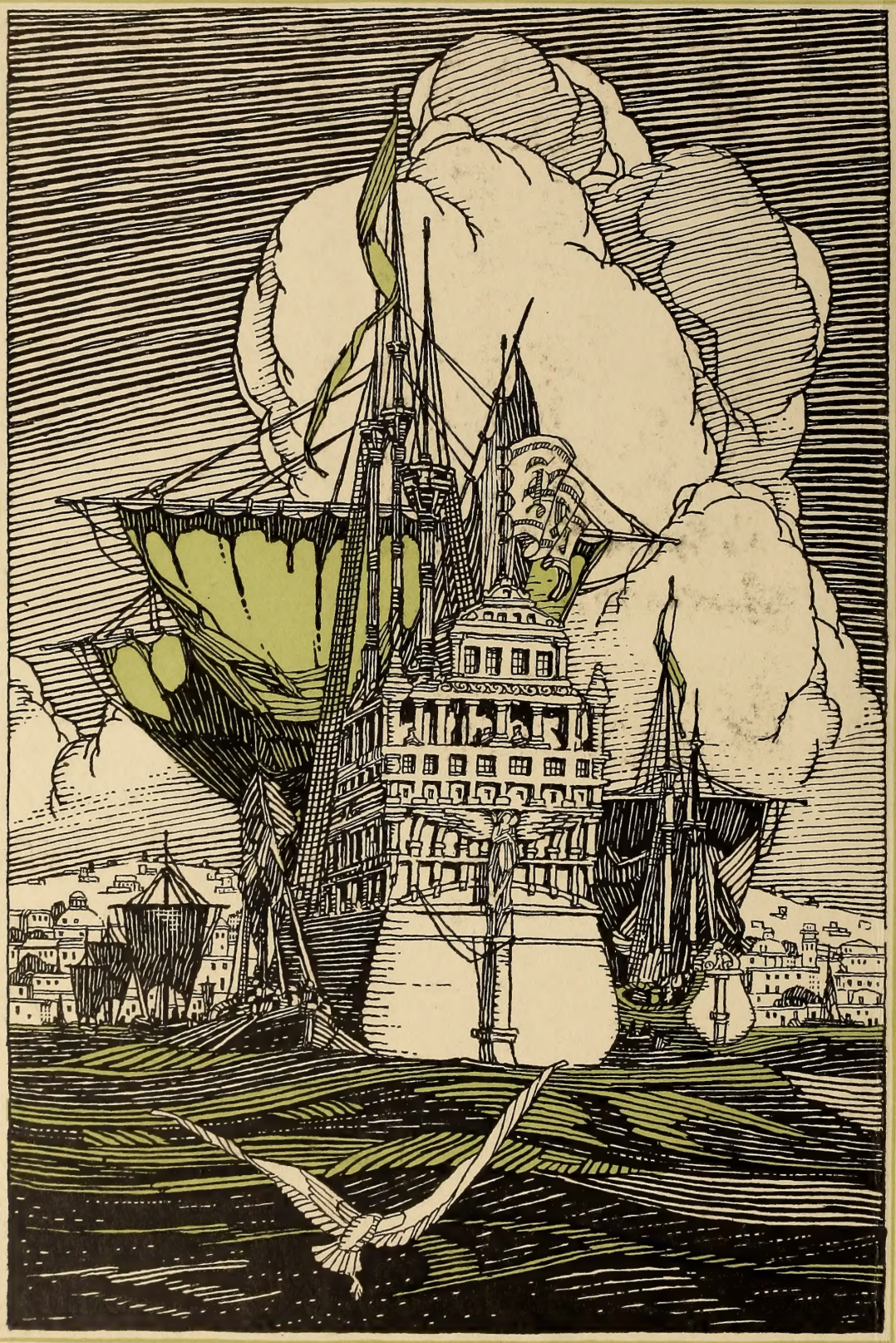
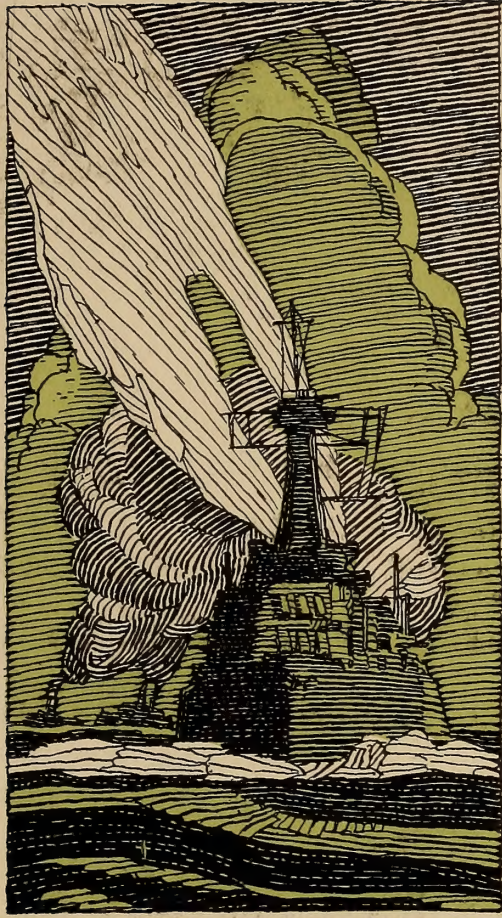




THE  
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1923





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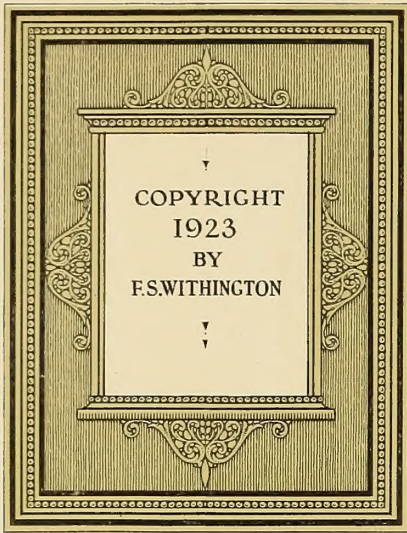








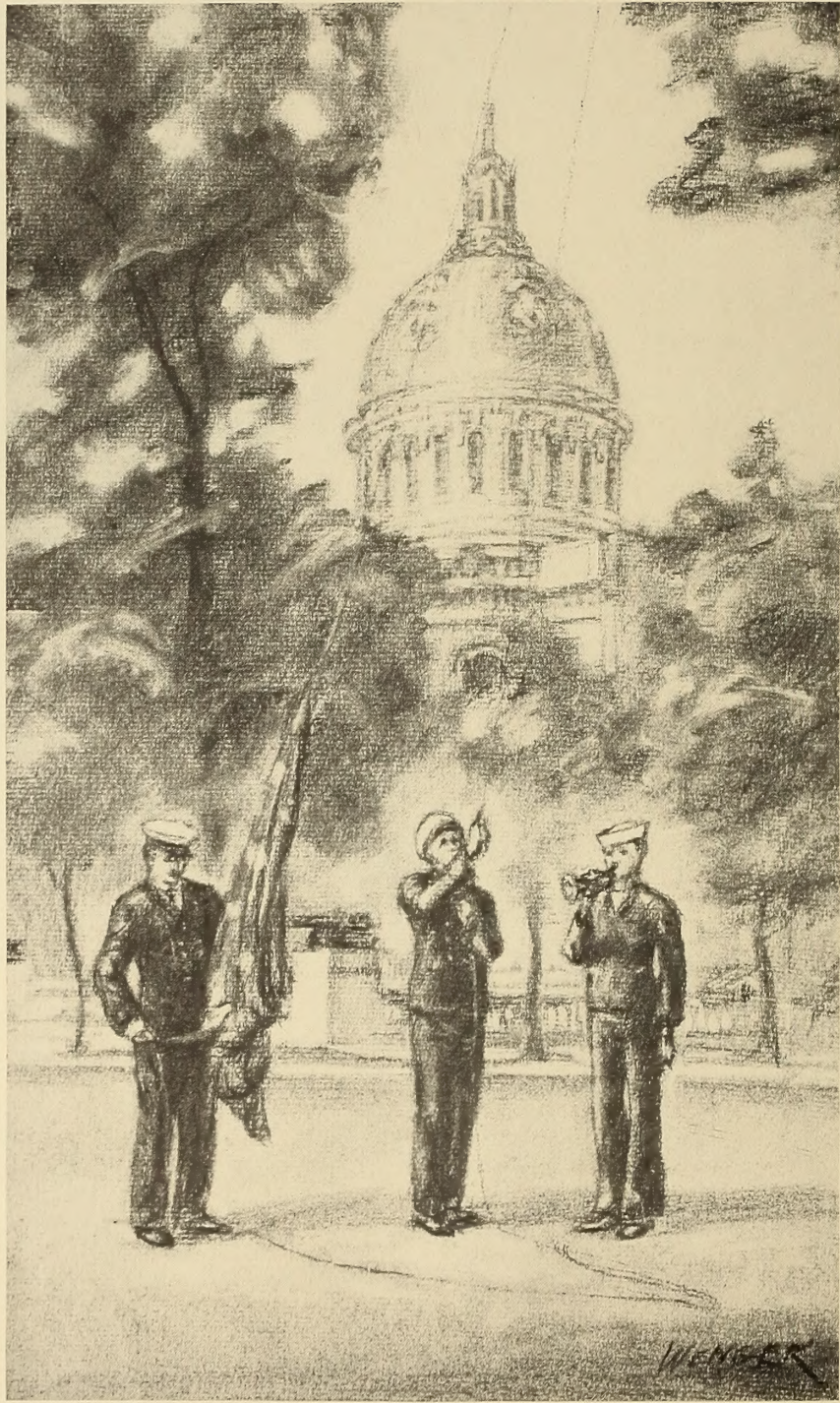




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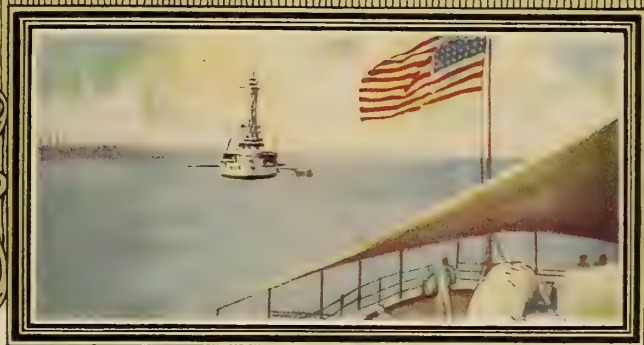
THE LUCKY BAG  
*of*  
NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

THE ANNUAL *of* THE REGIMENT  
*of* MIDSHIPMEN

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY  
ANNAPOLIS      MARYLAND



THE BATTLE OF THE FUTURE



# FOREWORD

**I**N constructing this yearbook of the Naval Academy a conscientious effort has been made to suggest the purpose for which the institution exists; the preparation and training of our officers for the Service. For that reason, and also because this book seems a most fitting instrument to contain a tribute to the Navy when it was at its zenith at the close of the World War, the New Navy section has been included and given the place of honor.

Herein is recorded and pictured the year 1922-1923 at the Naval Academy, its successes and failures. We have tried throughout to keep in mind the enduring and permanent character of the book, with such measure of success as the pages following will indicate.



COMMANDER CHARLES CHURCHILL SLAYTON  
*United States Navy*



To

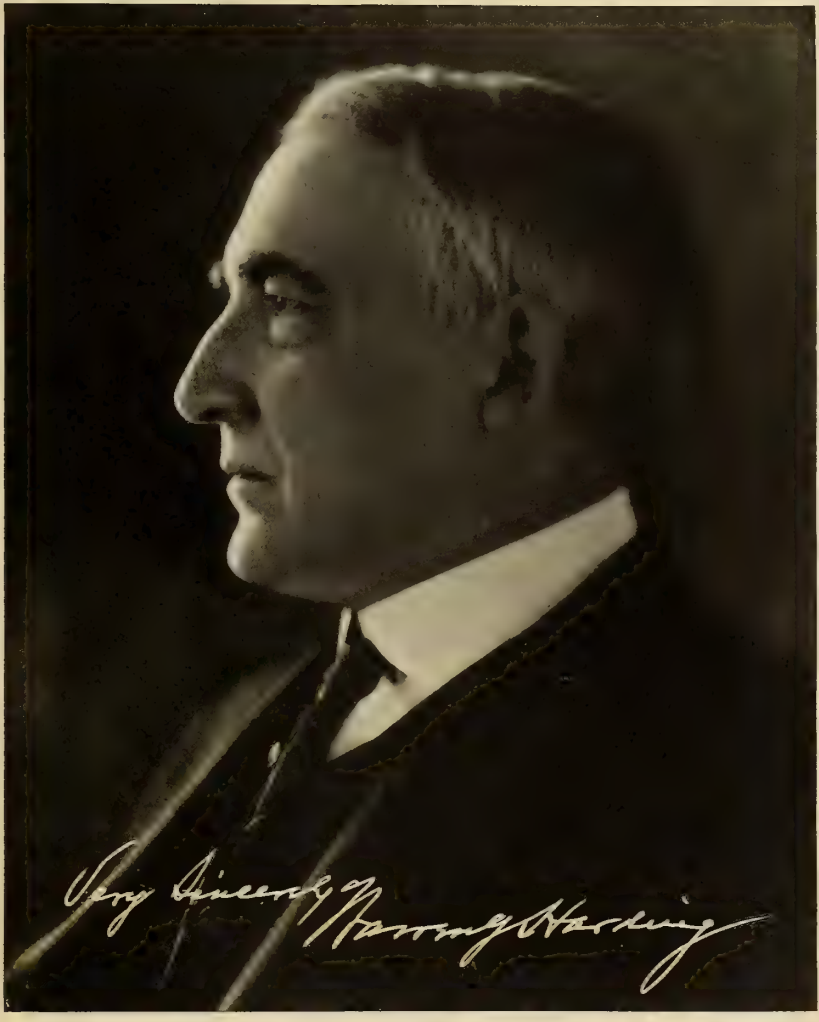
Commander Charles Churchill Slayton, United States Navy, the class of Nineteen Twenty-Three respectfully dedicates this number of the Lucky Bag. By his possession of those qualities which are a measure of the finest type of man; by his unselfish devotion to the service; by his constant example; he has set for us a standard, a goal, to which all who aim may work on, secure in the belief that by their efforts the Naval service shall never fail.



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*Very sincerely,  
Harvey W. Herring*



*Hubert B. Nilson  
Rear Admiral  
U.S.A.*











*SHIP of the Line—the mightiest engine of war ever devised by man. A mass of infinite detail and uncounted parts; and yet a complete and unified whole. Living, animate, possessed of a soul, but only by virtue of her officers and men. Without them a lifeless, useless bulk of steel. Power to light and heat a city in her shafts, unthinkable force at her gun's muzzles, stronger than wind and stronger than wave—Queen of the Sea.*



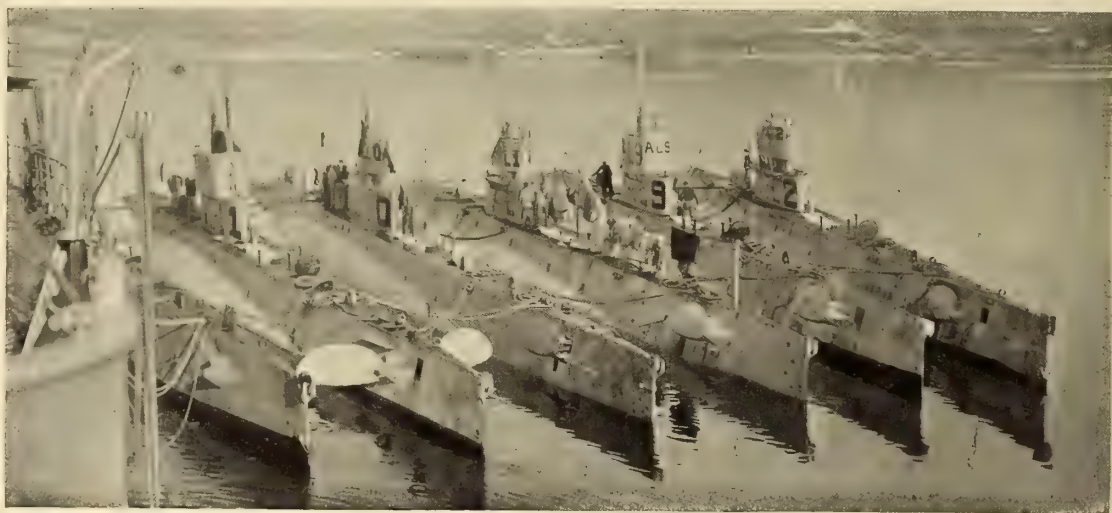
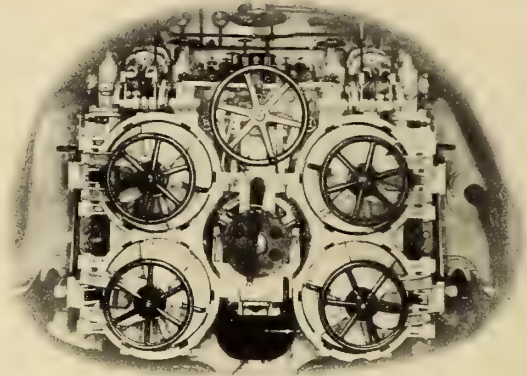
*SWIFT* sisters of the battle-ships, the cruisers. From the days of the *Constitution* and her mates down to the *White Fleet*, the cruisers of the United States have more than once showed themselves the equal of more powerful foes. Neglected for some years as a type, the older cruisers still did all-important service during the war. Restored now in a new class of vessels of speed, strength, and beauty, they once more take their apportioned place in the fleet.





*SEA Hornets,—destroyers. Their sting is venomous to surface craft, and their eggs, the depth charges, are deadly to their lawful prey, the submarine. Frail, slender hulls with enormous power; but in spite of a series of mad-bull pitchings and tossings they keep the sea through weather fair and foul.*





*SEA monster, creeper through the middle waters, hunter of her own kind worse than herself, hunted at sight by friend and foe alike without chance to make herself known, the submarine is at once a thing of terror and a loyal friend. A maze of machinery in a steel cylinder, with small safety and less comfort for her crew, still she attracts the pick of the navy to her service.*



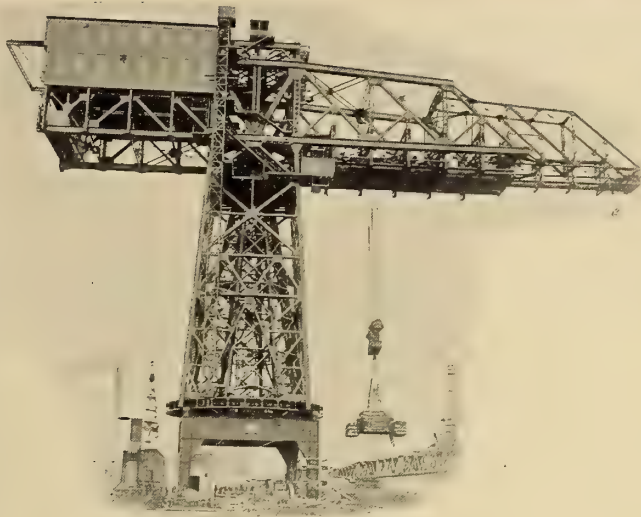
*S*OWERS of Death, toilers by night, leaving their seed where it will bring destruction to all who pass. Always in danger from their own cargo, they work regardless of weather or chance torpedoes from a waiting submarine. Their only rest a period of reloading with mines; their only pleasure the dull detonation that marks a quarry bagged; no easy berth, the Mine Layers.



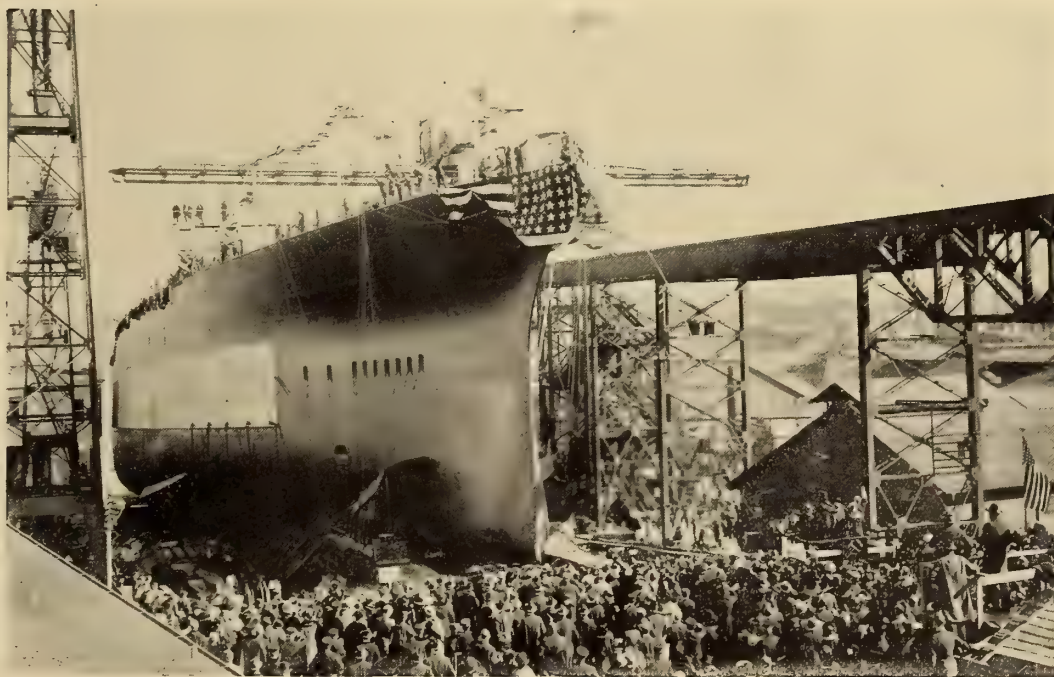


*PATIENT* servants of the fleet, great ungainly craft with huge gaping holds that carry coal for half a dozen battleships. Their mission is to follow behind, to be always ready with the fuel without which the fighting ships are useless. Their whips and grabs under the skillful touch of the winchmen drop the coal with wonderful exactness on the battleship's deck. Surmounted by an unmistakable top hamper of towers and booms they are easy marks for a prowling enemy, but they are the power behind the fleet.



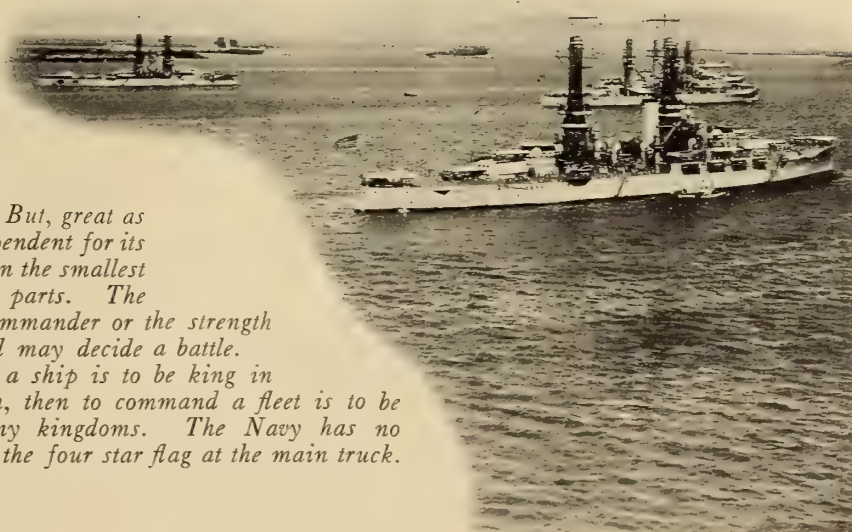


*WORN* by service, battered by sea, or torn by the enemy, the ships come to the Navy Yard for rest and repair. The birthplace of many and the graveyard of some, the yards conceal under their exterior of bustle and toil the secrets and forgotten lore of ships of the past and the plans and hopes for those to come.





*THE ultimate goal toward which everything in the Navy is working is the Fleet. From the yeomanette in Washington who knows not whereof she types to the President of the War College, not a single person or a single thing exists but for the Fleet. Here are concentrated all the designer's skill, the engineer's invention, the mathematician's calculations and the admiral's experience. There is hardly an industry or a science which does not contribute in some way to its building or maintainance. The battleship, magnificent in itself, is but a*



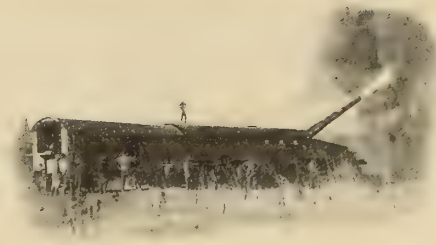
*unit of the whole. But, great as it is, the fleet is dependent for its success or failure on the smallest of its component parts. The judgment of its commander or the strength of a piece of steel may decide a battle.*

*If to command a ship is to be king in one's own domain, then to command a fleet is to be emperor over many kingdoms. The Navy has no prouder sign than the four star flag at the main truck.*

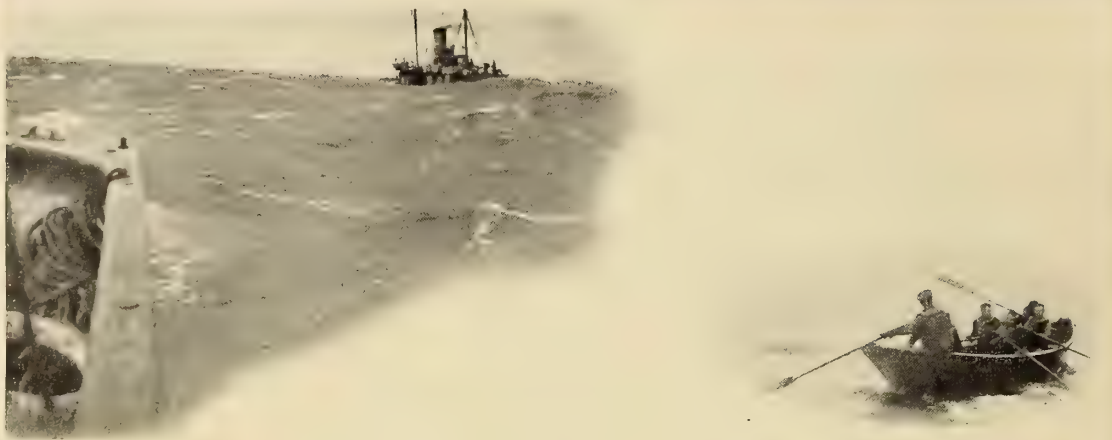


*PERHAPS* the most arduous duty the navy had to perform,—convoying. Back and forth, in and out of danger, regardless of season or weather run the convoys. Half a dozen destroyers, sometimes a sadly small group of converted yachts, formed the bodyguard to a long line of ships, with their cargoes of inestimable value or the thousands of still more precious lives. Unmatched ships ran in close formations with constantly changing course and in total darkness, a feat supposed impossible. And yet no ship in an American convoy on the way to France was lost, and to these weary watchers of the sea lanes in large measure is the victory due.





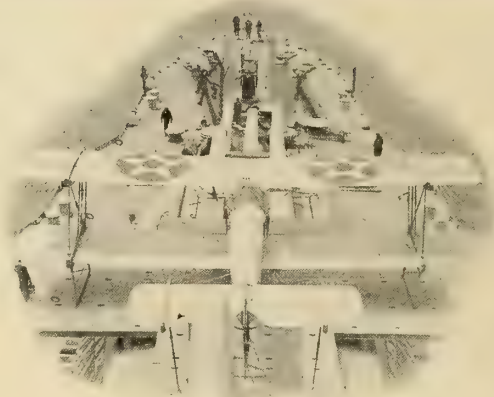
*AMERICA'S answer to Big Bertha—the Naval Railway Battery. The only heavy guns designed and built in the United States to fire against the enemy in France, they were still in service long after their theoretical life was ended. Manned by bluejackets and officered by Naval men the Railway Battery was the mainstay of American heavy artillery. It will always stand as a singular monument to the versatility of the Navy.*



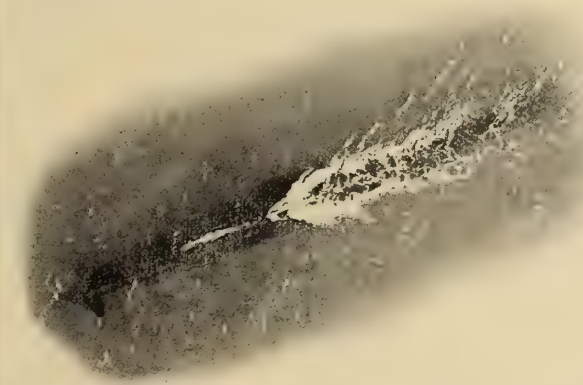
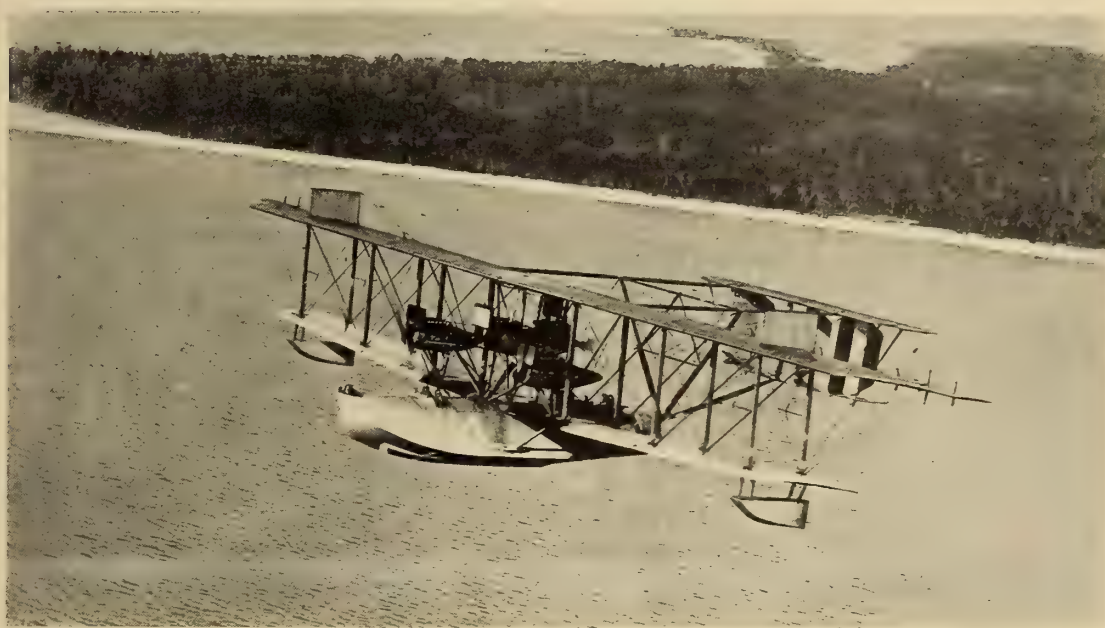
*A disreputable looking little fleet of vessels never intended for the hardships of naval service. Converted yachts with sawed off bowsprits, stumpy masts and hastily strengthened deck houses; manned by half trained crews; it is small wonder they were called the Suicide Fleet. And yet month on end they took the convoys in and out of France, suffering themselves, but their charges safe, never resting, always ready.*

*ONE of the most interesting developments of the war. Fast, handy little craft, built in yacht yards all over the country and yet like as peas in a pod. Powered with three heavy engines the subchasers had a fair turn of speed, and what with a twelve pounder and a cargo of depth charges they were formidable patrol craft. Many of them crossed the Atlantic, some towed part way, others entirely under their own power. Although with a rolling ability second only to a destroyer they proved to be useful and valuable vessels.*





*THE eyes of the fleet, tiny scout planes without pontoons, or small seaplanes dropped from a carrier. Their duty is to spy out the enemy and radio back their news, then cling to him and spot the fall of shots. Not capable of returning to the ships they are left to their own devices and make for shore or trust to being picked up by a friendly destroyer. A risky business at its best.*



*AERIAL* watchers of the sea, partners of the destroyers in the endless hunt for the U-boat. From their vantage point high in the air the surface becomes transparent, and the sinister shadow is revealed. All along the coast of France their watch was kept winter and summer. Ships of the patrol were the first to fly across the Atlantic. With a heavy armament and long cruising radius they are the battleships of the air, the squadrons of the sky.



*I*N these pages of photographs of the Navy in its component parts an attempt has been made to show the end toward which the Naval Academy is working. It is for these things that we have labored four years; to do these things that we aspire. The Navy has been shown when it was at its height, at the close of the *World War*. Of its achievements the nation is justly proud. Whatever post-war criticism may be leveled at the service or its members, the country can never forget that the *Road to France* was never once closed, that the *North Sea Mine Barrage* was laid and swept up, that naval guns fired in *France*, and above all that traditions already glorious were made more so by countless acts of true heroism.

During these days of retrenchment and disarmament those of us who knew it during the war see a Navy sadly depleted in officers and men, see idle rusting ships, mighty vessels yet unborn being broken up, never to attain to their rightful dominion over the sea, and an apparent relaxation through the whole Service that brings an ache to the heart. But all this is outward only, and though the twilight has come, still the Spirit of the Navy is unshaken and unchanged, and when the hour of need arises the Navy will be ready to add another chapter to its proud history.





## REGIMENTAL COMMANDER AND STAFF

Midshipman Commander	King, J. W., 3d	(8) Reg. Comdr.
“ Lt. Comdr.	Krick, H. D.	(6) Reg. Sub. Comdr.
“ Lieutenant	Nunn, J. R.	(6) Reg. Adj. & Sig. Offi.
“ Lieutenant	Northcutt, H. W.	(7) Reg. Comm. & Qrm.
“ Lieut. (j. g.)	Hodgkiss, G. K.	(5) Color Guard
“ Ensign	Wood, McF. W.	(5) Color Guard
“ Chief Petty Officer	Wilson, B. B., Jr.	(8) Reg. Chief Petty Officer



W. B. AMMON

*Battalion Commander*

G. A. HOLDERNESS, JR.

*Battalion Adjutant*

H. AMBROSE

*Battalion Commissary*

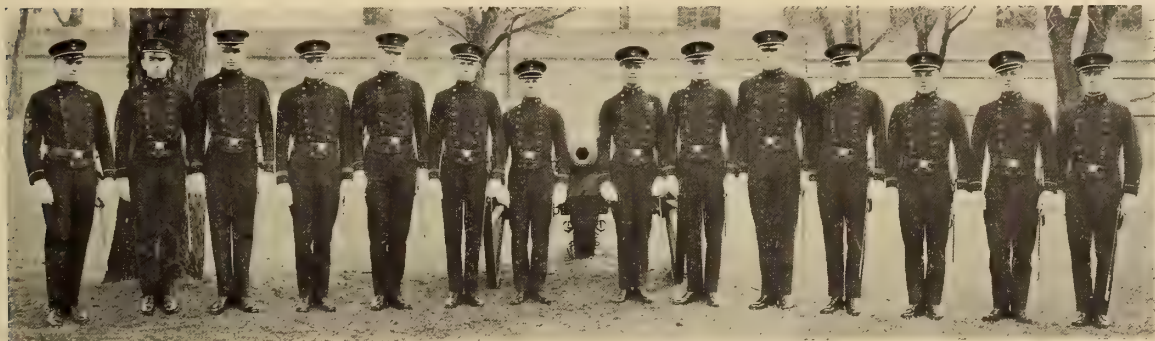
W. H. VON DREELE

*Battalion Chief Petty Officer*



## FIRST BATTALION

	FIRST COMPANY	SECOND COMPANY		FIRST COMPANY	SECOND COMPANY
Midn.	Lt. . . . . BAKER, H. M.	MENDENHALL, W. K., JR.	Midn.	1 P. O. SMITH, STEELE B.	KENDALL, R. C.
"	Lt. (j.g.) WALTON, F. W.	KIRKPATRICK, M. K.	"	1 P. O. ARNOLD, R. J.	SCOGGINS, O.
"	Lt. (j.g.) KIMES, I. L.	SCRUGGS, R. M.	"	1 P. O. MORAN, H. G.	HARPER, J. W., JR.
"	Lt. (j.g.) EDWARDS, F. A.	McLELLAN, H. M.	"	1 P. O. BARNES, S. M.	WELCH, J. L.
"	Ens. . . . . WARD, F. T., JR.	DAISLEY, G. W.	"	1 P. O. NEILL, W. McD.	WOOD, J. E. M.
"	Ens. . . . . MAESER, E.	ARMKNECHT, R. F.	"	1 P. O. CASTERA, G.	JUST, C. F.
"	C. P. O. WOLLESON, H. D.	RINGLE, K. D.	"	1 P. O. DAVIS, B.	CHAPPELL, C. A.
"	1 P. O. HARRIS, J. T.	NAGER, C. J.	"	1 P. O. NEELY, G. M.	TATE, V. B.
"	1 P. O. HENNIGAR, W. E.	ARNOLD, B. W., 3d.	"	1 P. O. FRYBERGER, E. L.	POGUE, W. G.
"	1 P. O. REINKEN, L. A.	BRENDEL, L. H.			





R. DEW. HIGGINS  
*Battalion Commander*

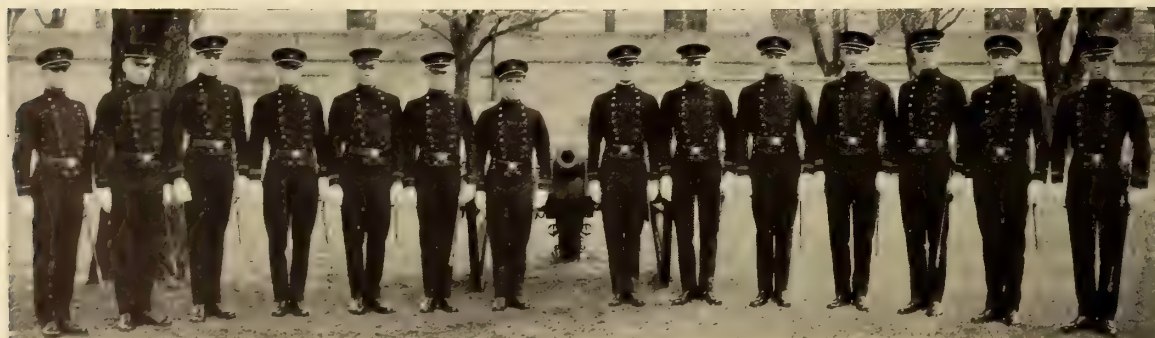
D. ABERCROMBIE  
*Battalion Adjutant*

LEM. E. CRIST, JR.  
*Battalion Commissary*

F. M. HUGHES  
*Battalion Chief Petty Officer*

## SECOND BATTALION

	THIRD COMPANY	FOURTH COMPANY		THIRD COMPANY	FOURTH COMPANY
Midn. Lt.	McDOWELL, P. E.	HUNTINGTON, R. D.	Midn. 1 P. O.	MONROE, F., JR.	FLY, W. A.
" Lt. (j.g.)	ZIMMER, L. A.	BRIGGS, J. A.	" 1 P. O.	RYAN, P. H.	TAYLOR, W. S.
" Lt. (j.g.)	OCKER, J. McC.	RICHARDS, A. H.	" 1 P. O.	HOLT, W. C.	SHEEHAN, J. T.
" Lt. (j.g.)	RUBLE, R. W.	MULVANITY, A. S.	" 1 P. O.	ROONEY, J. J.	HENSEL, K. G.
" Ens.	PIERSON, J. H.	CROMMELIN, J. G., JR.	" 1 P. O.	SMITH, C. T.	HUEBL, R. M.
" Ens.	NELSON, F. J.	PEARCE, E. S.	" 1 P. O.	JOHNSON, H. C., JR.	SANDERS, HARRY
" C. P. O.	ROTH, D. E.	TRAYLOR, J. A.	" 1 P. O.	TUCKER, T. T.	HAWTHORNE, D. J. ]
" 1 P. O.	DONOVAN, W. E.	REDDINGTON, W. H.	" 1 P. O.	BIRTLEY, T. B., JR.	KEITH, H. H.
" 1 P. O.	RIGLER, F. V.	NUTTER, D. L.	" 1 P. O.	MURDAUGH, A. C.	WALLACE, G. L.
" 1 P. O.	MORRIS, R. M.	STIMSON, R. D.			



J. B. PEARSON, JR.  
*Battalion Commander*

C. R. ENSEY, JR.  
*Battalion Adjutant*

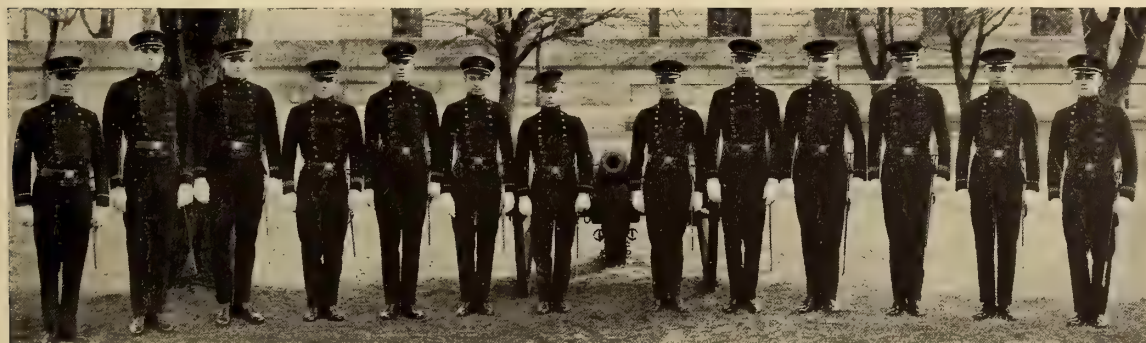
C. G. GESEN  
*Battalion Commissary*

J. R. JOHANNESSEN  
*Battalion Chief Petty Officer*



## THIRD BATTALION

	FIFTH COMPANY	SIXTH COMPANY		FIFTH COMPANY	SIXTH COMPANY
Midn.	Lt. . . WILL, J. M.	HIGHT, R.	Midn.	1 P. O. REBBECK, R. F.	SPANGLER, S. B.
"	Lt. (j.g.) MOLDER, J. C.	PARR, W. S.	"	1 P. O. STORRS, A. P., 3D.	MOSS, J. B.
"	Lt. (j.g.) O'REGAN, W. V.	WIRTZ, P. C.	"	1 P. O. ROBERTS, R. T.	RUSSELL, W. C., JR.
"	Lt. (j.g.) POTTLE, V. L.	LINDSAY, S.	"	1 P. O. BATTERTON, H. D.	TEUSCHER, L. F.
"	Ens. . THACH, J. H., JR.	SODERGREN, A. R.	"	1 P. O. ROBINSON, A. McL.	LEITH, S.
"	Ens. . DAVIDSON, W. W.	SCHOEFFEL, P. F.	"	1 P. O. PIERSON, A. R., JR.	DENNISON, R. L.
"	C. P. O. DUNCAN, E. R.	CASSON, R. A., JR.	"	1 P. O. ANDERSON, W. D.	HOBBY, W. M., JR.
"	1 P. O. DREXLER, L. A., JR.	ZIMMERMAN, C. K.	"	1 P. O. CAUDLE, F. L.	TREADWELL, P. C.
"	1 P. O. COOK, R. A.	ROBBINS, F. L.	"	1 P. O. MACMAHAN, D. S.	VOSS, H. J.
"	1 P. O. RENN, J. B.	THAYER, W. R.			





K. M. McLAREN  
*Battalion Commander*

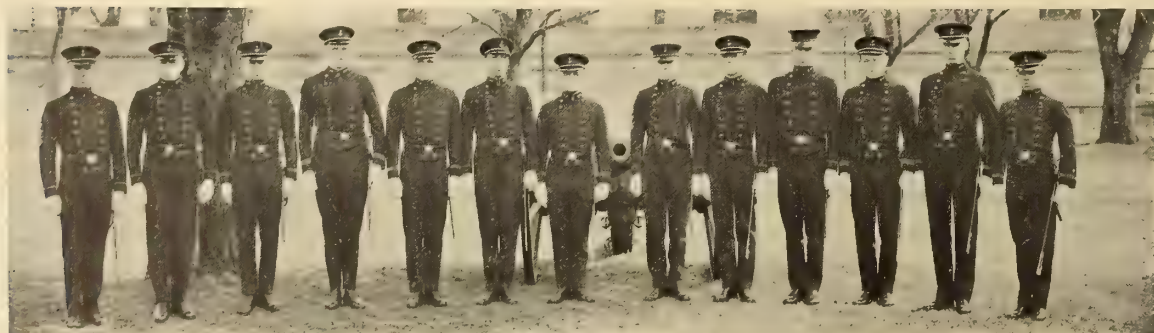
R. M. CUTTS, JR.  
*Battalion Adjutant*

G. F. GOOD, JR.  
*Battalion Commissary*

M. F. SCHNEIDER  
*Battalion Chief Petty Officer*

## FOURTH BATTALION

	SEVENTH COMPANY	EIGHTH COMPANY		SEVENTH COMPANY	EIGHTH COMPANY
Midn. Lt.	WESTON, G. G.	MO MM, C. H.	Midn. 1 P. O.	STEVENS, F. C.	SCHADE, H. A.
" Lt. (j.g.)	HERLIHY, J. J.	EGBERT, E. W.	" 1 P. O.	MOSS, A. E.	WITHINGTON, F. S.
" Lt. (j.g.)	KURTZ, W. S.	FABIAN, L. M.	" 1 P. O.	WILLIAMSON, T. B.	BLAIR, L. N.
" Lt. (j.g.)	LEAVITT, R. B.	McCRACKEN, K. D.	" 1 P. O.	SCHMIDT, L. S.	EVANS, T. C.
" Ens.	GROSVENOR, M. B.	REESE, C. B.	" 1 P. O.	WALKER, G. E., JR.	DUSINBERRE, H. W.
" Ens.	STRAUSS, E. B.	AVERY, J.	" 1 P. O.	JENKINS, E. F.	NIEMYER, H. A.
" C. P. O.	CARSON, H. R., JR.	DOE, H.	" 1 P. O.	NEWHALL, B.	CONE, D. N., JR.
" 1 P. O.	HAYNSWORTH, W.	CROSBY, G. J.	" 1 P. O.	MILLS, D. C.	SHEA, D. F. J.
	McC., JR.		" 1 P. O.	SMELLOW, M.	CURRY, J. E.
" 1 P. O.	ZERN, S. C.	KOONCE, P. B.	" 1 P. O.	HICKS, R. I., JR.	DUNN, H. A., JR.







IN MEMORIAM

T. H. CRENSHAW  
P. H. MICOU  
J. F. SCOTT  
I. G. ANDERSON

SANCTUS

## FOREWORD TO BIOGRAPHIES

THE work of producing a Lucky Bag is necessarily and constantly hindered by many factors. Among them may be mentioned lack of time, staff members going unsat, engraver's delay, missing pictures, lost shipments, and others too numerous to record. The biography section following represents the hardest job of all, because every man in the class had, or was supposed, to write his room-mate's pedigree. A very few refused absolutely, but the majority of the class produced a biography eventually, after the editor and his staff were nearly insane, and had acquired vocabularies unrivalled in vituperative power.

No attempt has been made to reduce the individual biographies to a set form or style. Only obvious (and otherwise) grammatical errors were corrected, and ambiguous sentences rescued. One continuous and sincere effort *was* made, however, to prevent the writing and publishing of "greasy" writeups.

By "greasy" we mean a slight variation from the accepted Naval Academy meaning of the term. "Greasiness" in a biography consists in overpraising a man, lauding his virtues, and beseeching all readers to glance at "the frank, manly countenance pictured above"—and marvel thereat. A biography of this description suggests that the man's personality is so negative that only such slush can be written about him.

On the other hand, a biography which makes fun of a man, reveals his shortcomings, and satirizes his mistakes, is a pretty sure indication that he is beloved of his classmates.

The primary purpose of the biographies is, of course, the amusement, entertainment, and representation of the class itself. If, however, they may prove of some interest to the casual reader, we shall feel more than repaid for the thousands of hours spent in procuring them and preparing them for the printer.



LOUIS ARTHUR REINKEN  
MANITOWOC, WIS.

*"Louie" "Arturo" "Sabertooth"*

**L**EAD kindly light", and Louie takes charge. An ancestor of his was in charge of the "Light Brigade", and Louie has inherited all the tendencies. He wears shoes two sizes too large to keep him from floating off. At that, though, he knows his oil. Ask him who the successor to Senator Jones of Arkansas is and he'll tell you. Diligent perusal of the Literary Digest has enabled him to knock Edison's questions for a row. It's too bad that he lacks common sense.

He can't be called a Red Mike, rather "a one-woman man", and he is deeply disgusted by his roommates philanderings, particularly Fanny. When he graduates he's going to handle the old tobacco store and put to good use his world wide knowledge of "Smokin's and eatin's."

"Pipe down, will you, George? I gotta bone."



JOHN CHAPMAN MCCUTCHEN  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

*"Wop" "Mac" "Turkey" "Jack"*

**I**F there were such a thing as a "Wine, woman and song club" Jack would be a charter member, and chairman of the committee on women.

Take a look at those eyes, the natural curl in his hair, his winsome smile, and wonder, if you will, why all the fairer sex fall for this human snake. In this capacity his ever flowing line proves to be a great asset and we wonder at times if he really means everything he says. Jack is most proficient in the art of borrowing. He has cultivated that art for his own benefit, and his roommates have had plenty of experience in supplying his needs. "I have only \$7.61 amount available and how am I going to be able to get home to keep a date for the 7th of September?"

Contrary to the masculine characteristic, he has always been proud of his weakness. When asked what it was he answered "Women". At the game of Hearts, he is always a winner.

*Swimming Squad (3); Numerals (3);*

*Boxing Squad (4, 3);*

*Log Staff (4, 3, 2);*

*Expert Rifleman;*

*Class Football (3);*

*Lucky Bag (2).*







FRANK TRENWITH WARD  
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Fanny" "Scotch"

"I HATE to knock the Nav Department for a 4.0 this afternoon." We are generally greeted with those words down in the mess hall at noon, and immediately we know the young and innocent being pictured above has stopped coaling long enough to prophecy a victory over the Ac. Department. By looking at his collar we can see that his predictions must come true once in a while.

From "Red Mike" to "Snake". Therein lies the tale. Just ask him to tell you of his adventures; of the night of the Army-Navy game plebe year,—since then he says that at least when it comes to dancing women are not the weaker sex; and of liberties ashore in Norway and Portugal. It is indeed a pleasure to hear him tell of those experiences. His line is his strongest point, and 'tis rumored that even one of the Dago Profs was heard to mention the famous Ward line. Since he gets letters from about half a dozen schools for the fair sex we really can't say who she is. Nevertheless he has our best wishes.

*Class Tennis (3, 2); Numerals (3);  
Star (4, 3, 2);  
Class Basketball (2).*



GEORGE ALLAN HOLDERNESS  
TARBORO, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Schnitzie" "Georgie-Porgie"  
"Greasy and Handsome" "George"

ENTER the hero, Croesus, Romeo and Wally Reid, three in one, the incomparable Schnitzie. To use the words of a flapper he vamped and then so cruelly cast aside—"I think he is adorable—He had not said two words to me but he certainly was divine to gaze upon and he sat right across from me at the table. Believe me, I took advantage of the fact, but I was heartbroken after seeing him with his O. A. O. because I did not have a chance."

He is known to the fair sex throughout the length and breadth of North Carolina as being the walking image of Wally. Therefore he does not often have to use his line, but when he does, they succumb without a struggle. Besides being a tea hound George is a star man as he will inform you if you don't know it. Yet despite all his attractions there is still one whom he can't obtain—"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a Heaven for." Keep reaching, Schnitzie, we're for you.

*Track Squad (4, 3);  
Star (4, 3);  
Class Basketball (4, 3, 2).*





WILLIAM KAVANAUGH MENDENHALL, JR.  
BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS

*"Goat" "Mentholatum" "Panhandle" "Billy"*

**H**OT ziggity dog! Ladies and gentlemen, meet Goat, the wonder from the Mexican Border, who left the bouncing back of a bucking broncho to pace the dangerous deck of a dashing destroyer. No, he is not as old as he looks; he is bald from other causes, and his sparsely haired head has been the source of sleepless nights to the boy who has tried everything from eating carrots to the latest patent medicine trying to stimulate the growth top-side. From the time when, as a Plebe, he was exhibit A in the First Battalion, which right he won by being "Keeper of the Royal Cockroach" and making extensive speeches on the "Whichness of What", "The Thingness of Is" and kindred subjects which only a mind like that of Goat can handle with ease and perfection, he has continued to be well known both among the Regiment and among the fair ones, here and in New York. Plebe year he joined the wrestling squad and has been throwing them on their backs ever since.

*Expert Rifleman;  
Log Staff (4);  
Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 2);  
WNA T (2);  
Rifle Squad (4, 3);  
Class Track (2).*



JOHN RICHARD PERRY  
WACO, TEXAS  
*"Red" "Jawn"*

**R**ED draws no lines, infants and widows are all the same to him. As regularly as a new "ac" term starts Red falls in love. Some have wondered at his rapid achievements in this line. But once you see him in one of his death defying twirls in a corner of Dalgren Hall you can sympathize with a girl for getting dizzy enough to fall for him.

Red missed one month for a cruise on the U. S. S. Reina Mercedes, necessitated by the prompt way in which he qualified for the P. A. degree as soon as that new order was inaugurated.

Red is savvy. He intimates as much to you and assures the Profs of it on every available occasion. Unfortunately demos have given the constellations that should decorate his dress blou a negative altitude so we are like a navigator on a dark night, we know where the stars ought to be but we can't see them.

From side room: "Ye Gods and small sized herring, I guess I better get up."

*Star (4);  
Black N.*





EARL MAESER  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH  
"Red" "Oil" "Lootenant"

"CALM yourself, Lootenant, calm yourself—," but why go into the harrowing details of that oft repeated tale about "Red's" Christmas leave in Baltimore. It is one of his many standard stories which range all the way from his experiences as a soldier on the Mexican Border, to—"Now when I was selling soap for Fairbanks Company about ten years ago, etc."

Oil is a morbid Mormon from Salt Lake City, having a wife for every state in the Union and two extra for Norway. He left a long string of broken hearts in the Land of the Midnight Sun and although, as he will tell you, "Eet ees very deefecoolt to un'erstand", he seemed to get along with the Norskes fairly well. But you should see him at a Hop. He is a regular writhing reptile whether he drags sat or otherwise, (which is invariably the case when he drags blind.)

Owing to a seance with Lady Fatima, he was able to get his P. A. degree within the first two months of his Second Class year.

*Sub Squad (4, 3);  
Black N.*



ROBERT EDGAR MATTSO  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA  
"Nippy" "Edgar"

NIPPY claims as his Podunk Minneapolis, and we believe him. Doesn't he show that he "done bane a Svede?" Just glance at the serene countenance depicted above and you can trace the lineaments of a devotee to the works of Bullard, Bowditch etc., and a rabid hater of the fair sex. In all the time Nippy has been here, he has never so much as spooned on a girl. Perhaps when he does see one he likes he will surprise us all.

He is not one of the poets who are cheerful before breakfast or during it, but at heart he is optimistic and will smile even when his roommate hits the tree. Nippy is frank in admitting that he has never performed the art of manual labor, and he religiously avoided the gym, but give him a book to read or something to figure out and he is happy.

"Hey, you birds, knock off the horse-play."

*Log Staff (4).*





SHIRLEY MAC BARNES  
KAYSVILLE, UTAH  
"Shirley" "Dizz" "Nap"

IN the above handsome physiognomy behold one of the most firm believers in the art of imagination that has ever trod Stribling Walk. He believes in being happy at all costs and if anything ever goes wrong, "Dizz" will just open his mouth, cat fashion, and grin it off. Never in all his Academic career has he shown signs of a serious thought unless it is when speaking of women—and then he isn't responsible. Hailing from Utah he naturally is reported to have at least six wives, but where he got them no one knows, nor will he enlighten anyone on the subject.

During his stay with us Shirley has proved himself to be a veritable Napoleon, hence his third name. His many original commands such as "column come around this way" have earned him an indelible place in the memories of all the members of the old first company, and it seems his big ambition is to write a drill book all his own.

"Hey, Dizz, don't let them slip anything over on you, keep them quiet."

"Pipe down all along."

*Sub Squad (4, 3).*



IRA LAFAYETTE KIMES  
HUNNEWELL, MISSOURI  
"Dick" "Red" "Ira"

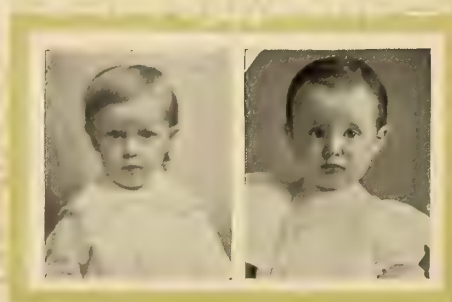
LOOK close, folks, and think before you speak. Here's a rare specimen. His type are few and far between. But really, he isn't half as ferocious as he looks, walks, eats, and talks, mostly the latter. He drifted in from Missouri; lodged here; and has been with us ever since.

Ira gained fame in short order by reason of his shooting—both guns and lines, and it is impossible to say with which he excels. As an exponent of the English Language, he's a world-beater, but we strongly advise that all dealings with him be limited to the use of his native tongue. Kimes says he has no foreign traits anyway, and, therefore, there's no reason why he should be a "Dago" savoir.

Ira is anxious to follow the Sea, and if his desire is realized it will be a good thing for the service. He is dependable and big-hearted, and his presence aboard any ship is bound to make it a happier one.

"Hey, boys, where's the Mail?"

*Expert Rifleman;  
Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2) Class Team (2);  
Sub Squad (4, 3).*





ARTHUR LAURENCE MAHER  
DURMORE, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Al"

"DIZ, break loose from the paper." "Gimme it, I want to see how Willie Hoppe played yesterday." Thus "Al" greets us as he enters the room. Moreover, he will see how Willie played, and how every other sport was played. Then he will be able to tell you about it. Whenever you want a tip on how to place your roll, just ask him.

"Well, boys, I believe I'll write my Off and On." "What! Al, have you busted her from the O. A. O. to the Off and On, again?" "Yes, she's getting too ratey; trying to 'look' up."

"Al" hails from the coal mining country, and consequently is just naturally a hard "hombre"; ask the plebes. He may be little but he's all there. Anyway, "Al" says it's quality—etc.

But, gentle reader, don't get the idea that you have now learned something of "Al's" nature, for you haven't. We, who have known him for so long, have found something new each day, and it is always something to raise our estimation of him.



JOHN THOMAS HARRIS  
GREENFIELD, MISSOURI  
"Jack" "Foo-foo"

"HEY, boys, I'm dragging Saturday." That is what usually greets us about the middle of every week from the tall handsome snake from Missouri. Now I ask you, girls, after looking on such a sublime physiognomy would you think that he is a firm believer in the "Origin of the Species"? It's a fact, a fact well known by his roommates. Being naturally savvy enough to get by the "All Academics" without trouble, Jack has spent many hours "Boning" Darwinism.

John probably thinks his prehistoric ancestors had a long swim because contrary to expectations, he hails from the "show me" State. During June '18 his home "Podunk" was thrown in a high state of excitement by the news of "Foo-Foo's" appointment to the Naval Academy. Then followed a period of "prepping" by our hero at the Missouri University during which time, as well as Plebe summer, he showed the stuff he was made of, and gained many friends. Since those happy days John has easily weathered four heavy seas on the U. S. S. Bancroft.

Happy, easy going, and savvy  
—that's Jack.





GEORGE MARIAN LORD  
HONOLULU, HAWAII  
"Kanaka" "Hon"

WHY should a creature with such a divine name as Lord be blasphemed Kanaka? You might as well ask, "Why is the shore so near the ocean?"

Can it be possible that there is any man in '23 who does not know him? Yea, verily, if so, he is a very, very unfortunate lad. It is worth a month's ration of dessert to hear him rave. "About what?" We refer to the beautiful picture that adorned his locker door for the entire four years. Nuff sed!

"Hey there, M. C., How's to bear a hand with the mail. You did not bring me my letter this morning." I ask you like a brother, how many times have you heard Kanaka begging the M. C. for his cherished daily letter postmarked Brooklyn, N. Y.?

"Flop! do not try to add 'em up. You'll get dizzy."

*Expert Rifleman.*



PAUL JACKSON  
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN  
"Axel" "Pete" "One-beer"

THE boy has a million dollar physique, and he certainly has made use of it aquatically. After two hard years of submarine wrestling he emerged from the pool with his water-polo numerals. His musical accomplishments never rose higher than the harmonica, which he finally mastered to the intense agony of the entire back corridor. He plays well though, and puts his whole soul into his pieces—both of them.

With a heart as big as a tombstone, there is nothing he wouldn't do for his companions in misery. His deeds as a good samaritan range all the way from rescuing poor homeless New York chorus girls to lending his toothbrush to a homesick Plebe. His ability to pull through academically is uncanny and he succeeded in standing off the Math Department for two and a half years and also the Nav outfit which succeeded it.

In all seriousness though, you cannot find a fellow with a more congenial disposition, and Paul will never be without a host of friends.

"Where in h—l are those matches?"

*Class Water-Polo (2); Numerals (2);  
Class Swimming (2).*





STEELE BRYAN SMITH  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Brent" "Smitty"

"WELL, if you don't believe me I'll prove to you that I can drive a car 50 mile per hour with my feet." Don't get alarmed ladies and gentlemen, it's only Smitty's usual gift of gab for he is always ready to say anything to prove anything he says.

Ever since Plebe year our own Steele B has been the "notorious orator" from Illinois. By way of his masterful conception of the English tongue, he has won worlds of friends in both sexes.

Until the middle of Youngster year, he curtailed his love of the fair sex; then he started out with a bang until now no hop is complete unless our Smitty is acting as a tug for some stately or other kind of craft. Whether it's Smitty's line or his cherubic smile we don't know, but it's a sorry specimen with whom he can't make a hit.

One thing we could never sabe was that (according to Smitty) he was always bilging. However since the monthly sob (?) sheet always finds him way up among the savvy half, this line doesn't get by any longer.



GUY MORTON NEELY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Sir Sid" "Guy" "Mart" "Duke"

PLEBE year found Sir Sid without any answer to "What state are you from, mister?"; so he initiated a little policy of graft whereby he adopted Kentucky, from whence he was appointed, as a hailing place. Having spent but a couple of months there, he proved himself a fast worker, for he seemed to have met all the popular feminine idols of the state, so notorious for such, and with these as an aid, he soon conquered a host of Kentuckian spoons. Then turning his head to a new field of conquest, he reverted to his native birthright of D. C., which proved equally successful.

Although the hospital claimed him as an unfortunate victim for nearly three months of Second Class year, he defeated Fate and the All-academics with his usual indomitable spirit, and did it all without dropping any of his numerous correspondents.

We will make no attempts to expatiate upon his personal charms, as this would be an encroachment upon the inevitable rights of his ardent admirers of the fairer sex.

*Class Baseball (4, 3).*





FRANK HAYWOOD BALL  
 RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA  
 "Duke" "Peachy"



CARSON RYLE MILLER  
 COLUMBUS, OHIO  
 "Ryle" "Olla"

'WAY back in the hurrying war days of 1922's Plebe year, Olla got left behind, and he joins out class as a salty sea-going tar just back from the first deepwater cruise in a long time. But ever since then he and the Academics have stood just like this (! !). Once in a while you hear him sing, "Oh, I hit the tree in J-U-I-C-E!" Most of us under the same circumstances don't sing. Olla is a snake of parts, and he never misses any of the Terpsichorean performances over in the Armory. Dragging blind is his specialty. He never refuses the numerous offers. In athletics Bugs has tried a hand at most everything. More than one injury has kept him from being an A-1 man on several class teams.

"Aw, chuck this stuff, I'm going to turn in."

*Class Wrestling (2);  
 Class Track (3, 2).*

"GREAT day in the mawnin', boy, how do you get that way?" Thus are we appraised of the presence of the Tar Heel, although his vernacular is scarcely intelligible to one who is used to the English language. Yet his lingo is not his worst handicap, for Duke was born under a lop-sided star. He began his naval career in 1918, and was standing deck watches on the Reina in less than a week. His fortune was little better when he went into battle against the Academic's flying squadron, but he was merely put out of action temporarily and has dodged the straddles ever since. Duke was pure and simple when first he was sworn in. The spell of Bacchus and the lure of Nicotine were an abhorrance. But travel and experience have left their mark on him, and all told, you will have to look a long way to find a better man to make a liberty with.

*Class Football (3);  
 Class Baseball (3, 2).*







RALPH JUDD ARNOLD  
GARDEN GROVE, IOWA  
"Bear" "Andson"

HERE'S the bouncing corn fed lad from the prairies of Iowa. And Son was lured away from his native metropolis at the tender age of sixteen, received a real "bringing up" Plebe year, and has developed into a sophisticated, carefree, regular guy. Ordinarily the Bear is quiet and unassuming in his ways, but when he breaks loose he can't be held down. Though never heard from in the athletic field he has tried practically every sport known to the Academy, and has a beginner's knowledge of them all. The Academics have never been a source of trouble to him, so his wooden roommates regard him as the savoir of the room. In the art of snaking, Judd is well accomplished, although he takes femmes as a matter of course and has never been known to fall for their charms. His only expressed ambitions are to master the scandal walk, play his banjo, and to star behind the footlights. But from watching the Bear fix alarm clocks we are predicting a big future for him in engineering.

"Hey Sternall, gimme two-bits so I can drag tonight!"

*Class Track (2).*



FRANCIS WILLIAM LAURENT  
THORPE, WISCONSIN  
"Sternall" "Bygdo" "Slim"

HE was six feet two in his stocking feet, and he kept getting thinner the more he'd eat." There you have him; and hard?—ask him that's all! He came to us from the woods of Wisconsin and straightaway acquired a reputation for his height and smile, neither of which is a half-portion affair. The Academics aided by the Hospital gave him a run Plebe year, but never since. Occasionally he has even given extra instruction to his roommates thus, "Now there's only two things you've got to know about this Juice prob for tomorrow, etc." His athletic career began with crew, but Youngster year he entered the wrestling game and made good with a grace and style all his own. Sternall is a typical one-woman-man,—that is one at a time, average time six months. He maintains that he has never been bricked—at every opportunity—and to be just no one can dispute him.

"Gosh, is that formation?"

*Plebe Crew Squad;  
Wrestling Squad (3, 2); Numerals (3).*





WILLIAM McDONALD NEILL  
BERRYVILLE, VIRGINIA  
"Don" "Beautiful"

**S**NAKE, soldier, tea hound, athlete, F. F. V., and farmer, all these and more are combined in our Beautiful. Three years at V. M. I. broke him to harness before he saw water, while the plow and the milking stool gave him those shoulders and arms. Eyes and lashes that a girl could envy, and a lion's mane of hair are the least of his attractions for the fair ones. Don is a snake, although not the slimy variety that his Bancroft Hall reputation would make him out. One little girl at a hop called him "the portrait of a gentleman". He has fought many a battle of the Saucer and Sandwich and always emerged victorious. Like the late Prof Bell he ain't never been passed on the ball room floor. It requires special training for a girl to follow him. In spite of all this, however, he is heart whole and fancy free. His ambition is to get drunk at Baker's wedding.

"I'm not a snake, you horse's neck."

*Manager Swimming (1).*



GUY WINKJER  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Tiny" "Brute" "Wink"

**A** SPLINTERING crash of broken wood and a dull thud. Brute merely gave someone a gentle push through a locker. It was a love tap. He has all the joviality of a half-grown elephant with corresponding strength. Brute has earned a place for himself in athletics. In football, crew and especially swimming his name has often been printed on the sport pages of the city dailies. To hear him talk, however, one would think that he is always on the verge of being kicked off the training table. He is a gentle pessimist of a deep dyed hue. Conscientious to the extreme, Brute makes up for lack of brilliancy by steady work. He manages to find the most puzzling points for discussion in the simplest assignment. Juice probs are his knell. A Red Mike of the same quality as he is pessimist. Brute has never dragged. His weekly trip to the Circle Playhouse is his greatest frivolity.

"Ugh-woof!"

*Swimming Squad (4, 3, 2); N (3, 2); Captain (1);  
Plebe Crew Squad (Numerals);  
Expert Rifleman;  
Track Squad (3);  
Olympic Games (3);  
Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); NA (3, 2); N (1).*





HENRY MARTYN BAKER  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

*"Slim" "Bake" "His Majesty" "Panadero"*

**S**PELL it with a "y" please! Yeh, H. Martyn, that's it. Introducing His Majesty, Duke of New Yawk and Bah 'Ahbah. Credentials known since Plebe summer, when upon joining us he immediately took charge. And he hasn't given up the Academy since. However he promises to relinquish it upon graduation. He says the name "Slim" refers to more youthful days when he was quite otherwise, but it carries with it somewhat the conception of a snake, and we think it well chosen. Fussing has been a consistent sin with him and he has chalked up hearts as a Math savoir in a wooden section checks up probs. The last two years he has been constant, however, and "sallys" forth every Wednesday and Saturday without fail. Savvyness is another besetting sin. He admits it in anything but Dago. He came back from recitation one day with glum look, "Hell, all I got right at the board today were the words 'Pedro and Miguel!'" But when the monthly trees were up Bake had a 3.55. We are used to it by now, though.

*"Draggin' the wife, as usual!"*

- Star (4, 3, 2, 1);*
- Expert Rifleman;*
- Log Staff (4, 3, 2, 1);*
- Lucky Bag Staff;*
- Class Crest Committee;*
- Class Ring Committee.*



RAE HEADEN CUNNINGHAM  
SANFORD, NORTH CAROLINA

*"Rae" "Creamy" "Cunning-pork"*

**R**AE should have been the Grand Llama of a Thibetean monastery. His appearance, silence, and mental processes are wholly favorable, but fate made him a Midshipman. Although more than usually quiet, he is not in the least diffident; but rather he gives the impression of being so by preference. The same retiring spirit influences everything he does. He has never been out for any team, although he works out regularly the year round. He dearly loves a rough-house. Pork owns a guitar, and at rare intervals bursts forth into music and song that resembles a Chinese Opera. He was widowed by the Academics in the middle of Youngster year, but acquired a new wife and subsequently two more. These few really know him, and then only after a couple months of close contact. He neither drinks nor smokes and drags only under great provocation; but when he does the girls fall.

*"Aw, git away."*





FRANCIS ELBRIDGE SIMONS COOK  
GENESEO, NEW YORK  
"Cookie" "El"

THIS innocent lad strolled into our midst fresh from the wilds of Geneseo, New York. But he sure will make a sailor, as he can spin more yarns and talk longer without drawing a breath than any man we know. He is never bothered by studies, until he feels himself perched high in the branches of a tree; then watch his dust.

"Cookie" spent a great deal of time Saturday nights of Youngster year in travelling to Baltimore, in order to benefit by the change of climate. His travels have not spoiled him, although he is a frequenter of such well-known places as the Rendezvous and Little Club of New York City.

Above all, "Fran" is famous for doing those things which others seldom think of, and has yet to meet the occasion that his tongue is not equal to. His one great failing is a love of the *high* life, otherwise, "Wine, women and song." Oh yes! He often claims to long for the freedom of civilian life, but—try to make a civilian of him and watch him fight.



HENRY DEAN WOLLESON  
PITTSBURG, KANSAS  
"Wolly" "Dean" "Dean-de-ah" "Hen-nerly"  
"H. Dean"

THE original "big Navy" man. Even in his youth he believed in preparedness. Small wonder he entered the Navy School for Boys at Annapolis!

Ever since his Plebe Army-Navy game he has made frequent trips to New York. There's a reason! It was on one of these trips that he tried conclusions with the Dago department. He retired defeated but still fighting with a taxicab window. Even a kick in the neck cannot subdue the Boy.

Wolly missed his Second Class cruise in order to remain here at the Academy to take part in the National Rifle Team Matches. He won distinction as a member of the Academy team which gained such signal honor at the matches that summer.

During his career here he has found Academic Walk a bed of roses. He is one of the few who are capable of getting velvet without any conscious effort on his part. Always willing to help a class mate, always cheerful.

*Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2); RNT (3, 2);  
Expert Team Rifleman;  
Log Staff (3, 2);  
Ass't. Rifle Coach (2).*





JACKSON HARMAN KERANS  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Jack" "Slim" "Keek"

NOW Jack means well, but there are many things he can't help, among them that great weakness for blondes. Yes, we believe he loves them dearly, at least for the time being. However, he has adopted that famous saying as a motto in his young life—"Snap your fingers at care." Let not my gentle readers misconstrue my meaning when I say that there never is a party but what Jack is A Number One present. As a reptile his ability is beyond comprehension because all are, colloquially speaking, "knocked chilly". Now really Jack has some fine traits. A more generous human never trod the corridors of Bancroft Hall. He supplies skags for the whole First Batt., and incidentally his roommates get their share. We often wonder where the W. B. & A. gets its spending money, but Jack solves the problem easily. If you don't believe us, just inspect his bed some Saturday night, and lo and behold apparently he is there fast asleep.

"Say Gans, how's to report all present?"

*Black N\*.*



FRANCIS JOSEPH BALL  
DAVENPORT, IOWA  
"Gans" "Pelota" "Biddle, jr."

"I KINDA know my berries on this stuff today and I got no scruples about tellin' you."

Such could one hear the obese Gans grunt before any formation, and the second verse was sung after the section leader took charge. Standing two in his weight in the notorious Ball family, and weight played an important part, too. He would, with the ease of a rhinoceros, glide softly up to the "scuttle butt" and grasping it gently but firmly, "skaal" in voluptuous quantities. With an extra cruise to his credit not counting those on the Reina, Gans was ready for all that Honolulu and Lisboa could present. Picture, if you can, a quiet street scene in Tangiers, and then in the midst of this solitude drop the vivacious Gans astride one of those smallest burros and the day will be turned to night.

"If you want any help on that stuff just step in the room."

*Black N\*\*\*.*





WILLIAM EVERETT HENNIGAR  
 OREDELL, NEW JERSEY  
 "Pop" "Uncle" "Henny" "Bill"

"SAY, M. C., are these five letters, two cakes, and three class pins all the mail I get today?" This is "Pop's" usual line around mail time and he sure has the corner on the Naval Academy Post Office. Although "Henny" didn't take in so many hops his locker door was a good stall to take an inspecting D. O.'s attention from his non-reg shoes.

Plebe year he managed to capture a medal for winning the Academy doubles championship, but cigarettes and a bad knee prevented his further participation in sports.

Second Class year on a trip to the hospital "Bill" annexed some twenty odd pounds of surplus avoirdupois. From then on he swung a wicked dumb-bell to reduce in order to gain weight with the fair sex. "Say, can you make my man stop eating?"

Going!! Going!! Gone? Not yet, said Pop. Mention a new brand of hair tonic and he is all attention.

"Aw, get back into yer hole."

*Tennis Squad (4, 3).*



HENRY GEORGE MORAN  
 WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT  
 "Pat" "Henrod"

"HEY, Mister! How long have you been in this country?" Take a look at "it" and you'll see why the question was shot at him so often the year of his debut at the Naval Academy. No, he was not a Sinn Feiner, but a divvil of an Irishman at that.

With a local "rep" as a chaser of the elusive pigskin, our Hero started Plebe year on the football squad but soon made the excused squad instead, and never lost his position as All American Politician. His bum knee turned him from athletics to snaking—and LINE? What else would make that blond Skywegian propose to him after but one afternoon in Christiania—and she said she'd support him, too!

This yegg started Plebe summer "ratier" than a First Classman and never changed a bit in four years. However, we have straight dope that one of the "more deadly" of the species has him going; so we surmise that "Henrod" will soon learn to obey her regulations, if no others.





EVERETT HALE BROWNE  
DENTON, TEXAS

"Whitey" "Brownie" "Monk" "Tex"

LADIES and gentlemen, permit me to introduce the speaker of the evening, Mr. Browne from Texas. Listen to him carefully and you will learn all. He is undoubted authority on any thing you may wish information about, and will dilate at length, yea verily, he will go beyond the limit of even the most patient in length.

His hair is white, but not from worry, and he believes in trimming it short to give that appearance of the wrestler and "rough and tumbler" extraordinary. His favorite occupation is tearing up a room with someone else, dumping over lockers, chairs, tables or any other articles that get in the way of his pleasure.

Great Lakes furnished him to us a sea-going sailor and his presence caused us to think that Lake Michigan was salty and we found it necessary to go out there and find out for he indeed gave that impression as a Plebe summer three-striper and all-round handy man.

*Class Wrestling (3);  
Class Lacrosse (3).*



EDWARD REMBERT

REMBERT, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Eddie" "Yegg" "Duff" "Sparrow"

"Com' on Blondie! Com' on, mon cher—". Yes, even in distant Lisboa was our Eddie a heart-breaker—a heart-breaker, for he listened to none, not even Mademoiselle Marcel after she was sorely smitten. He admits he is a one woman man, but he hasn't found her yet. The maids of Hawaii, Norway and even fair New York never gave this lad's heart a flutter. Perhaps he lost it in the laundry—who knows.

Eddie did not count too much on being a gentleman by "An Act of Congress" and so Second Class year we found him devoting spare time to the Book of Etiquette. "What is wrong with this picture?"

Our hero knows everything about anything. "Yes sir, out in Saint Cloud the ice froze six feet thick right down to the bottom of the lake." "Yeh, these are my first night pajamas." We know he will be a success in life for he could argue an Esquimaux into discarding his furs for a bare skin.

"Proud? Why, I'm a Huguenot Boy. Well, be seeing ya."

*Class Gym (3, 2).*





BURTON DAVIS  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS  
"Burt" "Birdseed" "Hunka"

"YOU ain't got a ray, Davis!" And by way of showing how much in error our statement was Burt would immediately reply by applying the old King's hold. "Grappler" was only too willing to practice some hold gleaned from his many experiences on the wrestling mat. These friendly encounters usually resulted in breaking some of his favorite Victrola records.

"Where's old standby?" And Burt would proceed to dig out from a pile of old records some form of the "blues". In fact, his one ambition is a bachelor apartment with a "vic".

Being an offspring of that wonderful state of Texas, Burt was naturally a descendant of the rootin' rootin' pistol shootin' type, but after they hog-tied and subjected him to his first pair of shoes he quickly fell into the ways of Academic life.

His career here has been one to be envied for he always had the knack of "bulling the Profs" into giving him a gracious mark. But perhaps that was because he came from a "bully" country.

*Wrestling Squad (3, 2).*



JOSEPH BROWNE SPANGLER  
GALVESTON, TEXAS  
"Joe" "Pila" "Our Joe"

ALL was quiet and peaceful. Silence reigned supreme. Suddenly a low, mournful cry arose from under the confines of a mound of blankets, rainclothes, Bowditches, etc.

"Bugsey, dear—what t-time izit?"—followed immediately by the crash of formation and our own little Joe was up and away to again foil late blast.

As a Plebe, Joe's beaming countenance and his ever willingness to offer assistance and advise when needed, immediately gained him a strong following of friends.

"Mr. Spangler—@\*\$\*#—you miss another plate—and \*!@\*—and Joe would forthwith submerge.

Joe cannot be called old fashioned—far from it. He believes in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we may not drink, is his motto.

He is an ardent admirer of the fairer sex for few have been the times when he has returned from leave without uttering his familiar remark—"Aw man—you oughta see my new soulmate—she's a knockout!"

To the last gun—Boom Boom—Skoll. Here's to you, Joe.

*Log Staff (4, 3, 2);  
Lucky Bag.*







WILLIAM HENRY VON DREELE  
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY  
"von" "Bill" "Dreele" "Tubba"

"FRAIL ho! Great specimens of potential possibilities! John, why don't you swab down your window panes?"

This New "Joisey" lad might try to impress you at first as a cynical misogynist, but nevertheless every hop finds him present—listening to the music, so he says.

Plebe year the hospital deprived "von" of his commission with '21, but he came back and entered '23 with a vim and enthusiasm that gained him many friends.

Spare moments find him deeply absorbed in a history, a "Whizz Bang", or sitting with a triumphant smile on his face as he outflanks his fantastic enemies with his deft pen, or he scores that winning touch-down over his gridiron foes by a brilliant dash across the paper.

Instead of being sore as hell on Sunday night, "von" bubbles over with delight at the thought of three more days of Academic strife will bring Wednesday and his beloved "movies".

"Why worry, fellows. All night in and beans for breakfast."

*Class Swimming (3); Numerals (3);  
Log Staff (2).*



JOHN EDWARD SHOMIER, JR.  
COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Johnny" "Shoey" "Mounda"

"THETA! Phi! -6-8 log  $e^x$ —shrinkage,—entropy! Kee—roust! I'll get that B. T. U." pierced the chilly a. m. air as our John would attempt a double bar on the Academics, but would wake up to find himself topside of only a pillow and mattress. That's John, up and attem all the time.

John began with '21 but liked the Academy so well he agreed to stand by it two years longer, and cast his lot with us. Versatile, energetic, blithesome, sincere, eccentric—all these characterize him.

From early boyhood (we got this dope first hand) he wielded a nasty pen. To say that he still slings a lucid line is superfluous. You have but to gaze on his ever-increasing list of conquests among the lighter of the sexes and you will marvel.

As an old salt he could swap yarns with Noah and hold his own without effort. He made many friends on the cruises but one whom he'll remember is Pol Roget: "What ho, the billet hook?"

"Aw, gee—man—lookut this Juice! Who do these guys think we are—Steinmetz? Oh, well, start the Vic."

*Class Football (3);  
Class Baseball (3).*





CHARLES SAMUEL WALSH  
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA  
"Buck"

WHEN Buck hove a big sigh as he handed in his last pack of Camels to the James-Limbes at the Main Gate Plebe summer, and entered the asylum he brought with him a determination to succeed, which has carried him over the rough spots in fine shape. Also, he brought with him a happy disposition which enables him to see the humorous side of any situation be it ever so grave or solemn. Buck is one of our most versatile classmates, being equally at home playing the role of snake at a hop or making Al Jolson blush for shame with his warbling at one of our shows. And my, how he can warble!

Not only is he a social lion, but also a real he-man who has worked hard and earnestly to make our crews, football and wrestling teams what they are.

"Where yuh goin' Buck?"

"Well now, it's the slight writing of a letter and it may be proportional to the studying of Nav—Will you stop it?"

*Football Squad (3, 2);  
Crew Squad (2);  
Wrestling Squad (3);  
Class Boxing (3);  
Masqueraders;  
Hop Committee. (1).*



HOWARD JOSEPH WATERS  
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT  
"Joe" "Dumbbell" "Mooch"

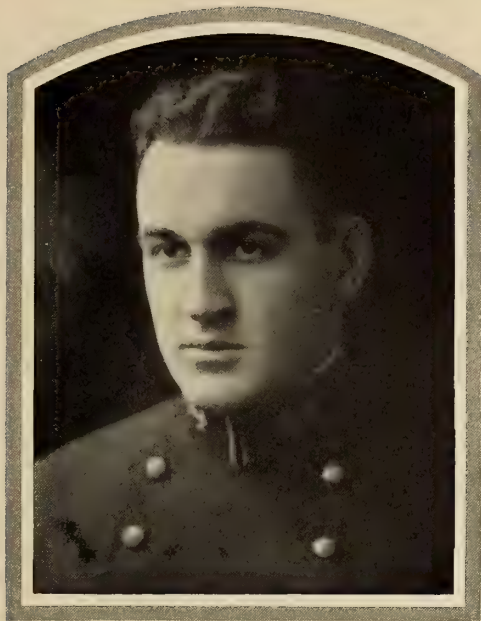
'T WAS not many moons ago when Waters first signed his name with the attached title "Mid U. S. N." and then began to saturate his lungs with the salty sea breeze from the Severn. From that time on we've not known this individual by his title, but "Joe". Yes, it was nobody but Joe, the brute, who played foot-ball exactly the way Dobie wanted it and who, since then has been giving the boys on the team some competition for their jobs.

Joe also pursued the indoor sport of "reptiling", for few laps are ever held at which he isn't present, in polished form, trying his best to "obtain the woman vote".

"And who is the handsome man who performs at the piano when the Jazz band is reigning supreme?" Ask one of the ladies,—'tis nobody but that same Joe, for, verily, he says it with music. Yes, many pleasant hours flee rapidly by when we gather around the Baby Grande to hear a few of his trick chords.

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2); NA (4);  
Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);  
Jazz Band (4, 3, 2, 1); Leader (1);  
Black N.*





GEORGE WASHINGTON WELKER, JR.  
SALISBURY, MISSOURI  
"George" "G. W."

A HUSKY product of the "Show-me" State who never has to show anything. The Li'l Boy's a regular feller.

Always on a table, Plebe summer Joe Morrison gave him the "deep six", because of his only defeat—swimming. "Oh! how could I learn how to swim—there's no water in Salisbury."

Playful lad who is always willing to engage in anything rough. Addressing two or three: "Oh, of course you won—but it's no fair to tickle."

Just look him over—Ain't he handsome and strong (i.e. strong for the femmes). "She's no Greek—the boys just call her that because she's so big." "Sir, my roommate said you wanted to see me about that brick on my window sill." His bookshelf consists of such fiction as worn Cosmo's and unsoiled texts, for George is a savoir and uses books only to carry to class.

"Wife, what's the lesson?"

Luck to you, George—may you always be the same sort of chap you were with us.

- Wrestling Squad (4, 3); WNAT;*
- Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); N (1);*
- Crew Squad (2);*
- Track Squad (3);*
- Class Wrestling (2); Numerals (2).*



GEORGE CASTERA  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
"George" "Caballero"

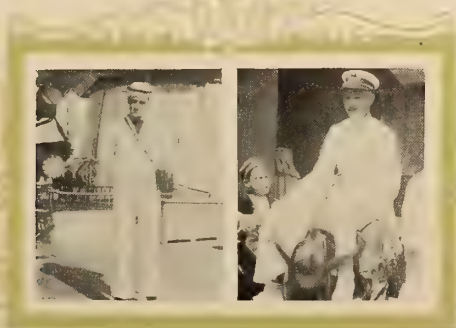
NOW here's what you want to do"—George can always expound upon methods of winning the fairer sex. His own heart seemed immune from all snares; until—the Ac Department elected to keep him from Christmas leave Second Class year and all the next year he was hopelessly in love.

Quietly submissive at home, George's true happiness lies in a foreign port. If you want trouble just ask him what he thinks of Volstead. "What are you doing tonight, Borracho?" "Oh, I don't know—just going ashore."

Never getting anything without effort, George has always been able to concentrate his energy when required. "Goodbye, boys. Got to bone now,"—and he starts work. But mere studies could never interest him for very long, and soon you would find him dreaming of sweeter things.

Always giving his best to his work, George has shown his ability in more than one line of class endeavor. "Now the next is the last dance."

*Hop Committee (2, 1); Chairman (1).*





ELBERT LEE FRYBERGER  
LOVELAND, COLORADO  
"Fry" "Dissipate" "Mournful"

MY heart's in the highland—my heart is not here—my heart's in Loveland a' chasing my "dear". Elbert's a consistent boner, and the sort of a chap who is willing to teach others his acquirements. Plebe year our Mountaineer skippered the movie machine.

In the days when tendencies were in vogue, Fry was unusually popular. "Where's old 'Dissipate'—hey! Fry! let's catch one?"

He's not so much of a snake, because his motto is—"If you can't fuss a 4.0—Don't drag". The result was that his "fun and fancy" were few and far between. Once, however, in the Spring when one's fancy turns to the femmes, Fry decided to give us a treat and sat himself pen in hand and dashed off a wicked Navy Line—To his O. A. O.—No—to two for the same hop. "Aw—I didn't know they'd both accept—What do?"

Although he answers to "Dissipate" far be Fry from a "rounder", for he doesn't even swear. "Gee Whizz—wouldn't that make ya mad."

*Masquerader Electrical Gang (4, 3);  
Black N\*.*



FREDERICK WOOTEN LONG  
JASPER, ALABAMA  
"Fred" "Jasper" "Wooten"

HERE he is, Long of Jasper! Don't crowd girls; he will take care of you one at a time! I warn you though, Cleopatra would have been clay in his hands.

Wherever he goes—from Honolulu to Africa—he leaves a path of fame, due to his Sheik-like and anti-Volstead tendencies. Every one knows who owns the Statue of Liberty and the Flat Iron Building. He bought them for \$20.

Fred is noted for the following: the above real estate deal, the "Sittin' Bull" number of the Radiator Club, a helluva snake and an awful line.

As for studying—that's out of the question. All you have to do is look the Prof square in the eye and keep on talking, according to him. No one can beat him shuffling the paste boards, pursuing the ivory cubes or mixing cocktails.

But ask him about the pre-reveille party one morning. "S'all right sir, the Supe said so—." A good scout, Fred is. Trust him with anything but your wife and bet your last red on his making good.

"I'll betcha."

*Sub Squad (4).*





JOHN REID MCKINNEY  
STANFORD, KENTUCKY  
"Mac" "Dumbbell"

MAC is from the land of "Beautiful hawsses and fast wimmin" and he loves that country "still". He totes the wickedest fish-like capacity we, personally, have ever seen. Verily a human water barge.

He deserves quite a lot of credit for fuel conservation, warming the radiator, but surprised us once or twice by making good in class athletics just to show he was a member of the Radiator Club by choice and not chance. Black N\*\*\*\*\* sh-h-h, you ought to see the others.

As happy-go-lucky as they are made, never happy 'til he's broke, and has the most uncanny habit of having a better time than any one in every port. Just ask him about Helen of Frisco, Sue of New York, Gurdy of Kristiania, and others too numerous to mention. Cracks 3.0's without ever looking at a lesson; a sense of humor that would do credit to our friend Mr. Mann's; and a repartee that makes it impossible to lead his goat out on P-grade.

"Going to be an Ensign? What, for 18 years? Well I should not! Beware ye outside world!"

"Hey Red—What t'hell's the lesson?"

*Black N\*.*



ROBERT LEE TATUM, JR.  
MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI  
"Lee" "Shorty" "Pinky"

"THE marks are up, Red!"  
"Sho nuf? What am I Sat in?"

Lee can't remember when he was sat in everything, for the mental strain of rooming with two bridge fiends and being in love is too much for Lee. But depend on him to get thru by the skin of his teeth, for he is untiring in his efforts to snatch an elusive 2.5. "Gotta 'larm clock? Must bone Juice in the morning."

We call him "Red"—but it's dangerous. Not that he is hostile but his better 4/5th. "Lee's hair is not red—it's auburn!" she once told us.

Sing?—like a fool. Act?—you should have seen the fat country girl in the Masqueraders. Play a fiddle?—well—er—yes.

Depend on him to get a 4.0 grease anywhere. Ask him about his Skyweigian nurse. "Aw, my head was hurt." and he must have had a complete relapse when he heard she was coming over to pay him a visit???

"Get your letter today, Red?"

"Damn tootin!"

Choir (4, 3, 2);  
Masqueraders (3);  
Glee Club (3).





ROBERT HENRY RODGERS  
MACOMB, ILLINOIS  
"Bob" "Speed" "Roje"

NO, girls, you're wrong again. "Speed" gained his cognomen because of track fame, even though he is noted for other varieties of speed also. Ever since Bob doused his civilian clothes, he has been gaining laurels on the cinder path. And did you ever hear him tell about the "latest one" after returning from leave, an Army-Navy Game, or a track trip? Oh, yes, he plays football too—just ask anyone he ever happened to step on. On top of all this, he's savvy and shatters the axiomatic saying that "you can't get something from nothing" by getting the maximum results from minimum work.

Saturday nights of Plebe year often found Rodgers on "Bancroft Roof Garden" watching the contests in the Gym, and since then he has developed into quite a tripper of the light fantastic himself.

The chances are that Graduation will find this product of Illinois off to sell refrigerators to the Eskimos, or to conquer the world by some other civilian pursuit.

*Track Squad (4, 3, 2); TNT (4); NA (3);  
Y.M.C.A. Director.*



ROBERT EMMET COFER, JR.  
AUSTIN, TEXAS  
"Bob" "Bill Hart"

NO use going into any formal introduction, folks, 'cause if you haven't heard of Bob it's your own fault and all these years of yo' life have been wasted. "Oh —o—o! Are you *Bob Cofer*?" —over-heard at one introduction. Don't know how he does it, but this "Texas Steer" has little homes to go to all the way from Mass. to New Mexico, and almost in stone's throw of each other.

Being in the Navy means nothing in the life of Bob—merely a place for a good time. And he manages to get all that comes anywhere near him. His only ambitions are: just enough velvet to keep from boning, just enough money to keep from working, and just enough women to make a good party.

Bobby's line is known on three continents, and in as many languages. With said line always ready for instant use he rounds up his prey, heaves out old trusty noose, catches the sweet young thing unawares, holds her to him and brands her as his. And he never misses!!

"Boy!—Dat's a keen Jane!"

*Class Baseball (3, 2); Numerals (3).*





LOUIS NEWCOMB MILLER  
MILLVILLE, NEW JERSEY  
"Lou" "Cap"

CAPTAIN came to us from the famous Marion Institute—where writing desks are used for firewood, and windows for purposes other than the usual—full of ideas of how to get out of work officially and unofficially. Lou seems to believe in doing a lot of work to get out of other work—and with astounding thoroughness, whether absorbing Seamanship as a Plebe, writing sports for the Log, playing bridge, or dragging.

"Did you get the work out of her this week-end, Lou?"

At times he rather overdoes it—like getting sunburned in Lisbon.

"Snookum" tells us confidentially there are too many hour angles in the Navy and that he craves the great outside. "Ain't that the berries, Lou, but we fear you monked."

Lou has a weakness for silk bathing suits, even if he has to turn out at four o'clock on a cold morning to witness them.

Lou may not be able to view things that come to him in their true light, but like in baseball, we predict that he will bluff 'em for a walk at least.

*Class Baseball (3); Numerals (3);  
Log Staff (4, 3, 2);  
Black N\*.*



BEVERLEY RANDOLPH HARRISON, JR.  
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA  
"Bevo" "Bev"

IS Beverley an F.F.V.? Just look at that name again, please. Our hero is so proud of having his fate connected with this lineage that Plebe year he admitted to the inquiring horde to be of the founders of the old Dominion.

"Oh! Isn't that the cutest little fellow there? He looks just like a boy." But once she meets him her sufferings are double, for besides being a proficient heaver of the Navy line he is a master at broadcasting the Southern flattery. Youngster and Second Class year we thought Bev had succumbed to the attention of just one, but fate intervened and now all the girls get the treat.

Bevo really had a job Plebe year. Twenty-three hours a day he donated to Academics and friends in the Upper classes, the hour of rest he suffered the wailings of his roommate. Experience is a good teacher—that is why we go to Harrison for advice.

*Black N.*





JOHN DRAKE SHAW  
 SPOKANE, WASHINGTON  
 "Jack" "Unconscious"



ALBERTON CUTLER HARSHMAN  
 SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
 "Toke"

ALBERTON Cutler—and to the manor born—in Montana at that. But not of the appearance wild and wooley is Toke, for three years in Japan coupled with a remarkable ability at tennis have deprived him of all but the most worldly and debonair manners. "Toke" never starred in his existence, Academically speaking, but he throws a mean sock (from the verb "sacar"—meaning "to take off") at all of the well known indoor sports.

With those romantic eyes set in Arabian skin and topped off, like all good things, you know, by the partedest patent leather hair one ever whiffed, he would make a darling Sheik. While we don't know overmuch about his equestrian abilities, he can certainly ride the pap sheet to a fare-thee-well. As for that little lady in Cincinnati, (Bless her heart!) We'll say that life with as even a temper and disposition as Toke's would be somewhat of a neat way of putting in one's time. "Say Mister, do you sing in the choir?"

*Tennis Squad (4, 3, 2); TNT (3);  
 Captain (1).*

"UNCONSCIOUS" is what they call him, but, to our mind, it should be "oblivious". Unconscious implies a "dead one" and, as such, is not applicable to John.

A saving sense of humor makes him somewhat of a glutton for punishment, not in the physical sense, however, for our hero's athletic aspirations are confined to murderous cross-country walks, and, when spring calls to its mate, an occasional set of tennis.

Handsome Jack, past assistant social secretary to Montana Pete, loves the Navy, else why does he inhabit Bancroft Hall so muchly? Of course, there *have* been other reasons for the forfeiting of a round or so of leave, but oh, for that little lake in Idaho, where one may up with the sun in a twenty degree tent and plunge in the ten degree bath of nature. It's all yours, Jack, but is sounds like so much buncombe, for, while a fool and his money are soon parted, a comfortable bed is comparatively cheap. And once in that bed, how "Tempus do fugit."

*Black N\*.*







JOHN WAKEFIELD HARPER, JR.  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Jack" "Harp"

SEE there—the mildest and cutest Plebe in the Old Twelfth. What a change? Oh yes, Jack's regness and diplomacy prevented any unwelcome notoriety Plebe year, but he became famous as the Plebe who could hang at Eddie's heels in the mile; no soft job that.

Wakefield's a crank on neatness, insists on knife edges on his pea-green soup strainer. Then a brisk manner and unadulterated nerve enabled him to get away with almost anything.

But what a changed man came back from that blissful, fateful West Coast cruise! For our Jack had fallen for a sun-kissed Californian miss after but three short days.

Mechanical intricacies of Juice upset him, for despite a determined rally and boning until the small hours, Jack decided that Bullard Vol. 1 was bull and he joined the hundred other Pets who scattered to homes that Spring.

We were all glad when Jack rejoined us in December. Congress had realized its loss, and he was reinstated as a "midshipman and a gentleman" and we're sure he will always be a staunch Navy man after his six years of service.

*Track Squad (4, 3);  
Class Track (3).*



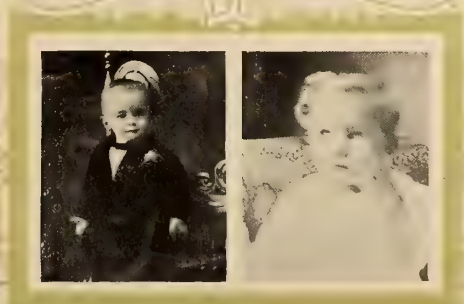
WILLIAM GRADY POGUE  
CORSICANA, TEXAS  
"Bill"

WILLIAM Grady Pogue, the gentleman from Corsicana, Texas, is a true product of the south, and has that love of ease and freedom—one reason for his becoming a ranking member of the Sub Squad.

As to fussing, Bill indulges only when it offers diversion, he being slightly inclined to less serious and playful types. He has a weakness for bobbed hair. For a tale stranger than fiction, ask him about the little Dianas of Argentine.

Academically speaking Bill was never prejudiced against any of the bushes, for Lady Luck was always at his side, and for three years he kept to windward of Academic snares. But Lady Luck forgot him Second Class year with '22, when he stripped the gears while juggling rhos and thetas. But real honest luck now came his way. Grady made a pleasure cruise to South America and returned to the old grind with a fight that buried his old foes at last.

*Expert Rifleman.*





WALTER O'SULLIVAN  
MOUND CITY, ILLINOIS  
"Walt" "Mick"

W. O'SULLIVAN. Ever wonder what the W stood for? It stands for Walter and he is just as inconspicuous as his signature indicates. Formerly a member of '22, he was unfortunate enough to take a long cruise across the river after which he became one of us, and '22's loss was our gain.

Quiet and unassuming under most conditions very few of us know him really well, but there have been times that he was the most talkative person on earth. On one of these occasions he came nobly to the rescue of a fair damsel in our own armory.

Lady Fatima and the Radiator have been his chief pastime and his practise has nearly made him perfect.



FRANCIS SCHLEY DRAKE  
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Ducky" "Mike"

HERE he is, ladies. The reddest of Red Mikes, oil burner supreme, the Croesus of the battalion with a physiognomy that Plebe year made all Upper Classmen suddenly forget what they had entered the room for.

Duck has never dragged and swears it will be a dark day for the Navy when he does. The best legal talent in the country couldn't convince him that any girl is worth putting on a "monkey jacket" for.

When it comes to laboring with a wooden roommate or extending financial aid to friends in distress he is hard to beat, and here in our little institution a better friend hath no man than this.

As far as Academics go he doesn't have much trouble fooling the various Departments and so long as he has some "oil" handy, exams don't worry him.

This lad might have graced the wrestling squad, but a certain fondness for light literature has prevented this; never-the-less he is right there when any roughhouse is going on. "Come on you grafters get outa here, before I push you one in the mush."

*Masqueraders (4, 3, 2); Gold Masked N.*





HUGH SEVERIN  
DAVENPORT, IOWA  
"Hughie" "Huge" "Pug"

OUR Hughie having heard the screeching callopes of steamboats on the Mississippi decided to be another Dewey, entered the Academy as one of the early members of '23, and has survived all its troubles.

Huge always stood close with the Lady Fatima, and more than once this fair young lady caused considerable trouble for him.

His liking for strenuous sports led him into boxing. He has always been one of Spike's mainstays. Hugh enjoys life wherever he is, whether abroad sipping "suds", or aboard ship, or at the Academy. And no one likes to be at home with the family more than he. His fondness for a family circle renders it improbable that he will remain single after graduation.

Hughie's success is inevitable. His energy, helpfulness and good nature have won him friends in every class. You'll go a long way to find a better friend and shipmate than "our Hughie".

"Gotta get the work, I'm dragging."

*Boxing Squad, (4, 3, 2); BNT (2);  
Log (4).*



ROLAND NARCISSUS SMOOT  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH  
"Smut" "Narcissus" "Ro"

DOWN in the canyon, where the moon peeping over one of the Rockies is reflected by a tiny stream far below—Man, I'm going back."

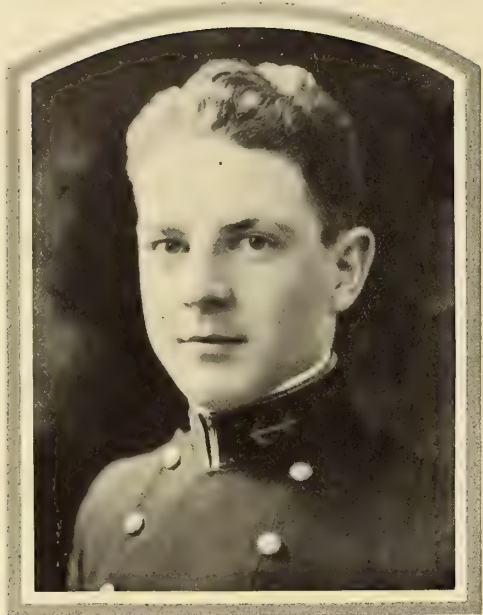
Every Fall found him on '23's football team—Second Class year found him skipper. During the winter he occupied himself in basketball.

Of "all straight dope", Smoot always has the very latest. Some of it he surely must get out of the air with that wireless. And we hear that something else in the atmosphere is of equal importance to him. His very countenance is a direct indication of whether or not that letter from just across the way was delayed.

When ashore in any foreign port, it was always Narcissus that the gang depended upon to remember the way back to the ship. Ac year, he was recipient of those delicious boxes from home; always a loyal member of the Sunday school-less Sunday school party; and a persistent attendant at the hop-less hop.

*Class Football (4, 3, 2).*





LAWRENCE THOMAS BURKE  
TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK  
"Larry"

**L**ADIES and gentlemen and the Juice Department—we present the Great Forgetter! He has forgotten it, he will forget it, or it can't be forgotten! Nowhere in all the known world or the mysteries of L. S. T. can you find a like mixture of fact and fancy as this son of the Emerald Isle presents. He's just—Larry!

In love? Say, didn't I tell you he's Irish? And look at that countenance—it hasn't launched a thousand ships (it doesn't even like to think of the "Michigan") but it has surely increased the enrollment of every finishing school in the East. He's a one-woman man, yeah—one at a time!

Larry's track aspirations made a Marathon runner of him, but he forgot the day of the race and 'twas all for naught. Happy-go-lucky, care-free, always wearing a smile (and his roommates shirt, collars, socks, rain-clothes—see list of articles required for midshipman's outfit) he's bound to finish top side!

"Gotta bone tonight—nope, better turn in!"  
"Have I got a P-work? Where's my collar? Who stole my blouse? Gee am I dragging this week—I forgot!"  
"Watch it all along, boys and girls!"

*Class Track (4, 3);  
Track Squad (2, 1).*



NEIL KITTRELL DIETRICH  
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY  
"Doc"

**T**HIS dashing looking hombre is a man well known to fame; He's a true Kentucky Colonel, though he's got a Deutscher name. He's a gifted man in Dago, our savvy little Neil, But in the good old Navy line, that's where he leads the field. For give him any subject, from love to built up guns, And Doc will spiel a monologue, quite interspersed with puns. In launching this our Lucky Bag, he quickly proved his worth, His fertile brain and facile pen filled half the book with mirth. The state of "Pretty Horses" can boast a worthy son, He made this bag a Doc—ument, if you'll forgive the pun. Neil won his N—crossed snow shoes and the hand carved boxing glove, When he waded seven miles of drifts to meet his lady love. For true old fashioned chivalry this sure bilged Walter Raleigh's, I wouldn't do that Peary act for half of Ziegfeld's Follies. He's quite unassuming, too, a friend through woe and weal, we need more in this Navy, here's luck, we're for you, Neil!

*Lucky Bag Staff;  
Star (4);  
Class Baseball (4);  
Editor Reef-Points;  
Expert Rifleman;  
Class Track.*





GORDON WALFORD DAISLEY  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Shorty-Andy-Gordon" "Dais" "Gustelberg"

OY! Gevalt! Shalamalocka! Have you seen the passbooks yet? At last I have more kopecs than Wilcox, and don't need any toothpaste this month."

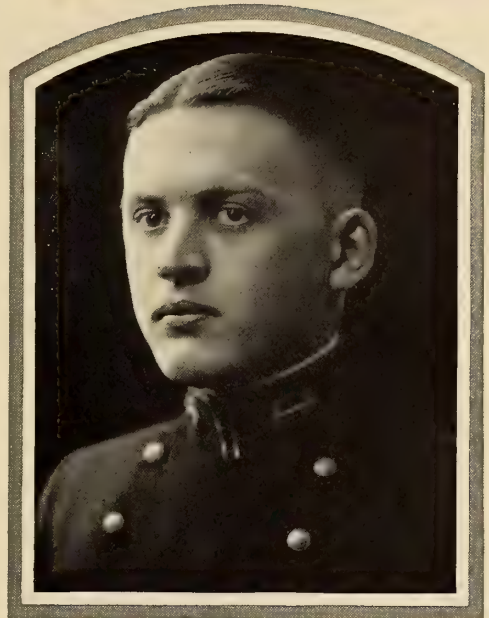
He's got Gilmore Dobie beat a kilometer when it comes to his own ability—"Hell no! I don't believe I even passed the exam—I am sure I got a sign wrong on the second half."

Do you know any girls who desire to become engaged? If so, have them correspond with him. He has never failed yet—they get engaged within two months—oh no! not to him.

And who can ever forget the Youngster gym team? Dais in the role of the great utility tool was manager, captain, and team. In the events with two men entered he never failed to take second.

We had to have him put on the black list down at the store as he would regularly squander his monthly insult on little nut-bound goodies and deny himself a change of necessities (size 36).

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Swimming Squad (2, 1), SNAT;*  
*Class Swimming (3), Numerals (3);*  
*Class Gym (4, 3, 2);*  
*Class Water-Polo (3);*  
*Class Baseball (2), Numerals (2);*  
*Expert Rifleman;*  
*Star (4, 3, 2, 1).*



LOUIS HARRY BRENDEL  
COSHOCOTON, OHIO

"Harry" "Louie"

"WHERE are you from, mister?"  
"From the Batt Office, sir"—Socko!!

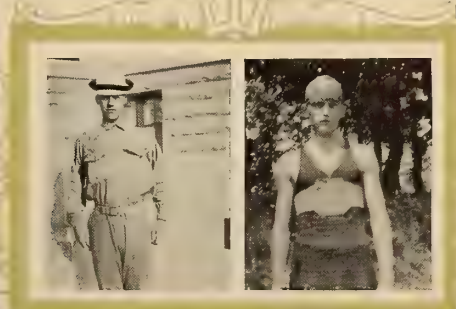
With just such wise (and otherwise) cracks as this did friend Louie make himself famous even during Plebe year. His ever-present "efforts" usually get a laugh, and when it comes to "biting, scathing sarcasm" our light friend is a past-master at the art.

Although drawing laughs is Harry's main accomplishment, when it comes to drawing slips he's also right there.

There are a hundred other things we could tell of Louie if only space permitted—he's a snake of no mean ability, a rabid "contest" hound—short-line, *Life* picture title, or Durham Duplex, it makes no difference.

And now, if on graduation its our luck to separate and hie us back to the tall timber, we have no fear for Harry, for with that bottomless pit of humor of his (not necessarily *low* humor, however) and that all powerful line, he could make a success at anything from pinch-hitting for Strickland Gillilan to selling bedroom slippers to centipedes.

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Class Football, (4, 3, 2);*  
*Expert Rifleman.*





MARCUS ERWIN, JR.  
ASHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Mark" "Jo-jo" "Marki"

**M**ARK,—get that name. Link it up with Anthony, Twain, Hanna, and Erwin. All great men, either politicians or slingers of the omnipotent language; and the last is not the least.

When the old gang gets together and Mark gets started on some of his "experiences," stand by for some real entertainment. He is better than the "Cosmo," and more versatile. Dronnegan and night blooming hibiscus bushes are favorite topics, but his repertoire is limited by neither time nor space.

The Academics have not bothered our Mark much either one way or the other. He spends his time persuading his roommates to make trips to the tailor for him, getting on the athletic excused list, and figuring on what he will do with his next drag. Mark confines his athletics to football, wrestling, track and drags. In the first three he goes out for class teams, but in the last is where he really gets the class.

"Oh, Mr. Erwin, this is the first dance I've really enjoyed all this evening."

*Class Football, (4, 3, 2);  
Class Track (3, 2);  
Class Gym (2).*



CHURCH ALLEN CHAPPELL  
CASPER, WYOMING  
"Chap" "Church" "Gusher"

**D**ID you ever hear it? Yes, that line of Chap's. He has a description of the Golden West which imprints upon the listener's mind an apparition of snow capped peaks and the thousand marvels of the Yellowstone. However, Chap is exhibit "A" and his qualities are as outstanding as those of the great region from which he hails.

He is a great lover of the great outdoors. During "the leave granted in September," Chap returns to his native haunts and embarks upon big game hunts. Is he successful? Just notice the pair of perfect elk teeth he has mounted on cuff-links. Our hero bagged that magnificent elk while in the Rockies.

Is he an athlete, snake and student? Verily, his make-up combines all three. As a hip-lock artist on the wrestling squad he should make something with his ability; as a snake, his interest is centralized at Tufts; and Academically speaking, he has the faculty of concentrating—consequently he fools 'em regularly.

"Brace up! mister, Get um back!"

*Class Wrestling (3, 2);  
Class Track (2);  
Lucky Bag.*





JOSEPH HENRY FOLEY  
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Joe" "Jose" "J. H."

"COME on you little Joe"—no not shooting craps just trying to get a rise out of our friend from Bawston—excuse me, I mean Salem—where they burned the witches a few years ago.

Oh no, he isn't Irish at all! He just looks that way from force of habit. Athletics, the all Academics, and pink envelopes have claimed our Joe's attention since he dropped in from down East. He doesn't show how he does it but it's darn seldom that the little pink missile fails to flutter in about 9:30 and then that greasy Irish smirk bursts loose and the Academics are geflunk for the rest of the hour.

Although never a satellite he has always managed to steer clear of the bushes by dint of horse-shoe luck.

Always of an athletic turn of mind, only the fact that he gets out too late and comes in too early has kept him from the limelight.

It takes no phenomenal insight to recognize the fact that Joe is a snake of the first order. Look at those scintillating black eyes and that knock 'em dead chin.

*Class Boxing (3, 2);  
Class Lacrosse (2).*



GILBERT LA RUE BURT  
ONWA, IOWA  
"Tweet-tweet" "Bunny" "Galarue"

"LATE again! Well maybe it will rain Saturday and I won't have to walk." The boy always takes the "rules and regulations" lightly until he finds himself on the list of the cross country explorers. Then he prays for the weather prophet to save his shoe leather.

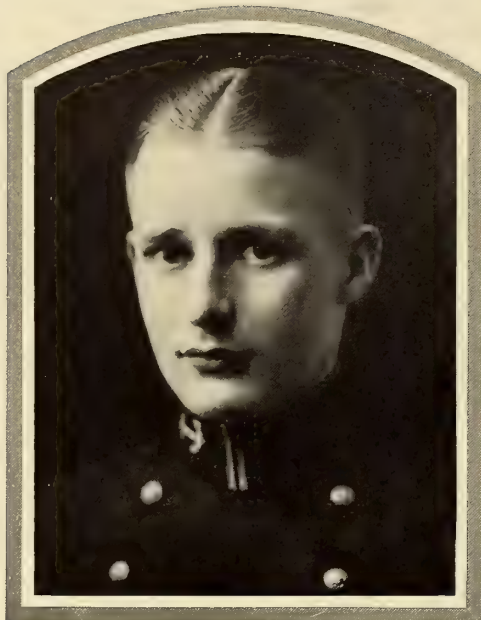
All of Tweet's hikes are not "per order" though. Every spring the Radiator Club begins to look around for another member to replace the "charter" who sets out to tear up the cinders. If the Navy ran the three-quarter mile there is little doubt as to who would give the boys a run for their dinero. Tweet is always amongst the leaders of the third lap when he succumbs to the call of Lady Fatima.

Not desiring to deprive the savours of their satellites he has kept his average down among the happy medium by his attention to the thrills of good literature.

"Why worry when there are so many others to do it for you." Such is our Tweet-tweet's repartee.

*Class Track (3, 2).*





FREDERICK MOOSBRUGGER  
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Moose" "Chubby" "Mooshurgger"

IS that he? Yea! There he is over in the corner—the light-haired one with the goggles on. The goggles are just local color to hide the black eyes he gets in the gentle art of self-defense.

Moose claims to be a Red Mike, but why he is no one knows. He may be a Red Mike by choice, but just ask him what he did in Seattle, around Hollywood, and Los Angeles.

Freddie has the most consistent luck of anyone. He has caught his non-reg "fat" so much that his very nonchalance makes it reg. Catching a skag is nothing compared to catching hot ones at his job on first base, which he has held on the Class team for three years.

As a club member, he is quite select. Besides belonging to the Sub Squad, and Caulkemoffs, he belongs to the Master Mechanics Union, which is awfully nice for him and Steam.

"Hey Mac! Are ya going ashore to-day? Get me a pound of pretzels, will yuh?"

*Boxing Squad (4, 3, 2); BNAT (3);  
 Baseball Squad, (2);  
 Class Baseball (4, 3, 2);  
 Numerals (2).*



RALPH DONALD MCAFEE  
 BATAVIA, OHIO  
 "Mac" "The Shrewd Scotchman"

INTRODUCING the boy who shaves without soap.

If the poets were right when they said a 2.5 was harder to get than a 3.5 our dashing hero would jump into the limelight like a kangaroo.

Plebe summer made him a past master in the gentle art of executive to such an extent that three stripes fell to his lot during Second Class "Exec", although a "Squads right" doesn't mean a thing to him.

Such broad shoulders, good looks, and slick, shiny hair always make a snake and, dressed in his best, he steps with the pick of Crabs.

A lovable (?) disposition and saving nature make him one of the King's own spendthrifts.

Volstead is unknown in Lisboa and was forgotten in Bancroft Hall during Christmas leave when Mac was asked to give Christmas Cheer to the P. A.'s best bets. He is said to have created quite a stir in Baltimore New Year's Eve. "She was red-headed, wasn't she, Mac?"

"What are you out for Mac?"

"Extra instruction of course."







HUBERT MALCOLM McLELLAN  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Mac" "Sister"

IF YOU want to get any dope on "what do" in New York after the Game, or who is the Inter-collegiate champ on the bars (parallel, not the kind with the brass rail before it) or the latest rules of bridge—see Mac! He's the Bowditch of New York, and anyone who has ever made a liberty or enjoyed a party with him will tell you that you'll be mighty darn sorry to take your departure when leave expires. One leave that the rest of us enjoyed, Mac didn't take (he was such a conscientious student that he stayed in Crabtown Christmas Second Class year to receive his P. A. degree from the Reina—a master's degree it was too!) But he has never missed a liberty since.

The English Department and Mac's control panel were short circuited most of Second Class year, but the insulation lasted until English was buried and the chief mourner was none other than Hubert himself! Mac has never stepped out with the so-called snakes, but it's a rare hop that isn't graced by his presence and pompadour.

"Who's got the prob?"

"Now listen, fellows, when you're in New York—"

*Manager Gym Team (1);*

*Class Gym (3, 2);*

*Class Track (3).*

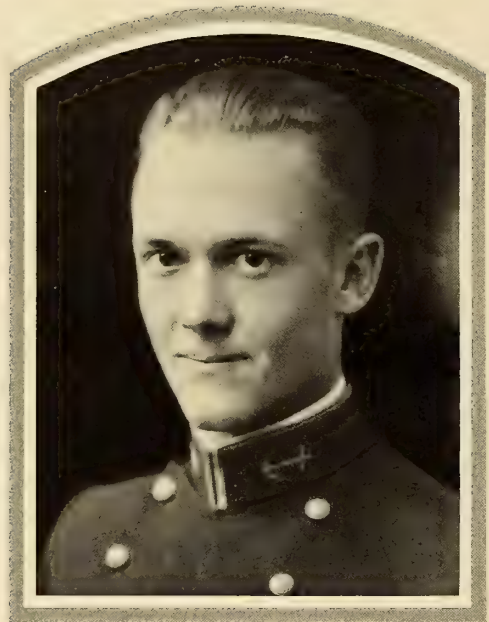


OLIN SCOGGINS  
MISSION, TEXAS  
"Olin"

VERY young lady at Hop, wringing hands in desperation: "Olin! Oh, Olin, Where is my Olin?" Nearby civilian to midshipman: "Who is this notorious Olin? That makes the third damsel I've heard calling for him. He must be something like Mellen's Food since all the children cry for him." Midshipman to cit: "Haven't you heard of our beloved Olin—Why man alive, he's the most wonderful product Texas has sent this way in a long while." It's a far cry from the desert sands of the Texas-Mexican boundary to this stronghold of ante-bellum customs and cobblestones, Annapolis, but by using pack-mules, prairie schooners and all other modes of travel known to man, Olin finally wended his way into our presence back in 1919. The old saying, "He's little but he's loud" surely does fit this little fellow. He may be shortsighted, but he measures up to the standard of 20-20-25 in the matter of vocal chords.

"Hot Ziggity Dog!!"





JOSEPH EUGENE MICHAEL WOOD  
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO  
"Jem" "Joe"

HAVING heard of the three squares offered per sidereal day to Uncle Sam's pampered pets, Joe arrived in Crabtown covered with the alkali dust of his beloved New Mexico. When we first met him he was singing in a corn fed tenor and Caruso, had he heard his rival, would have exclaimed, "One of us is certainly rotten." In an argument Joe always admits two sides to every question, his side and the wrong side. His rep was made Plebe year, for when a first classman asked him, "Mr. Wood, can you herd sheep?," our Joe replied, "Sir, you mean, have I heard sheep!" He soon recovered and because of his cheerful optimism and winning smile, his friends are numbered legion. Joe's athletic ability has earned for him the title of the "One man track team," while on the flying rings he is the original defier of gravity.

They say that the secret of success in the Navy is friendship and if so Joe Wood certainly has the "Open Sesame."

*Gym Squad (3, 2); GNAT (2);  
Track Squad (2);  
Class Track (4, 3);  
Lucky Bag.*



DONALD EDMUND WILCOX  
AMSTERDAM, NEW YORK  
"Don" "Our Hero"

OUR Donald came to us from the outfit, and the first time we saw his rosy cheeks and tuft of hair we knew that we were bound to like him. He has been adding friends ever since Plebe summer.

When the crowd is feeling rather rhino Don is sure to come through with something which will make them forget their troubles. Now Don let us have number five. "What is it, Maud Müller," or "I hear you like your soup?"

During any water-polo contest you are sure to find him in the midst of the scrimmage. His playing had a large part to do with the defeat of the Inter-collegiate champs.

If a man is needed in any sport Wilcox is always ready and able to lend assistance.

At the hops most of us take a back seat just to watch him work. When he starts like this, what chance have the rest of us? "For every better looking girl than you here tonight there is a taxi service in Venice."

*Water-Polo (3, 2); WNAP (3); WNP (2);  
Swimming Squad (4);  
Class Track (3);  
Class Tennis (2);  
Class Swimming (3); Numerals (3).*





RICHARD MAXEY OLIVER  
VAN BUREN, ARKANSAS  
"Red" "Keck" "Our Boy"

'T WAS June when Keck shuffled in,—clean from the land of razor-backs and corn. No noise—no press notices—one look told us that he had arrived. He's since discarded the outfit, however, and now you could not tell him from the rest of us.

In argument Keck is supreme. His line while a bit unpolished is straight and true,—enough to cause uneasiness. And boys, I ask you "ain't he the stuff?"

With true modesty Red can boast of more popularity during his interment here than most of us enjoy in a lifetime. And there's a reason!

It's his hair, girls. Never since Adam decided to take a breathing spell has mortal been adorned with such flowing locks as ornaments our hero's brow. I say only this,—that when our blushing rose takes the trouble to give his crop that extra touch—it's a revelation to see him get to work.

A real savoir with thirst and disposition that never go wrong, and you have Keck, who "does things because he likes to."

*Football Squad (4);  
Class Football (3, 2);  
Class Water-Polo (3).*



DOMINICK JOSEPH TORTORICH, JR.  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
"Dom"

"I SIMPLY must have another dance with that actorfellow", spoke a fair damsel and of course she referred to none other than our hero who appears in oval above. There you have Dom of the sunny south, romantic, sentimental and a mean guitar player.

And do you see that brute force standing out all over his face. It's there. Our boy is a wrestler and boxer, combination of Dempsey and Zybysko. In class meets Dom has won every bout, but he is modest though, and admits it was all luck.

Dom is also a charter member of the yeast squad—his greatest ambition is just a few more pounds avoirdupois. "Look at me boy—gained a whole pound."

When it comes to spreading gobs of gloom about his ability to bump the Ac Department, Dom makes Gil Dobie sound like a prize-fighter's press agent.

Dom needs no praise, for as Red says—"He's just a good boy."

*Class Wrestling (3, 2); Numerals (3, 2);  
Class Boxing (3); Numerals (3);  
Expert Rifleman.*





JOHN ARTHUR MORROW  
DANVILLE, ILLINOIS  
"Jack" "Gloom"

WHO is the lad with the solemn mein and the fierce frown? Why that's Jack Morrow, the "perfect 36", (44 now and growing steadily). With Uncle Joe Cannon he has put Danville on the map (The Danville *Evening Effort* says so.) He admits Uncle Joe had a great part in it, but the lion's share is his. It has ever been a case of "the villian still pursued her" between Jack and the Academics. That he is still a lap in the lead surprises all, himself included. Particularly in Dago is he the original—emphasis on the original—for he speaks a Spanish all his own. We don't know what Jack's crest is but it ought to be the Pine Tree Flag because he always assumes an attitude of "Don't tread on me." In order to know when you meet him stop, look, and listen and when you hear, "To h— with you, hooray for me", you have found the genuine article. All others are spurious.

*Black N\*.*



BENJAMIN WILLIAM ARNOLD, III  
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA  
"Skag" "Slim" "B. W."

"WELL, Dynamite, come on out." That was the usual monologue of an Upper Classman Plebe year upon entering his room. We will leave it to you why he is known to his friends by the appropriate name of "Skag."

