

LUCKY BAG

1904

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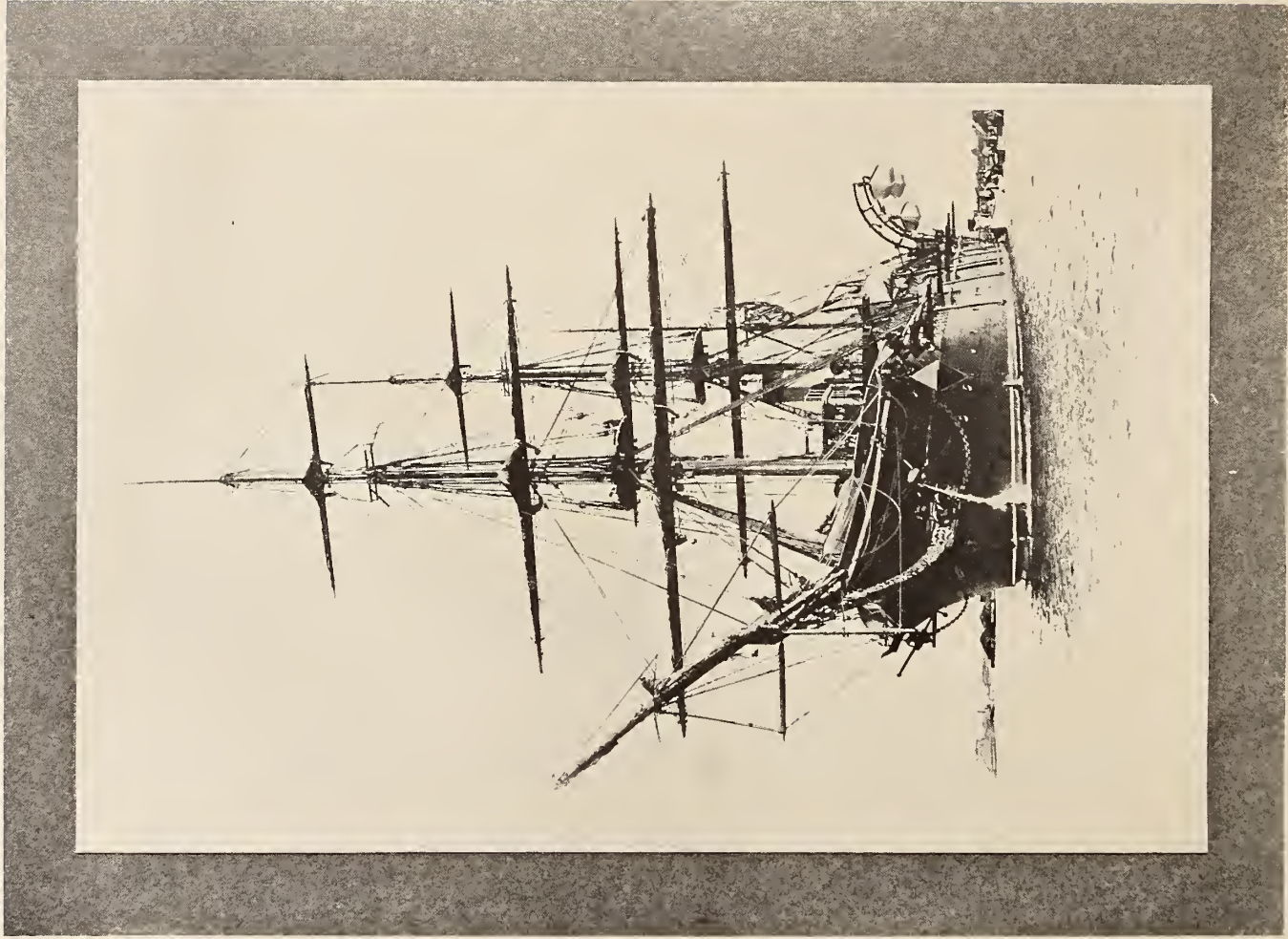
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THE LUCKY BAG

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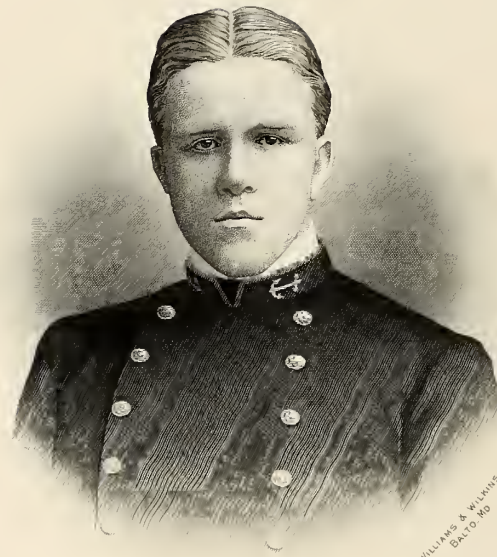


VOLUME XI



U. S. S. HARTFORD.





REGINALD THORNE CARPENTER

TO THE MEMORY OF

REGINALD THORNE CARPENTER

OUR COMRADE, CLASSMATE AND FRIEND, THIS
BOOK IS DEDICATED AS A TOKEN
OF LOVE BY THE CLASS OF

1904



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Foreword

THE LUCKY BAG is the chief claim of the Class of 1904 to future remembrance. Beyond a doubt its individual members will all win glory and fame for themselves in the days to come, but this book must be the monument to mark 1904's place as a class in the scenes whence it has departed. In these pages we have tried to recall the brighter side of our Academy life. Troubles we have had, but most of them will soon be over, and they are better forgotten, while the joys should live in our memories; so that when we turn these pages in the future our happiest and best days will be recalled and we may look back to our Alma Mater with a feeling of love and regret for the days that are gone. We have done our best to make this book a credit to the class and present it to the public with the hope that they may grant that we have done so. If it fails to meet your approval, remember that we have tried and spent no little labor in its preparation, and give us the charity of silence. If you think it is what it should be, tell us so, and your words will go far to repay us for the time and energy we have expended and the difficulties we have had to overcome. May the LUCKY BAG cement the bonds of friendship that we have formed in three years and a half of close companionship and be an enduring memento of our days together, with all their joys and troubles, their successes and failures, and, above all, the friends closer than a brother that they have brought us.



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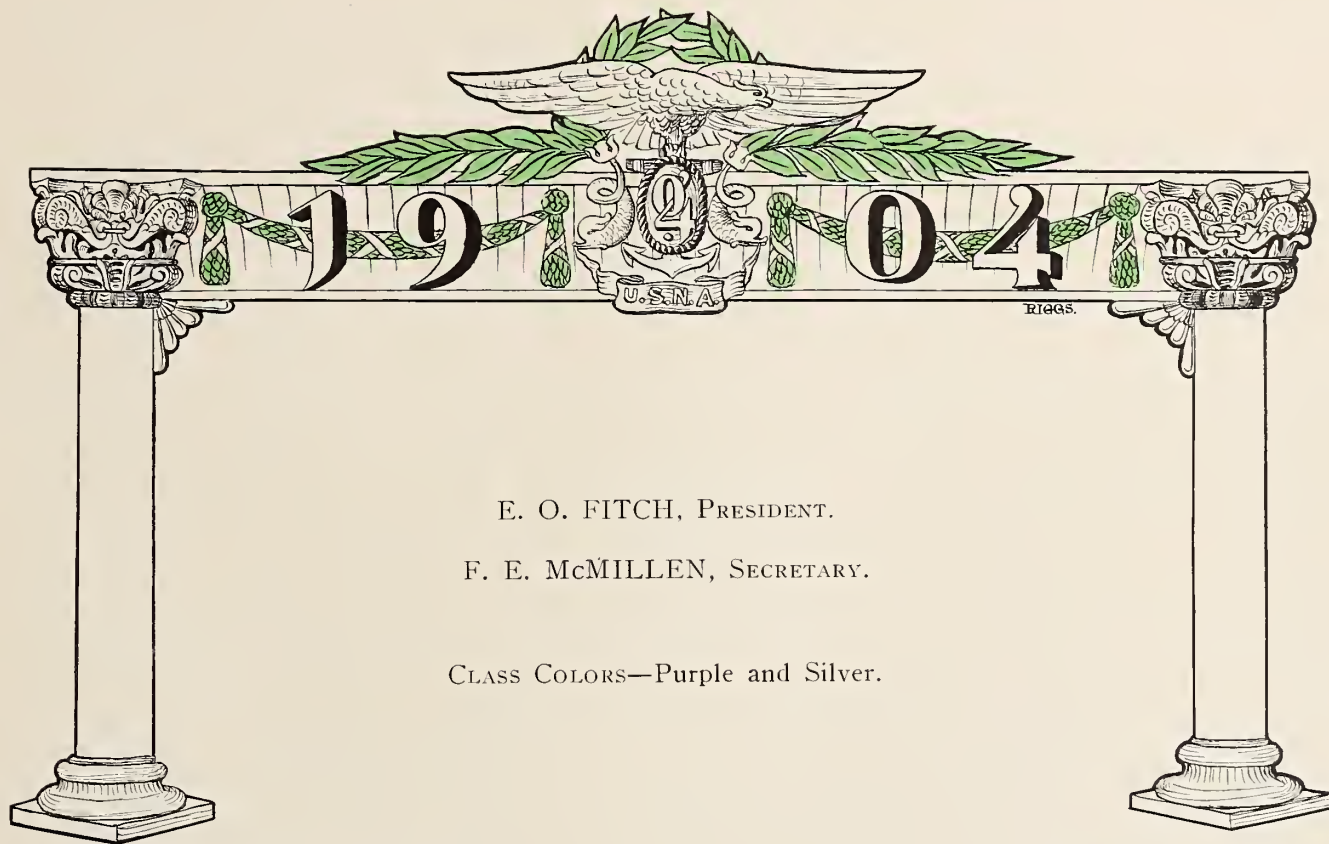
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8th Company,

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CLASS COLORS—Purple and Silver.





M. W. Arrowood

MILTON WALLACE ARROWOOD, ALBEMARLE, N. C.

"Arrowroot," "Harry Wood, the Boy Soldier." One Stripe.

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

—MARK TWAIN.

An ecclesiastic youth of solemn visage and pious action, who looks upon this life as a vale of tears not to be taken frivolously. At times allows his overstrained spirit to relax and seeks surcease of sorrow in music. Has been known to french to attend stereopticon lectures, but is generally a model of propriety. Of late has become quite a society man and is frequently seen at the hops. Teacher of a Sunday school class of young ladies and soloist of the Annapolis Presbyterian Church. "Step aout in the church party."



David Worth Bagley

DAVID WORTH BAGLEY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

“David.” Class Supper Committee (2). Choir (4, 2, 1).
Hop Committee (2, 1). Class German Committee (1).
Brigade Staff Petty Officer.

*“The blossom opening to the day,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.”*

—KEATS.

Our pride, our pet, our fair-haired baby boy. Irresistible—all fall victims to his fascinations, and instructors can never bring themselves to deny him a 2.5. The only one in the class—“Ach, Rachel, such a peesness!” Senior member of a well-known clothing firm. Too good, too ethereal, too spirituelle for this earth. One of finer clay than his fellow-men. Bellis’s favorite model and leader of fashion until things got too hot in that quarter. Confirmed Blake Rowite.



B. Barnette,

BRADFORD BARNETTE,

NEW YORK CITY.

“Brad,” “Crowley,” “Munkey.” Class Supper Committee (2).
First Class Buzzard.

*“There live not three good men unchanged in England,
and one of them is fat and grown old.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A worldly man of stern demeanor and spotless probity. Maintains in theory and proves in action that unswerving rectitude and virtue in every phase of life are within the possibility of all. A diligent student, an observant moralist, and a freckled philosopher. Loves the good things of life with a fervent affection and sometimes finds the yoke of discipline a heavy one. Confirmed spoonoid, being in love far beyond recall.



Prentiss P. Bassett

PRENTISS PECK BASSETT,

MILFORD, CONN.

"Chinee," "Basso," "Prent." Vice-President Y. M. C. A. (2). Choir (4, 3, 2, 1). Leader of Choir (2, 1). Hop Committee (3, 2). Base-ball team (3, 2, 1). Captain Base-ball team (1). Athletic Committee. Three Stripes.

"The amateur tenor, whose vocal villainies all desire to shirk."
—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Apollo has fled forever to the heights of Olympus, Adonis no longer roams the earth as of yore, but every whit as fascinating and far more up-to-date, Bassett is with us always. Chief of our song birds and a general favorite. Dapper, debonair and delightful, with raven locks and a graceful swagger. A rigid economist—guards his amount available with a jealous eye, but dispenses his smiles and vocal efforts broadcast. "Connecticut may be fine, but California for mine."



George M. Baum

GEORGE MARTIN BAUM, LEAVENWORTH, KAN

“Bum.” Class Foot-ball (3). Class Base-ball (3, 2). Gym. team (3, 2.) Captain Gym. team (2, 1). First Class Buz-zard.

“Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

A genuine Kansas Dutchman with a fondness for sauerkraut and lager. Belongs to the noble army of martyrs who struggle for a 2.5. Never known to lose his temper or say a hard word about anybody but instructors. Hit the pap once for non-reg. clothes and was down in the mouth for nearly a day. Favorite song: “Ach, Mein Liebe Augustine.” Simp’s keeper, trying in vain to curb his wayward fancies.



Paul P Blackburn

PAUL PRICHARD BLACKBURN, OMAHA, NEB.

“Peep,” “Redhead.” Class Base-ball team (3, 2). Track team (3). One stripe.

“How various his employments whom the world calls idle.”

—COWPER.

Originator of the class pipe. Class manager. Managed Class Base-ball team, Foot-ball team and club, and manages to keep Dillen supplied with the makes. Never bones and never unsat—how nice it must be to be savez. One of the wounded at Bar Harbor. Hop fiend, and especially partial to the Army. Has two locker doors full of photos, not to mention pennants from Vassar, Wellesley and N. P. S., and is still hoping for more. A pupil of the Delsarte school, especially distingué when catching for the Class team.



A. G. Caffee.

ARTHUR GILL CAFFEE.

CARTHAGE, MO.

“General,” “Slits.” Chairman Class Supper Committee (3).
Chairman Graduation Ball Committee (2). Gym. (3).
Star (3). Class Foot-ball team (3, 2). Captain Class
Foot-ball team (2). Class Base-ball team (3). Athletic
Committee (1). Hop Committee (2, 1). Two Stripes.

*“The man who has lived most is not he who can count the most
years, but he who has most appreciated life.”*

—J. J. ROUSSEAU.

One of the cutest little fellows in the battalion. Of a light and sunny disposition and pronounced brunette complexion. Sometimes mistaken for one of the Gold Dust twins. Always ready to do something for somebody else, and corners the jobs which are all work and no play. Bagley supports him because he is such an excellent foil to his own type of beauty. Devised that blissful menu for the class supper that never came off. Never does anything naughty except once in a while.



Earl W. Chafee.

EARL WORDEN CHAFEE, RIINELANDER, WIS.

“Earl.” Class Base-ball team (3, 2). First Class Buzzard.

“My life is one dem'd horrid grind.”

—DICKENS.

The man of many troubles. Thinks the world is down on him, and isn't afraid to say so. The only man in the Academy never without makes, and consequently a priceless boon to Smead and his ilk. Spends his time trying to disprove that “every cloud has a silver lining.” Particularly partial to the ladies and in a chronic state of heart complication. Bats all kinds of 3.6's and never spends any time boning. Was once on the first conduct grade. Tries to hold Jack Lofland in check.



Abram Claude.

ABRAM CLAUDE,

ANNAPOLIS, MD

"Abe." Track team (4). Hop Committee (2, 1). First Class Buzzard.

*"Everyone is as God made him and oftentimes
a great deal worse."*

—CERVANTES.

A Marylander died in the wool. Says "haouse" and "'deed I do," but has no other faults. Unique in that he never rhinocs about Annapolis. Was born here and still remains. Went to Washington with Dodge once. Spoons on rough houses and exhibits Charlie Soule. Met with an accident second-class leave. Draws forty cents every September and blows it in at Wiegard's. Is real devilish when he cuts loose and gives himself room.



Fred Gallup Coburn

FRED GALLUP COBURN,

DULUTH, MINN.

“Moose,” “Stunsails,” “Ephie,” “Ichabod.” Star (3, 2).
Three Stripes.

*“If he play, being young and unskillful,
For shekels of silver and gold,
Take his money, my son, praising Allah,
The kid was ordained to be sold.”*

—KIPLING.

A stray innocent from the Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas. One of the savoirs. Resembles Cyrano de Bergerac physically and Clerk Maxwell mentally. Several persons have carefully experimented to determine a mean value of his capacity, but have given it up in despair after finding values exceeding 2.7×10^{22} kilofarads. Has had some bad luck in his time, but never yet went to the blackboard in vain. Has an ambition to become head of the math. department. “Here on this floor, who’s got some’in’ ter eat?”



D. B. Craig

DONALD BLOYER CRAIG,

MATTOON, ILL.

"Donald," "Suse." Graduation Ball Committee (2). Hop Committee (2, 1). Chairman Hop Committee (2, 1). Class German Committee (1). Athletic Committee (1). Three Stripes.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

—SHAKESPEARE.

A buxom youth with rosy cheeks and a perpetual smile. Lord Chamberlain and Master of Ceremonies of the New Armory. Has more or less developed tendencies to Mormonism. Always in a good humor and always ready to do anybody a favor. Manipulates the hops and never fails to create a sensation with his little belt. Goes back to Mattoon in September and is the whole thing. Has lately adopted the Major and is slowly reforming him.



PAUL EDWARD DAMPMAN,

READING, PA.

“Puggy,” “Avogadro,” “Sir Isaac.” Two Stripes.

“Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty.”

—BYRON.

Words fail! The fountain pen ceases its wonted flow!
The editor gives up and sinks back in his easy chair with a
gesture of despair. Gaze, gentle reader, gaze and wonder
not. 'Tis the portrait of Dampman, THE Dampman, greater
than Avogadro, more beautiful than Adonis. Learned in
Skinny, economical as a Russell Sage and the erstwhile bride
of Oak—what more could be desired?

P. E. Dampman



Robert Alden Dawes

ROBERT ALDEN DAWES,

HAVERHILL, MASS.

“Dad,” “Babbie.” Track (4, 3). Three Stripes.

“He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.”

—CHURCHILL.

Fresh from Boston, dear old Boston, and cahn’t get over it. Talks with a Massachusetts brogue that affords great merriment to the hearers. Has a yell of which he is very proud: “One bair, two bairs, three bairs, Babby Dairs.” Dead ringer for Dad Willing. Chews Navigation, and isn’t so worse in other subjects. Has a confident, not to say truculent, manner. Reported to have known personally every spectator at the Nahant parade. “Section ha—alt. Ma—ach in.”



Roscoe Franklin Dillen

ROSCOE FRANKLIN DILLEN,

CAMDEN, IND.

“Count.” First Class Buzzard.

*“ ’Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain:—
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.”*

—ISAAC WATTS.

One of the charter members of the Rhino Club. Never satisfied and always ready to take the opposite side of any argument. Joins with Chafee in a mutual sympathetic society. Once a village schoolmaster, now a zealous scholar at Moose Coburn's night school. Made the choir by his expertness in whistling ragtime. Is suspected of being wooden, but bones like —— and keeps off the trees. In love head over heels, gone clear daffy over the question whether two can live on one salary.



D. D. F. Dodge.

OMENZO COLBY FORD DODGE, KANSAS CITY, KAN.

"Colby." Graduation Ball Committee (2). First Class Buzzard.

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

—SHAKESPEARE.

The class invalid. Has run the entire course of human ailments and developed a few novelties that have puzzled all physicians. Has spent, by actual record, two hundred and twenty sidereal days on the list. Naturally savez, but sometimes has bad luck. Very sensitive and often annoyed by mischievous persons. Established a record at Bar Harbor by going to a hop every night for three weeks and putting out a fire. Is saving up Bull coupons to buy a red automobile.



W. P. Druley

WALDO PUTNAM DRULEY, STAFFORD, CONN.

“George Dewey, Jr.,” “Peter,” “Runt.” Track team (3).
Star (2). Three Stripes.

*“Look at that face—there isn’t an ounce of immorality in it.
Only folly—slack, fatuous, feeble, futile folly.”*

—KIPLING.

The infant prodigy of the class. Possesses a magnificent bass voice, which he uses to great effect. Has a peculiar idea of wit, slightly superior to Toaz’s, with which he inflicts anyone unwise enough to listen to him. Starred—almost—every year, and has finally arrived. Perpetual President of the Red Mike Club of Woman Haters. Somewhat of a whist shark. The prop of poor old Gramp’s failing years—once. Used to be a real good little boy, but now—Oh my! Oh my!



Edwin O. Fitch, Jr.

EDWIN OBERLIN FITCH, JR.,

BOSTON, MASS.

"Suse." Class President. Second Crew (4). Class
Base-ball (2). Five Stripes.

"In him alone 'twas natural to please."

—DRYDEN.

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of the dowers. Slick politician, Gibson model, and favorite of the officers. Can find his way blindfold to any house in Blake or Upshur Rows. Would like to grease, but dreads public opinion. For three years and a half has taken care of Smead. Surpasses even Richter in the number of his New Year's calls. Unexcelled at dealing out a hot line of small talk to a chaperon. Was once dreadfully disappointed in love, and has never quite recovered.



Edward F. Greene

EDWARD FORBES GREENE,

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

"Willie," "Navy," "Bill." First Class Buzzard.

*"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed that he
is grown so great?"*

—SHAKESPEARE.

Our class infant. Snatched from the cradle to reinforce Uncle Sam's sailor boys. Has to stoop to enter main quarters. Has outdone Jonah's gourd, having grown two feet seven inches in three years. When he grows enough to fit his feet will be over nine feet tall. Assists Joe Little to run a nursery. Comes direct from the wistaria blossoms of sunny Japan. Never known to start to formation more than half dressed. "Ow, dow yow think sow?"



William F. Halsey, Jr.

WILLIAM FREDERICK HALSEY, JR.,

ELIZABETH, N. J.

"Willie." "Pudge." LUCKY BAG Staff. Class Supper Committee (2). Class Crest Committee (4). Christmas Card Committee (4). Hustlers (4). Foot-ball team (2, 1). Graduation Ball Committee (2). President Athletic Association (2, 1). Class German Committee (1).

"It's my opinion there's nothing 'e don't know. All the wickedness in the world is print to him."

—DICKENS.

The only man in the class who can compete with General in the number of offices he has held. Started out in life to become a doctor and gained in the process several useful hints. Honorary member of the S. P. C. A. from having so many times saved Shubuty from persecution. A real old salt. Looks like a figurehead of Neptune. Strong sympathizer with the Y. M. C. A. movement. Everybody's friend and Brad's devoted better half.



Chester L. Hand

CHESTER LYERLY HAND,

SHUBUTA, MISS.

“Major,” “Maje,” “Chet.” First Class Buzzard.

“Who speaks to ‘the King’ carries his life in his Hand.”

—INDIAN PROVERB.

In losing Hand, Shubuta suffered an irreparable loss, but the Navy made a corresponding gain. The Happy Hooligan of the class, always instituting rough houses and always emerging from them with his clothes in tatters and frenzied protestations of reform. Bones sixteen hours out of every day and has committed to memory the greater part of every Naval Academy text-book. Never gets mad, and consequently invaluable as a butt for practical jokes. Extremely nervous and jumps at a touch.



C. A. Harrington

CHARLES ANTHONY HARRINGTON,

FALL RIVER, MASS.

“Pat,” “Rameses.” LUCKY BAG Staff. Gym. team (4).
First Class Buzzard.

“The harp that once thro’ Tara’s halls the soul of music shed.”

—MOORE.

One of County Donegal’s favored sons, possessing all the traits of the Irish race. Lives in Fall River and brags about it. Has a great capacity for extracting melody from the reading-room piano. Has also a pronounced idea of humor and a face to match. One of Maje’s chief tormentors. Is especially fond of Zu-Zus. Never happy unless engaged in perpetrating a practical joke. Is suspected of having once lived a fast and desperate life.



J. Porter Hart

JOHN PORTER HART,

OVERBROOK, KAN

"Snorter," "Red Short." Coxswain Third Crew (3). Coxswain First Crew (1). First Class Buzzard.

"I am small and of no reputation."

—PSALMS.

