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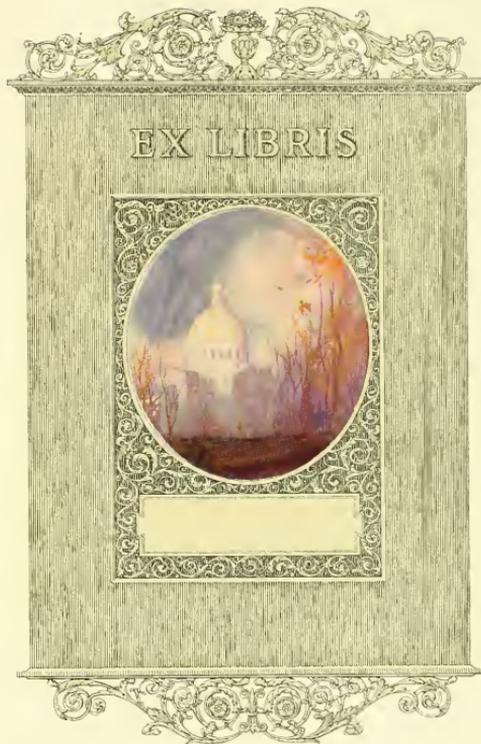


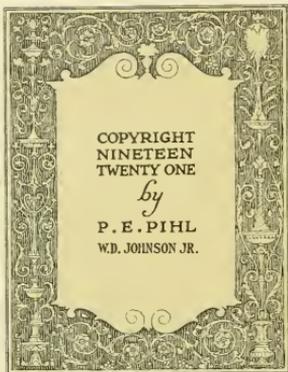








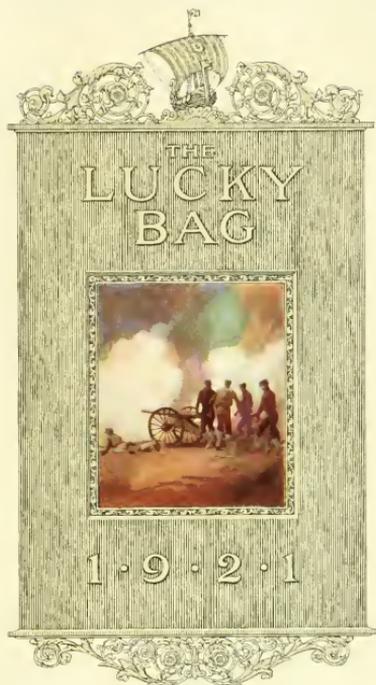




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NINETEEN  
TWENTY ONE

*by*

P. E. PIHL  
W.D. JOHNSON JR.





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The *Chesapeake's* Mizzenmast During the Battle

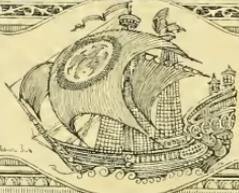


Nineteen Twenty One's Lucky Bag

The Annual of the Regiment  
of Midshipmen

The United States  
Naval Academy,  
Annapolis,  
Maryland

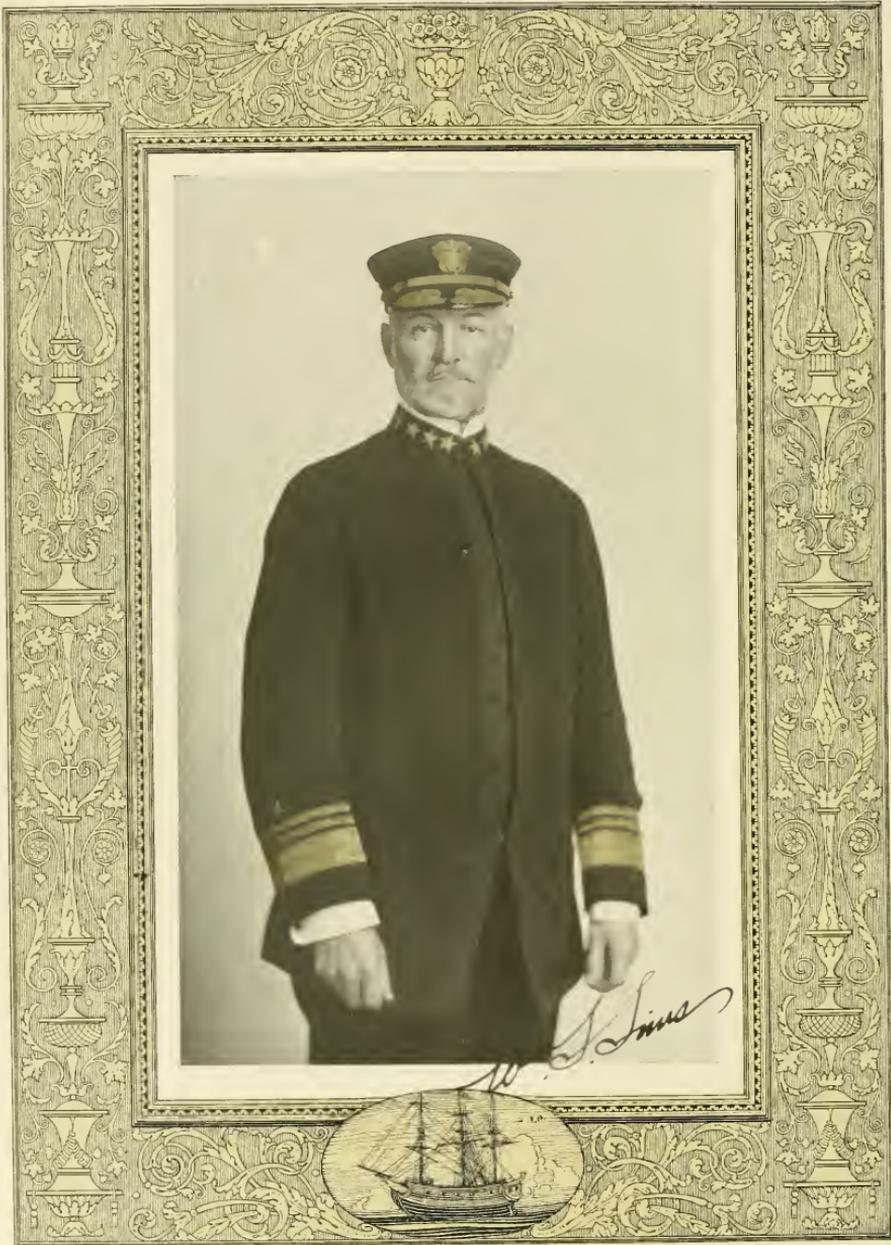






TO THE MEN · OVR COMRADES  
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE  
GREAT WORLD WAR FOR THE  
VINDICATION OF THE IDEALS  
OF RIGHT WHICH ARE THE  
IDEALS OF AMERICA AND BY  
WHOSE EXAMPLE IT IS OVR  
HOPE TO BE PROMPTED IN  
THE OBSERVATION OF EVERY  
PRINCIPLE OF HONOR · OF SER  
VICE & PATRIOTIC DEVOTION

*Woodrow Wilson*



**F**ORTY-FIVE years ago I reported at the Naval Academy, took the entrance examination, and failed so completely that the Superintendent wrote my Congressman advising him to appoint a more promising candidate.

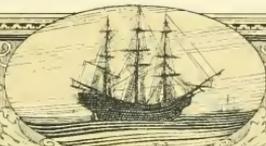
However, I was reappointed and the next year I just scraped in. I failed at the first semi-annual exams, but later was allowed re-exams in certain subjects, one being algebra. I never could do sums. I inhabited the wooden sections for about two years, but gradually pulled up and was finally graduated in the middle of the class. There is a reason. Before going to the Academy, I had never been away from a brother who was a sort of a "math fiend." I allowed him to do all my sums for me, so left my head behind when I went away from home. I have never quite recovered from the handicap of that fundamental mistake. The lesson is: avoid the habit of relying upon others. Work out your own salvation.

The above may serve to encourage any boy of average ability who is inclined to be discouraged. He can get through the Academy if he has the necessary sand. It is also true that such a boy may become a reasonably good Naval officer, provided he understands that his success will depend upon what he learns after he enters the service. His usefulness will depend upon how successfully he learns to handle men, how thoroughly and conscientiously he performs his assigned duties, how loyally he supports those in authority, and how completely he devotes himself to acquiring a knowledge of the art of warfare, and to training his mind in the application of its principles.

Read the standard works on this subject. Get a clear understanding of the true meaning of military character, and the vital bearing of loyalty upon efficiency. A position in the Navy is not an occupation; it is a trust. Your obligation is to prepare yourself for responsible duties upon the successful discharge of which may some day depend the welfare of our country. A lifetime is not too long for this preparation. It can be acquired only by systematic and continuous study. If deferred until you reach a position of responsible command it will be too late. You can best promote the efficiency of the Navy, at least during the earlier part of your career, by applying your energies to your own self-development—by becoming an efficient, conscientious and loyal officer.

*Wm. S. Sims*

1881



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## *Foreword*

**I**N the publication of this book we have encountered several obstacles. Our class was split, and due to the fact that the savvier half of us sailed away in June 1920, just as the work was begun, an entirely new staff had to be ushered in. The second staff, being of the wooden half, and having an unusually tough Academic schedule to cope with, has been hard pressed for time for both professional work and Lucky Bag work.

Prices have soared above our heads several times, but thanks to our advertisers, and liberal subscriptions from the Regiment of Midshipmen, we hope to come clear.

At the same time we have been blessed with good printers, good engravers, the best artists in the country, and the Naval Academy authorities fighting on our side.

Through it all we have made an earnest endeavor to produce a book which will be in keeping with the Greater Naval Academy and the Naval Service.



ELDRED STURTEVANT

CARROL JOY

WILLIAM ARCHIBALD

McDUFFIE

VERNON ORION

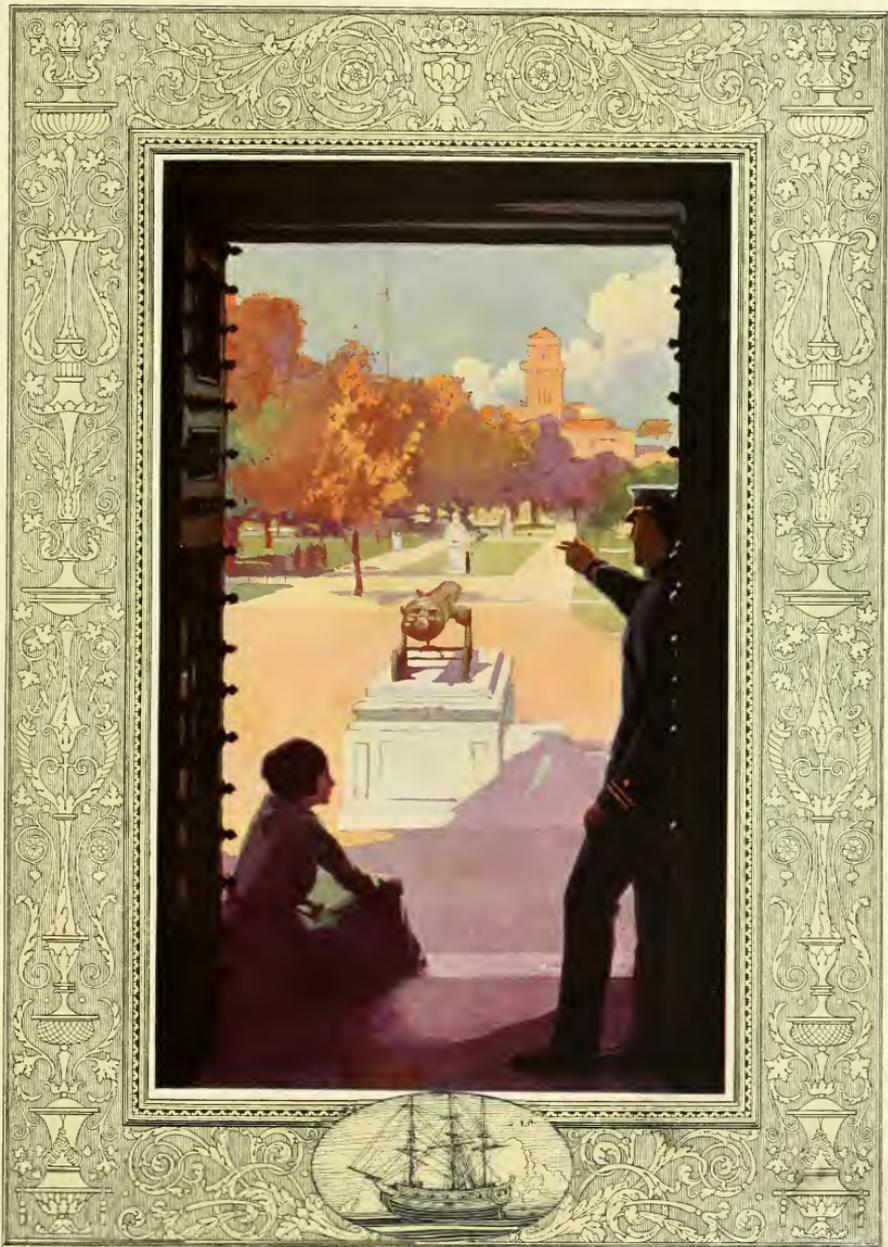
VOGENITZ

PHILLIP GAINES

McCARTHY

WALTON CARPENTER

DARBY





*He: This, Main Hall,  
Bancroft; stamping  
grounds, where everybody,  
in a hurry, meets every-  
body—and stares, and  
passes on—sorter hub, you  
know—heart of Bancroft,  
and everything—*

*And She: How lovely!*



*He: And here, the front  
of Bancroft—terraces where  
formations—you know;  
orders read, no one listen-  
ing; every one cold or hot—  
late blast and mids sneak-  
ing in; Sunday review by  
admiring drags and . . . .*

*And She: How lovely!*





*He: And here's Tecumseh, god of the wooden—my god; shipped many a green sea on the old Delaware, and now he smiles at us—at night, when savoir folks prowl around; in daytime, he looks wooden; he is; but . . .*

*And She: How lovely!*



*He: And here's the bell  
that the Emperor of Japan  
gave us; an old temple bell  
to scare the evil spirits; it  
does—for it rings only  
when we beat the Army—  
and then it rings and  
rings—you know!*

*And She: How lovely!*



Johns Craft



*He: And this, the  
colonnade, connecting link  
—Bancroft and the Armo-  
ry—mostly architecture;  
roof too high to help when  
it rains, unless it rains  
perpendicularly; it's sav-  
ing grace is saving steps—  
and then, it's mostly archi-  
tecture.*

*And She: How lovely!*





*He: And over there's a  
corner of the Hall—wind  
comes from two direc-  
tions—always a tendency.  
That's my room—smoke  
out there on that balcony  
every night—look at the  
moon and think of . . .*

*And She: How lovely!*



*Edwin C. Crane*



*He: And there's where  
our band plays. Mighty  
fine on Spring mornings  
—can't study. That gun  
up there? Captured in the  
Spanish war. Sure! Got  
lots of them around here.*

*And She: How lovely!*





*He: Remember the night  
of the June Ball when we  
went out under that arcade  
—heard the pigeons coo?  
They sounded so sad—but  
I wasn't. I . . .*

*And She: How lovely!*



—FRANK CLARK



*He: Yes, this is the  
Supe's residence. Like it?  
Mighty fine!—I'm going  
to have a house like that  
when I become a Rear-  
Admiral—and then—*

*And She: How lovely!*





*He: Here, the famous doors of the Chapel—bronze, Stanford White, very fine; very imposing entrance—the Supe and the Com decorate it on Sundays—to receive the Regiment for Chapel, you know.*

*And She: How lovely!*



STANFORD CHAPEL



*He: Just look! Spring  
and apple blossoms—the  
only apple tree in the yard,  
but it's there, right in  
front of the picture—  
makes one want to go a-  
Maying; fresh, fine, and  
fussy, you know.*

*And She: How lovely!*



*He: Here, our Chapel,  
architected for Grant's  
tomb—now Paul Jones's,  
and used on Sundays for  
mids to pray; to pray, I  
said! Well, to attend ser-  
vices, and listen to sermons,  
perchance to sleep.*

*And She: How lovely!*



LEWIS CLARK



*He: Lovers' Lane! And  
Chapel in the distance!  
From one to the other, a  
step. Golly, what a step!  
Still it looks sorter soft  
and easy and twilighty,  
doesn't it?*

*And She: How lovely!*



*He: This is the walk to Hell—the Academic Building. We walk this path carrying our little buckets of wisdom which we pour out there—not much; buckets vary in size and once full, you know, you can't. . . .*

*And She: How lovely!*



EDWARD CLARKE



*He: This, McDonough Hall—used to be Luce—no! L-u-c-e! name of a man!—hops and informals and gym and everything. Remember? Last June, first met you there. Been wanting to say something ever since!*

*And She: How lovely!*



*He: And now we're  
back; Bancroft in the  
distance; mist, quietness,  
peace—end of a perfect  
day, eh? Come, let me  
slip the miniature? What  
say?*

*And She: How lovely!*



FRANK C. COLE









*Asst. Secy.  
Rear Admiral, U.S.N.*





*W. L. Commins  
Captain U.S.A.*





*J. H. Newton*  
*Commander U.S. Navy.*





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	G. H. BOWDEY

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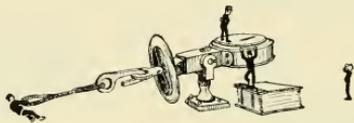
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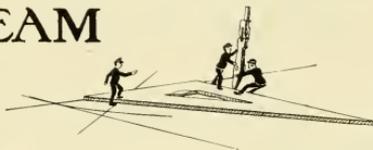
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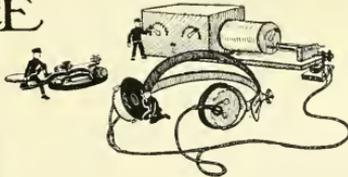
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# DAGO



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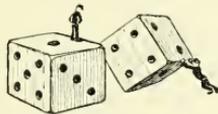
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*Phar.* A. K. "Doc" SNYDER



Regimental  
Staff



1921-A





FIRST  
BATTALION  
STAFF



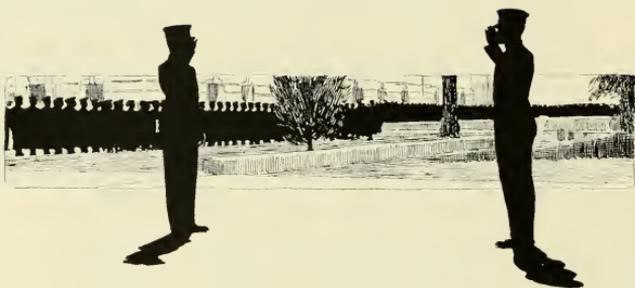
SECOND  
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STAFF

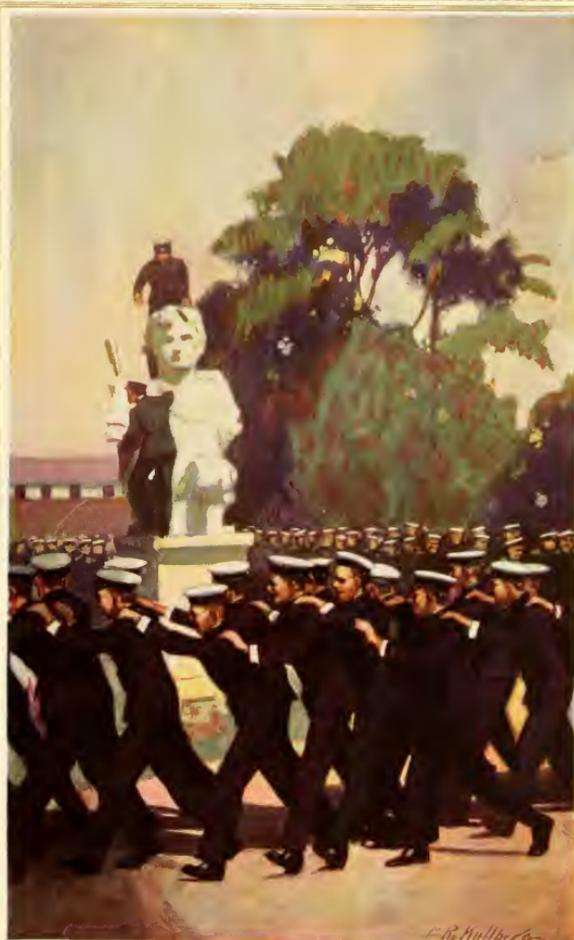


THIRD  
BATTALION  
STAFF



FOURTH  
BATTALION  
STAFF







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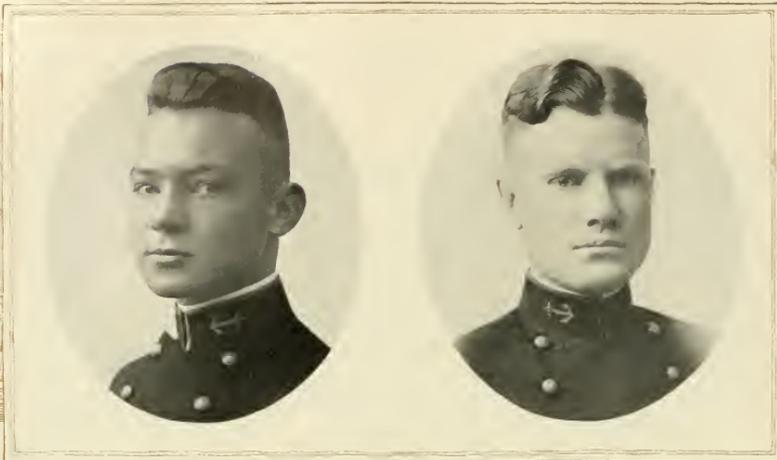
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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

The Burning of the *Guerriere*



DONALD REX TALLMAN  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Rex" "Tal" "Gadget"

LYMAN AUGUSTUS THACKREY  
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO  
"Red"

PERCHED on a tree, a vampish grin, and a line of "stuff"—there you have Rex. Like a wild animal there is no finding where he is unless you know his tracks and rendezvous. Here's how,—bust into Smoke Hall and yell "Ox Roast." Look where the bull and smoke are the thickest and you'll see him singing "We're Poor Little Oxen" with the other three. When Gadget bones I can't tell you, for he is usually picking on a mandolin or listening to some weary Victrola's blues. He gets the embroidered anchor for that's where he stands—anchor man in all his glory. When it comes to women, well, nobody else has a chance. Rex is a Red Mike with dragon eyes, and snake scales. Any hop night you'll see him gliding on an essence of "foo-foo", feathering his heels across the deck.

He was elected "The Boy Navigator" in the shaft-alley of ye goode ship Missouri. Most of his old tribe were lost at sea or sunk by the Academic Department but he carried the old shaft-alley club spirit to the North Dakota. Oh boy, them wuz the happy days and there'll be many, many more for the boys who are lucky enough to become his shipmates.

*Buzzard.*

ARRIVING late in September, covered with alkali, the salt of New Mexican deserts, Red was consigned to the old basement rooms, Plebe heaven and the D. O.'s delight. The worries of several years of varsity football at the University of New Mexico had been too much for him and never was his red thatch toned down by a Navy head-guard. In the spring time this powder flag could be seen at the hurdles and broad jump, even as the Royal Bengal in his native haunts leaping from cliff to cliff, rather hurdle to hurdle.

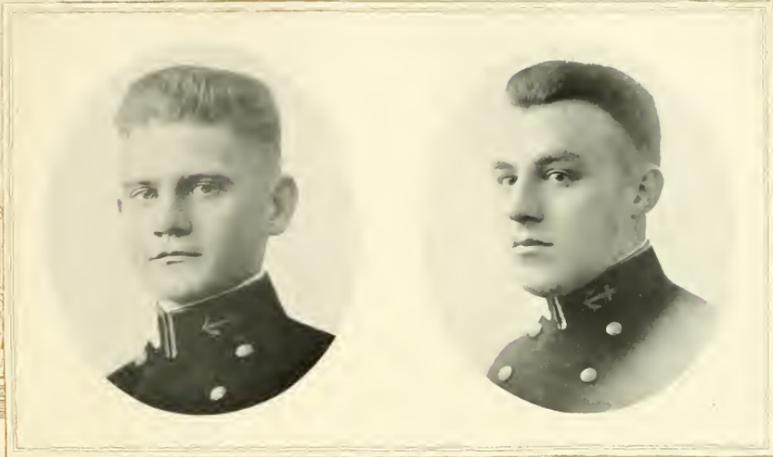
For several years he was a constant member wearing the gold or shoe polish off the radiators. He roosted among those Rojo Miguels known as the gymnasium cavalry, riding through many a hop on the horses in the gym. In due time our Augustus attained a colonelcy, graduated from the unwilling ones, and at the end of his First Class year he had done the deed and dragged copiously.

While his career had been no meteoric flight, on the decisive day we found him numbered among those in the savvy half.

Come what may he takes it well and the longer you know him the better you like him.

*One Stripe;  
Track Squad (4, 3, 1).*





JAMES HERSCHEL STROTHER  
DADEVILLE, ALABAMA

"Johnny" "Mr. Dooley" "Herschel"

**D**UE to no fault of his own Johnny came to us from '20. After spending three months of his Youngster year in the hospital, he went on sick leave, and joined us at the beginning of our Youngster cruise. The Chaplain, while visiting the hospital, nicknamed him Sunny because of the cheerful way in which he bore his hard luck.

His cheerful manner and Southern accent, together with his ready willingness to help less "savvy" classmates, have made him a true friend and an agreeable companion.

During the time that we have known him, Johnny has shown a lack of interest in hops and femmes in general, but anyone who has but one picture on his locker door and who talks and dreams of Sep leave as Johnny does is sure to create a certain suspicion in the minds of those who know him most intimately.

The utter indifference toward the opinion of others whom he believes to be wrong, and the wholeheartedness with which he racks the hardest Juice or Steam probs is sure to stand him in good stead when later he is called upon to face much more difficult questions in the fleet.

*Buzzard.*

WILLIAM GRAHAM BUCH  
POWELL, WYOMING

"Napoleon" "Butch"

**B**UTCH has the typical build of a union meat cleaver. Dizzy as the day is long and forever letting loose his pent up energy in any form of a rough house. Napoleon and Annie Arthur used to tear the fourth deck up with the ardour of the Irish breaking up an Orangeman's parade on St. Patrick's day.

Butch started out with '20 but his line didn't jibe with the ideas of Horse Shoe Brown and the other masters of the Queen's own. But when it comes to Math and its kin Butch is right up in the Big League.

In regard to sports he was on the First Class football team but he has always favored indoor sports—especially the national indoor game.

Always good natured, never rhino, ole Napoleon will take it easy, have a good time, and make friends wherever he goes.

*Buzzard.*





CHARLES JOSEPH MAGUIRE  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Molly"

CHARLES comes from that quaint little old New England village of Boston. With the thought of Mass. our eyes go to his collar, looking for something which is not there. However he has detracted nothing from the reputation of his native state, for he is an authority in Calc and Dago.

Athletics, he took them all in. The sub and weak squads claiming no little portion of his spare time. Outside of these major sports, inter-class basketball comes next, though in the last mentioned sport he suffered the loss of two front teeth which caused no end of mortification, and produced a strange lip until Doc could import two ivory pegs to replace the missing members.

There is no place where Charlie is more at home than when over at the boathouse with a shell on the river, twice making his debut Plebe year as coxswain of the Junior Varsity he has never been absent. Youngster year our little one had given too much to be coxing one of our winning shells at Philadelphia, and hard to be satisfied by teaching the game to the third Varsity.

*Buzzard (1);  
Masqueraders (1);  
Crew Squad (4, 3, 1).*



LELAND WAYNE MORROW  
CHILLICOTHE, OHIO  
"Snookums" "Duke"

THE first day that L. W. attended formations as a War Baby he found himself on the "rebound" charged with unmilitary conduct for turning his head in ranks. After this debut into Naval Academy life he retired from Extra Duty for the next three years and by the time of graduation his methods of avoiding the appearance of his name in the "Morning Orders" had reached a science.

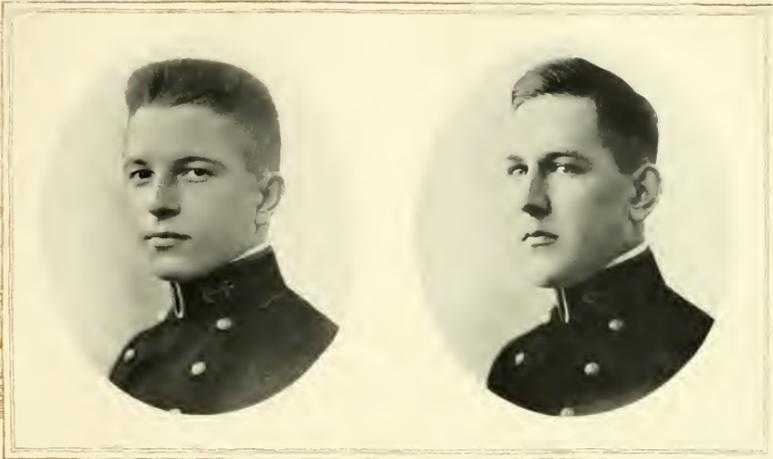
Those from Ohio will probably agree that Morrow comes from a good state, but we all express harmony of opinion that he was a small-sized man with big ideas when he chose the U. S. S. Tennessee for his home on the seas.

During the time that we have known Snookums his chief delight, next to that of fussing in Annapolis, has been in making future plans. He always knew six months in advance what he would put into his suitcase for Sep leave. Perhaps Duke has already made his matrimonial plans and decided upon the location of a bungalow.

This energetic and ambitious chap possessed, in addition to a big heart, a stomach of questionable capacity. Be that as it may, those who have had opportunities to taste frequent "birthday" cakes are in no position to criticise between what limits the capacity of a stomach should be integrated.

*Buzzard;  
Choir (4, 3, 1);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 1).*





LUCIAN ANCEL MOEBUS

KENTON, OHIO

"Fish"

FISH gained his first knowledge of "Old Navy Customs" from the eager-to-be-hunting-Germans class of Eighteen. He has the happy faculty of making friends easily and no one has more of them, simply because once made, they stay put. But the members of that worthy class appeared to be immune.

His ability to explain difficulties beyond our "ken" was soon recognized and we remember him best surrounded by a ring of exponents of "I don't see this," etc.

Many are the wild tales he can tell you of Rockport on the "North D.," not to mention Coney Island and its mysteries. But don't believe him. It's all a pose.

The time and efforts of our hero have, however, not been all confined to the Senoritas and the Ac Dept. He broke into the limelight Plebe summer by showing champion form on the mat and ever since he has given his best to wrestling.

A roughhouse is his best diversion and Youngster year his organized crew of home wreckers was the pride of the Batt.

Ask him how he got the name of Fish.

"Fruit for the Profs."

"Was that Reveille, J. G.?"

*Buzzard;*

*Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 1).*

GILBERT BARLOW MYERS

AURORA, ILLINOIS

"Gabriel" "Goof"

GABRIEL is altitudinous. For this reason, over which he claims to have had no control, his athletic endeavors have been largely confined to keeping off the weak squad. He did finally grace the natatorium First Class year until hearing the call of spring, whereupon he changed his metacentric height and pulled off.

C. B. came to us with premeditated intent and purpose of carrying away all scholastic honors, but some years' association with our method has convinced him that true merit is rarely appreciated. He is a savior in Steam and Radio. You will find him more often in the Juice building making gadgets or in his room skirmishing with a slipstick or a mess of radio junk than doing anything else.

Bolting from the rank and file de Rojo Miguel when the North Dakota lay in at Rockport, he acquired the name of angel and now rushes the fragile china with more or less ease and system.

Under a sort of quiet dignity and his apparent reserve Gabriel is good natured, hard working, and lacks no consideration. He is as a rule a better listener than talker, but he can heave the old Navy line as anyone will concede who has heard what follows this fertile prelude:

"Now, when we were up at Rockport—"

*Buzzard.*





EDWARD HICKEY ENRIGHT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Hickey" "Chicken" "Inwrong"

**H**ICKEY received his early Plebe training at the hands of '18. He came into prominence at the beginning of Plebe Ac year by meandering upon a gravel walk forbidden to members of the entering class. Suffice it to say, he received his postgraduate course at the hands of the Youngsters in that back corridor of the first deck.

By hard and consistent effort Hickey kept the Academic wolves at a safe distance for nearly two years but it was the Nav Department that finally caught him basking in the light of his achievement and knocked him for a ghaul, treeing him cold. However, his hard work landed him in the savvy half of the savvy half of '21.

Hickey's great weakness finally proved to be the women. First Class year for the first time he was transformed. Hard-working, ambitious, woman-fearing Hickey, an unrestrained snake with his hair parted in the middle filling out his hop cards for months in advance. Certain things, have come up which indicate that the state of mind is only temporary and even the most conservative entertain hopes for a speedy recovery.

*Buzzard.*

WILLIAM SEWALL GARDNER DAVIS

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

"Dimples" "Alphabet" "Dave"

**F**OR three years, Dave with his mandolin, his Log and his ready wit has kept the rhino spirit at bay. Just ask Piggy to help you and watch him go to it—and do it right—even if he does have to sleep in 'till the first period next morning. If you want something done in the literary way, let Piggy do it—it's his fruit. He is in his prime when he is developing some new idea for an entertainment or writing a parody. (He wrote the one on the "Vamp." Nuf sed).

He will always be in Smoke Hall when the gang gets together for some songs and stories. He can always go you one better in that line. In any argument of the Horse-Shoe-Brown type, Dimples stands supreme with his Scotch-Irish wit, his Massachusetts logic, and his determination.

You know the kind of man who seems to be at home anywhere—well, that's Alphabet all over. He'll dash off a couple of verses for the Log, and will then go out and in a scrimmage break up all the plays around his end.

Yes, of course he's savvy, but he bushes often and in some way known only to himself, he derives a great deal of satisfaction out of those bushes.

The Service is just the place you make it, and so Dave, we know you'll have a happy time out there, and that you'll make it a better place for the rest of us.

*Log Staff (3); Log Board (1);  
Baseball (4, 3, 1); Masqueraders (1);  
Mandolin Club (3, 1); Class Football (1);  
Buzzard.*





FRANCIS JOSEPH RILEY  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Mike" "Irish" "Frank"

RILEY breezed in through the main gate early in Plebe summer and has remained with us ever since. The shoals of Academic life have never bothered this irresponsible, irrepressible young Bolshevik. He has always been savvy enough to chalk up considerable velvet.

Fussing is not in his line. He is an honest to goodness misogynist. In his early career at the Academy, Prof Bell inveigled him to attempt the graceful art, but Mike soon realized he was never intended to adorn the ballroom floor and can plead not guilty since those few and memorable occasions.

However, our friend has always had one pleasant and consistent diversion and that is the national indoor sport. For three years Mike has held down a reserved "box" up in Doc's roof garden.

His chief amusement inside the walls is getting up at 6:42 and running a ten second handicap against late blast.

We think the Navy is the best place for Mike, for he can do things well when they are to be done so, and he isn't worried when there is nothing to do.

*Buzzard:*  
*Expert Rifleman.*



JOSEPH SELETSKI  
GLEN LYON, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Skee" "Joe"

"NO! That's wrong. Now that's worked this way." There you have Joe, a man whose second nature is Math, who can integrate as could Sir Isaac himself, and who can easily convince a Juice Prof that Bullard is wrong. Favored with natural savviness, and possessed of grim determination in everything he undertakes, Joe has stood well above the century mark in Academic work.

Crew claimed his diligent attention Plebe year, but though wearing himself down to a shadow he failed to reduce his weight sufficient for a steady job as coxswain. Skee is clever with his gloves, and has entered the ring several times with creditable success.

Generally quiet and unassuming, Joe has kept consistently away from the fair sex, but "still water runs deep," and we believe that there is someone in Pennsylvania who is "more than a friend."

He goes forth with many good wishes, and if hard work counts for anything, his success is assured.

*Buzzard:*  
*Soccer Squad (I).*





WILLIAM EUGENE MAKOSKY  
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY  
"Mack" "Pole" "Count"

AFTER a year at Steven's Tech, the Count decided that the gay and care-free life of a mechanical engineer was not for him. Having heard of the book-eating tribe down on the Severn, he decided to join them just for the sheer joy of participating in the keen contest for class standing. The Profs never did concede him a twinkle-twinkle on his collar, but we all know that a fellow who can pull sat in two subjects the last month of the term by cutting his magazine ration in half is the kind that will always come up from under. When he left Plainfield after a short visit on Christmas leave even the old timers told him that he certainly was a marvel on the comeback.

His athletic activities have been confined to African golf and nursing the Bull. The latter occupation ceased to exist about four months after Mack's election as "Keeper of the Bull" since the class refused to support it after hearing rumors of the failure of the pay bill. Mack then devoted all his time to the African pastime and succeeded in reaching the semi-finals.

Life will never be hard for the Count as his "loan-you-my-clean-cuff" spirit, and his perpetual ear to ear smile will always carry him over the high spots.

*Buzzard.*

LEONIDAS EDWIN HILL  
DENVER, COLORADO

"J. J." "Ed" "Gadget" "Leonidas"

TO satisfy the curiosity of those desiring to know how Leonidas got such a marvelous education as a Plebe, it is sufficient to say that he sat at the table of the champion of mess hall vaudeville. The peaceful moods of slumber and thought that ordinarily accompany a born genius were thus greatly agitated at least three times each day.

Not until Youngster year did his inventive genius display itself. At this burdensome period of Academic existence he invented a log-log to the n-th power slip stick. Beyond all expectation this magic piece of shippety-slip enabled him to calmly grasp two pieces of heaven which rested serenely on his collar all First Class year.

Hill should have been the man to receive that famous "something wrong" pap. Every one prophesied a C.P.O. for Lee; something was wrong and he got what he rated, two stripes.

Lee's future life is one already settled. He is destined to invent something advantageous to the Navy sooner or later. You can know too, Lee, that we are all back of you and wish you the best of luck.

*Star (3);  
Two Stripes;  
Swimming Squad (3, 1).  
S.N.T.*





FRANKLIN BRECKENRIDGE KOHRS  
TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT  
"Apple" "Savvy"

SINCE Plebe year, when he applied common sense to the writing of our Sunday Night Relief and learning seamanship, until First Class year when he stood up among 'em in most everything, our Franklin's greatest praise and most sweeping criticism has been "He used his common sense" and "He didn't use his common sense." His conversation is enriched with the metaphors of the farm and the slang of the sea, and when he starts to talk he is equally liable to tell of life on a New England farm, the design of a new battleship, or the value of co-education.

His common sense has kept him from attaining high honors in either the Radiator Club or the Mexican Chapter, although he is a prominent member of both. He is no star at parlor talk—at least he has never given us the opportunity to judge. Apple is no snake or fusser—a Red Mike of the first order, if you want to disregard an occasional letter which he writes to a "cousin" and some of the pictures secured in his locker.

From drawing a turret to explaining the organization of the Ladies' Aid in Torrington, his versatility is marvelous, astounding the Dago Profs and getting him past the rest. So we figure his is the road to fame, and like him nevertheless.

*One Stripe;  
Star (3).*



WILLIAM GEORGE LALOR  
WATERVLIET, NEW YORK  
"Bill"

"WHAT are you noted for?"  
"I'm a track man, sir."

Bill kept them off by talking track until spring. He did go out for the team, perhaps we should say *with* the team, and still claims that he broke the intercollegiate record in his event—beating the previous record for setting up hurdles by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

Geraldine Farrar picked up several new wrinkles on real acting when Bill played "Carbone" at the Gymkhana. Here Bill entertained the multitude easily, for the boy certainly is in his element anywhere they are throwing the bull.

Bill's Academic social career began by his dragging the friend of a friend. Thereafter, the Company Brick was a permanent fixture, remaining in Bill's luxurious suite as a delicate reminder of a dainty bit of Maryland femininity.

Billy is really noted for two things. He's the "pash-est" man in the Regiment, and he has never missed a recreation period in Smoke Hall.

*Buzzard.*





JOHN HOWARD WILLIS  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA  
"Johnnie" "Pug" "Willie"

WHEN Pug found that three squares per diem and a place to sleep were guaranteed to every successful candidate he lost no time in securing his appointment to the Academy. The fact that all who succeed in evading the clutches of the All-Academics are presented with a permanent job upon completion of the three-year spasm may have largely influenced his choice.

Plebe year Johnnie distinguished himself by tracing with minute care the ancestry of an unfortunate mess boy who was careless enough to spill a gallon or two of ice water down the back of his neck. In recognition of his zeal and efficiency the Executive Department granted him two weeks' leave to be spent on the Reina.

He survived Youngster cruise and an all too brief sojourn in God's country only to return to the Second Batt and the Flu. This proved to be too much of a handicap and Pug remained the most consistent of Red Mikes until the Delaware dropped anchor in the North River a year later. He even tried to get a grease by wearing a boat cloak on the 4th of July.

Pug has come through three years of the Academy with a host of friends who wish him the best of luck.

*Buzzard;  
Expert Rifleman.*



KENNETH HILL NOBLE  
CROMWELL, CONNECTICUT  
"Charlie"

DESPITE the lure of the old fireside and the open country, one bright June morning saw Kenneth H. Noble, fresh from Connecticut, stroll into the welcoming arm of ye "ruff" class of '18, to be instantly dubbed Charlie, relative to the now seldom mentioned galley-stack.

Invariably when asked "For what are you noted, mister?" the answer was, "For being wooden, sir!" and in such solemn modesty he plowed through his first year making a reputation as a reg Plebe and later as a saviour.

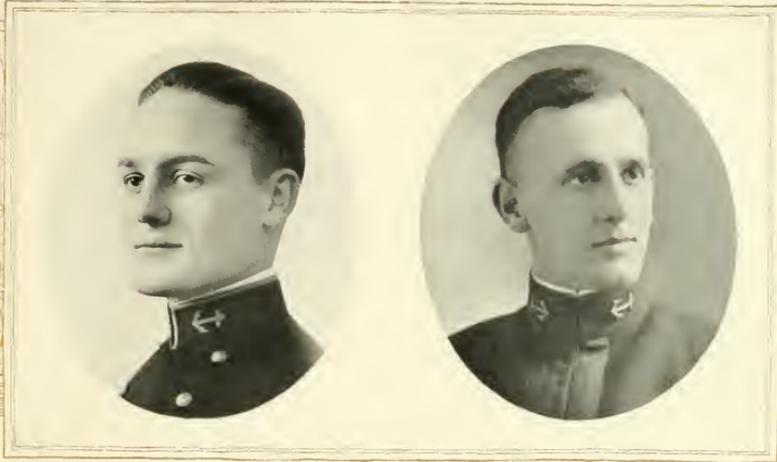
That first broad diagonal seemed to wake Charlie up to his importance in the Regiment and before the year was half past we saw him taking bold strides toward the head of the class and soon saw him with an average that was bidding fair to approach the leaders. Things like Steam and Juice, and Nav and Calc were mere playthings in his hand:—heard about the hall, "Say, Charlie, gimme a hand on this Calc, willya? I'm unsat with a 2.22." "Wait till the M.C. goes to Smoke Hall and I'll be around."

It takes a good head to be able to dream of "The Game, 6-0," "Xmas Leave," and "June Week," and still hold down three stripes and keep a star.

We take off our hats to you, Charlie!

*Star (3);  
Three Stripes.*





PHILIP GAINES McCARTY  
 PORTLAND, OREGON  
 "Phil" "Mac." "P. G."

WILLIAM ARCHIBALD McDUFFIE  
 COLUMBUS, GEORGIA  
 "Archie" "Mac"

A BOY of Killarney's colleens is pleasantly interesting but two Irishmen in a room are enough,—too much. Such a combination existed with Mac and Prof Kelly. You entered their room at your own peril expecting anything from a bunch of roses and a sweet smile to two months in the hospital.

It so happened once during Phil's Plebe year that he did french from the Barracks and with two pounds of Whitman's best under his arm sauntered expectantly forth to call on a comely Crab. On arrival he found the girl,—and also four First Classmen! Mac didn't know whether to blush and be embarrassed or to offer the candy to the First Classmen as "hush money." With true Irish diplomacy and courtesy he gave the candy to the lady fair and beat the mile record back to the Barracks.

But he trotted out the royal militant angora of that Barracks duty squad when, turning a deaf ear to their orders and entreaties, he skated to the middle of College Creek and became a moving target to their fusilade of snowballs and condemnations,—much to his own amusement and their chagrin.

Phil seemed to obtain maximum results from minimum efforts. He would happily do anything for a friend from working a prob in Calc to buttoning a recalcitrant collar. Fun-loving, Irish, and true, Phil endeared himself to all who knew him and his hold on the hearts of those in the Old "Tenth" is especially strong and warm.

ARCHIE first had the light of day shown to him in the red old hills of Georgia, and never since nor before that memorable event took place has Columbus had more reason to be proud of one of her sons.

Mac entered with the class of '20 but very early decided to cast his lot with '21 and no class was ever more lucky in receiving a member than when he concluded that two Plebe years wouldn't hurt any man. And while we did not care to see Mac set back a year in his career, we welcomed him as an invaluable asset, a man's man, and an addition to any gathering anywhere.

A friend to all, a friend indeed, and everybody's friend. On Saturdays when he rated liberty and some of the other boys were not so fortunate he never failed to act as truck horse and bring back half of Annapolis, though it be skags, cats, or what nor, and on the Missouri Youngster cruise "Home Run's" were the rage, inasmuch as they were Mac's brand and he was never "Just out."

In the greatest of all Navies that sails the seas beyond the sky, we'll all be lucky and glad of the chance to be apprentice seaman on the ship that Archie will command.

Honor Committee (4, 3);  
 Class Crest Committee.





ELDRÉD STURDEVANT  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Sturdy"

DID you ever know a man who had hard luck—lots of it—with a smile that discounted all troubles? There you have old Sturdy. Those who had the good fortune to know him best know that he was never out of hot water for long. Always unsat, never quite well, it speaks worlds for a man who can bear it all with a steady courage, and count each new misfortune as one more good joke on himself.

Youngster year, when the flu came with the end of September leave, Eldred was one of the first to go to the hospital, never to come back to us. The hand that beckoned to so many throughout the land that year beckoned to him also, and he went to answer the last great call of all. And yet, to quote the words of another, "We cannot think of him as gone. He is not dead! The deepest feeling of the time was, he was just transferred to another sphere of office."

We miss you Sturdy! May the memory of your cheery smiles bring help to us in some dark moment of our own lives.



HAROLD WILLIS EATON  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
"Hal" "H. W." "Bill"

AN ARTIST, a Red Mike, and a P. W. F. The story goes that away back in the early days of the century a small light-haired lad grew up in the celery groves of Michigan and learned to draw pictures, whereupon he answered the call and we have Hal, the blonde chap, who sketches and eats skags.

Being obliging, Hal was made a member of all the customary committees involving much work and little reward, with the result that Christmas Cards, a June Ball, and a Gymkhana have showed the touches of his artistic sense. A charter member of the Order of Night Owls for three years, he has brightened the Log's pages by his sketches full many a week.

He dragged little, he cared for it less. He talks low, nor overly much.

When they come to balance the accounts of those who have learned to speak the language, and the judicial pen halts over the page headed H. W. E., there will glow a balance on the right showing a real asset in favor of one who lost many numbers to make others smile.

*Buzzard; Lucky Bag Staff (1);  
Log Staff (4,3); Log Board, Art Editor (1);  
Manager Gymkhana (1);  
June Ball Committee (3);  
Class German Committee;  
Manager Christmas Card Committee;  
Chairman Christmas Card Committee;  
Masqueraders (1); Musical Clubs (1).*





BASCOM SIDNEY JONES  
MACON, GEORGIA  
"B.S." "Gü"



EDWARD ELLSWORTH ROTH  
NEWPORT, KENTUCKY  
"Ells" "Red"

HOW many have never visited that final resting place of the greatest of Sea Captains? But really now, how many of you knew that right with us was the only lineal, seagoing descendant of John Paul himself. Beyond a shadow of a doubt his tree proved it, which readily explained his love for the life at sea.

Bilged twice and boned once is his Academic record, from which he has derived more practical than theoretical results. Frivolous at heart with an eternal desire to become a consistent Red Mike has been his condition since that first leave in Georgia, but he has always managed to keep his several rings well separated. His hobby was athletics in the conservative, never too strenuous form, always doing his best for the good of the team and for love of our national pastime. Mandolins and moonlight interfered somewhat with his Academic work, but frivolities stopped at the surface of "Skit" and beneath we found him taking a deep, whole hearted interest in the Service.

A true friend, a congenial companion, ever willing to leave his path to please another, mark him as a man, and so we believe him. With the best wishes of '19, '20 and '21 Bascom enters the service to continue his success, for he has made good with us.

Baseball Numerals (3);  
Baseball Squad (5, 3, 1);  
C. P. O. (1);  
Sub Squad (1);  
Hop Committee (1).

IN this Dutchman we find the rare combination of a winning manner, which at once turns casual acquaintance into warm friendship, and a happy disposition that sees only the bright side of everything.

When Roth entered the Naval Academy, he had swimming aspirations for some reason which he quickly discarded after his exhibition in the tank Plebe summer. Since then he has confined his athletic activities to class football and lacrosse. In the latter sport his LNT speaks for itself.

We will pass lightly over the episode of the camp on First Class leave for it wasn't altogether his fault. First Class year saw Roth with his share of stripes. He wears them deservedly and without allowing their weight to disturb the equilibrium of his level head. His constancy to purpose and high standards will carry him far in his chosen profession and he takes with him the best wishes and the firm friendship of many classmates.

"Oh, I just love to look into Mr. Roth's big, brown eyes."

LNT;  
Class Football Team (1);  
Two Stripes; Battalion Adjutant.





WALTER DEWEY DAVID  
TOLEDO, OHIO

*"Dave" "Walt" "Wooden"*

ON one bright sunny day in June, when the wind was blowing hard, there appeared among us this rosy-cheeked lad from Ohio. With his black hair, brown eyes, and those cheeks, he should have done his bit toward raising the annual hop average. But Dave experienced hard luck, for he took to the thrills of dragging blind. When somebody was bringing down, "A very wonderful girl," and needed someone to drag her, he always took a chance. Then Sunday morning, the Plebe balcony critics usually handed in a verdict of anything from a swabo to negative infinity.

Dave is not particularly savvy but he always wins his bouts with the All-Academics and is willing to help anyone who sends him a distress signal. All in all he is a man of strong characteristics, original ideas, boundless energy and real ability.

"Some day I am going to drag a forty and pull sat."

*Battalion Staff C. P. O.*



HAROLD LETCHER MEADOW  
ELBERTON, GEORGIA

*"Reverend"*

WHEN Reverend forsook the cradle to become a midshipman there was no doubt in anyone's mind why he was called "Reverend." But four years in this man's Navy will play havoc with the most perfect of us, and now the coy young things at the hops are wont to inquire, "Why do you call him Reverend? I don't catch the significance."

His favorite indoor sports are "rhinoing" and "knocking off smoking." In the former he indulges all the time, in the latter, at regular intervals throughout the year, of about three weeks each. But we predict that his reason for being so agile at fourscore and ten will be, "nature's tonic imbibed from the lips of the veiled lady."

Next in importance are his reminiscences of the dinner table that he left behind, and we feel confident that if he had donated the time to Academic endeavor that he has towards planning his menus for Sep leave, he would be up amongst the first digits. But he can't be condemned for that, for the samples received have warranted his contempt of oatmeal for supper.

In spite of his years, our faithful prodigy is endowed with a most level-headed and matter-of-fact outlook on life.

*Buzzard;  
Sub Squad (4, 1).*





JOHN ARTHUR SNACKENBERG  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
"Johnny" "Snack" "Reba"

YES, friends, here is Johnny—he of the stern Hindenburg cast. But Johnny isn't half as stern as he looks, for in his unguarded moments a peculiar little smile plays over his countenance. Snack is somewhat of a puzzle to us. Even to those who know him best, he sometimes appears enshrouded with that impenetrable veil of mystery peculiar to an integral sign. For this reason he practically defies description.

His versatility is astonishing. Music, the horizontal bar, Thackery, and the sub squad have all claimed a share of his attention, so much so that it is fortunate indeed that his studies have never bothered him. The simplest solution for the study problem here, according to Johnny, is not to study, and that he has remarkable success with this system no one can deny.

Snack is quite averse to arguing, this fact being one of the traits which is bound to make him well liked no matter where he goes. Give him a big cigar, a good book, and a comfortable chair from which he can readily cock his feet up on a radiator, and you will be treated to the unusual spectacle of perfect contentment. All who know Johnny are quite agreed that his genial disposition will carry him a long way.

*Buzzard.*



GROVER B. H. HALL  
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN  
"Alphy" "Dynamite"

POSSESSED with an eternal desire to catch one, and an insatiable thirst for livid literature, old "G. B. H." proved that both these characteristics went to make him a good kid to bum around with. He's always been a kid from the time he donned his first white works and had his picture taken astride of a torpedo in front of the Armory until the time when he stroked his little eagle and said, "Yea, Omar's birds flew away, but I got mine yet—Say, How's to write my Lucky Bag write-up, they turned down the one I made up."

Hall really is a pretty consistent worker but is subject to streaks of non-regness during which his locker looks like the well-known wreck of the Hesperus. His bed is his throne.

He tells some wild tales about his two leaves and has a never ceasing repertoire of jokes which is the result of a cruise on the Maine at Yorktown. He has Omar Kime as a one-time roommate, and a "bumming around relationship with the gone, but not forgotten pair, John Dwyer and Wolfinger.

His best one was the one he pulled at drill,

"From empty magazines with blank cartridges—Load!"

*Buzzard.*





FRED MORRIS, JR.  
MARIETTA, GEORGIA

*"Freddie" "Fritz" "Frederick"*

**J**UST why Fred left his happy home in the sunny southland and chose a career in the Navy, nobody knows.

Youngster year showed how savvy he really was, for he not only stood in the half destined to graduate in three years, but well up in it—due, no doubt, to the little omnimeter which he always had with him. Serious and moody, he likes to think of himself as a hard 2nd P.O., but don't judge too quickly by appearances, he couldn't be hard.

And, too, Fred is a curious mixture of Red Mike and snake. There were times when one would think him a confirmed Red Mike, but when the spirit moved him, it was a case of beware, you ladies! We've often wondered why he bought his roommate's miniature instead of waiting the two weeks necessary to order one.

Fred goes into the Fleet taking many friends with him, leaving many behind. Wherever he goes, he will take those qualities that spell success, and we know he will find it in the Fleet even as he found it here.

*Buzzard;  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Mandolin Club (1);  
Track Squad (1).*

JAMES COFFEE HARRIS  
ROME, GEORGIA

*"Jimmie"*

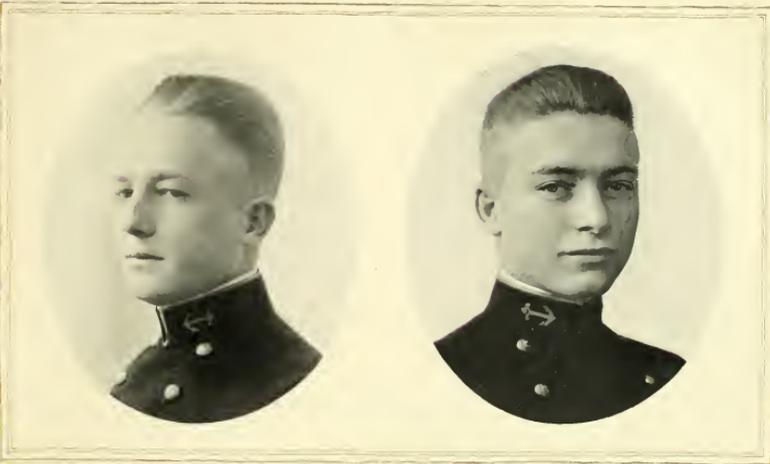
**A**TYPICAL southerner from the red hills of Georgia, Jimmie began his career as a "war baby" late in July '17. His Plebe summer passed uneventfully even for a war baby, which, however, isn't so surprising after all when one considers his profound respect for the reg book.

Although to all appearances he was a Red Mike during Plebe year, there must have been somewhere a little "spark of love-for-the-ladies" still smoldering, for you should have seen him step out when he returned with his little one diag after Youngster Sep leave. Every Saturday found him in Luce Hall going through the kind of Swedish taught by Prof Bell. When asked why he did not attend the Christmas hops Youngster year, he sadly replied, "Oh, I got Jupp-ed."

Jimmie's Academic ability was never to be questioned, and there was no doubt as to which side of the line he was on. His enthusiasm and pep should make him a welcome addition to any party.

*Buzzard;  
Mandolin Club (1).*





LLOYD LAFOT  
LAKEFIELD, MINNESOTA  
"Swede" "Blondy"

CLAIBORNE JAY WALKER  
WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON  
"C. J." "Claiborne" "Bright Eyes"

YES, you can spot him in a crowd—especially where hats are not worn—by that brilliant halo of yellow hair that crowns his savoir dome. Lloyd is savvy, slow, snaky, and sentimental, but not smitten. Love would be too flighty a task for this thoughtful youth, who drags, not as a diversion to while away the week-ends, but as a part of his moral, physical and intellectual training.

Exactness is Swede's middle name. No one ever yet was able to find a hair of his head out of proper phase with its next-door neighbor. Never intending to become a lion of the hour, he fits in well with the gang of clean-sleevers and 2P.O.'s that fills the atmosphere of Smoke Hall with sweet essence of Fatima.

Lloyd's last name is pronounced in French by some, in Swedish by others, but with his classmates, his name is spoken in the language of good fellowship. He may never have any Medals of Honor pinned on his chest, nor will we live to see his coronation as King of Sweden and Emperor of Minnesota—simply because he does not do unusual things.

It's his way of doing the every day things that makes him one of the mixers in any crowd.

*Sub Squad (1);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Buzard.*

C. J., the blonde ex-denizen of WallaTwice, got off for a bad start on his naval career by being unlucky enough to have a room in the barracks. Bright Eye's habits are, as a rule, like his manner, quiet, although he is prone to trust his luck and amount available to the galloping dominoes and occasionally holds down a chair in that select circle whose password is "up another."

He reads a great deal but his literary taste seems to run to weekly publications rather than to the text books supplied for our use in the struggle against the Academic Department. He does everything in a quiet way from gently reproving an offending Plebe to foiling an inspecting D. O. All the earmarks of a confirmed snake are his, yet he is anything but a regular attendant at the Luce Hall festivities.

Claiborne is a source of great joy to his room-mates because of his excellent taste in the way of food. His locker will always yield something to ride one past a period of hunger and anything he has is yours, be it his last glass of jelly or his pet alarm clock.

*Rifle Squad (4, 3, 1);  
RNT (3);  
Sub Squad (1).*





CAMPBELL HARRIS MINCKLER  
WILLISTON, NORTH DAKOTA  
"Mink" "Cam" "Olaf"



CHARLES RAY KLOMAN  
NEW YORK CITY  
"Charley" "Karl" "Klo"

**L**ADIES and Gentlemen: We have with us this evening a most remarkable young man from the far Northwest. Plebe summer we were attracted by that genial warm-hearted manner and free-for-all smile, which hasn't worn off yet.

Mink is distinguished for quite a few things. Any issue of the Log will show the results of his efforts. There is one thing about this boy—his supply of energy seems inexhaustible. You will never be able to tell by looking at him how little sleep he has had.

If you want to make him actually swell with pride, get him to tell about his New England recruiting campaign during First Class cruise. There isn't much dope on the internal machinery of Mink's recruiting party. However, one thing is certain—he is to be congratulated on it's remarkable results. He is of the long range type of fusser; so long, in fact, he had to spend part of Sep leave in Virginia, then stop over in Minneapolis, and finally wind up in Montana. There are only three reasons that influenced him to do this—three girls. He hasn't the right temperament to be in love, it's too monotonous for him.

You can't help but like him. He's as solid as they make them.

"Say, gotta match."

*Buzzard;*  
*Log Staff (3);*  
*Log Board (1);*  
*Lucky Bag Staff (1);*  
*Expert Rifleman;*  
*Bugle Corps (4);*  
*Clean Sleeve.*

**I**M THROUGH. These women are the most ungrateful species I've ever known!" But he dragged that very one next week and many times afterward. However Charley considers snaking more as a necessity to full development than as a priceless indulgence.

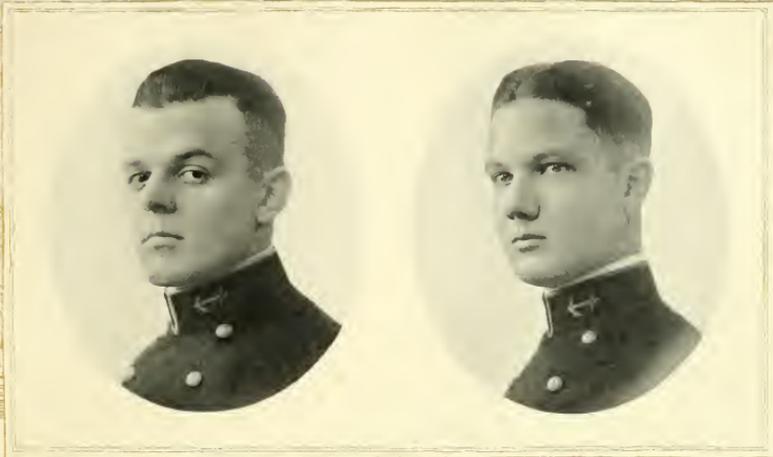
Charley is certainly the "Lost Chord" found. Plebe year he not only made the Glee Club but the Quartet. First Class year, tiring of the abundance of jazz, he was the organizer of the best musical concert ever staged at the Academy. He has music in his soul and fortunately for us, can give it out.

In addition to his musical talent, Karl wields a pen with effect; the Log is indebted to him for many of its articles. Kloman was also one of our Masqueraders. We might go on indefinitely recounting his accomplishments but space forbids it.

Charley is a man and a gentleman—a true friend—and all around as good as we want to know.

*Two Stripes;*  
*Log Staff (4, 3, 1);*  
*Masqueraders (4);*  
*Glee Club (4, 3, 1);*  
*Choir (4, 3);*  
*Choir Leader (1).*





WILLIAM FRANCIS RAMSEY  
NASHVILLE, ARKANSAS  
"Fish" "Convict"

KILBURN HARWOOD ROBY  
DECATUR, ILLINOIS  
"Kib" "Kibby" "Roby"

DOWN the corridor he waddles, like a young duck. Indeed his general aspect strongly resembles that of a duck, for when it comes to rotundity, a sphere has little on Ramsey. Because of this inborn and permanent quality of his middle and the usual non-reg appearance of his blouse, he would never be taken as a model of military bearing. Be that as it may, the casual onlooker observing the line of Plebes in front of his door just before formation waiting to be inspected would have the idea that neatness of appearance must be his hobby.

The only time he ever bothers about what he wears is when he is dragging and how he does bother then! As a snake he ranks among the foremost, but then it is only natural that the femmes should become attached to the innocent air he possesses. To tell the truth, each day of his Plebe year he received two pink letters and one blue one.

Among other honors he hit the weak squad his Plebe year and the sub squad all three years.

"I don't give a damn what you fellows say, I'm going to send my girl a telegram tonight."

*Buzzard.*

HERE we have one of Joe's Boys. One could find them together most any morning discussing or arguing the pros and cons of different questions of local interest of which not the least discussed was the great benefit derived from walking as an exercise when taken at regular and frequent intervals.

As a Mexican athlete, he is excelled by few and with ordinary luck he would easily have made his "N" in this sport. But due to the fact that he was not able to be with the boys on Wednesdays and Saturdays, he fell behind and so had to be content with numerals.

Roby's one big hobby is wireless. Give him a couple of coulombs, several amps and a volt and he will connect you up with the Shah of Persia or anyone you may desire. And when it comes to getting a Juice Prof fussed he is a star of the first magnitude.

Still it is not unusual for Harwood to pull some such stunt as turning in at formation; going to chow minus his blouse or cap; or going to a hop without collar or cuffs, but carefully wearing bedroom slippers.

"Go to it Kibby! Show them what you're worth."

*Buzzard.*





CHARLES F. ERCK  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Charlie" "Antique" "Buck" "Chollie Yong" "Oick"

OUR smiling little boy hails from Baltimore. Of course, this fact was a disadvantage to begin with but he succeeded in overcoming it ere long.

Naturally the first thing that attracts your eye is that noble little tuft of hair which still decorates Charlie's gonk, for "Cueball" is one of the old men of the class and is as proud of those few remaining streaks as a peacock of all her plumage. The most suspicious of many prohibitionists would have been aroused could they have seen the numerous bottles hurled in the dead of night from 1145 but 'twas nothing more than some guaranteed hair restorer.

Oick is the junior member of the firm of Erck and O'Brien and it's a cinch that when Ireland gets home rule they will sign up as Admiral of the Navy and Chief of Operations respectively.

Charlie's winning smile and witty line get him by big with male and female, especially the latter, and it's a treat to hear him spin his yarns about his imaginary duty on the Asiatic station. Only once has this wonderful line failed him and that was when he received an invitation to attend the wedding he had intended for his own.

But Charlie always makes a quick recovery after a fall and even now is smiling merrily on towards winning another fair maiden's fancy.

*Class Honor Committee;  
Expert Rifleman;  
Buzzard.*

TIMOTHY JOSEPH O'BRIEN  
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

"Tim" "O'Big" "Hodcarrier" "Spig"

THIS fiery dashing exponent of clay-pipes and harps wandered into our midst early in June, 1917 looking for big game. He got it, for the class of '18 had the old fashioned idea of Plebe rates. But when they shoved off he surely lent voice to his feelings.

No one could help listening to Tim when he burst forth into those enchanting Irish melodies. His voice really ought to be cultivated—it needs it! When not too busy running minor league basketball, O'Brien used to take a shower with the sub squad. Tim is no mean basketballer as any of the natives back in Springfield will testify. Why, when he went on Christmas leave he organized a team, defeated the Starfish Giants, and next day the old home bum-wad came out with the enlightening dope, "O'Brien, fleet Navy forward, was all over the court, shooting baskets from many difficult angles."

Naturally the boy is popular up there and proudly acknowledges that he is well acquainted with the Police Department. In fact he shook hands with Tim and wished him all kinds o' luck last Sep leave. So, too, it behooves us to conclude this resumé with a warm and sincere Irish "Best o' luck, Tim."

*Two Stripes;  
Log Staff (4, 3);  
Capt. Regimental Basketball  
Champions (3);  
Capt. First Class Basketball Team.*





JAMES COLLINS REISINGER  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

*"Jim" "Reis" "Swede" "Chief"*

JOHN PHILIP WOMBLE  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

*"Phil" "Wamp" "Wombly"*

SINCE Jim has been with us he has proven himself a man, fit for a man's job in the Navy. He is a hard worker who usually gets what he goes after.

Swede went to Carnegie Tech for a year before he became one of Uncle Sam's boys, and the knowledge absorbed there has helped him defy those who carry the little red books.

Plebe year Swede was on the Hustlers, and when the shells got out on the river, in the spring Jim was the first in Plebe boat. On Youngster cruise Swede gained fame for shoveling coal and also for shoveling chow.

Youngster year James soon became one of the ladies' favorites. For although he was always knocking off dragging, Saturday night invariably found him at the hop with a girl. That year he was on the A squad, and he also won the light heavyweight championship again. Two months in the hospital in the spring spoiled his chances for crew.

Jim always has time to give the other fellow a helping hand, even when there is an Ordnance exam the next day. He is a big man with a big mind, one of the kind who speak the language.

*Football Squad (4);  
Class Football (1);  
Boxing Light Heavyweight Cham-  
pion (4, 3);  
Crew Squad (4, 3);  
Crew Numerals;  
Honor Committee (3);  
C. P. O.;  
Clean Sleeve.*

HERE we have the typical happy-go-lucky Southerner who never tires of relating to us stories concerning the superb attainments of Georgia and the South. He is most abundantly supplied with those qualities which tend to make up a good fellow, so at the very slightest suggestion he is always eager to knock off boning in order to start a rough house or a hot air fest. His class standing suffers as a result but he displayed his real powers by nearly starring the last two months of Youngster year when it suddenly became necessary to do something of this kind in order to make the so-called savvy half. In Juice especially, he is a savoir, as is evidenced by his suggestion one evening just before a canoe party shoved off, that they take along his electric grill.

Now we come to the side of Wamp's nature which appeals most strongly to every one who knows him intimately. He is always ready to grant any favor that may be asked of him and is always seeing something that he may do for someone else—and doing it.

"Hey, M. C., how about the mail?"

*Buzzard;  
Class Football (1).*





RALPH BAILE HUNT  
NEW LONDON, CONN.

"R. B." "TNT" "Dynamite"

R. B. blossomed forth one sunshiny day in the early part of Plebe summer and was duly sworn in by the Superintendent and was labeled a midshipman. He had not been sworn in over fifteen minutes before a much loved D. O. cussed him out. There lies the secret of R. B.'s ability to graduate. A cussing out to him is like unto sweet music. He revels in it and then seeks some more. His seeking has been most successful. Perhaps it was his love of rasping sounds that impelled him to take up a concentrated study of the mandolin. He finally mastered it to his great satisfaction and dissatisfaction of his roommate.

R. B. was born with a pack of cards in one hand and a tennis racquet in the other. He handles both equally well. First Class saw him Captain of the Tennis Team and playing his ever consistent game.

*Buzzard;*  
*Captain Tennis Team;*  
*Tennis (3, 1);*  
*Tennis TNT.*



MORTON CLEMENT HUTCHINSON  
WOODBURY, NEW JERSEY

"Chick" "Hutch" "Mort" "Martini"

POSITIVELY refreshing is Hutch. If you are down in the dumps and need consoling or fatherly advice, just approach him and he'll commence that long rolling voice of his—"My son, you weren't careful like I am. You—" He can tell you something you never suspected about farm, fussing, scandal, or politics—a regular Blackie Daw in fact. If he'd been a girl his name would have been Scheherazade.

Fancy a balcony overlooking the bay, a starry night, or a rainy one, two "lightin' bugs" and an occasional low spoken word and you have Mort's idea of peace.

If you have found some new way of getting away with murder and want someone to try it out with, look him up; he revels in a chance. Old Chick arrived here and departed before any of us had seen the place, but he blocked the Academics at every pass on this, his second trip. He comes into his very own at the hops; wearing gloves and an Irish-pennant, he may be seen any old night shoving his clipper bow through the seaway.

"There ought to be a formula for that somewhere."

"Oh how I hate to get up in the morning."

"Hey, Isrie! been down to the Widdies lately?"

*Two Stripes;*  
*Hop Committee (1);*  
*Plebe Crew Squad.*





JOSEPH CHARLES HUBBARD  
DANBURY, CONNECTICUT  
"Si" "Shorty" "Pom" "Joe"



JOSEPH ORPHA SAURETTE  
FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Joe" "Shorty" "Frenchy"

SI HAILS from Danbury where they make the famous hats, "the best state in the union, absolutely." He is savvy but not energetic, or rather his work comes in sport. "Well Si you sat in everything?" "Oh I dunno, let's see—"

One weakness towers above all others—he falls for the wimmen. He shakes his roommate for the mail three times a day and gets all the letters anyhow. Philadelphia made a strong impression on him. One cruise there and he knew all the girls in town. Why doesn't he drag often? Well they live too far away and all the small talk necessary to get along with the femmes is rather strenuous. Besides they don't shimmy at the hops, just plain dancing.

Nicotine? Yeh, some one gave him a cigar once. He took it and tried to appear normal to a shipmate. Two minutes later he looked blue in the face. "Sort of a bum cigar?"

Shorty's cheerful disposition and good nature should be a valuable asset to him in the days to come and we'll always know where to take our troubles.

*Buzzard;*  
*Log Staff (3, 2, 1).*

JOE hails from the cold North, but his grin holds a surplus of warmth. He carries his burdens with difficulty, they fall off soon and are forgotten.

His reputation as a savoir, made Plebe year, has clung to him through his whole course. The Dago Department points to him with pride as "one who speaks the language."

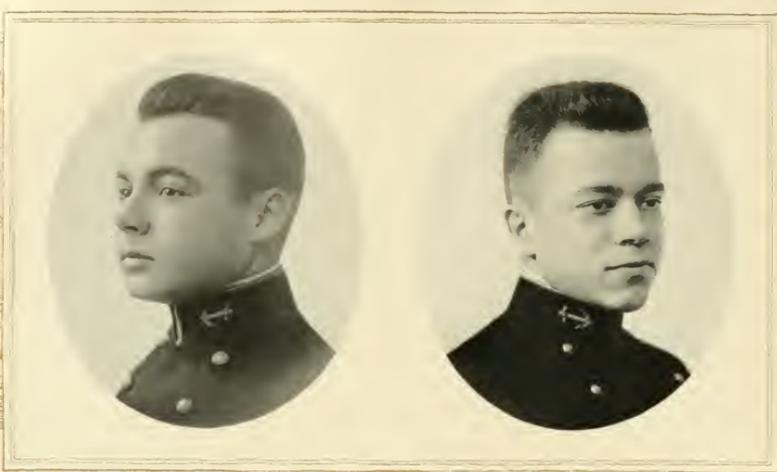
He is a charter member of the green shade, weak-eye club. Physical exams always find him an easy mark, but so far, the cards have not been shifted on him and his memory has pulled him through. In athletics, he chose gym work for his specialty; the squad always has a place for him.

During First Class cruise the rabid little foreigner cost his shipmates many hours of sleep securing him safely in his hammock after a liberty night. In the desert of Boston he could steer a straight course to numerous cases. His native brilliancy is apt to crop out on any occasion. When ordered to trace a voice tube he hollered in one end, then went to the other and listened for his voice.

"How'd you bat the P-work, Joe?"  
"Only made a 3.95 but I'm bilgin' anyhow on my eyes."

*Star (4);*  
*Two Stripes;*  
*Gym Squad (3, 1).*





PHILIP DEWEY LAMPERT  
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN

"Oshkosh" "P.D." "Lamp-Post"

"HEY, Mac, look what I found." Rifles extracted Lampert from the rear-rank of the Fourth Company. "Where do you hail from, Mr.?" "Oshkosh, be gosh, sir." "Well, Riff, we'll train him to be hard like me."

Thus did Oshkosh enter into the existence of Plebe-dom under the intense training of the two hardest P.O.'s in the Regiment; learning the art of catching mosquitoes and of increasing his water displacement. P.D. came into the footlights on Hundredth Night after the battle of Santiago had been fought and won, dancing one of those Oriental dances—the kind that makes men blush.

No wonder Mac fell for Zupp. Just picture a little fellow with rosy cheeks, a cute little smile, and a pair of large brown eyes that twinkle divinely. Even Ferd; fell for Senor Lamp-Post. "I call you Lamp-Post because you are a shining light."

"I alluz work my prob this way, did you'n come out right?" Yep, that's him exactly, but he gets away with it so nicely you would think the dictionary was wrong.

Nothing ever worries Zupp. Just try once to get him serious. He looks into space for a few minutes and then comes down with something as far away from the subject as 21-B is from graduation.

*Buzzard;*  
*Expert Rifleman.*

NEALY ADOLPHUS CHAPIN  
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

"Goo-Goo"

SINCE Chapin's first formation under '19, his name has been Goo-Goo. Despite his abbreviated stature, all those who have had the good fortune to know him either on the cruises or at the Academy will agree that he is every inch a man.

Nealy hails from Santa Barbara, the land of eternal sunshine and good looking women. He brought some of the sunshine with him and "always came up smiling." As to the effect that the good looking women had on him, it is hard to say. As far as we know him, he is nearly 100% Red Mike. He fell once on Youngster leave for a girl—"she's a friend of the family, you know"—and the looks of her peacock-blue twin six.

Chapin is a hard worker, having gone out for the gym team and the baseball squad. He never missed a practice. We'll always be glad to have Goo-Goo as a shipmate.

"Goo-Goo! What's the movie tonight?"

"I couldn't find out, sir."

"All right, 7 glasses of water."

*Gym Team (3, 1);*  
*Buzzard.*





JAMES LAWRENCE ROBERTSON

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

"Jim" "Robby" "Jimmy"

DEW WISDOM EBERLE

MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA

"Dew" "Cap" "Dooly"

A SOUTHERNER, typically Southern, that's Jim all over; and like all the rest of his tribe he's a born fusser. Just watch him gliding snake-like over the deck at a hop, or balancing a cup of tea and shooting a wicked line in some Crabtown parlor and you'll understand why he followed the line of least resistance and became a ladies' man right from the start. He thinks he's a heartbreaker, too. He really isn't, but has enough conceit to think that he is.

Robby has always been more or less inclined toward the Bolsheviki element. Witness his numerous trips to the Reina, and his loss of stripes Plebe summer. However, after spending a rather wild First Class cruise in New York and Boston, he reformed completely for leave and was still treading the straight and narrow at the class supper.

As might be expected of any Georgian, Jim has never starred in anything. He isn't exactly wooden, but the Red Book and Cosmo have always claimed too much of his valuable time. These same two specimens of literary art have caused all his athletic tendencies to be of the Mexican brand.

"Do you know what that reminds me of?"

"Speaking of Spanish Military Academies why—"

"You guys are bilging me."

*One Stripe;  
Expert Rifleman.*

OUR first impression of Dew was that he was a confirmed fusser and one of the 40%. Later he became a full-fledged member of "ye olde navee Reina Squad," having been introduced into the same by his warm friend "Alex."

As a Youngster, Dew blossomed out as a snake of the first order with many a fair yard engine in tow. These diversions, however, did not keep him from being true to his first love—Lady Fatima.

First Class year found him pursuing his serpentine habits and shaking a wicked limb with the Norfolk debutantes. It was here that his theatrical abilities were first made known in that infamous production "Bunk."

When there is a party on, Dew is usually among the first to arrive and the last to leave. Many a wild party would have failed without him, but being a man of many ports, he has kept his head well above water in all circumstances. Lack of poetic license forbids further details.

But don't think of "Cap," as a riotous reveller, for he has ability, knows when to use it, and has guided not only classmates but many a wooden Prof safely to the shore.

*Buzzard;  
Masqueraders (I).*





RAY FREDERIC YAGER  
LA GRANGE, KENTUCKY

"Yegg" "Cleo" "Egyptian Mummy"

YEGG is surely the pampered pet of the U. S. Mail Department for he gets almost as many pink letters per day as the average midshipman gets bills before graduation. Besides, Ray is one of those parlor snakes whose obsession is to decorate every hop with his classic number elevens.

Ray's locker door looks like the front page of a matrimonial catalogue, but strange to say, few of us can ever remember his dragging unsat, though a different drag came with him each time.

Mother is reg enough to spot the D. O. turning a corner three decks below, and no life history of this son of Kentucky would be complete without a mention of his various relations in the Dago Department although the Egyptian Mummy stoutly denies all accusations.

Yegg never rhinos nor worries, and he has a motherly affection which many can vouch for.

"Go 'way, I can't be bothered."

*Buzzard.*



SAMPSON GODFREY DALKOWITZ  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

"Dalk"

WHAT ho! A fire-eating Texas Ranger? No one knows about the fire-eating or the ranger part but he is from Texas. He left that state in 1917, having elected to expose himself to the life of the rolling sea.

Youngster cruise, Godfrey caught up on sleep and surpassed all former records in jumping—formations, many of the oldest inhabitants of the ship declaring that he knew more hiding places than they did even; though to George "below" was still "downstairs" and "bulkheads," "walls."

A sidewise glance into Dalk's life reveals that his favorite literature is the Red Book; his favorite sex, the other one; his favorite athletics, Mexican; his favorite place, Slumberland.

Godfrey is savvy however, and many of us have reason to remember him, for he is an ever-willing helper; time and trouble mean nothing to him if he can be of some material aid to you.

Those of us who find it our privilege to be with him in the fleet will know him as a shipmate who commands the respect and the sincere good will of all hands.

"Pipe down fellas. Les' sleep."

*Sub Squad;  
Masqueraders (4);  
Buzzard;  
Lucky Bag Staff.*





ALAN PORTER DAVIS  
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK  
"Al" "Ap" "Nap" "Jeff"



FREDERICK GUSTAVE KAHN  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO  
"Spinach Gin" "Sunshine" "F. G." "Can"

IN the spring a young man's fancy—", but it's always spring time for Al. Hops, scented notes, tea-fights, and a gallery of fair ones on his locker are the very essence upon which his aesthetic soul thrives.

But Nap's abilities are not confined to breaking hearts. Plebe year he pulled a beautiful bow oar in one of our Plebe boats, and it was only lack of weight that kept him down. And for a steady conscientious worker who has brains and knows how to use them, Al is right there. His line has been the delight of the femmes and the despair of the first battalion.

Al hails from Rochester, the "Flower City." Maybe this accounts for his eternal good nature and generally romantic tendencies. His ability to fall in love is only equalled by his ability to fall out. Youngster cruise the bunch got really worried about Al. . . He recovered, however, to come back to Crabtown to be the recipient—by mistake, of course—of a bottle of "tonic" which he wisely (?) refused to sample.

We predict he would make a howling success as the member of some admiral's staff where he could fuss and dance and play to his heart's content.

*One Stripe;  
Plebe Crew Squad (4).*

KAHN is a consistent Red Mike hailing from Youngstown. Every Saturday night found him a member of the Red Mike's committee with the Plebes at the movies. Plebe year he became famous for pulling his well-known ice-stunt in the barracks, and for the remainder of the year he lived on edge.

Can has a quiet and retiring disposition, but the first thing you notice about him is his smile. His always cheerful grin has gained for him the name of "Sunshine." He is always ready to take your duty so that you may drag the fair one.

Despite the fact that he was a member of the weak squad Plebe year and first half of Youngster year, the extra gym squad did not see him again. His one hobby is sailing.

During the three years here he has been a steady worker. Although not one of the savviest, the Academics have held no real terror for him. Youngster year found him trying to pull some of the Plebes sat. He is known to have an unflinching liking for the service and is ready to proclaim the same at any time.

*Buzzard.*





WAYNE ALLISON McDOWELL

ASHLAND, OHIO

"Mac" "Angus"

THE greatest asset of a young officer is cheerfulness. Mac seems to have known this since early candidate days for who here has ever seen him rhino? Purely optimistic,—except on blind drags,—cheerful, witty, handsome,—in a qualified sense,—and everybody's friend:—can more be asked of any man?

In our class it was "the early bird catches hell" so Mac hove-to until '18 had set sail, but cleared the Golden Gate early in July. Getting acquainted was hard Plebe summer but we heard of Wayne early in Plebe year through his renditions of humour in the spiciest Sunday evening bum-wad ever published in the Mess Hall.

Youngster year Wayne came out with all the power of a Doug Fairbanks—the women couldn't resist him—a two year record of never having dragged a brick shows that. The question of making the first half or staying in the second was a momentous one but letters from father, mother, brother, and friends performed miracles with his working disposition so that he landed high in the savvy half. If Wayne were in the Navy, we expect to read in the papers about the social light of the Admiral's Staff. He has a way all his own, that has gained the esteem and best wishes for success from us all.

*Buzzard;*  
*Class Baseball (1).*



GERARD FRANK GALPIN

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

"Galp" "Gerry" "Garibaldi"

IS it any wonder to you that he is called Dearie after you have gazed on that handsome countenance? He can always see the lighter side of anything—and from our tale of rhinoism he can always find the one circumstance that makes the matter funny instead of sad. If ever you have felt like you had lost your last friend and that after all you didn't give a damn and then—all of a sudden—found yourself laughing you may know that Galp is around.

On the cruise Galpin was in his prime. At Norfolk he could accept the hospitality of the elite and yet fully convince his hostess that the pleasure was all hers. Even in New York he learned to feel at home. From the New Mexico as a base, he, in company with Fly, cruised thoroughly the vicinity of Broadway and 42nd and learned all the intricacies of lighting effect, stage entrances, et cetera.

He is quite capable of meeting the All-Academics and has defeated them in notable engagements in such a manner that has fully convinced us of his good mentality.

*One Stripe;*  
*Mandolin Club (4, 3, 1);*  
*Sub Squad (3, 1).*





ROBERT KIRK WELLS  
WINTHROP, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Pug" "Ugly"



JOSEPH COLLINS VAN CLEVE  
TEKAMAH, NEBRASKA  
"Van" "Affectionate" "Jaysee"

THE old Navy reply to the oft-repeated Sunday night query, "What's the good word, mister?" would seem at first to aptly describe this pugnacious gentleman. He has all the beautiful sylph-like stream lines of a Mississippi River ferry-boat with about the same maneuvering ability, tactical diameter, and adaptability for high speed. His lordly mien, seagoing roll, and downcast countenance are merely an exterior mantle for his prize fighting appearance, and his blood-thirsty pose is only skin deep, for he has never been known to be hard, the youthful members in our midst being the least of his worries.

As a fusser, he makes a better plumber. Judging from his refusal to avail himself of Prof Bell's coaching, the one back home must have all the virtues of six fairies, one pilgrim, and the Queen of Sheba.

He isn't much of a mixer and it takes some time to get into hailing distance, but once alongside you won't be cast loose at the first indication of a heavy sea, and you have acquired a sincere friend on whom you can always count.

*Masqueraders (4, 3);  
Bugle Corps (4, 3);  
Log Staff (4);  
Three Stripes.*

IF YOU want to see the captain of the Hellcats, the man who is responsible for the tin horn, fishmarket atmosphere of formations, the music master who teaches all the little Plebes to blow their drums and beat their bugles—take a look. Here he is—"Van Cleave, sir, from Nebraska, sir."

Van was a more or less retiring youth when he first hit Crabtown. He had never been far from home alone, and he was rather stagestruck by Annapolis. It was such a big city. But a trio of Plebe summer roommates—one from Reno and two who had seen New York—soon had his education well under way. Apparently, however, their teaching had but little effect. Their urging didn't keep Van from playing with the overgrown knitting needles until he earned an FNT, and their lectures on the art of swimming couldn't overcome his fondness for the water. He has always been a prominent member of the submarine squadron.

Outside of his fondness for the Bugle Corps, Van is a perfectly rational human being, who can lay claim to our respect and affection on the ground that he is a first rate classmate, a true friend, and a man whose best pals are his dad and his mother.

*One Stripe (Bugle Corps);  
Bugle Corps (4, 3, 1);  
Leader Bugle Corps;  
FNT;  
Fencing Medal (4);  
Sub Squad.*





JOHN GILES BURROW  
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA  
"Woof-Woof" "Johnnie-B"

MORGAN COIT BARRETT  
BEAVER, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Muy" "M.C."

FLORIDA and the Sunny South never knew what it missed when it let J. G. enter the Navy, but it took just one Sep leave for him to discover what he missed when he left Florida. Followed by a great volume of mail, his feeble excuse for the change which came over him was that he had been working hard to get his aviators wings but we surmised that the wings in the case belonged to the possessor of a bow and arrow and a face almost as cherubic as John's.

When a mere child, his one absorbing ambition was to become a minister which fact causes us to devoutly repeat the old verse, "Make him a child again, just for tonight." He still longs to be a "Sky Pilot" but has made a change in tactics, as it were, his field of strategy now being Naval Aviation. That Sep leave he shocked all the "Jazz" ensigns of Pensacola by appearing in a "Limy" blouse with three diags. First Class year he turned hard as nails which made us look askance at the minister story. But now that it's all over, here's to you, old scout. One look at that beatific smile of yours June Week has made us doubt the fun of being a Red Mike.

Buzzard;  
Mandolin Club (3, 1);  
Sub Squad (1).

GANGWAY for the girl wonder! Ever since he calmly told Ferdi that his knowledge of Dago was "muy poco," while we all were still desperately listening for vowels, we've known that Muy was savvy. At nine-thirty all the wooden men in the Regiment were around listening to him expound anything from involute gear wheels to how he memorized Bowditch and Bullard, Vol. I. Even a seamanship Prof once got such a complete description of a hole in the ground, that he forgot to close his mouth for sometime after.

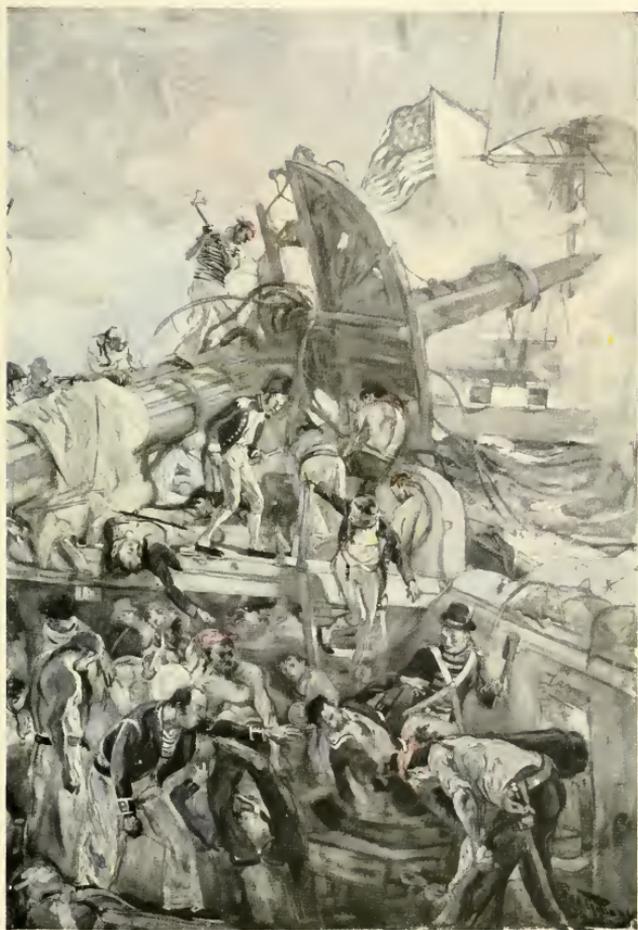
Muy's big fault is being too generous, for he is too ready to give his friends anything and everything in his possession, from his last cent to the last punch in his candy ticket. And no one was ever out with him yet that he didn't insist it was his time to treat.

"What's your name, mister?"

"Barrett, sir, with two r's and two t's. I'm no relation to Buck and I come from Beaver—that's just twenty-three miles northeast of Pittsburg, Sir."

Gym Squad (3, 1);  
Sub Squad (1);  
One Stripe;  
G.N.T.





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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

The Quarter Deck of the *Java* before the Surrender  
The *Constitution* in the Background





RICHMOND KENNETH KELLY  
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK  
"Kel" "Rich" "Dick"



ANDREW WARD KNISLEY  
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"Awk" "Nise" "Knisley"

JUDGING from external appearances, if ever a man missed his calling Rich certainly did. Nature designed him for a confidence man. With a pair of blue eyes and an angelic, innocent expression that disarms suspicion, it's almost impossible to doubt him.

The call of the sea is as welcome to him as reveille at 4 a. m. Youngster cruise was one long groan after another. Ask him his idea of real life and he'll assume a far-off expression and murmur something about a Sep leave on Greybeard and tell you to ask the man who has had one.

Books—at least text books—never worried Rich much. He wore the mark of the sat, savvy, and satisfied till a cruise on the Utah with Pug and his gang caused the click of the cubes to have such a lure that his amblings to and from Doc's on liberty became as regular as his trips to and from North Carolina on leave.

But Rich is a cheerful sort of guy—lazy, easy-going, generous, and ever ready to lend a helping hand. They tell us that the secret of success in the Navy is friendship and if so, Kel certainly has the "Open Sesame."

*Star (4, 3);  
Two Stripes;  
Photography Editor Lucky Bag;  
Log Staff (3).*

YOUNGSTER year there was one thing Awk liked to do, and that was wrestle. On the cruise we hit Norfolk and another Red Mike fell for the femmes. More than one night he fussed till eight bells and then stood the mid-watch. So now he has two fields of activity. You couldn't possibly get him near Luce Hall for a hop when he was a Youngster, but so far First Class year he hasn't missed a single chance to drag. And incidentally he wields a wicked dish of tea.

With the Academics, if he can get a chance to sketch he's O. K., but when it comes down to doping out the interval to noon, or knowing the lights carried by a Chinese trawler aground in U. S. Inland Waters in a fog, he's not so good. As a result he can't bone The Saturday Evening Post as much as he likes but even at that he has to be coaxed to study.

The famous mixtures invented by the Commissary Department present no trouble for Ward—a half bottle of red eye, with prunes on top, and he is perfectly satisfied.

He's a complex mechanism all right but a friend to everyone, and whoever hits the same ship with him, will find a good scout, and ready for anything that comes along.

*Manager Fencing Team;  
C. P. O.;  
One Stripe.*





EDWARD THEODORE KLINE  
TOPEKA, KANSAS  
"Eddie"

LADIES and gentlemen, meet the original salt-encrusted, seagoing corn-husker from the state that made prohibition famous. Ed landed in our midst about the middle of Plebe summer, fresh from Topeka. He was subject to a periodic desire to lead the simple life on a farm, but Plebe year and the *Bally Ohio* soon put this passion in the dark.

Argument is his long suit. His talent was developed Plebe year by many speeches on the "whichness or wherefor" and similar subjects. First Class year he made the A squad in Mexican athletics with this 5500 volt 100 ampere line.

Our Teddy is always ready for a good time and will go the limit to have one. He never showed any serious inclination to become a Red Mike after the middle of Youngster year.

Ed works hard and plays hard. He has a large fund of sound common sense which he uses occasionally when the demand is more than ordinarily serious. Generous—loyal—neither rhino—his friends are his for keeps.

"I'll bite, what's the answer."

*Two Stripes;  
Sub Squad.*



BRUCE SETTLE  
GAINESBORO, TENNESSEE  
"Tex"

"STOP, look and listen" is the sign at the flag-station, eighteen miles from the home of our Bruce—the town, if it may be so termed, that he left is far back among the foot-hills. The people are true old Mountaineers and long will the Plebes remember "Mr. B" for his undaunted praise of that mellow moonshine of Tennessee.

Altho Tex could jig all night long to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw" in the log cabin of Tennessee, neither could the courteous Prof Bell nor the beautiful strains of Mr. Torovsky's talented ones induce him to forsake the movies on Saturday night,—but he must have been learning something, for ask him about last summer on the Charles with a soft moonlight, a girl, and of course a canoe. Oh Ann, Ann why did you sing to me "For I am a Jazz Baby."

Bruce has had no end of trouble with the Ac Department and only that big smile and hearty chuckle could ever have got him by. First Class year B hit the May pole in four subjects and then with that same easy way and a lot of earnestness pulled sat and graduated with the honors of Steinmetz. Now he is going home, far from the seafaring crowd, to that little home in the South and may Tex remain the star toward which all the loving mothers point their aspiring young sons.

*Buzzard;  
Expert Rifleman*





CHARLES RUSSELL PRATT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Chuck" "Rosie" "Charlie"

NATHAN GREEN, JR.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Nat" "Gadget"

CHUCK, better known as Rosie, began his career back in the steel mills of Chicago. Just why Rosie left the steel mills and gave up his opportunities of becoming a great steel magnate for the Navy cannot be fathomed. However, we can say that he is certainly just the type of material for the Navy as we need iron men.

Since entering the Academy, Green has devoted much of his time to nearly all forms of athletics. His favorites are football and basketball, but he takes a hand at all of them. Besides his endless efforts along athletic lines he has steered safely through the shoals of the All-Academics. The only time that his ship came near foundering was Plebe year when he ran afoul "Tony the Bootblack", and the rest of that piratical crew known as the "Dago Department," but he managed to make the harbor of the First Class far on the safe side of that 2.96. He believes strongly in that horseshoe on his locker door, but he must have had something else to get that stripe First Class year.

Chuck, Rosie, or Charlie, whichever you call him will always have a big smile and an open hand to greet you, for he possesses a warm heart in that iron frame of his and is a true friend.

*Masqueraders;  
Log Staff (I);  
One Stripe.*

NAT is one of the most easy-going, non-rhino men in the class, but he never looks or acts the part. Entertaining the idea that dragging was more trouble than it was worth, but at the same time having a weakness for feminine smiles Nat's presence in the stag line was conspicuous. This was rather unfortunate for his line was wicked and the femmes were thereby deprived of great enjoyment.

Hobbies? Oh, yes. Music for instance. Those on the old Maine will probably remember the renditions of "The Garbage Gentlemen's Ball," "The Little Bird," etc., which the Agony Quartette would give nightly. He is rather classical in that line, too. Those on the ground deck were often startled by strains of Puccini and Rimsky—Korsakoff emanating from his room in a mellow boatswain's mate's tenor. His other hobby is boning foreign navies. If you ever want to know the number of stages in the Queen Elizabeth's turbines or the name of the Russian Minister of Marine he can tell you.

His goat does not break loose easily, but accept a tip from us and never mention the state of Tennessee in his presence unless you mean to extol it.

"Say did any of you fellows see a twenty dollar bill lying around?"

*Buzzard.*





VIRGIL VICTOR JACOMINI  
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA  
"Jack"

THE above is White Studio's effort to make Jack look handsome and savvy. That is a big assignment as Dame Nature has tried for some twenty odd years and has only succeeded in making him look savvy.

Jack started his athletic career early when his long spindles carried him over the hurdles fast enough for the Plebe medal. But his love of rest soon showed him that his road to fame was not paved with cinders. Preferring to sit down when he raced he shifted to crew. Plebe, junior varsity, and varsity is the wake his mighty oar left.

In the Academic battle he defeated the enemy at all points. As an honored member of the forty per cent his room was often a meeting place for fellow members of that powerful organization. Many were the evening study periods he spent dodging shoe brushes and lacrosse sticks, putting long shunt generators to bed, experimenting with human gyroscopes, and making repairs on the much abused light.

Jack carries the proof of his success around with him. Here's luck to you Jack. May the friendship and success which have been yours here stay with you throughout the service.

*Plebe Summer Track Medal; Star (4, 3);  
Three Stripes; Plebe Crew Numerals;  
Class Ring Committee; Class German  
Committee; Junior Varsity Crew;  
Cross-oar Numerals; Olympic Crew.*



DANIEL VINCENT GALLERY, JR.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Dan" "Irish" "Wild Irishman"  
"Dizzy Dan"

A BIOGRAPHY of this Irishman is most valuable in demonstrating the fact that first impressions are extremely deceptive.

By way of illustration: Take a look at the portraiture above. At a casual glance it is not apparent that the subject is a wrestler, still less apparent that he is savvy, and a fusser. But such, alas, is the case.

We all realized that Dan was going to gain fame as a wrestler 'way back in Plebe year when he perfected his famous tongue hold. So in later years when we saw a lean, hungry-looking young chap totter feebly out on the mat and there tie some poor devil into a clove hitch we were not surprised. Even though his tongue hold is barred, Diz has developed another one just as good, as is evidenced by his six straight falls First Class year.

When Dizzums first got here Plebe summer, he was a model of innocence and purity, but aided by his well-known note book and associates over at the Barracks he has since become a true boulevardier. In spite of the boy's faults, chief among which is a crabbed dislike of everyone's attitude, we have come to like our Diz, and those 125-pounders who go against him in Antwerp next summer have our heartfelt sympathy.

*WNT;  
N - Wrestling (1);  
Wrestling (4, 3, 1);  
Weak Squad (4, 3, 1);  
Buzzard.*





WILLIAM VALENTINE ALEXANDER, JR.  
WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Alex" "Bill"

AS a Plebe, Alex was a good First Classman; as a Youngster, a good Admiral. On several occasions his course ran through squalls but he weathered them without serious damage.

Billy (as he is known to the members of the fair sex), is athletically inclined. Spring finds him cavorting on Worden Field with the rest of the baseball artists. Pinch-hitting is his specialty—a certain home run in the ninth with two down and bases full is well-known history. First Class year, Alex was the mainstay of the class football team.

His activities are not confined to outdoor sports, however. The ballroom floor holds no terrors for him. It is a rare Saturday that does not find Alex in all his glory "giving the girls a treat." Sunday finds him striding majestically down the aisle in Chapel with a bevy of femmes in his wake.

Always ready to aid a friend in work or play or join in a yarnfest, Alex, during the three long years, proved a man that we are proud to call a friend and classmate.

"Leggo my ear!"

"Now last summer in New York—"

*Two Stripes;  
Class Crest Committee (4);  
Football Squad (4);  
Baseball Numerals (4, 3);  
Baseball Squad (4, 3, 1);  
Assistant Manager Football (3);  
Class Football Team (1);  
Baseball N Star.*



EDGAR WILSON HAMPSON  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Mooney"

MOONEY or to be exact, Wilson, as he is known by the girls, at home, and in diplomatic circles—is indeed the quiet and unassuming person he seems (that is, until you have had a chance to know and live with him).

Mooney is energetic in the way of exercise and can be found fooling around the gym every afternoon after drill. But he has confined his abilities to workouts only.

Miss Fatima has always found an ardent admirer in Mooney. Plebe year he made a cruise on the "White House," and why he has not added a constellation of stars to his Black N is due to no fault of his, but rather to a faux pas on the part of the D. O's.

Despite his wails and usual "Busted Cold," he has failed to convince the Ac Department that he ever could go unsat. Mooney is forever bilging until the marks go up. Notable of his other pastimes is the Roth Memory course; discussing the wherefores and whys of anything ranging from the nebular hypothesis to the lost coulomb and throwing coffee-soaked buns at the Gooph.

"Lets catch."

"Sounds reasonable."

*Buzzard;  
Expert Rifleman.*





EDWIN DARIUS GRAVES, JR.  
CHESAPEAKE CITY, MARYLAND  
"Eddie" "Gravy"



KINLOCH NELSON GARDNER  
COVINGTON, VIRGINIA  
"Ginny"

"YEA—Eddie!" How many times have we heard that as he pulled down some opposing back? And how often have we seen the crew come through with this same Eddie Graves holding his end up in style. He started in a three striper Plebe summer and just to show he rated them he wore them First Class year.

When it comes to being at home on the water, Eddie certainly struck his vocation. Give him a bathing suit or a half-rater—a cutter or a yacht and he'll show you the way the thing was meant to be used. His cutter crossed the finish line before the rest rounded the midway buoy in the race Youngster year.

Of course when they drew for ships the first name Sanborn pulled out was "E. D. Graves, Jr." What else could you expect? Here's luck, Ed boy, and may the future be as happy as the present.

*Three Stripes;*  
*Crew Squad (4, 3, 1);*  
*N Crossed Oar;*  
*Captain Crew;*  
*Football Squad (4, 3, 1);*  
*Football N (4);*  
*Football N Star (1);*  
*Basketball Squad (4, 3, 1);*  
*Basketball Numerals (4);*  
*Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (3);*  
*Vice President Y. M. C. A. (1);*  
*Captain Olympic Crew.*

BACK in the good old times before Virginia went dry, Kinloch was from Covington and couldn't have been moved twenty miles with a team of mules. Then came the years of draught and he moved northward in search of an oasis in the midst of a dry and barren land.

Nicknames? He has but one. He's been away from Virginia for years now, but he's been Ginny since he set foot within these walls and Ginny he will always be.

Ginny was one of the first in the class and lived in fear and wonder for three weeks until '18 went out. Then he and Eddie loafed through Plebe summer on a half-rater and planned yachting trips for their Sep leave. Plebe year he lived at the barracks. Ask anyone of his twenty roommates what made the M. C. move his bed out into the next room. Youngster year he was reg—stood eleven in grease and everybody but the Supe thought he was due for three stripes. But the gods busted—he started out with a sawed-off buzzard to which he soon added a star and three chevrons.

Here's to you, Ginny, and may the future be as happy as the present.

*C. P. O.;*  
*Two Stripes.*





MARION RUSSELL KELLEY  
PORTLAND, OREGON

JOHN JOSEPH CURLEY  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Prof" "Tarzan" "Little Napoleon" "Ben Turpin"

**T**O LOOK at Prof one would never imagine that he is one of the Academic Department's chosen few. Yet it is a fact. The wild Irishman lost no time in proving that the confidence of the natives of his home state was not misplaced in him. He has always kept a firm grip on his stars. However, M. R. has lots of time to devote to things other than books. Though he has won no medals, he is a boxer of ability. After a few demonstrations on Youngster cruise his prowess with the gloves was much respected on board the Ohio.

During Youngster year the Plebes came to look on our Li'l Napoleon as a landmark at all the hops. From the first dance to the Star Spangled Banner he could always be seen piloting some admiring femme past the dangers of the stag line.

His three stripes are the result of three years of steady application to duty, and clearly demonstrated ability.

Prof goes out in the Fleet with a host of good friends, leaving many more behind and the satisfaction of knowing he gave every man a square deal.

Star (4, 3);  
Three Stripes;  
Class Lacrosse (1);  
Mandolin Club (1);  
Sub Squad (1).

"Mike"

**L**ET'S have a 4 N, one Navy, and three for the TEAM! Ready AL-L-L-L-L-L!!" We shut our eyes, and once more the scene is before us,—in the center of a muddy field, dressed in glaringly incongruous whites, under the eyes of thousands, OUR Mike, attempting to synchronize the fiendish chortling of two thousand maniacs! Did he do it? Well, I hope to shout!

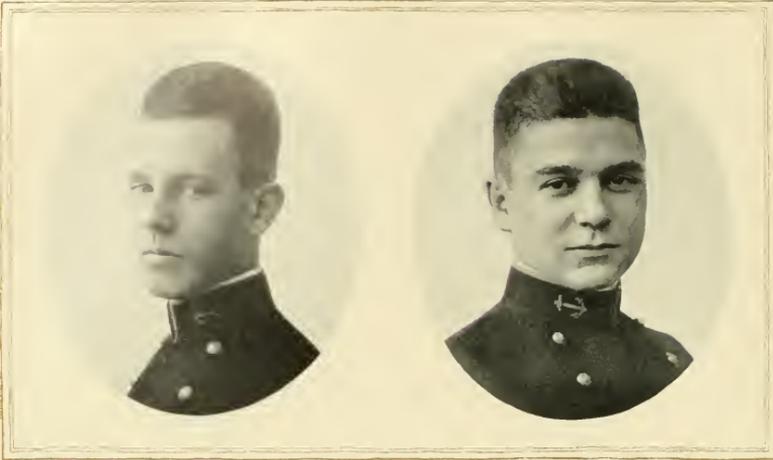
Some are born with music in their souls. Others with the same enviable quality to voice, or look, or gesture. But a person with all the music of his make-up centered in his pedal extremities! Who ever heard of such a thing? Yes, 'tis true. When Mike sings, the surrounding populace moves, if physically able. When he dances, we ruin our necks and toes trying to get a glimpse of him.

Mike is short, fat, lazy, good-natured, and conceited. He claims to have won the low hurdles Plebe summer. Yet, he would wear a borrowed suit of service which made him look like a dilapidated, overstuffed pup rather than climb two flights to get his own. When the elevator is not working he is at home in Smoke Hall.

"Don't you know who I am? Well, I'm MIKE, the Navy Cheer Leader!"

Buzzard;  
Cheer Leader (1).





WILLIAM RAY MILLIS  
LYNDONVILLE, NEW YORK  
"Worm" "Gusano"

THE Old Worm started out Plebe year to accomplish five things while at the Academy: to drag a four-o just once, not to star, not to get stripes, to graduate, and lastly to get his knees together. He has succeeded in all the great aims except the last. William had rather a hectic time Plebe year. He wanted to caulk instead of study; and shirts, cuffs, and collars were a bore to him around June week. The only time Worm got off the conduct grades was when they decided to abolish them.

Youngster year he started dragging his hometown four-o with much success, when, just before June week rolled around again, he received this out of a pure violet sky: "Dear Ray, I went and did it. Ain't you sorry? His name is John. He's an officer too, I know, because he told me he was a seaman gunner. Goodbye forever, Ray." And Ray recovered only when he met the wild women at Rockport, First Class cruise.

Athletically speaking Ray never developed, but rarely do we see brains and brawn combined. He is briny; he won't admit it, but his classmates will.

Anything with Math in it was fruit for the Worm and anything without it was a nightmare. In fact he introduced and started the slide rule craze at the Academy.

Breakfast: "No. 3, starboard, gotta shirt on?"  
"N-no--o sir."

*Buzzard;*  
*Clean Sleeve.*

JAMES ERSKINE HAMILTON  
OMAHA, NEBRASKA  
"Papoose" "Jaime" "Jimmie"

THE Cigar Store Indian blew into our midst with the War Baby draft late in Plebe summer. The sudden change from the dry Nebraska plains to the dampness of Crabtown did not noticeably affect his appetite. As a matter of fact, he soon gained the appellation of Hungry and he has been living up to it ever since. Many were the times during the day that we would be greeted with the words: "Got anything to eat?" accompanied with that contagious smile.

During Plebe year Leo Farrel and terrible pair succeeded in stirring up the wild man lying dormant in the Papoose. From then on he played the lead in all rough houses and his never failing vocabulary was an addition to many a gathering. We thought that the Papoose was going to be a confirmed snake when he broke out during '19's June week, but we were mistaken. His drags have been spasmodic and far between.

As a vent for an outlet for his vivacity he selected the habitat of Swede Hanson and Gus Weidner for the victim of his rough houses.

Jimmie is ever an apt pupil and he is an interesting example of what the Navy can do for you. Further he can't help but make good in his chosen profession; he's built that way.

*Buzzard;*  
*Submarine Squad (4, 3, 1).*





CHRISTOPHER NOBLE  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Charlie" "Chris"

CHARLIE is one of those fortunate men who do everything well and are duffers at nothing. He is thorough and efficient. He has remained an eternal enigma to many of his classmates for he is neither a fusser nor a Red Mike, neither an athlete nor on the weak squad, neither a humorist nor a rhino bird, but once you penetrate the shell of a retiring disposition, you will find a loyal friend and a true gentleman in every sense of the word.

Charlie has a passion for electricity, such gruesome tales as are hidden in the depths of Bullard, Vol. II, appealing to his literary taste. He came to us with a greater knowledge of things electrical than most of us depart with.

Although not a shining light, he is far from wooden and his game with the Academic Departments has usually left the chips on his side of the table.

Modest and unassuming, he is not a hail-fellow-well-met sort but he has the distinction of having lived three years in close community without having lost for a moment the respect of his classmates. When he goes into the service, he is bound to command the respect of those who come in contact with him.

*Buzzard.*



LEO LEANDER PACE  
GUIDE ROCK, NEBRASKA  
"Leo" "Pop" "L. L."

SOME charming young femme once called him the boy with a permanent Marcelle. Yes, that's our Leo. This youth hails from Nebraska, out where the wheat fields, the buxom farm maids, 'n everything abounds.

Fusser? You're right. He couldn't be anything else. When he does drag he drags! Ask him and he will tell you, "Cold 4.0's," all of them. He has a lingering love for fu-fu of all descriptions and whenever you catch an aroma of Djer Kiss, Bay Rum, etc., it can be traced to Leo's boudoir.

As to studies. Oh, well, they never bother him. Not that he stars, he doesn't. Reding is against his principles. Give him the Bon Book, American or Cosmo and he is happy. And don't leave out letter writing. Often is a study hour used up in this occupation.

As a whole, Leo is one of the best pals a fellow could have. You can't help liking him. A true friend. And when it comes to a show down Leo is there, and can be always relied on in a pinch to come across with all that is in him.

"How's to let me sleep."

"Well, I'll be go to hell!"

*Buzzard.*





STERLING THOMAS CLOUGHLEY  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
"Cluff" "Esty"

DWIGHT HARTWELL WILSON  
WICHITA, KANSAS

"Dutch" "Pug" "Little Nemo" "Dizzy"

"MAMMA, is the circus coming?"  
"No, my dear, that is the Sixteenth company."

The shirtless Sixteenth—the original Red Guard—and at their head, if he has decided to attend that particular formation, is the champion non-reg three-striper of the Regiment, Sterling the Sockless.

But regs are not the only things he can bust, as the Pointers learned when he decided to end the suspense of a 13-inning Army game by boosting a ball an unknown distance in the general direction of his beloved San Francisco. And that is only one of the many times since Plebe year, when his work in the pinches has won him the unquestioned right to be called one of the strongest points in the team.

He has made his bunch of pirates the best-drilled company in the Regiment—the Regiment itself applauded them the week before the Army game. He has two qualities which aren't found as often as they might be—modesty and sincere friendliness—a friendliness that means something. Those who know him are for him. Those who don't, have missed something.

So here's to the Noblest Roman of them all!

*Three Stripes;  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 1);  
N Baseball (4);  
N-Star Baseball (3).*

THE Kansas cherub is famous for two things: his never failing smile and I.C.S. fussing. For anyone, the first needs no comment; the second is plain to those who have had to excavate for him in a mountain of billet doux, or who have seen ardent replies manufactured on his trusty mimeograph.

His affinity is tobacco. With a Fat cuddled in one corner of a cheerful grin he owns the earth. A member of the Radiator Club, a golf fiend, a movie fan, a swigger of Herpicide, and a founder of the infamous "Cofradia," and yet he is savvy.

He is constitutionally non-reg. Reveille never saw him turned out nor late blast in ranks. Plebe year his guileless gaze distracted attention or gained mercy, but he isn't that innocent now.

As a pal he is a Lulu. He can do anything from repairing clocks to reciting "Sam McGee" and to see him rolling along like the Whiskey in a seaway is a show in itself.

"One, two, three!"

"Who'll the lucky woman be?"

*Buzzard.*





BURTON BEECHER BIGGS  
ELLIOTT, WEST VIRGINIA  
"Chief" "Major" "Bijess"

THROUGH the darkness of the heavens the stars are often hidden. But this does not destroy our conviction of their presence. Nor is our confidence less in Biggs because he wears no stars upon his collar. Behind this dark picture we know to be the constellations of wit, of sincerity, and friendship, and of an outstanding and ready knowledge.

Biggs has a ready laugh and a good line. Possibly we may say, like Omar, that he "was never deep in anything but wine"—outside of studies—but shows a versatility of subject matter nevertheless.

Among the lighter things of life, the fair sex—for we so include them—claim no small share of Burton's time and attention. The reputation of the service is here upheld, however, for Biggs has supreme control over all things feminine.

Like many of us, Biggs is lazy but gets away with it. Cruises are rests from Academic toil—except for Nav P-Works—and study hours well-suited to Shakespeare, sewing on buttons, arguments with Tommy, or Smoke Hall. And while we speak of Smoke Hall, let us say that although Biggs has sworn off skagging as often as he has dragging, he is still among those present to our enjoyment.

To help—to laugh—these bring friends. Burton has many.

*Buzzard;*  
*Sub Squad (4, 3, 1).*



JAMES CONNER POLLOCK  
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA  
"Polly" "Tarzan"

"OH, Gawd! I wish I was back on the West Coast. If I ever get out of this state I'll go so far west it will cost a fortune to send me a newspaper. Betcha it rains before morning; if it doesn't it will snow." But even at that he admits he had a good time on the cruise in New York, and at Rockport, how he did fall for those little fishermaids!

The Polak's one ambition was to graduate without ever dragging to a hop. We don't know why, possibly he was afraid of getting bricked or bricking someone else, or again because of those letters from Frisco he used to read every Saturday after the Nav P-Work and then lean back and remark—"That's the kind of a wife to have."

Polly never got far in athletics as he played around at too many sports to make any one—his favorite indoor sport was the gentle art of boxing. Nevertheless, Polly is Navy through and through and has a solid friendship for all who will meet him halfway.

*Buzzard.*





ARTHUR DELANCY AYRAULT, JR.  
TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK  
"Del" "Delawncy"

"HAIL, hail, the gang's all— Well Holy Smoke, who comes here?" It was Arthur Delawncy—a little late to be sure, due to a slight handicap of too few years—just squeezing in before late blast of Plebe summer. This pink-cheeked dark-haired lad left his happy home in Tuckahoe to face the world and the Academic Department with boundless enthusiasm and self-confidence. However, this did not keep him off the weak squad—he busted in forty out of forty muscles. But what is one muscle more or less anyway? He pulled sat as a Youngster but visited Bully regularly First Class year.

About the middle of Youngster year he became real ambitious and decided that he would go out and grab some honors. He drew slips, the Masqueraders won, and First Class year he became chief scene shuffler.

Although possessed of more than his share of good looks, Arthur is a member in good standing of Max Black's Saturday evening movie show gang. He never drags—not because he doesn't want to but—"they are such useless things, you know." Delawncy, although a natural savor, failed to star, but when Arthur and the Juice gouge disagree they work the gouge over.

*Two Stripes, Battalion Adjutant;  
Masqueraders (3);  
Stage Manager, Masqueraders (1);  
Three Stripes.*

WILLIAM MARION KILLINGSWORTH  
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"Killy" "Birds"

KILLY is a typical Southerner. His drawl, his easy assurance of manner, his way of saying everything as if he really meant it, whether he does or not, as well as his many conquests of members of the fair sex, unmistakably mark him as hailing from the Sunny South. And he is so proud of it that he'd rather run a plantation in the Game Cock State than be the wealthiest broker on Wall Street.

He fusses regularly but seldom drags the same girl twice. His average is nearly sat, in spite of the fact that he once dragged blind. If you want to find out about that just ask him but do it on the run. He's absolutely at home with a pen in his hand (provided there's someone nearby to help him spell). There's just one handwriting whose absence really troubles him and when the letter doesn't appear on time he bilges in everything until it arrives.

Studies never bothered Killy. Youngster year he was an authority on fiction magazines, but First Class year he spurned such frivolous forms of relaxation and spent most of his spare time (and much that wasn't so spare) in sound and blissful slumber.

"Say, wake me up when formation busts, will you?"

"And Killingsworth seems to be such a nice boy, too."

*Buzzard;  
Expert Rifleman.*





GEORGE HORATIO LAFONTAIGNE PEET  
NEW YORK CITY

*"Ezrie" "Peter" "Duke" "English"*

A ROLLING stone and a soldier of fortune. The synchronism of this man's name and personality is one of the remarkable discoveries that his closest friends have unearthed. Pete's first name, "George," represents the English blood in his veins, aided by his distinctly British air which was acquired in his boyhood. Plunging further into his name as well as his personality we come upon "Horatius." That is Greek, we believe, and must account for Pete's incorrigible desire to be big and strong. He loves to conquer—anything and everything.

Look again! We see La Fontaine and think we have fathomed Pete at last with his fluent line of true Parisian French, acquired during seven years in France, and his polished manners.

Finally we see Ezrie's base name "Peet!" It brings him down to earth again into our midst and discloses him as a regular-built dyed-in-the-wool Yankee. A continual source of interest is Pete. A gentleman and a scholar and a judge of good whiskey.

*Buzzard.*



JOHN CAVE RULE  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

*"Johnnie" "Spruder" "Eaglebeak" "Moses"*

JUST take a look at Spruder and then you can wonder why he held the honor of being the rarest specimen of Plebe at the Academy? His fame was established the first day of Plebe year when he was told to look wild. From that time he was court jester to many a tired and down-hearted Upper Classman.

He is a charter member of the Oil Stove Society and possesses an unusual non-reg ability for getting away with things. On the cruise it was Spruder who put the pep into liberty and when it came to work it was also Spruder who did the caulking.

Johnny is an all-round athlete and he has done much to promote the spirit of sportsmanship at the Naval Academy. His most cherished forms of athletics are walking which he reserves especially for Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and aesthetic dancing in which he excels. Plebe year he was a valuable asset to the fencing team, but when, because of his erratic aim, a new coach was needed, Johnnie decided to lay off.

Spruder's wanderings on shipboard in search of a safe caulking place has given him an intimate knowledge of naval construction which should prove invaluable when he hits the Fleet.

*Buzzard.*





FRANCIS XAVIER MCINERNEY  
CHEYENNE, WYOMING  
"Mac" "Jake"

SOMEONE once said of Mac that he was as steady as a church-spire, but this is not correct; church-spires have been known to blow down or topple over, or otherwise disport themselves in an un-church-spire-like manner, but not so Mac. He's just as steady and level headed as the day is long, and when you add to this an inexpressible fund of wholesome good humor and incurable optimism you have a thumbnail sketch of one of '21's most likeable personalities.

The less said of Mac's Academic life the better, for as a natural savoir Mac is an efficient laundry maid. There were many dark days as we plunged deeper into those little books "written especially for the use of midshipmen," but with the aid of the Wyoming State Tribune and the aforementioned habit of refusing to see anything but the silver lining, Mac has weathered the gale and fooled them all.

We'll be scattered to the four winds soon, but wherever we are, Mac, here's to you. The clan will never gather without drawing up a chair for the absent Jake, for he's left his impression.

*Buzzard.*



TALBOT SMITH  
RAWLINS, WYOMING  
"Red" "Smitie" "Squiri"

THE day that Red decided to cast his lot with the Navy was a lucky one for the class of '21, for he has done a world of good in chasing away that rhino feeling—no one can be rhino with him around. Always ready to start something, Red has created many anxious moments for the gang. He was the originator of the famous Goose Grease and has made his friends the objects of his experiments.

Each Saturday found Talbot stepping over to Luce Hall to give the femmes a treat and succeeded in captivating a good share of them with that un-failing line of his. One of these days one of them will take him seriously and then—

Near the end of Youngster year the two Reds took a sail in a half-rater which they will never forget. First Class cruise and the Florida found Red in his old role of originator. More than once did R. P. P. slam the axe on him.

Talbot is sure to be successful in whatever he undertakes for he has the faculty for doing things. His shipmates will find him a true pal and steady worker.

"Here's Tuba! Bust out the Foo-foo!"

*Buzzard;*  
*Expert Rifleman.*





BRYAN COBB HARPER  
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS  
"Thug"



RALPH EDWARD MCSHANE  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Mac" "Mick" "Irish"

"MR. HARPER, are you out of order?" Our young hero, taking his cue from that classic which has immortalized the sacred name of Arkansas, emphatically replies "? \* \* !— I'm out of order." Whereupon an admiring yegg giggles "Ain't he the thug, though," and it stuck. One glance at his benighted countenance and the Thug appellation appears anomalous. But those rookies who had the pleasure of drilling under B. C. and who were cussed into a decent drilling company First Class cruise will vouch for its appropriateness.

Having early in life worked out for himself a philosophy of clean living and having lived up to it without visible effort on ostentation throughout his 21 years, Bryan has been a decided stabilizing influence in the lives of his wild and Bolshevik room-mates.

The honorable B. C. coming fresh from the yellow journalism of a Southern sheet gleefully hopped into the serving or rather the nursing of our old stand-by "The Log," into the ambitious periodical of today. After three years of battling with one o'clock taps and six o'clock reveille his efforts have been crowned by seeing his beloved staff the first to receive the 1NT pin authorized by the Commandant as a recognition of the Log's value to the Academy.

*Buzzard;*  
*Log Staff (4, 3);*  
*Editor Log (1).*

BECAUSE he has been a hard worker ever since we have known him; because he is a star man; because he is a three striper; but chiefly because when the day's work is done and the pipes are lit down in Smoke Hall, you would never guess that he is any of these, we nominate Mac for our own Hall of Fame.

Mac is possessed of an uncommon persistency that has kept him busy in a widely varied field of endeavor. Instead of following the line of least resistance, like so many of the rest of us, and easing through the course without undue exertion, he has been one of the Log's standbys, he has done his bit for this Lucky Bag, and he has played on and managed our first soccer team. Ralph even took a fling at lacrosse until he was convinced by a Second Classman who swung a mean stick that the game was just a bit too rough.

At the hops Mac has been ever present. More persistency, or perhaps it's just that tendency to join every crowd and make it listen to him.

If ever we come around a turret to hear a division told "Stand at attention now and carry your hands back all along" we will know that we've found Mac and his grin on the job.

*Three Stripes;*  
*Star (3);*  
*Class Lacrosse (1);*  
*Manager Soccer Team (1);*  
*Soccer Team (3, 1);*  
*Log Staff (3, 1).*





CARL HENRY REYNOLDS  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
"Jack" "Red" "Dutch"

**J**ACK came to us straight from Flatbush and with him came an unusual ability, as well as desire, to enjoy life to the fullest extent. And still more to his credit is the fact that he has retained that same ability and desire through his three round Academic struggle.

But then it hasn't been such a great struggle for this good-natured son of the Great City. He seems to have been blessed with his full quota of that valuable quality known as savviness. No, you won't find any glittering stars on his collar, although the Executive Department did show their appreciation of his ability by pinning one over the bird. Being of a musical turn of mind, you can always find him after a meal in the very center of that little knot around the piano, emitting clouds of harmonious smoke. His rendition of some of the old favorites such as "That Is Not the Reason" are notorious.

Is he a snake? We ask you—give a look! And as for hops—until he took to the canoe and all its charms he never missed one.

*Buzzard.*



ROLAND ERNEST SIMPSON  
PANA, ILLINOIS  
"Venus" "Simp" "Roly" "Pany Boy"

**R**OLY hails from Pana, the Garden Spot of Christian County, and he has been singing its praises since entering, while on the other hand, the Pana Palladium has responded with many flattering write-ups, including the famous one, "Pana Boy with Pershing."

Before entering the Academy, Venus had a preparatory course in the Gyrenes, in which he fought Spigs, in Santo Domingo pounded the typewriter, and laid the foundations for his grease with the English Department. He evidently liked the life, for he has been a Marine Corps booster ever since. His familiar hippopotamus waddle in infantry will make a big hit in the next tropical revolution.

Simp did quite a little snaking Youngster year, dragging down eight or ten bricks at once and earning a permanent hold on the Second Company Enameled Terra Cotta.

Simp early learned what regulations did not mean, and was consequently often mentioned in morning orders. He became notorious by a Plebe expedition to Washington with the D. O., and was finally lost to civilization First Class cruise at Boston, where the sirens at Nantasket lured him down.

Venus has been too angelic for such heavy work as athletics, though his plunges have been many. He'll do well on a horse, if it has a strong back.

*Buzzard.*





HOWARD HANSON HUBBELL

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

"Wampus" "Bubbles" "Hub"

THE best way to obtain an insight into the true characteristics of this loyal son of Missouri is by taking a good look at him. All of his inclinations stand out prominently. Lazy, and consequently always sleepy, that's Wampus all over. Although belonging to the 40% he is one of those naturally savvy men. He has never had any worry Academically speaking since joining the ranks of Uncle Sam's pampered pets.

He is a fusser of the first order. Entertaining the fair sex six of the seven days of the week is by no means an uncommon feat of his. Although he drags from W. B. & A. and occasionally from Philly his heart is, if we believe him, out in the Missouri Metropolis.

The fact that he is not a star man together with his naturally non-reg disposition speaks well for his efficiency upon which basis alone he was awarded three stripes. Ask anyone in the old sixth who is the best three striper in the Regiment. True as steel, Wampus will make good in the Service as he has here at the Academy, which is all sufficient.

"Hub, where do you get that stuff."

Three Stripes;  
Class Lacrosse (1);  
Director Y. M. C. A.

ROY CLARE HUDSON

BIG RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

"R. C." "Hud"

HUD and his winning little smile settled down among us late in Plebe summer and one of his first acts was to win a black "N" flirting with Lady Nicotine. His wavy hair has always been a drawing card and a large and voluminous correspondence is his fate. However there is one in particular, for he has been known to wax impatient for a certain pink tinted letter. And rumor has it that he has disposed of a miniature.

Roy's activities, however, have not been entirely Terpsichorean. A promising career on the football squad was cut short Plebe year by an extended visit to "the little home beyond the grave." Nothing daunted he gave up a week of that precious First Class leave to follow the pigskin and won a place on the class team as a result of his efforts.

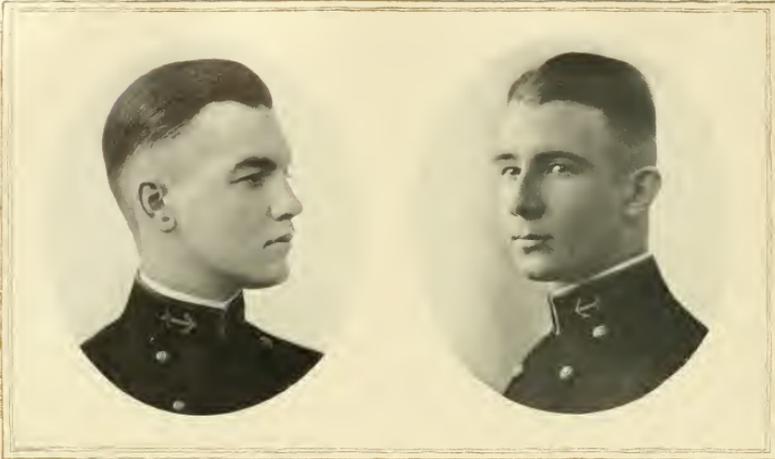
Huddy gained the reputation among his "twenty-three roommates" Plebe year of giving the best he had in him and he has lived up to it steadily.

We look for big things from you, Roy.

"He is one of the handsomest men I have ever seen."

Three Stripes;  
Football Hustlers (4);  
Class Football Team (1).





BURNS MACDONALD, JR.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
"Mac" "Bums"

**D**ID you ever meet one of those happy-go-lucky chaps who just winks his eye and laughs at the worst as well as the best? Well, that's Mac all over. You can search the Seven Seas for a man with such a winning chuckle. You've simply got to feel at home around Burns, Jr.

Burns MacDonald, Jr. is handsome but not particular. He divides his attention equally among blondes, brunettes, and Baptists. He has an easy way of getting along equally well at a roughhouse or a reception,—just as he has an easy way of offering you a Pall Mall and then saying "Gimme a Fat."

Mac always preferred to get rid of his surplus energy over in the gym as he darn well pleased rather than working with any athletic squad, altho he put in a season with the Plebe crew squad. One could count on finding Mac hanging around the wrestling mat after drill, waiting for the first comer. The first time was usually enough, too,—for the comer.

Mac earned his stripes. "You can't keep a good man down." It will always be so with Mac. He has that way of coming out on top whether it's work, play, or a free-for-all.

*Two Stripes.*

ALLAN EDWARD JULIN  
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT  
"Julep" "Al"

**J**UST imagine, if you can, a New Englander with a mechanical, endless flow of pungent wit—without repetition. Miracle of miracles, yet 'tis true! His presence inspires silence and an attentive ear, "for who would speak when his words play boomerang?"

Useful, indeed, is the man who can cause smiles to break forth on Sunday eve. Or he who can make the engine room watch forget the battened down hatches and shut off blowers during a target run at sea with a "I heard a good one somethin' like this—."