"Skag" arrived in our midst early in Plebe summer, tall, gawky, and awkward, but since those days he has developed into a fine specimen of manhood, doing his native "hill city" proud. "Skag" has two, and only two, hobbies, wrestling and the ladies. The first has a tendency to keep him somewhat worried about eating toast, and the second perpetually in hot water.

Wherever you hear a "Vic", you can count on Skag being there practising all the latest steps, for no hop is running true to form unless he is there to give the femmes a treat.

Fairly savvy, an earnest worker, but not brilliant, he is a real friend and always ready to give one a helping hand when it is needed.

AND HE IS STILL LOOKING FOR THE PRUDENTIAL SIGN ON THE "ROCK."

*Wrestling Squad (2);  
Class Wrestling (3).*





EDWARD THOMAS COLLINS  
 FRESNO, CALIFORNIA  
 "Eddie" "E. T." "Pigeon" "Sparrow"

JUST why a lad with a perfect "Norge" complexion should be nicknamed "Red" during Plebe year is inconceivable unless it is for "Red Mike"—probably its origin, for, although Eddie has snakish tendencies, fear of the femmes has prevented his talent for the terpsichorean art from being displayed at any of our "light fantastics". "Aw—why drag—you only make a fool of yourself." Nevertheless Eddie's a regular fellow and one of the boys at any gathering. "Have you heard this one?"—!

As a songster this salt is not much, but on request his only melody was rendered—"Mammy O'mine—beneath that—". That will be enough, "Red". In his section, the English Profs often witnessed a Mexican Athlete who could throw the bull.

"That's obvious enough, sir,—we all know about Galileo's spheres" (said in class when referring to Chemistry).

To argue for argument's sake put him on our "Debating Society."

"Frisco—Oh! I don't know what you mean."

Best of luck, Eddie, and remember—"A faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

*Class Baseball (2).*



RICHARD GUNTER MCCOOL  
 CORONADO, CALIFORNIA  
 "Dick" "Mac"

TO look at Mac and hear him argue you would think he was another Stephen Douglas. Pro or con on any subject we are confident that Dick will emerge topside, for give him time and he will prove anything from Einstein's theory to the whichness of what.

"You'll never get along with her because you haven't got the southern touch." But, don't ask Mac to strengthen you with your O. A. O., because results have shown he will set you with a negative grease. Dick came into prominence towards the end of Plebe year when, with the aid of a boathook he heroically rescued his drag from the Severn. This act must have caused the femmes to feel secure with him. Few hops passed which our hero attended as a stag. Perhaps, his line has been the luring power as rumors are that his is a heavy one, sometimes approaching the sensational. "Tell him—".

We are sure that the future holds much for you, Dick, and hope that the best will be yours.

"No bridge tonight, boys, gotta write to Phyllis."

*Expert Rifleman;  
 Star (2).*





JOHN LYTLE WELCH  
NEW BETHANY, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Jack" "Pete" "Savvy" "Doc"

"WHAT only two this morning?" "Hey! Assistant! come here!" Pete's only worry in life is the mail chart. It takes all his time, two fountain pens and his roommates' stamps to keep sat in correspondence. One day, the rest of the room drew down more than he, and he didn't speak for a week.

Pete hails from western Pennsylvania where the smoke hangs dark and thick. He went out for "pants hanging" as soon as he drew his gym shoes, and has developed into one of Mang's best. Athletics and correspondence have bilged many, but Pete's too savvy to let the Acs even get a toe hold on him. For straight dope on an exam, a good time in a port, or the best of shipmates for a cruise, Pete's your man.

"Say, mister, come over and look at this picture. How much do you rate her?"

*Gym Squad (3, 2);  
Track Squad (4).*



DWIGHT HARVEY DAY  
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA  
"Reiny" "Dwidget" "Dangerous"

DWIGHT hails from New Sweden and is proud of it even if he didn't speak the brand they did in Christiania. Famous for a facile brush and pen, he is also known for a hesitant way of reciting that drives his Profs nearly insane. As a hop card artist Reiny reigns supreme. Many a maiden has been delighted by his handiwork, for he turns them out by the dozen. He came into the limelight during segregation when a falling goboon brought with it a shower of something else and he earned the name of Reiny and a black N five stars. The enforced stay in Crabtown proved his undoing for never since has he dragged elsewhere. With him it is not "Are you dragging a crab?" but, "Which crab are you dragging?" Sunday morning of the Army-Navy game, 1920, Dwigit appeared at the Main Gate.

Jimmy Legs: Do you rate liberty, sir!

Reiny: Liberty hell! I'm the church party.

Jimmy Legs: Which church party!

Reiny: All of 'em.

*Lucky Bag Staff;  
Log (4, 3, 2);  
Masqueraders (3, 2);  
Class Crest Committee;  
Black N\*\*\*\*\*.*





RALPH WALTER DUNSTAN WOODS  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Woodie" "Wood"

RALPH hails from Cambridge, where the slide rule was discovered, but he has none of the identifying traits of his predecessors. He nearly took the count in the first engagement with the Acs., but by hard boning, he has taken two re-exams, and lived to tell the tale.

Wooden went out for crew Plebe summer and navigated '23 up the Henley that year. He packs a mean left too, and mixes egg nogs with Spike's gang all winter, when not unsat.

The femmes didn't interest Ralph at all till Second Class year, when he celebrated a 2.7 by breaking out the "patent leathers" for the first time. Since then, he has been a familiar figure at the Armory, but he doesn't let the girls worry him too much. He'd just as soon eat peanuts in the Republic Theater as shake a hoof at the hop, but we're expecting some time to see some sweet little lead-soled little thing change Ralph's viewpoint. She'll rate congratulations too.

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Plebe Crew; Numerals (4);  
Boxing Squad (3, 2).*



RICHARD CARTER KENDALL  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Dick"

SNAKE?—No! Red Mike?—No! Just a middlin' sort, for Dick is only moderately affected by the fair ones. And yet—"Baltimore girls are the prettiest and best in the world"! Just ask Dick!

It is only Dick's lack of weight that has kept him from the stroke's seat in the "Seconds". But as stroke of the "Thirds" it was his competition that gave the Varsity the practice push that has won them their enviable record of victories.

Baltimore and Home meaning the same to him, Dick had every chance to win a P. A. degree for himself but he was reg and I fear will never get in trouble.

Youngster Sept leave he utilized his time by taking a motorcycle trip to Canada. He brought a whole strong box full of corks back to his roommates. but alas! the spirit had fled.

You can't help liking the boy, his broad grin and willingness to work to death for a friend will get him by anywhere.

*Crew Squad (3, 2);  
150 lb. Crew (4).*



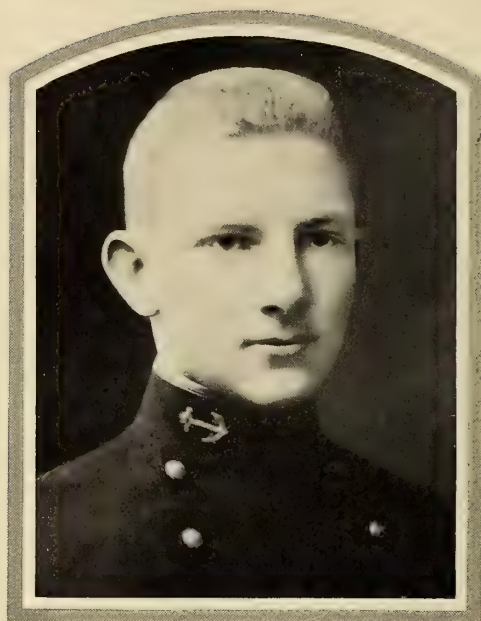


RALPH BURNETT McRIGHT  
 RUSSELVILLE, ALABAMA  
 "Bubby" "Ruben" "Rolf"

"HELLO there, old timer, what's the dope?" That's as typical of Mac as his continual vocal renditions of rhapsodies in X major. But Academically and athletically speaking, Mac is far from a satellite. He has never experienced the peculiar sensation of a re-exam, but he has never been over ankle deep in velvet.

He does not come into his own until he gets with the women. He is very particular and critical in this respect, and it seems that he has a decided preference for red-headed ones. At least he will maintain that his red-headed woman is the original standard for all parties. But women were, are, and will continue to be the cause of his downfall. For example, in the spring of his Youngster year he calmly frenched to Baltimore and accidentally chose the very select company of his skinny Prof to ride back with. Results: 100 demerits, and regimental order No. 78-21. Mac claims that he's not "collegiate, nor 'Varsity material, but he can spread his stuff just the same."

*Class Track (3. 2).*



CHARLES WAYNE HUMPHREYS  
 HEMPSTEAD, TEXAS  
 "Hump" "Poker-face" "Red" "Cy"

"DON'T shoot, Hump, I can hear you perfectly." How this comes to introduce our seafaring fighter from the bulky satellite state is by no means mysterious, especially to those who know of his ex-deputy days for he is a two-gun man, shoots from the hip, and according to the Academic fans is quick on the draw.

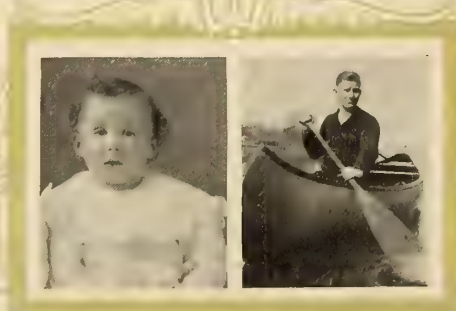
Hump began his nautical career, while doing Ranger work, by crossing the Rio Grande in a bath tub with sword and bayonet as port and starboard oars respectively.

His Academic life from Plebe year to graduation has been made easy sailing by his extreme savviness. He hit one tree in Steam and Isherwood Hall trembled for a month.

If you want to spend an hysterical Sunday afternoon ask Hump who turned, or rather over-turned, the tables at a certain tea fight in Washington, or of a Christmas leave in New York and his share in the Brooklyn Bridge.

"Where are the eyes of the ship, mister?"  
 "In the ship's head, Sir."

*Class Baseball (4, 3, 2);  
 Expert Rifleman.*







HOWARD MORSE KELLY  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

"Kel" "Mike" "Irishman" "His Majesty"

YES girls, he is perfectly darling, but beware!—his winning personality has been the cause of many a broken heart. While he has the appearance of a perfectly normal child, deep mystery surrounds his charming personage and it is sadly believed he is lost to the cause of *Love*.

Kel comes from the Wild West where mountain hikes seem to be the popular sport. Thus was he in his element when, under the supervision of the D. O., he sallied forth on semi-weekly hikes with the Extra Duty squad. But not satisfied with this every Spring he took more with the Track Squad.

Yes, he is athletic but it seems to affect his power of concentration, for on many mornings reveille found him on the tennis court with some fair damsel, or in the pool—with his wife. But he made up for it by turning in every night before the rest of us had time to get back from chow.

"I bilged cold last month; Ferdie only gave me a 3.59."

*Track Squad (3, 2);  
Lucky Bag;  
Class Track (4);  
Expert Rifleman.*



RAYMOND DANIEL LEWIS  
EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA

"Lewie" "Ray" "Song-bird"

AND is he a snake! Boy, when he gets started none of the fairer sex can resist him, and his trail of conquests is blazed across half the globe. Our Looie came to us the first of Second Class cruise, and soon made a place for himself in our class history. Chief of all fussers, savior faire, President of ye honorable Bridge Club, and a member in good standing in the Radiator Club is no mean record.

While not an athlete of the first water, he is one of those all round men who can make a creditable showing in any line of sport—ask him about the time he was Second Class gym team all by his little lonesome!

Lady Nicotine has always had a tough customer in our Quaker—he knocks off regularly every month; but soon her gentle wiles again enthrall him.

Naturally savvy, he rarely bones, and gets his little 2.5 by shooting one of the heaviest lines in captivity.

"I hope to shout."

*Glee Club (2);  
Class Track (2).*





GEORGE WILLIAM MOYERS  
TAMPA, FLORIDA  
"Monk" "Mono" "Gawge"

**S**OLOMON in all his glory couldn't hold a candle to our mighty Monk when he arrays himself in his pink p-jams, anoints his head with Herpicide, and fares forth avising. Perhaps Solomon gave up the race but Tommy didn't—and after several appearances on the daily social register, Monk found discretion the better part of valor and consigned his wandering proclivities overboard.

Here you have a man who knows, but alas! the Profs know not that he knows! George can savvy more Steam, Juice, and Nav in a given time than any living man, and then go to class and cover himself with less glory than a Pointer owns after a Navy Victory. He WILL argue with the Profs—you know the rest!

Walk by the tennis courts any afternoon in Spring or Fall and watch Mono in action. An elongated whirl-wind, miraculously managing to keep feet, hands, and racquet where they ought to be, he has shown that California cannot claim all the tennis stars—Check one for Florida.

*Class Tennis (3, 2); Numerals (3);  
Class Soccer (4, 3);  
Class Gym (2).*



JOHN PARKS GILMER, JR.  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY  
"John"

**A**LL right—sit down and I'll show you. Let  $x=y$  where  $y=F$  (sure  $F=ma$ —we had that last year, man!) and integrate between zero and Annapolis Junction. Set that equal to the factor of evaporation and the efficiency of the Bean Cycle being 100%, the answer is  $\log\text{-}\log 7/16$ . Now get out—gotta write a letter!" No gentle reader, 'tis not a good man gone wrong, 'tis a good man going right! Give the great John his water-cooled slip-stick and his favorite pipe, and he will tell you anything correct to the tenth decimal—including the uniform, dope on the cruise, and next week's Juice prob. But if you really want to see this hombre in action give him a fountain pen, a box of stationery, and some stamps—John surely rates All-American when it comes to correspondence. It is a rare day that the Assistant doesn't stagger in with N plus one letters for him, and especially that "plus one" from the O. A. O. in Kentucky—for he showed his usual good judgment in choosing a daughter of "God's Country." John has been known to drag (muy satisfecho!), but his thoughts were too much with HER to ever become a snake, and so he saved his abilities for leave.

*Lucky Bag;  
Rifle Squad (4).*





PLEASANT DANIEL GOLD, III  
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA  
"P. D." "Kike" "Calipers"

SHAKESPEARE prevaricated—lied—most brutally when he queried "What's in a name?" For proof one has but to know the blonde and debonair youth above. No mean hand at repartee is P. D. and sufficiently "light" to escape accusation of being a bore. Quite the contrary in fact, for, while one internally hopes for the day when he "grows up," one will never turn a deaf ear to his utterances.

His history here might make a neat little volume entitled "Youth Triumphant" for it is a study in development. Even now, however, he praises the powers that approve and direct that English is but a two and a half year course.

P. D. is extremely matter-of-fact; too much so if such be possible. One would never, if he knew him, predict a diplomatic future for him, despite his zealous work on any kind of a floor, always with the inevitable flapper.

North Carolina claims him and he reciprocates like any natural Tar Heel. But he's out to see the world first, and all that therein is, with his pet Excel-sior—

"Try anything once!"

*Class Wrestling (2); Numerals (2);  
Expert Rifleman;  
Class Football (3, 2);  
Class Tennis (2).*



FRANK HENRY BOND  
RIDLEY PARK, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Nig" "Frankie" "Sentry"

HERE we have him, folks—a typical son of the city of brotherly love, and a loyal "Shifter." He is as easy-going as a paymaster's Pierce-Arrow—and usually just as tired.

Academically Frank is a "Whiz"! Though inclined to be studious naturally he has such perfect control over his instincts that he has quite overcome all such absurdities, and it is a well known fact that his "input over output" exceeds that of any other of "our gang."

Frank is also that unusual combination of an athlete, both real and Mexican, for he gives Lady Fatima an awful workout every spring on the old track, and the Cosmo one every winter.

Nig is a keen student of literature, too, (see pap-sheets—"Library book overdue") and has worked faithfully on the Log staff for four long years. Should he ever want a job, which is hardly probable, (the want, we mean) he could readily find a place on any newspaper—"Wuxtra—all about the big murder."

*Track Squad (4, 2);  
Log Staff (4, 3, 2);  
Class Football (4, 3);  
Class Lacrosse (3).*





CAREY WORTH STEVENSON  
GADSDEN, ALABAMA  
"Steve"

STEVE'S chief claim to fame is his membership in the First Batt quartette. Beside that distinction such honors as a place on the Glee Club, a position on the Log Staff, a berth at the crew table, and on the class football team fade to insignificance. Steve is never happier than when booming forth bass of an intricate bit of barber shop melody.

His favorite pastime is looking distinguished. He does it so well that one time in Portugal he was escorted about the palace by El Presidente, himself.

But there's another Steve when the foo-foo flies. Across his chest full of brass buttons flows a suave and soothing syrup of words that's guaranteed to entangle the past-mistresses of the male resisting art. And what's more it gets the chaperons too. When it's time to swing a ditty, an oar, a pencil or a partner—he's around. In short, an all around man.

Close Harmony:

"Oh, a dollar goes from hand to hand,  
But a woman goes from man to man."

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Class Football (3, 2);  
Glee Club (3, 2);  
Log Staff (4, 3, 2).*



MERRALL KEMBLE KIRKPATRICK  
SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK  
"Pug" "Kirk" "Look-Out"

HE'S the friend of everybody, having that faculty of making you think you displace more than you really do. With an enveloping smile, he charms Upper Classmen, professors and officers alike—anyone above the mere plebian level. No, we don't call that exactly tact, but one should be the least bit politic, shouldn't one?

Pug's remarkable in many ways. He almost borders on the ideal; savvy, athletic, sound in principles, and something of a masculine decoy. His real worth is distorted by our standards, in the exacting light of the world he would be judged a model youth, having the energy and ambition that merit achievement. Eh, Merrall?

His chief claim to fame is his amazing supremacy at the table. He's an epicure with a lengthy reach, a quick get-away, unusual stamina, and rugged consistency.

Pug will find his capabilities limited by the Navy. Imagine how he could encourage an English humourist to even more daring stupidity!

And that romance of second class year!

"Now, you're a good man—"

*Class Basketball (4, 3, 2);  
Basketball Squad (3);  
Plebe Crew Numerals (4);  
Crew Squad (3, 2);  
Olympic Trip (3);  
Class Football (4).*





PHILIP ARTHUR RODES  
MANCHESTER, TENNESSEE  
"Dusty" "Pop"

CHIEF Petty Officer: "Can't you hurry?"  
Dusty: "Don't know, Lieutenant Saulberg; never tried."

That's Dusty—never worries, never hurries. Nothing in the knowledge of his friends has ever been able to disturb the even temper of Dusty's attitude toward work or women. The latter he holds in distant esteem—the more distant, the more esteem. He has devised a novel method for use in an emergency of the over demonstrative type—it's good—ask him. Dusty is at his best with a full pipe and surrounded by a group of soul-revealing members of the Radiator Club. Dusty's pipe was one of unusual proportions. In fact, that pipe had a tobacco can capacity. He filled it with strategy. Whenever he accosted a friend for a pipe-full, the pipe was carefully concealed behind and, having filled his bowl, the can was usually ready for the deep six.

Sleep is more than a matter of routine to Dusty—it's a passion. Dusty will never be caught asleep at the switch. He never goes there.

*Black N\*\*\*\*\*;  
Crew Squad (4).*



SANFORD DEWITT FULTON  
CHERRY RUN, WEST VIRGINIA  
"Steamboat" "Dooit"

DOOIT is a mountaineer, still, he does not look as though he might be a source of worry to a revenue officer or the leader of a hillside feud. He seems so foreign to the scenes and reputation of that hard fisted state.

That nickname of "Steamboat" describes him best. He plows along faithfully, never showing bursts of speed. Moving in the routine currents of the Academy, he carefully avoids the shallows and obstructions, and holds to his own channel. No matter how far upstream the wharf, he may always be counted on to make a landing.

Furnished with a slide rule and some technical problems, Steamboat forges along—using his favorite left handed motion—until he arrives at a likely answer or convinces the Prof of the impossibility of the data. His nature gleans the most from his moderate savviness.

He will be found true to men on the whole and to women—well to one of them at least.

"What, boning again, Dooit?"





VICTOR BOYLAN TATE  
LAKIN, KANSAS  
"Vic" "Verbatim" "Ta-te"

HE was condemned by fate to stagnate out in a small tank town where the trains stopped only when held up. Destiny somehow extricated him, and the civic pride of Lakin dates from the departure of Victor out into the world.

The paths of the intellect, for him, ascended a long, rock strewn grade. A 2.6 was his customary velvet.

A slight odor of floral origin, a silky rustling, or a dulcet voice; then Victor would strip the room of resources and apparel and trip off to further compress the Armory flooring. However, back home the local "femmes" are gradually selling out, disheartened, no doubt, by the absence of his captivating personality and the rasping of a once familiar Ford.

Unfortunately, he may never plow the Spanish main. We're sure, however, he'll splash about successfully 'mid irrigation ditches and the ripples of the Arkansas.

"Why didn't you tell me it was Saturday morning before I made my bed?"



CHARLES JOSEPH NAGER  
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA  
"Charlie" "Nage" "Cholley"

OH, look at that handsome youth!" Such remarks are common when Charlie is around. Does he agree with them—well rather!

We once knew the pun about Wheeling, West Virginia. Being the pride of that place we know everything about it now. If he were ever involved in a feud, he finished before he left. Such is his habit!

As a Mexican Athlete he is supreme. But he is sincere. He believes what he says; sometimes he gets away with it. His discourses in art, literature, and music are classics themselves.

Being a savior and a friend of the "wooden", he has saved many an unfortunate from the Academic fangs. But, oh, gosh, how he bones himself! The walls are streaked with midnight oil.

Charlie doesn't stop at Mexican Athletics. Ask the wrestling squad about his prowess. No doubt that explains his popularity with the fair sex.

And say, will you ever forget his oft quoted alibi:—"She's not a forty, boys, but she comes from a good family."

*Masqueraders (3);  
Wrestling Squad (3, 2);  
Class Lacrosse (2);  
Lucky Bag.*





WILLIAM ARTHUR GRAHAM  
MOUNT VERNON, WASHINGTON  
"Wild Bill" "Bill" "Colt" "Willie"

SURE, he has the stuff. "My Bill," as the second deck delegation so aptly calls him, hails from the great Washington State, county of Skadget, and is proud of it.

Adventure?—that's Bill all over. He learns by experience, being a charter and leading member of the wide awake element. At Kapiolani Park, Waikiki Beach, Bygdoe and Dronnegin, and even in the shadows of Gibraltar, Bill returns with stories which make the shipmates listen with spell-bound interest. It's the boy's personality—you can't explain it any other way.

Is he a snake? Did you ever see that collegian pass by the stag line? That's Bill spreading his stuff to the syncopated rhythm of "April Showers." As Keck says,—“Just watch our Willie.”

In studies Bill is no satellite, being terribly slow in the draw, however, he is a natural athlete and his talent wins him recognition in both wrestling and track.

Nav Prof: "I ain't arguin' with you, Mr. Graham—I'm a tellin' you."

*Wrestling Squad (2);  
Class Wrestling (3);  
Class Track (3, 2).*



MATTHEW LAWRENCE KELLY  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA  
"Slim" "Matt" "King"

DID you ever hear any one more boastful than a native of California or Kentucky? Both of these states claim Slim, but there is surely enough of him to allow joint ownership.

Carefree, good-natured and—confess it—indolent. With his ready smile he takes conditions as they are, letting someone else do the worrying. He's the one Irishman who is never ruffled.

The witness to his popularity is the steady stream of those pink, bulky envelopes that the M. C. wishes he could read.

Out on the diamond "Matt" eyes the batter, legs apart and arms at a sloppy "Hips firm." Then he steps forward resolutely, distorts himself something awful, and finally unravels. Chalk them up for our side!

His favorite pastime is sitting beside the radiator with some stray novel, biting through his imported cigarette holder. Having watched the sun set with the entwined hero and heroine, he drops upon the bed until the next bell rings.

He will get along anywhere; if he doesn't he will not be any different.

*Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Numerals (4);  
N\* (2).*





EDWARD WALLACE HATCHETT  
YANCEYVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Eddie" "Axe" "Gadget"

**A**XE came from the timbers of North Carolina, and has always upheld the honors of his state by being one of the wooden. His motto has been to take life easy, and never worry about the trees. But he has always stuck on the safe side of a 2.5.

Eddie was something of a snake, but never has a girl's name put on a miniature or class pin. They can't be used twice then.

"Ever been in love, Axe?"

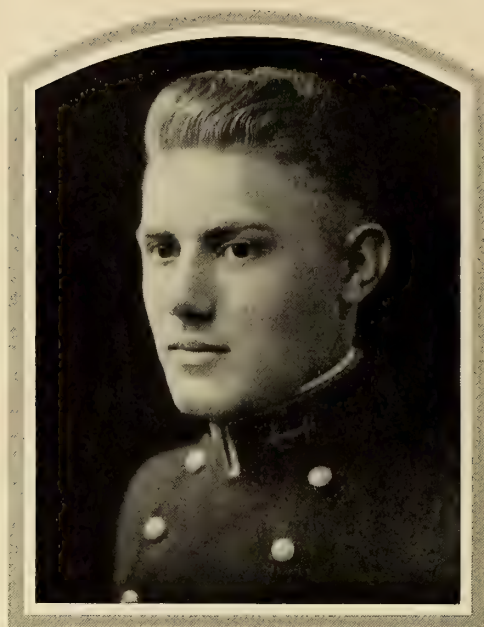
"Yes, but never again. It ain't what it's cracked up to be."

On the cruises, Axe could tell you all about the forest of Norway; Cocoonut Grove, of Panama; Rue de Norte, of Lisbon; or the best caulking places aboard during a hard coaling.

His cheery smile and happy-go-lucky disposition will be cherished by all who know him.

"Hey,—don't shoot it! Give me that butt."

*Lucky Bag.*



JAMES REGINALD BELL  
VALDEZ, ALASKA  
"Reggie" "Eskimo" "Tinkle"

**B**ACK in the days before Tinkle heard of the Navy, and while he was culinary artist in an Alaskan mining camp (according to Tinkle) he was known to fame as "Ham-grease Jim." But somehow, we began to call him Tinkle before we heard of his older and more picturesque cognomen—but doesn't "Ham-grease Jim" savour of romance?

Tinkle's line is always diverting. He is one of the best natural liars that ever came out of the North. The yarns he spins have just the right blend of fact, fancy, and humor to make them interesting. He can actually make you enjoy the long night watches at sea.

A genius for fabrication is not Tinkle's only ability. He is also something of a leather-pusher—and woe betide the luckless one who ventures into the ring with him—ask those who tried it. But his hardest battles have always been with the Academics.

"Hey, what are you out for now, Tink?"

"Good,—if that d— Steam doesn't get easier."

*Class Boxing (3, 2);  
Lucky Bag.*







EDWARD ROBERT SPERRY  
WINCHESTER, ILLINOIS  
"Eddie" "Gyro" "Bob"

**E**DDIE came to the Academy from the corn fields of Illinois, and is still convinced that Winchester is the best place in the world, even after seeing three continents. Dago has given him his greatest worry, and next the Exec. Department.

Sperry is not much of a snake at the Academy, but on leave, that's different. "Gyro" always carried scissors ashore in Norway. Like Postum, "There's a Reason." How he did it we don't know, but Youngster cruise, at every port, whenever he went ashore, there was a car and a girl waiting for him. Ask him about a certain blood chow in Frisco. How he and Karl, with the latter's \$3000 winnings, celebrated the last Army-Navy game in New York is history.

Always ready to share anything with his wives from his last dollar to his only pair of silk socks. You'll go far to find a truer friend.

*Class Wrestling (3, 2);  
Lucky Bag.*



BOLTWOOD EDMUND DODSON  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI  
"Bo" "Dod"

**G**IRLS, cast your eyes on this fair peroxide blond. He hails from St. Louis, which metropolis he claims is second to none in our fair land. It took some time for the Profs to appreciate Boltwood's ability, but he has grown savvier year by year. Dodson has a philosophical mind. If you don't believe it, ask his roommates how he can hold forth after taps.

Job had nothing on our Bo for patience, for he was blessed with wives who were good at breaking open his strong box (where he kept his skags), or at madly dashing away with his rainclothes, reefer, or what ever happened to be the uniform, two seconds before late blast.

Boltwood is the kind of a fellow you are glad to know, always ready to do a friend good. Good natured and smiling, you'll be sure to remember him.

*Class Soccer (3, 2).*





WILLIAM PENN McCARTY  
ZANESVILLE, OHIO  
"Willie P" "Mac" "Bill" "Wop"

IRISH, Methodist, and Republican. Can you beat it? Snake of the first water despite hair that won't stay put, and *beaucoup de* freckles. Prime politician of the first battalion; always there when there's no work to be done, and a formation or two to be missed officially.

Hails from Ohio and strange to say, proud of it. He always manages to fool the Academics by the skin of his teeth. Can coax noise from any musical instrument ever invented, including a penny tin whistle. "Gimme a skag, will you? I'll draw my req next week." Drags impartially; is even a potential yard engineer, and always there when it comes to punching a meal ticket on the week-ends.

No hop is complete without our Willie and his roommate's dancing pumps. "Diju go to board las' time? Carramba, señor McCarty!"

He's got a line that would even make the W. B. & A. arrive on time and can get more mail and put out less than any member of his class. All hail the Irish Republic!

"Did I get a letter from Oxford?"

*Electrical Gang (4, 3, 2, 1).*



KENNETH DUVAL RINGLE  
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI  
"Ken" "K. D." "Dub"

HE was an innocent young thing when he entered this he-outfit but his roommate taught him to smoke, whereupon he collected probation Youngster year and a week-end Second Class year from the weed.

He was the best looking girl the Masqueraders ever had—"Of course this is Joan, don't you recognize my voice?" The New York Times printed his picture alongside that of King George in the Pictorial Section.

As a yard engineer, he was a chief machinist's mate; dragged always, and fell for every drag (specifications—"white"). He fished for "Crabs" for a solid year but his miniature went west to his O. A. O. He went astray one Sunday afternoon of Second Class year; came back sadder and wiser, and swore off.

His education was gratefully deficient because he missed Second Class cruise with its exhibits so enlightening to the technical mind. He spent the Summer navigating a canoe on the Severn and piloting 30-30's out across Lake Erie with the Rifle Team.

"Oh for Gaw-awd sake!"

*Rifle Squad (4, 3); RNT (3);  
Masqueraders (4, 3, 2); President (1);  
Expert Team Rifleman;  
National Matches 1921;  
Assistant Rifle Coach (2).*





CHARLES FREDERICK COE  
 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS  
 "Charlie" "Chuck" "C. F."

HE looks like the early lithographs of "Old Abe" and hails from the same port. A radiator hound with ambitions, (to knock off smoking and make a team in anything) that weren't realized. Lost two roommates for "Bully's" book on "How To Be an Athlete", and that closed his only approach to physical exertion. He could roll down the finest kind of marks with minimum study,—how he did it, Red Johnson only knows! Second Class year, he became addicted to a girl and a banjo. The banjo was the only one of the two that lasted more than a month. Somebody always seemed to hold up the letters from the girl. Favorite song was "K-Katy." Just ask him about that Penn State game Second Class year!

Any kind of color restorer for those iron-grey locks of his would make him shell out his shekels. And skag hound—?

"What do you say we cut down to twelve skags a day?"

*Expert Rifleman.*



CHARLES FREDERICK JUST  
 ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Charley" "Karl" "Chad" "Challa"

"WHO'S the guy over there with the Marcel and the collegiate hair-cut?"

"That one with the sideburns? Why, that's our one little German, lineal descendant of the Hohenzollerns." He's wooden, collegiate, member of the Penn State Navy, and fusser supreme. Drags every Saturday night, and falls hard in every port. San Francisco, Christiania, Lisbon,—even Panama has produced beauties to charm his fancy. He can sleep more than any two men in his class and still wake up tired. Firm addict of the before-breakfast skag and the moonlight stroll on hop nights. As a blender of foo-foo, he's got any chorus girl beat, and the whole wing knows when he shaves. You may scrap the Navy, elect presidents, let Bancroft crumble to dust, marry on ensign's pay, but induce Karl to get a hair-cut? Lord, no!

*Expert Rifleman.*





ROBERT WILLIAM HAASE  
 SPRINGFIELD, OHIO  
 "Bob" "Savvy"

A LITTLE stronger on the violin obligatto, please. And to the tune of "God gave the wise men their wisdom," Savvy floats in.

Whatever induced him to enter the Academy, after completing three years in college, is more than we can understand. It wasn't because the boy was mentally deficient, because from the looks of his class standing, he must have eaten from a log table ever since he was in knee britches.

To look at this angelic countenance above, you would never think he could "strut his stuff" on a Football field. He seems to get quite a kick out of a football but not so much out of the midshipmen's balls, as he has never been caught, as yet, trying to induce some fair damsel to leave home.

Whenever the monthly requisitions come out, Savvy always seems to develop a lapse of memory or writer's cramp and lives off the charity of his roommates the rest of the month.

*Class Football (4, 3, 2);  
 Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2); President (1);  
 Star (4, 3, 2, 1).*



JAMES BROWNE MORRISON  
 RENO, NEVADA  
 "Jimmy" "Joe"

"THE battery for today's game is"—when such words were not bawled out during the noon meal, by a voice which ascertained that the yelping Plebe had been accustomed to play with the howling coyote, one could be sure that our Joe was not in the mess hall.

Early in the summer of '19, Joe left the land of the sage brush and divorcees to transplant his carcass within the walls of the pampered pets, and since then those fortunate enough to make the westerner's acquaintance have been entertained by a line often overdrawn, but always interesting.

Plebe year, ambition to become a gymnast overtook the youth, but since then the lure of the "radiator" and the *Red Book* shunted all previous desires until Second Class year, when aspirations to emulate Babe Ruth seized him.

The books never bothered Joe much, but he always has a large supply of velvet when the exams come around.

"Are you a shifter?"

*Gym Squad (4);  
 Class Baseball (2).*





JOHN McCLELLAN OCKER  
EMPIRE, MICHIGAN  
"Johnny" "Ock" "Oscar"

"ALRIGHT let's go, there's formation," and with these oft repeated words John ambles along to his place in ranks. For this habit, founded early in Plebe year, of avoiding the incidental attached to "Late to Formation" stuck through Youngster and Second Class year.

Ock is one of those chaps who lets nothing worry or disturb him. Savvy?—yea, and no. While it is impossible to frankly admit that he is, it is quite as impossible to apply the term of wooden to one whose margin of safety has been as broad as his is. 'Tis hardly indiscreet to mention some of his weaknesses, the Red Book, the Cosmo; and his infatuation for Lady Fatima are quite prominent. On liberty in Kristiania appetizers, etc., are for Johnny cherished reminiscences. Rumor has it that Oscar is a Red Mike but doubts exist. There are worse doubts than those supported by a regularity of the arrival of letters written in a peculiar feminine hand.

Ock is a regular fellow and a true friend. We all wish him well and are quite sure that he will do justice to the standards of his Alma Mater.

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*



JEAN PIERRE BERNARD  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
"Pete" "Pierre" "Jean"

HERE we have a product of "New Orleans," the Crescent City. To his friends the name Pierre will always be suggestive of that place and his fondness for discoursing on its merits. Jean is French as his name implies and one can easily see the Jay with which we received him into our French classes. His talents are many and varied: but principally musical. He plays upon the mandolin with great effect—principally upon the unfortunates within hearing distance. Poetry is another hobby, upon which he fairly dotes. As a Second Classman he prefers taking a chance to sweeping out his room. "They will hardly inspect to-day, let's have the corridor boy make up the room." Fussing interests Pierre at frequent intervals. It affects him like the measles, not dangerously, but potently for a time. He manages to survive however, and lives to fuss another day.

Pierre is one whom we are glad to know—and as a naval officer or civilian, we wish him the best of success.





MERRILL BARBER TWINING  
 PORTLAND, OREGON  
 "Wild Bill" "Elmer" "Twinkle"

WE believe it was the call of brass buttons and gold lace that lured the pride of Portland to Crabtown. One naturally wonders why the wine in his name, for Elmer is more or less quiet, but then he likes to think himself loud.

During Second Class year he had aspirations of becoming a snake, until he received a jolt. After that he dragged more wisely and less often. He admits it isn't the femmes' fault that they fall for him.

The fact that Bill isn't wooden and that he never worries, has made it easy for him to laugh at the Academics; if they had a course on the "Army-Navy Register" he would star in it. The Rifle Team has claimed all of his outside attention.

Bill considers the Service the only thing, and some day we expect to read his book, "A Midshipman at Sixteen," and autobiography, with a great deal of pleasure.

"Say, there goes a Marine."

Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2):  
 Class Rifle (4, 3).



FRANK VERNON RIGLER  
 CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA  
 "Fanny" "Vernon" "Jo-Jo"

A VETERAN of many a snaky encounter, he has boned the gentle art consistently and now ranks as an authority on "the light that lies." Get him to tell you about the time he tried to play O. A. O. with two femmes in the same boarding school, or request a selection from his unbounded repertoire of "those cute little parlor jokes." The result will be amazing.

Jo-Jo performs on the parallels every afternoon in the gym "to give the femmes a treat" as he modestly puts it.

A natural savoir he stands well up in the class with ease, but he takes his share of the marbles nevertheless as witness the day he signed his return to the deck at 2:62 P. M.

He insists that the lure of the fireside is a strong one, but knowing him, we expect to have him with us as long as there is a navy left to coal.

"Say, Elmer, what's the most wonderful thing in the world?"

Gym Squad (3, 2); GNAT (2);  
 Class Track (3, 2).





DAVID TODD BASKETT  
HENDERSON, KENTUCKY  
"Bucket" "Dave" "Pail"

"WHERE are you from, Mister?"—"Kentucky suh!" There you have it, a key to the man. What true Kentuckian but wants his whisky straight (ask the Mate of the Deck at the Commodore), his horses fast, and his women beautiful. Yet—dame rumor has it that Virginia holds a fair rival.

"Oh! you dance just like the boys do at home." How he does it we don't know but we'll back whoever says so. Perhaps that is part of his power to vividly reproduce some peculiar character or circumstance. There he is imitating someone now—"It's Red" you'll say without hesitation.

In every man's life there is something that seems to be a part of him. It may be a dog, horse, a pipe or a cane. The two are inseparable, just say, "Dave—how's to break out the saxe and let's have Washington and Lee the way Smith plays it," and you'll certainly start something.

"Now, listen here son,—in 1930 you can just mail that check to—" but that is quite another story.

*Class Wrestling (2).*



ROBERT MELVIN MORRIS  
HARRODSBURG, KENTUCKY  
"Bob"

SCENE: Crab Fleet at anchor in San Diego.  
Time: Youngster Cruise.

Characters: Midshipmen on dock handling rather ancient spuds.

Admiral's barge makes a very snappy landing.

Chorus of Youngsters: (In undertones) "Are we supposed to salute or just stand at attention?"

Morris: (stepping out of barge) "Good evening, lads. Don't let me disturb you!"

Chorus of Youngsters: "—Censored."

Bob isn't a typical lounge lizard, however. He is just as much at home down in No. 2 fire-room on the old Minnesota as at the Moana or Bristol. After two years of hard work on the wrestling mat he succeeded in making his weight, thereby winning his numerals. We are all of the opinion that by such perseverance at "Pegging" away he will surely win out in—well, that could hardly be called a sport.

"Now on the Minnie, going from Lisbon to Gibraltar—"

*Class Wrestling (3, 2); Numerals (3, 2).*





ALLEN VINCENT BRES  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
"T. T." "Chick" "Breeze"

**B**RES, who has been dubbed everything from Breeze to Bray, hails from "La belle Louisiane". Being a little "chesty", he makes a "bosom" companion. "All that the name implies", as it were.

To prove that he had (or had not) seen water and boats before, he went out for coxswain of a crew Plebe summer, and succeeded in ramming the only thing in sight on the River. Needless to say, he and Joe locked horns, and—well, Joe isn't here any more, while Allen is going strong.

One of Allen's most valuable assets is the optimism with which he meets obstacles. Take his "swimming" for an example—he was a life member of the sub squad. Many are the times he has come in with face all aglow. "Did pretty well today; swam all the way across the pool" (sixty feet).

In an argument: "No, you're wrong. It can't be, because I know."

We are all for you, "Chick". May you be right as often as you think you are, and that's enough for one good man.

*Class Baseball (2);  
Mandolin Club (3, 2);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*



FRANK WATERMAN PARSONS  
HAWKINSVILLE, GEORGIA  
"Jawja" "Gobber"

**W**HEN you first see Jawja, all that you'll notice is the huge grin that is more or less permanent on his countenance. When you meet him you'll wonder whether there can possibly be anything he likes better than teasing or being teased, and when you know you'll find out that this one thing is playing an age old ditty on a knife and fork, for Frank has one of the largest and most indiscriminate appetites in existence and to this we can testify by reason of long association and experience.

Frank is hard to get moving—not that he doesn't keep moving once started. It's only the initial impulse that is wanting. The Academics have never created more than a passing stir and that only when his 2.5 was in danger of being assaulted, but he has been out for about all the sports that are—having no favorites and actually playing in the only basketball game '23 won.

From all that he has said about his happy home we are prone to wonder why it is he ever left, came here, and why once here, he did not immediately return. But to understand that is to know Frank and we can advise that, for he'll give you all that friendship has to offer.

*Class Basketball (4, 3, 2);  
Class Track (4, 3, 2);  
Class Baseball (2);  
Class Football (3).*







HARRY ALBERT BOLLES  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
"Lucy" "Gorilla" "H. A."

"LUCY" was at first thought to be the "missing link," because of his size, strength, and sea-going walk. During his four years at the Naval Academy he has taken advantage of his "gorilla" qualities along athletic lines. In football he has filled "Hog" Murray's shoes since Plebe year and has helped to make the Navy line famous. In crew he has been even more successful, having rowed in Navy's championship crews for three years.

It is not only in athletic lines that Lucy has starred. Plebe year he was in the hospital for two months and had a hard time gaining a decision over the Academics. But since then he has gone up until he is now well among the savvy few.

Raised among the "belles" of Seattle he has always been a snake of the worst type. Even to the extent of writing him anonymous letters do they fall. Oh, verily.

Why do they call him "Lucy?"  
Ask him; he never tells.

- Olympic Squad (3);*
- Football Squad (4, 3, 2); N\*\* (3, 2); NA (4);*
- Crew Squad (4, 3, 2);*
- N Crossed Oar (3);*
- N Crossed Oar (Intercollegiate) (3);*
- Class Crew (4); Numerals;*
- Class Boxing (3); Numerals (3);*
- Football Squad (1); N (1).*



WALTER COLER HOLT  
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK  
"Sheik" "Abdul"

BURY your hopes girls—despite the fact that his class pins are strewn all over the West Coast he remains true to the "One." Even his name is misleading in this respect for many hearts have fluttered on meeting "The Sheik," only to find that he was so called because of his complexion.

Graduating from the Marine Corps Abdul decided to give the Navy a chance and descended upon our Naval Home ready to "take charge." Progressing into Academic year his early training at Cornell stood him in good stead, the Ac's didn't bother him much; believing in reciprocity he left them alone.

He says that Guantanamo is not such a bad place after all and he hopes we go there every cruise. May the fates decree that he be one of those fortunate who are allowed to remain in our future service.

- Football Squad (4, 3, 2);*
- Class Basketball (4, 3, 2);*
- Class Lacrosse (2).*





CHESTER TABER SMITH  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Smittee" "Smythe"

CHET is not a ladies man but a lady's man. "Say bo, feed me—I haven't eaten for three days. All I did the whole time was to make a fool of myself by just looking into her eyes." Such was the greeting he gave the gang after Second Class Xmas leave.

Have you ever seen a long lean advertisement of Arrow collars rolled into what was supposed to be a midshipman—that's him. The Lord only knows why he spends so much time trying to get a T-square part in his hair for he seldom drags. His baby face and innocent stare won for him the appellation of "Pewee", Plebe year.

Experience is a great teacher for that baby stare has gradually changed into a sophisticated grin. When in doubt as to the latest collegiate styles or correct procedure see him by all means. He knows. Ask him about the time he "busted" into society with such a terrific crash on Armistice Day at the Astor's on Fifth Avenoo.

"Not so bad today. Only two letters and a special. Eighter from Decatur, don't fail me bones."



PAUL JAMES COGGER  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Pat" "P. J." "Codger"

IT wouldn't have made much difference whether Lloyd George had given Ireland her independence or not. If he hadn't done it when he did, Pat would have secured it immediately for them when he graduated. Irish to the Nth degree and proud of it! Why, man, he could argue a phonograph to a dead stop on any phase of the Irish question. Every March 17, he picks out the old green suit and wears it faithfully regardless of the demerits incurred by said display.

Speaking of demerits—Pat and the Executive Department are not unknown to each other; few extra duty lists are genuine without his name.

He was so impressed by his first sight of our Naval School that he decided to remain for five years. He isn't wooden by a whole lot but the language of Archimedes, and incidentally the Skinny Department, proved a stumbling block to him Youngster year.

His residence? Well we're not quite sure. He's lived so many places, but from indications and from where we sit it looks as if he had a strong leaning towards Massachusetts for a reason all his own. Well, Pat, more to yuh! We're all behind you.

"Say! who's got a lesson sheet?"

Soccer Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Class Baseball (3, 2).





TERANCE REGINALD HARP  
MARIANNA, ARKANSAS  
"Ted"

"THE time has come," the Walrus said,  
"To speak of many things,  
Of ships, of shoes, of sealing wax,  
And Cabbage and Kings, and more especially,  
Alice, my dear," The Walrus went on to say, "about  
this fellow Harp—"

"Quite a charming young man from all I hear,  
Irish, to judge by his name, at least, but then names  
are deceiving sometimes. Dark, rather determined  
face, bad man for you to wander out on the sea wall  
with."

"Dear Walrus, you are so old fashioned," Alice  
said shaking her bobbed hair and taking a cigarette  
out of her case meanwhile.

"Oh! I know I'm going to like him. I just adore  
Irishmen. Daddy-pops Walrus, gimme a light.  
What line had I better pull, d'you think? Serious,  
kittenish, or how?" she demanded after a silence.

"Well, I think you'd better be careful at first.  
There's a girl in the background I believe. New  
York, you know."

"Oh damn!" Alice pouted, "I hate men with  
girls back home. Still—black hair, grey eyes,  
Irish,—Umm!"

*Class Wrestling (2); Numerals (2);  
Class Soccer (4);  
Class Track (2).*



FRANK MONROE, JR.  
SEDALIA, MISSOURI  
"Frank"

"IF I could sleep for a year I would be supremely  
happy." That is the main reason why Frank is  
not the biggest snake in the Academy. But every  
now and then our young hero puts on his other  
collar and does his best to raise the average of the  
drags at our little social gatherings. How well he  
succeeds is best demonstrated by the waiting list  
for his hop card.

In the big battle with the Academics, Frank has  
always kept a fair amount of velvet between him  
and the old 2.5. French is his forte; to hear him  
give a lengthy dissertation on the merits of "La  
belle langue, français" would make the fencing  
instructor green with envy.

In the spring when everyone else goes to sleep,  
Frank always wakes up and is seen on the tennis  
courts every afternoon, swinging a mean racket.

After reading the social of the Sedalia Daily  
Democrat, Frank often wonders why he cast his lot  
with the Navy. However, we think that we know  
and whatever the cause we are all mighty glad to  
have Frank with us.

*Class Football (4);  
Class Tennis (3, 2);  
Numerals (3).*





PHILIP HENRY RYAN  
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA  
"Pete" "Peter" "Garibaldi"

TO have only one hundred and sixty-five words in which to tell of the charms of this Virginia lad is a crime indeed. How can all be told—his greed for mail, how peripatetic his nose is when he talks, his ear to ear grin, his love(?) for a naval career, and so on? But we shall do our best.

A "Red Mike"? Yes, and then again, No. He has been known to drag, and he always makes a hit with the girls—especially with other peoples' cousins.

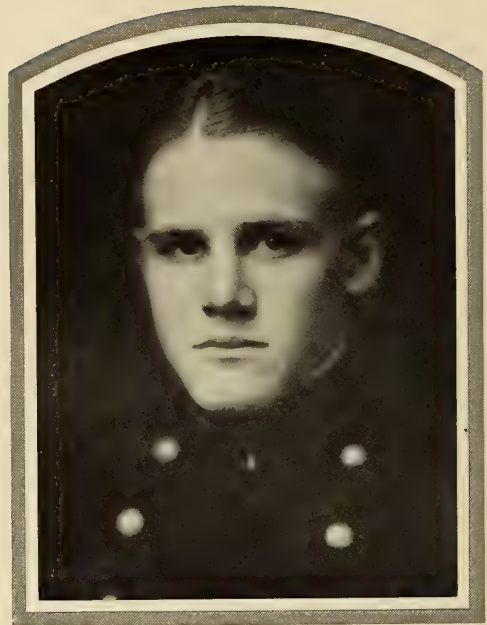
"Reg"? Yes, decidedly, but even his "regness" has not kept him from wooing "Lady Nicotine" at all hours.

He hails from "Old Dominion" and is a true son of the hospitable South. His grinning smile and smiling grin are famous around old Bancroft.

He has one awful fault—oh, it is a terrible fault indeed. Dare we bring to light this horrible failing—the one that mars a perfect man? Yes, we must. The truth must be told. He talks in his sleep!

"Oh, I forgot."

Class Basketball (3, 2);  
Manager Class Basketball (2);  
Class Tennis (3);  
Log Staff (4);  
Lucky Bag Staff (2).



WINSTON FOLK  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE  
"Wink" "Winko"

SUNNY Tennessee! That's Wink—Southern to the tips of his fingers and gentleman to the tips of his toes.

He has done well in boosting the "drag" average of the Academy—to wit, some of his fair Nashvillites. But his snaking qualifications haven't helped him a bit with the Ac Department. He just will not snap to it until he has to. But when it is necessary—well, ask him what he made on that Juice exam.

Ratey? Yes, but in that unconscious way that lets him do murder and get thanked for it. The "Wink" is not applicable to his character even if it is to his heart, the latter being fully proved by the host of "little cousins" of whom he boasts and drags.

He's famous for his smile, his cousins, and especially for his expressions and phrases such as "Church is out," "There will be cheering practice tonight," "Off to the races", and "Hold on tight!"

"Now up at Monteaagle—"

Class Soccer (3, 2, 1);  
Log Staff (4, 3, 1);  
Editorial Editor of Log (1);  
Class Supper Committee;  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Reception Committee.





STUART HYDE HAWKINS  
 SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS  
 "Si" "Tubby" "Stu"

**F**ORMATION—the regiment slowly assembles. One minute, two minutes, three minutes, three minutes and fifty seconds, four minutes and—crash! With a frantic dash our hero, racing madly against time, breasts the tape, his victory only made possible by the echo of late blast. Yes, it is the diminutive oversight of the State of Massachusetts.

Happy-go-lucky, with the unusual ability of making things go only "by guess and by God" he has attained great heights in the world of art. Yea, Tubby goes in for art, being nearly as clever with his pencil as is Sergeant Farad with his slip-stick.

Take another look at him please. If you wonder, and marvel that any frail femme should fall under his influence, ask him a question. The originality of his answer will solve the mystery. It will take some girl though, to win his affections from the one at 238 King George.

Though clever, Tubby is surprisingly square. No one ever accused him of being a bad investment. After all is said and done, we have no doubt that Hawkshaw will someday be the sunshine in somebody's home.

*Track Squad (3);  
 Class Swimming (2);  
 Log Staff (3, 2, 1);  
 Ass't Art Editor Log (2);  
 Art Editor Log (1);  
 Lucky Bag.*



FRANK HERBERT NEWTON, JR.  
 SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS  
 "Fig" "Newt"

**F**EATURED by the newspapers of his home town and feted by everyone worth while, this young lion was among the first to become one of us. From his early experience, it was but a transition to become acclimated to the new life. He was taken into the melting pot and changed less, perhaps than most of us. So began the career of our "Fig," a name which became a first-minute attachment.

Although coming from the land of savours and beans, "Fig," is not "among the first." Why they call everything "Elementary" has always been a source of wonderment to him. His fast friends are the Cosmo and Red Book families while entropy and such are but passing fancies. He is almost a confirmed radiator hound but when the crisp is in the air you'll find him on the soccer field, one of the most enthusiastic adherents to our newest game.

For two years he wooed her in out-of-the-way corners, where none could see. She held him enchanted by her charms and he became a slave to her desires—but now he openly courts young Lady Fatima from morn till night—"let's catch, fellows!"

*Soccer Squad (2);  
 Class Soccer (2);  
 Class Tennis (3).*





EDWARD CHRISTIAN LOUGHEAD  
HAMILTON, OHIO

"Ed" "Eddie" "Lug" "Luff" "Savvy"

THE scene is one of the charming little boudoirs in Bancroft Hall, the time about nine p. m. As the curtain rises, a tall, dark youth is discovered acting upon his usual nine o'clock resolution to turn in. He adjusts his head carefully to the pillow, so as not to muss his sleek hair.

The Youth: (gazing wearily at the ceiling). "Why wasn't I born rich instead of so damn good-looking?"

The curtain drops to indicate the lapse of some nine hours. On its rise the Youth is seen folding back his bedclothes. His hair is unruffled, in spite of a hard sleep.

The Youth: (gazing wearily out of the window). "Why wasn't I born rich instead of so damn good-looking?"

The curtain falls again. Eight hours pass. The Youth has just returned from a devastating work out in the gym. His hair is still unruffled.

The Youth: (gazing wearily at the mirror). "Why wasn't I born rich instead of so damn good-looking?"

QUICK! QUICK! Curtain, for God's sake!

*Star (3, 2).*



EDWARD POOR MONTGOMERY  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Monty" "Ted" "Gus" "Teddie"

"OH", said the Devil. "And who might you be?"

The grimy youth on the business end of a slice bar looked up from the fire he was trying to work.

"My name's Montgomery, if that's any help. And who the devil are you?"

"You guessed right the first time. My friends call me Mephistopheles in fun, sometimes."

"Oh, you're the guy that invented the fire-room watch. Well, say now, listen here while I tell you a few—"

"Don't try to get hard with me, young man. I haven't been a water-tender since Adam was a coal passer for nothing. You go on and build up those fires. Steam's going down."

The youth sighed and mopped his face.

"O hell," he muttered.

"Yes, that's where you are," snapped the Devil. "You get that fire going or I'll make it hot for you."

"All right, don't get in a sweat about it. I'll bet my last drink of water you can't make it any hotter than it is, though."

The Devil turned tail and fled, laughing.

*Log Staff (2, 1); Editor (1).*





ROBERT READ BUCK  
SAINT ALBANS, VERMONT  
"Bob" "Railroad"

IT is indeed seldom that we have a chance at him like this. For, you see, he is clever at repartee. After being argued to a stand-still he clinches the point in his favor by coming down with, "No, you're wrong." Everyone will admit that such a stroke cannot be beaten. But even in this monologue he has some defense. His picture just had to be inserted above, and now when we try to get back at him you will look at the afore-mentioned photograph and say, "But he looks harmless."

Second Class year he "busted into theatricals." It was realized that a great mistake had been made in not building the plot around the star. But Bob's tireless efforts were rewarded with a large bouquet of choice celery and carrots. Our hero was appreciably touched, so much so that he dropped the bouquet with a resounding thud on the stage.

Athletically, he has been the main-stay of the '23 basketball team and has shown regular Varsity form. Lack of weight and height have, however, kept him down.

"Lend me a shirt, will yuh? I'm saving mine for the cruise."

*Class Basketball (4, 3, 2);  
Class Lacrosse (2);  
Class Track (3);  
Expert Rifleman;  
Manager Basketball (1).*

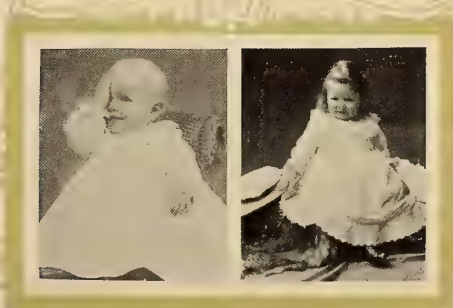


THOMAS JOSEPH CASEY  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Tim" "Tam" "Tommy"

NO relation to the mighty Casey of Mudville fame, but of the same stock as Casey who graces this class at the Naval Academy only because there is no institution in Dublin or Cork. He entered his career with a half column of the Boston Post pointing out the advantages of the Navy's latest "find". That he was a prominent member of Boston Latin School, a sailor of small boats, and a "lad about town", as per half column, was often the words to such refrains as "America," "Yankee Doodle" or any other of the more complex anthems. Of course, just because Tim would not let anyone "throw cwocherwy awound his woom" or because a Juice Prof didn't know what a Pwony Bwake was, is nothing against him, it's just one more laugh in his favor.

He has realized his ambition. Hear him: "I've passed thru hectic years waiting for a chance to carry around a *rwaft* of books in a belt."

*Class Soccer (4, 3);  
Soccer Squad (2); ANF;  
Class Lacrosse (3,2);  
Expert Rifleman.*





RONALD DEWOLF HIGGINS  
HONOLULU, HAWAII  
"Higgie" "Kanak" "Snicko"

HAWAII—soft, tremulous nights, an idly fascinating ocean, a bewitching Honolulu moon and a stark, rough, volcanic headland rising sharply from the seductive sea. That last is Higgie, the lad from Nature's Paradise. Rough only when splashing around behind a water-polo ball, and volcanic only when harassed to the limit, he's proved his Diamond Head in the four year combat with the Ac Department.

Like all born snakes, he professes total Red Mike-ism, and we'll admit that he hasn't dragged an astounding variety of femmes, but the one he does—! Just ask him!

Between times he has poked his nose into most all athletics, and has wielded a wicked fork at some training table most of his time here. Fortunately, his appetite isn't the only big quality about him—squarer than square and with the strength of his ideals, he's a mighty handy moral support to have around the home.

"Yea, I know her! Went to school with her in Honolulu!"

*Water-Polo Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Captain (3, 2, 1);  
WNP (4, 2); WNAP (3);  
Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); NA (3);  
Class Swimming (3);  
Class Football (2);  
Football Squad (3).*



JOSEPH JOHN ROONEY  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Jake" "Joe" "Pat" "Jerry" "Irish"

AND in the next cage, ladies and gentlemen we have "Jo-Jo" the wild Irish rose who walks, talks, eats and sleeps like any other human being. When excited his bark is savage and sounds like a siren in a fog. He has a very likable personality, though, as is proven by his host of friends here in the Hall.

The gentle, manly sports are his specialties, he spoons all over football and takes a boxing glove to bed with him. Plebe year he made his debut in the sport of "legalized murder," water-polo, and took to it like a duck to water.

The lure of the footlights has proven too much for him, and Pat occasionally devotes his energies to assisting the Masqueraders, and now and then takes a spare part himself.

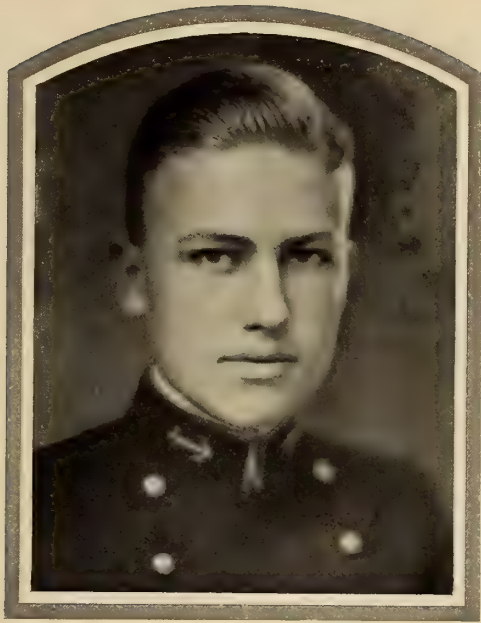
As for his prowess on the ball-room floor—just take a look at those big, manly shoulders and add the grace of a prize fighter and you have him—a social success.

"Hey, what's the lesson about?"

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2); NA (4, 3, 2);  
Boxing Squad (2);  
Water-Polo Squad (4, 3);  
Class Baseball (4, 3);  
Class Soccer (2);  
Class Lacrosse (2);  
Class Water-Polo (2).*







KARL GOLDSMITH HENSEL  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Axel" "Pretzel" "Pigeon"

"HEH! Axel! What's the dope on Nav? Savvy, you are just in time to pull me sat. I've looked through the P's and S's of this astronomy's index five times, and can't find it. What? Why, solar plexus, you little cheese. It's not here and I don't know— Lay off, what's so doggone funny? That's a nice way to help a fellow out, isn't it?"

When the Navy got Karl, one June morning four long years ago, a promising Red Mike was ruined. Had he ever kissed a girl? Well, once, but he was only five years old; and she was his cousin. Gone are those days! Now, he spends half his time on the roof of Bancroft Hall, semaphoring to Porter Row. The other half, he spends in visiting Porter Row.

If any fellow in the Batt wants anything, from music to collar buttons, what is more natural than to drop around to see Pretzel? His generosity is only exceeded by the pinkness of his cheeks, and his good humor by the angle of his pigeon-toes. Karl is never too busy to lend a helping hand whenever he can and his consideration for others has placed him high in the regard of his friends.

*Class Soccer (3, 2);  
Class Water-Polo (2, 1);  
Soccer Squad (1); ANAF;  
Expert Rifleman.*



JAMES HARVEY WILLETT  
NORTH ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Jess" "Jimmy"

JIMMY'S capacity for work is only equalled by his capacity for chow. "Weenies for pink hash" was his slogan Youngster cruise; and "On to the conditions" became his war cry in the land of the Midnight Sun.

James is not tall but like his appetite he is big. Nature gave him a good start by furnishing him with plenty of speed, and Jimmy has always helped her along. Football, boxing, and lacrosse are the gentle sports that keep him busy.

And to look at Jimmy's amiable countenance one would think they were gentle sports, for James rarely gets rhino and when he does he keeps his woes to himself.

Jimmy drags once in a while, but does not exhibit very snakish qualities. We have always had a suspicion, however, that there is someone back home.

He is quiet, but behind his quietness there is lots of determination. He plays the game hard.

*Class Lacrosse (3, 2).*





HOMER BERNARD HUDSON  
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI  
"Doc"

A GREAT commotion at the gate interrupted Dutch. The crowd gave back as Doc hurdled in. He was wearing his black N sweater, and was carrying the last hurdle he knocked down, and his library of Nav books, for as he said "Heaven should be a good place to work out star-sights in."

"Good old Doc", yelled Dutch in greeting.

"Hi there, Harmer, here I am with the stuff. I passed 'em all on the last lap. All I had to say was 'Follow me, chicks, I'm full of corn' and look what flocked in after me."

St. Peter and Dutch looked. A bevy of beautiful angels with rolled socks and bobbed hair were gathered in the doorway.

At sight of them, Dutch blared full-tilt into the "St. Louis Blues" with both instruments and his voice simultaneously, and true to his old form, Doc grabbed the best looking of his flock, while St. Peter looked on, a happy smile on his face as he watched his two boys in Heaven at last.

*Track Squad (4, 3, 2); Block N.*



ALFRED HARMER REESIDE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Dutch"

THE elevator clanged to a stop. A tall, dark-haired youth, with an accordion slung over one shoulder and a guitar over the other, stepped out.

As he entered the throne room of the Judgment Seat, where St. Peter was trying the latest cases, he let fall a chord from his accordion. The terrible crash as the cord hit the deck made St. Peter lift his head. As he recognized Dutch, the aged Saint gave a cry of glad surprise, and, with unusual agility, leaped over the table, and almost fell on Dutch's neck and his own halo.

"Hello, Pete," said Dutch, "Hasn't Doc arrived yet?"

"No," replied Peter, "we're expecting him any minute. But tell me, my boy, to what do I owe the happiness of this unexpected visit?"

"Pete, old man, I hate to tell you. I really do. But if you must know, it was that damned Carvel Hall moonshine."

"St. Peter bowed his head and wept, while Dutch lifted up his voice and rendered "O sole mio" most touchingly.

*Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2);*

*Choir (4, 3, 2);*

*Musical Clubs (4, 3, 2).*





JOHN STUART KEATING  
WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Neb" "King" "Jazz"

"THERE stands Massachusetts, she needs no encomium." 'Tis truth she does not, when she can boast of such a remarkable offspring as "Neb". As a Plebe under the rule of former mighty Cicero, he suffered for his misfortune, and in later years he was the staunch supporter and bold protector of the old Bay State. But his thoughts are not alone of the State of famous men, for he keeps forever green his love for the old sod.

In regards to athletics, Buckeye has tried his skill at soccer, lacrosse and baseball and finally, in his old age, has perfected himself in the gentle art of fencing. As a songster he is not surpassed, for his famous version of "Gentlemen Sailors" would make Caruso feel like a shamrock in a basket of oranges.

The King has all the essentials and yearnings of a family man. In spite of the handicap of being a sailor, we are sure he will reign king in some little home.

*Fencing Squad (2); FNAT (2);  
Class Fencing (3, 2); Numerals (2);  
Class Baseball (4);  
Hell Cats (4);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*



THAYER TALBOT TUCKER  
LOGANSPOBT, INDIANA  
"Tommy" "Tuck" "Bud"

NO, girls, in spite of his picture, Tommy isn't exactly a natural born snake. But he dragged blind once Plebe summer, and now he feels he simply must fuss every week-end to try to pull sat for the course.

Thayer was a quiet and unassuming Plebe, but he hardened with time, and now the mere mention of Terrible Tommy Tucker makes Fourth Classmen quake with fear.

As an expounder of jazz, Tuck is unsurpassed, non-pareil; and he is never so happy as when coaxing sweet (?) melody from the old piccolo or mandolin.

But there is one dark cloud hanging over Tommy's career. The multitudinous array of bottles in his toilette might cause a casual observer to conclude that he is very fastidious or an ardent hooch-hound. But those who have sniffed the terrible odors permeating from his domicile will know that such is not the case. They will tell you of the game battle Tommy is making against overwhelming odds—for *it's going* and Herpicide will not save it!!

*Class Basketball (2);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*





WILLIAM ERNEST DONOVAN  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Bill" "Bull" "Donny"

THIS brown eyed Irishman from upper Broadway was afflicted with the wanderlust in the summer of 1919, and on recovering found himself doing squads right and arms upward stretch on Farragut Field. These grew monotonous, and craving action, he began his athletic career by cinching a place with the Hustlers. With the coming of spring, crew looked good to Bill. Whereupon he began wielding a mean oar, and still does.

While not a savoir, Danny has never allowed the Academics to disturb his nightly repose, interfere with any of his numerous diversions, the most notable of which are books, his violin, and the geometrically centered part in his hair.

So far as being a snake is concerned, Bill has managed to strike a happy medium. No, ladies, the name "Wild Bill" is by no means an appropriate one. Quite the contrary in fact, except when under the stimulus of an argument or his passion for asking questions, which usually begin thus: "Sir, the book says—".

*Football Squad (4, 3);  
Crew Squad (4, 3, 2).*



LE MERTON EDSON CRIST, JR.  
OSCEOLA, IOWA  
"Shorty"

"ATTENTION!" And the hero of Osceola was in our midst—to review the town Home Guards while the band played "Annie Laurie".

—*Osceola Tribune.*

That was his first leave.

"Among the notables present were Midshipmen Sternall, Bear and Crist—who seem to put one in mind of Porthos, Athos and d'Artagnan as Mrs. Lotta Rocks was heard to say." (Society News).

—*Washington Post.*

That was his second leave.

His third leave? He knows but he won't tell!

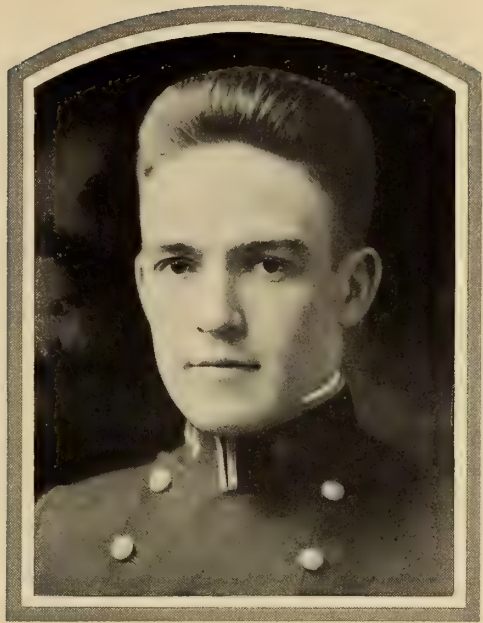
As an inventive genius Shorty's right there. While wrestling, he once dropped an erstwhile competitor to the mat with a nosehold conceived on the spot. After that the other fellow went out for the sub squad where he could use his periscope.

But Shorty's made of the right stuff. He sticks! —as evidenced by five years of hard work on the wrestling squad (Oh yes, Admiral Sims and he both agree on the five year course).

If you want to know more about Shorty, though, look in "Who's who" about 1943.

*Crew Squad (3);  
Class Wrestling (3, 2); Numerals (2);  
Class Track (2).*





THOMAS BUTLER BIRTLEY, JR.  
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Count" "Birt" "Tommy"

HERE we have the Count of Monte Carlo, Jockey of the Galloping Dominoes and Rex of the Royal Rounders; and just why he entered the Academy no one knows—not even he, himself.

The exactness with which he can tell fortunes would make any one of the Regiment sit up and listen, especially when "What you dream between Friday night and Saturday morning will come true" drifts out on the mystic air. As a musician he is unsurpassed, for the way he can pour jazz from a table-top would make a cigar store Indian shimmy like a dish of "Shivering Lizz." And oh, that Jews harp!!

He came back from Youngster cruise hard smitten. To hear him talk, Cupid must have wielded a wicked bow and arrow. Just mention one of those West Coast dances and a Hudson Super-Six and the Count is in for one of those Taps to Reveille dreams.

"Say, who knows anything about the Steam to-day?"

*Class Track (3, 2);  
Lucky Bag;  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*



CHARLES ALBERT PARKER  
PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
"Granpaw" "Timmy" "Chawlie"

"HEY, you old gob, let's have a story."

"Yes sir; now when I was a Bell Hop—"

"Oh we've heard that before; sing us a song."

Thereupon "Navy Beans" would be brought forth in a most melodious tenor, giving Chawlie an early reputation as the perfect songster and entertainer.

Defly concealing his romantic inclinations from those around him, he claims he is not a snake. That may be true, but when a 2.6 meant Christmas leave and Her, even the fact that the Granite State is not the home of the savvy, did not stop him from reaching his goal. And on that eventful morning Snaker was not among those remaining for the Academic Christmas Party. And say, did you see that lip when he came back?

Athletically he excels in two events for which, if letters were awarded, he would be wearing "crossed knives and forks" superimposed on a caulking mat. As a demolisher of the old Navy Bean he has no equal, and ranks among the topnotchers in the gentle art of pounding the ear.

"What kind of soup have we to-day? Not so good? Well we can't starve; let's have it any way."





KENNETH PENDLETON HARTMAN  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"K. P." "Ken"

O, ROMEO, wherefore art thou, Romeo? What made this man a Red Mike? Them eyes, them nose—

Voila! Behold him? Kenneth P. Hartman, prince of grafters, apotheosis of Cosmo, perunus and radiator hound, pride of Philadelphia, hope of Penn, 99.44% pure. Ken is like a perfect machine; marvelously efficient if taken care of but calling for infinite patience and skill in the manipulating. A true gentleman, he loves his leisure—not to mention his pipe. With alterations we suggest "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine"—stop there, poet!

K. P. is a Red Mike; women don't distract him, they just don't interest him for the most part, Laurence Hope being an exception. He is a humanitarian too, even requires a human reveille in the person of his roommate. After all, sleeping is his only vice.

*Class Lacrosse (3);  
Class Soccer (2);  
Stage Gang; Masqued N.*



MARVIN PIERCE KINGSLEY  
RIPLEY, NEW YORK  
"Unconscious"

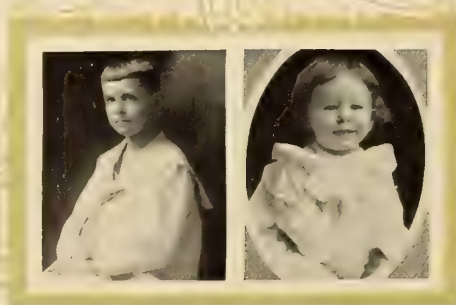
O OOO! There's the bell and I don't know a thing about this!" And he's off in a cloud—this modest lad from the far corner of the Empire State. After a varied and checkered career, our young electrician, the boy zero, decided he'd rather sport a mid's cap than a gob's flat hat. Result—Palestine's loss was Crabtown's gain. A snake by habit rather than by choice, Young Unconscious has dragged his way through many an obstacle. Hard work and plugging determination explain his versatility in sports and his success in eluding the Academics. His cheerful manner and his ready willingness to see the bright side of every difficulty, have made him a veritable "Billikin" and an agreeable companion ashore or afloat.

"Hey, gadget, how did you bat the P—work?"

"Only got a 3.95 but I'm bilged anyhow on my eyes!"

"Oh, God, I'm BILGED!"

*Wrestling Squad (2);  
Class Wrestling (3);  
Class Tennis (3);  
Class Soccer (3);  
Electrical Gang (4).*





PORTER LAWRENCE LOOMIS  
MADISON, WISCONSIN  
"Port" "Loomi"

WHOEVER doped out the system of calling them the "Port" and "Starboard" Loomi had the right stuff. For when it leaked out that the parson had busted at their christening, they didn't know which they were themselves. How you can tell them apart when you can't tell them apart together, puts you in a big predicament, until you come down with, "Hi, there, how's Porter?" If he says, "Oh, he's alright," you know it isn't he. In other words—but why attempt the unfathomable? It suits them fine for extra duty, so why worry?

"Mr. Loomis, didn't I just call on you?"

"No, sir!"

"What are your initials?"

"P. L., sir."

"Loomis, H. H." Starboard stands up.

"Well I'll be damned!" gasps the Prof. "Which one of you is woodener?"

Duet: "We're both pretty savvy, sir."

*Track Squad (4);  
Class Track (3);  
Mandolin Club (4, 3);  
Class Football (3);  
Class Basketball (2);  
Gymkhana (3).*



HENRY HARLOW LOOMIS  
MADISON, WISCONSIN  
"Hank" "Loomi" "Starboard"

FROM "Mr. Loomis, where is that skag I sent you for?" to the probability of the Chaplain swapping wives on them on graduation day, the Loomis boys were right with us. Printed from the same negative, they have Jig-Jig worried why the Assistant on the Second Deck always beats him up to the third. And when they both drag blind, and their femmes are twins—!

But speaking of dragging, Hank is both ways with the women. The beauty of it is that the grease he gets, Port just naturally inherits.

One day he subbed for brother Porter he said that everything went O. K. until the fair femme looked at him with dreamy eyes full of sentimental expectations. He couldn't figure just where to begin, but the next time Porter saw her he was much surprised by her careless familiarity.

If you like one you can't help liking the other. Though what will happen when some unsuspecting damsel falls for one of them it is a matter for her to decide, not us, thank you!

*Track Squad (4);  
Class Track (3);  
Mandolin Club (4, 3);  
Gymkhana (3).*





MURVALE TALCOTT FARRAR  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 "Geraldine" "Gerry" "Murk"



HARRY DONALD FELT  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 "Shorty" "Shrimp" "Don"

"WOULD you mind telling me just who is that non-reg funny little man with his trousers so close to the deck?" timidly asks "Pug" of the M. C.

"Good Lord, sir," sputters the M. C. indignantly, "why I thought every one knew him. That's Mr. Felt!"

That's the way it goes. Don, of the famous ear-splitting grin, who is so positive that his ears are puncture proof that he is continually wearing it. A non-reg, easy going and "to hell with all D. O.'s" sort of an attitude combined with his humorous face, have won him a place among his classmates which is to be envied.

Had the making of a promising snake until he lost his heart in Seattle Youngster cruise. Only two things can ruffle his good nature—one is to call him "Domenech," the other—well, Seattle, you tell 'em.

*Class Baseball (4, 3, 2);  
 Numerals (3, 2).*

"GOOD liberty?"

"Yeh. Me and Marcus missed two liberty boats chasing a Portuguese cat (animal) all over Lisboa, and never did catch the damned thing."

"Good party?"

"You said it, only Bill took my girl home."

The life of the party, boys, while he lasts. That's Gerry. In ranks even he can't resist the playful temptation to jam snow down someone's back, and he's always suspected—guilty or not.

His ambition is to be bored with sweet scented notes from the fair ones. His willingness to correspond, sight unseen, would make a "pay when married" organization turn a delicate green with envy.

Did you get the nickname? Caruso was a great singer, but Gerry is better *still*. Once get him and his "uke" together and he cares naught for the Academics.

"Any relation to Geraldine?" That's the question which started him on the road to baldness. But always there was the wide grin and a big denial, and that grin is with us still.







WILLIAM GRANT MANLEY  
FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Phil" "Bill"

"WELL, I'll study that in the morning." With these words, he carefully drapes himself on his bed and caulks. If Bill had spent more time over his books and less over his mattress—but he didn't. Hence no star. He started to uphold diligently the rep of the savvy state, but with Youngster year his academic grease mark slumped.

Over in the pool he has demonstrated the back stroke as she is done in the Old Bay State.

He hit his real stride Second Class cruise—"Round she goes, boys, and where she stops—" Hence the wherewithal for liberty and Lisboa. Judging by his own stories he did it well.

Second Class leave he spent his time—between week-ends in Washington—learning to fly at Quantico. After graduation he's going after his wings, and our guess is that he'll get 'em or bust trying.

Get him to tell you about the book he's going to write.

*Class Lacrosse* (3);  
*Class Gym* (2);  
*Class Swimming* (3); *Numerals* (3);  
*Swimming Squad* (2); *NA* (2).



LIONEL BEL MOSES, JR.  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA  
"Bel" "Bill" "Moze"

SOME men have talent and some have luck but we have never been able to dope out what combination Moze uses to get through the Academy. During his first two years he found his path beset with re-exams in looks, math and dago, but with a pair of horn rims and the air of a saavoir he has since contrived to keep the authorities in doubt.

Bill finds his greatest delight in literature, quoting with facility passages from Tennyson, Balzac and the current pocket magazines. However he has no use for textbooks and during study hours he may often be heard to remark "I could imagine nothing of less consequence" and drift into the ever-waiting arms of Morpheus. His habit of caulking has always been his great failing, even a front and center for sleeping on watch failing to cure him.

Although water is not his favorite beverage he can drink it in considerable quantities as demonstrated by his consistently good work in the gentle sport of water polo.

*Class Lacrosse* (4, 3, 2);  
*Water Polo Squad* (3, 2);  
*WNAP* (3); *WNP* (2).





WALTER SCOTT GINN  
 MCKEESPORT, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Ginn Rickey" "Gordon" "Ginny"

"BEVO" entered at the tender age of eighteen under the baffling cognomen of Ginn, a name which every Dago Prof at the Academy has mispronounced with varying degrees of inaccuracy.

His favorite pastime is fencing, and it is here that he gives vent to that pent up enthusiasm. Slowly and painfully he has perfected himself in this classic and romantic art until the fame of his powers have gained for him the title of "The Little Iron Man".

On rates "Ginny" is quite an authority, for under the tutelage of 21-A he again found the old ones, and discovered others. His favorite authors are Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde, and he is willing at any time (especially during study hours) to prove conclusively to any one that their art is unexcelled even by Shakespeare.

The Academy has produced great changes. The demure, sensitive, receptive schoolboy has been transformed into the bored and sophisticated social lion—behold the future leader of society.

"How far away do I need a shave?"

*Fencing Squad (3, 2); FNAT (2);  
 Class Fencing Numerals (2);  
 Clement Novice Medal (2);  
 Choir (4, 3, 2).*



DAVID EBBERT ROTH  
 LEHIGHTIN, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Dave" "Baron" "Pessimistic" "Optimist"

D. E. R., a product of lesser military organizations, dropped in to analyze at closer range what changes our Naval establishment needed. Moreover, he did drop—in the usual manner of Plebes.

A bugler and cornetist of no mean ability is Dave. Did he not once win a plush medal for being the loudest cornetist in his county? He brought his horn along as a solace and inspiration in his chosen profession, and, apparently often needing comfort, blew it at drill, at formations, from the stage, at Gymkhanas, and between times in his room. Then fearful lest he would not cause enough misery with his tin horn he rent the air with his vocal wailings in the choir and Glee Club.

An unpretentious snake. Will protest himself a Red Mike and shys clear of co-ed functions, and then suddenly break forth in a manner to disrupt the equanimity of the midshipmen body.

Give him a few days leave, a foreign port, or merely the routine of the Academy tempered by the joys of Annapolis and he will manage to get a new sensation and a big kick out of it every time.

*Masqueraders Stage Gang (4, 3);  
 Bugle Corps (4, 3, 2);  
 Choir (4, 3, 2);  
 Glee Club (3, 2);  
 Naval Academy Orchestra (2); Leader (1);  
 Assistant Manager Musical Clubs (2).*





WALTER AARON GOLDSMITH  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Smith" "Mike" "Goldie"

**F**EAST your eyes upon him girls; those beautiful curls have made "Smith" the most artful late blast dodger in the Third Battalion. The rumor that he has no very definite idea of length of time is quite plausible, for we have never heard of his completing a Nav "P" Work.

Strange to say, people, he isn't lazy—fact is, he is one of these "workout" hounds. Instead of joining the Radiator Club (which reminds us that Goldie's radiator never did function anyway) his spare time was devoted to rowing and the fistic art.

Although entering the Navy, Walter hoped to become an actor man. Believing it would be well to learn the profession from the ground up, he joined the stage gang of the Masqueraders. After seeing a little of the life from the inside he soon discovered that stage "chow" is like all the rest of the "props," mere fake. The realization of this sad truth bursted the pretty bubble and caused Mike to stick to the life on the bounding main.

"Let's go to the movies."

*Masqueraders (4).*



MORRIS SMELLOW  
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

**M**ORRIS, by habitat and environment a sea-shore bird, decided (before he was old enough to know better), that Crabtown-on-the-Bay was his natural abode.

He was a veritable Red Mike until the middle of Youngster year, when he started to disprove the theory that the female of the species is more deadly than the male. He conducted his experiments along practical lines and fell a victim so hard early in Second Class year, even the walls that keep the pampered pets along the "straight and narrow" weren't big enough to hold him in. But the Exec Department got him then and the U.S.S. Reina Mercedes, one of our latest dreadnaughts, (?) claimed his attention for quite a while.

Morris seems slow, easy going and passive, but like a spark on a long fuse he gets there.

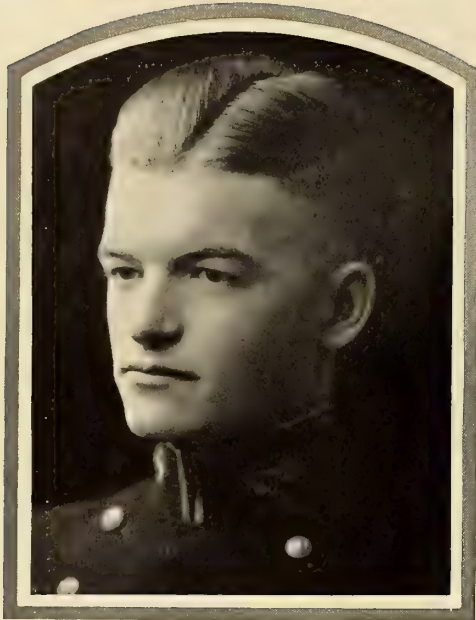
"Jones is dead!! The H—l you say."

"Now when I was in Norway—"

"Bend over, Mister."

*Fencing Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Numerals (2).*





HERBERT HEZLEP, JR.  
 GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO  
 "Whitey" "Herb" "Slitch"

HE'S good natured and big hearted and kind of lazy, but still he'd make a spanking good husband. In the boxing ring he still has a good deal coming to him according to the Golden Rule theory. To see him walk you would think he had one foot in the furrow, but to see him in action—he's the proverbial preacher's son without a doubt.

Hailing from Colorado he set sail for Pittsburgh. He took in the scenery along the way and graced the "trees" ever since. Though coy at first he has held out on them all along, but they fell in rapid succession. Then he bit the hand that was feeding him—and may the Graces be lenient for it. The face on the locker door has guided him ever since.

He always was a good shot, but Academically speaking he aimed almost too low—his margin has been narrow but straight.

*Class* Boxing (2).



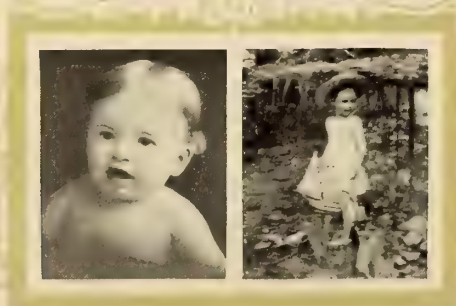
JOHN WESLEY PRICE, JR.  
 BRISTOL, VIRGINIA  
 "J. W." "Wesley" "Slitch"

LOOK him over, gentlemen, J. W. Price, laundry number 466. Wooden? Say, if you ever want to know anything in this little world of ours, from the deviation of interior ballistics formula to the family tree of an Assyrian prince just ask "Jaun." Snake, he's the original cause of why girls leave home. Whether his interpretations of the light fantastic, his superpotent handling of the King's English, or his close resemblance to Wally Reid account for it, only the fair sex can tell.

Scholaristically, he was not born with a horse-shoe around his neck. Consequently, he is an advocate of the five year course. Each Spring he has blossomed forth to shake the seat of someone on the track table; Plebe year he sprained his left ankle, Youngster year his right, and still again he started over a "Hurdle" and landed in the hospital for two weeks. "Finish hard, finish hard, aw, finish anyway."

He's as indefinite as Xmas leave. You could ask him if his name is J. W. Price, and he'd say, "Not exactly."

*Class Track* (4, 3, 2).





GEORGE EDMUND CHERRIE  
 NEWFAME, VERMONT  
 "Cherry" "Skipper" "Jawge"

AT last we have found a man who can say "all my bloody life, sir", and not be far from right. Yes, little Eddie had three years of the blue behind him, before he entered Uncle Sam's apartments on the Severn. Perhaps this accounts for the heavy line he brought with him. "Now in South America."

"Do you find those pockets a convenience, Mister Cherrie?"

"Well, not this morning, sir."

But even if the Executive Department may some times claim this young man's attention, you can usually find him at the hop or in a little house in town jazzing away care.

We believe he has enjoyed the cruises to the utmost. It's a beautiful view from Holmenkollen in Christiania, though it depends on the company, doesn't it, Eddie?

As for the Academics, he has seldom had cause for worry, and seems able to cope with the day's work even after an evening spent with the Cosmo.



ROBERT HULL KELIHER  
 BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
 "Kelly" "Bob" "Wild Irishman"

BOB claims he got the jump on us during the war as a merchant mariner, but his attempts at heaving the lead do not bear out these statements, although he shows a passport as proof.

Although he's from Boston he prefers to loaf along next to anchor rather than hold up the traditions of his famous city. But do not think he has hidden his light under a bushel. Plebe year he was famed all over the Mess Hall as "the wild man." Youngster year he gained fame as a Roman gladiator in the Gymkhana, wearing a skirt and bearing a shovel as a spear. The brick which he rescued from the rain because he could not see it suffering in the cold and wet, was another vehicle to fame.

It has been said that the locus of his daily positions is a junction of the supply of Fats, but he's always generous with them.

"Here's to Crime."

Soccer Squad (3, 2).





JAMES HALSEY PIERSON  
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY  
"Buster" "Halsey"

FROM away out west in Morristown, New Jersey, Buster started forth, and the tales he tells of himself since he drew his first suit of white works are only a small part of his history. From College to Aviation he drifted along, trying everything from Real Estate in the Philippines, to a scientific gardening of the Punahaw College grounds.

Buster started his naval career with Twenty-Two but he got lost in the maze of Math. Poetry, however, is more in his line. His two greatest works being "Frenchy" and "Yours without a Struggle." "Frenchy" is a light and breezy sketch of life. The plot being laid in the Cafè de Paris. The second work is a more sombre nature. It carries our hero from the heights of joy to the depths of despair. The hero catching the proverbial bucket just as the final curtain falls.



HENRY WILLARD TODD, JR.  
PHILIPSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Hot-toddy" "Henry"

"I'VE travelled East, I've traveled West,  
As far as Alleghany,  
But the hardest place I've struck yet,  
Is Philipsburg, Pennsylvany."

Plebe year left quite an impression on him, yes quite, for he always lived in mortal fear of his very existence. This was what gained for him the name of good Plebe. There are many who have deep suspicions that he was not very well known in that case.

"Now in my home town—" is a favorite topic of his conversation, and we often wonder what dream gave him the first idea of leaving it. Philipsburg and the Passmore house must be a great haven to pass idle hours over a fizzing glass.

While just clearing the edge of Youngster year, Henry tripped and fell flat. Something bumped him so he just rolled over the top, and so he is still one of the forty per cent. Who knows but some quiet day in June he will drop into that home town of his with the new gold stripe?





ALBERT CHRISTIAN MURDAUGH  
LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA  
"Savvy" "Al"

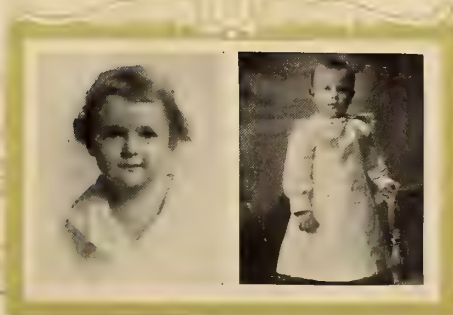
IF this could be condensed to three words, they would be: savoir, pugilist, diplomat: Savoir, because Albert Christian has, as the Skinny Prof expressed it, "a mind like a sponge." It is not true that the State of Virginia has sent all her brains to the White House. Pugilist, because he has proved his prowess both inside the gym and at no less than two Army games—being most successful in the latter. (Mention Ritz-Carlton to Savvy.) And diplomat, he supplies the ability to everything from hops to navigation. If he knows nothing about the Dago lesson, he writes upon the "Incorrigible French Spirit." The Prof reads it with tears in his eyes and writes something in his little red book that looks like 3.6.

Savvy's career as a snake has had its ups and downs, reaching its highest point after the purchase of a new pair of dancing pumps Second Class year. And he doesn't claim to be necessarily of the "first five families" of his native state. What greater thing could be said of a gentleman from Virginia.



GLOVER McARTHUR  
CORDELE, GEORGIA  
"Mac" "Pete" "Sam"

THAT Mac is a true son of the South in his genius for politics and oratory, anyone who has ever heard him in action before the Radiator Club can testify. His command of Anglo-Saxon once led the Engineer Officer to reprove him for giving the Chief in charge of the firemen's washroom such large orders. A consistent Red Mike as far as gracing our hops goes, he is highly successful as a Mail Order Snake, for the volume and regularity of his mail provides the Post Office with a steady source of revenue. He has served most faithfully on the sub squad during his entire Academic career, but when it comes to a question of losing Sep leave, the rapidity with which he learns to swim would make a marvelous advertisement for any Correspondence course. If Congress should decide not to make us officers, they couldn't keep him from being a gentleman; we are sure Mac would lead a useful and ornamental life as "Judge" or "Colonel."





HENRY CHARLES JOHNSON, JR.  
 MARIETTA, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Johnny" "Jack" "Hank"

AN example of the well brought up child, Henry always does the correct thing. No social errors for him, even after three months of steady diet in the mess hall.

He cares not for the wiles of extra duty, nor for the snares of confinement.

Jack does not pursue the subject of astronomy and the useless star, preferring rather, to devote his study hours to Morpheus and Vanity Fair, and yet stands well with the gods of the Academics. Why star anyway? For stars are only for dress blous, and dress blous for Johnny are only for Chapel and Sunday dinner. Henry is a true Red Mike, having never danced at a hop. This doesn't mean that he is a woman hater, for there are rumors of a few mean parties while on leave.

During his stay with us, Henry has incurred one bad habit, a hatred of plumbers. Who else turns off the heat?



RICHARD PHILLIPS McDONOUGH  
 PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
 "Dick" "Mac" "Scotty"

"NOW fellows, I am not Scotch." Plaintively on the air comes Dick's denial of the land of heather and tartans. It's the weak spot in our hero's usual armor of non-worrying good nature. Somehow it doesn't seem to change the impression left by his Mac, his ability to go game on a two spade make, and that carefully reared child, pride of his heart, his passbook. Besides, we just know his knees would look sweet in kilts.

"Sound off Mister! McDonough, Ah P—(the clue)—from the granite pits of Old New Hampshire—to be exact Portsmouth.—Staht the cah! Got make the eleven o'clock train."

Along the banks of the Piscataqua, Delphi divines, a midshipman's heart for centuries advent among the nattily clad embryonic admirals he has been "le plus rouge" of the Red Miles, verily unto a misogynist. It's a cinch that that role is adaptable just as well to a ballroom floor as a destroyers deck. New York was the Salamis:—Oracle checks one.—"What's trumps"—"Have a pomme."







HOWARD SEYLAND YOUNG  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 "Brigham" "Cy" "Hal"

**B**RIGHAM was among the first handful of "functions" who arrived Plebe summer. Possessed of an effervescent nature and Bolshevistic tendencies, he is the live wire on a party. In addition Brigham is a savoir and a dangerous parlor viper—a bad combination. Youngster year he very nearly came to grief using Milady Nicotine, but he has really never had anything to fear from the Academic or Exec Department. Outside of a great desire to put Caruso's records out of business, he has no really bad habits. His futuristic taste has never enabled him to differentiate between Panamanian, Japanese, Schandehoovian, and Lisboan art—he prefers that of the land of Rising Sun.

Brigham has kept us open-mouthed many an hour recounting to us his midnight ride to Baltimore Youngster year and his various escapades during Sep leave.

In navigating in Meridian 2400, he was awarded the barbed-wire ear protectors. "Say, boys, that 2400 party sure was a pass-out—ask Domenick; he ought to know."

*Class Baseball (2).*



JOHN MCGREW COOPER  
 HONOLULU, HAWAII  
 "Jack" "Red" "Jawn"

"H—LL I'm not going to wear a collar to class! What's the use?"

The girls would say, "Who is that auburn haired boy who dances so divinely?" "Oh, that's Jack Cooper from Hawaii." "But he doesn't look like a native!" "Jawn" can do everything one would expect him to be able to, except play a "uke." The Waikiki belles don't stand a show when it comes to the Hula which he so ably demonstrated Plebe year.

You've got to take your hat off to him when it comes to the struggle with the Academics. Always on the bottom the first three months, and twenty nine days of each term, but topside that last and deciding day. He's willing to do most anything after an exam.

The only bad habit he has developed since coming here into our midst, is that of throwing breakable missiles off a certain well known Washington Hotel roof. However, we're inclined to believe he had a reason.

After a Math exam—"Well how d'ye come out Jawn? \*!!?-x— Aw let's smoke!"





ROLAND MERLE HUEBL  
WATERVILLE, MINNESOTA  
"Rolly"

ALL the way from Minnesota to fame on the sea, and "Rollie's" aims haven't deteriorated so far. Being savvy and having no worries, his career has been one of ease, but hardly one of quietness.

Episodes from a Youngster cruise and a Second Class Army-Navy game have left him a wiser, although apparently not a sadder man. At least, no trace of care is ever visible so long as that miniature makes its "regular trip and return." And by the way, it doesn't come so far, does it, son?

"Rollie's" snakish days did not seemingly materialize until Second Class year, but when he did start pressing wax and casting line, it was no amateur attempt. The ladies simply can't resist him (sure—if you don't believe it, ask him. He'll admit it.) and neither could the All-Academics, and so we find our hero safely across the line at last.



DAVID LESTER NUTTER  
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO  
"Les" "Nuts"

HERE he is, the product of four years in the rear rank of the end squad, folks, and that may account for the devil-may-care attitude of this little fusser of five foot queens,—a philosopher par excellence. You can't argue with this boy, for he has a comeback that is a combination of laughter, wit, and horse sense. His predominant characteristic is his refusal to let things worry him, and is the answer to the question that arises when one learns of his many thrilling, but short, romances, and his numerous close shaves in Math and Juice. As a matter of fact the latter subject was the proximate cause of his taking an eight month leave, and a cruise to South America, and that is still furnishing hair raising tales to the credulous. But, a special act of Congress made him a midshipman again, and he is now furnishing amusement to all the undersized Plebes.

He has worked consistently in athletics, and has contributed his cheery share to most of the Academy's activities.

"Boy, wait until you see the queen I'm dragging Saturday. What? Sure, she's little! Who want's to drag a long woman?"

*Class Baseball (3, 2);  
Baseball Squad (2);  
Class Football (3);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





ROY ELTON CARR  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON  
"Roy"

"NOW all I want tonight is a nice cozy—", and we stand by to hear one of Roy's vivid descriptions of a good evening. Femmes have played a leading role in the career of this handsome Westerner. Few can resist him as the many letters from Frisco, Seattle, New England and even Alabama testify. In spite of this handicap, imposed by the handsome features, to be protected, Roy proves his sporting spirit by risking his manly beauty through his indulgence in Boston.

As a good business man, he has proven the fact by not only keeping the Masqueraders out of debt but also himself. Roy is seen at his best only in the swimming pool. He is a life member of the sub squad. It was simply by drinking enough water to be able to crawl across the pool on his hands and knees that he fooled the Prof, and made a Sep leave. Procrastination is his watch-word, his motto "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow." But, when you can do it tonight, he generally does.

*Masqueraders;*  
*Ass't Business Manager (4, 3, 2);*  
*Business Manager (1);*  
*Masqued N Gold (2);*  
*Boxing Squad (3);*  
*Lucky Bag;*  
*Business Manager Musical Clubs (1).*



ALFRED HUMPHREYS RICHARDS  
COLUMBUS, OHIO  
"Al" "Dick"

IN the summer of '19 there came forth from the realm of books, and from the enchantment of a certain girl, a modern young knight. Once inside the grey walls many a study hour was spent in wondering why he ever left Columbus. His insatiable curiosity, however, saved him from utter ruin, for Al not only had to know every word passed on the fourth deck of the fourth wing, but he also became curious about the Academics. One day in a moment of despair he tried to jump back to "her," but instead of landing in Columbus he found himself eating toast as one of Mr. Mang's protegés.

In his wanderings no one less than a queen has been able to displace for a moment that little realm of feminine grace at home. Since that momentous night at Christiania his mind has never betrayed his finer feelings and those feelings may take Al from the water washed quarter-deck back to the quiet home life of Columbus. But we hope not.

*Track Squad (4, 3, 2, 1), NA (3);*  
*Expert Rifleman.*





GEORGE LLOYD WALLACE  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO  
"Bob"

**B**OB'S point of departure was Youngstown which, you will admit, is a hard town for its size. Upon inquiry it may be ascertained that this steel center has always had a large number of girls so that early in life Bob was beset with the difficulties that are always present when girls are in the neighborhood. Later, when he grew up and the girls came to be called femmes, his affairs de coeur grew too, both in number and seriousness. But today we are proud to announce that all these minor engagements have passed into oblivion; a major one has taken their place,—now we have to think of a suitable wedding present.

When at large without the Academic limits his escapades have been numerous and joyful. The West Coast received Bob hospitably; Christiania and Tangiers will long remember him. If you get the opportunity hear the story of the unfortunate parakeet that made itself at home, one hot day in Colon, in the pocket of his khaki blou.

*Expert Rifleman.*



EDWARD SUMNER PEARCE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Eddie"

**W**HO mounts the horse for Navy? The answer to this expression is none other than our "Lil' Eddie". Ever since he won fame as all-around gym champ Plebe summer he has been substantially connected with the gym team.

Sliding along much closer to a 3.4 than a 2.5 he has succeeded in keeping his head well above water with slightly less than the average amount of effort. A literary connoisseur of no mean talent, he can recite you a few lines of any well known verse or poem.

Before the bones department stepped in and added a year to his Academic career, he had seldom paid much attention to the fairer sex. Since that discouraging episode, he has become a most confirmed snake.

In bidding farewell to '22 he left a host of friends, but 'twas only to find an equal host in '23. His frank manner and willingness to help anyone at any time, coupled with a cheerful smile, can brook of no enemies.

"How are you there, Kiddo?"

*Gym Squad (3, 2, 1); GNAT (2);  
Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2,);  
Expert Rifleman.*





GEORGE WILLIAM BOLLING, II  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Notz" "George"

THE impossible has been accomplished when "Notz" by methods known only to himself, reduced the art of love to a science. The affairs of the heart are commendable as a diversion; taken up or dropped at will. As a constant occupation one must be dismissed to end the illusion, and any action so decisive is distasteful to George; it savors of too much work.

His Plebe year was consistently ratey and instructive under the rocky tutelage of several veterans. As a Youngster he had a famous "cruise," "the wind blew 100 knots for five days" etc. to the discomfort of the old salts present.

Notz strayed from the narrow path on the front lawn of a railroad magnate, whose daughter lured George to his downfall over a croquet wicket. "Yes father, I'll be right in." In spite of his roguish pranks he has managed to keep sat, break a few records, continue a large correspondence (not entirely in English) and come through it all with an (apparently) honest face.

"Whoops coach!"

"Turn it off!"

"All right, pull your knife!"

*Swimming Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); N (4, 3, 2);  
Olympic Squad.*



JAMES EDWARD FULLER  
PORT AUSTIN, MICHIGAN  
"Jazz" "Jim"

HERE we have him—the boy prodigy—out of the wilds of Michigan he came staggering into our midst like the dainty little bird called the elephant. Yes, Rollo, he graced the awkward squad his first day of Plebe Summer—but, my! what a change these years have wrought. That sleek, shiny hair, those big bug glasses—a violin is the only requisite missing to complete our picture.

His career here has been a consistent up-hill fight with the Academics until now he is riding the crest of the wave with stardom in sight. Plebe year he became so proficient at tossing Upper Classmen out of the room that he soon aspired to be one of Navy's mainstay twirlers. Youngster year found our Jazz on the baseball squad acquiring a thorough understanding of the finer intricacies of lacrosse. Second Class year his falling hair became his one obsession—even now I can smell the faint aroma of Glover's mange cure permeating the atmosphere which form a veritable halo about our hero.

"Whistle for us, Jazz!"

"Sir, that P-Work last Friday was too long again!"

*Baseball Squad (3);  
NA (3);  
Class Baseball (2).*





ROBERT DINSMORE HUNTINGTON  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Bob" "Dinty"

NO, ladies, Dinsmore doesn't seem interested, but then he always appears bored when near the fair sex. It is really part of his line. His line! Oh, he has one, I assure you. Quiet but impressing, that is Bob.

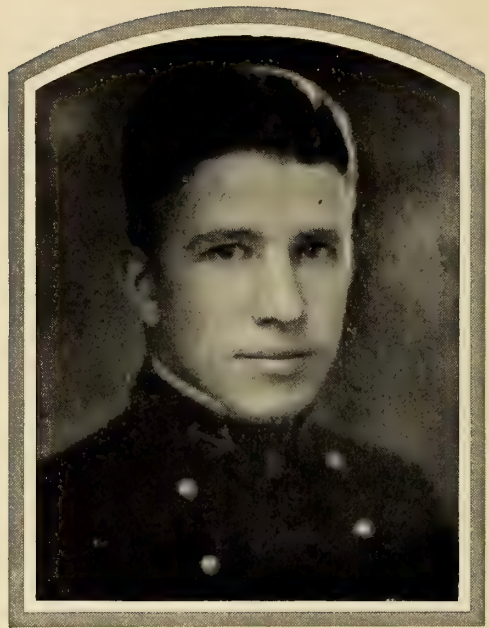
Since becoming one of Uncle Sam's pets, Bob has conformed to all our standards but the Navy hair cut. He manages to accumulate and maintain an astonishing brush when compared to the spare top-knot of his fellows.

Wireless and sailing are his hobbies. When handling a sheet, Bob is at his best.

During the year he hibernates, but in the Spring, he joins Joe's boys and pulls a fine oar. His prowess is such that he was one of the Olympic crew squad. Tennis, also, lures him and he manages to wield a mean "bat."

"I bilged that one cold!"

*Olympic Crew Squad;  
Crew Squad (3, 2);  
Expert Rifleman.*

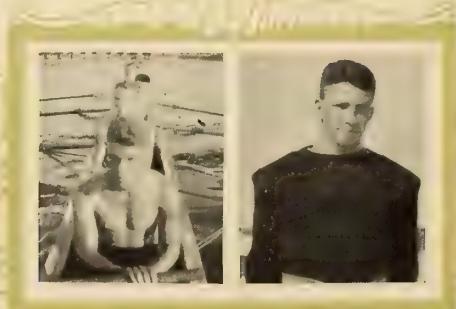


MATHIAS MORRIS MARPLE, JR.  
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

I SAY old "Topy" it is a jolly fine day—what say you to a few holes of golf and a cold plunge in the neighboring pool? Our Maw-ric has lived with the blooming Englishmen so long that he has acquired the aristocratic accent and air to a shocking degree. On entry "Marp" became one of our illustrious Plebe summer Four Stripers and was then the very essence of regness. He still carries with him that air of earnestness, and has a tendency to cock his head just a little when his ideas are set. At times his nature is like the famous Connecticut wooden nutmeg—a hard nut to crack. His one weakness is the ladies! O, you Lordship and Kristiania! Talking of speed the boy is a demon. For further information inquire of the track coach or Stratford's only motor-cycle cop. He is a chap who knows but one code, that of being square, generous and meeting people on the half way mark.

"Hey, you in the steerage, come up for air!"

*Track Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Football Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Penn Relays (3, 2);  
Expert Rifleman.*





RICHARD DANFORTH STIMSON  
WASHINGTON, ILLINOIS  
"Dick" "Savvy" "Stim"

"OH, who is that cute little midshipman with the Marcel wave?" Thus the fair frail one who sees him for the first time.

"Hey, Dick, who are you dragging this weekend?" An endless refrain, for that is his forte, when it comes to snaking he just naturally cops the lead life-preserver. He has several different musical instruments, but all he can truly show in the line of musical accomplishments is a W. B. & A. squeak.

Dick drew the Math Department's prize lemon for a Prof. review month Plebe year, and remarked feelingly, "Gee, I feel sorry for myself!" Since then he has become an adept at the Academic Game "Foolem and Bluffem" otherwise known as "Grease, Grind, and Graduate".

Because of the before-mentioned Academic difficulties, athletics and Dick didn't coincide Plebe year. Youngster year he made the gym team, participating in the intercollegiates and winning his NA.

Here's a matrimonial prize for some girl, a model husband and a darned good housekeeper.

"Hey, Dick, it's your turn to empty the wastebaskets!"

*Gym Squad (3, 2, 1); NA (3, 2);  
Class Track (3).*



ALDEN DALLAS REDFIELD  
MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY  
"Red" "Savvy" "Goof"

"ALL right mister, you can start off with fifty stoop falls, and—"

Hard? Red was just naturally born that way. But his heart is as big as himself. He'd give a friend the shirt off his back—if he had one.

Just to show us what he could do, Red started Plebe year with a sum total of 1.88 for the first month in Math, and then nonchalantly pulled through, as he has managed to do ever since.

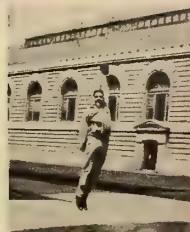
"Gee, I wish I was savvy instead of good lookin'!"

During his years with us "Savvy" has made gigantic strides along social lines. Of course during Plebe year he thought it best not to drag too much, but the rate of his dragging since has varied inversely with the interval between! Nuff said. The rest is beyond the scope of this work.

Red very seldom huddles over the radiator and expounds on the drawbacks of the world. Which characteristic is both unusual and appreciated.

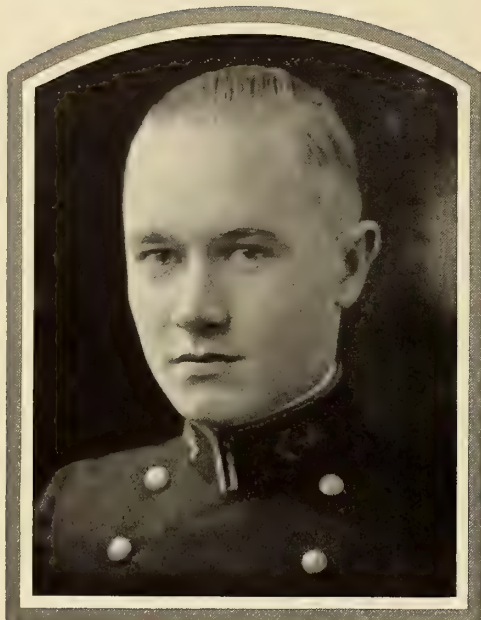
"Red, you're mustering P. O. for drill tomorrow!"

*Swimming Squad (2, 1);  
Class Swimming (3);  
Numerals (3).*





WALDHER FRIDTJOF HALLAND  
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA  
"Slim" "Hal"



PHILIP HAGENBUCH JENKINS  
BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Phil" "Jenk" "Kun" "P. H."

"AN accountable shock was registered about July 1, 1919, by all the seismographs within 8500 miles. It was felt as far north as Maine and as far south as Georgia." Much to the sorrow of the scientists, it was not an earthquake, but merely our young hopeful from the Lehigh Valley receiving word that he had become a midshipman.

Academically speaking, Phil drifts along. "Cracking books" is not one of his favorite pastimes, though he always held his trench whenever the Profs put up their barrage.

Athletically speaking, his efforts have been limited to the sports south of the Rio Grande, with the exception of his daily clash with Thug. Then are brought to the surface his cave man tendencies.

Fussically speaking, Phil is not a teahound. Kun is satisfied to sit in his room for hours at a time banging on the radiator, and putting the plumbing system in A-1 condition. Some day he is coming back to Crabtown for a P. G. in plumbing.

"Say, who opened those windows?"

MISTER, do you see those scars that are on my face? Where do you think I got them?"  
"No, I am not out for fencing, I got them in a real fight. I'm hard, I am."

Famous for his line, Slim has kept us laughing, either with him or at him by turns.

"Let me tell you, Fargo is the biggest little city in the world. Billy Sunday said it has more pretty girls and homes per square inch—and besides Fargo has two subways, two parks, one river, a Ford Sales-room and a complete packing plant. It is the railroad and grain centre of the West."

Our Slim, usually savvy enough to fool the All-Academics, was suddenly disqualified in the Winter Pentathlon of 1921 by the usually harmless Dago Department. After a short trip on the outside he came back to finish the game with '23, and has fooled the Dago Department ever since.

Slim began as a confirmed Red Mike, but when the Snake fever caught him he was lost. Look out, Slim, before you're hooked.

*Gym Squad (4).*







FRANCIS DOW HAMBLIN  
ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Ham"

**B**ORN on Cape Cod, the sea is his, and he knows it, but in his own heart he loves the dry land. Academics bother him little, while Cosmo lures him oft. Class football, basketball and lacrosse have between them accounted pretty completely for his spare time.

Variety being the spice of life, Ham requires no further seasoning in matrimony, having had four wives in his Academic career, and what the future holds, who knows?

For two burning years Ham and Lady Fatima played the ancient and honorable game of catch-as-catch-can, with Ham always top side. His musical-vocabulary is limited to two bugle calls, chow and taps, chow being his favorite, because he hasn't heard the second for so long.

Always sat, seldom starrng, willing to talk about any subject under the sun and moon, Ham is of the non-reg, non-rhino type and, best of all, he'd give you his shirt, if he had one.

*Class Football (4, 3, 2);  
Class Basketball (3, 2);  
Class Lacrosse (4, 3, 2).*



CHARLES DAVID BEAUMONT, JR.  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK  
"Bean" "Charley"

**W**ITH the exception of a pitched battle with the Math. Department, this Gothamite has had smooth sailing.

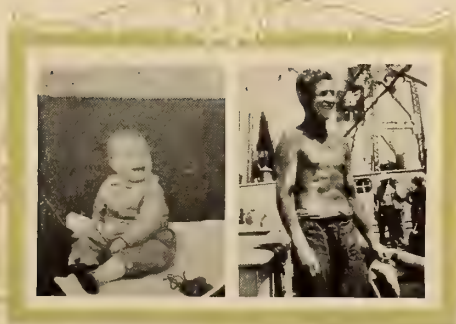
For two whole years the fair sex failed to attract him, but second class stripes were too much for him and he blossomed forth—a red headed woman was the cause of it all.

It's hard to appreciate him without his fiddle, because he has yet to learn how to play and sing at the same time. When he arrives at the stage of combining the two, he'll require special consideration.

Plebe year he decided to learn to shoot and he's been at it steadily, ever since. When it's too cold to shoot it's a mere step from bullets to bull.

He loves his pipes, his mail, and his fiddle.  
"Feeling rhino? Lemme play you a tune."  
"Seven letters and a package, hot dog!"

*Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); RNAT (3);  
Expert Rifleman;  
Musical Clubs (2).*





RICHARD WAYNICK RUBLE  
DENVER, COLORADO  
"Horse"

SOME little town in Colorado, we've never been able to extract from him the name, is the producer of Horace, and from her rugged mountains he came forth full of ambition, capability, and assurance to enlighten his fellows. Savvy? Most certainly. A 3.0 in Academics and a 4.0 in femininity come to him just like water to a duck. Good looks and an ever-ready eye have caused him no concern, the main sufferers being those of the opposite sex and a bullseye. Not so pious but that he enjoys a day's liberty in any ancient port, or an Army-Navy game's indulgences at Shanley's, his dissipations even sometimes extend to Kipling and De Maupassant, for literary value only.

His capacity as a connoisseur is strictly limited to selection, never extending to acceptance. Non-reg? Plebe year and its unrest almost cured him of that mental disease. What remains is his ability, an enviable one, to dodge detection.

A truer friend could be found nowhere, and the profession which he has chosen will be the gainer of the best through him.

*Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
RNAT (3); RNT (2);  
Expert Rifleman.*



HERBERT MOORE WESCOAT  
MCARTHUR, OHIO  
"Westy" "Herb"

APOLLO take a back seat; Herbert Moore Wescoat, athlete and fusser supreme, hath arrived. A man with a past, present and future.

Sir Galahad II is a R. S. M. (regular sailor man) and we can easily understand why his mail curve approaches a vertical line.

He is indeed a remarkable chap, but like some mortals he has a failing—foo foo and women. His attendance and endurance at all the hops is nothing short of marvelous. He delves deeply into the intricacies of social life and balances a cup of tea with no mean ability. Herb stars in fireside courses, altho he couldn't always "sketch and describe" entropy.

With the advent of a Naval Holiday Herb will sign a contract with Mack Sennett (Them diaphanous basketball pants done it!)

As a student he is admired, as a classmate he is loved, and as a lover he is in a class by himself.

"I don't let my studies interfere with my education."

*Wrestling Squad (4);  
Class Wrestling (3); Numerals (3);  
Expert Rifleman.*





RICHARD FREDERICK ARMKNECHT  
DONNELLSON, IOWA  
"Army" "Dick"

DICK hails from Iowa—and he doesn't mind admitting it. Given half a chance he will inform you that he would consider himself unfortunate had he been born anywhere else.

But there are other elements in his claim for fame in which he does not concur so promptly. There is the item of sea-sickness, for instance. Dick was sea-sick, constantly, from Crabtown to Seattle on his first cruise—and then he probably went back to Donnellson (population 531, 1920 census) and posed as a regular sea-dog and Father Neptune's favorite son.

And that isn't all. Besides being an animated compendium of general—and mis-information, Dick has the poetry habit. From time to time the *Log* is permitted to print his verses. He says in his own defence that he has never written a poem entitled "Beautiful Spring", and doesn't intend to—but the evidence is all against him.

"I'll be a sailor yet!"

*Class Baseball (2).*



ARLEIGH ALBERT BURKE  
BOULDER, COLORADO  
"Billy" "A. A." "Whitey"

BEEFSTEAKS in July—frankfurters at Christmas—gloom after an Army defeat—Billie at a tea-fight. Dressing on salad—overshoes in April—heat in the fire-room—Billie in the Navy. Billie's a snake as far as one person is concerned. Big, broad, light—no wonder the Skowegians thought he was a native! Big and broad as to build and experience—light as to complexion (and we could add mentality, but that wouldn't be fair) he's only light when he's happy, and he does have his rhino moments! Colorado lost a killer of horses when she lost Billie—and the Navy gained a killer of work. Clouds and sunshine chase each other through Billie's spiritual spectrum, and, due to the regularity of the mail service, the sunshine manages to predominate. Billie's philosophy is expressed in three of his pet phrases—"Lord, but that girl of mine is a wonder," "Fool 'em all, I can't bone." "Well, guess I'll get the work."

*Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 2);*

*Class Wrestling (2); Numerals (2).*





ROBERT WRIGHT MCCORMICK  
WATERTOWN, NEW YORK  
"Mac" "Bob"

"NOW take a deep breath. My Gawd! Mr. McCormick, what is the matter with your heart."

But what proved to be a stumbling block for the heart expert has since been fully analyzed by Mac's friends. And their sympathy lies with the many girls inevitably to be disappointed, because Mac "Was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be a lover of variety—always looking for new fields to conquer."

Although Mac swears that the way he spells his name shows that he is Scotch, his rapid flow and ready smile prove that at least one of his ancestors kissed the Blarney stone.

Despite a voluminous correspondence, he has found time to do some wicked pin pushing, commonly called fencing, and make the class team in this sport.

Being a midshipman is only a side issue with Mac, his real vocation is coaxing tunes from a banjo.

Mac has a blasèness which is but an expression of his desire for the new and original. The new attracts him, but not for a moment. Mac sticks to the worth while things.

*Class Fencing (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Numerals (2).*



WILLIAM PERCY ELSTON WADBROOK  
ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY  
"Bill" "Bullard"

WHERE you from Mister?"  
"New Joisy, sir!"

William got so tired of being corrected Plebe year that he finally changed his pronunciation himself, much to the delight of all Upper Classmen who ran across him.

Bill is a radical physical culturist and a strong advocate of Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen". To jump out of bed on a cold morning, run thru them, then break the ice in the shower and jump in is child's play for him. He has played soccer ever since he has been with us and handles a soccer ball with three men on it as easily as a Fifth Avenue cop handles traffic.

Parlor athletics are the only things that William has not gone out for, and ever since Youngster year he has remained a consistent Red Mike. Being quiet and reserved by nature, he is always afraid that some femme will make him smile and show his dimples. Some day we hope to see Bill come into his own with the fair sex, but we are afraid that the happy day will not come until after he has departed from without these gray walls.

*Soccer Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); ANF (2);  
Class Lacrosse (3, 2, 1).*



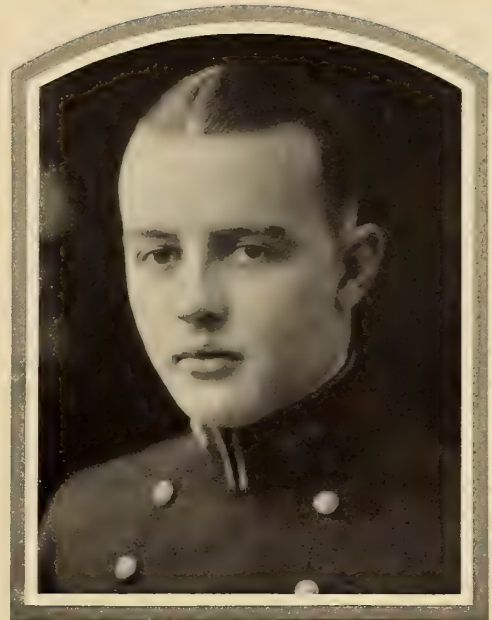


NORMAN MELONEY DAWSON  
DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA  
"Norm" "Mel" "Sweetie"

"SWEETIE" joined our happy throng with '22 but Youngster year he was shipped to the hospital for seventeen weeks, and as a result became an advocate of the five year course. Get him to tell you about that trip—"Oh Norman you're so wery nice. I'm just a little country girl, but I've been out once before. Oh, horses, Norman."

Yes, he's a fast worker even under the difficulties imposed by a hospital ward. But that was a long time ago, and since then "Sweetie" has joined the O. A. O. Club. Yes, she's the one and only topic of conversation, and you should hear him when he raves. Sep leave—in love—yea bo; very much so! "What, only one letter today? I'll have to break out the picture again." We'll take some of that back, for once Norm became ambitious and went in for athletics. Due to his unceasing efforts in the world of sport, he landed the job of fencing manager. Yes, Norm is all right and we hope he gets along and he will, for he has the ability if he can only keep out of jail.

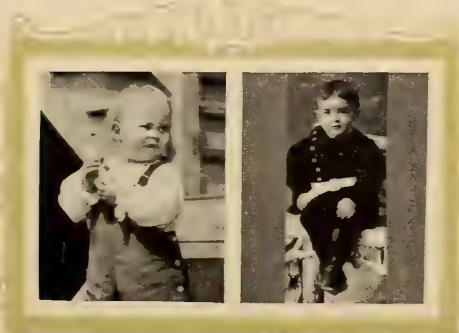
*Class Fencing (3, 2); Numerals (2);  
Ass't. Manager Fencing (2);  
Manager Fencing (1).*



HENRY MARTIN COOPER  
CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA  
"H. M." "Coop" "Henry"

YOU all know him. He's one of the conspicuous men of the class. No matter what the drill, or who the Prof, "Our Cuckoo" will be found in the front rank—ears set like funnels—eyes riveted—apparently giving his utmost attention to each syllable, for says Cuckoo—"It's never too late to grease for that Buzzard." However we forgive him for working to outlive the name of Menace, and the reputation gained with the powers that be in his famous "Race Riot". After dragging blind Youngster year the Cuckoo swore off snaking for life, but since the girl died and there couldn't possibly be another like her, Cuckoo can now be found any week end balancing his cup of tea with one hand and twirling the poor old Bull with the other, as well, if not better than the original Romeo. Lady Luck was against Cuckoo when the Skinny Department beat him on the last jump Youngster year. It was a good blow for any man to take and Cuckoo took it well. Every cloud has it's silver lining for twenty-two's loss was twenty-three's gain.

*Class Football (4);  
Class Boxing (2).*





JOSEPHUS ASA BRIGGS  
 OMAHA, NEBRASKA  
 "Joe" "Joa" "J. A. B."

ALL hail to the "Big Injun" from the wilds of Nebraska! One glimpse of that "brown-skinned" lad's face is sufficient to read there contentment, a cheerful disposition, and a man of few moods. To be sure, he has "Rhino" spells like the rest of us, but cheerfulness prevails. He was one of Navy's original, confirmed Red Mikes until Second Class year when the strain proved too great, and he turned completely in favor of the fair ones. Ask "Joa" about Kristiania-a.

Plebe year found him quite "reg" through necessity, while Youngster year took him to the opposite extreme. He played a losing game with the D. O.'s, coming too near the Executive Department's limit for comfort.

Although reared in the corrals and sand-hills of Nebraska, the lad seemed to take to the water like a veteran, even to the holding of a seat among Dick's Crew until Second Class cruise when he met with an accident while boxing. Well, did he fit into the job of managing?

"Oh my gawd! Whadaye know about that?"

*Crew Squad (4, 3);  
 Ass't. Manager Crew (2);  
 Manager Crew (1).*



RAYMOND EUGENE WOODSIDE  
 ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI  
 "Pat" "Woodie" "Gene" "Daddy"

AFTER several rounds with the entrance exams, the summer of 1919 found our hero among the 1923 raffle. Woody's solemn face, aged appearance and dignified walk have caused him no end of worry. It has brought him the bon grease with the Executive Department, and as to the femmes—my, oh my! Many an acclaimed jewel at the hops would give ten years of her existence to cling to his No. 18 neck. As a matter of fact, he's quite at home in any feline gathering,—from an old ladies' sewing circle on up. And Woody is no modest violet either. He's a connoisseur of women, even though having the weakness of consistently dragging blind.