Just as cute as he can be. Petite, cunning and sweet. Looks just like a Dresden china shepherd. Has freckles in plenty, which turn green when he is at sea. Knows all the time-tables between here and Frisco. Very popular with the ladies, who say that he is a perfect cherub. Has a gait which is remarkable and causes him considerable trouble in marching. Rather inclined to be touge. "Of all things on earth I hate, durn a red-headed man."



J. Waldemar Hayward

JAMES WALDEMAR HAYWARD, NEWARK, N. J.

"Dew-point," "Foxy," "Jimmie." Captain Class Foot-ball team (3). Class Foot-ball team (3, 2). First Class Buzzard.

"What ho! what ho! This man is dancing mad."

—POE.

The real, real thing. Has at different times had every man in the class consumed with jealousy and wonder as to how he does it. A devil of the first water. Sometimes knows what he means, but can never make anybody believe it. Has finally succeeded in producing a pair of cheek tufts that are the amazement and delight of visitors. Paralyzes instructors by his disjointed method of reciting. Bassett and Otterson have studied his methods, but cannot equal his success.



S. L. H. Hazard

STANTON LEIGH HUNT HAZARD,
WEBSTER GROVE, MO.

“Happy.” First Class Buzzard.

“Then he will talk. Good gods! How he will talk.”

—NATHANIEL LEE.

The seaman's friend. A sprightly youth of a joysome and happy disposition. Has periodic fits of taciturnity—during his sleep. Is of a tender disposition and given to manifestations of affection upon slight provocation. Can discourse with marvelous fluency on any subject and is never at a loss for something to say. His self-confidence while reciting often hypnotizes instructors into giving him a 2.5. Has a wonderful knowledge of the technical vocabulary of his profession, which he utilizes on all occasions.



Robert B. Hilliard

ROBERT BELL HILLIARD, NEW YORK CITY.

“Chance,” “Bobbie,” “Kipling.” Class Crest Committee (4). Christmas Card Committee (3). Gym. team (4). Fencing team (4, 3, 2, 1). Star (4, 3, 2). LUCKY BAG Staff. Two Stripes.

“He walks as though the band were playing ‘Hail to the Chief’ and he were trying to keep step with the music.”

—HOLMES.

Some men are born great, etc. Hilliard belongs to all three classes. In early youth was held up as an example to all the little boys of his acquaintance; now in the maturity of his powers, moves among his fellow-men an object of emulation and envy. Is never content with what the book says, but embellishes his recitations with observations of his own. Possessor of a wonderfully winning smile and a system of grease that has no parallel. Imitate him and you can't go wrong. Hitch your wagon to a star. Likes the quotation placed above, opposite his name. Reminds the committee every night not to forget it, sometimes more than once. Record—three times in one hour.



Herbert S. Howard

HERBERT SEYMOUR HOWARD, BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Shifty Sadie." LUCKY BAG Staff. Gym. team (4). Class
Foot-ball (3, 2). Three Stripes.

"And of his port as meke as is a mayde."

—CHAUCER.

Sweet Sadie. A very Maud Muller of a maiden, shy and unassuming as a violet and equally charming. Constant companionship with rude boys has had but little effect. Lately, however, has grown rather wicked. Is known to have had a box of matches, and was once heard to say "Darn" with great emphasis. Puts up a remarkably greasy board, and not on the tree so very often. Takes good care of Gramp. Inclined to be athletic in a small way and quite a devil. Stands well with the Ordnance Department.



B. K. Johnson

BENJAMIN KENT JOHNSON,

AUSTIN, TEX

"Vassar," "B. K.," "Chief," "Bennie." Editor-in-Chief LUCKY BAG. Toastmaster Class Supper (2). Class Football team (3, 2). Class Base-ball team (3, 2). First Class Buzzard.

"O rare Ben Jonson!"

—ANONYMOUS.

His chief claim to fame, so far, is his perpetration of this volume. A gentleman of extremely high spirits, nevertheless has a great aversion to supernatural visitants. His wit is an endless joy to his friends, though his savoir has not as yet appealed to the authorities. Among his best works may be mentioned "Gyrene, Spare that Tree." Helped pump Major's room out and clear up the débris for three years, and then sank under the strain. Joined the Married Men's Club at the Graduation Ball (2¹), and is now racing Tupper for the banner. Like a great man in a previous class—math. fiend, boiler fiend, skinny fiend.



I. C. Johnson, Jr.

ISAAC CURETON JOHNSON, JR., EVERGREEN, LA.

"Ike." Class Foot-ball team (3, 2). Class Base-ball team (3, 2). Track (4). Choir (2, 1). President Y. M. C. A. (2^d). First Class Buzzard.

"A young man ought to be modest."

—PLAUTUS.

Beyond a doubt the cutest man in the class. Curly-headed and full of good nature. Once was naughty, but now heads the Academy pious squad. Came out of retirement first-class leave and became one of the social lions at Bar Harbor. Spooned on by all the girls. Has had his troubles with the math. department, but has triumphed over all. Swears by Texas and wants to live there. "Jeems's rivers."



Chandler K. Jones

CHANDLER KENDALL JONES, LUCASVILLE, O.

"Dismal," "Rhino," "Papa," "The Pride of Lucasville."
Hustlers (4). Class Base-ball team (3, 2). One Stripe.

*"He is a paralyzer of the female heart * * * We used to call
him the Bellehugger of Spoonmore."*

—J. A. MITCHELL.

A gay Lothario of imposing build, a resonant voice and the grace of a Don Juan. Spent a number of years in teaching the young idea how to shoot in the rural districts of Ohio. Commonly known as "The Pride of Lucasville." Used to be partial to midnight rambles, accompanied by his friend Shannon. The most successful bluffer in the Academy, his intellectual countenance and air of superiority never failing to convince the instructor that he knows what he is talking about.



H. E. Kimmel.

HUSBAND EDWARD KIMMEL, HENDERSON, KY.

“Hubby,” “Kim.” Class Foot-ball (3, 2). Gym. (4, 3).
Buzzard (2). Athletic Committee (1). Brigade Adju-
tant.

*“He had the air of his own statue erected by
national subscription.”*

—TOURGENIEFF.

Kentucky’s pride and Henderson’s favorite son. Often re-ferred to as “Hubby” in the columns of the Daily Gleaner in terms of highest praise. Belongs to the best type of greaser and is intensely in earnest about everything. Some-times gets mad, but is soon over it. Used to live with Jones, but though somewhat in the social line himself, couldn’t stand the pace. Was one of the Holy Thirteen, but never attained Fitch’s “high ideals.” Is pretty well acquainted with the topography of Blake Row.



D. M. W. Le Breton

DAVID McDOUGAL LE BRETON,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

“Dave.” Class Ring Committee (2). Gym. team (4). Star
(4, 3, 2). Four Stripes.

“Thou knowest all without the books.”

—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

The reincarnation of Isaac Newton. Looks at his bookshelf two minutes before a recitation and makes a 4.0. Takes a delight in puzzling instructors and then showing them a new way to work the prob. Is a remarkably pretty boy, resembling a Mellin’s food advertisement. Works twice as much for other people as he does for himself. Isn’t worried by Interior Regulations and doesn’t mind a little fun occasionally. Bassett’s confrère in the Caterers’ Combine.



JOSEPH DRUMMOND LITTLE, SPRINGFIELD, O.

"Joe," "Pig," "Littlette." Class Foot-ball team (3, 2). Choir
(2, 1). One Stripe.

*"Oh, what a nice young man, man, man,
Oh, what a nice young man."*

—OLD SONG.

Willie Greene's fellow-infant. Spends his time talking baby talk and making faces. Senior member of the Whist Club. Maintains a library of magazines swiped from the reading-room. While reciting indulges in a series of facial contortions that are wonderful to behold. Warbles in the choir under persuasion, but usually sleeps serenely during the song service. Could put up a good bluff in recitation if it were not for his sense of humor.

J. D. Little



John H Lofland.

JOHN HENRY LOFLAND,

OSKALOOSA, IA.

“Jack.” Hop Committee (2, 1). Choir (2, 1). First Class
Buzzard.

“A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

One of the class's handsome men. Very popular, debonair and intensely blasé. Doesn't care a demerit whether school keeps or not. Hits the pap and ship without turning a hair. Fond of non-reg. clothes and somewhat of a sea-lawyer. Doesn't spoon on the Navy and wants to go back to that dear Oskaloosa, Iowa. Forms a combination with Chafee to break all regulations. Goes to every show and sits in a front seat. Never known to lose his nerve or refuse a chance to run a risk.



JOHN JAMES McCRACKEN, FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

“Tim,” “Bow.” First Class Buzzard.

“Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

An Irishman of a serious and argumentative turn of mind, which he occasionally lays aside for a period of childlike playfulness. Will argue on the wrong side of any question and refuse to be convinced. Prefers non-reg. clothes, but sometimes wears whites for a change. Cubby’s especial pride. Takes sights and works them out for fun. Sleeps with a sextant and uses a nautical almanac for a pillow. Author of the revised edition of Bowditch.

J. J. McCracken



R. P. McCullough

RICHARD PHILIP McCULLOUGH,
NORTH PLAINFIELD, N. J.

"Dick," "Joke," "ρ." Hustlers (4). First Class Buzzard.

*"Johnnie's always up to tricks;
Ain't he cute, and only six."*

—PRINCETON TIGER.

One of the strivers for a 2.5. Has fought the good fight and won out at last after many reverses. Is quite a devil and greatly run after by the ladies. Absolutely the success of the season at Bar Harbor. Keeps his hearers delighted by his ingenuous remarks. Extremely amiable and perfectly harmless. Ambles through life with a cheerful grin and makes busts with such an air of candor and innocence as wins the instructor's heart.



C. Stanley McDowell

CLYDE STOMLEY McDOWELL, MILLERSBURG, O.

"Sandy." Class Foot-ball team (2). First Class Buzzard.

*"You beat your pate and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."*

—POPE.

A shy and retiring youth of modest demeanor and studious habits. Manages to hang out in the first section pretty regularly. One of the whist fiends. Has improved considerably in three years and now wears non-reg. clothes with no thought of the wickedness of such practices. Carries on a voluminous correspondence, sending and receiving two half-pound letters every day. Author and editor of the "Killbuck Daily."



F. D. McMILLAN

FRANK DODD McMILLAN,

CLEVELAND, O.

“Frank,” “Mac.” Class German Committee (I).
Two Stripes.

*“For dey haf der imperfect soul wich is midway arrested
in defelopment—und too much ego.”*

—KIPLING.

One of Tom Johnson’s most fervent admirers. Has a Satanic laugh and talks with an accent somewhere between Cockney and Bowery. Skinny fiend and inclined to be blasé. Originator of the famous scheme to turn over the Flatiron Building. Has lately developed serious views of life and speaks gravely of the folly of misspent time. Takes care of poor Colby Dodge and listens to his medical lectures.



FRED EWING McMILLEN, WHITEWATER, WIS.

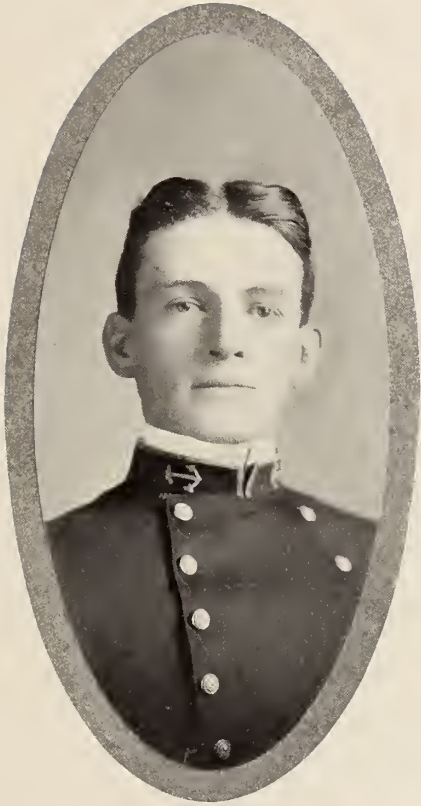
“Freddie.” Choir (1). Class Secretary. First Class Buzzard.

“You look wise—pray correct that error.”

—CHARLES LAMB.

Happy and joysome and never in anything but a good temper. Class Scribe and bosom friend of Jarvis. It has been calculated that his weekly output is about the same in quantity as that of the Evening Capital. Has a good heart, what there is left of it, but very stern and unyielding in the matter of collections. Bats things pretty well, but has been seen in the wooden section. Never does anything naughty. Rival of John Otterson.

F. E. McMullen



Cleon W. Mauldin

CLEON WIRT MAULDIN,

PICKENS, S. C.

“Mauldy,” “Mauldin.” Fencing team (2¹. 1). Gym. team
(4). One Stripe.

“Silence has become his mother tongue.”

—GOLDSMITH.

A youth who says little, but does well what he finds to do. Soaked in the matter of stripes. Swordsman of great ability and one of Corbesier’s favorites. Studies during study hours and at the stroke of nine-thirty is found in the corridor ready for relaxation. For three years listened to Shoup’s lurid adventures and still survives. Used to be a recluse, but has lately joined the Richards-Toaz Society of Society Recruits.



Herbert H. Michael.

HERBERT HARLAN MICHAEL, PERRYMAN, MD.

“Jimmy,” “Mag.” Hustlers (4, 3). Christmas Card Committee (3). Foot-ball team (2). Class Crest Committee (4). Third Crew (4). First Crew (3, 2). Captain of Crew (1). C. C. P. O.

“He had a face like a benediction.”

—CERVANTES.

Comes from Baltimore and feels a proper sense of shame for such a failing. In training all the time. Resembles a well-known advertisement. Original leader of the Holy Thirteen and conscience fiend of the most virulent type. Has such a cute mustache. Comes straight home from the hops and goes to bed. Once had a mighty grease, but now 'tis vanished. Partner of Caffee in the conspiracy to defraud. Looks very pretty in rowing clothes.



LUMAN EDGAR MORGAN,

HASTINGS, NEB.

"Lemon." One Stripe.

"The peaceful peasant to the wars is prest."

—COWPER.

Straight from the cornfields of Nebraska. Discusses the crop prospects with Post most of the time. One of the charter members of the Whist Club. Walks like a plate of calves-foot jelly in a strong wind. Inadvertently swallowed a mouthful of hot dough when quite young, whence comes his curious iteration. Has a charming blush and an insinuating manner which sometimes bluffs the instructor. Grins cheerfully when spoken to, and is altogether a very nice boy.

L. E. Morgan



E. Collins Oak

EDSON COLLINS OAK,

CARIBOU, ME.

"Ooks," "Edson," "Fa'mer." Hustlers (4). Foot-ball team
(3, 2, 1). Two Stripes.

"Old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese."

—SYDNEY SMITH.

Take a careful look at the picture. Study it closely. This is Oak. Athlete, gymnast and sculptor's model. Airy and graceful as a sylph. Rough-house artist—never happy without a black eye or an ear torn off. Differs from Smead in that he gets most of the chalk on his outside. Practical seaman and engineer. Never gets mad under any circumstances. Ex-lumberman and trapper. Speaks French like a Parisian—with a Canuck accent.



JOHN EDWARD OTTERSON,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

“John.” Class Supper Committee (2). Athletic Committee (1). Manager Base-ball team (2¹). Gym. team (3). Business Manager LUCKY BAG Staff. Three Stripes.

*“And when you stick in conversation’s burrs,
Don’t strew your pathway with those dreadful ‘urs.’”*

—O. W. HOLMES.

Rival of Caffee as general manager. Pretty much of a hustler in that line, in spite of his apparent ennui. One of Elbert Hubbard’s disciples. Recites as though he were scared to death. Preternaturally solemn and repressed in appearance under ordinary circumstances, but not so much on mirthful occasions. Subject to heart failure about every second hop, but it is believed that his case is not serious. Has loads of common sense with a considerable admixture of savoir. Thinks of going to the U. S. S. Wisconsin.

J. E. Otterson



A. C. Pickens

ANDREW CALHOUN PICKENS, MOBILE, ALA.

"Pick," "Andrew," "Hatchet Face," "Mummy." Class Supper Committee (2). Gym. team (4). Star (4, 3, 2). Class Base-ball team (3). Class German Committee (1). Four Stripes.

"He knows about it all—he knows—he knows!"

—OMAR KHAYYÁM.

A sweet and savez scion of the Sunny South. Loyal to Alabama and still a rebel. One of the Godsend to the wooden section. Goes astray with Le Breton once in a while, but ordinarily a model young man. Has been under fire, and though slightly disfigured, is still in the ring. Knows how to do things and does them in his own way. Thinks in hyperbolas and works probs. for the fun of it. Almost as popular with girls as the wooden men of the class.



Nathan W. Post

NATHAN WOODWORTH POST, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

“Wooden,” “Scuttle Butt.” Class Foot-ball team (2). First Class Buzzard.

“He brays the laureate of the long-eared kind.”

—BYRON.

Does not belie his name. Lives in a trance, occasionally coming to his senses to make a startling remark. Pined away plebe year because he could not room with Morgan. Plays a little whist when he can remember what is trumps. Has a penchant for travel, but always gets a round-trip ticket with no stopover privileges. Sometimes attempts a joke and wonders at the looks of astonishment it causes. “Morgan didn’t tell me. How do I know what the uniform is?”



Halsey Powell

HALSEY POWELL,

McAFEE, KY.

"Halsey," "Tucky." Graduation Ball Committee (2). Class Foot-ball team (3, 2). Class Base-ball team (3). Gym. team (2). Adjutant. Two Stripes.

*"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?"*

—WADSWORTH.

A fine soldierly lad of real old blue-grass stock. Freckled just enough to be too sweet for anything. Has a smile that is as infectious as measles. Writes almost as many letters as Fred McMillen, and says that the Kentucky girls are good enough for him. Strongly suspected of having belonged to the Holy Thirteen and aspires to Suse's "high ideals." Pulls the base-ball training table every year. "I hate to take the money."



Allen B. Reed

ALLEN BEVINS REED,

LIBERTY, MO.

“Kid,” “Allen.” Track team (3). Gym. team (4, 3, 2). Class
Foot-ball team (2). First Class Buzzard.

*“From the crown of his head to the sole of
his feet he is all mirth.”*

—SHAKESPEARE.

A promising young gentleman who will one day achieve fame as an inventor. Goes in for the gym. team and keeps in training by frequent rough houses. With Snorter spends his time in rigging rubber cushions and various labor-saving devices. Knows how to put out all the lights in the corridor from his own room, and can control Hart's ire under the most adverse circumstances. Has gained some celebrity as an importer of peaches and once took mandolin lessons.



A. H. Rice.

ARTHUR HOPKINS RICE,

OKTOC, MISS.

"Simp," "Farmer," "Spo't," "Willie," "Brice," "Tapioca."
First Class Buzzard.

"Much learning doth make thee mad."

—ACTS.

One of Oktoc's fairest flowers, Simp left the cotton fields of Mississippi amid the huzzas of the assembled populace to wrest fame and fortune from the sea. Is subject to fits of mild insanity, but is perfectly harmless. Came back from first class leave hopelessly in love and has never been the same man since. Has the real deep-water walk and can never feel at home on terra firma. A careful and conscientious student, especially interested in engineering. The only man in the class whom Maje has bluffed. Holds the record of having been seasick on the Santee.



CLARENCE ALVIN RICHARDS, WELLINGTON, KAN.

"Pringle." First Class Buzzard.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine car."

—SHAKESPEARE.

A silver-tongued child of the boundless per-airies. Believes firmly in his own convictions and doesn't hesitate to state them. Doesn't know a radius of gyration from a C./B. à la spirité Straight Front, but can argue on either side of any question and make a Choctaw Indian believe in theosophy. Has developed rapidly into a social success. Strong believer in pull. Held Dick in check for several years; now vainly tries to keep the Pride on the right road. As to his nickname, the Class has recently found that he came by it honestly.

C. A. Richards.



C. A. Richter.

CARL ALBERT RICHTER,

LOUISBURG, WIS.

“Carlos.” Star (4. 3). First Class Buzzard.

“For one star differeth from another star in glory.”

—CORINTHIANS.

A handsome Teuton of commanding appearance who can give sixty-three reasons why he didn't get those five stripes. It is rumored that there is a sixty-fourth. Speaks German with an English accent. Has had strenuous competition for his place, but still holds it. Has been accused of biting the hand that fed him—but we never saw him partaking of Zu-Zus. Hero of the sanguinary battle behind the coal-pile. Frenched once and fell a victim to Hoogie.



ROLAND ROGERS RIGGS,

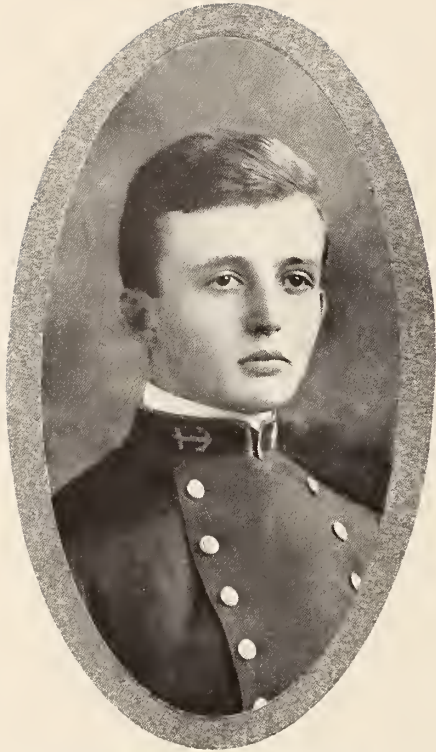
GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

“Roland.” Chairman Class Ring Committee (2). Athletic Committee (1). Class Crest Committee (4). Class Christmas Card Committee (3). LUCKY BAG Staff. Captain Fencing team (2¹, 1). C. C. P. O.

“I am willing to admit that man iz mi brother, but I contend at the same time, that I have got a lot of kussid skaly relashuns.”

—JOSH BILLINGS.

Amateur D’Artagnan. Slender and spirituelle. Has a laugh like a Minorca hen celebrating. An artist of note, responsible for most of the drawings herein contained, as well as Chief Ping Pongster. Has a graceful walk and a sway-back carriage that attract much attention. Is believed to weigh almost one hundred and two pounds when in condition. Talks considerably and has a fondness for stating his opinions, but is young yet and may get over it.



C.R.P. Rodgers

CHRISTOPHER RAYMOND PERRY RODGERS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

“Jang,” “Peter.” Manager of Crew (2¹). One Stripe.

*“Some of the manly sex among us are so effeminate that
they would rather have the commonwealth out
of order than their hair.”*

—SENECA.

A squire of dames of no mean pretensions. Has the most classic profile in the Academy and understands the advantage of getting it in a good light. Has been accused of using Pozzoni’s Best and a rabbit’s foot, and his enemies declare that he is saving a bottle of Peroxide until he can get up his nerve. Like others, has had reverses at the hands of the math. department. Affects an air of languid tougeness that is quite fetching. Is partial to an undress uniform during study hours that is particularly attractive.



W P Sedgwick

WILLIAM PARKER SEDGWICK, JR., BATH, N. Y.

“Gramp.” First Class Buzzard.

*“What! gray hairs at twenty! Yes! white, if we please;
“Where the snow falls the thickest, there’s nothing can freeze.”*

—O. W. HOLMES.

A simple, kindly old man whose years sit upon him lightly. Loves children and is never happier than when listening to their innocent prattle. For this reason lives with Howard, the two showing the contrast between playful childhood and hoary age. Had bad luck on the cruise, but is now fresh as a daisy and anxiously looking forward to retirement on the age limit. Usually a recluse, but occasionally makes a sally into society, and always carries away fresh laurels.



Edward Bragg Sherman.

EDWARD BRAGG SHERMAN, FOND DU LAC, WIS.

“Taydie,” “Teddie.” First Class Buzzard.

“Can the world buy such a jewel.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

Introducer of the celebrated Zu-Zu brand into the Naval Academy. An authority on all naval subjects—unconnected with the text-books, and can spiel all the Registers since '61 without a break. Is noted for his rapid changes and has left a trail of Zu-Zus and strawberry jam behind him in his various shifts. Can tell the full name and predecessor of every man in the Navy. Has also made somewhat of a bid for literary fame in a novel soon to be published. “Dog, wouldst bite the hand that feeds thee?”



AUBREY KIRKE SHOUP,

MERRILL, IA.

"Aub." Hustlers (4, 3). Foot-ball team (2). Track team (4). Gym. team (4, 3). First Class Buzzard.