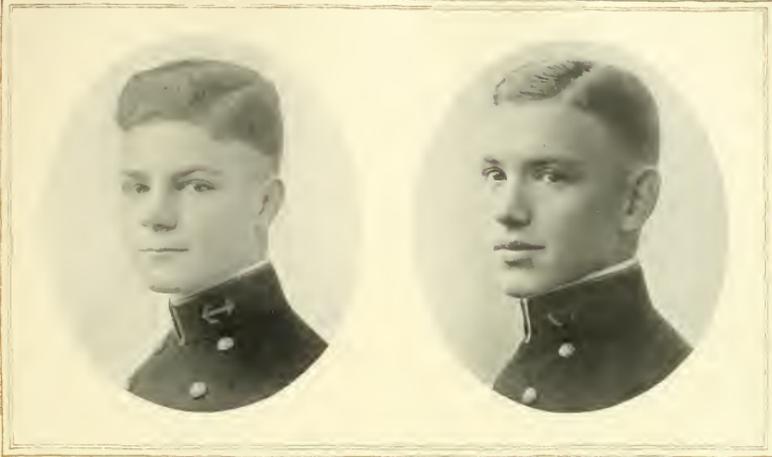
Ambitious? Sweet spirits of Nitre! Our Julep tasted the bitter cup of defeat, when after three months' labor with three diags in view, he saw on his pass book—Buzzards \$16.75.

Initiative versus inclination is the everlasting battle of the elements in Julep's versatile bean. Whether 'tis more comfortable to exist in idle seclusion than noble to toil at the proverbial grinds, one—that is the question. For the Academics there is but one answer—negative execute. But for a pal in need? Hell, yes!

"Speaking of navigation; did you ever see George McManus cross Time Square?"

*C. P. O.*





RENWICK SMEDBERG MCIVER  
AT LARGE  
"Mac" "Renwick" "George"

LOYD LINCOLN TOWER  
PEPPERELL, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Hon"

RENWICK was born in Alaska—a country very similar to Norway—and though it was too cold to fish, he enjoyed his stay there immensely. After leaving Alaska, he journeyed down to the Philippines where he acquired the sun-kissed cheeks for which he is well-known and justly famous. Then after traveling all over the globe and seeing all there was to be seen, he arrived here.

Tall, handsome, dashing, his winning ways soon gained for him a place on the hop committee. Every Sunday night, Mac swore to drag no more and to join the ranks of the Red Mikes, but the next Saturday saw him fussing again.

However, his athletic tendencies were not confined to hops, for he is no stranger to the gym and he coxed the Plebes to victory his first year; and since then, has made his letter in tennis. So far as the All-Academics are concerned, he came mighty near capturing the little gold satellite.

As an all-around good scout and a real shipmate, he can't be beaten and if you don't believe us, ask any man in '21.

"Boy, wasn't she a queen?"

- Buzzard;
- Plebe Summer Tennis Singles Champ.;
- Coxswain Plebe Crew (4);
- Crew Numerals (4);
- TNT (3);
- Hop Committee (1).

LOYD came from the state which produces more star men than all the others put together, but in spite of his Boston accent, he didn't seem to care much about holding up the average of his state. He is comfortably savvy, can usually get a sat mark with very little study and still have time for a roughhouse.

Plebe year Lloyd decided to become a member of the crew squad. Having made up his mind a six weeks' siege of mumps did not keep him out of his seat in the Plebe crew which rowed in the Henley. During Youngster cruise when a stroke for a cutter crew was needed Lloyd took the job. In the race for the Lysistrata Cup his crew won easily thereby having their names added to the cup. Class football gave him a chance to show that on a class team he could do his bit with the others even though he had not gone out for the squad.

Is he a fusser? No! Why? Just keep track of the number of letters that arrive from Wellesley during one week and you will have your answer. He goes to hops but is usually found in the stag line.

We are glad to have known you, Lloyd, and we are for you all the time.

- Plebe Crew (4);
- Crew Numerals (4);
- Crew Squad (3, 1);
- One Stripe.





FREDERICK GUION CLAY  
PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

*"Henry" "Freddie" "Cupid" "Keopic"*

"OH! Look at that little boy; he looks like a high school boy. How can he be in charge of a company?"

That young and innocent expression which you see on his face has never failed to get him by the most cautious young ladies and the Executive Department.

A graduate of Culver, a fighter and an experimental authority on life in Cuba, his snappy military attitude and sense of duty mingles well with his "tropical" tendencies. His three stripes are evidence of his attitude and sense of duty. When you see him leading his "harmony ticklers" as they render a sentimental Spanish ballad with just the proper amount of jazz on their mandolins, you will understand the rest.

Cupid is a man of very decided opinions. He backs them up with cold cash too. Those on prohibition and what constitutes common sense are as interesting as they are definite. Although a strict disciplinarian he has more than his share of real friends, for he is as square as one of his beloved "African golf balls." He has been the life of more than one party.

"Do I really look so young?"

"Now at Culver they didn't—"

*Mandolin Club (4, 3);  
President Mandolin Club (1);  
Champion Featherweight Boxer (4);  
Three Stripes.*



WENDELL GRAY SWITZER  
TOPEKA, KANSAS

*"Windy" "Switz"*

MEET Windy Switzer who gave up a care-free corn-fed existence on the rolling prairies of bleeding Kansas to become a sailor.

Windy, however, needs no introduction, for his never failing good nature and generous disposition have won him the friendship of all who know him. Strictly non-greasy, he is one of that rare specie that can read the *Cosmo* all through study period and go over to class and get by with velvet.

Although not an inveterate snake, he is no dead one when it comes to the femmes, as several young innocents could testify. While in Boston on the cruise he took a sudden interest in art. Indeed, it was even rumored that he had engaged a model, but this proved false.

First Class year all of his friends who courted Lady Nicotine agreed that he had one of the finest tendencies in Bancroft.

Windy possesses two things which make for success in the Navy: common sense and a sense of humor.

*Buzzard.*





CLARENCE EDWARD OLSEN  
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS  
"Ole" "Oley" "Swede"

OLEY came into our ranks early in June 1917—receiving benefit from the teachings of the late-departed class of '18,—but being very unassuming in his ways, he did not make himself known to many of us during Plebe summer. As Ac year rolled around the Swede promptly rose toward the upper border of our class in a manner common to a saavoir, but at the last minute he grew superstitious and refused a star.

Youngster year he confined his attentions to letters and photography, giving little thought to Calc and Skinny, but his marks dropped very little. First Class year he became one of the boys—bilging an exam every now and then, but he couldn't hit a bush.

Ole remained a true Red Mike until deep into Youngster year, and after one jump into the realm of our alluring hops, he swore to be a Red Mike forever. Later, however, he was again tempted, with better results.

Swede went out for basketball every year, but got no further than the training table, for they need but five men on the team.

He has a way of making good, so we shall know that our best wishes for his success as an officer will be realized.

C. P. O.;  
Basketball Squad (3, 1);  
Basketball Numerals;  
One Stripe.



WILLIS NEWMAN ROGERS  
ORLANDO, FLORIDA  
"Buck"

AMAN? Yes. A gentleman? Yes. A good scout? Yea, bo! We hope to tell you. Our knock 'em cold boy comes from Florida, and perhaps this is one of the reasons why we find the Newport girls there in the winter.

After giving the Navy a two-year tryout Buck decided it was the place for him, took the entrance exams, and landed here just in time to welcome the Upper Classes back from Sep leave. Owing to a late start and an aversion to telling the Profs all he knew, he began his Academic career in the basement—scholastically as well as literally. But you can't keep a good man down, and so it has been with Buck.

Of all the Red Mikes who conscientiously avoided the gym on Saturday nights, this man wins the cast steel dancing pumps. But time works wonders.

If you want a friend who is with you to the last gun, from parading the streets of New York to giving you his last nickel, ask Molly about the man who took care of him for two years—Buck Rogers.

*Buzzard.*





JAMES SIMPSON MACKINNON  
JUNEAU, ALASKA  
"Mack"

MACK started his Naval career by being the first entry in '21. Much to the glee of '18 they found he came from Alaska where in the winter it is much too cold to fish. When later he was shanghaied to the Barracks that Eskimo sang concerning "Kahlah Klah." The "Bewitching Igloo Lass," rendered in choicest original Indian would invariably let him carry on. On the strength of this classic he was bidden to grace the choir.

A Northern blue-eyed twinkle and a natural friendliness of nature made a host of friends for the blonde Norseman which resulted in his election as Class President, and well has he steered us through the vicissitudes of varied administrations.

After his unfortunate effort on Youngster leave to drag two different girls to two different dances in two different parts of town at one and the same time, one would think that even this trail-hardened "sourdough" would balk at the femmes. But ask our Simpson about that cigarette case he left in Boston on First Class cruise, and about the time he gave a learned discourse on Alaska to a Sunday school.

"Sir the Regiment is Formed."

*Football Numerals (4);  
Class President (4, 3, 1);  
Three Stripes;  
Chairman Honor Committee;  
Chairman Ring Committee.*



OLIVER DYER COLVIN, JR.  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"Collie" "Savvy" "O.D., Jr." "Officer of the Day"

MORT says that Ollie looks like he was saying, "What! only a 3.8? Why I'm Colvin!" every time he went to class. And Mort ought to know.

Colvin and Mack started in together when they were humble Plebes—or as humble as they considered necessary—and together they have been ever since. "Colvin and MacKinnon" sounds as familiar as "Johnson and Ainsmith" used to sound to Washington fans.

Ollie claims that the state of Washington is the garden spot of the world and if the number that tried for ships at Puget Sound is any indication the boy may be right. When it comes to snaking he is the past master of that art (or science). Treat them as if they were dust seemed to be the thing until just after the Army game.

He rates his title of Yard Engineer and his choice in general is fine when it comes to femmes, chow, shows, or reading matter. Particularly shows and reading matter. Ask the postmaster—he knows lots of things if he'd only tell.

Ollie talks Dago, Russian and Italian but when he can't talk with his hands he turns on the English and then—stand by for a run. Here's luck, Ollie, just carry on.

*Regimental Four Stripes;  
Star (4, 3);  
Log Staff (3);  
Choir (4);  
Masqueraders (1).*





MORTIMER EDGERTON SERAT, JR.  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA  
"Mort" "Valeska"

THE first thing that strikes you when you meet Valeska is a contagious laugh and an always evident smile. What matter it that there is nothing to smile about; Mort finds something pleasant in the most hopeless of situations.

As the result of an Executive Department spree, Mortimer was advanced from the command of the First Battalion to the command of the Regiment. In both capacities he did his work well and may well be satisfied. Also, Valeska is savvy—quite so—and used it to good advantage when his desire to do so prompted him. This he not always did because when it comes to ambition he resembles very much a person whose only desire in life is to find a place where he can sleep forever and have someone feed him when he is hungry and too tired to move himself. His eternal excuse is "Aw, I'm going up and caulk."

But in spite of his idiosyncrasies, Valeska is human. We'll never forget the time we met him in New York the night of the Army game dizzily trying to convince Carl that they should go home to the hotel.

"Let's go home."

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Honor Committee (3);*  
*Five Stripes;*  
*Masqueraders (4);*  
*Star (4, 3).*



FRANK CHARLES McCLURE  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI  
"Mac" "Whitey" "Fancy"

SINCE the day Mac entered the Academy he has been full of pep, fun, and good sportsmanship. The thing that impresses you first and last about Mac is that he is a mighty good, clean sport. He will take a chance on anything and usually wins, but he is not in the least dejected if he loses.

Although Mac is not an "American" athlete, he is captain of the sub squad and has been engaged in almost all kinds of non-athletic activities, including the Lucky Bag. Mac has always been a ring leader of the Red Mikes, and with one or two very sad exceptions the most tempting descriptions of would-be blind drags have failed to lure him from his course. But in spite of this we have inside dope that out in St. Louis, his own city of breweries and pretzel factories, our Mac was violently dethroned by a fair little lady, and accordingly will use his uninterrupted sub squad lessons in a last exhibition of swimming off the sea wall in June with the rest of the future Benedictics.

As classmates, we know that in this man of little boning and much saviness, we have a comrade and friend to be proud of.

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Honor Committee (3);*  
*Star (4, 3);*  
*Two Stripes;*  
*Class Supper Committee;*  
*German Committee.*





GUY CHADWICK  
OLD LYME, CONNECTICUT  
"Chad"

THOSE weeks spent with '18 were full of strange experiences for he was a savvy Plebe and kept old seventh's non-reg band of file closers on the guess.

Guy shined brightly as a model in Professor Bell's daily dancing deliriums. Coupled with Russ Talbot he ranked with the most accomplished disciples of the Terpsichorean art.

Like a true sport Chadwick picked his sport and did his best at it in consistent effort. He championed the oar and liked a seat in a shell above drags or fruit sundaes.

Chad's daring spirit made him jump ship to get among the bright lights of Yorktown's great white way. He called his excursions cross-country walks but there is some doubt whether somebody's pies or somebody's face was at the root of the matter.

His memory for names is confined to hit and miss letters. He can give you graphic ideas of the incisive deduction required to find a girl whose name holds an *m*, *s* and *i*. Rotten luck, she had a date after it took him a week to figure out her name and address.

"Aw, I say, I've got to walk extra duty. That C. P. O. went and put me down for being late to formation."

*Buzzard;*  
*Choir (4, 3, 1);*  
*Glee Club (4, 3);*  
*Crew Squad (4, 3).*



RICHARD F. CROSS, JR.  
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE  
"Madame" "Dick" "Red"

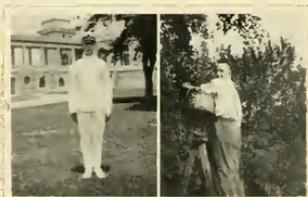
WITH his big blue eyes and bewitching curl, Madame cuts quite a path among the fair sex. Unfortunately he lives only for the "little girls at home." Yes, Dick is already very much married and his daily letter is the envy of many.

In duty, as in love, Madame is conscientious, which fact was evidenced by his rapid promotion. Parlor activities or "Thipping Thider" at Shanley's never had a grip on Dick, but, that cruise in New York gave him plenty of opportunity to see the "wife."

Academic work has been plain sailing for Dick and his practical knowledge in Steam has helped many over the rough spots. Madame has great persuasive powers, ask any Second Classman, he has a way of convincing you that you are wrong that doesn't leave any sour thoughts when he reports all lates.

To us Dick is a man. One of the kind who are a great help to those in trouble. Wherever he goes his messmates will find him an efficient officer and a pal.

*Buzzard;*  
*Chief Petty Officer;*  
*One Stripe.*





FREDERICK DONALD KIME  
KANE, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Omar"



THEODORE O'HARA MOLLOY  
YUMA, ARIZONA  
"Mickey" "Molly" "Irish"

TO really appreciate Omar's point of view you should see, beg pardon, you should hear him about four minutes after reveille. Omar doesn't talk fast, but the original Khayyam doesn't have a thing on this son of Pennsylvania when it comes to getting the maximum meaning per mouthful.

However, everyone likes Kime. He's easy-going almost to the point of a vice, and he packs a ready smile, never fails to impress one with its sincerity and friendliness. Omar has a good line and, although he's a confirmed Red Mike, he claims that he can tell the boys a few things about the femmes.

A character sketch of Kime would be inexcusably incomplete if it failed to mention his unusual ability for learning and rendering Kipling and Service, and the ardent and devoted way in which he defends the now famous little town that sent him here.

"Yes, boys, Kane is the most beautiful, wonderful, progressive little town in the East!"

*Buzzard;*  
*Sub Squad (4, 3, 1).*

WHAT'S in a name? Some are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them, and others claim it by right of eccentricity. If one is an Irishman by pedigree and carries the map on his face, let him be known to posterity as the Mick. To the untutored, Arizona is the land of deserts, cactus, and the prairie dog, but Molloy claims that it has its redeeming features.

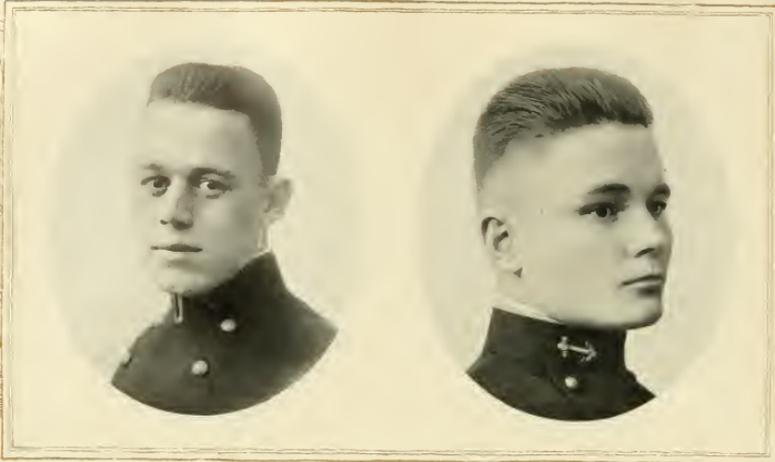
Mick had the misfortune to be relegated to the Barracks Plebe year and managed to completely efface himself until First Class year when he emerged as a P. O. with the implied distinction attached thereto.

Due either to innate simplicity of character, youth, or lack of experience and association Mick received his diploma without a complete education. Women have remained to him a complete enigma from the time of entering until the time of leaving these lovelorn walls. He has the advantage of going forth, however, with the world before him, which is more than can be said for the many less fortunate who are sophisticated.

Hard work and the steadiness of purpose which characterized Molloy's stay at the Academy took him through the mill quietly and smoothly.

*Buzzard.*





LEONARD LEBARON LYONS, JR.

MOBILE, ALABAMA

"Barry" "Count" "LeB"

"THE light that lies in woman's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing."

Barry didn't write those lines but he surely has lived them. Browning's poor duchess who loved all that she looked upon and whose looks went everywhere, didn't have a thing on "Eaglebeak." He is so susceptible to the charms of Southern girls that he has nearly worn out the Western Union wiring compliments and notices to three of the four invited to the hop, that he is sick. He bought so many class pins that he got them for half price, and he himself says that he has ordered three miniatures. If he ever gets married he'll have to elope and wire regrets to the rest of his fiancées after it's over.

Barry has a "Mobile" nose, an "I'm from Alabama" expression, a globe-trotter attitude, and the manners of a Chesterfield. And you'd never guess it, but he's a little bit conceited. He doesn't tell anybody, but he really thinks he's pretty good and he is.

"Open ----- Ranks."

*C. P. O.;  
One Stripe.*

RALPH ORSEN MYERS

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

"R. O." "Harvard" "Reserve Officer" "Ralph"

ANY man who goes on duty every single holiday Plebe year excites our pity. And any man who fusses every single Saturday Youngster year excites our envy or sympathy, according to our disposition. Despite the fact that the same unappeasable fate which put him on duty Christmas Day two years in succession usually arranges anything from a train wreck to a spell of flu to prevent the fair dragger from arriving, you will always find Ralph at the hop.

His activities are all confined to the gym, when not on the dance floor. His idle moments are spent in the fencing loft practising the parries and lunges. Ralph has no little skill with the foil and sabre.

R. O. is a worker as well as a snake. He believes in making every minute count and is one of the few of that belief who put it into practise. Determination and persistence are his strong points, and with these two helpers he always gets there. Ralph is quiet, with a sense of humor that is not boisterous, and a seriousness that is not oppressive. He can take whatever comes without a grumble; he can see the product of hard work swept away, and go right to work again. Ralph has a good mind and he will make up the difference between "good" and "brilliant" by hard work.

Myers has the confidence and friendship of every man who has come in contact with him.

*Buzzard;  
Fencing Squad (I).*





CARLTON SHUGG  
NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Carl"

NO, the picture on exhibition here isn't an example of modern art entitled "Prize-fighter in Midshipman's Full Dress"—it's Shugg. He wears a seven and five-eighths cap, but you couldn't get all the brains he carries under anything less. Doesn't look savvy, does he, but really a Prof treed him with a 3.0 once and the Academic building shuddered.

Take another look at that photograph. White tried to earn his thirty-five dollars, but even Michael Angelo couldn't have disguised that look of cold disdain. You could tell a mile off that he had no thought for the lighter things of life, couldn't you? Well, pass over the chips, you lose, because you have never made a liberty with Carl.

Those of the Florida gang will long remember his midnight cruise on the berth deck. He took a departure from the midshipmen's compartment and ran for about twenty minutes by dead reckoning. A Marc St. Hilaire on the scuttle butt showed him to be about eight frames from his calculated position, so he hove to in a cot until he could get an 8 a. m. sight.

No man in the class could work harder when it was time for work, or play harder when it was time for play. He is a rare mixture of brains, horse-sense, and good fellowship.

*Star (4, 3, 1);  
Four Stripes.*



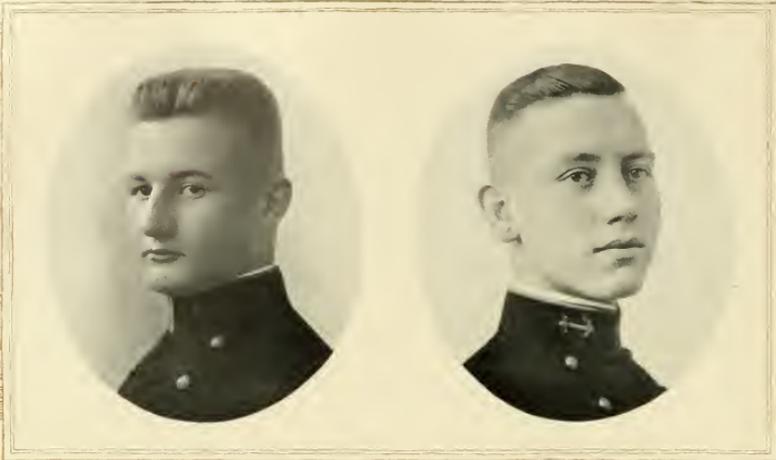
RICHARD MORGAN WATT, JR.  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA  
"Morgie" "Savvy"

MORGAN knew more about the Service when he came in than most of us do now. If you don't believe it get him started talking about his Lieut. Com. friends or how he used to cox a tug from Norfolk to Old Point when he could only reach the bottom of the wheel. He came in here as a war baby. His white works were his first. The boy could play tennis though. He and McIver started by cleaning up the Academy in doubles and they've been at it ever since. First Class year he started wrestling and what he showed in the one match he was in proved the Navy missed a good grappler by his failure to go out sooner.

On account of being a Navy Junior, Morgan has to smoke a good deal and any way he has a natural hankering that way. It's not so much the amount he drags as the way he does it. How he managed to lead his class is beyond the scope of this work but it seemed to come easy because he found time to pull part of the Bart sat while he did it.

*Four Stripes;  
Star (4, 3, 1);  
Tennis Team TNT;  
Academy Doubles Championship (3);  
Class Tennis Champion (4);  
Wrestling Squad (1).*





JOHN DAVITT CORRIGAN  
CLYMER, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Swede" "John D." "Jack"

RAMSOM KIRBY DAVIS  
GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA  
"Dave"

"WHAT'S your name, Mister?"  
"Corrigan, sir."  
"Where you from?"  
"Corrigan, sir."  
"Aw! where you from?"  
"Clymer, sir, Pennsylvania, sir."  
"I thought so; shine your shoes, you big Swede."

Just why John D. never went out for football is still an unsolved mystery, for no one ever enjoyed a rough-house more than this wild-eyed Sinn Feiner. Being one of those people who can start a scrap without a quarrel, he is surely a qualified lacrosse player.

His reputation as an English or Dago Savoie was slightly undermined by the respective Academic Departments. Frequently they kept him guessing as to whether his monthly mark would be in red or blue.

Up until the First Class cruise, Swede was listed among the Red Mikes. But that cruise on the Oklahoma, the tea-fights in Norfolk, and "Another Good Man Gone Wrong."

Aside from being a founder of the "Horizontal Club," John D. has done little but live up to the principles promulgated by that worthy organization. We hope, however, to live long enough to see him use some of that energy we know he possesses.

*Buzzard;  
Lacrosse Numerals (3);  
Lacrosse Squad.*

WHEN Dave embarked on his seagoing career he brought with him all the reticent, peaceful, and easy-going mannerisms so common among the soft evening breezes and nodding palms of sunny Florida. These qualities were great assets during Plebe year and he made it easily and smoothly with few pap sheets and little extra duty.

After English was buried Youngster year, the rest was fruit for him. Math or Mechanics seemed to emanate from his fertile brain as do the lightning results of a slide rule under deft fingers. It was of no wonder that the end of the year saw him perched among the satellites.

It took a three months' summer cruise in Brooklyn Navy Yard and the Great White Way to animate Dave's dormant genius as a fusser and an adept pupil of the shimie. First Class year saw his smiling countenance at nearly every hop, ever striving to increase his knowledge of the femmes. May it be said that even here his cool calculating brain did not desert him, he fell for none, neither did he dream.

Broad-minded, unselfish, never taking advantage of a less savvy classmate, Dave will find a welcome where'er he goes.

*One Stripe;  
Star (3).*





THOMAS LIPPITT WAFFLES

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

"Tom" "Tommie" "Waffles"

**T**OMMIE is an F. F. V. (though he never admits it) from the quaint little burg of Alexandria, where everything is done according to Hoyle.

The ladies say he has "adorable" eyes, which is true. They also say he can dance—which is even more true. He has a suave line, a knack of handling the teacup, and a persistent love of his job. He intends to stick with the Navy for life because, really, his blues do show off his looks to good advantage. He looks at the bright side of everything—is full of Navy pep as any man in the place, yells himself hoarse at every game and practice, dances himself sick at every hop, and spends himself broke on every liberty. He fusses the women wherever they are found, and will even take a chance on dragging your brick rather than spend the evening at the movies. The Academics have caused him no worry. He bones with the same enthusiasm that marks everything he does. Thus, he steers clear of the rocks, not by working himself sick, but by boning when it's time to bone and playing when it's time to play.

Waffles has an easy temper. But how he has steered clear of Fats through three long years of this environment is beyond us.

We expect big things of you, Tommie.

*Buzzard;*  
*Soccer Squad (3).*

RODGER WHITTEN SIMPSON

CORVALLIS, OREGON

"Sim" "Simp"

**L**OCHINVAR had nothing on him.

Out of the West, so the story goes, rode young Simpson, Navy hound, and it came to pass that he played football and dragged femmes, between which two activities his temperament so ranged that there was no fury like his aroused over a pig-skin, nor disposition so meek under a woman's smile.

Simp was a ranking member of the Hustlers, and the Army on Nov. 29, 1919 felt their efforts, for it is the Hustlers that make a real first team. He stayed unsat in grease during most of First Class year due to his persistent efforts to get in the lime-light and appear non-reg.

A shimmy hound of no mean ability, we find Simp out amongst them at the week-end festivities, and although being one who would call himself Red Mike, he had the appellation of snake thrust upon him by earning it.

A good nature, a ready smile and big heart are Simp's outstanding virtues.

*Buzzard;*  
*Football Squad (4, 3, 1);*  
*Choir (4, 3, 1);*  
*Glee Club (4).*





HOWARD CLARK  
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK  
"Howie"

SINCE the days of Brown, Dalton, Carey and others, few among the pampered pets have risen to the heights of fame attained by this graceful cherub from White Plains. Wearer of three N-stars, four stripes, and leader in almost every activity, he has been in the calcium glare from the first.

Hippo's rhetorical abilities were brought to our attention after Youngster leave when the news reached us from White Plains that the local high school had been thrilled by his silver-tongued oratory and wild profanity.

Hard luck and injuries kept Howie off the gridiron and diamond most of Plebe year, but Youngster year he came into his own and was one of the first to tack a star up over his N. And who will ever forget the fall of '19, when, "His Immensity" at the wheel, the Navy Juggernaut plowed rough-shod over the Gray? Then, as a fitting climax, he closed his career in a blaze of glory on that memorable day in May when he "Babe-Ruthed" Army to a stinging defeat with two circuit clouts.

No girls, he hasn't found one yet to balance the other end of the breakfast table, but the old Tenth knows that when he does trip, his whole mass of two hundred odd—Oh, very odd—pounds is coming down with an awful thud.

*Four Stripes;  
Baseball Squad (4);  
Baseball N-Star (3, 1);  
Football Squad (3);  
Football N-Star (1);  
Class Honor Committee (4, 3).*



SYDNEY SERRILL BUNTING  
JENKINTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Syd" "Bage" "Steamship" "Buntin'" "Sunshine"

IN THE first place he spells it Sydney, and his accent would do the most blasé Reginal credit. Those rosy, chubby cheeks have attracted the attention of more than one girl, and given him the name of Baby Bunting.

Syd is fond of jokes and he always announces them with a husky guffaw—but, when he has finished, one generally fails to see the point. Baby has his ups and downs in love and his spirits vary from the joys of a seventh heaven to despondency at absolute zero.

He is a hard worker and is usually successful in most things he tries. As manager of the baseball team he has worked from the inside, having had two years' experience as a member of the squad, and thus was particularly well-fitted for the job.

Here's luck to you Syd! We know you will hold down your future jobs in just as capable a manner.

*Baseball Numerals (4);  
Baseball Squad (4);  
Baseball Numerals (3);  
Baseball Assistant Manager (3);  
Baseball Manager (1);  
One Stripe;  
Two Stripes.*





EDWARD MATTHEW THOMPSON  
COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS  
"Ed" "Tommy" "Fat"

EDWARD EVERETT HAASE  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI  
"Doc" "Eddie"

"HEY, mister—you starring?"  
"No, Sir."  
"What's your low mark?"  
"3.39, sir."

So behold the quiet but not timid satellite whose favorite saying was "never on the weak squad" and who believed that "if you don't like beans and a dollar a month then get out of the Navy."

It must have been during one of those Kansas Augusts when the call of the sea first reached Ed, which proves that even droughts have their advantages.

At any old time in the future when you happen to meet Ed, be it at Lands End or the Cape of Good Hope, you can always count on that big grin and, "Howdy, old top, where you been and what you doing?" It was ever thus with the savoir and those friends gained at his alma mater will only be exceeded by those made in the Service.

*Two Stripes;  
Star (3);  
Swimming Squad (1);  
SNT.*

"A GROWING boy must eat" says the old adage. To those of us who know this yellow-headed giant, outtopped by a head, his belligerent assertion, "Well I am only seventeen" sounded fishy until we saw his labors at the table.

But 'tis rumored that now he can even drag and subsist on a Carvel meal. No, you are wrong; love has nothing to do with it. He serenely drags them all, sips leisurely of the nectar of passing bliss and promptly forgets all about them.

But Eddie didn't acquire that twisted grin and lose half that tooth in the dangerous game of snaking. For two years from the second team he waded into Dobie's chosen ones and fought as only his youthful enthusiasm and determination can make a man fight. He had been warming up for his fling against the Army when the whistle let loose that howling mob.

Doc will fight for a friend at the drop of the hat, and is a man whose friendship is to be desired. In that wooden-looking gonk is a brain that has pulled many a man sat and prevented the increase of the civilian population.

*Football (3, 1);  
Football Numerals;  
One Stripe;  
Class Lacrosse (1).*





MAX IRVIN BLACK  
MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA  
"Max" "Sennett"

THE way to a man's heart is through his stomach. The best way to know a man is to be his messmate. That is the way we know Max Black.

"Sennett, how about dragging for me Easter?"

"Man, I'd die first."

This is typical of Max. He has a clean record—three years at the Naval Academy and never once on the dance floor except with Prof Bell. Don't imagine though that he is no judge of the contrary sex, the Mack Sennett girls he picks are never equalled at the hops.

Most men who never drag do not know what to do with all their spare time. Max is not so afflicted. He has done more to provide amusement for the regiment than any other man in the Academy. Known to everyone as the movie man, he has by his efforts established a weekly movie show which would be hard to equal. As an electrical man he has been indispensable to the Masqueraders. All the lighting and electrical effects have been his creations. His electrical signs need no mention. The precedent he has established will keep his successors busy.

*Buzzard;*  
*Masqueraders (4, 3, 1);*  
*Musical Club (4, 3, 1);*  
*Sub Squad (3, 1);*  
*Manager Movies (3, 1).*

WILLIAM]PITT KELLOGG  
TOPEKA, KANSAS  
"Bill" "Pitt" "Gran'pa" "Kell"

WILLIAM Pitt Kellogg is the original self-made little man with the big ideas, the personification of the comedy, a country politician.

Pitt should have gone into commercial life because there is nothing which he takes more delight in than mapping out a selling campaign for some article which he has acquired somewhere in his varied travels.

Youngster year he consistently tried every known remedy for those vanishing hairs and it seems that he has been successful as the backward march of his ivory forehead has halted these last few months.

He claims no connection with the man of corn flake fame except a hearty appetite for his wares, because there is nothing which he gets more pleasure in doing, outside of fussing, than eating.

During the early part of First Class year he consistently drank half the swimming pool each week trying to pull off the sub squad. At last he decided that he couldn't drink it dry and walk across so he tried swimming and eventually got off. Since then whenever he cannot be found in Smoke Hall you can bet that he is out in town with some femme.

*One Stripe;*  
*Sub Squad (1).*





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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

The Capture of the *Detroit* on Lake Erie by Lieutenant Elliott





BRIAN BOIROIHME KANE  
BEVERLY, NEW JERSEY

"Bee-Bee" "Shanty" "Borlu" "Borummy"

**B**RIAN hails from New Jersey. He first came to Crabtown as a "war baby" in the middle of Plebe summer, but just as he was learning the way around Bancroft Hall and preparing for the returns of the multitude, he found himself among those exiled to the Barracks across College Creek.

Bee-Bee has two specialties, eating and fussing. It is hard to tell which he would rather do, but he has greater opportunities for eating as long as he is a midshipman. In the mess hall the well-known "t'ain't no mo'" is the only thing that can stop him, and outside the mess hall, well, no unguarded supplies are safe.

And as for fussing—he first demonstrated his abilities as a snake Christmas Week of Plebe year and again in June Week. Youngster year he never missed a hop and First Class year he left the stag line to its fate—and dragged a femme of his own every week.

Brian is also an athlete. He has been on the track team ever since Plebe year and you can see him out on Farragut Field any spring afternoon doing the hurdles. Outside of track season you will probably find him taking a work-out in the gym on the flying rings.

"Say, Bix, how about going down to the store and getting me something to eat?"

*Track Team (4, 3, 1); Numerals;  
Gym Squad (3, 1);  
Glee Club (3, 1);  
Choir (4, 3, 1);  
Buzzard.*



THOMAS JOHN RYAN, JR.  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

"T. J." "Paddy" "Tommy"

**AS SURE** as the angle of incidence equals the angle of reflection, does Tommy's radiant facial contortion without end reflect the sunshine of the Southland. That same cheery, if somewhat vacuous, grin which won him fame Plebe year, has stood him in good stead during his complete conquest of the fair sex. Early in those attacks of his upon the unresisting wimmin, Tommy often alternately blessed and wished them elsewhere, but since he has found his niche in the land of jazz, all has been well.

Aspiring to the Apollo-like setting-off afforded by those one-piece bathing suits, he started early as a super-sub and First Class year became manager of the swimming team. He also joined that jolly gang of ruff-nex who tri-weekly answered the official call "There will be water-polo practice in the tank this afternoon."

Ryan spent the first part of First Class year wondering if he could pass the February eye-test in sick bay, and the last half (even as you and I) in solemn anticipation of clutching that precious sheepskin, donning his shoulder marks, and then—Fleet ho! and the long, long cruise.

"Say, Al, what is a skirmish line, anyway?"

*Buzzard;  
Log (4, 3, 1);  
Swimming Squad (4, 3);  
Water-Polo (1);  
Manager of Swimming and Water-Polo.*





ALBERT SAMUEL ARKUSH  
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

PAUL ROWE COLONEY  
BRADENTOWN, FLORIDA  
"Colly" "Paulus"

HERE is a man not so widely known—but a man whom few of us are able to appreciate. Behind a solemn face is concealed a mentality the working of which is weird and strange.

The theory that all star men retain the satellite only by means of the reflection from the past year was definitely disproved by Arkush when Youngster year, he discarded the stars only to have them thrust upon him again First Class year.

No mere trifles does his mind entertain. When you see a studious look come over that face and see him grab for a pencil and paper, you may know that he has an idea that will probably turn out a successor to his navigational slide rule or his calorimetric regulator for Bancroft Hall showers.

Intimates, however, declare that Arkush is swearing off the serious life—thinking of dragging to the hops and of becoming a real social liar like the rest of us. He would probably play the game successfully too. Arkush is hard to beat at most any game. He is quite an expert at handball; it is a difficult job to put his shoulders on the mat; and at checkers, he knows no peer. In fact, he is a stern man to oppose at anything.

*Star (4, 3);  
Buzzard;  
Wrestling Squad.*

IT IS hard to say what enchantment in Navy life enticed Coloney to leave the orange groves of Sunny Florida to enter the Navy; in fact, he himself is unable to give a satisfactory explanation, especially when it rains, as it incessantly is wont to do in Crabtown.

He takes life rather seriously and gets after things with a persistence that brings results. If you want to start an argument on any subject known to man, just look him up. It's hard to find him rhino and he is oft to be seen ambling along oblivious to the outside world engrossed in some weighty problem.

Smoke Hall, the Cosmo, and the Red Book hold no attractions for him. However, he frequently bones the Photoplay Magazine. It's a safe bet that Paul can be found most any Saturday night in the auditorium of Mahan Hall, and it's hard to find a pampered pet who can hand you a better line on "Who's Who and Why" in the movies.

"Say, if we were only down in Florida now."

*Buzzard;  
Clean Sleeve.*





ALBERT GEORGE COOK, JR.  
MONROE, LOUISIANA

"A. G." "Cookie" "Little Albert"

THOUGH A. G. may not have the reddest hair, we must admit he is the owner of one of the readiest smiles around Bancroft Hall. He hails from the "best state in the Union," and is ever ready to prove it. Whether all his dope is true, we do not know, but that he has a good line was evidenced once in his English recitation Youngster year when he misunderstood his assigned topic, filled a black-board on a subject not in the lesson and got away with it.

However, Cook uses his head for some other things besides keeping his ears apart. It is even rumored that he has turned his massive intellect to inventing and some day we may hear of him as the Westing-house of the Navy.

Just what variety of snake "Sweet Cookie" belongs to is not easy to say, but we do not think it would be improper to call him a king-snake. It is claimed that during his summer cruise in the Brooklyn Navy Yard his snaky inclination reached a maximum, but judging from his record at the Academy it is difficult to believe. A. G. dallies with them all without fear or favor, but some of his friends fear he left his heart with some fair 4.0 down in Louisiana.

Good luck to you, A. G.

*Buzzard;*  
*Track Numerals (3);*  
*Track-N (1).*

WARREN FISHER TAYLOR  
MONROE, LOUISIANA

"Mike" "Jo-Jo" "Late Blast"

WHENEVER you hear anyone holding forth on the advantages of the far South and Louisiana in particular you may be sure that Mike is around. His standing in Steam is not exactly at the top but we stand ready to bet our "fussing" suit of service that he can detect a tendency where boiler experts would declare none existed. His love for Lady Nicotine is only exceeded by his love for argument, and when he can get both of them at the same time he fairly radiates happiness.

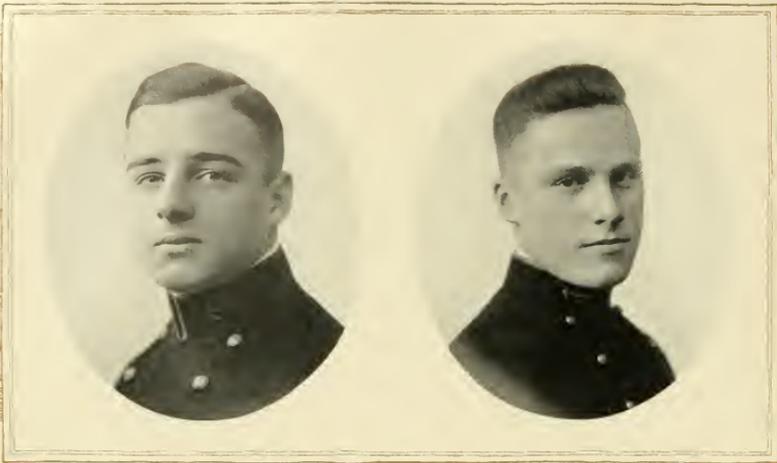
Jo-Jo is adverse to athletics because they interfere with his smoking. He keeps in pretty good trim, however, going to formation, and he holds the Academy championship for late blast dodging.

He swears that he is a Red Mike but there are thirty-nine men who were on the *North D* who will tell you quite a different tale, and anybody who saw him the night of the Game would be inclined to believe the thirty-nine.

Taylor claims that he is wooden, but those who know him, claim that it is his natural love for arguments that causes him to think more of proving the book wrong than of making a thirty in class.

*Buzzard;*  
*Rifle Squad (4);*  
*Expert Rifleman.*





LOUIS A. BENOIST  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
"Bennie" "Bobs"

FRANK MALVERN MCLAURRY  
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Mac" "Red" "Malvern"

WITH a career which includes everything from riding a bicycle in the Carvel Hall grill to dragging to a hop sans socks, Louis XVII, Sultan of the Third Floor Back, has found his three years well occupied and delightfully free from ennui. Lou has rated First Class consistently since he first crossed these portals, although his wings have been clipped several times.

Dobie took our Lou into his fold Plebe year and after subbing for Wookie as a Youngster, closed his career in a blaze of glory by playing All-American football against the Army. Bobbsy also wrestles a nasty muscle and is grace personified in the gym.

Prosperity and popularity have made Lou speak only the more depreciating of his achievements while always ready to give the rest of the boys a boost. Life ought to take on a brighter aspect on the Asiatic station when Lou gets there. Brilliant, when he so wills, there should be few stops in Bobbsy's progress up the ladder.

"How ye looking tonight, Al?"

"Hey, Malvern, come over here, I just heard a good one."

*Two Stripes;  
N-Star (1), Football Numerals (3);  
Lacrosse Squad (3);  
Wrestling Squad (4, 1);  
Gym Squad (3);  
Hop Committee (1).*

"OH! who's that great big red headed man?" "Isn't he wonderful?" "He looks just as if he were carved from MARBLE." There you have our Red, the proud possessor of the reddest hair and bow-dest legs in the class. Really, you can't blame the femmes for falling for him.

Red's claim to the hall of fame is not limited to his auburn locks alone. Ever since he was first discovered on the premises, Red's existence has been noted as one unchalant and care free. His first year he spent at the barracks with the traditionally famous Duke Guiler, out of reach of the disciplinary department. The second year he was too quick on his feet for them, and his third year, Red was too deft of finger to allow his name to be besmirched by ornamenting the daily pap sheet.

Due to pure hard luck Red did not make his letter in basketball but not to be downed he made his N-Star when the Army was snowed under in June.

*Buzzard;  
Baseball Squad (4);  
Baseball Numerals (3);  
Basketball Squad (3, 1);  
Hop Committee;  
Log Staff (3, 1);  
Baseball N-Star (1);  
C. P. O.*





CHARLES DELORMA WHEELOCK  
RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA  
"C. Dy" "Reverend Hicks"



WILLIAM ANDREW GORRY  
SOUTHINGTON, CONNECTICUT  
"Hod"

THIS long, slow savor claims that southern California is the garden spot of the world and he will quote yards of statistics to prove it to you if you only let him. Even at that he has all the New England ear-marks—a conscience and a star—and manages to conceal his home country till some bird starts knocking the West Coast. Then stand from under.

Plebe year he turned his hair grey trying to keep Mick Carney from breaking up the furniture with Zotti—he has hard work keeping any hair at all, now. Then he blossomed out as fusser on the cruise and borrowed all the white service on the Maine to wear on wild parties while the rest of the fellows paid a quarter a bottle for pop at Yorktown. These left their mark—he doesn't drag much but everybody thinks he's a snake from the way he acts when he does drag. Olin and Johnny Pixton try to keep him satisfied with the movies but every once in a while he harks back to the wild parties he and the Rev. Hicks used to have upon the North Shore and then the Western Union makes some more.

If he doesn't pick the Construction Corps some skipper is due a thorough officer and some gang a mighty considerate shipmate.

*Expert Rifleman;  
Star (3);  
Company C. P. O.*

HOD is to the manner born a Red Mike. A girl to him is a thing that must be closely watched and not allowed to come within hailing range. He has not voluntarily whiffed any feminine foo foo since entering the Navy. As he is possessed of a Venus-like form and a sweet angelic face this has always puzzled the rest of us. At the old timers' reunions, however, Hod has shone. His timely remark to the hostess at the Supe's reception deserves to be written into history. Perhaps it will. Who knows?

When Bill roomed in the old second wing he had quite a reputation for being an embryo Bolshevik and often was his grease mark written in vermilion. But now—oh shades of Tecumseh! How he has changed! He is regulation even unto the letter of the law. Lost is the training Red gave him. He graces the staff with the best of them and never walks extra duty.

Plebe year he tried to hone a grease with the recording angel by attending church twice on Sundays. He was ranking member of the Red Mike Triumvirate but when Tex and Butler fell by the way he remained the last of the species.

*Battalion C. P. O.;  
Class Lacrosse;  
Class Football.*





WILLIAM WILLIAMS JUVENAL  
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT  
"Willie" "Bill"

WHILE the woodcraft of his boyhood days was still fresh on his youthful mind, our little Willie gave up his job as coach of the Norwalk rifle team and captain of the home guards. His native heath knew him no more for Willie was sure his talents rather better fitted him to follow those who "went down in ships to the sea."

Bill's strong affinity for things mechanical has marked him from the beginning of his Academic career. The products of his epicyclic brain throbs have embraced everything from mechanical tendency indicators and automatic window closers to pantograph arrangements for enlarging silhouettes of ships. His mechanical turn of mind has been a great aid to those of us who were fortunate enough to live near him Plebe year. Before Steam periods his room was often times the rendezvous of many wooden men.

In athletics Bill is noticeably among those absent—except in ballroom athletics. He is a profound and venomous viper, for he always finds the greatest pleasure in company with the femmes. There has been scarcely a hop liberty list since the first of Youngster year which has not been graced by his initials W. W. J. (E).

*Buzzard.*

ALLEN BLOW COOK  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

"Allen" "Allen Blow" "Abie" "Ethel"

WHEN an innocent young man with long hair and a passion for poetry came wandering into the Academy one June day, some people threw up their hands in holy horror. Many of us wondered and we are still wondering. Not at our first impression but at Ethel as he now stands.

As a social lion he stands alone and no one can rustle the scales in a way to worry his supremacy. However, all of his efforts have not been along the social line.

He has been one of the mainstays of the Masqueraders and as an old gentleman he is a huge success. Perhaps it is his wide experience which enables him to make his parts so realistic. Or it may be the literature he has read. At any rate he is good and deserves plenty of credit for his hard work.

First Class year he annexed a bicycle and took Sunday afternoon trips to some distant point in the country when he wasn't tied down to a dainty femme. Many a pleasant afternoon has he spent playing tag in the Supé's garden and he is the idol of the youngsters around the yard.

Velvet Joe says that a man who takes kindly to kids and dogs can't go wrong, so place your bets on Allen.

*Buzzard;*  
*Masqueraders (4, 3, 1);*  
*President Masqueraders (1);*  
*Gold Masquerad N.*





EDWIN WRIGHT SCHELL  
MT. PLEASANT, IOWA

*"Armor Piercing" "Eppie" "Eddie"*

**E**PPIE came to the Navy as soon as he could muster sixteen years, but made a large bump on the horizon for his tender years. He was in the Plebe summer boxing finals and was eliminated only after an extra round. Moreover, he battered his way to a place in the semi-finals in both his Plebe and Youngster years. Eppie is a fighter who sticks to his ideas and ideals with a bulldog tenacity akin to stubbornness.

It is impossible for a man with Eppie's high spirits and gentlemanly mannerisms not to fall in love occasionally. All of Youngster year his heart was sewed up in the National Park Seminary and he changed his fields of operations only because the object of his attentions went away. He was actually a Red Mike until the next Sep leave.

He likes a laugh as much as any, but never spread so hearty a one as when he manhandled the bass drum for the Utah's infantry squad.

Eppie is a man's man and we hope to hear great things of him.

*Expert Rifleman;  
Buzzard;  
Captain Boxing Team (1);  
B.N.T.;  
Middleweight Boxing Champion (1).*



FORREST HAMPTON WELLS  
BOONVILLE, INDIANA

*"Simple" "Farmer"*

**T**HIS smirking sprout is one of Boonville's best. He early showed unusual talent along lines of cow nursing and had not the Navy germ struck him he would be following the furrowed path even now. But what a change. Prof Bell done his dermest on this man and he ranks second only to Prince Rupert when the lid is off and the band is connecting. His Hoosier stride has been toned down considerably so that a fox trot is no longer a series of six foot steps.

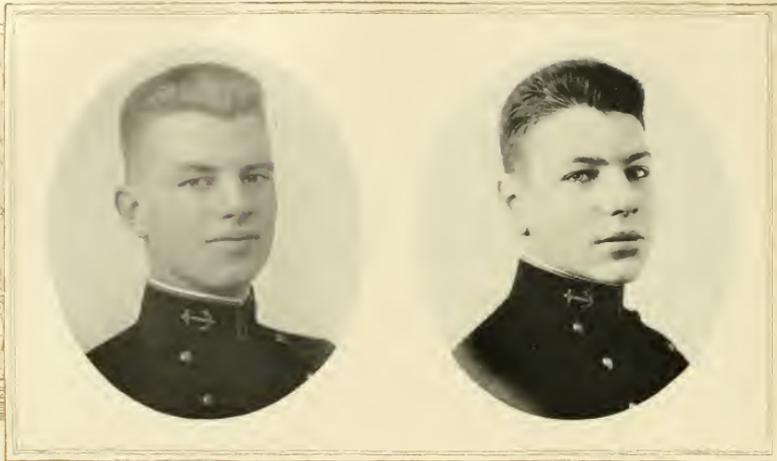
You would hardly believe from looking upon this blasé gentleman that he has furnished the discipline department with endless sport. He has done more to train the sleuthing abilities of "Hank" "Lillian," and "Bull," than the remainder of his company. Verily he hath tread the paths of outlawry. But this trait of contrariness extended only to the powers that be. To his friends Forrest has proven to be true and generous—generous even to his last skag—what greater love hath any man.

According to the Boonville Daily Reminder Forrest is a Forty Thousand Dollar Man—ask him. He thinks they put the estimation too low.

Don't crowd ladies. He is practically married.

*Buzzard.*





ALAN CALDWELL CURTISS  
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

"Al" "Curt" "Clum" "Thug"

AL CURTISS is from Schenectady, New York, where there is nothing but Union College, and the General Electric Works. Big, raw-boned, easy-going, good-natured, capable, and possessed of the magazinitis and an unconquerable appetite for sleeping-in.

Altho Clum has the ability, he never did anything in athletics. However, he has always won his share of the company's points when the inter-company track meet rolled around. We will remember how he tied Mike Williams and Beauty Martin for first place in the pole vault Plebe year.

Al is a mighty snake, tho all of his affairs are trivial in comparison with the one back home. He never tires of telling about those old days at Union College and his escapades. Every other day when he rushes down to the M. C.'s desk to get that neat little letter postmarked "Schenectady," how his grin does broaden.

"Ja'a'ck ole b-boy, I've got it—when you wan' to have s'hum fun, jes' look in the reg book an' s'he what not to do an' do it."

*Masqueraders;  
Track Squad (3).*

DELONG MILLS  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"Del" "De" "Fats"

THIS by-product of New York City is a man whom Dickens would take joy in describing, and only a Dickens could do him justice. As wash-buckling buccaneer with a dash of the Old Navy about him, to which have been added the instincts of a diplomat, the ambitions of a politician, and the tastes of a pampered son of millions—all thoroughly mixed, and bottled in that gay, fast city, New York.

For five years he has preferred novels to textbooks, and as a result has slipped twice in his efforts to obtain in every subject a 2.50 maximum with a minimum amount of application. But from the instant he came aboard 1921, he has belonged, and we are all glad to have had him for a classmate.

His love of music (which banished the buzzard and deafened him to study-call) brings him more real happiness than anything else. He's a bit of a bluffer in his way, but he usually gets away with his bluff, for people have learned that he can make good when called. He is a man of substance, not only in avoirdupois; he has won his place in athletics by solid hard work, and he deserves all the rewards that can come from it.

*"A" Squad (2, 1);  
Buzzard;  
Clean Sleeve;  
Color Guard.*





MALCOLM EDGERTON SELBY  
BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

"Mal" "Thug"

IT WAS not without many pangs of deep regret that Mal bade farewell to the fair ones of his native Bellingham and got under way for Crabtown. He arrived in time to receive the fundamentals of his Plebe training from Eighteen, the last exponent of the good old regime. Academic year found him on the football squad and later on the wrestling table. Although a hard worker, Mal fought against bad luck and it was not until First Class year, when he entered the ring, that he came into his own as an Academy champion.

Academically the height of Malcolm's ambition is the little old two five. The sum total of his boning consists in glancing thru the Nav or Juice and then with a "Fruit, the stuff means nothing to me", tossing the book on table. However with his savvy grin and a fund of good common sense he easily fools the Prof and manages to come through with velvet to spare.

A true optimist with a store of cheerful philosophy and a word for every one coupled with his energy when engaged in a work he likes will make him a shipmate any of us will be glad to be with.

*Buzzard;*  
*Football Squad (4);*  
*Wrestling Squad (4, 3);*  
*Light Heavyweight Boxing Champion (1).*

ARCHIE PALEY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Arch" "El Paley de Cuba" "Artilla"

SAY, Ked, I'm going to get out of the Navy and go back to Chi and sell cigars." Often have we heard this statement and yet that Chicago Miss is still without her "brown-eyed sailor boy".

Perhaps this same Chicago Miss can explain Archie's pre-eminence in the ranks of the Red Mikes. Even a summer in Rockport failed to bring out any snakish tendencies. It is indeed too bad that the hops have been deprived of such a figure so full of grace and suppleness acquired as a very constant member of the sub squad.

But seriously Archie is a real man and the kind of a friend a fellow needs when he is in a tight place. Cheerfulness and readiness to give a helping hand are characteristics very much to be desired in any messmate. And is he easy to get along with? Why he can sometimes even agree with a fire-eating Porto Rican.

*Buzzard;*  
*Sub Squad.*





HARLO HAMILTON HARDY  
TAYLORVILLE, ILLINOIS  
"Harlo"

"FRUIT!"—that's the way he diagnosed all exams. No matter if the monthly report showed that he barely made the necessary 2.5, still he maintained that all exams were fruit. Plebe year Harlo used to take much delight in telling his life story, as printed in the Taylorville Daily Breeze, to all Upper Classmen who chanced to visit him. He was a great favorite with the Upper Classmen and acquired many nicknames—the most persistent of which was lead pencil.

Look! Do you wonder that he is one of the select snakes of the Academy? When he gets on his white gloves and his roommate's sword belt and walks around over at the gym—no wonder the girls fall. He possesses both of the prime requisites of a fusser—the ability to dance and to sling a hot line.

"Yipe! Yipe! My girl's coming down Saturday!"—That expresses his whole First Class year. Falling hard at the beginning of the year, he spent the rest of the year mooning and gazing from the window of his fourth deck boudoir at the bluffs across the Severn.

"Coming down to the real stuff," which the Log puts out, Harlo is a d—n good kid and a mighty good friend to have.

*Buzzard;  
Hop Committee.*



SYDNEY BALTZER DODDS  
CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI  
"Syd" "Buck" "Uncle"

SYD came to us after three glorious years spent at Tulane University where he was known by various and sundry names ranging from "Philip Two Pops" and "Absalom," to just plain "Buck." Even there he was known for his diplomatic qualities, for by some clever auctioneering he became manager of the baseball team. However when the call for candidates was issued, the mascot, water tender, and himself, were the only ones to respond. All the others had gone to war. Baltzer, not to be outdone, came to the Naval Academy.

Though quiet and unassuming, Buck has become by virtue of position and personality well known and well liked. Data on his past and present is of rather disappointing nature, he being bound and tied by a member of the opposite sex and whether for that reason or not, he has become an enthusiastic prohibitionist. Woman's Suffrage, Prohibition, and the Democratic Party, are his hobbies, all out of date to be sure, but Uncle still has unwavering faith in them. Perhaps a few years of married life and a little salt water will produce the miraculous change hoped for.

His one ambition is to become a regular member of Makosky's own.

*Three Stripes;  
Star (4, 3);  
Honor Committee (3).*





JOE EASTIN RUCKER  
SALISBURY, MISSOURI

*"Nemo" "Nap" "Shorty" "Judge"*

THE day our little Joe entered the Navy, Tecumseh laughed in fiendish glee. But when '21 was divided, Little Nemo was not mustered in the tribe of Tecumseh. Not much, he may have looked wooden but he never had to rag his marks from the weekly trees.

Joe didn't belong to any Radiator Club. Every afternoon, mail or no mail, found him taking the kinks out of his tumbling stunts over in the gym. Shorty's one big ambition was to be a six-footer, but to tackle him in a rough-house was to know that he didn't need to be.

And women! Nothing pleased Joe more than to sling a heavy line about femmes with anybody that would listen. A heavy drag and a light heart always came together for Joe.

Joe could beat a late blast better than most little fellows but he didn't always beat it and very often was mentioned in the morning orders. When he was in a hurry he'd look for his cap with it on, sharpen his pencil with a razor blade, strop and brush off seven overcoats before he found his own and then get ragged for "Late to formation" and "Untidy in dress."

"What fool's got my ding-busted Bible?"

*Gym Squad (3, 1);  
Sub Squad (3, 1);  
Buzzard;  
GNT (1).*

PAUL JAMES REGISTER  
BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA

*"Cash"*

CASH won the original gold plated oil stove when he put the coal bunkers in the cross section view of a subchaser over at Steam. The void, which showed on his board, had to be covered in some way, so who can blame him for this last act of sheer desperation after waiting for a brain throb on interior decoration of subchasers. Paul had probably been reading poetry or Hypatia or some other book unappreciated by the common herd who indulge in the Red Book and Cosmo.

By consistent work in the gym he early developed one of those Venus-like forms, and form surely does show to the best advantage in one of the Annette Kellerman gym suits.

Cash never quite got used to city customs. After coming straight from the simple country life of Bismarck, North Dakota, he found the devious ways of suspenders too much for his unsophisticated mind to cope with and he used to leave them hanging down behind on the background of his service—in times of stress when late blast was nigh.

But, if you want somebody to do something for you, just go around to Cash and he will do it, even if it's dragging the same brick twice in succession. Verily, "Greater love hath no man than this."

*Gym Squad (3, 1);  
Buzzard.*





ROSCOE LEROY BOWMAN  
MANCHESTER, IOWA  
"Happy"

HAPPY came to the Naval Academy from the corn raising state. His eye had a gleeful sparkle and bespoke his frame of mind, which like unto us all, harbored a seething mass of curiosity. Rossie was determined not to let stumbling blocks or discouraging interferences on the part of First Classmen get the better of his good nature, and he persisted in wearing a broad smile. True he wiped it off many times but only temporarily, for its memory remains eternal in the well-deserved name, Happy.

Happy doesn't belong to the ancient order of "Reina Rats" but he doesn't mind telling the reg book Reginalds that he rates the black N for catching a weekly skag and trying to bring the ninety day graduates up properly.

He is one of those typical Iowa products, just like his native corn—excellent quality, wholesome, healthy, and hearty. A veritable fountain of good feeling which readily casts its spray out over the field of human concourse.

"Hey, mister! You smilin' at me?"

*Buzzard:*  
*Fencing Team.*



THOMAS FRANCIS DARDEN  
WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Tommy" "Tom" "Little Mez"

EVERY time we see Tommy we always feel tempted to ask him what time he turned in last night, for the boy always wears a horribly dissipated expression as if he had been up all the night, and several preceding that.

Listen for a while to Tommy's tales of the North Carolina coast, and of sailing his tiny boat among the mountainous billows of Albemarle Sound and you would say that our Thomas was a highly seagoing person, but once on Youngster cruise when by some mischance he had come out of his hop, he was heard to inquire very innocently why the ——— those boatswain's mate guys always wore their safety razors around their necks.

Tommy has few diversions, apparently the chief of these are boning the Wilmington Daily Blast and pulling venerable wheezes on his long suffering room-mates. In addition he is an ardent devotee of the well-known McGinnis.

He is one of those rare characters who are constantly committing social errors in the section room. Every time Thomas gets up to recite the boys stand by for their usual amusement, and are never disappointed. This might possibly account for his record of one month First Class year in which he stayed sat in everything.

*Buzzard:*  
*Reina Squad (4).*





CLARK LAWRENCE GREENE  
RENO, NEVADA

*"Casey" "Cassius" "Blackjack"*

**WHERE** are you from, Mister?  
Reno, sir.

And so he is. Inheriting the glamour of that city of war-whoops, sagebrush, and divorces, much was expected of him. Casey has the blasé air of a nonchalant Gothamite, a line that could argue the crutches away from a cripple and which has pulled many a verbal bout, with the Executive Department, from the coals.

Plebe year found him a late arrival, as he was sent to Washington for a temporary stay. While there he amused himself by assuming command of one of the Senate elevators. But soon that life of ups and downs lost its thrills so he came back.

When not engaged in destroying government property with Snare, Casey was establishing his fame as a rare athlete in the national sport south of the Rio Grande. His powers in that field of endeavor were soon established and his cell has always been a Mexican Club headquarters and his contributions to a gas foundry convention have always proved interesting.

Always sat, never starrng, willing to drag or take a chance at most anything and with just as hearty a laugh, if the joke is on himself, as if on the other man.

Casey, with his unflinching good nature, will make an agreeable shipmate.

*One Stripe;  
Class Lacrosse (1).*



ELMER DRUMMOND SNARE  
RENO, NEVADA

*"Tubby" "Eddie"*

**SOUNDS** like a Wurlitzer advertisement for the latest in musical instruments of the brass band variety. All wrong, though, not a bit of brass there. Tubby tried to reduce Plebe year, but when he gained a pound by two weeks in the sweat room he quit in disgust. From then on, he was off work and no more fervent candidate for ye honoured oil stove can be found.

Ed. surely has blossomed out since that fatal July day in '17. He says he is out to prove these city fellows are all wrong about their dope on the "woolly westerners." Now he wears a skull cap at night to preserve that nifty part in the middle of his hair.

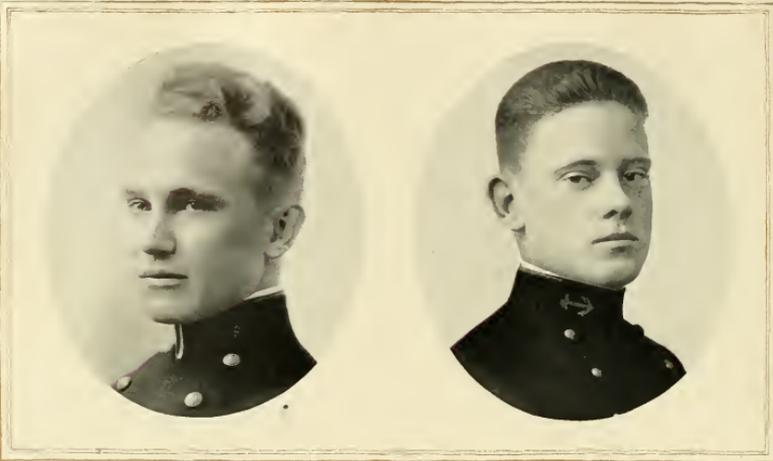
If you really want some good dope on the West just get Tubby and Casey Green, his staunch roommate, started. That pair stick together like the opposing sides of a Tanglefoot team, although they have pulled enough things on each other to make an ordinary couple enemies for life.

Tubby's good nature has made him a host of friends who all hope to meet him again on the long cruise.

"Yes, the West is God's country."

*One Stripe;  
Class Football (1).*





RAYMOND DUMBELL TARBUCK  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Tawby" "Ray" "Togo"

**T**AWBY is a poet of no mean ability. When we read a composition in The Log, that sounds like Kipling or Service, and say, "Gee, that's great!" we are speaking of the work of our little curly-haired poet. Some day when we read one of his volumes we'll remember with pleasure the diminutive Mid with the laughing eyes. He is the author of "Shaft Alley Ballads" and has created wide interest by his emotional verses and unusual themes.

Of times when we gather around the old piano in Smoke Hall it is Tawby who holds sway over the keyboard. Popular music or classical, you can have your choice. He composes his own music and words. Ray is always on the go, a fine swimmer, and a crack rifle and pistol shot. He shipped on the old Missouri and North Dakota where he became a member of the Ox-Roast Club, and later a leader of the Hell Cats, the Battalion of Death.

The ready wit and perpetual smile of this Quaker Town lyricist have made a world of friends. Best o' luck to you, Boy, you were ever a good comrade.

*Chief Petty Officer;  
Log Staff (4, 3, 1);  
Log Board (Poetry Editor) (1);  
Rifle Squad (4);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Expert Rifleman;  
Hell Cats (4, 3, 1);  
Musical Clubs (1).*

WILLIAM BRISTOL MCHUGH  
WICHITA, KANSAS  
"Mac" "Willie" "Bris"

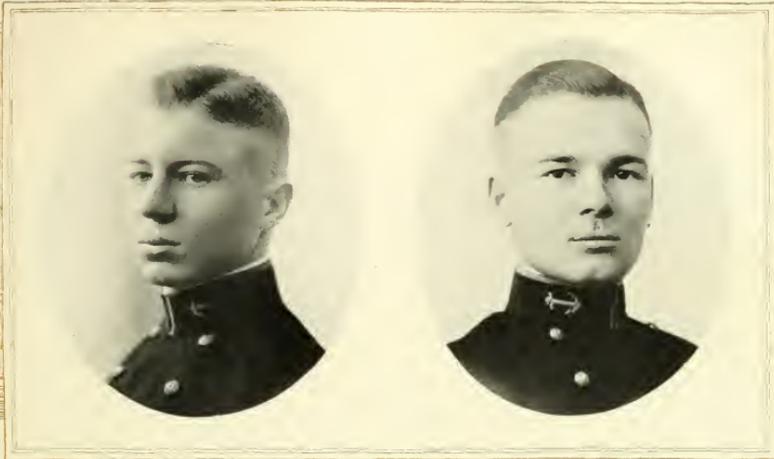
**H**ERE'S the boy that has developed from a blushing child to a hardened roué in three years. Some are snakes because they fuss all the time—some because they fuss so hard when they do—but Willie rings the bell every time on quality and quantity. A look at the pictures on his locker door will show every type from the ridiculous to the sublime. In addition to telling them they're the only thing worth living for, he writes letters calling them "beloved princess" and gets answers that would warm up an iceberg.

Mac lives with Powell when he happens to be home and the pair claim to keep the most home-like room in the building. He nearly ruined Clint Misson Youngster year but Bill manages to keep him down even if it takes a club.

Here's to you Willie boy and may the future be as happy as the present, whether you're in the service or back home in Kansas.

*One Stripe.*





WALTER JOHN HARRISON  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
"Pop" "Harry"

CHARLES GALLOWAY MAGRUDER, JR.  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
"Maggie" "Mac" "Cholly" "Shorty"

USUALLY Louisiana produces men whose main attractions in life are feather beds and the latest Cosmo; but in Harry we have an agreeable deviation from the rule. He seldom exerted himself against the All-Academics but managed his customary 3.2 nevertheless. Most of his leisure hours were devoted to the gym team and a sprained wrist was all that kept him from winning his GNT. It is not known whether it was Pop's unique voice or his expansive grin that won him a place among the cheer leaders where he played left end on Mike Curley's team.

Walter made himself famous during Plebe summer when he made a cruise on the old Reina for hazing some of the transients at our tennis-court hotel.

Harry blossomed forth a snake as soon as he rated Youngster cut-off and few weeks passed but he was dragging a queen. However, loving all alike, he kept his head and his heart.

The earnestness and persistency with which Walter tackles all problems vouch for a successful future. We're for you, Harry.

*Cheer Leader;  
Buzzard;  
Gym Team;  
Expert Rifleman.*

IF YOU see a short, cute, little fellow with an irreproachable hair comb and a heavy beard, you'll recognize him immediately as Charlie. He came to us a war baby in the middle of Plebe summer, but his heavy line and ready wit soon made him a host of friends and a great favorite.

Except for a hard and earnest effort to be coxswain of the Plebe crew, Charlie has done little in athletics. Although a good boxer and fair on the track, his southern tendencies have made him a faithful member of the Radiator Club, and when he is not attending the practice of the sub squad you can usually find him boning the Cosmo—or caulking.

While not savvy, Charlie has wonderful persistency. He has bilged many more exams than he has passed and has decorated not a few trees, yet by sticking to it, he has managed to do quite a bit more than stay sat.

All in all, you'll look far before you find another like him. A more generous friend, and a better shipmate than Charlie could not be desired.

*Buzzard.*





CHARLES EDWARD BOOTH  
PAINESVILLE, OHIO  
"Rosy" "Pinkie"

ROSY blew in on us one fine day in August. He was such a quiet sort of chap that we did not learn much about him Plebe summer. With the coming of Ac year, Rosy gained the distinction of being the "prettiest Plebe in the 9th company" because of his nice pink cheeks. He grew up the reggest of reg Plebes and never did catch a non-reg smoke.

In one respect Charley shines. He hasn't missed a single day's copy of "The Baltimore Sun" or the Sunday "Times" in three years. If anybody wants all the latest dope in condensed form they go to Charley. He is a firm believer in "a Naval officer should keep up with contemporary history."

This helped him in his office-work First Class year in seeing that the "Military Character" and "Extra Duty Completed" cards were kept in order.

It might also be mentioned that Rosy is a good deal of a snake. Although he does not drag often, when he does, he drags heavy—his maxim is "Quality not Quantity" when it comes to the ladies.

Charley is progressive and interested in his profession and we can surely say that he is going to make good.

Battalion C. P. O.



WILBUR FISKE BROUN  
NEW YORK CITY  
"Shorty"

HERE he is—Shorty. And so help me, Hannah, he's got more dynamic, fire-eating, blood-and-thunder poundals of psychological and physical force than old Napoleon himself. And yet, when you are looking for a lift, when luck "ain't breaking like she orter" why it's Shorty who will back you to the end.

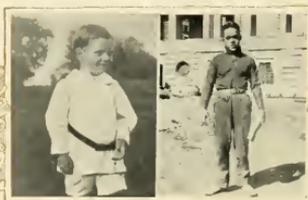
We were scheduled to play the Army. We needed a man who could get a goat which could win that game. None were surprised when Broun was elected unanimsously. In less than ten days the green of our tranquil third wing court was transformed into a grazing pasture for the species of long-haired, ruminant, *the goat*. We won the game.

How many times have we gathered around the festive board presided over by Broun, Master of Ceremonies, or in his shower Smoke Hall, to listen to his dreams of being skipper of a pirate submarine, or quelling the turbulent tumult of a Bolshevik cannibal rebellion?

"Look at those earnest, sincere eyes

That quizzical strangeness of face,  
'Why it's Broun of the Navy,' the barkeep cries  
So it's one more drink on the place."

Crew Squad (4);  
Wrestling Squad (4, 3);  
Masqueraders (4, 3);  
Keeper of the Goat;  
Buzzard.



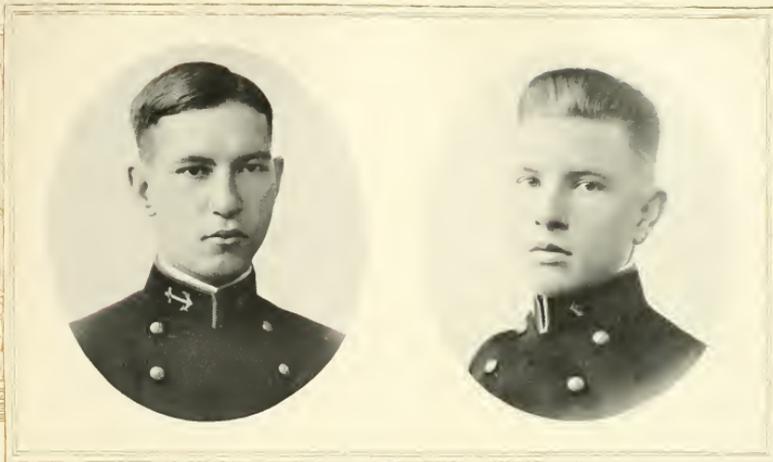


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Drawn by W. J. Aylward

The Evacuation of Boston





JAMES KIRKPATRICK, JR.  
CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND  
"Pug" "Thug" "Kirk"

**T**HIS is Pug. His grandfather was a bishop, his father is a reverend, and he himself had visions of the ministry. That's what he told Joe and it must be so.

Pug early gained fame as a Plebe with his clever comedy stuff and has been a source of entertainment to the boys ever since. Although as non-reg as they make 'em, his savoirness and efficiency were rewarded by the presentation of one stripe.

Thug was a member of the Dirty Twenty on the old Missou and won the record by fifteen consecutive days inside the same khaki. And not the least of his dizzy doings was the use of a white silk sock as a collar when he stepped out among the fair inhabitants of dear old Boston.

James has acquitted himself well at several sports—boxing, tennis, especially, but his principal accomplishment was as a charter member of the African Golf Society. No one who has ever seen him in action along this line can ever forget his fervent pleas for co-operation from the elusive ivory cubes. The one word which describes him best is "funny." His original wit, good nature, and elongated sense of humor have made him welcome wherever he has gone.

"I'll up it just a hick."

*One Stripe.*

CARLTON RICE TODD  
VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI  
"Carl" "Amos" "Toddie"

**C**OME hither and behold sweet Juliet, for here reposes none other than Carlton Romeo Todd, the gentleman who loves you (and all the rest) be you rich or poor, Maggie Magnesia or Miss Queen de Four. It is a pleasure to watch him in his little one act playlet entitled "Standing by to give them a treat." He grabs all five articles of clothing that constitutes a midshipman's make-up and he do shine them shoes and brush them blues until you know he must be going out for a close-up or he would never take such pains.

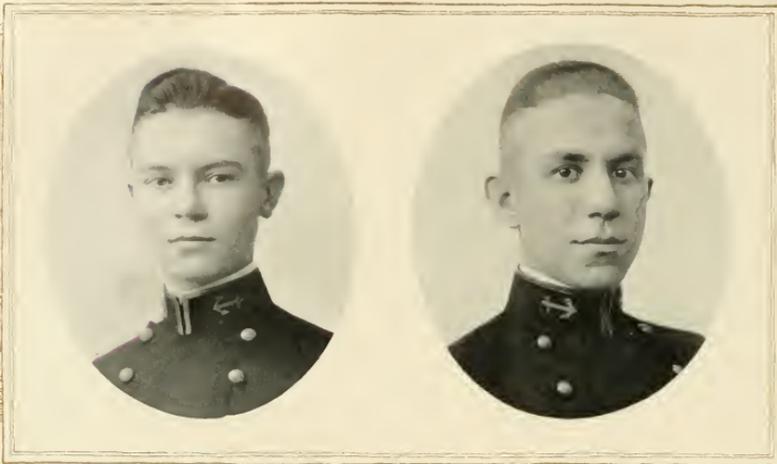
The kid felt right at home in Smoke Hall when '21 took possession for he and Tom had been running a mighty good one of their own up in 312 all Youngster year.

Carlton is not the proud possessor of an "N" yellow, pink, or even black, but he rates numerals as a member of the Smoke Hall golfing team, and, though I wouldn't say positively, rumor hath it that he was one of the gang of the "might have been but wasn't" club, headquarters formerly in Lucky Bag office, Smoke Hall, insignia a Navy horseshoe worn where you or I would never see it.

"Had a *muy bien* time. She serves a wonderful chow you know."

*Buzzard.*





MARIS VAUGHN LEWIS

MOSCOW, IDAHO

"Lou-eye" "M. V." "Bill"

**L**OU-EYE is from the Golden West but the savviest Plebe has never been able to guess it. They have tried every state east of the Mississippi but somehow it was impossible for them to connect that genteel manner of his with the rough, uncouth West of their minds. However, the truth is that Lou-eye hails from Moscow, not Russia, but one of those Western county seats where there is only one side to a street and you have to flag a train to get out of the state.

Lou-eye had started an engineering course before entering the Academy and consequently he has always been just outside the Academic constellation. M. V. is not a regular snake but he has always maintained a sat average except when assisting "Pug" Kirkpatrick.

Lou-eye is fond of the national indoor sport. But he got along smoothly with the Executive Department until he and Joe mixed it up down in the mess hall one Saturday night. However, with the aid of the Com and the "Belgium Relief," he managed to escape unscathed.

Lou-eye has brains and with the proper application of them, he is bound to make good in the Service.

*Buzzard;*  
*Class Honor Committee (3).*

HARRY ALOYSIUS GUTHRIE

GALLATIN, TENNESSEE

"Al" "Hibo" "Whistling" "Cus"

**I** don't want to stay here, I want to go home and get married!" Such was Al's first burst of eloquence after he settled down in his quarters Plebe summer. But Al soon got over his rhino mood and his joyous whistle has since gladdened the hearts of many sad mids.

A prime fusser—living up to all the traditions of snakes from Tennessee—he has seldom "bricked" anyone.

Al hasn't much time for boning, but somehow, he was one of the "savvy 12%" from Tennessee who made the A end of '21.

Music is second nature with Hibo. Give him some bones, a banjuke, and his mouth and you would think that Handy and his jazz band were syncopating for you.

But, coming down to hard tacks, Harry is one of the squarest, biggest hearted, and most likeable men in the class. Always ready to do anything in the world he can for you, he makes one of the best friends imaginable. These qualities, with his sunny disposition, have worked together to win for him his host of friends in the class.

*Buzzard;*  
*Glee Club (4);*  
*Bugle Corps (4);*  
*Faudeville (1).*





CECIL GILMORE MCKINNEY  
WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON  
"Mac"

JOHN HARDING PAGE HUGHART, JR.  
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN  
"Jack"

MAC came to the Academy with a purpose: to learn all that would enable him to take his place in the Navy, and he leaves with that purpose well fulfilled. One look at that jaw removes all doubt about his being a bookworm, for one imagines him rather a heavyweight champion. But Mac cast his lot with Dick Glendon's husky gang when the call came; after steady plugging he won his place and kept it.

"Let's see, this is Thursday, about time to commence to expect a pink one," but even Walla Walla pink ones couldn't keep Mac's average down, and a scintillating bit of heaven twinkles behind those anchors. Besides, "Variety is the spice of life," says Mac, and pink isn't the only color in the running.

What with crew, classes, and heavy correspondence, Mac found Youngster year rather strenuous. At the end he was able to enjoy a hard earned trip to Philadelphia and came back the proud possessor of a '21 crossed-oar. First Class year did not end his troubles; he says that the only way he kept off the sub squad was that they thought that the man he was rescuing, was rescuing him instead.

C. G. has a sane, cheerful point of view and his dependable responsibility will make him a well-liked officer.

*Two Stripes;  
Crew Squad (4, 3, 1);  
Star (4);  
Clean Sleeve.*

ABOVE we have handsome Jack, one of our globe trotters and king of American and European "lounge lizards." Aided by that velvety voice, those tender eyes, and long experience Jack has broken more than one heart—but he has never quite recovered from the time when he filled a state-room with American beauties for one American beauty who never sailed.

Hughart has many tales that would put Baron Munchausen to shame, but that innocent face spoils it all.

While in France, Jack made a first hand study of French methods and he was very conceited about his ability with the gentle sex. But pride goeth before a fall and during last September he fell a victim to one of Cupid's darts.

In addition to being a two-gun man at "African golf" Jack has wedged in some extra sea service on the Reina.

"Did I ever tell you about the girl I met in Paris?"

*Buzzard.*





JOHN GEORGE JONES  
PORTAGE, WISCONSIN

"Sugar" "Rummy" "Jonesy"

THE first girl Johnny ever dragged called him Sugar, and he has been that to every one since. And it is all because of the handsome appearance and the unobtrusive pleasantness that a big farm in Wisconsin blessed him with.

Sugar isn't extraordinarily savvy or brilliant, but he is well aware of the fact and that is one of the qualities which makes him such a valuable man. From the time he entered the Academy as a Plebe he has studied hard and consistently, hardly ever making the same mistake twice, with the result that he has risen to the height of three stripes.

But his life here hasn't been entirely one of labor, either, as his presence at every hop will testify. He simply adores feminine beauty, even to the girls in the magazines. And he was never known to have been bricked,—except once, and that time on a Hudson steamer 'neath a starry sky. An angelic-looking little femme stole his first kiss and his watch. Since then he has been a sadder but wiser man, and it would take a wicked line to fool him now.

Jones is sincere, level-headed, and square, and with these qualities he should make a success in the Fleet.

*Three Striper;  
Captain Rifle Team;  
Rifle Team RNT (3);  
Expert Rifleman.*

GEORGE STERLING YOUNG  
BUTLER, PENNSYLVANIA

"Pete" "Brigham" "Jake"

“WHO is that handsome midshipman over there with those pretty pink cheeks?” And another poor creature has joined the ranks of the Red Mikes, for Pete is at the hop. He comes—they see—he conquers. His complexion is advertised from Butler to Rockport as “a skin I love to touch.” He has an air about him that would do credit to the knights of the round table, for “he is so big and strong and yet so gentle.”

Pete doesn't say much, but when he does you might as well listen, for something is coming that is worth listening to. The only exception to this is when he returns from a Nav P-work, for then you will hear a heated discussion of certain things that are familiar to every midshipman.

When approached upon that Rockport question, he merely heaves a sigh and remarks that it is but a memory of days gone by.

Conscientious and faithful, Pete will make a good friend. But above all, he is every inch a man. Here's hoping, Pete, old boy, that we may see much more of you in the years to come.

“Hey, fellows, I've got to bring out my sock.”

*Battalion Adjutant;  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Track Squad (3);  
Crew Squad (1).*





WILLIAM BENNETT JACKSON, JR.  
PAULDING, OHIO  
"Bill" "Jack" "Bluebeard"

**B**ILL came to us from the Buckeye state via the B & O and Bobbie's Knowledge Factory with the firm intention of becoming a gentleman sailor. His adherence to this determination in spite of the present day "Bull-she-vik" tendencies is an indication of his chief characteristic.

It has been this persistence that has put him well in the first half of his class. As a Plebe and also as a Youngster he swore he would grease shamelessly in all his professional subjects, but he has yet to be caught in the act. In spite of this and the distaste for work that is natural to all midshipmen Bill has never had to worry about his marks. He doesn't star; he is just reliable, and always has a little velvet.

As a pink tea artist he fills the bill acceptably, but for all that he is still his own boss and will remain so until his ideal comes in sight. After that we refuse to prophesy.

To sum it all, whatever he does will be done right and wherever he goes he will receive a royal welcome. Bill is a good scout in any situation, and is even willing to drag blind for a friend. What more can be said for any man?

"Joe, see if you put strop in my laundry bag. I needs must shave."

*One Stripe.*



WALTER FREDERICK BOONE  
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA  
"Dan'l" "Freddie" "Fritz" "Tar-Heel"

**H**E got one stripe and it has been a state secret ever since why he didn't get (not more) less. He was just one of the gang, and in our language, "a darned good fellow"—one of the Pampered Pets who was always willing to extend the helping hand—a real gentleman sailor. Of course, we won't tell why he strolled the streets of Baltimore so long and lonesomely the last night of Youngster leave, nor what he read under a Baltimore lamp post, nor why New York called him back for the last day of First Class leave.

California claims Freddie as a native son, but in all his wanderings over this wide world, the soft southern dialect has proven most effective on his sentimental feelings. "Tis good a savor to be, for he certainly keeps sat in correspondence.

Although we are glad to see you realize the ambitions you had three long years ago when only a cit, we hate to see you go, Freddie. Even though you may be in the savvy half, you are leaving as many true friends behind you as you are taking along.

"There goes two!"

"How am I going to get time to do that?"

"Can I borrow your canoe?"

*One Stripe;  
Musical Clubs (3);  
Jazz Orchestra.*





BERN ANDERSON  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI  
"Andy" "B" "Bernstein"

ANDY blew into Uncle Sam's hospitable home from the wilds of Kansas City, having been attracted to the Severnside by the ad in '17's Lucky Bag. He was extremely youthful and unsophisticated at first, but three years' close association has done wonders. He is one of those unfortunate youths who have been ruined by the Navy. As a Plebe, he learned to smoke; as a Youngster, he was converted into an oil burner; and First Class cruise completed his downfall.

He has never been known to play anything more strenuous than a game of cuckoo under expert tutelage. There is one thing always taking the joy out of life for Andy—reveille. And haven, a finite quantity to him, is Sep leave at home in an easy chair, an infinite quantity of Fats, and the latest copy of the Parisienne.

As a classmate, he is a relief from books; as a friend, he is all that can be desired. Stripes, class standing, or grease are negative quantities with Andy. The trail he has left behind him will not soon be forgotten. Many a classmate has been sorely tried by his Bolshevik tendencies, yet we enjoy his exuberance and general carefree disposition, provided we are not his section leader.

"Why do you let him smoke?"

*Buzzard.*



THOMAS OLIVER CULLINS, JR.  
ADA, OKLAHOMA  
"Tim" "Tom" "Coolins"

T. O. was one of the few who started with us by being famous. On the second day he was here, he busted out to Sunday morning breakfast formation in khaki dress filled with brand new shiny brass buttons. Not a few of the well-remembered class of '18 met him on the terrace and gently convinced him that he was not in uniform. Since then, however, he has kept out of trouble and steered clear of the pap sheet.

The one place where he shines is on the gym floor where he can be found any Saturday night navigating according to the Rules of the Road as laid down by Prof Bell. When it comes to girls and music, he is among those present, with bells on.

The All-Academic team has never been given a chance by T. O. Being naturally savvy, he has come out well to leeward of a 3.0. First Class year, though, he was on the trees regularly until they were posted. Then, strange to say, he wasn't there. Did you ever hear an argument about the best ship First Class cruise? Then you know this: "Now, when we were on the Idaho."

*Buzzard;  
Expert Rifleman.*





WALTER ELLERY MOORE  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA  
"Slat's" "Dizzy"



ATHERTON MACONDRAY, JR.  
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA  
"Addie" "Mac" "Cerise"

"GOT anything to eat?" That is Slat's morning, noon and evening salutation. The company seriously considered taking up a collection to buy at least one meal that Slat's could not surround. He is savvy, not because he fell in love with that little five pointed piece of gold but because he found out early in the game that the right way is the easiest one. How he got a forty on the Ordnance exam that 90% of the class bilged is beyond human reason but we know that he harnessed his anchors to two satellites with as little trouble as it takes his less savvy (?) shipmates to keep from succumbing in the Academic strife.

The Duty Officer never knew that the nonchalant youth seated alongside him in a Baltimore theater was that reg looking 2 striper in the 11th company. Fuss? No, not often; he prefers Mack Sennett's tribe and then a long seance with Morpheus. Twice he busted forth First Class cruise only to find that both femmes had hubbies at sea.

Notwithstanding the fact that three years in the Third Batt gave him the reputation of being its dizziest member, we expect Slat's to be heard from in the fleet as one who can do things as they should be done.

*Two Stripes;  
Star (3).*

IT IS hard to tell whether Addy frequents the hops on Saturday nights as a form of training for the coming track season or whether he runs in the spring to help his form in dancing. However, he is a fast man in spirits, and usually comes down the home stretch leading the field. As for his other pastime, he is a living example of the immortal Prof Bell's teaching—"there ain't no man what can pass him on the ballroom floor" and furthermore, he does not burn oil in the presence of ladies.

Mac dotes on Kipling, especially this passage—"Too much work and too much energy kill a man just as too much drink and too much assorted vice." Fortunately for him, his brain works along the most direct line, so he is never forced to worry about boning when the band plays out in the yard.

He has developed due to his keen interest in the Juice Department, a high degree of personal magnetism—witness the fact that the Duty Officer never inspects the deck without being drawn to Addy's room. Incidentally, one can always find the gang there, discussing some important subject, such as the advantages of California. Whatever the subject, the debate always ends in a general rough house.

*Buzzard;  
Track Squad (4, 3);  
Track Numerals (3);  
Track N (1).*





B. LEWIS HAILEY  
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS  
"Judge"

JUDGE rushed into the Navy riding straddle a razor-back hog and singing "Arkansaw Traveler" in a corn-fed tenor. But after some days he managed to live down this prelude, and we find that he soon began to attract considerable notice. The first case of importance being on a morning in Plebe September when he seated himself majestically on First Class Bench—and that ain't all.

Judge's incomparable characteristic is an unruffled disposition, slow to wrath and quick to forgive. First impressions of him are mostly a protruding chin, a pair of small eyes and a shock of unruly hair. He might have been a successful hard egg had his heart not been so tender; but a tender heart is usually the absolute mark of a Red Mike, and here is one who was super-Red until the Fates led him on First Class cruise thru a seventy-day sojourn in Philly.

But if you are looking for a sure-enough friend, a kind heart, and even temper, and a clear head decorated with huge ears, you can do no better than cultivate Judge.

*Buzzard.*



BYRON HALL HANLON  
VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA  
"Red"

WHEN you see a bunch of red locks come breezing around with "Well, what's the dope, boys," you'll know without a second glance that it's Red himself. Vallejo lost a good citizen when Red decided to cast his lot with the Navy.

Thug started Youngster cruise by taking a sounding in Dewey basin. His favorite on the cruise was down among the rain clothes where he secluded himself for days at a time.

Every Saturday evening found Red among those present at the hop giving the fair ones the once over. He has a winning way about him when he is around the girls and they rave over his dark red locks. The few times that he was bricked by his friends he always managed to get a sore ankle.

Whenever the gang gets together for a rhino session, Red will always be the one bright spot for he thinks that the Navy is a good place.

"How did you hit it, Red?"

"Fruit, boys, fruit!"

*Swimming Squad (4);  
Buzzard;  
Soccer Team (3);  
WNP;  
Captain Water-Polo.*





ANDREW PETRIE LAWTON  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO  
"Busty" "Andy" "Snake"

THE snakiest of snakes first broke into prominence among us at Prof Bell's self-conducted Drill Informals during our Plebe year. And even the Prof himself looked twice, for Andy certainly rates high among the wielders of wicked line and shakers of the mean hoof. From the time of his first Youngster drag, the girls simply wouldn't let him be other than a consistent week-end contributor to the success of the N.A. hops. "He's so good-looking and he dances divinely!"

Andy is one of those naturally savvy men. He spent over ten weeks of Plebe year in the hospital and beat the All-Ac's out of a suit of cits at that. And he just breezed through Youngster year standing well under a hundred. But he is far from being selsh with his grey matter. Many a stumbling classmate or struggling Plebe will shower blessings on his name for his chief occupation seems to be helping others less fortunate than himself.

Wherever Andy goes there goes a conscientious, quiet, good-natured fellow who embodies all the requirements of "an officer and a gentleman."

"Either of you birds draggin' to-night?"

*Buzzard.*



WILLIAM WHEATLY CONE  
CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS  
"Bill" "Speed"

CRASH! Bang! And Bill is in our midst. There is something about this tow-headed product of Illinois that sets him off as decidedly unnatural if he isn't in some sort of roughhouse.

A born fighter, Bill did his bit toward bringing up and keeping up the average of the hops from the first hop Youngster year 'till the June Ball of his last year. They say he won't be alone when he heads for the Asiatic.

He was a charter member of the Red Book and Cosmo Clubs. Beginning early in Plebe summer, he has been among those present and voting at all the sessions. The Academic Department has never assigned a lesson long enough so that he could not spend a goodly part of the period trying to solve such mysteries as "Why Do They Marry," etc.

An easy-goer, Bill was never near enough the starning or bilging lines to let Academic work worry him much, but the pull he made Youngster year which landed him in the first half, leaves no doubt as to his abilities. Quiet, steady plugging in the line of duty is bound to bring results to Bill—and he'll rate all that comes to him.

*Buzzard.*





GEORGE ANDREW LEIGHTON  
LORAIN, OHIO  
"Gus" "George" "G.A."

ALTHOUGH the fresh water breezes of Lake Erie gave George his first taste of the life on the foam, he quickly adjusted himself to that salty breeze and clammy perfume that only Annapolis Roads can claim.

Leighton's Plebe year was mighty stormy but he has been on the lee side of the Academics for the past two years. George is not a savoir, but he made 21-A by his determination and application of his mental resources. He is a consistent worker and one of that lucky tribe who can succeed whenever they so desire.

As far as dragging is concerned, G. A. is not much of a snake, for the occasions are few when he has stepped out although sometimes he has been found after big game on Porter Row.

Claiming to have a wandering spirit and desire to look around, Leighton is looking forward to Asiatic duty. George has a pleasing disposition, but what describes him best is the time-worn phrase—"George—the most accommodating man in the world."

*Buzzard;  
Submarine Squad.*



RALPH DENNIS FREDERICK SWEENEY  
LIMA, OHIO  
"Mike" "Irish Rose"

ON FIRST glimpsing Mike's Hibernian visage and half baked "dead in the water" brace, a casual observer with a good imagination would be instantly impelled to the conclusion that beyond doubt here was a first class shillalah swinger and a prime boss of ditch-diggers.

In common with his race he is temperamental and inconsistent. In his peregrinations he follows no law. An impulse leads him hither and yon, elsewhere and any place. If he desires air, what matters a taxicab window or cut knuckles?

He is terribly annoyed by the existing regulation which requires midshipmen to turn out before breakfast. You must understand that he is not lazy—just born with this agonizing ennui. This attitude is manifestly too independent for the "Secnav's Boat Club."

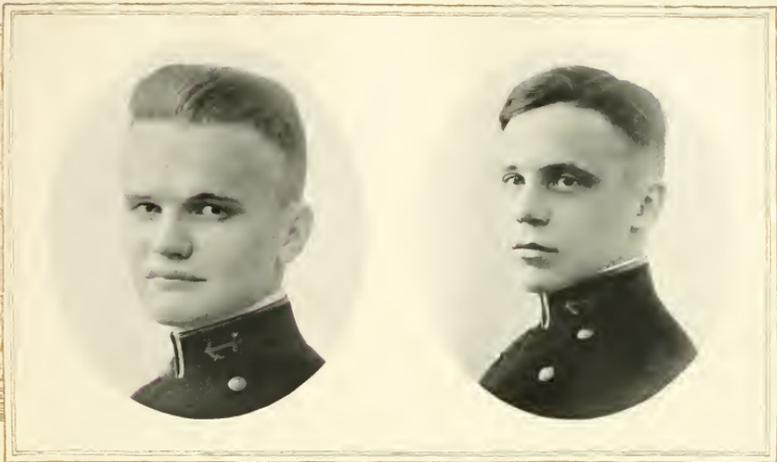
The orange blossoms will probably bloom for him sometime soon for he is one of the few First Classmen who still believes in the constancy of woman.

This automatically stamps him as not running true to ordinary form.

Take him and cherish him for his Irish and you'll like 'im.

*Buzzard;  
Assistant Cheer Leader.*





THOMAS GARLAND MURRELL  
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA  
"Count"

ROBERT STRITE  
CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Bobby"

HE is from Virginia—hence the nickname, Count. Easily described, is this Virginian—tall, well-knit, blonde—and blushes beautifully on any and all occasions. Unfortunately, he was athletically inclined so while the rest of the oil-stove club gathered after drill to work up a rhino atmosphere, he would be working out in the gym. To our great disappointment he even insisted on using his brains and studying once in a while.

Every man in the Navy is famous for some special accomplishment and Count is not the exception that proves the rule. On the night of November 29, 1919, after the Army-Navy Game it was he who led by a strong determination—and breath—dragged forth from the Kaydet stronghold their beloved gray banner. It now hangs among the other treasures of Smoke Hall, a wonderful remembrance of a great achievement, a wonderful night, and Count himself.

When your life as a midshipman is nearly finished and you think back on all the bad, mediocre, and good times which you have had at the Academy, there are certain men whom you will always remember as your real pals and true friends. There are many of us in the old Fifth who think of Count as such a friend.

*Buzzard;  
Track Squad (3);  
Class Lacrosse (1).*

BOBBY, the yard engineer, two years at the throttle and never missed a hop. He served his apprenticeship with the Yard Locomotive Union of '21 and burst forth with a heavy schedule First Class year. Hop card decorations and a locker door full of pictures have diverted more than one Duty Officer's gaze from a tornado-swept room.

Bobby is a girl in the Joe Gish theatrical world. In that working-girl rig he had, she looked like a laundry maid at a Jimmy Leg's ball—but did you see that bride in "Stop Thief?" Even the girls were envious.

The child labor law doesn't apply here. Otherwise Josephus would be serving confinement for working children under sixteen over twenty-four hours a day—such was Bob's tender age when he drifted into these shoals. If he decides to get married during the next three or four years he will have to ask mother for permission. Even at that when the number for class standing are dealt out quite a few of us will find ourselves bunking in the passageway while Bob occupies a stateroom. He has made his three years here count.

*Buzzard;  
Masqueraders (3, 1).*





HEBER BYRON BRUMBAUGH  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Major"

MAJOR'S stern, powerful voice and military bearing are both good evidence of the fact that his entrance into the Naval Academy did not mark the beginning of his military career.

Heller is one of those fellows who are very hard to get acquainted with, but once you know him, you will never want to meet a more loyal friend.

He has always impressed us as a very ambitious man, his one great ambition being to get away with all the fruit that was to be had without the exertion of too much force.

But with all his outstanding characteristics, good and bad, with his powerful voice, his weakness for femmes, and his strong, invincible desire for a place to caulk, you haven't met the real Major till you have become acquainted with the man himself. A quiet, pleasant disposition, an understanding of all faults in others, and a willingness to give up everything to help a friend, all go to make in the real Major—a personality that will grow on you in spite of yourself.

*Buzzard.*



ARTYN L. MAIN  
MT. VERNON, IOWA  
"Al"

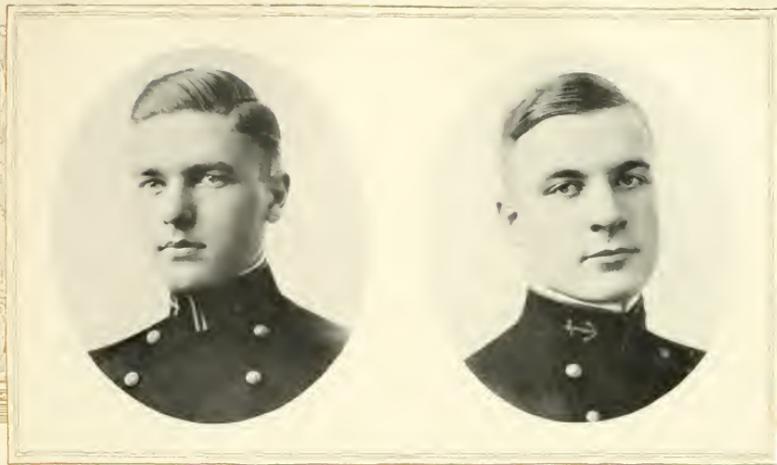
HERE we have Sally, fresh from the cowpaths of Iowa. He has rosy cheeks which are just beginning to show a beard. Main had two years of college before entering and the Academic course was such a pipe for him Plebe year that he easily fell into a state of innocuous lassitude. In fact, even as a First Classman, he was so lazy that it takes a ten foot pole to pry him loose from a comfortable chair in Smoke Hall, where he is content to stay forever with a Fat in his mouth, spreading the latest gossip. Nothing worries him for he takes everything as it comes and one can't help liking his easy going manner. Intentionally non-reg all the time, nothing pleases him more than getting away with something under the very nose of the D. O. In fact once in a while when things are dull you will actually see him boning the reg book to discover some reg that he has neglected to break.

Main loves the Navy, deep down in his heart, and he will tell you so when he isn't joining the gang in a Radiator Club meeting to discuss the hardships of a midshipman's life.

Sally's sunny disposition will stand him in good stead in later life and we're wishing him lots of luck.

*Buzzard.*





JOE L. RAICHE  
BUFFALO, NEW YORK  
"Joe" "Rachel"

JOE drifted quietly and serenely into Crabtown. In fact one would think that it hurts him to hurry. Even during Plebe summer you could find Joe on his way to formation at least five minutes before time in order not to have to step out.

His worries are two in number; number one, his gray hairs; number two, the Academic board. He will tell you any time that he is unsat and can not possibly graduate. But in spite of his doomed career he is in 21-A with stripes.

When it comes to dragging, Joe comes under the class of the amiable Red Mike. If you need any one badly to drag for you he will condescend to help out and strangely enough he seems to enjoy it although he will never admit it. Some have been known to fall for his apparent indifference for the fair sex, even if one fair maid did tell him that he was the most horrid man in Annapolis.

However, his friends, and they are many, know what a real companion and friend he is in spite of his inclination to make puns. His ability to work will carry him far and his personality further.

*Two Stripes.*

LAWRENCE LITCHFIELD, JR.  
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Larry" "Litch" "Rosie" "Piggy"

IN LARRY, messieurs et mesdames, we have a most unusual combination of general pessimist, yard engineer extraordinary, musical critic, and crew man par excellence.

We may consider the first specification proved if we accept the dope from the crew gang who have to watch Larry spread gloom over in the boat house just before a race. After listening to Litch a while we always feel that these boys never get the credit they deserve for their unshrinking patience with him.

In his early youth he was sent to school in Switzerland to acquire polish and to get rid of some of his Pittsburgh crudities, and after several years of this he returned quite irresistible, as one may judge from the repeated inquiries of Dick as to the identity of that good-looking No. 7 on the second boat.

Besides these numerous accomplishments the Freiherr is one of our best musical critics. He savvied Rachmanninoff and Debussy as the rest of us do our cap and lead, and can appreciate the effect of a well-placed dissonance as well as anyone in the third balcony at the Metropolitan.

'21 Plebe Crew;  
Junior Varsity (3, 1);  
Masqueraders (4);  
One Stripe, Two Stripes;  
Football (4, 1);  
Class Ring Committee.





WILBUR ANDREW WIEDMAN  
MCCOOL JUNCTION, NEBRASKA  
"Chauncey" "Sandy"

DICK Glendon's eyes brightened perceptibly when they first lighted upon this veritable young moose. Since then he has devoted much of his time and energy to earning and keeping a well deserved place on the Navy crews. Plebe year found him rowing in the Plebe shell. Youngster year he was one of two from the class to earn his seat in the Big Crew. Hard luck put him in the hospital a short time before the Henley and cost him a crossed oar. First Class year, Navy beans had increased his weight to the point where they moved him aft to stroke the starboard side.

Since the day he joined the Navy he has proved his endless good nature. He never leaves the imprint of 10 1/2 EE's on the grass of Porter Row. But nevertheless, he is no back channel bateau in a ball-room. When he stands down the gym floor with all sails set the crowd scatters before him as would a fleet of Eastport fishing vessels in the path of the Waterland.

*One Stripe;  
Crew Numerals;  
Crew N;  
Football Squad (1).*



MAX WELBORN  
PENDLETON, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"Max"

THERE are two Welborns. This is the South Carolina variety. His first name is a rank slander to his true nationality. Max is a full-blooded Scotchman, and swears that none of his ancestors were ever in the clothing business.

The order splitting the class caught Max on the lee side of 300. That only served to wake him up and he has kept sat and happy ever since.

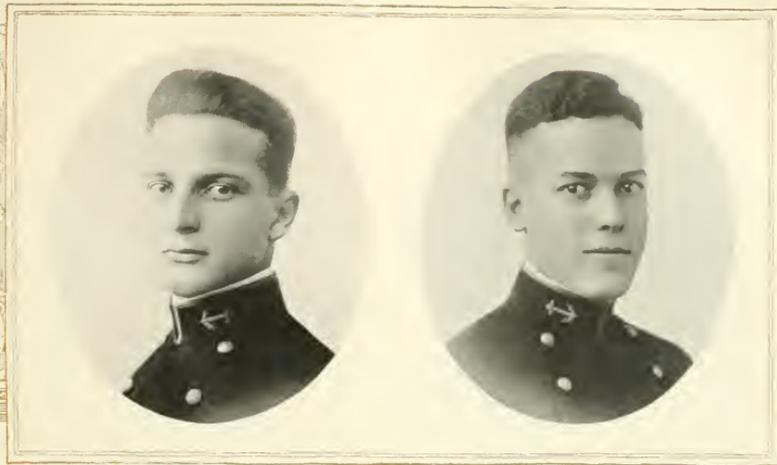
Max's knowledge of the girls is the result of hours spent with Vanity Fair and the Motion Picture Magazine. He intended to go out for wrestling once but was too tired. His athletics have been confined to sport sheets and the cheering section. But if not a member, Max has always been a loyal supporter of every team and has always stood ready to take a squad man's duty during practice hours.

He is generous to a fault, always ready to give you his last Fat or loan you his other collar. Sympathetic and never rhino, he was a valuable member of the gang on the Delaware.

Those of us who attended the after-meal parties in Max's shower Youngster year, will remember him as a good and true friend.

*Buzzard;  
Submarine Squad (4, 3, 1).*





SAMUEL WALTER DUBOIS  
PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY  
"Count" "Sam"

JESSE HICKS CARTER  
TEXARKANA, ARKANSAS  
"Nick"

HAVE you ever seen an old hound dog prick up his ears and throw a wistful look in his doggish eyes over some lost chord on the ivories? Well Navy, an aggregation of lucky dogs, has listened in melancholy rapture to the varied chords from this lad's musical soul. We would not have you think for one idle moment that Count is the kind that makes you wish you'd lived a better life—cause—well, he ain't that kind of a boy.

The Masqueraders knocked at his door and opportunity walked in. And say, didn't he knock that part for a coo-coo! And when we asked him how—he only smiled a wee smile and said "It's easy boys; fruit for a gentleman of the old school."

He is a gentleman. He never asks for a skag for himself and his roommate too. Count never would borrow your shirt when you were dragging yourself. Yes, sir, he is a gentleman, the kind of a man that would give you all he had. So anything we now have or ever will have, Boy, is yours for the asking.

*One Stripe;  
Class Supper Committee;  
Glee Club (3, 1);  
Masqueraders (1);  
Choir;  
Silver Masqued N;  
German Committee.*

WHY should a creature, blessed with so fair a name as Jesse be blasphemed Nick? Why is a preacher's son so devilish? Why is the ocean so near the shore? Those facial characteristics, that languid droop of his angel-bow lips, his curly hair, and the light that lies in his eyes—and lies—yes, there's the reason why.

Nick came from Exeter, profoundly versed in the ways of this unhappy world. He savvied all the ins and outs of a reg atmosphere. Don't you remember June Week of Plebe year, when tradition proclaimed that Plebes should rest tranquilly bottom side up in their boudoir showers? Young Carter, being exceedingly averse to "aqua pura" chose to carry his billet across the red tiled roof of the colonnade, and there to repose under the beaming smile of the Man in the Moon.

Have you ever had that aching longing for anything, so long as it's something new? Yes?—Right then's the time Nick's on hand. It's a dinner he'll drag you to, regardless of his reputation at stake, a dance, or a party ashore—he'll snap a fellow completely out of his state of lethargy and make him feel as if life were worth while after all.

So it's the best luck, Nick, old man, and give 'em --!

*Sub Squad (4, 1);  
Buzzard.*





JOHN MARSHALL EGGLESTON  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA  
"Jack" "Eagle"

WILLIAM LEHIGH REES  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY  
"Jake" "Willie"

"NAV this period? Fruit! Wake me five minutes before class, will yuh?" How our little bantam from Virginia do love his daily naps! Not at all unusual in itself—but he keeps sat in spite of them.

Jack exists during the five days of trial and tribulation only for the two days of life that follow. Picture an ardent lover of the three essentials of life, with a devilish ingenuity of execution, without regard for petty details and you have this live wire as nearly classified as mental photography will allow. If in doubt look for the Argo. Two to one he will be there in the midst of the gang, giving a line of sugared bunk that makes C. Alphonso's cohorts turn green with envy.

Here also we have a member of the exclusive club of 2 P. O.'s and an enthusiastic advocate of extra executive instruction.

Eat, well I should snicker. A living demonstration of the fact that size and the absorption of nourishment are not inter-related. Jack holds the Academy record for the Egg Nogg trophy. Admiring throngs watched with breathless interest his inhalation of the frothy flakes of beaten hen fruit the night before the Army-Navy game. And drink? Well, modesty forbids.

"Asiatic for mine! I want to save money enough to get married on."

*Buzzard.*

BLESSED with the inability to worry, Lehigh drifted through the rifts of Academic battles for three years without conscious effort. How he fooled them so completely is still a mystery. Youngster cruise found our William on the Ohio—sans beard, sans mirror, and after the first chow, sans appetite. He quickly recovered his appetite, and now his consumption of food is rivaled only by the coal report of the Kearsarge. His first successful operation with a safety razor, however, still remains the red letter day of his young career.

Bill's opinion of Plebes could be integrated between disgust and amazement. He found more rare specimens each day than Noah had in his life-boat's crew. In those days, fortunately, D. O.'s were rare also.

Being from the South, and having no propensities in common with a polar bear, he found the water too cold to stick out for the swimming team. In the good "ole" swimming hole in summer time, though, he could navigate with the best of them.

The old Tenth educated Rees in the ways of the sea, and it knows him to be a damn good man.

"Now, let me see. Explain to these gentlemen your eccentricities."

*C. P. O.*





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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

The Surrender of the *Guerriere*.





WILSON ANTHONY BENOIST  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI  
"Benny"



JOSEPH ALFRED MCGINLEY  
NORRISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Mack" "Pop" "Piggy"

HERE we have the original Red Mike. He never dragged but once and then it was blind for a friend. After this one outburst he swore off fussing for good and the only other time he attended a hop he wasn't exactly responsible for what he did. However, just as soon as Benny gets away from Annapolis, he changes completely into a regular snake and fusses constantly. There are girls in New York, in Newport, and especially in St. Louis who receive daily letters from him. Once on Youngster leave he was seen in a jewelry store trying to buy a wedding ring.

Dopy's only other outstanding characteristic is his laziness. He would be perfectly content to just sit in the shade and think—or perhaps just sit. Give him a cigarette and leave him alone, and he will be sublimely happy; but so much as mention work or anything involving a waste of energy and Benny is ready to leave. He hates work, admits it, and thinks that anyone who doesn't is crazy. As between being lazy and crazy, he thinks the advantage lies heavily with him. But he doesn't argue the matter for that would be too much work.

*Buzzard.*

THAT lazy, easy going"—so readith Jig-Jig's dope book, and words can not be found in the English language which would better describe Piggy. Just let him get a hammer-lock on a bed with a magazine or a breezy novel before him and it will take nothing less than a miracle to bring him back to earth. This same characteristic has kept Al from becoming a football man, the "conservation of energy" being his only thought, though he did make the sub squad and has been a constant attendant at the many aquatic meets.

Like all the rest of the Macks and Mikes, Al is every inch an Irishman. If you don't believe it just try to start something. He has one of those sweet Irish dispositions.

As a card shark Al is right there. It makes no difference what the game is, Pinochle, Bridge, or Poker, he is always ready for a hand, but if any of the galloping dominoes are around, the cards seem to lose their charm.

Mack is one of the original Red Mikes. Few people can boast of seeing him at a hop or a Crabtown tea fight.

*Buzzard;*  
*Sub Squad (4, 3, 1).*





HENRY THOMAS BIRMINGHAM  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Hank" "Birmie"

LAURENCE ALLEN ABERCROMBIE  
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Abe"

'20 DROPPED a good man among us when they left Hank behind on the eve of graduation. Hank had the gods of fortune against him, for after battling with the All-Academics for two years, coupled with one re-exam, and finally to be beaten by the Nav Department on the last jump, was a good blow for any man to take, and Hank took it and took it well.

Hank first became one of us on First Class cruise. In New York he was in on all parties afloat and ashore, and a rather lively part in most of them.

Back at the Academy Hank showed us the best of himself. On Saturday nights when the rest of the gang are doing Prof Bell's best Terpsichorean teachings over in the gym, Hank is among those missing. The Saturday night movies and music from Grand Opera to Ted Lewis absorb his interest. Smoke Hall takes the rest of his time—one reason why he has become so well known to the class in a short time.

Hank, while fortune hasn't smiled on you very much as yet, the best wishes of the class go with you to the Marines.

"Now Abe and I are always —"

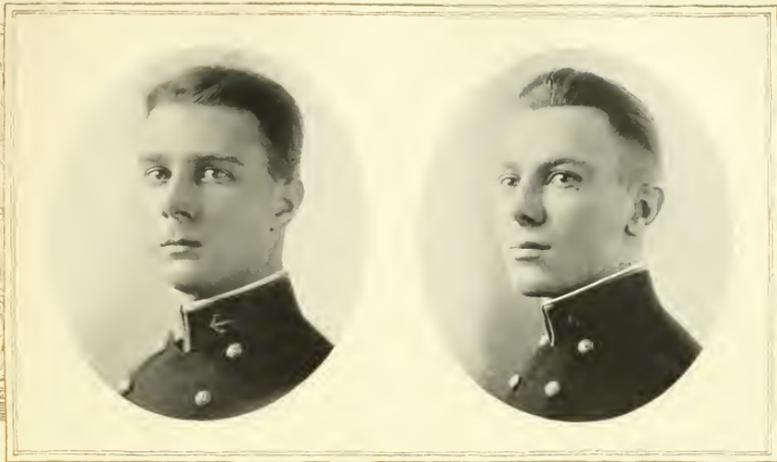
*Buzzard.*

ABE is a gift from Twenty that is appreciated by every Red Mike who ever attended a Saturday night movie. As a product of Massachusetts, he is a black sheep, being neither star nor striper, but as a product of the Clean Sleeve's Club, he is a prodigy. He runs Mary Thurman a close race for first place at every Mack Sennett performance with his warbling, an accomplishment which makes the far-famed Chapel Glee Club a welcome part of the Sunday Morning Show.

Laurence is first man on every list, including the sub and extra duty squad. Alphabetically he is the ratey man in the Regiment, but he doesn't cultivate rank except in the hearts of those who know him. Whenever you think of Abe, you see the old one-lunged Smoke Hall piano in the center of an enthusiastic audience. Being primarily an entertainer, he cares little for the serious side of Academy life. Nav and Regs are sidelines, but, without a doubt, when the time comes, he will ease out of the heap with a handspring, a whoop, and the ever-ready smile that stretches from ear to ear.

*Glee Club (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Bugle Corps (4);  
Buzzard.*





RUPERT MEYRICK ZIMMERLI  
 LYONS, NEW YORK  
 "Zep" "Zim" "Rupe"

ZIMMERLI unfortunately lost a year in his scheme of things not because he was wooden but because illness overtook him at an inopportune time. Twenty-one accepts him from Twenty as a friend.

At a very early age, Zep—a name given to this native of Switzerland after a much discussed essay on the German Zeppelin in 1916—decided that he would like nothing better than to wear the uniform of the U. S. Navy for the rest of his life and with that determination joined us.

A man of high ideals and a lover of nature, Rupe enjoys nothing more than an opportunity to discourse on the characteristics of the weaker sex or to tell of his prowess as a hunter and taxidermist. Ted claims that between this pair of evils he never will pull sat in sleep.

As to his social ambition, the mere mention of an English school girl will decide him and he usually is satisfied to warm the radiator.

But who will gainsay that he is a man.

*Buzzard;  
 Rifle Team (3).*

HJALMAR ADOLPH CHRISTENSEN  
 CASS LAKE, MINNESOTA  
 "Red" "Christy" "King"

TWENTY lost a man and Twenty-one claimed a friend when the flu and pneumonia claimed and held Red for over six months of his first First Class year, during which time he learned to call more doctors and nurses by their first name than an ordinary man does in a lifetime.

King boarded the stern of Twenty-one just after she shoved off on her First Class cruise.

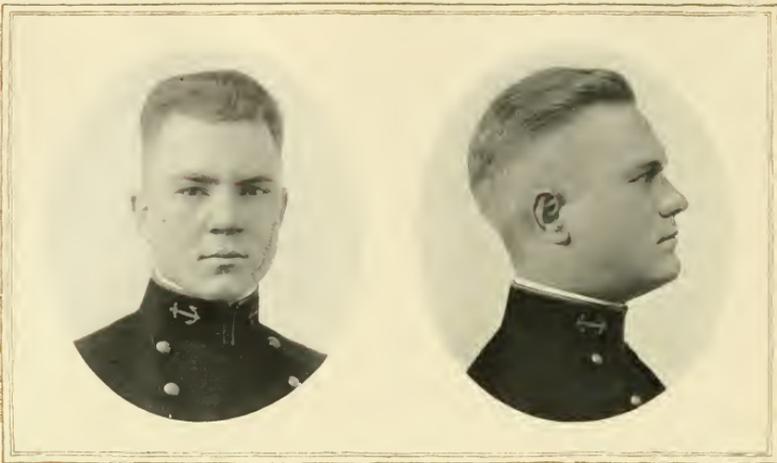
The Math Department did not take him seriously enough or perhaps took him too seriously Plebe year. The result was that he took two weeks of Youngster leave to show them he meant business through the medium of a re-exam.

Christy is always ready for a good time and he certainly does know how to inject the spirit of cheerfulness into those around him. Ask anyone who has made a liberty with him if he has ever been a drag on the party.

Norway claims this Viking and has given to him the heritage of the North—cool judgment, self-control, perseverance, an eye for details, and the wanderlust.

*Batt. C.P.O.;  
 Glee Club (3, 1);  
 Choir (3, 1);  
 Manager Musical Clubs (1).*





JOHN ERVIN PIXTON  
 JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA  
 "Pick" "Pickens" "Johnny"

ALL except the few unfortunates who spent every Saturday at confinement know Johnny as the one who "picks 'em up and throws 'em down." A nice playful little habit the boy has. For Johnny won't grow up. He came up from Florida a big lovable kid and today he's only bigger and more lovable and his language is just as picturesque and just as seldom profane. Every time you hear some ancient, barbaric, wierd sounding excuse for a cuss-word you may know who's around.

Over at the Barracks, Pixton and Sheldon gave each other practice in dodging ink-wells and shoe-brushes and then when First Class year came Johnny took a post-graduate course from Gates in the art of rough-housing. Anyone who ever saw Olin and him massage each other with chairs, understands why Fitz got a broken nose when he took a hand that night.

When it comes to picking a shipmate you'll have to look a long way to do better. Ask Powell what he thinks of the subject. You may get killed in a little love scrap but at least it will come with no ill-will behind it.

"What makes the grass grow green, Uncle Tom?"

*Wrestling Welterweight Championship (4);  
 Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 1);  
 WNT (3, 1);  
 Buzzard.*

RUFUS GERARD THAYER  
 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
 "Rufe" "Pop" "Gerry"

RUFE is one of those fellows who wear a fussed, embarrassed smile and turn a vivid red on no provocation at all. But this same deceptive expression is one of his greatest assets for behind it lies in ambush the untrammelled line that ranks him one of the foremost oil-stovers.

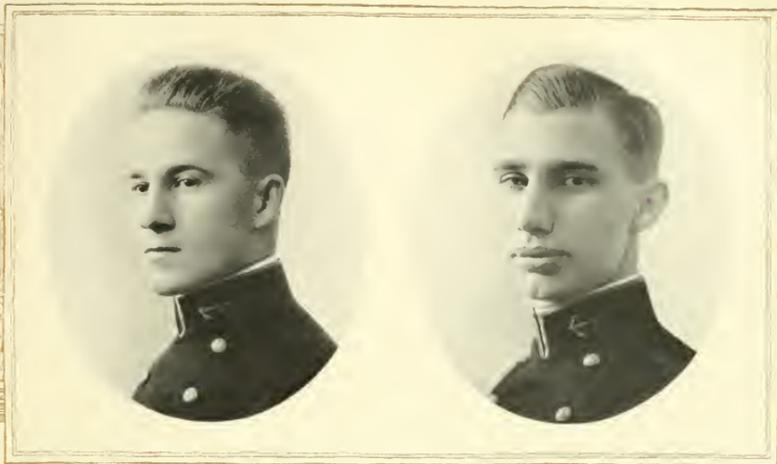
Like a true Royal Son of Rest he is not over-fond of work and would rather believe what the text book says than worry about it. He has a few non-reg tendencies among which is a very non-reg brace. When he tries to talk he often marks time for a while and then it all comes with a rush. We hesitate to call him lazy but it is safe to say that he is an exponent of conservation of energy. Rufe is a sort of dilettante in athletics. In spite of some structural eccentricities he usually gets a seat on the X-nth crew each spring. He did succeed in making the choir but, as far as we can figure, it was probably due to political influence.

Rufe is as fond of a joke as the next one—if he's not the goat. And his disposition is usually like his hair—sunny. In short he is a jolly shipmate and a loyal friend.

"Well, I'll bite. What is it?"

*Buzzard;  
 Mandolin Club (4, 1);  
 Choir (4, 3, 1);  
 Crew Squad (4, 3, 1).*





ROY MAXWELL SIGNER  
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA  
"Sig" "Gooph"

LIKE all the rest of us, Sig is ambitious to get his quivering fingers on the highly desired sheep skin. At that, this hasn't debarred him from all the ordinary and a few extraordinary pleasures that the inmates here are addicted to. He is in ever present need of the stimulus of nicotine and even if Thermo is the same as Patagonian to him he can tell precisely the heating value in B.T.U.'s of his long pipe.

Dragging isn't exactly a passion with him, but even in these days, when girls are either married or else want to be, he doesn't hide in order to avoid their presence. And we can't altogether believe that his trip to Chicago on Christmas leave was solely to ride on the B. & O. mule-train special.

He is a member of the choir but we don't seriously accuse him of singing. Even so, he grafts the authorities out of a drill period every week. However, the majority agree that his vocal spasms deserve a big hand—over his mouth.

He has intentions of making good in the Navy and we'll gamble that he does.

*Buzzard.*

CHARLES WILLIAM RHODES  
DINUBA, CALIFORNIA  
"Dusty" "Pop" "Abe" "Slim"

THE subject of this little sketch entered the Academy while still a mere youth, being less than twenty-seven, to be exact. He easily survived the vicissitudes of Plebe summer and its following eclipse, being duly installed as an efficient member of the old fighting sixth. He had little trouble with Academic work, with the possible exception of English; his cheery smile and industrious habits enabling him to have quite a little velvet to leeward of a two-five.

Early Youngster year Pop fell in love and since then has remained faithful in his devotion to the one-and-only from California. His tea fights have been rare, but when occasion demands, Hawkshaw can come down with as hot a line as the next one.

Pop was not specially fitted by nature for any special branch of athletics, unless an expert job of stage carpentry for the masqueraders be such a thing. He always has a fund of humor for any occasion where rhinoism predominates, and his healthy outlook on life is a good basis for the esteem in which he is held by those who know him.

*Buzzard;*  
*Mandolin Club (4);*  
*Masqueraders (3, 1).*





VIRGIL KNEPPER BAYLESS  
FINDLAY, OHIO

"Pop" "Butler" "Fog Horn" "Blackie"

HERE is a man with a "Rock of Ages" face whose true age has been a mystery and a subject for discussion for the last ten or twelve years. Previous to entering upon his period of servitude among the intellectual low-brows he spent some time in the O. N. G. and the discrepancy between the figures on his discharge papers and those on the N. A. Register is his angora chaser.

As a scholar he isn't quite a 4.0, but he uses what he has between the ears and he has a way of batting them when they count.

When it comes to fussing around here he claims that he is one of the charter members of the Red Mikes, though to save our lives we can't understand how a man can be a member of that select order and still get a pink letter every day for two years. That letter is as inevitable as a G. M. T. on a Nav P-work.

He has been rather handy on the Log Staff, though. He has somewhat of a journalistic frame of mind, and his hard and conscientious work during his stay here has been a factor in the successful publication of the Log.

All in all, he couldn't pass as an angel and of course he has some little faults, but he is a good man to tie to and wherever some of the old gang congregates there will always be a place for Butler.

*Log Staff (4, 1);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
C. P. O.*

IVAN W. MILLER  
VERSAILLES, OHIO

"I. W." "Slim" "Ivan"

THIS flaxen-haired lad from the Styx is the reason for that fable concerning the wolf and the sheepskin. When others boast of exploits fictitious or otherwise he listens with that care-worn air of his. About the time the speaker takes time out for air stand by, for Herod will be out Heroded. He invariably starts off with "—and I" and then follows the tale of that wild Provincetown trip or the party that was pulled off the night that "Regulation" McLean launched his Texas real estate boom on a Boston roof garden. Scheherazade would never have had a fighting chance with Ivan. Yet in his way he is a secretive sort of a bird. The significance of that middle initial has been a mystery for four long years.

Ivan is a product of a misdirected genius. Had he used as much energy in working as he has in avoiding work we would have had another youthful prodigy to point at with pride. After attending eighteen successive meetings of the sub squad without once getting wet he became the sole possessor of the cast iron water-wings.

Last but not least he is (breathe it softly) a misogamist.

*Buzzard.*





DUNCAN CURRY, JR.  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Dunc"

DUNC joined our happy gathering from the backwoods of Long Island with a great deal of the world still before him. His youth was the despair of the Upper Classmen for who can be hard with unsophisticated sweet sixteen.

But appearances are deceitful and his H. P. brain fooled many a savvy Math Prof. Decidedly books were the least of Dunc's troubles and he only lacked a satellite because of a consistent worship of Morphs.

A rough house is one of his favorite pastimes and it is doubtful whether he became more skilled at breaking furniture Plebe year or crockery First Class year.

Hops and extra duty have vied for much of his time, and his love affairs alone would fill a volume, but First Class year, having attained the age of discretion, he fell hopelessly and the wires melted with the fervent messages he sent nightly to Baltimore.

With his good nature and sense of humor he has made many friends in the Regiment. He has that enviable ability of seeing things as they are and of picking out the truly important things of life.

*Buzzard.*



THOMAS ARCHER ESLING, JR.  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
"Tommy" "Sling"

ALTHOUGH Sling has been a consistent Red Mike during his Academic career it has been due to his fondness for the movies and athletic events rather than any dislike for girls. About once a year he has yielded to the call of duty, dragged, and heaved a sigh of relief when it was over. All his ardor has been saved for a better purpose and few Saturdays have gone by without his cheering some Navy team to victory and applauding Mack Sennett's bathing girls with the enthusiasm always shown by the appreciative audience which fills the auditorium every Saturday night. One of his accomplishments is the accurate timing of late blast, for he has figured it out so exactly that he can come nearer to it than any other man in the Regiment.

Sling is not a savior but he is savvy enough to stand fairly high without letting work interfere with pleasure. Consequently he is a willing and enthusiastic partner in any venture, reg or non-reg, which promises good sport.

To be brief, he is the kind of friend who will play with you, work with you, and above all, stand by you.

*Buzzard.*





WILLIAM WEBSTER, JR.

BEL AIR, MARYLAND

"Bill" "Noah" "Dan" "Willie"

EVER since Willie has been able to know what happened around him, he has had but one desire—to be a Naval Officer—He is.

Willie is an infant prodigy and all that goes with it. He holds the class championship in chess and as study was not for him, spent most of his time working out the chess problems appearing in the best of papers. Y. M. C. A. was assured of success when Willie's name came out on the stationery. It did smooth out a few of the rough spots and added a true moral atmosphere. To hear Willie expound on literature is a treat. He even has a dictionary named after him. Few people rise to such heights.

Dan had no inclinations for athletics except the mental kind. From the practice it has had his brain should be able to turn hand-springs or anything else he should call for.

The weaker sex has few wiles which pierced his case-hardened armor of contempt—women are much too frivolous for Willie to waste time on. Now and then he did break out and surprise everyone. A yard engine tried to make a pet of him, but he refused to be house broken.

Self-contained and conscientious, Willie will make his mark in the Service somehow.

*Star (4, 3);*

*C. P. O.;*

*Log Staff (3);*

*Masqueraders (3);*

*Secretary Y. M. C. A. (1);*

*Lucky Bag Staff.*



ARNOLD ELLSWORTH TRUE

CORINTH, KENTUCKY

"Everett"

REMEMBER having seen the Eighth company pass by Plebe year? Then you remember the squat little head, neck and shoulders that, following in the wake, bobbed up and down like the buoy of a ship dragging an anchor—no, not "Woof"—his little side kick, Everett True.

Everett is about as forward and imposing as a Plebe representing his table for the first time at the Supe's Wednesday afternoon tea matinee. Having Pinkie Thorp wished on him as a roommate Youngster year developed Everett's aggressiveness to some extent.

With the friendships the close intimacies of a Crab summer at Yorktown will develop, Everett returned to the 3rd company Youngster year more of a known quantity. Members of the Soviet fell into the habit of dropping around during the period Pinkie allotted Everett for sweeping out, to get the dope on the change in displacement of a ship entering salt water from fresh. So thoroughly was he forced to go into the matter, he swung himself into the company's minority, forsaking the happy half.

Big-hearted and willing, worry free and contented, slow and calm, old Everett—Some pal.

"Jim-m-m, look at this soap you left in the shower."

*Buzzard.*





WILLIAM GUY EATON

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

"Bill" "Lash-Brownie" "Wilyum"

**N**OW when I was sailing the Great Lakes on the good ship Gopher I used to—" and then Bill will unfold a yarn which would make any old salt green with envy. Bill can tell many a good story about splicing the main brace, rounding the horns, and about his wild experiences in port.

He is one of the lucky mortals who never gets rhino and blue when things go wrong. However it does take an exception to make the rule and sometimes when that letter, pink and scented, from the Duluth girl doesn't arrive on time he does get a little dejected.

Ever since he has been in the Navy he has liked it and unlike many of us isn't adverse to telling that he likes it and intends to stay.

Like a true sailor Bill loves the women and the women seem to like Bill. Those eyes and eye lashes have raised havoc with many a girl.

Bill hasn't gone in much for athletics except of course those of the Mexican variety, and to be sure is a charter member of the old Radiator Club.

He is a great pal, always cheery and ready to help out in any way, and should make a good officer in this man's Navy.

*Buzzard.*

LEON JOHN JACOBI

MT. CLEMENS, MICHIGAN

"Jack" "Jake"

**H**ERE'S Jake—there's late blast. He always just beats it, but claims as an alibi in case our automatic clock nips off ten seconds that it's a C. P. O. rate to arrive when he gets there—no sooner. Just to look at him you can tell he has a snakish idea of good times and although he hates to admit it, the hop that doesn't have his shining countenance on the deck—with one even fairer, of course—isn't a real success.

Jake spent his First Class cruise seeing the world at League Island aboard the Nevada and incidentally he spent July 4th in New York for some strange reason—the same reason that sends letters and joy to 4266.

When Jake left the state of automobiles and Fords to try his lot as a pampered pet, the U. of M. lost a promising engineer. There is nothing too much for him to do for a friend, he does it often, and his friends are many. Some one will be fortunate to have not only a messmate but a true friend when Jake gets into the fleet and begins his climb.

"Say, Bill, wasn't that formation I heard a few minutes ago? Guess I better bear a hand."

