue.”*

—KNOWLES.

Here’s a blustering north wind, with a most stupendous laugh. Amid howls of anguish from his neighbors he occasionally (?) sings a few selections, evidently acquired from the Swede or some other serenading tom cat. Once a week the *Sandy Hill Gazette* comes to bring joy and gladness to his heart. Friend of the late lamented “Ping.”



## SCHAMYL COCHRAN

HOUSTON, TEXAS

“Shemmy”

*“Nature cuts queer capers with men’s phizzes at times.”*

—MATTHEWS.

Knows seamanship like a book (?). Has also been seen in the first section in mechanics, but took a terrible drop. Never fails to hand in a large pap sheet when on duty, for which reason he was at one time considered very efficient. For has he not been 8th P. O. for two years? One of the “Arthur, dear,” pair.

“Sir, what formula do you use in working this prob?”

*Schamyl Cochran*





**FRANCIS COGSWELL**  
PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

“Bones”

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

—POPE.

Although this gentleman has accomplished the feat of crawling through a napkin ring, we are fully persuaded that his heart is six sizes above normal. His generous, happy-go-lucky disposition has made him countless friends and not a single enemy. During second class year he was a buzzard, and after meals standing room in his smoking parlors, where all were welcome, was at a premium.

“Well, as I was waiting there, in front of the theatre, an empty hansom drove up, and out jumped Cogswell——.”

*Francis Cogswell*

☆ ☆ ☆

**MARSHALL COLLINS**

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

“Mike”

*“Fellows who have no tongues are often  
all eyes and ears.”*

—HALIBURTON.

A quiet, unobtrusive Kentuckian, opposed to hurry of any sort. Usually docile as a lamb, and never gets excited, but upon occasion becomes as immovable as the Sphinx. A good listener for Jack's hot air and seldom interrupts, hence the best of companions for such a gas artist. At the end of September he always returns with a goodly supply of the original leaf and a bunch of corncobs.



*Marshall Collins*



## FRANCIS JOHN COMERFORD

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Cummy"

*"He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."*

—PROVERBS.

"Cummy" comes from Boston and always carries with him the atmosphere of that great city. Stands well, but never knows why, for he busts on every exam. One of the few who do not consider themselves victims of the persecutions of a cabal. He worried Jab for three years, then had to give it up because Jab had out-grown him.

☆ ☆ ☆

## FRANKLIN PAUL CONGER

NEW YORK CITY

"Goat" "Brown"

*"O! Well done, I commend your pains."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A charming dark-complexioned youth from "up State," with a disposition as sunny as a June day. He'll tell you with a confidential air "I'm here to stay," until you almost believe it. Like many of us, appreciates prosperity but can't stand it. He is indefatigably bent to toil, but never has a margin. Has a brainstorm before and during each exam, and when all is cleared away you'll find Congo has pulled sat. He fusses to some extent and thoroughly enjoys a night out with the fellows.

*F Paul Conger*





## EDWARD HOLLIS CONNOR

CLINTON, IOWA

"Dad"

*"A merrier man,  
Within the limits of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Lucky Bag Committee.

The "old man." "Here's a good old sport who likes to mingle with the young folks." Always full of the liveliest kind of fun, and ready for a rough-house day or night. A dweller on "Hogan's Alley" youngster year. Keeps his table in an uproar, especially Saturday nights. Ever on the ragged edge, but it doesn't seem to phase him.

"Here's the way a brave man gets into his hammock."

"We had a good time in New London, didn't we, Brainy?"

☆ ☆ ☆

## DOUGLAS CAMPBELL CORDINER

LARAMIE, WYOMING

"Bill"

*"O Douglas, O Douglas!  
Tender and true!"*

—HOLLAND.

A sturdy Scotchman from the "wild and woolly," with a heart big enough for all. Walks like a rubber ball and shaves three times a day. Went to the University of Wyoming before entering the Academy, but is now only eighteen (?). Always after tips on exams. Modest and unselfish—a true friend. Used to like all the girls, but now there's "one and only one."

"Sir, I don't understand these asymptoties."

*Douglas Cordiner*







## HOWARD HALL CROSBY

SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

*"He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

He possesses a sense of humor fully as keen as that of the Englishman of our comic papers. In spite of the fact that he is apparently in a perpetual trance, 'tis rumored that his success in frenching would, if made public, astonish a number of the touge element who boast of their exploits. Rooms with Bob, and is so fond of his society that he even tries to hit the same sections.

*Howard Hall Crosby.*

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN CRAIG CUNNINGHAM

LUFKIN, TEXAS

"M'sieu"

*"Eyes with the same blue witchery as those of Psyche."*

—FROM THE ITALIAN.

An absentminded boy who hails from the Lone Star State, and who became distinguished early in his career by his novel pronunciation of French. A renowned pie-racer during plebe year, who convulsed the upper classmen by his efforts to whistle. A youngster on duty embarrassed him greatly last year by mistaking him for a plebe, thus causing a rosy mantle of schoolgirl blushes to mount to his freckled brow. Takes life easy and never grumbles.



*John Craig Cunningham*



*E. F. Cutts*

## ELWIN FISHER CUTTS

MILFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

“Cut”

*“Speech is silver, silence is gold.”*

—GERMAN PROVERB.

An unknown quantity. He is a good fellow, but evidently believes in hiding his light under a bushel. For hours he'll sit and smoke, listen to yarns and laugh, yet never say a word. Lived with “Beau” for four years and took good care of him. Savvy, but studies little. Very active in the fussing line, though all in Cutts' own quiet way.

“Copious use of crude petroleum prevents baldness.”

☆ ☆ ☆

## WILLIAM HENRY DAGUE

FOWLER, INDIANA

“Cracky”

*“The vigour from his limbs.”*

—BYRON.

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

Our perfectly good Navy end for four years, who has brought consternation into the hearts of our friendly rivals, time after time, on Franklin Field. Made all the football experts sit up and take notice in picking all-American teams, and is just as good on the diamond as he is on the gridiron. With it all, he's the nicest kind of a gentleman and a loyal friend.

“By cracky, Mr. Umpire, I didn't trip him, honestly!”





## CHARLES HENRY DAVIS, JR.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Admiral"

*"I never was on the dull, lame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more."*

—PROCTOR.

A noble follower in the footsteps of his fathers. The only real sea dog of the class. Unalterable, unmoved, he treads his even path; terrible in his dignity, laughable in his wrath. His character is well shown by the poet who sang :

"None ever was a worthier pal  
Than blushing Admiral Henry Sal."

Became famous plebe year for being one of the President's aids at Inauguration.

"Thank Heaven to-night."

☆ ☆ ☆

## HENRY FREDERICK DILMAN DAVIS

ELKO, NEVADA

"Dave"

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

—SHAKESPEARE.

Star (4.) Manager Track and Fencing Teams.

A true Westerner, and a man who always does the right thing at the right time. Savvy to the nth power and utilizes the surplus for the benefit of his less fortunate classmates. When engaged in an argument, begins, continues and ends with "Oh, no! you're wrong." When he desires solitude brings forth a mandolin. With Skim made a record as caterer on the Olympia.





*Leslie C. Davis*

## LESLIE CHARLES DAVIS

GRANGEVILLE, IDAHO

“Louie Carret”

*“For most men will back their own opinions  
by a wager.”*

—BYRON.

A ferocious monster from the wild, with a beard that grows while he sleeps. An ordnance sketch artist who distinguishes himself by the fact that although his sketches are beautifully drawn they never work. “Spels meny wurd” in a manner that would make Webster shudder, and once plebe year, to the horror of one of the “Hahvahd” chaps, wrote a hair-raising episode about “Red Eye Ike, who lay dying in a pool of his own blood, just as the glorious western sun was sinking over the mountain tops” (Gadzooks!). A man who sticks to what he thinks, and good-natured as man ever was.

☆ ☆ ☆

## ANDREW DANIEL DENNEY

MOUNTAIN GROVE, MISSOURI

“Dan”

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

—MOLIÈRE.

Rifle Team (2, 1).

He's from Missouri—that settles it. Just another word in his behalf: he has a quiet, winning manner, and has, through this, become the hardest kind of a fusser. Lives with Harmless Hughie, who somehow tolerates his awful joking. Took the management of the U. S. N. A. newspaper and periodical department, and has made a good thing of it. Time changeth our good friend not. Mountain Grove holds him in high esteem, as do we all.

“Well, damn you——!”





*Aquilla Gibbs Dibrell*

## AQUILLA GIBBS DIBRELL

SPARTA, TENNESSEE

"Dib"

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free."*

—OPERA OF LA BAYADERE.

A good-hearted sort of a young man, who has listened patiently to "Captain" Jordan's ravings for two years and is still alive to tell the tale. A "regular" in the fussing game, and makes a hit with his happy smile. Seems to enjoy life in every way—so much so that the sight of his optimism always cheers the rest of us.

"Well, sir, it's this way."

☆ ☆ ☆

## CARLETON MATTHEWS DOLAN

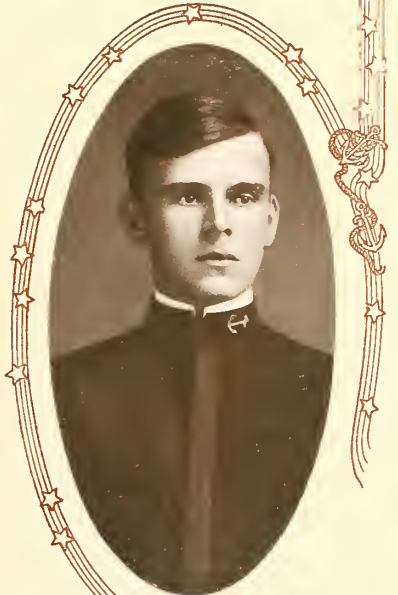
HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

"Cap"

*"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought."*

—SMITH.

The Cap is tall and slim and quiet, but when it comes to a piuch he's always there. Has taken care of Beau Emmerson at numerous feasts, but has come out unscathed. Cap never did much in studies, but he certainly upheld the honor of the Navy when he visited the French flagship. Delights in fussing, but has met with such hard luck that he now admits he well deserves the title of "Hod Carrier."





## HARRY GORDON DONALD

MOBILE, ALABAMA

"Gorgon"

"I've lived and loved."  
—COLERIDGE.

"Go 'way from hyeah, now, Davis; Ah've got to bone."

Started life in the Navy as a star at Buck's, where he showed up all the teachers in everything, his quick and willing answers being the talk of the school. Since entering the Service he has been bothered by Louie to a greater or less extent, but loves to argue with him on any fool subject. One of the old standbys in the seventh, who has been in all the rough-houses that company has ever had, and all with a fine disregard of consequences.

"Foh-leben-fohty-foh."

*Gordon Donald*

## KIRKWOOD HARRY DONAVIN

COLUMBUS, OHIO

"Patsy"

"O you much partial gods!  
Why gave ye men affections, and not force,  
To govern them?"—LUDOVIC BARRY.

Star (4). Chairman Farewell Ball Committee. Class German Committee. Hop Committee. Cheer Leader. Lucky Bag Committee. Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).

When Patsy tires of Navy life, there is a high position awaiting him in the ranks of Tammany Hall or the Republican machine. A politician of the shrewdest order, for a time he impressed all with the utter disinterestedness of his motives. First class cruise some of us began to "get wise," and finally made him confess that there are times when he works for Donavin as well as for the public good. In spite of this propensity for graft he is very popular with his classmates, and is in demand at all hours of the day and night to start a jubilation. Though voted a "social success" by the fair ones, he is a firm believer in the maxim that "variety is the spice of life," and is never devoted to the same girl for more than two weeks. A talented musician, he is not partial to classical music, but makes a howling success as an end man.

"Neo, I don't want to be a figure-head."





## ARCHIBALD HUGH DOUGLAS

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Doug"

*"Unbounded courage and compassion joined,  
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,  
Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
And make the hero and the man complete."*

—ADDISON.

CLASS PRESIDENT. Football (4, 3, 2, 1), Captain (1).  
Lucky Bag Committee. Choir (2, 1). Farewell Ball Com-  
mittee. Leader Class German.

A jolly good fellow and a man in every sense of the word. Good-natured, and will go to great lengths for his numberless friends. As much at home presiding at a class meeting, filling a toastmaster's chair, or leading a german as he is on the gridiron. Has a big grease with everyone and knows how to use it. Realizes that when he goes to a hop there is a special attraction for the ladies. Ask him to show his scrap book with forty-nine different pictures of himself. A man of good judgment and great nerve, and one who does well whatever he attempts.

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN LOCKHART DOXEY

BERRYVILLE, ARKANSAS

"Jean"

*"For thy sake, tobacco, I  
Would do anything but die."*

—LAMB.

Old Red Ink John, the bookworm, who sleeps during the day and sits up until reveille every night, boning, boning for that will-o'-the-wisp, 2.5. His constant companion during these nightly sessions is—a cigarette. Doesn't seem to mind "ickey, sir's" prattle a bit, although nearby neighbors have been driven to drink by it. Never bluffs in a section room, but has that never-say-die spirit that wins. Good-natured and quiet, he moves right along, and finally surmounts all the difficulties in his path.



## JOHN WESLEY DUBOSE

GADSDEN, ALABAMA

"Dubs"

*"Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,  
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born."*

—DANIEL.

A sunny-headed, sunny-hearted Southerner. Can sleep twelve hours a day and still feel tired. Was the man whose "counters" got ragged in that "21" game last summer. Great soloist—"Come on! let's have a jubilation." Has a brace that Sandow himself envies, and a swagger that always charms the ladies.

"Well, oh, to-day I make a de great shleep."

☆ ☆ ☆

## DAVID FRANCIS DUCEY

FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

"Duce"

*"No, sir, the Irish are a fine people."*

—BOSWELL.

A favored son of Massachusetts, a native of Boston; and, like Ichabod Crane, with his words intoned in his nose. Has had many troubles, never coming out on an exam with what he deserved, but always pulls through with a margin. With his peculiar type of beauty it is possible for him to make a hit—only on the baseball field. Very good-hearted, his chief recreation has been to care for Jab, a thing he has done well.

*David F. Ducey*

*"Duce"*





## GREER ASSHETON DUNCAN

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA

"Dunk"

*"One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Though the causes for his self-esteem may not be apparent to the casual observer, Dunk can't see why not. He is little and handsome, and a slight allusion to his charming blue eyes will call into play a coquettish diffidence. In his quiet way he has made many friends. His great mastery (?) of the English language is well shown in the "execution" of many of the leading articles in the "Arkansas Traveller," of whose editorial staff he was a prominent member.

*Greer Duncan*

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN HORATIO EARLE

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

*"And you must know him, ever to you he will  
seem worthy of your love."*

—WORDSWORTH.

Rifle Team (2, 1).

A generous philanthropist who has, for the last three years, lavishly dispensed his multitudinous charities. He has greatly increased the capital of the Annapolis Telephone Company; he has gallantly rescued Chaney from threatened insolvency; he has spent enormous sums at the local florists; and last, but not least, he has bountifully tipped the faithful "boy" to carry frequent mysterious (?) notes—whither, no one knows. A poor mixer, to the few who truly know him he is the best of good fellows.



## GEORGE HARRIS EMMERSON

LINCOLN, ILLINOIS

"Beau"

*"The man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."*

—RICH.

Treasurer Midshipmen's Athletic Association (2), President (1).

A jolly man with common sense, never satisfied unless those about him are happy. Beau thinks the Navy no place for him, and soon hopes to be back in the brightest spot on earth, the Commonwealth. His fondest dream is to be a country newspaper editor and enjoy the reveries of a bachelor. But whatever he does, he has the qualities that make for success.

"Yes, Mike, Louisiana is all right, but you have never been to the Commonwealth, you know."

☆ ☆ ☆

*Geo. H. Emerson*

## ROBERT RUTHERFORD MORRIS EMMET

NEW YORK CITY

*"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Track (3, 2).

His manly form has caused, among the more prominent New York artists, a great demand for his services as a model. A reproduction of a full-length portrait (scale, one inch equals one foot) once covered one entire section of the bulletin board and was, for a time, an object for the praise of admiring throngs. Bob's voice is improving, but we fear that his build will ever suggest the awkward age.





## EDDIE JAMES ESTESS

COLUMBIA, LOUISIANA

"Moke"

*"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray  
Can make to-morrow as cheerful as to-day."*

—POPE.

Round as a butter-ball, he rolls about serene and happy, with a smile that is a winner. Often seen at the hops midst be vies of the fair, and never appears more at ease. Has lived with Red for four years, but hasn't tamed him yet. He has a keen nose for eats, and is sure to be on hand when there's anything doing in that line. A good friend who never kicks at anything, and his good nature is always on top.

"Aw, go on now, fellah!"

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN HORACE EVERSON

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

"Jack"

*"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."*

—DRYDEN.

Class Supper Committee. Farewell Ball Committee. Class German Committee.

Hail fellow, well met, the pride of the brigade. Greasing is away out of his line. A smoker for sure, and cannot be called a total abstainer. As Joe's manager has had little time left, but he more than triumphed over the Math Department youngster year. A shark at Francais: even taught that Harvard wonder, Thatcher.

"Oh! Navy life is not so bad."

"Jack's no cinch, but every inch a sailor."

*John H. Everson*





## HARRY HILDEBRANDT FORGUS

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

“Hank”

*“The glass of fashion and the mould of form.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

*“He hath eaten me out of house and home.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Tall and graceful, with curly locks and pleasing ways. One of the few who practise as well as preach. He invariably makes a great hit with the ladies but seldom with an instructor. Has been a prospector for 2.5 and has struck it many times. Enjoys the good things of life, and if especially pleased will emit strange harmonies (?) in soft, dulcet tones. Cares not for the morrow, but reasons that the cares of the morrow must care for themselves.

☆ ☆ ☆

## EDWARD JAMES FOY

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

“Nellie”

*“E'en to the dulllest peasant standing by,  
Who fastened still on him a wondering eye,  
He seemed the master spirit of the land.”*

—BAILLIE.

Choir (1). President Masqueraders.

After leading, for over two years, a quiet and retired life, he awoke one morning to find himself famous as the chosen commander of the Provisional Battalion. He showed himself to be worthy of the honor, for it was largely due to his efforts that we made a good showing at Jamestown. First class cruise he was high in favor of the “powers that be,” and ever used his influence for the common good. He was also a great favorite with the foreign officers in Hampton Roads, and was a howling success at the famous “tea” aboard the “Kleber.”

“Now, I say, people, how is it t' give the four striper a silence?”



*E. J. Foy*

## LOREN WALDEN GREENO

MILFORD, OHIO

"Mose"

*"There's no art  
To show the mind's construction in the face."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

His face brings thoughts of pawnshops, but Mose is not the Hebrew that he looks. He is good-natured and kind-hearted, with a continual smile on his rosy face. In early life showed a liking for the sea—left a boat unfinished to join the Navy. Now he has lost his love for ships, and wants to be a cit again. Second class year he fell from grace, but first class cruise he climbed back by means of cross sections and photographs. Started to revise seamanship by using stout spiral springs on anchors, but it didn't go with the department.

"Dree guesses—vot am I?"

*Loren W. Greeno.* ☆ ☆ ☆

## STUART OSMOND GREIG

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Moll"

*"It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of  
many simples, extracted from many objects, and  
indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels,  
in which my often rumination wraps me in a  
most humorous sadness."* —SHAKESPEARE.

We got to know Moll during second class year when he was always "among those present" at Bones's informal receptions, and he never failed to delight the assembled company by his pithy and well-timed remarks on the topics of the day. We all have our little idiosyncrasies, and Moll's pet hobby lies in writing his resignation every Saturday night and then, after several sleepless hours, turning out before reveille Sunday morning to recover the precious document from the requisition box. He is of a modest and retiring disposition and in a good humor all the time, even when indulging in withering sarcasm with regard to the comforts of Academy life.





W. F. Gresham

## WILLIAM FULLER GRESHAM

JONESBORO, TENNESSEE

"Pop"

*"Doubt thou the stars are fire!  
Doubt that the sun doth move!  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Pop won't look at a girl up here, but remains steadfast in his devotion to the one he left "in sunny Tennessee." As good a man and as true a friend as one can wish to meet. First class cruise achieved great distinction as a wit, no doubt on account of his loquacity. Tried to "bring down" the sun, with the index arm of his sextant fast, by moving the reading glass. Is getting rather sporty in his old age. Helped make some punch on the cruise, and would have had it all ready if he'd only had a "stick" to stir it.

"For goodness' sake, Pop, keep quiet!"

☆ ☆ ☆

## EDWIN GUTHRIE

HARRISON, NEBRASKA

"Gutt"

*"Here is our good Edwin, whose genius is such,  
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much."*

—GOLDSMITH.

Came from Nebraska and has never fully gotten over it. A Western wild man who terrorized the plebes, then escaped his rightful punishment. King of many cruise "Acy-Ducey" clubs. Shaved his head when seasick on the way to Funchal, and had to taboo fussing for a few months. Loves to start a story of "what Ducey and I did to Boston" but outraged public opinion never allows him to finish.



Edwin Guthrie



## CHARLES ARNO HARRIS

GRAFTON, NORTH DAKOTA

"Seig" "Charlie"

*"As mad as a March hare."*

—SHELTON.

Football Squad (2).

Looks as tame as a lamb, but when aroused, actually startles himself. Dislikes fussing, and leaves when the subject is discussed. Dotes on rough-house and is always on hand when one is in progress. Plays tricks on everyone, even his better half, Dutch. Loves to relate his skating and skeeing trips in the "Arctic regions." Has an incredible amount of nerve, and second class year did very good work on the team until injuries forced him to give up football.

☆ ☆ ☆

## WALTER LE ROY HEIBERG

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN

"Walt"

*"This is the thing that I was born to do."*

—SAMUEL DANIEL.

Rifle Team (4, 3, 2, 1).

A handsome ladies' man who holds Annapolis beneath his ability. Receives express packages by the carload, and every noon a sweetly scented letter awaits his return. One of the fallen angels. Whenever the Chink and this famous shot appeared upon the Jamestown War Path, the shooting gallery fakirs howled for quarter.

"All right, Tubby; go ahead."

*Walter L. Heiberg.*





## VICTOR DANIEL HERBSTER

IRWIN, PENNSYLVANIA

“Spigetti”

*“And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Small of stature, but obstinate in mind and strong in body. When he commands, he speaks in a tone that is truly Napoleonic. Has spent much time in compiling a refutation of the writings and theories of Darwin. In fact, his learned arguments on any given subject stamp him as a true savoir. But his greatest intellectual feat of all lay in pulling Rufus through second class year.



## KENNETH HERON

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

“Ken”

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

—BURNS.

Manager of Crew (2).

When you see that merry twinkle light up his gray eye, be on your guard, for his next remark will bring a laugh at someone’s expense, and you may be the victim. Light-hearted, joyous and care-free, he can, in five minutes’ conversation, dispel the gloomiest of moods and put to rout those little blue devils which, at times, prey upon our customary good nature. Need we add that his genial companionship is always sought after?

“Well, I’ll tell you——”

“Excuse me for pointing.”







## BERNARD FRANCIS HICKEY

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

“Hick”

*“The talkative listen to no one, for they are ever speaking.  
And the first evil that attends those who know not  
to be silent is that they hear nothing.”*

—PLUTARCH.

He has roomed with Jean so long that the latter seldom speaks, often forgetting (?) even to answer questions in section room. You really should hear him tell of the baseball games he has won on the cruise, and why he has been kept off the Varsity team. But for all that he's a consistent worker, and a better-natured man never lived, even if he does talk your head off. He's so long-winded that he once went into the room of a friend who had frenched, and talked to the dummy till it turned over and told him to pipe down.

“What's your name?” “'ickey, sir!”

☆ ☆ ☆

## WILL WHINERY HICKS

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

“Ed Pinaud” “Eeks”

*“Charity suffereth long—and so does the man who tries  
to live on it.”*

—HUBBARD.

Here is a young man with methods all his own. Can tell you more ways to get ashore than any other man in the class—outside of Patsy and Chips. Always spends his leave in Crabtown. Answered sick call every day second class year, but never hit the list. Is always hungry and is continually greasing up the plebes for bids to dinner. One of the best-natured men you ever saw, and though he stands a lot of running he seldom gets rhino. On the cruise, helped to fix Pop Gresham's reputation for continuous talking. His approaching baldness seems to worry him as much as his inability to work a substantial grease.





## KINCHEN LEONARD HILL

DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

*"A creature of most perfect and divine temper; one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met without emulation of precedence."*

—BEN JONSON.

A sunny lad from the sunny South, with ways that are more than alluring. Game from start to finish and believes a big wager the best argument. N. P. S. finds him a jolly fellow. Kept "Trem" as long as the authorities would stand for it. He blossomed out as a fusser during second class year and is all the candy with the fair sex.

"Of cose ef yo' want to—but I don't see de use in dat."

*K. Leonard Hill* ☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN COLUMBUS HILLIARD

LANCASTER, SOUTH CAROLINA

"John Columbus"

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

—BYRON.

He speaks with a slow, monotonous drawl and looks as innocent as a lamb, yet his experiences have been varied and checkered. Plebe summer he had three stripes and stood well the following year, but we regret to state that his subsequent career has been a horrible example of anti-climax. He has decided views and opinions on every subject under the sun and is ever ready to start an argument. Moreover, he will, with true sporting spirit, stand by his opinions with a bet, and has never been known to back down.





## HARRY BOOTH HIRD

STURGIS, SOUTH DAKOTA

"Harry"

*"How many fine people there are in this world if  
you only scratch 'em deep enough."*

—GEORGE ADE.

A quiet and industrious youth of few words. Has radiant blonde hair that is the envy of the cherub painter's model. So neat that a fly will slip off his mirror. During the first three years he was hardly known outside of his company, but he was making a record for himself, and when first class year rolled around he drew the prize—five stripes. It surprised everybody, including himself, but there was a reason for the choice. Very unassuming, but a man in whom to put your trust.

"Oh, say!" "Gee whiz!"

☆ ☆ ☆

## HARRY MERRILL HITCHCOCK

PITTSFORD, VERMONT

"Harry"

*"Nature hath formed strange fellows  
in her time."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Harry is a perfect lady, whose greatest disappointment in life is the existing state of morals in the Navy. Though he's tried hard to reform us all, we really don't hold it against him—much. His melodious, flute-like tones possess great charms—for a deaf man. Tries to be savvy, and, in fact, succeeds fairly well. Still shows his home training to a remarkable extent, and is very conscientious in all he does.



*Harry Merrill Hitchcock*

## WILLIAM ADAMS HODGMAN

SARATOGA, NEW YORK

“King” “Froglegs”

*“For ‘Is’ and ‘Is not,’ though with Rule and Line  
And ‘Up and Down’ by Logic I define,  
Of all that one should care to fathom, I  
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.”*

—OMAR.

Look at his picture! Who would have thought they took him for a farmer in New York first class leave—especially after he had led that select german at the fair in Jamestown? Bill will never forget a certain walk he took through snowy Maryland Avenue at 5 G. M. one Sunday morning. It's plain to be seen that “Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.” His one ambition is to sit on a wide piazza with a big fat cigar and a stein, and boss around the man cutting the front lawn.

“Why do they call me a baby-lamb?”

☆ ☆ ☆

## PAUL LEACH HOLLAND

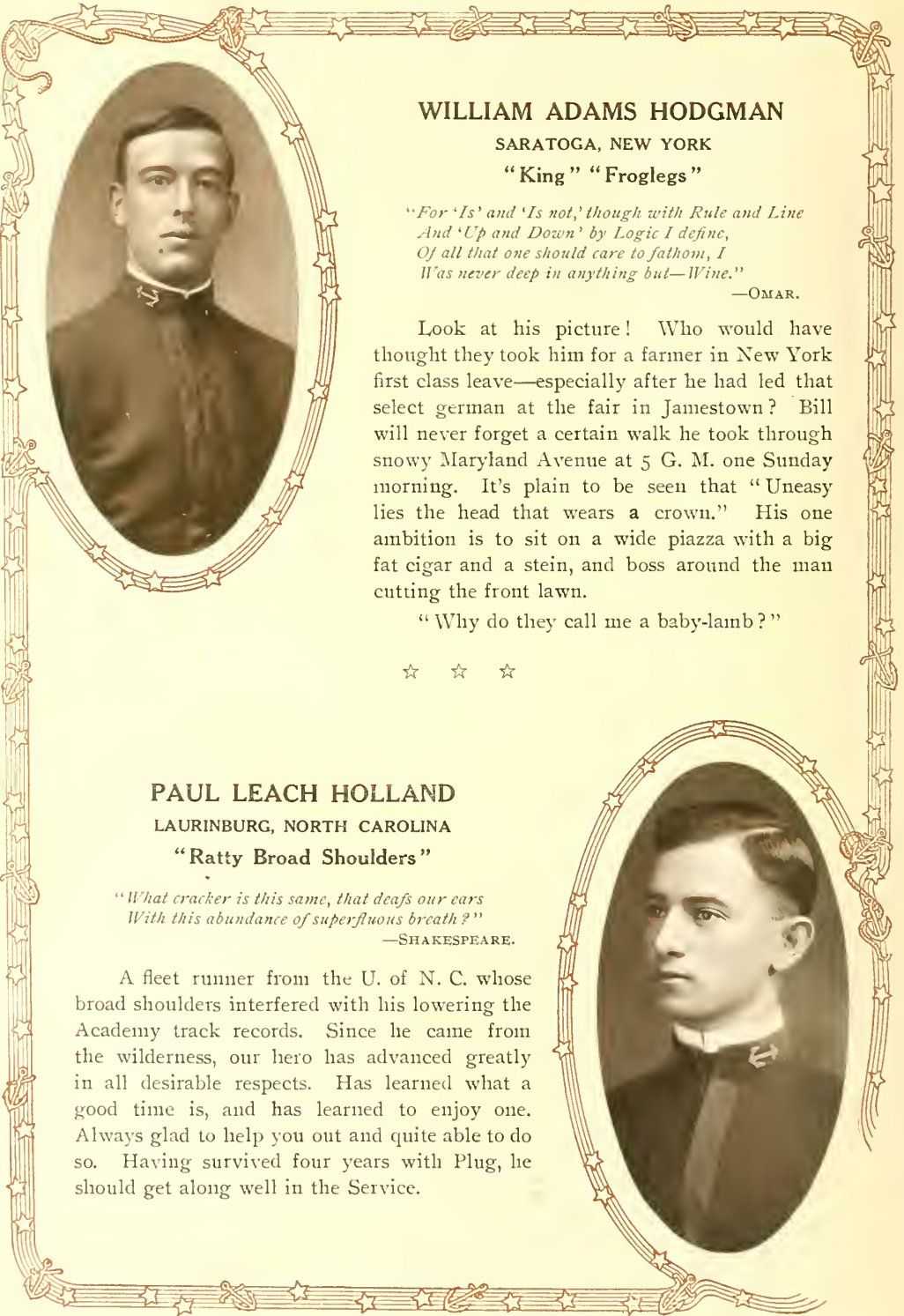
LAURINBURG, NORTH CAROLINA

“Ratty Broad Shoulders”

*“What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A fleet runner from the U. of N. C. whose broad shoulders interfered with his lowering the Academy track records. Since he came from the wilderness, our hero has advanced greatly in all desirable respects. Has learned what a good time is, and has learned to enjoy one. Always glad to help you out and quite able to do so. Having survived four years with Plug, he should get along well in the Service.



A black and white portrait of a young man with dark hair, wearing a dark, high-collared jacket. The portrait is set within an oval frame decorated with a border of small stars and decorative flourishes.

## JOSEPH SIMPSON HULINGS

OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

“Joe”

*“Men are but children of a larger growth.”*

—DRYDEN.

Our boy Joe. Undoubtedly enjoys all the good things in life, but finds regulations unbearable. He seems inclined to be touge, but it's only a way they have in Pennsylvania. Always good-natured and ready for a rough-house. His midnight prowling once brought him to grief. Finds Jack an admirable companion. Makes all instructors believe he could write a book on their subject. A woman hater, yet graces every hop with his presence.

“Beg pardon : got the makes?”

☆ ☆ ☆

## JEROME CLARK HUNSAKER

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

“Honey”

*“We do not commonly find men of superior sense among those of higher fortune.”*

—JUVENAL.

Farewell Ball Committee. Track (4, 3). Star (4, 3, 2).

A fallen angel. Non-reg joke editor of the Academy Bulletin. Will give you the straight dope on any subject. Loves an argument, and generally proves he is right. Knows more than the book, and is always glad to help a wooden classmate. That rarity, a savoir with a good share of common sense.





**DONALD TAYLOR HUNTER**

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

**'Dolly'**

*My little Dolly is the one who has my heart  
—SHARPLESS*

*My little Dolly is the one who has my heart  
and who is my life  
—DOLLY*

My little

From pink-cheeked Dolly—she came to  
us a more great joy—how see what she is! A  
light in the heart and would be elsewhere but  
not where she is!—a heavy dresser and always  
smiles on the face set for Dolly's the flower of  
our angels—and where can we find a lovelier  
thing?—A good-natured little miss with a dozen  
new "plans" in her

A good old dolly and a songster too  
There's nothing in that this dolly can't do

*Donald Hunter*

**JAMES McCREDE IRISH**

UTICA, NEW YORK

**'Jimmie'**

*My little Jimmie is the one who has my heart  
and who is my life  
—DOLLY*

My little Jimmie is the one who has my heart  
and who is my life  
—DOLLY

My little

A good old dolly and a songster too  
There's nothing in that this dolly can't do





## JOHN EDWARD ISEMAN, JR.

MIDDLETOWN, NEW YORK

"Johnny"

*"I am among the wisest of a most fearful thing  
—Bacon's*

Gen. 2: 1, 2.

The poets have said us a plague to be not handsome but Johnny does not believe the old adage. He spends hours on his complexion to make a bigger hit with the ladies. Always a heavy dresser and especially in the swim at New London. His grace and gait are really captivating. Flirts with one of those immortal ones and has a ready laugh when the instructor makes a joke.

+ + +

## RALPH MATTSOJ JAEGER

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

"Dutch" "Matt"

*"I am in error in saying  
But as you know me all a pity, Matt Matt."*

—Bacon's

Lost his good nature once while arguing with his newly discovered specimen of 'Cheesum Lumberjens.' His assumption for the moon nearly hidged him younger year. Looks most intelligent when he knows least about the subject. A great believer in him restore.

"St. Matt Jaeger has raised his man's pennant in the brickyard." See signal book. Hog Code N. P. S.





## CHARLES MILFORD JAMES

GRINNELL, IOWA

"Jimmy"

*"One of the sayings of Diogenes was that most men were within a finger's breadth of being mad."*

—DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

A howling success as a rip-roaring, buck-snorting bad man. Started off with Jimmy McCool and still going. A terror to every plebe who may cross his trail, and never hesitates to do anything that enters his head. But he's a jolly, good-natured fellow and game to the end. If there is any devilment going on, be assured Jimmy's there. Turned pirate first class cruise; and his exploits at Orient Point filled the natives with fear and trembling.

☆ ☆ ☆

## JULES JAMES

DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

"Jules"

*"The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance."*

—WHITTIER.

Hop Committee (2, 1), Chairman (1). Captain Rifle Team (1). Class Ring Committee. Farewell Ball Committee. Class German Committee.

The only man in the class with a pull on the ammunition wagon. Exceedingly practical, he never wastes time in affairs of small moment. Tells a story with as much attention to detail as Beany in a steam recitation. Fond of a rough-house and rather clever with his mits. On liberty he takes the limit and then some, at the hops he is just too cute, on the rifle range he is boss, but in his private life he is Lord High Keeper of the great Jabez.







**JOHN CALVIN JENNINGS**

**CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA**

**"Hickory" "Skee John"**

*"When all candles be out, all cats be gray."*

—HEYWOOD.

A quiet, unassuming son of the West, who has found Academy life a long, weary time. In order to succeed finds he must burn at least three candles a night at the shrine of knowledge. A celebrated basketball player at high school, and will tell you of his many victories. Could never learn to throw a bluff and does not bother much with the ladies.

"Now, fellers, watch out!"

*J. Calvin Jennings*

☆ ☆ ☆

**LELAND JORDAN, JR.**

**MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE**

**"Dago"**

*"Love is to the heart what summer is to the year—  
it brings to maturity its choicest fruits."*

—BAILEY.

His quick, excitable disposition has often afforded his classmates great amusement. Unfortunately, some of them are at times inclined to laugh at instead of with him. He is an expert in playing the "war game," and, once, posing on a "ditty-box" on the quarter deck of the Arkansas won universal admiration by his realistic representation of a lighthouse. An athlete of note, he distinguished himself second class year by winning the tennis championship in *singles*; in spite of this feat, 'tis whispered (?) that in some other games he prefers a partner.

"Clang! Clang!"



*Leland Jordan, Jr.*



## EARLE WINFIEL JUKES

BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS

"Flukes"

*"Verily, 'tis the spirit of Ariel in the hulk of Caliban."*

—CARLYLE.

A savvy man with a wooden expression, Jukes sails close on dailies and bats exams. He should never have entered the Navy; an aptitude as an artist's model would assure him abundant success in private life. Fussed once on September leave, but a narrow escape from matrimony caused him to swear off. With great solemnity he reels off the best of sarcasm, and looks compassionate when stinging with a practical joke.

"Just what I have on the board, sir; that's all."

"Oh, Skip! help me out of this pen."

☆ ☆ ☆

## JAMES LAWRENCE KAUFFMAN

MIAMISBURG, OHIO

"Reggie"

*"A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Ever free from care and ready for a good time, he shows his appreciation by a smile that gradually spreads over his entire countenance. He is an accomplished linguist, speaking seven Teutonic languages—all at the same time. Some day he hopes to master even the English tongue.





**TIMOTHY JEROME KELEHER**

**JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY**

**"Tim"**

*"I'm proud of all the Irish blood that's in me.  
Divil a man can say a word agin me."*

—ROBERT BROWNING (?).

A hard-working, conscientious little Irishman, who has won the deep respect and admiration of his classmates. As the years rolled by, his efforts proved to be unappreciated by the "powers that be," for his ability went unrewarded. A thoroughly good fellow, he enjoys a quiet little time on state occasions.

"Please pass me a stizzled egg."

✧ ✧ ✧

**ARTHUR SYLVANUS KEMMAN**

**NEW HAMPTON, IOWA**

**"Dutch" "August"**

*"He is well paid that is well satisfied."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A good-natured Dutchman with a smile that's all his own. Found a happy home in Camden youngster cruise. Takes life easy—an unbeliever in the strenuous. Contrives to beat the Medical Board annually by boning the eye charts. A fencer of noteworthy ability. Fell overboard from the Hartford, but "he was too wooden for to sink," and when picked up received a little "consolation" for his mishap.





## DENNIS EDWIN KEMP

WALNUT SPRINGS, TEXAS

"Dinnis"

*"He was the mildest-mannered man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."*

—BYRON.

A stont, wild and boisterous Texan with red hair and a sparrow's-egg complexion. Almost equals "the old man" as a general rough-house. One of the old guard of the "section du bois." When reciting wears a Mellin's-Food-Baby expression, and has such a winning lisp that they can't help giving him a 2.5. A jovial member of "Harrigan's Alley" first class leave, who always did his best to make the evenings pass pleasantly.

☆ ☆ ☆

## WALTER KENNETH KILPATRICK

NEW YORK CITY

"Killy"

*"No man can be wise on an empty stomach."*

—LAFONTAINE.

Killy's service is marked by three distinctions: his former partnership with Lyford Lang, his extensive acquaintanceship around New London, and his unbounded stomach capacity. Has a good head for math, but you would never think so by looking at it. Fond of his reflected image—would appear well in cap and bells. Has a wondrous smile, yet by some strange paradox has described himself—"I'm not much."

*Walter K. Kilpatrick*





**RUFUS KING**  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN  
"Rufus"

*"Behold a child by Nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."*  
—POPE.

Early in his career Rufus mastered six or seven modern languages so as to give benighted foreigners the benefit of his erudite and perpetual conversation. He takes great delight in demonstrating beyond the shadow of a doubt the superiority of the human lingual instrument over the mechanical talking machine; for against the phonograph he will train the batteries of his eloquence and, in ten minutes' time, reduce that ingenious invention to querulous, spasmodic sputterings and finally sullen silence. In addition to his overmastering desire to make talk, he possesses a mania for toys, and his locker overflows with rattles, Teddy bears, woolly dogs and other useless claptrap. He is, however, good-natured and generous, and with all his faults we love him—*still*.

☆ ☆ ☆

**THOMAS CASSIN KINKAID**  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Kink"

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

Hop Committee. Class German Committee. Farewell Ball Committee. Class Supper Committee.

A black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, noisy Irishman who loves a rough-house and the training table grub. A fusser of the deepest dye, and no festive occasion is complete without his handsome face and figure. Has a fetching smile that covers his entire countenance. Occasionally(?) falls violently in love, at which times he alternates between the heights of pure happiness and the depths of dark despair. However, he has a corking good disposition, and is in every way a man of the first order.

*Thomas C. Kinkaid*





## HARRISON EDWARD KNAUSS

EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

"Soaked Agin"

*"For next, a truth which can't admit  
Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,  
To being happy here below,  
Is to believe that we are so!"*

—CHURCHILL.

In spite of the fact that he hails from the gloomy, smoky region of the Pennsylvania coal fields, he is the most cheerful of optimists. He excites the admiration and envy of his classmates by his ability to look ever on the brighter side. Even when most sorely tried, he has never been heard to complain, and believes that he gets the best of every deal. In short, his sunny disposition ought to be prized and emulated by others, and when he reads these few kind words, let us trust he will not exclaim, "Knaussed again."

☆ ☆ ☆

## HUGH JOHNSTON KNERR

ATCHISON, KANSAS

*"I am no courtier, no fawning dog of state."*

—SEWELL.

Rifle Team (2, 1).

A pleasant rhino, forever exercising his inventive genius at devising some new and unorthodox bit of craziness. His excellent work with the rifle has helped us win many a hard match. He believes that, next to shooting, the best recreations for a Navy man are tennis and sailing. An expert in bracing plebes, he has apparently forgotten what a rep he had for being ratey. He still is rather quick-tempered, and often fails to see a joke when it's on him. Has a good deal of savvy that keeps him in a secure position with neither greasing nor boning. Declines to waste his time on Annapolis society.

"'Tis, too! Kansas is the best State in the Union."

*H. J. Knerr*





## SIDNEY MOSES KRAUS

PERU, INDIANA

"Mose"

*"The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there."*

—POPE.

Silent, mysterious Mose; the source of all rumors is his joint, where Skip Walling's nefarious gang often assembles in midnight conclave. His pet practice is to emulate the toughness of his lanky chief. Possesses more useless information than any other in the class, wasting countless hours in gleaning from the bulletin boards dry statistics, which he afterwards evolves to his bewildered classmates.

*Sydney M. Kraus.*

☆ ☆ ☆

## HERBERT BISMARCK LABHARDT

HIGHLAND, ILLINOIS

"Reinhardt" "Dutch"

*"A young man ought to be modest."*

—PLAUTUS.

Short, fat and foreign—not long since to this country come. Every prof has underestimated his knowledge. Dutch a feeling has for Annapolis, and its natives for. "It's over the wall and out in town, and from all we hear it's his thirst to drown." Wine, women and song: Dutch, at that! Nuf sed. Was one of the lucky few who happened to be ahead when the "21" game was pinched on the Olympia.

That walk: "I would'nt change it an' if they'd bilge me."





## SELAH MONTROSE LA BOUNTY

FAIRHAVEN, MICHIGAN

"Sam" "Monty"

*"Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading."*

—FLETCHER.

Demerits for the course, oo. Math fiend, but no shark; a practical man; an inveterate smoker; very short, fat, chubby, quiet, tidy, methodical and what not? Hughie's incessant playmate. Got the smoking privilege second class year and deserted Maud. Fusses to some extent, but whom, none can tell. For an all-around model midshipman, talk to him—he knows, he knows.

☆ ☆ ☆

## DALLAS CHARLES LAIZURE

FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

"Lazy"

*"For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A breezy Western youth with a hearty laugh for everybody. One of the few who seldom kick at Academy life. Very proper in his speech and never gives an outright opinion, apparently following the advice of Lowell:

"A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,  
If he *must hev* beliefs not to b'lieve 'em too hard."

A good chap to go ashore with if you are looking for a nice, quiet time.





## HOWARD MELVIN LAMMERS

HERON LAKE, MINNESOTA

"Howard"

*"Thou sayest an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way."*

—HOLMES.

Possessor of a pleasing address and a winning smile, he is quite successful in the fussing line. His conscientious obedience to the regulations won him a buzzard in February of second class year. Disdaining the delays of the tailor shop, he stayed up all night to sew the bird on the sleeve of his dress jacket, in order to be ready for the next hop. His scrupulous neatness is his predominant characteristic, and many a Saturday afternoon the O. C. has taken visitors into his rooms to find even the lockers neatly stowed, much to the admiration of the "distinguished personages," who little knew that they were inspecting the rooms of a "Model Midshipman."

*Howard M. Lammers*

## JOHN CAMPBELL LATHAM

HERNANDO, MISSISSIPPI

"Jawn"

*"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

When he does open his mouth, he speaks with a mellifluous Southern drawl which the ladies think very fascinating. So unassuming that he puts one in mind of the gentleman in literature who scarcely dared "assert the nose upon his face his own." Stands well and has a spotless conduct record, although he once was almost late at supper formation because someone held him for a few seconds after the bugle had sounded.

"Now, Jawn——."





## MICHAEL ARTHUR LEAHY

MARSHFIELD, WISCONSIN

"Handsome Dan"

*"Nature was here so lavish of her store  
That she bestow'd until she had no more."*

—POPR.

As you can see from the photo, Dan is not exactly "handsome," but his strong profile, his urbane and polished conversation, and, above all, his paramount gracefulness have earned for him the reputation of a "social success." All in all, it is no wonder that a hop without his presence is a hollow failure. For some unknown reason he objects to one of his nicknames; in fact, he once threatened to fight the next man who made use of the epithet. Unfortunately, the next to hail him as "Jocko" happened to be a man about four times his size—and all bets were off.

☆ ☆ ☆

## HENRY BLOW LeBOURGEOIS

AMA, LOUISIANA

"Boughie"

*"Ful wel he sange the service devine."*

—CHAUCER.

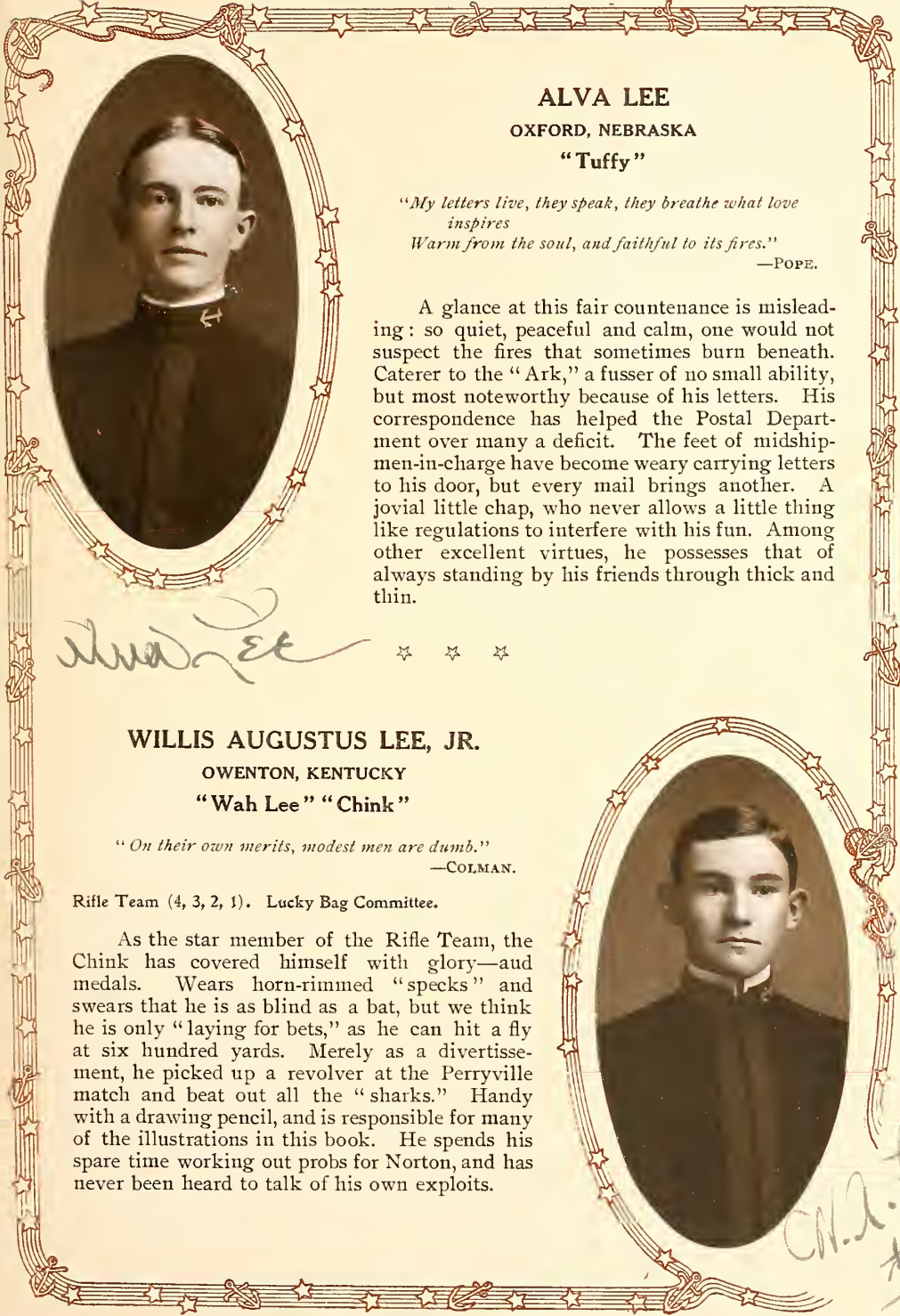
*Here is the mind, ne'er neat, ne'er trim,  
Filled up with music, without and within,  
Palmistry, curves, banjo and mandolin.*

Choir (4, 3, 2, 1). Track Team (3, 2, 1).

Holds the light-weight championship for the sixteen-pound hammer. Famous author of the Treatise on Curves; the well-known music specialist and performer on all musical instruments, including the voice. At last found his niche in life as leader of the Midshipmen's Orchestra. Ran a combination smoker and music hall during study hours until the O. C. invited himself in. As captain of the pirates at Bath, he was the most picturesque figure of all.

"O-oh, Boughie, they're as civilized as we are."





**ALVA LEE**  
**OXFORD, NEBRASKA**

**"Tuffy"**

*"My letters live, they speak, they breathe what love  
inspires  
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires."*  
—POPE.

A glance at this fair countenance is misleading: so quiet, peaceful and calm, one would not suspect the fires that sometimes burn beneath. Caterer to the "Ark," a fusser of no small ability, but most noteworthy because of his letters. His correspondence has helped the Postal Department over many a deficit. The feet of midshipmen-in-charge have become weary carrying letters to his door, but every mail brings another. A jovial little chap, who never allows a little thing like regulations to interfere with his fun. Among other excellent virtues, he possesses that of always standing by his friends through thick and thin.

*Alva Lee*

☆ ☆ ☆

**WILLIS AUGUSTUS LEE, JR.**

**OWENTON, KENTUCKY**

**"Wah Lee" "Chink"**

*"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."*  
—COLMAN.

Rifle Team (4, 3, 2, 1). Lucky Bag Committee.