"I admire him, I frankly confess it, and when his time comes I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake."

—MARK TWAIN.

A man whose life has been one of wild adventure. Can invariably bring the cold chills with one of his reminiscences. Dark secrets are shrouded in his past. Went through the Spanish war making a glowing record and is now improving on it. Cast his first vote for Harrison. Is subject to dreams, which he describes the next day. Agrees with the Chief that no better sleeping apartments can be found than the lower berth of mess No. 3.

Aubrey K. Shoup.



WALTER ALBERT SMEAD,

LEAD, S. D.

“Wally,” “Smug,” “Spud-face,” “Irish.” Hop Committee
(3). Night Owl (4, 3, 2, 1). First Class Buzzard.

“It’s such a very serious thing to be a funny man.”

—HOLMES.

The wild Irishman. Has watched the evolution of the Naval Academy from its earliest beginning. Has had his share of tribulation, but has never given up hope. Always ready for a rough house and never known to have makes. Loves nothing better than math., except the Shamrock. Wears non-reg. clothes and has them ragged. Has lived with Fitch’s “high ideals” for three years without being in the least affected. Came very near it last September, but lost his nerve.

W. A. Smead.



Charles C. Soule, Jr.

CHARLES CARROLL SOULE, JR., BROOKLINE, MASS.

“Charley,” “Jo-Jo, the Dog-faced Boy,” “Shetland Pony.”
Hustlers (4). Foot-ball team (3, 2, 1). Captain Foot-ball
team (1). LUCKY BAG Staff. Picture in Baltimore Sun
(1). Athletic Committee (1). Two Stripes.

“When I ope my mouth, let no dog bark.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

A hirsute phenomenon. Has had flattering offers from various sideshows and museums, but remains faithful to the Navy. Used to be fond of frenching, but has lately grown out of the habit. Manages to get his picture into the papers quite often. Never satisfied unless he is creating a rough house or giving one of his marvelously accurate imitations of a chimpanzee. Made himself very prominent on the cruise. Shares with Halsey the position of deadwood on the LUCKY BAG Staff.



L. M. Stewart

LEIGH MORRISON STEWART, LA HARPE, ILL.

"Tough Nut," "Toof," "Twilight." Class Foot-ball team
(3). Class Base-ball team (3, 2). First Class Buzzard.

*"He's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B.—Tough
and de-vilish sly."*

—DICKENS.

Originally intended to be a foreign missionary, but found the life too tame for his liking. In preparing himself for the calling gained a remarkable knowledge of the Old Testament, which he utilizes to great effect in characterizing his pet instructors. Loves a rough house above all things and makes a specialty of Navigation. Creates a sensation on leave, appearing in cits like the lightweight champion. Keeps Hilliard in a perpetual state of trepidation.



Harry A. Stuart

HARRY ALLEN STUART,

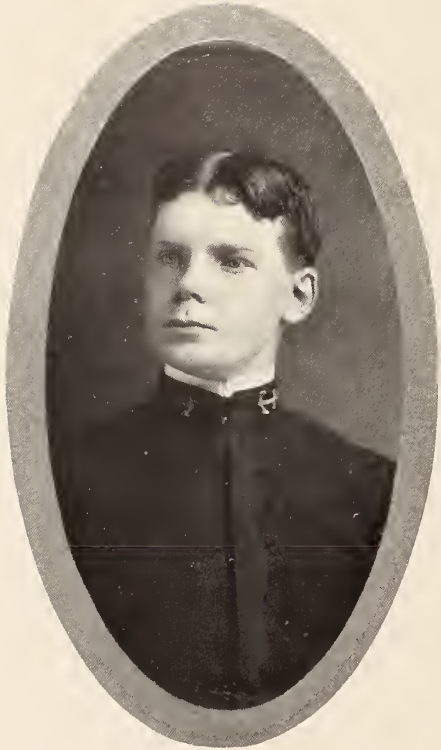
TAZEWELL, VA.

“Jeb,” “Harry.” First Class Buzzard.

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

—SHAKESPEARE.

Never known to be down-hearted and never seen without a broad grin. Happiest when most in trouble. A man who has convictions and lives up to them. Toward the end of the cruise developed alarming symptoms, which finally resulted in a prolonged sojourn in Buffalo. Listens with long-suffering patience to Moose’s wild ideas and demands for grub. Somewhat of an athlete. Manages to have a good time without trying to shove over the Flatiron Building or run a red automobile up the Washington monument.



William H. Toaz

WILLIAM HAMILTON TOAZ, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Toze," "Cupid." Class Foot-ball team (3, 2). First Class Buzzard.

"Not every one is a wit that would be."

—MOLIÈRE.

The sole originator, patentee and manufacturer of the famous Toaz joke. Slips up on an unsuspecting victim with a smile that is childlike and bland, and never fails to floor him with one application. Has a complexion that is like the sunny side of a peach and an infantile expression that belies his nature. Learned to smoke some time ago, but has never mastered the art of appearing at ease while indulging. Lives with Happy, who never gives him a chance to slip a pun in edgeways.



Forde A. Todd.

FORDE ANDERSON TODD, CHARLESTON, S. C.

"Jaster." "L-a-d-y." Class Ring Committee (2). First Crew (2). Class Foot-ball team (3). Hustlers (2). One Stripe.

"Where there is much strength, there ain't apt to be much gumption."

—SAM SLICK.

A peaceful leviathan with a speech which runs as sweetly and as torpidly as the molasses of his native State. Always good-humored, but not to be trifled with. Well known at Orient Point as a graceful and indiscriminate consumer. Sentimental to a fault and fond of "dears." A little slow in getting started, but a hard man to stop when he gets under way. Spooned on by all the girls because he is so large and handsome. "Oh, la-ady, your pie's better than the other la-ady's."



LAWRENCE PENFIELD TREADWELL,
DANBURY, CONN.

"Parson," "Treedwell." First Class Buzzard.

"But Shadwell never deviates into sense."
—DRYDEN.

A quiet and unassuming youth who occasionally breaks out in a most startling manner. Isn't much given to indiscriminate talking, but holds decided opinions and lives up to them. More to be pitied than censured in that for eight weary months he used the same "In charge of room" plate as the Boy Soldier during the latter's violinic endeavors. Is another of the songsters who remain inconspicuous at Chapel. Once had social ambitions, but agreed with Chet that it wasn't worth while.

Lawrence P. Treadwell.



F. G. Tupper

FREDERICK GEDDINGS TUPPER, ATLANTA, GA.

“Tup,” “Tooper.” Class Crest Committee (4). Class Ring Committee (2). Christmas Card Committee (3). LUCKY BAG Staff. Three Stripes.

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

Georgia’s pride. Chubby and cute, with a look of infantile innocence that leads many to false conclusions. Hopelessly in love—didn’t even have his class ring made to fit his own finger. Once busted on a recitation and had nervous prostration for a week. Sends his letters by freight. Appreciates a good joke, especially one of his own. Is suspected of greasing, but denies the charge. Performs his duty and lets the chips fall where they may. Has a walk—but look at the quotation.



D. P. Wickersham.

DARREL PALMER WICKERSHAM, TACOMA, WASH.

“Wick,” “Constance.” Two Stripes.

*“Lean of flank and lank of jaw,
See the real Northern Thor,
See the awful Yankee leering
Just across the Straits of Bering.”*

—BRET HARTE.

A long, lanky Esquiman from the banks of the Yukon. Born somewhere toward the close of the Neolithic Age, and a rough carving is still extant representing him and his pet ichthyosaurus gamboling sportively in the far-off day of their distant youth. Talks with a Yankee drawl and moves with a string-haltered gait acquired in jumping over crevasses. Enjoys life in an unobtrusive way, in spite of Pat. Enjoys a joke, even if it is on him. “Get out o’ here, Bill!”



N. H. Wright

NATHANIEL HOADLEY WRIGHT, ODELL, ILL.

"Neddy." Two Stripes.

*"God's mercy is upon the young,
God's wisdom in the baby tongue."*

—KIPLING.

A daring and desperate character, especially fond of combating instructors. With Post, his chief joy in life is to form small but determined minorities at class meetings, where, with Wooden's help, he can effectually block any proposal until too hoarse to argue further. Has longings in the Skinny line, chiefly to cook Puggy, but is not as yet thoroughly conversant with the Brown Ring test. Very strong and muscular, rivaling Ted and Jang as Class Athlete.

Our Ex-Classmates

- ATKINSON, JOHN FRANKLIN. WAVERLY, GEORGIA. "Dinah."
"Melancholy marked him for her own."—GREY.
- BENJAMIN, ADRIAN THOMAS. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.
"It takes all sorts to make a world."—CHAMFERT.
- BURNETT, WILLIAM LEGRANDE. GEORGETOWN, GEORGIA. "Billy."
"Long experience made him sage."—GAY.
- CADE, CASSIUS MARCELLUS. SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA. "Pete." "Cashy."
"I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate but as an example to deter."—JUNIUS.
- CAMPBELL, JAMES EDWIN. HAMILTON, OHIO. "Jimmie."
"I have fought a good fight."—TIMOTHY.
- CLOSE, CHARLES FISHER. SANDUSKY, OHIO. "Charley."
"One Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain, a mere anatomy."—SHAKESPEARE.

COLLINS, THOMAS EDWARD. POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

"Such knowledge is too excellent and wonderful for me, I cannot attain unto it."—PSALMS.

COOK, ARTHUR BYRON. EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

"So they sint a corpril's file and they put me in the guyard room."—KIPLING.

COREY, CLEMENT BASSETT. PUEBLO, COLORADO.

"'E says to me, 'You ought to 'ave more sense,' 'e sez, 'at your time o' life.'"—KIPLING.

CRESSEY, CALVIN JOY. MODESTO, CALIFORNIA. "Judge."

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me."—BYRON.

DORTCH, ISAAC FOOTE. GADSTEN, ALABAMA. "Ikey."

"Who talks like poor Poll."—DAVID GARRICK.

FAIRCHILD, HERBERT BIGELOW. GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN. "Hubbie." "Alice." "Yellowhammer."

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

HAGE, SIGURD. MADELIA, MINNESOTA. "Skowegian."

"Nothing on earth is more beautiful than a handsome man, and nothing uglier than a very ugly man."

—ST. PIERRE.

HOLLAND, WALTER JOHN. BRADDOCK, PENNSYLVANIA. "Dutchie."

"The Frenchman's darling."—COWPER.

HUTCHINS, HAMILTON EUGENE. NEW WINDSOR, NEW YORK. "Skipper." "Hank."

"Had he thy wisdom, would he skip and play?"—POPE.

LANGLEY, RALPH SIMONS. SAGINAW, MICHIGAN. "Lanky."

"Now for all thy years, thou art a child."—KIPLING.

MAGUIRE, JOSEPH FREDERICK. EAST BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. "Maggie."

"Now I'm persuaded, I was cruel hard treated."—KIPLING.

NEWCOMER, ROBERT HITT. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. "Hitt."

*"For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope."*—SAMUEL BUTLER.

OWNBY, GEORGE SANDERS. UNION CITY, TENNESSEE. "Huntby." "Georgie."

*"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care and a fig for woe."*—HEYWOOD.

RAMSTAD, ALBERT GEORGE. EAUCLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

"I think I can say of a post of eminence and respectability, that it is more easily attained than retained."

—LA BRUYÈRE.

ROBINSON, EDWARD SMALL. MERCER, PENNSYLVANIA. "Mike."

"Positively the best thing a man can do is nothing."—CHARLES LAMB.

SHEPARDSON, CHARLES ALBERT. SMYRNA, NEW YORK. "BERTIE."

"Better be damned than mentioned not at all."—JOHN WOLCOTT.

SMITH, WILLIAM REDDING. ST. EDWARD, NEBRASKA. "Reddy."

"A sayer of smart things."—PASCAL.

STAFFORD, DONALD BERNARD. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA. "Donny." "Sappho."

*"An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands."*—COWPER.

TAYLOR, JAMES ALVAN. INDIANA, PENNSYLVANIA. "Jimmie."

"In every company there are more fools than wise men."—RABELAIS.

WADSWORTH, ALEXANDER SCAMMEL, JR. ELIZABETH CITY, NORTH CAROLINA. "Derby."

"The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry is like a potato, the best part of him is underground."—OVERBERRY.

WHETSEL, EVERARD N. FORTVILLE, INDIANA.

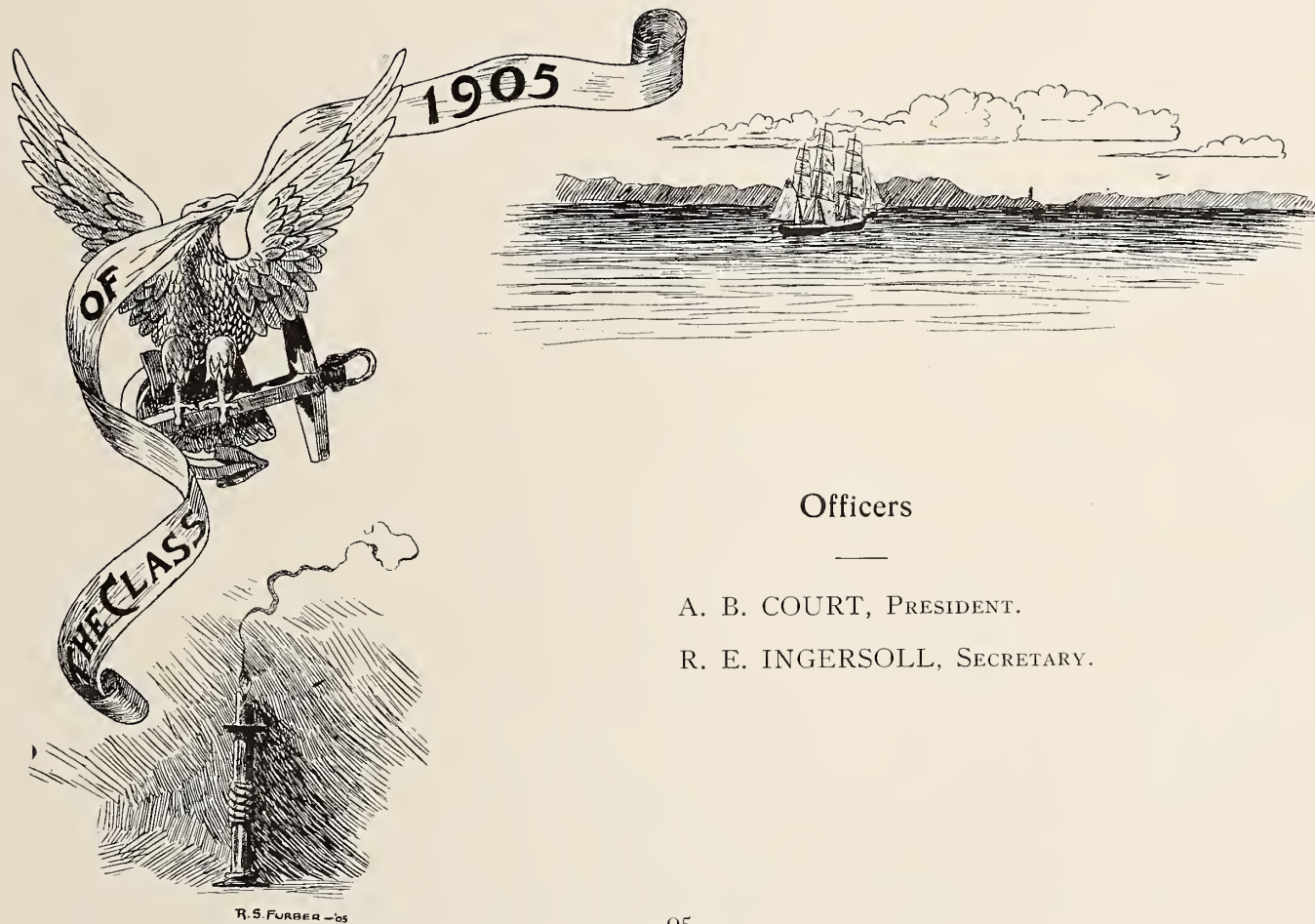
"If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man."—IZAAK WALTON.

WHITING, KENNETH. LARCHMONT, NEW YORK. "Ken."

"I notice that when a man runs his head against a post, he cusses the post fust, all creashun next, an' sumthing else last—and never thinks of cussing himself."—JOSH BILLINGS.







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EKLUND, F. N.
ELLYSON, T. G.
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FARWELL, E.
FAWELL, R. M.

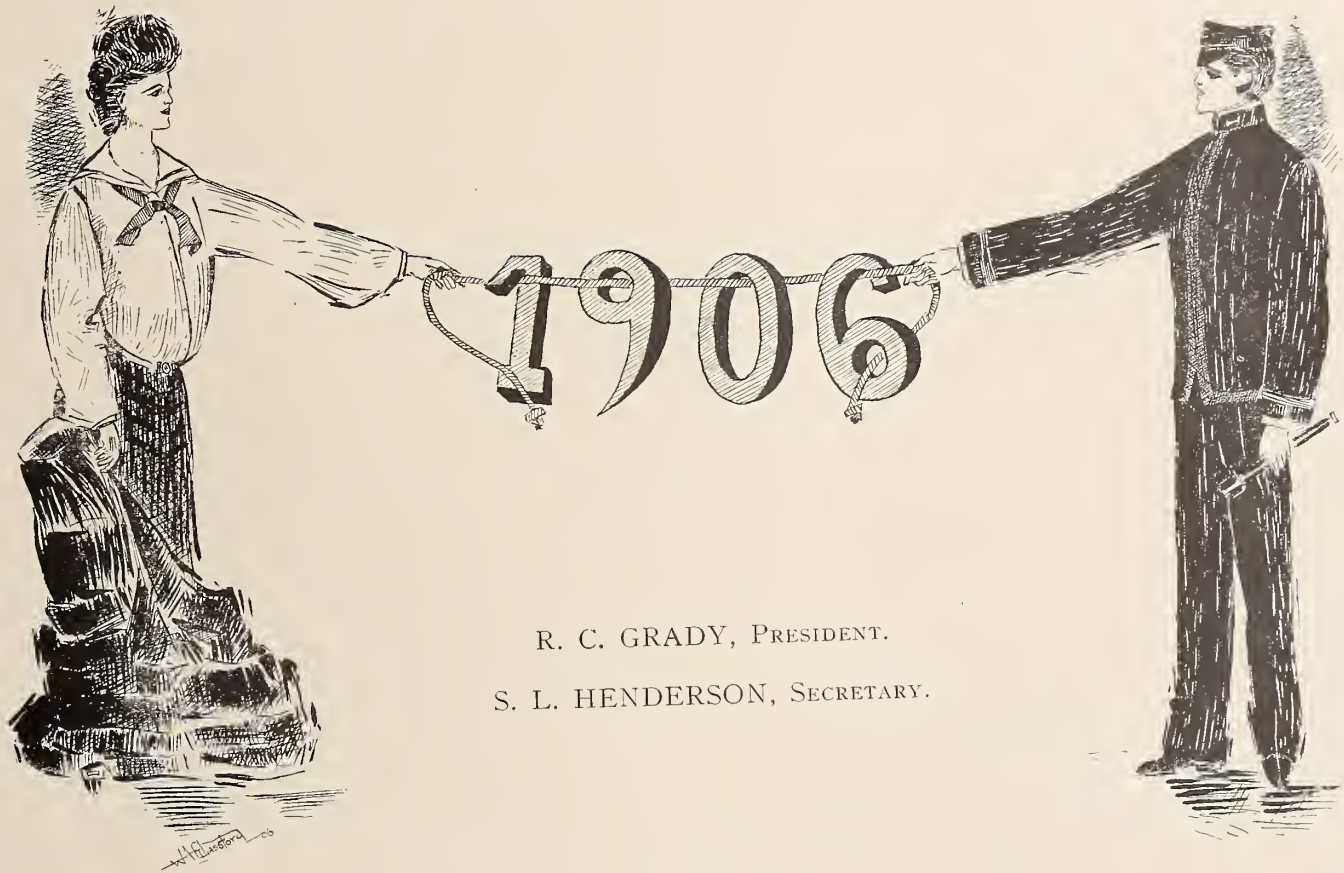
FERGUSON, J. N.
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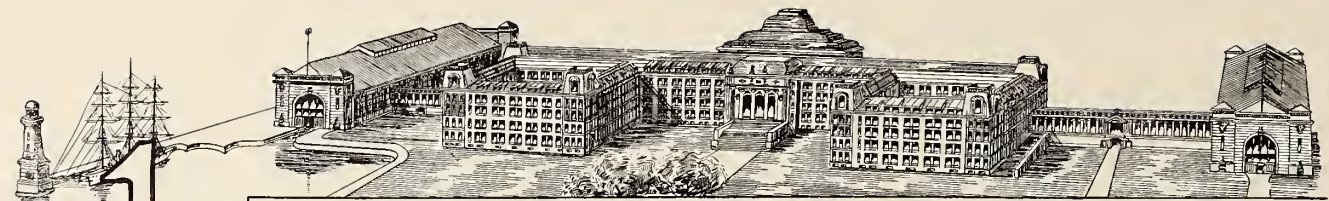
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*N.L. Nichols
-1907*

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WOODWARD, V. V.
WRIGHT, C. L.



T SEEMS a pretty safe statement that every class has a history, and there can be no doubt that the histories of all classes coincide in their most essential particulars. For this reason and because the subject of class history has been rather fully treated in the past, we will go into no very extensive description or violently oratorical bursts of rhetoric in this article.

The Class of 1904 entered the Academy at various times during the summer and fall of 1900, some to spend three months in making the acquaintance of Matty Strohm and Professor Corbesier, the rest to face, untried and unprepared, the terrors of the plebe math. department and the welcoming smiles of P. Miller and Dago. It was bad at first, and Jarvis carried many a

homesick wail to the postoffice; but those were the good old days now gone forever, when even a wooden man could get a 2.5 if he went about it in the right way, and before long life assumed a more pleasing aspect.

We lived through plebe year with all its hardships. We rated little and knew we deserved it; we took our share of running and have since been sincerely thankful that we received it, and we never told anybody our troubles.

At last it was all over and we embarked for our first practice cruise. That cruise was pretty bad, but there was a bunch of new plebes with us who removed many a burden from our shoulders. Many a time we laid aft to the braces when it seemed that endurance had reached its limit, and the unwelcome shrill of the whistle of the boatswain's mate calling the reel-holders used to vibrate through our dreams. Up at 5 in the morning lashing our hammocks with breakneck speed, dashing wildly for the washroom to find that the last drop of water had just been squeezed from the reluctant faucet, on deck to man the ashwhip—thus our days began, and the programme lasted until 9 at night. It was a hard life, but we got ashore once in a while and forgot our troubles for a few short hours.

And then we went on leave. No one who has not actually had the experience can imagine the unalloyed bliss, the perfect and untroubled joy of leave. To walk down Pennsylvania avenue, hands in pockets, fingering a roll of the long green, with no prying eye to watch your movements, after eight months of study and three months of slavery—there is absolutely nothing that can compare with the sensation. And home again—it is heaven; no less. But it was over at last, and we gathered at the Academy for the second heat. And it was a hot one, too. We fled through conics and stereo at the rate of forty pages a day and mastered all of Calculus in a couple of months. It was a fast pace and a few failed to reach the wire, but by hook or crook the most of us came out with the longed-for 2.5.

Second Class cruise came next, and we made the same round of Eastern summer resorts and swung in the same old hammocks. But it was a little easier. We were second classmen now, and the fore-

castle is not easily seen from the bridge, so that a lesser share of labor fell to our lot. Then we went on leave again. It was as good as the former one, and we began just where we left off the year before, with a result to Tupper, McDowell and several others that is a matter of remark.

Back again we came from every corner of the Union to plunge into the maelstrom of Math., Skinny and Nav. that a loving academic board has prepared for second classmen. Ye gods! but it was fierce. Gone were Pop and his cohorts, but their mantles had fallen upon the worthy shoulders of Willie G. and Philip, while the unutterable mysteries of Gow and Watson kept us in the dining-room far into the small hours of the night. Bagley made of himself a basic Bessemer converter by a continual diet of chalk, while Smead and Dodge cut out sleep altogether and spent their nights at the Midshipman-in-Charge's table with a sack of Bull and a mound of books.