*Baseball Squad (A, 1);  
C. P. O.*





WESLEY COMPTON BOBBITT  
 OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA  
 "Blondy"

PRESENTABLE enough down to the shoulders, below Blondy represents everything that adipose tissue isn't. A slim bird, an infamous juggler of the restive cup—tea cup since the origination of the forty-eight desserts, he always keeps his ideas close at home for the simple reason that they'd ruin him if exposed. He is at his best when seated at the oaken board populated by prehistoric steins and others clad in blue. He lives by the policy that a lone horse travels fastest and furthest, consequently he has kept his other failings, if any, from us. The theory of opposites outweighed the psychology of nicknames for Blondy is a satire on his name. So the ladies say, and they know. We personally think his calm, casual non-reg ways, his embryo lineaments of a man of action frightened away the merely playful and brought him an undeserved reputation for wickedness. Of course a stray coat or so and the bad effect of New York oysters are only circumstantial evidence.

However, he's a dependable man. Depend on him to cut you out in the long run. Although you hate to do it, give him a rotten rep before he meets her, for he has the qualities of a true Carolinian, bad and we must admit it gentlemanly in a true sense of an elastic word.

*C. P. O.;  
 One Stripe;  
 Submarine Squad (3, 1);  
 Class Honor Committee (3).*



WILLIAM BARTLETT FLETCHER, JR.  
 NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND  
 "Bill" "Frank Friday"

SURASH—crash—a dead silence broken only by heavy gasps. A brief renewal with an abrupt ending.

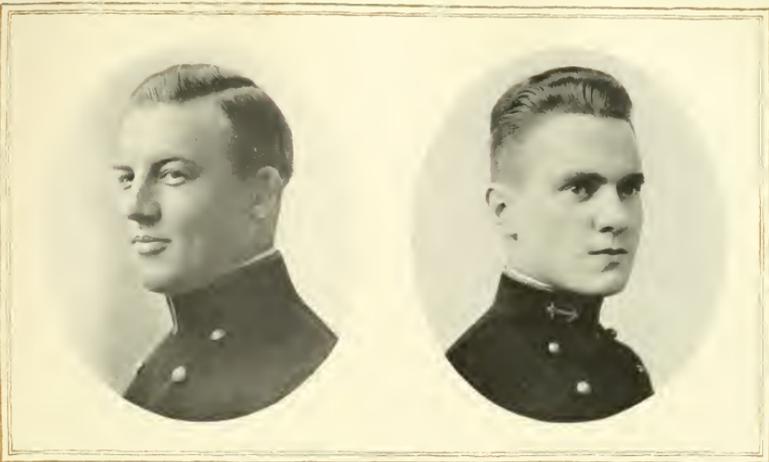
"What's the trouble in that room?"

"Oh Fletcher's only subduing his roommates to the proper pitch." He sure has changed. Plebe year he was never known to do anything except swing on a bar, this year it seems like his foot's on it. Those people are ruining his ideals. He was seen dragging last week, was ragged trying to burn oil and hit the pap for his second time this morning. That girl he inflicted himself on last week dropped a remark that would make any one change places with him. Something like this: "Oh how refreshingly innocent, what a pleasure to develop properly"—Speaking of him too—wonder what she meant. Of course he is built like an inverted pyramid and Tarzan was a hunchback compared to him. He probably hunched out a line of his youthful ambitions.

To chronicle him faithfully is beyond us. He started with the gym team Plebe year, developed as a mainstay, and went when he had second on the bar in the '20 intercollegiates. Winning points was a failing. In the process of getting his one broad stripe he acquired friends on all sides. Quiet, unassuming, self-contained with a ready and infectious smile he's seagoing from stem to stern.

*Gym Team (4, 3, 1);  
 GNT;  
 One Stripe.*





EDWARD JOSEPH MILNER  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Shorty"

WILLIAM FRANCIS FITZGERALD, JR.  
TOLEDO, OHIO  
"Bill" "Fitz" "Dolly"

SHORTY came to us from a tryout with the Giants—Big League stuff—so to speak—and it's been the same sort of a game with Shorty ever since. When Old Father Time called away the cruel blasts of winter, and softened nature up with a touch of Spring, then Shorty would lead the boys to the old lot over there by Porter Row for a fill of the bat and the horseshide. Every now and then you find in a fellow a wholesome conglomeration of optimism, sympathy, and positive effort, just so again is the hero of this legend. If there ever was an item unessential, however, in the welfare of a human being, women were to Shorty. Heavens no! They no more disturbed his state of mental equilibrium than a horsefly does duck soup. And yet the habits of the male are not unchangeable, and the day may sometime come, who knows, when he shall fall.

Our only regret is in his likeness seen above, that there couldn't be less of pads and gold buttons and more of his contagious grin, 'cause if ever a man believed

"Smile and the world laughs with you,  
Frown and you frown alone."

It was Shorty.

*One Stripe;  
Baseball Squad (4, 3, 1);  
Baseball N (4);  
Baseball N-Star (3, 1);  
Captain Baseball (1).*

AS soon as '19 saw the blue eyes and pink cheeks they called him Dolly and the name has stuck despite his baseball and football activities. Even if Johnny Pixton did break his nose with his lovable rough house tactics he didn't spoil the looks. Fitz has a way with the ladies too—the face and the "just once" go well together. And he's got a confidential line like that one of Sunny's.

Plebe year he belonged to the most famous squad in the regiment—Fitz-True-Richmire and Wolfinger—the gang that entertained one-third the mess hall every day and Louie Nulton and the rest of it on Hundredth Night. Remember that dance on the table.

Youngster year he nearly dropped into the Second Class on account of the time he spent figuring out how much he needed to make the first. If you want any dope on how he vamped Norfolk why ask the OK gang. They'll tell you too about the guard they used to send to keep him from getting lost or kidnapped in New York.

If anybody ever was good-natured it is Dolly Fitz—and his popularity is an evidence of it.

*Baseball (4, 3);  
Submarine Squad (4, 3, 1);  
One Stripe.*





WILSON DURWARD LEGGETT, JR.  
TARBORO, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Leggins" "Legs"

LEGS started out all right to carve for himself a Naval career and succeeded pretty well as long as he had Country to look after him. He boned to make the A squad, and had to bone to stay; whereas before had been just one long sleep. Moreover, the D. O.'s began to worry the tar heel.

Plebe year he had to stand sidewise in a breeze, but as he progressed Academically, he filled out to the extent that he could trust himself alone to smoke in the shower without fear of slipping through.

At first we expected him to settle down and build for that one back in the home town, but soon there came signs of digression and he began to sputter wildly and fly off on a different path each week; all of which increased graduation obligations at 3 B's, but still left him to the shifting whims of feminine guile. With the return of rational functioning, came an intensified concentration of attention to the home pondunk.

Legs will make one of the best of shipmates in all kinds of weather. He has never been of the dazzling type; but rather the unassuming, conservative chap who goes on collecting friends.

*Buzzard.*

GERALD DESMOND LINKE  
PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY  
"Shinola" "Pretzel" "Dutchman" "Blackie"

"PARTY on tonight, Tex?" Many times have we heard these words and looking around beheld the "Dutch Beer Hound" licking his chops in eager anticipation. These parties are the favorite pastimes of our Wop from the "Skeeter" state and we must admit that he does it well and enjoys it thoroughly.

Those of us who have known him First Class year as vice-president of the Red Mikes' club can hardly picture Gerald heaving the wicked line to the belles of Washington. Yet such was the case as his bills at B. B. & B's. will testify. During First Class year, however, he renounced the ties that bound him to the snakes, considering the attractions of the Washington debutantes secondary to the charms of a single jewel of Flatbush.

As an athlete, Blackie makes a good umpire. We cannot tell whether he chose this position himself or the coach chose it for him but we know that after getting there he wore a smile in proportion to the howls of the contesting teams. His other athletics consisted in struggling with the colors for the benefit of kings, princes, and the spectators of the Army-Navy game, and from the write-ups in his home town paper he has come into his own at last.

*Buzzard.*





THADDEUS B. HOPPER  
RICHMOND HILL, NEW YORK  
"Thad" "T. B." "Hop"

THAD has a sense of humor as peculiar as his given name. He will sit for an hour with his countenance steeped in deepest gloom while the rest of the gang are convulsed with mirth. But should one of the worthy things by any chance come down with a sober or sensible thought then and then only will T. B.'s distinguished countenance be wreathed with smiles.

Thad's facial get-up is eccentric enough to fit in with his other characteristics both physical and mental. His thorax must be treated somewhere in the vicinity of his heels for when he connects them up in series the very walls do tremble.

As a companion and shipmate Thad is irreprouchable. A good listener is always in demand and he is the dean of them all. After listening to the usual soporific line he was a most welcome whif. He has never been an exponent of the theory that two can live cheaper than one—so it is clear sailing ahead for him.

*Buzzard.*  
*Sub Squad (4, 3, 1).*



JOSEPH FRANCIS BOLGER  
ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Joe" "Savvy"

LADIES and Gentlemen! The herewith appended facsimile presents the boast of Adams, Massachusetts. The quiet simplicity of his untouched nature was embalmed in the fragrance of the Berkshire zephyrs. Never, fair dragees, did reflected summer sunset enhance such resplendence as that which reigns on his Apollonian countenance. Child of the wilderness and sequestered spaces, he toiled not in vain in that ulterior sector of civilization—for lo! that invisible sculptor was preparing a masterpiece. Oft of a summer's eve, returning down the mountain with his father's flock, Joe would hearken to the roar of the distant surf, and the spirit of romance winged the celestial blue.

Once Academized this facinorous vertebrate silently convinced us of his contempt for astronomy. Nobody yet has been elected to "Who's Who Academically" by memorizing the *Cosmo*, and Joe's reputation is far from questionable. Couch cooty? Never! His forte is the play of those big rolling eyes, and when he beams on one from the corners of aforesaid orbits and that innocent blush is in the ascendant—then girls, Watch Out! Joe is now in quest of a knight to represent him at his wedding.—Fusser from the heels down! He still retains a childish fondness for the pristine swamps, and ever and anon does he pine for the venerable fastnesses of the Berkshires.

*Buzzard.*





HARRY WARNER BALTAZZI  
WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND  
"Bep" "Beppo" "Harry"



LINFIELD LEE HUNT  
ROSEDALE, KANSAS  
"Rosedale" "Kansas"

"O H God, I'm wooden," is the gist of Bep's thino line. Notwithstanding this occasional outburst, Harry has more practical knowledge inside that ivory gonk of his than we know what to do with.

As for fussing! Oh shades of Saint Patrick! Did you ever hear of that "cold forty" from Hmpsd? Get Bep to tell you about it—introductions are not necessary for Beppo is delightly informal. And dance! Why Wild Bill McKelvy on a spree is a gentle zephyr alongside our Bep. Caruso never stood a chance with Harry when our young hopeful reached for the high notes at the Class Supper. Bacchus himself must have turned green with envy. But then that was but an incident and Bep has since ceased striving to emulate any of our world artists.

After having lived three years with him and having seen him from every angle, we have come to the conclusion that he is pretty much of a man. Here's to you, Bep, a long life and a happy one.

"Yes, Count, some day some woman will be fool enough to marry me! Won't that be Hell?"

*Crew Squad (A);  
Chief Petty Officer.*

**S**MOKE? Preposterous.  
Imbibe? Unthinkable.  
Burn Oil? Monstrous.  
Drag? Never.

Culver and Schad's did excellent work in preparing Mike for entrance, so asylum was granted previous to the departure of '18.

Even as you and I, Mike has consistently displayed the common ear marks of the forty per cent since coming here, and has scored some highly distinctive coups in this line. He is young and no doubt means well, but even this cannot explain twenty-one empty 2-in-1 cans, innumerable whisk brooms under his mattress, giving his clean laundry round trips, breaking bottles outside the Duke's office, and habitual violations of section h, Art. 752, N. A. R.

The boy is a staunch advocate of concentration, memory courses, and personal efficiency, although he is quite unable to concentrate when his feet are at a lower level than his head, and has occasionally forgotten to attend chow. For all his absent-mindedness; however, he has never strayed from the path of a true Red Mike, and if there is any truth in the statement that the longer they last the harder they fall, we predict an interesting future for Mike.

*Buzzard.*





HARRY ALFRED BRANDENBURGER  
BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS  
"Brandy"



JOHN WENDELL JAMISON  
BLAIRSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Red"

**N**OBODY ever heard of Belleville until Brandy came among us, but if the place produces any more like him, it's all right. His unfailing good humor and generosity won the friendship and respect of all with whom he came in contact.

Brandy's athletic career has been confined to hard and consistent work on the football squad. He has not been numbered among the stars but has contributed his share toward Navy victories.

Academically, he thinks himself wooden, but he found himself in the savvy half at the end of Youngster year in spite of his gloomy prophecies to the contrary.

As a fusser, he isn't there; the Red Mikes can boast of no member more devoted to their principles than Brandy. His idea of a good time is a movie and a bag of peanuts.

But in spite of all this Brandy will be a good man to go to sea with.

"Say Brandy, dragging tonight?"

"No, I ain't no great hand with the wimmen."

*Two Stripes;  
Expert Rifleman;  
Football Squad.*

**R**ED'S one great hobby was comparing his cerise hitsute appendage with the hair of every Irish Plebe in the Regiment; when comparisons were finished, our hero generally took the fur-lined mustard bottle. His long, curly, wavy, attic roof has been the cynosure of all eyes and the envy of all femmes who came within its radiance; they would exclaim, "Oh, Red, you look so *Titian!*" For many hours, the long suffering mirror would dumbly stand before such pinkness, while the boy nonchalantly turned from side to side and allowed the sunlight and Herpicide to play in its midst.

No Plebe ever beat Red to formation, and rumor has it that he only received four d's Youngster year, besides keeping Swig off the pap sheet. A summer in the lotus-covered lairs of Philadelphia, however, converted the la-ad into an unrestrained and Bullshhevik First Classman.

But County Kerry never had a more ardent admirer of the fair sex than Red. Fussing, dragging blind, and getting bricked was all in a day's work.

Red, we are glad to have had you with us—your booster spirit and carefree, sunny disposition will surely make you many friends in the Service.

*Buzzard;  
Expert Rifleman.*





HAMPDEN OSBORNE BANKS  
EUTAW, ALABAMA  
"Major" "Ham" "H. O."

HAM came to us from sunny Alabama after the old Academics had opened fire. Their game has been a losing one with him because never have they had him guessing.

The first term of Plebe year his domicile was in the lowly basement. Later, however, he came up to the 4th deck, 3rd wing to get acquainted with the old 16th Co. and he has been in the limelight ever since. His Southern drawl made a hit with the Upper Classmen. Ham didn't go in for athletics, excepting his frantic and finally successful attempt to win positive buoyancy over in the tank. His happy disposition and willingness to do favors at any time have made him a friend of all who know him. The reason for his perpetual happiness though is easily found, as Ham gets a thick letter every day from Back Home and there is a miniature where they come from.

First Class cruise found Ham on Broadway enjoying life, but Ham has good ideas of being a regular subscriber to the Good Housekeeper or the Home Beautiful. Now we find Ham answering the call of "Go west young man, go west."

"Gallopers Attention, Money at rest!"

*Buzzard;  
Clean Sleeve.*



FRANCIS JOSEPH MCKENNA  
LEICESTER, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Mick" "Ajax" "Mac"

OUR Ajax, short, dark, and rather good looking. A son of old Erin and a firm advocate of home rule. His favorite indoor sport is twisting the lion's tail in the cause of the Emerald Isle, ask Tommy.

He slipped by the Jimmy Leg at the gate one day in June and has been going in the right direction ever since. "Academically, yes," but—well lets give him the benefit of the doubt. As a Plebe, Ajax was O. K., except for that walk, or rather strut; a game cock wasn't in it with Mick.

Ajax showed signs of leanings toward the fair sex Youngster year, but a summer in the Hub of the Universe and a few nights on the Charles, and his fate was sealed. If you want to find Mick on a Saturday night, follow the crowd to the gym.

Ajax is blessed with an extremely good nature. He can give and take a joke with equal humor, which is no mean accomplishment. As a roommate he has few equals; and so if you need a friend, be the occasion one of joy or sorrow, this little Irish gentleman is one worth having.

The third deck was the beginning of the end for Ajax as far as tobacco was concerned. He fell hard for the bearded lady and has been courting her spasmodically ever since.

*C. P. O.*



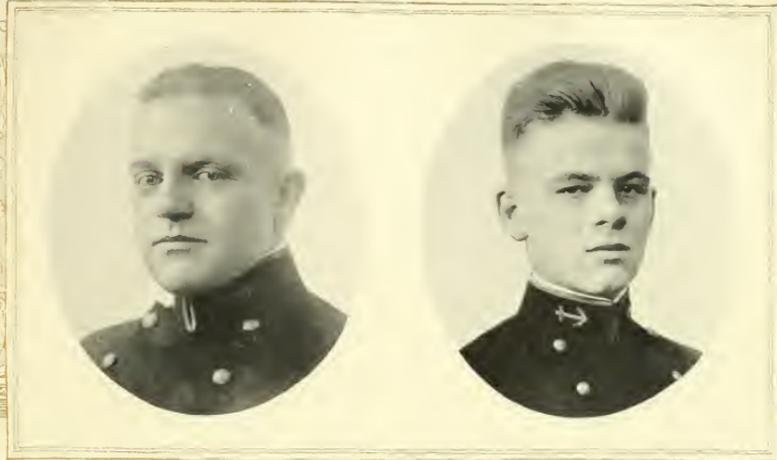


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Drawn by W. J. Aylward

Perry Transferring his Flag from the *Lawrence*





GEORGE LOWELL RICHMIRE  
MOROCCO, INDIANA

"Mud" "Daddy" "Alluvishes"

"WHY did you enter the Navy, garcon?"  
"The Navy needs a good man, sir."

On another occasion when asked the favorite riddle, "What do you do when you don't know what to do?" Our sunny friend from sunny Indiana casually remarked, "Mildew."

An assemblage of 166 pounds of bone and muscle, Daddy was destined for the gridiron. During his Plebe year, George was frequently seen limping down the corridor in a zig-zag course as a result of the trials and tribulations of a never-tiring hustler. Unfortunately a severe injury to his left leg brought his football career to a close.

Joe has never been a favorite with Fatima despite the fact that he has made many attempts to create firm diplomatic relations with her. Lady Nicotine has proved his guillotine on several occasions. Mud's last flirtation with the fragrant weed was in the form of a strong cigar—but why say more.

Bilging, starring, in sunshine or in rain, George's face is always lighted up with an ear-to-ear smile, a smile which has and always will smooth the rough passages of his career.

*Buzzard.*

RAYMOND CYRIL PERCIVAL  
AUGUSTA, MAINE

"Percy" "Marmaduke"

THIS is one representative of the Pine Tree State who is still with us. For, in spite of his confidence of being bilged after every exam, Percy has thus far evaded the Academic shoals.

Owing to his classical surname, Percy was the recipient of many titles during his Plebe year, and will still answer to Marmaduke, Algernon, Reginald and similar outrages.

While one naturally associates Percival with tea-fights and the like, Percy has been a consistent Red Mike during his three-odd years here.

The most thrilling experience Percy has encountered within these walls came at the time when the Commandant and Duty Officer paid him a little visit while he was enjoying the charms of Lady Fatima. He claims, however, that the sight of those six and one-half gold stripes repaid him for his unexpected cruise.

During both his cruises, Percy has been a close contender for anchor position in grease, narrowly missing it on both occasions. However, we are sure that when his great test comes he will give his best to the Service.

*Buzzard.*





RALPH ELMER BUTTERFIELD  
 WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS  
 "Hook" "Eagle" "Campo" "Olie"

CARL HILTON BUSHNELL  
 CINCINNATI, OHIO  
 "Bush"

POSSESSED not only of the necessary grit and pep, but also with the determination to reform the Navy, Campo won his way to the Academy from the Service. For a while Plebe year with all its rates—or from his point of view lack of rates—only tended to increase his indignation. Though Hook hails from the baked-bean State, he was never in line for a star and was always rhino at some department. Moreover at Hick Bell's Terp-sichorean demonstrations, Hook was usually unsat. One Monday morning Hook lost out badly with the Math Department. Firm in his conviction to have the last word, and to tell the boys what his opinion of them was, he rapidly completed his paper, and then added his own ideas on the subject: "Perhaps if we had extra instruction in this subject instead of dancing we could pass the exams once in a while."

Hook soon lost his fervor for a free Navy, though, and took to art. Here he surely did star. A dash here and a splash there and a perfect picture of a perfect 4.0 appeared. His work can always be found among the very best of the Log's collection.

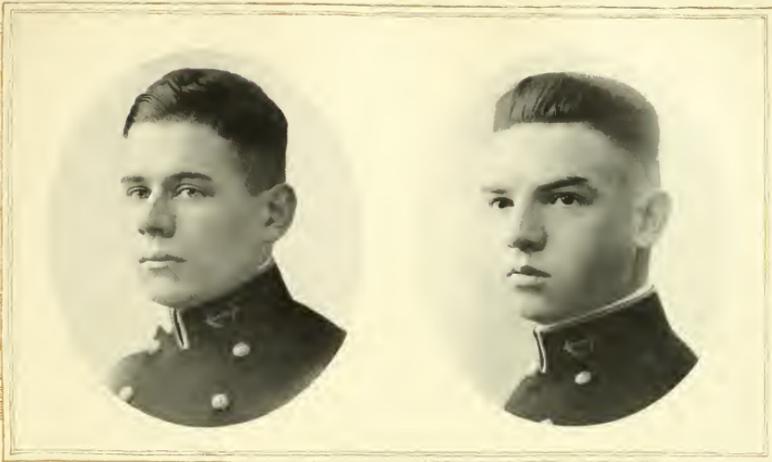
*Buzzard.*

"WHO is that Plebe with the inverted brace?" Thus he first came under observation. But under his question mark appearance you will find a friend loyal to the core and with a heart as big as the broad ocean. Even that fateful Fat that caused him to take his first cruise during Plebe Christmas wasn't enough to dampen his spirits,—nor his inclination, for he loves to boast of the fact that he has courted Lady Nicotine in every available spot in the yard and in every form. Morpheus is no mean God in Bush's estimation for in all his career he has heard reveille only once and that was when he had the morning watch on the cruise. Of course he was a great friend of the D. O's for they always had a dependable victim.

It was quite a coincidence that Bush entered the Academy at the same time that the postage was raised to three cents but not a very remarkable one when you become acquainted with the size of his correspondence. How he ever answered them all and kept his grease with the Academics is still the wonder of the age.

*Buzzard.*





CHARLES HERBERT BELCHER  
COLUMBUS, OHIO  
"Brewery" "Hoibert"

BREWERY'S courtship of a certain Turkish lady of world renown has been nothing short of phenomenal. Not being over-burdened with that quality known as luck, he has made long and frequent visits to the erstwhile resting place of skaghounds, the Reina. He is now the proud possessor of a black N, 9 stars. On First Class cruise when we dropped the mud hook in the North River you should have seen Brewery light out for the Great White Way. He hit it with a bang and showed the blasé New Yorkers how to step. In fact one night he stepped just a little too far, and as a result spent a week of Sep leave stepping off a report of six hours over leave. Did this worry Brewery? Not a bit of it. All he said was "Well! two weeks' leave is better than none."

It is the hearty wish of us, his friends, that he may get along as well as an officer in the Service as he has with us as a midshipman.

*Buzzard;  
Reina (138 days).*

TIMOTHY FRANCIS WELLINGS  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Gus" "Ted"

WHEN we first knew Gus his attitude toward the other sex was decidedly cold; but since he has developed into a man he has lost his boyish ideas and directed the most careful attention to at least one girl. Ted refuses to be enticed by sweet-scented notes and boxes of candy. It is a rare thing to see him drag to a N.A. hop. Vague rumors are heard about his mysterious trips to town on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons. There are suspicions, but we dare not express them.

In Academic work Gus has steadily climbed the ladder of success. Each year he gets more savvy. At first he was far behind the savvy Mass. traditions. Youngster year saw improvement and First Class year found him a really savvy man.

Ted was practically at home during his First Class cruise. It was during those months that he gained prominence as a ball player. In fact baseball and extra duty occupied most of his time.

Ted is one of the favored few who doesn't get rhino. Of course if a certain letter doesn't arrive on time he raves, but always with a smile. If you want your spirits boosted 100% call on him; a cure for that rhino feeling is guaranteed.

We all like Gus; we cant help it. He is a valuable classmate and a thoroughbred in every respect.

*Buzzard;  
Three Diagonals;  
Boxing Team.*





COLIN JAMES THOMAS  
DENVER, COLORADO  
"Lin" "Tommy" "Tom"

Lin is the proud possessor of Ye Old Navy Line, the famous hawser with which he takes them all in tow. He seldom gets angry except when the Nav Department treats him rough or someone proposes to his girl. If ambition were dew-drops this man could float the Atlantic Fleet. He is a fond lover of music and plank steak.

The class picked a wazz when they picked Lin to run the Art Department of the Lucky Bag. That is one thing he has put his heart into besides the gentle game of lacrosse. Art is right—his favorite hobby being the art of beating up his poor little roommate. After the smoke of the scrimmage has cleared away it is not an uncommon sight to see Lin doubled up in laughter while Tarby (pitterpat, pitterpat) makes copious tracks down the corridor.

Lin hopes some day to be a big gun in aviation and he should be if he keeps up his good record, for he gets everything he goes after, leaving behind him a clean slate and, in the minds of those who know him, the memory of a real pal.

*Art Editor Lucky Bag;*  
*Log Staff (1);*  
*Boxing Squad (4);*  
*Lacrosse Squad (3, 1);*  
*Buzzard;*  
*Class Lacrosse (1).*



JOSEPH WALTER RODES  
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY  
"Pete" "Doc" "Cap"

As a son of old Kentucky, Pete came to be one of us. With his hearty, good cheer and his ignane desire to burst forth into song at any and all times.

Pete's hobby is athletics and he identified himself with the football and lacrosse squads, winning his LNT First Class year. As president of the Y. M. C. A. he carried himself with dignity and credit, well to be remembered among the long line of those who say on Sunday nights, "Gentlemen we have with us this enemy."

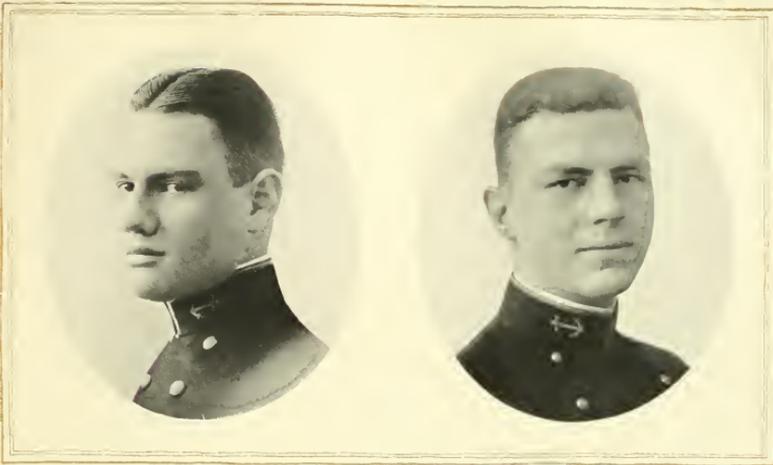
Doc is a wholesome sort of man, the kind of a person in whom you felt like confiding. He had the knack of making the most impossible situation possible and is always looking on the bright side of things.

His studies have bothered him somewhat, but he always managed to squeeze through, never losing heart even when dangerously unsat. He is the philosophy of the satisfied and content.

It has been a pleasure to know Pete, a man who not only has high ideals but who also lives up to them.

*Three Stripes;*  
*President Y. M. C. A. (1);*  
*Secretary Y. M. C. A. (3);*  
*Honor Committee (3);*  
*Football Numerals (4, 3, 1);*  
*Basketball Numerals (4);*  
*Lacrosse Numerals (3).*





ALEXANDER JOHNSON GRAY, JR.  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Ajax" "Aloysius" "Alex"

AJAX certainly missed his vocation when he joined the Navy, because anybody who has his facility for finding food on a foodless deck, 2.5's in Bolivar's little red book, and a queen on all blind drags should be in Oklahoma hunting oil, or in Ireland hunting snakes rather than wasting his talent here.

He is constant in the praise of the Keystone state, Anyone who has lived within two decks of him for any length of time is able to tell you off-hand to two decimal points the wheat produced by Lancaster County during the last fiscal year, and the percentage of Pennsylvania volunteers in our National Army at the start of the War.

Aloysius is famous for his good-nature and his terrific line. He can argue more about nothing at greater length than many of our well-known Prohibitionists.

He went out for everything Plebe year, made the Mexican Athletic Union Youngster year, and tried his hand at our three roughest sports, water-polo, lacrosse, and fussing his First Class year.

Seriously though we all hope that Ella finally gets by with the Medical Department. His ready line will cheer us on when the seas are breaking green over the bridge, and the odds are apparently beyond human help.

Football Squad (4);  
Masqueraders Stage Gang (4);  
Company Representative (1);  
Buzzard.

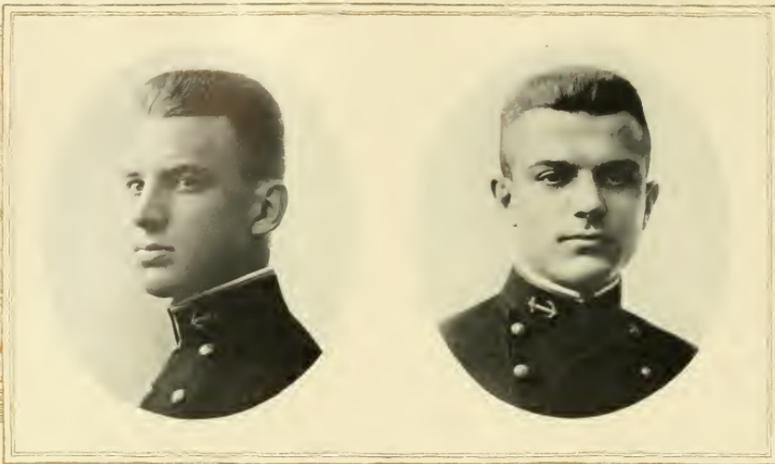
EDWARD PARVIN BEACH  
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Doc"

"HOLY cats, Archie, I can't go, I'm dragging." 'Twas ever thus when Paravane isn't boning or out for some form of athletics, it's a pretty safe bet he's basking in the smiles of the fair sex or heaving a fluent line to the one back in Williamsport. He is never completely happy unless he's dragging, but his twisted dates have kept him in continual hot water. Ask anyone who made Brooklyn Navy Yard cruise on the Pennsy.

But to take Pop seriously, as he takes life, there are few here who have lived up as well to their ideals of industry and duty. He went out for wrestling and track, not so much with the idea of winning for himself as of helping along the team, and there as elsewhere, he has made good and held down a coveted place on the training table. He has always kept well ahead of the Profs, although some of his battles have caused the remark that "He's never happy unless he has something to worry about." On the whole, Parvin has earned the enviable reputation of being a steady, conscientious worker; the kind that sticks to it and makes good in the end; be it in the Navy or out in "God's Country."

One Stripe;  
Wrestling Squad (1).





SHERWOOD BADGER SMITH  
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

*"Sherry" "Sheerbone" "Wormwood" "Smitty" "Pudden"*

TALL and broad shouldered with blue eyes and brown hair, his manner is quiet and unassuming. Add to these the fact that his name is Smith and—but Sherwood refused to remain in obscurity and made both the First Class football team and that winning water-polo team.

Those broad shoulders of his have caused him no end of worry. He has spent hours before the mirror with craned neck and critical gaze. "Say, does this blouse fit across the shoulders?" This question no oftener than twice a minute, and the faintest suggestion of an errant wrinkle would send him to the tailor to have said blouse altered. Sh! Here is another secret! He used to have special bow-legged trousers made for each suit!

But you can't help liking him for his common sense and good nature. However, you haven't heard the worst. He is greasy! Why he even greased up Wally Vernou as an extra efficient traffic cop. Ask him how he got his C. P. O. appointment. Seriously, he rated it.

Sherwood in shower: (4 minutes before late blast) "I knew that darn formation was going to bust!"

"Lawsy chile, ain't he growed?"

*First Class Football Team;  
Water-Polo Team;  
Buzzard;  
C. P. O.;  
WNP;  
Class Lacrosse (1).*

WILLIAM CARPENTER ALLISON  
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

*"Bill" "At" "Berdie"*

MOSES of Biblical by-gone days, Alexander the Great, Caesar, Napoleon, all of them came, and went. But alas, alack-a-day, who hath risen to fill their shoes but young Berdie himself. The master mind of them all. Gentle reader of these scrambled thoughts, believe me when I say—Ye have but to gaze upon that forehead high, the eyes of blacken hue to know the rest.

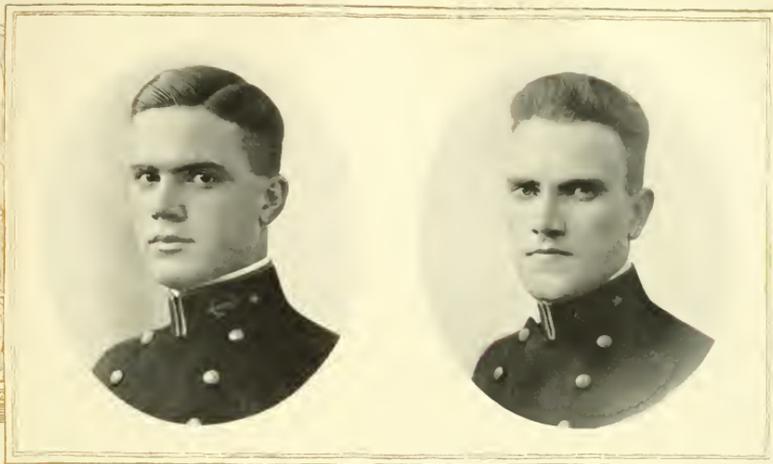
Why, even back in the old days when "Plebes were Plebes", Berdie began to thrive over there in the Marine Barracks. Later, a cruise on the Reina lended a certain salty flavor to his midnight yarns. Stories—"So help me Hannah!" Old — himself would bow his head in shame. Berdie has that happy faculty of remembering everything he reads or hears, only he doesn't read anything he doesn't have to, and never hears 'cause he's always talking.

With all his tendency to exceed the bounds of truth and reason, Berdie is a boy in a thousand; always on for a party, stag or co-ed, generous, a good borrower, and nice to confide in 'cause he only tells his friends (not having any enemy).

"Lo Berdie, solong, and may fate prosper thy path down 'in Lehigh Valley' wherever thou mayest roam."

*Basketball Squad (4, 3, 1);  
Numerals (4);  
Crew Squad (1);  
Buzzard;  
Clean Sleeve.*





PAUL EDWARD PIHL  
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT  
"Pep" "Doc"

CARL ANDREW LAWRENCE SUNDBERG  
WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY  
"Cal" "Calcium" "Sunny" "Sundy"

PEP has had quite an eccentric career as a midshipman, reverses being interspersed with high honors, from the time he was entrusted with the Editorship of the Bag, through his coronation as five-striper, down to the time he was welcomed as a member of the Clean Sleeveless' Union.

The nickname Pep is merely a figure of rhetoric, for Our Paul is slow of movement, and slow of speech. Furthermore, he is savvy, conscientious, and reserved. Dragging with him is not a practice, but a momentous occasion, and straight rumor hath it that he has taken the fatal happy step.

Too human, good-natured and likeable to be over-efficient, or worldly wise, and yet brainy and clever enough to take his place with the best of them in more than one branch of endeavor, Pep has made a host of friends who respect him for what he is, and for the fact that he liked the truth better than five stripes.

And, with his severe mien, and dignified attitude, he is ever willing to have his good time with all the rest of us and fill his place among those who know him as a carefree lover of hilarity.

*Five Stripes;*  
*Star (4, 3);*  
*Crew (4);*  
*Log Staff (4, 3);*  
*Class Honor Committee (3);*  
*Editor-in-Chief of Lucky Bag;*  
*Clean Sleeve.*

THE authorities banked on Sunny's solemn face and aged appearance, and awarded him four stripes for it. Then they were surprised when they found that his looks belied his "Sunny" disposition, which fact most of us knew all along.

Sunny is right among them when it comes to a gay party, whether he is just participating in it or staging it himself, as we all remember from our famous Class Supper for which most credit is due him as Chairman of the Supper Committee.

For Carl is a true indoor sportsman and has been so since he gave up his Plebe aspirations to be a cross-country runner. Look at his activities and you can surmise his abilities. No one passed him on the ballroom floor, for he was chairman of the snakes. But his forte was music, and at this he excelled. His gang of howlers and musicians put out some good musical shows during the winter. Both Log and Lucky Bag are indebted to him for his work.

But we'll remember best the times when all the old Smoke Hall gang would gather around Sunny at the piano and lift our lusty, though perhaps rusty, voices in song which bound us all in a stronger tie of friendship than any other act of our association.

*Four Stripes; Star (4, 3);*  
*Choir (4, 3); Glee Club (3);*  
*Leader Glee Club (1); Log Staff (4, 3);*  
*Log Board (1); Lucky Bag Staff (1);*  
*Class Ring Committee;*  
*Chairman Class Supper Committee;*  
*Editor Reef Points;*  
*Chairman Hop Committee (1).*





THOMAS EDWARD ZELLARS  
GRANTVILLE, GEORGIA

"Tommie" "Dixie Dew Drop" "Roue"

ISN'T he handsome, though? And, girls, just think, he seldom drags. The only thing besides the weak squad that is capable of enticing him over to the gym is a girl from Georgia.

That natural brace and snappy step admired by us Plebe summer were the result of training at Culver, where Tommie received his childhood education.

Tommie's savviness was demonstrated Plebe year. Since then he has been content to loaf along on his reputation, but is always well up in things Academic. Tommie is the possessor of a geniality that is enviable. His perpetual good humor and ability to take failure as well as success with the same composure is quite an accomplishment.

We didn't all know him at first, but his quiet, unassuming, courteous manner soon won him a warm place in the hearts of everyone.

*Buzzard.*



CHARLES WELLBORN, JR.  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"Charlie" "Chil"

"GO West young man, go West!" is the word of advice that these Pacific Coast natives cry and our own Cutey is no exception to this. From the lowest depths of Plebe life to the exalted altitude of 1st P. O. he has remained true to "Cal" through thick and thin. During Plebe year he kept the table (i. e. the Upper Classmen) amused by wild tales of Mack Sennett's Beauties and the "wishy-washy" waves of the beach.

Youngster year he developed a fine sense of efficiency and his savviness gave him many spare moments to bone menu cards, food calories, etc., in anticipation of the office of Battalion Commissary.

But in the spring a young man's thoughts turn to another cruise and it was then that the far-famed Western estrella beamed with a luminosity that rivalled Venus, Polaris, Aldebran, and all the rest of Wallie's favorites. You see the Delaware was at anchor practically all summer and dances in New York and Rockport helped to break the monotony,— (and also the midshipmen).

However we have forgiven him those trivial failings long ago, and it is only fitting that we bid him "Goodbye. Good luck, Happy Voyage."

*Buzzard;*  
*Boxing Squad (1).*





ARNOLD JAY ISBELL  
LOGAN, IOWA  
"Izzy" "Buster"

SINCE Izzy's advent here, his many abilities and characteristics have made for him many friends. His brains are legion as the sign of wisdom on his collar indicates. His athletic ability, so well evidenced by his lacrosse and wrestling during Youngster year, have been overcome by the Sirens of Nicotine, Sleep, and the Red Book. But these are unheard when a classmate wrecked on the Academic Seas has called for his aid.

There is a corner in the hearts of all for Izzy, for his easy-going ways, his ready smile, and his willingness to play the game, whatever it may be, according to Hoyle. And when the gang is gathered around it makes one's heart warm to hear him sing, as he thinks of days soon to come,

"On the shores of California,  
Where the balmy breezes blow,  
I can see an earthly Paradise  
In a little bungalow.  
All the joys of earth and heaven  
Seem to come to me as one,  
And her love will make life glisten  
As dew sparkles in the sun."

*Star (4, 3);  
Two Stripes;  
Clean Sleeve;  
LNT (3);  
WNT (3).*



GEORGE HENRY BAHM  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Bum" "G. Henry" "Georgie"

A MILLION dollar smile, and a glow of health and happiness are the landmarks of George Henry. Philadelphia has always been his home port, and he is absolutely so proud of the fact that he is willing to shake hands with any Plebe from that vicinity.

We doubt if it would be fair to accuse George of being lazy for many a time during his Youngster cruise we would find him scrubbing decks and back at Bancroft Hall he was a charter member of the Denver Club—that fraternity of early-morning risers who delight in a "cross country" run followed by a cold plunge—all before breakfast.

One of the footprints left on the sands of time at the Academy was George's ability to manage a Masquerader stage gang. He developed his fundamental Plebe training in this branch of the service, and the "blood feed" near the end of Plebe season induced him to make his second and third appearances.

George Henry is as great an authority on 4.0 femmes and bricks as Walter Camp is on football. His wit will win him anything. During his three years here, it frequently won him a place under the table.

*Buzzard;  
Masqueraders (3, 1).*





WILLIAM EDWARD SULLIVAN  
INTERNATIONAL FALLS, MINNESOTA  
"Sully"

UNLIKE most of us, who at one time or another indicate by our actions that we might be properly consigned to the forty per cent, Sully is rather an ordinary man. To most everyone who comes in contact with him he exhibits none of the peculiarities or idiosyncracies so common to this existence. He may be well described as a reticent and reclusive type of individual. When he does talk, his lack of imagination always confines him to the topics of the day.

Occasionally Sully snakes. How he gets away with it we don't know, but to all appearances he does.

He is most conscientious and exacting in the performance of his duty which, combined with his searching eye, makes them all stand from under. Did you ever sneak into ranks after late blast and stay off the pap? I'll say you never did.

His assiduity and loyalty win for him a warm and solid place in the hearts of those who are fortunate enough to really know him. He has all the qualities for an invaluable officer and aboard the taut ship will be right in his realm.

*Buzzard.*



ROLAND ROBERT KILLIAN  
KALISPELL, MONTANA  
"K" "Montana" "Rosie"

KILLIAN is a living example of what a First Class cruise in a dry dock can do for one. Before going on that memorable voyage, each night would find him sitting and keeping company with the King's own radiator amid the tender glances of the Cosmo and Red Book. But now that source of heat can no longer seduce him and claims desertion on the grounds that he spends his days dreaming of "someone" and his nights in bed. To be brief, he has lost forever his charter membership in that famous club of Red Mikes and indulges in the scandalous avocation of tripping the light fantastic on days not otherwise demanded by his source of constant joy—the Executive Department.

He frequently engaged the Academic Department at close quarters incurring much publication, but finally succeeded in forcing capitulation, making the first half with a bit to spare.

We know he will make good in the great school of the Service and wish him happiness and success in all states, especially in the married state, for after all, be they large or be they small, there are none like your own.

*Clean Sleeper;  
Rifle Squad (4, 3);  
Expert Rifleman.*





JAMES ROGERS DUDLEY  
HANNIBAL, MISSOURI  
"Jimmy" "Doodley" "Dud"

UNCLE Dud is a native of Old Missouri and comes from the scene of Mark Twain's "Huck Finn," where, as a boy, he used to play pirate and get lost in the famous cave.

Easy-going, good-natured, and passably reg, Doodley has made many friends. He has always walked the straight and narrow, though Youngster year he was nearly led astray by Ziggie's mad revels. Dudley is savvy in the stuff that counts and has a very practical turn of mind. Ask him about that home-made, leather-lined, non-corrosive, navigating sextant that he made with a broken mirror and a door knob. It worked too.

"Our Jim" seldom drags, and like Grape Nuts "There's a reason," and boy, she's some queen. Ask him about those twice-a-day letters from the original Garden of Eden, then go and sample that chow he gets regularly and you'll wonder how he managed to wait till June week.

"Here's to you, Dud!"

*Buzzard.*

RALPH CORNELIUS SANSON  
ATOKA, OKLAHOMA  
"Shorty" "Crepe Hanger" "Sans"

SHORTY hails from Oklahoma but that doesn't make him an Indian. When he came here as a Plebe he knew pretty well what he was doing, and the very first orders he got about stowing lockers, etc., he carried out to the letter. He started in being reg, and, as his record will show, has seldom deviated from that course.

He is a conscientious worker and by this means has managed to keep out of trouble. No one was more surprised than he when he found himself in the first half. But once there he has by his sticktoitiveness raised his average considerably.

As an athlete he was the star of the sub squad, for when the call for extra swimmers went out he was among the volunteers. However, he actually learned to swim, and now he could rescue an anchor if he had to.

Shorty is not much of a fusser, but there's a reason. His capacity for sleep is enormous, but that's nothing against him for when he is awake you'll know it all right, because he is always ready to tackle anything.

*Buzzard;  
Class Lacrosse (I).*





STUART HOWE INGERSOLL  
PORTLAND, MAINE  
"Slim" "Ingie" "Tick-Tick"

SHE may be all that but I'm through with women," says Ingie, most any Sunday night, but don't fret, girls, for Slim is a joiner of the "Never Again Club" after every week-end only to be amongst 'em in full swing by the next hop. The secret of it all is he's in love, and she threw him down. The dope is that she would have taken him but she was afraid that like the chronometer his ancestor built he was guaranteed for only one year.

Slim rates the star on his "Yorktown & Return" campaign badge. For hours he gallantly patrolled the nets in York river and during an engagement with an enemy tin can floating up with the tide his extensive nose received the damage instead of the can.

First Class cruise among the Yeomanettes of the Philly Yard came near being fatal to Ingie for the sympathetic soul he found to unload class pins and other trifles on came near being the largest stockholder in the Ingersoll "estate," but she was a sweet girl or, as Slim says, "She must have loved me after all," for she shipped all trophies back prepaid when she wrote him of her marriage to a cit.

*Rifle Squad (4, 3, 1);  
Buzzard.*



WILLARD EESLEY DILLON  
EAST TAWAS, MICHIGAN  
"Jack" "Harp" "Dill"

STEADY, easy-going Jack. Never a care, never a worry. That's Jack to a "T". He never deviates any more from that set course than does our old friend—The Mean Sun. And we are here to bet that when in future years we run across Willard out in the Philippines or on the China Station, he'll still be the same care-free, easy-going Jack; he simply couldn't be anything else.

His relations with the fair sex have been somewhat mysterious. Ordinarily he has been very much of a Red Mike as far as we know definitely, but there are stories you know—there always are. For instance, on First Class cruise, that "wonderful time we had in Norfolk." It was claimed by someone that they happened by a certain hotel one day and there sat Jack in the lobby with a femme on either side, and he was as much at home as a stray coulomb roosting in a condenser. So we have some doubts as to his rightful claim to be classed a true Red Mike.

Personally, Dillon is a conscientious man; both in executive work, and Academic chalk fights he displayed this quality, always playing a straight from the shoulder, honest game. He has just a touch of that kind of humor that comes to the surface now and then, and lets others realize that smile makes life worth while.

*C. P. O.;  
Submarine Squad (1).*





THOMAS JOSEPH KELLY  
COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS  
"Kelly" "Tom" "Specks"



GEORGE VAN DEURS  
PORTLAND, OREGON  
"Van" "Gee"

"MR. Kelly! how many subjects are you unsat in?"  
"I am sat in Steam sir!" Wooden?—Maybe!—  
but no one ever saw him fail to make the required  
2.5 even in Dago.

Where you and I would turn to the sporting page  
of a newspaper, Specks would invariably turn to the  
financial section. He was an authority on stock  
quotations and could tell you exactly how much you  
would have made on Standard Preferred in the last  
twelve hours. Being reared in the booming oil  
country may account for T. J.'s strong business  
affinity.

Kelly not only fussed singularly but plural—he  
fussed and you fussed with him, your roommate and  
your roommate's spoons all joined the party—there  
were that many femmes in the crowd.

During First Class leave Kelly went duck hunting  
—Minnesota, but not having much luck it is said  
that he hiked to Massachusetts and took up "dear  
hunting."

Anyway don't start an argument for T. J. delights  
in that more than you do and some say that he can  
handle his dukes if the occasion requires.

Here's to you T. J., you had a hard row to hoe and  
we are with you.

*Two Stripes.*

CHEERFUL, happy-go-lucky spirit gets him by  
any time, any place. If a keen sense of humor is  
a prime requisite for a Naval Officer, Van ought  
to make a good showing. His favorite pastime  
Youngster year was to roust out his gang and start a  
few birthday parties. He thought it a mighty good  
joke to use a duty belt to steal women, etc. His  
easy-going habits caused him to spend most of his  
Wednesdays and Saturdays wearing out good shoes.  
The last two months of his First Class year were  
uncertain times for Van. He made the most ideal  
Plebe look like a clean sleever. Another Midship-  
man's cruise didn't look good to Lengthy.

Unlike the majority of 21-A, studies never worried  
him. He could bore a hole through a text book in  
less time than it takes to tell. If he didn't like the  
book's method, he'd use one of his own. It gave  
him much delight to show the Prof where the books  
were wrong. The only Department that ever had  
him guessin' was Dago. He savvied Dago like he  
fusses women—always in the dark. Ask him about  
the time he dragged the chaperone for his roommate.

Van, your head ought to stand you well up in the  
Service, but if it doesn't, your lower extremities will,  
so why worry?

*Buzzard.*





DAVID BIEDERMAN ROSSHEIM  
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"Red" "Ross" "Rosy Gonk"

ROSS is red headed, but is not a Sinn Feiner, and he does not possess a violent temper. He entered as a war baby and the beginning of Academic year found him anchored to the Barracks.

Two years at the University of South Carolina gave him a good foundation to work on and consequently he has never had to worry a great deal over his studies.

Youngster year Red surprised us all by developing into a regular snake, and his attendance score has been nearly perfect.

Red is very gullible, and he will swallow the hook, sinker and line of almost any framed-up story, so at times he has been the prey of the Torreadors. But innocence is not a fault and it is nice to have some one swallow your story once in a while. Though quiet and unassuming, he has a motherly kindness about him.

*Buzzard.*

LLEWELLYN JAMES JOHNS  
CAMBRIDGE, OHIO  
"Lu" "Johnnie"

HE is one of those very rare characters, quiet and unassuming, but fearful to behold when aroused. He has been in the latter condition only twice—twice when he returned from Sep leave, but the poor Plebes bore the brunt of his displeasure and we as a result know him only as the good-natured Pee Wee.

He is not a giant and has two freckles, but despite this several young ladies from Pennsylvania consider it no drawback. One of the most surprising things about 'lil Lu is the fact that, although unbeknown to anyone, he is savvy. No one had an idea he was going to be a member of the illustrious half of the class; he upped and surprised us all. Voila.

And what is perhaps his most winning characteristic is his ability to enter into a gab fest, all tuned to your own mood, and then fish out some fitting remark from his experiences in Cambridge, Philly, or New York to keep the ball rollin'.

When all's said and done, Johns gets there whatever happens, whether it takes a bluff or a lot of effort. Good nature and even temper are his two princely qualities.

*Buzzard;  
Soccer Squad (3);  
Wrestling Squad (1).*





HAROLD EDGAR MCCARTHY  
MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA  
"B.N." "Harp" "Brick"



ALFRED MARCELLUS GRANUM  
AMERY, WISCONSIN  
"Granny" "Yum-Yum"

MAC'S athletic prowess was displayed Plebe year when he would have made the fourth team if they hadn't stolen his suit. That soured him on the regular team stuff, so now he confines himself to the Denver Club. You can hear the twinkle of his alarm clock most any morning amid the curses of his roommate.

Mac is a great fusser. He will drag for a friend in need at any time. Being a great fusser he was in his element, First Class cruise in Norfolk and Boston, and there are a few hearts in each port which miss a beat when their owners see a letter with his well-known chicken track chirography on the outside.

If Mac ever happens to leave the Navy for the Glambors of "Cit" life he can make his fortune as a ventilation expert, for there isn't a room in which he cannot create a tendency with a sixty mile gale blowing in all directions.

But we hope that he won't leave us for quite some time, for we would lose a mighty big-hearted pal and an officer and a gentleman.

*Buzzard.*

ALFRED was one of the famous crowd commonly known as war babies, so that his natural talent for leadership did not have a chance to make themselves known Plebe summer. At the end of Plebe summer, he learned, much to his disgust, that he was one of the two hundred Plebes that were to be sent to the barracks. Here we first noticed that touch of savviness that later on stood him in such good stead, when the order in regard to the resumption of the four-year course was issued.

He barely missed starring Plebe and Youngster years, and he has always been willing to give assistance to some less fortunate classmate who is making heavy weather of it Academically.

Marcellus was, to all appearances, a Red Mike until First Class year. Then he burst forth in saurian glory on a blind drag and has since continued to be among those present at tea fights and hops. He always had the true Navy spirit for athletics and the gym wouldn't seem natural without him performing on the Wopes or doing other gymnastic stunts.

"Let's go over to the gym, Whitie."

*One Stripe;  
Gym Squad (3, 1);  
Boxing Squad (1);  
Academy Featherweight;  
Boxing Champion (1).*





PAUL BARCLAY WISHART  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
"Wish" "Little Joe"

**B**OSN'S mate, eight side-boys and the band! Here comes our Paul! Just ask him sometime how the old Skinny Paul yell was revised for him as well as Pihl. If you were to hear a line that sounds like Chaucer, Voltaire, Billy Sunday and a "steamer in a fog," that's Wish telling the boys what the Com had to say at the last meeting of the clan.

Wish was a good fellow, but oh what a voluble, affluent, effervescing line he did possess. As Athletic Editor of the Log, and a member of the Lucky Bag Staff, he got rid of much of it, but still had an inexhaustible supply left for Smoke Hall and his company. For P. B. got three stripes and made an excellent Company commander, so excellent that the boys called him Little Joe.

Wish was savvy by nature, a fusser by week-ends, and a capable efficient man by constant endeavor. He's a mighty good fellow to make a cruise or a liberty with, and except when he was warning all hands of the approach of a great catastrophe at the hands of the Executive Department, his line was full of fun.

Our Paul! Pretty Paul! Paul Wishart.

*Three Stripes;  
Star (4, 3);  
Log Staff (4, 3);  
Log Board (1);  
Business Manager Reef Points;  
Class Supper Committee;  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Chairman German Committee.*



NORMAN OSCAR SCHWIEEN  
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI  
"Piggy" "Nute" "Pee-wee"

**N**UTE has one quality that is paramount among men of genius and letters—he is inclined to be somewhat of a pessimist when an altercation between himself and the Academic Board is at hand. He bilges regularly fifteen times a week with one for luck on Saturday.

Piggy has been quite a violinist in his time, but since Plebe year a few of the classics (notably Bullard Vol. I and II) have so absorbed his interests that he has gradually drifted away from those coarse and gratifying pursuits.

Outside of his early acquired habit of swimming like a rock, wherein he qualified as a charter member of the "Extra Shower's Club," his major sport has been the national pastime of Sunny Spain. As a raconteur of lances cortas of a spicy variety not always heard in the most exclusive circles, he is admittedly rex rexorum. His line will ever remain a never-failing, ever-refreshing scuttle-but to his shipmates. While he may not be built for cruising on the surface, we're confident that when rough weather sets in, while he may ship the seas now and then, he'll keep his head 'til ordered to "make the best of way to port."

"How's it to get in phase—?"

*One Stripe;  
Sub Squad;  
German Committee.*





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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

*The Wasp and the Frolic*





JOHN AUGUSTINE WATERS, JR.  
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT  
"Thug"



HENRY GOODMAN WILLIAMS  
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT  
"Hennie"

IF YOU ever see a tall, elderly, florid pugilist knocking racketsyncopation out of a helpless piano you can be reasonably certain who it is; but if you encounter the same gentleman later, resting his head on an open Bowditch or an Ordnance book, giving a nasal imitation of the rattle of a chain in the hawse pipe you will know beyond doubt that you are gazing on one Thug Waters, lately of Stamford, Conn.

Perhaps he may have had another name before he broke into the Navy, but from the first time "Nineteen" gazed on his mastadonian frame he has been known by the gentle cognomen of Thug. It is a peculiar thing, too, because the only criminal tendency he ever exhibited was a desire to murder anyone who awakened him from his beloved sleep. Thug's sleeping mechanism was adjusted to seven positions and any temperature on the Fahrenheit scale.

But when all is said and done the fact remains old Thug Waters is a gentleman—generous to a fault, a damned good friend, and always ready to drive away that rhino feeling with the cheerful tunes that only his nimble fingers could produce.

*Class German Committee;  
Jazz Orchestra;  
Buzzard.*

HIS musical, has rotten luck, and his hair always has a patent leather finish and rhumb line part in it. Hennie could come out of the swimming pool and his hair would look like that of the handsome boy in the collar ads. Some spiteful individual whispered, "Vaseline," but it couldn't have remained that slick with anything less than baked clay on it.

For three consecutive years at the Academy the leaders of the choir and the managers of the glee club made Hennie a standing offer. It was that he stand still and do nothing else; his job was to give atmosphere because he looked as if he could really sing, but the only reason he stayed in the choir was because he could get a better look at the girls in chapel and could sleep during the sermon. But when it came to playing the piano—he could bring tears to the eye of a Duty Officer. The trouble was that they didn't have a piano in Joe's office and consequently he bounced the pap more than once.

A more harveyized, shell proof, double plated and lap welded good nature doesn't exist. He is the only man in the class who could come back from extra duty with a grin and if—

"The man worth while is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong,  
Hennie is worth a million.

*Buzzard;  
Glee Club (3, 1);  
Choir (4, 3, 1).*





PAUL EDWARD ROSWALL  
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Rosy" "Duke" "Dutch"

JOHN FRANKLIN GRUBE  
LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Phelo" "Grub"

LADIES and Gentlemen, you see before you the happiest, most pessimistic, trustful, cynical person you have ever set eyes upon, for the Duke is never more happy than when making pessimistic predictions of the future.

On Fridays before the arrival of those blind drags he is as trustful as a child. Never yet has he refused a blind drag. As for his success, we will spare details.

The Duke has never worn dazzlers on his collar, but on the other hand has never had any trouble keeping the Academic wolf from his door.

Liberty every day was a godsend to him First Class year and on almost any afternoon you might see him accompanied by Ham making flank speed on a straight course for Moore's. We say almost any afternoon, because during the first term the "Pants Hangers" over at the gym occupied his Wednesday afternoons quite strenuously.

As for the future, why worry? Duke himself admits he will eventually marry, settle down, and live happily ever after.

"Hope to you I got bricked."

*Buzzard.*

WHEN you looked at Phelo you would never think of one of the "Ten Needy Cases" or the Belgian Relief Fund.

Phelo came from a little town in Pennsylvania which goes by the name of Lancaster, and if Lancaster were really as big as he leads you to believe, it would put New York in the shade. However, the town was not the only big thing for he was quite a big bug in the town, so like all the rest of the heroes the girls were just wild, simply wild over him. He just had a way with them that was inexplicable. He got letters galore, fat ones, thin ones, pink ones, and blue ones, smelly ones, and that ain't all.

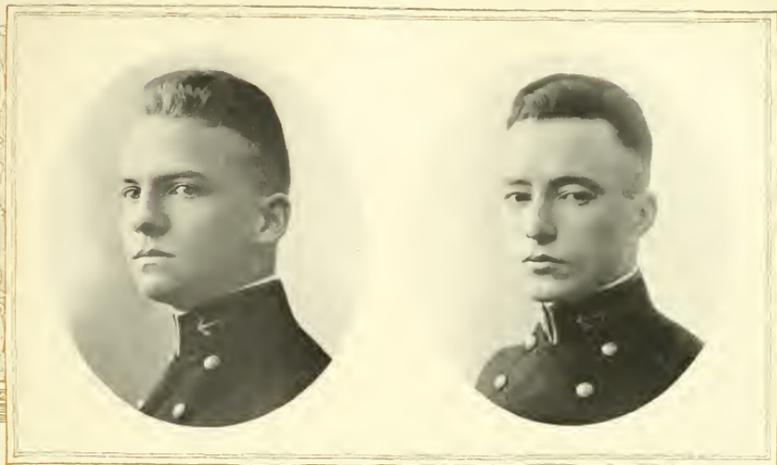
Along about Youngster year when the dope about the class split came out, Phelo thought that he was quite as savvy as the next one, and he set out to show them. By dint of hard study, midnight oil, etc., he landed in with the rest of the savvy and near savvy.

First Class year Grub sported a little gold bird on each arm, those being the good old days when they wore one on each. When we bid him good-bye, little did we think that in two months time he would have a trail of broken hearts on the West Coast.

I got a letter from "Dearie" today.

*Buzzard;  
Expert Rifleman.*





RALPH REVERDY STOGSDALL, JR.  
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA  
"Stog" "Pete" "Stogy"

CLARENCE VINCENT CONLAN  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
"Chick" "Ral"

WE present for your approval— Tall and handsome some say, but the fair sex say wonderful. He hails from the South, but his travels have been wide, and his experiences varied, so that now he is truly a cosmopolitan man.

Ralph has had more than his share of trouble with the Executive Department. However, when occasion demanded, he laid aside the Red Book, dug out the reg book, and profited thereby

He is fun-loving, care-free, and amiable. His wit, joviality, and easy-going manner, make him a welcome member in any party.

His one weakness is love. He falls in and out with a nerve, ease, rapidity, and accuracy, that most of us could not imagine possible.

R. R., though, all things said, you have been a friend to us who have known you, when a friend has been needed.

"Honestly though, I never felt this way toward any other girl in my life."

*Buzzard;  
Clean Sleeve.*

CLARENCE is a shining example of a little man whose degree of attractiveness varies inversely as his size. When he is not smiling anyone would vote him the oldest man in the Academy, but when he smiles—well, as a tip to the ladies, the only time on record when he failed to register a success was in the Museum of Art in New York. That was because he was looking at one of those famous "Living" pictures.

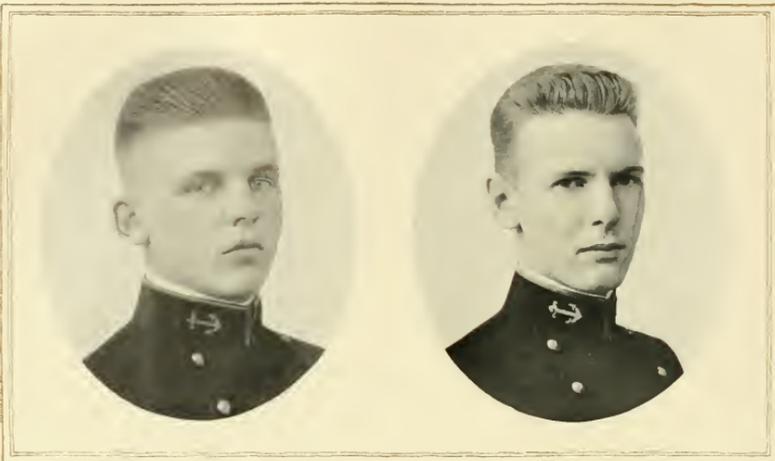
Clarence likes to appear overwhelmed with the cares and troubles of life, but it takes very little to penetrate beneath that veneer and bring forth the pure happiness which lies beneath for Clarence is a happy soul, even in this era of spuds and near beer.

Plebe year he was in the hospital a large part of the time, but was savvy enough to keep up his studies and stand among the best. First Class cruise created memories which will never leave him. Clarence is one of the two hundred and ten who will graduate this year without having been to sea. Instead he went to see New York, which is expensive.

Conceive of Tom Sawyer made up as Wm. S. Hart and you have our Clarence.

*Buzzard;  
Track Squad.*





WILLIAM LESLIE MAXSON  
ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA  
"Tuba" "Max" "Fats Hit"

TUBA is known among the ladies as "The Dear That Made Milwaukee Famous" but this isn't strictly fair to our Tuba for St. Cloud, not Milwaukee, blushes when the Fats Hit is mentioned. He came from St. Cloud as guileless and good natured a protege of Fatty Arbuckle as ever lived, but he leaves us with the blase air of a man of the world—having seen Yorktown, New York, Newtown Highlands, and Cohasset. And thereon hangs a tale!

Tuba is savvy—so savvy—almost—as to run in the infant prodigy class. He isn't especially given to uttering vague nothings; good common horse sense is Tuba's long suit.

First Class cruise demonstrated the fact that Tuba was hard on white service and brought to the front all of his primeval instincts. At the Tourraine and the Lorraine many are the hearts that are wrung when the ocean breeze brings memories of him whom they affectionately knew as "Our Fats Hit." But all that is gone; let the dead past bury its dead and look upon our Tuba as he is now: a sportsman of the truest sense of the word, and unfailingly interesting raconteur, and last of all a friend, white, aboveboard and square to the four winds.

*Class Football (1);  
Buzzard.*

FRANK RUSSELL EGGERS  
MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN  
"Eglett" "Randolph" "Ralph"

"SIR, do they ever use this motor on the anchor engines on board ship?"

"Absolutely no," thunders the Prof.

"Well, Sir, that's funny because they had one on the anchor engine of the New Mexico.

And he gets away with it. Frank knows a ship he has been on like a mother knows her baby. He teaches the Profs Juice and his radio outfit is his pet hobby.

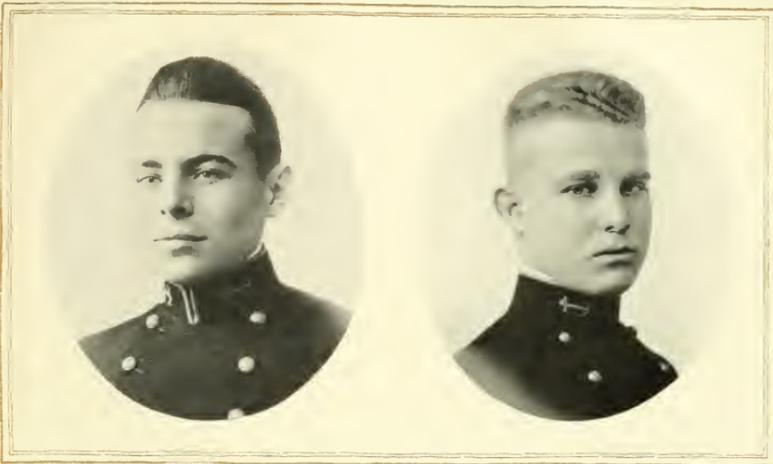
He is quiet but there's a glint in his blue eyes that makes a person think he can tell better stories, discounting veracity as a basis of judgment, than seven-eighths of the Radiator Club.

He is not a Red Mike in spite of the fact that he never drags. The women couldn't help falling for his wicked line and his catching smile if he gave them a chance but he hasn't any Turkish tendencies in his nature. He thinks he has his hands full enough with one bit of femininity without giving any others a chance to heave alongside.

Eggers likes to play with ohms and coulombs and he ought to make good in our New Navy.

*Buzzard.*





PAUL EUGENE HOWARD  
PIPESTONE, MINNESOTA  
"Dizzy"

WILLIAM MARSH HAINER  
MCCOMB, MISSISSIPPI  
"Kid" "Bill"

**F**OOD! The mere mention of material sustenance will put him in action quicker than an electrical detonator. Never has this healthy specimen passed up a chance to increase his plenteous girth. A living example of what Navy chow and caulking will do for a man! Howard has a life membership in the Cosmo Club, a reserved seat at the movies, and a combined scissors and body hold on anything that looks like a bed.

But, hold! Our Minnesota brunette was not destined to remain forever in the dim obscurity of Red Mike-ism. On First Class cruise he developed the trait which is death to the followers of bachelorhood. No longer did the Cosmo line, or the red bathrobe attract him to the home boudoir on Saturday nights. The synchronism developed by Prof Bell, reinforced by the Foo-Foo tinted atmosphere of the gym, broke down the last barriers of his bachelor's resistance. Modesty forbids further discourse!

Academics? A new resolution is formed every month after the results of the slaughter are posted. Always just one jump ahead of the Bolshevik pitfall, he has never been without his much needed tonic.

"Where the hell's Howard? He's supposed to relieve me!"

*Buzzard.*

**T**HE picture doesn't lie. That look of benign benevolence depicted above rightly belongs upon the countenance of Kid Hainer by right of absorption from his own southern sunshine in Mississippi. A continual good nature and a composure that can not be shaken even by the mighty broadside of the old Misery, which singed off the majority of his pink eyebrows and left his trou a sight which no self-respecting maiden could face unblushingly, indeed, reserve him a niche in the hearts of all who know him intimately.

But friend or no, enter not into debate with the gentleman from Mississippi. This catch-as-catch-can-debater recognizes no laws of fair play in repartee. Casey never recovered his nerve to reiterate his doctrine of forcoordination after the Hyener murmured sleepily from his hammocky couch, "Then your life is already written up in God's Morning Order Book."

A man's record is incomplete without a mention of his doings with the wimmen. The Kid's shall not be incomplete. In that city of ever-ready womanly affection he discovered how good it felt for a girl's hand to get all tangled up in that curly mop on his hidden head and now—the boy is incurable.

He is a good boy nevertheless.

*Buzzard.*





OSWALD SYMISTER COLCLOUGH  
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK  
"Clough" "Osie"

OSIE came to us in the middle of Plebe summer with an attractive smile and much business experience. The business was soon forgotten but the smile stayed put.

Our Osie, as he is familiarly known among the members of the fair sex who can't pronounce his last name, has long been one of the leading exponents of the art of Teppichore, and duty alone can keep him from giving the girls a treat at the weekly contests staged in the gym. And that's not all. His success in a near tragedy on First Class cruise attracted him to the footlights at the Academy, where he covered himself with grease paint and glory in "Stop Thief." As a result Osie got his picture in all the leading photogravure sections.

In athletics Colclough had the best of intentions but a bad knee sent him to the hospital after several weeks hard work on the baseball squads. However, if coaxed he'll admit that he was no mean twirler in his younger days.

Osie will always be "one of the boys." He combines boundless energy with a forceful personality which will go far toward the building of a successful career.

"Did we score on the mail?" "Well I hope to shout we did nothin' else but."

*Buzzard;*  
*Hop Committee (1);*  
*Masqueraders (1);*  
*Submarine Squad.*



ELMON BISHOP GUERNSEY  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
"Bull" "Wooly-Bully"

"WELL Grandad, how are all the children?" So Bull was greeted by the First Classmen after Plebe summer, and we're not so sure but that some folks out in Crabtown are still calling him Grandad; with us, though, he has always been just Bull.

As Plebes it didn't take us long to find in this tall lanky minor of Montana a whole-heartedness—a sort of big, rough, good nature that makes one want to walk right up to him, shake hands and "Carry on."

In these three years, Bull has fallen in love three times and fallen out of love twice, so you'll just have to draw your own conclusion. We might mention, however that Bull lingered yet in Crabtown after graduation and it wasn't because of any run-in with the Executive Department or the All-Academies either.

From that last night of our life when we heard Bull say "How the Hell do you get off this circle?" we have felt that no party was complete without this big-hearted roughneck. So now we're going to take him with us back to the Pacific and to the fleet where we can always be in the way of that imitable spirit which radiates from our Grandad.

*Buzzard;*  
*Choir;*  
*Reina Squad.*





ALEXANDER SMITH EDWARD  
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND  
"Ed" "Scotchy"

ARTHUR DAVID CONDON  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Dick" "Rouge"

"DRAGGING today Eddy?" "Naw, I never drag. Don't you know I'm a Red Mike?" Such is the reply usually put forth by our little Scotchman to the above everlasting question. Ask the "O. K. bunch" on First Class cruise and they will uphold him. But we, who have had the pleasure of his close friendship know that he can hold his own with the best of the fussers. If there is any doubt, ask him to show you the pictures taken during First Class leave. Oh, we'll say that he isn't missing many of the good times.

"Not my nature to worry," Eddy says and we believe it. Even the battle of Youngster year for the first half of the class didn't keep him from his little dream. He forgot to go to recitation one morning as he thought everybody was at the barber shop.

But taken seriously, Eddy with his typical Scotch figure, is a friend of the very best kind, with a smile that won't wipe off, and is always ready for a good time. When he goes to the Service they will receive a man who will give all there is in him and who will be gladly accepted for his true worth.

*Buzzard.*

RED is versatile. No room for denial there. Whether it is tea fighting with Mrs. Gothrox or pressing the milk man's daughter, that same snare old line gets him by. His stunts are too numerous to even mention, but we can ascribe the worst ones to his artistic temperament, and forgive him therefore.

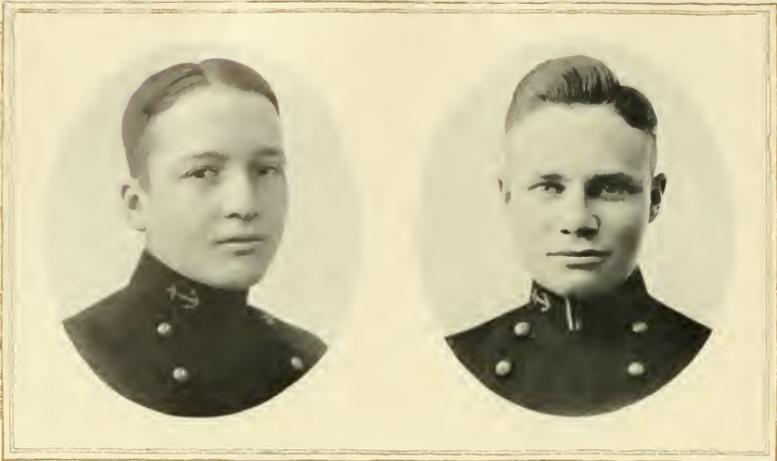
But Red is an artist. He takes great pains with his hair and plays the banjo adorably,—At least she says so. 'Tis too bad though that he needs so much inspiration, before he can freely express his moods.

The Navy has done wonders for Red. Plebe summer we used to wonder about his knees. But just witness him now; tall and slender? Yea, verily! An Arrow Collar model.

Red was non-reg. But that doesn't count now. There are bigger things ahead and the fact that you've bounced the rougher road and survived it makes you the stronger for it. Red is no fair weather friend and that's the best you can say of any man. You are a good sport, old man, and it has been great to have you with us.

*Buzzard;*  
*Mandolin Club (4, 3, 1).*





RUTLEDGE BARKER TOMPKINS

AT LARGE  
"Tommy"

WE have practically raised Tommy for he did not join our ranks until September, Plebe year, owing to the cruel rule which forbids entering these sacred portals before the mature age of sixteen years. However, the important birthday finally arrived and Tommy was adopted by the old 16th. Company.

One can always tell when he gets in Tommy's room. The first glance is enough: A blouse on the table, trousers on a chair, socks in one corner, a cap in another—that is typical of him. Ham Youngster year, and Savoys First Class year, have been kept busy following him around tucking in Irish pennants here and there.

Our little Tommy did not come out Youngster year but on arriving at Rockport on the "North D." he developed into one of the biggest fussers on the ship and with the habit formed, he attended nearly every hop First Class year.

Although well acquainted with the Cosmo and Red Book, Tommy managed merely in his spare time to keep well clear of the Academic boughs, and his honeyed line has pulled him through many a bad place.

*Buzzard;*  
*Masqueraders (4).*

WALTER SCOTT KENNEDY TRAPNELL

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY  
"Gus" "Trap" "Sir Walter"

BEHOLD! This gentleman whose picture you see above is one of New Jersey's own. His Podunk expected big things when they sent him here and we can't say that he has disappointed them.

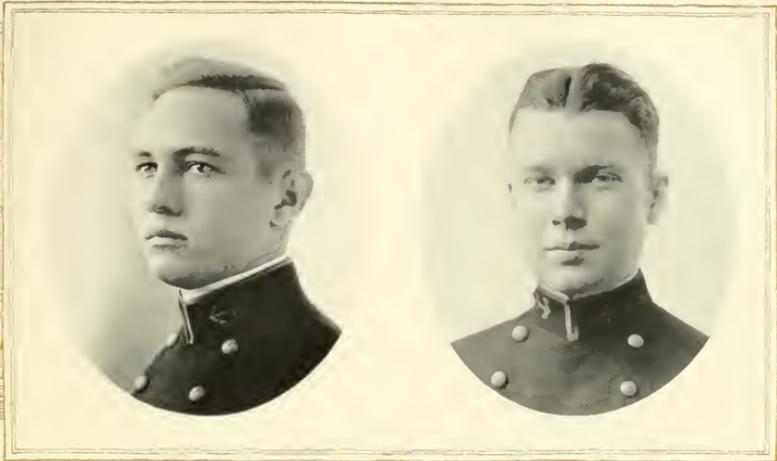
Trap put forth his best effort in crew and in beating the Academic Departments. He rowed on the Plebe crew, but when it came to varsity caliber his height was against him. When it comes to Academics—far be it from us to say Trap is wooden, but he would much rather wait until he comes near going unsat before starting to work.

Yes, he is one of those who sally forth every weekend; and, by the way, he shakes some wicked foot. About every fourth Saturday, he goes out with a vow on his lips "I'm going to propose to that girl today." Yer Cupid has played against him on those particular occasions and luck has been with him. So, thus far he hasn't lost a miniature, and he may not be a married man on graduation day after all.

His amiable disposition will get Trap by most any place; he proved that it would on First Class cruise.

*C. P. O.;*  
*Clean Sleeve;*  
*Honor Committee (3);*  
*Crew Squad (4, 3);*  
*Crew Numerals;*  
*Manager Crew (1);*  
*Class German Committee.*





GEORGE HARBORD DEBAUN  
BUSHONG, KANSAS  
"Farmer" "Slim" "George"

**G**EORGE'S great misfortune has been our good luck. Had he timed his entrance into a Plebe's room so that he would have been thirty seconds behind instead of thirty seconds ahead of the D. O., '20 would never have lost him.

Aviation seems to be George's weak point, and in this he expects to become one of the Navy's most daring aviators. In the Line, however, no man will be able to surpass George, for as a Junior Duty Officer, September, 1919, he managed to accredit himself with more demerits in the shortest time than any D. O. before him. It all comes from the study of psychology says George.

If Slim's inclinations had been of a literary trend we would have seen him blossom forth as an author,—"C. P. O. to three stripes in six easy lessons." But his favorite form of mental exercise is found in *La Vie Parisienne* so he did not publish his wide experiences broadcast,—anyway the sub squad claimed so much of his energies that it took him four years to find some one who looked enough like him to get by.

"Thank God there is only one leap year in four."

*Sub Squad;  
C. P. O.;  
Three Stripes.*

ROBERT CHAPMAN SPRAGUE  
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK  
"Bob"

**B**OB is savvy, absent-minded, diligent, and fussy. He has always managed to pull down the scintillating 3.4, and wears upon his collar the mark of the sat, savvy, and satisfied.

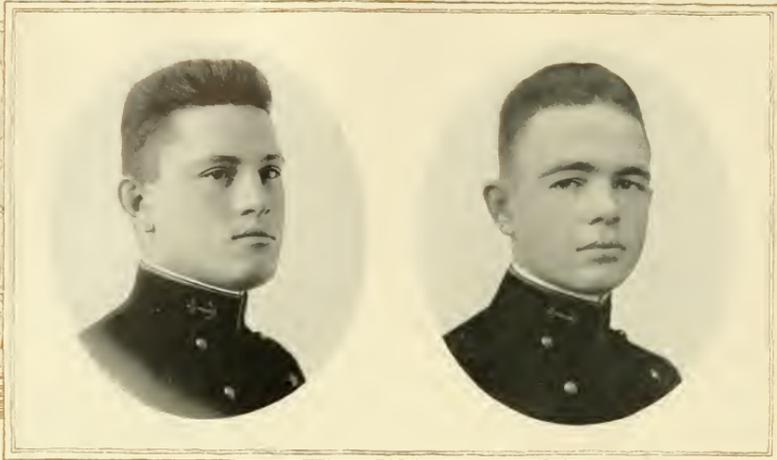
His life is one of starts and jerks, with hardened whims thrown in. When he goes after something, he usually gets it—if he doesn't forget. He occasionally mistakes a loading machine for a five-inch gun, and forgets to go to formation, but he never forgets a promised favor. His room is a miniature messhall, and anything from reg cakes to egg-nogs are always available.

Robert frequently haunts the hop deck, but he seldom signs the snakish "E". He has a suave line and parts his hair in the middle, so he doesn't need to drag.

In Bob's one branch of athletics, he is a sticker and a hustler. Only consistent work brought him a berth on the gym team, which he has held down with credit. The rest of his time he has spent keeping his stars, and practicing the Mexican brand, aimed at Profs and femmes alike. With his looks, his figure, his line, and his 100 K.W. brain, he will make good and give the Service the best that is in him.

*Three Stripes;  
Star (4, 3);  
Gym Squad (4, 3, 1);  
Bugle Corps (4).*





OLIN EDWARD GATES  
BRADENTOWN, FLORIDA  
"Otto" "Jazz Baby"

AS a three-striper with '20, Olin was admired by the girls and his picture was used as a fashion plate by Jacob Reed's. But wrestling, baseball, ergs, and coulombs, with the ceaseless troubles of his company, decided the issue and Olin wanted to rest up a year after all that. Which was to his advantage for now he has a position on the Regimental Staff where his symmetrical displacement of 180 pounds and his monopoly of sleeve gold has brought him still more into the limelight.

His wonderful build is not wholly a gift of nature, but is rather the product of hard and conscientious work on the mat where his combination of powerful holds and slow, steady, forcing tactics has made many a man regret his decision to become a wrestler. And his training doesn't end here. Boxing and baseball have also been a part of it. First Class year he was the mainstay of the backfield of our Class team and he made his fame by his sensational run for a touchdown from an intercepted pass in one of the games of the series.

Can't you imagine him in an officer's uniform? He'll be the original tin soldier for looks, but what's more, he's a man from the ground up.

*Wrestling Squad (4, 1);  
Baseball Numerals;  
Class Football;  
Regimental C. P. O.;  
W.N.T.*

HEBER HAMPTON MCLEAN  
LLANO, TEXAS

"Tex" "Hobo" "Skeeter" "Fatty"

THIS steady easy-going Southerner is most widely known around here as Tex. Of course he is from that land of long-horns, cacti, sand, and horned toads, and after listening to some of the folk-lore of the region we can hardly understand how Mexico has prolonged her precarious existence up to the present time.

Tex has a few idiosyncrasies that are worthy of note, among them are his everlasting good nature, his peculiar style of locomotion and his attitude toward the refreshing fluid that is only spoken of in reverent memory. He likes to argue and after an hour or so of heated monologue he invariably convinces himself that he is right.

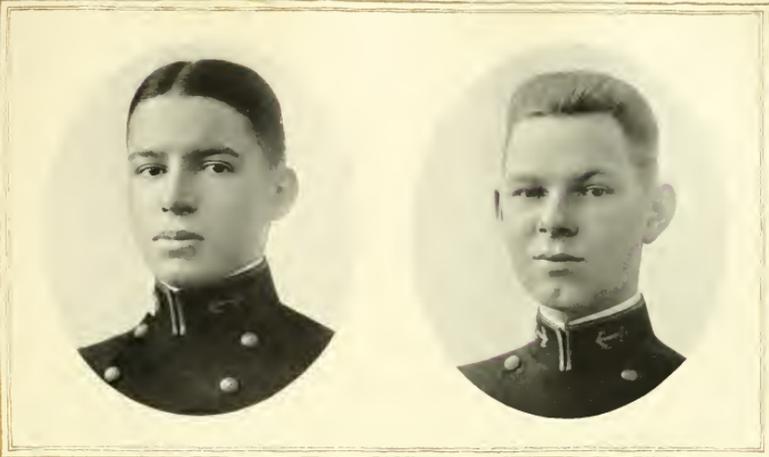
When under way and viewed "in line of division guides" he makes one think of a combination of a moving van, Watta's parallel motion and the walking beam of the Emma Giles. He keeps in step by an original method of approximation. He used to be a devotee of Herpicide but now most any old mangle cure will do.

During his time here Tex has made a host of friends and he is the kind of a fellow that will keep them all. Furthermore, a man has reason to be glad when he can count himself a friend of Tex's.

"I just saw a snake with sixteen rattles and a - and a -"

*One Stripe.*





EDWIN GAINES FULLINWIDER  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Fully"

FULLY is a Red Mike and a student, quite a dangerous combination. But like all professed Red Mikes, he has had his fall, and when a Red Mike falls, great is the fall thereof.

The kind of a man who will take your Thanksgiving duty, that's Fully, a true, earnest friend, a member of the "How much do you need" instead of the "Can you lend me" club.

Fully was on the Honor Committee Plebe summer. Among his other achievements he also gained distinction in the fencing gallery. As a pin pusher, Edwin is of the first water and easily earned his FNT.

Endowed with an ambition and a high sense of duty, Edwin will leave us knowing that he has always done his best and that he has the admiration and respect of his classmates.

*Buzzard;*  
*Fencing Squad (4, 3);*  
*Fencing Team (1);*  
*Intercollegiate Sabres Champion;*  
*N-Fencing.*

JAMES LAWRENCE FLY  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
"Deacon" "Cassius" "Flu" "Horatio"

ALLOW us to present to you James Lawrence Fly. His most characteristic attitude is the one he assumes when obsessed with the desire to orate. And Deacon can talk.

Fly isn't a Red Mike. He says so himself. That's why he burst forth once Youngster year with 3.5 queen and a desire to dance. Ever see a human question mark? Maybe the intricate evolutions resulting from lack of experience in the mystic tickle toe caused the graceful exhibition of his pedal extremities—at any rate he never snaked again.

Deacon got two stripes. This should have added a certain dignity to his natural military bearing, and it probably would have, if Fate had not placed him on the staff of our diminutive four striper. Boy, page Bud Fisher!

Yet casting aside the superficial and dealing with the more prosaic, Fly isn't the happy-go-lucky, I-should-worry, sort. He was class secretary; he was on the Log staff, and he worked with the Lucky Bag. Late Youngster year he decided he wanted to make the first half, which of course is equivalent to saying he did. His tangible achievements are in keeping with his characteristic convictions, some of which it would pay any one to follow.

*Class Secretary (4, 3, 1);*  
*Log Staff (4, 3);*  
*Two Stripes;*  
*Van Dyke Prize.*





JOHN WATTS HARRIS  
JUNCTION CITY, ARKANSAS  
"Casey"

CASEY is what girls always call an "interesting fellow"—they all want to meet his kind but can't, for the simple reason he is a Red Mike. He should be very harmless and innocent with such a reputation but look twice before passing judgment—looks are deceiving.

Casey gained fame because of the fact that men often ask him for dope on China or any other outlying country which looks like a place to get buried after bilging or resigning. He was all for trying his luck that way once himself but it appears that the Navy had a bigger hold than first thoughts seemed, so Mr. Casey stuck.

Although having acquired some of the former traits of his native state with the usual assistance, John Watts outgrew and left them to leeward. It is rumored that the old farmers were a "heap surprised" and "gosh dinged astounded" at the change in Johnny's appearance his first Sep leave. They must have looked twice.

If you can imagine this you have Casey: a razor-back by birth, a college chappy by accident, and a sailor by his own choice.

*Buzzard.*

LOUIS EUGENE MARIÉ, JR.  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Little Iron Man" "Shorty" "Little Breeches"

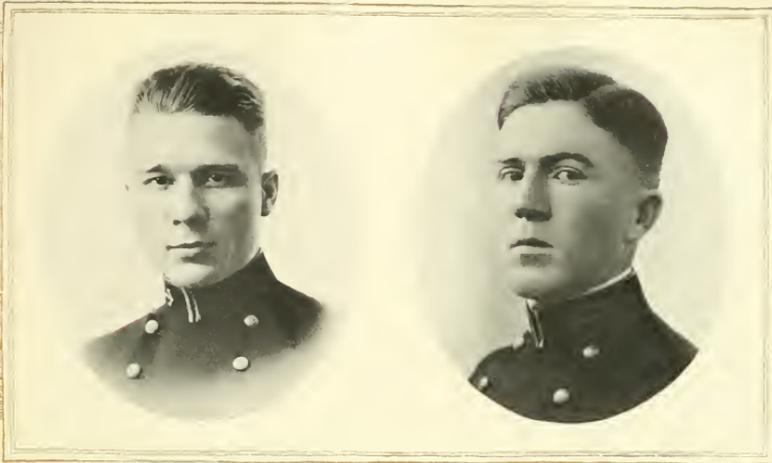
LOO-EYE originally started with '20 but liked the home of the 40 percent so well that he decided to stay five years or rather the Nav Department decided for him. But it couldn't be done—he was too savvy—and the end of Youngster year (his second Youngster year) found him among the first three hundred. Shorty is fond of close escapes as his Juice marks for First Class year clearly indicate. As a shark in E. E. & P. he is known far and wide. "Mr. Pihl can't you work that? Why by drawing a picture that prob becomes so simple that even Mr. Marié could work it."

It is rumored (only rumored) that he actually did miss dragging one Saturday. But of course that dope is all wrong. As a snake Louis is in a class by himself. He is right there at every hop, giving the girls a treat and shooting a hot line that even an English Prof might well be proud of.

After graduation, Frenchy intends to go to Quantico to become a gyrene, as he desires to have nothing more to do with G.M.T. and the rest of Wally's weapons. When he joins the marines he will leave a whole class full of friends, and take with him the good wishes of all who know him.

*C. P. O.;  
One Stripe.*





CHARLES PHILIP WOODSON  
 BESSEMER, ALABAMA  
 "Theda" "Woody"

"ALABAMA, Suh."

Yes, indeed, he is from Alabama—it is written all over him—his broad "A's" and forgotten "R's" are as distinct as ear marks. "Wood" is gifted with a very good humor until he is aggravated and then he is always ready to fight.

But tea-fights are his specialty, and, when planning a party, Charlie is about the greatest little fixer in the world. In fact, he holds a reputation for having the power of getting more men to drag blind than any person in the Academy, of bricking them, and getting away without a scar.

Woodson navigates with bold disregard of decorum and his ability to make bold requests in an imperturbable manner is worthy of admiration. Yes, he always got away with anything he tried. He has even had arguments with the Academic Department and won.

Whenever Woody was slipping a little to the leeward of a 2.5, he always managed to brace up and sail clear of danger. May you always be able to do this, old man, when in future years you see trouble ahead.

"Hey, kid, wantuh do me a favuh?"

*Buzzard.*

CHARLES AUGUSTUS WHITEFORD  
 CUMBERLAND, WISCONSIN  
 "Whitie" "Rouge"

YOU would never guess, would you, that this sophisticated looking hombre could have come from such a provincial district as northern Wisconsin? Yet, such is the case and this product of the West is savvy.

He finds few things big enough to claim his serious attention, but ever suggest a difficulty in Math, and you will witness a remarkable demonstration of energy and ability. And you can depend that his natural generosity will respond to an appeal for aid. He is an ardent sportsman—from the cheering section or behind the sporting page.

Charles is rather too conservative to commit himself extensively on the subject of the gentler sex and his principal comment is that "When it comes to marrying, money will be no objection." A chivalrous nature is bound to succumb to feminine charms though, and "Jes' watch him fall."

At taps: "As I have remarked before, this is the best time of the day."

*Buzzard.*





GORDON BENNETT PARKS  
CLINTON, MISSOURI  
"Gordie" "National"

HARRY EDGAR RICE, JR.  
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO  
"Rabbit" "Wing and Wing"

TO SEE Gordie strolling down the side of the corridor with his hat on the side of his head, one would never think that he is very reg but he is. He says so himself. When he is not talking of this, he is telling everyone what a wonderful place Missouri is. He was a big Red Mike until last part of First Class cruise, but when he came back from Sep leave——. Heretofore he had been wanting to go to Asiatic Station but now that is too far and he wants to go to the West Coast and get out of debt. Then his fate rests in the hollow of some one's hand back in old Missouri.

He was a consistent member of the submarine squad all of his three years and it was only by foregoing Smoke Hall for a week that he was able to get off at last.

But the greatest honor of his Academic career was when he stood anchor in grease for First Class cruise.

Whenever he starts off, "That reminds me of my dog Hadley," you might as well give up trying to study and listen, because the longer he runs the better he gets.

*Buzzard.*

RABBIT'S nickname fitted him, so it stuck to him tenaciously. He hails from Ohio and made himself a worthy candidate for the hall of fame when on First Class cruise he touched the newly made Admiral of the Pacific Fleet for twenty dollars. He got it and the gates of Broadway were opened unto him.

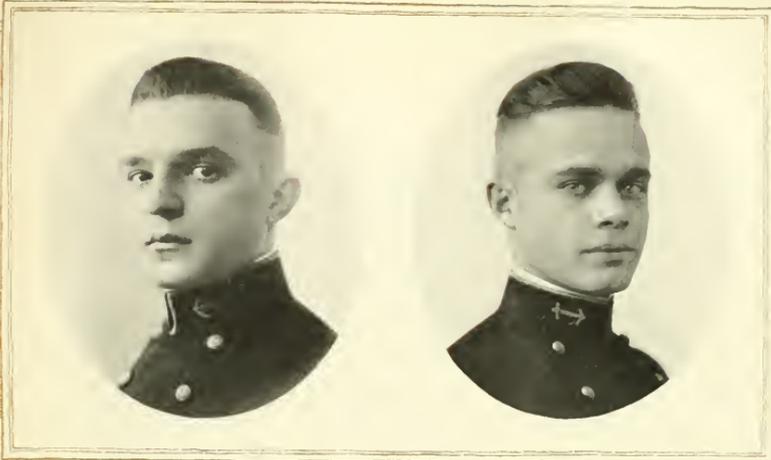
"You are Mr. N. A. Smith of Seattle"—we have all read those advertisements—Rabbit fell for them and while boning his Roth's Memory Course on Youngster cruise he forgot to go to formation.

In the middle of a Sunday afternoon session of the old guard of the 8th Company, Rabbit maintained that he had a strong constitution which led to an argument as to what a constitution is. He showed 'em that, when it came to arguing, he had that proverbial parson overshadowed.

Rabbit's ambition in life, he admits, is to make enough money to build a palace for himself. Without it we know he is; with it we imagine he would still be, the staunchest of friends.

*Buzzard;  
Sub Squad.*





HARRY STEPHEN BUCHE  
STEBENVILLE, OHIO  
"Tank" "Fats"

KENNETH CARLTON CALDWELL  
GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO  
"K. C."

"F. E. fo, fi, fum!

"I smell the blood of an Englishman.

"Bueche alive, or Bueche dead,

"I'll grind his bones to make my bread."

Here comes Fats: play a little music on the band. Where? Way down low—the little short guy with the underslung chin. See him? That's Fats, the real genuine, original, Dutch cherub, famous for his brogue and the way he pronounces his appellation. A record of habitual hard work belongs to Fats. He captained the first soccer team with an official season. To him there is no place like Ohio, barring none, not even Arkansasaw.

Fats' greatest weakness is his appetite for that foreign dish, Pretzels. But by overlooking this there may be seen quite plainly a crop of sterling qualities, including consistency, conscience and common sense. And all of them combined with a sense of good humor and joviality, have made him the friend of all his acquaintances. Would you have an example of a little-bit-of-all-right, you have it in him. And thus we have Fats.

*1st P. O.;  
Track Numerals;  
Soccer Squad (3, 1);  
Captain Soccer (1).*

HAVE you ever seen a frank blue-eyed mid with a western stroll? That's K. C. himself. Cool, deliberate, he takes in the days as they come. Why should a man fret? Meet troubles when they come; never hurry, never worry. Pretty savvy, he craves not for a very high mark, just a fair amount of good velvet.

"Why argue? Let's just discuss the matter." He takes a keen interest in professional topics and you will find him well informed on such subjects.

"By Golly" is an all-around man. He is at home with the women as with the Red Mikes.

Most of us have a certain fear of the Reg Book and demerits. K. C. never even thinks of these. Burning oil is perfectly legitimate if you can get away with it, and he does. Beneath all these trifling matters of routine, we can sense the real man, and it has been a pleasure to know him.

*Buzzard.*





BARNETT SISSON

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

"Darby" "Six" "Doggie"

PICTURE a tall, happy-go-lucky chap with a lingering stride and you have Darby Sisson. He's as quiet as a sphinx most of the time, and was never known to hurry except when headed for his "home" in Eastport. No conditions of weather ever stopped him from his trip across the bridge, and he never did leave over there before the time necessary to get in ranks by late blast.

Any of you in danger of a trip to Hades according to Billy Sunday's reasoning are urged to speak to Darby, and get his advice about reforming as he had a touch of what to expect there when they fired six twelve-inch guns over his head on the Florida. Yes, the shells all missed him, but he collected enough black from the powder to qualify him for a mess-moke's rating. Since this occurrence Navy stock has fallen way below par with him.

As a speech-maker he is a wonder. He waxed so eloquent at Youngster English that C. Alphonso himself used to hang around for pointers. While most of the class are sporting two stripes at the blossoming age of fifty, Darby expects to be a happy family man in cit life.

*Buzzard.*

EUGENE PROCTOR SHERMAN

BOISE, IDAHO

"Gene"

THE first impression of Sherman is that he rates his home podunk nickname of "Sleepy." A quiet and reserved sort of man who will carry on an interesting line of hop whenever someone else starts it until some question comes up that calls for an argument, and then the proverbial hell and seven nations can't stop that line until the other guy becomes convicted in self-defence. He has shown ability to talk even an English Prof into quiet submission and out of a 3.6.

Out for boxing and track until his health called a halt in these sports, he took up that sport, which people are liable to place on par with tiddle-de-winks until they have seen a few wallops of a match of fencing and this work with the crooked cheese knife took him to the Olympics.

Being a quiet looking member of the "rag" 12th company and a person whom even Jig-Jig didn't suspect of ever doing anything non-reg, he got away with murder. Savvy enough to pull his roommate sat, and never with worry over the All-Academics, he had plenty of time for getting away with what the rest of us patted grass on Worden Field and wore out shoes on the Washington road.

A good man to make a liberty with, dependable, and possessing that quiet humor generally found in quiet men no one will ever question his being a good pal.

*Buzzard;*  
*Crew Squad (4);*  
*Boxing (4, 3);*  
*Log Staff (4).*



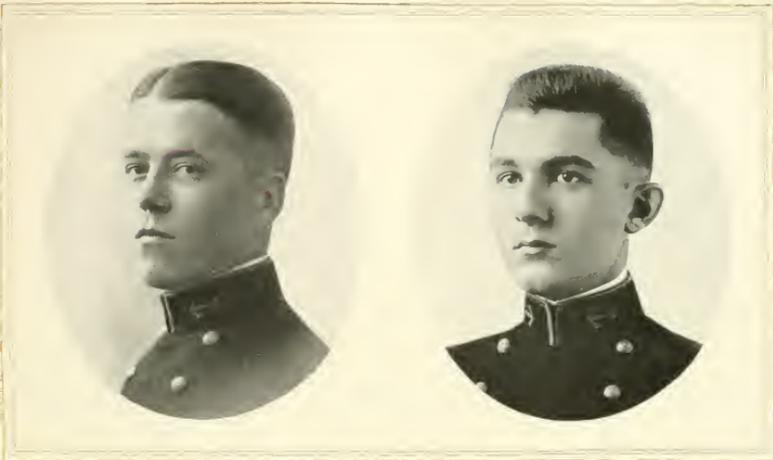


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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

The Burning of a Privateer Prize





PARKE GEORGE YOUNG  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN  
"Puck" "P. G."

GLENN HARTER SHELDON  
SALAMANCA, NEW YORK  
"Glenny" "Shel"

**T**WENTY years on Schlitz out in Milwaukee and Parke could hardly be seen sideways. Tossing about on the foamy waves of chance he hove to at the Academy. He thought it was real nice of the Government to build such a pretty place for him, but soon changed his mind after interviewing several First Classmen.

Plebe year Parke was an oil-burner. The D. O. found it out and shanghied him to the Reina for six weeks of sea service. Youngster leave he made sail for the uncharted seas of Matrimony. At the advice of a friend to heave up the top sheet and spanker, he came about and is still with us. First Class cruise Bonaparte quaffed the golden goblet and many a night his dim eyes saw two lights for every one on Broadway.

Fortune's darling! Fate's favorite! He has a way with the ladies that they can't resist. "Unlucky at cards, lucky in love," but Parke is good at both. Ask Reverend about his girl from Baltimore. What he can't tell you Parke can. The favorite child of his fancy is his return to cit life. We predict it will be on his 64th birthday.

"Now, listen, 'When I was a little boy and lived in Peoria, Illinois'—"

*Clean Sleeve;  
Thompson Prize (3).*

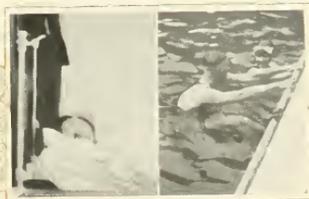
**W**HEN Shellie joined the Navy he had a dry humor that defied lubrication. All the paternal attention of the Upper Classes Plebe year didn't please it, and since then it has survived, undiminished, three bouts with Cupid.

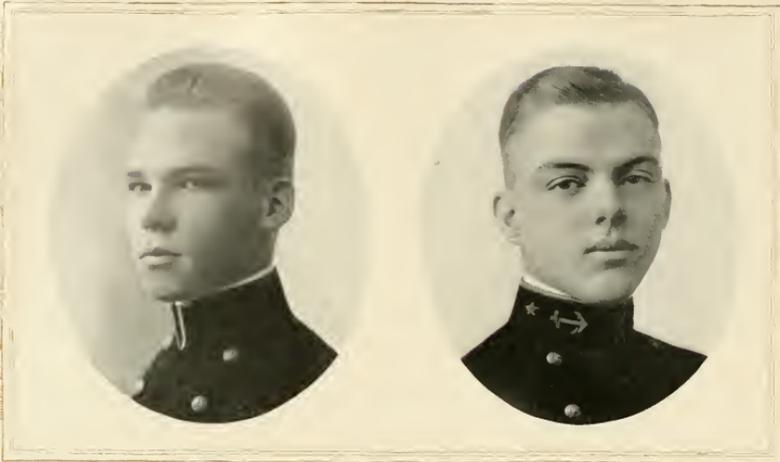
Glenn's heart beat as carefree of conquest as a babe's when he entered over the Maryland Avenue route. No one saw a change in him all Plebe year but at last it came and with Youngster leave, he fell fast in love.

Interested friends were no little concerned for Glenny's welfare when they saw him take heart-breaking plunges. The correspondence that totaled seven letters a week from New York, died on the instant that the Boston girl flashed her charms. Rumor has it that he entertained a fair visitor during September—which one?

Sheldon surprised us all one day at the Boston Yard by a demonstration of his pugilistic powers. Before gloves, or a stopwatch could be found, our hero of the hour, vanquished an unruly shipmate with just about three good swings. He never says much about the incident but is proud as a peacock when anyone else will be obliging enough to do the telling for him.

*Buzzard.*





BURTON GAY LAKE  
CAMBRIDGE, NEW YORK  
"Simon" "Buzzard"

EDWIN FROST SMELLIE  
YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN  
"Eddie"

SIMON entered under the alias of Burton G., but it did not take long for us to discover that he was either the famous inventor or else one of his rivals. It is impossible to say just how savvy Simon is about women, for he has had little to do with them down here, but when it comes to other perverse and mysterious objects, such as gas engines and lines of flux he is a wonder. To him, Juice is just as simple as most of the Profs who try to teach it, and as for Steam,—fruit. Some day he will make his fortune and become a public benefactor by inventing a slumless supper, or some equally desirable article, if there is anything more desirable than that.

Simon is one of the quietest men in the class, but that has not prevented him from making many friends. If you want help of any kind he is always not only willing but eager to give it. If he makes as good a shipmate as he has a classmate his success and popularity are assured.

*Buzzard.*

EDWIN entered our midst as a quiet unassuming Plebe, but as soon as the All-Academics opened fire he showed them he had a brain like an infant chess prodigy. Star marks came to him like bar flies do to a drink on the house.

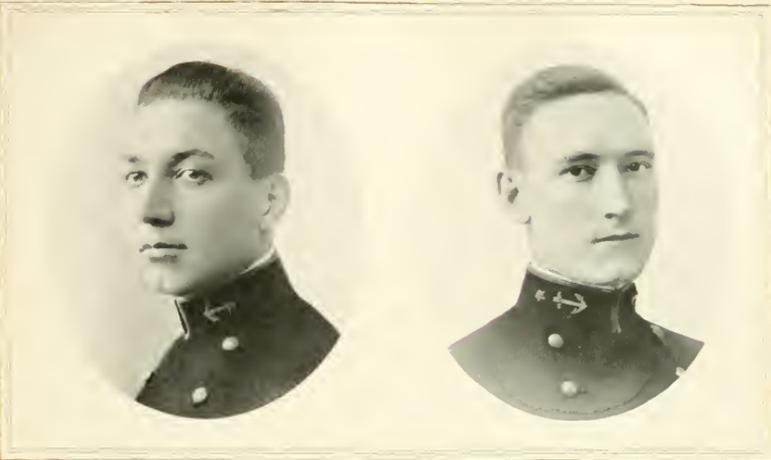
Eddie with his shining satellite, three golden stripes, and sweet young innocence would have been a drawing card with the women, but in his Academic course he followed the paths of a Red Mike.

Frost's athletic career was all "In line of twat, assume ze guard" and few opponents were able to withstand his lightening parries and terrible thrusts. First Class year he captained the victorious willow pushers who brought back the little iron man to add to '21-B's collection of wooden ones.

Eddie was a true disciple of the little green book. He knew how to make the best use of a fertile brain, but at the same time he was never too busy to help those less fortunate than himself over the Academic shoals.

*Three Stripes;  
Fencing (4, 3, 1);  
FNT (3); N (1);  
Captain Fencing Team (1);  
Star (4, 3, 1).*





JOE NELSON SMITH  
EUREKA, KANSAS  
"Smitty"

WILLIAM CLARK POWELL  
DENVER, COLORADO  
"Bill" "Billy"

NO doubt you have often heard of the mythical "poker-face," but it is a thing rarely seen in real life. Yet we claim that here is a sure enough one.

Joe spent many years under the benign influence of H. P. Jones but their honeymoon ran afoul a snag when H. P. shipped on the U. S. S. *Outside*. He is an ardent lover and patron of the great American game of chance and he will spend hours raking in the chips or herding the galloping ivories. His one regret is that the N. A. isn't located at Monte Carlo.

J. N. is a quiet follower of the non-reg life and thrives on his special allowance of sleep—twenty hours a day. One of his characteristics is his ever-willingness to ketch one and it has been figured on Rufe's double-barreled slip-stick that he smokes a skag 22 inches long every day—and borrowed at that.

To come to earth, though, Smitty is a friend to cherish. If you ever run into him in the years to come, you'll find him as now—quiet, calm, and deliberate with the prize bluff of the place.

*Buzzard.*

THOUGH some may think of Savvy Bill as quiet, reticent, and even ministerial in bearing, his friends know him to be a rare humorist, a natural imitator, and a past master of subtle wit. They know him as one of the brilliant men in the class and as the possessor of a heart big, generous, and true. Bill starred easily Plebe year but almost lost his satellites Youngster year when he was ragged conducting a class for unsats in the basement after taps.

The regs never bothered him any more than his studies. His two stripes were never allowed to influence his care-free First Class career. His only worry is his hair. The thousands of pennies he spent for hair tonics and shampoo would have bought a graduation outfit for A. B. Cook.

Clean-cut, keen minded and big hearted, he cannot help meeting with success.

*Two Stripes;  
Star (4, 3).*





DELAMER LOWELL JONES  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA  
"Del"

"WHAT'S your name, Mister?"  
"Jones."

"Jones is dead."

He was not slow in gaining widespread fame, especially when he obeyed G. W.'s orders that hot midsummer's day. None of the old first company gang have forgotten it.

The Ac. Department has never held many terrors for John Paul's namesake. A few more important things have diverted his mind. Crabs have claimed a good share of Cupid's time and there never has been a hop at which he has not shaken the light and fantastic.

Women, not wine, will be his downfall. Even his good looks have been ruined since "she" insisted that he part his hair in the middle.

The "Boiled Owl" looks as tho he might be a plunger on the swimming team. Instead, his energy has been spent in the air. It did not take D. L. long to convince us that he could high jump as well as he could do many other things. Youngster and First Class year, boxing claimed a good share of his time and that championship bout was some match.

Jones enters everything with an enthusiasm that is bound to carry him a long way.

*Buzzard;*  
*Track Squad (4, 3, 1);*  
*Track Numerals (4, 3).*



WILLIAM GALUSHA FEWEL  
EL PASO, TEXAS  
"Galusha" "Bill" "Lucius"

THOUGH this easy-going, sleep-loving, Navy Jr. claims Texas as his home, he is practically a man without a country. He has lived from Guam to Bremerton and from the Philippines to Philly. Galusha joined us early in our Plebes' paradise and was not long in making himself known for his skill in handling sailboats and his ability as a swimmer. He has weathered some rough Academic seas in English and Dago but to him Math has been fruit for the home team. On the whole he seems to have specialized in doing as little work as possible and still keeping well sat. One of the Radiator Club, he is always engrossed in the latest Cosmo, Red Book, or Hearst's.

Though he will swear that he is a Red Mike our "Yard Engineer" is a devoted fusser. He is thoroughly familiar with Lovers' Lane and Upshur Row and can make the trip to Wardour and return blind-folded.

Lucius has not spent much time on athletics, although he has done some hard work in the tank; and he is a clever boxer.

A quiet fellow, sometimes rhino, though not often, he does not make friends too quickly. But when you know him, he is true blue, and you'll look far to find a more genial, warm-hearted, sympathetic companion.

*Buzzard;*  
*Swimming Squad (4, 3).*



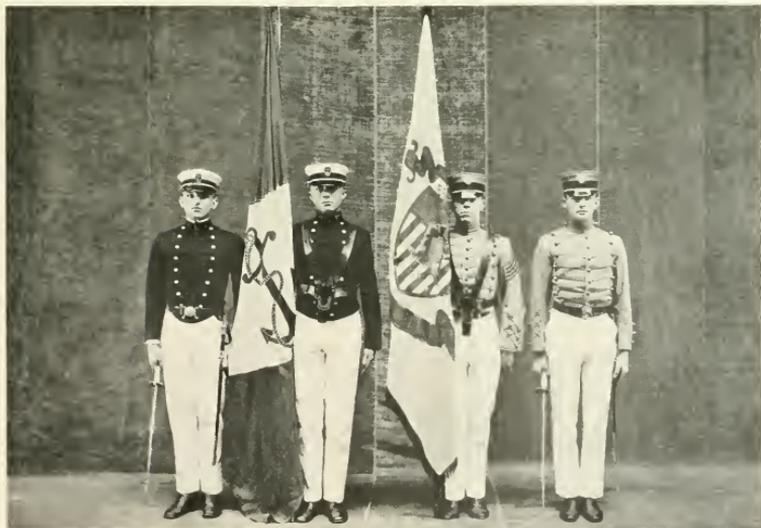




GYMKHANA  
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H. D. HAIL, *Ringmaster*







#### THE SMOKE HALL GANG

The First Class hang-out—where the latest dope is spilled—where some sing, some try, and others merely pat their feet. When a man can't be found anywhere else, look for him here.

## Smoke Hall Blues

I don't know what to do;  
I'm feeling mighty blue.  
The other day I got a zip in Steam;  
And in Nav and Juice  
I got my usual two,  
And smoking is the only cure it seems.

### *First Chorus*

I've got those blue, smoke, Smoke Hall Blues,  
I want to smoke my blues away;  
When I get zips and one point twos,  
I want to smoke my life away.  
Oh brother I don't stand a show,  
When I get a cold one-o;  
It is down to Smoke Hall then I go,  
Just to smo—ho—hoke my blues away.

I've had a lot of blues,  
'Bout women, song, and booze,  
And the blues my naughty sweetie gave to me;  
But those blues I can bear,  
For they cannot compare  
With the blues when I am perched upon the tree.

### *Second Chorus*

I've got those blue, smoke, Smoke Hall Blues,  
I want to smoke my blues away.  
When I get zips and one point twos,  
I want to smoke the live long day.  
Oh boy, my hopes are all eclipsed,  
When the Prof says, "Draw your slips."  
And then all the smoke rings look like zips,  
When I smo—ho—hoke my blues away.



# HOPS

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THE NIGHT HAWKS

# THE LOG



FRIDAY,  
NOVEMBER 28, 1919



Mark VIII.

Mod. IX.

ARMY

NAVY

## The Log

“CLICKETY-clickety-click”—that’s the circulation manager explaining why she didn’t get it. “Who said ‘Change the name of Arkansas?’”—that’s the Editor-in-Chief coming in. “Bang”—that’s the youngsters in the next room breaking furniture. “Give me youah materials. You ah on the report”—that’s Lillian. The whole scene, ladies and gentlemen, is the Old Log Office down in the basement of the first wing for the year 1919-1920.

Mark VIII. had a stormy time, for the raids of the Lucky Bag Staff, the prowling of the D. O.’s, and the howling of the Rocking Chair Brigade almost swept *Our Own Sheet* under. But under the quiet and able leadership of steady-going Thug Harper, she finished up and landed safely in port with Cain Minckler’s June Week Issue, the biggest and best number ever published.

Friday nights come and Friday nights go, but the Log rambles on forever in the same ever-flowing, never-ceasing, midshipman line. Its purpose is threefold: first—to keep the general public informed of the athletic events in which we participate and to further the best athletic interests of the Academy; second—to amuse the animals down here on the Government Reservation and to help them forget the trials and troubles of the week just shot; third—to let the officers know that we are not all deadwood, by taking an occasional interest in professional subjects.

But the best part of the Log and of associations with the Log are the parts which are not published and could not be. Many were the interesting sessions that the Royal Mexican Athletes spent in the society for the Prevention and Suppression of Sleep. There is many a J. O., now somewhere in the fleet, who, as he stands his midwatch, lets his thoughts flow back to those days with the gang of Thug, with his slow drawl, of Davis and his dizzy poems, of Minckler and his inimitable Olaf imitations, of the Bolshevik Second Class, and of the whole good-natured, fun-loving, joke-hunting bunch of editors. Those scenes are still vivid to us all: the quartet singing in the corner, the birthday parties in the side room, the typewriters chained to the desk, and the lookouts’ watchful waiting for Jig-jig. Those nights spent in the efforts to lighten the grind for the whole Regiment, and brightened by the wit and comradeship of all who belonged, will be remembered by all who took part as the best part of their Annapolis days.

To those who live outside our fog  
“A Log is nothing but a Log,”  
But those who read this teeming sheet  
Know that a Log is quite a treat.  
“L” is for love, ladies and life,  
With all of these the Log is rife;  
“O” is official news of the day,  
All in “Prof notes,” well stowed away;  
“G” is for gossip, known as the dope,  
It fills up space and raises hope.  
All, quite all, you’ll find in it,  
From last night’s dope to last year’s wit;  
Catch its spirit of bubbling fun,  
This is *The Log*, the only one.

# The Log

...of the...

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

Published weekly from October till June by the  
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Naval Academy

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## At 3.30 A. M.

Important and interesting facts about reveille time tomorrow by the charter member of the Denver Club, I. N. Somnia.

"At this hour, except in the Norwegian month of the Midnight Sun, Night's nightie smotheres Bunkrot Hall. Bats and ravens hold a bullfest in the corridors. Spirits of those who were too good for us serve extra duty. The D. O. who didn't pap for the unauthorized use plays hide and seek with a fantom Bolshevik in Smoke Hall. The Math prof who explained a prob and didn't 'man the boards' skips around Tecumseh while the bandsman under 200 avoirdr plays double time or the Czecho-Slovakian national polka. In the first wing court the blind drag *zom* Balto, croons, 'Oh, Ireland must be heaven, for they have no Navy there.' But in the third wing court a very real two-horned beast rears in his brute sleep. He is roaring for RAW MEAT!"

## THANKSGIVING

Lost in the anticipations of the coming game, we all are entertaining vague ideas of sailing through the middle of the week without much other thought than getting it over with, and giving three blasts on the siren, one whoop on the whistle, and setting a course for the 158th street slip. However, we can not lose sight of the fact that we really have a lot to be thankful for this year.

The Plebes look rature to rate Youngster since they have come to know what rating Youngster means. That is, they get their first chance to grace the polished floor, and from the yearning looks which have been thrown from the balcony for the last eight weeks, it's a safe bet that more than one Plebe is thinking of his first conquest.

The Youngsters, as well as the First and Second Classmen, know what it means to go through this season of the year without that ever present realization that a few days more will find us defiantly daring the Army team to do their worst. Then too, a good many seem to think that our chances for a four-day Christmas Leave are brighter than they have been since '20's Plebe year. This seems to be the logical supposition for since Christmas comes on Thursday it is hard for the optimist to fail to see why we shouldn't get from Wednesday afternoon till Sunday night.

The vivid possibility that next Saturday afternoon will find us dancing past the Army stands singing "At the end of a Navy Day," and that the consequent celebration that New York always accords the victory will fall to our disposal, is enough to make us wonder why any fellow dares to ask, "And what have we to be thankful for?"

In the account of the Colby game in last week's Log, the name Waters should have been Waters. "Little John" Waters played a wonderful game.







## The Masqueraders

**I**T so happens that these Academic environs are blessed with a Thespian organization whose one desire in life is to amuse the enlightened throngs with the perfection of their ableness. Like all true artists, these, too, suffer and sacrifice much for us who look and listen with wonder and merriment at their worthy efforts. Months of work, night and day, are spent in bringing the cast to truly interpret their characters and in bringing the stage to present a realistic picture.

"Stop Thief" was their selection for 1920, and under the supervision of Alan Blow Cook it "Got Away Big." Nightly they played to the vicinity of three hundred laughs—no mean record.

The play opened with the flurry and bustle found only in houses where elaborate weddings are about to take place. Madge Carr, the bride, with Joan and Caroline, her sisters, form a trio of young beauties over whom deaf Mother Carr and absent-minded Father Carr may well be proud. But troubles for the Carr family,





for Cluney the bridegroom, for the Doctor who is the aspirant to Joan's hand, and even for Jamison who has borrowed money from Father Carr, begin when a demure parlor maid, Nell, alias Celeste, arrives in answer to an advertisement.

Celeste and her accomplice, Jack Doogan, prove to be a very clever pair of crooks. This light-fingered and quick-witted team play upon the absent-mindedness of old Carr and also upon the general nervousness and tumult of the situation, to mix the wedding presents up so badly that the entire wedding party either think themselves kleptomaniacs or suspect other guests of kleptomania. Doogan impersonates a detective whom the bridegroom has called in to watch himself, as he suspects himself of kleptomania. In the guise of the detective, Doogan relieves almost every-





one of his valuables. The crooks are about to make their getaway and to henceforth go straight, when a squad of police under the command of an Irish sergeant come on the scene and eventually untangle the situation, force a confession from Doogan, make their arrest, and finally lose their captives, who outwit the arm of the law by a daring holdup. The end is brought about by Doogan and Nell returning and getting the forgiveness of the entire wedding party in a most dramatic scene. Then follows a triple wedding, Madge and Cluney, Joan and the Doctor, Nell and Jack, all of which is presided over by a timid clergyman.

With tons of ability left and support from the authorities and the Regiment the future of the Masqueraders is decidedly bright.





## The Cast

<i>Jack Doogan</i>	. G. W. SNYDER,	21-B	<i>The Doctor</i>	. O. S. COLCLOUGH,	21-A
<i>Nell, alias Celeste</i>	. L. SEMPLE,	21-B	<i>Jamison</i>	. W. J. LEE,	21-B
<i>William Carr</i>	. A. B. COOK,	21-A	<i>The Sergeant</i>	. E. A. MAHER,	21-B
<i>Mrs. Carr</i>	. D. W. EBERLE,	21-A	<i>The Detective</i>	. L. L. ROWE,	21-B
<i>Madge Carr</i>	. R. STRIFE,	21-A	<i>The Clergyman</i>	. E. P. MONTGOMERY,	22
<i>Joan Carr</i>	. K. H. RINGLE,	23	<i>Officer Clancy</i>	. C. H. MISSON,	21-B
<i>Caroline Carr</i>	. J. S. HOLTZCLAW,	23	<i>Officer Murphy</i>	. W. S. G. DAVIS,	21-B
<i>James Cluney</i>	. S. W. DU BOIS,	21-A	<i>Officer Sullivan</i>	. A. SOUCEK,	21-B
<i>The Chauffeur</i>	. . . . .		. C. M. SNELLING	21-B	







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Art Editor



V. K. Bayless  
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'21A



THE SAVVY HALF

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									Roth
									Woodside

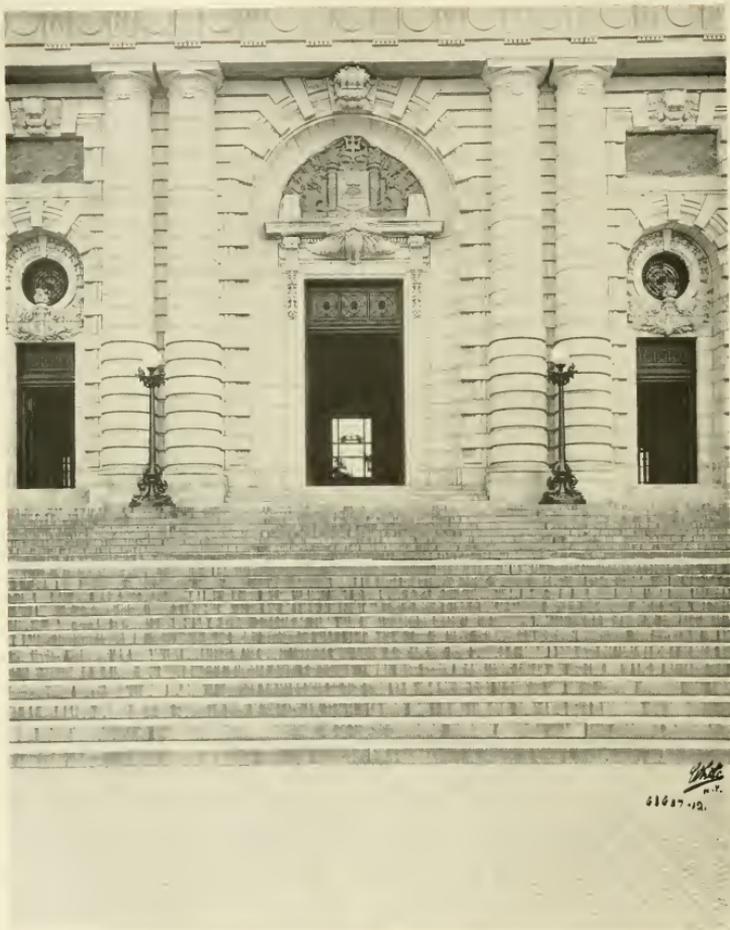
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# OUR DISTINGUISHED VISITORS





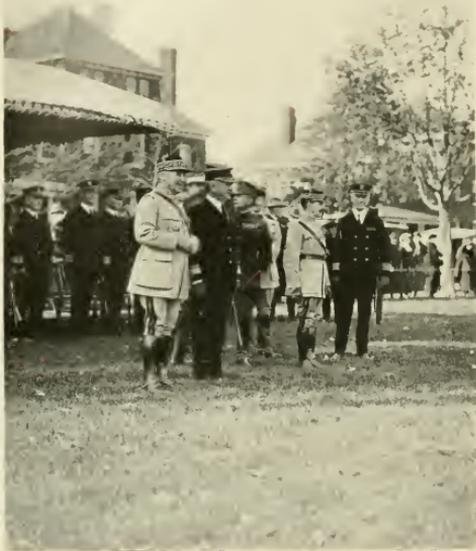
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THE PRINCE OF WALES





GENERAL NEVILLE  
OF THE  
FRENCH ARMY





ADMIRAL JELICOE OF THE ROYAL NAVY



ADMIRAL CONZ OF THE ITALIAN NAVY

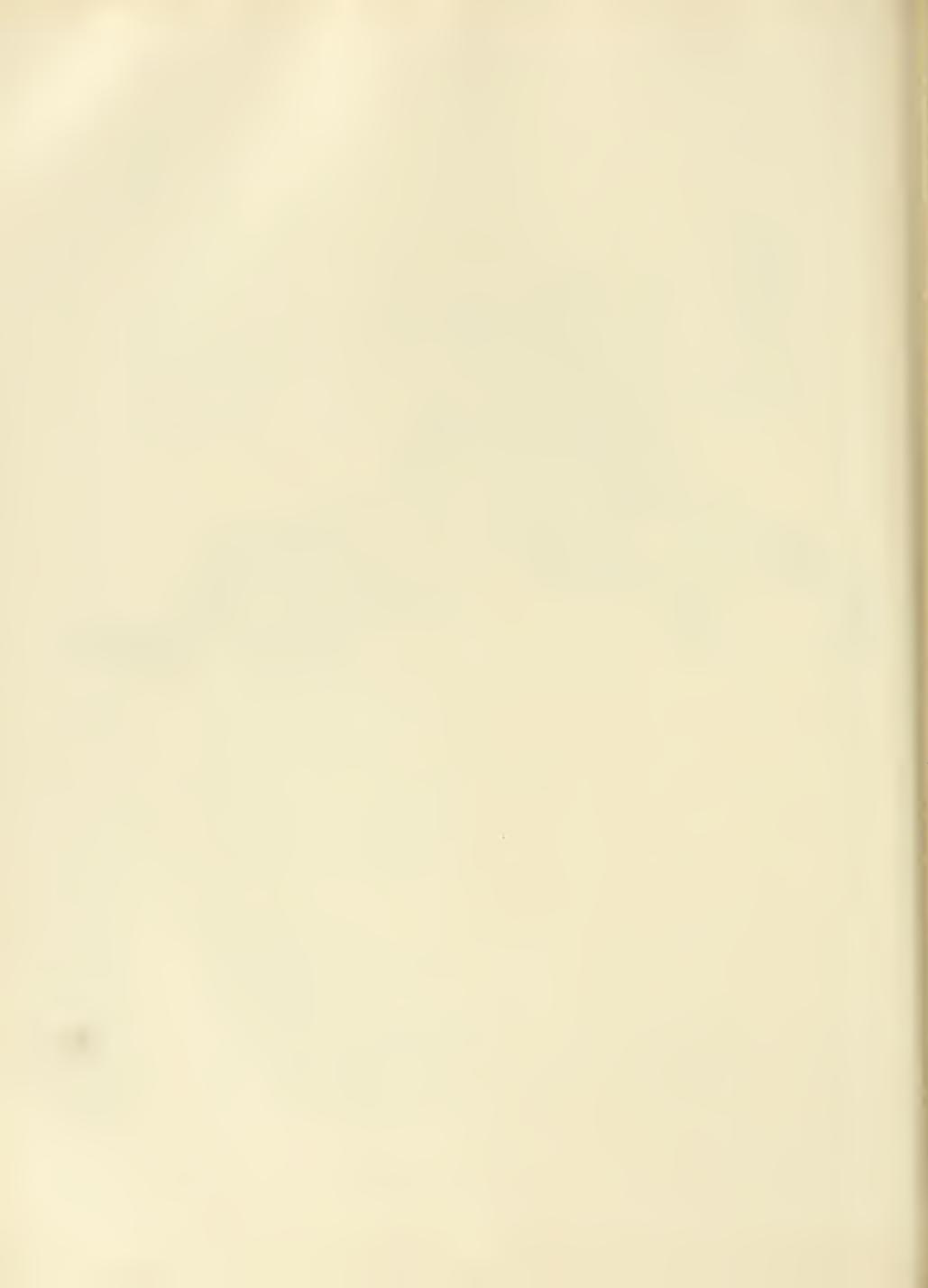


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HON. WILLIAM KETTNER, CALIFORNIA







FOOTBALL  
SEASON  
1919



*Capt.* E.C. EWEN





## Football Season 1919

THE first activity of this eventful season occurred in spring practice when an occasional visit from Dobie, coupled with constant attention from Beany Boynton, did a world of good in helping the boys not out for lacrosse or crew to keep their hands in.

Then, thanks to Doug Howard, the First Class football men were grouped together on the Mississippi while the Under Classmen of the squad were under Lieut. Comdr. Boynton's watchful eye, on the Kentucky.

The fifteenth of September saw the squad re-assembled on the banks of the Severn to recuperate from the effects of leave and to undergo a two weeks' course of intensive training, as carefully planned by Gilmour Dobie.

The Regiment saw the results of this training the first Saturday when, in spite of the intense heat, the team got away to a good start and rolled up 49 points against North Carolina Agricultural and Engineering College. This victory was particularly pleasing to those of us who can remember the day when a prominent North Carolinian sat in the Superintendent's seat and showed unseemly delight in every successful gain of the Tarheels.

It became evident even at this early stage of the season that the most serious problem confronting Dobie was the gigantic task of developing a backfield to fill the shoes of Ingram, Butler, Roberts, and Orr. The material on hand for these positions seemed to be the poorest in the last four years and to make matters worse, Alford, Rawlings, and Clark were continually getting hurt.

The second game of the season was played against Johns Hopkins in regular July weather. Outweighed, outgeneraled and outclassed in every department of the



COACH DOBIE



game, they were shoved back over their goal line ten times. Clark, Rawlings, and Watters showed up splendidly, Clark in particular doing excellent broken field running.

The following week, the Big Team had a layoff, giving the Hustlers a chance to show their mettle by cleaning up on the sailors from the Utah in a hard fought game. It seemed quite unnatural to watch Theda Combs making substantial gains against, instead of for, the Navy.

On the 25th of October, Bucknell brought down a clever, well-coached team which made things very interesting for the first three quarters. The Navy battering ram got under way in the final period and won the game 21—6.

Next came West Virginia Wesleyan with a well-balanced team and a fast, clever backfield. The offensive of both teams was seriously handicapped by the muddy, slippery field, but the Navy refused to be discouraged by a little water and came out the winner 20—6. Howie Clark furnished the real thrill of the afternoon by breaking loose from the field in an off tackle play and ploughing 55 yards through the mire before he finally hit the deck. In the last period, Fisher of the visitors brought all hands to their feet by grabbing a fumble and carrying it across for Wesleyan's only score.

The one defeat of the year came the following week against Georgetown. Our men carried the ball, time and again to the enemy's thirty yard line only to lose it on downs before the impregnable defense of their heavy line. Then a single kick,



GRAVES



usually unexpected by the Navy, would send the ball to the other end of the field. Maloney, the Georgetown quarterback, would receive the ball from the center almost on the line of scrimmage, drop back a few paces and get off a beautiful kick which would roll almost to the Navy's goal. These tactics finally gave Georgetown the ball on Navy's 30 yard line and Maloney kicked a field goal, followed not long afterwards by another.