As the star member of the Rifle Team, the Chink has covered himself with glory—and medals. Wears horn-rimmed "specks" and swears that he is as blind as a bat, but we think he is only "laying for bets," as he can hit a fly at six hundred yards. Merely as a divertissement, he picked up a revolver at the Perryville match and beat out all the "sharks." Handy with a drawing pencil, and is responsible for many of the illustrations in this book. He spends his spare time working out probs for Norton, and has never been heard to talk of his own exploits.



*W.A. Lee*  
*[Signature]*



## EDWARD HILL LOFTIN

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

"Cit" "Stork"

*"Magnificent specimen of human happiness."*

—SIDNEY SIMMS.

Extremely independent, although somewhat sensitive to adverse criticism. Has a decided weakness for hops and the fair sex, but his locker door is covered with pictures of the same girl. Counts the days till graduation, and swears he would resign were it not for the glamour of the service.

☆ ☆ ☆

## BENJAMIN RUSSELL LOMBARD

HILLHOUSE, MISSISSIPPI

"Doc Dowie" "Ben"

*"The Devil was sick—the Devil a monk would be,  
The Devil was well—the Devil a monk was he."*

—RABELAIS.

*"So wise so young, they say, do never live long."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Baseball Team (2).

An easy-going son of rest, who even plays ball with nonchalance. Smokes himself blue in the face and even has a cigarette in his mouth when he turns out. Has a laugh like the exhaust of a three-hundred-dollar benzine buggy. Perhaps he "borrowed it." Dr. Dowie's rival in the Academy, as is evidenced by his sunrise address on State Circle one morning.

"Put him down, old boy!"



*B. R. Lombard*



## JABEZ STUBBS LOWELL

BANGOR, MAINE

"Jabe"

*"The sprightly wit, the lively eye,  
The engaging smile, the gaiety  
That laughed down many a summer sun,  
And kept you up so oft till one."*

—POPE.

His very presence is a sure cure for melancholy. Apparently under all circumstances he is out for a good time, and readily puts you on good terms with yourself and all others. The idol of the ladies, he was once rescued from rather serious trouble by a fascinated fair one—ask him for details. Fulfilled an ambition of years by working a graft to go to Philly with the team. Incidentally it is not his fault that Maine is a "dry" State.

"Well, keesh away."

*J. S. Lowell.*

☆ ☆ ☆

## ARTHUR LINFORD LUCAS

CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Loose"

*"At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth, grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates; turning the hours of sport and food to labor."*

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This unsophisticated lad from the rural district of Ohio surprised us all by nearly starring youngster year. Second class cruise he was caught asleep on watch, and his diligence was rewarded, at the opening of second class year, with the present of a buzzard. Since then his progress in studies and stripes has been ever upward. Fain would we conclude this sketch with a "characteristic remark," but after racking our brains, we discover that he has never made one.





## FRANCIS PETER MCCARTHY

TROY, NEW YORK

"Pete"

*"But fill me with that old, familiar juice,  
Methinks I might recover by and by."*

—FITZGERALD.

His deep blue eye suggests the fauciful Celtic temperament that has made him a dreamer and a poet. We can picture him as the hero of one of Richard Harding Davis's novels—a soldier of fortune, leading a forlorn hope in a desperate adventure. His career at the Academy has been a stormy one, for the Fates have been unkind and have allotted to him more than the average amount of hard luck. Within Academic limits he is quiet and melancholy, but over the "walnuts and wine" a most entertaining companion.

☆ ☆ ☆

## CLEVELAND McCAULEY

BRECKENRIDGE, TEXAS

"Mac"

*"He is the very pineapple of politeness."*

—SHERIDAN.

Left a lucrative bank position to serve in Uncle Sam's Navy. Doesn't like to work, but can when he has to. A gay Lothario, with a sweetheart in every port. Never won a prize at a beauty show, so it must be his pleasing smile and captivating manners that win over the fair sex. An authority on all subjects—corrects you with an "I'm-sorry-for-you" sort of a smile. Good-hearted and jolly and a jubilater of no mean ability.





## JOHN FRANKLIN McCLAIN

TRIPP, SOUTH DAKOTA

"Briggs"

*"Beauty has gone, but yet his mind is still as beautiful as ever."*

—PERCIVAL.

Not exactly handsome, but kind-hearted, generous, and good-natured. He is blessed with a happy-go-lucky disposition, and gets along with far less work and worry than the majority. For two years he was one of the regulars at the Feldmeyer Club, and was the leading spirit in the sociable little games on Saturday afternoons. The happiest moment of his life was the day he became a first classman and could gratify his desire for tobacco without danger of receiving his nth smoking pap. Has the great distinction of having never attended an Academy hop.

☆ ☆ ☆

## EUGENE DELAPOINTE McCORMICK

MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA

"Cinci"

*"Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole."*

—COLERIDGE.

*"And who shall place  
A limit to the giant's unchained strength?"*

—BRYANT.

The mighty mountain man who, responding nobly to the call of his country, has so aptly been compared to Cincinnatus that the name still sticks. Though not one of that shining band who adorn the savvy sections, you'll find him a man of the clearest judgment and best common sense. Very modest and retiring, he never opens his mouth unless he has something worth while to say, but the man who takes him for a mark may have the time of his life dodging a mighty left hook. In spite of his ability along such strenuous lines as boxing and football, he's never cross or angry, but as easy-going and even-tempered as the day is long.

E. D. McCormick





## HENRY DAVIS McGUIRE

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

“Molly”

*“I am in earnest! I will not retreat a single word!  
and I WILL be heard!”*

—GARRISON.

A neat, dapper little Irishman with a slight touch of brogue and a tongue for blarney. Very handy with the gloves, and looks too sweet for words when ready to bruise. A descendant of the famous “Molly Maguires,” from whom he inherited an enormous capacity for rough-house. At times shows glimmerings of sanity, but the occasions are few and far between.



## ERNEST WHEELER McKEE

HOWARD, SOUTH DAKOTA

“Mickey”

*“He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Crew (3, 2, 1).

One of the original Micks, who has not lost his fondness for the hod. Plain spoken, and calls a spade a spade. A young Hercules, lazy in spirit but not in action; rows when the training table is running, but refuses to be stung for the fall practice. Once considered going out for football, but finally decided that the work was too hard for the grub. Known on the cruise as Mons. Karous, the famous barrel-tone. Good-natured and ready to rough-house, and contributes his share to the general store of mirth. A good man and a true friend.

“What’s the use of buying it, when you can borrow?”







## ANDREW BYRNE McNEILL

HINKLES FERRY, TEXAS

"Gloomy"

*"Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full of the milk of human kindness!"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A hundred dollars to anyone who will make him lose his temper. Believes the Navy has a few good points, but yearns to try cit life and broncho-busting again. Dreams over his books and thinks he is boning. Has always had a close rub with the Steam Department. Goes to hops to give all the girls a treat.

"Northeast by west, sir."

"Yes, sir, the valves are regrinded."

★ ★ ★

## CARY WALTHALL MAGRUDER

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

"Red"

*"It is good to make a jest."*

—THOS. FULLER.

*"Let the singing singers  
With vocal voices most vociferous,  
In sweet vociferation out-vociferize  
Even sound itself."*

—CAREY.

Class Pipe Committee. Choir (2, 1). Football Team (1).

A large red-headed youth with an Irish face and a Creole accent, who has filled nobly the office of general laugh-maker. That he's always in a jovial mood is evinced by his desire to run someone. Very fond of "Bull," and when any jubilating is going on you're sure to find him at hand. Made a big hit with his coon song in the minstrel show second class year. A football and crew man of no mean ability. A confirmed Red Mike for two and a half years; now a notorious fusser. Only one occasion is known when he had nothing to say:

"Mr. Magruder? Oh, you're the one that tried to pick me up plebe summer!"



## HENRY THOMAS MARKLAND

GENEVA, NEW YORK

"Hank"

*"With grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
A pillar of state."*

—MILTON.

Class Secretary. Business Manager Lucky Bag.

Markland is among the few who can be rightfully called intellectual. Self-sacrificing, always ready to be up and doing for his class, he is high in the esteem of all; not that he has sought this position, but because he deserves it. Prone to rhino and contemn, an impartial character, a level head, he hews to the line and swerves not for any man. In love unsuccessful, he has retired from feminine circles like the Dutchman who "bevared of vidders."

"Fussers be damned! A book and my class pipe for me."

★ ★ ★

## ALFRED GIRARD MARTIN

FINDLAY, OHIO

"Mickey"

*"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,  
I laughed, and danced, and talked and sung."*

—PRINCESS AMELIA.

Gym Team (2, 1).

A sweet round face, two large expressive eyes, chubby cheeks, red lips and—an awful gab. A heart-breaker and a would-be bad man; the hero of Findlay. Decided to give up sea life on the way to Funchal, but instead gave up everything else and stayed in the Navy.

"As we gather round the festive board."

"Now bring Mr. Martin's toast."





## HOWARD BLAINE MECLEARY

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

“Rufe” “Beau”

*“For he lives twice who can at once employ  
The present well, and e’en the past enjoy.”*

—POPE.

A Beau Brummel, a heart-breaker, a fusser of ability with lots of fussing tact. “That dear, sweet Mr. Mecleary” is constantly heard from mothers and chaperons, proving that he has learned the correct method. He loves his native town, and attends all the reunions of the alumni (and others) from “Philly High.” Rufe is an easy-going sort of chap who seldom raves, but takes the good things of life with the bad in a manner that shows him to be a true Bohemian.

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN ELLYSON MEREDITH

EUTAW, ALABAMA

“Janice”

*“That indolent but agreeable condition of doing nothing.”*  
—PLINY.

Nervous and ladylike, he is a goat for everybody. Very fond of cigarettes and a quiet game of draw. When he has the makes everyone borrows from him, but when he runs out he never can “bum.” Pulled the list all first class cruise. Likes to argue on any subject, and advances some most remarkable theories. He is good-natured and happy-go-lucky and proud of the fact that he is a Southern gentleman.

“The man that stole my hammock stretcher is a liar.”





## JAMES DENNIS MOORE

ASHLAND, OREGON

"Annie" "Irish"

*"None but himself can be his parallel."*

—GOLDSMITH.

Would you believe it, Oregon's pride? Was a member of O. N. G., yet it hath availed him naught. Below par in rolling cigarettes, he takes the weed in candied form. A walking Webster and a Red Mike. At one time he graced the ranks of the "fighting sixth," but left it youngster year, and we'll never see sweet Annie any more.

"Oh, what the h—1!"

☆ ☆ ☆

## BOYCE KITREDGE MUIR

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

"Poncie"

*"Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

From the land of savours and big football heroes. Doesn't he look it? A man who would thrive in Maine. To look at him you would never think Plug once had occasion to remark, "You might at least have left the poor girl her gloves(?), Mr. Muir." One of the kind who never commits himself or unbends enough to cause a little excitement in our secluded life, for "I live in the crowd of jollity not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself." Famed only as the roommate of Annie Moore.

"A very unclubable man."





Bob Munroe

## WILLIAM ROBERT MUNROE

WACO, TEXAS

"Bob"

*"He was a scholar, and a good and ripe one,  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuasive."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Farewell Ball Committee. Class German Committee.

Possesses all the traits of a true Southerner. His irresistible manner alone makes him a favorite with all. Started fussing plebe summer and is still at it. Leads a wild, reckless life for a month each year, always returning to the Academy with a firm resolution to leave the service. Can give cards and spades to Munchausen and still beat him to a frazzle.

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN ARTHUR NELSON

LANCASTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Admiral"

*"My life is one demd horrid grind."*

—DICKENS.

Sphinx-like in appearance and actions. A square head whom Plug called the "Terrible Swede." Works hard and late and puts up a hot line of talk, but when his memory fails him he's up against it. Rather moody and morose, but among his cronies will argue—and argue. Started out like a savoir, but has taken a little tumble each year.





## CHARLES RUTTER NORRIS

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Blondie"

*"What is your sex's earliest, latest care,  
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair."*

—LORD LYTTLETON.

All hail to our fair-haired, blue-eyed exponent of peroxide and Milk Weed Cream! He is distinguished not only for his wonderful complexion, but for the enormous quantity of mail that is left each day at his door. On all occasions he insists upon dragging his retiring roommate into the maze of the social whirl. The only man on the cruise who is thoroughly equipped with every kind of cosmetic. "Oh, Blondie! let me take your powder puff."

"Well, a fellow never wants to give his ring to a girl for keeps till he is dead sure."

\* \* \*

## EDMUND RANDALL NORTON

PORTLAND, MAINE

"Maître"

*"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."*

—POPE.

Lucky Bag Committee.

Although he has ever stood either at, or next to, the top of the class, he is the very personification of modesty. No matter what the hour, no matter how busy he may be, he is always ready to help a classmate over the rough places, and avoids that patronizing air peculiar to some men of genius. That *rara avis*, a savoir whose hat will fit.

*Edmund Randall Norton*





## ALLAN GUSTAVUS OLSON

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Ole"

*"I love the sex, and when a lad did wish  
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once from north to south."*

—BYRON.

Blonde hair, blue eyes and a jolly red nose—a true type of the Norse Viking. Always wears a busy, important air, as if engaged in vast affairs of state. As a guard on the class team he put all others in the shade. Believes a man's best avocation is the amusement of the gentle sex. Obstinate as a mule, only more so.

"Get another mess attendant."

"Jiggers, fellows, jiggers!"

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN THOMAS HAZELRIGG O'REAR

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY

"Judge"

*"'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit,  
To scowl, to argue and dispute."*

—BUTLER.

A man of small stature with a stiff backbone and a chip on his shoulder. He possesses a keen sense of humor, whose only flaw is that it will not permit him to see a joke on himself. Judge makes no pretension of being a savoir, yet he has a strong aversion to being thought wooden. A Kentuckian by birth, blood, heart and mind, who hopes some day to settle down in the land of his fathers.

"Boy, bring us a few more of those molasses."





A black and white portrait of James Leslie Oswald, a young man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar. The portrait is set within an oval frame decorated with stars and a decorative border.

GOODLAND, INDIANA

“Leslie”

*“The great silent man! looking round on the noisy  
inanity of the world.”*

—CARLYLE.

A sober-minded philosopher of the Indiana school who accepts the petty troubles and tribulations of Academy life with a quiet, condescending smile, and seldom raises his voice in protest against existing conditions. Rooms with Cracky and shares the latter's distaste for fussing in any of its varied forms. Whether this characteristic is due to Cracky's influence, or—as a hint of the tragic in his demeanor would seem to suggest—results from a disappointment in an “affair of the heart,” we are unable to decide.

☆ ☆ ☆

WILLIAM COOK OWEN

FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

“Plug”

*“Punctual, frugal, and so forth,  
His word would pass for more than he was worth.”*

—POPE.

The human encyclopedia and disseminator of useless information. A genuine gossip; the walking bulletin board. A delayed savoir who sprang a surprise second class year by entering the savvy section and staying there. Landed a buzzard (2) over all competitors. Can be distinguished by his walk, which comprises in one the regulation “Arms in circle” and “Body circle” exercises.

“Let's see what's posted.” “What's the use? Plug will tell us.”

*William C. Owen.*



A black and white portrait of William Cook Owen, a young man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar. The portrait is set within an oval frame decorated with stars and a decorative border.





## HENRY ERVIN PARSONS

ACCOMAC, VIRGINIA

“Swede”

*“Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!”*

—NATHANIEL LEE.

The man who invented the word trouble. Spilt a bottle of ink on a granite terrace block, for which everybody, from the Supe down to the watchman, jumped on him; but that didn't stop his awful trouble-hunting proclivities. Always loaded down with bum arguments and hot air, and will argue on either side of any question. Wears a number eight hat. Inclined to be rhino, and his suspicious nature is forever warning him that he's the goat of some game.

☆ ☆ ☆

## WILLIAM HUBBEL PASHLEY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

“Dago” “Whistling Bill”

*“Must not, that I thus suddenly proceed,  
For what I will, I will and there's an end.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A man with ideas of his own—would like to show them how to run the “blooming joint.” Talks by the hour of the wonderful city of his birth. His thrilling experiences on leave have no equal. Blossomed out second class year as a heavy fusser, and on the cruise was sure of a letter in every mail.





## DAVID CALVIN PATTERSON, JR.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

"Pat"

*"Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,  
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A wild-eyed Irishman of the quick-tempered variety. Goes wild under the least provocation, but soon comes to and becomes manageable with careful handling. Rhinos to amuse himself and to pass the idle moments away, but when Saturday comes crawls out of his shell and does tall fussing stunts. First class cruise had things all his own way at the Pequot. Played a mighty good right end on the class football team.

☆ ☆ ☆

## SAMUEL SPOTTSWOOD PAYNE

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

"Sam" "Stitchy"

*"The more you stir it the worse it will be."*

—DON QUIXOTE.

*"Another flood of words! A very torrent."*

Here we have it—Sam, the boy wonder! He makes more noise in a minnte than a Dutch band could make in a week. Savvy's everything but—a few minor matters we can't enumerate for lack of space. You see, he used to be a close friend of the Boy Navigator, so why shouldn't he know it all? His non-regs fit him admirably, although Sam looks very well in almost anything. Conduct grades have often hampered his fussing possibilities, but first class cruise showed him to be in fine condition.

"Mr. Payne, what do you mean?"

"Shut up!"





**ARTHUR MILLER PENN**

LAREDO, TEXAS

“Piggy”

*“We have been friends together  
In sunshine and in shade.”*

—CAROLINE NORTON.

A spick-and-span appearing chap from the sunny South. Rather quiet, but always ready to tell about his foreign trip. McCauley’s right-hand man, and believes the sun rises and sets with him. Can’t always tell whether to take a joke in fun or in earnest. Thorough in his work, and though he digs straight to the bottom, does not grind. A good fellow who has remained unknown to many of us.

“Where’s Mac?”

*Arthur M Penn* ☆ ☆ ☆

**MARTIN JONAS PETERSON**

DES MOINES, IOWA

“Swede”

*“He, like a copious river, pour’d his song  
O’er all the mazes of enchanted ground.”*

—THOMSON.

Choir (2).

At home the town bully, the Swede at the Academy has become as meek as a lamb. Of an erratic temperament, he puts off his boning till next morning and then does’nt do it. Good fortune favors him, however, and he has safely crossed all the rivers. Made the track training table one spring, and by skillful diplomacy placed himself, during second class year, among the elite of the choir. As a candidate exhibited a fondness for moonlight strolls. A good companion and one who will do anything he can for you. At Bangor, Maine, the water seemed to possess great attractions for him.

“I’m overboard, Shorty, but I can swim.”



*M. J. Peterson*



## PAUL JONES PEYTON

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI

"Monk"

*"My tongue within my lips I rein,  
For who talks much must talk in vain."*

—GAY.

Full of the generous, devil-may-care spirit and courage of the South. Monk speaks with the accent and handles his fists after the manner of the land of which he is proud. He abhors a bookworm—familiar with the trees, he is contented with a 2.5. Invariably associating a star with "Nav" and "P. Works," he finds that celestial body has no alluring qualities. A lover of good-fellowship and close harmony, he reserves his best side for his numerous friends and cares not a fig for the others.

"The battle range of a modern ship is about fifteen miles."

*Paul J. Peyton.*

☆ ☆ ☆

## NELSON WINSLOW PICKERING

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Jab"

*"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Jab entered the Academy with high ideals, and has had the courage to live up to them. He drew a buzzard second class year, and grew two inches in a night. Little and cute, his success in the fussing line was assured. He is a bit of a greaser, but studies well and has the standing to show for it. Though young, as Granny's pilot his success has been marked.



*Nelson W. Pickering*



## MORRIS RUMFORD PIERCE

NEW YORK CITY

"P. I."

*"Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."*  
—SHAKESPEARE.

A dreamer of dreams, he possesses a taste for the classics, and has all the legends of Greek mythology at his finger tips. Although officially he hails from New York, he was born and bred in New England; in fact, according to Buck, he was originally an unsophisticated, fervent Puritan, but candidate days destroyed most of his youthful tastes and training. His subsequent career at the Academy completed the work of demolition, until at the present writing he is as good a fellow as you would want to know.

*Morris Rumford Pierce*

☆ ☆ ☆

## WILLIAM BURTON PIERSOL

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Pierie"

*"The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written on his countenance. But the soul of man reveals itself in the voice only."*

—LONGFELLOW.

Football Team (4, 3, 2), Coach (1). Choir (4, 3, 2, 1), Choir Leader (1). Lucky Bag Committee.

A true genius who disdains the sordid limits of the recitation room. His standing has suffered because he devotes his study hours to literary work. As a playwright, he rivals Bernard Shaw; as a poet, he excels Kipling. In addition to these modest accomplishments he possesses a truly wonderful voice, and apparently knows all of Wagner by heart. For four years did noble work against the Army, and is one of the few who are equally successful on the football field and at "pink teas."





## WILLIAM REYNOLDS PURNELL

BOWLING GREEN, MISSOURI

“Speck”

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

—BURNS.

Track (4, 3, 2). Baseball Squad (3, 2).

One of those jolly, good-natured fellows who invariably have a pleasant smile for everyone. Breaks track records as a mere pastime, and to him the winged Mercury is a tortoise. Has been knocking off smoking ever since plebe summer. Got off the water wagon at the class supper, but crawled on again “the morning after.”

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN WILKES RANKIN

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

“Winnie” “Grandpa”

*“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Track (4, 3, 2).

The human running machine. Winnie is good; there is no doubt about that—almost too good. If there is anything you would like to know, go to Winnie and he’ll tell you—that is, if you have time to wait. A persistent fusser; he denies it, but he may be seen at every hop giving the ladies a treat (?). Is acquainted with every admiral in the Navy since John Paul Jones.

“What did you do to it, Winnie?” “W-e-ll, I made a 2.7 possibly, it strikes me——” (But the same old 3.9 is posted after his name.)



*J. W. Rankin*



EVAN URNER RINEHART

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Touge"

*"Tranquillity; thou better name  
Than all the family of Fame."*

—COLERIDGE.

The holder of the Academy championship for asking wooden questions. Has driven more instructors wild than any other man in the class, with the possible exception of Tommy. Nothing in his disposition, however, warrants the nickname he bears. Will borrow on any and every occasion, and has the happy (?) custom of never returning a thing. He is very even-tempered and patient with his tormentors, and is very free-handed with all he has. Is never happier than when engaged in some heavy fussing, and on hop days is always surrounded by a bevy of Baltimore belles. But still he says the music is all that attracts him.

☆ ☆ ☆

FRANCIS WARREN ROCKWELL

WOODSTOCK, CONNECTICUT

"Fanny"

*"I know it is a sin,  
For me to set and grin."*

—HOLMES.

Crew (3, 2), Captain (1).

A long-legged Connecticut Yankee who in spite of a cruise on the Denver has steadfastly refused to be rhino. Always wears a happy smile, and is an easy mark for dealers in bricks, because he'd rather be stung than refuse to help a friend. Has a non-reg tendency, but drew three stripes and has held them down to the satisfaction of all hands. One of the best oars in the crew, and one of the men who have raised rowing at the Academy to its present prominence.

"Belay those ears, Mr. Rockwell!"





## ROBERT EMMET ROGERS

OZARK, MISSOURI

"Rodge"

*"Long experience made him sage."*

—FAY.

Missouri gave us this youth. Has come to be a fixture in Annapolis. Very quiet and unassuming, but loves occasional speculation on the Stock Exchange. Rhinos at times, but is usually pleasant: formerly found the necessity of smoking most inconvenient. Now holds forth with Citizen Fixit; why did he leave Annie? A most constant and loyal friend: will stand by you till Hades is an Arctic waste.

☆ ☆ ☆

## CHARLES CORWIN ROSS

RICHMOND, INDIANA

"Charlie" "Chase"

*"His modesty is a candle to his merit."*

—FIELDING.

Fencing Squad (4, 3, 2, 1). Gray N.

A modest, curly-haired chap with a most remarkable laugh. Entirely too bashful even to talk to girls, and always steers clear of the tea fights given to the fencing team. Broke out his class pipe when the bird came and soon learned how. Went astray with the Dutchman while at Jamestown. Persisted in ordering his "cits" from Reggie's father, and was deeply embarrassed upon discovering his error.

*Charles C. R.*







## RICHARD CASWELL SAUFLEY

STANFORD, KENTUCKY

"Janus"

*"Aye, free, aff-han' your story tell,  
When wi' a bosom crony,  
But still keep something to yoursel',  
Ye scarcely tell to ony."* —BURNS.

Assistant Business Manager Lucky Bag. Hop Committee.  
Class German Committee.

Looks like Cæsar, speaks like Demosthenes. His speech at the end of first class cruise will always remain a pleasant memory. A true son of the Commonwealth of Kentucky—believes in States' Rights and upholds the Jeffersonian doctrines. Savvy and efficient. Thinks and acts for himself and wears, as a reward—a buzzard. Can quote the classics, enjoys good stories, and excels as a raconteur. Believes work has its place, but it should always be followed by a big "porterhouse steak and a bon cigare."

"Checking valuables originated on the Ark."

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN LEINBACH SCHAFER

READING, PENNSYLVANIA

"Jake"

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

—O'KEEFE.

A Pennsylvania Dutchman who likes Dutch things—pretzels, sauer-kraut, wieners, and—what goes with them. Usually reserved, almost taciturn, but when out with the fellows makes a very entertaining dinner companion. Is exceedingly proud of the fact that he was once a Cornell man. Has lurid arguments with his frau, which are generally ended by a forceful right to belt that is very convincing.





## ALFRED KEYS SCHANZE

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

"The Monk" "Shawontz"

*"For I am nothing if not critical."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

*"I ought to have my own way in everything,  
and what's more I will, too."*

—SHERIDAN.

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

Always coming down with something witty(?) at the table. A great fusser; has never failed to go out to dinner on Sunday even during the last part of second class year. He has fixed ideas on everything under the sun. Went out and had his picture taken the day after he got his buzzard. The most conscientious man in the class: he even turns out at reveille!

*Alfred K. Schanze*

☆ ☆ ☆

## CARL ARTHUR SCHIPFER

SIGOURNEY, IOWA

"Carlos"

*"Studios of ease, and fond of humble things."*

—AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

Quiet and manly, and not afraid of anything or anybody. His strength and good athletic ability make him welcome on any field of sport. Rather savvy, but does not overwork, and is a non-greaser. Has strong feelings and is quick to take offense. More or less of a stay-at-home, who prefers the company and talk of his cronies to more exciting pastime. He and the other Dutchman are fond of playing jokes on Hickory and Touge.



*Carl Schipfer.*



**PHILIP SEYMOUR**  
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

**"Swede"**

*"Thy modesty's a flambeau to thy merit."*

—FIELDING.

Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).

Bashful, quiet, and unassuming, he keeps his light well hidden beneath the proverbial bushel basket. Yet if you will take the trouble to penetrate his outer surface of reserve, you will have found a friend well worth having. He has accomplished the apparently impossible by keeping his sweet disposition in spite of the fact that he has lived with Harry for two years.

*Philip S. Seymour*

☆ ☆ ☆

**JOHN FRANKLIN SHAFROTH, JR.**

DENVER, COLORADO

**"Shadrow"**

*"A secret in his mouth  
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,  
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out."*

—JONSON.

Football Team (3). Track Team (3, 2).

The bunch is just comfortably seated when along comes a ponderous body, knocking over chairs and kicking shins at every turn, with a cheerful "Beg pardon!" That's Shadrow—the greatest bore the Navy ever had. Possesses more bovine characteristics than anyone else in the class. Good-natured and light-hearted. Simple-minded, but very enthusiastic over everything taken up. Out for many kinds of athletics and does well at all of them. Thinks a great deal of the ladies, but from the best information obtainable it can scarcely be said this feeling is reciprocated. Very much in earnest and wants to argue about everything that ever happened.

"What!"

*John F. Shafroth Jr.*





## FRANK ROOP SMITH, JR.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

"Smitty"

*"'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,  
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."*  
—WATTS.

A long, slender individual who does the least possible work with the least possible exertion. Has had several tobacco episodes in which he and the O. C. played the star parts. Very popular among his class, especially around Thanksgiving when the two-ton box arrives. It has never been lacking—neither have the fellows. Oscillates between the wooden and savvy sections. Rhinos gently at times when his peaceful sleep is interrupted. When he went home youngster leave, did the Hobson act with a delegation of about a hundred girls who met him at the train.

☆ ☆ ☆

## JAMES DOWNING SMITH

SHADWELL, VIRGINIA

"Jerry" "Rojo"

*"A strong memory is often coupled with an infirm  
judgment."*

—MONTAGUE.

Charms everyone with his pleasing, intelligent expression. Finds the bulletin boards spots of great diversion, and is always glad to tell you what tree you hit. Special keeper of Plug. Learns his lesson by heart, and forgets the principle. Went on leave youngster year and lost his sea legs on a trolley car.





**KARL FREDERICK SMITH**

ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS

"Karl" "Kife"

*"I've taken my fun when I've found it,  
I've rogued and I've roughed in my time."*

—KIPLING.

A man who has traveled in many lands, he was the only one of our number who had distinguished friends in far off Madeira. He is at his best over a glass of good, old Rhenish wine, and when in the mood can tell entertaining stories of his adventures. After three years of hard labor he has at last taught Steckel, the unsophisticated, to distinguish beer from champagne.

"Did you ever hear that one about——?"

*Karl F. Smith*

☆ ☆ ☆

**OSCAR SMITH, JR.**

WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Tubby"

*"His character is rather freed from vices than distinguished by virtues."*

—TACITUS.

Lucky Bag Committee.

A steady, honest worker, he may never startle the world with a marvel, but will never be caught asleep. He pursues the even tenor of his way, and the glory he gains is by keeping quiet. He retains his appearance of wisdom by wearing glasses, and his friends by acting square.

"Well, say——."

*Oscar Smith Jr.*





**WALTER SMITH**  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

**"Whispering"**

*"What cracker is this same, that deaf our ears  
With the abundance of his superfluous breath?"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Class Ring Committee. Manager of Crew. Art Editor  
Lucky Bag.

Smith: good looks, excellent fussing qualities, unparalleled wisdom; the only man to get advice from, to tell how it was done at Boston Tech, and what he said to the Commandant. Of the Smith genus, Whispering belongs to the elephant-eared species. Does everything with a clear conscience and a glass eye, and is sometimes in such effervescent spirits that he regales himself and astounds his friends by accounts of remarkable feats of his youth.

"My loving cups and bicycles."

"Madison Square went wild."

☆ ☆ ☆

**WILLIAM ROBINSON SMITH, JR.**

WELDON, NORTH CAROLINA

**"Billy" "Little Bright Eyes"**

*"I am one of those gentle ones who will use the devil himself  
with courtesy."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Farewell Ball Committee.

An even-tempered little chap who stands near the top of the class without making a noise about it. Commenced his fussing career by falling in love, and has tried ever since to convince himself it's all a joke. Strained the lower limit of sword lengths second class year, and then had to hang the belt over his shoulder. Wrote a letter to Santa Claus and got a bottle. Which of Billy's friends would have thought that he ever got a postal from the "Tourists" Company?





## PAUL ERNEST SPEICHER

BRADDOCK, PENNSYLVANIA

"Speaker"

*"I'll live a private, pensive, single life."*

—THE COLLIER OF CROYDON.

A quiet, unobtrusive sort of chap, who has been known to indulge now and then, but who does it the way he does everything else—very quietly, *very* quietly. Walks along with his head in the air, apparently oblivious to his surroundings. So methodical in his speech you can almost keep time by it. He is not what you would call greasy, exactly; still, he seems to get as much done as the next man at steam drills.

☆ ☆ ☆

## JOHN BRIDGFORD STALEY

ALBANY, NEW YORK

"Togo"

*"A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty  
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage."*

—ADDISON.

A quiet, savvy little man who keeps you always guessing as to just where he belongs. Has a tendency to let things slide, but somehow they seem to slide the right way. Sent home his plebe year mark worked out to six decimal places, and his wonderful work was chronicled in print. Cares not how long the cruise lasts, as he gets leave every week. Forgot to take a hammock mattress with him last summer, but managed to smuggle a suit case aboard.



*John B. Staley*



## LLOYD CROW STARK

LOUISIANA, MISSOURI

"Molly"

*"The wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so."*

—BOILBAU.

Rifle Team (2, 1).

A man of odd tastes and ideas, which others often fail to appreciate. He and the Goat, in their modest, unobtrusive way, plan and enjoy together many a good time. Partial to canoeing and sailing when on the grade. Has a most convincing manner in section room, and his winning smile gets him many a good mark.

☆ ☆ ☆

## ABNER MOYER STECKEL

ORWIGSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

"Pretzels"

*"An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship."*

—THOMSON.

A Pennsylvania Dutchman, quiet, conscientious and unsophisticated—especially unsophisticated. Plebe year he was told by a first classman to name three brands of whiskey, and finally disclosed the following information: "Rye, Scotch and brandy, sir." Such ignorance cannot be tolerated in the Service. Since that time, however, he has reformed, and now knows many things not included in the course.



*A. M. Steckel*





## JAMES GARFIELD STEVENS

SUMMERFIELD, OHIO

“Bull”

*“What shall I do to be forever known?”*

—COWLEY.

*“I would the gods had made thee poetical.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

The class poet. A jack-of-all-trades—the most earnest supporter of all branches of athletics, music, art, dancing, fussing and poetry in the Academy. One of the best-hearted men in the class, whose earnest endeavors have well deserved success. Runs a continual bluff and wonders why it doesn't take. Wears one of Farley's blouses and claims it fits him.

☆ ☆ ☆

## LAURANCE SPRAGUE STEWART

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

“Lancie”

*“If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.”*

—FLETCHER OF SALTOWN.

Gym Team (4).

A little feller who went to a hop once and made a terrific hit. Was considered “just too cute for any use.” He has beautiful large black eyes and black hair, and is always trying to “ketch one.” Has squidged every year, but still they can't keep a good man down. A near-poet, he grinds out limericks and cruise songs by the yard, and had the distinguished honor of writing the verse to the class song.

“Sa-ay, Tripper, how about that telegram for ten dollars?”





*Harry Stiles*

## WILLIAM HENRY STILES

MALBONE, GEORGIA

"Queen" "Harry"

*"You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Baseball Team (4, 3, 2).

A typical Southerner with the genuine "you-all" accent, who comes straight from the swamps of Georgia. Of a very congenial nature, and likes nothing better than a quiet session with a bunch of good fellows, a lot of good yarns, and plenty to smoke. Has done mighty good work on the baseball team for four years, but sets up an awful howl if not plentifully supplied with chewing gum. Managed to work the hospital graft for most of first class cruise, but refused a month's sick leave in order to join the fleet at New London. Why?

☆ ☆ ☆

## CHARLES HERBERT STOER

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Herb"

*"Who art thou? Have not I an arm as big as thine?"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Hustlers (2, 1).

Stoer, the man of facial expression! Though graceful as a gazelle, he is mighty as an ox. His strength is marvelous, while, too, the quality of his voice is unsurpassed. At men of small stature he doth curl his lip and snarl: "Oh, race of fools! why be ye so weak?" Before the cruise he knew not defeat, but drifting on some West Pointers in New London, he yielded the belt, and returned to the ship speaking strange words thereof.

"Let me lift the cannon."





## HAROLD AARON STRAUSS

FRANKLIN, OHIO

"Maud"

*"A man who blushes is no brute."*

—YOUNG.

Hustlers (2, 1).

"And her name was Maud."

A rhino upon entering his present career, yet not a Red Mike. Had hard luck as an underclassman with femmes, but last cruise put him back on an even keel—ask him why Smith is synonymous with getting stung. He made a hit in old Funchal, and at New London first class cruise repeated the offense. Though changeable as a chameleon, taking all things into consideration he is well worthy of your regard.

"Knock off your fooling—I mean it!"

"Hee! Haw!"

*H.A. Strauss*

☆ ☆ ☆

## EDMUND WEYMAN STROTHER

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA

"Machew" "Strut"

*"Silence in love betrays more woe  
Than words though ne'er so witty;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity."*

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Football Team (1).

On the face of this man is a look of reserve power, an elemental calm that carries conviction. His repose is ominous and his poise is fearsome. So conscientious and hard-working, so earnest in everything he does, so ready to work himself to death over the most trivial matter—verily, he should have lived in the days of chivalry. He even treated our visit to "tea" on the Kleber as a solemn and "pagnes-taking" duty. That night Machew was trying to tell us all about it in wig-wag!





## GEORGE WALLACE STRUBLE

PORTLAND, OREGON

“Shorty”

*“Small things make small folks.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A living example of what a man can do when he tries. A former suspect of the Discipline Department, he has put away touge things. As a savoir he has proved himself among the highest, become one of heaven's elect, and as model a middy as ever reformed from the Santee. A rare combination—the head of Webster on the form of Zaccheus.

☆ ☆ ☆

## HENRY GEORGE TAYLOR

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

“Jack” “Harry”

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

—POPE.

A trim, spick-and-span, well-dressed young man who doesn't believe in wasting his time on men. Seems to make the right kind of impression on the ladies, and can always be found with some fair creature at the hops, but he assures us it's not all for his own amusement. With “Chesty John,” has had Griswold society at his feet during every cruise. Made a fine appearance as adjutant, but oh! that voice!

“Well, we did it, didn't we, Pop?”

*Henry L. Taylor for "H.S."*





## CLARENCE CRASE THOMAS

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

"Tommy"

*"He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still."*

—BUTLER.

A little man with a whole lot of nerve. Has the distinction of having once bluffed out Plug. Decidedly a non-greaser. One of the steady Red Mikes. Very fixed in his opinions; having once decided on a thing, sticks to it. Fond of a good old rough-house, and when not engaged in this gentle pastime may usually be found playing cards with Tip.

☆ ☆ ☆

## RAYMOND GAUDENZ THOMAS

MONTICELLO, IOWA

"Wood"

*"There is a pleasure sure  
In being mad, which none but mad men know."*  
—DRYDEN.

"From way out West in I-o-way" came this whooping, whizzing, ripping, ranting madman—to be thrust upon the innocent and unsuspecting Navy. Fond of relating his thrilling adventures, and is tickled to death when you call him touge. Would have made the football training table if he hadn't been seen at the wrong time—by the wrong person. Likes to show the instructors how savvy he is, and affords much amusement with his remarkable theories. The man that said a mule was stubborn had never seen Tommy. Kind-hearted and generous; will share his last sou. Our class invalid—always on the list. A jolly good fellow with a limit of two and a half; an authority on Hoyle who plays cards with the plebes.





## THOMAS MURRAY TIPTON

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

"Tip"

*"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,  
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."*

—COWPER.

Class Pipe Committee.

A good, solid man—one whom the Academy is better for knowing. Has the best of judgment and sound common sense. Non-split, and hates a greaser like sin. One of the seventh company "Hooligans." Has remained unchanged during the four years of the course, and stands for the best in the class. Good-natured and always ready to do a favor for a classmate. Falls in love with a new girl every leave. Refused to have his picture taken for the "Lucky Bag" till after second class ans.

☆ ☆ ☆

## RICHMOND KELLY TURNER

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

"Spuds"

*"Something there is more needful than expense,  
And something previous even to taste—'tis sense;  
Good sense which only is the gift of heav'n,  
And though no science fairly worth the seven."*

—POPE.

Editor-in-Chief of the Lucky Bag. Track Team (4, 3, 2).  
Manager Baseball Team. Class Supper Committee. Star (2).

From California, with the Westerner's frankness and good-nature, love of adventure and fondness for the good old American game of "draw." At one time was very much attached to Pennsylvania Avenue. Is rather proud of a record of *seventy-five* in one day! Has served the class well in different capacities and is deservedly popular. Never took the trouble to star until second class year, and then did it easily. A busy man, with hardly time to catch a smoke. A good athlete, but doesn't like to train. Expects to marry some day and settle down. An all-around man and a good fellow.





## WILLIAM WOODFILL TURNER

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

"Egg"

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?"*

—GAY.

A quiet and unpretentious youth. Not a greaser, but he does like his books. Established a reputation for himself plebe year by staying in his room and boning. Youngster year became a confirmed plunger and organized a combine with "Long John." Always has candy or a box of other eats in his room and is very generous with them. On board the Nevada entertained (?) the mess by his arguments with Nelson. Given to before-reveille fussing. The girls say he dances divinely and has *such* beautiful dark brown eyes.

☆ ☆ ☆

## FREDERIC TABOR VAN AUKEN

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

"Venus"

*"So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kinds of arguments and questions deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Baseball Team (3, 2), Captain (2).

Positive characters are the kind that count. Van has an opinion on every subject, and before debating a question with him be sure your arguments are sound or he'll talk you off your feet. Though very frank and plain spoken, he wouldn't intentionally wound anyone's feelings for the world. He has, on occasion, displayed a brand of courage that is an inspiration to every witness. When asked why he isn't fussing, more than likely he'll reply that "She" (with a capital) "isn't there."

"Well, the old boy!"





## JAMES COE VAN DE CARR

STOCKPORT, NEW YORK

"Van" "Dimples"

*"A man is in no danger so long as he talks his love."*

—JERROLD.

Such dimples as are his are wealth untold, but he gets fussed and blushes when anyone refers to them. Still, he seems to enjoy life in every way; tells a good story and likes to listen to others. Fusses consistently and conscientiously, and at the hops is always surrounded by a perfect bevy of the fair.

"Oh, Ezra!"

☆ ☆ ☆

## ARNOLD HINES VANDERHOOF

NEW YORK CITY

"Skeeter"

*"Graceful when it pleased him, smooth and still  
As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,  
And on the quiet waters of th' unruffled lake  
Anchors her quiet beauty."*

—WORDSWORTH.

Hop Committee. Class Supper Committee. Captain Basketball Team. Farewell Ball Committee. German Committee.

A handsome, fascinating young fellow, who couldn't help fussing if he tried; most popular with all the fair sex. When in a particularly pleasant mood will sing for you his favorite, "Upon a Little Island." Never misses his beauty sleep. In constant danger of bilging, but always unconcerned; when the exam is over he comes out with his "usual good mahk." An all-around athlete.

"Yes, sir, there are two kinds of tides—spring tides and fall tides."







## NORMAN REEVE VAN DER VEER

NEW YORK CITY

"Van"

*"To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature."*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Lucky Bag Committee. Secretary Midshipmen's Athletic Association (2).

One of the few who made a plebe cruise on the old Santee. It scared him so that he's been on the first grade ever since. Stamped on his very soul are the traditions of "Old Nassau." Quiet, reserved and really known by few, he possesses a great charm for his intimates. He talks little and well, but writes much and better. When he works he works hard, but when sitting at the festive board he is a most congenial companion, and as occasion rises will quote you many an appropriate verse from the classics.

*Norman Reeve Van der Veer*  
☆ ☆ ☆

## RALPH GORDON WALLING

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Skip"

*"Thou art long and lank and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea sand."*

—COLERIDGE.

A daredevil good fellow who will do anything for a friend, but who would "not flatter Jove for his thunder." What cares Skip for the tempest? the wind could find nothing to hit in his brambles, and he would'nt give a rap if it did. Intended for the ministry, he was "ragged" in league with Beelzebub. The Creator then decided to convert him into a wasp, but abandoned the idea, as no room for the sting could be found.



*Ralph G. Walling*



## LEE PETIT WARREN

PIEDMONT, MISSOURI

"Petit" "Kid"

*"Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished who were not in the habit of early rising."*

—TODD.

A sweet little rosebud who better knows the verb "to be" than the verb "to do." Never killed himself boning, but manages to get along somehow. Talks so fast in section room that the prof actually thinks he knows the subject. Has learned much during the past four years that is not in the curriculum. When a plebe, owned every first classman a spoon.

"No place like Wash'n'ton."

*Lee Petit Warren*

☆ ☆ ☆

## ROBERT ROSS WELSHIMER

NEOGA, ILLINOIS

"Skimmer"

*"A smooth and persuasive tongue will often pass for current coin."*

—PLAUTUS.

Manager Football Team. Chairman Class Supper Committee. Lucky Bag Committee.

A Chesterfield to the extreme, his term of office as prince of fussers seems unlimited. A judge of good things, he stands pre-eminent in '08 as the connoisseur who knows well the flavor of a "bon cigare" and the sparkle of Jupiter's nectar, and is, withal, one of the most companionable chaps you ever met. His ability in yarn spinning frequently brings him into posterior connection with lampposts and ventilators. One of his hallucinations of first class cruise was that of being pursued by a monstrous green-eyed goat.

"Gazook, gazak, gazook."





## CLYDE GRAY WEST

WELLSTON, OHIO

"Clyde"

*"My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you."  
"I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing."  
—SHAKESPEARE.*

Choir (4, 3, 2, 1). Y. M. C. A. (4, 3, 2, 1).

"Mon Doo." Look who's here! Goes out every Saturday and gets drunk as a lord!!\*\*\*??\*? Takes after Shawontz in the habit of getting to breakfast formation about 6.15. It breaks his heart to hit the pap. Walks, talks and acts like one accustomed to hopping about from clod to clod. Looks just the same after taking a shave as before. Never misses a Y. M. C. A. meeting. (Honestly, now, I don't think Clyde would take a real *full* glass of orange phosphate.)

☆ ☆ ☆

## RICHARD CHARLES WHITE

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

"Sandow" "Gloomy"

*"A faithful friend is better than gold."  
—BURTON.*

"Hol' de hade un shoul-llders pack like Meestaire White, un I gif you a tree four." A studious youth of exemplary habits. Extremely hefty in a rough-house, and no matter how many fellows are against him he usually comes out on top. A non-greaser if ever one lived, and, like a true friend, is always more than willing to help a classmate. Has a hearty grin most of the time, says very little, but is all the candy when it comes to "setting hup" and "swor-rd hexercise."

*R. C. White*





## FRANK JOSEPH WILLE

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

"Billy"

*"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west  
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest."*

—BYRON.

"There's no place on earth like Omaha and the wild and woolly West." Possesses a pleasant disposition naturally, but when aroused can use his tongue exceedingly well. For personal reasons has always had a tendency to be split. Has a three years' cruise reputation for never doing a thing but sit and smoke. Holds the Navy responsible for his vices, and swears it's no place for a youth of high morals.

"The joke is on Wille."

*Frank Wille*

☆ ☆ ☆

## MAURICE BENJAMIN WILLETT

MONTPELIER, OHIO

"Minnie"

*"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled."*

—YOUNG.

Marvelous! Here is one who roomed a year with Beany, and yet is neither greaser, bonoid, nor rhino. Minnie is good-natured, modest, and always glad to do a favor; and we love her for the perfect little lady that she is. Borrowed a novel from Spuds youngster year, cut out the inside, and used it for his makes.

"Oh, fellows! Beany's gone to bed so he can have his blues pressed!"



*Maurice Willett*



## EUGENE EDWARD WILSON

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"Gene"

*"Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,  
Are lost on hearers that our merits know."*  
—POPE.

Rifle Team (3, 2, 1).

We have ever found him fair-minded in criticism, sound in judgment and loyal in friendship. A man who has worked early and late for the good of class and Academy, and whose merit has never been properly rewarded—perhaps because he never does a thing for himself alone. Probably his greatest service has been to explode that senseless theory that an efficient man is necessarily a greaser.

*E. E. Wilson*

☆ ☆ ☆

## GEORGE FOLGER WILSON

HIRAM, OHIO

"Georgia"

*"A man that's silent nor proclaims his wants  
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint."*  
—CRUCH.

Left the farm to come to the aid of his country. Takes life in an easy, restful way, never bothering about anything except the reputation of Hiram. Learnt a thing or two while roaming with Merry. Persists in being a Red Mike of the first water.

*G. F. Wilson*





## WILLIAM WALTER WILSON

NEWCASTLE, DELAWARE

"Wilse"

*"For he by geometric scale  
Could take the size of pots of ale."*  
—HOOD.

The Sachem of Skipio (Americanus), the master of magic, the tormentor of Mike Foster with Black Hand letters. At times has confused ideas as to his identity; once dodged after-taps inspection by pretending to be a cockroach. Of a retiring nature, he abhors femininity, but hopes some day to become a pilgrim of love.

"Wilson, that's all."

*W. W. Wilson*



## CHARLES MOULDING YATES

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

"Buck"

*"When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;  
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises.  
Somarreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises."*

—FLETCHER.

With Briggs, helps to form the only old original club of sinokers. Started getting ragged plebe year, and has now passed his nth offense. Bought just one bag of makes during the whole of second class year, though he smokes constantly. One of the Red Mikes, and likes to look forward to the good times on leave. Of a rather taciturn disposition, and hates to be beaten out for anything. Although we cannot always understand him, we all agree in liking him.



*C. M. Yates*



**ROBERT SIMONTON YOUNG, JR.**

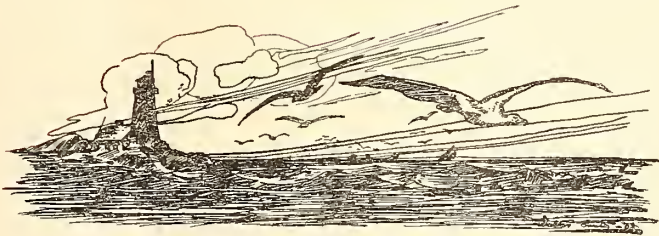
CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA

"Si" "Bob"

*"When the proofs are present, what need is there of words?"*  
—OVID.

Farewell Ball Committeez. German Committeez.

A mighty good fellow, this—he came straight from V. M. I. in more than one sense of the word. Started out his career with three stripes, but love for the chase soon brought him to grief and gave him an early cruise on the old Santee. He's game to the last and always in for a good time. A favorite with the femmes, all of whom declare him irresistible. Has lived with Honey for the last three years, hence his entrance to the savvy sections. A leader of men and a lover of the Navy.









# BILGERS



"When musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone."  
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CHARLES WALLACE ADAIR, Xenia, Ohio  
"Wood"

"A settled virtue  
Makes itself a judge; and satisfied within  
Smiles at that common enemy, the world."  
—*Dryden.*

WILLIAM OTT ALSTON, Clayton, Ala.  
"Billy"

"He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noonday grove."  
—*Wordsworth.*

JAMES RICHARD BARRY, Monroe, Mich.  
"Dick"

"At all I laugh, he laughs no doubt;  
The only difference is, I dare laugh out."  
—*Pope.*

WM. CLIFTON BARTLETT, Nasonville, R. I.  
"Fish"

"Like a man to double business hound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin."  
—*Shakespeare.*

HERBERT WINCH BATZER, Royalton, Mich.  
"Bats"

"There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and  
sincere earnestness."—*Dickens.*

JOHN ERB BECKER, Marietta, Pa.  
"Johnny"

"The sufficiency of my merit is to know my merit is  
not sufficient."—*Wither.*

DELMAR HARVEY BEESON, Philadelphia, Pa.  
"Bees"

"The words of his mouth were smoother than butter,  
but war was in his heart."—*Old Testament.*

RUFUS MCC. BEANFIELD, San Francisco, Cal.  
"Rufus"

"What man dare, I dare;  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
Take any shape hut that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never trouble."  
—*Shakespeare.*

GIRARD DAVIS BLASDEL, Hot Springs, Ark.  
"Blasdoodle"

"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound  
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."  
—*Pope.*

CHESTER A. A. BLOEBAUM, St. Charles, Mo.  
"Bubbles"

"This is some fellow,  
Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,  
Quite from his nature."  
—*Shakespeare.*

JOHN BORLAND, New York City  
"Buster"

"When real nobleness accompanies that imaginary one  
of hirth, the imaginary seems to mix with real and becomes  
real too."—*Greville.*

JOHN SANDES BRADBURY, Robinson, Ill.  
"Brad"

"I meddle with no man's business hut my own;  
—————study moderately,  
Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly."  
—*Orway.*

BLAINE W. BRADFUTE, Bloomington, Ind.  
"Brad"

"Fill me again with that forgotten juice,  
Methinks I might recover hie and hie."  
—*Omar Khayyam.*

DAVID LLOYD BROWN, Fergus Falls, Minn.  
"Farmer"

"Who far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale with a choice few retir'd,  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life."  
—Thompson.