His disposition varies from that of one of Admiral Wilson's "Ideal Midshipmen" to that of his native Missouri jacks,—from words to no less ideal inmates of "Why man! These are the happiest moments of your life", to words of "Damit fellows, something ought to be done about this."

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Lacrosse Squad (4, 2);  
 Class Boxing (2); Numerals (2);  
 Glee Club (2, 1);  
 Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Expert Rifleman;  
 Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





HARRY H. KEITH  
 ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO  
 "Harry"

THE sheriff of New Mexico consigned this prize package to Sing Sing but due to the baggage-man's error it was put off at Annapolis. Like all good crooks Mex spent two years in getting the lay of the land. After he joined—well, let me quote—"Did you take a shower this morning, Mex?" "No, is one missing?" In addition to his taking ways it was next to impossible to break him of his dry land habit of leaving the water in the wash bowl so he could use it again later.

Beside his ability at "moonlight requisition" Petite has other talents, for who could look at the Masqueraders sign, rivaling the lights of Broadway, without admitting that he is a master electrician. In the Academics Mex could if he would but he wouldn't until Second Class year when stars began to come within his range.

He is well described in the pithy words of a fair friend. "Oh, Keith, I thought you were such a nice boy."

- Masqueraders (4, 3, 2, 1); Masqued N Silver (3);*
- Masqued N Gold (2);*
- Musical Clubs (4, 3, 2, 1);*
- Gymkhana (4, 3, 2, 1);*
- Chief Electrician Masqueraders (1).*



PERCIVAL EATON MCDOWELL  
 MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Pete" "Peter Eaton" "Mac"

"EATON McDowell?"

"Yes I am! Pass the spuds please."

Who says there's nought in a name? For our little Pete has the incontestable right to the Champions Cup for Scoffing—witness Peter and his lobster after the Penn State Game. But you'd never think it to look at him—no indeedy! Did you ever see a fat snob? Of course not! About the only thing tight around Peter is his collar, and he'll lend you that if you ask him nice.

Dago and Pete have had a lively skirmish for three years, but he got his second wind before they did, and is about ten yards ahead of 'em in the last lap—which is quite characteristic of Pete. As for snaking—well, any man who has a different picture on his desk every day in the week must be talented somewhat along this line. Percival Eaton is as square as you'll find 'em. In four years here he has never been called Percival or Percy. Who could ask more?

- Boxing Squad (3);*
- Class Football (4);*
- Log Staff (4);*
- Lucky Bag Staff.*





HARRY SANDERS  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
"Harry" "Savvy" "Arry"

VOICE outside of door, "Now in Chicago there is a church on every street corner", and enters Savvy, boring another victim with the merits of his native city.

With the exception of Tecumseh, whom he strangely resembles in many ways, Harry has done more towards graduating the wooden men of the "Second Batt" than any five men on the Academic Board. Around exam times, it's almost necessary to have traffic cops, to prevent congestion among the wooden men passing to and from his room.

But Savvy's one claim to fame, if you believe him, is that he's never made a faux pas in society. If you believe us, however, his only right to boast lies in the fact that he sometimes gets away with them. To get 'arry up in the air, it's only necessary to remind him of that night in Baltimore, when he utterly withered one of our most charming debutantes with a remark that would have made a salty bos'n's mate wearing fifteen hash marks, turn green with envy.

"Do I read etiquette? True etiquette is only the natural impulse of a true born gentleman."

*Star (4, 3, 2);*

*Class Swimming (2, 1).*



FREDERICK JENS NELSON  
APPLETON, WISCONSIN  
"Nellie"

"YUMPIN' Yimminy!" Who have we here but one of Wisconsin's dairy farms in animated form. By the end of Youngster cruise Nellie had exchanged his rustic vocabulary for the richer Navy line. But even now he delights in telling the boys just how it is done on the farm, or how to calculate the egg-hour output of the average hen.

Achilles may have had a bum heel, but Nellie's heart would make the old boy turn green with envy. At each hop he discovers the only girl. The Radiator Club has learned to painfully endure the virtues of his latest. And why not? Jens will tell you that the little girl in red would make Venus herself look like a plate of reg Nav beans at a New Year's banquet.

Nellie has his hobbies, too. He likes to wear old shoes and old caps. He delights in picking out some ancient tune on his mandolin. Once in a while he airs his potential vocabulary by verbally withering some innocent Juice Prof. But he is a hard worker and persevering in his studies.

"Well, I'll be shucks!"







FARRINGTON LEEDS BARR  
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE  
"Boots"

THE extreme care with which he entered shows how deeply it hurts him to hurry. Not only in disposition is he a marked man; his Plebe year commenced with, "Hey, mister, are you any relation to Charley Chaplin?"

His diversions are the elemental trio; wine, women and song. Chattanooga has contributed much to his reputation as a Lothario by consistent correspondence, and frequent candy. The Rebs may be narrow-minded, but their open pursuit of "Boots" makes us believe that theory is wrong, because only one of savoir-faire and poise can bring him home. His ideal must be attractive, a good dancer, have lots of pep, be able to play bridge—in short be a midshipman's typical illusion, for which the supply is very indefinite. Here's luck, "Boots", they're as scarce as spoons in the third wing were Plebe year.

His smile is more noticeable than his savviness, but they both run a close race for general effectiveness. Class football gave him a chance to keep us from anchor, and between this and his diversions he's been busy.

"Let's play bridge."

- Class Football (3, 2, 1);*
- Class Basketball (3);*
- Class Tennis (3, 2, 1).*



DONALD JAMES HAWTHORNE  
PERU, ILLINOIS  
"Skinny" "Whitey" "Don" "Nat"

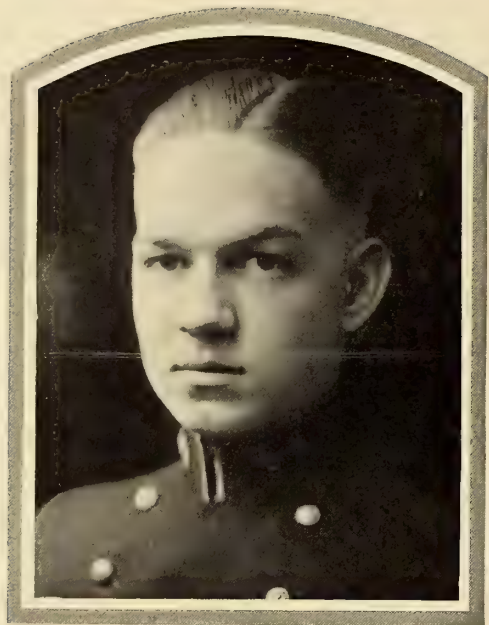
LITTLE old Nat popped into the pampered pets life one sunny day in September, and he's been traveling fast ever since. All the pep in the world, friends galore, and best of all a spirit that would carry a man through anything on its merits alone—even through the Academy.

He is one snake, and the wimmen say he has a mean repartee. Even so with the Plebes. "On a hop" is Nat's motto for the freshmen. The boy handles a mean hand of bridge and toddles the toddle like it was writ. No wonder his locker door is full of fair reminiscences. But his heart is back at home, sweet home, and the world couldn't keep Nat away from home after graduation.

He never attempted to star, but has always had the most officerlike and gentlemanly qualities, which, combined with common sense and the ability to be serious when necessary, will one day put him in the front ranks of those wearing the Navy blue.

"Let's go! Bottoms up!"





CURTIS STANTON SMILEY  
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT  
"Thug" "Curt"

OF all the dashing disciples of the dance, "Thug" has been one of the most devoted and the most unfortunate. He used to go to so many hops that he threatened to become a permanent fixture. Throughout the week he exists on the anticipations of dragging his latest attraction, and while having realized his dream on some occasions, it usually happens that his girl develops galloping colds at the last minute.

Although Curt comes from the land of the wooden nutmeg, he has from the first proved an exception to the rule, being past master in the art of getting the maximum Academic results with minimum effort. He is always willing to mix pleasure with work, and many a study hour finds him participating in Mexican Athletics with the gang.

A member of the Radiator Club, "Thug" is in his characteristic pose when perched on top of one of the keepers of the lost calorie, arguing on everything under the sun from politics to poker.

"Oh! Is it my turn? What's the bid?"



WALLACE ESTILL GUITAR  
COLUMBIA, MISSOURI  
"Getar" "Guit"

"GIVE Daddy-pops a roll"—is the habitual cry at mealtimes, of our young Apollo from Columbia, Missouri. 'Tis truly Wallace Estill Guitar—the only one in captivity!

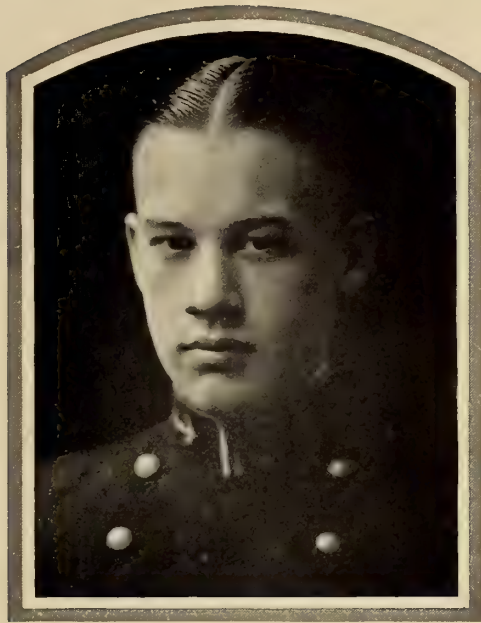
For two years Guitar was simply a member of the "Radiator Club", but he began Second Class year by becoming the idol of several famous—or notorious—crabs. Hence, our Apollo becomes a Romeo and joins the ranks of "lounge-lizards" in the realms of snakedom.

In spite of Estill's lazy disposition, he was destined to become one of the Academy's most famous actresses and the Masqueraders production of "A Pair of Sixes" saw him in the role of Nellie, who was "such a nice little wife."

Geet has had his "ups and downs" during these years at the Naval Academy, for the Academics are rather hard to master at times and his name has not always been omitted from the "Extra Duty List." We hope, however, that our friend's troubles are at an end and that his future life will be a continuation of his beloved "wild parties."

*Log Staff (4);  
Masqueraders (2); Director (1).*





FRANK ADELBERT TROTTER  
SAPULPEE, OKLAHOMA  
"Trot" "Frank"

SAPULPEE boasts two ardent advertisers—a Pullman car—and Deb. But if you ever see Deb doing a Pavlova around the corridors you'll realize that he is worth a Parlor car. Happy-go-lucky as they make them, he has had a running fight with the N. A. regs for four years. Profs, books, and grease marks worry him not a bit. When the Executive Department fails to amuse him over the week-end, he is always among the front rank of those dragging. "Bricked" isn't in the young man's vocabulary for he protects himself with a Useful Table classifying the inmates of Washington's most popular havens of beauty. Although Deb has run into shallow water quite frequently, his good nature and a stiff fight has pulled him through. Sea-faring life is not the ambition of Sapulpee's own, but whatever he finally decided upon for his life-work, we'll be willing to wager that he'll be topside.

"Say, did I ever show you Mrs. Trotter? Boy, she's some woman."

*Expert Rifleman.*



JOHN LOUSEN BROWN  
LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Jawn" "Brownie"

FROM just a sidelong glance at our handsome little old Dutchman, could one believe that there were such dark and mysterious possibilities within him? Most of the Browns have usually been mild and quiet, and conservative too. One of his sneaky ambitions has always been to become a Knight of the J. O. Table with a squad of goo-goos to light his cigarettes. Romance and adventure are a part of him but not to the extent of a 2.49. Jawn savvies the calibrations on a slip-stick and mean elastic limit (Paris et al). None of the Profs have ever invited him out to chow after knocking the daily work-out for a perfect 40. He has always played hard with his books, paid his copper homage to Tecumseh, and could name the occasions on which he has dragged in one short gasp.

When leave does come he packs up his troubles in his old strong box and begins to gallop.

"Here's up to it and down to it."

"I can do it because I'm used to it."

*Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).*





ALVIN DUKE CHANDLER  
WILLIAMSBURY, VIRGINIA  
"Duke" "Charlie"

"WHO knocks?" "Tis I, the Duke." Say not—"Begone Duke, lest I crown thee," for like opportunity, he knocks but once.

Now the story would be quite different to relate if the town hall of the village of "Four hundred lazy, watching four hundred crazy" could have a painting of our Charley boarding a Portygesse destroyer with enough side boys to receive the King of Siam.

Duke likes a little sport added to the party in the shape of escudoes, pink checks on a dead beat, or aesthetic dancing.

"Chan" has never failed a chance to prove that laugh and the world laughs with you. Not that he doesn't take some things seriously. He'll tell you of a Saturday he took a chance. It was very serious. To call out the last bit of his light spirit he was treed with a 1.5 that same week-end. Chuck staged a strong comeback just as he did after Youngster cruise and has had many a hard fight for the eternal 2.5.



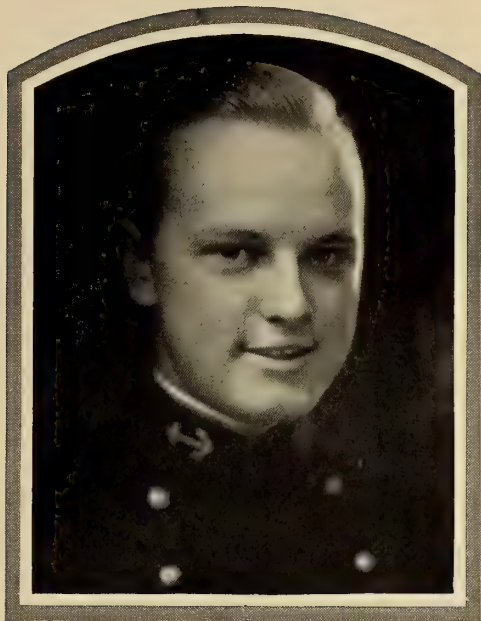
JOHN AUGUSTINE TRAYLOR  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA  
"Jack"

WE all know that Jack adds much charm and beauty to this Bag, but we have here a he vampire as well. Of our famous ones he was the first to discover the value of Noonans as a smelling salts in bringing about a quick recovery of the many young heart-breakers.

The opposite species he has conquered with his smooth, flowing tongue and his magnetic eyes which have more attraction in them than all the vertical soft iron in a battleship and when they speak they speak volumes. This unusual man with the hair of an actor, the eyes of an artist and the philosophy of Socrates is as methodical as a man of sixty. His daily routine is his pride and joy and he never fails to carry it out to the smallest particular. Jack is as sober as a Judge; is as square as any of them; is much squarer than most of them, and is always on deck when work and lots of it is to be done.

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Second Class Gymkahana Committee;  
Class Soccer (2);  
Lucky Bag Staff.*





CLAUDE HENRY BENNETT, JR.  
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Lumux" "Claude"

"WELL, this is the way I look at it, see? I'll tell you exactly how it happened. You see it was this way—etc., etc." This is what we have to put up with, day in and day out, together with a long line on the merits of Penn's athletics. This lad is a real patriot and a strong advocate of the "City of Brotherly Love".

And military! Boy howdy, what a brace that man do throw! Cap on the front (?) of his head and a spine curve silhouette that would make Pavlowa jealous.

Claude started in Plebe year with a rush that carried him through eight months of it. And then he frapped his first bush—a 1.0 in English. He has never entirely recovered from that shock.

As an optimist he is hard to beat, why, he can even admire the shade of red with which the Nav Profs smear his P-work book—who could ask for more?

*Soccer Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); ANF (2);  
 Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).*



CHARLES HARDEN WALKER  
 MACON, MISSISSIPPI  
 "Charlie" "Johnnie"

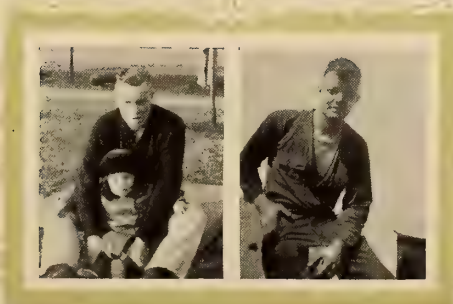
IF you see a tall, handsome, dark-haired young Apollo, you'll recognize him immediately as Charles. Of course, he has always been a snake.

Being a Southerner has had no effect on this youth's athletic career. Since Plebe year he has worked at and achieved success in several lines of athletics, variety being his aim.

Second Class cruise proved to us that Johnnie was a very appropriate name, and that he upheld the old southern tradition in regard to the attributes of a true gentleman of the South.

His unflinching good humor and his generous disposition have won him a host of friends who will always welcome him as a true shipmate.

*Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Class Boxing (3, 2, 1);  
 Numerals Boxing (2);  
 Class Track (3, 2).*





EUGENE LILBERN MONAGIN  
 UVALDE, TEXAS  
 "Gene" "Tex" "Mull" "Monie"

"OH, I'm wild and wooley and full of fleas,  
 And I've never been curried above the knees"  
 —roared the two-gun ox master from the Lone Star  
 State, as he turned in his sombrero and high boots  
 to the master-at-arms. At present, the best that  
 can be said of the combined efforts of Upper Classmen,  
 D. O.'s and Academics is, "He hasn't shot up the  
 Chapel yet."

In the boxing ring he soon proved his worth.  
 Tex carries a punch in his arm worse than the kick  
 of a nine-day white mule. And this versatile Texan  
 has abilities in other directions as well.

You know it takes more than cave-man methods  
 to simplify things when seven young women have  
 been invited down for one hop and all of them accept.  
 It is secret magic he doesn't divulge but it gets him  
 across, for at every gathering you can hear some  
 flapper coo, "Oh, is that Gene Monagin?"

*Boxing Squad (2, 1);  
 Class Boxing (2).*



HENRY FOLLIN AGNEW  
 VISALIA, CALIFORNIA  
 "Hank" "Pug" "Aggie"

LIVES the old adage "Its better to be born hand-  
 some than rich" every day of his life. And yet,  
 it's a losing game because he blushed. Not bashful,  
 you know, but blushes about once a minute and is  
 so "self conscious". His epitaph will probably be:  
 He would have ruled the world, but just when he  
 had the "hand that rocks the cradle" going his way,  
 he got "fussed" and spoiled it all.

One of the Charter members of the Radiator  
 Club and always conspicuous in any "frolic of the  
 numb-skulls". He prefers to learn by allowing the  
 other fellow to talk. One of these days his host of  
 friends here in the regiment are going to be shocked  
 and horrified to learn that our well-beloved old  
 Aggie has cast discretion to the winds, and gone  
 forth to act the stories that he likes so well to hear  
 the other fellows tell. The girls all know him as the  
 boy with the beautiful eyes, the rosy cheeks, the  
 wonderful flowing hair, or just simply the handsom-  
 est little devil at the Naval Academy.

"Sweet sixteen and has never been kissed."

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





WILLIAM ANTHONY FLY  
MISSISSIPPI  
"B. A."

HERE is the checker, bridge, and toddle-top champion of the regiment. Tony comes to us from '22 and we received a "big asset" when we got him.

"Spanish" is the original chow hound, being able to smell chow a month ahead. On the several cruises he has made Tony has been able to detect food and the means of obtaining it, thereby saving many of his shipmates from utter starvation. And talk about the big grease, Tony had a state-room with bunk, sheets, running water and all on Second Class cruise. Nothing but a passenger.

Antony is the person responsible for the midshipmen's store selling foo foo. The girls all fall for him. Rowdy Dow!

Tony has good ability, though he has never shown remarkable savviness, due to lack of application. Who hasn't heard his "What ain't clear", when someone complained of a hard lesson?

Here's to you, Tony; and may you always "Fly high" in life even as you have made our "spirits" fly high in the Academy.

"Ain't it?"



JOSEPH THOMAS SHEEHAN  
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Shorty" "Midget"

SHORT breezed into our midst from the heart of the Commonwealth on June 29th, 1919, the same diminutive, excitable, impulsive thunderbolt that he is today. As an Under Classman he successfully defied all attempts of pituitrin thyroid to make him grow and of the Upper Classmen to make him reform. Old Erin has no rooter more enthusiastic than Shorty, "What do those fellows over there want anyhow?" never fails to explode the fireworks.

Under the old regime his habits were model. Neither Lady Nicotine, Lady Luck nor any other lady meant anything to him; but with the coming of the new regs Shorty fell for the Bearded Lady hard, and from the looks of the mails, also for some other lady—Carleton Roof? Commodore? Qui sait?

Once upon a time way back in the misty months of Plebe year the heavens fell and Shorty frapped the bush. We treasure the record as a gem of history, for those who stand above him Academically are few indeed.

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*





WILLIAM HAROLD REDDINGTON  
SHELBYVILLE, INDIANA  
"Reddy"

SAVVY and a Red Mike sums up Reddy. Savvy by dint of hard work and, we must confess, a greasy line that wraps around the referees in the Academic group and lays them low. He recommends forced lubrication for rapid slip-stick work.

A Red Mike because being otherwise would take time from studies and anyway, the right girl has never brightened his azimuth.

A steady going, more likeable man would be hard to find. Drill and Exec usually find him in charge—"usually" because he is sometimes on duty. His experiences along the Extra Duty line are remarkably lacking—and he is non-reg, too. Since he learned to smoke (late in Youngster year) he has wooed Lady Nic most passionately—but he still sweeps out every morning and creases his bed on both sides, so he is beyond suspicion.

His hobbies are Juice and the Movies. You'll notice Juice is first. We'll never predict any trouble with the generators on his ship.

"No! Come here, you work that prob this way."

"Good show at the Republic this Saturday."

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*



ANTHONY KENNEDY, JR.  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Goat" "Knickers"

TONY hails from the environs of the "City of Brotherly Love", but anyone expecting to find in him anything resembling Quaker characteristics is doomed to disappointment. In fact, he is one of our most hot-headed Southerners, and claims Virginia as his native state. If you are thirsting for an argument you will find Tony at all times ready to fight over any phase of the Civil War, from State's Rights to Appomattox.

With that dashing air of his, that far-off, wistful look in his eyes, coupled with a line that would make C. Alphonso turn green with envy, it is no wonder that our Tony is a veritable Beau Brummel with the ladies. Almost any evening you will find him penning a billet doux to some sweet young thing, or boning Cosmo. Tony has always treated the Academics with cool disdain, possessing that rare ability of maintaining a good class standing with a minimum of effort. His host of friends will miss his sincere manner and true Southern hospitality in the years to come.

"Now you d—d Yankees—"

*Lucky Bag Staff '21;  
Class Pin Committee;  
Expert Rifleman;  
Class Soccer (3).*







WENDELL SMITH TAYLOR  
HENNESSEY, OKLAHOMA  
"Timbuck" "Mike" "Stud"

WHEN they took this boy to the strength test room he turned to and calmly tore up all the machines, when the instructor gasped "passed" and ordered new ones. In the fire-room Youngster cruise—"Hey Taylor, here's your relief." But from out the bunker came a western drawl, "Aw, I'm just a gittin' warmed up. This is fruit."

His hardest battles have been with the Academic Department and the swimming pool. The All-Academics cheated him from participation in football for two years, but Second Class year he fooled 'em, and made the team.—Rose to the occasion, and became one of "Bob's" fast, fighting, aggressive, etc., etc.

He thought nothing of jumping twenty-three feet or so with the track squad, but the swimming pool being forty feet wide had him baffled. As he would say himself, "I can swim fine on the bottom."

A Red Mike for two years, he fell at last, hard—reckless? Tell us about your little excursion in disguise, Taylor.

He's been busy, as a glance below will show, but his greatest victory was over the Academic Department, and he more than earned it.

Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); N\* (2);  
NA (4); N (1);  
Track Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); N (3); NA (4).



WILLIAM HENRY HAMILTON  
HUNTINGTON VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Hamie" "Bill" "Farad"

"STILL water runs deep", and to those of us who know him, this is a fitting epithet. Quiet by nature, he spends most of his time in thinking, rather than talking, and this is probably the reason for his good judgment and common sense.

Thinking is only one of the things he can do, however, and his N\*\* bear testimony to it. All of us have followed him on the field and seen him shine to advantage while downing the grey. A great crash, wild scrambling, a scene of arms and legs wildly waving in a confused mass, and, when we see Ham's head emerge, we know he has merely taken out the interference.

For gentler hobbies he has two—"caulking off" and food. He claims that sleeping during study hour is highly invigorating and recommends it for your approval, although the accusation of being savvy is arousing. As for food, that is one of life's greater pleasures, and it was in pursuit of this pastime that he won the nickname "Farad".

"Is there anything in the lesson that I should know? All right then, I'll turn in."

Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
N\*\* (3, 2); N (1);  
Class Lacrosse (4);  
Lacrosse Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Class Boxing (2);  
Numerals (2).





DOUGLAS RAMMELSBURG BURKHAM  
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA  
"Doug" "Burk"

"THIS is the sixth year I've been carrying a Springfield." That's Doug's explanation of his extended relationship with the restrictions of reveille and taps. These eventful years have convinced him that he really likes the Navy, and no blame can ever be placed on Burkham's shoulders if he doesn't make many another happy cruise.

Douglas has always firmly insisted that women never worry him. But the argument about his obligations soon lost its strength. His interest if not his anxiety, has certainly been keenly aroused at various encounters, and his love of the fireside is some day going to result in his undoing.

Whole-heartedness is the keynote of Doug's life. Little has many an enraptured drag realized that only a few hours previous her radiant partner was desperately wrapped around a Thermo book, with a tragic look in those apparently dreamy eyes. But his sincerity is at its pinnacle when his saying, "Don't wake me up until formation."

"Do I look healthy today?"

"What did she mean by that?"

*Crew Squad (4);  
Class Basketball (3, 1).*



WILLIAM ANDREW RILEY  
WOLCOTT, NEW YORK  
"Bill" "Andy"

THE old saying goes that still water runs deep. Consequently you will probably be surprised to know that Bill is a snake. Yes, our own sweet William scores on the mail man every morning and always gets a fleet of multi-colored envelopes addressed in dainty feminine hands. One of the reasons Bill came in the Navy was his natural inclination as a water dog. He has plotted many a course across the old swimming pool and back.

Once warmed up by Plebe year he began to lay the Academics low, but being modest he didn't deliberately star. He plays a mean game of hide the ear, as David can tell you.

When it comes to Navy spirit, Bill's back of the team heart and soul. If he lands in Sing Sing he'll manage somehow to be at the Game. Best of luck, Bill, in the days to come.

"Why, I didn't get a 1.0 in that P-Work."

"These cits get away with murder. A guy at Syracuse told me—"

*Crew Squad (4);  
Class Basketball (3, 2, 1);  
Class Track (2, 1);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*





FREDERICK MASSIE HUGHES  
SELMA, ALABAMA  
"Freddie" "Massie"

"WHAT ya say boy?" Massa is coming on the range, and his four years at the Academy haven't changed his Southern dialect and accent any more than they have his taste for watermelon. Freddie hails from way down South. However, he is a wearer of the green and has a true Irishman's looks, nature and heart.

The boy came crawling back from Youngster leave with that long, gone look in his eyes and he hasn't recovered from that awful fall yet. Massie struts the broken suspender and sometimes forgets the one back home. Ask him about the Dutch "race horse" or the "Death Defying Dummy."

Massie showed us that he's got the stuff when he won his N\* and also tossed some of the wrestlers who came down here with high hopes. With his affable manners and manly qualities he is sure to succeed when he gets out in the world.

"I didn't quite get to work in Dago this morning."

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); N\* (2); NA (3);  
Wrestling Squad (3, 2, 1); WNAT (2);  
Hop Committee (2, 1).*



JOHN GERHARDT CROMMELIN, JR.  
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA  
"Crom" "Whitey" "Chick"

HERE he is folks, the typical Southern gentleman, fond of dogs, little children, and pretty women. When at the University of Virginia he showed signs of savviness, and in his four years here he has strutted his stuff.

Plebe year "Whitey" had a rough time trying to show the Upper Classmen that Plebes didn't run a Chinese laundry; nevertheless, when going through the 4th wing he was fond of playing fire horse.

"Crom" got rid of his miniature in quick fashion Second Class leave, and although not a snake, when he drags he insists on a forty. At the Penn State Game he had great success in the preliminary scrimmage on the Walton Roof where he scored a touchdown.

"Chick's" athletic career has been with Spike Webb's fighters. He carries a mean wallop with which he fought his way to the squad Second Class year. His off time has been spent with the class teams.

Velvet Joe says anybody who loves dogs and little children can't go wrong, so luck to you, boy—a true friend, a good pal and a real shipmate.

*Boxing Squad (2, 1);  
BNAT (2);  
Class Football (4, 3, 1).*





SAMUEL PANCOAST COMLY, JR.  
 WOODBURY, NEW JERSEY  
 "Sam" "Sammie"

SAM came to us with a dash of salt already in his grizzly hair. He has that happy characteristic, however, of being a Navy junior without wanting to post the fact on every bulletin board. The Academic Department has tried on several occasions to bother Sam, but he persistently manages to prove himself more than a match for Tecumseh.

The pernicious habits hold our hero firm in their grip. First, he wings a mean mashie, especially at the 19th hole, and second, he has an uncanny way of producing a surplus of trumps in the local bridge tournaments.

And neither is Samuel seen in the stag line at the hops. He bravely drags a 4.0 or pushes his lamented 1.8 with the selfsame soulful grin. Djer-Kiss and TNT mean the same to him.

Sam is always in search of the silver lining although he has often found only coaling clothes. With his agreeable disposition and winning smile he will man the ole rake and hoe with Navy wim and vigor.

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*



DAVID ABERCROMBIE  
 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
 "Ab" "Abe" "Dave"

AB may be small but he is surely concentrated. Lacrosse men and Academics have the same chance to live when he is after them. He revels in the blood-shed of the sport, but indulges in the Academics merely to show the Profs they can't haze everybody all the time.

He is a serious kid and when he sets his mind, note the positive look in his eye advising for bystanders an attitude—just present, not voting.

There have been femmes to make Dave tingle but the average fazes him like a gnat might an alligator.

Terrible as may be his thirst for knowledge, to his craving for moose-blood it is a mere bagatelle. Leave means life in the real out-doors to Ab and, boy, how we love his call to the wild when windows go up in the dead of Winter.

Anyway—we don't know a boy who plays harder when he plays, or works harder when he works; he is a patented mixture of brains, good-humor, common sense and likability. We think he will manage to survive.

*Lacrosse Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); LNAT (3);  
 Class Lacrosse (4);  
 Expert Rifleman;  
 Lucky Bag.*





PETER WILLIAM HAAS, JR.  
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Pete" "Hawkshaw"

PETE joined us as a mere child, but displayed the wisdom of an infant prodigy. Even now he evinces child-like qualities.

While wintering at Bobbie's War College he made frequent trips to Baltimore, along with other ambitious and enterprising candidates, and became well known in certain sections.

He is seldom seen with the fair ones, having gone so badly unsat his first attempt he gave up all hopes of attaining a passing mark. Plebe year he entertained the old twelfth company with tales of his wild adventures. At present his line consists of descriptions of his Norske—Skaal.

Pete expects to go in for submarines and work his way up from the bottom. Here's hoping he doesn't spend all his time there.

His favorite argument is arguing who started the argument, and his motto is "Give me fast horses and good-looking women". He claims he knows a good-looking horse when he sees one.

*Class Basketball (4, 3, 2);  
Class Lacrosse (4, 3, 2);  
Lucky Bag.*



WILLIAM JOHN McCAFFERTY  
LOCUST GAP, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Clipper" "Mac"

CLIPPER came to us from the Gap after having finished one of those "especially for candidates to the Naval Academy" war college courses in Annapolis. Clipper has always cherished the desire of "Following the Sea", you could tell that by the way he handled a cat-boat Plebe summer.

Mac sort of stepped out at the Commodore on his second trip to New York, in fact there he showed his respect for his superiors by just merely obeying the commands of the nth deck M. C. Of course the Gap has been graced by his annual appearance in September, but whether or not there has been any prowling M. C. there Clipper does not care to discuss. Clipper is a real Red Mike, although there are exceptions to all rules.

Clipper has been runner up for honors on 23's five fathom shot. From time to time his battles with the Ac Department caused him a little trouble but absolutely no worry—he refuses to worry.

"Now who started that argument?"

*Class Lacrosse (3, 2).*





FRANK DOUDIET WEIR  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
"Cootie" "Grandpa"

LOOK at that perfectly adorable Chinese midshipman standing over there, Lizzie dear!! Oh, who-o-o-o is he-e-e-e?

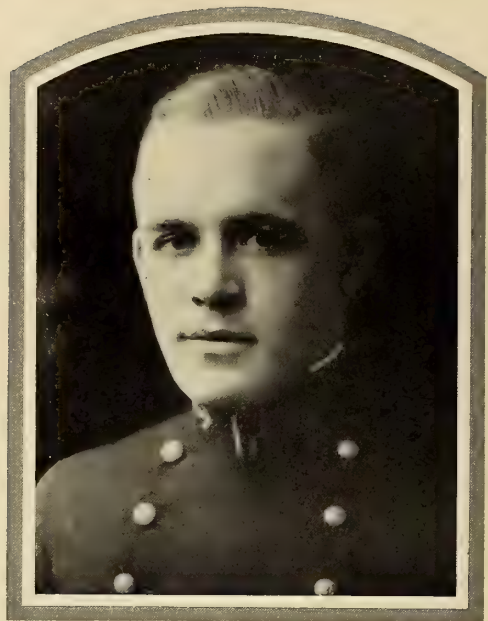
Sh!—that's Cootie. But, he's promised. At least *she* says so. (sniff-sniff)—and he's so young too.

Yes, Cootie is young, but he is learning fast. He shaved four times last term, chewed tobacco by request Plebe year, and on Second Class leave he tried to get rough with a buzz saw. May the shades of his Pekingese predecessors protect all ventures from crossing his path from now on.

In spite of all his defects, or if you will, assets, including staggered knees, antedeluvian profile, and wide grin, our Grandpa has managed to take the Academics easily, women seriously, soccer studiously and the Cosmo as a soothing syrup.

"Honest. I've fooled you all the time."

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Log (4, 3);*  
*Class Soccer (4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2);*  
*Expert Rifleman.*



VALENTINE LINN POTTLE  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
"Val" "Wop" "Puddle" "Poodle"

DEAR Susie;  
You know we have roommates here, and I do wish you could see mine. His name is Valentine. He maintains that there is not a girl in the country that could interest him. He must have gotten tired of having them run after him when he was a wee soldier boy. He really is beautiful you know. But he'll make a wonderful Valentine for the girl that is wise enough to catch him.

Around here he is chiefly famous as an artist of no mean ability, and along with all his talents for drawing, decorating, criticizing, and the like he has developed quite an artistic temperament. Things that appear as large sized jobs to others are as easy for him as sipping a cup of tea is to Pansy, but he has hit shallow water with the Cits on several occasions.

If you ever get to know him real well, ask him about his "Deck Boat" and his famous "How to stand one in grease". He's really quite a budding author on those lines.

"She's Jewish, ain't she?"

"Bet she's got red hair."

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2);*  
*Log (4, 3, 2);*  
*Gymkhana Committee (2, 1);*  
*Class Ring Committee;*  
*Expert Rifleman.*





WENDELL CHARLES FOWLER  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS  
"Pansy" "Red" "Cauliflower"

THE original business and efficiency expert—stock tickers—advertising agencies—Plebe stenographers and messengers—check books—ledgers—and such like. Not satisfied with trifles like the Log and Lucky Bag, he skipped the Y. M. C. A.'s checks just to keep his hand in. And his books usually balance, proving his ability as a business manager.

"Useful Pansy" loves the ladies. He'll take care of any woman irrespective of age, looks, and other kindred subjects just for the pure joy of having someone to listen sympathetically to his pedagogical line, the child of his reciprocating cerebrum—or something like that.

"Considering the possibility of a tangential component arising in the original consideration of the frictional element, we may presume with theoretical accuracy to deduce the probability by differential solution of the logarithmic functions."—Meaning he's figuring out his chances of getting a letter from one of his Texan debutantes.

However, we congratulate him. He has not only burned untold gallons of the midnight oil and made most respectable marks, but he's also grown fat doing it.

*Manager Lucky Bag;*  
*Log (4, 3, 2);*  
*Advertising Manager Log (2);*  
*Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (2);*  
*Y. M. C. A. Board (1).*



FRANK HAMILTON LAMSON-SCRIBNER  
MARION, OHIO  
"Scrib" "Duke" "Scripps-Booth"

TO attempt to describe this aspiring son of Neptune calls to mind a vivid picture of a lonesome telegraph pole, with a mass of wires at the top to represent hair. But he can never think of a far-a-way state to which he writes interesting looking letters, getting up at most any hour of the morning in order to write them early, and retiring late having written others. Verily he believes in the old one about "Distance—, etc".

His bids to fame lie in the continuous pursuit of athletic honors in Fall and Winter, but Spring finds him a chronic member of caulking squads and the Radiator Club. He succumbs to violent attacks of spring fever and desires for excitement, the two alternately prevailing.

He invariably denies any accusation that there was something unusual the night he took a friend home from a hop in D. C., and suddenly appeared at the car all dismantled and in a great hurry, but we are inclined to wonder who interfered.

*Football Squad (3);*  
*Water-Polo Numerals (3, 2);*  
*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Class Football (4, 2, 1).*





AARON PUTNAM STORRS, 3RD.  
OWEO, NEW YORK  
"Ape" "Put" "Goof" "Rollo"

**P**UT is particular about most things and especially about that last part. Don't forget the "third", for that is a mighty important part.

"Hey, Storrs, what's the Nav lesson?"

"Huh?" (Never saw it fail.)

"It never rains but what it pours," and give Put a chance to moan and sob over some paltry matter and life will be "rotten". His favorite manner of repartee; "I'm not greasy; I'm just conscientious."

During his Academic career he has tried hard to be an athlete, and conscientious endeavor in that way is not to be ridiculed. We can't all be N crossed oar men, because there must be a gang of "mud-diggers" to keep the good ones at work.

"Where's the mail, assistant? I know I got a letter. Why, I did not; I only got six yesterday. Well, what if I did, I only wrote seven. What, I didn't get any? Well—\*\*? Look again please, will you? Huh? No mail? Something's wrong."

Yes, something is wrong.

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1), Numerals (4);  
Wrestling Squad (2, 1), Numerals (3).*



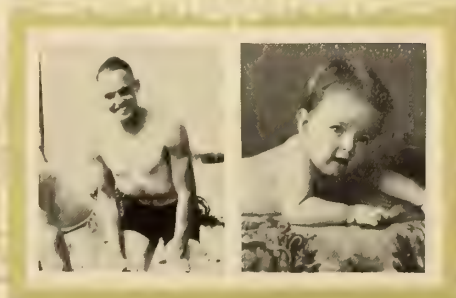
WILLIAM DONALD ANDERSON  
STREATOR, ILLINOIS  
"Chub" "Andy" "Frugal Scotchman"

"WHAT'S the matter, has he got you down?"  
"Hit him, don't take anything off him."

In this manner does he champion the downtrodden and cause conflict between two previously peaceful friends, himself the referee as to "fast ones", and points. Sunday may be well spent in keeping the "Jew" from sleeping when slumber fails to answer his call in church, writing letters, and sleeping; 9:25 p. m. brings the toothbrush as a reminder that 9:30 and a pirouette for the downy four poster are close at hand. At times the anticipation of a good bullfest will lure him to momentarily postpone the dive for the sheets, in which contest a glorious crowning of a full day may be had by obtaining a rise out of "Put" or by draping one on the "Jew" or the "Fat-Boy". Nature endowed "Andy" with a strong prejudice to physical effort, but he overcomes this long enough each year to bring up the '23 Class average in biscuitballs, and was right there with the boys when they chalked up the big victory Second Class year.

"Hey, Satchel, turn around, I wanna get by."

*Class Basketball (4, 3, 2, 1).*







NEVETT STEELE  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Fat Boy" "Nathan" "Steelvitch"

THE Fat Boy is a distinct atavism. Sometime in the 18th century in Merrie England there lived a typical Anglo-Saxon country gentleman, whose social responsibility and physique struggled for predominance. In the words of an ensign of memory held dear, "where does that little fat red-faced youngster room?" As for his venture in the whirl, none of the old families of Annapolis feel that the affair has been a success without the Fat Boy's attendance.

The original handicap of Baltimore has been partially overcome. He attempted wrestling, re-exams., and extra duty in commendable repetition until the advent of "positive action". He never could be satisfied in the matter of a seat in the movies, even if all the D. O. wanted *was* his initial.

Owings Mills is the tasteful little title of his country home. Maybe the country has helped him to out-grow the city.

"When are you draggin' again, Fat Boy?"

"Aw, she's comin' down with a youngster for the Easter Hop."

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Class Lacrosse (3, 2);*  
*Class Wrestling (2);*  
*Extra Duty Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*



EDGAR HOFFMAN MYERS  
CARDINGTON, OHIO  
"Abe" "Rabbi" "Adonis"

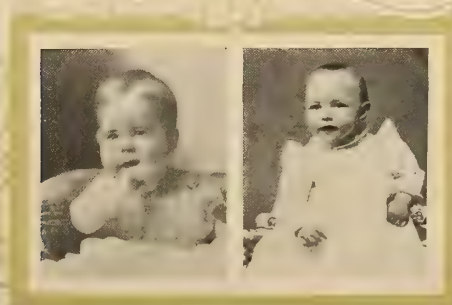
"WHERE are you from, mister?"  
"Coshocton, Ohio, Sir."  
"Co—what?"

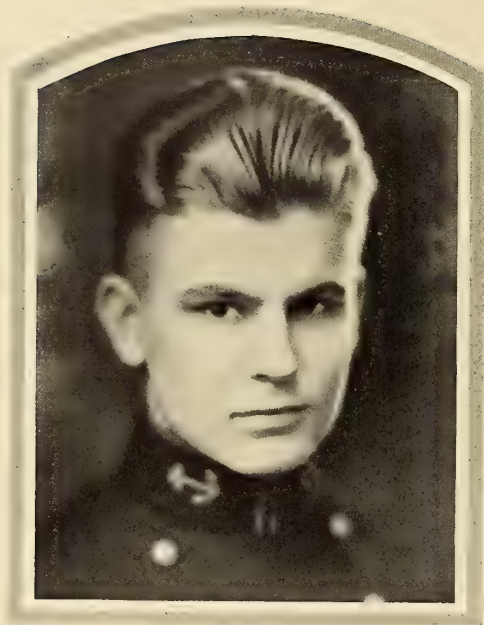
"Well, my father has moved to a small town now." And thus spoke the apostle of Hebraism versus Hellenism. As a mere child, in which stage he is still, he was noted as a runner, but unfortunately the supply of *Tanlac* gave out and he now holds down the responsible position of track manager.

Often he "creates grave doubt" especially the time he ordered two hundred sheets of stationery and when it arrived counted each one and reported two hundred present. In church he translates the Bible from the original, that is when he stays awake long enough, but strange as it may seem he is always asleep when the contribution box is passed.

Being more or less of a suspicious nature it took some convincing arguments to get him to drag but once corralled he always said, "Well, I'll try it once more for I haven't been bricked yet." He really means many times.

*Lucky Bag Staff;*  
*Manager Track Team;*  
*Class Soccer (3).*





GRAHAM NEWELL FITCH  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Deacon" "Lover"

QUIET, dogged and determined, this lad came to us from the Army. These characteristics soon won him the unassuming but never-the-less eminent title of Deacon. Although he does apparently forget that cognomen and has become a fusser of no mean skill. One of the fair ones sent him a delicious cake one carefully concealed birthday with a note of added sweetness attached. After the resultant brooming he had an weakened desire for birthday cake and concluded his letter of thanks with "woman, use discretion".

The Academic battle has never seemed to worry him. Each term he slips by with the necessary 2.5 tucked securely up his sleeve. Perhaps the three characteristics have helped.

His efforts at wrestling wouldn't frighten Strongfort, but he managed to eat wrestling table toast intermittently through two or three seasons, ending each year on the class team.

"Gee, wife, is that the right answer? I didn't get but half that."

*Wrestling Squad (4); Numerals (3, 2);  
Tennis Squad (3); Numerals (3);  
Class Tennis (2).*



MARION JOSEPH DUNCAN  
SILEX, MISSOURI  
"Mariner" "Farmer" "Piggy"

NO, you're wrong, This is not Tarzan; it's our own corn-fed baby from Missouri. He is from Missouri in more than one respect. Like the famous animal from his state, he can work like the devil under provocation. Nuff sed—comparisons are odious. If there is a man proud of his state it is the Farmer.

"Where are you from, Mister?"

"Missouri, sir."

"Put her there, old man."

Farmer's main ambitions are to drag the President's daughter and to graduate from this military school for boys.

Although a Corn-husker, he has always had a strong leaning toward the happy, care-free life of a sailor. Even in the days when he skippered a ferry across the bath-tub he showed a tendency toward Navigation. His full glory was reached during Second Class year, when he was formally christened Mariner.

A snake among snakes, a week is ruined if a Saturday passes without finding him heaving a heavy (?) line to some fair fragile.

"Mister Duncan, did you bone this lesson?"

"These women ruin my marks."

*Class Lacrosse (2).*





HOWELL CHURCH FISH  
BATH, NEW YORK  
"Gussie" "Fishie-Wishie"

SOME men knock off strong liquor for milk because of the love of a young bobbed haired blond, and still others because they have no liking for it. In Kewpie's case, the last reason is thrown out as irrelevant, take a look at his bushy hair, and then make your guess—we make ours!!

Gus has been fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to have had several love affairs, violent ones, since he has been amongst us. In one instance he was hit so hard that he couldn't eat and even bilged his easiest subject, English.

Gussums is not only a good swimmer, having made a block N his Plebe year, a savoir, and a lover, but he has also shown great matchmaking ability. A very short breakfast with his roommate so impressed a young lady that she named her teddy bear "Billy Burford".

Nobody can predict much about Gus's future as a naval officer but we are sure of one thing—he will be in love—as usual.

"Three Martinis, waiter."

"Waiter, change that order to two Martinis and one glass of milk" (Gus).

*Swimming Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Block N (4); SNT (3); SNAT (2);  
Olympic Trip (3);  
Lucky Bag.*



WILLIAM PAGE BURFORD  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
"Silly Bill" "Batling"

MODESTY and a brazen conscience have left no trace on the frank, manly countenance to mark the increasing struggle within. His favorite saying—"Don't know why it is I'm so good looking—" is in direct opposition to his myriad tales of feminine conquest. But one point remains in doubt—whether his magnetic smile, or prodigal physique, is more effective.

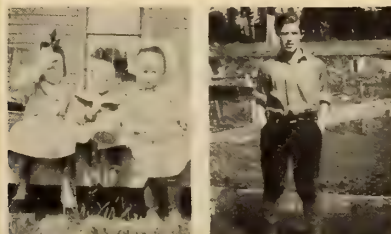
During Ac year he divides his time bewailing the obvious prejudice and envy of some departments in doling low marks (which he rates) and praising the sincere justice of those misled and beguiled into giving him over a 3.0.

On a cruise, his unwilling guardian is sure to be frantic preserving the local talent, police, and architecture. In Christiania his affection evinced itself, toward the end of a long liberty, in soundly bussing his keeper, who had a stiff neck and couldn't repulse the advances. Several Norskies openly approved the evident regard which the jung sffitieren held each other.

"Thanks crowd—carry on all along."

"Tremendous biceps working in unison."

*Wrestling Squad (3);  
Numerals;  
Tennis Squad (4).*





WALTER EUGENE BROWNING  
OGDEN, UTAH

*"Walt" "Possum" "Agricola" "Swede"*

**W**HOA! Lochinvar—make way for Agricola, our possum, the pride of the Mormon country. Dignity, that's the word for it folks, dignity and six feet of it in his stockings. Plebe year and it's exactions didn't give him a quiver. We have seen him ooze down the corridor like a goldfish, outdo Caruso upside down in a shower, recite Rangy Lil with gusto, and still keep his feathers unruffled. It's no trick, just honest dignity. Straight from the wild and fussy west, cactus burrs in his trousers and sand fleas in his hair, Agricola brushed the mountain mud off his boots and hung up his sign. We call him Possum for sleep. It isn't beauty sleep but downright slumber.

Studying doesn't bother him. The intricacies of steam just don't exist. He knows it by birth-right and for asking will put you wise. Six feet of where-withal are no deterrent to a crew man and have resulted in four years on the water for Walt. It has been a big job but not too big for a big man.

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Crew Numerals (4); NA (3);  
Expert Rifleman.*



VINCENT PAUL CONROY  
OGDEN, UTAH

*"Vin" "Lil' Eddie" "Why'mcycle"*

**W**ELL now, just let me tell you something." Vin's at it again, stringing them along with his smooth, unconvincing line. Yes, boys, here we have a wild Irishman tempered by a Mormon environment, and Oh! how handsome. Peaches and cream complexion with a skin you love to touch, clean shaven at all times and in all places. Early in life Vin became obsessed with the idea of becoming a great lawyer, and therefore nourished a hardened disregard for anything "tecknickle". However, he entered the fold, but even to this day often ponders on "what he might have been". Snake and athlete; a rare combination. When "Lil' Eddie" dons his full dress to "strut his stuff" one could hardly believe that his was the selfsame hard plunging Utah boy of Georgetown fame. And what a line he hands those poor, susceptible females. No, not about himself. Do not mistake me for he is all modesty. It's his mannerisms what gets 'em. "Aw, knock it off will ya."

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Captain (1) N\* (3, 2); N (1);  
Lacrosse Squad (3, 2, 1), LNT (3, 2, 1);  
Boxing Squad (2, 1), Numerals (3);  
Wrestling Squad (4, 3);  
Class Secretary (4, 3, 2);  
Class Ring Committee;  
Class Crest Committee.*





ROBERT CONNOR BELL, JR.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
"Knight" "Bob"

**S**LOW music and a bright spot, Professor! Here we have Chismolly Bell, regimental Ding Dong, the handsome king of the Coca Bolas. Straight from California, he came to us, saw the Academy, wanted, and took it. In fact, Bob has that very disconcerting habit of going after everything that looks good to him, and the more unusual habit of getting whatever he goes after.

A beautiful coat of indoor tan, topped off by the vermilion tint of his proboscis, furnished a realistic background for his vivid tales of Barbary. With a fantastic pantomime to illustrate each funny anecdote, he can go from the sublime to the ridiculous with that ease and grace so indicative of his variegated personality. We have seen him, all dignity, walk the ballroom floor, and we have found him one hour later haranguing some of the boys upon "The slipstick gasp, versus the sigh of unsophistication."

It's well to stand by for a hot time when he swaggers in with his five-striper walk and his all-famous, "Boys, she craves my stuff."

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); NA (3);  
Lacrosse Squad (3, 2, 1);  
LNAT (3); LNT (2);  
Class Baseball (4);  
Boxing Manager (1);  
Class Supper Committee.*



JAMES HARMON THACH, JR.  
FORDYCE, ARKANSAS  
"Jimmie"

**J**IMMIE is an individual of rare versatility. Combining executive ability in the administration of the activities of the football team, with a talent for the mastery of educational problems, he is a somewhat unusual figure in the realm of pedagogical propaganda.

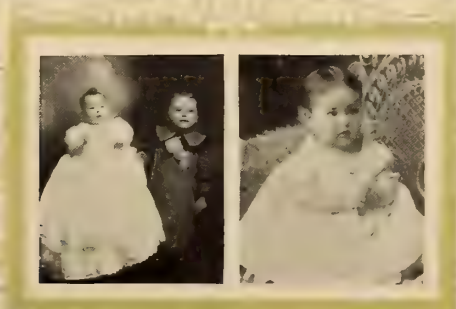
A native of Arkansas, he is proud of his progenitors and of the glorious State whence he sprang. The equestrian proclivities engendered at an early age are still evidenced by the concavity of his nether extremities.

His pulchritudinousness may be open to argument, and some there are that affirm its non-existence. Be that as it may, beyond peradventure of a doubt, he has the propensity of winning the fair sex, seemingly at will. Jimmie never mixes adjectives, and his sweet dream-word pictures of southern fantasies always soothe the feminine ear.

He has an uncanny command of language and is at all times polysyllabic in his utterances, for mere monosyllables are pathetically inadequate to convey his high-powered ideas.

"Well, I told you so."

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Manager Football (1);  
Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
NA; Expert Rifleman.*





HARRY DAILEY MCCAMENT  
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA  
"Harry" "Mac" "Satchel"

THE Golden State has a reputation for wonderful oranges, but the most splendidest Sun-kist she ever turned out was our One and Only "H. Dailey." He was shipped here with plenty of Juice in him, but it was knocked out of him Youngster cruise when he fell from a lofty turret—injured in line of duty.

A modern Demosthenes—you have missed a big treat if you haven't been on Harry's train on our return from Army games,—and he'll spell out every word for emphasis. A natural leader, and when unanimously elected captain in an emergency one night in Halifax, only once was an "aye aye, sir" lacking under his iron rule—result—McCament wins by a K. O.

He possesses not only a strong will over men, but also a potent magnetism for the other sex, and he has understandings for reversed-charge phone calls to all points in the Western Hemisphere—"cause we girls just love to talk to him,—no matter what."

Never worries over anything but his eyes—those trying re-exams, the last of which we maintain he passed on account of his toasts in foreign ports—

"Well, fellows, here's looking at you."

"Save some for McCament."

"Now listen, fellows."



LOUIS ASHTON DREXLER, JR.  
BETHANY BEACH, DELAWARE  
"Louie" "Drex" "Mooney" "Fat-Face"

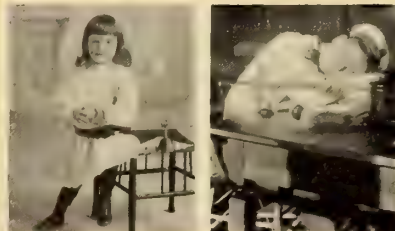
THE state of Delaware has, no doubt, produced many a sea-faring man but none to compare with our "Lou-eye", the old sea dog of the U. S. N. A. There is no need of asking where "Mooney" is from, for it only takes a docile ear to hear the tales of the coast of Delaware, the coastwise schooners, the coast guard and every wreck between Capes Charles and Henelopen.

On observation one realizes why he is called "Mooney" and "Fat-face", for his rotund countenance circumscribes a virile crop of bush which explains the numberless paps—"Improperly shaved".

A great lover of boats, "Mooney" would rather watch the ferry boat than chow, and that's saying something. When our famed "Gov. Harrington" docks, Louie immediately spends the rest of the evening in expounding nautical terms.

Verily he is almost a charter member of our noble institution having spent a meager six years in our midst. Non-reg to the marrow, his name appears in all the records and is known by all the D. O.'s. We congratulate him—he gets away with nearly everything he tries.

*Class Rifle (2).*





JAMES RAINE ANDREWS  
MCKINNEY, TEXAS  
"Red" "Tex" "Jerry"

NOT so many years ago the accepted method for deciding an argument in polite Texan society was to see who could place a neat steel-capped pellet of lead in an opponent's pate. One of Rojina's bitterest disillusionments was the discovery that the D. O.'s were not courteous in this particular. As a concession they did let him spend his moments of meditation and prayer with everything necessary to revenge except said pellet. His mental energy would not be entirely suppressed, however, and if he couldn't teach people by simple methods, the finer art of oratory might help. To this end he has succeeded in developing a line so wicked, varied and diverse that English Profs have been known to praise. If his beloved Texas had not instilled certain other principles, Red might have employed the fluent gift in maintaining a large correspondence. As it is, he does well enough to keep his roommates in a fever heat of jealous envy. Juice is a proverb to him; ask him about his analogies for certain familiar electrical terms.

"Sir, the rival factions ultimately substantiated the fundamental assertion of the Aristocratic demurrage."

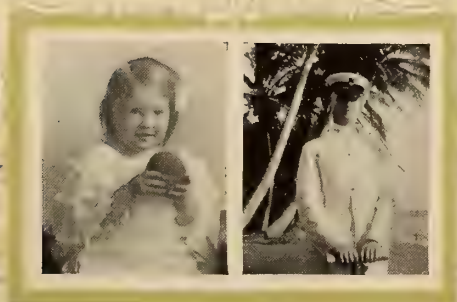


WILLIAM WALTER DAVIDSON  
BAY CITY, TEXAS  
"Dave" "Lady"

LADY is the personification of the only sure system to beat the Academics. Applied to crew it resulted equally well. There is one drawback to the method, however, as its mainstay is work. Dave has never done anything to indicate insanity, but any person who has such an unconquerable mania for using energy violates one of the elementary rules of a midshipman—sleep till you wake up and then eat till you fall asleep. Unfortunately this excellent idea has never been fairly tested by Dave, for as soon as he leaves the Academy or ship on leave his social nature evinces itself. We've seen him pull an oar with the most unsophisticated grace imaginable, and once the incredulous rabble almost caught him on the cruise when he volunteered to play the oom-pah, but since nobody else knew what the darned thing should sound like, there was no way to tell whether he was bluffing, or coming through—as usual.

"Now listen, if the current flows this way, how can the battery know which way to work, charge or discharge?"

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
NA (3).*





McFARLAND WALKER WOOD  
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY  
"MacF" "Woody" "Cousin Mac"  
"Colonel" "Eastport"

STOP four, one one-thousandth, fifty feet"—time out! Mac is describing one of his pictures again. What picture is it? Oh goodness gracious, little girl, that doesn't matter; just notice the Baltimore Sun effect—dazzling! McFarland came up from Tulane with his camera in his hand, has kept it in his hand (except in Martinique—strange the scarcity of pictures of Martinique!), and will probably have it there at his funeral to get some snaps of the mourners to put in his golden memory book. That memory book is a far better biography than any pen can write; there's an All-American collection of mementos that will give our hero much to think about in the future (especially should he acquire a spouse and she find them!).

Rifle Squad (4);  
Class Crest Committee;  
Class Ring Committee;  
Log (3, 2, 1);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Gymkhana Committee.

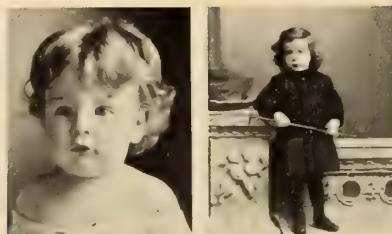


WILLIAM VINCENT O'REGAN  
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK  
"Micky" "Bill" "Harp" "Trixie"

MAP of Ireland? All wrong ladies. That is our Irishman. Straight from the jungles of Staten Island he came to us, with untroubled blue eyes and all the guile of the Killarney Lakes in his smile. He spoke the language of Toity-toid street and could name all the Irish patriots from the time of Saint Patrick. Don't get me all wrong, folks. These do not constitute all his abilities—he excels in the glove business, pushing them, you understand. Irish confetti and black eyes were his apprenticeship and today he will fight for honor, friends, or chow—Bill gets a big kick out of life; he can laugh anytime at 'most anything. Music hath its charms—the plaintive call of a McCormack red seal lifts him to the heights of Illium. Not so much of a snake by inclination, the Mick, nevertheless, frequently dabbles in the delights of Terpsichore. Everything is in the day's work with this Irishman, and his exactions sit lightly on his shoulders—

"Hully gee, I thought you was a Jew, Mickey."

Class President (4, 3, 2);  
Football Squad (3, 2, 1), NA (3, 2); N (1);  
Baseball Squad (4, 3), NA (3);  
Basketball Squad (4);  
Boxing Squad (3, 2, 1);  
Captain (1), BNT (3), Block N (2);  
Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A. (2);  
Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (1);  
Class Crest Committee;  
Class Ring Committee;  
Lacrosse Squad (2, 1).







DONALD SWAIN MACMAHAN  
LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK  
"Mac" "Don"

**G**AZE and be entranced, girls. Our one and only "Mac", the boy who parts his hair amidst ships and hails from Woodhaven. What? Never heard of Woodhaven? Why New York is just outside of there.

"Mac" is a confirmed fusser. Perhaps it is his quiet unassuming way that gets the gentle sex, but whatever it is they seem to succumb—if the mail may be taken as an indication.

"Now how old do you think I am?" Mac is at it again, trying to get the boys to convince him that he is only sweet sixteen. Yes, you will agree with him, he does look young in appearance, but Oh! how old in experience. You can't argue with Mac, for right or wrong, his convictions are his own, and no one short of Billy Sunday could change them.

Worries? He has none, unless it is how long he'll be able to sleep in before the O. W. comes around. And,—how he can sleep!

"Aw! You guys knock off arguing and let's catch.—"



ALVAN REEVES PIERSON, JR.  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA  
"Sunshine" "Midnight"

**N**O massa, dat ain't no black cloud yuh done see go by jus' befo'. Dat am ah boy Sunshine,—the infant prodigy from N-yawlins." Though nearly a man in years he's a kid at heart. The life of a party. Smile? Man, you should see it. Only once has he lost that smile, and it so happened that he lost a row of front teeth in the bargain.

Despite this handicap, he earned his numerals in Water-polo. And brother, SOME politician. Manager of lacrosse and keeper of the balls; buys chewing gum for the boys every week and sits next to the coach during the game.

If perchance at some hop a handsome olive complected boy in full "livery" steams by at a speed ten knots faster than anyone else, you'll recognize Sunshine. Yes, he's quite a snake.

Southern girls? Ah! Struck his note that time. He can't resist any of them, and the southern women— God bless 'em— have a sure enough champion in Sunshine.

"Boy, wait till you see the N-Yawlins girls."

*Class Baseball (3);  
Class Water-Polo (3, 2),  
Numerals (2);  
Manager Lacrosse (1).*





BRUCE HERBERT ROBINSON  
CHANDLER, ARIZONA  
"Slim" "B. H." "Bobbie"

NOW Slim was from Arizona where the cactus blooms and blows. The worst of it is he is proud of it, and if you give him half a chance he will bust out some beautiful pictures of cacti plains and warm cozy deserts and claim its "God's Country." Never mind, Slim, we all have our weaknesses!

Slim never let the All-Academics get the best of him but at the same time he respects his wooden classmates and doesn't try to star. A 3.0 in Juice makes him feel like a lord but when Hank loosens up with a 3.2 in grease there is no living with him. He is ambitious but at the same time he is reasonable.

He turned blood Second Class cruise, got a bid to the King of Norway's last Ball, and still harps on how he and the Queen skooled 14%. Democratic, that's Slim. That night he met the fair Hortense, but for some strange reason blonde hair disagrees with him.

"Hey, Slim, how's the back pressure?"

*Log (4, 3);  
Class Track (4, 3).*



REED TURNERY ROBERTS  
AT LARGE  
"Red" "Brick"

BRICK is a devil of a good chap except for his feet. Whenever he reqs for a pair of shoes the store gives him a couple of suit cases with holes in the tops.

Pinky hailed from Kansas once, but left when the anti-tobacco act was passed to follow his Army Dad around the Globe. Refusing to go through the Point on the family reputation, he nonchalantly turned down the offer of five up there and gave himself over to the Navy.

Ever since he got ragged for pink silk p'jams Red has had the idea that the D. O.'s were camping on his trail, and thought they all might be taking a shot at his grease mark.

When encouraged to talk he'll admit the authorities never have appreciated his true worth.

Never mind, Brick, we are all hoping that the old eye chart will be just as plain as a Fatima ad when the time comes to face the Medicos.

"Hey, Slim, Grease up yet?"

*Class Football (3, 2);  
Class Swimming (2);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Crew Squad (4, 3).*





JUSTIN STEPHEN FITZGERALD  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
"Gilly" "Goopher"

**A** BLOOD-CURDLING cry, just half between a hyena's laugh and the call of a gopher, pierces the air. Flee not, stranger, it's only Gilly being tickled, and with the noise and confusion of a general roughhouse, the pride of Flatbush is in his element.

With the femmes, Fitz is a knockout, but as far as he is concerned they might just as well not exist. He'll do anything in the world for a friend except drag for him, and that's asking too much.

The Rabbit spent two years skimming over the "Hoidles", but the exertion was too great, so he threw away his chance for numerals and reverted to the indoor sports. Ah! 'Tis there he shines. Singing and whistling are his minor accomplishments together with the weary hours he passes boning "Defective Stories". If you can ever succeed in busting him away from his magazine, however, you're in for a good time, because when Gilly is around rhinoism just doesn't exist.

"Say, boy, I gotta doity deal all framed up, but you gotta squeeze that it woiks."

*Class Track (4, 3);  
Log Staff (3);  
Class Swimming (2).*



HENRY DONALD BATTERTON  
MALAGA, WASHINGTON  
"Soc" "Batter-tone"

**S**MUG. No other word would characterize Soc more aptly than that. His close clipped raven locks, and the cynical smile, would also lead one to suppose that he was of the cold and haughty type. That is, before a close scrutiny of his eyes—which give the secret away. He is amiable.

Did someone mention the Radiator Club? He is charter member and secretary of that organization. Any winter afternoon (except Wednesday, when he migrates to the Circle) you can find him propped up on his bed boning a Cosmo and chewing Juicy Fruit. They say he keeps a file of the Red Book, too, back behind the box of Washington apples which he always seems to have at hand.

He doesn't fuss. Seems to be rather satisfied with life in general without the more deadly of the species—but wait. Some of these days a girl is going to catch him out of his shell and marry him for his good looks.





PAUL FLEMING DUGAN  
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY  
"Dug" "Dago Paul"

A TRUE son of old Killarney, look him over perched up there, he's the one and only answer, to a lonely maiden's prayer. Paul's greatest daily pastime is to sit and sadly pine, that his Dago mark is falling and will soon be three point nine. He gets a letter every mail, and specials every noon, I guess it means the wedding bells for Dago Paul this June. We've often tried to figure why in hell he picked the Navy, for in Diplomatic Circles Dug would surely grab the gravy. Since the intercollegiate gym meet he has given us no rest, explaining how he won his "N" and the medal on his chest. I hope he's not my navigator if we're to travel far, for he tries to correct the compass by boiling the Flinders Bar. Still he's willing, white, and dogged, and a snake till sunrise gun, but a wife, that isn't fickle, so here's to you Dug old son.

*Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1), Numerals (3);  
Gym Squad (4, 3, 2, 1), GNAT (3);  
Block N-Intercollegiate Champion;  
Club-Swinging (2).*



JOHN MYLIN WILL  
PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY  
"Dutch" "Jota" "Emme"

A RARE product indeed is this specimen from the wilds of New Jersey. Between circulating the Log and trying to keep "sat"—at the same time maintaining an ungodly grease in the Academy and Crabtown—he has managed to keep pretty much on the go during his kaleidoscopic career.

Mylin rarely loses his good humor, but who can blame him for flying off the handle when some bird comes up with: "Say, Will, I want to put in a subscription for the year 1930."

Will: "What's the big idea?"

Diz: "Well, my folks just got the June Log on Christmas, so—."

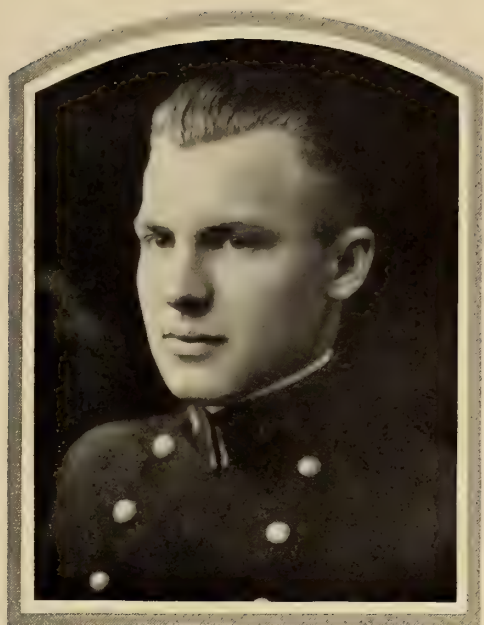
Everyone remembers the time Plebe summer when the order was given "Fire at will", and half a dozen Plebes, being of a literal turn of mind, let loose on our own J. Mylin.

Although he has great difficulty assimilating the language of "Fernandez y Purdie", it is not so with Scowegian. He gets plenty of practice translating Norske letters.

"Say fellows, I heard a good one today. Listen—."

*Crew Squad (4);  
Log Staff (3, 2, 1);  
Circulation Manager Log (2);  
Circulation Manager Lucky Bag;  
Expert Rifleman.*





WILLIAM JOHN SCHEYER  
DUNKIRK, NEW YORK  
"Bill" "Stoneface" "Dunkirk"

FRIDAY Evening—Dear Mr. Scheyer:—Am bringing several young ladies to Annapolis Saturday. Can you join the party?

Mrs. G—.

Saturday Evening—"She's a queen, a knock-out."

Sunday Evening—"Fellows, I'm a Red Mike forever."

Following Week—First, second, and third repeaters.

During Second Class year "Bill" nearly cast his lot with the "Red Mikes". This famous "Order of Woman-haters" laughed with glee when they learned that William went on Christmas leave with a miniature, and returned with said miniature and a class pin, which he had dropped the previous leave.

"Dunkirk's" chief difficulty during the last four years was beating late blast. In spite of the fact that he found an opportunity to show his "dashing" ability every formation, he sought elsewhere than on the track for his laurels. But "Avoirdupois" is no drawback to the rifle squad, as we can easily see from Bill's record.

No one will ever accuse him of being a menace in the class room. But, unsat? Far from it!—Except in "amount available".

"No, sir, not France. New York!"

Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2), RNT (4);

Camp Perry Team (2);

Class Rifle (2);

Manager Class Basketball (3).



CARL GLENN GESEN  
MASSILLON, OHIO  
"Carlos" "Gesir" "Carl"

WINE, Women, and Song! He doesn't drink, can't sing and is a Red Mike. He did drag once, and it took a year to get up courage to drag again. As far as athletics went, Carl went out for several sports but on several occasions he began to fear he would make the training table so he went out for something else.

The sport he likes best is sleep. Every night when study call sounded he opened his book, leaned his head on his arm and slept. At nine-thirty he awoke long enough to take two steps to the bed.

He was either the most fortunate or the "reggest" mid in his Class Youngster year for he collected one demerit for the whole year. He is very mild looking and always has his hair slicked back but he is quite an adept at heavy exercise. Why once he was put under the table and when he came up the table had two legs left. If he stays in the service he is going in for submarines for he has had four years of practical work with the sub squad.—"Dog-gone it! I drank all the water in the pool to-night."

Class Soccer (3, 2).





CALVIN HORACE MANN  
DENVER, COLORADO  
"Shorty"

AFTER having heard him tell of the grave mistake that was made when Washington became the National Capitol instead of Denver, one begins to wonder whether Denver is in Colorado or Colorado in Denver. When we had our blizzard here in Crabtown we were informed by "Cal" that they had that much in Colorado in the summer time and called it frost.

He entered the Navy during the War, in the branch that added a "plus three" to his "juice" mark each year.

He acquired "Dizzy" after attempts at the hops (both of them) to locate his femme under the flags used for decorating the center of the Armory. He's most cured of dizziness and its very seldom now that he cleans his teeth with shaving soap. He's not very strong for reviews, Academic or Military, because he thinks that both kinds cover too much ground.

*Class Track (4);  
Log Staff (4, 3, 1).*



WARREN FRANKLIN SIMMRELL, JR.  
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Nap" "Sim"

THE most perfect Lionel Strongfort in the Regiment. With his adorable blonde, wavy hair and the ease and grace with which he wanders through the intricacies of social usage, truly he makes a picture for a girl to behold.

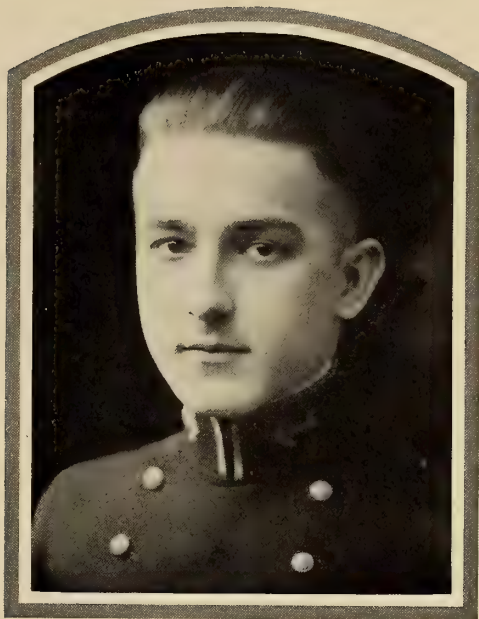
He is always "out" for something, so much so that the afternoon recreation period is not enough and he must take frequent strolls in the middle of the night, when all the world, including himself, is sound asleep. It would never do to confide deep secrets with him for he is too conversationally inclined when resting in the Arms of Morpheus.

Napoleon spent very little time sleeping, and it's rumored that the same thing is true of "Nap" when there is an opportunity to play tennis before reveille with a certain "Crab".

There is no midshipman who can equal him when it comes to a pair of lungs. Let "Sim" take charge of a squad at drill and the whole Regiment will be obeying his commands.

*Crew Squad (4);  
Class Football (4);  
Football B-Squad (3, 2);  
Class Lacrosse (3, 2, 1);  
Class Water-Polo (3, 2, 1), Numerals (2).*





ROBERT ALEXANDER COOK  
BOVINA, MISSISSIPPI  
"Bob" "Colonel"

"STICK to the farm, young man!" This held no meaning for Bob. He had always longed to wear one of those blue uniforms that had those little arrows on the collar. He pulled a good cutter oar, stood vaccination with ease, and liked water-melon, so Plebe summer was but an outing for him.

All the Plebes on Bob's deck passed judgment on his locker door gallery, whose hinges groaned under its load. No, Sir, he just couldn't leave 'em alone, but to one who knows, they couldn't leave him alone. And for four years he showed great ability in keeping up an enormous correspondence. "How many letters did I drag down? What! Only three?"

Between issues of the Post and the pass-books, the Colonel indulged in indoor games, preferably in the B-room. To sink or swim has been the question with him, but still he never lost any leave over it and says that nobody should as long as the pool is as shallow as it is.



RICHARD FRED REBBECK  
GORDON, NEBRASKA  
"Fred" "Fattis"

FRESH as the wind-tossed seas of golden corn, whose billowy stretches represent home to him, was this son of the Northwest corner of Nebraska. The wandering minstrel often gave demonstrations on the clarinet. For three years beside the Severn he strove to come to the surface, a swimmer in fact as well as in theory. He was built in parts to float, but even with this aid of nature the task was hard. His onebane was Reed's edition of what the pampered pets should wear, but once released from the confines of the straight jacket, with his feet parked under someone's table, bridge is played to the satisfaction of all concerned. A man of few vices is he, in fact he steered shy of skags, because as he told the first Upper Classman who asked for one, "they don't allow us to smoke this year, sir." To glory and fame unknown he trods his beaten path, and as he doesn't see an Admiral's job in sight, isn't concerned whether his diploma reads Rebbeck, B. S., or Ens. Rebbeck.

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





CARL K. ZIMMERMAN  
MIFFLINVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Heinie" "Zim" "Red"

ZIM hadn't been in the Academy long enough to get into serious trouble, and said for the first time "I wonder what I'm in for now", when they called him to the Batt Office to register his middle name. No, it doesn't stand for Kirchoff, for Red would never be buddies with the guy who butchered up juice so cruelly.

Is he savvy? Well, you wouldn't call a man wooden who continues to bat them, and yet regularly abandons math at 8:45 p. m. for the Top Notch or a real roughhouse. You find Zim at all of the cardinal hops, and he has a way of getting by big with the ladies.

One of Lush's tribesmen the past three years, Spring seems to bring him additional joy of tossing the old pill around on the green. Nor do his athletic maneuvers stop there, for he fits nicely inside one of '23's moleskins each fall.

"That exam's shot—you can't hold a post mortem around here. Who's going to the Movies?"

*Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1), NA (2);  
Class Football (3, 2, 1).*



FREDERICK L. CAUDLE  
DAYTON, OHIO  
"Whitey" "Frederick" "Red"

OUT of the West came Whitey; from the city of airplanes and N. C. R.'S. Possibly this Buck-eye received his first conception of the waves from the flood there in '13.

Academically speaking, Red held his own. That serious side, which we must mention, seems to have handed Dago what the snowball got on its proverbial journey.

Cupid's casualty list has yet to receive the name of Whitey. Early Plebe summer, however, his admiration for the fairer sex became apparent when his gang of four donned their new white works, made their way to the village, and indulged with the fair ones in the light fantastic. When it comes to making liberty he's no ham-an-egger. He'll have the dope on when the bull fight is, how many bulls, and all their names.

Frederick always has his ideas and convictions on matters and will back them up; a man's man; a son of Neptune; and friend indeed.

The "Vic";—gag that noise box; here comes Trotsky for our morning concert.

*Choir (4, 3);  
Lucky Bag;  
Expert Rifleman.*







JOHN EARLY WHITEHEAD  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

*"Whitey" "Deacon" "Gooph" "Sub-Deb"*

**W**HITEY is a product of Norfolk, or thereabouts, where the uniform of the day is always blue jeans.

At a very tender age he began burning oil and at the present holds the coveted title of "Champion Oil-burner of the Naval Academy." One day, due to a miscalculation, Deacon's oil supply became exhausted whereupon he chewed paper all day long, but as this lacked the soothing effect of Lady Nicotine, his efforts for that were a complete failure.

Whitey, after much moral and physical persuasion decided to discontinue his youthful bangs in favor of a more modern coiffure. This renovation was the blazing of Whitey's trail out of the wilderness of "Red Mikes". Now he visits the barber shop nearly every month and has reached that state of moral degradation where he sends his pictures to strange women.

How Romantic!!!

Here's hoping that Whitey realizes his wish—"to sit on a box in front of the general store happily burning oil with a \$5,000 income."

"You're Daddy, but don't tell anyone."

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*



SAMUEL GLENN FUQUA  
LADDONIA, MISSOURI

*"Ben"*

**B**EN acquired his nickname the first day after the Upper Classes came back from Sep leave, "Venus" Simpson and "Red" Jamison giving him the cognomen which was to stick by him during his stay at the Academy. Ben may have impressed the Upper Classes. As a comedy artist "de veras" he did. But what do Upper Classmen care about a Plebe anyway.

He dragged once during Youngster year thereby gaining notoriety.

Ben in normalcy has the Sphinx snowed under, but once in a while we get wise to him. Ask "Jenny" or any of the boys about the night before the Penn State game in Philly and they will tell you how he brought them all back to the hotel safe and sound.

Methinks the present Naval Program—Prohibition of Armaments and all that will find Ben, in 1935 happily feedin' the cows and chickens back home where the muddy river flows.

"I don't see why a submarine won't capsize."





FREDERICK MASON PRICE  
 ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA  
 "Fritz" "Hard-Egg"

"YOU ain't goin' to put nothin' over on us officers, Mr. Price—You ain't goin' to do it." This was the attitude of the Executive Department for six years, but Fritz never failed to keep them excited. He was not worried about restrictions, being a member of the obsolete order of the Porchclimbers, and as a result, he lost more leaves than one usually gets. Rating first class for four years, Fritz became a master in the art of evading authority, D. O.'s., and Jimmy Legs. His craving for the "filthy weed" won him three personal letters from the Superintendent. During the racing season at Bowie, Havre de Grace, and Pimilico his word was taken as authority on which ponies to put one's money to "show", "place", or "nose". Ask the "syndicate" just how straight his hunches were!!! A boxer and a rifle squad man besides six years of Mexican athletics he has made many friends, and to those he is known, first, as a good buddy, second, as a square, hard fighter, and last, as a real man in the truest sense of the word.

Rifle Squad (5, 3, 2, 1);  
 Boxing (2, 1);  
 Expert Rifleman.



CHARLES FREDERICK SCHLICHTER  
 ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY  
 "Charlie" "Schlichterstein" "Slicker"

OH! What a divine form! An arch that would make any drum major envious. The only difficulty is that the afore-said is a trifle low. Other than that quite wonderful.

He received a little souvenir one day, and, desirous of knowing its qualities tried it on his mirror, placing the following inscription thereon, "The sword of Democles hangs over my head." Now it happened that when the D. O. inspected, this was found, and in response Charlie received the following note, "The sword of Democles has fallen, report to the Batt Office." This and a little mention in the morning orders were the results. All because of a girl.

Schlichterstein was quite in love at one time. Yes, if the daily mail failed to bring its daily epistle, he was quite wrought up. One day the morning mail failed and even so the afternoon mail and thereafter they failed to make an appearance. 'Tis a sad story.

"Now, listen, Ladies and Gentlemen, in those days there were no extradition papers."

Sub Squad (5, 4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Masqueraders (3).





GEORGE KINGMAN HODGKISS  
 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
 "George" "Hopkiss"

GEORGE Kingman, the very amiable gentleman from Brooklyn, on account of his numerous pursuits, may be presented to the reader with a failure to give ample explanation of the extraordinary influences exerted by him, particularly in the work with which he is most easily identified, the furthering of the interests of the Anti-Saloon League. May George never take the chance of surviving the dangers of the "contraband" unless it be from his private still.

George is prophetic of the good that is to come in helping others gain that rugged purity which we, perhaps, have not learned to appreciate—We look to George for light and truth unadulterated.

We leave it to George to quicken our understanding of the best in music. The thrill of genuine passion from the vic does not appeal to him. However the lure of martial music was too strong for this disciple of Paderewski; that's why he is with us now.

Lest we forget—Some of these Brooklyn "boids" can dance when they have the right "goil".

*Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Glee Club (3, 2, 1);  
 Leader Glee Club (1);  
 Soccer Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Captain Soccer (1), ANF (2, 1);  
 Lacrosse Squad (2, 1).*



WILLIAM THEODORE RASSIEUR  
 SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI  
 "Bill" "Razz"

INTRODUCING Bill Rassieur, Dago savoir and former Red Mike, a man absolutely true to his convictions whether they be right or wrong in the opinion of others. Though characteristic of the Methuselah-old saying of the state he hails from, "I'm from Missouri, you have to show me," Bill is far from headstrong.

It remained for a certain fair Quaker maiden to show Bill that he wasn't the Red Mike he claimed to be, for since the leave to the Penn. State game, he wears a patent leather hair comb, dances a "hula" upon the arrival of a letter of Philadelphia origin, and graces every single hop.

In the game with the All-Ac's, the same spirit is shown and aided by a handwriting that is well nigh perfect, old W. T. succeeds in running up a big score. After the chalk screen has cleared Bill will return to his room again and with his own peculiar nasal toned "Bilged again!" will start in work to check off another. Keep checking 'em off, Bill, in true Navy style.

*Football B Squad (4, 3),  
 A Squad (3);  
 Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 2),  
 Numerals (2);  
 Baseball Numerals (3).*





JOSE EMILIO OLIVARES  
ILOILO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS  
"Joe" "Pepe"

DON Jose came all the way from the paternal hacienda in the Philippines in order to learn to be a sailor. We don't know how many broken-hearted señoritas he left behind him, but Joe admits that if Sep leave were longer he might manage to return to his native Panay and give the girls a treat. The real truth of the matter is that Joe is a snake—and why shouldn't he be? The soft nuances of the Castillian tongue have always been famed for their effectiveness in affairs of the heart, and Joe must have learned to use them long before he came to the Academy.

*Star (4).*



FRANCIS LEE MCCOLLUM  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Mac" "Sketch"

MAC got a flying start on his Academic career—and when he landed, he made his mark in the old oaken deck of Ye Gymme. Check out a perfectly good pair of incisors!

Then, blue service strait-jackets and—

"Say, Pete! Who's that sawed-off Plebe with the misplaced chest and the non-reg face?"

"Who? That? Oh, that's Mr. McCollum": so quoth three striper Rodes—and the "Efficient Twelfth" won the Colors because "Mac" wasn't allowed to drill.

"No mo' Plevs" found "Mac" in the savvy half of his class—with a re-exam in Math.

Youngster year "Sketch" acquired his non-de-chalk by spending many Steam periods on "pictures no artist could draw." Consequent grades and myriads of demerits well-nigh wrecked the aspirant-Admiral's career in spite of a sky-scraping Dago mark.

"Mac", Second Class:—"What's the lesson?—Fruit! Want anything down at the store?"

"Let's run around the hospital this evenin'."

"What's the uniform for out-in-town Sunday School parties?"

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





FRED WILLIAMS WALTON  
HAMILTON, GEORGIA  
"Shorty" "Ike" "Baldy"

A SHORT, straight and broad shouldered Plebe approaches. "Say, Mister, What's your name?" "Walton, Sir." "Well, you are the hardest looking Plebe I've seen," spoke Johnnie Saye. (The Original hard boy.)

"Oswald! OSWALD!! "Here, sir!" and out of the shower jumped "Shorty". With a towel around his body he hurries to Upper Classman's room. "Oswald, put some cuffs on my shirt." "The sleeves have been torn off, sir," pleaded our hero. "Well-er-er just put them on anyway." He did.

With shoulders drooped, eyes dim, and with an expression of being ruined for life, Walton enters room. "What's the matter 'Shorty'?" "Wanta buy a suit of service?" "What—surely you are not resigning?" "No, but I've hit a weekly tree." When the monthly marks are posted—Walton 3.2.

Christmas leave is over. Everybody has been back at the Academy for several hours. In walks "Shorty". "Only six hours late. You know that train hated to leave Georgia as much as I did. Boy, I sho' did plant that miniature." And the constant flow of letters seems to indicate our hero planted it well.

*Class Baseball (4, 3), Numerals (3);  
Manager Baseball (1);  
Wrestling Squad (2, 1), WNAT (2);  
Class Basketball (4);  
Expert Rifleman.*



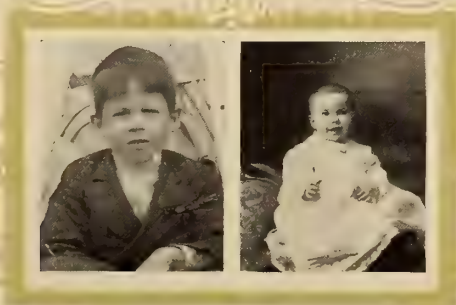
JOSEPH CARSON MOLDER  
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA  
"Joe" "Poke"

4-N'S marked the return of the Upper Classes, but his slumber was not disturbed until his roommate brought one of them in. It was here that Joe was initiated into the mysteries of hazing and was incidentally relieved of his best linen.

His favorite pastime Plebe year on Sunday afternoon was writing love letters for a First Classman. So proficient did he become along this line that it was not long before Joe was writing voluntarily to the same place. After this Hickey was a frequent caller. After Sep leave, Joe finished his masterpiece and waited patiently for a reply. One morning, returning from Juice. "Who rates the mail, Shorty?" He won—two of them, a pink one and a blue one. After sitting down for a nice long read\* %\$—? Look at this??? letter?????

Although our life here is one of moderation he indulges in the use of the vile weed. His first attempt resulted in a catastrophe as when he filled his Dunhill for the first time the sensation of back pressure resembled too much that of seasickness, so he turned in before taps.

*Lucky Bag.*



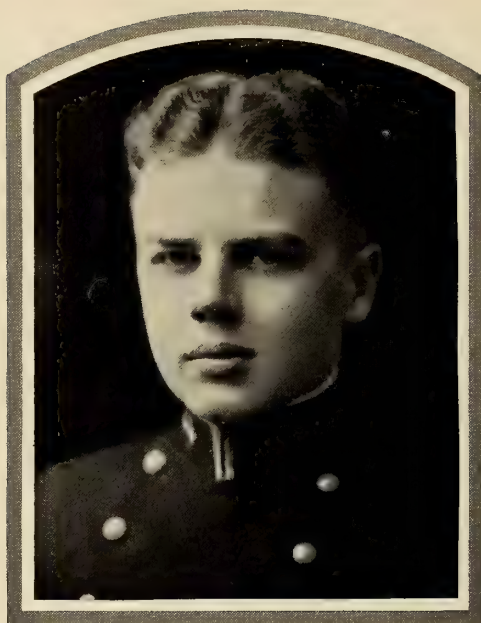


EDWARD SANFORD MULHERON  
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK  
"Eddie" "Mul"

"EDDIE" indicated his aspiration to a Naval career at the early age of four when he crawled into the breech of one of the then big guns of the U. S. S. Olympia, and was busily engaged in ordnance research work when found by the skipper himself. An early start, N'est-ce-pas?

"Eddie" is an incurable optimist—his philosophy is to take life as it comes and never do anything yourself that a Plebe can do just as well. He sees visions of "forties", but, alas, when our fate is posted 'tis only a thin layer of velvet over the cold 2.5. His hobby—Wine, Women, and Song—the first when he can get it, the second at his calling, and the last to fill in the idle moments when he's not "caulking". It was not an uncommon occurrence on the "Minnie" during Second Class cruise to miss "Eddie" for several days at a time, and finally to see him coming up from the double bottoms where he had been enjoying one of his three day naps.

"We've got a tendency—got any skags?"



JOHN RAYMOND JOHANNESON  
ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Jo" "Jo-Jo" "Thistle"

ERIE—a city and a railroad—claims Jo-Jo! But he lacks that quality which has given "el red ferrocarril" its far spread fame. The Erie arrives but Jo-Jo always gets there! Impetuous somewhat, but appearances are deceiving—essentially an analyst—a hard boy to know—well!

Upon the acquisition of a new Youngster stripe Jo-Jo received a thrill of a lifetime when he saw his—a sweet little blonde, although opposites are supposed to attract. But 'twas not to be, merely a delusion as 't were!

But alas! One day Jo-Jo went to Africa, and there in dear old Tangiers, that delightful (?) mixture of the Orient and the Occident, he found the surprise of his life—at a tom-tom dance! "Yeth", he admits, "My experiences were most varied, but unfortunately all Orientals wear masks and I discovered my visibility affected."

He has a passion for "bloody" music. Break out "Pagliacci", "Rigoletto", "Il Trovatore", or "Chopin" or anything of a kindred nature and "Thistle" is ready to hand over all forms of amusement.

"Sure, I'll take your Duty."

*Manager Soccer (1);  
Class Soccer (3, 2).*





THOMAS EUGENE KELLY  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH  
"Tom" "Kel" "Gumbo"

**S**LIM, silent, sober, solemn, sleepy, and slightly sentimental—that's Tom.

He hails from Utah. No, you're wrong—Tom believes that every man should have an O. A. O. He hasn't gone that far himself just yet, but give him time. He nearly had one after the Penn State game last year.

Tom believes that eating toast will sharpen the teeth, and that walks before breakfast will sharpen the wits and the appetite. He's going to be a keen fellow.

For a while Tom had a "rep" of which Rip Van Winkle himself would have been proud. But it seems that one morning about two a. m. he had a night-mare in which several lions attacked him, whereupon he woke up with a bang. And he's never put in a sound sleep since. But the interesting point is this—Tom, with his wits sharpened by early morning walks and his teeth sharpened on toast, after a long struggle finally defeated the lions.

Since that incident Tom has lived peacefully, and here's hoping that he overcomes all future obstacles just as he did the lions.

*Class Boxing (2).*



ALLAN McLEOD ROBINSON  
NEW YORK CITY  
"Al" "Mac" "Robbie"

**G**AZE upon him gentle readers, note his curly locks so fair, for his fame has traveled farthest by the marcel in his hair. Our own "Charley", as we call him, takes the raisins, cake, et. al, when it comes to charming females he has us all backed to the wall. Starting on the life of leisure from the one and only town, he has traveled far to get it but he sure has won the crown. First in Honolulu balmy, then beneath old Mt. Ranier, carried on in old Los Angeles, toasted all with Champagne clear. Conquering frigid Norway's lingo with tenacious bulldog grit, he quite promptly, without effort, with a Norske made a hit. From the romance let us wander to the land of staple things where our "Charley", unpretentious, is to us a mighty king. Violinsky, Heifetz, Kreisler haven't got a measly prayer, when the spirit lightly moves him, "Al" can give them all the air. Tunes that make the eyes shed water, jigs that give the feet a will, all are servants to this master, he can always fill the bill. Though our story might continue (we have numerous tales in mind), here's a wish that in his travels may the fates be always kind.





WILLIAM BRONLEY AMMON  
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Bill" "Bronley"

YES, another Pennsylvania volunteer! He fell into the Navy's pond way back there when Plebes was Plebes and drags rolled their socks. He is an avowed landsman, which means that he likes the outfit. He has a bad habit of feeling slighted if there aren't at least four tinted letters for him in every mail. Watch Officers have been known to be so engrossed in his latest O. A. O.'s picture as to forget to inspect the deck.

All strong men have at least one weak point. With him, the pretzel is more alluring than the flask. If you don't watch your step he will convince you without a doubt that the earth's center of gravity is very near the hamlet of York. He is to be admired for his love of the country—club. With him leave-taking is a popular outdoor sport. Mention a hop and he gets into one until the affair is over. Take him at his lightest or on Sunday night he'll need a channel draft.



FREDERICK ANDREWS EDWARDS  
TROY, OHIO  
"Speed" "Chunk"

AT last we've come to the only original speed king in '23. He is named from his predecessor in '21 and has ably kept all records, from not using tobacco to keeping away from women. He comes from Troy, "On Miami Shore" in OH-IO. Chunk is a relic of his youthful days when he was fat. But he isn't anymore—no, not since the day he dug five miles of post-holes on his brother's farm. Speed's joy is making word puns and wise cracks for his messmates to choke over in their effort to abstain from laughter and discourage another attempt. He subscribes faithfully to the Baltimore Sun and daily pores studiously over its contents. Anything you'd like to know about the Navy? Ask him. He'll tell you how many ships were afloat when Davy Jones and Neptune rolled the bones for Captain's Kidd's next victim. The Navy's been Speed's hobby since the time he wore rompers.







STANLEY LEITH  
NEW YORK CITY  
"Stan"

AFTER a moment's glance at the picture above one would quickly decide that our Stan, like Venus, oft spends an hour o'er the fixing of a single hair;—'tis very true.

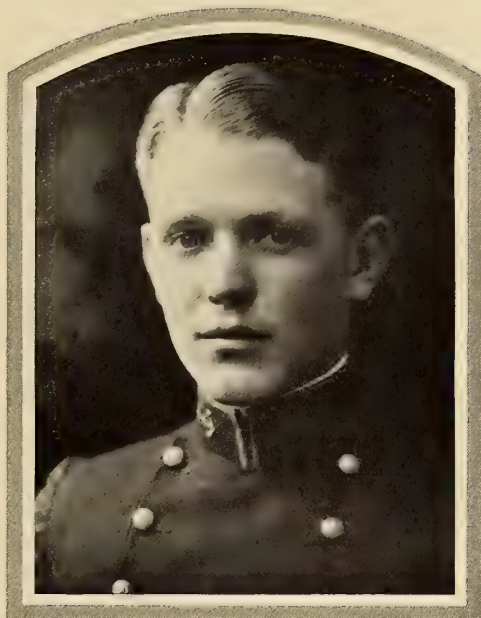
He claims that the second largest town in Scotland was named after him, just as the oldest town in America was named after St. Augustine.

As for ambition, he is peer of all men. He is straining every effort to get into the lighter than air service; most of his friends agree that he has already attained his objective.

A more charitable man than Stan could ne'er be found throughout the earth's vast expanse, for he never attends the hops and thereby gives those less fortunately blessed with beauty, a chance for a good time. You may think that he is afraid of women but it happens that he is a ten second man in the hundred and when he goes to New York he exceeds that limit.

"I want a good woman and want her bad."

*Track Squad (4, 3);  
Class Soccer (2);  
Class Track (2);  
Class Lacrosse (2).*



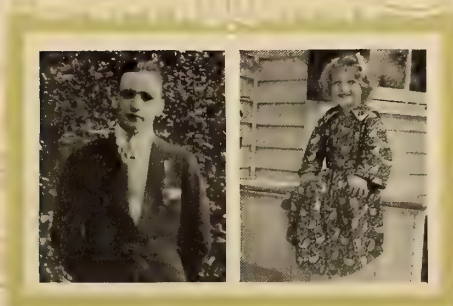
SELDEN BOOTH SPANGLER  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA  
"Savvy" "Selden"

S ELDEN is a true son of the Old South. Acts it, speaks it, and is forever boasting about its grandeur.

His reputation as a savoir, made the first week of Plebe year, has clung to him through his whole course. The Dago Department especially points to him with pride, as "one who speaks the language." Many were the evening study hours that he spent chasing the elusive entropy or solving some impossible math or Juice prob for the benefit of the members of the clan.

The chief worry of "Seb" was the keeping of all the latest fiction within his grasp. He could never find enough amusement from the thousands of magazines which he read, and is there a Plebe in the Regiment who has not told him a joke?

"I tell you the Prof is wrong and I'll prove it."





MICHAEL EDWARD FLAHERTY  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Mike" "Irish"

"F-L-A-HACHE-E-R-T-Y- sir" were the first words heard from the pride of Bawston. Early Plebe summer this good-looking Irisher pushed open the main gate, and since that time his only worry has been whether old age or baldness would overtake him first.

Since Mike entered the Home he has been a steady worker in helping to make all our athletic teams a success. He eats on the training table all year round, and he considers it a tea fight to sit at a regular table.

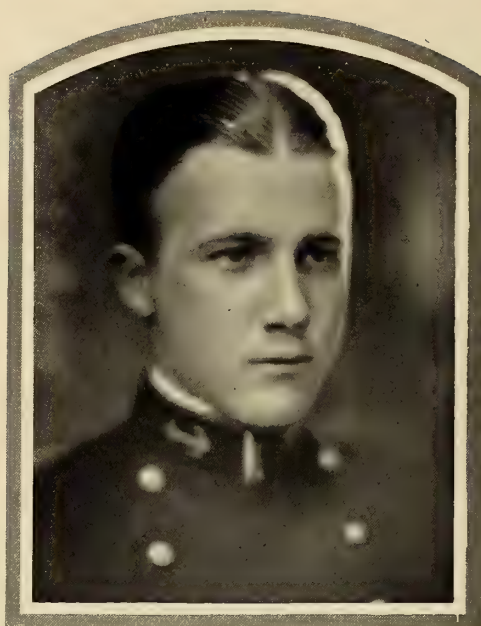
He is a happy-go-lucky Irishman and spends about sixteen hours each day sleeping, and yet manages to stay sat.

On the cruise it was common to hear his division officer say, "Flaherty's name is on this list, but I'll be darned if I've ever seen him." However, when ashore he was much in evidence, even though he claims to be of the red variety.

"What do you mean, bone? I've got a 2.9; let's play bridge."

Mike likes the Navy and intends to stay if they let him. The Navy would lose a good man if Mike left us.

Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1),  
NA (4, 3, 2);  
Baseball Squad (4, 3); NA (4, 3);  
Boxing Squad (4, 3, 2).



JOHN MALCOM McISAAC  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Mac" "Tony" "Mal" "Skeezicks"

"WHY that lesson is fruit." With a bang Mac closes his book and immediately begins to disturb the studious atmosphere of the room with his regiment wide known line of chatter.

Mac never lets the Ac Dept worry him. For with that Bawston accent and that sublime confidence of youth is it any wonder that he drags down a 3.5?

"Who is that cute midshipman over there?"

"I just think he is the dearest little man."

These and sundry other remarks are overheard when Mac descends in the femmes' midst. He doesn't drag often, but when he does he leaves a mean wake after him.

Mac has an uncanny ability for putting over any kind of a business deal. Ever since he arrived at our table and proceeded to take charge of our Red-eye bottle Mac has shown his ability to take charge of any kind of an undertaking.

The business world lost a wonderful prospect when Mac decided to join the Navy, but the business world's loss was the Navy's gain.

Crew Squad (4);  
Log Staff (3);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Manager Reef Points (1);  
Expert Rifleman.





STEWART LINDSAY  
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Stew" "Step 'n a half"

**A** LONG, lanky son of a Pennsylvanian, who is much savvier than he looks. "What's the lesson for tomorrow? That! Fruit!" Closes his book and bones the Cosmo. On the morrow he bats a forty. "Guess I'll have to go to the hospital for a rest."

His nickname is not to be taken too seriously, for I have actually seen him sober when that daily letter doesn't arrive. He can tell you the day of the month by the number of letters he has written since the first, and is known at Jakey Reed's as the lad who made their representative's trip to Lisbon profitable. Stew came to us from the Service and before that, from Lehigh. He learned all about radio at Harvard and all about women at Goucher. Everyone swears by (or perhaps at) him but his roommates contend they know no one whom they would rather have for a wife than our "Step and a Half". Luck to you, Sweetheart.

*Class Lacrosse (4, 3, 2);  
Class Football (2).*



CLAUDE FRANCIS SULLIVAN  
SALINA, KANSAS  
"Conductor Claude" "Sully"

**C**LAUDE comes from Salina, and if he didn't get the Salina Daily Union we might think it was quite a town. Ever hear him tell about the time the circus elephant cut loose out there? Sully is right there when it comes to telling anything.

Sully isn't exactly a snake; but that curly head and boyish smile of his go a long way with the fair ones. He always manages to have an invitation to spend his leaves with a girl—and once in a great while he drags. He has the makings of a wonderful dancer—his light, springy step as he trips about the yard was even noticed by the Commandant (Joke).

Since Second Class cruise Sully has taken an active interest in wrestling, although he has never said very much about his bout in Norway. We understand he never even got topside.

Sully has had quite a hard battle with the All-Academics but he always comes out just a little ahead.

"Say, what's the lesson for tomorrow? Look here, the book's wrong."

*Rifle Squad (4, 3).*





RICHARD HIGHT  
 PORTLAND, MAINE  
 "Dick" "Tarzan"

FROM the rocky coasts of Maine came a young New England prodigy! Girls—gaze upon a Red Mike who resisted your charms for two whole years until a blind drag proved his downfall, resulting in occasional visits to the Armory to trip the light fantastic and the habit of periodically adorning weekly trees!

A banjo-mandolin has been "Tarzan's" mainstay, giving him a place in the Mandolin Club from the beginning, where he capped the climax of his efforts as the little "nigga on the end" in the Musical Show of 1922. While an occasional contribution to the Log and innumerable decorated hop cards testify to Dick's ability with pen and brush.

Although two years on the swimming squad, athletically Dick has degenerated largely to the Mexican variety, and as a member of the Radiator Club his ability to pass out sarcastic wit, willingness to argue about anything—any time, and a favorite pipe for fumigating qualities has made him a leading light.

"Well, that's the way we pronounce it in Maine, anyway!"

*Musical Clubs (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Leader (1);  
 Swimming Squad (4, 3).*



WARREN SHERMAN PARR  
 TOPEKA, KANSAS  
 "Count" "Wing and Wing" "Warren" "Felix"  
 "Silas"

PORT the helm, here comes the good craft "Count," sailing "Wing and Wing," and he's never been phased by a bump.

A mountainous exterior of placidity hiding a veritable conflagration of activity, he hails from the plains of Kansas and has been the biggest all round failure of the class as a Radiator Hound. A disciple of Dobie and later, Folwell, he has contributed to three consecutive defeats for Army on the gridiron, in addition has established himself in the basketball court, and is one of the lacrosse "ham-an-egggers".

To date the only indoor sports which have caught his eye are a good argument with a Prof and the well established sport, known in the days of Cleopatra, "Pug-knuckling". Don't go all up in the air now, girls, he undoubtedly meant every word of it, and he's still quite young. When fifteen sympathetic young things visit him in the balcony at a hop, over one little sprained ankle, folks, we must admit that his characteristics closely resemble Chesterfields, "They Satisfy".

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); N\* (3, 2); N (1);  
 Basketball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1), Captain (1);  
 Basketball BNB (2), Block N (3);  
 Lacrosse Squad (3, 2, 1), LNT (3);  
 Hop Committee (3, 2, 1).*





LOUIS FREDERICK TEUSCHER  
BURLINGTON, IOWA  
"Lou-eye" "Freddie" "Ike"

**F**REDDIE came to us from the state that put hog raising on the map and just to show he is a true hick as well as a salt, it is rumored that after we visited Guantanamo, that port so dear to us all, he was heard to say, "at least they know how to build barns there."

As a snake Loo-eye makes all the wimmin's hearts hum. He heaves a heavy line and shakes no mean hoof on the armory deck, yet strange as it may seem, it is known by a few that he made a failure of love.

In the battle of the Academics the Profs all gave up the ghost at the beginning of the first term Plebe year. He bones magazines until his eyes are bad and yet stands high enough to be commissioned.

He made himself famous in athletic circles early in his career with us by his knockout wallop.

"Aw! Think I'll turn in, look at the Nav in the morning after breakfast. Isn't hard is it?"

*Boxing Squad (4, 3);  
Class Boxing (2);  
Class Lacrosse (2).*



JOHN HUSTON BRADY  
LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY  
"Jim-Joe" "Jim"

**A** TRUE son of the state famed primarily for its beautiful women and fast horses, and essentially for its good whiskey. Jim came to us to prove that all sailors are not born on the ocean.

The first term Plebe year he got the dope on the Academics. From then on his favorite indoor sport was keeping them baffled. Re-exams are his fruit and he can calculate on a 2.5 without wasting anything on useless effort. He kept the Dago Department guessing for three years only to give them the chuckle in the end.

His droll wit and ready comeback make all the femmes fall. Keep them guessing is his motto, and he certainly seems to make it work.

Youngster cruise Old Neptune had him off his feed until we hit Panama, but on Second Class cruise he staged a mighty comeback for he had his sea legs and partook of the supreme joy of beholding less fortunate shipmates trying to "hold everything".

"Please tell me, does Mr. Brady have his hair marcelled?"





ROBERT ATKINSON CASSON, JR.  
DULUTH, MINNESOTA  
"Bob"

WITH Plebedom nearing an end our savoir was as disgusted as the mother flea as she skidded helplessly off a smooth eggshell after breaking her third tooth. Someone had informed him that the Academics would tax him to the utmost and here he was at the pinnacle of it all. But through choice he was not destined to stay there long. He was neither an ant, or followed he Solomon's advice, so he cried "fruit" and with great gusto fell into a bed of roses saying "this shall henceforth be my throne; bring on my Cleo's." There he may be found most any study period dissecting the newest Shadowland or Vanity Fair with a lantern slung close by to lighten the work.

You've probably gazed upon his fair countenance, noted his origin, and formed the opinion which it took our Bob two years to eradicate, using a compound of Americanizm and Scotchizm. This bane of his Plebedome was:

"Bane you from Min-e-so-ta?"

Bobbee is an ardent disciple of the principle that late hours aren't good for one but they're all right for two.

*Class Water-Polo (2);  
Numerals (2);  
Star (4).*



HENRY JOHN VOSS  
CLEVELAND, OHIO  
"Hank" "Punkin" "Pug"

HE'S drunk again in Indiana—" to the tune of "The Wabash River", is what he sang when he came into the Naval incubator, and the same song lasted him until Youngster year was half gone—then he learned "Working on the Railroad." Nevertheless "he's a good kid and we all like him."

Nature played him a dirty trick when she built his face. His idea, and ideal, of manly beauty is a map like Bull Montana's, and he has to sport a physiognomy that would make Raphael's cherubims look like cave-men. Nevertheless, if he keeps on trying hard enough to get it spoiled, he may succeed. He got on the boxing squad and probably only a trip to the hospital with the flu kept him from realizing a cherished ambition.

His power of concentration is a thing of wonder; he can go into the most complete hop on record if he has a Red Book or a Cosmo in his hands—you can even call him names and get away with it.

"What in almighty hell is the lesson?"

*Boxing Squad (3, 2);  
Rifle Squad (3, 2);  
Expert Rifleman.*





JOHN BARTLING PEARSON, JR.  
AUSTIN, TEXAS  
"Jack" "Honest John" "Baldy"

"HEY M. C., pass the word that all them as wants the Dago lesson translated come around to room 3453—and bring their own chairs—don't sit on the bed. That picture in the upper left corner of the locker door? No, not Philly, she's from New York, the one in the upper right corner is from Philly. This bunch is from Washington. That row of pictures? Why, only Texas can produce 'em like that. But the one in the center, well you must guess where she is from." Yes, girls, he is a most entrancing snake, and his only bad habit is a passion for hair tonic, caused by the dread of living a bald-headed life.

Honest John came to us from wild and wooly Texas. He soon had the Academic Department buffaloeed and he has kept it so ever since by riding along on a wave of velvet. A taste for contortions has been developed along gymnastic lines, until medals and championship cups are quite everyday occurrences.

"What's the dee-sert? Hark! Do I hear a heart-string break?"

- Gymnasium Team (4, 3, 2, 1), Captain (1);*
- Intercollegiate Champion (4, 3, 2);*
- Star (4, 3, 2, 1);*
- Gymnasium Block N (4, 3, 2);*
- President Intercollegiate Amateur*
- Gymnastic Association of America;*
- Director Y. M. C. A. (1);*
- Class Track (2);*
- Expert Rifleman;*
- Hop Committee (1).*



CHARLES RIDGELY ENSEY, JR.  
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA  
"Red" "Rojo" "Pinkie"

WHEN the deck has lapsed into that somnolent stillness which follows reveille, then, even as the song of birds at break of day there arises a sonorous plea; "I wanta wake up, in the morning, where the morning glor-ees gr-o-ow—why you hyphenated heathen!" We have swift glimpses of Red at the bath, Red shaving, Red dressing, all mingled in one beautiful vision.

Thrust by Fortune with a roomful of athletic and Academic prodigies Red has served as a guardian angel of the savvy but simple. At frequent intervals he has soberly predicted devastation at the hands of the Ac Department: "Say, I wish you birds would shut up and let a guy study, here I am, bilging cold as —." Having delivered himself of this pronouncement he usually succumbs to merciful slumber.

A supply of humor, a fund of parlor tricks, a knack for doing the little things that go to make up the sunny side of life, all finished off with a beautiful shock of red hair, have gone to create this easy-going son of Florida. There is no one like him, he is indispensable.

*Expert Rifleman.*





WILLIAM JAMES McCORD  
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI  
"Bill" "Stud" "Mac" "Silent"

THE Navy appealed to Mac in 1917, and soon he was a regular on the other side hunting submarines on convoy duty. Before long he was trying for the Academy. It was one beautiful day in June when he said "good bye" to cit life, but not so to Mac. He thought it was December. The Upper Classmen, try as they would by the olive oil cure, could not make him stop his laughing—he would laugh in spite of all they could do.

Youngster year we found him somewhat changed, a man free to "drag". Cynical, always that way with the so-called femmes. A snake he was, is now, and ever shall be. Vernon Castle could not show this Irishman one new thing—but he is very serious at times especially when a Nav P-work is scheduled dead ahead—that is, if he isn't thinking about the miniature.

Soccer Squad (2);  
Class Soccer (3);  
Class Football (2).



PHILIP DANIEL LOHMAN  
SIOUX CITY, IOWA  
"Phil" "P. D." "Chaperone"

PLEBE year was somewhat of a strain on P. D., as he soon became one of the favorite visitors of certain Upper Classmen. He certainly provided his share of their entertainment, due probably to the fact that he had such a serious nature. But his turn came the next year, and he amply availed himself of this opportunity to get his quota of the fun. Also as a Youngster he broke away from some of his Red Mike traits and now, to speak in the vernacular of the pampered pets, he is somewhat of a snake. But there are nobler things in life than fussing flappers, says this Iowa boy. Evidently he means it too, because there is much more visible satisfaction registered on his manly countenance when he draws down a star average in steam than when he drags a cold forty to one of the weekly work-outs. We should delight in seeing some dainty flapper pierce the armor that certainly must be around his heart.

Class Track (4, 3).







HARRY RUSSELL MORGAN  
CAMBRIDGE, OHIO  
"Thug" "Ruf"

THE altruistic spirit with which Thug sacrificed a career of mathematical research to serve his country deserves the highest laudation. He was the proverbial prophet without honor. So marked was his ability in Calculus that to prevent completely revolutionizing the subject, the Math Department was forced to bilge him.

A second seismic episode occurred when Ruf was unceremoniously shanghied to the Reina to ponder over some solution of educational problems, other than his choke-bore broom and a determination to use it. A glance at the above facsimile should establish his innocence. It didn't to the authorities, but his line did.

His remarkable love for fellow-beings finally found practical expression in the gentle sport of wrestling. Three years of successful mayhem were rewarded by the captaincy of Navy's wrecking crew, an event which he celebrated by wearing a collar for the first time since Plebe year.

For further information relative to the hero of this song service, see the young lady whose advice he sought while contemplating a transfer to the Marine Corps.

*Wrestling Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); WNT; N;  
Captain (1);  
Boxing Numerals.*



THOMAS REED MOLLOY  
YUMA, ARIZONA  
"Tom" "Molly" "Harp"

IN the year 1918, Arizona sent forth one of its proud sons, who, following in the footsteps of his "kid" brother, sojourned at the Naval School for boys. In his first year certain problems in chess, which was then the fad, occupied his time to the exclusion of his studies, especially "Dago". He was turned back into the next lower class in the hope that another year at the Naval Academy would make his tongue more limber.

If you have ever met Tom Molloy there have been two opinions formed. Your opinion of him, and his opinion of you. There is a certain positive aggressiveness about him which permits of no half-way measures. (except at the eye-test in sick bay). If you don't like him you respect him, if he doesn't like you he forgets you.

Not being an athlete Molloy trained himself with the sole purpose of treating the "femmes". While not always successful, he was at least persistent. His motto is "get 'em young and treat 'em rough."





THOMAS BOSS CONGDON  
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT  
"Tom" "Goof Cummings"

"SAY, fellows, did you see that girl look at me?" No other than this beaming countenance displayed above and Tom does have to throw stones at the flocks of blondes and brunettes that come from all parts of the globe to be in our Vernon Castle's midst. And the best part of it is that he isn't the least bit afraid to admit it.

Four years at Bordentown, and a campaign bar from Amherst, he was military enough for five stripes, but took to correspondence and art instead. Awfully clever with the pencil, and how she did love those cute little hop cards with all those funny faces!

Our first hop committee elections saw Tom right out in front with the shining sword-belt, and we all were oh! just so proud!

Will make someone a "sweet" husband, for he has lots of ginger, and whether in the service or exposed to the four winds, will enter Westminster Abbey in the end with the elite.

"I wish you guys would come clean with some butter."

*Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);  
Class Ring Committee (4);  
Lucky Bag.*



THOMAS HENRY HEDERMAN  
WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Heddie" "Henry" "Mamie"

THEY call him the boy with the patent leather hair, which he carries over a head trained a la Bay State.

He juggles equally well the vocabulary, the pen, and the feet, with the finesse of an expert; being also versed in the art of nobby repartee. The ladies can't help but admire this dashing, Beau Brummel from New England, and he generously returns their admiration—but only to brunettes.

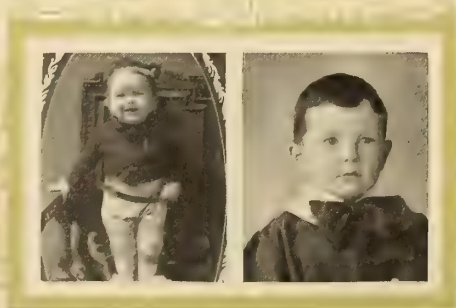
With eyes focussed on the bleachers in the Spring, he admirably lives up to expectations in the famous game of "swat".

With the musical comedy smile, the animated ice-man's walk, and the collegiate touch, he holds in his power, the most seething and howling mob ever assembled in the football stands; for he is cheerleader!

Everyone gets a big kick in knowing the young fellow. He knows almost everything, but we proletarians are always eager to learn.

"Oh, you mean that All-American half-back? Yeah, I played against him in high school!"

*Block N Baseball (2);  
Baseball Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Baseball Captain (1);  
Cheerleader (2, 1).*





FRANCIS LEON ROBBINS  
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Robbie" "Buster" "Bat" "Frog-legs"

THIS diminutive specimen of manhood stands but five-seven in his "Interwovens". This is, however, no criterion of his strength or ability. He has passed the All-Academics with one foot constantly on a banana peel and a smile on his face.

He is idiosyncratic at frequent intervals, separated by periods of apparent sanity. Giving himself a black eye in his sleep is one of his little oddities.

Mellin's Food and Fleischman's Yeast made him what he is today. We hope he's satisfied. He wrestles! Can claim the Academy Interclass Championship in his weight. He has been known to throw even an English exam in one hour and fifty minutes.

If hard work and application are factors of success, he should, some day, be kept busy carrying around his gold braid, or, if the Navy becomes a memory, clipping coupons.

Further treatment is "beyond the scope of this book." We can only hope that some day you may discover him for yourself.

"Bilged again! Not a damn answer."

*Class Wrestling (3, 2);  
Wrestling Numerals (3, 2).*



ROBERT LEE DENNISON  
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Denny"

"WHAT cha' laughin' at, Denny?"

"Oh, I was just thinking."—which aside from caulking off and reading is his greatest pastime. On liberty—"I have to stop in Feldmeyer's." Inside, "Oh hell, I've read all these; they sure are slow publishing these magazines." Just ask him if there is anything he doesn't know. Edison's exams are fruit for his massive brain. Five minutes of study results in a bad defeat for the Ac Dept., and he takes a Juice book to a Nav P-work so that he can get the lesson while the section leader collects the books.

His athletics, outside of the Mexican variety, have been limited to crew. Denny pulled number six in Dick's second Varsity Youngster year, but hard luck in the form of sickness and a persistent doctor lost for him his perfectly good chances for a seat in the varsity.

"Hey, Denny, d'ya want to drag with me Saturday?"

"Say, can't you birds realize I only drag beauty?"

That's the reason his dragging has been limited mostly to his O. A. O. "Five minutes to formation, guess I'll caulk."

*Crew Squad (4, 3), NA (3).*





RICHARD DON PRATT  
 WATERLOO, WISCONSIN  
 "Rip" "Corsario" "Dick" "Wheelhorse"

EARLY in life Rip shook from his restless feet the dust of Fireman's Park (Waterloo). Then three years of Gyrening, and he was ready for anything—his pride wouldn't allow that anyway. Merely expounding his own original theories with sublime confidence backed by his sedate appearance has sufficed to get him by.

That Gyrene training instills stubbornness is a service adage, and Rip is a convincing proof; for, whether acquired or inherent, he possesses that quality in abundance.

When not writing letters his time is divided in the ratio of about nine to one between slumber and bridge.

An almost spotless record as a Red Mike demonstrates his loyalty to the O. A. O. at home.

Rip's main outdoor diversion has been on the rifle range—he shoots straight and lives the same way and smokes Fatimas.

"Damn the book."

*Camp Perry National Matches;  
 Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2), RNT (3).*



WILLIAM MATHEWS HOBBY, JR.  
 SYLVANIA, GEORGIA  
 "Bill" "The Governor"

BILL is a born gambler. The click of chips is as music to his ears. "Is there a Nav P-work tomorrow?" Whitey sends a Plebe around to make it five handed, and books are forgotten. Only in case of urgent necessity will Bill forsake his favorite pastime.

Bill would like to create the impression that he's bilging. Invariably, toward the end of the month, we hear him bemoaning his fate. And just as invariably we struggle with the temptation to wield the broom when the marks are posted.

In the proper mood, with a stogie between his teeth, Bill loves to "chalk 'em up". He starts in easy, and so convincingly that, in spite of our knowledge of his ways, we almost believe him. But the ease with which he gets by makes him reckless, and, sooner or later, he oversteps the bounds of possibility.

Each spring Bill forsakes the radiator for the diamond. Numerals in interclass baseball indicate his success.

*Class Baseball (3, 2); Numerals (3);  
 Class Football (4).*





ZEUS SOUCEK  
MEDFORD, OKLAHOMA  
"Zeke" "Knight" "Soakem"

"AND so his life was spoiled; but don't forget, he'd be here yet if he had been hard boiled."—"Humpty Dumpty."

Under the tutelage of Hiram Shaw and such-like famous characters in the good old Tenth, Zeke absorbed his Plebe's title of the salt and tar of Neptune's chosen. What more natural than that he should follow in the footsteps of such honored thugs?

Accordingly, though he has plugged along consistently with the hustlers, Zeke's own sport is lacrosse. When he races down the field about two paces astern of that protruberant jaw, stand-by!

H-s-s-s-t! Cross your fingers. Ever hear of the Koka-Bolas? He's a charter member and a knight of the thirty-third degree. There are only three, but what a powerful aggregation! Many a session have they held that will live long in the annals of the Third Batt.

The time Zeke has spent on athletics has been a sacrifice, for he's not savvy. His ability to hit in the pinches has kept him with us. So be it ever.

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2); NA (2);  
Lacrosse Squad (3, 2); LNT (3, 2);  
Lacrosse Captain (1);  
Black N\*\*\*.*



CHARLES RANDOLPH PICKELL  
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Pickle" "Pick"

PICK maintains he's from "V'ginia"—why, we don't know. Possibly his modesty forbids his claiming a common citizenship with his illustrious Sec Nav.

Blue eyes, pink cheeks, soft chestnut hair;—a taking combination. Add to that a smooth Southern drawl and you know Dick as far as outward appearances go.

Unthinking and wasteful expenditure of energy is contrary to his nature. By way of bi-weekly recreation a cursory inspection of the gym quiets his conscience. A sat mark with a moderate factor of safety, and he is content.

He is the baby of our family, and we have felt keenly the responsibility developing upon us from this circumstance. On some few occasions when a super-abundance of spirits prompted him to mischievous behavior, brotherly advice has been supplemented by a use of the razor strop; and on the many occasions when a package came from home it was our pleasant duty to see that he did not endanger his health by overeating.

"Let's romp."





THOMAS LEE TURNER  
 PARIS, TEXAS  
 "Texas" "Tommie" "Turner de Tejas"

TOM'S main reason for not wanting to leave Texas was because he feared the natives couldn't do without him. He has two ambitions in life, the other is to have the name of Paris, France, changed. He is of a retiring and modest nature but—"By the way fellows, who's the handsomest man in the regiment? That's right, I knew I was, but I always disliked egotists." At a hop he is at his best. A snake by nature. He has a varied line extremely effective while in action, but brutal in its non-lasting qualities. Why brutal in its non-lasting qualities? Sit down stranger while we relate the dreadful tale. It was in June when Tom again fell in love. No, this time he was truly in love. It was a blissful June Week and Tom rose to heights of ecstasy, but we must be brief. Next we find him in the dynamo room on board the Kansas doubtful and forlorn. "She hasn't any reason to love me. She don't love me. She don't."

*Class Football (4, 3, 2);  
 Class Baseball (2), Numerals (2).*



WALTER CLARENCE RUSSELL, JR.  
 SHERIDAN, WYOMING  
 "Two-Gun" "Violet" "Walter"

TO the impersonal observer "Russ" would not seem to be the epitome of beauty, in fact one might say he would be struck more by its absence. However, to us who have been in his proximity for several years he is not ugly, but—well, why equivocate.

Two-gun came to us direct from a sheep ranch, where he used to spend his days herding sheep and climbing mountains to see what lay on the other side. So ignorant of naval things was he that it's said he spent half of Plebe summer trying to devise a brake that would stop the "Pennsy" in a hundred yards.

He has been more or less prominent in class baseball, having been our class pitcher since Youngster year, when due to his control, he won his coveted numerals and great conceit of himself as a future Christy Mathewson.

He has a way with the girls that they seem to like, for on almost any week-end, one may see his smiling face and funny legs cavorting about on the old dance floor.

More power to you, "Violet", let your light shine forth so all may see and take heed.

*Class Baseball (4, 3, 2), Numerals (2);  
 Class Soccer (3).*





WILLIAM RUDOLPH THAYER  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
"Rufe" "Bill"

WE present for your approval, ladies and gentlemen, the original strawberry blonde, straight from the smiling hills and fertile valleys of sunny California. One glance at his crowning glory will suffice to tell from whence he hails. No other climate could produce those Titian locks, the envy of his fellow inmates, and the idol of the fair sex.

"Little Rufe", the First Classmen named him, after brother Rufus in 21-A, during the first week of Plebe year, and "Rufe" he has remained ever since. Most of us have forgotten that he has not first claim to the title. In fact, a classmate who met the real Rufe in Seattle exclaimed "Oh, you're Rufe Thayer's brother, aren't you?" "Such is fame!" says the real one.