The final game with Colby College was marked by lots of scoring but little real football. Dobie's training and system were beginning to get in their effects. Weak though Colby certainly was, the Navy team played remarkable football. Splendid interference, impregnable defense and a fast moving, hard hitting backfield played havoc with Colby's lighter, weaker team. It soon became apparent that the supposed football game was on the verge of deteriorating into a track meet. The final score was Navy 121, Colby 0.



DENFELD

After the Colby game on the 15th of November, the team settled down in grim earnest to put on the final touches for the Army. The open date on the 22nd gave the tall Scot two weeks of unbroken work with his charges. The Regiment went football mad, and thoughts of a Navy victory on the day of days took complete possession of even the most staid and sober mind.

Mike Curley's unbounded enthusiasm was contagious. Wrestlers, boxers, swimmers, and gymnasts belayed their preliminary training and joined the usual majority who were spending their evenings on Farragut Field. The backfield possibilities narrowed down to five men, Clark, Koehler, Benoist, Cruise, and Watters. The line we knew was impregnable so long as Denfeld, Murray and Larsen remained uninjured. After doing for weeks the hardest kind of work imaginable, the team left for New York on Thursday, carrying with them the hopes and unbounded support of every member of the Regiment.

In looking back on the season one cannot help but mention the excellent condition of the men, which was no small factor in the success of the season. The entire team seemed to be ever mindful of the fact that their one and only idea in life was a victory at the Polo Grounds. The consistent and conscientious training of every man was reflected in the battle on the Polo Grounds, and the superior





stamina of the lighter Navy men had a considerable influence upon the final victory. We are all familiar with Dobie's miracles and realize how blank would have been our prospects without him. The material at his disposal at the start of the season was the poorest at the Academy for at least four years. Twenty's early graduation deprived him of his entire backfield, in which he had combined all the desirable qualities sought for in the selection of the mythical All-American team. Severn and Orr who did splendid work their Plebe year were both out of the running. Orr fell before the midyear offensive of the Dago Department and Severn's shoulder was hopeless. The pressing need for a consistent ground gainer was well illustrated in the Georgetown game. The most promising recruits kept getting hurt. We could all pick the faults. The question of whether or not it was possible to remedy them was one which every loyal Navy supporter shrank from asking. Dobie said little but did much; and as the crucial time approached, he was putting the finishing touches on a combination in which the individual excellence of the men was overshadowed by the machine-like way in which they worked together. Incidentally, remember that he was ably assisted by Ingram, Butler, Wheelchel, and Scaffie who had gained much valuable experience from their two years under his guidance.

As a whole, the season was a success. Eddie Ewen and his men, who met with defeat in the Georgetown game, were not the same, seasoned, unbeatable aggregation which faced the Army a month later. Dobie had not had sufficient time to smooth out the various roughnesses of his newly built team, sufficiently to beat a team with a strong defense and a wonderful kicker such as Maloney. However, the test of a season is the Army game and the results at the Polo Grounds show the season in its true light.



MURRAY





## Coach Dobie

**G**ILMOUR DOBIE came to us in the fall of 1917 before any of the Upper Classes or the football team had come back, and he started in with '21's Plebes. He came to us from the University of Washington where he had coached their football team for the last twelve or thirteen years without even the semblance of a defeat. So he wasn't an unknown quantity and, so far as we know, his record stands alone.



CLARK

We well remember the first afternoon he had the boys out just behind the gym going through a bit of kicking. He was quite a figure with his six feet and some two or three inches in a vertical plane, and only some three or four in the horizontal. Even in those days he came out in his famous gray coat with its profusion of pig bristles and never thereafter was he to be seen without this covering. Towering head and shoulders above the rabble but not tipping the scales at two hundred and fifty he looked anything but a football coach, and one Plebe was heard to remark, "If that guy is a football coach, then I'm a mid-wife." Now we're possibly a conceited lot and claim almost everything in, or for, the Academy. This is just another example of our completeness, for Dobie was and is *A* football coach.

The first team that Dobie ever turned out was, we think, a humdinger. A fighting aggregation who played straight football and played it hard, but who had enough tricks up their sleeves, for emergencies, which never arose, to show up Houdini. The team he gave us in 1918 was the best the Academy ever had and would have added another year to his record but for the Great Lakes bunch. We outplayed them and beat them decisively but fate ordained that we should not come out on the long end of the score. It was our only setback of the year and reason enough. The only regret that we have is that we didn't play the Army that year. In 1919 Gilmour again turned out a team fit for the kings. But again we were destined to one setback. Mr. Maloney, with his little toe, piled up six points for Georgetown, which was enough, and which set the Irishers at our back door wild, and created no little commotion in our own camp. But the boys came back at the Army in November and cleaned them out



WOODRUFF



of house and home and thereafter Mr. Dobie rated President, Admiral, Sec Nav and anything else that is nice and big.

But this year of 1919 was the last seen of Dobie on Farragut Field. We were the losers and Cornell reaped the harvest. Never was there a man around these parts who left more behind him than did one G. Dobie. There is not a man in the regiment who did not swear by him and not a man whom he ever had under him who would not go through fire and water at a hint from Dobie that he wished it so. He was a thorough student of human nature and the personification of football coaches, with a tongue that could slash and tear like a razor, but that got the best out of every one of his men.

His irony and wit were the talk of the place, and still are. All of the squad remembers his little set-to's with the boys along the order, "Moore, you don't take up any more room in that line than a razor back hog," nor will any of them forget those wonderful little fellows he had under him out in Washington who could play rings around the big fellows here. Dobie was the boss of the football squad, absolutely and without a doubt. What he said went, and when he said a thing it was right. He never thought his teams would win a game, or so he told the boys before every conflict. They didn't have a prayer, to hear him tell it. However, his total loss for the three years he was with us amounted to the sum total of two games, and one of those a freak. So we don't think we're very far from wrong when we say that Gil Dobie is THE football coach, and we all wish him nothing but success at Cornell and know that ere many seasons have waxed and waned we'll see Cornell with the best in the East.



BENOIST



LOWE

## SCORES FOR THE SEASON

Navy		
49	North Carolina . . . . .	0
66	Johns Hopkins . . . . .	0
21	Bucknell . . . . .	6
20	W. Va. Wesleyan . . . . .	6
0	Georgetown . . . . .	6
121	Colby . . . . .	0
6	Army . . . . .	0



CURLEY



HARRISON



SHAW



CREW  
SEASON  
1919



*Capt.* E.D. GRAVES



## Crew 1919

**W**HEN the crew season of 1919 began, everything pointed to a successful season. There was more material with which to build a crew than "Dick" knew what to do with. There were six N-cross oarsmen to fill their old positions and there were last year's second varsity and Plebe crews to pick from to fill the vacant positions.

With six old men in the shell, the prospects for a successful season were especially encouraging. Wiedman and Graves, members of '21's Plebe crew, were easily recognized as varsity material and had their seat in the boat from the beginning of the season. Sanborn, a Plebe, and the first Plebe to row on the varsity in recent years, was in bow, and held his position throughout the year.

A race with Penn was the first on the schedule. The Plebes opened the season by winning easily over the Penn freshmen. Penn was jumped on the start, and the Plebes held their lead, never being in danger during the entire race and winning by six lengths. In the second varsity race both crews got away to a good start. Neither crew had any decided advantage during the greater part of the race, but a spurt by Penn at the finish won them the race by half a length. When the varsities lined up at the start a rather stiff breeze was blowing up the course, which made the going hard for both crews. Neither crew was jumped on the start, but Navy showed her superiority very soon after the race began and won by five lengths.

Harvard and Princeton were here the following week for a triangular regatta with us, bringing only their varsity and freshman crews. The Plebe race was a





repetition of the race with Penn. They were never pushed, and won by ten lengths. A close race was expected between the varsities, but expectations were soon lost, for our varsity won by fourteen lengths over Harvard and seventeen over Princeton, this defeat being one of the severest ever inflicted by any crew in the country.

Several weeks later the Syracuse crews came down in an effort to take Navy's measure. The races told the same old story of Navy's superiority in crew. Their freshmen were defeated by a length, and their varsity by three lengths.

The period that followed the Syracuse race was used in preparing for the American Henley, held at Philadelphia. Several shifts were made in all boats, and in addition a 150 pound crew was formed for the first time to meet the light crews of other universities. The results of the Henley fully justified the changes.

To our Plebe crew, too much credit can not be given for their comparative showing against what was termed by experts as two of the greatest Freshman crews that this country has produced. The first tilt of the season was with the Penn Freshmen. At the outset, Penn took the lead and was never headed. The Plebes braced about the middle of the race and from then on, picked up steadily, but the brace came too late.

Just a month later, Central High of Philadelphia was defeated by over five lengths, over the Henley distance.

The day of the Henley brought together the two crews which were recognized as the best in collegiate circles—Penn and Syracuse—neither of which had experienced defeat. The Plebes jumped into the lead at the outset, but Syracuse caught them at the Henley distance, raised the stroke to a thirty-six, and soon had a full length to the good. Navy stuck with them doggedly, but the Orange and Black oarsmen flashed over the line a half length in the lead, with the hitherto undefeated Penn crew trailing in five full lengths behind.

For the second consecutive year, Navy was given the opportunity of proving to the world at large what we have always known—that the Navy crews are superior to any in the country. Failure to be represented in the Henley and Child's Cup races had often caused eminent authorities to overlook the fact that down on the



Severn, there were being produced year after year crews which could never be taken for granted.

The Henley opened with the 150 pound race, an innovation in the regatta programme. Penn took the jump at the start, but Sloane kept jumping his boat up and up, 'til the stern crept along Penn's trail and then swept by, crossing the finish line three lengths in the lead.

The Freshman race came next on the programme. The course on the Schuylkill is peculiar in that it extends in the shape of a lune. In attempting to maintain a parallel course, it appeared that the Plebes interfered with the other crews, and they were disqualified for the action. Thus the chance for four victories and the opportunity to demonstrate publicly that the Plebes are the best of their class was lost.

The Junior Varsity was much the same as the 150 pound race,—Penn jumped ahead at the start. This only served to stimulate Gus Wellings and his gang to rowing a race that would have beaten the majority of Varsity crews in the country. They flashed across the line almost two lengths ahead of Princeton, having covered the distance in 6:43.

In the Varsity race, Penn again assumed the lead at the start. Navy soon caught them and from then on, the prettiest boat race that has ever been seen began. Navy pulled ahead inch by inch, 'til the finish line found her with a half length of clear water between the shells.

The race brought forth a showing of gameness and courage without an equal,—Ingram stroking his boat, with water on the knee, the resulting pain making it extreme torture to move. Yet he gamely stuck to his task, never easing up in power, though he couldn't see the last half mile, and stroked the crew, that in a measure repaid Dick Glendon for his eighteen long years of service for Navy crews, to recognition as the finest crew in the world.



BASEBALL  
SEASON  
1919



*Capt.* E. J. MILNER





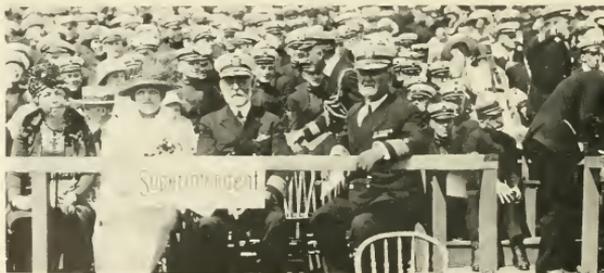
## Baseball Season 1919

THE call for candidates late in February brought out hundreds of aspirants and from these hundreds it was the task of Billy Lush and Vic Blakeslee to pick nine men for the first team. The signing of the armistice across the pond and the cessation of hostilities was almost the direct cause for so large a turn-out, for the signing of the armistice was only a forerunner to the declaration of war on the field of athletics that was sure to follow and did follow between Annapolis and West Point.

The Army game was scheduled and the prospect of a good team and a Navy victory, with the old Japanese bell ringing for the first time since 1912 was too good to miss. The result was that nearly everyone who had ever seen a baseball was out trying to prove to Lush that the college Ty Cobb had blossomed into a reality.

Thus it was that Navy started her season with a wealth of material from which a team was picked to play good baseball—baseball that was better than Army baseball. The pitching staff was the best that Navy had had in years. Bobby Bolton, R. D. Baker, Gaines, and L. N. Baker were all first string men and a college that carries four good pitchers has the primary consideration of its defense definitely settled. A squad that can start with ten veterans as a nucleus should count itself fortunate, especially when those ten veterans are better than the mediocre. That was what Navy had to start with and around this nucleus Billy's job was to build a team to beat the Army. So with the above in mind, we glance at the schedule and study the results.

The first game was more or less of a practice affair. After the team had been out in the open for about a week, it was decided to let them get a few pointers from a first class minor league organization. Joe Dunn brought his Baltimore Orioles over for an afternoon's frolic and the professionals romped away on the long end of an 8-2 score.





The regular season opened with Mt. St. Mary's as opponents. The atmosphere was none too warm and we didn't have any cold weather pitchers. However, between the two, R. D. and L. N. Baker managed to hold the Catholics to two runs while our heavy artillery was opening up long enough to push four runs across and annex the game.

Dickinson followed and proved to be excellent batting and base running practice. Sixteen to nothing gives only an idea of that awful drubbing.

Maryland State came over with Keen and a bunch of fighting ball players behind him. They gave us a neat lacing 5—2 and incidentally brought out many glaring errors which Billy lost no time in correcting.

Fordham came down next, but for all the brilliant playing of Frank Frisch, now termed the "Fordham Flash," had to depart with Navy holding the correct side of a 9—6 score. Swarthmore gave us more than we expected, but a rather late attack nosed them out. North Carolina State and V. M. I. suffered similar fates and then came the second massacre. While Maichle, Shaw, et al were doing their deed over in the other corner, Blakeslee and his followers were busily piling up an odd 23 runs on the baseball field.

The Quantico Marines fooled us. They had a team of fair ball players and one who was more than remarkable, a man who pitched, hit, and ran his team to a well earned victory. That was what this Gyrene did to us. It was the niftiest bit of single-handed ball playing seen around these parts in some time. Ursinus furnished the third and last relay of the season. A glance at the score needs no further explanation.

Navy seasons come and go. They pass with men saying "the best team in years." Yet the success or failure of a Navy season hinges only on one game, and the "best team in years" can not make a successful season unless it is a better team than the one up on the Hudson. We may win them all; but to lose the Army game?—failure. We may lose them all but win the Army game?—success, bounding success.





Somewhere else will be found a detailed account of this Army game. Somewhere else you may read and try to imagine that unforgettable feeling that every member of the regiment had as he sat in the Armory, his eyes glued on that score board and watched those lights run wildly around. Try to imagine it if you can and then realize the sickening feeling that hit us when McCarthy cleared the bases with his home-run. Think of those prayers, those pleas, those cries of "Fight!" which must have carried across and up to that team. Then realize, if you can, that inexpressible feeling of unrestrained, sheer joy when Blakeslee carried his team across. Eleven innings of unadulterated fight. Yet it came—the first of a long string of Navy victories, each sweeter than the last and each stronger than the first.

And so it is that we count the 1919 season a success. The one victory over Army gives us that satisfaction, yet more than a success, we count it a triumph. The fact that we beat the Army expresses only a portion of the good work that the team accomplished. An even hundred they piled up during the season. Three defeats, only one of which came from a college team, and nine victories. These are facts which spell success, and because an Army victory is success itself, and because success plus success is more than success, we call that season a triumph. The schedule for the season follows:

	<i>Navy</i>	<i>Opponent</i>
Baltimore Baseball Club . . . . .	2	8
Mt. St. Mary's College . . . . .	4	2
Dickinson . . . . .	16	0
Maryland State . . . . .	2	5
Fordham . . . . .	9	6
Swarthmore . . . . .	5	4
N. C. State . . . . .	5	3
V. M. I. . . . .	4	0
Johns Hopkins . . . . .	23	9
Quantico Marines . . . . .	3	6
Ursinus . . . . .	17	3
ARMY . . . . .	10	6
Total . . . . .	100	52



# BASKETBALL



CAPT. HAL WATTERS

THE winner of the first Army-Navy basketball game was a team well worthy of this title.

Billy Lush started the season with one man left of the old machine, Captain Hal Watters. After the start, which included a game with the intercollegiate champions, the team settled into its old stride and went up against the Pointers with eleven straight victories to its credit.

After winning the opening game, the team ran into three of the best teams in the East and came out on the short end of the score. Pennsylvania later won the championship of the country in a post-season series with the champion of the West. Princeton nosed out Navy in an everybody's game by the score of 20—18. From here it was a five-man team, as the string of victories shows. Among the names that appear in this list are Stevens, Lafayette, Virginia, Bucknell, West Virginia, Wesleyan, and North Carolina.

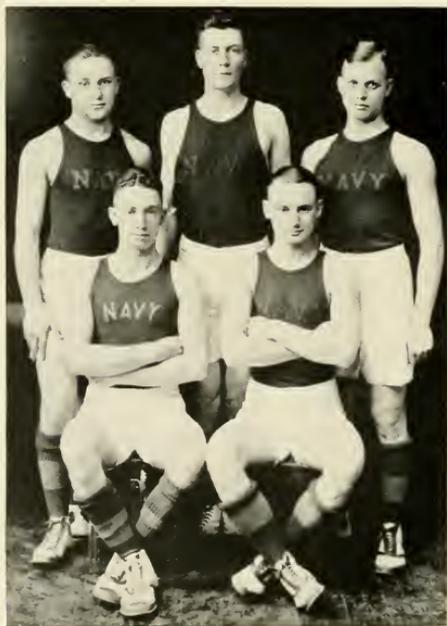
The "A" men from Camp Humphreys came down the next to the last game of the season for their annual game. Little Dave and Buck took care of the ball enough of the time to give us the long end of the 38—11 score. It was not until the last of the season that the Army game became a certainty, but from the time the dope came out until the game was over, those men worked over in the Armory as only men with the Big Game before them can work.

Only once in the season did Dutch Greber face a man who was not a larger man than he, and Dutch was the giant of the team. More than once a visitor was heard to remark "What a small bunch of boys the Navy has." "Quality, not quantity" was Billy Lush's motto. Dave Byerly and Burkholder started the first game and beat the Army. Between them, they managed to sew up most of the games, but in case of a little trouble Hal Watters was sure to come down and cage a couple. Hal was all over the floor, while Red McLaury intercepted most of those intended for the enemy's basket. Toward the last of the season, after the interclass games, Ault proved his ability to just ease around and drop them in. The work of Ault, Dave, and Burkholder, with the guarding of Captain Watters and Butler, was what won the first game with the Army.

With Burkholder the only missing cog for the next year's team, just keep your eye on that team and watch Army "Stand from Under."

## Basketball Scores

Washington College . . . . .	38	10
Delaware College . . . . .	19	34
Pennsylvania . . . . .	17	30
Princeton . . . . .	18	20
Stevens . . . . .	37	34
Lafayette . . . . .	30	23
Catholic University . . . . .	29	15
George Washington . . . . .	40	13
Virginia . . . . .	34	15
Mt. St. Joseph . . . . .	31	18
Bucknell . . . . .	15	13
West Va. Wesleyan . . . . .	37	23
Camp Humphreys . . . . .	33	11
North Carolina . . . . .	37	24
Army . . . . .	24	18
Total . . . . .	439	301





"CHIEF" PORTER

UNDER Hibb's leadership and with Felix Johnson as manager, the track team of 1919 started out on the heaviest schedule that had been undertaken for several years. Coach Jimmy Mulligan had his hands full and the development of a team to measure up to the best in the country was his job. The material on hand was the best in years, but with Hopkins, Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, and Cornell ahead, the going promised to be heavy. The squad was unbalanced, having an abundance of runners, but a decided lack of men for field events.

Starting out like a lion, Navy met and sent Johns Hopkins home to the tune of very many to very few. Hopkins showed up poorly and the times were slow. Due to this the weak spots of the team did not show up clearly.

Navy met the best team in the country in Pennsylvania and suffered an honorable defeat. A preponderance of firsts gave Pennsylvania too great a lead to overcome. Eddie Curtis lowered the mile record by three-fifths of a second making it in 4:28.03.

Pittsburgh was next but the condition of the field was such as to make a crew race more appropriate, for the track was completely under water. This meet had to be called off, due to rain.

Cornell had a good man in the anchor position on the relay, and by a super-human effort Maher of Cornell cut down the twenty yard lead of Navy. This race, valued at ten points, carried the meet away. Eddie Curtis again dropped the mile record this time against Dresser—two mile intercollegiate champion—in the snappy time 4:26.0.

Individual scorers who carried the majority of Navy's points during the season were Hibbs, Mayberry, Macon-dray, Farhney, Porter, and Benner.





The balmy days have come back to track. Eddie Curtis, Johnnie Curtis, Hibbs, Mayberry, Macondray, Hudson, and a wealth of first place men have set the team on a footing only equaled by the days of Lee Carey and '17's First Class year. But for what purpose? The old narrow criticism is rampant again. This feeling against track as a major sport is small in every sense for it is found only in the Academy and originates from the false method of judging a sport by the attendance given it here rather than by the opinion of the other colleges. Due to this criticism track may be made a minor sport and if this takes place the sport upon which the Olympics were originally based passes into obscurity at the Academy. If this does not happen and if the team is supported by proper meets, a meet against the Army and semi-favorable conditions it will flourish and be a source of pride.

That one apparently unsuccessful season should cause the downfall of a sport does not seem possible in accordance with the old Navy fight and the record of next year must better that of this year for the team is improving, not declining.

#### RESULTS

Navy .....	96 2/3	Johns Hopkins	25 1/3
Navy .....	43	Pennsylvania..	79
Navy .....	52	Cornell.....	70
<hr/>			
TOTALS			
Navy .....	191 2/3	Opponents ....	174 1/3





THE crowds that sat on the edges of their chairs and squeezed, over in the gym last year, saw Navy traditions of the mat upheld by perhaps the best team that ever represented us. When the dust had cleared away after a succession of heavy thuds in February and March all seven of the intercollegiates' scalps were hung up in the far end of the gym. More than one champ left here, a sadder and a



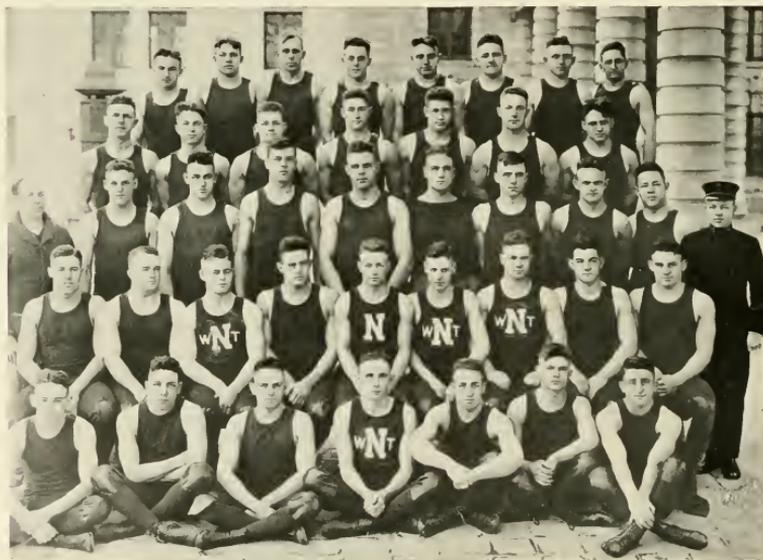
CAPT. SWIGART

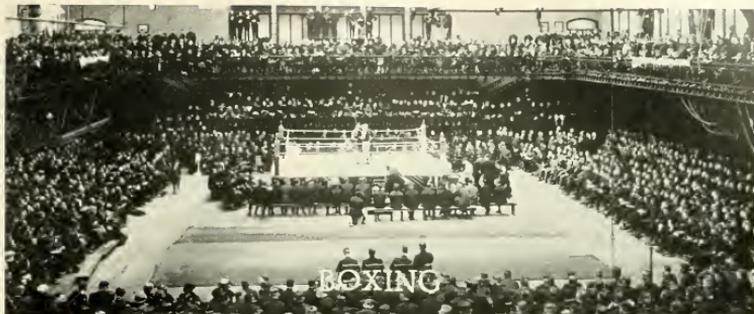
wiser wrestler after an instructive and forcible lesson in the finer points of the game from Swig, Johnnie, Tiny, et al. In the bantam weight, Hough showed them how we do it down here. This was the kid's first year in Navy togs and he missed a clean sweep by just one heartbreaking defeat out of seven bouts. In the 125 pound weight Adell and Gallery entertained the visitors in true Navy style. Dan in particular sprang into the limelight by his sensational work—five falls in five meets, among his victims being Ackerly of Cornell, the intercollegiate champion of the previous year. Captain Swigart and his cyclone tactics made things interesting in the light weight, altho Swig still registers deep thought when you mention the name of Detar in spite of his hard earned victory over the Pennsylvanian. In the welter weight, Johnnie Pixton with his pick 'em up and slam 'em down methods was all that could be desired. Lewis' illness gave us a chance to see our understudy talent in the welter weight. In the light heavy weight, more than one visitor's midsection exceeded its elastic limit of compression under the impulse of Gates' mighty scissors. When we come to the heavy weight we find Ed Willkie just naturally had it on the rest of the boys, as he pulled through the season with seven victories and no defeats.

But although in several individual bouts our little boys were forced to step lively, in only one meet did the

wrecking crew meet with any serious opposition. The 3000 spectators who squeezed and squirmed through the Penn State meet got an eyeful of snappy wrestling, and spent an anxious hour and a half before they finally saw our team emerge from the scuffle on top. After seeing the first three visitors disposed of with dispatch, they gazed on the almost unbelievable sight of Pixton, Gates, and Swig being downed in order. Then with the crowd in desperation imploring him to bring home the bacon, our "Little Ed" Willkie toddled out, clamped State's big boy to the deck and Navy had taken the best that intercollegiates could offer into camp.

There was only one thing to regret when the season was over. We were unable to go to the intercollegiate championship meet and actually annex the title we so clearly deserved. But Penn State, who bear the name of champs, will always speak in tones of deep respect of Navy's grapplers, and the regiment knows that they had a team no other could beat, so the three long months of bumps and bruises which our manhandlers went through were well repaid. Here's to those who took those bumps and smiled at the bruises but still were not fortunate enough to get in the meets. They made a team of which the Navy was proud.





**B**OXING as a sport was officially introduced to the Naval Academy under the expert tutelage of Spike Webb, the coach of the A. E. F. champions. The way it was received makes it a close second to wrestling as king of winter sports. Pennsylvania opened the season with her gang of pugs and would-be pugs, but the best that they could do was two decisions, while the Navy cohorts were on the long end of the deal in four matches. They brought down with them the amateur champion in his weight, O'Malley, who represented America in the Olympic Games in the summer of 1920. His bout with Jones has been termed by experts as the greatest exhibition ever seen in amateur circles.

Then Penn State with their muchly-heralded aggregation put in their appearance, but the long line of titles which they carried with them only served to put just that much more power in the punches of Spike's fistic artists, the final score standing five bouts to one with the clan of Schell and Company resting serenely on top.





HIRAM SHAW

**T**HE undisputed collegiate champions of the U. S. ! And ready to take a try at anything collegiate or not! That was the spirit of the '19 team.

Raw meat was the standard diet, and the sight of Maichle and Scaffie warming up would publish the fact to a spectator without giving him a look at the menu card.

The schedule was short, but every game was a real one, and thriller is no name for the Hopkins melece. Those who had the good fortune to witness that gentle affair are still relating little incidents that made a St. Louis "Battle Royal" look like a tea fight in comparison.

The season started off with many veterans from '18's squad and a few recruits who more than did themselves proud.

Looking over the defense was like calling the roll of our football and wrestling stars. It is easy to figure out why opponents scored but four goals that entire season when such men as Maichle, Scaffie, Ewen, Alford, and Burroughs blocked the path of the incoming attack. At the upper end of the field a crack combination composed of Captain Hooley Gearing, Paul Voinot, Hal Watters, Hiram Shaw, Griff Herring, Buzz Buse, Red Roth, and Freddie Kaufman managed to keep the tally

men busy counting up Navy's accumulation of points. And when after a hard-fought season, there was talk of bringing down Toronto for a June Week exhibition, did the team balk? H—— no! "Bring 'em on, the bigger the better." It's the old Navy lacrosse spirit, and looking over the standing of our teams for the past several years, proves beyond a doubt, the success due to that fighting.

Too much credit cannot be given to George's first string of reserves composed of Dickey Morse, Cap Wilkes, Benny Pendleton. Without them the squad would have suffered an irreparable loss as experienced players were rather scarce in the ranks of the reserves. Nevertheless the work of Mike Flood, Roger Murray, Swede Larsen, Pete Rodes, Hal Nager, and others augured well for the following season.

A good team is usually a well-coached team and, this being a good team, it follows that it was a well-coached team. As long as George Finlayson handles lacrosse, teams will be well coached. A thorough knowledge of the game, but more than this, a deep understanding of the players, has enabled Finlayson to develop lacrosse teams that have gone far towards putting the Navy uppermost in yet another branch of the sporting realm.



# SWIMMING



"DUCKIE" LAMIN

THEY came, they swam, they left, sorrier, but wiser. That refers to Hopkins, Princeton Columbia, C. C. N. Y., Pittsburgh, M. I. T., Harvard; seven in a row went down like the black dolls in a side show. The swimmers not only didn't lose a meet, but tallied 297 to opponent's 77.

To mention individual stars would be almost a muster list of the team, although there are seven wearers of the block N who earned it by breaking records. Just peruse a trifle and see them. And there are those who made the Varsity possible and who receive little reward save that self-satisfaction of doing their best. Hail the hustlers!

The girls giggle: "How cute!" the more settled minds murmur "grotesque," the prudes shockingly mutter "horrid," but a man can't swim in a kimono; so may the amplified birthday garment stand as an emblem of Academic innocence.

Navy has a little goat,  
And it is full of fight.  
Who cares a jot  
For roughhouse rot,  
With graceful calves in sight?  
(Apologies to "The Widow")



# WATER POLO

**A** SPLASH—and then a slight disturbance of the waters is all that marks the hair pulling, ear chewing, eye gouging struggle down below. For such is the gentle sport of the amphibians with its absence of rules and drowning made legitimate. Combine the technique of wrestling, the mawling of lacrosse, the team work of basketball, with the absence of air and you have water polo.

This mild form of extinction made its debut at the Academy last year, success greeting it at every turn—both of them—for Pennsylvania and C. C. N. Y. went down before the Blue and well submerged they were. Favor too, smiles on the novice, as is evidenced by the numbers who are daily attempting to drink up half the tank.

The poloists have been variously styled the clawless cut-throats, and camouflaged crabs, but they initiated a sport which is sure to survive—so here's to them. The above is a greasy bit of flattery to only half of the squad. Twenty-one's season will give those prominence who should have received it in Twenty.





RALEIGH HALES

## GYMNASIUM

UNDEFEATED in thirteen years in a dual meet, and with a second in a triangular meet as the only black mark on our slate, Raleigh Hales and his crew of gyrating gymnasts emerged from the season perched on the uppermost pinnacle with the official laurel wreath of intercollegiate champions decorating their brows and three individual champions in their midst,—Hales, Barrett, and Pierson.

The season's story is just the story of one decision after another—Boston Tech, Haverford, Princeton, and Penn going down to defeat with clocklike regularity. Navy scored more points in every meet than the entire array of opponents could muster during the whole year.

Too much credit can not be given to Raleigh Hales, not only for his unblemished record on the flying rings, but for the spirit he instilled into his men. Fletcher proved his worth throughout the season, taking first in every meet, only to lose out in the intercollegiates through no fault of his. Hales, Barrett, and Pierson are wearing block N's as a result of the season, while Strang, Comp, Fletcher, Cory, Jones, and Nold are sporting GNT's.



## FENCING



CAPT. SMELLIE

THE Grand Ballroom of the Astor is where it happened. Every man present was attired in his best, with even the judges bedecked in evening dress,—a strange setting as compared to the muddy turf of a football field. But whatever the setting, the men in blue were there to uphold Navy and all she stands for in the world of sport.

Swordsmanship is a man's sport; it calls for accuracy, for judgment, and an alertness requiring months of consistent work. The Little Iron Man is a trophy well worth the work involved, and he now poses in his natural haunt, Memorial Hall.

Individual work is the deciding factor in fencing. There is no encouragement, no cheering or coaching from any bleachers, and no relying on the other fellow. It is a question of pitting man against man to see which is the better.

The Little Iron Man was won by the Foils team alone, which was composed of Smellie, VanCleve, and Becker, this syndicate walking off with thirty-nine victories out of forty-five bouts. In the Saber bouts, Fullenwider placed himself in the topside trio, comprising two Columbia men besides himself. The chances were, therefore, two to one for Columbia in the mind of an uninterested bystander, but the Navy men knew that a chance was enough to insure victory. So Fully came back with the coveted medal.

The week-end in the Big Town is only a sidelight, because it has nothing to do with the purpose the team had in mind when they left for the scene of battle; it served as a fitting sequel to the happy event. But the best feeling of all is to come back with the bacon and the fitting slogan, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."



# TENNIS



CAPT. HUNT

WHEN you see a man running at top speed through the yard, just as release busts, you can make an excellent guess as to his intentions,—to reserve a court. Despite the increase in the number of courts, the supply never meets the demand, and the energetic ones are getting in a set or two before reveille on Spring mornings.

The increasing popularity of the game should be productive of an excellent team, and it has been. A larger squad was handled this year than in any previous year, and the old courts were reserved for the use of the squad and team. Difficulty was experienced in getting early practice, due to the frequent rains and winds, which, though traditionally a joy to the seaman's heart, have proved not conducive to good tennis.

The discovery of an excellent coach in Mr. Sturdy, of the Department of English, has resulted in individual development of systematic practice as well as match play.

With 21-A go three letter men,—Captain Hunt, McIver, and Watt. This will make a large hole in the team for next year, but the squad men may be depended upon to fill the gap and maintain the standard.





# RIFLE

THE spring of 1919 was the first, after the ending of the War and it bade fair to be a good year for rifle work, because many of the big rifle teams of the country had just returned from the other side where real shooting was much in evidence.

At Captain Rathbun's call a large squad came out, and much was the cost of ammunition thereof, for the boys settled down to work with a will and the team began to show progress.

The first match came in the early part of May. Pennsylvania came down with her team expecting to give us a good match, as many of her men had done a heap of shooting in the Army. When the smoke cleared away, it was found that we were on the long end of the score, however.

Following this came the old 71st Regiment with a team of remarkable experts. A cracking good team. It was nip and tuck all through the match. On one range the Academy team would be in the lead. On the next the 71st. We finally nosed them out on the last range and kept the Little Iron Man.

Due to a mixup in the schedule, Syracuse University had to bring their team down the day before our big match with the Marines. We shot them on a Friday and it was a good Friday too, because we left them far behind.

Our last and biggest match was with the Quantico Marines. We started about eleven in the morning and for awhile we held them, but not for long. Anybody who wants to look in on real shooting—scientific shooting—shooting that piles up a score—should journey over to the range and watch a bunch of gyrenes go to it. They're out to do and they do it. The match was called when about half over, on account of rain, but we were behind so the match went to them.

Altogether it was a good season and spoke well for the work that Lt. Comd'r Vossler and Captain Rathbun put into it.

### *Navy Opponent*

Naval Academy vs. Univ. of Penn. ....	2457	2103
Naval Academy vs. 71st Regt. N. Y. ....	2227	2198
Naval Academy vs. Univ. of Syracuse .....	2088	1556
Naval Academy vs. U. S. Marine Corps .....	1237	1306
Total .	8009	7163



CAPT. G. A. JONES









MR. Speaker, Mr. Speaker—you may delve wildly upon the hardships of Scott in his dash for the pole; you may rage voluptuously of the horrors encountered by Livingstone in his search for something he never found in the jungles of Africa; you may elucidate by the shovelful upon the sufferings of the prohibitionists in the realm of his Satanic Majesty, ever feeding the leaping flames with the flesh of human souls; but not one word can you speak in appropriate description of the cinders, mosquitoes, reserves, Scotch boilers, et al., encountered in that pilgrimage of the young, inexperienced, and unsophisticated aboard those galleons of yore that bore us daily from Yorktown to Tangier Sound and return.

With the Misery for flagship, and the Whiskey, O. H. 10, and Colliers Weekly for Adjutant, Commissary, and C. P. O., respectively, we fit, bled, and died (almost, but not quite) that we might learn the ways of Columbus and the Skipper of the Albany Night Boat in paving the way for a greater and grander seafaring outfit, composed of those who heard the call of the sea, and answered—but no echo resounded from the deep, mainly because there was no deep in sight.

It was "Heave out and lash up—rise and shine, lash and carry" at four-thirty when the only sun up was that son-of-a-gun of a boatswain's mate with his little silver-plated Jews-harp. Then, "More pressure on the deck pump," and you were busy for two hours. If you were a deck hand, it was ki-yi and squilgee, and if you were a black-ganger, you had your hands full, dodging streams of water until finally, the blast of the bugle heralded the anchor as he left the basin into which somebody had poured Chesapeake Bay. The siren and whistle howled "Good morning," and the scalding water they spat forth drowned the topside onlookers.

Beans for breakfast was the next horror on the daily routine, with a concoction called coffee officially, but with an unofficial taste of Old White Pine. Occasionally, a good crowd turned out to formation, unless other affairs were pressing. We fell in on the quarterdeck, where morning prayers were in order. We needed to pray, and we knew at the end of that cruise that our prayers had been heard, for we were still alive to a man.

The forenoons were spent in wearing ear-protectors and waiting for a six-inch to tear loose at the San Marcus, but





hoping earnestly that something would go wrong. During this glorious time, we were engaged in various pursuits in different parts of the ship. Some were being hummed to sleep by the generators in the dynamo room, others counting the number of times the crank pin turned over in a minute, while the skunks shovelled the coal to make "them boilers boil." This latter phase of crab life rates a department all by itself.

One hundred and forty in the shade—no water—no food—no humor—just sweat and watch the clock. It was four hours at a time, with two hours thrown in at the end to scrape off the accumulated fuel which discriminated not between ears, eyes, nose, and pockets. Then "Gangway for a clean man," and a pink-fleshed midshipman walked stealthily out of the wash room, running the gauntlet of a half dozen cakes of carbon, within which were hidden a similar number of embryo admirals.

Noon chow was much the same as breakfast, only more so. Occasionally we had pie, and saving for Mother all the glory due her in the art of pie-making, you have to hand it to these Navy bakers. Watermelon was plentiful, whenever the Mattie May came alongside, loaded down with ice cream, P-nuts, fruits, and business men who could get money from a midshipman, whether he had any or not.

Maybe we had movies; maybe not, especially if we were outside the submarine nets, in which case we darkened ship, as though any sub could be so heartless and ignorant as to blow up that division of tadpoles. Movies kept us in touch with the United States, the glorious land to which we were to return when September rolled around, and we left Yorktown's surroundings forever.





The days were bad enough, but the nights were worse. There were two kinds of nights—those when it rained, and those when it didn't rain. If it didn't rain, the wind blew the mosquitoes from the swamps over to visit us. There is something distinctive about a Yorktown mosquito—his stinger is long and sharp, and many a time, when one was killed, the thump could be heard when he hit the deck. Or, maybe the wind blew the other way. But a ship swings with the tide regardless of the wind, in order to spread a feathery icing of cinders over the topside. The sandman was no phantom with us, except that he used cinders instead of sand. He filled our eyes, our shoes, and our bedding, covered us with burns, scratches, and blisters, until we cursed every rivet in those boilers that begot our misery.

If it did rain, we rolled out, gathered up shoes, socks, trousers, shirts, caps, bedding, lashings, unmentionables, and other belongings, and tumbled down a hatch. Maybe we landed on someone's face, or possibly on his stomach; anyway, we always landed on someone. Dark as pitch, wet to the skin, with a "God bless the Navy," we spread our bunks somewhere below, and fell asleep. One man woke up one morning under similar circumstances, without a garter lost, without even a tooth missing. That was an enviable record which was never approached.

So much for our quiet home life. Let us now dwell for a moment on those liberties we made in the metropolis of Base Two. Cornwallis's Cave, The Monument, the Cemetery, the Yorktown Inn, do you remember? No wonder old Cornie surrendered—he at least was able to leave the place, never to return.

All in all, we hoed a hard row while it lasted, but all things come to an end some day, if we wait long enough. Sep leave was the gold at the foot of the rainbow and we found it.



# FIRST CLASS *Cruise* '21-A



## Cruise in New York

**I**T'S of New York I'm going to tell you, as seen by a lucky crew of 1921-A men on their First Class practice cruise. If there's much we missed it's our fault—not those good-souled Broadwayites. Oh boys, New York is the place to go for a course in zig zag sailing, though the Nav Profs won't agree; and as the evenings turn to mornings your head's a raging sea.

But before I let you in on some of the joys you'll find up there, a little advice will I give you—take it or not, but it's good. Forget banks in Crabtown; I didn't and notes are a fright. And study those little red booklets "Know New York for five cents."

It sure comes in mighty handy to land in safety at home after your nightly excursion to the bright lights of world-wide fame. You can't stand the life of the four hundred,—be just plain American, you'll get along all right. Try the movies sometime at least, you'll be surprised the money you'll save, when your head deals out the argent instead of an addled brain. Once in a while you must try to go below and take a look to see what makes the bally old craft proceed over smooth and choppy sea.

Now for a little peek into the life that's so often pictured in books as a wild and ruinous spree. There's Shanley's and Rector's (no more by that name), the Pré Cat, Black Jack, and Jack's. Lord knows you couldn't name all of them, and they're all there to pick up your kale. Keep one hand on the pocketbook with





the other hold her hand. It's funny how many good-looking janes are wandering around loose at night. Just a bit of wine and a fluent line and they're your best friends for a while. A very short while may I say. As long as your money lasts.

But I'm getting ahead of this line of mine. Of course you must start from somewhere. Try the Astor; it's close to all of those halls of wild women and song that bless the neighborhood of Times Square. The Hotel de France of loud-acclaim by us of the Idaho gang is a wondrous place to start for a regular evening's campaign. That music; oh boy, it's surely a joy to sip of some high sounding brew, and watch the ladies in paint (that's not all, I may state) cavort in unblushing view.

When it's time to leave there for the rest of the tear, trot around to the Moulin Rouge. That's a right snappy place and their booze first rate—believe me, it's filled with the jazz. And "Anchor's Aweigh" you'll surely find there on entrance to their liquid domain. We taught 'em that, and as you pass in your hat "Welcome, midshipmen" you'll hear. It's great to be known on that bright lighted street 'cause a good time you always can have. If an unknown you are you must reach pretty far for the joys which surround you at night.

Those women, now say, you all remember the day you saw that cold queen on the deck. When you're pretty well tight, and under those glaring white lights they're all queens while the night's in full sway. And the ways they do dance, it's a caution; no less—and such dances aren't learned from mere books.

And then down the way Washington Village lies awake—and believe me, it sure is awake. Of bright lights there are few—but just venture below and see what you see then and there. You'll be surprised at the life (and it's wild) of these artists, so-called, you find there.

Now that's about all and enough for a while. It gets tiresome soon but the life's great while it's new and remember it you always will. Go to it boys while you can make lots of noise—but for the love of Mike quit when you're through. You can try it again in the future perhaps, but go easy the first time. That's the way to enjoy wild women and song and wine if such there be still.



## Cruise in Norfolk

"HUN'R'D Foist Street." The subway disgorged sundry blue appalled and much bebagged mids who made their way toward the Hudson. As they came from under a span of Riverside Drive causeway, these gentlemen sailors could see that majesty of might, the Oklahoma, which was to be their home for the next two months.

They came from several ships in various ways, but one bunch will never forget a certain series of "bag drills" a la Hampton Roads, Norfolk, Old Point, and return which consisted of their first day's effort to leave the New Mexico. But arrive they finally did, fortified by some of those famous six-bit community dinners.

The Annapolis bankers waxed fat from the two weeks' lay-up in New York. Did I mention the inn-keeper of the H. de F. and other hostelries? One staunch friend was made in the person of "Spuds Moiphy," the little newsy who delighted to stay aboard with us and even eat with us, which is the last word of friendship, considering pink hash and old Navy regs.

Then we pulled out the old mud hook and made ready to do battle with Father Neptune. Now we would get that long-looked-for opportunity for a tussle with the green ones and a test of gastric equilibrium. Bring on your rough weather! Now we'll see some of the meanness of the Atlantic. Confidently we steamed out to greet the fury of the tempest, but nary a ripple! Pas de motion. No tengo las olas! Oh what a hell of an ocean. The O. K. was as still as a "painted ship upon a painted sea." Me for the Severn during a crew race. Eventually we entered Hampton Roads of Youngster cruise coaling fame and anchored off Old Point and the Chamberlain Hotel. Remember those two fifty dinners? Tain't no mo' now.

It was not long before Ocean View and Virginia Beach lured their quotas. Ask one group about that dinner for six and the subsequent forced pooling of resources to meet the indemnity demanded by the profiteering waiter. It's lucky the girls had enough to meet it, Freddy.

Soon, however, Portsmouth Navy Yard was our home and our real good times began. Due to the indefatigable efforts of Allen Blow Cook the O. K.'s forty mids were holding or attending three hops a week. Who'll forget Building No. 16? And as for that Sunday, a Navy Yard tug, the Wahneta, was commandeered for the excursion up the James. Oh boy. Can't you live over the stroll through the





country of Pocahontas lore; and the swimming; and the trip back by moonlight when everyone felt a little bit in love—except when the old tug ran aground every now and then. “Turn back the Universe and give me that night again.”

Of course there were little unpleasantnesses like not turning out in the morning; getting ragged for same; getting crawled for ditto and so on. But the worst that came of it all was a little rhinoism which “Alphabet” Davis laughed away with one of his inimitable parodies which is a reminder of the Midshipmen’s Vaudeville which A. B. C. staged on the quarter deck one night. Fletcher, the acrobat; Curley, the song and dance king; the string pickers; Eaton’s Comic Cartoons; and that inimitable play “Bunk” were offered. The haughty villain, and Colclough as the Arrow Collar hero, won hearts and hands.

He: “The reward is mine. Twenty-five thousand dollars to buy a square meal with.”

She: “No, dear, twenty-five thousand dollars to buy baby clothes!”

The last thing remembered and the last to be forgotten was the Farewell Ball given on board. It was a wonderful end to a wonderful, if butterfly, cruise. And running through my head goes that parody of W. S. G.’s to the tune of “I’ll Say She Does.”

Oh, are there good looking girls in town?

I’ll say there are.

And are there wild wimmin hanging around?

I’ll say there are.

And have they captured us mids,

And are we all on the skids?

Are we? I’ll say we are.

And did we fall for their big blue eyes—

Just like the skies,

And did we tell ’em a bunch of lies—

Beneath our sighs?

Are we sad and got the blues,

Cause we’ve had this Norfolk Cruise?

Are we? Like Hell we are!



## Cruise in Boston

Boston men have long enjoyed much notoriety at the Naval Academy. As Plebes many of us wondered why a person from the intellectual hub of the country should be so popular with the Upper Classmen. The answer is an easy one. Said Upper Classmen had at some time in their careers made a midshipmen's cruise in the Charlestown Navy Yard.

The forty S's originally assigned to the Florida and Utah after a warm and wet month in New York steamed north and tied up to Bunker Hill for extensive repairs. Here the Wyoming's offcasts boarded the ships. Midst showers of paint and other things we settled down for the summer. Once oriented and acclimated, a routine gradually shaped itself. The days were generally spent in searching for a mythical Japanese restaurant which Sundberg saw in the yard one morning very early. At night the Utah gang gathered on the forecastle to watch the Florida fortunates go on liberty and encourage the unfortunates who were training for the next infantry competition. Between lulls of the steam hammer's anvil chorus in the chain shop and the lullabies played on the submarine howlers by musical Navy Yard workmen some few of the hardened characters acquired a little sleep.

Watches were enjoyed by all those present. The chief duty of the O. O. D. was to count the workmen as they came over the side and again as they left the ship to make sure none of them slept on through the dinner hour. Many ambitions were formed to resign and become yard workmen.

The social side of our lives was in no wise neglected. Frequent dances and parties given for midshipmen by the ladies and girls of Boston formed bright spots in rather colorless days. They were much appreciated and looked forward to. After each hop every man would have a new femme to brag about. The last dance at the Sailor's Haven will live long in history.

Liberty hours were spent in the Touraine lobby, at Revere Beach, and on the Nantasket steamer. The popularity of art galleries, museums, and benches on the Commons increased during the final days before the notes from Crabtown arrived. For the financially crippled and the historically inclined, visits to the numberless famous buildings and spots occupied the hours of freedom.





Boston streets are notoriously curved and crooked. After spending an evening tracing a sidewalk through spirals and involutes, one accustomed to the straight and narrow path was apt to return to the ship in a dizzy and hilarious mood. This was especially true of the sunny dispositioned and the natives of Texas.

Instead of squinting through sextants, tracing steam lines, and copying sketches of distribution panels we spent the working hours in more or less systematic wanderings around the yard endeavoring to familiarize ourselves with Navy Yard routine and duties. The studies of some, probably most, never took them beyond the administration building where 900 yeomanettes chewed gum and smiled and raised havoc with routine and duties. Those who did avoid the sirens found much of interest in the chain shop, rope

walk, coaling sheds, and restaurant. The submarine and French mine layers were never failing points of attraction. It was worth staying in from liberty to hear Joe Saurette and some Froggie swapping lies across the dock in their foreign dialect.

We went, we spent, we had a good time, but none were sorry to leave.

## The Rockport Cruise

The North Dakota and Delaware stuck together like real sister ships, after a month in New York, and hovered around Massachusetts, the birth place of star men and iceberg bricks. "What ho!" cried the skipper one fine morning. "Rockport," cried the snakes in the foretop as they pulled into the land of New England dories and lobster pots. The hook hit the bottom and everybody but the Jack o' the Dust went ashore to the tune of "There's a Hot Time in Podunk Tonight." All hands deserted the tea fight in the village fire house when news arrived that we were summering around the corner. No other men existed in the vicinity, except a few bewhiskered gents shoveling mackerel for the profiteers. Evidently the chaperones had not figured upon the importation of about eighty seagoing pampered pets from Crabappolis.

There wouldn't be a hop at the Thorwald, the country club, Del Montes, or Green Gables unless the Delaware fussers were let out for an airing or the North D. boys hocked their whites. The famous Red Mike Ox-Roast Club staged a revolution and many were the nights they hoofed it back singing "Green Gables" until picked up by a machine full of girls, whereupon they proceeded to make engage-



ments for the next day on the beach. The rapid nights, however, always told the next day as was plainly seen when Bill Powell almost walked overboard while asleep on watch.

Some days the gods were angered by the wicked lines sprung upon the shore mollies and piled the whole Atlantic over the breakwater and up onto the cliffs. One of these days happened along while Savvy was hon. skipper of number one steamer. The boys promptly divorced the reg beans and slept ashore all night 'till Neptune calmed. "Whale, ho!"

Whale, your starboard blinker, that's a motor sailor piled high and dry on one end by the storm last night. The salvagers shoved off and climbed to the craft perched high on a peak only to find the rookie boat keeper still sound asleep on the thwarts.

At Skipper's inspection, the Exec was heard to say, "Captain, never mind looking in the blower room. The midshipmen are in there studying the principles of the oil settling tank." "'S funny what a snorey sound that oil makes though, isn't it, Commander? These Midshipmen can get away with murder and copy their Navigation from Bowditch, but the first one I catch using the pentaprism of my pet range finder to light a skag is a dead bunny."

A poor frightened goo-goo was seen crouching all day in a passageway outside of C-109. No wonder, this is what he heard in the aforesaid dungeon:—"The Officer of the Deck says to turn out in here. Aw, pipe down. Bzz-zz-zz. Come on, the boys want to set the tables. Hit the deck. Bzz-z-z. Chow's ready. Bust out, Thug. Pink Hash, boys. You're a helluvan engineer, gimme some toast. Francisco, pour some java. More sugar, Catalino. Wish I could go ashore and chow. Gimme a skag. Hey sailor, what yuh goin' to do when I run out? Use my own, whadahuy think? Gimme a match, too. Say, all you got is the habit, ain't yuh? Whose number is 1103 or 1531? Goin' to the Country Club tonight, Bright-eyes? Naw, Green Gables. Oh, all the Middies want to go to Green Gables, etc. I want to smo-ho-hoke the blues away. Get out of those nettings, here comes Mr. Bright! Did Thomas come down from the turret yet this morning? No, he'll be down when they train the guns. Who's goin' ashore from three to five? Lay aft the dinghy party! Lay off this table, I'm writing a letter. Here comes that damn Gyrene Loot. Gyrene is right, squads right and me dooty's done.



# CLASS HISTORY

**B**ACK in June 1917 came the advance guard of 1921, and they kept straggling in until late in September. Our entrance into the World's War gave rise to a June entrance examination that year, and as a result we had the "War Babies" along in July and August. Those of us who came in early got in before the class of '18 got out, and it was indeed, a pleasant and instructive two or three weeks before they finally left us for the big outside.

Plebe year went by very nicely under the tutelage of '19, and, with no semi-anns or anns, we lost very few members by the bilging route. Those were the days when a Plebe rated Plebe; the days of Conduct Grades, and liberty for Plebes once every two weeks, if they were very good or very lucky, that is, with the exception of the Barracks Plebes. And while they can't be envied for their lack of Plebe training, still they are not to be blamed, because their isolation was due to the lack of space in our Bancroft Hotel, for a class the size of ours had never before been heard of inside of these closed portals, and too, they were under the careful guidance of the renowned "Duke." The most conspicuous events during Plebe year were, perhaps, the Marathon of Plebe summer for the watermelon fight in the messhall; and a like event layed to the door of one Prof Bell, our talented Terpsichorean artist, who wears a veritable mit full of rocks purchased by his many midshipmen admirers; to say nothing of "Tain't no mo' Plebes" when '19 embarked and '20 took charge.

Youngster cruise was the most uneventful event in our four years stay at this Institution. Confined to the Crabs, it was a monotonous repetition of "Coxswain, make your regular trip—Gloucester Point, Recreation Pier, Yorktown, and return to the ship." There is no place in Chesapeake Bay that all of us shouldn't recognize by the color of the water, the condition of the bottom, and the lack of landscape; and there is no family of mosquitoes around Tangiers Sound, whose offspring we won't recognize forty years hence at a mere touch.

Then came that first Sep leave. Those who haven't experienced it cannot possibly realize just what it means after a Plebe year. How it cleanses even the soul of a midshipman, who in the vernacular of the sage, is incurable. But you know what I mean, with the moon, and her right close by, oh, so close, and no boning, and no reveille, and no formations, and all that sort of rot. What more could a mere mortal midshipman want? And who is there so base amongst us who would not have the Bon Ami, Lye, and Potash turned loose on his needful soul, and come out of it promising her, the folks at home, and himself, to come back with a will, and not leave undone those things that he ought to do, nor do those things he ought not to do?

But somehow when one gets back to the grind of the battle with the All-Academics it's a different story. That's a time when no man dares even call his soul his own. And so



AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.



Youngster year found us starting out. We were scattered all over the lot, in view of the fact that the new annexes, for which our Uncle was putting out the shekels, had not reached the state of completion they now have. Some were quartered in the Reserve Officers' Hotels, which at that time lined our once beautiful tennis courts, but now are extinct for their destined use, due to the discontinuance of the "Reserve" classes. Many are the classes of the would be "Salts o' the sea" that we saw come in, don their coveted one stripe, blossom and bloom in some three months into a full-fledged Ensign. How in those days we did envy them their all, but mostly their week-end leaves, while we had to climb into our 3 x 6 and calmly caulk 'em off.

With the reins in the hands of '20, we put in a most profitable year, and again there being no semi-anns or anns, not very many were left without the so necessary 2.5. But this was a most eventful year. For January the eleventh came that, for some of us, all too well remembered Regimental. Contained therein was the information that those of us who were savvy and stood above the sixty fathom shackle were to be graduated in the present three-year system, but those who were below that would have the satisfaction of being the first to go back to the old four years. After that, it was a race to the last. For lives there a man with soul so dead that he wouldn't rather get out in three years than four? If such there be, go, mark him well, and deliver our medals to him, for he deserves them much more than we. The savours put on steam to their fullest capacity, and the would-be's were boning to the wee small hours of the morning by candle and lightning-bug light, and the poor wooden devil didn't have the chance of a flea on a hairless mexican dog, and so went down with a crash. And fight it was. In the section rooms the blackboards were encompassed in a cloud of chalk dust so thick that the Prof had to use a specially prepared cheese knife to cut his way through in order to get a glimpse of the work. In the Math sections the drop of a piece of chalk meant the loss of from six to ten probs. Yes, it was a great year, and if it hadn't been for the muchly appreciated fair treatment we received at the hands of '20, we don't know what would have become of us through it all. And not until the very end, when we found out the "Who's who", some to go to the Atlantic Fleet and remain nicely encased in dry dock for the summer, and others to go back to the Crabs for another try at the B&W's and the ice machines, which make not ice, did we know where we stood. Here was the fork of the roads—our paths from then on being over separate necks of the woods.



First Class cruise for 21-A was a vastly different situation than that which confronted 21-B on Second Class cruise. The First Class went to the Atlantic Fleet, the larger ships, and for the most part were in port or dry dock all summer. Some were fortunate in drawing a ship with a home port such as Brooklyn, and for them it was simply one round after another, Broadway and the Pré Cat claiming most of their kopecks. It was the life,—envied by all and comparable to none. Others had to be content with the land of Pork and Beans, the home of the broad a's, the place where English is spoken as she is, in fact no other place but Boston. Still others had to be content with Old Virginny as she is around Norfolk, Newport News, Old Point Comfort, and the like, and they all agree that 'tis really the land where woman is what woman should be. It was a gay summer, with liberty every day for 'most everyone, and forty-eights not infrequent, and parties of every manner, shape, and form,—every man to his taste,—and as a result the Annapolis Banking & Trust Company did a rushing business. While the Second Class of the Crabs journeyed down to Guantanamo for a spell; to those most misnamed Virgin Islands for a sojourn of a few days; then jumping down to Panama to see how the Old Ditch was holding out and to try out their brand of beverages; after that came New York, which needs no arguments; and Provincetown, where the mosquitoes are the boldest known in the land, and the water colder than at the North Pole, not to mention the artist colony. But speaking of the mosquitoes there, alligator hide for them is as easily pierced as punching holes in tissue paper with twenty-penny nails is for an average man. The more clothes one wears, the better they like the sport. It takes less than five minutes for them to make one's back look like it does after an attack of prickly heat. After another trip to New York the Crabs paid a call at dear old Hampton Roads, and then on up the bay to Crabtown, where they dropped their cargo. Then came another Sep leave for all hands, and there was much weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth when it was over and we had to come back to Bancroft for another session.

The beginning of the year saw us in the throes of another administration. The first two years of our work had been put in under the administration of Rear-Admiral Eberle, but he was relieved at this station by Rear-Admiral Scales, then Captain Scales, who came to us from the Great Lakes Training Station. Under Admiral Scales' administration, we first encountered supervision by commissioned officers where the First Class had presided. The number of Duty Officers was

**U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,**  
**Annapolis, Maryland,**  
11 January, 1919.

**NAVAL ACADEMY ORDER NO. 3—19.**

SUBJECT: Resumption of Four Years' Course.

1. The Navy Department has directed the resumption of the four years' course and has approved the following procedure:

- (a) The present First Class will continue the three years' course and be graduated in June, 1919.
- (b) On Graduation Day in June, 1919, the first-half of the present Third Class, arranged in the *order of merit for the third class year*, will become the new First Class and will continue the three years' course and be graduated in June, 1920; and the second-half of the present Third Class will become the new Second Class and will resume the four years' course.
- (c) The present Fourth Class and succeeding classes will take the four years' course.

2. Those Articles of the Naval Academy Regulations which have been suspended temporarily during the three years' course, will become operative at the beginning of the next Academic year for all classes resuming the four years' course.

**E. W. EBERLE,**  
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy,  
Superintendent.

increased twofold to what it had been. The First Class, being of a more studious and quieter nature than the more Bolshevik of the second half, took more to this change than the B-end of the class. The First Class resolved to abide by the regulations in all respects and especially so in regard to hazing. This may have decreased the amount of hazing, but not to any appreciable extent, nor will it be so, as long as there is a Naval Academy and a Bancroft Hall. It was a hard year, for the vigilant eyes of the D. O.'s were forever peeled for any infraction of the Regulations, and it was a difficult matter to pull the wool over their eyes. But the First Class, with their less riotous nature and more regness, and no semi-anns or anns, successfully got by the year. But not so for the poor Seconds who were to be left behind. They kept the D. O.'s from falling asleep for lack of something to do. And as a result the extra duty squad, which had been inaugurated that year and which met every Wednesday afternoon, and Saturday afternoon



IS NOW.



HERE MABEL—I WON'T BE ABLE  
TO DRAG YOU SATURDAY.

until ten in the evening, was kept well reinforced with the Second Classmen and those of the First Class having Bolshevistic tendencies. But finally the year did end and '21-A passed out into the Fleet, leaving '21-B to be the goat for the next 12 months. Here endeth the first lesson.

First Class cruise for '21-B was quite a trip, but again on near Crabs; however, it ranged from Annapolis to Hawaii, via the Panama Canal, back to the West Coast, from Seattle to Panama, and then back up the bay to Crabtown again, where the cargo of '21 was deposited for the last time from a midshipmen's cruise, except possibly for those few unfortunates who will be held over the coming summer. But let it be said that everyone had one more summer, and some who were restricted from Honolulu to Annapolis had several all crowded into one. This was about the longest cruise ever made by a midshipman squadron on the practice cruise. The jump from Panama to Hawaii was the longest trip made by a steam vessel without a sight of land from beginning to end. The boys got started in Panama, put on more speed when the Hula Islands were reached, and hit the West Coast in high. About the highest compliment that can be paid to the Islands we think, is that remark of a Naval Officer when the ships were shoving off, which was to the effect that he had left the place three times and each time he had left his heart there. But how many quills has a porcupine? The hospitality of the Hawaiians can't be beat, or even touched, by any place we've heard of so far. Their climate is ideal, their okolehau makes a cocktail the like of which is fit for kings, and the kick it contains within itself is not even surpassed by the mule Maud, of Comic Section fame. Never will the beautiful scenes and lovely people be forgotten by the midshipmen. The West Coast was quite different. The people there outdid themselves in trying to make the midshipmen see everything that was to be seen and have a good time in general. A midshipman's money wasn't worth anything out there, from Seattle to San Pedro and San Diego it was all the same: everyone doing all in his power to make the cruise a success and our stay in their port a happy one. But, with all that, we were happy to drop the mud hook in Annapolis Roads and once more embark on Sep leave, which ended all too soon and called us back to our last year and the Naval Academy end of the Class of '21.

This year saw us confronted by a more serious change in conditions than existed heretofore. The Little Green Bible had been completely revised, and it was a master hand that did it: someone has said "It takes a crook to catch a crook." It now covers every possible offense that could be committed by midshipmen, some few in number, if we be permitted a word on the subject. This new edition was to be enforced with still more supervision by commissioned officers, which now left the authority and prestige of the First Class at low ebb. With a com-



BUT JOE SHUFFLES A  
MEAN PAIR OF DOGS.

missioned officer for every company, the First Class were not at all necessary to run things—they were merely incidental.

It was during this year that the hazing problem was brought to a head, and the segregation set in and took charge for one month. With the Plebes in one part of the buildings, and the Upper Classes in the other, it was a case of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. But when we went back, things gradually resumed their normal conditions, and with Maximum Supervision pursuing us to the end, we finally come to the end of our rope and glorify in the thought that there are "No more rivers to cross." Here endeth the second lesson. "Let us pray." O! tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

When we entered these walls to become the Pampered Pets of our Uncle Sammie, the inmates, as it were, the World was in the throes of the Great War: now the war is over and humanity is preserved for a few more years; at the beginning one could walk into stores with saw-dust on the floor, a very long counter, a huge mirror as background, a long brass rail in front of the counter, place one's foot on that rail, lean on the counter and call for "the same"; when we started, this was a three-year course; now it's a long four. The flu caught us during our sojourn in these parts and removed many of our best from the ranks. We were one of the few classes to be divided, half graduating one year and half the year following. Ours was elected to be one of the few unfortunate classes to experience segregation. Once, long ago, the First Classmen went about shedding rays comparable only to the mighty rays of the noon-day sun, and now when he goes about at all his total is not even envied by the tiny flicker a little lightning bug puts forth. In the days of yore, the Reina was the receptacle for all miscreant smokers of Fats, but its popularity has vanished until now it only collects those placed on probation for hazing and those awaiting "Not Granted" for their "three reasons." It is our claim that we are the only class to graduate, having made three cruises, and each time being raty class thereon.

And now, kind people, we have come to the completion of the four years of "21," the sun has set on our Academic career, and we hear no groans, or commands for putting out breast lines and springs to hold it back.



AND EVER SHALL BE.





OUR FAIR ONES—DRESS PARADES





GRADUATION MORNING—BEFORE THE BATTLE





ARTILLERY COMPETITION DRILL





"TAIN'T NO MO' PLEBES



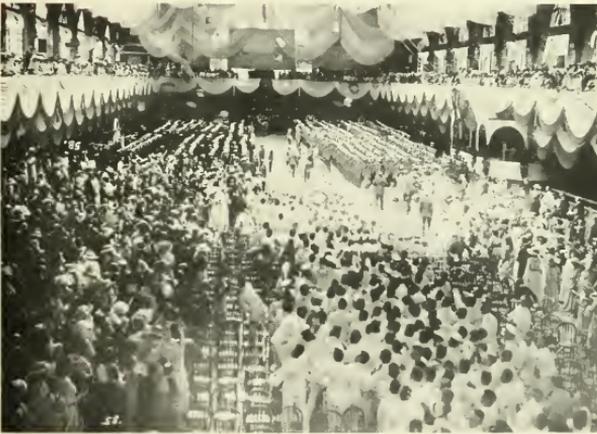


TO THE VICTOR GO THE COLORS





JOE AND THE BOYS



A SUCCESSFUL END TO FOUR YEARS' WORK





THE FAREWELL BALL



SUPE'S GARDEN PARTY





## Anchor's Aweigh

STAND Navy down the field,  
Sails set to the sky,  
We'll never change our course,  
So, Army, you steer shy-y-y-y.  
Roll up the score, Navy,  
Anchor's aweigh;  
Sail Navy down the field,  
And sink the Army,  
Sink the Army Grey.

Get underway, Navy,  
Decks cleared for the fray.  
We'll hoist true Navy Blue  
So Army, down your Grey-y-y-y.  
Full speed ahead, Navy,  
Army, heave to.  
Furl Black and Gray and Gold  
And hoist the Navy,  
Hoist the Navy Blue.



# ARMY = NAVY GAMES

FOOTBALL

6-0  
7-0



BASEBALL

10-6  
11-1





**J**UST as the sounds of the clock tolling seven o'clock floated over the plains, a long fly from the bat of McCarthy settled into the hollow of Blakeslee's glove and the Navy came out of a wilderness of ten years of Army victories on the diamond. At the same approximate Local Apparent Time, while the snake dance led by a rear-admiral and concluded by a midshipman, first class, was shaking out the sting of the long string of reverses on the basepaths, several thousands of nerve-frayed and collar-wilted individuals filtered out of the Armory still dazed by the rapid transition from the A-flat of despondency to the G-sharp of exuberance. Never has the inter-service classic dragged the spectators through the whole gamut of human emotions in such a ruthless manner.

As the books have it, the day dawned bright and clear and offered an ideal setting for the struggle which was inaugurated with all the usual and customary trimmings. Gold stripes and silver stars by the gross were interspersed throughout the stands and shortly before the start of the game, the Corps marched onto the field, mascotted by an honest to goodness Arkansaw mule, wheeled through several manoeuvres, and capped the climax with a long Corps yell for the Navy and their team, which started the shivers up and down the backs of the on-lookers, which weren't to stop chasing each other for nearly four hours. Billy Lush injected the first element of surprise into the proceedings when he sent Hoofs Gaines into the box in spite of the fact that the lanky port-sider had had little opportunity to unloosen his wing during the season. The Pointers, viz Hans Lobert set their hopes in McGrath, which hopes for five innings were more than justified and which were to fade only with the decline of his mastery over our bats.

The first three innings romped by with the struggle still looking like anybody's game and no unusual incidents with two exceptions. As the Army came to bat in the first, the mule apparently received physic revelations of some sort concerning things which were to happen during the ensuing pastime. At any rate he developed a Bolshevik tendency within his harassed breast and galloped off down the field with a Kaydet four striper officiating as sea anchor at the bow line. The Nemesis



which was apparently trailing us for half the game, introduced himself in the first and third innings when Shorty Milner taking the throw at second got all carved up from the erratic feet of the Kaydet path burners.

Somebody heaved a brick into the china-closet in the fourth. Our own efforts were meager in the opening half. Four up and three out. Then came the holocaust. Honnen started with a long slow bunt along the first base line. No one was in a position to field it properly and the play at first wasn't even close. Johnson made an effort to continue the bunting game and after having two fouls called on him, punched a single to center, Honnen playing safe and holding second. Blaik eased a perfect bunt toward third and the bases were as full as a Washington apartment house. McCarthy and his overgrown night stick faced Gaines, and moments which tried men's souls ensued. Lefty, working to keep the ball low and on the outside, eased the first one up and the rosy-domed receiver fouled it over the back-stop. The next one that came up curved off into the right field stands as McCarthy took a terrific cut at an outside ball. Then came two on the outside and the count was even. Gaines took his windup and let the ball loose. The Army's Colossus of Swat took a Wagnerian slice at the ball which came up the groove. There followed a sound like the Crack of Doom and the pill disappeared past Collum Hall travelling in the general direction of 42nd Street and Broadway. Casey had been avenged. As runner after runner crossed the rubber, it looked like they had rung their whole team onto the bases. At this point, Baker, R. D. who had had but a few minutes in the bull pen warming up was hurried into the game to save a disaster from becoming a catastrophe. With two balls and nothing on him, McGrath pulled the unexpected and swung on a groove ball. The pellet curved on a line past Humphreys, hit near the foul line, and Englished into the right field stands while McGrath circumnavigated the sacks. Was it never to end? That blow which apparently nailed us forever in Davy Jones' locker proved to be instead the turning point of our fortunes.





Domminey, next up, got a ladies' hit in front of the plate when Cloughley lost the ball in the sun. Wilhide bounced to Doyle who tagged Domminey on the path. Tate walked on five pitched balls. Honnen in his return engagement of the inning decided to call it a day and jammed a grounder to Milner and thus ended, a la Gill, the first phase of the game.

The fifth inning furnished nothing for either. Baker's speed, once working in the proper phase, whiffed three out of the four grey-legged stickers who faced him. At this point the Navy's guardian angel, so far negligent, turned out and turned to.

Milner fired the first shot of the counter attack. McGrath threw the first ball up and ducked as the onion went airily on its way to center for a clean single. On a misfire hit and run, Milly was safe at second but continued to third on the next pitch when Pino duplicated Shorty's hit. Blakeslee tore a burning liner toward second which went for a safe blow, Milly scoring and Pino taking third. Howie Clark who had lost the best part of a box of balls in the Hudson during practice swung hard at two, but was eventually tossed out at first. Blake advanced while Pino remained at the look-in corner. McGrath was apparently still in the best of form and whiffed Doyle on five balls. Mulholland took four straight balls and the bases were full. With Cloughley up, the count swayed back and forth until it stood two and three. On the next pitch the runners were off with the ball but it was wide and Cloughley walked, forcing in Blakeslee. Baker took one ball and then fouled out to the catcher. Army was retired on eight pitched balls.

Still clawing tooth and nail to overcome the handicap, we surged ahead for the first time during the game in what proved to be a lucky seventh. Milly again lead off and scurried to first ahead of Wilhide's throw of his bounder. On a hit and run play Pino crossed Wilhide and pushed a single through second. Vic Blakeslee went to the well, gulped down two dipperfuls of Doc Solhog's Revivifier and after watching one wide one, waved his wand and another ball was done for the day. The Spalding Cork Center when last seen was steering a South by East course and evi-





dently trying to make Cuba before nightfall. Clark still in hard luck, topped one and was thrown out at first by McGrath. Doyle swung in vain three times. Humphreys however took four straight balls and scooted to second when McGrath messed up Mulholland's bunt. The Kaydet hurler was obviously suffering from the intense heat and the exertion of galloping around the cushions on his four ply swat and was relieved. Milton, a youth of no mean presence and lots of stuff, was ushered into the arena to tame the wolves. Cloughley, as a tribute to both, gave him an easy assist.

Our supremacy on the scoreboard was shortlived, however, the Pointers making the battle a dead heat in their half when Honnen walked, went to second, while Baker threw out Johnson and nicked the rubber on Lystad's bingle over the middle sack. At this juncture, the physiognomy of the original game wrecker confronted Baker, but McCarthy was passed to take a chance on Milton. Milton confirmed expectations by popping to Milner.

The battling teams pressed on throughout the remainder of the regulation distance neck and neck with nothing of importance to report. In the first half of the tenth the game was hanging by a thread when Cloughley doubled to left on the first ball pitched. Baker popped to McCarthy but Milly was robbed of a homer only by a jumping catch of Blaik's which picked the fleeting globule from out the ether at the critical moment. Before the pulses of the multitudes had an opportunity to resume normal palpitation, McCarthy again walked, followed by Milton, and the Pointers had two men on with no one out. Baker had apparently thrown his arm out and gamely admitted to Cloughley that he was through. Baker, species southpaw, was rushed into the breach to relieve Baker, species normal, amid the measured cadence of 10,000 heart-beats working at flank speed. Opportunity was knocking at the Army camp, but nobody was home. Domminey forced McCarthy at third, Wilhide responded with like treatment for Domminey at second and Tate's response to the prayers and supplications of the Army cohorts was to be turned back at first by Baker.





Another treatment from Doc Solhogg and the genie Blakeslee waved his magic wand, (made in Louisville), Lystad stopping his scorching triple only at risk of life and limb. Clark wafted an enormous fly to Blaik and Doyle sunk another in the same pocket. The game walked into the bat bag on the next ball. Humphreys tore a fiery blow to the left field foul line which was good for a pair of sacks and Blake scored. Instead of insuring the game in the Traveler's, Mulholland walked after which Cloughley sunk his harpoon in one and by the time a posse consisting of Johnson and Lystad had returned from their search of the vagrant Spheroid, Clough was back on the bench with another dipperful of the Revivifier. Baker, L. N., the portly portsider, then suffered the bittersweet pangs of delicious disappointment. Only after he had found his way around the bases to third did he discover that he had failed to touch any of the sacks and as a result was out for missing the initial cushion. His blow was a colossal wallop to deep right.

Army making their last stand could do nothing. After Honnen had singled, Johnson whiffed, and Blaik skied to Mulholland. Lystad postponed the curtain by walking, but the copper thatched nemeses, McCarthy, hung up the finis sign by clubbing a hump-backed liner into the outstretched hands of Blakeslee.

Hits: NAVY 13

ARMY 15

Score:	NAVY	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	0	0	0	4	—	10
	ARMY	0	0	0	5	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—	6







GILMOUR DOBIE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Navy:	0	3	0	3
Army:	0	0	0	0



**N**AVY 6,—Army 0! For the first time since 1912, the Army Mule was completely captured, embalmed, and buried on the gridiron, in a manner truly worthy of Navy tradition. The odds were against us, they had faced and survived a harder schedule, outweighed us fifteen pounds to the man, and had a long string of victories to give them moral support. But opposed to that was one of the fightingest teams ever seen in action, a Dobie-coached team, and the spirit and backing of two thousand midshipmen and of every Naval Officer in the Service. We knew we were going to win, we had seen our team in

action and knew what they could do; and what made us even more optimistic was that Dobie was hopelessly pessimistic, and when he is in that mood, things look bright for the Navy.

The team shoved off Thanksgiving afternoon to get acquainted with the finishing touches to their already perfectly running machine. Then, bright and early on the morning of the 29th, the Regiment headed for the Polo Grounds and the Gay White Way. And it was some trip. Maybe those cars can be used again in some future century, but with four train-loads of penned-up Pampered Pets, all keyed up to the highest pitch, little regard was had for any person or property not connected with the Navy.





The Navy contingent had the open stands, and, about noon of the 29th, history began to repeat itself. A slow, steady rain started to fall, which lasted throughout the game. The Pointers were the first to appear on the scene. They made a splendid appearance, the second best military organization in the world, and the worthiest of opponents. About 1:45 we marched onto the field in column of squads, circled around in front of the stands, and then took our places in the open stands. It has never yet failed to rain at an Army game when we had the open stands. Then Eddie's gang came out on the field, and a 4-N was let loose that could be heard in Mars. Mike Curley had thoughtfully placed megaphones on every seat, and two thousand voices aided by megaphones can produce some noise.

Army started off like a million dollars,—they won the toss-up! Extremely fortunate too, for at no time after that did they have a chance to win anything else. They chose to receive the ball, the teams lined up, and the referee's whistle started the fray. King kicked off to Wilhide, who returned the ball to his own 30 yard line. After one ineffective attempt to pierce our line, McQuarrie punted. The ball went out of bounds on our 30 yard line, was brought in, and then our first drive began. And brother, it was a drive! The concentrated attack of Benoist, Clark, Cruise, and Kochler just netted one first down after another. Our line would open up a hole wherever it pleased, and then one of the backs would come tearing through it,—head and knees on the same level,—and it was always the secondary defense that stopped them. Our team was as perfect a machine as has ever been seen in action,





every man knowing his game and fighting with all he had. Then, just to make things more interesting, and to ease the Army's conscience a trifle,—for they had made all preparations for a passing game,—Kochler tried a forward pass. It was blocked, and the Army got possession of the ball. Then came a play which caused a sudden cessation of breathing in the Navy section. McQuarrie punted, and the ball rolled over our goal line. We were forced to punt out, and Willhide made a fair catch on our 36 yard line. And then McQuarrie made a kick from placement. The Gods were with us. That ball sailed straight for the goal, and the Greylegs went wild. Then, just as it approached the goal, the lateral component of the wind proved to be greater than that allowed for, and the ball passed about two inches to one side of the goal. There ended their first and only chance to score. The attempt was fatal, however, for it put a match to the gas in the Navy machine and the fireworks started. The quarter ended with the ball on our 30 yard line.

The next quarter was one to bring joy to the heart of anyone wearing the blue. It was just a question of who carried the ball, for the attack was made by the whole team. Cruise, Clark, and "the ferocious Benoist" would tear through the center of the line, while little Bennie Koehler would wriggle through seemingly impossible places and usually net at least six or seven yards. Then, with the ball on their 17 yard line and a touchdown in sight, Army's line stiffened, and King, Clyde King of Iowa, dropped back for a kick from placement. It was strictly against the dope. The newspapers said we had no one who could kick, the Army thought we had no







one who could kick, and it seemed to them a wasted effort. But were they fooled? Ewen dropped down to hold the ball. Larsen passed it back,—as perfect a pass as has ever been seen,—and King booted it over, square between the posts for our first score. Navy's hour had come! To those who had watched Navy go down to defeat in the last four games, and to those who were witnessing their first game, it brought a thrill that can never be duplicated. The Navy stands went crazy, as well they had a right to.

The rest of the quarter and the entire third quarter was filled up with a series of Navy attack, the Army line usually strengthening just when we got within the danger zone. Then McQuarrie would boot the ball far from harm, and we would have to start all over again. Then with the beginning of the fourth quarter, the wrecking crew decided they needed a little more velvet to put the old game on ice. A steady drive brought the ball to Army's 15 yard line and King dropped back for another placement. It was a repetition of his first one, and made the game as safe for Navy as if the score had been a hundred. It took a touchdown to beat us then, and the Greylegs had no more chance of making a touchdown than the proverbial snowball. For the rest of the game, Army succeeded in holding us scoreless, but the game was ours, what mattered the size of the score? As the final whistle sounded, two





thousand wild midshipmen and hundreds of officers, from Rear-Admirals to Ensigns joined in a snake-dance across the field and under the goal posts, winding up before the Army stands. Then "Fare-thee-well" and "Taps, Army" were sung, and cheers exchanged, and it was the end of a great Navy day.

It is impossible to pick any star of the game. The entire team was as perfect as has ever been seen. The line completely outplayed their heavier opponents, opening up holes almost at will, while the backs tore through with the speed of a twelve-inch shell, and it took an armor plate to stop them. Larsen's passing at center was nothing short of marvelous. He passed that wet ball with perfect precision, and made possible the two goals that gave us the game. Perhaps the most credit belongs to Coach Gilmour Dobie, the man





who whipped them into shape. Morose, pessimistic, seldom smiling, he is the keenest student of the science of football in this country, and it was his knowledge of the game, and untiring and unceasing efforts that put the machine in running order.

It was a splendid, clean-cut victory,—the triumph of speed and science over a heavier, but slower team. It was a game that will always be in the memory of us, for whom it was our last Army game as Midshipmen, and it was only the start of a string of victories that we hope will continue during our career.

Side-lights on the game from the press. Before the game:

“Navy can never stop the Army’s ‘tank-like’ line smashes.”

“If the grounds are wet, Navy has no chance to win.”

WEST POINT, N.Y. *Nov. 24,* 1919 No.

**The First National Bank** 50 550

OF HIGHLAND PARK, N.Y.

Pay to the order of *Wilbur J. Brown* \$ *6110* <sup>*75*</sup>/<sub>*xx*</sub>

*Six thousand one hundred ten* <sup>*75*</sup>/<sub>*100*</sub> Dollars

DISCRETIONARY THROUGH NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

*W. A. Watson.*

*W. A. Watson*

*WEST POINT, N.Y. NOV 24 1919*



"The grey-legged giants are apt to play havoc with the opposing backfield."

"The Midshipmen are the under dogs in the fight, and they realize it."

After the game:

"Middies outplay heavier opponents at every turn on rain-soaked gridiron."

"Lumbering cadet eleven is outplayed in rain."

\* \* \* \* \*

Navy made 16 first downs,—Army none.

Navy gained 284 yards on rushes,—Army only 49.

There was not a single penalty in the game, and only one fumble, which was recovered.





## BASKET BALL 1920

THEY do say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but when it comes back the third time one should dig for the storm cellar. The Kaydets, upset on the diamond and overturned on the gridiron, faced the inevitable on the court, and for the third time in a

year arrayed themselves in sack cloth and ashes after facing a Navy team. As an evidence of good faith and absolute confidence, we offered to play the role of guests in the inaugural of the new inter-service battles and accordingly the referee's whistle found the Blue and Gold quintet on a strange court in hostile territory. The Kaydets, confident that the w. k. worm was about to turn, shot the jazz into the Greyleg tossers throughout the forty minutes but Brother Worm refused to turn.

The first half found the Kaydets going strong and they were never headed until the last minute of the initial session when a brace of free throws by Hal Watters jumped us into the lead with a 12—10 tally. Cross broke the ice soon after the first toss-up, the Army working the ball down the floor by systematic team work. Pfeiffer and Watters dropped fouls through the net intermittently throughout the first twenty minutes, the Navy skipper being a particularly prolific scorer through that medium. About the middle of the half, Dave Byerly suddenly felt the urge and inaugurated a campaign which netted him two baskets and tied the score at 8 all. The deadlock persisted for several minutes until Cross slipped down the side lines, received a cross court pass and caged a one hand shot which Englished in from a difficult angle. Buck Burkholder who had, under stress of having had three personal fouls called on him in the first three minutes of play, been playing the part of innocent bystander, got under way and the lid was off. Daniel got the ball from a rebound from our basket and attempted a long pass down court. Buck paddled across from his corner, intercepted the ball and sunk one cleanly from a few points due north of center. It was the turning point. The half ended shortly after; not, however, before Watters had implanted us in the lead from which our lease never expired.

The period during the suspension of arms was enlivened by the vocal efforts of a handful of good, fast sailors who had gone on the rocks in February. With Porteous officiating as Conductor and Bull Denfeld carrying the bass, everything from Anchor's Aweigh to The Mountaineers, was hurled across the playing space at the Kaydets who responded with similar efforts.

From the recommencement of hostilities to the final truce, the Navy quintet dominated the floor. Burkholder opened the meeting with a double counter from the middle of the court and Ault quickly followed with its twin. Army struggled on, Johnson and Pfeiffer contributing field goals and the latter sundry fouls. With the score board showing a balance of 21—16, Bill Ault who played a magnificent game throughout, deposited two more counters. This practically ended the offensive measures on either side, Daniel making a belated basket several seconds before Billy Lush called the dogs off, while Hal sank a free throw as a parting missive.

In the closing minutes, Army sounded the riot call and rushed the reserves in, but Sir Galahad himself couldn't have pierced the defense we offered. The melee terminated with the fatal figures, Navy, 24—Army, 18. Read 'em and weep.

The opposing tickets:

NAVY		ARMY	
Burkholder . . . . .	L.F. . . . .	Johnson	
Byerly . . . . .	R.F. . . . .	Cross	
Ault . . . . .	C. . . . .	Whitson	
Watters . . . . .	L.G. . . . .	Daniel	
Butler . . . . .	R.G. . . . .	Pfeiffer	

Substitutions: Army, Timberman for Johnson; Blaik for Whitson; Kessler for Cross. Field Goals—Burkholder, 3; Byerly, 2; Ault, 2; Johnson, 1; Cross, 4; Daniel, 1; Pfeiffer, 1. Fouls—Watters, 10 out of 13; Pfeiffer 3 out of 7. Referee—Deering, of Manhattan A. C. Umpire—Brunn. Timer—Mr. Ranshausen.





## BASE BALL 1920

Navy, 11      Army, 1

It certainly was rocky for the Army nine last May,  
For Navy scored eleven runs ere calling it a day.  
With Gaines a-pitching baseball and Howie hitting hard,  
We had them chasing homers in all corners of the yard.

The Army mule was absent; he didn't make the boat,  
But the summer air was surcharged with the smell of Navy  
goat.

While Admirals and Captains, replete with lace and braid,  
Sat cussing Army's soldiers, whose seats were in the shade.

It was '21-A's June Week, and a blistering sun shone down  
On fifteen thousand visitors squeezed into old Crabtown,  
Who had come from all America to see the Army's fate,  
To share our vict'ry with us, and help us celebrate.

The occasion was a picture most glorious to behold  
For 'twas full of youth and beauty, khaki, blue, and gold.  
And every single inch of space as far as eye could see  
Was filled with Navy rooters a-craving victory.



THE CAPTAINS





For such a wonderful event, the sky was clear and blue;  
 The ground beneath both hard and firm, the bounces straight  
 and true.  
 The summer sun of Maryland, as hot as it was bright,  
 Gave many a Navy Sweetheart a blistered neck that night.



"SHORTY" MILNER

Umpires Orth and Harrison of big league baseball fame  
 Had come down from the majors to help Billy call the game.  
 With the stage thus set for battle, and the Army doomed to  
 fall,  
 We watched Clough don his harness and the umpire shout,  
 "Play Ball!"

The Army went down in a row, for Gaines was going fine  
 His curves were circling 'round the necks of the entire Kaydet  
 nine;  
 As Navy trotted in to bat, he got a rousing cheer,  
 For the work of that short inning had dispelled all thought  
 of fear.

In our half of the stanza, the brutal work was done,  
 For when the smoke of it had cleared, the game was all but  
 won.  
 'Lil Shorty Milner, first man up, went out from short to first,  
 But after this beginning, the Navy's fury burst.





Pino drew a base on balls, and trotted down the path,  
With the heavy guns a-coming up, it looked bad for McGrath;  
Scot Hartmann swung his heavy club and got a one-base clout,  
But Humphreys, over-anxious, fanned—two on and two  
men out.

Then suddenly from out the crowd there burst a joyous yell,  
It rambled through the Crabtown woods, resounded through  
the dell.  
The Navy howled and screamed like mad—the Army grimly  
sat,  
For Howie, mighty Howie, was advancing to the bat.

The Navy's eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,  
The Navy's hopes were with him as he wiped them on his  
shirt;  
And as he hoisted up his belt and tugged hard on his hat,  
No Army man was there but knew 'twas Howie at the bat.

The Kaydet pitcher held the pill, and studied close the seams,  
For the tenseness of that moment had gripped both crowd  
and teams.  
He grimly stepped upon the slab, and grimly let it go,  
And Howie sent it sailing, flank speed, for Porter Row.



PINO





The ball was knocked lop-sided, but rolled on and on and on,  
The Grey outfield in hot pursuit to see where it had gone.  
His home run did the business—they didn't have a prayer,  
The runners skirted 'round the bags and chalked up three  
right there.

The game went on with little pep, the Navy adding more,  
So that the seventh started with a six to nothing score.  
Getting better every inning, Gaines was pitching true to form,  
For old Sol was doing wonders with Nemo's good left arm.

Of play between these innings, there's nothing much to write,  
The Kaydets, though, fought pluckily their losing uphill fight.  
They had the Army spirit and struggled with a will,  
But their men were sadly lacking in ability and skill.

McGrath was giving all he had to try to save the day,  
But his teammates in the infield just mussed up every play;  
Eleven errors in one day will lose 'most any game,  
Their shortstop, Captain Honnen, had five beside his name.





The seventh inning came at last, we stood up as of yore,  
The Navy, not contented, was yelling loud for more.  
A long hard hit by Hartmann landed him at second base,  
Then Honnen booted Humphreys' grounder all around the  
place.

Two runners on—the same old scene—and Howie up again,  
Old Worden Field became a mass of howling, crazy men;  
Then came a crack of vengeance as bat and horse-hide met,  
The bases emptied of their prey—the ball is going yet!

And thus it was that Howie acquired immortal fame  
As the man who beat the Army with two homers in one game;  
His name goes down in history, write it high in gold and blue,  
Here's looking at you, Clark, old man,—the credit goes to you.

With the game a cur and dried affair, Coach Lush sent in  
some subs:  
McLaury took Poole's job in left, Alexander replaced Stubbs.  
The Kaydets came back in the ninth before the game was  
done,  
And saved themselves a whitewash coat by chalking up a run.





But that was just a detail, nobody minded that,  
For we had seen a great triumph of brain and brawn and bat,  
The worst defeat Midshipman ever handed to Cadet,  
And now the story endeth—but, listen, don't forget—

That somewhere on that bright spring day, dark clouds did  
hide the sun;  
That somewhere officers were sad, and June Drags had no fun;  
That somewhere o'er the Hudson stream there hung a heavy  
pall;  
But there was joy that night in Crabtown, for Howie hit  
that ball.





### THE SUMMARY

ARMY	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wilhide, 2b.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Billo, 1b.	4	0	1	12	0	1
Lystad, cf.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Beasley, 3b.	4	1	2	0	7	2
Honnen, ss.	2	0	0	1	2	5
Blaik, lf.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Perwein, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	1
Erickson, c.	3	0	0	3	0	1
*Roland,	1	0	0	0	0	0
McGrath, p.	2	0	0	0	1	1
Davis, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>32</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>11</b>

NAVY	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Milner, ss.	4	1	0	1	2	0
Pino, 2b.	2	1	0	1	2	1
Hartmann, cf.	5	2	3	1	0	0
Humphreys, 1b.	5	1	0	12	0	0
Clark, 3b.	5	3	3	2	3	1
Stubbs, rf.	4	2	0	0	0	0
Alexander, rf.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Poole, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
McLaury, lf.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Cloughley, c.	4	0	0	6	1	0
Gaines, p.	4	1	0	0	3	0
<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>2</b>

\* Roland batted for Erickson in 9th.





#### SCORE BY INNINGS

Army	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—	1
Navy	3	0	2	0	1	0	3	2	x	—	11

SUMMARY—Home runs—Clark (2). Two base hits—Hartmann, Beasley. Stolen Bases—Hartmann, Humphreys Clark, Lystad. Sacrifice hit—Pino (2), Poole. Earned runs—Navy 5, Army 1. Left on bases—Navy 8, Army 7. Struck out—By Gaines 6, by McGrath 4. Bases on balls—off Gaines 2, off McGrath 3. Hit by pitcher—by Gaines, Honnen. Passed Balls—Erickson (2) Umpires—Harrison and Orth (National League).





IT was the usual gloomy day, with the occasional drizzles that seem to characterize the days on which Army-Navy games are to be played. The Regiment, led by the "All-American" band and a detachment of the mounted police, marched up from the 159th street landing in mass formation over the hill and down around under the elevated. Rooters for both sides were in evidence everywhere. Through the gate, past the greater part of the New York police force, into the big arena, and around to the covered stands to

the tune of "Anchor's Aweigh," while the movie men ground away on their machines. Previous plans for marching on the field were abandoned, as a five-foot fence enclosed the field. The Pointers were already there, and the opening Navy "Siren," led by the battered Hiram, was answered by a "Long Corps Yell" from the bank of Gray. The stands were completely filled with spectators. No disinterested onlookers at that game! Either the Blue or the Gray.

But to get to the game. Army team appeared and was greeted by a rousing cheer from the Kaydets. Shortly afterwards the Navy, led by Eddie himself, trotted out on the field. The Army cheer was a whisper compared to the good old Four-N that issued from two thousand or more pairs of lungs. Weren't you glad to see them out there warming up, though? You most assuredly were. The coaches, referees, and the two captains got together. Wilhide won the toss, selected to defend the east goal, Army kicked off, and the game was on.

The first half seemed years long. Army had apparently been underestimated. Never before had such fierce playing been seen. Never before had there been such intense excitement. Nine-tenths of the Regiment never drew breath the first quarter. The Navy was not playing true to form. It looked for a while like a repetition of 1905. French was good; no argument there.





No wonder all of Army's plays were figured out with him as the center of the attack. No wonder they had pinned all their hopes on the former Rutgers star. Three times the Navy did not seem able to get started. What was wrong? Army had threatened our goal line, and French had thrice missed attempts for field goals. You knew Navy was the better team. You knew that once that same team started, Army did not stand a chance. On the other hand, our line was holding well. Army's gains were practically all made on kicks and passes, and Navy had suffered considerably from penalties. All very well, but the ball had not yet been in Army's territory in our possession. LET'S GO!

The band played; you sang mechanically without regard for cadence. You cheered when Hiram told you to, from force of habit. It all seemed like a dream. You saw the dignitaries meet in the middle of the field, corralled by a host of camera men and reporters. You heard somebody mention Jack Dempsey. Suddenly you saw the crowd open and the gang break through. The two teams took the field and Navy kicked off. Now, gentle readers, you are going to hear a different story.

Nobody will ever know what Bob Folwell said to the team between halves. Nobody will ever care. Wasn't it enough that the team that came out in the field at the beginning of the last half was not the same one that trotted off ten minutes before? Wasn't it enough that they played the Kaydets off their feet in the last two periods, just as you had expected and that the entire backfield sprinted through the gaps opened up by that line? Wasn't it enough that Noyes, substituting for Conroy, put the old pep into the game and the fear of God into the Army? And above all were you satisfied when Bennie Koehler carried the ball over the line in a





criss-cross play—the first time in nine long years a Navy man had crossed Army's goal line on a Navy attack? Oh, Boy, *swore* you! And will you ever forget that moment? You will *not!* Clyde's reliable toe,—the same that had booted the ball over the bar for two field goals the year before—lifted the pigskin neatly between the posts and the score was—NAVY 7, ARMY 0.

All in vain did Wilhide try to rally his team for a comeback, but no luck. Army's supporters with tears in their eyes begged their men to at least even the score, but met with the same results. It wasn't Army's day. On the other hand, while their joy knew no bounds, the wearers of the Blue could not forget Great Lakes, and the majority of them after seeing that game, had solemnly sworn that never again would they think the game finished until the last whistle blew. Never! French might get loose. A thousand and one things might possibly turn victory into defeat. But French did not get loose. He was perfectly harmless under the Navy blockade, except for one good run. The whole backfield saw to that. A second time the Navy backs ripped through the Army forwards, carrying the ball almost the entire length of the field by a superb exhibition of football, only to lose it on a fumble. Army did not get far, however, for they were forced to kick and a third march was started. Several forward passes were attempted, the ball exchanged on punts, the final whistle sounded and the football season of 1920 was at an end.

The stands were emptied as though on fire. Admirals, Commanders, and Midshipmen swarmed out on the field for the snake dance; over the bar went all





caps—it didn't matter whose you picked up—and across the field to wish the Pointers "Fare-Thee-Well." They took it like men, we'll say that for them, and answered with a cheer, Poor old Mule, that wasn't there!

The celebration being temporarily over with, you found *her*—went down town, and did what you had planned to do for two months. New York belonged to the Regiment that night, that's all that need be said about it. Parties, theatres, and the Navy Hop at the Commodore. What more could you ask? Would you have changed places with anybody in the world? HELL, NO! A dazed but happy Regiment left the Pennsy station the next morning. Seven came eleven and it was a natural.

Fighting an uphill fight throughout the season, coming from behind in half the games played, the team improved steadily and surely with every contest, and capped the climax by defeating our friends the enemy. Too much credit cannot be given to Bob Folwell and the entire squad of coaches; nor to Eddie Ewen, the line, and the team in general, including the "Hustlers." Georgetown beaten, a game fight at Princeton, and two in a row from Army! Thus did the "Riff-raff of the Seven Seas" go through the season, and thus was another gold football added to the priceless collection, eleven of them! The name of the Navy was upheld in true Navy fashion.

Following is a detailed account of the game:

At 2:10 Eddie and Wilhide met in the center of the field and shook hands. Wilhide won the toss and chose to receive, defending the East goal and receiving the kick off. At 2:13 King kicked off and Clark caught the ball outside on the twenty yard line.





## First Quarter

Navy secured the ball on downs and on a fake kick formation, Conroy made 5 through Mulligan. Koehler was stopped by Storck for a loss of 1 yard. King punted to French on Army's thirty-five yard line. He made 20 yards before he was thrown. French made 2 yards through King. Wilhide lost 3 yards trying Eddie's end. French tried it again for no gain. French punted to our five yard line, Conroy being dropped in his tracks. McKee lost a yard and King 2 on a fake kick formation. King then punted, getting off a short, high kick to French on Navy's thirty yard line. Two attempts at forward passes by the enemy failed, and then French attempted a goal from placement from the forty yard line, but failed.

Navy took the ball on her twenty yard line. McKee made 7 yards around left end; Conroy got a yard through Briedster and repeated the same play for a first down. Koehler made 2 through Clark. Conroy was thrown for a 6 yard loss by Davidson. King then kicked to midfield where French signalled for a fair catch. Interference cost us 15 yards and it was the Kaydets ball on our thirty-five yard line.

Wilhide made 2 through center, a running pass formation. French to Smythe gave them 5 more. French was then stopped for an 8 yard loss by most of the Navy line. He then punted to our five yard line. A penalty for interference moved it onward to the twenty mark. McKee made half the necessary distance past Davidson. Parr lost 2 on a criss-cross, Conroy got 5 through center and King punted. French carried the ball back to our forty yard mark. He lost 3 on a try at King; a second attempt around right end lost 5 yards. He then booted to Conroy on the thirty-four yard line. Here the quarter ended. Score: Navy 0, Army 0.





## Second Quarter

Navy started with ball on thirty-five yard line; Hamilton made a yard outside Mulligan. Conroy lost 5 on a try through Briedster. A forward pass failed and King punted. French ran it back for 10 yards until downed by Ewen on Army's thirty-five yard line. On the first line up French dropped back and punted quickly to Conroy who was downed on his eighteen yard mark by White. McKee squeezed 2 through Mulligan; Conroy got 5 more past Greene. McKee fumbled on the next play. Greene recovered it on the thirty-five yard line. Army attempted a forward pass from a deployed formation, but Navy covered and it failed. French tried a second kick from placement but it was low and short, being partially blocked by the Navy forwards.

A neat pass Conroy to Parr made it first down on the thirty-five yard line. McKee was stopped for no gain. McKee to Koehler on a pass over the center of the line netted 5 more making it first down. Another attempt failed and Lawrence intercepted a fourth attempt on Army's forty-three yard line. A criss-cross failed to gain. A short forward pass, Wilhide to French, gave Army the ball in midfield to which was added 15 yards for holding. French made 6 yards around end. Smythe failed to make the necessary distance and the ball went to Navy on our twenty-five yard line.



Conroy on a fake kick formation made 6 yards through Davidson and Koehler





made it first down. McKee was stopped for a loss. King hurled a pass to McKee but the pass was not allowed; a second attempt failed. King punted poorly to French in midfield. On the first play he made 6 yards around left end. Lawrence made 2 through center, and a forward, Wilhide to French, made first down on the thirty-seven yard line. Ewen blocked Wilhide's pass. French attempted a field goal for placement for the third and last time. Army's line failed to hold and the kick fell short and rolled over the goal line. It was Navy's ball on twenty yard line. Koehler made 7 yards off tackle as the half ended. Score: Navy 0, Army 0.

### Third Quarter

King kicked to French who was downed on his eighteen yard line. On the first play he made 12 yards around left end. French carried the ball a third time but failed to gain. Moore stopped Wilhide, and French punted to Conroy on Navy's twenty-five yard line. Conroy made 2 yards outside of Mulligan. King added a yard through Clark. Conroy tossed a long forward pass which Parr was unable to reach. King punted to French, who was thrown in his tracks by Bolles. Wilhide made 7 yards through Wilkie and Bolles, and made 2 more through center. Smythe made it first down on the same play. French attempted a run around right end but was thrown by Ewen for a 5 yard loss. A forward pass, Wilhide to French, put the ball on Navy's forty-three yard line. An attempt at center by Wilhide resulted in no gain, and French punted out of bounds on Navy's thirty-five yard line. Noyes replaced McKee at left half, and made 2 yards through Mulligan. On the next play Hamilton failed to gain, and on his second attempt Noyes made but a yard. King punted to Wilhide on his forty yard line, where he was downed by Ewen. An attempted forward pass was intercepted by Moore on the fifty yard line. The first play was a short forward pass from Conroy that Noyes just missed. Conroy then made 3 yards around White's end before being stopped by Wilhide. Conroy next took the ball on a criss-cross and heaved it to Ewen on Army's twenty yard line, Eddie got his fingers on the ball but was unable to hold it and the ball grounded. King punted over the goal line and the ball was put in play on Army's twenty yard line.

Lawrence made it first down on Army's thirty yard line. Smythe made 2 yards outside King. Wilhide was stopped for no gain by Wilkie, and King then threw Smythe for a yard loss on the next play. French punted to Noyes on Army's forty yard line. Noyes made 7 yards around Army's right end before being tackled by Smythe. Koehler made it first down on Army's thirty-five yard line. Conroy tossed a forward pass to Koehler for a gain of 8 yards. Conroy tore 8 yards between Green and Clark, making it first down on Army's twenty-two yard line. Here the quarter ended. Navy 0, Army 0.



## Fourth Quarter

Koehler started off the final period by sliding between Davidson and Storck for 9 yards, 13 to go. Noyes tore by Clark. 7 left. The old criss-cross, Noyes to Koehler, around the Cadet left end. "Touchdown Navy! Touchdown Navy!" Clyde booted a perfect goal. Score—Navy 7, Army zip, swabo, zero, nothing.

Greene kicked off for the West Pointers. Noyes caught the ball on his five yard line and carried it back 20 yards before he was hauled down. As soon as they lined up, he sprinted into the center of the line for a half dozen. Another try gave him 2 more. Conroy failed by inches to make it a first down over Goodman. A second attempt worked for three yards and the first down. The old criss-cross, Noyes to Koehler, was good for 15 around White. Navy's ball on the Army's forty-seven yard line.

Conroy dashed by Mulligan for 4 yards, Willhide making the tackle. Ebersole substituted for Lawrence. Vic hit Briedster for 7 yards and first down. Storck got around in time to stop Koehler before Benny could get started. Noyes ploughed through the left side of the Army line for 11 yards before Ebersole could pull him down. Richards replaced Smythe for the Army. It was Navy's ball and first down on the Army's twenty-four yard line. Vic Noyes squirmed his way over Mulligan for 8 yards. Conroy's pair through Clark made it another first down on the soldiers' fourteen yard line. Noyes failed to gain around White and on the next play fumbled a low pass. Briedster tumbled over the line and made the recovery for the Army.

Eimers substituted for Larsen, who was pretty well bunged up. French made 18 yards around end. Army attempted to pass, but failed. Ebersole got a yard through center. French tried another pass, but it was wasted. The former Rutgers star kicked out of bounds on the Navy forty yard line. Cruise substituted for Hamilton. L. Storck substituted for Mulligan, and stopped Noyes for no gain. Watters went in for Conroy. He made a yard through center. Noyes again failed to make anything through Clark. King punted to French, who was thrown on his own twenty-five yard line. Navy lost 15 yards on a penalty for piling 'em up on French. Army's ball on their own forty-four yard line. Hal Watters intercepted a forward pass and we started off again. Greene stopped Koehler, after Benny had made 2 yards by him. Watters made another in a smash at center. The game ended here with the ball on the Army's forty-two yard line.

Score—Navy 7, Army 0.



## Basketball

**F**ACE to face with their oldest and greatest rivals, the Greylegs for the sixth consecutive time were unable to stop the Naval avalanche. Sunday, February 27th, rounded out the half-dozen blue Sundays the Point has known since athletic relations were resumed. Victories over the Army are both sweet and glorious. Sweet, when we think of those miserable years when the Japanese bell was silent. Glorious since it's the ARMY we've beaten, and to beat them, it is necessary to put the best we have.

The high crowd which taxed the Armory's capacity arrived early. Knowing the battles of yore upon the gridiron and diamond, they were eager to see the same type upon the basketball court. And they were not to be disappointed. In the forty minutes of play they were given a whole season's thrills.

Hal led his team—our team—on the floor at eleven minutes after two o'clock. They were greeted by a rousing 4-N from the Regiment. Three minutes later our friends, the enemy, appeared, with Captain Kessler leading the way. Four-N one Navy and two West Points! They were attired in gold-colored jerseys with two horizontal stripes of black, and with the letters NAB in between. The trousers and stockings followed the same scheme.

At two-thirty Referee Deering, coach of the Columbia five, and Umpire Ortner, coach of the Cornell team, called the two teams to the center of the floor for a last minute consultation.

The Army had the basket on the Porter Row side. Dabiezies got the initial tip off and the game was on; up and down the floor they went—and with a beautiful one-handed toss from the side of the court, French (he of football fame) had made the first basket of the game. The Kaydets in the lead—that wouldn't do. After



HAL WATTERS



DAVE BYERLY

another minute of play McKee made good on a free throw leaving us a point behind.

All traces of nervousness had worn off and both teams were going at an astounding pace. It took four whole minutes for the Navy to crack the ice, and Mac's pretty basket shoved us up into the lead—a lead which we lost temporarily a moment later when the lanky center of the Pointers hooked a beautiful one after a clever dribble. And to add to the general confusion French dropped in a foul. But Dave Byerly came through a few seconds later with a follow-up shot that knotted the count at 5-all.

From the fifteen-foot mark French made two more, one of which was duplicated by McKee. Bill Ault now appeared on the scene with one of his patented shots that pulled the crowd to its feet. Pete increased our lead another point with a free toss. Nine minutes to go in the first half, and Mr. Smythe, Cadet Smythe, we mean, left guard, Army, gets away, way back, almost out of sight and let's go, at long range—and for a Hit! He now holds all distance records for the Armory. Again the score tied—nine each this time.

The visitors took time out. When play was resumed the Navy got away at a terrific pace, and it took but a little while to chalk up a half dozen points of velvet, due to goals by Parr and Bill, coupled with a pair of fouls by Pete. Pfeiffer here substituted for Smythe, the latter going to center in place of Dabiezies. The change seemed to put new life in the Army camp and a temporary rally led by Vichules and French, brought them within hailing distance. With the end of the period in sight, the gang simply snowed the Greylegs under; baskets by Ault and McKee increasing our total to 22 while the Army's stood at 14.

The spectators, all of whom, with the exception of newspapermen and officials, were partisan to either one team or the other, settled back with a sigh of relief for a ten-minute rest. One would never have thought, before, that there could be such excitement to a basketball game.

When hostilities were again opened Dabiezies was back at the pivot position, Smythe going into Kessler's place. Once more Army led off the scoring, Smythe having the good fortune this time. Ault's double decker put us at 24, where we stood pat while the opposing forwards raised their score until they were but three in the rear. This marks the place where Byerly decided that he had to do something that would leave an impression. Up there on the Plains they haven't yet made up their minds as to what ailed Dave—anyway, the boy ran wild, dropping in five of the best looking buckets we've seen in many a moon. His running amuck really decided the contest, and although Vichules got away with several fine shots the Army saw nothing but defeat ahead of them.

Dutch Greber went in for Parr after thirteen minutes of play in the final round, the latter going out on personals. Kessler followed him for the same offense in less than a minute. On the last minute Billy shoved in the second string men, giving them a share in the glory, and thus it ended—Navy 45—Army 29.



BILL AULT

For speed, for action, for fierceness and for quality of basketball displayed, the game was unparalleled. Even the most non-partisan spectator could not have remained unmoved at such a game. For the first time in his coaching career Billy Lush forgot his dignity, and was simply one of the crowd, cheering the Navy on to victory.

It is a common theory among experts of the sporting world that big teams seldom show their best form in their big games. But such was not the case. Both teams played their best game of the year, and we know that no matter how the decision would have gone, neither coach could have had an alibi. The Army, playing a losing game, fought to the last second, putting forth an indomitable will to win that would have beaten any team other than the Navy.

We realize only too well that it is a custom to designate some one or two men on the teams as showing to the best advantage—but how in the name of wooden ships are we going to do it in that game? With each and every man putting up the best game of his career it is not only impossible but unfair. To the teams, the squads and the coaches go our undivided praise. There is nothing too good we can say about them.

West Point put up the fight that was expected—they had a real Army team—one that we are proud to think we were able to defeat, and prouder still to believe that we were the only one that could have stopped them that day.

The officiating was excellent. The judgment used by both Mr. Deering and Mr. Ortner, under such trying circumstances, was a credit to their ability and to the sport.



PARR



McKEE

#### THE SUMMARY:

NAVY—McKee, L.F.; Byerly, R.F.; Ault, C.; Parr, L.G.; Watters, R.G.  
 ARMY—French, L.F.; Vichules, R.F.; Dabiezies, C.; Smythe, L.G.; Kessler, R.G. Field Goals—McKee, 5; Byerly, 6; Ault, 5; Parr, 1; French, 3; Vichules, 5; Dabiezies, 1; Smythe, 2. Goals from foul line—McKee, 10; French, 7; McCrory, 1. Substitutions—Greber for Parr, McCrory for McKee, Lenhart for Byerly, Dickins for Ault, Lyons for Watters, Bonnet for French, Pfeiffer for Kessler. Referee—Mr. Deering (Columbia), Mr. Ortner (Cornell).





U.S.N.A.

Illustration  
by [unreadable]





## OLYMPIC SECTION



THE time honored custom of gathering athletes from all countries of the world for competition once every four years received a blow in 1916 on account of the World War. However, in the summer of 1920, eight years after the contests at Stockholm, the VII Olympiad was launched at Antwerp, Belgium. We had heard rumors during the early spring that certain men from the different squads would be held over from

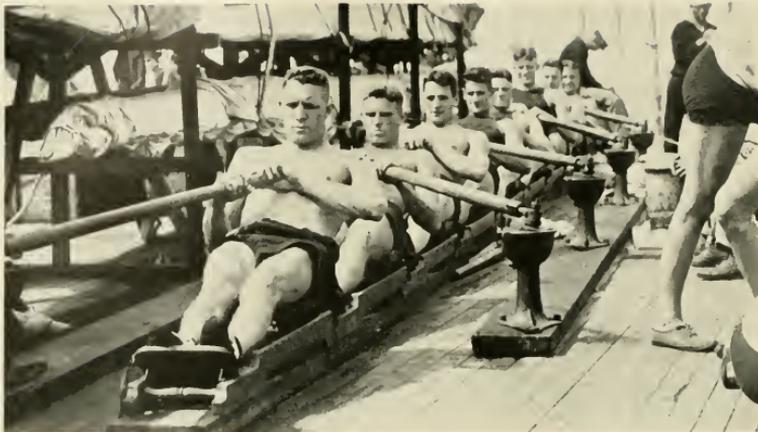
the cruise and, with some officers and men from the fleet, would be trained for the tryouts for the American Olympic Team. Most of us, however, doubted these rumors. In the middle of May we were all delighted by the Athletic Officer's announcement that our Academy teams would be given a chance to have some of its members win a shield on the American team.

The following men were held over. Coaches: Glendon, R.; Glendon, R. Jr. Crew: Graves, E. D. '21; Jacomini, V. V. '21; Moore, E. P. '21; Reisinger, J. C. '21; Trapnell, W. S. K. '21; Wiedman, W. A. '21; Litchfield, L. J. '21; Clark, S. R. '22; Frawley, E. R. '22; Gallagher, V. J. Jr. '22; Howland, J. R. '22; Johnston, D. H. '22; Jordan, W. C. '22; King, C. W. '22; Lee, W. T. '22; Rothwell, R. B. '22; Richardson, L. L. '22; Renard, J. T. '22; Sanborn, A. R. '22; Wanselow, F. B. '22; Bolles, H. A. '23; Huntington, R. D. '23; Jackson, B. L. '23; Kirkpatrick, M. K. '23. Wrestling: Coach, J. Schutz; Gallery, D. V. '21; Swigart, O. R. '21; Willkie, E. E. '21. Track: Coach, L. H. Mang; Curtis, E. B. '22; Clapp, V. O. '22. Swimming: Coach, H. Ortland; Quinby, C. S. '21; Lamdin, C. R. '21; Emory, C. D. '21; Bolling, G. W. '23; Fish, H. C. '23; Winkjer, G. '23. Boxing: Schell, E. W. '21. Fencing: Coach, George Heintz; Sherman, E. P. '21; Fullinwider, E. G. '21; Bowman, R. L. '21.

The first part of the summer was spent in vigorous training. The crew, wrestlers, and fencers stayed at Annapolis, and the



GRAVES



boxers and swimmers went to Great Lakes. The Cruiser Frederick, leaving Newport, R. I. July 26th took the squad across, arriving at Antwerp on the evening of August 6th, about two weeks before the track and field events began. A description of the Games would be impossible here. However, after splendid work by all Navy men and the winning of the world's championship by our own varsity crew, the squad split up and had two weeks' leave in Europe. Every town from Dublin to Bale, Switzerland saw the midshipmen—"and that ain't all!" It was undoubtedly the greatest summer ever spent by midshipmen.



JACOMINI

## Crew

'Twas a bright morning in mid-July when the future world's champions turned out of their humble quarters in Bancroft Hall, dined, packed, and boarded their special train which was to carry them to Worcester and the National Rowing tryouts. The party led by our one and only Joe, and aided and abetted by Dick (God bless his old heart) and "Rich" Glendon—included a senior eight, an intermediate eight, a four, and old Candler, the venerable boat-house keeper. This is the happy crowd that took Worcester by storm and proved to several thousand skeptical observers that Navy oarsmen really know how to handle a shell. It also convinced about nine Syracuse men (including the old "Fox" himself) that Dick Glendon's eight was just a shade the best that the United States had to offer—and that, in itself, was a mighty big achievement.

The intermediates started the ball rolling by winning their race handily; even though Ferdie did catch a crab and gave us all

a thrill. I mean we—all in the grandstand. And Lord, how that bunch did pull! All except Gal, who appeared to be enjoying the event hugely. Wish you could have seen him as he nodded first to one side then to the other, beaming good-naturedly on the hosts that lined the shores. Then, of course, there was great rejoicing in the Navy camp that night. Our junior varsity had completed its season with a clean slate and the boys had a perfect right to celebrate. But the next day was the day of days. And the regiment was not there to see Clyde King stroke those bronze-back giants of ours to victory,—to victory over Syracuse,—yea and Duluth.

Then of course there was the inevitable celebration and Boston was the Mecca for the happy Navy men. The Copley-Plaza featured Stroke King and—sh! the auburn-haired lad!! Navy celebration! Need I say more? Besides our memory just “wasn't” after mid-night; (this being perfectly permissible, we understand, under the circumstances.)

Anyway we do remember waking up in a nice green, plush seat in a very smoky and stuffy Pullman, with Uncle “Henery” Ortland telling us that it was 4:00 p. m. and that we were rapidly nearing Newport. Draped over suit-cases, lying about in precarious positions, they pictured something that recalled a certain night in Philly when—but there was the Frederick.

Of that glorious trip from Newport to Antwerp much could be said of things that few midshipmen see and fewer still experience. In fact it was just like a trip on a private yacht, with wonderful chow, luxurious beds, steamer-chairs and movies, and, to be sure, Swigart and McDermott. At night Buck Jordan and Bully Richardson used to amuse the crowd—and very little sleep was lost by anyone. Consequently we waxed rejoicing when the impressive chalk-cliffs of Dover appeared on our port bow. “Bally old England at last” breathed Bob Huntington



MOORE





The Defeated English Crew

as he scanned the distant hills and, with worshipping eyes, searched for his old friend the Duchess de Cognac, who at the moment was cussing in a bunker on her eighteen hole golf course.

The next morning when we dashed out on deck, it was to gaze upon the picturesque Hollandaise landscape, windmills, wooden-shoes, and all; and as we watched, a thrifty farmer hastily picked up his hay crop and disappeared in a shed.

We wondered—and then we knew. The sun had surrendered to a shower and for half an hour the hay must remain under shelter; then the sun would be shining again. And so it was during most of our stay at Antwerp—intermittent sun and rain and lots of beer on the side.

Oh if you could have seen the boys that first night! Just naturally knocked them cold! When that gang of six-foot heavy weights strolled up the Place de Meir, past the Grand Hotel, great was the amazement in the eyes of the natives. The mademoiselles would look up at Buck, for instance, then at Johnny Johnston, and loud cries of "Boeuf! Boeuf!" would be heard on all sides. Then Buck (being a true caballero) would graciously ask: "Voulez-vous shimmie avec-moi, petite?" "Ah, Oui, Oui, Monsieur, avec plaisir." And so it went until Dick, apprehensive of the future, decided to move his huskies to a point nearer the scene of operations. Thus it came about that the squad moved into quarters on the Antwerp-Brussels Ship Canal, near Brussels, and commenced the final grind for their final achievement, the winning of the world's championship.

As the day approached, the various nations began putting in their appearances along the historic old canal. There was the far



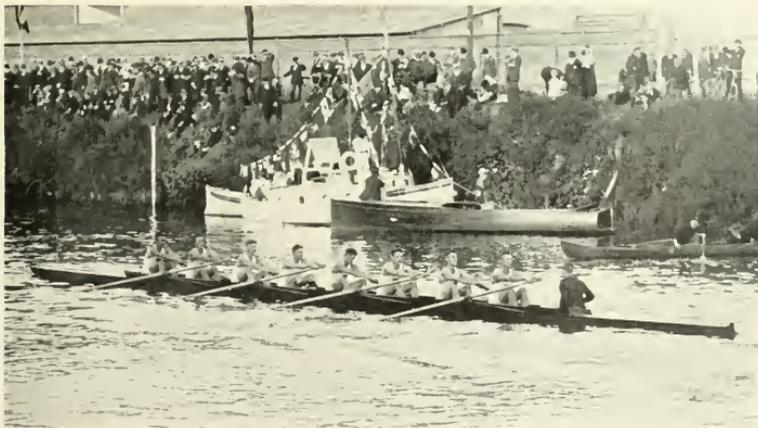
KING

famed Leander crew, the crew of Alpine Chasers, the "Frog" crew, and the Beligues. But the boys didn't worry. They didn't even get excited; they just plugged along and said nothing. Didn't Dick wear that same old smile? And wasn't that sufficient? Hope to shout!

It was a beautiful afternoon in late August when the Navy eight "loafed" up to the start and lined up with a heretofore undefeated crew, the English Leanders. Not a man in that boat who did not realize the task set before him and not a man who was not determined to give his all. The Belgian starter gave his signal, the tiny cannon boomed, and sixteen blades dug deep into the still water. The English crew, starting with a 44, let down to a 42 and forged slowly ahead. At the half way mark, the enemy was leading by open water and still rowing with that man killing stroke. Somebody on the bank yelled: "Well rowed, Leander!" And somebody in the American shell heard that remark—and that "somebody" was Clyde King. Doggedly he lay on his sweep and slowly the stroke went up. With emblazoned shields flashing in the afternoon sun, and with backs straining to the task, that Navy eight of ours passed the Limeys in the last hundred yards. With sheer nerve, they crossed the line a winner—two-thirds of a length. It was the greatest victory that any American crew had ever won and it was the final achievement to a long, and eventful season. So with their medals and shields safely tucked away, all haste was made Paris-ward, London-ward, or wherever the fancies of the individual led him. Some sailed up the Rhine, others climbed the Alps, while it was rumored that a few (?) took the Brussels Express to Paris. Some found the Washington Palace, others tried Ye Ancient Vintage at Zelli's Club, and still others fell in love in the Montmartre. At the end



GALLAGHER



Navy Wins World Championship



of two weeks it was time to leave, and all hands registered deep regret. It had been a wonderful summer, and best of all it had terminated in the biggest Navy Day of all—the day when eight stalwarts smashed the world's record and placed the Navy at the pinnacle of the rowing world.

## Olympic Wrestling



JOHNSTON

After a long delay, which lasted up to the day of graduation, the good news came, and Gallery, Willkie, and Captain Swigart, all of '21 and unbeaten in their weights during the 1920 season, were granted permission to remain at the Naval Academy in connection with training for the Olympic Wrestling Team.

Then old timers, who have made Navy famous on the mat since 1912, came drifting in. Mummy Weems, '12; Chipo Rogers, '17; Jo Jo Anderson, '19; Jack Redmond, Captain '19; Mike Maichle, Captain '20; and Swabo Swafford, '20. These men together with several Marines and Reserve Ensigns and the Naval Academy trio, formed the squad. It was a motley crew that reported to Coach John Schutz on June fifth.

The hot days of July saw the would-be world's champions hard at work in the gym, fighting each other for a place on the team that was to represent the Navy at New York City, July 13th. The old gang came back strong, and the Naval Academy spirit prevailed throughout the preliminary season.

The tryouts were held in the 76th Regiment Armory, New York City. Many seemingly poor decisions and rough tactics on the part of opponents ended in a Navy protest. This brought semi-satisfactory results, and the entire Navy team was entered; not in the catch-as-catch-can (American) system of wrestling.

but in the Graeco-Roman (European) style, except Willkie, who was entered in both classes.

All the men on the team were assigned to duty on the U. S. S. Frederick for the purpose of participation in the Olympics. The trip over seemed like paradise, after conditions on a midshipmen's cruise, real food to eat, ice cream (made in the U. S. A.), served after 13 days at sea, and a lack of slum and beans, made the ship's commissary staff popular with all hands. It was a lucky gang that ate the chow furnished by the 6th Morale.

The real World's Championship bouts commenced on August 17th. It was a case of Navy fighting to the finish. We had challenged the world, and found it too large. They beat us on their home grounds at their own game; all the Navy men being eliminated before the finals. Of the '21 men, Gallery got a decision over a Dutchman, champion of Holland, in the preliminaries after a thirty minute bout. He was beaten by a Finn in the semi-finals after a hotly fought contest.

Willkie fought his way through to the last semi-finals by heaving both a Frenchman and a Czecho-Slovak to the mat with ease. A Finn proved his downfall in this round. In Eddie's own words, "He was six feet between the eyes and slipped his collar on over his head." "Little Ed" made an excellent showing in his weight.

Swigart, in his usual style, threw an Italian in the preliminaries in three minutes. But he lost in the semi-finals to a Belgique. Swig preferred to be beaten by a Greek or Czecho-Slovak, but fates were against him. He fought hard, but was outweighed and wrestling in a style that was new to him, and second nature to his adversary.



JORDAN





the Sixth Morale Division, Washington, D. C. He was personally on the job and did his utmost for the squad at all times.

A great deal of credit is due Coach Schutz for his excellent work in conditioning the men and training them in the European style of wrestling.

However, several of our men made the Olympic team and won their shields. They are Lieut.-Comdr. Weems, '12; Lieut. Redmond, '19; Ensign Gallery, '21-A; Swigart, and Willkie of '21-B. Swig and Willkie are the first midshipmen to be awarded this honor in wrestling.

The entire trip was made possible through the untiring efforts of Commander Mayo, U. S. N., Officer in Charge of

## Olympic Track

When word came that Academy athletes were to be allowed to compete in the Olympics, the Regiment turned its eyes on Curtis and Clapp, for upon these two rested the hopes of the Navy for success in track. The two of them had been reeling off records during the entire season and their selection for tryouts occasioned no great amount of surprise.

Over in Brooklyn the first of the preliminaries took place. These tryouts were open to a large field of entries, comprising the best athletes in the country. Clapp qualified in the Pentathlon while Curtis ran away with the 1500 metre in the time of four minutes and two seconds. Navy had qualified in one event and registered a first in another.

If the achievements of our track representatives had rested there, we should have been proud; but pride was followed by exultation when we learned of the results of the N. Y. A. C.



SANBORN





WEEMS and REDMAN

finished a close second, trailing Joie Ray in a beautiful race.

Arriving in Antwerp on the twenty-first of August, workouts started immediately. The hard track and unfavorable conditions played havoc with the American athletes. Ray's legs went bad on him. "That ruined me," said Eddie. "I had counted on the slow heat to put me in condition, but when Ray's legs went back on him, I was forced into the first heat and lost." And then Clapp, our next best bet, very obligingly favored the other countries by missing the car that was to take him out to the meet. He never competed.

This ended matters for the Navy until the big relay in London. That was quite an event. The place was packed and jammed to its utmost capacity. Royalty, titles, and commoners made up the multitude that had come to watch the great race. The American team, composed of Curtis, Connolly, Ray, and Shields, were the fastest men this country could send on a cinder track. The race was four miles, each man taking a mile. Curtis led off, followed by Connolly, Ray, and Shields in the order named. The English team was no match for the Americans, and another triumph was added to the glory already achieved by the athletes from the United States. The time was eighteen minutes, four seconds.



SWIG and DAN

Curtis anteloped off with the mile in the rather remarkable time of four twenty-one, remarkable considering existing conditions. Again Navy found herself with a first place on the credit list.

At Boston occurred the final tryouts. In this were the pick of America's track men; the best that could be obtained in the preliminaries to race for the final standing that was to determine the complement of the Olympic team, Curtis



CLARK

We might mention many of the wonderful things that happened to these athletes after the race. We could tell lots of things about the very formal banquet given by the Duke of York. And before evening was over, could you blame the Duke for calling our own Curtis "Eddie." And of course Eddie had to be just as good a scout. So it was "Duke" and "Eddie" from then on.



SWIGART

represent the U. S. in this weight. Schell weighed a bare 155 but he merely gave this characteristic "aye, aye" and entered.

His first bout was with (as Spike said) "a great hulking whale from South Africa who was ten pounds over his weight (outweighing Schell 30 pounds), had been fighting for nine years and never lost an amateur bout." Schell knocked him out in the second round.

Curtis has proven himself Olympic calibre. He helped Navy towards a higher place in world's athletics. He carried the banner of track and carried it well. The regiment points with pride to its Olympic athletes. We talk much about them, and never tire of it, for the regiment honors its athletes who carried on for the Navy and the Country. So it is that we extend our credit to Curtis

and our other Olympic men, not so much because of what they individually accomplished (though we glory in that) but because we recognize the spirit behind them that made these accomplishments possible.

## Boxing

To speak of Naval Academy boxing in the Olympics is to speak of one man, Schell, for it was Schell who carried the Naval Academy into the Olympic team and the Olympic meets.

It is not the purpose of the Lucky Bag to eulogize every athlete who went over nor, especially, is its intention to *unduly* praise one man. But a sense of rightness, pride, and a hearty appreciation of what these men accomplished cannot fail to elicit the praise that is due them.

Schell carried the banner of Navy boxing and carried it well. Fighting the whole way against terrible odds (Spike Webb said so and Spike knows boxing), Schell went through the second round of the Olympics.

After a series of fights in New York, one of which was a close decision against him, Schell was placed on the team that went across. Arriving on the other side he immediately resumed his training. The committee suddenly discovered that there was a vacancy in the 175 pound class, and Schell was told that he would





They made him fight again the next morning, this time with an opponent from Norway. "Eppie had him hanging on the ropes," said Spike. "It was Eppie's fight all the way, but the referee gave it to the other fellow amid a perfect shower of no's. I argued with him, but you can't tell those foreigners anything. They say the referee called Spike a pig. And they say Spike ruined a referee and a few gendarmes. But Spike wouldn't tell, so

of course we don't know. But ask those who were there.

"Eppie," says Spike, "deserves all the credit you can give him. He trained hard, he worked hard and he fought hard. He fought men who outweighed him 25 to 30 pounds and he licked 'em all." And so, because we know that Spike knows boxing, and because we know Schell, we give him all that credit. The Navy and the regiment are proud of the success he won and the name he made, both for himself and the service.

## Swimming

The midshipmen swimmers started training the day after June Week was over. The life here was most enjoyable, as it proved to be a pleasant reaction from a rather strenuous year. Reveille at seven-thirty, work in the pool in the morning, and outdoor swimming at the float across the river in the afternoon, if the weather permitted. Liberty in Annapolis was granted after four o'clock.

The men were rounding into pretty good form when, on June 17th, they left unexpectedly for the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. The squad was there a full month. Commander Carpenter, who had charge of the midshipmen, was greatly instrumental in securing many privileges and went out of his



WILLKIE





way frequently in order to make life more enjoyable during the stay in Chicago. The swimmers lived in the field house with Spike Webb's boxers and a few Hawaiian swimmers. Ortland combined his men with those of Hogan, the Great Lakes coach, and the squad represented the Great Lakes swimming team.

Each morning the men would run off some sprints in the tank, which by the way was also in the field house, and in the afternoon they usually drove in to Chicago and practiced in the Lincoln Lagoon where the tryouts were to be held. On the week-ends, Admiral and Mrs. Bassett entertained the midshipmen.

On July 3rd the Great Lakes swimming team entered the Central A. A. U. Championships held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Rough water made fast swimming almost impossible. I. A. C. won the meet with Great Lakes second. Norman Ross was high point winner.