HOWARD WALTER BRUNE, Eudora, Kan.  
"Fatty"

"Contentment, rosy, dimpled maid,  
Thou brightest daughter of the sky."  
—Lady Manners.

EARLE BUCKINGHAM, Bridgeport, Conn.  
"Duke"

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than  
the staple of his argument."—Shakespeare.

JOHN CLEMENT CAMPBELL, Rolla, Mo.  
"Crim"

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

FENELON CANNON, Galveston, Tex.  
"Fen"

"Sure, 'twas his modesty. He might have thriven  
Much better possibly had his ambition  
Been greater much."  
—John Fountain.

CLARENCE CAPPEL, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"Cap"

"A goodly portly man i' faith, and a corpulent, of a  
cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble counte-  
nance."—Shakespeare.

JOHN JOSEPH CAREY, Cleveland, Ohio

"Joe"

"We sail the sea of life; a calm one finds  
And one a tempest; and the voyage over  
Death is the quiet haven of us all."  
—Wordsworth.

HENRY LESLIE CHAMBERS, New York City  
"Judge"

"Your stubborn gift,  
That no philosophy can lift."  
—Wordsworth.

WILBUR JOSHUA CARVER, Searsport, Me.  
"Josh"

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."—Fielding.

THOMAS J. CECIL, New River, Tenn.  
"Tommy"

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."—Proverb.

HARRY W. CLEVELAND, Fond du Lac, Wis.  
"Harry"

"A strong conceit is rich; so most men deem  
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem."  
—Marston.

PRESTEN ERCELLE CLOUD, Crosskeys, Ala.  
"A man I am crossed with adversity."—Shakespeare.

GEORGE GOODRICH COALE, Richmond, Ind.  
"Della"

"Are ye all gone,  
And left me here in wretchedness behind you?"  
—Shakespeare.

TRENMOR COFFIN, JR., Carson City, Nev.  
"Trem"

"Yet it may be more lofty courage dwells  
In one weak heart which braves an adverse fate,  
Then whose ardent soul indignant swells,  
Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate."  
—Mrs. Norton.

CHARLES HARPER DAVIS, Woodbury, N. J.  
"C. H."

"I've taken my fun where I've found it;  
I've rogued and I've ranged in my time."  
—Kipling.

RICHARD L. DE SAUSSURE, Charleston, S. C.  
"Dago"

"Amongst the sons of merit how few are known,  
Who dare he just to merit not their own."  
—Churchill.

JAMES MADISON DOYLE, Philadelphia, Pa.  
"Jimmy"

"Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than  
any man in all Venice."—Shakespeare.

CARL EBBE DREUTZER, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

"Dutch"

"I have ease and I have health,  
And I have spirits light as air;  
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,  
A merry heart that laughs at care."

—*Milman.*

JUBAL ANDERSON EARLY, Lynchburg, Va.

"Jubal"

"Joy rises in me like a summer's morn."—*Coleridge.*

CHARLES LOGAN EISELE, Texarkana, Ark.

"Eyes"

"Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,  
Always at speed and never drawing bit."

—*Cowper.*

WILLIAM EDWARD FARRELL, New York City

"Billy"

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to  
be content."—*Bible.*

RUSH SOUTHGATE FAY, Annapolis, Md.

"Rusty"

"There is in fortune the best of chances  
for a happy change."—*Euripides.*

MURPHY JOHN FOSTER, Franklin, La.

"Mike"

"Whose nature is so far from doing harm,  
That he suspects none."

—*Shakespeare.*

FRANKLIN H. FOWLER, Cheyenne, Wyo.

"Frank"

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's  
stuffs."—*Wotton.*

CHARLES BRAXTON GARY, Henderson, N. C.

"Charlie"

"A friend received with thumps upon the back."—*Young.*

WILLIAM MORRIS GEISINGER, Troy, Ohio

"Many a time a man cannot be such as he would be if  
circumstances do not admit of it."—*Terence.*

HOLBROOK GIBSON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Gib"

"I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more."  
—*Proctor.*

CYRUS DORSEY GILROY, Lebanon, Pa.

"Happy"

"Seldom it comes to few from heaven sent,  
That much in little—all in naught—content."  
—*Wibye.*

GEORGE BURTON GORHAM, Marshall, Mich.

"Frosty"

"Free livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within  
the compass of a guinea."—*Irving.*

ALEXANDER GOULARD, Bayonne, N. J.

"Nick"

"What thou intendest to do, speak not of before thou  
doest it."—*Pittachus.*

JOHN WILLIAM GRAY, Spencer, Ind.

"Dolly"

"As honest a soul as ever cut a throat or scuttled a  
ship."—*Capt. Kidd.*

HENRY MARTEL GWYNN, Pittsburg, Pa.

"Nell"

"And we're all good fellows together."—*O'Keefe.*

WILLIAM H. HALL, Rockingham, N. C.

"Gloomy"

"Day after day,  
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
And views the main that toils below."  
—*Thompson.*

FRANK G. HAMILTON, Fort Wayne, Ind.

"Scrubby"

"Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth within that  
rough outside."—*Mrs. Osgood.*

JUDSON LELAND HAND, Pelham, Ga.

"Jud"

"Sober as a judge."—*Fielding.*

HENRY CLAY HAMILTON, Dalton, Ga.  
"H. C."

"They only babble who practice not reflection,  
I shall think—and thought is silence."  
—*Sheridan*.

WILLIAM F. HAWTHORNE, New York City  
"Billy"

"Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor."  
—*Cowper*.

THOMAS S. HENDERSON, Bryan, Texas  
"Tommy"

"No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head."  
—*Shakespeare*.

HUGH HENRY, Denison, Tex.  
"Horse"

"He cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children  
from play, and old men from the chimney corner."  
—*Sidney*.

GEORGE W. HEWLETT, New Haven, Conn.  
"Georgie"

"Kept the even tenor of their way."—*Gray*.

CHARLES HIBBARD, Providence, R. I.  
"Russ"

"I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man."  
—*Shakespeare*.

LAFAYETTE LIGON HODGES, Okalona, Miss.  
"Blivvy"

"I am as they that seek a sign, to whom no sign is  
given."—*Taylor*.

RALPH LEONARD HOOVER, Hoquiam, Wash.  
"Madam"

"What more miserable than discontent."—*Shakespeare*.

FIELDING B. HOUCHEMS, Independence, Mo.

"What without asking, hither hurried whence  
And, without asking, whither hurried hence."  
—*Omar Khayyam*.

AUG. S. JANEWAY, Upper Providence, Pa.  
"Gus"

"He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went, for want of thought."  
—*Dryden*.

FRANK EDWARD JOHNSON, Marysville, Cal.  
"Johnny"

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."—*Heywood*.

LEE PAYNE JOHNSON, Concord, N. C.  
"Woolsey"

"A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a."  
—*Shakespeare*.

THOMAS HARDAWAY JONES, Norcross, Ga.  
"Tommy"

"A happy soul that all the way  
To heaven hath a summer's day."  
—*Crashaw*.

GEORGE BENNET KEESTER, Chicago, Ill.  
"Pope"

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

FREDERICK W. KELLEGREW, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"Kelly"

"He rushed into the field and foremost fighting fell."  
—*Byron*.

AUGUSTINE M. E. KELLY, New York City  
"Mike"

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes  
away."—*Byron*.

FREDERICK LYFORD LANG, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"Flyfoot"

"A bad penny always comes back."—*Proverb*.

EDWARD CHARLES LANGE, Medford, Wis.  
"Eddie"

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."  
—*Shakespeare*.

ROWAN PALMER LEMLY, Washington, D. C.

"Lem"

"Aye! a soldier witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit."  
—*Shakespeare*.

HARRY HARRISON LEVENE, Detroit, Mich.

"Harry"

"Lawyers are needful to keep us out of law."—*Proverb*.

ROBERT LORD LOUCKS, York, Pa.

"Bob"

"'Tis well said again,  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well;  
And yet words are no deeds."

—*Shakespeare*.

JAMES ROBINSON McCABE, Coshocton, Ohio

"Farmer"

"I scarcely understand my own intent,  
But, silkworm like, so long within have wrought,  
That I am lost in my own web of thought."

—*Dryden*.

TRACY LAY McCAULEY, Ft. Sheridan, Ill.

"Twacey"

"Who hut must laugh, if such a man there be?  
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?"

—*Pope*.

JAMES McCOOL, Walla Walla, Wash.

"Jimmy"

"Here's a sigh to those that love me,  
And a smile to those who hate,  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate."

—*Byron*.

JAMES WILLIAM McDONALD, Oshkosh, Wis.

"Jimmy"

"To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares  
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs."

—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

DUDLEY HOWARD McDOWELL, Blakely, Ga.

"Mac"

"Words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear."

—*Shakespeare*.

NORTON MCGIFFIN, JR., Washington, Pa.

"Mac"

"It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a  
Scotch understanding."—*Sydney Smith*.

THOMAS JOSEPH MADIGAN, Columbus, Ohio

"Tommy"

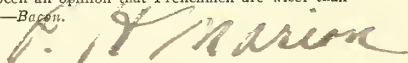
"Sincerity's my chief delight,  
The darling pleasure of the mind."

—*Lady Chudleigh*.

PAUL HENRY MARION, Annapolis, Md.

"Frenchy"

"It hath been an opinion that Frenchmen are wiser than  
they seem."—*Becon*.



FRANK BOND MAUPIN, Baltimore, Md.

"Prints"

"And listens like a three year's child."—*Wordsworth*.

EVERHARD KIDDER MEADE, Boyce, Va.

"Kidder"

"Had in him those brave transtunary things  
That the first poets had."

—*Drayton*.

GEORGE HERBERT MELVIN, Geneseo, Ill.

"My nature is subdued  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

—*Shakespeare*.

MINOR MERIWETHER, JR., Lafayette, La.

"Merry"

"At every trifle scorn to take offense,  
That always shows great pride or little sense."

—*Pope*.

MARK A. MITSCHER, Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Pete"

"Happy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound."

—*Pope*.

LEO CHARLES MÜLLER, La Crosse, Wis.

"Maud"

"No season now for calm familiar talk."—*Pope*.

CHASE HOOD NICHOLS, Winchester, Ind.

"Chase"

"For it so falls out  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
While we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost  
Why, then we rack the value; then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
While it was ours."

—*Shakespeare.*

PERCY W. NORTHCROFT, Pawtucket, R. I.

"Crofty"

"The youth who hopes the Olympic prize to gain,  
All arts must try, and every toil sustain."

—*Horace.*

WILLIAM KENNETH PAGE, Chicago, Ill.

"Jakie"

"His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors,  
trip about him at command."—*Milton.*

ORMAND C. PAILTHORPE, Petoskey, Mich.

"Drom"

"It would talk, Lord! how it talked."—*Beaumont.*

JOHN LITTLETON POOLE, Baltimore, Md.

"King"

"Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail."—*Johnson.*

HENRY HALL PORTER, Munhall, Pa.

"Thou art the Mars of Malcontents."—*Shakespeare.*

LOUIS JAMES PORTALES, Northfield, Minn.

"Jimmy"

"His heart, his hand, and his purse were always open."  
—*Mark Twain.*

EDWARD WM. BEIRNE POWELL, Denver, Col.

"Eddie"

"A sunny temper gilds the edge of life's blackest cloud."  
—*Guthrie.*

JOHN PULLMAN, Walla Walla, Wash.

"Jack"

"I have done the state some service, and they know't."—  
*Othello.*

JOSEPH F. PUTNAM, Rochester, N. Y.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed  
be the name of the Lord."—*The Bible.*

NOEL BURDETTE RAWLS, Plattsmouth, Neb.

"N. B."

"We grant, although he had much wit,  
He was very shy of using it."

—*Butler.*

WALTER OWEN RAWLS, Athens, Ala.

"Rooster Bill"

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,  
To relish a joke, and rejoice at a pun."

—*Goldsmith.*

CHRISTINE A. REIMERS, JR., Pierce, Neb.

"Chris"

"He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the  
old block itself."—*Burke.*

HENRY S. RICHARDSON, Greensboro, N. C.

"Dick"

"Generous, as brave,  
Affection, kindness,  
Were as needful to him  
As his daily bread."

—*Rogers.*

WM. N. RICHARDSON, JR., Quidmunc, Ala.

"Rich"

"Thy steady temper, Portius,  
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud and Cæsar  
In the calm lights of mild philosophy."

—*Addison.*

HARRY CLARK RIDGLEY, Springfield, Ill.

"Ridge"

"Praise from a friend or censure from a foe  
Are lost on hearers that our merits know."

—*Pope.*

WILLIAM CHAUNCEY RIPLEY, Belmar, N. J.

"Rip"

"Patience—  
Of whose soft grace I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content."

—*Shakespeare.*

JOSEPHUS GAYLE ROBBINS, Mayfield, Ky.

"Robby"

"Discretion in speech is more than eloquence."—*Bacon*.

EDWARD P. ROELKER, Washington, D. C.

"Red"

"A youth, to whom was given  
So much of earth, so much of heaven."  
—*Wordsworth*.

BYRON DEMONT ROGERS, Springfield, Ill.

"Pete"

"With thy clear, keen joyance,  
Languor cannot he;  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee."  
—*Shelley*.

WALTER J. ROUNTREE, Quitman, Ga.

"Chimp"

"He is no wise man who will quit a certainty for an uncertainty."—*Johnson*.

WILLIAM W. SEARCY, JR., Breham, Tex.

"Bill"

"He was a man  
Versed in the world as a pilot in his compass."  
—*Ben Johnson*.

FRANCIS LEO SHEA, New York City

"Leo"

"Consider well what your strength is equal to, and what exceeds your ability."—*Horace*.

HARRY EDWARD SHEPHERD, Seneca, Mo.

"Shep"

"I know him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest."—*Shakespeare*.

FRANK SLINGLUFF, JR., Walbrook, Md.

"Tubby"

"What strong hand can hold him back."—*Shakespeare*.

CLIFFORD VERMILYE SMITH, New York City

"Smithy"

"Hail fellow, well met."—*Lyly*.

PIERRE LORAINÉ SMITH, Punxsutawney, Pa.

"Pete"

"Well said, that was laid on with a trowel."—*Shakespeare*.

OLIVER LOVING SPILLER, Jacksboro, Tex.

"Oliver"

"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the hlossom that hangs on the bough."  
—*Shakespeare*.

JAMES S. SPORE, East Bay City, Mich.

"Spo"

"He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence."—*Lavater*.

CLARENCE WILBUR SPROULL, Ansonia, Ohio

"Shorty"

"I was horn to other things."—*Tennyson*.

ERLE GULICK STILLWELL, Hannibal, Mo.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."—*Pope*.

HOMER LLOYD STOKES, Fort Worth, Tex.

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft where most it promises."—*Shakespeare*.

FRANK WILLARD TOWNSEND, Wyoming, Ill.

"Townie"

"Here, too, dwells simple truth and plain innocence."—*Thomson*.

RICHARD EDWARDS TRIPPE, Kittanning, Pa.

"Dick"

"If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows."—*Shakespeare*.

HAROLD ASA WADDINGTON, Bloomington, Ill.

"Wad"

"His wit invites you by bis looks to come,  
But when you knock, there's nobody at home."  
—*Cowper*.

ROBERT GROVER WARD, New York City

"Wawd"

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."—*Shakespeare*.

LITTLETON W. T. WALLER, JR., Norfolk, Va.

"Tubby"

"To-day is ours, why do we fear;  
To-day is ours, we have it here;  
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,  
To the gods belongs to-morrow."

—Cowley.

NOBLE SALEVAN WARREN, Rising Sun, Del.

"Farmer"

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,  
In wit a man, simplicity a child."

—Pope.

ROBERT POWERS WATERS, St. Joseph, Mo.

"Bobby"

"As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."—*Sheridan*.

ARTHUR FOLLETT WEBB, Winfield, Kan.

"Who makes divorce  
Of that serene companion, a good name,  
Recovers not his loss."

—Wordsworth.

FLETCHER O. WEBSTER, Solomons, Md.

"Daniel"

"I do not love much ceremony."—*Shirley*.

HENRY CLARKE WELLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Apie"

"The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more."

—Wordsworth.

RICHARD ERNEST WHITE, Bakersfield, Cal.

"Bob"

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."—*Shakespeare*.

WILLIAM CARTER WICKHAM, Richmond, Va.

"Easy"

"To know  
That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime wisdom."—*Milton*.

ORA WILHELM, Mattoon, Ill.

"Kaiser"

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."—*Pope*.

JOHN C. WILKINSON, JR., St. Louis, Mo.

"Ping-Pong"

"When people once are in the wrong,  
Each line they add is much too long;  
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,  
Is only furbest from his way."

—Prior.

FRANCIS M. WILLIAMS, JR., Newton, N. C.

"Billy"

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

—Hallock.

RALEIGH CORWIN WILLIAMS, Wichita, Kan.

"R. C."

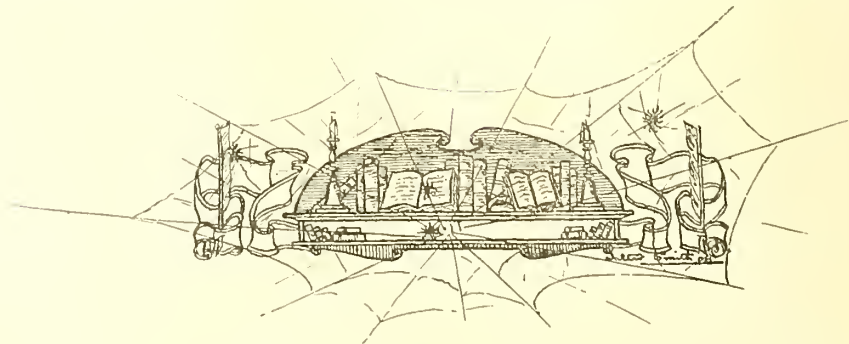
"A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience."

—Shakespeare.

RICHARD WALTER WUEST, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Dicky"

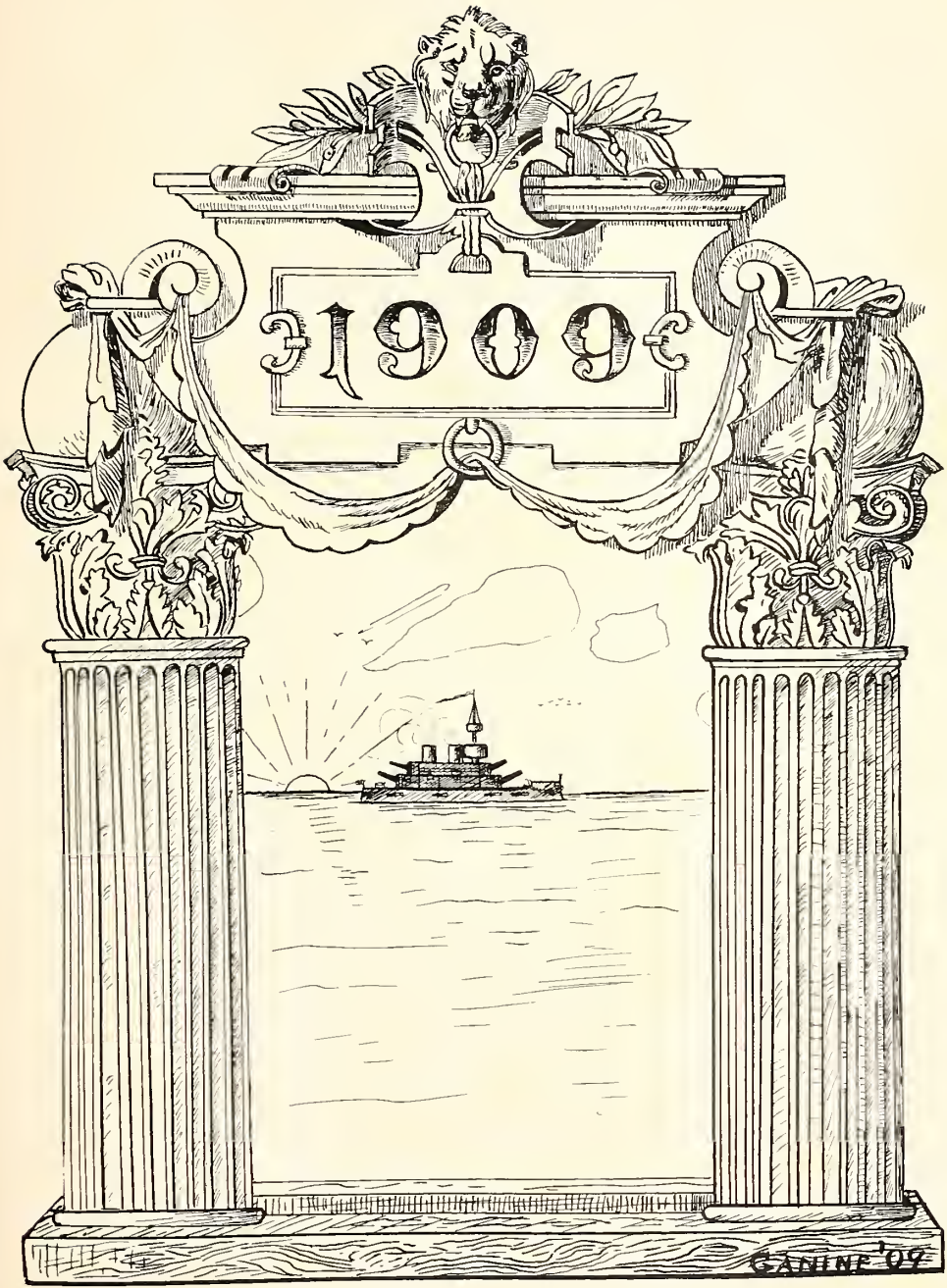
"Look you, I am the most concerned with my own interests."—*Terence*.

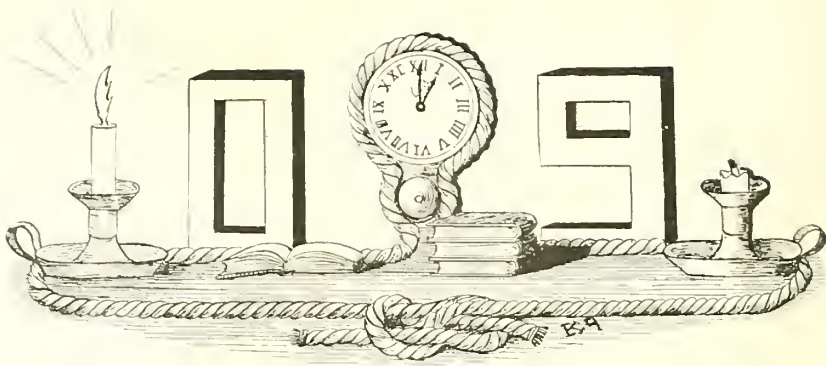












IN THE spring of our Youngster Year a rumor rose. This, in itself, is no unusual thing, as all who have any acquaintance with midshipmen are well aware. Yet this particular rumor was unusual in that it prophesied that which was later found to be the exact truth. At supper one Sunday someone casually remarked that he had heard the second class would not make the cruise, but would be held over at the Academy and receive two months' leave. The rumor spread rapidly and with each repetition gathered authenticity. Of course nobody believed it, but everybody took delight in discussing it. Hence when the order confirming the rumor was published, the exclamation "I told you so" was outnumbered only by "I believed it all the time." But our surprises were not over! Privileges which we had not conceived in the wildest flights of our imagination were granted to us. Drills in the shade, liberty every day till nine-thirty! We appreciated these privileges all the more because they were unexpected, but we quickly adapted ourselves to the new conditions and enjoyed every day of the two months that each battalion spent at the Academy. A series of class hops, at which everybody knew everybody else, contributed to our pleasure. Through the entire summer, like a golden thread, ran the thought of the long leave either to follow or just over. The class was one big, happy family. Of course a few disturbances arose, but altogether those two months were nearly ideal. To quote one of the fellows, "It was like a big household party without the girls."

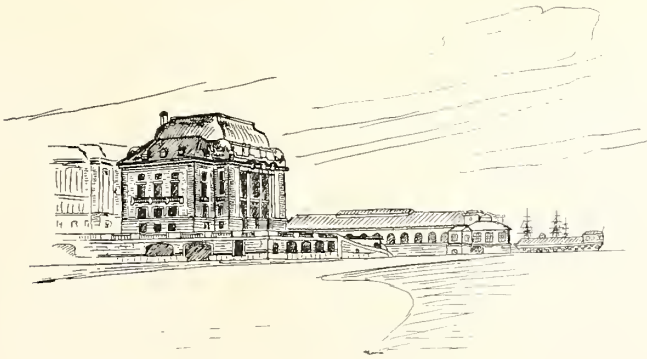
At the beginning of the summer the class suffered the loss of one of its most loyal members. Harry Arthur Leaphart died a few days after reaching his home, and the hearts of his classmates all over the country went out in deepest sympathy to his bereaved parents. In other respects our leave passed as all vacations pass—before we realized it had come. Two months slipped away just as quickly for us as one month did for the other classes.

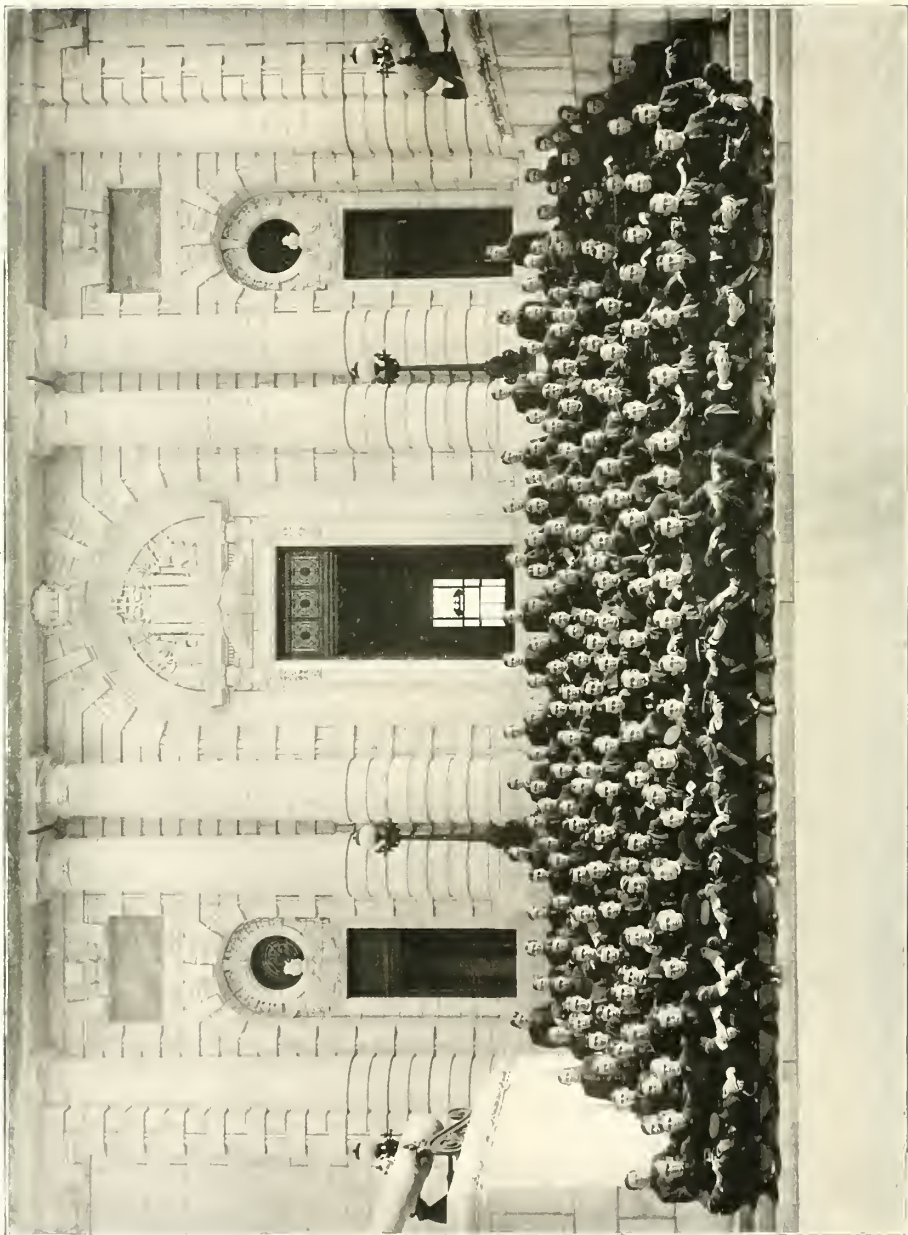
Second Class Year is the hardest in the course. We have heard this statement many times and we wish to add that we concur in it. We have passed through it and do not believe it possible for First Class Year to be worse. Academic work began with a rush that took us off our feet. The Math and Steam Departments made first down on the October exams, and having acquired the habit, continued to do so on nearly every other exam. Only our daily work prevented these strong departments from gaining an overwhelming victory. This terrific struggle is described in the language of the gridiron, for, until after

the Army game, the entire brigade lived in an atmosphere of football. Incidentally it may be remarked that we are justly proud of the aid our class rendered in gaining that crowning victory of the season.

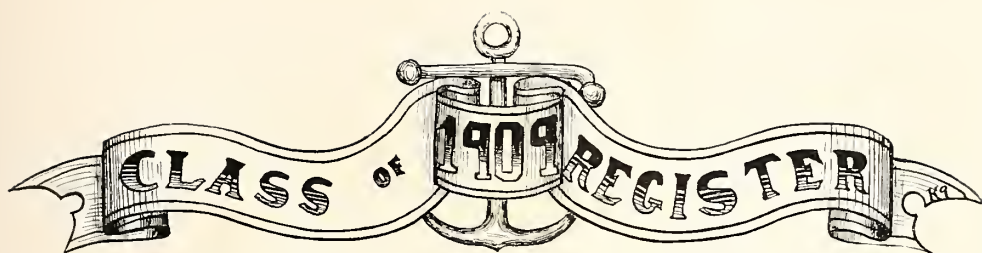
And now we are at the beginning of First Class Year. We are ready for the fourth, and let us hope the final, lap in our race for a diploma. The time is at hand when we shall bring our class rings forth from the innermost depths of our lockers. Already we dream of our June when we will each receive the blue ribbon neatly tied about a sheepskin. But should misfortune overtake us, we have penetrated deeply enough into Academy life to take away pleasant memories. We thank our friends in 1908 for many of these, and we wish them all success and happiness in the broader life upon which they are entering.

We realize that in future years we shall look back upon the present time as our golden age, and that the most pleasing feature memory will be able to recall is the fellowship existing between classmates. The sharing of joys and sorrows, the intimate daily contact of man to man, have cemented ties of friendship that will endure forever. During the past month we have been oppressed by the thought that next September the old company organizations will be destroyed. Those who have been most closely associated for the past three years will be separated. And upon the heels of this thought another creeps into our minds—this separation is but preliminary to the great scattering that will follow graduation; we have but one more year together.





CLASS OF 1909



Alford, T. N.  
 Allewelt, R. L.  
 Ashley, J. M.  
 Barney, A.  
 Barry, J. R.  
 Bartlett, W. C.  
 Bennett, R. H.  
 Benson, H. H. J.  
 Bernhard, A. D.  
 Billingsley, W. D.  
 Blankenship, E. J.  
 Borchardt, H. R. W.  
 Borland, J.  
 Boucher, C. H.  
 Bowman, M. C.  
 Bradford, G.  
 Braisted, F. A.  
 Brandt, E. S. R.  
 Brown, S. S.  
 Bunkley, J. W.  
 Burdick, H. S.  
 Butler, W. P.  
 Bye, L. B.  
 Campbell, L. H., Jr.  
 Canine, S. R.  
 Cappel, C.  
 Carroll, P. L.  
 Carter, F. S.  
 Carter, F. B.  
 Carver, W. J.  
 Chapline, V. D.

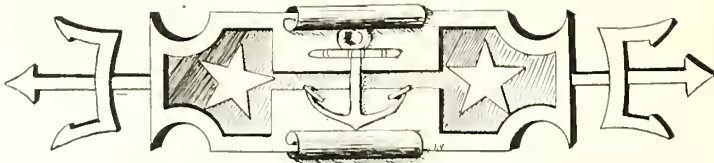
Church, G.  
 Coman, R. G.  
 Comfort, R. M.  
 Cooper, H. G., Jr.  
 Daubin, F. A.  
 Davis, C. C.  
 Davis, R. H.  
 Dearing, A. C.  
 Deem, J. M.  
 DeMott, M. B.  
 Dessez, J. H. S.  
 Dixon, V. J.  
 Doyle, J. M.  
 Dresel, A. H.  
 Dunn, L. C.  
 Dysart, A. S.  
 Ede, A. L.  
 Elder, C. M.  
 Ellington, E. L.  
 Eliot, R. Mc., Jr.  
 Endel, S.  
 Farrell, W. E.  
 Faus, W. C.  
 Fay, R. S.  
 Fowler, F. H.  
 Fox, H. H.  
 Friedell, D. J.  
 Gibson, H.  
 Gillette, C. S.  
 Gilroy, C. D.  
 Glennon, J. B.  
 Grebe, W. C.

Green, F.  
 Greene, O. C.  
 Guiler, R. P.  
 Gunther, E. L.  
 Gwynn, H. M.  
 Haas, E. G.  
 Haines, P. B.  
 Hamsch, P. F.  
 Harris, J. S.  
 Hatcher, J. S.  
 Haxton, R. G.  
 Hedrick, D. I.  
 Henderson, M. I.  
 Hersey, M. L., Jr.  
 Hewlett, G. W.  
 Hoey, G. B.  
 Hustvedt, O. M.  
 Joers, R. J.  
 Johnson, L. P.  
 Jones, R. E.  
 Jones, T. H.  
 Jungling, C. P. P.  
 Keester, G. B.  
 Kelly, M.  
 Kennedy, S. S.  
 Kirk, A. G.  
 Koehler, H. W.  
 Koenig, W. C.  
 Lange, E. C.  
 Lansdowne, Z.  
 LeClair, H. P.  
 Leighton, F. T.

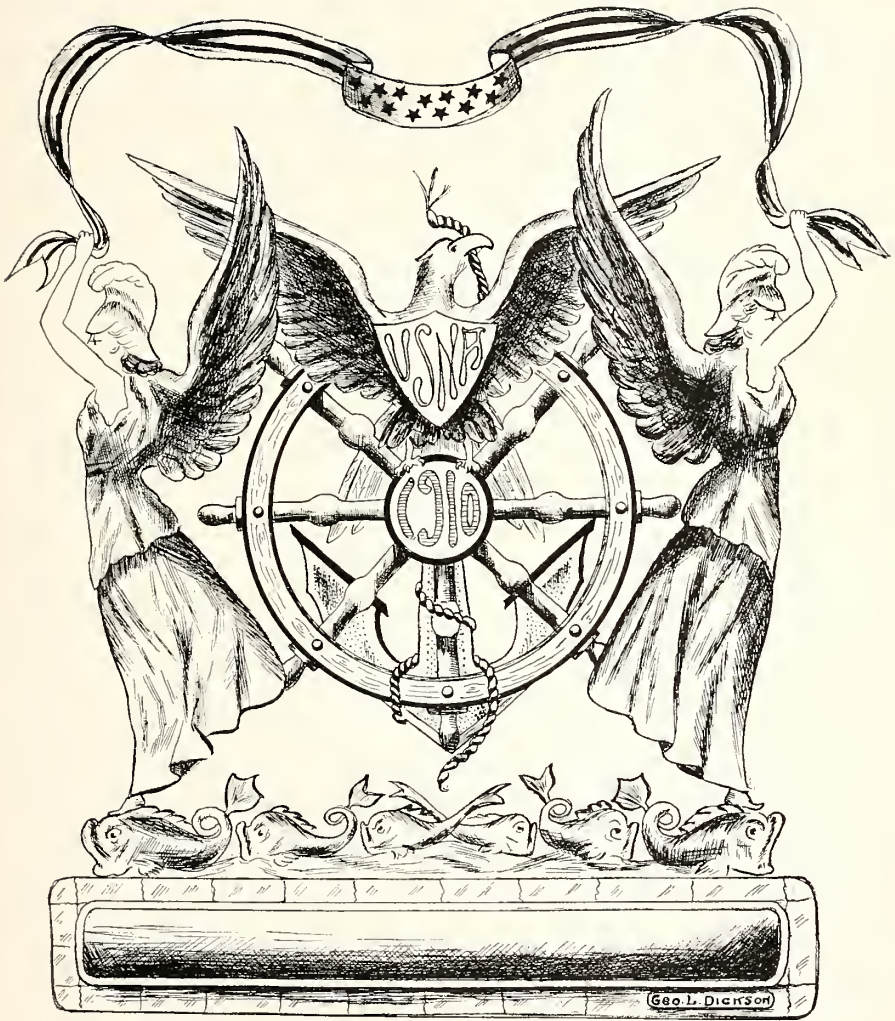
Lind, W. L.  
 Lindley, L. L.  
 Lindsey, L. E.  
 Logan, E. A.  
 Lothrop, C. L.  
 Lucas, C. A.  
 McCabe, H. V.  
 McCandlish, B. V.  
 McCauley, T. L.  
 McElduff, D. O.  
 McGlasson, A.  
 Maddox, C. H.  
 Mailley, C. C. W.  
 Maloney, J. D.  
 Manahan, S. A.  
 Manock, F. D.  
 Marion, P. H.  
 Merrick, A. A.  
 Miller, A. B.  
 Morrison, C. H.  
 Moses, R.  
 Murphy, J. A.  
 Nordyke, H. W.  
 Northcroft, P. W.  
 Oldendorf, J. B.  
 Paunack, R. R.  
 Platt, C. B.  
 Poole, J. L.  
 Porter, H. H.

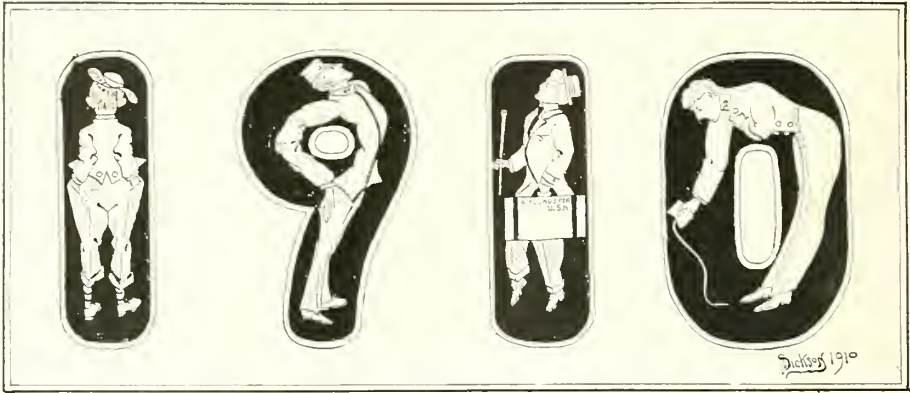
Porter, W. N.  
 Price, C. D.  
 Quale, G. W.  
 Quillian, J. W.  
 Raguet, E. C.  
 Rawls, W. O.  
 Reeves, G. N., Jr.  
 Reordan, C. E.  
 Rice, P. H.  
 Richardson, W. N., Jr.  
 Richey, T. B.  
 Ridgley, H. C.  
 Rieger, A. W.  
 Roberts, C. S.  
 Roberts, W. L.  
 Robertson, M. C.  
 Robertson, R. S., Jr.  
 Rutter, J. B.  
 Sampson, R. E.  
 Saxer, J. J.  
 Scanland, F. W.  
 Settle, H. T.  
 Shea, F. L.  
 Slingluff, F., Jr.  
 Smith, H. T.  
 Smith, W. W.  
 Spalding, R. D.  
 Spiller, O. L.  
 Spore, J. S.

Stephenson, H. W.  
 Stoddard, G. K.  
 Strickland, G. B.  
 Stuart, D. H.  
 Thornton, R. E.  
 Tilley, B. F., Jr.  
 Townsend, L., Jr.  
 Train, H. C.  
 Trever, G. A.  
 Trippe, R. E.  
 Van DeBoe, H. R.  
 Van Hook, C. E.  
 Van Metre, T. E.  
 Van Valkenburg, F.  
 Vetter, W. P.  
 Waddell, W. W.  
 Waddington, H. A.  
 Ward, R. G.  
 Weaver, F. H.  
 Welsh, L.  
 Weyerbacher, R. D.  
 Wickham, W. C.  
 Wilkinson, T. S., Jr.  
 Winters, T. H.  
 Woodson, E. M.  
 Wright, P. T.  
 Yates, J.  
 Yost, C. S.









FOUR bare walls and a vast solitude surrounded the lowly plebe. He knelt on the cold floor before a pile of math books, his head bowed in earnest supplication for strength to assume the dignity of a mighty youngster on the morrow. Through numberless days had he toiled and fought for this, his hour of triumph. With his bare hands alone he had wrested victory from the hydra-headed "Dago," by the strength of his noble mind excalibluff he had carved his way to a 2.5 through the English hosts. But now a hideous shape barred his path, a monster evolved from the nethermost depths by the Math Department. This horrible monster bore down upon him, its course a curve of the  $n$ th degree. Fascinated by the ease with which this demon described these wonderful evolutions, our plebe stood spellbound. Suddenly a great fear seized his heart as he saw his beloved comrades vanish before this monster. He turned to flee: there was no escape. With a piercing cry of anguish he fell upon his knees and prayed. Mingled with his prayer, the dulcet strains of reveille came sweetly to his ears; the plebe arose that [day to bear with be seeming toughness the brazen shield of youngsterhood.

It was with great inward rejoicing that we awoke that memorable morning to realize that plebe year was indeed but a nightmare of the past. Forgotten were the days when with quaking knees we first furl'd sail on the Severn. Those phantoms of our first exams and those memories of our valiant array on the parade ground were held among the secrets of the past. Clad in robes of spotless white, we sat in state upon a regal throne of laundry bags. Before our straining eyes the fair delights of our first hop passed en promenade, and hard it was to be torn away from joys so newly found. Thus it was, with Dame Rumor holding visions of a most wondrous voyage, that we embarked upon our Youngster Cruise.

From the Olympians' standpoint the cruise was the finest ever. After we had shaken the dust of Jamestown from our feet, and our clothes, and our hair, and—well, after that life was nearly perfect happiness. We felt keenest regret, however, when the receipt of orders transferred forty-four of our class to the Severn. In the depths of dejection the "wind-jammers" bid us a sad farewell. We felt for them, but the gloom was too thick.

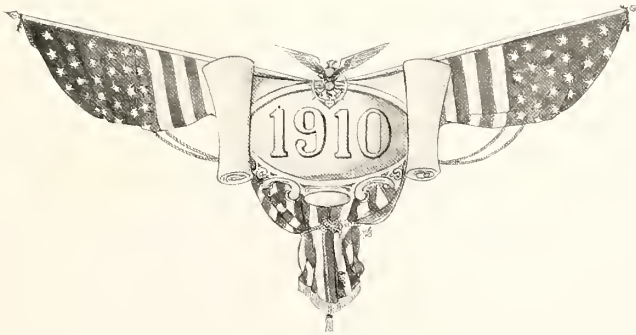
The good ship "Olymp" proved to be one of those liberty boats which are called away often. We looked in upon New York, and made an extended stay in Bath, but our real summer home was at New London. Everywhere there was much liberty, royal entertainment, and great rejoicing. So taken were we with our various habitats that it was

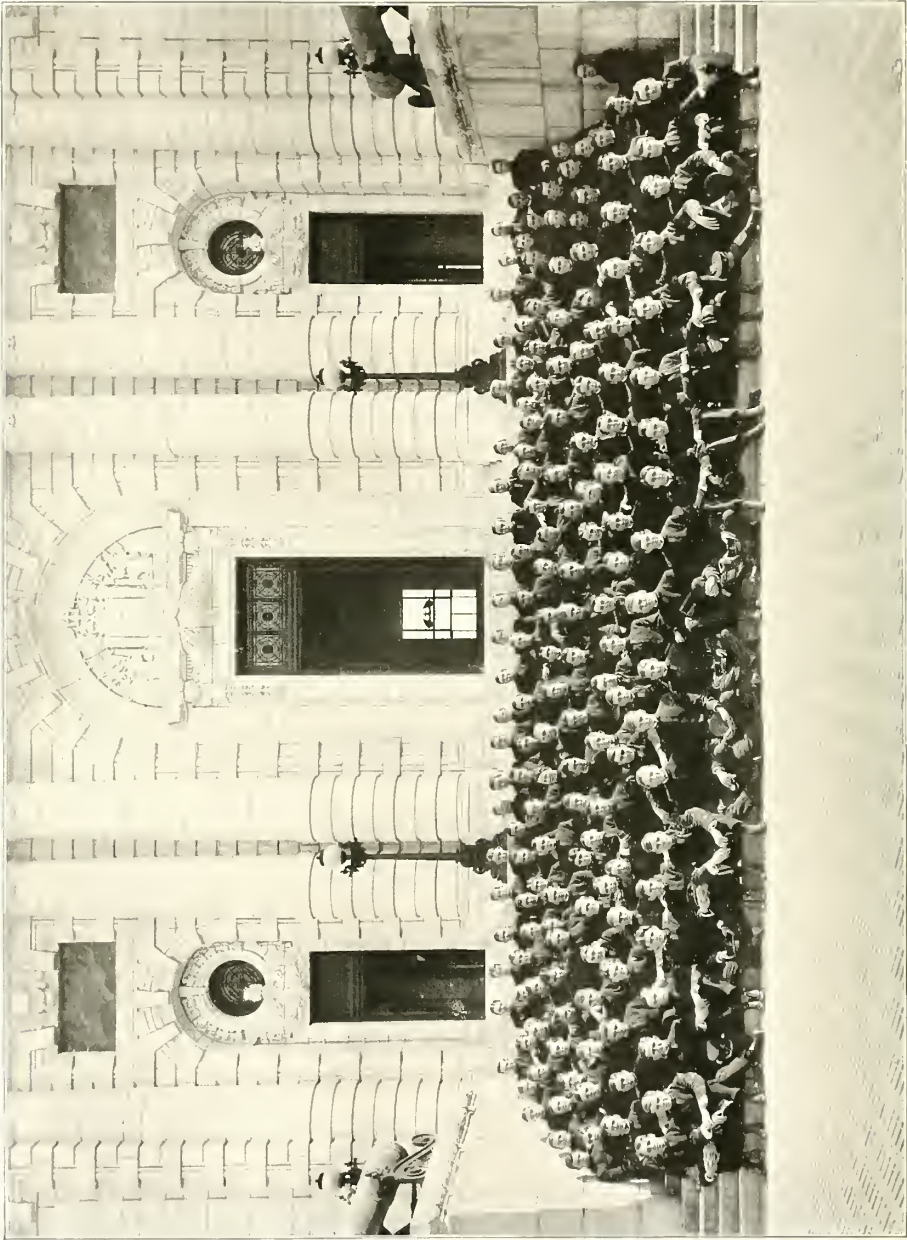
nearly impossible to return to the ship, and many felt keen sorrow when we once more weighed anchor for Crabtown.

The "Luckless 44" encountered contrary winds on the Chesapeake. Every letter from classmates on the "Olympia" evoked a terrible outburst. Excursion parties were few, and we forgot the meaning of that divine word "Liberty!" The opportunities for rest and quiet afforded by Solomons was very fine, but everyone welcomed the day we were cast upon the wharf to return no more. Dippy with joy, the tune of "Belvedere" saw us safely moored in Bancroft, with two whole days to plan for leave.

O Leave!—muse of flying hours! goddess of sweetest moments! Why canst thy smile not last forever? Our sentence read, "thirty days," but no prisoner in dungeon deep ever welcomed the light of day more than we. Thirty days of all-excelling bliss, visions of loveliness, delights unpictured by the wildest flights of imagination. We are loath to chronicle the devastation wrought our hearts by the fair ones at home; we might tell of hearts left behind, we could easily name a few honored classmates who had a terrible time getting back, but we shall not.

Let it suffice—we're here because we're here, etc., *ad infinitum*, or until the ans. Back once more to a dreary world of poverty stricken marks, but joy is ours. Why? Because we are youngsters now! We heed not the present nor fear the future. A current rumor once impudently asserted that Calc was hard. Violent death was his portion. An awe-inspiring Skinny Seeress once prophesied destruction for us, but we put not our faith in seeresses. Since our space has its limits we shall not attempt to enumerate our troubles. Consideration for the troubles of our friends moves us to sympathy, but we cannot confine it here. It behooveth not youngsters to present the advice of sages, but let all our friends heed the old saw that saith, "He getteth best from out the woods who hitteth not the trees."





CLASS OF 1910

Class 1910 Roll.

G. L. Dickson

Ainsworth, W. L.  
 Alexander, J. T.  
 Alger, C. W.  
 Anderson, L.  
 Bagg, H. A.  
 Barlow, E. F.  
 Barrett, W. N., Jr.  
 Bartlett, H. T.  
 Battle, C. E., Jr.  
 Beary, D. B.  
 Bell, R. E.  
 Bennion, M.  
 Berry, H. B.  
 Bieg, V. N.  
 Birdsall, J. H.  
 Blackwell, J. M.  
 Blandin, J. J.  
 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.  
 Dick, H. H.  
 Dickson, G. L.  
 Donelson, J. F.  
 Dunnell, M., Jr.  
 Eccleston, H. R.  
 Edgerly, J. P.  
 Edwards, W. A.  
 Ellis, H. A.  
 Fagan, L. E.  
 Flanigan, H. A.  
 Force, S.  
 Foster, M. J.  
 Frost, H. H.  
 Fuller, G. C.  
 Gates, F. C.  
 Gates, J. W.

Gatewood, R.  
 Gibson, E. B.  
 Gilbert, H. B.  
 Gillam, F. J.  
 Gorham, G. B.  
 Gray, A. H.  
 Hall, R. P.  
 Hammes, R. B.  
 Hancock, L., Jr.  
 Haralson, J. M.  
 Harris, F. M.  
 Heath, D. P.  
 Hein, H. B.  
 Hein, H. R.  
 Hoffman, J. O., Jr.  
 Hosford, H. W.  
 Humbert, G. F.  
 Jemison, J. K.  
 Jersey, C. C.  
 Johnson, G. A.  
 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. B.  
Miller, R. N.  
Mitscher, M. A.  
Molten, R. P., Jr.  
Moore, C. J.  
Moore, W. L.  
Moonman, W. E.  
Moran, T.  
Morey, G. E.  
Nicholas, W. S.  
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Niles, E. K.  
Norfleet, J. P.  
Northcutt, C. A.  
O'Brien, J. A

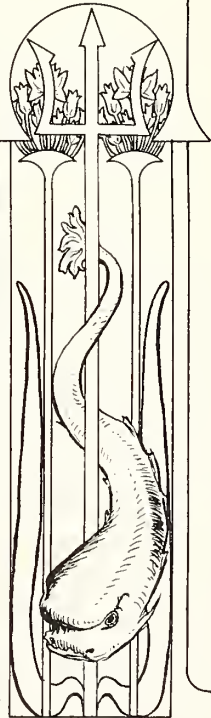
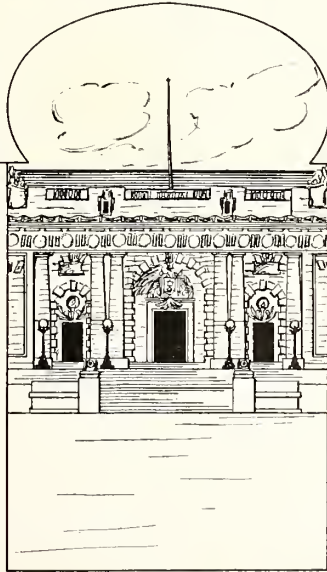
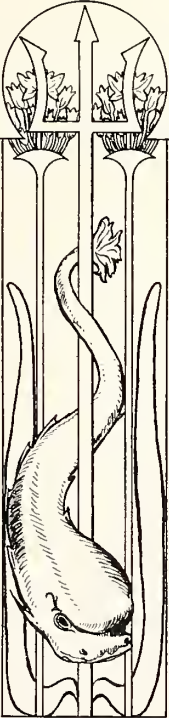
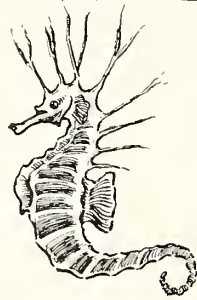
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Peoples, J. S.  
Peyton, B. R.  
Pownall, C. A.  
Quinn, M. P.  
Ragon, S. K.  
Refo, M. P., Jr.  
Reifsnider, L. F.  
Reinicke, F. G.  
Richardson, W. A.  
Riheldaffer, J. L.  
Robinson, E. W.  
Robottom, P. K.  
Roesch, H. O.  
Rossell, H. E.  
Ruhl, A. H.  
Rutter, A. A.  
Seed, W. D., Jr.  
Sheldon, C. G.  
Sherman, F. C.  
Simmons, A.  
Simpson, A. B.  
Skeen, D. H.  
Sloan, J. E.  
Smith, E. S.