Since the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry, Bill has been sporting a gold medal, presented by an affectionate Congress. His attempts at marksmanship have not been confined to shooting up the landscape around Greenbury Point, however, and evidence shows he has scored many a hit at heaving the wicked line. One thing certain, he has made a hit with us.

*Mandolin Club (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Rifle Squad (4, 3); RNT (4, 3);  
National Rifle Matches 1921;  
Expert Team Rifleman (3).*



DONALD WELLER  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA  
"Rosie" "Don"

ROSIE is a typical son of California. He came to us from the land of the bathing beauties, and from the appearance of his ever-rosy cheeks it is easy to judge that he spent considerable of his time at the beach enjoying the native wonders of his territory. This also accounts for his unusual cognomen, Rosie.

Don has had a trying career at the Academy, but as each year has passed, we always see him clinging to the class with a desperate grip. He is not wooden, but rather inclined to worship the God of luck, and it must be admitted that he has been favored with the pleasure of his idol. Put Rosie in water and he becomes a fish. Not the quiet, graceful sort, although he is very gentle, but the brutish type that is always evinced by his activity in a game of water-polo. He has been an ever-present quantity in Neptune's squad. His ability as a snake is practically unknown, but when he does mingle with the fair sex, his beauty is the envy of them all. Notwithstanding all his faults, he is our Rosie and we will manage to live with him.

*Swimming Squad (4); Numerals;  
Water-Polo Squad (3, 2); NA (2).*





HOMER AMBROSE  
WABAN, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Brute" "Rollo" "Sheriff"

"DON'T cry, little Plebe, I'll punish the great, big 'Brute'."

Then our "Rollo" left us for a mid-winter cruise on the Reina, and for three long months we saw him no more. Among the other victims of a tradition as old as the Navy itself he spent Christmas leave, and when we welcomed him back to old B. H. again, many were the yarns that he told us of the exploits of that non-reg gang.

From the savvy State he has come, so of his Academic accomplishments nothing more need be said. A crew man who swings a hefty oar (also broom), and tho' we call him "Brute" you can see by the above that once your friend always your friend. He doesn't say much about the "One and Only" back New England way but certain artistic masterpieces ever on his locker door prove that our "Rollo" has fallen, even as you and I. When it comes to dragging for his roommates Rollo is right there. "Just mention Plebe June Ball, Toro!"

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Class Football (3, 2);  
Black N\*\*\*\*;  
Choir (4).*



GEORGE WATSON LEHMAN  
WARSAW, INDIANA  
"Bull" "Torro" "Knight"

EITHER an inherent desire for water which can't be used for bathing purposes, or a local pogrom in "Moscow", caused this noble youth to migrate from the old homestead and affiliate himself with the disciples of J. P. Jones. At any rate, here he is; much and many, as was admitted by his omnipotent contemporaries, who sacrificed many brooms and much energy to impress him with their doctrine of R. H. I. P.

This gentle treatment led our "Torro" to believe that, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," had no bearing on the existence of "Plebes". Result—he and the Executive Department tangled, and the latter, being victorious, shanghaied him for three months of sea duty on the good ship Reina.

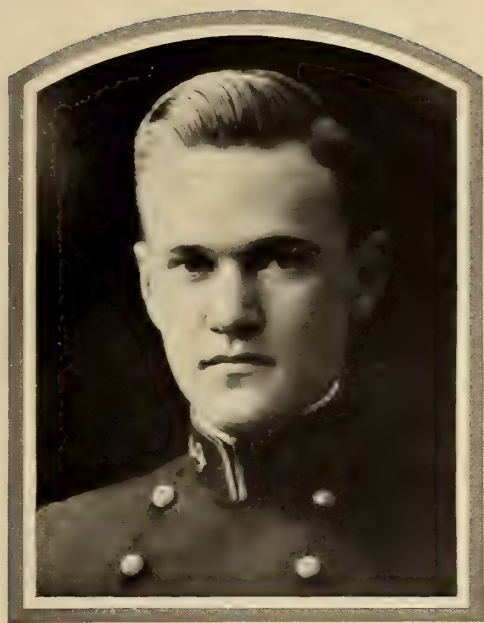
Women, especially the peroxide type, prove fatal to our hero. He is powerless to resist them, even to the extent of swimming the Severn in mid-winter.

But, despite the knocks, "Torro's" career has been an enviable success and the best wishes of his friends, a multitude of them, will always go with him.

*Football Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Class Lacrosse (4, 3, 2);  
Black N\*\*\*\*.*







THOMAS EDWARD BOYCE  
MOUNT VERNON, INDIANA  
"Tom" "Don Eddie" "Doc"

THE above is a facsimile of Don Eddie of the "Horse Marines". Don't crowd, girls, you can't make him fall. He isn't a Red Mike either, but he just got all hitched up Youngster leave, and since then he has been living a life full of special delivery letters, telegrams, and sighs—Oh! such sighs!

Whenever anything goes wrong, we have to call in Doc Boyce. He missed his calling in coming into the Navy. "Quick, Doc, where's your iodine?" And if he failed as a surgeon he would always have plenty of chances in the patent medicine business.

Tom has an imagination, as is evinced by the voluminosity of the stationery he uses. And that quality carries him so far that he can imitate quite exactly the sound of a fire and bilge pump.

Does Tom smoke? Burn oil? Play cards? Oh—never! He doesn't say much about his past; but when he does, as when he speaks of other things, it is worth something.

*Class Baseball (3, 2);  
Class Basketball (3, 2).*



WILLIAM CLARENCE PARKER, JR.  
HARRISBURG, ILLINOIS  
"Willie" "Whitey" "Pa" "Blanco" "Parson"

"WELL put up your money." When you hear young Willie come down with this you had better rig in your booms. Willie began his career as a master of the pasteboards when he was still in the cradle.

Willie is also a statesman, wise to a degree, firm and blunt. This youth received his early training in a school of environment, especially in that of the coal mines of Harrisburg. Ask him anything about a coal mine and he'll tell you its complete history.

As a fusser Willie is immense. Words fail to describe how from Annapolis to far away Honolulu the femmes have fallen for that wicked line. Have they? This much can be said, Willie has never dragged a brick for the simple reason that he has never ventured.

Whitey is good company anywhere, on watch, making a liberty, or in free for all, and perhaps the greatest tribute that we can pay him is his sincerity of friendship.

"Let's go, Tom, I'll bid four hearts."





JOSEPH LEEPER SCHWANINGER  
JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA  
"Shimmie" "Jack"

THE boy who makes "shivering liz" look as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. We have seen exhibitions in Honolulu and Tangier but—Oh boy! When Shimmie gets in action it's like a tuning fork beside a seconds pendulum.

His Academic record hits the high notes in Steam, Math, and such: but bust out Chopin's slow music for Dago. He wants straight American and plenty of it, for he's got that wicked Hoosier line in the nth power. Once that starts flowing just close up your books, break out your pipe, prop up your feet and squeeze for easy slips on the morrow.

Shimmie has often tried to break from the ranks of "Red Mikes" but it seems that most of the times his prospective draggee fell victim to cupid prematurely.

Just what will happen to Shimmie after graduation we don't know. A good guess would be that he wanders to some far off land, such as Afghanistan and settles down to raising several little Hula dancers.

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*



JOSEPH BRYAN RENN  
NEW ALBANY, INDIANA  
"Jennie" "Joe"

YES, Jenny is a loyal son of the "Hoosier" State, who hates that parody of "Back Home Again in Indiana" worse than a Georgian hates "Marching Through Georgia."

Possibly, this devotion can be traced to one cause—A Girl. Jenny's career has been greatly hampered by this love affair (especially when a letter fails to arrive on time) and his amount available has been sadly depleted by framing the address of letters with little red ones. Special deliveries do cost!

Youngster year, Joe certainly agreed with the man, that said, "True love never runs smooth." For that theory was nearly proved when in the Spring some other young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love.

Renn sure does wax angry when he is interrupted while "boning" (which is most of the time). He never was a savoir but was always an adherent of conscientious application in order to pile up a bit of velvet.

You ought to hear him sing the blues—"No mail this morning?????? Oh H—lllllll."

*Class Track (3, 2, 1);  
Class Football (3, 1);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*





JOHN ROBERT NUNN  
 GEORGETOWN, TEXAS  
 "Tex" "Tejas" "John Robert"

"I UNDERSTAND they have discovered a new way of making winter scenes on a stage—it involves the use of lights. I'll have to find out something about that"—that's just like Tex; always trying to find out about something.

"Tex" wasn't built for fencing nor for football. Early Plebe year, he turned his excess energy into work for the electrical gang. Since then they have been unable to get rid of him, mainly because he is ab-so-lutely indispensable to them. (So he thinks.)

Besides being a master-electrician, Tex, is also past-master of a heavy line. Being a product of the Lone Star State seemed to have its merits, for Tex early developed into an orator. He soon outgrew Georgetown, however, and was persuaded to attend the finishing school at Annapolis where he soon budded.

Only once has his line failed him—(Youngster cruise in an encounter with his skipper)—thus marring a perfect record.

*Masqueraders (3, 2);  
 Silver Masqued N (2).*



ALBIN RUFUS SODERGREN  
 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
 "Al" "Soddy" "Sonny" "Poco"

DID you ever see a little hundred and fifteen pound runt who was always boxing, wrestling, or fighting? Well, gentlemen, our friend "Poco" is just that sort of a man, in fact he doesn't feel natural unless he has a black eye or battered ear.

Soddy or "Boatswain's mate", is so salty that he must have it in his coffee. But even if he is briny he is a true sailor, for he has his girl in every port. He doesn't look like a Snake but you should ask him about his Kristiania friends.

Did you ever see the chalk dust eddy in clouds around the head of some savour as he hastily checks off prob after prob? Well, gentlemen, if you did he wasn't Soddy, because—well—because Soddy is not "savvy." In fact he puts in more time on one prob than most fellows do in writing a letter to their O. A. O. But even at that, if Al keeps on he may graduate yet. Quien Sabe!





EMMETT EMERSON SPRUNG  
DELTA, COLORADO  
"Sprung" "Chink"

SAT and savvy, with emphasis on the savvy, and yet always ready to indulge in his favorite time-killer, telling a good story or experience. Once he gets started along this line he forgets all about class until formation busts, and then he goes to class and knocks a cold forty. How does he do it? That is just what we would like to know, but we have given up after trying for four years to solve the puzzle.

Cit life has no attractions for E. E. He is strong for the servicé and proud of it.

He is rather hard to classify when it comes to the femmes. He is not a Red Mike, nor a snake; rather inconsistent with his dragging. He will drag steadily for a couple of months and then let the fair sex absolutely alone for three. One thing certain though, he will always knock off fussing for a real stag party, for he agrees with Kipling in that "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."



JOYCE ALLEN RALPH  
BISBEE, ARIZONA  
"Axle" "Bill"

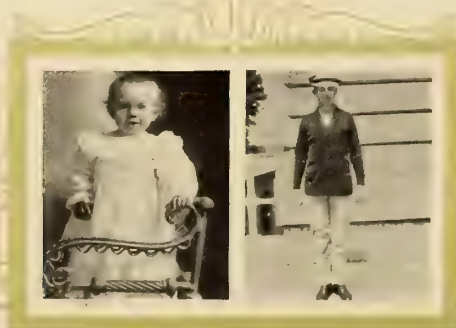
NON-REG, that's him all over again. Plebe year he was on probation before Christmas. His trouble was too much courting of Lady Nicotine. However, with a little luck and good tendencies, he finished the year, collecting just a few over a hundred more demerits.

Early in Youngster year he began his quest for the ideal "femme". Since then his range of drags has been wide and varied, but his general average has made his fussing well worth while.

As a charter member of the Radiator Club he reigns supreme. Except on leave, sleep has always been very essential to him. With his ability to sleep at any time, anywhere and in any position, insomnia will never be a menace to him.

Heaving the heavy line has long been a favorite pastime of his. That he is both entertaining and instructive is evidenced by the fact that, after four long years his friends are still glad to sit down and listen for hours at a time. And last but not least are those wonderful inspirations of his.

*Log Staff (4, 3).*





PAUL CYRIL WIRTZ  
HONOLULU, HAWAII  
"Weenie" "P. C." "Percy" "Cereal"

LOOKING northward, you will be greeted by a benign, beatific physiognomy of the original from the Sandwich Isles, the source of all dope, the prey of his own good nature, and the answer to any maiden's prayer. Well, he *isn't* exactly an Adonis, but he *does* smack of the ballroom, doesn't he, girls?

His virtues are many; it is generally conceded that he is the originator of at least eight of the twenty-nine holds on the tea-cup; he is captain of the sewing team; and also holds the corridor championship in ping-pong.

Weenie has been torn for four years between the desire to get an N in something or other, and his instinct to keep the radiator warm. But if he hasn't shone in athletics, he has in Academics. Everything mathematical is fruit for him, Dago being his only stumbling block. Will we ever forget the ball at his home Youngster cruise? Hardly, with our fond memories of it, and the echoes of the strumming guitars still ringing in our ears.

"Say, didja hear the dope—?"

*Lucky Bag;*  
*Class Soccer (3, 2);*  
*Class Track (3).*



BEVERLY DOUGLAS LION  
NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK  
"Bella Donna" "Bev" "B. D." "Florabella"

"IN the spring a young man's fancy"—(we all know the rest); but it's always Spring for Bev, for he has been in love for so long that he has almost forgotten how it feels. "Going to N. Y. this leave."

Books—at least text books—never worry Bev in the least. It would hurt him to crack a book, and a frequent 2.3 does not seem to phase him a bit. He always waxes a merry battle to prove he can see just as well without glasses.

Can you imagine "Bull" Montana trying to impersonate Harold Lloyd? To look at Bev with his tortoise-shell glasses would show you it's possible. "Clothes make the man," so says "Bull" and if you see Bev all bedecked in "cits" you will quite agree with him.

He is property man of the Masqueraders and could have borrowed the last penny Columbus had. He made the Masqueraders famous, so he believes. We hope somebody else thinks so.

"I bilged today in Dago, only got a 3.9."

*Masqueraders (4, 3, 2);*  
*Musical Clubs (4, 3, 2);*  
*Gold Masqued N (2).*





EDWIN ROBERT DUNCAN  
BURLINGTON, KENTUCKY  
"Dunc" "Eddie" "Happy"

T WAS in the middle of our Second Class year that Dunc decided to ship over for another twelve months, thereby adding one more Red Mike to our ranks. The only time he snakes is when in Washington or on the trains to and from Kentucky.

Since he came to the Academy he has adopted city ideas and seems to be mysteriously attracted, while on leave, to the Capitol and twelve o'clock cities, rather than to the serene quiet of his own home town.

While they say that Kentucky is famed for its "good liquor, pretty horses, and fast women," only two of these interest Dunc. He never was fond of the cavalry, and the other two are found in all "regular" cities.

While at Trinidad Dunc was rewarded with forty-eight hours leave for "meritorious" conduct, and was further rewarded with a 1 P. O. First Class year. He'll be an admiral yet—more power to him.



JOHN THOMAS WALDHAUSER, JR.  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Rosie" "Waldie" "Fats" "Rotunda"

ROSY, one of Maryland's own, is widely known throughout our midst for his various attributes. There are three matters upon which he looks with great affection and delight; namely,—chow, sleep, and an argument.

Rosy couldn't resist the overwhelming temptation to caulk a bit during a steam exam, but even then he came out all right, thus proving that he carries his horseshoe habitually.

Many fiery debates have ensued in the Third Battalion when some one doubted Waldy's version of a matter; but only when that person failed to realize into what he was getting himself.

Waldy's pleasure is immense in greeting a heavy weight rival with "My, but you are getting fat. You had better watch out or you will go out of here with the rest of these overweights."

After numerous workouts, several fellows have acknowledged Waldy as "Daddy", and they now look up to him for an occasional inspiration, or a bit of fatherly advice.

Choice and Chance is one of Rosy's long suits, and his is usually a long chance.

Football Squad (4, 3, 1); NA (3);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).





CHARLES WILLIAM KAIL  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
"Art" "Arturo"

OF course you have heard people tell about the Cosmopolitan character of Navy Folk, but little did we realize Plebe summer that we had one of the most polished of these in our very midst. Being a Navy Junior accounts for it.

Plebe year he was in great demand because of his side splitting antics, chief among them being his demonstration of all the new dance steps, with the aid of a chair, for the approval of the Upper Classes. He has persistently refused, however, to be snared by the wiles of any charming "femme" but on occasion he does "give the girls a treat."

"Art old Tart" will tell you that he is some boy when it comes to out-maneuvering the "All-Academics." He points with pride to the notches on his "slipstick" indicating the number of times he has staged an old Navy comeback by checking up a "cuatro" on one of these September Exams.

"Say Waiter, just one bottle—do I look like a camel?"

"What? You don't grasp it—drop around to the room."



PAUL FREDERIC SCHOEFFEL  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
"Paulette" "Madame" "Pauline"

LOOK him over carefully folks—a rare specimen; they broke the mould when they made him.

Pauline was the ratiest Plebe in the old fourteenth company, but earned his right to pursuit of happiness by his masterful presentation of "Sweet Kisses" for the Upper Classmen.

He is not one of the savvy few and there have been finish fights he has waged with Ye Academics. However, he has satisfied the demands of the most exacting department; verily, even math. The greasy brutes so appreciated his technique in exams that two encores were requested.

Pauline is a confirmed Red Mike, but our fair friends have missed a treat. He throws a mean Navy line on occasions and would rather argue than eat—which is saying considerable.

His most outstanding trait is his consideration for others—shown by the delicate hesitancy with which he borrows his wife's last skag.

"There's the band—now why doesn't it play."

"Sir, where were you when the gun blew up?"





PAUL CHESTER TREADWELL  
SAINT AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA



WILLIAM DUDLEY WRIGHT, JR.  
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE  
"Will D" "Ruby" "D"

AFFECTEDLY quiet and unresponsive around the women, he once dropped his guard in public and with the added stimulus of several "swifties" was seen to hold a matron's palm quite effusively in the presence of several stripes. He has an implicit trust in human nature and has been the ripe one on several occasions. To wit, the clear, sparkling essence of scuttle butt, bearing the overseas label. His walk is the carefully cultivated imitation of a tired bartender at the close of an August pay day, and he wears that pained expression of the little girl who dropped her violets.

He has never found it necessary to drag, his savoir faire and nonchalant persiflage hold the susceptible. The following little tragedy rarely fails to occur whenever Will attends a hop:

The unsuspecting:

"Want a dance Will?" "Mebbe."

"Miss Currier, Midshipman Wright."

"Oh I've been told so many pleasant things about you Mr. Wright."

"Indeed! I hope they are half as nice as the remarks I've heard of you, Miss Currier."

Several weeks later: same girl to her drag—"Why haven't I a dance with that nice Mr. Wright?"

OUT of the turpentine swamps of Florida a creature, half ape, half man, crept slowly Northward. Springing from a high tree on Chauvenet Walk he landed in Bancroft Hall, where as a Plebe he made a good Youngster and as a Youngster a splendid First Classman.

Shady's crafty dragging placed him on the Hop Committee. Romance achieved a dramatic climax in a baseball game between the Youngsters and First Class when "Bim" the lorn, lone hope of the Youngsters went in as a pinch hitter and faced his deadliest rival in love as well as war. One minute later the arena rocked with acclaim; he was carried from the field. Our Hero!

Re-exams Second Class Sep leave almost deprived him of the simple joys. Even after he got three days the shrewd "merchant" flinched thirty dollars. The question is "Has civilization failed?"

"Just a couple more shots and I'll tell that bird I know him."

*Class Baseball (4, 3, 2), Numerals (3, 2);  
Hop Committee (3, 2, 1).*







JOHN BRODER MOSS  
SETAUKET, NEW YORK

"Broder" "Beauty" "Jack" "Jock" "Jolin"

HE came to this sea-seminary, a big fine boy with a good physique, but the athletic and feministic training he has received here has developed him into such a marvelous piece of Grecian Statuary as you see above. He is equally adept with the oar and the tea cup, as skillful with a lady finger as with the gloves. In fact Beauty is a good all around man—ask any girl of his acquaintance.

Jack's spare time is taken up writing letters and getting beauty sleep. His collection of cosmetics and pictures of actresses is unrivalled.

To gaze upon our young Elinor Glyn hero's unruffled brow one would think that the shadow of trouble had never crossed his manly forehead. However, those clear eyes were downcast and those firm lips did quiver when he read from the former O. A. O.'s letter, "I am so glad you are coming home Friday on Christmas leave, Broda, I may be able to see you Tuesday night."

Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1), NA (3, 2);  
Class Boxing (3, 2), Numerals (3, 2);  
Class Football (4).



THOMAS FRANCIS CARLIN  
SALINA, KANSAS

"Serpy" "Tommy" "Mazurka" "Serpentina"  
"Tubee"

THIS brilliant product of the Sun Flower State is indeed a phenomenon. Though raised in a rural village out in the great West where men lead clean, simple lives our "Serpy" instinctively possesses the social qualities of a French courtier of the old regime. Even as the simple violet trustingly opens its petals to the loving warmth of the sunbeam so did Mazurka blossom into a true knight of the Orange Pekoe. Full many a habitue of the "Club de Vingt" would turn green with envy at the sight of his dexterous manipulation of the sugar tongs. Picture our hero gracefully flourishing a lady finger in one hand and deftly balancing a tea cup in the other, with a tasty wafer cunningly tucked between his third and fourth fingers, chatting enthrallingly with some matron. Really, all in all, Tommie is a fearfully jolly companion.

Yes, Captain Carpenter was right when he remarked during a physical examination, "Mr. Carlin, I see you are still in the youthful stage of development and inclined to be a little 'light'."

"Dos Cervezas!"

Class Track (2).





HARRY EUGENE MORGAN  
JUNEAU, ALASKA  
"Iron" "He-Man"

IRON came to us from the land of icebergs and great polar bears. On account of hailing from Alaska, Harry was the object of much curiosity during Plebe summer, as it was expected he would act and talk like an Eskimo; instead, he charmed us with his Español. Why, even before the semi-ann in Dago, Second Class year he was heard to exclaim, "Damn those Wops. This stuff is fruit." After the Exam was over, with tears in his eyes he admitted he was wrong and the stuff really was hard.

Bluff—It's his middle name, combined with his welloiled line gets him by anything. In fact, he bluffed one Prof into pulling him sat for Christmas leave by sketching a Christmas tree with a bottle of home brew under it, instead of working the prob.

Now, Iron, to say good-bye makes our hearts sad, but we shall wait eagerly to see you claim the success that is yours in filmland.

"Gosh! But that D. O. tried to make me out a liar."

"Shake around girls; see who's the lucky one to dance with me."



WILLIAM JAMES MULLINS  
ATHENS, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Actor" "Rabbit" "Shorty"

"HEY mister! What did you do before you came in the Navy?" "I was an actor, Sir." "All right, Actor, let's see your act." And so it came to pass that "Shorty" annexed another name.

Actor was born under an unlucky star. It's a cinch the estrella men never had to worry about him bilging them in the section room.

The boy with the Teddy Roosevelt smile. During his sojourn with us, did anything ever happen, either for better or worse, for richer or poorer, that Actor could not find something to laugh about? No, fellows, a smile a minute is his motto. Is that the reason why he is always "sat" with a 2.50000—? We wonder!

That combination—the never ending smile entwined with the terrible hot line he always had at his command baffled the Academic Departments. Who knows but what that same combination might soften old St. Peter's heart when Actor appears at the Pearly Gates begging admittance?

"Hey, Iron! Where's the corkscrew?"





LESTER HERMAN KERN  
BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY

"Goop" "Alliwishus" "Thug" "Gunboat"

FOUR years ago Alliwishus on starting for New York hopped on the wrong train and finally landed in Crabtown. Being a sea-going chap, he has remained with us through four never-to-be-forgotten years.

Goop shows promise as a skipper because he has passed the Academic Rocks and Shoals with but little effort. Nothing worries the old boy—not even getting bucked ruffles his temper. As a snake, he has no equal. When he is dragging, which is every week-end, a mere trifle like extra duty never bothers him. Being naturally non-reg, he just forgets about E. D., and shouts "On with the dance!"

On Youngster cruise, our New Jersey representative showed promise as a boxer, but he preferred to be a member of the Radiator Club, in which he is a gay luminary as a bridge shark. Once a year, he forsakes the Club in order to play on the class water-polo team and incidentally, to show the boys how Daniel Boone did it.

*Class Water-Polo (3, 2), Numerals (2).*



GILBERT ROYER CROWTHER  
NORRISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

"Royer" "Buck"

IT is said that woman will always get the last word in an argument, but a woman has nothing on our Royo. When it comes to arguing he is right there, be it on any subject from prohibition to Einstein. He once had a very heated argument with his beloved wife on the theory of that noted scientist, and for once he agreed with his opponent—that Einstein be blacklisted in future debates.

Did you ever hear someone say, when the marks have been posted, "Mine will be easy to find; just look for the red ink?" Royo used to say that until the end of Youngster year when he received the shock of his life, for that time he did find a red mark opposite his name. But the All-Academics were good to him, so we still have our "Babe", who considers it a bad day if he does not knock out about ten home runs in a game.

*Class Baseball (3, 2), Numerals (3, 2).*





RICHARD MARTIN SCRUGGS  
PERRY, FLORIDA  
"Sailor" "Don Ricardo" "Fisherman"

WHERE from? "The land of flowers, perpetual sunshine, asphalt roads, largest"—Well, give him a chance and he'll prove the Everglades a garden of Eden.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea" thrills no man more than he.

Sailor absolutely enjoys absorbing seamanship and steam. "Say it with Questions"—by Sailor Scruggs has long been dear to the hearts of all steam Profs. "Sir, do they have elevators in masts?" The grand chuckle for Sailor, until we learned that the Japs have them—then it was his turn to chuckle.

Until the Navy wreckers succeeded Sailor's life career was settled. But no bunch of politicians can make a landlubber of him. The sea calls and he is prone to follow. Engineering Leviathians is now the theme of his day-dreams.

When Sailor isn't sorting his mail or sobbing over 2.5's, he is experimenting with some new hair-restorer. The question is which will fail first—his amount available or the elusive hair?

"Say, Scruggs, did you ever have a non-reg thought?"

*Rifle Squad (2).*



HARRY ALFRED DOWNS  
MARKS, MISSISSIPPI  
"Harry" "Hank" "Pug"

"FROM Cotton Field to Quarter Deck" by Downs. Here's an actual specimen from the Yazoo Valley down on the Sippy shore.

"Call the cows, Mr. Downs!"

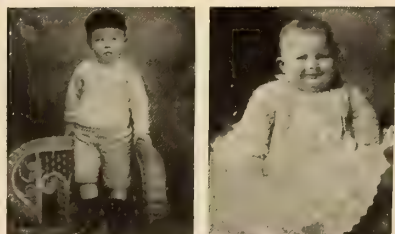
When Harry left home Deacon Hicks drawled, "Well, that there boy will probably make his mark as a Naval Cadet but I shore hate to see a good farmer ruined this away."

The Deacon was not so far wrong either for Harry can take a formula a yard long and emerge with most anything he wants. His line would daze an English Prof.

He has always been a consistent devotee of aquatic sports, having been on the sub squad for three successive seasons. It was an inspiring sight to see him swimming against time, though he usually lost by a bare gallon.

Yes, Sir, here is an exceptional man. He hasn't missed Sunday School class since he has been in the Navy.

Wimmin? No grounds for discussion. His great fault in his inherent non-regness.





ROBERT HARTENSTINE RHOADS  
 READING, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Dusty" "Bob" "R. Hartenstine"  
 "Threbere"

HERE is the most blasè Pennsylvanian you ever met. Nothing ever disturbs him whether it is a mid-watch in the fireroom or the latest reef decreed by Fashion in a flapper's skirt.

Dusty enjoys the reputation of being the most practical joker alive. His ingenious mind delights in that branch of psychology which treats of the action and reaction of the human intellect under certain, (to him) mirth provoking circumstances. Ask him about his party in Algeciras. He tries it on everybody from Prof to corridor boy. To be in his section is to lose the much needed sleep, because you will undoubtedly stay awake listening for his next remark, which, if it fails to show a thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion, will show his own brilliancy. Usually, we regret to say, it is the latter.

In living up to the old adage that, "A man to have friends must show himself friendly," Bob shows himself efficient in the highest degree.

"Hey, Mister, do you carry matches?"

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



GILMER GRATTAN WESTON  
 WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Goo-Goo" "G. G." "Gil"

A RETROSPECTIVE, gentle reader—born in Virginia, domesticated in Pennsylvania, matriculated in Maryland, and now a transient West Virginian—such is the life history of the simple youth whose visage beams upon you from above.

Tubere (pronounced to—bear) received this pseudonym from his admiring classmates because of his constant endeavor to overcome the trials and tribulations of Academic existence.

Goo-Goo's pleasing personality impressed not only his classmates but also his instructors, to the extent that Percy, the Fish, requested that he spend the first few days of leave with him, à la Kellerman. A good student—when he cares to be. Witness his 4.0 in Aptitude for the Service. However, although the spirit be willing the flesh is oftentimes weak, and many interesting tussles with the All-Academics have fallen to his lot.

But "unlucky in drawing slips, lucky in drawing billet doux" so runs the old saw. Take a look at his brick-yard—you, who are so lucky as to be invited into his boudoir, and you can well appreciate the truth of this aged adage.





WILLIAM LENHART HOFFHEINS, JR.  
HANOVER, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Bill"

ALTHOUGH hailing from Pennsylvania, it is no blot on his character, for it really wasn't his fault, and anyway Pennsylvania has more resources than any other state, especially the best school system, according to Bill; just ask him, he will convince you.

It was our misfortune that Bill was not here to join us Plebe summer, but once inside the gate he became well known for his "Fats" and "Food."

Lady Fatima has claimed almost all of his time, and he rates his N for his natural born ability of rigging a tendency.

Always on the very safe side of a 3.0 he has worried little about the Academics and cared less.

Our little boy with the long arms was a Red Mike for two years, but at last the opposite sex has claimed him, and now almost every week end you will find him puzzling over the eternal feminine.

With the end of the beginning in sight, Bill measures up with the best of them.

*Black N\*.*



GEORGE ARTHUR TAPPAN WASHBURN  
ALBANY, NEW YORK  
"Gat"

GAT hails from the Empire State. Notice that we don't say from what part of that state, for he has lived in as many different cities as the Supe has service ribbons. That's where he gets his cosmopolitan air!

Of the fairer sex he is extremely fond, but at the same time cautious. To induce him to drag blind one must produce pictures of the drag taken at two year intervals during her entire life, the latest to be not more than three months previous to date of dragging. Is it any wonder that his average is well over the 3.0 mark as judged by the most discriminating of Plebes?

His moods vary from that fascinating sport of breaking the glass on other people's doors to that of great dignity when he tells his assistant to "Take charge while I make out my laundry list."

It is fortunate for the rest of us that Gat is an athlete, for during the months that he is on the crew table we store up enough energy to carry us through the rest of the year.

Ask any Plebe, "Who holds the asparagus record?"

We predict that a man with his line and smile will always make good.

*Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);*

*Poughkeepsie (3);*

*NA (Crew) (3, 2); Junior Varsity.*





HENRY ADRIAN. SCHADE  
 SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA  
 "Packy" "Swede"

THE above is the most successful of many attempts to make this well known figure appear handsome, but being human, he himself is not yet satisfied. He came out of the great northwest with a genial grin betokening the most remarkable sense of humor on record. Those who've never seen him amused have something to live for. He is above all versatile and has been everything from a hobo to a gentleman. By assiduously boning Kipling and the Cosmo he has become broadminded and cultured. Nothing ever bothered him here, least of all the Ac Dept., though at times he has found it hard to keep some bobbed head from upsetting his carefully ordered scheme of life. Spring regularly finds him washing around in the Severn with an oar, and he rowed well in the Plebe and second varsity boats.

He has a wayward streak but the unceasing watchfulness of a multitude of friends has kept him fairly straight. However when he gets his mind made up, stand clear. The receding jaw and collar decorations speak for themselves.

*Star (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Crew Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); NA (3, 2);  
 '23 Plebe Crew.*



FREDERICK MACKAY TRAPNELL  
 ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY  
 "Fred" "Freddy" "Trap" "Slim"

FRED drifted languidly down here Plebe summer, and has taken things comfortably ever since. "Well—I guess I'll star next month"—and sometimes he did, except when the lure of the caulking or of writing to one of the fair admirers got the better of him.

Fred has the traditional aspect of a snake—he's handsome, tall, and gracefully thin, and has that romantic, wavy brown hair that sets hearts fluttering. But he's decently modest about it, so we grant it to him without malice.

He's a savoir, artist, snake, and all around good man, but he's a positive genius in one line—look at him in the mess hall! While his hungry messmates watch him with sad longing eyes, he shows them how a good man can really put away food if he's correctly equipped for it.

The fact that he can get away with all this speaks volumes for the power of his ready smile. It ought to carry him far.

*Class Water Polo (3, 2, 1).*





GEORGE FRANKLIN GOOD, JR.  
 SAINT DAVIDS, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "Frank" "Midshipman" "Goody"

**B**ECAUSE he is the most handsome man in the Academy some would be inclined to suspect a lack of the sturdy stamina which has raised him to the heights. But the privileged few know what exquisite anguish it means to him to wield a lacrosse stick at the risk of marring his manly beauty.

The reason he does not drag every day is that one must spend some time on one's self. We sympathize with the myriads who have pursued him, vainly but energetically trying to learn the secret of those rosy cheeks, the unchanging bloom of eternal youth.

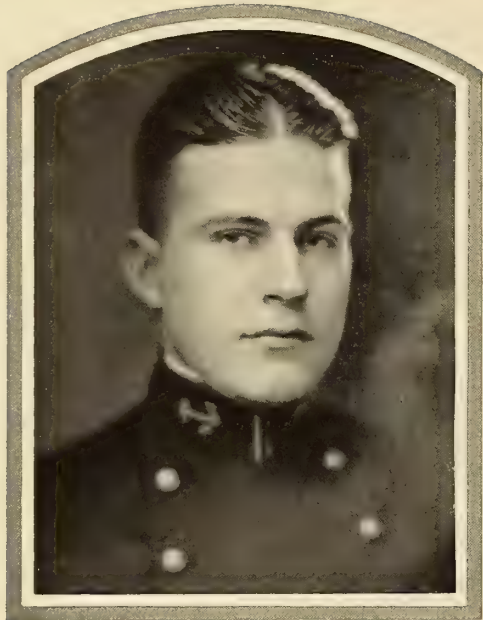
A constant point of call for the Upper Classmen was his smile Plebe year. He claims he meant to be friendly but the skeptical brutes took it the wrong way.

He never worries for if he should bilge, Cluett and Peabody are hot on his trail.

"Mr. Good, have you a brother in the Academy?"

"That's queer. There's a First Classman here almost as good looking as you."

*Lacrosse Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); LNT.*



WELLS LAFLIN FIELD  
 BENNINGTON, VERMONT  
 "Wells" "Bud"

**J**UST because he comes from the Green Mountains is no sign that he is green. He follows the slogan of getting them young and treating them rough when he dashes forth with the fair sex, and as for being one of the elite, well just ask him if he is a blood.

The hardest jolt of his academic career came with the burying of English. Wells was always savvy, especially in English, but he did like his little white bed awfully well and no study was complete without a short session with Morpheus.

In the days of the non-reg skag he came in for his share of glory as a champion tendency rigger of the Fourth Batt., and he never missed an opportunity to make use of his attainment.

Wells gets more fun out of just living than any mortal on earth and his good spirits are irrepressible even under a June Week moon when his watch is fast.

"If you must be a kid in the daytime, for God's sake grow up at night."

*Class Tennis (3).*







WILLIAM MCCALL HAYNSWORTH, JR.  
DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"Max" "Bill"

"M'SIEU Ainsworth," and poor Max would begin his regular skirmish with the Dago Department amid much anguish and gnashing of teeth. Truly, Dago was the bane of Willyums existence. The rest of the Academics were fruit, however, and Bill enjoyed the peaceful immunity of the "3.0's and better" for the remainder of his midshipman days.

To know him is to like him—and the girls—they merely saw and were conquered. It is strange to believe that Max was a Red Mike for over two years; but once he began to step out it was useless to offer competition.

One night Bill dreamed that his hair was falling out. Ye gods. How the Herpicide and Glover's invaded the camp. He just wouldn't be convinced that it was all there.

We wish you the best of luck, Max. By the way, green paint and full dress is a queer combination.

"Say, Max, got any chow?"

*Class Track (2);  
Class Swimming (1).*



WILSON BURNS TRUNDLE  
DANVILLE, VIRGINIA  
"Bunny" "Helium Hal" "Swindle" "Algie"  
"Queen Victoria"

CARRY me back to ole Virginie, dars wha' the kawn and sweet potatoes grow—and enter the duke. He hails from the old dominion state. If you don't believe it, just ask him about the latest quotations on Dan River Water.

Bunny really is mighty savvy, but the abundant good nature for which he is famous prevents him from standing above a classmate. Therefore every Ann and Semi-ann finds him needing a 2.5, but never has one come along that he didn't make it.

He can be found most any time pounding away on his one lung uke or hunting behind all the pictures in Smoke Hall for his mislaid drum sticks. It seems that in his early youth Burns acquired the ambition to heave things around. Not content with this he also throws his voice.

His greatest weakness is love. Like Finnigan he's in again, out again, and in again with breathless rapidity. Breaking hearts is the best thing he does.

Here's to you Queen V, may your Cherubic countenance and ready smile continue to radiate.

"Honestly fellows, I never felt this way about any other girl in the world."

*Musical Clubs (2, 1);  
Expert Rifleman.*





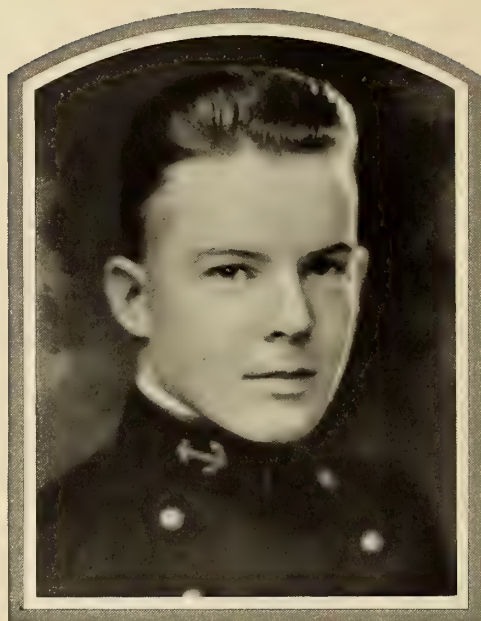
RUSSELL HENRY YODER  
READING, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Russ" "Dutch" "Yodel"

RUSS, a two o'clock fellow, hails from a ten o'clock town in "Pennsyldelphia" state and therein lies the reason for his great sacrifice in joining the Navy. The two were incompatible. Unfortunately, during four consecutive years he was forced to turn in at ten p.m. anyhow.

Nevertheless, he has a terrible "snakish" reputation. He seldom drags the same femme twice for drag and dragee, as a rule part in anger. Why, he has dragged and lost more 4.0's than there are guns in the armory!

One of his outstanding characteristics is his eccentricity. He is almost as bad as the bird on the cruise who went back to his locker for soap and found that he had left his key in the wash-room. Another is his careless, naïve "I don't give a damn" air. Withal we are all for you, Russ, and wish you "beaucoup de la viene" in your future career.

"Damn! All dated up, too!!"



JOSEPH LESTER KANE  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
"Les" "Pat" "Paddy"

NOW just a moment, girls, don't rush! One at a time if you please. We aren't putting this on sale; merely a display. Above is what a good photographer can do for you—good, don't you think? You ought to see his locker. Cold cream to cutex.

Although no relation to Ziegfield's Follies, one knew that Lester hailed from the big city. But I say, girls, he's not a Bohemian either. On the contrary, you can see him listening in silence and without question to wild tales as would shock a sultan.

Though not a snake, either, Les has learned his lesson by hardened experience like the rest of us. Most every week-end now you can see this X-Red Mike with dragon eyes and snake scales gliding on an essence of foo-foo and feathering his heels with the rest of the Terpsichoreans. We take this opportunity to offer a toast to the happiness of Paddy, whether he be in love, in war or in both.

"What, no mail?"

"No, Mister Lewis, she hasn't written yet."

"Yes, Jawn, chalk up three this time."





KENNETH LEONE MOSES  
GROVETON, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
"Dooley" "Mose" "Ken"

"MR. Moses, where are you from?"  
"From the bullrushes, sir."

Despite his angelic grin, Dooley isn't a snake, that is, within the limits of Crabtown, but one slant at his brickyard will convince even the most credulous that he has not spent his various leaves playing ping-pong.

Moses will admit that he is always right except when he is wrong, and he will even concede that he is sometimes in error every time that the Army wins an interservice football game.

Plebe year, when questioned as to his athletic proclivities, Kenneth responded "Rifle". And when the open season rolled 'round, the runt broke 'steen records over on the range—in the butts.

Heavy bought him a bag of peanuts and took him to the movies one Saturday afternoon during Second Class year, and he was so impressed with the antics of Doug Fairbanks in the role of "D'Artagnan", that he subsequently went out for fencing, and made the table and his monogram.

*Rifle Squad (4, 3);  
Fencing Squad (2, 1);  
Fencing Numerals (2); FNAT;  
Expert Rifleman.*



AUGUSTUS SHEA MULVANITY  
NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
"Gus" "Mul" "Irish"  
"Profanity"

IN English, dear reader, it's "Blessington." "Oh yes, you say that is a French name, don't you?" You might as well believe it because French (Canadian) comes second nature to him.

Mul has names but he's not particular which you use except once,—ask the fellow he crowned with the Springfield. However you're not the next because he has an inexhaustible store of good nature, evident at all times.

There are reasons why Mul isn't among the Elite scholastically. As a result he possesses off-hand, far above the average, stores of general information on any subject. He's at home in a discussion of heolithic Culture or French Romance of the nth century. He disagrees with H. G. Wells at times and adds at others.

Mul isn't a stellar athlete but when it comes to catch-as-catch-can rough-houses, his favorite sport, next to heaving his wicked line, though he may start at the bottom he'll eventually gain the top.

*Log Staff (4);  
Class Football (4);  
Class Water Polo (2, 1).*





MURR EDWARD ARNOLD  
KIMBERLY, IDAHO  
"Eddie" "Mirch"

"MISTER Arnold, why do sheep-herders wear wide-topped boots?"

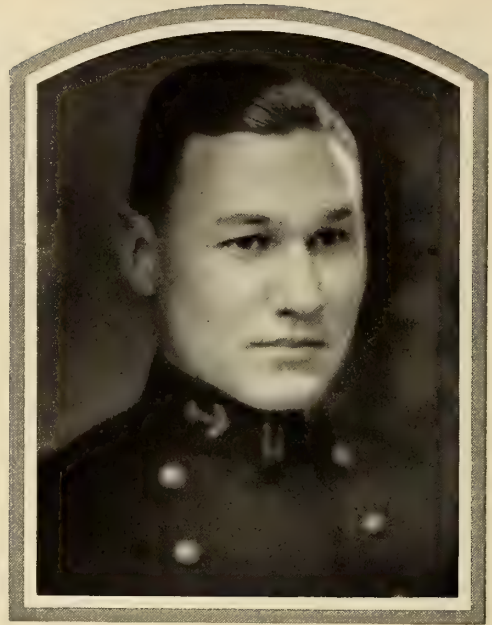
It was the answer he gave to this question early Plebe year that first brought distinction to the "The Murk", but it was his bald head that brought him fame. Since that time everyone from the mokes in the barber shop to the instructors in the Dago Department have offered advice and suggestions. He has perfumed his gonk with Ed. Pinaud, Glover's, Wildroot, and Noonan's, but even Herpicide wouldn't save it, and now there are only a few coveted guardians from Mr. Gone himself.

After two years of perfect control his snakish instincts could be denied no longer, and now even the girls are interested, and want to "powder his pretty little bald spot."

Except for an annual outburst during the tennis season, he has been a consistent and contented member of the Amalgamated Victrola and Radiator Clubs.

"That's all right, little,—everybody can't be good lookin' like me!"

*Class Tennis (3, 2, 1);  
Numerals (3).*



HAROLD NORDMARK WILLIAMS  
WICHITA, KANSAS  
"Norduke" "Chick" "Bill" "Willie"  
"Horseface"

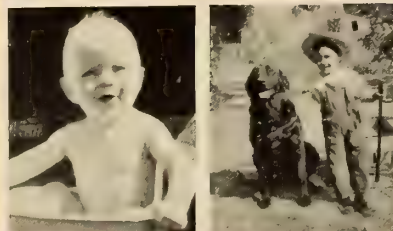
HE isn't a Navy Junior, even though his name does explain why he entered the Navy. His Norske forefathers gave him that middle name, along with a desire for the sea, which was very greatly increased by his youthful experiences in navigating a plow through Kansas.

Wee Willie entered the Academy the last day of Plebe summer and was greeted joyously by the old timers. He was so wooden looking that the Upper Classmen entertained him to the exclusion of the rest of us—much to our sorrow. His classic profile gained him several appropriate nick-names Plebe year, while his outspoken belief that a too friendly Youngster would be more at home in a warmer country also gained him sundry things.

Any one who has seen his lockerful of toilet water, etc., and the manner in which he carefully brushes those raven locks before going out to any one of several class teams, might suggest that he was a snake—but he isn't. He's afraid of 'em.

"I'll bet you a dollar that you're wrong and I'm right."

*Class Basketball (3, 2, 1);  
Class Lacrosse (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Class Football (2);  
Log Staff (4).*





FREDERICK CUTLER STEVENS  
FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Blackie" "Cut" "Steve"

BEHOLD, ladies and gentlemen, a photograph of Blackie Stevens as he "used to was." It in no way resembles the Blackie of today, for since its making the lad has fallen desperately in love. Could you see him today you would not see the "knock 'em cold" part in the middle of his learned "gonk", nor would you see the supercilious expression of self-satisfaction so well portrayed, but in their stead you would see the suplicatory countenance of an ordinary human being. He is in love!

In spite of his losing heart during Second Class year he has kept up an enviable athletic record. A man of one hundred forty-five pounds, a member of the class football team, the football B-squad, and the capable captain of the class lacrosse team. We salute you "Stenne."

Aside from his athletic achievements he has made a friend of every man in the class. He was ever willing to "lend a hand", always carried a contagious smile, a roommate par excellence, a leader and a perfect gentleman. No man is perfect, however, and Blackie has his "weaknesses". He insists upon eating peanuts at the movies, crunches Ward's cakes in fiendish glee, plays "five hundred" and reads "The Framingham Evening News". At one time he was a devout "snake" but he has at last met his master and has taken defeat like a man.

*Class Football (2, 1);  
Football Squad (4, 3);  
Class Lacrosse (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Hop Committee (1).*



GEORGE EDWARD WALKER, JR.  
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA  
"George"

THIS tow-headed youth from Virginia is the holder of two indoor championships—on the "mouth organ" he is unexcelled, and he'd rather spend his Saturday nights writing letters than seeing Norma at the Republic or shaking a mean stetson at the hops.

Gawge started Plebe year with a bang—he had his three striper drag the O. A. O. thereby incurring the wrath of the Bolsheviks and unwittingly starting a romance in which he had no part.

Somebody saw a baseball glove in his locker, and told him to go out for baseball. Nothing less than pitcher would suit Gawge, so he made his numerals by proving to everybody, including his opponents, that he COULD pitch.

The crease on his bed and the shine on his shoes are a marvel to behold. Neat? Why, Beau Brummel was a corn fed hick compared to Reg Gawge.

In spite of his failings he always manages to remember the place of his birth, and—its reputation. A gentleman first, last, always, and a friend no matter what the cost.

"Hey, Blackie, I'll shake yuh to see who sweeps out the rugs."

*Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Baseball Numerals (3, 2);  
Class Basketball (4, 3, 1).*





MARVIN MASSEY STEPHENS  
 TRISSVILLE, ALABAMA  
 "Red" "Pinky" "Rouge"  
 "Prince Waikiki"

RED reported to the Supe, fifteen minutes late one bright June morning four years ago and hasn't been much ahead of time since. Plebe year held few terrors for him judging by the smile he was requested to wipe off so often.

September nights in Alabama proved the downfall of his Red Mike ambitions and Red's dragged heavy ever since with immense success, although still hopeful. His pink correspondence is quite à la Wally Reid. Too soft a heart for the "boys" has kept the little constellations off his collar, but he usually has plenty of velvet. Red's a good example of how to be sat though savvy. In athletics he's good at 'em all, but unlucky. Of course he's lazy, but look where he comes from. But we've always found Red ready to "hep" us even to saluting the President with a Plebe battery. So Red, here's all the luck that's coming to that smile of yours in the fleet or anywhere.

"What, only three letters today?"

*Class Football (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Class Soccer (2);  
 Class Lacrosse (3, 2, 1);  
 Expert Rifleman.*



ALFRED CLARENCE OLNEY, JR.  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.  
 "Fish" "Onley" "Savvy" "Foo Foo"

"WHERE you from Mr. Olney?" "Alabama, Tennessee, Carolina, Sir." "Where?" "Washington—Sir!"

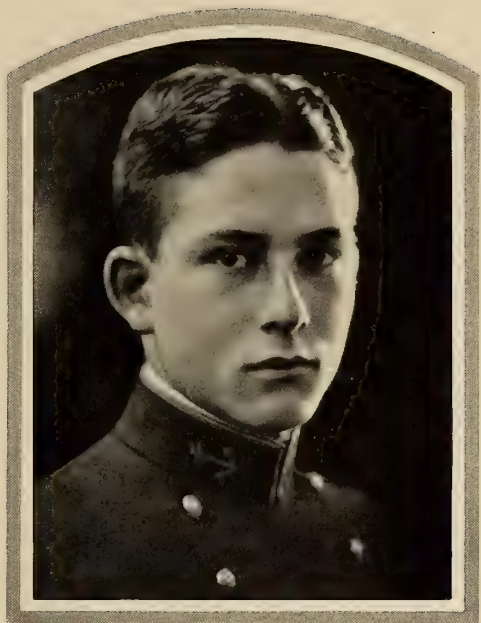
"Red, say Red, you know I'm off the squad sure. Why those targets jumped around worse than a Hopkins Lacrosse player with Hiram after him. I think I'll go out for swimming, but I'll never get a grease with Percy if he knows 'bout me falling over that motor sailor."

"Which of us can hit the hardest Mr. Olney?" Oh well, the number of brooms used Plebe year speaks for itself.

Red Mike? Sure he shunned the fair ones Plebe year, the maidens of Waikiki, and partially those on the West Coast. Youngster year he did fairly well but with no Second Class cruise, the preparation for Camp Perry and July leave was too much. Yea verily when it rains it pours and owing to there being no Caldwell's to supply class pins etc., only one of the damsels received that token of affection. At last he fell deep into the pit.

*Swimming Squad (2, 1);  
 Class Swimming (3); Numerals (3);  
 Rifle Squad (4, 3); RNT;  
 National Matches 1921;  
 Expert Rifleman.*





LUTHER SCHWEITZER SCHMIDT  
SCHWENKSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Bill" "Smitty" "Switzer"

"I'LL tell you whut—"

If from a long distance you see someone progressing along, not walking, mind you, but propelling himself with a seagoing roll, search no farther for his identity—'tis Smitty—he's the only one left who can cover ground that way. And do the girlies like it? Well, you ought to see the adoring looks they flash at their "seagoing" man.

Through three years Smitty has combined the business of being a midshipman with the pleasure of being a batterer of feminine hearts. He plays them impartially, and each week the cry goes up from his boudoir, "Say, fellows, wait 'til you see this one—she's a knockout."

But, aside from this frivolous side of his nature, very predominant, we must admit, our Smitty is a hard worker—class athletics have known him ever since he became a member of Mr. Denby's Boat Club. Best of luck to you, Smitty, old boy.

*Class Track (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Expert Rifleman.*



JOSEPH ELLSWORTH CHAPMAN  
ARLINGTON, NEBRASKA  
"Joe" "Tot"

"YOU birds have never been in Nebraska. You don't know what a good place is."

From morning till night every day in the week and twice on Sundays do we hear this loyal son of Nebraska praising her prairies and sand dunes with a fervor that would strike jealousy into the hearts of the most vociferous real estate agent of California. Slander of his native state causes him much more pain than any number of successive trees in math.

"Now, I always wanted to be a Red Mike but my wife wouldn't let me." This is Joe's perpetual wail. He has had singular luck in his drags for he claims that he has never been bricked. No, not bricked perhaps, but voluntarily holy-stoned.

Joe's athletic record has caused many of us to pause, for though he has never reached the varsity, his hard work has earned him his seat at the track table and made him a basketball player of no mean repute.

With this record behind him we know Joe will succeed in the great old quest of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness free from entangling alliances.

*Class Basketball (3, 2, 1);  
Class Track (4, 3);  
Track Squad (2, 1).*





EDWIN MIRICK GRAHAM  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

*"Ned" "Whisk" "P. Max. Gauge"*

SOME people say the Gods were mythical but here is one who is the subject of all the bidding "debs." "Oh, who is that handsome man? I'm just crazy to meet him." Of course it's Ned as handsome as the city, from which he comes, is beautiful.

But with all his attractions that demand so much attention from our "American Beauties" he finds time to settle down and work, gaining true respect from his classmates and a good reward for his efforts.

"Wasn't she a perfect harbinger of Spring?" It is only Whisk extolling the wonders of his 4.0's. Necessity knows no law and we all have become outlaws trying to cope with him and his bewitching line. Arrow Collars hold no place for him for wasn't he mentioned as "Stienmetz's" most eligible? "Aye, aye, all's well."

A little car, made for one and used by two—  
"Ma ikke de!"

*Hop Committee (3, 2, 1);  
Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Baseball Numerals (3, 2);  
Lucky Bag.*



ROBERT PIERRE ROBERT  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
*"Bob" "Bobby"*

THE best looking brunette in the Academy. If you don't believe it look at that curly hair, those brown eyes, or just ask any little flapper who has come under the spell of his seductive charms. His softly whispered sweet nothings (second nature to him) serve only to enhance the witchery of rapturous moments spent in gliding gracefully in the perfect rhythm of his dancing.

Ask him about the sea wall or that fateful night in Bancroft. "Quite the berries, eh, Bob?"

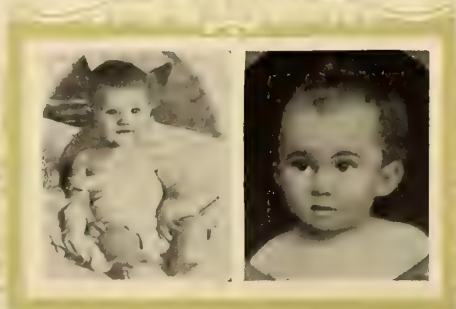
He had the top of the class as a goal, but though he never attained that, he is well up among the chosen few.

If you went over to the tennis courts any afternoon you would see Tilden, the second, exhibiting his slashing game against some poor unfortunate. He can make any musical instrument speak volumes.

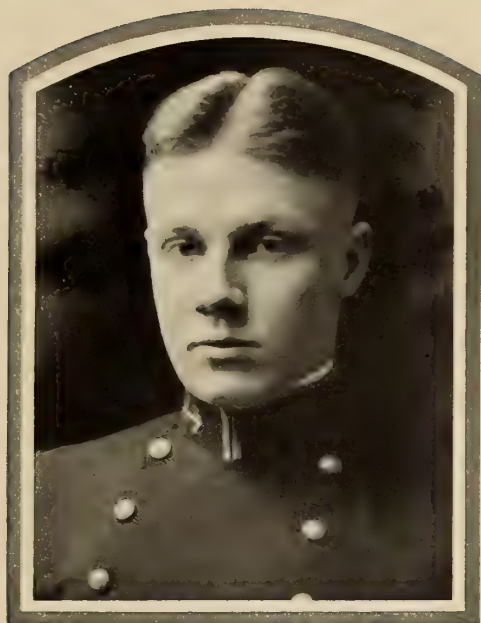
He is a mighty good friend and one of the most popular in the crowd ("our set"). We wish him all the luck in the world.

May he finally fall for the right one!

*Class Tennis (3, 2); Numerals (3);  
Tennis Squad (1);  
Lucky Bag Staff.*







ALAN CHENERY DAVIS  
PELHAM MANOR, NEW YORK  
"Al" "Whitey" "Preggy"

EVER since Al was old enough to sail shingles in a puddle he had his heart set on our famous Naval Academy. History tells us that the summer preceding his bid to the Academy he was riding the billows in an honest to goodness schooner. And now he has already spent many months as a more or less important cog in that machine-like organization found on board Uncle Sam's fighting ships. Such has been Al's rapid rise from the mere toys of childhood to the powerful dreadnaughts of today.

Al was never more grateful than when English was dropped from his curriculum. No one knows why. His passion for argument is unbounded, his command of English uncanny, and his wit ever refreshing. Anywhere, anytime, on any subject he is a willing debater if you will take either side.

Al has shown the proper spirit in the Academics and life in general at the Academy, and if he continues, who knows—"he may be an Admiral by and by."

"Mr. Davis, who are the big three?"  
"Bailey, Banks and Biddle."

*Class Lacrosse (3, 2).*



WILLIAM JAMES FRANCIS RAFFERTY  
PUTNAM, CONNECTICUT  
"Bill" "Dutch" "Raf"

WHILE the merry villagers were harvesting the spring crop of wooden nutmegs on his native heath, the personage herein discussed, known to his more or less fortunate intimates as Bill, decided that upon reaching man's estate he would be one of those who go down to the sea in ships, if a kind fate smiled, and one bright June morning said "I will" and forthwith entered the service of a grateful republic. Having been, at times previous, an enthusiastic boy scout and a storm-tossed sailor on the turbulent waters of Lake Cayuga—"in the unit", his easily detected fitness for command resulted in a rise to temporary glory, until the coming of October caused him to descend and once more mingle with the common herd. The sands of time will never be marred by his number nines where studies are concerned but at this writing he is hopeful—with reservations. Bill has two ambitions; first to annex at least two stripes before senility overtakes him and second, to play a decent game of golf.





JOSEPH NUMA WENGER  
PATTERSON, LOUISIANA  
"Joe" "Bobbie" "Skinny"

"SAY, Jig, wait a minute and I'll be with you." The scuttlebutt, the only object in sight, a strange attraction, you wonder. The minute's up, he's ready and raring to go; for an explanation of the delay, he'll offer, "It's a motto, that's all."

But living up to mottoes isn't his only attainment because he's a disciple of art, discovered Plebe year by a mere sketch on a long-forgotten hop-card. Under observation since then, he has thought, studied, practised, and slept art to the edification and amusement of us all.

Odd books and papers, full of inspirations or palpitations, an avidity for "dago", a pen or brush ever wet, are conclusive evidence that Joe has an aim to create and display his "oeuvres" in the Latin Quartier of gay Paris, where it's considered good form to wander about with the flowing tie, the trailing locks, and the hungry where-do-I-get-my-next-meal attitude.

A friend ever dearer, a companion of highest ideals, Joe has a bright future ahead.

"Jig, guess I'll stay in the Navy!"

*Crew Squad (4).*



JOHN JOSEPH HERLIHY  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Jig Jig"

"HEY, lemme go!" That's Jig all right. The boys like to take advantage of his good nature and play pendulum with him. He says it wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the bulkhead.

His size and weight are not quite right for a full-back but Jig showed the wrinkles in his brains when he captured those coveted bits of heaven for two years straight.

He is a Red Mike by nature but it doesn't prevent using the binoculars on the laundry queens.

His eye for business leads him to spend his spare time boning "Business Management" and "Principles of Economics." Henry Ford and Hugo Stinnes, his ideals, spur him on.

His good nature, persistent industry and lasting friendship are his crowning characteristics. Our expectations of Jig are as great as he is small. "Brains are kings" as the expression goes and we know that Jig has them.

"What's the idea in being so big?" "I'm big enough to sign fifty million on my check stub."

*Star (4, 3);  
Crew Squad (4, 3);  
Plebe Crew Numerals;  
Lucky Bag Staff.*





MARSHALL MERRITT DANA  
ALSTEAD, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
"Heavy" "Bull" "Doc"

TWO momentous events happened in July 1919. One the Volstead act, the other the entrance of Dana into the Navy. However it is not known whence came his ambition but we understand that Saturday nights and Ivory Soap had not a little to do with it.

His characteristics are few and prominent; he has not yet discovered anything which increases the density per square inch area for his bald dome. He is for the most part a Red Mike, but once in New York he surprised the boys by the length of time he kept the taxi waiting while he bid his adieus. He positively cannot be classed as a misogynist.

Although Marshall was asked if he wore heavy glasses and monkeyed a slip stick to grease the "Prof" into believing him savvy, he does carry a little gray matter behind that face so never has he worried academically speaking. Although he did create several grave doubts early in his career, he has maintained since a mere speaking acquaintance with the Exec. Department.

*Class Lacrosse (3, 2, 1);  
Class Football (2, 1);  
Football Squad (2, 1);  
Class Water Polo (3, 2, 1);  
Star (2).*



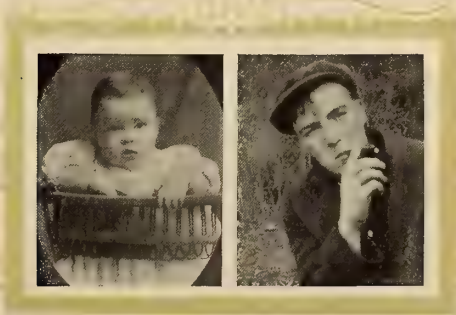
MERLIN FREDERICK SCHNEIDER  
CLATSKANIE, OREGON  
"Red" "Snake"

EARLY in his career, his first cruise to be more exact, he created several grave doubts as to his fitness, and ability, moreover and so forth. Successfully living down this approbium, his contacts with the Executive Department and his departures from the path of virtue have been few. But yet beneath that gilded bright-work of his no one has been able to detect any unseeming savviness.

His accomplishments are many. A plunger, a swimmer, a gymnast, all at the request of the Department of Physical Training. A nurse, a care taker of the lost, strayed and stolen, at several Army-Navy games. He seems to have been blessed with an exceptional talent for spilling dope inherited probably from one of his ancestors. He can tell you or swear by anything you may wish or may not wish to know. That satisfied and contented look in that sturdy eye (the collar was too tight) leads one to suspect that the more material things of life hold attraction for him.

"Hey, Henry, do you savvy this prob?"

*Class Football (3, 2, 1).*





BLACKWELL NEWHALL  
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
 "B" "John" "Nunutz"

INTRODUCING our distinguished gentleman and aristocrat—from Philadelphia U-no. His room is far famed, radiating good-fellowship, Vic music, with a plentifully supplied locker of cosmetics and perfumes which is the haven for week-end brother snakes.

Note the beautiful wavy hair. Yes, a true snake. Every week-end finds him at the hop with some fair femme on his arm, or at home juggling a tea-cup on the Row. Every Sunday night finds him in the depths of despondency. Altho he has stuck through the thick and thin of Academic battles, he has at times glanced over the edge of the precipice towards citdom and the rosy outside. For his heart has ever remained in his beloved Philadelphia, in the care of—?

Between hops he has won and kept a well-earned place on the track squad, with hard, consistent work in the quarter. Also holds the record for having never been in uniform when formation busted, and never once late.

"Who knocked what off who's head?"

*Track Squad (3, 2, 1);  
 Class Track (4);  
 Lucky Bag Staff.*



ARNOLD EDWARD MOSS  
 CHARLES CITY, IOWA  
 "Mossie"

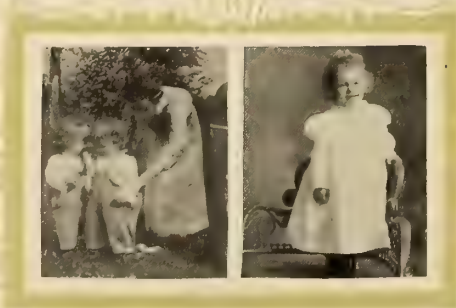
IN our first few days together little did we realize what a brilliant personage our Mossie was to become. Note, oh gentle reader the small nebulous objects just behind the collar anchors. No, we don't all wear them, just the few more inspired ones.

About the first thing Arnold did was to grab off a place on the hundred and fifty pound crew and when that went out of business he bent his efforts towards class basketball and "The Lucky Bag."

The truth must out sometime, he is a snake of the snakiest kind. We didn't find it out until that night Youngster year when he was an hour late returning from Hop Liberty and the watch officer wanted to know if he had fallen in the flour barrel. We wonder!

Mossie also holds the enviable record of never having been seen with even so much as a single lock of his beautiful crop adrift. After all, Arnold, what difference does it make which side you part it on anyhow?

*Star (3, 2);  
 Lucky Bag Staff;  
 Crew Squad (4);  
 Class Basketball (3, 2, 1);  
 Expert Rifleman.*





RICHARD MALCOM CUTTS, JR.  
HONOLULU, HAWAII  
"Dick" "Richard" "Colonel"

"BATTALION Commanders report!" Plebe summer these pregnant syllables, urged by our Richard's vibrant (?) vocal chords were oft wafted to the ears of the assembled multitude; and so his fame began.

At the beginning of Ac year he was forced to relinquish the position of Plebe Adjutant, and accordingly turned his attempts to more or less varied forms of athletics. The one form of these he has not attacked is parlor golf, for except during occasional spasmodic outbursts of "dragging" fever, Helen of Troy's raven tresses, or Cleo's well turned—er—foot, could not bring a tremor to the silken lashes, or cause a gleam in Dick's soulful orbs.

In answer to the question, "Well then, what form of feminine pulchritude are you addicted to?" follows a description which would beggar the arts of James Oliver Curwood's facile pen, or Coles Phillips' wicked brush.

In spite of occasional hideous outbursts against everything dealing with the sea or water, including Apolaris, Dick really likes the Navy and his chief aspiration is to wear his cap like Beatty, and to develop a real salt roll.

*Track Squad (4, 1);  
Rifle Squad (3, 2);  
Expert Rifleman.*



ELLIOTT BOWMAN STRAUSS  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Admiral" "Ellyut"

YOU may think that you know this Navy, but Savvy will soon show you just how little you really do know. With words that the rest of us have knowledge of only through the dictionary he can discuss any topic known to mankind, as many of us have discovered to our sorrow in the section room. Ask any girl who has heard his line and she will bear us witness. He is so "cute and good-looking" though his line is merely an atmosphere to radiate the brilliance of this scintillating star.

To be in the Navy one must be aquatic to gain renown, and so our Admiral proved his worth in class swimming and showed his heels to many a wondering man.

Versatility is his slogan and there is never a time that he wont stop to turn his hand at helping some poor unfortunate in many divers directions.

"Say, young fellow—you ought to see me do that—"

*Log Staff (4);  
Class Swimming (2, 1);  
Lucky Bag;  
Expert Rifleman.*





HARRY TAYLOR CHASE  
CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND  
"Chevy" "Cheese"

"WHEW! It's hot in here." Crash! Bang! And in comes the snowstorm. No matter the temperature, Chase is always smothering. He needs no introduction because our Chevy was famous half an hour after he arrived at Bancroft Hall. You knew him by the sound he made. Honk! Honk! The man with the peculiar noises.

Being a well drilled cadet, he carried the responsibility of a four-striper Plebe summer, until he was "ragged" for some "faux pas."

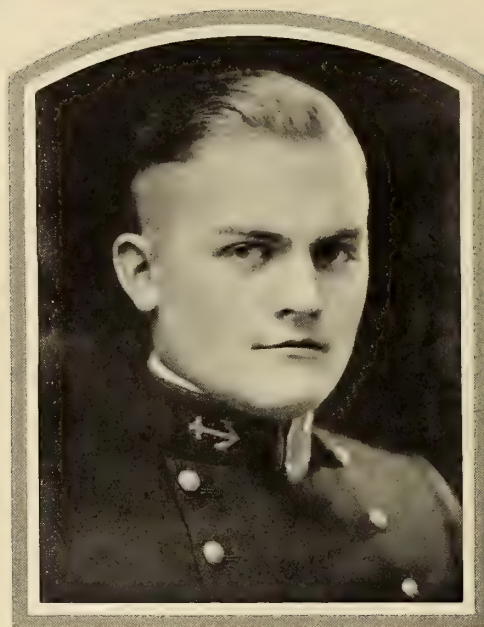
The "Horse" is about the "bee's knees" at wrestling and lacrosse. A misplaced shoulder blade kept him from his numerals in wrestling.

There is a rumor that they named his home town after him on account of his savviness. However that may be, if you want a problem worked, see "Horry". He has the right dope on 'em all, ranging from Navigation to Analytics. And he is always willing to show anybody anything he can.

"It's easy if you understand it. Fruit!"

"Who waits without?"

*Class Lacrosse (3, 2);  
Class Wrestling (2).*



HAROLD HASKELL CONNELLEY  
PARIS, ARKANSAS  
"Mike" "Runt" "Wart"

"MISTER Speaker! Mister Speaker! I've been trying to get your attention for the last twenty minutes; Change the name of Arkansas"—And then the little Irishman will stand up as high as the curvature of his legs will permit and wax eloquent in his wrath.

Is he a Red Mike? Well, to see him with a picture in front of him and reams of paper on either side, one would say no, yet he never drags except on special occasions, yea, very special occasions.

Say is he savvy? Well, you just ask him anything about baseball and he'll tell you. He really should from the way he devours all of the newspapers including his own weekly Paris Express.

Some say they see him with many lines of poetry but what he does with them is still a mystery. But in studies—well, of course that's different.

May his bow-legs and catching ways win him as many friends in the future as they have here.

"Lost my hat and overcoat!!"

*Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Baseball Numerals (3, 2);  
Class Wrestling (2).*





ROBERT IVERSON HICKS II  
WARRENTON, VIRGINIA  
"Bob" "Bobbie"

ROBERT Iverson Hicks, second, if you please. This handsome lad has but one weakness—women. Born in Georgia, brought up in New York, claiming as his ancestral home, Virginia, he is a rare combination of Southern gentleman, "F. F. V." and New York man-about-town. Small wonder then that with such an opportunity he should have so many "affaires de coeur."

Nevertheless our hero has made a gallant fight to overcome his handicap, and as yet has not allowed his social duties to interfere with his services to Navy in athletics. Varsity Water Polo, since Plebe year, would have been in a sorry plight without its stalwart Bobby.

And when he parts his curly golden locks, which make the rest of us seem very mediocre in comparison, before starting out to conquer the fair sex—no wonder many a young susceptible's mother has been worried when her daughter fails to return until the wee hours in the morning.

"Why don't you dance like Mr. Hicks?"

*Class Lacrosse (4, 3);  
Water Polo Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);  
WNAP, WNP.*

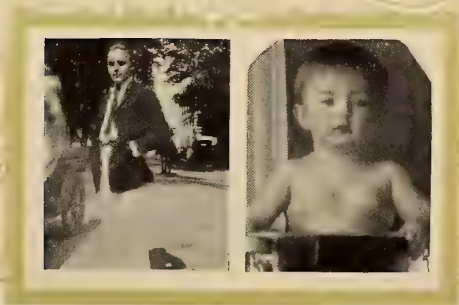


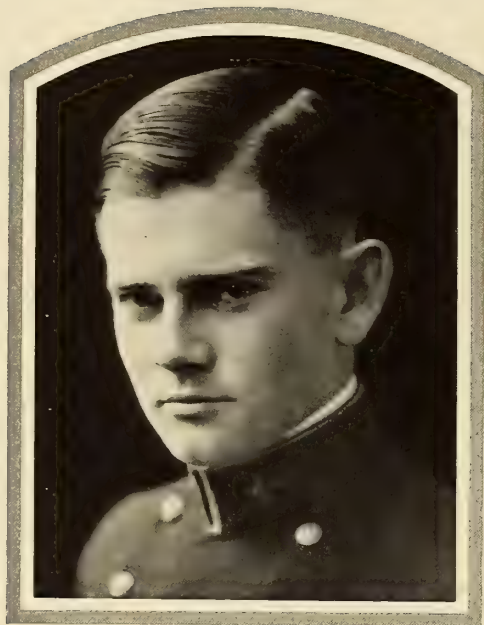
JOHN CLARK GOODNOUGH  
CANTON, NEW YORK  
"John" "Jack" "Johnnie"

HERE, ladies and gentlemen, we have Exhibit "A" of famous naval officers to be. One wouldn't think that an egg as good looking as our hero is, would really take the Navy as his serious life's work when the movie concerns all over the land are searching for such Apollos with which to bring forth tumultuous flutters from the hearts of susceptible maidens throughout the length and breadth of this great country (apologies to Pete Swallow), but such is the case and John is for the Navy, heart and soul. We predict that if there's anything left of our Navy to be anything in, John will be right there until they scrap the last cutter.

John's never been at sword's points with the Ac Department, except once, Plebe year, when the Red Book and the Cosmo torpedoed him for a month or two, so, consequently, he's always had time to give the Navy his able assistance when the track season rolled around.

*Track Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





PHILIP SHAWCROSS REYNOLDS  
VENTURA, CALIFORNIA  
"Phil"

AS the Lord provideth for the protection of his creatures, he gave Phil a pair of ears that would protect him from the elements of the most severe climates. Some claim that savviness caused them to sag, yet we notice that Tecumseh's have considerable droop also.

For two and one half years Phil spent his idle moments making funny noises issue forth from a clarinet. Busy moments? He never had any. He didn't exactly star—the only subject in which he showed much concern being English. It was an amazed Phil when he didn't pull down a 3.8 on the English exams.

Until Christmas leave Second Class year Phil was a true Red Mike. He weakened then, but he has again recuperated and at present he remains a true friend of dogs, girls being only side issues.

"'Tis the dog's gain."

"I object—I ain't half-witted—am I?"

*Naval Academy Orchestra;  
Expert Rifleman.*



DANIEL CLAY MILLS  
LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS  
"Diz" "Dan" "D. C."

UH, huh! Here we have him, Mills, the hard-boiled, salty, sea-going sailor from Arkansas. Plebes think so anyway, and sweet little flappers just adore him. To one he is the original caveman, to another a dancing fool, to still another he is a serious lad who thinks deep things, and has exceptionally clear ideas of life and its fundamental principles. (This is N. S.) Diz is a great character for he is all of these combined if you can imagine such a being. Nothing ever worries him; he is the real optimist. His six years in the "outfit" probably account for this.

"Well, knocked 'em for a forty this week," he says cheerfully, and when the tree is up the Dizon usually rags his mark.

Daniel is no mean athlete. If this had been the Daniel of the Lions' Den, the story would probably have been different by a few dead lions. (Don't hit me, please!) But really there isn't a class team he isn't on except wrestling, and his technique in this isn't bad. Ask him about the meet one moonlight—

"That's all right Mac, we'll get 'em next time."

*Class Football (3, 2, 1);  
Class Baseball (2, 1);  
Baseball Numerals (2);  
Class Basketball (3, 2, 1);  
Expert Rifleman.*







RAYMOND BOOMER LEAVITT  
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Ray" "Leave it"

RAY wasn't exactly like that picture always. His girl made the difference not only in his hair, which he now parts in the middle, but also in his manner of living from letter to letter and from week-end to week-end. "Ain't love grand."

He had been on the crew table ever since Plebe year until "Postive Action" got him during the middle of Second Class season. Ray a brutal hazer? Impossible! Nevertheless, he has his block "N" star—we mean his black "N" star in addition to his "NA" in crew.

This boy is a most impulsive person. Thinking is acting with him and yet carrying with it all a jolly good nature which is profusely grateful for even the smallest things done for him, but which always minimizes his many kindnesses to others.

Natural curiosity and eagerness to learn everything about the things in which he is interested and to perfect himself accordingly argues well for his future.

"That man's savvy! If I didn't study any more than he, I'd bilge cold."

*Crew Squad (4, 3); NA (3);  
Choir (4);  
Fencing Squad (1).*



MELVILLE BELL GROSVENOR  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Mel" "Grose-Vee-Nor" "Tecumseh"

THERE he is all dressed up and looking proud. Quite the opposite one who sits and pulls his hair with machine-like precision as he struggles with an "Impossible" prob, or the gentleman who pounds the table in ecstatic delight as he reads an interesting sentence in a "billet doux de Boston" from whence they have arrived since our reddest of Red Mikes was transformed since Second Class Sep leave. And in such conditions, he is absolutely oblivious to his surroundings.

As much as he likes his "eats" half of it is yours if he can force it upon you and so it is with everything he possesses.

Naturally modest, Mel has never been known to put himself forward except perhaps in a sailing boat. He handles a half-rater like a true son of the deep. But even while he is sailing her, he is fearing that he is depriving some one else of that pleasure.

"Cra-a-a-ash! I'm sorry fellows but I've got to close the transom."





ROBERT KENNETH WALKER  
TOLEDO, OHIO  
"Theda" "Whitey"

THIS handsome though modest youth carries in plain view a combination of white hair, blue eyes and lantern jaw which excels in boxing ring or choir loft. Ambitions for a career in the Navy caused him to leave his native haunts and take up a place among the "pampered pets" and O yes, he brought his banjo.

After Youngster leave he returned somewhat the worse for wear and travel but sound and fit except that one part of his anatomy seemed to be completely missing. His eyes were radiant with infinite joy and it wasn't long before we knew another man had lost a heart and incidentally a miniature.

"Bezness, Bezness, I want to go into bezness" is his war cry but no one would mistake his straight nose for a button hook. "A wee bit o' scotch" by nature and inclination which may explain many things including his ability to drag three women on one dollar. "A man's man for a' that."

Choir (4, 3);  
Glee Club (4, 3).



THOMAS BINNEY WILLIAMSON  
EDWARDSVILLE, ILLINOIS  
"Willie" "T. B." "Dirck"

WILLIE hails from the country of razor-backs—he says—and he left with the strains of the town band ringing in his ears. But he lost all identity with the home town after he had smeared stencil ink all over himself. They must make men back there, because he has turned every thing he touched into success and is considered quite savvy. He even wears a life-saver medal on his bathrobe and numerals on his sweater.

Though Binney is quite serious he has a passion for jazz and the joke about the speck which can be seen from both sides. He also dotes on the art of Coles Philips and he has it plastered all over his locker. He can out-argue any Irishman and never lacks a subject. Interest else-where keeps him from the ranks of the vicious snakes but he's almost too good looking to waste.

For a friend and roommate he can't be beaten. A man with ability who works hard looks like success. Give 'em hell, Binney.

Class Water Polo Squad (3, 2, 1);  
Numerals (2);  
Glee Club (3);  
Class Basketball Squad (2, 1).





HENRY FREDERICKS WHITE, JR.  
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND  
"Venus" "Molly" "Freddie"

"OH, you great big handsome man!" This may with propriety be termed "when words fail" for what better can one find than the above caption befitting so great a personage? What better picture could we gain from that noted cognomen Venus?

Recently we learn of the discovery of a prehistoric monster supposedly of the Paleozoic era which we were prone to believe was long since past. But further research would disprove this mistaken identity, for surely 'twas only one Venus. 'Tis no wonder they should want to reduce the Navy for who would want to feed a dinosaur.

Nevertheless our Venus is musical. Can we ever forget that figure behind the footlights of Mahan Hall? And that ain't all. Between Juice and Bridge, Venus chose Bridge and became demagnetized. But that meant nil for him, for the all highest Ac board gave Steve Brodie another chance. He can "parley" like a fool and some day we may meet him gracing the embassy at Paris. Here's hoping.

*Crew Squad (4);  
Class Lacrosse Squad (3);  
Class Water Polo (2);  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Glee Club (2, 1);  
Expert Rifleman.*



SHELTON CORNELL ZERN  
MACOMB, ILLINOIS  
"Tubba" "Momma" "Grandma"  
"Shelt"

"BLANKET—blank, blank!" Crash!!!  
"Yea, Mama! Do it again."

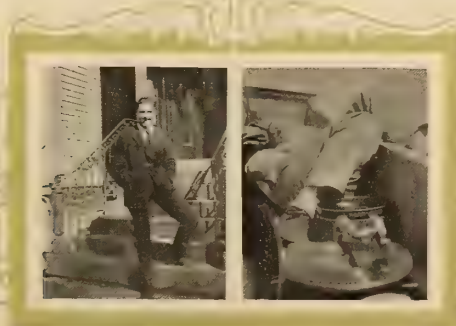
Thus did Shelt disclose to the public at large the intricacies of the famous Zern flop which has mystified many of our present day satellites. The originator, however, stated that the performance was a faux pas on his part and refused us the rare privilege of a repetition.

Zeno was one of the first to arrive Plebe summer and since that time has steadily risen to the ranks of the biggest men of his class. Perhaps he owes his expansive qualities to the embalming business back in the metropolis of Illinois. He has shown himself very versatile; football, swimming, and track proving fruit for his athletic prowess. Savvy too, and admits it.

A member of the "gabby gang" of the 8th squad on the "Kansas" Second Class cruise, he has shown himself a good shipmate as well as a classmate and we wish him the best of luck.

"Have you heard the latest?"

*Football Squad (4, 3);  
Class Football (2, 1);  
Class Track (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Class Swimming (3, 2, 1);  
Expert Rifleman.*





HAROLD DAVID KRICK  
 RICHMOND, INDIANA  
 "Kreek" "Dave"

ABOVE we have Mrs. Grundy's husband. Conventional? Why, a cap over one ear or "High water" trou cause him the most acute distress; and as to what to do if you drop your partner on the ball-room floor—let the waiter pick her up and laughingly mention your gracefulness—he can give you full and complete data. Just between us, he's the guy who wrote that "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." Illustrated it, too; 'jever see him out risking his life and the crease in his trou taking "action" pictures?

He's a bit of an athlete, too—a tiny bit. It was while he was out playing soccer that an impish "flu" germ flew into his open, panting mouth, and resulted in pneumonia and a six-month's vacation in the Annapolis Institute for Tired Mids. May he continue to be a dancing bubble floating over the "dregs."

*Class Soccer (2, 1); Numerals (1);  
 Lucky Bag.*



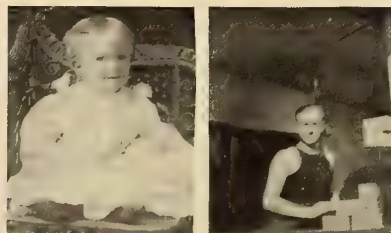
LAYTON ALLEN ZIMMER  
 ROCHESTER, NEW YORK  
 "Zim" "Whitey"

ZIM was one of those who fell by the wayside most unexpectedly, but destiny was kind to him and put him on his feet once more. It was the old, old story of that intangible something which beckons to us all, which makes us hate to leave the service we love to support and be a part of. Zim was filled with good intentions, but like most such cases,—intentions were all they ever became. The Academics were not easily conquered by him and they kept him pretty busy.

At first we thought he was going to be a confirmed Red Mike for during his first three years we seldom saw him at a hop. However, his later years saw big changes and he became a snake of the true type. If you want some advice, ask him, for he has seen it from both sides.

Zim's chief asset is his avoirdupois, of which he has plenty!

*Class Water Polo (2).*





WILLIAM CONRAD LEMLY  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Bill" "Red" "Lem" "Maudlin"

"NOW if I were Methusaleh, I know what I'd do. Why man, they wouldn't need a Vols-tead Act by the time my turn to die came along." Conscientious? N'est-ce pas? He won the Company Paddle Plebe year for conscientiously refraining from following the straight and narrow, and has followed in his own footsteps ever since.

"Say fellows, there is going to be a hop the first night of Leave." Ever hear that, or better still, ever go to one? If you haven't you have missed something, as Bill has thrown some mean ones. For where there's fun or trouble brewing you are always sure to find him, and usually at the bottom of it all. He has no worries.

Red's greatest ambition is to be different, and he follows out his system from dragging, when the only reg thing he wears is a collar button, (which he usually forgets), to athletics, where he has jumped about from boxing during Plebe year to his present day successes at poker. Following the same principle, he hopes soon to be wearing Forestry Green with a pair of wings, instead of Navy Blue.

- Boxing Squad (4);*
- Log Staff (3, 2, 1);*
- Associate Athletic Editor (1);*
- Lucky Bag Staff (Janitor);*
- Rifle Squad (2);*
- Class Water Polo (2, 1);*
- Smoke Hall Committee (1);*
- Gymkhana Committee (1);*
- P. A. List;*
- Black N\*\*.*



THOMAS BOWMAN WHITE  
MOUNT CARMEL, ILLINOIS  
"T. B." "Tom" "Bump" "Whitey"

JUST look at that hair, girls, isn't he irresistible? In his early naval career he was a fast worker, always returning with all fingers laden with rings. But of late, after several unofficial trips to Washington Barracks, he has turned his attentions to the fairer sex of the Army.

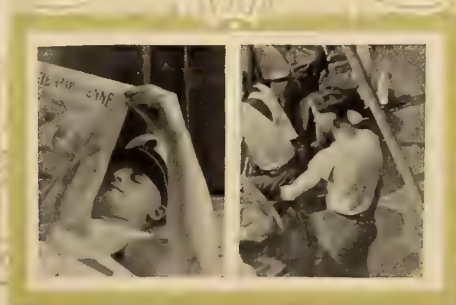
T. B. is a charter member of the Royal Society in more ways than one. He musters a platoon like he plays bridge; and when it comes to training Plebes, his ways are those of the Prussian Lieutenant.

Careless but careful—that's him! With his versatility and doubtfully heavy line, he is a good asset for any undertaking. Being too easy going to be bothered, he has not gone out much for athletics. However, Plebe year he made the class basketball team, and put out some speedy work as a forward.

We have often wondered how he identified his valuable possession out of the safe at the Commodore Hotel. How about it, T. B.?

"Just for that I won't let you dance with my girl at the June Ball."

- Class Basketball (4);*
- Rifle Squad (4, 3, 2); RNAT;*
- Class Track (3, 2, 1);*
- Class Rifle (3, 1);*
- Lucky Bag;*
- Black N.*





EARL FRED JENKINS  
OWOSSO, MICHIGAN  
"Earline" "Tubba"

"HEY, Mister, where are you from?"  
"Owosso, sir." "What the—! Says which? Say, let's hear you sneeze that again."

When Jenks wasn't explaining, that Owosso was "near Lansing", he was trying to fathom the mysterious wherefores of "la belle langue." "It is historical fact that our Tubba perched high on every single Dago tree from the beginning of Ac year until the Army game. After that it was only every other tree.

But little things like re-exams and Christmas trees never worried Earline. "I've fooled 'em once, and I'll fool 'em again." He did.

Like all large men, Jenks has his failings. He doesn't smoke, and on Second Class cruise, we found he "didn't like the taste of champagne." But women! Ah, that's where Tubba stars! Ask him. Ask him also, about the time one of them floored him, after which he called himself a Red Mike.

After all, Tubba's a good old thing. The future? Well, he has fooled us before. Maybe he will fool us again.

"Maurice et moi comme cela!"

Class Soccer (2, 1);  
Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).



KENNETH MANSON MCLAREN  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON  
"Mac" "Pop" "Whitey"  
"Savvy"

"HEY Pop, show me how to work this dammed Prob." "Fruit! See, it's like this. What! didn't the book get that answer? Must be the book is wrong." We wonder if they make 'em all like that in Seattle. White-headed and savvy. Ever notice how he has induced a couple of the coveted planets to perch upon his collar?

"Now my idea of perpetual motion is 'Ain't we got fun' on the Vic." If you had seen him on the road to Cintra you sure would have wondered what was winding him up.

Sh-h-h! Secret! Pop's a Lady Killer! Until Youngster June Week he was the best Red Mike ever, but then he got his start and has been off ever since. Ask the Plebe who tried to teach him to dance.

"Hey fellows, when the old Navy busts up let's go to South America and make a million!"

Good luck to you, Pop, we're with you.

"Please, Anne, can I have a drink of water?"

Star (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Lucky Bag Staff;  
Log Staff (2);  
Crew Squad (4, 3, 2).





CABELL GWATHMEY  
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA  
"Cabell" "Tarzan" "Count"

"GEE, I wonder who's got any chow, I'm meurin' de faim."

Having been born in the well known port of Norfolk, it was inevitable that the Navy should be blessed with this bouncing young chow hound.

He received a late start Plebe year on account of an operation on his gonk. That operation accounts for the fact that he has such anthropoidal instincts—always to be found perched in the higher branches of some tree. His most well known expression is "Judas Priest, but I bilged most completely today."

Cabell is never happier than when he is violently chastising some unfortunate individual who happened to fall into his clutches when he was feeling the call of the wild. He is indeed a throwback to the primitive cave man or else a reversion to type—see Darwin.

He claims to be a Red Mike or at least nothing more than a yeast-cake eater—but he certainly charms the weaker sex. They simply can't resist him. He has a scintillating line and when he puts on his tortoise shell spectacles and brushes his eyebrows, Adonis himself would be out of the running.

"What's that? Stand by for inspection? Tell 'em I'm down at the store."

*Class Lacrosse (3, 2, 1);  
Masquerader Stage Gang (4).*



HAROLD WILSON NORTHCUTT  
NEW LONDON, MISSOURI  
"Savvy" "Gadget"

FROM the unknown wilds of the Middle State this mental prodigy came to follow the call of the sea. Why he did has always been a question. It is rumored that he was a "oiseau" on the farm before the spirit moved him to the U. S. N. A. In fact, he carried off the honors in the form of a couple of Croix-de-Guerre, a Victory Medal, and three Bull Durham tags at a grain judging contest while still an infant.

Savvy became so enamored of the "Black Gang" on his cruises that it is now his favorite topic of conversation. Get him started sometime and you will soon find out how he always secured complete control and waves on high a triumphant slice-bar every watch. "That's nothing—why one time on a four to eight—," and he is off.

Having burst out in all his glory, Savvy will make his "N" crossed-serpents in tea-fighting if the numerous rough-houses he gets into do not ruin his complexion.

*Masquerader Stage Gang (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Star (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Stage Manager (1);  
Silver Masqued N (2);  
Gold Masqued N (1);  
Class Basketball (3).*





MAXWELL HOWARD MIZELL  
*"Muzzle" "Phil"*

WHEN Muzzle entered the sacred halls of this institution he cast aside all former desires of becoming famous in the medical profession, and settled down to the job of fitting himself for a naval officer. For a long time it seemed that he would succeed in outwitting the Ac Department, but they scored. Whereupon he was lost from the rolls of '22, but where they lost we won, and have with us a conscientious, diligent worker.

During the time he was on the great outside he again yielded to the call of the sea. Three weeks after leaving our midst he became third mate in the Merchant Marine. For seven months he made regular trips and return to the principal cities on the east coast of South America. After having crossed and re-crossed that famous line which marks the realms of "Father Neptune", he decided that the sea was to be his future home; so when he received notice that he could return to the Academy he left the S. S. Huron. As a result Phil is still among us, and it is our sincere hope that he will always remain.



WILLIAM STANISLAUS KURTZ  
 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA  
*"Bill" "Chykke" "Red"*

"WHERE in Hades are you from, Brick Top?"  
 "Philadelphia—That's all, Sir!"

But, kind reader, on perusing the above please do not form the erroneous impression that because Bill hails from the Quaker city there is a quiet decorous chap. On the contrary there are few spots among the bright lights with which he is unfamiliar. Nature in giving him his red hair and absorbing bluish-grey eyes has shown characteristic indifference to the sufferings of women. After falling for "Dear Billie" himself, they sink deeper on hearing his ever ready effervescing Navy Line. Witness:—"Oh Mr. Kurtz, are you an athlete?" "Yes indeed, I am a two letter man, I am (NA)." No, not a snake but once in a while he graces a hop with his presence.

Bill has ever cleared the Academic shoals, thanks to an excellent memory.

Though his unmarred physiognomy may not betray it, Bill is a "pug"; for he has one of those sweet dispositions generally accredited to Irishmen.

"What, only one shirt?"

"Hell's fire, gypt again. How many, Ole Deah?"

*Star (4, 3, 2);*

*Boxing Squad (4, 3, 2, 1);*

*NA, BNAT.*







DANIEL NEWMAN CONE, JR.  
 WHITE SPRINGS, FLORIDA  
 "Speed" "Dan" "Ice-Cream"

HERE is the original Southern Gentleman, the one man who has scored in his own mind full thirty conclusive victories over the North, born and bred in the sunny state of the Everglades.

Aside from being a blamed good sport and classmate, he has been at the top in class swimming, and as for track—just watch the hurdles fall as he goes by 'em. But he was always there to lend a hand.

His swimming he started with his baptismal swim in the good old Swanee, and since then he's only come up for air twice. First time was to consume slum, and consumed explains all that is necessary. The second was to snake, this time taking every hop that ever took place at the old U. S. N. A. Bricks? Yes, frequently, as blind drags were a favorite. But he's got the habit, and once he starts to dance, the poor dears are powerless.

Not wooden nor savvy he rolls along with us all, reading his mail each day from—and we wish him luck in—Georgia.

*Class Swimming (3, 2);  
 Class Track (2).*



JOHN PLYMPTON LARIMORE  
 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA  
 "Larry" "J. P." "Plimp"  
 "Tiste" "John Paul" "Diz"

FAITH, hope, and love, and the greatest of these is love—at least Larry thinks so and he ought to know.

No! Romeo is not a snake, but his greatest failing is a deplorable weakness for fair Helen's stock. Not savvy, neither is he wooden. Actively speaking, he has contributed at various times to a little of everything, not to mention the Sub Squad. His latest despair in the aquatic line is the discovery that he is unlike the porpoise and the flying fish, inasmuch as he cannot surface dive.

Our hero from the home of "Pillsbury's Best" was probably not born under a lucky star. If so it was a falling star for Jawn's life has been full of falls, ranging from falls off horses, skates, side cleaners, stages etc.—to the one great fall in his life. Though the imp of ill luck has pursued him through these four years, we hope that the jinx will lay off and that hereafter tough luck will be for Larry as "Quoth the Raven, Nevermore."

*Class Tennis (4, 3).*





ARTHUR AINSLEY AGETON  
PULLMAN, WASHINGTON  
"Aggie" "Art" "Whitie"

"SIBI say say; so sayeth my father and my father's father, for I am a Suzah of the Imperial House of Nadu." Thus speaks our own professional hypnotist, Aggie. No relation, however, to Aggie de Castra, made famous by Kipling. Not that Art counsels anyone to "learn about women from him." Far from it. After long association with the more dangerous sex he admits that they are too much for him. He isn't a Red Mike, but the thought of ever providing a meal ticket for one of the sweet things sets up all sorts of negative reactions in his soul.

Faces can't be judged by the pictures White puts out. Arthur admits that "he may not look like much as a midshipman, but he was good-looking as a cit." He has pictures to prove it.

His sidelines have been few, chiefly class football and literary endeavors. His idea of heaven will probably be service in the Pacific Fleet, out there near God's Country.

*Class Football (3, 2);  
Class Track (2);  
Sub Squad (3).*



JOHN EDWARD CURRY  
GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Jack" "Solitaire" "Horse-Face"

"FROM the halls of Montezuma  
To the Shores of Tripoli."

Out of tune to this stirring hymn, Jack, the Gyrene, came marching into our midst.

It was not long before he had declared his views on any and all subjects within reach, and had silenced all who made bold to disagree.

His great failing is solitaire—hence the name. Many a study hour has he patiently devoted to it—"where in h—l is that ace of spades?"

Jack can't be called a snake, but upon occasion he can heave a mean and wicked line to the right sort of a girl. His code is all his own. "Love 'em and leave 'em, that's me."

"Dust thou art, to dust returneth" may not have been written for him, but "from the Marine Corps he came, to the Marine Corps he returneth," suits Jack from the ground up. We may expect to find him some day in Quantico teaching others the "squads right" he learned there himself.

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*





HARRY ROBERTS CARSON, JR.  
ANCON, CANAL ZONE  
"Kit"

THE man with ready information on any subject from hunting iquanas and kinkajous to the sequence of watch officers. Just ask him something.

In 1913—a mere stripling—he left the state of Louisiana and went to live in the Canal Zone. In two years the Panama Canal was in working order and a great success.

His training Plebe year in the art of how to "Bow and Smile" has stood him in good stead, because he never got over it.

Kit surely wields a relentless saber and has shown us his ability on many occasions. As to his being a snake, he is not guilty, though the spell has been broken on a very few occasions. He has a marked weakness for march records for his victrola, and yes! he will even lay down his beloved Bowditch to play a game of chess, but nevertheless he never does to lose.

"Now let's see—Double the angle on the bow, change the sign of the declination, take the reciprocal of the sum of the——"

"Yep! for once I got the juice prob."

Star (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Class Fencing (3, 2); Numerals (2);  
Class Sabre Champion (4, 3, 2);  
FNAT (2).



HAROLD DOE  
CHINA, MAINE  
"Jawn"

HERE'S the man who put China on the map; China, Maine. Also, he is one Maine-iac who does not indulge in the "Baa Haabor" drawl.

John has enlivened his time at the Naval Academy by semi-occasional serenades given down the side corridors of the 4th wing. His repertoire ranges from the "Famous King of England" to the "Lost Chord." The cornet is another of his accomplishments, and when he plays taps, even the radiator knocks off work for the day.

His attitude towards All-Academics is evinced by his remark on return from a Juice exam, in which it was optional which of the two given problems should be worked: "Well, guess I fooled the department this time; I didn't work either." However, his first hand knowledge of Steam Engineering, gained when chipping evaps on the cruise, has played him in good stead, so that when "Vicious" came down with his habitual "Yeah"?, he was able to knock the section cold with a "Sure". And with his grin he got by with it.

Sub Squad (2).





LEON NELSON BLAIR  
 OGDENSBURG, NEW YORK  
 "La" "Chief" "Leon"  
 "Shorty"

STOP,—don't pass this page. Just gaze on the reproduction of this famous member of the 40%. Isn't he manly looking? Why, a whole mess outfit could be laid out on his square chin.

Snake?—Nix! He is a has-been now. Of course there is a reason: Some while ago, people say, a golden haired gold brick hit Crabtown. Why she even wore gilt shoes at the hop that evening and proceeded to cover everyone with gold. The next day the Department of Construction missed a few of those precious gadgets called bricks. No one has to tell you where they were.

Would you believe all of these things about a person who hails from "Noo York"? Well, you will have to, for he hails from that BIG village of Ogdensburg. Ever hear of it? No! Well, just ask Leon—he will tell you all about it.

Plebe chorus:—"Fruit for us, gentlemen, fruit."

*Expert Rifleman.*



JULIAN JOSEPH LEVASSEUR  
 MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE  
 "Frenchy" "Shavetail" "Francois"  
 "Baldy"

SNAKY,—No. Just Frenchie! Bricked,—No. Never.

How come? Why, he has the eyes of Venus, the characteristics of Pan, the figure of Apollo, the line of Themistocles, and a beard like Father Neptune's. Poet, Statesman, Sea-lawyer, such is this Mexican Athlete of the modern century. Can he swim? Yes, just like a sand turtle. Drill? Little doubt about it. He has four hash marks for service on the excused squad. Plebes?

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder  
 Presence makes it grow warmer."

Love? Just a few extracts from the daily letters—"You tell Frenchie that he can certainly shake a wicked leg but I'll forgive him this time." "And I dreamt that we drifted unto the pale moonlight through the Golden Gate into the Paradise of the Pacific." Also—

Invites seven girls to one hop and four accept.

Results—?????????

Such is he.

*Wrestling B Squad (4, 3);  
 Rifle Squad (4, 3);  
 Expert Rifleman.*





LOUIS MARTIN FABIAN  
BUTTE, MONTANA  
"Fabe" "Lew-eye"

AT first sight Lewie's manly beard, in which he takes an inordinate pride, strikes fear into the hearts of the deadlier sex with faint reminiscences of the cavemen. Upon short acquaintance, however, in some propitious locality their tremblings turn to delightful and palpitating quivers of anticipation.

He is a denizen of the Log office, partly from an inexplicable and noble craving for work, but mainly because of his desire to maintain his "rep" as the official dope hound of the regiment. "Got some straight dope, fellows," and we all stand by to capsize our thumbs.

Fabe is always among those to break the ice in the pool—in fact, when he left, the sub squad voted him a loving cup in grateful appreciation of his services.

His pet antipathy is Wild West movies and the star to which he hitches his Ford is "Wine, WOMEN and Song" without the wine and song.

*Business Manager the Log;*  
*Log Staff (4, 3, 2);*  
*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*



WALTER FRANCIS BURNS, JR.  
LARCHMONT, NEW YORK  
"Walt" "Bobby"

SAY girls! Look what we have here! He is indeed our little class baby. But even though he is so young you'd better watch your step. Will he bite? No, only snakes bite, and he's a boa-constrictor of the most ferocious type. He'll charm you with that disarming smile, hold you enthralled with that "Skin you love to touch" complexion and then crush you to death with his potent line. For, in a few words, he's "been there." Gay Paree was his early stamping grounds and even now holds no mysteries for him.

Is he cultured? Say, there's just where you've hit his strong point. An ardent student of Capt. Billy's, and the Cosmo, and all other modern classics.

A traveller? Of course! He travels under the table, daily, for his indiscreet table humor.

Fate has played him wrong in her lottery of blind drags. He holds a perfect score of 4.0—Four bricks out of four blind drags.





WILLIAM ALGER BOWERS  
SEVIERVILLE, TENNESSEE  
"Clipper" "Benny"  
"Benedictine"

"NOW the Mountaineers have ragged ears" sang Clipper often during Plebe year, in the old 9th Company. He was in frequent demand then, not alone for his song-bird proclivities, but as "Whitney's" chief-of-staff. Regularly, at 9:30 every night, the cries for Clipper would sound over the Ground Deck, and Algy would have to impersonate a Tennessee jack rabbit to comply with all the demands for his presence.

The result of such strenuous exercise is that now anyone entering Clipper's room after 8:15 p.m. will find him curled up on his bed successfully imitating a possum. And he still manages to glide as elusively as ever between the various Academic bushes.

If desirous of "seeing all the sights" after an Army-Navy game in New York, just join Clipper's party; in fact, that way you stand a good chance of seeing everything double. Clipper's friends are as numerous as his quasi-sobriquets, and Avery alone can give anyone an adequate impression of the infinite variety of the latter.

*Masked N (3);  
Sub Squad (2).*



LAURENCE EGBERT HURD  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK  
"Laurie" "Slim" "Savvy"  
"L. E." "Lee"

WHEN it comes to a question of whether a watt equals a joule per second or not, a consultation with Laurie or Bullard will clinch the matter.

Having spent part of his youth as an electrician of Uncle Sam, Hurd comes to us a salt. With his great fondness for water he endeavored to convince Dick that he was the man to fill a place on the crew squad. Being unable to accomplish this he diverted his attention to track, specializing in the two mile.

Laurie has defeated all aggressions from the Academics with utmost ease, and is even willing to spend part of his study hour explaining the lesson.

Coming from Brooklyn we naturally expected big things, and in this case all expectations have been fulfilled.

Speaking of girls, Laurie is accounted as wonderful in their minds. "Look out, L. E. or you will have an early finish." Hurd is a friend on whom one can depend and whom we are all glad to say we know.

"Hey, Irishman, set sail on the butter."

*Class Track (3);  
Track Squad (2, 1); NA (2).*





GEORGE EDWARD TAYLOR  
BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Brute"

FATHER decided to give one of his sons to his country and George drew the slip. Coming to us "an ignorant Southerner," the passing of the years has turned him into the primitive primeval cave man. Somebody called him "Brute" and he has tried to live up to his formidable title ever since. That is, in—conversation.

Why Brute? Ever seen him on the flying rings? Take a look at those shoulders. Or, better still, hear him play his saxophone; both are brutal.

Snake? His loves have been few since the most wonderful girl in the world married a chap from—tall, good-looking, and rich. In none of which he could compete. So he's ready to fall for the first female who can listen to him and sympathize.

George possesses all two of the Southern Gentleman's qualifications, and plays the saxophone besides. What more can a girl want?

*Black N\*\*;*  
*Gym Squad (3, 2, 1); GNT (2);*  
*Jazz Band (4, 3, 2, 1).*



JAMES CASIMIR GUILLOT  
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN  
"Jim" "Jimmie" "Guee-yo"

NO, he isn't as hard as he looks. May I introduce the King of the Quinzes and ratey member of the Radiator Club. Cozy? No, that's too mild. The usual 9:30 refrain—"Will you fellows get off my bed? I want to caulk."

Jimmy and his bed are one and inseparable, including hop time, liberty time, fire drill—it doesn't matter. Petite sweetness, ruby lips, pretty eyes, pearly teeth, and exquisite form have no charms for Jimmy. And yet he isn't a confirmed Red Mike. Only in spells, seemingly as part of the course, he drags. Heavy. Only six at a time. They called him Cupid once.

Our hero from Pontiac is rather a quiet little fellow (one, two, and—) perhaps because it's an effort to talk, but when he does speak something usually bursts forth. His dry humor always brings a mirthful response from the "gang".

Jeems is among the immortals. Listen:  
"Say, somebody's got to be a spectator, and as for getting strong to protect the family (looking ahead) why not marry a strong woman? What say, Clipper?"  
"Taps, he's off!"

*Sub Squad (2).*





FREDERIC STANTON WITHINGTON  
DES MOINES, IOWA  
"Freddie" "Daddy"

**F**EARLESS Freddie, frank and free,  
Talks to the Com for you and me;  
Wails for copy, works all night,  
Does lots of things and does them right;  
Wades through pages, walks to class,  
Helps his wooden classmates pass;  
Wears a star, waxing brighter,  
Makes more friends and holds them tighter;  
Wooing wisely, wondering perchance  
If he'll find some Cherubic countenance;  
Warden of many, warning Ike,  
A fellow you can't help but like;  
Worlds of patience, vision true,  
Gets results that always do;  
Wardroom will welcome this fellow we'll miss,  
When Withington leaves our vale of bliss;\*  
But he's wary now of life's mad whirl  
For he learned women's wiles but lost his girl!

\*Author's note: literary history made by using  
"miss" without rhyming with "Kiss."

*Editor Lucky Bag;*  
*Class Secretary (1);*  
*Sub Squad (2);*  
*Star (4, 2).*



HERBERT ALEXANDER NIEMYER  
HAMLET, NORTH CAROLINA  
"Ike"

**N**O one ever found out the wherefor of his universal nickname. It just is, although even his prominent ears fail to identify him with the money-changers.

He possesses a rare gift of gab, and has originated more than one addition to the dictionary of Naval Academy Slang. "The air, Mac!" Many a time and oft he has sent George and the rest of the boys into hysterics with that nasty line. It's only necessary to stick a cigarette in his face, his guitar in his hand, and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" in his mouth. He does the rest.

His beef has come in handy in football, water polo, and baseball. He has held down a seat on various training tables right manfully, and has known the honor of facing the Army.

With those shoulders he can always be sure of a steady job juggling pianos, but that powerful line should lift him at least to the exalted honor of barking for a side show. As he himself would say, "Guid Steef!"

*Football Numerals (5, 4);*  
*Baseball (5, 4, 3, 2, 1);*  
*Baseball N(3); N\*(2);*  
*Water Polo Squad (3); WNAP;*  
*Chairman Class Supper Committee;*  
*Ring Master Gymkhana (2);*  
*Black N\*\*.*







FRANCIS ELLIOTT SHOUP, JR.  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
"Frankie" "Scaley" "Ferdinand"  
"Scuttlebutt"

**D**AZZLED by visions of a life on the rolling, restless, ceaseless sea, Frankie, upon a rainy Friday, thirteenth, took his vows and retired from the world. This ominous date meant nothing, however, for he immediately ascended from the ranks to a high position of authority involving command of men though, alas, his rise resembled that of the well-known elevator boy and he went straight to the bottom again upon the occasion of a bombing expedition on unsuspecting mess mokes.

The remark often heard "Frankie could star if he would work" shows his uncanny ability to fool the Profs without the slightest efforts of study. He is not lazy—far from it—but he believes that efficiency consists of saving every bit of unnecessary energy for possible emergencies.

His four successful years on the tennis team prove that this love of ease and comfort has not impeded his progress in the athletic world.

"Now if I was in Texas I would have whiskey for breakfast, but here I have to drink milk."

*Tennis Squad (4, 3, 2, 1); TNT (3, 2, 1);  
Black N\*\*\*.*



HORACE CLOVIS ROBISON  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
"Robi" "Tex" "Ergs"

**B**ILGED again—drew the only slip in the lesson I couldn't bat." So runs the pessimistic refrain. According to Robi he is always ratey man on the Ac dept's "cit" list.

He'd rather argue than eat and he takes on all comers on any subject whatsoever at the diurnal meetings of the Radiator Club. His sarcastic line gets away big with the ladies, and his three specifications for the ideal drag are justly famous. He even acquired the title of the "Perfect Lover" on the momentous occasion when he was ragged in a situation which would have made Romeo weep bitter tears of pure envy.

His favorite pastime is the pursuit of leisure, and, though handicapped by the powers that be, is fairly successful at it. He conserves each little erg like a miser clutches a handful of mildewed nickels.

"In the old days before prohibition in Texas, when a man reached for his hip everybody stood from under, but now you can't tell whether it's a threat or a promise."

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*





CLAUDE BURTON REESE  
ANGOLA, INDIANA  
"Bennie" "Bun" "Reez"  
"Hoosier"

"YOU can't grow alfalfa on a race track" states this all too proud son of the Hoosier state whenever the oft repeated question arises as to his conspicuous absence of dome fur. But being naturally stubborn he has refused to give up and puts great faith in Herpicide.

By much untiring effort, we have cured him of the traits acquired from a boyhood behind the plow until now—but just ask the girls about him, for the hearts he hasn't broken must be frozen anyway.

Because of his passion for Lady Fatima, his Youngster year was one of suspense, being one of those unfortunates who agonized us with the "Probation Blues."

His modest and retiring disposition brought him first to our notice. His gentlest whisper was like a thunder-storm, and when he laughs—just stand clear of falling buildings. But now that we know him we would be lost without his persistent noise.

Loving the Red Book rather than fame, his athletic career has been limited to class lacrosse, but just let some of his opponents tell of that.

"Come on gang—just heard a new one—"

Class Basketball (4, 3);  
Class Lacrosse (2, 1).



GEORGE ADRIAN DUSSAULT  
LITTLE FALLS, NEW YORK  
"Goat" "Mouse" "Duke"

THIS dashing, young, two-in-one edition of Apollo and Beau Brummel combined, known to his intimates as "Goat," comes to us from the Empire state, where everything can be found, bought or grown. To hear this "son of the sea" rave about his home state would almost lead us to believe that New York had a monopoly on the seven wonders of the world, but we can't help wondering why so perfect a state should choose to send such an opposite into the far southland as a representative of its manhood. But here he is, and we try to make the best of it, although his main topic, the charms of his O. A. O., at times causes us to writhe, tear our hair and reach for the mallet.

In spite of the aforementioned attributes of a snake that Goat possesses, he has never let the wiles of the fairer sex tear him away from the one at home, except in one or two rare cases, all of which are almost too painful to mention. In his Academic career, he has limited his athletic activities to the milder form that is so familiar to habitués of the '23 Lucky Bag Office.

"Ring me up another Bock ul, garcon—skall!"

Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Class Lacrosse (2, 1).





JOHN AVERY  
SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Jawn" "Jack"

**WHAT!** That man afflicted with that blank Norse appearance? Why that's "Jawn," just plain "Jawn" to all of us. Yes, he does look rather pugnacious, but a barking dog never bites.

You see John came to us from out the land of beans and brains at a still tender age. By necessity he soon lost his youthful appearance and bewildered the Ac Departments, as well as ourselves with his knowledge.

A persistent pesterer, he has always kept us on edge. On several occasions his playfulness has reached such a pitiable point that several Mattewan inspectors have just passed him by.

Being athletically inclined, John had no trouble with Bully's Pants Hangers. In fact he has made good as a hustler and achieved numerals in boxing.

On Naval topics he is in a class by himself, and has often proved himself an invaluable information bureau.

"What, a pink letter for me? Oh, man! She loves me."

*Class Football (4, 1);  
Hustlers (3, 2);  
Class Boxing (2); Numerals;  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Class Lacrosse (3, 2, 1).*



JOHN VALDEMAR PETERSON  
OMAHA, NEBRASKA  
"Pete" "J. V." "Baltimore"

**H**ERE is a proposition that even Einstein or Edison might hesitate to tackle. Those of us who know Pete, know that we know him in a very indefinite way. The first thing that you would guess wrong about Valdy is his attitude towards the ladies. If you call him a snake you will be wrong because he can show the utterest lassitude towards demonstrating any interest over the fair sex. If you say he is a Red Mike he will show you just how a cold forty ought to be dragged. Just about the time that you think he is going to prove a shining light in athletics, he'll revert to the adoration of Lady Fatima. And when you think he is about to glue himself to the radiator, he'll sail out and pull some class team out of a rut.

Pete is a consistent plugger whenever the Dago Department doesn't have topside on him. But after his little seven month trip back to the farm, he has had the French Profs hollering for mercy.

"Let's go, fellows, I know where there's a good Scotch Importer!"

*Hustlers (5);  
Class Football (3);  
Class Baseball (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Sub Squad (3).*





JOHN PAUL BARKER BARRETT  
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA  
"John Paul" "John" "Buck"  
"Felix" "Paul" "J. P. B."  
"Babe" "Pablo" "Pete"

WHO could mistake those legs? Divine products of an original contour. It is even said that he entered our gates in knickers—so loathe was he to cover them up.

Our little Doctor has oftentimes been on the very ragged edge. Extremely ragged. What with the Ac Department and the Pants-Hangers, he has experienced many struggles, but more power to him—he has always fooled them.

And he doesn't play golf. No, bridge is his favorite game. His only difficulty lies in the fact that he insists upon trumping his partner's ace. However, he is a jolly old joker but—he never did anything in the right way in his life.

"This stuff gives me a headache—I think I'll snatch a nap."

*Anchor Man (3).*



WILLIAM THOMPSON PEARCE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Billy"

BILLY is a perfect gentleman, well behaved and absolutely correct always, and it's quite the thing to always have a little something—it makes things so much jollier.

Playing a charming ingenue in the Masqueraders Second Class year he was a knockout. He plays all roles with equal success, too, for he made his stage debut as a lady of color in the famous or rather infamous, Fourth Batt. show—"Here I come, Parson."

He is exceedingly well known in "Gas-House Gang" circles and always a shining light at Bill Lemly's far-famed parties. As a jazz-bo dancer he is without a peer whether his partner be Charlie Kegan or Irene Castle. It was a bitter blow when Irene turned him down the night of the Army-Navy game, but since the return of our long lost Vics the wound has healed, and now he listens rapturously to the dusky Mamie Smith without a thought of Irene.

"I knew if I married you, you'd beat me."

*Log (4);  
Masqueraders (3, 2);  
Musical Club Show (2).*





KENNETH DAVID McCracken  
PAXTON, ILLINOIS  
"Mac" "K. D." "Kenny"

"SAY, when you're introduced to a blonde and a brunette at the same time, which do you speak to first? I'm going to a real party this leave and I don't want to make any bust." Culture, that's Mack's middle name. He started out to acquire it when he politely offered his hand to the nurse on his initial birthday. He soon decided that Illinois corn fields were no fit background for his talents, and selected Navy blue and gold as more appropriate. Since then his heavy line has been doing itself justice, and more than once he has demonstrated that it is possible to get out of the most delicate situation quite gracefully, though the details are often too terrible for print. Ask him for his guaranteed drawing-room method for restoring relations with Paris. As for the charmers, Kenny seemed immune until a certain Christmas leave from which he came back raving. From that time he has been such a snake that he hides on St. Patrick's day.

"Now that's all right, but—"

*Log Board (1);  
Mandolin Club (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Y. M. C. A. Director (2, 1);  
Star (2).*



HENRY WARNER DUSINBERRE  
WELLSBORO, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Dusy" "Oswald" "Hank"

"A WHOOP, a bang!" It's Dusy, a smile from ear to ear, built from the ground up, ready for a frolic or a fray. Our electrical wizard, we don't see how that egg in his cap holds so much practical knowledge, ideas and inventions.

Dusy's at home in two places; in a bo's'n's chair way up by the tower-clock, setting the Masquerader sign to right, or on the waste-basket in a crowded room. You win, dear reader, if he doesn't come down with, "Say, fellows, you're all wrong."

Somebody, we've a good idea who, because Dusy like others has fallen, told him he could sing. He discovered the acoustic qualities of the second deck, and nightly the "agony trio" performs, its motto being "We can sing in any flat, if you'll only give us the key." Acoustics don't count.

When you want help, through thick and thin with a cheerful words and good advice, Dusy is there, a friend once, a friend ever.

"Say, Stud, coming out to the bridge this afternoon?"

*Masqueraders (3, 2, 1).*





STANHOPE COTTON RING  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
"Stan" "Stem" "Slim"

"ISN'T he handsome?" More than one person has remarked that when they first saw him, and it is no wonder, for, besides his beauty, this guy wears a constant smile. Savvy enough to let his academic worries take care of themselves, he devotes his time to forgetting them and enjoying life. Second Class cruise an injury to his knee effectively stopped his athletic career and relieved the lacrosse coach from worrying about "those terrible knock-knees." On the cruise he spends most of his time in the bag-alley or under some motor-sailer playing bridge on Sep leave terms and keeping score himself; it is rumored that he never loses.

A horrible snake, he seldom misses a hop, and no matter how badly his trusting friends may be bricked he always manages to have a good time. His worst fault is a passionate love for his own mandolin music, coupled with a desire to play for the benefit of all innocent bystanders on all occasions. Once he loses that habit his presence will be an asset to any company.

Log (4, 3);  
Class Lacrosse (4, 3);  
Boxing (4, 3).



CHARLES HUGO MOMM  
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT  
"Charlie"

CHARLIE is famous. The lowliest Plebes, all the D. O's, and most of the femmes within a radius of a couple of hundred miles know only too well that beaming countenance and carefree nature of his. Then, too, just let him tell you about the time he rescued the crowd of girls in the snow-bound W. B. & A. car, and you'll wonder why the account wasn't published in the paper back home.

As for his conquests in the Cruises—all Charlie does is to say the word and the women not only throw themselves at his feet but, judging from the appearance of his locker door, they shower him with photographs of the entire family and all the distant relations.

It's really a shame that the dear boy chose the Navy as a career, for as it is, all his charm and his knock 'em dead ways will go to waste on the briny, while they might be thrilling the flappers throughout the country—on the silver screen.

Almost any musical instrument finally succumbed to Charles' mastery, but ye Gods, during the period of succumbing!

"You know, I'm going to get a lot of fun out of this sax."

"Yeah—so do we?"

Class Football (3);  
Class Boxing (1a);  
A Squad Boxing (3, 2);  
Mandolin Club (3, 2, 1);  
Orchestra (1).





WALTER SHEPHERD SARGENT  
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Walt" "Walter" "C"

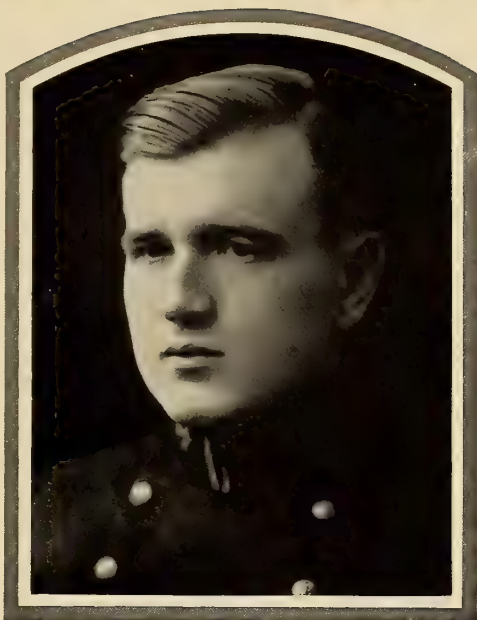
"YES, sir, Bah Hahbah. No, sir, I haven't shaved this morning." And so Cuckoo breezed in on us our Plebe Ac year. Not for a minute that he wasn't famous during the summer, for his celebrity really dates back to those prehistoric days at Schad's. However, Ac year is the real beginning of things, so we shan't dwell on previous happenings.

First we must insist that Walter is a good kid. There's no particular reason why he should object to being known as such, but—at first the boy tried to play the part of a Rouge Michel, but the women just wouldn't let him alone, so he decided to give them a treat. Knock 'em cold? Ye Gods, the boy is a regular Sheik, and when he drags, for once in his life he is free from the world's care. Just wafted into paradise, as 'twere. Nothing else.

Oh, and he's a linguist too. Verily, didn't he go into a restaurant at Martinique and order "desert" with a decidedly French accent, the garcon understanding him well enough to bring in a huge dish of ham and eggs.

Here's to you, Cuckoo, for we can't get around it. You're a good kid.

*Masqueraders (4, 3, 2); Silver N;  
Sub Squad (4);  
Log (4).*



HOWARD FRANCIS GREEN  
LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY  
"Old Man"

NOT dead, but sleepy and imbued with the habit of avoiding all semblance of work. He would rather walk extry duty bi-weekly than attempt to get the room out of the eternal state of gross disorder, and it's a gala day when he isn't late to at least three formations.

The Old Man is, however, an ardent lover of the less strenuous pastimes. He reads every magazine from Hot Dog to the Atlantic Monthly, and never lets a day slip by without a little workout at a bridge. He likes to play the role of a cast-in-the-rough Red Mike, but we just know that when he steps out all New York isn't big enough for him.

"Pop is easily satisfied, never rhino, and always hungry." A pack of Fats, something to read, and a place to rest—nothing more does he desire.

"I wish you boys would knock off; you annoy me."

*Sub Squad (4, 3);  
Expert Rifleman.*





JOHN KENNETH BURKHOLDER  
GINDER  
ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA  
"Gander" "Jawn"

**J**AWN hails from the banks of the blue Jumata, where, in his youth, he built locomotives, so if you would remain undisturbed don't let him get started on: "Now, when I was an electrician."

Jawn is a real snake. He started out early Youngster year to drag heavily, and it has been a cold day in Crabtown when he has missed a Hop since.

Second Class cruise he numbered HER letters in sequence, and it is still a matter of conjecture whether the last was 97 or 197.

Plebe year athletics claimed him, and he was a mainstay on the soccer team, but Youngster year and thereafter he refused to participate due to the fact that they didn't have any shoes small enough for him.

Jawn admittedly came in the Navy to follow in the footsteps of his brother, which fact became known to the D. O's "Ginder, huh—Have you a brother in '16?" "Yes, Sir"—"Well you're down!!"

Soccer Squad (4);  
Class Wrestling (2).



EDWIN RONALD PECK  
BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN  
"Ed" "Eric"

**T**HE "Crabs" call him "Ed", but the Skywegian dames know him as "Eric". With his light hair and lack of taste for water, he got away big in Norway. Knock-out with the women? Why girls, he has three Scandahoovians, two Portuguese, and one Spanish girl waiting for him, not to mention the ones who call him "Ed".

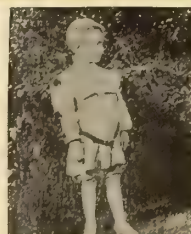
"Mr. Peck, just what are your intentions toward my daughter?" And Ed answered, "Honorable, but remote."

Now our "pugilist" came by the Navy in a peculiar way. Back in the Michigan podunk, Ed had, for an O. A. O. an undertaker's daughter, so he decided to be a doctor. Team work! But her heart cooled and, to end it all forever, he signed up with the Pampered Pets. Thanks to "HER".

Since being one he has won fame, numerals, and almost a cauliflower ear as a boxer, been cited as a typical Second Classman, and received a Regimental commendation for being in ranks once before late blast.

"Now when I was a movie operator—" Whoopee! he's off again.

Class Boxing (3, 2).