The next week-end brought the big tryouts at Lincoln Lagoon. It was the largest water carnival ever held in this country. Bolling, Lamdin and Emory were unsuccessful in the hundred yard event. It was won by Kahanamoku, with Pua Kealoha second, and Ross third. These were the men who represented America at Antwerp in the same order, except that "Wild Bill" Harris beat Ross out for third. Fish and Winkjer failed to register in the quarter mile and mile respectively. Quinby swam a beautiful race and copped third in the 400 meter breast stroke. This qualified him for the team.

The midshipmen left Great Lakes July 17th and returned to Annapolis. They were granted a week's leave and then ordered to report on board the Frederick. The men who did not qualify were to be taken over as extras.

The two weeks at Antwerp before the games started were spent in going out to the swimming stadium twice daily. Experience was gained here, as well as throughout the entire summer's work, that



CURTIS





preliminary rounds. Next proved to be most valuable preparation for the '21 swimming season. Quinby was beaten in his heat by Henning of Sweden.

After the swimming events were over, the squad and all others went on leave, not missing anything from Jungfrau to the Follies Bergere.

## Fencing

The veterans of '21-A's First Class fencing team, Fullinwider, Walker, Bowman, and Sherman formed the nucleus of the Navy Olympic Fencing Team. Just as soon as they helped to win the intercollegiate championship, they started in hard work for the Olympic team tryouts and during May were joined by Calnan, '20 and Cunningham, '20. These six men went through three elimination meets—May 25th at Washington, June 1st at Philadelphia, and June 15th at New York. The net result was that "Fully" was named as one of the four sabre men to represent America at Antwerp and the other five men won substitute positions on the sabre, foil, and duelling sword teams.

On board the Frederick on the way over, the men practiced on two fencing mats spread athwartships on the starboard side of the quarterdeck and, under the tireless coaching of Mr. Heintz, the American sabre team coach, (and fencing master at the Naval Academy), the men kept in fine condition.

After landing in Antwerp, the American team was generously given the free use of two of the best fencing clubs in the city and here they fenced and trained every day for two weeks before the games started.

The first event to occur was the individual foils championships in which Calnan, the only Navy entry, was eliminated in the



Practice on The Frederick



CLAPP

cane, the duelling sword championships in which Sherman and Calnan were not allowed to enter due to the fact that the Olympic Fencing Committee had not filed their entry blanks. The next event, the sabre competition, was where Navy came into its own. There were four men composing the American sabre team and the lineup was changed against each country; but in all except one of the seven matches there were at least two Navy men among this four. At



one time when we faced France, the mother country of fencing, the American team was composed of Fullinwider, Walker, Bowman, and Cunningham, the Navy entries. In this sabre team competition, America tied for fourth place in the world's championship, higher than she had ever finished before; and this result was largely due to the vigor and fight of the Navy members of the team and to Fullinwider especially who won more bouts than any other member of the American sabre team.

The fencing wound up with the individual sabre championship in which all four Navy men were entered. Due to the high percentage of elimination in the preliminaries, however, no Navy man survived these, but the greatest surprise of the whole fencing competition happened here when Walker, Navy, decisively beat the world's champion Nido Nodi of Italy 3-0 in a brilliant bout.

In summing up, one can say with assurance that the Navy representatives did work on a parallel with, if not superior to, that of the best fencers in America.



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COURTS, J.	450	HICKEY, R. F.	421
CRAIG, W.	464	HILDING, G. D.	457
CRANSTON, W. B.	365	HOOVER, W. D.	349
CRAWFORD, G. C.	452	HOSKINS, J. M.	370
CRENSHAW, J. S.	400	HOUSER, H. A.	349
CRONIN, J. C.	459	HOWELL, P. E.	414
CROUCH, E. M.	385	HUGHELI, J. R.	341
CULVER, B. K.	344	HUSKEY, J. C.	437
CURRENTS, E.	473	HYATT, D.	403
DARBY, W. C.	465	JACKSON, F. H. W.	453
DAWSON, H. T.	445	JASPERSON, R. E.	433
DELL, T. M., JR.	459	JESSUP, L. JR.	379
DENNETT, R. R.	404	JOHNSON, F. O.	388
DE RIVERA, H. L.	426	JOHNSON, W. D., JR.	370
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DICKINS, J. H.	445	JONES, W. R.	342
DIYOLL, L. E.	461	JOY, C.	462
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DUFTON, W. S.	399	KAIN, R. T.	357
		KELLER, W. S.	424









HARLOW MILTON PINO  
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA  
"Piney" "Squirrel"

"START your orchestra, Mister." Piney must needs cease coaling, accompany the xylophone of glasses, and proceed to entertain a ring of First Classmen crouched about the table of properly trained Plebes by playing on the table as a piano.

Soulful sincerity is our Milton's personification illustrated by his "beg pardon, sir," as he gently but firmly stepped from the ladies' dressing room that he had absent mindingly entered after the one and only. His object of envy is a real bad man, but bad he can not be. The ladies have him sized up right, but daring as they are, none really know him and it's "give my love to all—especially 'Piney'" in your rare letters.

So far we have nothing on him. We know his thoughts and to hear such from his cherubic lips is a shock, but Piney shocking—impossible!

Steady, rational, tactful, square, good qualities are his from force of habit and when you need a hand you can't miss his.

"GOO-bye, 'Piney.'"

*President Class 1921-B;*  
*Four Stripes;*  
*Basketball Numerals (4);*  
*Baseball N (4);*  
*Baseball N, 2 Stars (3, 2);*  
*Basketball Manager (2);*  
*Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 1920-1921;*  
*Captain Baseball (1);*  
*Hop Committee (2, 1).*



CHARLES FREDERIC GREBER  
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK  
"Dutch" "Chuck" "Cholly"

NOW, the Dutchman is a rare piece of New York timber. If you are fond of that little indoor game "rough housing", and wish to spend an evening devoted entirely to this sport, visit Dutch. No greater joy can this man have than the crash of crockery, light shades, and furniture.

Old-timer is always on hand for a little play, and will keep you busy to the extent of his power and never demand any thanks. In summing up his passion for play, we can not overlook Dutch's true native ability.

Charlie is a fairly savvy hombre and since joining the ranks of '21 has never known the trials and troubles of Academic life, so common to some of us.

Early in his career he showed a tendency toward fussing. Now we have the finished A No. 1, cloth-bound, gilt-edged, silver-tongued snake. Any hop night we see Dutch in their midst at Luce Hall.

Dutch's philosophy is based on the principle that a mind resigned to the future with all its obstacles, can be the only answer for a successful life. With this maxim, a cheerful smile, and a will to lend a useful hand, he has gained many friends.

*Buzzard;*  
*Basketball Squad (3, 2, 1);*  
*Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Baseball Numerals;*  
*Hustlers (2, 1);*  
*Basketball Numerals.*





DAVID HARVEY BYERLY  
BUTLER, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Diz" "Dace" "Hiram"

WALFRID NYQUIST  
EAGLE LAKE, MINNESOTA  
"Nike" "Sceade" "Nye"

HERE we have the laziest white man who ever walked on two feet, although he seldom walks except when he's asleep. We guess it's because he hails from the Smoky City and he thinks that it is night all the time.

It may be that he is particular, or like Lady Fatima individuality outshines, but at any rate his hibernating habits on the cruise were much in evidence. On board ship he was often seen at meals but as soon as permission was granted to look the natives over, Diz would head the liberty list and depart for places unknown. Take Honolulu for instance—one minute before the last train backed out of the shade, friend Dave would appear, smiling and staggering with joy, but saying nothing.

The only time that Dave leaves his bedside is to join Billy's combination in the Armory and George's war-club gang on Worden Field and believe me he is no mean bum at either. For two consecutive years he has transferred the vacuum from his head to his feet and has won the coveted N.

Even if the "Tsetse Fly" did bite him Dave deserts his downy couch at opportune times and helps. "Listen, here's the way I'd do it."

*One Stripe;*  
*Basketball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Basketball N;*  
*Lacrosse Squad (2, 1); LNT (2).*

SAIL Ho! What ho! Mankato! All the way from Minnesota to join the Navee. Like his Norse ancestors, Walfrid chose a life on the briny deep, but has no use for fresh water.

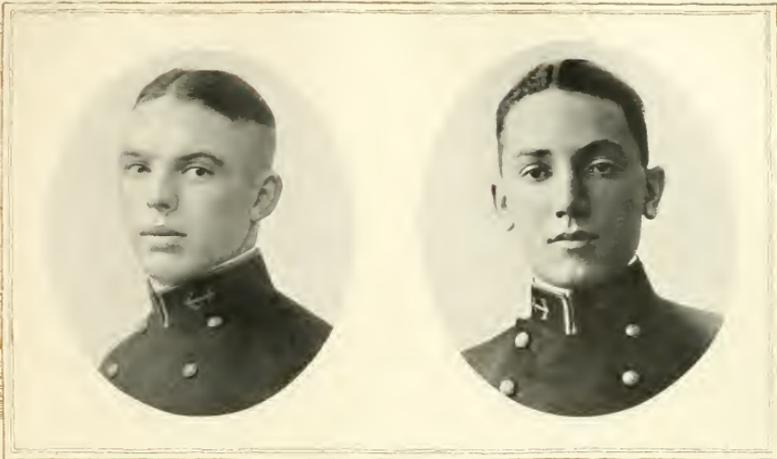
Nike was a Bar-Axe Plebe. It took him about two months to get wise to the Math Department, but since then things have been plain sailing. He spent his first Christmas on the Reina; check another off for Madame Fatima—she is some girl, but these D. O.'s are so jealous!

Swede surely can celebrate a Navy victory. Ask any waiter in Shanley's; they all know him. And say, Nike, did you see the Royal Vagabound in 1919? When it comes to throwing a party Nike takes the front rank. He was the sub-committee at the Connecticut's Class Supper in Panama and from all reports it was a huge success.

Swede was some ball player in his home town, but a bad arm and a love for Doc's and the movies kept him out of the big game except for a berth on the class team. Nike is good company and has a heavy line. Dope is his middle name, but we will never tire of hearing him and we all hope to see him again in the fleet.

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





EDWARD COYLE EWEN  
PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Eddie"

HAROLD WATTERS  
IOWA CITY, IOWA

"Hal"

"HAM and Egger!" "Aye boy, how yuh making out?" And Eddie ambles into view always bearing that congenial smile which, when one thinks of Ewen, one subconsciously visualizes that "Eddie grin."

Eddie toed the line with '20, but in his Plebe year, due to football injuries, '20 had to half-mast the five flag, but Eddie wasn't recovered by that ship. However, '21, coming along in her wake, was the lucky recipient of this bouncing boy. Recovering from said injuries, Eddie has been "up and at 'em" ever since. Whatever you do, get Eddie to tell you about his little aeroplaning expedition after the Army-Navy game of '19.

Now, speaking of Katy-dids, Eddie has a fanciful idea that our mutual friend, Caruso, can't snow him under in the matter of making all sorts of noises.

You all know the days of miracles are over, but here is a lad that can pick daisies from mid-air, at the merest hint that a certain fair young maiden would have it so—and so it is, but for all that, one Seattleite was heard to inquire—"What do you bring that bird along for—to crack jokes?"

"Yeah, boys, we went up to do it and we did it."

*Football Squad (5);  
Football N (4, 3); N-Star (2, 1);  
Captain Football (2, 1);  
Lacrosse LNT (3, 2, 1);  
Treas. Athletic Association;  
Regimental C. P. O.*

ON a calm June day our young hero set out from the plains of Iowa in answer to the call of the wild waves. Ecstatic was the smile on his youthful countenance and full was his carpet bag with those things admitted to our Severn home by regulation. He spooned on an Admiral in Chicago, debated with himself the advisability of calling on the Sec Nav and finally reached the conclusion that a man of decision works first and plays later.

Thus the embryo ensign arrived. Scattered throughout these pages you will find numerous accounts of his athletic prowess. But sad to state his rough nature cropped out. The ladies delighted in a cave man with polished and presentable appearances. The D. O.'s marked his room as one replete with non-reg occupants and their disappointment at his periodic absence led to frenching reports, reminding him to stay at home. In recognition of his services he was awarded the liberty stripe, but due to his love for the free and open life, athletics occupied his legal liberty hours. Sweet satire!

*Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);  
Basketball Squad (4);  
Basketball N (3, 2, 1);  
Captain Basketball (2, 1);  
Football "A" Squad (2, 1);  
N.A (2); N-Star (1);  
Lacrosse Squad (4); LNT (3, 2, 1);  
Buzzard (2); One Stripe (1).*





ROBERT HALL MERRICK  
BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Bob"

FRANK SENECA MCCRORY  
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Whitey" "Sparrow" "Mac"

**I**NDULGING in personalities gives us a chance to portray Bob as the boys really see him. Replete in humor, he never misses a chance to open an attack of good, bad, and indifferent wit.

Eccentricities galore! Every day brings forth dreams of the little things that might be, but alas most of them are discarded for more dreams, however some of them do mature and form themselves into real, logical, useful ideas. Often is the time that he depends solely on his imagination to supply him with the needed facts in the recitation room—what is in the book matter: not at all, just give him a slip and let him develop it to his fullest satisfaction and the author isn't in the running.

Never was there a hop complete without our Bob. Every Saturday saw him cavorting around the glazed floor of the gym. It was a case of drag, drag, drag, mostly a different one each time but sometimes doubling back. Never was his announcement of last September more astoundingly received, for as the sooth sayeth, "The more you see of the others the less you will see of one," however Bob has fooled us again and done just that thing after seeing all the others.

*Class Secretary (2, 1);  
Class Crest Committee;  
Class Supper Committee;  
Class Ring Committee;  
Christmas Card Committee (2, 1);  
Log Staff (2);  
Buzzard (2, 1).*

**W**HITEY and his smile have the peculiar faculty of eliciting sympathy from everyone with whom they come in contact; not that he needs or wants it, for he is a fast, two-fisted man well able of taking good care of himself, but just because it is that kind of a smile. It is like his nature, open and generous—extending from ear to ear including his eyes and nose.

The Senator, as he is known in private life, has the temperament of an opera singer: His moods of unbounded joy or unfathomable blues follow each other in rapid succession, but through them all he maintains his keen wit and deep sense of humor. These latter virtues have softened many of the rough spots of his Academic and athletic careers when one would interfere with the other preventing him from doing his best in either.

Whitey's star is in the ascendent at the hops, for with his white gloves and dangling belt he has won more than one triumph.

Though he may grumble and rhino a bit, still it is only the nature of the beast, since his radiant smile is always ready and willing to break through whatever gloom surrounds him.

"Oh! what a gosh darn Navy!"

*Basketball Squad (4, 2, 1);  
Numerals (4);  
Ass't Manager Basketball (3);  
Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);  
Buzzard.*





JAMES ROWLAND HUGHES  
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND  
"Jimmy"

**D**ON'T touch it, my boy; get out of the gutter; step up closer ladies and gents. You see before you for your inspection the magnificent and joy-inspiring smile of Jimmie Rowland Hughes. How it happened that they didn't name him "Smiley" can only be accounted for by the fact that his parents didn't realize it would be his chief characteristic later in life. If, as Mahan says, "an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness in a moment of need," then Jimmy is worth many pounds of cleverness, for the Swiss Guard had nothing on him for loyalty.

Jimmy demonstrated his ability as a man of affairs when Second Class year he faithfully managed the class football team through to the Academy championship by a series of statements, threats, and pleas. However, we still contend that Jimmy answered the wrong call when he came to the Academy, for he should have been a cowboy. His feat of riding them straight up at the Army-Navy football game Second Class year established him as one of the few in our class possessing ability along that line.

*Buzzard;*  
*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Class Lacrosse (2).*



FRANCIS JOSEPH BRIDGET  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Frank" "Deacon" "Deak"

**W**HAT! You're tired of Fats? Well then, try one of these Tarrytowns. I'm telling you, it's the only cigarette. Get me?" When we hear the above, as we often do, we know that the Deacon has arrived. In appearance he is all that his nom d'entaille implies, but we who have seen him at the Army game and thereafter can tell a different story. Just ask him how he liked "Apple Blossom!" And at many other times one would wonder how he had come to get his cognomen, especially when he sallies forth as S. O. P. of the Terpsichorean squadron at every Saturday night gathering. We have come to the conclusion that the bump on the south side of his cranium, as he faces north, is not a superfluous ornament, for when it comes to engineering affairs of importance, he works with such will and enthusiasm that he always has the satisfaction of knowing that he has accomplished something; for it was largely due to his untiring efforts and spirit that track became more fully recognized as the important sport that it is, and as for the June Ball—well—"You tell 'em River, I can't Bridg-et!"

*Buzzard;*  
*Track Squad (4, 3);*  
*Manager Track (2);*  
*Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);*  
*Chairman Hop Committee (1);*  
*Chairman June Ball (3, 2);*  
*Swimming Squad (2).*





WALTER RAYMOND JONES  
CHEYENNE, WYOMING

"Walt" "Jonesie" "Whirlwind"

ONE Two Three Four—Hep—Pick it up all along—Hey knock off throwing those oranges in ranks—I've been called up and cussed out twice today—Not that I mind but I haven't time to go up and see the D. O."

That, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the war horse and his famous battalion and is most typical of the boy—efficient, considerate and always busy. You can't have the list of honors shown below without sacrificing spare time.

Walt comes from the land of broncos and buxom cow-girls—wild and untrained like his rubberset head of hair—(Bennett has combed it rather well). He is the smooth talking fusser and many a little girl has been surprised when she saw the Whirlwind throw a dozen or two, six-ounce gloves at some dazed would-be "pug."

One of the best bits of evidence as to Walt's character is to look over a list of the things he manages—He can manage anything except the fairer sex and they invariably get the best of him.

During his four years here Walt has gained the admiration and regard of every man in the class. He hasn't an enemy in the world unless it is himself.

*Four Stripes;*  
*Lightweight Boxing Champion (4);*  
*Manager of The Log (2, 1);*  
*Manager of Lacrosse (2, 1);*  
*Manager of Boxing (2, 1);*  
*Boxing Squad (4, 3, 2, 1), B.N.T.*



CHARLES FEARN MACKLIN, JR.  
ILCHESTER, MARYLAND

"Buddy"

ENTERING the Academy was nothing at all in Buddy's young life, for he had been running through the Academy grounds before '21 ever thought of coming in. R. H. I. P. was an old familiar term to him and he knew more N. A. Regs and customs before he took the vow than most of us know after four turbulent years.

This familiarity with the Academy and association with yard engines and crabs since early boyhood has given Bud a savoir faire manner that has been the envy of us all.

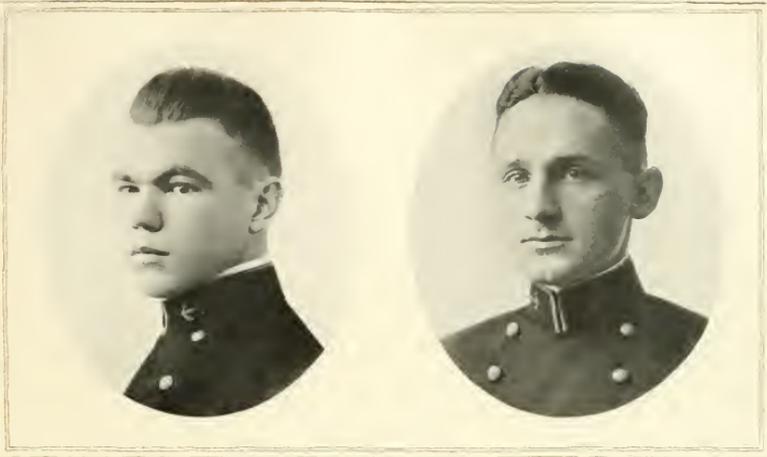
Buddy is able to mix pleasure and military character to a nice degree and as a result has had a good time during his four years here, besides chalking up two stripes and Battalion adjutant on the plus side of his service record. He has put in a great deal of hard work on the Masquerader staff and justly deserved his election as property manager. Being chief of the stage wrecking crew is no soft berth either.

A sixty-four year man is Bud. He wouldn't trade places with a cit for a million, and the Navy has so strong a hold on him that he's even looking toward Norfolk for a chance at that better nine-tenths.

"For I am the Broadway King,  
And you are the Baow-er-y Bum."

*Class Lacrosse Team (2);*  
*Masqueraders (3);*  
*Two Stripes;*  
*Silver Masked N.*





HAROLD DURST HAIL  
CROCKETT, TEXAS  
"Tex"

CHARLES MERCER SNELLING, JR.  
ATHENS, GEORGIA  
"Chawlie"

FROM: Ismoka Stogi,  
To: Editor Hon. Lucky Bag.  
Subject: Saltwater Slim

1. Ed. I are stand in ranks at peace with world and Exec. Dept. when I hear noise like sixteen inch gun go off next to port ear. When I regain conscience, I find it are only old friend Slim, who now sport three stripes, whispering to Hon. Co. to parade rest. Three companies, Regimental Staff, and D. O. all execute command. He possess wonderful lung.

2. Tex are noted for following: Photography, hot line, awful mush, and swimming ability. He are great lover of liberty, and sure do get away with same. Slim have also sling hot line in Log for past two years, and as ring master in Gymkhana were Hon. riot. He have rate First Class for three years and on U. S. S. Minnie he rate Lieut. Com.

3. As I have before note, Tex are three striper by virtue of voice and grease. When serious, which he are on occasion, he show great responsibility. May good luck guide path of his Hon. No. 10's.

Yours 'til Texas go Repub.  
Ismoka Stogi

Three Stripes;  
Photographic Editor Lucky Bag;  
Log Staff (2);  
Managing Editor (1);  
Class Crest Committee (4).

NOW just a moment, girls, we aren't putting this on for sale, merely a display, if you please, and you back there with the fluffy blonde, if you don't stop pushing and stepping on his toes, Chawlie will get mad and won't perform. But come down sometime and look him over and we're sure you won't be disappointed, for Chawlie shakes a wicked pair of dogs, and when he gets that high whiskey tenor all oiled and in working order there aren't any canaries or mocking birds in these United States that can hold a candle to the boy.

Chawlie hails from the Cracker State where the peaches grow, and to hear him tell it, that's the only place they are reared, but we notice letters post-marked "South C."

All the culture and poise of Mister Snelling are, in all probability, due to the fact that his podunk is the seat of learning in Crackerdom. But for all that, Chawlie never took any medals for particular brightness in book subjects, for as we remember our Ovid, Chawlie entered with the class of '20, and is still with us. But he bids fair to end it all and give the benefits of his extensive years of training toward developing the super-navy that all of us want.

Buzzard;  
Choir (3, 2, 1);  
Glee Club (3, 2, 1);  
Class Baseball (2);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Masqueraders (2).





BURNETT KENT CULVER  
KNOXVILLE, IOWA  
"Burt" "Red"

ARTHUR HOWARD MCCOLLUM  
MARION, ALABAMA  
"Mac" "Deacon"

JUST cast a casual glance (very casual) at the top of the page and immediately your eye is held by what one of the other great, great writers has so aptly described as, "a vision such as mortal n'er saw before."

Yes sir, straight from Knoxville, I-O-Way comes this marvel; where at an early age he soon began to show those remarkable instincts and characteristics which were to stand him in such good stead at a later era of his life.

He is a born fighter; using as his weapon, a heavy line which he heaves with unerring skill and accuracy. In this respect he soon became the undisputed champion of his native fields, becoming the beloved of at least four of the fairer sex, which he had the good sense to keep scattered across the continent from Seattle to Crabtown.

In spite of the shadows cast across his path by the Squeeze Handle and others, Red has always come up smiling. And most of us know him to be a good fellow to have along on any party, a man's man, a "sho nuff friend."

*Buzzard.*

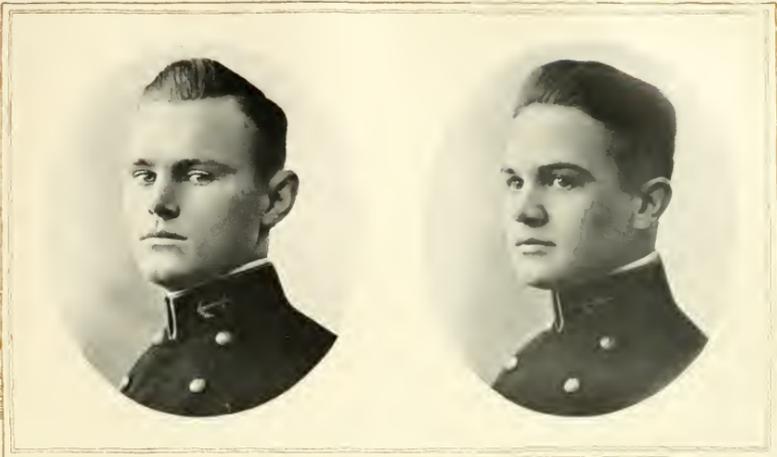
HERE he is Ladies and Gentlemen, not exactly as he came to us, but still serviceable. The story of his life at the Academy would differ little from the average, but the narration of his heroic efforts to conquer the Great White Way would be interesting beyond a doubt. However, this is neither the time nor the place to relate it. What could you expect of a man with a Scotch name who was born in Japan, lived in Seattle, and claims Alabama as his home? He has the manners, politics, and smooth line of the world-famous Southern Gentleman, the last of which has helped him keep well on the weather side of a 2.5 without much effort. If he doesn't know what he is talking about he throws out such a smoke screen that no one else is aware of the fact, hence that sat and savvy smile when the marks go up.

If there is anything you want, from the loan of a dollar on up the scale to some one to drag a friend's friend, go see Mac. He will help you if it can possibly be done.

His one failing is his passion for Red Hair and the Drama.

*Company Representative (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Buzzard (2);  
C. P. O.;  
One Stripe.*





MORRIS JAMES WESTFALL  
VINCENNES, INDIANA

"Dan" "Dan Boone" "Boone" "Westy"

FROM the wilds of southern Indiana came Dan'l. No sooner had we laid eyes on him than his bluff mannerisms, unflinching good nature, and ready wit won our lasting friendship, and incidentally led us to call him Daniel Boone.

Upon his arrival in this port he was met by a delegation from Bobby's. As it was a little late they took him around to one of these Greek restaurants. Much to the surprise of everyone he ordered only a cup of coffee, but imagine their consternation when he pulled out a couple of sandwiches from his valise. Dan capped the climax when he called the proprietor over and asked him what time the orchestra started playing.

Plebe year was a busy one for Morris, for being a favorite has its disadvantages as well as pleasures. Although he was not a candidate for the high honor, he nevertheless became a first class athlete under the able coaching of Stan Woodman.

It never surprises anybody when the door of Morris' room flies open with a bang and the noise of scuffling and voices raised in an argument echoes down the corridor. It is merely the conclusion of another discussion about politics. For be it known that Dan'l takes a keen interest in outside affairs. Ask Wells or Carroll if you wish to be convinced.

*Two Stripes.*

HEZEKIAH WYNDOL CARROLL, JR.  
BENNETTSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Hez" "Pee Dee" "Xmas"

A TRUE, fickle product of the South, slow and easy; methodical, not entirely immune to the horrors of fever of the spring variety, though the trait does not confine its attacks to the season from which it derives its name. He takes life just as it comes and makes the best of his heavy seas.

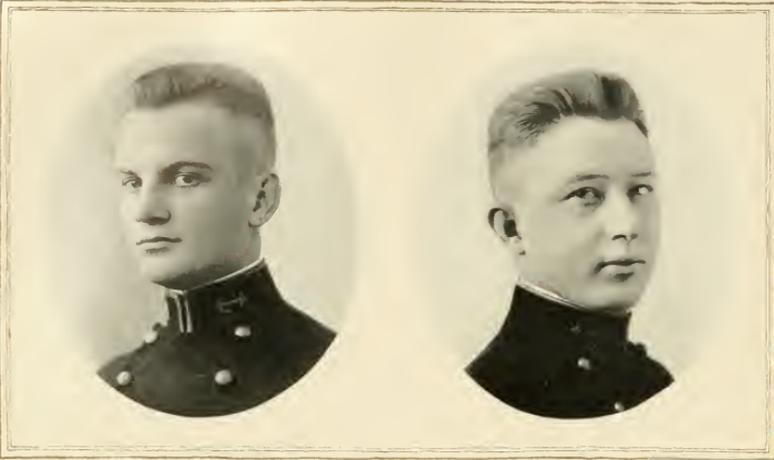
At times his distraction is fussing, showing a preference for the less serious types. Shows favoritism toward none, but perhaps his thoughts run along the lines of the playful, while he entertains a secret desire to find one who he can like better than old Hez. At present, he has many—some are sweeties some flossies—while he occasionally refers to the green-eyed monsters. But he is fond of his liberty.

21-B claimed him from the outset and he is well proud of his choice. It is perhaps this which gives him his adaptability for smoothing over hardships. A good man to make friends with, wise and ready to share his last asset with a generous contribution for a friend in need or in love.

"C'mon Big Boy, Le's go t'd show."

*Two Stripes; Battalion Adjutant.*





WILLARD ROLAND GAINES  
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

"Nemo" "Lefty" "Gran Pop" "Baldy" "Slim" "Feet"

THE Batteries for the Navee are Gaines and Cloughley-Play Ball," and Lefty, feet and all, ambles out to the mound where with his glove, number 12's, a new ball, and a good prayer, he has rung up many a winner and but few set-backs, and is the proud possessor of N-2 Stars with a good possibility for number three.

Lefty isn't an Adonis, but like the proverbial Lulu—he gets there just the same. Never has he missed a hop, steering his gunboats, with the ease and grace of the Virginians, into anyone who happens to be in his neighborhood. And speaking of nerve, the boy has it all—how he can muster enough courage to part that patch of fur of his in the middle, and when we speak of patch we are microscopically speaking—not like unto the patch in a Plebe year pair of trou, is beyond us, when we know he could effectually hide some part, at least, of his uncovered dome by a side cut. However, there's nothing like being open and above board and Lefty being a true gentleman always is.

Looking for Nemo? Oh, he's out there among 'em somewhere.

*One Stripe (1);  
Buzzard (2);  
Baseball Numerals (4);  
Baseball N-Star (3, 2);  
Class Basketball (2);  
Class Football (1);  
Bald Club (4, 3, 2, 1).*

SHILLING FREDERICK STEINBAUER  
LOGANSPORT, INDIANA

"F. S." "Steiny" "Fritz" "Count" "Pinky" "Red"

STEINY scintillates in the rear rank of the 14th company—to the exasperation of the three striper. He rapidly overcame the handicap, that he once lived in Logansport, his native state, Kentucky, having taught him the value and joy of knowing the three evils.

F. S. certainly has, for the last three years, had a hard time dragging. They all either love him or laugh at him. He easily keeps sat on his drags and if beauty is his only defense, Steiny gets the barbed-wire suspenders.

If you don't believe the boy is a slicker at playing America's most scientific game of draw poker, ask the losers on Second Class cruise.

As for the All-Acs, the Count, and the rest of the Radiator Club never worried about them. His dreams were realized when he once stood one, in Steam. Many's the time Steiny has hollered "Velvet"?—"I got a 2.6. Watchergot?"

F. S. is strong on, "what'll you have gents?"—Everybody likes to make a liberty with him because he knows how to have a good time.

Fritz likes the Navy, is thirty, and a third degree commander in the Royal Order of the Lily.

You've done well, old thing, keep it up.

*Buzzard.*





ERNEST JUDSON POOLE, JR.  
READING, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Oine"

CLINTON ALONZO MISSON  
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Red" "Bill" "Thug" "Miss"

THE Reading girls, Ernie explains, are the most agreeable in the world, and about the finest. One of his romances began by his telephoning one of them and asking if he might call on her, to which she answered, "Do you mean for always, or chust for tonide?" "Always," our hero replied.

Since entering the Naval Academy he has found that our own girls are just about equal to those at home, but he is not as consistent a fusser here, however, and does not call on any particular one "always." In Yard Engineering he stands one, it being conceded by all that he is a good pilot.

He acquired his careful habits through his training in the Army. He spent several months on the Mexican Border, during the bandit scare, and, from fairly authentic sources we have it that he became very proficient with a spade while there.

Ernie is not, using his own term, a weak sister. If he thinks a certain way, he is sure to act accordingly. He works hard when he works, and plays hard when he plays. In the battle of the future, if he continues his present system he will not come out on the losing end.

"It comes to my notice that you birds are like unto the barber's cat—full of wind and peas."

*Regimental Commander; Buzzard (2);  
President Y. M. C. A.;  
Baseball N-Star (2);  
Baseball Numerals (4, 3);  
Captain Class Basketball (2);  
Class Football (2); A Squad (1).*

INTRODUCING Clint Misson, known far and wide as "The Shanty Irishman," despite a French name and straight Welsh ancestry. He got all that was coming to him Plebe year, which is saying lots. However, his frail physique of 170 avoirdupois withstood the ravages of Plebeanism and he blossomed forth into his Youngster year less rhino toward life.

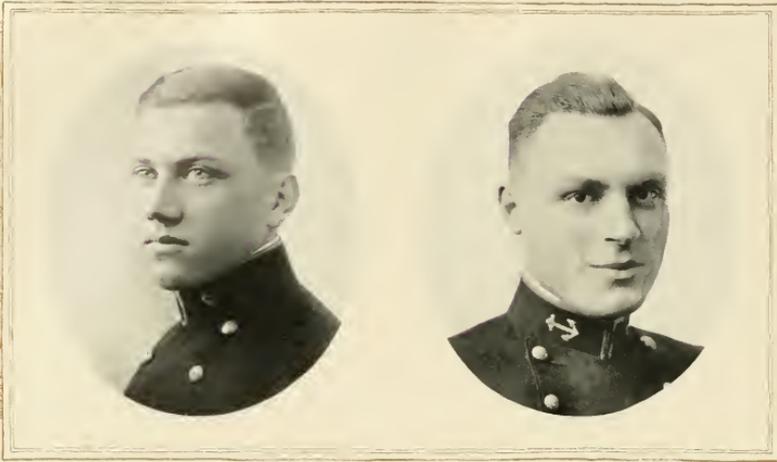
Outside of a few bad habits, such as becoming too rough with the gloves at times and infringing on the glory of Jawn McCormack, he is harmless and likeable. Those who know him well are his best friends. As for the ladies, they all fall for his smooth line and because "He is so big and looks so wuff."

His natural inclinations to do the right thing at the right time, coupled with hard work in outside activities, caused the military character experts to give him a neat little bill beginning with "reposing special trust", etc., and we saw him First Class year making heavy weather with four stripes on his sleeves and a staff walking astern of him.

"Say, son, I was shaving before they quit pinning your pants up."

*Four Stripes; Buzzard (2);  
A Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); BNT (2);  
Heavyweight Boxing Championship (3, 2);  
Intercollegiate Light-heavyweight Boxing (2);  
Glee Club (3, 2); President Glee Club (1);  
Masqueraders (2); Track Squad (3, 2, 1).*





FREDERICK IRVING ENTWISTLE  
LONSDALE, RHODE ISLAND  
"Felipe" "Whistle" "Chub"

CHARLES WILLIAM ROLAND  
ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Charlie" "Rolly" "Chuck"

ENTWISTLE eased into our ranks without undue noise, and since then has been a rather witty and entertaining companion. His "What do you say there, sailor?" and "Oh, I don't figure you will" have figured in many a bull fest of the old first company.

To say that Entwattler is retiring around the ladies is a rather tame way of putting it. Whether he is a woman-hating or a woman-fearing male, God only knows, but we do know that he has dragged not more than twice, and then rather reluctantly. However, his blonde hair and light blue eyes are eminently attractive, so he is going to be a harassed man if he doesn't give in soon.

Besides instructing Plebes or going to the movies, Felipe's days have calmly passed by like the Emma Giles bound for Crabtown. Even during all the wave of discontentment no one ever heard a grumble from him. He had chosen the Navy as his profession and did not care to knock.

Due to his easy manner of attaining ends, Felipe will eventually sail into a good berth as easily and naturally as a sea gull coming to anchor on some Chesapeake wave.

"Believe me, no cit life for this one."

*Buzzard.*

CHARLIE is one of these quiet, unobtrusive Pennsylvanians, who hasn't any feelings except that he falls very easily for the ladies, hates to bone, likes to sleep, and occasionally likes to get out and see the world. He swings a mean mashie and has about as good an average as any of the other dizzy novices on the links. He is able to control his temper, and that accounts for his golfing superiority.

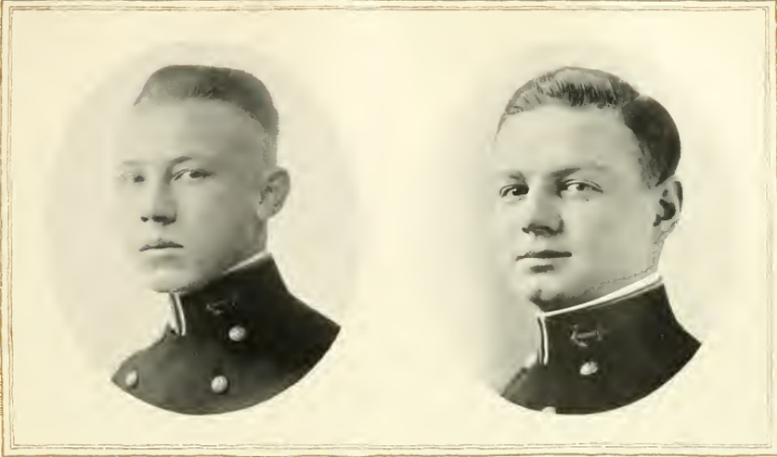
Whenever Charlie runs Plebes he is about as much a victim of running as the downtrodden ones themselves, because he can't seem to strike the necessary terror into their already calloused beings. If they tremble when he pounces on them he gets softening of the heart and the Plebes get off without a single wound.

He keeps a string of girls fairly well under his thumb because—well perhaps it's because of that twinkle in the eye and the quiet line which his close friends know he possesses.

What the future holds in store for him we cannot predict, for of course only time will tell, but present indications show that everything is going to pan out well for him.

*C. P. O.;  
Buzzard (2).*





HAROLD ALEXANDER HOUSER  
 FORT VALLEY, GEORGIA  
 "Duke" "Rabbit"

WILLIAM DARRELL HOOVER  
 TAYLORVILLE, ILLINOIS  
 "Dimples" "Duke" "Bill" "P. E. P."

HERE'S a real Georgia Cracker, slow and easy going but one of those Southerners we so often find in story books, who will stay up all night to argue with anyone until he has been proven wrong. Duke would make a darn good politician. Why, he can tell you all the political scandal since Bryan started kicking the slats out of the "Presidential Cradle." After First Class leave he raved for a week about the chance he had to vote against Hoke Smith down there in Georgia.

Harold has had a hard time in Steam since he came to this little place on the Severn, and they got him once Plebe year, but he came back for a five-year course.

Second Class year saw him giving the ladies a treat every Saturday at the hops. Harold would come sliding into the stag line and say, "Well boys, where are those little girls who are crying because I have not danced with them yet?"

He always has some good, wild tales to tell, especially after leave. Ask him about the trip home Second Class leave and also his Christmas leave in Washington. It will take him hours to tell all the fine points.

As an amiable companion, he seems to just ooze out good cheer and good fellowship. Here's hoping that we'll meet some day in Seattle!

*Buzzard (1);  
 Sub Squad (5, 4, 3, 2, 1).*

DARRELL claims Taylorville as his home podunk and we believe him, although he has never been able to substantiate his claim that there is such a place.

His activities along the athletic line since entering Uncle Sam's school of pampered pets has been confined to the Mexican variety with the one exception of his try at lacrosse. Ask him about it. Since his first Plebe year Darrell has had practically no trouble from an Academic stand-point. He never lets anything worry him. If he bats an exam it is all right, but if he doesn't he is happy just the same. Most of the time he has spent with his books has been in keeping his roommate sat.

If Darrell says he is going to do something he will come mighty near carrying out his intentions, as one who wagered with him will testify. He never failed to "favor the girls" at the gym unless "otherwise engaged," as was quite often the case Youngster year. It has been hard to figure out which Darrell admired most—his girl's picture or his own baby picture. There is little to be said about his affairs of the heart, because since we have known him he has cared for one and only one. His is one of those childhood romance affairs and it is to culminate about the middle of June 1921, at Taylorville, Illinois.

*One Stripe;  
 Sub Squad (5, 4, 3, 2, 1).*





DEWEY GLENN PORTER

WABASH, INDIANA

"Doory" "Admiral" "Chief"

"DOO-HE; I'll say he does." You should just cast your eyes about at any hop and you'll see him there with bells on. A rather tall stately youth with rugged features and wavy hair.

"Who is that girl?—I must meet her," is Dewey's swan song. It is a different one every week and you should have seen him at the dance at the Ritz the night of the Army game. His outstanding characteristic, however, is his ability to recover from his amorous escapades with the fair ones.

Dewey is the best pal any man could ever wish, and a better natured man does not exist. Plebe year he held weekly combat with the All-Academics and was usually found amongst the forest of Math trees. Before the end of the year, however, he got a half Nelson on Math.

If you wish to listen to a good line, just get "Our Dewey" to extole on the merits of Indiana. Porter is not only able to hold your attention when he has the floor, but he can also be a great little listener. His friends know that he is a very sympathetic one and can always give one sound advice when necessary.

*Buzzard (2);  
C. P. O.*

EDWARD IRWIN MCQUISTON

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

"Mac" "Irish" "Fido"

MAC is the possessor of a personality that makes him easy to know and to like, and hard to part with. Full of pep, snappy, and happy-go-lucky, his Irish laugh is an asset that soon wrecks any rhino party. His impulsiveness and constant desecration of the reg book have never been appreciated by the D. O's, but have certainly furnished thrills for the rest of us.

All who know Mac, know him to be thoroughly frank, straightforward and loyal. Once his friend, Irish considers one always so, and in all kinds of luck, is in the offing ready to lend a helping hand.

He came back Youngster leave hard smitten, and has been on Cupid's casualty list ever since. Give him an open fire-place, whisper her name, and he's soon lost in dreams.

While never winning laurels in any one sport, Mac is one of those enviable fellows who can do everything well. Whether it's golf, tennis, riding, swimming, skating, or a tea fight, Mac is always on hand for a jolly time.

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Extra Duty Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

The Capture of the *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon*—The Struggle on the Quarterdeck



CHARLES OLAN GLISSON  
MCKENZIE, TENNESSEE

"Charlie" "C. O." "Blue-eyes"

DU<sup>E</sup> to the fact that he is a mountaineer from Tennessee, and that he has an inherent ability to uphold the traditions of that state, combined with a desire to extol it's virtues, one wonders why he ever shoved off.

Charlie had a habit of running away from home and finally joined the Navy to see the world. He pushed a pen for three months.

Now that he is in the Navy his chief ambition is to see how much work he can get out of, excluding of course the travail of meeting the W. B. & A. every other week-end.

Previous to the abolition of the Reina as a receptor of miscreants, Charlie, the Ship, and Black-N were synonymous.

He has one worry. The lack of cranial shrubbery has caused him to invest in such an assortment of mange cure and restorers that his locker resembles the shelf of a coiffeur. But he has *some* beard.

Extreme volubility will manifest itself when the following subjects are brought to Charlie's attention: rifle squad, Fats and their virtues, and women. Incidentally ask him about shooting up Revnoo Officers in the mountains.

Those of us who have made a cruise with Charlie know him to be a real Pal all of the time.

"Hey! Goin' to the movies tonight?" "Awk! Gurrk!"

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Rifle Squad (3, 2);  
Expert Rifleman;  
Reina Squad (4).*



ROBERT HARRY CAREY  
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

"Lee" "Scoops" "Robert"

THE quietest and most unassuming man in the section made the highest mark— No, it's not Mr. Carey!" That's one's first opinion of our Elmira boy, quiet and unassuming. Still one must know Robert H. to realize that these qualities merely reflect his wisdom.

Plebe year, Kid Carey made his debut with a back-breaking brace and a just-before-two-bells sigh. "Mr. Carey, you're the only Plebe here who knows how to brace up. Carry on! Sit up all you other Plebes!" Thus his introduction.

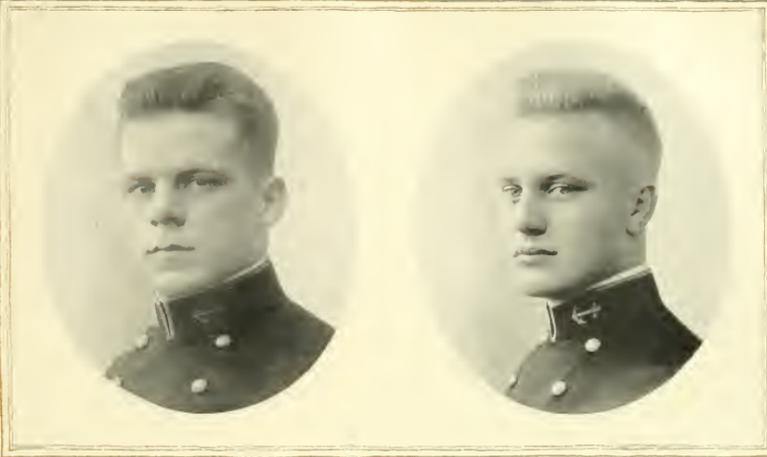
Youngster year, he sought and found knowledge, why the Elmira boy did not make the First Class is a mystery to his intimates. Rumor has it that the reason was so that Kid Carey could devote his efforts to the weak squad and sub squad for another year.

However his perpetual smile has won him a place in the Hall of Optimism and his ever-willing helping hand has pulled more than one less fortunate classmate over the shoals.

Yes, he is quiet and unassuming, but still water runs deep.

*Buzzard (2);  
C. P. O. (1);  
Masqueraders (1).*





CHARLES BELL  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE  
"Hoppy" "Chuck"

JOHN HARRY MORRISON  
GREELEY, COLORADO  
"Jack" "Blonde Beast" "Froggy"

WHEN the Upper Classes came back in '17 and found in their midst this chunky specimen from the South whose one big accomplishment was the ability to sleep standing up in ranks he was immediately named Hoppy by P. D. Dingwell.

Hoppy Bell, the happy-go-lucky fat boy from Nashville, is always ready for a rough house or a feed. The best part of it is that Hoppy is happier giving things away than at any other time—what he won't do for a friend has not been found. He has played tag with both the Academic and Executive Departments. Not always as lucky with the former as the latter, he has had some stiff pulls but can always produce the stuff when needed.

Although he is more inclined to eat, sleep, and sing the bull, Hoppy is quite an athlete as his numerals testify—B squad Plebe year, class team Second Class year and First Class year.

First Class cruise made Hoppy take up the responsibilities of a snake and he appeared regularly at the select places from Seattle to Balboa—from Burlingame to Kelly's.

First and last, however, he is a man's man, a true and generous friend who will make his mark in the Service.

*Class Numerals (football);  
Buzzard;  
Class Football (2, 1).*

A BORN rough and tumble fighter. Would rather scrap than do most anything else except eat, and maybe fuss. Though not exactly a snake he has learned his lesson by hard experience like the rest of us.

He never had time for any athletics, but was a good athlete in the Radiator Club. He was a rather quiet member, but stubborn enough not to change anything he ever said.

John was always unlucky, in love as well as in everything else. If anybody in the gang got caught it would be Morrison. The D. O. always smiled with perfect contentment when John hove into sight. Consequently when extra duty came into style he was a "Charter Member" of the "Supe's Guards."

It's true he studied sometimes when he was very badly unsat, but it was too much energy lost when he had a 2.5. At that though he knows quite a bit about certain parts of Panama City—He always hated a greaser and didn't hesitate about expressing his opinion to him.

Jack is a man who is wrapped up in the Service and we hope the wrapper won't come off.

*Buzzard.*





JOHN EUGENE REZNER  
KIRKWOOD, ILLINOIS  
"Duke" "Jig" "Abbie"

JIG must have been born in a P. O. by the way he hangs around the M. C.'s desk at mail times. And does he connect? His desk usually looks as if he was running a sub-agency for the Annapolis Banking and Trust Company. He rates his mail though, for he has found the only girl three times in the last two years to our knowledge.

Prof Bell's tutelage didn't ruin Abbie. The only hop nights he has ever been missing are those he spent in the vicinity of Goucher. But we know very little about those nights, for Jig is as tight as a clam.

He won a pin-lined mattress for his ability to get more joy out of a ten minute caulk than most men can get in a good night on Sep leave.

Talk about luck—he got duty struck for the first time in three weeks the day the rest of the Batt got jammed for sleeping in.

He graced Knox college until the wild waves caught him and while there became a Phi Delta Theta. John Eugene has never been known to be rhino for over ten minutes and hasn't had a serious argument with anyone except a D. O. since he entered.

"Ha! Catchin' bueno letter today! Dawgone!"

*Buzzard.*



ROGER SHALER BAGNALL  
LAKEWOOD, OHIO  
"Bags" "Red" "Pinky" "Savvy"

YES, 'twas late in the summer when one balmy day the W. B. and A. stopped at our front door, deposited Red on the steps, and shoved off, forgetting to give him his seventeen gun salute. If we had any doubts as to the identity of the Toledo Terrier, he soon cleared them, and now he is known from one end of Eastport to the other end of Washington. Formerly we thought that Bell was the name of the Long Distance Telephone, but Red had disproved that; for no man but the President could make so many calls and monopolize the telephone booth without being lynched by the patient waiters.

Roger sprang into the limelight when he first arrived, and the Mazdas haven't begun to dim as yet. Outside of a little trouble with the Academic Board Plebe year, and the extra duty squad Second Class year, Red has been most fortunate. Until last year Red divided his love between Cleveland, Toledo, and the B. and O., but now you couldn't move him beyond Washington with a derrick.

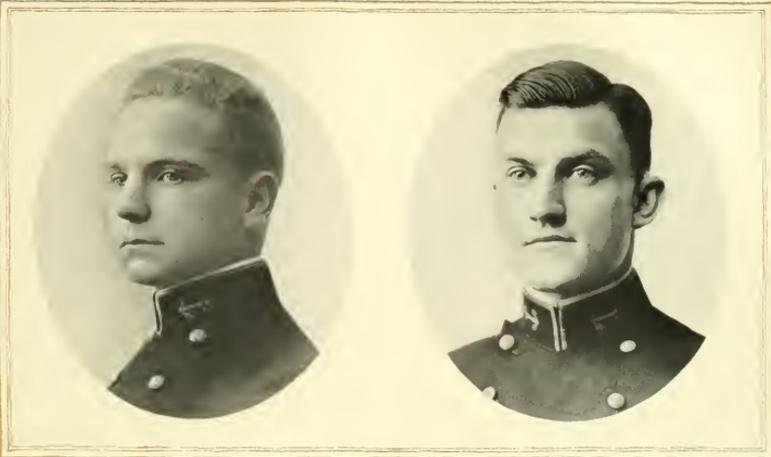
Red can be seen every day (morning formations excepted) posing as port running light of the 4th company.

We are all for you Red, even if you are going to desert us for the Marines.

"Gimme a dime; I gotta make a telephone call."

*Buzzard;*  
*Log Staff (2, 1).*





ELWOOD DIXON POOLE  
STUEBENVILLE, OHIO  
"Shorty" "Dix"

APOLLO SOUCEK  
MEDFORD, OKLAHOMA  
"Soakem" "Apollo"

ELWOOD is willful. He wants his own way and he usually gets it. His argument with the Baltimore bartender in the good old days when he, Elwood, was a candidate illustrates this fairly well. After Shorty's friends had put in their orders for drinks, the bartender looked at Poole and seeing his smooth face with its deep dimples, asked, "Two and one?"

"Naw!" was the deep bass voice retort, "I don't want any of those fancy drinks, bring me a light beer."

"I mean are you twenty-one years old," snarled the server of drinks.

"You go get that beer," commanded our hero, "or you'll blankety soon find out."

He got the beer.

He is lucky, too. He has a fine disposition and a good sense of humor, and anyone is lucky to have that combination.

He is unselfish and will deprive himself for a friend, and he has many friends. He is frank, and voices his opinions when the occasion arises, but he is not a knocker. If he cannot say a good word for a person, he usually says nothing. This attitude has been a virtue with him and will be a help towards a successful future.

*Four Stripes;*  
*Buzzard (2);*  
*Expert Rifle;*  
*Class Baseball (2).*

A REAL bad man from the land of sage bush and cactus came to learn the ways of the sea. He played a close game with the All-Academics Plebe year and had to lay aside the moleskins to pile up velvet. Nevertheless he found time to play inter-class football and baseball where he showed as a back and a backstop of ability.

A Bohemian in name but not in temperament as demonstrated by his faithfulness to Red Mikedom.

He is always ready to joke and brings mirth to the party when he starts his endless line of rustic anecdotes. You can no longer inveigle him into a game of chance because Little Joe and Jig-Fig are his unlucky numbers.

Common sense, love of fair play, and unselfishness are his virtues and have won him a position of leadership and trust among his classmates. Oil burner personified, Red Mike plentipotentiary, and blacksmith extraordinary are also distinguishing features.

When you want a man you can rely on and trust 'till there's skating in Hell, just page old Soakem—he's there with the goods.

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Masqueraders (2);*  
*Class Football (2, 1);*  
*Class Baseball (2, 1);*  
*Regimental Sub-Commander;*  
*Buzzard (2);*  
*Captain Class Football (1);*  
*Numerals.*





WILLIAM CARY GRAY  
BOISE, IDAHO  
"Scotty"



EDWARD EVERETT WILLKIE  
ELWOOD, INDIANA  
"Eddie" "Tiny" "Big'un" "Lil' Ed"

HERE'S part two to the Mutt-Jeff combination and as Cary says, "The real asset." Ever since he took upon himself the obligation of caring for his big Berkskerker roommate, Scotty has been in hot water. For he says he is not appreciated, and being the little half, he can not forcibly assert himself. Upon the publication of the monthly unsat trees his mark usually stands out clearly, and at such times Buxom sees red. Then it is, with the additional provocation of resigning, that he evokes a little sympathy from his savvier roommate.

After one trip to the barber shop Scotty saw a chance for a coup. His father makes those electric lawn mowers, whereupon we have them installed, saving much time for Brown and Company.

Nor could we let this opportunity pass without mentioning something of Cary's managerial qualities. In spite of the hard schedules he arranged, Manager Gray's two teams, the gym, and wrestling came through the season with flying colors, neither having a blot on its perfect record. He attributes this partly to the fact that he held the watch on Tiny during practice and invariably forgot when time was up.

*One Stripe;*  
*Manager Wrestling; Gym (2, 1).*

NUMBER one of the Mutt-Jeff comedy and just about as handsome. Tiny tried them all before finally landing at our gates. Indiana, Oberlin, Marion, all rebound of his fame, notorious or otherwise.

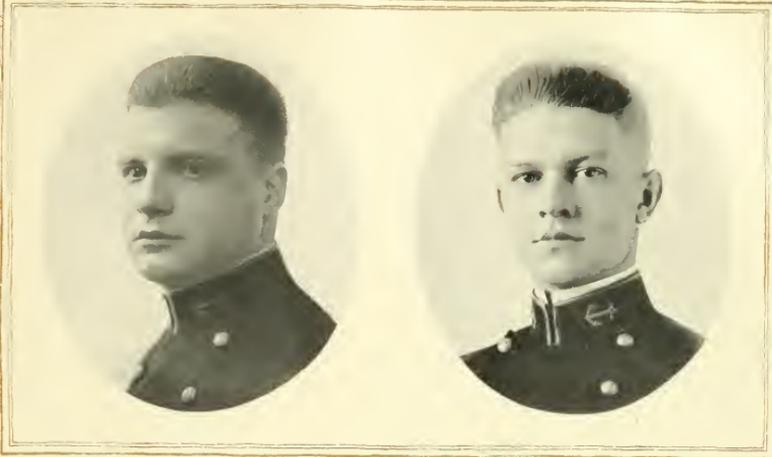
Just a passing remark of his versatility, for his many deeds may be seen otherwise in this book to more advantage and detail.

Ed is a speaker of no mean ability. His after-dinner speeches are the delight of all who hear him. As for the little informal address he gave the employees of that famous tin plate factory in his home podunk, largest in the world so he says, we leave for you to fathom. And did he ever tell you about that wonderful lamp factory, also in his home town, where you can take a chimney and throw it up against a brick wall without breaking? Ask him about it. Also of his disgraceful conduct in church on that same leave, where on the morning after the night before he wanted to know who that good-looking girl was in the choir. He had dragged her that night before!

"There comes a tide in the affairs of men" and Eddie's is sure on the flood. May it ever be so and God direct and keep his Number 11's straight on life's pathway, for he can't.

*Football (4, 3, 2, 1); N Star (2, 1);*  
*Wrestling (4, 3, 2, 1); WNT (3) N (2);*  
*Olympic Squad; Lacrosse (2, 1);*  
*Athletic Association (3, 2);*  
*Three Stripes.*





ROBERT KAIN  
HUTCHINSON, KANSAS  
"Bob" "Tish" "Timothy"

NEWTON CANNON MANEY, JR.  
MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE  
"Newt" "Count"

**A**RHINO meeting without Titias is like a liberty in Guantanamo when the Chink's is closed only there is not as much to it. If you crave that Sunday night feeling just call on him almost any time, you'll get it. However, he has been known to be genuinely happy at times when the Naval Academy is far distant; when dressed in civs and when the vicinity abounds in the famous old trio, wine, women, and song.

He is husky and is a fair athlete as witnessed by his playing on the class football team and the various havoc-spreading encounters with which he and his gang terrified the inhabitants of certain west coast cities. But he believes in life for comfort's sake and has long been a charter member of the Ease and Comfort Club. Have you ever watched him eat up Fats? He consumes them like the Crabs consume the anthracite. He has no rivals.

This doesn't half portray the characteristics of Bob but we will say here that it would be hard to find a better liked or better man than he. Most of us who have heard him rave of leaving the Service have said, "The Navy will bury Titias," for he is a permanent fixture in the class.

*Buzzard.*

**I**T'S not what you do, but what you get away with that counts," says Newt and he ought to know. Once relegated to the ranks, several times hearing his name as the subject of a regimental, and a constant, habitual member of the morning order brigade are only a few of the reasons why Newt knows that it's "what you get away with."

Fate and a touch of the savoir hung a buzzard on Newt's arm Second Class year. As usual his ever present pessimism brought forth yards of wasted oratory on the trials of a buzzard. Yet he managed to survive a maximum demerit year without losing his birds.

Cannon has had a varying life within these walls. His escapades with the Jimmy Legs, his cross country with a D. O. at 2. A. M., his reveille inspection of his wife Titias Kain, his 1 P. O., his clean sleeve, and his two 2 P. O.'s could fill volumes; but this is a Lucky Bag write-up and—

Newt is a combination of pessimism, generosity, and frankness. He parts his hair in the middle and is from "Murfreesboro, Tennessee, suh." Being a Southerner he is a good judge of—rare things. The femmes like him, perhaps because he parts his hair in the middle, but we like him because of things that go to make up a likeable man.

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Clean Sleeve (1).*





ROBERT CLARK GREENWALD  
TOLEDO, OHIO  
"Bobby" "Greeny"

CALL away the Yorktown bugler, he's loose again. A born sea lawyer combined with the character of a well intentioned confidence man. Get that sneeze as the D. O. passes at a. m. roll call. He hasn't shaved in a month and gets away with it because he's albino.

It's just as great a sensation as the poets claim, but when it will start a man resigning, there's no hope—he's in love! But he's with us still and will be freakin' them out of that half yard of sheepskin yet. Always unsat at the beginning, he steals up on those Academics according to the approved methods for engaging a mess hall egg.

Bowlegs and flying yellow locks still head off the extra duty girls, and Smoke Hall is still tuneful to that steam-whistle voice. With those spectacles (Harold Lloyd type) firmly clasped behind his infinitesimal ears, he makes that hundred-yard straight away to every formation except when he's too dizzy to hear the bells.

Yet with all the Commissary Department lost—the Navy gains a good man with Bobby. He has the Service at heart and can put his ideals on top without overdoing it.

"Is there a tendency?"

*Bugle Corps (4);  
Buzzard (2, 1).*



FRANCIS EVARTS FAIRMAN, JR.  
UNIONTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Cicero" "Fairy"

FROM the smoke-begrimed regions of central Pennsylvania, Uniontown to be exact, hails this long, lanky six and that ain't all—footer. His reception into our midst was modestly received by the clever partee: "Omnia Gallia divisa est in tres partes; ex Scientia tridens"—hence Cicero, although Caesar made the remark, became the cognomen of this ebony-haired satellite.

Savvy? Well, we of the Inner Circle will vouch a unanimous acclamation in favor of his savviness, but unfortunately his world is "in tres partes divisa," love (as yet), war, and politics. Wardour being the constant habitat of the many-times grandson of the illustrious Cicero, we need say nothing further about love.

War; yes, a veritable siege, has been the state in which he has engaged with the enemy—the Academics! What cared he how many apples it took to fall a thousand feet to provide enough heat to light a fire fly's running lights, when Plato said "E Pluribus Unum?" So this savor of the past, passed into the latter Stage of Official Development, popularly known as '21-B. Thus we account for war.

Therefore, as classmate to classmate, here is a toast to the happiness of Fairy, whether he be in love, war or both.

*Buzzard.*





JAMES VALENTINE CARNEY  
O'NEILL, NEBRASKA

"Jimmie" "Mick" "Steve" "Sook"

OUT from the land where corn husking is the national pastime came "Sook" alias Jimmie Valentine. Young "golden-ear" girded about him three innocent roommates and hardly had Plebe year been underway when we began to hear of Nebraska. "What! Never heard of O'Neill. Well —" and he was good for hours. He has faced death itself in defending that famous podunk and as the argument waxed warmer, the tighter became that grip and the more violently he slashed the air with that index finger in his efforts to convince, a mannerism that has added to his fame.

By chance this was not the one finger he lost in the notorious looting of the Kaydet's artillery, following that 6-0 battle of 1919. The accident, however, caused him two long months in the hospital where he acquired that finesse which has made him the envy of his wife and all who dared to swap stories.

Occasionally the Academics have slipped over an on-side kick on the boy but the game has been mostly in midfield, and the final whistle will find Jimmie among the fold staging that old uphill fight that must ultimately land him success.

*Buzzard.*



EDMUND CARROL MAHONEY  
BIDDEFORD, MAINE

"Judge"

EVERY man falls once, but it must have been a bad one that buckled Judge's uprightness the condition they're now in. And speaking of falls, did he ever tell you about the time in Boston, after a terrible flop, when he was about to put on the grand finale a la Wally Reid that Marion broke out the sparkler and fondly murmured, "You're just wonderful, Judge, and I do wish you'd make those funny faces some more." He's been a Democrat since, 'cause Harding is from Marion, Ohio. But he still cruises out each Saturday night to some boiler-makers' ball even without the guiding influence of Hog and Port.

Most of the boy's athletic ability has been developed along the Mexican line, but he swings a mean pair of destroyers on the soccer field. He has made a solitary fight against the sub squad detail for four long years, seeking but seeking vainly, that damn washer at the bottom of Bully's Aquarium.

Strategy and tactics, never gained from the minds of Doc Smith's cohorts, have kept Pat in the Service in spite of the gum shoe tactics of his arch enemies the D. O.'s, and he has well earned the title, "The cleverest man that ever snitched a pap."

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Soccer Squad (3, 2).*





HAROLD EGBERT AKEN  
 UTICA, NEW YORK  
 "Hal"

HAL came to us out of the wilderness at the ripe young age of sixteen. His youthfulness presented no drawbacks, however, for he has proved to be a good mixer and a potential savoir. His system for propelling torpedoes with reciprocating engines failed, due to the fact that one could not carry enough coal. The First Class saw in him an inventive prodigy, and decided to cultivate him by human assimilation of a reciprocating engine.

He is the supreme dopest of the class. For any dope or gossip go to Hal. He believes in the old slogan "Liberty or Death", and after so much practice has acquired the requisites for a liberty-maker. His activities in this line extend halfway around the globe. Honolulu and the "Nile" presented many attractions and liberties had to be made even if it was necessary to jump from the fo'c's'le and swim ashore. The belles of the West Coast were victims to his heavy line, and, 'tis said, he has one in every port.

Harold is a good comrade and pal. His word is like a band of steel, and he will stick to you thru "fair and foul." Good luck and God's speed to him on his journey with Father Time.

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
 Class Lacrosse;  
 Masqueraders (1).*



EDWARD CHARLES KLINE  
 UTICA, NEW YORK  
 "Ed" "Eddie" "EZ" "Kitty"

ONE cold day in November a blizzard and an apparition struck Annapolis simultaneously. The blizzard didn't last, but the apparition is still here. The latter, bedecked in his broad-brimmed straw hat with a collar to match, tan buttoned shoes, red socks, and peg trousers, personified the Beau Brummel of Utica. He wasn't exactly off the farm but had just passed by.

Kitty won early fame as the fly swatter premier of his home town, having taken first prize—a box of fish food—for collecting the largest aggregate of deceased insects.

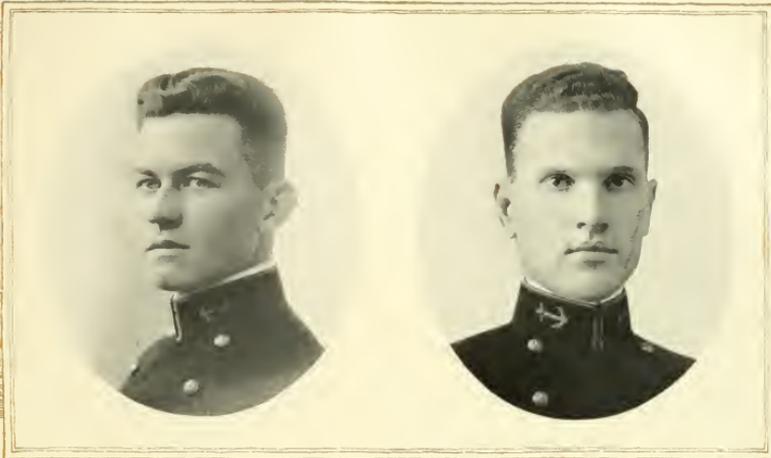
Since then Ed has continued to take all sorts of prizes. He was a member of the MacSwiney Club aboard the Kansas, King of the Bolsheviks in Smoke Hall, and has chronic rheumatism in his elbows from throwing the bull. At the hops Kitty is one of the regulars, and his ability to snow under those in tow makes him worthy of a position on Aunt Ada's All-American.

Ed's heavy line combined with sincerity and good will, will get him by many a shoal.

"Say, I want to talk insurance with you. Now I have a policy that will insure you against suicide, homicide, and herpicide."

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
 Masqueraders (1);  
 Log Staff (1).*





JOSEPH ANTHONY CONNOLLY  
WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK  
"Joe" "K-no-ly"

JOE came to us late Plebe summer, but it did not take long for us to know him.

His greatest gift is the way he makes the women fall for him, but he never takes it too seriously which accounts for his having a new girl quite frequently.

Joe is very particular about his appearance, always keeping a good stock of toilet articles in his locker, which he breaks out each Saturday night. If the women were only a little more observing when with Joe they would no doubt raise their mark with him. Why some of them don't even observe that he is a Stripper!

Don't worry over that, Joe, your typical Irish face and wonderful dancing take up all of the fair one's attention.

Hail the only Irish Republican from the Bronx! If Joe had not come in the Navy he would probably have been a park policeman, which is the only occupation open to his race in N. Y. C., but we hope that he will make just as good a Naval Officer.

*One Stripe;  
Buzzard (2);  
Class Football (1).*

JEFFERSON DAVIS BEARD  
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA  
"Jeff"

JEFF can sleep standing, sitting, and lying. If he had wings, he would doubtless sleep flying. He is the only one who has figured out how to get more than twenty-four hours sleep in a day. During Youngster cruise he fell asleep in a dead boiler and did not come to until the Maine got under way and someone heaved live coals on his head. Jeff thought he was in Hell and began to pray—or maybe he was swearing.

Ole Jeff is a blood brother of Tecumseh. Though he hits many trees, he has never been known to show signs of worry; but in his own quiet way eases along the narrow road of a 2.5.

There is one thing about Jeff we all admire and that is his ardent love for his home state.

Jeff wakes up every spring long enough to go out for crew. The Lord made him too light for the Varsity and his appetite too heavy for the "hundred and fifty." But in spite of this handicap, Jeff has continually and consistently plugged away at his oar, earning his numerals as stroke of '21's Plebe crew.

*Plebe Crew;  
Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Buzzard.*





LORENZO SEMPLE, JR.  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Bunny"

JACK ANDREWS UPSHUR,  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA  
"Jack" "Chutz"

WHAT! You never heard of her? Then you didn't see the "Follies of 19". Bunny has seen them all—from the Winter Garden to the Metropolitan Opera. In fact he is such a connoisseur of shows, that he simply couldn't resist the temptation of joining the Masqueraders early in his Youngster year and showing us all where even the great Theda Bara failed in the role of the Vamp. But it wasn't here that Bunny first made his debut into the limelight. Way back in the beginning of Plebeedom his name was heralded about as one of the great fusers to be. And his roommates can vouch that few hours of the day passed without many visits from the Upper Classmen, curious to learn just who this man was, who could unfold all the scandals of the "400" itself. Thus no one was surprised to find him in his Youngster year establishing a precedence for all the "would be" snakes.

Bunny has a remarkable power for acquiring friends. He counts them by the dozens and holds down one corner of Smoke Hall with his dry humor and repartee.

"Where are you going, Bunny?"  
"Just out to the Den."

*Buzzard;*  
*Masqueraders (3, 2).*

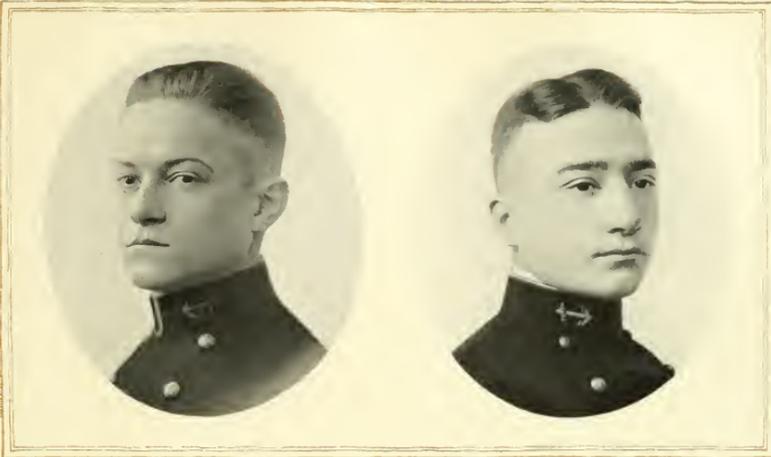
FAIR reader, let me draw your tense gaze from his noble visage to the name of the place from which he springs and you will quickly see how he became famous on cruises for going ashore and in less than an hour having a speaking acquaintance with every fair inhabitant of the town. You have already guessed, no doubt, that Jack hails from that modern Olympus, Norfolk, whose heights are ornated by the fairest goddesses of all times. But let me not mislead you by this sample of his lighter line, for Jack is the proud possessor of a most level head and has apparently mastered the art of being a convincing talker.

As to Academic activities, Jack sprang first into the limelight Youngster year in the role of a business man in the cast of the Masqueraders. He accomplished so much in the dramaturgical art that he convinced his fellows that he *was* a business man and hence was elected business manager his Second Class year.

Chutz has many good points, and you can always find an enthusiastic friend and admirer of his in any gathering, for he has many friends.

*Masquerader Cast (3, 2);*  
*Manager Masqueraders (2);*  
*Buzzard.*





EVERETT EDWARD PETTEE  
CAPE ELIZABETH, MAINE  
"Pet" "Gadget" "Pee-wee"

WALTER GABRIEL SCHINDLER  
NEW GLARUS, WISCONSIN  
"Bill" "Willie" "Walt" "Gabriel"

E. & P. left South Portland Hight with worlds to conquer. He conquered Ham and the Juice Department, and incidentally furnished the day's prob for the company. "Hey, Pet, gimme the prob" was the wooden man's plea and our lil' Pee-wee certainly came across and kept us off the rocks.

Red Mike? No. Smoke? No. But it took a detective to find out when he dragged. He'd go off to a tea fight out in town and come back flushed with victory. He had a way about him that made him a lovable little creature at a tea fight or in the lesser trials of life.

For a long time he had visions of trotting his grandchildren on his knee at his summer home in Maine. Maybe he still has, we don't know, but—often observing the results of his visit to Seattle during First Class cruise, we have our doubts as to his settling down in the Pine Tree State at all.

It can be safely said that Gadget is everybody's friend and everybody is his friend. He is a hard worker, and although not a saviour he is savvy.

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Lacrosse Squad (4);  
Class Lacrosse (2).*

HAW-HAW-HAW, and a dictaphone in the next county registers Our Willie's horse laugh. He is both military and seagoing, a rare combination in these days. He got his military experience at St. John's which has produced such celebrities as Turk Wirth and Rufus King. Lest you be disturbed, gentle reader, this school is not our local pride, but is located at Delafeld, Wisconsin!

Willie is sure a real friend, neither a fusser or a Red Mike, just a good citizen. He can either be conscientious, or non-reg as the mood suits him. Many and original were the games of sloboon, tennis and handball that were played in his room, and many the fragments of crockery which suffered accordingly.

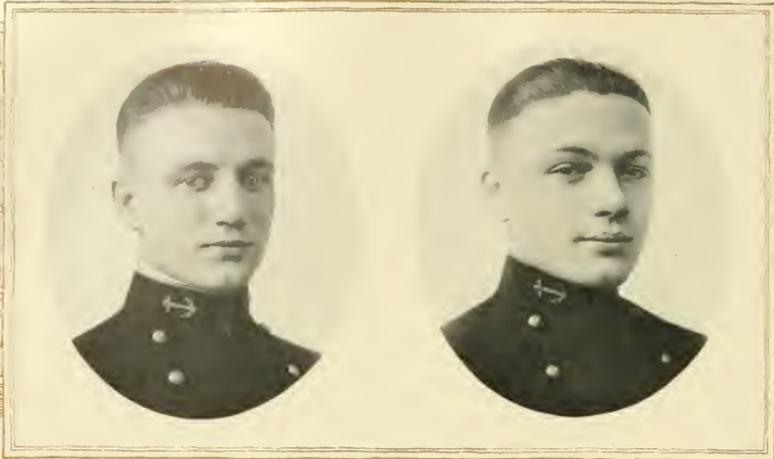
Being a demon for work, Bill went out for the photography and business end of the Lucky Bag and was the right man in the right place. If a picture could be gotten, he got it; if these same pictures could be sold, he sold them.

Those of us who have spent most of our days in this company and who have made our cruises with him, know him for the four-square and open-hearted man he is. Willie's kind make good!

"An' I says to her, I says——"

*Buzzard;  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Track Squad;  
Expert Rifleman.*





ORAL RAYMOND SWIGART  
COLUMBIA CITY, INDIANA  
"Swig"

FORT HAMMOND CALLAHAN  
BAINBRIDGE, GEORGIA  
"Chubby" "Cal"

**H**ERE'S Swig, Indiana's own. Swig must be moving; and he believes in making the Plebes step out too. To be heard at any time in vicinity of 1051 "Brace up. Mr. Goolash! Do you mean to tell me you've never been in this room before," or "Mr. Nutzenheimer, have you ever contributed to the sinking fund for starving Midshipmen?"

Swig's two strong points are fussing and wrestling. He made his N both Youngster and Second Class years. He was Captain of the wrestling squad his Second and First Class years; and, most important of all, he represented us on an American wrestling squad at the Olympics.

But fuss, My Gawd! Our hero fell in and out of love so many times and so quickly that the reversals made him dizzy. Swigart loves every splinter in that old gym because of its dancing associations.

Did somebody ask if Swig was seagoing? Why you ignorant fish, that man was so seagoing that he wore his old sea-green suit long after those of his classmates had died. Incidentally Swig usually accompanied the crew of S.S. 1051 on their extra duty cruises Second Class year. But Swig is generous as well as seagoing, and would split his last Fat with a friend.

*Buzzard;*  
*Wrestling N (3, 2);*  
*Olympic Shield;*  
*Track Numerals (4);*  
*Captain Wrestling Team (2, 1).*

**C**HUBBY, alias Fort Hammond Callahan, has a history behind that name. Try as he would he could not conceal that chubby expression around his collar. Many a D. O. has been foiled in the attempt to rag him for lack of neckwear. The art of White Studio, however, came to the rescue and a rag collar can actually be seen in the above picture.

Fort is a musical being and has spent many a study hour warbling quaint melodies to his unsympathetic playmates. A trip to Doc's either took the cheer out of those little tunes or caused him to run through love scenes of grand opera. Those little trips were the bane of Cal's existence and that Saturday night expression, win or lose, will never be forgotten.

"I crave food—Avez-vous quelque chose à manger" came from Chubby at all hours of a sidereal day. He was never known to refuse sweets, fruit, or drink. On his Plebe Thanksgiving Day he was the pride of his company and in the belt expansion contest he won without a murmur.

That's Cal for you. A big cigar, and a group of congenial friends. We'll bet that within two years after graduation he knows half the fleet officers. Skippers included.

*Buzzard (2, 1);*  
*Expert Rifleman.*





WILLIAM BRADFORD CRANSTON  
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA  
"Bill"

HERE is one more advocate of the five-year course! Bless their hearts.

Bill is the promulgator of a thousand and one wild schemes. Occasionally he puts one across. One very notable exception however was Bill's Plebe summer roulette wheel.

He made his three cruises on the Reina, in the good old days of black N stars.

Bill should have been a curiologist. One look at his collection of impossible curios, the fruits of three cruises, would convince anyone of that. He has an unconquerable appetite for rare incense, old Japanese shoes, fancy cigarette holders and cases.

Our "Sockatinos" is somewhat of a snake. He is weak on the line but strong on the dancing; and he is always found where there is good jazz music!

The golf fever claimed Bill First Class year. When it comes to mashies and brassies, and other things Scotch—especially those pertaining to the proverbial nineteenth hole—he is an authority.

Bill is always the same, quiet, even tempered, true blue through and through, with scores of friends and nary an enemy. He embodies every quality that goes to make up the ideal shipmate—what more can we say?

"What do you think of this proposition?"

*Buzzard (2, 1).*



CHARLES WELLINGTON GRAY, JR.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Duke" "Drake" "Dolly"

THAT rosy face, turned up nose, and the twinkle of old Killarney's Lakes in his eyes betray Duke as an aborigine of old Erin. Most of us know him well and know him for a loyal comrade and a steadfast pal. "Solid as the Rock of Gibraltar"—that's the kind of a friend the Duke is.

Athletic? He is considerably so. Duke has been a persistent and successful candidate for Twenty-one's class football and baseball teams, and a little additional avoirdupois might have seen him on the Varsity gridiron.

The Duke is versatile and has many lurking potentialities. Do you remember the time he needed a 4.0 on the Ordnance Exam to pull sat—and got it! Wellington is rabid about girls—and golf. "Hi say, replace them divots!"

"So long, Duke, old man; may we always drop a hook in the same mud. And don't forget that terrible Irish Hod-carrier's Black Dudeen!"

"I'll take a Manhattan, your honor."

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Class Baseball (2, 1);  
Class Football (1).*





FRANK RUSSELL TALBOT  
 CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK

"Frankie" "Russ" "Lizzie"

**N**OW you see it, now you don't! No, we're not talking about the act of a magician, but about that dimple in Frankie's chin. His mother says it is an angel kiss. But Frank claims it is a scar left by a kick from the devil—and speaking of devils, did you see the little imp in his eye and his smile? That smile has become legend because three years, hard labor at lightweight crew, two years rough and tumble in class basketball, and duties of Regimental adjutant have failed to wipe it off.

Russ lives up state New York and comes from a little town located on the same river that laps the walls of the Point, but he has fairly lived down this drawback by recently moving into Maryland. With all its peaceful surroundings though, Maryland has failed to cause him to forget his old habit of passing that old wicked line about "Al and Lizzie"—mysterious companions of the frozen north.

With his smile and dimple, Frankie has gone through his four years here making friends in all classes. And it is safe to say they are friends he will keep.

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2);  
 Class Basketball (2, 1);  
 Ass't Manager Lucky Bag;  
 Regimental Adjutant;  
 Buzzard (2);  
 Captain Class Basketball (1);  
 Manager Crew (1).*

WALTER JOSEPH LEE  
 OSWEGO, NEW YORK

"Chink" "Joe" "Walt"

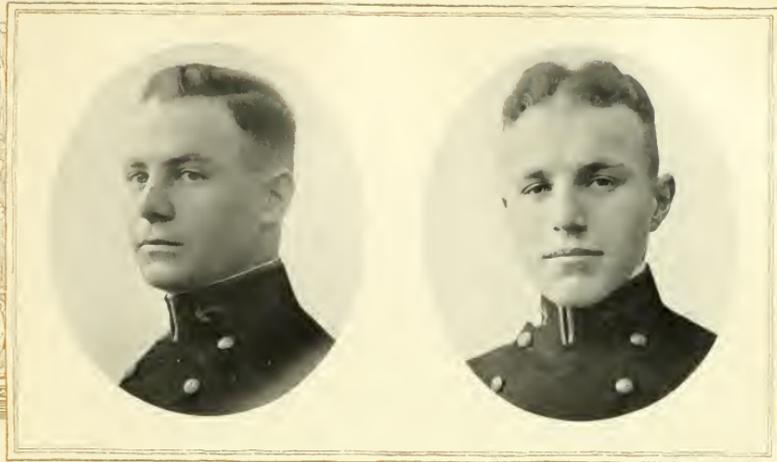
**L**EAVE it to the Chink to make you feel at home. At any convenient time of the day, especially on Saturday night or Sunday morning you can find nearly the whole of his deck around in his room swapping his and incidently consuming Walt's cheese, crackers, and apples.

His Roof Garden parties were oft times better than the "Century"—You need not stretch your imagination to picture, cruise mattresses, a banjo, and a guitar gracing the Fourth Deck Second Wing's Moonlight Roof Garden Parties—these came to an end when some boob tipped a quart box of soft ice cream off the ledge of the window and down this same young fellow's neck.

The Chink's ability and aggressiveness have placed him in the footlights of the Masqueraders, so much so that the kid is directing this year's productions. He is a natural-born actor. Only those who have been connected with the Masqueraders can know just how many hours are spent down in the band room rehearsing. The Juice consumed by those late hours hasn't added to his persistently gravitating Juice mark. This Juice must be bad for Walt's eyes but filled with coal dust he could read shorthand.

*One Stripe;  
 Masqueraders (3, 2, 1);  
 Director Masqueraders (1);  
 Cheer Leader (1);  
 Masked "N"—Gold and Silver.*





GEORGE ALLEN JONES  
BOURBON, ILLINOIS

JAMES HALL McWILLIAMS  
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY  
"Mac" "Jimmie" "J. Hall"

"Que Dice" "Wooden" "Foolish George" "Liberty Jones"

**N**OTHING ventured, nothing gained," ought to be inscribed on Que Dice's coat of arms. More stirring adventures have been crowded into his dashing, windy career than would fill a dozen volumes. For genuine and unbroken horseshoe luck, Liberty Jones has no near competitor. He never worried about anything. His wife carried that burden whenever he felt Chicago or Massachusetts calling him. His crowning achievement, no doubt, was when, single handed, he subdued the entire 16th company and gave Mac heart failure, not to mention the mile records that were broken by Gus Weidner. If you want further evidence, inspect the hole in the wall of 4344.

Foolish George had an awful struggle with the All-Academics, but proved that he deserved his Plebe name by fooling them all, assisted by a ream or two in Dago.

For a good hearted, and genuine friend George is hard to beat. "He sticketh like a brother." Here's luck to him and his undimmed smile.

Que Dice?

*Buzzard;*  
*Class Football (1);*  
*Boxing Squad (1).*

**D**ID you ever want someone to do anything for you real badly? Mac is the boy you wanted. He'll get it; anything from running down to the store for "eats" to getting your best girl's picture for you. He's the boy that "Carries the message to Garcia." And did you ever have a secret that you didn't want anyone else to know? Somehow or other Mac always knew it. He is one of the few persons who knows what he wants, and gets it.

Mac is one of our best two-hour arguers. He can talk with the best of them for any length of time and convince even himself. Along with this Mac is distinguished by his inherent polish, culture, assurance and ability. His hobby is the classic, whether it be literature, art, music, or the ladies. His victrola collection included everything from "Hungarian wop" to the grandest opera, which nearly drove Que Dice insane.

When it comes to loyalty to a friend, Mac makes "Damon and Pythias" look like a newly "ragged" Bolsheviki with a D. O. Right or wrong, Mac will stick to his pal. Luck to him in the service and as was said of Abou Ben Adhem—"May his tribe increase!"

*Buzzard;*  
*Class Baseball (2);*  
*Track (4).*





CLIFFORD THOMAS KELSH  
 OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN  
 "Cliff" "Stupe" "Squelch"

PAUSE a moment, gentle reader, and direct your gaze on the serene countenance depicted above. Can you trace therein the lineaments of a devotee to the works of Bullard, Bowditch, etc.; a rabid hater of the fair sex; and a stalwart champion of the little green book which governs our sojourn in Crabtown? "No," you say? Verily, gentle one, you have a discriminating eye.

To Cliff's way of thinking, the volumes of cross-sections and logarithms which haunt our dreams accomplish nothing but mischief. They even tended to distract his attention from his one great failing, the femmes. (Or perhaps the last word should be singular).

Cliff's virtues need no loud extolling to make known their existence. But in closing, in spite of the fact that this is not an obituary, we must mention one trait which we especially admire. To his friends, he is unshakably loyal. Adversity is the true test of friendship and though you may be on the tree, pap, and extra duty list, busted and dragging blind, his is as warm as ever.

*Buzzard.*

DASHIELL LIVINGSTON MADEIRA  
 ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA  
 "Dash" "Gloom"

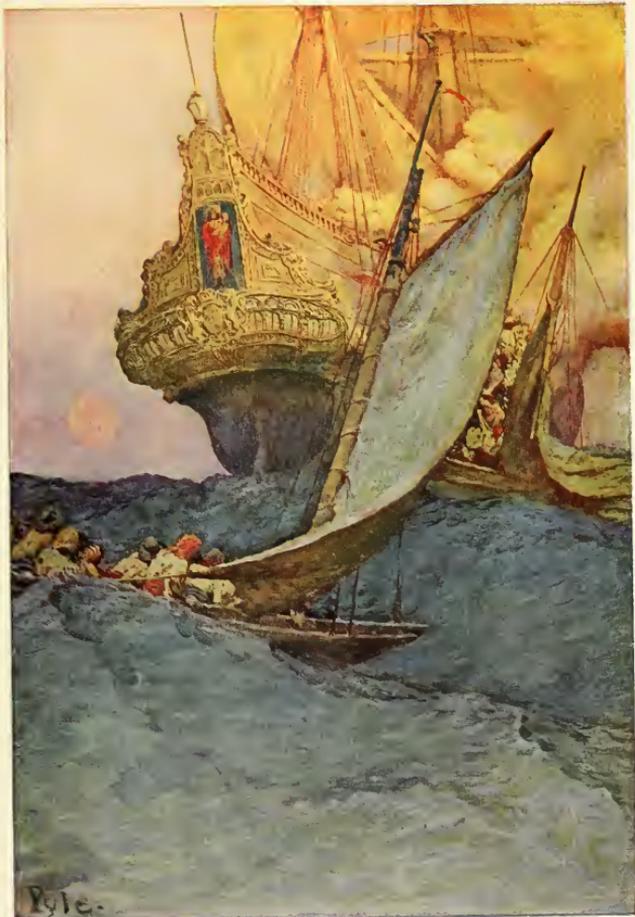
AGLANCE at his grinning visage never fails to elicit inquiries as to the why of Gloom. A misnomer it certainly is, for Gloom has yet to be afflicted with a solemn or a serious thought. His only enemies are the members of the Rhino Club. That Sunday-night feeling has never yet withstood Gloom's ear-to-ear grin.

If he doesn't wear a horseshoe around his neck, he carries it in an equally effective place for everything seems to come his way. Especially when he breaks out the battered old guitar and makes it produce strains of sweet music that only partially camouflage his notorious whiskey tenor. His rendition of "Christopher Columbo" and other justly famous ditties have long been used as a pattern by many of our budding young Carusos.

Gloom's marksmanship is only equalled by his unparalleled line. And in that open honest countenance lies his greatest asset. Having an imagination rivalled only by that of one Baron Munchausen, Gloom has adroitly combined it with a suave manner that fairly radiates sincerity and has thereby lulled to sleep any suspicions that would otherwise have aroused grave doubts as to the veracity of his fantastic tales.

*Three Stripes;  
 RNT (4); Manager Rifle Team (2);  
 Buzzard (2).*





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Drawn by Howard Pyle

An Attack on a Galleon





CHARLES RANDALL BROWN  
TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA  
"Cat"



THOMAS LEE MCCANN  
TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA  
"Friday" "Mac"

**H**AILING from a fair spot in "Alabam" this southerner has acquired in four years, a history that none of us can surpass and few of us can equal. The story of his adventures would fill volumes of interesting literature for those who have been through the mill, as well as those who are to follow. A study of his tactics and strategy would furnish excellent training for any aspiring D. O.

In spite of his mischief, Cat has demonstrated, on numerous occasions, that underneath the hard surface of his top-side structure he has the where-with-all to cope successfully with anything that the All-Academics can put forth in the combat. He is as stubborn as the proverbial mule.

In his home town some years ago, his favorite amusement was throwing rocks and burning sage brush, but alas! he has deviated from those days, and now his spare time is completely controlled by the femmes whose charms he could not resist. But he still scraps at the drop of the hat, sometimes to soothe his own smarting conscience but more often to remove the objective from his ken.

Yo no sé pero, señor, yo no geeva. . . .

*Clean Sleeve;  
Buzzard.*

**L**OOK him over, people. No, it's not General John J. or even Jess Willard, in spite of the underslung jaw, but just Friday, which is enough. However, that jaw isn't hung on there for a show—ask anyone who knows him.

Friday has never been in serious danger of starring, it must be admitted, but on the other hand, since his hard fight with Descrip Plebe year, the All-Academics have held few real terrors for him.

Friday brought Cat along with him from Alabama, and since then he has spent a large part of his time trying to teach him the wisdom of a reg life. The past good conduct of that young man, which both the Admiral and the Secnav took special pains to mention at the beginning of First Class year, is a living example of his success along this line.

There's been a sad and far-off look in his eyes of late, which can have but one answer—woman. For six long years he worshipped at the shrine, only to find that the female of the species—but it's the same sad old tale. Friday says it's lucky Adam didn't have any competitors.

But if the women have failed to appreciate Friday, we haven't, for he is a true-blue friend, whom none of us ever want to lose.

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Baseball Numerals (3);  
Baseball Team (3).*





WILLIAM DAVID JOHNSON, JR.  
DEATSVILLE, ALABAMA  
"Dave"

DEATSVILLE is two hoots and a holler from Montgomery, and Dave's home is three miles from Deatsville which probably accounts for his selection of Marion as a prep school. We refuse to say more of his sojourn at Marion, and if your time is at all valuable, just take our advice and don't let him start telling you about it.

Youngster year the hops claimed Dave's attention; and girls, if you value your affections steer clear of him, for as sure as hog-killin' comes every year and thereafter comes sausage, chitlens and the like, the boy will have you at his beck and call in no time at all.

As he has a very military appearance somebody decided that he would make a leader, and as a result he has led the Fifteenth Company through every mud puddle on the field. But there wasn't an animal in the company who wouldn't have followed him into the black, boiling, bubbling waters of the justly famous river Styx had he said the word.

Dave's one big diversion is the Lucky Bag and in spite of the fact that he claims to be the woodenest Editor the Bag has ever had, we are perfectly willing for you to judge his merits by it.

*Editor Lucky Bag;*  
*Asst. Athletic Editor Log (2);*  
*Lucky Bag Staff (2);*  
*Editor Reef Points;*  
*Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);*  
*June Ball Committee (3, 2);*  
*Buzzard (2); Three Stripes.*



JOHN MADISON HOSKINS  
PINEVILLE, KENTUCKY  
"Savvy" "Jawn"

SAIL HO— What Ho?—  
2.0— Who?—

Hoskins!

After giving his trusty muzzle-loader a last touch of grease, and slipping off to keep his dog from following him, our hero of the mountains tramped over to Possum's general store, where he purchased his Sunday clothes; then took the short cut to Mancy's Mill, boarded the stage, and would have arrived at the Naval Academy on time had not said stage busted down fifty miles out of Hickville.

Now, John is a canny lad, but Plebe year the All-Academics made his Naval career look like a view of Waikiki from the Singer Building with the visibility at its minimum. Although the "trees" have harbored him these many years, at last he has emerged from the wilderness—unslept, unsat, and unstrung. Frank, soft spoken, and cheerful, Jawn has won us all. He can convince any femme that she is the best friend he has in the world, and wouldn't be so far wrong at that. He can assure any chaperone that her presence is unnecessary 'n everything, but—that brings on more talk.

"Now when I was working on the railroad down in Ben Hur—"

*Buzzard;*  
*Manager Tennis (2, 1);*  
*Anchor Man (4);*  
*Lucky Bag Staff (1);*  
*Bald Club (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Masqueraders (1).*





FRANK ROBINSON WALKER  
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

*"Johnny Walker" "Nasty" "Snotty" "Frankie"*

WHOOOP-de-doot-chow-ho! Where's my shirt, Jones-Kotchum 4.0 in blinker this morning—off my bed Johnson. Must "tengo" letter this afternoon—Hey! Snelling, Drag em ho Saturday—Huh—how come! It is certainly a good thing Nasty doesn't talk in his sleep or this rabble would go on continually.

If he ever starts talking about First Class cruise, you would think that he was in every port on the West Coast and Honolulu at the same time. However out of consideration for Nasty, we will say that it is not from any lack of brain power, but rather an increased number of brain throbs.

Whenever or wherever any rough house is taking place Snotty will always be found in the midst of the thickness. In spite of being one of the biggest Bolsheviks, Frank succeeded in knocking Joe loose for two stripes. He started Second Class year with a buzzard, which flew away shortly after Xmas, and we are all looking forward to his losing his two stripes in the same way. If there is any doubt in the mind of the reader as to how it happened, just ask Nasty about Jig-Jig, and the Log Office during Second Class semi-anns.

No can go—Bye, Bye.

*Buzzard (2);  
Two Stripes (1);  
Manager Basketball (1);  
Company Representative (2, 1);  
Lucky Bag Staff.*



HAL CARTER JONES  
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

*"Dopey" "Hal" "Jonesy"*

AH Ha, Ha, Ha,—Isn't he the fine boy though? And without further delay we know that little Hal is amongst us. Or look at that section stumbling all over itself trying to keep step. Right away we know Jonesy is the guide of said unfortunate section. As a guide he closely resembles a fishing cork being bobbed up and down by a whole covey of hungry fish. Without a doubt you are always aware of his presence, or even his proximity. There is something about it that invariably tells you. And he is usually in the public eye as a result of his numerous skirmishes with both the Academics and the Executives, especially the latter. With the women he's also there. He tells us so himself, and besides who could help but adore that cute little fellow with that girlish smile and shining, pearly teeth? As a dancer—well we hardly need to mention that again since it has already been explained how his walk would put that of an oscillating camel to shame. As a scrapper he do "fit," despite his slight stature and knock-knees. And somehow he nearly always manages to make the other fellow holler "calf-ropes" which means—well, ask Snake Hand. He knows.

*C. P. O.;  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Reina (4);  
Advertising Manager Lucky Bag.*





ADDIS DEWEY NELSON  
BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Nellie" "Nels" "Monk"



JOHN PERRY WHITNEY  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Jack" "Jake" "Ambition"

LOOK him over, people. A true snake who conforms to the ancient rites and traditions of the favored brotherhood. Any Saturday night over at a hop, all you had to do was to look around the deck, and you could immediately pick out our dashing Addis from the remainder of the laboring swains. The only trouble is that he is so terribly bashful—that being one of the reasons why he didn't go out for the gym team after he had become a nonchalant Youngster.

Our Nellie wields a deadly racquet, and as for sailing, he is a veritable old man of the sea. He is perfectly at home in calm or storm, but prefers to anchor during squalls. With a skag in his face and his hand on the tiller, he is in his natural element.

Besides his many other accomplishments, he has made many a night horrible with his violin. It's wonderful what music can do for one. His friends still remain true, even after such a night's session.

When all is said and done, he is a true and staunch friend and hasn't an enemy in the Academy; and what more can be said?

"H—l, Jake! My hair's coming out again."

*Gym Team (4);  
Tennis Team (3, 2, 1);  
Captain Tennis Team (1);  
Winner Thompson Trophy Sailing Race;  
Two Stripes.*

WHEN Jack came to the Naval Academy, the architectural beauty of our home for recalcitrants, the Reina Mercedes, attracted him more than that of Bancroft Hall. Accordingly he moved there for his Youngster year. He and the Executive Department are like unto poles, and sparks fly whenever they meet. He is saving the two trunks-full of intimate correspondence with the Commandant to hand down to his grandchildren, and is seriously thinking of publishing them in book form.

As to Jack himself, not too much can be said. As a roommate he is a bird. When gloom is rampant, it is quickly dispelled when he puts on his little skit known as "Moonlight on the Lily Pads," a specialty of his back-to-nature dancing. Ask him about the time he furnished amusement in this line for a half-rater party. The marks are still on his back. Jake is musical. His musical weapons are scattered all over the place. He isn't still unless he is flirting with a mandolin or petting a banjo. He is good-natured, easy-going, and of an even disposition.

Here's hoping, Jack, that duty officers are not installed on shipboard after graduation, because, if they are, we stand a good chance of losing a gloom-chasing and congenial shipmate.

"Now, ho-o-old the dee-al!"

*Clean Sleeve;  
Buzzard;  
Class Football (1);  
Class Soccer (1).*





CLARENCE EDWARD ALDRICH  
SAINT ALBANS, VERMONT  
"Clarence" "Sweetie"



FLETCHER BIDDLE BALL  
DAVENPORT, IOWA  
"Fats" "Flick" "Biddle"

"OH, girls isn't he the handsome boy though!" This new England democrat with the 4.0 face, the 1.0 brace, and the winning smile is the editor of the college weekly. With a little handful of followers grouped around him he has burnt the midnight oil from six to ten evenings every week, in order that the Regiment may be amused, enthused, and educated by our local Life—The Log.

Take it from one who knows, this editor proposition is a mean one. Late hours, not turned out at reveille, unsat in from three to eight subjects, unauthorized use and Neglect of Duty. That's what the Log meant and does mean to the faithful few who stick through First Class year. Why do they do it? God knows!

Aside from this mere trifle of eighteen hours extra work a week, Clarence has held down two stripes, has gotten a great deal of fun out of life, and has taken care of Biddle Ball so long now that he is used to it.

Fuss? With that face? Does a duck swim? The hearts that he has broken lie strewn from the Green Mountains of Vermont to the cocoanut groves of Panama.

A likeable man who loves the smell of ink and glue, and a damned good fellow.

*Log Staff (3, 2);  
Editor-in-Chief of Log (1);  
Buzzard (2);  
Two Stripes.*

"DID it," says Fats; "Did it twice," writes Flick in his diary; and there you have him. He always did something and then spent a great deal of time explaining to Whitey that he didn't. He is, without a doubt, the best known man at the Academy, for you never saw him once without remembering both his face and name. They seem to go together. Ask any D. O.

Flick was a confirmed Red Mike for two and a hal years, but his foot slipped about Easter of Second Class year. He hasn't missed an opportunity since, but has been considerably mixed up in his love affairs.

So Biddle has stuck with us just because he has the sticking stuff in him. He is the kind who will turn a frown into a good-natured smile in a second. As Keeper of the Goat, he was a knock-out and he handled both the job and the Goat as nobody else could. He didn't get stripes, but he has made every effort to make himself "the best and most efficient First P. O. in the Regiment," as Griffin wanted him to be.

"I'm not built for a hammock, and I see no reason why a man has to be an acrobat to be a Naval Officer."

*Choir (4, 3, 2);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Keeper of the Goat;  
Buzzard.*





JOHN CRAWFORD MCQUEEN  
CHANUTE, KANSAS

"Johnnie" "Mac" "Johnnie Mac"

JOHNNIE received his first pair of long trousers and his appointment as one of Uncle Sam's pampered pets simultaneously. Previous to that he had fallen blithely in love. But here Old Man Hard-luck perched upon his shoulders and rode there up till his Second Class year.

To Johnnie, sympathetic, human companionship is as essential for an unburdened existence as a catless vestry to a church mouse. But even Plebe year in a B-room with its dreary electric light mornings made but little drain on Mac's unlimited supply of optimism.

A badly sprained ankle Plebe year robbed him of a cNt, and the nine weeks of hospital life nearly robbed the Navy of one good officer by the bilging route. Then just to show how it was done he proceeded to fracture both a wrist and an ankle Youngster year. As we carried him to sick-quarters, one despairing "Fellows, they've bilged me now," was his only complaint. Again it looked as though we were going to lose him, but not so with Johnnie. The cruise gave him an opportunity to make up the lost work and the situation was saved by Mac losing part of that precious leave in Chanute. He fought and stuck to the job through many difficulties and we admire him for having succeeded.

Such is Mac as he is known by his fellows, whose whole personality is summed up in the one word lovable.

*Buzzard.*



DALLAS GROVER, JR.  
SALINA, KANSAS

"Daddy" "Dal"

"DADDY, dear old Daddy, you're more than a Mother to us"—heard in concert from Daddy's room. Salina has reason to be proud of this fair Romeo who has been in love all the days of his Naval career. After every September he is decidedly worse because of his visit to a northwestern state.

Daddy came to us a fine boy but he laments with tearful eye and shaking voice what the Navy has done for him. Plebe year he fain would have resigned but an Upper Classman forbade it and tore up his resignation. Second Class year he took long and painful journeys on Wednesdays and Saturdays with the E. D. squad, in spite of which form of athletics he managed to make the sub squad.

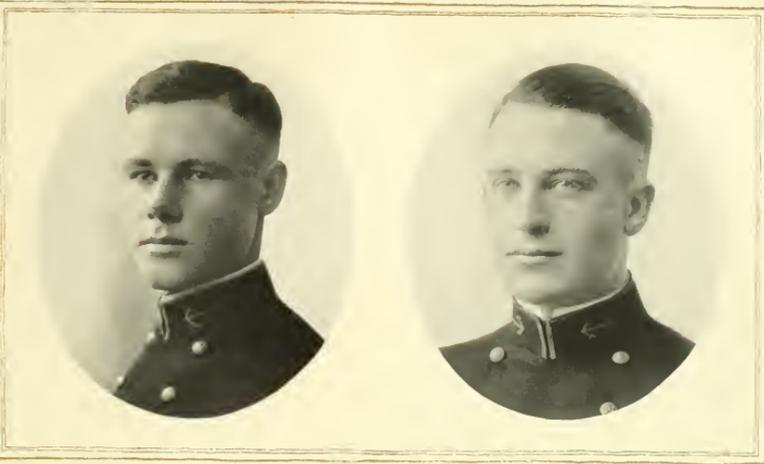
Just come up to the room during any evening study hour and you will find Daddy busy—with his lessons! —ll no! He never lets them bother him. He is always found with a pen and paper writing to that same little girl.

"Hey, fellows, I'm dragging her again next week. Have you seen her? Then just come over to the hop Saturday—oh Boy!"

"Lemme in my locker."

*Buzzard;*  
*Submarine Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





ROBERT PENNIMAN LEWIS  
POMPTON LAKES, NEW JERSEY  
"Bob" "Lucy"

WILLIAM JOHN MURPHY  
PERRY, IOWA  
"Bill" "Spuds"

WHILE this is not intended for a society column, a biography of Bob would be as incomplete without a record of his social achievements as the proverbial Peruvian Prince without his parasol. Now the younger set of Pompton Lakes is without its dashing leader, for Bob is at present "chef d'etat major" to Professor Bell, and his native ville basques in the full sunshine of its former glory, only during the month of September.

As a vocalist, our Lucy has no rival. In reference, consult the D. O., who traced the uncanny noises to the boudoir of Lucy and found him calmly whiling away the dull moments by crooning an accompaniment to the *Sûriette*.

Bob's efficiency speaks for itself and we notice his req for three stripes was not granted. His infectious laugh and ready willingness to give one butts on his last skag have gained him a host of friends. The same qualities which caused him to stick with the Hustlers Plebe year enabled him to stick with us the three remaining turbulent years without a sign of weakening.

"Hey—Deacon! how's it for a shot of tooth paste?"

*Two Stripes;  
Buzzard (2).*

GIRLS, this ideal specimen of all that graceful manhood should be, is from Perry, Iowa, which has three drug stores and a paved street. He has an intensely interesting past, too, and although there are no Bertillon records of him, he can spin many an adventurous tale.

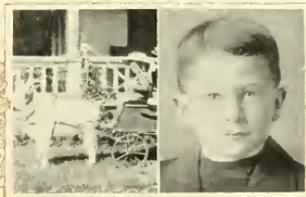
Murph had a real athletic record back in high school days, but believes in the easy life now. He occasionally sails a catboat and has been known to play tennis, but he gave up his football ambitions for the more important clash with the All-Academics.

Spuds is a fusser of ability when he forgets his studies and no man can pass him on the ballroom floor. He loves Fatima, hates Dago, and dreams of the days he spent in Baltimore as a candidate.

Bill wastes no time, so through his hard work and consistent effort he earned the three stripes which he wore his First Class year. Just a living example of "You can't down the Irish."

Here's luck, Murph, you deserve it.

*Two Stripes (A);  
Regimental Commissary (B).*





THOMAS LAWRENCE LEWIS  
AMITE, LOUISIANA  
"Tom" "Lewie"

FRANKLIN McREE SHANNONHOUSE, JR.  
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Shannon" "Shanny" "Frank"

**T**OM is the original Kreisler of the class. Many an evening that should have been spent boning, has been spent in drawing real music from that old fiddle of his, and incidentally, holding the Bolshevistic element of the Tenth Company quiet, proving the old adage—Music hath charms that soothe the savage beast.

Tom is musical but he doesn't carry any of this dreamy temperament with him out on the lacrosse field. When spring rolls around he is Lewis, Navy; and every afternoon sees him trotting to Worden Field with a war club on his shoulder and that mean look in his eye that all of Hiram's gang get sooner or later.

In a social way, old Trotsky, is neither a snake nor a Red Mike, but when he does drag, he drags with a vengeance and gets away with it, so he advises us. Maybe it's his southern drawl, maybe it isn't, but whatever it is he thinks it works wonderfully.

All in all, Tom is a good boy to tie to—no, not tie to a whistling buoy way out a few miles from nowhere. Watch him wake 'em up out in the Service when he and his fiddle have the mid-watch.

*LNT (2);  
Lacrosse Numerals (3);  
Musical Club;  
Buzzard (2, 1).*

**"H**HEY mister, where you from?" "No'th Ca'lina, sub!" and so Shannon was inaugurated into our midst one memorable day in June. And didn't we think he was a hard one, when a few days later we heard him read out for smoking; and saw him set out bag and baggage, or rather hammock, for a cruise on the U. S. S. Reina; the first culprit of the class.

Just about this time Shag started worrying, and he has been at it ever since. He worried about being on the ship, about being unsat, passing the semi-anns, passing the anns—and when nothing bothered him he worried about his friends, which kept him mighty busy. Probably all this explains his scanty locks.

Quite often the Gods of Learning have had to be forced to smile—and at times it seemed only a snicker—upon his mental endeavors, for it can be truthfully said that Jiji has used up more nocturnal petroleum in trying to savvy the vagaries of Bullard and his cohorts than would keep the roads (both of them) in his home town tarviized for the next decade.

Seriously speaking, Shannon is one "L" of a good scout and a friend worth while.

*Class Football (2, 1);  
Numerals (2);  
Battalion C. P. O.;  
Bald Club (4, 3, 2, 1).*





WILLIAM STANLEY PRICE  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI  
"Pinky" "Bill" "Stan"

LAWRENCE CHARLES GRANNIS  
DULUTH, MINNESOTA  
"Larry" "Granny" "L. C."

**B**ILL left his home port of St. Louis and reached Annapolis by an indirect route, stopping over in New York State for some college life.

Pinky always seemed to have very successful Sep leaves. We haven't heard all of his Sep leave experiences but some of us know about the circumstances of the fly in the carburetor.

At first this easy-going, good-natured chap objected to being called Pinky, but when he was convinced that all the femmes who attended the hops had adopted him with this title, he decided that he liked it. Occasionally the M. C. delivered a letter addressed "Midshipman Pinky Price", which is almost proof that the girls know him by no other name.

Bill was always good company at a porter-house steak dinner. He likes tennis, sailing and the movies, but especially caulking.

He had his own peculiar Plebe year experiences. When he was out for crew that first year he rather enjoyed sitting on inhinity.

Academically speaking, Pinky never had the thrill of ragging his monthly marks posted in red, but even at that he sometimes had the "Smoke Hall Blues."

*Buzzard (2);  
C. P. O.;  
Two Stripes.*

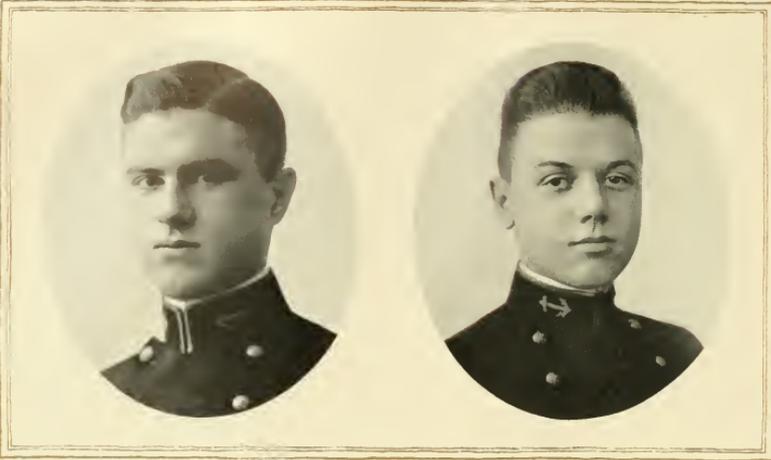
**I**BANE come from Min-ne-so-ta," but just the same Larry says he isn't a descendant of Olaf Olsen—take it for what it is worth, my fair readers—for personally, no one has ever been able to find out. Appearances are deceitful sometimes, you know.

When Saturday rolled around, you used to be able to get Larry to go to the movies with you; now, when you say "Let's go to town, Larry," it is always "Nope, I can't; I'm dragging today." "Who?" "I don't know, never saw her before," and when you come around on Sunday morning to offer your consolations, you get thrown out of the room. Larry's special favorite this year seems to be a certain Visitation convent over in Washington. When the graduation invitations come out, somebody is going to be broke.

Larry likes the Navy fine until a few weeks before anns and semi-anns, then he begins to edge around "pa" and "ma", and to tell them to look for a job for their noble son. Larry always manages to slide through, though, and it won't be very many sleeps and burts until we will be glad to be shipmates with him once more.

*Buzzard (2);  
C. P. O. (1).*





SILAS BRUCE MOORE  
DES MOINES, IOWA  
"Seaman Si" "Si"

JOHN FITZPATRICK MADDEN  
AT LARGE  
"Fitz"

THIS shining light dropped in on us along in July, Plebe year, and since his arrival has drifted right along. Towards the close of Youngster year he donated the marbles to the Skinny Department and decided to join the Second Class. Second Class year, however, he decided to knock off rates with the All-Academics, so he rose in his wrath and smote them so sorely on the pate, that he has had his way with them ever since.

Fussing comes second nature—there are no fevered preparations, no wild anticipations, but when Saturday drifts around Bruce appears properly equipped, and with unruffled air. He hasn't started any noticeable discriminations as yet—he awaits, perchance, a broader field. He early formed an aversion to the cross country squad, and by the grace of the Gods of luck, and the King of the Belgians, his walks have been few and far between. His affability, his generosity, and his many likeable traits and characteristics have given him a lasting place among us.

"Did you make some remark?"

"Far be it from me to offer suggestions."

*Buzzard (2);  
Three Stripes (1).*

"HOWDY, old bean, think it'll rain tomorrow?" Such is the ever pleasant greeting of this young fellow from anywhere, who has never been known to cast the shadow of gloom over anyone's household. He takes things as they come, even a cold bust in a Nav P-Work failing to shake his optimistic outlook.

Far be it from us to mention too many of John's abilities, but when it comes to tennis, you had better watch your step. As for swimming—well perhaps there you could lend him a life preserver. Academically speaking, he's in the wooden half, but, were it not for the Cosmo and Red Book and what not, he might be in the Lemon Groves now.

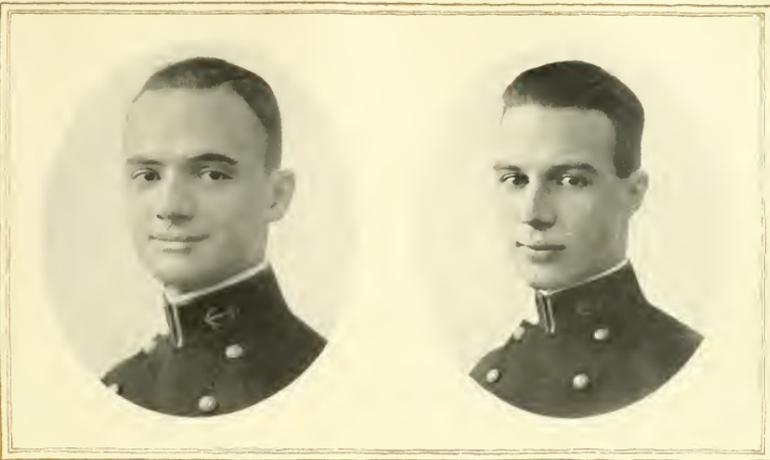
In spite of appearances or statements to the contrary, Fitz is not a Red Mike, but at the same time one could not accuse him of being fickle. He has the proverbial Navy line at his finger tips in all its forms, and even in some forms which have not previously existed. On the cruises he managed to do things with a will, but at the same time he did not always look at the darker side of the matter, even on the U. S. S. No Hope.

"That's a fair question."

"Did you make some abstruse comment?"

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





LOWDEN JESSUP, JR.  
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT  
"Jess" "Sir"

AUGUSTUS JARVIS DETZER, JR.  
FT. WAYNE, INDIANA  
"Gus"

HE'S not savvy—he admits that himself—and on the other hand he's not a great dummy that looks well only when standing in front of a New York second-hand store, as you might suppose. The only sour grapes and ashes that have filled his life with sorrow are: that P-Works, for such as Thou and him come only once a week and are confined to the short space of from 8:30 to 11:45.

Sad to say he has had up-hill work all the way through his Naval career. He has worked hard with a company of rough necks, trying to raise their standards—and often themselves—out of the gutter. But the company collectively and singly is just where he started with them.

Although his training has had little effect on us, we're all still strong for him. Wherever he is, he'll always have the strong support and friendship of the old gang. He has waded amongst them much, but few are the lucky girls whose Saturday night smiles have lured him away from the unbeaten path that he has followed.

*Buzzard;*  
*Mandolin Club (4);*  
*Choir (5, 4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Basketball Squad (4);*  
*Numerals (4).*

DON JUAN in his youth was considered a bit of all right by the fair sex, but if the press agent of that justly famous breaker of hearts was to glance along the path of our Jarvis, he would "sans doute" declare his protegee a mere novice.

Not that Gus is one of the terrible tribe who, heavily burdened, make the week-ends hideous with their inspired glances and cosmo-conversations, for we must be frank and say that he seldom drags, except perhaps the Regimental Log, but rather is he to be recognized as one of those who dashes up for a dance, plants the seeds of uncertainty in some sweet thing's mind, and then dashes off again to repeat the process in some new territory, leaving the victims much perturbed.

Generally speaking Gus is opposed to too much physical exercise, and it is highly probable that his name will never appear on the tablets in the gym. Being an exponent of the doctrine of conservation for the sake of ease he remained for the four year course. And well glad are we that he did, because a year would not be complete without his friendship to accompany us over the bush-strewn paths of Academic strife.

*One Stripe;*  
*Buzzard (2);*  
*Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);*  
*Tennis Squad (2, 1).*





KENT HOUGHTON POWER  
PETERSBURG, ILLINOIS  
"Borracho"

THIS solemn-eyed, good-natured, untroubled soul answers to a nickname which has handicapped him through four years of this life. He accepted it, like every other adversity, with nonchalance, either smoking or sleeping his blues away. He took the singles caulking championship Plebe year and has held it ever since.

His ability to adapt himself to almost any condition brought Kent a good grease. Had it not been for the untimely intervention of Killjoy on a party staged by Stogi at which he was an innocent bystander, he would no doubt have sported more than one stripe on his arm. He has been a constant worker on the track squad for four years. He came within an ace of breaking the pole vault record his Second Class year, and has his mind set on doing it this spring.

Whoever chose this old routé to be a Y. M. C. A. director had a real sense of humor, for we never saw him at a meeting, and don't think he knew where it was. How he ever lived two years with Stogi and Dizzy Rice and kept sane, we can't see.

Scene I: His room, 8 P. M. "Oh hum! Usat in Juice and Ordnance. Gotta bone tonight."

Scene II: His bed, 8:10 P. M. "Z-Z-Z-Z-LZZZZL."

*One Stripe;*  
*Track Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Numerals (4, 3); TNT (2);*  
*Y. M. C. A. Director (2, 1).*



JOHN WASHINGTON RICE  
STARKVILLE, MISSISSIPPI  
"Johnny" "Slime"

A CRABTOWN bovine grazed merrily on the W. B. & A. railroad tracks—the train whistled once—twice—yea three times—then stopped, and a son of the South strolled out of the car to see what caused the delay in his journey and thus it was that John Washington Rice was side tracked in Crabtown for four years.

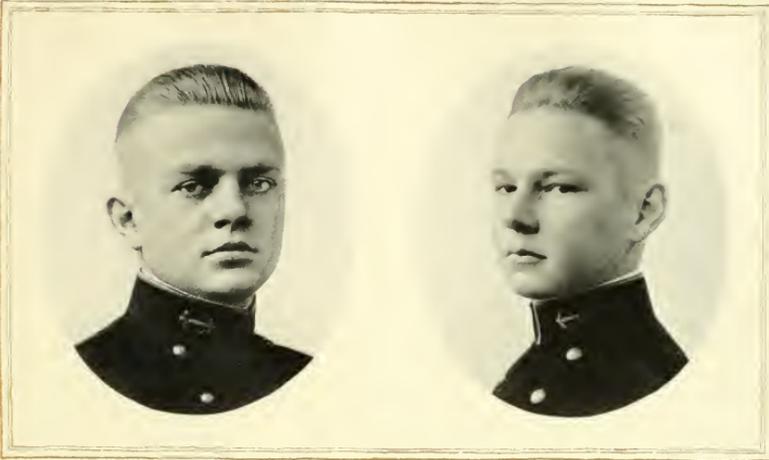
Fuma Usted? Si, Senor—mucho. John "Fumod" until his Second Class year with no trouble—but after that—Oh boy he must have changed his brand of cigarettes, because those D. O.'s sure could pick up his scent quicker than any Uncle Tom's Cabin blood hounds or Broadway snipe-hounds.

El Senor Arroz's favorite stunt is to drag a queen and to pawn her "friend" (a cold terra cotta) upon other people. But one time during his career his "side kicker" failed to show up to shove the "cold 4-0" friend around the "Swedish conspirator's inquisition room" and the result of the foul play was that John Washington Rice became one of those Red Mikes who spent their First Class year at the movies and in Smoke Hall chewing the rag.

Here you are girls—all dressed up and no place to go.

*Buzzard.*





JASPER TERRY ACUFF  
 JASPER, ALABAMA  
 "Terrensky"

ACUFF from Alabama—always ready to lend or bet his last cent. Not a raving Bolshevik, but having tendencies in that direction. You should have seen the boy in New York or giving old "Tec" his semi-ann war paint. Kept himself going on the cruise and brought skag money home, thanks to Lady Luck. While not an inveterate user of the weed, he has been seen hunting a tendency.

As a snake he is among the many who were willing, yea anxious, but lacked the feminine necessity.

He is full of good intentions, but seldom musters the energy to see one through. Interested in all athletics, the only branch that he ever indulged in was of the Mexican variety. In Juice he stars, but in Dago he couldn't say, "alley au diable" and get away with it. This, with his marked Cosmo leaning, made him a confirmed member of '21's bitter half long before the end of Youngster year.

Many girls in old Alabama think lots of him, as proved by the many boxes of candy and tinted envelopes post-marked, Jasper.

Terry's good nature and generosity have made and held for him many friends.

*Buzzard.*

JAMES SHEPHERD FREEMAN  
 JASPER, ALABAMA  
 "Jimmy" "Forney"

"GET your knees together, Mister." Thus was our handsome hero initiated into the joys of Plebdom. Since then our Jimmy has been the pride of the Fifth Company. If he doesn't lose the recipe for that complexion, he will go to Congress on the women's vote. An apt student of Prof Bell's, he has been one of the shining lights since he put on his Youngster stripe. A born savoir, his preference for the Red Book over John and his Mechanics has made him one of Tecumseh's own. He speaks Dago like a real Froggy, but at Juice, handles himself as becomes a member of '21's fifty per cent. Though rather quiet and not a raving Bolshevik, he is not a close follower of the little green book. He thinks that he is a teetotaler, but was heard to remark that Shanley's ginger ale was the best ever.

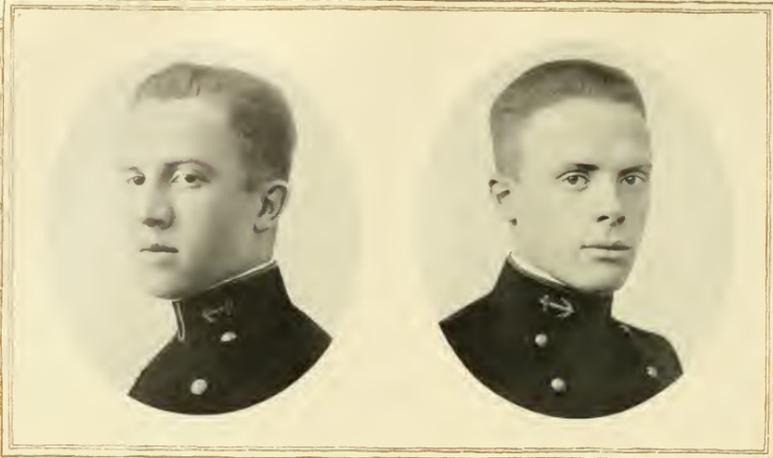
His abode was the clubroom for the Lily and the Radiator Clubs. A sure place for the D. O. to make a killing.

Though unable to serve mint juleps, he did not allow the rep for southern hospitality to suffer at his hands. In fact, he does credit to it. Wherever he goes he carries a smile and wherever that smile goes, he makes friends and keeps them.

"O-o-h J-i-m-m-y!"

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
 Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





GALE CRIST MORGAN  
TOPEKA, KANSAS  
"Gale" "Morgue"

JOHN STANLEY HARRISON  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Dizz" "Stan"

HE was just named, or rather misnamed by his classmates, Morgue, but that was too gloomy a name for our little ray of sunshine and it didn't stick. Gale is always cheerful, as witnessed by the fact that Plebe year in the Barracks, a cruise on the No Hope, and segregation failed to alter his natural frame of mind.

His Plebe year in the Barracks did not deprive him of eating at least one Plebe meal in the mess hall. On that occasion he established himself as the champion cabbage eater of the Regiment. Gale's first taste of sea service was a cruise on the Reina where for two weeks he searched in vain for the key to the anchor watch.

Due to Lillian's influence, Gale stopped smoking his Second Class year, believing that discretion was the better part of valor. In Honolulu and on the West Coast in the summer of 1920, when not encumbered by Toad and Goose, he enjoyed the beauties of the localities, both natural and otherwise.

"Has he a girl?" Well, we can't say positively, but someone noticed on the back of a pink letter the following ditty:

"Postman, Postman, do your duty,  
Take this to my Annapolis cutie."

Cheerfulness, willingness, and determination have marked his career at the Academy.

*Buzzard;*  
*C. P. O.;*  
*Company Representative (1).*

STANLEY knocked off digging oysters in the bay to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland" and sailed into Crabtown. He slipped through Main Gate No. 3, dropped his anchor and, with right hand extended, said "I do." At the gate he very conscientiously threw away a perfectly good pack of skags because he thought a severance with old King Nicotine was necessary when within the walls. But after two weeks of Plebe summer, he slipped out to look for that very same pack and he has been looking for it ever since.

During Second Class year he had a little trouble with an experiment with his ring. Following directions explicitly, he was very much surprised to find that after fifteen minutes treatment he was unsuccessful in changing its color.

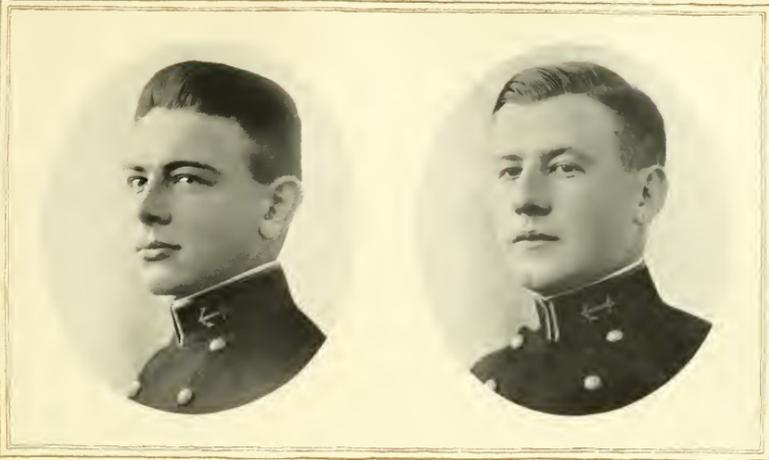
The All-Academics seemed to be the least of his worries, and, through some unknown means, he was able to fool the Executive Department. But perhaps that was because of his extreme love for "Lillian". As the hind end of a bull in the Gymkhana, he was in the spotlight and his favorite occupations are harmonizing and clogging.

Along with a touch of Irish, he has winning characteristics and a keen sense of humor with which he has made a host of friends here and without a doubt will continue to do so in the Service.

"Now what did you say the lesson was?"

*Buzzard.*





JOSEPH ISELIN NEMROW  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

*"Louie" "Loo-eye" "Nemo" "Islam"*

RAYMOND DORSEY EDWARDS  
HIGBEE, MISSOURI

*"Eddie" "Ray" "Speed"*

**G**OSH, what a good-looking Plebe." "Where are you from Mister, the Ziegfield Follies?" "No, sir, but I'm from near there," (this with conscious pride in his voice). And although he first saw the light of day in Brooklyn, he can tell you the altitude of every white light that illuminates Broadway. He'll tell you all about the Big Town from the Black Cat in Greenwich Village to the most exclusive(?) rendezvous in the upper Forties.

Oh, how well we recall the inspiring spectacle of Loo-eye's return to the ship, Second Class cruise, from a "boating party not supposed to make any landings." From the heights of Caimanera, and the hills of Guantanamo, the populace assembled to witness the triumphant return. No Roman procession had more of the grandeur nor care of detail, than that which characterized this particular incident. The ship ran short of side boys, when he landed, bow-on against the armor belt.

The angel child nearly bilged Youngster year, worrying over one of those Sweet Young Things. His subsequent recovery and his denunciation of femmes in general, would have done credit to any matinee idol. Alas and alack, girls, he is still heart whole. Don't rush, one at a time, please.

*One Stripe;  
Buzzard;  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*

**S**AY, Speed, they tell me you're unsat; what?" "You've got the wrong dope; I'm getting along fine. Just a little under in Steam, Nav, Juice, and Ordnance. I'll have lots of velvet when I bat those exams tomorrow."

The person addressed is our good-natured, hard-working, cheerful, overgrown chap from Missouri, who is always optimistic in the face of difficulties. Ray's practice upon the cornet once attracted the D. O. to his smoking den—tough luck Ray. "Yes it cost me my Sep leave, but you should hear how I've learned to play Home Sweet Home."

Speed disappointed his staunchest Red Mike friends when he deserted their ranks First Class year to drag to the New Year's hop. To make matters worse, he bought brand new dancing pumps especially for that occasion. "Speed, you deserter!" "Well, it's worth while dragging a girl with such wonderful eyes as her's, but why the hell does a man have to wear a woman's shoe?"

We admire Speed for his pluck in the face of adversities that would down most men, and for being a fighter clean through.

*Buzzard;  
Class Baseball (2).*





HARRY LLEWELLYN BIXBY  
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

"Bix" "Shark"

THE silent man—Bix has never been known to make a sound that could be heard more than ten feet on a quiet night. He says very little and thinks a lot, but when he does become loquacious, gather it all in. It is bound to be worth hearing.

Look at that undertaker's expression above, but don't believe what you see. When a smile creeps around his mouth, gloom disperses. So you will find old Bix in everything. He ain't what he appears to be. He was always sure of bilging but the end of Youngster year found him about five demerits from being in the first half.

Bix has always been a friend in need to his financially embarrassed shipmates. Along the last days of a cruise when there wasn't money enough on the ship to buy a pack of Fats, you could always find Bix well supplied with kale and perfectly willing to share with all.

Get Bix off in a corner some time, and get him to tell you about his prep school days in the mountains of California. His story is as good as Buffalo Bill's.

"Don't let any of these women run you Bix—Bye."

*Buzzard (2, 1).*

DONALD THEODORE GILES  
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

"Emma" "Don" "Gilesey" "Smut"

"WHAT'S your name, mister?"

"Giles, sir."

"Emma?"

"Yes, sir."

Then Smut would give 'em one of his good-natured grins.

Over at the barracks he was noted for his pet apothecary shop which he kept in his locker—everything from liver pills to hair tonic. "Pinex," taken internally was his favorite for all illnesses, even corns. You see, Don was a chemistry shark while a bounding cit and made all sorts of concoctions in his own lab. at home.

He spent the first two months of Youngster year caulking in the "dip" suspect ward of the hospital. But he came back and knocked 'em cold in spite of all the extra work.