Another cruise much the same as those that had gone before, except that we occupied the berth deck and lived on fried eggs while our companions in misery managed to keep soul and body together on canned willie and beans, and with the important difference that we told other people how to pull on ropes instead of doing so ourselves. And then we went on leave—those of us who had escaped the clutches of funny Bill and Philip, and once more we gathered around the familiar hearthstone, no more to study, but to wait in patience for our diplomas.

And here we are now. We have troubles yet, but many of them have already passed, and many more will soon be behind us. True, we may leave a few anxious creditors to mourn our loss, and some hearts may ache for a little while; but we are ready to go. We have had enough of the weary pursuit of the 2.5 and look forward with pleasure to a two-by-four stateroom and inspections of the double bottoms.

And yet it is hard to leave. We have formed friendships that can never be forgotten—that cannot be broken without many a throb of sorrow and regret. Our Alma Mater has often seemed stern and oppressive; but it is our Alma Mater, and we can but feel a true affection for the home that has sheltered us for nearly four long years. Our superiors have not infrequently failed in a proper sympathy for our

youthful moods and shown an unjust spirit toward our caprices; but we are ready to forgive them. We leave the Academy with ill-feeling toward none. We are friends to the whole wide world—even the math. department has a share of our affection.

A few short days more and we will be scattered to the four corners of the earth, many of us never to meet again. Don't forget us. Though as a class we are far superior to any that has gone before, we may have our failings. If so, deal with them lightly. Think often of our good qualities and let our faults sink into oblivion. Our period of probation is over and we must go. Good bye to our enemies, if we have them; au revoir to our sweethearts—God bless them. Others will soon fill our places and the old scenes know us no longer; but remember, remember the Class of 1904.





The Cruise

W. H. Emory



THE U. S. S. INDIANA, CAPTAIN W. H. EMORY.

THE U. S. S. HARTFORD, CAPTAIN W. H. REEDER.

THE U. S. S. CHESAPEAKE, COMMANDER W. F. HALSEY.

The Cruise



To the conscientious historian—which is us—the last practice cruise of the Class of 1904 presents some difficult features. With an itinerary which was abandoned the first week out, two ships which rolled through $362\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ each, and a third which, according to the *New York Journal*, was slowly going to pieces, our summer was certainly not devoid of interest; but an attempt to trace the various members of the fleet in their maudlin wanderings from one summer hotel to the next baffles even our remarkable powers.

To begin with, the weather started out as bad as ever. While the Indiana and the Hartford were at Newport News, where their details of Midshipmen were learning the yards backwards and blindfolded, turning in the same old notes that had done duty twice before, taking in the hop at Fort Monroe, and incidentally whipping a base-ball team of the fort officers, all this time the Chesapeake was battling with all the plagues of Egypt and the rest of the earth. Sadie had long since lost hope—and other things—and Hubbie and Snorter were fighting desperately for first place at the rail. Twice Montauk Point hove in sight, and twice we were compelled to run out to sea again; but on the third attempt the good old pickle-boat



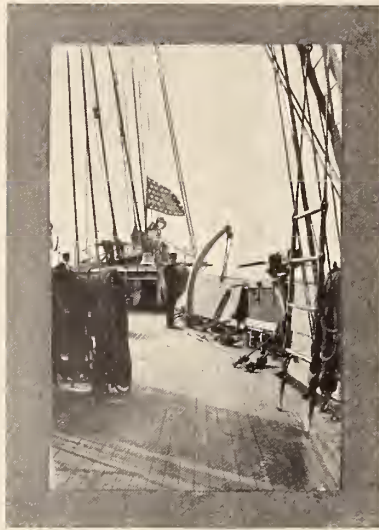
dropped anchor within sight of the familiar three-ball escutcheons of the Pequot House, at New Jerusalem. Here a pleasant stay was made, enlivened by a charming ball, where we lost our hearts to the sparkling eyes and diamonds of the fair Israelitesses.

Meanwhile the Indiana and Hartford were at Boston, where Charles Clifton was in his element, and where a parade in honor of the Hooker Statue unveiling was enlivened by voluntary contributions of fruit, etc., from the Augustians. From here, too, Colby carried home many resplendent memories, and here he caught the last boat. Finally, the entire fleet foregathered in New London for the first change of ships.

The Indiana's stay was short, for almost immediately on her arrival she set out for "little old New York." She was there a week, and the

Metropolitan Police Force are still rubbing the carmine streaks off the Flatiron Building and upper Broadway. From the party of youngsters who, quite inadvertently, captured the "Sammy" Box at "The Wizard of Oz," and thereby won the enduring envy of their classmates, to the proud First Classmen with eight days leave and a memorable dinner at Martin's, who returned awesomely familiar with "The Sultan of Sulu" and "The Earl of Pawtucket," all were interested in the big city. Meanwhile, the Chesapeake and the Hartford had





bidden a tearful farewell to New London to the accompaniment of numerous siren shrieks, and waving handkerchiefs, while the band labored manfully at the oft-repeated strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

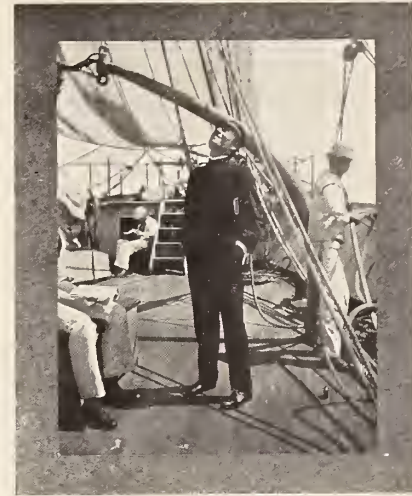
The Chesapeake headed up the coast and Indiana and Hartford met at Nahant, familiarly known as "Cold Roast Boston," to help celebrate the Semi-Centennial of her existence. "Joke" couldn't quite see how the place could be so young, but was open to conviction that it was the town and not the surrounding landscape. All day we were swamped by a steady stream of visitors, who fell down hatches, absorbed all the wet paint aboard, lost themselves below decks, had numerous exciting interviews with Loop and generally enjoyed themselves. Finally, Joe Little, observing all this waste energy, was struck by a lurid idea, and estab-

lished a Bureau of mis-Information, where he obtained the signatures of all the Easy Marks in range. For a climax to the celebration, we were sent ashore as junior officers in a parade of our seamen. The occasion was one of great éclat, the route stretching wildly round the country, apparently in a persistent endeavor to isolate us from all habitations and signs of humanity. For miles unnumbered we marched through the dust and under the solemn gaze of the peaceful bovines. At some places we would pass a yellow dog or a



group of one person (though this was infrequent), when the line would brace up and pass in review. Naturally, when we reached the very attractive Clubhouse we were hot and *thirsty!* And I want 'o say right here that the members of that Club are to the good! We were thirshy, an' they—hic—filled us. There was ev'rythin' you could want—an'—le' go, I wissch 'stinc'ly in-(hic)-form you, s'r, 'm *not* loaded. Well, what 'f I did fall, the floor was all shlipperlily there, an' anyways, lesh get pickshers taken. Sir, I am 'shamed be seen on zhe shtreet wiz sush objec' 's you. Tommie, ish dish'raceful. We'll have 'o get him 'ome. I've a'ways loved you, y' know, Tommie. Ev' since I was lil, lil boy—lil —lil———hic!

* * * * *



We probably left Nahant the next morning, and they say there was a hop the night of the parade. Anyway, the Hartford took a short cruise to Newport and New London, while the other ships continued up the coast to Bar Harbor.

And now a horrible sense of impending disaster came over us. Somewhere on the tossing waste of waters were several hampers of laundry for us, but where we could not tell. Most of us were reduced to striped jerseys and white gloves, which, although well enough in their way, look



rather severely simple and barren of adornment when made to do duty for an entire costume; and one man was the proud possessor of two handkerchiefs and a spool of thread. Under these conditions we found our costumes most suited to the engine and fire rooms, and it is due to this circumstance that the First Class Steam exams. were so creditable. It was even said that the General then made his investigations regarding priming, resulting in the discovery of the following famous antidote: First tap the boiler gently on all sides with a small steam hammer of about eight tons—to be supplied on service—then gently open its mouth and insert some soda, after which administer three lumps

of sugar and rock to sleep. If the chief engineer is a chorister, he should be required to sing a lullaby.

The Indiana arrived first in Bar Harbor, the other two ships soon following, together with about all the rest of our Navy on tap, and the month we spent there would be as difficult to describe as to forget. It would be impossible for us adequately to express our appreciation of the numberless kindnesses, the hops, dinners, dances and lawn parties with which this most hospitable of summer colonies besieged us. And, under the same heading, let all thanks be given to those two gallant martyrs—General and Jimmie—who, themselves detained aboard, stood countless watches for us and never failed to sympathize with our glowing descriptions of our adventures ashore.



But even a Bar Harbor summer must end, and in this case grim tidings of war brought it to an untimely close. Shortly after Wooden's celebrated scuttle-butt observation we put to sea for a couple of days. We were not quite sure what it was all about, but apparently the defensive squadron wanted to tag the other before it could get in to the hop at the Newport House, and success crowned their efforts; each vessel of the defenders sighting the enemy ten minutes before the rest of the squadron, simultaneously. (N. B.—That doesn't sound quite right, but it was compiled very carefully from information received on



all the different ships.)

The attacking fleet being amicably defeated, we returned to Bar Harbor where we found the Chesapeake up the creek hustling guns in and out. Another week of gayety, varied in the case of the Hartford by a personally conducted sail drill for the benefit of the ladies, and then we scattered once more. The Chesapeake started down on her long and strenuous sail, the Hartford started to Rockland for the War Game, and the Massachusetts having tried to do some broad jumping, the Indiana was detailed to convoy her remains to New York. There her detail blew in as roseate a week as had the first visiting party.



After two days at Rockland the Hartford joined the squadron for the Army-Navy Maneuvers, after which sleep was an unheard-of thing aboard. What with night and early morning attacks, landing parties that ended in valliant assaults on totally uninhabited islands, the general cussedness of stadimeters and the grand final scrap at Portland, where we went into battle with about one and a half rounds apiece—



what with all this, we didn't have much time to read our Ibsens.

Then came the end of the maneuvers and the joyous moment when the signal reached us to repair immediately to Annapolis. For four days we buffeted our way doggedly down the coast, with lifelines across the decks, eating our meals with our fingers, for it was impossible to spread mess-gear. At night we would lie in our hammocks and listen to the swashing waves of a sea of clothing, sextants, nautical almanacs, artificial horizons, note-books, etc., that swept from one side of the deck to the other with every roll. But what cared we if the covers were off our Seamanships, or if our Azimuth Tables looked like a non-reg. collar that had come back from the Academy Laundry? for we were *Going Home!*

And when we finally dropped anchor in the old Bay, never so attractive before, and heard the Indiana's tales of the week in New York and the plaint of the Chesapeake for the usual short rations and when a few hours later we left Annapolis to scatter to the four quarters of the Union, the joys and sorrows of the Cruise of 1903 had dropped into the past and were but a pleasant memory.



ATHLETICS

Athletics

By college athletics is no longer meant the persistent endeavor of the individual or the effort of an enthusiastic few toward the attainment of a more perfect physical development, but it is the struggle between colleges for victory upon the athletic field, and to those colleges to whom victory is most often given, it means not merely the work of an individual or of the individuals composing a team, but the work of every individual in that college, whether the help that he gives be in the direction of personal achievement or merely in the display of a proper college spirit. To athletics we owe the growth of this college spirit, for they have grown apace, and to the display of this college spirit we must look for the success of our college athletics. The one cannot exist without the other. The spirit, to be a proper spirit, must be one that is strong to endure defeat as well as to bear victory. It is not hard to enthuse when success is ours, and for such enthusiasm we deserve little or no credit. We can lay no claim to a true spirit until we have kept up that spirit through a series of defeats, even though they may extend through a number of years. Ultimate failure often comes from continued success; and let us remember

that ultimate success may come through continued defeat if throughout it all we display the spirit and strength to bear our defeat without being affected by any feeling of discouragement that may arise through a lack of spirit. The non-participants and critical onlookers at college games expect a spirit of life and vim in the members of the team upon whose hard work they so placidly gaze, but if they be fellows of those team members let them remember that the men who struggle for the glory of their school look to them for support and for the display of those characteristics which go to form true college spirit. If you have gone through college and failed to be moved by any sentiment or feeling for your team or the glory of your school, then you have failed in your college life and been deprived of the greatest gift of a higher education.

The object in college life is not merely the gaining of a limited amount of higher learning, the amount dependent upon your capacity, but rather the instillment within you of a spirit of fellowship, of comradeship, of fairness and of honor. And to the attainment of this object there is no more direct, no surer means than college athletics as exhibited in our college games. Here is born the spirit of rivalry, the desire to excel that calls forth greater efforts; here is experienced the glory that comes of victory, of accomplishment, and of achievement, and the pain of defeat and of failure; here is shown the reward of effort and of perseverance, and the punishment that must follow a lack of these; here is proven the strength of combined and concentrated effort as opposed to individual excellence in whatever degree.

Athletics have become such a potent factor in college life and in the training of college men to become men of affairs that they require some provision to be made for their maintenance and encouragement by the management of the college. They demand not only the enthusiastic support of the student body, but the same support of those who shape and control the policy of the school, not a mere

disinterested and unwilling sanction, but an honest encouragement that may make itself felt to the team, to the school and to the country at large. The spirit of sport is too grand a thing to be received and viewed calmly—it must be welcomed and encouraged with the enthusiasm that is a part of it.

It is to be regretted that the publicity that attaches itself to success gained in athletic contests has held forth this means of advertising institutions of learning, and so introduced the damaging element of professionalism in certain of our colleges, which in the end must prove detrimental to the object sought since the fundamental principle of fairness is hereby violated. Men are given inducements to attend certain colleges and retained in them because of their athletic prowess, and so the institution is robbed in a sense of its primary object. It is only by keeping our sport clean and free from this disturbing element that we can hope for good sport and hope to have it work in harmony with our academy life for our betterment and ultimate fitness for the service upon which we have entered.

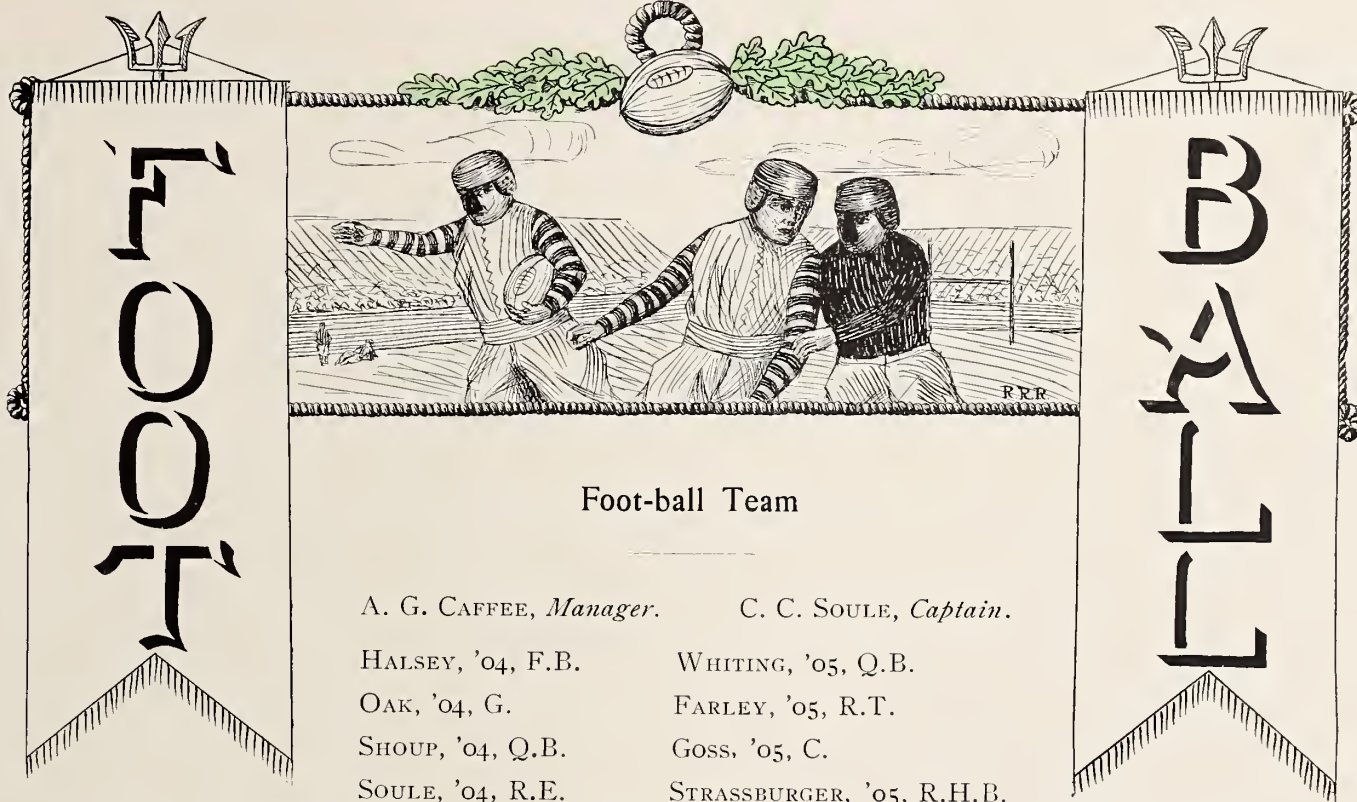
There is perhaps no other service in life that demands more the principles of true college sport than the naval service, and it seems expedient that in the preparation of men for this service the great factor of athletics should be recognized according to its true value and given its proper place in the academic course. The spirit of fellowship, of comradeship, of fairness and of honor must be developed, and for its most perfect development there seems no better means than through struggles upon the athletic field.

We would express our gratitude to those Officers who, through a pride in the service and a love for the Academy, have done so much to give it the athletic standing that it now enjoys. To Dr. Dashiell, more than to any other, we feel is due the advancement of athletics in the Academy and the credit for the victories that have been ours during the period in which he has devoted so much of his time

and held forth the example of untiring effort to the aspirants for athletic honors. We can only hope that those who have been loyal to our school in word and in deed, who have lent their kindly encouragement and withheld all harsh criticism, may find their reward in future victories honestly earned and fairly won.







Foot-ball Team

A. G. CAFFEE, *Manager.* C. C. SOULE, *Captain.*

HALSEY, '04, F.B.

WHITING, '05, Q.B.

OAK, '04, G.

FARLEY, '05, R.T.

SHOUP, '04, Q.B.

Goss, '05, C.

SOULE, '04, R.E.

STRASSBURGER, '05, R.H.B.

DOWELL, '05, R.H.B.

NEEDHAM, '07, Q.B.

DECKER, '06, R.H.B.

ROOT, '05, L.H.B.

HOWARD, '06, L.E.

GRADY, '06, L.T.

PIERSOL, '07, L.T.

REES, '05, L.T.

McCLINTIC, '05, R.G.



Foot-ball

At the Naval Academy, as at nearly all American Colleges, football is the branch of athletics in which most interest is taken. There are several reasons for the universal popularity of the sport; it is easy for the untutored spectator to grasp the primary object of the game, which is for one side to endeavor to carry the ball a certain distance in a given direction against such opposition as their opponents can muster; a knowledge of the method of procedure, of the fine points, tricks, etc., is not necessary to excite interest and enthusiasm. Then, there is in every one of us a certain trait, handed down to us from our more or less civilized ancestors—the delight of witnessing a battle; that is what a football game is—one company of men intent upon a fixed object, the attainment of which demands strength, courage, perseverance and skill; the other company of men equally intent upon thwarting their adversaries, with the same means at hand.

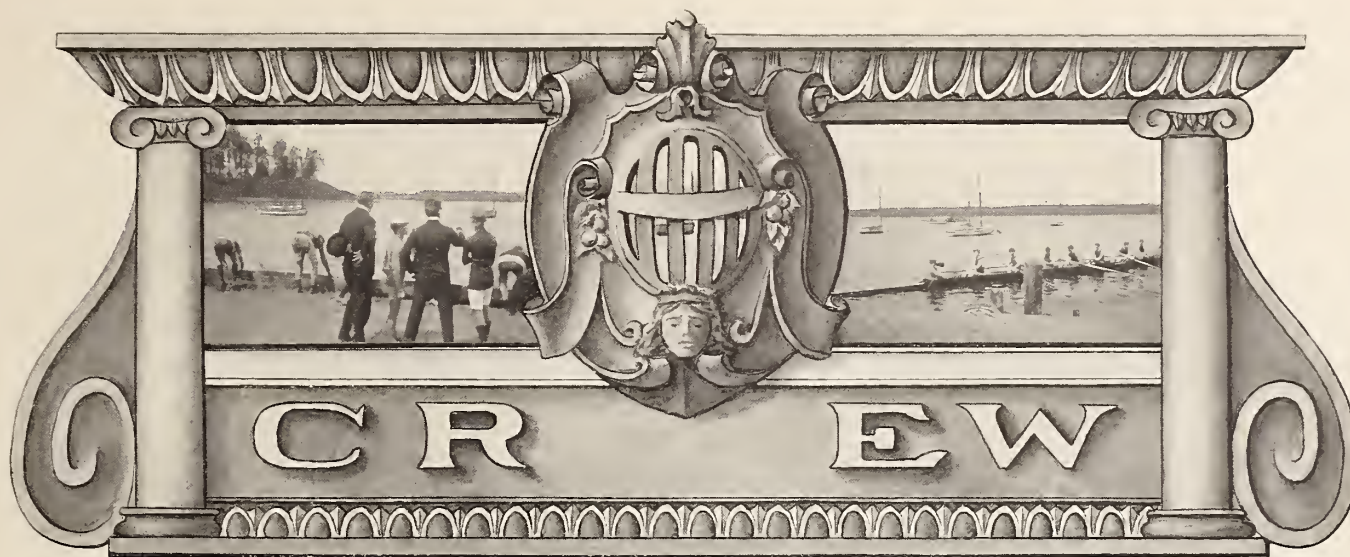
Football, in addition to affording a legitimate outlet for the inherent animal love of fight born in man, gives him a severe course of training, not only physical, but mental, that is bound to be of value to the future Naval Officer. It brings out the qualities of coolness, pluck, endurance and personal bravery; it gives rise to conditions where victory depends upon the resourceful judgment of the captain, backed by the well-disciplined crew.

This year we changed from Princeton to Yale coaches—Messrs. Gould, Chamberlin and Hall—all distinguished players from New Haven, being engaged to develop the Navy team from the material at hand. A trainer, Mr. Wefers, the world famous sprinter from Georgetown University, has also been added to the coaching department.

Enough cannot be said by players and midshipmen in appreciation of the work of Professor Dashiell. He continues, as in years past, to contribute his experience and thorough knowledge of the game, and also does much to infuse into the play that indomitable spirit which has always marked the Navy teams. We take this opportunity of expressing our deep thanks to him.

Our season began with a game with Virginia, which team we defeated in a close contest. Then followed victories over Gallaudet and Dickinson. The game with the Baltimore Medical College was a tie, being called at the end of the first half. In the Lafayette game we played better foot-ball than our opponents, but the score was 6 to 5 against us. Georgetown's team defeated us and Pennsylvania State did likewise. Then we defeated a team representing the New York Naval Reserves in a one-sided game. The heavy team from Bucknell was too much for our lighter team, but the work done by our team was most encouraging.

There remains the Virginia Polytechnic Institute game and the crucial test with West Point at Philadelphia. In the game with the Army we are fighting against great odds, but if we win the glory will be the greater. A prediction of the result at this time is impossible. The game will have been played before the LUCKY BAG is out, but this much we can say: the Navy will do her best and will fight with the old Navy spirit. West Point will likewise do her best, so it will be a question of which best is *the* best.



RIGGS.

H. E. KIMMEL, *Manager.*

1st Crew.

RODGERS, '03.
 SMYTH, '03.
 TODD, '04.
 MICHAEL, '04.
 FARLEY, '05.

GOSS, '05.
 LAIRD, '05.
 COURT, '05.
 BATTLE, '06.
 FITCH, '06.

Coxswain, HART, '04.

H. H. MICHAEL, *Captain.*

2d Crew.

NIMITZ, '05.
 MARSTON, '05.
 COMAN, '05.
 JENSEN, '06.

REICHMUTH, '06.
 TAFFINDER, '06.
 ROOT, '05.
 BARTLETT, '06.

Coxswain, GREEN, B. H., '05.