EDMUND WEBSTER EGBERT  
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK  
"Ed" "Rosey" "Eggy" "Baldy"

ROSY'S career here commenced about the second month of Youngster year when he went out for a black N star and won a shirt full. However, missing the Army game may have its advantages, especially when one gets Thanksgiving, Christmas and leave after the semi-anns. Not officially!

His sea service was blighted by a beautiful young crab, who brought him candy and cakes, and Wibby remained faithful ever since, developing into a snake of the highest order, yea verily, even of the variety that crawls out on Wednesdays.

Look him over, girls. His rosy cheeks, his dark, sleek hair, which by the way is getting thin in spots, and his line. It will make an English prof swear off and a circus barker turn up his toes.

New Yorkers, even those from Staten Island, can be hicks, so don't say much about the Army game of 1921 to him. Revenge came with Christmas leave, restoring him to good standing along the roaring forties.

"Hear the latest dope? I just heard out in town" —We know where.

*Crew Squad (4);  
Masqueraders (4);  
Black N\*\*\*\*\*.*



JOHN HURSTON PARROTT  
SMITHVILLE, TEXAS  
"Poll" "Polly"

POLLY" sounds like a bird, doesn't it? He is a bird but not of the ordinary specie of parrots. In fact, as far as talking goes, he is as much like a parrot as moonshine is like Haig and Haig. A joke is told about his lack of chin-music by a certain one of the fair sex who said she could never tell whether he was mad or tongue-tied.

But, what this Navy hasn't done to him. It's a shame! John's actually a cigarette fiend. Smoking privileges mean nothing to him. He comes into the room after breakfast; "Tendency in here? No? Well, let's smoke anyhow, close the transom."

His snakish tendencies are still in the background, as he has a record of having put his feet on a ball-room floor but once.

Polly, last but not least, is savvy. If proof is needed, didn't he learn the eye chart three years straight?

"Hey Ed; lend me your toothbrush, will you?"

*Crew Squad (4).*





JOHN PETER LEONARD SOWER  
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY  
"Peter"

**T**HIS boy with the many names truly upholds the reputation of the Blue Grass Region. He is an expert on fast horses, pretty women, and good liquor; the last quality being particularly in evidence in Kristiania.

When Peter came to us he was all for a certain young lady at home. But on Second Class cruise the awful letter arrived. Since then he has had no serious affairs, except once, when he nearly fell for his best friend's girl after an Army-Navy game.

John Peter first had trouble with Steam. That blew over, but the Math Department decided he needed the five year course. Since then he has been intermittently in hot water. A confirmed caulkhound, he has slept away many study hours.

Athletics are not in his line. Leonard is a shining light in the Radiator Club, able to discuss any subject or theory, wrapping his slow tongue delightedly around it.

"Hey Shoup, puttin' out?"

*Sub Squad (2).*



BALCH BEALL WILSON, JR.  
NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA  
"B. B."

"**W**HAZZIS, whazzis?"

Here we have the famous Balch Beall, regimentally known as B. B. The name B. B. just fits our hero—it seems to imply inquisitiveness, and Lawd he just gets into everything. Somehow or other he always manages to pry into the deep secrets of the future and get the dope long before anybody else.

B. B. came to us from the class of '21 and by virtue of his position he holds the record of being the most seagoing man in the class. He has seen service on all the crabs—including the Reina.

Plebe year our captain organized the class lacrosse team and because of this he forfeited his membership in the Radiator Club. Had it not been for this technicality he would have been a sterling member as he can talk for hours about nothing and has for two years belonged to the Fourth Battalion's most select bridge club.

"Here's to you B. B., —skoal!"

*Chairman Class Crest Committee;  
Class Ring Committee;  
Class Lacrosse (4, 3, 2, 1);  
Black N.*





JOHN JACOB JECKLIN  
NEWBURGH, NEW YORK  
"Jack" "Jeck"

"WHAT! Three days leave? Who's got a B. and O. time table? If I can get a train at 5:30 p.m. L. S. T., I will be in Grand Central at 11:25 D. L. S. T."

Yes, sir, Jeck lives to leave. He is not a snake but drags "within the law" just enough to exempt him from the ranks of the Red Mikes.

His way through the academy has not been a rose-strewn path, but the All-Academics have never scored a fall. Jeck, as an athlete has been handicapped by the weight requirements of the annual physical exams, for to "athlete" is to lose weight and he just can't spare it.

Jeck's entrance into the Plebe summer "regiment" was welcomed by a just presentation of two stripes. He filled the shoes of the Battalion Adjutant until the latter part of the summer when, because of undeniable connections with a "bombing plot," he was reduced to the ranks.

"Gee, if I was only in New York tonight!"



PHILIP RIPLEY COFFIN  
PORTLAND, MAINE  
"Joe" "Arthur" "Phil"

ALL shaved, a little bit of Herpicide, some Pussy Willow talcum powder, shoes shined, clothes brushed, and Phil is all ready for class. Phil just can't leave his room to go any place unless he is all slicked up and ye Gods!—when he drags—well the lady must like it. But as far as dragging goes Phil hasn't stepped out a great deal here, but he is by no means a Red Mike. To have that illusion taken out of your head all that is necessary is to hear him once—just hear him, that's all,—hear him tell of the Walton Roof or that little escapade at Tiajuana when he became non-reg and jumped ship.

Phil's athletic career has been limited to his daily work-outs in the gym, which he never fails to take, and then comes the work-out over the books at night. For Phil, like a great many others of us, has had to watch the game of the Academic Dept. pretty close—and if it was a question of work put on a subject Phil would be a star-man, for he sure do bone.

Rifle Squad (3).





HORATIO RIDOUT  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND  
"Horatio" "Fats"  
"Horace" "Pass" "Cleo"

SAV-EE-EE"—the door opens—"gotta skag?" and a cherubic, though somewhat elephantine being ambles in and deposits himself on the bed, thereby straining the springs far beyond their elastic limit. He then settles down with a yawn and a sigh whose proportions carry the impression of an ennuied hippo.

Horace has long been a member of three famous squads—weak, sub, and extry duty, and although he owns no letter but the "N cross shoes" which he won Youngster year by notorious conduct, his athletic intentions have been the best; at different times he has been out for football, lacrosse, etc., and Plebe summer he was out for crew twice.

At the Academy he has remained a Red Mike, but on the cruises he has been far different. Speaking of cruises brings up Lisbon. If Horatio happened to meet a friend on the streets of Lisbon he would say "Hey, look what I've got!"—and he would proudly exhibit something he had picked up in his wanderings about the city.

Horatio started out with the handicap of hailing from Crabtown, but he has about lived that down.

Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).



THOMAS COCKEY EVANS  
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND  
"Tommy" "Chick" "Larry"  
"Cockey" "Ev"

SIX feet exactly and every inch a man—he drinks coffee!

"I gained five pounds last week, fellows. I gotta knock off eating so much. Pass me some more slum and spuds."

Contrary to the belief of many, Tommy is not a Frenchman, though his accent in a Dago section room and his yearning for Paris strongly suggest such ancestry. Perhaps his realization of the value of a knowledge of French dates from a liberty in Panama on his Youngster cruise when he stopped an innocent passerby up on Ancon Hill and asked in his best French, "Sir, where is the road downstairs?"

His "physique excellent" on the records at Sick Bay is due to the five flights of stairs he has climbed so many millions of times between the mess hall and his room on the fourth deck.

As a snake, Tommy wiggles now and then and does his bit for the tea growers. If he can handle men the way he handles cakes, our Navy can look into the future with confidence!

Football B Squad (3, 2, 1);  
Rifle Squad (3, 2, 1).





ROBERT PAUL WADELL  
CLINTON, MISSOURI  
"Waddle" "Wadd" "Bob"

THIS debonaire, blasè, indifferent, noncomittal snake is never happy unless he is breaking some poor girl's heart by falling out of love with her. His well-known line has kept him in the good graces of the English Department for three years but judging by the height of his mail curve the feminine folk get most of his real masterpieces.

Waddle has always longed for the life on the rolling deep, not so much for the beans and canned "Willie", but for the big liberties in foreign ports. Since Plebe year he has not fully realized that the gym is anything except a place in which to hold hops. "What do you say we take a workout this evening? On second consideration let's bust out the banjo. Close the transom, boys, and play anything you want, just start it in my key."

Although not a consistent dragger around here, September never passes without Waddle returning from leave, groggy with love. "What, only seven folders? Shall we compose one tonight?"

*Football Squad (4);  
Expert Rifleman.*



HARRY ALBERT DUNN  
AT LARGE

WHILE this aig hails from At Large we feel inclined to give Washington the credit for him since he began his career there and has spent a bit o' time (mostly at large) about that ol' town.

"Now when I was a Plebe under '20" he frequently tells us—but all we really know is that on liberty he cut square corners, and made a few cruises a la Reina, the first one due to "just one puff."

As to the femmes it seems that no one has scored a knockout, due to the fact that he made a late start. However at the present rate something must happen.

When it comes to heaving everything on the deck over week-ends he takes the fur-lined goboon. The only way we can get to bed Saturday nights is by diving.

Work never interferes with his pleasure—he "always finds time for his tennis and his whist."

"Too late to bone—I'm already unsat."

*Class Lacrosse (3);  
Black N\*\*\*\*\*.*





THOMAS JEFFERSON WALKER, JR.  
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA  
"T. J." "Rowdy Dow" "Tommy"

THOMAS Jefferson arrived from sunny Carolina early in July, and enjoyed his first morning in the Navy by sitting in bed wondering why all the Plebes were running around so early in the morning, when he had no thought of even getting up. He had a rude awakening the next day, but since has developed the science of sleeping in to perfection.

T. J. maintains that he is the one and original Red Mike. Those who aspire to this honor have no chance with him, but, an A. M. C. can tell you, "There's a reason—" one letter a day, month after month.

Tommy is well known to the executive department and to "Calipers", our departed friend. Only 270 demerits for Youngster year, but at least no one else topped his record, due to the excellent work of the D. O.'s, who never did miss T. J. Tom reformed, or else became more expert. Practice makes perfect. Though still a well known man, he seldom hears the classic "What's this, what's this?"

*Class Football (2, 1);  
Class Wrestling (2, 1);  
Engagement Announced (1).*



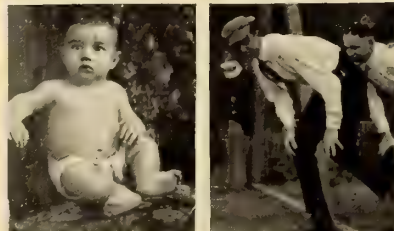
DANIEL FRANCIS JOSEPH SHEA  
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Dan" "Savvy" "Danny"

DAN is a staunch advocate of Irish freedom, especially in speech. Upon occasions, when the question in hand was Work versus Words he has nobly defended the latter cause; and this lost art has in no small way accounted for the success he has attained.

When Dan entered the Navy he was little troubled with the fair sex, but by the first Sept leave he was left with the same harrowing uncertainties known to others possessing good looks. A hale and rosy complexion is his captivating charm. And you need not know him long to appreciate his contempt for detail and the blunt directness that is characteristic of his very effort.

He has been diligent in upholding the reputation of his state, having ended Plebe year with a final average of 3.39 plus, losing by a mere fraction the honor to display the much-coveted orb of gold. Nevertheless he shows due consideration to the wooden. If you are in trouble, go to him. His broad smile and a few words will help you, and they are given willingly.

"Cheer up, there's only one more year of this."





JOHN WARBURTON KING III  
 MIAMI, FLORIDA  
 "King John" "Ding"  
 "The Third"

J. W. was born in N. Y. but developed those long legs wading the Everglades of Florida. However, these same long legs helped him to get his name on the Lysistrata Cup during Second Class cruise.

Ding has had many ups and downs during his naval career. He started his troubles by wearing tennis shoes to his first formation in the capacity of a midshipman. Then he heard for the first time the nautical phrase, "You're on the pap, Mister!" His fame then grew by leaps and bounds, not even stopping when he became a Youngster, because that year he went over the top before Xmas leave.

But we won't have any fear of his not getting by, even a P. G. course, for Plebe year he stood 69, Youngster year 47, and Second Class year he starred.

His outstanding characteristic is his ambition to be a leader. If study is the deciding factor, success is his, for many are the regrets that it is impossible to devote over twelve hours a day to books.

"Say, Mister King, how do you rate two laundry numbers?"

*Crew Squad (4);  
 Class Track (4, 3, 2, 1);  
 Star (2);  
 Expert Rifleman.*



WILLIAM EDWARD STOCK, JR.  
 VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA  
 "Bill" "Stoke"

THE only thing we know about Virginia City is that it's Eddie's home podunk. Why he chose the Navy is more than a mystery even to himself. It was nothing more than an impulse that drew him across the continent out of the wilds of Nevada.

He doesn't belong to the savvy class, nor is he made of wood. Although the Cosmo and Red Book claim much intense study, he manages to keep top-side on the Academic Departments.

You wouldn't call Eddie either an athlete or a weakling, a snake or a woman-hater. He is just a good-natured, easy-going normal boy whose manner makes him a good mixer in any crowd. However, as might be expected, there's a one and only one, which accounts for that regularity of the blue letters, post-marked California.

If there's anything Eddie likes better than baseball it's—"more baseball."

"Fruit for the D. O's."

"Say, was that reveille?"

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2).*





PAUL BROGDEN KOONCE  
LONOKE, ARKANSAS  
"P. B." "Lead"

IT must be wonderful to be able, at any hour of the day or night, to respond to the call of Morpheus the way Paul can. He's so graceful, too, when he's asleep.

Whenever P. B. bones for an exam up goes the sign on the door, "Busy", and woe be unto him who crosses the threshold then. Not that Paul is chronically inhospitable, but when he makes up his mind to do a thing all the persuasion in the world will do no good to stop him—of course swearing off smoking does not count.

His inborn Southern graces make him in his spells of spasmodic fussing the most dangerous of snakes, but it suits his fancy better to play the role of a cast-in-the-rough Red Mike.

Over-endowed, perhaps, with the habit of taking life a little too seriously, P. B. casts aside now and then his shell of reticence, and then how the boy steps out. "And say, old man, I did have the best time, but now I gotta bone and pull sat."



WILLIAM BOSWELL RIGSBY  
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA  
"Bosh" "Bozzie" "Slats"

BRETHERN and Sintern: It becomes necessary in these few words to write the last will and testament of William Boswell Rigsby, Supreme Knight of the Scoop. Bosh, as he is known by his friends (it's "Botch" with the Plebes though) is a true Southern gentleman. The oldest inhabitants of Bancroft Hall cannot recall his ever having done a stroke of work. Blessed with the belief that he is an "athlete", W. Boswell has passed from one excused-from-supper-formation list to another without having been forced to show his divine form in a single contest. But even this record pales into insignificance when one considers that he is a charter member of the Gas-House Gang, an organization prominent in the Police Gazettes of the world.

With "Brim", a brother member of this noble band of cut-throats, he has awaited with ill-concealed impatience the arrival of many W. B. & A. cars. However, the cars very rarely bring the same maid twice. (That's a dirty dig). Although he has been known to squeeze a nickle till the buffalo bellows, still we are positive that in consigning this man to history we can prophesy that he will be a worthy descendant of the founders of his state—and Bosh comes from Georgia.

*Basketball Squad (4);  
Track Squad (4, 3);  
Class Basketball (3);  
Class Track (3, 2).*







GORDON JOSIAH CROSBY  
DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Ras" "Ginny" "Gordy"

MANY a rose has been born to blush unseen— but not our Ginny, nor has he wasted his fragrance on the desert air. Early Youngster year a certain malicious femme discovered this flaw in our hero's otherwise impregnable make-up, and since that time Ras's career, social and otherwise, has been one mighty chase. Especially in chapel does he delight in giving color to an otherwise dull and gloomy out-look by his timely blushes, staged in the front row of the psalm-singers.

For the past two years "Crabsby" has served as a love-barometer for these cave-dwellers of the fourth deck to whom his every frown and smile is an indication of paradise lost or regained.

Always on the right side of the terrifying All-Academics, Ras has devoted his spare moments impartially between a wooing of Morpheus and a purely platonic passion for athletics. Despite these horrible eccentricities, Ginny has displayed those qualities that make for success in any enterprise, be it in the Service or civilian life.

"Ginny?"

"Oh, all the girls in Washington call me that!"

*Class Lacrosse (3, 2, 1);  
Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).*



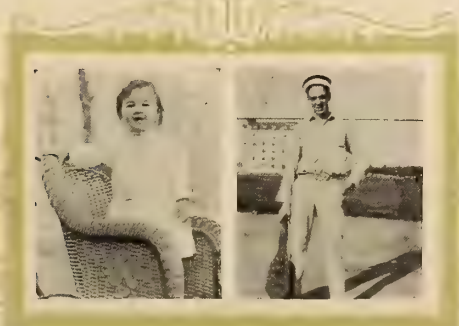
JOHN DONALD KELSEY  
STOUGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
"Don" "Jawn"

TO gaze upon this sedate son of the Bay State one would never think him to be an expert home-wrecker, but when the spirit moves his care-free heart, the victims are fortunate to retain even the walls of their once happy homes. Control your fears, ladies; for you are immune; he confines his playful destruction to his classmates' rooms.

Don is not a snake. No! He just drags, spasmodically, whenever his dormant love of romance bids, but in spite of his many guests of the fair sex only once has his heart fluttered, skipped a note or two, and then regained it's pace.

John has his victories and defeats with the Academic department, but on the whole he manages to keep *beaucoup* velvet.

While he is neither leader nor follower on the athletic field it will be a pretty hefty wave that changes his course.





JOHN BRYSON PATTON, JR.  
PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY  
"Pat"

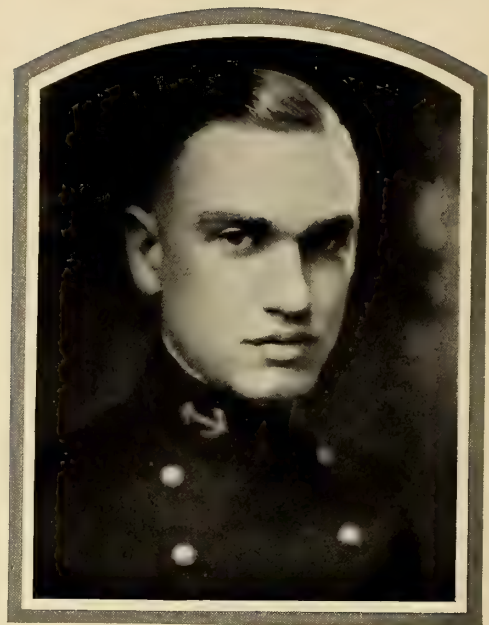
"WHAT, a Nav and Juice P—Work this morning! Oh, why must we be made to suffer so?"

One might judge Pat to be lazy; however, he has only slept through drill once, at least that is all we know about. With his radio brains this young New Jersey youth has made the room fairly hum with artistic buzzer sounds from all parts of the civilized world, though as yet he has been unable to solve the mysterious code sent at Juice recitations. Little is known of Jack's romantic life. Smoke? Well, not entirely. Red Mike? Not confirmed. There are a great many experiences that have made Pat quite famous with the D. O.'s. What was it?

"And this midshipman had the gall?"

"Pardon me, gentlemen, if I seem to disobey the regulations."

*Class Swimming (3, 2, 1).*



ROBERT ARCHIBALD MACKERRACHER  
WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT  
"Mac" "Crash" "M'Crashay"

"WHAT'S the Juice today?" and our esteemed classmate is in our midst again. This diminutive young man hails from the Puritan State of old Connecticut and so far has done nothing to justify his appearance of savviness. Studious but not greasy, Mac bones whenever he can spare time from his extensive correspondence, and has managed to stay in about the middle of the class. It is strongly suspected that he was once a pianist, but as he emphatically denies it nothing has ever been conclusively proven against him.

Throughout his four years among us Mac has upheld all the traditions of a Red Mike. The art of Professor Bell has no charms for him. His only frivolities are the moving pictures or a roughhouse.

Speaking of athletics, the Sub Squad has cramped Mac's style. Nevertheless, his efforts in track have earned him a place on the table for four years.

"Why, when I was back in Crosby—"

*Sub Squad (4, 3, 2);  
Track Squad (4, 3, 2, 1).*



# Down Three Double O



R. G. OWSLEY . . . . . *Illinois*

Our class president Plebe year but the enemy, ac, got him and he entered Princeton. In spite of rumor, he is single and is now a man of real estate in Chicago, with 4.0 stenographers typing for him.



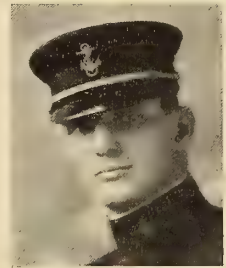
J. E. ZORTMAN . . . . . *Pennsylvania*

"Savvy Joe," he never missed a tree, and upon one he perched so high that it broke and planted him in the civilian world. "Savvy" is working for the Pennsylvania railroad, preparatory to entering Bucknell next year.



C. L. KENNETT . . . . . *Montana*

"Charlie" was a very promising member of the boxing squad until he had to resign because of physical trouble. A short time after his resignation his many friends were sorrowed by the news of his death following an operation.



L. N. WOODWARD . . . . . *Kansas*

Lawrence got his ground work in sea lawyering at the Academy, and is now getting his degree at Yale. Plebe year, Lawrence showed up very well in football, and would have probably been one of our letter men had he stuck.



L. F. RADER . . . . . *Indiana*

"Skinny" was one of those home loving lads who couldn't see the wandering life of a sailor. Not that he had a girl in sight, but he is now anticipating the "some day" home by studying engineering.



A. E. GRAY . . . . . *Illinois*

From a victim of the little red book to an instructor in Chemistry in the University of Illinois is quite a jump. Then just to keep the cobwebs away, Gray is doing graduate work at the same place.



H. A. BELL . . . . . *Louisiana*

Henry unfortunately contracted a heart murmur during second class year, and we lost his smile. It was this same smile and good nature which made him a "good Plebe" and the pet subject of many of the "hard boys".



R. E. ELLIS . . . . . *Vermont*

Bob took permanent shore leave at the beginning of second class year and had liked Seattle so much Youngster Cruise that he went west. He is now a salesman for the Standard Oil Company in that city of fair damsels.



C. F. KEEGAN . . . . . *Virginia*

Our "cakie," "Charlie" can now be seen on F Street in Washington when not at work at the Southern Railway office. While here he played class baseball, but lost his batting eye Second Class semi-anns.



J. T. LUSIGNAN . . . . . *California*

Troubles with the academic department did not influence "Red" to resign for he was one of our "savvy" men. He has offered his grey matter to the General Electric and is now studying "juice" at Boston Tech.



M. W. PENNYBACKER . . . . . *West Virginia*

"Penny" simply thought he wouldn't like navy life so departed for M. I. T., where many a good navy man has gone. He is in the Class of '23, taking the electrical cooperative course with the General Electric Company.



R. M. ALLEY . . . . . *Idaho*

A medical degree from the University of West Virginia is Ralph's present objective after having resigned Youngster year on account of temporary ear trouble. We hear that he is getting along very well in his course and are wishing him fortune.



W. VAN DUSEN . . . . . *Pennsylvania*

Bill has made quite a success at Lafayette where he is now studying mechanical engineering. He is a D. K. E., on the wrestling squad, Associate Editor of the year book, and secretary of the A. S. M. E. Bill says his corner stone was laid here.



W. J. ELLIOT . . . . . *Ohio*

"Gooph" dropped in on us from '22, and then dropped out again on account of physical trouble. He is in the building and loan game and at the time of writing, we understand, about to take unto himself a bride.



N. WOLFF . . . . . *New York*

"Nat" was our most prominent snake—it was true the women couldn't resist him. As equally adept at athletics as on the ballroom floor, he was mighty popular among the fellows, but he forsook male and female for Buffalo.



D. W. PARTRIDGE . . . . . *New York*

"Don" is the daddy of the class. He resigned in May of Plebe year to enter into holy matrimony, and is now living with his wife and two little daughters in Montreal. If "Mick" could but see "Bird" now!



C. V. WAGGONER . . . . . *Iowa*

After battering opponents about for two years, "Pug" gave up the destruction game and is now learning to repair ills to the body at the Medical College of University of Chicago. "Pug" was an irretrievable loss to the boxing team.



U. T. BRADLEY . . . . . *Kentucky*

"Brad" has made his "P" at Princeton in crew, the rudiments of which he learned at the Academy, as he rowed on '23's Plebe crew. Bradley is a Club man and expects to graduate this year.



J. R. CUTTING . . . . . *Pennsylvania*

"Jimmy," famous as a stringed instrument artist, resigned after Plebe year to enter Princeton. He is a Junior now and very admirably upholding the reputation of Naval Academy men whether they be graduates or only once-upon-a-time Plebes.



A. O. HUDSON . . . . . *New York*

Al has not forgotten us during his course at Brown University in financing, and has been down to see us several times since his departure. He is now working with his father in the Union Home Builders.



A. J. HANNAH . . . . . *Illinois*

"Alex" left us early to go to Princeton. Later, we were all shocked and sorrowed to learn of his death while there. He was a well liked chap here, and there were many of us who felt the loss keenly.



D. TRUSS . . . . . *Indiana*

Damon was known as "Dynamite", "T. N. T.", and other high explosives which symbolized his quick moving body and mind. Yet I imagine "T. N. T." is moving lively these days for he is working for the railroad and railroads wait not.



E. S. MANBY . . . . . California

The restrictions of the Naval Academy did not appeal to tempestuous "Red" and during youngster Sept. leave he resigned to roam the world. "Red" has now settled in bonny California to the task of running a ranch.



E. H. LOGAN . . . . . Missouri

Engineering in some form or other seems to call most of those who leave us and civil engineering at the University of Missouri has paged and located Logan. He is a Junior and a member of the Delta Tau Delta's.



T. L. HASBROUCK . . . . . Illinois

"Teddy" stroked our last hundred and fifty pound crew Plebe year, but after Youngster Cruise on the KANSAS decided to enter the University of Illinois. After two years he forsook the robes of a student for the newspaper game.



R. H. THOMPSON . . . . . Louisiana

"Ray" is in the Pipe Line Department of the Standard Oil Company and spends most of his time on the road between Oklahoma and the Gulf. He is storing knowledge of crude oil engines for future application.



H. ZEIGER . . . . . California

Henry was a positive character, and the negative electrons of Boston Tech so exerted their binding influences upon him that at the beginning of second class year, he resigned to take juice at the aforesaid institution, and there he still "be."



H. W. JONES . . . . . New York

The Colorado School of Mines is the present scene of his outbursts of energy. He expects to be a civil engineer, as that work in a small way seems to approach the wanderings of a Navy man.



M. F. BRIMBERRY . . . . . Georgia

"Brim" worried and fretted for some four years propelling his two hundred and forty pounds up and down Bancroft Hall, but finally succumbed to the weak and "sub" squads. We hear that he is now on the verge of matrimony.



M. J. VAN LEEWEEN . . . . . Massachusetts

"Van" was an exception to his state, for he was wooden. Second class semi-anns proved his Niagara, and he left us. Again he proved an extraordinary ex-midshipman, as we find him now a prohibition agent in Maine.



W. J. PRICE . . . . . Iowa

Will stayed with us through Plebe year and Youngster Cruise, and then "jumped ship" to study his first love, law, at the University of Iowa. He is president of the Student Council and Interfraternity Conference at the U.



S. C. FIELD . . . . . Tennessee

We were all sorry to see eye troubles put an end to Sam's Navy career. Sam possesses an unquenchable sense of humor, and as salesman for a large manufacturer in Knoxville he is now overcoming unsuspecting buyers with his rhetoric.



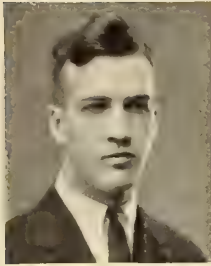
P. CHARLES . . . . . New Mexico

Charles was one of our star class trackmen, but couldn't quite finish the race for a diploma, the second class semi-anns proving his barrier. He is now attending the University of New Mexico.



A. W. SCHNEIDER . . . . . Wisconsin

Al resigned to enter the University of Wisconsin where he applied the fundamentals learned here by making the Varsity football and track team. Now studying civil engineering and thoroughly enjoying the life of a cit at college.



D. C. WORKS . . . . . Wisconsin

The profs at Cornell are introducing "Don" to copper mining, and at the end of this year, he expects to use what he is absorbing in the copper mines of Chile. Navy gave him a wanderlust which he must satisfy.



W. E. LOVE . . . . . North Carolina

"Welope" was an institution of the third battalion until he resigned in the spring of '21. Then he entered business with his father as a public accountant and tax auditor, and is now sojourning in Charlotte, North Carolina.



A. P. TRUEX . . . . . Missouri

"True" is a Phi Gamma Delta man at William Tewell College and enjoying his fraternity life though he says he misses the academy gang. "True" played some lacrosse during his two years here and made a world of friends.



DONNELS, A. T. . . . . Nevada

"Don" promised to be a very successful crew man Plebe year, but gave up naval life after shoveling coal on the KANSAS Youngster year for hydroelectric engineering in his native state. Go after that waste power, Don!

L. W. POMEROY . . . . . Utah

Pomeroy is at present with the Utah Fuel Company at Sunnyside, Utah, in the accounting department.

S. E. BARRON . . . . . Texas

Everett is a first classman at the United States Coast Guard Academy at New London, Connecticut.

R. L. GRANT, JR. . . . . Arkansas

Bob is making quite a success in the wholesale cotton business traveling over the south.

J. A. FISHER . . . . . West Virginia

The structural civil engineering course at the University of Michigan is employing the present labors of "Al."

F. S. PEDDLE . . . . . New Jersey

"I am in the wool brokerage business for myself in Philadelphia, and am quite successful."—Frank.

M. B. JEWETT . . . . . Ohio

Maurice is doing metallurgical and inspection work for the Brier Hill Steel Company of Youngstown, Ohio.

D. H. RIELY . . . . . West Virginia

David is in the wholesale electrical fixture business in Baltimore and is also attending Johns Hopkins.

J. A. PUTNAM . . . . . Iowa

"I am a junior forester in the University of Michigan, and thoroughly satisfied with the school and profession."—John.

H. L. PERRY . . . . . Iowa

"I am traveling for the Pure Ice Company of Centerville, Iowa, and have the state as my territory."—"Cy."

C. W. NEWMAN . . . . . Illinois

Clarence has graduated from the University of Illinois, and is now attending the University of Chicago.

P. F. THOMPSON . . . . . Iowa

Paul has left the University of Florida, and is now in a bank in Forest City, Iowa.

D. W. POLLARD . . . . . Minnesota

"I am a student in the Medical School of the University of Minnesota, Class of '27"—"Don".

W. P. HAUWORTH . . . . . Illinois

"At present I am connected with Gray, Hunter and Company, Certified Public Accountants of Chicago."—"Bill."

S. HOUGH . . . . . West Virginia

Scotty is a student at West Virginia University and has been seen here representing that school in wrestling.

J. W. SHIPMAN, JR. . . . . Texas

Jimmy is a senior at the University of Texas, but says he regrets having left the Naval Academy.

J. R. WOELFLE . . . . . Illinois

"I am married, have a baby boy, and am Assistant Cashier in the Drover's State Bank of Vienna."—Woelfle.

D. A. PARISH . . . . . Kentucky

"Pewee" is in school in Kentucky studying pharmacy and expects to complete the course this year.

J. L. SUTLIVE . . . . . Georgia

John has departed from the track and instead of following engineering, is now City Editor of the Savannah Press.

B. P. OBDYKE, 2D . . . . . Pennsylvania

The class was very much shocked to learn of the death of Ben due to drowning, and wants to express its sympathy to his family.

G. P. PEED, JR. . . . . Virginia

"I am an art student, studying commercial art at the New York School of Fine and Applied Art"—Peed.

W. G. MCCREA . . . . . Idaho

"Walt" is an enthusiastic student at the University of Idaho and has made Kappa Sigma.

L. H. B. BACON . . . . . Delaware

Bacon is now a Junior at Jefferson Medical College and finds the science of medicine and surgery very interesting.

C. M. PERRY . . . . . Texas

"I am pursuing the academic will o' the wisp as a student at the University of Texas."—Perry.

H. C. WILL . . . . . New Mexico

Will is a sophomore at the New Mexico Agricultural and Mechanical college taking a mechanical engineering course.

W. H. DARDEN, JR. . . . . Virginia

"I am assistant office engineer in the department of Construction and Maintenance of the Virginia State Highway Commission."—Darden.

H. F. WOODWARD . . . . . Kentucky

"I am going to school in Washington, taking my last year in a course of electrical engineering."—Woodward.

G. W. O'CONNOR . . . . . *Maine*

George is traveling throughout the east and middle west for W. Grant and Company, training to be a manager.

F. J. LE ROY . . . . . *Connecticut*

"I am in the second year class at the Law School at Georgetown, and hope to finish next year."—Le Roy.

S. G. HOUGHTON . . . . . *Massachusetts*

"Whisky" is striving hard to overcome the "acs" at Harvard, and on the side is on the *Lampoon Staff*.

C. F. MARKOE . . . . . *New York*

Markoe has been following the sea in merchant ships since leaving, and is now a second mate.

M. S. HANSON . . . . . *Wisconsin*

"I am taking civil engineering at the University of Cincinnati, and just want to say—Hello, gang."—Hanson.

O. W. MARVIN . . . . . *New Hampshire*

Marvin is studying law and hopes to be admitted to the bar and practice next year.

C. Y. LATIMER . . . . . *Tennessee*

Latimer has attended the University of Cincinnati and is now assistant to a building contractor in Washington.

F. H. COBURN . . . . . *New York*

Frank is attending Columbia, and on the side, running an orchestra which competes with Paul Whitman.

M. M. MILLER . . . . . *Kansas*

"I am now manager of my father's general merchandise store in Quenemo, Kansas."—Miller.

A. C. BREWER . . . . . *Maine*

Al has taken unto himself a wife as a diversion, and labors at raising potatoes in Maine.

L. H. McCANDLESS . . . . . *Pennsylvania*

"Mac" is second officer on the "City of Honolulu" of the International Marine Company of New York.

F. W. KILLIAN . . . . . *New York*

Frank has a position with the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New York and is studying law in between times.

S. S. MANN . . . . . *Illinois*

After a trip to the Philippines, Mann is at San Antonio, Texas, at flying school, preparatory to getting his commission.

H. J. CIESZYNSKI . . . . . *Arkansas*

Henry is attending Tufts' Dental College, and is thinking of reentering the navy in the dental corps.

ALEXANDER, L. W.

ALLE, J. P.

AMIS, R. T.

AUSTIN, F. L.

BAKER, L. N.

BAKER, S. G. JR.

BARBER, A. A.

BARNS, J. C.

BATTELL, L. B.

BECKLER, G. F.

BECKWITH, C. R.

BELL, E.

BERNSTIEN, I. B.

BERTRAND, K. P.

BIGHAM, A. V.

BLACKBURN, F. H.

BORTNER, R. F.

BRISCOE, W. H. S.

BROWN, J. T.

BUSBY, H. C.

BUTLER, L. M.

BUTLER, W. R. JR.

BYRNE, J. C.

CALLAHAN, E. J. JR.

CARTMEL, O. E.

CARTY, C. E.

CHILDS, R. W.

CHRISTENSEN, M. C.

CHRISTIAN, J. D.

CLARK, C. A.

CLAUDE, W. T.

COBERLY, D. W.

COLEMAN, F. T.

COLONNA, R. P.

COMERFORD, J. E.

COUGHLAN, J. K.

CREIGHTON, J. H.

CRENSHAW, T. H.

CRESSWELL, C. F.

CURRY, A. N.

DAY, D. T. JR.

DEERING, F. A.

DEHLENDORF, R. O.

DICKEY, J. E.

DICKSON, J. B.

DOMBEY, R. H.

DRAKE, D. O.

DUTCHER, H. R.

EATON, H. A. JR.

ELLIS, O. G. JR.

ELLISON, J. G.

ERWIN, T. C. JR.

FISCHER, R. H.

FLOOD, R. J.

FRENCH, T. N. JR.

FROST, J. W. JR.

GILL, E. JR.

GOLDSMITH, D. M.

GORE, T. JR.

GRAHAM, T. H.

GRAMLING, A. J.

HANCOCK, J. B.

HARGROVE, C. B.

HARTNETT, T. R.

HAYES, C. J.

HENNESSEE, W. E.

HERTZOG, C. S.

HILL, V. A.

HOLLINGSWORTH, W. E.

HOWE, H.

HUDSON, B. T.

JACKSON, B. L. JR.

JACKS, W. H. JR.

JOHNSON, R. A.

JOHNSON, R. S.

JUDAY, R. S.

JUNE, L. H.

KELL, L. P.

KENYON, J. A.

KEPPEL, H. B. JR.

KROSMAN, M. D.

LAForge, C. A.

LAND, E. S.

LAW, F. W.

LEONARD, J. H.

LEWIS, E.

LEWIS, P. R.

LINDHORST, L. H.

LITTLE, J. T.

LOHRBAUER, L. T.

LOVEKIN, O. S.

McCOOEY, H. J.

McGUIRE, J. P.

McWHORTER, W. E.

MARTIN, E. P.

MARTIN, R. M.

MAY, H. S.

MICOU, P. H.

MILLER, J. J.

MITCHELL, J. A. JR.

MOE, S. F.

MONGAN, R. O.

MOULTON, M. M.

MOVATT, D. S.

MULHOLLAND, W. E.

NICHOLSON, J. R. JR.

O'BEIRNE, J. F.

PAYNE, F. B.

PELLEW, L. E. JR.

PENNOYER, H. O.

PERKINS, H. C.

PHILLIPS, M. O.

PILLING, R. W. S.

POLK, L. B.

PORTER, G. B.

PRICKETT, R.

PUGH, W. E.

REICHMANN, W. D.

RICHTER, H. E.

RISHEL, W. P.

ROSENBLATT, L. S.

ROSENTHAL, J. F.

RUBINOW, F.

SCHAEFFER, W. A. JR.

SCHLEUSS, R. J.

SCHUELE, O. C.

SCOTT, J. F. JR.

SCROGGINS, A. E.

SELTZER, P. H.

SEWALL, J. W.

SHAFER, E.

SHARP, J. C.

SIBLEY, W. A. L.

SMITH, E. B.

SNIVELY, A. B.

STROMWALL, H. W.

STYLES, E. L.

TAYLOR, H. M.

TEITLER, M.

THOMSON, E. W.

TURNER, G. B.

UPSHAW, B. K.

WERLIN, J. S.

WETHERSTONE, H. C.

WHITE, H. A.

WHITE, L. R.

WILEY, J. A.

WILKINSON, J. B.

WOOD, A. W.

WOOD, J. W. JR.

## *To You Fellows*

(For the LUCKY BAG, 1923)

I am prone to pen a poem  
To the lads—Lord, don't I know 'em!—  
Bound to blurt a blooming ballad or a rousing roundelay;  
Moved to muster something rippling  
Like the stuff that's crooned by Kipling  
Who indited stanzas treating of the road to Mandalay.

Yet when to my mind the traces  
Of that sea of sentient faces  
Rise again, to warm the cockles of my inmost heart of hearts,  
I've a feeling weak and futile,  
Inefficient and inutile,  
Bursting bubble-dreams of writing into fifty million parts!

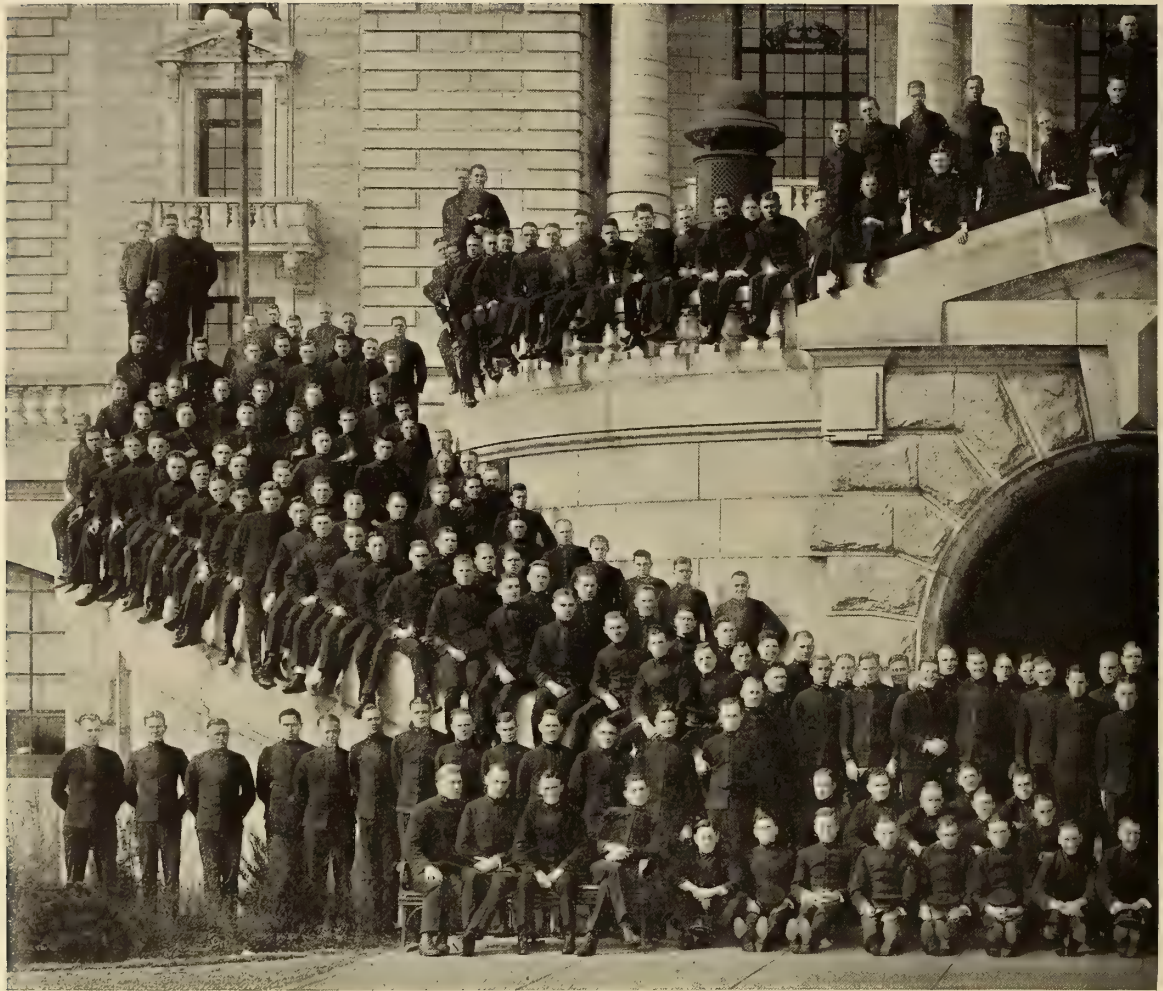
Hence I gravely grin and greet you,  
Pending time when I shall meet you  
In your Sunday twilight doings or just any sort of way.  
For I'm for you to the finish  
With a love that can't diminish  
Though they cut and cut the navy to abolish future fray.

One lone prophecy I'm making—  
Real seer-stuff, free from faking:  
Let them decimate the number of the ships and of the men;  
Yet when *you* boys take the water,  
Craving peace but set for slaughter,  
We shall have that "greater navy" back upon the job again.

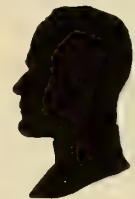
—Strickland Gillilan.







## *Plebe Year*



On the tenth day of June in the year nineteen hundred and nineteen, the sun as it came up over Kent Island saw twenty or thirty strange creatures in the neighborhood of the Maryland Avenue Gate. Strange they were in their actions, and an observer would have said that they were about to enter into some mysterious experiment from which they would emerge and live—but never to be the same again. The observer would have been right, for this group of lost souls constituted the first appearance of the Class of Nine-

teen Twenty-Three as it came forth on that June morning to be sworn into the Navy and to be sworn at for life. And to that meager, eager crowd more were added, until later in August seven hundred and twenty boys had been gathered to be fed as raw material into the machine which turns out Naval Officers.

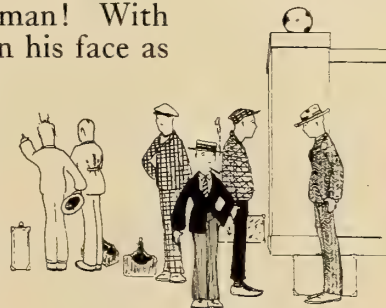
The first day of a plebe is one of the bad dreams which will haunt him as an admiral. Clothes! Clothes! Clothes! And when they are at last piled in the center of the room there seem to be



enough not only for a family of five but for the families to come, yea, even unto the third and fourth generations. But no, they are all for one man! With resignation written large on his face as well as in his mind, the new plebe begins to stencil and mark each article, referring carefully to a printed sheet which says that one demerit will be given for each piece not properly marked, but which neglects to say just where or how to mark them!

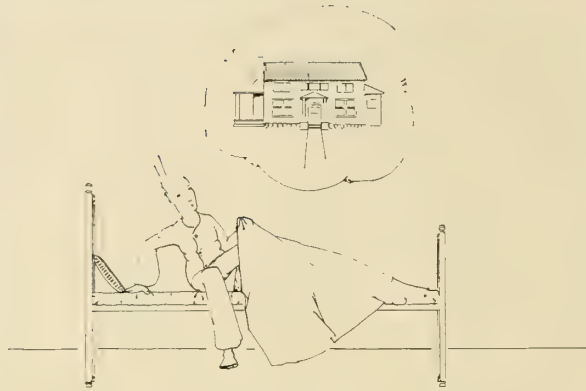
But the day is over. All clothes are marked. Each plebe has conscientiously thrown away his tobacco and wondered how the burned places came to be on the table—as if anyone would

dare to smoke. "Taps" sounds and a tired and homesick boy crawls in between two nice, new, stiffly starched sheets spread over a section of some old corrugated iron roof, to compose himself—no, not to sleep, but to wonder what they had for dinner at home, and to wish that a cheery call of "good night" would come singing through his door as it did of old when he lay



*Strange Creatures*

curled up on his own soft, warm bed. The call does come, but not as he had wished—for suddenly a head appears in his doorway and a brand new ensign in the sweet, pleasant tone peculiar to one who is a recent graduate, inquires



*Crawled in between new stiffly starched sheets*

politely "all in—you?" The plebe who answered "hell, yes, who wouldn't be after a day like this?" was forgiven, for after all—well, it was a decided change.

Came morning, and with reveille was born hope, which, with expectation, made the days fly. June and July consisted of sweltering days of weird adventures, for the thrill of really being a midshipman had not yet worn off. Then August, even more sweltering, when the adventures became routine work. Infantry—scorching sun

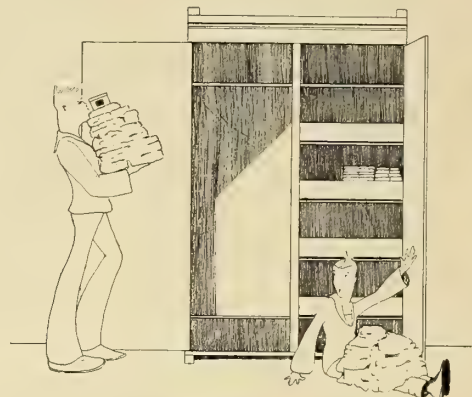


*Runs—to make them big and strong*

and gigantic Springfields; Seamanship—breathless humidity and ton-weight oars; Rifle Range—dancing heat waves, dust, and the stench of powder. And then at the day's end—luxurious relaxation in the cool-hot evenings, looking out over a bay made glorious by a rising moon, while exchanges of confidences bound the class more closely together, until unified at last it began to feel that it was a part of the Navy.

And then—August thirty-first! On that morning when the regiment of plebes assembled before breakfast for

one of the three or four mile runs which were to make them big and strong, they found that during the night six dark gray clouds had floated up the bay and overcast the horizon. Have you ever seen a small boy after having planned and planned for an all day picnic, when he awakes on Saturday morning to find rain? If you have watched his expression, or better still if you have been the boy yourself, you will understand the "gone" feeling in each plebe heart. The next day came a hike. While the plebes were gone



*Clothes! Clothes! Clothes!*

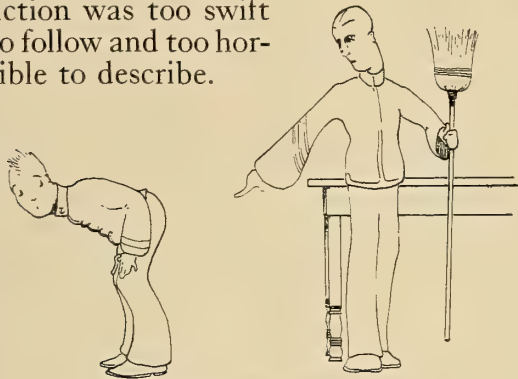
the upper classmen were rushed through the Academy and when the plebes returned they were gone. But behind them they left a trail of terror which haunted dreams with a promise of things to be.

On the first day of their first Academic year began the process of "snap-pin" 'em out of it". "Mister", cold chills run up and down the back of each plebe within hearing, "you with the non-reg face, come here". Some-



*You with the non-reg face, come here!*

body's little boy was about to receive his first lesson in holding his temper and keeping quiet while he was held for the mistakes of the world, past, present, and future, and properly reprimanded for them. The process was heartless but brief. Within a week the plebe had learned that he is the lowest form of animal life in the navy, but that in spite of his inferior position he was responsible for the answers to any and all questions that may be asked. Just once he replied "I don't know, sir". The resulting action was too swift to follow and too horrible to describe.



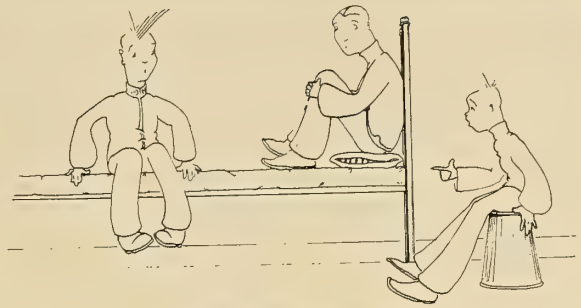
*The resulting action.*

There were others, also, who banded themselves together to make life joyless. The Academic departments had provided a course of instruction to be covered in one term which in any college requires at least one year. And such useless subjects had to be studied. English, French, Spanish, not a thing about ships or guns, or how to be a sailor as had been expected; for it seems that before one can take his place on the quarter deck one must not only be able to speak perfect profanity to a sailor, but English to a politician, French to a Haitian, and Spanish to a Mexican.



*True insignificance hidden under the smart blue outfit*

One thing, and one thing only, made life liveable after the first two weeks. And dope sprung eter-



*Dope springs eternal*

nal at this time of year in such remarks as "I hear that French does the hundred in ten flat in his football gear", or "We can't lose. We have the best line in the East." That year tales of pre-war celebrations were told and revived. Clouds! Rain! Mud! In the open stands sat the regiment and watched Army buried in the ooze of defeat as the Navy team ran over, under, and around them. Who minded rain or mud? "We licked 'em!" was the only thought, and instead of spirits being dampened by the rain they absorbed it and grew, until that night the celebration, which covered all of Manhattan Island and parts of Brooklyn, was indeed a classic, for the older Navy joined in and, to the amazement of all, did not follow the younger lead—they set the pace themselves.



*The civilian life all had begun to envy*

Since expectation maintains life so did the dreams of Christmas leave just a month away sustain morale long enough for thirty days to roll by. Four days is not long but nearly everyone got home, though some spent most of their time on trains. It was worth it, for after six months of plebe life who will deny that home with the love that was there, and her home with the love that each man hoped was there, were

not worth, even for a few hours, four days anywhere else. And added to that how important one felt in uniform at home among one's old friends; for back in Indiana no one realized the



*A person of importance*

true insignificance hidden under the smart blue outfit.

The next rung on the ladder of plebedom was not so pleasant to climb. In the middle of the already too rough course there was a river with a myriad of unknown dangers which, if the plebe weakened in crossing, would pull him down in the current and land him outside the wall—a bilger. Everyone bilged the semi-anns. It was the proper thing to do. To hear each man's tale you would have thought that not one had survived. Contrary to appearances St. Valentine's Day brought only about eighty valentines in the form of resignations for those unsatisfactory, and the class settled down for the long pull ahead.

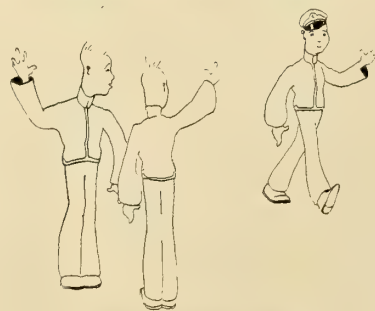
From February to June was a long time! New work failed to break the monotony, and then when the anns began to hold hints of Spring, work died a sudden death, and the days were spent only in dreaming of the "some day" when each plebe sleeve, no longer a plebe sleeve, would be adorned by one gold stripe. There was no leave to cheer one, just one or two holidays, tantalizing tastes of life which would be realized were the daily fantasies to come true. The long pull! Some fell by the way and returned to the civilian life which all had begun to envy. Those who remained were faced by another river as hard to cross as the previous one, but met this time with more confidence. And with the Anns

came class pins and hope, each man like a living volcano impatiently awaiting the day of eruption when the badge of plebedom should be gone and he would take his place in the Navy as a person of consequence—a man with rates.

June Week—both too long and too short. Too long until graduation, and too short to spend all the time necessary with "her". The Army-Navy game came and went, with the Army again cowed by the goat. Drills, presentations; drills, hops; drills, drills. At last!

Speeches— diplomas— graduation; but what cared a plebe for these things, when just outside the Armory was a gravel walk, the only "Lover's Lane", on which he had never dared to set his foot. The end! As he saw his company commander receive his diploma the volcano came near to boiling over, for first hot and then cold chills ran up and down his spine, where once there had been a plebe brace. A Youngster he was, and, for the next twenty-four hours so near to a god that it was doubtful if he would have traded places with all Olympus.

The snake dance on "The Lane" to the tune of "'Taint no mo' Plebes" was the volcanic eruption of one year's pent-up vitality. And as we reluctantly left the lane after having cheered everything and everyone, who could begrudge us our independent airs and our self-satisfied smiles. In each brand new youngster's heart was the feeling



*Our self-satisfied smile*

"I have climbed the first hill. I am well on my way toward the peak from which, never forgetting this day of days, I can look proudly down—an admiral."

## Youngster Year

Being a Youngster is a snare and a delusion most any way you take it. After looking forward to it for eight months as the goal of Heart's Desire with that one diag gleaming broader and brighter than an admiral's armful of gold there are many jolts and quite a bit of disillusionment when the actuality really comes. To the plebe a youngster is a pestilence, to the upper classes a source of worry, and to the youngster himself he is the most abused and downtrodden mortal on the face of the earth. His whole attitude is non-reg, mentally; while outwardly he lives up to the motto "Get away with what you can." Twenty-two used to say that we had a bond of sympathy in common with them; both had lived a year under the slogan, "'Taint a youngster rate!"

It is only natural that such things should be, however, when the circumstances are considered. A year of close restriction at the academy; a summer of much labor; the never-to-be-forgotten youngster leave when the world and all that therein is belongs exclusively to the wearer of the one stripe; all of them lead naturally to the final product, the average youngster. It is small wonder that the first of the academic year finds him rating just under lieutenant-commander with a disposition more

sensitive than an opera singer's. Ready to do anything if there is a chance, however slender, of getting away with it, he is exceedingly incensed if something slips and a first classman in righteous wrath pitches into him. Happy-go-lucky, thy name is Youngster!

We were no exception to the rule, in fact we went a little the other way if anything and went the rule a few better. In the due course of time we began to shake down

into place and things began to go a little smoother. The glamor took quite a while to wear off, though. To be able to shuffle down the corridor with blou unbuttoned and hands in belt, to get a Sir from the plebes and



*'Taint a youngster rate*

realize that some one else was the under dog, to drag weekends certain that the general average of the regiment's fair ones was pulled up a whole tenth thereby; wonderful feelings all, and it was months before they lapsed into the commonplace.

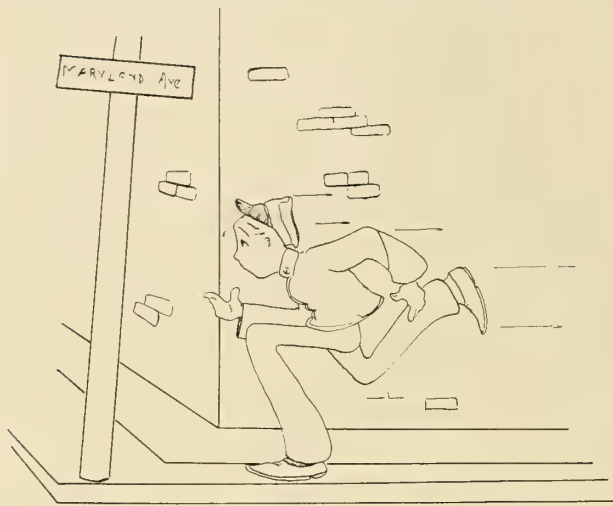
In many things it has seemed as though we were just a class ahead or behind where we ought to be to gather in the berries. Our plebe summer was spent largely under the old system, while the classes following got liberty and leaves that we never knew. Just as soon as we rated dragging the hour hop liberty disappeared and the Saturday Night Marathon took its place, with even three-quarters of an hour hardly enough to say a satisfactory good night to the O. A. O., or to find out what was a satis-



*The average youngster*



*Blou unbuttoned,  
hands in belt*



*Saturday Night Marathon*

factory good night to the one you didn't know very well. As youngsters we lost our Vics and missed out on the second class 2 P. O. game that brought extra privilege to the class ahead. But all that was under the old regime,—back in youngster year.

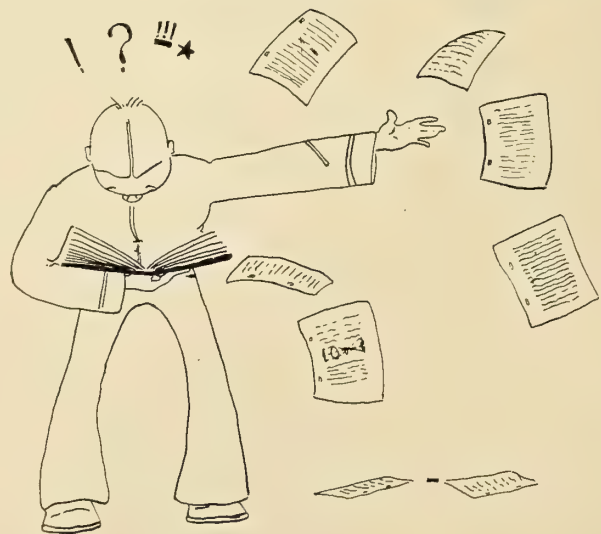
The Academics came out to greet us with all the special little delights prepared for midshipmen of the third class. We made the acquaintance of the Skinny department, and went through hours of puzzled boning while Sergeant Farad and Ampere Pete sprung the little child of their hearts on us, the mimeographed Skinny book. We couldn't read it to begin with, we couldn't understand it when we did read it, and we were expected to absorb all the essentials of the entire range of physics from its smeared pages. For the sake of future generations let us fondly hope that with that volume died another text "prepared especially for the use of midshipmen." With Mech Pro came the usual outburst of clever (?) lines in the Log that are attributed yearly to the youngster, while Marine and Naval Boilers served as unpleasant reminder of the Engine, Auxiliary, Electrical, and Boiler details of the cruise, *all* spent absorbing knowledge of the bucket and shovel in the bunkers of the Crab Fleet. But the last straw that broke several camels' backs was the integration sign and all that went with it under the evil domination of Halitosis and his motley crew. Nav and Ordnance have done their part since,

Thermo was a horror, but heaven forbid that we have to take the first plunge again as we did that second term of youngster year.

The year had its high spots and its low ones too, but in the course of time they have come to be blended into each other until in retrospect there is little else that the mind's eye finds to specially recall. The great Game and Christmas leave came and went as Games and leaves are wont to do. There must have been some magic in the Christmas leave though, for there were more hearts lost in the short space of its four days than the long month of September had been able to chalk up. To a man the class came back in love, either worse than ever or again or for the first time. Even when two weeks had passed by there was still a tendency to gather in mournful knots and reminisce over that night on leave when she—, oh just the same old story.

Lent came and finally went, the blackest part of the year with nothing in sight and nothing doing at the Academy. Even the roller skating, now but a memory, with the big kick at seeing your Steam Prof deposit himself on the deck did not prevent the depression that always runs through the Regiment until the Easter hop proclaims that spring has come at last.

June week found us greatly changed from the care free crowd we had been eight months



*Mimeographed Skinny Book*





*Came back in love*

before. We had begun to realize and assume our responsibilities. We were about to become Second Classmen, with our second cruise just ahead. We were at last topping the rise and almost at the summit of the four year journey through the Academy. At last we were Midshipmen, U. S. N., in every sense of the word.

The brief days of June heat and happiness soon passed. The Farewell Ball belied its reputation and brought too chilly a night for the sea wall to be well tenanted, but its meaning was the same, and the next day we shoved off bag and baggage, leaving behind kisses, damp handkerchiefs, sighs, smiles,—and Youngster Year.



*Steam Prof deposit himself*



*Leaving behind - - - - -*

## Second Class Year

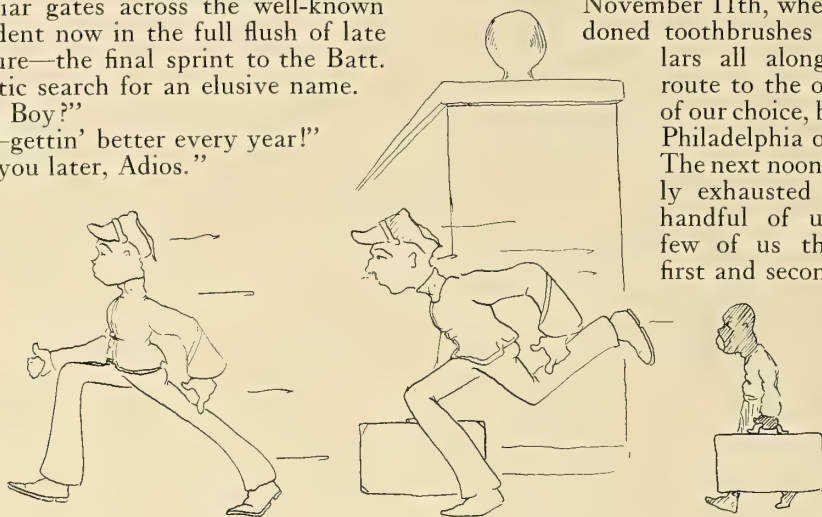
Mahomet to his mountain; Napoleon to his Helena; Pavlowa to her dance; Midshipmen to their Academy.

Annapolis in the lazy heat of late September. Maryland Avenue dozing in a motionless cloud of dust-covered leaves. Lethargic sleepiness broken suddenly by a patter of scurrying feet, the banging of worn suitcases against weary legs—the old familiar breathless dash through the old familiar gates across the well-known yard, resplendent now in the full flush of late summer verdure—the final sprint to the Batt. office—a frantic search for an elusive name.

“Big leave, Boy?”

“You bet—gettin’ better every year!”

“Well, see you later, Adios.”



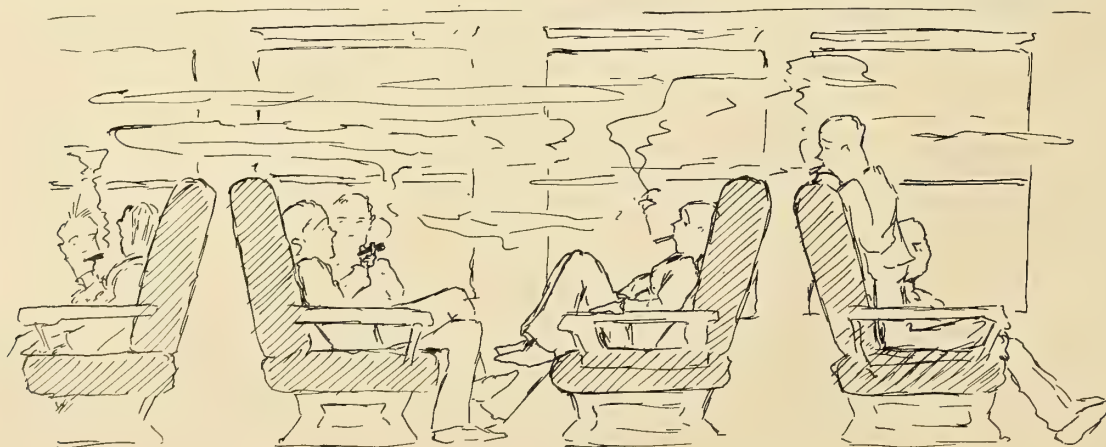
*Old Familiar Dash*

And so we took up the routine of our choosing. A routine which was not quite so irksome as we had expected, thanks to the wave of expectant curiosity which engulfed us as soon as we realized that the New Order of Things was in power. The New Regime—what would it do—what was its policy to be? We looked at the length of the “entertainment program”—we gaped and whooped with glee

at the prospects of leave for the Penn State Game—and beneath it all we asked ourselves what the meaning of it all was. We plunged disinterestedly into the academic swim, striving manfully to exhibit the proper amount of interest in all things “especially prepared for midshipmen”, and turned with huge sighs of relief to the week-ends of football games, hops, and Batt. Shows. All unexpectedly came

November 11th, whereon we abandoned toothbrushes and clean collars all along the frenzied route to the outlying hamlet of our choice, be it Baltimore, Philadelphia or Washington. The next noon found a slightly exhausted but vociferous handful of us (queer how few of us there are in the first and second classes when

compared to the ranks of plebes and youngsters) making an overly damp welkin ring to the accompaniment of a real gob band. And after the defeat, far from downhearted over the undefeatable spirit of Our Team, we entrained for the only home we know between October and May. A short interlude of books and drills, and the Thanksgiving Hop was on us—a day of scurrying around Maryland in auto-



*Smoke Filled Cars*

mobiles—another day of cheer practice, marching, and glove-washing—and we awoke to a starlit sky and a carefree march through unwillingly awakened Annapolis.

Hours of enforced but cheerfully endured idleness in smoke-filled cars, and we were herded on to the ferrys to gape again at the shipping and sky-line of a rainy New York. The rest is to all of us a confused riot of hectic recollections—a slippery, skidding march through an open-mouthed populace, between the stiff saluting ranks of our friendly enemies—mud, music, stiff braces, and seas of people—the uncovered stands of plebe year—the teams—and a haze of cough-drops and thrills

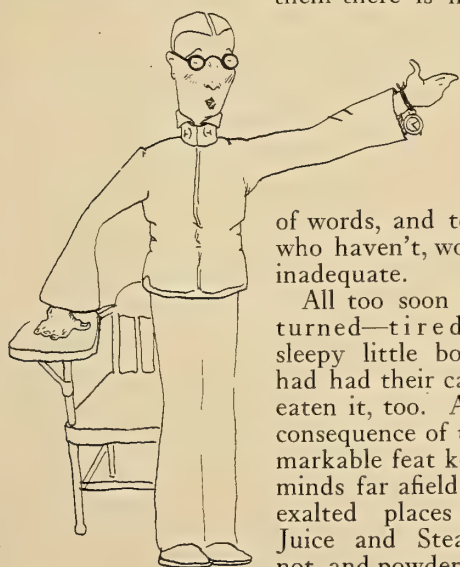
which did not end with the final whistle. A frantic rush to find the Drag—a jammed elevated, and the beginning of another but no less perfect haze which was *not* of cough-drops.

Home again—to a month of frenzied studying. Hair was combed, shoes were shined, and Navy lines unlimbered as never before in the awful effort to attain the coveted 2.6 which was the key to another chance at life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Eventually Der Tag dawned, and we reversed the hectic race of three months previous, full of hopes and plans for Christmas leave. That leave, like all other leaves, beggars description—to those who have had them there is no need



*Dragged Most Pulchritudinous Maidens*

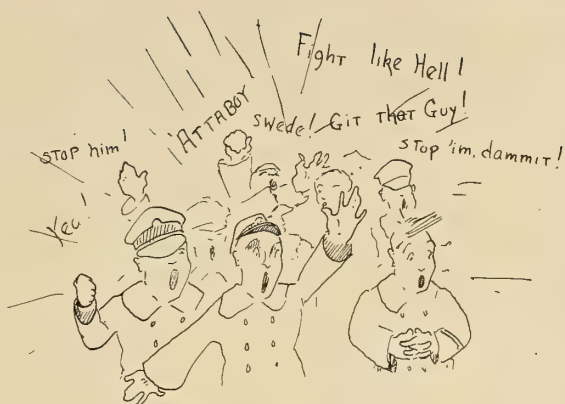
of words, and to those who haven't, words are inadequate.



*Buried English*

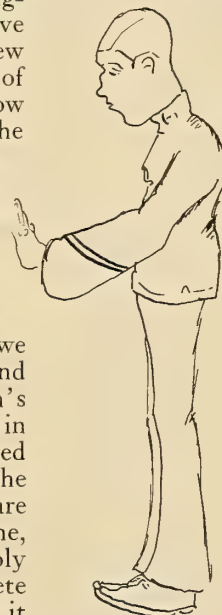
All too soon we returned—tired and sleepy little boys who had had their cake and eaten it, too. And the consequence of that remarkable feat kept our minds far afield, in the exalted places where Juice and Steam are not, and powder and lip sticks reign supreme.

Several of us, on the crest of the wave of happiness, defied the Semi-Anns., and ordered our Class Rings—and forthwith were plunged into the depths of a month of study such as only January and May can bring to midshipmen. One respite—we buried English in a manner that gave joy to our hearts and drew forth the official censure of them on Olympus. Somehow we staggered through the Semi-Anns. to emerge Math-less and without English, but otherwise generally intact.



*Small Vociferous Handful*

The second term started in a kaleidoscopic jumble of Ordnance, Nav, and hop-less Saturdays, but we bore them all cheerfully, and found the Washington's Birthday hop and leave in store for us, closely followed by the acme of hilarity—the Gymkhana. Gymkhanas are always good, but that one, being our own, indubitably took the cake for complete success. The memory of it lasted well into Lent, which gave us no roller skating, but did grant us the even more desirable privilege of afternoon informals and Navy League bazaars.



*Stare Fondly At Their Every Detail*

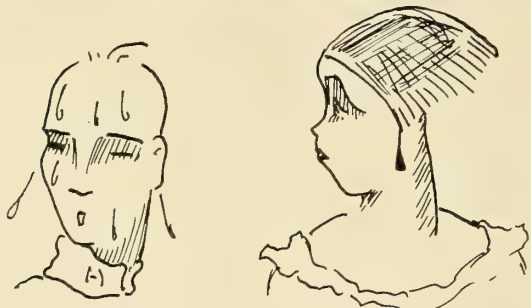
When the last pile of snow hidden deep in the shadows behind the main entrance had melted, we, as others before us have since Noah was a plebe, turned joyfully from indoor sports to baseball, crew and Spring; excuses for wasted study hours increased enormously, as did the number of out-going letters, most of which bore the tell-tale prefix "Miss"—and when the Easter Hop arrived, we arrayed ourselves in all our raiment and dragged most pulchritudinous maidens, and danced by moonlight inside and froze by starlight outside—and came down to earth with a dull thud the



*Unmistakable Christenings*

following Tuesday when the May-pole went up. Yet even the dread horrors of the academics could not phase the spring fever which ruled us, and we spent the spring between love-sickness and brawls over the soon-to-come Ring Dance.

Eventually we slid into the accustomed daze preparatory to the Anns., and yet we could not quite gain the complete oblivion of former



*Melted Collars, Cool Looking Femme*

years; thoughts of a not-too-pleasant cruise, of the joys and woes of First-class life, of the Ring Dance, of our last undergraduate June Ball, would not be downed by such trifles as direct currents or dead reckonings. The only memorable incident of those Anns. is not of the Anns.—yet who will forget that last Dago exam., which we galloped through with ruthless abandon to sit and fidget and put on our rings, only to take them off and stare fondly at their every detail? And then—somehow we descended the Luce Hall Stairs and maneuvered the double doors and rushed for the seawall, and then remembered and walked dejectedly up to Mem. Hall to receive the Supe's last admonitory words as we shoved off for First Class Year. A short twenty minutes with only the recollections of "no fagging"—and away we tore, this time unrestrained, to the seawall and a hilarious two hours of unmistakable christenings.

Then June Week, drills, games, leaves, drills, hops—such a rapid succession! Heat-melted collars, cool-looking femmes—more heat—and the Ring Dance became a reality. Not one, no matter from what class he is, can gainsay the fact that we certainly did put over the peppiest hop in the history of the Naval Academy—it will live forever in the minds of all those present. And the next day came graduation—through which we and the plebes sat with widely varying emotions. But from our exalted state of First Class, we could afford to be beneficent—and forgave them their gilded luxury in a burst of generous pride. The June Ball came close on the heels of Graduation—a happy-go-lucky affair, tintured a bit with the sobering realization that it was our last as midshipmen—and at two a. m., we crawled to our rooms and started to pack.

Mahomet to his mountain; Tagore to his India; Noah to his Ark; Midshipmen to their Summer Cruise.



*The Perfect Hop of History*



*"Exalted State of First Class"*



*"And Started to Pack."*



*"Formations Less Like Mob Scenes"*

## FIRST CLASS YEAR

FROM the time we first saw the Crab Fleet anchored off Greenbury Point on that memorable morning in August, 1919, and had our first taste of what life in Bankrupt Hall really is like when the upper classes piled ashore for leave, from that time until the actuality was on us, we entertained many a rosy dream of what it would be like to be First Classman. Cock of the Roost, King Coal on a Clean Shovel, Lord of Creation; all these combined with the Sultan of Turkey and the Grand Kleagle had nothing on the First Classman,—when we were looking up at him. But after we got there, it suddenly seemed as though being a first classman wasn't so very different from being a youngster, or a second classman after all. A tremendous lot of the First Class rates we had heard so much about failed to materialize. The Ancient Regime had plainly disappeared, and with it such conveniences as having the fourstriper yell "Squads Right" out the window at morning roll call and taking breakfast in bed brought up by a plebe. It was plainly a case of "them days is gone forever", so we simply recognized it and thanked heaven that we did not have D. O's for squad leaders yet.

After the first week of shaking down; always a miserable one in which the hang-over from leave has to be overcome and many readjustments made; things settled down nicely and the academic machinery began to move with greater smoothness than we had ever known. There was generally a more reg attitude throughout the regiment. The mustering P. O's hair did not get visibly grayer every day, and formations looked less like a mob scene. Then too there were some small compensations that helped matters out. The

fortunate ones used the galley exit from the mess hall to avoid the ten minute wait while the staff table lingered over their dessert; those of wavering religious tendencies tried all the church parties in turn until they found the preacher with the best sleeping voice; and the bridge hounds held their sessions comparatively unmolested.

The new systems of duty and stripers just inaugurated worked out as a benefit after we once got used to them. A change of class administration seemed to bring some improvements along the line of a less degree of resemblance between class meetings and a convention of the Sisters of I Will Arise. Altogether things seemed to be going very well and all hands were congratulating themselves on the successful beginning of a good year.

In the midst of this Happy Valley the bombshell burst and we suddenly found ourselves struggling with a dragon in the form of sundry odd courts martial, apparent eternal damnation to the service, and the sword of Damocles all wrapped up in individual packages. At least that was how it looked to us for a while and our feelings sank like a plummet from the middle altitude to the profoundest depths. One awful week which was terminated by the Pennsylvania game marked the crisis. From then on faiths began to be restored and a healthy enthusiasm replaced morbid forebodings. The effects were a long time in wearing off however, and it was not until after the semi-anns that the question "Stayin' in?" was largely answered by "Darn right" instead of "Hell no!"



*"That Same Feeling of Youngster Year"*

Events moved swiftly from then until the Army Game. After that adventure there is not a man, no matter with what carefree abandon he breaks mirrors and puts up umbrellas in the house, but will acknowledge that Philadelphia and our end of the Navy will not mix well. Not only the game itself but our subsequent difficulties seem to bear out the superstition. Except for a bad fifteen minutes while the Greylegs pulled off their celebration, we have not been able to bring ourselves to feel very badly about that game. It was anybody's battle and we have our own convictions as to what the score really ought to be. However, it was no fun to watch an Army snake dance, even if it did not look like a very joyous affair, and all of us would have by far preferred an unbroken series of victories. Philadelphia is no place for an Army-Navy game as later events proved, and although we managed to celebrate the occasion fittingly it was some weeks before we heard the last of it.

The month between the game and Christmas is a blank in the memories of all but the members of the P. A. list who tried everything up to and including a Ouija Board to determine the probability of getting leave. In the end the restricted number was mercifully small and we hied us away to forget what a turbine or an alternator looked like for ten blessed days.



*"Cock of the Roost"*



*"The Greylegs Celebrate"*

There followed another period of the after-leave hop, short this time for the semi-anns were looming too close, and also because most of the class were over the stage of returning from leave so love sick that they could do nothing but write letters and dream. They were either far gone and used to it or confirmed red mikes.

Our old friend the flu made review month sort of a catch-as-catch-can proposition for many and "created grave doubts" in the minds of many as to the outcome of the period of trial. Somehow we staggered through with few casualties and found ourselves entering on the last turn of our course—one more river.

Just about that time the strange metamorphosis began. Even the most happy-go-lucky began to realize that his days of round-and-round with the officers were nearly over and that soon he would be one of those incomprehensible beings himself. No one can tell when the change began in himself, it simply grew until we realized that we had ceased being three-quarter officers and were now seven-eights. Ordering uniforms helped to further the idea while it reduced our pocket books, until we really began to appreciate the extraordinary change in so many ideas that comes with the donning of the half-inch stripe. The new pay bill that would have meant so much to us roused hopes in the hearts of

everyone, particularly the love lorn whose visions of June weddings brightened considerably. But it followed in the path of so many of our bright visions and left us with only the dead body to mourn over.

The winter as a whole proved less tedious than those we had experienced before. There was more entertainment of a weekend, even if we did have to forego the keen pleasure of seeing one's special pet prof go on his ear in the Armory. The Masqueraders outdid themselves and put on a show that surprised us all. The Log dramatic critic hit it exactly when he said that the lack of laughter during the love scene was highest praise. We quite forgot that the fair maiden normally wore the same sort of clothes that we did.

There was one more jolt in store for some of us. It came without a whisper of forewarning in the form of a Navy Department order requiring three years service after graduation. Those who had already decided on a naval career chuckled, but it was not so funny to the ones who had expected to follow in the footsteps of many of '22 and try battle with the cold, cold world. Most of us, however, decided that our diploma was too valuable an asset and went out to order our uniforms. A few resignations were tendered, but were



"An Officer"

returned with such consistency that it seemed as though the only sure way out were to introduce a wife to the D. O.

A slight change in plans brought the permanent detail of stripers a month earlier than had been expected. A new method of assigning the coveted stripes was tried, based entirely on the revised grease mark system. The results showed that grease was still grease even if it were marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and the silence of wonderment around the bulletin boards where the final detail was posted was eloquent. After astonishment subsided there was something to be said for it. The stripers had their stripes, and the I. P. O.'s had the satisfaction of knowing that a large part of the best men of the class were numbered among them.

Easter leave brought a blessed respite for four days. We returned with the end almost in sight and the worst of our decisions made. We know what ships we were to go to and what leave to expect. The June brides to be were buying their trousseaus assured that all was well while their mids put in a last two months at trying to bone in spite of the united efforts of the band, spring weather and calm evenings to defeat their purpose.

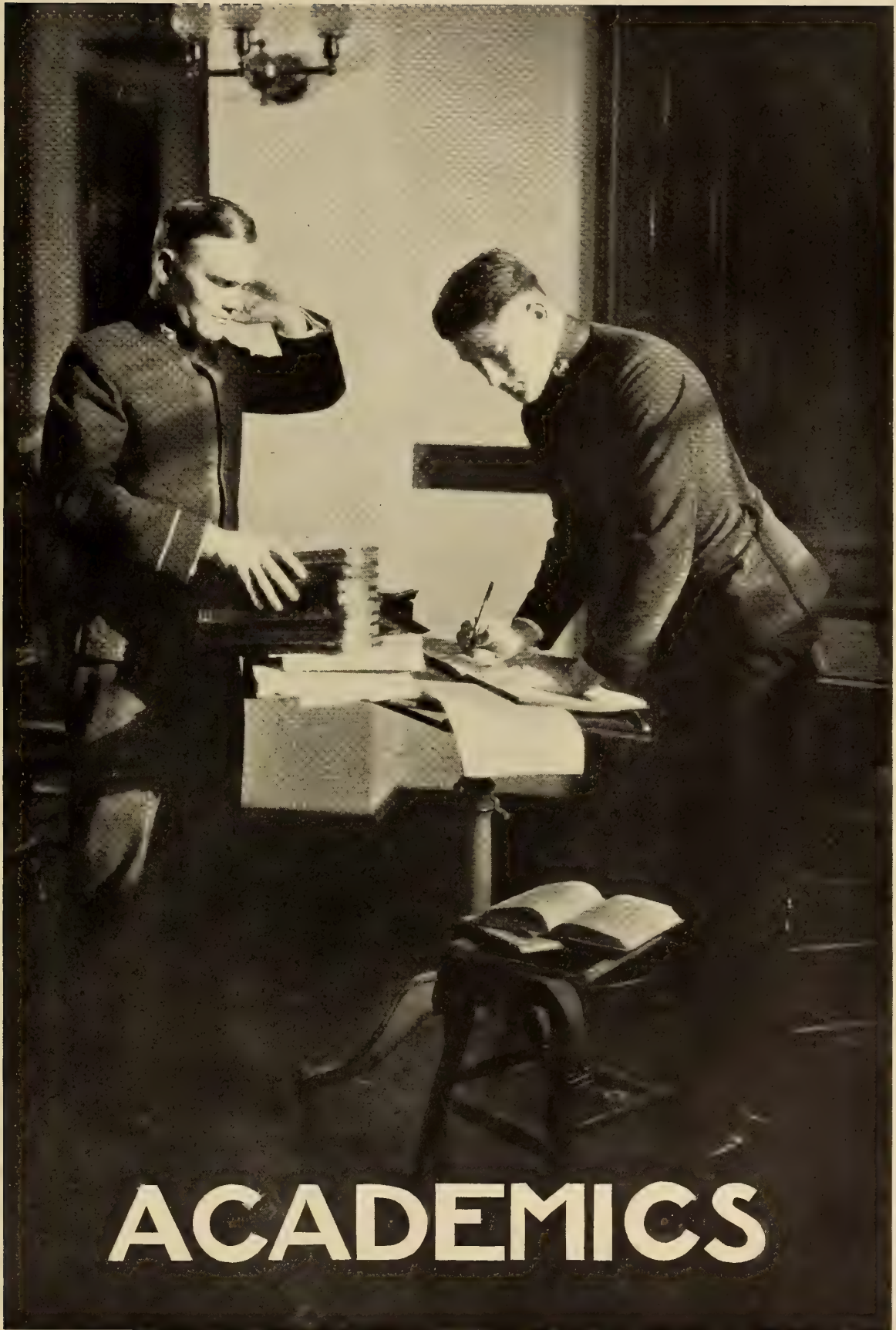


"D. O.'s for Squad Leaders"



"Trying on New Uniforms"





# ACADEMICS





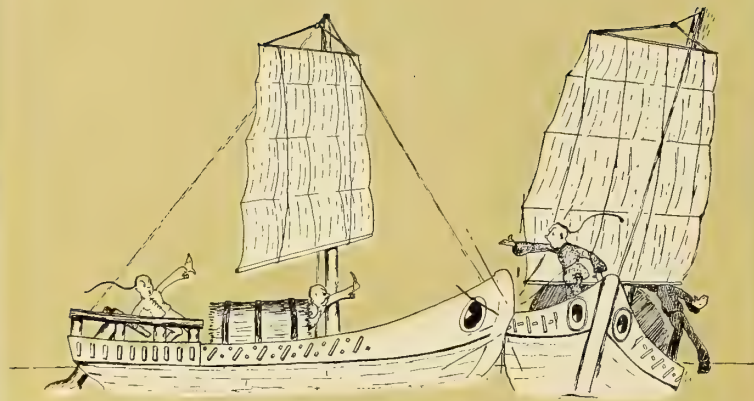
STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: R. S. BERKEY, H. D. CLARKE, W. C. CALHOUN, F. S. CROSLY, W. M. FECHTELER, R. E. KEATING, B. F. PERRY, R. G. TOBIN, A. B. CLARK, H. R. DYE.  
 SEATED: R. O. DAVIS, W. N. RICHARDSON, JR., G. B. HOEY, E. B. WASHBURN, JR., H. E. SHOEMAKER, J. D. MALONEY, W. C. WICKAM, O. L. DOWNES, R. A. DYER.

## EXECUTIVE

COMMANDER THOMAS R. KURTZ, *Head of Department*

NAV may come and Dago may go but Exec goes on forever. On entering, it was the first department we came in contact with, in the shape of a newly made but awe-inspiring ensign; and in leaving it is the last department to relinquish us with "bless you, my child" and documentary evidence of the special trust and confidence placed in us by the President. All through the four, or more, years of our existence as midshipmen, the watchful eye of the Executive Department is over us, and while it may cause us to appear with undue frequency in the morning society notes, still it is all for the good of our souls. The Commandant and his familiar spirits are like women, "we love 'em and we hate 'em, but we can't get along without 'em." It is only once in a while that a D. O. appears to midshipmen as anything but an evil genius, and when he does, the realization that he is human after all comes as rather a surprise. Only a man philosophic beyond the average can put himself in the shoes of an harassed D. O. and realize what fool things we midshipmen try to get away with. And yet, when we get ragged every one of us raises a mighty growl about the D. O., never thinking that he did the same thing, got caught, and felt the same way when he wore diagonal stripes.

Pounding Juice into wooden heads is fruit compared to trying to point out the error of his ways to a midshipman who is convinced the error is on the other side. D. O.'s are only human and like others of the kind are liable to mistakes, but after all there are not many things completely wrong which survive the red tape road between company officer and commandant. It won't be very long before the aspect of our whole course will change, and among the funniest things will appear those paps for the unauthorized use and sleeping in.





FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: O. HOLTMAN, G. C. KRINER, S. D. TRUESDELL, L. R. VAIL, V. H. KYLLBERG.  
 SECOND ROW: L. H. THEBAUD, R. DEES, C. A. BAKER, W. P. DAVIS, C. D. LEFFLER, M. Y. COHEN.  
 SEATED: C. McCAULEY, W. E. CLARKE, C. C. SOULE (HEAD OF DEPARTMENT), L. S. STEWART, C. H. MADDOX.

## SEAMANSHIP

COMMANDER CHARLES C. SOULE, *Head of Department*

SEAMANSHIP is by far the most cramped, and in one way ineffectual, course at the Academy. It is not the fault of the Department itself, for noble efforts have been made to accommodate a rapidly expanding subject to a fixed amount of time. The trouble lies in a general arrangement which assigns one short year to a subject which should by every right cover all four years of the course. Considering the ground covered it is a wonder that we ever pass an examination at all. The word seamanship includes perhaps a third of the subjects studied. But we struggle along, thanking the powers that be for the omission of the traditional blinker.

Seamanship also includes a series of drills designed to teach us a little about the practical end of the subject, being principally the weight of a cutter oar, and how not to wind the sail boats out of their moorings. It is all entertaining enough, especially when somebody holds on to the sheet too long and finds himself sitting on the water instead of on the deck. Sub-chasers proved a rather welcome diversion and furnished considerable excitement one afternoon when one caught fire and burned out the whole inside.

The class in general appreciates the difficulties under which the Seamanship department works to a greater extent than perhaps the department itself realizes. Also, looking at it from the other end, the officers of the department as a whole realize that our powers of absorption are being hard pressed, and make corresponding allowances. For this reason we will leave with a general idea of what they have tried to teach us, and at least a knowledge of where to look for the answer to any problem we may encounter aboard ship.





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: S. W. KIRTLAND, L. D. MCCORMICK, D. M. STEECE, W. W. MEEK, F. R. THOMAS, A. T. CLAY, E. H. CONNOR.  
 SECOND ROW: R. E. RODGERS, H. L. MAPLES, H. P. BURNETT, H. F. FLOYD, W. O. HENRY, M. B. ARNOLD.  
 SEATED: A. M. R. ALLEN, P. L. WILSON, J. DOWNES (HEAD OF DEPARTMENT), E. A. LOFQUIST, F. T. BERRY.

## NAVIGATION

COMMANDER JOHN DOWNES, *Head of Department*

NAVIGATION is perhaps the most "practical" subject we cover at the naval academy. To be sure, the subject is really covered in three months; from then on we are treated to an intense and prolonged review, but the fact remains that what is done in the classroom is exactly what is done in the chart house, so that it well behooves the wooden in Nav to bone up.

A feature of Nav is the weekly exam. They try to conceal them under the name of P-works, but those who take them know better. The department takes an unfair advantage in having them on the top deck of Maury Hall. By the time a man carries a load of books, drawing instruments, and notebooks, aggregating in the neighborhood of twenty pounds, across to the academic group and up three flights of stairs he is pretty well exhausted before he ever begins. A look at the paper adds shock to exhaustion, so that the victim labors in a sort of mental haze and physical stupor which accounts for many a mistake.

One special feature of Nav is the summer argument between the first class and the noon flag hoist. Somehow the two never seem to agree—at first. But when charts have to be made out of P-work note book paper, sights taken with a doubtful sextant, and worked squatting in a corner with Bowditch on lap, almanac on deck, pencil making frantic efforts to escape, and many people stumbling over outstretched feet, it is small wonder that the letters of commendation are few. However, it makes for concentration which will perhaps be appreciated later. Certainly Navigation is nothing if not practical.







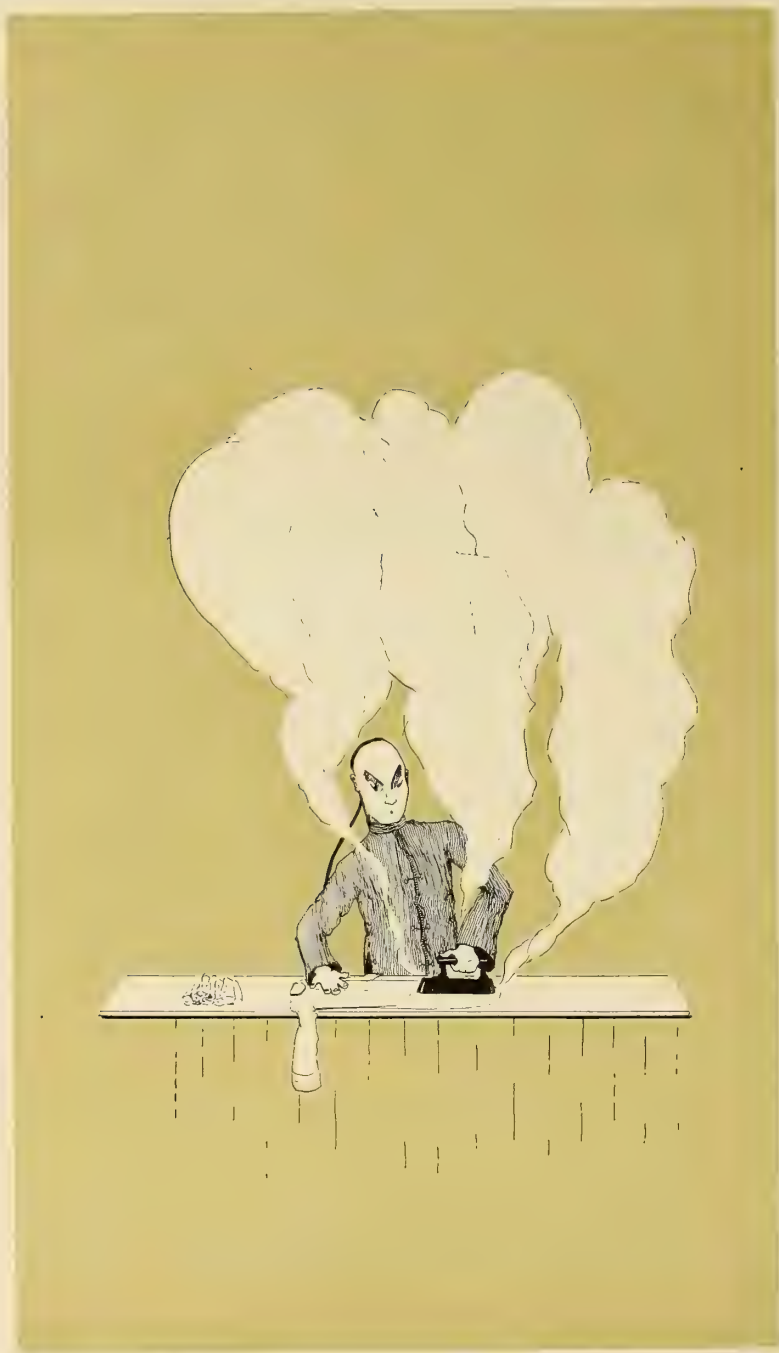
STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: E. S. EARNHARDT, W. L. WRIGHT, A. S. WOTHERSPOON, D. SPENCER, T. G. PEYTON, F. JORDAN, T. R. COOLEY, H. E. MACLELLAN, S. H. HURT, M. L. LEWIS, G. P. LAMONT.  
SEATED: M. W. CALLAHAN, H. J. NELSON, W. E. DOYLE, A. D. DENNEY, C. S. MCWHORTER, E. G. SMALL, L. H. McDONALD, G. S. ARVIN, J. J. MAHONEY.

## ORDNANCE AND GUNNERY

COMMANDER WILBUR R. VAN AUKEN, *Head of Department*

ORDNANCE was a little treat reserved for us until the middle of Second Class year. We made a swap of Math for Ordnance and found ourselves out of the frying pan into the fire. Math was just Math, but Ordnance was Math and other things too. Because of a dearth of home talent the department enlisted the aid of the Seamanship profs against us. Knowing little more about the "elastic stretch of gum" than we, they were forced to act more or less as referees in the famous navy game of "Try and Get It." We did get it after brain cudgellings that left our heads sore, but even now the sight of a delta or the mysterious symbol "woof" produces a sickening sensation of helplessness.

Ordnance is one of the departments in which agility in thumbing a log book is a first essential. It takes a good guesser to arrive at the proper method of finding how to blow up a gun; but when he has arrived his intuition avails him naught if he can't make Aunty Log and Cousine Alpha perform precisely as they had for the author of the gouge. The theory is that "it's all in the book, all you have to do is work it accurately," but like all theories it has its flaws from our point of view at least. No matter what the work for the month has been in the section rooms, the exam is sure to produce some total strangers. However, with the frills trimmed away, Ordnance is one of the most useful departments, our future considered. Heaven help the ensign who faces a Ford board in the plotting room of a ship if he hasn't had some Small instruction first. And after all what's a battleship good for if it isn't to carry a load of guns around?





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: S. H. BROWN, JR., W. GEARING, T. C. SLINGLUFF, W. M. REIFEL, W. A. CORN, M. J. WALKER, H. E. PADDOCK, F. G. RICHARDS, C. P. BOLGIANO, A. T. EMERSON, BERGER.  
 SECOND ROW: C. G. RICHARDSON, T. L. SCHUMACHER, P. MARSHALL, J. E. BOAK, H. B. BROADFOOT, R. F. HANS, L. P. BISCHOFF, W. E. FARRELL, D. KAVANAUGH, JR.  
 THIRD ROW: G. W. CLARK, A. R. EARLY, R. J. JONDREAU, H. V. LABOMBARD, W. E. MILLER, G. C. MANNING, H. G. ELDRIDGE, G. BENEZE, A. D. STRUBLE.  
 SEATED: C. E. LEWIS, R. C. SMITH, JR., VAN VALKENBURG, P. J. PEYTON, J. S. WOODS, H. G. S. WALLACE (HEAD OF DEPARTMENT), T. W. JOHNSON, G. N. REEVES, JR., R. S. FAY.

## MARINE ENGINEERING AND NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

COMMANDER HENRY G. S. WALLACE, *Head of Department*

**S**TEAM caught us young and treated us rough. At the very beginning of things. Even before Plebe summer was over we began our first discoveries as to the smearing qualities of wet india ink, and all through that year even into half of youngster year we stood on aching legs while the wily tetrahedron flatly refused to intersect with the stubborn pentaprism. Sketches of plaster models indistinguishable in their crudeness, measurements of holes we couldn't reach, curves that tried even the flexibility of a reg collar in conforming to them, all became familiar spirits.

Steam is a versatile department. Its official title, too long to say in one breath, includes much in its scope, but not so much as the section room. However, no one can deny but that he has at least a hazy idea of how the stuff works after four years of persistent departmental effort.

The worst that can be said of the department is that they have a little habit of soothing the frenzied student in the section room and socking him in the exam from some totally unexpected angle.

The cruise is supposed to furnish practical instruction in the various branches of Steam as convincingly outlined in the cruise schedule of instruction under the various ten-day detail headings of Engines, Auxiliaries, Electrical, and Boilers. Practically, it all amounts to a prolonged P-work in the last, so that while details of Steam may be missed, a thorough knowledge of how to keep the needle at 275 is firmly instilled. Boilers we do know something about.





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: A. E. KING, JR., G. B. KEESTER, D. G. HOWARD, E. J. ENGELKE, G. D. ROBINSON, J. R. ALLEN, D. A. McELDUFF, W. J. LORENZ.  
 SECOND ROW: J. D. MOORE, H. J. RAY, J. C. GREY, C. L. BEST, C. BRAINE, JR., A. BARNETT, H. V. WILEY, E. W. THOMPSON.  
 THIRD ROW: C. S. ALDEN, C. F. ROSENDAHL, VANDERKLOOT, R. S. PARR, W. A. HICKS, C. C. VICKREY, J. A. MURPHY.  
 SEATED: H. B. HIRD, R. F. FRELLSEN, G. S. BRYAN, H. D. COOKE (HEAD OF DEPARTMENT), P. J. DASHIELL, J. PARKER, JR., F. W. ROCKWELL.

## ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AND PHYSICS

COMMANDER HENRY D. COOK, *Head of Department*

LIKE Babes in the Wood we ventured into the Wilderness of Skinny and Juice at the beginning of Youngster year. Poor little innocents, we had heard much of ergs and joules, some of us had even read the chase of the coulomb, but none of us had ever dreamed in our wildest nightmare of the awful maze into which we entered. After a term of trying to eliminate ourselves by chemical means in the lab we were confronted with the Horror of Horrors, that mimeographed Physics book. It couldn't be read, in the first place, and it couldn't be understood when it had been deciphered. How anyone stayed sat is an open question. The famous "Fish-Eye Camera Picture" is still a standing joke.

After a year of being in a permanent hop from the moment we entered the building until the moment we left, the transition from Skinny to Juice was hardly any change. The sweet sounds of dit-da-dit-dit still greeted our bright morning faces and Bullhard Volumes I and II were nothing after our Physics "book". We did manage to absorb a little juice in between times, enough to know that when the circuit breaker blows red hot something is wrong. The P-works kept us guessing. After the book said so it was annoying not to be able to get anywhere near the same result. It always took about two days to recover faith in electricity after one of those P-works. Radio pleased the Bed-time Story and Time Signal hounds until they found that the book didn't tell you anything much. After all it was the same case as our first chemistry had been.

But in the end we emerged with a few ideas well bedded in our Harveyized craniums, and those who hit the electric-drives will offer praise to the great god Odin, therefor.

1/2¢ = 1 cent!

6 Collars = \$.24

4 Drawers = \$.40

\$2.26 = 226¢!!

5 Shirts = 1.20

11 Handkerchiefs = \$.33





FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: P. E. HEMKE, J. TYLER, J. A. BULLARD, L. S. DEDERICK, L. M. KELLS, M. A. EASON, J. B. SCARBOROUGH, A. KIERNAN, E. S. MAYER.  
 SECOND ROW: W. A. CONRAD, G. R. CLEMENTS, C. A. SHOOK, J. N. GALLOWAY, H. H. GAVER, A. DILLINGHAM.  
 THIRD ROW: W. F. SHENTON, L. T. WILSON, R. C. LAMB, H. E. JENKS, G. A. BINGLEY, H. M. ROBERTS, JR.  
 SEATED: P. CAPRON, H. L. RICE, D. M. GARRISON (HEAD OF DEPARTMENT), C. L. LEIPER, J. B. EPPES.

## MATHEMATICS

CAPTAIN DANIEL M. GARRISON, *Head of Department*

**M**ATH began for us like a great big Leader taking a Little Boy by the hand and leading him out into the mysteries of the multiplication tables. It was nice and gentle, and except for one or two officers, the prof knew something if you could prevail upon them to put out the information. We coasted along through Algebra and Solid and Trig with comparative ease. After all it was about what the last year of High School had to offer with a few variations in the way of Texts Specially Prepared for Midshipmen.

When Youngster year came we began to realize that teacher was gone and a business like green volume entitled Differential and Integral Calculus was in his place which stood by with the little red book. Fast and furious flew the chalk, it wasn't a recitation unless your throat was dry and your shoulders white with dust. The outcome of the struggle was rather in favor of the department. With a weapon like Calc what chance had we poor wooden midshipmen? The casualties were many after semi-anns. Stereo proved fruit for those with imaginative minds and an unending picture puzzle for all the rest. But the great stroke came at the last. Mechanics sounded easy. We all could run a monkey wrench. But those stress, them strain, that couples! Combined with the gentle art of ouija-boarding with a slip stick it was a demon term, and we buried the tall thin gentleman with the big nose and Adam's Apple, without the slightest sorrow. It was one subject gone, and what a subject!







BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: FOSTER, R. B., PEASE, R. S., PRATT, J. W., STURDY, H. F., MERRICK, R. S., DARDEN, W. A., MYERS, F. I., LEWIS, C. L.  
 SECOND ROW: GIGNILLIAT, G. W. JR., MCKAY, A. A., DOTY, W. K., MCCORMICK, H., GUNN, S. A., NORRIS, W. B., FORTNA, C. B., ALDRICH, E. A.  
 SEATED: FENTON, H. J., ALDEN, C. S., C. ALPHONSO SMITH (HEAD OF DEPARTMENT), STEVENS, W. O., WESTCOTT, A. F.

## ENGLISH

PROFESSOR C. ALPHONSO SMITH, *Head of Department*

OUR introduction to the Department of English was a pleasant one, taking as it did the form of an address by our well-beloved Professor Smith. If the entire course consisted solely in listening to him explaining in a manner comprehensible even to the mind of a midshipman how simple such things as Montaigne's essays really are, we could not complain—but unfortunately it does not. The real battle started with the "Composition of Naval Officers", followed closely by "Swipes from Great Literature" and "What Literature Did to Me." We admit it is literature, but the dose was rather hard to swallow. To this day there is not a man in the class but will smile when you mention "Sweetness and Light". It seemed to us that the emphasis rested on the last word of the title.

All of Youngster year we pursued the flying enemy through the great naval battle of history. Poor Nelson, rest his soul, we followed through three battles and a couple of love affairs, the latter probably claiming the greater share of our attention.

Then came the alarming discovery that our own revered Admiral Mahan was a back number, a mere dabbler in the great truths of strategy. He would never have made even a bad third to the great and powerful minds of the English Department, which see through the intricacies of any situation at a glance.

As the day of the decease of English drew near there was much furbishing up of gold lace, bath robe cords, spectacles, and stray alarm clocks. Mutterings from the depths were heard, but like him who lives at the foot of a volcano we gave no heed. Our ceremonial robes for the dear departed were indeed gorgeous. The Siamese navy would have expired from envy had they beheld us. There was not a waver in a single hair part, not a brow but was furrowed with sorrow. But the ghost walked, and proved itself to be made of more than thin air. The final result was a hopeless month and a certain soreness that disappeared but slowly.

Ooy goir  
little eye-  
il faot que l go  
back aboard.  
Savvy?

草成





TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: J. M. PURDIE, C. J. V. ARJONA, C. V. RAY, A. P. MEYER, O. W. ALLEN, J. K. DITCHY, F. B. MITCHELL, H. H. O'NEILL, H. BLUESTONE.  
 SECOND ROW: C. V. FOWLER, H. LOSS, L. HERRERA, C. G. B. LAGUARDIA, D. JORDAN, M. A. VACCARIELLO, H. B. WINCHELL, J. KOPKE, P. A. LAJOYE.  
 SEATED: M. A. COLTON, W. E. OLIVET, P. E. VOINOT, M. MILNE (HEAD OF DEPARTMENT), A. FERNANDEZ, J. MARTEL, L. L. R. FOURNON.

## MODERN LANGUAGES

COMMANDER MACGILLIVRAY MILNE, *Head of Department*

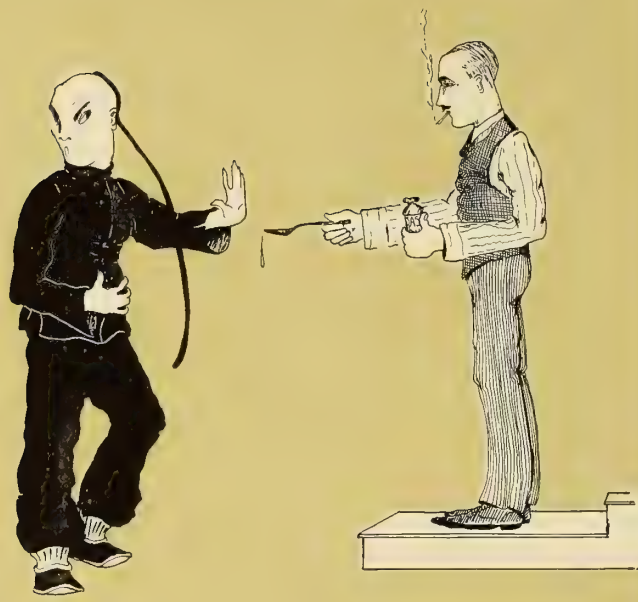
THE subject of Dago has two important subdivisions; namely, Spig and Frog. Even in the days of our new-ness we felt the effects of the great division, for on entering we were bidden to choose, and the sheep were separated from the goats, the Spigs from the Frogs. Which were the goats is a question never settled, for both sides have hotly contended that their particular form of lingual torment was the most obnoxious.

Dago looks innocent enough on the surface, quite funny at times, in fact, but the humor was reversed when numerous classmates found themselves out in the cold, dark world with nothing but a few Spanish idioms as the cause of it all.

Anyone who should suggest having Dago P-works would be hooted down in an instant, but the same hooters have put in some painful hours trying to convince some dark eyed senorita that the garden is much nicer than the ball room, or in holding a heated debate with the *cochero* of a *carmelita* on the subject of foreign exchange. The Frogs got in their innings at Martinique and in Lisbon, where they ought to speak Spanish, but won't if they can help it. The preponderance of effort lies with the Spigs, however, and "*dime un cigarillo*" is a familiar phrase in Bancroft Hall.

It was with much joy among the wooden that the news of the burial of Dago at the end of Second Class year was received. First class Dago never amounted to anything but a bi-weekly nuisance, but we were glad to be rid of it. The last "recitation" of the course found us at the receiving end of the reciting. The Head of the Department decided to tell us what we had been trying to do, and was successful to such a degree that we left the Auditorium with a kindly feeling toward the Department in general and its head in particular. "All's well that ends well" is very true.

AMERICAN  
MISSION  
DISPENSARY





FIRST ROW: S. O. CLAYTOR, W. REHRAUER, A. L. BURLEIGH, A. B. KALEN, S. W. DOUGLASS.  
 SECOND ROW: E. B. TAYLOR, J. T. STRINGER, F. A. HUGHES, F. E. FERGUSON, JR., W. P. MULL, JR.  
 THIRD ROW: S. C. WILLIAMS, R. HAYDEN, D. N. CARPENTER (HEAD OF DEPARTMENT), H. R. HERMESCH, R. S. SPENCER.

## HYGIENE

CAPTAIN DUDLEY N. CARPENTER, *Head of Department*

**H**YGIENE is perhaps the briefest and most painless course in the curriculum, consisting as it does of some fourteen odd lectures on Friday nights, half of which are movies. However, there is a catch in everything, and the joker in the Bones lies in the semi-ann in hygiene, which terminates our crossing of the next to the last river.

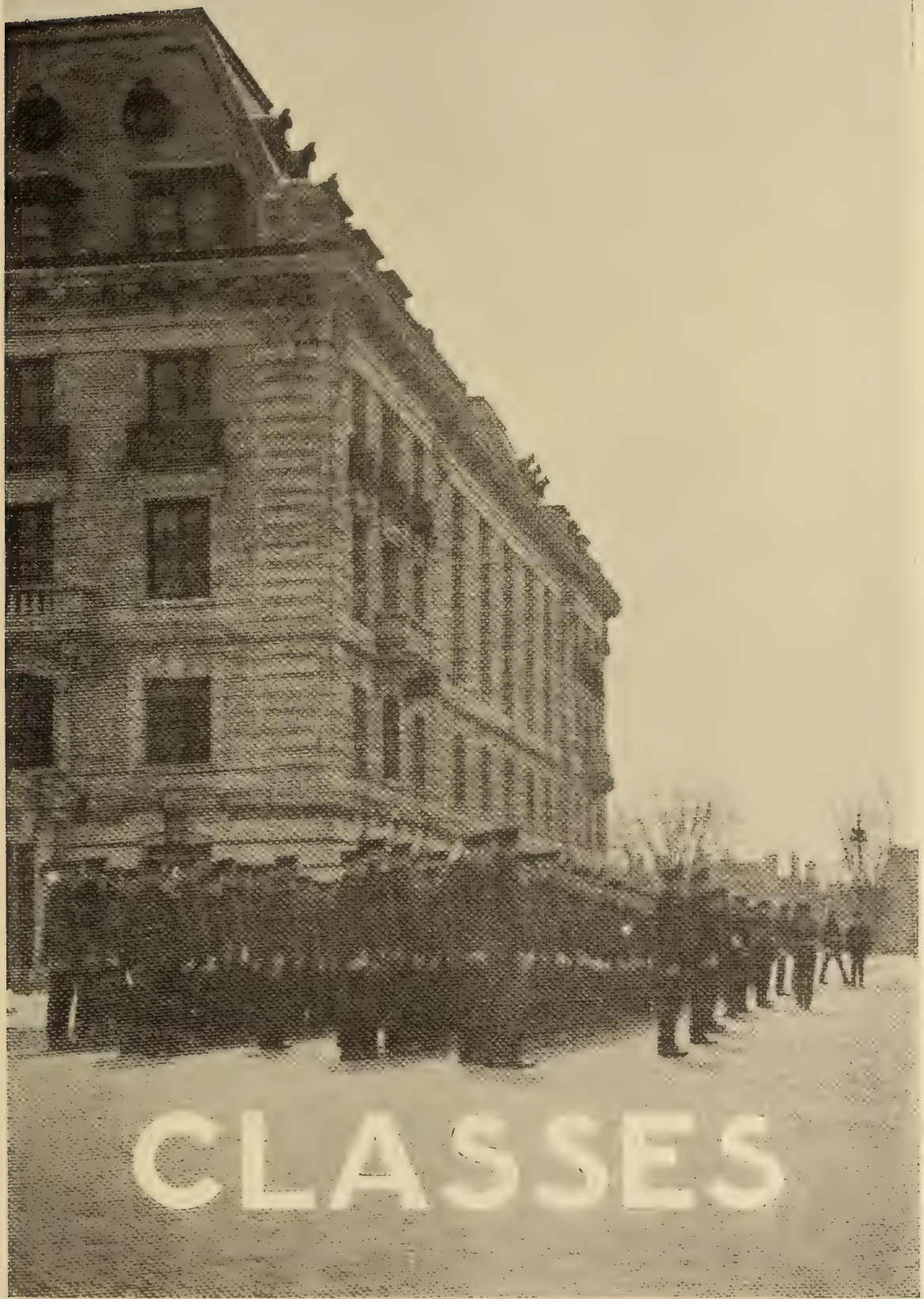
The staff of the Bones department is a small one, consisting of Doctor Taylor as head and chief lecturer, being assisted only by Skelly and Dummy, who mutely demonstrate some of the fundamentals of human construction.

The movies are quite an attraction. We feel quite intimate with Messrs. Amoeba and Streptococcus, having witnessed their family life spread across ten feet of screen. To be sure, some of the animated cartoons were not quite up to the mark. One evening we thought we would go crazy if any more C's and O's and H's and triangles chased themselves around in our field of vision. One special feature film was long anticipated and received with great enthusiasm. The impression it made was quite marked and has lasted for a remarkable length of time.

All told, we learned what our heads were supposed to hold; the difference between heart action and a duplex air pump; what to do in case of fainting, hammer toes, pneumonia, dizziness, and falling hair; and why bootleg likker gives one colley-wobbles. Taken as a whole, the course wasn't bad at all, and a little frantic last minute reading of the book served to give us enough assorted information to get by the exam. If only they were all like that!



*Skyline from the Severn*





## THE SECOND CLASS

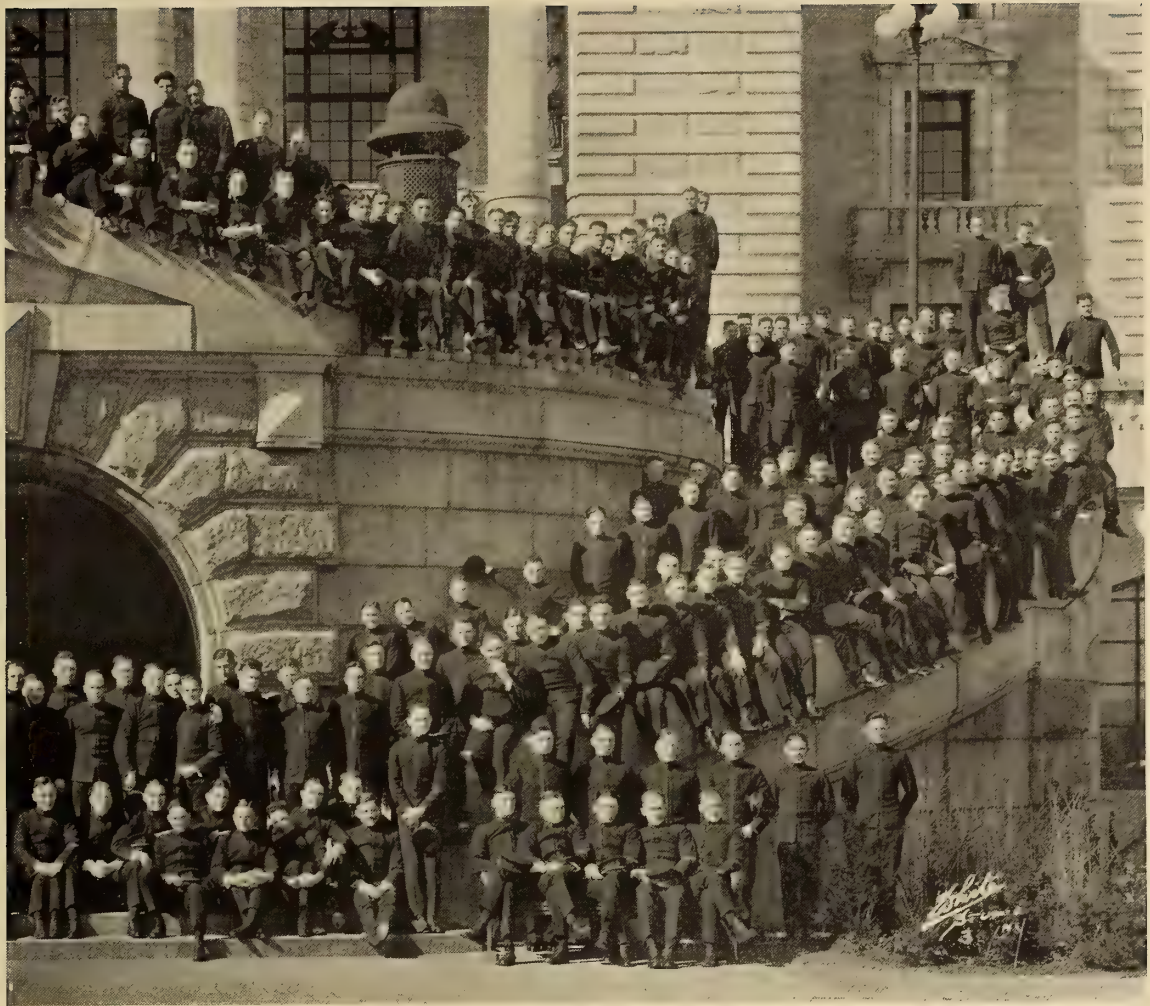
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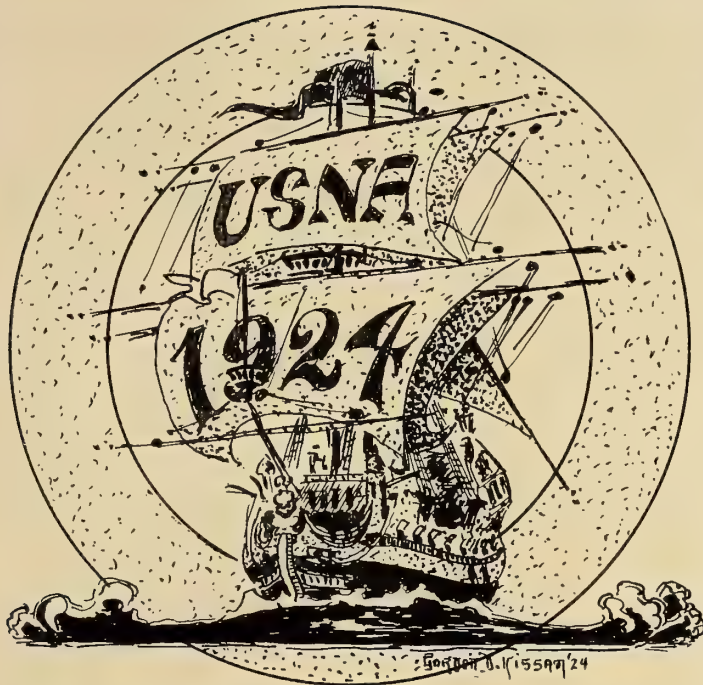
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 QUINN, B. D.  
 RAGAN, T. C.  
 RAMSEY, D. J.  
 RANDOLPH, A. K.  
 RANDOLPH, A. P.  
 RASBACH, J. B.  
 RAWLINS, E. W.  
 READ, H. T.  
 REITH, G., JR.  
 REITHER, R. W.  
 REPLINGER, C. F.  
 RHAMSTINE, J. R.  
 RHEA, F. L.  
 RHOADES, W. R.  
 RICE, L. K.  
 RICHARDS, W. L.  
 RICHTER, H. E.  
 RICKETTS, J. B., JR.  
 RIGGS, P. H.  
 RITCHIE, T. C.  
 ROANE, V. R.  
 ROBERTS, N. K.  
 ROBILLARD, G. N.  
 ROBINSON, H. R.  
 RODE, H. C., JR.  
 ROEDEL, L.  
 ROOK, E. C.  
 ROONEY, J. B.  
 ROSE, R. E., JR.  
 ROTHS, M. H.  
 RUCKER, C. G.  
 RUFFOLO, L. J.  
 RUSENBERGER, J. R.  
 RUTT, B. L.  
 SALL, H.  
 SANDERS, S., JR.  
 SANFORD, J. R., JR.  
 SAWYER, M. A.  
 SAYRE, R. E.  
 SAYRES, C.  
 SCHEIBELER, J. J.  
 SCHENCK, C. A., JR.  
 SCHREINER, M.  
 SCOTT, W. W.  
 SEAWARD, E. T.  
 SEAY, E. A.  
 SESSIONS, F. E., JR.  
 SHANKLIN, E. W.  
 SHANNON, J. T.  
 SHARP, L. D., JR.  
 SHELDON, H. P.  
 SHEPHERD, C. E.  
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 SHIVELY, J. C.  
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 SHROPSHIRE, R. F.  
 SHULTZ, T. J.  
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 SIEGRIST, P. W.  
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 SINCLAIR, G. A.  
 SINGER, S. J.  
 SISSON, T. U., JR.  
 SMITH, H. P.  
 SMITH, J. W.  
 SMITH, P. K.  
 SOUTHERLAND, T. C.  
 SOUTHWORTH, H. B.  
 SPAHN, J. E.  
 SPEER, J. G.  
 SPENCER, R.  
 STEENBERG, G. H.  
 STEPHENS, E. W.  
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 STODDARD, G. M.  
 STONE, W. P.  
 STORMES, M. C.  
 STOTT, G. W.  
 STOUT, R. F.  
 STROHECKER, F. A.  
 STUART, C. J.  
 STUART, W. J.  
 SULLIVAN, J. E.  
 SUTLIFF, R. C.  
 SWART, R. L., JR.  
 SWEENEY, J. M.  
 SYLVESTER, H. MACT.  
 TAMMANY, W. P.  
 TAYLOR, E. J., JR.  
 TAYLOR, J. I., JR.  
 TELLER, M. S.  
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 THOMPSON, W. B.  
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 TOPPER, J. R.  
 TOWNER, G. C.  
 TOWNSEND, A. M.  
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 TURNER, T. A., JR.  
 VERGE, W. E.  
 VIEWEG, W. V. R.  
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 VOSELLER, A. B.  
 WAID, R. T.  
 WALBRIDGE, V.  
 WALDRON, J. C.  
 WALKER, D. S.  
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 WALSH, A. J.  
 WARBURTON, A. L.  
 WARREN, J. T.  
 WATTS, E.  
 WEAVER, P. L. F.  
 WEBB, R. C., JR.  
 WEEDEN, W. W., JR.  
 WEIR, A.  
 WELSH, D. E.  
 WHEELER, H. B.  
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 WINSLOW, C. McR., JR.  
 WITMER, E. L.  
 WOLOWSKY, J. E.  
 WOOD, A. C.  
 WOOD, C. C.  
 WOOD, J. L.  
 WOODWARD, J. J.  
 WOODYARD, E. L.  
 WORTHINGTON, J. M.  
 WRAY, H. W.  
 WRIGHT, J. M. P.  
 WYMOND, J. E.  
 YEOMANS, E. E.  
 YOUNG, E. W.  
 YOUNG, R. C., JR.  
 ZELENSKA, B. T.



one else, will appreciate the analogy between the two organizations. According to several outspoken ensigns, we were indeed the riff-raff of the earth. Be that as it may, we showed the early inoculation of plenty of the good old Navy spirit when the news was flashed over that Navy had won the championship of the world in rowing. A few didn't know a crew shell from an egg-shell and thought a "sweep" to be just what it implied; but we yelled and snake-danced and enjoyed ourselves withal.

Plebe summer continued to simmer and bits of news commenced to trickle in. Headlines: "*Middies' Enjoy Hula Dances in Honolulu.*" "*Middies' Entertained in Seattle.*" "*Middies' See Hollywood from the Inside.*" How we envied the fortunate ones and, as the time for their return drew near, how we shivered in mortal dread.

Can't remember the night long watches in the new wings? Columbus' lookout never had a thing on the little plebe who joyfully turned us all out, on the third night of watching, to see those little lights gleaming far out on the Bay.

Then dawn, and a sea-weary mob, dashing against the sea wall, overflowing into the Yard and slowly trickling out the gates, headed north, east, south and west. In fancy we jumped ahead a year and imagined ourselves landing after a three-months' cruise around the world with the Crab Fleet.

The upper classes were gone but not forgotten and too soon, much too soon, were they back again. Moving day for us, with service too large, service too small, service that fit most any way at all.