Smith, H.  
Smith, Jeff. D.  
Smith, J. H.  
Smith, R. C., Jr.  
Somes, G. C.  
Spencer, E. W., Jr.  
Steinwachs, F. S.  
Stolz, M. L.  
Strickland, S. G.  
Thomas, D. O.  
Thorpe, E.  
Trammell, W.  
Traynor, F. P.  
Underwood, H. W.  
Wallace, J. E.  
Ware, J. G.  
Webb, A. F.  
Webb, E. L.  
Webster, F. O.  
Wellbrock, J. H.  
Weyler, G. L.  
Whitehead, J. M.  
Whiting, H. M.  
Whittaker, H.  
Will, J. B.  
Williams, E. M.  
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Wilmer, P.  
Wilson, A.  
Young, R. T.



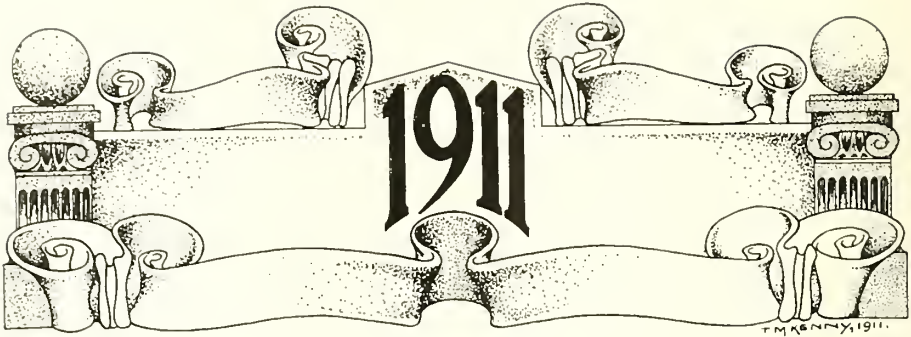


1911



USNA

F.M. KENNY, '11.



**H**ISTORY presupposes a past and some degree of development. The man and the nation have a history. The babe and the tribe have only the baldest annals. Still, as the present becomes the future, babes grow into men, tribes become nations, and annals are born anew into history, so the Class of 1911, being yet a babe, has an uneventful past, an active present, and an expectant future. Its history, therefore, is neither full nor over-exciting.

The class entered about two hundred and ninety strong, a number which marks it as the largest class that has come to the Academy in some years. It comprised the usual variations of height and build, of figure and form, of disposition and capacity; but it was a unit in its standard of color, which was a decided and visible green. Though the prep egg had become the plebe chick, the tint of inexperience colored its down, and it walked in a uniform hue. But walking was not its only or principal occupation, important as it is in the development of babyhood.

The class motto—if the memory of Latin had not entirely departed—might have been "otium cum dig.," with all the accent and stress upon "dig.," and the "otium" to be taken in homeopathic doses only. The class hardly knew itself to be entered when the summer days were spent in the unending round of drills which help to mold the varied cit into the unvaried mid. The setting-up exercise discovered and wrenched every muscle that had carefully and modestly hidden itself since earliest boyhood days; inspection after inspection showed how dust, as well as hours, will fly, and unsuspected specks will linger; infantry tactics—well named infant-ry so far as 1911 was concerned—were far from recalling the infant joys of unrestricted youth; and cutter and launch drills brought to light any lurking points of possible anatomical development which had not yet been strained.

Then came the summer cruise. Neptune smiled, or rather laughed, to himself as 1911 embarked, and winked a nautical eye to the Tritons and the sea-gods of his court. The cruise was full of "knots." What we did not do would fill volumes. We did *not* find eggs in the crow's nest, we did *not* see hens in the hatchway, we did *not* chase cats in the dog watch, we did *not* weigh anchor with the galley scales, and we did *not* fear ghosts in the main shrouds. We did sail twenty knots or so from the Academy grounds, and we did attempt a hundred or so impossible knots with every possible rope. Old Neptune wasted none of his strength upon us; he despised the greenness of our youth and refused to test our nerve. A capful of wind and waves at least a foot high were the sea's baptism of 1911.

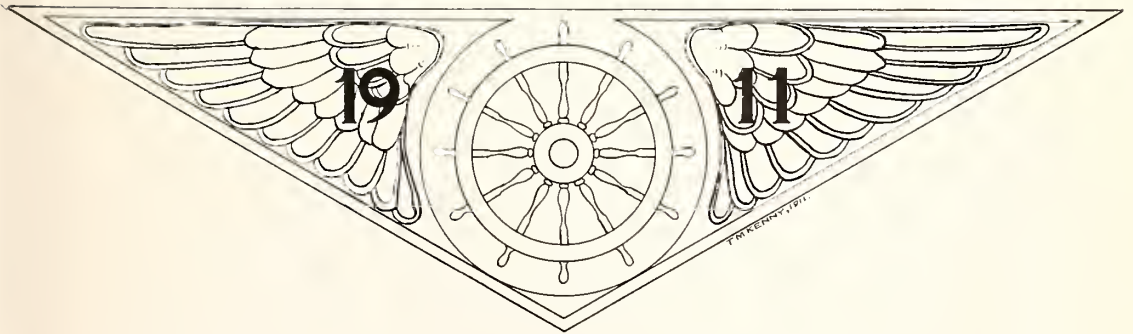
Having thus escaped the dangers of the sea, we were glad to land again upon the Academy grounds. Drills were somewhat varied with summer athletics, and several track

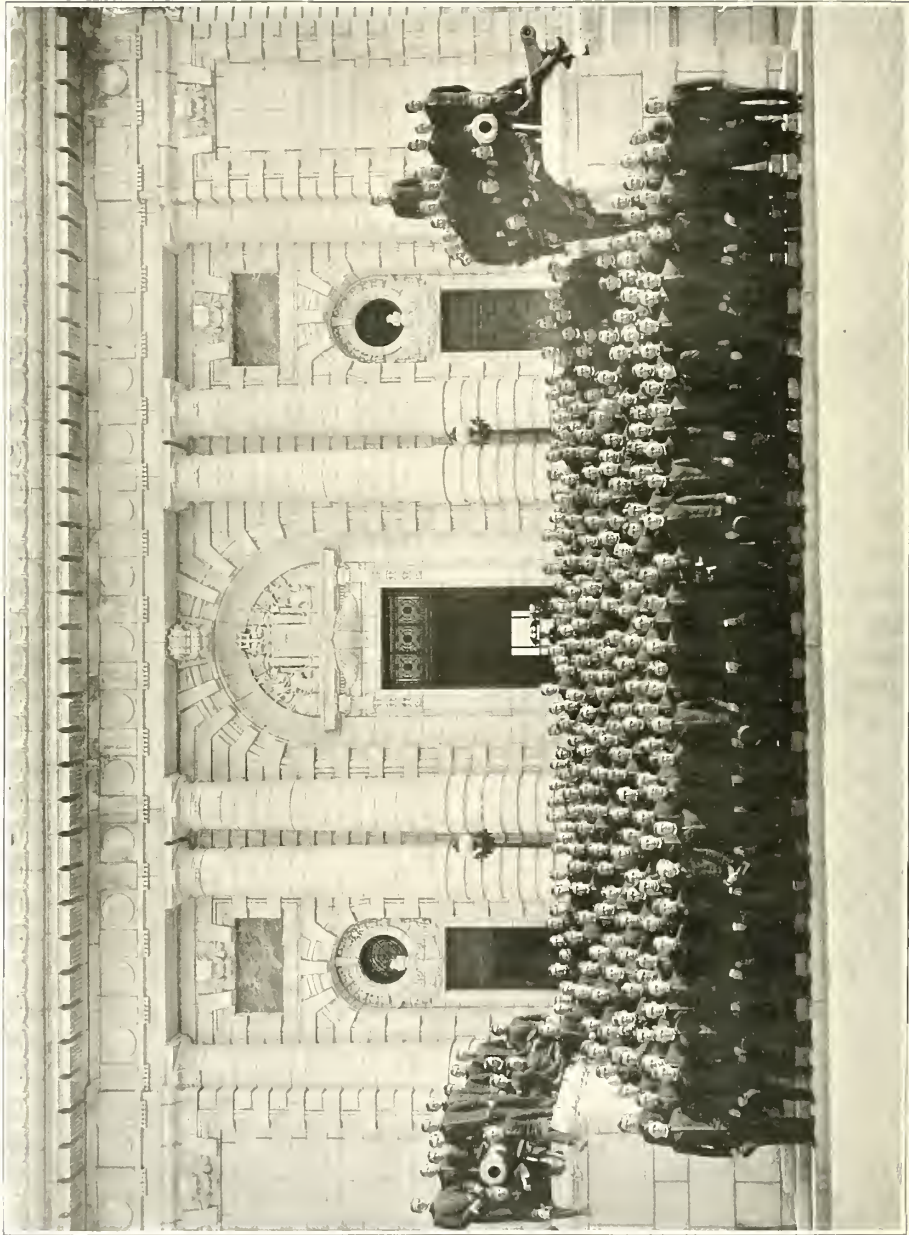


meets of the class brought forth likely material for future development, as well as made an enjoyable break in the regular routine. Daily recitations soon began, to which, in our innocence, we had been eagerly looking forward. At once did the terrors of the sea and the terrors of drill vanish into space, and there loomed before us the greater and more tangible terrors of math, mech drawing and French. The favorite roost of many of us then became some conspicuous branch of a well-filled tree. Recollections of the summer time grew into a vision of a Paradise from which we had been driven, and the present could only be worthily sung in a canto of the first portion of Dante's immortal song. These recollections were enhanced when Christmas had come and gone, and the examinations of the semi-annual period were upon us. Many a brave hero was so badly wounded that he was obliged to return to less strenuous toil in civil life, and many more were lagging far in the rear. But to those who fell, and to those who came through, there was the glorious day, never to be forgotten—the day at Philadelphia when the Army went down to defeat before the invincible Navy team. Then did the poor plebe begin to realize that the sun which that day shone so gloriously might one day cast a beam or two on him.

And so does the year pass, with much of work, something of play, and a portion of sorrow in its train. We can overcome the work, we can enjoy the play, but we cannot wholly forget the sting of the sorrow. Early in the year we lost, by death, two of our classmates—Howe and Van Phinney. We miss them in their accustomed places, and shall keep their memory fresh in our minds.

On the gate of his Inferno, Dante inscribed the fateful words: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." But herein does the gate through which the plebe enters upon his naval career differ from that described by Dante: Over his gate hope sheds a golden light of expectancy, which becomes more and more of a realization as he passes onward from month to month. Trials are forgotten; work becomes its own reward; discipline begets development, and the sure passage of time brings the humble plebe nearer and nearer to the object of his ambition and the summit of his hopes—the first day of Youngster Year.



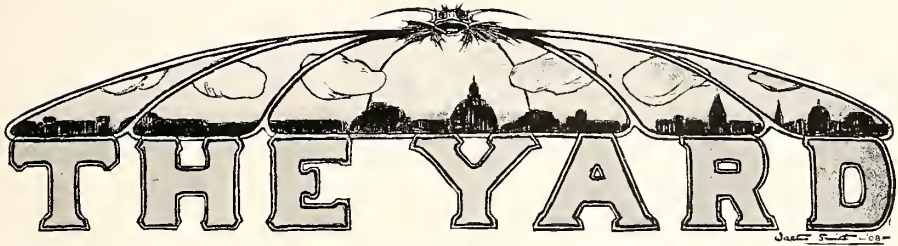


CLASS OF 1911



- 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.  
 Ball, J. H., Jr.  
 Baltzly, F.  
 Barnes, W. C.  
 Barr, E. L.  
 Bates, P. M.  
 Batten, L. W., Jr.  
 Baughman, W. E.  
 Baxter, T.  
 Beach, P. D.  
 Bieri, B. H.  
 Bode, H.  
 Bogusch, H. R.  
 Booth, R. H.  
 Bouson, H. H.  
 Bowden, J. P.  
 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.  
 Coil, E. W.  
 Colhoun, J. H.  
 Collier, F. M.  
 Comstock, L. W.  
 Conway, U. W.  
 Craven, F. S.  
 Curry, C. H.  
 Davidson, W. S.  
 Davis, H.  
 Davis, N.  
 Day, S. K.  
 Decker, S. M.  
 Dennett, R. E.  
 Deyo, M. L.  
 Dickenson, E. F.  
 Douglas, H. D.  
 Downer, D. B.  
 Doyle, R. M., Jr.  
 Eberle, E. R.  
 Eisenach, W. L.  
 English, R. H.  
 Erwin, V. P.  
 Esler, J. K.  
 Ewald, J. B.  
 Falligant, L. A.  
 Fenner, M. M.  
 Field, R. S.  
 Fletcher, J. A.  
 Flett, C. M.  
 Foard, W. B.  
 Ford, A. W.  
 Ford, W. D.  
 Foster, P. F.  
 Garnett, J.  
 Gay, B. S.  
 Gill, E. D.  
 Gilmore, M. D.  
 Glendinning, J. I.  
 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., Jr.  
 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.  
 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.  
 Lambertson, 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. G.  
 Lowry, G. M.  
 McAfee, P.  
 McCaughey, S. D.  
 McClaran, J. W.  
 McCloy, T. S.  
 McClung, E. R.  
 McCord, C. G.  
 McCold, F. C.  
 McGehee, E. C.  
 McHenry, H. D.  
 McKitterick, E. H.  
 McMillen, G. J.  
 McNeill, C. S.  
 McQuarrie, D. S.  
 McSheehy, T. H.  
 Macartney, P. B.  
 Mack, A. R.  
 Macomb, A.  
 Maddux, S. D.  
 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.  
 Miller, W.  
 Mitchell, S.  
 Mohle, R. P.  
 Morgan, A. L., Jr.  
 Murray, G. D.  
 Myers, R. P.  
 Nason, S. M.  
 Newton, C., Jr.  
 Neilson, J. L.  
 Nixon, E. B.  
 Oates, E. T.  
 O'Brien, W. H., Jr.  
 Ofsthun, S. A.  
 Okie, J. B., Jr.  
 Osgood, W. H.  
 Paine, R. W.  
 Pamperin, L. S.  
 Parrott, G. F.  
 Patch, E. L.  
 Patterson, D. F.  
 Payne, R. G.  
 Perkins, C. N.  
 Perkins, W.  
 Perley, R. N.  
 Peters, F. G.  
 Peterson, J. R., Jr.  
 Phillips, W. B.  
 Picking, S.  
 Prince, J. C.  
 Quigley, W. M.  
 Read, O. M., Jr.  
 Reeves, J. W., Jr.  
 Rehm, H. E.  
 Renner, H. W.  
 Reynand, C. F.  
 Reynolds, F. F.  
 Riedel, W. A.  
 Riefkohl, F. L.  
 Risley, R. G.  
 Rodgers, F., Jr.  
 Rodgers, J. L.  
 Rood, G. A.  
 Rose, S. E.  
 Sampson, H. B.  
 Scott, N.  
 Scott, R. C.  
 Seiler, M. F.  
 Sessions, F. R.  
 Shields, H. J.  
 Sigliger, I.  
 Simons, R. B.  
 Skelton, R. H.  
 Smith, G. A.  
 Smith, J. McE. B.  
 Smith, L. P.  
 Snow, H. E.  
 Snyder, B. M.  
 Spencer, H. S.  
 Stark, H. W.  
 Stern, R. G.  
 Stone, E. S.  
 Sweeney, E. C.  
 Sylvester, J. McF.  
 Taylor, Jas. H.  
 Taylor, L. K.  
 Thacher, E. S.  
 Thom, J. C.  
 Thomas, G. E.  
 Throckmorton, L. W.  
 Tracht, S. P.  
 Tschirgi, A. M.  
 Uberroth, F. E. P.  
 Von Roeder, C. N.  
 Vroom, G. B.  
 Waddell, W. C.  
 Warren, D. S.  
 Wasson, L.  
 Webster, W. W.  
 Welden, F.  
 Whiteside, G. W.  
 Wilbur, J.  
 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.



# THE YARD



THE first glance at the massive gate and the forbidding walls, in whose shadow an armed sentinel ever paces to and fro, carries to the imaginative mind a suggestion of a city of long ago—a city of the time when gates were shut at sundown to keep out the terrors of the night; a castle that depended upon stone and moat for protection against a relentless foe. Forgotten for a moment is the prosaic reality of the twentieth century, and the thoughts fly back to some slashing scene of chivalry made memorable, perhaps, by the pen of Scott or Malory. The heavy gates, the omnipresent sentinel, the imminent guard-house—all suggest the inflexible sway of military despotism. In fact, one gains a very depressing conception of the unexplored interior from his first sight of the old Main Gate.

Once inside, how quickly this rather gloomy impression is dispelled by the beautiful prospect of a green and wooded slope that carries one down to the very banks of the Severn.

Just above the avenue, Lovers' Lane, a winding path shaded by stately old elm trees, leads across the grounds to the terraces of Bancroft Hall. The Herndon monument, one of the last of the old reminders of the heroes of the Navy, is



THE MAIN GATE

nucleus of the modern Naval Academy. The wings of the building enclose a spacious courtyard, whence a long stairway flanked by bronze cannon, relics of the Mexican war, leads to the main entrance. A columned portico joins the southern wing of Bancroft Hall with the Armory, the scene of a vast amount of the midshipman's work and play. Time after time the rifles are taken from the racks that line the walls; time after time, at artillery drill, the drags are led out and manned, and the three-inch field pieces moved from their wonted places. But it is not the remembrance of the work-a-day Armory that the midshipman carries with him after graduation, but rather the memory of the Armory in the gala dress of a hop night.

The northern wing of Bancroft Hall is joined to the new Gymnasium, a building that completes the trio of granite structures that are as a keystone to the new Academy. Nor,

there, and further on, beyond the bandstand, is the historic Japanese bell that has so often rung of late to tell of another victory over the Army.

Overlooking the bay rise the granite towers of Bancroft Hall, the nu-



~ LOVERS LAKE ~



~ SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE ~



~ THE CHAPEL ~



~ HERNDON MONUMENT ~



~ ACADEMIC BUILDING ~



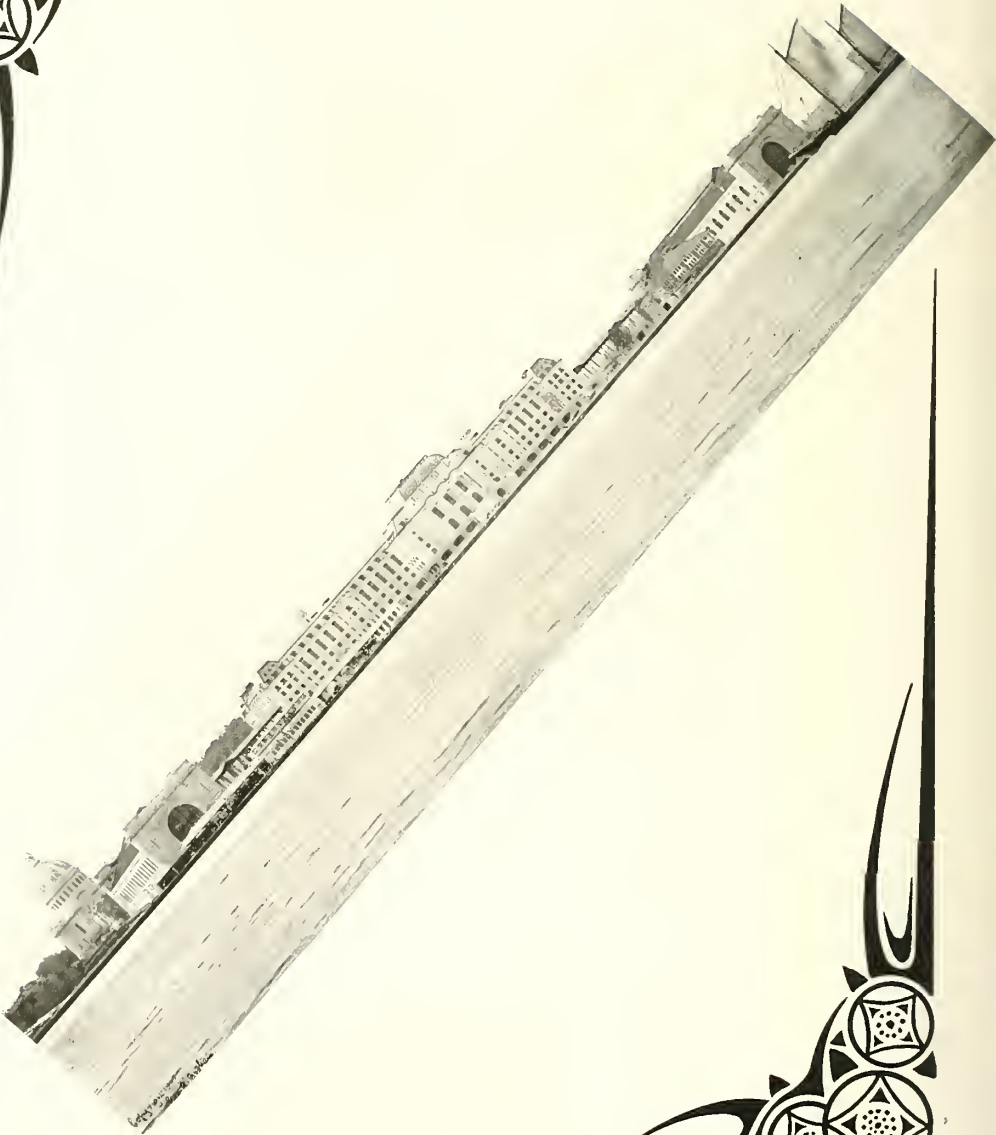
in our admiration of the new, must we overlook old Fort Severn; although soon to be converted into a museum, it has seen a century of honorable service—first in guarding the approaches to the river, and in after years as a gymnasium.

The Santee wharf gets its name from an old, mastless hulk with a tragic history that dates from the Civil War. The old Santee now serves solely as a receiving ship, for the "squad" is a thing of the past, and only a select little company of first classmen are aware of the joys of turning out of a hammock on cold winter mornings and starting on the long march to breakfast. Moored directly opposite the Santee is Admiral Farragut's gallant flagship, the Hartford, and, not far distant, the spars of the Severn tower skyward.



From the Santee wharf, a walk along the sea-wall brings the visitor to the foot of Maryland Avenue, and within a stone's throw of the Academic Building. In all probability he praises the architecture of this edifice and admires the graceful pose of the sculptured deities that guard the entrance; in all probability he gives not a moment's thought to the host of midshipmen striving within these walls for the essential "two-five."



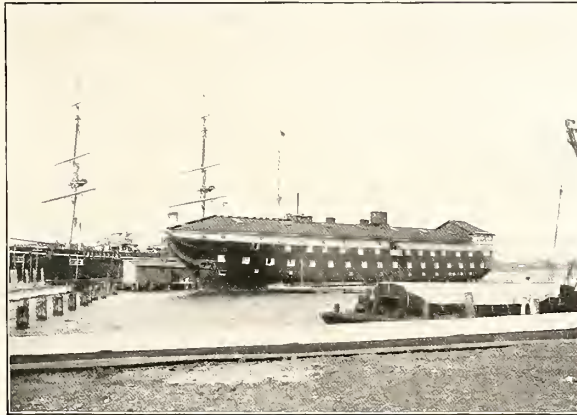






SAMPSON ROW

Hard by the Academic Building is a marble column sacred to the memory of the heroes of the Tripolitan wars. Further on are the two benches reserved from time immemorial for the exclusive use of the first and second classmen. A shaded walk leads from this point past the Steam Building to the paradeground. The broad expanse of greenward is limited, on the one hand, by the cozy red brick houses of "Oklahoma," on



the other by an estuary of the Severn. If the hour chances to be late in an afternoon of spring, the water-front presents a scene bristling with activity. Far out in the bay the sky line is flecked with tiny sails; closer at hand a flotilla of cat-boats and half raters ride at their moorings. A score of graceful canoes glide across the limpid water, and the racing shell manned by the stalwart Navy crew, spurting the last half mile of



OKLAHOMA



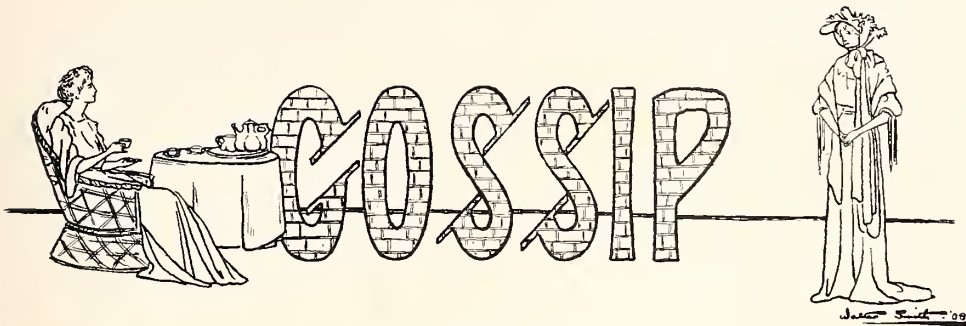
OFFICERS' CLUB

the practice course, is headed for the boat house.

A fitting background to the picture is afforded by a verdant bluff that rises steep and sheer from the water's edge. Wide-spreading trees crown its summit, and in their shade is a great peace and quiet—a restful calm and silence that is not of the earth, for there is the city of the dead. Its inhabitants lie serenely indifferent to the noisy turmoil of youth so near them, yet their names, undying, live on forever in the annals of the Navy.



GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



"Chips" often is heard to declare  
That for society he does not care;  
But if someone should croon,  
"Why, it's just the same moon,"  
He'd promptly go up in the air.

In one of General Charles King's most famous books is the dedication.



"To my son Rufus, now a dashing young midshipman at the United States Naval Academy."

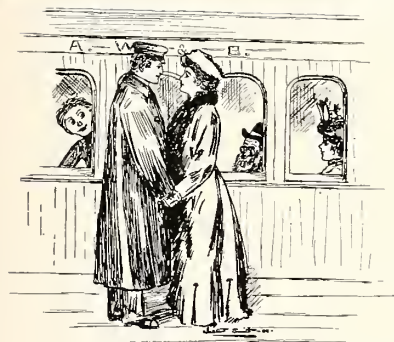
Yes, General, we quite agree with you; but you should see him trying to beat out the late bugle at breakfast formation.

When the time for the sad parting came,  
"Lunch" took both her hands to exclaim,  
"Goodbye, little girl,  
You're my little girl,"

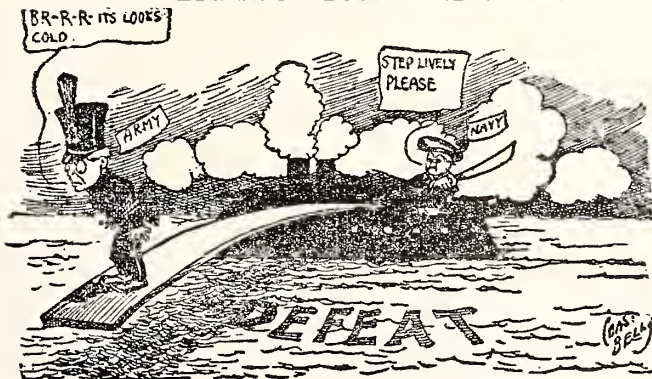
Which amused everyone on the train,

"Well, what's the news? Have you read *Town Topics* this week?"

"No, but I've talked to Pashley."

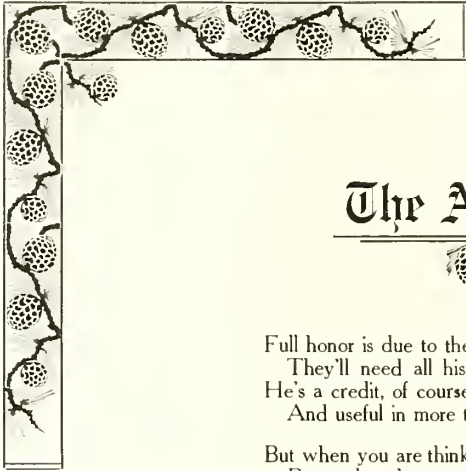


## WALKING THE PLANK.



SATURDAY'S TRAGEDY AT PHILADELPHIA.

*Philadelphia Inquirer*



## The Athlete



Full honor is due to the savor—  
They'll need all his knowledge some day ;  
He's a credit, of course, to the Service,  
And useful in more than one way.

But when you are thinking of glory,  
Remember the man who, it seems,  
Gives up every day to athletics—  
You'll see him on all of the teams.

He gives up his liberty weekly,  
He gives up his hours of play,  
And at night he's completely exhausted  
From the physical work of the day.

For weeks of each separate season  
Of football, or baseball, or crew  
He's willing to sacrifice standing,  
For the sake of the old Navy blue.

Few know of the heart-rending hours  
He has while he fights for his place,  
For Victory graces his labors  
And brings only smiles to his face.

The finest in mind and body,  
The finest in character strong,  
He fights out the Navy's hard battles  
While you cheer him on with your song.

He is known to the ends of the ocean—  
Every time that he wins they rejoice ;  
He's helping the cause of the Navy—  
Their praises go up in one voice.

So come, everyone, to do honor—  
To sing all your songs and to cheer  
The man who does most to establish  
The spirit we prize so much here.



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# ATHLETICS



ATHLETICS at the Academy occupies a very peculiar, not to say anomalous, position. On the one hand, while we are encouraged by all the officers to devote a great deal of attention to every possible branch, on the other we find that after the studies, drills, and other duties are over for the day there remains but a scant hour of daylight for athletic work. At all of the universities and colleges where the best teams are turned out, the men who go in for athletics are allowed great latitude in the matter of recitation cuts and general preparedness in the daily lessons; here everybody is required to do the same work, whether he be the best player on a team or a man who knows not the first principles of training; athletic effort is in the nature of an addition, a thing virtually extraneous. In view of these circumstances and adverse conditions we are right in feeling proud of the athletes who represent us.

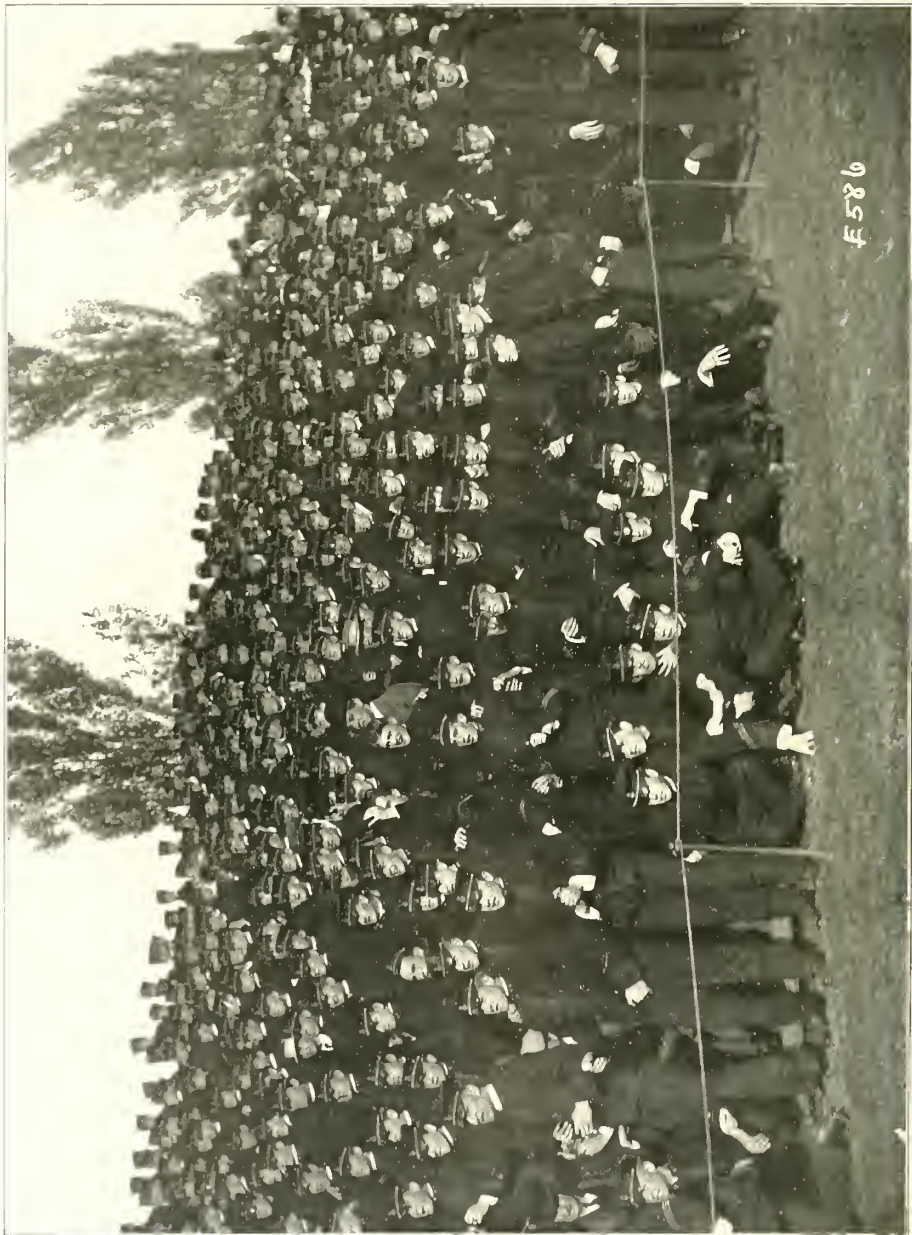
All of the teams that have borne the Navy colors during the past year have been notable ones. In baseball last spring, although we were defeated by the Army, the defeat was admittedly due to a freak of fortune, and in the reviews of the season by the baseball critics we were rated fourth among the universities of the country. The crew, as should be the case with the crew of a naval institution, was the one most feared by the Northern coaches at the Poughkeepsie regatta last June, and although too much has perhaps been said concerning the wind and tide conditions on that occasion, we are yet convinced that ours was the strongest eight on the river. The track team went through the season, as it has through the past four seasons, undefeated, though meeting such teams as Johns Hopkins, Carlisle, and Swarthmore; and the fencing trophy, thanks to the success of Dichman, Burdick, and Brandt, once more rests in its accustomed niche in the Armory. Basketball should also come in for its meed of credit, for while yet in its infancy, it had a remarkable record during the winter. But the team of which we are the most proud—the team that so nobly realized our hopes and fulfilled our expectations—was the sturdy one which, on Franklin Field, for the second successive year, humbled the Army and made it bow its head in the dust of the football gridiron. After a season of hardship and deprivation, of heart-breaking work and worry, it defeated a West Point team that, according to the statement of the Army coaches, was the best they had ever produced, and won for itself, besides the heartiest approval of the Academy and the whole Service, well-merited recognition from the entire football world in the picking of all-American teams.

From the time of entrance to the full completion of a midshipman's course, it is impressed upon each and every one that he is expected personally to make some effort to raise the general standard of athletics. This accounts for the fact that, although our total enrollment seldom exceeds eight hundred, when the call goes out for candidates for football, baseball, crew, or track, the squads at first number more than a hundred men each. Besides these, the aspirants for each of the other branches—shooting, basketball, fencing, gym, tennis and lacrosse—are numbered rather by the score than by the dozen. If the regular squads are already overcrowded with better men than he, that fact does not deter the ambitious midshipman from trying for a place on some one of the class or company teams.

for it is upon the constant and unvarying interest of the student body that athletic success depends. So it is that each of us, appropriating to himself some share of the credit, takes pride in presenting our athletic teams for your consideration.



THE MIDSHIPMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



HOLD 'EM, NAVY!





ES  
Brandt



FOOTBALL SQUAD



Captain Douglas.

# FOOTBALL

Brandt and Lee.

The success of a Navy Football Team has always depended upon the outcome of the West Point game. Every midshipman realized this fact; consequently on September 20th—ten days before the end of leave—thirty ambitious men reported for early practice. Scotty MacMaster received them with open arms, and emphasized the welcome by putting all in strict training; while Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Reeves, Head Coach, and Field Coaches Gates, Weymouth, Long, Karns, Howard, Spencer and Piersol began getting a team into form for the St. John's game on October 2d. The result of this game—Navy, 26; St. John's, 0—showed that the Navy had good material, but that it needed much development. St. John's was light but played a hard game. For the Navy, Lange at quarter and DeMott and Dague at end showed up remarkably well, but there was a weakness in the backfield which resolved itself into the biggest problem the coaches had to solve. On October 5th the Dickinson Team went down to defeat by the score of 15 to 1, the largest we had ever piled up against them. For the first time in the season Captain Douglas was in the game. He played in beautiful form and gave great strength to the weak backfield.

On the following Wednesday, Maryland Agricultural College was defeated by the small score of 12 to 0. The visitors showed a remarkable defense, while the Navy was not up to the form of the week before. However, the low score called for harder work, and the coaches certainly put the squad through their paces the next few days in order to get a team to meet the strong Vanderbilt eleven on October 12th.

For the past three years the Vanderbilt team, known below Mason and Dixon's line as the "Commodores," have developed the strongest team in the South. The Navy game would give a basis for comparison of Southern and Eastern football; consequently much interest was aroused both at the Academy and in the entire South over the "Commodore-Admiral" game. Vanderbilt was very fast, and showed a great variety of plays and well-executed forward passes. The Navy relied more on straight football, and played a kicking game, Doug delivering longer and better-placed kicks than did Blake of Vanderbilt. After the first nine minutes of play one of Douglas' long punts bounded over Costen's head, and Cracky fell on the ball on Vanderbilt's thirty-yard line, from which position we soon carried it over the line and kicked the goal. Until the latter part of the second half neither team was able to score again; then, with but four minutes to play, the "Commodores" secured a touchdown from a beautiful forward pass, kicked the goal and tied the score.

During the next week the attention of the coaches was directed solely to preparing the team for meeting Harvard on October 19th. The Navy team played a good game that day,



PENN STATE GAME



LAFAYETTE GAME



NAVY TAKING FIELD - HARVARD GAME



NAVY BUCKING - VANDERBILT GAME



- SIGNALS -



and but for a weakness in handling punts, the score would have been a tie instead of 6 to 0 in the Crimson's favor. This was the first football game we had ever played with Harvard, and we were more or less elated over the result of this hard contest played so early in the season. The Lafayette game was on the following Saturday. This team had been playing great football, so we expected a hard fight for victory. Lafayette's team was not a weak one, but early in the game it was seen that ours had the advantage, both in new football and in individual work, the playing of Douglas, Northcroft, Wright and Dague being especially brilliant. The score—Navy, 17; Lafayette, 0—showed the Navy's advantage over their strong opponents in one of the best exhibitions of football ever seen on the Academy field.

November 2d was a most disagreeable day, and the West Virginia game had to be played in a blinding storm on a field covered with water. The score was Navy 6, West Virginia 0, but weather conditions were so bad that it was impossible to compare the playing of the two teams. The Swarthmore game was played on November 9th, and resulted in our defeat by the score of 18 to 0. The Navy team was greatly weakened by the absence of both Meyer and Wright; the visiting team was heavy, and our line could not withstand their attack, though the score was largely due to O'Brien's clever drop-kicking.

With but two weeks remaining until the Army game we played the strong Penn State eleven. Both teams regarded this game as an important one and both fought hard to win. Penn State scored four points on a drop kick in the first half, and while during the remainder of the game they showed more ability in advancing the ball, they were never able to secure a touchdown. In the last few minutes of play Cracky Dague gathered in a fumble and carried the ball over for a touchdown, making the final score 6 to 4. Though Penn State had a fast team and played a clean, sportsmanlike game, Navy's showing was not yet up to the standard desired for the West Point game, the positions back of the line being still more or less unsettled.

On the following Saturday came the V. P. I. game, the last before the one on Franklin Field. We scored twice and kicked both goals; there was great improvement over the work of the previous week, and the backfield problem was well solved by giving the positions to Douglas, Jones and Reifsnider. Everyone was pleased with the result, and all felt that we had a team which could realize our ambition—it could beat the Army.

\* \* \* \* \*

The season had been a success, and a strong team had been developed. Our line was one of the best in the country—the center trio, Wright, Slingsluff and Meyer, always had the jump on their opponents; at tackle, Northcroft and Leighton



ARRANGING DETAILS



HARVARD ROOTERS



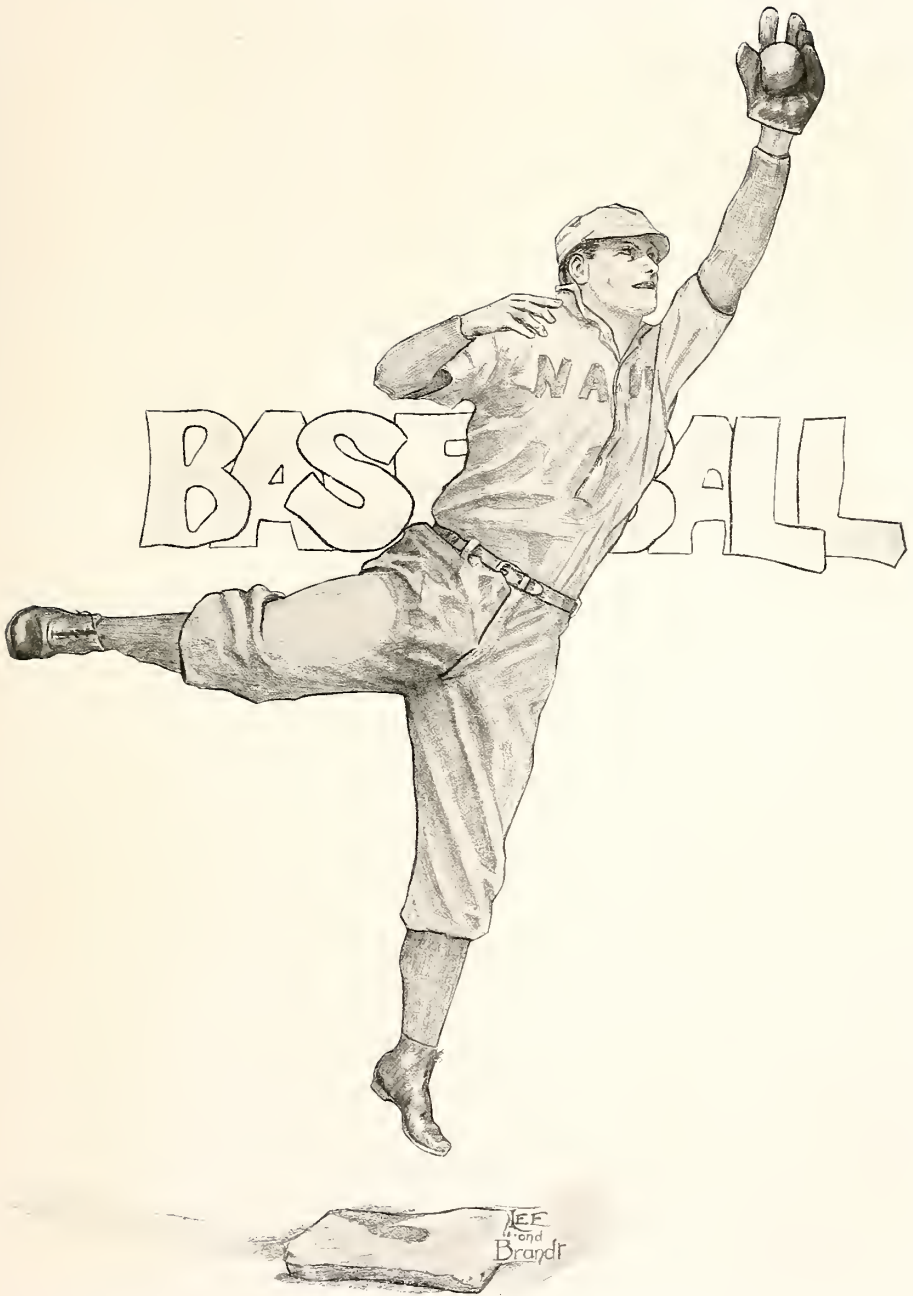
LT.-COMDR. REEVES

could be depended on for the same steady game at any time: DeMott and Dague, as ends, were in every play with a strength and energy that nothing could stop. Lange at quarter knew football and had the confidence of his team, always played a heady game, and at times made phenomenal runs around end and through a scattered field. In backs Reifsnider and Jones could always be depended on, while the work of Captain Douglas was, perhaps, the most brilliant ever seen at the Academy. Besides these, a host of substitutes, such as Strother, Magruder, Boynton, Burg, Stoer, Strauss and Reinicke, could be relied upon to fill ably any accidental vacancy.

Too much credit cannot be given to the Hustlers. They worked like fiends, took without a murmur the knocks and lickings that were coming to them every day, and did more than anyone else towards the hardening and development of the Varsity. We owe more than we can ever pay to all the coaches for the interest they have taken and for work they have done. As for Scotty MacMaster, he simply lived in Misery Hall with the work he was doing, but on November 30th "ivery mither's son of thim was in foine condition," and we thank Scotty for it. All these people have, as their reward, the hearty thanks not only of the midshipmen, but of the entire Navy.



WELSHIMER  
Manager of Football





BASEBALL SQUAD





# BASEBALL

In 1906 the baseball team was practically a First Class affair, seven of the players being members of the Class of 1907. The graduation of so many good men left us in rather a bad way, and with the exception of second sack and backstop, which were filled by Bacon and Hamsch, it was up to us to make a new team, and there were many fights for places.

Lombard's successor, Van Auken, had the candidates out soon after the semi-ans, and practice began in the Armory under the very excellent supervision of Dave Fultz, of the "Highlanders." He certainly had a job before him to pick a good team from only fair material, and to a great extent it is owing to him that we made the creditable showing that we did—for it was a creditable showing in spite of the fact that we lost the Army game.

We started off the season on March 23rd with our old friend St. John's, and it was all Navy from the start—7-2 tells the story. There were many, many errors, but at least it was a good beginning. Next came three good ones in succession—Columbia, Yale and Cornell. In the first, darkness was all that saved them; as it was, the game was called with the score a tie. Then Yale; some say we were bluffed from the start—perhaps we were, but the score certainly doesn't show it: 4-1 in the Blue's favor at the end of the fifth doesn't necessarily mean that we would have been as far behind in the ninth. There is, however, nothing to say in regard to the Cornell game. They found us for about fifteen hits and crossed the plate a dozen times to our twice. Not very encouraging, but a new team has to learn the game. Syracuse had to leave on an early train, and only four innings of that game were played; though it was "no game," they were ahead when they left.

After these four games, we braced up a bit and took the next two. We strolled around the bases seven times and shut out Gallaudet; then took the V. M. I. game—8-3. But Dartmouth, with everybody strong with the stick, as Cornell had been, showed us up rather badly. They netted about fourteen bags and trimmed us—7-2. It is not to be inferred from all this that we lost on the strong batting of the visitors alone—far be it such; we managed to tally a few in the last column every game.

Harvard spent a week here, and during that time the playing took a decided turn for the better. We played a double-header on the 13th of April; Lafayette was a little late in showing up and the Crimson kindly offered to help us relieve the suspense of the fans. In one of the best games of the season we were one in the lead at the end



R. K. TURNER  
Manager of Baseball

of the seventh, with the score 3-2. We felt better and saw light ahead—but, oh, what a fall in the second game! Lafayette ambled around the diamond for eight; we managed to earn one. Then "Fair Harvard" again Wednesday; a bunch of horseshoes, good hitting on their part and two in the last column for us gave them four runs in their half of



the first. Then it was "Even Stevens" for eight innings, with no scoring on either side. We tried conclusions again the next day: 8-1 in their favor—"nuff sed."

After this we struck a winning streak and took nine straight. It really looked as if the team had found itself at last, and that the hard games during the first of the season had



had their effect. Every man hit the ball harder and played better inside baseball. We started off with Johns Hopkins, 3-1; University of Georgia, 4-1; St. John's, 5-3; Maryland Athletic Club, 3-1; A. & M., 7-1; Randolph-Macon, 5-2; Walbrook, 2-0; University of Pennsylvania, 5-4, and Dickinson, 4-2. Outside of the 3-2 game with Harvard, the Penn game

was the best game played. After this our chances looked good to trim the young gentlemen on the Hudson. The last week of the season, the strong Sparrows' Point team—a semi-professional team from Baltimore—came down and played us a couple of games. They won the first, but had to fight for it. The second was a tie, 4-4. In this latter game it is a curious fact that there were three home runs made, the only ones during the season. We had them 4-0, and with the bases full their catcher settled a long one out in deep right center, driving them all in before him; the game ended 4-4, their time being limited.

With these last three weeks of victories we ended up the season at home in a blaze of glory. From practically nothing we had made a good strong team—a team that would make any aggregation of ball-players sit up and take notice. It was a team that was more than fit to represent us against the Army.



## Dells

### Four "N" Dell

Navy! Navy! Navy!  
N-N-N-N  
A-A-A-A  
V-V-V-V  
Y-Y-Y-Y  
Navy! Navy! Navy!

### Hooray Dell

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!  
U. S. N. A.  
Navy! Navy! Navy!

### Siren Dell

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 Dell

Ray-ray-ray!  
Hoo-oo-rah-rah-rah-rah-rah  
N - a - v - y!

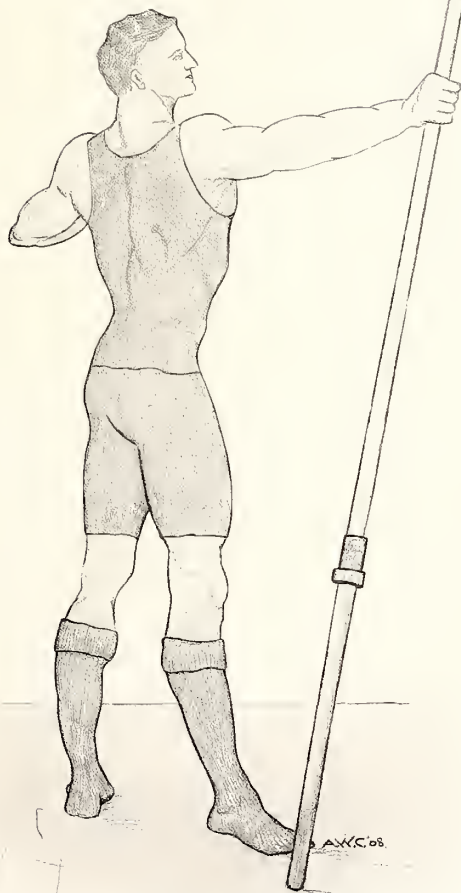
### Automobile Dell

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!