The Crew

LAST year the crew season began very auspiciously by a race with the 'varsity crew of the University of Pennsylvania. The day was a bad one, the water was extremely rough. The shells stayed together until after the mile and a half buoy was passed and then, unfortunately, Pennsylvania swamped. The Navy shell, although water-logged, managed to cross the finish line and thus, technically, won the race. We did not claim this as a glorious victory, but, laboring as we were under the disadvantage of using a shell that we were not accustomed to, we thought we had done well. The first crew shell had been disabled in some rough weather in which all three crews had been swamped, and we had received a new one only a few days before this race. Thus, with practice and more hard work, we hoped to finish the season successfully. But this was not to be. The crew became over-trained, and from this time our course was downward. The next week we raced Yale and were defeated. At the end of another week our stroke, Smyth, was in such bad physical condition that he was compelled to stop rowing. We had less than a week to get accustomed to a new stroke oar—we did it poorly. Consequently, we ended the season with a defeat from Georgetown. The conscientious work of our coach, Ensign Timmons, and of Captain Rodgers merited a much better result. They worked earnestly and untiringly, but they were laboring under difficulties that no one could have overcome to the extent of producing an entirely successful crew. They have the sincerest appreciation and thanks of the squad for their efforts.

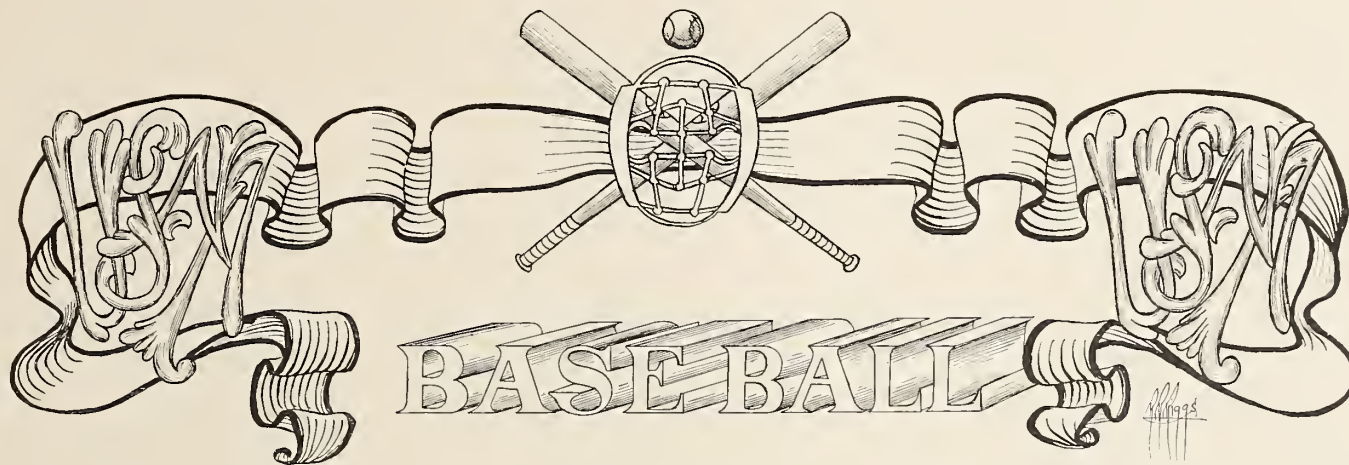
The outlook for this year is bright. For coach we have succeeded in engaging Mr. Richard Glendon, of the B. A. A., a man who has already proved his ability. Good material we will have in abundance. With the exception of Captain Rodgers and Smyth, of the Class of 1903, we hope to have our whole squad

of last year, and also some good men from the Fourth Class. Judging by the showing of the second crew last year, there will be no lack of competition for places. So, with good, hard work we hope to make a crew that will be an honor to the Academy.

Rowing, more than any other sport, should appeal to the brigade strongly. We should surely endeavor to excel on the water before seeking glory in victories ashore. However, this has not been the case. For some years so much attention has been paid to the other branches of athletics that rowing has been almost neglected. In spite of this fact, our crew has always held as high a position among the crews of colleges and universities as our athletic teams in their respective branches.

Aside from the fact that rowing is the sport that is most in keeping with our profession, it has much to recommend it that is not found in any other. In no other sport does a man work more for the honor of the team and less for his own personal advancement. He must undergo more discomforts and work harder and with less encouragement than does any other athlete. But, in the end, if he has done his work conscientiously, he is fully repaid by the moral and physical development which he receives.





Base-ball Team

J. E. OTTERSON, *Manager.*

P. P. BASSETT, *Captain.*

ANDERSON, '03, C.F.

PEGRAM, '05, 1B.

RAUDENBUSH, '03, P.

SPOFFORD, '06, L.F.

RYDEN, '03, S.S.

STRASSBURGER, '05,

POTEET, '03, C.

McNAIR, F. V., '03,

SMITH, C. E., '03, 2B.

McWHORTER, C. S., '06,

BASSETT, '04, 3B.

} R.F.



Base-ball

THE season of 1903 was a very successful one for the Navy Base-ball team. The team showed a steadiness that at times surprised its followers, and while the batting was still weak, a marked improvement was noted over the previous year. The games were all close, those with Yale, Pennsylvania, Georgetown and Pennsylvania State being the most interesting. No West Point game was played—a great disappointment to both the battalion and the team.

The interests of base-ball have received much attention from the Executive Committee of the Midshipmen's Athletic Association, a pleasing contrast to the support shown in former years. Hitherto we have suffered both from lack of interest and lack of financial support. Within the last three years we have gained and kept the interest, and now we have received a larger percentage of the amount allotted to Athletics. With this we have the means wherewith to schedule a greater number of games, putting the Academy team more on an equal with outside teams. With the ten or eleven games allowed us heretofore, we could not hope to cope successfully with colleges that play a schedule three and four times as great. With the larger schedule interest will rise and a feeling of greater importance attach itself to base-ball at the Academy.

The team last year was unfortunate in not having a coach to remain throughout the season. A single change of coaches handicaps a team, and with the double change experienced last year benefit derived summed itself up on the wrong side of the sheet. Before the opening of the season it is hoped that the Committee will secure the services of good coaches—coaches that will remain with us the entire season.

As to the team itself, prospects are encouraging. Although our battery is lost to us, one or two good

men have been found in the Fourth Class, who, with conscientious work during the winter, should develop well by spring. It should be borne in mind by all candidates for the team that though we work under difficulties we should be glad to make sacrifices, and that what we do is not so much for ourselves as for the glory and honor of the Old Gold and Navy Blue.





Track Athletics

Track Team

R. A. DAWES, *Captain.*

DELANO,
STAPLER,
LIGHTTE,
WILLIAMS, J. R.
MARSTON,
GHORMLEY,
BAGGALEY,
GREEN, T.
DECKER,
EKLUND,

DURR,
RUSSELL,
POOLE,
WHITING,
OGAN,
SWEENEY,
FITCH, A. W.
METCALF,
ATKINS, A. K.
SHOEMAKER.





The Track

THE interest in track athletics at the Academy has never been very great. The principal reason for this is the fact that there have never been any meets with other colleges. During the winter of 1901-02, for the first time in the history of this branch of sport at the Academy, a team was sent away to compete with those from other schools. Last winter the same thing was tried again, teams being sent to two indoor meets. In the spring of 1902 an outdoor meet was scheduled with the Seventh Regiment of New York, but this, for various reasons, did not take place.

Last spring there were several challenges for outdoor meets, none of which could, however, be accepted. There was also a prospect of a relay race with West Point, but our hopes in that direction were not realized.

Next spring we expect to have at least one open meet. If we succeed in doing this we shall have made a long stride toward our final end and aim—a dual meet with the Army. In order to attain this result we must first establish some records in open competition which will show that we have some small chance of defeating the soldiers. To do this we must have more entries in our annual spring meets.

When the difficulties under which our track men labor are considered, it will be seen that the records are not poor in the least. In fact, our records may be compared without shame to those of any school of the same size in the country. The men are never excused from drill, neither are they allowed a training table. Then, possibly, the fact that an N is won only by breaking a record deters many from entering. Yet, in spite of all this, our meets are quite successful.

The meet last spring was especially successful in that two records were broken—those of the high hurdles and broad jump. Decker cleared the hurdles in 16 2-5 seconds, cutting 2-5 of a second from the former record made by Berrien, of 1900. In the broad jump the same man added two inches to the record held by Willson, of 1903, doing 20 feet and 9 inches. Williams ran the 100-yard dash in 10 2-5 seconds, while the 220-yard dash, run for the first time in two or three years, was done in 24 3-5 seconds. This was good time, considering the fact that it was run on a curved track. The high jump brought out some good men for this event, although none of them did anything phenomenal. This was won by Delano, who cleared the bar at 5 feet 5 inches. While the records at the Academy are good, some of them need bettering. There is one event in particular which brings out few men and in which no good record has been made since the one made by Mustin. That event is the pole vault. And now, since the number of midshipmen in the Academy has been increased to twice the original number, we shall expect most of the records to be bettered. Although the Crew and Base-ball team claim the greater share of the athletes during the spring, there should still be men enough during the coming year to make the field meets interesting and even exciting.



Fencing

Fencing Team

R. R. RIGGS, '04, *Captain*.

RIGGS, '04.

HILLIARD, '04.

MAULDIN, '04.

ATKINSON, '05.

JACKSON, '05.

LEARY, '05.

NEILSON, '05.

AIKEN, '06.

KNOX, '06.

SHANLEY, '06.

SHARP, '06.

BASSETT, '07.

DICHMAN, '07.

DYER, '07.

JOERNS, '07.

LOGAN, '07.

TOD, '07.





Fencing

THE early graduation of the Class of 1903 materially marred the success of the fencing season of last winter. All the members of the first team were from this class, and until the season was well advanced, it was thought that these men would represent the Naval Academy at the intercollegiate fencing meet at New York. When it was learned that they would graduate in February it became necessary to fill their places from the remaining classes, and as the new team had had absolutely no experience with outside teams, it was deemed wise not to send any representative team to New York that year.

This unfortunate circumstance did more harm to fencing at the Naval Academy than anything that could have happened, and it is to be hoped by all who have the interest of Academy athletics at heart that we will never again be open to such criticism—that we failed to send a team to the first meet of the Intercollegiate Fencers' League, of which we were the founders.

Unfortunately, one feature of last year's programme fell through. Three times we agreed to a date for a dual match with West Point, and three times they wrote and asked us to change the date. Finally, they wrote that "much as they regretted the circumstances" they felt that they were not in condition for a match just then, and would have to call it off.

This year the prospects are very much brighter. With excellent material in the underclasses, a team quite as good, if not better, than the regular team will represent the Naval Academy at the intercollegiate meet. At the time of this writing, it is planned to have this meet at Annapolis. The primary object of the League was to be independent of the athletic clubs, so hereafter the annual meets will be held at the different colleges. This will be a great step in advance over the old system, and it is believed that it will give a new stimulus to fencing as a collegiate sport.

Another great step has been made in the new manner of selecting judges. Hitherto they have been picked at random from the New York Athletic Club, the New York Fencers' Club, the Turnverein and other athletic clubs, but this method has proved very unsatisfactory. Hereafter, each college will nominate a judge, who shall be an ex-member of the fencing team from that college. This method of selection seems the fairest to all concerned.

The Midshipmen's Athletic Association has allowed fencing considerably more money this year than ever before, and with this we expect to have meets with all the leading colleges and fencing clubs in the country. With the present outlook, it is to be hoped that fencing at the Naval Academy, as at West Point, will soon take its place on equal terms with the other branches of athletics.



Midshipmen Entitled to Wear the N

Yellow N—Foot-ball

HALSEY, '04.

MICHAEL, '04.

OAK, '04.

SOULE, '04.

FARLEY, '05.

REES, '05.

ROOT, '05.

STRASSBURGER, '05.

WHITING, '05.

AIKEN, '06.

DOHERTY, '06.

GRADY, '06.

HOWARD, D. L., '06.

METCALF, '06.

White N—Base-ball

BASSETT, '04.

PEGRAM, '05.

STRASSBURGER, '05.

MCWHORTER, '06.

SPOFFORD, '06.

Red N—Crew

HART, '04.

COURT, '05.

LAIRD, '05.

MICHAEL, '04.

FARLEY, '05.

STOTT, '05.

TODD, '04.

GOSS, '05.

BATTLE, '06.

Gray N—Fencing

RIGGS, '04.

MAULDIN, '04.

HILLIARD, '04.

Green N—For Breaking a Track Record

DECKER, '06.



THE CHOIR

P. P. BASSETT, *Leader*

BASSETT, P. P., '04.

LOFLAND, '04.

LITTLE, '04.

DILLEN, '04.

BAGLEY, '04.

CAFFEE, '04.

JOHNSON, I. C., '04.

JOHNSON, B. K., '04.

McMILLEN, F. E., '04.

TREADWELL, '04.

TOWNSEND, '05.

COURT, '05.

FURLONG, '05.

ATKINS, L. M., '06.

SMITH, R. F., '06.

CLARK, '06.

LAKE, '06.

PIERSOL, '07.

BORLAND, '07.

PRITCHARD, '07.

JOHNSON, E. F., '07.

DAVIS, '07.

DANENHAUSER, '07.

McKINNEY, '07.

HUNTER, '07.



The Choir

A FEW of the Rules and Regulations governing the admission of candidates into the United States Naval Academy Choir have leaked out from time to time—and mainly through the efforts of disappointed candidates (such as Brad and Bill). They have been misconstrued and voiced about with the intent of malice. It is to vindicate the position in which we have been placed by such traitorous conduct, as well as to bring before the battalions the true state of affairs existing at the present time in the Choir, that we publish for the first time these Rules governing admission. With careful deliberation of the same, the reader will soon perceive on what a firm footing the Choir is founded—how impossible it is to admit any but the very best talent.

RULE I. On the first Tuesday of the academic year a preliminary trial is held for all candidates “immediately after dinner.” (It can be stated here that the whole First Class turned out at the last preliminary trial.)

*Note*¹.—The candidates were received in the reception room by B. K. Johnson, and a thorough trial given each man by the above-named person. At this trial eight men for each part were chosen and ordered to report at the chapel the following Friday afternoon for final trial (in lieu of drill).

RULE II. A final trial is held the Friday afternoon following the first Tuesday.

*Note*².—At this trial a most thorough test was made of the qualities of the voices. The standard set for the first tenors to reach was the marvelous tone produced by Dave. Any candidate for second tenor who could beat Willie Green was accepted on the spot and told to bring “frogs” the following Sunday. Fred

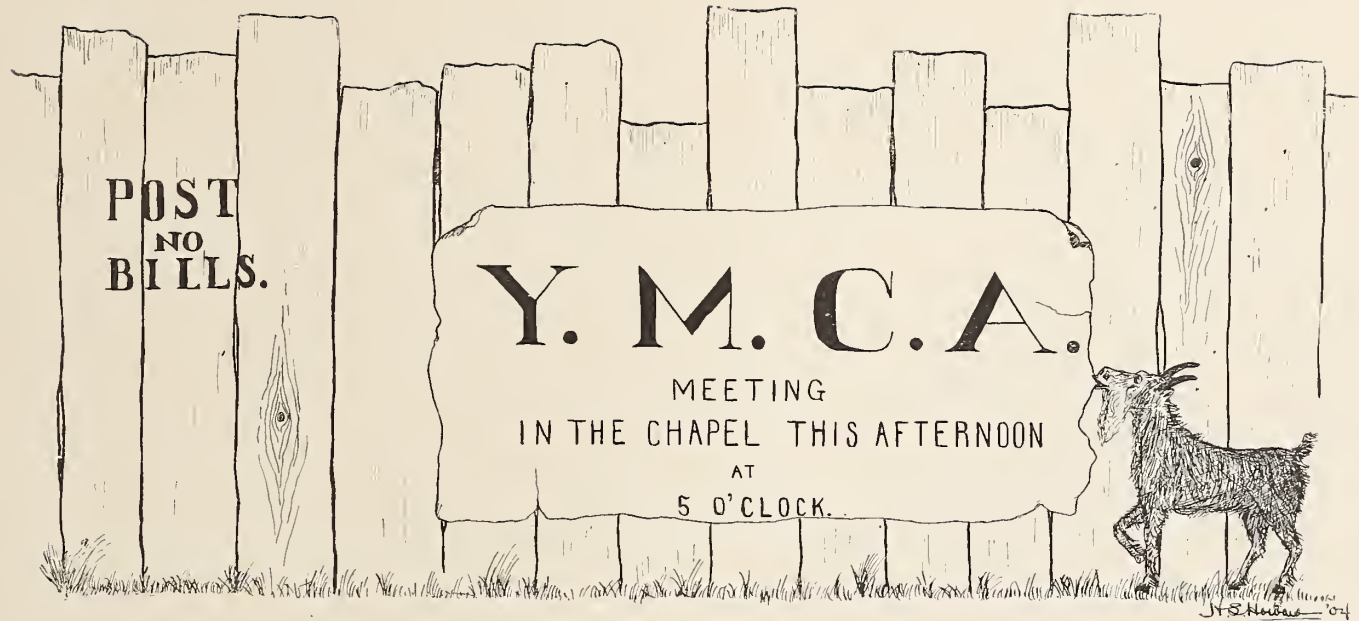
had trouble with the first bassos—looks seeming to count more with him than tone of voice. The second bassos were chosen by chance, the four drawing the longest straws securing the coveted positions.

RULE III. All persons qualifying at these two trials shall be duly enrolled as members of the Choir, and shall conduct themselves among their fellows in a manner becoming their enviable position.

*Note*³.—With the fourteen new men enrolled, the Choir numbered twenty-six, four vacancies remaining. As regards the four vacancies, it may be mentioned that great influence was brought to bear on the Choir leader during the next week in behalf of certain would-be “S’s.” (Shirkers, Fridays—Sleepers, Sundays.)

But I fear I note a smile of disbelief on the countenances of some readers—ah, yes; we recognize you—all disappointed candidates. With such an expression you might best read an old edition of Æsop.

The Rules governing the Interior Discipline are known only to Choir members—of what difference is it to an outsider how we really do conduct ourselves (as a choir)? Does it matter to them whether Ben Johnson ever sang a note in his life or not? What Dave does with himself every Sunday during service? How Dillen passes the time? Whether we practice a Te Deum or Willie plays the Military Hero Friday afternoons? If anyone is desirous of ascertaining the true state of affairs existing in the Choir the price is small. (Fridays, on which occurs a particularly hard drill—enrolled for the day only—say, er—one dinner—Carvel Hall preferred. On any Sunday—one Sunday only—one package of Bull. Absolutely no credit nor discount.)



POST
NO
BILLS.

Y. M. C. A.

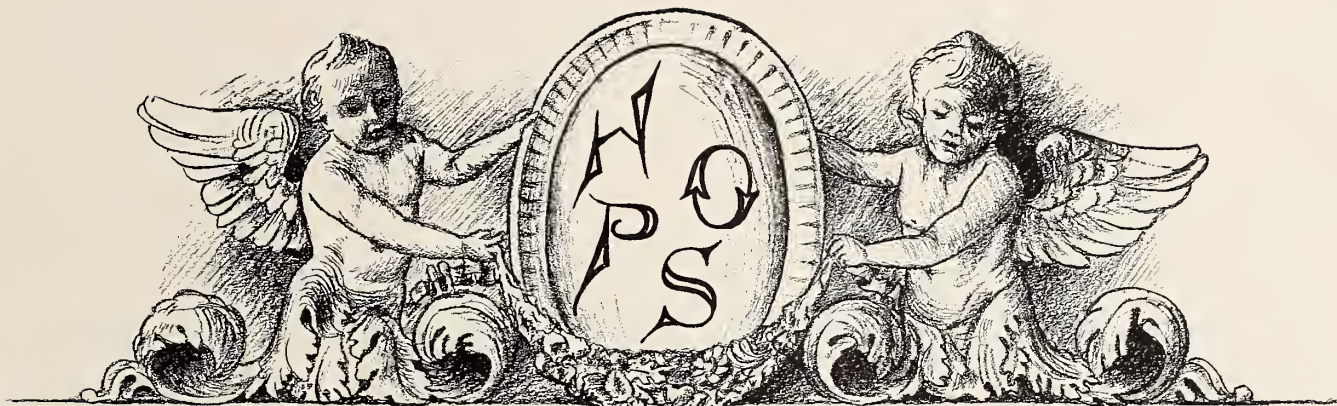
MEETING
IN THE CHAPEL THIS AFTERNOON
AT
5 O'CLOCK.

J. S. H. H. H. '04

The Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. A. has been a factor in Naval Academy life for a number of years, and that it has been a power for good has been proved beyond a doubt. Living together as we do, where every man exerts a greater or less influence upon his fellows, such an organization is much more necessary than in an ordinary college. It offers to the young man who desires to live a Christian life the opportunity of gathering with others once every week and gaining that strength of purpose which comes from companionship and sympathy. Moreover, it gives to the man who desires to stand for the right a chance to declare himself before his fellows and show that he is on the side of morality and truth.

Ever since its establishment the Y. M. C. A. has gained ground. Those who are members, and they compose a large part of the brigade of midshipmen, are steadily building up the organization and widening its influence. Those who are not members still look upon the Y. M. C. A. with the greatest respect, and to a man give it their hearty encouragement. You are always welcome if you wish to join, but whether you join or not the Y. M. C. A. and the people who compose it are your friends.



RIGGS '04

Hop Committee

D. B. CRAIG, '04, *Chairman.*

D. W. BAGLEY, '04.

J. H. LOFLAND, '04.

J. W. WILCOX, '05.

A. CLAUDE, '04.

A. K. ATKINS, '05.

R. W. CABANISS, '06.

A. G. CAFFEE, '04.

W. BAGGLEY, '05.

R. WILLSON, '06.





Athletic Committee

HALSEY,
SOULE,
CAFFEE,
BASSETT,

OTTERSON,
MICHAEL,
KIMMEL,
RIGGS,
CRAIG,

FARLEY,
MCCLINTIC,
METCALF,
PIERSOL.

ΣΝ

DIXON, '06. MANLY, '06. STEVENSON, W. H., '06. CORWIN, '07.

ΣΦ

SEDGWICK, '04. COOLEY, '06. PARKER, '07.

ΣΧ

COURT, '05. FRANKENBERGER, '05. McCLINTIC, '05. AIKEN, '06.

ΦΓΔ

EMRICH, '07. NEEDHAM, '07.

ΦΚΨ

KNAUSS, '07.

ΦΔΘ

LONDON, '05. McCAIN, '06. HOWARD, D. S. H., '07. MANIER, '07.
BURNETT, '06. MILLER, J. P., '06. LEE, W. H., '07. WELLINGTON, '07.

ΦΣΚ

BRITTINGHAM, '06.

ΨΤ

KEENE, '06.

ΧΦ

HAINES, G. W., '05. DIAL, '07. GROSS, '07.

ΧΨ

NEWTON, W. F., '06. EWING, '07.

Total number of fraternity men	62
Total number of college men	122
Total number of midshipmen	679

Colleges Represented at the U. S. Naval Academy

Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi.

HAND, '04. MAYO, '06.

Agricultural and Mechanical College of North Carolina.

MANLY, '06.

Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

GADDIS, '05. BURNETT, '06.

KING, R., '07.

Baylor University.

DOWELL, '05.

Brown University.

KEENE, '06.

Carleton College.

STEWART, L. M., '04.

Central University.

KIMMEL, '04. POWELL, '04.

LASSING, '05.

Charleston College.

TODD, '04. LOGAN, '07.

BRISTOL, '06.

Clemson.

MAULDIN, '04. HAYNE, I. W., '05.

BELLINGER, '07. GOSSETT, '07.

ROBINSON, C. R., '07. SHIRLEY, '07.

Cornell.

GULLIVER, '07.

College of the City of New York.

HILLIARD, '04. WELLER, '07.

Columbia.

SIMPSON, G. R., '06. KITTEL, '07.

ATKINS, A. W., '07.

Drake University.

FOSTER, '06.

Georgetown.

MCCRACKEN, '04. MANN, '06.

WILLIAMSON, '07.

Georgia School of Technology.

MANDEVILLE, '05. TOWERS, '06.

STILES, '07.

Harvard.

DRAKE, '06. JOHNSON, E. F., '07.

LEWIS, '07. LIBBEY, '07.

Hampton-Sidney.

BERNARD, '07.

Hamilton College.

SEDGWICK, '04.

Idaho University.

GHORMLEY, '06.

Illinois State College.