New faces, new tables and new customs—

"Mr. Gillucky, your fork is not an ornament; use it occasionally. Also, what is the d—sert?—Chocolate eclairs! !— Ye gods and little dolphins, get under and stay under!"

For the first few days, we went around in quite a bit of a hop, but things gradually cleared and commenced to take on familiar shapes. A little, red-covered book forced itself unpleasantly upon our notice, along with divers other things.

But just when we were learning enough to bother our "spoons" and to fake stoopfalls, a large spike was tossed into the machinery and "moving day" again. After moving our own effects, a willing (?) hand was lent to the others.

"Here, Mister, take these up to 3464 and after that, move my roommate's gear. He's in the hospital."

"Aye, aye, sir." (Cheerfully.)

Life drifted sweetly on for a while, 'cause "plebes" were 2 p. o.'s and stripers too. But a general sigh of relief went up when "Old Home Week" was announced, and we all

THERE is found in France an organization, unique in the character of its members and in its traditions, called the Foreign Legion,—that heroic regiment composed of men from every walk of life, nobles and nobodies, ministers and millionaires.

Any one who had the opportunity to look down upon the class of 1924, and watch it grow almost overnight into the second largest that ever entered, then watch it slowly shrink as the different hazards of Academy life took their toll, must have been struck with the analogy between the aforementioned body of men and the class of 1924.

Called from every walk of life, from the rock-ribbed coast of Maine to the sun-parched mesas of Arizona, we were to be duly sworn in, and who can forget the thrill of that moment when we became "officers and gentlemen in a qualified sense?"

Plebe summer started with its usual heat, drills, "shots" and newly-made "D. O.'s" who, perhaps more than any





The Foreign Legion

moved back in time to give a united 4-N for the team before they shoved off for the Polo Grounds. Who has forgotten or ever will forget an Army game? A few, a very few, might have spent that evening in New York visiting the Aquarium and the Public Library, but the majority set about collecting choice titbits of experience to enliven their "Memoirs". Some of them were "choice"!

"Home" again, with a firm conviction to make Pete McKee President of these United States. We compromised, however, and made him our own; and he was much too good to lose.

Athletics and the semi-anns next engaged our attention. Some made good in athletics and not in the semi-anns, others, vice versa. Those that bilged left us with a good-bye and a feeling that even their six short months had not been wasted.

Those long dreary months until June Week dragged slowly past and we awoke one night to hear the soothing sound of running water trickling out of a fourth deck shower and a rough voice command, "Hop in and be washed of your sins, you vice-ridden plebe!" We hopped, we washed and we cursed. But at last the day of days arrived,—views of Harding, views of femmes, views of heaven so soon to be. One last command, "Brace up!" Then a wild dash for Lover's Lane, freedom, emancipation, call it what you will! The slaves of old had nothing on us. A 4-N for everybody and "Tain't no mo' plebes!"

Just a day to rate the world and we shoved off for our first cruise. Many of us had never set foot aboard a battle-wagon and couldn't tell a side-boy from a slice-bar. Above decks wasn't so bad, but can you remember trying to re-locate the scuttle-butt and finally, by carefully following directions, ending up in the steering engine room? One could easily appreciate the subtle meaning of the phrase, "lost at sea".

By the time we reached Norway's fjords, we had everything solved and knew just where the best caulking places were.

Norway was superb, Portugal was wonderful, Gibraltar was good, while Guantanamo was, and always will be, just Guantanamo. Still, it gave us a chance to claim that we had been to Cuba. Leaving Guantanamo, we made the usual rough trip up the coast and one day dropped the old mud-

hook just where we had picked it up three months' previous. Now was our chance to make our dreams of the year before come true, and each one of us in his own way did his best.

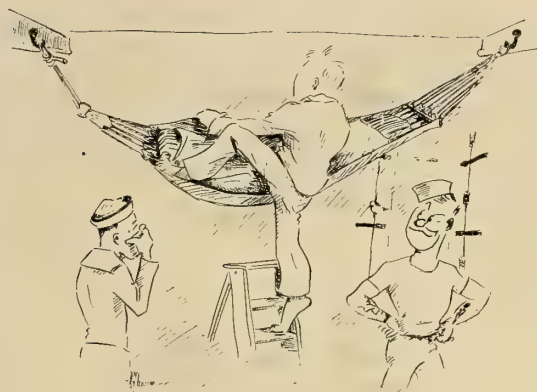
Can't remember that feeling of worldly sophistication, that inimitable *savoir faire* with which you boarded your Pullman and handed the shiny B. B. and B. bag with all its foreign labels to the waiting porter? Them were the happy days! To lounge around the old home-



Port Running Light—Bright Light, Sir



Perfect Behavior



*How Long is Ignorance Bliss?*

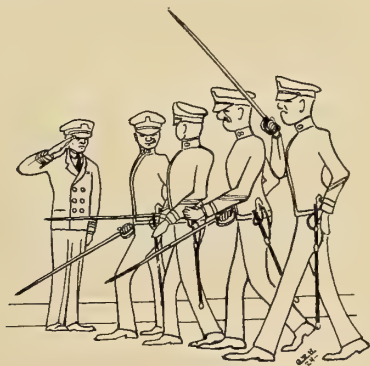
stead and regale the natives with some of the aforementioned choice bits of personal experience!

We lived for the present, but September sped by and left us again just where we had started, but with a whole year to look back upon and a new shiny stripe upon which to gaze. As Youngsters, we felt generally that upon our shoulders rested the future of the Navy, and many were the mistakes we made and many were the rows ere that idea was banished. At times, we thought the Navy was headed for hell and, at other times, we *knew* it was, but to our surprise and relief it managed to survive and function as usual.

Youngster year served to bring us a little more clearly and a trifle more favorably into the spotlight. "Little Steve" blazed his way to a niche in the Hall of Fame and '24 did its share to keep the wheels going round.

The "riled youngster" situation gradually settled and cleared, we lost some more from "The Legion" but those left were only bound together with a more unified spirit.

June Week and Second Class cruise to the West Indies are old stories to us, but stories we shall never tire of hearing. A little more responsibility and a little more liberty, for we



*"Eyes Right"—*

were Second Classmen. The additional gold stripe didn't carry with it the same thrill as the first but 'twas nevertheless just as greatly appreciated.

September flew by again, but, being old hands at the game, we knew how to make the very most of it. Every minute was made to yield something, and "caulking periods" were relegated to the future.

Second Class year proved early to be a year for adaptability. You either accepted new conditions and made the best of them, or suffered. Luckily, most of us proved to be regular chameleons when it came to changing ourselves to conform with new conditions.

New subjects that savored of the "Service" impressed upon us that at last we were studying to be naval officers. The why and the wherefore of lots of things became more clear. We discovered as Second Class year went by, that we were, in a small way, part of the "Service", and felt in our hearts a little proud to be a part.

Election of a new class president for the coming year next occupied our minds. "Pete"

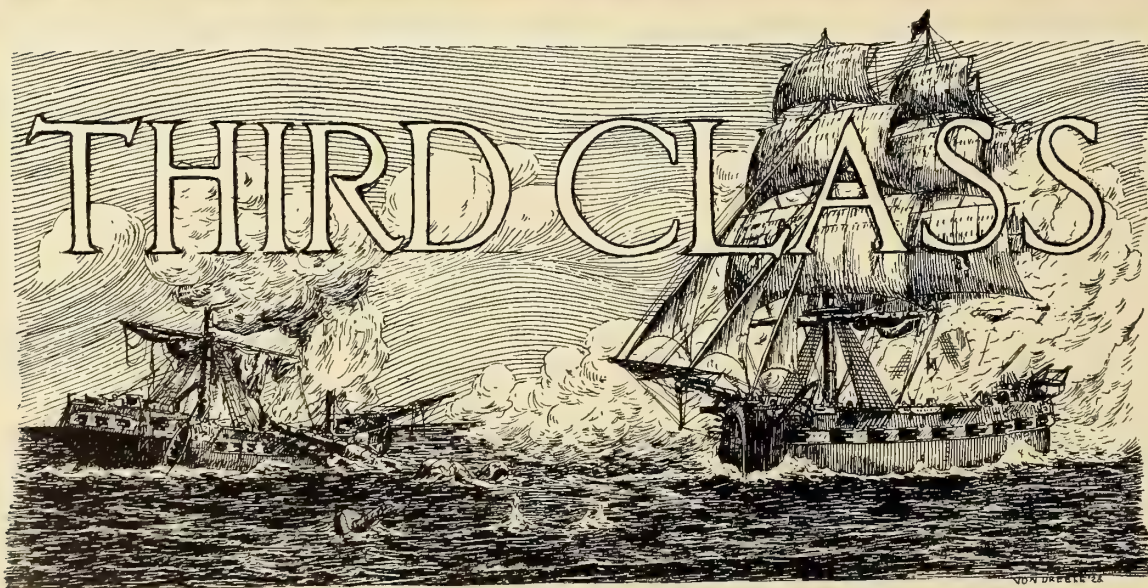
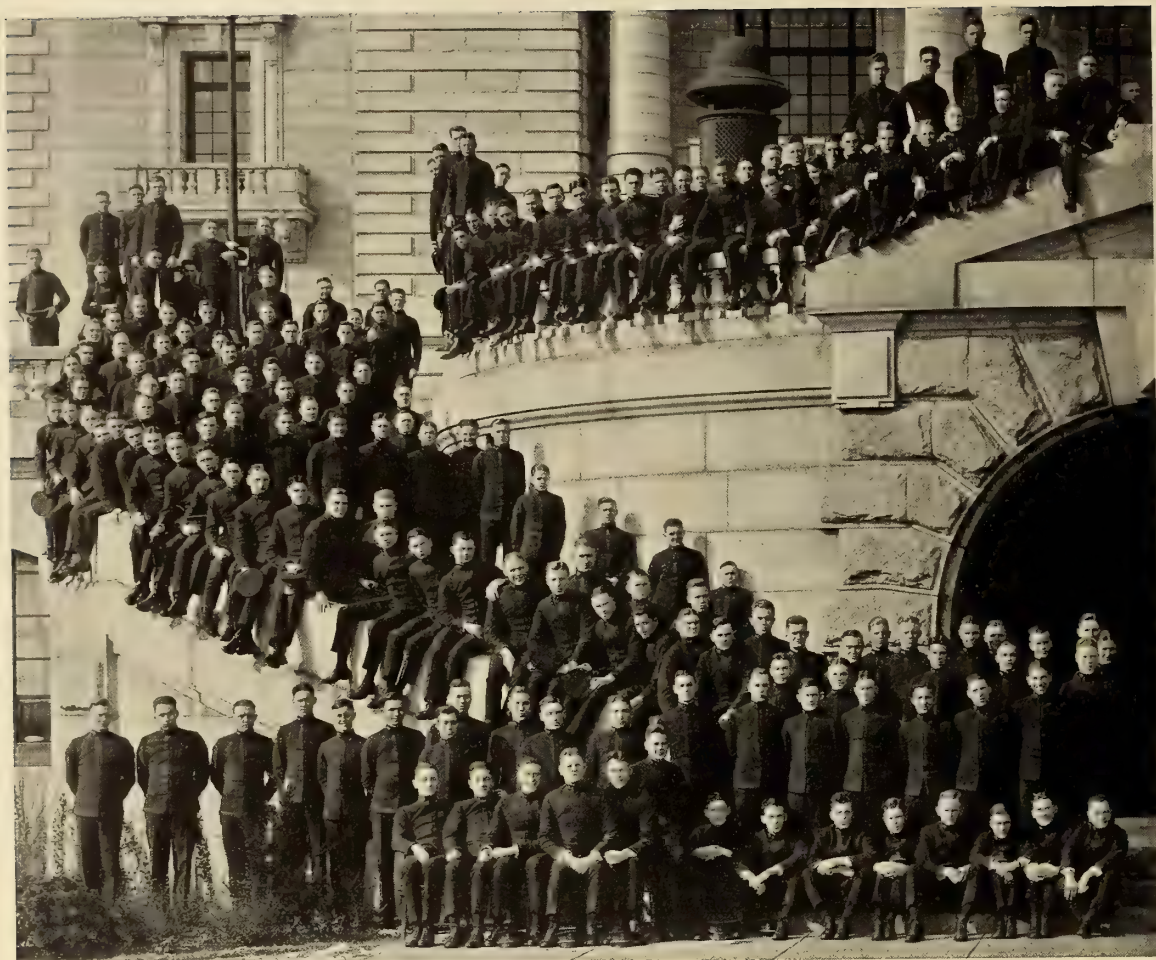


*The Brutes (According to the Newspapers)*

decided that he had borne the cares of state too long and did not enter into the campaign. Mills and Harris were the logical candidates, but the former won by a good majority. As the year went by and different difficulties arose, we realized that our choice had been wise. Even Uncle Henry complimented us on the ability we had of picking good presidents.

The conglomerate mixture that was likened to the "Foreign Legion" simmered and settled under the refining influences of Academy life and after three years we feel willing and able to carry on when '23 bids us a farewell and says, "Twenty-Four, take charge."

May we profit by their mistakes, and forget, as they did, petty, selfish aims "for the good of the Service."



ABERCROMBIE, M. B., JR.  
 ADAMS, R. L.  
 AGNEW, W. W., JR.  
 AHLGREN, G. O.

ALLEN, R. F.  
 ALLEN, R. N.  
 ALLGOOD, D. M.  
 AMUNDSON, J. A.

ANDERSON, C. H., JR.  
 APPLEBY, H. B.  
 AUSTIN, C. E.  
 BABCOCK, H. H.

BACON, B. E., JR.  
 BADGER, A. J.  
 BAILEY, C. M.  
 BAILEY, M. H.



BAINES, G. W.  
 BANKS, J. O., JR.  
 BARNHART, F. C.  
 BATAGA, E. M.  
 BEARD, D. C.  
 BECK, E. L.  
 BEECHER, W. G., JR.  
 BEERS, W. H., JR.  
 BEHAN, A. C.  
 BEISER, C. R.  
 BELL, H. B., JR.  
 BENSON, W. H.  
 BENSON, W. L.  
 BENZ, A. J.  
 BEVAN, C. D., JR.  
 BIGGS, F. D.  
 BIGGS, G. P.  
 BILLING, F. C.  
 BIRMINGHAM, W.  
 BLACKWELL, C. L.  
 BLAKESLEE, H. W.  
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 BLURTON, C. H.  
 BOLSTAD, B. L.  
 BOND, C. A.  
 BRADBURY, W. M.  
 BRANT, E. V.  
 BRASH, F. C. C.  
 BRENNAN, J. W.  
 BRIAN, H. T.  
 BRIGGS, C.  
 BRINK, F. H.

BRITAIN, M. C.  
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 BROWN, J. B.  
 BROWN, J. G.  
 BROWN, T. M.  
 BUERKLE, E. C.  
 BURHANS, C. H.  
 BURKHEAD, L. H.  
 BURLING, D. O.  
 BURROWES, T., JR.  
 BURTON, J. D., JR.  
 BUSH, D. A.  
 CALDWELL, R. S.  
 CARPENTER, D. N.  
 CARRINGTON, J. H.  
 CASH, J. B.  
 CHAMPLIN, J. S.  
 CHARLES, R. W.  
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 CHILLINGWORTH, C. F., JR.  
 CHITWOOD, J. S.  
 CHRISTENSEN, W. N.  
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 CLARK, R. S.  
 CLELAND, J. B., JR.  
 CLYDE, P. M.  
 COLBORN, W. B.  
 COLEMAN, R. I.  
 COLLINS, C. J.  
 COMBS, B. C.

COMPTON, P. D.  
 COOPER, J. E.  
 COPPING, B. S.  
 COWIE, T. R.  
 COX, G. Mc C.  
 CREASOR, P. S.  
 CRIDDLE, C. R.  
 CROMMELIN, H.  
 CRONIN, R. E.  
 CROSLY, P. C.  
 CROWLEY, E. D.  
 CRUDUP, J. B.  
 CULBERT, W.  
 CULVER, I. G.  
 DAHLKE, H. O.  
 DANIEL, T. S.  
 DAVIDSON, W. B.  
 DAVIS, E. J.  
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 DAWSON, K. V.  
 DAY, DeV. L.  
 DAY, J. S.  
 DEARTH, H. F.  
 DELANEY, J. F., JR.  
 DE SHAZO, J. P.  
 DILLAVOU, C. A.  
 DOTZLER, T. R.  
 DOWDEN, J. P.  
 DREIER, D. C.  
 DRURY, M. J.  
 DUFEK, G. J.  
 DUNCAN, R. J.

DUNLAP, M. G.  
 DURNELL, F. L.  
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 EATON, W. A.  
 EDMUNDSON, E. H.  
 EGGERS, F. B.  
 ELLER, E. M.  
 ELLIOTT, R. E.  
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 FEE, G. E.  
 FENNO, F. W., JR.  
 FERGUSON, H. L., JR.  
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 FIELD, B. H.  
 FITZGERALD, J. E.  
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 FOOS, R. P.  
 FORD, W. C.  
 FOSS, W. I., JR.  
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 FOWLER, G. B.  
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 FRENCH, J. F. H.  
 FUNK, E. W.  
 GAINES, R. K.  
 GALLERY, W. O.  
 GARDNER, R. N.  
 GEBHART, T. D.  
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 GOODNEY, W. K.  
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 GOUDEAU, L. C.  
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 MOWATT, W. P.  
 MUMMA, M. C., JR.  
 MUNROE, F. A., JR.  
 MURPHY, J. W., JR.  
 MUTH, E. G.  
 NAQUIN, O. F.  
 NELLIS, R. E.  
 NEVINS, J. H., JR.  
 NEW, W. A.  
 NEWTON, E. P., JR.  
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 NICKERSON, R. B.  
 NONWEILER, K. H.  
 NORMAN, R. G.  
 NORRIS, E. A.  
 O'BRIEN, W. J.  
 OGDEN, S. N.  
 O'HARA, J. B.  
 O'KEEFE, G. F.  
 O'NEIL, C. H.  
 ORVILLE, H. T.  
 OVERSTREET, G. J.  
 OVERSTREET, J. W., JR.  
 OWERS, F. D.  
 PAGE, W. A.  
 PALMER, R. C.  
 PARKE, D. D.  
 PARKER, E. N.  
 PARKER, T. C.  
 PARKS, L. S.  
 PARO, E. E.  
 PAUL, A. C.  
 PEASE, A. C.  
 PEFELY, A. R.  
 PELLMAN, S. F.  
 PETERSON, D. A.  
 PETERSON, M. R.  
 PETROSS, L. C.  
 PHELAN, G. R.  
 PICKENS, H. H.  
 PICKTON, W. H.  
 POORE, J. B.  
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 POUND, H. C.  
 POWELL, M. A.  
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 QUERY, J. V., JR.  
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 RAINER, G. B.  
 RANDOLPH, R. B.  
 RANSON, R. R.  
 RAY, C. C.  
 REAMY, T. G.  
 REEVES, I. S. K., JR.  
 REITH, E. V.  
 REPPY, J. D.  
 REYNOLDS, C. D.  
 RHODES, W. K.  
 RICE, H. P.  
 RICHARDSON, E. C.  
 RITTER, P. O.  
 ROBERTS, D. G.  
 ROBERTS, L. W.  
 ROBERTSON, J. B., JR.  
 ROBINSON, J. M.  
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 ROSENBERG, M.  
 ROSS, D. A.  
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 SCHULTZ, W. C.  
 SCOTT, J. M.  
 SCRUGGS, J. M.  
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 SEARS, N. W.  
 SENTMAN, R. A.  
 SHAHAN, W. H.  
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 SREWELL, C. T.  
 SIDES, J. H.  
 SIGEL, C. H.  
 SHLER, W.  
 SILSBEE, C. S.  
 SIMA, F. F.  
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 SIMPSON, S. D.  
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 SINGER, W. T.  
 SLAVEN, F. W.  
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 STUBBS, D.  
 STURCKEN, W. A.  
 SUGENT, L. F.  
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 SULLIVAN, E. D.  
 SWINBURNE, E. R.  
 SYVESTER, M. D.  
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 THOMAS, F. J.  
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TWEEDY, E.  
TYREE, D. M.  
UHLIG, F. J.  
VANASSE, R. B.  
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VAN NAGELL, J. R.  
VARIAN, D. C.  
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WALLACE, L.

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WATERS, H. T.  
WEEKS, C. S.  
WELLINGS, J. H.  
WEST, M. J.  
WESTON, L. T.  
WHEELOCK, A. W.  
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WHITE, T. C.  
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WILLIAMS, K.  
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WISHART, C. A.  
WOGAN, R. S.  
WOLCOTT, T.  
WOOD, H., JR.  
WOODBIDGE, B. H.  
WRIGHT, B. W.  
WRIGHT, F. B.  
WRIGHT, G. C.  
WRIGHT, W. L.  
WYLY, L. B.  
YORK, A. T.  
YOUNG, C. H.  
ZITZEWITZ, E. K.  
ZUBER, A.

## Youngsters

When you see one of those Naval Academy inmates with his left arm swung out in full view, his left shoulder slightly lowered from the increased weight of that one diag, you can mark him as one of the carefree; he's a Youngster. Salty! Why, he imagines himself covered with brine from several trips around the Horn. He tries to add to this imaginary brininess by adorning himself with all the nonreg articles obtainable; he is without responsibility, so he just naturally takes the plebes into custody, sometimes to his own regret but mostly to the Plebe's. He sustains none of the weight of ye goode olde Bancroft Hall. His, is only to secure another diag and be happy.

With this felicitous attitude he began the academic year. At first it was to his disgust that he found that the once looked on as a carefree life of a Youngster did not hold within its realm all the wondrous privileges of existence that Plebe year had taught him to imagine. He looks back upon his own Plebe year, so different from this Plebe year, and naturally says, "Now, when I was a Plebe——!" He always begins the academic year with that which is considered by many as a handicap, the sweet memories of his romances which are many and varied. He has either fallen for the winsomeness of some fair damsel in Panama or Halifax and immediately begins forming plans to spend his Christmas leave in Halifax, or tries to figure the chance and probability of a cruise to Panama next year. Few, if any, do not succumb to the charms of some flapper either on the cruise or on Sep leave. The latter being the most irritating of the species, for no radiator bull fest is completed without the whole gang learning the charming characteristics of a certain Helen of Troy that only a Youngster can imagine.

Consequently, when he encounters the foul-mouthed dragon, Skinny, which envelops him with its chemical fires, and the dreaded ogre, Calculus, he applies Skinny to the famous quotation, "It is beyond the scope of this text," and begins to integrate some fair femme between the definite integrals of life and love. No wonder he immediately becomes a snake, because of his previous Red Mike year. It is his one motive to show the other upper classes that they don't drag all the good-looking femmes.

Faint recollections of the cruise, a night at Kelly's, or Northwest Arm saturates his mind, and he immediately wishes to spread the dope about a midwinter cruise on account of the heat, especially if he was on the black gang while in the tropics. He is the original dope hound, not meaning the kind of dope retrieving the meaning of anything.



If some fair femme has not distracted his mind from the straight and narrow path of academics, he begins to plan how to press the joy of a whole year in one night and this he generally does on the eve following the Army-Navy game. That night is one of the biggest in his entire career as a Youngster. He generally does everything from relieving the traffic cop—to proclaiming himself one of the grandest opera singers on the circuit.

Then he has only three weeks to come from the influence of that night with all its cocktails and bewitching femmes and to plan a happy Christmas leave with his folks and the O. A. O. At the same time he begins to work for that 2.6 that will prevent his name from appearing on the Christmas tree. This tree does not bear the fruits of Christmas leave, nor velvet for the semi-anns.

Distracted by femmes, joyrides, parties, everything known to a Youngster on his Christmas leave, he returns as a paroled prisoner to withstand his third reckoning with the academic department. If he has succeeded in erasing all the Stars opposite his name upon the M. C.'s desk of these departments, or if he has kept them from sending the trees to press with his name on them, he may not succumb to their treachery.

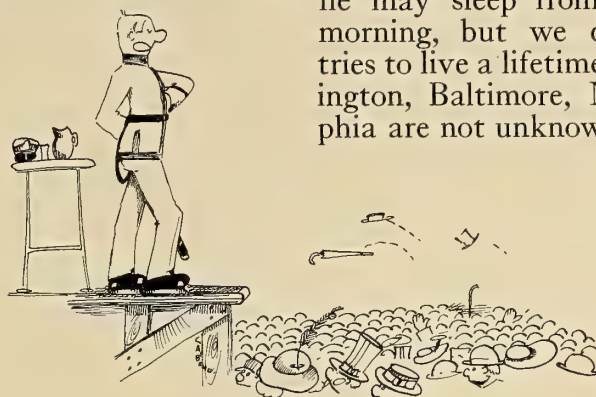
Between all these joy-bringing happenings, he has besides the academic care, a few tete-a-tetes with the two most charming yard engines of the Academy, Obedience and Fidelity. The former has such alluring charms that she even leads you to do everything that you are told, while the latter leads you to trust the most beguiling. The sooner he learns that too lengthy flirtations with these two crabs entitles him to a week-end cruise on the Reina and the privilege (if it may be called



HIS FIRST PLEBE —

that) of being a charter member of the Positive Action squad, the better for his personal comfort.

Four days, he vows he will sleep every one of them, but when Easter rolls around he may sleep from nine to ten in the morning, but we doubt it. Again, he tries to live a lifetime in four days. Washington, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia are not unknown of the places that



he invariably seeks this pleasure. At this time the effect of Spring is wonderful, again he finds a passing fancy and then—Oh! if radiators could tell tales many fair femmes would blush at the flattery.

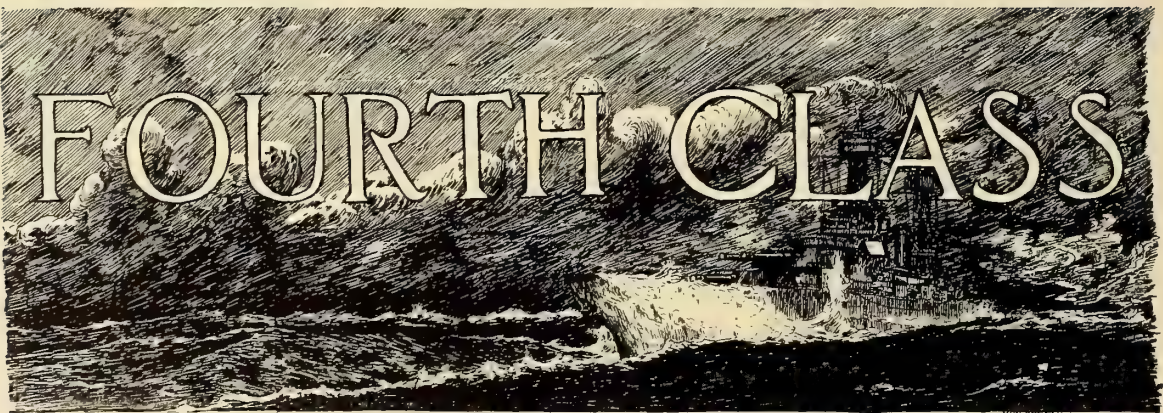
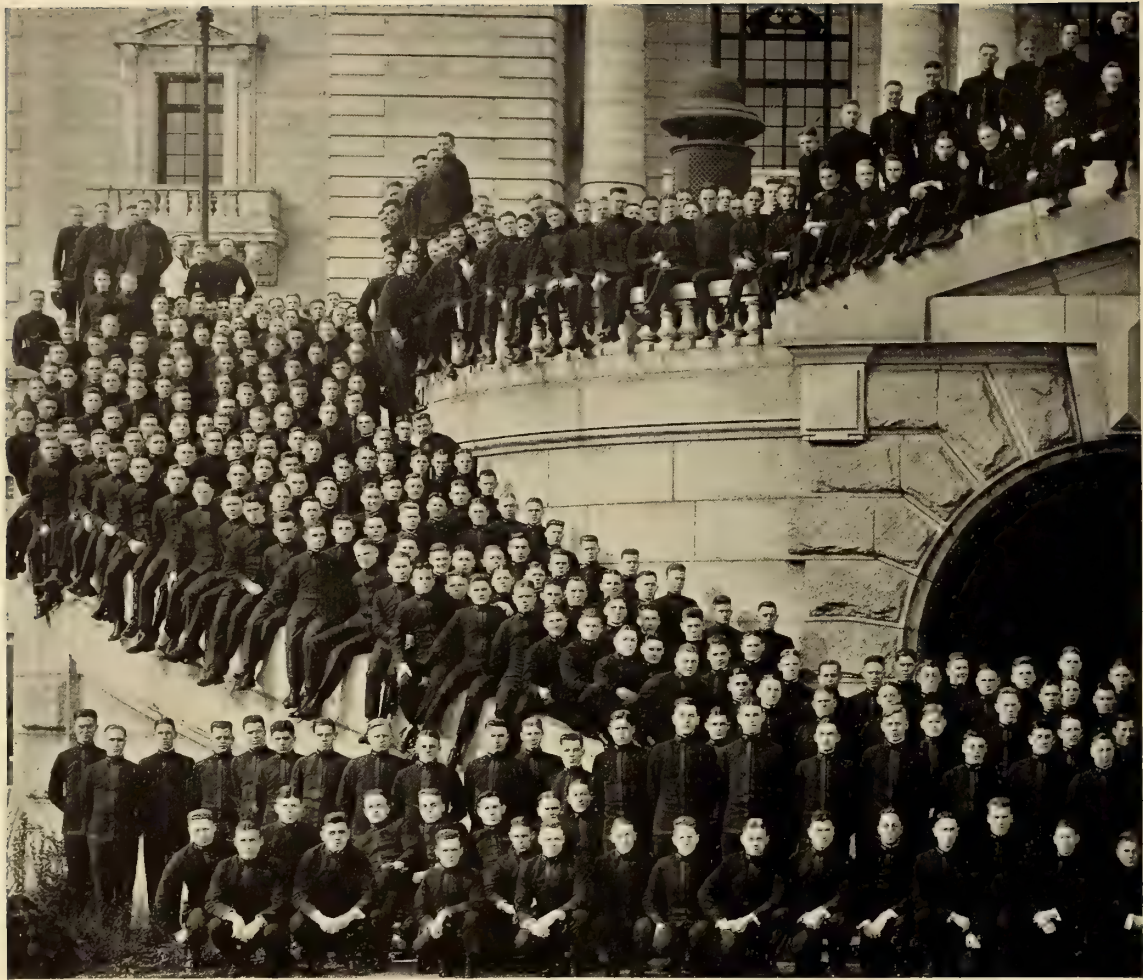
Then comes the final drive, the anns; with two months for velvet, but old King Spring-Fever attacks the victims and drives them into the Just-Get-By-World. This fourth reckoning with the academic department pays for liberties in foreign lands.

A Youngster comes onto the final great privilege that has been denied him in the past. This is dragging for a whole week. Elinor Glyn writes, "Seven perfect days make a heavenly week." What could be more heavenly than seven perfect days to coo into her ear everything from living on an Ensign's pay to adorning the Supe's residence! Why not? He rates his miniature now. Tempis fugit.

After all, this year with its hardships, its pleasures, has made us feel as we are a component part a cog in a great machine. That upon us as well as the ranking Admiral lies the responsibility of the efficiency of the Service. As it begins to become the past, it makes us look upon it with tender feelings. We mourn the loss of members of our class by resignations and by the call of the Almighty.

It has been a pleasure to be under the guiding influence of '23 and we look forward to the time when we shall be junior brothers in the Service with them.





ABEL, A. D.  
 ABELE, M. L.  
 ADAIR, CHARLES  
 ADAMS, C. B.  
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 BIEDERMAN, K. J.  
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 CAMP, F. C.  
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 CASE, W. S.  
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CEASE, L. W.  
 CECIL, A. B.  
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 CLAY, M. W.  
 CLEMENT, C. L.  
 COBB, W. F.  
 COCHRAN, J. B.  
 COCKELL, W. A.  
 COLEMAN, D. B.  
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 COLL, J. O. R.  
 COLLINS, R. C.  
 COLYER, L., JR.  
 CONLEY, T. F., JR.  
 COOKE, J. C.  
 COOPER, W. G.  
 CORBIN, C. T.  
 CORN, R. E.  
 CORNELL, K. H.  
 CORNWELL, R. W.  
 COX, G. A.  
 CRAIG, K.  
 CRANDELL, D. A.

CRANE, J. J.  
 CRAWFORD, M. S.  
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 CURRAN, P. M.  
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 DAIX, J. R.  
 DAVIS, E. S.  
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 DEAN, J. L.  
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 DENSMORE, S. W.  
 DEVLIN, J. O., JR.  
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 DONAHUE, F. J.  
 DORRELL, C. V.  
 DOW, L. J.  
 DREW, E. J.  
 DREW, M. E.  
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DUDLEY, P. L.  
DUERFELDT, C. H.  
DUKE, J. M.  
DUNLAP, S. B.  
DUNN, C. C.  
DUNN, J. A.  
DYER, WALTER L.  
DYER, WILLIAM L.  
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EATON, S. W.  
EBERT, H.  
EDDY, W. C.  
EDWARDS, H. L.  
ELLIOTT, C. P., JR.  
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ELLIS, R. B.  
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ENGEMAN, G. H.  
ENNIS, F. W.  
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ERVIN, F. J.  
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ESTEP, G. M.  
EVENSON, M. P.  
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FARROW, H.  
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FOLTZ, G. W.  
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FOREST, F. X.  
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FULLER, W. W.  
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GLADDING, D. V.  
GLADDING, W. E.  
GLICK, J. A.  
GOLDEN, J. M.  
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HOLT, N. L.  
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HOUCK, J. H., JR.  
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HOWELL, I. H.  
HUBERT-JONES, A. L.  
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HUGHES, R. D.  
HULL, J. L.  
HUTCHINS, C. B.  
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JACOBS, T. D.  
JEANES, P. K.  
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JONES, W. T.  
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KARPE, E. S.  
KATZ, B.  
KEADY, L. E.  
KELLEY, E. F.  
KEMPER, A. M.  
KENDRICK, M. S.

KENNY, W. T.  
KING, L. M.  
KLIMAS, B. E.  
KLINE, W. F.  
KOBAY, T. H.  
KOONCE, A. C.  
KUNZ, C. A.  
LA FORCE, A. H.  
LAHN, J. A.  
LAMB, R. S.  
LAMBERT, R. D.  
LANE, J. M.  
LANGLEY, T. R.  
LARSON, C. O.  
LATIMER, J. L., JR.  
LEAHY, W. H.  
LEE, F., 2D.  
LEE, F. C.  
LEEPER, J. E.  
LEIGH, T. K.  
LENTZ, A. W.  
LEONARD, E.  
LESLIE, M. F.  
LEVENSKY, S. E.  
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LEWIS, M. G.  
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LINDSEY, W. C.  
LINSLEY, J. R., JR.  
LINSLEY, R. H.  
LITTL, J. S.  
LITTLE, W. A.  
LIVDAHL, O. L.  
LOADER, N.  
LOFBERG, G. B.  
LOGAN, D.  
LONG, A. C.  
LONG, C. G.  
LOVELL, R.  
LOVETT, B. B. C.  
LOWE, E. K.  
LOWREY, B. G.  
LOWTHER, R. D.  
LYMAN, C. H., 3D.  
MABLEY, L. C.  
MACDONALD, C. T.  
MACKLE, F., JR.  
MACMILLAN, D. C.  
MADDOX, C. B.  
MALLACH, J. F.  
MARTIN, L. H.  
MASON, J. A.  
MATTHEWS, L. M.  
MAY, E. F.  
MCCAFFREE, B. C.  
MCCLAUGHRY, J. G.  
MCCLELLAND, J. J.  
MCCLURE, J. S.  
MCCCLUSKY, C. W., JR.  
MCCORKLE, F. D.  
MCDILL, A. S.  
MCGOVERN, J. E.  
MCGREGOR, D.  
MCGREGOR, W. H.  
MCGUIRE, G. G.  
MCKEE, S. J.  
MCKILLIP, J. C. S.  
MCLEAN, G. A.  
MCLEAN, J. B.  
MCMILLAN, D. G.  
MCQUILLEN, F. J.  
MEADE, R. H.  
METZGER, C. F.  
METZLER, C. P.  
MILLER, D. B.  
MILLER, LEWIS, H.  
MILLER, L. O.  
MILLER, L. R.  
MILLER, R. B.

MILLER, T. R.  
MILLER, W., JR.  
MILLER, W. H.  
MILLER, W. J.  
MILLS, D. L.  
MILLS, E. P.  
MILTON, H. V.  
MONEYSMITH, G. A.  
MONTAGRIFF, B. P.  
MOORE, M. E.  
MOORE, R. R.  
MORGAN, P. S., JR.  
MORONY, J. J.  
MORRISON, J. A.  
MOSES, C. W.  
MOSES, G. W., JR.  
MOSS, J. A.  
MOUNTS, P., JR.  
MOUREAU, R. H.  
MOURER, P. W.  
MUMMA, A. G.  
MUNDORFF, G. T.  
MUSSER, R. C.  
MYERS, W. G.  
NELSON, H.  
NEWMAN, J. F., JR.  
NICHLS, S. G.  
NIEKUM, P., JR.  
OAKHOLT, A. S.  
O'BEIRNE, F.  
OBERHOLTZER, W. E., JR.  
O'CONNELL, J. E.  
O'DANIEL, O. K.  
OFFUTT, A.  
OGDEN, D. M.  
OLSEN, E. K.  
ORR, J.  
O'SHEA, J., JR.  
PARADISE, M. E.  
PARISH, H. O.  
PARR, M. C.  
PARRY, N. M.  
PASCHAL, J. B.  
PATTERSON, R. E.  
PEARSALL, R., JR.  
PEDERSON, O.  
PERDUE, W. E.  
PERRILL, H. K.  
PERRY, E. R.  
PHARES, J. L.  
PIPER, E. S.  
PIRIE, R. B.  
POEHLMANN, K. F.  
POHL, H. J.  
POLK, H. J.  
POTTER, S. F.  
POTTLE, H. H., JR.  
POTTS, W. H.  
PRATT, C. F., JR.  
PREDDY, J. G.  
PRICE, G. J.  
PRIFOLD, G., JR.  
PRIME, N. S.  
PRINS, W. C. E.  
PRYOR, F. D.  
PRYOR, W. L., JR.  
PYZICK, F. P.  
QUINN, C. H.  
RAGSDALE, E. M.  
RAMSEY, C. W.  
RANSON, J. W.  
RAUGH, J. P.  
REDFIELD, M.  
REED, G. L., JR.  
REGAN, E. L.  
REICH, H.  
REYBOLD, J. K.  
REYNOLDS, L. K.  
RHODES, J. L., JR.  
RICE, S. E., 3D.

RICKERTTS, R. W.	SHOFNER, J. N.	SWEETSER, W. M.	WATSON, P. W.
RIMER, T. W.	SIGNER, C. E.	SYLVESTER, J.	WATSON, W. A.
RIPLEY, H. F.	SILARD, C. D.	SYMES, R. T.	WEAVER, G. C.
RIPPEY, O. T.	SIMPSON, E. A.	TAECKER, C. H.	WEAVER, N. E.
RITCHIE, E. C.	SIMPSON, J. H.	TAFF, C. O.	WEBSTER, H. P.
ROACH, E. L. D., 2D.	SINGLETON, C. T., JR.	TAYLOR, F. N., JR.	WEIMER, E. L. B.
ROBERTSON, F. W.	SMEDBERG, W. R., 3D.	TAYLOR, J. B.	WEIS, G. H.
ROBNETT, V. P.	SMITH, Ralph D.	TAYLOR J. McN.	WELLS, J. K.
RODEE, W. F.	SMITH, S. L.	TAYLOR, W. C.	WELLS, M. P., JR.
RODGERS, J. H.	SMOOT, O. P., JR.	TEDDER, F. L.	WESTBROOK, R. E.
ROHWEDER, C. R.	SMYTH, J. B.	TERRILL, M. W.	WEV, B. N.
ROMOSER, W. K.	SNEDEKER, E. W.	TERRY, R. B.	WHELAN, T. M.
ROSS, H. J.	SPENCER, C. D.	THOMAS, J. B.	WHIPPLE, W. J., 2D.
ROZENDAL, H. D.	SPRENGER, W. C.	THOMAS, O. P., JR.	WHITE, W.
RUDULPH, Z. T.	STAFFORD, H. D.	THOMPSON, B. W.	WHITESIDE, W. J.
RULE, A. R., JR.	STAHL, W. C.	THOMPSON, J. C.	WHITESIDE, W. S.
RUSSELL, B. V. M.	STANFORD, A. G.	TIPTON, A. C.	WHITING, C. J.
RUSSELL, J. S.	STEEL, H. P.	TOBELMAN, P. H.	WHITLOCK, L. A.
RUTH, E. A., JR.	STEFANAC, J. B.	TODD, B. W.	WHITSON, G. M., JR.
RUTLEDGE, W. W.	STELTEMEIER, R. W.	TOMPKINS, B. F.	WILES, G. W.
SALZMAN, E. H.	STELTER, F. C., JR.	TRAFTON S., JR.	WILFONG, J. L.
SANDS, T. B.	STEWART, C. R.	TRUAX, W. D. B.	WILGUS, A. S.
SARRATT, E. O., JR.	STEWART, W. H., JR.	TRUSLOW, A. R., JR.	WILKES, A. H.
SARSFIELD, E. S.	STIEGLER, O.	TUCKER, S. M.	WILLIAMS, JOSEPH B.
SCHADE, G. E.	STILL, E. H.	TUREK, W.	WILLINGHAM, S. D.
SCHAEDE, F. B.	STILL, R. B., JR.	VANGELI, M. G.	WILSON, BEVERLY E.
SCHANZE, E. S.	STIRLING, Y., 3D.	VODILA, L. L.	WINFREY, J. A.
SCRYMGEOUR, H. D.	STOUT, H. F.	VOIT, E. F.	WISE, E. C.
SEAY, W. A.	STRAIN, C. L.	VREELAND, J. H.	WITHERS, H. J.
SECKENDORFF, M. G.	STRANGE, H. E.	WADBROOK, C. G.	WOLFE, J. L.
SELLERS, A. M.	STRATTON, R. B.	WAGNER, C. T.	WOLVERTON, T. M.
SHANAHAN, H. M.	STROOP, P. D.	WAKEMAN, C. E.	WOODBURY, J. L.
SHANE, G. L.	STROTHER, J. A.	WALDRON, E. M.	WORNHAM, T. A.
SHANE, L., JR.	STUART, J. M.	WALES, W. W.	WRIGHT, H. P., JR.
SHAPIRO, I. D.	STUART, L. H.	WALKER, J. P.	WRIGHT, W. A.
SHAPLEY, A.	SULLIVAN, D. J.	WALSH, J. F.	YOUNG, P. A.
SHAW, H. W.	SUMMERS, C. G., 3D.	WALSHE, F. S., JR.	YOUNG, J. S. E., JR.
SHAW, W. R.	SUNDE, F. M.	WARD, J. H.	ZEMLICKA, R.
SHEPARD, S. A.	SWEENEY, D. J.	WARD, S. C.	ZIRKLE, E. B.
SHILLINGFORD, J. T.	SWEENEY, J. D.	WARREN, D. C.	ZURMUEHLEN, G. D.
SHOEMAKER, J.			

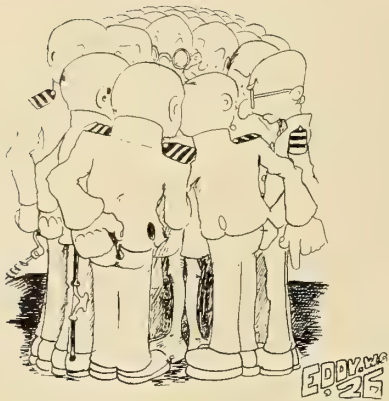
## *Class History*

The echoes of June Week had scarce died away when, about the middle of June, there assembled outside the gate a weird aggregation of cits from all parts of the country,—the men who were destined to become the Class of '26. Nor had we long to wait, for that some day we performed our initiatory rites, signed numerous dotted lines, were examined in sundry parts by divers doctors, drew our outfits, and after the first sleepless night on a reg mattress, emerged in our natty white works to give the Navy and each other the once over.

At first, everyone appeared lost and was full of meekness and questions, but under the able tuition of numerous D. O.'s, this soon wore off, and we learned many things. A regimental organization was instituted with former Boy Scouts and High School Kaydets—as strippers—and we settled down to have the time of our lives.

Plebe Summer had hardly gotten under way when we got our first taste of that indefinable, intangible, yet very real thing—Navy Spirit. When the crew won their race at Poughkeepsie we naturally wanted to celebrate, Navy fashion, so getting dope from our D. O.'s we gave our first four-N, and performed our first snake dance over to hear the Supe say a few words on the occasion.

In the main part, though, our days were routine—we doped out the less intricate parts of infantry, ordnance, and seamanship drills and got on speaking terms with the more prominent things in the Academy life, including extra duty and the pap sheet. Some qualified in marksmanship on the range (some used their pencils) and some became qualified boathandlers and explored all the creeks nearby.



*We Were Examined by Divers Doctors*

Our nights were far different, for then met and flourished many strange and deadly societies (The Mid-Night Raiders) which made life and sleep hard for the D. O.'s.

In fact, the disturbance became so great that when the entire Second Batt were ignobly ejected from their downy couches at 3 A. M., by the roughneck Fourth, night watches were instituted and many of us lost sleep as midnight M. C.'s.



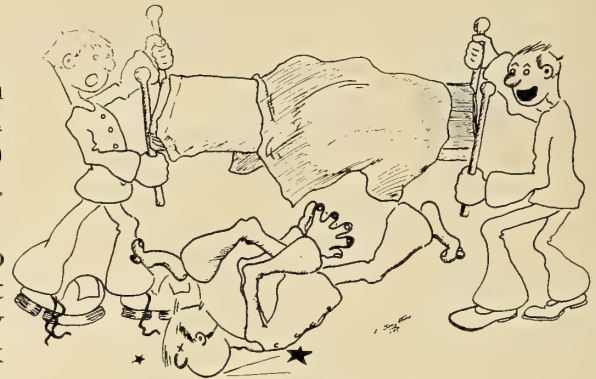
*THE BATTLE OF THE GOLF LINKS*

Time passed like a dream and before we knew it, Labor Day rolled around bringing a day's leave to the First Batt., which had won most points in athletics, and to the songbirds of the Second Batt whose melodious rendition of "Anchors Aweigh" easily convinced the judges that the Academy would be better off without them, if only for a day.

September came, with our first taste of Steam and Dago, and soon—after a last glorious month of fun, culminating

in a grand sham battle all over the golf course—our Plebe Summer came to an end.

Ac year, and our first real contact with boning, soon rolled on, and after numerous afternoon cheering practises we journeyed to Philly to experience for the first time the great thrill of an Army-Navy game. Despite the outcome most of us enjoyed the next few hours. Then soon came ten days' Christmas leave, and



*The Second Batt Was Ignobly Ejected*

nearly all stepped out to give the folks a treat. On this leave, we first really realized the full advantages of our position, and we all returned with a keener conception of our privileges and responsibilities. A month of boning, and then came the semi-anns, where despite Tecumseh, rabbits-feet, boning and horseshoes we lost and some 180 of us left our midst by request, leaving the remainder to wonder and struggle on to the anns and beyond.



*Home for Christmas Inspection*





*The Presentation of the Colors*

We have often wondered whether it is the midshipmen or the girls who look forward to June Week most. The former live a fervent life, with hops, drills, dress parades, and mad dashings from one formation to the next. The latter admire, and exclaim, and look sweet, cool, and pretty. But they also dance themselves to exhaustion every night, and live in many cases most uncomfortably in town. On the whole, however, it is a period of pleasure and amusement for every one, especially for the fond parents whose sons are graduating or moving up a notch on the very long ladder.

No matter how warm the weather, there is always a spell of romance hanging over the Yard. The band plays evenings to a clustering audience of mids, girls, and parents. There is usually a moon, exerting even more than the usual effect upon young hearts. Shadows are kindly and welcoming. Class pins and miniatures are much in evidence, and the Chaplain launches several matrimonial craft the afternoon of graduation day.

Starting with the baptism of the second class and the acquisition of their class rings, events follow thick and fast. "No More Rivers" for the first class, the Snake Dance, the cheers for "those we leave behind us", and—the first classmen's private bath in the salty Severn. Then exhibition drills, nightly hops, and the dress parades, very beautiful to look upon, but most uncomfortable to participate in.

The end of the whirl is, of course, graduation, preceded last year by the '23 ring dance and the '22 German. That ring dance deserves many more words of praise than space allows here. Its decorations were marvelous, its music unutterably seductive—in other words, a "knockout," thanks to George Castera and his committee.

Then graduation, the June Ball—the usual mass of color and people—and the inevitable anticlimax of the departure for the cruise, punctuated by tears and misgivings and cheers "for those we leave behind us."



*'Taint No Mo' Plebes*



*'23 Takes the Plunge*



*Scene of Strife and Carnage*



*The Sport of Kings; Watching the Other Fellow Work*



*'22 Follows Suit*



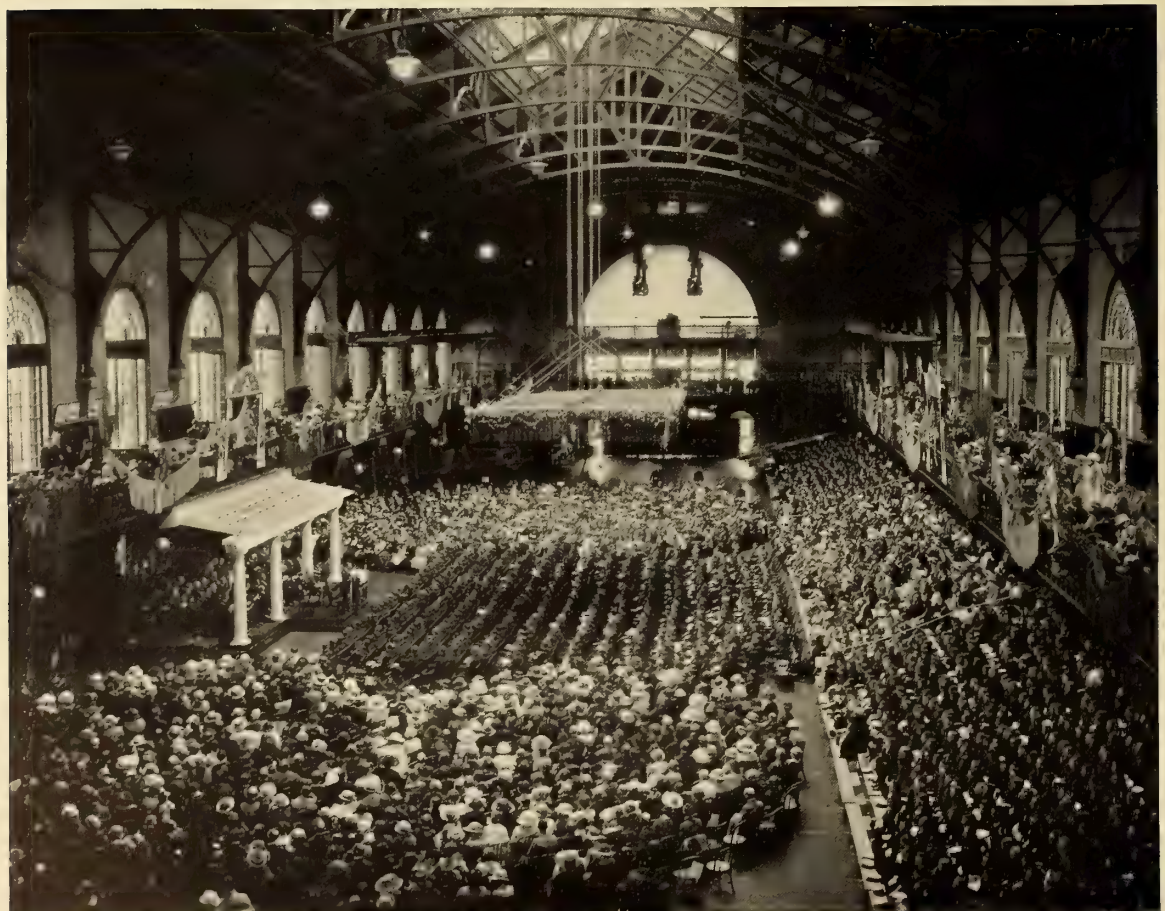
*"No More Rivers, There're No More Rivers to Cross"*



*Uncle Henry and the Dignitaries*



*'23's (and George Castera's) Ring Dance*



*'22's Graduation*







# YOUNGSTER CRUISE

Crabs is crabs. Whether their shells be hard or soft, whether they carry claws or twelve inch guns, whether they be christened with hootch and slid off the ways to the sound of whistles and the blare of oratory, or are born in the mind, true specimens of the genus Cancer, they make their way to the sea and are henceforth crabs. Once a crab, always a crab, from generation to generation, and evermore. We sailed down to the sea in crabs. The "Misery" and the "Whiskey" were no more, but the "No Hope" rose to glory.

We went to sea, and the sea rose up to meet us. The heavens poured forth their blessings, and with a liquid greeting another aggregation of gentleman sailors were introduced to the ways of the Navy. Seven days of rain, broken infrequently by the burning rays of the sun—seven days of stifling heat below decks—seven days of coal, fire, and clinkers—and we hove in sight of land. Illusions were dispelled, sea legs were found, the ways of the Navy were learned.





All six ships arrived safely, and Panama stood by for inspection. It was surely a remarkable city with its turbulent, carefree ways. It honored us with a bull-fight—gory, but without thrills. We bought silks and headaches. The Y. M. C. A., Casey's, and the government restaurants made a wonderful impression. We had hardly become reconciled to a full grown meal for forty cents when we once more cast off the lines and set out for parts unknown.

Eighteen days on a Crab! Eighteen days toward the western horizon, up before sunrise and up after sunset, and the sun beat us to it every day. Rain squalls came down upon us at inopportune moments; the boilers demanded more coal; the sea leaked through the evaps into the scuttlebutt; the ice machines demanded steam and produced no ice;— and yet the miles crept slowly by. At last dim cloudlike shadows loomed out of the sunset, and the next morning the rough outlines of Diamond Head shone forth to guide us in.

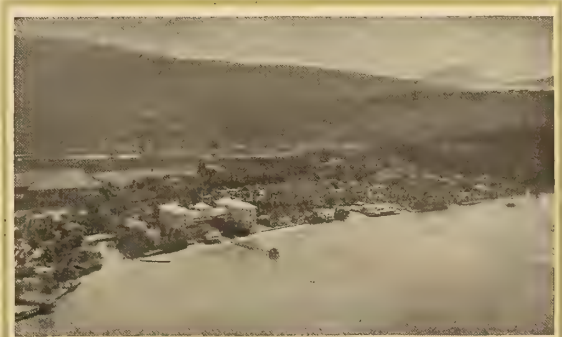
The reception was complete. The city was alive to our coming—leis of red and yellow flowers were dropped out of the sky from Army and Navy planes, and the people received

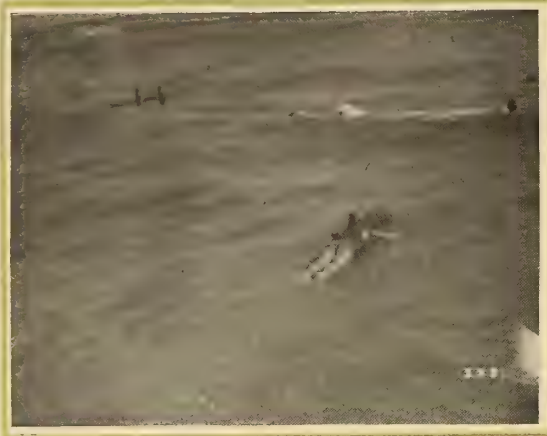




us with open arms. Such was our introduction to Honolulu. Hawaiian hospitality is a thing we can never forget. We were taken to the Pali, to the Punch Bowl, to Halewa, to Maunalua. We were told the old stories of the South Sea Isles, and in exchange we told what we knew of the familiar places and things back in the States. We danced to the wonderful music of Hawaiian orchestras, and we all went swimming. Waikiki became a fascinating reality, even though we did find the coral reefs under the surf. We were feted, petted, and spoiled, and when at last we had regretfully to leave, we learned the true meaning of Aloha Oe.

For nine long, cold days we sailed into the northeast, and when at last we steamed to our anchorage ground in Elliot Bay every one breathed a sigh of relief at seeing civilization once more. First impressions were not reassuring. Visions of Joe Gish parading down the main drag of this big, thriving, but strange metropolis, possessed of eight American dollars, a preponderous appetite, and an inquiring disposition didn't produce thrills of anticipation. While we were still wonder-





ing how we were to make a blow-out last for eight days with the financial resources at hand, the city itself took a hand and settled the question. Stretching out a great, businesslike hand she grabbed us up. The Chamber of Commerce invited us to take refuge under its wings and promptly raffled us off among various homes. Auto rides, fettes, suppers, hops, and unreserved kindnesses were literally thrust upon us by our new-made friends, and it is not too much to say that the Seattle entertainment was the high water mark of the cruise.

One beautiful morning we had to leave. A general air of preoccupation was apparent to the close observer. Yon gentleman sailor on the life lines, for instance, mentally far away up on the bluff in that beautiful park, with—

Suddenly a jarring note.

“All right, Joe, time to get into your steaming clothes.”

Two or three days of steaming, and we passed through the Golden Gate into the cold, damp morning fog of Frisco. Bleak, barren, wind-swept bluffs held the attention of the voyageurs as a grimy, sleepy black gang egged the squadron on to its destination. Finally at anchor we viewed the city with interest.



It presented no unusual aspect. Conjecture as we might, we could find no visible proof of startling and unique experiences in store. Once ashore, we went our separate ways in quest of adventure and entertainment. Relatives became much in evidence, and it is rumored that many law-abiding Californians, mythical and otherwise, suddenly became possessed of midshipmen sons and brothers in order that ye seafaring gentry might obtain much desired "forty-eights". After our fill of waffles, Golden Gate Park, the Saint Francis, Chinatown, Alameda, coal, and ship's stores, we turned once more seaward.

Again under the persuasion of slice bars, shovels, and profanity, the armada steamed slowly southward through gray misty seas to warmer climes.

Southern California is a sunny land of oranges, palms, bathing beaches, automobiles, and moving picture studios, where relatives for all hands may be had upon application. This last characteristic was of particular importance to ourselves, as it gave rise to some highly agreeable extended liberties. In view of our prospective departure for the





Canal, the Atlantic, and points beyond, we made the most of our brief stay. The mysteries of "movie" life in Hollywood were ruthlessly exposed to the cruel and unabashed gaze of youthful mariners, who found the inhabitants very human and very likeable people. We tried swimming at Long Beach, riding, dancing, and individual coal-ing with civilized chow—whether in Pasadena, San Diego, or El Pueblo de la Reina de Los Angeles itself. Adventurous individuals with more money than conscience harkened to the call of the wild and even took a flying fling at Tia Juána.

But that "Sep leave" feeling was becoming more insistent, finally driving us to depart. The trip to Panama deserves no mention—it rates no praise. In harrowing scenes it was below average, and we even missed a waterspout by fully ten miles. After a series of sweltering, sleepy days we entered the Gulf of Panama and counted the landmarks as we passed until at last Fort Amador was left behind. Once at the old berth we struck boldly out for the familiar haunts and blew in our few remaining shekels on Government restaurant chow and Spanish-American refreshments.



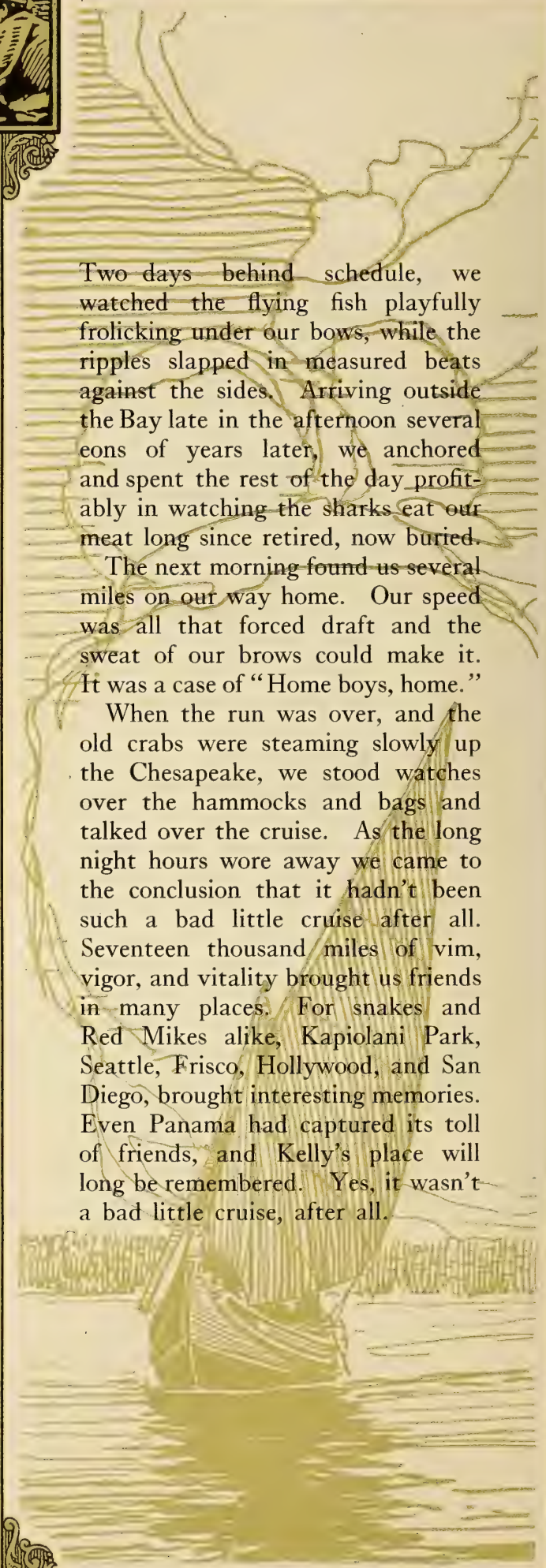


Back again through the canal into the Caribbean, we proceeded to make knots through the roughest seas of the entire cruise. The summons to Sep leave roared in our ears—vividly we saw ourselves climbing aboard that Pennsy train. Some of the boys even began to pack up. Faster and faster the old crabs forged ahead; eleven, twelve, then thirteen knots. Rumors spread of early disembarkation—the cruise was over, we were going home.

Alas! The tale is not told! At four o'clock one cool sunny afternoon with a rattle and a sickening jar the "Conny" lost a propeller. After two hours of anxious waiting she got under way again, speed eleven knots, trying to keep up on her one remaining screw. Next morning that was rendered useless by the breaking of the shaft. Now I ask you:—

Stalled on the bosom of the deep blue sea! Two hundred miles south of Cuba, and drifting further away every hour as the No Hope stood by to make fast a tow-line. Nine hours of patient toil and unabated cussing, yet not one mile nearer home. Eventually we were under way, crawling at a snail's pace toward that Mecca of former cruises—Guantanamo Bay.





Two days behind schedule, we watched the flying fish playfully frolicking under our bows, while the ripples slapped in measured beats against the sides. Arriving outside the Bay late in the afternoon several eons of years later, we anchored and spent the rest of the day profitably in watching the sharks eat our meat long since retired, now buried.

The next morning found us several miles on our way home. Our speed was all that forced draft and the sweat of our brows could make it. It was a case of "Home boys, home."

When the run was over, and the old crabs were steaming slowly up the Chesapeake, we stood watches over the hammocks and bags and talked over the cruise. As the long night hours wore away we came to the conclusion that it hadn't been such a bad little cruise after all. Seventeen thousand miles of vim, vigor, and vitality brought us friends in many places. For snakes and Red Mikes alike, Kapiolani Park, Seattle, Frisco, Hollywood, and San Diego, brought interesting memories. Even Panama had captured its toll of friends, and Kelly's place will long be remembered. Yes, it wasn't a bad little cruise, after all.



## SECOND CLASS CRUISE

Youngster cruise is one of anticipation; First Class cruise of emancipation; but Second Class cruise—damnation. We were damned from the minute we started from our room with a hammock enclosing our bedding, a suitcase, two laundry bags, and a bucket, to fall in for muster. Being of the “Bourgeoisie,” we looked over the “populace” below and the “aristocracy” above, and at that moment we put each man in our squad in one of two categories—sat or unsat in our own estimation.

In minutes all too few we were under way. When we shoved off from the sea wall, those who had gained consciousness and breath after their forced march to the boats gave a big “4-N” for those fondly waving farewell. Some of us, when we stepped over the side, rushed below in search of lockers and desirable billets, but others were more





worthy and helped bring aboard our gear. The moments of disappointment that followed when we found that our locker was the bottom one and accessible only by assuming the position of stoopfalling, when we found our billets right in the passageway, when we found our mess just over a bunker plate sending forth hot air and coal dust, and when we found our suitcase compartment four decks below, with an assigned capacity of 100 suitcases and capable of accommodating one man comfortably—all these things are too vivid in our minds to describe again.

Yet there is no doubt but that the sea makes one forget a lot of one's troubles, and from the moment we got under way the second class became a happier lot. After passing the Capes we steamed along for twelve days before we sighted our first land, the Azores. They looked fertile and inviting, but we were content to see them only from the decks. The next bit of land was most unattractive, and while passing Ireland and Scotland we heard very few claiming these barren shores as



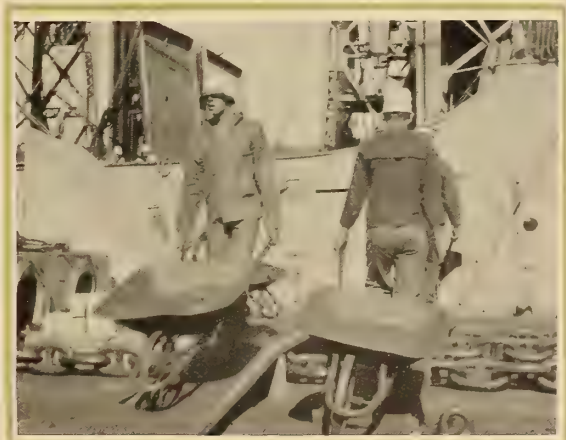




the home of their ancestors. There was a terrific current going through Pentland Firth. Those on the "Connie" will probably not soon forget their narrow escape from running on the rocks in the fog. Yet even this excitement displaced only for a few minutes the dope on Christiania, for after steaming for eighteen days, we were nearing our destination.

The first impression of Norway, as we passed up the beautiful fjords, was pleasant. Even the refusal of liberty the first day anchored did not subdue our enthusiasm. It increased as we stood on deck and watched the Norse tack and wear their spotless sails as true sailors.

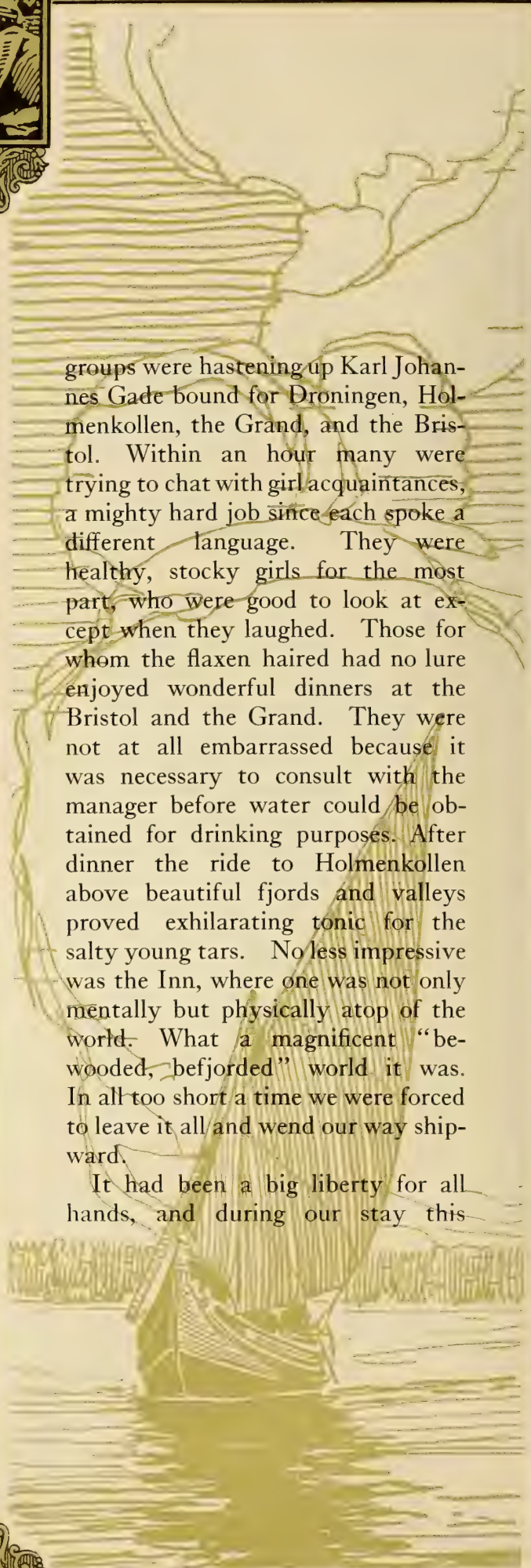
Liberty was delayed only one day, and then the ships became the scene of much rushing, jostling, and wailing, as only the excitement of one's first cruise liberty can bring about. A different atmosphere greeted us ashore. Christiania was neat, orderly, and busy but not hurried. We, however, were in a hurry to see the city. In a very few minutes





groups were hastening up Karl Johannes Gade bound for Droningen, Holmenkollen, the Grand, and the Bristol. Within an hour many were trying to chat with girl acquaintances, a mighty hard job since each spoke a different language. They were healthy, stocky girls for the most part, who were good to look at except when they laughed. Those for whom the flaxen haired had no lure enjoyed wonderful dinners at the Bristol and the Grand. They were not at all embarrassed because it was necessary to consult with the manager before water could be obtained for drinking purposes. After dinner the ride to Holmenkollen above beautiful fjords and valleys proved exhilarating tonic for the salty young tars. No less impressive was the Inn, where one was not only mentally but physically atop of the world. What a magnificent "be-wooded, befjorted" world it was. In all too short a time we were forced to leave it all and wend our way shipward.

It had been a big liberty for all hands, and during our stay this

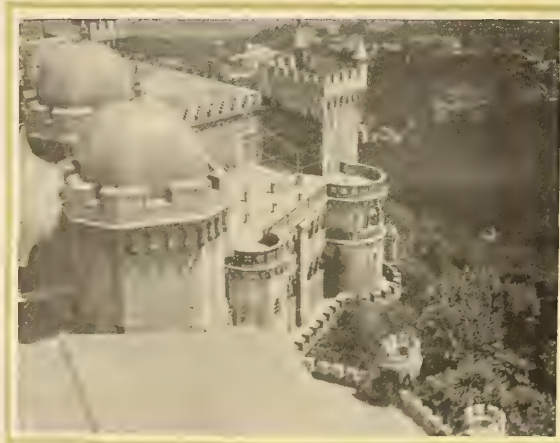




happy impression increased. The snakes met the girls and their families and found them kind and hospitable. The "bloods" danced with the Queen at the British Ambassador's party, for which our own peerless jazz band played. The "chow" hounds went to Olson's, where two dinners could be had at the expense of one by visiting the big, inviting table in the center, laden with cold chicken, duck, and such viands as only these epicureans could fully appreciate. Then those otherwise inclined went back to the Bristol and to Holmenkollen. There was pleasure for each man's taste, and at the end of the two weeks we were all sorry to see trim, tidy Christiania fade in the distance.

Seven days of sea routine followed, and we were steaming up the Tagus to our next port, Lisbon. As the first liberty party stepped ashore some horrible sights greeted it. The city, dirty and disorderly, was too great a contrast to our last port; it was too filthy to be enjoyable. Very few of us met anyone, and fewer





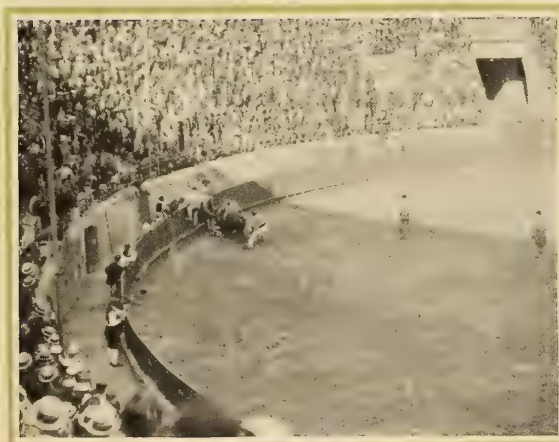
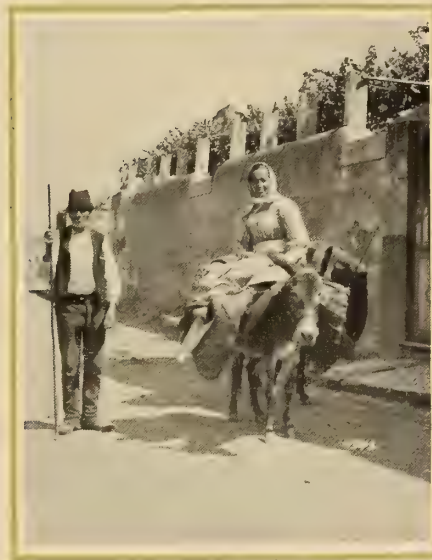
still encountered such winsome girls as we had encountered in Christiania. Only these to whom I have previously referred as "otherwise inclined" enjoyed the city, and for them Garretts proved a trysting place. There were, however, the trip to Cintra, the pickled kings, and the bull-fight (at which all the midshipmen present cheered for the bull), to give us a little of beauty, history, and pleasure. When we left the harbor, the pilot aboard our ship seemed to symbolize the only part of Portuguese life which most of us had had an opportunity to see. He wore yellow trousers, a green coat, mistook the java pot on the bridge for a spit kid, and insisted upon calling the captain "Jack".

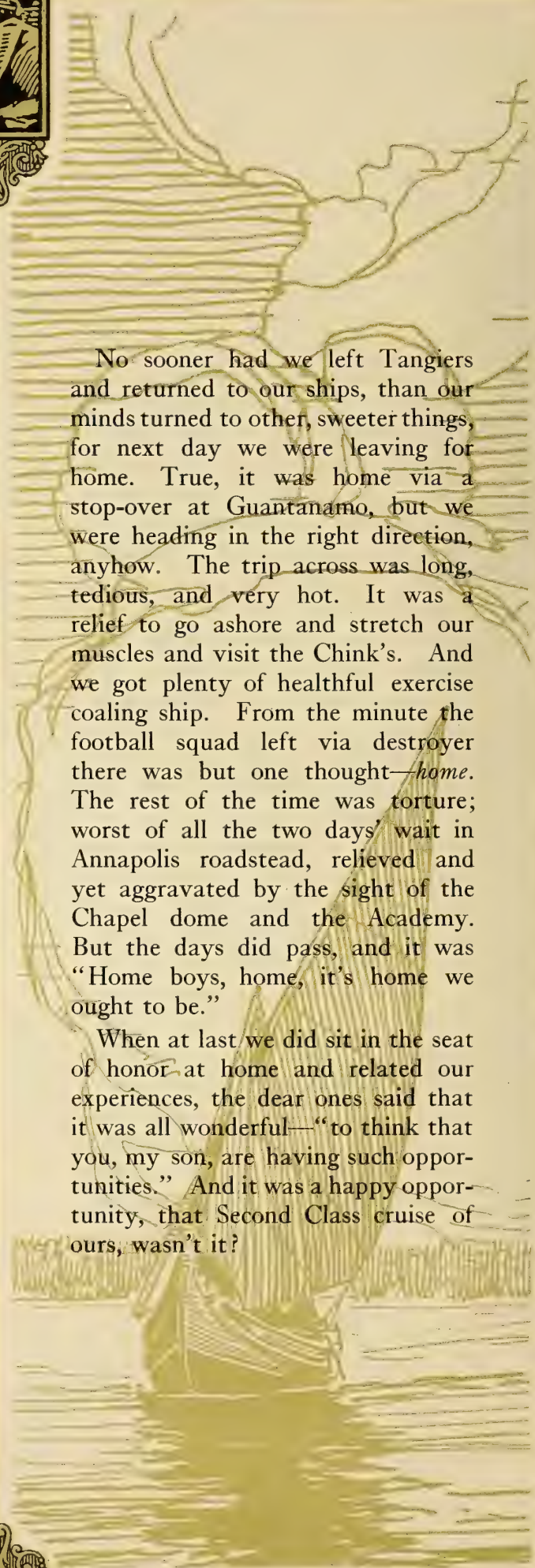
The next four days, bound for Gibraltar, were spent by many scrubbing. We were wearing whites instead of the customary khaki, and many suits screeched for attention. We steamed minus the "Minnie," which had fouled her anchor in the Tagus. She caught us just as we were dropping anchor in the inner



harbor. The Rock was unrecognizable, as we had approached it from a different angle than had the imaginative painter of the Prudential sign. At the base of the Rock was the town, where one principal street was crowded with shops run by Moors, Jews, and all sorts of indiscriminate race mixtures. After dealing with them we all felt capable of borrowing any amount of money from the hardest pawn shop dealer in New York. From every shop came sounds resembling a spirited auction sale. After purchasing our souvenirs, dinner and the trip around the rock finished the liberty.

Although Gibraltar was rather dull, some of us had the privilege of going across the straits to Tangiers for a day. It was the strangest, most unique city of our limited acquaintance. Can you forget the odor, the narrow streets which more nearly resembled our narrowest alleyways, the little donkeys which served us so well all day long, the beggars, the gowned men, and the lack of women on the streets? It made the pictures in the old geography of grammar school days realities.





No sooner had we left Tangiers and returned to our ships, than our minds turned to other, sweeter things, for next day we were leaving for home. True, it was home via a stop-over at Guantanamo, but we were heading in the right direction, anyhow. The trip across was long, tedious, and very hot. It was a relief to go ashore and stretch our muscles and visit the Chink's. And we got plenty of healthful exercise coaling ship. From the minute the football squad left via destroyer there was but one thought—*home*. The rest of the time was torture; worst of all the two days' wait in Annapolis roadstead, relieved and yet aggravated by the sight of the Chapel dome and the Academy. But the days did pass, and it was "Home boys, home, it's home we ought to be."

When at last we did sit in the seat of honor at home and related our experiences, the dear ones said that it was all wonderful—"to think that you, my son, are having such opportunities." And it was a happy opportunity, that Second Class cruise of ours, wasn't it?





# FIRST CLASS CRUISE

Hackneyed, yet ominously true, a typical embarkation. If only the Cumberland quartette had evolved Tosti's "Good-by," the scene might have been imagined a melodrama as poignant as "Roanoke," or any musical comedy as far as plot and continuity figured. Not to include the numerous potential puns from the song, such as "fading tree."

The only girl (at that time; most of them and us have changed since) had a vivid glimpse into the sterner side of our life. Cerberus (better known as mother):

"Good heavens, Mildred, what can be the matter with that boy? He looks a thousand years old. I've heard none of them slept the last night, but what can he have been doing?"

Mildred (sweet memories, only those, now!) "Why, he does look queer, rather haggard, don't you think? Who is he, Jimmy?"

Jimmy (living example of "*Caesar, morituri tesa lutamus*"): "Him? Why, that's Bob, my wife. You had two





dances on the program with him last night?"

Mildred: "Well, why does he look so frightfully aged? Can't he find Elizabeth?"

Jimmy: "I told you before that he is squad leader."

Mother, Mildred (unenlightened but polite): "Oh."

Youngsters, who before the cruise would be finished would have the saltiest roll, were trying hard to register well-bred disdain; inside they felt like cattle in a pen, watching an uncouth creature herding batches of them toward a huge, insatiable knife. The Second Classmen were busy swapping the latest dope, experiences of the week, and plans. The First Class, at least those who weren't far enough gone beyond consciousness, had several twinges of premonition. Perhaps a flashback may explain better. A certain sultry evening in May, 1922, the editor of this spasm, was asked how the cruise could be written up in time, since it couldn't be started until September. The character who has successfully combined the







craftiness of Shylock, the driving cruelty of Simon Legree, and the sweet face of Florence Nightingale, summed it up in three words "We caught hell." He knew.

To be honest though, several meanings may be construed from "hell." There is the hell of monotonous routine for weeks on end, the hell of a good time on liberty, the hell of not hearing from a certain person, the hell of running into the skipper when you're breaking in your non-reg shoes and also out of uniform—the various sorts were all present and the hell of the seven weeks with Fahrenheit over the hundred mark. The practical optimists thought that it wasn't going to rain, but the experienced ones read beyond the immediate signs. Right on schedule, before the first gang aboard could transfer their bags below came the gentle rain, with all the persistence and penetration of a twelve inch shell. When the boys still on the way arrived, they had quite a time deciding whether to exercise to dry off, and starve before six, or take a chance and stay wet. Their thought-





ful predecessors had cleaned the ship. There were two dry sea bags on the Delaware, one had been hopefully tagged U. S. S. Olympia, and the owner of the other bag had lost the key to the lock. One crafty mortal had brought just enough to fill one bag, and to compensate for his cleverness he put a bottle of stencil ink at the top. Due to usual care in handling it, he passed for the black gang the rest of the cruise.

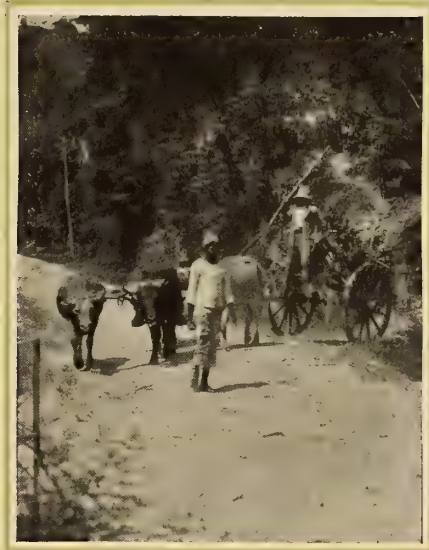
With wisdom born from bitter experience, the ratey ones found the quiet corners and proceeded to hibernate. The youngsters didn't know whether to run the risk of getting lost while hunting their locker, or staying top side till some bo's'n took pity. Most of them hadn't been asleep since early Wednesday morning, and the strenuous program of that day, Thursday and half of Friday found them almost as ruined as their first class shepherd, who by this time had lost reason, will, and memory. After the understanding solace of Kelly's, The Lobby and over the top, some of those idiots

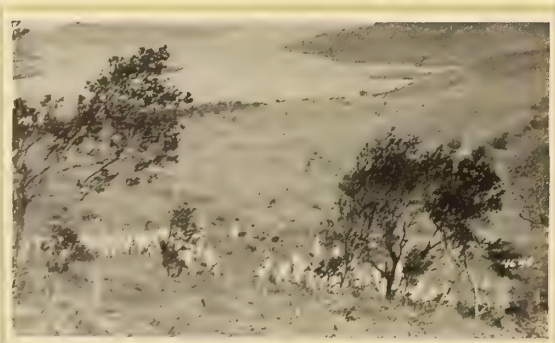




were gently led to convalescence, but the mere trill of a bo's'n's pipe made them shudder.

The last mail carried incoherent, burning reams to Her, and pathetic, humble appeals to the financial advisor. Then up anchor, with ten days of that fascinating sport—"where are my youngsters?" and amateur navigation (the bird who defined said science as "the art of conducting a ship from one point to another on the earth's surface, or *elsewhere*," was thoroughly cognizant of the situation). As soon as the silk socks and the dancing pumps not worn since the June Ball began to disintegrate, shoes began their inexplicable habit of wandering. A clean white hat was the mark of a crook, a maniac for work or the proud ex-possessor of a pack of Fats, two bits or equivalent tender. The only squad leader who had held out that long was heard to laugh. Sympathetic friends inquired. "My division officer after requesting 49 changes of sea details each day for the past week, just asked where I had been all this time. He didn't recognize me." Again the laugh as Fannie





Hurst said, "a dry brittle laugh, as something breaking." After that he was allowed topside only with vigilant escort, because he evinced a desire to play hide and seek in the guns, collide with the barbets, and cut his teeth on the stanchions.

Colon showed up green, cool looking, army and navy planes overhead, and, best of all, automatic coaling docks. Gatun Lake made fresh water showers possible, and for those who could convince the guard of their sanity, liberty. The tropics may be hot, vitiating, and lazy. The people may be indolent, procrastinating, and dull, but use any of these adjectives to describe the evening's routine ashore and the result is monstrously false. Besides, there was the sport of comparing notes on relative drawbacks. The Florida gang sobbed that it was impossible to enter the J. O. Mess unless one had a Bowditch opened at Table 46. They also had the unique situation of four admirals on one ship, three standing regular watches.

Some of the hard hit boys were further ensnared each mail by the arrival of envelopes exactly alike (in-





side and out), except for the numbers which ran in sequence from one up to as high as seventeen in one case.

After Colon the fleet separated, the Florida going to Trinidad, the North D to St. Kitts, the Olympia to St. Lucia, and the Delaware to Martinique. The flagship and the "Big D" fared the best in the matter of ports.

St. Kitts was the rendezvous, from whence the long trail led to Culebra, aptly described as the nineteenth carbon copy of nothing. The powers evidently wishing to compensate for the utter lack of possibilities ashore, devised the torment of landing force drill, up and down perpendicular hills covered with cactus and profanity, which would have been fertile suggestion for Edgar Allen Poe, if he could have survived. The weekend in Saint Thomas did us all a lot of good. The Americans claimed that they were glad to see us, but we would like to find that same brand of hospitality any time. The Olympia weaved her way to San Juan with the "flower" of the class; according to reports it was almost as





good as the Commodore after an Army-Navy game. There was a final roundup in Culebra, accompanied by a general uplift in spirit—yea, a mighty uplift. We were leaving for Halifax.

There are exceptions to almost every rule, except one of the well-known laws of the Navy, and the fact that everyone agreed on Halifax as the best port of the cruise. The climate was like home, and the people were so much like Yankees that it was almost Sep Leave a month ahead of time. There couldn't have been a single wish unfulfilled; the social wonders had excellent opportunities, the economists were astounded at the small operating cost, and to those of quiet tastes many a home was opened without reserve. The open-hearted people had but one serious fault—it seemed positively rude and most horribly difficult to convince them and yourself that it was necessary to return to the ship. The courtesy of the various clubs and hotels made it possible for us to enjoy most of the many points of civic pride, such as the Arm. Possibly the change from



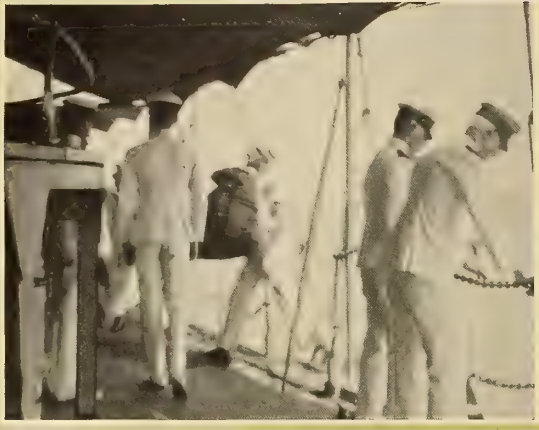


warm to cool climate also had its effect in raising the morale. Mornings aboard ship were invigorating enough! The city itself was not the only source of recreation, for there were several outlying places very attractively situated and managed.

Universal regret was felt when the time came to turn south for target practice. Our only chance to return any of the many kindnesses received was the joint Delaware-North D hop, which seemed to go very well. The Big D considerably waited until afterward to burst her oil pipe, and belch forth dangerous looking clouds of greasy smoke. Only casualties, several ruined dress uniforms and many wet midshipmen when a hose broke away in a gun deck passage.

Then Point Z and S. R. B. P. via Lynn Haven Roads. Target practice was looked forward to with a great deal of curiosity. Rumor was also busy to the effect that a detail of midshipman officers would "take charge" after our return from firing. The many hours at general quarters (*who's the only general in the Navy,*





*mister?*) were well spent. The weather was all that could be desired, and the scores all very creditable. Altogether a most interesting and instructive experience, and a very valuable one for the "three quarters officers" especially.

The temporary millennium arrived. A complete set of midshipman officers was selected and placed "in charge" —with an eager advisor ever-present to the respective elbows. The good old Navy method of lubrication was responsible for their selection. Outraged temporary Bos'n's Mates decided instanter to retire. It was lots of fun (for the bos'n's mates, *et al.*) We loafed along up the bay in three stages, manipulating the respective mud-hooks without serious damage to paint-work or innocent bystanders.

Then the harrowing wait off the Academy—living only on hope and anticipation—coming to life not once until the morning of departure, when it was time to draw the shekels and pick up the very much slimmer piles of belongings. We shoved joyfully off, forgetful of all past discomforts, mindful only of *the* Month ahead.







*"There. Over the point. Don't you see?"*

*"There it is. The Chapel dome."*

*"Thank God."*

*The recording angel did not hesitate an instant as he wrote the last two words down in someone's prayer column in the big red book. And who will question his act? After three long months at sea as midshipmen these words, as they were uttered by nearly two thousand men, were not in vain. They constituted a prayer straight from hearts full of anticipation as over the point there loomed a landmark—the landmark which meant that in twenty-four hours and for thirty precious days each man would be free.*

*Free. Can't you see what it means. No more "up all hammocks." No more mid-watches. No more doubtful food. And above all no more waiting for the mail boat. In one more day those from whom letters meant so much will be welcoming home, each in his or her own way, a boy who for three tedious months has been longing to see them, much more than his letters have shown.*

*First mother, with a tender hug and kiss. Then dad with a hearty handshake and a smile that does not quite cover up the true feeling showing through. And later on someone else who has her own individual greeting almost worth a three months absence since it is so much more*



worth while upon return. Friends everywhere. Friends who stop him on the street to say how glad they are to see him, and ask him to tell of his experiences, the favorite pastime of all midshipmen. By the end of the month the navy is much in danger of losing a very good man, who can't quite decide to return to it and continue life as a hero, or to resign and become president of the bank or run for the senate or go in for some equally modest work.

What a month it is. The proverb of "Early to bed" is no more; for who is after knowledge or wealth on September leave? The results of eleven long months of naval discipline are undone in a week as each member of the family does his best to spoil at least one midshipman. The keys to the front door, the keys to the car,—even the keys to dad's cellar—are presented, and good; well, perhaps not too good but at least satisfactory use is made of all of them. Dinners, dances, theatres, swimming, tennis, golf. Evenings spent under the big harvest moon and evenings





spent before the fireplace. There is something for all, and each man follows the path of his own choosing through the thirty blissful days, trying to do in that short space of time the multitude of things he had planned. It can't be described. Heaven after hell? No. Life after death? No. It's just home after a midshipman's practise cruise.

Twenty-nine days have passed. Again at the station are gathered those who welcomed the wanderer home. The train pulls in. A regretful hug and kiss from the mother of whom you haven't perhaps seen as much as you should; a hearty handshake from the dad who you perhaps have never really appreciated before; a kiss and a promise for someone else, and the train pulls out. September leave is past.

And then in the morning—

“Big leave, boy?”

“Did I? Let me tell you what I've done. Joe, she's the most wonderful girl. Oh, God, how I wish I were home.”

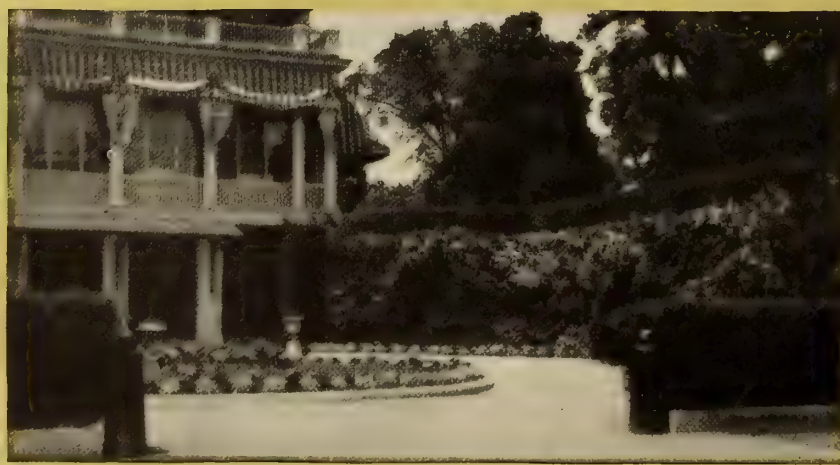
And that's another prayer.





THE YARD

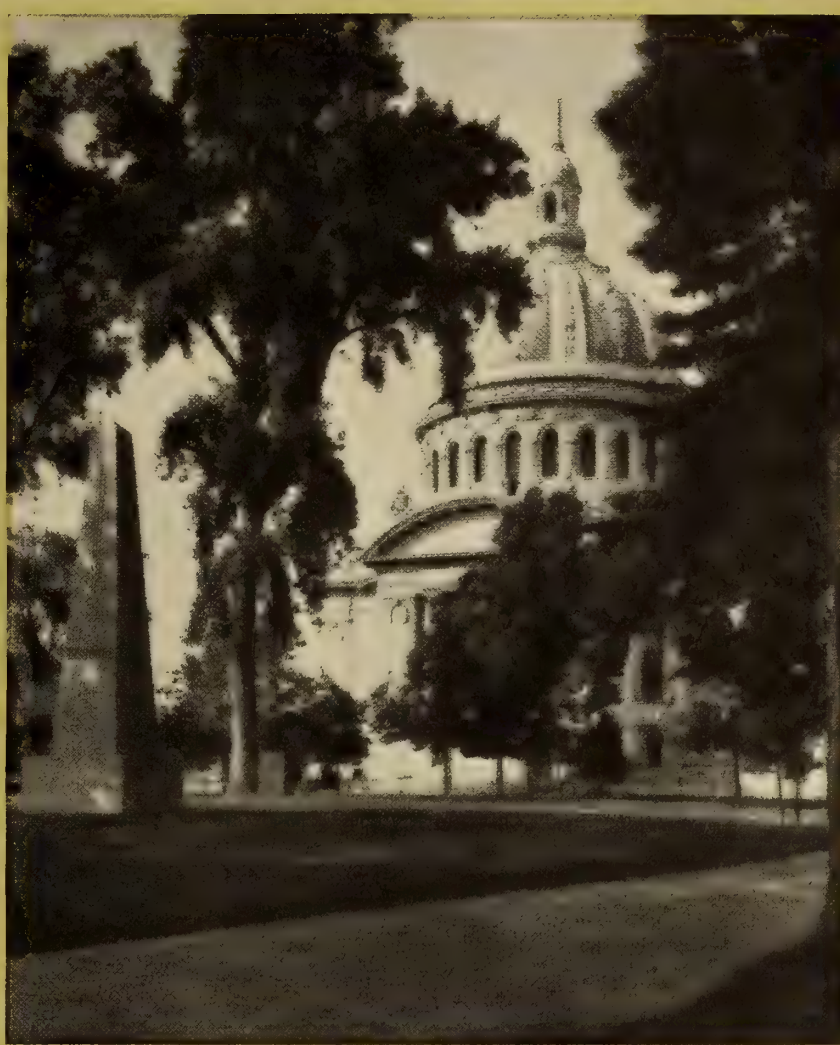




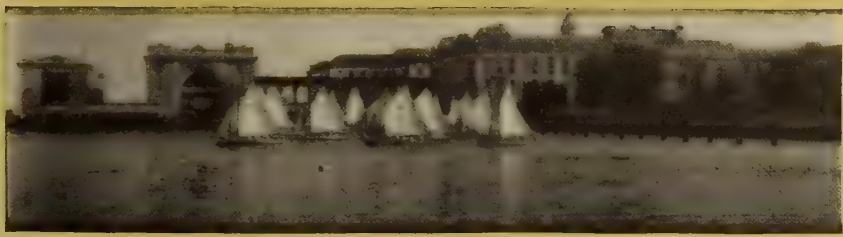




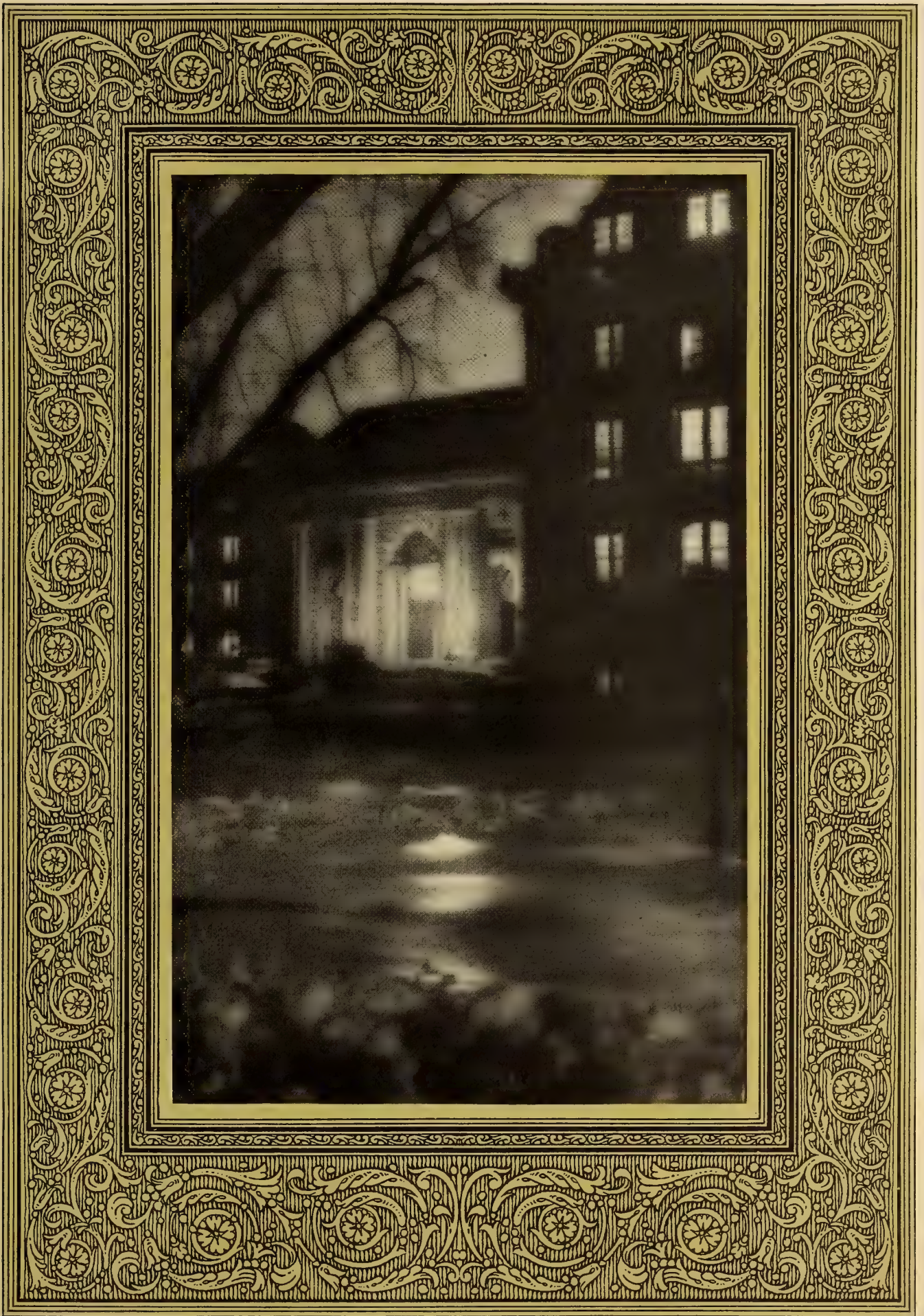
































COMMANDER PAUL J. DASHIELL (Math.)

Rah, Rah, Rah,  
Proud we feel.  
Our Paul, Skinny Paul,  
Paul Dashiell!



### THE TEAM CAPTAINS

STANDING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: HUDSON, Track; HIGGINS, Water-Polo; WINKJER, Swimming; O'REGAN, Boxing; GRANFIELD, Fencing; THAYER, Rifle; HODGKISS, Soccer.

SITTING: PARR, Basketball; BOLLES, Crew; CONROY, Football; HEDERMAN, Baseball; PEARSON, Gym.



### WEARERS OF THE N STAR

STANDING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: BARCHET, HUGHES, HAMILTON, McKEE, MILLS, HARRIS.

SITTING: KELLY, NIEMYER, PARR, CONROY, CARNEY, BOLLES, TAYLOR.



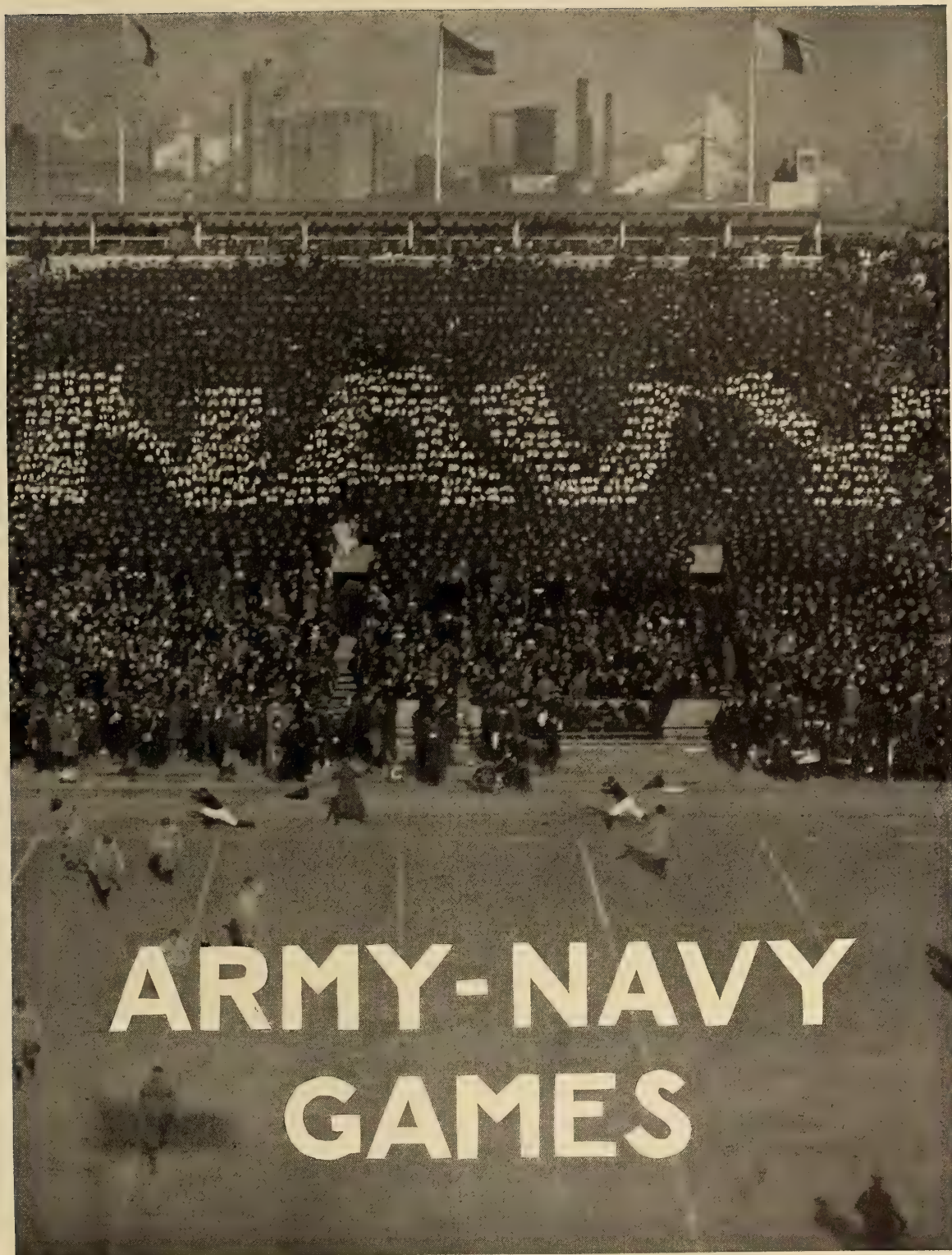
COMMANDER DOUGLAS LEGATE HOWARD

AFTER very active duty as commander of a destroyer engaged in hunting down U-boats in the North Sea, "Doug" came to the Academy with '23 in the Summer of 1919. As Athletic Officer, he worked with all his might to restore athletics to the plane they now occupy, on a par with any college, and to shake off the lethargy acquired during the war when the Navy had sterner tasks than athletic contests.

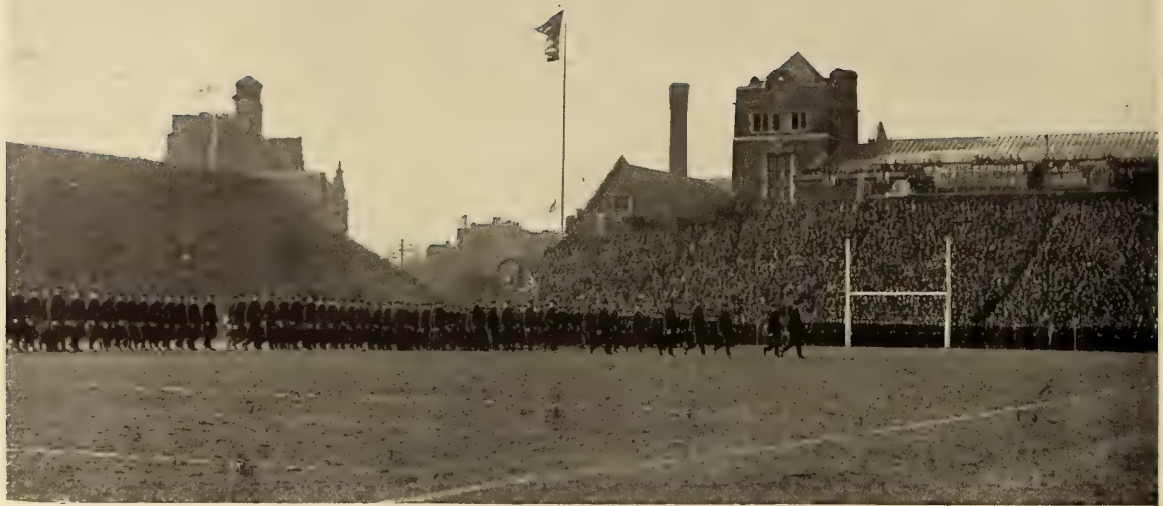
With his power of foresight, a system of universal physical training was adopted, a truly Howard system. Under his comprehensive guidance, the Navy turned out teams which caused the country to wonder when, in one year after a successful game against Army, a position of prime importance in the winter sports, a successful spring season, the year came to a climax when Navy crews, after winning the championship of the United States, swept to victory on the canal at Antwerp, the acclaimed championship crew of the World.

"Doug" leaves behind at the Academy a personal athletic record to spur on any man to athletic triumphs, a system destined to add more achievements in the future, and a personality endeared to all of us.





**ARMY-NAVY  
GAMES**



*The Regiment Arrives*

## ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL GAME 1922

An Army-Navy game! High water mark of the year, snake dances; pep-telegrams from the fleet, speeches from all the dignitaries, dignified and otherwise,—speeches from the team, remarkable not so much for oratory as for sincerity and unanimity of purpose—howling bedlam in the mess hall, hard on furniture but evident of spirit, the hall plastered and peppered with signs everywhere, even Tecumseh, decked in gorgeous war-paint, sustained in his glory by the figureheads from the seamanship building, restored to life by forces unseen.

We started final preparations for the game, the team, the midshipmen, the officers, and the fleet, with the knowledge that we were the underdogs, than which there is no better tonic or spur. We had seen the regiment's spirit falter and the Penn game lost. A quick recovery and Penn State went down in defeat. The wave moved on and we were determined that that spirit should not die; on the contrary, that it should grow, and spread, and blossom out into glorious victory on Franklin Field, that fateful Saturday afternoon.

All hands and the ship's cat were on hand for practice those last two weeks and slung out the vocal chords in a valiant effort to shatter every window in the hall, just to let the team know that we were 100% behind them.

The climax came Thursday afternoon, the twenty-third, when the final practice at home was held. Henry gave us all the dope, the team went through a snappy





*The Corps of Cadets*

signal drill, and we gave the songs the final touches with the aid of the great midshipman band. Then the team left, and, like any full-grown avalanche, the regiment, two thousand strong, descended from the stands and followed, our pick-up band doing bravely but receiving little attention.

Henry had all the plans made, and they worked beautifully. The horde was finally massed between the gym and the second wing, where, with the Arcade as a speaking platform, and in the light of a warming bonfire, we howled lustily for all the officers present, and they responded nobly. Because of the Arcade, Henry, leading those cheers, reminded us much of the Mohammedans we'd seen calling upon Allah.

Then the team came out, greeted by a howl to which all previous seemed like whisperings in a sick room. They all spoke, just a few words but to the same end, their unanimous will to win, that it would be a struggle, but we should hope for the best, knowing full well that each was giving his all to bring home the bacon. We well knew this to be true and in our attempt to confirm our belief, the four-N which followed (stealing a good one from the Baltimore Sun) reached the seismograph in Washington.

In the mess hall nobody ate much, just an excuse for being there and imbibing the spirit, or better absorbing such. More telegrams from the fleet, and then the same midshipman's band, which had performed so valiantly before that afternoon, appeared from the Fourth Wing entrance and there followed more snake dances, more speeches, and more practical work on behalf of the Regiment to convince the team that we were always behind them.





*The Howling Mob*

Friday morning the team left, personally escorted to the West Street Station by every midshipman able to walk, much to the surprise of Sick Bay, and we shoved that team off with a monster four-N which set the train on its way without aid from the engine.

Then for the Regiment. For the first time since the cessation of hostilities

against a common enemy, we were to see the "big" game in Philadelphia, on the same old Franklin Field where we have had such hard luck. This year we knew we had no mean Army to fight. The papers gave us that "dope" for weeks ahead, as they had before other games, and that was what we liked. Navy had listened to that before, with wonderful results. We were out to put all we had into that game, and the best team was going to win. The team knew it probably better than we. We were not over-confident, because you can't be in a Service classic. And thus we saw the game, the like of which probably was never seen before. And it went to prove the old adage, "the game is never won until the final whistle blows."

The Kaydets arrived first, and during their entrance, the Regiment was parked on the streets leading to the field, absorbing much of Philly's dust. They proceeded around the field in a column of squads, and having presented an appearance that justified their reputation, they manned their stands on the south side of the field.

Then we got underway. With no muddy field to make the footing unsteady, no barbed wire barricades to impede the march, the first company swung into company front, and came across the field in excellent fashion, to be repeated by the seven companies that followed, to the tune that puts the old thrill down your spinal column, "Anchor's Aweigh."

How could they do otherwise? We were proud of our team and with no other thought intervening, we were bound to make good, to make it "four strate." Spirit was never greater.

The roar began, never to be quelled again except in the short interval between plays when the signals must be heard. In contrast to other well-



remembered scenes, Franklin Field was a rectangle of frost-browned sod, with its clear white lines and four walls of humanity. The towering stands like those of Coogan's Bluff looked down on the field of fray. Friend and foe for the day were in the open, neither could claim the advantage of the covered stand to augment the volume of sound. A brisk wind blew from the west, kicking up fine clouds of dust, a wind that was responsible for the fatal margin of three points.



*Our Friends, the Enemy*

Didn't it thrill to get off that four-N with three West Points? Then to hear the stands of grey come back with the "Long Corps"-Navy. Though fight we must, we are brothers in arms, and win or lose, we are always friends. Then the Army team came out and, led by Breidster, they ran through a snappy signal practice, but hold, here they come!

Henry was out there in his checkered sweater, with four fingers up, "A four-N, one Navy, and three teams!" With everything we had we gave it. Boy, didn't that team look like a million dollars? And they played like it. Short and snappy signal practice, a moment or more to talk it over, which has often meant so much, and they were ready, raring to go.

A few minutes before two-thirty, the officials gathered for the ever-present consultation. With every thought on that game, and that spirit "We're with you, Vin", Navy won the toss, and wisely chose to defend the west goal, with the wind down the field. When, "All hands up anchor" came as ne'er before, Army would go some to make us change our course, and the game was on.

It was a battle which tested men's hearts, and men's spirits, and flesh, too, to the utmost. Men tackled hard, ran hard, those in the stands did their part by cheering hard. When things looked black, there always was the old refrain, "Fight, fight, fight," used by either side and always effective in its purpose. Navy spirit is a strange thing, but we never gave up the fight, and when the final whistle blew and the Pointers hurled themselves from





*Captains Braidster and Conroy*

the stands, only then did we know it was over, that the Army had won.

The first period was what might be called fast football, and so hard was it fought that it ended a tie, though it demonstrated the tactics of each team and promised a great game, full of pep and stellar football. Barchet, however, gifted with some splitting power, easily pierced the holes in Army's line that his larger teammates made, and proved a constant source of worry to the Army backs. Navy, making use of a long pass, near the end of this quarter, got underway for Army's goal, and things began to move.

The second quarter was shortly opened when a pass—by Conroy—made twenty yards, and put Navy only twelve yards from Army's goal. One play was enough, McKee pulled down a direct pass, and with perfect interference, skirted left end for a touchdown, and first blood for Navy. Barchet added the extra point. The Pointers came back with a brilliant burst of play, and after the kick-off, the ball again in their possession, Smythe took it and ran thirty yards on one of his twisting zig-zag runs, putting it finally on our 31-yard mark. The Army hit a snag. Wood lost three yards, they were penalized for off-side play when they used the jump shift, and finally calling back Army's center, Garbisch, they tried a placement which Garbisch teed to perfection, and, maintained by a favorable wind, it sailed cleanly over the cross-bar, the first score that Army had made since 1916. We were still ahead four points, an uncomfortable margin, and though Army fought very hard, the half ended with the ball on our 7-yard mark, why they did not try a field goal is a mystery.

The minutes between the halves were taken up with the felicitations of cabinet members, Generals and Admirals, the songs and cheers of our two Academies. Then the Army tried a new one. They added to the trick gun a ship which they endeavored to sink, but with our cries of "We won't give up the Ship" and apparently poor marksmanship, it proved a very difficult job, and though bombs were bursting our cheer leaders made a gallant effort to save the colors.



We can well imagine what happened between the halves to the team, because they came out with fire in their eyes. A few changes in the line-up had been made, and they followed the spheroid with more fight than ever. A poor punt by Cullen gave Army the first break. Smythe ran it back for twenty yards. A pass—Wood to Smythe to White—brought the ball down to our 2-yard line, where our line held with stonewall stubbornness. But Army was set and could not be held, and Lawrence finally broke through, and made the first touchdown for Army since the war had ended. Army was in the lead!

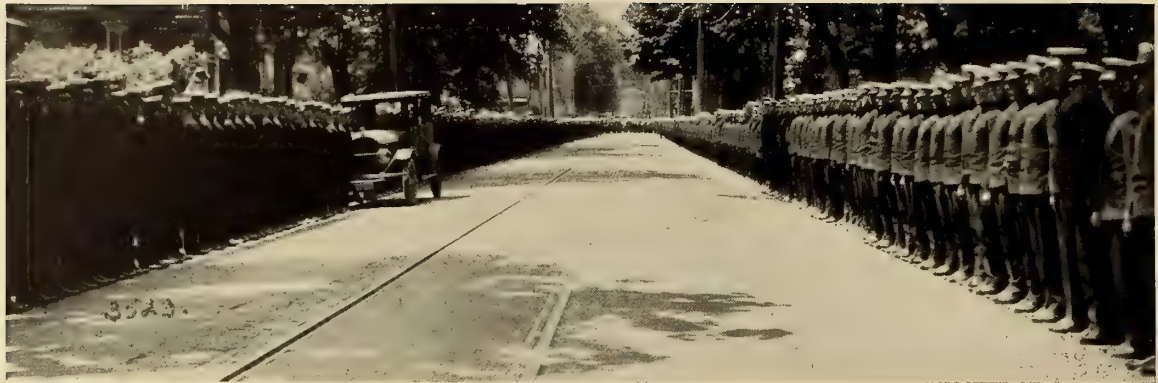
Hardly had the final quarter started when Navy, setting sail from Army's 43-yard line, by two good passes, one for twenty-one yards, the other for nine, put Army in danger again, a danger that Cullen and Norris brought home to the 1-yard line, and then a final punch for a touchdown by Conroy, while Norris added another point from a spectacular drop-kick. Navy was in the lead again.

Well, we thought the game was over. To borrow from the *New York Herald*, "as the light of the new moon began to flicker over the scene, Army came crashing on to glory and Timberlake brought home the bacon." It was hard to believe but so it was, the hardest, cleanest, cleverest, most versatile game ever. The score was against us but we were "triumphant in defeat." The first defeat in years, we look upon it as the Service should.

ARMY	THE LINE-UP:				NAVY
D. STORCK, MEYERS	Left End				PARR
MULLIGAN	Left Tackle				BOLLES
BREIDSTER	Left Guard				CARNEY
GARBISCH, L. STORCK	Center				MATHEWS, ZUBER
FARWICK	Right Guard				WINKJER, LENTZ
GOODMAN	Right Tackle				CLYDE, WALKER
WHITE	Right End				TAYLOR, STOLZ
SMYTHE	Quarterback				CONROY, O'REGAN
TIMBERLAKE, LAWRENCE	Left Halfback				CULLEN, HAMILTON
DODD, IVES, TIMBERLAKE	Right Halfback				MCKEE, FLIPPIN
WOOD	Fullback				BARCHET, NORRIS
Army	0	3	7	7	—17
Navy	0	7	0	7	—14



"Photographed by H. C. Robinson from plane piloted by Major Paul V. Burwell, Commanding Officer 104th Observation Squadron, A. S. Md. N. G. and published exclusively in the *Baltimore Sun*."



*The Kaydets Arrive*

## THE ARMY-NAVY BASEBALL GAME 1922

ALL hearts were turned to thoughts of graduation, the cruise, and the game when on one beautiful day near the end of May, the stage was set for the big event to take place on Worden Field, when General and Admiral would once again put aside their martial duties and sit on the bleachers to see the service supremacy in baseball decided by the nines of the two Academies.

The followers of the national sport came from camp, station, and ship, to look over the prospects. The number present was enormous, because there were added those of the fleet present on the ships of the Practice Squadron, and to this fleet the MARYLAND, the mightiest ship afloat, and the MAYFLOWER, bearing the distinguished "fan", the President, added charm.

The morning of the game, the Army team arrived and along the streets of Annapolis, lined on both sides by members of the Regiment, they rode until they arrived at their destination where an outburst of spirit, both in songs and cheers, most vehemently signified to them that we were ready to dispute each and every point of the contest.

Early in the warm afternoon, the bleachers were filled to capacity and when Hans Lobert's charges trotted on the field for a little preliminary practice to test the effect of a night on the train on the batting eye, seats were hard to find and the whole spectacle was a mass of color, in one corner the blue uniforms and white caps of the solid midshipman block, in the center and sides, the bright colors of those here to witness the festivities of June Week, and scattered throughout, the gold of myriads of officers back once again to their Alma Mater.

In contrast to the blue and gold was the Army rooting section where the dull-brown of the khaki clad forces held sway. In this game, the solid ranks of gray were missing, the additional color which makes complete the spectacle of the football game. To add to the martial scene, overhead droned



*The Supe's Box:* MRS. WILSON, PRESIDENT HARDING, MRS. HARDING, ADMIRAL WILSON

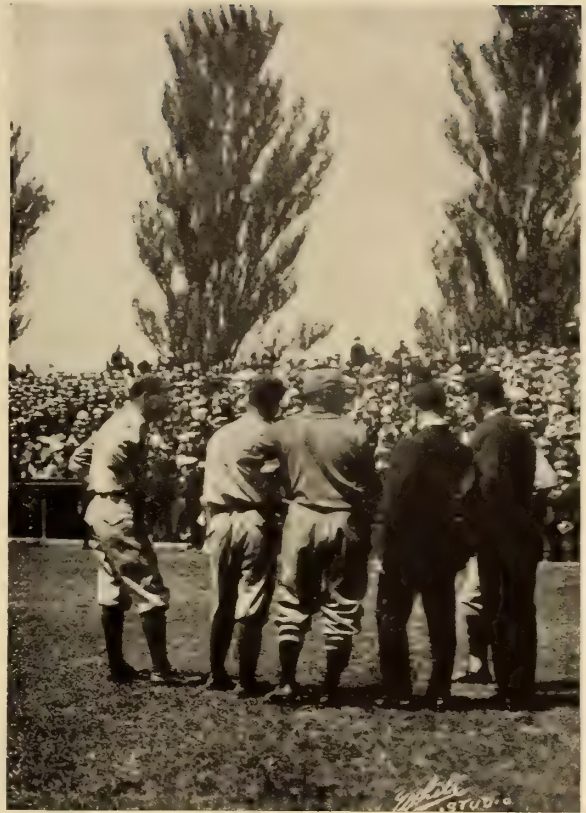


the engines of planes, both land and sea, the winged bearers of those who chose this manner of watching the game. The big Navy dirigible, the C-7, took a most active part in the aerial display and cavorted in every direction over the field, now between us and the sun, now outlined in the clear blue, ever seeking a more advantageous position.

When the Pointers laid aside their bats, the Navy team took the field and pounded out a few in anticipation of greater doings, later. They looked well-determined to erase the sting of defeat sustained the previous year.

This game was to be the supreme test for Navy. During the previous season, we had made a change in the coaching system and now instead of Billy Lush, Ensigns Blakeslee and Milner, and Johnny Wilson directed the development of the team. If success is to be judged by the number of victories, the team had been very successful and though the newspapers were inclined to give the edge on the game to Army, the Regiment looked upon the coming contest with confidence.

Just before the ball was tossed in the captains came together and with the officials decided what would constitute the limits of the home-run and the number of bases to be allowed other choice placements of the ball over the field. The game was on.



*Umps, Captains and Coaches*

#### FIRST INNING

*Army.* "Slim" Kelly, the main support of Navy's pitching staff, took the mound and Army's lead-off man, Smythe, advanced to the plate and walked on a pass from Kelly. Then Kelly tightened a bit but Wilhide chose a pretty one and placed a single in left field. Next came French, whom we had seen many times before, ever dangerous and on a fast one from Kelly's delivery, brought Smythe home. Wilhide attempted to stretch matters a bit, but Hogan caught him at the plate. Storck went out on a hit to Barchet and Reeder followed on a grounder to Durgin.

*Navy.* Our own reliable "Dale" was the first man to face Cragin, the Army hope in the pitcher's box. Harris reached for one, knocked it, and on an error by Reeder, made first. Rawlings singled through third. Durgin brought home the bacon for Navy with a single through Dasher which Harris took as a signal to cross the plate. Niemyer was out on a pop fly to Dasher and Mal Hogan ended it by a hit to Dasher which made a pretty double play. Dasher to Wilhide to Reeder. *Army 1-Navy 1.*



*Dale Harris Connects*



*Navy Warming Up*

#### SECOND INNING

*Army.* The Kaydets went down fast after Dasher, who reached first on Mill's error, was out when Wood hit to Durgin.

*Navy.* Navy certainly put the game on ice this inning when they netted four runs which forced the Army pitcher from the mound, relieved by Sarcka. Baker led off but flied to Wilhide. Mills walked but was held at second on Barchet's grounder to Wilhide. Then came "Slim" Kelly, and he certainly picked a pretty one for a triple which brought in Mills while Harris brought in Kelly with a single to right field. Rawlings then took up the work, and after his well-remembered wiggle, stepped on one and Harris crossed the plate. Then Sarcka came to Cragin's rescue and retired Niemyer in short order. *Army 1-Navy 5.*

#### THIRD INNING

*Army.* Smythe again got on base, this time on a balk by Kelly. Harris dropped a fly off Wilhide's bat and French, the next up, popped out to Baker. Storck walked and Smythe was forced in. Kelly put one over and Reeder knocked it into Baker's hands but a costly error filled the bases. Things looked bad until Dasher hit into a double play and ended Army's fun.