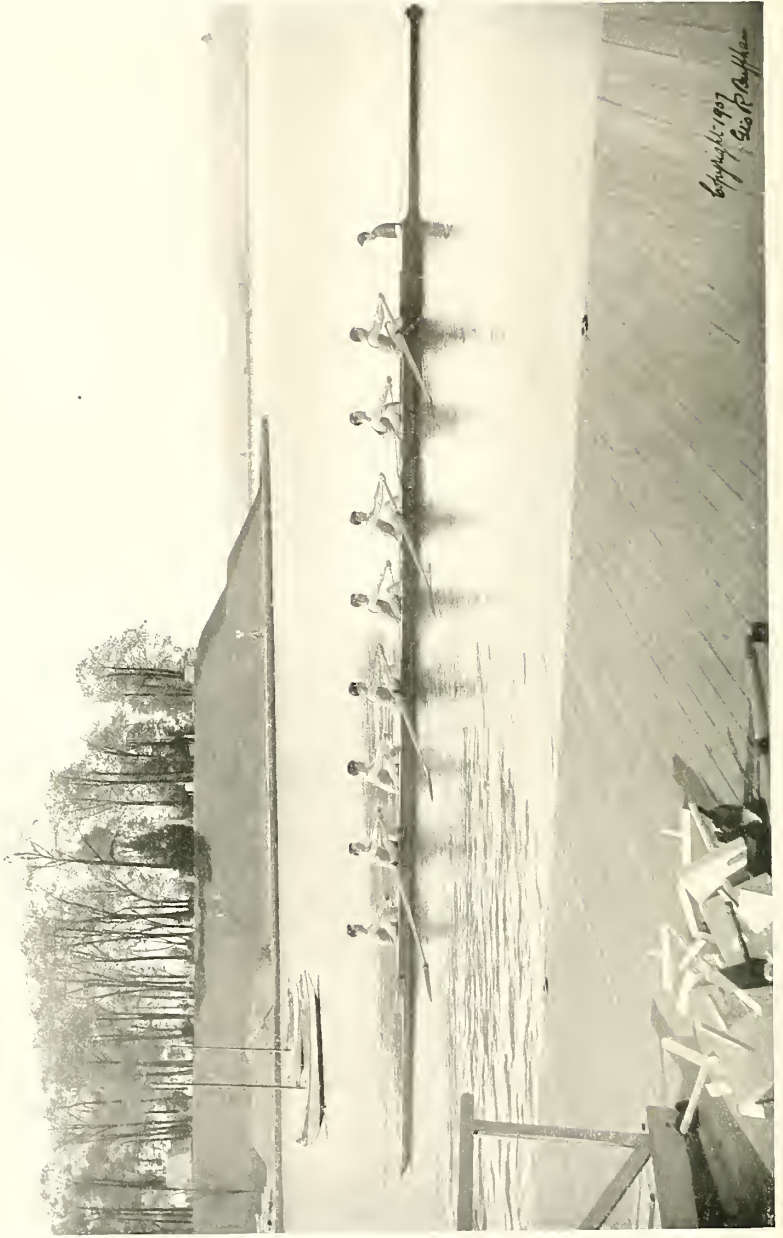
### Touchdown Dell

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!

# CREW



AVK'08



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Geo. P. Bayliss

FIRST CREW



# CREW

During the past four years, under the tutelage of "Dick" Glendon, of the Boston Athletic Association, the Navy crew has developed from an unrecognized quantity to one of the most important factors in the intercollegiate rowing world; a glance at the Navy's record is sufficient to convince one of this fact.

Over a hundred men responded to the call for candidates, and when Glendon arrived, February 1st, the long grind on the machines, the work-outs in the tank, the strenuous stunts in the gym, all so essential, were taken up in earnest; as a result we were able to put five crews on the water as soon as the ice was off the river. The Varsity quickly rounded into shape, and the day of the Georgetown race found our men ready and in prime condition. The water was very unsatisfactory, and the slow time—more than two minutes below the Academy record—can be accounted for by the fact that half a gale was blowing up the course, thus making good blade work impossible. However, the Navy oarsmen showed not only splendid arm, back and leg work, but particularly fine head work, upon which the outcome of any race so much depends.

Georgetown got the jump at the start, but after the half-mile mark it could be seen that it was merely a question of how far the Navy would lead at the finish. Our crew crossed the line six lengths ahead of the collegians; time, 11 minutes, 51 seconds. The race with Yale, scheduled for May 1st, was prevented on account of weather conditions, much to the regret of the brigade and both crews. At this time there was considerable discussion as to whether or not the midshipmen had a crew good enough to make a creditable showing at Poughkeepsie. Columbia came down, May 18th, feeling confident after their decisive victory over Harvard's big eight. The day was almost ideal, and an unusually large crowd turned out to back the crew in this, the hardest of the season's races in local waters, and they were not disappointed. The Navy crew took the lead at the start, but Columbia cut this down until at the mile mark the winner could not be picked. Our men were pulling with Poughkeepsie in view, however, and when little "Red" sang out, "Hit her up!" Jonas vibrated. Columbia was unable to respond to this killing spurt, and the Navy crew crossed the line a length and a half to the good, amid the



SMITH



THE SECOND CREW

noise of screeching whistles and air-splitting cheers. Both crews showed almost perfect watermanship, and there was nothing to choose in the gameness of either. Time, 10 minutes, 33 seconds.

The season on the Severn was brought to a close on June 1st with a four-cornered race between the Vespers and Central High School, both of Philadelphia, and the Navy 2nd and 3rd crews. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the day was one of the most disagreeable ever experienced by our crews. The rain was falling in torrents, and a cold, westerly wind was blowing across the course, making fast time, or any comparison of the crews, impossible. The order at the finish was: Navy 3rd, Navy 2nd, Central High, Vespers. Distance,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles; time, 10 minutes, 36 seconds.

The decisive victory over Columbia convinced the powers that be that the Navy crew was among the "top-notchers" and capable of competing with the other big crews of the country at the Intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson. The invitation of the stewards of the regatta was consequently accepted, the expenses being defrayed by voluntary subscriptions from graduates, and Glendon began to train the crew for a four-mile race. June 6th, the brigade embarked on the summer cruise. The crew squad remained in Crabtown for practice on the Severn until June 14th, when they left for Poughkeepsie. There had been considerable difficulty in obtaining training quarters for the crew, but Colonel Thompson, like the true friend that he is, came to the front and offered us the use of his houseboat "Everglades," which we gladly accepted.

The Navy crew went to Poughkeepsie a "dark horse," and when it appeared on the river was closely watched by the coaches of the other six competitors. The good time made during several time rows over the full four-mile course caused the rowing experts to pick our crew as a possible winner, and for the first time in years, Cornell stock went down. These hard time rows were alternated with easier stretches up and down the Hudson,





*THE START*



*STROKE*



*COLUMBIA RACE*



*FINISH OF COLUMBIA RACE*



*GEORGETOWN RACE AT THE MILE*



THE MANLEY

The morning of June 25th, the sun rose in all its splendor; not a ripple stirred the surface of the classic Hudson. Pleasure craft darted hither and thither, jockeying for anchorages at the finish near the "battle boats" which had astounded the unsuspecting natives upon their arrival the evening before. Long before noon the quiet town of Poughkeepsie was alive with enthusiasts flying the colors of their favorite colleges. The "Ponadnock" was kept busy transferring the crowds to the west shore, where the observation train was waiting, and both banks were crowded with sight-seers.

About 2.30 P. M. the sky clouded over, and a moderate breeze blew directly up the course. The Varsity four-oared race, two miles, was started at 4 P. M. and was won handily by Syracuse. The Freshman race was pulled off at 4.45 P. M. and was won by Wisconsin. The wait occasioned by these races only served to make the crowds more impatient for the "big race," which was scheduled to start at 6 o'clock.

However, the breeze had freshened, the river was very choppy, and the referees postponed the race until quarter to seven, in hope that the wind would go down with the sun. At this time the crews lined up, and as each went to its stake boat was cheered by the rooters in the observation train opposite the start. The inside crews had the advantage of a slight lee, while the crews toward the middle of the river were in rough water. Navy was unfortunate enough to draw the outside position.

"Are you ready, Columbia — Cornell — Syracuse — Pennsylvania — Georgetown — Wisconsin? — are you ready, Navy?" — "Ready, all?" — every heart stopped beating — "Row!" They were off — a beautiful sight, every back straining, every muscle doing its share in the

Glendon handling the crew in such a manner as to make the other crews sit up and take notice. The eight were kept in excellent condition, thanks to Scotty's good grub and the culinary achievements of Tanyki, Colonel Thompson's Jap steward. The week passed quickly; everybody looked forward to the day of the race, and speculation was rife among the daily papers as to the outcome, Cornell, Columbia, Syracuse, Wisconsin, and the Navy, each in turn, being picked as the favorite.



THE EVERGLADES

long, long fight. Navy jumped ahead nearly a length before the others seemed to wake up.

The crews rowed fairly even for the first half mile, when Georgetown commenced to drop behind. At the mile, Navy was still in the lead, with Columbia and Cornell even, and gaining inch by inch, though our crew was rowing like a beautiful machine. The rougher water was beginning to tell, however, and at the two-mile mark the Navy crew's lead over Cornell and Columbia was measured in inches only. From here to the three-mile mark, Navy lost steadily, fighting with Pennsylvania for third place. As they passed under the Poughkeepsie bridge, Jonas put the stroke up and the Navy eight let out a burst of speed that showed what was in them. Fighting against heavy odds, they crept up on the leaders until when over a half mile from the finish they were but three lengths behind. Here they struck still rougher water with the swash of the boats following the race and the pleasure craft at the finish, and it was all they could do to keep their boat above water. Sirens screeched, whistles blew, the midshipmen and West Pointers on the monitors and observation train cheered—but all in vain. Through the choppy sea Navy couldn't gain an inch. Cornell in a great spurt at the finish won over Columbia by a few feet, while Navy finished third, three lengths behind, followed by Pennsylvania and Wisconsin. Georgetown dropped



THE POUGHKEEPSIE CREWS

out of the race at the three-mile mark, while Syracuse swamped. Time, 20 minutes, 51 seconds.

Few who saw this race realize the difference in conditions under which the various crews rowed; few are in a position to compare and consequently but few have given the Navy crew the credit which it deserves. When we stop to consider that the crews by whom we were beaten finished the race with comparatively dry boats, while the Navy rowed at least a mile and a half with its shell half full of water, we cannot but feel proud of the showing made by our crew. On one point all rowing experts agree—that Ingram was without doubt one of the finest stroke oars ever developed in this country. We are proud of our crew. From Davis to little "Red"—from bow to stern—they did their work, and did it well. Too much credit cannot be given them. To Lieutenant-Commander N. E. Irwin we owe a vote of thanks, for the fact that we went to Poughkeepsie is due, in great part, to his interest and energy.



DICK GLENDON

This year we hoped to get another chance at Poughkeepsie, but the authorities have seen fit to discountenance entry into outside events, and we must content ourselves with races on the Severn. The schedule has suffered by the loss of the usual races with Yale and Pennsylvania, and the only Varsity races it seems possible to arrange are with Columbia and Harvard. It is our good fortune to have Glendon with us again this spring, and we hope for as good a season as has ever gone before. The showing of our crew is due to "Dick," whose untiring effort and clean sportsmanship have won not only the love and respect of all who have worked under him, but also the admiration and unbounded confidence of the entire brigade.

FIRST CREW

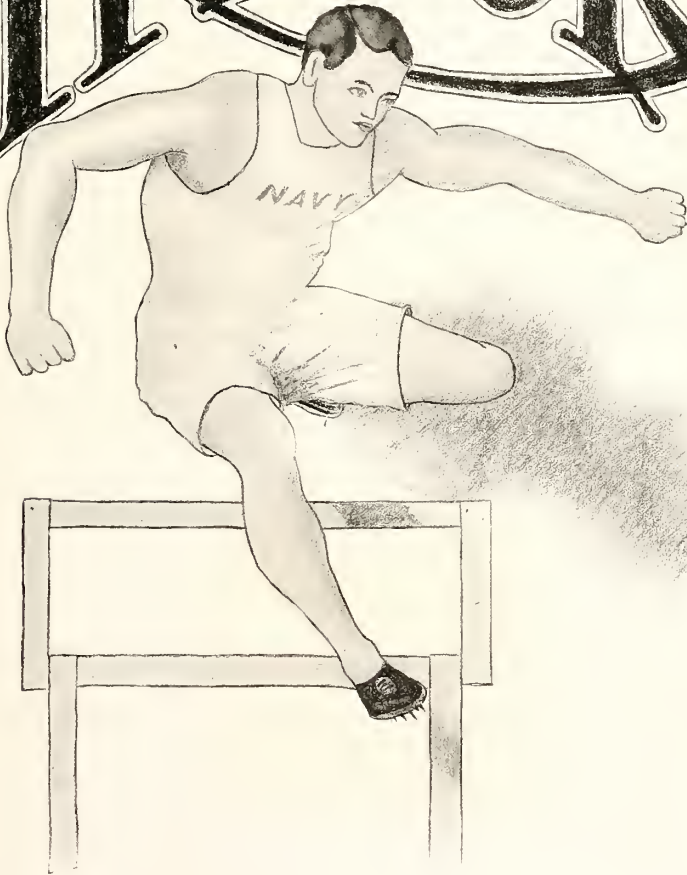
Bow	DAVIS, R. H.
2	BAGG
3	PRITCHARD
4	WHITE, N. H.
5	LEIGHTON
6	ROCKWELL
7	McKEE
Stroke	INGRAM (Capt.)
Coxswain	ROBERTS, W. S.

SECOND CREW

Bow	TRIEDELL
2	KINKAID
3	MAGRUDER, C. W.
4	FARRELL
5	PARKER
6	MONTGOMERY
7	RICHARDSON, W. N., JR.
Stroke	STEVENSON
Coxswain	WILLIAMS, E. M.



# TRACK



AKC '18



TRACK TEAM

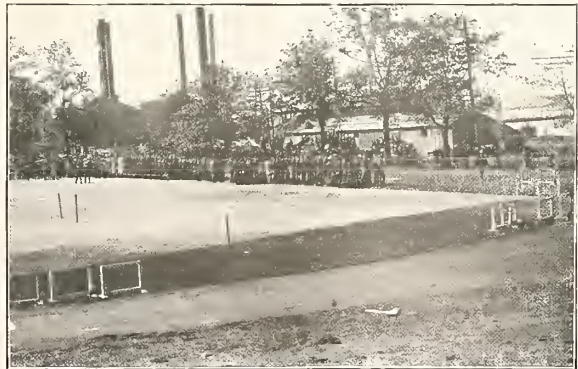


# TRACK

Beginning with the brightest of outlooks, the 1907 Track Season fulfilled all our hopes in every way, for records fell in each meet, every one of which the Navy won. To break a record now is no mean feat, and when done it reflects great credit on the man who shows his grit by putting in the work necessary to win the letter. To win the green N now means more than it ever did.

The season began on April 20th with the Interclass Meet. The showing made was remarkable, especially that of the plebes, who gave the second class a close run for first place. Records were broken in the half-mile run and the pole-vault by Emmet and Stephenson, respectively. The scores were: 1908, 45½; 1909, 19½; 1910, 42. The third section only of 1907 being left, there was no team entered for the first class.

The next meet was with Johns Hopkins University, on May 4th. This unexpectedly proved to be the closest meet of the year. McConnell broke the shot-put record by over two feet, bringing it up to 40 feet, 2¾ inches. Stephenson continued his good form in the pole-vault and made the record 10 feet, 6 inches. The score—Navy, 51; J. H. U., 45. On the following Saturday came our first dual meet with Carlisle, which accordingly attracted a great deal of interest. We expected a difficult meet, and each man had worked hard to be in perfect condition. The two-mile run was added to the list of events at the request of the Indians, and to the surprise of all, Rankin won this event in fine form, establishing a record of 10 minutes, 19 seconds. Billy, of Carlisle, broke the Academy record in the hammer-throw. The general good work of the Navy team brought a well-earned victory. Score—Navy, 60½; Carlisle, 43½. On May 18th Swarthmore sent down a strong team, and the teams were so well matched that six records were broken and one equaled during the meet. The mile run was broken by Baker, of Swarthmore, Rankin running a very close second. Kreuger, of the collegians' team, broke both the shot-put and hammer-throw records; LeBourgeois,



CARLISLE MEET



DAVIS

second in the latter event, also broke the record. Emmet lowered the time of the 880-yard run, Burg made a new mark in the 220-yard hurdle, Stephenson added three inches to the pole-vault, and Carey equaled his own record of 22 seconds in the 220-yard dash. The score was—Navy, 57; Swarthmore, 39.

To Mr. P. J. Finneran, our coach and trainer, great credit is due for the most successful season of the Track Team's career. He has brought the team from a minor position to a place in the front rank among the secondary colleges; since he came, three years ago, all the records in both the track and field events have been broken at least once, and the greater number of them repeatedly. For his constant efforts and patient instruction we wish to extend him our very earnest thanks.

The prospects for the season of 1908, at the time of closing this record, could not be better. Though we have lost some weighty men, the old material we have is of the best, and we expect several additions of the best order; concentrated effort should turn out a better team than ever before. We hope to meet Carlisle and Swarthmore again, and efforts are being made to bring Columbia down to Annapolis.

NAVAL ACADEMY TRACK RECORDS

EVENTS	RECORD	HOLDER
100-Yard Dash.....	9 4-5 seconds.....	CAREY, '11
220-Yard Dash.....	22 seconds.....	CAREY, '11
440-Yard Dash.....	50 4-5 seconds.....	PURNELL, '08
880-Yard Run.....	2 min., 2 2-5 sec.....	EMMET, '08
Mile Run.....	4 min., 38 1-5 sec.....	RANKIN, '08
120-Yard Hurdle.....	16 seconds.....	DECKER, '06
220-Yard Hurdle.....	27 seconds.....	BURG, '08
Hammer-Throw.....	119 feet 4 inches.....	LEBOURGEOIS, '08
Shot-Put.....	40 feet 23-4 inches.....	MCCONNELL, '07
Pole-Vault.....	10 feet 9 inches.....	STEPHENSON, '09
Broad Jump.....	21 feet 1 3-4 inches.....	BURG, '08
Two-Mile Run.....	10 min., 19 sec.....	RANKIN, '08









FENCING TEAM



OWING, perhaps, to the impetus given fencing in 1907, there has been more interest taken in the work this year; the squad exceeded all former ones in size, there being about forty candidates at the start. Our second class year, the Navy team was successful in every meet held in Annapolis, and it closed the season in a blaze of glory by winning handily the Intercollegiate Tournament held in New York, thus bringing back the fencing trophy once more where it belongs.

In former years all the academies and colleges in the Association sent their teams to New York, where one big meet was held, the winning team being that which had won the most bouts. In the year just past, however, this plan was changed, owing to the difficulty of getting all the colleges represented, and a new procedure substituted. The territory under the Association is divided into districts, with three teams in a district; shortly before the Tournament triangular meets are held which decide what teams are to compete in the finals. The meet held in Annapolis between Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Navy sent our team to New York.

In the Intercollegiate Tournament held this year in New York, on the afternoon and evening of March 28th, the Army won first place, with 22 bouts to her credit; Navy was second, with 21 bouts, while Cornell and Columbia tied for third place, each having won 15. The team that represented the Academy was composed of Burdick, captain, 1908, Knauss, 1908, and Brandt, 1909.

Not many people realize the hard training and close application to the everyday routine that are necessary to develop the successful fencer. His season extends over practically the entire year, for the fine points of the sport depend upon rigid attention to every detail—there is no royal road to a knowledge of fencing; self-reliance, a cool head, a clear, quick eye, and great activity of mind as well as body are essentials to success. When a man



FENCING TROPHY

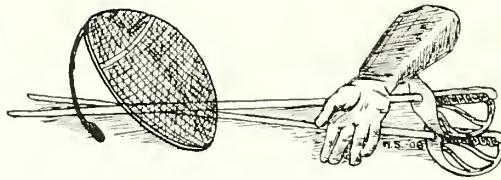
steps on the mat, it is to fight his own battle: he has no team-mates to help him; he must do his own thinking and maneuvering.

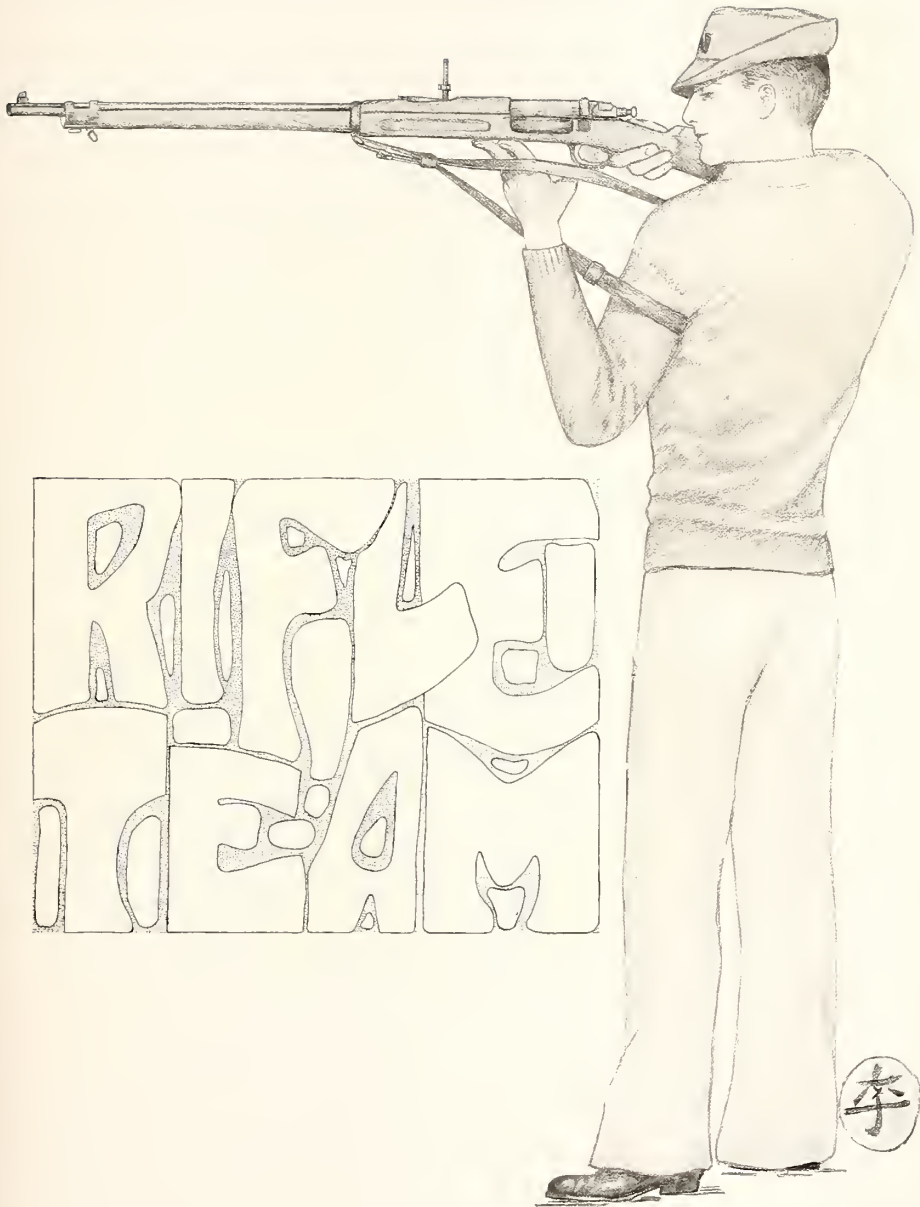
To Professor Corbesier, above all others, are we indebted for what has been done here in fencing. He has given the sport a lifelong devotion, and to his unfailing interest and enthusiasm are due the success of our teams. We also owe much to the other swordmasters for their patient work with us in our preliminary training. To these, for the Academy, we wish to extend our thanks and appreciation.

SCHEDULE

NAVY

	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>
February 15—YALE.....	6.....	3
February 22—COLUMBIA.....	5.....	4
February 29—N. Y. TURN VEREIN.....	no decisions	
March 7—PHILADA. FENCERS' CLUB,	no decisions	
March 14—CORNELL-PENNSYLVANIA, 16.....	16.....	2







RIFLE TEAM



# RIFLE TEAM

Rifle shooting at the Naval Academy until the last two or three years amounted to almost nothing. In the four years since the beginning of our course, marksmanship has developed to such an extent that the Naval Academy has established for itself, in a modest sort of way, quite a name for both individual and team shooting. Although not spectacular when compared with football and other forms of athletics, rifle shooting, for the competitor, is nevertheless

one of the most fascinating of all sports; and at the Naval Academy, where the ultimate object of all the training is to enable us at the crucial moment to make the greatest number of hits in the shortest possible time, expert marksmanship justly receives enthusiastic support from everybody. The midshipmen who make good on the team of course deserve the greatest possible credit, but those who try and fail also merit praise, for it is the competition—the long, hard struggle, together with good coaching and steady nerves—that develops the successful rifle team. A man can never be sure he is not a good shot until he has given himself a try out, and every man in the Academy should do his share toward maintaining our present prestige.

Spring practice began with the call for candidates in February, and the squad received its preliminary work in the pistol gallery under the supervision of the coach, Lieutenant Laning, and the team captain, Gearing, '07. As soon as the weather conditions permitted it, work began at the range, where practice, instead of the regular day's drill, went on every Saturday and on several afternoons during the week. Scores steadily improved, so that by the time our team met the National Guard of Maryland we were able to defeat them by a decisive score—more than a hundred points higher than that of the pre-





vious year. Then a week later came the shoot with the National Guard of the District of Columbia, which we won easily, showing decided improvement in form over that displayed in the first match. The following Saturday the team competed for the Wells Trophy against the crack team of the officers of the 71st Regiment, N. G., of New York. In 1906 the match went to the 71st, but in 1907

we won by a comfortable margin, thus bringing another trophy, a bronze David, to adorn the portals of the Armory. This ended the spring season, in complete victory for the Naval Academy. The midshipmen composing the team are:



ALLEN, '07	STARK, '08	KNERR, '08	EARLE, '08
THOMSON, '07	HEIBERG, '08	DENNEY, '08	MAILLEY, '09
VOSSLER, '07	WILSON, E. E., '08	LEE, W. A., '08	BRADLEY, '10

In view of the fact that we were victorious in all the spring matches, the Navy Department issued orders for the team to participate in the National Matches at Camp Perry.

During the middle of July, nineteen midshipmen were ordered from the Cruising Squadron back to the Naval Academy to report to Lieutenant Fairfield for duty in connection with the





formation of a new team. Three weeks of continuous practice in the broiling sun, with the thermometer on the firing line ranging from 95° to 115°, was hard on every man in the squad, and all were glad when the time came to leave for Camp Perry and cooler weather. Practice at Annapolis was completed on August 2d, and accompanied by the coach, Lieutenant Fairfield, and the captain, Jules James, '08, the squad embarked in a special car and arrived in camp late Sunday afternoon.

Considering our inexperience at long ranges, we by no means expected to win, but we hoped to take a place in the first ten, which was rather ambitious when the fact is taken into consideration that forty-eight teams were entered and that this was our first attempt. Owing to frequent rains we did not accomplish much the first week, but Lieutenant Fair-



field made the best of poor conditions and soon had the team working smoothly. The long ranges and the skirmish run were given the most attention, so that by the time the minor matches approached, the midshipmen had those ranges well in hand. As the team was ordered to Camp Perry to participate in the National Match, no special effort was made to take part in these minor matches, and no picked teams were entered.

It was also deemed inadvisable to show the strength of the Naval Academy too soon, or to put its members under a long-continued strain with the big match so near. The wisdom of this course was demonstrated beyond a doubt by subsequent events, for in the National Match many good teams "blew up" and dropped out of the race on account of the



DAVIS, C. C., '09

MAILLEY, '09

The National Matches, inaugurated by Congress, consist of the National Team Match, the National Individual Match, and the National Pistol Match; of these the Team Match is

prolonged strain to which they had been subjected. The following midshipmen were finally chosen as the National Match Team:

- LEE, W. A., '08
- STARK, '08
- BRETON, '08
- DENNEY, '08
- KNERR, '08
- HEIBERG, '08
- WILSON, E. E., '08
- SMITH, H. T., '09
- PORTER, H. H., '09
- BRADLEY, '10



the big event. The ranges consist of a skirmish run from 600 to 200 yards, rapid fire at 200 yards, slow fire at 200, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards. From the very outset the contest was the closest ever seen in a National Match, and when the skirmish runs were over we stood in tenth place. By steady, consistent team work we climbed higher, and soon took lead over the U. S. Infantry, New York, the Marine Corps, and Pennsylvania. and finally, when the smoke from the last shot had cleared away, we found we had won sixth place, thus putting us in the money, with a larger



score than that made by the winning team of 1906. Not only in team competition did the Naval Academy show up well against more experienced men, but W. A. Lee, '08, sprung a surprise by winning first place in the Individual Match, first in the National Pistol Match, and second for the Military Championship honors. The title of Military Champion, won by H. T. Smith, '09, is awarded to the competitor making the highest aggregate score in both the President's and the National Individual Matches.

While at Camp Perry, the Academy team obtained a very pleasant relief from the everyday routine in the form of several week-end outings, perhaps the most pleasurable of which were two house-parties given by

Colonel Webb Hayes and Lieutenant and Mrs. H. E. Smith, of Fremont, Ohio. The midshipmen went down to Fremont in cars and automobiles provided by the hosts, and there were royally entertained in a style and manner that will long remain in mind as a very pleasant memory.



LIEUT. FAIRFIELD





Captain Schanze.

# GYM TEAM

During the past two years the Gym Team has developed from nothing to a point where it is capable of competing with teams of other colleges with an even chance of success. Little interest has been shown in gymnastics at the Academy.

so that the team has been dependent largely on its own ambitions, and those midshipmen who are doing the work are truly out for the sport alone.

Prior to 1907 the Academy never had gymnastic tournaments with outside teams, so that when the dual contest with the University of Pennsylvania, scheduled for March 9, 1907, was announced to the team only two weeks before the day set, there was more or less nervousness among the individual members, who had never before been in a real contest. The showing made in this meet was good, although not a victory.

The one thing that gave the greatest impetus to



the practice of gymnastics was the recognition the team received from the Athletic Association in 1906. At that time the annual gymnastic exhibition was changed to an annual contest, the winner of which was to receive the gold championship medal. Five events, namely, horizontal bar, parallel bars, flying rings, side horse, and tumbling, were established, and any midshipman may enter one or all events. The first place in each event counts five points in the yearly competition for the flag. The contestant



making the highest total score is given the gold medal for general excellence in gymnastics, and in addition, the winners of all first place are entitled to wear the blue or white N. A.

For really high-class work, there is probably no other form of athletic exercise that requires a longer period of earnest, hard, conscientious practice. Those who go out with the intention of crowning their efforts with success must not only practice incessantly, but must always keep in perfect physical condition. If they do not pay particular attention to this point, they will be subject to many little injuries that will retard their development.

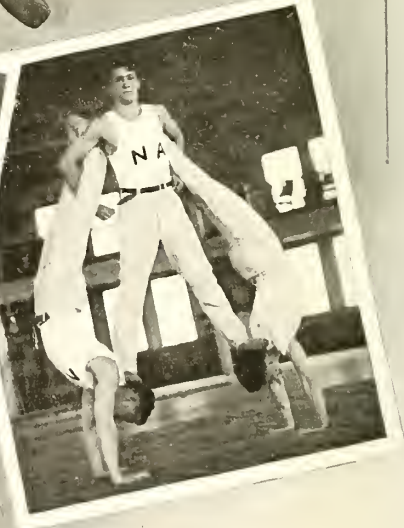
This class of work at the Academy this year has been better than ever before; there have been more candidates for the team and there has been more faithful practice. With the good instruction at hand, and a new gymnasium that is equipped with the best of modern apparatus, there is no reason why the team should not develop into one of the very best order.

#### THE TEAM

A. K. SCHANZE, Capt.	(1908)
J. E. AUSTIN	(1908)
H. V. McCABE	(1909)
H. A. WADDINGTON	(1909)
R. C. WILLIAMS	(1909)
S. W. KING	(1910)
W. D. LAMONT	(1910)
E. THORPE	(1910)
H. M. WHITING	(1910)

#### CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR 1907

All around.....	A. K. SCHANZE	(1908)
Tumbling.....	A. K. SCHANZE	(1908)
Flying rings.....	H. A. WADDINGTON	(1909)
Parallel bars.....	H. A. WADDINGTON	(1909)
Side horse.....	H. V. McCABE	(1909)
Horizontal bar.....	W. D. LAMONT	(1910)





# BASKETBALL

Draper and Lee.

With the rapidly increasing interest in all branches of athletics came the demand for a fast game that would fill up the winter months between the football and baseball seasons, and judging from the popularity basketball has achieved during the past year, it is the game that meets all requirements. Of late years basketball has rapidly developed in all the colleges, but though it had its beginning here in the winter of 1906-7, owing to lack of support the only results were one exhibition game and the election of A. H. Vanderhoof as captain and Archer M. R. Allen as manager for the season of 1907-8. This year the schedule was limited to four games, of which two were won and two lost, but the interest aroused has now placed the sport on a secure footing. Much of the credit for this successful outcome is due to the persistent and earnest efforts of Mr. Joseph Finneran, so well known as the coach for the track team.

The first game was with the Corcoran Cadets, of Washington, D. C., on December 14th. Much to the surprise of everyone, the visitors were completely outclassed, the rapid development of the Academy team being well shown by the score of 58-12. The team lined up as follows: Forwards, Ducey and Vanderhoof, '08; Center, Bunkley, '09; Guards, Wilson, '11, and Wills, '10. During the game Hill, '11, was substituted for Ducey, and Green, '09, for Bunkley. Vanderhoof, Wilson and Ducey showed up especially well, and the latter made a good start on his high record for the season of 44 points scored on field goals alone.

The game with Pennsylvania, on December 28th, resulted in a loss for the Academy by the score of 37 to 16, but the team gained a great deal of experience and knowledge of the collegiate game, as this quint had stood third in the intercollegiate series of the previous year. The Navy men played a hard, fast game, but the veterans on the other side were too much for them. The work of Keinath, Penn's all-American forward, was the particular feature of the game.

On the 11th of January, the team met and defeated George Washington University by the score of 48-8. This game saw the first change in the line-up, Vanderhoof and Wilson changing places. The latter was such a sure shot for the basket that it was thought best to place him where he could use his ability to the best advantage.

The final game with Columbia, on the 18th, was clean, straight, basketball all the way through, and held the undivided attention of a large crowd from start to finish. Quick work on both sides and difficult shots for goals marked the game throughout. Wills' good work at guard was commendable, while Vanderhoof's deliberate goal while flat on his back on the fifteen-foot line was the most spectacular feature. For Columbia, the work of Ryan and Melitzer, both 1907 all-American players, was a revelation to those who had never fully appreciated the possibilities of the game.

As it was impossible to schedule a game with the Army this season, it cannot be considered a complete success; but from the standpoint of the game itself, the outcome was very gratifying to those who had the interest of the game at heart, for it proved conclusively that a team turned out here compares favorably with that of any of the larger colleges, and



BASKETBALL TEAM

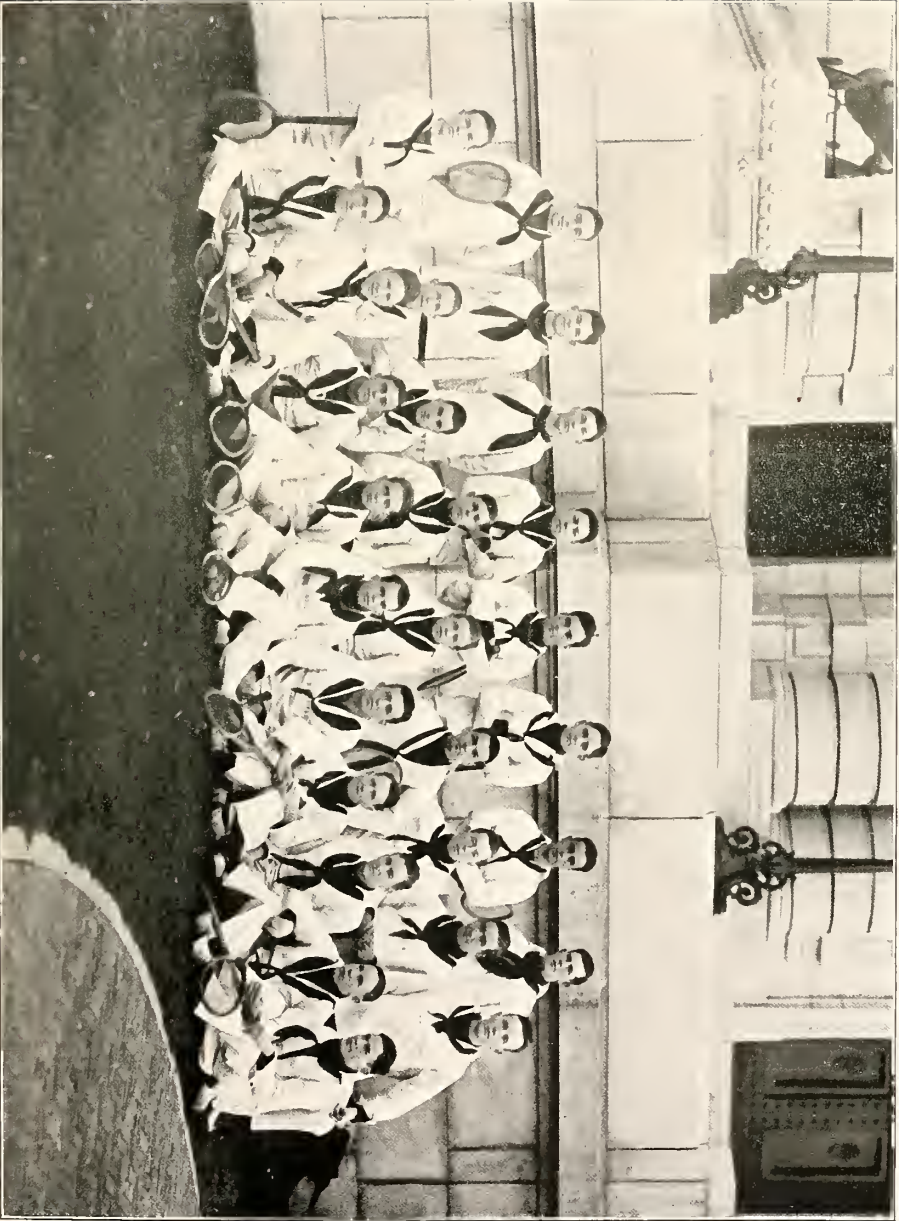
that the game itself has the necessary qualifications to increase its popularity in years to come.

SCHEDULE, 1907-1908

	SCHEDULE	
	N.	O.
Saturday, December 14, Corcoran Cadets.....	58	12
Saturday, December 28, University of Pennsylvania.....	16	37
Saturday, January 11, George Washington University.....	48	8
Saturday, January 18, Columbia University.....	23	37
	145	94







TENNIS SQUAD



# MEMBERS OF THE "N"

## FOOTBALL—YELLOW N

1908		1909		1910	
BOYNTON, H. W.	N*	DEMOTT, M. B.	N**	MEYER, G. R.	N*
DAGUE, W. H.	N**	JONES, R. E.	N*	REIFSNIDER, L. F.	N*
DOUGLAS, A. H.	N**	LANGE, E. C.	N*	REINICKE, F. G.	N*
MAGRUDER, C. W.	N*	LEIGHTON, F. T.	N*	RICHARDSON, W. A.	N*
PIERSOL, W. B.	N*	NORTHCROFT, P. W.	N**		
SHAFROTH, J. F. JR.	N	SLINGLUFF, F., JR.	N**		
STROTHER, E. W.	N*	WRIGHT, P. T.	N**		

## BASEBALL—WHITE N

1908		1909		1910	
BACON, A.	N	HAMBSCH, P. F.	N	BATTLE, C. E.	N
DAGUE, W. H.	N	LANGE, E. C.	N	GILLAM, E. J.	N
LOMBARD, B. R.	N			LANPHIER, A. Y.	N
STILES, W. H.	N*			STRICKLAND, S. G.	N
VAN AUKEN, F. T.	N				

## CREW—RED N

1908		1909		1910	
McKEE, E. W.	N—oar	DAVIS, R. H.	N	BAGG, H. A.	N
ROCKWELL, F. W.	N—oar	LEIGHTON, F. T.	N—oar		
		ROBERTS, W. L.	N—oar		

## TRACK—GREEN N

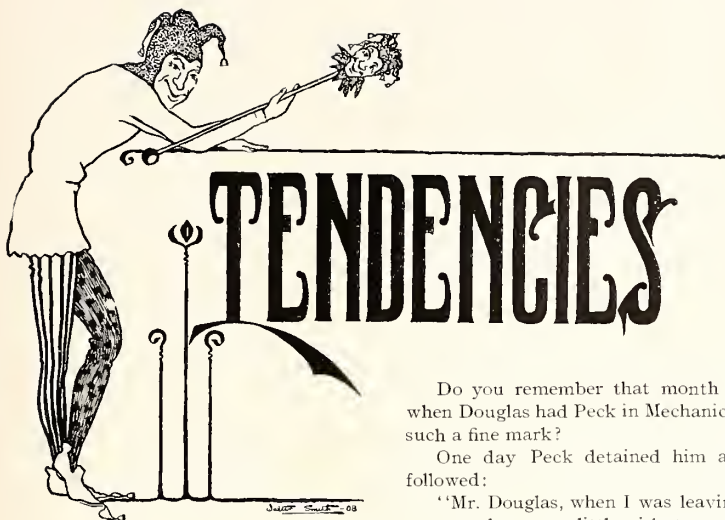
1908		1909		1911	
BURG, R. A.	N	NORTHCROFT, P. W.	N		
EMMET, R. R. M.	N	STEPHENSON, H. W.	N		
LEBOURGEOIS, H. B.	N			CAREY, L. C.	N
PURNELL, W. R.	N				
RANKIN, J. W.	N				

## FENCING—GRAY N

1908		1909	
BURDICK, H. DE F.	N*	BRANDT, E. S. R.	N*
KNAUSS, H. E.	N		
ROSS, C. C.	N		

## RIFLE—BROWN N

1908		1909		1910	
BRERETON, W. D., JR.	N	DAVIS, C. C.	N		
DENNEY, A. D.	N	MAILLEY, C. C. W.	N		
EARLE, J. R.	N	PORTER, H. H.	N		
HEIBERG, W. LE R.	N	SMITH, H. T.	N		
JAMES, J.	N				
KNERR, H. J.	N				
LEE, W. A.	N				
STARK, L. C.	N				
WILSON, E. E.	N	BRADLEY, F.	N		



# TENDENCIES

Do you remember that month in second class year, when Douglas had Peck in Mechanics and was going to get such a fine mark?

One day Peck detained him after recitation. This followed:

"Mr. Douglas, when I was leaving home this morning to come here, my little girl stopped me and said:

"Where are you going, papa?"

"I told her that I was on my way to teach the midshipmen

"Are you going to teach Mr. Douglas, papa?"

"Why, yes, dearie; but what do you know about Mr. Douglas?"

"I like Mr. Douglas," she said; "he calls me sweetheart!"

So of course it was up to Doug to swear she was the sweetest little girl he'd ever seen; and, hugely delighted, he told the Skeeter all about what a fine grease he had with Peck, and what a good mark he was going to get. \* \* It's a sad, sad world, but the end of the month found him with only a bare 2.3!

On the Olympia's seamanship exam this was part of a question:

"At sea, in a fog, you hear from dead ahead two blasts on a fog-horn. What would you see, should the fog lift suddenly?"

When Walter Smith saw this, he cried, in disgust: "Why, that's simple; anybody can tell that's a steamer on the port tack!"

One beautiful, dreamy evening of our stay in Funchal, when naught but peace and quiet were abroad, and the majestic old mountain with the sleeping town nestling against his breast was dimly visible in the shimmering radiance of a tropical night, we left the "Denver" for a quiet row, that we might listen to the music from the "Minnie" and enjoy the seductive charm of the night.

There was but a breath of air, just enough to break up the reflection of a great, round moon, sending it over the water to us in an entrancing ladder of light. Thus Strother:

"Oh, look, fellows! Isn't that reflection great? And we can see it so well from this spot, where we are right in its pathway;" then wondered why we laughed.





## Those Quiet Nooks

Gone are dear old Skinny steps,  
And gone the lib'ry arch;  
Yes, gone is every dear old nook—  
Killed by progression's march.

Now, if a fellow wants to go  
And sit with some fair maid,  
There's not a single seat  
That's even in the shade,

And let alone a cozy place  
Where no one would intrude,  
And spoil his little fussing match  
With imposition rude.

Oh, no! the Navy, modernized,  
Destroys tradition old,  
And thinks no more of dear romance  
Than of the rovers bold.

And so good bye to all the spots  
So dear to every heart;  
Like wooden ships, their day is done,  
And sadly must depart;

For in their place new buildings stand,  
All stiff and new and white,  
With not a single quiet nook  
That's not out in plain sight.





H  
A  
D  
S

Walter Smith - 08

# HOP COMMITTEE





# HOPS

## Committee

JULES JAMES, <i>Chairman</i> , 1908	-	-	Virginia
KIRKWOOD HARRY DONAVIN, 1908	-	-	Ohio
THOMAS CASSIN KINKAID, 1908	-	-	Washington, D. C.
RICHARD CASWELL SAUFLEY, 1908	-	-	Kentucky
ARNOLD HINES VANDERHOOF, 1908	-	-	New York
ALGER HERMAN DRESEL, 1909	-	-	Washington, D. C.
HORACE WILLIAMS NORDYKE, 1909	-	-	Indiana
HARRY WALTER STEPHENSON, 1909	-	-	Nebraska
ROBERT WILSON CLARK, 1910	-	-	New York
JOHN SHERMAN PEOPLES, 1910	-	-	Minnesota



TO THE Red Mikes of the class, the mention of hops will, perhaps, serve simply to recall a long chance at an "unknown," a sacrifice for a friend, or even one of those rainy "Chaney" days we know so well. To the fussers, however, as well as to those who occupy a position between the two, the series of hops seems a sparkling crystal stream in an otherwise somewhat arid waste.

As plebes who did not rate even looking on from the gallery, we strolled through the yard or sat up in the dark after-taps listening to strains of "Anona" and "Hiawatha"—melodies that seemed to lift us from our prison walls and transport us back to the good times we knew before our lot was cast with that of the Navy. At early graduation in February came the first taste of the pleasures the Armory afforded—a tantalizing taste that made us count the days till June, when, in all the glory of newly acquired youngsterhood, we drank deep from the cup of happiness.

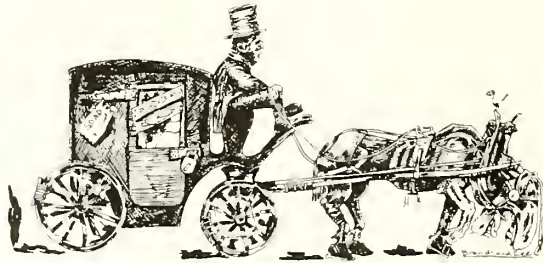
Back from leave, we started going to hops with characteristic youngster enthusiasm. Perhaps they led to affairs of heart—perhaps they didn't—but whatever their result they seem now a sort of continuous performance that commenced Saturday morning with release from drill. There was the usual rush to shift into uniform, a run for the train that was always late, a strenuous afternoon fussing at the football game, fencing tournament or baseball game, and a run back to supper formation, followed by a still-hunt for hop cards the committee never had. After supper came a happy evening of dancing to "Dearie," the "Spoonng Song" and their contemporaries—an evening that ended all too soon when we tumbled into the office out of breath and signed up at 11.59. Sunday at chapel we met



our friends again, showed them the wonders of quarters, fussed until the train left, and then came back to spud salad and the indescribable loneliness of Sunday evening study hour.

The time passed merrily on until as second classmen we brought up sharp against Woolsey's "Mechanics" and Johnny Gow with a jolt that confined many of us to our rooms and reduced the world's supply of candles. But when, the exams over, we were safely beyond the divide, June week with its proms and Farewell Ball seemed, by contrast, to have grown even more attractive.

First class year, out of the wilderness, we counted the days until graduation. It was then that the fortnightly hops shortened the autumn, the Christmas informals, the holidays, and the spring hops the last few months of our stay. Those gone, the hops are but memories—memories that we will take to sea with us as comrades in the long mid-watches, when the lapping of the water against the side will be the only sound and companion. Perhaps, then, little snatches from "Red Mill" or the "Merry Widow" will tinkle in our ears, and there will come a picture of happy, smiling faces and pretty girls whirling in a maze of blue and gold and dainty colors. In the dizzy whirl of beauty will be the faces of friends good and true—faces that will bring heart-aches, perhaps, but faces we might otherwise never have known.







WE worship thee upon thy throne,  
We want thee always for our own;  
Thine eyes so true, thy lips so red,  
That golden hair about thy head—  
Are feasts on which our eyes are fed,  
Navy girl!



# A Valentine



When I was young and giddy,  
Nor dared a maid to kiss,  
On Love's seas but a middy,  
My heart was just like this:—

In June Week came a maiden—  
I felt keen Cupid's dart;  
Each breath with sighs was laden:  
'Twas so she left my heart:—



A damsel formed divinely,  
My youngster fancy took;  
My suit seemed not untimely,  
But here's my heart, just look!—



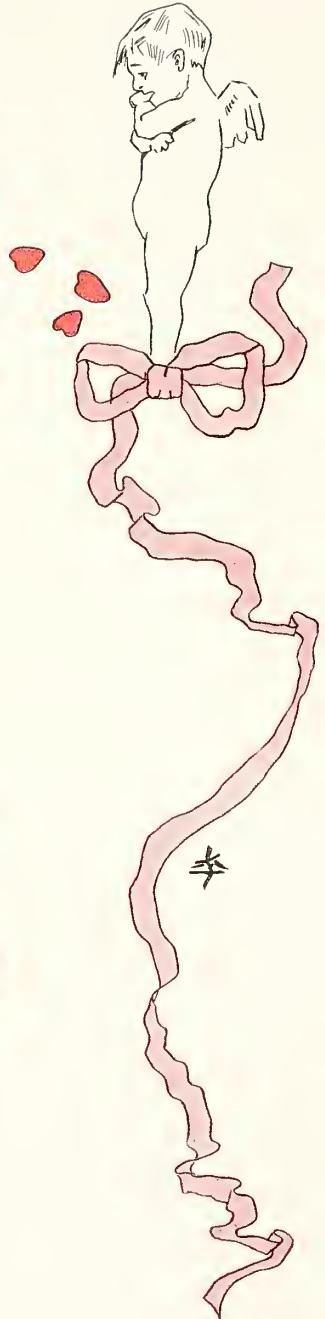
Full soon I met another—  
Down Lovers' Lane we trod;  
But now I am her brother,  
My heart feels rather odd:—



Then Courtship's main exploring,  
An admiral I sailed,  
A goddess fair adoring,  
Yet naught my love availed:—



Your heart, too, has been shattered  
By Love's remorseless dart;  
Let's join the pieces battered,  
And make for us one heart:—



## Bricked Again



THE window in "Gloomy Gus'" room looked out upon the inner court. The outlook was bright and cheery; the loud shirts, demonstrative socks, and enthusiastic nether garments displayed in the windows opposite gave a gay and festive appearance to the scene. Even the brick walls, the stone foundation, and the cement walks radiated good fellowship and cheer. "Gloomy" was in a happy mood, contented with the world and all the inmates thereof; his face beamed with the joy of living, his brain was filled with thoughts of well-doing.