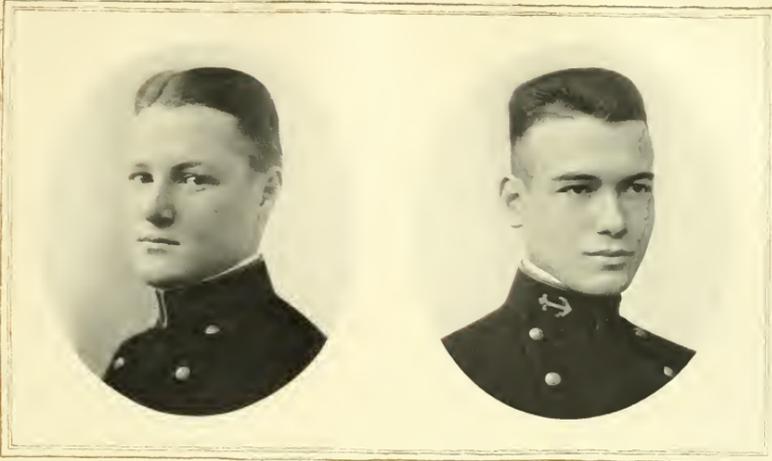
Smut likes music as well as chemistry. He used to play "The Sunshine of Your Smile," and "Good-bye Girls, I'm Through," for us in Mem Hall Plebe summer, in such a way that we longed to be back on Broadway taking in the big shows.

Never sore, never crabbing, old Smut has plugged on in his good-natured way; He's the kind of a fellow who will always get along under difficulties and in the end give and say, "Oh, I didn't mind it much."

"The h—l she did!"

*Buzzard (2, 1).*





EDWARD AUGUSTIN MAHER  
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK  
"Bud" "Pinkey" "Reds"

EDWIN MASON CROUCH  
DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA  
"Eddie" "Deadwood Dick"

ABOVE you can see what a good photographer can really do when he tries. Rather good isn't it? Well he does try to live up to it. Many a patient moment has he spent before the mirror educating and training the pride of his heart, his curly auburn hair. To look in his locker is to gaze on all that every movie queen ever recommended to those backward in looks.

Bud isn't entirely backward as far as looks are concerned but he is modest enough to admit that there is room for some improvement. Modesty is one of his failings. He has used his share of beauty to make eyes at the fair yard-engine over the foot-lights of the Masqueraders with some degree of success.

Bud is a parlor acrobat first and foremost. He has sipped his tea with the aristocracy and never spilled a drop. He can do the cutest little tricks which make him amusing to the tired and blasé society woman. Do you wonder that he is petted and spoiled?

In water-polo he found his true love in the athletic line tho recently he has taken up the less vigorous but much more fashionable golf.

In Bud's make-up there is ability to accomplish much—so don't disappoint us Edward.

*Two Stripes;*  
*Buzzard (2);*  
*Masqueraders (3, 2);*  
*Gold Masked N;*  
*Water-Polo Squad (2, 1);*  
*Crew Squad (4).*

T IRED of digging gold and chasing cattle rustlers, our Eddie decided to leave the pure and simple life. Result: he is Deadwood's first representative to graduate from Uncle Sam's Navy School. All of Deadwood's cow-punchers, cow-girls, and miners turned out to see the prodigal son depart, but in all that crowd, to Eddie there was only one—the belle of Deadwood.

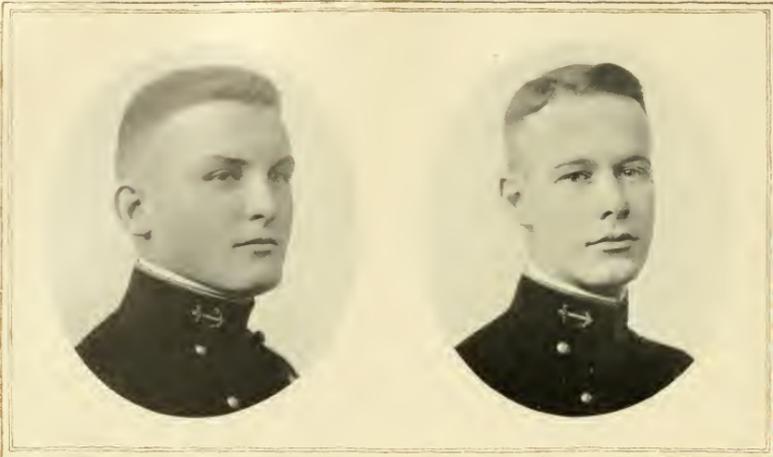
When the Upper Classes returned, Eddie was shanghied to the barracks, where we first learned his real nature; demerits, extra duty, conduct grades, and trees—nothing bothered this quiet easy-going westerner except "Mail Ho!" and one day when the overland stage was held up and a little pink letter failed to come, Eddie's worries began.

Did you ever bust into his room on a Saturday night after taps, the smoke thick, sizzling fudge, toast and perhaps a hot flatiron to keep his feet warm on cold nights?

Eddie is seldom rhino. He can hit the pap, take your duty, or make a big liberty, and do them all with the same good-natured grin. He says that he is going to lead a wild life for a few years, and then settle down in a nice little home in the West. But we have our doubts.

*Buzzard (2, 1);*  
*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Lucky Bag Staff (2);*  
*Co. Representative (1).*





GEORGE WATTS GILLIAM  
HONDO, TEXAS

*"Gillie" "George Watts" "Tomatoes" "Tex"*

**W**ELL now I'll just bet you." When you hear this true Texan come down with that, there is no use arguing for you are all wrong.

Give Gillie something to do and you can be sure that it will be done right. Hard luck has kept him from materializing to the full extent in athletics. At the very beginning of Plebe year a broken bone sent him to the hospital and kept him out of everything for the rest of the year. None of us will forget his playing at end on our Second Class football team, and then the week before the Army game, a broken collar bone resulted in another trip across the creek. Each spring you see Geo out with the scalpels and he has become quite an expert with a lacrosse stick.

George Watts is a firm believer in the old motto "Plebes is Plebes." A Plebe should know all the fundamentals of seamanship and Naval etiquette before the cruise rolls around, and Tomatoes has firmly instilled this into the brains of the under-studies living in "Hell's Alley."

As for being a snake—Well, Geo can't be called a regular, but when it comes to helping a friend, he is always ready, always willing.

"Oh, boy! but she is the sweetest little girl in the world."

*Three Stripes;  
Class Football (2);  
Class Lacrosse (2);  
Class Football Numerals (2).*

BOYNTON LEWIS BRAUN  
LORAIN, OHIO

*"Bub" "Bruno" "Briun" "Braunie"*

**A**LL right, Mister, who is the skipper of the "Paducah?" Chances are the Plebe doesn't know, much to Bub's disgust. Bub began his Naval career as one of G. W. Brown's yokels and as a result knows thoroughly just what a Plebe should know, do, and say. He can tell anything you want to know about the big outfit from the fire-control system of the Tennessee down to the best caulking places on the Kearsage.

Bub believes in the Navy, both new and old and no amount of injustice, trouble or mid-watches can shake his faith in the Service.

Although no savoir, he is a conscientious, hard worker, so that when the split came it found him well up among Tecumseh's chosen.

The strenuous life along Hell's Alley for three years took the roses out of Bub's cheeks and the bashfulness out of his disposition, but he survived.

It is his truthful boast that he has never dragged a brick. He attributes this to his eye for beauty; we call most of it luck.

"Gee whiz, she is nice; and dance? why! I could dance with her forever."

"Column right, march in!"

*C. P. O. (1);  
One Stripe;  
Class Football (2);  
Buzzard (2).*





LOUIS G. MCGLONE  
ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Mac" "Louie" "Mul"

LESTER ROLAND REITER  
HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA  
"Jack"

AMAZING events never cease happening. Next to the outbreak of the World's War was the arrival of our Louie. He quickly became Boss of the Tenth Company Radiator Club. Absolutely he has the smoothest flowing and heaviest line in this 'ere Navy. His stories have wrecked many sessions but arguments are his specialty with the World Almanac backing him against Faine.

His heralded fame in prep-school hockey has been lost to us because, unfortunately, hockey is one of our few undeveloped sports. But you should see him stroke the Mary Ann.

As a fusser Mul is immense. Words fail to describe how, from the Hub to far off Honolulu the femmes have fallen for that wicked line. However, confidentially, there's one girl somewhere back home he has had trouble convincing and a chance bet is that she has known our Louie some few years.

Probably Mac's greatest undertaking was the training of his first roommate, the now famous Joe Gish. To this day that worried expression, those burdened shoulders, and nearly hairless head are the mere tell-tales of what he went through. We know that in this task as in everything that he tackles Louie gave all he had, his best.

*Buzzard (1).*

HERE'S looking at you folks the alchemy of Virginia's years of experiment to find the formula of success that makes her products the greatest of statesmen, for Jack is nothing but a statesman. Wise to a degree, firm and blunt, the boy got his early training in a school of environment that has left him adamant against the encroachments of an influence less conservative.

But speaking athletically, Jack is anything but conservative, as those who have been so unfortunate as to play against him on the gridiron will testify. Griffith lost a star twirler when Boche joined the Navy. But an eye, trained for beauty in the mountain fastness of his native element lost its ability to find the plate, and his five-fingered nimbleness with the horsehide has been saved for a later day.

Jack with the scions of learning has had one long up-hill fight. But always with two or three against him, he has managed to groove the fast one with the hop that keeps 'em swinging and the Academic Lloyds are gambling on his winning out. If he could only master the tepid waters of Bully's aquarium as well, there'd be no lament—but—"Dad burn it, you don't have to swim in the Marines."

*Buzzard;*  
*Baseball Squad (3, 2, 1);*  
*Class Football (2, 1);*  
*Class Football Numerals (2).*





HERMAN BARTER  
PADUCAH, KENTUCKY  
"Mike"

IT would take only a short conversation with Herman to discover that he hails from the South—Kentucky to be specific.

He lives up to the reputation of a Southerner inasmuch as he has many of the characteristics of a fusser. Yet one could hardly term Herman a snake or a tea hound for it is seldom that he haunts the wiles of the lounge lizards. When dragging for himself, Mike always drags well, but the Wise Guy does not hesitate to cast a load of magnesia on certain of his friends.

First Class cruise found Mike dragging heavily in each port, and until that fatal day when he made a flying trip to a sunny little suburb of 'Frisco, his life was that of the proverbial sailor. On that day he met his O. A. O. and he hasn't been himself since. All indications are that next July will find him stationed at Mare Island.

Academically speaking, Mike was never a shining light. The division of '21 found him substantially in the second half.

Many a time has Herman chuckled at the expense of certain of our D. O.'s, having slept-in, buried ratlike, under an abundance of overcoats, rain-clothes, reefers, bathrobes, and laundry bags.

May the best of luck be yours Herman. Keep your wife at home.

*Buzzard.*



FRANKLIN OLIVER JOHNSON  
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA  
"Johnnie" "Dizz"

JOHNNIE was so impressed by his first sight of the Naval Academy that he decided to remain for five years. He isn't wooden, but the language of Shakespeare and Bacon is to him impossible; all other Academic work being much fruit.

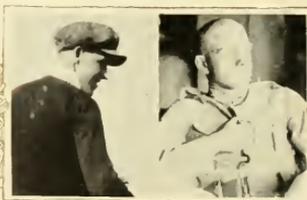
Don't mistake that far-away look in his eye for amorous yearning, he is merely thinking up a new scheme to evade the D. O.'s. Dizz has his love affairs and is not by any means a Red Mike but each time just when we begin to give him up for lost, he suddenly returns to the gang minus perhaps a miniature but none the worse for his adventure.

Johnnie believes in following the line of least resistance which accounts for his being a charter member of the Radiator Club. Still when he decides to accomplish something no obstacle is too great and he will work continuously till the task is completed.

The fact that Johnnie preferred the Academy to West Point because the entrance exams to the Army contained World History probably characterizes him better than anything else. He is a true friend, for the most part cheerful, and ever ready to extend a helping hand.

"Now when I was on the FLORIDA —"

*Buzzard (2);  
Expert Rifleman;  
Two Stripes.*





JOHN MASON FRIER  
FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT  
"Jack" "J. M." "Guam"

JACK has been such a globe-trotter, that it is hard to say just what part of the country he originally hailed from, although his passionate devotion to Connecticut might serve as a clue. His impertinent countenance was once well known in many cities of the Orient, and it was during this time that he stored up the data for many a wild and astounding tale that he spasmodically expounds to us a todd moments. Who hasn't heard of the cruise of the Bailey? His line is heavy, and he has the true disposition of a naval officer—a sense of humor. Though he claims to be a Red Mike, we have noticed that he isn't bashful in the presence of the fair sex.

Jack and the Executive Department haven't spoken to each other for a number of years. His acquaintance among the D. O.'s is large but hardly flattering. Since Second Class year he has become an expert operator of elevators, and many intrepid raids into the basement have he and his confederates made to get his "car." The fact that the D. O.'s generally rag him in the end doesn't seem to worry him, for as he says, "Anyway, I get my money's worth out of my paps."

"Now this fleet Reserve is —"

*Swimming Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Buzzard (1).*



CHARLES RIDGELY LAMDIN  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Duckie" "Ridge"

LAMDIN was a buzzer shark before he entered the Academy and passed by the place so many times on his way up and down the bay, that curiosity overcame his natural caution with the result that Marconi and Company lost a good radio operator.

Duckie never had any trouble with the sub squad. He creates a wake like that of a destroyer. He swam his way through his numerals and better to a straight N and captained the record-breaking swimming team of the Navy.

He can talk a phonograph to a stand still and has a line that no insurance agent could beat. Out of swimming season he has three occupations. One is getting up, another is turning in, and the third and most important is fussing.

However, he cannot be classed with the super snakes that crawl out on Wednesdays because as he claims his fussing is done with no ulterior motive, such as stripes. The free interpretations he can read into the reg book are surprising and have caused him to take many a walk along the quiet roads of Annapolis.

Above all Lamdin has the ability to deliver the goods and he should make good.

*Swimming Numerals (4);  
Swimming SNT (3);  
Swimming N (2);  
Captain Swimming Team (2);  
Navy Olympic Squad (1);  
Buzzard.*





WILLIAM HOWARD MAGRUDER  
FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS  
"Doc" "Maggie"

MENTION "Change the name of Arkansas" to a native and run, brother, run! And Doc' is from Arkansas. Yet he was willing to admit that the Naval Academy had an edge on the University so he changed and came up here. In spite of the interesting life a Plebe goes through convincing Upper Classmen that "Never will we change the great name of Arkansas," Doc' has survived it all and survived it with a smile.

Doc' had no false ideas when he entered even if he did come from the great Arkansas University, and immediately upon being incarcerated in this abode of restriction settled down to work. For this reason Maggie sailed through Plebe year without much trouble, while the most of us were writing home to Mother to break out the old folding bed. Still Maggie couldn't be satisfied and grew so fond of his padded cell during Youngster year that he decided to strick around a while longer by casting his lot with the real half. Even at that he made it only by the slip of a slide rule, standing pretty well up.

Maggie is an example of honest-to-goodness good nature, quiet efficiency, and generosity, and those whom he has guided over the shoals of Academic dangers swear by his Navigation.

"Sure I'll do it."

*Buzzard (2);  
One Stripe.*



GEORGE DUNHAM LYON  
ELKHORN, WISCONSIN  
"Gy"

THE gusty northwestern gales blew down from far away Wisconsin, bringing with them our little Gy, his departure from his home podunk for this locality being greeted by the Elkhorn Independent as the first step towards the nationalization of that town.

Gy is the name he answers to, not because of any undue affection for the Gyrenes but because the elements of mechanism in his cranium perform gyroscopic evolutions, the most noticeable of which is his ability to drag bricks. However, Gy says that he is going to drag just once from Elkhorn and then, he says, then he will be sat in dragging for the rest of his life.

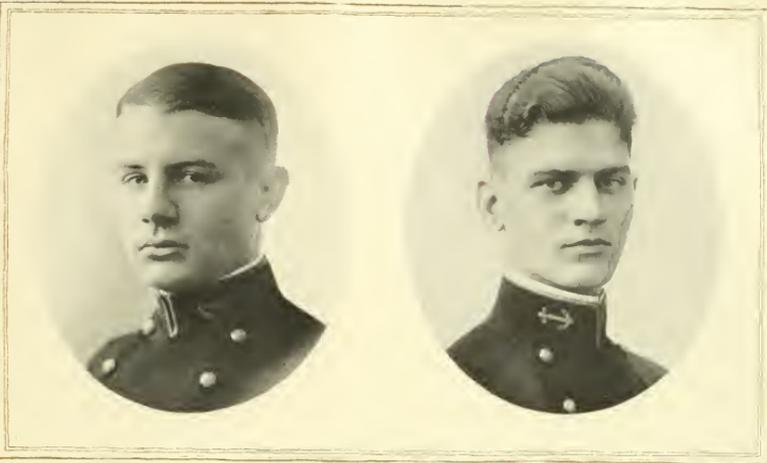
Our fair-haired Wisconsin prodigal has consistently participated in some form of athletics, starting out Plebe year on the weak squad and winding up his course on the extra duty squad.

At the beginning of his Academic career Lyon's ship of state hit the rocks but by displaying cool nerve and the will to win, he has managed to navigate past the rocks and shoals.

If consistency deserves reward, then some one should reward Gy, for his stick-to-it-tiveness along with good nature are his big virtues.

*One Stripe;  
Buzzard (2);  
Soccer Squad (3).*





ADDISON ERWIN KIRK  
SIOUX CITY, IOWA

*"Adolph" "Eddie" "Dopey" "Fats"*

ADDISON is one of the Iowa boys, and back in the old days of Barracks chow he used to have the stream lines of one of his native state's cornfed winners. But since the perverted order of soup for breakfast and grapefruit for dinner, Eddie has become thin and sylph-like.

No one could ever accuse Kirk of being wooden, for it takes a savvy man to cut out a 2.50 with the exactness of one of the Mayo Brothers. The Barracks gang will never forget how Addison used to slide over to the hospital for a month's rest and then come back and roll up a term's velvet by batting the delayed exams.

In the way of activities, Eddie has lent a hand to the preparation of the Lucky Bag, and he made numerals in class football.

Although Kirk admits he is an all-round athlete, we won't argue this point, but every one will agree that he has few peers in the Latin-American sports. When it comes to handing out the straight dope on anything in God's green earth, Adolph Eddie is right there.

Well, if we ever hit the Bamboo fleet, here's hoping that when we lay aft to the quarterdeck awning for general quarters, we'll find Kirk and Fain trying out for the Championship of the Orient.

*Buzzard;  
Class Football (2, 1);  
Class Football Numerals;  
Lucky Bag Staff.*

MARION CLERMONT THOMPSON  
SPENCER, WEST VIRGINIA

*"Tommie" "Tom" "Tonkie"*

WE have never seen Tom in leather breeches, but we know he is a mountaineer—one glance at him is enough to tell that. Like most of his kind, he is lazy—as lazy as a fat moke on a hot day. Give him his pipe and a book with three squares thrown in and it's a happy day for M. C.—provided he can lie down. He has well earned that privilege of smoking, too, by paying our supreme price—one big Sep leave.

He is quiet and peaceful, but is always ready for a roughhouse or party. Speaking of parties, ask him about his forty-eight to visit his uncle in Frisco. It's good.

M. C. is our modern Romeo—sentimentality being his greatest fault. He is always in love and always being disappointed. Everyone enjoys his affaires de coeur greatly, but it never fazes him. Some day the boy's luck will change and some unfortunate girl will marry our Tom.

We could write a book about the good things he has done, the things that convention forbids us to write would fill a library. He has led a dissolute life. He will give you the shirt off his back but he'll expect you to give him three in return. Look out for Tom.

*"Hey! Dopey!"*

*Buzzard (2, 1).*





KEITH ROGERS BELCH  
ANACORTES, WASHINGTON  
"Scafe" "K. R." "Roger"

WHEN the tide is out the table is set in Anacortes, which fact is probably responsible for his saltiness, for, be it said, fair reader, that fresh water soap won't lather on his beard. But speaking a la mode, the Sage has a compactness all his own, and when he does open up on any subject—be it revealed religion or the modern shimmy—you get the final word, for no one has yet broken down that homely logic. Keith has even reasoned out Dago verbs—at least to his own satisfaction.

As a fusser, Roger is unique and few know more of the fine art than he. "See 'em before breakfast before you choose and you will never go wrong."

Many an ambitious member of the old Tenth has been lured out of bed in the chill of the morn to accept a challenge from the young comet and for his pains has been relieved of his monthly insult for Roger swings a mean racquet on the clay courts.

Keith is for the Navy and the Navy is for Keith. Nothing is more certain, and when the day comes for him to pilot his command—be it fishing smack or crab—Anacortes will proclaim, "Oh Keith's a cinch and every inch a sailor."

*Buzzard.*



ELISHA EDWARD MEREDITH  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Ted" "Lish"

ETERNALLY in love—that's him, and by no means is he always the loser. Don't misjudge him; he's absolutely as serious as can be when he's in love—that is about love. When he says a thing he means it—for the time being. Many's the time he and Dutch have gotten away with forty-two quarts (of grape juice)—to say nothing of the free lunch they carried on in their respective rooms after a successful hand.

He works his fertile *brain* most of the time in trying out some of his new steps. Some of them wouldn't exactly float by the chaperone, but then he never was in that territory very much. But behind the stag line, in the so-called First Class corner, you could always find him going through the antics of a kangaroo or a camel.

As you see from above, he's a member of the Scrap Iron Trio, and though they've caused more than one to hold their ears, still they've afforded a great deal of pleasure to each other, and as such has helped to pass the time away. This, he'll continue to do, and when we all get gray, we'll all remember Ted's loud yell in Smoke Hall—"I'd rather be there, than any place I know."

*One Stripe;  
Clean Sleever;  
Class Football (2);  
Class Baseball (2);  
Class Track (2).*





PETER MICHAEL MONCEWICZ  
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Moncey" "Pete" "Count"

**B**ROCKTON FAIR! Have you never heard of it? Then don't admit the fact to Moncey, for he is a bit radical about that annual event in his home town. And to make Pete homesick, just show him the advertisement picturing W. L. Douglas pegging shoes at the tender age of six years—or was it seven.

Speed? I'll tell the world he has it? Pete made his letter Plebe year, and has duplicated the feat each year since. Captaining the team his last season, he showed his dust to the best.

At any week-end hop in the midst of a bevy of dallying, dainty damsels, you will see Pete. All of Moncey's fair friends declare him to be "ideal", and it's no wonder, for that innocent grin only reflects the warm-hearted disposition behind it.

Pete's favorite beverage when the local color is in the right latitude is a creme-de-menthe. At other times he does not stray from the dry and dusty road.

Moncey hesitates to ask favors even of his closest friends, but on the other hand, he is one who has done many a good turn unasked, and is always there with the glad and helping hand.

*Two Stripes; Battalion Adjutant;  
Track Team (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Track "N" (4, 3); TNT (2);  
Director Y. M. C. A. (2, 1);  
Captain Track Team.*



LESLIE KENNEY POLLARD  
SALMON, IDAHO  
"Polly" "Judge" "Ell Kay"

**G**IVE Polly the back to nature life and he is the happiest man in the world. With these fond memories of babbling brooks, mountain glens, and moaning pines still fresh in his youthful mind, Judge can easily entertain us for hours, with his vivid descriptions of the Rockies and the Wild and Woolly West. It was only natural that he should become a regular member of the Denver Club, getting up early in the wee sma' hours of the morning to take a hike, and a plunge in the pool, which last is peculiar, as Polly has always been a charter member of the sub squad.

Throughout his four years' sojourn with us, he has always shown himself to be a true son of the West—hale and hearty, rough and ready. He was a typical Red Mike his first two years here, but he surprised all of us in his Second and First Class years by bursting out bravely and dragging to the hops—consistently.

"Fussin' Saturday, Judge?"  
"Darn right!"

Here's to you, Judge!

*Buzzard;  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





HOMER OTTO EIMERS  
GRANGEVILLE, IDAHO  
"Freely" "Hod"

**I**N the next cage, ladies and gentlemen, we have Homer Eimers, brother of the renowned "Soapy" and international spud-heaving champion. He's untamed as yet, but four years at the Naval Academy have taken a lot of the heart out of him; he's docile enough if you treat him right. He is the only living man to take the mail stage through "By Pass" without a hold-up.

Needing an outlet for his energy, he tried football Plebe year, but rough-housing and bilging took so much of his time that he had to give it up. He found himself Second Class year and played center on the champion class team, of which he was captain. Not satisfied with one success, he took Gotch as a model and joined the wrestling squad, and sports a WNT as a result of his efforts. Lacrosse was his next victim and he went at it with vim, vigor and vitality making a place on the table. First Class year saw him with the "A" squad and, breaking into the lime-light with some exceptional playing in the Princeton game, he progressed steadily to his much-prized N-Star.

To quote Homer, "It will be a lucky wardrobe that gets me, for I'm going in the Marine Corps."

*Three Stripes;  
Football N-Star (1);  
Football Numerals (2);  
Wrestling Squad (2, 1);  
Wrestling Monogram (2);  
Lacrosse Squad (2, 1);  
Class Crest Committee.*



LIONEL LEWIS ROWE  
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA  
"Lionel" "Lou"

**"PAGING Mr. Rowe"**—Oh, there he is, the famed Senator from Indiana, his lips curling in an irresistible smile, his tongue running a race with his thoughts. We present him for your approval.

He came to us a modest and aspiring youth, but the Navy gave him confidence and he appeared at the Class supper arrayed in a check suit and a brown derby with all the ease and poise of a race track follower.

Indiana being noted for its humorists, Lionel made up his mind early in his career to uphold the reputation of his state, and results are evident every time he opens his mouth. His ever-ready flow of wit has brought him his marked success with the fair sex, and it's a common occurrence to see him plodding slowly along at a hop, his tongue wagging in time to his partner's laughter.

So it's kleptomaniacs beware, for Tuxedo Tim has firmly established himself as the "best little detective in the state of Rhode Island." And Lou in later years when you head your rabble of gyrenes aboard there'll be a host of hands to help you over the gangway.

*Baseball Squad (4, 2);  
Soccer (3);  
Masqueraders (2);  
Buzzerard;  
Bald Club (4, 3, 2, 1).*





GEORGE DEWEY MARTIN  
BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Rip" "El Viejo"



EARNEST WILLIAM MCKINLEY  
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Red" "Mac"

GEORGE DEWEY MARTIN, evidently inspired by his middle name, decided that Uncle Sam needed him in his Navy, so he broke away from the old homestead in Beverly, Mass., and dropped his anchor with the Class of Nineteen Twenty One. Beverly, by the way, is one of those towns, which, like most all of the others, is just outside of Boston.

It is very easily realized that some ancestor of his was born in Ireland, especially when he sings that old song, "On The Rocky Road to Dublin". Rip, however, seldom loses his temper, but when he does, stand from under. If you see his cheeks start to puff-out and his face lose all its color, then its time for you to start home or admit that he is right and you are wrong.

On the Second Class cruise Rip expressed his opinion of a superior one day when he was awakened from his sleep up on deck. As a result he found that old slogan "You can't shoot up in the Navy," to be very true.

Rip's friendship is one that is to be desired and it is not hard to secure if you play 50-50 with him.

"Let's catch one."

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Class Baseball (2, 1).*

WHO does not know the red-headed lad from the Smoky City? From the time he first entered these encircling walls he has been a consistent and persevering argument for the charm and beauty of his native heath. Mac is a red-head but not a Red Mike, and his astonishing line with the fair sex has got him into, and out of, more scrapes with the petticoats than ordinarily fall to the lot of the average man.

Earnest is an ardent exponent of the art of Jazz dancing. His agile grace of motion and gift of ample avoirdupois have combined to earn him an enviable reputation as a sure and steady pilot, even in the roughest weather. Beside this he is one of the squids, and any afternoon you may see him over in the aquarium vying with the tortoises and the icebergs.

We don't know whether Red is savvy or not. At any rate he is sat and that is enough for him. He has consistently batted the All-Ack's for about a 2.51, and on several occasions has been defeated by a narrow margin in the race for Twenty One's Anchor.

With your knack of never worrying, Red, you are bound to make it easy sailing.

"Here's ten on Pitt!"

*Glee Club (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Buzzard.*





JOHN LAWRENCE BURTLE OLSON  
ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN  
"Ollie"

EUGENE BROWNLOW OLIVER  
BAXTER, TENNESSEE  
"E. B." "Krick" "H. S." "Ollie"

OLLIE put the wilds of northern Michigan behind him in the summer of 1916 and was soon acclaimed as one of our future admirals by the Ishpeming papers. He put both the All-Academics and duty officers to rout for two years only to break a leg climbing the fence back of the barracks and spent over half a year in the hospital. It was thus that he became one of us at the beginning of the great flu season. He furnished protection to all the smokers of the Twelfth company that year and led the famous cross-country walks that took place during rifle range drill periods.

There is no more cheerful man in the class than Ollie. He never wears the Sunday night expression himself, and nobody around him ever gets a chance to be rhino. He is always ready to help you out whether you want extra instruction in calculus or a skag that you forgot to buy the last time you were out in town.

Ollie is one of the few men in our class who saw sea service during the war. On the *Huntington* he was the one who spotted the submarine that turned out to be a chart house.

Ollie is not a ladies' man but he has always been a good pal among men.

*Buzzard.*

ARE you acquainted with the word Rhino? You've probably heard of it and felt it at times, but here it is in real life. Had Baxter been in Africa where the rhinoceros is more common, that would have been a part of his name. Gene, as his feminine friends are wont to call him, has the call of the wild in his blood, and when he raises his voice in a lusty call there is always an answer.

For four years his locker door has been covered with a multitude of what he calls queens, but a Plebe told him they were a flock of Irish confetti. But 3.60's or 1.0's, his daily half dozen letters show how he stands with them. If you don't believe it ask him what happened when he got a couple of addresses mixed up. At any rate he gets there just the same.

He has made a host of friends while in the Academy who will be glad to have him for a shipmate, for they know he is always ready and willing to lend a helping hand whether it be for work or play.

"You always kill hawks when the moon is full."  
"Huh?" "Ask Tex if you don't believe it."

*Buzzard.*





MICHAEL HOLT KERNODLE  
GRAHAM, N. C.

*"Mike" "Hoodlum" "Iron-Mush"*

THIS big Irishman must surely have kissed the Blarney Stone. He is a jolly classmate, a fine friend, always a gentleman. Slow and easy-going in speech, but a lion when aroused. Mike is an unassuming chap who doesn't push himself into limelight as so many of us are prone to do; but like the prompter is content to stay back in the wings, taking things as they come, putting in a word here and there where it is needed.

As to athletics, his activities in football Plebe year are notable and praiseworthy. He was severely injured which caused the class of Twenty to lose a good member and the class of Twenty-one to receive one, also later, in his Second Class year and First Class year he again broke into limelight by his activities on the class football team.

Mike is a practical man—studies are of second thought to him, but his averages hardly ever fall below the 3.0 mark. Steady and constant in whatever he undertakes, never dependent, you can always hear him say—"Can't make me mad—come let's catch."

*Football Numerals;*  
*C. P. O.;*  
*Class Football (2, 1);*  
*Football Squad (5).*



JOHN MARSHALL CAMPBELL, JR.  
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

*"Jack" "Cam"*

REGULARLY every month Jack blossoms out with a brand-new theory about something or other, and a brand-new masquerade. He early attained fame for the number of pretty girls he brought to the hops. Fusses as originally as he does anything else, goes to every hop and knows all the girls. When he looks at you with those bland blue eyes with an air of wonder, don't be deceived, for they are no true index to Jack's character. He has a Southerner's love of ease, but actually mustered up sufficient energy to play class basketball for two years—played a good game too.

He has considerable talent as an artist, and has helped much with the Log. He is an efficient man, not wooden, and decidedly non-greasy. Frank to an extreme, you soon know if Jack likes you. Widely known, his friendship is a pleasure to a large circle.

*Buzzard;*  
*Log Staff (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Class Basketball (2, 1).*





CLEMENT FOSTER COTTON  
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Rabbit" "Jack" "Bunny" "Clem"

KENNETH ROSS HALL  
YONKERS, NEW YORK

"Cupid"

"WHY Juice is fruit if you only refer seemingly complex theories back in the underlying basic principles." Great shades of Steinmetz!

"And where did you say that other coulomb went? Following just such an interrogation we have been the grateful recipients of his untiring aid trying to locate that elusive electrical unit.

Now natively speaking—Rabbit is a Californiac and therefore a fluent source of information on all that pertains to the outstanding features of the South West; beauty in general, and bathing girls in particular. But in spite of the great lure of God's Country, Rabbit admits there are other places. He never wearies of relating incidents of his Navy Yard cruise. Ol' Broadway had to cope with him more than once while his running lights were burning low. "Where do we go from here—Maxime's or the Pré Cat?"

Getting closer to his true nature we find that his chief sources of enjoyment are characterized by speed, to wit; motor cycles, electricity—and some women. Conversely he dislikes anything which lacks B. T. U.'s.

First Class year Rabbit became exposed to the golf epidemic. He made much progress in trench digging and grass planting, but as a golfer he plays a splendid game at the nineteenth hole.

"No thank you, I use Richmond Straight Cuts."

Three Stripes;  
Buzzard (2);  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Lucky Bag Staff.

FOUR years ago who would have predicted that the quiet little lad that walked into the wilderness would turn out to be the Cupid we know so well? Before that time his favorite pastime was tramping from town to town. However as he grew older and shoe leather began getting scarce, Ken decided to find a new tramping ground. West Point and Crabtown were the only contestants, and Navy won.

While on the summer cruises, "Little Stupid" was stretched out taking a nap either in the foretop or in the after defense, and if you didn't find him there you could be assured he was on one of those famous dinghy parties far from the sight of the ship. If you have never been on one of those rowing trips with Hall and his gang, you have missed lots of fun and excitement.

The young man is not exactly a savoir, but the Academics never bothered him and he never bothered them. He is that sort of a fellow who seldom bones hard, never worries, and always gets there at the tape.

"Hey Johnnie, how's the tendency? Alright, bust out the Fats, 'cause the D. O.'s in the third wing."

Buzzard.





WARD CARR GILBERT  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Hooly" "Gloom" "Napoleon" "Gill"

WE've often wondered if they know what music is in Chicago. To say the least this son of the Sucker state is a real plugger. In fact his middle initial stands for Consistency. Any hour of the day that he is not caulking he can be found with his feet propped up on the window sill with an instrument of torture, held closely against his midship section, from which he draws forth caressingly—sounds. The trouble is—pardon us—the point is he keeps at it.

Some time ago Gloom displayed symptoms of a new affliction, the diagnosis of which revealed the fact that he had been bitten by one of the bacillae of that pernicious disease, golfitis. Having procured the necessary impedimenta he now sallies forth unafraid to participate in the Sport of Kings.

One glance at his physiognomy would reveal the fact that Ward has dabbled in the gentler art of fisticuffs. His pugilistic tendencies have led him hither and yon—mostly yon! Ask him how many stars there are in the heavens.

For sheer nerve Gill gets the brass toothpick. Formations have been the bane of his existence. When he does attend one he's late. But Gill will be there for graduation.

"Hey! Didja ever hear this new piece?"

*Buzzard;*  
*Class Lacrosse Team (2).*

WALTER SCOTT DUFFON  
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

"Duffy" "Duffy" "Duff" "Slim"

ANYTIME, Anyplace, Anywhere!" Here we have a fitting slogan for our California native. His home is where his hat usually is, although he is an adept at making himself at home anytime, anyplace, anywhere, hat or no hat. He is a motor-cycling, volplaning, seagoing cosmopolite.

But now we come to the Higher Nature of the man. His desire to imitate that most envied of all creatures, the eagle, is surpassed only by his desire to don the half-inch braid and the knot. As a fier he has remarkable ability. As an aviator we know he is qualified, judging from the high and lofty ideals he has maintained since his incarceration. We know however, that Looping Fluid, Scooting Scotch, and Flying Fizz, all go to make a real aerial party, reconnoitering or otherwise! A fitting slogan at this juncture might aid the imagination; Fly or Flop. "Give her the gun boys!"

As a pal Duffy is all there. Never a party too gay, never a shore liberty too expensive, but what he is right there with the Duff.

He has made a good start towards success for watch him put the Man in Seamanship.

*One Stripe;*  
*Buzzard (2).*





WILLIAM LOYD MOISE  
OTTAWA, KANSAS  
"Mose"



JOHN STEWARDSON CRENSHAW  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Hawkshaw"

**T**HIS rummy emigrant from the Sunflower State arrived in our midst with a deck load of bearskins, Indian scalps, and lace handkerchiefs wherewith to garnish his bachelor apartments. Upon finding this impracticable, he turned his hand to the decoration of memory books.

Mose is inclined to be visionary at times, concocting schemes for anything from the prompt accumulation of a million to the brewing of vicious varieties of home hooch. He experiences no difficulty however in maintaining his grip of mundane matters.

Since those hectic days of our division, there has never been a time when he or they have had reason to regret his choice, for he has been verily one of the boys. He swims, rows, teas, fusses, bones, drills, works, or loafes with equal enthusiasm and eclat, and although not narrow mindedly sot in his ways, he has certain clearly defined principles by which he governs his goings and comings with such rare judgment and tact that he usually steers a rumb line course.

"What did the governor of North Carolina say to the governor of South Carolina?"

"Say Boy — oh? I'm raring to go!"

*Crew Squad (4);  
C. P. O.;  
Water-Polo (1).*

**H**E doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink; he doesn't work, he doesn't think. Yet few men can display as much real common sense as Jack has shown on occasions. He never analyzes; just says this is right and that is wrong, and 99% of the time he's right.

Born with an oar in his hand, in Philadelphia, where people row for the love of rowing, Jack also loved an oar. Even though he did weigh less than 150 pounds, he couldn't be kept away from the crew sheds, and when we got up our lightweight crew, Crenshaw was the stroke.

Jack always fitted into any party, whether it was a tea fight, rough house, extra duty session, or a hop, but where he excelled was in the gentle art of listening. Under his influence the closest mouthed man in the class could rival Daniel Webster. Along about time for taps he would stroll into the rooms with the sad remark "Gee, I've been listening to a horrible line and that guy thought I was taking him all in."

Put Jack most any place and he'll make friends. Give him friends and he will keep them. If you want something done ask Jack to do it and then dismiss the matter from your mind, for just as surely as he ever bilged a math exam, he will do it.

*Two Stripes;  
Buzzard (2);  
Crew Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Rifle Squad (4, 3);  
150 lb. Crew (2).*



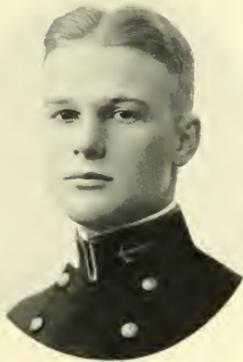


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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

The Forecabin of the *Constitution* During the Chase—War of 1812





CARL KOOPS  
BUFFALO, NEW YORK  
"Cootie" "Cups" "Carl"



GEORGE CURTIS LEWIS, JR.  
LOCKPORT, NEW YORK  
"Curt" "Louie" "Morphy"

**C**OOTIES! "It's no disgrace to have them, but it is to keep them." However no one can really accuse Carl of keeping them because it takes hair to support them.

It is easier to stray than to reform, but under the careful ministrations of the members of the third wing he improved rapidly except for his legs. Those legs! If the knees went together the feet flew apart, but frankly he wouldn't get his knees together.

Women! If Carl had a middle name that would be it. However he makes up for his lack of names and initials by signing himself 2 P. O. C. Koops, at least he received a letter addressed that way.

Given fifty pounds more weight Cootie would have made good material for the Varsity. Have you ever seen anything looking like a cross between a grasshopper and a flea tearing madly through a field of big huskies who look as if they could blow the runner down? If you have, it was Cootie playing the game of his life in class football. Not only in football do you see the little Arrow Collar boy, but watch an interclass lacrosse game. There he is, with a lacrosse stick larger than himself, his bow legs flying like pistons swatting right and left, and Lawd help the man he hits.

*One Stripe;  
Buzzard (2, 1);  
Class Football Numerals.*

**S**NAKES are many, but super-reptiles few. Now I ask you, "Isn't fussing on week-ends enough?" Yea verily. However, every p. m. after drill, this miniature Miles Standish would change from the attire of man's work to the bluish garb of the love maniac and go forth in a murking haze of Herpicide, Ed. Pinaud's, Fu-Fu, and sweet dreams to the round house, where he would take up his duties as the undaunted Yard Engineer.

Morphy's non-combatant nature and general get-up did not allow his taking part in the harsher forms of athletics, but he was always on hand in the stands of football practice, though it is a question as to whether he was interested in the team or the ever fluttering nonsense on either side.

His eyes are always burning brightly, scorching the dainty wings of the fair moths who fly his way. Did you ever notice how sombre and soulful "them orbits" are?

But, gentle reader, that is not all, for Curt has his semi-serious periods. That part of his make-up situated between the ears, functions rapidly and well. His battles with the Academic Department were never in doubt.

His friendship is one well worth having.

*Buzzard;  
Weak Squad (4, 3, 2).*





BUELL FROMER BRANDT  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Whitey"

**B**UELL FROMER BRANDT came to us from Albany, New York. His conquest there being overwhelmingly complete and his early genius soon recognized, it became necessary to change the base of operations and to provide a wider and more comprehensive field for his continued development. Naturally, the only place suitable for such a promising career was the Navy School. So that is how we got Whitey, the ghost of Banquo.

The boy is by no means an Apollo, but he is easier to look at than a whole lot of us are—especially his roommate. His sleepy blink is by no means an indication of mental sloth. There is nothing Whitey doesn't take in. In other words, don't be fooled the first time you see him.

On one or two occasions he has been mentioned in the morning orders for his various activities, usually on the working end of a Fat, or the inability to respond to reveille. As for extra duty—well, ask him. He did see the Bucknell game.

Whitey is happy, sincere, and genuine, without guile or pretense. Those of us who know him best cherish his friendship and all of us welcome his association.

"Let's work on him, Leo. Just pounded Hell outa two D. O.'s."

*Buzzard;  
Clean Sleeve.*



LEO BERNARD FARRELL  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Leo" "Duke"

**B**ACK in the early stages of 1917 Leo decided that New York being replete with the so-called "slick city fellers" one more or less out of the City Directory wouldn't make any difference, while to the Navy he could give all the advantages of his early youth in the vicinity of the world's most famous zoo, none other than the Bronx, toward keeping the mascots on board ship in check. And so we have him. When once one clamps his orbis onto Leo's visage one has a distinct view of Manhattan Island and all that goes with it—but not in the usual East Side type.

Early in his career Leo won for himself the "champeenship" of the Association of Story Tellers and Dispensers of Witticisms and there has been none to dethrone him since his rise.

The regs and Leo somehow don't agree as to the specifications on all the actions of midshipmen, hence the Midshipmen's Store has reaped profit in worn-out shoe leather.

Heaven must hold something in store for you, Leo, for your cruise on Mister Tod's boat and as a member of the Christmas squad you've had your Hell on earth—but come on with the gang.

"Grasp it like you would a bowling ball! Where's Whitey?"

*Buzzard (2);  
Clean Sleeve (1).*





THOMAS ALFRED PARFITT  
 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
 "Tom" "Tommy" "Taps"

**N**OW when the Schoolship dropped her hook in Marseilles harbor, all hands . . ." and that same old line is underway again. Tommy was an Old Man of the Sea long before he ever heard of the Naval Academy, and came to us with a good groundwork of practical knowledge.

Tom is a great fusser, and a strong adherent to the old gag of safety in numbers. When it comes to handling the "wimmin", Tap gets the crocheted cap cover.

Tommy savvies the French all right but he doesn't speak their language. The Dagoes have caused him many a grey hair, but he succeeded in bluffing even the slickest of them, the redoubtable Heim.

The fencing team has claimed Tap's athletic endeavors, and he wields a rather wicked willow.

Tommy fell for Honolulu, and swears that he is going out to the home of the Hulas when he gets ready to feather his nest.

He is always in some kind of a rough-house and is ever ready for any kind of a party. A more loyal friend never stacked arms.

"I'm a fast worker."  
 "Do you play games?"

*Buzzard;  
 Fencing Squad (2, 1);  
 Manager Fencing Team (1).*



DELWYN HYATT  
 NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK  
 "Red" "Deek" "Dizzy Deek"

**D**IZZY DEEK! His name sounds as though he would take off his shoes at a formation or turn in when sick call sounds. But our dashing Devilish Deek has many more brain throbs than the famous nickname Dizzy might suggest. For a fact though, Plebe year he did shave without putting a blade in his Gillette, and never knew the difference.

Those blonde locks slicked to a pompadour clearly betray snakish tendencies, although it did take until the middle of Second Class year for someone, (we will not say who) to cause him to deviate from the path of the Red Mike. But when the boy did start he sure did blossom forth.

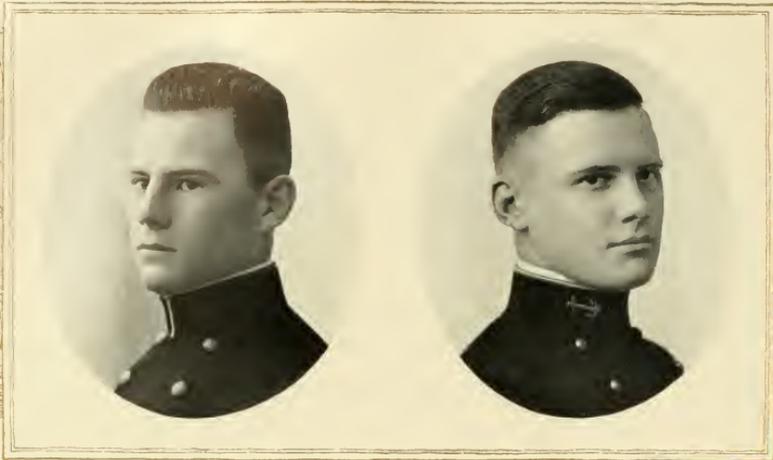
Deek's love for pasture pool brought him to grief early in First Class year, but he still swears by the good old game. The whole Executive Department fell on him, but Dizzy never batted an eye, and carried on in his usual manner.

Old Red is good company anywhere, on watch, making a liberty, or in a battle royal. His cheerful disposition and equable temper have made him a friend of all who know him.

"I'm not Dizzy."  
 "Fore!"

*Two Stripes;  
 Clean Sleeve.*





FRANCIS HORATIO STUBBS  
MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA  
"Stubby" "Frankie"

RICHARD RODNEY DENNETT  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Rod"

**B**ACK in a little West Virginia town, one bright summer day, a fierce contest was being staged. The score was nothing to nothing. Two outs and the bases full! A small man with a big hickory, eyed the pitcher. A rapid delivery and—Swat—four men scored! Name? Stubbs, Q. R. D.

Youngster year Frankie stubbed his toe sliding to base and missed an N-Star by a broken fibula. Second Class year Fortune smiled on him however, for he now wears that coveted decoration.

There is no getting around the fact that Stubby is gifted with gab. Two subjects, in main, form the nucleus for much heated discussion on his part; the Navy, and women. "You'll be a two striper in sixty-nine," is one of his stock arguments. Frankie heartily agrees with us that a commission must be worth working for.

As for women, he says, "I don't see how you can do it boys!" When it comes to Red Mikism he is a Study in Scarlet. Some day Frankie you're going to meet the O. A. O.—we leave the rest to the imagination!

Perhaps the greatest tribute we can pay him is the sincerity of his friendship. His outer casing may be face-hardened due to four years of Naval conflict, but he has a Golden Heart.

"Boys, the Navy's shot —!"

*One Stripe;*  
*Baseball N (4, 3);*  
*Baseball N-Star (2).*

**R**OD comes from Washington—a tall handsome youth, with long arms, and a fear for women! Imagine this young Adonis with eye-tempting dimples (not knee type), a confirmed bachelor! His silence on the subject gives birth to our suspicion of perhaps a secret past.

The regs against making up rooms on Saturday give Rod very little worry; so you see he is decidedly non-reg. Rod is no book agent, but if you wish enlightenment on the various memory courses, just suggest the matter in his presence, and if he hasn't forgotten you'll get the dope.

One must know Rod to see a rare alternation between utter laziness and hard work. He combines the two with peculiar ease, and is either coasting with a two-five, or on a heavy drag with a few two-tvos. When not escorting the winged track-shoes, Rod prefers his with lemon, and never has Java crossed those cherry lips.

Tall, handsome, wooden, Rod shoves off (West Coast) leaving an indelible impression on his confieres.

*One Stripe.*





CARL STIER DRISCHLER  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI  
"Drisch" "Boche" "Hun"



HUBERT GEORGE SCHNEIDER  
WARWICK, NEW YORK  
"Cupid" "Snide" "Hubert"

CARL is a man whose steadfast devotion to duty and scrupulous adherence to conscientious effort have earned him the respect of his classmates. "Stick to the job." "No cit life for mine." Otherwise just Drisch, the Brewery Boy from Old Saint Looie. Saint Looie is in Missouri, of course, and so was Drisch's heart before it moved to—Virginia.

As a shipmate, well, Drisch once coaled the Alabama unassisted, and he even broke that record on the Connecticut. Musical?—Watch him lead those mandolin fiends; Sousa's Class March or the Hula Blues; he's there.

He has never been an athlete, but that symmetrical form has more than once been noticed on parade in that curious aggregation of the third Batt, "The Foreign Legion."

Like a few more of us Drisch stars Senorita Fatima, and in any old, quiet spot—a few pals and a supply of skags—you will find him an attentive listener or a willing narrator of the "last hop"—or "the next."

When his ship drops into port you will always be sure of that big grin and a "Chase those blues."

"Hello, old top, you're lookin' great."

*Mandolin Club (4, 2, 1);  
Leader Mandolin Club;  
Battalion C. P. O.*

IT is remarkable what years of science and invention have wrought in their arms of photography. Witness the above. Mr. Bennett says he can give 'em anything from a shine to a shave and haircut, and in truth we do believe it.

Cupid early took a shine to crew and under Joe's tutelage was soon able to catch crabs with the best of 'em. In spite of drawbacks, Snide made the squad and the training table and hence missed some of the joys of Plebe year.

Hubert saw the advantages in adhering to the little green Bible Second Class year; and while his less discreet friends were garnering in the D's and walking extra duty, he was enjoying himself amongst the elite. Consequently he now sports two stripes and is commissary of Pino's Foreign Legion Staff.

For four years he has entertained those who chanced to attend chapel on Sunday with a whiskey tenor and Plebe year he was among the few who enhanced the appearance of the glee club.

May good luck ever direct his number 10's along the pathway of life.

*Two Stripes—Battalion Commissary;  
Buzzard (2);  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Glee Club (4);  
Crew Squad (4).*





THEODORE RUDOLPH WIRTH  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

*"Ted" "Turk" "Moke" "Duck-Face"*

NO, the Turk is not from Turkey, although he did try to make a poor, unsuspecting, young girl believe so. If Johnson comes from Alabama and is not a Swede, what is Wirth who comes from their home? In a more serious mood, it doesn't take long to find out from where he hails, "Now, in Minnesota . . ."

Crew is his out-door sport, but being light of weight, and with the time required for Wirth's Own Lucky Bag, he could not put his all into both, so his entire efforts came to the Bag. "Go ahead and knock, every knock is a boost, and advertisement is what we want."

There are two things Ted would be delighted to do for you, first in telling you his experiences as a detective on Second Class cruise, (No, not looking for his own clothes), and second in rendering a solo, for you know that he couldn't sing a note before he came in the Navy.

If you are out-o-luck at the last minute, in anything from dragging your best girl, to managing a class supper, see Ted and rest assured that you couldn't have done better yourself.

"I tried to reform that Buddie of mine, honest-to-God I did." "Where's Pinkie?"

*Manager Lucky Bag (2, 1);  
Log Staff (4, 3, 2);  
Crew Squad (4, 3, 1);  
Asst. Crew Manager (3, 2);  
Three Stripes;  
Company Representative (3, 2, 1).*

WAKEMAN BLANCHARD THORP  
HYDE PARK, VERMONT

*"Jim" "Pinkie" "The Kid"*

THE last time that Jim worried or assumed a responsibility was the first day he entered the Naval Academy, when, after having testified he had neither tobacco, money, or possibilities; sworn he was neither married, cherished, nor flat-footed (and stood with right hand raised, swearing service to the will which so nearly failed him twice), the Supe reposing special trust and confidence in the fidelity and abilities of Hyde Park's pride, did thereby install him in command of the latest increment of war babies, directing him to march his command to the Marine orderly for further instructions.

The intervening years have left little trace of their trials in the attitude, opinions, and ideas of Jim. His big worries have been the demands on his twelve hour a day sleep schedule and violations of the mob rule upon the part of the four hundred.

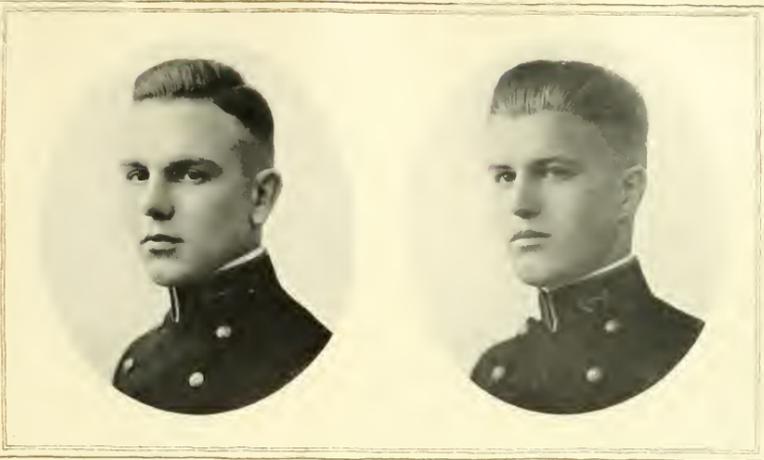
Pinkie is famed for his grandfather, his eight starred black N, a file of Navy Department correspondence, a speaking-to acquaintance with every D. O., and his taste in men and women.

In him, future ward rooms will find competition—and not a little friendship.

"Gosh, I sure did sleep well last night."

*Buzzard.*





JOHN GRIFFITH AMES  
JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS  
"John" "Griff"

THOMAS CHURCH BROWNELL  
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND  
"Tommy" "Brownie"

**H**YSTERICS are sometimes fatal and almost always out of place, but they are merely part of the day's work to John. The oldest story will bring tears to his eyes and convulse him with sobs of unrestrained laughter, and there's only one way to cure him—hit him harder than he laughs.

Of course there were times during the first part of his Academic career when Ames, as we all will at times, allowed his imagination to picture himself wearing countless gold stripes. But, alas, too much love of the weed and a too fatal attack of the spring-time fancy, coupled with an uncontrollable desire to room with Brownell, caused said stripes to come in the form of a bird.

Half owner of the strong-box victrola and inventor of a bird-slaying device, with which he nearly caused the death of a promenading D. O., mark Griff as a genius of the first magnitude.

If in the future John should turn and look back upon his Naval Academy days, let's hope he never forgets the eventful night when sliding down someone's stone steps was a real and unequalled pleasure.

*Buzzard (2, 1).*

**I**F in glancing through these pages the reader has become slightly bored with the sameness of most of our histories, and yearns to read of a checkered career, we respectfully invite his attention to this one.

Tommy's has certainly been well checkered. Back in the neolithic ages he arrived at Buck's and began to prep. The exams came and went and Tommy still remained a cit. Next year he had better luck, and spent a short time with '20, till the semi-anns got him and his equally savvy wife. Then he came back with us, and so far, has stuck though the minions of E. E. & P. have made things interesting for him.

The boy has Anacreonic views of life and when on leave consistently puts them into practice.

Tommy is of a sedentary temperament, and much averse to exertion in any form. He cares little for boxing, and about as much for athletics, though back in his first Plebe year he aspired to be a coxswain. Apparently his favorite "occu-yu-pations" are engaging in heated arguments with somebody, and conducting extensive explorations in search of a place to catch.

Tommy is not very savvy, but thanks to desultory boning, much luck, and the grace of God, he has come through successfully.

*Buzzard.*





CHARLES FENTON MERCER SPOTSWOOD QUINBY  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

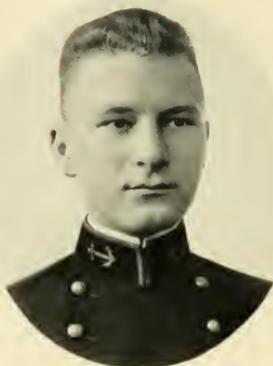
"Spot"

BROUGHT up as a Navy Junior, and from Norfolk at that, is it any wonder that Spot should take to sea like an old sea lion? However, his first impression of the Academy was not flattering, having been impressed by some of '18 when he started to his first formation putting on his blouse. "Say, Mister, what're you doing out of uniform? What's your name, anyway?" "Quinby." "Quinby what?" "Charles Fenton Mercer Spotswood Quinby, Sir." Long pause, then, "My Lord, you win! Go back to your room and get into uniform."

Spot is some little swimmer. Why, when he started out for swimming he made the startling discovery that he had more potential energy crying to be changed into kinetic, than a D. O. has plans for ragging the unwary. He changed it just at the right time, too, for he broke three records and made his N during his first season. Incidentally he was one of those who represented the Navy at the Olympic games.

Spot is a true sport through and through, always ready and willing for anything that turns up, taking his share of hard knocks with a smile, and sharing his good fortunes with everybody in sight.

*Buzzard (2); Battalion C. P. O.;  
Swimming Squad (2, 1); Swimming N (2);  
Navy Olympic Team;  
Academy Record Breast Stroke 40, 60, 100  
Yards.*



CHARLES HIRAM PERDUE  
MACON, GEORGIA

"Hiram" "Charlie" "Rat"

EVERYTHING is Peaches Down in Georgia." You all know that tune. Well, Hiram is not the exception that proves the rule this time. As is typical of all those who hove from below the Mason Dixon, Charlie is a true Southern Gentleman. Just mention Georgia if you want to see his ears prick up.

Rat came to us as a sapling early in Plebe summer for the worthy hands of our old friend Eighteen to mould into a reg and obedient Plebe. And such Nineteen found him. Always willing to take his share of the running with a smile and eager to rejoice at its ending, as all good Plebes, that's Hiram. Sol and Jack made things lively for the entire room whenever excitement was needed. It's a wonder we didn't lose Charlie in the mêlée.

"Who said snake?" "No Charlie just went out." "Where to?" "Why that's easy. To mail that little billet doux to Macon."

In all seriousness here we have a man who has done his part with a will and a determination to do it right. Hiram has shown his many friends that he is a man at heart and a friend to friends.

Go to it Georgia!

*Buzzard.*





CARL HERMAN SANDERS  
MARTINSVILLE, INDIANA

"Pete" "Ducky" "Savvy" "Ton"

FREDERICK SMITH BARTLETT  
CASTINE, MAINE

"Sam" "Bah-Hah-Bar"

**S**AVVY is one of our number who has always included Baltimore in the Capitol City's limits, and, the occasional trips in order to take in the latest shows, were the boast of his Plebe year.

When the sheep and the goats were divided it was the little green book which decided that the longest way home was the sweetest way around for Savvy, and it might be added that the nickname Savvy isn't exactly a misnomer.

Speaking of athletes get Wilkie to tell you how Sanders led the Martinsville High School five down at the interscholastic meet—even brought their own water along with them, and then won the cellar championship.

However Savvy has managed to play a good game as forward in the class games without any milk cans of imported water. And in the way of further activity he has lent a helping hand in the preparation of the Lucky Bag.

In the ways of women Von's perfect features have detracted their attention from his pair of outside calipers, but his friends from the McGoin Golf Club have always been a social set-back.

"Who's got the ivory dotted Easter eggs."

*Buzzard (2);  
C. P. O.;  
One Stripe;  
Basketball Squad (3);  
Interclass Basketball (2, 1);  
Company Representative (2);  
Lucky Bag Staff.*

**"F**OOD, ho! Who's got any food?" Thus, Sam from Castine introduces himself. It is unknown how Frederick Smith Bartlett was re-christened Sam upon his arrival at this place, but it has stuck with him through thick and thin.

Sam made himself famous the first week of Plebe year when, answering "Where you from?" he said (and still continues to say) "Bah-Hah-Bar, sir."

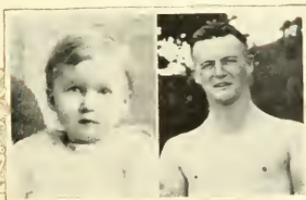
When with women, Sam is out of his element. He craves not to hear sweet nothings from gay young things. The end of Second Class year proved this when a girl tried to hold his hand. He left immediately for the movies or some other milder form of amusement.

But, Academically speaking, Sam is a bear-cat. He even thinks he should be wearing a star, but some way or other, all Profs seem to take a dislike to his recitation and under-rate his abilities.

His athletic career has been somewhat curtailed due to his bad habit of breaking bones; but when he has been able to indulge, he has put a kick into the game which was stamped with the Navy brand.

"Pass the chow." "I'm not fat—say——"

*Two Stripes;  
Company Representative;  
Class Football (2).*





FLOYD FRANKLIN FERRIS  
SCARSDALE, NEW YORK  
"Foo-foo" "Vamp"

THIS prepossessing lad with the nominer Foo-Foo should really claim New York as his native land. But being a blood and somewhat given to dropping his r's, he has quite convinced us that 'ole Virginia stands predominant as the land of his baby rattle and teething ring.

Floyd as a fusser has met with marked success, and were it not for his inherent traits as an oolong fighter, he undoubtedly would have been more aggressive in his counter attacks on the Academic Departments. His success may be attributed to keen eyesight, dexterity, and diligence.

He has, however, experienced his share of trials and tribulations in satisfying that ravenous appetite, the developing of which to a state of perfection we all admit to be a great accomplishment.

Floyd's gonk may be likened unto the material of a Trottoir, but this assimilation is unquestionably due to the call of the siren. Foo-Foo has ever been an unfailling believer in wine, women, and song, as every true snake could hardly be otherwise.

*Buzzard;*  
*Soccer Squad (3, 2, 1);*  
*Tennis Squad (2).*



BLAIR MACWATTLES FULLER  
NORTH EAST, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Blackie" "McTwiddle" "BMacW."

BLAIR blew from North East, although it is really North West, the land of the North East Breeze. He was one of the first members of '21, having entered on the day that our class was born.

Blair has never had that dread of the Academic Departments which most of us find creeping on at times.

Perseverance is one of his main attributes. He even stuck to the bugle corps until Second Class year when he was awarded the distinction of carrying the books for the more successful musicians.

The rougher forms of athletics have never occupied much of his time, but an inclination towards the lighter have made him pre-eminently successful, particularly in that exciting game of African Golf. He has also been interested in the Mexican branch of athletics, his line being so good that one is at a loss to know just when he isn't indulging in his innocent type of running.

Fuller is an appropriate name for this cherubic youth pictured above—he being fuller good nature, pep, both of which go to make a successful officer.

*Buzzard;*  
*Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2).*





JULIUS ALBERT McNAMAR  
NEWARK, OHIO  
"Mac"



WILLIAM VAN HAMILTON  
PALESTINE, TEXAS  
"Ham"

HERE is a man who is thoroughly, unequivocally, absolutely, and pre-eminently professional. He knows this Navy. He knows it better than most of us. He knows every ship that flies the American flag, merchantman and man-o'-war. He can tell you her displacement, her armament, her date of commission, her present condition, and in many cases, her personnel. Just before the first half graduated, Mac's room was a veritable information bureau for the embryo Ensigns.

Mac reads Naval books and studies Naval traditions. He is a firm advocate of all old Navy traditions and Academy customs as more than one Plebe will testify. He believes that the Navy was built on tradition, so when he isn't boning he is busy upholding Navy traditions in the good old Navy style. "Education," says Mac, "is a great thing." And forthwith he proceeded to do his best toward helping the Plebe. He had only to speak and all within hearing jumped; only to nod and all in sight acted, for Mac's reputation was known far and wide.

Possessing a subtle sense of humor, appreciating a good joke, Red Mike pessimist and distinctly seagoing, Mac makes a good shipmate.

"Say Mister, snap out of it. Brace up! Why, when I was a Plebe—"

*Buzzard.*

WHEN Ham came back from the hospital Plebe year, he didn't have much of a chance. He said so himself. And then, just to prove that he could pull sat, he decided he would; which, of course, is equivalent to saying he did. Since then he's managed to weather the 2.5 side of Dago.

To mention Ham and not mention the ladies, would be an insult to both. For no hop is complete without Ham and he stands among those immortal few who have never been completely bricked. Maybe its his good looks; maybe its his good judgment; perhaps its both. He's had hundreds of opportunities with all of them, but still swears by that little girl and the home in Texas.

Ham is a good fellow. More than that, he's a good sport. He's the sort you like to be with and the sort you like to deal with. He is wholeheartedly behind everything, and it is the spirit of just such men as he that has helped to put things on and keep them on their successful pedestal. If being a good fellow were all that were necessary to get by, Ham would have lots of velvet, because he has principles which prove him among his associates to be a man.

*Bugle Corps (4);  
Buzzard (2);  
One Stripe.*





HERBERT WATSON TAYLOR  
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY  
"Zach" "Howie" "Hugh"

CHARLES SMITH ALEXANDER  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Aleck"

**H**ERB TAYLOR, two-striper, fusser, and savori, decided on the Navy one summer's day, and since that time has reposed quietly in our midst. "Still water runs deep" was never more applicable to anyone than it is to Zach. He has never been known to talk above a conversational tone except when giving the old first Squads East.

He might have been in the first half with a little more energy, but he divided his time equally between Cosmo, femmes, and sleep, with the result that he is one of the leading lights of the wooden men. Ask Simmons about all the actresses on his locker door.

Oh, yes, it might incidentally be mentioned that his unassuming role and innocent look got him by with several little stunts. That Frenching trip to Baltimore was a great success Second Class year—only two men in the company knew he was gone.

Being troubled with insomnia, he went out for the Lucky Bag staff and has done hard and consistent work helping Dave and Co. get out the Big Book.

Herb, you were a good classmate and the best of shipmates. May our paths cross many times in the future.

"Terry has such lovely hair."

*Two Stripes;  
Buzzard (2);  
Expert Rifleman;  
Company Representative (2);  
Lucky Bag Staff, Production Manager (1).*

**B**UCK'S finishing school, that's Aleck! As a Plebe he carried such a brace that '18 made him a P. O. Since that time Aleck has admitted his ability. We have labored four years to convince him otherwise, but in vain.

He emigrated from Logan—not many miles, but many years, from Philly. As a result of his disinclination for physical labor he has gone from toil tilling to golf and he shakes a wicked club. Incidentally Aleck is no mean athlete but due to this same disinclination, his talents remain unsung.

'19 developed in him a champion pie eater, but he has failed to confine his efforts to pie! All we've said for four years is "You win!"

Aleck has been scholastically consistent—always near the bottom! He used to juggle his Dago mark to six decimal places to pull sat. This was easy for him because he belonged to the Omnimeter Club. He spent so much time arguing it's cause that he failed to learn it's use! He admits he's wooden—so do we.

An ardent supporter of the Prê Cat and the Volstead Act, Aleck is always one of us. When the gang is ready he is in their midst and set for what'er may come.

"Mr. Alexander! Knock off eating—come up for air and give the other Plebes a chance!"

*Buzzard;  
Track Team (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Class Football (1).*





WILLIAM NESSLER MCKELVY, JR.

AT LARGE

"Mac" "Wild Bill" "Spike"

McKELVY came into the Academy with the avowed intention of joining the Marines, and none of the lucid and explanatory arguments that have been set forth by his friends have been able to dissuade him. Whoever named him Wild Bill should receive at least a gold wrist-watch, for it fits him exactly. He has a rolling gait that would make Davy Jones weep with envy, the line of a jewelry clerk, and as for dragging—the only time he isn't at a hop is when the Executive Department decrees otherwise.

Lacrosse comes to him naturally, but if there were some other games where bludgeons were used instead of lacrosse sticks, he would certainly drop lacrosse.

Mac is a staunch advocate of things as they are. Any change in regulations or uniform brings all his natural rhinosis to the fore. Like some of us, he has had to work hard for his two-five, and several times he has been in danger of shortening his course involuntarily. However, he has always come back with a punch, and is still with the ship.

His generosity and good nature, make him a good friend to have, and the Marine Corps is not getting the wrong end when he shifts from "navy blue" to "forest green."

*Buzzard.*

DAVID WELLS ROBERTS

DENVER, COLORADO

"Robbie"

LITTLE Robbie, as we all have christened him, is different from the rest of us, for nobody ever saw him rhino. Quiet, unassuming, and good-natured, he has never had an enemy.

Whenever we thought of that old adage "The good die young," we feared for Wells. He never had an evil thought and was reg because it hadn't ever occurred to him to be otherwise. He was savvy, too, and the combination brought him two stripes. Nobody ever doped out how he happened to get in the second hall, but even at that, he was the only member of 21-B who wasn't a Bolshevik his Second Class year.

David was a weekly fusser and we who were on the Minnesota can thank him for leading us into many good times First Class cruise, he being the only man in the squadron with relatives in every port. He was also an ink chewer of renown. Those toothful faces that he drew for the Log changed many a frown to a smile.

Robbie is truly one man whose disposition the Navy didn't ruin. Clean living, straight principles, and a generosity that knew no bounds have kept him out of that slough of despond into which many fall.

"Aw-w-w!"

*Two Stripes;  
Log Staff (3, 2);  
Art Editor Log (1);  
Buzzard (2).*





CASPER HENRY EICKS, JR.  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Casper"

PAUL EWING HOWELL  
KANSAS CITY, KANSAS  
"Paul"

CASPER is a native of Greenwich Village and, although he has a great many eccentricities, he is not an artist, Bohemian, or one of those males who wears a leopard skin and plays tag with the Greek dancers.

Casper is about as talkative as Dobie, and for four long years he has listened in silence and without question to the wild tales of parties that would shock a Sultan, and which always took place in the "Bohunk Colony" of Greenwich Village.

Casper has had no path of roses with the Academics, but by hard work and perseverance he has won all his rounds. And it is his stick-to-it-iveness that will bring success to him in the end.

The bearded lady is the only femme he has any love for, and it has been in the secluded catching spots that Casper has become acquainted and made friends with a good many of us.

Eicks as a Plebe wrote his name in the Hall of Fame by putting in a three cent special requisition; of course he didn't enjoy the fame but he was pleased by doing something unique.

Casper was a globe trotter before he entered the Academy, so it's the China station for him.

*Buzzard (2, 1).*

WHEN Paul wandered in here with his own little motion, it recalled to the Upper Classes the days of the old Maine. For only the Maine coming up the Bay has a motion that rivals Paul's.

Paul has never had to do a whole lot of boning, for 3.0's come as easy to him as milk to a cow, but there was one drawback. That little stumbling block was in the shape of Dago, and to watch the motions and contortions of his hands while he was endeavoring to focus his thinking apparatus in the Dago vernacular was certainly a treat.

There is one little thing that bothers this boy considerably, and that is the fact that he is muchly afraid that he will bump his head on the overheads aboard ship, his six foot three not being very adaptable to the short distance we have between decks.

Not once in his career has he been known to worry. He moves about with that quiet, unassuming air of "It won't matter a hundred years from today" and just takes things as they come.

He is a firm believer in the adage "Never trouble trouble 'til trouble troubles you."

"Bueno, Senior How-well. Now don't try to see how bad you can do today."

*Buzzard (2, 1).*





JOSEPH MICHAEL BEGAN  
EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS  
"Joe" "Mountain"

HENRY THEODORE WRAY  
FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Bunny" "Tarzan"

**E**FFINGHAM is on the map! It has been ever since the day big, bulky Joe arrived to fill a space in '21. Big is right. A fair young Annapolite once queried: "Why does he walk with his legs one at a time?" But we know, for Joe and the commissary scales aren't strangers.

Joe is the exception to the rule that fat men swim easily; he is a charter member of the sub squad, and is strong in that "plunge for distance"—to the bottom. Who said nobody loves a fat man? Why, this old porpoise has so many romances up his sleeve that—well, you'd be surprised. However, Joe did gather in the company brick with a star Youngster year, so he'll make "Who's Who" just one year late, as a result.

We never saw Joe hit a lick of real work. But that's the fat and Irish. It's awfully tiresome to fat men, you know, and on the Kearsarge, Second Class cruise, Joe could always be found around the forward bull ring with his heavy carcass comfortably eased down on a sea chest, smoking or willing to smoke any given number of skags. The Head of the ship usually claimed his attention during a coaling exercise.

*Football Squad (4);  
Class Football (1);  
Buzzard.*

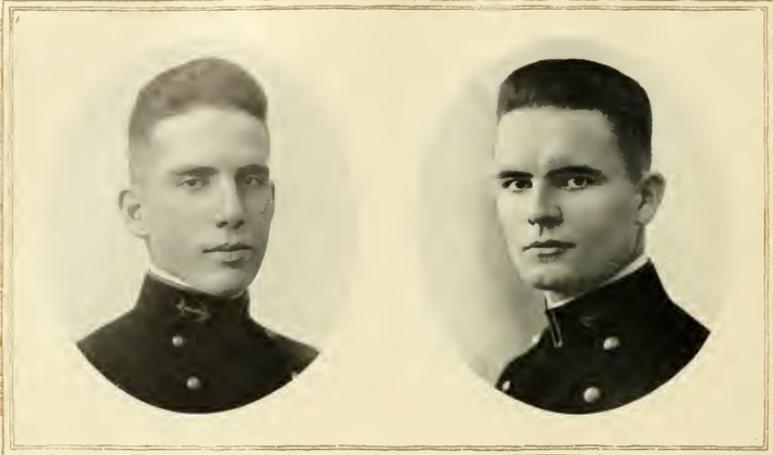
**I**F Bunny were a poet he could touch the heart of humanity with the mournful agony of his Academic woes after each monthly lottery of Profs. This son of Massachusetts is as unfortunate in drawing compatriots of One-O-Joe, as he is lucky in picking the winning team of any intercollegiate contest in the country.

With a voice that is as uncontrollable as his temper, he can be found at all games giving forth a veritable staccato of advice and encouragement to the team and infusing in those about him some small measure of his enthusiasm. His foresightedness was aptly demonstrated on the last cruise when he spent a month and a half in the fire-room "to gain experience and to become proficient in things mechanical," as he would have others believe, but to those who understand his canniness, "to draw fresh water from the firemen's wash-room and to escape the necessity of standing deck watches while in port." According to Bunny there are three kinds of liberty—Liberty Engine (camshaft assembly), Liberty Loan (to his roommate), and the liberty he enjoyed on the cruise.

If you are in a party and out for some fun be sure and add Bunny to your list, because his Irish wit and impromptu speeches are something to look forward to even in the best of society.

*Bugle Corps (4, 3);  
Buzzard (2, 1).*





STERLING TUCKER DIBRELL

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

"Steve" "Esse Tee" "Saint"

**S**TERLING TUCKER DIBRELL, the gentleman from Little Rock, Arkansas, came among us in order to find out if any form of education was indulged in outside of Bellbuckle, Tennessee.

His favorite topic starts out, "Man, you ought to hear that jazz band down home. When we throw a dance the neighbors for five miles around complain of insomnia."

Dib sounds like a regular snake to a stranger but he attended only enough hops to be ineligible for a Red Mike. He is a staunch supporter of the Radiator Club and Mexican Athletics, only leaving us when the D. O. talks him into going out for the Cross-Country Marathon, for which he qualified Second Class year.

The old saying, "You can't keep a good man down" has been proved beyond a doubt. Dib jumped from a 2 P. O. to a 1 P. O. after two months of Academic year, and then turns out every morning as the D. O. starts down his corridor.

Dib is a good man to make leave with and a good pal—always ready to lend a hand, whether it be to help one into or out of trouble as the case may be.

*Buzzard.*

WALTON BARCLAY PENDLETON

GLOBE, ARIZONA

"Doc" "Bay"

**T**HE world changes but the Doctor stays the same all of the time. Upon entrance Doc acquired the art of shooting the proverbial line. Having been properly educated Plebe year and having learned to handle the lariat in the wild and woolly west, he can talk from mavericks to seagulls.

Doc is not much of a snake, but once in a while goes over to show the girls a good time. His main performance is spouting his budding French to the more elite of our Western products of Eastern finishing schools.

He dropped his troubles when he buried Dago and by leaving the girls alone, figures on having none for quite a while, of course providing they leave him alone.

Early to bed and late to rise is his motto. In fact, he always uses his sleeping-in privilege.

He specializes in humanitarianism and his philanthropy is boundless. His chief delight is extracting others from the well known bight. Sleeping sickness loses an admirable candidate, but the Navy gets a good man.

"Well Boys, the Navy's shot to Hell."

*Buzzard (I).*





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Painted by Carlton T. Chapman.

The Victory of the *Constitution* over the *Java*





JAMES ELLIS BAKER  
FORT WORTH, TEXAS  
"Bake"

SIDNEY WRIGHT HARVEY  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Sid" "Harv" "Tod" "Slim"

**D**ID you ever hear of a Co-ed Military Academy? No? But Texas has one and James Ellis Baker has been suspicious of all women since that four years of his sweet young life spent at intensive training, in a school where girls do extra duty under arms. Not that Bake is a Red Mike—he's just inclined to be skeptical on the subject of love. As yet no vamp has thrilled him, and he has been caught blushing only twice.

Bake is not non-reg—he just rolls up D's because of the inflicting regs. He even told a D. O. that it was no use to be reg, as every time he turned around he hit the "rebound" for an unheard of regulation. Between friends we will say we have yet to see the regulation Bake hadn't learned from experience with the extra duty squad.

As a musician Bake is an all star. He played 2nd Clarinet in the general store band of Grapevine, Texas, and started the practice again his Second Class year with a borrowed instrument. He could reach high C and hold it for an entire evening. And if the Plebes hadn't come to the rescue of his roommate, and stole the infernal contraption, Bake would still be running those three phase finger practice scales.

*Buzzard.*

**"ARE** you the brother of Lawrence Harvey in '17?" This is the question Sid had to answer many times Plebe year. He was ratey as they make them but his good nature when ragged, coupled with Academic year at the barracks, pulled him through.

Sid showed football abilities early and made the squad Plebe year, but a differing with the coach cut them short Youngster year. His classmates backed him up, however, by making him Manager. Lacrosse season also found him with the training table gang and, by the way, just ask anyone how good "Mother" could beat up eggs.

"Will arrive Saturday with twenty girls." That famous telegram that started many a good man dragging blind was received by Sid early in Youngster year. Twenty Philadelphia girls were inveigled by this potential snake.

Sid took a fatherly interest in Plebes from the time he became a Youngster until segregation. Every Plebe of either '22 or '23 who existed in the first wing, felt sure that he was well taken care of.

Sidney has now chosen other fields of endeavor. The good ship "Outside" has called him and he has answered. May the outside find him as good a companion as we have, and here's to his becoming a captain of industry.

*Manager Football (2, 1);  
Football Squad (4, 3);  
Lacrosse Numerals (3, 2);  
Football Numerals (4, 3);  
Buzzard.*





GEORGE HETHERINGTON LYTTLE

MEEKER, COLORADO

"Meeker" "Lit"

**M**EEKER, where is it? God only knows, but that is the place where George used to pitch horseshoes with the best of them. Meeker—from what we have gathered from the best podunk arguments, has waterworks and on one side of the Main Street has a solid block of imposing business houses.

However, Meeker, according to George, is a thriving county seat and in spite of the forty-five mile ride on the stage coach you'll like it when you get there.

It's the same way with Lit, as soon as you meet him you'll like him. If you get him right after chow when he is up on the fo'c'sle, bum a F at from him and get him to discuss one-horse towns, politics, women, or religion and you can't help but enjoy it.

Meeker missed '21 A's three year excursion by a couple of sidereal seconds but he has since been riding on in the first day coach of '21 B's milk train.

George's main diversion has been the Lucky Bag and he has led the gang of satirists who have made biographies out of eulogies and deprived the Service of a host of wonders but have turned out a real biography section.

"Speaking of cities—why out in Meeker——"

*Buzzard (2);  
Lucky Bag Staff (2);  
Biography Editor (1);  
C. P. O.;  
One Stripe.*

GEORGE MAGRUDER BROOKE

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

"Sailor" "Scupper" "Ollie"

**O**LLIE entered this fair institution of learning with the first day's installment. Under the tender care of '18 he soon learned most of a Plebe's functions—of course, in those days hazing was of such a mild form that Mothers didn't fear for the lives of their darling sons and Upper Classmen weren't rated on a par with the Kaiser.

Youngster year Smiling Shinton and some other of the clean-cut boys started in helping Scupper out by way of Maryland Avenue, but Scupper came back with a 4.0 on the exam and since he has been rated as a back corridor math shark. Since '21's best have resumed the old course Ollie has had easy sailing and velvet to burn.

Brooke's three main worries in life are: his hair, sleep and love. In regard to his hair, two more years of Herpicide and he will have nothing more to worry about; when it comes to sleep, Ollie can caulk twenty hours and then go to sleep on his feet; and speaking of love, that far-away look in his eyes tells that his thoughts are always dwelling on her and a prospective California bungalow.

Scupper is conscientious and dependable in all his work. He is rather quiet and reserved but as the old sage so well said, "It is the full bottle that rattleth not."

*Buzzard (2, 1).*





WILLIAM ROBERT COOKE, JR.  
LLANERCH, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Doc"



LUCIUS KEENE SCOTT  
GOVERNEUR, NEW YORK  
"L. K."

DOC is a rare specimen. He says he likes the Academy and its life, and he really does. He never knocks, always taking things as they come. He even enjoyed the food Youngster cruise.

Dago has been the one stumbling block in the Doctor's Academic career. Had it not been for Espanol, he would have graduated the year sooner, as he only missed the first half of the class by two numbers.

Having been brought up in the old 10th, he is a believer in "Plebes is Plebes." Also at one time he was a firm believer in Hiram's principle of maximum comfort until Joe and he talked things over in the rotunda one Saturday night. He has recovered somewhat but he will never be the same.

Being from Philadelphia, he drags frequently and is a confirmed snake, although he has no regular girl. He loves them all.

Doc is always willing to help anybody out, whether it be taking your duty Saturday night or dragging that "friend of a friend". But all you have to do is ask him and he will do his best.

*Company Representative (2);  
Buzzard (2);  
C. P. O. (1).*

"IT beats H——" and L. K. vents his righteous wrath on the stumbling blocks to the Navy pay bills. Politics, literature, and good nature are his weaknesses, and he is no mean little dissertator on the first two mentioned. "One of these anaemic highbrows did you say?" not by a crook of non-reg slum. If you are feeling particularly rambunctious and want to maul someone, don't work out on Lucius.

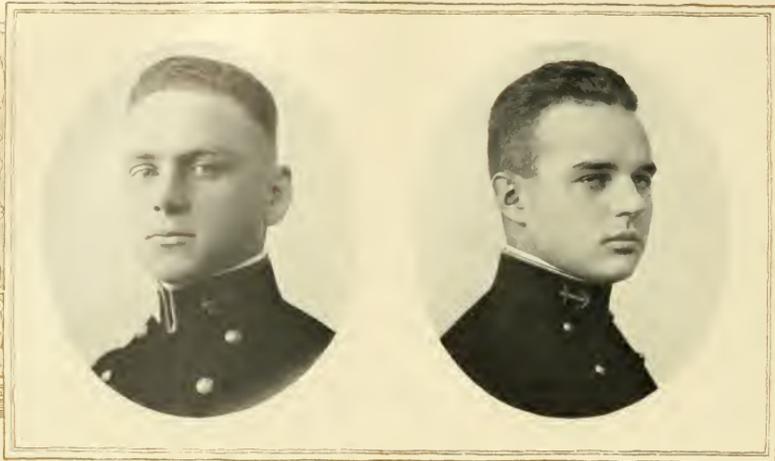
Like the majority of us, he is an ardent lover of the king of all indoor sports, and the Sabbath is his day of rest in the full sense of the word, but should your duty and dragging conflict, you will find him ever willing to wear the little white belt even into the wee sma' hours of Sunday a. m.

Hailing from that part of the Empire state where one still finds real bred-in-the-bone Yanks in the majority, he has no sympathy for those misguided mortals who inform one (confidentially or otherwise) that the whole universe gyrates about lil' ol' N'Yawk.

Gouverneur now boasts of several sons of literary and political talent, a rural free delivery, and the daily news published weekly. Some day, no doubt, her big boast will be L. K.

*Buzzard;  
Class Football Squad (1).*





ANGUS MEADE COHAN  
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA  
"Georgie" "Ki-yi" "Coozie"

WHEN George first entered these halls of learning, his blushes were intense and frequent. However he soon became Luther's guardian, and after that he never blushed on his own account—he didn't have time to. For three years he has steered the latter around many pitfalls and disasters.

George's two objects in life are fussing and wrestling. A real snake who cares not what they look like as long as they can dance and use fou-fou. On the cruise he left a string of broken hearts all along the west coast, not to mention Honolulu and Panama—we won't.

Ki-yi is also one of the hardest workers on the wrestling squad. They turn the new comers over to him to see what they know. A picture of him in his working outfit would be eagerly accepted by Physical Culture.

His greatest ambition is to wear a forest-green uniform and idly watch the harassed Navigator hunting for Alpha Bootis, or to lead a charge of "The first to fight", against some perturbed natives in a far corner of the globe.

George is a true friend—no good news is complete without his sharing it, no trouble deep enough for him not to shoulder more than his share.

*One Stripe;  
Wrestling Squad (3, 2, 1).*

LUTHER ADOLPHUS BROWN  
AUBURN, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Brownie" "Luke"

HERE comes our fifty thousand dollar kid—the only man in the Naval Academy who can make his wife pay alimony. That's our Pennsylvania W-olunteer right from near Potts-w-ille, that is to say, Auburn.

"Have you a pencil, Mr. Brown?" "I do, sir."

He speaks the language of the Bugle Corps, you see, and so they don't always get him the first time, but he doesn't mind coming again.

Born for the photographing staff of the Police Gazette, he still turns out his masterpieces by the dozen. There's hardly a big event around this hole that Brownie hasn't nabbed with that perambulating studio of his. He's some artist when it comes right down to the real dope at the picture game.

The whole deck responds when he gets a box from home with its usual representation of everything from potato chips to pretzels and each and every item is introduced by "This is good stuff—my Dad made that."

He doesn't run on 40% luck but takes the whole 99.44%. Without exciting himself he always kept sat and conserved his time for Extra Duty and a streak or two of liberty now and then.

"Say, fellows—this is real!"

*Buzzard;  
Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Log (1).*





ROBERT FERDINAND HICKEY  
GAZELLE, CALIFORNIA  
"Bob" "Hick"

JUST one look at this man is enough. One can easily see that he is Irish, a good-natured roughneck, and a hell raiser in every sense of the word, that is, after he caulk's off enough to regain the energy he loses due to the fact that the D. O. wakes him up every morning a few minutes before formation with the pleasant words "You are down."

He is from California. If you could hear him shout that awful line you would think the whole universe revolves about that one spot, Gazelle. He got away big until he went to the west coast First Class cruise. After asking many about this place known as Gazelle, we at last found one who had been there once but said the trip could not be made again because the old man who drove the ox wagon from Hickville to Gazelle had died. Bob never speaks of Gazelle any more.

Bob is the only bow-legged snake in existence. His absence from the hop is as rare as rain on the Sahara.

"Well, that's the largest pair of outside calipers I ever saw." "Shh! Those are not outside calipers. They are Hickey's legs!"

*Buzzard;*  
*Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);*  
*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*



MYRON EDGAR THOMAS  
YREKA, CALIFORNIA  
"Tommy" "Purity"

HERE is Tommy, the only man ever seen in Smoke Hall with a package of Bull in his locker and a pair of outstretched hands for one more Fat.

When going North through California, and you hear the conductor yell "Change cars for the Bingleville Trolley," you know then that our bow-legged friend's home, Y-reka, is close aboard. None of us have ever been this far from civilization, nor have we ever heard of this place, but Tommy says that it is the seat of Sis-ki-you county.

Tommy was a real snake until First Class year, and then he was forced to give up dancing on account of sore feet. He was also on the water wagon Plebe year because of his First Class friends, and those same sore feet caused him to take a seat on the wagon First Class year.

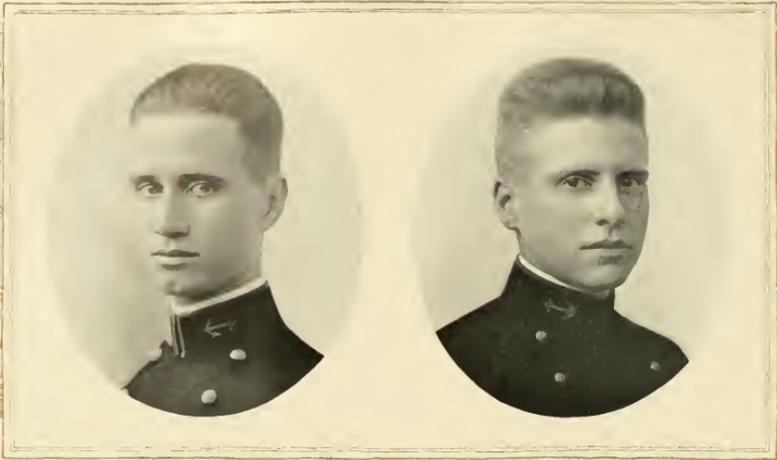
You would never think that Purity was a doctor, but just ask any of the Connecticut gang about the prescription he fixed for them in Panama on his last cruise.

We don't feel like omitting Tommy's battles with the Ac. Department and we will say that he is one of these savvy 2.5 men; that is a man who never had much trouble with studies.

"Hey, Bob, don't you know - Gimme!!"

*Buzzard.*





GEORGE CONNER STEVENS  
CAVE SPRING, GEORGIA  
"Shad" "Steve" "Thaddeus"

HUGH PETERS  
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"Pete" "Huge" "Red"

HERE we have him, fellows! That long, lean, Georgia Cracker; quite musical and a wonderful dancer. If you don't believe it go over to the gym any Saturday night. Steve has always been a firm supporter of the five years' course and Mexican athletics, and like most of us his greatest fault is women.

Absurdly sentimental, Shad is frequently to be seen gazing out across the moon-lit Chesapeake, seeing visions of broken romances, but Steve will at least be a good navigator for he is well acquainted with the positions of all celestial bodies.

Considering the adverse conditions, one of his type needs must encounter in this institution of ours, Steve nevertheless has marked abilities along certain lines quite beyond the scope of this write-up.

Steve's first attempt at a Naval career came to grief in February 1917, when he resolved to leave the bean outfit for good. However he decided we could not have a Navy without him, so back he came, and he has made good this time.

*Buzzard.*

YOU have probably seen this belligerently militaristic youth before, wandering around the lanes of old Bancroft as if he owned the earth. Hughie tries hard to be "hard". Even when a Midshipman, Fourth Class, he had the reputation of being one of the ratiest Plebes in the fifteenth company. Very likely it is his red hair that gives him his "Bolshevist" tendencies. The women, especially, find him hard to control. In the moonlight he is a regular cave man and they all say he has a wickedly fluent line.

Red is the kind of a guy you like to have around. He's full of pep and never lets anything get him down in the mouth. Perhaps this is one reason he's such a sea lion with the femmes, immune against rebuffs. It's true that such things as Nav and Steam used to wreak havoc with him quite frequently, but after proving the Nav Profs wrong or the Steam books incorrectly written, he has always emerged with the old optimistic attitude again.

"Well, Pete, old top, you have a host of friends among us. Here's hoping you will always take your bearings with a steady eye and never be lured onto the rocks by the sirens!"

*Buzzard (2);  
One Stripe.*





ROBERT EUGENE CANTY  
ELGIN, ILLINOIS  
"Bob" "Skipper" "Sailor"

LET us introduce you to our infant prodigy, the Skipper, equally young of heart as of mind, but of an age long forgotten during the early years of his youth. The first of a long line of ancient mariners who plied their trusty oil-burning ships safely through the treacherous coconut palms of the cold and bleak plains of Illinois.

A good old cigar, the gift of some kind friend, issuing forth a sweet aroma of rope, a seven-day growth which has baffled his one and only rusty blade, and we have Sails himself. Always perfectly happy, a care-free disposition, a hobby of continually throwing the bull, and being on time for his eight minute late blast are his greatest assets. Worry he knows not, but anything in the feminine line is a danger signal to our friend, and he is off at once in the opposite direction.

When running under the proper lubrication it must be admitted that he shys at nothing. He never swerved from the path of a model son until the night of the 1919 Army Game, when he and the Nig were introduced to Greenwich Village, and the Skipper was knighted Bohemia-in-Chief.

All who know him are his friends, and being his friend know to find him that they must look for Ensign Canty corking peacefully under the boat-deck spud locker.

*One Stripe.*



ROBERT GRANVILLE WILLIS  
BURLINGTON, VERMONT  
"Shorty" "Bobby"

"BY gosh I think that is an injustice and I told the D. O. so." He's off! Bob is always excited about something. It may be the price of lots in Haiti but he is excited anyway.

Shorty would rather fight than eat,—and how he likes to eat! Extra duty held no fears for Diz. He had a good preparatory course at Norwich.

But when you dig down deep into that excitable soul, you find that Bobby has a big supply of common sense. He knows how to dope things out and he has pulled through a lot of hard places where the calm, imperturbable mind has failed. We refer you to the Executive Department, the Academic Department, and the Matrimonial Bureau.

Bob plays the fiddle a little, studies a little, boxes more, and talks most. Once we nearly lost him through his inclination towards cit life and several times through the inclination of the trees. But he came up smiling and always will.

Sometime when you take an evening off, ask Bob about the first Army game or Second Class Xmas leave. You have a treat coming.

"Mister you may be big but you don't get hard with me or I'll invite you over to the gym."

"It ain't a Youngster rate."

*Buzzard.*





WALTER SMITH KELLER  
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT  
"Shorty" "Pinky" "Slim"

JULIUS LILLARD THOMPSON  
BOWLING GREEN, MISSOURI  
"Swede" "Julius" "Gooph" "Sunny"

WHO is that tall, lanky, individual with the black hair? "Hey, mister, did you have a brother in '17 who was in the 9th Company?" Keller swears every Upper Classman he encountered during Plebe year said he was in the 9th Company.

As a snake, he is, and then he isn't. He's one of these fellows you never can place. He usually falls for the fair sex and during his four years, even Plebe year, he has dragged both heavy and light. At one time he had things pretty well messed up, but so far has come through with a clean slate and says he isn't even engaged. Ask his roommate about it.

As for the Academics, they never did bother him much until Second Class year. Dago was the bane of his existence.

In the athletic line he was conspicuous by his absence. Most of his spare time was spent in explaining B. H. and inventing D. O.-proof doors. Ask any D. O. about the door to room 3254.

However, in spite of his faults he has always been a true classmate and is always ready and willing to go out of his way to help a friend in need.

"If he'd 'bean' a little shorter he'd a 'bean' a big man."

*Buzzard (2, 1).*

BOWLING GREEN, the home of a new court house, Champ Clark, and Julius, is a thriving city of two thousand souls and four drug stores. Our hero left this village, accompanied by the band and the good wishes of the natives, and ambled down amongst the crabs and clams of Crabolis.

He has ambled in the same way ever since. Imagine a wounded hippopotamus attempting to do a cut out step a la Prof Bell; a horse-laugh like unto the Missouri mules he used to raise; and a pair of tortoise-shell glasses, and you have Julius.

His apparent lack of ambition and his inevitable ability to get in bad with the Executioners brought him early fame. Jig-jig's notebook also added to his prestige—"No energy, no pep, no good, no harm."

Gooph is savvy, a fusser of note, and an excellent man to make a liberty with, especially if—. Big of bulk and big of heart; he has made many friends since that famous August day he became one of the forty percent.

"Now, Julius, you stop or I'll scream."

*Buzzard;  
Sub Squad (2, 1).*





STUART ST. CLAIRE PURVES  
CINCINNATI, OHIO  
"Doc"



DONALD LORING ERWIN  
KINSLEY, KANSAS  
"Red" "Rouge" "Mike" "Ike"

"SHADES of Captain Kidd and Blackbeard, who is yon budding buccaneer with the seagoing gait and unusual waist line?" "Don't you know him? That's Doc Purves of Cincinnati."

Coming as he does from Ohio, "The Dean" might well be mentioned as presidential timber, but being imbued with that deep founded love of the sea—born the first time he saw a lighter of coal bound down the river—he has consecrated his life to Neptune.

Although not one of those pests who are cheerful before breakfast, he is at heart an optimist and that quality has made him a host of friends.

Doc never startled the All-Academics by his scholastic achievements, but he did develop a method for doping out exams which always worked in the pinches. He has done little in athletics but he is an enthusiast on the subjects of golf, Luke McLuke, and the infidelity of the fair sex, and is willing to enlighten you upon any of them.

A loyal friend, considerate, and conscientious at the right times, we shall remember him as at least one bright spot in our four years of gloom.

*Buzzard.*

HE is wild and woolly and full of poems. Hawthorne, Kipling, Oscar Wilde and hosts of others are his pet diversions. He will talk you deaf, dumb, and blind on Einstein's theory of Relativity or the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

Rouge forsook the sandy wastes of Kansas for the life of a sea rover. He could not stand the tobacco prohibition of his native state so the Navy called another up. There's one born every minute.

Through the stormy and trying life of Plebe year Red emerged with his smile intact. Full of hope and ambition for future conquests he entered upon his Youngster year. He dragged once, but the next day found him in the hospital. Nothing daunted, our friend from Bloody Kansas was up and at 'em again in a week.

After Christmas leave he had the 8th Company by the ears with a story of the finding of his heart's desire. Was it Scotch or Airdale, Red? Some of us really thought the old boy had fallen.

Red is a professional pessimist but he seems to be happy because he is never disappointed.

Yo! ho! and a bottle o' rum. Are you sure it ain't Wood Alcohol?

*One Stripe.*





CHARLES JOSEPH MARSHALL  
GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Charlie" "C. J." "Ham" "Sunshine"

HORACE LELAND de RIVERA  
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY  
"Dee" "Colonel"

CHARLIE has always been one of these quiet, unassuming chaps, whose highest aim in life is to eat, sleep, and remain on the weather side of the Academic Reef. Among those who know him he's identified as Gloom, partly because he isn't, and partly in recognition of that air of deep introspective reflection which is as much a part of him as his green service.

As a charter member of all the reg organizations, this youth favors the Cosmo and Radiator Clubs, though for three years Charles has checked in and out over at the gym during the daily sessions of the sub squad—the water is most too cold to qualify, he explains.

The Navy may thank Greensburg for the donation of this home product. Although he shuns the spectacular, somehow or other he is always getting things done, and apparently with minimum effort. He will never express his views on our fellow suffragists of the opposite sex, but we are led to believe that he has lived and learned, or perhaps lives to learn. Who knows?

*C. P. O.  
Expert Rifleman;  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 1).*

ATHLETICS? Great Ghosts of the Grecian Gamesters! Here is a man who has played at everything from marbles to man-killing football. In fact he has tackled 'em all. For instance; the great day of tryouts was at hand, the milers were lined at the tape—Bang—they were off and the race was on! Interim, four minutes. One strapping fellow was leading by twenty-five yards. It was the last lap, closer and closer to the tape—and over; but still he sped onward. He had one more lap to go!

Dee has not alone "excelled" in athletics. The lure of Pan's Pipes has also exerted it's magic spell over him. He loves music, and loves to show that he loves music—he owns a uke!

The ambition of the Colonel's life is to be a soldier of fortune. From quaffing Red-Eye to quelling rebellion he will encounter many bloody adventures. He has already chosen the Marine Corps as the best educator for this line of work. Imagine, President elect of Colombolivia, Le Colonel de Rivera! E Pluribus Unanimous!

Dee comes from New Jersey and has often tried to impress us with the bigness of life there. Yea verily, we found it so for we have been bitten more than once by those elephantine skeeters. Fine country!

"Waal, har'wre yuh battin' 'em?"

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Track Team (2, 1);  
Class Championship, Sabers (2).*





MELVILLE EDWIN EATON  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Mel" "Monty"

PERHAPS at some of the football games you have noticed someone following the plays up and down the field and carrying an object so resembling a grind organ that you involuntarily looked for the "Missing Link." That was Eaton, (not the missing link), or Monty, as we have come to know him, taking some "snaps" of the games.

As you undoubtedly will have guessed, his hobby is photography and his earnest efforts in this field have caused him to be dubbed the "Boy Photographer."

On both Youngster and Second Class cruises, he made himself conspicuous by his absence in the presence of work. He has a grease with the "padre" on the Alabama, and as ship's librarian and distributor of candy and skags, was extremely popular.

In the pandemonium immediately following the Army-Navy game, Monty invaded the camp of the Kaydets and emerged from the melee victoriously waving the Greyleg's megaphone.

Second Class year he determined to live down the reputation of being one of the wooden men of the Second Class, but failed.

*Buzzard (2, 1).*



HAROLD AVERY CARLISLE  
PORT HURON, MICHIGAN  
"Abie" "Carlota" "Hal"

ABIE made Port Huron famous and he admits it. He was quite slim Plebe summer but before four years were up he had surreptitiously stowed away considerable avoirdupois. If it ever became necessary to complain about the chow it was imperative that Hal be first hidden under the table to avoid queering the argument.

Once in a while he got ambitious and tried to reduce. He tried track, wrestling, tennis, and singing, even foregoing his daily glass of milk, but all to no avail.

Abie was as much a Red Mike as Romeo. When he returned from Sep leave he used to think he was in love; after two weeks he wasn't quite so sure; and after the first hop he knew he was not.

Carlota is such a good navigator he was named Hour Angle on the cruise. His good nature is infallible and it is a joy to have him around. Abie is a good fellow and here's to him and his roundity.

*Buzzard.*





ANDRE VICTOR CHERBONNIER, JR.  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Frenchy" "Vic"

**F**RENCHY has spent much time in telling the Profs how to pronounce his name.

He is a snake through and through. He used to drag a different one every week, but of late it has been the same one regularly. This, with his sudden desire for the Marine Corps, betrays his after graduation intentions.

The nearness of his home port has enticed him on many little expeditions. Shrewd planning with lots of luck helped him evade the D. O.'s until he hit shoals one Sunday Youngster year. That cruise on the Reina cured him, and he has been a close disciple of the Green Book ever since.

Lack of avoir-lupois kept him from making an athletic name. Nevertheless he knows how to handle a tennis racket, and he gave the boys a run for their money on the class lacrosse team Second Class year.

Vic's Academic life consisted of long nights of toil. He has that faculty of finishing whatever he starts, and his perseverance will carry him through the trials of the Service just as it carried him through the battles with the Academic Department.

*Buzzard;*  
*Class Crest Committee;*  
*Lacrosse Squad (4);*  
*Class Lacrosse Team.*



ALBERT BERRY COOK  
FALMOUTH, KENTUCKY  
"Abie" "A. B." "Doc" "Cookie"

**A**BIE is a staunch supporter of all athletics and the "oilburners" row—he never misses a game and he always carries Navy Star.

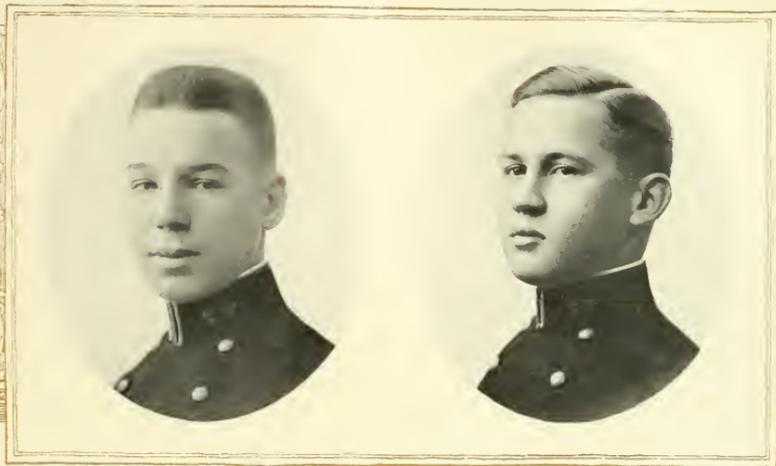
Doc is from old Kentucky, where they never have the blues and he is a man of his state, for if ever a man kept smiling when things went wrong he has. Keeping on the weather side of a 2.5 has kept him off several athletic fields, but he has stayed top side since that first battle when he was carried into '21 because of wounds.

Abie's failing is the race track, and Latonia has taken his shekels, for the horses there are pretty and the women there are—. But Cookie came to us thinking of a little girl back home, and he's been thinking of her ever since. His passion for the Marine Corps speaks for itself. Doc claims to be a Red Mike but he is no wall flower, for his ability to tickle the piano and his hearty laugh wins him a place in any social gathering.

Everybody knows Abie and recognizes him as a man—he wants fair play, has sound judgment, and his ability to stand up in a pinch was demonstrated on First Class cruise when the Connie went on the fritz.

*Buzzard (1);*  
*Class Baseball (2).*





DONALD FRANCIS SMITH  
TIMMONSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"D. F." "Don" "Smitty"

CHARLES LEONARD HACHTEL  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Rosy" "Len"

"THIS is some city you've got here, ain't it mister?" and Annapolis lay fawning at the feet of the grinning Prince with the Peedec. Arrived; he took Buck's by storm with his "Little Brown Jug" on the clarinet. Variations? Of course! But young Lizst never got a chance to complete his repertoire.

Plebe year might have been uneventful for him had it not been for his non-reg grin. But that grin supplemented by  $\frac{1}{8}$ " of gold developed the embryo into the fullledged Yard Engineer. Quiver in your bonds, O! Heloise! Had you lived now, your Bertram would have been a Donald.

When the split came, Don, confirmed in the belief that true knowledge is absorbed, remained to claim his share—never faltering in his devotion to periodicals and femmes. He can tell you the correct shade of ties for morning wear with much more facility than the action of subpermanent magnetism induced in vertical soft iron; but somehow he never troubles to watch the trees.

Not far off we come to the fork of the road, and he who chooses well, will have as a companion a mannered man of parts—a whole-hearted friend.

*Batt. C. P. O.;*  
*Buzzard (2);*  
*Expert Rifleman;*  
*Class German Committee.*

"UNDOUBTEDLY this one wins," said Mrs. Van Smythe the judge of the Baltimore baby show, as she pinned the blue ribbon on little Rosy Hachtel.

Way back in Plebe summer, over a certain door over in the Third wing was the inscription Rosy and Rosy. Certainly Baltimore cannot boast of a more loyal son than Rosy, for he is forever exhaling her virtue. It is his chief delight to glance over the Baltimore Sun each day and read of famous actors, presidents of plumbing factories, and Babe Ruth's success, and remark casually "He is a Baltimore boy."

It is very hard to say what his favorite pastime is—perhaps reading Daily Life, asserting that valuable collection of stamps, or protecting and endeavoring to keep a certain wayward young man from the unfathomed depths. This same man will always say if asked regarding it, "He has been more than a mother to me." His stripes have made him well known and each formation we listen to see where he orders us to report, whether it is to try on in basted form or express at express office. He has always been a snake, and the Academy is not the beginning of it. He admits freely that he actually kissed a girl on Second Class leave.

*Buzzard (2);*  
*Two Stripes (1);*  
*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





HOLBROOK MARDH GOODALE  
HONOLULU, HAWAII

*"Holy" "Hoby" "Tobey" "Kanaka" "Goody" "Holeproof"*

THIS tall, bright-eyed youth from the Islands began his rather adventurous career with the Executive Department during Plebe year, when he sojourned on the Reina for two weeks as a result of his love for Lady Fatima. This affection for the skags almost cost him his Second Class leave, but he had too big a horseshoe up his sleeve and according to all reports he had some leave. Just ask him. He is a great lover of the water and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to be under way on the big expanse, especially if he is headed in the direction of Camainera, Red Barn, or Boqueron. I wonder why. Ask Tex, he knows. He didn't consider athletics seriously until Second Class year, when he went out for water-polo, working hard and consistently throughout the whole season, making the squad and table.

First Class cruise was made with Honolulu as one of its objectives, so you can imagine how happy this young man was, not having been home in five years and already having thirty-eight days leave granted him while the ships were on the west coast.

He had some leave and, old boy, you rated it.

*Water-Polo Squad (2);  
Three Stripes.*



NICHOLAS BAUER VANBERGEN  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

*"Nick" "Fan"*

CALIFORNIA is the home of Hiram Johnson, the bathing girls, and Van. Van has never forgotten it either.

Nick, the leading lady of '21-B, and one of the potential five strippers for the whole of that year, finally finished up his First Class year with a clean sleeve, the result of French leave in which he got two feet across College Creek bridge. Hard luck old man, it was tough on you.

Van tried his hand at all types of athletics but that same hard luck followed him there. After working hard for crew he took up wrestling Second Class year, acting as sparring partner for Big Ed Wilkie. Discouraged with this, he tried water-polo First Class year and an untimely trip to the hospital beat him out of that.

Van is a big boy with a bigger heart. He returns to the west coast, from whence he came, with the good wishes of us all. Here's hoping that Lady Luck will give you a better hand in the future than she has in the past.

*"Regiment, Squads right and left."*

*Two Stripes;  
Clean Sleeve;  
Buzzard (2);  
Class Football (2); Numerals (2);  
Crew Squad (4);  
Wrestling Squad (2);  
Water-Polo Squad (1).*





DANIEL ALBERT FROST  
OXFORD, NEW YORK  
"Jack"



HOWARD NIXON COULTER  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA  
"Noddy" "Nixon" "Dick"

OXFORD is a great seat of learning, but that Oxford is in England and Jack hails from New York.

Jack landed here rather late Plebe summer but he's been here ever since, and we've all come to know who he is through one channel or another, but mostly through having him stick in his oar and endeavoring to help things along with his wonderful store of knowledge which knoweth no bounds. There is no subject that he can't, with the perfect poise and directness of the self-satisfied, successful plumber, vocalize on for hours, even without knowing the subject.

Jack has been associated with the Choir and Glee Club for these many past years, and when all else was quiet one could often hear his mellow bass voice come into prominence.

Women have a peculiar fascination for him, but so far he is single so there is a chance for you all, girls.

Like many sons of the Northland, the liquid moons and swaying palms of foreign strands have a powerful effect on this boy from Old Chenango; all of Lotus Land is his home and the dusks of the tropics still call for his return.

Jack is a good pal, and a connoisseur of dinners and liquid refreshments—Eh, what, Bill?

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Choir (3, 2, 1);  
Manager Combined Musical Clubs (1).*

"SAY, you're the worst mess I ever saw!" Such is the salutation which greets our ears when we drop in on Nixon. As Ratey Man on the Naval Academy fashion plate, he reigns supreme; his four full pages in the tailor book are a source of admiration to us and joy to Mr. Betzer.

This swarthy son of the West gravitated to the Navy through the guiding hand of fate and since his advent has pursued his course with a smile. The rhino bird finds no roost in his cell; optimism to him is a gift and he dispenses it freely. A fusser he is, and always willing to oblige a classmate with a blind drag. Sometime he is going to draw a forty and if he ever does, the next things out will be the invitations.

A savoir—well, of course, the boy made the second half. However, once in his own league he has batted up among the first fifty and read the Cosmo too. He has a fair wind behind him and with astute judgment should give the Academic shoals a wide berth. So we have the good-looking chap, fastidious, a good shipmate, a square classmate, and of the best of our future officers.

"Not bad. Rather odd, don't you think?"

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Soccer Team (3, 2).*





LAWRENCE FRANCIS CONNOLLY  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Larry"

THEY say that in Boston they kill off all the fair prospects for political honors before they can do any harm to the old guard, which probably accounts for Larry doing the Moses-in-the-bullrushes act in Crabtown. But, what is in must come out, and this young Celt never could see how a Congressional-given title of "Gentleman" foreswore him to silence; hence his prominence in every argument from Second Sight to Sovietism.

Every branch of inter-class sport has found him on the line and those who have been so unfortunate as to mix with him will testify to his ability.

However, if you want to know Larry, meet him over the cigars after a good meal, and, regardless of the competition, he'll account for himself with the best.

Someone described Larry as having the heart of a Sphinx, cold, calm and calculating, but the fact is that he has yet to find the time, the place, and the girl, with the appropriate incidental music and scenery thrown in, flat-tires, rubber-boots, light-weights, they've all been to him; "Nice girl—Kid, but every word they say is a life sentence for themselves."

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Soccer Squad (2);  
Class Soccer (1).*



CHARLES EDWIN SMITH  
COLUMBIANA, OHIO  
"Charley" "Eddie"

THIS tall Adonis is from the Buckeye State and was, before entering the Naval Academy, a walking advertisement for Hart, Schafner & Marx. He has decided to resign at least twice a month since Plebe year but always managed to change his mind.

Charley is a confirmed jazz hound, or perhaps he should say shimmy shaker; his soulful brown eyes have entranced scores, yes hundreds, of the near queens that frequent the hops and his ready line has convinced more than one debutante that the place for her was in the Navy.

In Panama he very nearly compromised himself by bringing a case of, well lemonade, across into the desert of the Zone but due to a latent speed that we nor he himself did not know he possessed, he managed to reach the ship; of course he lost the lemonade. But as Charley said, "What's a case between friends?"

Charley has never exerted himself more than was absolutely necessary; indeed the only time we ever saw him run was that time in Panama. He was a member of the sub squad, the King's Own Rifles, and the Color Guard.

"Oh she's married now."  
"What do you say, gentlemen?"

*Buzzard;  
Bugle Corps (4, 3).*





ROBERT EDWARD JASPERSON  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN  
"Bob" "Jap"



ALEXANDER MORSELL LOKER  
LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND  
"Blackie"

NOW don't crowd girls! Just wait your turn and Jap will give you all the three isometric views of his beautiful marcelle. Whenever Bob gets tired of the Navy he can make a good living running a beauty parlor. He can give you the relative merits on all the latest massage creams—but don't ask him about that electric vibrator he ruined, for Jap's knowledge of its beautifying power was much greater than his knowledge of its electric power factor.

Of course Bob is an ultra snake and any Saturday night you can find him over among the Mary Garden scented sweet things.

The Juice Department has been a source of more or less worry to him, but his determination and ability to apply himself at the right time have always pulled him through.

Bob spends most of his spare time arguing with the rest of the O. A. O. club, the eternal question—which is the best, the Navy without a home or a home without the Navy?

Jap has a likeable nature and makes friends easily, and generally keeps them.

*Two Stripes:  
Buzzard (2);  
Expert Rifleman.*

BLACKIE is a typical example of the sportsman pictured in all books and movies pertaining to Maryland, the state that claims him.

Blackie admits that the Naval Academy is in the right state, but insists that when he comes back as Supe he will have it moved to Bowie or Pimlico, for the journey there is quite troublesome. But cheer up Blackie, for when that time comes you won't have to worry about such trivial things as formations, and possibly your pet Man 'o War will not then be a race horse.

In addition to being a lover of the Sport of Kings, Blackie is also acquainted with decks other than those of a battleship, and cubes that have nothing to do with mathematics.

Even at the hops he can usually be found behind the stag lines holding down a horse, and thinking, maybe, of the O. A. O. or more probably, reading the farm sheet.

In athletics Blackie has shown that he is a willing worker, going out for class teams in various sports, and visiting the natatorium daily from 5:30 to 6.

As a student, the less said the better. Like the rest of our wooden half, he has managed to get by, but then Dewey was an anchor man if we remember correctly.

*Buzzard (1).*





ARTHUR PERCY EARLE  
DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS  
"Puss" "Perc"

What wonders the White People have wrought.  
—Shake—

THE above monstrosity, devoted reader, penetrated these secluded glens with a single purpose—the name must be upheld. Reaping the respite of fickle fate he joined the Barracks' pilgrimage Plebe year, and it was in that remote fastness that he learned the language. Here also, did he solve the mysteries of radio wave, trams, and condensers, to join communication along the Atlantic seaboard for the next three years. Why, with that aerial, Perc had the Election dope as each individual ballot was cast.

Puss was among our brothers of '21-A, but it was with just over a hundred days to go, that he went down beneath a bad siege of sickness. A trip home for eight months then gave him that requisite "pep" and back he came with the Better-Bo! There is one thing that Perc learned on sick leave, and that is to caulk. If a man lives who can caulk at a Navy football game, then Perc loses the beautiful patent leather pajamas.

It was but a matter of form for Perc to make the swimming team Youngster year, after big brother's work in the pool, and he was out again First Class year until his migration.

*Three Stripes (B); Two Stripes (A);  
Swimming Team (3, 1);  
SNT (3);  
Crew Squad (A, 3).*



FRANCIS DOMINIC ALEXANDER FORD  
PORTLAND MAINE  
"Henry" "Hank" "Steinmetz"

DOMINIC flipped a coin to decide whether he should become a sea-dog or comedian and, as the Navy usually lands top-side, we have him with us now—mandolin and all.

As a Barracks Plebe, Henry owed his existence to his bilger wife, Dutch. He still maintains that one can box a compass with the proper material, but that "sixteen points on the starboard bow, sir" is worthy of Stereographic Projections.

He often wonders if the Duke can still smile to himself without curling the corner of his moustache, and if he ever found the kind of "witch hazel" he inspected for.

Hank thinks that Vassar is entirely too far away—a matter that demands immediate attention. Rather than humiliate Edison, he fain would attack old Schas's low mark in Juice. He believes all Christian sects to be utterly and equally perfect and is a devotee of woman suffrage. His greatest ambition is to wheel a baby carriage, filled with Navy Juniors, and he wants to see Walter Hagen in the presidential chair. Outside of this he is a fairly sufferable chap, but that is "beyond the scope of the present volume."

*Buzzard;  
Mandolin Club (3);  
Fencing Team (1).*





JOSEPH PERKINS ROCKWELL  
HARRIMAN, TENNESSEE  
"Joe" "Perk" "J. P."



IRVING DAY WILTZIE  
PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY  
"Ide" "Irse"

THEY say that Tennessee is famed for wooden men and Joe sure has done his damndest to uphold the traditions of his native heath. He started by hanging up a 2.50 for five terms straight in Math, and when they took that away from him, he started in on Juice. He always keeps one jump ahead, though, and by the grace of Heaven and Burton Biggs, he'll fool 'em yet.

Plebe year he introduced himself for about four miles around by chanting lugubrious ditties in the shower at the top of his healthy lungs. Some '18 man heard him and Perk immediately hit the choir.

He fusses just as he eats—naturally, and as a matter of course. At first he remained faithful to at least one back home, but when he once got started, he just naturally couldn't stop.

Joe never has had a chance at athletics since Plebe summer, because the pedagogues have been at his throat every minute. If he ever stays sat long enough he's going to have somebody on that track squad scratching gravel.

"I'm off of blondes for life—they've rooked me three times now."

Choir (3, 2, 1);  
Track Squad (2);  
Hop Committee (3);  
Buzzard.

AH! Here he comes, Ladies, the devil's own answer to a maiden's prayer; slim, graceful, and able to dance any girl off her feet without half trying.

He came to us in the summer of '17 fully determined to leave his mark in the history of the Navy and the Naval Academy. Irve was no different from the rest of us, and three days after he entered, he, like all the Plebes, would have been willing to do anything to get out after being subjected to the tender mercies of '18. Now that he looks back on it he would not have missed that part of his training for anything.

His career while in the Academy has been rather uneventful, for he has never had any trouble Academically speaking, and except for Monday and Wednesday seances with the swimming Prof, he has breezed along easily.

Aside from dragging blind more times than any one else and receiving daily missives from Baltimore, he is, no doubt, the biggest Red Mike we've ever seen.

"Hey, Mr. Wiltzie, what is the armament of those sub chasers?"

Mr. W. promptly, "Six air rifles, sir!"

C. P. O. (1);  
Buzzard (2).





JOEL NEWSOM  
PARAGOULD, ARKANSAS  
"Joe" "Yid" "Oonclub"

JOEL hails from deepest Arkansas, and he has held our attention ever since that first day of Plebe summer when the great inflow of war babies was permitted. His abilities were not first discovered by the authorities, but by the Upper Classmen.

Yid is quite a snake, but has a strong liking for women of English Nobility. We learned of this trait on our visit to St. Thomas. His smile is enough to hold them spell-bound. With it, he can manage everything, but the ebony cubes. No, people, Joe is not the most fortunate person at this little pastime, but in every day occurrences he certainly is protected by a rabbit's foot. On First Class cruise, in Honolulu, Joe and Walter were arrested one night for violating the traffic regulations. By professing superb ignorance of any regulations besides the N. A. R.'s, Joe eradicated himself from a most embarrassing situation.

He and Maggie managed the canteen most successfully and someone said that Newsom was even shrewd.

Plebe year found Joe out for football. He was forced to knock off on account of a bad shoulder. Joe was later given a life membership card to the Oscillating and Radiator Club.

"How'd you come out, Newsom?"

"Oh, picked up a little, Jack!"

*Buzzard (2, 1).*



ROBERT LEE PICKENS  
MOULTON, ALABAMA  
"Easy" "General Lee" "Slim"

GENERAL LEE is one of our typical Southerners. He has the reticent, peaceful, and lazy disposition so common among those who come from the Sunny South; hence his nickname Easy.

Easy has never run amuck during his Naval career. Tobacco has been his most non-reg habit, but with it he has been careful so it has seldom caused him grief.

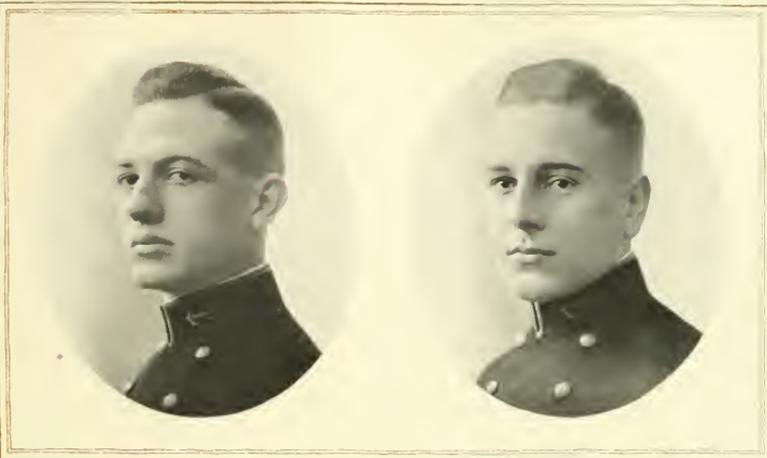
He quietly wends his way and minds his own business with one or two exceptions. One of these is a mania for memorizing the weekly trees. In this respect he is more valuable than the bulletin board for he can tell you a month or more back how high you hung on the bush.

As an example of a profound Red Mike, Easy makes one of the best. There is not a case on record where he has succumbed in any manner to the peculiar type of feminine artfulness so well known to most of us. His reasons for being a recluse of this type are not generally known. It may possibly be that he is too fond of his Red Book and Cosmo to break away from them.

Life in the Navy suits Robert to perfection, and wher'er he may be his loyalty, simplicity, and self-control will aid his environment to be harmonious.

*Buzzard (2, 1).*





JOSEPH CALDWELL HUSKE  
FAYETTEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Huskie" "J. C." "Parson"

HERBERT PIPER KNOWLES  
WAKEFIELD, RHODE ISLAND  
"Piper" "H. P." "Horse Power"

TRULY here is a gentleman of the old school, true blue, gallant, and courteous to the very core. With his soft accent and suave manner he is easily characterized as being from the state of the Long Leaf Pine, "where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great." By giving up a career in the clergy, he proved himself to be the black sheep of the family.

In one respect Carl has proven himself disloyal to his native state. He is comfortably savvy and has always stayed well around the 3.0 mark. But Youngster year he struck a reef in the form of a Dago Prof, after which encounter he became an advocate of the four-year course. With his usual easy manner, however, he cast aside all trouble and calmly continued in his expert art of rigging tendencies, for to him the wind blows but one way—outboard.

On one occasion he decided to adopt a stray kitten which Knowles found wandering around the corridor. The Parson's experience was not particularly enriching (except to his vocabulary).

He has many friends who are confident in his success in the years to come.

"Huske if you please, Sir!"

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Three Stripes;  
Lucky Bag Staff.*

"H.P." stands for high pressure, horse power, and Herbert Piper. But there came a day when "Wakefield" was without it's "vicar." The briny smell of Crabtown called, and the "Brown" man answered. He brought with him a New England love of clam chowder, women, and the harmonica. Have you ever heard him play?—"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

A man of grit and determination he has since proven himself. When skies are fair, and the Executive Department willing, you will probably locate him at the hop. This, however, is not chronic with him, for he is by no means a one woman man. Bert is everyone's friend, he knows you every time you pass,—not just on Sundays. The proof of this is legion.

Occasionally he has felt the thorny side of Academic life, but his failure to talk of trouble and his success in overcoming his own give the man a dependable quality.

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





JOHN LOWE WALKER  
PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA  
"John H" "Johnny"



LORENZO SHERWOOD SABIN, JR.  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
"Sabe"

MARK this column as the appreciation of the worry-free, hardest-slip-drawing, wooden element to this jazz distorter, who, with Dickens, on returns from career threatening descriptions of entropies, throttling calorimeters, and dead-beat escapements, has returned the gang their happy light-hearted natures by interpretations of "Pay Day," "You're in the Navy Now," and "President's March" that have caused old Andy to toddle the length of the yard after a hard morning in the rigging loft.

Of a Sunday, Kid Berlin has been ragged sitting at his traps—a drum, glass, pitcher, gobboon, and pants hanger, with a bazzoo strapped around his head, kicking his strong box with his left foot and the radiator with his right, accompanying the Brown Brothers or Hickman on Sabe's victrola. One could always tell when Vic left off and John took it up, however.

John's other claim to fame lies in his taste in and supply of Virginian sweetened hams. On birthdays, Thanksgivings, Christmases, and New Years, (4, 3, 2, 1), Company meetings were held during all vacant periods in the room of Walker, J. L. John's Dad must operate a grocery.

Ever true to "the only town where a girl will marry a Naval Officer for his money," as Van so aptly put it, John has upheld the responsibilities of a son of Virginia. Quiet—and a damn fine fellow. "Say-y-y---yyy—"

Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2, 1);  
2 P. O.;  
Rifle Squad (3);  
Expert Rifleman.

SABE'S from the South, Dallas to be exact, and has all the inherent qualities of a Texan. In fact he still carries 'round the earmarks of the ranch.

He has advanced here by hard work. Sabe went out for baseball and tried hard. But his baseball line was so superior to his playing ability that he was made manager. The 1921 baseball schedule testifies to his success in this direction. As to his capability as a three striper, just ask any of the men in the Third Company. Sabe has also found time to write athletics for the Lucky Bag.

Sabin claims to be musical. He does produce terrible sounds on a guitar that rival the serenades of our Bancroft cats. "Ye Gods Runt! When you combine singing with it there's nothing to do but run—one's ears won't stand the strains."

The Runt seldom drags. He claims to be a Red Mike and to lack a line. But under certain conditions he's quite a Snake. Just ask him to tell you about the night of the Army-Navy game.

On the surface Sabe is all sunny good nature and grin, but underneath there lies a determination that will carry him a long way on the road ahead.

Three Stripes;  
Buzzard (2);  
Log Staff (4, 3);  
Assistant Manager Baseball (2);  
Manager Baseball (1);  
Lucky Bag Staff.





JAMES BURKE VOIT  
JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA  
"Julian" "J. B."

BURKE first cast his lamps on this ancient oyster pile of ours through his advent to Bucks with the February gang. It was in the days when the sawdust on the floor and the brass rails in front of the counter meant something, and he often heard—"I'll throw you right out, Sir!" But Buck put him in and somehow or other he has stuck it out and how he ever managed to nab those three stripes is beyond us. But he has 'em and with it all the same pair of rosy cheeks that he had when he was bidding fair to be the blushing Beau Brummel of Jeffersonville-down-on-the-farm.

Bill Hart or somebody must have had Burke in mind when he said "Innocence is bliss," or something like that. For Burke tells us he gets away with it all.

While he hasn't ever set any house on fire through his affinity for work, still he has been out there on that class football team for two seasons knocking 'em cold or being on the stretcher himself.

Further, we learn from the female of the specie that his sparkling capacity is exceeded only by that cherub look and smile. And they generally know—don't they?

*Three Stripes;*  
*Buzzard (2);*  
*Class Football Numerals (2).*



JOHN REAGAN KIVLEN  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
"Spec"

NATURALLY, when a man says he's from Texas you at once think of a two-fisted, cow-punching, son of the plains. And John's broad shoulders and six feet two helped materially to corroborate this belief when first he made his appearance in Crabtown. No one attempted to ascertain the extent of his fistic prowess, until Youngster cruise when some one inadvertently said something he shouldn't—and what John did to that Irishman in less than two minutes was more than Jack Dempsey did to Jess in two rounds. After that he always received due respect.

But aside from that, John is one of the best examples of the big-hearted Texan—you know the type.

In athletics—well if he weren't so lazy and didn't love Lady Fat so well, he might have been—as it was he helped considerably in giving that famous Second Class team sufficient scrimmaging to carry them on to inter-class championship.

Otherwise he's the kind of man no one thinks to call anything but "John", the home-loving type—if you know what we mean.

*Buzzard (2, 1).*





ARTHUR GORDON NISH  
LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Joe," "Aggie"

"GREETINGS!" "Hell yes, put her there!" "Gimme a skag!" "Let's buy some peanuts." So the happy-go-lucky Joe announces his presence, and away runs gloom.

This boy wonder, from Lynn, Massachusetts, entered the Academy at the early age of sixteen, but you'd never guess it, unless you felt his beard, because his knowing air even hoaxes the Profs into believing he knows his lessons sometimes. Aggie could make good in athletics if he'd only half try, but he'd rather go in for the Mexican kind, and in that he upholds the honor of his state.

Nish was born under a lucky star, apparently, so if you ever want to get away with something, ask him to accompany you. Cancellation of demerits, eluding the D. O., straight dope on exams, dragging queens blind, winning bets, skipping drill, and causing the Medical Department to think he can see, are fruit for him.

Joe Red-Miked for three years, until Second Class June Week, when he swiped another fellow's girl, and later in the week lost his ring as well as his heart.

As long as he is around there are no cares or worries, and he is one of the finest examples of "Smile and the world smiles with you."

*Class Football (I);  
Buzzard.*



WALTER PITMAN RAMSEY, JR.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Rameses" "Chinkie" "Babe" "Tarzan"

YOUNG Walter is, or was, the pride of Washington. When he entered the Academy the papers made special editions and used vast quantities of ink in exploiting his many virtues. Now—all is woe-fully changed—he has walked extra duty with members of the old guard, has learned to use the filthy weed, and has even lent a hand to the playing of African Golf. Demerits do no longer faze him, in fact he is becoming a regular devil.

Walter's one passion is the Sears and Roebucks catalogue—he will spend hours in poring through the musty pages of this ponderous volume, and the lore contained therein must be of high quality as the result of most of these periods of study is an order to Chicago.