NIXON, '07.

Kentucky Wesleyan University.

HARGIS, '05.

Kentucky State College.

KELLY, '06. MILLER, J. P., '06.

Knox College.

EMRICH, '07.

Leland Stanford.

BARKER, '06.

Lafayette.

KNAUSS, '07.

Maryland Agricultural College.

EWELL, '06. PAGE, '07.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

GRADY, '06. HALL, W. A., '06.

WILLSON, R., '06. HOVEY, '07.

KELLY, '07. MAXFIELD, '07.

GOLDTHWAITE, '07.

Millsaps College.

GREEN, T., '06.

New Mexico Normal.

GLASSFORD, '06.

Northwestern.

JOHNSON, E. F., '07.

Ogden College.

SUMPTER, '05.

Ohio State University.

OBERLIN, '05.

Oberlin.

HARRISON, '07. IRWIN, H. L., '05.

Princeton.

TURNBULL, '06.

Roanoke College.

McCLINTIC, '05.

Rose Polytechnic Institute.

WELTE, '07.

Southwestern Baptist University.

FRIEDEL, '05.

Southern University.

JONES, '06.

Stevens Institute of Technology.

HAYWARD, '04. CAMPBELL, '05.

Saint Francis Xavier College.

NAGLE, '06.

Tulane.

AIKEN, '06. WELLINGTON, '07.

University of Arkansas.

HENDERSON, '07.

University of Alabama.

HOWZE, '05. CABANISS, '06.

DIXON, '06. RAWLS, '07.

University of California.

METCALF, '06. THEOBALD, '07.

University of Chicago.

LOWE, '06. HARRISON, '07.

EWING, '07.

University of Colorado.

MCCANDLESS, '05.

University of Georgia.

TUPPER, '04. HAINES, G. W., '05.

MCWHORTER, '06. NEWTON, '06.

GROSS, '07. KELLER, '07.

STROTHER, '07.

University of Indiana.

DILLEN, '04.

University of Iowa.

KEPPLER, '07.

University of Louisiana.

JOHNSON, I. C., '04.

University of Kentucky.

FURLONG, '05.

University of Michigan.

COOLEY, '06. CORWIN, '07.

University of Minnesota.

JOYCE, '06.

University of Mississippi.

MCCAIN, '06.

University of Nebraska.

FAWELL, '05.

University of North Carolina.

LONDON, '05. STEVENSON, '06.
LEE, W. H., '07. MALLISON, '07.

University of Nevada.

OLDING, '06. SCHONERD, '07.

University of Tennessee.

AUSTIN, '05. MCKINNEY, '07.

University of Texas.

JOHNSON, B. K., '04. COURT, '05.
HOWARD, D. S. H., '07.

University of Utah.

WALLACE, '06.

University of Virginia.

HALSEY, '04. LIGGETT, '05.
MILLER, G. W., '06. MORTON, '06.
HUMPHRIES, '07.

University of West Virginia.

FRANKENBERGER, '05. VOSSLER, '07.

Union College.

CLARK, C. R., '07. PARKER, R. C., '07.

Vanderbilt.

REES, '05. FRANK, '07.
MANIER, '07.

Virginia Military Institute.

CAFFEE, '04. McCRACKEN, '04.
JOHNSON, B. T., '06.

Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

CLEMENT, S. A., '07.

Western University of Pennsylvania.

CAMPBELL, H., '07.

Wofford College.

CARTER, A. F., '05. DIAL, '07.

Yale.

NEEDHAM, '07. GRAVES, '06.



RIGGS

September

Do you remember,
Last September,
The maples round you clad in fire,
The gentle summer's wondrous pyre,
Fed by her passionate love's desire,
The dead bride of the sun?

Do you remember,
Last September,
The shadowed fir-trees breathe and sigh,
Their branches o'er a lane arched high,
Where Phoebus' life-blood stained the sky,
Surrendered to the night?



Do you remember,
Last September,
Those dear old words you tried to say,
The eyes that stole your fear away,
The laughing lips whose answer gay,
Made life so sweet a thing?
Ah, you remember,
Last September,

“Sayings”

Kimmel (telephoning to Annex C): “The storm door is open.”

“Love is like the measles—it goes hard when you get it late in life.”

Dismal: “I think I could work this problem if you’d tell me how far milestones are apart.”

Colby: “What the devil do you people mean by executing ‘left face’ before I give the order ‘March?’”

Ted: “The North Pole is the point from which half the earth is visible—no; I mean, half the celestial sphere.”

Kimmel: “This isn’t very good chalk they give us here, sir. If it hadn’t been for that I’d have worked twice as many probs.”

Hilliard: “Will you tell me what you do next when you get a six-sided triangle?”

“Yes, yes, Mr. Rodgers, and a holystone gathers no moss; but I don’t see what that has to do with the question.”

A “BOW”-LINE.

$$L_1 = 27^\circ 32' 26''.42 \text{ N}$$

$$L_2 = 27^\circ 52' 26''.42 \text{ N}$$

$$\lambda_1 = 33^\circ 33' 29''.67 \text{ W}$$

$$\lambda_2 = 34^\circ 02' 17''.534 \text{ W}$$

Pretty close.

H. K. H.

Hayward: “Ellos caminaban, caminaban, caminaban, ca, ca, ca——”

Patient Instructor: “The book has but two, Mr. Hayward; let’s call it off.”

REQUISITION.

U. S. Naval Academy

Oct. 14 1907

Required for my use the following articles, viz.:

One fur socks
Three tooth brushes
Two lbs tobacco
Four boxes soap
Two boxes tooth powder
One cake sapolio
Twelve boxes talcum powder
One bottle listaine
One quart cologne
One red automobile
Two powder puffs
One lb quinine (in solution)
One bottle bromo seltzer
Several two fives
One blanket
One quire official paper
(for statements)

Amt. available -- 30 cents

Respectfully submitted,

O. B. Ford Dodge,
L. P. O. ~~1st~~ 1st

Class.

Approved,

Commandant of Cadets

PARK BENJAMIN,
EXPERT COUNSEL IN PATENT MATTERS,
MEMBER BRITISH INST. OF PATENT AGENTS,
203 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

September 26, 1903

Dear Sir:-

I am very glad to comply with your request, and send you herewith the story of how "Shakings" happened to be written. I suppose you know that "Shakings" is the first book ever made by any Midshipman. The "Lucky Bag" series is of quite recent years. I happen to have a photograph of myself, taken at the time "Shakings" was made, when I was a first-class man, aged 18, and send you a copy. I also enclose a copy I have made of one of the original unpublished sketches made at the time of the others selected for "Shakings" You will see no doubt why it was not included. You can put these in with the article, if you like.

Very truly yours,



How "Shakings" Was Launched



There is always in every Naval Academy class somebody who can draw pictures. The first and also, I think, the best artist of that kind was Midshipman (now Rear Admiral) Charles D. Sigsbee. Having some little predilection that way myself, I became picture-maker for the midshipmen when he left the Academy, being greatly incited to perform that function by some capital pen-and-ink sketches of Academy life as it then was, which he had made and which somehow descended to me.

"Shakings" was simply a product of the new state of affairs which came into existence when we moved from Newport back to Annapolis in 1865 under the superintendency of (then) Vice-Admiral David D. Porter. The Newport discipline proceeded on the theory that the midshipmen were altogether too dignified persons to be permitted to play. The proverbial dullness incident to all work might apply well enough to other boys in other institutions, but not to the youngsters who solemnly perambulated the narrow bounds of Touro Square in the brief intervals between drill and study. There was no base-ball, no foot-ball, no tennis, no hops and only the formal First Class ball in January, to which neither the Third nor Fourth Class was ever invited. When we got back to Annapolis all this completely changed. All sorts of athletic sports were encouraged, and even a theatre, whereof I painted the scenery on bed sheets generously contributed by all hands for the purpose. From that artistic

effort, with the impetus of Sigsbee's sketches, came the first of the Naval Academy books, which I called "Shakings," because it was fashionable then to apply that name to the collections of jokes, poetry, etc., which we used to compile in blank books drawn from the storekeeper. I made the pictures as occasion suggested them, and they were promptly grabbed, mainly by my classmates, and passed around the yard. In strict confidence I may add that another cause of their production was a certain young lady, who later on married somebody else.

The man who suggested their publication was Midshipman (now Rear Admiral) Clifford H. West, seconded by the young lady in question; so once while I was shut up in the hospital with a cold, due to my having upset the sixteenth gun's crew (which I had the honor to command) into the Chesapeake Bay during boat drill under sail, I picked out those which were the best liked and sent them to a New York publisher, with the somewhat innocent request that he make a book of them forthwith. The scraps of poetry which were added were supplied partly by myself and partly by my classmates. All of the misquotations were the work of the latter. Then came trouble. While the pictures were awaiting their fate I received a sort of indirect hint that Vice-Admiral Porter would like to have the book dedicated to him. Now, with Vice-Admiral Porter my relations were a little strained, owing to some unguarded remarks which he had made to me on the occasion of my abandoning certain useless recitations in order to devote myself more completely to the production of the scenery aforesaid, and also because I had appeared before him with my jacket unbuttoned. Of course I ought to have heeded this intimation, but feeling that if a Vice-Admiral was once permitted to act in this way toward an "author" without proper rebuke, a dangerous precedent might be established, I bluntly said that I would not do it. Not that I regarded the Vice-Admiral as willfully wrong in preferring the request, but because I felt that a certain discipline among Vice-Admirals ought to be preserved.

Very shortly afterwards I received a notification from the publisher, who up to this time had favorably regarded my request, informing me that he had been officially advised that the publication of such

a book by a midshipman would be in direct violation of the regulation prohibiting publications by naval officers, and in due time the pictures came back. I found a very sympathetic friend in Mr. Thomas G. Ford, then Assistant Professor of English, and he volunteered to secure another and less panicky publisher. His effort succeeded, and that accounts for the dedication, which is otherwise unexplained. Besides, there was a bargain about it. At that time Ford was engaged upon a history of the Naval Academy, and as he offered to dedicate his work to the Class of 1867, that clinched the matter. I waited thirty-three years for Ford's history to appear, and then, concluding that I had waited long enough, I wrote one myself.

As soon as it was known that the book would really come out, the whole battalion rose to its support. The publishers asked an exorbitant price for it, but that did not trouble the youngsters so long as they could have it charged to their accounts by the Paymaster. Enough copies were instantly subscribed for to meet the entire expense of production, and in January, 1866, the first copy arrived at the Naval Academy. I have a vivid recollection of the moment when Jarvis brought me the package. Word was immediately passed that it had come, and Room 3, Building 6, was promptly thronged, despite the fact that it was the middle of the morning study hours. The officer-in-charge (Lieutenant-Commander Schley) swooped down on the entire crowd, and only his good nature saved everybody from a report for "visiting." The excitement of the occasion reacted somewhat unfavorably on me, since it was the cause of my receiving "zero" for my immediately ensuing attempt to recite in Navigation. How could I be expected to look at the lesson under the circumstances?

The authorities did not suppress the book. I think they were afraid to, perhaps because the newspapers backed it and said it told the people what they wanted to know about the school. But it never went beyond its first edition, nor, from a financial point of view, ever did anything more than reimburse its publishers. I suppose it looks rather archaic to the midshipmen of today and seems almost like caricature. But it never was that. On the contrary, it is an exactly correct representation of what the youngster's life of forty years ago at the Naval Academy really was.

I forgot to say what I did with that first copy. I drew her monogram in it and also wrote something on the fly-leaf—which I will not on any account repeat here—and took it over to her house in the yard directly after dinner. And last winter I found that very copy in an old book store in Washington. The monogram I drew in it was still there—but the other writing I guess her husband scratched out.

PARK BENJAMIN, '67.



Vice-Admiral D. D. P. (to the first Cadet Lieut. Comd'r, who has had his stripes put on according to *his* notion of his own dignity and the new regulations)—“Wha—wha—what the devil do you mean, sir, by wearing more gold lace than me? Hey!!!”

Twinkle, Twinkle

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Aldebaran or Leonis,
Parthenope or Draconis.

Does the almanac include
Your azimuth and amplitude?
Are you troubled with libration,
Shifting nodes and occultation?

Isn't it a queer sensation
When you reach your culmination?
Do they have sidereal clocks
At the vernal equinox?

Have you in your orbit wide
Seen the full moon's other side?
Do you ever feel the tax
Of carrying around your parallax?

Do you know the solstices,
Gemini or Pleiades?
Are you able to foresee
When you'll reach your apogee?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star
How I wonder what you are,
Aldebaran or Leonis
Parthenope or Draconis.

The Skipper's Farewell

It was on a morning early
That a skipper bearded, burly,
Paced up and down the starboard bridge with many a
stified groan;
And we saw his figure languish,
And his shoulders heave with anguish,
As the Pequot dropt behind us to the rancous siren's
moan.

Then a trim yacht left her mooring,
With white figures fair, alluring,
That reclined upon her quarterdeck by lazy breezes
fanned;
And hope smoothed the skipper's forehead,
As with interjection torrid,
He ordered up the midshipmen and called away the
band.

"Now line up and face to starboard."
And resentment deep we harbored
As we saw the skipper's handkerchief waved wildly
in the wind;
And he worked the siren madly,
As the bandsmen slowly, sadly,
Ground out the notes familiar of "The Girl I Left
Behind."

Now, when next our topsails shiver
As we round to in Thames River,
And see the trim yacht squadrons and the Pequot
House, why then
I'm sure 'twill all remind me
Of "The Girl I Left Behind Me"
And the skipper panting fiercely to "play it once again."



In Gratitude

To Commodore Bourne, of the New York Yacht Club, the Class of 1904 takes this method of tendering their thanks. This article is a small but heartfelt tribute to his kindness, generosity and true friendship to the Naval Academy and to ourselves. It will be many days before we forget the reception tendered us on board the Delaware, or the hospitality and good cheer that made the occasion an epoch in our First Class year. And when, as a parting evidence of his good feeling to the Class of 1904, he made us a present of his gig, we felt that our debt of gratitude was one that could never be fully repaid.

Our ability is wholly inadequate to give a proper expression of our thanks, but Commodore Bourne and his family will ever occupy a place in the hearts of 1904, and our best wishes will follow them wherever they may go.

Tobacco

An Essay written by DAVID McDOUGAL LE BRETON at the tender age of twelve.

TOBACCO is consired by almost all of the eminent physicians of the world to be one of the most poisonous thing in existance if used for any length of time.

It does not seem very dangerous as it acts quite slowly but every time it is used it is gradually poisoning the entire system. Thus it is very deceptive and many people do not fully realize the awful consequences until they have gone too far to stop. Its use weakens nearly every organ in the body but more especially the nervous system and the heart. Tobacco causes the heart to beat very irregularly and at times, if used to a great extent, to stop beating altogether.

It is extremely dangerous for boy or children, who are growing, as it is very apt to retard the development and thereby stunt their growth for life, but it is also very dangerous for anyone, of any age, to use. It is also shown that tobacco leaves an extreme thirst in the mouth, which is often gratified by strong stimulants or alcoholic drinks.

It is said by the presidents of almost every large insane asylum in the country that tobacco very often causes insanity. One of its most awful works is that of lowering scholarship which it does almost always. This occurs so frequently that directors of almost all the large schools have forbidden its use.

Asid from the physical effects of tobacco it is a very dirty habit. The odor is almost unmistakable

and very disagreeable. It is also very expensive and a great many people spend a small fortune to gratify this awful desire.

Yet while tobacco does so much harm and so little good a great many people are foolish enough to indulge in this terrible habit.

The Plaint of the Paymaster

With apologies to the "Tin Woodman."

Must you have butter for breakfast?

Can't you use coal oil instead?

Don't you know kerosene's stronger

And adds a piquance to your bread?

Isn't "chuck" good enough for you?

Why must you have modern eggs?

We buy the most succulent roosters,

The tend'rest of necks and of legs.

Can't you be content with "Canned Willie?"

Why don't you like "Scrambled Hen?"

The earth's choicest fruits are before you,

And you're none of you satisfied then.

After the Banner Club

PRESIDENT, F. G. TUPPER.

CERTAIN,
BARNETTE,
H. A. STUART,
McDOWELL,
TUPPER,
JOHNSON, B. K.

DOUBTFUL,
BLACKBURN,
CHAFEE,
HAND,
Le BRETON.

PROBABLE,
BASSETT,
JOHNSON, I. C.,
McMILLEN, F. E.,
OTTERSON.

SUSPECTED,
DILLEN,
POWELL,
SHOUP,
SMEAD.

OUT OF THE RACE,
FITCH.

The Red Mike Club of Woman Haters

PRESIDENT, PETER DRULEY.

VICE-PRESIDENT, PUGGIE DAMPMAN.

SECRETARY, PAT HARRINGTON.

MEMBERS,

PIG LITTLE,
JIM WICKERSHAM,
EDSON OAK,

BOW McCracken,
NEDDIE WRIGHT,
TOUGH STEWART.

FEARFUL EXAMPLE, DISMAL JONES.

MASCOTS,

MAJOR HAND,

SPOAT RICE.



On a shield gules, a bend vert, a society lion statant proper surtout, holding a champagne glass in the dexter hand. In dexter base an unshorn lamb, proper. In sinister chief a perfume atomizer, Nile green.

Supporters.—Two suits of pajamas gules (ball and chain pattern).

Crest.—On a shelf proper, a bottle of Roger and Gallet's violet perfume, pourpore, supporting a family tree—and other trees—tenny.

Motto.—“In conscientia aeream satisfaciam.”

Quarterly gules and sable, parted per pale and fess.

In dexter chief, a retort proper, distilling moonshine corn, tenney, into a whiskey glass proper, by heat from a Bunsen burner azure.

In sinister chief a copy of Darwin's "Origin of Species" proper, open at 50th page (the part relating to person under discussion).

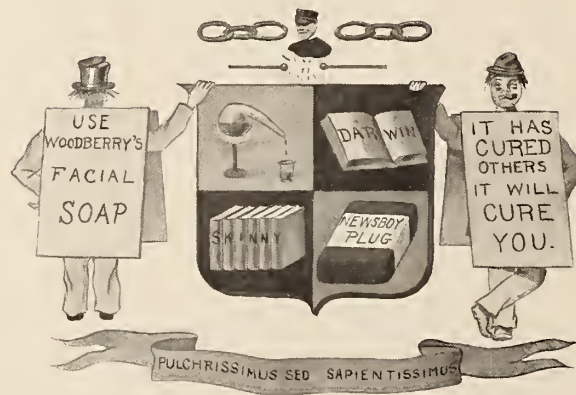
In dexter base a Library of Skinny azure.

In sinister base a plug of Newsboy tobacco vert.

Supporters.—Two advertisement sandwiches proper, setting forth the merits of Woodberry's facial soap—the subject's favorite brand—the supporter on sinister hand declaring in substance "Post hoc ergo propter hoc"—a fallacy, *vide* Department of English and Law.

Crest.—Or, a missing link over a sparking device tenney.

Motto.—“Pulcherrimus sed sapientissimus.”





On a field argent, a buzzard proper roostant on an old-fashioned anchor or.

Crest.—A première danseuse proper bifurcant bearing in dexter hand a banner argent, with the legend, “In Union there is *not* strength.”

Supporters.—Two brownie midshipmen sable, one, a “fat boy,” with four buttons on his sleeve—the other—lean from worry—with something else on his sleeve.

Motto.—“Even his overcoat was split.”

On a field argent, parted per fess regule at the honour point and at the nombril point.

Ermine, a chief regule bearing three slush buckets proper inscribed with the word “Grease.”

Pourpure, a fess gobony parted regule, azure and sable. On fess point a Holy Bible proper.

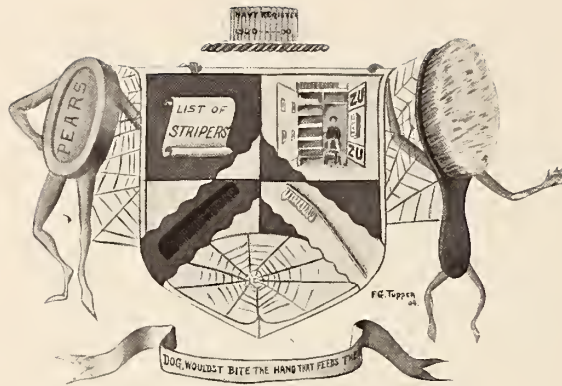
In precise middle base, a phylactery proper (for benefit of instructors).

Crest.—On a shelf tenny a “Library of the World’s Best Music” proper. Above, an autoharp rampant.

Supporters.—Two Presbyterian evangelists sable.

Motto.—Soy mas bueno que usted.





Quarterly, argent and pourpure, a chevron engrailed counter-charged.

In dexter chief a scroll proper, containing a "List of Stripers" (the subject's prognostications).

In sinister chief, a midshipman's locker proper, with inscription, "ZU-ZU" sanguine, with a midshipman sable somnolent in chair leaning against same.

In precise middle base, cobwebs proper attached to a comb sable in dexter base and a tooth brush proper in sinister base.

Supporters.— On dexter hand a cake of Pear's Soap gules. On sinister hand a hair brush vert attached to field by cobwebs.

Crest.— A file of Navy registers azure, from the earliest times until the present day.

Motto.—"Dog, wouldst bite the hand that feeds thee?"

Azure, a sextant proper and a sign of the first point of Ares sable, in bend.

Supporters.— In dexter hand a pair of parallel rulers saltant sable. In sinister hand a pair of dividers proper surmounted by the head of a navigator statant proper.

Crest.— A copy of an edition de luxe of "Bowditch's Navigator" tenny, on a sixty degree triangle proper.

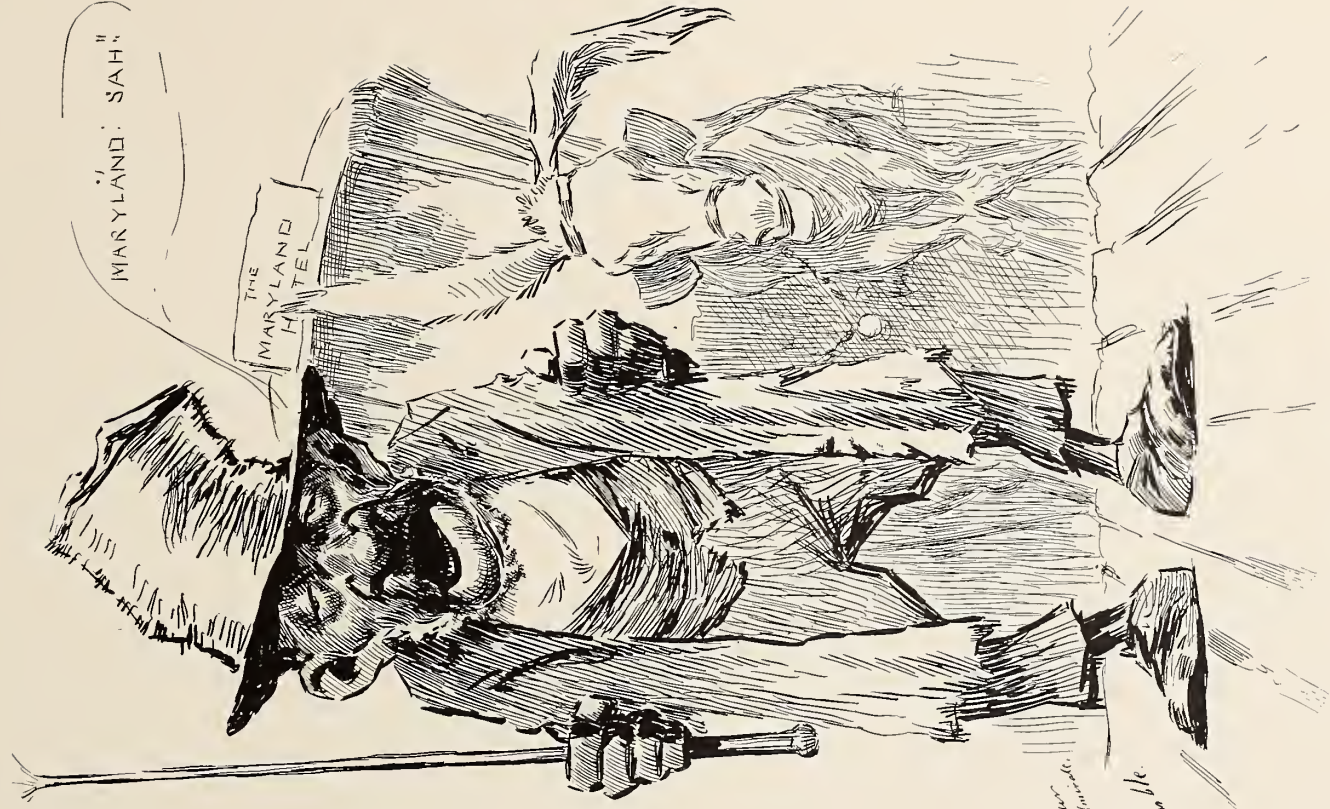
Motto — "In hoc signo vinces."