*Navy.* Navy went down fast in this frame, when, after Hogan had walked, followed by Baker, Mills singled, and Hogan was caught at the plate. Barchet and Kelly finished the innings. *Army 2-Navy 5.*

#### FOURTH INNING

During this inning, both played air-tight ball and neither scored.

#### FIFTH INNING

*Army.* Army was a bit more successful this inning and in a small rally, through a few good hits, earned a run. Smythe and Wilhide, both feared as safe hitters, went out easily. French had better luck and reached first on a single to right. Storck singled through third and French scored, but Reeder closed the inning on a short fly.

*Navy.* Niemyer, first up, drew a pass, followed by Hogan. Baker grounded to Reeder and Mill's pop to Storck, relayed to Reeder, counted another against Navy. Then hard luck and good luck combined put a ball in Barchet's ribs, and Niemyer scored when Kelly walked. Harris then drove a pretty single to left which brought in Hogan but Barchet was caught at the plate. *Army 3-Navy 7.*



*Army at Bat*

### SIXTH INNING

*Army.* Again a scoreless inning for Army. Dasher flied to Rawlings, and Wood beat a slow one to Barchet. Then Kelly walked Bonnet. When Sarcka walked, Army believed Kelly was weakening but not for long because Mills caught Sarcka napping and Smythe grounded to Barchet.

*Navy.* Instead Sarcka weakened and was replaced by Goodman after walking Rawlings. Durgin walked and scored on Niemyer's hit through short. Niemyer stole second. Hogan was out on a hot one to Wilhide and Baker's fly to Smythe ended matters. The game looked clinched for certain now. *Army 3-Navy 8.*

### SEVENTH INNING

The seventh inning has always been believed to be Navy's own but this time luck tried to even the score. Probably Army had hopes in the seventh also and wished just a bit harder than Navy followers so that our luck ran low. At any rate, the Army team, spurred on by a loyal cheering section, led by a second lieutenant who worked so hard under the hot sun that he had to shed some of his garments, started a rally that was very threatening while it lasted and boosted Army's score two notches nearer Navy's total.

*Army.* Wilhide looked them over and sent a pretty hot one to Barchet and on an error made first. He stole second and when French singled to left, crossed the plate safely. Storck flied to Harris and Reeder popped one to Baker. Dasher tripled to right center bringing in French but was himself caught at the plate.

*Navy.* Navy's confidence in the seventh was sadly astounded and the side went in quick succession before the Army pitcher. *Army 5-Navy 8.*

### EIGHTH INNING

*Army.* Again Army was to score and Wood led off with a single to left and stole second. Bonnet was put out. Goodman singled to right center scoring Wood. Goodman was caught off first and Wilhide flied to Baker.

*Navy.* Harris and Rawlings both knocked weak ones to Goodman and Durgin took the count from Goodman. *Army 6-Navy 8.*

### NINTH INNING

*Army.* French flied to Rawlings and Storck singled to left. Post then batted for Reeder and bunted to Mills. The game was over.

ARMY							NAVY						
	AB	R	H	O	A	E		AB	R	H	O	A	E
Smythe, cf.	2	2	0	1	0	1	Harris, cf.	5	2	2	1	1	1
Wilhide, 2b.	5	1	1	3	3	0	Rawlings, lf.	4	1	2	2	0	0
French, lf.	5	2	3	1	1	0	Durgin, 1b.	4	1	2	10	1	0
Storck, 3b.	4	0	2	0	1	0	Niemyer, rf.	3	1	1	0	1	0
Reeder, 1b.	4	0	0	7	0	2	Hogan, c.	2	1	0	5	0	0
Dasher, ss.	4	0	1	2	2	0	Baker, 3b.	3	0	0	4	1	1
Wood, rf.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Mills, 2b.	3	0	1	3	1	1
Bonnet, c.	3	0	0	8	2	0	Barchet, ss.	3	1	0	2	8	1
Cragin, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0	Kelly, p.	3	1	1	0	0	0
*Post	1	0	0	0	0	0	TOTAL	30	8	9	27	13	4
**Sarcka	1	0	0	0	0	0							
***Goodman	1	0	1	1	2	0							
TOTAL	34	6	9	24	12	3							

### SCORE BY INNINGS

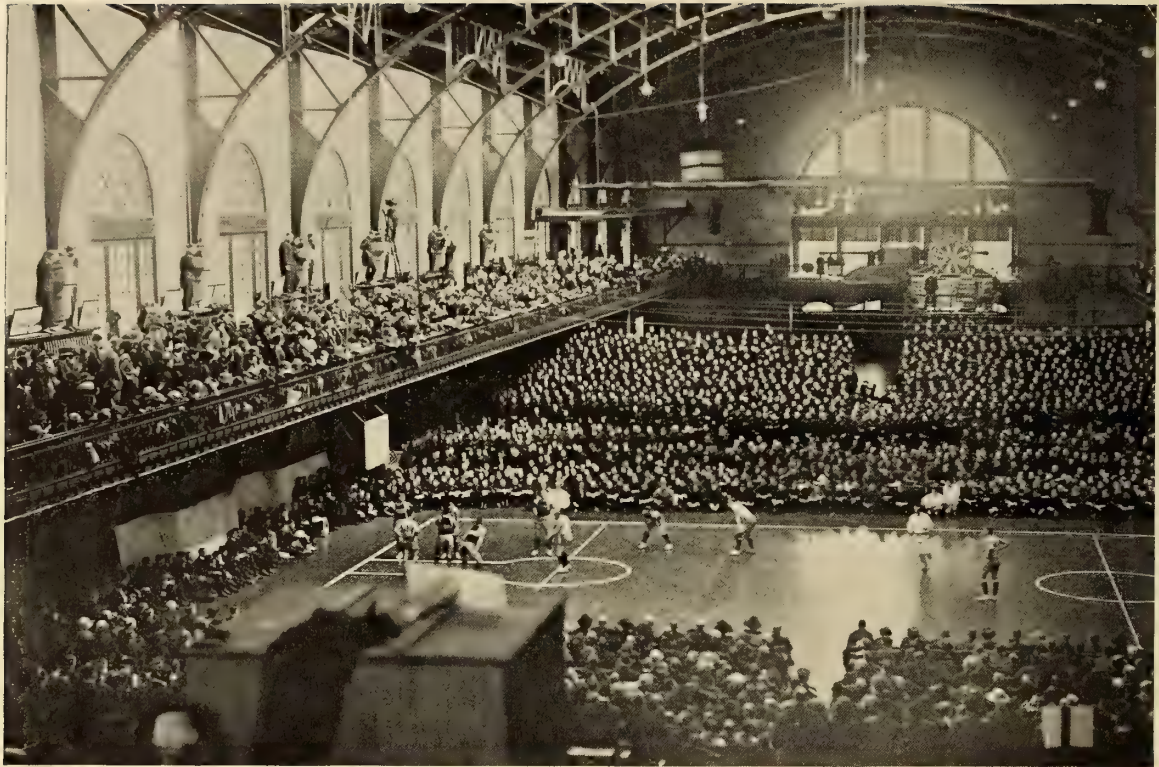
Army	1	0	1	0	1	0	2	1	0	—	6
Navy	1	4	0	0	2	1	0	0	X	—	8

\* Post batted for Reeder 9th Inning.  
 \*\* Sarcka relieved Cragin 2nd Inning.  
 \*\*\* Goodman relieved Sarcka 6th Inning.

SUMMARY—Three base hits—Dasher, Kelly. Double plays—Barchet to Mills to Durgin, (2); Dasher to Wilhide to Reeder; Sarcka to Bonnet to Reeder. Sacrifice hits—Hogan, Storck, Bonnet. Stolen bases—Smythe, Wood, Niemyer. Base on balls—Kelly 5, Cragin 1, Sarcka 6, Goodman 1. Struck out by—Kelly 3, Sarcka 2, Goodman 2. Hit by pitcher—Sarcka 1. Balk—Kelly 1. Wild pitch—Sarcka 1, Kelly 1. Substitutions—Post batted for Reeder, Sarcka for Cragin, Goodman for Sarcka. Earned runs—Army 3, Navy 4. Time—2 hrs., 35 mins. Officials—Quigley, McDevitt.



*The Fruits of Victory*



*Roosma Shoots for Army*

## ARMY-NAVY BASKETBALL GAME 24 FEBRUARY, 1923

**T**HE Kaydets came, they saw, they conquered. Navy bowed in defeat before an Army five that combined all the finesse of an unconquered quintet, which with its shifty speed on the floor, its accuracy of long shots, and its superior teamwork spelled disaster for the Navy with a score of 37-29.

The first half, with its score of 21 to 14 caused joy and hilarity among Army rooters, led by the dapper second lieutenant, apparently the same who worked so valiantly last June as Army cheer leader that he caused that threatening rally of the Army Team. However, Navy rooters waited for the second half comeback, and so our spirits were dampened but little.

But in the second half, the Navy Team failed to rally and our hopes were in vain. Once, however, our hopes did rise, but Army soon came back to the assault, and never again did we really endanger Army's right to the game. Army had a defense for every thrust we made, the Navy Team was unable to get through it.

Vichules was the outstanding star of the game; diminutive, crafty, traveling low, the ball in his possession meant disaster for Navy. Vichules was a sore spot in the side of Navy and Barnes worked as never before to guard his shifty opponent, but he was unsuccessful.

Dabezies, the Army captain, one of that long, lean type, so prevalent among centers, played his position well, and rarely did he miss taking the ball from the Navy center, Walshe.

The rest of the Army Team, Roosma, Forbes and Wood—they were all good, not merely individually, but as a team of five men. They worked smoothly, with uncanny precision, the same thing that Navy lacked.

Shapley played the best game for Navy. Four field goals, under most spectacular conditions, were his contribution to the score. Besides his scoring ability, he guarded well, and proved most destructive in breaking up Army's offense when they got too near our basket.

"Pete" McKee played a good game but it was not up to the standard usually set by him. His rival on the Army Team took very good care of him and "Pete" couldn't rid



McKEE

himself of his alert guardian. His luck at the basket was off and his usual perfect-aimed long shots rolled harmlessly off the edges. However, he never went up in the air and when the game was going fastest, McKee worked calmly and did his utmost to start the Navy rally.

Walshe, at center, was somewhat off form. Lack of experience, undoubtedly, was responsible for a great deal of it, because the large crowd, the great attendant excitement, seemed to worry him, and kept him from taking the long chances in which he previously had been so lucky.

Parish played his position well but without support, his work didn't amount to what it should have, and though he played hard, it was in vain.

Barnes was given the job of guarding the slippery Vichules. It was something that couldn't be done, in many opinions. Barnes was too long and he slipped through easily. The Navy guard worked hard but his task was too difficult.

Jones and Harris both entered the game for a time. They played a good game while in but still the Army scored. The substitution looked promising but it was too late, the time for retaliation was gone. The Army Team was supreme at all times.



SHAPLEY

The Army squad was first on the floor, and Navy entered soon after. After the officials had talked it over, the game was on. McKee received the ball on the tip-off, but Forbes rescued the ball for Army. Vichules then got loose and began his deadly work. McKee made Navy's first point on a foul, a free-toss, giving us our first score but Army was already in the lead. The game waxed hot and fast, played fiercely by both sides, as only rival contests should be, and the half went fast, much to our hard luck, and after some very good basketball, the half ended Army 21, Navy 14.

While the Team was out getting the "dope" between the halves, the Regiment utilized the time in cheers and songs. Our brothers before us, the row of Admirals who occupied the seats on the side lines could be seen to express nods of approval as the "Blue and Gold" was given for the first time. Though "triumphant in defeat", we were out to win that game first, and when the team returned, we tried to let them know it.

The Army line-up was the same. Barnes was back again for Navy. This half Vichules again seemed unhampered and worked just as effectively. The game was even at a greater fever-heat than before. Harris was substituted for Parish, Jones for Walshe. Still Navy could not stop the Pointers.

With eight minutes to go, Navy made a last effort to set matters right. Wood fouled Harris under the Navy basket and McKee put in two. Harris made another dash for the hoop and put another in with Wood on his shoulders. Barnes put a long one in but was fouled as he threw. McKee made the point, Navy's last. Army had a four-point lead and finally increased it to eight, the last point on a foul which Roosma made. The final score was 37 to 29.

NAVY	Position	ARMY
PARISH, HARRIS . . . . .	Left Forward . . . . .	ROOSMA
McKEE . . . . .	Right Forward . . . . .	VICHULES
WALSHE, JONES . . . . .	Center . . . . .	DABEZIES
BARNES, JONES . . . . .	Right Guard . . . . .	WOOD
SHAPLEY . . . . .	Left Guard . . . . .	FORBES

## SONGS AND YELLS

### THERE'S AN AGGREGATION (Quand Henri Henshaw Chante)

There's an aggregation known throughout the country,  
Always ready for a frolic or a fray,  
From their high and mighty station  
They are known throughout the nation  
As the boys from down in Crabtown-on-the-Bay.  
Each year they sally forth to face the Army  
And turn the Army Mule into a lamb.  
In the midst of scrap and scrimmage  
You will see the busy image  
Of the spoiled and pampered pets of Uncle Sam.

(Chorus)

So 'round the ends and through the line we'll run,  
Show those Greylegs how the deed is done,  
Oh, Navy crew, we'll see you through—  
Here's HOW! to the boys of Navy Blue.

### THE GOAT IS OLD AND Gnarly

(John Brown's Body.)

The goat is old and gnarly  
And he's never been to school,  
But he can take the bacon  
From the worn-out Army mule.  
He's had no education  
But he's brimmin' full of fight  
And Bill will feed  
On Army mule tonight.

(Chorus)

Army, Army, call the doctor!  
Army, Army, call the doctor!  
Army, Army, call the doctor!  
You're all in down and—  
(Spoken)—Whoa! Any oats today,  
lady? No! Giddap!—  
Army, Army, call the doctor!  
You're all in, down and OUT!

### ARMY MULE (Tammany)

Army mule, Army mule,  
You can kick and balk and bray,  
But football you cannot play.  
Army mule, Army mule,  
Onkee, Onkee, Onkee, Onkee,  
Ar-my mule!!!

### BLUE AND GOLD

Four years together by the Bay,  
Where Severn joins the tide.  
Then, by the Service called away,  
We're scattered far and wide.  
But still when two or three shall meet  
And old tales be retold,  
From low to highest in the fleet  
We'll pledge the Blue and Gold.

Oh, hoist our colors, hoist them high  
And vow allegiance true;  
As long as sunset gilds the sky  
Above the ocean blue.  
Unlowered shall those colors be,  
Whatever fate they meet;  
So glorious in victory,  
Triumphant in defeat.

So give us lots of leave ashore  
And lots of work at sea;  
In every port one girl or more,  
Wherever we may be.  
Just let us live the life we love,  
And, with our voyage through,  
May we all muster up above  
A'wearing Navy Blue.

### ANCHOR'S AWEIGH

I.

Get under way, 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 Grey and Gold  
And hoist the Navy,  
Hoist the Navy Blue!

II.

Stand Navy down the field  
Sail 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!

### GANGWAY YELL

Ray! Ray! Gangway!  
Ray! Ray! Gangway!  
U. S. N. A. Rah! Rah! Rah!

### FOUR "N" YELL

Navy! Navy! Navy!  
N—N—N—N  
A—A—A—A  
V—V—V—V  
Y—Y—Y—Y  
Navy!  
TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!

### SIREN YELL

SIREN YELL  
Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
Hoo-oo-oo-Rah!  
Na-vy!  
TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!

### TOUCHDOWN YELL

Ray, Ray; this way,  
Football we play,  
U. S. N. A. Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Right through we break,  
Touchdowns we make,  
We leave our wake,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

### FARE THEE WELL

Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well,  
Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well,  
Oh, Army, you'll feel blue  
When the Navy's thru with you,  
Fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well!

### AUTOMOBILE YELL

Rah!  
Rah!  
Rah!  
Na-vy Rah! Rah!  
Na-vy Rah! Rah!  
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!  
Na-vy Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Na-vy!  
YEA TEAM YELL  
Navy! Navy!  
Hoorah! Hooray!  
U-S-N-A.  
(Whistle)——rah!  
YEA! YEA! YEA-team!



## FOOTBALL



CAPTAIN CONROY



### THE A SQUAD

FIRST ROW: O'REGAN, WINKJER, SCHREINER, LENTZ, ZUBER, WOODSIDE.  
 SECOND ROW: CALDWELL, BALLINGER, E. B. TAYLOR, HAMILTON, DEVENS, CARNEY, FLAHERTY, LEVENSKY, WELCHEL.  
 THIRD ROW: EWEN, WATERS, BROWN, STOLTZ, WELKER, SHEWELL, WALKER, BERNSTEIN, HERLIHY, CLYDE.  
 FOURTH ROW: SCHUTZ, FOLWELL, W. S. TAYLOR, MCKEE, CONROY, BARCHET, MATHEWS, BOLLES, PARR, SCAFFE.  
 FIFTH ROW: DOC TAYLOR, SHAPLEY, ROONEY, QUERY, HUGHES, KAMPINE, PERRY, DOC SNYDER.



CAPTAIN-ELECT CARNEY

THE team that donned the blue jerseys this year for Navy promised everything we had seen the year previous and left hope for more. Confronted by a very difficult schedule, they did the job nobly and nothing but Franklin Field, combining all the jinx and bad breaks of years past for a final throw, deprived the hardest playing Navy team from adding the starry constellations to those already acquired and leaving mule beaters as material for the future.

When Bob Folwell called his cohorts together from the four corners of the land for practice after an enjoyable leave, he put the facts before them, gave them the schedule, and bid them "Read 'em and weep." But there was no time for such and they got down to brass tacks, or rather the dust of Farragut Field, and worked and fought, to make the Navy team of this year uphold the standards so gloriously set the previous year. Holes there were to be filled with Larson, King, Frawley, Sanborn, Wiedorn, Koehler, and



THACH, MANAGER





### THE B SQUAD

TOP ROW: HOLT, EDWARDS, HUTCHINS, STROHECKER, CECIL, TERRILL, LAMBERT, BUTLER, LITTEG.  
 SECOND ROW: BAY, AICHEL, BERNET, CASH, WESTON, DYER, PRATT, HADDAD, KUNZ, MAYS.  
 THIRD ROW: MOORE, E. P., VIEWEG, McMULLAN, BRANT, GAMET, GRIMES, CHILLINGSWORTH, MOORE, ALBERTSON, BURCHETT, WILSON.  
 FOURTH ROW: TRUSLOW, AMUNDSON, WELLINGTON, POWELL, EVANS, WILLIS, McLEAN, HARVEY, BURKE, CRUISE.  
 FIFTH ROW: "DOC" DOUGHERTY, BANKS, WEBSTER, HIRST, JOHNSON, HOBBS, SULLIVAN, HAUDLEY, WARD.



BOLLES

Cruise gone from our midst with '22. However, material was abundant, both those of past experience who had been tried and tested, and several good recruits from the new "Plebe" class. Matthews soon made himself at home in Larson's berth and proved himself as well-fitted for that as the squared ring. Lentz, a plebe, showed up very well in adding a needed bulwark in the line, but pushed hard by Winkjer, he gave way and our aquatic star proved himself equal to his berth on land. Clyde, ever a dark-horse, stepped out a bit and by fight and the good, hard, ever-enduring devotion to work, made his way to a tackle position in the Army game. The backfield lined up pretty much as before, missing Noyes, of course, but being very well-maneuvered by the skipper, Conroy, aided by McKee, the man who came through in the pinches, Cullen, now a well-developed punter, Barchet, the wonder-man, and Eddie Norris, the smallest of them all, but destined to surprise the Army as they never were before. With Parr and Taylor



BARCHET



BOB FOLWELL



PERRY, EWEN, FOLWELL, SCAFFE, WELCHEL

probably the two best wing-men Navy ever saw, Bolles, and Carney, taking the major share of the work of keeping the line impenetrable, and the rest whipped into shape in no time at all, we were ready for all comers. To make the gang mentioned work, we had a second

team which gave the team more opposition than most of our opponents on the schedule, and made every man on the coveted eleven work tooth and nail to hold his berth.

The season opened a little later than usual. The first team to loom up on the horizon was Western Reserve. They brought down a speedy, light team but they could do little against us. Our backfield showed up more than the line since Navy had the ball most of the time, and the backs resorted to a little passing game all their own, Conroy netting the first touchdown of the season. These passes certainly surprised us and introduced us to the possibilities of such. "Bimbo" was up to his

old tricks again and blocked a pretty kick. The visitors, broken in spirit by the big score 71-0, had at least put our team on the right track, and everything looked rosy and promised much.

October 14 saw Bucknell, a scrappy group of football players, in camp with us. They had a team which was very good in the offense and gave us much experience, our team being apparently inclined to take matters too easily. The plucky gang of rooters that followed this team surely were enthusiastic and by the signs they carried and the fuss they made with their one thought "To Sink the Navy", we wondered whether Bucknell might not do what the Disarmament Conference came so near accomplishing. However, Bucknell gave us as stiff a battle as we wished and though the score was in our favor 14-7, we learned many things, and decided that hard work must be the program for the next week before the game with Georgia Tech.

The next week found us face to face with the long-awaited and much heralded Golden Tornado. They arrived in town the Friday



McKEE



NORRIS



TAYLOR, MCKEE, CONROY, CULLEN, BARCHET  
LEVENSKY, ZUBER, MATTHEWS, CARNEY, SHEWELL, STOLTZ



Football Representative  
B. F. PERRY

afternoon preceding and immediately got down to business. With much interest and anxiety, we watched "Red" Barron, the Tech captain, lead his team through a snappy practice, watched them try out some very fine passes, and watched their punters display their wares. But the next day, back to the sunny Southland breezed a gentle zephyr, becalmed from over-contact with the meaner-end of a highly potent goat, a one-horned Navy goat at that. The closing hymn sounded strangely like that little ditty, "The Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech", sung in slow meter. It was a colorful spectacle to say the least. Crowded stands vaunting the orange of the visitors and the blue and gold bands which rivaled each other to make the greatest volume of sound, a parade by the Georgia Tech



MATTHEWS

rooting section before the game, and finally Tech's entrance on the field, the long line of golden clad gladiators led by "Red" Barron, preceded by two like-clad diminutive mascots. It reminded one much of the setting for the Princeton-Navy spectacle the previous year, and what spirit we had then was far less than that displayed this year. The issue at stake was great and the rise or fall of the prestige of Navy's team rested upon the final score. Georgia Tech was decisively defeated in a game full of stellar football. Our team outdid all our hopes and played as finished football as one might expect only in the closing days of the football season. Briefly, our defense was perfect, our attack versatile and effective, and our spirit, of a caliber high enough to produce results. It was a very good game from a technical standpoint and though hard fought, neither side suffered a penalty.

The game began when Conroy kicked off to Barron. We were waiting for the famous shift and our wishes were granted immediately. The Tech team, like some smooth-working machine, dropped into their places, the signals given,



PARR



*Tech shift getting under way; Barron receiving pass from center*

a starting "hep", and they began to bowl along. But we were not fooled. The shift was broken up, we made our initial first down, and from then on the Navy team was hard to stop, especially Taylor, who opened the day with a 30-yard gain, and after a few rushes by Steve, the ball went over the last strip of whitewash for the count.

This touchdown made Tech display more fight and they came back with some good gains by the aerial route, due to the accurate passing of "Red" Barron, until this game was finally broken up by Parr who tackled Barron for a loss.

The second period, the ball was in Navy's possession most of the time and Taylor again played a leading part. After breaking up everything Tech showed, he made a wonderful running catch of Conroy's pass for a 37-yard gain and a touchdown.

In the second half, Tech showed more fight than previously. After the kick-off, Tech was held for downs and forced to punt. Then Navy opened up with forwards and Taylor, again to the front, took the ball well down into Tech's territory. Conroy followed his example and Cullen brought up with a punt that went out of bounds on the 5-yard mark. Tech returned the ball on a punt and Barchet ripped off eighteen yards behind McKee. Barron then made a pretty catch of a perfectly placed pass and the game raged back and forth in mid-field.



TAYLOR

The last quarter began with a speedy march down the field and on a long pass fumbled, luckily for Tech, behind the goal, they got the ball on the 20-yard line. The Tornado failed to pierce our line, and we, in turn booted, Matthews intercepted a pass, and carried the oval until dropped on Tech's 5-yard line, where their line became a stone wall, and we lost the ball on downs. A kick once again removed them from danger, and after Cullen ran the ball back, a criss-cross, Conroy to Stoltz, and rushes by Norris, who had replaced Barchet, we were again on Tech's 7-yard line, when the game was over.



CLYDE

Next week, we did not expect as great a battle as the one just closed. We had heard much of "Pos" Miller and Thurman, but much belittled the team on which they played. Part of the Regiment did not see the game, there was a lack of the spirit that carried us through the "Tornado" crisis, and we lost the game through the fact that the team did not receive the backing



*Play just preceding the first touchdown; Tech game*

due them. Spirit, the key to the whole situation was the element to which the Navy owes its bitter defeat at the hands of the heretofore insignificant Quakers. With all to win and nothing to lose, "Pos" Miller led his men as they were never led before in an uphill fight to the pinnacle of the most satisfying triumph Penn ever experienced. Our team played football, but in the crucial moments with the ball on the way across the last thin white line, Penn's defense stiffened so stubbornly, and with such a rush of fight, that our attack was in vain. Miller, on his toes all the time, kept his team underway always, imparting to all some of his unconquerable spirit. A bitter experience, exceedingly hard to survive, but of utmost importance before an Army-Navy Game.

Penn kicked off and Eddie Norris made his way through right tackle and checked up the initial first down of the game. Then Penn stiffened and Cullen was forced to kick. Penn could gain nothing through our line, so the game developed into a kicking duel between Cullen and Hamer, our back having a slight edge on his opponent, which put us on position to make our only score. When Hamer kicked out of bounds in mid-field, Navy opened up. A 20-yard pass, McKee to Cullen, followed by line smashes by the former and Conroy gave us first down. With the ball down on Penn's 9-yard line, Norris raced through for four yards, tackled by "Pos" Miller. Then Conway in three bucks, finally threw himself across the line for our lone touchdown, to which he added the

other point. Score: Penn 0; Navy 7.

We received again and in a series of plays the most stellar of which was a 20-yard run by McKee, the ball came to rest on the 26-yard mark with the end of the quarter.

The second quarter, Thurman now in the backfield for Penn, intercepted a pass which he lost by fumbling. We reached Penn's 10-yard mark and lost the ball. Penn's line was not working at its best and again in possession of the ball, we penetrated to their 8-yard mark and lost the ball again. This closed the half.

A dedication of Franklin Field turned all luck against us, it seems. The second half, Miller for Penn, received the kick and in quicker time than belief would warrant, was threatening Navy's goal. A pass from Hamer, perfectly delivered, sent Miller over for the tying touchdown.

We received again, did little or nothing except by line plunges which gained little and lost the ball. A blocked punt, a 30-yard pass, "Pos" Miller to deliver it, put the ball on our 1-yard line when the quarter ended.



WINKJER



CULLEN



*End around (Taylor); Penn State game*



*Penn State kicks from behind goal; first quarter*



*McWhorter to Barron; Tech game*



*The lion shivers in anticipation*



*Barchet off tackle*



*McWhorter to Barron; third quarter*



*Norris off tackle; Penn game*



*Our line holding*



*The cheer leaders*



*Navy touchdown*



*No gain Penn*



*Hamer punts cut of danger, end of last quarter*



*State makes short pass over center*

The first play put Miller across Navy's last line for the second time. Then Steve came to the rescue. Although supposed to be a cripple, he carried the ball down to Penn's 14-yard line, where we tried a field goal which failed. Penn was unable to come back, and, the ball again in our possession, we staged a rally, cut short by an intercepted pass. Penn returned the ball and in an aerial game, which availed us nothing, the game ended, the ball in Penn's possession.

Score: Penn 13; Navy 7.

One fine Friday, they put us on one of Mr. W. B. & A's trains and sent us to Washington to watch the Navy team come back. They did, too! Penn State sadly lacked Glenn Killinger, and Wilson could not hit the stride he showed on Franklin Field with his brilliant co-partner, a year ago.

The first quarter was nip and tuck and showed very clearly the defensive strength of both teams. Conroy kicked off and in four plays it was Navy's ball again. State was forced to kick and Navy did the same in turn. Both sides were forced to kick a few more times and then "Tiny" McMahon of State came crashing through and really opened the game. Then breaks came and went, Penn State tried two field goals but in vain, and the quarter ended scoreless. Then, since defensive work was so good, Navy took to the air, and finally Cullen, plucking the ball out of the air of his home town, went over for the first count. The half ended, Navy 7, Penn State 0.

The second half was fast, too, and the game kept pretty much to the air. Now Navy has always been good on rushing, but they certainly surprised themselves when out of their element. The last score of the game came when Kratz, tackled so hard by Taylor, dropped the ball, and Cullen, ever-present in the pinch, scooped it up and went over. Score Navy 14, Penn State 0. Norris almost made it one more, but a step outside at the twenty-yard line, and both sides offside ruined this spectacular run. However, Navy won and what more could we wish, a victory much more decisive than State has won over us before.

The final game of the season was with St. Xavier, a light, fast team from Ohio, with many defeats to its credit, but not to be greatly feared, though the 52-0 score we made does not show that the visitors gave us quite a bit of trouble when, using an end around play, instead of the usual off tackle offensive, they showed how such a play might disturb even the best wingmen in the game.



*The regiment arrives in force*



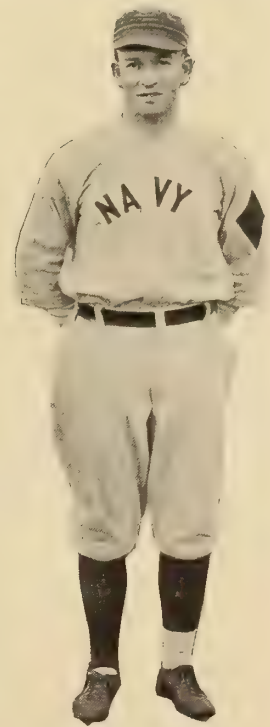


## BASEBALL

THE season of 1922 may well be called successful, because any team that comes through with fourteen victories in the eighteen games played especially when the hardest-hitting college nines of the East are lined up in the schedule, and then brings the season to a close with a victory over our greatest rival, Army, in a game spectacular to witness, more than gratifying to win, deserves everything that can be said in its praise.

We were lucky, of course, to lose but three of the regulars by graduation, Poole, Gaines and Pino, but luckier still to have those who could fill in the empty holes in short order. Dark horses who had always loomed up in the pinches and new recruits gave us plenty of material to draw from, and the hardest job, apparently, was to decide who should fill who's place. Well, it was soon decided, and very wisely as results show.

When they lined up at the beginning of the season, we looked down to second and saw another diminutive youth covering the bag, where "Tiny" Pino had been, and even then he was wearing one emblem of victory over the Army won on another field. To be sure it was Barchet, and his work there during the season proved that second was a bulwark of defense. His co-worker was Hederman, who is one of our topnotchers in the infield, but who, later in the season, was injured, so that his dream, to wear an N-Star, was lost when he was forced to sit on the bench, cane in hand, a victim of hard luck. The skipper, "Hump", held down the initial sack, though incapacitated early in the season when Niemyer and Alexander held down his position. The latter, a plebe, was one of the new recruits who showed himself capable as a utility man, to



CAPTAIN HUMPHREYS



WILSON, JENNINGS, LUSH, COMMANDER COOKE, MILNER, BLAKESLEE.  
 NEWTON, FENNO, YORK, COOPER, THACH, PETERSON, ZIMMERMAN, NUTTER, WAID, MCKEE, DOC SNYDER.  
 KELLEY, DURGIN, MILLS, NIEMYER, HEDERMAN, HUMPHREYS (CAP'T), HOGAN, BARCHET, BAKER, HARRIS, RAWLINGS.

be depended upon in the pinches. Then Durgin came to the fore, first behind the bat and when Humphreys left the game, he took his regular position at first. Baker, on third, played a very steady game and that place was settled for the season. Due to the injury of Hederman towards the end of the season Barchet went to short, and Mills, as clever as any of them, but left out just because they were all good, was called upon to cover second as teammate to Barchet and between them nothing destined for their territory got by.

The outfield was easy. No outfield could fill our expectations as well as this combination. Harris at center was everywhere, from sneaking those just off second to chasing those destined for Upshur Row, with the same result, the ump loudly bellowing "Out"! As lead off man on the batting order, he ruined more than one game for our opponents when he started the rally by a nice single and a burst of speed to first. Then out stalked Hank, gave us the familiar wiggle, looked the first one over and smack! Was it two or three? Hank usually made 'em that way because it looked as though he had an aversion to running and wanted to allow plenty of time to get there. And as for that bandstand, when out in left-field there, he climbed all over it to reach 'em and they counted for nothing. Over in the right garden was "Ike", called upon every so often to give a hand on the raised box but holding 'em all if they got past first. Sometimes he traveled fast, and we often wondered how he did but when he put the same weight on the ball, there was need of a scouting party to find it.

This year we were especially strong in the delivery department where we could muster Kelly, Peterson, Fleming, Niemyer, and Sparling. Kelly and Peterson bore the brunt of the season and "Ike" and Sparling came up when needed and put the necessary punch in the ball when either of our regular moundmen showed signs of wavering. Every game must be put on ice before we could feel satisfied, and no chances were to be taken. Following this policy the season progressed smoothly, the team got together in finished style, and we were ready for the Army.

The season opened with Bowdoin one fair Wednesday afternoon when Uncle Henry tossed over a hot one to Durgin, who was filling Mal's shoes, while the latter struggled nobly with the Academics. Then out strode a long slim boy, Kelly, with a wide smile, an attitude of self-confidence and determination displayed in all his work, and from then on the game was fight, the final score making Navy the winner 7-6.

Next came Maryland State who brought with them a fast team, so fast in fact that they had the edge on us until the "lucky seventh", when a neat-bunching of hits netted us four runs sending Maryland State back home with a score of 7-4 against them.

Dartmouth, a representation of the north, as Bowdoin had been, met with a similar fate. This game was noted especially for fielding, and the team Lush had on the field showed late-season form. The game was cinched in the bud, but interest never lagged. Kelly added eleven stike-outs to his belt and with the smoothest of work, his delivery and control were well-nigh perfect. With four three-baggers and a double, the score mounted up, and when the sun was sinking low, Dartmouth retired, the score 10-2, Navy in the lead.

Until now, things had been moving a little too easy for us and somehow we seemed unprepared for the Cornell crew of bat-slingers. Cornell drew first blood in the first, when Wooden, Cornell's



STANDING: LUSH (Coach), DURGIN, HOGAN, KELLY, BAKER, RAWLINGS, HARRIS.  
 SITTING: MILLS, NIEMYER, HUMPHREYS (Captain), HEDERMAN, BARCHET

lead-off man, nicked one of Pete's offerings for a triple which scored the first one. In the third, Cornell scored two more and repeated this stunt in the fourth so that Navy entered the fifth with the score 5-0 against them. Then came a complete reversal of form. From worse than the present Athletics they developed into a combination that rivaled Mack's gang of more prolific days. Errors of commission and omission gave way to double plays and scintillating stops. Strike outs and feeble blows were succeeded by long drives to the outfield. Then the lucky sixth and seventh this time gave us four. With two out, the bases full, up came Harris, and as a result out went the ball over

the right fielder's shoulders, count 'em, one, two and thr—, but a clever relay from Fox to Wooden to Tone cut Steve off at the plate, thereby depriving us of the tying run. They left us with the score 5-4, the first Navy defeat of the season.

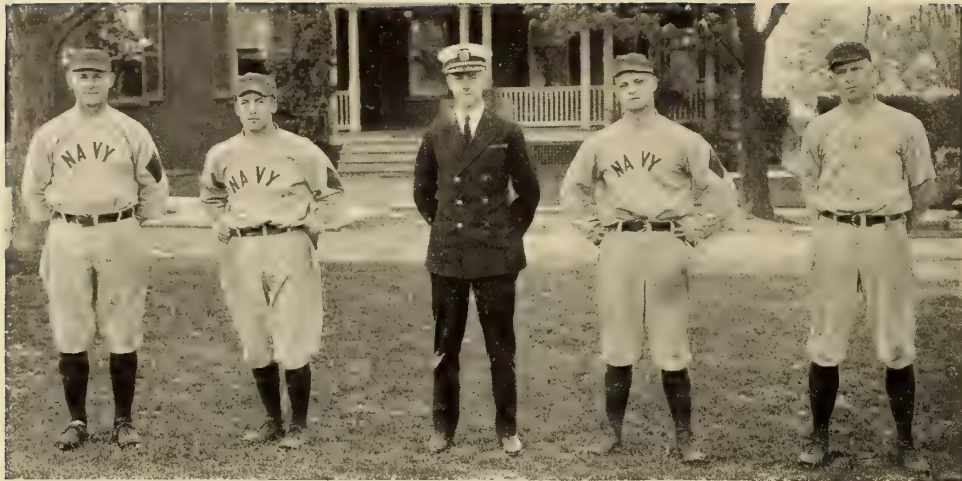
Well, the old saying is, "It never rains but it pours". And it didn't fail this time for Holy Cross had the goods, especially Carroll, the pitcher, and Navy lost by a score of 5-2. Inability to hit in the pinches was the reason but we may blame some of it to the Holy Cross moundsman who gave the best exhibition of pitching seen on Worden Field up to this point of the season, even though "Slim" Kelly, with the exception of one inning, twirled a fine game. In the second inning, Doherty, the second man up, drove the first pitched ball far out into the left pasture for the first home run of the season. Holy Cross scored again in the fourth, but our rally started then when Niemyer advanced by Hederman, and tearing around on Durgin's single, scored the initial run. Things looked very bright when with two



CAP'T-ELECT HEDERMAN



"HANK" RAWLINGS



LUSH, MILNER, COMMANDER COOKE, BLAKESLEE, WILSON

on, Steve, next up, looked 'em over, but Carroll took the situation in hand and after three swings Steve took the count for the last out.

Two straight was enough because there was a very perceptible snap to their work. Syracuse arrived in camp. Most of the Regiment was absent because few could pass up the reunion with the O. A. O., but the team played just as well and possibly better because Syracuse went down 3-2, in a very fast, tight game. Harris, the star of the game, perhaps, though they all played excellent ball, brought home the first score in the first, sent on his way by "Hank" and "Ike". His final fiat came in the eighth when on a bunt he reached first. "Hank" using the hit-and-run method of advance, contributed a bunt as Harris was rounding second, when the pitcher picked it up Dale was on third, and when the ball was going over the first baseman's head, Dale was crossing the platter for Navy's final run.

Then came Delaware who proved very easy as the score, 13-4, shows, especially, when Navy scored ten runs in the second. Captain Humphreys and Mal Hogan made their debut in the regular line-up and a smoothness was noted that had not existed previously. Rothroch, the Delaware pitcher, had held Holy Cross scoreless for twelve innings a week before but Navy had little to fear from the porthander. Niemyer, after passing a few, picked out one and sent it over the lacrosse field for a homer, the longest seen here in several seasons. So went the game, easy but not what we desired.



*Navy plays host*



*The bench*

The big reason was Georgia Tech, whose team landed on us in earnest and in a comedy of errors left us on the small end of a 13-1 score. The Tornado brought with them their pitching ace, Collins, but he was nicked for eight hits, well scattered, but perfect support kept him always out of danger. Niemyer was on the mound for Navy, and except for an inning or two, did creditable work, pulling himself out of tight corners by superb pitching. But all in vain. A very unfortunate accident occurred in this game, when Hederman, taking a swing at the second delivered, the ball glanced to his nose, and he was dropped clean, the result a broken nose.

Then in quick succession followed Carnegie Tech, West Virginia, and William and Mary, who went down in easy defeat before our gang, showing great form after the defeat handed out by Georgia Tech. These games were conspicuous because they showed that the gang had the batting eye on the ball again and were back to accustomed form before they hit the slump which followed the Easter respite.

However, the University of Pennsylvania was the next to prove their undoing. Perhaps it was because they were on Franklin Field, where the Jinx has ever been against Navy. It was the first appearance of the Navy team away from the home lot, and the awe-inspiring sights of the big city seemed to distract their attention from the game. Penn was fast on the bases and taking advantage

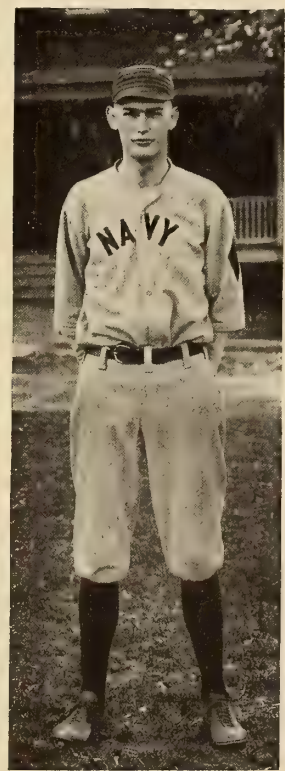
of the home surroundings, ran wild more or less for the first three innings. Kelly seemed to have an off day and the only flashes of fast play came in two doubles initiated by Hederman. Navy started a rally in the ninth but it was late and netted us but one run and two injuries, Niemyer hurting his ankle and Humphreys wrenching his knee badly. The score, 8-3, was against them but they learned a lesson which stood them in good stead against Army.

The next game was with the Johns Hopkins aggregation, who, following the example of their lacrosse team, were defeated, the score 3-1. The game was not spectacular except for one play when Mills at second, pulled down a hot one off Sharrett's bat and forced Haytee at second.

Then they followed quickly, in a row for Navy, all of them victories, over Swarthmore, Catholic University, Gettysburg and St. John's College. The team was now set for Army. We had a team, tried and tested. They had made good. The only victory needed to consum-



"IKE" NIEMYER



"MATT" KELLY



"ARTIE" FLEMING

mate such a successful season was Army's defeat and it was accomplished in a game full of thrills, Navy by a large lead, then pressed hard by Army, staging a come-back as only brothers-in-arms can do, but at last ended, Army's colors furlled, the Navy triumphant.

The season was a success and since we were to lose few of the regulars by graduation, '22 turned over to the Academy a team which will make the next season even more glorious than this.



"MAL" HOGAN

## BASEBALL 1921-1922

	OPPONENT	NAVY
Bowdoin.....	6	7
U. of Maryland.....	4	7
Dartmouth.....	2	10
Cornell.....	5	4
Holy Cross.....	5	2
Syracuse.....	2	3
Delaware.....	4	13
Georgia Tech.....	13	1
Carnegie Tech.....	2	8
West Virginia.....	2	9
Wm. and Mary.....	7	10
U. of Pennsylvania (Phila.).....	8	3
Johns Hopkins.....	1	3
Swarthmore.....	6	7
Catholic U.....	4	12
Gettysburg.....	7	0
St. John's College.....	2	7
ARMY.....	6	8
	<u>86</u>	<u>114</u>



*Ernie gets one*

## C R E W



**E**ARLY in January Navy launched the most successful crew season that has yet been completed. And this was as it should have been, for Navy had the same crew which easily showed its stern to the picked crews of the United States represented in The Poughkeepsie Regatta of 1921, and which included four of the World's Champs who represented Navy in the Olympic Regatta at Antwerp. The squad of eager huskies who accompanied this superman crew had been faithful understudies for three years, and that explains the successes of Navy's Junior and Third 'Varsity Crews.

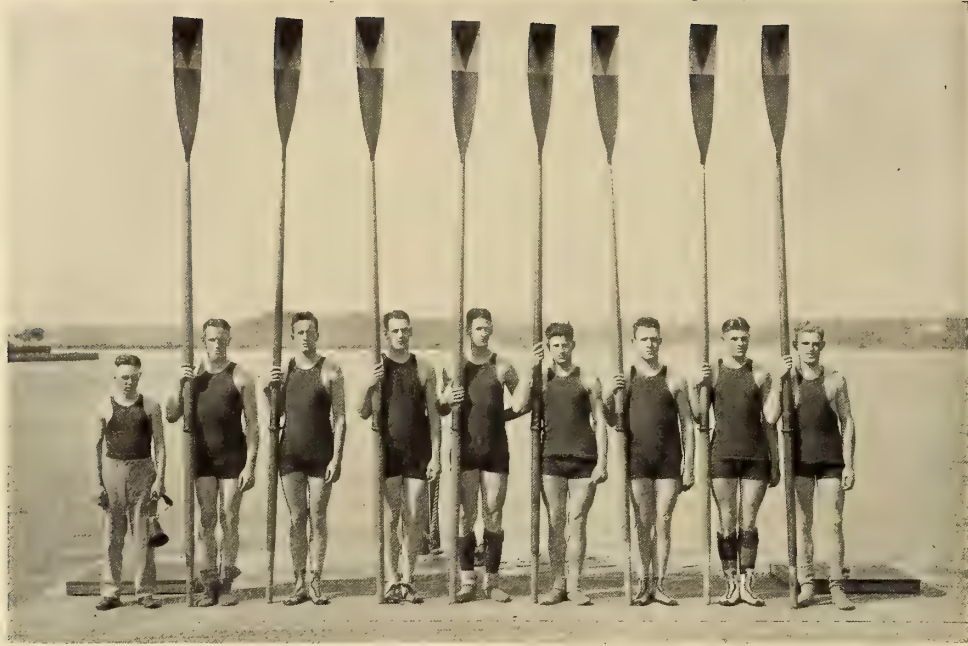
The plebes took to the rowing machines in the Natatorium soon after the peal of the New Year's bells had died away, and early in February the 'Varsity squad was called out.

Daily training went on with rowing machines and the stationary barge until the weather grew less murky overhead and permitted the squad to practice on the river. Then the welcome sound of the coxswain's sharp, staccato voice and the splash, plash of the dipping sweeps brought joy to the winter-weary hearts of the Regiment.

Captained by Clyde King, Navy's "best all-around athlete" of 1922, and under the tutelage of that old master of rowing, "Dick" Glendon, the 'Varsity eights gained rhythm and power. Most capably looked after by "Young Dick" Glendon, the Plebes whipped into championship style for their class, and held that status all the season. It



CAPTAIN CLYDE KING



### THE ' VARSITY (*Intercollegiate Champions*)

GWINN, *Coxswain*, FRAWLEY, LEE, JORDAN, SANBORN, BOLLES, KING, HIGGINS, GALLAGHER

was a splendid sight to see the eight odd shells paddling up to Round Bay on a bright Spring afternoon, for the galling journey back which always followed. The 'Varsity eights ahead in a graceful, easy moving group; trailed by the watchful "Dart" containing the big megaphone, with "Dick" in back of it; followed, half a mile astern, by "Young Dick", with the Plebes,—all made a never-to-be forgotten picture. As the daily workouts progressed, the crews lost the winter fat, improved in blade work and the body-swing rhythm, gained in endurance, and gave unmistakable signs of winning all the races which were listed on the hard schedule ahead.

The racing season opened on April 29th. The Navy 2nd 'Varsity and 1st Plebe crews rowed in a triangular Henley distance race with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's 2nd 'Varsity; finishing in the above order; the respective times being 8.13  $\frac{3}{5}$ —8:24—8:26. As this was the first race the Plebes had ever rowed, they were all Junior College Oarsmen, and the fact that they opened the season by winning in the Intermediate Class augured well for them. The 'Varsity race followed; the Navy crew winning easily by five lengths. A word concerning the excellent fighting spirit shown by M. I. T. is in order here. They work under a great deal of a handicap, academically and in the matter of boats, oars and coaches; so that the showing put up by them was excellent. As our guests in Bancroft Hall, we learned of many troubles and habits in common to both institutes.

May 6th, the 'Varsity and 1st Plebe crews were scheduled to row triangular races against Harvard and Princeton at Cambridge, Massachusetts. For several reasons these races were unusually interesting: Boston was the home of "Dick" Glendon and it was the first time in twenty years he had brought a crew to the Charles. The great prestige of the Navy crews and the old rivalry between Navy and Princeton oarsmen, stimulated by the memory of their 1921 race, added to the general interest. All this drew an immense throng of rowing fans to the banks of the Charles and the Harvard bridge was loaded to its straining point.

The memory of the after-the-race speeches of "Dr. Spaeth," "Dick" Glendon, and "Doug" Howard; the joke on Fitzpatrick (the Princeton Frosh coach) about "rocking the boat" and other incidents in connection with the trip will remain dear to the memory of most of the squad.

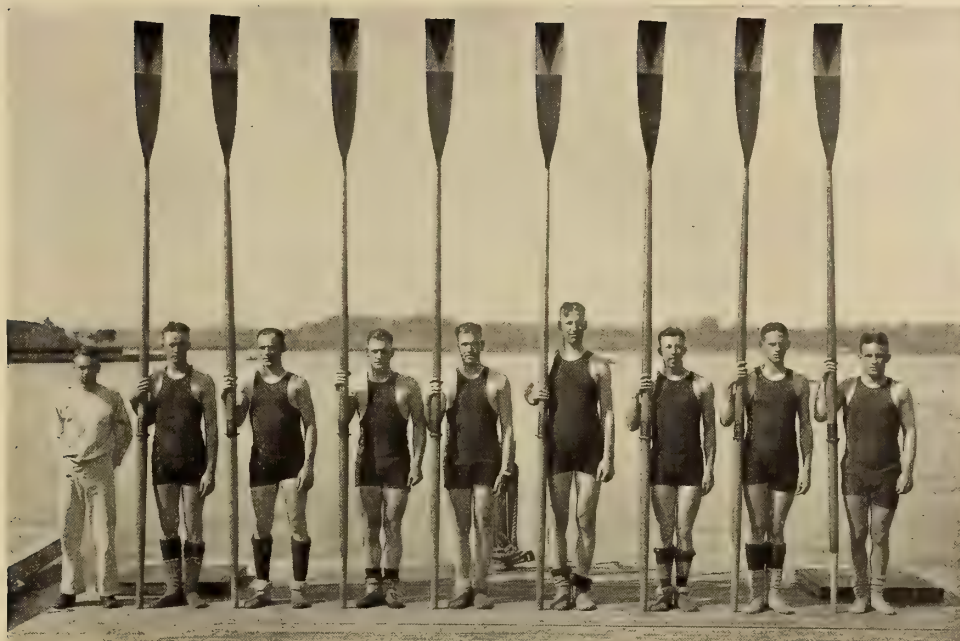


DICK GLENDON, SR.



DICK GLENDON, JR.





## SECOND ' VARSITY

TRACY (Cox.), WANSELOW, WALSH, MOSS, WASHBURN, STROHECKER, KIRKPATRICK, SHANKLIN, DAHLGEN.

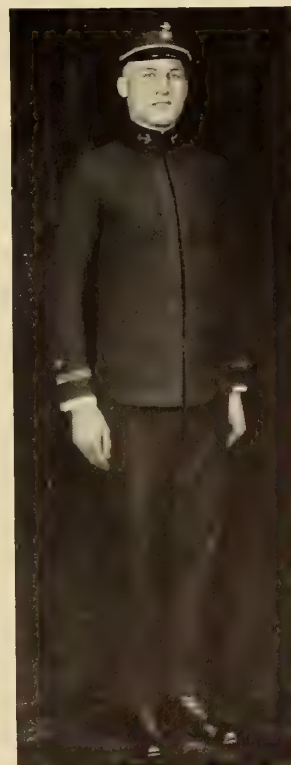
**T**HE plebes won their race in good seamanlike style with that undeniable powerful quarter-mile finish sprint. In winning this race The Plebes were really entitled to The 1922 Inter-collegiate Championship, as this very same Syracuse crew won the Freshman event at the Poughkeepsie Regatta. The course was  $1\frac{7}{8}$  miles and both Navy crews won by big margins. The time for the 'varsity race was 10.28, margin of victory seven lengths. Plebe time:  $11.01\frac{3}{5}$ , margin  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths. Princeton finished second in both races.



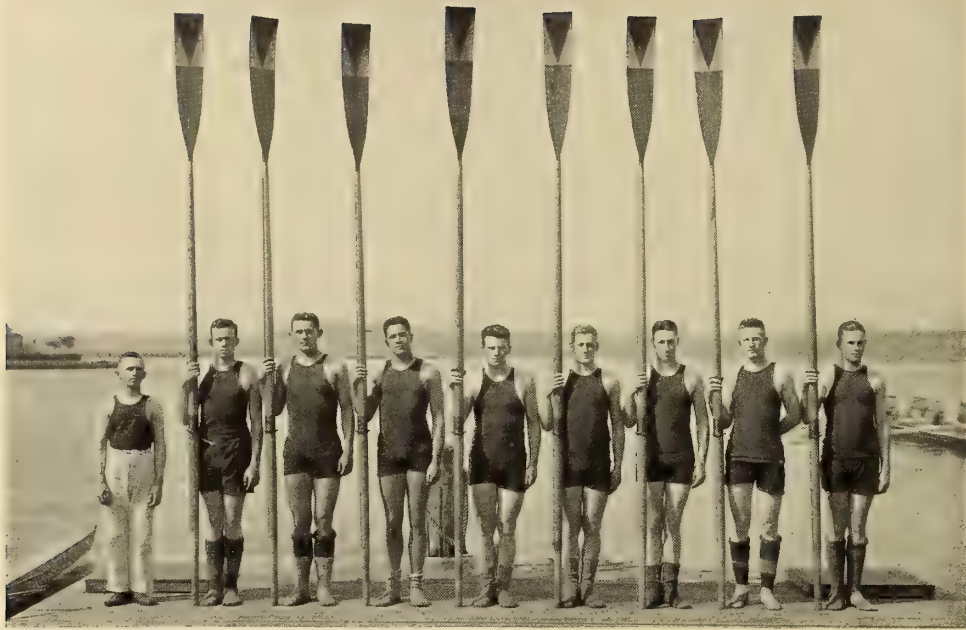
BOLLES, CAPTAIN, '23

On May 13th the 1st and 2nd Plebe crews rowed a Henley distance race against Washington Central High School, finishing in the above order, Time: 7.45—7.55—8.15.

On May 20th, Syracuse brought three good crews to the Severn, but the Navy crews proved a little better and we won all three races. The Syracuse 'varsity made their race especially interesting by staying with our regulars for three-fourths of the distance of two miles. In the Junior 'Varsity event, Kendall stroked his Navy eight to as pretty and as decisive a victory as has ever been seen down here against a Syracuse junior crew.



BRIGGS, MANAGER, '23



### PLEBE CREW

FIELD (Cox.), COMPTON, CLYDE, CHILLINGWORTH, ZUBER, BELL, KING, POWELL, MICHEL.

WINNER		LOSER	TIME
NAVY PLEBES	vs.	SYRACUSE FRESHMEN	10.29—10.39
NAVY 2ND 'VARSITY	vs.	SYRACUSE 2ND 'VARSITY	10.21—10.38
NAVY 'VARSITY	vs.	SYRACUSE 'VARSITY	9.56—10.06

During the following week, final practice rows were in order. Between the halves of their annual examinations, the racing crews dashed out for short racing starts.



*(Courtesy of World Wide Photo Service)*

*The Finish—Navy First, Princeton Second, Harvard Third*



*(Courtesy of World Wide Photo Service)*

*Navy Plebes Winning a Hot Race—the Henley*

The squad departed for Philadelphia on Thursday, May 25th. The squad made the Bellevue-Stratford its quarters, Friday saw the Navy crews on the water for morning and afternoon practice.

This Regatta was replete with thrills. Several records for the course were broken. The 2nd. 'Varsity, 3rd. 'Varsity, and Plebe races were hotly contested and all competing crews were well bunched near the finish. It was another great day for the Navy. In addition to winning the major event of the long program in the good time of 6:28-1/5, we also took the contest for freshmen eights, leaving the Plebes as well as the 'Varsity with an immaculate record for the season.

The Junior 'Varsity as well as the Plebe finish was a thriller. There is no question but what Kendall's crew would have won in clean, easy style had it not been for several unfortunate happenings. Besides losing their stakes boat and being put under handicap by the decidedly strong current, they got off to a poor start—one of the men jumping his slide entirely. The Princeton boat that finished a few feet ahead of them was Princeton's best 'Varsity.

The Third 'Varsity lost to the only successful Harvard combination of the season. Our third boat had it out with all comers, and required many demonstrations of watermanship, grit, and gameness from the Harvard crew before the finish line was crossed.

Then came the hot June day practices in preparation for the great Poughkeepsie Regatta. "Dick" changed the order of the men in the boat, but it was still the same eight. This race has been pictured so well by one of the reporters on the scene that part of his account is quoted as giving a fair idea of the race.

"That never-to-be-forgotten last half mile was not just one race alone, it was three distinct contests; the all-important, major battle between the Navy and Washington out there in front, the secondary struggle between Cornell and a suddenly inspired Syracuse crew for third laurels, and the desperate straining between Columbia and Pennsylvania to avoid bringing up the rear.



*Kendall's Second Varsity an Uncomfortable Close Second to Princeton*



*(Courtesy of World Wide Photo Service)*

*Navy Varsity Well in the Lead—the Henley*

“It was a day of transcendent dramatics for the Navy. As this historic shell shot across the line a winner, the Navy crew, that began its marvelous career by winning the Olympic championship at Antwerp in 1920, passed into history. Seven of its eight members graduate and go to the bridges of Uncle Sam’s fleet.”

The passing of this crew is marked by the passing of the man who made it—Richard A. Glendon, coach at Annapolis. “Dick” has resigned after a rowing career that has stretched across almost two-score years. By his sportsmanlike conduct, devotion to duty and minute knowledge of the game, and his love of midshipmen, he has been most instrumental in guiding us to the heights we have attained.

The true test of the character of this man is that, without exception, every man who rowed under his tutelage at Annapolis has carried with him an admiration and love of him that has not diminished with years of separation.



*(Courtesy of World Wide Photo Service)*

*The Poughkeepsie Finish—Navy First, Washington Second, Cornell Third, Syracuse Fourth*



## TRACK

**T**HOUGH a major sport at the Academy, track has been struggling for the past few years to win the approbation which it merits and thus raise itself to the high standard of other sports when a choice between a baseball game and a track meet will be difficult. By dint of hard work and careful coaching, the Academy developed such a team for the year of 1922, well able to compete with the best, either ending the contest as the winner, or leaving behind that feeling that Navy was a foe worthy of merit, the aim of every team.

Pittsburg was the first opponent scheduled for the season of 1922. Pittsburg brought a strong team, well balanced in all branches, but Navy proved a bit better and the result gave Navy the margin of points and Pittsburg an early train home. The meet proved the possibilities of our Plebe material, and the showing was most gratifying. Birthright, hitherto a dark-horse, in this meet broke the Naval Academy javelin record, adding another block N to the total.

In days of old, Virginia was accustomed to win when they came up for a track meet but during the last three years, this streak has been upset. This year proved no exception and at the same time, Harvard took the count, even though Burke, the Harvard captain, did beat Eddie Curtis in a most remarkable mile race. Then Eddie came back and won the 880-yard event in proper fashion. Again the javelin record went when Leggett went Birthright one better, this record having now become subject to change without notice.

Early in the season, the Penn Relays loomed up and Navy decided to send a team, not confident of winning, but a willingness to provide as much competition as possible being the outstanding aim. Much to our surprise, we won second place in the distance and sprint medleys, the half mile run of Curtis in the former, a superb race, having brought us rapidly to the front. In the two mile relay, our luck was not so good. In the mile relay, ours was third place, and might have been better had not Foss been blocked in the last



CAPTAIN CURTIS



FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: WIEDORN, DODGE, OPIE, HUCKINS, JOHNSON, CARNEY, PULLEN, CLAPP, BARE.  
 SECOND ROW: JOHNSON, BLAKE, SCHEUTZ, MOORE, BEDELL, HURD, ADAIR, RICHARDS, TAMMANY, LEGGETT, DOLE,  
 YOUNG, BAKER, O. K.  
 THIRD ROW: WASHBURN, MYERS, MAC KERRACHER, KELLY, FERGUSON, MOWATT, SHEPPARD, TAYLOR, STRYKER,  
 McLEAN, TYREE, BALDWIN, SWEETON, WEIRUM, DR. TAYLOR.  
 FOURTH ROW: AAMOLD, BARRON, RODGERS, HAMMOND, HUDSON, CURTIS, MARPLE, FOSS, NEWHALL, COCHRANE,  
 MANG.  
 SQUATTING: BURKE, CHAPMAN, HARPER, MARSHALL, GIBBONS, WOOD, GOODNOUGH, NORRIS.



COACH MANG

lap. We did expect much of the Plebes in the Freshman relay. However, hard luck was ours. Hammond, while warming up, was run into and injured. Although painfully injured he ran, and we took third place in this event.

Johns Hopkins was our next opponent on the cinders. Navy did not have much competition except in the "220", when Clark of Hopkins stepped out in great form and won easily. In this meet, another record went by the board when McLean cleared the bar in the pole vault at 11'-11-3/8". Navy was easily the victor in the contest and rolled up a large score.

On the same day, the second team went to Washington to take part in the American Legion Games. Though pitted against first string teams from the other colleges, our representatives captured the Service Relay Race and incidentally brought back the "Washington Star" cup which went with the win. This meet proved that the Hustlers of the track squad had within their ranks men of first class caliber and likewise proved that the athletic strength of an institution lies in its "scrubs."

M. I. T. indulges in few sports and track is one of its greatest indulgences. Therefore, the Engineers from the North put on the Farragut Field Track as strong an aggrega-



COMMANDER WASHBURN



*A Sprint*



CAPT'-ELECT HUDSON

tion of the followers of Mercury as had contested us in some time. Hendrie of Tech surprised us in the two mile event, a new event for us, when his endurance and mechanical stride, easily wrested him of all competitors. Poole, in the sprints, took two firsts for Tech by dint of nothing but championship form. For us, Taylor again broke his broad jump record, setting up the new mark of 22'-10", and expressing the hope and desire to make his linear numerals before the season of 1923 closed.

Lafayette was the last school to grace our track for the season of 1922. Leconey of Lafayette, holder of the Intercollegiate Record for the 100-yard dash, was the outstanding figure and proved conclusively his rights to the laurel in the "100", in which he was clocked in 9-7/10", a new record for our track. Not content with this show of speed, he annexed the "220" and broad-jump for Lafayette. Crawford, the Lafayette captain, provided good competition for our Eddie in the mile but the Navy captain slowly increased the interval, and won in easy style. A comfortable margin of points gave Navy the meet and a clean slate for the season, very successful in every respect.

The Plebe class brought to light a great deal of good material and with a year's work



MANAGER MYERS, '23



*The Broad Jump*

behind them and valuable experience, the outlook for '23 is bright. To bring this material to the front, great credit must be given to those who provided the inspiration, Commander Washburn and Mr. Mang, and all respect must be given the latter for his coaching system which has proved so successful. By their efforts only has Navy's track team been developed to the rank it holds among the colleges. The year of 1923 should produce added incentive because of the final meet which will be with Army, our greatest rival, and what more could spur a Navy athlete than to beat this rival and add to athletic records the coveted N-Star? Let's have 'em, we need 'em all.



*Up and Over*





CAPTAIN PARR

## BASKETBALL

NAVY has established a record for high standards in basketball and this year was to place on its schedule a line-up of college teams which provided excellent competition. The season was very successful from the point of wins but since Army, our greatest rival, defeated us in the final contest, Navy did not reach the paramount point of success. Illness at the beginning of the season deprived us of Parr, the team's captain. Weakened by pneumonia, his fate was to watch his team go down before the Army quintet. And trips away from home didn't help much because we lost Harris at the Pennsylvania game in Philadelphia when, with a broken arm, the plucky lad played just as hard as ever to win for Navy, when finally the Blue and Red topped us by one point.

Deprived of two regulars by injuries, luck worked in another direction for Navy. Lieutenant Allen, now filling Billy Lush's shoes, counted noses in his squad and with McKee fixed in his place, chose Shapley, Walshe, Parish, and Signer from the "Plebes"



LIEUT. J. R. ALLEN, *Head Coach*



FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: MAGLEY, PARSONS, RHOADES, SCHEIBELER, EKSTROM, OPIE, OSTERTAG, CULLEN.  
 SECOND ROW: BUCK, LEGGETT, CRAIN, FLIPPEN, DAY, MATTEUCCI, GULICK, WILSON.  
 THIRD ROW: AULT, JONES, SHAPLEY, BARNES, PARR, MCKEE, WALSH, SIGNER, ALLEN.  
 FOURTH ROW: MILLS, HARRIS, PARRISH, JORDAN, KIMES.



*The Tip-off, Lafayette Game*

to alternate on the Armory floor, bringing to the front Shapley, with yet three years to play, one of the most promising basketkeeters who has ever graced a Navy guard's position.

The opening game of the season saw the St. Francis set in town. Except for Dale Harris, the Navy team was new material, since Parr and McKee were still relaxing from a strenuous football season. The game was fast throughout but Navy won easily.

The next game proved easier. Western Maryland showed much speed in getting under way and hardly had the game opened, when Western Maryland had two goals to Navy's "swabo", but time told, and when the game finished Navy led by thirty-one points.

Then followed Washington College and Manhattan College. Neither came up to the caliber of the Navy five and our team annexed two more scalps.

Things had progressed far too smoothly and utter confidence had achieved its parasitic deadliness when Duquesne University from Pittsburg sent its representatives to meet us. Before this speedy team, Navy received its first jolt of the season when it went down to a count of 28 to 26 in a game decided in an extra period. Just as the gong sounded the knell of the second half, Cheridini, the visitor's crack pivot man dropped in the two-pointer that tied the score at 25 all. Three

minutes of the extra period passed without a score. Then Duquesne took the lead and a shot from midfield by Cingolani put the game on ice.

The Duquesne game taught Navy a stern lesson and the good effects appeared in the contest with Knox College. It was a big reversal for Navy and the playing was the best exhibition seen to date. Knox had a speedy group of players, well-versed in all the fine points of the game, but Navy was equal to the task, a new spirit had filled each individual, and they went after the game in masterful fashion. However, the opponent was worthy and merits great praise. McKee shone in this game and of the twenty-eight points scored, McKee chalked up twenty-two, sixteen out of nineteen possible from the free-throw work.

However, the real game of mid-season was that with the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. For the second consecutive year, Navy lost to the Red and Blue combination by one point. Foul goals were the deciding factor. The Navy five played in



ENSIGN AULT, *Assistant Coach*



BARNES



WALSHE

the finest form of the season. McKee was undoubtedly the best man on the floor, although Carmack became the hero for his team when with one minute to go, he netted a goal for Penn on a long shot from the side of the court. However, sweet revenge was to be ours.

One of the finest incidents of this game was the gameness displayed by Harris, who having slipped and broken his elbow, continued to play and finished the game, oblivious in the heat of play to his very painful injury.

Our next game was with the Yankee Athletic Club of Washington. Heralded as being among the best of the eastern professional teams, the visitors offered but little resistance to the smooth team work and accurate shooting of the Navy five. Navy's team, in this game, was indeed a makeshift five since three regulars were nursing injuries sustained at Philadelphia, but at no time did the Yankee aggregation take the offensive that had carried them to the top of professional ranks.



PARRISH

Now Duquesne won over Navy by two points, Lafayette won from Villanova College and Villanova had beaten Duquesne, so thus matters stood when Lafayette arrived in town. Well, on paper it looked as though we were licked, but a Navy team is never thus if fight and pluck count for anything, and when the final gong sounded, Navy had decisively trimmed Lafayette by a large score. However, the score does not tell the true story but while Lafayette endeavored to contest every point, Navy went just a bit better and took advantage of every chance to stop the sturdy Lafayette offense. It was a game free from fouls, easy to watch, and "three strate" for Navy over Lafayette.

Pennsylvania defeated Navy in Philadelphia a few weeks before by one point. Navy staged a come-back and when we left the Armory, it was Navy 31, Pennsylvania 20, a most decisive victory, a triumph over the previous contest. The Navy team, looking for a chance to clean a few slates made the most of every offering. McKee, as in the former game, played a very good game and was the foundation of the Navy offense. Shapley was a bulwark on the offense and proved very slippery to the Penn team. Walshe made a very pretty shot at long distance and showed himself generally good. All in all, the team played a very good game and deserves all the merits of the victory.

Undoubtedly, the fastest basketball game of the season was with Georgetown, and the Navy was just able to nose them out by a score of 37-33. Navy, at first, seemed rather sluggish against the fast quintet Georgetown produced and trailed during most of the game. However, the final punch was there, and Navy won in the closing minutes of a fast finish.

In order then followed Bucknell, West Virginia, Fordham, Delaware, and Washington and Jefferson. All succumbed before the Navy team, in very tight games but Navy showing better fight in the second halves, was able to maintain the pace at a bit faster clip, and the Navy combination felt fit to meet the Army until Catholic University loomed on the horizon.

The final game before the Army met us, Navy lost to Catholic University by a score of 21 to 19. Starting with our second team, the visitors proved better than expectation, and when the first half ended, they had a nine point lead, 15 to 6. The Navy regulars took the floor in the second but the lead was too great.

Thus the season ended. The Regiment was on edge for the Army game and it proved to be two things, a stellar game, and an exhibition of one of the greatest fives in the game, the Army basketball team.

	NAVY	OPPONENT		NAVY	OPPONENT
St. Francis College	49	34	Georgetown University	37	33
Western Maryland	41	10	Bucknell University	37	31
Washington College	38	31	West Virginia University	31	15
Manhattan College	24	20	Fordham University	38	22
Duquesne University	26	28	Delaware University	44	28
Knox College	28	22	Washington and Jefferson	46	24
University of Pennsylvania	24	25	Catholic University	19	21
Yankee Athletic Club	49	24	Army	29	37
Lafayette College	45	28			
University of Pennsylvania	31	20		636	453

## LACROSSE



CAPTAIN TERRY MOREHOUSE

LIFE at the Naval Academy proceeds from season to season, and when George Finlayson arrives on the scene, we know that Spring is here. Thus about the first of March we find George busy whipping into shape another winning combination, to which the 1922 aggregation was no exception.

The first opponent on the schedule was Maryland State and when the referee's whistle opened that game, the team was off to make it another invincible season. The State team proved easy enough and when the sun sank low, Navy was on top 16-0.

Then came Cornell, who, with wire-masks, head-gears, and shoulder-pads, prepared to humiliate Navy. Superior playing showed its worth and it ended another Navy victory, Navy 20, Cornell 1.

The following Saturday found the University of Pennsylvania clamoring at our gates. 'Twas terrible to be foiled but the boys had decided beforehand that it must not be defeat. George's boys were there with the same spirit and a better scoring eye. Navy survived the crisis unscathed with a score, 17-0.



CAP'T-ELECT ZEKE SOUCEK

The Hamanegggers then invaded the Lehigh Valley. It was the first game away and with such a strong opponent proved exceedingly interesting. Navy started off in the usual fashion and soon scored a tally. Lehigh soon retaliated and when the half ended, the score was Lehigh 2, Navy 1. Something was said to the team because they came back in the next half and within fifteen seconds netted a goal. Five more minutes and Navy took the lead. To be one goal ahead was small, they added another. But again Lehigh took the offensive and put a fast one in the sacred net. That was a very poor showing for the Navy team and in a fierce burst of play, Navy scored another goal and soon the contest ended, Navy 5, Lehigh 3. It was a spectacular game and another big day in Navy lacrosse annals.

Flushed with the victory over Lehigh, Navy felt ready to meet Penn State to avenge the recent defeat in football. State lost to be sure. The game was stubborn but our team had more than an edge and Penn State left, defeated 13-0.

Then came our ancient rivals in the gentle game. Johns Hopkins forces came to Annapolis with the express purpose of carrying back the lion's share of the score. Their defense put up great opposition and not until the middle of the period did we score, but once started, we counted for five before the half ended. This didn't seem to satisfy the Hamanegggers for they took the field with blood in their eyes. It was a fast and furious half, both teams displaying a technique seldom equalled by college teams. Hopkins put one past the inside line while Navy checked up four and with a score of 9-1, Navy had a claim on the Intercollegiate title.

Not satisfied with collegiate laurels, Mt. Washington was taken on. The Hillmen brought down a formidable squad with a will to win. An early score aroused the Navy ire and before the



*The Ham-an' Egggers in action*



COACH FINLAYSON

half ended, we had made three goals. After a well-merited rest, the teams took the field for the decisive half. For the first time in years, Navy was held scoreless. The hillmen played a purely defensive game built around their goal keeper. He was a wonder. Before the final whistle, Mt. Washington slipped another over, making it 3-2, though Navy was on top.

It was a fitting game on which to drop the curtain of a successful season.



"SAVVY" DOLE



*More Action*

## BOXING



CAPTAIN O'REGAN

SHORTLY before Christmas the call went out for all those interested in the gentlemanly art of self defense to report to its Spike Webb. The increased interest in this sport was plainly manifested by the turn-out. Everyone of the squad selected worked hard as the schedule was by far the toughest ever undertaken and the holes left by such men as Zotti, Latta, O'Donnell and Sebald had to be filled. Around O'Regan, Mathews, and Leach, veterans of last year's team as a nucleus, a clever, hard-hitting team was rounded out, and February the seventeenth found every man in the pink of condition.

Since Villanova cancelled their meet, the first meet was with Penn State, and considering the adverse conditions under which it had to be fought, it was anything but an easy nut to crack.

Hayes, Goldwaithe and Kurtz went right to work and scored decisions. Leach lost on a decision after somewhat of a dispute between the judges. Next Lyon, eager for revenge, knocked his man all around the ring scoring a technical K. O. in the third

round. O'Regan, needless to say, added another to Navy's list by out-boxing his rather clever opponent. The next bout furnished the excitement as Madeira towered head and shoulders over Mathews, but "Bo" undaunted knocked him down in the first round only to have a very close decision go against him.

The next Saturday brought M. I. T., and despite the fact that they didn't gain a decision, the result was not indicative of their sportsmanship and fighting qualities.

On March 3rd, the picked team representing the Intercollegiate Champions of Canada made their second invasion. Again the triumvirate Hayes, Goldwaithe and Kurtz won their bouts in



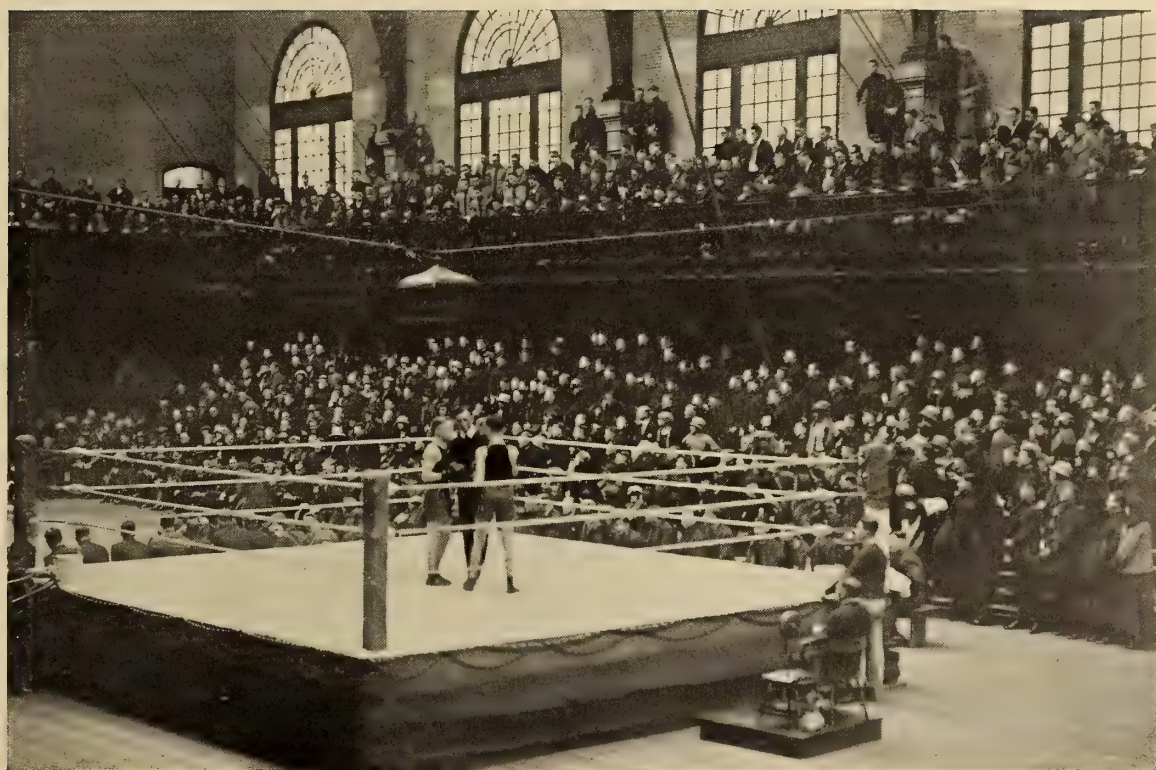
COACH "SPIKE" WEBB



order by decision, each fighting cleverly, outpunching and out-generalizing their opponents. The 145-lb. class brought two old opponents together in "Red" Brewer and Leach. Brewer anxious to reverse last year's outcome and Leach anxious to repeat. Brewer had learned his lesson and cleverly avoided Leach's right, boxing throughout their bout, the decision going to this plucky little Northerner at the end. Lyon gained a decision, and then a big boy from Toronto named Shute crawled into the ring with O'Regan. Shute having won a decision from Army's light-heavy was no easy contender, but Mickey's superior footwork won him the decision. Stolz, as Mathews was out with injuries, boxed heavy, but the Canadians' superior ring knowledge gave him the decision.

On the last meet of the season with U. of Penn rested the Intercollegiate Championship and although it was close throughout Navy being without the services of her captain, O'Regan, her superior brand of ring tactics and clever punching placed her at the long end of the score. The first six bouts were evenly divided, Hayes, Kurtz and Crommelen losing while Goldwaithe, Leach and Lyon kept things even, leaving to Mathews the winning of the meet. Cowell, the big Quaker, fresh from his victories over Madeira of Penn State and Mulligan of Army was confident, but Mathews was out for the championship and coaxed by soft words from "Spike" was more than equal to his undertaking. With his decision, came the Intercollegiate Championship thereby making us the proud possessor of the title of International Intercollegiate Boxing Champions.

To either "Spike" or the development of this team, or to the men themselves that made this victorious season possible, too much credit cannot be given. With the loss of only two men by graduation, the prospects for next season are more than good and with the regiment behind the boys it may be assured another season filled with many Navy victories.



*Prepare to Swat—Soko!*

## WRESTLING



CAPTAIN ARNOLD

SINCE the advent of wrestling at the Naval Academy prospects for a winning team were never darker than at the beginning of last season. Graduation had claimed men from three weights and Academics took its toll of two more. Ex-captain "Thug" Morgan and B. E. Wilson, both of whom were undefeated during their wrestling careers, succumbed to the ancient but inflexible law "bone, bust and bilge."

"Thug's" unsuccessful tilt with the erudite administrators of knowledge proved to be "Skag" Arnold's good fortune for 'twas he who was selected to pilot our bone-breaking squad, manned by a green crew, through the turbulent waters of a hard schedule. The job was a difficult one but "Skag" proved equal to the situation and performed his task with assiduity deserving the highest merit.

Competent instruction by Coach Schutz and Mr. Lynch, together with the whole hearted effort of the squad, turned out a formidable, though unseasoned, array of grapplers which far surpassed our most



COACH SCHUTZ

optimistic expectations. Lehigh, our first adversary was quite in accord with re-estimating the seemingly gloomy situation after their scalp had been added to the unbroken four year string of which Navy boasts.

The second meet of the season, that with Washington and Lee, was hardly more than a joust in preparation for the more serious conflict with Penn State. Though the Nittany Lions made an excellent showing, they scarcely deserved the anxiety occasioned by their rumored prowess. During this meet we came to a full realization that in the person of one "Mo" Harrison were embodied all the characteristics of a Tartar. Naito, State's world-beating Jap, was the third man to be excused

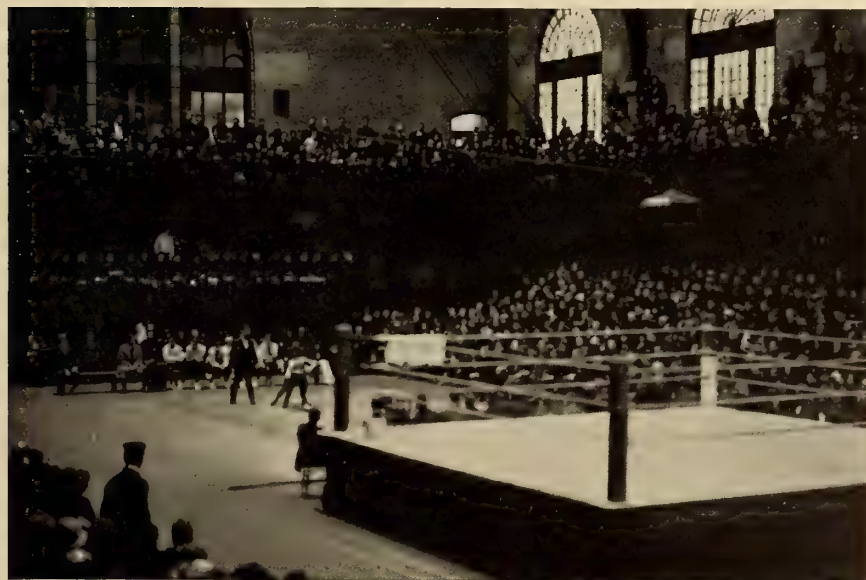




from further punishment after he had reposed quietly on his shoulders in compliance with "Mo's" two-minute rule. Indiana University, the far famed Middle-westerners, dipped their colors to Navy, and attention was focused on West Virginia, especially "Scottie" Hough, their one-hundred-twenty-five pound man, who made his debut into wrestling as a Midshipman but later joined the ranks of the Mountaineers. However, "Scottie" learned to his sorrow that Mr. Schutz, who had made him, could also break him. It took Timberlake and his side chancery just one minute and fifty-four seconds to end their part of the argument. The last home meet was rather disappointing from a standpoint of interest due to the weakened condition of the M. I. T. team.

At this stage of the season success had forced foreboding into the background, and all hands were in high spirits for invading the camp of the Intercollegiate Champions. Unfortunately, Nemesis, in the form of Cornell, chose to take a hand in casting our horoscope. The battle was an exciting one of closely contested bouts, a changing advantage, and doubtful results even to the last decision of the Referee. Ericsson clinched his captaincy for 1924 by completing a second season of continuous victories, and Arnold gave an excellent demonstration of his equestrian ability before pinning the shoulders of his opponent to the mat. The final tilt of scales, advantage, gave the meet to Cornell by a score of 13 to 11 making the first black mark on Navy's record for five years, and left the squad with the determination to re-establish a similar record and then to break it. Here's to them; may their efforts be well rewarded.

Lehigh . . . . .	10	Navy . . . . .	20
Washington and Lee . . . . .	0	Navy . . . . .	33
Penn State . . . . .	11	Navy . . . . .	16
Indiana . . . . .	3	Navy . . . . .	22
West Virginia . . . . .	8	Navy . . . . .	16
M. I. T. . . . .	8	Navy . . . . .	21
Cornell . . . . .	13	Navy . . . . .	11



*Just before they hit the mat*

## SWIMMING



CAPTAIN WINKJER

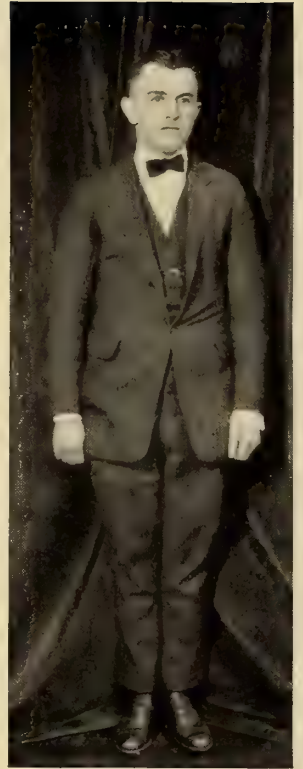
**M**OST people give the Navy credit for being able to swim, and since it is a part of our training, our team should be among the best. Swimming has gained greatly in popularity so that now it is a top-notch attraction during the winter months, cramped as accommodations have been. However, with steam shovels busy excavating, the prospects of a new swimming pool have been confirmed, and then, with a pool, conforming to intercollegiate rules, our aggregation of mermen can go after greater laurels than those already acquired, matched against the strongest college swimming teams.

The "plebe" class brought us several swimmers of high calibre and when our relay team was rounded into shape, the combination clipped the Academy mark twice. With the majority of this year's team, and a new swimming pool, the Intercollegiate marks may well tremble when the next Navy team takes the water.

The opening meet saw Syracuse with a sturdy team ready for the gun. Syracuse was outclassed somewhat and all first and second places went to Navy except the

plunge. This event, now not officially on the Intercollegiate program was undertaken at the request of the visitors. The final score tells the story, since it was Navy 43, Syracuse 9.

Well, next week they repeated in a triangular meet and at the finish Navy was forty points to the good, M. I. T., counted twelve, and Johns Hopkins five. The meet started speedily when in the



COACH ORTLAND



first event, the relay team, Bolling, Wycoff, Kanakanui and Rule tied the Academy record and made four block-N's. We dropped our only first place to Stewart of Tech, a shade better than Bearce. Kanakanui, recovered from illness, contributed his share in the relay event and took first in the back-stroke. Rule continued his show of speed and besides his part in the relay, captured the 50-yard dash.

It took a little more effort to sink Rutgers because they were exceedingly hard to drown. In this meet, so pressing was the contest that three records went by the board. Rule nosed out Bolling in the 50-yard dash and broke the record by three-tenths of a second. The relay team composed now of Bolling, Dyer, Sinclair, and Rule took three-tenths of a second off the 160-yard event and Von Stanley of Rutgers lowered the Academy plunge record by two-fifths of a second.

The Central Y. M. C. A. team from Brooklyn was next in line. Kiffe was the outstanding star for the visitors and well deserves his title of national junior champion. Kiffe took Winkjer's measure in the 100-yard breast stroke swim and repeated in the 150-yard back stroke. The final score was 35 to 18 in our favor. Next week was to be the big carnival when Yale would grace our midst. And they did. Yale refused to let Rule, our speedy "plebe" swim and with no plunger, we spotted them these points before the meet. Bolling took the 50-yard dash for Navy, and Marshal, of Yale took the 440 with Davis, Navy second. Swazey, Yale's plunger, knocked two and four-fifths seconds off our tank record. First and second places for Yale in the back stroke and one hundred yard swim put the meet on ice. The crowning event was the relay when Jeliffe of Yale nosed out Kanakanui and closed the meet, 45 to 17, for Yale.

Thus Navy closed the season, disheartened to be sure because of this last defeat, but nevertheless successful. With few losses through graduation, great possibilities for all those on the squad, we hope to see the next season with a clean slate, a fitting dedication of the new pool.

	OPPONENT	NAVY
	Syracuse	9
	M. I. T.	12
	Johns Hopkins	5
	Rutgers	26
	Central Y. M. C. A.	18
	Yale	45
		17



*The Finish—Breast Stroke*

## WATER POLO



CAPTAIN HIGGINS

SINCE Princeton's championship team was defeated at the hands of Navy last year, it has been impossible to obtain a meet with a college team. The real test of our strength this year came in the game with the New York Athletic Club, which Navy decisively defeated, and with them fell the Paterson Club of New Jersey and Beacon Club of Boston, proving that our team was still in the forefront of collegiate ranks.

Until now, college teams have complained that our pool was too shallow and since our poloists were accustomed to this, they had a distinct advantage. However, next year, with a new pool under construction, one of the best-equipped natatoria of the country, there should be no like excuse.

Water polo dates from the entrance of 1923 as plebes. There were no regulars on which to build a team but grouping together a few, who didn't mind mixing their sports to the extent of football, basketball, swimming, boxing, and wrestling, together with daily practice in life saving, we built up a team and youngster year, Higgins was elected captain. To him much of Navy's later success in this sport is due. For the future, prospects look good because, being



COACH FOSTER

essentially a man's game, the number out each year has increased, it has gained in popularity, and since plebes early learn the rudiments of the game, there will be no lack of material.



## GYMNASIUM



CAPTAIN PEARSON

NAVY'S thirteenth gymnastic season was far from being unlucky and our team as usual proved themselves superior to all competitors, completing the successful season by winning the Intercollegiate championship, held at Annapolis, most decisively.

The Philadelphia Turnverein opened the season here and gave us the stiffest contest of the season, indeed, in six seasons, but the final score was in Navy's favor. Next came the University of Pennsylvania and their defeat was easy, inasmuch as their team was crippled by previous injuries. However, they were a worthy opponent, and the score is in no way a criterion of their gameness. Right in order they followed then, dropping everything before our well-developed team. Dartmouth and M. I. T. succumbed to the team's scalping knife, the latter by the largest score. With the Intercollegiates at hand, the season ended.

But not before Navy proved supremacy. Representatives came from Harvard, Dartmouth, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and New York University. For the third successive year, "Jack" Pearson, the Navy captain took the All-Round championship. Wood proved to be another stellar gymnast and his work in the Intercollegiates was worthy of the highest merit. Competition was keen and places were won by tenths of points but the final score proved Navy the winner by a large margin.



COACH MANG





CAPTAIN GRANDFIELD

## FENCING

**F**ENCING, a sport combining quickness of thought and action, fills an important function in athletics because it gives the man, not physically qualified for the major sports, an opportunity to coordinate mind and body in sport, otherwise denied.

Navy's position in the fencing world has been high and for many years we have captured the "Little Iron Man", symbolic of the Intercollegiate championship, a beautiful addition to our athletic trophies.

By graduation, we lost most of our regular team but their runners-up were able to fill the holes and under the guidance of Captain Grandfield, Navy's team was able to defeat all contenders after an initial setback by the J. Sanford Satus Fencing Club, of whose members Guider and Shears, former Navy men, proved to be the greatest point-winners.

Then they followed in order: Cornell, the University of Pennsylvania and M. I. T. in a dual meet, Columbia, Yale, the Washington Fencing Club, and Virginia, all victories for Navy.

Yale, no doubt, gave us the greatest competition. Yale, too, had beaten Army and the meet proved to be the real test of our strength. The final score, however, gave our team two points of "velvet" so that on paper, the Kaydets appeared defeated.

With this state of affairs, Navy will enter the Intercollegiates and we are confident that the "Little Iron Man" will remain with us and that the Army will again feel the sting of Navy victory.



COACH HEINTZ



## TENNIS



CAPTAIN HARSHMAN

TENNIS, among the many sports at the Naval Academy, is one of the few that the officer can continue throughout his entire life. In the game itself, there are inherent advantages that afford, even in moments of recreation, an exercise of keen analysis, the use of definite tactics, and an absolute concentration of purpose—all qualities so essential to the officer.

Tennis here has developed somewhat along this line and though many play the game, it has not produced the stars we should have and so from a lack of material, the building of a team has suffered. However, with our team and a difficult schedule, we went through the season meeting very capable adversaries.

The season, however, got away to a bad start due to the added attraction of Easter leave, and after the initial set-to with Johns Hopkins, Swarthmore, Harvard, and Princeton took our measure. Then the team showed a flash of tennis and we won from George Washington, only to be defeated by Southern California the same day. The next meet with Lehigh we divided evenly. After matches with Lafayette and the University of Pennsylvania the season closed.



COACH STURDY

The season could not be called successful but we have prospects for better years to come. By graduation, Rockey, Waidlick, and Fitzhugh will leave our midst but we still have the new skipper, "Toke" Harshman, and Shoup, and with the wealth of raw, but earnest material brought out this year, an added interest from the Regiment, which viewed the exhibition matches arranged here, we hope to develop a successful team.



## SOCCER



CAPTAIN HODGKISS

**J**UDGING from the unprecedented success of the past season, soccer is not only here to stay but the Academy promises to rank among the foremost in this sport. To put it on the map required several years of persistent effort on the part of those interested, especially Professor Sturdy, the representative, and Coach Taylor.

With new material, Coach Taylor whipped a team into shape in a very short time, and if individual skill was lacking, team work was ever present, which in the final analysis is the aim of every well-developed athletic group. However, the middle of the season saw individual skill in its place, a result of conscientious effort. Moreover, the Lehigh and Pennsylvania games uncovered stars which rivaled the best of those who played against us. Probably, the outstanding player was "Archie" Randolph, whose dexterous footwork, clever headwork, and diligent teamwork called forth praise from opponents and spectators.



COACH TAYLOR

The game with Penn was without doubt the best and most important of the season. Although the loser, six additional periods were necessary to decide the contest in favor of one of the best teams in the game, runnerup for the Intercollegiate championship.

The season of 1922 saw the sport in its youth. Of the regulars, only three are lost by graduation, so with the wealth of good material remaining, under the leadership of the new captain, "Pat" Creehan, wonderful prospects are in store for next year.





## RIFLE



CAPT-ELECT THAYER

ALTHOUGH the rifle season of 1922 could not be called an unqualified success, it was far from a failure. The team lost by a reasonably small score to the Quantico Marines, who are probably the best shots in the world. An attack of "buck" fever lost the match with the 71st Infantry of New York, thereby sending "Little David", the rifle trophy, to its original home for the first time in seven years. Then came the match with the Washington cadets, coached by Stokes, once of 1922, now the world's champion shot, but our victory was overwhelming. Next followed matches with Georgetown, George Washington, and the University of Pennsylvania, the small-bore Intercollegiate champions, in each case our first team leading, our second team third. Stokes himself fired with his high-class team-mates in the George Washington match but Cutts made a higher score than the champion. This victory though not officially recognized, made us practically Intercollegiate champions with the service rifle, certainly no mean accomplishment.



COACH DENNY

The team that performed this was an entirely new team and was developed to represent us in the National Rifle Matches to be held at Camp Perry, since all eighteen veterans of the championship team of the previous year were not allowed to miss two practice cruises in succession. That this green team came through as it did reflects great credit on the coach, Lieutenant Commander Denny, on their own grit and perseverance, and leaves great hopes for the future.



## INTERCLASS ATHLETICS

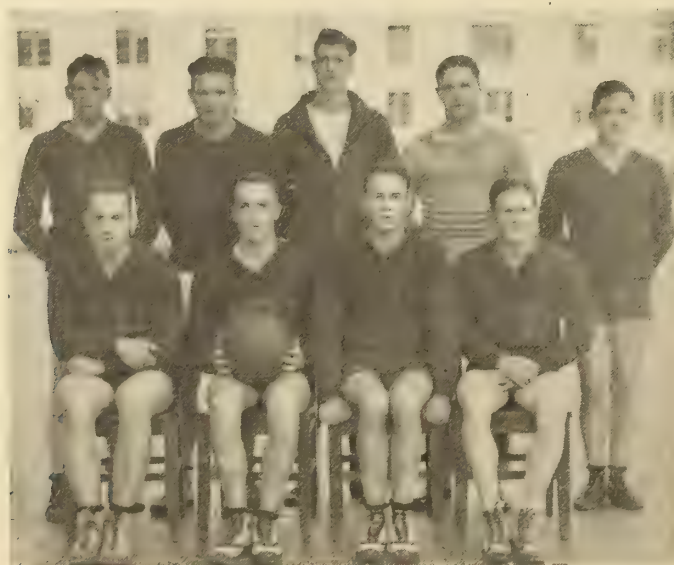
**I**NTERCLASS athletics are encouraged and practised more at the Naval Academy than at any other institution of learning, we believe. There is no doubt but that the wonderful results obtained here surpass even the fondest hopes of the most enthusiastic supporters of the system. Interclass sports have shown beyond a doubt that they cannot be excelled as a means of building up and keeping sound the morale of a body of men. Such sports, by their invigorating influence on athletics in general, have done more to spread satisfaction throughout the Regiment than could possibly be attained by a series of brilliant varsity victories.

Very few men, say two or three a season, ever make a varsity squad from an interclass team. However, interclass athletics do exist, as all athletics, primarily to stimulate competition, and to train the players along the lines of fair play about the development of physique which can come only from clean living.

Interclass athletics offer many things to the ordinary man who is not of varsity caliber. They have roused a dormant desire of achievement, making inexperienced men come out and fight for positions on the class teams. Many of these men had never realized the value of athletics, and the feeling of accomplishment which is derived from winning his numerals or even playing in a game. The enthusiasm connected with the competition for the Harvard Shield only goes to show that interclass athletics will never be abolished.

Without training-tables, at least something to work for to make a varsity squad, the class teams give up the Sunday afternoons of the several seasons to represent their classes and to add points to the class score to win the shield. During our sojourn here, the class of 1922 won the shield three years in succession, and last year we were the runners-up. The class games are ideal sport for Sunday afternoons when time hangs heavy for the non-athletic timber of the Regiment. Class games are not bothered by the technique of the varsity sport but they might be said to be the happy medium between the backlot and the varsity. Where the game of basketball, boxing, wrestling or baseball suffers much from the critical eye of the referee, taking much of the interest out of the game itself, class sports give the chance to express opinions freely and enthusiasm is keyed to the utmost.

Interclass athletics are thus an important adjunct to the athletic system inaugurated at the Academy and given a chance to grow, they should prove an ideal supplement to the training in physical development used here because they approach the ideal of universal physical training by offering to all, especially those not of varsity caliber, an opportunity to compete in sports, a fundamental condition in the development of a leader; an opportunity to foster the spirit of altruism, the essential of an officer.



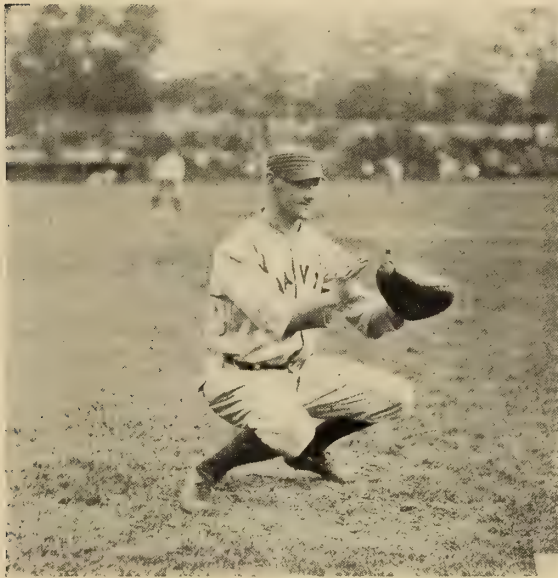
THE FIRST CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM, CHAMPIONS 1923

STANDING: MILLS, CHAPMAN, MOSS, MYERS, DUGAN.  
SEATED: ANDERSON, HOLDERNESS, SMOOT, BUCK.

## —AND IN ADDITION

THE most necessary factor in having a hard shooting, accurate gun is, after the gun, the structure on which it stands. So, too, does the credit for the many victories of navy teams find its way, like the stresses and strains of a gun in action, down through the fighting units to the platform on which these units stand—the hustlers.

As Kipling has said, "you never can tell 'till you've tried them". How well this applies to the second team—to those men who for some small reason are never known except that they were "on the squad". Try them in your mind. Are they, because they never have the actual glory of a victory given directly to them, any less responsible than their more fortunate fellows who win the thanks of the navy for the results they have gained in the field? Is it not harder to go out night after night, working, taking the hard knocks, and at the same time knowing that the only result of their efforts is to force some member of the 'varsity to fight harder for his place? They are the human dummies who give their strength, their time, their bodies, that the 'varsity team may have opposition to keep them on the jump.



"HEINIE" ZIMMERMAN, *Three Years Scrub Catcher*



—*And Also in Basketball*



"*Human Dummies*"



*Where the Hustlers Watch from the Sidelines*

For football—the tackling dummy—and live dummies that will run and twist and fight; the sled—and then the men who are pushed down the field, giving every opposition, though they know they are only sleds themselves.

For boxing—the punching bag—and then human punching bags that will spring back for more and make the first string fight; the dummy—and the living dummies who take the blows and at the same time make the giver cover in his own defense.

For crew—the bow of the second boat just in the rear of the 'varsity, and by its position making the 'varsity work harder.



*Giving the Goal Keeper Practice*

Are these men responsible for victory? Who can doubt it! And if after trying them you still can't quite give them full credit, think back over the years, and you will find men in all sports who have taken someone else's place for a day—have played their part—and then gone back to the scrubs when the rightful owner of the place returned. Yes, not only do the second team and hustlers make the 'varsities of tomorrow—they make the victories of today.



*A Pick-up Team from the "Delaware" Playing Soccer in Martinique*





LYSISTRATA CUP RACE



GLEE CLUB

THE 1923 Revue was perhaps the most elaborate and ambitious ever attempted by the Musical Clubs and its success exceeded the fondest hopes of its promoters. The show opened with "Blue and Gold" sung by the Glee Club, the audience standing. This act was followed by "On the Good Ship 'Pinafore'". Dyer, Ashton, Kent, and Naquin were splendid in their parts. Next came a solo by Schenck and a piano solo by Hodgkiss accompanied by Messmer on the violin. Both of these were well received and encores were demanded. Hight and Momm in "See Saw" gave an unusual exhibition of music on hand saws. Then came a Japanese sketch by the Mandolin Club followed by "Les Chats Annapolitaines" with McCutcheon as "Ignatz Mouse" and eight "Krazy Kats" with mandolins. The Glee Club then came out again and sang three numbers. This was followed by "Pass in Review". Al Jolsen (Walsh), the Duncan sisters (Beecher and Kirten), Eddie Cantor (Brendel), Rodolf Valentino and wife (Congdon and Pearce), and Will Rogers with a beautiful "chorus" were all on hand to show off their latest songs, steps, and clever lines. The Jazz supported this act in real Broadway style with their jazziest of jazz and many a fair drag whispered to her escort, "Why don't they have music like that at the hops?" The Grande Finale with the cast ensemble ended the best performance that the Musical Clubs have ever done. Too much credit can



MANDOLIN CLUB



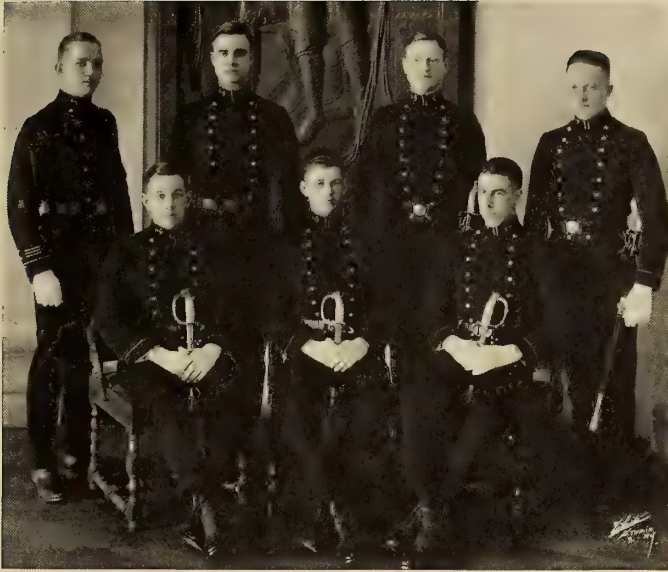
JAZZ BAND

not be given to these men who gave their play time to tedious practising so that a few hours of pleasure might be given to the rest of the Regiment and its friends. This especially true of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. The Jazz Band and Orchestra, however, while helping materially toward the success of the Show give pleasure all the year. The Jazz Band has reminded us of what first class dance music is like at the hops at which it has played. On each cruise it has won fresh laurels. In Norway it was known as the "Queen's Own" and in every port won much deserved praise. The Orchestra has helped to make successes of the various "Batt" Shows.



ORCHESTRA





## USHERS

THE Ushers in all their splendor, consisting of one sword belt, many brass buttons, and a homely countenance, constitute one of the big attractions of that magnificent edifice—the chapel. If not attraction, then at least amusement, for many a drag has had to smother an undignified giggle at seeing an Usher about face just in time to receive a head-on collision. But the wearers of the N crossed skags seem to like it—possibly because J. P. J. can't tell tales.

## RECEPTION COMMITTEE

THIS year has seen the rise of the Reception Committee to a position of far more importance than it has held in the past. That this should be so is altogether fitting and proper, for when one realizes that each year over a hundred teams come down to meet Navy in some branch of athletics and that their opinion of the Regiment is formed to a large extent by the manner in which they are received, it is seen that no little amount of responsibility rests on the shoulders of the men who compose this committee.

A large part of this responsibility has fallen on the chairman of the committee, R. L. Dennison, to whom a great deal of credit is due for the splendid manner in which he has performed a difficult and trying task.





### CHOIR

**H**ERE they are! The answer to the question, "Why do all the drags go to chapel on Sunday morning?" These heroes sit up in front of all just to give the girls a treat. And do they sing? Well, if you have heard them, you will admit that what they lack in quality, they make up in volume. Entirely indispensable, the choir.

### Y. M. C. A.

**T**O these directors of the Y. M. C. A. we are indebted for our appearance of making an effort at culture. Each Sunday they produce a speaker who will talk on — well the subjects can best be found by asking one of the Plebes. Anyway, they have excellent speakers and speeches.

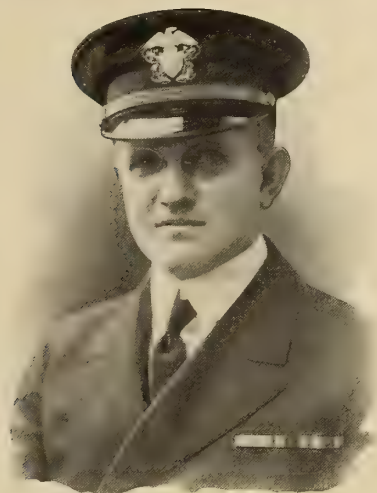
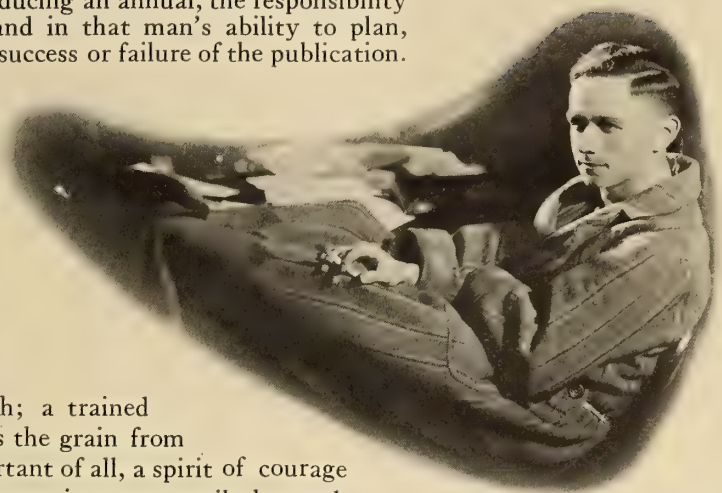


STANDING: MCKEE, MURPHY, JOHNSON, WALKER, TAYLOR, BRADBURY.  
SEATED: FOWLER, O'REGAN, HAASE, PEARSON, MCCrackEN.

## F. S. WITHINGTON, Editor-in-Chief

In the monumental task of producing an annual, the responsibility necessarily falls upon one man, and in that man's ability to plan, co-ordinate, and produce lies the success or failure of the publication. That man is the editor.

And what are the requisites of a successful editor? The ability to plan with farsightedness, learning from the errors of predecessors and anticipating future emergencies; a keen insight into the natural talents, and abilities of those about him in order that he may choose wisely his staff; the tact and diplomacy of a statesman to secure privileges and divert wrath; a trained intelligence that instantly chooses the grain from the chaff; and last, but most important of all, a spirit of courage and perseverance that will never rest in peace until the task given him has been finished. In other words we present "Freddy," our Editor-in-Chief.



## Lt.-Comdr. E. A. LOFQUIST

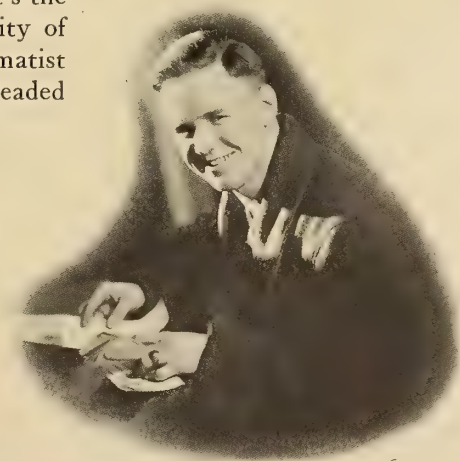
The position of advisor and general supervisor of the '23 "Lucky Bag" was given to Lieutenant-Commander E. A. Lofquist, and as the "Bag" gradually took shape throughout the year, we became increasingly aware of our good fortune in having such an authority as the controlling factor in our work.

Commander Lofquist brought to our aid a wealth of knowledge in regard to the choice, assemblage, and presentation of material and his advice has been indispensable in making the "Bag" possible. His ready sympathy and understanding of our troubles helped a great deal to overcome the obstacles made by the none too lenient Academic and Executive schedules, and the staff appreciates greatly the part played by Commander Lofquist in making this annual possible.

## W. C. FOWLER, Business Manager

The man who gets the money and pays the bills— that's the Business Manager. Upon him devolves the responsibility of being a lawyer, banker, printer, binder, typist, and diplomatist "par excellence," for his task is to prove to the level-headed business man the importance of advertising in the annual, and Wendell has made the "Annual of the Navy" known in every business from New York to Honolulu, Halifax to Great Harbor. The battle-scarred Corona is now at rest, but the "Lucky Bag" is a permanent testimony to his faithfulness, energy, and business ability.

"Tony, get those letters off tonight; Jack, check over the cuts, we're ninety-five cents overcharged; hey, Fred, just figured out how we can save a hundred and four dollars; no more color plates, Val; I'll see you at the hop—dragging heavy."





**POTTLE**  
ART EDITOR



**DAISLEY**  
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MANAGING EDITOR



**BAKER**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



**HERLIHY**  
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ASST. ADVERTISING MANAGER

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

**A** LUCKY BAG is the work of many hands. We feel real regret that space prevents a more adequate statement of our appreciation of the kindnesses of the many who have contributed. To the following our sincere thanks are due: *Mr. A. Ford DuBois*, President of the DuBois Press, has stood by us like an Academy alumnus. Without his expert advice and professional knowledge we would have been helpless. He has contributed far more in personal attention and unselfish service than we can ever repay. *Mr. J. J. Sher*, of the Bureau of Engraving, Inc., worked out the design of the book. *Mr. E. W. Palmer*, of the J. F. Tapley Company, has contributed extensively, giving us the benefit of his personal attention and experience in the binding of the book. *Mr. Robert Bennett*, of the White Studio, has been an unselfish mine of information and constructive suggestion. To him belongs the credit for the invention of the new photographic process by which the Yard Views were made. *The Superintendent* and the *Commandant* have furnished suggestions and help, while the *Executive Officer* has been lenient and very reasonable in his criticisms of the material for the book. *Miss Marilyn Miller* very kindly posed for the picture of the ring girl. *Miss Marie Moran* contributed the cleverly executed painting for the class division page. *Lieutenant Commander Henry F. Reuterdaahl* gave much of his time for a compensation almost laughable, it was so small, to the preparation and painting of the spirited frontispiece. *Commanders H. D. Cooke* and *Wilbur R. Van Auken* made the New Navy Section possible by their contributions of photographs and pictures. *Commander Van Auken* loaned us his valuable water color of the destroyer off the Dalmatian coast for reproduction. *Admiral Moffett* and the Bureau of Aeronautics aided *Mr. Reuterdaahl* in his painting and provided us with many photographs. The Naval Air Station at Coco Solo voluntarily furnished us the aerial view of the *DELAWARE* and the *NORTH DAKOTA* in Gatun Locks. *Lieutenant C. C. Carmine* obtained and secured permission for us to use the photographs of target practice. *Stuart Hyde Hawkins* illustrated the class history and made the Academic drawings, standing by with unshaken loyalty after his own misfortune. *Mr. Daniel* of the New York *HERALD* gave us permission to use excerpts from his account of the Army-Navy football game. *Miss Worthington*, the Superintendent's stenographer, has typewritten untold thousands of well-nigh indecipherable words for the Bag. *Miss Patricia Patterson* presented us with the excellent drawings of girls presented in the feature section. *Mr. Winston Churchill*, Class of 1894, sent us an account of the beginnings of crew at the Naval Academy. *Mr. Strickland Gillilan* paid us compliments in his fine poem which none of us deserve.

To those first and under classmen listed below, we are indebted for many hours of patient, hard work.

### FIRST CLASS

ABERCROMBIE	DAY	VON DREELE	HURD
BRIGGS	BRENDEL	KELLY	FABIAN
COOPER, H. M.	CHAPPELL	MYERS	WENGER
RYAN	NAGER	CONGDON	GRAHAM
BERNARD	BELL	STEELE	SPANGLER, J. B.
CARR	HATCHETT	MCCAMENT	SMILEY
McCUTCHEON	BOND	MCLAREN	CHANDLER
WILLETT	MAESER	MATTSON	SMOOT
ROBERTS, R. T.	DUGAN	REYNOLDS	LEMLY

### SECOND CLASS

COCHRANE	KISSAM	ERICSON	DEUTERMANN
HARTLEY	WOOD, C. C.	HAYES	KELLY, S. G.
ARMOR, H.			SIEGRIST, W. W.

### THIRD CLASS

LANDERS	TRIEBE	HAMMOND	WOOD, H. JR.
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### FOURTH CLASS

BUSCK	EDDY	CAMPBELL	LEE
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# THE LODE



*Keep Off the Paint Work*



WHAT THE WELL DRESSED MID WILL WEAR



She: Why do they call a battleship she?  
 He: 'Cause it takes the Ensign with the Jack to dress 'er!







FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: HUNT, SEAY, HOWLAND, PERRY, DAHLGREN, HARRISON, KISSAM, BRERETON, RICHARDS, SPENCER.

SECOND ROW: MARTIN, MENDENHALL, STEVENSON, LOUGHEAD, LEMLY, FOLK, ARMOR, VON DREELE, WILSON.

THIRD ROW: DAY, MILLER, BAKER, MONTGOMERY, FABIAN, McCRACKEN, WILL.

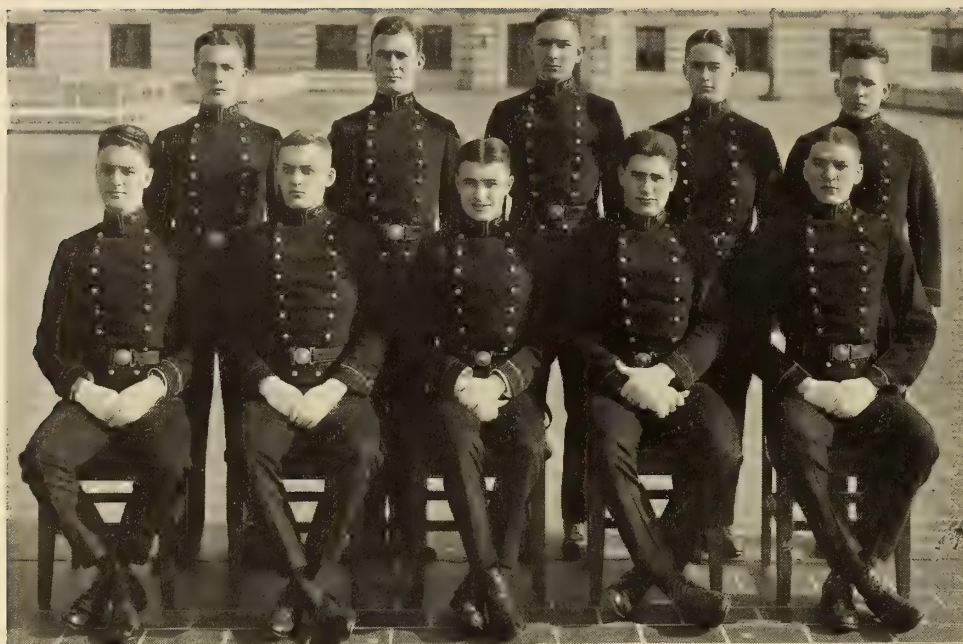
FOURTH ROW: GUITAR, WIGHT, WOOD, PHILLIPS, COWAN, RINGLE.

## THE LOG

THE LOG of the United States Naval Academy! To two thousand odd midshipmen, the LOG means a Friday night untrammelled with the Nav or Juice or Steam or Math of the morrow. It means thoughts of life, news, prof notes, and athletics, pillowed in the soothing breast of Dame Humor, who drives away their cares and leaves them ready for the word battle with their sisters in the week-end that follows. To these same "sisters", the LOG is a beloved link which connects them with the almost closed corporation of life at the Academy. To the rest of the five thousand outside subscribers, officers in the fleet, or friends at home, the LOG is the pulse of the Academy.

Mark XI of the LOG has been more than these things. Further than feel the pulse of the hydra-headed Regiment, it has tried to reach the heart and to control that pulse. This is a very difficult thing to do. There are those of us who have not liked this attempt. But in several instances, the LOG was highly successful. There have been editorials which, though they were not interesting to many, hit a nail or two on the head and succeeded in driving it where it belonged. There have been other departures which have enhanced this last Mark of the Class of '23. And the LOG as a whole has continued to be the student weekly of the country which has most successfully combined humor with news and literature. The circulation says so. The Editor and the Staff have just completed a year upon which they can look back and feel a well merited pride.

We see these men in the group above. Who are they, who have, each week, supplied seven thousand people with news and thought and clever absurdity? They are not mental giants. They are not well paid geniuses. They are average midshipmen who have realized the reward of work well done, of service rendered, without thought or possibility of remuneration or even great recognition. They are part of that spirit which makes the Academy and the Navy a place for a man, and a man who will give for the glory of the Navy.



STANDING: McISAAC, STEVENS, KEITH, NORTHCUTT, DUSINBERRE.  
SEATED: TRAYLOR, BRENDEL, CASTERA (*Chairman*), BOLLES, LINDSEY.

## THE CLASS GERMAN

“WOMAN’S crowning glory is her hair!” Just so is the First Class German with regard to the three years of hop activities at the Academy. It is looked forward to during the entire sojourn in Bancroft Hall, and back upon forever as a climax to four hard (and yet, too, glorious) years.

Don’t you remember how as a Youngster you sneaked over into one of the rooms on the side toward the gym where you could steal a glimpse of the exotic splendor of the terrace which some good genius had transformed into a miniature fairyland? And then how you crept down into the basement and snatched away a group of cakes, a wealth of grape juice, and an abundance of ice cream? But that is all over and now we are to have one of our very own!

As a progressive organization our class has been the instigator of a number of departures from custom and precedent. (For example, the Ring Dance and the many attendant innovations.)

Under the able pilotage of the “Prince of Jungle Dancers”, George Castera, his tiny band of braves who make up the committee have beaten loudly on the tom-toms of originality, beauty, and splendor. As a result of their tireless efforts the stage is all set for a wonderful time to be “had by all”. Because of the fact ’23 will no longer be midshipmen but *ensigns ad gyrene lieutenants*, this year German bids fair to surpass all others that have preceded it. The class knows what George can do, for the Ring Dance stands out as the best hop that has ever been pulled off here in *our* time, anyway—until now, and because of his success in that it has been one grand case of “Let George do it” ever since. We believe he has done it this time, too.

Life has been said to be a series of sensations—the pendulum swings from one extreme to the other. So from a protracted era of Fidelity and Obedience what more fitting swing could there be than one into the realm of the other extreme—joy, pleasure and mirth?

But soon all the “fireworks” are over. You have walked home with Her ’neath the mellow moon of a *cruiseless* June (at last). All is over now. But we are sure that there will be reserved a lasting abode in the inner shrine of your most cherished memories for this, OUR last dance together.



FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: GLASS, PETERSON, McAULIFFE, LAYNE, RHODES, BENTON, MCKEE, BILLINGS.  
 SECOND ROW: GUITAR, CONGDON, PEARSON, CASTERA, WALSH, WATERS, CHANDLER.  
 FRONT ROW: McELHENNEY, NORRIS, STEVENS, MATSON.

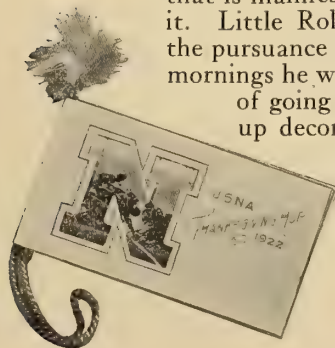
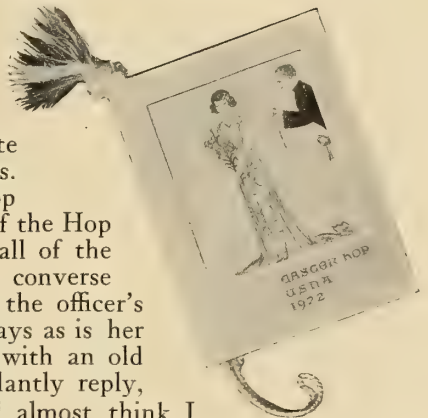
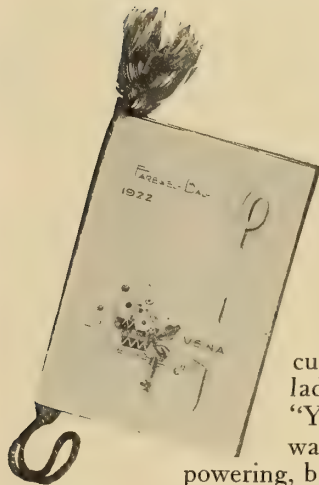
## LITTLE ROLLO OF THE HOP COMMITTEE

(After the manner of *Vanity Fair*)

LITTLE Rollo stands before you, gentlemen, sword belt clanking, gloves white from careful home laundry work, hair parted with infinite care, resplendent in full dress. Little Rollo is going to a hop where as one of the members of the Hop Committee he will dance with all of the visiting and local sad eggs, and converse with all the dowagers. When the officer's wife with whom he is dancing says as is her custom—"You don't like to dance with an old lady like me, do you?" he will gallantly reply, "You do awfully well. Why I could almost think I was dancing with a girl." Such tact, , , It is overpowering, but for that very reason Little Rollo was selected to be one of the chosen. . .

Sometimes Little Rollo is accused of being a parasite, but that is manifestly untrue on the face of it. Little Rollo gives up everything in the pursuance of his duty. On Saturday mornings he will even forego the privilege of going to drill so that he may put up decorations. . .

Such self-sacrifice. . .  
 But what can you expect . . .  
 . . . He is a member of the Hop Committee.





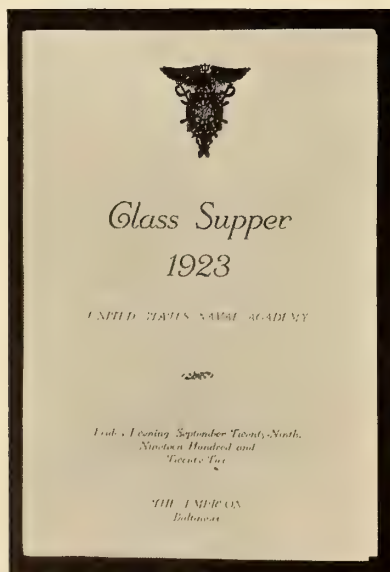
STANDING: FOLK, BELL, BOLLES, LEHMAN.  
SEATED: WASHBURN, NIEMYER (Chairman), O'REGAN.