However even this does not interfere with his pursuit of the fair sex. He frequently falls desperately in love, and with equal frequency becomes fancy free again, without anybody's feelings being hurt.

As Walter says, "If you have been in love with a girl, never let her know you are not in love with her until you know she is not in love with you."

"I'm a regular little detective."

"Oh they are all so sweet."

*Buzzard;  
Track Squad (A).*





WILLIAM GORDON FORBES  
FITZGERALD, GEORGIA  
"Gordon" "Cutie"



GEORGE GRIFFIN HERRING, JR.  
SANFORD, FLORIDA  
"Grif" "G. G."

UP from the South at break of day, with Fitzgerald many miles away—after a long and tiresome ride, on Crabtown descended the Georgia Pride. That is all we know of his arrival and 'snuff. He entered the terrible Tenth by request and as yet has never had the ambition to leave it.

Youngster year he opened up a class of his own for instruction of segregation artists. The institution was a howling success to the "satisfaction" of the Plebes.

Small and quiet but when it comes to getting by with the murder—five short blasts please, Julius. Second Class June Week he broke out in cits and dragged to the parades. From the reviewing stand he inspected the Regiment with Hank, Joe, and Jig-jig of Scotland Yard.

Ziggie Dawson hung Cutie on him during First Class cruise. Why? No one remembers. But it must have been on one of those good old "sight seeing" excursions in Panama.

A true admirer of all femmes approaching 4.0 as a limit, and of all Democrats, Cutie is willing to take anybody on for a four-hour argument in Smoke Hall on any subject except Republicans.

"What's your point, Cutie?"

"Why I'm trying to make that d— twelve that I came out on."

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Lucky Bag Staff.*

"QUE LÁSTIMA! It's time to bone again!" Then with a slam and a bang, an "away juice and ordnance be dammed," his pen is busily scratchin' away on letters,—some to England, others only to Baltimore.

Grif's ideas do not adhere strictly to Shakespeare's maxim for the fancies of a young man in the spring time. His thoughts wander to the lacrosse field and legalized scientific annihilation. Herring developed his latent and potentially savage stone age instincts Youngster year. Just watch him and Hiram amble amiably up the lacrosse field and the reason why all the ambulances are backed up along the sidelines will be evident.

Grif's hard luck Plebe year was our good fortune and '20 lost a man whom the old Tenth found to be an excellent roughneck in time of need. When Hank found Porteous and Herring living on the same corridor he immediately named it "Hell's Alley." Second Class year these fiendish two planned with glee a revenge club which raised the fourth Batt and gave them an early reveille, a cold shower and a very wet base.

Grif is unattached mentally, but sentimentally—well. He has never tried to make a hen drink hot water to get boiled eggs so there is some hope for him.

*One Stripe;  
LNT (3, 2, 1).*





LEO JAMES MCGOWAN  
BENSON, MINNESOTA  
"Moc" "Maggie"

MAGGIE is a true son of the "auld sod;" he is a Sinn Feiner, and one of those followers of Tammany Hall who are ready at all times to prove that all Republicans are horse thieves and all Democrats are gentlemen.

Youngster year he took up the game of "hunt the seven," but now since he parts his hair in the middle he only indulges in cow pasture pool.

Maggie is a wrestler of no mean ability, but he has won more laurels on the waxed deck than on the wrestling mat. The constant stream of pink letters and the hours spent in soulful composition haven't raised Paddy's class standing.

As manager of the Lucky Bag Cigar Stand, Maggie proved that the descendants of Ben Hur are not the only race with an eye for "bizness." With his Irish wit, abundance of good nature, and his man Friday, Leo made the whole class good cash customers, and friends.

"Box cars is my point."

"Yes, sir, the exhibition is half the sale."

*Buzzard;*  
*Wrestling Squad (2);*  
*Mgr. Lucky Bag Canteen (1).*



CAMPBELL DALLAS EMORY  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
"Dal"

THIS is the prettiest little pink-cheeked lad that ever carried a cud of Piper Heidsick. That peach-bloom complexion of his is the envy of most of the femmes of Crabtown.

Cutie fell in with some rather roughneck company Youngster year and as a result sports a two P. O. It has been whispered about that he even skipped chapel last year. It was on one of these Sunday morning parties in the attic that Cutie lost confidence in his ability to skip drill. Nick cornered him and his Bolsheviki friend in the loft but the two heathens managed to escape down a steam pipe.

His chief hobby is swimming, and as to his ability he was captain of the team and the champion swimmer of the Navy. He represented Navy in a swimming event at the Olympic games.

Lady luck does not smile upon "Dal my Hero" and often he has dropped as much as four dollars at an operation. The baby gallopers are not his strong point.

"Tell me, am I really getting bald?"

*Buzzard;*  
*SNT (3); N (2);*  
*Academy 40 yd. Swim Record;*  
*Academy 100 yd. Swim Record;*  
*Academy 160 yd. Relay Record;*  
*Navy Olympic Squad;*  
*Academy Swimming Champion (2);*  
*Captain Swimming Team (1).*





STEPHEN BLAND COOKE  
HARRISON, ARKANSAS

"Steve" "Cookie" "Doc" "S. B."

JOSEPH RAPHAEL BARBARO  
WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

"Wop" "Count" "Joe"

"BOYS, have you heard the dope. . ." Yes, you guessed it the first time, for Steve never fails to start off like that. If you will listen to him he will tell you more dope in a minute than a man less fortunate than Methuselah could think of in his entire lifetime.

Academically speaking the boy is in '21-B and not ashamed of it either. If argument wasn't enough to get the necessary 2.5 Steve would tell the Prof some new dope on the raise in pay bill and as we intimated before he is a dope artist of no mean ability.

We've often wondered how it is possible for an ordinary human being to think of as many things to talk about as Steve does, but after getting better acquainted with him we discovered that it makes very little difference to him whether he actually has something to talk about or not. His only worry is being able to find a good listening ear.

As manager of track, S. B. was in his element, for the visiting teams had to be entertained and before they left our midst they usually had to admit that he knew what he was talking about in matters pertaining to track. A more enthusiastic manager couldn't have been found. He had a big job and he did it well.

*Two Stripes;*  
*Buzzard (2);*  
*Track Squad (2, 1); Manager (1);*  
*Reina (4).*

WHEN Count took it on himself to wear the uniform little did he realize that some day he would hold a sort of distinction in not being a star man though from the Bay State. Being a star man would be entirely too serious a business for Little Joe. He neither takes himself nor his fellow men seriously, in fact, little except three squares a day and plenty of sleep.

But wait! Femmes ho! Did anyone ever say the Count was a Red Mike? The most carefully prepared line and a funny smile have developed a venomous snake, a veritable reptile of the most tea-drinking kind.

But one should not gather from this that Wop is not a man's man for there is a good deal of the sterling stuff in him.

If you ever feel so blue that you need a moral bracer and a personification of cheer, see the little Wop.

"Yes, SIR, Boy, she is SOME little girl."

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Buzzard (2, 1).*





ROBERT COPELAND BROWN  
ROME, GEORGIA  
"Brownie" "Bob" "Baldy"

THERE are two crowning misfortunes in Brownie's young and otherwise blithe and care-free life. One is the palpably weak crop of white fuzz which he has at various places on his shiny pate; the other great problem is that of keeping a certain young lady in a favorable attitude toward his designs on her heart and hand.

Robert has always held the Academic antagonists down with a nonchalant ease and grace common to the 2.50 artists. But the Executive Department with its Jui-Jitsui method had made Brother Brown take bottom side on several occasions.

In the way of activities, Baldy, is from the Cracker state and although he isn't in Tyrus's class he isn't exactly one of the sand lot league. As to the ballroom floor, myriads of maidens fair have been thrilled by his smile and made extremely happy by his divine grace where jazz is found. And lastly that effervescent line of satire has been a wonderful grease extractor and a reservoir of brain throbs in the editorial work of the Lucky Bag.

*Class Baseball (2, 1);  
Buzzard;  
Bald Club (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Lucky Bag Staff.*



GEORGE WHITE SNYDER, III  
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK  
"Smoky"

NO, girls, that hair isn't kinky, merely curly. But honest—ain't he cute.

Smoky hails from Pittsburgh, Philly, or New York; it really makes no difference and all those numerals after his name don't mean a thing. Academically speaking, it simply goes to show that he isn't the first Snyder, there were two before him so it seems.

In the beginning George was sentenced to five years here and most every year he has managed to get by by the skin of his teeth, or somebody's teeth, and as a rule stands about the first swivel from anchor.

In the matter of regulations Smoky would be shocked to death if someone told him there was such a thing as a "Reg Book," but as an actor he admits that no Barrymore or any of those other famous actor guys has anything on him when blinking from behind the footlights, and there are many among us who have seen him sweat up there in front who are of the same opinion.

**MOTHERS, TAKE NOTICE.**—Have your daughters set their caps for this model young man. We specify the model—he neither smokes, chews, drinks, swears, or that sort of stuff, if there is none available, nor does he very often wear his own clothes.

Special rates furnished married women on request.

*Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Gold Masked "N"; Buzzard.*





HAROLD TAYLOR DAWSON  
MT. PLEASANT, IOWA  
"Ziggie" "Kid" "Baldy"



JUSTIN HANSCOM DICKINS  
PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
"Dick"

"IF she don't come, she won't see me. An' if she does come, I'll hie me to a brick-bat, and zowie will go the brick-bat. I wanna cigarette. No lady would do it. I promised to save some for Pinkie. Ooh, it's cold; no, it's hot. It's cold—Duty Officer!"

This is only a sample of the stuff with which Ziggie has kept us laughing while he was under the weather. The eighteenth amendment cut short the rising career of a budding humorist.

The Kid began with '20, but an inflamed appendix and Red Johnson sent him to us, and we have been greatly enriched ever since. With Pinkie and Dick he formed a dizzy element, that has helped to drive the blues away. He likes to look upon the wine when it is red or any other color, for that matter, and the rich stuff that he has pulled would make Al Jolson look like an undertaker. Always ready for a roughhouse, a party, or anything except studying, he has led Jig-jig, Whitey, and others over every corridor in the hall.

Thoroughly non-reg, generous to the core, and with a heart as big as the moon, the Kid has cemented the lasting friendship of his whole class.

Hercipide's famous statement on that reveille pap puts him in the Hall of Fame:

Dear Com:

Violets are blue; roses are red

The bell didn't ring, so I stayed in bed.

Drowsily,

Ziggie.

Buzzard (2, 1);

Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).

TONS of ability and not an ounce of ambition—that's Dick—a man who can dance, sing, and play any sort of musical instrument known to science, and one of the best all-round athletes in the Academy. Yet he would rather catch or caulk than any of these. His baseball career was early cut short by skags, as were his swimming days later on, but take a look at those honors and you will see that even at that he has made quite a record.

Dick was not content with his natural ability, for in addition to this he proceeded to bang up a conduct record that will stand for years to come. Anyone that can get six smoking paps and thirty black stars for Reima service, spend two Sep leaves in Crabtown, and still come out on top with a C. P. O. is *some* man.

Dick's a Jazzhound from Jazzville. His local talent band has kept more than one hop lively in these parts, and that Drum Duet that he and Johnny Walker used to stage on the march, made many an Academic load lighter.

Gordy, break out "our" Fats.

C. P. O.; Swimming Team (4, 3, 2); SNT (4); Academy Record 40 Yard Dash and 160 Yard Relay (4); Academy Record 160 Yard Relay (2); Block N (2); Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2, 1); Keeper of the Bull (1); Jazz Band (2, 1); Leader (1); Log Staff (2); Prof. Notes Editor (1); Baseball Squad (4, 2); Track Team (2, 1); Basketball (1).





JOHN POSTELL HEATH  
CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"Johnnie" "Tonsils" "Jawohn"

**A-HA!!** Johnnie!—  
This "handsome" brute answers to any one of the above titles. The one that gained notoriety is Tonsils, and he won that name in that famous place called Shanley's. We see the connection, do you?

Postell wasn't much of a snake when he entered the Naval School but now he holds down a position in the backfield on the All-American Hop Committee and you stand aside when you see him coming. "De next dance wi be de sec'nd extra," you know these real Southerners have a way about them that you can't resist. This Way, and it weighs a lot, wrecked one future happy-home-to-be, but Johnnie just took it as a matter of course and just checked another off.

"We're out for a long run dice" and believe me John did have one mighty long run with the Academics but the scoundrels were out-distanced in the home-stretch.

If you ever get a chance ask J. P. to tell you about sleeping in the ladies' dressing room at the Commodore the morning after the Army game and also his trip back. He'll probably say he doesn't remember it.

"John, you're bes' man."

*One Stripe;  
Hop Committee (1);  
Manager Swimming (1).*



GEOFFREY ELLINGWOOD SAGE  
HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY  
"Geoff" "Baldy" "Slim"

**WATCH** me closely gentlemen, the hand is quicker than the eye." So saying he pats his parlor rabbit, and like the faithful hound he is, retrieves it.

This wheel-horse of the bald-headed row has led a nefarious existence in the Navy. He first started in '14 when he passed his entrance exams. We ask you to draw your own conclusions as to his probable age. He capped the climax of his underworld career when he inveigled Cootie into helping him foil Jig-Jig by lowering him out of the window on a sheet.

As a web-footed aspirant he brought tears to Prof Bell's eyes, but now he performs his duties as Chief Bouncer at the hops with all the ease of a social secretary. The one blemish of his career is his weakness for short girls, which demands that he bend his knees through the angle theta to get within hailing distance.

His class athletic proclivities have been equaled only by his tireless work on the Lucky Bag and the Reef Points. He's taken his fun where he found it, though, and never will we forget the sight of Baldy sitting up on the Barbary Coast in the wee small hours trying to see a party through.

"So it's come to that."

*Hop Committee;  
Manager Reef Points;  
Class Football Numerals (2);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Buzzard (2, 1).*





JOHN JACOBS LENHART  
YONKERS, NEW YORK  
"Jack" "Jake"

STAND back girls—don't crowd. Here we have him, the toy of women. Just look at his eyes, nose, hair, ears, teeth, mouth, and you'll understand.

One summer Jake broke away from Yonkers to develop his military tastes at Plattsburg and this patriotic effort was followed by a term in Shad's War College, after which he was well prepared for his four years of "For Better or for Worse."

Besides indulging in that aesthetic exercise of the broken suspender or dangling sword belt, Yacob developed a few extra muscles on his sturdy form, galloping gracefully about the basketball court.

This Senator from Yonkers returned from Sep leave with a full array of golf clubs, but these were soon put aside for the famed game of African Golf, and at this pastime he was invincible.

Jack had one failing; he never failed to be on hand for a good party and was no mean hand at arranging and putting one in action. All those present at Delmonico's will vouch for that. We might take the liberty here to mention that Jack became a victim of the fair sex that night.

"Say, look 'a here, feller."

*Buzzard;*  
*Expert Rifleman;*  
*Basketball Squad (2, 1);*  
*Tennis Squad (2).*



ROGERS STURTEVANT RANSEHUSEN  
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Rog" "Ranse" "Roughhouse"

"I WANT sympathy" (sing it; it sounds better). This was one of this bright-eyed individual's favorite lines, and it works exceedingly well upon the poor innocent dragees at the hops, especially the Springfield hops under Chairman Ransehausen's guiding influence and sword belt.

Besides this, he is one of the most helpful men to have around, especially when you want anything moved or not moved. For instance, you'll come back from Smoke Hall, or elsewhere, to your old room, and it would be necessary to get a rooming list and find out if you're in the right room. You'd be surprised to find that it was just your belongings that had moved and you were still an occupant of the old domicile.

Roughhouse has a great propensity for visiting. Ever and anon the D. O.'s would find him hidden under a bed or behind a locker in some friend's room, far from his own, "Like unto a mossy rock half hidden from the eye!"

The two good things about Rog are his generosity and his readiness for a party—being the first there and the last to leave.

*One Stripe;*  
*Buzzard (2);*  
*Numerals Class Football (2);*  
*Tennis Squad (4, 3, 2);*  
*Class Lacrosse (2).*





GEORGE CARL MILLER  
SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON  
"Scup" "Mil" "Hop"

WAY back in the summer of 1917, Scupper came to us from the little village of Snohomish, near that hospitable port of Seattle. After watching the big ships enter and leave the harbor, he decided that the Navy would be much improved if he were to choose the life of the sea for his career. Since then he has been a most amiable classmate and a good shipmate.

When it comes to the question of athletics, Scup has been a decided success. Boxing, his specialty, has claimed most of his interest, for ever since the Plebe summer finals his name has been a feature on the programs of All-Academy boxing meets. First Class year saw him captain of the Navy boxing team.

Although not ignoring the gentler sex entirely, he has had very little need for them; to use his expression, "One hop goes a long way sometimes."

Not one of the oldest members of our class, it is safe to say, no one has had more birthdays in the last four years. Some warm celebrations take place when the word is passed, "Scupper has a birthday." In spite of this, G. C. never loses his Angora, and his unflinching good humor has won him a warm place in the affections of his classmates.

*Buzzard (2);  
Two Stripes (1);  
Boxing BNT (2); Captain Boxing Team (1);  
Academy Welterweight Champion (2);  
Intercollegiate Welterweight Champion (2);  
Class Football (1); Class Basketball (2);  
Lacrosse (2).*



LOGAN MCKEE  
LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY  
"Log" "Mac" "Kee"

ALL that is necessary to make Logan a typical Kentucky Colonel is a goatee and a disreputable slouch hat. He came to our Severn Home in the wake of his star brother, but after several engagements with the Ac Dept he was forced to rig out the collision mat and just make steerage way for the remainder of that year—navigating with the Cosmo and trying to avoid the dangerous Dago rocks.

Mac is a regular fellow and with that slow, good-natured smile of his you'll like him from the first. On the cool end of an Egyptian weed Logan is super-satisfied and happy. He is more than an authority on those famous bluegrass horses and how to play them.

Being from Kentucky he is naturally a snake. He has a keen and generous eye for the gentler sex. When he gets real lonesome for her there is only one thing that pleases him—an absurdly sentimental song, "It seems like a year since I've seen you dear." But we like to hear it anyway.

Well Mac, sometime when we meet again we'll have another pleasing, honest-to-goodness Fat.

*Honor Committee (3);  
Company Representative (2);  
One Stripe;  
Reina Squad (4).*





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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

The Engagement Between the *United States* and the *Macedonian*





FRANCIS JOSEPH FIRTH  
NORTH ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS  
"John Doe" "Frank"

EVERARD MAURICE HEIM  
RICHMOND HILL, NEW YORK  
"Ev"

"HEY, Hank, roll out—it's reveille," and after fifteen minutes out rolls John Doe—maybe. Frank came out of the wilderness a few years back to augment Bobby's million.

Little John is a hard, steady worker, one of the old school, which means that he will attain his end. He easily made the sub squad, and the casualties he caused in boxing circles were numerous.

John admits that his yeast cake parties are just wonderful, but we never joined him because he omitted the four prunes. He doesn't read those naughty magazines—Vanity Fair and Cosmo—and he keeps bobbing his head like a Dobbin, but we have never found the check rein. His grease with the galleys on our cruises was mysterious, and with his midnight banquets appealed to our epicurean appetites.

John is not a social lion. He is a real Red Mike, in fact, perhaps out of consideration for the femmes. He who looks for qualities, will find a bonanza in Lil John Doe, but as he graces the sub squad, one must look below the surface.

*Buzzard (2, 1).*

HEIM, the Man of the Hour! He was returning one night from leave in New York. While traveling down town in the subway he glanced at his watch and saw that he had an hour to make connections. When he arrived he was exactly one hour late! Daylight Saving Plan! His watch has since been provided with two hour hands, black and gold.

Another product of this man's genius is the Time Check Astronometer. This device enables him to run rings around Saturn and detects instantly when Venus winks at Mars.

As an amateur photographer Ev has developed some classical results. It took his ability to pictorially fabricate a world cruise in the Chesapeake.

He dragged once! Bricked! He swore off for a year and two months so that he would be sure to miss the next New Year's Hop.

What are semi-anns in this young inventor's life? Far sooner would he delve into the mysteries of the Red Book. It serves as a splendid mental narcotic. But like the frazzled Ford that ran out of gas he goes along on his reputation.

Ev has an idiosyncrasy which is hard to beat. Now get this; he writes left-handed, back-handed, and upside-down all at once!

"Let's have some signal practice, boys."

*Buzzard (2, 1).*





JENNINGS COURTS  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Jay" "Jennie"



JOSEPH PAUL CROTEAU CARNEY  
APPONAUG, RHODE ISLAND  
"Mick"

MANY men have their exceptionally appropriate nick-names in large type across the tops of their biographies. While Jennings may have nick-names, sad to say, the best, the most interesting, the ones that best describe our Naval tennis Courts, must be left to the imagination of strangers and the memory of his friends. Your family thinks you're brilliant, your friends think you're a snake, and you, way down beneath the skin, feel that if you so desired you could break the hardest heart of the brickiest yard-engine. But Jay realizes none of the above accomplishments, or if you like, draw-backs.

Have you ever seen a walking advertisement of Koolage, Welch, and Pietrangelo rolled into what was supposed to be a Midshipman in a Midshipman's outfit? Well, there's the original—with non-reg hair cuts to a Bailey-Banks non-reg tooth brush. One of the beautiful parts—that about Jennie which the D. O.'s appreciated—was that he smoked reg skags—Fats.

Give him the high sign, fellows. He's one of the boys, a pal of every man in the class of '21.

*Buzzard.*

HOIST up the Irish flag, break out the confetti, and stand from under for here comes a real son of Ould Erin. Mick's a rare specimen, genial, whole-souled, and rough as they make them. His voice alone was enough to strike terror to the heart of the most blase Plebe, in the good old days before segregation descended upon us.

Mick was a Bolshevik by nature. (Boy, page MacSwiney) and his stunts around here make wonderful stories to hand down to the coming generation. First Class year, however, he straightened up, quit his foolishness, and used the pap sheet with a fervor hitherto unknown to all save Joe. By the way, Mick's imitation of Joe at the Second Class gymkhana was a riot.

Underneath his rough and ready exterior, he is really savvy. Few trees as well as hop lists, ever bore his name. Mick is the right sort and we predict a rising future for him, whether in fog, mist, falling snow, or heavy rain storms.

*Buzzard;*  
*Class Football (I).*





EDWARD PEERMAN MOORE  
RINGGOLD, VIRGINIA  
"Country"



CHARLES HENRY JUDSON  
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK  
"Jud" "Bud"

**P**EEERMAN is the youngest of the three famous football Moores who have put Ringgold on the map. Space forbids going into detail, but in passing we wish to say that it was that spirit of the old Navee fight which made Country a guard who couldn't be beat, a member of the World's Champion eight and won for him the respect of the entire Regiment.

Country is a living example of the time-worn phrase "You can take a man out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the man." With his combined Virginia and Tar-Heel drawl and his refreshing rustic wit, Country is the life of any bull fest. Peerman has one of those faces like you see in the "Days of Real Sport", and when he smiles you just have to smile with him.

Academically speaking Country's path has not been strewn with 4.0's, but despite the fact that one often heard Peerman moaning like a colored parson "Good-bye, Country boy, yore bilged," he has always come out on the balmy side of a 2.5.

But you can't keep a good man down and nothing is ever going to down Country.

"Two paces this o'way!"

"God have mercy on the wicked, this heah is brutal!"

*Football Squad (4, 3); N-Star (2, 1);  
Crew N Cross Oar (2); Captain Crew (1);  
World's Champion Crew;  
Lacrosse Numerals (3);  
Buzzard (2); Three Stripes.*

**J**UD joined us early in Plebe summer fresh from Exeter. We've always heard his home town was noted for nurseries, but Bud is anything but a nursery product. He joined the Ninth Company and became a member of Paul Dingwell's trick Plebes. When Christmas rolled around and we got no leave, he helped his fellow sufferers of the ground deck celebrate in true Navy style. At one point of the festivities he saved Happy's life by extricating him from a transom in which his (Happy's,) manly form had become transfixed.

Then came Youngster year, and it was a rare Saturday that Bud's slick visage was not seen in the thick of the fight on the old gym floor. Second Class year he ascended to Porter Row where he has ever since juggled tea cups with the best of them.

Any spring evening, when it's too warm to study, you can hear his whisky tenor, blended with the rest of the gang in more or less harmonious song.

Never starring, never bilging, he pursued the even tenor of his ways with an ease that might make any of us envious. Bud's wicked line has snowed under many a Prof and brought forth the much coveted 2.50. If it has such an effect on a hardened old seadog, we tremble to think of the slim chances of some sweet young thing who might fall into his clutches.

*Crew Squad (4);  
Log Staff (4);  
Buzzard (2);  
One Stripe.*





GEORGE CLIFFORD CRAWFORD  
BLACK MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Cliff"

"SAY, I'll tell you what we'll do—" is the beginning of another enthusiastic outburst on the part of our female captivator from western North Carolina, where the moon shines so merrily on the moonshine, the outburst meeting with the usual answer "Fine, Cliff, let's go."

Cliff has had a heavy drag, Academically speaking, during his four years' stay, especially with Dago, but by great gnashing of teeth and dental appointments, he has boosted himself over the top.

Cliff is a bred-in-the-bone tar-heel. His devotion to his native state is exceeded only by his desire for Camels, and with that out comes the pack.

Fussing and juggling a tea cup are not in this fair-haired boy's list of accomplishments, although he has been known to drag two femmes at the same time then extricating himself from the situation, leaving both femmes convinced that it was the mistake of the other.

Second Class leave gave him wonderful opportunities to practice this art of diplomacy, and he's very rarely a Red Mike now.

"Say, do you remember on Second Class leave, we—"

"Any Plebes here from N. C.?"

*Buzzard.*



ROBERT WALLACE BERRY  
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK  
"Bob" "Admiral"

FROM the Halls of Montezuma and the Shores of Tripoli hails our Admiral and to there he expects to return. "Just a minute there, fellows, have you heard this one?"—and Robert is off.

His specialty is breaking hearts. Look at that handsome countenance, not the hair please,—he is getting a trifle bald—and you will see the reason. First it was a Mississippi girl who ensnared his affections with her great big blue eyes and soft talk and he had everything fixed up for Youngster Sep leave. However, a washout in the mountains where he was spending his leave took the only railroad bridge away including the telegraph wires. Of course, disaster resulted, but Robert had the true Navy spirit and instead of being downhearted he immediately lost his heart to another girl, and so far as the writer knows, there have been no more bridge or telegraph wire break-downs.

Bob has an inclination toward the easy life, as his Admiralistic proportions will show. It has been real work for him to go out every spring for the crew. As promoter of the Berry-Bartlett system he has gained well-earned renown. We dedicate his name to the Hall of Fame; and may the best of luck ever be yours, Robert.

*One Stripe;  
Bugle Corps (4);  
Log Staff (4, 3, 2);  
Masqueraders (4, 3);  
Crew Squad (4, 2, 1);  
Water-Polo Squad.*





FREDERICK HUNTINGTON WOLCOTT JACKSON  
GLEN RIDGE, N. J.  
"Fred" "Ghoul" "Jack"

JACK prepped until that life grew monotonous and then he decided to let the Navy use him. Jack is so old that he can't remember when he moved from New Jersey to the United States.

He is not the exception to the rule governing ministers' sons. Ask him about the time he tried to convert a hot air heater into a steam plant, the result of which was that Buck's War college had to suspend operations for a time. He is also a military man. With his commands of "Column left halt!" and "Squads halt march!" he inaugurated a drill system of his own. First Class cruise on the "Razor Strap" he brought the Skipper out of the emergency cabin on the double when he passed the word "Release all prisoners."

Jack knows how to make a liberty as it should be made. He is a bridge artist and this coupled with his good-natured rhinoism made him a happy companion on the cruise.

Jack has ability, but like the rest of the common horde, his mind is not inclined to text books. He is a connoisseur of good poetry and can recite any of the old Saxon favorites.

Not knowing his 3rd name we called it Worthless. We know however that he is a good man and we like him.

*Buzzard (1).*



JOHN KENNETH LYNCH  
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK  
"Ken" "J. K." "Jakey"

KEN is one of those quiet, but not too quiet, easy-going kind of men who is everybody's friend and to whom everybody is a friend. He's always ready for anything; just put him in a bunch and he is in his element.

Between his fight for the 2.5 and his natural Radiator Club tendencies, particularly the 2.5, he has stopped at class soccer and the soccer squad in athletics, but he worked hard at those while he could.

Ken has had his share of hard luck since he has been with us, and several other people's portions too. The Executive Department first got him on our Second Class cruise and after that he just couldn't seem to get away with anything. The Academics came in for their share too. As long as Freddie Mayberry was with us, things went pretty well with Ken, but after he left, the last part of Youngster year Ken wasn't under quite such good influences, and his ups and downs began to be mostly downs. His troubles lasted right up to the end, but now the Academics have lost for good. The system is a thing of the past and Ken has gotten the Atlantic Coast assignment which he wanted so much. Well we can't blame him for wanting it, considering — and we are glad for him.

*Buzzard;  
Soccer Squad (2, 1).*





CORTLAND JACQUES STRANG  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
"Chink" "C. J."

YES, he has New York City written all over him and what he doesn't know about the town isn't worth knowing. If you don't believe it ask him and just allow him to steer you on a liberty in his home town, especially around the Bronx.

As for Academic life, Chink hasn't found it a bed of roses; the joys of Plebe life, the All-Academic marathon, Youngster year, and the Executive Department Second Class year caused him to come up for air several times. Nevertheless he has always had the necessary punch when it was needed.

C. J. has been the representative of the Navy gym team for four years in clubs and side-horse, being one of the men who brought the intercollegiate gymnastic championship to the Academy in 1920.

Chink doesn't shine very much as a snake, during the Academic year, however, on the cruise and on leave his beauty is always at the call of any fair one.

May luck and not clubs come your way in the future, Chink.

*Gym Team (4, 3, 2, 1); GNT;  
Buzzard.*



ELMER ALLEN TARBUTTON  
CRUMPTON, MARYLAND  
"Elmer" "Tar"

NOW it doesn't make any difference to me but, fellows, it is this way." Yes, that is Elmer, quiet and conservative, but usually right.

Tar comes from the eastern shore of Maryland and following in the footsteps of his brother, was regulation from his Plebehood until he well earned his two stripes First Class year.

In the athletic world Elmer has been a plodder, but lack of speed and the sub squad have kept him at a disadvantage. Several classes, however, realize fully that he was on a class lacrosse team. His ability to handle a rifle was shown when he was elected manager of the team.

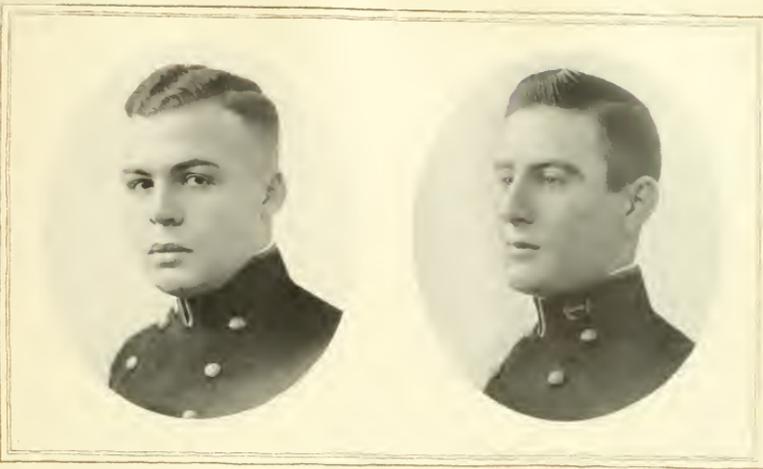
Djer Kiss on bare shoulders and baby eyes have never appealed to Elmer for he is a constant Red Mike, the girls are not level headed enough for him.

Elmer is a likeable and good-natured chap and would give his last cigar to a friend.

"Now it is alright fellows but——"

*Two Stripes;  
Class Lacrosse Team (2);  
Manager Rifle Team (1).*





BERTRAM MARTIN KERN  
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND  
"Boemke" "Bert" "Beetrum"

ERNEST HENRY WEBB  
BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND  
"Red"

**B**ERT is not a ladies' man, but a lady's man. The ordinary run of femmes do not hold the slightest attraction for him, except up in Providence there is one that—"Say, boy, that last night at Rhodes!" is all he says.

For Bert there are two vital necessities in life; one is to get his full quota of sleep, and the other his skag. Without a skag he is like the proverbial pup sans fleas—nothing to catch. His two goals are to get a constantly increasing number of letters from Her each week, and to reduce his chin(s).

Judging from the amount of work he does—or rather doesn't—you would hardly guess Bert ever sported any sideights on his collars. As far as that goes you will be correct, but Bert gets there without half trying; which is to say he is fairly savvy.

Bert's sunny and easy-going disposition fairly radiates at all times. In spite of the handicap of a truly pleasant nature, Bert knows how to be serious about things worth while.

*Buzzard;  
Water-Polo Squad.*

**S**OME chaps are just naturally so seagoing that when they depart hence it seems, they'll sprout fins instead of horns.

Webby hails from the port of Bristol, Rhode Island, and he can handle anything that floats under oars, sail, gas, or steam and he never spits to leeward.

Webby possesses the almost unheard-of combination of an easy-going disposition and red hair. In fact his chief fault is over-modesty, which is really too bad since he is gifted with very keen judgment. He seldom hits trees but you will always find him looking them over on Saturdays. English was fruit for Red as soon as the Profs heard his New England accent.

His chief enjoyment is athletics and he never misses a game, meet, or match.

Outwardly he has always held the fair sex more or less in awe, and seldom it is that he drags. In keeping with his custom has steered clear of the slippery boards of McDonough Hall, except on special occasions. But we can't help having a hunch that if a girl had a good grease with him we might be surprised.

Well, here's to you, old salt, lucky the first luff who gets you, for the gravity tanks will always be full.

*Buzzard.*





WILEY NASH HAND  
STARKVILLE, MISSISSIPPI  
"Snake"

HIRAM PAUL SHAW  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO  
"Hiram"

"AW Hell, what fo' you do that?" Some poor unfortunite has entered Snake's boudoir during study hours and awakened him from blissful dreams of Mississippi life.

As you may be aware he comes from the land where the cotton blooms and grows. Comfort is his middle name. The only explanation that we can make for his long, lean carcass is that he must have slept it off.

Although he couldn't "habla", nevertheless our young hero here is a savoi-one of the kind that loafis along three months with a 2.5 and then grabs a 3.4 and finishes up in a blaze of glory. He's one of the few that ever actually savvied Juice.

Hand's idea of bliss is to go back home to Missisippi, sit down in a nice easy chair under that kind old southern moon, smoke skags, and ruminate. A Southerner born and bred, he's a credit to any society. His biggest boast is that he's the only man living or dead that can handle Shaw at all times.

The Terrible Tenth brought him up, and it was never the same after he and Shaw deserted it First Class year.

"Yes, suh, these northern women ain't nothing at all like the girls we have down home."

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Lucky Bag Staff (2).*

"A-H-hab—Who knocketh?" "Tis I, the Duke." "The Duke?" "Yes, Hiram P., Duke of the Urals. The original he-man, wild three-quarters of the time, and mean, the rest."

Shaw was a good man before the Navy got him, but five years as one of Uncle Sam's wards has turned his hair gray, put a hump in his back, destroyed his morals, and made him a first class gangster and ward heeler.

Hiram thinks for himself—right or wrong, his convictions are his own, bound to no one's influence. Why, to be different, he even goes to Baltimore for a hair cut, and to Reisenweber's for a workout.

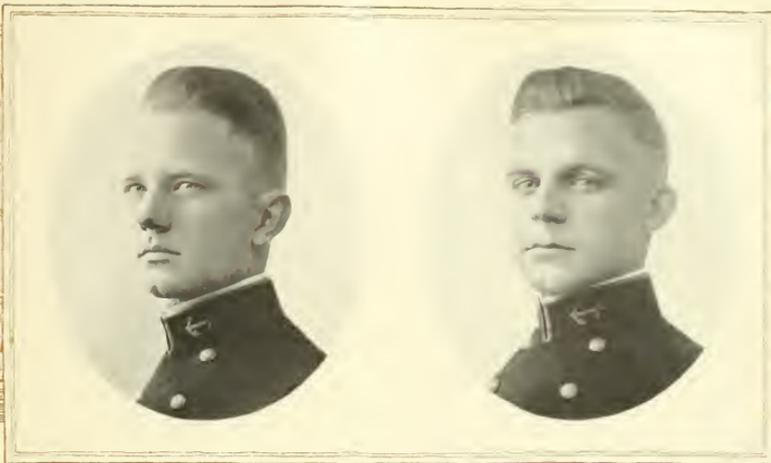
It took 'steen skipping drill paps and daily mention in the morning orders Second Class year to make him realize he was the best known man in the Regiment.

Shaw has swung a lacrosse stick five years, the final two as skipper of the aggregation, and he has yet to see a Navy team lower its colors.

The spirit he puts into everything is typical of our Hiram, impetuous, and yet clear headed, he's a born leader. A man from the feet up; and we are glad to call him friend.

*Chairman Class Crest Committee;  
LNT (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Captain Lacrosse Team (2, 1);  
Class Basketball (2, 1);  
Cheer Leader.*





DAVID EDWARD CARLSON  
WHITING, IOWA

"Slim" "Suco" "Swede" "Deek" "Slim"

"HEY! St. Vitus! Bring me my Fats." That is only the Swede down by Smoke Hall talking to his wife who is somewhere in the second wing. He admits that his voice attained its far-reaching qualities through daily lectures given to a squad of mules back in Iowa.

When he came to the Navy he positively swore off everything that required an unnecessary expenditure of energy. As an exception, however, he went out for crew Plebe year but, finding that it made sitting down a painful operation, he gave it up for the more adventuresome occupation of hunting a place to catch.

Slim played tag with the Academics for two years because he favored the old four-year course, but Second Class year he broke his record of never having started for a month in any one subject, and made a rep for himself as one of the savvy men in the wooden half.

Red Mike? Well, he drags occasionally for his friends and has often for himself. And when a certain colored letter postmarked "Whiting" arrives—Oh! Boy! Then his roommate beats it for Smoke Hall.

"Well, back in 1919 when I was on the "K" boat—"

"Aw, I can't be bothered, let's catch."

*Two Stripes;  
Buzzard (2).*

GEORGE DEWEY HILDING  
MCBRIDE, MICHIGAN

"St. Vitus" "Daddy" "Swede"

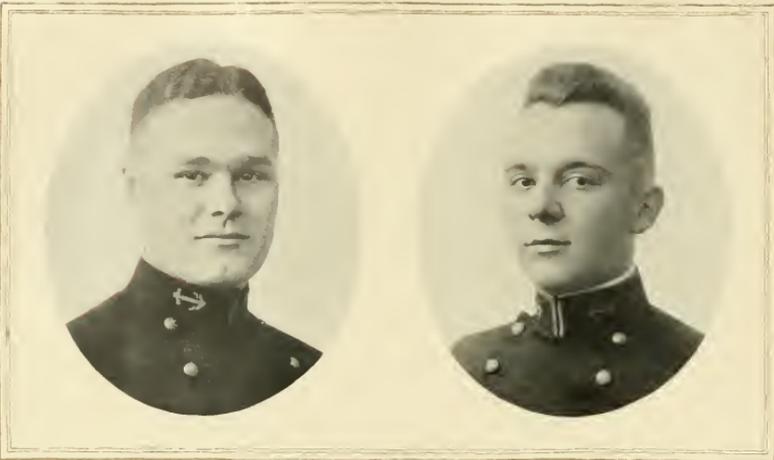
"YOU know—I think I'll learn how to swim. Sometime the old buque might run out from under me and then it would stand me in pretty good if I knew how to keep up." "The first thing I'm going to do when I get off this piece of pig iron is to go to my room and just sit for about half an hour and think. There won't be any deviation on account of all the iron."

George Dewey has about as many different nicknames as Solomon had wives. It might be presumed that with such a seagoing name as his that he would have been content, such is not the case, however, for he was called St. Vitus the first meal during Plebe year, and in addition he has been acquiring others right along. Although he is known to most of us as St. Vitus, it must be admitted that Daddy Time is not at all inappropriate for him. This is due to his slow but sure way of going about doing things. It may be truly said of St. Vitus that he always looks before leaping.

St. Vitus has been a good classmate and will be a welcome addition to those after-dinner gatherings under the awning.

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





RALPH EDWARD HANSON  
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

"Ole" "Svede" "Falstaff" "Pop" "Boilermaker"

POP entered with Twenty, but his shaking blood, remaining from High School days, and a string of blue letters, prevented him from concentrating on Academic stuff, so he took a few months' leave and came back to join Twenty-One.

After a gentleman's cruise on the "Ark," he joined part of Twenty-One at the bare-ax and began to make friends among his own classmates. That was his most successful occupation both at the barracks and during his visits to Bancroft Hall.

He spent a couple of weeks at the beginning of the year under Doc trying to learn how to handle a pig-skin. The A. A.'s and his radiator soon cut short his athletic ambitions, and he joined the big majority who helped to make Navy's record from the side lines.

"Savvy" was always willing to help a friend with a sister or drag's friend, and in half a dozen chances he didn't draw a single brick.

He got the Pop on Second Class cruise by his willingness to help out his shipmates, and by giving them help and advice from his broader experience. He surely lived up to it on one occasion in New York. He was some roommate, is a good shipmate and the best kind of a friend.

Three Stripes;  
Class Football (1);  
Submarine Squad (2, 1).

WALTER FREDERICK WEIDENER  
HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

"Gus" "Dutch" "Widow"

"SIX side-boys!" Weidner from the dependency of Hoboken is coming over the side. Here you have him, gentlemen, the Navy's champion caulk artist, an arch enemy of prohibition laws, a very slight acquaintance with Lady Nicotine, and a profound believer in good food. Gus was bequeathed to us by '20 Plebe year, and since then he has been a true classmate. He is, also, true Navy from the ground up. Do not cuss the Navy in his presence, lest he heap live coals upon your head.

By the aid of good Dame Fortune and late lights, Gus has always been on the sunny side of a 2.5 at the end of each term. While not a star man, he possesses a mind rich in good old horse sense. After seeing that good-natured smile and rotund figure, you wonder if he ever gets sore. He does when you step on his toes. But this state does not last long.

Never forgetful of favors, large or small, he is your friend until you prove otherwise. He is richly possessed in humor, but not of the Falstaff variety.

Buzzard.





JOSEPH CAMPBELL CRONIN  
GENEVA, ALABAMA  
"Joe"

**J**OE hails from sunny Alabam', a medium-built, dark-haired, dark-eyed chap. You can easily tell where he was "fetched up", and his sunny disposition and generous ways are always making friends for him.

Plebe year found him one of those Plebes who gets along well with the Upper Classmen because of his good nature, but the fates were not so good to him as far as studies were concerned. Youngster year he seemed to catch on better, and Second and First Class years he had easy sailing and stood high in the ranks of '21-B.

At the start Joe looked to be the reddest of Red Mikes. Who would have thought that some day our Joe would be a confirmed snake? Why, he couldn't even walk straight, and the sight of a femme nearly scared him to death. Finally he was persuaded to drag blind and the die was cast. Joe became a confirmed snake and now he can spread a broad line and shake a wicked hoof with the best of them.

Early in his dragging career he fell for a certain fair one, and has never recovered. May your chaise ever be merry, Joe.

*Buzzard (2);  
Chief Petty Officer;  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*

THOMAS MEDAIRY DELL, JR.  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Tommy" "Tarzan" "Gabriel"

**T**OMMIE comes from Baltimore and Baltimore is proud of it too, to wit, that picture in the Sun of Maryland's honored sons in the Service.

Early in his career here, he was dubbed Tarzan. This stuck, and it increases in popularity the better one becomes acquainted with him. His Cave Man instincts are overwhelmingly strong in social life as well as in his every day actions.

Being Grand Commander of the Bugle Corps, Tarzan claims to have gone our friend Gabriel one better—he has already blown himself into fame and Gabriel is still standing by. Just give Thomas something to blow on and he is as happy as every one else is miserable.

Gifted with a wonderful shape—below the neck—he takes to some branches of athletics. Pushes the best in track, in which he has made his letter, captains soccer, and is one of Spike Webb's most apt pupils in the fistic sport.

Tommye, although a snake with all the femmes, and a wicked dancer, early became a One Girl man, and never since his first capitulation has he erred from the straight and narrow path.

*Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Leader Bugle Corps (1);  
One Stripe;  
Soccer Squad (2); Captain Soccer;  
Track TNT (2); Numerals (3).*





EDMUND KIRBY-SMITH, JR.  
SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

*"Kirby" "Chico" "Senor Smith" "Wee One"*

**N**OW Sam McGee was from Tennessee,"—like-wise is this cute little fellow.

"Leetle Koiby," as Pedro used to call him, early became known for that natural brace and military bearing developed before he became a pampered pet. He took to the hellicats Plebe year and granted many of us the privilege of carrying his drum up to the old third deck.

Not a snake, but quite a fusser is Chico. His score for attendance at hops has been well nigh perfect. He is of necessity partial to the short femme, and consequently has developed marked ability in manoeuvring to avoid the taller variety. "Hey there, Kirby! What's the uniform for the hop?"

Cheerful of nature and keen of wit, Kirby is a good mixer and the life of a crowd, especially after shipping a wet sea. The eve of Second Class cruise is a fragrant memory!

At the same time, Kirby is the essence of regness. Conscientious and painstaking in all that he does and not backward in any particular, he is sure to get ahead.

As Mate of the Deck on the "Whisky"—"Get up and look at the pretty sunrise! Look at the pretty ships!"

*One Stripes;  
Wrestling Squad;  
Buzzard.*



THOMAS PAUL KUCERA  
LACROSSE, WISCONSIN

*"Tommy" "Thoes" "Kuzie"*

**T**OM is some boy, savvy, easy-going, and a Red Mike of the reddest sort. At least he was until one bright spring day Youngster year, when he found himself in a bight and had to drag for a friend. Since then our hero has dragged several times, but always the same femme. That's all right Tom, they all fall sooner or later.

Plebe year we didn't know Tom was around. He was reg-bound, and kept below decks pretty much of the time. But when Youngster year hove to he was all there, a changed man, and put the fear of God into more than one would-be hard-boiled Plebe. He can take care of himself and give a good account in a free-for-all, although he is not husky or athletically inclined by any means. Mexican athletics is Tom's hobby, and he throws a mean line when you get started on lacrosse. Machaquito the Matador has nothing on this sturdy little fellow.

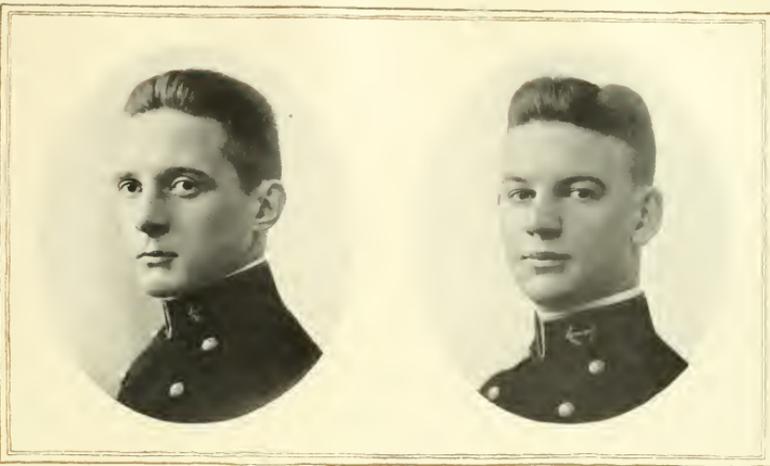
Non-reg! Well I hope to shout! Yet seldom do we see Tom pressing bricks. How he gets away with it is a mystery we have all tried to solve.

"Hey! Ganomi! Jones is dead."

You have the best interests of the Service at heart, and here is to you, Tom.

*Buzzard.*





PHILIP GARDNER NICHOLS  
PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Nick" "PC"

LAWRENCE ELLIOTT DIVOLL  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Lawrie" "Hank"

**P.** G. NICHOLS, the horse-Marine disguised as a C. P. O., entered the outfit six weeks late and never yet has he caught up with himself. The secrecy of the Navy Department during the war is shown by the fact that it took two months to locate him on the high seas to inform him that he was a pampered pet.

Plebe year, because of his six weeks' handicap, Nick hit all the trees that were posted. But a few tender-hearted souls in the Academic Department took him in charge for an extra month and got him well under way.

Nick celebrated the 1919 Army-Navy game in true Navy form with a little exaggeration as shown by his appreciation of the show.

As an athlete, Nick never showed up on any of the teams—wasting all his energy in rough-housing and goboornitis. One of his favorite pastimes was playing hide and seek with the D. O.'s. The wooing of Lady Fatima made him a member of the secluded gang on the first deck, third wing, Youngster year.

In spite of all his faults he is a typical seagoing shipmate who will always ride the Seven Seas with the best of them.

"Cheer up, you won't give a damn a thousand years from now."

*Buzzard (2);  
C. P. O.;  
Clean Sleeve.*

**H**ANKISH, Prankish, Clank! Here he comes with his diving shoes and tooth brush. Worcester lost an ardent fire-eating, fire-fighting Yank, when our Hank entered Uncle Sam's Haven of Rest.

Plebe year Hank was quiet and conscientious as is evidenced by his class standing. Youngster year being in an entirely different environment (the apartment), the All-Academics gained a slight advantage and June found our hero doomed for the four-year course.

Prankish has curious ways of showing his sense of humor. An example of this was when he scaled a pan of cottage pudding the length of the table. Exit Hank. Where did he go then?

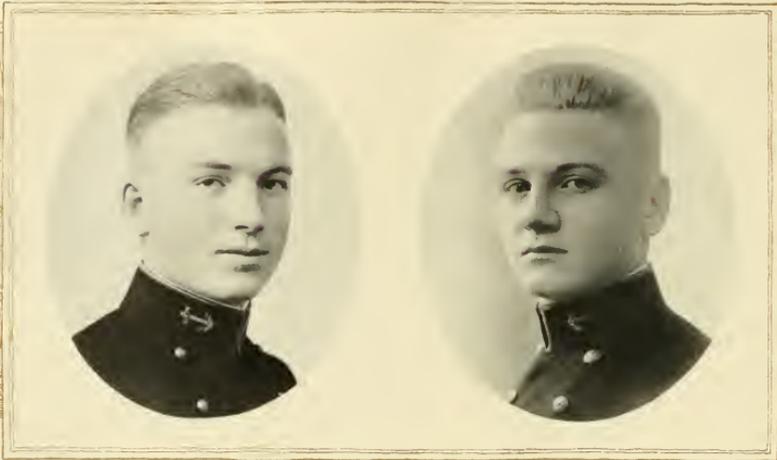
Second Class year he got the radio bug, and as a result the 11th Co. got the day's topics every morning at the table.

The femmes never threatened Clankish until the June Ball of 1920. Then he fell with a crash. Since then he has tried to recover but without much success.

Hank's ideas of right and wrong may seem odd at times but he hails from Puritanical New England, and has always upheld its ideals. He is a true friend and a hard worker—what more can you ask of a shipmate?

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Expert Rifleman.*





CARROLL JOY  
KEOKUK, IOWA  
"Carroll"

RALSTON BIRTO VANZANT  
HOUSTON, TEXAS  
"Fan" "Dutch" "Louie"

ALTHOUGH Charlie came to us from Keokuk, a good thousand miles from the sea, he soon had a knowledge of Naval subjects that put to shame most of the Navy Juniors. Unlike most of us, he was able to get actual enjoyment out of purely professional subjects. Consequently, he was the source from which we got our answers to mess hall questions all Plebe year.

No one who ever met Carroll Joy will ever forget him. Those who knew him loved him, and those who were fortunate enough to be among his friends bear witness that he wove his way into their lives and became permanently a part of their patterns. Carroll was one of those men whom everybody liked, without knowing just why. We have decided that it is no single quality, but the entire wealth of his lovable and striking personality that drew us to him. Carroll was more than square with all men and we will carry to our graves the cherished memory of his friendship.

*Buzzard (2).*

THE earth was darkened, the sun was eclipsed, and Van hove into view. For Van was fat. And Van was fat because he ate and laughed. Plebe year the First Class waxed gleeful as Van's roaring laugh rang through the old mess hall. He isn't so fat now. Strenuous years and a term or two with Mike Kernodle have produced a more symmetrical cross-section.

Naturally savvy—that order had no terror for him; but because he wanted to stay with his friends, his chief difficulty was in getting low enough marks. So while most of us were burning late lights and boning Academics to pull into the first half, Van was conscientiously burning oil and boning Cosmo to stay in the second. And he did it, thanks to a few extra demos.

Van is a good shipmate. Moreover, he's an honest-to-God-don't-give-a-damn-why-worry example of good fellowship. Always ready for a rough house, smiling top or bottom, his effervescent fund of good humor consistently and habitually asserts itself. He has the interest of the Service at heart, and, as that is the requisite foundation upon which all good Naval Officers are built, it follows that Van must make a good officer.

"Come on there, Holt."

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Numerals (2); Class Football (2);  
Buzzard (2, 1).*





WILLIAM HAWLEY SEWELL  
JACKSON, TENNESSEE  
"Willie"

**W**ILLIE graduates next week, and he has yet to learn that the lights are not turned out at taps. Each and every night of his existence within the walls, nine-thirty has found him safely tucked in his little trundle bed. He bones an hour and a half a day. The rest of the time he caulks, and yet he wonders why they tagged him with the name of "Weary Willie."

When we dropped the mud hooks in Cuba, Willie felt at home. The fact that he had lived there ten years spelled salvation for many of his classmates at the Academia Naval. Once he went to the hospital for a week, and two-thirds of the Batt hit the tree.

Why any one should want to go to sea when one can ride a horse is beyond his understanding. He and salt water don't mix, so Willie has a hankering for the gyrenes. He's a Minister's son—but wait a minute; don't draw your conclusions too soon. Honestly, he doesn't smoke, chew, drink, or swear. Furthermore, he boasts that he has the smallest feminine correspondence in the Academy. Yep, he's the only one of the kind in existence.

He's unassuming and he doesn't say much, but his heart's as big as his body, and he's the right kind of a friend to have.

"Dad gum it—I knew that stuff."

*Buzzard (2, 1);  
Class Football (1).*



WILLIAM LOCKRIDGE DRYBREAD  
NEVADA, IOWA  
"Bill" "Hardtack"

**B**ILL has boned less than anyone we know of, and generally stars when the monthly bush comes up. Bill's boning usually consisted of waking his roommate when formation busted, and asking him what the lesson was.

Our Bill is usually very obliging, even when it comes to substituting for you at extra duty; but ask him to drag for you, and you get a short negative answer. He has an absolutely clean record for non-attendance at hops. Saturday night generally found Bill over in the auditorium looking at Mack Sennett's latest production.

He frankly admits that he has never performed at the gentle art of manual labor, and has religiously avoided the gym, but somewhere he got a pair of shoulders, that put his blues in a continual state of tension.

We won't say that Bill is lazy, because no one could accomplish what he has, and deserve the adjective, but we must admit that he believes in B. Franklin's wisdom: "Tardy to bed and late to rise makes a man handsome and increases his size."

Bill leaves us trying to decide whether he will go to the west coast where he can enjoy life, or to the Asiatic where he can sleep 23 hours a day.

*Two Stripes.*





RALEIGH STANTON HALES  
WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA  
*"Raleigh"*

**N**OW if you'll practise this long enough, you'll be able to do it as well as I can." Then he starts off on a treatise on deltoids and extensors and what not that sounds like a cross between Physical Culture and a strength test chart. For Raleigh truly believes that the "Body is but the temple of the soul" and he has set about building his in his usual systematic way. He can do more things with himself in a gymnasium than Houdini could in his palmist days. He is ever ready to impart his knowledge to anyone willing to listen to his teachings. You can spot him a mile away by his big cigar and a string of medals clanking on his watch fob.

Raleigh is a great entertainer especially of the fairer sex. He has a time-honored stock of juvenile jokes and trick poetry that he springs on any assemblage he happens to grace. You should hear him recite "The sensations of being in love." Don't if you can escape it.

Steadiness is Raleigh's outstanding characteristic. He always does what he sets out to do and no amount of adversity can dampen his ardor or spoil his cheery disposition. Witness his five year climb to graduation.

*Two Stripes;*  
*Gym Team (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*GNT (3);*  
*Gymnasium N (2);*  
*Captain Gym Team (2, 1);*  
*All-around Academy Gym Champion (3, 2);*  
*Intercollegiate Flying Rings Champion (2).*



WYATT CRAIG  
RUSSELVILLE, ALABAMA  
*"Red" "Tecumseh"*

**T**HE man who put Russelville on the map. It was his constant source of worry that the Plebes from Alabama could not locate his ville.

Red is a man of several achievements; notable among these is his ability as a safe-cracker. Ask him who swiped the paint for old "Tec." This tendency coupled with a hearty appetite came near driving the bakers aboard the Alabama to white hair and an early grave. His horse-trading ability will make him a rich man while we are still paying off our grad debts. The combination, D. O. proof door latches, in the second wing are another example of his genius.

Wyatt, as his mother calls him, has never joined the ranks of the snakes, though they say that in his home town he is quite a boy.

Red is one of the few who has not paid court to Lady Nicotine, in spite of the reg against it. He is one of the few good students in the less fortunate portion of our class, and is a good man to call a friend, as he is always willing and usually able to help one in distress.

*Buzzard (2, 1);*  
*Sharpshooter;*  
*Submarine Squad (4, 3, 2);*  
*Special Gym Squad (4, 3).*



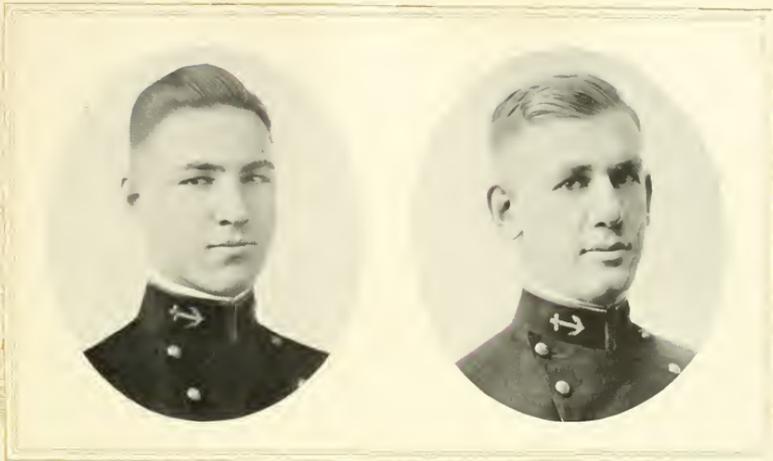


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Drawn by W. J. Aylward

*The Niagara Raking the Detroit and Queen Charlotte*





WALTON CARPENTER DARBY

SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

"Slim" "Darb"

LAMAR MUNROE WISE

MACON, GEORGIA

"Sol" "Hick"

**S**LIM belonged to the old Second company's squad of sky-scrapers, but as Senor Howell was the towering glory and the special attraction, Darb was spared much of the file closer's attention.

Slim was not given much to gab and his casual "Whatcha doing there" was always followed by the silence of a good listener. He was always moderate and well balanced in his work as well as in his play—never stalling, never bilging, dragging heavy at times, and occasionally taking in the sights at the Saturday night "Mack Sennetts."

Darb was always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in any place. On the Minnie when the watch officer curtly told him a dry pipe wasn't a water main, his water hadn't gone over the top as it did with most of us as we sat peacefully smoking on a canned bill box while he was doing the additional work of firing for dog tired youngsters.

Darb did not return with us from our First Class September leave, and although he has left a vacant place in our ranks he will forever hold a warm place in our hearts.

*Buzzard (2).*

**I**T was right after the Upper Classmen had returned from their Sep leave, in the good old days when Plebes were Plebes and the Regiment boasted of but one D. O. and the mess table was the scene of getting acquainted, that Solomon became famous. "Mister, suppose you sound off." "Wise, Sir." "Yes, and you are a wise looking owl too, Solomon."

Plebe year his favorite indoor sport was fighting the Civil War all over again and when he was not too busily engaged in planning a campaign to fool the Dago Department, he was usually engaged in an argument with Jack about the merits and demerits of the North and South.

No Christmas tree or May Pole was ever complete without Sol until First Class year, when he happened to miss one. Forging ahead in business has nothing on him, for didn't he get Regimental Order Number 40?

Sol is a firm believer in the old adage about being sure you are right, then go ahead, for when he thinks he's right nothing can divert him from his course. Sincerity is his middle name; when he says something you know he means it, and as a friend he's true blue, one of the kind you're glad to have.

*Buzzard.*





LOUIS VAN DERLY TAYLOR  
HUMESTON, IOWA  
"Bottle"

EARLY in his uneven career the name of Bottle fixed itself to him (as lasting nicknames will do) and if he doesn't grow three or four feet longer or several fewer around, this name will stick. He will try anything once and, when not caught, has been known to repeat the performance. He has been everything from a howling bragg (he was famous for it Plebe year) to the chief brains behind the Masqueraders. Nor did his creative ability stop there.

As many men in the last squads do, Bottle sports a voice of no mean proportions. The Supe spent one whole service trying to locate the whiskey tenor in the choir. After hop nights, balmy snakes and femmes have passed his temporarily Red Mike room, listened to pure harmony, and done what you and she would do with moonlight on the bay. But let that voice rise above a whisper and in each Plebeian hole in the wall will be gnashing of teeth. "If them as has been judged could be judges!" Bottle's name might range the alphabet; but take the word of one who knows and meet Louis Van Derly, a Man.

*Director Masqueraders (2);  
President Masqueraders (1);  
Buzzard;  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Glee Club (4, 3, 2).*

VERNER ORION VOGENITZ  
ADA, OHIO  
"Whitey" "Voge"

LATE Plebe Summer when the war babies were in their prime and the terrace radiated heat, Whitey descended upon Crabtown and entered the Navy. Those of us who were so fortunate as to know him, early learned to like him. His white hair, unfailing good nature, and sunny disposition, made him friends wherever his feet chanced to lead him. His name plate was a great drawing card to the Upper Classmen, who entered his room out of curiosity and returned again because they liked his looks and line.

Youngster cruise he proved to be a good shipmate, sharing his portion of the loads and trials of that "Yorktown to Tangier" nightmare. In the beginning of Youngster year Voge was taken with the flu, from which he never fully recovered. The summer found him on sick leave, though later he joined the practice cruise in New York.

Suffering with tuberculosis, he was sent to the hospital at Los Animas, Colo., where he died early in December, Second Class year. By his untimely death, a severe blow to us all, we lost a true friend, a worthy classmate, and a fine, square man.

*Masqueraders (3).*





ELMER PAUL ABERNETHY  
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA  
"Ab" "Abe" "Abby"



CLEMENT RUDOLPH BAUME  
MARIETTA, OHIO  
"Clem" "Cleo"

STRANGE as it may seem our ladylike Elmer is from Oklahoma City. He was raised in the Southwest territory with the wild and woolly Indians, which all goes to prove that environment doesn't always make the man. Abby entered the Naval Academy fully determined to lead a life of glory and honor or die in the attempt. He didn't do so much in the glory and honor life. On the Missouri he commanded the battalion assigned to that ship. Some of his many busts were to order his command to "go down stairs" and to order them to "march to mess hall" when there wasn't any such animule.

Abby thinks the Navy is no place for an ambitious young thing. The only time ambition ever stared him in the face in the Navy was when he was on the "Beach at Waikiki," and he is afraid his ship won't call there very often.

Abby has a fondness for argument. He will argue with you on any question and take either side to be obliging. "I'll bet you," and he wins.

He has put up a hard struggle with the Academics from first to last. Plebe year he wasn't sat in his marks until the last week. Since that time he has grown increasingly savvy, showing the result of hard work and persistent effort.

*Buzzard (2, 1).*

THIS hefty Ohioan told us once that if it wasn't for the Buckeye State the United States might as well establish a monarchy, because isn't Ohio the state of Presidents?

Clem, upon migration from home to Annapolis, struck by the lofty grandeur of the Chapel dome, made a resolution then and there to pursue the even tenor of his solitary way. Ah me! In three years the All-Executives obtained his numeral. Clem, the pap, and extra instruction in infantry became synonymous!

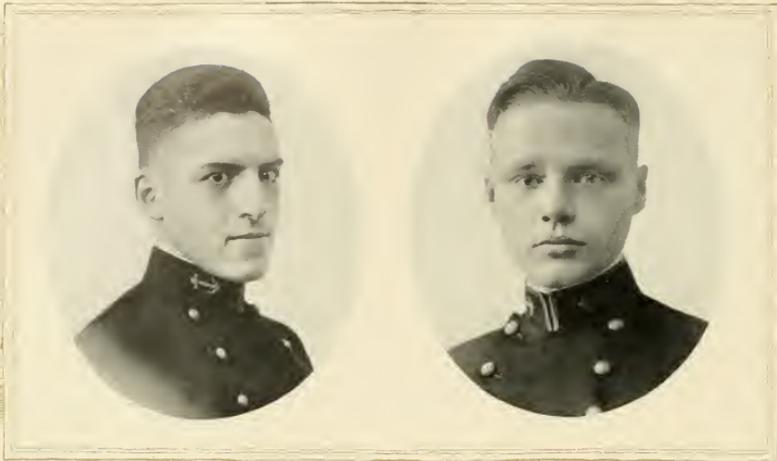
Something once caused Cleo to succumb to the lure of the lute. In a short time he mastered the musical drum—a ukelele—and ever since has mused over the melodious music despite the mutterings of the mad mob.

Sub squad, gym squad, in fact no squad ever caused Clem a worry. He is a potential athlete, charter member of the Radiator Club, a Cosmopic servitor, and a Dasching-Skag-Hund.

Being from Ohio and running true to form, Clem has hung it all over the Academics. In his own way Clem is a savor but half of the time he is too lazy to get out of his own way, the result being that he has eased along the road to graduation. But he's right there when it comes to obtaining results.

*Clean Sleeve;  
Buzzard (2, 1).*





WILLIAM ADAIR PORTER, JR.  
LEONARD, OKLAHOMA  
"Bill" "Chief" "Gillaume"

HAROLD AUSTIN RUBY  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY  
"Red"

OUR Chief—the old boy who smiles like he means it, and seldom smiles. The wilds and solitudes of Oklahoma knew him first. Oklahoma University still remembers his dashing and meteoric career. His parties were famed afar, and the only breaks in them were Plebe year and the beneficent influence of Goucher College. At all times he navigated by rhumb lines, and the wickedness of the gallopin' dominoes in his hands made him a fearful and unsought antagonist.

In the great outdoors his work was that of a man. He saved several meets by outdoing his previous work in the high jump, and as a timber-topper was only hindered by his laziness.

The cruises were his meat and drink. Out of sight was out of mind so he inhabited below decks. When coaling came his capacity for sleep was enormous. Never was shovel betwixt his hands and for all rough work he advocated kid gloves. After several months had passed, made conspicuous by his absence, he was hounded the last month from double bottoms to foretop, more work done to make him work once than he'd do in weeks.

The charm in the old boy is that it's always the same good-natured, quiet, whimsical man; not a worry in the world and lots of the trouble in it coming his way.

*Track Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Captain Track (2);  
Track "A" (4, 3);  
Clean Sleeve.*

WE have with us the Kentucky mountaineer, statesman, orator, newspaper reporter, and Democratic candidate for dog catcher of Louisville. His expoundings on the beauties and merits of said city and the tales of a man back home are his main delight. The sun rises and sets in Louisville according to Red.

Harold has never been known to grace the ball-room floor, but certain mysterious reports on the pap sheet by the renowned S. C. might lead one to believe that he has a more intimate leaning toward the fair sex.

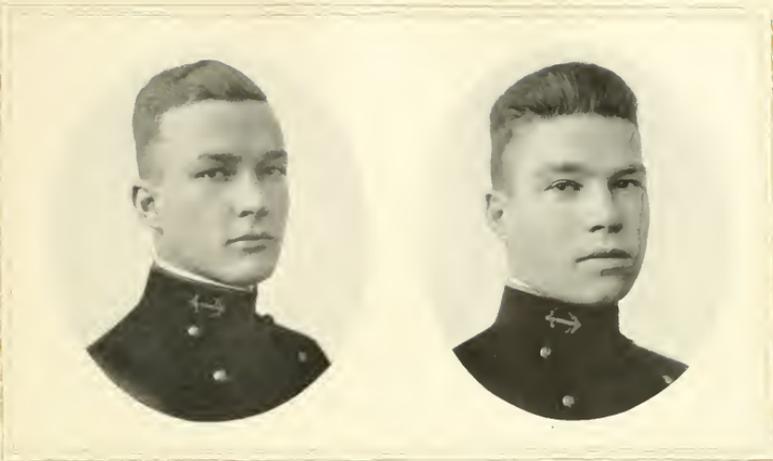
Red has his own peculiar leanings toward religion. Not satisfied with the services in the Synagogue he would lead his gang of Bolsheviks to the attic and there divulge freely on the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes. Nick interrupted him once on the eighth commandment and it was only by the grace of God and the steam pipe that Red and Cutie escaped forty demerits.

On First Class cruise in Panama, Charlie and Red tried to escape the customs officials, but were stopped on the boundary line. Then it was, that due to Charlie's long legs and the judge from Kentucky that Harold was finally released. He has always been able to take a fall out of Lady Luck from Louisville. C. O. D., Come on dice.

"Now, Walter. This is straight."

*Buzzard.*





WILLIAM ARTHUR GRISWOLD  
GOLDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Bill"

THE worst thing we can say about William is that he smokes Piedmonts. He is the only man that uses such a brand; therefore one pack lasts him longer than two does anyone else. We think this is the reason Bill uses them, but it may be that he really does like their effect.

Bill is what you would call a Red Mike when it comes to dragging, but if it is the other boy's girl, he automatically changes into a snake.

We often wonder if some little girl in North Carolina didn't have something to do with Bill's misunderstanding with the Ac Department his first Plebe year. At any rate, he returned and has crossed all the rivers, and not once has he ever mentioned any one girl's name with enthusiasm.

There is never any doubt as to where this man is from, because you can't stay around him for five minutes without hearing about Goldsboro. Of course we don't know much about this town, but if you ever happen to be there, the old druggist on the corner will certainly ask you about Goldsboro's part of the Navy.

Don't get the wrong impression about Bill because he does love children and the old saying is "If a man loves dogs and children he can't be very bad."

*One Stripe.*

LEIL LESLIE YOUNG  
EATON RAPIDS, MICHIGAN  
"Cy" "Egghead" "Abbie"

BOOKS had so infused Cy's imagination with the mysteries of the far east and beauties of Europe that resistance to that impulse to see the world could not be borne.

Plebe year found him always looking for a window ledge from which to catch one. He was usually sly with what he did get away with, and not a liberty passed but what he didn't come back over-braced and bleary-eyed.

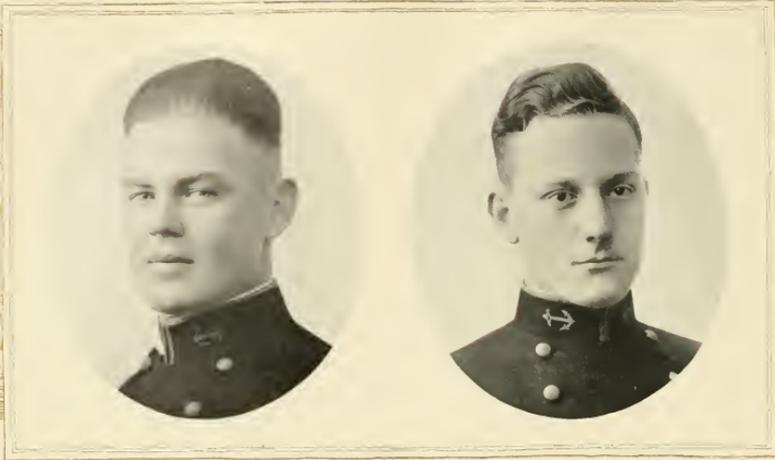
Cy is a true sailor; he never misses a scagoing term, and is always on hand when there is something to learn about a ship. Aboard the No Hope it was this never-tiring energy which prevented him from getting that perpetual Rhino feeling so prevalent among his shipmates. His efforts found him the first out for class football, baseball, and boxing.

He is neither a Red Mike nor a Snake but is satisfied to compromise, although there once existed a pink stream of letters from Podunkus to his room Plebe year. Instead he would rather let nature take its course, whether it be fussing; reading Spencer, Darwin, or Tolstoy; or running out to see if J. B. has got anything.

"Hey Abbey let's go out to J. B.'s."

*Buzzard;*  
*Class Football (I);*  
*Class Soccer (I).*





CECIL FAINE  
NEW STRAITSVILLE, OHIO  
"Century" "Cil" "Senor Fyna"

IF Cecil says so, its so." "Here comes Faine; now we'll get the straight dope." So it goes. Faine is a veritable mine of information, some of it is misinformation of course, but it's all picturesque. Cecil missed his calling, he should have been a journalist. He can collect more dope in a minute than the average man can in a month.

Coming from the desolate hills of southeastern Ohio, he possesses a large line and a larger disposition; the first you always miss when he's not around and the second makes you sure that he'll go out of his way when you need help.

Cecil took hold of athletics on the Log Second Class year and made a cracker-jack department out of it, instead of the space filling appendix that it always was before.

Faine wavered between the Navy and the U. S. S. Outside for three years before he decided in favor of the seafaring life, but now he's definitely in, there's no doubt he speaks the language. We've a notion that he's not long for the ranks of the Benedicts, so we wish him happiness in both professions.

Breezy, good-natured, energetic and capable, he'll get by big anywhere.

"Now me and President Harding——"

Buzzard (2, 1);  
Basketball Squad (4, 3);  
Numerals (4, 3);  
Class Basketball (2);  
Log Staff (4, 2, 1);  
Log Board (1).

DAVID VERNON PICKLE  
AUSTIN, TEXAS  
"Dill" "Pick" "Dee Vee"

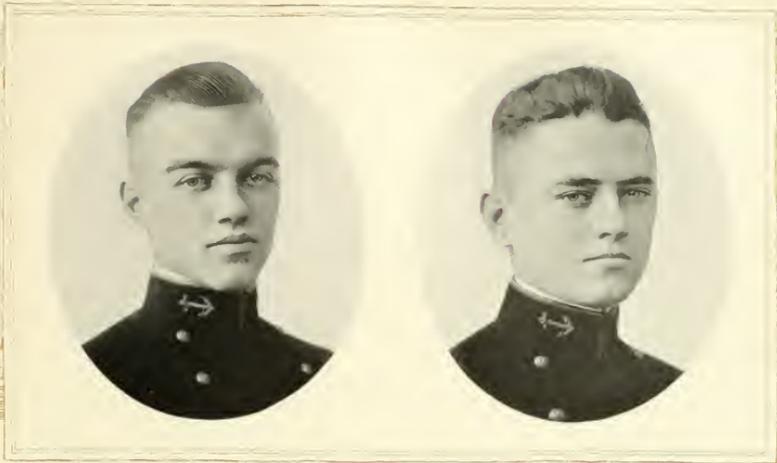
THERE sat Admiral Pickle, upon a snow white charger with the home High School Cadets drawn up in Regimental formation before him. Being home on Youngster leave, he had been urged to accept the proffered offer of reviewing that military body, and he, having successfully defended Yorktown, could not deny his admirers that little favor. His shining leather puttees, khaki trou, flannel shirt with gold anchors attached to collar, white hat with new blue border, sabre dangling to the horse's knees, showed that he was a reviewer of the first magnitude.

Dill has the physique of an athlete, and doubtless would have proven a winner at boxing had not Hog Murray rocked him to sleep with a haymaker. He decided to quit that sport, and take up parlor jokes in its stead. In this latter capacity he is a tremendous success.

Dill originated the famous "Pickle Plan" which was a blessing not only to him but to the other victims of cross-country walking as well. He has done many other things which make him an excellent classmate. You can scarcely ask him a favor which he will refuse you. One girl only has his entire affection, and she is about the only one who ever causes him to have any real serious moods, but she is, we cannot refrain from remarking, an extremely Lucky Lady.

Buzzard.





GEORGE LUCIUS RUSSELL  
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

"Russ" "Lucius" "Rusty" "Lucy"

THERE weren't many gloomy parties when G. L. was around. Something always reminded him of the time—and you'd hear a good story about the Yankee up in Vermont. Vermont—that's the place; up in New England somewhere, or all of New England according to G. Lucius, as a fond and loving parent often delighted in calling him. And, of course, Vermont was centered in Middlebury.

Plebe year he ran foul of a couple of ukeleles and a banjo, and after a few weeks of merciless twanging, they mastered him. Since then he has twanged continually for his less talented buddies, a wide and various collection of songs that ranged all the way from Anchors Aweigh to the Merry King of England.

He parts his hair in the middle, so that's all that need be said about his attitude toward the fair sex. However, let it be said, that he knew not when to stop, and often dragged just for the sake of dragging.

That's George: a true-hearted Yank with a smile, and a good word, always ready to help the others, whether it be in a game of African golf or give his best to the class teams.

*Class Baseball (2, 1); Captain (2);*

*Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);*

*Mandolin Club (3, 2);*

*"Come Eleven" Staff;*

*Buzzard;*

*Class Soccer;*

*Asst. Editor Log.*

JAMES AUBURN ROBERTS  
LOUISIANA, MISSOURI

"Robbie" "Hangover" "Ismoka Stogi" "Dizzy"

NOW this here dizzy specimen from out Missouri way came rambling into Crabtown with his hair plumb full of hay. He fooled the doctors getting in; we've often wondered how; he's stuck around for four long years and say—look at him now!

The captain of the sub squad—he, a splasher these four years; he starred in the Gymkhana—why he moved the house to tears. He often climbs the pap sheet and quite frequently the tree. A D. O. doesn't faze him—he's a bird at repartee. He made himself quite famous when we took our Youngster cruise, for he went three months running without using soap or shoes. He's quite a modest person, but he's caustic in his speech. He's a very happy sailor—when he is standing on the beach. Ismoka Stogi; thus he's known, the Log his step to fame, but his line of conversation makes his written efforts tame.

And say, to us who know him, he's a pal without a peer, he has made our troubles lighter through our times of travail here. There's a streak of wit within him that no grouch can long withstand—he gives friendship, honest friendship, with his ever open hand. And we know that we've been favored to have shared our days with him—So, here's to you, Robbie,—Stogi with a will—Saltwater Slim.

*Buzzard; Class Baseball (2);*

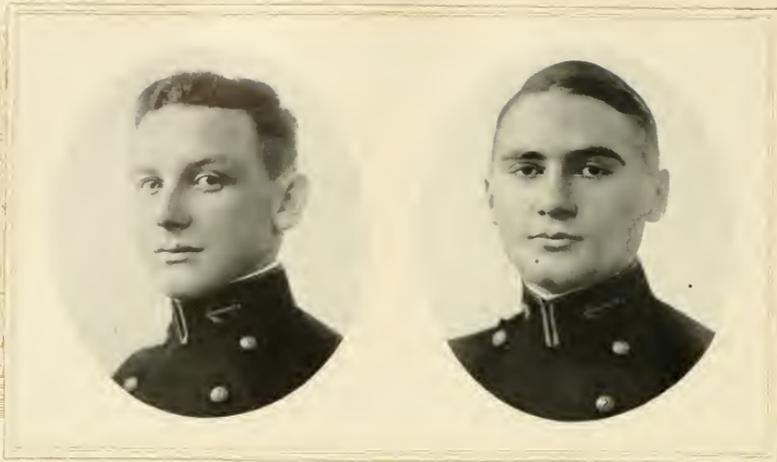
*Log Staff (3, 2); Ass't. Editor Log (1);*

*Promoter "Come Eleven" (1);*

*Lucky Bag Staff;*

*Gymkhana Committee (1).*





HOWARD NATHANIEL KENYON  
 PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA  
 "Red" "Reds" "Rojo" "Rouge"

THIS noble looking blonde esquire is none other than our own Red, the Oklahoma farmer. Despite the fact that he neither smokes, drinks, nor chews, he is a real salt. How his parents could afford to raise it we fail to understand, for Rojo has an appetite like a sea-lion. After eating all the chow on a mid-watch belonging to the O. O. D. and assigned force, he never missed visiting the black gang for more.

Rouge is game for any kind of an adventure from robbing pincapple patches in Hawaii to hunting wild boars, and as a member of the famous dinghy party he never missed a trip from the first one in New York River in '18.

If you want to hear the latest scandal or even the hidden stories of the Bible, call on Red for he has the inside dope on everything.

He does not admit he is from Ponca City, but claims the native village has waterworks, board walks, and other up-to-date improvements.

Red is a hard worker, but he always manages to see the bright side of things.

*Wrestling Squad (2, 1);  
 Buzzard (2, 1).*

BERNARD JOSEPH SKAHILL  
 NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK  
 "Bolivar" "Skagkill"

HERE we have it, gentlemen, a boy from New York Town, whose blue eyes, fair hair, and Parisian accent proclaim to the hoi polli as eventuating from the Emerald Isle.

A war baby, Bolivar was relegated to the Barracks, where he came down to earth with the same sickening thud as the rest of us, and in addition was hindered by a lack of full recognition of his efforts by the Academics for a while. But he came out O. K. by dint of constant plugging.

Youngster year was begun by the famous Crab cruise on the U. S. S. Missouri, Bolivar doing his full share of coaling ship, etc. The rest of Youngster year, Second and First Class years were bucked successfully, and now that the end is in sight, it's sure, bedad that Bolivar rates all that's coming.

In athletics boxing was B. J.'s best bet, and he liked to have a little bout now and then. As for fussing, being Venus's roommate for two years, he is fully qualified as a member of the Cold One-O Club. Anyway, Bolivar likes the Navy and we hope he "comes up smiling."

*Buzzard.*





HERBERT AUGUSTINE TELLMAN  
JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI  
"Telly" "Kelly"

JEFFERSON City of Missouri claims this young man as one of her favorite sons.

We are inclined to believe that Telly was cut out to be a lawyer—he sure likes to argue, especially with officers—a veritable sea-lawyer, so to speak. Whenever he puts in a request and it is not granted, he goes right back to find out why. Usually this method doesn't help a whole lot, but he likes to have his say. Why even Plebe year he would argue with an Upper Classman!

Reading is one of Senor Tellman's pastimes, and if you go over to the library some Wednesday or Sunday afternoon you will find him in the highest and darkest corner of the library. He has usually picked out some dust-covered book, and the title usually runs like this, "The Exact Weight of a Fly's Ear, and How to Calculate It."

Sometimes he goes over to the gym for a work-out, and we well remember the day that his solid ivory dome nearly wrecked a couple of teams. "Mr. Tellman, put on the gloves with Mr. Gish," said the pants-hanger. Well the bout began and about ten minutes later three men were nursing busted hands as the result of hitting that cast-iron dome of his.

They must have fed him on concrete when a child.

*Buzzard.*



EDDY CURRENTS  
GUANTANAMO, CUBA  
"Eddy"

THE male brick seen above saw so much of the Navy in his old home town that he decided life here would be the nuts. He first joined the outfit in 1903 and has been a First Classman for the last ten years. He remembers the day Noah made the Construction Corps and Gideon joined the Marines.

Life here has been a grand Rhino fest for Eddy. He has been a member of the Extra Duty squad so long that even the Japanese Sandman can't phase him, and has an alphabetical file of official correspondence month by month.

He learned to burn oil Youngster cruise on the Constitution and has been a B. L. R., rear-rank infantry expert since. He achieved his ambition by becoming O. O. D. last Christmas—everybody else was on leave.

Wooden is no name for him—he is still trying to dope out why an iron ship floats and what makes the motor go round. Ed is bound for the Dungle Navy, where he belongs. We expect to see his name become famous in court-martial orders.

"Say, you gotta skag?"

*Mate-of-Deck, New Hampshire (1);  
Pink Numerals (1913);  
Oil Squad (6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1);  
Frank and Manly Attitude (1);  
Extra Instruction (1);  
Early Rising Squad (1);  
President D. O. Debating Society (1);  
Bending Shackle, Five Fathom Shot.*





Regimental Staff



1921—B

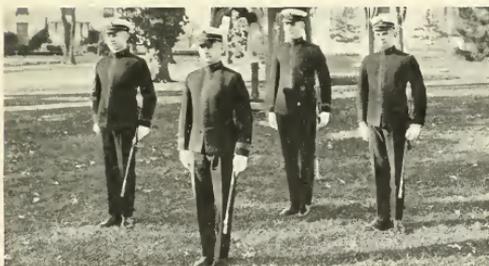




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STAFF



SECOND  
BATTALION  
STAFF



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'23

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D. T. BASKETT	A. KENNEDY
E. D. EARLY	T. T. TUCKER
J. B. SPANGLER	P. F. SCHOEFFEL

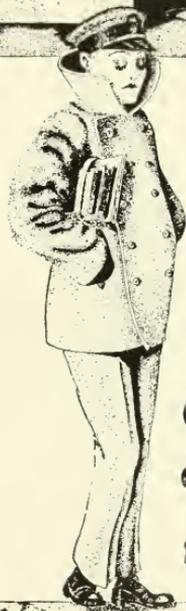
'24

J. B. HOWARD	A. G. W. MCFADDEN
P. W. SIEGRIST	P. C. CROSELY
A. A. GRIESE	F. M. HEDDENS
L. W. JOHNSON	A. G. BLIESENER
H. V. STEEL	J. M. WORTHINGTON



# THE LOG

OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
NAVAL ACADEMY



NO. 11  
A  
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S

1914



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"Your chances for success are slim," said the stage manager to the lady applicant.



resolution has been killed. However, the Naval General Board has been requested to submit a report giving the Board's present opinion as to the value of the capital ship.

Rear Admirals Sims and Fiske appeared before the committee and opposed the resolution to suspend building.

SPORTS  
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unnatural element; basketball, soc-  
cer, lacrosse and water polo, com-  
binations of two or more of the  
others. The theory is not new but  
is worthy of consideration. How-  
ever, why stop there? Why not  
go on and consider the advantages  
which come from indoor sports.



**F**ROM the first day of October to the sunny month of June, every night our typists rattle on their never-ending tune. While the Regiment is sleeping and when taps has long since blown; when the Duty Squads have dropped their belts and to their slumbers flown—when the building's wrapped in darkness, silent, sombre, in the night—still forth from our office windows comes a yellow shaft of light. When our brains are tired from study and our frames are tired from toil, in our musty, dusty office we must burn the midnight oil. We don't get a training table and we never get a cheer and we wear no bright gold letters, tho our season lasts a year.

On our staff we have no savours—sadly often do we see—half the force that fill our columns perched upon the weekly tree. When exams are coming daily and the half of us unsat; when we need our time for study—just a passing mark to bat—can we let the Log work slide awhile—lay off a week or two? No! it takes twelve thousand words to fill your Log for you.

Our aim is just to please you and to boost the teams a bit, and to put across a brain throb that will maybe make a hit. If we do this, we've succeeded; if we haven't, we should fret—there's naught to lose by failure, for we've gotten nothing yet.





## GLEE CLUB

SEATED: HOOPER JONES BEYER TOOMEY ECCLES  
 STANDING: MISSION (LEADER) CHAPMAN VERGE PIERCE ROTH STEVENSON  
 WALKER WILLIAMSON KANAKANUI SCHENCK LARSEN  
 NOT IN PICTURE: MOREHOUSE BLICK ARCHIBALD TATUM KASTNER LINDHOLM  
 HULL MARTIN



## MIDSHIPMEN'S JAZZ BAND

J. H. DICKENS (Leader)  
*Banjo*  
 W. B. HOLDEN, *Banjo*  
 E. P. HYLANT, *Violin*  
 H. J. WATERS, *Piano*  
 R. F. FROST, *Traps*  
 YEOMANS and WRAY,  
*Xylophones*  
 TAYLOR and KENT,  
*Saxophones*  
 MONZINGO, *Cornet*







## Smoke Hall

Sing me a song of tobacco  
Burning away in Smoke Hall.  
Sing of the ash tray piano  
While spit-kits are hove at the wall.  
Jazz up the vic in the corner,  
Don't go to Carvel to dine.  
Camp here all day  
Till you hear someone say,  
"Lay you two bits on the line!"

Shift all your cuds to the starboard,  
Light up your favorite skag.  
Fall in you Buzzards and Stripers  
Buy filthy weed from The Bag.  
Tho I'm a Red Mike promoter,  
I'll tell you the truth just the same.  
Good times are not found  
By the tea-fighting hound,  
They're had in the Smoke Hall-o'-Fame.

When I'm an old man of eighty  
Living my youth o'er again,  
In nineteen seventy seven  
With pair of blue goggles and cane,  
When I am old and bewhiskered  
Poverty can't scare away  
The Memories dear  
Of my old First Class Year,—  
Gold of my wealth when I'm gray.







CHOIR 1920-21

Cotton	Rockwell	Russell	Schneider	McKinley	Archibald	Blick	Dole	Iversen	Lewis	Quarton	Shears
Sturgeon	Beyer	Jackson	Reeside	Thomson	Hooper	Larsen	Pierce	Taylor	Kustner	Tatum	Bennett
Brown	Ginn	Roth	White	Woodside	Halgkiss	Avery	Crosby	Dussault	Schmidt	Walker	Berthold
Hell	Handley	Hyman	MacLean	Potter	Rubenberg	Walker	Wolowski			Cochran	Crosley
Evans	Heine	Auerbach	Davies	Flood	Scott	Storms	Tiemroth	Wright	Baron	Boltz	Butler
				Dicke	Dyer	Spain					

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"KEEPER of the BULL"  
J. H. DICKINS

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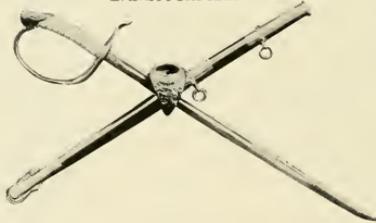
Class Supper  
of the Class of  
Nineteen Twenty-one  
United States  
Naval Academy  
given at  
Hotel Emerson  
Baltimore Maryland  
September 19 1919

<p>Ref Points</p> <p>Staff</p> <p>Editor-in-Chief C. A. L. SUNDBERG</p> <p>Business Manager P. B. WISHART</p>	<p>Ref Points</p> <p>Staff</p> <p>Editor-in-Chief W. D. JOHNSON</p> <p>Business Manager G. E. SAGE</p>
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CHRISTMAS  
CARD

1919  
H. W. EATON  
R. H. MERRICK  
1920  
R. H. MERRICK

The Regiment of Midshipmen extend to you best wishes for a Merrie Christ mas and a Bright New Year



"KEEPER of the GOAT"  
BIDDLE BALL



## HOPS 1920-21

1921-B

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1922

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1923

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P. C. TREADWELL  
H. J. WATTERS

## STRAY LOSSES

Adcock, J. W.  
 Alcorn, W. L.  
 Allen, L. C.  
 Anderson, J. O.  
 Arrington, W. F.  
 Ashworth, L. E.  
 Averitt, F.  
 Avey, S. E.  
 Baker, C. B.  
 Bates, G. R.  
 Bayley, A. H.  
 Bell, J. W.  
 Berrum, C. W.  
 Bickle, S. E.  
 Biehl, F. W.  
 Biggs, B. B.  
 Billingsly, O. L.  
 Bobbitt, W. G.  
 Bowman, R. L.  
 Boyd, T. H.  
 Brennan, J. F.  
 Buchanan, O. A.  
 Burke, C. E.  
 Burkholter, K. S.  
 Busbey, H. C.  
 Buttles, W. S.  
 Campbell, W. S.  
 Celi, J. R.  
 Chase, S. F.  
 Choate, G. F.  
 Clark, D. H.  
 Clark, S. A.  
 Cole, S. G.  
 Conger, O. C.  
 Considine, J. A.  
 Cook, J. M.  
 Costello, J. P.  
 Cross, W. C.  
 Crum, E. M.  
 Cureton, N. C.  
 Cyr, E.  
 Damrow, G.  
 Digges, J. I.  
 Dorlon, J. H.  
 Drexler, L. A.  
 Dugan, C. F.

Duncan, C. W.  
 Dunnack, L. S.  
 Duvall, H. H.  
 Dwyer, J. W.  
 Edwards, J. L.  
 Eisenhardt, C. F.  
 Emmerson, L. W.  
 Faires, V. M.  
 Fauth, G. W.  
 Fisher, J. T.  
 Flynn, D. T.  
 Föley, J. B.  
 Follansbee, C. G.  
 Forrester, J. W.  
 Francis, W. B.  
 Futrelle, J. P.  
 Gardner, D. W.  
 Gates, H. E.  
 Gay, W. T.  
 Gingirch, G. A.  
 Givan, C. W.  
 Gordon, H. N.  
 Greenbaum, A.  
 Gregg, J. W.  
 Hagerty, R. H.  
 Halsey, R. H.  
 Halsey, W. H.  
 Hamilton, J. L.  
 Hamilton, S. N.  
 Harding, R. H.  
 Harrington, F. W.  
 Hechtner, T. L.  
 Houston, S.  
 Hoxton, L. K.  
 Humphrey, J. D.  
 Hyman, E. M.  
 Irbin, J. B.  
 Jones, G. E.  
 Jones, H. P.  
 Jones, R. B.  
 Junker, A. W.  
 Justice, D. B.  
 Kemper, W. P.  
 Kinney, W. S.  
 Kline, E. T.  
 Koch, H. E.

STRAY LOSSES—*Continued*

Kugel, C. A.  
 Lambdin, J. T.  
 Lawson, J. E.  
 Leonard, J. E.  
 Lewis, D. W.  
 Logan, D. F.  
 Losee, P. G.  
 Lowell, F. A. E.  
 Luck, C. D.  
 McClenahan, L. S.  
 McClure, R. B.  
 McConnell, L. S.  
 McElroy, W. G.  
 McKee, N. C.  
 Macgurn, F. A.  
 MacKerracher, K.  
 MacNamee, A. J.  
 Mahoney, J. J.  
 Mann, S. S.  
 Martin, L. W.  
 Mauger, G. L.  
 Mayberry, F. A.  
 Melton, C. N.  
 Menocal, G. L.  
 Mercer, J. G.  
 Mesnik, J.  
 Miller, D. K.  
 Milligan, R. E.  
 Moore, D. W.  
 Morgan, W. W.  
 Murphy, W. D.  
 Murray, R. G.  
 Newbern, P. A.  
 Nickerson, O. A.  
 Orcasitas, P.  
 Owens, G. F.  
 Paradise, N. A.  
 Parker, H. C.  
 Parsons, J. S.  
 Pearse, R. H.  
 Penoyer, H. O.  
 Pierson, F. C.  
 Porteous, E. J.  
 Price, F. M.  
 Pyle, W. A. F.  
 Quinn, G. U.  
 Redding, P. E.  
 Reynolds, H. J.  
 Richter, O. C.  
 Riddle, M.  
 Roberts, R. R.  
 Root, D. O.  
 Rose, J.  
 Rowan, P.  
 Rush, A. S.  
 Ryley, W.  
 Sampson, J. G.  
 Saunders, W. H.  
 Saye, J. R.  
 Schas, W. D.  
 Schroder, R. L.  
 Sease, E. W.  
 Shaw, S.  
 Sherman, K. L.  
 Shoener, P. H.  
 Shomier, J. E.  
 Shwartz, H. M.  
 Simelson, L.  
 Sloane, D. C.  
 Smith, A. V. D.  
 Smith, J. T.  
 Smyser, H. E.  
 Stafford, L. S.  
 Strong, R. C.  
 Sunberg, W.  
 Tannewitz, C. L.  
 Thomas, A. S.  
 Thomas, W. S.  
 Thompson, H. O.  
 Turner, E. W.  
 Van de Water, D. G.  
 Von Dreele, W. H.  
 Walker, E. T.  
 Walker, G. L.  
 Walmer, H. W.  
 Watrous, C. K.  
 Weiss, O. C.  
 Welch, R. H. W.  
 Wentworth, C. R.  
 Westover, W. B.  
 Wheelhouse, H. A.  
 Whitney, R.  
 Wickerham, D. A.  
 Willenbacher, R. F.  
 Williams, E. A.  
 Wilson, B. B.  
 Winslow, E. L.  
 Wishard, R. H.  
 Wolfinger, R. G.  
 Wyman, C. H.  
 Zotti, F.

## Sep Leave

Oh, the cit of today makes happy and gay  
With wine and women and song,  
But into these weave a midshipman's leave  
And you've started a story that's long.  
They're into the lime at September time  
For a month that's full and free.  
And lo, behold—the stripes of gold—  
One, and Two, and Three!

There's the wine from Paree and the green TNT,  
And the pals always ready to cheer,  
A calf that's obese, and skagging in peace,  
For which he has waited a year.  
There's the old rusty plow and the mother-made chow,  
And battles he wages with tea,  
And a girl who is pleased when she looks down and sees  
The One, or Two, or Three!

And the old main street to his eye is a treat  
And the good old place he quit,  
But one more view of the rendezvous  
Can't mean the same to a cit,  
For he knows no joys like the seagoin' boys  
Like the middies fresh from the sea,  
T'ward farm and town,—yes, homeward bound—  
With One, and Two, and Three!



ON the morning of June 7, 1919, we were awakened at some unearthly hour by the ringing of our lovely, shiny, and noise-some bells, and by the racket created by our old and lasting friend, the bugler. And accordingly did we rise and shine, but the sun did not follow suit. Old Sol was out of that suit and trumped with a good shower of rain and a high wind, garnering in that trick without even so much as a murmur. We almost forgot to mention the fact that we had breakfast. But after that came the truck horse stunt of carting all the junk of "articles needed for the practice cruise" down to the sea wall to get nicely soaked and dirty. Finally we embarked on the various motor sailers and were safely landed aboard the various ships, among which it might be well to mention such names as the Alabama, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Maine and Kearsarge. Therein you have our homes and modes of transportation for the summer, those fighting bulldogs of your Uncle Sammie, commonly classified in the category of Crabs. While anchored in Annapolis roads, we were right among the Big Boys, for they all came up to Crabtown-on-the-Bay for June Week, the weak and the strong alike.

After much fussing and fuming around, we got under way, and the next day saw us once again in the broad Atlantic, headed for Guantanamo. There are always some good points in everything, even in Guantanamo. First and foremost, it is in Cuba but being a government reservation, it isn't what you think—no! One can only buy dopes, made in Guantanamo and not in Atlanta, and lemon sody at two bits a throw, vile Cuban cigarettes, and ice cream made of goat's milk by a Chinaman. However it is in the proximity of Caimaneira, a noble Cuban village, about seven miles up the river, with a growing population of about a thousand, and with saloons on every corner as well as throughout the block. There too was the Red Barn, you all remember the place. And invariably a rowing or sailing party,

The forward end  
of a Crab



They all look  
good when they're  
far away



after having been up the river, would come back singing the well known Navy hymn, "A good time was had by all hands." But don't misunderstand us, we don't recommend Guantanamo as a wintering place, but as a watering place something else might be said on the subject.

We remained in that section until the 24th of June, and then turned our head toward those much talked of Virgin Islands, with St. Thomas as our objective. As to the name of the islands, it is a mystery to us how they acquired such publicity, but we do not wish to commit ourselves further on the subject, than to say it may be so, but we don't know. It was a sight for sore eyes to see the various colored house tops as they blended in a perfect

maze of colors against the mountain side in the reflection of the sun. It was all quite wonderful to us to see a nigger as black as the ace of spades and hear him speak with a cockney accent, and to see them dive for money, but the greatest thing of all was the coaling ship drill, held especially for the natives and in which they alone took part. It was our first experience at coaling ship, where we were all run off the ship for the whole day, and the natives held full sway; which they did with their baskets on their heads, passing in line up the gangways and collecting a penny for each basket. We went all over the Island, and perhaps the most interesting sights were the castles reputed to belong to the notorious Blue Beard and Black Beard.

Cuban  
Coco  
Cola





Let the wimmin  
do the work

Our stay here was short, and on June 30th we relieved our Dunn's Own Patent of the mud and left behind us the cries of "Come over now," and "You heave, I dive, Yankee." Being in that part of the world, we decided to pay a visit to Old Panama, and accordingly laid our course for Colon. The Fourth of July was spent at sea with lots of this "water, water everywhere" stuff. But the very next day saw us inside the breakwater of Colon itself, with the Hotel Washington staring us in the face. Many are the words that could be used to describe our times in the vicinity of the ditch and the way in which we were received, even the merchants did not put up their prices more than four or five hundred percent. The Army there, in all its branches, were especially kind to us and have a lasting place in the memory of every midshipman who made the cruise. Nothing was too much trouble to do for us, it was all laid open to us, and if we didn't see it, it was our own fault. But we don't believe many can be blamed, for most of us saw all that was advertised and then visited the side shows.



After a day in Colon, all the ships went through the canal to the Pacific side, known geographically under the name of Panama City. It took all day for our squadron of six ships to make the journey, even with making all of our fourteen knots under forced draft through Gatun Lake. It was quite a trip to say the least. Even in this day, it is no small matter to lift a battleship some seventy feet above



The drowsy  
Kearsarge

Gatun Lock—  
Looking to-  
ward home



sea level on one side and drop it a like amount on the other. We almost forgot to mention the hospitality of the Strangers' Club in Colon. Many there are among us who will always carry about with them a pleasing memory of the place. When we arrived in the City of Panama, everything was going full tilt. We went all over the place from the American Hotel to Coconut Grove, not passing up Brady's or any place en route. The food here was very cheap and it did taste good after ship's chow. Most everyone laid in a supply of silks and whatnots for mother, sister, and her. It was our fortune, while here, to inspect the Coast Defence, which was nothing short of marvelous.

In Colon we had our first experience in coaling ship where nobody did the dirty work—some ingenious mind conceived the idea of letting machinery do it. And it does it, puts it right in the bunkers, but the idea does not hold much water in the Navy. We still hold to the adage that "idleness is the devil's workshop." After making the trip through the Canal and putting a little coal in the wagons, we again hitched up and drove out to stick our noses once more in the Caribbean Sea, bound again for the now well known Guantanamo, where we arrived in due time without much undue excitement, put on the usual coal and stores, stayed five days in this nice cool furnace, and on July 17th ambled out and got on our way back to God's Country, with New York as our objective. 'Till now it had been great stuff steaming at the enormous speed of eight or ten knots in the

The Little Cut  
called Culebra





The same  
St. Thomas

daytime and cutting down this stupendous speed to six or less knots at night. With the southern moon shining down on the glistening water and all the stars trying to outdo said moon, it was all very beautiful, ideal, we admit for a honeymoon, but she wasn't there, and for a practice cruise, miles from nowhere, not much can be said for it. It gave one too much time to think of who might be there while we were gone. But it soon ended, and we sighted that once-seen, never-forgotten sky line of New York. I'm here to state that it was a happy bunch that rose and shone, lashed and carried, and peeped through the fog at the Ambrose Channel Lightship, that we have become so thick with since, through our friend Bowditch. Our old stone girl, Liberty, a fit mate for our own wooden Tecumseh, was still standing out there on the little island with the same light the kind Frenchman endowed her with, the little light that never goes out and which she holds out to those who wish to make our country their country. But to come back to the facts in the case, we passed on up the river and anchored somewhere above this man Grant's Tomb. It was of especial interest to us of the Academy, inasmuch as we have his first designed tomb as the place where our Chaplain holds forth every Sunday.



Now this is where we had the time of our young lives. Lots of the boys had relatives or families in the vicinity and were granted forty-eights, in fact we might say without exaggeration that almost everyone had some long lost relative handy



"Heave, I dive, Come over, Yankee!"

The Broadway  
Limited  
P. R. R. Co.  
P. for Panama



and had received an invitation to visit said relative. However our old friends Shanley's, the Pré Cat, the Follies, and all the hangouts along Broadway claimed most of our attention and quite a few of our hicks, and let it be said we did not overlook Greenwich Village. But to go into details and start mentioning exploits in the Greatest of Great, would be like starting a book without an ending, which is not our desire, and besides we do not wish to give ourselves away. At any rate, we spent quite a few enjoyable days in the City, and then pulled our freight for Provincetown, in the land of schools, broad a's, and whatnots. We had quite a few surprises in store in this little village of old Massachusetts. First and foremost came the mosquitoes, the most formidable foes of man in this part of the world. Large, vicious, ferocious,

fearless, tenacious, and bloodthirsty they were. In our time, we have seen some mosquitoes, but these won the pot without even extending themselves, The villagers treated us royally, gave us a dance in the townhall, and all that sort of stuff, but really when it came to swimming in their section of the water it was just too much for our thin blood. It must be the place where icebergs are invented, for never before did we see such cold water in the months of July and August. Now, the artist colony there can't be passed up without a few words. It was the summering place for Greenwich Villagers, and there were easels, smocks, long hair, and pigments scattered all over the place. While in that vicinity, we decided to lay on a



The dirty things



"Range 10000!"

little fuel for better or for worse, and consequently took our little summer homes to President Roads and did the dirty deed. After that, it was little, old New York for us once more.

Up to this time, we have not mentioned work. It is a thing not to be mentioned among friends. But be that as it may, it is a prime factor on one of these practice cruises, to let us apply our vast theoretical knowledge and put it to a practical test. We played at most everything except, possibly, "drop the handkerchief." Sometimes we were firemen, sometimes engineers, sometimes painters, then again navigators and signal girls, and scrub women, and 'most every day we played at washwomen. We sketched and described everything from the directorscope in the foretop to the lightened floor plates in the bottoms, from the cross section of our rams forward to the after end of our unbalanced rudders. On some ships we wrote themes for hanging on pipes and for not keeping off the paintwork. Said themes would have done justice to the original Arabian Nights.

It was, and is, and ever shall be a great life, but that did not keep us away from New York the second time, and so stand in we did, and dropped our weights, commonly called anchors, in the same holes from which we had pulled them a few weeks before. It was quite like coming home, after a few years' absence, having been away from our City all of two weeks, for in the Navy, having spent four days in a town, is to know the town from top to bottom. So we started in where we had



"Pour it in her, she don't leak."

Where we long  
to be



left off before and tried to visit those places which we hadn't in our last stay, but generally we ended up in the same haunts and did the same things as before. What more can one wish for? All sorts of meeting places were conceived by these midshipmen habitues of New York. There is no doubt but what they knew the town.

But time was passing by, as time has a habit of doing, and the end of our summer was fast drawing to a close, so we could not afford to spend more time in New York at this time. So we called a meeting of the Second Class, and it was decided that we should all go back to our ships and direct our respective captains to take the ships to the Southern Drill Grounds, just off the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, for a little target practice and lots of fishing. Our guns had been idle all summer

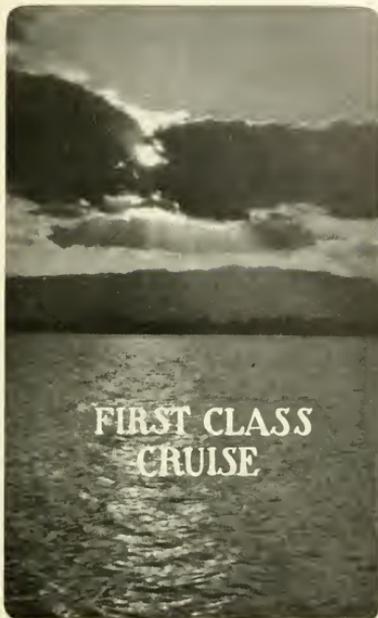
up to this time, and it was high time, we thought, to bring them into action. On the other hand, our lines had been out all summer, and we should have let them rest, but not so, we just had to keep going. After three days of this, we steamed into Hampton Roads and made another liberty in that oft visited Norfolk, Newport News, etc. But it wasn't long, for September was drawing near and with that came the leave we had been waiting for ever since the last September, so we hoisted the speed flag "g," and made knots for Crabtown, where even as the whale did to Jonah, so did the Crabs to us, and we pulled out to our respective burghs in our respective states. Now in the words of the immortal Ethel Barrymore, "That's all there is, there isn't any more."

With looking  
for a wage  
reduction.









IT was with mingled feelings of horror and expectancy that we embarked on what we hoped to be our last Midshipmen's Cruise. To begin with, we were going into it with our eyes open. We knew the difference between cruises as they seem and cruises as they are; we knew what hardships and drudgery that 17,000 mile sprint meant; in fact, we knew that we weren't on any yachting trip. Three months' isolation in Yorktown our Youngster year and an additional summer on the Illinois, et al, had taught us many things never written in any book.

In addition to this, we had just severed ties with the life to which we had been closely bound for three years. The graduating class, the first half of us (by the Sec. Nav's order and the Academic decision) shoved off on leave with a hearty handshake and a broad stripe. Of course, we knew that it was only a matter of months until we would be re-united in the greater and better school of the Service, but nevertheless, it left more than one man in no pleasant frame of mind when our old roommates left us.

But, to cap all climaxes, old Jupiter Pluvius turned loose in fury and the rain descended and the floods came. No sooner had "There's a monkey in the grass" gone on the bugle, when the heavens opened upon us their rapid fire, considerably dampening our already drooping spirits. The Exec Dept had spent two days at embarking drills, and every single one of Uncle Sam's 1500 pampered pets had been thoroughly coached just where to put his all, even unto his green service and his tooth brush. They might well have saved their efforts, for our bag and baggage made the wreck of the Hesperus look like a one-night stand by the time we got aboard.

Drenched, drowned, and dripping, we approached the cold, grey shapes through



"... we embarked on what we hoped to be our last cruise. ..."





Fruit venders in  
Colon.

the mist on a one-lunged subchaser with no lee sides. Not a single, solitary soul had braved the elements to say farewell, and "The Mothers, Sisters, Sweethearts" yell of former years had not been thought of.

And so the cruise started. In spite of this benighted beginning the general verdict of all hands was "It wasn't so bad." We spent enough time ashore in the various ports to help us forget the life aboard ship. As Van would say "We're glad we did it, damned glad, but we'd hate like h—l to do it again."

After a week's wrestling with the Atlantic, we arrived at Panama, where a man can get food and drink. The Government Restaurant at Balboa is as firmly fixed in our minds as the North Pole was in Peary's. After a week of ship's chow those banquets we got for 98c were nothing short of a Gode send.—And we didn't wash them down with water, either.

We spent just enough time there to see the famous Bennett bull fight and get a good headache, then weighed anchor for Honolulu, the Paradise of the Pacific.

Far be it from human pen to attempt to describe that eighteen days' stretch at sea. Eighteen days with no mail,—no news,—no rest. We took indicator cards till the cylinders cracked under the strain; we shot star-sights until Venus blushed in shame and covered her lower limbs; and we



Cathedral Bell—  
Panama City.



"... where a man can  
get food and drink."



“. . . enough time to see the famous Bennett bull fight.”



Passing through Culebra Cut.

“. . . after a week of ship's chow . . .”





"... what hardships  
that 17,000 miles  
meant."

tended water so constantly that the Pacific nearly went dry. The scuttlebutts ran hot; the meat went overboard; the sausage started to crawl.

Then—out of it all loomed Diamond Head. We know now Noah's sentiments when he sighted Mt. Ararat and how Moses felt as he looked over and saw The Promised Land.

Scarcely had the ships stopped moving before the docks began to fill with people in search of acquaintances among us. Lucky, indeed was the fortunate lad who found them awaiting him, for he got a day's start on the rest of us. Just a day's handicap, for we soon got to know them all. We're certainly glad we met them, and you can bet your last sin they will never be forgotten. They opened their homes to us, burned gasoline to show us the beauties of the island, and universally asked the question "Want to swim?"

There is something about Hawaii that is indescribable. Its scenery, its people, its climate, and its atmosphere of welcome all combine to give one a feeling of perfect peace and everlasting contentment that elsewhere is unknown. The Beach at Waikiki was everything claimed for it and more. A trip around the island is the acme of things beautiful—the Pali, the Punchbowl, Haleiva, and the Moanalua Gardens. And who is there among us who will not always remember those tropical moonlit evenings at the Moana down at Waikiki



The nearest coaling  
comes to being a pleasure.



"... we'd hate like  
h—l to do it again."





"... no mail—no news  
—no rest..."

when the native orchestra played those "Hula Blues" with those plaintive little melodious runs that only a real Hawaiian can accomplish? Is it any wonder that normal American youth became sentimental?

They taught us to say "Aloha," to say it with the depth of feeling that Hawaii gives it, to say it both as a welcome and a farewell. It seemed that the "whole town" saw us off, as the entire dock was simply packed with cars, girls, Mids, and leis. With the leis about our necks, the fond farewells given in true Navy style, a 4-N for Honolulu, and the strains of "I'm Coming Back to You," fifteen hundred lovesick Americans watched the space gradually widen between ship and shore. Once more to sea.

After coaxing the old crabs along for about a week, we commenced to notice that the nights were getting cooler, so we knew, in spite of our Nav notebooks that Seattle was near.

The city on Puget Sound was large enough to have a great old time in, but small enough for us to be the big noise. The whole place turned out en masse to greet us. Entertainment for us was planned on a civic scale; every man being sent an invitation for car No. —. If we all live to be Admirals in the Peruvian Navy we will still cherish those pictures of the column of squads as we marched thru the streets to the Battery, there to be



A Square in Panama  
City.



"... that eighteen day  
stretch at sea..."



"... something about  
Hawaii that is indes-  
cribable..."



"... the tropical moonlight evening at Waikiki."

"... at the Moana..."





"... we knew that  
Seattle was near."

reviewed by the Mayor and Captain Cluverius and to form line and pipe the numbered cars over the side as they came marching through. One good thing about that lottery was "Everybody won—no blanks." Through friendships thus made we soon felt at home in the northwestern city, where we saw several of our old classmates, and many young femmes from 'round Elliott Bay. We all departed determined to req for West Coast duty when our time came.

Then, onward through the fog to Frisco, where the boys scattered in every direction to partake of the hospitality of Piedmont, to attend the parties at Alameda, to dance in Oakland, or to wander on the campus at Berkeley. Snappy and risqué were the yarns swapped each night after liberty was over, when those who were broke had come back to the ship. All of us who tasted of the joys of this city can vouch for the big-heartedness and true hospitality of Sunny California.

Then our valiant Squadron split; one division venturing into the realms of Movieland at Hollywood; the others exploring the much talked of Tia Juana, which is accessible from the port of San Diego. Tia Juana is the only remaining relic of the days of '49, which is close to American soil. A suit of cits, a car, and the wherewithal mean that good times may be had there even in these days. But the gentlemen sailors were getting land



"... reviewed by the  
Mayor and Capt.  
Cluverius."



"... we marched  
through the streets to  
the battery."





"... we first sighted  
San Francisco."

weary and began to yearn for the sea again. We got it! Mortal tongue cannot describe the trip from the coast to the canal. It was ten days by calendar; it was years of suffering in truth. The ventilators didn't ventilate, the fires didn't burn, and although the thermometer in those firerooms stayed high, the steam gauges didn't. Man after man on each ship succumbed to the siren call of sick bay, and hated to come to again. Old chiefs of several cruises shook their heads and swore that there had never been anything like that leg before. The more we traveled, the hotter it grew, so that everyone counted the minutes till we should pass through the locks again. In spite of it all, as the Chaplain said, "the scenery never changed." Worn out in mind and body, dirty, dishevelled and down-hearted, we finally got there, no one knows how.

Did the Metropole, the American, and the Union Club loom up like a joker in a stacked deck to the begrimmed coal heavers who washed up for that liberty? Oh, boy! The mob hit the gangway like a D. O. on the trail of a fresh supply of Fats, or a Socialist rushing to vote. Just to finish up in style the Connie and the Minnie threw class suppers at the Union Club, which were very "orderly" affairs, according to the manager. In justice to him, it must be said that he is accustomed to a revolution at least once a month.



Ferry Building—  
San Francisco.



"... true hospitality  
of Sunny California."



"... when out of it all  
loomed Diamond  
Head."



"... Honolulu, the Paradise of the Pacific."

"... a trip around the  
Island is beautiful."





"We . . . pass through the locks again."

## Homeward Bound!

CHANGE OCEANS FOR ANNAPOLIS!



But we didn't get very far. The *Connie*, jealous of all the fame which the *No Hope* had held throughout the trip, proceeded to use her starboard propeller for a dipsey lead, losing said screw in about nine hundred fathoms of water a million miles from nowhere. Consternation throughout the fleet! In attempting to maintain speed with the other screw, she lost it, just twenty-one hours and forty-seven minutes later, lying as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean. The *No Hope* took the wounded and bleeding flagship in tow, and the rest of us proceeded to the jumping off place—Guantanamo—to await the derelict's arrival. Five days from leave with a helpless ship! Fifteen hundred jaws dropped an aggregate distance of fifty-seven miles. Would we ever get back? "But one man left of a crew alive; that put to sea with seventy-five."

After two days and nights of watchful waiting, in which everything from a cigarette to a firefly was hailed as the Connecticut's truck light, she finally pulled into the Bay which is ours for ninety-nine years, about as popular as a Democrat in Maine. After staying up half the night to shift the Mid-



". . . a feeling of perfect peace . . ."



". . . the realms of movie land."



shipmen and a few mere flag officers to a ship that would run, we proceeded on our way, with heads up and tails over the dashboard.

September 2, one day late, we sighted the towers of Greenbury Point and knew that we were nearing God's country once more. We ate a hasty meal, paid our Black Jack and bridge debts, passed our baggage, which though not as heavy as three months before, was far more precious, on to our own private submarine catcher and—the cruise was over.

We had some pretty good ships in that old squadron. The Connie had Mc and Killjoy, and if it hadn't been for that eleventh hour break-down, would have been well thought of by "all hands." The Kansas with "Sunny Jim," "Red," and the "Rat," started out handicapped with a nickname bestowed upon it by the thoughtful Under Classmen. She proved, however, to be a fair craft, but hard on the "Liberty or Death" club. The South C contained the football squad, the Lost Chord, Leo the Louse, and Baldy. Some combination! Some capacity in that gang, too. The Michigan, better known as the Palace, was a soldier's home, figuratively and literally speaking. Ask the boy who came in the First Class compartment and took off his hat, thinking himself in the wardroom. The Minnie had aboard her the poets, editors, business managers, Van, Bobbie, and Doggie. Things ran aboard her like the Count's face looks—fair enough at first glance, but nothing much below the surface. Last but not least, like the Juice monthly trees, comes the old N. H., who suffered under the one man government of the Toad. "New Hampshire"—"No Hope," "No Home," "No Happiness."

Looking back at it all, fellows, it was a good cruise. The hardships and the disagreeable parts of the life will be forgotten, when the memories of those days spent beneath tropic palms and western pines are still treasured as priceless. We saw more of the real Navy than we had ever seen before; we were knit closer together as classmates; we came into immediate contact with our future superiors and profited thereby; and we added seventeen thousand more to our total mileage. Are we seagoing? You tell 'em, Cervera; you were stalled in Cuba, too.



But this is not our final cruise;  
We'll soon be off once more  
To test our ship in sterner seas  
Where wilder tempest roar.  
And as we strike the open sea,  
Our voyage just begun,  
We'll bravely meet with other storms  
In the good ship TWENTY-ONE.









*Captain*  
**EDDIE EWEN**

**FOOTBALL**  
**SEASON**  
**1 9 2 0**





## Football—1920



FOLWELL

THE football season of 1920 opened in a way, anything but propitious. The Olympic men were not back from Europe, our line was woefully weak, and what members of the squad were ready for business had had slightly more than a week of preparation. The first game of the season was with North Carolina State, the day after the Regiment returned from September leave. There was apparently good material in the new Plebe Class, but what there was did not manifest itself in the game with the team that had bowed to the Navy the year before by the score of 49—0. The fact that the Navy lost to North Carolina State by one lone touchdown was disheartening enough, to be sure, but in everybody's mind was the thought, "Wait until the gang gets back." And come back they did, in time for the game with Lafayette the following Saturday. The Regiment literally fell on their necks and welcomed them like long lost brothers. Another defeat with the gang all there? Impossible! But Lafayette had a team. They had a *good* team. Penn had beaten them the week before only by a lucky forward pass, and although the regular Navy line men were back on the job they were out of training, just back from leave, and in no condition to play.

The Lafayette game was without a doubt one of the most thrilling exhibitions on Farragut Field. An easy winner at

the end of the first half, beaten at the end of the third quarter, going strong again in the final period, and all but losers in the last minute of play. That's the game in a nut shell. But that isn't all. What a satisfaction to see Clyde himself boot the ball over the goal line on the initial kickoff! What a grand and glorious feeling to see Willkie and Country and Bolles in action again, stopping play after play! And above all, the Regiment, plunged in depths of despair, rising to its feet as one man to see Noyes—Plebe Noyes—overtake Lebecka, right half for the visitors, in his mad dash the whole length of the field for all but a touchdown. Not a man but said to himself, "shades of Great Lakes! Can you beat that for luck?" But slowly and surely the Plebe overhauled the speedy back dropping him sixteen long yards from the line, with fifty long seconds to go. Two more plays and the game was over and Noyes a hero. It was a never-to-be-forgotten game.

In the Bucknell game the team showed marked signs of improvement, and although they were not back on their feet, they came through and delivered the goods. Dame Rumor had it that the team from Bucknell was the best that had been turned out for years and that it was far superior to Lafayette's. Not that that worried anybody. Not at all. It was just an indication that the game would be highly interesting, and indeed it was. The Bucknell team was all that it was cracked up to be, and far different from the one that had been buried in two feet of mud on the same field the year before. Bowser, the giant fullback, was without a doubt the best back seen here up to that time, and the entire Bucknell machine was built around him. This proved to be rather unfortunate for the visitors, however, for as soon as he was effectually stopped, the rest of the team was unable to make any progress and the result was that they were completely outclassed, although the



CAPT. ELECT LARSEN





MOORE

7 to 2 score would not indicate it. Bucknell's only score was a safety, resulting from a penalty and the first bad pass Larsen ever made. Our touchdown, on the other hand, was made on a forward pass, Koehler to Ewen, after the team had taken the ball the length of the field by straight football. Koehler and Noyes played particularly well in this game, while the linemen showed signs of their old time form. Princeton next!

The following week was devoted to good hard practice, during which time Bob Folwell, the new coach, put forth every effort to whip the team in some kind of shape for the impending contest with Princeton, October 23rd, to be played on Princeton's home grounds. Good coaching and hard work did wonders for the Big Blue Team. The Tigers won the game, but, before it was half over, they were aware of the fact that it was something more than mere tackling practice.

Five sensational plays were responsible for Princeton's victory over Navy, 14—0. From start to finish the game was a battle royal. The Navy fought her best, and with flags flying she went down as all Navy teams do, still fighting. We knew what to expect at Princeton. We knew we were playing against a team of men, and from the waist both ways, and on the whole, the game was gratifying in spite of the fact that Princeton won. The way the Navy team played was a credit to the Service. The line was as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar, as Princeton soon found out, and Bill Roper was forced to try the ends. He met with better success here, and five plays were enough to bring two touchdowns and victory to the Tigers.

The first scoring came at the beginning of the second quarter, when Navy lost the ball on downs, and Davis and



WILLKIE



Lourie proceeded to carry it the length of the field, one play after another. The first touchdown came as a result of the fifteen yard run by Lourie around right end, after a bit of hesitation on his part. It took four plays to get that touchdown. The other one was the result of a 77 yard run by Murray, who replaced Lourie in the last quarter and incidentally entered Princeton's Hall of Fame. The substitute tried a run around left end, but was thrown for a five yard loss. Nothing daunted, he tried the same play again and this time with better luck.



WATTERS

A 77 yard run is unusual to say the least, and everybody, including Murray himself, was astonished. Willkie, who had kept up the race, was only two yards behind him when he went over the line. That ended the scoring. For the greater part of the game Navy played her opponents to a standstill and the backs plunged time after time through the holes opened up by the line for short but steady gains. Noyes suffered a dislocated elbow and was forced to quit the game.



KING

The game was an A-1 attraction and plenty of Navy rooters, led by Mike Curley, were there to back up the team. They had no cause to be ashamed of that team either, for the men gave them all they had to give and were beaten only after the most desperate struggle. Relations between Navy and Princeton were strengthened by the game and we never expect to meet a finer bunch of sportsmen, on the football field or elsewhere. We can only predict a different story next year when the Tigers invade the lair of the "animals." Here's to you, Princeton.

The account of the game was given to the Regiment play by play while Staunton Military Academy proceeded to clean



KOEHLER

up on the Plebes. After this game the Navy line was generally recognized as one of the best in the country, and the sporting world waked up to the fact that in spite of their poor showing the first part of the season, the Navy team was not to be sneezed at. Not by any means!

With the Princeton game a thing of the past, the next objective was Georgetown, with the previous year's blot to wipe out and Folwell's huskies a-rarin' to do it. Western Reserve furnished the necessary opposition to give the team a good work out. That was all it was, a work out. Bob gave every man on the squad a chance to show what he could do and the results were astonishing. Apparently no one had ever dreamed that there were so many good men on the team. Everybody was in form that day. Hank Rawlings and McKee, the new Plebe find, ran wild. It was child's play to rip up the line of the visitors and Hank made eleven first downs all by his lonesome. The second and third teams continued the good work, and when the game ended with hardly a Navy man left on the bench, the score was Navy 47, Western Reserve 0. Army scouts put in their first appearance at this game and they saw something. There was no reason in the world why the conversation should have lagged on the way back to the Point and Charley Daly didn't sleep for a week. Beat Georgetown!



CRUISE

Victory is sweet. There's no doubt about it. The way Bob Folwell's team showed up to the Hilltoppers was a sight for sore eyes. With all the dope in their favor, Coach Exendine's warriors, led by Flavin, the brilliant quarterback, went down to defeat under the onset of the Navy phalanx. They had not figured that the Navy team was out to obliterate the



defeat of the previous year. They had not counted on the fact that the team they were to play was bound and determined to win that game if it was the last thing they did. More than that, it had not occurred to the Washington men that Bob Folwell would give his right arm to settle an old score with Exendine. Above all, they didn't stop to think that the team was ready to do anything in the world for the new coach. Half of Baltimore, two-thirds of Washington, and all of Annapolis were gathered together to see the contest, the biggest game of the year, and the stands on Farragut Field

were filled to overflowing. They had not come for nothing. That game was a thriller from the word go. Flavin darted through the entire Navy line-up on the first play and ran 55 yards for a touchdown. Things looked black. Navy supporters who had not seen the team in action could see the wings sprouting on their money. Georgetown rooters were in the seventh heaven. Fruit for them! Their stay in paradise was not to be a very lengthy one, however, for as it turned out that one run was the best thing that could have happened to the Navy team. From then on they played like fiends, fighting to overcome the odds that were staring them in the face and to avenge the past season's game. No team could have withstood the rush of the Navy backs that day. Time after time the Navy line opened up holes large enough for a team of horses to pass through, and time after time Conroy, playing the game of his life, spurted through these holes for substantial gains. Had Princeton been playing the Navy she would never have been in the race at all. Georgetown was just naturally out of luck, and the jeers from the contingent of visitors from Washington were



PARR



POLLES



McKEE

much to their surprise it bore a greater resemblance to that with Western Reserve. What had got into the Navy? A little spirit, a little more fight, and some of Bob's efficient coaching, that was all. When they rubbed their eyes after the game and looked long and hard at the scoreboard they discovered that they had lost

silenced. There was not a word said when Conroy and Koehler tore through the supposedly impregnable line; not a whisper from them when Flavin was nailed in his tracks time and again; five thousand people as meek as lambs when our own Eddie Ewen downed Kenyon on his own one yard line; and quiet as the proverbial church yard when they filed through the gate with

the pleasant prospect of the homeward ride on the W. B. & A. Navy 21, Georgetown 6! Is revenge sweet? We think so. Conroy was the shining light of the game. The stocky wrestler covered himself with glory with his generalship, his pep, and his aggressiveness, and Bob Folwell had found an able man to fill the shoes of Cruise, who was injured in practice. Koehler, Ewen and Larsen were the other star performers for the Navy, while little Jake Rooney and Hank Rawlings did their part when they relieved the watch. The line as a whole played like veterans and the entire team came up to the highest expectations of the coaches, the Regiment, and the Navy in general. Hoppy Bell was "at home" in Smoke Hall from four till six. Joy reigned in the Mess Hall. Coming on the range!

The period of three weeks following was one of alternate hard work and rest for the team, scout duty on the part of the coaches, and guard duty and general dope gathering by the Regiment. South Carolina appeared on the scene two weeks before the Army game, ready for a repetition of the game with North Carolina State but



EIMERS

by the score of 63-0. Hard to believe but figures don't lie. Noyes, back in the game after his injury at Princeton, again distinguished himself. The little Vermonter wended his way through the South Carolina forwards for three 50 yard runs in a row, each of which resulted in a touchdown. Nearly every man on the table was again given an opportunity to deliver the goods

and the second time they came across. George Washington cancelled their game for November 19th, as she saw no need for sending her team up here to be swamped by the coming Navy machine. Quite right. What was the use? Bob used the time for good hard practice and all was well. Oh you Army!

Who will ever forget the week before THE game? Dope and plenty of it; snake dances and mass meetings and plenty of them. Hiram and Chink worked like Trojans; so did Eddie and the boys; so did everybody. The air was heavy with talk about theater tickets, parties, and after the game in general. Hostilities were temporarily suspended by the D. O.'s. The team was given a rousing send off. The Western Union sent out an S. O. S. call to all the employment bureaus east of the Mississippi for the next two days. Saturday November 26th, in the wee hours of the morning, after saluting Tecumseh by companies, the Regiment shoved off in four special trains for New York and the Polo Grounds.



CONROY



NOYES

The trip was as eventful as usual. Silence in Baltimore, a cheer in Philly, and a second reveille in Jersey City. The Ward Room was forward and the J. O. Mess aft and it was nobody's rate to turn around. More cheers on the ferry; officers and men on the various Navy craft anchored in the Hudson were yelling like maniacs; cold salad and olives; 159th Street; "Look proud! You're in New York now." Coogan's bluff, under the elevated, and around the field in a column of squads. Test all bells and buzzers! Commence firing!



And fire they did. You know the rest. Mark this closing as an appreciation of Bob Folwell. Good old Bob.

Last spring some of us noticed a big, broad-shouldered man walking around the gym, Worden Field and Farragut Field with Doug Howard. With them followed a coterie—made up for the most part of Bully Richardson, Eddie Ewen and C. Q. Wright. Wherever they stopped a small crowd of officers, gym instructors, and other “strong-backed and large-necked” individuals clustered to look at and shake the hand of the stranger in the camp.