“Ready About”

'Tis Ready About and Stations for Stays,
On the good ship that has no erratic ways,
That comes up in the wind and off with a smack,
So nice and serenely on the new tack.
It's "Ready O Ready" when middies are nigh
To their stations, and time it is then to cry,
"Ease down the helm," and loudly proclaim,
"There you are *jamming* it down again,"
"Stand by the spanker boom. don't be too quick,
In hauling it 'midships; that's not the trick,
But do it quite carefully, then when it's o'er
Jump to the braces and there work some more."
When head sails are lifting, yell out in glee
In a sing-songy manner, "Helm is a lee."
Now hop on some youngster hard by the main,
And cuss him out roundly again and again.
It matters not what the poor chap may have done.
But it adds a good deal to the first classman's fun.
By this time glance down at the mainsail's lee clew,
And you'll see that there's probably something to do;
So "Rise tacks and sheets," and they're off with a jump.
"Let go of that lift, you haymaker, chump,
Will you ever have sense, and get on to your job?"

'Tis thusly you fume and fret with a mob
Of youngsters so fresh, second classmen blasé.
(First classmen are on the berth deck far away.)
The wind is just now 'bout a point on the bow,
So it's time to swing after yards you will allow,
Proudly you strut and with trumpet you bawl,
In a very loud voice, "Haul taut mainsail haul,"
And if middies are nimble and Fates are but kind,
Off on the other tack filling you find,
Don't "Stop, look and listen" when this you have done,
But keep the poor luckless ones still on the run.
From your station on high, you see that they all
Are ready to "Haul well taut, Let go and haul!"
For such is the caper, you can bet your old socks,
It would not be right to leave head yards abox.
At this stage of the game, have every man Jack,
Hustle to get down the troublesome tack,
Throw off the lee brace, and check the main sheet,
"Caution the mastmen" the rest to complete,
Then haul away hearties and haul just once more,
Till you get the d— thing plumb down to the floor (deck).
The captain, and others with you then will fight,
For forgetting your Luce although you boned Knight.



To the
Faintest
from
Memorable

A MEMORY OF DEAR OLD ANNAPOLIS.

Mr. Dooley on the Naval Academy

“GOOD MARNIN’, Hennessey,” remarked Mr. Dooley, as he drew his pipe from his pocket and began to fill it leisurely, “and how are yez this marnin’?”

“Oi’m shtill able to be about, thank ye, and where hov yez been the last wake?” replied Mr. Hennessey, proffering his own pipe to Mr. Dooley for a light.

“Oi’ve been down to the Naval Academy on a little business trip,” answered Mr. Dooley, “and while there Oi wint over the inshtitution. ’Tis a great school thot Naval Academy, and a foine manly lookin’ crowd of la-ads they hov there.”

“The Naval Academy,” inquired Mr. Hennessey dubiously, “and isn’t thot in Indianapolis?”

“No, Hennessey,” replied Mr. Dooley, “’tis a common delusion on the part av the American paypul thot the Naval Academy is in Indianapolis. ’Tis in Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, a wonderful throivin’ little city which hasn’t yet rayched the horse car shtage, and subsists on candidates and oysters. But the Academy is a credit to the place, indade it is. ’Tis a model lot of bhoys they hov there, innocint as lambs and widout a thought beyant their books. They hov not the chances of other young min av their age to go wrong. Shure, they don’t let thim dhrink, shwear or——”

"Ah, go on wid yez," interrupted Mr. Hennessey, "don't till me those young fellers are as good as all thot."

"Oi didn't say so, Hennessey," replied Mr. Dooley, with a wink, "Oi only said they didn't let thim commit those hanyus sins. They told me thimselves thot ivery ingine of the law is in operation to prevint the dreadful practice of hazin'. Shpecial details of watchmin, mashters-at-ar-rms, and corridor bhoys are on watch at all hours of the day and noight wid orders to rayport any midshipman seen in the act of wearin' non-regulation collar buttons, lookin' at a foorth classman, shpittin' to windward or anny other conduct unbecomin' to an officer or a gintleman. Indade, 'tis military dischipline for fair. But bhoys will be bhoys, and there's shtill a little tobacco burned, and there are shtill some bould and desprit criminals who lape the wall at midnoight.

"And the shtuff they shtudy now is enough to make yez dizzy. Oi wint into wan av the sickshun rooms, as they call thim, to say the bhoys raycite. Shure, they were gettin' along will enough. Two av thim were indulgin' in a fincin' match wid pointers, wan was radin' the inshtuctor's mark book, another was puttin' chalk in the inshtuctor's pocket, and the rist were heavin' erasers at aich other. The inshtuctor was a gintleman in a gray cut-away coat, wid a very high forehead, and was ingaged in placin' a series of Aygyptian hieroglyphics on the board. 'Howly Mither,' Oi says, 'tis the dangerous ward. If yez'll ixcuse me Oi'll withdraw at wance.' 'Oh, no,' says the inshtuctor, erasin' wan av the coonyform inscripshuns wid his finger, 'tis a class in calcoolus. Oi am indivering to ixtract the shquare root of moinus wan by manes of formula Q. Shure, Oi did it wance, but roight afterward Oi wint to slape and slept it off, and hov niver been able to raymimber it. You say, by integratin' this indeterminate expression betwane the limits av poi and poi over two——.' 'Shtop.' says Oi, 'talk United States. The only wor-rd Oi

undershtood was poi, and Oi'm dommed if Oi say the conniction.' 'Ardee, Ardee theeter,' says the ould bhoy, lookin' at me insultin'-like. 'Take it back,' Oi says, for me anger was up, 'take it back. No mon shall call me thot and live,' Oi says. Oi rayched for a chair, but as Oi did so Oi filt a hand on me ar-rm. Oi turned and there was a large gintleman raygardin' me wid an expression of languid curiosity. 'Now, cahn't you see thot?' he says, wid a look of pain on his fa-ace. 'Cahn't you undershtand this equation?' he says, says he. 'No, begorra, Oi *cahn't*,' Oi says. 'Oi'm very sorry not to be able to appreciate the perfessor's loocid explanations,' Oi says, 'but owin' to the fact that me own education in the valooable scoience av calcoolus shtopped at long division,' Oi says, 'Oi am unable to grasp all the foine points av the argymint,' Oi says. 'And what's more,' Oi says, for Oi didn't like the way Oi was trated, 'Oi think thot Oi can shtill dhraw a can iv beer and vote the Dimmycratic ticket widout knowin' the incremint av x from an intagral soign,' Oi says, and Oi marched out wid me hid in the air and lift the two perfessers gashpin' for breath.

"From there Oi wint to the langwidge daypartmint. 'If Oi must be talked at in furrin langwidges,' Oi says, 'at laste Oi'll go where they're paid to talk thim.' Hardly had Oi intered the dure whin Oi heard a loud and imposin' voice declaimin' a shtring av talk thot sounded loike wan iv Demosthenes' orations. 'Tis but Perfesser Cusachs makin' a new series of grammyphone ricords,' says a midshipman shtandin' near by when he saw me shtart av surprise. 'Is thot all?' says Oi, 'and does he make thim often?' 'Shure,' says the midshipman, 'the plebes buy thim as fasht as he can turn thim out, in order to get the thrue Castilion accint. Would yez loike to say a recitation?' 'Oi would thot,' says Oi; 'lade the way.' We wint into a room near by where the perfesser was givin' an accoorate imitation of how Carlos makes up his bid ivery marnin'. 'Bon swor,' he says, 'ossy voo,' he says, 'sil voo play,' he says, goin' at the same toime through a pantymoime to illushtrate his wor-rds. 'Fer the love av hivin,' says Oi, turnin' to me guide,

'till me thot it isn't thrue.' 'Prepare for the worst,' he says, 'Oi'm afraid it is.' 'Esky voo vooly voo que je rayconte une anecdote,' says the perfesser. 'Shtop,' says Oi, 'tis more than Oi can bear. May hivin fergive yez thim crool wor-rds,' Oi says, and I dashed out av the dure and niver shtopped till Oi rayched a bar and laid away a shell iv thot Schlitz beer they sell in Annapolis. 'Tis a great place, a great place, but Oi think thot Oi prefer running a saloon to being a sailor."

"Oi'm sorry to hear yez say thot," replied Mr. Hennessey, "because Oi've been thinking av sinding thot bhoy av moine there."

"Sind him, Hennessey," said Mr. Dooley, "sind him by all manes. He'll learn many things thot he'll afterwards be glad to forget, but there's wan thing he'll learn thot'll be av use to him all av his life."

"And what is thot?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"'Tis the ghreat underlyin' principle av Democracy," answered Mr. Dooley, "thot all min are born free and ayquil, but thot it takes merit for a mon to kape hould av his birthright."

Our Friends

When first we came to Severn's shore,
We were a goodly crew,
But since we've sojourned with Our Friends
Of us there's left but few.

We found our way through "Shall and Will"
With perils dire fraught ;
We learned the Spoon was in the Cup,
The Cup—but shun the thought.

We struggled, too, with "Si's" and "Oui's,"
Forcing rebellious throats,
And even had a sweet foretaste
Of bliss from out My Notes.

But worst of all, the masterpiece
Of all that hideous crop,
Grim, silent phantoms of the past,
Those math. exams. by Pop.

And Youngsters now, of haughty mien,
We polish up our wit,
To plough through endless folios
Presented by the Cit.

And into Woolsey's hands we fell,
To hear (what could be sweeter)
The groans of Philip R., and learn
Of rdr d θ .

Now to the Haunts of Steam we go,
"The Ostrich House," a nook
Where, whole and undigested quite,
We gulp book after book.

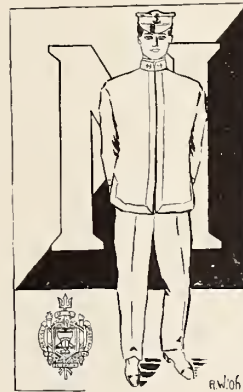
Another place where you are sure
To feel yourself a geezer ;
If e'er you try to chapel ship
For Dutchie with the teazer.

Again, we learn, within a pile
Majestic in its form,
Of battle, murder, sudden death,
From Tommie, Tom, and Torm.

Then Alpha Tauri crossed our path,
From Hades it came hither ;
We wished, in Bill's expressive phrase,
'Twould "pack up and go whither."

* * * * *

When first we came to Severn's shore,
We were a goodly crew,
But since we've sojourned with Our Friends
Of us there's left but few.



How They Recite

Bagley

GOES to the board with a sheepish, undecided air, as though uncertain whether to confess his complete ignorance or hazard a monumental bluff. Picks up a piece of chalk, takes a few appreciative bites and glances furtively around. Lays down his chalk, selects another piece, carefully dusts it, then erases his board with great neatness, and finally spreads about six lines of knowledge in an immaculate hand over most of the board and faces about.

“Yes, sir; I have the subject of multi-parallel forces applied obliquely to a uniformly rotating lamina. I am not quite certain about the sketch. I didn’t understand the subject very well. Oh, yes sir; I see; these lines should go this way. Oh, no; of course I meant this other way. Yes, sir; I see now perfectly.”

Goes to his seat, consults his book earnestly, glancing from it to the board with numerous nods of perfect comprehension, and then grins blandly at the instructor.

Dodge

Receives the subject from the instructor as though it were a Mauser bullet, a look of intense anguish spreading over his face. Goes very slowly to the board in the corner, erases it for ten minutes, then writes his name with great care and moans audibly. Finally gets a dim comprehension of something he saw in the book as he marched to the section room, and starts to make a drawing. This he does with punctilious care and numerous erasures, showing special attention to the hatching and shading. Just three minutes before the hour is up faces about and begins in a very low and apologetic voice. "Ah-h-h, this is a sketch of a double-ported slide valve. Er-r-r this (drawing attention to his beautiful hatching with the pointer) is where the steam comes in. I didn't exactly understand some points about the sketch in the book; I had to go to sick quarters and didn't have time to get over the whole lesson." Here the bell rings and Dodge breathes a long sigh of relief and marches out.

Hand

Gets his subject as soon as possible and secures about three of the largest boards, sets to work and puts down everything in the book about his subject in its exact words.

Faces about and begins to recite the matter he has written word for word, with his eyes fixed in the corner of the room.

The instructor listens entranced for a few moments and then begins to follow him in the book. About this time some one pokes Maje in the ribs, whereupon he utters a shriek, leaps into the air and butts his

head violently against the blackboard. Before he has reached the floor, however, his phonograph is going again and the instructor is forced to believe that he has been dreaming. Finally finishes after about half an hour and edges sidewise into his seat, with his eyes on the man behind him.

Hazard

Lopes up to the board, writes his name with its full quota of initials, draws forth his glasses and adjusts them with gravity, closes the case with a loud snap and throws it across the room to his desk and listens to his subject with an aspect of extreme wisdom.

Slashes off his subject with the utmost insouciance, at the same time humming loudly, "The Good Old Summer Time," varied with occasional snatches of whistling. Presently strikes a snag, whereupon he throws away his chalk, faces about and leans against the board with his legs crossed, and the most easy air possible to conceive. Finally finishes and sits down. When called upon rushes rapidly to the board and rolls a piece of chalk in his hands for some moments; throws it out the window, jams both thumbs in the beackets of his blouse, wiggles his fingers violently, and favors the instructor with one of his bland and open smiles. Begins: "Ah-h-h, I have the subject of er-r-r," can't think of the word and jams one hand in his hair, snaps the fingers of the other violently, stamps on the floor and muses audibly.

The instructor is invariably struck speechless by his air of complete self-possession, and allows him to repeat this performance about eight times and gives him a 3.0.

Hilliard

Trips to the board, dashes off his name, then turns round and favors the section with one of his entrancing smiles. Writes about three boards full and faces about. "I have to describe bringing a ship up to a dock. I took for granted that this was a Hoboken boat, because I am very familiar with that type." Turns around at the slight disturbance this causes and smiles brightly till recalled to the subject by the instructor. "Ah, yes, sir. First you ease down the helm, never push it down. Then if you can see the lee clew of the mainsail from the bridge you wait till the wind is out of it and rise tacks and sheets.

"On many of the Hoboken boats you can't see the lee clew of the mainsail and have to rely on the top-sail." Unabashed by the snickers that are percolating the atmosphere and the smile of the instructor, he proceeds to give the words of the book with great accuracy, and sits down in conscious certainty that he will receive at least a 3.6.

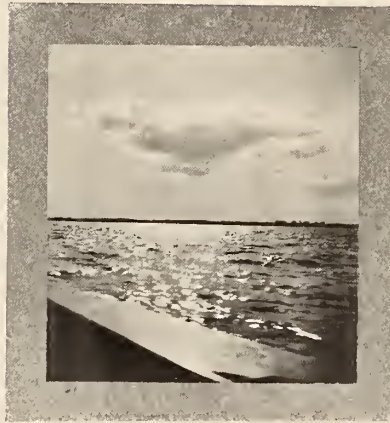
McCracken

Goes slowly to the board, writes his name, then shoves his hands into his pockets as far as possible, so as to bring them about on a level with his knees, thus creating a most pleasing effect, but one which causes those who are unacquainted with his dexterity to fear that he will have trouble in pulling himself together.

Finally says: "I didn't get quite this far, sir." "Very well, Mr. McCracken, take this," giving him the first subject in the lesson. "I didn't get that far either, sir; I want a prob. I can savvy probs, but this daggoned theoretical stuff hasn't got any sense in it."

Hereupon embarks in an extended argument with the instructor, in which he absolutely refuses to be convinced in any particular, or to acknowledge that he understands any of the instructor's explanations.

Finally gets his prob and works it with great gusto, thus securing the necessary 2.5.





Hall of Fame, 1904

- McCRACKEN, J. J.—Inventor of patent propeller for backing ships when set up “inverted.”
- TOAZ—Achieved renown by forcing Ezra Kendall back to the woods.
- McCULLOUGH—Taking maximum number of tricks.
- ARROWOOD—Musician and divine.
- COBURN—Noted for fearlessness. Carries stunsails in all kinds of weather.
- DILLEN—Seaman. Never failed to caution mastmen. Aid to Officer of the Deck.
- DRULEY—F. P. Dunne’s original.
- FITCH—Noted for being Fitch. Recommended by Board of Visitors for five stripes.
- WRIGHT—Never wrong.
- RODGERS—Pugilist. Can best Tade in two rounds.
- TUPPER—Wealth. Revels in postage stamps (of others).
- McDOWELL—Beau of Kilbuck.
- STUART, H. A.—Author of popular ditty, “Put Me Off at Buffalo.”
- WICKERSHAM—Human iceberg.

Two Views

[For obvious reasons it is necessary to keep secret the authorship of these songs, and no inquiries concerning them will be answered.]

LOVE.

Oh, my belle from Barcelona,
Ma chère petite Ramona,
I love you as I loved you those days in sunny Spain.
Ah! to look into your ojos,
Kiss your labios so rojos,
I would give the fame and fortune that I crossed the seas to gain.
Still I cherish the idea
That some day, niña mia,
I'll return across the ocean, and in Barcelona dwell,
And then my own hermosa,
I will make you my esposa,
And we'll live upon the proceeds of the graphophones I sell.

MATH.

You may sing about the sweetheart that you loved in sunny Spain,
But I'll tell you, dear Professor, that any man's insane
Who will worry 'bout a woman as you say that you have done,
While as yet there's undiscovered the square root of minus one.
For math.'s the one true mistress, she's true in everything;
You'll find her in the air you breathe—the very song I sing.

CHORUS.

Well, say!

At last I've found for ragtime an algebraic formula!

For by differentiation

And triple integration

I can prove that the equation

Of ragtime's every note

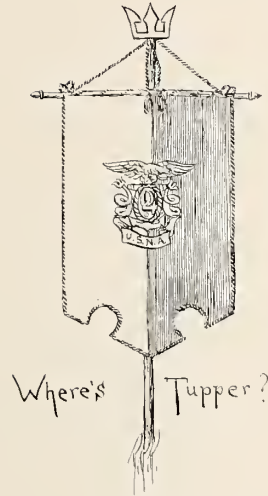
Is a cubic or quadratic

Whose curve is adiabatic,

Either dynamical or static,

With a double asymptote.

Splinters



“Yes, Mr. Hand, you remind me of the doctor who didn’t know much about broken legs but was hell on fits.”

Red Mike: “Hey, there! tell the steamer’s crew that they can sleep in tomorrow morning.”

Gentleman of the Watch: “Sleep in what, sir; the steam launch?”

Le Breton (just waking from a short nap during the midwatch): “Look! look! quartermaster; look at that! Is it an iceberg or just a floating dry-dock?”

Pat: “Say, Bow, do you believe in the Golden Rule?”

Bow: "Not much, Patsy, me dear boy; give me the good old parallel rule."

His arc of swing is nine degrees,

His motion is exact;

He's noted for his lack of grease

And famous for his tact.

"Why, Tupper, don't you know that's lignum viter?"

"Can Venus be seen here at midnight tonight, Mr. Sherman?"

"No, sir; it's too dark."

Post: "I have taken my bearings, but I haven't worked them out yet."



A Few Limericks

A midshipman by name * * * * *
Thought he'd be just as pure as he could.
 So well he succeeded,
 That wings were all needed
To make him an angel for good.

An airy young damsel called * * *
Never touched anything but it broke.
 Said he one day: "Well, well,
 I'm as clumsy as —
And, by Jingo, I'm tellin' no joke."

From Liberty once came a * * *
With a mechanical bump on his lid.
 He said: "Oh, if only
 I could equal Marconi
I'd do more to those lights than I did."

A wild Ogalalla named * * * * *
One day announced with a whoop,
 He was bound to efface
 From the earth each paleface
From the plebes clear up to the Supe.

An Irishman by the name of * * * * *
Swore that only one thing there was lackin'
 To fill the cup
 Of his happiness up,
And that was a Mrs. * * * * *

A real hot young sport named * * * * *
Said, as he lit up a fresh cigarette:
 "There's no limit to me,
 I'm as touge as can be,
I'm a fast one, on that you can bet."

A young Mississippian named * * * * *
Said he really could not understand
 What made him so nervous ;
 Said he : "Lord, preserve us,
To be tickled I hardly can stand."

There was a young fellow named * * * * *
Who said : "When young I talked faster ;
 Now I'm always at ease,
 The words come as they please."
We've all noticed this fact about * * * * *

A fellow whose first name was * * * * *
Fell in love to such an extent
 That it seemed to him best
 To make straight for the West,
And out to California he went.



H.S.H. '04.

Notes

———— et!

I'm a man! I'm a man! I can prove it!

Oh, teacher, I want to see!

Come on; let's shove over the Flatiron Building.

Say, I'd like to hug you.

Post: "Gee whiz! Say, fellers, the officer of the deck looked down the scuttle butt and ragged Smead smoking!"

Greene: "Is Lieutenant Hines any relative of his cousin?"

"I never would have suspected that Mr. Shoup was an Indian if you hadn't told me."

Rice (working vigorously on jacking engine with workmen in the cylinder): "Oh, you can't run me."

"Zat's all ri'. Zis Zhentleman's fren' of mine. I shanged clothes wiz him 'cause he knows shomebody I do."

"La-a-dy, la-a-dy, that milk was certainly fine."





The Man Behind the Man Behind the Gun

When you've finished chanting pæans of enthusiastic praise
 To Jackies powder-blackened to the belt ;
When you've ended all your stories of the vict'ries fought and won
 By the stolid farmer-heroes of the Veldt ;

When you're through with cheering Tommies and militiamen, marines,
 And Filipino-hunters on the run,
Will you kindly stop a minute just to spare a thought or two
 For the Man Behind the Man Behind the Gun?

He's not so picturesque as many others that you've seen,
 His uniform's comparatively plain ;
But it takes six years to make him, and when the time is up
 He's a bunch of watch-springs, gristle, nerve and brain.



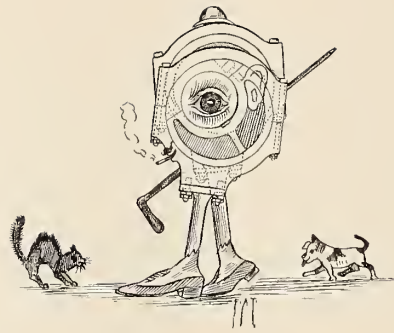
He can dance a little, flirt a little, "cuss" a little, too,
He's a jack of every sev'ral sort of trade ;
But when it comes to fighting, and the guns are breath-
ing hard,
Why, that's the sort of thing for which he's made.

He hasn't what you'd call a home, however far he
roams,
His letters come about six months from date ;
His living-space on shipboard isn't quite the Hoffman
House,
But you seldom hear him kick against his fate.

Now, you mustn't doubt the things you've heard of
seamen's grit and brawn.
For they're true as gospel, ev'ry single one ;
But perhaps you might find time for reflection now and
then,
On the Man Behind the Man Behind the Gun.

Notes on Gearing

Oh, fiddlesticks! Mr. H—d, I feel constrained to throw a book at you! May I be permitted to swear? Then d—n! Mr. C—g, is it English that I am speaking? You don't seem to understand me! Nay, nay! Rub it all out, lest some poor deluded soul should see it and believe! The knowledge of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom! Rub it out! Mr. Harr—ton, if you put all the grease in you on your trousers and slid down that curve to infinity, you'd *never* get that. Angels of mercy descend upon us and help us to trace this curve! I have led you through the green fields and down by the still waters, but ye drink not. You ought to know that formula better than the Lord's prayer, and it will do you a d— sight more good. Nay, nay; far, far from it. With a good eye and a steady hand one may trace in the ellipse. The sixth question is not put on the paper for the wooden section; they should struggle for a 2.5. Lord, love us and make his face to shine upon us. Rub it out!



Ruminations of a Rhino

All things come to him who waits, provided that he uses grease discriminately.

The royal yardman who comes down and helps on the topsail is the one who gets the credit for the bad furl. It is better to sing out "All ready" and get called down than to say nothing and be unnoticed.