"Patsy" entered the room and shared "Gloomy's" seat upon the radiator. He applied the salve with his usual success, and when satisfied, turned to "Gloomy" and asked:

"Dragging Saturday night, Gloomy?"

"Had thought about it, old man, but I got a letter from her sister this morning saying that she was going with Bob Munroe."

"Good! I want you to take a girl for me. She sure is a queen, otherwise I wouldn't ask it. You will be crazy about her. Light hair and blue eyes—of the twinkling sort—and talk! Why, man alive, you won't have a chance. Everything she says is in a personal strain. You will spend your time principally in gazing into her eyes, but partly in patting yourself on the back, in displaying idiotic grins, and in trying to gasp elusive nothings. Now she has heard of you and of your woman-hater attitude, Gloomy, and she advocates reform. This is a great chance: will you take her to the hop?"

"How old is she?"

"Sixteen."

"Pretty?"

"Can't be touched."

"Is everything—er-a-a—natural?"

"She is just as I described her."

"Well, drop your carcass in that chair and prepare yourself! Remember the last Farewell Ball and the little dandy I dragged for you—a joke on your part, I believe? She was forty if she was a day. She had gray hair; her good eye was brown, her other one blue—both of them, however, being of a playful disposition. Her nose and chin met in a parabolic curve, and she whistled in her speech while talking about pa and ma and me. I am not much on your society stunts, but it was up to me to give her a good time. I did the best I could and received no help from anyone—you for instance. Never worked harder in my life, nor lied more, and I finally persuaded her that everyone was crazy to dance with her, but that they sidestepped in my favor. We had all the dances together, and when it came to dancing she was all there. She entered into the thing with a zest and a determination—to learn. She stammered with her tongue and stuttered with her feet. The end of her train was weighted, and in taking the curves the thing circulated: we had a spill everytime we came about, but in spite of all our bruises we were soon well acquainted; after the third dance I was 'Pet.' My fussing next day was successful in the extreme.

"What did I get out of it? Experience, for one thing; a silence from you; a breach of promise suit from her. Bring on your next victim. Understand, old man, that my feelings don't count at all; I'm doing this just for you. What's her name?"

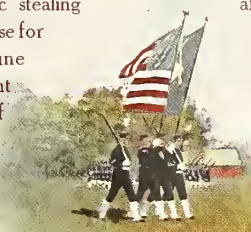
# JUNE WEEK



**A** GLORIOUS, balmy spring day, a day that comes only in June, when the soft winds whisper the flowers' love message, and dainty cloud-lace flecks the deep blue sky, ushers in the time that we all look for as the best of the year—June Week. How velvety the grass under foot, how bright the sun, how fragrant and delicate the air! Think of the pleasant hours in store, canoeing and sailing; lying idly quiet in placid waters, or skimming lightly onward with lee rail awash! What of the cool, clear evenings on the Lane, when we may wander slowly 'neath the wide branching trees, with the low, sweet strains of music stealing banish books and toil, and choose for

To the Academy, June is a celebration as does Commencement however, one important point of distinction, concerts, and hops that mark the close of every college year is a review before the Boards of Visitors of the of drills and practical exercises. Upon the drills of this one week is centered the attention of the officers and midshipmen during the entire spring, which thus becomes purely a time of preparation for one supreme effort; a spirit and feeling that must always exist where the best results are expected. Examinations have been finished the previous week, so that there is, as well as an inspection of physical results by the Board, a complete review of the mental work of the year by the Faculty. On the last day of this week the summer cruise begins, and all hands must prepare to leave the Academy at that time for a few months' instruction of a different character upon the ships of the practice squadron. But the thought of that is avoided as much as possible, and the attention of the crowds of visitors, the officers, and the midshipmen is for the time directed solely upon the drills and the numerous functions of a social nature that occur during the week.

Each department is assigned a certain number of drill periods, and in the space of a few small hours tries to show the visitors and guests just how much it has accomplished toward the proper training of an officer. In ordnance there are the brigade drills in infantry, the battalion maneuvers in artillery, and finally a noisy finish with a well-rehearsed mimic battle, in which "casualties" by the score are left bleeding (?) on the field of glory. Steam furnishes an interesting



after? Then all cares are over; we our companions only joy and laughter.

Week bears much the same relation to college. There is, difference; added to the remark the close of every college Boards of Visitors of the of drills and practical exercises. week is centered the attention of ing the entire spring, which thus paration for one supreme effort; exist where the best results are ex-

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THE ATTACK



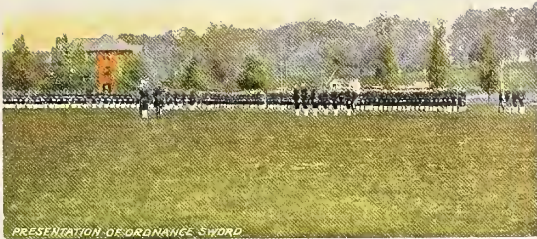
THE RETREAT



BATTERY FIRE



THE FIELD HOSPITAL



hour or so, with the pattern, boiler, blacksmith and machine shops each adding its share of noise to the general din. Then we all pretend to be expert engineers, and really succeed well enough quite to overawe the bewildered spectators. But most entertaining of all is the drill on the good ship Severn. When we race aloft at the order "Make sail," and spread the broad expanse of canvas at "Sheet home! hoist away the topsails," one can almost fancy that the old days of perfect seamanship and hardy sailormen have come back—the days when it was yard-arm to yard-arm, hand-spike to cutlass, and bare hand-to-hand, all for the sake of the good, honest fight.

In addition to the regular drills of the day in seamanship, steam, and ordnance, dress parade is held every evening at six. To witness this spectacle, all the

crowds of fair visitors assemble at the edge of the parade ground, along the road in front of Blake Row. The parasol brigade is there, all dressed in white, and many an imperceptible nudge and whispered word pass down the seemingly motionless line in uniform, calling attention to an especially pretty girl, or to some trim and dainty foot or ankle peeping modestly out from cover. The fair loved ones are all gathered there to try to distinguish Tom or Dick or someone else from his comrades as the blue-clad column of companies goes swinging by in review. It is at parade that occur some of the most interesting ceremonies. For these affairs the brigade forms a hollow square, with the side next the road open to the visitors. Within





this square the presentation of the ordnance sword is made on one evening; on another, the medals for the year's athletes are given out. But by far the best and prettiest of all is the award of the Colors to that company adjudged to have been the best of the year in drill and athletics. While parade is at retreat, and before review, the victorious company is marched to

the center of the square to receive the Colors from the hands of some fair miss who doesn't mind covering herself with glory and embarrassment. Probably she forgets the gracious little speech she has so carefully prepared, but that is expected, and nobody minds in the least. She dimples and blushes so prettily, and looks at you so appealingly, as if begging you not to laugh, that it is a delight to forgive her and to remember only how charming and graceful she is.

The social events are numerous, and make June Week, for the fussers, a time of surpassing delight. Every afternoon, before dress parade, various receptions occur in the Yard and out in town; among these prominently figure the Superintendent's reception to the Board of Visitors at the Officers' Club, the reception to the athletic teams, and the Governor's reception to the graduating class. Then there are the band concerts on Lovers' Lane every afternoon, when the deep green of the grass and trees throws into such delightful contrast the white summer dresses and dainty parasols of the pretty visitors. Wandering all about are these fair guests, lending a touch of gayety and color that the Academy knows at no other time. But perhaps the most enjoyable of all are the promenade concerts in the evening, when either the band or the choir disguised as a glee club furnishes entertainment until eleven.







REEFING YASAJIA



SWEET HOME / HOIST AWAY THE YASAJIA'S



SHAKING OUT THE



U.S.S. SEVERN



OFF FOR THE CRUISE



These are the pleasantest hours of the day; on every hand, out under the stars, or in the shadow of the thick-leaved trees, sound merry talk and happy laughter. Jolly groups stroll by, and here and there you catch low snatches of song and the thrum of guitars or the tinkle of a mandolin. Comfortably ensconced in cozy, quiet nooks are many spooning couples, for June, the witch, gives a heart full of sentiment to even the most hardened

"Mike," and spring is a time when thoughts of love stir all the world.

The night before graduation brings an evening of high hilarity, for with the First Class German the soon-to-be-graduates feel that the end is coming, and that the many good times at the Academy should have a fitting close. The girls they have "dragged" ever since plebe year are particularly gracious, for they feel that they, too, are graduating with the class, and that the hops without the old familiar faces will never be quite the same. The Armory is decorated as never before, and the band is to-night making a special effort that will stay in memory for many a long day. So it's all for one good time, and whenever a few of these graduates foregather, there'll be talk of that evening at the Class German. And with the dawn of graduation day, what thoughts of triumph and regret fill the minds of the members of the first class, what hopes and fears for the future, what memories of the past! Ever present is the thought of the coming separation from classmates who now fill all the heart, but whom losing will render doubly dear. These and others crowd the brain that whole, wonderful day, and are not banished even by the Farewell Ball, the climax reserved for the last night at the Academy. Then the end is come, and the morning sees Bancroft Hall empty, and June Week, a glorious close to the year of work and study, gone from all but memory.



# THE JUNE WEEK GIRL

She is just a little different  
From the other girls we meet—  
She is just a little different  
From the rest ;  
She is just a little trimmer  
And a little more petite,  
And perhaps she's  
Just a little better dress't.

In her little frock so dainty  
She is there at every drill,  
She cares not if  
The weather's bad or fine ;  
And the very fact she's watching  
Will give all of you a thrill,  
And send the little shivers  
Up your spine.



Then after drill she always walks  
With someone in the Lane,  
And at the evening concert,  
Still one more ;  
Yet to have her to yourself awhile  
Is what you can't attain,  
For her friends she seems  
To number by the score.

And there's still another reason  
Why we like to see her here,  
Why we like to see  
The June Week Girl so gay ;  
For her coming is a signal  
That we've ended up the year,  
And that we've reached  
Our Graduation Day.





# MASQUERADERS



OR the last few years there have been half-hearted attempts to revive the old custom of giving shows—and there have been good men, too, good actor men—but not until the beginning of this year did the real theatrical germ take hold in earnest and the David Belascos and Richard Mansfields break forth. It was then that the three immortals who later became the directors of the Glee Club, the Instrumental Club and of Staging, put their heads together and concocted an attractive scheme of organization to set before the Commandant. This he approved. Several nights later a meeting was held to get people interested, and the following night the officers were elected. Boughie issued a call for musicians, and no one ever dreamed that

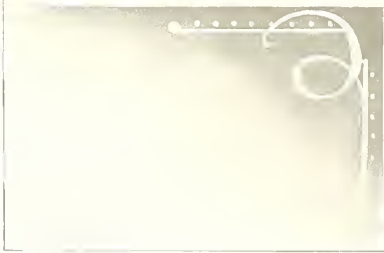
the place held so many noise-makers. Something like sixty people broke out with violins,

trombones, French horns, cornets, kettle-drums and all the other paraphernalia known to modern music, and before long there was such a din in Recreation Hall that the officer-in-charge didn't even dare put his head in to rag the orchestra for being out of uniform! In the dead of the night others crept up to Patsy Donavin's room and actually confessed that they thought they could act. Encouraged by what they had seen and heard in the choir, still more went down to Pierie's room with the startling information that they could sing.



All of this looked mighty good for a brand-new organization, and in the course of events the following appeared on the front page of the *Evening Capital*: "The Masqueraders, a dramatic and musical organization of midshipmen at the Naval Academy, will give their first performance or try out, as they are pleased to call it, next Saturday night in the Auditorium." Now it was originally intended to make this "try out" a secret session, but everybody insisted that outsiders be admitted. What happened that evening had best be left unwritten; it was an "Amateur Night" in the true sense, with most







dire results for "The Masqueraders." Patsy got the hook, Swede Peterson put everybody to sleep, and Nellie Foy was almost lynched the next day for saying the show "wasn't so bad." But there were some good things about it, notably Piersol's songs, the music and one or two black-face stunts. Another good thing was that it broke the Dutch comedians "Dad" and "Dubs" of the actor habit.

The next entertainment planned and carried out was the Christmas show. Even the fussers gave up the informals to learn their parts. Mr. Paul Armstrong kindly allowed the use of one of his charming little plays, "My Wife's Husband." The manager of the Colonial Theatre lent the necessary scenery and the Naval Academy orchestra furnished the music. To all of these "The Masqueraders" feel themselves greatly indebted. The show consisted of two parts—a minstrel skit, "Our Garden Party," and the play; the first managed by Donavin, and the second by

Piersol. There's no getting around it: both were well staged and were thoroughly enjoyed by a packed house. Bishop Boyd acted as "Host," a role which perfectly suited "His Reverence;" Maggie Magruder, Bastedo, Dresel, McCammon and Field all made hits as end men, and the olio was exceptionally good-looking. Everyone had a chance to say what he thought about everybody else, and among others the Nav. department came in for its share of hits.

The play, however, was somewhat out of the ordinary. Piersol took the leading part, that of an old "grouch," and did it well. Buster Borland made an ideal Oxford student and W. N. Porter a very good wayward son. Things ran along very smoothly until Jules James appeared as "Mrs. Smithson." You must have seen him and heard him laugh to appreciate thoroughly the kind of a hit he made. Those who were fortunate enough to hear that funny little feminine laugh which "she" got off so many times will never forget it. The beautiful contralto voice and the aforesaid laugh were about to deceive people into thinking that Jules was a "sure enough" girl, when to everybody's astonishment "she" came down with a most masculine "sir!" Then it was all off.



During the spring, one or two concerts were given which were well roasted by the Naval Academy *Knocker* in some very remarkable articles. These affairs, however, served to keep up the interest and to develop material for the last show of the year, which was held on May 15th. At the present writing little has been done in the way of rehearsals, but extensive plans have been made, and so far as it is possible to say we predict a very good success for the show. The play is a musical comedy entitled "The Revolutionists," and the scene is laid in one of the South American Republics, where a complete overthrow of the government is a matter of months of talk, secret

meetings, and mysterious plans, but little action except to jump up and down and yell "Fire" vigorously three or four times. It is a case of mistaken identity, with a divinity student in the wrong place at the right time. There will be some good singing and clever



dancing, and the hope has been expressed that the substitution of masculine Tillies in the chorus will not altogether destroy the interest of those who ordinarily establish themselves in the baldheaded pew. It is, of course, one of the lamentable conditions which circum-



stances have imposed upon us that the high parts in the music have to be cut out to a very great extent, but even at that we are confident that, with the aid of appropriate costumes, the chorus will make a big hit. There will be about fifteen principal characters



and a chorus of twenty-five. It is the intention to engage a professional to give instruction in dancing and to assist with the stage directions. The book for the play was written by Jukes and W. N. Porter; the music, which, by the way, is entirely original, is by Donavin, Piersol, and Townsend, while the orchestration has been attended to by LeBourgeois. If hard work brings success, these at least have assured the play the best sort of a reception.

An outfit of scenery has been provided for the Auditorium stage, LeBourgeois has purchased a bass drum, and it is hoped that the succeeding classes will take up the organization where we leave off. In making it thrive they will serve in some small measure to break the monotony of Academy life, and we hope that in after years we may be able to look back with pride upon this departure from the ordinary.



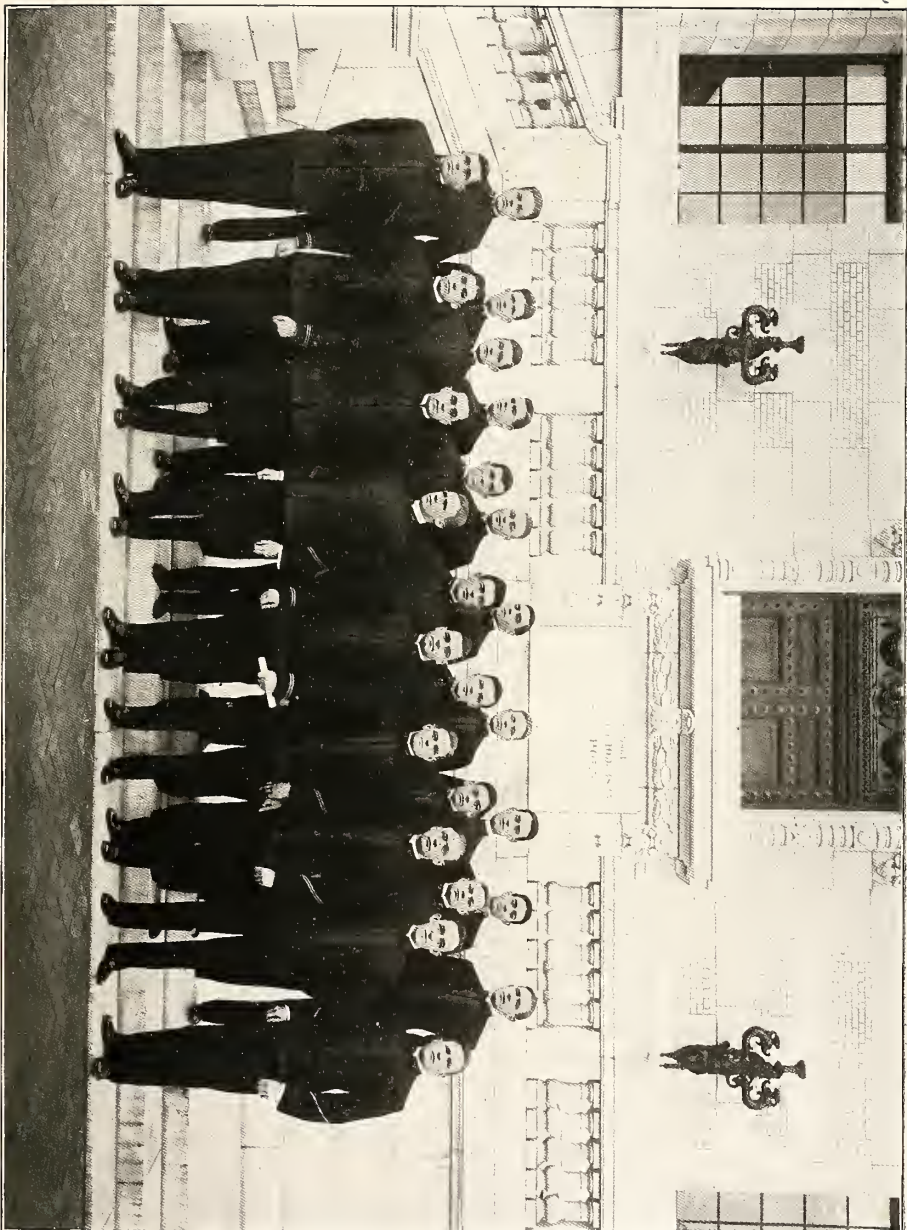


THE choir is one part of this institution whose affairs have long remained shrouded in mystery; it has never before received due recognition, and this short article will achieve its purpose if it serves to attract to our song-birds some small share of the public attention.

Actuated by an ambition to become members of that august body, whole multitudes of applicants step out into the glare of publicity when, on the first of October, the call for the try out goes forth. At this very important function strange sights and sounds greet one. One sees the patient first classman, who for years has been trying to find some way to beat the government out of one drill a week, go through the ordeal with flying colors, while a plebe, out for the first time, after singing everything from "Oh, Mister Brown" to "The Holy City," fails at last because he hasn't mastered the art of pumping the organ. In recent years, however, so much wonderful "raw" material has been discovered that the leader has been forced to enlarge the choir and to admit all comers—no, not quite all, either, for last fall he did turn down the "Skeeter," although the latter sang "Upon a Little Island" in his usual good voice. But in truth, so great has been the addition to the "ranks" of the choir that at last it has demonstrated, beyond the shadow of a doubt, its right to bear in triumph on its crest that very appropriate motto, "*Parvum in Multo.*"

Twice each week does the choir in glorious self-abnegation put aside the more pleasant duties of the routine and devote itself to the public welfare. On Friday afternoons and on Sunday morning, never once considering the joys of drill and inspection, it meets in solemn conclave for the regular "weakly" practice. But there, instead of working on new "Glorias" and "Te Deums," it either shows itself averse to radical ideas by deciding to keep the old standbys at work, or in true humility deems itself unworthy to sing new sacred music until the proper time during the morning service. For week days ordinary music is good enough, so the entire practice is given over to rehearsing all the latest comic opera scores.

But we do not look upon the choir as a few strident pessimists do; it fills its place admirably, and we feel that without its cheering presence and inspiring voice at the long Sunday service we would almost rather not go to chapel at all; we are, moreover, disposed to look unfavorably upon those who, with envy in their hearts, pronounce such epithets as "grafters" and "deadwood." And so we beg you, kind reader, to grant it the right to pursue its beloved avocation in peace—leave it undisturbed in the shadow of the pulpit, where it may eat its coughdrops in perfect serenity, and where quiet reigns supreme, save



THE CHOIR

only for the sound of crackling peanuts and the rustling Sunday morning paper, or the occasional gentle flutter of a snore.

PIERSOL (Leader)

FIRST TENORS

DONAVIN  
ALFORD  
ASHLEY  
LUCAS, C. A.  
CLARK, R. W.  
SPENCER, E. W.

SECOND TENORS

BURDICK      BORLAND  
BASTEDO      LEIGHTON  
FOY            KELLY  
HUNTER       PORTER  
MAGRUDER    TRIPPE  
SEYMOUR      WADDINGTON  
BUTLER        DEYO

BARITONES

ISEMAN  
DOUGLAS  
ELIOT  
McCORD  
GREEN, L. B.

BASS

ALLEN            WEST            MEYER  
BOYD            TOWNSEND      BATTEN  
LEBOURGEOIS    LANGWORTHY    HENDERSON

Organist, PROFESSOR ZIMMERMAN

Assistant Organist, GREENE, O. C.



# Y.M.C.A.



THE purpose of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Naval Academy is to develop and aid the spiritual side of the midshipmen's life. It has been a factor in the Academy affairs for a long time, but has never been as active as could be desired until within the last few years. The active membership is over one hundred and fifty out of eight hundred, a proportion of about twenty per cent. Devotional services are held on Sunday nights in Recreation Hall. Various

prominent speakers are invited here to address the meetings, and these men, with their broad experience in life, have made these gatherings very popular and a great power for good. Personal work is allowed for in group Bible Study classes, in which one hundred and twenty-five midshipmen are enrolled. This group system allows a few men, under a leader, to meet once a week and discuss the lessons of a complete course of study in an informal way.

Besides distinctively religious work, the Y. M. C. A. keeps up the reading room, where twenty-four dailies and all the better class of magazines and periodicals may be found. "Reef Points," a hand-book of the Academy, is issued each year. It contains many interesting notes concerning the life here, and provides each midshipman with a time-form, a place to keep his monthly averages, and printed programs for the hops, all of which make the little book very valuable. The Cruise Library is another popular project maintained by the Association. A large number of readable books are bought and each summer distributed among the ships of the Practice Squadron. These provide good reading matter for the midshipmen when not engaged in work on board ship. And last, but not least, in *The Bulletin*, a weekly publication begun this year and edited by the officers of the Association, the Y. M. C. A. has endeavored to provide a newsy sheet for the brigade. This is the first time anything of the kind has ever been tried at the Academy, and it is to be hoped that *The Bulletin* will grow larger and better as it increases in age. The Association officers for the current year are: Burdick, president; Haines, vice-president; Charlton and Smith, H. T., secretaries, and Meade, treasurer. Those elected for the coming year are: Wright, president; Friedel, vice-president; Meade and Peoples, secretaries, and Howell, treasurer.

Last summer a new and decidedly novel step was taken by the Naval Academy Y. M. C. A. when it sent delegates to the Northfield Convention. This convention, international in scope, was started some eight or ten years ago by Evangelist Moody, and has in this short time grown to very great proportions—a fact that may be realized when it is known that our delegates in descending from the train were greeted not only by the well-known yells of most of the American colleges, but even by yells in Hindustani and Japanese. The little town of Northfield was completely overrun with the enthusiastic delegations, and the halls of the Northfield Seminary were daily crowded to their utmost capacity. The Academy contingent was fortunate enough to be housed with the West Pointers, of whom there were a dozen or more, and many an exciting time and hilarious lark were the result.

The convention this year was held during the week of July 1-6. The mornings were devoted to Bible Study and lectures on various methods of scriptural instruction. The

afternoons were given over wholly to athletics, and there were several very exciting baseball games and track meets as well as an interesting tennis tournament. Every evening there was an auditorium lecture by some eminent lecturer or divine; among others we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Spurgeon, of London, and John Mott, chairman of the International Committee on Student Work. The delegates from the Naval Academy Association were Burdick, Boyd, and Charlton; and such good results have been achieved by means of the instruction received at Northfield that this year a larger number will be sent, if possible.

The object of all the work of the Association may be summed up in a few words—to provide a close moral and spiritual life for the brigade, to add a little cheer to the routine of everyday life, and, more than all, to make strong, clean men, in “body, mind and spirit,” for the Academy and for the Service.





PHI KAPPA PSI

HARRISON E. KNAUSS, 1908 - - - - - Lafayette College  
 W. H. O'BRIEN, 1911 - - - - - DePauw University

KAPPA ALPHA (NORTHERN)

JAMES McC. IRISH, 1908 - - - - - Hobart College

PHI DELTA THETA

K. H. DONAVIN, 1908 - - - - - Ohio State University  
 O. C. GREENE, 1909 - - - - - Alabama Polytechnic Institute  
 W. D. SEED, 1910 - - - - - University of Georgia  
 S. G. STRICKLAND, 1910 - - - - - University of Alabama

KAPPA SIGMA

G. A. DUNCAN, 1908 - - - - - University of the South  
 C. W. MAGRUDER, 1908 - - - - - Louisiana State University  
 J. L. SCHAFFER, 1908 - - - - - Cornell University  
 W. P. BUTLER, 1909 - - - - - Southwestern Baptist University  
 W. J. CARVER, 1909 - - - - - University of Maine  
 E. F. BARLOW, 1910 - - - - - Cumberland University

PHI GAMMA DELTA

W. H. DAGUE, 1908 - - - - - Wabash College  
 W. F. GRESHAM, 1908 - - - - - University of Tennessee  
 J. GARNETT, 1911 - - - - - Richmond College  
 J. W. McCLARAN, 1911 - - - - - Wooster University

DELTA TAU DELTA

G. CHURCH, 1909 - - - - - Allegheny College

GAMMA DELTA PSI

T. S. KING, 1911 - - - - - University of California

KAPPA ALPHA

C. L. BEST, 1908 - - - - - Center College  
 J. T. H. O'REAR, 1908 - - - - - Kentucky Western College  
 T. H. JONES, 1909 - - - - - Davidson College  
 W. O. RAWLS, 1909 - - - - - University of Alabama  
 A. R. SIMPSON, 1910 - - - - - University of Georgia

### THETA DELTA CHI

A. G. OLSON, 1908 - - - - University of Michigan

### SIGMA CHI

R. KING, 1908 - - - - University of Nebraska  
 R. C. SAUFLEY, 1908 - - - - Center College  
 R. D. WEYERBACHER, 1909 - - - - University of Indiana

### DELTA PHI

M. L. DEYO, 1911 - - - - Yale

### ALPHA TAU OMEGA

H. DE F. BURDICK, 1908 - - - - University of Kansas  
 J. W. QUILLIAN, 1909 - - - - Emory College  
 R. B. SIMONS, 1911 - - - - Charleston College  
 S. P. TRACHT, 1911 - - - - Western Reserve University

### SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

A. H. DOUGLAS, 1908 - - - - University of Tennessee  
 E. W. STROTHER, 1908 - - - - University of Georgia  
 C. E. BATTLE, 1910 - - - - Alabama Polytechnic Institute  
 M. J. FOSTER, 1910 - - - - Louisiana State University  
 JAMES G. WARE, 1910 - - - - Beloit College  
 M. C. CHEEK, 1911 - - - - Kentucky State College

### BETA THETA PI

J. S. LOWELL, 1908 - - - - University of Maine  
 R. R. WELSHIMER, 1908 - - - - University of Illinois  
 H. S. BURDICK, 1909 - - - - Brown University  
 R. E. TRIPPE, 1909 - - - - Washington and Jefferson College  
 C. D. PEIRCE, 1910 - - - - University of North Carolina

### DELTA KAPPA EPSILON

J. C. LATHAM, 1908 - - - - University of Mississippi  
 H. T. MARKLAND, 1908 - - - - Syracuse University  
 J. R. BARRY, 1909 - - - - Brown University

### THETA DELTA CHI

S. K. DAY, 1911 - - - - Lafayette College

### SIGMA NU

M. C. ROBERTSON, 1909 - - - - University of Texas  
 R. H. ENGLISH, 1911 - - - - Georgia Polytechnic Institute

### SIGMA PHI EPSILON

L. W. THROCKMORTON, 1911 - - - - Richmond College

### SIGMA PHI

G. BRADFORD, 1909 - - - - University of Vermont

### DELTA PSI

H. S. MCK. CLAY, 1911 - - - - Williams College

### CHI PHI

CONRAD RIDGELEY, 1911 - - - - Georgia Polytechnic Institute

### PI KAPPA ALPHA

W. A. RICHARDSON, 1910 - - - - University of Tennessee





## The Cruise of the Black Mariar

Oh, we sailed away, on a bright June day,  
In the good old Black Mariar!  
With all sail set we sailed, you bet,  
For the old girl she was a flier;

An' in the crew was me an' you  
An' a hundred midshipmites,  
An' they was as green as ever was seen—  
They was land-lubbers dead to rights.

Well, Mister Z—he says, says he,  
Young man, you take the pains  
To ask the man on the starboard han'  
How much water he has in the chains.

An' he did as was told, but went down in the hold—  
Took a look at the anchor chain;  
"Why, the hime thing's dry," he says with a sigh;  
"I reckon I'm soaked again."



An' the win' hlew strong as we sailed along,  
So we took the light sail in;  
In the main top cap I spied a yap  
A-makin' an awful din.

He'd seen the yard a-comin' down hard,  
An' thinkin' this same was wrong,  
He shoved his hest till she came to rest,  
An' I reckon he thought he was strong.

"Look out below! I must let go—  
A-holdin' three ton is no snap,"  
An' he jumped aside, but the spar wouldn't slide—  
She was resin' real snug on the cap.

An' pretty soon I spied the moon  
A-comin' up dead ahead;  
Then I heard a shout from the kid lookout,  
An', Lor', I mos' drap dead.



No water in the chains



"Light ho!" he cries; the Deck replies,  
"Now, whereaway?" says he;  
"Why, right ahead," the youngster said,  
"A-shinin' as hright as can be."

About half-past nine we was sailin' fine,  
An' the Deck says to one o' the crowd:  
"Now Mister Red Hair, get up for'ard there,  
An' strike three bells good and loud."

Red foun' one hell, which he struck pretty well,  
Then looked for the rest o' the three;  
One he foun' abait the old life raft,  
An' he struck it as nice as could he.



Then he looked high an' low, but it warn't no go—  
There wasn't another in sight,  
So he heat it aft while all hands lafft,  
An' his knees they wohled with fright.

Now the Deck warn't sore, but he let out a roar,  
An' held his sides wid his han';  
"Get off this deck or I'll wring your neck,  
You lubberly luh o' the lan'!"

Oh, we sailed in the Bay on a hright August day,  
In the good old Black Mariar!  
With all sail set we sailed, you bet,  
An' the old girl she was a flier.

An' in the crew was me an' you  
An' a hundred midshipmites,  
An' they was as hard as riggin' is tarred—  
They was sailors dead to rights.



Strike three bells

# ARMY VS: NAVY.



THE SEASON OF 1907

# THE FOOTBALL GAME

You can calculate a crew's chances with a fair degree of certainty, you can figure out a track meet with more or less precision, you can count on a baseball team's success as a general rule, but when it comes to dopping out the result of an Army-Navy football game, the experts and form players are all at sea. From the comparison of the season's scores it looked as if we would be outclassed, but during the whole game, from the very first down, there was only one team in it, and that the Navy. Although we went up to Philadelphia with a great deal of hope and faith in our team and a steadfast determination to win, when we found that the odds ranged all the way from 5 to 4 up to 3 to 1 against us, we just couldn't help feeling a bit nervous. However, the stringent condition of the Wall Street money market didn't prevent us from coppering a few bushels of Army money. Our confidence did not waver for one instant, and although we expected a hard struggle, we knew we had a team that would play the game; it wasn't a case of what we thought we could do, but a case of what we knew we had to do. As Mike Murphy said just before the team left the dressing room, "Boys, just remember this: if a team *won't* be beaten, it *can't* be beaten," and he had our state of mind sized up exactly. We—and I say we, meaning not the team, but the team and the brigade—were *determined* to win.

There never was a prettier day for a football game; just enough cloud to keep the air cool, and not enough wind to give either team the advantage. By noon the stands commenced to fill, and at two o'clock, the time set for the game, the usual merry Army-Navy crowd thronged the great amphitheatre to overflowing. Everyone there was a partisan, it seemed, for everyone carried colors; everywhere on the South Stand were pennants and ribbons of the Army black and gold and gray, and the North Stand was one mass of the good old Navy blue and gold.



DOUGLAS

At about half-past one the West Pointers marched in along the North Stand, each company, as it arrived opposite the center, changing direction to the left and swinging across the field in company front to close in mass directly before the Army section. The brigade sprung a new departure, and one that apparently created a very favorable impression, when it marched in at the east entrance in column of squads and formed line of masses to the right near the center of the Navy side. All hands were barely seated, with just enough time to exchange compliments with the Army and the University of Pennsylvania, when the squads came on the field—and that's where something broke loose.

The teams lined up for a short signal



JACK CATES



BOYNTON

done, for our defense had been made perfect.

After another unsuccessful try at our line, Beavers kicked, and so began that magnificent punting duel that slowly and surely carried the ball down the field, out of Navy's territory and close to West Point's goal. The Army backs, hurried and harrassed by the ubiquitous Dague, were unable to run the kicks back a foot, and several fumbles by Mountford showed that there was the weak point in the Army defense. Lange showed splendid generalship by varying the punts with runs by Douglas from the regular kick formation.

It was one of these fake kick plays that started the Navy's brilliant dash into the enemy's territory for a touchdown. Douglas brought everyone in that vast crowd to his feet by a splendid run of forty yards to the eight-yard line. The Army saved herself for a moment by taking a forward pass and kicking out of danger, but a moment later Mountford let Douglas' return get away from him, and DeMott fell on the ball; then Lange carried it to the ten-yard line on an end run, Douglas took it through tackle for three yards, and Jones for four more. The Army braced for a mighty effort—it was third down, with three yards to make. The bleachers



DAGUE



DEMOTT



JONES

practice, but promptly at two o'clock Captains Smith and Douglas met in the center of the field to flip the coin. Smith won the toss and chose the kick-off, giving the Navy the east goal to defend.

There was a sudden hush over the field as Beavers poised the ball, but as he kicked off, the Four N yell crashed out defiance to the Army and encouragement to the Navy, and the game was on. The kick went over the goal line and Douglas punted out, Beavers receiving the ball, but Dague downed him in his tracks. Then, when the teams lined up, was the first moment of real suspense—the first play would show us whether the

Army players, who had come down to obliterate us from the map, would succeed or not. West Point brought out her dreaded tandem buck that had played such havoc with Cornell and Yale. That was the one play we had not been sure about; that had been the one formation that had caused long nights of worry to the coaches. The ball snapped back to Captain Smith and the tandem struck our line with a smash that it seemed nothing could stop; but

there, where they had looked for men, the Army players found a stone wall, and in that instant we knew the game was ours. It was not for nothing that all the watching and planning and thinking had been



DOUGLAS CARRIES THE BALL FROM CENTRE OF FIELD.



LANGE CARRIES BALL TO TEN YARD LINE.



ON THE SEVEN YARD LINE.



JONES THROUGH CENTRE FOR FOUR YARDS.



DOUGLAS MAKES TOUCHDOWN.



LANGE

were bedlam; the West Pointers implored their battered warriors to make a last stand; the spectators on north and south sides alike were frantically cheering and waving their colors—only in the midshipmen's cheering section was there silence, where each man grasped his neighbor's arm with hands of steel, and sent a silent message of strength and encouragement to those brave fellows on the field such as no team could fail to respond to. Douglas took the ball on a delayed pass and smashed into the seething mass, through it, and over the line, with five yards to spare.

KLE



LEIGHTON

After we had exhausted our repertoire of yells, and there was once more comparative quiet, Lange kicked the goal, and that started the cheering all over again.

For the remainder of the half the Navy team forced the fighting, and aided by fumbled punts again and again threatened the Army's goal, only to find that the defense tightened up at just the right instant. The half ended with the ball in Army's possession on her forty-yard line.

chance to meet the chap who was using that mysterious third ticket we had given away. Some of the old-timers came along and congratulated us; they wished to be remembered to the brigade, and told us to keep up the good work.

But the greatest attention of all was paid to the singing and cheering that always seems as a sort of *entr'act* to the play. The bands were marched to their respective positions in front of the cheering sections, and then the songs that had been so carefully learned and rehearsed all through the fall were sung, and the yells between were hurled across the field from one stand to the other almost as shells from fort to ship.



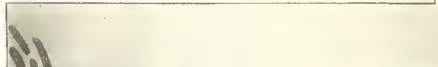
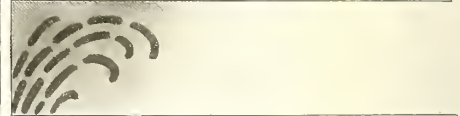
MEYER

Between the halves there were the usual ceremonies incident to the occasion. There was a great deal of visiting, both from across and around, and we then had a

The Army mule, which up to that time had, for a mule, shown a remarkable lack of interest in the proceedings, then came across the field in search of a little excitement. He got it. He wasn't much excited when he came over—just filled with a mild sort of curiosity, as it were—but when Bill Rawls and the goat got after him, he woke up. The mild curiosity was replaced by interest, then by excitement, and then by base fear. That mule didn't stay very much longer; as soon as he had satisfied himself that the goat meant business, he turned tail



MAGRUDER







NORTHCROFT

field goal were unsuccessful, and two forward passes to Dague and DeMott failed on account of the clever defensive work of the Army backs. Once Lange heeled a punt forty-seven yards from the line, and called on Northcroft to duplicate his performance of last year, but although the kick went straight and true it fell short by some yards.

The Army made one desperate but fruitless raid into Navy territory. An inside kick for about fifteen yards and a long forward pass for twenty-five more were responsible for this, and West Point reached our twenty-five yard line. But that was as far as they ever got, for our line was again a mighty wall of protection, and a try at field goal by Beavers went wide. Douglas punted out, and thereafter the fight was wholly at the other end of the field.

In the last few minutes of play several substitutions were made. Owing to the new rule that only those who played in the West Point game should receive the N, the captain and coaches wished to give a chance to substitutes who, at the last moment, had lost out on the team. Reinicke took Meyer's place, Jones gave way to Boynton, Magruder replaced Leighton, and Dague came out so Strother could

and beat an ignominious retreat. Of course, that just tickled the goat almost to death, and he felt that it was up to him to show off a bit; so he and Bill went over to the Army side and introduced themselves to the Corps. About this time the Army bear, a poor little thing that looked as if it ought to be at home with its mamma, caught sight of the goat and immediately proceeded to throw a fit. But pshaw! it needn't have been afraid, because William Goat hadn't the slightest intention in the world of hurting it. He was so good-natured that the only thing he did to the Yellow Kid the Army sent over was to give him a good scare, though, really, sending that kid out almost hurt the goat's feelings. But shortly after all the Army mascots had taken refuge in flight, the teams came out again, and then we forgot everything in thinking of the more serious business of the day.

In the second half the Navy played on the defensive most of the time, but it was a defensive game that was entirely new to most of the spectators; the ball was almost constantly in West Point's territory. There was even more punting than in the first half, and three times, near the fifteen-yard line, Dague secured the ball on Mountford's fumbles. From this point two trials at



REIFSNIDER



REINICKE



SLINGLUFF



STROTHER

play. All these players did noble work, and richly deserved the big yellow N and star that came when the game was over.

The second half ended with the ball in Army's hands on her thirty-yard line, and with it ended the best, gamest, and most scientific battle of all the Army-Navy series. The midshipmen could not contain themselves for joy; scarcely delaying to give the necessary complimentary yells, they rushed on the field in wild disorder, and falling in behind the band, and led by Patsy Donavin and Duke Rawls with his goat, danced the serpentine from one end of the field to the other. We made a stop in front of the West Pointer's section and exchanged cheer after cheer with our soldier rivals, who accepted their defeat in true fashion, with as good grace and spirit as if they had won. Then the celebration that followed—the serpentine, rushing the colors, and a wild waltz over the whole field!—it warms the heart to remember. And we hope that those who come



WRIGHT

after us—those who as yet, perhaps, have never seen the glorious struggles of the blue and the gray on Franklin Field—may often know inspiring moments like that, when the conventions of ordinary action and the decorum of everyday routine are forgotten in one great burst of wild enthusiasm and mad joy over the result of a clean, sportsman-like fight of hand to hand, man to man, and team to team.

THE LINE-UP  
POSITION

ARMY				NAVY
BESSON.....	Left	End	Right.....	DAGUE
WEEKS.....	Left	Tackle	Right.....	LEIGHTON
ERWIN.....	Left	Guard	Right.....	WRIGHT
PHILOON.....		Center		SLINGLUFF
MOSS.....	Right	Guard	Left.....	MEYER
PULLEN.....	Right	Tackle	Left.....	NORTHCROFT
STEARNS.....	Right	End	Left.....	DEMOTT
MOUNTFORD.....		Quarterback		LANGE
SEARLES.....	Left	Halfback	Right.....	REIFSNIDER
SMITH (Captain).....	Right	Halfback	Left.....	DOUGLAS (Captain)
BEAVERS.....		Fullback		JONES





THE BRIGADE



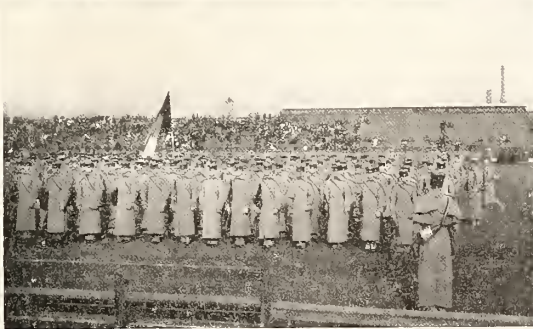
THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



THE NAVY STAND



THE ARMY STAND



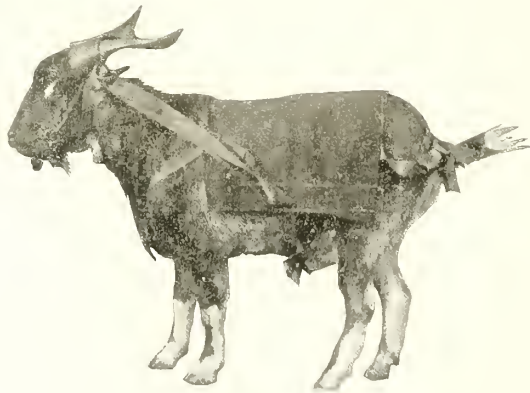
THE CORPS.

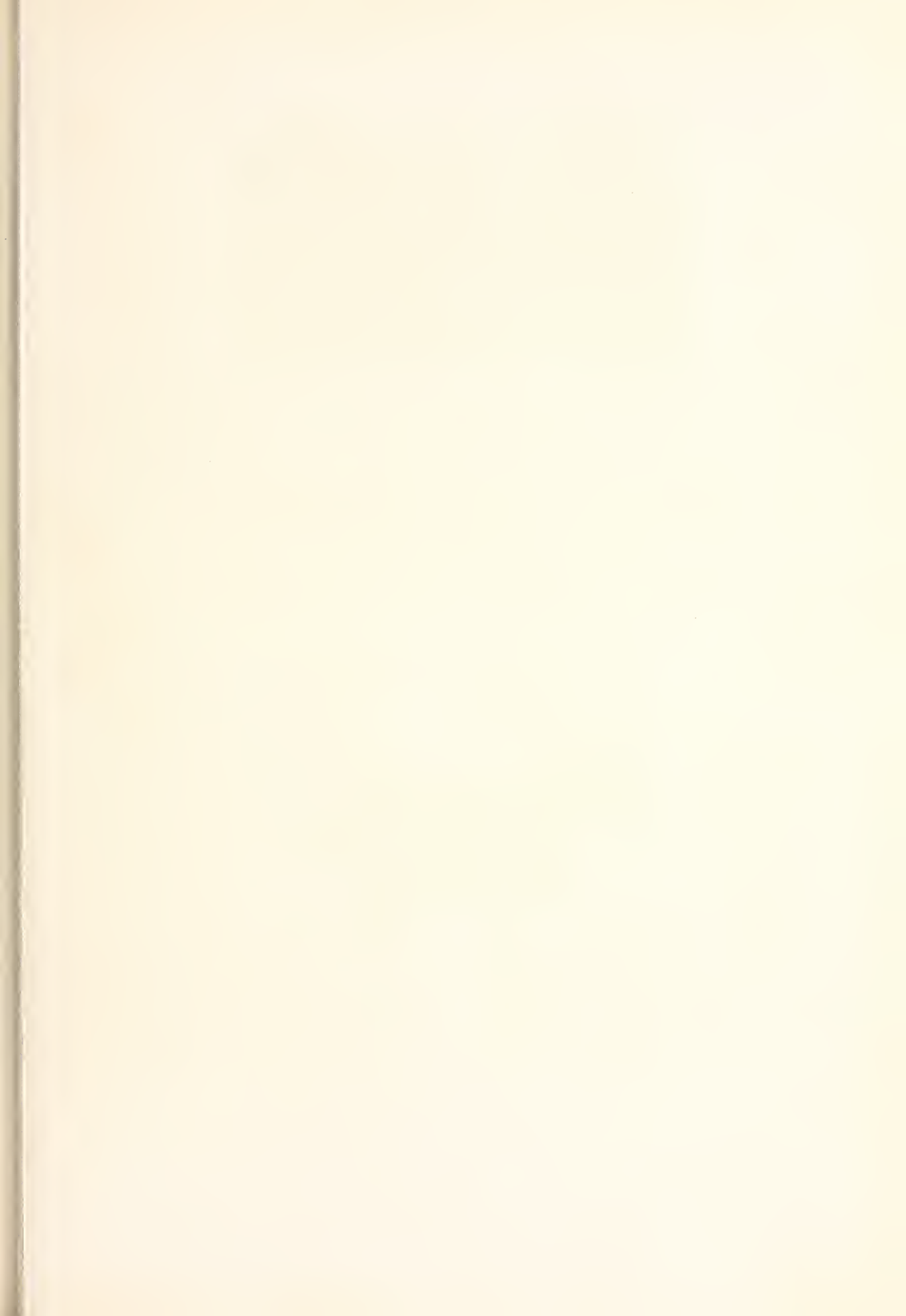


#### SUBSTITUTIONS

ARMY—Stockton for Besson, Fowler for Pullen, Ayres for Stearns, Kern for Mountford, Grebel for Searles, Johnson for Beavers, Hanlon for Smith.

NAVY—Magruder for Leighton, Strother for Dague, Boynton for Jones, Reinicke for Meyer.







## Reminiscence



"The largest lamp burns bright"

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp burns bright;  
When the embers glow within our pipes,  
And the eggnog's spiked just right;

When we gather in the wardroom  
To review our sojourn here,  
And our memory yields up treasures  
Of recollection dear:



"The embers glow within our pipes"



"Zimmerman's terpsichorean strains."

How "Scotty" groomed our Charley-horse,  
Or bathed an injured wing,  
How Zimmerman's terpsichorean strains  
Had made the Armory ring.

Then while we sing and while we cheer,  
The story will be told,  
How the Navy downed the Army  
In those brave days of old.



"When the Navy downed the Army"

# THE BASEBALL GAME



ONE ray of consolation is afforded by the result of the last West Point baseball game—the hoodoo is a thing of the past. The history of the baseball games between the Army and the Navy shows the visiting team always to have been victorious; but now the spell is broken, and, sad to say, it was broken over the Navy goat's back. Never again shall we experience that old, disquieting feeling when the Army sends a team to Annapolis; and when hereafter the Navy comes in victory down the Hudson, we shall know that good playing, and not mere luck, has won the game.

All morning the clouds hung low over the plains; many an uneasy glance went heavenward, and many an anxious word betrayed a fear that weather conditions would cause the postponement of the game, which would mean no game at all. In fact, a few tentative drops did fall, but just as the team trotted out on the field, the clouds rolled away, and before the time for the game arrived the sun shone forth with all the splendor of May.

Every train brought crowds of visitors, all with flags, ribbons, and megaphones—you never saw so much black and gold and gray in your life. For awhile it looked as if all our friends had forgotten us, but when we came over from the batting cages, cheers of welcome and encouragement greeted us. From the bleachers back of our bench we heard "Stand Navy Down the Field," and we knew that there were staunch hearts near us to share in our triumph or defeat.

"Play ball" at last, and the Army took the field. Battle came first to bat, and after a very short wait succeeded in getting in the way of one of Beavers' easy ones. That made a good beginning, and Bacon, to help matters along, sacrificed by bunting down the first-base line. Beavers tagged him, but Gene went down to second. Lange came up with a determined air, and knocked what looked like a two-bagger into deep right, but Hanson, after a beautiful run, managed to pull it down. Stiles tapped an easy one down to first base, which so surprised Johnson that he left Harry make the base, while Battle skinned down to third. Then Dague was up, but before he had a chance to show what he could do, Mountford dropped the ball and Battle came home. Cracky ended the inning with a hot one to short, who threw him out at first.

Then it was the Army's turn. Things began to happen right away, before Captain Van Auken had time to unlimber. Groninger came up and laced out a pretty hit over the shortstop's head. He was in a great hurry, and stole second on the first ball pitched. Captain Pritchett brought up a big bat about a foot in diameter, but all he could do was to knock a pop fly that Hamsch gathered in. After two strikes Wagner, the next man, got one of those things, scored Groninger, and then went to second on the throw home. Beavers made a mistake and caught one of Van's speedy ones on the arm and walked to first. Then Hanson, after waiting for the right one, laid back on his haunches and drove the ball out



into center field. Battle made a beautiful throw to catch the runner at home, but Hamsch forgot himself, and by the time he picked the ball out of the bleachers, Wagner and Beavers had crossed the plate, and Hanson was on third. Here Van Auken showed a great deal of courageous self-sacrifice and retired from the game, putting Lanphier in his place. It surely was Al's day, because Mountford, after hitting a big chunk of nothing three times in the same place, was thrown out at first; and Johnson's effort was nipped in the bud, pitcher assisting.

First inning, score: Army 3, Navy 1.

But little Gillam showed that he was there with the big stick by getting a hit off of the first ball pitched. Strickland tried to sacrifice, but it was no use; Beavers threw the ball about ten feet over the first baseman's head, and Gillie went to third. Hamsch poked out a long foul into the right fielder's basket, but Gillam beat the ball home; and while the Army players were amusing themselves by tossing the ball around the lot, Strickland got to third base. Lanphier was the next man up, and almost immediately a swift inshoot mashed his pitching hand. It looked for awhile as if he would be unable to play any more, which put the Navy bench and bleachers into a deep blue gloom; but he knew it was up to him, so he stayed on the bench and let Scotty nurse his hand while Jinny Clark ran his bases. Jinny stole, but Strickland was nabbed coming home on the throw to second. Battle went out on a hot drive to Wagner.