## THE CLASS SUPPER

THE Class Supper (some have been known to call it by other names) was held at the much suffering Hotel Emerson in Baltimore. Despite the fact that a large number of the class failed to attend (the absent being detained by three reasons—a rag, a bone and a hank o' hair) the Supper was a huge success. Professional entertainers were not to be had, as the manager feared our over-enthusiasm, but with "Put's" "Dance of Flowers", and "Tommy's" stunts, there was no lack of amusement for all hands from start to finish, when the orchestra started "Anchors Aweigh", and everyone jumped to his feet and did an individual snake dance around the banquet hall.

The one man mainly responsible for the success of the Supper is the Chairman, "Ike" Niemyer. His energy in getting results is equalled only by his patience in the face of many misunderstandings with the rest of the committee "far away on the billow."

In all, it was a great and ne'er-to-be-forgotten night. Those who missed it will in years to come be denied the priceless privilege of looking back on that gathering of men of '23 as one of the big occasions of their lives. To those who did attend, the memories of that night will remain always, and when the last reunion of '23 is held and "Old tales be retold," many is the good one that will feature 1923's Class Supper.





IN writing a review of the 1923 performance of *The Masqueraders* one must assume, to begin with, a standard by which to measure that performance, and one must realize above all not only their limitations, but the hindrances they must overcome. In their choice of plays to produce, they cannot give, under the prohibition of the copyright law, anything that is at present playing. Thus they are debarred from any play that is at all up to the minute. Nothing serious, nothing that can be stigmatized by a contemptuous midshipman audience as "high-brow" can be even considered. Farces and comedies are available, but most modern farces and comedies are too replete with risqué situations and racy lines for a cast of men to put across with the least success. They must amuse, but must not offend the most hyper-delicate taste. Frequently it is demanded why *The Masqueraders* do not put on a play written by

a midshipman. Simply because there are no midshipmen who have the time or the ability to write a three-act play.

Bearing all these things in mind, and having chosen the play, they have still to contend with an extremely shallow and inadequate stage, a dearth of stage facilities, and an auditorium whose acoustics make its name a joke. Its cast must be made up of men whose training in dramatics or elocution, if any, has been of the most elementary character. And they must face an audience which, curiously enough, will persist in judging the performance they give, by the standards of Broadway.

Remembering all these factors, the decision of *The Masqueraders* to put on "Come out of the Kitchen" was audacious to say the least. To put on a play whose entire plot revolved around a feminine character was daring enough, but then to choose a play, which, while a comedy, depended for its effect on the characterization done by the actors, was the last word in audacity. But their audaciousness was more than justified by their success.

The man on whose small shoulders rested the burden of putting the play across was Billy Pearce, and he bore his burden nobly. Few except those in the cast and some of his particular friends, will ever know how tremendously hard Billy worked, or how much of his energy and enthusiasm went into perfecting himself in his part. Floods of fulsome praise are worthless, so we will have to content ourselves by paying him the highest compliment that can be given to any actor. He lived his part and held his audience. No more need be said, when one realizes that he was playing a girl's part, and a very difficult one at that. His performance was marvellous. The utter silence of the audience after his emo-



STANDING: GUITAR, KEITH, NORTHCUTT  
SEATED: RINGLE, CARR



*Mrs. Faulkner Decides to Inspect the New Servants*



*"You Ol' Goat"*

tional scene with Eddie Pearce in the second act was a more eloquent tribute to him than any amount of applause, or anything we can say.

Billy's performance, of course dominated all the other characters, but his leading man, E. S. Pearce, was none the less splendid. He gave us smooth, suave acting with a high polish on it. He had excellent stage presence, and he played his part with an exquisitely light touch. He is the best leading man The Masqueraders



*"Don't Mind Me"*



*"Faith, I Said it—the Dead Spit"*



*Olivia Arguing that it will be "Fun" to be Servants*



*Charlie Breaking Dishes*

have had for years and with a more exacting part would have carried off much higher honors. Herrington was very successful in a difficult role as the dowager. The secondary love affair of the plot was put across deftly by McCutcheon, as the poet, and van Nagell, who played opposite him. Armstrong, who characterized an old negro mammy, was excellent except for his make-up, which could have been improved. His voice was particularly good.



*Touched Up by the "Cook"*

Stevenson made a delightfully Southern real estate agent. Hotzclaw was his best in the boyish Brindlebury who smashed china and got discharged. Kimzey was particularly good among the minor characters. He had very good lines, and it speaks well for his ability that he was able to put over his lines with his back to the audience during the dinner. Lankford played the brother, and the butler, and was particularly good in the butler part. Ringle is last but not least, by any means. He brought to his small part his previous experience and made the most of it. The staging was good, especially the third act set, which was made very effective by the lighted candles.



*"The Servants Aren't Coming"*



*Loquacious Tom Lefferts with Jane Ellen*



*Eddie*

A great deal of credit should be given to those whose *work* is seen and appreciated but who never appear in front of the footlights.

So it has been in every Masquerader Show and so it will continue to be.

To the coaches, Mr. Brereton, Mr. Pease, Mr. Plimmer, and Mr. Wotherspoon; to Northcutt and his stage gang; to Keith and his electrical crew; to Lion and the rest of the property men; and to all the people too numerous to mention who lent everything that was asked, must also go a huge slice of the credit and congratulations for the very successful show that was given.



*Billy*



*Cold as the Freezer*



*Mandy Comforts Her Baby*



*The New Cook Presents Herself with Her Excellent References*



# GYMKHANA 1923



*The Mid's Mad Dream*

AT seven-thirty the tenth of February the doors opened to allow the early birds to get their worms in the form of the best seats. From then on the rush almost defied the walls of the gym to hold the crowd. Those who came late were completely floored, as no seats were to be had. The boards gave forth their first half hour's comfort as they plotted the war that they afterwards waged so well.

All were there from candidates to admirals; from the most kittenish sub-deb to the most bored chaperone with the usual lorgnette. Everybody looked as though they did not know what to expect and were expecting it.

Then—a razzing sound of a blatant circus band, a hush from the crowd—the 1923 Gymkhana is “off to the races.”

The acts tumble along with startling rapidity the Karbonate Kids who made the whole Regiment proud to have such artists—the act by our own gym team which showed itself capable of entertaining as well as snatching the intercollegiate championship from other aspirants—the Mid's Dream which showed the Academy as it should (but never will) be—the animals—the pair that strutted their material—the Houdini stunt—the comedy of our own Annapolitan taxi



*The Gym Team's Happy Family*



*The Executive Department*

service, advertising the latest thing equipped with every convenience and an engine—our own nymphs—then last but by no means the least, the Koo Koo Klan drill with their novel trick. Each got its laugh and applause and made the most blase feel over-repaid for coming.

But what was happening behind the scenes while outside the world laughed, crunched its peanuts, and ate its ice-cream cones? The most grotesque, heterogenous aggregation that has ever been seen was assembled out of sight of the pleasure seekers. Here one



*The Taxicab Romance*

could see the realism of mirth with its mask removed,—the serious side; gayety betraying its game. Here is a pile of props from some scene, there an automobile in which are seated a ballet dancer and a lion. In one corner sits a baby smoking a cigarette and swearing at its shoes because they are too small. Then there's the crowded dressing room, tired make-up artists, heads of acts paging some lost member. All around are clowns, wagons, nymphs, all mixed into a conglomeration which verges on chaos.

But out of this near chaos,



*Clowns*

one by one, the acts line up. Last minute directions—earnest requests for someone or other to “For God’s sake do this or that”, and then the swings back-off with the old, on with the new—and dodging the late actors and roustabouts removing the props, the new assume the conventional smile and rush out to contribute their share to the pleasure of the evening, while being congratulated are those who “Thank the Lord it’s over.”

Then a final announcement, the ring-master cracks his whip with a final snap and heaving the sigh of one who has done



*Burns Trundle a la Hcudini*

well, leaves pleasure to run its own course.

Side-shows, dancing enhanced in value by the difficulties, streamers, confetti, the cabaret with its singers and soft lights, the canoes in the swimming pool, moons, kisses, empty bottles,—then the end. The Gymkhana passes from the present into the unforgettable past. The bright colors fade as a sky at sunset, but the crowd is left throbbing with that which is so absolutely essential to life—pleasure and its memories.



*Sad Tale of the Coy Nursemaid*



*Billy and Zuba, Twin Sprites*



*The Dancing, Prancing Demon Dancers*



*The Freak Dinless Drill of the Koo Koo Klan*

# Fraternities

## *Chi Phi Pi*

McLAUGHLIN, A. E. . . . *St. Francis  
Xavier*

## *Sigma Phi Epsilon*

HEADDEN, W. R. . . . . *Tennessee*

## *Theta XI*

FOLTZ, G. W. . . . . *Minnesota*  
WARD, J. H. . . . . *Washington State*

## *Lamda Chi Alpha*

ASHTON, R. K. . . . . *Wisconsin*  
JUST, C. F. . . . . *Penn State*  
SIEGRIST, P. W. . . . . *Knox*

## *Kappa Mu Alpha*

BLANCHARD, T. . . . . *Kentucky*  
CUNNINGHAM, G. A. . . . . *Kentucky*

## *Delta Chi*

GREENWALD, J. A. . . . . *Michigan*  
LAMBERT, R. D. . . . . *Iowa*

## *Kappa Alpha (Northern)*

ZIMMER, L. A. . . . . *Union*

## *Gamma Eta Gamma*

HOLT, W. C. . . . . *Cornell*

## *Beta Theta Pi*

ALLEN, J. L. . . . . *Wittenburg*  
DAY, J. S. . . . . *Centre*  
FLIPPIN, R. N. . . . . *Centre*  
GUITAR, W. E. . . . . *Missouri*  
HUDSON, H. B. . . . . *Washington*  
LENTZ, A. W. . . . . *Rutgers*  
LOOMIS, P. L. . . . . *Wisconsin*  
MONROE, F. . . . . *Missouri*  
WALKER, G. E. . . . . *Virginia*  
WALSHE, F. S. . . . . *Tulane*  
WEBSTER, H. P. . . . . *Wittenburg*

## *Kappa Alpha (Southern)*

BARCHET, S. G. . . . . *Johns Hopkins*  
BENSON, W. H. . . . . *Johns Hopkins*  
HOLTZCLAW, J. S. . . . . *Mercer*  
LANKFORD, C. K. . . . . *Westminster*  
PHILLIPS, N. . . . . *Arkansas*  
POTTER, A. P. . . . . *Randolph-Macon*  
ROBISON, H. C. . . . . *Southern Methodist*  
SELLERS, A. M. . . . . *Oglethorpe*

## *Sigma Chi*

MATHEWS, B. O. . . . . *Colorado*  
PARRISH, H. O. . . . . *Georgia Tech.*  
PURMORT, G. L. . . . . *Miami*  
SCHWANINGER, J. L. . . . . *Purdue*  
SULLIVAN, D. J. . . . . *Montana*  
WHITE, T. B. . . . . *Centre*

## *Sigma Nu*

FISHER, N. G. . . . . *Stevens Tech.*

## *Beta Zeta Epsilon*

PARRY, N. M. . . . . *Pennsylvania  
Military College*

## *Omicron Kappa Omicron*

SCHANZE, E. S. . . . . *Johns Hopkins*

## *Zeta Beta Tau*

WALSH, C. S. . . . . *C. C. N. Y.*

## *Kappa Alph Pi*

MCCARTY, C. J. . . . . *St. Louis University*

## *Alpha Tau Omega*

CROMMELIN, H. . . . . *Alabama*  
GOODNOUGH, J. C. . . . . *St. Lawrence*  
RITTER, P. O. . . . . *Muhlenberg*  
WARD, S. C. . . . . *Marietta*

# Fraternities

## *Kappa Sigma*

ANDERSON, W. W. . . . .	Kentucky
BANKS, N. K. . . . .	Georgia Tech.
BALDWIN, J. A. . . . .	Arizona
FOSTER, P. E. . . . .	Missouri
GILL, G. C. . . . .	Tennessee
HANDS, E. B. . . . .	Sewanee
PERKINS, A. N. . . . .	Alabama
ROBERTS, H. E. . . . .	Missouri
ROTHS, M. H. . . . .	Pennsylvania
SEAY, E. A. . . . .	Alabama

## *Pi Kappa Alpha*

DUKE, I. T. . . . .	Richmond
HOUCK, J. H. . . . .	Louisiana
HURT, D. A. . . . .	Hampden-Sidney
ROBINSON, B. H. . . . .	Arizona
SCHADE, T. B. . . . .	Colorado

## *Phi Gamma Delta*

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LESLIE, M. F. . . . .	Washington
LINDSEY, W. C. . . . .	Alabama
SPENCER, R. . . . .	Missouri

## *Delta Tau Delta*

DYER, R. L. . . . .	Washington
OVERSTREET, G. J. . . . .	Georgia

## *Delta Kappa Epsilon*

DOE, H. . . . .	Bowdoin
HAYS, W. S. . . . .	Alabama
MATSON, R. H. . . . .	Minnesota

## *Phi Delta Theta*

ARNOLD, B. W. . . . .	Randolph-Macon
BEISER, C. R. . . . .	Cincinnati
CRAIG, K. . . . .	Knox
FOLK, W. . . . .	Vanderbilt
MCCLELLAND, J. J. . . . .	Vanderbilt
MARSHALL, W. J. . . . .	Centre
MORGAN, J. P. . . . .	Georgia Tech.
POTTER, S. F. . . . .	Colorado

## *Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

CARPENTER, C. L. . . . .	Pittsburg
EVERTSON, G. B. . . . .	Cumberland
PARKER, E. C. . . . .	Georgia
PURDUE, W. E. . . . .	Georgia Tech.
RUDOLPH, Z. T. . . . .	Alabama
WILKINSON, E. R. . . . .	Florida
WOOD, McF. W. . . . .	Tulane
WRAY, H. W. . . . .	Worcester Tech.

## *Delta Upsilon*

CALVERT, A. P. . . . .	Carnegie Tech.
CECIL, A. B. . . . .	Indiana
GURNEY, M. B. . . . .	Colby
PETERSON, J. V. . . . .	Nebraska

## *Chi Psi*

JARRELL, A. E. . . . .	Georgia
RIGSBY, W. B. . . . .	Georgia

## *Sigma Tau Mu*

TAYLOR, J. B. . . . .	George Washington
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## *Phi Kappa Psi*

FISHER, E. . . . .	Nebraska
RAFFERTY, W. J. F. . . . .	Cornell
RAWLINS, E. W. . . . .	Johns Hopkins

## *Chi Phi*

CONGDON, T. B. . . . .	Amherst
ROSS, H. J. . . . .	Rutgers
WHITLOCK, C. A. . . . .	Virginia

## *Phi Sigma Kappa*

MARTIN, L. H. . . . .	Franklin and Marshall
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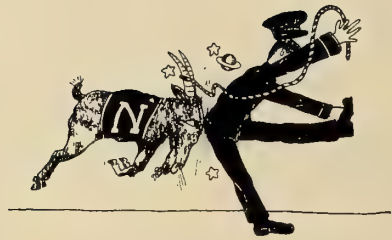
## *Theta Delta Chi*

CHANDLER, A. D. . . . .	William and Mary
LINDSAY, S. . . . .	Lehigh
SMOOT, O. P. . . . .	William and Mary



**Class Crest Committee**

*Chairman:* B. B. WILSON JR.  
H. M. BAKER  
T. B. CONGDON  
D. H. DAY  
McF. W. WOOD  
W. V. O'REGAN

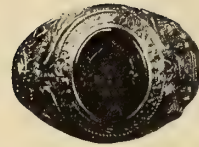


**Keepers of the Goat**

"BULL" LEHMAN  
"WILLIE" PARKER

**Smoke Hall Committee**

J. M. McISAAC



**Class Ring Committee**

*Chairman:* W. V. O'REGAN  
McF. W. WOOD  
B. B. WILSON JR.  
H. M. BAKER  
V. L. POTTLE  
V. P. CONROY  
T. B. CONGDON



**Reef Points**

*Editor—*  
N. K. DIETRICH

*Business Manager—*  
J. M. McISAAC



GOSBAG J. KISSAG '24



## ANNAPOLIS-ON-THE-SEVERN—

### *A Big School for Little Boys!*

FOR 2400 SELECT YOUNG CHAPS

**Y**OU have always looked for a school like this, you have often wondered if such a school existed, but nowhere else in the world will you find it—except here! The home atmosphere is unexcelled, you send us the boy and when we return him you will never recognize your son. Just enough military training to inculcate habits of squads right and squads left, study and play carefully supervised. Upper classmen take a hand in the education of the newcomer and voluntarily aid him over the rough spots with cheery words of advice and comfort. An instructor to every ten boys, inspiring earnestness and cultivating faith and high ideals in all our little tots.

Happy the child who early learns to make a little journey around the world among home books, to catch a glimpse of Tiny Tim cheerily waving his sword and calling “God bless us everyone—you’re down,” to supplement classroom work in literature with such vivid etching as is shown in “Naval Courts and Boards,” to whet his love of daring and adventure on the stirring tales of “Alice in Wonderland”—we give the broadest education of any school in the world! Every summer spent upon the water and in foreign ports teaches your boy things he would never learn anywhere else, and this adds nothing to the cost of tuition for you.

Large roomy buildings, hot in the summer and cold in the winter, beautiful grounds, plenty of trees, grass, water, air, etc., etc. Has Sing Sing beat a mile. Courses in dancing, social etiquette, how to enter a ball room, domestic science, bed making, and a thousand other attainments your boy should possess. All this means manly little men who will grow into courageous successful big men. Parents appreciate the atmosphere of sympathy, encouragement, and understanding for their little boys at Annapolis-on-the-Severn. Lady teachers on Saturdays and Sundays from the leading educational institutions of the East, tender care and instruction in every modern attainment given to all. Three minutes walk from historic old Annapolis, if your boy comes to us he will never ask you to send him to another school.



## *Annapolis on the Severn*

Yes, ma'am, I'm the guide. I've been here ever since Fritz Price came in as a plebe and I'm very well qualified. You can drive the car inside but really there won't be any need of it, for walking is exceptionally easy in the school campus—our boys walk to and from every class no matter what the weather, and they enjoy it too. This is Maryland Avenue—no, ma'am, the cars don't run off at the other end, that's where the excursion boats come to take the boys on picnic trips. That building on the left is the Officers' Club—oh, yes indeed they have clubs, they have to have some place to escape the Carvel Branch of the Navy Welfare League. Looks like the morgue? Yes, ma'am! That monument was—er—oh, yes, erected to the man who went through the Academy and never had a grad debt, a really remarkable achievement! All the boys who are now in school wonder how the feat was done—what is a grad debt? A lease on the fifty years of life after graduation, renewed each year and never settled, the repentance at leisure for buying in haste. The building on the right is where the Academic Board holds autopsies twice a year and is the source of the Superintendent's orders, which bring much pleasure sometimes to the students—sometimes! Just beyond is the Chapel, a truly marvelous building, so marvelous that we often wonder why it ever was placed inside these walls. The students go there on Sunday, such manly little fellows they are as they march along, so brave and independent!

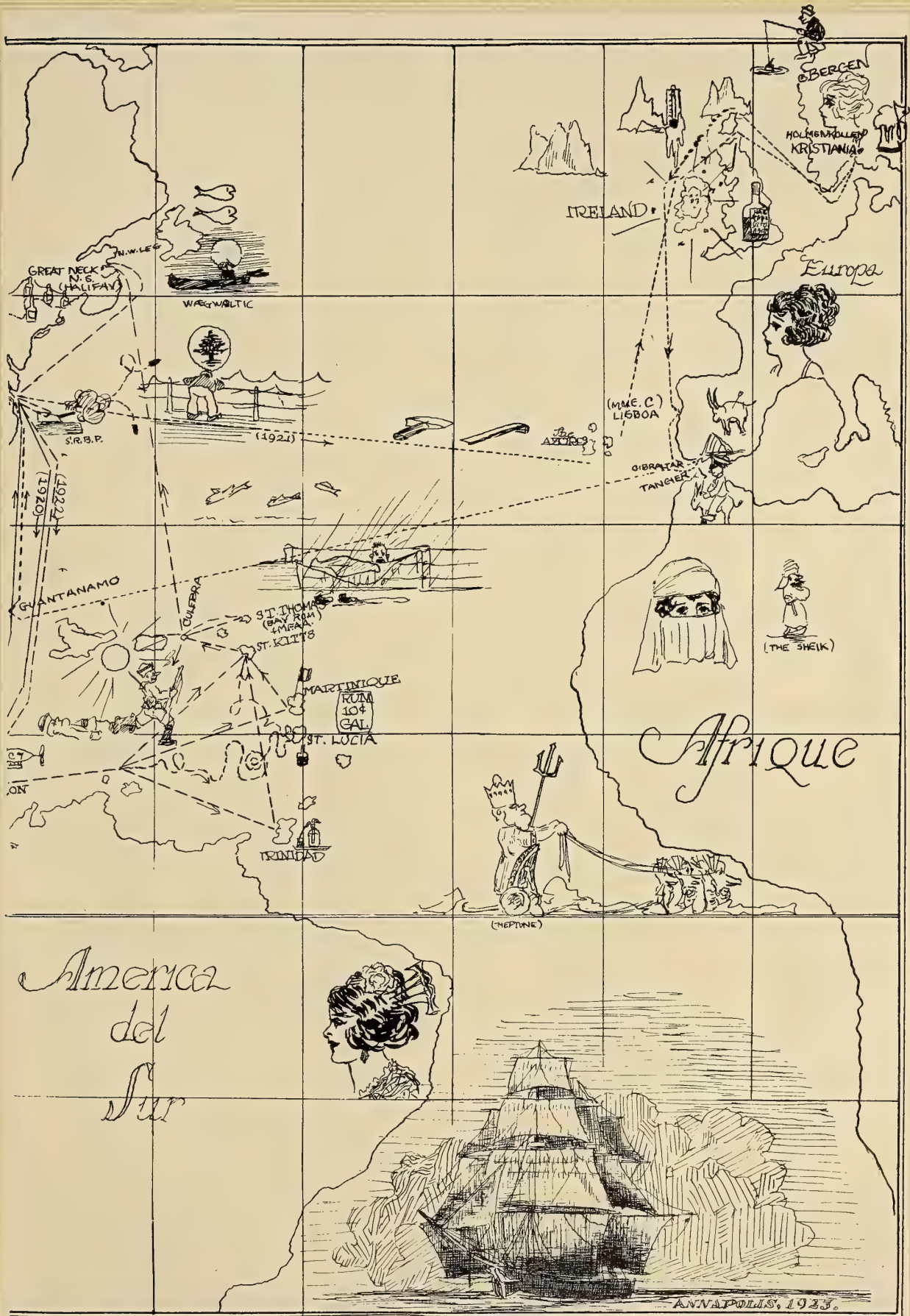
Down Maryland Avenue is Mahan Hall, on the left is Sampson Hall, so called because every day it slaughters as many as the jawbone of an ass. That edifice over there is the Power House, it runs the steam whistle, keeps the radiators cool, and uses up coal. On the inside of that next building are kept the models—the midshipmen get theoretical instruction in models here and practical handling during September and Christmas Leaves. The Building is called the Steam Building because it is the only one in the place that ever gets any heat. Across the creek you see the cemetery and hospital, yes, ma'am, it *is* quite a convenient arrangement.

As we go up Stribling Walk you will notice the monument on your right—erected to John Paul Jones for his capture of the "Emden" at Salamis. Yes, ma'am, very interesting, and *so* historical. Bankrupt Hall was so named after the Army game last November, it is second only to the Commodore for size, weight and speed, accuracy and simplicity of construction. It is where our boys live, each in his dainty little room with bath. Each little tot has his own bed and it is a charming picture to see them at night as they lie there dreaming of sweet nothings. In the back is the Mess Hall, so called—well just so called for obvious reasons. No, ma'am, that isn't a ship stuck out in the bay, that's a lighthouse.

Here come the First Classmen from an examination in Navigation—they just carry those books for sheer delight, ma'am, because they love the subject so. See them frolicing merrily as they scamper along—the clever little rascals! The officer over there is enjoying it too, see he has stopped to talk to them—probably he is telling them some new game to play so they can amuse themselves on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Main Office to your left—yes, ma'am, thank you and please recommend our school to your friends.





ANNA POLIS, 1923.





THE PIRATE



GOOD NIGHT!



!!?!

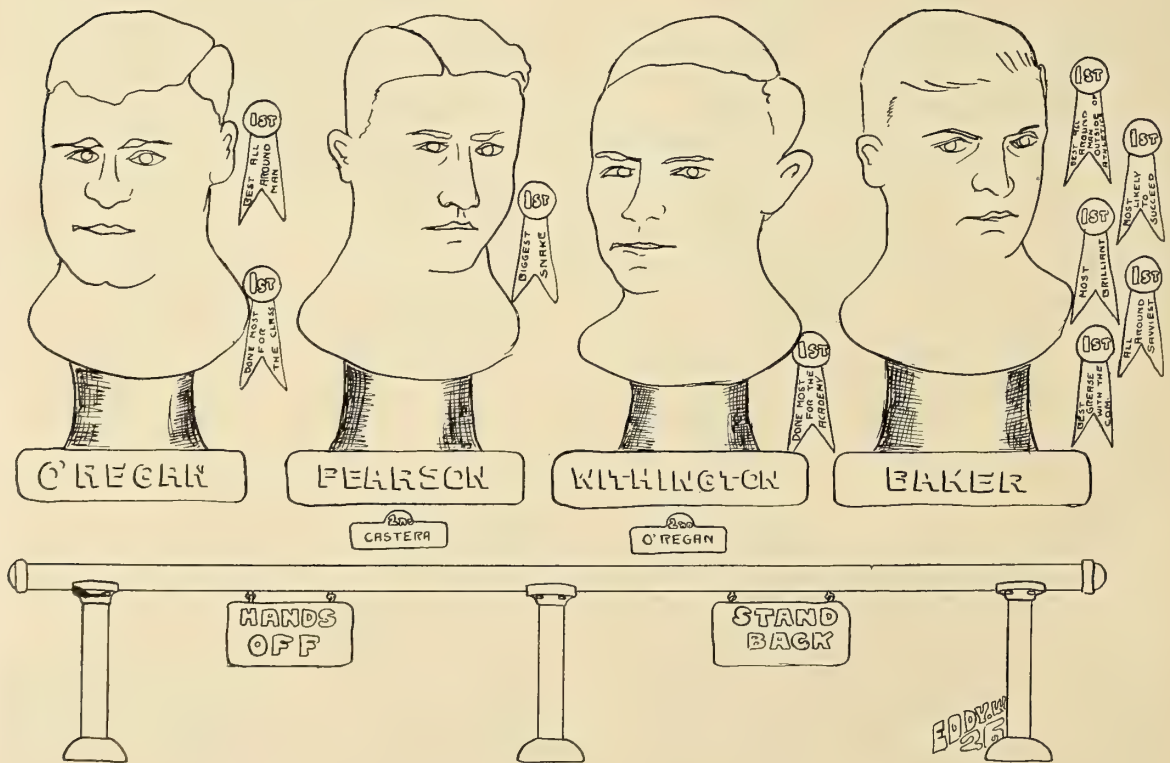


THE SWEET YOUNG THING  
'DONT YOU JUST ADORE RUDY VALENTINO?'

DRAGS I HAVE KNOWN

# Our Hall of Fame

To each of us is given the ability to excel in some given line. In a class of over four hundred men representing the culture, training, and viewpoint of our entire country, are found many different types, each different and in some cases distinctive. The distinctive types come unbidden to our minds when the key-note of their character is sounded—when we hear certain adjectives, names, or terms we instinctively associate some well-known person with the word or words. But in this same class of over four hundred there is of necessity a diversity of opinion on some subjects, which is even as it should be. To determine the choice of the Class of '23 before it left "Annapolis on The Severn", of those of the class who in the popular opinion most embody certain characteristics, a questionnaire was given to every man in the class on which he indicated his opinion or choice. Ninety-six per cent of the class voted; where there was unanimity of choice only that choice is given; where the competition was *very* close the name of the man winning second place in any choice is given under that characteristic. Don't let your son get his picture into the "Rogue's Gallery" when he has a chance to get into such an assemblage as this by coming to "Annapolis on The Severn."

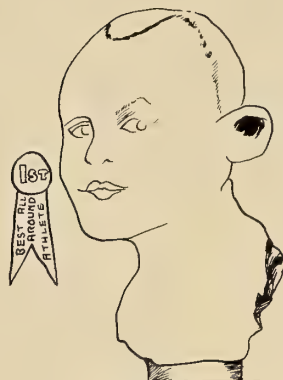




1st MOST ORIGINAL

DIETRICH

2nd BRENDL



1st BEST AT AROUND ATHLETE

PARR

2nd BOLLES



1st BIGGEST POLITICIAN  
1st BIGGEST BLUFFER

KLEMEYER



1st MOST COLLEGIATE

EURFORD

HEDERMAN



1st GVS 1st

FOWLER



1st MOST THOROUGH GENETICIST

BERNARD



1st MOST RESPECTED  
1st HONOREST

MOSE



1st MOST MILITARY

CUTTS

2nd BAKER



1st BEST NATURED

WALDRUSER



1st MOST TYPICAL FIDELITY

SCHWARINGER

2nd HEDERMAN



1st THINKS HE'S MOST

ANDERSON

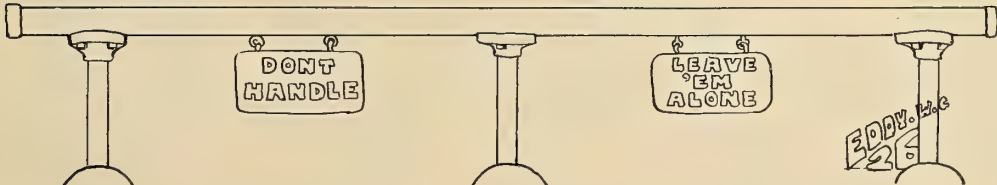
2nd MOYERS

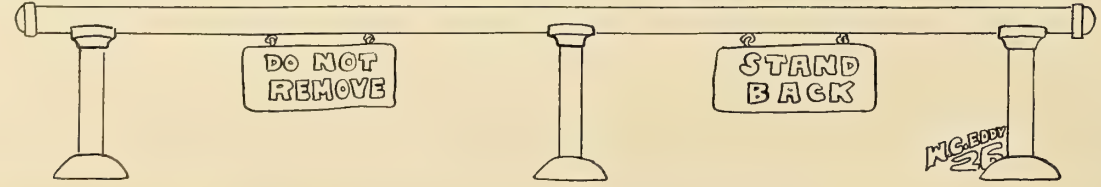
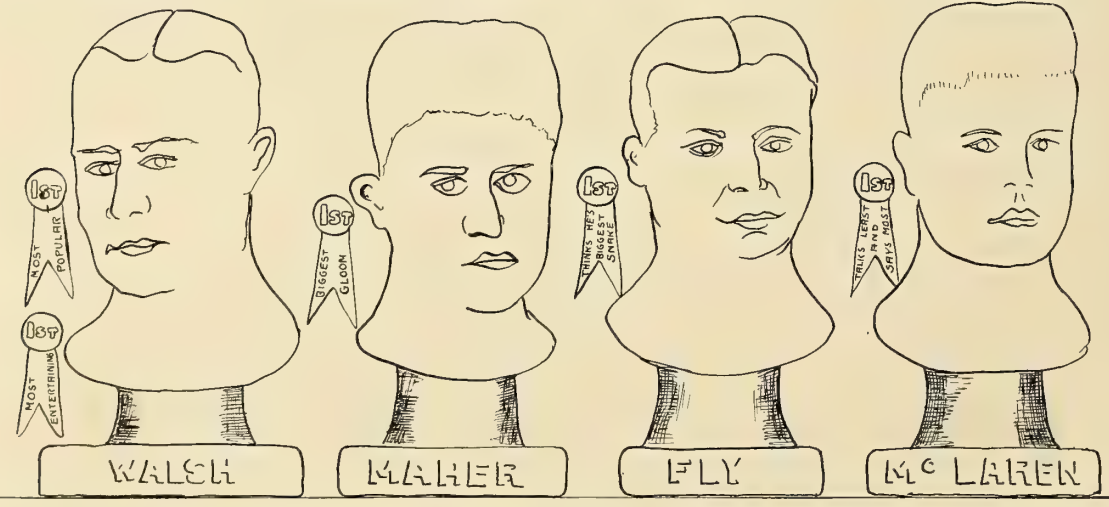
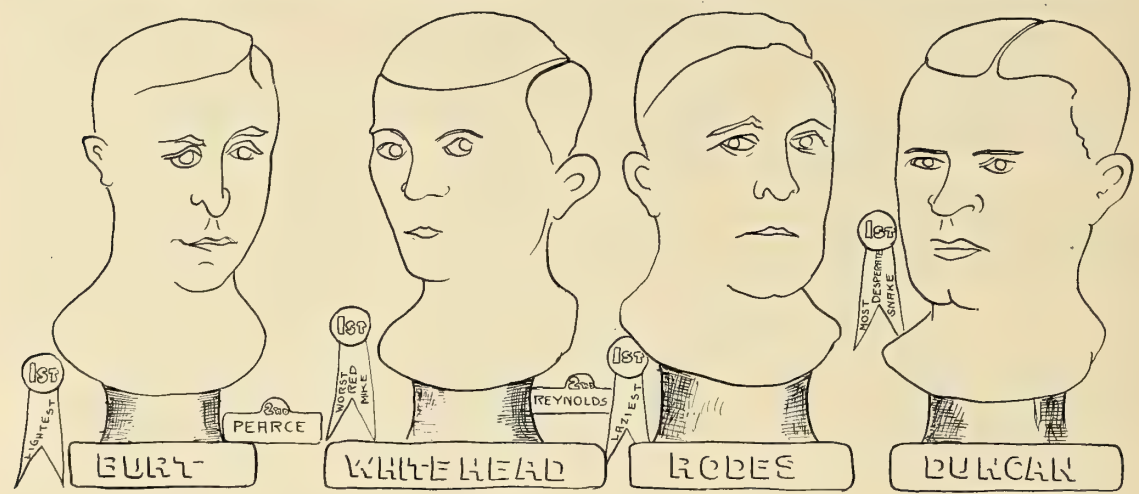
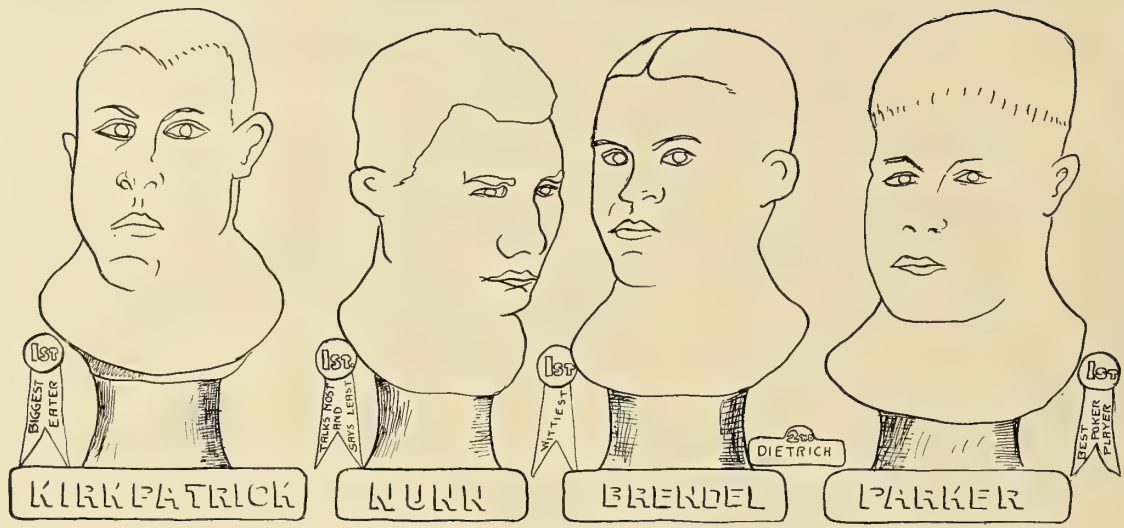


1st BEST DRINKER

TAYLOR

2nd PEARCE





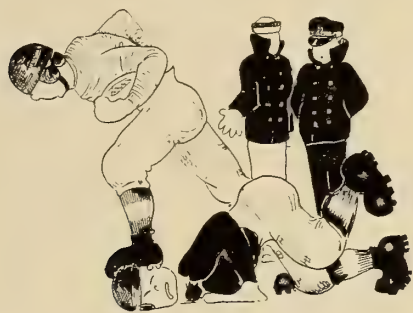


AND now follows the product of sleepless nights, the ultimate results of massive minds tossing ponderous questions of extreme gravity like great diplomats handling momentous decisions of state. The likes and dislikes of such an august body of educated pets are bound to be varied and many. But—"Everyman to his taste" as the old lady said as she tapped the cigar ashes into her near-beer.

The results were carefully tabulated and the following list of favorites shows just to what extent the average mid has been broadened by this \$40,000 memory course.

### *Ever Kissed A Girl*

"Yes" three hundred and forty-two; other answers are explanatory: "I wonder", "Almost", and the most truthful and universal answer was, "Not to my complete satisfaction."



FAVORITE SPORT TO WATCH - YES TO WATCH!

### *Month*

September won out in a neck and neck finish, getting three votes more than June.

### *Prohibition*

"No"—three hundred and sixty-nine", "Yes"—twenty-one and one savoir says "Theoretically."

### *Girl's Name*

(1) Elizabeth (2) Margaret (3) Dorothy or Helen, and we mustn't forget our good friends Agnes, Mabel, and Beckie.



NAV  
ITS SUCH A LIGHT SUBJECT!

### *Naval Officer*

(1) Admiral H. B. Wilson (2) Commander C. C. Slayton (3) Lieutenant R. E. Keating. John Paul Jones received several votes, and Farragut was also nominated.

### *Study*

(1) Juice, (2) Nav, (3) English—and one poor soul said "Women."

### *Newspaper*

(1) New York Times, (2) Philadelphia Public Ledger, (3) Baltimore Sun, while quite a few registered for "La Vie", and the "Salina Daily Union" also ran.

### *Smoke*

Eighty-five per cent use the wicked weed, and one good brother registers "Knocked off this morning."

### *Magazine*

(1) *Cosmopolitan* (2) *Saturday Evening Post* (3) *Red Book*, with "La Vie" again backed by the French batts and the "Nautical Almanac" entered by Mark Hilaire.

### *Breakfast Food*

(1) Shredded Wheat (2) Krumbles (3) Grape Nuts, and one salty fellow said "Anything but beans". "Ham and eggs" was mentioned but withdrew from the race.

### *Ship of the Navy*

(1) U. S. S. Maryland (2) U. S. S. Delaware (3) U. S. S. Olympia, but the best vote was for the "U. S. S. Bancroft Hall".

### *Girl's College*

(1) Vassar (2) Goucher.

### *How Many Class Pins Lost*

The fellow who has lost thirteen holds first place, and twenty-seven good and faithful brothers have never lost a one—congratulations.

### *With How Many Girls Do They*

### *Correspond*

Our champion writes to twenty-five, but one experienced man submits "Too Many"—not far wrong.



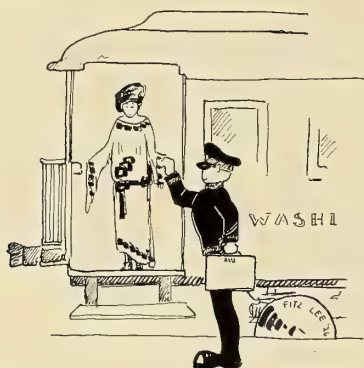
YES - THEORETICALLY

### Dessert

(1) Ice-cream (2) fig pudding with hard sauce (3) pie, even including "Peary Pie."

### Railroad

(1) Pennsylvania, (2) Baltimore and Ohio, (3) New York Central, and the snakes voted heavily for the W. B. and A., and the Short Line—personally we're all for the P. R. R. ("P" meaning Panama.)



THE W.B. & A. — IT DELIVERS THE GOODS.

### Poem

(1) "Ladies", (2) "If", (3) "The Rubaiyat"—and don't forget "Rangey Lil."

### Coach

(1) Folwell (2) Webb (3) Dobie, other coaches favored were Hoyle, Stagg, Day, and Pullman.

### Movie Actress

(1) Norma Talmadge (2) Constance Talmadge (3) Gloria Swanson.

### Amusement

(1) Bridge or the theater (2) movies (3) poker or caulking, and the chow hounds went solid for "eating."

### Type

Brunette crossed the barrier well in the lead, with blondes, etc., well bunched.

### College

(1) Penn State, (2) Princeton, (3) M. I. T., and I. C. S. was not forgotten.

### Drink

(1) Johnny Walker, (2) Haig and Haig, (3) Gordon Dry, but choices not so hard to obtain were: Horlick's Malted, Balboa Best Brewed Beer, Plain Sody, and two (2) votes were cast for water.

### College Publication

(1) Pennsylvania "Punch Bowl", (2) Cornell "Widow", (3) University of California "Pelican."

### Skag

(1) Fatima, (2) Chesterfield (3) Herbert Tareyton, while the "Roll Your Own" boys stuck to Bull Durham, and the thrifty ones voted for the "Borrowed" variety.

### Sport (To Play)

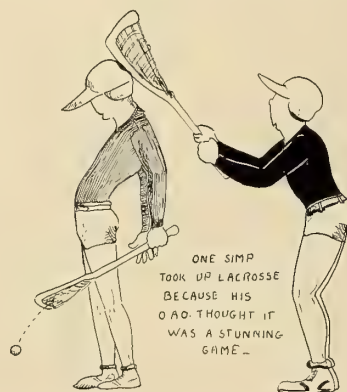
(1) Baseball (2) Football (3) Tennis, but real spirit was also evident in the votes for Short Range Battle Practice and General Quarters—from these preserve us!

### Sport (To Watch)

Football—unanimous.

The Most Valuable Thing Received In The Academy—take your choice from these verdicts! "Stand From Under"; Travel; Flat Feet; Class Ring; Friends; Appreciation of the United States Navy; Amount Available; Value of Being Inconspicuous; Three Squares A Day; Sep Leave; Blue Service Trou; Xmas Leave; Pay; Ability to keep my mouth shut; Discipline; One bed; Fifty Demerits; and we're happy to report one lucky man submitted "My O. A. O.!"

What would *You* do if you were Superintendent of this Academy, the Powers that Be and Monarch of the Severn? This question has produced some enlightening solutions—read: What the graduating members would do—Be Hardboiled; Say, "Nunn, take charge"; Make attendance at Chapel and mess-hall voluntary (we endorse this suggestion unanimously); Give midshipmen hell; Sleep in; Give the First Class week-end leaves (endorsement Number Two); Abolish the Ac Departments; Make pockets in trou regulation; Build a midshipmen's golf course; Make the Academy coed; Bring back the old Navy; Leave it to the Comm; Nothing; Get a Packard; Carry a cane; Damfino; Go crazy; Pass the buck; Do what the Supe had done. But the course that received the majority of *all* the votes was—RESIGN (Endorsement Number Three).



U. S. Naval Academy

From: Her... of Elec. Eng. and Physics. To: ST... REPORT...



Dec. 17, 1921, of Midshipmen whose recitations have not been satisfactory.

Table with columns: Class, Battalion, and AVERAGE. Rows include 'Bro. Battalion' (2.4), 'Oborts, B.' (2.6), and 'Michael St. J. T.' (2.3).



THE MINNIE'S KNOTS IN LISBOA

CITY STIRRED BY U.S. NAVAL PARADE

Hearty Canadian Welcome Accorded Cadets From Training Squadron When They Paraded Through Streets of Halifax Yesterday—Splendid Exhibition of March Discipline—Chief Justice Takes the Salute.

It was a magnificent sight of youth upon which old men looked with secret admiration. It was the sort of youth that when one saw it swimming down the streets...

Splendid Manoeuvring.

The parade started from the Canadian Dockyard and proceeded through the streets, Barrington, Gerrish to Goring, Cogswell and Brup to Birmingham, which with B...

exhibiting base. The sharp staccato command "Eyes right"—what memories it must have aroused in some hearts along that route...

June 14, 15 at 3:30 p. m. Great Bull Fight IN HONOR OF THE U. S. FLEET U. S. LADIES FREE S. CADETS' PARADE



Cadets marching south along Barrington street past Wellington Barracks, shortly after landing at H.M.C. Dockyard.

WHEN MIDDIES PLAY SPORT RIDES ON TOP

And When Army Is the Opposition the Roof Is Off and Only the Slies Offer Lim to Enthusiasm

By CULLEN CAIN... have heard the Midshipmen cheer their football and basketball games out in the gymnasium...

MIDDIES WIN 4-CORNERED ATHLETIC CARD

Four Out of Six Events of Sunday's Program Capture Them - Villa Nova B...

MIDDIES AGAIN SHOW PROWESS IN ATHLETIC

Brilliant Assemblage Sees Navy Wrest Victory From Army Team.

CAPITAL OFFICIAL DOM GRACES OCCASION

Fleet At Anchor In Roads Fitting Setting To Gala Scene.

MIDDIES OUTGUESS NITTANY LION TEAM

It was a basketball game by nature... The night hall was filled to the brim, and still there poured in...

WHEN MIDDIES PLAY SPORT RIDES ON TOP

By CULLEN CAIN... have heard the Midshipmen cheer their football and basketball games out in the gymnasium...

FLASKS—Will receive bids for 2,250 flasks, pint size, for issue to Midshipmen at Naval Academy. Must be acid proof. Apply for specifications to Edwin Deady, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. St-Mo to Fr.



“Howdy boy, how’s things? Me? Feeling fine as the hair on a mosquito’s wings, getting younger every day! What you over here for anyway—’nother sprained ankle? Say you First Classmen do get away with the stuff. You’ve got thirty-five muscles to pull up, nothing to that though. We’ll just mark off this latissimus dorsi gadget of Bully’s and fix you up sweet and pretty. Are we going to beat Army? Get out with that noise—I’ll be there sure as the little old medicine bag is at practice. Now boy, I remember that game in 1894. . . . .”

“Now Andy knock off telling them midshipmen dirty stories. Don’t call me chief—I’m a two-striper! There’s nothing to these knots and you’ve got to know ’em. Don’t lean on the jackstays, stand up gentlemen for God’s sake. Now keep quiet on the stairs and knock off that skylarking—you have to make this eye-splice yourself tomorrow.”

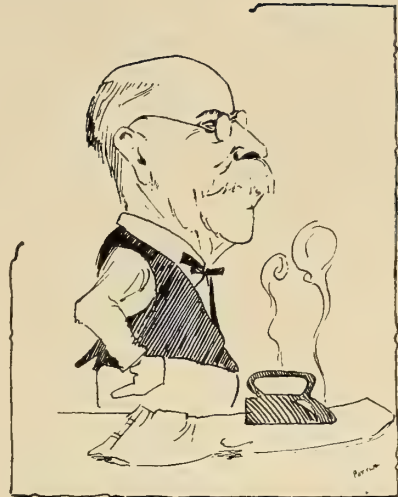


“Feet to-a-da-get—PLACE. Arms upward—SINK. Now suppose you are walking down the street and a robber attacks you—all you have ees the cane (once I keel fourteen robbers wiz my cane in Paris)—what you say—SOCKO. You hit two au droit and swing to the left—it ees so much bettair to a pistol. Box—pah! It cramp ze lungs, stoops over ze back—ze sword it straighten, no?”

"Clean and Press—on the right! Got the tags on them right? Mr. Gish didn't have any this week but the others are done."

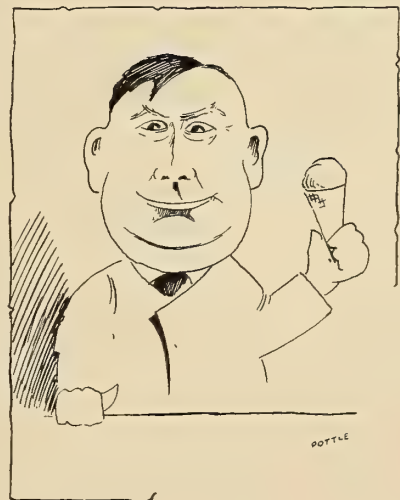
No we didn't put any new anchors or stripes on and the repair won't be done for three weeks. That's a nice job of C&P tho, those anchors are good for another year yet, man!

All those suits yours? Can't put in but one a week, now—Comm's orders. Why you know we're rushed to death right now with all this work.



"What the Hell!" ; Que lastima! Hombre! Why you no roll the r's—lika this—easy, muy facil, what you say,—nothing to it! Don't tell me the lesson is long—I've been here seventeen year a professor-r-r, I know midshipmen. Now at the blackboard we'll have los senores—sit down, you too much want to go! Què? Wat de hell you try to say? That the bell? Gracias a Dios, take charge seccion!!!

"No candy! Nope, no cake either. Can't sell you anything in the mornings now, Commandant's order—trying to get you hungry for dinner, I guess. No, I can't sell you any ice-cream either; sure we'll have any kind you want this afternoon—vanilla and peach. Me, no, I ain't gettin no thinner! Yeah right nice here now, selling everything. Two cents more, two packages of Fats and three boxes matches—next!"





**SCOOP! SCOOP!**  
 First Pictures of the Big Game  
**NAVY DEFEATS ARMY ON GRIDIRON**  
**Vin Conroy**  
 (Ogden's Own)  
 Makes the Only Touchdown of the Game  
**NOW PLAYING ALL WEEK**  
**UTAH THEATRE**



Midshipman Laurence T. Burke of 120 Third avenue, of this year's graduating class at the Annapolis Naval Academy, is home on a Christmas leave.

**HONOLULU**  
**RONALD HIGGINS, PUNAHOU BOY NOW ANNAPOLIS MIDSHIPMAN, IS WINNER OF REMARKABLE HONORS**



RONALD HIGGINS, "acting admiral" on great naval cruise of 1922

Ronald W. Higgins, former Punahou student, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Higgins, has received from the United States naval officers one of the most coveted honors that can be given a midshipman. News has just been received here that young Higgins was selected by Admiral Newton A. McCalley to be "acting admiral" of the midshipmen's summer cruise squadron for the summer of 1922.

By a reference his mother, Mrs. T. E. Higgins is arriving today on the transport Logan to make a very brief visit here en route to the mainland. They now live in the Philippines, after a residence of nine years in Honolulu.

Young Higgins, well remembered at Punahou as a student of exceptional talents, and not only the captain of the football team, but also a member of the Hawaiian Sixty-Six and as such was mustered into the service in 1917 and made a first lieutenant.

The father, J. E. Higgins, formerly with the United States Geological Survey, is now a member of the faculty of the College of Agriculture, University of the Philippines. This well-known member of the university is located at Manila, about 25 miles from Honolulu. His daughter is the wife of Walter H. Higgins, Jr., of the Hawaiian Museum here.

How Honolulu Boy Was Honored

When Admiral McCalley was selected as a summer commander of the midshipmen's cruise for the summer of 1922, he had on his mind to give a young man of the Hawaiian Islands an opportunity to show his worth as a leader of the midshipmen.

**M'KEESPORT BOY IN NAVAL ACADEMY IS CRACK SWORDSMAN**



WALTER SPOTT GIM

Never Had Foil in His Hand Before Entering Annapolis but Now is Winning Honors in Fencing.

McKeesport may have the distinction of being the home of a coming internationalist from the champion Walter Spott Gim, a "Pike City" boy, who is a student in his third year at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., and appears to be headed straight for such a title, and one of the best in the East now that his parents have a chance to capture the highest honors possible in the field of foil before he is graduated next year from the school at which Uncle Sam develops his future admiral.

As a matter of fact, Gim has already proved the superiority of the college fencing weapon and has made a record that is hard to surpass. The first of his victories was in the fall of 1921, when he defeated the champion of the United States, and in the same year he won the title of champion of the world in the foil. He is considered practically unbeatable in the Navy's varsity team work.

At this final point and in order to satisfy navy regulations the undersecretary handed these official papers to the regular form of the office for official signature.

The remarkable thing about this plan is that it worked with complete and unqualified success, the boys bringing the fleet all the way from the southern drill grounds on August 26, to anchor at Annapolis on August 30. For this important responsibility—that of millions of dollars worth of government property—the boys had only two days' understanding, the two days preceding the return voyage from the southern drill grounds, namely, August 28 and 29.

Midshipman Higgins will be remembered by his friends in Honolulu not only because of his Punahou record, but because he was a member of the Hawaiian Navy Club, organized by Joseph L. Sherry and R. E. Lambert, from its inception and until he was discharged June 1, 1918, so that he could enlist in the regular navy as a seaman.

In the Hawaiian Naval Militia, Higgins' achievement was especially noteworthy in that he was the first to receive a promotion from seaman, second class, to supernumerary third class.

**P**

**THE ANTIALCOOL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK**  
 B. H. FANCHER, State Treasurer  
 86 Broadway, 10th Floor, New York City  
 WILLIAM H. ANDERSON, State Superintendent

We acknowledge with thanks your remittance in FULL payment of your subscription.

If you and the other supporters of the League will accept the general printed form of receipt which assures you that your remittance was received, it will save the League about \$1,000 a year in postage which can be utilized directly in the fight against the liquor traffic.

With assurance of appreciation of your support which is helping bring New York State up into the front rank of the fight against the liquor traffic, we are

Yours to destroy the liquor traffic.

**THE ANTIALCOOL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK**  
 W. M. POTTER, Assistant Treasurer

**OTHER FOIL FEATS.**

When he was in the United States Army, he was a member of the United States Army Fencing Team and was a member of the United States Army Fencing Team.

**LOUIE AND TWEET IN LIGHT OPERA**

**SHUBERT VAUDEVILLE**  
 DAVENPORT AT 22.00 AT 8.00  
 HANK HARRIS 8.10  
 GEORGE PRICE 8.20  
 MADE WITHEP & CO. 8.30  
 WRENDEL & BURT 8.40  
 ERNESTINE MYERS & CO. 8.50  
 EDDIE DOWLING 9.00

**E**

# BNS

Led by "Ike" Niemyer and ably supported by all the Regiment, this year has seen the oldest of Navy sports again upheld in true Navy style. Against the strongest intercollegiate competition, the team has come through with a slate of victories, the last League contest with the powerful aggregation from Gouger resulting in a victory through the greater stamina and strength of the stable Navy warriors. The team suffered greatly through the loss of many veterans in '22, but the Regiment was behind the sport to a man, and no man in the lineup was assured of his place. Competition was especially close for "Hide the Point," but Niemyer as skipper eventually won out. Special credit should go to "Doc" Snyder and to the English Department for the sensational work of the year. An All-American athlete is born not made, and William Camp could not but select our entire team as his All-American selection. The entire team was awarded Blue and Gold enameled ear-protectors, and an even more successful season is expected next year. The Army contest was cancelled but there is no doubt that the Pointers would have been thoroly cowed had they remained in Philly. The Varsity lineup was as follows:

MAINSTAY . . . . .	BILL BURFORD
SENIOR ASSISTANT . . .	TOMMY CARLIN
JUNIOR ASSISTANT . . .	GUS FISH
1st BACKER . . . . .	JOE MORRISON
2nd BACKER . . . . .	RED OLIVER
1st BLUFF . . . . .	CHARLIE NAGER
2nd BLUFF . . . . .	SHIMMIE SCHWANINGER
HIDE-THE-POINT . . .	IKE NIEMYER (Capt.)
ADVANCE . . . . .	HENRY HEDERMAN
RETIRE . . . . .	HARRY McCAMENT
COMEBACK . . . . .	HARRY BRENDEL
FORGETTOR . . . . .	LARRY BURKE
PILOT (HERE & THERE)	PANSY FOWLER

Among those who deserve special mention, though not awarded letters are: "Farmer" Duncan for his consistent work in the face of great opposition, and "Monk" Moyers, who in several games saved Navy by his clever work, punning out of danger when our goal was threatened.

## Among Us Mids



G.W. Campbell  
'26

Look around Bancroft sometime—in cross-section. Notice the classifications of its many inmates, and enjoy the human study involved. You'll find many that are just typical, a few that are highly original, and you yourself—well, perhaps you'll discover yourself here.

*The Savoir*—"Aw, I can't get this stuff!" He never bones, he never tries. Once in the section room he is divinely inspired. A consumptive from his own chalk screen. Wise as the owl; owlish enough to be a college professor. Example of why college men become trolley car conductors.



L.W. Fendall

*The Punster*.—The bane of our lives, the clever fellow! Every expression is distorted for his depraved humor.

"I hear that girl's going to be abroad all summer."

"Never thought she'd come to that." Abolish capital punishment?



*Idler*.—Here's the man you lay behind at the board. Still, he contends that intellect comes from application. Wooden? He'll never kindle the world unless someone finds a new source of splinters. Argues about anything and everything. He's endangered whenever he opens his mouth, and he never will learn the sanity of nose-breathing. Insurance men take charge!



*The Snake*.—Bland, blase effusive and vase-lined. He looks over the hop with a lordly stare. He cuts in with an air of proprietorship.

"See that young thing over there looking at me!"

"What did the last chaperone say about my dancing?"

He's from Tadpole Junction, has bilged a few times, but he does captivate.





*Lightweight.*—Light, airy, nebulous and ethereal! He's not safe with a guardian and a body guard. The stare of a poet, the responsibility of a prom-trotter. He's the human dirigible. His brain is as useful as a tonsil. Must have been dropped during infancy or used as a pillow. The stability of a jelly fish. Reason for screening upper windows.



*Songbird.*—Tinklings from the harp and sparrows twittering atop the shingles! They told him he could sing; deceit still lurks in the world.

"I hear you call-ee-ee-ing me."

I hear some sinister mutterings and the victrolas take off. Lets get where the wings of song cannot pursue, or my, may the walls of Bancroft tremble at his exultant croaking of A sharp.



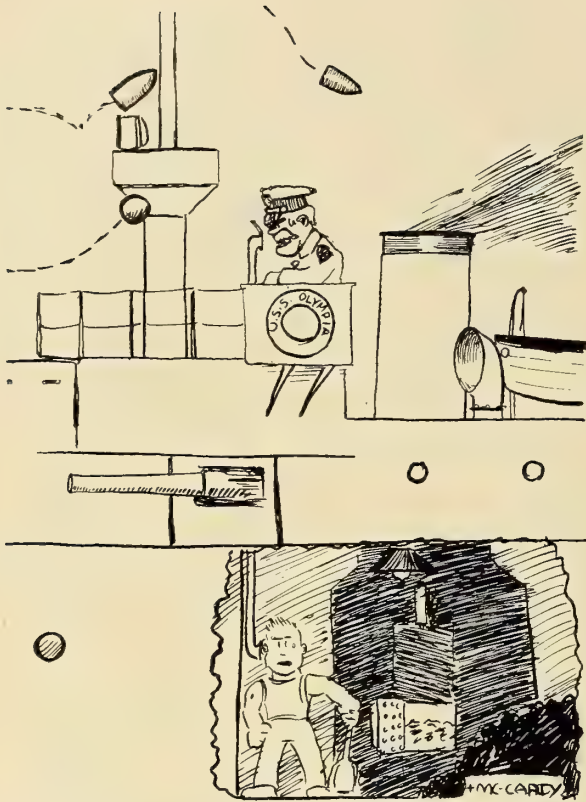
*"Greasy."* — "Oh, but Sir—I mean to say, Sir!" Smiles at prof entreatingly; chuckles boisterously at the remarks of all seniors; shines his shoes before every formation. Efficiency—his disguise for chronic greasiness. Criscoed and mazolad to saturation!

*The Comedian.* —Simply the funniest fellow, and such a sense of humor. He's actor, impersonator, and prime entertainer; he's dumbbell, idiot and supreme exasperator. He puts joy in their lives; he needs something put in his coffee. Listen to his tirade and you somehow find your Adam's apple sinking, your temperature rising, and your limbs automatically functioning — toward an exit.



*Room-mate.*—He borrows my soap, my tooth paste, my amount available. He never buys anything. He's the outstanding deficit of the room. Never have been able to learn his laundry number—always seems the same as mine. Smokes a pipe that sets up the fumes of an incinerator. Drags women that look like Creation's uncompleted products. I throw up my hands!

Well, he isn't so bad; he means well. Yes, he does try hard. I always have picked friends right.



"You may fire when you are ready, Gridley!"

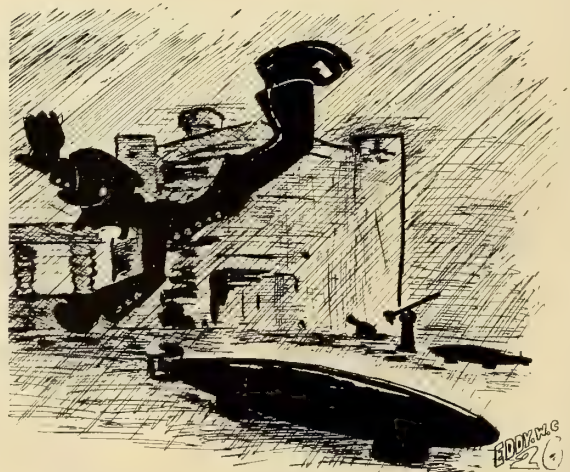


McDonough winding the Saratoga.

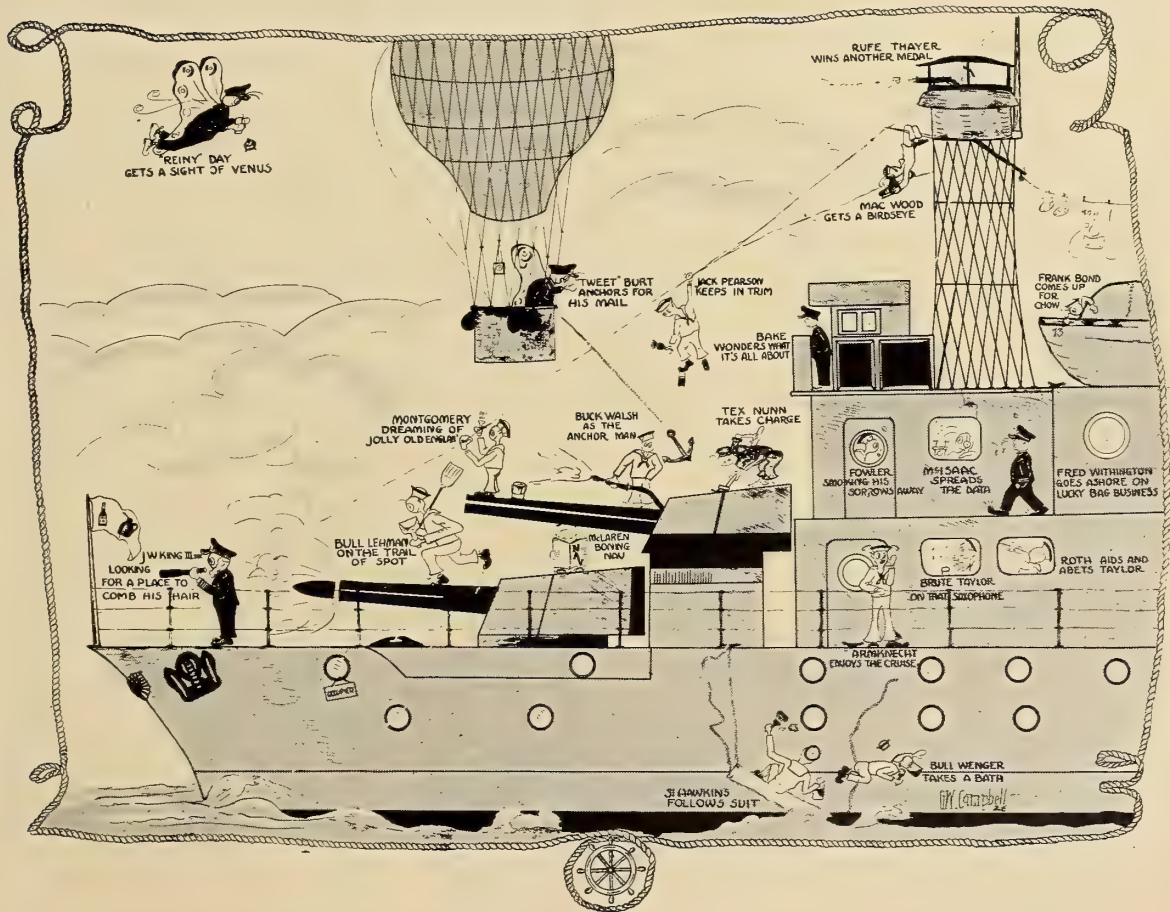
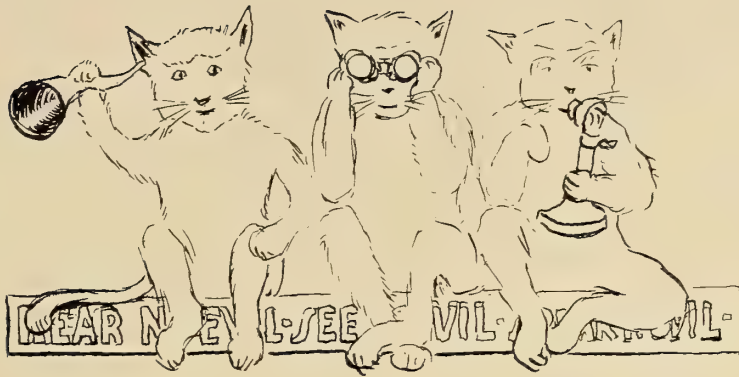
## APPLIED NAVAL STRATEGY



"The Nelson Touch."



(12:30 A.M.) "Damn the torpedoes; full speed ahead!"





## Rhino

Rhino—not all of us have ever been sat, not *all* of us have ever been unsat, not all of us have even been in love—but everyone of us from the five-striper to the non-raty plebe has been Rhino! It's the state of feeling prevailing after a defeat by the Army, before, during, and after a recitation in Juice, immediately after having hit the pap, and when *She* writes, "We've always been such good pals, I want you to be the very first to know of my new happiness—Richard (fill in Percival, Algernon, Reginald, as the case requires) and I are to be married next week, won't you wish me happiness?"

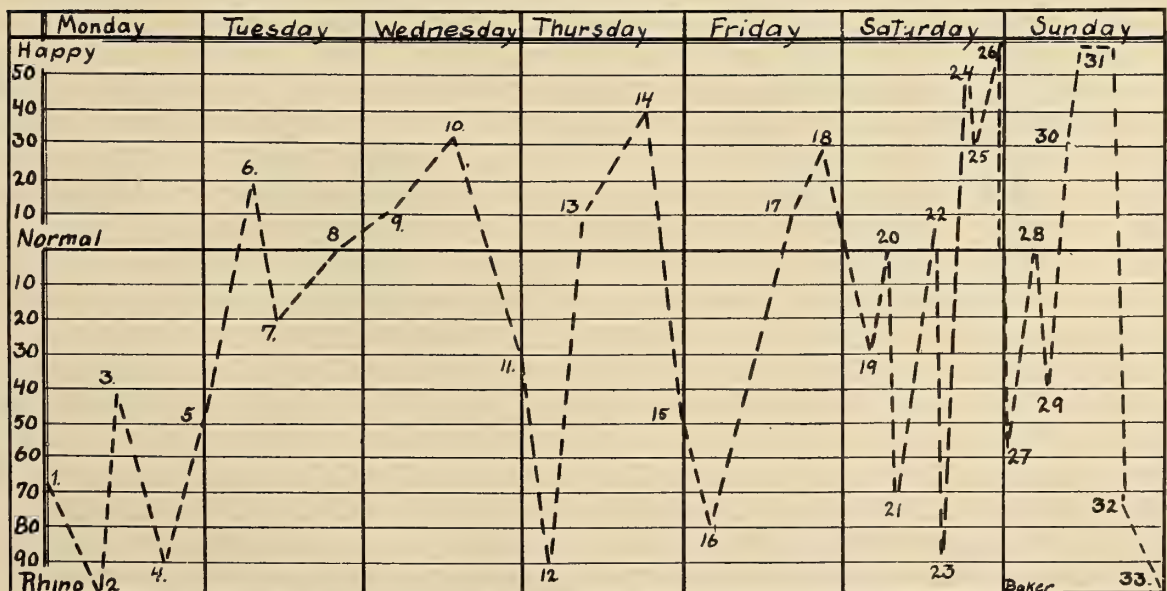
The Rhino period usually extends from 6:40 P. M. Sunday until noon on Saturday of each week, varying somewhat with the mail, lesson sheet, and D. O. The curve of Rhinoism may be plotted with days as abscissae and degrees Rhino as ordinates, the formula may be found on page sixty-seven of the "Engineers Manual." Rhinoism fortunately is never fatal, for there are lots of girls, slips and recitations, and if one is bilged, another always comes along, but—from these things, oh, Lord deliver us!

- |   |                             |                               |
|---|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| The six-fifteen bell.                           | The omitted.                | The canceled hop.             |
| The sad awakening.                              | (a) Shirt.                  | The prowling D. O.            |
| The cold side of the Hall.                      | (b) Collar.                 | The Departments.              |
| The open windows.                               | (c) Cuffs.                  | The Bush.                     |
| The porous knit blankets.                       | The public disrobing.       | The extra duty squad.         |
| The sound of the D. O. in the corridor.         | The prunes.                 | The swimming test.            |
| The sudden hitting of the deck.                 | The eggs.                   | The Chapel.                   |
| The absolute zero of the room.                  | The bed-making.             | The reg shoes.                |
| The icicles on your face before you can dry it. | The sweeping.               | The grad. debts:              |
| The premature call to chow.                     | The mail that doesn't come. | The "Pressure from Above."    |
| The hastily completed toilet.                   | The ads that do.            | The Doyles Laws.              |
| The late blast.                                 | The slum.                   | The U.S.N.A. Regs, 1922.      |
| The Daily Social Register.                      | The beans.                  | The P. A. List.               |
| The inspection.                                 | The speed cones.            | The Aptitude for the Service. |
|   | The centipede chicken.      | The Full Dress strait jacket. |
|   | The four walls.             | The cold shower.              |
|   | The nine-thirty liberty.    |                               |

# The Psychology of a Midshipman

## THE RHINO CURVE

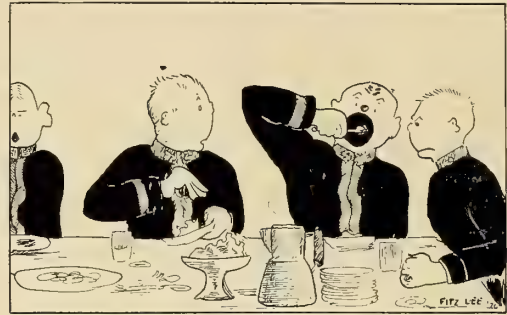
1. Reveille, another week begins.
2. Bilges all morning.
3. Chow.
4. No mail.
5. Turns in.
6. Letter from her.
7. Bum dinner.
8. Orange ice for dessert. Answers letter.
9. Juice lecture.
10. Liberty, good movies.
11. Realizes Wednesday is over.
12. Ragged sleeping in.
13. Gets by big in Ordnance.
14. Finds favorite crab alone.
15. No letter. Turns in.
16. Pink hash.
17. Another week shot.
18. Letter saying she can surely come.
19. Nav. P-work.
20. Word passed "No Inspection."
21. Word passed "Belay that, stand by for inspection."
22. Goes to meet her.
23. Not on car.
24. Finds her on next car.
25. Hop.
26. Hop liberty. No other occupants of parlor.
27. Double times in, 3 minutes late.
28. Sunday paper.
29. Chapel.
30. Chow with her.
31. Parlor again available.
32. Sees her off on car.
33. Sunday night, and sore as is usual.



## Do YOU Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?



This young chap has reason to feel abashed. He has just come to formation wearing his white hat instead of the conventional cap worn by his classmates. The Regulation Book would have helped him—and may yet!



Gentlefolk are judged by their methods of yodeling soup, inhaling spinach and surrounding asparagus,—namely, their table manners. This young chap has just taken a large handful of “Shivering Liz” and is in the act of eating it —when— he sees too late that all the plebes are eating it with their knives. What a pity he didn’t consult his Regulation Book! It tells what, where, when and how to eat everything from poi to jordber med flore.



In an instant it was done! This midshipman thoughtlessly has taken off his full dress blouse and exposed a torn and shredded shirt. He sees his mistake now but it is too late—the femmes are blushing and giggling at him in a confused manner while he is extremely ill at ease. The Regulation Book would have told him just what to wear. To “keep your shirt on” so to speak.



To err is human—but can easily be avoided—if you understand the conventions of society. The midshipman at the left altho a one stripper has just committed a social blunder. He has been out with this girl and has just found out that his room-mate is dragging her! The Regulation Book would have told him he should have asked her who was dragging her.



See the look of humiliation on the plebe’s face in this picture. He has just greeted the Battalion Officer with a hearty slap on the back, and a cheery “Hello, Sir”! This while sincere, is decidedly poor form—we might even go so far as to say coarse. What a pity he did not consult his Regulation Book first—it tells all this and much more—much!



Alas, this is the moment he has been waiting for—he had hoped to impress her favorably! And he now has the entire dining room in suspenders, if you please. And her folks are so wealthy, too. Oh, that he might have seen a copy of the Regulation Book before this fateful hour.

### The Regulation Book Sent for FREE Examination

If you do not already own the famous book of Etiquette, send for it at once that you may examine it at our expense. Don’t be without it another week. It solves many little problems that may be puzzling you, tells you the right thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

## Regain Your Vigor and Vitality!

Conquer your Weaknesses!

“Become a Bolles Better Boy!”

Master yourself, shake off the shackles of slum and sorrows of speed-cones. Banish the troubles that have made your life misery for four years. Show that you can be the powerful man Creation and Civilization intended you to be. Accept my hand as you would a brother's and I will show you. Nature's Way to Health and Happiness. I have dedicated my life to rescuing ailing humanity from the bog of Weakness and Lost Power. Thousands of my pupils gladly testify to my methods.

My Methods are Beyond All Others! Write for my book “Sweeter and Lighter”—it will tell you things you never knew before. Send check for five dollars. I will do the rest.

H. A. Bolles, A. M. M., and P. M.  
Physical and Health Specialist  
*Founded 1919*

## What Did He Do To Win Her?

The first time he met her, to everybody's surprise, he fascinated her. Soon it was evident that she was his—this happens every day! It is not only the handsome man who wins success, it is the man who knows “The Art of Attracting Women!” Unless you know the fundamental principles you are lost—it is a Psychology as old as human nature! There is no mystery—if you know the formula success is certain. My ten volumes will make it clear to you—my personal experiences in foreign countries, how to speak Norwegian, Spanish and Portuguese, the art of going ashore, the kind of man a woman wants, arousing worship, adoration, and love, how to reveal your real self!

Money back if not satisfied—“Not Luck but Knowledge.” Write me at Colon, Halifax, San Juan, Honolulu, Seattle, or Baltimore.

J. B. Pearson, Founder  
Pearson's School of Applied Knowledge

## TRY OUR FULL DRESS!

Have you ordered your lignum vitae kimona? We have a fresh shipment of these body Boncilla's. Why go around looking human and comfortable when for so little you may feel so confined. Special rates to midshipmen.



## Wood Works Wonders!

Your friends can buy anything you can give them (probably much more) but the wealthiest of your friends can't buy the kind of picture I can make of you. Photographs of distinction and rare charm. After I make your photograph you will wonder how I did it. For the person guessing the name of the handsome fellow shown, I will make one dozen photographs absolutely free. This is a sample of what I can do—it speaks for itself. Sittings at any time of day or night. We furnish everything. Write now for engagement.

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Studios all over the World

“We have it, can take it, or you get the dog.”



**You Will Find  
SECURITY  
In Our Lead Shoes**

Insure yourself in a pair of these "geared-to-the-ground" boots. Don't shake dice with the zephyrs. Who knows which puff may waft you from home and loved ones.

We have a style for every density.

The lead soles may be increased as necessary by special patented process. Traction guaranteed. Why wear sand-bags? Especially recommended for all First Classmen. See me for a free demonstration.

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*Navy Representative*

**A. L. Maher**

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Solemnity and Sorrow furnished for all occasions. We specialize in Ordnance Exams and Nav P-Works!

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**All We Ask Is A Trial**

*Prices Moderate!*

*Lady Assistant!*

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Program for Sidereal

Week Ending June 7th

**Never Closed**

We cater to the Midshipmen's Tastes

**Only first class films shown**

**Monday**—G. Walford Daisley in "The Mystery of the Thirteenth Steak", a thrilling drama well done.

**Tuesday**—Serio-Comic "Louie of the Laundry Bags" featuring H. Brendel as the Clutching Hand.

**Wednesday**—Iron Morgan and Actor Mullins in a gripping drama of love and war "The Last of the Pack" (Co-starred with Princess Fatima.)

**Thursday**—"Through Hell to Home", actual moving pictures of sensational escape of prisoners from naval prison in Maryland. Come early to get a seat.



# New Symbols and Terms Used in This Work

- ACADEMIC BOARD**—G. C. M. convened semi-annually to try those with nothing above the ears and absolve sundry profs from first degree murder charges.
- AMOUNT AVAILABLE**—What everybody wants but has not—the negative limit of coin of the realm.
- ANCHOR MAN**—The outboard link of the five-fathom shot; he who graduates by courtesy.
- ANCHOR WATCH**—Formerly a member of the fourth class serving outpost duty to obtain information of enemy movements during clutching operations; rear guard of an inboard tendency.
- ANNS**—The last river.
- BALLYHOO**—Any battle wagon retired from the fleet for use on a practice cruise.
- BAT**—To knock out a home run against any of the departments.
- BATT**—Colloquial for battalion; example (horrible) 1st Batt.
- BATTLE WAGON**—Any first class fighting ship.
- B. C.**—Busted candidate; practically the poor fish who doesn't know when he's well off.
- BILGE**—To be victorious in the battle for the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.
- BILGER**—One weighed in the Academic balance and found wanting.
- BINNACLE LIST**—Political refugees granted asylum in sick bay.
- BLIND**—One eye shut and the other off duty when judging a femme; sight unseen (fortunately).
- BLOOD**—A relic of the ancient social order, hangover from civilian opulence.
- BLUFF**—To get away with murder in the face of a heavy academic barrage.
- BOILER COMPOUND**—Acid applied to Mess Hall offerings, to reduce chances of scurvy.
- BONE**—Process required to obtain even a meager knowledge of the subject from a text book.
- BONE**—Primary requisite in the national indoor sport.
- BONES**—Naval Hygiene; treatise on the evils of wine, women and song.
- BRICK**—Any female built on battle cruiser lines; any member of the fair sex making false representations; one who violates man's hereditary right to be ugly.
- B. T. U.**—Present in all matter except radiators.
- BULL**—Food for conversation at meetings of the radiator club; an English prof's customary line.
- BUST**—To gum the deal; to make a snatch-block of yourself; to make a faux pas.
- BUSTED**—Deprived of rank; reduced not in the ordinary department store sense of the word.
- BUTT**—The last thing in cigarettes. A fractional part of a day. The receiving end of a target range.
- BUZZARD**—Insignia of rank of midshipman petty officer; the backbone of the Regiment.
- CANDIDATE**—On the verge of insanity; generally, a hot sketch preparing to take the veil.
- CANNED WILLIE**—Product obtained by treating meat condemned during the Spanish-American War with Potassium Cyanide, Muriatic Acid and TNT.
- CAPSULE A**—Standard Navy remedy for influenza, measles, scurvy, typhus, leprosy, flat feet and housemaid's knee.
- CAULK OFF**—An endeavor to pull sat in sleep during study hours.
- CHOW**—Term coming from Chinese for sustenance; generally applied to all species of food, edible or otherwise.
- CHRISTMAS LEAVE**—A glorious ten days, thanks to Uncle Henry.
- CHRISTMAS TREE**—Unsat for the first term; gentle hint to begin saving coin for railroad fare.
- CIT**—The non-ratiest of the human family; anyone not in uniform.
- CITS**—Mid-watch scenery for use on Broadway.
- CLASS "A"**—A serious type of report for misconduct.
- COLLISION MATS**—Waffles a la Bancroft Hall, one will last as long as twenty of the ordinary variety.
- COM**—The Judge, Jury, Prosecuting Attorney, and Coroner; commandant of Midshipmen.
- CRAB**—Fair denizen of Crabtown.
- CRABTOWN**—Outskirts of the Naval Academy.
- COUGH**—Third degree of the medical department.
- DAGO**—Archaic for the department of Modern Languages.
- DAY'S WORK**—Last ditch of the Nav Department; process of conducting a ballyhoo from one local apparent noon to another.
- DEMERITS**—Customary sentence of the executive department.
- D. O.**—Duty Officer, now called Watch Officer.
- DOPE**—Rumor hath it.
- DRAG**—To escort a young lady. (2) The young lady being escorted.
- DUTY**—The only chance to spend four hours in peace; practice marches from the Batt office to the Main office and return; your turn to hit the pap.
- FOUR -O**—Often heard of but seldom seen; the mark you rate for thorough preparation of lesson assigned.
- FEMME**—Human being of feminine gender.
- FORTY PER CENT**—Those who can pick posies off the bulkhead after a monthly exam in steam.
- FOUFOU**—The nosesome pestilence of the Naval Academy, most frequently employed by snakes and those wishing to do honor at the last recitaion in English or Dago.
- FRENCH, AWOL**—to make unauthorized liberty.
- FRUIT**—Anything easy to pluck.
- FUSS**—The diurnal occupation of the couch cooties, etc.

# New Symbols and Terms Used in This Work

- FUSSER—One who fusses; a blood, a sosh, a parlor snake, habitue of Porter Row.
- GISH, JOE—Analogous to John Doe.
- GOAT—An animal usually in evidence at Army-Navy games but not elsewhere, the royal Navy mascot.
- GONK—Watertight structure supposed to contain grey matter; bridge deck of a midshipman.
- GOOGOO—A Filipino mess boy.
- GOUGE—The one thing that enables a prof to put it all over a section in an Ordnance P-work.
- GRAD TERMS—Bonanza for dealers in midshipmen's wearing apparel, miniatures, etc.
- GREASE—The difference between a 2.5 and a 3.4
- GREASER—The boy who brings the teacher an apple every morning.
- GREY LEG—Brothers in service at the Point.
- GYRENE—American translation from the German "Teufel-hund". Member of U. S. Marine Corps.
- HAZING—What everybody always got when they were Plebes. Obsolete.
- HOLY JOE—Head keeper of the moral and spiritual welfare of the Regiment, Naval Academy Chaplain.
- HOP—The fusser's heaven; the Red Mike's—, excuse me, but isn't it terrible the way that man dances? Weekly performance on the ball room floor.
- HUNDRETH NIGHT—Hundred nights until graduation.
- HUSTLERS—The men that make the team that beats the Army.
- JIMMY LEGS—Masters-at-Arms on duty in the Yard or Bancroft Hall.
- JOHNNY GOW—Wherein you endeavor to learn what makes the wheels go round.
- JUICE—The Academic Department's best bet, "shocking revelations of a naval electrician".
- JUNE WEEK—The shouting when it's all over; last week within the prison walls.
- LATE BLAST—What sounds the finish of a losing race.
- LIBERTY—Loosing the animals. Daily, tri-weekly, or weekly opportunity to visit Al, Jimmy, or George. Synonymous with grad debts.
- LOG—The weekly chip of wooden sayings attributed to midshipmen, "The Naval Academy Weekly Scandal."
- LOVERS LANE—An open gravel path devoid of shelter, the whole of which is visible from any window in Bancroft Hall.
- MAN OVERBOARD—Spoon left in cup—the signal for the wrongdoer to eat under the table.
- MASQUERADERS—The local Thespians; home talent behind the footlights.
- MATH—Advance guard in the battle of the semi-anns.
- MAY POLE—List of those unsat for the second term, first papers for naturalization to the genus cit.
- MESS GEAR—One knife, one fork, one spoon.
- MESS HALL—The scene of coaling operations thrice daily.
- MIDDIE—Newspaper slang for an inmate; article of feminine wearing apparel.
- M. C.—Officer of the deck of a floor in Bancroft Hall.
- MOKE—Any one of the body servants of the pampered pets.
- NAV—The science of conducting a ship from one place to another on the earth's surface, or elsewhere. What constitutes a day's work in two hours.
- NON REG—Outward evidence of Bolshevism.
- O. A. O.—The One-and Only girl in the world.
- O. O. W.—Custodian of the battalion office.
- OIL—Chewing tobacco; liquid fuel which may be consumed without generation of smoke.
- OIL BURNER—One who indulges in the lady-like habit of chewing tobacco.
- ORDNANCE—The science invented by Prof. Alger; enables one to find omeggar sub-alpher, knowing f.
- P. A. LIST—"Those denied special privileges until by positive action on their part—" (The backbone of the Supe's receptions).
- PAP—The daily publication of the Discipline Department; list of the previous day's casualties; *to flap the pap*: to have one's name inscribed thereon.
- PINK HASH—Savory product of the Naval Cuisine, confined chiefly to midshipmen's cruises; exhumed horse meat, chopped up fine to prevent its walking off.
- PLEBE—Obslete, now Freshman. A member of the new fourth class; a Midshipman-in-waiting.
- P-RADE—Nine hours in ranks, or giving the visitors a treat.
- P-WORK—Practical work; last resort of a hard-up department.
- QUEEN—A femme who is all there, figuratively speaking; a holder of a beauty prize; usually descriptive of the girl back home.
- RADIATOR CLUB—Naval Academy Chapter of the I. W. W. (meaning, I won't work). Society for the Prevention of Over-Activity at the Academy, deriving its name from the usual trysting place of its members.
- RAG—To clutch in the act. *To rag the marks*: to make an observation of the day's score while the prof is busy with a victim.
- RATES—That which makes the difference between a Plebe and a Freshman, and hence obsolete.
- RATEY—Applied to one who assumes the rates of his superiors. He who thinks he is the only spud in the slum.
- RED EYE—Disinfectant for mess hall chow. *Set sail the red-eye*: kindly pass the ketchup.

# New Symbols and Terms Used in This Work

- RED-MIKE**—A midshipman unencumbered with femmes, a professed bachelor.
- REG**—According to Hoyle; in league with the powers that be.
- REINA**—Floating palace made in Spain under direction of the Spanish Inquisition and designed for use as a cold storage for the insurgents.
- REQ**—A written request for anything which a midshipman fancies he can use.
- RHINO**—SOL, the plaint of the under dog.
- R. H. I. P.**—"Rank has its Privilege"; unwritten preamble for the Articles for the Government of the Navy.
- RUN**—To seek to lead out another's goat; mild form of hazing.
- SALT HORSE**—Carne de caballo subjected to electroplating process to prevent oxidation; horse flesh carefully embalmed and "good till used".
- SAT**—Having the All-Academics on your hip; beyond the danger space.
- SAVOIR**—Any one who can snow under the profs and escape the blizzard. The holder of a 3.0 average or above.
- SAVVY**—Descriptive of savoir.
- SCUTTLE BUTT**—Mechanical device for diluting and heating sea water for drinking purposes.
- SEA GULL**—Poultry which has served over twelve years with the colors; chicken down to fighting weight.
- SEC NAV**—The Secretary of the Navy.
- SEMI-ANNS**—The half-way mark, mid year rivers.
- SEP LEAVE**—The occasion of the return of the prodigal; Thirty days without reveille and the unquenchable thirst.
- SHIVERING LIZ**—That which makes for running engagements.
- SHOWERS**—The constant of Doyles Laws.
- SICK BAY**—Place of internment before an exam.
- SKINNY**—Physics and Chemistry in concentrated doses, treatment extending over one year.
- SLEEP**—The part of the day spent in darkness, a unit of time used in computing interval to graduation, etc.
- SLUM**—A mystery as to its origin, but a cold reality as to its use.
- SMOKE HALL**—First Class Club.
- SNAKE**—See fusser.
- SOB SUNDAY**—Last Sunday before the boys leave home; Baccalaureate Sunday.
- SOUP STRAINER**—Blou used for inside formation on dark days.
- SPEED CONES**—Hard-boiled slum.
- SPOON ON**—To knock off rates with a Plebe, evidenced by shaking hands with it.
- SPUDS**—Chief article of naval Diet, potatoes serving second enlistment.
- STAG**—One who attends a hop without dragging; he who seeks terpsichorean pleasure without footing the bill at Carvel Hall.
- STAR**—To accumulate more than 85 per cent of the possible multiple.
- STATEMENT**—Usually the sequel to a pap, explanatory but not satisfactory.
- STEAM**—Department of Marine Engineering and Naval Construction.
- ST. JOHNNY**—Inmate of St. John's seminary for boys, Annapolis, Maryland.
- STRIPER**—A commissioned midshipman officer.
- SWEDISH**—Scientific hazing invented by gym profs.
- SWABO**—Absolute zero, zip, mark assigned to one present but not voting.
- SUPE**—Ruler of Destinies, commander-in-chief of Naval Academy and all the contents thereof.
- TEA-FIGHT**—The battle of Trafalgar brought up to date.
- TEA HOUND**—One habitually present at tea-fights; becomes expert when he can handle a teacup, three slices of cake, and a heavy line without disaster.
- TECUMSEH**—The Wooden Indian, God of the 2.5, guardian angel of those about to leave us.
- TENDENCY**—A draft of air outboard, produced by a systematic arrangement of doors, windows, transoms, etc.; a necessary condition for catching a smoke without straining diplomatic relations.
- TREE**—Weekly publication issued by a department, containing a list of those academically absent during the past week; the writing on the wall.
- TROU**—The most important half of a suit of blues; generally speaking, pants.
- TWO-FIVE**—Lowest safe value for the power factor in capacity circuits.
- UNSAT**—No bottom at fifty; under ban of Tecumseh.
- VALENTINE**—Official notification that you are persona non grata; usually to be expected about February 14.
- W. B. & A.**—Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis Line. A little tragedy entitled "What Time does the Five O'clock Train Get In."
- WIFE**—Roommate. One possessed of a hardened disregard for your idiosyncrasies.
- WOODEN**—Non-savoir; more broadly—any one who finds it necessary to bone to stay sat.
- YARD ENGINE**—A femme who lives in the Yard. A female dreadnaught.
- YOUNGSTER**—Member of the third class, past Plebe; usually laboring under the impression he is monarch of all he surveys.
- ZIP**—See swabo.



Sunday Papers.

The First Class after being swept by a hazing investigation and the semi-anns.

## GLIMPSES OF THE OLD NAVAL ACADEMY

“Oh, the Navy was the Navy when  
the Army was a pup.”

A group of the captains of the  
various sports in the days before  
our young men had taken to the  
evils of Stacombe and the dissipa-  
tions of egg malted milks. Amen!



The hop committee gathered “in an effort to stamp out this new evil—the moral-destroying polka. The latest devil-devised-dance step that is catapulting the younger generation to hell. And, if you please, any vulgar young lady guilty of using powder will be requested to leave the floor!”



*The Flapper of Farragut's day. Whether she rolls her own or not is hard to say—ask grandad, he knows. Note the collegiate haircut on the lad to the right.*



*The First Class getting intimate with Venus and her heavenly bodies. Some sons that ought to have been shot and weren't. Sextanting thru the Centuries.*



Looking down on ye olde yard from "Dizzy Heights." The academic limits as "Fritz" Price knew them his first Plebe year.

NOTE: This was all changed right after the civil war.

### GRADUATION



"Without a ribbon or a piece of lace."



"They toot and pound the twin around."



"Washington beauties there, by the score,  
Ye with the belles of Baltimore."



"Is this your 'first engagement' here?"



"The graduates of 'Dizzy Heights'."

Even in those days this was the season when B. B. & B. came into their own. Scenes depicting the finish of the wandering in the wilderness.

NOTE: Snake dancing with hand on hip—proving there's nothing new under the apparent sun.







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## foreword

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**T**HE firms that are listed in the following pages are, one and all, Navy firms. They are interested in the Navy as a whole as well as in its patronage, and show by the means of their support of this publication that they are not only **for** the Navy but **of** the Navy. Although their representatives do not wear the blue uniform, the firms themselves are daily proving that they are one with us in the desire to see the United States Navy all that the sea forces of our nation should be.

Consequently, when you consider them, remember that they are brothers of the Service, and you will find that they will welcome you as such, just as they have welcomed and aided us in the production of this,  
the *Annual of*  
the *Navy*.



*for the* **NAVY**

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EQUIPMENT**

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# JACOB REED'S SONS

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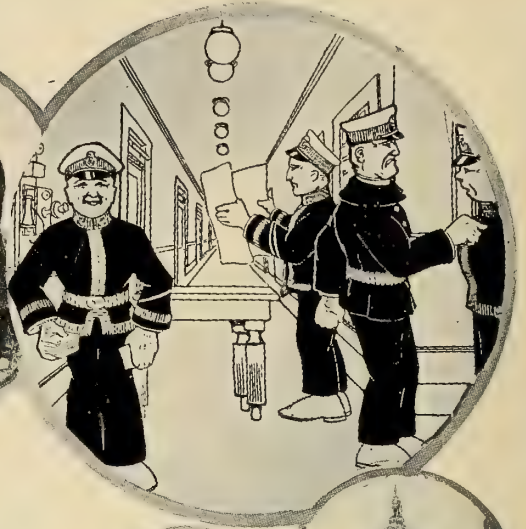
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FRIENDLY

CIRCLES

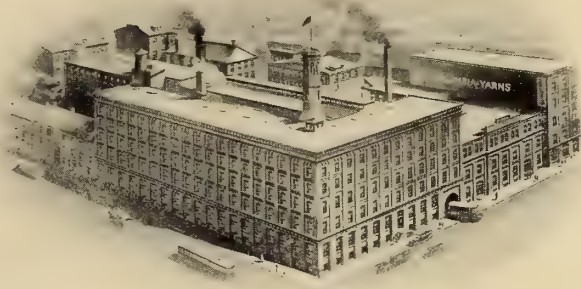


"Ten More Buckets"

# WM. H. HORSTMANN COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA — NEW YORK — ANNAPOLIS

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Attorney

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and Church Circle

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## STRENGTH

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF CONDITION  
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DECEMBER, 31, 1922

### RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	-	-	-	-	-	\$1,615,431.68
Stocks, Bonds, Securities	-	-	-	-	-	72,045.69
Banking Houses & Real Estate	-	-	-	-	-	80,203.47
Fixtures & Furniture	-	-	-	-	-	12,668.13
Cash and Due from Banks	-	-	-	-	-	242,842.77
						<u>\$2,023,191.74</u>

### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	-	-	-	-	-	\$100,000.00
Surplus	-	-	-	-	-	40,000.00
Undivided Profits	-	-	-	-	-	38,409.85
Deposits	-	-	-	-	-	1,804,781.89
Rediscounts secured by Bonds	-	-	-	-	-	40,000.00
						<u>\$2,023,191.74</u>

A DEPOSITORY OF MONEYS OF THE STATE OF MARYLAND  
A DEPOSITORY OF MONEYS OF THE COUNTY OF ANNE ARUNDEL  
A DEPOSITORY OF THE MONEYS OF THE CITY OF ANNAPOLIS

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*To "Twenty Three"*  
*On Land Or Sea*

**H**ERE'S hoping for the pleasure  
To serve you in full measure  
"From Crabtown to ships at Timbuctoo"  
And an everlasting toast  
To the time our "Service Boast"  
Was "Twenty Three" in good old Navy Blue

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1923

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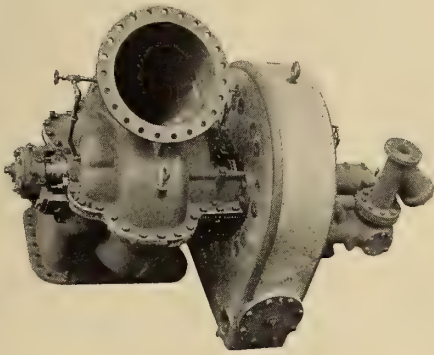
# ENGINEERING CO-OPERATION

Space will not permit giving full details of how closely the Navy and Sturtevant engineers cooperate in the design and apparatus for ships.

The following is simply an indication, from which may be judged, the extent of this cooperative service.

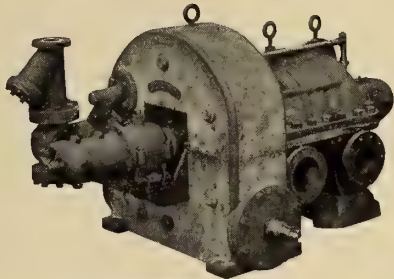
## SCOUT CRUISERS

Omaha, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Raleigh, Detroit, Richmond, Concord, Trenton, Marblehead, Memphis.



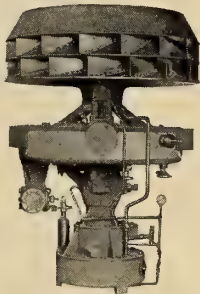
**Main Circulating Pumps** There are 4 of these pumps each driven by a Sturtevant VD 6 Turbine on both the Raleigh and Detroit. Also 4 Sturtevant D12 Turbines in each of the other Scout Cruisers.

**Boiler Feed Pumps** Four of these pumps are on each of the above 10 ships. Each pump is individually driven by a Sturtevant C12 Turbine.



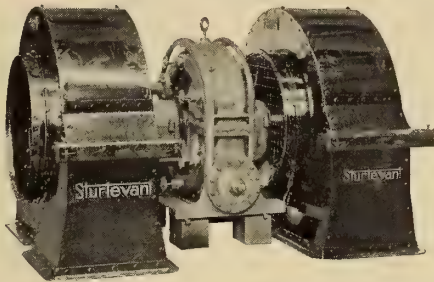
**Auxiliary Pumps** Fourteen Sturtevant A12 Turbines are on each of the two ships—The Raleigh and Detroit. Six other Sturtevant A12 Turbines are on the other Scout Cruisers.

**Forced Draft** There are 12 of these Sturtevant VD 7 Turbo-blowers for each of these 10 ships—120 in all, for furnishing forced draft to the boiler fires. Capacity of each unit 50,000 c. f. m. 8" Static Pressure 1350 R. P. M.

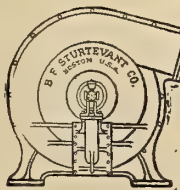
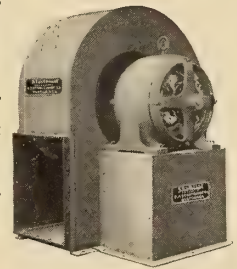


## AIRPLANE CARRIERS

**Forced Draft** 32 of these units are to be installed in each of the two ships, the Lexington and Saratoga to be converted into Airplane Carriers. Capacity 35,000 c. f. m. 8" static pressure for each of the battle cruisers Constellation and Ranger; also for the battleships South Dakota, Indiana, Montana, N. Carolina, Iowa and Massachusetts. The last eight ships mentioned, however, have been cancelled under the terms of the Disarmament Conference.



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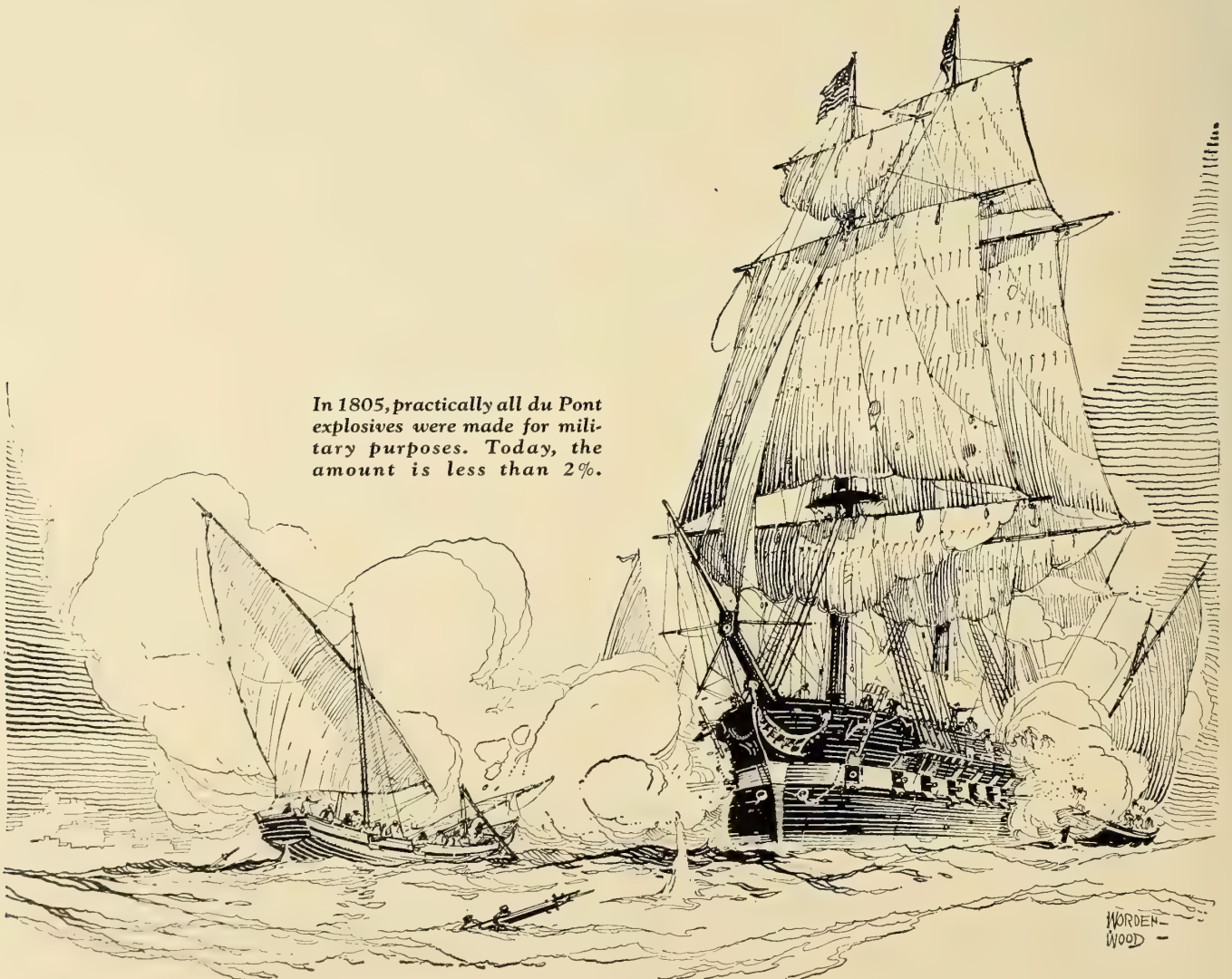
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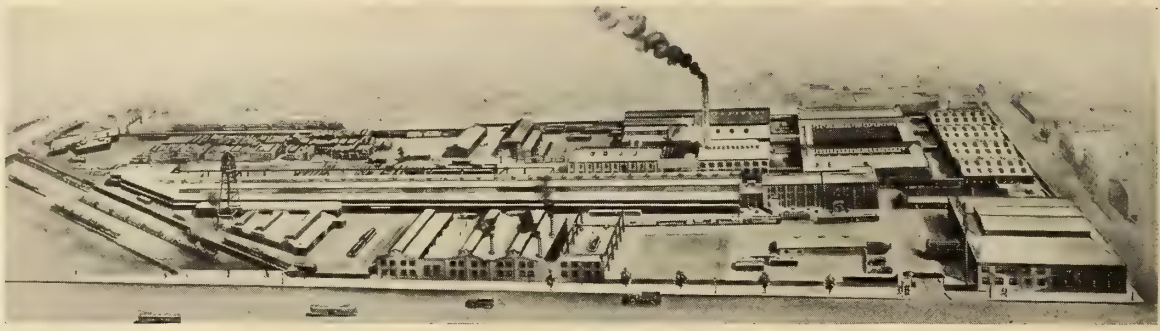
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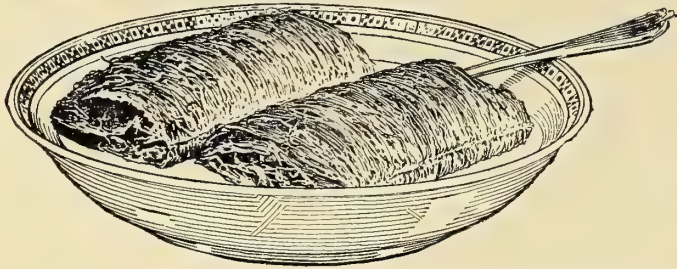
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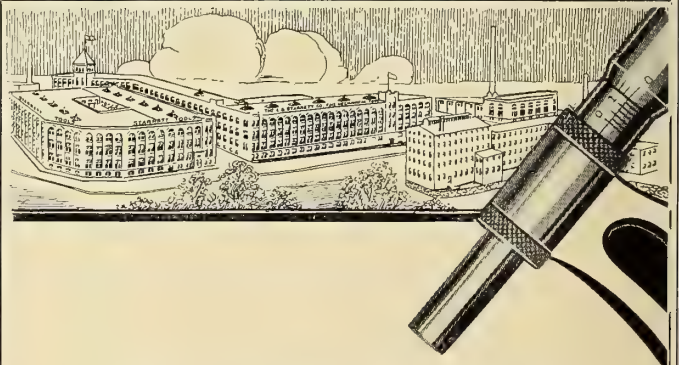
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## United States Navy Standard

### FIRE CONTROL SYSTEMS

- |                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| Range and Deflection | Danger Zone Signal     |
| Battle Order         | Torpedo Firing         |
| Gyro Angle           | Salvo Firing           |
| Concentration Dial   | Ready Light Indicator  |
| Turret Position      | Battle Order Telephone |

### Cease Firing

### TELEGRAPH SYSTEMS

- |            |                  |              |
|------------|------------------|--------------|
| Anchor     | Docking          | Fire Room    |
| Steering   | Flag Speed       | Engine Order |
| Oil Burner | Powder Passing   | Ash Hoist    |
|            | Ammunition Hoist |              |

### INDICATOR SYSTEMS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Bow and Stern Diving Rudder                | Fuel Oil Level                            |
| Rudder Angle                               | Boiler Fire Timing Device                 |
| Shaft Revolution, Direction<br>and Counter | Instantaneous Reading Shaft<br>Indicating |

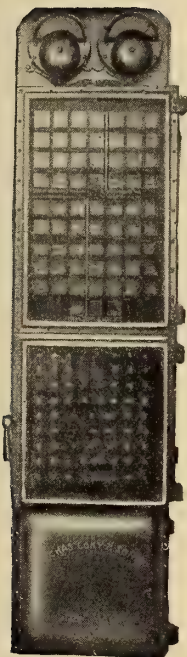
### COMMUNICATION SYSTEMS

- |                          |  |
|--------------------------|--|
| Watertight Telephone     | Bells, Buzzers & Push Buttons            |
| Non-Watertight Telephone | Voice Tube Fittings                      |
| Annunciators             | General Inter-Communicating<br>Equipment |

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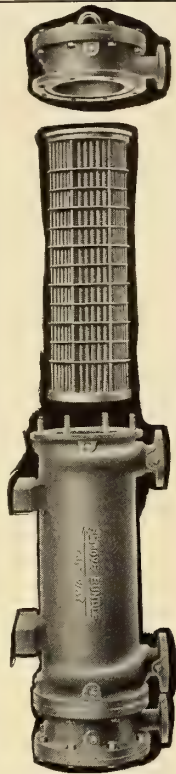
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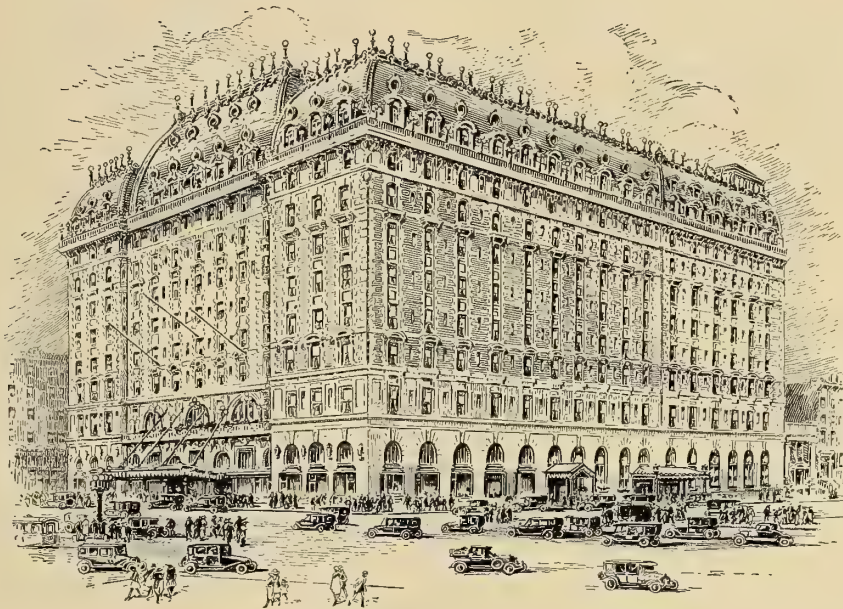
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*Copyright, 1922, by The Waikiki Beach Photo Shop, Honolulu, T. H.*

*Hawaiians in a surf-board charge at Waikiki*

*"Ask Denby: He Knows."*



*Secretary of the Navy Denby (left) who inspected Pearl Harbor naval station in 1922, and Rear Admiral Earl Simpson, Commandant of the 14th Naval District, receiving the station honors in front of the Commandant's house during the Secretary's official trip.*

*Insert: Rotarian Denby decorated by fellow Rotarians of the Honolulu Rotary Club with fragrant flower leis (wreaths).*

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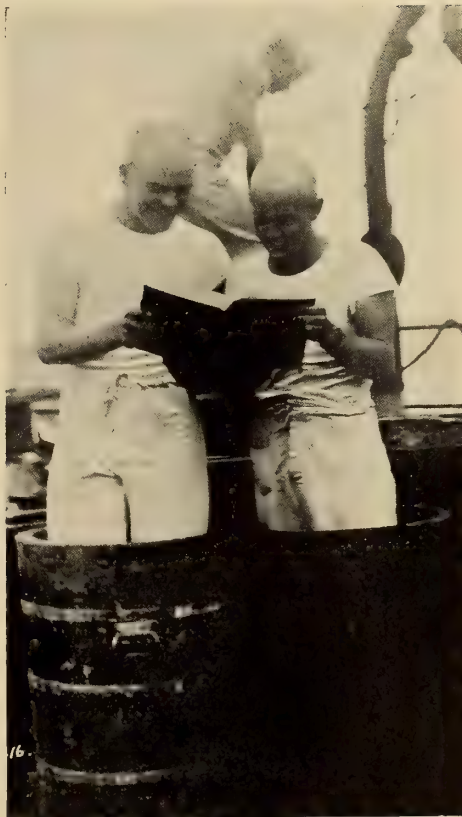
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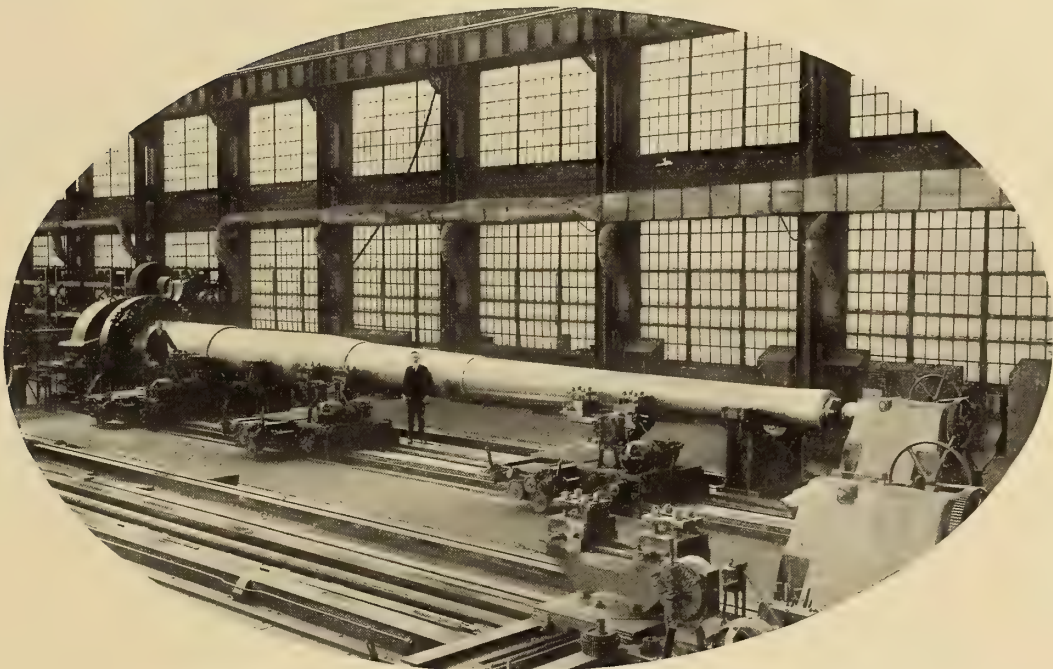
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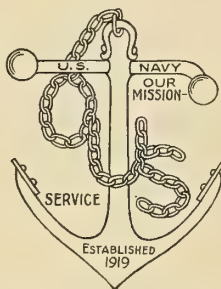


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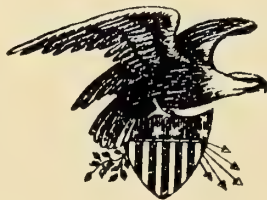


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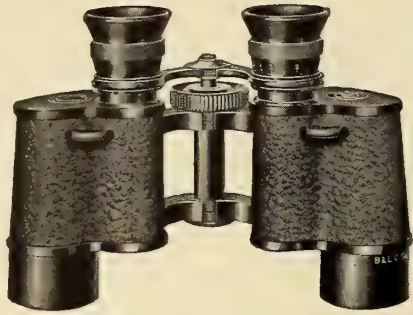
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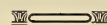
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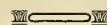
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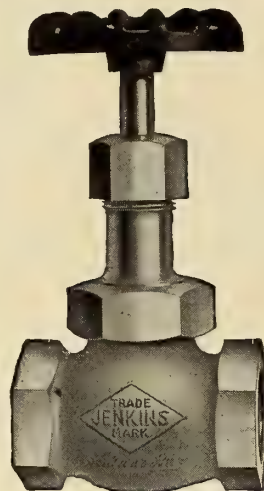
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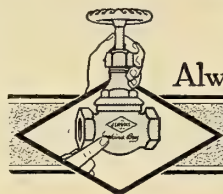
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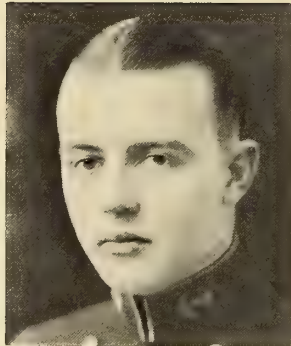
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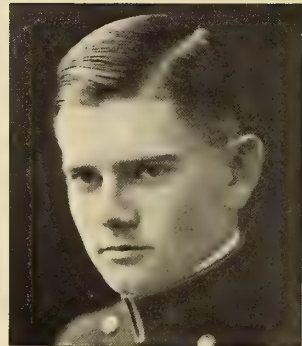
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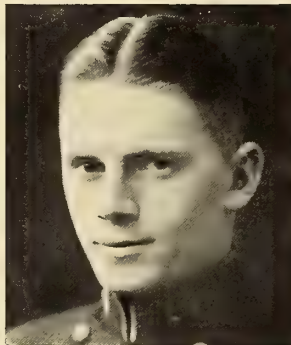
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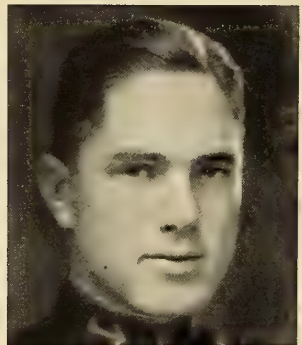
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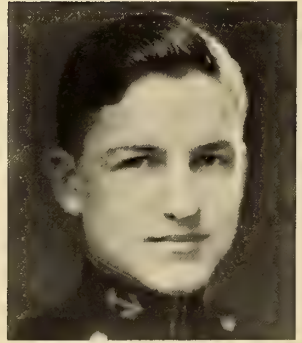
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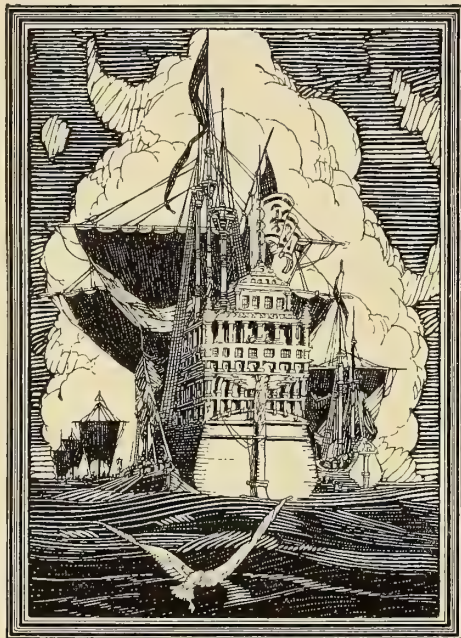


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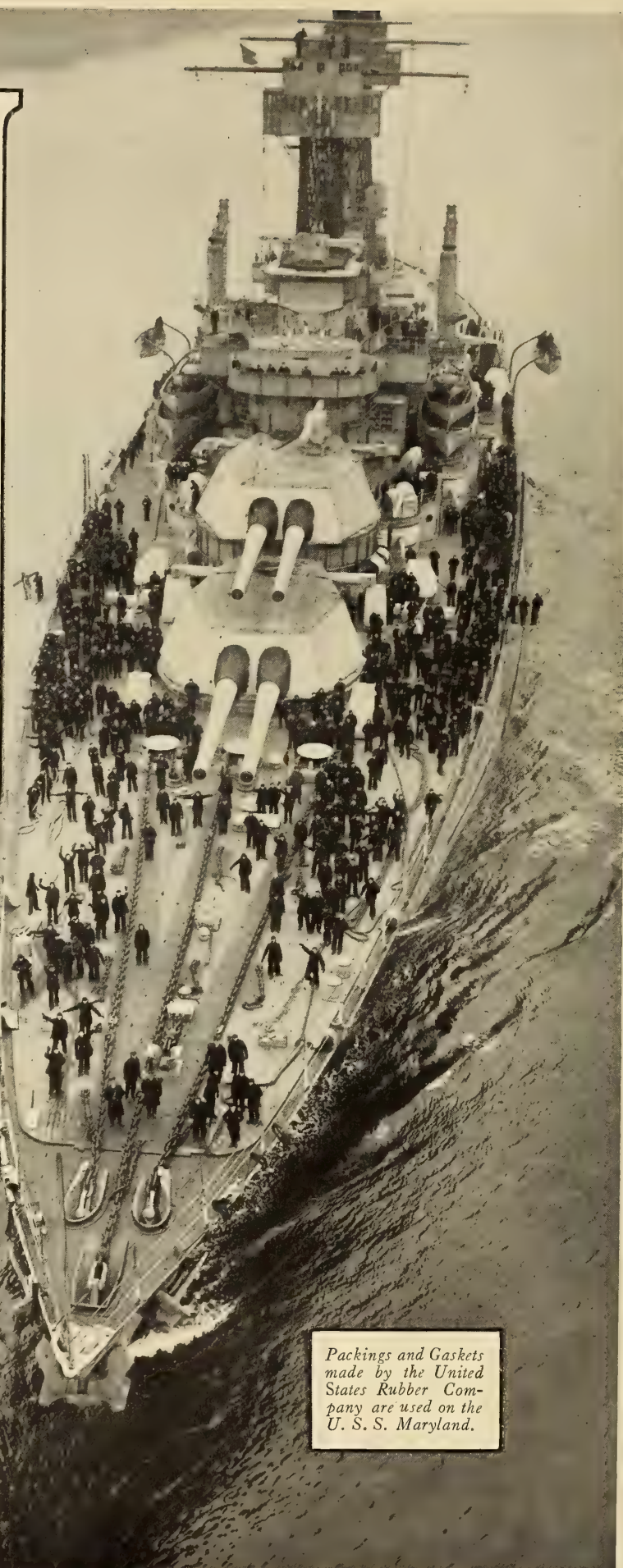
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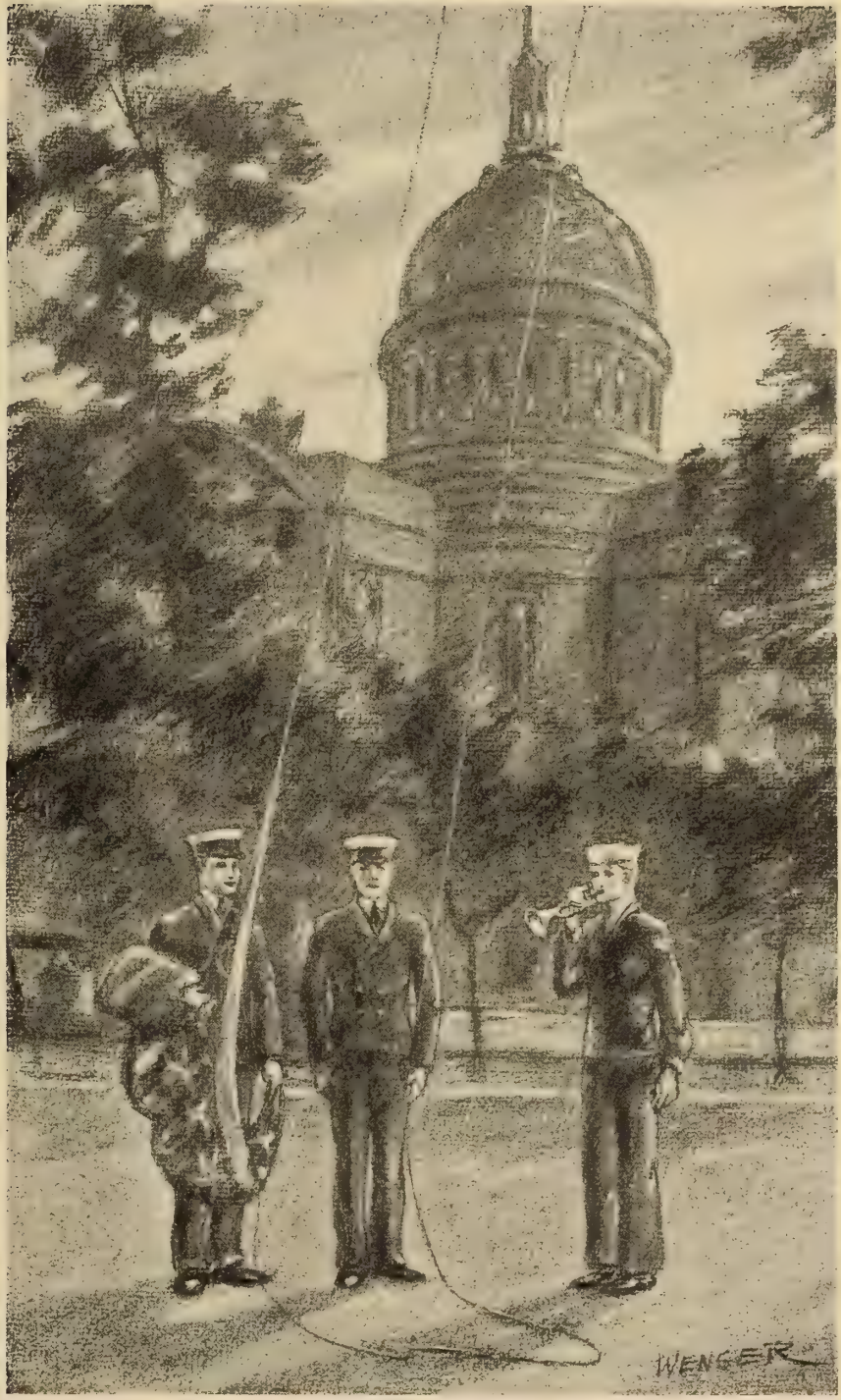
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