The rest of us whose lot it has been to watch and yell knew this bird was of President or Secnav calibre because when Doug walks or exerts he has an incentive something like the Georgetown mob scene f’rinstance.

A week later the Radiator Club meetings of the fourth and second wings found their spring sleep schedule being violated by a rasping voice down on Farragut Field that came up through the ports like Old Kane giving Andy hell in the rigging loft through about one thousand amplifiers. Spring practise had started on the team that “savvied French and ate Mulligan.” There followed thru the whole fall similar tirades and admonishings, all in high C and of a frequency sufficient to interfere with Shorty Poole’s strenuous orders to the straggling first. Flanked with coaches before, aft, and on both wings, Bob would drive his machine until long after the arc lights had started blinking.

Folwell came here at a disadvantage. Dubiously at first was the Regiment’s regard of the man who had undertaken to repeat the performance at the Polo Grounds, which same Regiment had felt until this November due in main to the far famed Gilmour. Folwell’s whole system was an innovation. He led. In one year he has molded himself a regard in our eyes similar to that Mr. Schultz enjoys in the eyes of the wrestling squad. His talks in Smoke Hall gave us, the laymen, our insight of the man, personally. He has voiced his appreciation of the Navy spirit. There is no man we’d care more to have as a shipmate or brother in the Service than Robert Folwell.



HAMILTON



*Captain*  
H.M. PINO

BASEBALL  
SEASON  
1 9 2 0



## Baseball—1920



WITH the loss of but two N-Star men by graduation, prospects for a successful season were good, exceptionally good, but not quite good enough to keep the largest squad that ever turned out at the call for candidates from reporting to Billy Lush for practice. The squad was handicapped in its early practice by a late Spring and lots of unusually bad weather that kept them inside for more than the allotted time, with the result that the kinks had not been fairly ironed out before the first game was on us.

Princeton came down for the first game when the temperature registered around fifty with a biting breeze from the North that made overcoats and reefers a comfortable uniform even for a baseball game. The two teams skated through eleven innings of fairly good baseball while the stands shivered and shuddered and prayed for the end. Stubbs finally

satisfied matters by lacing an icy double to left center, scoring a moment later on a sacrifice.

Penn State found little moderation in the weather and another shivering stand sat through nine innings of baseball that was anybody's game up to the last. Navy used three pitchers, each with a sore arm and a cold, while Penn State's breezy weather artist remained the route. Poor base running cost Navy more than one opportunity for a score and the game. Stubbs again came to the rescue with a two-base hit in the last of the ninth that gave us the second game—by the score, 6—5.

When Boston College arrived, the cold had finally broken to give place to real weather, the kind the old dyed-in-the-wool fan likes to see, the kind that gives him the chance to swelter in the bleachers, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. And the warm weather found Nemo Gaines right. He travelled the entire distance, allowed but four hits, and came off with the end of a 9—2 score. The team was beginning to find itself, piling up a big score, sixteen hits and only two miscues. The base running was noticeable in its improvement, seven bags being pilfered during the fray.

Thus Mt. St. Mary's found a team that had reached mid-season form, and, with rough places oiled, was running smoothly, with each cog perfectly synchronized and performing its duty with a team-work and precision that augured ill for the Army. St. Mary's ran into an avalanche that ended with the second team scoring the last run of a 12—0 score.

Harvard gave us the smoothest and best game of the season. It was "Harvard Day" at the Academy, the Crimson bringing down her crew, her tennis team and her baseball team. The latter was a well-balanced, well-organized aggregation that knew how to play good baseball. L. N. Baker and Goode engaged in the prettiest pitcher's duel seen here in quite some time, "Lefty" having a slight edge and bringing home a well-earned 3—1 victory.

Georgetown came over, bringing with them one Reynolds, who proceeded to stand Navy's heavy artillery on their heads with better than the average curve ball

pitching. Navy had no defense against curve-ball artists, and Reynolds had mastered the curve. We wanted that game—next to the Army game, we wanted that game. And it didn't help our feelings to see our three best pitchers driven to cover by an unmerciful attack on everything they had to offer. Georgetown ran off with the satisfied side of a 9-3 score that cut deep into our pride and blasted our chances for a probable, undefeated, championship team.

All things have their natural end, however, and with several hard games to face in succession, Billy set himself to the task of weeding out the weaknesses and shaping a team that should have no fear of repetition of the Georgetown upset. Catholic University was defeated in a well played contest that brought out lots of good baseball and some of the much needed pepper. Washington and Lee proved harder than we had anticipated, but the result was all right, so nobody kicked. South Carolina was easy, but Maryland State, with Keene in the box and a corking good curve, was not. Navy's hard-earned victory was due to good hitting when hits meant runs and to the air-tight pitching of Nemo Gaines. Gaines was going like the proverbial house-afire, and no team on this side of the Brooklyn Nationals could have stopped him. He fanned twelve of the State's best and let them down with three hits, only one of which was of the clean-cut variety.

Swarthmore, Ursinus, Dickinson, and Villanova all were made to feel the effect of Navy's offence, each result being most gratifying to those who were looking forward to the Army. In those four games Navy piled up a total of forty runs, an average of ten to the game, while the most that were checked against us were six.



And then came the day when Hans Lobert brought his Kaydets<sup>5</sup> down for that Big Game. The Regiment met them Thursday morning, Mike Curly ushering them in to the tune of a thundering 4-N, and that same afternoon Hans had them out on the field for practice. They looked good, work was brisk, spirit was high, and everything seemed prime for a hard-fought game. McGrath, their best bet, was the likely choice to start. But Navy knew McGrath and lost no sleep from worry.

The Day for the game was made-to-order for ideal baseball. Clear skies and a warm sun, pretty femmes in shimmery summer dresses, plenty of gold lace and khaki with a sprinkling of silver, and civilian clothes marked the presence of spectators each of whom was partial, pulling for one team or the other, rooting with all the fervor and spirit with which only those who understand can express themselves. So much for the setting. In another place will be found a detailed account of it all. Suffice to say that it was sweet music to us who had waited for just such a chance. For the game was a riot, a massacre in which Howie Clark and Nemo Gaines carved a niche in the Hall of Army-Navy Athletic Fame that will long dwell in the minds of all who were there to see it. For while Nemo held the Kaydets in the hollow of his hand, Clark clouted out his two mighty home runs that went so far towards piling up the total of eleven.

The Army game marked a fitting close to what might be termed a distinctly successful season. Such a decisive victory over the Pointers might itself be sufficient to call it that; but more than this, it was a season in which Navy carried one of the best schedules in years and came out topside in all but one. Fourteen victories and one defeat is better than the average season for any ball team, but for a team of college calibre it is particularly gratifying to those who support it, and, if it be a Navy team, the fact that one of those fourteen was an Army defeat makes further comment unnecessary.

Those who composed the team throughout the season and gained that greatest of all rewards—the N-Star—were:

	'21		'22
Milner		Poole	Humphreys
Cloughley		Gaines	Hartmann
Clark		McLaury	
Pino		Alexander	
Stubbs			

The results of the season follow:

<i>Navy</i>		<i>Opponent</i>
6	.	5 Princeton (11 innings)
6	.	5 Penn State
9	.	2 Boston College
12	.	0 Mt. St. Mary's
3	.	1 Harvard
3	.	9 Georgetown
5	.	4 Catholic University
6	.	1 South Carolina
8	.	6 Washington and Lee
4	.	1 Maryland State
7	.	0 Swarthmore
9	.	1 Ursinus
16	.	1 Dickinson
8	.	4 Villanova
11	.	1 Army



*Captain—*  
"COUNTRY"  
MOORE

CREW  
SEASON  
1 9 2 0





**I**n spite of the graduation of six of Doc Harris' crew, the prospects for the 1920 season were far from discouraging as six of the second crew and all of the Plebe crew that year were available.

It would be well to notice in this connection that the activity and enthusiasm of one "Joe Morrison" during 1922's Plebe summer was responsible for producing an unusually large and powerful Plebe squad from which one varsity man, four second varsity, in addition to a most successful Plebe eight were selected during the season. The task of building practically a new varsity crew, which Dick Glendon found at the beginning of the 1920 season, was considerably lightened by this wealth of experienced material. This was an important factor in the phenomenal success of the crew on this side and its eventual capture of the World's Championship at Antwerp.

To Eddie Graves belongs no small credit for the year's success, for he gave not only his good right, and his left arms but his heart, his cheerful optimism, and his tireless energy to the crew of which he was captain.

The year of 1920 was replete with epoch-making occurrences, and not the least of these was the debut of a lanky "boy shaker" named Moore, into the realm of aquatic sports. Fresh from the freshly plowed fields, especially that one called the Polo Grounds, he handles "this heyah" tank car in much the same manner as one of his father's hoes. His progress was nothing short of amazing, however, and early in the season he earned a seat in the hard working second varsity from which he graduated to the varsity before the Olympic preliminaries at Lake Quinsigamond. His is a genial soul which was genuinely hurt by the failure of England's





number four to appreciate his well intended remarks about their "mighty fine race" while they were regaining their respective breaths just the other side of the finish line. He was elected captain to succeed Graves and no choice could have been wiser nor more appropriate.

King who shifted from starboard to port in order to row stroke, seemed to thrive on the change. He very worthily filled the large shoes left vacant by Bill Ingram, and, in fact, wielded about as wicked an ash as has ever been seen on the Severn, the Schuylkill, or the canal—so Dick says.

Space will not permit of a further discussion or enumeration of the personnel, although a goodly volume might be written on the subject. Suffice it to say that they were there! If you are inclined to doubt it ask Harvard, Columbia, Syracuse, Princeton, Pennsylvania, or the crews which represented France, Belgium, and the pick of all England.

To get back to the question of the 1920 season, however. After the usual preliminaries including pre-training table speeches of exhortation by the crew representative, endless hours of stirring water in the superheated natatorium, and the chilly first rows on the river in the latter part of February, the afternoon of April 24th found the varsity, second varsity, and Plebe crews eager to have a try at Harvard. And this is just what they continued to do for two days—wait. A heavy south-west wind made it impossible to row on Saturday. Sunday was, of



The Varsity



course, out of the official question. So on Monday, the twenty-sixth, in the presence of a small, but select group of spectators, consisting of the remainder of the Navy squad, and the Harvard contingent, the Harvard freshmen, and the Plebes paddled up to the start of the two mile course. Although the conditions were better than on the previous Saturday, they were far from ideal and an increasing head wind made the times of the varsity and second varsity races slower than they should have been.

The Plebes got away in the lead, rowed a steady, well judged race, leading the Harvard freshmen across the line by about four lengths. Times: Navy 12:24, Harvard 12:40.

The second varsity race was about the same, only rather more so. A noteworthy feature of this race was the rowing of Harvard's little one hundred fifty pound stroke, Reggie Janney, who later in the season rowed in the Crimson varsity which beat Yale. The Navy won this race by about six lengths. Time: Navy 12:15, Harvard's time was 12:38.

In the varsity event, Harvard's "Middy beating machine" finished about five lengths astern of Navy's varsity. The times were: Navy 11:48, Harvard 12:05.

About two weeks later Columbia's crews arrived and this time the day was rather better. The water was good, the wind light, and the tide setting slightly up the course.



The Second Varsity



The first race was tinged with the picturesque, when number six in Columbia's freshman boat broke his oar, about a quarter of a mile from the start, and decided to lessen the labors of his compatriots by jumping overboard. The odds against his crew were too great however, and the Plebes won by about ten lengths. Times: Navy 7:45, Columbia 8:30. This race as well as the varsity and second varsity events were rowed over the Henley distance, a mile and five sixteenths.

Navy's second varsity won rather easily by six lengths in 7:25 while Columbia's time was 7:46.

In the varsity race Columbia went away in the lead after a remarkably fast start, but were unable to hold the advantage thus gained and the Navy led by about five lengths at the finish. Times: Navy 7:19, Columbia, 7:36.

The Union Boat Club of Boston arrived the next week with two crews, senior and intermediate, prepared to row on the thirty-first. Weather conditions prevented the rowing of this race, much to the disappointment of all concerned.

On the fifteenth of May the Navy's varsity received its first and only defeat of the year at the hands of the powerful Syracuse varsity.

Just previously the Navy second varsity had barely nosed out the Syracuse second boat by a few feet in a very hot race. Times: Navy, 10:37, Syracuse, 10:38.

In the varsity race Syracuse led by a length at a quarter of a mile from the start. At a corresponding distance from the finish the crews were about even but



'23's Plebe Crew



Syracuse seemed to have the punch and led at the finish by about seven feet. Times: Syracuse, 10:20, Navy 10:21.

This race put an end to any over-confidence on the part of our varsity and inspired them with the "Will to win" over this same Syracuse crew by about an equal distance at the Henley and again at Lake Quinsigamond.

No review of the 1920 season would be complete without mention of the hard-working but ill-fated "light" crew or crews. As a result of Joe's policy of "meetin' all in all events" some eighty youths of moderate avoirdupois presented themselves for the one hundred fifty pound crew. Of this squad, only two were veterans of the light crew of the year before. Two crews were selected which proved so evenly matched that only after a prolonged series of daily races could the coaches decide which should be the first and which the second light crews. Although the race at the Henley was the only race scheduled for this crew, it did not lack hot competition for the reason mentioned above, and it furnished a considerable amount of sport and amusement for the remainder of the squad by its neck and neck brushes with the second "hundred and fifty". On not one but several evenings these two crews rowed over the course stroke for stroke, one crew nosing the other out by a margin varying from seven inches to half a length. This may have had something to do with the final result, as the crew looked somewhat overtrained when it was badly beaten by an exceptionally fast, light crew from Pennsylvania. Yale and Princeton also finished ahead of Navy in this race. The time for the Henley course was 6:32.

During the greater part of the season the crews were seated as follows:

	<i>Varsity</i>	<i>Second Varsity</i>	<i>150 lb.</i>	<i>Plebes</i>
Bow	Jacomini	Gallagher	Grow	Schade
2	Graves	Frawley		Bradley
3	Sanborn	Lee	Moorer	Kirkpatrick
4	Moore	Renard	Thompson	Bolles
5	Jordan	Howland	Talbot	Jackson
6	Johnson	Richardson	Bruce	Winkjer
7	Weidman	Litchfield	Allison	Browning
Stroke	King	Wanselow	Crenshaw	Huntingdon
Cox.	Clark	Rothwell	Egan	Herlihy

Weidman and Gallagher were interchanged shortly after the Henley and it was this crew which won the world's championship at Antwerp on the twenty-ninth of August.

If you go to the boathouse almost any time during rowing season you will find somewhere on the premises one of the keenest judges of crews and oarsmen in these parts—Cantler, who has cared for Navy crews and boats for these many years. He it was who said, early in the season, "It suttinly looks to me as though we're goin' to have a mighty fine crew this year." Was he right? You just know he was!

# BASKETBALL

1 9 2 1



CAPTAIN  
HAL WATERS

**D**ID you ever stop to realize that the basketeers have the longest season of any team around here? That they don't get quite the support they ought to because so many can't see any fun in the game? That it isn't quite the fruit it seems when you see them coming down late to supper every night and eating egg-nogs and getting out of drill once a week? If you have, you'll know what it means to go through a season of twenty odd games, have a single defeat in that time, and hang it on the Army for the second time at the end of it.

The first game with La Salle was slightly onesided, and the reckoning at the end of it was 67—4. Right then we commenced to realize that Billy Lush had—well the skeleton of a team anyway, and it MIGHT develop. They moted through several more victories and then came Union! The papers said that they were, everyone believed that they were pretty fair and the best of it was that they were good. They put on one of the best scraps ever seen in the Armory, but the team work and accurate shooting of the five blue-shirted heavers finally turned them under by 32—19.

The next "high spot" occurred when Camp Humphreys dropped in to do their utmost to smear us on the wall. You can always count on a good game when the opponents get their "learning" at the Point, and the ex-greylegs, with Vidal at the forward turret backed us up on our own sand bar and let drive. We took all they had, however, and proved in the end that five men can best one, however good he may be.

Then the deluge! Delaware came down heralded by all sorts of press notices and admittedly out to beat us or bust trying. We gave them all we had, played them basket for basket up to the last minute of the game, but they had the edge and squeezed us out by 21—19. The last half was probably the fastest basketball that has been seen around these parts since Noah was a seaman second class, and it's too bad we couldn't have gotten them in the end—but there you are. They had a grand team, they beat us squarely and we admire them all for it.

The long schedule then commenced to get in its licks, the boys began to get a little stale, and they just loafed along and rested up for the Army. Virginia put us through and made us work to get the long end of the tally. Then Marietta hove in sight and did their doggondest, but their long trip from home had slowed them up and they weren't quite up to their usual form. At that they made us display real stuff to win, and that helped us a lot towards beating the Army.

And then—the Day of Days! The dopesters had compiled all the comparative scores and had it all doped out that we were due to win. The team didn't dope it out at all, but they displayed their wares and set out all they had and then sat back completely satisfied. It was the old story of five men in a concerted action against five individuals. It was the game of their lives and they played it as it should be played, with—well you know how you felt when it was over. A sweet ending to a wonderful season. And the little old gang deserves it all!

# WRESTLING

1 9 2 1



CAPTAIN SWIGART

THE season began as wrestling seasons usually do, with seemingly a third of the Regiment answering the call of the mat burn. Some have heard that wrestling is a game, and some have been there before, but all are hopeful and crowd the sanctum of "Doc" to be weighed by Mr. Shutz; and then shiver at the touch of a cold stethoscope by the way of seeing whether or not the heart is in the right place. The latter may give confidence as to the beats, but it soon develops some misgivings as to the glory of cauliflowered ears and the young army gradually thins down to a company.

By the Tuesday and Thursday process of the survival of the fittest, seven were chosen to represent their respective weights against the first opponents of the season. Tufts were the first to honor the Navy mat. Before the meet there was a certain feeling of uncertainty as to the prowess of Tufts, for it was the first time they had ever been on a Navy schedule. The fears proved groundless, if a victory for Navy to the count of 33 to 0 means anything. The meet was not bad and had its value in that it gave a line on what could be expected from Shutz's proteges for what was to follow, and as something for the beginners to cut their teeth on.

With the ice broken, Dartmouth rallied round an "Iron Man" the following Saturday. The "Iron Man" turned out to be of some softer composition, although he did manage to get away with a fall, the first bout of the meet, thus preventing as great a slaughter as the previous week. It was another win for Navy, 26 to 5.

The third meet was with our old friends from "Philly," Pennsylvania. They are still our friends, because they didn't ruffle our feelings much, although we regretted losing one of the seven bouts. In spite of the one-sidedness of the score, 27 to 4, Navy still on the long end, there was some very good matches, especially the 158-pound class, which happened to be the one we lost.

West Virginia was fourth on the list, and they arrived with the huskiest looking bunch of grapplers we had seen. Among them was one who had wrestled for Navy the year before. He was welcomed right gladly. Being one of the smallest, they let him walk out alone for the second event to even the score. He did momentarily, but when he was through, no one else had a chance. After the West Virginian's heavyweight had had his fun of "Catch me, you're it;" the audience looked up at the scoreboard and noted the fact that Navy had 26 and West Virginia had 4.

Never having been able to get into the intercollegiates, Navy was particularly anxious to annex the following meet, as Penn State were the nominal intercollegiate champs. In one of the fiercest struggles ever seen on an Academy mat, Navy emerged the victor in five out of seven bouts.

If scores count for anything, it looks as though the wrestling season has closed as it usually closes, with the whole Regiment nodding its head in approval because the competitors for the bandaged ears have established further the view that victory is a habit on Navy's side of the mat, which is only another tribute to Mr. Shutz.



The Wrestling Squad





CAPTAIN  
MONCEWICZ

# TRACK 1920

CHIEF Porter's gang of cinder men got off to a poor start in the first meet of the season, and, although they were eight out of thirteen first places to the good, they lost to Virginia and they "learned about contracts from her." Then they were shifted to Georgetown; they might have been keeping her now, but for the fact that Eddie Curtis ran away from the unbeatable Connolly and started life over again for the team.

May 8th found them going strong and against the strongest team we met during the season. The contract was not faulty and the victory was sweet. In this meet Clapp set a new mark for the discus throw and starred along with Macondray and Hudson, while the relay team with Curtis on it for the first time nosed the Syracuse fliers out of victory both in that race and in the meet.

On May 15th came Pittsburgh with Frank Shea. In spite of his success in the two-twenty and the quarter, his teammates were unable to stave off defeat; for Coach Mang's pupils were becoming more efficient each day and records were going by the board whenever Eddie and Clapp took a hand. Up until this time the field events had been in distress due to lack of a shot putter and a consistent javelin thrower. Dickins came upon the scene and rescued the two events by contributing handsomely to the scores.

After Pitt came Lehigh and another Navy victory. In spite of the fact that competition was poor, records were bettered and the season closed with a bang-up display of form, snap, and fight.

For the season, individual honors go to Macondray who accumulated a sum total of forty-four points. Mac was the speed king; he came through with a first place in every meet; he was always on the producing end when it counted most. Hudson was a consistent winner, usually winning his race after he had kangarooed over his last hurdle; for the name Hudson is coupled with Navy fight, and 1921 should be his year for a record. In the relay was a gang of spike-shod speed demons who threw cinders and mud, (Oh, shades of mud) into the face of every relay team doomed to race them. Dell, Kauffman, Baker - the - jack rabbit, Curtis and Moncewicz, (with the latter usually running anchor), seemed to be able to shake around and bring home the bacon with the utmost ease. Chief Porter ran his team well and performed his own work



with equal success. Power proved a fountain of possibility and probability in the pole vault. Runners-up in various events were Rodgers, P. L. Doak, and H. H. Loomis, Bauernschmidt, Holmes, Holderness, and Taylor.

These lads are real comers and the present season with Pete Moncewicz leading and Mang at the wheel bids fair to prove flawless. Penn relays promise to become a part of the schedule and to give Navy something bigger and better to strive for in the realm of track and field.

6

### RESULTS:

Virginia . . . . .	63	<i>Navy</i>	45
Georgetown . . . . .	17		45
Syracuse . . . . .	50		66
Pittsburgh . . . . .	45		73
Lehigh . . . . .	23		102



# LACROSSE

1920



CAPTAIN SHAW

SOMEWHERE, sometime, someone said, "results!" and out there, last Spring, someone heard, that someone being George Finlayson; for, starting with a green squad for the most part, George developed a crack and unbeatable lacrosse team. And when we can say this in the wake of meetings with teams such as Syracuse, Harvard, Lehigh, Penn State, Hobart, and more, we need no recourse to imagination to vision a team that must have been, at least categorically speaking, good. And when we glance at the scores, we are compelled to cast modesty aside and to declare with just pride, "Some gang of thugs!"

To open the season, Maryland State came over for a frolic and a fray, bringing with her a team unknown, unsusung, but not "unaggressive." However, from a purely murderous point of view, Navy displayed great stick work and galloped off with an 11-1 victory. Lehigh's slaughterers were better than had been anticipated. Early in the game, they displayed a knowledge of the gentle art of murder that threw a scare into the hearts of the rough necks which quickly turned to fight and the game was won. By the time the Swarthmore game had rolled around, Navy had rounded into a well developed, well organized machine, hardened and toughened beyond injury. The large score piled up against Swarthmore was a tribute to a pretty lacrosse by Navy rather than a reflection on Swarthmore. When Harvard came down, the wise ones said, "fruit." But before the game was half over, the most of us were willing to agree that "fair Haavad" is a misnomer. Their lacrosse team were he-men, every one of them. Harvard played a hard, clean game, but Navy, had an edge in speed and team work which finally proved the deciding factor in what was perhaps the hardest game of the season. Baltimore City College was easy; St. John's harder, and Syracuse still worse. But the team came through in each with minimum casualties and maximum results. Penn State proved the easiest game of the season; but it was well that such a game was our luck, for Hobart, in the final game, gave us everything we were looking for, with more thrown in for interest. In fierceness and aggressiveness, this game outrivalled them all. Casualties were numerous. Substitutes were many. It was a battle of men, a battle of fierce and hardened men who rushed headlong into the fray, with no regard for personal safety and very little for the "Rules of the Road." Herring, though handicapped by a bad knee, played a beautiful game, and his skillful stick work was largely responsible for Navy's well earned victory.

The last word must be held for George. A good coach is not necessarily a popular coach nor does it follow that a popular coach is a good coach. Sometimes you strike the one, sometimes the other. But rarely do you strike the combination of both. George is more than the combination. He is a spirit in himself, a spirit that knows no definition, but a spirit that creeps into the beings of "the boys" and stays. To George must be extended the greatest of credit and he has that credit and more,— the faith and confidence of his team.



"The Judges agree  
on 'Spike' Webb, of  
the Navy, as winner."



PANTS-HANGERS



CAPTAIN  
"SCUP" MILLER

# BOXING

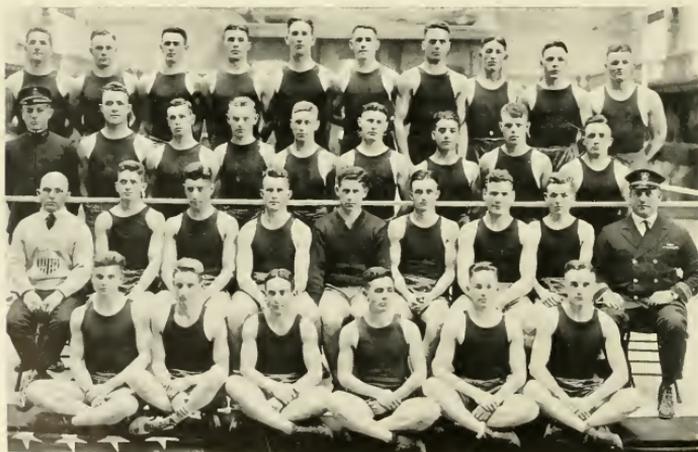
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WHEN Spike issued his call for candidates of pugilistic tendencies, he was overwhelmed with aspirants. Close to 130 men reported for tryouts and the first week saw Spike and Captain Scupper busily looking 'em over to discover the best. Eliminations for the table started shortly afterward. This lasted through several weeks and brought forth some pretty fights. But it was finally settled, the training table picked and the hard grind for the season commenced.

The first meet found the personnel of Navy's team practically the same as last year. "Wop" Zotti was fighting in Schell's place, but otherwise the lineup was the same. M. I. T. brought down a plucky bunch of fighters, but were clearly outpointed in each bout, Navy taking a clean sweep.

Carnegie Tech came over with a rather poorly conditioned team, but a crowd of good sports, men who were willing to open up in the good old give and take fashion. They took more than they gave, however, and Navy again came out on the upper side of the final accounting.

Then came, as Billy Rocap remarked in his Public Ledger, "the acid test of intercollegiate boxing." It was, in more ways than one. Penn State came down with only one purpose—to take the long end of the Navy meet. It was the Penn State meet that counted the most. It was for Penn State that Spike put his men through long cross-countries, hours of rope skipping, shadow boxing, sparring, and boxing. And it was against Penn State that these things counted.





COACH WEBB

Little Pug Waggoner, the cleverest bantam in the college world came through with his bout in wonderful style. He was decidedly cleverer than his opponent, and exhibited rare skill in handling himself.

Sebald stepped into the ring with one of the cleverest boxers who ever occupied a Navy ring. He had a tantalizing left that kept finding Sebald's face and worrying the Navy man considerably. Sebald was willing to mix but the Penn State man was a little too good and Navy lost the second.

Walter Jones came on next. Almost before things were well started Walt took one on the left jaw that sent him through the ropes. In the next round he came back and sent the State man to the mat with a wicked right to the chin. It looked good for Walt, but the State man was back on his feet in a flash raining a shower of rights and lefts that momentarily bewildered Jones. He dropped his guard and the State man hooked over a right. The third bout was State's.

Miller came up for the 145 with blood in his eyes. He sparred for a moment or so then jabbed a wicked left to the face. He followed with another then swung his hay-making right and another bout was over.

Zotti put on a pretty fight with a man who had considerable reach, and this counted, for Wop was out-pointed, but not out-fought. State took the bout.

Mickey O'Regan evened the count in a beautiful bout. The two light heavies stood toe to toe and swapped blows in man-sized fashion. O'Regan was awarded the decision on points and condition. His opponent was a battered wreck.

With the count 3-3, everything hinged on the heavyweight. Navy pinned her hopes on Misson who had carried the honors off last year and whose reputation as a fighter and a boxer was well known. Penn State turned its eyes on Maderia, a big, husky battler who had a baffling left hand lead. The first round went to Misson. Maderia got the second when he rocked "Red" with a series of heavy jabs over the heart and some wicked hooks to the jaw. What Spike told Clint between the rounds we don't know, but Misson came back strong. He fought craftily and carefully at first, opening up at the last with blows of such telling effect that the round was easily his. Once again Navy had come out ahead.

Pennsylvania the following week was easily defeated, Navy taking all but one bout.

Intercollegiate boxing has had a hard row to travel and still has probably a hard one ahead. But it has made wonderful progress in the last two years and this also will continue. To Spike Webb belongs the credit of building and making the Navy team. He had a squad of willing workers, who trained hard and fought hard, and as a result his efforts were rewarded by producing a hard hitting, clever bunch of two-fisted fighters.

# SWIMMING

1 9 2 1



CAPTAIN EMORY

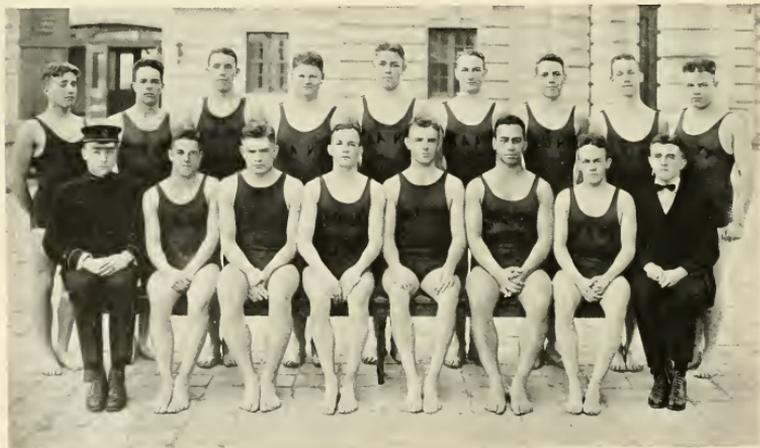
ANOTHER year has gone by the board, and again the swimming team, this time under the capable leadership of Captain Dal Emory, was undefeated as a team. Records were broken by the score, and ones that will stand as the pillars of Bancroft Hall, were established.

When training began the team was nearly intact, graduation taking only a few, and the new Plebe Class brought forth excellent material. So it was not long before the squad was turned into a well-oiled working machine.

Johns Hopkins appeared as the first victim and sang a sad song to the tune of 51—11. Penn, Princeton, Pittsburgh, Columbia, and M. I. T. came along in order and met the same fate as their predecessors.

Records were broken in everything except the plunge. Emory lowered his hundred record; Quimby his forty breast stroke, and McIntosh the forty back stroke. The stellar relay team composed of Kananui, Gallagher, Winkjer, Bolling, and Emory frequently brought down a new record and finally equalled the world's record for the 160 yard event. Sinclair not only lowered an Academy record but put a high premium on the 220 intercollegiate, and Kananui also copped the 40 from the same bush.

The season ended. It came our turn to show what we could do in the individuals up in the big city.





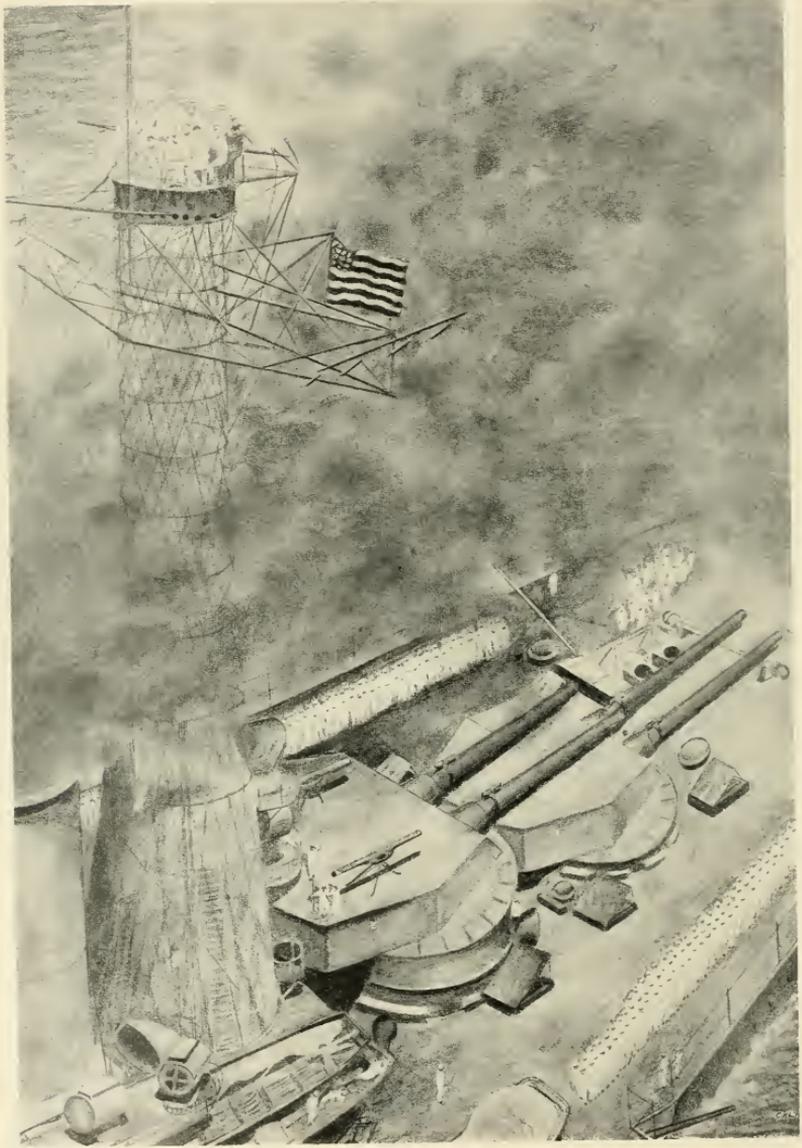
KAKANUI

The Intercollegiate Individual Championship, held at Columbia University, was a great disappointment to the Navy aggregation as a whole. The competition was unusually keen in the 50 and 100 yard dashes—both were blanket finishes. Too much can't be said about "our Dallas." After tearing off three fast races in the afternoon, he touched finger lengths behind the winner in his final races at night. Five races in as many hours is too much even for iron men. Gallagher and Winkjer were in their races up to the finish—the former qualified for the semi-finals and the latter got into the finals. The Plebe relay team swam in "fits and starts." Sinclair and "Bill" Kakanui swam beautiful races, "Bill" doing the second fastest time of the meet. McCooley surprised himself by doing sixty-seven feet in the plunge, about six inches more and he would have qualified.

Everyone, with the exception of Emory, will be back next year, and with Gallagher as skipper—well—just watch out for the boys later on.



SINCLAIR





CAPTAIN HIGGINS

# WATER POLO

## 1 9 2 1

ON January twenty-ninth we dove off for the first game of the season with a crack team from Princeton led by Captain Botting of All-American fame. We were never able to devise a defense for this particular style of play, the final score standing 39 to 3 with Princeton on the long end.

After the denouement on the twenty-ninth the team went into the game against Columbia with a determination to play our style of game and Princeton's besides. Columbia had an All-American goal who knew his business so the Navy was able to score only two thrown goals during the first half while the visitors scored one touch, making the score 6 to 5 with the Navy leading. In the second half we had a chance at a thrown goal from a foul and missed it, but came back immediately with a touch goal that made the total stand 11 to 5. Columbia became inspired to greater deeds and made a touch in the last minute of play. The game ended without another score, the final being 11 to 10.

Next year, it is hoped that this sport will draw good material from the Regiment for the furthering of one of the best college sports—a sport which is hampered by so few rules that it is interesting to watch and to play.



# GYM 1921



CAPTAIN HALES

WALK over to the Gym any Saturday afternoon when the winter sports are flourishing and look over in the corner. There you will see performances that will make you wonder why you never paid more attention to them before. For Raleigh Hales and his gang of Gymnasts have held the eye of more than one who chanced to glance that way.

Because it had to be conducted at the same time Boxing and Wrestling were progressing, Gym has never received the support it should. But the fact that the schedules are always among the best and the strongest and that against such teams Navy has won with surprising consistency, throwing in an intercollegiate championship or two for good measure, is a good indication of the character of the sport and the men who make up the team.

It is too early to say that we will be intercollegiate champions nor would we venture to make any such predictions under the circumstances. Unfortunately we are forced to go to press before the big event is staged. But it isn't too early to point to an undefeated team and to predict great results in the intercollegiates. For a team with victories over Pennsylvania, Haverford, Yale, and Princeton, comprising an undefeated Gymnastics, the Intercollegiate Meet.

The Gym team was a happy team in that it was not a "one man" team. The mere fact that Hales was a wonder on the rings does not state the whole of it; for Comp in his tumbling, Pearson on the parallel, Strang and Kreck on the horse, and Cory and Garvin on the horizontal are only a few of the others who have removed the expectation of an intercollegiate championship team from the realm of possibility to the kingdom of probability.





# FENCING

## 1 9 2 1

**T**WELVE seasons without a defeat from any college is in direct accordance with the traditions of the Navy, and, as a result, the Little Iron Man seems to be a permanent fixture in Memorial Hall.

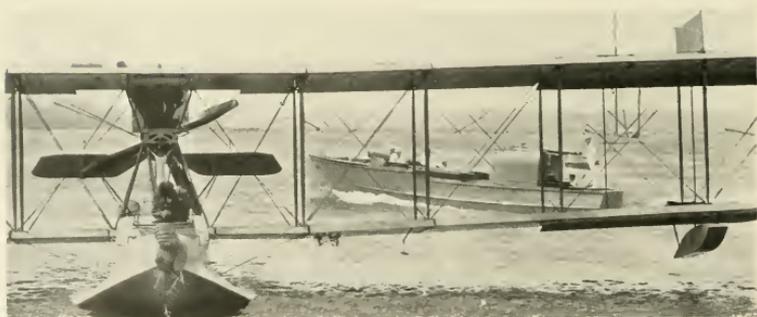
Because of the specie of the sport, but few men are able to arrive within the circle—then it is not the game of beef and mad excitement, so much as definite calculation and external practice. Developing radio communication between the eye and the wrist is just a fraction of what a fencer experiences.

The number of men out for the team increased about one hundred percent, but as it takes time to round out a team and develop "speed and accuracy," there will be a time in the near future when a "Touché" against Navy will be exceptional. Nevertheless, we have our team now that is making a clean sweep—Captain Becker, Vose and Shears of the foils, Malstrom and Guider of the sabre, and Hunter with the epee—just about hit on all six. The schedule has

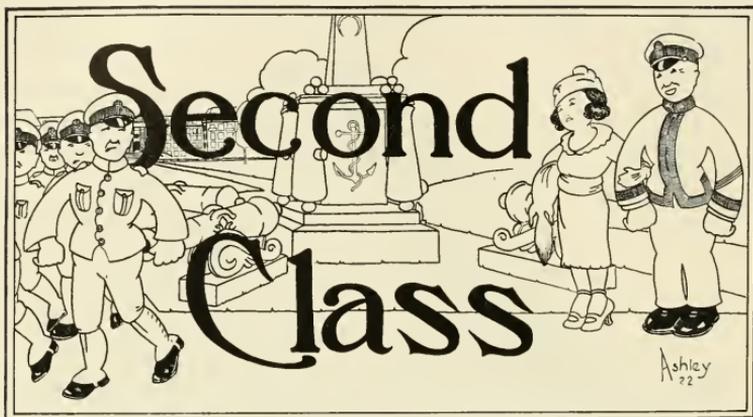
included Yale, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Army Officers' Club, Bridgeport Y. M. C. A., and the French Y. M. C. A. of New York.

It is only after long months of coaching that a man handles a weapon with skill. Mr. Heintz, our head coach, made his debut here back in the days when cutlasses were in vogue. Mr. Fornon and Mr. Pavese are excellent fencing mentors and it is because of their co-operation that the team has steadily improved. Placing our faith in the coaches and in the consistency of the team, the Little Iron Man might as well be bolted and secured to its place up in Mem Hall.









ADAMS, F. McK.	BERGER, H. E.	CANDLER, D. B., JR.
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ADELL, C. C.	BERNER, W. K.	CARTER, B. E.
AGNEW, H. F.	BEYRER, W. H.	CASSELS, B. B.
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BECKER, A. L.	BUTTERFIELD, H. B.	CONNOR, J.
BEDLION, R. W.	CADY, J. P.	CONRADT, P. E.
BENNINGTON, J. P.	CAMPBELL, W. S.	CONVERSE, A. F.

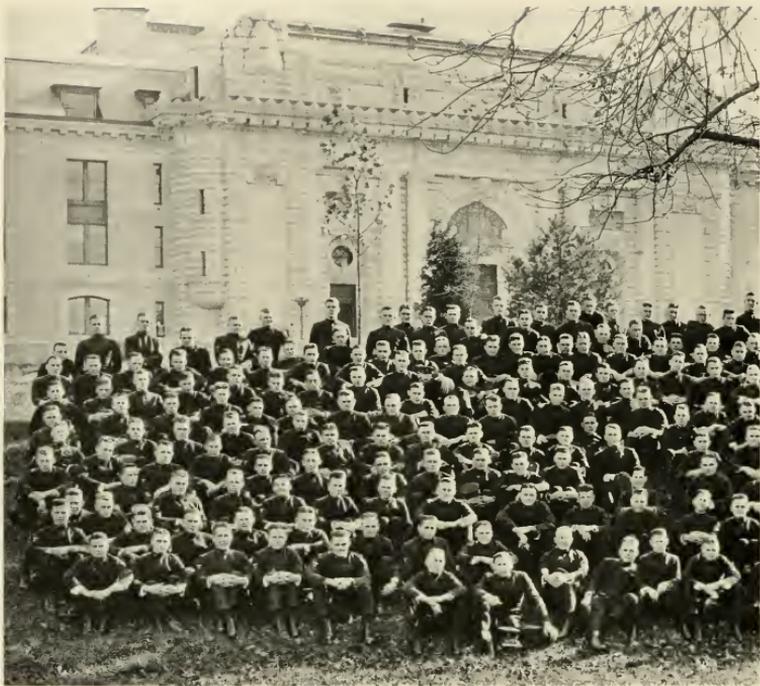
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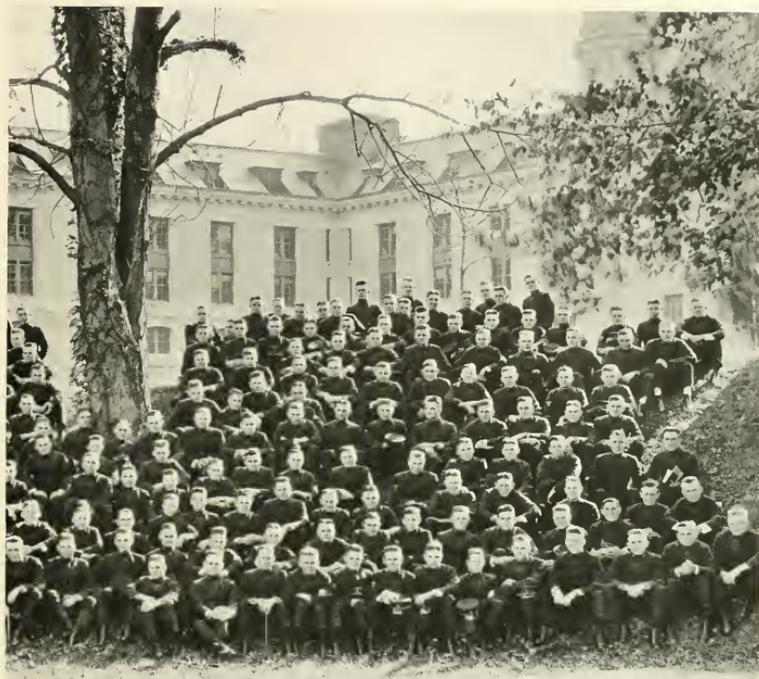
## '22 CLASS HISTORY

TO quote Little Joe, "That class of 1922 has everything in it from millionaires' sons to porch climbers and most of them are porch climbers. I hope to have five thousand miles of deep water between you and me before you get to be first class! Double time that section to the Reina and back."

So '22 started on its upward path. If first impressions were best and most lasting, Joe would have scared us all out of this man's navy. But we stuck and there you have it.

Truly it was a somewhat conglomerate aggregation, but in spite of the fact that forty percent were fresh from the farm, we soon showed signs of possessing almost human intelligence.

July was open season for pants hanging, rope climbing, etc., and we came in for our share. When Joe wasn't teaching us signals or chaperoning rowing outings on the Sunny Severn, we invariably found ourselves subject to practical instruction in most modern and improved forms of swedish. Can't you still hear Shorty

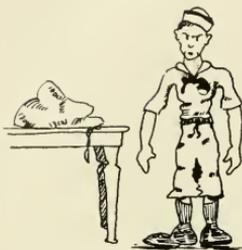


bawling, "Fall out, take off your top shoits, foist company has hoidles, thoid company goes to wopes!"

These various phases of summer activity were disclosed to us early, in fact before the stencil ink dried on our white works, or our first white shirt had gone to the laundry to be torn, shrunken and distorted, as the laundry always tears, shrinks and distorts the clothes of midshipmen. We found out one big thing—three minutes in the Naval Academy may hold more action than thirty on the outside.

When we entered it went like this, "Have you had any previous military experience?" Young hopeful, "None sir!" "Very well." So he was a buck private, and doomed to remain such for the rest of the summer. Then the next function, Q. "Have you had any previous military experience?" A. "Yes sir, three weeks in the Boy Scouts!" "Very well." That man would be a three striper. And so it went; the Plebe Regiment soon took definite form. But we were as yet a mass, not developing any individual traits and characteristics.

Only in one game did we quickly achieve perfection. But for the practice afforded Plebe summer, we would never have been able to show up the gobs as we did Youngster cruise. That game was "playing possum," or in the concise language of the Navy "corkin'." Our proficiency in this sport was so great that Joe often had to leave most stupendous adjectives hanging in mid-air while he proceeded to



WE SENT OUR CLOTHES  
TO THE LAUNDRY

bring us to. Then there were the long hours we spent teaching the Reserves the ways and habits of seagoing men. Some of us objected to the mosquito netting which each had so carefully stretched over his bed. Others disliked seeing them row a half-rater apparently under full sail into the basins. Still others voiced the opinion that at least two men should keep in step with the guide when in column of squads. But the Reserves were a good lot even though they did not meet our entire approval.

We had been in, some of us, for nearly two months now and Plebe summer was nearly over. But before leaving this, the carefree period of our career let us recall the old rigging loft. "You midshipmen keep away from them jackstays." "Don't call me Chief, I'm a two-striper." "How many men in that boat? Three? Well half of you come out!" "Fall in

accordin' to the size of yer feet!"

So one September morning the Crabs appeared in the offing and soon we had among us a chattering, domineering, fault-finding mob of Upper Classmen and we woke up with a start to the sudden realization that we were after all but Plebes and our troubles had not yet begun. Lover's Lane and Youngster Stairs were not for us. Such questions as, "What ship was I on?" "What are you famous for?" "Can you whinnie, Mr. McWhinnie?" "Mister what did I come in here for?" found us unprepared, and at times presented almost insurmountable difficulties.



OPEN SEASON  
FOR ROPE  
CLIMBING

We spent September wishing we also were on leave, but we had to strive to get on to things before October first under the more or less capable tutelage of a few First Classmen and Youngsters who were held over for re-exams. In our efforts we were more or less successful, but the month passed all too soon for many and the first innings of the All-Academics were at hand. Our first chow formation was marked by a more or less interesting occurrence. One exceedingly fat buzzard stopped before an exceedingly thin Plebe. "What's your name?" "Clark sir." "What?" "Charles Clark sir." "What!" "Charles A. Clark sir." "What?" "Charles A. Clark, 2nd, sir."

"That's better, when you are asked for information give it, savvy?" When recitations began, a new Naval Academy dawned on our view. We found ourselves called upon to solve many mysteries, among which one stood out—Why does the little red book have covers? For many a weary hour we puzzled over this, but to no avail. Those covers have long been a baffling element to all midshipmen and were also to us. Beauty Pierce says, "The covers prevent the midshipmen from determining their true batting average. Perhaps some of them would get a swell head if they knew how well they were doing!"

During Plebe year another characteristic of '22 made itself known. When it came to a choice of Cosmo or athletics, our class picked the latter. The Radiator Club had a dull season. As a result we produced many good athletes. Zeke made the varsity crew, and we placed many good men on football and baseball squads. In fact we were well represented in all sports,



A SEAGOING  
RESERVE

With Plebe year nearly ended the cruise loomed up before us. Since many of us had never seen so much as a rowboat a year before, it presented something novel and interesting. Our beloved Upper Classmates, thinking we should become accustomed to water, treated us to many midnight showers. But we survived and graduation day found us converting Lover's Lane into an imitation of an anti-prohibition meeting.



RADIATOR CLUB HAS  
A DULL SEASON

The cruise started pretty well after we had found our ships. We say this because there was a dense fog that morning, and many a reserve skipper mistook the Pennsylvania or New York for the antique Maine, under the mist's confusing influence. But all's well that ends well, and we were finally installed on our rusty bateaux.

A sailor always swings in a hammock; so does a midshipman. We found that out as we found everything out, by a bitter though enlightening experience. Why bitter? Well, whether you swing high or low, the deck of a ship is not too soft a thing to light on; especially when one is awakened from dreams of home and his O. A. O. To quote this from '97's Lucky Bag:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
As he slipped from his hammock and lit on his head,  
xx ?!!!c? \*~\*\*"

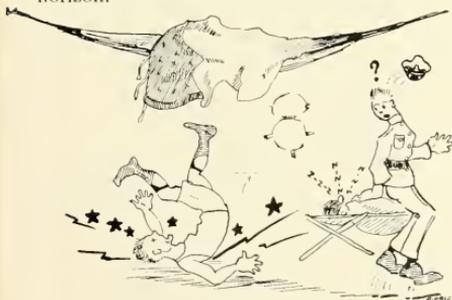
However we finally mastered this gentle art.

We soon became initiated also to the beauties of a steaming scuttlebutt and a roasting fire-room. The fire-room was hardest. After a couple of squads had gone below and more or less consistently passed out we began to take the matter seriously. We soon found that a four-hour watch in the fire-room was not to be sneezed at. As Jerry Olmstead once said, "I didn't come into the outfit to work. I find a sight of difference between the duties of a radio girl and the fireman!"



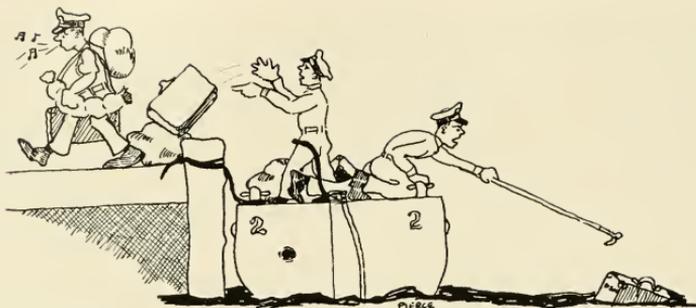
"WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?"

Well, Guantanamo didn't make a very favorable impression. One can stand goat's milk ice cream, but when they cook three flies in a pie and there are only two midshipmen to eat it there is bound to be a disagreement. So we were jolly well pleased when we shoved off, St. Thomas bound, and left Cuba a fading speck on the horizon.



FELL OUT OF BED AND BROKE HIS HEAD

St. Thomas brought several revelations. The ships were coaled by the natives, men and women, carrying the coal in baskets on their heads, as they carry everything. Then there was Bay Rum, for St. Thomas is the origin of this beverage. And again, why any apparently normal, healthy young man, whose alleged profession is hoodwinking old Neptune, should sally forth over the mountains with a butterfly net is too much for us.



END OF YOUNGSTER CRUISE

So we left St. Thomas and visited Colon, Panama, and Cuba once more. But those ports are all the same.

New York looked mighty good to us. One of the boys distinguished himself the first day by slipping off the armor belt into the slimy Hudson. Duckworth went ashore and plumb forgot to come back. But after corking that night on a couple of beer kegs (there were such things then) he slipped quietly aboard the next day and all was Jake.

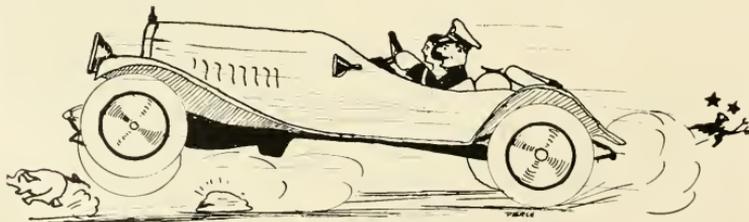


BAY RUM AS A BEVERAGE

Youngster cruise came to a happy termination and we shoved off on leave. Our first leave will always seem to us the best. But all good things end and we returned to sport our new diag and do our share in running the Academy. Of course there were a couple of new terrors, Skinny, Mechpro, and Bully's gym tests, but a Youngster is totally and eternally "Sans Souci," by reputation and we were no exception.

This time our anticipations of an Army game and Christmas leave were both fulfilled. Better still, we beat the Army.

About the middle of Youngster year there developed in our class an acute case of Bolshevism which had been chronic for some time. It was during that period in which we were performing extra duty. On this account we had an unprecedented spectacle at the hops; a female stag line. The unfortunate part of it was that none of us were there to see it.



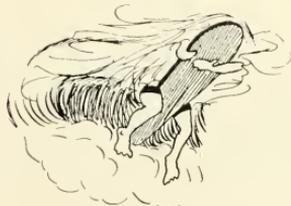
GOD'S COUNTRY . . .

By the spring of 1920 the All-Academics had also showed us a few new ones, in fact so proficient were they that our original 970 men or so who entered had diminished to about 680. For what chance had an inexperienced Youngster against a Prof with a five-inch slip stick who can get answers correct to seven decimals? You ask a Prof to work a prob and after hunting through his gouge he says, "Here's one just like it. I'll put it on the board." If he loses his slips or his gouge he is all at sea and you might as well knock off for the day.

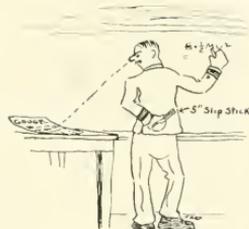
There is nothing which attracts the attention of your midshipman like a strange face about the yard. One day we remarked several strange neopolitan faces and stranger uniforms. We knew something new was at hand. When an invitation came to partake of the hospitality of the officers of the Italian dreadnaught Conte di Cavour, it met with immediate response. Several Youngsters were among the fortunate ones. They had a big time and when they gyrated back to Bancroft Hall it was with the firm conviction that the Italian vintages upheld their reputation.

June Week rolled around once more. We found we had a new color company, which by dint of scrubbing of belts and polishing of bayonets while the Regiment slept had managed to carry off the honors. Then graduation over, we all repaired to the various Second Class smoke halls to catch one.

Our Second Class cruise started well. In fact it rained every twenty-four hours for over two weeks. We had plenty of opportunities to scrub decks with fresh water. In addition to this the New Hampshire and Connecticut became famous from the start for a super-abundance of demerits. By the time the old familiar Colon breakwater hove in sight some of us were likely to be performing extra duty for the remainder of the cruise. After the arid U. S. A., Colon had a warming influence on our liberty parties. The four-bit buggies were over-worked during our stay. So too were the erstwhile sleepy Panama cops. A mere policeman has little chance indeed with one who has dodged D. O.'s, consistently for two years. But we were not sorry to leave, for we were going to the land of Ukeleles.



SURF RIDING DE LUXE



"HERE'S ONE JUST LIKE IT . . ."



NAVAL EFFICIENCY

We can scarcely say Hawaii was a disappointment, but doubtless it was not exactly what we expected. For lo, there was a typical American city, save for the Chinese and pineapples. Instead of being thrown at us, they set us back two-bits apiece. Then, too, we immediately noticed the apparent



I HEAR YOU CALLING ME . . .

scarcity of Hula dancers whom we had come so far to see. But they were there and finally we found them.

The Moana Hotel, however, was more attractive to most as it offered wonderful dancing, wonderful music, wonderful moonlight, and wonderful girls; while the famed Waikiki furnished further amusements in the form of surf-riding, bathing, and outrigger canoes.

Then the boys went to bending slice bars and heaving black diamonds in order to reach Seattle. No matter how sweltering the fire-room was, one could always hear a few cheering bars of "The Naughty Waltz" and the "Hula Blues" which we added to our collection in Honolulu.

Right here and now we wish to thank the people of Seattle for their kind hospitality. The whole town turned out in autos, took the midshipmen riding, to chow, and finally to a much crowded dance where the best of the town held forth.

Frisco and L. A. were good to us in their turn. Hotels, theaters, cabarets, and movie studios not accessible to the average human took us in; lock, stock, and barrel. Having spent all of our money we shoved off and soon found ourselves once more in Colon and Panama. The slight loss of one and both propellers of the Connecticut delayed us for a few days and we did not hit Annapolis until the second of September.

It was during the period when quarantine flag was flying over the second and fourth wings that the R. H. I. P. drop was most noticeable throughout the Regiment. Our dignified classmates took to spinning tops and playing marbles and extra duty was indeed, a poor substitute for liberty. Throughout the month during which this state of affairs held sway friend Johnny Gow had his innings and the first tree found some three out of four unsat.

Quarantine was lifted three days before The Game and we rode to New York and slept back, leaving the cadets once more to hold up the small end of an Army-Navy score. As usual it took longer to come from Odenton to Annapolis than from New York to Odenton. But the old Japanese bell rang once more just the same, and we listened to the orations of the boys with the same spirit and attention that we would give to a verbal welcome to Heaven.

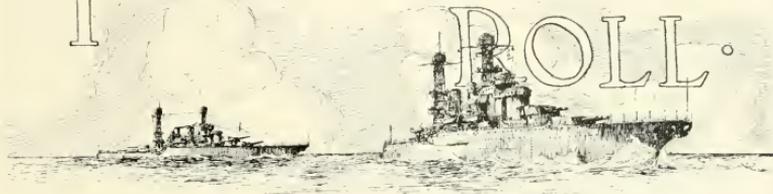
Now the time is at hand when the ruling caste steps out and leaves us to fill their shoes. As to our capacity—time will tell. Certainly you would not recognize now the blundering rabble that made its debut three years ago as the privileged class will soon hold their daily meetings in the once remote Smoke Hall. However, we are the same, although depleted in numbers, and we're looking forward to a year where Class A's will be few and far between and all demerits just as far. But we will make no prophesies since we have no dope and as Mark Twain says "There are two times when one should never speculate; one when one has no money; the other when one has."



COLEO PHILLIPS



# YOUNGSTER ROLL.



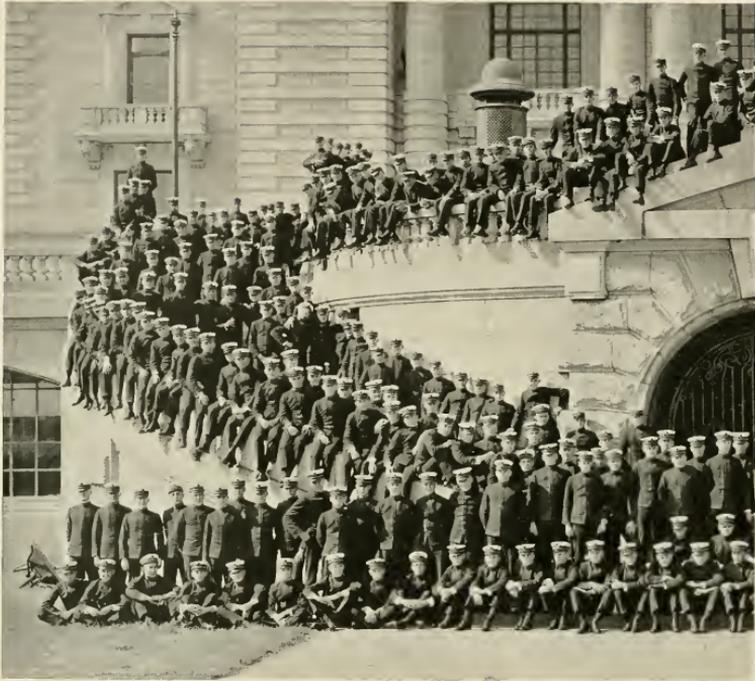
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 ZIMMERMAN, C. K.  
 ZORTMAN, J. E.

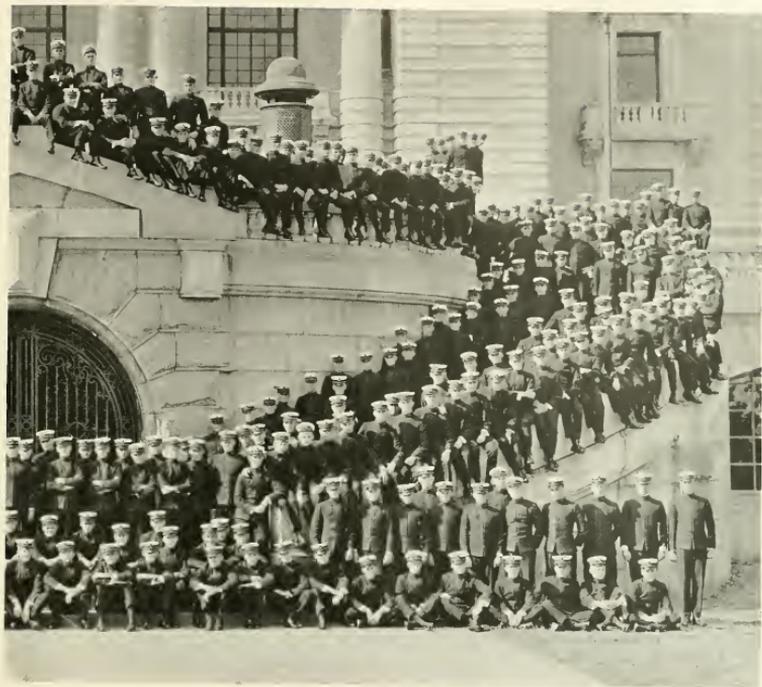


# 1923's Class History.



## Plebe Year

**J**UST as the summer and the wheat were ripening, seven hundred would-be midshipmen left the old homestead. They had heard how the Navy was going to rack and ruin, and couldn't stand idly by when men of their calibre were all that was lacking. And thus they came to Crabtown, not knowing as yet that to the recruiting slogan "Join the Navy; learn a Trade; Take your pick" should be added two words "*and SHOVEL.*" Hence we find them gathered in and white-worked out by July the Fourth.



Plebe summer was not to be the youthful playtime of previous years. A score of nice, shiny junior D. O.'s had been bountifully provided; they seemed more or less bent under the load of dignity upon their young shoulders. By their untiring efforts (the resulting D.'s made every one else tired), we learned to smoke less and were more select about where we deigned to flick our ashes.

We have never seen a man who does not want to become a Strongfort—but when this goal is to be obtained only by sneaking up on it before the rosy-fingered dawn has yet grasped this sleeping world, and by monkey-drilling out among the foothills of the Marine Barracks—Aw! who wants to be strong?

But who can ever forget the Sunday afternoons when half a dozen or so went adventuring in half-raters, taking turns at submerging under the forecandle with a Fatima?

Sh! A cloud came over our clear skylight. "Who's the King of Siam?" For some 1500 reasons we suddenly wondered about these and many other time-honored stock questions. Then the great day arrived, and we were hiked to the Radio Station without even meeting the Enemy.

September slipped quickly by, however, and suddenly "they" were really back! All feeling jovial, too, you know, like you always do when you have to leave "her" and come back for another year. Our arms developed astonishingly that first



MONKEY DRILL

month. Taps was the most looked-for event, because while you were up something peculiar might always happen.

The number of days decreased steadily until—"Right hand salute—two!" Columns of figures, overcoat-clad, merging with the rest of the night, filed by old Tecumseh for his final sanction. *Cold chills twanged at our spinal chords.* Reveille sounded at 3:30 a. m., and taps not at all—except for Army. That was our first chance to "look proud," and maybe you think we didn't. Oh! let me inform the hemispheres!

From then until Christmas leave, the old grind again, enlivened a bit by the Terpsichorean sessions with Prof

Bell. "Give me the drill, gentlemen, give me the drill."

Four days Christmas leave came and were gone almost before we realized it. Four wonderful days away from our cells and D. O.'s and such necessary evils. No matter where we went, there were stories of the O. A. O., and that cozy divan, and the crackling, flickering fire, and those eyes, and—but what's the use?

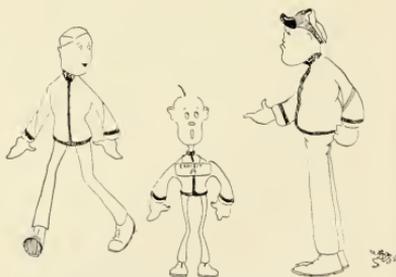
Our reveries were short-lived, for the semi-anns were near at hand. Letters went home sounding something like this: "Dear Ma and Pa: I believe father needs me around the store (or farm). Please sew the buttons on my light gray vest. Devotedly, Joe." Although a few fell by the wayside, most of us passed.

The long stretch that followed was not without its bright spots—athletics, the defeat of the Army in basketball, roller-skating, the Masqueraders, and those dreamy waltzes! Remember the days when we hung draped over the balcony longing for the day when we might fold one of those sweet young beauties to our manly bosom?

And it was "how many days?" again. The classic question meant more to us this time—the end of our Plebedom. The symptoms of this period are cold chills in the middle part of the night. We rated more now. Many's the time we had First Classmen prepare our bath for us.

The night before graduation finally came. We didn't sleep well—everyone was nervous and besides those tiles are hard on one's head. It was rumored about this that in the stilly night some Plebe addicted to somnambulism opened the sea-cocks in the Second Wing.

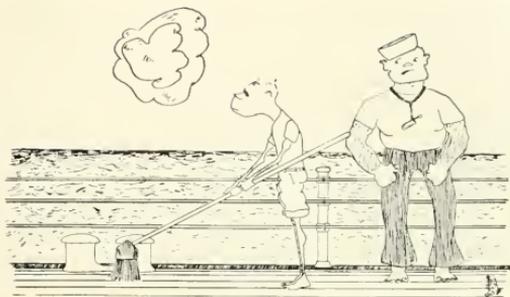
At 9:30 the next morning we fell in for the last time as Plebes. What took place in the Armory is still vivid in everyone's mind. Fortunate ones were picked out to faint. Others fainted to be picked, but stayed to enjoy the speaking.



THAT PLEBE FEELING

It was all over at last, and we rushed out into Lover's Lane, chanting the old classic "Taint no mo' Plebes." And what a burden those magic words seemed to lift from our lives! The pendulum had swung at last. With the O. A. O. on our arm and the hardest part of our Naval career behind us, we had ample reason to be happy.

And we were!!!



SWEDISH AT SEA

## Youngster Cruise

There is here set forth a true chronicle of the buffets and love-tags of Dame Destiny during our Youngster Cruise. It wasn't a day especially adapted for the purpose, that afternoon we shoved off, but the fond farewells were said and done, the while the rain trickled sweetly down our spinal vertebrae. We ventured forth upon the deep in a sub-chaser laden with the tons of our combined laundry bags and "hammocks," and glad we were to arrive aboard our respective summer homes. A choppy bay had not appreciated the fact that some of us had only the seagoing experience of crossing the bridge which spanned the creek in South Dakota.

The first leg of the cruise to Panama was hard on us all, with fire-room watches and cranky boilers, and glad we were to feel dry land under our feet once more.

The Zone has a climate that used to call for a mint julep or a tall one in days gone by, and the atmosphere had its effect on us. Then there was the Plaza and the Metropole and the Bull Fight, also, the Balboa Club and the Y. M. C. A. pool, which we all appreciated.

All too soon we started on the long jaunt to the "Paradise of the Pacific." It took eighteen days to determine the specific gravity of the Pacific Ocean at 127 degrees Fahrenheit, but we finally arrived in Honolulu, escorted by seaplanes and launches.

It was fine, the land of the ukelele, all sort of lazy and enjoyable like the native brand of fire-water. We had a little set-to there with the black diamonds, about 1500 tons of them per ship. Our hospitable hosts were unable to recognize us for several days thereafter, and inwardly wondered if we were a bunch of William Fox vampires luring them away from their paradise. For it is that. But we became presentable again, and able to enjoy the island, especially the Pali, the Punch Bowl, and



PEOPLE WE CAN DO WITHOUT



OCTOBER 26th

Waikiki Beach. The gentle art of chaffering a surf-board still remains a mystery to most of us.

Seattle was our next port. We take our hats off to their Chamber of Commerce. The Regiment was entertained by automobile rides, dinners, and two hops in the big Armory. Girls are always the main constituent of a city's average, and we award Seattle a 4.0 with a perfectly clear conscience.

In San Francisco it was foggy and windy when we came in; it was foggy and windy while we were there; and it was foggy and windy when we left. More coal in a high wind that heaved it into our eyes and left it there. The "old home week" stuff was lacking, but the boys left with a brief but thorough knowledge of Tait's, the Palace, Coffee Dan's, and the Black Cat.

Did you ever meet a Native Son from Los Angeles? If you have, you know what it is like. The movie studios were opened for our inspection, and we were "shot" at several of them. More dances and more girls, of the guaranteed California brand. One of us became so enraptured that he decided one night in a fit of ecstasy to end it all. He cast himself from a turret, and woke up next morning on the binnacle list.

Panama again, after eleven long, hot days along the Mexican coast. If Mexico is as hot as the scuttle-butt during that trip, give me my ice-bound radiator back in Bancroft Hall. The return trip through the Canal



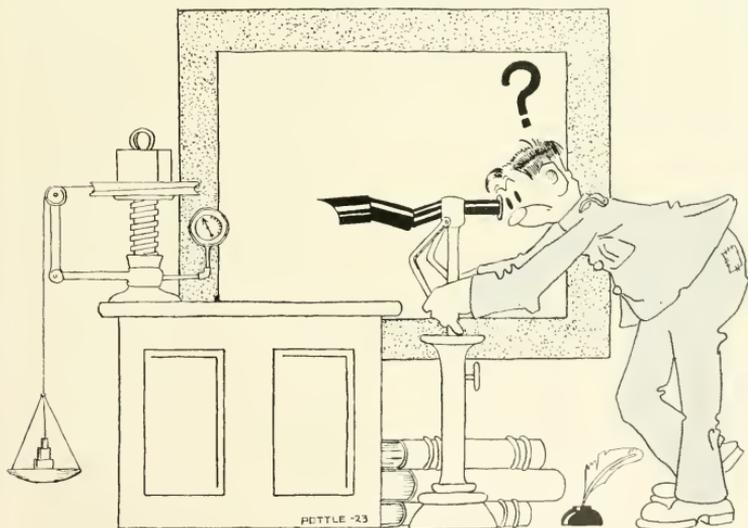
AND THE SHIP ROCKED

was interesting, but everyone had the same feeling that the next port meant Home.

Our rosy hopes of arriving a day early in Crabtown went blooey when the Connie, not satisfied with losing one propeller, broke the other one early the next morning. She and the No Hope played tag for the better part of two days, finally arriving in Guantanamo the second night at eleven o'clock, after some twenty (conservative estimate) false alarms. After an immediate transfer of mids and baggage we shoved off at five o'clock the next morning, the squadron reduced from six ships to four. No one was at all bashful about shovelling coal, that last short leg of the Cruise. We arrived in the Chesapeake two days late, and no words ever sounded sweeter to us than the "disembark" which meant Leave and Home. Our first cruise was over, and we left carrying with us the knowledge that we had experienced the finest ever.

## Youngster Year

In one sense Youngster year is a fall. At least it begins with a sudden and rapid decline. The old adage that whatever goes up must come down proved very true when we descended from the sublime heights of a first September leave to the cold fact of another Academic year. When one had had his head in the clouds for a whole month it is a bit disconcerting to have the mists suddenly disperse and rock bottom appear with unpleasant plainness. It was a rather dazed Third Class that took up a new life at the Academy that first week in October. Memories of Home and of Her, (in many cases of Them), haunted us ever. A new point of view of



PETTLE '23

THAT ELUSIVE ERG

Academy life confused us a little, and running under it all was the ever-present daily allotment of boning that had to be done. Some was familiar enough, but Oh, that Skinny and that Calc!

In the course of time adjustment came, and we were shaken down into our new places. After all there were a few cushions to ease the shock of the fall. Weekly liberty, provided we were able to steer shy of the pap sheet; the wooing of Lady Fatima, a fickle dame at best, for she often led us astray; and the joy of fair companions at our week-end revels served to make the Navy look a lot more cheerful than it had before. Most of us had a queer sensation the first time we shoved out on the Gym deck with a femme in our arms and, looking up, saw somebody else in our old places in the balcony.

Time passed with alarming rapidity. Weekly bushes and monthly trees left a good many in serious need of a ladder to get down to the terra-firma of sat and savvy before the battle of the All-Academic in January. Army Game with its ensuing string of hilarity and adventure came and went. For the second time we saw the Greylegs bow their necks, before our team. The usual era of hopelessly sleepy recitations. Kaydets' caps, and fat pocketbooks came in its wake and kept the blessed memory fresh.

Presently it was up anchors and away on a four day endurance test set to the music of Jazz Band and clinking glass. Those of us who weren't in love before Christmas leave came back ensnared in the tresses of some fair maid. The members of the Ancient Order of the Snakes were more numerous than before, and the rhinofests of the lovelorn were the order of the day.

The end of Christmas Week found us about all in, but there was no rest for the weary, and a month of frantic reviewing left us with a fighting chance in the struggle for the 2.5. When the smoke cleared away we found that the casualties were mercifully few, and again the class gathered way on its journey toward June, 1923.

Our course is half run, we are an integral part of the Service, and we are realizing the value of the goal for which we strive. May strength be ours till it is reached!



OUR TALE IS TOLD



# PLEBE ROLL



ARDILL, E. W.  
ABRAHAM, N. W.  
ADAIR, C.  
ADAMS, C. B.  
ADAMS, J. W., JR.  
ADAMS, R. McB. B.  
ADDONS, J. F.  
AKINS, C. M.  
ALDERMAN, C. L.  
ALGER, J. N.  
ALLEN, J. L.  
ANDERSEN, E. E.  
ANDERSON, R. A.  
ANDREWS, F. B.  
APPLEBY, H. B.  
ARISON, R. E.  
ARMOR, H.  
ASHENHURST, F. F.  
AUERBACH, E. H.  
AUSTIN, B. L.  
AXTELL, A. W.  
RACHMAN, I. A.  
BAILEY, S. M.  
BAILEY, W. B.  
BAILLIE, R. V.  
BAISLEY, C. D.  
BALDWIN, H. W.  
BALDWIN, R. V.  
BALL, T. J., JR.  
BALLINGER, H. B.  
BANKS, J. O., JR.  
BARBER, S. G.  
BARCHET, S. G.  
BARE, F. T.  
BARE, R. O.  
BARKER, N. C.  
BARNES, A. D.  
BARNETT, G. E.  
BARON, R. S.  
BASS, A. W.  
BASTIEN, L. L., JR.  
BAWDEN, H. E.  
BEAKLEY, W. M.  
BEARCE, H. P.  
BEATTY, C. F.  
BECKER, H. P.  
BEDELL, S. W.  
BEDFORD, S. R.  
BEDNAR, A.  
BELL, F. J.  
BELLERY, R. J.  
BELLINGER, G. H., JR.  
BENNETT, D. B.  
BENTON, H. P., JR.  
BERGER, H. A.  
BERLINER, S.  
BERTHOLD, E. F.  
BERTSCHY, R. S.  
BIRMINGHAM, W.  
BLADES, G. E.  
BLAKESLEE, H. W.  
BLANCHARD, T.  
BLANCHE, J. G., JR.  
BLAYLOCK, L. B.  
BLIEMNER, A. G.  
BLOUGH, A. K.  
BLUI, J. S.  
BLURTON, C. H.  
BOCK, B. N.

BOLSTAD, B. L.  
BOLTON, A. J.  
BOLTZ, P. McC.  
BORGES, K. R.  
BOWKE, R. J., JR.  
BOWERS, H. T., JR.  
BOYD, J. J.  
BRADLEY, M. M.  
BRADY, J. W.  
BRAND, J. W. C.  
BRANT, E. V.  
BRENNAN, C. T.  
BREKERTON, W. H.  
BRISBANE, W. H.  
BRODA, D. F.  
BROUSSEAU, H. G.  
BROWN, G. G.  
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BROWNING, L. L.  
BRYANT, C. R.  
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BRYDON, G. M., JR.  
BUDNITZ, E. A.  
BULLIS, W. F.  
BUNKER, F. R.  
BURCHETT, E. C.  
BURLING, D. O.  
BURRIS, H.  
BURROUGHS, S. E., JR.  
BUSH, F. L.  
BUSH, S. E.  
BUTLER, C. W.  
BUXTON, J. W.  
BYRAM, F. F.  
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CALDWELL, W. A.  
CALHOUN, A. D., JR.  
CALLAGHAN, J. A.  
CALLANDER, J. T.  
CALLAWAY, C. H.  
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CAMERON, D. A.  
CAMERON, T. S.  
CAMPBELL, L. F.  
CAMPBELL, R. L., JR.  
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CARLSON, R. P.  
CARNEY, A. G.  
CARPENTER, D. N.  
CARR, R. S.  
CARROLL, C. E.  
CARROLLS, R. C.  
CARSON, J. M.  
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CLOSE, F.  
COCHRAN, W. P., JR.  
COE, W. R.  
COLBURN, R. C.

COLT, W. M.  
COLLY, L. F.  
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COOKE, J. F.  
COOPER, H. D.  
COWAN, F. JR.  
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 JERRETT, R. L.  
 JOHNSON, J. F.  
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 JONES, H. A.  
 KALISCH, B.  
 KANAKANU, W. A.  
 KAPPEL, W. R.  
 KARRS, F. D., JR.  
 KELLER, H. S.  
 KELLY, S. G.  
 KENNAOAY, J. M.  
 KENNY, J. M., JR.  
 KENT, H. G.  
 KERNS, E. F.  
 KERRICK, A. H.  
 KIRBY, R. A., JR.  
 KIMES, T. J.  
 KING, G. C.  
 KING, H. T.  
 KING, S.  
 KIRKLAND, T. J., JR.  
 KISSAM, G. D.  
 KLEINE, W., JR.  
 KLINE, A. R.  
 KOLB, S. D.  
 KRAFT, W. E.  
 KREISER, A. W., JR.  
 KROOK, A. T.  
 LAIDLAW, J. S.  
 LAMBETH, H. R.  
 LANCE, G. W.  
 LANKENAU, W. E.  
 LARCOMBE, H. N.  
 LARSON, R. W.  
 LATIMER, S. E.  
 LAWRENCE, J. R.  
 LAYNE, F. C.  
 LAYTON, E. T.  
 LAZILL, I. D.  
 LEACH, W. D., JR.  
 LEAHEY, G. A., JR.  
 LEAVITT, G.  
 LEBAN, P.  
 LEGG, C. L.  
 LEFF, C. A., JR.  
 LEMAN, A. L., JR.  
 LESLIE, H. K.  
 LEVERETT, A. B.  
 LEWIS, J. N., JR.  
 LILLARD, J. S.  
 LINDSAY, G. M.  
 LINHOLM, A. R.  
 LINHICUM, T. C.  
 LIPSEY, R. O.  
 LISHNESS, R. W.  
 LLOYD, D. J.  
 LOCKHART, R. G.  
 LOOMIS, F. B., JR.  
 LOOS, W. M.  
 LORD, J. K.  
 LOVEJOY, J. D.  
 LOVEPLACE, W. F., JR.  
 LUTHRINGER, M. S.  
 LYNCH, E. V.  
 MCASSEY, E. D.  
 MCCALDER, W. R.  
 MCCALLUM, D. J.  
 MCDANIEL, R. T.

McDONALD, C.  
 McDONALD, C. C.  
 McDONALD, C. E.  
 McDONOUGH, J. F.  
 McDOWELL, N. L.  
 McFADDEN, A. G. W.  
 McGARY, K. C.  
 McGLASSON, G.  
 McGRAW, T. M.  
 MCGREGOR, F. A., JR.  
 MCGREGOR, T. H.  
 McHUGH, F. P.  
 McLENNY, S. A., JR.  
 McLENNY, W. W., JR.  
 McIntOSH, J. H.  
 McKEE, I. C.  
 McLaughlin, A. E.  
 McLEAN, D. F.  
 McLEAN, E. R., JR.  
 McLEAN, H. B.  
 McLEOD, R. D., JR.  
 McMAHON, W. S.  
 McNARY, R. M.  
 McPART, L. L.  
 MacDONALD, D.  
 MacDONALD, F. W.  
 MacINTYRE, A.  
 MacLEAN, S. K.  
 Magly, A. V.  
 MAKOWSKI, M.  
 MAKORY, F., JR.  
 MANSHILL, W. N.  
 MARSH, J. A.  
 MARSHALL, T. C.  
 MARTIN, D. J.  
 MARTIN, H. J.  
 MATHEWS, B. O.  
 MATTECCI, G. A.  
 MAUNTS, C. G.  
 MELLON, W. L.  
 MENSING, R. J. K.  
 MERCER, P. V.  
 MERRICK, M. P.  
 MICHELET, W. G.  
 MILLER, D. H.  
 MILLER, H. B.  
 MILLER, S. F.  
 MILLS, M. A., JR.  
 MILLS, R. E.  
 MINTER, R. O.  
 MITCHELL, W. J.  
 MORGAN, R. O.  
 MONTGOMERY, G. C.  
 MONZINGO, F. L.  
 MOORE, A. S.  
 MOORE, E. McF.  
 MOORE, W. T.  
 MORGAN, A. M.  
 MORRILL, J. H.  
 MORRIS, S. F., 3d  
 MORRISON, C. B.  
 MORROWS, S. H.  
 MORSE, W., JR.  
 MOSS, R. S.  
 MUNZ, C. J., JR.  
 MURPHY, E. M.  
 MURRAY, F. A.  
 NAGEL, S.  
 NAPIER, T. D.  
 NEALE, E. T.  
 NESSER, C. J.  
 NEWMAN, G.  
 NICHOL, B. B.  
 NONWELLER, K. H.  
 NORCROSS, M. A.  
 NORMAN, D. P.  
 NORMAN, O. L.  
 NORMAN, R. G.  
 NOYES, V. P.  
 NUESSE, L. W.  
 NUNN, I. H.  
 O'BEIRNE, J. F.  
 O'CONNELL, S. E., JR.  
 ODEN, S. F.  
 OEXLE, C. W.  
 OGLE, G. B.  
 O'KEEFE, G. F.  
 OLSON, D. P.  
 OPPE, J. N., 3d  
 OPPERAG, W. R.  
 OSWALD, A. H.  
 PAGE, H. G.  
 PAHL, J. R.  
 PALMER, E. A., JR.  
 PARKER, E. C.  
 PATTEN, W. I.  
 PATTERSON, G. W., JR.  
 PENNY, R. J.  
 PERKINS, A. N.  
 PERRY, R. E.  
 PETERSEN, W. F.  
 PETERSON, G. EDMUND  
 PETERSON, G. EDWARD  
 PHELPS, W.  
 PHILLIPS, G. I.  
 PHILLIPS, N.  
 PHILLIPS, R. D.  
 PLAYTER, R. F.  
 PLEASANTS, P. D.  
 POTTER, A. P.  
 POTTER, O. O.  
 PRICE, J. H., JR.  
 PUPPENY, D. B.  
 PRATT, C. J.  
 PRICE, C. H.  
 PRIVETT, G. P.  
 PURPLE, W. C.  
 PYNE, S. M.  
 QUAIN, A. M.  
 QUINNS, B. D.  
 RAGAN, T. C.  
 RAMSEY, D. J.  
 RANDOLPH, A. K.  
 RANDOLPH, A. P.  
 RANSOM, H.  
 RASBACH, J. B.  
 REAGAN, E. W.  
 READ, H. T.  
 REITH, G., Jr.  
 REITHER, R. W.  
 REPLINGER, C. F.  
 REPLOGLE, L. I.  
 RHAMSTINE, J. R.  
 RHEA, F. G.  
 RHODES, W. R.  
 RICE, L. K.  
 RICHARDS, W. L.  
 RICKETS, J. B., JR.  
 RIGGS, P. C.  
 RITCHIE, T. H.  
 ROANE, V. R.  
 ROBERTS, D. G.  
 ROBERTS, I. W.  
 ROBERTS, N. K.  
 ROBILARD, G. N.  
 ROBINSON, H. R.  
 RODE, H. C., JR.  
 ROEDER, L.  
 ROEHL, E. C.  
 ROOPER, T. D.  
 RORSCHACH, A. J.  
 ROSE, R. E., JR.  
 ROTHS, M. H.  
 RUCKER, C. G.  
 RUFFOLO, L. J.  
 RUSSENBERGER, J. R.  
 RUTT, B. L.  
 SALL, H.  
 SAMS, A. F.  
 SANDERS, S., JR.  
 SANFORD, J. K., JR.  
 SAWYER, M. A.  
 SAYRE, R. E.  
 SAYRES, C.  
 SCHEFFELER, J. J.  
 SCHENCK, C. A., JR.  
 SCHIRMER, W. O.  
 SCHONLAND, H. E.  
 SCHREINER, M.  
 SCOTT, E. W.  
 SCOTTE, W. W.  
 SEAWARD, E. T.  
 SEAY, E. A.  
 SESSIONS, F. E., JR.  
 SHANKLIN, E. W.  
 SHANNON, J. T.  
 SHARLIN, L. D., JR.  
 SHELDON, H. F.  
 SHEPHERD, C. E.  
 SHIELER, P. A.  
 SHIVELY, J. C.  
 SHORT, W. B.  
 SHROPSHIRE, R. F.  
 SHULTZ, T. J.  
 SHUMAKER, C. S.  
 SIGEST, S. W.  
 SIGURIST, W. W.  
 SIMMONS, N. B.  
 SIMMONS, W. F.  
 SIMONTON, R. M.  
 SIMPSON, S. D.  
 SINCLAIR, G. A.  
 SINGER, S. W., JR.  
 SINGSON, T. U., JR.  
 SLEETH, E. E.  
 SMITH, H. P.  
 SMITH, JOHN T.  
 SMITH, J. W.  
 SMITH, P. K.  
 SNYDER, J. T.  
 SOUTHGATE, T. C.  
 SOUTHWORTH, H. B.  
 SPAHN, J. E.  
 SPEEK, J. G.  
 SPENCER, R.  
 STARKWEATHER, M. W.  
 STEEL, H. V.  
 STEELE, T. E., JR.  
 STEENBERG, C. H.  
 STEPHENS, E. W.  
 STEVENS, H. P., JR.  
 STEVENS, R. B.  
 STOCK, WILLIAM E.  
 STODDARD, G. M.  
 STONE, W. P.  
 STORMS, M. C.  
 STOTT, G. W.  
 STOUT, R. F.  
 STROECKER, F. A.  
 STUART, C. J.  
 STUART, W. J.  
 STURCKEN, W. A.  
 SULLIVAN, J. E.  
 SUMAN, E. L.  
 SUTLIF, R. C.  
 SWART, R. L., JR.  
 SWEENEY, J. M.  
 SYLVESTER, H. MAC T.  
 TAMMANY, W. P.  
 TAYLOR, E. J., JR.  
 TAYLOR, J. I., JR.  
 TEBEAU, F. H.  
 TELLER, M. S.  
 TEMPLE, H. B.  
 TEMPLETON, T. H.  
 THEW, J. P.  
 THOMAS, L. H.  
 THOMAS, R. H.  
 THOMPSON, A. B.  
 THOMPSON, A. L.  
 THOMPSON, W. B.  
 TICHENOR, M. J.  
 TIMOTHY, H. H.  
 TONKIN, C. T., JR.  
 TOPFER, J. R.  
 TOWER, G. C.  
 TOWNSEND, A. M.  
 TRACY, A. H.  
 TRACY, O. V.  
 TURNER, R. H.  
 TURNER, T. A., JR.  
 TWEDDY, E.  
 VAN, D. C.  
 VERGE, W. F.  
 VIEWEG, W. V. R.  
 VOS, R. A.  
 VOSSLER, A. B.  
 WAHD, R. T.  
 WAKEFIELD, A. C.  
 WALBRIDGE, V.  
 WALDRON, J. C.  
 WALKER, D. S.  
 WALKER, H. W.  
 WALKER, R. S. W.  
 WALLER, R. R.  
 WALLING, W. W.  
 WARBURTON, A. L.  
 WARD, R. F.  
 WARREN, J. T.  
 WATTS, E.  
 WEAVER, P. L. F.  
 WEBB, R. C., JR.  
 WEBSTER, W. M., JR.  
 WEIDENHYER, J. D.  
 WEIR, A.  
 WELSFORD, H. R.  
 WELSH, D. E.  
 WHALEN, J. J.  
 WHIPPLE, H. B.  
 WHITE, W. S.  
 WHITEHEAD, E. W.  
 WIGHT, D. D.  
 WILDER, D. C.  
 WILEY, J. A.  
 WILKIN, W. D.  
 WILKINS, C. W.  
 WILKINSON, E. R.  
 WILLIAMS, A. L., JR.  
 WILLIAMS, G. A.  
 WILLIAMS, J. B.  
 WILLIAMS, R. D.  
 WILLIAMS, S. A.  
 WILLIAMS, W. R.  
 WILLIS, D. G.  
 WILSON, B. E.  
 WILSON, H. K.  
 WILSON, R. E.  
 WINCOFF, C. C.  
 WINSLOW, C. McR., JR.  
 WISNER, A. P.  
 WITMER, E. L.  
 WITTLAKE, O. D.  
 WOLODZKY, J. E.  
 WOOD, A. C.  
 WOOD, C. C.  
 WOOD, J. L.  
 WOOD, J. W., JR.  
 WOODBRIDGE, B. H.  
 WOODWARD, J. J.  
 WOODWARD, E. L.  
 WORTHINGTON, J. M.  
 WRAY, H. W.  
 WRIGHT, C. H.  
 WRIGHT, J. B., JR.  
 WRIGHT, J. M. P.  
 WYMOND, J. E.  
 YODDARS, E. L.  
 YOUNG, E. W.  
 YOUNG, R. C., JR.  
 ZELENKA, B. T.  
 ZITZEWITZ, E. K.



## Follies of 1924

A FEW hours after the rosy flush of dawn saw the great grey shapes which were to carry the midshipmen westward well on their way down the bay, the Class of 1924 was born, hardly to blush unseen. For from the moment that the first successful candidate said "Good Morning, Sir!" to Doc Reeves, the class grew and grew, almost defying the second and fourth wings to keep it within bounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

We were suddenly dumped into a primitive world—a highly cultured primitive world, with modern conveniences and all that—but a primitive world, none the less. A man was a man for what was in him—other than Navy chow. The strong survived those two-hour exec periods and the weaklings went to the wall; or rather, to sick bay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Until the time that the Navy took us in hand we were a pretty green bunch, no doubt, but the Navy taught us a lot. We were told, for instance, which end of a gun would kill and were then permitted to experiment with a Springfield. After an actual experiment, however, we decided that there was little difference between the ends. And then there were cutter drills, infantry drills, "steam" drills gymnasium drills; all conceived in summer and dedicated to the same purpose. The end and aim of all existence seemed to be perspiration. When ten p. m. arrived we were always ready to turn into those funny white things which stand in the corners of all the rooms in Bancroft Hall. For many weeks we had much trouble turning the mattresses back in the morning until some bright colleague of ours discovered that by dampening his thumbs it could be easily done—something after the fashion of rolling your own.



ROLLING YOUR OWN

\* \* \*

The summer drew to a close soon, and



one morning found us looking upon the hard-boiled crew which a flock of motor sailors debouched upon the lower edge of Farragut Field. Skipping lightly over our premonitions at this time, let us go to the opening of the Academic year. The group of buildings whose only purpose, we thought, was to hold a clock with an illuminated dial, suddenly came to life and took charge of most of our waking hours. The department of Math surprised us by telling us that a log table was not an article of rustic design porch furniture, but a—well, most of us don't exactly know yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tempus figgeted along until the game. The Game! After a long period of time enlightened only by cheery, chilly, exhilarating afternoons of cheering practices, we found ourselves seated in a northbound train, swapping yarns with the stripers in the seat opposite, telling our plans for the evening to all who were not too busy telling theirs, making arrangements to the most minute detail, and happy as a flea on a poodle's back. The Polo Grounds, the Roof Gardens, the theaters, the Prè Cat; all proved more enjoyable than even our wildest dreams had anticipated. For three weeks after the game we were in a hop, dreaming dreams of past pleasures until the trees and the dope that only the sat and savvy would rate Christmas leave snapped us out of it.

\* \* \*

But eligibility for Leave proved to be a matter of geography and department rather than erudition as we feared. Except for an unfortunate minority we were to enjoy about a hundred hours of absolute freedom. They didn't really greet us with the Fireman's Band when we dropped to the snow-covered ground from the last coach of the morning train. But the whole old home town did settle its pince nez for a closer scrutiny and then spooned on us, by gum! Sunday night, our arms loaded with packages of home-made cake and candy, we climbed aboard the Crabtown bound Pullman, our limbs still tingling with the strains of the last waltz with her and our lips tingling with her last kiss.



IN THE BUTTS

Then came a week of happy holidaying, followed by a short stiff pull up to the first river. The class as a whole crossed safely, all shipping some water; some merely getting a bit damp and others being obliged to bail like hell. Of course, a few beloved brethren went under, but Academic life whirls so swiftly that our own worries over the rapid approach of the second river soon effaced all but a memory of those who fell by the way-side.

\* \* \*

A little more confident of not drowning now, due perhaps to the course in resuscitation given by Commodore Longfellow last winter, we awaited an oncoming flood. For beyond the raging waters of the second river lie, in order: the glamour and joyous pleasure of June Week, the adventure of the cruise, the dignity of a gold stripe, and the long blissful month of September.

\* \* \*



THE FIRST DAY

### "AS SHE IS"

There was once a hot sketch back in a one-horse town who read a dime novel called "Midshipman Easy" and so decided to be a seafaring hero. Since his paternal prop controlled the vote of the spaghetti moulders' union, his appointment was a cinch. The old man jarred loose from the entrance fee plus fifty per cent for travelling expenses and soon our hero coughed twice and became a midshipman.

He came to in his skivvies, sitting in a narrow two-by-four cellarette section of Bancroft Hall, surrounded by a lot of haberdashery and hardware of a simple type;



XMAS LEAVE



MISTER GOOPHUS GET'S A NON-REG HAIRCUT



SEAMANSHIP BY THE NUMBERS

while a moke was making a getaway with his new Panama hat, two suits of clothes, and his tan English walking shoes.

He almost died from homesickness and inoculations and sore feet and reg chow that first two weeks. But pretty soon he got hep to himself and by the time the laundry had chewed the buttons off of his chambray shirts, our hero was all broke in and seagoing, and could talk about "crabs" and "yard engines" and "skags" and "D. O.'s" like any salt smeared son of Neptune.

So he waxed fat and wot not of the future and wrote high flown persiflage to the O. A. O. about how he was the King Pin of the Radeo.

One fine morning six battered, bruised, and barnacled barges stirred the mud off of Greensbury lighthouse and our hero saw a horde of unwashed, unshaved heathen invade the premises and descend upon him. And his shirts and his collars and sox and white hat and unmentionables all vanished as the chaff before the wind and his soul was filled with humiliation and alarm.

And a month later this same tribe again fell upon his happy haunts and remained there, and relegated him to insignificance and filled his days with sorrows manifold. And he learned to jump at such fierce commands as "Suckyer-guttup" and "Gittemback!"

And at first he was sad and despondent and longingly thought of the family circle, but finally wised up to the fact that he was playing a man sized game, and turned to do his bit.

He skinned by the semi-anns and by the grace of Tecumseh piled up enough velvet to carry him through the anns. He had the O. A. O. down for the June Ball, and Oh Boy! wasn't it grand to be a Youngster!



YE MECH DRAWING SHARK

## EVOLUTION

*From Candidate to Youngster*

Ambition, Investigation, Application, Recommendation;  
Acquisition, Authorization, Preparation, Anticipation;  
Examination, Mortification, Anticipation, Notification;  
Examination, Introduction, Anticipation, Satisfaction;  
Initiation, Chastization, Rhino-ization, Resignation;  
Reconsideration, Determination, Segregation, Exemption;  
Re-coalition, Anticipation, Exultation, Reflection;  
Capitalization, Vacation, Precaution, Examination;  
Resuscitation, Re-determination, Anticipation, Examination;  
Promotion, Youngster-ization, Realization, Anticipation.

And still we live on ANTICIPATION.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Things We Should Miss

Plebe Summer

The Game

"Fall out those having authority to dine out"

Feldmeyer's

"Carry on, Plebes!"

### But We Wouldn't Miss

Slum

The D. O.

Smoke Hall

"Let's see a wrinkle"

Reveille



THE REASON OF IT ALL



## Richard A. Glendon

**B**ACK in 1870 in a little Massachusetts town there was born a young chap whom fond parents labelled Richard and whence we have "Big Dick from Boston." Now "Big Dick" has always been connected with an oar in one capacity or another, even back in the days when he used to catch it with an oar instead of the old hair brush or bedroom slipper. But he didn't let that phase him, he went right after the oar in true Yankee style. He started sculling in 1886, followed that by beginning to coach in 1889, started Interscholastic rowing in Boston in 1894. If we remember correctly, and we do remember correctly, it was in the spring of 1904 that "Dick" changed locations and moved his ability to Annapolis-on-the-Severn, and here he has remained until the present day. The total comes to some eighteen years in these parts.

"Dick" started out with practically nothing to work with. But work he did, started at the bottom and went right on up to the top and stuck there despite all obstacles. He has entered his crews in seven American Henleys and out of that number five have brought home the bacon on their crossed oars. This last year of 1920 brought out everything that the Coach had. All that his varsity did was to win the Henley, then beat 'em all at Lake Quinsigamond in the Olympic tryouts, and then across . . . well that has gone into history in capital letters.

Now whom do you suppose deserves the lion's share of it all? Nobody but "Dick." He showed them everything they knew, he trained them, he instilled in them the will to win, he praised them when they deserved it, and he gave them hell when they needed it, and he got the best in the world. All he needs is eight men and he will put a crew on the water that will give an account of itself. "Dick" is a man from tip to toe, and he has no peer in the Crew coaching world. And just as long as we have him down on the Severn you can bet your grandma's hoop skirt that the Navy will have the best that comes down the creek.

"Dick" started out with practically



# CONFIDENTIAL PAMPHLET

Department of Mexican Athletics

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

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*First, Last, and Only Memorandum*

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Being a record compiled and computed  
from data obtained in the last four years  
as the result of frequent dangerous ex-  
periments.

---

NEW AND LATEST METHODS  
*of*  
INFERIOR BULLFESTIC COMPETITION

Return to Department

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U. S. NAVAL INSTITUTE



## DAILY SMOKE-HALL SCENES

1. The Gamboliers.
2. Rufus' Soccer Squad has indoor practice.
3. Latest dope from the Supe's.
4. Charlie Smith has a birthday.
5. They couldn't sing before they came here.
6. This happens all the time.

## The Days in Old Smoke Hall

*By Saltwater Slim*

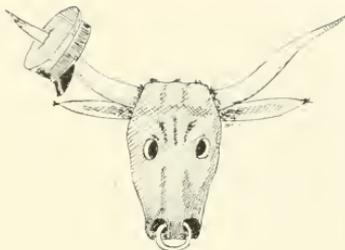
"TAKE your hands out of your pockets, man, here comes the darned D. O.!" "Knock off shooting nickels, Ziggy, you have just eight d's to go!" "Stop that crap game in the corner—say, those fools just won't get wise—don't they know Jig-Jig's not crazy—why that little shrimp's got eyes!" "No, my key won't fit your locker—Please don't try that same old gag—camouflage don't get you no-where—you're just hinting for a skag. Go and patronize the canteen where the Siwash twins hold sway—for what that couple sells you, you can bet your life you'll pay! Yes, the Navy's gone to Hades and there ain't no doubt o' that—with these three-page pap-sheets daily and one half the class unsat, and there's Sid's gang busting chairs again—they broke up five last night—We're a cross 'tween Monte Carlo and a Klondike bar room fight. Who's that got a birthday party? Oh! just Snake Hands' mob at play—Well, we had better grab for distance for they'll nab us if we stay. Pino's called a First Class meeting—wonder who's to chew the rag—Oh, it's Ted Wirth still a-harping on his darling Lucky Bag. Now they've started on an argument, the air is getting blue—Hy there, Pino, Mr. Chairman, let me speak a word or two! All right, then I'll pipe-down, brother—come on, Bill, let's ease away—over to the old victrola, there's a piece I want to play. It's a three hick red seal record—one somebody sent to me—some wop fiddler on a rampage—boy, he knocks off harmony! Say, that's music! Can't he fiddle! Sorta soothing to the soul—Can you realize, old salt horse, that we've nearly reached our goal—that our Smoke Hall days are numbered—that our time here's almost done—that a picture hanging somewhere will be all of Twenty One that remains a part of Smoke Hall while we're ranging wide and far never more to be together, as we just at present are. And no matter where we wander, it's with longing we'll recall days of comradeship and friendship spent together in Smoke Hall."

## “The Flavor Lasts”

THE MEXICAN ATHLETIC  
ASSOCIATION

INCORPORATED—Anne Arundel Co.

*Passed by Maryland State Board of  
Censorship*



THIS organization, organized in defiance of the Regulations, the Ten Commandments, and the Moral Code, in order to perpetuate our association for the general good of all posterity, do take the following steps toward the ultimate achievement of same.

Whereas, we, being of sound mind, wish to present a token of our esteem to that member of our band who has shown general excellence at our National pastime, and,

Whereas, we, after much consideration of the subject, have decided that for general excellence and frank and manly attitude that the prize goes to Cecil Faine, of Ohio—the Old Man of the Sea—the Daddy of them all—a man who has never been defeated in any single-handed contest, on any range. The committee used the following scale in deciding this momentous issue on the scale of a 4.0—

Inaccuracy . . . . .	1.5	Volume . . . . .	0.2
Range . . . . .	0.4	Rapidity of fire . . . . .	1.0
Dispersion . . . . .	0.4	Flarebacks . . . . .	0.5

Whereas, it is also the policy of the association to mention the runners-up, the following are listed in order.

Kirk-2nd Honors; Hail-3rd; Honorable mention: Kernodle, Sabin, Willkie, Kline, Bridget, Houser, Walker and Hal Jones, and

Whereas, the said Cecil Faine having demonstrated his absolute and unequivocal right to receive such a reward, we do take pleasure in presenting him with this triple-expansion, shunt-wound, separately excited, interpole Oil Stove.



*Isnoka Stogi*

*Chairman Presentation Committee.*

## Fraternities (Non-Reg.)

### MC SWINEY CLUB

*Motto*—LIBERTY OF DEATH  
*Emblem*—PILES OF CREOOTE  
*Victims*—BALL, BROWN, KLINE, SNYDER  
*Innocent Bystander*—AKEN

### HAND'S HOT-HAND HOUNDS

*Motto*—GET 'EM ALL  
*Emblem*—THE OPEN HAND  
*Chief Royal Beater*—"SNAKE" HAND  
*Royal Beater's Mate*—HAL JONES  
*Beater's Mate, 1st Cl.*—BOB HICKEY  
*Strikers*—HOOVER, HOUSER, HOSKINS

### SCRAP IRON TRIO

*Motto*—MACBETH DOTH MURDER SLEEP  
*Emblem*—THE HIGH SEAS  
*A-flat*—DICKINS  
*G-Minor*—MEREDITH  
*X-Prime*—SNELLING

### THE GAMBOLIERS

*Motto*—STOP, LOOK, LISTEN  
*Emblem*—THE OPEN WINDOW  
*Lil Snake Eyes*—KID DAWSON  
*Acey Ducey*—BLAIR FULLER  
*Lil Joe*—FRED JACKSON  
*Phoebe*—WALTER RAMSEY  
*Two Rows of*—JACK FROST  
*A NATURAL*—NEWT MANEY  
*Eighter*—BUD MAHER  
*Ninety Years*—MIKE KERNODLE  
*Big Dick*—BLACKY LOKER  
*Eleven*—GOORJ THOMPSON  
*Box Cars*—PINKY THORP

### CHRISTMAS CONVICTS

*Motto*—SWEET SPIRITS OF NITRE  
*Emblem*—DUTY BELT  
*Fivestriper*—WILLIE SCHINDLER  
*Adj.*—NICK COULTER  
*Swordmaster*—DILL PICKLE  
*Fratres in Spiritus*—BALL and HARVEY  
*The Rabble*—

BAUME	CRANSTON	KLINE
ROBERTS	BAKER	BROWN
BROWN	BROWN	BRANDT
FARRELL	HYATT	GREBER
SHAW	SNYDER	McKINLEY
FAINE	MEREDITH	WHITNEY
FRIER	NICHOLS	ROWE
		MORRISON

*Pledged*—DAWSON and THORP

### LEAGUE OF NATIONS

*Motto*—AMERICA FOR AMERICANS  
*Emblem*—THE MELTING POT

"Turk" WIRTH, *Pres.*  
 "Chink" LEE  
 "Pete" MONCEWICZ  
 "Swede" JOHNSON  
 "Georgie" COHAN

"Mick" CARNEY, *Vice-Pres.*  
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 "Piney" PINO  
 "Hubert" SCHNEIDER  
 "Frenchy" CHERBONNIER

"Wop" BARBARO, *Sec'y*  
 "Irish" SHANNONBERGER  
 "Apollo" SOUCEK  
 "Hun" DRISCHLER  
 "Red" STEINBAUER

### DEMOCRATIC CLUB

McGOWAN

### REPUBLICAN CLUB

FAINE

## Spots and Splashes

Seamanship Prof.—Mr. Rowe, give me an example of conclusive evidence.

Lionel—Sir, if a man was to be tried at a summary court for drunkenness, and came to the court drunk, that would be conclusive evidence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Meredith—(Ordnance Semi-ann) The recoil cylinders are filled with nitroglycerine and alcohol.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hail (with voice like steamer in fog)—Look proud! Heads up! You're in New York now!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Judge” Mahoney (to Faine)—Cecil, you're the only midshipman in the history of the Navy that had enough congressmen down here to count off by states and march in by squads.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is that apparition  
That flows in my line of sight  
Thank God there's Prohibition,  
For I know I'm seeing right!  
It has eased behind that pillar  
Help! murder! there's a fire!  
Whew! that surely was a thriller!  
Belay that! I'm a liar!  
Put up the hose and ladders,  
Stow the lanterns and red flag,  
I'm excited over nothing—  
Howell's inhaling on his skag!

\* \* \* \* \*

Detreville (at drill)—Is there a savoir in Juice present? (Mob pushes Cotton forward.) Mr. Cotton, do you savvy Electricity?

Cotton (modestly)—Well, sir, I know a little about it.

Det.—Well, Mr. Cotton, walk ten steps dead ahead. Take three to the right, and you will see a single pole, single throw switch. Push it, Mr. Cotton, push it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Red Johnson—Just a simple matter of integration. Put down  $x+3=x+4$  and solve for  $x$ .

\* \* \* \* \*

Cutie Forbes (after rolling the bones for a half-hour)—Gee, that's a hard point to make.

Griff—What is it?

Cutie—Twelve!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ramsey (to Searchlight Pete)—Sir, I want the keys to the trimming tanks. I want to go swimming.

## Famous Books by Famous Men

“How I Won the Atlantic Fleet Swimming Championship”—Tex Hail.

“I'm Right, You're Wrong”—Frank Bridget.

“How To Be a Diplomat”—Eddie Willkie.

“Fifteen Men On a Dead Man's Chest”—Snake Hand.

“Latest Gas House Gossip”—Hiram Shaw.

“How To Be an Actor”—Walter Lee.

“Wooded and Won”—Cicero Fairman.

“Ten Years Before the Mast”—Mike Kernodle.

“How I Discovered the Old Green River”—Ziggie Dawson.

“Twas the Night Before Christmas”—Ed Kline.

“Myself, As I See It”—A. E. Kirk (97 volumes and index).

\* \* \* \* \*

## Historic Navy Sayings

“Gintulmin of the Rigimunt.”

“Ernest, Ernest, get their names.”

“Section leader, take that damned dog out of here.”

“Keep your finger on the number.”

“I'm here to aid and abet.”

“Now there ain'ta gonna be no word passed.”

“Andy, Andy, throw that damned anchor overboard.”

“Now Mr. King will speak to the First Class soccer squad in Smoke Hall immediately.”

“I'd just as soon dismiss two thousand midshipmen as eat breakfast.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Don't fail to hear the rendition at the Circle Playhouse of “Where Is My Wandering Hair To-night”—a gripping song written and sung by Sage, Brown, and Hoskins.

Joel Newsom presents  
WALTER P. RAMSEY  
in a one-act playlet entitled  
**BALTIMORE AND RETURN**

Cast of characters in order of their appearance.

<i>The Debtor</i> . . . . .	JOEL NEWSOM
<i>The Creditor</i> , alias <i>The Fatted Calf</i> . . . . .	WALTER RAMSEY
<i>The Fictitious Lamp</i> , alias <i>Mrs. Harrison</i> . . . . .	ANNABELLE TWITCHET
<i>The Elusive Villain</i> . . . . .	CLEO R. BAUME
<i>The Real Mrs. Harrison</i> . . . . .	HERSELF
<i>Costumers</i> : Jakey Reed's Sons and Daughters	
<i>Time</i> : Last May.	

SCENE I. 2nd Wing, Uncle Sam's Zoological Gardens, Crabtown, Md.

Newsom (entering room desolately): Walt, I don't know when I'm going to get that twenty I owe you.

Walt (magnanimously): 'Salright, old boy, 'salright.

Newsom (Bright thought entering gonk): I just met a keen little girl out in town, boy. Wanna see her picture?

Walt: Sure, lesseeit. (Takes a look at the picture in a B. B. B. frame)—Oh, boy, who is she? I wish I knew her.

Newsom: Yeah, I was telling her all about you. She sure wants to meet you.

Walt: Boy, we call the twenty bucks off right now.

Newsom: Aw, forget it. Wish I didn't have to take a swimming test this afternoon.

Walt (hurriedly): Lemme do it for you, boy.

Newsom: Well, it sure will help me if you insist.

SCENE II. Three hours later. Walt has taken submarine test for Joel and cancelled the twenty buck obligation. He enters Joel's room, the latter slapping him affectionately on the shoulder.

Joel: Well, old boy, it's all fixed up. She'll meet you in the Reception Room tomorrow. Her name is Belle Twitchet, and she'll wear a red hat.

Walt: I'll be there.

SCENE III. Reception Room, next day.

Walt (who has been in sole possession from Noon to 6 p. m.) Dawgone it, why didn't she come?

Joel (entering hurriedly): Walt, I forgot to tell you, but Belle had to go to Baltimore today.

SCENE IV. (Ramsey's room the following Wednesday) Walt enters and sees letter on table postmarked Baltimore. He tremblingly opens it and reads:

My dear Walter:

Roses are red; dandelions are yellow.

The boys all say you're a peach of a fellow.

Garlic is green; violets are blue.

I'll be at Kernan's at half-past two.

Your little flower,

Belle.

P.S.—Ask for me as Mrs. Harrison.

(Walt sinks quiveringly on bed.) M. C. enters with another letter from the Vamp. Walter hoists First, Second, and Third Repeaters on excitement, and reads:

Walt, dearest: They've done me dirt. I met the nicest little boy today from The Navy and he said he was you. We had a wonderful time, because I thought it was you. Before he left he told me his name was Baume and that he was much better looking than you. He said that you were married and had whiskers. Walt, oh darling, tell me it isn't true.

Yours in suspense,

Belle.

Walt (angrily): Just wait till I find that guy Baume.

SCENE V. Lobby of Kernans Hotel—the next Saturday.

Enter Walt, camouflaged as a lumberjack, and goes to clerk's desk.

Walt (to clerk): Is Mrs. Harrison in?

Clerk: Yes—all. Wanna see her?

Our Hero: I hope to shout, boy.

(Walt takes elevator to 6th deck and walks back to second and timidly taps on door of 218.)

The Real Mrs. Harrison: Well?

Walt (cooingly): Are you in, dearest?

Mrs. Harrison: What the Hell and who the Hell are you?

Walt: I'm WALTER.

Mrs. Harrison: Well, Walter, you're drunk.

Walt: But your letter—your letter.

Mrs. Harrison: I let her what?

Walt (backing away): I guess I made a mistake.

Mrs. Harrison (slamming door): You're a living one. Get out before I call a cop. (*Exit* WALTER).

SCENE VI. Baume and Ramsey's room—Walter seated on bed, nursing his wrath and waiting for The Elusive Villain. Elusive Villain enters, unaware of approaching storm.

Walt (jumping quickly from Ostermoor): You—you—(words fail him).

Cleo: I—I what?

Walt (breathing heavily): D-d-d-did you meet Annabelle Twitchet?

Cleo (looking for bottle): Did you drink all of my Bay Rum?

Walt (completely gone): This has gone far enough. Tell me the truth. Why did you tell Belle you were me, you dirty double-crosser? (He makes pass at Cleo, who ducks under shaving mug.) Result—one broken locker door. Elusive Villain last seen going through Hospital gates at 60 per.

SCENE VII. Rufus's Office—next morning.

Enter Baume (with black eye): Sir, I want to change my room. Ramsey has gone crazy—raves about some woman all the time. He's absolutely dangerous and I'm afraid to go to sleep at night.

Rufus: Request approved. I've been watching him for some time.

CURTAIN

(Author's Note)—Annabelle has disappeared.

## Advertisements

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We guarantee to leave you strapped

Greatest wild-cat scheme on the face of the earth. Sign here, boys, sign here, and we'll take it out of your accounts.

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Gusher, Texas

FIRST TO FIGHT

SEMPER FIDELIS

## JOIN THE MARINES

Why live amongst smoke and cinders?

Be a Leatherneck!

Be an Aristocrat!

Stay on land!

*See me for full particulars.*

QUANTICO HO: — "Wild Bill" McKelvey

PHOTOS

PHOTOS

Classy photographs taken, printed,  
developed and delivered.

### YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

I also do tailoring, pressing,  
repairing, and any other little odd jobs.

Capital \$50,000

L. A. BROWN

Form No. 1260  
Company No. 2

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY  
Annapolis, Maryland

November 10, 1910

From *Mythipman Ecks, C.H., 2nd class*

To: Commandant of Midshipmen

Subject: Special requisition

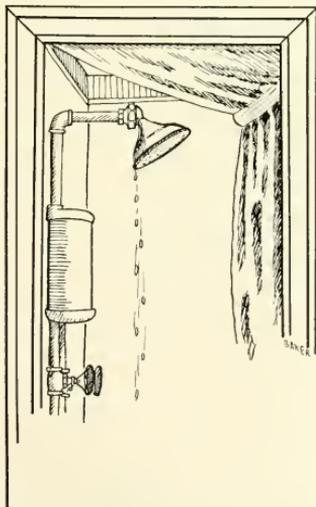
The following articles are required for my use:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. <i>One pair of shoestrings</i></p> <p>2. <i>One pencil</i></p> <p>3. <i>One 100-cent stamp</i></p> <p>4. _____</p> <p>5. _____</p> <p>6. _____</p> <p>7. _____</p> <p>8. _____</p> <p>9. _____</p> <p>10. _____</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">REASON</p> <p><i>My shoestrings are broken</i></p> <p><i>My other pencil is lost</i></p> <p><i>I wrote home last month</i></p> |
|---|---|

Amount available, *23.30*

Number of items *3*

*Captain H. Ecks*



*In Loving Memory  
of the  
Sub Squad*

## *Building a Lucky Bag*

IT may appear to those who peruse these pages to be merely a matter of taking a few pictures, jumbling the English language around to suit the pictures and letting it go at that. It may be so—but we're inclined to doubt it. Especially so when the ones who made it started out by knowing absolutely nothing about business, printing, engraving, or binding. Nothing is so very easy to accomplish with green hands and we are sure that without the guiding we have received at other hands than our own, there would be no Lucky Bag as it is.

Therefore, we take this opportunity to express our appreciation and gratitude to all those who have been instrumental in bringing out the best we had in the form of OUR Lucky Bag. Especially do we feelingly mention the name of Mr. A. F. DuBois, of The DuBois Press, Rochester, N. Y., for his personal interest in the Bag and his timely suggestions and sagacious advice. As the bards would have it, "He's been a mother to us." Now, when we mention one Mr. R. Bennett of White Studio, that brings on more talk. We always like to think of him as Our Bennett. But for his unflinching and untiring efforts we shudder to think what our pictures would have looked like. His professional knowledge and artistic taste has been at our disposal from the beginning and nothing we could say could possibly voice our appreciation. We also thank Mr. J. J. Sher and Mr. A. A. Segal of The Bureau of Engraving for their interest in the Bag and the service and work they have turned out for us. Likewise are we much indebted to Mr. E. W. Palmer, of the J. F. Tapley Co., New York, for much valuable assistance.

It is due to the interest and kindly consideration of the Commandant of Midshipmen, and the Executive Officer of Bancroft Hall that we have been able to put the extra time on the Bag that was so essential in the completion of the work, and we sincerely thank those Plebes who have come down here night in and night out and punched those wobbly Underwoods so our manuscript would be a little easier for the printers to read.

As a final word we thank every one who has in any way contributed to our welfare and the Book's publication, and will always remember the pleasant, instructive and beneficial acquaintances we have made in the production of this Bag.



The Mother sits by the Severn side,  
Where Severn joins the Bay,  
And great gray ships go down the tide  
And carry her sons away.  
They carry them far, they carry them wide,  
To all o' the Seven Seas,  
And ever the deathless tales abide  
They learned at Mother's knees.

Stern she is as well becomes  
The nurse of gentlemen,  
Who trains their tread to roll of drums,  
Their hands to sword and pen.  
Her iron-blooded art'ries hold  
No soft Corinthian strain,  
The Attic soul in a Spartan mould  
Shall govern the roaring main.

They come from South, they come from North,  
They come from East and West.  
And who can say when these go forth,  
That any of these are best?  
Naught they hunt the foes  
Through fog, or storm, or mine,  
And God makes strong the hearts of those  
Who love and are left behind.

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*WE wish to take this opportunity to express our very sincere appreciation of those advertisers who have helped to make this book possible. The firms that you will find represented on the succeeding pages are generally recognized by the entire Navy as handling goods of established quality and merit. These firms are interested in the Naval Service and are ever ready to make special efforts to please Naval Officers. We bespeak your patronage. We further recommend these following pages to your careful perusal merely throwing out the suggestion that it is very possible that you will find therein contained some of the richer feature material that the censor would not pass for the regular section.*



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Jewelers  
Silversmiths  
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*O*VER THE ROUGH  
SEA OF LIFE, AS  
ON THE SEVEN  
SEAS OF NAVAL  
DUTY—"1921," *BON*  
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*A*ND AFTERWARD,  
WHETHER IN  
THE SERVICE OR  
OUT, MAY EACH  
MAN COMMAND  
THE SERVICE OF  
*THIS HOUSE*

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*and*  
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*WITH* every step of forward moving invention  
Colt's Firearms have kept pace.

Just as the test of storms must prove how firmly the tree is rooted to the ground, so must the test of time speak for the merit of any man's creations. Will it serve and lead, year in and year out, and not be displaced by something better? A newer invention, a truer efficiency?

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2000 ROOMS  
2000 BATHS

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**COMMODORE**  
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GET OFF THE TRAIN AND TURN TO THE LEFT

The great, new hotel which met with instant success. Its very name suggests that it is the home in New York of Naval Officers and midshipmen from Annapolis. Its appeal is to the individual who expects the best service in the world.

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*and*  
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*SERVED THE MIDSHIPMEN WITH*  
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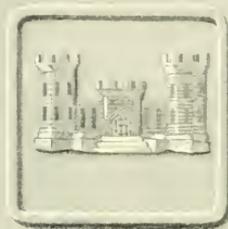
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*Powder Makers  
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Government*



Have you a Pen?

We mean a Pen!!

A pen that will sign your name  
in any style or any way?

For instance:

Underneath are a number of different  
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written by one person!!

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Some like it Little

and

Some like it Big

Some like it Weak

and

Some like it Strong

Some prefer this

and

Some prefer that

While the writer puts his

name under a hat!!



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and  
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Windlasses, Steering Gear,  
Deck Winches,  
Capstans, Pumps,  
Manganese Bronze and  
Iron Propellers*



*Bath, Maine*

# Pillsbury's

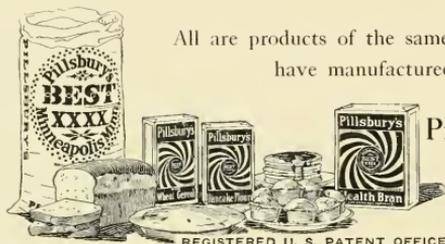
FAMILY OF FOODS

Best Flour  
Pancake Flour

Wheat Cereal  
Health Bran

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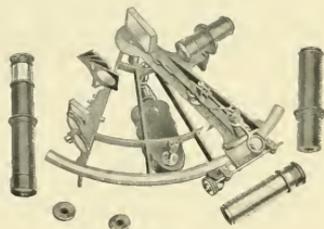
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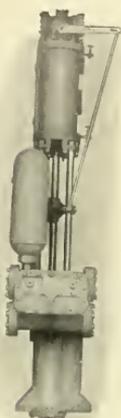
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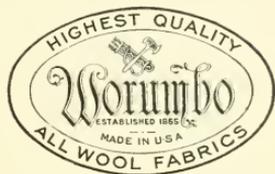
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Minneapolis remembers with pleasure the presence and the deportment of those who came to the school from the Navy, fit and worthy representatives of a great service. The city joins with Dunwoody in a tribute to the memory of those Dunwoody men of the Navy who gave their lives to the cause in the sea lanes and in camp and hospital; and to the 4,271 Dunwoody men of the Navy who claimed the city as a home for a brief time, Minneapolis sends greetings and good wishes.



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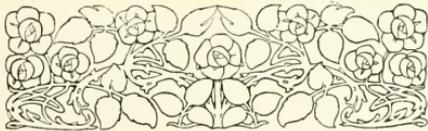


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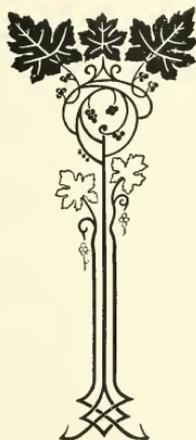
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# FATIMA

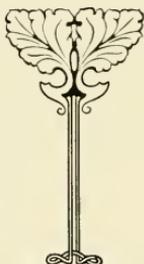
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## What Is Research?

**S**UPPOSE that a stove burns too much coal for the amount of heat that it radiates. The manufacturer hires a man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation to make experiments which will indicate desirable changes in design. The stove selected as the most efficient is the result of research.

Suppose that you want to make a ruby in a factory—not a mere imitation, but a real ruby, indistinguishable by any chemical or physical test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you try to make rubies just as nature did, with the same chemicals and under similar conditions. Your rubies are the result of research—research of a different type from that required to improve the stove.

Suppose, as you melted up your chemicals to produce rubies and experimented with high temperatures, you began to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago when rubies were first crystallized, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. You begin an investigation that leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, and, for that matter, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type—pioneering into the unknown to satisfy an insatiable curiosity.

Research of all three types is conducted in the Laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type of research—pioneering into the unknown—that means most, in the long run, even though it is undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

At the present time, for example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. Some day this X-ray work will enable scientists to answer more definitely than they can now the question: Why is iron magnetic? And then the electrical industry will take a great step forward, and more real progress will be made in five years than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.

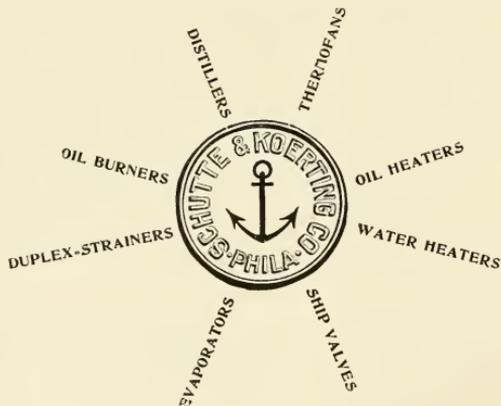
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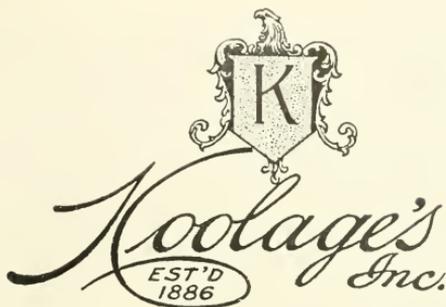
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U.S. SCHOOL OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY ON PARADE AT KODAK PARK 1917-18

## Rochester's Contribution to the

**R**OCHESTER'S contribution to the United States Navy includes several things contributory to the Navy's efficiency and unequalled record in the work of winning the great war.

Among them is the contribution of aerial photography which was made through the Eastman Kodak Company which patriotically placed its facilities for manufacture and research at the service of the Government. This included (a) the training of personnel for the service; (b) the improvement and development of aerial camera equipment, including the design and manufacture of lenses especially adapted to this work; (c) investigation of problems connected with photography, such as haze, and (d) specifying by means of laboratory tests the photographic materials, emulsions, filters, etc., best suited to photography from the air.

**U. S. SCHOOL OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.** At Kodak Park the U. S. School of Aerial Photography, with facilities for the training of one thousand enlisted men, was established. A huge building nearing completion provided barrack-room accommodation, dormitories, dark rooms and lecture rooms; the men's dining hall furnished mess facilities and the athletic field a drill ground. A corps of the Company's own photographic experts provided the instruction. In the slightly less than ten months of its existence, this School graduated 2,177 men for this highly important branch of war service.

**AERIAL CAMERAS.** For two years prior to America's participation in the war, the Eastman Kodak Company had been making experiments in *Aerial Cameras* and had successfully developed two models, one a hand held plate camera, the other a hand held roll-film camera. As early as 1915 the former had been sent to the Navy for trial.

In the summer of 1917 the Company turned its attention to the development of an automatic camera and October saw the completion of the first model of the now famous F. & S. Aero Camera K-1, which has practically revolutionized mapping from the air. This camera is fitted with a 20-inch lens, uses daylight loading cartridge film, capacity 100 exposures, size 18x24 cm., and is operated by a special motor attached to the fuselage of the plane. Exposures are made automatically at definite intervals and these can be varied to suit the speed of the machine.



ROCHESTER'S MOST ADVANCED BY THE EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY  
AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY DURING THE WAR

**THE GUN CAMERA.** The problem of training aerial gunners, that is, giving them target practice under actual combat conditions, had always been a difficult one to solve. The Eastman solution consisted in attaching a camera to the airman's gun and instead of recording the hits on a target, the target itself was recorded on the airman's film. Opposing planes using the gun camera attachment photographed each other with every "shot."

The physics department of the Research Laboratory of the Eastman Kodak Company had, as early as July 1916,



OFFICERS U.S. SCHOOL AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY KODAK PARK

## Navy in the Great World War

undertaken valuable research work on low visibility methods of painting ships—popularly known as “camouflage”—for the Submarine Defense Association.

The manufacturing resources of the Company were likewise available for the production, on a war scale, of film, plates, chemicals, dyes, photographic papers, cameras and cellulose acetate.

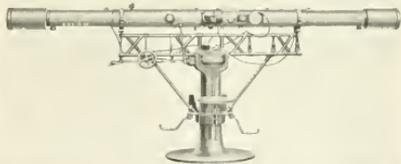
**RANGE FINDERS.** Another contribution to the efficiency of the Navy by the city on the Genesee is that of the range finder. Modern warfare proved conclusively the dependence of the Navy on its optical equipment. In the production of this apparatus the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company played a leading part, as it had been doing for a number of years prior to the war. Of primary importance, of course, was the development of optical glass, for, with the German supply unavailable, this country would have been without the means of producing any high grade optical equipment had not the Bausch & Lomb experts, with the aid of government representatives, developed glass as good as any previously imported from Germany. Fortunately Bausch & Lomb had been experimenting on this problem since 1912, or even earlier, and were thus the first in America to solve it successfully.

Practically every range finder used in the United States Navy was furnished by Bausch & Lomb, while at the close of the war binoculars were being completed at the rate of 3500 a week. Periscopes more perfect in design and rapid in operation than previous models were under construction, searchlight mirrors as large as sixty inches in diameter and ground and polished like a lens, gun sight telescopes, photographic lenses, spotting glasses, boresight telescopes, altiscopes, torpedo tube sights, focusing caps—all were produced as rapidly as consistent with the high quality required. Also one must not forget those instruments necessary to medical science—microscopes, microtomes, haemacytometers and centrifuges—made in large quantities by this company.

**BINOCULARS.** Besides aerial cameras, range finders and telescopes, Rochester produced for the Navy, binoculars in great numbers. Three models were produced by the Optical Shop Annex of United States Gun Factory located in Rochester. These models were the power night glass, 6-power prismatic binocular, the model most commonly used, the 10-power prismatic binocular for longer distances.

The machinery necessary for producing these optical instruments and lenses were manufactured by another Rochester Company, the General Railway Signal Company, which produced all the required special machinery.

**BUTTONS FOR UNIFORMS.** Still another Rochester contribution to the Navy during the great war were the buttons for the uniforms of the officers and men of the Navy. These were manufactured by one of Rochester's leading button manufacturers, Art-in-Buttons, Inc.



12 FOOT RANGE FINDER AND STAND



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14-inch Bethlehem Naval Gun being proof fired at Bethlehem Steel Company proving grounds

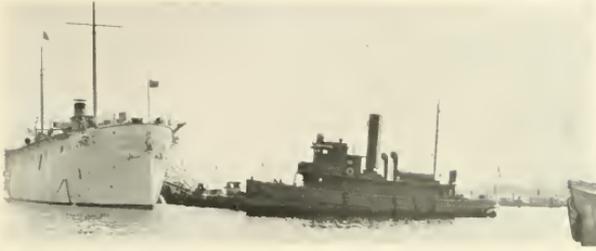
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