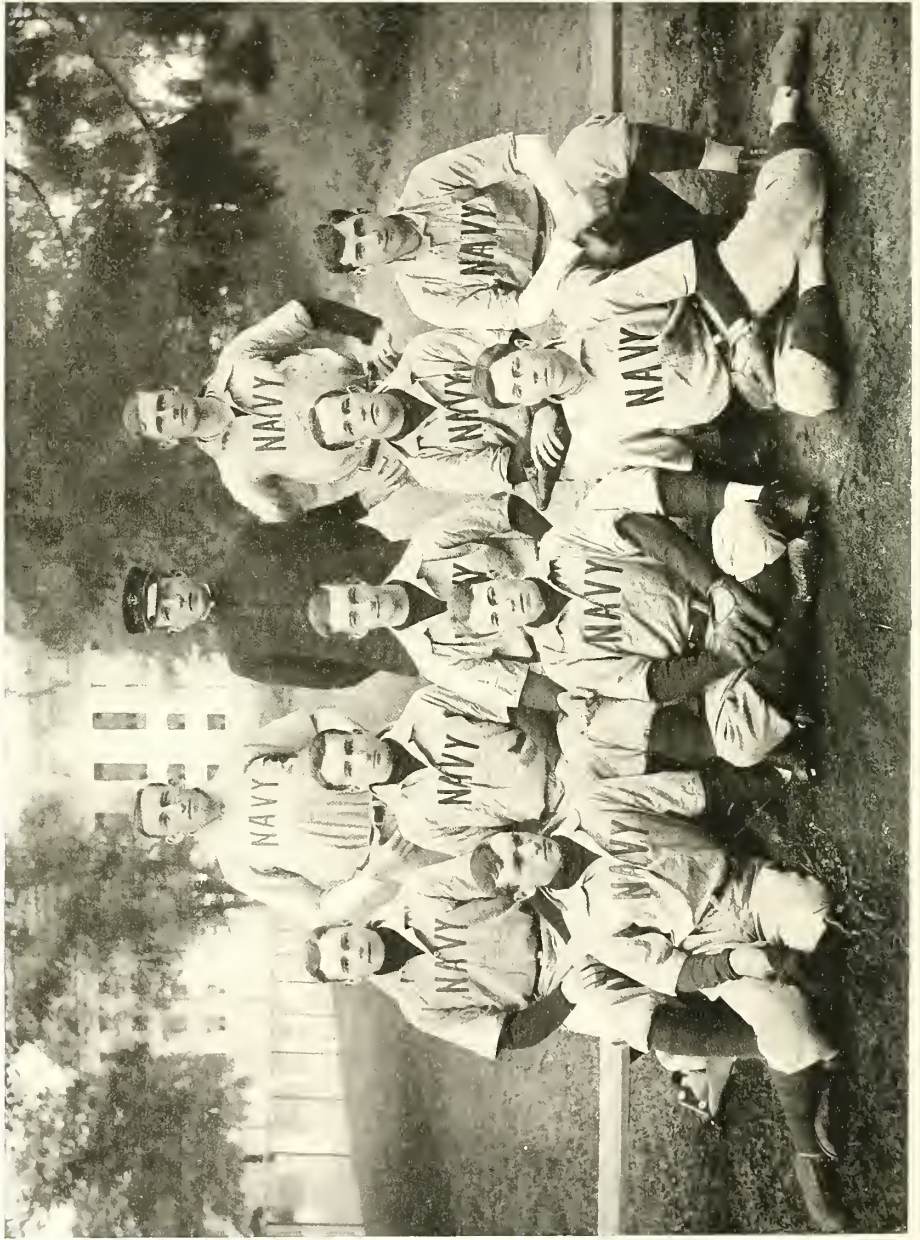
Nothing doing in the Army's half. Meredith and Groninger made hits, and the latter stole a bag before all the stiffness got out of Lanphier's finger, but Bonesteel knocked an easy grounder to Gillam, who threw him out at first; Meredith got ragged on the way to third, and Pritchett found he couldn't lay down a bunt safely with two outs; so the inning was over, with the score three to two on West Point.

The third was a fast one all around. Brainy Bacon knocked a speedy one to Pritchett, who snapped it over to first in plenty of time. Lange ditto, except that it was Wagner who got on the outboard side of the ball, and Harry Stiles lobbed an easy one to Beavers, who caught him half way. Then Navy scattered around the field to see Al have some fun with the enemy's batters. Wagner went out, Bacon assisting; Beavers got a pass, but it didn't do him any good, because he certainly walked into a trap when he thought second looked easy. Hanson surprised himself by getting to first while Gillam did a little juggling act, but he went down on an assist by Bacon to Gillam of Mountford's grounder.

In the fourth we forged ahead. Dague led off with a single, and for awhile it looked as if he'd stay at first, because Gillam fanned and Strickland knocked a high foul to catcher. Hamsch, however, came to the rescue with a pretty little bingle, and Cracky went to third. Lanphier hadn't made a hit all season, but now he rose nobly to the occasion and scored Cracky by driving the ball over short; then Beavers got a pair of wings and walked Battle and Bacon, thus forcing in Hamsch. Lange had a good chance to cinch things, but he punched out.

West Point made the same number of runs this inning as she had the third. Stiles put out Johnson all by himself, Al gave an assist to help Bonesteel to the bench, and then, to end matters, ran over and tagged Meredith when he tried an easy one down toward first base.

That was the last of the scoring for awhile, but there was some very good ball played, both teams making outs in snappy style, and hitting the ball occasionally to keep up the interest. In the seventh, however, Navy apparently clinched the game by getting Stiles to run around the bags while the Army outfielders were looking for the ball. Then after Cracky had knocked a long one to right that Hanson pulled down, Gillie got a two-bagger and Strickland advanced him to third with a pretty single. But there the Navy lost all



BASEBALL TEAM

further chance to score when Hamsch and Lanphier struck out. The Army duplicated her performance of the previous five innings in one, two, three order.

Though we tried mighty hard to get another man around in the next chapter, we found we could not do it. Battle made a hit and Bacon sacrificed, but Lange and Stiles quickly went out. West Point sent three men to the bat in this inning.

Things looked safe, considering the respective playing of the two teams, when the Navy took the field in the last of the ninth. After the first inning there had been but one side to the game. The battery of Army rooters had been reduced first to spasmodic efforts and then almost complete silence. But an Army-Navy game is never over till the last man is out, as we found that day, when we sustained one of the hardest defeats in the whole series played. It began with Mountford, the first man up. He knocked a slow one to Bacon, who made his first error in weeks, allowing the Army man to reach first. Then Lanphier, after a hot one to him by Johnson, got anxious and slammed the ball to second in an attempt to get Mountford, but the throw went wide. Mountford stole third on Hamsch's dropped ball. Bonesteel retired on a little pop up to catcher, and after Johnson stole second, Al caught him ten feet off the base. Meredith came up and sent a liner into left field, scoring Mountford. Groninger, who had been hitting well all through the game, put a single over second base that advanced Meredith to third, and while Pritchett was warming up with a couple of strikes, he stole second. Then something happened; Pritchett drove a hit toward Lange, who threw home, but Hamsch let it go through and Meredith scored. Lanphier got the ball out of the crowd, but Groninger reached the plate a foot ahead of Al's arm, and the game was over, with Army 6, Navy 5.

#### THE LINE-UP

##### ARMY

GRONINGER.....third base  
 PRITCHETT.....shortstop  
 WAGNER.....second base  
 BEAVERS.....pitcher  
 HANSON.....right field  
 MOUNTFORD.....catcher  
 JOHNSON.....first base  
 BONESTEEL.....left field  
 MEREDITH.....center field

##### NAVY

BATTLE.....center field  
 BACON.....second base  
 LANGE.....left field  
 STILES.....first base  
 DAGUE.....right field  
 GILLAM.....shortstop  
 STRICKLAND.....third base  
 HAMBSCH.....catcher  
 VAN AUKEN.....pitcher  
 LANPHIER.....pitcher

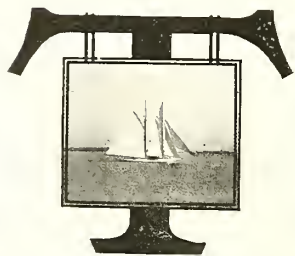




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# CLASS HISTORY



THE Class of 1908 had its birth during the early part of June, 1904, when the majority of us took up the life and burdens of Naval "Ka-dets." Some of us were sworn in as early as the first of May, a large number during June and July, and a few even in August and September, until our total was close around the three hundred mark. We were quartered in old Main Quarters and Annex "A," those ancient buildings which were the scenes of such memorable "soirees;" in fact, the very atmosphere breathed of the customs of the old Naval Academy, and we were not long in absorbing

the spirit and tradition of our surroundings.

Can any of us forget how we looked in a new suit of working clothes, "unbiled" white shirt, collars, tie and brand-new white hat? And how neat and natty (?) we were in those fit-you-not white service uniforms, always much too large, although we were told by Rinehardt "dot dey vill sh-r-rink."



During the summer we "frapped the pap" quite frequently, and for such offenses as "frenching," indulging in the weed, etc., we sent a rather large delegation to the Santee. Others were relegated to the awkward squad, which was in reality a punishment gang who trod the sentry's beat on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. But it all passed quickly; September came, and with it the unfortunates from the upper classes held over for exams, and they helped us along with gentle words(?) and gave us our first idea of the utter worthlessness of a plebe. "Yes, sir, Smith, sir;" "Oregon, sir"—can we ever forget these and such as "Sir, the dessert is apples;" "Seventy-three days till the West Point game"?



The academic year opened, and we got our first glimpse of the section room and its attendant horrors. "Capsize that fraction, sir, and hoist your distinguishing pennant in the north-west corner of your blackboard!" Some, of course, hit the bush and answered Saturday roll-call at the "single blast at two-naught-five p. m." Unfortunately, the bush has stayed





MINE-LAYING LAUNCH

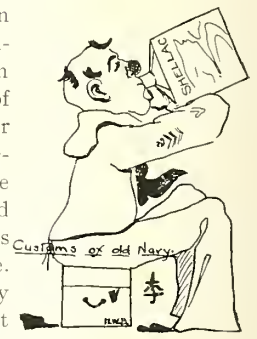
with us throughout the course. The event of plebe year, however, that remains most vivid in our minds to-day was the Army game; it was then we first felt the call of the Navy and realized that we were in it and of it. How we cheered and yelled and, yes, cried! as the Army defeated us 11-0 in a hard-fought game, and we returned to Annapolis, beaten and down-

hearted, but with a grim determination to "get even next year."

Then came plebe semi-ans, when some mighty good men fell by the wayside and gave up their Naval career. The inaugural parade in Washington soon followed, just at the break between winter and spring, and from that time on our thoughts were of but one future event—Youngster cruise, when we should no longer



be the goats in both name and practice. Our capture of Lovers' Lane made us forget in part the life we had led during the year when the customs of the "Old Navy" were in full force. In fact, we had been plebes in every sense of the word—we sat up straight at the table on the front three inches of our chairs, looking neither to right nor left; we had our "soirees" and went through all kinds of stunts, to the howling delight of the upper classmen: this in truth was the "Old Navy," which was so soon to be succeeded by an entirely different system. We say "good old days," and they surely were good old days, despite the customs of plebedom.



We embarked on June 5th for our first cruise, full of anticipation for the future, satisfied with the fact that at least one year had passed and all was well. The war maneuvers took up a week's time, after which came in succession the good times at Norfolk and Old Point, the seasick cruise up to Gardiner's Bay, and New London and Rockland, with the hops and good feeds at the Pequot, Manhasset, Prospect House, and the Samoset. At the very end of the cruise the Severn was caught in a "nor'easter" and driven out to sea, where untold mental and physical agonies were experienced by the unfortunates aboard as the ship heaved and rolled day after day, with leave almost at hand. And that leave! A month of it was fine, but six weeks' leave was still better, for they were six weeks of absolute freedom after fifteen months' restraint.

But even that passed quickly, and we found ourselves back on October 14th, ready to begin the second lap; but we then had the consolation of giving it to the plebes, in





sweet recompense for our own experience. This state of affairs was not destined to last long, for hazing came to the notice of the authorities, and Congress decreed that the day of hazing had passed. Yet with all this internal shaking up, there was a glorious football season which ended in our tying West Point at Princeton, on the first of December, and that game changed the fortunes of football between our brother Joe and ourselves. After our return to Crabtown, all settled down to the work of preparing for youngster semi-ans; when these had come and gone, our class roster was sadly depleted, and among the number of those who left us were some of our very best friends.

In the spring we looked forward to a rumored foreign cruise, and just at the end of the year, when we learned that we were going abroad, the hazing restrictions were handed out in large and small packages; then did we swear vengeance on all plebes henceforth, for many of us were confined for months to the academic limits and to the practice ships because we had upheld a system which we honestly believed was for the best interests of the Academy and the Service. Our youngster year saw the death of the old Naval Academy life and the birth of the new. During the year the very traditions upon which Academy customs had been built were shattered. Of the old life, little now remains to serve as landmarks.

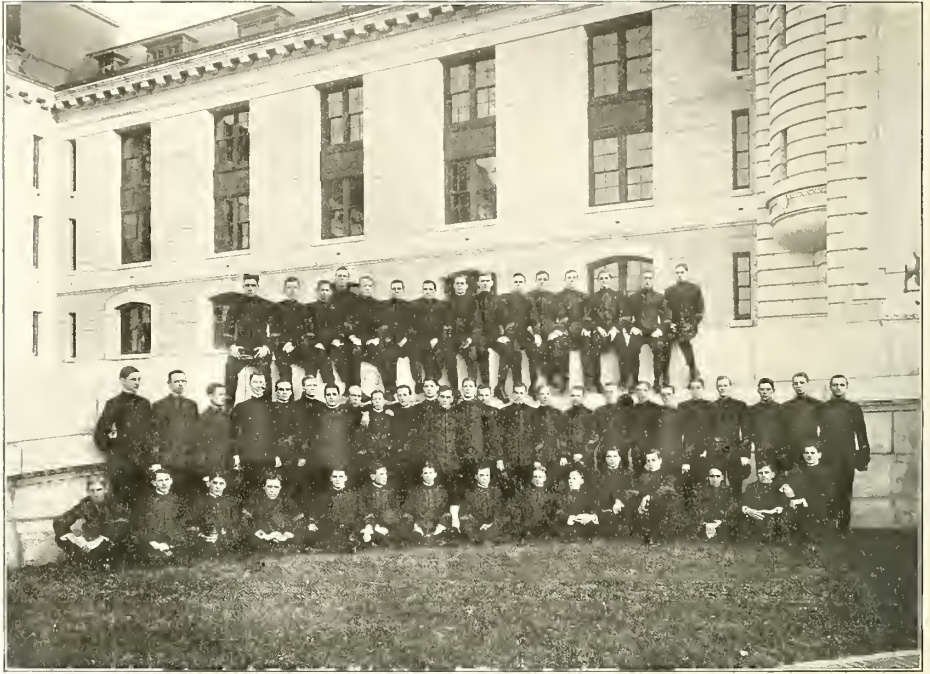
But June Week, with its gayety and freedom from restrictions, followed by the trip abroad, put good spirits into everyone. Of the trip across, let nothing be said lest we awaken unpleasant memories of rolling ships, heavy seas, wave-swept decks and of future admirals

manning the rail, wishing only to die, with the wind howling through the rigging in derision. For five days it was awful—then the wind blew itself out, the seas calmed and we ate once more in peace and comfort—nay, let be; suffice it to say we ate once more. At last Madeira: with what mingled sensations of relief and delight did we welcome the sight of land! And such land that it was! from the white of the mountain top down to the beautiful blending of color on

the lower slope, the effect was perfect, reminding us of the fairyland we had read about as children. Our five days there were perfect, for

the place seemed like the gods' own garden. Reid's Hotel, the Monte Palace, the toboggan, the ox-carts and sleds and the other quaint oddities kept us all busy going the rounds. But the most inspiring sight that met our eyes was the firing of the Fourth of July salute by the ships in the harbor, all of which were full





THE CLEANSLEEVERS

dressed for the occasion. From the mountain top it was truly impressive, and at the first gun from the flagship, we drank to our country and to our flag.

Yes, Madeira Isle is very fine—  
 Nothing so good as Madeira wine;  
 Just what we want is yours and mine.  
 Madeira Isle, you're surely a smile.

Then on to the Azores, and what a contrast, to be sure, with absolutely nothing to please anyone. The town of Horta was more desolate than Solomon's Island or Odenton, the streets bare and colorless, and the one hotel miserable—in fact, everything in sharp contrast to Madeira; so right glad we were to point our bows westward for home. After another storm, and four days at anchor in a fog off Maine, with only "salt horse" and hardtack to eat, we steamed into Bar Harbor after an absence of almost forty days.



Sang with lifted glasses

The remainder of the cruise passed very pleasantly and quickly, and again fortune descended upon us, for we were sent on leave a week early on account of the naval review on September 3rd. After a most enjoyable thirty-five day relaxation we rounded up in Washington and gathered round the festive board at the Willard, where we partook of a feast fit for the gods. It was there that we drew the bonds of friendship more tightly than



SHOOTING THE SUN

alized that we were up against it. But the hard work was more than overshadowed by the football season, particularly the game with the Army. We were determined to beat the Army, and we did it; in fact, we went to Philly with the belief that we simply could not be licked, although all the papers declared that we didn't have a ghost of a show. The semi-ans, much to our gratified surprise, took but one man from our ranks, and for the remainder of the year we simply waited until we should become serious and dignified first classmen. A great number of us were buzzards, and of course we worked our pipes overtime. Then came a most glorious June week, which terminated in our wearing our beloved class rings, and we started on first class cruise with the feeling that for the first time we were really "it."



Of that cruise it need only be said that it was the most pleasant experience of our Naval Academy career. Jamestown, Norfolk, New York, Poughkeepsie, New London, Bath and Washington were all on the itinerary, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the yachting trip. First class leave was unquestionably the best of all, and when we returned it was with a decided blue feeling, some awful heads and loud calls for "ishe wa'er."



But the return to routine was not so bad after all, for we had the gratifying sensation of knowing that it was the last lap of the endurance race. Now, as we look forward to that day in June and see that long-looked for "dip" in the distant haze, we sing "One More River" with mingled feelings of gladness and sorrow, for in June our ways diverge, we depart from those who are dear to us, and not until then will be realized what close friends and brothers we have been, sharing each other's sorrows and joys and fighting our way to the victory with our hearts bound by the ties that bind.

Long live the Class of 1908! is our toast as we sing for the last time together.

"And when our course is over,  
And we leave old Bancroft Hall,  
We'll go on leave a-singing,  
It's a good world after all."



JOHN W.—“Well—ah—Mr. Davis, you say the ambassador and his family are entitled to—ah—immunity. Now—ah—how about his archives?”

LOUIE—“Yes, sir; his archives can't be arrested or brought to trial without permission from the ambassador.”

PROF.—“Mr. Cogswell, from what is Manilla rope made?”

BONES—“From the Manilla plant, sir.”

INSTRUCTOR—“What is a vedette torpedo boat?”

NORTON—“It's a torpedo boat built by a man named Vedette.”

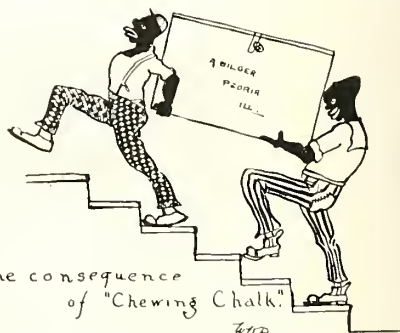
BURDICK—“In preparing for target practice, test all primers with a voltmeter.”

PROF.—“Mr. Davis, in changing your course in formation, what do you blow when you change to starboard?”

LOUIE—“Blow the whistle, sir.”

Dad Connor started off second class year with a 1.8 in mechanics. One day the next spring, Mr. Beach, finding Dad still with us, asked in a surprised way, “How did you pull up that 1.8, Mr. Connor?”

“Easy, sir. I made a 2.3 the next month!”



INSTRUCTOR (in Skinny)—“Mr. Austin, what made the lines in the solar spectrum?”

JANE—“Dr. Fraunhofer, sir.”

ORDNANCE PROF.—“In target practice, you say that you can tell the force of the wind by the movement of the mirage. What is a mirage?”

MAGRUDER—“Why—why, it’s a wind indicator, sir.”

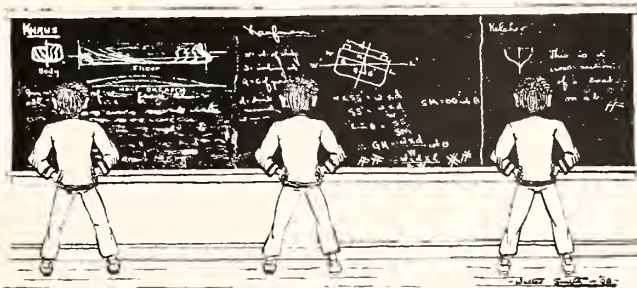
PASHLEY (defining the firing positions)—“The third is the prone position. When a man is prone, his body is inclined at an angle of thirty-five degrees to the vertical.”

VANDERHOOF (in ordnance)—“The commanding officer of the landing force should be supplied with two intelligence officers, a pad and a pencil.”

YATES (describing sound signals with the bell)—“For 1, give one sharp stroke of the bell; for 2, give two sharp strokes, and for 3 give one long stroke.”

JORDAN (in seamanship)—“When not fitted with electric truck lights, the conventional signals that ships shall display at night in formation are as follows: Steaming ahead, full speed, one oil lantern at yard-arm; half speed, haul the lantern half-way down; for backing, invert the lantern and haul it close up to yard-arm.”

“EGGS” TURNER—“The influence machines for producing electricity are based on the principle of electricity produced by influence.”

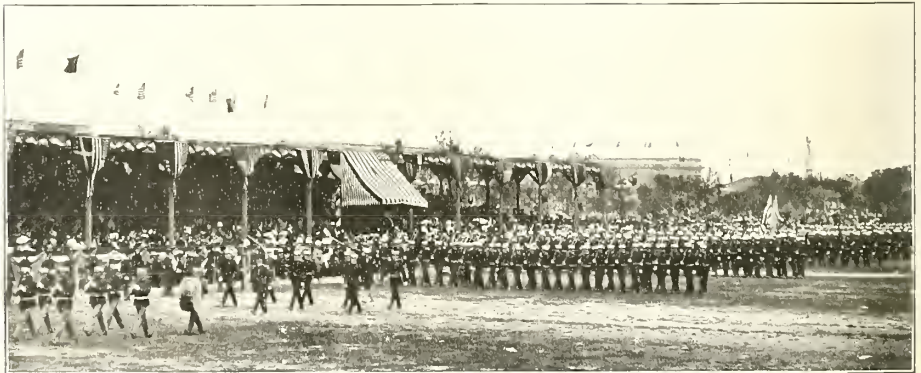


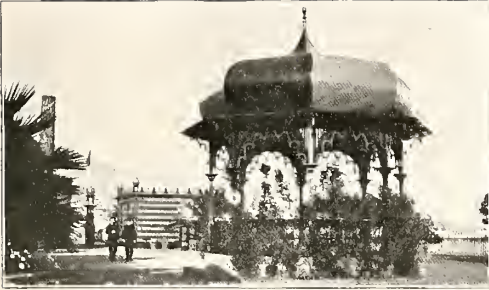
# THE CRUISE



The distinctive feature of the first part of the cruise was the subordination of all other considerations to the desire to make a creditable showing at the Jamestown Exposition. For weeks prior to embarkation, those of us who were designated officially as the "Provisional Battalion," facetiously as the "Teddy Bears," and more appropriately as the "Goats" had been drilling hard and conscientiously. Under the four-company plan, most of the first classmen were omitted from the detail, but in the midst of their self-congratulation fate overtook them. They were all put in ranks, and found themselves facing the prospect of a first class cruise with something to do.

The Sunday after embarkation we dropped anchor in Hampton Roads to find ourselves participants in what was heralded on the bill-boards as "the most noble naval pageant of recent years." The next morning at colors we dressed ship, manned the rail, piped saluting guns' crews to quarters, and fired a national salute as the President, on the bridge of the "Mayflower," passed in review of the fleet. Then followed our part in the program. We disembarked, and after waiting countless hours in the broiling hot sun, finally swung into line in step with all of the sixteen spigetti bands who were "in sweet (?) vociferation out-vociferating even sound itself." While marching back from the review, leg-weary and dusty-





throated, there was not one of us who did not consign to the torture of Tantalus that persistent barker who stood in the entrance to a cool, shady grotto, a bottle in each hand, extolling the virtues of the "nice, cool beer" to be found within. But at last the agony was over, and our minds instinctively turned to the thoughts of liberty.

The Exposition afforded amusement for a time, but after we had been beguiled into seeing the Filipinos, Ranch Number 101, the Midway, and the Swiss Village, we began to

look for diversion in some of our old haunts. Nor were the officers of the foreign war ships found wanting in hospitality, and we shall ever remember the delightful "tea" aboard the "Kleber." The French officers showed us every courtesy, and we fully enjoyed their "tea." But one accident marred the occasion, when someone doped up "Cap" with a few French temperance drinks, and it was all we could do to get him back to the Olympia, even with the help of Foy and a few marines. Aside from these diversions, the real social events of the week were a Class German led by "King" Hoggman and a grand "Farewell Ball" the night before our departure.

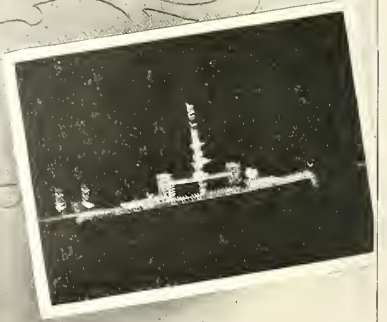
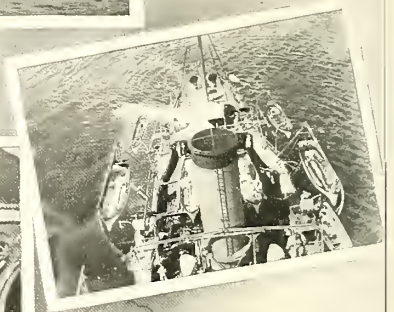
It was not until after the excitement of the Jamestown parade was over that we had the opportunity of really settling down to the regular routine of the cruise. We had been on the monitors during other cruises, and therefore knew what to expect in the way of crowded quarters and small lockers. The Olympia, however, was new to all. So many of us had been assigned to that ship that we had felt certain there wouldn't be room to turn around; consequently it was a very pleasant surprise to find that the admiral's cabin (including the bath-tub) and the old wardroom had been assigned to the first class, thus affording ample space in which to eat, smoke and sleep. A great discovery was the veranda, a pleasant stage for our evening jubilations. In spite of these advantages, the Olympia contingent for a long time envied those of us who were getting daily liberty from the flatirons; even the Nevada, contrary to expectation, was giving all night liberty and had a regular pay day every Friday.

The usual stay at the Newport News shipyards was somewhat shortened on account of the Poughkeepsie races; so one day, after waiting several hours for "Patsy" and "Chips" to return from liberty, we finally got under way for "little old Manhattan Isle." Scarcely had we dropped anchor off 135th Street when there was an unusually wild scramble for liberty, for the fascinations of the "Great White Way" were calling, and the Imperial, Jack's and Murray's were offering their erstwhile diversions; above all, the divine Anna was nightly having trouble in making her eyes behave.

After a day in New York, the monitors steamed up the river to Poughkeepsie, and the Olympians chartered a special train to the race. We didn't win, but we had the satisfaction of seeing our crew finish third after a plucky race.

Abandoning all too soon the "Gayeties of Gotham," we weighed anchor for New London, where for the rest of the cruise we made our headquarters. The summer colonies at the









SHOOTING THE SUN

tell, prolonging their sessions far into the night and then making a grand rush for the last car. It was after one of the most memorable of these gatherings that "Skimmer," in the dead of night alighting from the car at the Pequot corner, encountered his old friend the "Goat with the Green Eyes," and, cheered on by the plaudits of the assembled multitude, raced the hideous monster all the way to the landing.

The monitors lay close inshore, and so the first classmen attached to them missed what was, for the Olympians, perhaps the feature most characteristic of the stay in New London. Scarcely would the boat shove off when the bunch would consociate in solemn conclave, and "Janus" Saufley, the chairman for the night, would introduce in sounding periods the speaker of the evening, a living example of the topic of his speech, who, in telling phrases and sentences now become classic, would wield the mighty power of his eloquence in the cause of "Temperance and Prohibition."

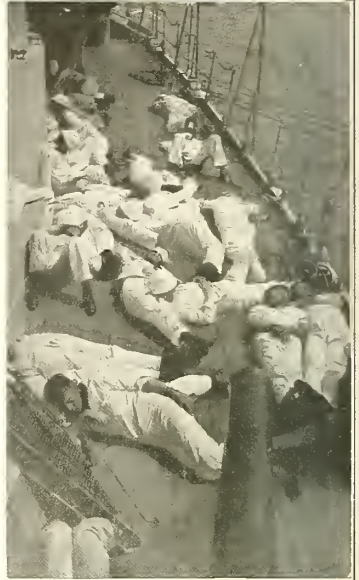
But although it would have been utterly impossible for the prolonged stay in the Thames to have become monotonous, still it was with a great deal of pleasurable expectation that we weighed anchor for Bath and the Tercentennial of American Shipping. Once more the services of the Provisional Battalion were called for; the cadet officers scraped the seaweed and verdigris off their swords, the youngsters broke the rifles out of the forehold and shook dice for odd leggings, and there was a contest to discover who could lose his white cap the quickest; but finally all hands went ashore with happy, smiling (?) faces to march in the parade to the appropriate tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Despite the long, hard tramp through the muddy streets, and notwithstanding the fact that the ships were overrun with visitors, we really spent a very enjoyable time in Bath: those very excellent shore dinners at the New Meadows Inn, the delightful hops

Pequot and Eastern Point surpassed even their customary hospitality, the hops at the Griswold were better than ever before; there was a multitude of charming fair ones; in short, the fussers enjoyed a perfect paradise.

But while the fussers were having the time of their lives over on Eastern Point, a select little company of Red Mikes were almost daily congregating in the old Crocker House Grill—in their interest in the marvelous tales that such kindred souls forever



IN THE CHAINS





that the committee gave us, and the very generous hospitality extended by the Sagadahoc and the Elks' Clubs—these were pleasures that will long remain in our memory.

All these events had consumed time, and when we left Maine it was with the feeling that the end of the cruise was in sight, and that we were, at last, starting south for Annapolis. True, we stopped in Newport for several days and went through with the same old program of coaling ship and visiting the Torpedo Station (Cook's personally-conducted tours), but there was ever present a decided feeling of unrest and suppressed excitement—first class leave was near, and even great events at a time like that cannot but be treated as mere episodes. Finally, with one last visit to the Fussers' Paradise, "dear old New London," where we took our cruise exams, we got under way for the capes. It was fair weather all the way down, so that we had no excuse for failing to keep the day's work in Nav; but in spite of all our gun deck sights, and notwithstanding the fact that we logged the trip only by the deck clocks, few of us were farther along than Delaware Bay when we dropped our hooks off the mouth of the Potomac. The stay at Washington was a veritable foretaste of leave because we were tied up to the dock and enjoyed all night liberty. However, the trip was soon over, and in a few days we were again anchored off Annapolis.

"Every cloud has a silver lining,  
 Every summer cruise its end;  
 Every drill will have its recall,  
 Every trouble soon will mend.  
 And when the cruise is over,  
 And we sight old Bancroft Hall,  
 We'll go on leave a-shouting  
 It's a good world after all."

So we all felt on this last day of the cruise. We had worked hard (?), still we realized that we had much to look back upon.





CAPTAIN T. B. HOWARD

taps called us home. So ended the summer cruise, and there remained but "One More River to Cross."

In twelve hours we were going on leave—something that each one of us had thought and dreamed about for three hundred and sixty-five long days. It was a day to be happy, so we planned to celebrate.

"Janus" Sautley was unanimously chosen master of ceremonies, and upon his invitation all the first classmen from the monitors came aboard the Olympia. We all assembled at the spacious veranda abaft the admiral's cabin, where we were greeted by "Patsy" Donavin's Glee Club. All the old cruise songs were sung, and all the episodes of the cruise were recalled. Then "Janus" took the floor, and in his most fascinating manner reminded us of the good things of the cruise—of the pleasant feeling of good-fellowship that had surrounded us, and even made us regret that we were to experience no more summer cruises. Finally, with some original but most appropriate poetry he introduced "Skimmer" Welshimer, of the "Grand Old Commonwealth of Illinois," who spoke at length upon the "vast and all absorbing topics of temperance and prohibition." More songs followed until





# THE CRUISE OF THE "BRADLEY A. FISKE"



WAS not in the half-forgotten days of the old-time buccaneers that the good pirate brig "Bradley A. Fiske" went a-sailing the sea, "watching and waiting for outpost and ransom." She was not one of those swift, low-lying craft that once haunted the highways of the Spanish Main, in wait for the rich galleons laden with red gold from the Western land. Her gallant crew were never partners of that happy band of blood-thirsty cutthroats, Kidd, Morgan, and Co., nor yet of the somewhat more gentlemanly thieves who sailed with Raleigh and Drake. Her brave and warlike commander was not one of those old sea-rovers who could not enjoy breakfast lacking

the din of clanking irons and terrified yells; nor did he become one of that band of practical jokers who were in the habit of giving matinees with a program of high diving stunts and an entr'act of the time-honored custom of walking the plank.

Up the beautiful, swift-flowing Kennebec, into the usually quiet harbor of Bath, upon a certain day in August, Anno Domini 1907, there sailed a trim little brig, the "Bradley A. Fiske." A pirate ship was she, flying the historic black flag at her main, with an ever-ready stout oak plank at her after-rail. Up near the home of the Kennebec Yacht Club, with an "A-A-ll h-a-nds bring ship to anchor," over went her mud-hook. Ordinarily a thing so uncommon as a pirate ship would have awakened the wildest consternation along the busy little river front, but that day all the townfolks were shouting themselves hoarse over the celebration of the great Tercentennial of American Shipping. So, armed to the teeth, a storming party of gayly clothed robbers, led by the Admiral of all the Pirates, went ashore to demand the capitulation of the garrison.

The invaded town was all unaware of its capture until the party drew near to the reviewing stand, whereon sat in state the governor, the mayor, and many visiting dignitaries. Admiral Paul Jones Ornberg sent ahead, to announce his arrival, Captain LeBourgeois, as picturesque a chief as ever trod a heaving deck. Great, indeed, was the mayor's dismay on beholding him, but greater still it became when he heard the message the Captain carried.

"Your excellency," said the redoubtable





warrior, "I beg to present to you both the compliments of the Admiral of all the Pirates and his demand for the immediate peaceable surrender of your stronghold."

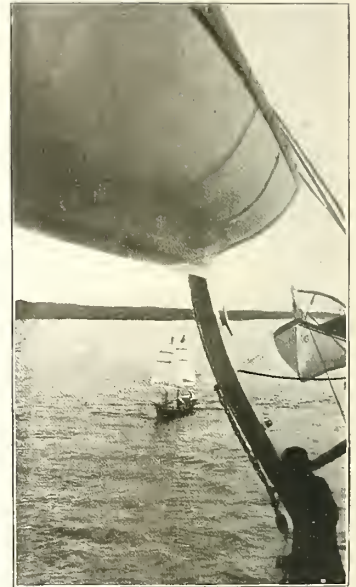
The trembling city's head, after a hurried consultation with his advisers, came to terms with astonishing alacrity.

"Oh, pirate bold!" he said, "tell your

illustrious chief that, forced by circumstances, I submit. At any other time I would resist to the last, but now, as you see, all my soldiers are on parade, and who could bear to call them forth to vulgar battle? Pray bring up your Admiral, that I may in person deliver up the city's keys."

No sooner said than done. The pirate band was installed in the place of honor at the mayor's right and all the distinguished captives presented to them. Afterward they were intrusted to the gentle mercies of the ladies, who proceeded to accomplish what their men could never do—the subjugation of their captors!

Toward evening, Admiral Ornberg returned to his ship to make preparation for the review of the fleet of captured warships at anchor in the stream. Visiting first the *Olympia*, the flagship, the distinguished visitor, with his staff, was piped over the side with all the



honors of an admiral. The staff was indeed a noble aggregation of followers of the Jolly Roger, and included Commander Winner, the Chief of Staff, Pirate Captain LeBourgeois, Chief Boatswain's Mate Stoer, and Pirate-Aides-to-the-Admiral Venus Kinkaid, Micky Martin, and Molly McGuire. The Skipper, unfortunately, was ashore, but the First Luff extended to the Admiral and his men the hospitality of the wardroom. A careful inspection of the flagship, under the guidance of Bishop Bill Boyd, was held, and before leaving, the renowned chieftain deigned to compliment the First Luff upon the sea-going appearance of his ship. Then with eight sideboys, four ruffles, a salute of seventeen guns, and the felicitations of all on board, the



Pirate Admiral returned to his flagship, where, with seamanlike precision, he weighed anchor and set all sail for the Nevada.

On the Nevada a close inspection was made of the Captain's sideboard, and so delighted was the famous chief that he presented the Skipper with a handsomely engraved sword of honor, with kindest words of his most distinguished consideration. A like ceremony took place on the Florida, where the ward-room officers received a beautiful trophy, secured in some forgotten bit of honest piracy. The midshipmen

officer of the deck was honored with an appropriate gift from the Admiral's private collection, and was solemnly enjoined to keep always before him the ideals inspired by the memento.

One untoward circumstance marred the visit to the Arkansas. It transpired, after careful questioning of the crew, that the meals aboard had not been up to the high standard set by the New Meadows Inn. Admiral Ornberg, determined that justice should be where justice was due, at once instituted a S. C. H., which found the commissary steward the guilty man. The indignant pirates were just proceeding to hang the unhappy wretch at the yard-arm, when the Captain, for whom all entertained the most profound feelings of respect, begged that they temper justice with mercy, a request that the Admiral instantly granted.

By this time night had fallen, and soon there began to flit o'er the placid water brightly lighted pleasure craft which dared the menace of the visiting terror of the seas rather than forego witnessing the gorgeous spectacle of an illuminated water carnival then forming near the Yacht Club House. But the "Bradley A. Fiske" merely patrolled the course of the parade, the searchlights of the fleet throwing her into sharp relief, revealing in her all the beauty of perfect workmanship, and showing her masterly maneuvering to the delighted crowds along the docks. The brig, her crew, and her gallant commander were roundly cheered from end to end of the assembled multitude, and, in passing, received ovations from each ship of the squadron. The judges of the parade paid her the highest tribute of all in awarding her a special grand prize for the beauty of her construction and for the seamanlike work of her crew.

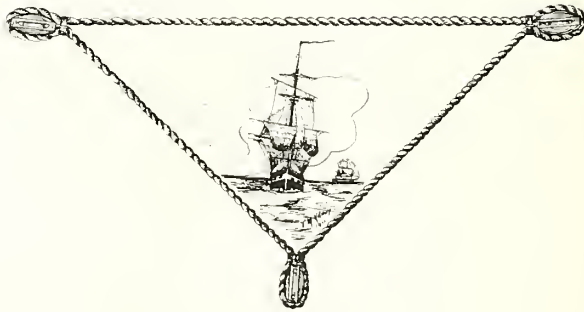
In the morning, the "Bradley A. Fiske" was seen no more. Like a ghost had she slipped into the pretty harbor, and like a ghost leaving the scene of its midnight revels had this relic of the past stolen away in the morning mist. Back she sailed to



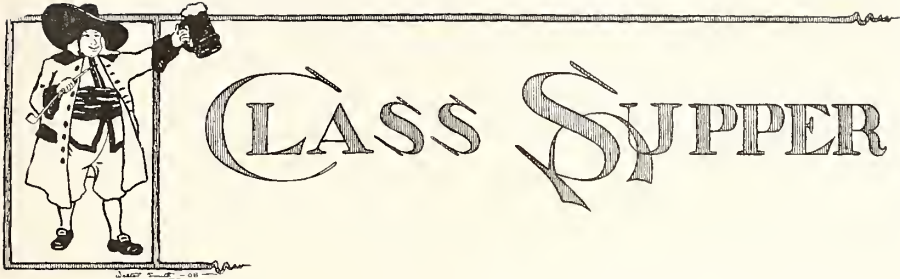


the hoary traditions of our ancestors, with their blessed old pirates of land and sea, with their gentlemanly swash-bucklers and polite villains, with their distressed ladies and chivalrous knights; back to the days when the strong right hand was the highest court of appeal, and private wrongs were quietly righted on the field of the cloth of green; back to the merry times of those fighting old dandies who bled and died for that figment of the brain called principle, laying the foundation of a new, free country. No more, from out the ashes of the past, will come a-sailing and a-singing that brave and dashing crew;

for now has been sailed the last cruise of the last pirate brig, the "Bradley A. Fiske."







# CLASS SUPPER

**H**ERE'S to a good olde time!" a wish that was in every heart and every mouth on that long-expected and never-to-be-forgotten evening of Friday, September 28, 1906. They say Friday's an unlucky day, but the supper so well started that Friday night and brought to so successful a close in the "wee, sma' hours" of "the morning after" certainly disproved that superstition. Hereafter may be eaten good suppers, may be heard good speeches, may be drunk good wine, but never again will there be so happy a combination of those three good things as will make us forget that evening at the Willard.

The hour set was ten, and almost on the minute the orchestra broke out with the new class march, and to the music of "Helm's A-Lee" in we trooped to as perfect a gem of a banquet hall as we can ever hope to see. The table was an immense figure "8," with the chairs so arranged that on every hand each one of us could see only the happy and jubilant faces of the other merrymakers. Great bunches of daisies and white roses were bedded in deep banks of green, which, with the dainty trailing smilax and the snowy white linen, kept well before the attention the class colors, green and white. At every plate was the quaint place-card with the hope for a "good olde time," a pretty supper program, and the cleverly designed little silver keepsake that will serve as a memento of a perfectly happy evening. As we took our places, the mingled grace and benediction of the Service, the National Anthem, fell softly on our ears, while from the walls and ceiling burst banners of the red, white and blue.

A banquet without toasts is like a ship without sails, so Doug at once started the game with the "Class of 1908," a toast responded to with a shout and by everyone rising to sing the class song; and of course we followed this up with a rousing "Here's to Archie Douglas, tried and true." After that we could wait no longer, but turned to and demolished the loaded trays of good things and the magnums of sparkling nectar supplied in such generous profusion. After our hunger was stayed and our thirst assuaged, we were at last in that pleasant state of mind and temper that is so real a necessity for a successful "feast of reason." Toast followed toast, and so carefully prepared and wittily delivered were the responses that near the end one could scarcely hear a word for the uproar of enthusiastic applause and congratulation. The toasts were: "The Fellows," by Janus Saufley; "Bilgers," by



U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY  
1899

Printed in  
New York City  
1914

Duke Rawls; "The Santee," by Van der Veer; "Athletics," by Spuds Turner, and "Fussers," by Patsy Donavin. Several impromptu toasts, responded to with cheers and laughter, were offered, and the "Tried and True" song was used in season and out. Throughout the whole supper a pretty accompaniment of carefully selected music was played by Professor Zimmerman and our own Academy band.

But even the best things must end, and some time after midnight, though loath to go, we wandered out, realizing that from now on we must pass through all the rest of life with never another such evening, although a few of us may succeed from time to time in partly scaling those divine heights achieved only during a class supper. All over Washington that night, from groups of four or five, could be heard the strains of "We'll Drink To-Night to 1908," and each of us lived over in dreams those pleasant hours of a night that cannot but take rank at the head of the line of our good times.



# CHRISTMAS PARADE

Heedless of the extravagance attending the numerous demands at Christmas time, that heterogeneous aggregation of wit, beauty, and originality known as Patsy Donavin's gang insisted upon a costumed Christmas parade. We didn't object at first, but when Skim showed us the price of admission we got wise. With unaccustomed foresight, however, we collected more convicts than any other animal. Convicts, gentle reader, cost only half as much as Teddy Bears and Carrie Nations.

Gadzooks, what a conglomeration of woozle-beasts we did turn out! Reveille busted at 5 A. M., and, for the first time since the summer cruise, two hundred first classmen greeted the rising sun. Clowns, tigers, Hooligans, hippos, pteroydactyls, dyphoneoxyosoruses all combined to do honor to Santa Claus. Patsy knew that music hath power to soothe the savage breast; accordingly our bemedaled professor was on hand with his imported noises.

Then it started and rambled away. Kind reader, don't ask what. The band struck up; the howl of the wolf, the bray of the ostrich, the cackle of the lion, the neigh of the cow struck up *at* the same time but not *in* the same time. They told us later it sounded like this:

" Good morning, all people and friends good and true,  
 This best of all mornings, we're glad to see you.  
 We wish you the best luck through this coming year.  
 So join us in singing these songs of good cheer,  
 Singing Merry, Merry Christmas, singing Merry, Merry  
 Christmas,  
 Singing Merry, Merry Christmas to one and to all."

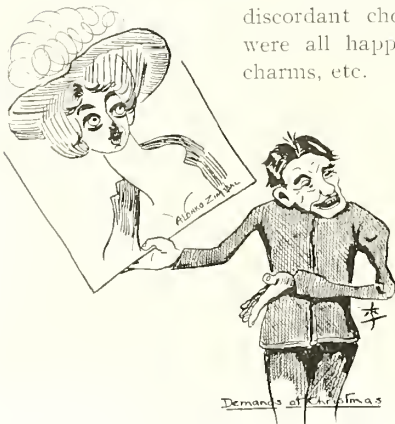


The Price

The professor made a noise like Rufus on the drum, and the discordant chorus came through with "One More River." We were all happy. Even Harry K. smiled. Verily, music hath charms, etc.

But that little hymn "One More River" certainly does tickle the cockles of a midship-mite's heart; so we sang (?) it until the bass drum, with one last, triumphant "boom!" gave up the ghost:

"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."



Demands of Christmas



description of J. G. see exhaustive work by Lancelot Stewart.)

We kept it up until we got tired, and then the chain gang broke its shackles, the elephant checked its trunk, the Indian buried his hatchet in the phrenology of the Puritan maid, and with a fierce, rude yell we beat it. Perhaps we had a good time—this is a point that escapes us now. This, however, we recall: Skim collected our coin. But what care we? For four years we looked forward to the day when we would make the noise in a Christmas parade. At last we feel the satisfaction of something accomplished—somebody done. Christmas comes but once a year; we figure in the parade like the main guy in the burial service—only once in a lifetime.

But as we skiddooed, what was left of the band slowly came to and got into action



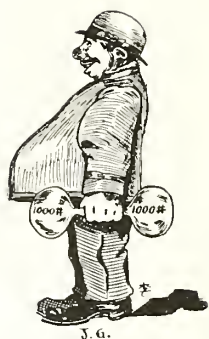
Patsy, the animated St. Patrick's Day, marched the animals out and marched them back again, but unlike Adam he named them not. The devil suggested the hereafter of the damned—he carried a Nav book and flashed it in the face of the chain gang, who cried aloud, with anguish and with pain, "There is no hope!" But Dr. Munyon, grasping the opportunity and taking his cue from the Chinaman, pointed his forefinger at Alpha Pegasi and exclaimed, "There is hope!" Cries of "Soak him!" "Bump him!" rent the air, but Doc, ignoring the wild mob, stood not on the order of his going, but skiddooed with much velocity, giving an excellent imitation of a cleansleever going to formation, at the same time dropping an oath and two

bottles of No. 23. The latter were promptly gathered up and consumed by the goat and the ostrich.

Bedlam continued until J. G. came to the fore to do his stunts. (For

with a tune we hadn't expected to hear until the time comes when we will be allowed to "mingle with our friends"—a time and song, however, that are appropriate at any and every old time. So we paused, arrested in full flight, while we managed to emit, with hoarse rumblings from parched throats, these words:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot  
 As long as we're alive?  
 We'll drown the sorrows of past years,  
 And drink to old 2.5;  
 And drink to old 2.5 again,  
 And drink to old 2.5;  
 We'll fill the bowl with gasoline,  
 And drink to old 2.5."



## Class Song

### I

When out upon life's sea we go,  
These days will still remain  
Our memories' dearest treasures, though  
They ne'er will come again;  
Our hearts will often yearn for thee—  
The class to which we're true;  
So here's to dear old 1908,  
And to the Navy Blue!

### CHORUS

We'll drink to-night to 1908—  
The class to us so dear;  
We'll drink her health and happiness  
Through each succeeding year;  
So here's a toast to the Navy,  
And her colors, boys, so true;  
We'll drink it down to 1908,  
And to the Navy Blue.

### II

Our topsails reefed and filled away,  
All snug aloft, we know,  
Despite the storm, we'll still be gay,  
And let the tempest blow;  
We'll gather round in friendship, then,  
With spirits warm and true,  
And drink to all the '08 men—  
To our own Navy Blue.

### III

And if we never homeward go,  
Borne on the ocean's breast,  
But find among the caves below  
A sailor's place of rest;  
Still, ere we close our eyes and pass  
Beneath those depths of blue,  
We'll think of all our dear old class,  
And then the Navy Blue.



THE LAST SANTEE SQUAD



# THE BUM BALLY- HOO SANTEE

*Hurrah! hurray! come sail away –  
Come take a cruise with me;  
Come serve your time on a ship of crime  
The bum ballyhoo Santee.*

*The ship is hard, the crew ill-starred,  
The skipper as wild as can be;  
He'll make things rip on the prison ship—  
The bum ballyhoo Santee.*



## Watch to Muster

With a bos'ns-mate to pipe his hate,  
And call to muster in the hold,  
We'll learn the crime that brought to time  
Each double-shackled pirate bold.

There's "Savvy Van," the aged man  
Who used to wear a bath-robe red;  
His clothes-bag sagged and it was ragged,  
And now he wears the stripes instead.

And "Mike the Moque," who used to smoke,  
He thought no one would give a rap;  
A "Jimmy Legs," who knew the regs,  
Stood by to help him frap the rap.

Then "Speck" Purnell, a perfect swell,  
In purple blues resplendent shone;  
"Reg Charlie" took a passing look,  
And hauled him up before the throne.

And "Slippery Joe," who didn't know  
The stealthy step upon the stair—  
He won the pot, but took it not,  
For "Bull" was waiting calmly there.