A bluff in time saved nine out of ten—in the first section.

He laughs best at an instructor who waits till he gets out of sight to laugh.

A great many men get stripes by the method used in the capture of Jericho.

He that takes a gold brick to a hop has no lack of opportunities for flirtation.

A midshipman and his money are soon parted on a practice cruise.

Let not the Officer-in-Charge look upon your wine, no matter what color it is.

Time flies—except in the last week of the cruise.

The man that does the work and the man that gets the credit generally come on duty the one after the other.

Rambles With Dick

Will you please tell me, sir, how much a gramme of hydrogen weighs?

I never knew before what Clury says when he gives that order, "By section from the right, front into axle line."

Say, have any of you fellows read "The Expectorates?"

A wind of force six has no appreciable effect on the trajectory of the target.

The battalion commander marches in front of the bugler who marches behind him.

Say, I'd like to be one of those fellows that carry the sidelines at a foot-ball game.



R. H. I. P.

I.

The First Class smoke the bon cigar,
And also hit the pipe,
They prance around where'er they please
And visit day and night.

II.

The Second Class have fondest hopes
To do the same next year ;
Perhaps they will if they are good
And do their duty fear.

III.

Youngsters run around for joy,
Swinging arms in glee,
Knowing that in two more years
The whole cheese they will be.

IV.

Plebes are frapped upon the pap,
Instead of sur la tête
To make them think there still is left
A little First Class rate.

The Class March

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "The Class March". The score is written for piano and is organized into eight systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 2/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo) are used throughout. Performance instructions include *rit.* (ritardando), *tr.* (trill), *acc.* (accents), and *del.* (delicate). A section of the score is marked with a wavy line and the word "Serenade". The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs. A small vertical text on the right side of the page reads "No. 7 - First Edition New York".

The Class March

A handwritten musical score for a piano piece titled "The Class March". The score is written on eight systems of grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The music features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. A prominent marking "marcato" is written in the fourth system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a large, stylized signature in the bottom right corner. The signature appears to read "Richard Zimmerman" and includes the date "1903".

A Wigwag Idyl

Once a middy loved a maiden
212 2 211 22 11 2211 12 3 2112 112 2 3 2 211 112 12
And he thought perhaps the maiden
221 21 1222 12 222 3 122 1 1221 3 2 21 21
So he tried to get a private
1 11 2 12 211 1222 1 12 1121

For her chaperone was always
2112 112 2 2 1 11 2211 3 1 11
Just in time to cause the middy
2211 211 12 22 2 3 121 122 22 2211 211 1 11
For of course she looked on spooning
22 212 3 22 3 212 1 11

But love you know will always
2221 1 11 222 3 22 3 211 21 22 222
As was shown in this especial
12 1212 1 212 21 222 12
So the middy taught the maid the
1121 1 2211 1121 22 2211 3 121 21 222 12

After that the two enjoyed the
2211 211 12 22 2 12 212 2 3 2112 221 1 212 212
They could wigwag all they wanted
2112 112 2 3 22 3 2121 1 212 212
And the middy used to signal
2112 21 112 2 3 221 1 2121 12 3 2 122 1 212

I 3 22I 2I I222 I2 3 II2 3 222 I2 22 2II
II2I I22 I2 II 3 II2 3 2II 3 I22 I2 2II I2

My heart with love is glowing

II2I I22 I2 II 3 II2 3 222 I2 I2I2 22 2II 2
I22I III 3 I2I2 2I 2I 2II 3 22I I 2 2 22I I2 3 I22 I2 22 2II 2

Can hardly keep a-going

2I 3 I2II II2 I I2I 2I2I 22I III 3 II2I 22 22II
II2 2II 3 22I I 2 2 22I I2 3 222I 22I 22 22II

And tell me that you love me

I 222I 3 II2 3 222 2I II 2 3 I2I 22 2II I2
2 I22 I2 II 3 22II 2II I I22I 3 222 I2 2I2 I2I2 22 I 2II

Will in the Severn shove me.

L'ENVOI.

Gentle reader, here's a ruse
You may some day find of use,
When you've a chaperone to weather.
But there's nothing like a night
With dim moonlight
And two shadows close together.





“No. 7”

“And how is Number Seven?”

The question's on each lip—
While deep below the wooden grate
Hart's gloomy tanks do drip.

Then Snorter, quickly donning whites,
Collects his faithful mokes
And seeks with candle and with string
The source of all our jokes.

Next, measurements all taken,
He climbs up, safe and sound,
And at his curses and commands
The pump goes smoothly (?) round.

Now frowning o'er a table large,
With pencils, pads galore,
He scratches marks and weakly asks:
“Do two times three make four?”

“How many inches in a gal?
Or in a cubic foot?
Can anyone please tell me how
In —— you do square root?”

At last 'tis done — x gallons used
And y there are still left.
Poor Snorter's freckles are pale green—
He is well-nigh bereft.

We still can wash! The ship is saved!
The hero's heart is full—
With failing breath he weakly calls:
“Oh, Pringle! Got the Bull?”

A Few Requests

U. S. S. CHESAPEAKE,

At Sea, Lat. 40° 20' N., Long. 72° 20' W.
(Berth deck sight.)

August 21, 1903.

Sir:

1. I respectfully request the sum of eighty dollars for traveling and incidental expenses.
2. I wish to purchase:
1 copy Edition de Luxe "Bowditch's Navigator."
1 copy Edition de Luxe "Leckly's Wrinkles in Navigation."
3. The Instructor in Navigation says my form is bad.

Respectfully submitted,

J. J. McCracken,
Midshipman,

The Commanding Officer.

First Class.

First Indorsement.

Respectfully referred to Instructor in Navigation.

W. F. HALSEY,
Commander, U. S. N.,
Commanding.

Second Indorsement.

Respectfully recommended that Midshipman McCracken be awarded fifteen demerits.

INSTRUCTOR IN NAVIGATION.

U. S. S. HARTFORD,

New London, Conn., July 17, 1903.

Sir:

1. I respectfully request that my dress jacket be forwarded to me from the tailor at Annapolis.

2. I am a peach in my dress jacket.
3. The ladies demand it.

Respectfully submitted,

D. MCD. LE BRETON,

Midshipman,

First Class.

The Commanding Officer.

Not approved. Par. 3 has been carefully considered. Midshipmen, however, must not be encouraged to compete in dress with warrant officers.

(Signed) W. H. REEDER,

Captain, U. S. N.,

Commanding.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,

Annapolis, Maryland, October 28, 1900.

Sir:

1. I respectfully request permission to get into my trunk.

2. I am on the first conduct grade.

Respectfully submitted,

P. E. DAMPMAN,

Naval Cadet,

Fourth Class.

The Commandant.

Approved with recommendation that Naval Cadet Dampman stay there.

(Signed) C. E. COLOHAN,

Commander, U. S. N.,

Commandant.



Come, Ye Disconsolate

I.

There was a man on our ship,
And he was wondrous wise ;
He thought to flow the port jib sheet
And great was his surprise,

II.

When from its resting place secure
An anchor fell away—
“Oh, Buzzard, thou shalt ne'er be mine,” .
Companions heard him say.

III.

But when he saw what he had done,
He went aft to the main,
And there he strove with all his might
To get his “grease” again.

IV.

Now, sailors ye, who sail the sea,
And ye who sail on land,
None who have ever tried his grease
Will use another brand.

A Drama

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chauncey Kipling, an acting boatswain's mate; also author of "How to" series, notably among them "How to Furl the Topsail Single-handed." At present O. D.

Pringle, the villain.

Scene—The Chesapeake's Bridge.

C. K. (sol.)—

Ah, 'tis two bells, I must record the thermometer—

Meteorological observation, also barometer. [Goes to thermometer.

Pringle (steals up)—

My chance has come to bring him to his knees.

I will change the vernier and lose him his grease!!

[Monkeys with barometer, then slinks away, whistling

"Mr. Dooley"—I mean—Our Class March.

C. K. (*going rounds of instruments*)—

“And now to read the vernier—like Ivory Soap, it floats;”

But what he sees before him his self-possession jolts.

“Some wretch was here before me; he bit the hand that fed!”

Poor Chauncey weakly gasps for breath, his face first white, then red.

L'ENVOI.

Now if in papers you should look for “Lost and Found” today,

You'd see this item: “Lost—One grease; return to Chauncey K.”



Seamanship Sparkles

Instructor: "Do you have any difficulty in learning signals?"

Toaz: "Yes, sir; Very Ardois work."

Wright: "In this maneuver all the ships mark time."

Same: "Sheet home the sails! Haul in the cable!"

"In anchoring, how should a ship be going?"

Joe: "She should have considerable headway, preferably going astern."

Kimmel: "There are two kinds of barometers—mercurial and aerionoid."

Poinsett: "Yours is not the generally accepted view, Mr. Howard; but you have certainly made a noble effort. Sit down."

"How often would you read the barometer, Mr. Harrington?"

"In rough weather, every five minutes; and if it got any worse I would station a hand by it."

"Take in topgallantsails; blowing fresh; you've kept them too long. Come, now, what would you do?"

Bagley: "In case of a man overboard, he should be previously instructed to swim away from the ship."

Tade: "When both engines are going ahead full speed the propellers have equal backing effect."



Mother Goose a l'Academie

I.

Hey diddle diddle, Harry Wood's fiddle,
It drives us nearly insane ;
The corridoor howls to hear such sounds—
They bump him again and again.

II.

Goosie, goosie, gander,
Where shall Colby wander?
Major Hand is after him
Upstairs and downstairs
And e'en in his own chamber.

III.

Brad and Will went up for Bill
To do some Monday P. work,
Brad got none, and little Will
Said not a one could he work.

IV.

Chancy, Chancy,
Rich in fancy,
How does your vernier do?
Steady and fine
At twenty-nine—nine,
But don't touch the tangent screw.

V.

There was a man in our Class
And he was wondrous bad,
For if you counted up reg. clothes
Some whites were all he had.
So when his non-reg. blouse was pinched—
The fairest in the town—
He dressed up in those same whites when
The Supe had dressed him down.

VI.

Little Miss Tupper sat in the scupper
Using her camera all day,
Till Hotashell spied her
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Tupper away.

VII.

Sing a song of wooden-ness,
A scuttle-butt or two;
Isn't that a pretty thing
To take a time-sight through?

VIII.

Druley, Druley,
Tell me truly,
How did you make a 3.8?
By hook or by crook?
By a busy grease-book
And by working both early and late.

Personals

Will the young lady of decided brunette type, carrying basket of laundry, who winked at The Man in front of the Third Company at dinner formation last Friday, make an appointment with Chet, Box 315, LUCKY BAG?

If Sir Isaac Dambad will call at the office of the Woodberry Facial Renovation Company he will learn something to his advantage.

Will the young lady in blue crêpe-de-chine, cut bias on the gore, who waved handkerchief to large, handsome two-striper, with sword, last Sunday, communicate with E. C. Ox, Box 203. Mention incident.

F. G. T.—Why don't you write? Have not heard from you in six hours. BIRDIE.

A young gentleman of refined and captivating appearance, military education, no bad habits, would like to communicate with elderly lady of property in delicate health. Object, matrimony. Reply, enclosing photograph and statement of assets, to O. C. F. D., Box 1.

Foreign nobleman of distinguished aspect, Semitic type, would like to correspond with young American heiress of attractive countenance. Strictly confidential. Photos and letters returned, if desired. Address Count de Lon, Box 4.

Dave.—Pointer has turned traitor. All is known.
Destroy papers and flee at once. SMUG.

To Whom It May Concern: I hereby give notice that my wife, Edwina Bragg, having left my bed and board, I henceforth and from this date renounce all debts contracted by her in the future, whether for Zu-Zus or any other purpose.

(Signed) CARLO.

Any young lady wishing to adopt a pet, docile, pretty and good tempered, apply to C. R. P. R., Box 8.

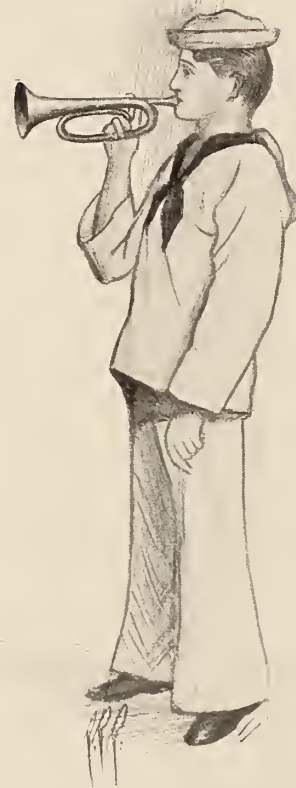
If the young gentleman who left three bottles of Wilson Rye in his clothes-bag will report to the laundry, they will be returned to him.

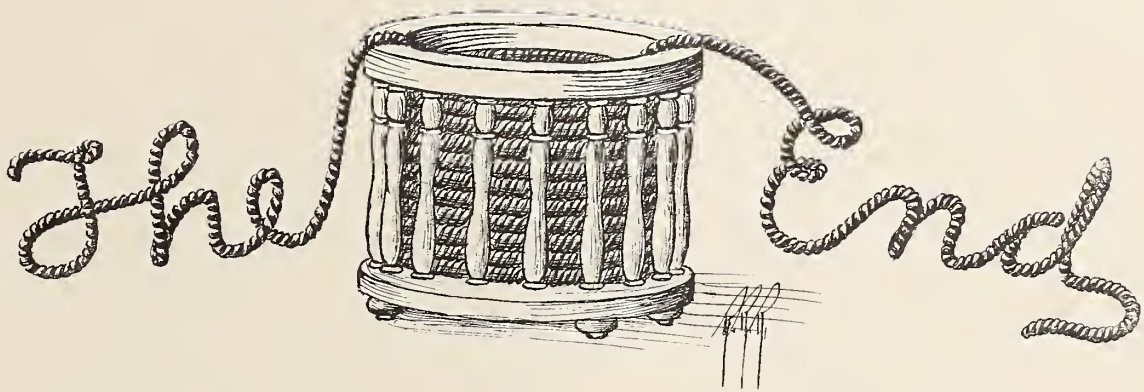
New York Herald please copy.



Good Night

“Go to sleep,” the bugle calling,
Sets the echoes into flight,
The long road has reached its turning
And at last the goal’s in sight.
Bright with promise gleams the future;
“Go to sleep”—to all good night.






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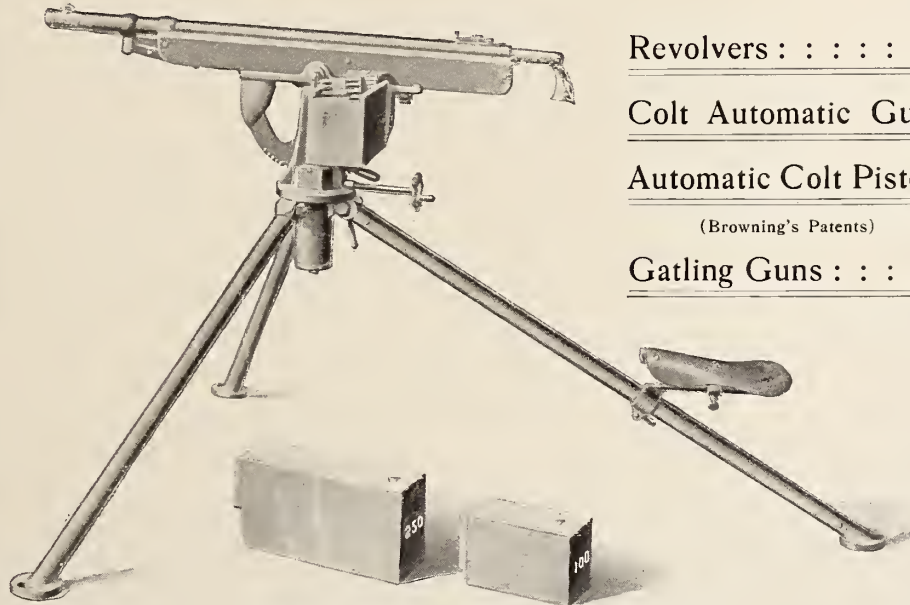
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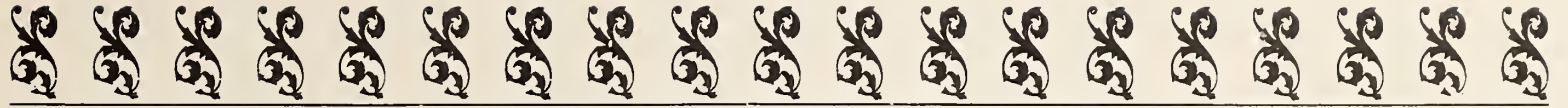
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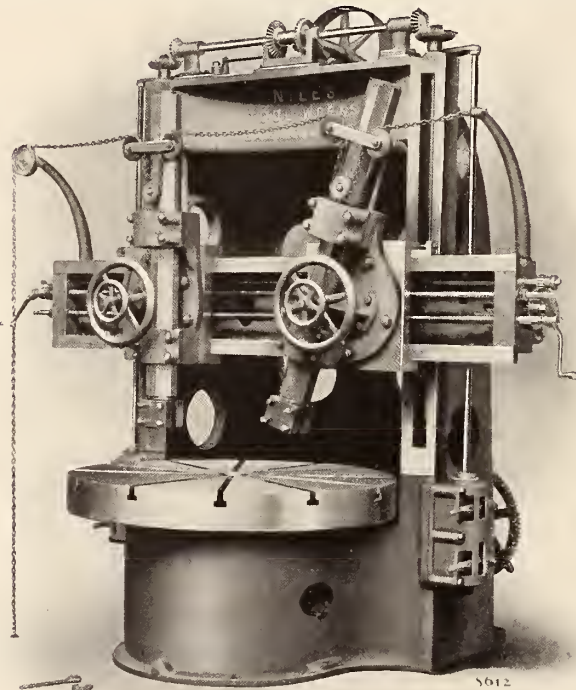
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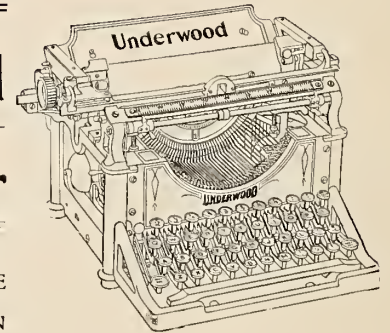
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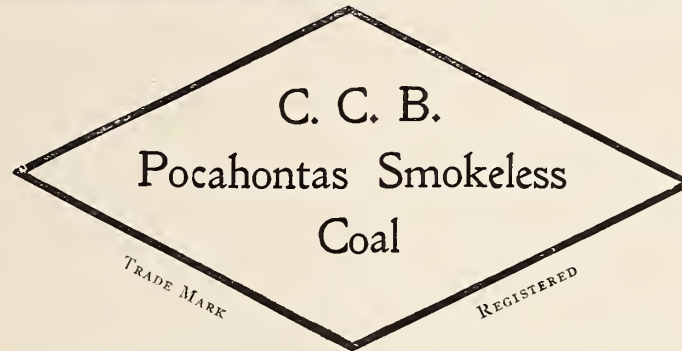
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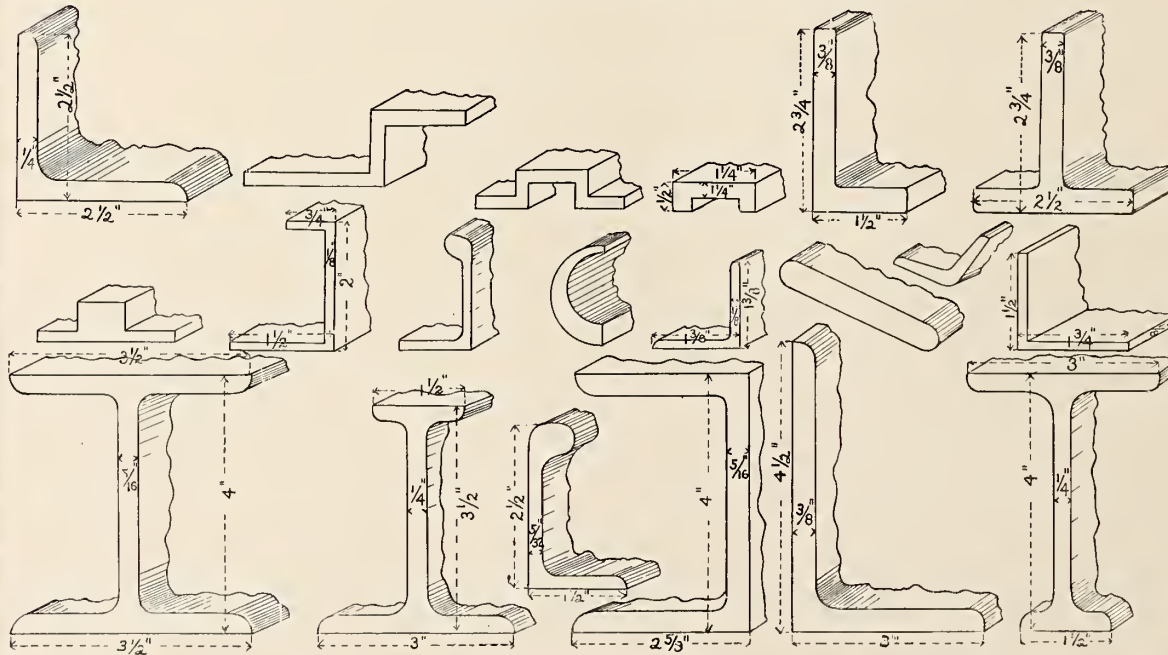
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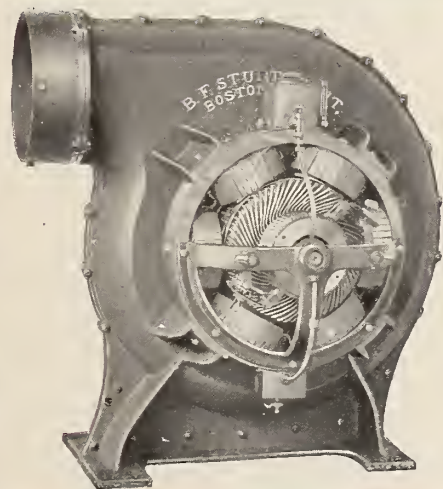
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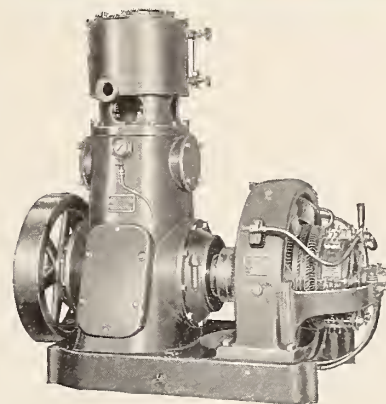
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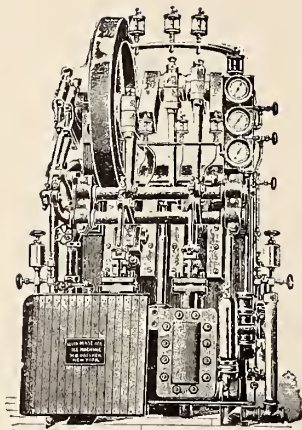
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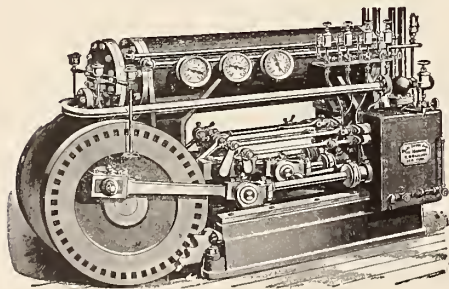
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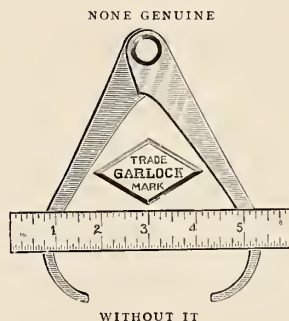
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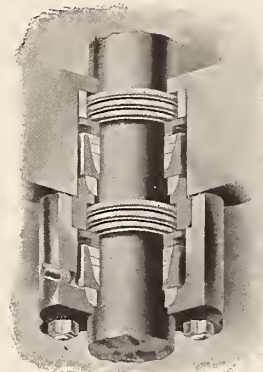
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