There's "Jesse" James, who ever blames  
The luck that made him trip and fall  
The night they made the frenching raid  
And caught him sliding down the wall

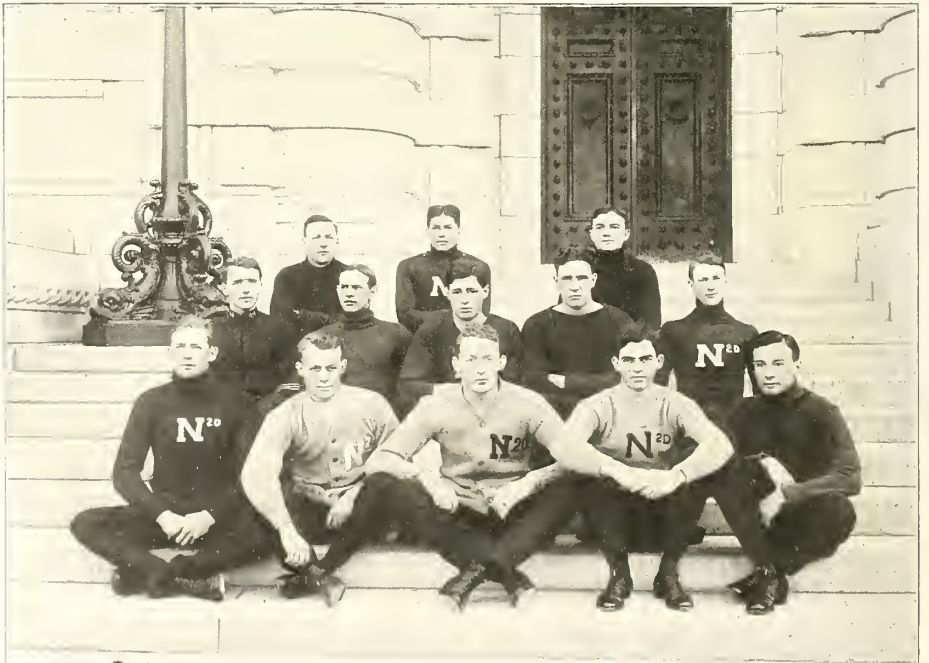
*The ship is hard, the crew ill-starred,  
The skipper is cussing at me,  
But I'll cuss back from under hack,  
On the bum ballyhoo Santee.*

*Hurrah! hurray! come sail away –  
Come take a cruise with me;  
Come serve your time on a ship of crime –  
The bum ballyhoo Santee.*





1908 CLASS NUMERALS



1908 "N 2D'S"



CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM



1908 MEMBERS OF BASEBALL SQUAD



# THE BAZOO

Substituted by ye Editor for  
ye waste-baskets.



Brandford I.e.e.



*P. van Goyen*

## The Difference

For thirty year, on men-a-war,  
I've followed o' the sea,  
An' yit that lad a-standin' there  
Knows twict as much as me.

O' course they learn'd it to the boy  
From books while at the school,  
But, messmate, let me tell you now  
That kid ain't no one's fool.

Why, man, I've heard him talk about  
A gun, an' mount, an' sight,  
An' tell you every little thing—  
You bet he knowed it right.



An' Tim the Chief Machinist says  
That even down below,  
That lad he's got his bearin's still—  
There's nothin' he don't know.

O' course he don't know much o' life—  
Don't know its cruel way,  
An' jest how small you really be—  
But he'll sure learn some day.

Yes, thirty year or more I've been  
A-followin' the sea,  
An' yit that lad a-standin' there  
Is officer to me.

# An After-Supper Session

Cadet Adjutant reads order in Mess-Hall: "There will be a very important meeting of the First Class in Recreation Hall immediately after supper."



DOUGLAS (amid cheers and cat-calls)—Fellows, I called this meeting to-night—please keep quiet over there—I called this meeting—keep quiet, Welshimer!—this meeting to discuss—say, Magruder, how is it to pipe down a minute?—to take action—keep quiet—on the question of—

SHAFROTH—Mr. President! Mr. President!

CHORUS—Hooray! Jack the Fire Horse! Little Nemo!

SHAFROTH—Fellows, it's my opinion—(cheers)—I'll tell you what I think—(renewed cheers).

DOUGLAS—For the Lord's sake, keep quiet and let him get through! McKee, quit bothering King Hodgman.

SHAFROTH—Fellows, as I said before, my sentiments are—(cheers and riotous demonstrations) my opinion—(Amid intense excitement Douglas details six men to keep Shafroth under the table for the rest of the meeting.)

SAUFLEY—Mr. President!

DOUGLAS—Mr. Saufley!

SAUFLEY—Gentlemen and classmates! This is a very serious question we are called upon to consider this evening, and we have now placed before us a magnificent opportunity to demonstrate the incontrovertible fact that we are no longer children, but are endowed with all the faculties of men. I hail, as you know, from the grand old Commonwealth of Kentucky, the land of thoroughbred horses, talented men, and fair women. In that glorious old State nothing is so highly prized as consistency; therefore, gentlemen, I ask you, if you value our most cherished traditions, to be consistent. Make up your minds to a thing, and then do it. And after very careful consideration of every aspect of this affair, you will come to the conclusion, as I have, that the thing to do is to do nothing. With due consideration for my opponents in this matter, and the profoundest respect for all who hold an opposite or any other opinion, I thank you for your attention.

W. SMITH—Mr. President!

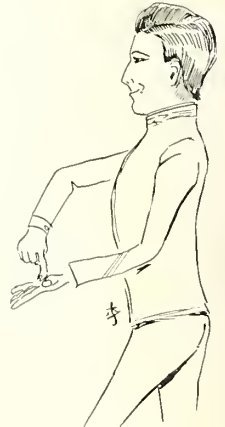
DOUGLAS—Mr. Smith!

W. SMITH—Now look-it, fellows! You fellows all know that I went to Boston Tech, and that in my youth I gained some fame as a bicycle rider—you may remember, by the way, that I'm manager of the crew—and I have traveled some—been down in Texas and all over—and so with the results of my wide experiences before you, you realize that when I talk about a thing, and say I know, I know. Now I think the best thing to do is to let me go down and talk it over with the Commandant, and—

TURNER—Mr. President!

DOUGLAS—Mr. Turner!

TURNER—It seems to me, before deciding on any definite step to be taken, that we have time to think it over from every point of view. There is no use in being in too much of a hurry, and there are not enough people here to settle this thing, anyway. The suggestion I would make is that we take two weeks to think this





matter over and then come down here with our minds fully made up as to what we wish to do and then do it, once for all (cries of "No!" "Do it now!" etc).

LAMMERS—I move that we accept Mr. Smith's plan, with no amendments.

DONAVIN—Mr. President!

DOUGLAS—Mr. Donavin!

DONAVIN—I agree partly with Mr. Saufley and partly with Mr. Turner, but where one has been a trifle too liberal, the other has been too conservative; so I propose that we split the difference and call it one week.

LOWELL and KAUFFMAN—Now, that's talking! There's some sense to that.

LAMMERS—Mr. President!

DOUGLAS—Mr. Lammers!

LAMMERS—I withdraw my motion.

DOUGLAS—Your motion hasn't been before the class. Now if there is no further discussion, Markland has a few words to say.

MARKLAND—I just wanted to ask you people if you have any objections to taking another dollar off your accounts for the LUCKY BAG.

(Here Welshimer took the floor and delivered a thirty-minute speech against the advisability of changing the name of Arkansas. We regret that we are unable to reproduce this speech in full.)

DOUGLAS—Before we adjourn, Mr. Carmichael wants to say something.

CARMICHAEL (with portfolio of correspondence and a sheaf of telegrams)—I have written these people several times lately, and I just received a letter to-day saying that the pipes will be here next week.

DOUGLAS—Well, I guess that's all for to-night.

CHORUS—I move we adjourn.

SHAFROTH—(from under the table)—I second the motion.

DOUGLAS—All right. Meeting's adjourned.



## A Day on the Florida



**D**OLLY HUNTER had the deck during the morning watch and had the nerve to try to turn the first class out at six-thirty. After he got about a dozen tennis shoes in the neck he beat it below, and we slept in till seven-thirty.

Bumped Duck Calhoun after breakfast because we didn't have fresh milk. His excuse was that since we had been at sea for two days, he hadn't been able to buy any. Then we all went up on the bridge deck to smoke. Jimmy the Flea was jumping all around and wanted us to work, but we didn't feel like it. When school call busted we all lay below to work a nav prob. It was a whole meridian altitude, so we yelled "soak" and decided not to work it.

At dinner time Can Eddy came off watch and said we would be in New London at half-past three, so we got Bill Hodgman to make out the liberty list. During dinner we nicknamed Swede Peterson "Bunker." He didn't like it a bit, and objected so strenuously that the "hard guys" bit him. Then we all turned in till three o'clock, when we got into blues and stood by on the quarter-deck as we dropped the mud hook and lowered the launch. As soon as she hit the water we all piled in her. Just as we shoved off, the Skipper came on deck and looked reproachfully at us, saying to the Exec, "Well, I was in no particular hurry to get ashore anyway." Just before we hit the Griswold dock, the Olympia signaled "No liberty for the midshipmen to-day." How unfortunate!

Skeet and I were punching meal tickets that evening at the hotel. The dinner was fine and the hop afterwards even better. There were only ten of us, but we drove the "cits" away and owned the place all evening. I think the "cits" were sore. At half-past eleven we bade our fond farewell and went back to the home in the Skipper's special boat. Got back and found that the boy had swung my hammock, and right glad I was to turn in after a day of such strenuous work.



## STREET FAIR A BUSY SCENE

### Midshipman Won Applause in Barker's Role.

The crowds on Vine and Water streets were furnished interesting sport by the many fakirs and the arr racket was kept up until midnight. One of the features not on the program which caused lots of amusement was the clever lecture work by one of the midshipmen of the fleet, who relieved the man in charge of the dancing girls. The midshipman mounted the platform in front of the tent and gave a "spiel" regarding the merits of the show, which was hugely enjoyed by the crowd. It was one of the cleverest things done on the midway for the week.

Many of the fakirs departed on the Boston boat last night and a few will finish out the week in this city.



- At Barn, Me. -

## Soundings

The night is dark along the coast,  
A trusty Youngster heaves the lead;  
"No bottom at six!"—he coils the line  
And swings it high above his head.

"No bottom at eight!"—he heaves again,  
The dripping marks slip quickly past;  
"No bottom at ten!"—he shakes his head,  
"The water's getting deeper fast."

Once more he swings the lead aloft  
With all his might and lets it fall;  
The phosphor-water bubbles past,  
The line runs out—"No bottom at all!"



# Scissors



Ups and Downs in  
the Mess-Hall.

Far, oh, far, lie Madeira Islands!  
 Far, oh, far, is the sapphire sea!  
 The good wine flows and flowers are blooming—  
 A Portuguese maiden is waiting for me.  
 But there's craft in the heart of this brown-eyed  
 maiden:  
 The lace I bought for a thousand reis  
 Cost her but a dime in prim old Boston—  
 Where the girl I gave it to matched it to-day.

I'm not Sherlock Holmes—just plain Ole,  
 As you all will probably know;  
 But a look o'er the side at the water-line wide  
 Informs me the tide is quite low.

“When I was a young lieutenant  
 And but a short time afloat,  
 I hoisted my coach-whip pennant  
 Above a torpedo boat.”  
 “Why, sir,” said Joey Broshek,  
 Seeing a chance to grease,  
 “Nowadays the finest officers  
 Command such boats as these.”  
 “Young man,” said the officer, fiercely,  
 “Do you mean to insinuate  
 That in my time such a captain  
 Was a damned young reprobate?”

Kid Lammers, the boy Navigator,  
 Works a line of position at night  
 By the method of new Navigation—  
 By shooting the flagship's truck light.



A Moment of Inertia



U. S. Naval Academy,  
Annapolis, Md.,

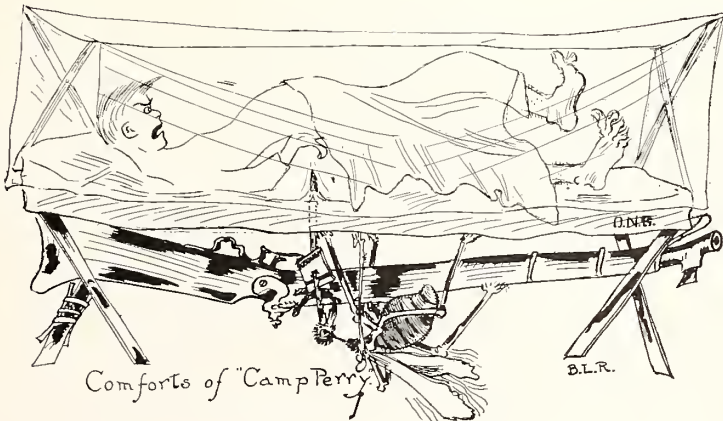
Jan 10, 1906.

Sir :-

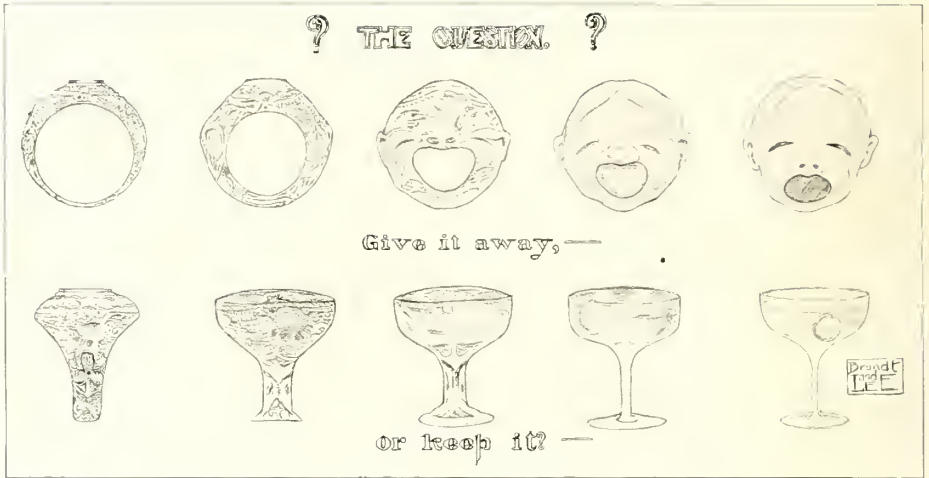
1. I have the honor to state in regard to the conduct report of Jan 10 on which I am reported for "Jumper not properly marked" that my name is perfectly legibly and as for the lettering I have worn it for two years and was never spoken to concerning it before this yet.

Respectfully submitted,  
A. C. Davis,  
Mid. 2nd. Cl.

The Commandant of Midshipmen.



Comforts of "Camp Perry"



### Overheard in the Crocker Grill

DAD—"Waiter, I've got a headache. Bring me a bromo-seltzer."  
 WAITER—"No bromo-seltzer in the house, sir."  
 DAD—"Humph! Well, bring me another Manhattan cocktail, then."

CAPTAIN (U. S. S. Severn)—"What are you doing, Mr. Botsford, lying around without your socks on?"

BOTSFORD (looking forlorn)—"Nothing, sir."

CAPTAIN (seeing paymaster near at hand) "Paymaster, serve out a pair of socks to this man and charge same to my account."



The hollow-horned ruminant grim  
 Appearing one evening to "Skim,"  
 Took such a position  
 That now pro-hi-bition  
 Is of paramount interest to him.

## That Leap Year Dance



**O**F COURSE I wasn't a bit surprised when I received an invitation to the Leap Year dance to be given in the Auditorium. Why, I knew every girl in Annapolis well, and although I am not bragging, yet I believed that I was looked upon very favorably by them; and as I had asked them all to dance with me many times, it was with a feeling of confidence that I marched boldly over to the hop. I bowed pleasantly to every girl I met as I entered, and felt sure that my card would soon be overflowing.

Down in the dressing room I met a classmate who seemed highly excited, and he told me he was afraid he was going to be a gold brick. "Follow in my wake," said I, encouragingly, "and I will see that you get some dances, for every girl who asks me will have to ask you also." With these words of cheer, we sauntered up the corridor and received our programs from the chaperon of the evening, who wished us success; then we strolled around among the be vies of girls, and it kept us bowing profusely all the time as I recognized each and every girl I knew. It was not long until a young lady asked me for a dance, but her card was so full that she had to take the ninth extra with me, and as for my friend—well, she took the tenth extra with him, out of sympathy, no doubt. Just then we became separated, and the next time I saw him, a perfect peach was waltzing him dreamily around the room, and I wondered how she could have taken him and overlooked me. Still, I did not know her so very well, and really could not expect her to ask me to dance.

For some strange reason I sat out fifteen straight dances, and then a soft voice whispered at my elbow, and I turned and saw a young lady standing beside me. She wasn't pretty, she was very tall, and had fiery red hair; but she asked me to dance, and we sallied forth. The first thing she spoiled was my shine, and then my disposition, which was already in a pretty bad way. She threw me around the room, bumping me into everybody and spoiling the part in my hair. And it was the "Merry Widow Waltz," too, and I just dote on waltzing. At last, after a perfect age, the dance was over, and she led me back to the seat I was warming before she met me. At the first opportunity I beat it out into the corridor, where one of the committee hailed me and made me go back and sit down.

After four more dances, of which I danced none, I could stand it no longer. There was I, an erstwhile popular man, sitting out all the dances, while my friend who entered the ball-room with fear and trembling was dancing every one and seemed to be the beau of the hour. I realized only too late that I was a fallen angel, a lemon and a gold brick of the first order. Cautiously making my way across the floor I arrived at the receiving stand, where I determined to hide myself behind the large flags in the rear, and there, much to my inward feelings of thankfulness, I found a companion who, like myself, had made a social error in coming to the dance.

With my head resting on his shoulder I consoled him, and we swore that henceforth we would be womanhaters and Red Mikes; then I forgot the mental agony of the evening, and we decided that, after all, the whole affair was a frost. It wasn't gotten up in the right way and everything was badly mismanaged, and as for the girls—well, I didn't care half so much for them as I had thought. . . . We were rudely brought to our senses by the janitor poking his head behind the flags and saying, "Dance is over, gemman," and we emerged to find the place utterly deserted. As we went back to Bancroft Hall, my companion forcibly remarked, "Well, thank the Lord, it's only 117 more days till June."

## Lovers' Lane

The name of Lovers' Lane implies  
'Tis but for loving pairs  
To sit and spoon in quiet shade,  
And banish all their cares.  
But if you wish, with maiden fair,  
To sit upon a bench,  
You find upon each shady seat  
A broadly smiling wench,  
Whose color either matches jade  
Or else a Khaki shirt;  
And near her is some family's pride,  
A-digging in the dirt.  
Alas! no quiet you can have—  
No seat in ample shade;  
For Lovers' Lane's now taken up  
With the baby-coach brigade.

## The Duty List

Did you ever sit and wonder  
How the devil—how in thunder  
The duty list is run from day to day?  
How the gods of luck that steer it,  
And theimps of fate that queer it,  
Make one shiver on the hottest day in May?

When you send an invitation  
To the fairest in creation  
To go with you to Youngster Farewell Ball,  
And as the time draws near,  
And the thoughts of her grow dear—  
You find you go on duty, darn it all!

On a Sunday you're to dine  
With some friends, and crack some wine—  
You think of the good time there is in store,  
And you've calculated Monday:  
No, you couldn't go on Sunday—  
Then you hear yourself read out for "Second Floor."

But if a gold brick comes your way,  
And you're on duty for the day,  
You go into a free and happy trance,  
And you take the duty gladly,  
When you might be rushing madly,  
Hunting partners who were dodging every dance.



Seems almost too easy, —  
But you never can tell 'till you try! —





## Two Letters

MARTHA WASHINGTON HALL.

MY DEAR MR. EASY—I write to express to you my sincerest thanks for your most noble and gallant attentions shown to our party of girls while in Annapolis, last week; and I must say that if we may measure the standard of manliness and courtesy of the cadets by yourself they must surely be ideal young men.

It was perfectly lovely in you to ask Miss Prim down to the next hop, and I wondered if it would be asking too much of you to invite Miss Onion, also. She is one of the dearest girls in school and is a great favorite of mine, and I believe that a trip to Annapolis and the pleasure of attending a Naval Academy hop would be a most delightful surprise for Miss Onion, especially as this is her last year in school.

Trusting I am not imposing too much on your generosity, and thanking you again for the lovely manner in which you conducted us over the grounds, I remain,

Cordially yours,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

April the twelfth.

LYDIA ROPEM.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,  
ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 22, 1907.

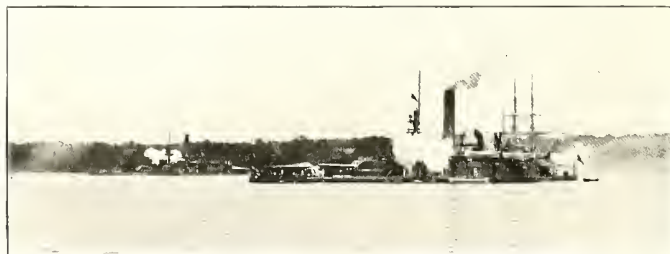
MY DEAR MISS ROPEM—I received your most welcome and flattering letter several days ago, and it is with great reluctance that I am forced to say I have been utterly unable to get a partner for the young lady of whom you wrote.

It is useless for me to say that I consider only a select few of the midshipmen as eligible to be Miss Onion's partner at the hop. However, all my efforts have failed. My roommate is now under treatment for a peculiar heart trouble, and the doctors say that a meeting with such an attractive young lady might prove disastrous. Mr. Fussoid, who is a delightful dancer and talker, had promised to take her, but is now suffering from mental aberration. My last hope was dashed to the ground when Mr. Stungbefore informed me that he is just recovering from an acute attack of œnomania.

Believe me, I am indeed sorry to disappoint both you and Miss Onion, but at a later hop I will do my best to invite Miss Onion down.

Very cordially,

R. U. EASY, U. S. Navy.





Evidently Spuds was worried; he concluded his appeal for copy with a peroration that made his assistants cringe in terror.

"Now look here, you fellows! all copy for the BAG must be in the hands of the publisher by Tuesday night. That gives you just forty-eight hours to turn out ten pages of miscellaneous stuff. Now get busy." And he made his exit, all heedless of the piteous cries of the "staff" for quarter.

"Well," said Andy, after the tyrant had departed, "suppose each one of us goes to his room and tries to think out a good idea—something novel, startling, and above all, original; then to-morrow night we'll all get together and compare notes. And let me say right here," glancing sternly at Van, who had done a little scribbling on his own account, "that I think everything a fellow writes should be for the BAG, and"—here Doug and others too numerous to mention came in for a share of Andy's scorn—"everybody really should use all his time after taps for LUCKY BAG work."

"Well," said Patsy, "all that's right to the point, but the fact remains that we've got ten pages to do by to-morrow night. Now, if I weren't going to Washington to-morrow to see my eye specialist, I'd—"

Here Van interrupted.

"Gentlemen, I've got an idea—at least, though it's not mine originally, it's a stunt we used to do at Princeton. Now you fellows may not realize that Princeton's beaten Yale seven years out of the last ten in baseball—"

"Aw, cut it, and get to the idea," said Dad.

"Well, four or five of us could get together, light our pipes, drink 'Bud' and dope out a story; it would pass around from man to man until it reached a natural conclusion—"

"Or died a natural death," interpolated Dad.

"And then we would have something really good," continued Van, not minding the interruption. "Now let's try that; make the story center on some feature of Academy life; for instance—"

Here Brainy became enthusiastic. "Yes, let's have a scene at Madame Bond's—a few chorus girls, a cold bottle," Dad smacked his lips audibly, "a hairbreadth escape over the wall, pursued by the watchman—"

"And the green-eyed goat," suggested Skimmer.

"Nothing like that," said Patsy; "let's have the *denouement* at a hop—the adventure of a gold brick, for instance. I say, people, that's not bad; come to think of it, a gold brick really must have a soul, and feelings, and all that rot—"

"Well, you ought to know," muttered someone who had been "stung;" but the remark was lost on Patsy, for just then Piersol piped up in that thundering bass of his:

"Nay, my fellow-citizens! 'The play's the thing!' There's nothing like a little scenario, a few characters thrown in—Doug and Tubby Smith here might write the dramatis personae—and lots of dialogue. Now it's like this—"

And he went on to outline a charming little comedy; it partook somewhat of the nature of a comic opera, for the "staff" finally came down with a beautiful snoring chorus, and then Burton gave up.

So, owing to the multitude of conflicting ideas, the story was never written, but as Andy, the ever practical, remarked, "Well, we haven't written a story, but we've filled one of the ten pages, anyway."

# Guess Who They Are

## Staff Table Talk

### I

"Seats" had been given, but the staff remained standing until the O. C. arrived. Before seating himself, however, he pleasantly nodded to each member of that select body, and said, cheerily:

"Good morning, gentlemen!"

"Good morning, sir!" the chorus answered.

The difficult feat of seating one's self without jolting the table or disturbing the two spoons and separate salt cellars known only to the staff table required several minutes of silence.

"Well, Turner, I suppose you're glad the LUCKY BAG is nearly finished?"

"Yes, sir, I am; it's a pretty big job and keeps me awfully busy."

"I can quite sympathize with you, but luckily I sent back the last proof of my next book a couple of days ago. You will be glad to know that it looks bright for the Pay Bill."

"Indeed!" put in Johnny.

"Do you think it will pass, sir?" added Nellie.

"Mr. Cowie called me up from Washington last night, and they all say it's pretty sure to get through the House, and most of the Senate Committee seem to be favorable."

### II

The morning formality had been gone through with, and a sickly silence rested upon the staff table. Everybody was busy with his Cream of Wheat except the O. C., who ate nothing. Finally he looked up and partly smiled.

"I've come to the conclusion that the midshipmen are awfully lazy."

"How is that, sir?" faithfully responded Johnny.

"I see they don't like to get up in the morning to shave."

"Well, it's kind of hard these dark mornings," volunteered someone of the four.

"I don't find it so. I get up at five o'clock and shave before I dress every time I'm on duty. Only takes fifteen minutes more and you have it off your hands for the day. There was no such thing as powdering your face to hide a two-days' beard when I was a midshipman."

### III

It was dinner, and the staff found the O. C. already there, having just finished a rapid inspection of the Mess-Hall. As he sat down he cordially nodded to each staff officer.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Turner; good afternoon, Mr. Foy; good afternoon, Mr. Iseman."

"Good afternoon, sir," murmured the well-trained chorus in reply.

"Let's see; this is the last week of the month, isn't it, Mr. Iseman?"

"Yes, sir, I believe it is."

"Conduct grades go in effect, then, on Saturday? Ha! ha! Hope none of you gentlemen are on the second grade?"

"Not yet, sir," Nellie modestly put in, "but I've been running on one demerit since I slept over breakfast one morning last week."

"You want to look out, Mr. Foy; guess I'll keep an eye on you. Ha! ha! ha! How about it?"

"Well, I don't know, but I guess I'll have to be good."

"Oh, by the way, gentlemen, my wife is going to have several young ladies staying with her next week; she'd be very glad to have you come over some afternoon."

### IV

The meal had been uneventful except that the O. D. had shocked the staff officers by pouring some milk from his glass into his coffee, as he was wont to do at his own table. The O. C. suddenly looked up.

"See this blouse? Well, the old thing is about to fall to pieces, and all this gold is nothing but copper, yet the tailor in Washington soaked me thirty-two dollars for it. Never heard of such robbery! anybody can go out in town and buy a perfectly good civilian serge coat for ten dollars. That's the way they do all Navy people."

"Guess they think we're all easy marks," Nellie had courage to say.

"Speaking of marks," continued the O. C., "did I ever tell you about my little dog I call Middy? Well, I've got him trained so that if I hold a piece of paper up and say 'Middy, this is a four,' he jumps around and barks, and does his best to get it. If I say its a two-five and give it to him, he hangs on for dear life and chews it up. But if I say it's unsat he'll put his tail between his legs and crawl away."

A long silence.

"That reminds me of a story about a whale," Nellie was about to commence, but the O. C. rang the bell.

V

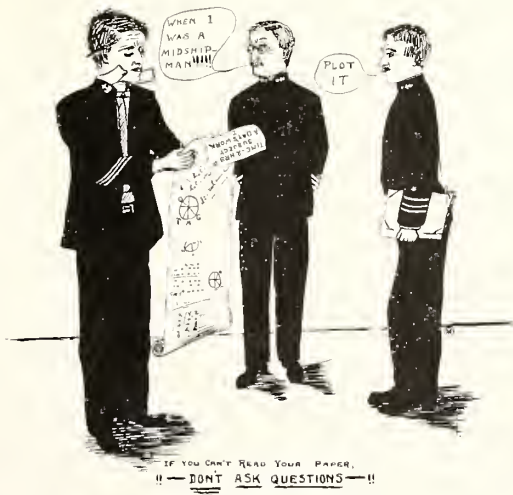
"Well, what'd you have on the P Work, Saturday?"

The staff look bored but Spuds nobly responded, "Oh, only a couple of time sights, a deviation table, and a chronometer correction."

"Kind of soaked you, eh? Well, I never learned any Nav till after I graduated, but I believe I could do all that in a couple of hours. You just ought to work everything by Marcq St. Hilaire's method. When is Fultz coming down?"

"We just ought to out it all over the Army this year; you see they lose six men. I looked up their ages and weights in the register, and they're lots older than our men."

There was no response—the staff had fainted.



# As Seen in Our Dreams

(After Six Consecutive Days of Examinations)

## First Class

MONTHLY EXAMINATION

JANUEMBER 32.5, 2313.

TIME—DAY TIME

1. Make a neat sketch of a four-cylinder breech-loading sextant, giving dates. Show how to construct a Napier's diagram by the assistance of a vessel in distress, naming all the valves encountered on the way, with corresponding rank in the Army.

2. State Navy Regulations concerning a misspelled word on a Law exam; how accomplished. Distinguish between a time ball and a highball as to (1) taste, (2) velocity of propagation. (Answer to be expressed in centimeters.) Why is a wireless telegraph wireless; who and what?

3. If a compound-wound reciprocating dynamo makes eight hits per minute, or what is the same thing, has a declination of four dollars, how is its entropy affected? If a nautical almanac has belligerent rights, how compensate a steam drum for the heeling error?

4. (a) Make a neat sketch of a superimposed Flinders bar to the fifth power, and show the effect when a gyro gear is inductively connected to it, and at the same time is a non-combatant Orsatt-Muenke apparatus.

(b) State what Hall said:

(1) Strike out Primary practice and substitute a feeder junction box for double conduit.

(2) Or if not, what not.

(3) Concerning the calorific heat test of the parameters g and h.

5. A three-wire system has eight rivets in series. A rubber ball impinges on a frictional trunnion with a force of one potassic pyrogallate, there being four longitudinals in each circular mil; show by the method of sections:

(1) The current in degrees necessary to bounce the rubber ball one inch-foot.

(2) The shearing stress of the starboard angle of each rivet.

(3) The personal errors of the trunnionless friction.

(4) The resilience of  $\phi$ ,  $\phi'$ ,  $\Theta$ , A, E, D, and M, in the case of a Pacific blockade.

(5) The normal equation in E flat.

(6) Concisely and briefly.

(7) The semi-circular half hitch on a subpermanent moon bar.

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## Playing the Game

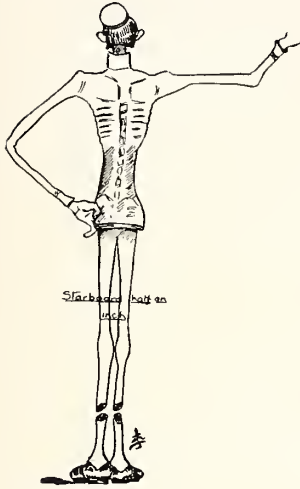
"I'm anxious to learn about war games,"  
Said the "Spig" to Ken Heron one day;  
"I want to know just how they do it,  
So I will be able to play."

For hours he kept quietly shining,  
Till a thick fog came drifting along,  
When he kept up his part of the war game  
By sounding a warning "ding, dong."

"Well, now is the time to get in it;  
We have all our battle-boats near,  
But we lack a bright light for our lighthouse—  
Sit down on this ditty box here."

And there he might still have been shining,  
Had someone not put out the glim  
By putting him wise to the war game,  
And how we had made light of him.

# SEIZING



“Are you on the course, Mr. Emmet?—  
The six feet of bone didn't flinch—  
“Not quite, sir”—and then to the helmsman,  
“Starboard a half an inch.”

## A New Soliloquy

To grease or not to grease: that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler to be jumped upon,  
And calmly take our cussing-out,  
Or immerse our swab deep in the slush  
And smear it on *ad libitum*? To oil, to grease  
Some more; and in this way to say we raise  
Our markings and appropriate the goodly graft  
We are not heir to. To grease, to slush;  
To grease, perchance to grate; ay, there's the rub;  
For in our vats of slush what sand may fall,  
When we are unaware of those behind us,  
Must give us pause; there's the respect

That makes our method an irksome task;  
For who would waste his effort and his time  
In submissive tone, in winning smile,  
In perfumed ointment and downy brush,  
When he himself might a good time have,  
With a cold bottle? Who would gold bricks drag

To fetes, to teas, to obnoxious function  
But that the fear of being soaked again,  
The coveted billet giving the soft  
Berth we might obtain, pervert the will  
And make us rather cringe like whipped curs  
Than stand our ground like fearless men?  
Thus greed makes sycophants of us all,  
And the sterling worth of efficiency  
Is gauged by the favor in which we stand,  
And conscience from its primeval state  
With this regard becomes a petty thing  
And turns its back on Justice.

## HIS CLASS RING.



A slimy slob in oilskins slick  
Sloshed on the slush and stopped it thick;  
He smushed the mush in slippery splashes  
Till it smushed over his gum galoshes;  
He gushed in mush and gibberish glee—  
Then a mighty squish and he smeared the tree.



This is a heathen Chinee,  
 Who is otherwise known as Wa Lee.  
 Take a look at the Chink,  
 And you surely will think  
 How jealous old Zimmy must be

O'er the sea-wall fell Jabez and Gene,  
 Who a crowd of fair damsels had seen.  
 Though the method was strange,  
 They cut drill at the range,  
 And the femmes all declared it was keen.

This is an athlete who,  
 Though not very fast, it is true,  
 Pulled down the first place  
 In a one-entry race—  
 His time for the terrace was 2:00

### The Ruling Passion

R dr d Θ d z  
 What do you reckon the score will be?  
 Nine parameters, Lambda and Mu—  
 I'll marry her sure if the bill goes through.

$$\frac{p}{y} = \frac{E}{R}$$

She said she'd be down on the 1:50 car;  
 Eight hits a minute—a thirteen-inch gun—

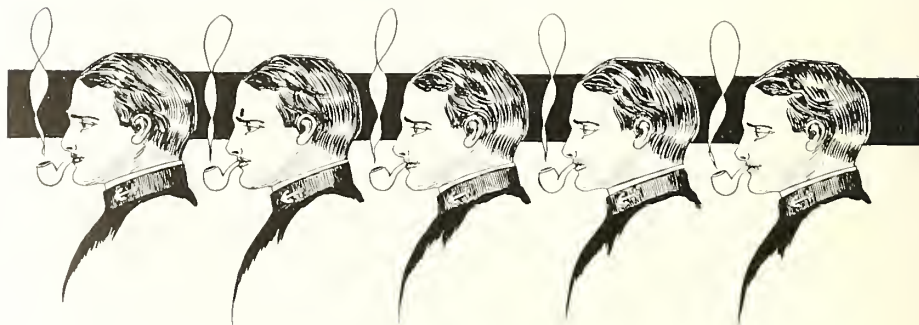
A cruise on the Argo would be lots of fun.  
 Where is the pressure upon a square sail?  
 Why doesn't that youngster come down with  
 the mail?

Two oscillations that differ in phase—  
 I'll count on my fingers the number of days;  
 A star's right ascension—ah, there is the mail!  
 And here comes a budget as fat as a whale.  
 I'll light up my pipe with the probs I can't do,  
 And trust that a stab will procure me a 2:00

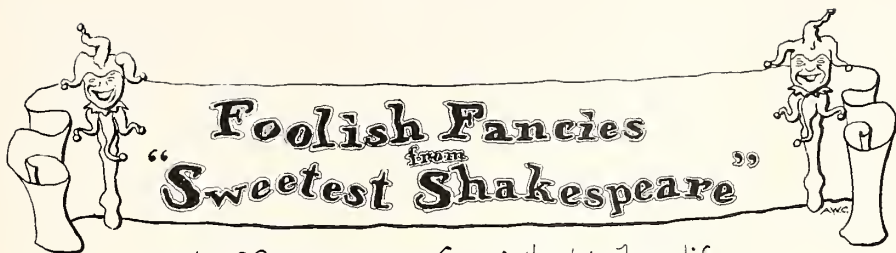
The Kleber, a ship from Parea,  
 We graced with our presence at tea;  
 Had her magazines plein  
 Du vin fin du Rhin—  
 But *they* weren't as full as were we.



"His time for the terrace was 2:00"

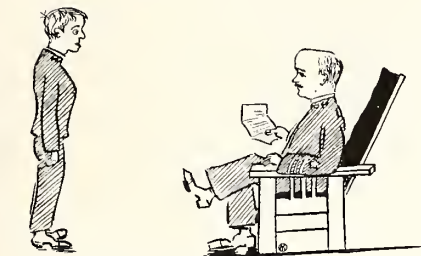




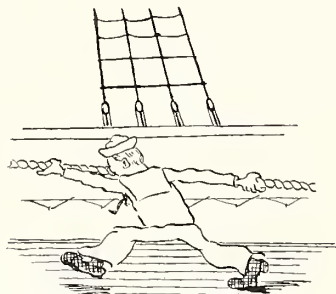


# Foolish Fancies "Sweetest <sup>from</sup> Shakespeare"

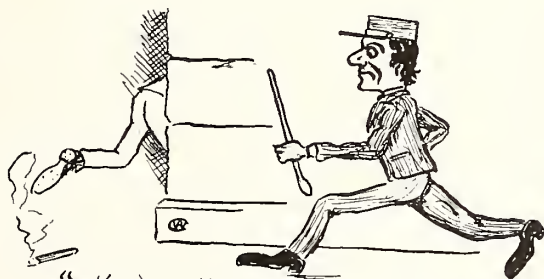
What The Bard of Avon has to say of Naval Academy life. —



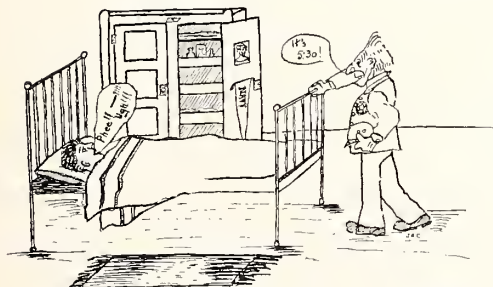
"Report me and my cause aright."  
Hamlet



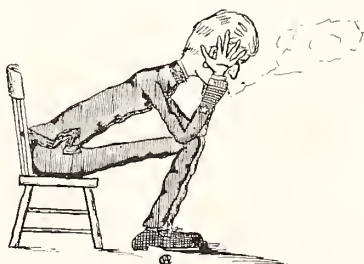
"This is very midsummer madness —  
Twelfth Night.



"Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once." — Macbeth



"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'" — Macbeth



"I would give all my fame for a pot  
of ale and safety." —  
King Henry V.



\*  
"These blessed candles of the night."—The Merchant of Venice.



"Ye' in bestowing, madam,  
It was most princely."—King Henry VIII



"For in my youth, Fiegeer did apply  
Hof and rebellious liquors in my blood"—As You Like It



"his bold bad man."—  
King Henry VIII.



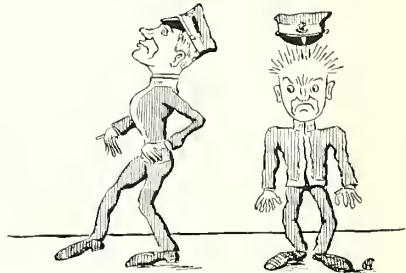
"Here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."—  
King John



"Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom."—The Tempest



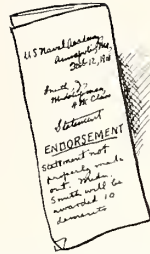
"Out, damned spot! out, I say!"—Macbeth



"Many a time and oft  
In the Rialto have you rated me."—  
The Merchant of Venice.



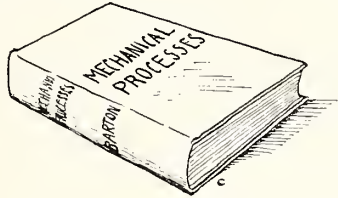
'Under the shade of melancholy boughs—  
As You Like It.'



"And often times excusing of a fault  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."  
King John.



"The horn, the lusty horn  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."  
As You Like It



"Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound?"—Romeo and Juliet



"His caves are now all outdod."  
King Henry IV Part II



"I must have liberty,  
Withal"—As You Like It



"I am not in the roll of common men."  
King Henry IV Part I



"The strength  
Of twenty men."—Romeo and Juliet



"Fill all thy bones with ashes."  
The Tempest



"God save the mark."  
King Henry IV

# How We Did It



H. H. Turner — "Miserable Man"



Markland and Soujley — after taking another dollar off our accounts



Bacon — working under difficulties!!



Cramer — "So getting the end to show, — guess the firm isn't"



Dostavim writing the "Class History"

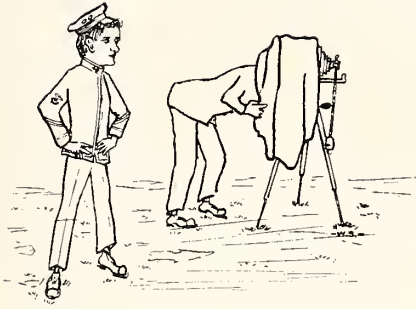


W. Smith handles the artistic end of the job.



-Brand and

Lee -



Barnett - "Look at the birds!"



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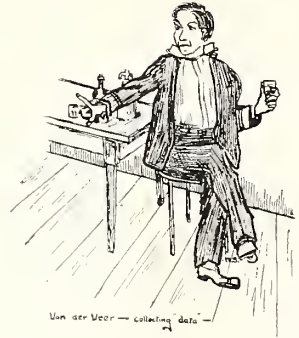
Nothing - finished copy!



Harron - suggests ideas to Lee!



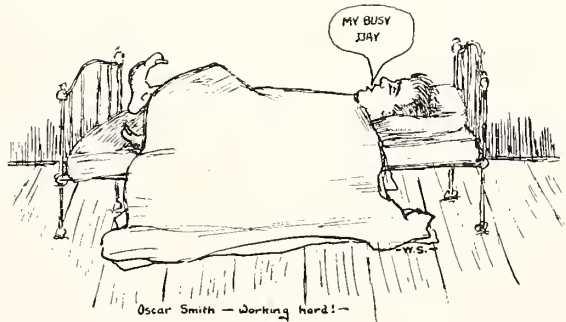
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Van der Meer - collecting data!



Pieral - social games and post.



Oscar Smith - Working hard!



The curtain slowly drops upon our play,  
And now, dear people, ere you turn away,  
One moment must I claim in which to dwell  
Upon our many thanks and fond farewell.  
Our task is through, and we have done our best ;  
It is with you, dear friends, success must rest.  
We work for love, no payment is our due—  
Our only hope is that it pleases you,  
And that perhaps a few will not disdain  
To say our time has not been spent in vain.  
So now Farewell! we leave with fickle fate  
This book, the Lucky Bag of Nineteen Eight.

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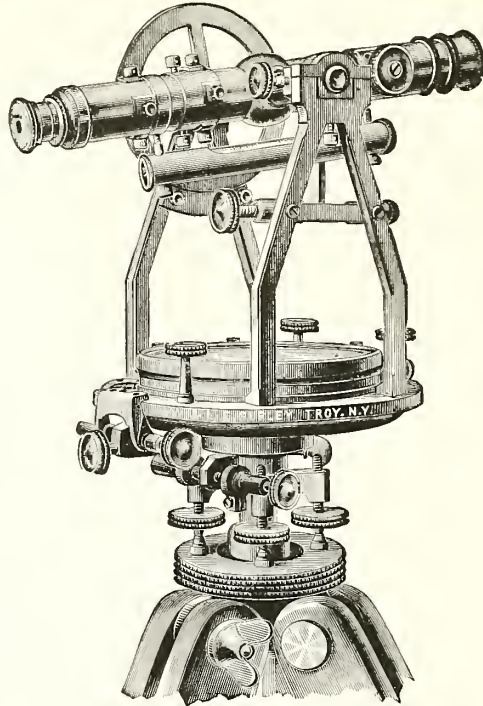
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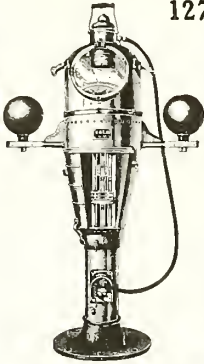
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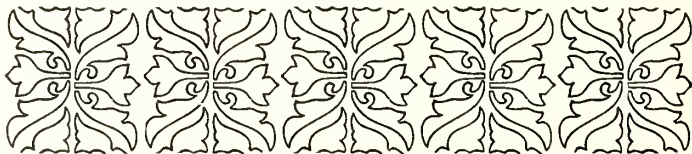
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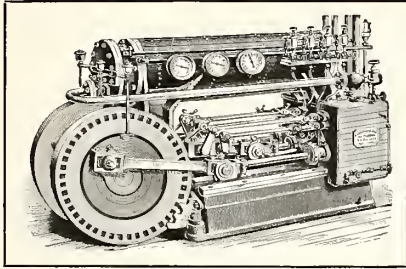


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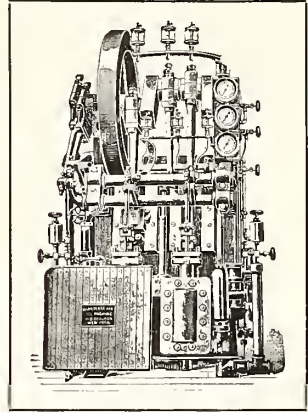
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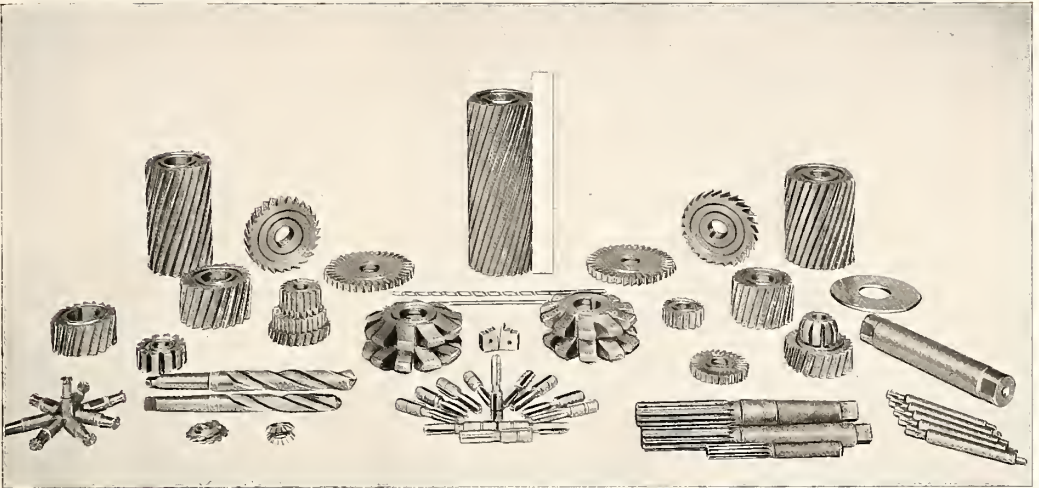
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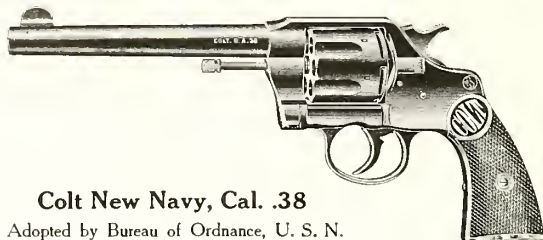
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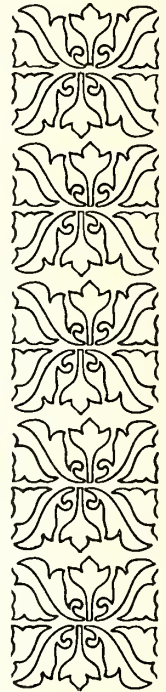
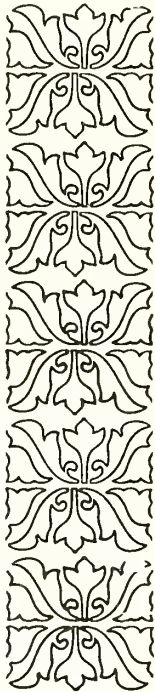
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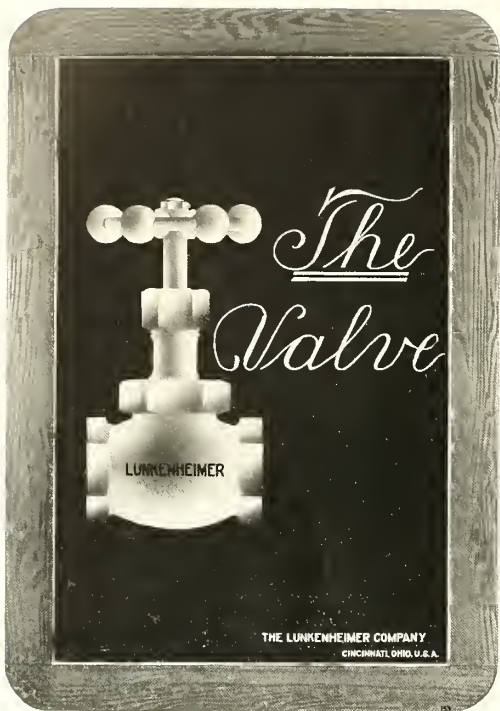
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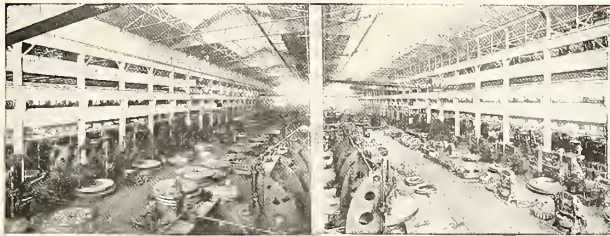


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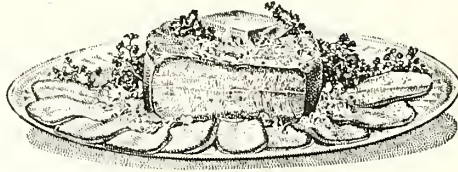
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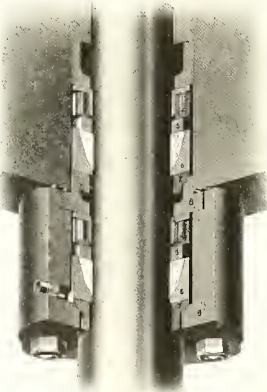


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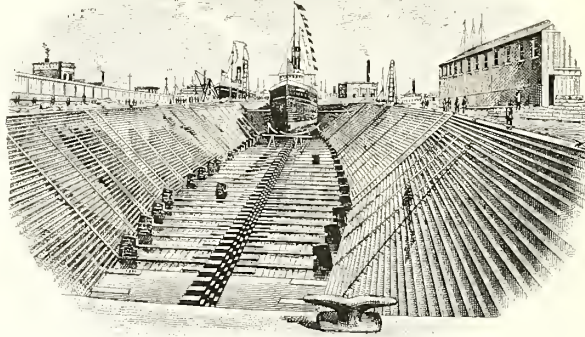
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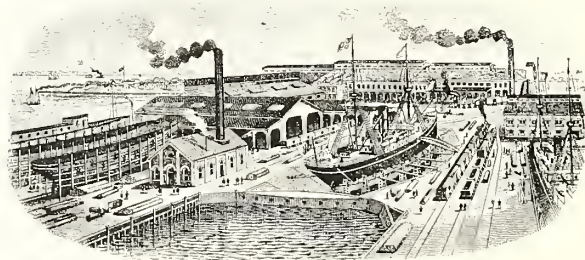
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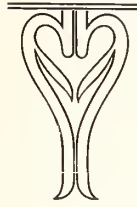
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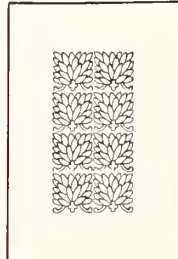


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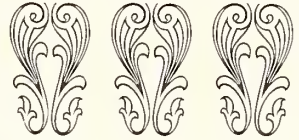
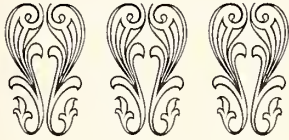
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